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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,214—VOL. XLVII.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1879. [PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 15 CENTS.

Wilkie Collins's New Serial, "THE FALLEN LEAVES," will commence in No. 1,215 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



AT BIRCH'S.—A GARDEN PARTY IN DECEMBER—LITTLE FOLKS LOST IN ADMIRATION OF THEIR MIMIC REPRESENTATIVES.

THE HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.—INCIDENTS OF MR. AND MRS. BROWN'S CHRISTMAS PEREGRINATION.—SEE PAGE 298.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1879.

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New Novel, entitled
"THE FALLEN LEAVES,"
from advance sheets obtained at large cost, will be commenced—simultaneously with its publication in England—in No. 1,215 *of* FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *to be issued the first week in January next. The appearance of this latest work of one of the greatest novelists of the age will be a leading literary event of the New Year.*

RELATIONS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, an intelligent writer and accepted authority on questions of political economy, has recently made before the Congressional Committee on Labor, of which Mr. Abram S. Hewitt is chairman, some very instructive statements which shed valuable light on the relations between capital and labor in Massachusetts; and as Massachusetts is, comparatively speaking, the richest of our States, it follows that the field from which he draws his inductions is the one within which capital might be expected to display its greatest advantages over labor, if it has any advantages at all in a country like ours. It appears, then, from the facts gathered by the Massachusetts Statistical Bureau that the aggregate value of property, as returned for that State in the year 1875, and embracing property of all kinds, amounted to $2,194,000,000. After making the necessary deduction from this aggregate on account of property subjected to a double assessment (as in the case of mortgages), and on account of notes and other paper obligations which merely certify the existing distribution of property, without adding to its volume, Mr. Atkinson estimates that $1,000,000,000 represents the present accumulation of fixed capital in Massachusetts, as the net result of the actual product of labor in that State during the two centuries which have elapsed since its first settlement. He next considers the product of industry in Massachusetts for the same year, and found that it is set down at the total of $643,000,000, from which, after deduction made for duplicate returns, he calculates that the annual product of industry in that State may be estimated at a maximum of $500,000,000, and cannot fall below a minimum of $300,000,000. From this exhibit it appears that the aggregate capital accumulated in this thrifty State out of the labor of two hundred years is no more than equal to the net annual product of labor for two, or, at the most, of a little over three years. We may add that these tables, representing the comparative relations of capital and labor in Massachusetts, are confirmed in all their essential features by similar tables which have been compiled from the accurate statistics of England under these same heads.

It is scarcely necessary for us to interpret or enforce the lessons taught by such a striking exhibit. It appears from these incontestable facts that out of the entire annual product of industry in Massachusetts a proportion ranging from 95 to 98 per cent. is directly distributed to labor. To this effect Mr. Atkinson argues as follows:

"In a normal condition of trade, manufacturing capital may yield ten per cent. It cannot yield more, because any industry in which it yields that percentage draws so much capital into it that the profits are kept down by competition. For some years past it has yielded much less, and, speaking for the cotton manufacture, it would not now be yielding anything at all except for the utilization of material formerly wasted and only saved now in consequence of services to which the wits of the manufacturers have been stimulated. Taking ten per cent. as the yield of capital in ordinary times, that amount has to be used to replace worn-out machinery and machinery made useless by new inventions. It has also to repair building, pay insurance, and cover various other expenses, and in the aggregate the amount taken out for these several purposes reduces the ten per cent. to six. Of this five per cent. is used in the payment of domestic and other service employed by the capitalist and in the supply of the actual necessities of the capitalist and his family, leaving only one per cent. that can possibly be devoted to the increase of capital or to luxurious indulgences."

In the face of these statistics, which we beg leave to repeat are authenticated in their facts and inferences by similar statistics compiled in England, we see how idle and groundless are the clamors raised by vaporing communists and "sand-lot" agitators against what they call the "domination of capital." It is labor, not capital, which takes "the lion's share" in the annual product of each year's industry, and it is nothing but the highest intelligence, combined with the strictest economy, which enables the capitalist to hold and retain the existing accumulation which he now possesses, and which he *must* manage with a liberal eye to the welfare of those who labor under him, and with a wary eye to his own self-preservation, for his prudence has an exceedingly narrow limit within which to act for the protection of his accumulations.

Those who talk and write about the destructive competitions of labor would talk much more to the purposes of truth and reason if they would also take into account the fact that capital, too, has *its* destructive competitions. And the competitions of capital are as much more destructive than those of labor, as the brain of the capitalist is keener and sharper than the brain of the laborer. It is for this reason that the accretion of capital is so slow in any country, after a certain aggregation of capital has been reached, and it is for this reason also that the accumulations of capital so frequently change hands in a country like ours.

It remains for us to say that the deductions drawn by Mr. Atkinson from the labor statistics of Massachusetts are confirmed by the philosophy which underlies all the facts of a progressive public economy. Everybody can see that in a settled country the rate of the accumulation of capital must tend to a constantly increasing decline, or, as the political economists phrase it, the general theory of economical progress ends in what is called "the stationary state," where the forces of capital and of labor come into equilibrium. As John Stuart Mill truly says, the richest and most prosperous countries would "very soon attain the stationary state if no further improvements were made in the productive arts," creating a new distribution of wealth and giving a new impetus to industry by starting it in new directions or by accelerating its movement in the old channels. Indeed, as he shows, all old societies may be said to be perpetually skirting on the verge of this state, and if they do not reach it, like China, "it is because the goal itself flies before them" at every new amelioration of industrial arts and processes.

Because in all new countries and in all progressive civilizations political economy is mainly called to concern itself with the phenomena of production and consumption, it has been common to suppose that these two factors are the main elements of public welfare. But, in fact, at a certain stage of economical development it is no longer the production but the *distribution* of wealth which becomes the predominant object of public concern in this matter; and we may know that this stage has been reached in any country where the profits of labor and of capital have been so far diminished that each begins to feel the pinch of that inexorable law which ordains the reduction of profits to a minimum wherever competition is allowed to have full scope—a law which presses with equal stringency on the capitalist and on the day laborer. We would like to show that this law has its beneficent as well as its relentless aspect, but we have already exceeded the limits of the present discussion.

FINANCIAL DISTRESS ABROAD.

THE financial and commercial situation in Germany is by no means encouraging. Trade is generally depressed, and to add to the distress, new indirect taxes are proposed to cover the deficit of 73,000,000 marks in the Prussian Budget. There have been numerous and heavy failures recently, not only throughout Germany, but also in Denmark and Sweden. The Berlin Commercial Company has been obliged to reduce its capital, and in Hamburg and elsewhere a number of banking-houses have gone into bankruptcy. In Austro-Hungary the financial position is equally critical. The dual empire, according to some, is fast on the road to ruin. The annual interest on the debt has now increased to 96,000,000 guilders, an increase of 18,000,000 guilders, or about $6,840,000 since 1873. The occupation of Bosnia and Servia requires 200,000 men, and the charges are excessively burdensome. "Stop the occupation, or we are ruined," is the burden of both Vienna and Pesth papers. Some 140,000,000 guilders of rentes must now be placed in order to meet expenses, but the Austrians themselves are beginning to fear that the credit of the country will not afford such outlays. In Great Britain, also, the financial and industrial depression still continues, growing apparently more serious every day. In Birmingham the distress is so great that the authorities have been compelled to organize means of relief; in Sheffield 2,000 children and 3,000 adults are receiving aid; at Stockton hundreds of families of iron-workers are destitute; in North Staffordshire the laboring classes are generally suffering from want of work and food; in Glasgow the streets are swarming with idle and starving men, women and children; in Aberdeen and Dunfermline private charity and municipal resources are sorely taxed in relieving the necessitous; in Manchester vast numbers of the middle-class poor, who will not appeal to charity, are suffering keenly; in Liverpool, the working classes are enduring greater distress and privation than for many years; while in Bristol, Wigan, Wolverhampton, and other centres of industry, the distress is almost unprecedented.

Meanwhile, our own improving condition is attracting attention everywhere abroad. Thus the *London Globe*, after referring to the fact that our national credit has been placed on a sound basis, remarks:

"If the public debt is no longer being reduced at the rapid rate witnessed immediately after the civil war, its burden presses much less heavily than formerly, as the process of redeeming six per cent. bonds by replacing them with four per cent. bonds makes steady progress. Most welcome sign of all, perhaps, the debt is now being largely brought home. The return of American securities from Europe has assumed such proportions that, instead of owing the great bulk of their debt to foreign holders, it is now mainly held by the American people themselves, as is the case with the English; for the total amount of government loans held abroad, the President says, does not exceed $200,000,000, or, say, £40,000,000, which is scarcely one-tenth of the whole. This is a very gratifying picture, and it may be well believed that sound-headed American statesmen will be anxious that it should not be disturbed by the currency quacks. With a restored credit, revived trade and a sound financial policy carried into effect by the resumption of specie payments on a gold and silver basis, the promise of prosperity of which the President speaks ought soon to be fully realized."

THE REIGN OF SANTA CLAUS.

PERHAPS the best that can be said about Christmas is that it is one of the few things that do not go out. It is neither old-fashioned nor out of fashion; and this is something in an age when fashions change every hour, and novelty is the only permanent fashion; when nothing more is thought of changing one's religion than one's bonnet, and it is even considered more fashionable to be without a religious faith than to possess one. But in the very teeth and face of this condition of dissolving views and general tendency of all things old to go out and all things new to come in, Christmas has held its own. Whether we be skeptic or believer, transcendentalist or materialist, we all believe in the creed of a yearly merry-making.

Christmas, like every other institution which has survived the decay of other customs, and outlasted the life of other festivals, has had to take its share of historic and critical analysis. Undeniable proofs have been brought to show that we, as Christians, are only perpetuating a pagan festival. There is scarcely one of its tender observances or holy rites that cannot be traced to some heathen practice. Nations, long before the Christian era, held a similar festivity about the same time of the year. It was nothing more or less than a festival in honor of the sun, which, recovering at this season his upward course, announced that mid-Winter was over, and the advent of Spring, with its blessings of light and warmth and blossoms. With the Romans the feast was called Saturnalia, which the early Christians changed from a feast of the wildest orgies to one of religious observance, some of the more innocent rites of the Roman feast, however, being perpetuated.

When we hang up the traditional evergreen, we may be sustained by the consciousness that the custom has at least the stamp of antiquity. Roman matrons decked their houses with similar festoons and interchanged presents as we do. There was, however, probably no advance in the price of evergreen trees, nor a demand for an unlimited supply of Roman hose, since Santa Claus is a mystical personage, and the lighting of the Christmas-tree and the hanging-up of the festive stocking are mystical observances, handed down from certain old Teuton ceremonials. Our Christmas is thus seen to be a curious medley of pagan, Scandinavian and Christian rites, offering an interesting study to antiquarians.

But what matters the history of the blessed Christmas-time, so long as it be still among us the festival, of all others, fullest of real and beautiful significance? What need to know from what people descends the custom of lighting the tree, since with that glow are lighted the fires on the hearth of the affections? All the knowledge of all the rites in the world has no power to change the present experience of pleasant things. Whether the Druids did or did not look upon the mistletoe as sacred makes a certain osculatory process performed beneath that bough neither more nor less a delightful occurrence. Mirth, joy and generosity are of no age or date; they are as old as the human heart and as fresh as human feeling. It is certain that all things, whether to give or to take, to eat or to buy, seems doubly good when they wear their Christmas dress. Our children's laughter is never so sweet as when they find the Santa Claus stocking, and the wife of one's bosom seems doubly attractive when she proudly wears the Christmas offering. Of all puddings in the world is there one that can equal the flavor of the odorous plum? As for the poor at our gate, for one day in the year, at least, we are glad they are always with us; for the fragrance of their grateful thanks follows us like a breath from heaven.

In this blessed season the well-springs of happiness are let loose, the frozen currents of selfish egotism being turned into active streams of benevolence. Even the Scrouges among us must hearken to the voice of the Tiny Tims, and the surliest feel some touch of the holiday glow. And it is always well to keep in mind that this is the time, of all others, when at least some of Christ's poor should be made richer through our generous offices.

THE CITY RAILROADS.

THE annual reports of the city horse-car companies, recently made, do not justify the public expectation that the elevated railways would destroy their business. On the contrary, it appears that the traffic of these lines has suffered a comparatively small decrease, and nearly all of them are making larger profits on their investments than the elevated roads. The Sixth Avenue line, which probably feels the influence of elevated railway competition more directly than any other, shows a decrease in receipts in the five months ending with last October, compared with the corresponding period in 1877, of only $47,764, equal, in other words, to a falling off of about 6,000 passengers out of the 50,000 previously carried daily. But, in spite of this decrease, the profits of the company amounted to about twenty per cent. on a capital of $750,000, according to its own report. The Third Avenue line, which has also been affected by rapid transit, is said to have made a profit last year of $740,000, or thirty-seven per cent., on a watered capital of $2,000,000. The reports of other street-car lines tell practically the same story. The Broadway and Seventh Avenue lines—one company—managed to divide $318,500 profit, besides purchasing cars to the tune of $37,852. The Eighth Avenue Company lost about half a million passengers, as compared with the previous year, in the four months during which the Metropolitan Road was running, namely, June, July, August and September. Even this road divided $155,220 profits. The Belt Line carries about 40,000 passengers per day, and last year divided about $300,000 profit. As a rule, it may be set down that even now, in spite of rapid transit, there is no business in the whole City of New York so lucrative as that of the horse-car lines. It would seem, in view of all the facts of the case, that the justice of the demand for a reduction of fares on these lines cannot be reasonably resisted, and the Legislature should, by statute, require the companies to render, either in cheap fares or in taxes, an equivalent for the valuable franchises which they have so long enjoyed without adequate compensation.

DEATH OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

AMERICAN literature suffers a serious loss in the death of Mr. Bayard Taylor, which occurred at Berlin on the 19th instant. While not positively great, Mr. Taylor possessed many qualities which made him a representative of what is best and purest in our culture and life. Versatile, conscientious, industrious, painstaking, fearless, he did well and thoroughly whatever he undertook, and, dying, has left behind him a name, both as author and traveler, which his countrymen will cherish with peculiar affection. His career as a publicist

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was brief; and the post he occupied as Minister to Germany was not of his own seeking; but he had met its requirements to the entire satisfaction of the Government, while to the Court to which he was accredited his presence was from the first exceptionally welcome. The Administration will be fortunate, indeed, if it shall succeed in naming for the place now vacant a Minister who shall be in every way as acceptable, both at home and abroad, as was the appointment of Mr. Taylor.

BEYOND THE SEAS.

PRINCESS ALICE, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the first of Queen Victoria's nine children to die, expired, by a striking coincidence, on the anniversary of her father's death, which occurred seventeen years ago. As full obituary notices have already been given of this lamented Princess, it may only be noted here that she fell a victim to the same disease, diphtheria, which but a few days ago carried off her four-year-old daughter, Princess Marie, and which, preventable as it is, has been allowed to seize so many other victims among the dwellers in European palaces built long before the laws of hygiene were so well known as at present. Even now these laws are neither so generally known nor so faithfully observed as they ought to be, alike in the humblest hut and the proudest palace. Two other conspicuous names must be added to our mortuary list—the name of the Hon. Bayard Taylor, United States Minister to Germany, who, in his fifty-fourth year, bade fair to surpass the distinction he had already won in the sphere of letters and of travel, and the name of Karl F. Gutzkow, an eminent German writer of romances and philosophical essays, and a journalist as well as a dramatist.

Speeches from a throne are proverbially commonplace, and words are usually put in them to the very use for which a famous diplomatist once said that words were expressly invented, namely, to conceal thoughts. In these eventful days when deeds first interpret the real intentions of sovereigns and the news is rapidly flashed everywhere along telegraphic wires, less attention even than formerly is in general commanded by royal discourse. But those recently made by the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, and the Queen of England and Empress of India, are all noteworthy for one thing—they seem to agree that nothing really definitive has yet been settled by the Berlin treaty. They verbally indorse the testimony of facts that the peace of Europe has not been consolidated by it. Indeed, the few words addressed by Kaiser Wilhelm to the functionaries of his court are avowedly sad and foreboding, like the harangue of the Czar to the Muscovites; and Queen Victoria only ventures to express a hope, more or less confident, that the terms of the Berlin treaty may somehow be carried out satisfactorily. Lord Beaconsfield, however, speaks in a bolder and more cheerful tone. He told a deputation from the Pacific Coast, who presented him on the 19th of December with a casket and congratulatory address from British residents in California, that he believes the Berlin treaty will effect the pacification of Europe; that it was made with this end in view, and that the signatory powers are determined to execute it. He added that Cyprus as a station was not inferior to Malta. There is a great variety of opinions on this point. But in Austria the special committee of eighteen has advised the Reichsrath to assent to the Treaty of Berlin. The Austrian Ministerial crisis may be regarded as at an end. M. Waddington, the French Foreign Minister, has defended himself in the Senate against objections to his course at the Berlin Conference, and has announced that all the Cabinets have come round to the opinion which France was the first to maintain—that the execution of the Berlin treaty is the only way not to jeopardize the peace of Europe. A large number of its clauses are already carried out, and he believes that the rest will be in due time. M. Waddington says that he now has positive assurance of the coöperation of the Powers, without exception, and everything done in favor of Greece particularly will be done through the collective action of Europe, at the instance of France—and, it may be added, to her great honor. The new Council of Ministers at Constantinople has decided to settle, without delay, the questions pending with Greece, Persia, Montenegro and Austria, and to conclude, as soon as possible, a definitive treaty with Russia. The recent conspiracy against the Sultan, it appears, was a serious attempt to dethrone him and to replace him by his brother, Reshad Pasha. The Sultan was with difficulty restrained from putting Reshad and Mahmoud Damad Pasha to death in true old Turkish style. It is far from being creditable to United States Consul Hess that he still acts, apparently, in behalf of the Turkish and not his own Government, as the jailer of the naturalized American citizen, Romer, who is accused of complicity with the conspiracies against the Sultan. The late Captain Ingraham set a better example to United States officials abroad by demanding the release of Koszta within eight hours, and then forcibly rescued him from an Austrian brig-of-war at Smyrna. But this happened long ago, when naturalized and native citizens of the United States alike had rights which foreign Powers were bound to respect. They have the same rights now, and, unless it be proved that they have forfeited these by crime, their rights should be enforced by war, in case of the failure of diplomacy to secure that end.

The Afghan war, as carried on in Parliament, resulted in victory for Lord Beaconsfield, although Mr. Whitbread's resolution in the House of Commons censuring the action of Government was rejected by a majority of only 101 instead of 120, as some of the more sanguine Conservatives had anticipated that it would be. And although sickness has visited the camps of the invaders of Afghanistan, and General Robert's Anglo-Indian army has been attacked with loss by one of the fierce hill-tribes, and Winter must soon prevent the victors from marching far into the interior, yet the triumph of the Viceroy over the Ameer seems now to be a foregone conclusion. Jellalabad was occupied on December 20th. The Ameer has fled from Cabul. Meanwhile, the power of the British Empire is confronted at home by a more formidable enemy than has yet directly threatened it in India. The wisest and most charitable measures cannot hope at once to subdue the general distress arising from bank failures, from strikes and mercantile troubles, throughout the United Kingdom.

WE present with the present issue our usual holiday supplement, crowded with original poems and tales written expressly for this number, by authors of acknowledged prominence.

RESUMPTION is already an accomplished fact, gold having sold on Wall Street on Tuesday last, December 17th, at par. Now that we have actually returned to a specie basis, it seems almost impossible to believe that gold ever sold at 285, as it did in 1864. The currency quacks who have declared resumption on January 1st to be an impossibility, are not likely hereafter to command much confidence as trustworthy prophets.

THE "Old Whig Party" is on its feet again, the Senate having confirmed Hon. Henry S. Foote—the sole surviving representative of the ghostly organization—as Superintendent of the Mint at New Orleans. President Hayes is to be congratulated upon this discovery of fossil remains, which is only equaled in importance by the discovery of "the Northeast passage" from Western Europe to Behring Strait by the Swedish Arctic expedition.

IT is stated that Mr. Bret Harte is to deliver his lecture on "The Argonauts of '49" in London and the principal provincial towns during the Winter. If we remember rightly, this gentleman was some time ago appointed as the Government representative at a certain commercial agency in Germany. Are we to understand that the rules of "civil service reform" permit our consular and other representatives abroad to engage in professional and money-making pursuits to the neglect of their official duties?

THE joint committee appointed by Congress to investigate the causes which lead to yellow fever epidemics, has already mapped out its work. Thirteen experts, distinguished medical gentlemen, have been appointed to assist in the inquiry. One portion of the committee will pursue its inquiries at New Orleans, while another portion will go to Memphis and the adjacent towns and cities visited by the fever last Summer. It is expected that the committee will be able to submit a full report in time to have it acted upon by the present Congress. It is probable that one result of the inquiry will be a proposition for the establishment of a national quarantine and the creation of a sanitary board charged with the whole general subject of enforcing precautions for the protection of the public health.

THE resolution of Mr. Blaine relative to the investigation of alleged outrages upon the suffrage in the recent elections, as finally passed by the Senate, provides that the inquiry shall extend to the North as well as the South, and shall cover all charges of the collection of money from Federal office-holders by assessment or otherwise for election purposes, as well as the action and conduct of United States supervisors of elections in the several States. An investigation thus comprehensive and thorough, if honestly made, should develop the precise facts as to the matters covered by it, and must either disprove or confirm, very conclusively, the allegations of intimidation, bribery and fraud which noisy partisans have so freely bruited in Congress and elsewhere since the November elections.

THE recent *matinée musicale* given by Professor A. F. Christiani, the eminent pianist, at his residence, 24 Irving Place, was a supreme success. Assisted by his pupils, the Professor placed before an audience consisting of the *crème de la crème* of New York society a programme that for taste, variety, æstheticism, novelty and charm, could not by any possibility be surpassed; and when we mention as one of the *morceaux* an *aria* from Gounod's "Polyeucte," we need add no other word. Professor Christiani's mode and method of training is admirable, leading to a proficiency of which the visitors to the *matinée* had ample and all-satisfying proof. Madame Gerster was present, and the gifted *cantatrice*, in common with the remainder of the audience, was intensely pleased, both with the programme and the very complete manner in which it was carried out.

ONE of the Oregon Senators has introduced in Congress a Bill prohibiting the employment on Government works of any person who is not a citizen of the United States. The design of the Bill, it is understood, is to prevent the employment of Chinese laborers in Government service on the Pacific coast. We cannot suppose for a moment that so proscriptive and intolerant a measure will command the approval of Congress. If the Chinese can perform the work required by the Government as efficiently and satisfactorily, and more cheaply, than Irishmen, Italians, or persons of any other nationality, why should we discriminate against them? The laws of supply and demand in the labor market cannot be reversed or controlled by statute, and we shall only make ourselves ridiculous by attempting to erect a Chinese wall of exclusiveness about the Government workshops, in the hope that we can isolate ourselves from the influence of natural laws.

THERE are few Americans who will not concur in Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the British war against Afghanistan, as stated in his recent masterly speech to his constituents at Greenwich. This war, judged by the evidence so far furnished, is absolutely and utterly unjust, and its injustice cannot be wiped out by success, however brilliant or complete it may be. Mr. Gladstone well said: "The question of its justice cannot be settled by military successes, for, thank God, the arbitrament of the sword is not the sole nor the supreme arbitrament in the affairs of civilized man. It cannot be settled by Parliamentary majorities, for that responsibility which at the moment I speak is undivided upon ten or twelve men will next week, or the week after, very likely be divided between them and the Houses of Parliament, and within no very long period—it may be within a very short period—the people of England will have to say whether they will take upon themselves their share of that responsibility of guilt and shame." Mr. Gladstone's speech is said to have produced a great effect, and we cannot doubt that, sooner or later, the conscience of the British people will array itself, on this question, on his side.

CAREFUL statistics furnished by the United States Consul at Wurtemberg show that the number of cabin passengers who left America for European ports during the year ending with June last was 36,555, while the number leaving European ports for America was 30,974. The number of steerage passengers leaving America for European ports during the same period was 50,334, and the number leaving European ports for America 77,360—showing the arrivals in America to be 27,026 more numerous than the departures. The movement of this vast multitude across the Atlantic Ocean was effected without accident of any kind. The same authority gives the number of American visitors constantly but temporarily abroad as 58,488, and their daily expenditures as $292,444, or, $106,594,600 per year drawn from the United States in gold. The number of Americans who are in Europe exclusively for educational purposes is stated at 7,048. There can be no doubt that the sums spent by American citizens in educating their children in European educational institutions would go a long way in building up and sustaining similar institutions in their own country that would be superior to any others in the world; and where, too, they would be free from the influences which are antagonistic to our republican system. It is to be hoped that this tendency of our people to go abroad for what they are pleased to term "the best forms of culture" may be arrested before it shall become universal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

IN Executive session the Senate has ratified the new Commercial Treaty with Japan.

FOR the first time in seventeen years gold reached par in New York City on December 17th.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the establishment of a new steamship line between Philadelphia and Amsterdam, Holland.

CHAIRMAN POTTER and Messrs. Stenger and Cox, of the Potter Investigating Committee, will go to New Orleans for additional testimony.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has called for the remainder of the outstanding Five-Twenty bonds of 1865, new series, amounting to $10,996,100.

THE St. Louis Bridge was sold at auction on December 20th, to a new company of New York and St. Louis capitalists for $2,000,000.

THE banking house of C. F. Adal & Co., at Cincinnati, suspended on December 18th, with liabilities at $780,000, and nominal assets of $400,000.

CONGRESS has passed and the President signed the Bill to duplicate the Government bonds stolen from the Manhattan Savings Bank, of New York City.

A GENERAL strike of disaffected car-drivers on the Third Avenue Railroad, New York City, occurred on December 16th, resulting in a little delay and few arrests.

SAMUEL B. LUDLAM has been indicted for setting fire to the Ocean House at Cape May, N. J., last November, by which a vast amount of hotel property was destroyed.

THE Committee on Ways and Means have decided to devote three days immediately after the holiday recess to a hearing of persons interested in the sugar question.

A COMMITTEE has been formed of Southern Senators and Congressmen to draft an address thanking the North for the promptness and liberality of the aid extended during the late epidemic.

SENATOR CONKLING, to whom the New York nominations were referred in the Committee on Commerce, has asked of Secretary Sherman the cause of the removal of General Arthur and Mr. Cornell.

ALTHOUGH Judge Wallace, in the Killona plantation suit, decided that General Sheridan had no right to issue the order for the seizure of the estate, the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant on December 20th.

PRESIDENT HAYES sent a communication to the Senate on December 19th, accompanying it with a report from Secretary Evarts, on the importance of fostering commercial relations with South American countries.

IN the prosecutions under the Local Option Law at Norwich, Conn., Judge Kellogg has decided that the hop beer and cider sold there come under the prohibition, both articles being found on analysis to contain alcohol.

JUDGE JOHN LOWELL, of Boston, has been nominated and confirmed as Judge of the First United States Judicial Circuit, and it is thought that Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., will be appointed his successor in the District Court.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHN S. MORTON, of the Market Street Railway Company, of Philadelphia, and Samuel P. Hahn have pleaded guilty to the charge of fraudulently overissuing stock of the company, and have been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each.

IN the Senate on December 17th the Consular and Diplomatic Bill was passed after being considerably amended, and Mr. Blaine's resolution was adopted by a vote of 36 to 6. The House passed the Postal Car Service Bill. On the 18th the Senate passed the Pension Appropriation Bill, and also the amendment to the Posse Comitatus Bill. The Southern Investigating Committee, provided by Mr. Blaine's resolution, was announced on the 19th, Mr. Teller, of Colorado, being chairman. The committee organized on the following day, and appointed a sub-committee to take testimony in Louisiana. On the 20th the resolution to purchase the papers of the Count de Rochambeau, and a Bill to amend an error in the Revised Statutes about challenging grand jurors who rendered aid to the rebellion, were passed in the Senate. Both branches adjourned to January 7th.

Foreign.

SIGNOR DEPRETIS formed a new Italian Cabinet which the journals dislike and doom to a speedy dissolution.

M. WADDINGTON, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has expressed strong hopes of the faithful fulfillment of the treaty at Berlin.

COUNT ANDRASSY declares that the annexation of Servia and Montenegro would be a most perverted and unhappy policy for Austria.

MR. GLADSTONE has intimated his intention to present himself as a candidate at Midlothian at the next election for the House of Commons.

AFTER an illness of several months from dropsy, Hon. Bayard Taylor, United States Minister to Germany, died suddenly at Berlin, on December 19th, aged fifty-three years.

IT is rumored in Constantinople that Russia will not oppose a scheme for a new Turkish loan guaranteed by England if the question of the war indemnity is settled simultaneously.

CITIZENS of Berlin have decided to commemorate the escape from assassination and the return to the capital of the Emperor, by erecting a monument of bronze and marble, to cost $75,000.

THE steamer *Byzantine*, from Marseilles to Constantinople, collided with the English steamship *Rinaldo*, near Gallipoli, in the Sea of Marmora, on December 18th, and 150 lives were lost.

COMMUNICATIONS are passing between the Governments of Germany and Switzerland looking to an abrogation of the privileges acquired under the latter by Socialists driven from the country by the former.

OWING to the death of the Princess Alice of England, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, it is improbable that there will be any State entertainments at the Vicereal residence in Canada for three months.

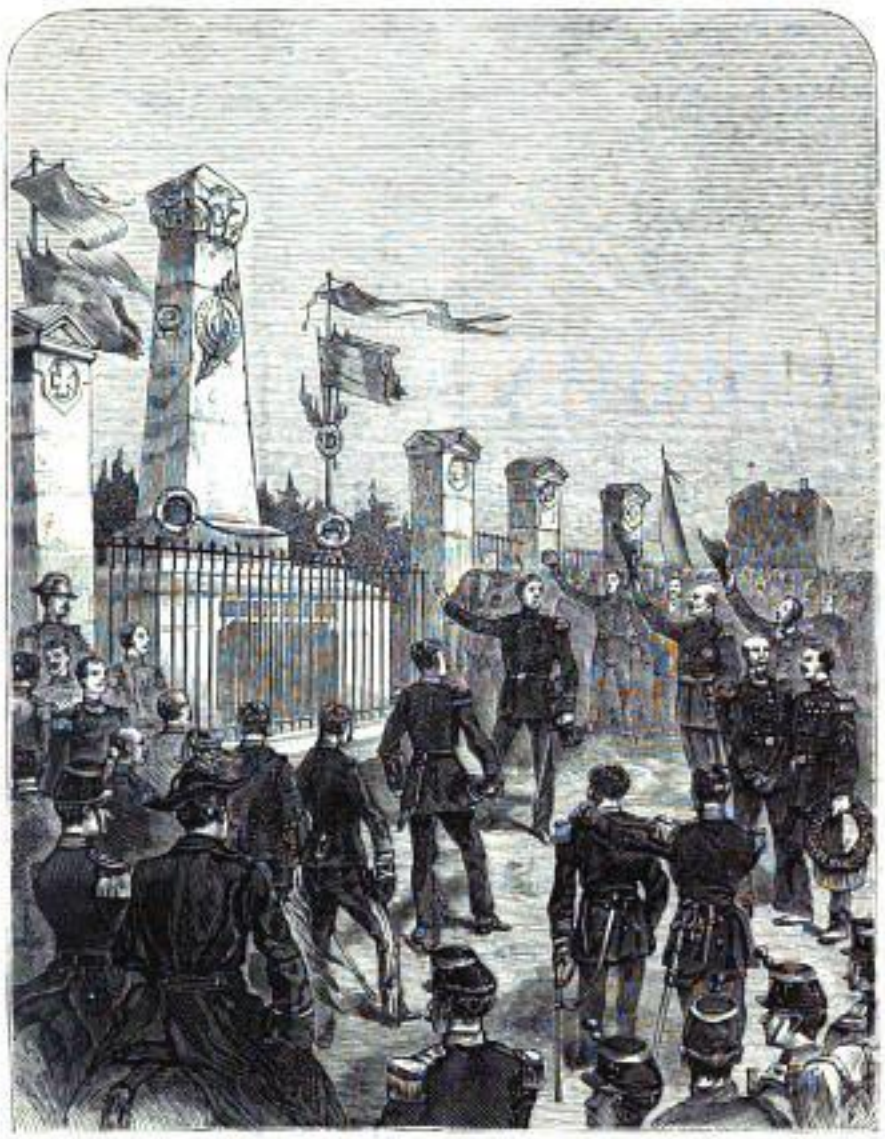
THE new Spanish copyright Act protects telegraph dispatches, newspaper articles, Parliamentary reports, legal documents, musical and dramatic, and anonymous and posthumous works and literary collections.

NEGOTIATIONS are pending between Great Britain and the Porte concerning British jurisdiction over foreigners in Cyprus. England concedes the Sultan's sovereignty over the Island, but denies that the regulation about consular jurisdiction is still applicable there.

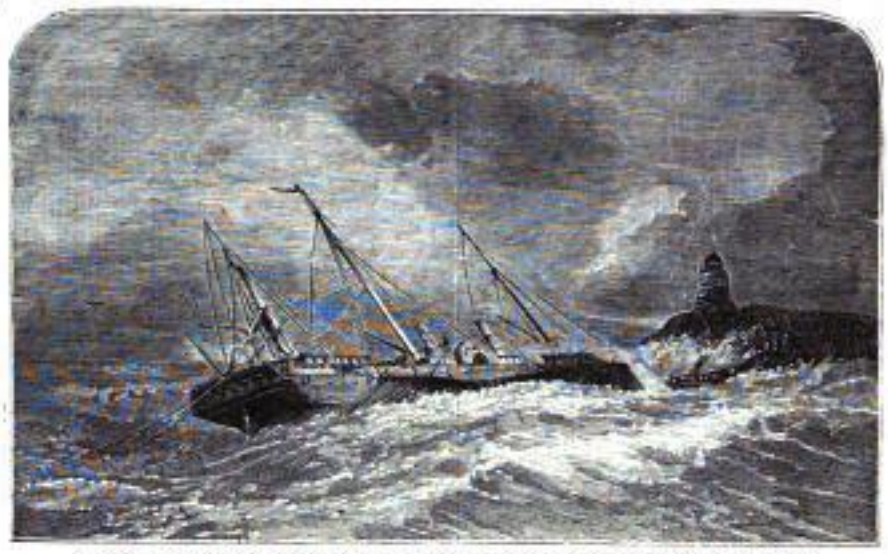
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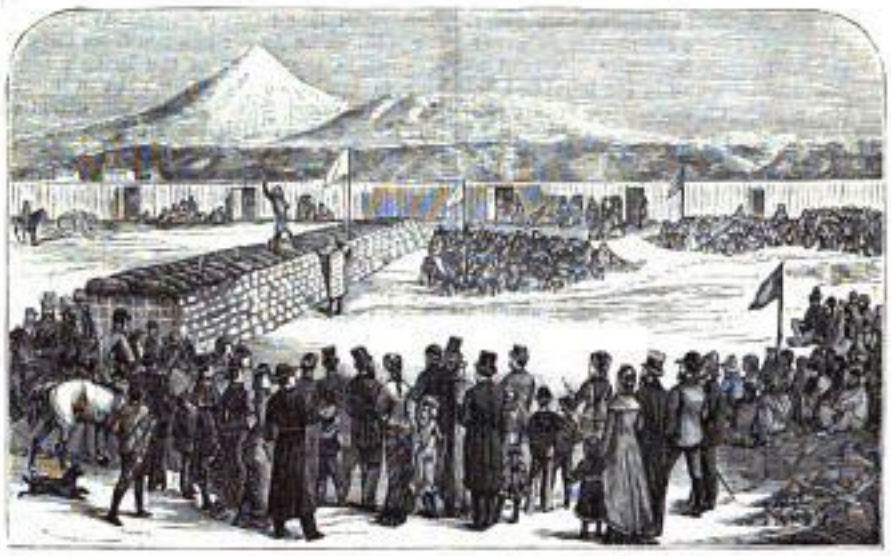
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 299.



FRANCE.—DEDICATION OF A MILITARY CEMETERY AT CHAMPIGNY.



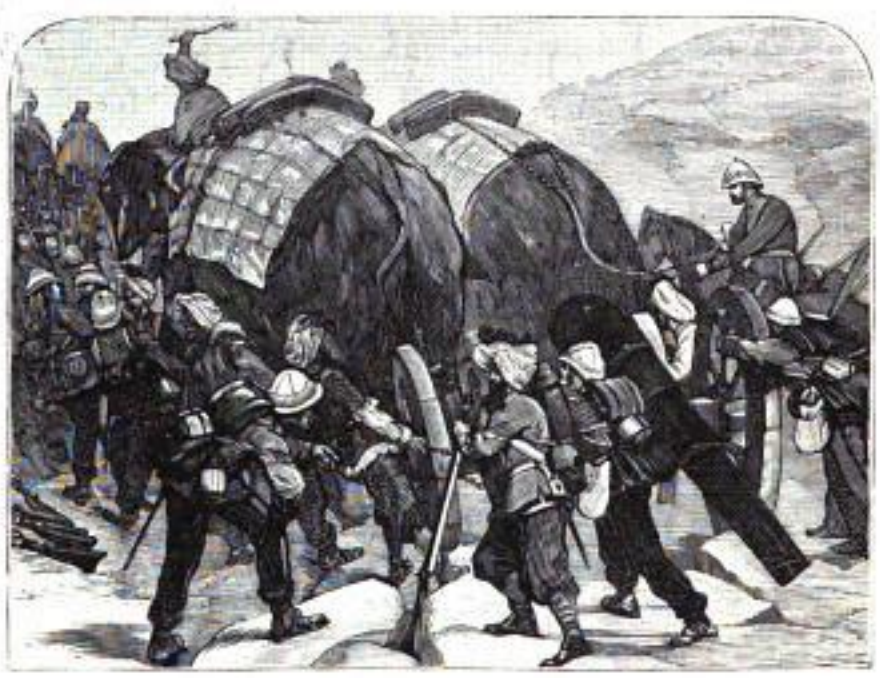
BLACK SEA.—ACCIDENT TO THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT "LIVADIA," AT TARANHUT.



NEW ZEALAND.—DISTRIBUTING FOOD FOR THE MAORI FEAST AT WAITARA.



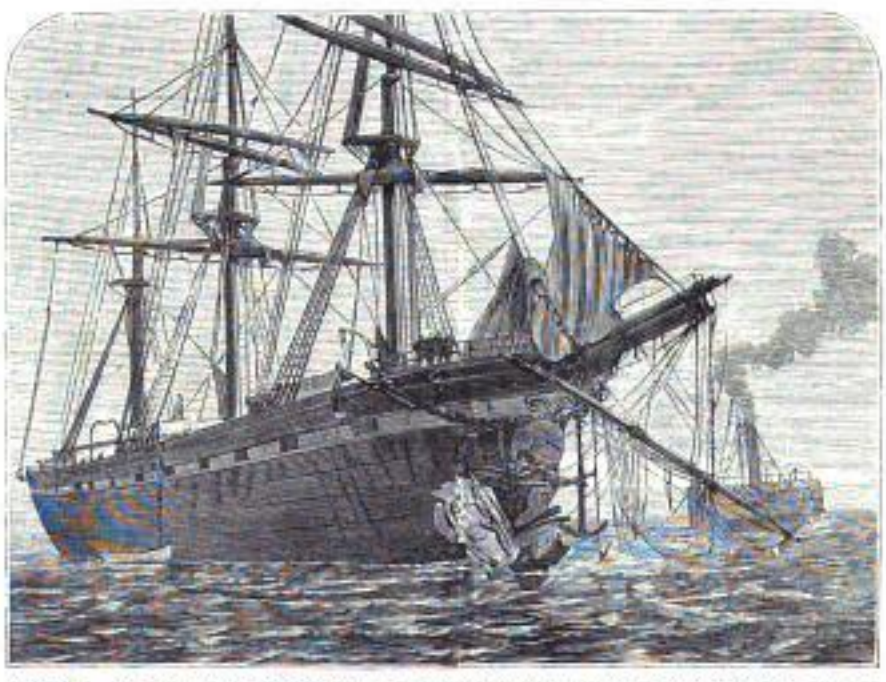
FRANCE.—SALON OF THE "LOST FOOTSTEPS," PALACE OF JUSTICE, PARIS.



AFGHANISTAN.—AN ELEPHANT BATTERY ADVANCING TO THE FRONT.



ITALY.—PROFESSOR PALMIERI'S OBSERVATORY AT THE FOOT OF THE CONE OF VESUVIUS.



ENGLAND.—THE BARK "NOEL EILIAN" AFTER THE COLLISION WITH THE "POMMERANIA" OFF DOVER.

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Half a Dollar.

A Christmas Story.

By

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER I.

THEY stood together that cold morning—the widow and her child—hesitating in the half-open basement-door. She looking drearily through the rusted iron-railings of the area as if she dreaded to go out on a search for work that seemed hopeless. The little girl more cheerful, but subdued and saddened by the mournful pallor of her mother's face.

"Don't go very far, mother, and keep the shawl tightly round you, for it's going to be awful cold," she said, striving bravely to keep herself from shivering, under the cape of an old cloak that had little warmth in it. "I'm sure to sell some of these things—they are so useful, you know, and lots of people will want them, when it is so close to Christmas."

Ruth looked wistfully into her mother's face as she made her hopeful argument. The day before, when her mother was out in search of work, and there had been neither fire nor food in the basement for twenty-four hours, she had found, in an old, disused chest among other things too worthless for use or the pawnbroker, some fragments of a worn-out shawl, which, being of wool, held in its decay some gleams of bright coloring.

Out of this poor material she had made holders for smoothing-irons and little, starlike pen-wipers, in the pitiful hope that in the crowd of purchasers thronging the streets she might find some kind soul that would buy her wares for enough to give a little food and fire for Christmas Day.



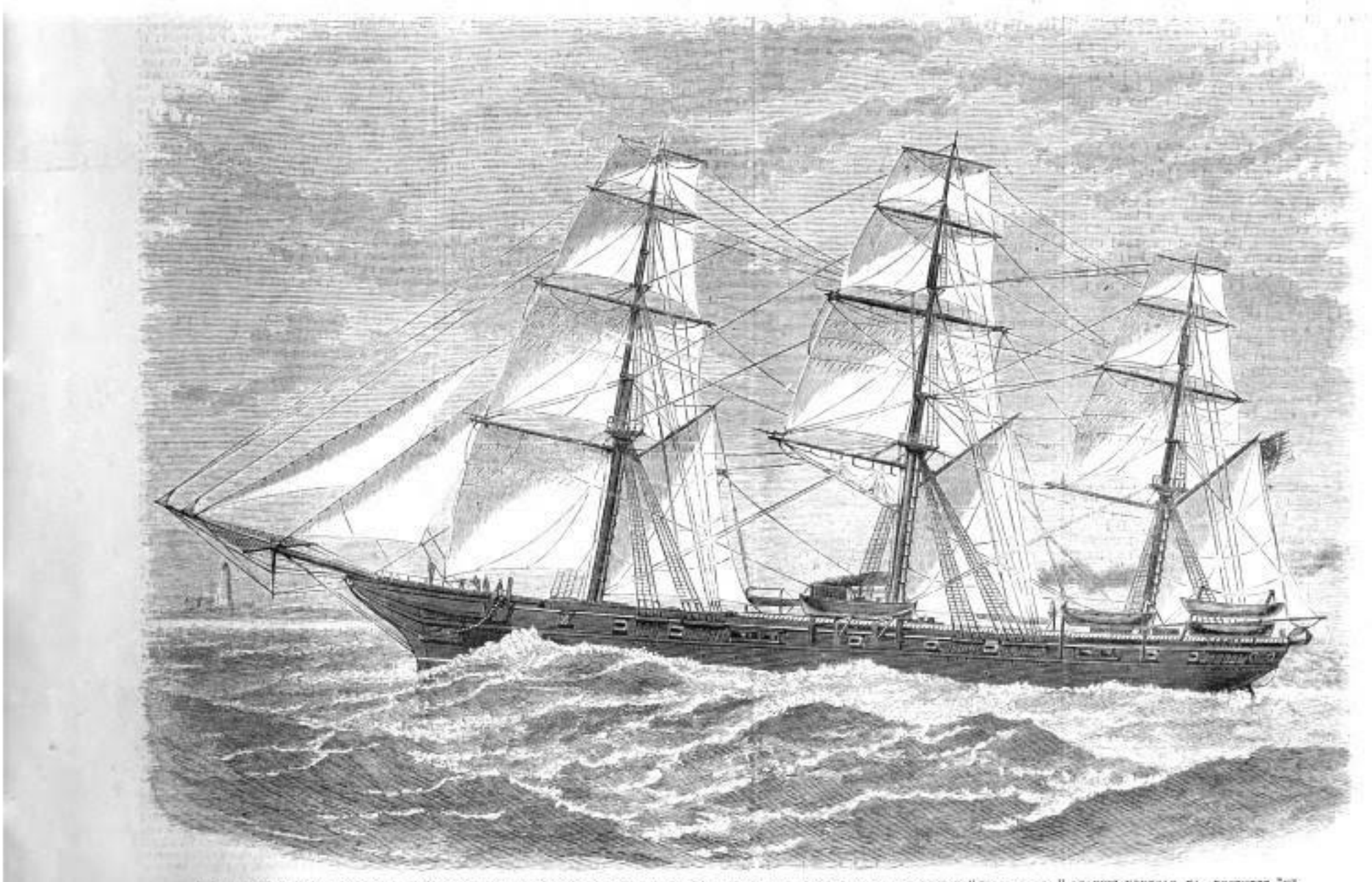
HALF A DOLLAR.—"'NO, YOU MUST PUT IT ON FIRST,' SHE SAID, RESTING HER HAND SOFTLY ON HIS BOSOM, AND HOLDING THE RING TOWARD HIM."

The widow had listened to the child with a patient smile when she followed her to the basement-door and thus begged her to come back soon and tell her how to spend the money she was sure to make—a smile such as hopeless women wear, sometimes, when their hearts are breaking. Then, stooping down, she kissed the sweet, eager face, and turned mournfully away in her dreary search for bread.

Thus tenderly encouraged, the little girl tied the strings of a rusty cloak-hood, out of which her pale, but most lovely face, shone like a flower as she went back to the basement resolved to do wonderful things that would surprise her mother when she came home. Searching out a poor little market-basket long out of use in that household, she arranged her precious articles in the bottom, putting the brightest side uppermost, and made her way into the busy part of the city, far more hopeful than her mother had been.

Once in Broadway she began to look around for customers, holding her merchandise well in sight and lifting her beautiful eyes in eager appeal, almost in astonishment, when so many went by without deigning to look in her basket; for it was the day before Christmas and the throng she wandered through were in search of far more sumptuous gifts than she had to offer.

Sometimes the heart would leap in her bosom as some lady turned her eyes that way, attracted by the loveliness of her face rather than her merchandise; but only



THE SCHUYLDT EXPEDITION, IN FURTHERANCE OF AMERICAN COMMERCIAL INTERESTS IN THE EAST—THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "TICONDEROGA" LEAVING NORFOLK, VA., DECEMBER 7TH, FOR LIBERIA, AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 299.

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to sink heavier and heavier as a glittering toy-shop or gorgeously draped window lured even that small notice away from her.

Poor child; no one in that moving panorama cared for her or the waves on which she had built such loving hopes. So, sad at heart, and faint with disappointment, she struggled on with the unseemly basket on her arm, urged at last to call out and beseech people to look on her humble store; but this she did so timidly, and in a voice that only rose high enough in the general din to frighten herself. No one else heeded it.

Still the girl toiled on, hour after hour, hoping against hope; for it seemed impossible to her that some one in all the group she passed should not care for the things on which she had lavished so much hopeful ingenuity.

At last the gathering of a great storm thinned the streets and drove her homeward utterly chilled. On the way into her own dingy neighborhood she passed by a carpenter's-shop where one of the workmen had sometimes given her shavings to kindle the fire with.

She could hear his plane moving to and fro with a soft, rushing sound, and knew that shavings were dropping in a soft heap of curls beside his workbench; perhaps he would give them to her. Even one flash of heat in that cold basement would be better than nothing when her mother came home. Her poor, dear mother, who would be so disappointed when she found that none of her holders had been sold.

She was right; the carpenter was at work, buried knee-deep in pine shavings. He smiled as she came in, and, seeing her basket, motioned that she should help herself.

In a moment Ruth had her arms full of shavings, and was crushing them into the basket, leaving a quantity of chips that lay underneath untouched; but, with unusual benevolence, the carpenter thrust them toward her with his foot, and, when her basket was full, picked up some fragments of lath which he tied into a bundle and asked her, kindly, if she could carry it.

Carry it! The girl absolutely laughed as she lifted the basket with one hand and took the bundle under her arm. At any rate, they would have one good fire when her mother came home. She lifted her grateful eyes to the man and thanked him so earnestly that he gathered up a few more blocks and heaped the basket to overflowing.

Ruth was right; when her mother came in, faint and heartsick, a cheerful fire was crackling on the hearth which illuminated the whole room, while Ruth stood before it, half forgetful of her disappointment, feeding the flames with shavings and smiling as the warmth spread its glow all around her.

All those weary hours the poor woman had been in search of work, sewing—something—anything that would bring food and warmth into her miserable home, for the terror of absolute starvation was upon her. Starvation for the child she loved better than her own life, and had shielded from want almost at the expense of her life, as any one might have known by her thin figure, the haunting hunger in those large, sad eyes, and the tender devices by which she led the little girl into believing that she got plenty out-of-doors, which made her appetite so slender at all other times.

This terrible dread that Ruth must suffer as she had done drove the poor woman to desperation that day; never in her greatest need had she pleaded for work with such persistence; but people were too busy and would not listen to her importunities. Some dismissed her curtly as an annoyance. Others, more kind for the moment, told her to come again when the holidays were over; but no one seemed to understand or care for her great need of work. So at last she crept home again and stood in the door amazed by the fire that spread its glow all around her dwelling.

"Come, mother," said Ruth, shoving a chair to the hearth. "Isn't this a famous fire to warm oneself by? Sit up close and enjoy yourself, while I take off your bonnet and just smooth your hair a little."

The widow seated herself, held out her numbed hands to the fire, and drew a deep breath—the heat was so grateful to her. Ruth took off the rusty straw bonnet, but folded the shawl which her mother had worn tightly around her; for she knew how thin and scant were the garments underneath, and dreaded to think how soon the fire would burn out.

"I haven't got anything else, mother," she said, faltering a little in her speech. "People didn't want my poor little holders, though I did try so hard to sell them; but never mind—another day I'm sure to do better. You see, they didn't seem just like Christmas presents; so don't be discouraged any more than you can help."

"Ah, my child, I am so used to disappointment that it seems natural to me now!" said the mother, looking tenderly into the sweet, upturned face that was making such pathetic efforts to smile.

"But I feel it dreadfully. I had laid such plans for to-night! I saw the man at the corner grocery cutting off such a lovely slice of ham for a woman this morning, and you don't know how I wanted one of them for your supper. If I could only have sold my holders—only one of them—it would have been so nice. But it wasn't my fault; I tried and tried, till it was like begging."

The poor woman burst into tears, and kissed the face now lovingly pressed to hers.

"Begging, begging!" she repeated, mournfully. "Your father little thought that our girl—his child and mine—would ever be brought to speak of that."

"But he did not know how hard it is to be hungry and cold," answered Ruth, meekly, while her eyes drooped beneath their thick lashes, and a look of shame stole over her features; for she understood her mother's words as a reproach. "He had not felt you shivering with cold, as you are doing now, spite of the fire."

"Thank God that he never did see it!" said the mother. "But even hunger and cold shall not make us beggars till we have made one effort more. You have never gone so long without food in your life before, my darling. Are you very hungry?"

Ruth looked down quietly.

"No, not very."

"I have tried to keep you from it."

"And so you have, mother. See how round and rosy I am, while you grow thinner and colder every day."

The child took the pale, famished face of her mother between her two little hands, and kissed it tenderly.

For a while the mother and child sat together, gazing into the firelight, which was going down almost as suddenly as it had been enkindled. The night had set in earlier than usual, because of the storm; and, in very weariness, those two sat upon the broken hearth until the last shavings had sunk into a handful of black ashes with here and there a spark darting through them.

When the last vestige of warmth had departed from the yawning fireplace, the woman arose to her feet, and, gathering the shawl about her, searched for the miserable straw bonnet Ruth had put aside.

"What is the matter? Where are you going, mother?"

"Out again. It is Christmas Eve, and Christ died for us as well as others."

"Yes, mother; I know that."

"We must not sit here and perish while there is one hope left. There is a person who owes me a half-dollar for work done months ago. I have called for it so often that it seems hopeless; but we cannot sit here and freeze to death."

"May I go with you?" asked Ruth, tying on her hood by the light of a street-lamp that came dimly through the frosted window. "There, now, you see I'm ready."

"Yes, dear, storming as it is, anything must be better than sitting here alone. Perhaps there will be some luck for us. It has been so hard to reach the lady through so many servants, and she may not know that I have been to her house so often. Besides, the amount is so little she may have forgotten. Come, dear, wrap your cape about you, and keep under my shawl."

Ruth crept under the apology for a shawl, and, thus clinging together, the two went up the broken steps into the street, which, narrow and squalid as it was, had made some pretense at illumination; for the windows of a baker's-shop at the corner were unusually brilliant, and the grocery opposite met the little river of light it cast across the street more than half-way, hedging it over with radiance.

(Continued on page 322.)

HOLIDAY SIGHTS IN NEW YORK.

THE SHOPPING EXPERIENCES OF MR. AND MRS. BROWN.

I WAS very agreeably surprised, upon descending to the breakfast-room on Monday morning last, to find Mrs. Brown very neatly and becomingly attired, her Grecian fringe denuded of curl papers, and her face adorned with a smile that denoted "set fair"; her manner, too, instead of being jerky and snappy, reminded me of the brief but blissful period immediately subsequent to my leading her to the Hymeneal altar, while certain delicate attentions, such as asking me if my tea was all right, if my toast was crisp enough, if my mutton-chop was done exactly as I wished it, if my egg was unexceptionally fresh, tended to place me, I freely confess, in a condition of good humor such as I have not reveled in for two long years.

When breakfast had been discussed, and Mrs. Brown had gayly chatted all through the meal, her conversation being of so agreeable a nature as to cause me to hang over the table and almost forget my morning paper, she suddenly exclaimed:

"George, dearest, I mean to take a walk with you to-day. See, I am ready. I have only to slip on my sealskin and my hat. Here they are," producing the articles of apparel as she spoke. This action on Mrs. B.'s part was so novel as to startle me. My habit of life was to wait—ay, for hours; but I'll not grumble just yet.

When we emerged into the Avenue she playfully observed, "Now, Georgie, I've got you, and I mean to keep you the *whole* day. You'll devote yourself to your toodlywoodlay, won't 'oo?"—a form of endearment that had passed away with the honeymoon—"I want to visit all the beautiful stores—not to *buy* anything"—observing a decided inclination on my part to bolt—"but just to *look* at the exquisite things on show for Christmas."

What could I do but yield? And, like a lamb being led to the slaughter—for I did entertain secret misgivings that my better-half meant business as much as pleasure—she jubilantly marched me off, leaning upon my arm just as she used to when she was still Miss Arabella Sophonsba Smith.

Her first visit was to Tiffany's, that superb, bejeweled palace in Union Square. The crush, as we entered, was so great as, happily, to prevent my wife from approaching too near, or remaining too long over the too seductive cases, and we filtered slowly along until we found ourselves in the Diamond Room.

Here Mrs. Brown uttered an exclamation of mingled bewilderment and delight; her eyes sparkled as they did at the moment I asked her to be Mrs B., for she was standing opposite a glass case containing precious stones to the value of a quarter of a million dollars. Her raptures knew no bounds when a diamond necklace, valued at $15,000, was placed confidingly in her hands, followed by a single white diamond worth $15,000. These were followed by a hand-mirror of Champlevé enamel, set with oriental onyx, cut to bear the appearance of Oriental cat's eyes, each stone held in its place by diamonds, the handle of gold, and the whole valued at $10,000; by a yard of diamond lace, first produced at the recent Exposition at Paris, consisting of diamonds laid on silver wire, woven into *point d'Alençon*, or Rose-point, or Guipure, at will, and only $10,000 a yard. She then tried on a necklace and earrings—diamonds, of course, valued at $100,000; a diamond tiara for which the Duke of Brunswick paid £6,000 visibly affected her, while a pair of opals, the finest for sale in the world, brought forth a sigh such as she uttered when I was obliged to postpone our wedding-day on account of the alarming illness of my maiden aunt from whom I had expectations. I was not sorry when Mrs. B. came down to a bangle bracelet of $6,000; and when the courteous Mr. Cook showed her some Cyprian ornaments of mere gold, I felt that the crisis was over. Mrs. B. somewhat contemptuously fancied a Pompeian bracelet at $300, and—ah, I didn't like to say No.

"Let us get out of this," she exclaimed, in a low tone. "Why—oh, why did I not marry one of the Van Boomgees? *Then* I'd—but no matter."

Our next visit was to the Meriden Britannia Company in Union Square, the finest establishment of its kind in the world. Here I felt much more at home, but not by any means safe, for the display of articles was of so classical and so elegant a nature, and withal so cheap, as to cause me to conclude that a punch-bowl—opposite to which stood riveted an elderly gentleman whose eyes glistened and whose nether lip protruded in the ecstatic imagining of a stoup from out of one of the twelve surrounding tankards—would look the very thing upon my carved oaken sideboard. Mrs. B. was lost in admiration of a case of spoons, forks and cutlery, gotten up in the highest art, and this I purchased as a Christmas-box for Mrs. Spuyten Duyvle, an old flame of mine that—ahem!

We crossed the Square and turned into Steinway's Pianoforte Warerooms, in Fourteenth Street, where, amid a grove of pianos—the firm have turned out 2,600 during the year—our attention was drawn to a recent production called the Parlor Grand, which is only six feet long by four feet seven inches in width, but which, it is claimed, has the same interior construction and action as the Concert Grand.

"This will fit our alcove as if it was made for it," said Mrs. B., and she requested the gentleman who waited upon us to send it home, a liberal allowance to be made for the one to be exchanged. I could not remonstrate, as the sweetness and power of the Parlor Grand proved too much for me.

We were in luck during our visit, for upon entering an apartment sacred to prize pianos—the firm of Steinway & Sons have carried off first prizes from all the Great Fairs of the World—we dropped in for a rich musical treat, for Madame Gerster was singing like a nightingale to the superb accompaniment of Mr. S. B. Mills.

Again crossing the Square, we paid a visit to Mason & Hamlin's organ establishment.

"A cabinet organ would be *such* a nice, thoughtful present for the Rev. Mr. Slowsermon," observed Mrs. B., as we pushed aside the glass doors.

To my wife's astonishment, and, indeed, genuine pleasure, his reverence, as though divining her intention, was there before her—a very grave, dignified, but somewhat proxy son of the Church, accompanied by a pretty daughter, Tottie, and I am free to confess that "the chords of a great Amen" as pealing forth from those superb instruments quite reconciled me to the idea of the presentation to Mrs. B's. pet clergyman, especially as Tottie seemed so grateful to me on the score of the gift.

We had rather a pleasant walk along Broadway—Mrs. B. and his reverence, Tottie and I—and parting them at Twenty-third Street. I was for returning home, but my wife wouldn't hear of such a thing.

"Let us see the newest things in furs," she said. "We'll just take a look into C. G. Gunther's Sons, only for *half* a second, dearest! There it is on the avenue."

In a few minutes I was surrounded by sable, chinchilla, black fox, silver fox, blue fox, lynx and other skins too numerous to mention, shiny and glossy, as if the animals to whom they had once belonged were in full possession and enjoyment of them, and Mrs. B. did really look so *chic* in a "princess cape"—she is a fine figure, there's no gainsaying that—and as she exclaimed, "My dear, I must have it!" I could not resist the pleasure of presenting her with it, and so pleased was she at this token of my admiration, that, while the attendant went in search of a pen and ink—unfortunately I had brought my check-book with me—my spouse, under pretense of examining a sealskin sacque, and behind the cover of the body of a gigantic polar bear, gave me an unexpected but refreshing hug.

Emboldened by my expression of pleasure and gratification at this unlooked-for mark of her gratitude, she proposed a visit to the jewelry store of Theodore B. Starr, Fifth Avenue, and thither we repaired, to be charmed with the exquisite taste exhibited in the "get up" of the store, charmed by black pearls, and pink pearls, and Oriental pearls—by lockets, set with diamonds in crescents, fit for the breast of the Commander of the Faithful, with crosses that infidels might adore, and after purchasing a cameo brooch set in brilliants—a present for my mother-in-law—we once more emerged into the open air.

"Let us take the crosstown cars," said Mrs. B. "I want, of all things, to go to Ehrich's—it's on Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street."

"I am in for it now," I murmured, "and I may as well go through with a good grace."

At Ehrich's establishment, which was crowded to the doorway, there was so much to attract the eyes, that for a few minutes I was fairly bewildered. Of course Mrs. B. darted in the direction of the ladies' mantles, whither I reluctantly followed. I am bound to confess that the display was both handsome and unique, and the prices not even on the verge of alarming. Having to purchase some toys for our children—we have two at present—we directed our steps to the toy department, and I sighed as I thought of the rude playthings which were in vogue twenty-five years ago when compared with the ingenious mechanical contrivances of to-day. Here were young ladies waltzing the five-step waltz, their partners keeping a step that would have delighted the heart of Monsieur Cartier; young ladies inhaling the fragrance of blooming flowers; young ladies fanning themselves as naturally as though they were on the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid; sailors who danced hornpipes; gymnasts twisting themselves into black knots; and other figures equally lifelike and diverting. Mrs. B. and I were especially fascinated by the "Interrupted Serenade." This, as performed by the mechanical figures, was humorously funny. An amorous swain serenades his mistress through the medium of a guitar. After a little, three windows open, and two young ladies gaze with ardor upon the serenader, while an elderly dame regards him with a frown. Presently an elderly gentleman pops his head out of the window, the ladies disappear in the twinkling of an eye, and the amorous swain betakes himself and his guitar to regions unknown. I in no way regretted my visit to Ehrich's, or the money I expended in mechanical toys for my own and other people's children, while a long gaze into the window—at the garden-party—amply repaid me for the "scrooging."

"Now for Macy's," said Mrs. B. I was powerless, played out, and yet this delicate young woman was as fresh as "a new-blown rose"—I was going to say a clam, but that's vulgar.

We found Macy's as usual. A throng of anxious people hustling one another to the music of the shrill cries of diminutive cash-girls, attired in black aprons. All was life and bustle, while every counter was lined three deep, and every person seemed bent upon buying up the whole store, cash-girls and all. Mrs. B. and I forced ourselves up one flight of stairs into a new pottery, porcelain and glass department—a very esthetic collection, where we invested in Wedgewood, as Mrs. B's. mother has a craze for white or blue. The centre point of attraction was, however, the steeplechase, set up in one of the windows, around which old and young, rich and poor, craned their necks, stopping there and seemingly lost in admiration. The course was admirably marked out, the jocks being dolls, the stablemen dolls, the betting-men dolls, the starters dolls, the spectators dolls. Dozens of dolls dressed in the most correct form lounged about the course, nor was the four-wheeled drag, with its accompanying lobster and champagne absent, while the toilets of the *crème de la crème* on the roof of the coach were worthy of Worth.

From Macy's we wended our way to the lordly establishment of A. T. Stewart & Co., and in much less time than it takes to write it my wife was enshrined in a lace shawl such as the nuns of old dreamt of in their gloomy Belgian cloisters, and woven apparently by fairy fingers. Mrs. B. has a very *piquante* figure, and I do *not* regret the investment.

"I want to give dearest mamma a set of cut-glass tumblers and glasses, and I also want a small but elegant dinner-service for ourselves. Blossie"—our youngest—"played Aunt Sally with the set we brought from Paris. Poor dear child! she was greatly attracted by the flowers on the plates and dishes."

If I had been within range of Miss Blossie the attraction of my open palm would possibly have proved more *striking*. At Bassford's, in Cooper Institute, we repaired these little deficiencies, and Blossie will soon be herself again. Of course my wife's mother's interests were looked after, and, in addition to the glassware, several fancy articles of cutlery were thrown in, while our little dinner-service, I am in justice bound to admit, has been very much admired; even Mrs. Plantagenet Jones, who lives next door, and who imitates Mrs. B. in everything, was heard to say to Mrs. Tudor Smith that it was the choicest set she had seen since the Paris Exhibition.

I was fairly used up—as used up as Sir Charles Coldstream. Human nature has its limits of endurance. I felt that a glass of sparkling champagne would alone pull me together. There are moments when champagne means life; this was one of them. I uttered no word, but, seizing Mrs. B. by the arm, stepped into a passing stage, and, alighting at 208 Broadway, plunged at a bottle of Werner's "America" champagne, and filling a tumbler till the beaded bubbles seethed and danced at the brim, tossed it off—the delicious nectar—and felt a new man. Talk of imported brands, at fabulous prices! I'll give nothing but Werner at my dinner-parties for the future.

Having helped my wife to a third of the bottle she proposed to start anew.

"My dear," said Mrs. B., her eyes sparkling like the wine, "I'll walk now till midnight."

"*Walk!*"

"Yes, walk. I've on a pair of Burt's shoes and I can do anything in them. I never had real, genuine, solid comfort until I invested in Burt."

Mr. Burt, in his new manufactory, No. 150 Duane Street, employs 400 workmen and workwomen, and by the use of machinery is able to turn out from 600 to 800 pairs every working day in the year. He received the gold medal at the Paris Exposition, which is the highest award ever given to a manufacturer of shoes.

Yes, we did walk, and walk, and walk, into stores, and out of stores, up streets and down streets, across town and around avenues till I thought of the Wandering Jew, and until I had to be assisted by the butler up the steps of my own house. I never got further than the dining-room, and, dropping into a chair, I feebly called for "America" extra dry.

In the evening Tudor Smith and his wife paid us a visit. Smith looked wan and worn and done up; his wife, like my own, was all triumphant smiles. When the ladies had retired to have a gushing gossip, I poured out Smith a tumblerful of wine and asked him what was wrong.

"Oh, I've had *such* a day," he groaned. "In a moment of weakness I consented to accompany my wife, just to look at the Christmas stores, and"—here he groaned dismally again—"I'm almost dead."

"Where did you go to?" I asked, a fiendish joy permeating my system.

"Where did we not go? To Horsman, William Street and Malden Lane, for toys; to Stern Brothers, Twenty-third; and Waller & McSorley, Grand Street; and W. Jackson & Co., Broadway; and Aitkin, Son & Co., Broadway, for dry-goods; to Freeman & Woodruff, Broadway and Park Place—I wanted some articles of clothing; to J. & P. Coates, White Street, for cotton threads; to Barbour Brothers, Church Street, for linen threads; to Palm & Fechteler, art amusements; to J. Marshing & Co., decorators; to the Parisian Flower Co.; to Ridley & Sons, 309 Grand Street, brilliantly illuminated by their new electric light, and a host of others, I need not name. Our last visit was to E. A. Morrison's, and although the last, it did not prove the least attractive, as the holiday gifts imported direct from London, Paris, Vienna, Switzerland, Italy and Russia, by Mr. Morrison, were unique, rich, handsome, and cheap. The Russian leather goods were alone worth a prolonged inspection, and I invested heavily in purses and pocket-books for gifts for some of my "pals" in Wall Street.

Tudor Jones had not as yet recovered, Monday last; and, as for myself, when Mrs. B. catches me again, may I—well, be—beatified.

HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

A TOUR AMONG THE PRINCIPAL DEALERS.

UPON one thing representative dealers in Philadelphia all agree. Trade is better this season than it was for the corresponding season last year. The leading houses have their hands full. Shop-windows were never gayer. Costly presents were never more sought after. Preparations were never more complete to satisfy the popular demand. This demand has already had the effect of diminishing the number of clerks out of employment and adding to the force of the regularly employed. There has been a race, lively, determined and spirited, among men of a kind in business, to excel each other in the display of holiday goods. To describe the results would take columns. The leading houses are like expositions.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Two Christmas shoppers, a lady and gentleman, started out last week to see what was to be seen. Their tastes being literary, they first dropped into Porter & Coates's book-store, on Chestnut Street, above Eighth. What a jam! Everybody else seemed to have been impelled to Porter & Coates's from the same instinct. The literary couple squeezed their way up to the centre of the store, where Mr. Henry T. Coates was trying to wait on two or three customers at once. Mr. Coates is himself a literary man, the author of the "Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry," a very fine work, just out of the press.

"Your work is meeting with very favorable criticism throughout the country, Mr. Coates."

The gentleman expressed himself gratified. His work is no small one. It contains over 1,300 poems by over 400 different authors, English and American. Books is a subject upon which Mr. Coates talks with enthusiasm at all times.

"I do not exaggerate," said he, "when I say that I think we have the largest and most complete collection of books in the country. George W. Childs took a stroll through our store, shortly after returning from his last trip to Europe, and remarked that

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he saw no collection of books anywhere while abroad that equaled ours. You cannot name any style of book that we do not have here."

Porter & Coates have always been noted for their rare books. Some years ago, when it was believed there was only a single copy of the first edition of "Pickwick Papers" in America, which copy was in possession of a New England bookseller, Porter & Coates got the impression that they had a similar lying book around somewhere, looked among their stock, and found two copies of the original edition.

Leaving Porter & Coates's, the lady and gentleman took themselves to the store of J. B. Lippincott & Co., on Market Street, below Eighth. The tall brown building, with an imposing front, incloses a world of activity. Here "Lippincott's Magazine" is published, and all Lippincott's books. One-half the store seems to be offices and the other half books, yet the latter half is large enough for six good-sized bookstores. They have an immense stock on hand. Their holiday assortment is the largest ever brought out by them yet.

Among the works upon which they have been doing and are doing and expect to continue doing a good trade, aside from the holiday trade, are "Worcester's Dictionary" and "Chambers's Encyclopedia"—works of which they have the exclusive right of publication. The dictionary is got up in six different styles, ranging in price from ten dollars to sixteen dollars and a half. The "Encyclopedia" is complete in ten royal octavo volumes.

Lippincott & Co. have already announced in their monthly bulletin an arrangement with the Cambridge Bible House in England for the sale of a series of books of the Bible, with notes, for school use.

The lady and gentleman next visited Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, whose book-house towers up almost opposite Lippincott's on Market Street. The shelves and counters of this spacious store were freighted to their utmost with books of every sort; and customers were there, as elsewhere, to the size of a regiment, trying to reduce their stock. The lady and gentleman encountered Mr. Camp, cashier of the establishment, in their rambles, and he told them something about the new "Shakespeare" they were getting out.

"It's the 'Avon Shakespeare,' said he. "We are publishing it in large, clear type, and have embodied in it the latest revisions by the best Shakespearean scholars. All the improvements of this or that previous edition is embodied in one. The work includes a descriptive analysis of the plot of each play, an alphabetical index to the character of each play, an index to familiar passages, and a complete glossary of the words used in the text that vary from their modern significance."

Another book brought out by this firm this season is "Heavenly Dawn," a poem by a Philadelphia lady. The rapid sale which this book has already met with has astonished even the publishers themselves.

JEWELRY.

The next place visited by the shoppers was James E. Caldwell & Co's jewelry-store. The great marble-fronted building, on the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, was found in the midst of the rush and throng which comes with the season. The store was full, the clerks were busy, Mr. Caldwell was busy, and the sales were multiplying. Mr. Caldwell's store is indescribable. There was a panorama of gold and silver, a dazzling flare of diamonds, a soft gleam of ceramics, a flash of polished bronzes, imitations of the olden style, and of ebony boxes, ornamental clocks, Sèvres, porcelain, china and glass. And there was so much of it and such a bewildering variety, that the eyes got discouraged looking at it.

"Tell us what you are doing most in just now, Mr. Caldwell."

"Dear me," says the sagacious head of the firm, "there's so much to do and so many to wait on, we're turning away two hundred customers a day, because we can't attend to them."

Mr. Caldwell found time to say they were doing a business at the present time beyond anything ever known to their experience before.

"We lead in the watch trade in this country. Ever since we bought the Waltham Watch Company's Exhibit at the Centennial Exposition, we have led in the trade in American watches. Then we sell the Ehegren Swiss watch, manufactured in Geneva, the best watch in the world. We have the exclusive right of sale in this country. Old man Ehegren, the maker, is a Dane. He took a medal at the Paris Exposition, a medal at our own Exposition, and has been taking the first prizes for years for his make of watches."

This firm manufactures in its own workshop *repoussé*, or chased silverware, and had on hand the largest stock exhibited by any house in Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A visit to "The Arcade" of the Brothers Ostheimer found a warehouse of the most attractive gems in Philadelphia. Foreign art in the way of fancy porcelain, and everything else which European skill in ceramics has produced, was found there. Artistic work in pottery, antiques, mosaics, malachites, articles of *vertu*, *bric-a-brac*, sent from Europe to Ostheimer Brothers as the American consignees for the Centennial Exposition, and after the close of the Exposition purchased by the consignees, form a part of the choice collection they have on hand now. Large purchases of this line of articles have been made by them at the Paris Exposition, and are being received now.

Some fine work in the line of chandeliers are on exhibition at Gibson, Shaw & Co's, 716 Chestnut Street. This firm have succeeded Baker, Arnold & Co., and are following a business plan not more remarkable for its enterprise than for the individuality which originated it. All the work they turn out is from the designs of the second member of the firm, Mr. Shaw, and they allow no lithographic copy to be taken of anything they make, thus securing to themselves the certainty of exclusive possession. They are fertile in original designs—so much so that, after placing a chandelier in a man's house, if their customer desires they will not duplicate it. They have secured the best trade in the city by this means. A contract was given them by the Social Art Club the other day to place chandeliers in the whole building. William B. Kempton, the dry-goods merchant, has had one of the finest chandeliers of the lot put up in his own house.

John Wanamaker's great depot is a small Centennial Exposition. He has added to it books, toy-books, and the classics. There was never a greater stock of goods to be found under one roof than his place shows now. The grand depot is practically twenty-eight stores in one, each a large store in itself. To visit it any day is like going to a great menagerie.

China, glass and Queensware is displayed in every variety at Frymier & Edwards, successors to B. Dorsey & Sons. This is the oldest firm in this line of business in Philadelphia. B. Dorsey established the house in 1815. Their sales this season have been largely among table sets and fine glassware.

Almost within shadow of the Western Union Telegraph Building at Tenth and Chestnut Streets, a fine collection of optical instruments is displayed in a shop window. It is R. & J. Beck's establishment, a London firm. W. H. Walmsley, the Philadelphia manager, is building up a splendid business. Recently large shipments of stereoscopes, telescopes, microscopes and other articles in the same line, were received from England for the holidays. They have been arranged conspicuously and make a fine display.

The Model Printing Press, J. W. Daughaday & Co., has penetrated almost every corner of the globe. The large building, a few doors below Eighth Street and Chestnut, contains thousands of these presses of every size, from that of printing a small card up to the size of a large pamphlet. This firm have built up an immense trade within the past four years, and have shipped presses to every portion of Europe, and even to Africa, as well as to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and other remote points, besides building up a large and constantly increasing trade in America. Printers' ink, they say, did it all.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE tidal wave of progress that sweeps over our "rushing" country bears high upon its crest an enterprise so unique, so perfect in wondrous detail, so admirable in its mighty mechanism, so eminently suited to the imperious requirements of the hour as to compel a tribute of admiration to enforce an expression of respect. "The American News Company," 39–41 Chambers Street, is an institution of which this country may well and justly feel proud. Its arteries extend all over the length and breadth of the land. From Alaska to Texas, from Maine to Florida, it is familiar in the mouth as a household word. Its operations have pierced the primeval forest, have cut through snow and ice, have traversed lake and river, have crossed mountain and plain. It is the mighty machine that distributes tens of hundreds of thousands of newspapers in every known tongue, North, South, East and West. Through its agency every periodical—from a child's magazine to an æsthetic review, from a two-cent journal to an essay on the Diophantine analysis—finds its way to lordly dwellings, houses, and log-cabins, to learned colleges and village clubs, to *bloué* cotton-raisers, or desperate and hardy trappers. The wondrous store palace in Chambers Street contains every sheet printed for the readers of the world. Within its walls is a modern library, such as would have flung Mezzofanti into a lunatic asylum. In addition to books and papers and periodicals, the dealer finds a superb assortment of stationery, of notions, and of various kindred nick-nacks. The American News Company have recently started a new branch of business, namely, cigars and tobacco. This with a view to supplying news-stands with a first-class article at a cost only to be reached through enormous dealings. The marvelous success of the American News Company is but the inevitable outcome of enterprise based upon energy, ability, and good faith.

"Little Stay at Home and Her Friends," by L. Clarkson, author of "Gathering the Lilies," and "Violet with Eyes of Blue," is a very charming little book, gotten up with exquisite taste, while the illustrations are on the borderland of very high art. "Just Out," with its pert little chicken, gazing saucily at its empty shell, is an excellent piece of workmanship both as to design and color. "Tiny Tittens" is also admirable, while dear "Little Stay at Home," all in white, and seated upon the tender green leaf of a lily-of-the-valley, is a truly poetic conception. F. W. Robinson & Co. Philadelphia.

"The Rag Fair," by L. Clarkson. This reverie, for we can only designate its dreaminess thus, is a book of poems, enforcing the great Christian truth of sanctification of the heart through the mediation of the Great Father, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It is beautifully and profusely illustrated, and its tone is "thorough." F. W. Robinson & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Among the holiday publications of E. P. Dutton & Co., No. 713 Broadway, are "My Boyhood" and "Prairie Days," the former of which will be sure to delight the male juveniles into whose hands it may fall, while the latter will prove scarcely less acceptable to both girls and boys than the famous "Little Women."

Among recent publications of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, is "Paul Faber, Surgeon," by George MacDonald. This agreeable writer has a multitude of admirers in this country, and the book just issued will add to his reputation, being marked by the acute analysis of character and profound insight into the recondite problems of life and religious faith for which all his later works have been remarkable.

Holiday buyers of books will find a complete and attractive assortment at the establishment of E. Worthington, No. 750 Broadway. The catalogue is especially rich in the publications of Chambers and other famous Edinburgh publishers. A special attraction is the quarto, just issued, containing portions of the works of Burns, Scott, and Ramsey, with fine illustrations. Indeed, there is nothing in the way of superb books, fitted for the holiday or general trade, which cannot be found at this establishment.

THE SHUFELDT COMMERCIAL EXPEDITION.

THE expedition of Commodore Shufeldt in the United States man-of-war *Ticonderoga*, which recently sailed for the coast of Africa, is one of the most important movements for the development of American trade which has been undertaken for many years. The expedition will go directly to Liberia and look after American interests, as well as the interests of that colony, and Commodore Shufeldt, while in Liberia, will act as a commissioner representing the Liberian Government in the settlement of the question of the boundary line between that country and the British possessions in Africa. After these duties are completed he will sail up the Congo River and investigate the natural resources of that region. He is also authorized to establish commercial relations with Burmah and Borneo, and will extend his cruise among the Pacific Islands. His instructions from the Navy Department embody some valuable suggestions from the Secretary of State, and he is authorized to report directly to the Secretary of the Navy, instead of forwarding his communications through the commandants of American fleets abroad. The Secretary expects to have monthly reports from the expedition showing the success and progress of the work.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE Second Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, Ohio, is located on the corner of Prospect Street and Sterling Avenue. It is cruciform in shape, with four gables, each forty-six feet wide. The main building is one hundred by one hundred and six feet, the auditorium eighty-four by one hundred, arranged in amphitheatre form, with seating capacity for eleven hundred people, the chapel, sixty by one hundred, containing the usual lecture, dining, class, sociable, kitchen and school rooms. A central dome, fifty feet in diameter at the intersection of the arched lines of the gables, forms the ceiling of the church proper. The main tower is one hundred and fifty feet high and twenty-six square at the base. There are ten entrances to the building. The structure is faced with Ohio stone, is constructed in the Norman style of architecture, has three immense stained glass windows, besides numerous smaller ones, is heated by steam, and cost, with the ground and chapel, $141,647.89. The Rev. C. S. Pomeroy is the pastor, and Joseph Ireland was the architect.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Military Cemetery, at Champigny, France.

In the early part of November, 1870, the French Army defending Paris crossed the Marne under the orders of General Ducrot and endeavored to cut through the Prussian lines and seize Montmesly. They were defeated by the Prussians, and 6,000 men were left on the field of battle. Five years later the Commune of Champigny raised a commemorative monument to a number of the lost, and subsequently the Government decided to collect the remains of as many as possible and bury them at the same place. This was done, and on the 2d day of December last the crypt was formally dedicated. The monument is situated on the left of the plateau on the road from Champigny to Proviis, and consists of three galleries, a principal and two laterals. In the centre of the principal gallery is a very fine mortuary chapel. The crypt contains from 2,500 to 3,200 exhumed skeletons, and is under the surveillance of the local hygienic council.

Accident to the Russian Imperial Yacht "Livadia."

The imperial Russian yacht *Livadia*, having on board the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch and suite, and Count Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador to England, which left the port of Yalta, on November 2d last for Odessa, ran upon a submerged rock near the lighthouse at Tarakhut during an intense fog. The passengers and baggage were saved, but the vessel was injured so severely that it is believed she is beyond repair. During the last war she was transformed into a war vessel, having the elegant pavilion on her deck cut down to make room for an Armstrong gun, and at the signing of the armistice she was placed at the disposal of the Grand Duke Nicholas and sent to Constantinople.

Maori Meeting, New Zealand.

This interesting gathering took place at the end of June (having been delayed some days by inclement weather) in the Taranaki district, New Zealand. The time chosen for the illustration is the moment of the distribution of the food to be eaten at the feast. It consisted of some 2,500 baskets of potatoes, kumeras and taros, a large number of dried shark and ninety-one pigs. The whole was stacked in a solid heap, like a wall. The preliminary ceremony of welcome having been concluded, a Maori, armed with a long wand, stepped on to the pile of food, and proceeded to call on the tribes present by name, and to allot to each a portion previously marked off by a dried shark stuck on end. After the distribution the food was taken by the tribes and rapidly cooked on hot stones in Maori ovens made for the occasion. An hour or two was devoted to feasting, and in the afternoon Rewi, the chief of the Ngatimaniapoto, and head man present, opened the meeting with Sir George Grey and the Government party, which lasted several days, many topics of interest to the natives being discussed.

Restoration of the Palace of Justice, Paris.

The portion of the Palace of Justice in Paris known as the salon of the "Lost Footsteps," is at length restored. It occupies the site of the great salon of the palace of the ancient kings of France, which was burned in 1618. Jacques Destrosses had charge of the rebuilding of the palace, and he laid out this apartment with the same dimensions it has to-day. During the brief régime of the Commune in 1871 it was again destroyed; but to-day it appears in its old-time magnificence, beautifully illustrating the Doric style of architecture and decoration. The name of the "Lost Footsteps" is derived from the fact that owing to its extreme length, breadth and height, the footsteps of persons walking at one end are entirely unheard at the other. The staircase shown in the engraving gives access to the judicial chambers.

The Afghan War—An Elephant Battery.

The use of elephants in the present Afghan campaign, as conjectured in a recent number of this newspaper, has become quite a feature in the field movements of the British columns. The powers of traction and endurance of these animals are greater than those of the horse, and the wisdom of employing it for heavy mountain work was shown in the attack upon Fort Ali Masjid, when the battery of 40-pounder Armstrong cannon, which, by their long and accurate range and well-delivered fire, led to the silencing of the Afghan guns and the capture of the fort, was drawn up the mountain and into position by elephants.

Observatory on Mount Vesuvius.

The observatory of Professor Palmieri, the courageous savant, who has devoted his life to the study of this mountain, is situated on a long and narrow ridge of rock on Mount Costarosi, almost at the foot of the actual cone of the volcano. Owing to the slight elevation of the rocky ridge, and to the sharp point which it presents to any stream of lava which may come curling down the mountain, the Observatory is much safer than at first appears. During the recent eruption, as well as that of 1874, the most valuable results have been chronicled by the Professor, who has been able to calm the exaggerated fears of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, who were terrified at the threatening appearance of the mountain, by making a very fair forecast of the proceedings of the volcano.

Loss of the Steamship "Pommerania."

The fatal collision which took place off the Foreland, in the British Channel, on Monday, November 25th, resulted in the deaths of fifty-four persons, thirty-seven of whom were passengers. The accident happened at night, soon after most of those on board the *Pommerania* had retired to their berths, after indulging in some festivities in the main cabin in celebration of their near approach to port. Both vessels were built with water-tight compartments, but the *Pommerania* sank like a log because her doors had been left open; whilst the *Moel Eilion*, though frightfully damaged in the bows, as will be seen in our engraving, was safely towed into harbor, the water never penetrating further than her first compartment. Captain Schwenken went down with his ship, but having risen again to the surface, he was picked up by the *City of Amsterdam*, and subsequently landed at Maasslys. The majority of those saved were taken on board the *Glengarry* and landed at Dover.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE American Government has expended for freedmen's schools $3,711,225.47.

—THE German universities cost the State $2,500,000 per annum. There are 1,300 professors and 20,226 students.

—THE total endowment of the public schools of the United States is $8,000,000, and it is estimated that the average daily attendance is 4,500,000.

—A COMMISSION, composed of experts, will meet in Berlin during the Easter holidays to decide on the measures to be taken for the compulsory teaching of drawing in the higher schools.

—THE Citizens' Relief Committee of Memphis have wound up their affairs by distributing the cash on hand, $7,253, among the poor white orphan asylums, and setting aside $1,208 in county warrants for the colored asylum, if it shall be organized.

—THE electric light will make a valuable saving of coal in England. According to a very careful estimate made a few years ago, the quantity consumed in gas-making was set down at 6,560,000 tons, against a production of coal of 114,300,000 tons.

—THE Indian Government has lately taken steps for providing places of refuge on the main line of railway throughout India, wherein women, children and invalids could be collected under protection in case of disaffection being evinced by the native army.

—THE value of silk ribbons annually exported hither from Switzerland has fallen from four million to one million dollars since 1873. Patterson silk mills are running on full time and employ eight thousand to ten thousand hands, and the greatest demand is for ribbons and scarfs.

—AN examination of the salaries of clergymen in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky and North Carolina, shows a lower average in North Carolina than in either of the other States. Georgia supports her ministers best, Kentucky next, Virginia third and South Carolina fourth.

—THE new line along the right bank of the Rhone, from Nimes to Teil, is being prosecuted with the utmost dispatch by the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Railroad Company. It will cost $2,000,000. Five thousand men are at work (Sundays and *fête* days included), and their number is increased daily.

—THE absconding bank director of Glasgow escaped from Ireland in a ventilated coffin. The coffin was driven in a hearse to the steamer, and the detectives, who were closely examining every passenger on board, actually helped to place the coffin in the ship, little thinking it contained the object of their search.

—FROM the *débris* of the coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons. In England, where there is not so much waste in coal-mining and where coal is much cheaper, the manufacture of artificial fuel is only about 200,000 tons a year. Germany makes fuel, for the most part, from peat and similar earths.

—THERE are in Denmark 173 noble families, only twenty of which are of pure old Danish nobility, all the remaining families being originally of foreign extraction, or Danes ennobled within the last 200 years. The richest nobleman is Count Frits Früesenberg, whose income reaches $200,000 a year. There are only two families descending from an illegitimate child of a king.

—THE London diamond merchants have built a palatial club-house for themselves in Hatton Garden, but, unlike most club-houses, it is used not for recreation alone, but partly for business purposes. It is, in fact, a combined club and diamond exchange. Some of these diamond men are accustomed to carry fortunes about with them, and sales take place where they would least be expected.

—THE Russian Minister of Finance has at his disposal for the construction of barracks throughout the Empire a special fund, as yet untouched, amounting to 55,000,000 roubles, and bearing interest to the extent of 1,719,000 roubles yearly. This vast sum is said to have been almost exclusively formed by the amounts paid to the Government during a number of years by individuals desirous of being freed from the obligation of military service.

—THE sales of one of the largest firms of hair merchants in Germany have fallen off 25 per cent. in bulk, and 40 to 50 per cent. in value, within the last three years, entirely through the increased demand for Chinese, Japanese and other cheap hairs. In 1871 the exports of hair from the treaty ports were 286 tons; in 1874, 330, in 1876, 570. This serves in some degree to explain the pigtail robbing which has been rife, and which is also said to have been prevalent at the periods 150 years ago.

—THE work of fortifying the two lines of defense of Constantinople proceeds with great activity. The Government factories are occupied in the manufacture of 10,000 wagons and barrows for the conveyance of the material, cartage of earth, etc. These fortifications will, when complete, be armed with 880 guns of large calibre. The defensive works are constructed in parallel lines, so that the first is commanded by the second, the second by the third, and so on. They are connected by trenches, with embankments serving as shelter for the infantry.

—ROUMANIA has made a good thing out of the war. They Russians paid for everything they got, and settled all the accounts for supplies and railway transportation. The payments, moreover, were made in silver, and not in depreciated paper. Before the war the Roumanians could not pay the interest on the public debt; but this year they have done it easily, and notwithstanding their military expenditures, have a good surplus. The peasantry have laid up money against a rainy day, and, seeing that their tills are filled with silver, are disposed to think tolerably well of the Russians after all.

—THE Government of Honduras is making great efforts to develop the agricultural resources of the country. Coffee planting has been vigorously carried on, and the Government makes free grants of land to all persons desirous of undertaking the cultivation of coffee, sugar, or of cocoa, and gives free transport of the necessary material and labor to the site of the grant. Besides these advantages, planters are exempt from military service, and all implements and materials necessary for the use or formation of plantations are admitted into the country free of duty. Strangers are admitted to the same privileges as citizens of the republic.

—ON Friday, December 27th, the completion of the viaduct extending from Superior Street on the east to Pearl Street on the west of Cleveland, will be formally celebrated. The extreme length of the viaduct and approaches is 3,200 feet; general width, 64; height of roadway above the river, 68; span of large arch, 97; span of eight small arches, each 83; length of drawbridge, 230; and width of each sidewalk, 11. Including the right of way, the structure has cost $2,200,000, and the additional cost of removing the canal and weighlock and lowering the railroad tracks is estimated at $500,000. A little over three years' time has been occupied in the work.

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THE DIAMOND-ROOM AT TIFFANY'S—MRS. BROWN OVERCOME BY THE DAZZLING ARRAY OF BRILLIANTS.



THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT—MACY'S GRAND MODEL, WITH DOLLS, OF THE JEROME PARK RACECOURSE.



EXHIBITION OF THE TREASURES OF THEO. B. STARR'S DIAMOND SAFE.

THE HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.—INCIDENTS OF MR. AND MRS. BROWN'S CHRISTMAS PEREGRINATION.—SEE PAGE 298.

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THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY—A PUNCH-BOWL FOR PATERFAMILIAS.



AT GUNTHER'S.—"MY DEAR, I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT IT." (MR. BROWN SUBSIDES.)



THE LACE-ROOM AT A. T. STEWART'S—THE SUPERB HOLIDAY DISPLAY OF VALUABLE LACES.

THE HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.—INCIDENTS OF MR. AND MRS. BROWN'S CHRISTMAS PEREGRINATION.—SEE PAGE 298.

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HER NAME.

SHALL I call my lady, Birdsong, for the sweetness
Of the glad, spontaneous melody she brings,
To the garden-ways that feel their incompleteness
When her absence stays the thrush that loudly sings,
While the lark abates his buoyant strain and fleetness,
And the drooping roses dream of bygone Springs?

Shall I call my lady, Sunshine, for the brightness
That continually encompasses her soul;
For the tender, fostering warmth and airy lightness
That abide within her body's sweet control;
For the deft-spun webs that clothe her dainty whiteness,
And the silken hair that forms her aureole?

Shall I call my lady, Fragrance, for the essence
That around her gracile lissomness distills,
Like the consciousness of some celestial presence
Which in all the sentient being moves and thrills,
When, at her touch, the world grows vague and lessens
In the heart's desire her amorous breath fulfills?

Ah! no Mozart, all his God-born genius lending,
Could compass yet the music of my love,
And no Raphael, all his subtlest colors blending,
Could depict the iridescence of my cove,
As no emulous, attar-laden breeze ascending
Could reach the redolent air she breathes, above!

But all names I give her in my hours of waking
Go echoing through the far domain of dreams;
And, of old as Flora's, wintry fetters breaking,
Her presence fills the land with flowers and beams,
While, from my soul, life's coil and taint off-shaking,
I dwell within the realm her grace redeems!

JOHN NOBLE.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK SECOND.
CAN YOU FORGIVE THEM?

CHAPTER X.—FORGIVEN.

WHEN Lady Rollingford entered her husband's chamber, she found, to her astonishment, that not only a woman knelt by his bedside, but that a little child, dressed entirely in white, was playing beside him upon the bed.

"Come here, Laura," he cried, on seeing her, in a feeble voice, yet with great pathos. "She has forgiven us—she has forgiven us!"

"Forgiven us! What—what do you mean? What has this woman to forgive? It is your forgiveness that she came to seek."

"Oh, Laura, Laura, how can you speak so? You know that she is my wife. You know that we were really married. Oh, what is the deception her love prompted her to practice upon us compared to the great crime I have since committed."

"She has been turning your head; she has been making you believe all sorts of stories. You know how weak you are, and that your mind is unfit to reason just now. How can you believe the tales such a creature chooses to invent, taking advantage of your illness to gain some selfish ends of her own?"

The lady by his bedside rose to her feet and turned towards her. Her face was deadly pale, and her beautiful black eyes were dimmed with tears; but even thus she looked most wondrously handsome.

"You need fear nothing from me, madam," she said; and her voice betrayed great emotion. "I came here only to seek the forgiveness of a man whom I had deeply injured, and whom I had heard was dying. I have obtained that forgiveness, and I will go. You will never hear from me again. I will never cross your path. To me, as to every other person in this world, you will remain for ever Lady Rollingford. Can I do more," she added, turning towards the poor man on the bed—"can I do more to atone for the past?"

"Oh, Marie, Marie, you are an angel!"

"Hush! you must forget me now; you are married to another."

"See, see!" Frank cried, taking the child that was playing beside him on the bed in his arms. "See, Laura, this is my daughter—my darling little Louise!"

Lady Rollingford could not repress a cry of rage which rose to her lips and almost choked her.

"Your child? THAT your child?"

With a rapid movement Marie caught her little girl in her arms and clasped her to her bosom.

"I did not bring her here for you to look at. I brought her that her poor father might see her and bless her before he died—my poor little orphan!" and hot tears rolled down her handsome face.

"But do you think that I will let her go now that I have seen and blessed her?" Frank cried, with all his old eagerness.

"What do you propose doing, then?" Lady Rollingford muttered between her teeth.

"I fear that I can do but little for her," he said, taking her again in his arms and looking with a loving gaze that had already something more than human in its hectic intensity into the sparkling black eyes of the child, who was a miniature copy of her handsome mother. "I am dying—I feel it—I cannot live twenty-four hours longer, whatever the doctors may say; but this child is mine—she is my own, and while I live I must provide for her as well as I can. Laura," he added, turning towards her, "by the will I made in London, after my poor father's death, you are sole mistress of all I possess. I cannot alter that will now, there is no time; but I want you, for the love you bear me, and as an atonement to this poor woman to whom we have both been so cruel, to adopt this child—to bring her up as if she were really your own daughter—to give her our name, and at your death to leave her the fortune you receive from me."

"Frank!"

"Nay, Laura, you must promise to do this for my sake."

"My daughter does not need her protection or her charity," Marie exclaimed, coming forward and drying her tears. "Thank God, I am not so destitute as to have to accept *that!*"

"But, Marie, it is my wish," he said beseechingly; "you must allow her to remain with us for my sake. I cannot have you—do not take away my child also from me." There was something so sad and pathetic in the tone of voice in which he said this that both the ladies were moved, and Laura, approaching the bed, raised the child in her arms and kissed her."

"I cannot let the sins of the mother be visited on the child," she said; "if this pretty girl is indeed my husband's daughter, it is my duty to adopt her, and to bring her up as mine."

"You, will, then, love her for my sake?"

"Yes; but this woman must never claim her. From the hour she enters my house, she must be mine, and mine only."

"I will never consent to that. Abandon my only child! part from my only daughter! Oh, never! never! I cannot turn her over like this into the hands of my bitterest enemies."

"Surely you do not look upon Laura as an enemy?" pleaded the poor invalid.

"She has been very bitter to me."

"Oh, Marie, forgive her, forgive her. This confounded illness of mine has turned her head."

"I bear her no resentment, François, believe me. I, who am in such need of forgiveness, ought to forgive my enemies."

"Let her have the child, then. I am dying—I know it; you would not deny me this last wish. Marie, it is the first thing I ever asked you to renounce for me."

"And she will bring her up and make her happy?"

"Yes, I promise to do that," Laura said, her cold heart warming at the sight of that lovely young face which lay against the pale cheek of her poor young father.

"Perhaps she will be happier with you than with me. Alas, what can I offer her? What position can I give her? I have not even a name to bestow upon her—my poor little one!"

"I will give her her father's name, and at our death she shall have all we possess. But you must never come between us again; you must swear that from this moment you will give up all claim to be Lord Rollingford's wife."

"I never wished to be called his wife; no one in the world knows that I was married to him."

"You swear that you will never claim this child as yours, and that you will never come between us?"

"Yes, on one condition, and that is that my Louise shall be brought up a Catholic, and that she shall marry none but a Catholic. I will give her up to you, as I see that it is for her good, but I cannot consent to her ever becoming a Protestant. It is the only request I make."

"If you promise never to come between us, I will promise you in my turn that she shall be brought up as you desire."

"Upon that condition, I swear it."

"And I shall die in peace!"

CHAPTER XI.—TO HIM WHO LOVETH MUCH, MUCH SHOULD BE FORGIVEN.

THE next morning, when Mrs. Champion came down to breakfast at her hotel, a letter was handed to her, which had been sent a few seconds before from the Hotel Mirabeau.

With a trembling hand she tore open the envelope and read the following:

"DEAR MRS. CHAMPION—I write just one line to inform you that Lord Rollingford died last night at eleven.

"As you know already so much of our unfortunate family history, I think it right to tell you that I have adopted my husband's daughter as mine, and that I will bring her up as if she were indeed my own daughter—providing for her during my life, and at my death making her sole heiress to all the property which Lord Rollingford has left me, as it seems that she is really his child, and I desire in all things to do what is right by her; for the poor child is innocent of the sins committed by her mother, both before and after her marriage to Lord Rollingford.

"I inclose you the check I promised for ten thousand pounds—for the ambulance you have determined to provide for the Italian campaign, and which my bankers will pay over to yours as soon as my affairs are settled and Lord Rollingford's will is proved. But, I must, however, remind you again of your promise never to divulge to any one—even to your husband—this unfortunate secret, that must for ever remain a mystery to the world, as both my honor and that of my dear deceased husband are concerned in it.

"On this understanding pray believe me yours, etc.,
LAURA ROLLINGFORD."

It was with mingled feelings of grief and indignation that Mrs. Champion read these lines. Grief at the news of the death of poor Frank, for whom she had always entertained a deep regard; and indignation at the calm way his widow treated the event, and at the business-like manner in which her letter announcing it was written.

Her first feeling was one of sorrow and desolation; she had allowed the image of this young man, almost unknown to herself, to take a very deep root in her heart. And now that he was gone for ever out of her life she realized how dear he had been to her.

She was not a woman to give way to weeping—tears are only for the weak—but the grief that filled her heart was almost greater than she could bear.

"I never could have believed that I loved him so much," she muttered to herself; and then her face became radiant, and her eyes acquired a strange brilliancy, and she continued, as if inspired: "I must forget him—I must try to forget him—I need my thoughts for other things—I must not allow his image alone to fill them. I have already wasted too much of my life upon him, and the brief moments of joy he has afforded me have only left my soul more desolate. I was never meant to feel like others. I was never made to love and to be loved; mine must be a very different lot—to dream that I felt, not really to feel, has been my fate. My life hitherto has been spent in idle dreams of things that could never be. I have lived in a world of visions and of fancies; and I now see how vain have been these dreams, and how idle will ever be my fancies. My fate is stronger than myself. I cannot hope to change my nature. I was not born to love; I was born to accomplish a mission, and that mission alone must henceforth fill my thoughts. This boy that I have so loved was no better than the rest. I see it now, yet I must try to forget it, as I must leave something of the past worth regretting, or else what a blank my future will be! Surely, I have not raised up my ideal visions, only for my own entombing!"

Then her eye fell upon the table, and she saw the check which Lady Rollingford had inclosed in her letter, and a rapid change came over her thoughts.

"She sends me the money," she exclaimed with scorn—"the money with which she would have bribed me to keep her secret. Am I justified in taking it? Ah, this money, which would have been so welcome to me yesterday morning, now seems hateful in my eyes. Am I justified in taking it? My honor says No; and yet have I not promised of my own free will to keep the fatal secret? It was not to obtain this paltry piece of paper that I gave my word, but to save the honor of the man I loved. I refused to accept it as a bribe, but as a present ought I to refuse it? It is not for me, it is for others that she sends it. It is, as it were, the last bequest of that poor boy, who, had God spared him, might have been of the greatest service to the cause."

She looked around her, and everywhere the different articles for the ambulance which she had lately provided met her gaze. There they lay all about the room—surgical instruments, cases of medicines, bundles of bandages, piled up on every table, just as they had come from the various shops, all ready to be packed and dispatched to Italy. She thought of the brave soldiers who were fighting for their country. She saw in her mind's eye the bloody battlefields and the thousands of wounded and dying who lay helpless on the ground, bathed in their own blood, with no one to look after them or relieve their sufferings; and instinctively she grasped Lady Rollingford's check and pressed it to her heart.

"It is the price of blood," she said; "it comes from one that is no more, and it shall be the means of sparing blood and of saving many lives. No, no, I cannot—I cannot refuse to take it."

Again she read the letter through, this time with deep attention.

"It is written in a most business-like manner," she thought; "she puts it in such a way that I cannot but keep her secret even in spite of myself, for she knows well that I cannot refuse her money; yet by this very letter she commits herself. If I had a mind to betray her, these words in her own handwriting would witness against her. This letter confirms all. She has outwitted herself in her anxiety. What could have induced her to put all this in writing, and to sign it with her own name? It burns my hands. Shall I allow the flames to consume it?"

For a few moments she remained buried in deep thought.

"No, I shall keep this; no eye shall ever see it; yet it may be the only means of helping this poor child of his. It will be a power that will force her, even in spite of herself, to keep the promise she made to this child's father."

And she locked it up in her dressing-case where she kept her most private papers, and there, amongst letters from secret societies written in cipher, and mysterious dispatches from Garibaldi and Cavour and Mazzini, she made her mind up it should rest for ever.

She put on her bonnet and her shawl, and without stopping to partake of any breakfast, she hurried to the Rue de la Paix, bent on seeing once more the face of the man she had so loved, though the spirit of that man no longer animated the cold clay.

She found the hotel in great confusion, and on being shown to Lady Rollingford's sitting-room she met the chaplain of the English Embassy, who, in his character of God's minister, had resorted at once to that lady's side to comfort her in her affliction.

"How is Lady Rollingford?" she inquired of him.

The sanctimonious little man shook his head with great resignation.

"Wonderfully supported," he said—"wonderfully supported. It has never been my lot to meet with a lady who bore her sorrow so composedly. Her religious fortitude is a pattern to every one. A wonderful woman—truly, a wonderful woman!"

"Shall I be able to see her?" she said, paying little attention to his stereotyped sentences.

"Her ladyship begged that she might not be disturbed; the poor thing must shed her tears alone. No one can comfort her in such a calamity save a clergyman. Ah, who would have thought that this poor young nobleman would die so suddenly? Such a superior person, too—a true nobleman both by birth and feelings; a man to whom so much had been given, and for whom life opened so brilliantly. He had only been married two months; and to be snatched away like this in the very prime of life! Ah, mysterious, indeed, are the ways of Providence! One can only say, 'The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth.'"

Mrs. Champion felt deeply moved; but she could not quote texts appropriate to such an occasion; and the sight of this sanctimonious man, who had never seen or known Frank in life, mourning so much over his death, jarred upon her nerves.

"I must see her. Will you be kind enough, sir, to inform her that Mrs. Champion would like to speak to her for a moment?"

"The sight of a stranger might reawaken her sorrow. I left her so full of Christian fortitude that I fear to disturb her. Already this importunate Sister of Charity, who insisted on attending the poor young nobleman in his last moments, has caused her unnecessary grief; and now her present frame of mind is so very edifying."

"A Sister of Charity, did you say?"

"Yes; one of these French *Sœurs de Charité* whom hotel people, with their mistaken anxiety, summon to attend their guests whenever they fall ill—a most distressing custom. I really begin to believe that the priests pay them to do so. They are very deep, indeed the Roman Catholic clergy here."

The little clergyman's stereotyped phrases and petty bigotries were more than Mrs. Champion could bear at that solemn moment, and, making an imperative gesture, she insisted on being admitted to Lady Rollingford's room.

She found that lady sitting alone by the fire reading a prayer-book, and looking quite composed. There were no traces of tears on her cheeks, and her strange self-possession contrasted greatly with the excitement and agitation which she had shown on the previous day. She rose to meet her visitor, and in a calm voice she muttered something about "in the midst of life we are in death."

"This is a most unexpected blow," Mrs. Champion said, taking her hand. "I feel greatly for you, dear lady. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," she murmured, "I think not; every one has been most kind to me. Have you seen Mr. James?—a truly good man. He came immediately he heard the sad news, and has afforded me great consolation."

"I am glad to see you bear the blow with so much Christian fortitude."

"Yes; this is the advantage of having received a truly religious education. I never felt the comforts afforded by our religion so much as now. Yes, Mrs. Champion, it is a Christian's duty to bow to the will of the Lord, and to accept His chastenings as mercies."

Mrs. Champion felt all her blood freezing in her veins. She had come prepared to meet a desolate widow, and to try and soothe her grief; but she certainly could not have hoped to find that widow in such a very blessed state of mind, as Mr. James would have said; and yet, somehow or other, she was not wholly pleased with her.

"If you take it that way, Lady Rollingford," she said, "of course I can do nothing. I am glad to find you are able to bear your bereavement with so much fortitude."

"Thank you. It was very kind of you to think of coming to see me. By-the-by, did you receive my letter?"

"Yes; and I came to give you the receipt for the handsome gift you have been kind enough to send me for my poor wounded soldiers."

She took the paper which Mrs. Champion handed to her with a steady hand, and read it attentively.

"I see you say nothing here about your promise, you know."

Mrs. Champion's face flushed with indignation.

"No!" she exclaimed; "I do not accept your money as a bribe, but as a free gift. I gave you my word of honor yesterday not to disclose your secret. I gave it to you of my own free will, and I can accept no money for it. If you like to have your check back, here it is."

Lady Rollingford gave a long sigh.

"No—oh, no; keep it. Only you can imagine how anxious I feel, particularly just now; and what a consolation it would have been to me, under the circumstances, to have had your promise in writing. But if you refuse, why, I must submit."

And she turned her eyes to heaven with the air of a Christian martyr who has learnt to suffer in silence.

Mrs. Champion was too indignant to continue the subject; so she tried to give a new turn to the conversation.

"Were you with him when he died?"

"Oh, yes."

"And was he conscious at the last?"

"He was conscious till the very last, and he died calm and full of hope."

"I hear that a Sister of Charity was with him."

Laura's face darkened.

"You can guess who *that* was. Yes, he insisted on having her near him, and I, of course, could scarcely refuse him anything at such a moment. Poor Frank! he is gone to a better world now! But, to save appearances, I insisted on her being dressed like a *Sœur de Charité*. Such women often attend sick people in this country, and in that guise no one could suspect anything."

"I see your grief did not destroy your reasoning faculties. You have acted with a great deal of caution and forethought."

"What could I do? Ah, Mrs. Champion, only you can know what I have had to suffer—to be forced to allow such a woman to remain by the side of my poor dying husband! Ah, it was really too dreadful! Fortunately, no one guessed the truth. She is with him now, I believe. Ah, I have been up the whole night, and have no more strength left."

"You should lie down; I think a little sleep will soon set you up again. I will intrude upon you no longer. I leave for Rome in a day or two, and shall probably not see you again for a long time. But make your mind easy; your secret is safe with me; and if a stray bullet kills me one of these days, why, then your secret will die with me. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mrs. Champion. So very kind of you to have come. Good-by."

On quitting Lady Rollingford's room, Mrs. Champion directed her steps to the apartment where Frank's body had been conveyed.

With a cautious step and a beating heart she entered the spacious room, and with profound reverence she approached the bed, and looked for the last time in her life upon that face she had so loved. The handsome features she remembered so well were now perfect in repose; the glossy fair hair was brushed back, disclosing the noble forehead; the eyelids were carefully closed over the eyes, and he seemed as if asleep: the delicate, small, sweet mouth, with its voluptuous-looking lips, which she had so many times longed to kiss, looked far sweeter now than even in life; and, stooping down with great reverence—for there is something in death which always inspires reverence—she pressed her trembling lips to the dear mouth which that cruel sleep that knows no waking had closed for ever.

As she did so she perceived for the first time that she was not alone in the room. On the other side of the bed, on her knees, and with her head

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buried in her hands, was a motionless figure in the dress of a Sister of Mercy.

Mrs. Champion immediately recognized her. She walked softly round, and laid her hand on her shoulder. A shudder ran through the girl's frame, she looked up half-frightened, and rose to her feet. For an instant she remained motionless; then casting her eyes on the bed, she burst out crying.

Mrs. Champion was greatly touched: there was something so sad and despondent in that beautiful young face, bathed in tears of supreme anguish, that her heart was warmed towards her, and taking both Marie's hands in hers she kissed her tenderly, and said in a low voice, "Poor Marie!"

Marie, for it was indeed she, looked at her for a second, and then, burying her face once more in her hands, she cried:

"I thought I was prepared, but I was not."

"I cannot tell you how I feel for you."

"Ah, Mrs. Champion, Mrs. Champion! I never could have believed I loved him so dearly. How happy we might have been if—ah, a horrible fatality attends on love; the beings whom we most fondly love are given to us but to perish—too soon or else too late the heart-beat quickens. We desire and we worship, but those to whom we are united are seldom those we love. Woman's destiny is to love, and when love is done, to weep must be her only portion; henceforth my heart will be a sealed book, at the contents of which I tremble."

"You loved him?"

"Ah, no one will ever know how deeply! Cruel-hearted men say that such as I cannot love. Ah, I suppose the words do sound mockery on my lips; yet here in this supreme moment, with my hand upon this heart which loved me so well, I swear to you that I worshiped this man." And stretching out her hand, she laid it upon the breast of the dead man.

"Mrs. Champion," she said, after a solemn pause, "he spoke of you at the last; he told me how much he loved and respected you, and what a deep regard he entertained for you. I am sure that you will not shrink from me, and scorn and despise me, as others do."

"No, I cannot scorn you, Marie, for love and sorrow have made us sisters."

Marie then came closer to her, as if she longed to seek her protection; and there, by the body of that man they had both loved so well, she told Mrs. Champion the sad history of her life, and opened her heart to her, not shrinking from laying bare every fault and weakness of her nature.

Dorothea was greatly moved; her tender heart swelled and rose up within her. And when the poor forlorn creature looked at her with her large, earnest, imploring eyes, and asked at last in a tremulous voice whether she thought God would ever forgive her, she raised her in her arms, and in a voice full of pathos she said, "Daughter, our Lord said to a woman who was even a greater sinner than you have been, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.' Try and repent, and make atonement for the past."

"I will try; oh, yes, I will try hard now," she cried, in a piteous tone; "but it is so hard, so difficult. Twice before I have tried to reform. The first time when I was trying to be good I met this man, and I was again drawn to sin. When I left him I was determined to shut myself up in a convent, and to devote myself to God; but, alas! my nature was stronger than my good intentions, I could not; and now you see I have sunk even lower than before!"

"Oh, Marie!"

"I will try again; I promise you I will. But my child! I am going to abandon her. Lady Laura has promised to adopt her; will you promise me in your turn that you will look after her, and teach her not to think too badly of her poor mother? I fear Lady Laura will teach her to hate me, and the thought of this makes me miserable; you loved her father; try to love his daughter for his sake."

"I will, Marie, I will; think not of her, think only of yourself." And thus that strange woman bound herself, in the presence of the man she had so loved, to protect and cherish the little girl whom he had left in charge of the woman the world believes to this day to have been his wife.

BOOK THIRD.

THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE HEART OF MAYFAIR.

MORE than twenty years have elapsed since the events I have narrated in the two preceding books.

During this long lapse of time a great many changes have taken place. There have been wars and revolutions and changes of government without end. France has witnessed two great revolutions and a mighty war. Spain has become a republic, then a monarchy under an Italian prince, then a republic once more; and Italy has at last obtained her liberty and become one united nation, with the Eternal City for a capital. The good day-dream of the divine Dorothea has been realized after all, and perhaps it is thanks to her that this great event has come about. In the other personages of our story, however, these twenty years have not been particularly eventful, and so I shall pass them over in silence, and take up their history as it were anew, in the present.

We are in the lovely month of May, in the middle of a gay and unusually brilliant London season, and our lot is cast with the sayings and doings of that bright, effervescent world which calls itself "the great world."

It is a fine, starry night, and the carriages of the aristocracy roll in every direction through the now gay streets of Mayfair, conveying the worshipers of fashion to the various temples where they intend devoting the evening to the god of pleasure.

In one of the most fashionable squares of the metropolis Lady Oddicums holds a select reception, and it is to her house that we first direct our steps. A brilliant crowd is gathered in the elegant and artistically-decorated saloons of the marchioness, and her ladyship stands at the top of the gilt and velvet-carpeted staircase receiving her guests.

In the back drawing-room, which opens into a large conservatory, profusely adorned with flowers, we perceive a group of persons who seem unusually preoccupied in some all-absorbing topic of conversation. Let us approach them, and listen for a moment to what they are saying.

"She is very beautiful," is the general remark; "but what is her true history?" is asked on all sides; and, strange to say, a long silence follows the question.

The old ladies shake their heads, while the younger ones smile and look unutterable things. The men, for the most part, remain silent, and cast on the young ladies looks that imply a great deal of unspoken scandal.

"Do you think that she can be her daughter?" at last, murmurs a little lady, who evidently is but a recent arrival amongst them.

"Oh, dear me, no," answers an elegantly-dressed lady, whom, by her fair curls, tall, graceful figure, and unmistakably patrician features, we recognize at once as Lady Boursetile, the reigning queen of many a royal feast—"Oh, dear me, no. Why, my dear, two women more unlike never existed in this world; no one who knows them can possibly say *that*. Lady Rollingford is a fresh-colored, fair-haired Scotchwoman, who, though no longer particularly young, has lost none of the unmistakable characteristics of her race; whilst Miss Reymond is a brunette, with an olive complexion, dark hair and black eyes, that speak of a Southern country and reveal a Southern blood."

"Was Lord Rollingford dark?" asked the little lady, again.

"Lord Rollingford? Oh, no, he was fair and very English-looking. I remember him quite well—poor fellow, he died in Paris whilst on his wedding tour!"

"Then you do not think that she can be *his* daughter?"

"I do not think it at all probable; besides, would a woman like Lady Rollingford have adopted a daughter of her husband's? I say no—what do you say, duchess?"

The lady to whom this question is put by the charming countess is a tall, frisky dowager, in a pale-pink satin dress. She is the well-known Duchess of Warrington, and by her side stands her equally admired daughter, a young lady who, though perhaps no longer in her first youth, adds to her by no means common charms of person a most uncommon mind.

The duchess smiles graciously, and after a short pause answers:

"I agree with you, Lady Boursetile; I do not believe that Miss Reymond is any connection whatever of the Rollingford family."

"Yet she bears the family name," urges the stranger.

"Ah, because Lady Rollingford has adopted her, so of course she bears the family name."

"But what is her real name?" says Lady Boursetile, shrugging her alabaster shoulders, amply disclosed by the lowest of black tulle bodies, and making the splendid diamonds and sapphires on her neck glitter and sparkle—"*that* nobody knows."

"How very strange!"

"Yes, it is certainly one of the mysteries of Mayfair."

"I wonder Mayfair has not found it out long before this, or *faute de mieux*, invented a story, to account for it some way," exclaims a tall, fair-haired young lady of most condescending manners.

"Oh, as to that, Miss Oscott, Mayfair has not been behindhand; believe me, the worst of it is that it invents far too many stories. Twenty or thirty different accounts of Miss Reymond's birth and parentage, all equally inconsistent with each other and with common sense, are in circulation at the present moment."

This is said by a young nobleman of manly appearance, fair mustache, and expressive eyes, who is evidently anxious to win the regard of the young lady before him.

"What is the last account, Lord Kingsford?" asks this young lady, with a look of expectation.

"The last account is that she is the daughter of a certain high personage whose name had better not be mentioned."

"But his daughter by whom?" inquires the countess.

"You want to know too much, Lady Boursetile. I am sure your imagination is lively enough. Can't you guess?"

"Well, yes, perhaps," she says, laughing, and then adds, turning to the duchess, "Oh, my dear, is it not too shocking?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW PLAY AT UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

ON page 305 we illustrate the duel scene and groupings which mark the fourth act of a most remarkable play, "The Banker's Daughter," now running at the Union Square Theatre, in this city. This play is purely American in its characters and its morals, and is probably the most effectively successful yet written on a purely American theme by a purely American author. In its construction, its climaxes, and its manipulations of dramatic situations, however, it is evidently based on the best French models. This already popular play is the handiwork of Mr. Bronson Howard, and has a double moral running through its every scene—the first being the folly of marrying for money; the second being that a true love—a love unto sacrifice and unto faith—will win back love under circumstances seemingly most adverse to its development and growth. There are fourteen characters in the play and five scenes. The characters are distributed among such artists as Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Mr. John Parselles, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, Mr. J. B. Polk, Mr. J. W. Lemoyne, Mr. M. Lingham, Mr. Walden Ramsay, Miss Sara Jewett, Miss Maud Harrison, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, etc. The scenery, which is certainly as gorgeous in effect and as perfect in detail as any that ever was set on a New York stage, is from the pencil of Mr. Richard Marsden. The interior of the banker's house, the salon of the rich American in Paris, the vestibule and stairways of the American Legation, the ruined and snow-covered chateau, with the sleeping city and ice-locked river in the distance (which our picture reproduces), the boudoir of the alarmed wife, with its delicately stenciled roses, make a series of stage pictures that rival each other in beauty and are rivaled by nothing else.

The story of the play is a story of the heart, appealing more to sentiment than to passion, but beautifully and sequentially told by the action of the play, and admirably rendered by the actors. The sentiment is cunningly relieved by a vein of humor pouring out of the presentation of some purely American characteristics; and the denouement, at once poetical and domestic, leaves the spectator pleased to see a story that has interested him end precisely as he wanted it to end.

Those who take an interest in the American stage feel no little pride in the success of this beautiful work, and, pointing to it, ask "Is it necessary always to go to London and Paris for plays we like to see?" It certainly would not be if our American dramatists would supply our stage with such plays as "The Banker's Daughter."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Meteorology.—The physicists of the French Central Bureau of Meteorology are engaged in establishing a nomenclature to diminish the number of letters used in signaling.

Resignation of Professor Marignac.—Professor Marignac, after having filled for a period of thirty-eight years the chair of Chemistry at the University of Geneva, with the greatest distinction, has recently resigned. He has been replaced in the chair by Professor Graebe, of the University of Koenigsberg.

Preparation of the Nitrate of Soda.—By fusing sodium nitrate with iron of dings Menke has succeeded in preparing the sodium salt of nitrous oxide. The compound is not formed when zinc is employed in place of iron. The new salt is readily soluble in water, crystallizes in colorless needles containing three molecules of water. The silver salt was prepared by Divers in 1871.

Longitude of Rio Janeiro.—M. Liais, Director of the Observatory of Rio Janeiro, has informed the Geographical Society of Paris by letter that, through the liberality of the Emperor of Brazil, he is now in a position to commence the important work of fixing, by the aid of the electric telegraph, the longitude of Rio Janeiro with relation to that of Greenwich. When that operation is concluded it will determine with exactitude the geographical position of each town in South America.

Researches in Astronomy.—Professor Lehmann has just completed his mathematical investigations relative to the small planet Ismenia. His conclusions are that this planet is receding from the sun in the same proportion as the little planet Hilda. These two bodies being simultaneously close upon their perihelion are at no greater distance from one another than double that which intervenes between the earth and the moon. It is worthy of note that these planets are, in certain cases, liable to approach Jupiter much nearer than we approach the sun, and may consequently experience considerable perturbation from their proximity to this gigantic planet.

Arrival of Fish Spawn in Paris.—The Société d'Acclimatation has just received from the United States the spawn of some California salmon, a gift of Professor Spencer F. Baird, General Commissioner of the United States Fisheries. The mode of packing in ice and the care bestowed on the charge during the journey by Mr. Mather, of Newark (N. J.) has enabled the spawn to reach the garden in the best possible condition. The salmon of California, which is remarkable for its hardiness and extremely rapid growth, will prove a valuable acquisition to some of the French rivers, where ordinary salmon would have but little chance of propagation. The gift consists of about 100,000 eggs.

Iron that will not Rust.—Professor Barff's process for preventing the rusting of iron is exceedingly simple, and consists mainly in the subjecting of iron to the action of superheated steam—steam having a temperature of 1,500° Fahrenheit. Water-troughs and saucepans treated in this way can be left filled with water for weeks without showing a particle of rust. Iron piping and ornamental castings have been exposed for seven months without the least alteration. The cost of the process is said to be less than that of galvanizing and decidedly cheaper than the constantly recurring necessity of painting. The application of the process to sanitary purposes is destined to be very important.

Cultivation of Mushrooms in Paris.—An interesting subject of study to the market gardener is the cultivation of mushrooms in the caves under Paris, where, at a depth of from sixty to eighty feet below the surface of the ground, in old stone quarries, this edible fungus is grown systematically on a very large scale. These caves furnish not only the daily supply to the Paris markets, but to a large extent those of England and other countries also, preserved mushrooms to the extent of 14,000 boxes annually being exported to this country by one house alone. It is estimated that in and around Paris the daily production of mushrooms amounts to about twenty-five tons, of the value of about £1,000, or close upon £400,000 ($2,000,000) per year. One large grove near St. Denis is described as employing nineteen horses and fifty men. Mushrooms are very extensively used in France, not only in their fresh state, but preserved in various ways, either by drying, bottling, preserving in butter or oil, or reducing to powder.

A Scientific Hospital in Paris.—The new hospital of Ménilmontat, in the northeastern part of Paris, has just been opened to the introduction of patients. This hospital has been built upon the most thorough scientific principles. The buildings are constructed on the system of isolated pavilions. The wards are spacious and hold each twenty two beds, with a supply of air equal to fifty-three metres per each patient. There are apartments with one, two, three and four beds. Each ward has its private staircase, and in the centre of each pavilion there is a staircase for the transportation of provisions and for general service. An enormous chimney is introduced into the system of ventilation. In the first story of each pavilion there are balconies where the convalescents can repose in pleasant weather. There is also a maternity ward entirely isolated and separated from the general hospital, in which there are single rooms adjoining pleasant gardens. The cost of the new hospital, including the site ($500,000), was about $2,000,000. There are accommodations for 640 beds.

Electrical Communication with Trains in Motion.—M. de Bailleache has invented a mode of communicating with a moving train, which has been tried with success on the Western Railway of Paris. Along the centre of the line, between the rails, runs an ordinary telegraphic wire, placed so near the ground that the ash-pan of the locomotive passes over the wire freely, but it is very carefully insulated. In the train is a van containing a telegraph apparatus attended by a competent clerk. From it descends a movable metallic lever with a conducting pad which runs along in contact with the wire, the ends of which are in communication with a special apparatus at the various stations, so that a constant circuit is kept up and a transmission of messages between the train and the station is as easy as between any two fixed points on land. As soon as the train has passed a station the communication is cut off, so that nothing may impede its intercourse with the one it is approaching. Notice can also be sent to the moving train to stop, in case the track is impeded, and the train can give notice of its whereabouts at any given moment by the ringing of a bell or by sending a message.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE exhibition lottery tickets, which were originally disposed of for a franc apiece, have been sold on the Paris Bourse at twenty-five francs.

THE Empress of Austria will go to Ireland early next month to begin the hunting season, for which extensive preparations have been made.

MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT, the celebrated French actress, is diligently studying English, with a view to playing in London in that language.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has bought lots at Kansas City, Mo., worth $40,000, and will build on them a cotton mill and cottages for workmen.

THE trial of that famous Belgian forger, T'Kint, lasted one month and cost the Government $40,000. The jury were given 595 questions to consider.

PRINCIPAL AMBROSE P. KELSEY, of the New Hampshire State Normal School, has been elected Stone Professor of Natural History in Hamilton College.

MR. DANIEL WINKLEY, of Philadelphia, has added $10,000 to his gift of $25,000 to Dartmouth College. The money will probably be used in establishing a professorship.

EX-SENATOR RAMSAY, of Minnesota, has given his private library to the Historical Society of that State. It contains many valuable historical and documentary works.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the explorer, is to have a tablet erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley having consented. It will take the form of a stained-glass window.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts is interesting herself in gathering clothing and money for the relief of the 100,000 fugitives who have been driven to Constantinople from the districts devastated by the late war in Turkey.

THE late G. H. Lewes's funeral was of the simplest character, only old and intimate friends being present. Among them were Robert Browning, Frederick Locker, Anthony Trollope and Herbert Spencer. He was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

PROFESSOR HENRY A. WARD, of Rochester, has started on a three months' tour in foreign lands. He first goes to Europe and then sails for South America, where he will collect botanical specimens for the Brooks Museum in the University of Virginia.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON is soon to be installed as the Grand Mistress of the Ancient Charitable Masonic Order of the "Eastern Star." The Order is composed chiefly of English ladies of rank and distinction, whose male relatives belong to the fraternity.

DURING the first three of the ten years Presidency of Dr. McCosh at Princeton, he received gifts of money for the college amounting very regularly to $1,000 per week. After that subscriptions rose to $10,000 at a time; and in all there have been received about $2,500,000.

THE Chinese envoy at St. Petersburg (Chung-How) has received, by imperial decree, the title of "Ch'ian Thian-ta-ch'en," which formidable designation implies that he is now an ambassador altogether, absolutely plenipotentiary. The promotion of Chung-How is not without significance. It is said that the Chinese Government has never yet honored any of its representatives at foreign courts with so high a title.

MR. HENRY THOMAS RICHARDSON, of Bryuhyfryd, Wales, who recently died, was, in conjunction with his father, the inventor of the tubular lifeboat, in which he performed a daring voyage along the English coast, and which is in use at Rhyl and New Brighton, and which has been the means of saving many lives. By his will he bequeaths $50,000 at the death of Mrs. Richardson, for the purchase and maintenance of lifeboats at Pwlheli and Deal.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. is anxiously engaged in drawing up the scheme of a joint deed to be entered into by all the European Powers with a view to the repression of Socialistic and International tendencies, which have lately been productive of such lamentable results. The Vatican authorities are working out the details, and the whole will, when completed, be dispatched to the Papal representatives abroad for submission to the Governments to which they are accredited.

THE son of the celebrated police minister, Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, has just died in Sweden. He was formerly aide-de-camp of Charles XIV., better known, perhaps, as Bernadotte, who from the ranks of the French army rose to be first prince of Ponte-Corvo and then King of Sweden. It is rather curious that at the outbreak of the revolution both Fouché and Bernadotte were lawyers, and that after the fall of Napoleon, who had loaded them with honors, both conceived the hope of succeeding him. In the end both died abroad, Charles XIV. at Stockholm and Fouché at Trieste.

MRS. OGLE TAYLOR has donated her rare and valuable collection of china to the Corcoran art building. Next Spring an annex is to be built. The plans have been ready for three years, but there is a strip of land between the building and Admiral Philip Lee's residence which is owned by Mrs. Lee. Mr. Corcoran hopes to purchase the lot, as it is necessary for the addition which he wishes to make to the art school and the Taylor collection. Mrs. Taylor has a superb cluster diamond ring which she intends to bequeath to her successor as presiding officer of the lady managers of the Louise Home. The ring is to be the insignia of office.

THE death of the late King of Burmah was received very quietly in Mandalay, and the ministers had so carefully arranged matters that the Theebaw prince succeeded to the throne as a matter of course. The body of the King was formally laid out in the palace, and Europeans, Mogols and Chinese were all invited to take their last look at a monarch who, with all his faults and vices, was not altogether unpopular. One sad incident is reported. The royal princes, to the number of twenty or thirty, who had been heavily ironed and placed in prison, were released for a few hours and taken to the palace to do obeisance to the corpse. In token of their sorrow they are said each to have given a lock of hair, with which the hands and legs of the dead king will be tied prior to burial. The unlucky youths were then marched back to jail, were again fettered and placed under a strong guard.

MR. MUNDELLA, Member of Parliament, in a speech at a banquet of the Sheffield Traders' Council, lately, said that America was just recovering, after five years of unprecedented depression in trade, and her recovery was due to her boundless resources, for thousands of her artisans had been driven by trade depression to the cultivation of the soil. Now she was not only supplying her own people with goods, but exporting her manufactures to such an extent that she had become a powerful rival to England. It did not follow, however, that America's growth would be England's decadence, for he believed that England would grow with America's growth, and strengthen with her strength. Still, it was important that English workmen should be fully alive to the strides America was making, and should know that America had been able to export so extensively because of her labor-saving machinery, and that, owing to the improved state of her patent laws, she could more easily utilize her inventions.

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MUSIC OFF THE STAGE—DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS TESTING STEINWAY & SONS' NEW PARLOR GRAND PIANO.



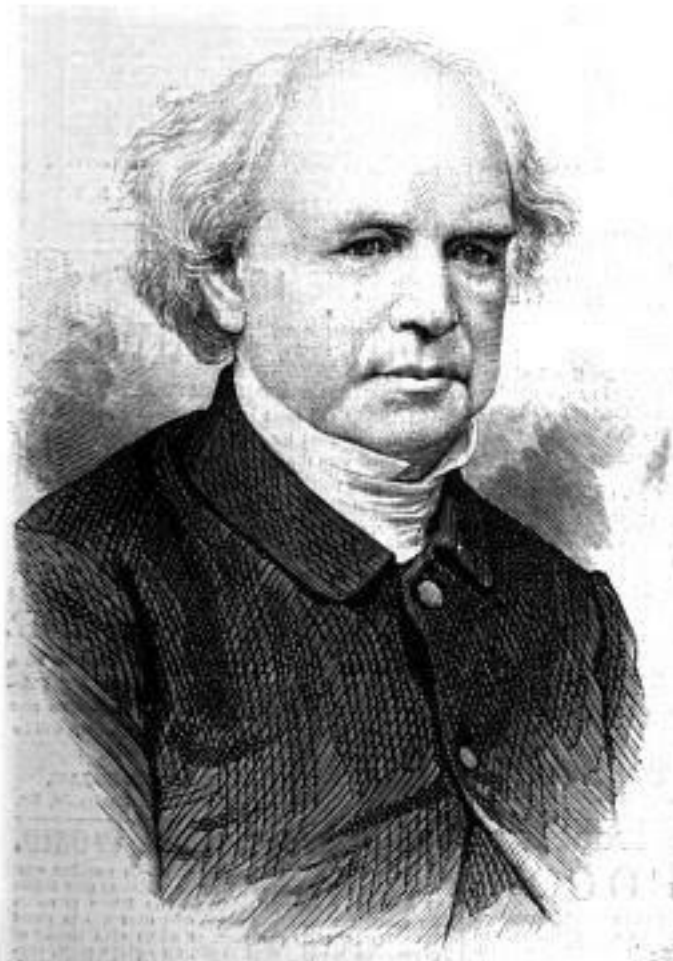
THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS. GAS.—EFFECT OF THE NEW ILLUMINATOR IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF E. RIDLEY & SONS.



MRS. BROWN'S PERPLEXITY AT RAMSFORD'S.

THE HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.—INCIDENTS OF MR. AND MRS. BROWN'S CHRISTMAS PEREGRINATION.—SEE PAGE 291.

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THE LATE BISHOP J. B. P. WILMER, OF THE DIOCESE OF LOUISIANA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDRICKS & CO.

THE LATE BISHOP WILMER.

THE Right Rev. J. B. P. Wilmer, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Louisiana, died suddenly of apoplexy in New Orleans, on Monday evening, December 22. He was a native of Alexandria, Va., and a graduate of the University of Virginia and the Protestant Episcopal Seminary near Alexandria. After ordination he had charge of two parishes in the southern section of Virginia, and left that State to assume the rectorship of the old Church of St. Mark's, in Philadelphia, retaining the position until the breaking out of the war, when he resigned, returned to Virginia and became a chaplain in the Confederate army. During the war he was sent to England to procure Bibles and Testaments for the Southern armies, and in attempting to run the blockade, on his return, he was captured in Chesapeake Bay, and taken to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington. On his release he rejoined the army, and served to the close of the war. On November 7th, 1866, he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Louisiana. A short time previous to his death he had returned, apparently in good health, to New Orleans, from an official tour of the northern parishes. He officiated in Christ Church the day and evening prior to his decease. The remains were brought to the North, and funeral services were held in Christ Church, Baltimore, on December 6th, after which the body, dressed in full vestments, was interred in Greenmount Cemetery.

THE LATE JOHN E. VASSAR.

"UNCLE JOHN VASSAR," as he was affectionately called by all his intimate acquaintances, died at his home in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Thursday, December 5th, after a long and tireless work as an evangelist, colporteur and missionary of the American Tract Society. Closing an extended experience in the Far West, he began, in the early part of 1863, his labors as a missionary in the Army, and was chiefly with the Army of the Potomac. He seemed to be everywhere that he was most wanted. He marched with the soldiers and endured all their hardships, many times, though over fifty years of age, carrying the guns and knapsacks of younger men whose strength had failed them. All his time was devoted to personal intercession with the soldiers, who came to love him dearly. In the hospital he was as tender as a mother to the wounded men, and could often be seen feeding "the dear boys," as he called them, when they were too weak to feed themselves. Many times he took a spade and dug the grave of some soldier who would otherwise have been left unburied on the field.

A large audience gathered in the Church of the Holy Trinity on Sunday evening, December 15th, and Dr. Tyng, Jr., as he opened the service, said: "I had thought of draping the pulpit with the tokens of mourning, but a second thought showed me how impertinent it would be, for the Christian warrior is also the victor, and Uncle John Vassar has entered upon his reward."

Dr. Fulton echoed all that had been said. "To me," he said, "Uncle John Vassar is the marvel of the age. I know of at least three funeral services that are at this moment being held in his memory, and thousands of Christians all over the land are dropping tears upon his grave." He told many incidents of the old veteran's devotion to the cause of Christ, and in concluding said: "America will make of the memory of John Vassar what England



THE LATE JOHN E. VASSAR, VETERAN MISSIONARY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MYERS.



OHIO.—SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIESICH.—SEE PAGE 299.



NEW YORK CITY.—"THE DUEL," LAST SCENE, ACT IV., OF THE PLAY, "THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—SEE PAGE 303.

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has made of the memory of Bunyan." General Clinton B. Fisk testified: "In camp and march and bivouac, in field and fight and hospital, Uncle John Vassar was a true soldier of the Cross. He was a perfect Moody and Sankey combined. His sweet voice could be heard at all times telling the praises of Jesus. When after hard days in the field the officers would say, 'Uncle John, you're tired,' his cheery voice would reply in song, 'Oh, how sweet to work for Jesus.' You will find all over this country, in homes desolated by the late war, the precious letters of Uncle John Vassar, in which the last words of dying soldiers were sent to the loved ones at home, with other words of comfort which no man knew better how to speak."

At the close of the service a committee was appointed to receive contributions to a fund to place the family of the deceased beyond all pecuniary want.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

144 and 146 BROADWAY.

NEW YORK, *November*, 19th, 1878.

TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS OF THIS COMPANY:

"*Shall Corporations shape and manage their own business, or shall their rivals dictate and manage it?*"

This Company commenced business in 1843 as a Mutual Company, and without capital. The first money it received was - - - -	$108.50
in payment of a premium.	
Ten years afterwards, February 1st, 1853, the amount at risk was - -	$17,917,418.00
And its assets and accumulations -	2,000,649.30
In June of that year the present administration began. Since that time it has issued 151,000 policies, insuring - - - - - -	550,000,000.00
It has paid for death claims, on original policies - - - -	30,700,092.00
And for death claims on additional assurance given for over-premium payments on the same, called dividends - - - - -	5,121,977.00
Its entire over-payments, called dividends, paid out in cash, or for insurance, amount to - - -	45,580,028.00
It now holds assets, consisting of Bonds and Mortgages on property in New York and adjacent States, amounting to - - - -	57,041,941.84
It owns Real Estate, consisting of its three office buildings in Boston, Philadelphia, and this city, and such as it has purchased under foreclosure of its Mortgages, amounting to - - - -	6,933,423.19
It has Stocks — United States, State, County, and City — paying interest, and worth par and over, amounting to - - - -	17,786,081.38
Its gross Assets, on the first of October, ultimo, were - - -	86,910,342.45
The amount now insured is - -	289,061,295.00
The increase of its assets in twenty-five years is - - - -	84,849,714.15

It represents more assets than any known financial institution, and twenty-one millions of dollars more than the combined capital of all the banks in this city.

Its assets are ample for all purposes, as its Annual Report will shortly show.

These are the principal figures which exhibit the history and condition of this Company. It has always met every honorable and just financial claim with cheerful promptitude. No stain, it is believed, rightfully rests upon its record.

Of all known business, that of Life Insurance requires the most forecast, as to future contingencies, and the closest attention to all the different principles and features of its management, upon which its prosperity depends. Abundant and undoubted assets are necessary to pay its claims on the one hand, which must be kept in absolute security and readiness for that purpose; on the other is the equally important duty of maintaining and keeping intact its vitality at or above the standard mortality tables, on which its premiums are based. Some Companies are believed to be so short-sighted as to neglect this second great principle of its business, while they effect to bestow uncommon attention to the other.

In view of the possible depreciation below the vital standard, by reason of the unusual number of retiring members during the last three years (for, as a rule, those who elect to retire are younger lives than those who decide to remain), it was incumbent upon the management to check this decrease by such means as would be efficient to the end sought, and the least burdensome to the existing policy-holders of the Company.

After due consideration of all points involved, embracing equity, economy and efficiency, it was proposed that thirty per cent. rebate on the first two years' premiums should be allowed to entering policy-holders, whether old members or new.

We should have been wanting in proper interest and ability, had we not foreseen the necessity for this action and provided for it.

As the members who retired sought to sunder their connection with the Company, of which they had agreed to remain members for life, the just and universally admitted principle governing all business, led us to say to each of them: "If you leave us, to our damage, you must supply the place you leave vacant by another life equally acceptable with your own." To accomplish this end, we deduct from the surrender value allowed these retiring members a sum sufficient to satisfy all the claims of the Company and existing policy-holders, upon the party withdrawing, and an additional sum to constitute a fund to replace the loss. Not one penny of the moneys contributed by the existing members went into that fund. It was a special source of accumulation, the use of which was left to the discretion of the Executive Officers in their administrative capacity, for the purpose of obtaining new members. Whatever remains beyond that necessity will go into the common fund. Whatever is used for the purpose explained, will be like the wheat cast into the ground and lost for a time but to bear a certain harvest to its owner.

No measure that we know of could have been devised which is more thoroughly just, economical or equitable to our policy-holders than this, and none that will be so advantageous and profitable to them. This we assert from a full knowledge of all the principles involved, and with unbounded confidence in the results which will be obtained.

The ability of the Company to lower its rates of premiums has been demonstrated by the past experience, and we have unwillingly taken premiums in amounts quite beyond the necessities of our business for years past. Why should we have been compelled to take the forty-five millions which we have returned to our policy-holders as over-payments, called dividends? The public, in its own time, will ask this question with emphasis. We have given back from year to year to our policy-holders all that has not been necessary to guarantee our contracts beyond question; but why should the poor man, who pinches himself to insure his life for the benefit of his family, be required from year to year to pay us a sum beyond what is necessary, the effect of which is to involve him in unnecessary commission and loss of interest? There has been no year in the history of the Company when it could not have taken premiums upon a far cheaper scale than it has done, and even then have been able to return a respectable percentage in over payments at the end of the year.

But now, when this Company proposes to benefit its policy-holders and the insuring public by a rebate for two years upon their premiums, with no present design beyond that time, and in a way in which old policy-holders are benefited and not injured, are we to be maligned and misrepresented by rival companies who club together to control the press, and send paid emissaries to this and other cities to poison the minds of our policy-holders by false statements?

We have neither leisure, disposition, nor funds to follow our defamers; but prefer quietly to state our case and leave it with those it interests.

We give this history and condition of the Company as the truest tests of its management, by these tests we are content or stand to fall.

In conclusion, we repeat the question: "Shall corporations shape and manage their own business, or shall their rivals dictate and manage it?"

Your obedient servants,

P. F. WINSTON, *President.*
RICHARD A. McCURDY, *Vice-President.*
WM. H. C. BARTLETT, *Actuary.*

FUN.

PUDDINGS just now are "current events."

THE side door of a bar-room is like a great many people's prayer-books—good only on Sunday.

A SHREWD patent-medicine man has been chasing Alex. Stephens around for three months, trying to draw a load on him with a packed carpet. He wants him for a preface to his advertisement to illustrate "before taking."

OF COURSE.—Judge (to witness, a bricklayer): "Now, Bob Trowel, you made an affidavit in this case? Witness: "I DO, SIR." Judge: "And you know what an affidavit is, I suppose?" Witness (confidently): "Yes, sir, it's the second course of bricks."

A MEDDLESOME old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said: "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to nurse it." "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

"MY SON, would you suppose the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a nickel cent?" "Well, yes, father, if a cent is as big in everybody's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times."

"I WANT five cents' worth of starch," said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk, wishing to tease the child, asked: "What do you want five cents' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered, and the clerk concluded to attend to his own business.

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE in a Pennsylvania rural town married a couple the other day, and the groom asked him his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the Justice, "the code allows me two dollars." "Then," said the young man, "there's a dollar; that will make you three."

SYMPATHIZING BYSTANDER (about an unfortunate man who has been knocked down and stunned by the train): "Poor man! Take him to the station—" *Injured One* (recovering): "Tyek me to th' station! What for, then? If aw've dune ony harm to yo'r engine, aw's willin' to pay for 't!"

WHILE a country parson was preaching, the chief of his parishioners, sitting near the pulpit, was fast asleep; whereupon he said, "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great strait; for if I speak too softly those at the further end of the church cannot hear me, and if I talk too loudly I shall wake the chief man of the parish."

IN the middle of a fast thing with one of the Surrey packs on a Tuesday, reports a contemporary, one of the field, who was well up in the first flight, went a tremendous cropper into a brook. The master heard the noise, looked round, saw that a disaster had happened to somebody, and, turning to the first whip, who was close beside him, said, "Who's that, Will? Hadn't we better help him out?" "Oh," returned Will, coolly, "it's only the parson, sir, and we aha'n't want him till Sunday!"

WHY, VERILY!

Why be an animated tallow-shop when Allan's Anti-Fat is a safe and sure remedy for obesity, or corpulence, and will reduce the most ill-proportioned form to a graceful outline within a few weeks. It contains no ingredients that can possibly prove deleterious to the system. A well-known chemist, after examining its constituents and the method of its preparation, gives it his unqualified indorsement as a remedy that "cannot but act favorably upon the system and is well calculated to attain the object for which it is intended."

Baltimore, Md., July 17th, 1878.

PROF'S ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs—I have taken two bottles of Allan's Anti-Fat and it has reduced me eight pounds.

Yours respectfully, MRS. I. R. COLES.

BEFORE THE HON. JAMES HOWELL, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn, personally appeared William R. Beeston, who, being sworn, says:

My boy, Henry R. Beeston, 127 South Second Street, Brooklyn, E. D., aged seventeen years, has suffered with epileptic fits for two years. They troubled him every night, lasting over an hour, and were so severe that they reduced him greatly in health and intelligence. I had him constantly under the advice of physicians and followed their directions, but without benefit. On 3d November I took him to a physician in New York, and, discontinuing all other medicines, he put him under the use of VITALIZED PHOSPHATES three times a day. Upon this treatment his fits became shorter and less violent every night. On 9th November his fit lasted but a few minutes, and was a mere tremor with no violence. Since that time he has had no fit and is improving daily in health, strength and intelligence. He continues taking VITALIZED PHOSPHATES for relief of his nervousness.

Sworn at the City Hall, Brooklyn, December 11th, 1878.

To P. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE, ESQ.: The Wheat Gluten and Cold Blast Flour Breads of the Health Food Company have done a really wonderful work upon two miserable dyspeptics—Mrs. Wilson and myself. I am confident that there are thousands of badly-nourished sufferers who only need these delicious foods to make them well. ISAAC R. WILSON, Trenton, N. J.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MURRAY'S FERROZONE BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all exhausted conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CAGWELL, HAZARD & Co., Proprietors, New York.

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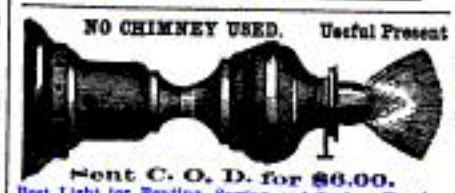
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No. 1,214.—Vol. XLVII.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1879. [Holiday Double Number.

THE GOVERNOR'S DINNER.

By EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

THEY were in the old council chamber of the old State House in Boston.

In those days men were more apt to call it the Town House.

This was the old Town House, which was burned down in the horrid fire of 1712. That fire was fourteen years after the time we write about.

The old Town House stood where our dear Boston friends see their "Old State House" every day when they go down to State Street to draw their dividends.

It was in the Council Chamber of the old Town House—as I was saying when you interrupted me—that, as the Council broke up after a sufficiently stupid session, the day before Christmas, Master Danforth talked with Major Cooke, Captain Sergeant talked with General Winthrop, but Judge Sewall stood alone, while Colonel Hutchinson was talking with Lord Bellomont.

Judge Sewall was not used to standing alone, and he did not like to stand alone; all the same he stood alone, and the rest laughed and talked together.

Before the day was over, the secret came out why Judge Sewall stood alone. All secrets are sure to come out, some time or other.

The Governor was to give a dinner-party the next day, and while he had asked General Winthrop, and Master Sargent, and Colonel Hutchinson, and all the rest to his Christmas dinner, he had not asked Judge Sewall.

Judge Sewall was a little silent at his own dinner that day, and when in the afternoon half the Council came in, pretending to talk about some matter of affairs, he knew very well that that was not what they came for.

The thorn was well down in the bottom of the judge's heart, and he knew Major Cooke would drag it out before he went away.

Sure enough, as they threw on their cloaks in the ample hall of old Father Hull's house, and as they tied scarfs round their ears against the biting cold, Major Cooke asked the judge if he would be at the governor's dinner the next day.

The major knew perfectly well that the judge was not asked, and everybody knew that he was not asked. The judge said, without telling a lie, that he knew nothing of the governor's dinner. Nor did he nor what the dinner was to be. But he knew that it was Christmas Day, and he knew what a Christmas dinner was likely to be, and he knew that they knew that he knew it.

CHAPTER II.

The truth was that Governor Bellomont was as sorry not to ask Samuel Sewall as Samuel Sewall was not to be asked. But what could a man do?

Here had this town of Boston lived and thrived for sixty-nine years. And when Christmas Day had come round, men had hewed their wood and drawn their water. They had split their toughest knots and broken their hardest ice into little blocks, they had sent the boys to school and set the girls to spin, they had taken care that the dinner should be a little more plain than common, and if they heard any man whistling in the street on that particular night they set the watch to see that he was not going to a dance-house. On any other night he might have whistled as he pleased.

Only for the year or two when Andros the tyrant had been here had there been any Christmas dinners at the Governor's. And when Andros the tyrant gave a Christmas dinner, he knew very well whom to ask and whom not to ask. But now Andros the tyrant had gone.

And Lord Bellomont is not a tyrant in the least. To be sure on Sunday he goes to the King's Chapel, because it is the King's Chapel; but he goes to Thursday lecture on Thursday, and the countess goes to Thursday lecture.

Lord Bellomont was walking back from Thursday lecture one day with the gentlemen of his suite, and they passed the apothecary, lounging at his shop-door.

"Oh, my dear doctor," said the lord, "you have lost a precious lecture this morning."

"I should have gone, my lord," said the wretch, "had I been paid as well as your lordship for going."

For men will say that Lord Bellomont lives in Boston and not in New York, his other capital, because this colony pays him better than New York does.

So Lord Bellomont is no whit of a tyrant. He is a loving and peaceful Governor, who lets us have our own way if we pay him two thousand pounds a year for it, and among other things goes to Thursday lecture. Such a governor is no tyrant, and he will not ruin us even if he do have roast beef and roast turkey to eat on the twenty-fifth of December.

And Lord Bellomont and the countess will have roast beef and roast turkey, and they will have oyster-pies, too, and roast partridges, and they will have squash-pies, and cranberry pies, and minced-pies spelled with the letter y. Marlborough pyes have not yet come in.

And they will have a great plum-pudding, boiled in a bag, and when it is brought upon the table, Lord Bello-



THE GOVERNOR'S DINNER.—"THE DOOR IS PURSED GENTLY OPEN, AND A DARK FIGURE CROSSES THE GRAY OF THE TWILIGHT SKY."

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mont's lackey will pour a glass of brandy over it, and, just as he stands at the door, the cook will set fire to the brandy, and he will bring it in, all blazing, to the table.

And every gentleman of the Council and every magistrate in the town will be at the dinner excepting Samuel Sewall.

Now, Samuel Sewall, the judge, has been as courtly to Lord Bellomont as any man of them all. Did not he take the countess to the top of Cotton Hill the other day? It is all dug down now, Emma, and you cannot go there. I had a good crying-fit the last time I went there when I saw the horses, and the carts, and the men who dug it down.

But that was the year I was twelve years old. If you want to see the view which Judge Sewall showed the countess, go to 15 Pemberton Square, and ask Mr. Ladd to give you the key to the attic-stairs, and put your head out of the open scuttle-way, and look around and you will see.

Judge Sewall showed the countess the view, and then he brought her down through the gateway of the garden—which opened about opposite where the Museum is now—and when she said she had been charmed with the view, he said he was glad, and might he not call the gate Bellomont Gate afterward? And she tapped him with her fan, and said:

"Why, you are quite a courtier, judge."

And then he asked her into the house, and Betty Sewall brought her a glass of better Madeira than she had ever drank in her life, on a bigger silver waiter than there was on the Bellomont sideboard. And she said pretty things to Mistress Sewall, and Mistress Sewall said pretty things to her. And this was so a few weeks ago, and yet the Governor has not asked the judge to his dinner.

The truth is, the Governor is too wellbred to ask the judge to dinner. The judge is the last of the old Puritans; he would whip any of his smallest children who cracked a walnut or ate a raisin because Christmas Day had come. And if any of the larger children went to the King's Chapel on Christmas Day to see the evergreens or to hear the singing, why, the judge would put them on bread-and-water for a week.

Lord Bellomont is a good-natured man; he does not want to hurt anybody's feelings, and so he does not ask the judge to dinner.

And, on the other hand, the judge would have died before he went to dinner, only—and this is human nature, dear George and dear Harry—only he would have liked to say "No." It was not becoming that Major Cooke should ask him if he were going, and he have to confess that he had not been asked! What will people say? What will the church-members, even, say? What will the freemen say? And what will this rough-scruff of those who are not "freemen" say?

Christmas comes on Sunday this year, and the other gentlemen, as soon as meeting is over, will wear their gay red cloaks and will loiter outside the Governor's house, so that people can see them. The major and the colonel will clatter in from the country on horseback—the major with his black boy, the colonel with that old Indian whom he has made a lackey of, to take care of their horses. Then the boys in the street will know that they go to the Governor's dinner. Then the boys will wait to see Judge Sewall's carriage; it is the only carriage in town. They know that he will be going, of course, and he will not be going. By eight o'clock Monday morning, in every barber's shop in the town the news will be told that Governor Bellomont did not ask Judge Sewall to dinner.

CHAPTER III.

FOR us, who read this story, more things depended on that gap in the table than the mortification, great or small, of the rejected guest.

The countess knew that this was a State occasion as well as the judge. The countess was a woman, and she therefore knew some things which the Earl of Bellomont did not; for he was only a man. The countess had therefore advised, and advised pretty earnestly, that the judge and his wife should be invited; the countess thought they would come, in truth. Whether they came or not, they remembered the glass of Madeira, and she did not want them to be mortified.

But the earl had been stanch, and he said, "No." He represented His Majesty, and he was not going to be rebuffed by any man, though he was a good-natured earl. All the same, the countess kept open two seats till the very last.

"I tell you," said she, "that you can do it by accident, as it were; you can do it without any fuss. You can one-half invite him, and take the rest for granted; or I shall meet her, and I will ask her, and then she will make him come."

And the earl had let it stand in this mixed-up way till the very last. This was because he was a man. But Christmas morning came, and there had been no chance, and no invitation had been given. Twenty-four plates, all marked with the Bellomont crest, had been set on the table the night before, and Lady Bellomont had only twenty guests certain, beside her husband and herself. Who should fill the two vacancies?

Thus it happened that when the governor and his party went to church that morning, the countess had to come to the attack again.

"My dear," she said, "nothing has been heard from the judge, has there?"

"Of course not," was the reply.

"Then," said the jolly countess, "never speak to me again, unless you bring some gentleman home with you. I will make Martha put on her silk dress, and she shall fill one seat, if you will only make sure to fill another; but I will not have an empty seat at my table on Christmas Day."

Whether the Governor would have remembered or not, I am sure I do not know. But so it happened that when the parson had well advanced in "Dearly beloved brethren," there was a little clatter at the door of the little chapel, and steps were heard up the little aisle. A handsome young man, whose ruffle and boots showed plainly to every girl in church that the ruffle was not cut by a Boston snip, nor the boots made by a Boston cobbler, was led up the aisle by John Beadle. He was made to sit in the form, almost empty, which was opposite the Governor's, and just in front of the reading desk. The Countess of Bellomont did not look round till they came to the Creed; but after she had looked round she looked round again; and, by-and-by, under pretense of handing to the Governor the right psalm in the Psalter, she took occasion to say:

"The young gentleman in the form opposite will do; bring him home to dinner."

And, at last, the Christmas sermon of the parson was done. It was according to the true Episcopal standard of those days—twenty minutes in length, and of no depth at all, or breadth either. The wellbred and courtly worshipers, perhaps a hundred in number, stood and waited—first for Dr. Miles, the minister, and then for the Governor, to pass. Lord Bellomont himself bowed courteously to the young stranger, who was thus pre-ordained to be the twenty-fourth person at his table.

The stranger was standing in the form of Master Turfrey. The Governor loitered a little in the porch, shaking hands with the more distinguished of the worshipers, and courteously wishing them a Merry Christmas. As Master Turfrey approached him among the last, the Governor even stepped forward cordially; and, as he put out his hand to that gentleman, he bowed again to the handsome young stranger. Master Turfrey, well pleased, named him to the Governor.

"Let me present to Your Excellency," he said, "Master Grove Hirst, one of our townsmen, who has just returned from London. He came in in Shepherd, this morning."

This meant that Master Hirst was a passenger in a ship of which John Shepherd was the master. The Governor saluted the young man courteously, detained him for a minute or two in conversation on his voyage and the news he brought from England, and thus he was able to extend to him the invitation which the countess had suggested—that he should join them at their Christmas dinner.

"You shall have as good a bit of beef as you would have had in England, Mr. Hirst, and I think, Dr. Miles, that the turkey will be better."

The young man, all amazed at the ease with which honors were distributed in the new order of things, was no such fool as to hesitate. He gladly took the goods the gods had provided.

The Governor's procession went on, and Master Hirst, who had gained audacity in his foreign travels, said with alacrity, "I think this is Judge Sewall and Madam Sewall, is it not?"

The young gentleman had never seen either of them in his life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Governor and the parson and the countess and young Master Grove Hirst walked down School Street together, for even if the Governor's carriage had arrived—and I do not think it had—he would not have used it for so short a journey.

The Governor and the parson walked in front, and Master Grove Hirst and the countess walked behind, and behind them walked Mistress Martha Coote, and I don't know how many others of the Governor's suite.

So it made in all quite a little procession. And as the powers ordered which had any hand in the management of this story, just as they passed Master Cheever's house—the Master Cheever who kept the school in those days—they came full on Judge Sewall and Mistress Sewall and Betty Sewall and Joe Sewall and all the little Sewalls, who were walking up School Street from the old South Meeting-house towards Cotton Hill.

So all the Bellomont party had to lift their hats and drop their courtesies to all the Sewall party, and all the Sewall party had to do the like to the Bellomont party.

And this had to be done, even more carefully than another day, because the Governor had not asked Judge Sewall to dinner, and every one except Master Grove Hirst knew that he had not asked him.

Master Grove Hirst was quite at ease, because he did not know. He was quite at ease, until, as he lifted his hat for ceremony, he saw the pretty face of Mistress Betty Sewall. Here all mere ceremony vanished from wellbred Master Grove Hirst, and he bowed profoundly as he recognized the girl. And she, ah me! she was prettier than ever, as she blushed to her eyes in the sudden recognition.

Captain Tuthill was walking by her side. He was rather dull, but I don't think even he was so dull but that he observed the special politeness with which Master Grove Hirst bowed to the young lady.

You see, it was more than a year ago since Grove Hirst had seen Betty Sewall, or as much as heard her name. It was a year ago last July that Betty Sewall was on a visit with her cousins at Salem. And one afternoon, on a frolic, they had all gone over in a boat to Marblehead Neck. And there had been a clambake on the shore. And who should appear at the clambake, among other young men and maidens, but Master Grove Hirst? And Master Grove Hirst and Miss Betty Sewall—well, they had spent most of the afternoon together at the clambake.

I don't know what he said to her, and I don't know what she said to him. I dare say most of it was nonsense. Indeed, I never heard a word of it. But I am sure that this Christmas, when Miss Betty Sewall met Master Grove Hirst, she remembered a good deal of it, and I know that he remembered every syllable, and could have written it all down if it were necessary.

But the very day after the clambake, Master Grove Hirst had gone out in a brig laden with barrel-staves to Lisbon. And from Lisbon he had gone to Leghorn, and from Leghorn he had gone back to Marseilles, and from Marseilles he had gone to Lisbon again, and then he had found another brig of his father's, and from Lisbon this time he had gone to Bristol, and from Bristol he had gone to London, and from London he had gone back to Marseilles: then from Marseilles he had gone back to London again, and so it was that for the year and a half he had never heard a word of pretty Mistress Betty Sewall.

Still Master Grove Hirst had remembered Mistress Betty Sewall all the same, and I am afraid that Betty Sewall had remembered him, although she had heard no word of him in these seventeen months.

And this was the reason why Master Grove Hirst bowed so profoundly when he met the young lady. As I have said, Captain Tuthill was not pleased that Mr. Hirst bowed so profoundly, but the Captain could not help himself, and he was fain to make no remark on the occasion.

When the Sewall party arrived at old Father Hall's house, about where you stop to-day if you want to buy a plaster from Mr. Metcalf, Captain Tuthill had to bid Betty Sewall good-day. Had it been any other day but Christmas, Judge Sewall would have asked that gentleman in to dinner. For he was hospitable, and he knew that Captain Tuthill had a good estate. It would have been very queer had he not guessed also how much Captain Tuthill liked Betty Sewall. But it was Christmas Day, and by the same token that Lord Bellomont could not ask Judge Sewall, Judge Sewall could not ask Captain Tuthill to dine.

So the captain went woefully away.

CHAPTER V.

AND so it was that the Reverend Dr. Miles, and Mr. Grove Hirst were the first guests to arrive at the Governor's dinner.

But it was not long before generals, and colonels, and judges, and their wives began to appear. They were all a little frightened, perhaps; for they knew, every mother's son of them, and every father's daughter of them, that their fathers and mothers would have died before they would have bowed down to such idolatry. But they had quieted their consciences in some way, and here they were. The men rubbed their hands in front of the cheerful hickory fire. The women gathered in little knots, scrutinized each other's dress, and said little.

"We should treat these gentlemen well, dame," whispered the Governor, as Wait Winthrop and Mr. Addington came in. "They give us our bread."

"Never fear me with the gentlemen," said the jolly countess; "only you take care of the ladies."

And, to tell the truth, the earl's share was harder than the countess's. But he did his best, and before long he had the pleasure of seeing all the twenty-four chairs filled. Master Grove Hirst, as the last comer, and of the lowest rank, sat half way down the table. He had taken into dinner Miss Martha Coote, a cousin of the Governor's—the same lady who would have been overseeing the cook in the kitchen had Madam Sewall and her husband come to the dinner.

The talk went on as briskly as it might. But where there is a little awkwardness at the bottom, even a cordial earl and a jolly countess find that things drag a little. They had pounded away on the last news from Captain Kidd—on the messenger who came from the Penobscots on Thanksgiving Day, on the reason why wheat had been blasted, or the misfortune to the oysters in the Plymouth colony. The Governor had kept the Madeira going pretty freely, and the dame had pressed everybody to eat turkey from the thirty-five-pounder before her, till they could eat no more.

At last, in despair, the earl spoke down the table, where Mr. Grove Hirst had been keeping up small-talk with Miss Martha Coote.

"Did you see the Czar, Mr. Hirst, in London?"

"I had very good luck, my lord. He came on board Captain Shepherd, with a party of Muscovites. They wanted to see some of our New England ways."

"Ah, ha! Indeed! So you could teach the wild bear a thing or two."

"Did he hug very hard?" said the countess, from her end of the table.

"Not so hard but that I am here, my lady."

To say the truth, they all liked the good Jamaica our captain gave them; and when he treated with some figs we had on board, they ate them as Mashpee Indians would have done. Their tooth is as sweet as any savage's."

"I like a good fig myself," said the earl, "and I hope your good friend Shepherd has not given them all to the Czar."

At this there was a little laugh, and Mr. Hirst hastened to say, that he was sure Captain Shepherd would give the earl a chance to see what cargo he had brought with him. And so a safe subject was well introduced, and what with Peter the Great, and the fire at Whitehall, and Lord Portland's mission to France, the dinner went forward bravely, till the plum-pudding and the burning brandy came.

And before the dinner was over Mr. Grove Hirst was in prime favor with the earl and the countess, and every counselor and every magistrate knew it. Pretty well for a young man of twenty-three years old, who had followed the sea for half his life and had never dined with a governor before. But such are the chances on which turn the fate of kings and of nations. What would have happened to Mr. Grove Hirst if Judge Sewall had been asked to dinner, I am sure I do not know!

CHAPTER VI.

BETTY SEWALL had made very short answers to Captain Zachariah Tuthill as they walked up the hill together, and I am by no means sure that she knew what she said to him. I think she would have known if she had not met Grove Hirst. But, to tell the truth, the moment she saw him her mind ran back to the Marblehead rocks and to that pleasant Summer afternoon.

It was only a day or two after, that Betty Sewall's father went round to see Mr. Mico. He pretended he went to inquire about some lumber which Mr. Mico wanted to sell. But he did go to inquire about Captain Zachariah Tuthill.

Mr. Mico said that he never heard any ill of him. He said he was in good business and like to be in better. He said his estate was six or seven hundred pounds. He said if he had a sister whose father was going to settle a thousand pounds on her, he would be glad to have Captain Tuthill ask for her. This was all Judge Sewall got from Mr. Mico, and this the judge told his wife, and this Madam Sewall told Mistress Betty. But I appeal to any young lady who read FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, to know whether she thinks this amounted to a great deal. If Captain Tuthill had been tender and entertaining, and unaffected; in short, if he had been "nice," this would all have been very well. But as it was, to know that old Mr. Mico had never heard any ill of him was certainly very little.

"Why," said Miss Betty, pertly, but truly, "I do not suppose Mr. Mico ever heard any ill of old Rocket."

Now old Rocket was the Indian who cleaned the judge's boots, and split the wood for the judge's fire.

But it made no difference what Mistress Betty said. Thursday night came round, ten days after Christmas, and, after the candles were lighted, Betty found herself sitting alone. Her father and mother had gone over to Mr. Willard's, to see about Mrs. Moody's funeral. So the judge said; but Betty knew it was so they might be out of the way. None of the boys or girls were at home, and Betty knew that they had been sent off. She was "mad as fire," as she told Eunice Scott afterwards; but the poor girl could not help herself, or thought so. So at seven o'clock came the knock at the front-door, and then that grinning Dinah showed in Captain Zachariah Tuthill. He was got up in his best sailor finery. A gold chain from the Congo coast hung at his fob. A great turquoise blazed on his finger, and his ruffles, said Betty, when she told Eunice the next day, looked as if they had been starched by the Queen of Ashantee.

Captain Tuthill urged his suit a good deal as he might have urged the men in the tops to take in the top-sail in a gale. At least, so Betty pretended, when she saw Eunice. I am afraid Betty exaggerated. But on the other hand I am afraid he was a little peremptory. As for Betty, she was at first silent, then she screwed herself up to the point. She succeeded in keeping her temper, and she succeeded also in saying, "No."

Then the captain was more peremptory.

Betty was still civil, but she was as firm as the rocks below Mr. Eliot's meeting-house.

Then Captain Tuthill was indignant, and talked about what her father had said, and what Mr. Mico had said, and what he had expected. Then Betty's wrath waxed hot. She told him that he didn't know how to speak to a gentlewoman. She stood up and opened the door and asked him to go.

And when the Captain blundered out an apology and talked about his love for her, the girl's rage upset her completely. She told him that if he staid in that room a moment longer she would call old Rocket, and old Rocket should put him out of the door.

This was outrageous in Miss Betty, but, as has been said, she had been put in an outrageous mood. Captain Tuthill went out of the door without Rocket's assistance. Then Betty Sewall ran up crying to her room and flung herself on her bed.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE, Master Grove Hirst had been following his hand, as the ungodly say. But no such wanton expressions were spoken or heard in circles where Betty Sewall moved.

On Monday morning, a package of the choicest figs had gone to Lady Bellomont with Mr. Grove Hirst's respectful duty. The same afternoon, a box of a dozen bottles of Alicant went to Lord Bellomont, to his private room at the Town House, with Mr. Grove Hirst's humble respects to His Excellency.

Within a day or two, Mr. Grove Hirst had been sent for to see His Excellency. His Excellency had given the young man a very courteous reception; had talked with him about English politics; had asked about his next voyage, and in every way had shown that he would be his friend. Nay, he had asked him to call and see the countess, and this the young man was fain to do. And this time the bright young courtier asked if he might have the privilege of presenting to Mistress Martha Coote a little box of feathers which he had brought from Nantes with him. He was told that they were quite the *mode* at the French court.

Really, Master Hirst, for a youngster who went to Nantes to barter salt codfish for olives, you are coming on very well!

And Judge Sewall saw Mr. Grove Hirst once and again at the Council Chamber. But the audacious youngster could contrive no way in which to be presented to Judge Sewall. The wound in the judge's heart was too sore. All the town knew who took his place at the Governor's Christmas party.

In the judge's eyes Mr. Grove Hirst was, to all men, the visible symbol of his disgrace. Whatever other man the judge would speak to in the little town, he would not speak to Mr. Grove Hirst. And, as you know, the poor judge has many things just now to make him testy. Here is Mr. Mico enraged with the treatment of his friend. Here is Captain Tuthill coming in, three times a day, to know when he may see Mistress Betty again. And Betty's eyes are red, and her cheeks are pale every time the judge sees her. Every way the poor judge is very unhappy. But, all the same, he blunders on, for he is only a man, though he be a magistrate; and he tells Captain Tuthill to try again. He tells him that "faint heart never won fair lady." And Captain Tuthill sends round to Madam Sewall, with his respectful duty, a Panama basket with two ostrich eggs in it, and some cowries and other shells. And Betty Sewall laughs like a wild creature, and says this is what the King of Ashantee—for so she chooses to dub Captain Tuthill—has sent for purchase money. Mark you, I do not know that Captain Tuthill was in the slave-trade. I only know that Betty Sewall said he was.

Poor Betty Sewall! I can almost forgive her if she were a little enraged. The week before Christmas she did not speak of Captain Tuthill as if he were the King of Ashantee. When Eunice Scott, and Miriam Addington, and Esther Aspinwall, and the other girls, talked of Captain Tuthill, whom they had met at a husking-party at the Williams's, in Roxbury, nobody had called him the King of Ashantee. And even on the morning of Christmas Day, when he called at the judge's house, and walked down to meeting with Madam Sewall, nobody called him the King of Ashantee. And, when meeting was over, and her father and mother went first, nobody called him the King of Ashantee. It had only been since she met Grove Hirst that day that she had called him the King of Ashantee.

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"And what was Grove Hirst to her?" the poor girl kept saying. "Why should she be thinking of Grove Hirst morning, noon, and night, and between whiles? Grove Hirst showed no signs of thinking of her! Here it was a fortnight or more since Christmas. All the other girls had seen Grove Hirst, and she had not seen him." Poor Betty did not remember that she would not go to Madam Sergeant's quilting, and that it was after the quilting that the other girls saw him. Poor Betty did not know that Grove Hirst was at meeting on New Year's Day, and waited at the wrong door, in hope of at least bowing to her again. Poor Betty forgot that she would not go to meeting in the afternoon. Poor Betty forgot everything but that people wanted her to marry the King of Ashantee, and that she hated him!

CHAPTER VIII.

AND Madam Sewall had to tell Betty that the captain was to call again. Betty was very wild; she would only say that she expected him—that after he had paid the ostrich eggs he was entitled to his wife. Poor Dame Sewall tried to laugh at this. She would have soothed Betty if she could, but Betty would not be soothed. Her mother told her to be ready in the evening to see him. It was a very quiet table at tea-time, you may be sure; and in the evening, at last, he came.

But where was Betty? She was here just now. There is the stocking she was mending, and her ball of yarn. The captain looked round meekly; Madam Sewall was courtesy itself, and so was the judge. At a nod from their mother, the children took their books into the kitchen. Talk dragged a little, and at last the judge said, "Will you call Betty, my dear?"

So Madam Sewall went to call Betty, and at last she called very loud; but no Betty came. And Madam Sewall sent the boys to Mr. Cotton's, and even as far as Captain Southack's and the Endicotts'. The boys were to say that their sister must come back for a very particular reason. The girl's hood and her hat were in her room. Madam Sewall came back with an anxious look, and said Betty would soon be there.

And Judge Sewall and the captain droned on and on about cowries and Congo and the middle passage. And Betty did not come at all. The captain staid an hour, and went away in a rage.

Then Madam Sewall told her husband, and then he was well frightened. He put on his cloak and went out; he even demeaned himself to ask the watch if they had seen her. Poor man! He went down to the dock and looked weakly over. There was a sort of joy to him to see the ice, which he had forgotten. But how many coves there were, where a wild girl might run down upon the ice, and who should say how far she would go then?

Poor Judge Sewall! He came home sadder than ever; and as he passed the Governor's house there was music and dancing. Could they dance so and his poor Betty stark and cold in the bay yonder?

"No, Hannah, I have not found her!"

"And she is not here!" sobbed his poor wife.

So they sat an hour, or sat and stood, or they walked the room, looked out at the door, and sat again.

It was not till the clock pointed to eleven that quietly the door opened and Betty came in.

"My dear child, where have you been?"

"Where should I be?" my dear mother. "I have been sitting in the coach in the coach-house!"

Was the girl stark mad?

No, I think she was not stark mad; but I think she would have been had she not gone into the coachhouse. Sometimes our good angels take better care of us than we take of ourselves.

When the horrid knocker sounded, when the judge went into the hall to meet his guest, when her mother passed round and snuffed the candles, Betty had stepped out at the side-door, run through the back entry, and, wholly without being noticed by Dinah or by old Rocketts, run across the plank path to the coachhouse, where stood the judge's carriage. The carriage was crowded on one side, that the sleigh and the "booby-hut," as the Boston of that day called a coach on runners, might be ready.

The girl caught up a bear-skin and wrapped it round her, and sank into the corner of the carriage, sobbing.

For two minutes there was dead silence. Then, tap—tap—tap at the door.

Betty did not breathe.

Tap—tap—tap.

Still she made no answer. They had driven her to the walls, and now they might send for the watch or the sheriff. But she would not surrender.

Tap—tap—tap, and then the door is flung open.

A man comes in. Betty does not move. He crosses the light of the open doorway. She does not breathe.

"Mistress Betty, Mistress Betty. Can I not serve you in any way?"

No answer.

"I beg your pardon for breaking in on your privacy. But if you knew how I had sought to see you. Indeed, Mistress Sewall—I was—I was watching your window from the hill-top. I saw you cross the court—and—and I made so bold as to come in."

The girl did not speak then. But she sobbed. And the young man knew where she was, and came where he could speak in low tones.

She sank back in the great carriage, sobbing. The young man did not know what to do, and he did the right thing without knowing it. This was because he acted on the impulses of a gentleman. Grove Hirst turned to the open sleigh beside him and took out a heavy wolf-skin. He wrapped it around the lady, as if he were making her ready for a sleigh-ride. He asked her if her head rested easily, as simply as if it were a matter of course that she should be sitting there.

"Oh! dear, yes," stammered the poor girl. And then she rested, and after a moment, "Now please leave me, leave me alone."

"I will leave you, if you say so," said the young man respectfully, "but I cannot leave you till I tell you why I came. It is not only since Christmas Day, it is since that day at the beach, that I have thought of you, and hoped for you, and prayed for you, every hour of my life, Mistress Betty. Every day since I landed here I have wanted to say as much to you, but your father is displeased with me, I know not why. I sent a basket of fruit to you, and he sent it back again. I made bold to send a letter, and the Indian brought it to my lodgings again within an hour. If this is at your order, I will receive your judgment like a man. But I am proud, and I will take my fate from no lips but yours."

Betty had sprung up in the carriage, and had her foot upon the step.

"They sent back your letter?" cried she, "then I am a prisoner indeed!"

For an instant the young man was as happy, perhaps, as he ever had been in his life. But for an instant only. The girl had fallen back on the seat and was sobbing, almost hysterically. The youngster did not know what to do or to say, to comfort her.

"Shall I call your mother? shall I call your maid?"

"Call nobody. Do not speak aloud," said Betty, almost whispering. And then when he hesitated a moment, "I am very foolish, do not think I am bold," and she laughed, "for I am frightened to death. It is because I am frightened that I say what I say. Please do not go away," and she laughed again. "That's a pretty speech for a girl to make, but I am so frightened. I must stay here. Nobody must know it. And I dare not stay here alone."

Now is your chance, Mr. Grove Hirst, to show yourself what you are—a gentleman through and through.

The youngster bowed most respectfully, as he might have done to his queen. "I am so glad I can serve you," he said, in a whisper. "I will stay till you bid me go. Are you sure you are warm?"

And once more, without a single allusion to what he had said of his own passion—without presuming, even in a breath, to inquire as to her secret, he assumed the tone which he might have taken if she were Mrs. Martha Coote—if she were sitting in a chair at the Governor's and he standing at her side, with a hundred people looking on. In a minute the girl had recovered her composure in the contagion of his. In a minute more she had almost forgotten where she was, as the young man skillfully used up the time in inquiries about their Salem friends and in other commonplace. And when she was at last at ease, and did forget herself so that she could speak like the gentlewoman that she was, he cherished every word, so simply but so grandly! And he answered what she said about his travels so modestly! And then what he said—it was just what a gentleman should say. It was what a gentleman should have seen—it was told as a gentleman should tell it.

Ah, me! how the time flew by! It is absurd to say they forgot where they were, but the truth was they often did forget it. Please to remember that he had been waiting for this hour for a year and six months more. They both started when the hall-clock struck eleven.

"It must be ten o'clock," said poor Betty. "He must be gone now. I will go in."

Grove Hirst led her to the door of the house.

"When may I have the honor of waiting upon you?" said he.

"That will be for my father to say," said Betty, as proud as ever.

CHAPTER IX. AND LAST.

CAPTAIN TUTHILL came the next day, and spoke with Miss Betty in her father's presence: but nothing came of it. The next day he came again; but there was company, and the judge sent him away and bade him come again. I am sure I do not know how often he would have come, but that one day, after the Council, the Earl of Bellomont, with great cordiality, asked Judge Sewall if he would stay a moment for private conference. He then told the judge that he wanted his confidential advice in regard to that knotty matter about the title to Martha's Vineyard. "Young Hirst tells me," he said, "that your notion of such things is worth more than that of a dozen of our friends here, and that all the province says so. I had guessed as much already. They will all be gossiping if I keep you here. Could you and Madam Sewall come and take pot-luck with us to-morrow at dinner? And bring your pretty daughter. The countess has taken a fancy to her. Then people will not think that we mean to talk business."

The judge walked on air as he went home. But when they went to the dinner the next day, he did not walk on air—they rode in the coach; and as her father put the wolf-skin over Betty's knee, she remembered who was the last person to wrap it round her.

It was not quite a family dinner. Besides the Governor's household, was Master Grove Hirst. And at the beginning of the Martha's Vineyard conference, Master Grove Hirst was called in; but long before it was ended, he was sitting by Betty Sewall's side, while Lady Bellomont and Madam Sewall and Mistress Martha Coote discussed the best recipe for diet-drink.

What did he say to Betty Sewall?

I am sure I do not know; I only know that the Hirsts of to-day are his great-great-great-grandsons, and hers too. I believe his courtship had its ups and downs; but in her older years she used to tell the children on Christmas Days that none of them would have been there if her father had been bidden to the GOVERNOR'S DINNER.

The Shadow Dance.

AS all constitutions are not strong enough for outdoor amusements, and Santa Claus is too kind-hearted a genius not to care for these, and to provide for the tender plants that require the atmosphere of the drawing-room, *paterfamilias* shall not call on the monarch of the closing year in vain when he requires appropriate recreations for the little ones, who, at festal seasons have vague longings for strange enjoyments, but forthwith shall be supplied with the means of gratifying the infant appetite for wonder. Magic lanterns are at hand, and many another apparatus, profuse of grotesque *figure-antics* that appear and vanish, causing intense amazement and provoking obstreperous mirth. But much more convenient than most of these is the Shadow Puppet Show, where, by a simple arrangement on the illuminated screen, the shadow of the cardboard figures can be cast, and made to perform all manner of eccentricities. Here you may see Punch and Judy dance the most fantastic of "hops," both curiously and furiously—dance, in a word, "like mad"—tossing about their legs and arms in preternatural fashion, for surely no man or woman of real flesh and blood could ever make so queer a use of either. They put the goblin Puck to shame, and make Queen Mab and her court blush with envy and rage. And yet they are but shadows of pasteboard, impaled on wires and move briskly about under the direction of a clever mortal. If our young readers desire to pass a pleasant evening, let them "rig up" a Shadow Puppet Show and peals of laughter will crown their efforts.

Janet's Hair.

Oh! loosen the snood that you wear, Janet,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet;
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair behind your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown, with a golden gloss, Janet,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist, falling down to your wrist;
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled and kissed;
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janet,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet:
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck, and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming gloss, Janet,
Revealing the dear old story, my pet!
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janet—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet;
When the Spring is young and the roses are wet
With dewdrops in each bosom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair, my pet.

Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Janet!
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue a slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * * * *

Thus ever I dream that you were, Janet,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkened and desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

From Thanksgiving to Christmas.

By Amanda M. Douglas.

KITTY TREVOR walked slowly along that chilly November day. To-morrow was Thanksgiving. For a moment a bitter thought came into her heart. What had she to give thanks for? The copying had stopped. Welsh & Bender were using a type-writer and liked it. Their young man was to do the copying for several houses from which she often had chance work. And Madame Fleury had said, an hour ago:

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Trevor, but I do not believe I shall have any more flannel embroidery. People are getting so poor and the machine-work interferes; then my daughter does a good deal. Still, you might call in a week or two before Christmas."

She had in her poor worn little pocketbook, four dollars and sixty cents. They must have coal on Saturday. There was some flour, some apples, and a little bacon in the house. How tempting the Thanksgiving turkeys looked! She had intended to buy one and a bottle of wine for Dick.

"Feed him up well, Mrs. Trevor," the doctor had said. "Good, generous living, will do more for him than all my medicine."

All the long Autumn Dick Trevor had been wrestling with typhoid fever, brought on largely by light living and discouragement. Five years before he had been a happy man, busy, prosperous, hoping in time to own the little house to which he had brought Kitty as a bride. They had planted the roses and vines and trees together; they had welcomed three little baby lives, and giving one back to God, amid many tears. They thought then there could be no deeper sorrow save that of losing each other.

But a sudden blow had fallen. Joe Hildreth, whom he loved and trusted like a brother—laughing, gay-hearted Joe, whose truth and honor he would have sworn to—had suddenly disappeared, after robbing his employer's safe. Dick Trevor was one of his bondsmen. He had meant in a year or two to lift the small mortgage on the house; now it had to be sold. For a year longer they hired it; then Dick's firm failed, and for months he was out of employment. Car-fares were quite an item, so the next Spring they moved in town. But it had been ill-luck all the time. Loss of employment, low wages, and general discouragement. All the Summer there had been nothing but chance jobs, then the fever, and he was still weak and miserable.

Kitty's was a gay, buoyant, fun-loving nature, interested and pleased with the least trifle. As a girl, she had been the prettiest dancer in all Newbury, and it seemed as if the twinkling feet always danced about in pure gladness.

She was beautiful, too, and all the stress of trouble and work had not made her old or ugly. True, she had grown graver, and the merry laugh was not heard so often: but the light, elastic step, the slender figure and trim dress seemed always the same. The gloves and boots did grow shabby, I think, but the air about her compensated.

For the last two years she had eked out their slender pittance by various devices. Now it appeared as if all was to be swept away, work was so dull, prices so small. She stopped at a shirt-store—no, they would starve on that. If she *could* go out washing, and the dollar and a quarter a day looked large to her.

What was this? A flaming advertisement for women still young and pretty. Could any one walk that difficult path and keep pure in soul?

Some spell stronger than herself urged her in.

Fifteen minutes later she came out with a scarlet face and glowing eyes.

"Never!" she said, shutting her lips firmly over her dainty white teeth. "Never that; oh, my God!"

Late that evening she crept out to market and bought a poor tumbled-about chicken that others had refused; a few cranberries, since Dick could have no wine; and a bit of celery—all at a bargain.

How she made so bright a Thanksgiving she could scarcely have told. Nell and Joe went out to a children's party, dressed up in their brave Sunday clothes, Nell's gown a piece of her mother's old one; the coal the next day, some medicine, and then—must they begin to sell off everything they held sacred?

All the next week she crocheted early and late until her eyes ached. No, she could not support the family on that. Then the temptation came back to her. Why should they go hungry and cold? Why should little Joe be compelled to give up school for want of a pair of shoes? There was money to earn. A month, perhaps, God might send something by that time. She could not see poor Dick waste away before her eyes. So she dressed herself in her shabby silk and went out.

"Nelly," she said, a few evenings later, as she stood wrapped in a waterproof, and a thick blue veil tied over her hat, "Nelly, I have had an opportunity to earn a little money. A class meets every evening around in Bond Street, and—and——" how her voice faltered! Could she tell the child an untruth? Then she cleared her throat. "I depend upon you to take care of papa, and wait upon him, and at eight o'clock put little Joe to bed. At nine you may go yourself. I shall be home a little after ten."

"Oh, is it the Bond Street School?" cried Nelly, eagerly. "Jennie Dailey's two sisters go there."

"It is not the public school, my dear," was the grave reply. "Kiss mamma good-night, dear little Joe."

With their kisses warm upon her lips what harm could befall her?

Twenty minutes past ten she was home again flushed and bright. Two dollars in that little while! Next week two dollars and a half!

"So you're teaching evening school, Nelly tells me," Dick said, reproachfully, a few days after this.

"It is only a temporary matter—about a month. I was very glad to have the chance just now."

Why did she turn her face from him? And she had always been so ready to plan everything with him.

"You might have mentioned it," he returned, moodily, wounded by her manner.

"I thought it would worry you a little, Dick. The copying fell off, and—this happened to fit in. And I take a street-car to come home, from the corner of Bond and Walnut."

"And there's the theatre on Strang Place."

"Still, I think a woman who goes quietly about her business is seldom molested. In a street-car you are certainly safe—if you have no pocket to be picked."

With that she gave a little laugh.

"Yet, I *do* hate to have you out alone in the evening. I wonder if I am never to be anything but a burden and a clog on you? Kitty, has good fortune, or Providence, or whatever you call it, forsaken us?"

"Dick!"—and now she raised her lovely eyes, swimming in tears.

"I can't help it!" he flung out, despairingly. "What evil have we done that all this should come upon us? I'm sure I have always been honest and upright, never defrauded a man of a penny or an hour's labor that was due him; and yet I have seen others preferred to me whose record was anything but clear, and every day some defaulter or thief goes unpunished. Yet do we fare any better, being honest? It was bad enough to be well and out of work, but this——"

"Dear Dick, it will all come right some time—it must."

"In the grave, maybe!"—bitterly.

She kissed him. He was too sick and morbid and despondent to be argued with.

Out of her first twelve dollars she bought him his wine again. She fed him on generous beef-steaks and dainty little messes, to tempt his appetite. He was improving.

"We shall have you out by Christmas," said the good doctor.

Something curious went over Kitty's face. He had been so used to its varying emotions. This surely was not a gleam of pleasure; he would have called it a spasm of fright, if he was in the habit of questioning. And yet, now that he thought of it, she *had* acted rather strangely of late—sometimes breaking out into a burst of gayety and humming a snatch of opera music. Then, too, she was so peculiarly reticent about her school.

Dick Trevor sat there in a rather faded dressing-gown, though it was whole, and his wristbands were scrupulously clean. Kitty had taken up her crocheting and lapsed into silence. He studied the face. How pretty it was!—a trifle thinner than in girlhood, but with the lovely contour of cheek, chin and snowy throat; the clear, bright complexion; the dainty ear; the shining chestnut hair, a mop of riotous curls and waves, and the dewy, lucid eyes. Ten years ago, almost, he had married her. She was twenty-eight, and yet she seemed to have the glamour of perpetual youth about her. She was one of the kind of women who could throw off care, and be merry in a mo-

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ment – laugh while the tears were yet in her eyes. Still, hers was not a shallow or heartless nature.

If he were dead! A pang wrenched his very soul. Would another kiss her dimpled lips, would another man draw her to his heart with a fond clasp, and whisper words of tenderness in her ear? Before their marriage he had been jealous of her once: he shivered now with the remembrance of the torture.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Nelly, flying into the room, "think of it, a whole week of holidays. Christmas is on Wednesday, you know, so school closes on Tuesday, and does not begin until the week after, on Thursday. Will your school have a holiday, too?"

"No," answered her mother, quietly. "Grown people do not care so much for holidays."

"But can't you get off Christmas Eve. I wish you could take Joe and me down town after the lamps are lighted. You know you did last year, and it was so merry! And we went to the store to meet papa. Oh, mamma, please do ask for that evening. You have never been away a Christmas Eve."

"My child, I cannot." Then she suddenly glanced up. "Why, yes, Nelly, we could go out a little after five and stay an hour."

"Oh, delightful!" Then with a child's half shy, eagerness: "I've been saving up my money and I want to buy something."

"Very well, we will go."

"And how funny mamma that there is school on Saturday night," Nelly went on, in a surprised tone. "Why, I never thought of it before. I should not like to go to school Saturdays and all."

Kitty Trevor's face was scarlet. Her husband saw the flush, and the sudden paleness.

"It ought not to be called a school at all. There are various things taught to people who cannot attend in the daytime. Yes, Joe dear, I think Nelly will go out with you and your sled a little while," to the child who stood beside her.

"Nelly."

"Yes, mamma."

She glanced up at Dick after the children had left the room. He was watching her intently. An embarrassment akin to terror overspread the fair face.

She had some secret, he knew it then. Pride and anger surged up in his heart. It was not about money, she had told him freely the amount of her earnings. And he knew now there was no schoolteaching on these evenings. What did she do? Surely she would not be afraid to tell him of any honorable occupation! What was she blushing about now?

He was well enough to walk out a little in the sunshine, but the doctor had said, "Be careful of dampness and night air." And yet know this secret he must, even if it cost him—what? Life itself? What was life worth if she had deceived him? Something surely had come over her during the past few weeks—a distance had grown up between them. If she ceased to care for him—no, it was not that, she *did* care in the way of providing comforts, but if he had not her whole heart—why, then, God help him!

For two or three days he brooded in silent misery, making a desperate resolve. He would follow her, he would know the worst. His brain was on fire, his eyes were wild with a feverish light, and she, looking at him, trembled in every pulse of her body.

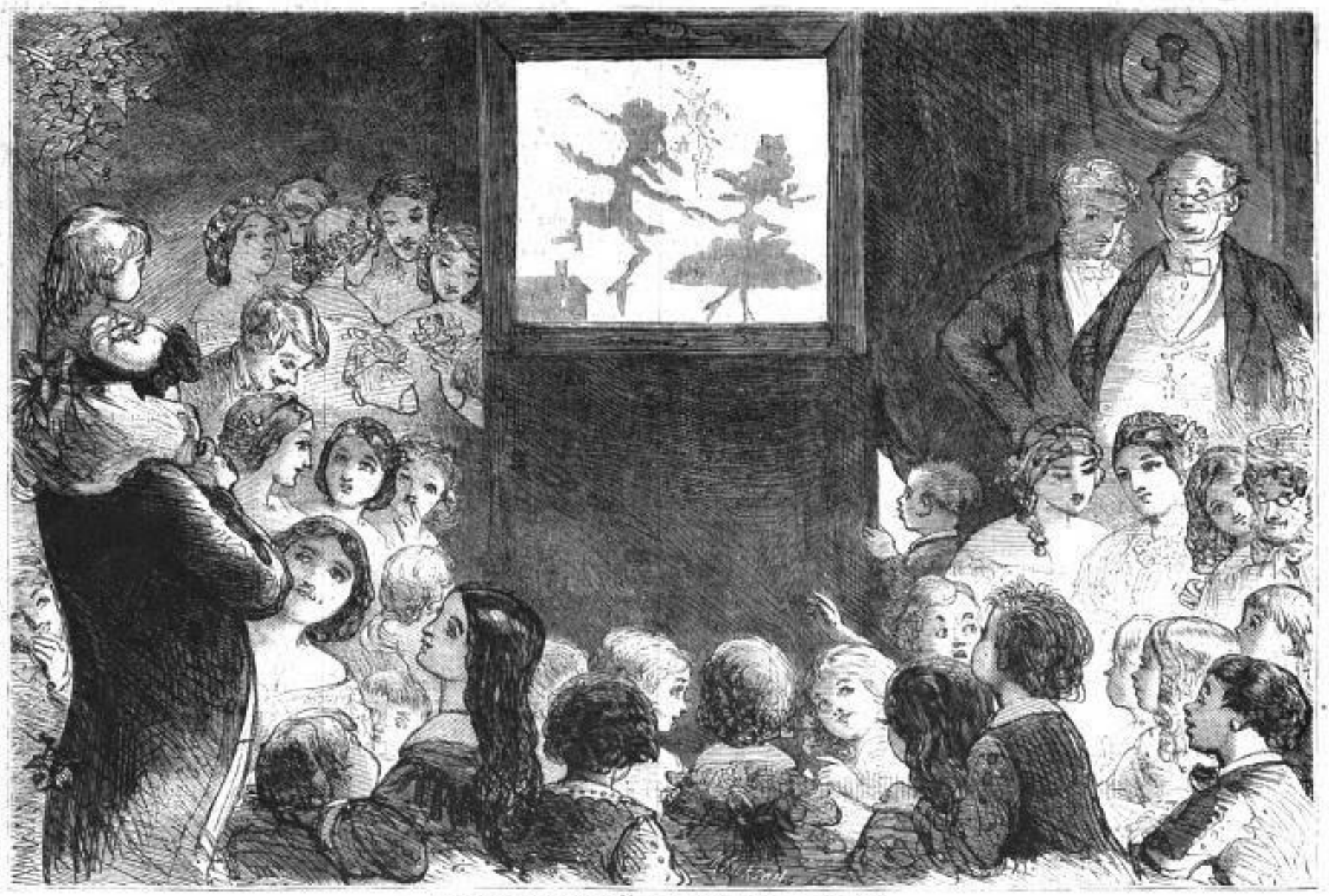
There was a little drizzling rain Monday evening. When it came to the point he had not the courage or strength, and she slipped away so quietly. To-morrow night then—Christmas Eve. Let him know the truth or falsity of this maddening doubt.

The next morning dawned gloriously. She spent most of the day in making some little preparations for the children's Christmas. Then just at dusk she took them out.

"Oh, if papa could only come," said little Joe, beseechingly.

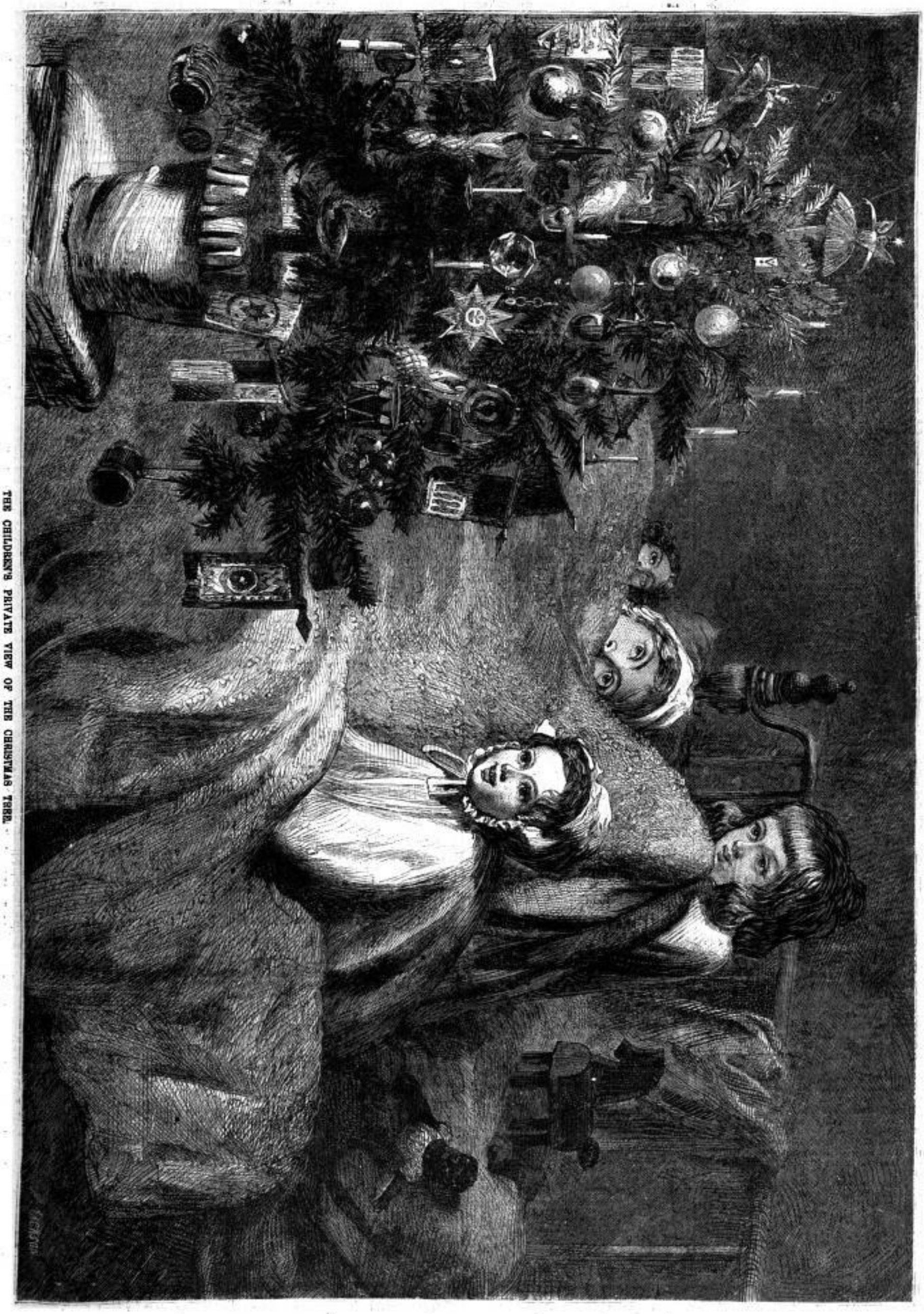


FROM THANKSGIVING TO CHRISTMAS.—"SHE SAT DOWN ON THE SOFA BESIDE HIM. HE PUT OUT ONE WHITE, TREMBLING HAND, AND SHE COVERED IT WITH KISSES—TEARS, TOO."



CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.—THE SHADOW DANCE.—SEE PAGE 311.

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THE CHILDREN'S PRIVATE VIEW OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

SEE PAGE 314.

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"Papa must keep nice and warm by the fire," she answered. Then she stooped suddenly and kissed him on the forehead, but she looked past him, not daring to meet his eyes.

After they were gone he rose with unsteady step, a bright spot burning on either cheek. All his apparel must be ready to slip into. His boots, his thick overcoat, his slouch hat. There was a muffler somewhere—she had laid it in the bureau-drawer, or was it in the closet?

The drawer was locked. Dick Trevor started at so unusual an occurrence. The washstand key fitted it, so he tried that. What was all this finery of tarletan, and lace, and gilt? Something for Nelly, no doubt. Had she money to spend on such trifles? Ah, yes, there was plenty of money nowadays. This morning he had found a bouquet on the table.

Another thing used to be hidden in a box in this drawer. His pistol. What evil genius put that in his head? He hunted it up now. It had not been loaded for a long while—indeed, there was nothing in the house to load it with—but he thrust it into his bosom. The muffler was not here, and yet this had been its place until within a day or two.

He locked the drawer and searched the closet. Gathering the things together, he hid them in the corner of the chamber that opened out of the living room. Every article that he could put on he did; then he lay down on the bed and waited breathlessly.

They came at last, full of glee and brightness, only wishing mamma could have staid longer. And, oh, had papa gone to bed? They had so much to tell him!

"Don't disturb him now," she said, softly. "It will all keep until to-morrow. Now I must be off in a hurry. Oh, my darlings, I wish I could stay home with you. Dick, dear, do you feel worse?"

"I am tired," he said, in a strained, hard voice.

She unlocked the drawer, and took out the fanciful finery, thrust it into a satchel, standing between him and the light. It was for herself, then!

"Good-night. I hope you will be able to sleep a little. You look tired out. I think you must have walked too far to-day."

"Good-night," he answered, huskily.

Then she kissed the children again and again. Always she kept their little faces before her eyes.

When he heard her shut the door, he sprang up and locked that between the room and the chamber. Hurrying on his outer garments, he emerged into the hall, and stole softly down the stairs. The confusion of night and lamplight blinded him as he first stepped into the street; but presently he distinguished the slender figure in a waterproof threading its way along rapidly.

She evidently did not mean to ride. Bond and Walnut Streets—he kept that in his mind. She certainly was going in that direction. How she hurried! He was beginning to get short of breath, and paused a moment when she disappeared. He strained his eyes; he ran a few steps. Was that she with a tall man bending over her, apparently talking? On and on they sped; now others intervened; then he caught sight of them again. They turned into Bond Street. She seemed to fly, while the man strode beside her. Then they paused, stood a moment or two talking, he gesticulating with both hands, as if imploring. Ah, if he could but reach them! The street was in a whirl; his breath came in great gasps. It seemed as if he would fall dead at their very feet!

"No, no! Be here at ten—this very spot. Do not come in for me. We will go home together; I have not another moment."

The wind seemed to bring the words to him. She disappeared, and the man stood still, as if astounded.

Dick Trevor sank down upon a stoop, panting. The man glanced at him in an idle, half-curious way. Where had he seen the face before? A good-looking, rosy, full-bearded face—a tall, fine figure—a something oddly familiar about the eyes.

He strode off down the street. The keen wind blew through Dick Trevor, and he drew his muffler closer round his throat. What place was this? No school or office, surely; and yet she had disappeared within. Why, it was one of the entrances to the Strang Place Theatre! What could she be doing here? And at ten this man was to meet her!

Dick was shivering with the cold. Opposite was a saloon, and he crossed over. The smell of beer and tobacco disgusted him, but the warmth of the stove was comforting. Two or three of the men stared at him; indeed, his pallid face was frightful. He called for a little brandy, and it seemed to revive him. Then he began to think.

It was very madness. Was he losing his senses? Visions danced before his eyes. Kitty in her youthful beauty and gayety; their first, fond, passionate love; their pretty home that he had been wronged out of by his friend's perfidy; the years of tender happiness; and in vivid contrast rose the cheerless present. Her heart had been turned from him, from her home. For a little longer she might play the hypocrite; he knew the story and how it ended. Some day he would have no wife, and his children would be worse than motherless.

Then he remembered the pistol in his bosom. This was why he had hidden it there. Yes, let them both go out of life—he had lost every thing a man holds dear—wife, home, health; and she—oh, a hundred times better it would be for her to die now, than to tread the terrible paths leading to destruction.

The man was wild, maddened with suspicion! Little incidents flashed across his mind that seemed to stamp his fancies with strongest proof. Ah, how sweetly deceitful she had been, pretending to care for him, bringing him trifling luxuries, when all the while her heart was being weaned from him. She had not dared to look him in the eyes, she had evaded his questions, and held aloof in some strange way from caresses. If he And only died weeks ago when he was at the worst! If he could have gone to his grave without knowing aught of this!

The city clocks were striking nine. He rose and walked tremblingly to the door. His work was not all done yet. Ah, how bitter keen this wind was! The streets were full of Christmas cheer; merry young folks running to-and-fro; shop windows alight with glitter; laughing voices, eager eyes, and light feet. Down the street he went. There was a pistol-gallery somewhere. Ah, here it was! Would he dare try his hand, he wondered.

He entered and glanced furtively around. There were no familiar faces. He loaded his pistol and drew near to a little group firing at a mark. He did not shiver so much now, and his brain felt preternaturally clear. No, his hand had not lost its cunning. It could do deadly work if need be.

Trevor glanced at his watch, it was high time to start. Ten o'clock. What had she been doing all this time, he wondered. Was the man watching for her? Had she really been in the theatre? Not as an actress, surely. She would not need to hide that from him. This was a variety theatre, used mostly for scenic plays. Oh, my God! What if she should be there among those tawdry, vulgar women!

Yes, here was his enemy tramping up and down. He crouched a little behind the stoop to be sheltered from the wind, and watched with a tigerish glare. The ponderous bell told off the hour again. There he waited, waited. Would she never come? Was she deceiving that watcher as well?

A light step on the stone pavement. A muffled figure, and the man halted.

"Oh, here you are! Are you wrapped warmly? Take my arm. I have been thinking of what you told me of Dick, poor fellow——"

Dick Trevor was beside them. With the grasp of a madman he tore them apart, and the next instant a pistol gleamed, was wrenched from his hand, and the three stood in deadly silence.

"Dick!"

Such a wild, pitiful cry.

"Dick Trevor, old fellow, you've cause enough to hate me; but I am not so black as I seem. Good heavens! What are you doing here? You don't remember me—Joe Hildreth?"

Others were coming out of the theatre. One or two turned to glance at them.

"Oh, let us go!" she cried, in anguish. "Dick, dear Dick, everything is against me, I know; but I can explain. Oh, why are you here in the cold?"

Dick Trevor staggered like a drunken man, and threw out his arms wildly. Hildreth led him along by main force. At the corner a cab was passing, and he hailed it, lifting in Trevor as if he had been a child, and then Kitty, who was now sobbing hysterically. The fictitious strength that had upheld Dick gave way altogether, and he fainted in Kitty's arms.

"Faster, faster!" shouted Hildreth to the driver; and, though it was but a few moments, it seemed ages to the poor wife.

"Oh, he is not dead?" she cried, as Hildreth took him out.

"No, I am sure not"—with a cheerful ring in his voice. "Where is it—up-stairs? Ah, how warm and cozy! I'll lay him right here on the sofa, and go pay the hackman."

Joe and Nelly had fallen asleep in the big arm-chair, but were roused by the sudden noise. Dick opened his eyes. Kitty was clinging to him and sobbing. What was it all about? He could not remember.

Then Joe Hildreth came in, with his breezy, inspiriting air, threw off his coat, and began to unwrap poor, bewildered Dick.

"Haven't you some sort of stimulant? He looks like a ghost. Dick, old chap, it's good news all the way through! Thank God I found you before it was too late! And right here this blessed Christmas Eve we'll have the mysteries cleared up, and you will forgive the wrong I so unwittingly worked you."

"Kitty!" Dick said, tremulously.

"Kitty is the best and bravest of little women. It was through her I found you, though I should have turned this great city upside down before I'd given up the search. There, are you comfortable? Now the wine. And this is little Joe——"

"I had better put them to bed," said Kitty.

When she returned, Joe had drawn the sofa up nearer the fire, and arranged the pillows. Dick looked ghostly enough, but, as he turned his eyes upon Kitty, he felt that whatever mystery there might be, she was pure and clear; she still loved him. Oh, my God! Had there been a dream of murder in his mind?

She sat down on the sofa beside him. He put out one white, trembling hand, and she covered it with kisses—tears too. She was his, every thought of her soul! Had he been mad, and dreamed this horror?

"Can you listen, Dick? I want to get along with my story by the dawn of Christmas. Dear old friend, can we not come back to the love of the past? And yet I have sinned against you grievously."

"Go on," said Trevor, in a husky tone, wondering still how Kitty had come in contact with him.

"Well, let us go back to five years ago the past Autumn. I think you suspected a little, Dick, that I had fallen into some bad ways. I was wild to go off to California and join some chums there, and had partly made arrangements, you know. You had warned me against too much intimacy with young Brisbin, and a little coolness between us had resulted.

"I believe I was half fascinated with him. He drank, he gambled, he kept bad company; still, he was the son of the head of our house, and when he singled me out as his friend and equal I felt elated; my wretched vanity was in a flame. Still, the worst I ever did with him was to drink a little and bet. One night he cleaned me out—more than that, I was a hundred dollars or so in debt."

"'Here's a chance, Joe,' he said, 'a ticket to California. Steamship leaves to-morrow at noon. I took it of a poor devil who had meant to go, but was sick of his bargain. I'll put it up against nothing and give you a chance.'

"Well, I won that and fifty dollars beside, and then it was almost morning. I threw myself on the sofa in his room and fell asleep. I shall always believe the wine I had been drinking was drugged. At nine he woke me."

"'Come,' he said, 'if you are going to start at twelve you had better bestir yourself.'

"After a few minutes it all came back to me. I was in a reckless mood. As well go now as any time. Here was my ticket and some money. I had just begun a new month at the store, and the few days' salary was no object. I went to my boarding-house and packed my trunk, and Brisbin sent a hack. I found him in it."

"'My dear fellow,' said he, 'I've been to the store and made it all right. They were quite taken by surprise, especially the governor; but it's a jolly lark! Now, if you want to write any farewells to any one I will see them safely delivered.'

"'I was thinking,' I returned, 'that it is a very sudden move, but I'm not in debt save a trifle to you, and I have been doing nothing criminal, so I can go off with a clear conscience. But if you will take charge of two notes for me?'

"'Gladly, my dear fellow.'

"One was to you."

"And it never reached us," interposed Kitty.

"There was a very good reason. I used to wonder on shipboard, when I came to my senses, why he was so interested in getting me away."

"And you mean to say, Joe Hildreth, that there was no reason for your sudden disappearance?"

Dick Trevor sat up as if roused by an electric shock, his eyes staring wildly, his whole frame shaken as if in an ague.

"No criminal reason, thank God! It is a hand clear of murder or dishonesty," and he clasped Dick's warmly.

"Well, I reached San Francisco, I hunted up Sam Bender, found a boarding-place and a situation, and in a month's time was down with a fever. When I was getting well I wrote again."

"But we did not receive that either," explained Kitty.

"The fates were against me, surely; I had all kinds of bad luck. I tried the diggings and failed, I made a little money and was robbed, and so it went on for three years. Then I started off for Black Hills, and made a fortune in time. I heard the old house of Brisbin & Chapman and that of many others had gone under. I resolved to start for home and hunt you up, Dick. The last night of my stay a new party came in, among them one poor miserable fellow at the point of death. My own misfortunes had given me a tender feeling for others, and I went to inquire about him. Dick, as I live it was our old office-boy and messenger, Murray Thorne! I watched him that night, for it was plain to see that his hours were numbered; and, Dick, he made me a curious confession. You know one part of it. The very day I sailed he abstracted a package of money from the safe, and handed it over to James Brisbin. It contained twelve thousand dollars, and he had two thousand for his share. It was laid to me very naturally. My bondsmen made good six thousand of the sum, and young Brisbin interceded to have the matter hushed up. This was the very first I had heard of it. I wrote out the deposition, and Thorne signed it before witnesses."

"Good heavens! and you were innocent!" cried Dick Trevor.

"I was innocent," said Joe Hildreth, proudly. "You may fancy that I lost no time in coming back. The first man I sought out was James Brisbin. He has married an heiress, you know, and is a great railroad man. If I had risen from the dead he could not have been more surprised. I read him Thorne's confession. He asked to see it. There was a grate-fire burning in the room, and, like a flash, he threw it in the flames.

"'Where is your proof now?' he asked, jeeringly.

"'Safe in a lawyer's hands,' said I. 'Did you imagine that I was fool enough to trust the original with you?'

"He undertook to brave it out, but the fact was, I had been in his company all that night until the time of my sailing, and Chapman had put the package in the safe, and locked it up. Thorne took it out the next morning. I had my man cornered, and then he begged abjectly that I would not disgrace him by raking up the old story. He would reinstate me in the good opinion of those I really cared for, and return the six thousand to my two bondsmen. When I saw this done, I tore up poor Thorne's confession. Meanwhile I had been hunting for you. I found you had been compelled to give up your pretty cottage, and that somehow in all the changes you had dropped out of the familiar haunts. Day after day it was the same fruitless search. Then some one told me you were dead, but I still resolved to find Kitty and the children. Last evening I entered the theatre——"

"Oh, let me tell him," interposed Kitty, with a burning, tearful face. "Dick, my darling, I could not see you and the children starve. Everything else failed. I could get this engagement to dance at the theatre. It was no school. I tried hard not to deceive any one. I went and came with the utmost secrecy, but I began to feel that you suspected something, and last Saturday night I gave up my post; for, oh, Dick, it was better to starve than to make you miserable. They could not get the woman they wanted until to-morrow, and so I went these two nights."

Kitty broke down, sobbing.

"My darling!" and her husband laid his hand on her bowed head.

For his sake! Oh, how he had misjudged her!

There was a long silence that Joe Hildreth broke, in a tremulous voice:

"I knew that was Kitty Trevor. She danced so differently from the rest, so bewitchingly. I made some inquiries, but I fancied she would use an assumed name. Then I followed her home, and this morning I learned you were living here, and had been ill a long time. I scarcely knew how to thrust myself upon you. I saw Kitty go out with the children, and come back again. I wondered if she would go to the theatre, and waited, resolved to waylay her. She tripped down the steps presently, and after a block or two I came up close in the crowd and said, 'Kitty, I am Joe Hildreth, an innocent man, and not the villain you have thought me. I have a long story to tell you and Dick, but I would like you to listen to a few facts first'; and Kitty, brave little woman that she is, neither screamed nor fainted."

"I knew the voice in an instant," replied Kitty, "and it seemed like the voice of a heaven-sent friend. I had given up every earthly aid, and was trying to cling to Providence only. Oh, my friend! Oh, my husband!"

They clasped each other's hands in silence, and for many minutes no one spoke.

Hark! What is that? Christmas bells are ringing, for midnight has come, and ushers in the new dawn; and in the street below go by a youthful group from a neighboring church, singing a tender carol. It is a time to forgive and forget, to clasp hands anew in friendship, to trust in the God of yesterday and the Christ of to-day—new-born, and yet a part of the eternal mystery.

"I have been crazy to doubt you, Kitty," said Dick Trevor, with a sob in his voice. "My God! To think——"

And he shuddered.

"It is all past with the old day," said Kitty, with the voice of an angel.

She could see how it would end. Love had been given back to her purified, friendship had returned with stronger bonds than those of the past. And thus began Kitty Trevor's Christmas.

The Private View.

WHEN the managers of theatres and other places of amusement have got ready, with infinite cost and pains, the most popular exhibitions of the season, it is the usual custom to invite a few not unfriendly critics to inspect "the properties," look at the effective pieces of scenery, and in due time witness the rehearsal. Such seems to have been the idea of some good-natured but treacherous nursemaid—so may the reader conjecture—who has permitted three or four young spectators of the Christmas Tree shown in our illustration to taste the perilous and unadvisable enjoyment of seeing before the due time, and in a very improper place, the rich and splendid fruitage of the splendid plant which blooms in the warm rays of the festive hearth on the night of the 24th of December. It is a very improper place, as any mother of a family would say. A Christmas Tree in bed! Why, it's turning the world upside down to think of such a thing. What if the children *did* lie awake talking about it, Miss Mary and Miss Lucy in their bed together, saying they hoped there would be a nice doll to be sister to their old dolly; while Master Frank, in his cot, was calling out to them, saying he knew his papa had brought home a lot of swords, and whips, and drums? Was that any reason for fetching the Christmas Tree out of the back parlor, where their mamma and Aunt Jane had left it when it was finished, meaning to have it locked up in the coal-cellar and kept there all next day, to be brought out at the party in the evening, between the last game at forfeits and the supper? Certainly not. This is very wrong, nurse; we have a great mind to give you warning. And, God bless these children, will they ever go to sleep, now that they have seen the Christmas Tree? Oh, you foolish little folk, all your pleasure for to-morrow night will be spoiled, and when the tree is ever so beautifully lighted up you will not care so much about it because of this Private View.

CAVALTO.

By Mrs. M. V. Victor.

And the little lady grew silent and thin,
Pining and c er pining,
As the way is with a his chagrin.
—BROWNING.

CHAPTER I.

KATHLEEN GARLAND went to bed very tired and very happy. In fact, so tired and so happy that she could not rest. To-morrow, the 6th of September, was set for her wedding-day. She was to be married at eight o'clock the next evening, in Grace Church, to Coventry Faye. She had been to a concert with her father and Mr. Faye, and the latter, knowing, as he said, that she must be quite worn out with the many excitements of the day, had bidden her good-night at the door.

Kathleen had obeyed his expressed wish and gone straight to bed, promising that she would not think of rising before ten in the morning, since he had whispered that he wanted her to be fresh and bright for the afternoon.

The trying on of her costumes from Paris, the being constantly consulted about the arrangements, the anticipation of the stately ceremony at the church, had wearied Kathleen.

She shut her eyes together tight, counted one hundred, tried to fix her mind on the monotonous rise and fall of the sea—as she had been told to do when she desired to woo reluctant sleep—to no avail. Suddenly she slipped out of bed and went to her open window.

The night was close and warm for the middle of September. A high, bright moon shone down between the tall city houses on her pretty, childish face—Kathleen was just eighteen—gilding the ripples of gold-brown hair which streamed down either side of it and curled up on her shoulders. Her dreamy eyes fixed themselves on this glorious moon for a few moments, then dropped slowly down the azure spaces until the opposite roofs came in view—down past the closed blinds of the upper story of the house facing her, down until they suddenly rested on an open window of the third floor. For the girl's eyes saw something there which held them.

Kathleen's chamber was also on the third floor of her father's house—a rear room, looking across the two small yards into the one which confronted it.

There were lights in that other apartment. One of Kathleen's high-bred delicacy would, ordinarily, have turned away from looking into a private room; yet she was so fascinated by what she saw, from the first—so fascinated and so amazed, that she utterly forgot any lesser consideration.

What she saw was this: four persons, one of them a young, wasted creature, a girl, with long black hair falling over her pillow, as she lay propped up in her sick bed. On one side of the bed stood a woman, supposably a nurse, with a wine-glass ready in her hand, in case it should be needed. On the opposite side, two men: one, a white-haired clergyman, holding a prayer-book; the other a young man, who stood as close to the sick lady as possible, his right hand clasping her right hand. From the position and movements of the parties, it was perfectly evident that a mar-

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riage ceremony was being solemnized. Kathleen distinctly saw the young gentleman take a ring from his little finger, hand it to the clergyman, receive it again from him, and place it on the sick girl's hand.

She almost imagined that she heard the words uttered; and when the minister and the new-made husband knelt, she, too, dropped on her knees in complete sympathy with the scene.

Then the hero of this midnight marriage arose, kissed his pale wife on the brow, and turned to speak with the clergyman.

Then it was it seemed to Kathleen that a knife was driven into her heart and that she was dying. A horrible pain went through bosom and brain; sparks floated before her darkening eyes; she could not see. But she had seen enough!

As the bridegroom turned, the light of two burners each side of a dressing-mirror, shone full upon his face. It was Coventry Faye! Without the shadow of a doubt, it was the man Kathleen expected to marry on the morrow. She had recognized, all the time, a strange familiarity in the tall, lithe figure, which she did not understand until she had that one conclusive look at his face.

Kathleen seemed to herself to be falling down eternity in blackness and flame. She had only swooned, poor child. When she came to her senses, she was chilled by the damp air rushing in; the moon had set, the first faint glimmer of dawn was in the sky.

She crept back into her soft nest, and lay there shivering. Hours ticked themselves away in the heart of the jeweled watch under her pillow. It had been broad daylight a long time. No one came to arouse the bride-elect, for they liked her to have a good rest before the excitement of the day began.

Kathleen looked more than once at her watch. When it told her the hour of ten had arrived, she arose, rang for her maid, and began to dress.

"You are very pale, Miss Kathleen; let me bring you a cup of tea."

Her young mistress did not object, and the girl brought it, strong and hot, and Kathleen drank it.

"Your father's love, and hopes you are well this morning."

"Quite, quite well, tell him, Susan."

Susan shook her head and muttered to herself as she went on dressing her young lady in a dark-blue silk which she was to wear until it came time to assume her wedding attire.

Word came that Mr. Faye was in the drawing-room before Kathleen was ready to go down. Susan saw a single chill or tremor run through her.

"Perhaps it's only nervousness that makes her look so strange."

Kathleen took her way through the front chamber, where a white satin robe and a lace veil lay on the silken counterpane of another bed. There was evidence of quiet stir and excitement through the house as she went down the stairs; the odor of flowers was oppressive; men were wreathing the staircase with smilax and roses; plants, confections, wedding-presents were crowding in.

Coventry Faye stood expecting her, impatiently, as she entered the drawing-room, closing the door behind her. Thin, tall and dazzling, she came toward him, the golden masses of her crimpled hair gleaming like an aureole about her stern, pale young face. He sprang to clasp her to his bosom, when she recoiled a step, holding up her hand in warning.

"Why, Kathie, sweet! Is my Kathie ill? What is the matter?"

He, too, changed color as he spoke. Guilt, or anxiety, or both, drove the blood away from his warm, olive-tinted face.

Before she answered him, Kathleen glanced at his left hand; the ring he usually wore, the ring she had given him, was gone!

"Kathie, dear," he repeated, after a silence; and his wooing voice never before seemed to her so irresistible.

"Not Kathie and not dear, to you, Mr. Faye! I have changed my mind at the eleventh hour. I shall not marry you this evening, nor any other time!"

"Do not speak my death-sentence! I infer from your manner, Kathleen, that you know—have heard—that you believe me——"

"I know what I saw, looking across from my room into the one opposite at half-past twelve last night. You were married to one woman a few hours ago; would you marry another in a few hours more, Mr. Faye?"

"That poor girl is dead, Kathie."

"The more shame on you then, as a creature utterly without heart or conscience! What! I, Kathleen Garland, am to wed a widower who has mourned for less than twenty-four hours the loss of his first dear wife! I thank you—so!"

The unutterable scorn which flashed from her lips and eyes seemed to wither her lover almost as if he had been scorched by lightning. He shrank a step back, and his head sank on his breast. After a moment, during which he tried hard to recover himself, he said, still not looking her in the face, and speaking in a low, constrained voice:

"Do not look, do not speak like that, my own Kathie! I can explain to you the strange and complex circumstances which drew me on to the culminating episode of last night."

"You married the woman you loved, I have no doubt, Mr. Faye; and now you would secure the one who brings you money and position. That is easy to comprehend. I desire no explanation—refuse to listen to any. You have always assured me that I was your one and only love. To be false in one thing is to be false in all. I bid you good-morning, and leave you entirely at leisure to attend to the funeral of your wife."

Sweeping before him a stately courtesy, she walked out of the room. Up the rose-wreathed staircase she returned, sat down to the writing-desk in her room, penned a hasty note to her father; then, quickly donning a traveling hat and mantle, and snatching her purse from an enameled box on her bureau, she ran down and gained the street before her maid had reluctantly broken off a brief flirtation with a young confectioner in the dining-room.

In the terrible wakefulness of the early morning, Kathleen had arranged in her mind the course she meant to pursue.

CHAPTER II.

THE matrons of society were vexed to lose the excellent supper, the clergyman was annoyed at missing an extravagant fee, the bridesmaids were angry at not having an opportunity of displaying their Parisian toilets, and Mr. Garland enraged at the scandal brought down about his ears. Yet none of these disturbed persons could alter the situation. Miss Garland had changed her mind; would not marry; had gone to spend some time with a Quaker aunt in Philadelphia.

Coventry Faye vouchsafed no explanations, but kept himself nobody knew where, until a week after the wedding-day which was to have been; then those interested noticed his name on the passenger-list of a Havre-bound steamer. It was rumored that he intended to remain abroad three years. Not a soul, not even Mr. Garland, was able to say with any precision of facts, which of the two had been to blame. The least of the wild rumors flying about made Miss Garland a flirt and Mr. Faye a fortune-seeker. Worse things were whispered, but did no serious damage after the excitement had died away.

When Kathleen knew to a certainty that Mr. Faye was where there was no likelihood of her meeting him, she returned home. By this time the gay season of New York society was fairly open; and, brightest of the bright, loveliest of the lovely, Miss Garland was to be seen at tea-fights and germans, at receptions and in her opera-box. To superficial observers, her broken engagement—broken almost at the altar—had not affected her deeply. Entering the lists with half a dozen other beauties, she contended for the palm of belleship with brilliant success. Before Lent sent these beauties into penitential semi-retirement, it was freely stated that she was again affianced.

A very rich young Cuban, Señor Carlos Cavalto, had certainly fallen passionately in love with Miss Garland. The contrast of her blonde loveliness to his own dark, intense beauty; the rose-bloom of her delicate face, the golden glamours of her hair, the pure blue of her eyes, bewitched him.

Kathleen, in the wicked, desperate mood now habitual with her, had played with his heart as if it had been only a blood-red rose; until, suddenly, she found it such dangerous amusement that, in a mere fright, she engaged herself to this fiery lover, who demanded it of her almost as he would have demanded a duel of the man who had struck him on the cheek. The suspicion that she had been trifling with him made his declaration a challenge.

No sooner, however, had she promised to marry Señor Cavalto, than Kathleen began to lose spirit and bloom. A false excitement had rendered her unnaturally brilliant; now a dull, slow reaction stole the color from her face and the sparkle from her wit.

The señor was very fond of gayety, and when the forty days of sackcloth and ashes were worn through, he wanted his beautiful betrothed to go with him to balls and theatres incessantly. If she refused, he said that she did it to vex him; she had been fond enough of going before their engagement. If she went, he told her she was *distrait*—that it was an insult to him to be so pale and spiritless. She made a desperate effort to overcome her fixed melancholy, yet she could not hide from her lover that she was pining, and ever pining. He knew all about her former love affair—at least, all that the world knew—before he offered himself to her; so he had no right to fling it in her face, as he finally did, made perfectly miserable by his jealousy.

"No, Carlos," she answered his accusation, looking straight at him with her sad, clear eyes, "I do not care for that man. He killed my love for him stone dead. Truly, I think I am ill. If I were well, I should have more spirit to go about with you, and be what you like—what you thought I was. You had better give me up. I shall never satisfy your eager nature. But then, I am quite sure I shall not live a year."

Regarding her with a new anxiety, he saw, almost with terror, that she really was fading; and it seemed to him that he would rather have her, dead and moldering in her coffin, than any other woman it was possible for life to offer him.

"Then, Kathleen, I will not tease you or tire you any more; but I shall die when you do—I cannot live without you!"

"Men may die and worms may eat them, but not for love!" she said, with that mocking, dazzling smile that was all her own.

"Kathleen, I have never before asked you—have you any objection to telling me why you did not marry Mr. Faye?"

"You have a right to know, Carlos. He married somebody else the night before he was to have made me his wife."

"The scoundrel! Why did you not shoot him through the heart? Kathleen, I am afraid you love him yet!"

"I do not think I do. My respect for him has gone, you see."

"Will you tell me the circumstances?"

She related to him the discovery of that fatal night, adding that Mr. Faye expected to wed her the following day, as if nothing had come between them, knowing that the girl he married was dying at the time.

"She did die, I suppose, that night. He said she did. It is my impression she left him money. He was poor before that; now, I hear, he is living abroad in luxurious style. His hypocrisy to one or the other of us must have been detestable! He got her riches, doubtless—yet he coveted mine too. He was doubly false and venal—twice a scoundrel—don't you think so, Carlos?"

Carlos's head had sunk low on his arm where it rested on the sofa. He did not answer her for some little time. When he raised his face it was white and changed; he looked at her so strangely with those fiery eyes that she grew almost afraid.

"I did not know it until this hour, I swear to you, by Mary, the Mother of God, but it was my own sweet sister who married Señor Coventry Faye on her death-bed!"

It was Kathleen's turn to open wide her wondering eyes.

"I cannot tell you anything more to-night; I must have time to think. This has come upon me like a hurtful blow—it stuns me. God be with you, my darling, and good-night."

She rose up to follow him to the door, but he did not wait for her, or turn for a last loving look—rushing out of the house as if driven by an invisible fiend.

It was at the end of two long, dragging days, that he again presented himself before Kathleen. He looked ill and haggard; but he was not so occupied with himself but that he noticed that she, too, was paler and thinner than when he had seen her last.

"Swear to me that you do not love that man, and I will tell you my sister's story."

Kathleen began to tremble. She had had two endless days in which to ponder on the señor's strange looks when he learned the secret of Mr. Faye's midnight marriage. He had not accused Coventry of any wrong.

For the first time, she was sorry she had not allowed Coventry to tell his story to her the day they parted. The first faint breath of a coming storm was stirring and whispering in her heart.

"Swear that you will not break your troth with me, whatever I tell you!" he cried, with rising passion.

"Oh, Carlos! do not ask me to swear anything! Tell me the truth," she pleaded, trembling more and more.

"Swear! swear! Swear that you hate him—that you love me! Swear that you will be my beautiful, blue-eyed wife, if you have to wade through seas of blood to meet me at the altar!"

"Carlos, are you mad?"

He burst into a horrible laugh that surprised and terrified her.

"What makes you ask me that? Mad? No, nor ever will be. It is in the Cavalto blood—but not in mine. My father spent years, walled up in one room of his great palace, before he died. But I—I am like my mother. She always declared I would escape the doom. My pretty sister—*she* was a little touched; and, happily, she died early. Let that question go, beloved Kathleen. We will not discuss it. What was it I wanted you to do? Let me think. Oh, yes! I wanted to see how you would look if I made a rope of your golden hair, and twisted it about your neck, very tight!"

They were in the long, double drawing-room, and Kathleen had been slowly backing down the room—away from those burning, blood-shot eyes; but he had followed as she retreated, and his hot breath was in her face as he uttered the last sentence.

The door was open into the hall; but she dared not turn her eyes from his long enough to see if any help was at hand; she did not know where her father was, or John, the footman. She dared not make the attempt to dart aside, or even to place a table between them; and so she brought up against the mirrored wall between the two windows, and stood there, trying to face him down with calm, smiling eyes, while her heart leaped inside her bosom with short, quick leaps, as if it would burst its bounds.

Was her pride in her long, glorious golden hair to be the death of her? She had let it out of its braids that afternoon, simply tying it back with a blue ribbon; for she liked sometimes to wear it in that girlish fashion, and to see it glimmer and shimmer about her, as if she were a naiad inside a golden fountain.

The singular glance of Cavalto darted from the long tresses to the fair, slender neck. He stood about an arm's-length from her, and still she forced herself to smile at him, and keep down the ghastly terror which crouched behind that courageous smile.

She realized that this was no longer Carlos, her fond and tender lover, but a madman, at whose mercy she was. Her strained ear ached for the sound of a coming step; but the silence was absolute.

Perhaps her brave gaze wavered from sheer exhaustion—all of a sudden, the lithe arms were about her with a tenacious grasp, while the faint scream that struggled in her throat was choked back by the cruel cord made of her own silken hair, wound about and about her throat by the cunning fingers of Cavalto, till all grew black, and she suffered no more.

CHAPTER III.

THE Summer preceding that in which he became engaged to Miss Garland, Coventry Faye spent at a certain quiet sea-side resort, patronized by a class of wealthy and refined people who shunned the more popular watering-places. Faye was not wealthy—he could afford only an attic-room in a cottage; but the sea-views were superb, and he had come simply and solely to paint marine pictures.

The old-fashioned New England village sprawled itself out on the shore of a lovely bay, which gave safe harborage to the yachts and pleasure-vessels of the Summer crew, as well as to the rough boats and smacks of the fishermen. Faye spent more than half of his time on the water. He was heart-free that Summer, and wooed no goddess but Fame.

At one of the two great hotels, there was stopping for the season a young Cuban and his sister, who attracted more attention than any other pair. Their riches were known to be princely; they were beautiful, graceful, bright—ready to please and be pleased.

The señor was devoted to his sister—a slim, dark young creature, with eyes as soft as planets, and as bright as fire. The credentials of the Cavaltos were faultless, and everybody was ready to pay court to them.

Coventry Faye heard of them some time before he met them. His acquaintance with them came about entirely by chance. He was out on the bay one afternoon of a sultry July day, his row-boat anchored while he made a little study in water-colors of a rocky point, when suddenly a small sailing-vessel which had been hovering near, capsized. The flaw of wind which struck it and sent it over, scarcely rippled the bay. Faye was astonished to see it go over—a moment's cloud over the face of the sun, a moment's darkness over the rolling waters, seemed insufficient to account for the accident.

In an instant he thought of the ill-fated *Mohawk*, which had capsized in just such a passing flurry of air, which had scarcely kissed the smooth bay.

With all the skill of a practised oarsman, he hurried to to the scene of danger—found a gentleman supporting a lady in the water, both of them nearly exhausted, got them into his shell of a boat, and took them ashore; leaving a sailor, who declared himself able to keep afloat until other help came, to be rescued by a fisherman, who was coming up from a more distant point.

At first, this little adventure would seem to have been most fortunate for the artist. The gratitude of young Cavalto and his sister was ardent and boundless, and was expressed with the passionate freedom of the South. Faye was their friend, their savior, their hero. They complained bitterly if he failed to reciprocate their admiration and friendship.

They would have his society—he must share their pleasures. No matter about his painting—it was quite too delightful Summer weather for painting; leave that for the dull Winter! Carlos ordered thousands of dollars' worth of pictures. Every study in his friend's portfolio was admired, and a finished work from it desired.

Faye could not, in two years, do all thus engaged and half paid for in advance. No longer poor and struggling, his future was assured. The friendship of the wealthy Cavaltos was a gold mine.

Yet, is it not one of the immutable laws that we must pay to the uttermost farthing for all that we have in this world? Coventry Faye had to pay heavily for the patronage of these two. They gave with unstinted liberality of their affection, their appreciation, their riches; but that which was asked in return amounted to more than he could afford to give.

Rosa Cavalto could not or did not conceal from him that she loved him. She had the impulsiveness and passion of her race, with no mother or sister to advise her. She was modest, and she was pure; but she gave her love, unsought and freely, as a young queen would grant knighthood to her hero.

She evidently never dreamed that it could be refused. Accustomed to admiration and homage, how could she infer that her hand, her wealth, and her beauty, would be unwelcome to a poor painter?

Faye had his ideal of womanhood—some "Lily maid of Estalot," with bright, fair hair, cheeks the faint pink of the wild rose, and a soul so sensitive that its petals would close at the approach of love. He meant to win him such a wife as that some day, when his talents would enable him to support her.

The open admiration of the dark-eyed Cuban repelled him. He felt a warm friendship for her, as for her brother; but he could not love her—and he would not be tempted by her position and fortune to pretend that he did.

He never forgot the quiver of Miss Cavalto's lip, or the imploring, piteous look of her eyes, when they parted that Autumn in New York—he to go to his studio, she to sail for her home. He seemed cruel, to his own observation, because he could let her go as he did; but Love is a high-flying, willful bird, who will not come or go at command.

And scarcely had he begun the Winter, before he met the "lily maid" of his dreams. Kathleen Garland—slim and tall and fair, with delicately blooming face, golden hair, blue eyes, and a nature so reserved that it took him months to win one sweet, lingering look from under those long lashes—dawned upon him in her young beauty; the very girl his fancy had pictured.

It took some time, too, for Coventry Faye to humble that pride of his to the fact that Kathleen's father was rich, while he was poor. He had now a good income, and some fame; yet he knew, even after Mr. Garland had given him permission to marry his daughter, that the old merchant was disappointed in Kathleen's choice, and would have preferred money to brains. This consciousness rankled like a thorn in his breast. Perhaps he needed this pain to keep him from being too happy.

He had kept up a desultory correspondence with Carlos Cavalto, and as soon as he was engaged to Kathleen he wrote of it to his friend, expecting that Carlos would inform Rosa, and so, if they ever met again, there would be less embarrassment.

Summer came round again, and he avoided the little seaside resort to which the Cubans went as before. Carlos seldom wrote to him that season; when he did, he said always that Rosa's health was failing. Coventry was sorry—he heard this bad news with a bitter regret that was almost remorse; but he and Kathleen were in the seventh heaven of their betrothal, and their wedding-day was drawing nigh.

It is not strange that the lover never mentioned to Kathleen his friendship with the Cavaltos. A chivalrous delicacy toward Miss Cavalto, more than anything else, caused him to shrink from speaking of her. All that Kathleen knew was that a Cuban gentleman warmly admired and freely purchased Coventry's pictures.

One morning, only a week previous to the day set for his marriage, Faye sat in his studio, lost in gloomy, half-angry brooding. Mr. Garland had made some remark the previous evening about marrying money, which had wounded and hurt him almost mortally. If he had not felt that to give up Kathleen would be to break her heart as well as his own, he would have flung his scorn in the face of the haughty old merchant.

As he nursed his unhappy thoughts, who should walk in upon him but Carlos? They embraced as tenderly as two girls, and then Faye saw that his friend was in trouble.

"How is Miss Cavalto?"

"Ah, my dear friend, I am the most wretched brother that ever lived! The doctors have given her up. My only relative on earth, my darling sister, can live but a few days. Ah, Coventry, how shameful, how cruel and hard it was that you could not love her! Her affection for you has been the death of her. She has never been the same sister since she parted from you. I have been obliged to see her fade from day to day—to

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feel that I was losing her—to know that she, my beautiful, my proud sister, whose suitors have been numbered by hundreds, loved one who felt for her only pity. My God! why must this have been? Faye, I wonder that I do not curse you. I wonder that I do not hate you for saving our lives only to make us both wretched. Far better my dear Rosa had been drowned that day! As for me, I know what is in store for me after she dies—a madhouse cell! Yes, I feel it—I know what is coming. My father died raving, and so shall I. But I did not come to you to complain. I came to ask you to grant my darling's dying request. She wants to see you once more. Here is our address. Will you call upon us at eight this evening?"

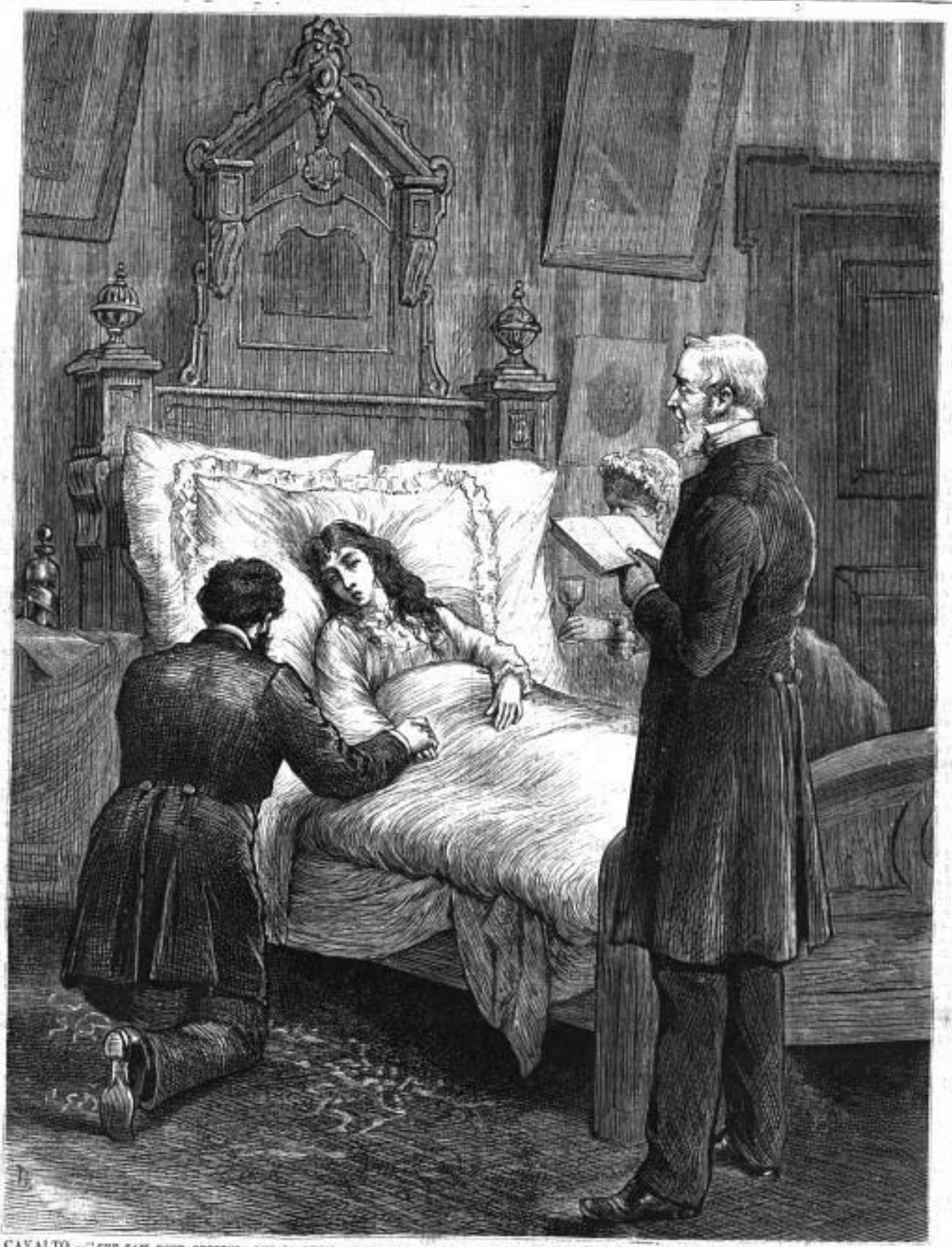
Coventry's eyes were blind with tears as he promised to go. Carlos did not linger long; topics of ordinary interest neither of them could discuss, and he soon went away. That evening Coventry sent a note to Kathleen that he should not be able to call until late, if at all. He found the address of the Cavaltos to be that of a fashionable boarding-house on a street running parallel with and next to that on which the Garlands lived.

Carlos came down to meet him when his card was sent up, conducting him at once to his sister. Although he had been told of her fatal illness, Coventry could not be prepared to see this pale shadow of the beautiful and brilliant girl, who lay on the bed in her large, airy sleeping-chamber, a ghost of the gay Rosa Cavalto, except for the great, bright eyes which turned eagerly to smile upon him.

A pang went through Coventry's heart. He had the affection of a brother for this fated girl; he would have given up everything to save her—*except Kathleen*. As he took the little, wasted hand she extended, he burst into tears.

"You pity me," she whispered, "but you do not love me. Are you married yet, Mr. Faye?"

He shook his head; he could not command his voice to speak.



CAVALTO.—"SHE SAW FOUR PERSONS—ONE OF THEM A YOUNG, WASTED GIRL, A NURSE AND TWO MEN: ONE A CLERGYMAN, THE OTHER A YOUNG MAN."

"I am glad of that, for I have a plan. The doctors tell me that I cannot live a week. I want you to marry me."

He almost dropped the little, feverish hand, but, looking at him steadily with those glorious eyes, she went on:

"She you love need know nothing of this. It will be for a few hours, or days, at the most. I have confessed to my father; I have made my peace with the world; but I cannot die happy unless you allow me to call you my husband for a little, little while! Is it so much to ask? Can you not do this much for one who is dying because she loves you too well?"

Faye felt that he was worse than a heathen, worse than a brute, not to be able to assent willingly to this curious proposition. Carlos stood by, regarding him with restless, burning eyes, as if he would resent any hesitation on his part as a deadly insult. Still, the image of Kathleen before her lover's mind made it impossible to consent. Supposing Rosa should live, and his wedding-day but a week off? He caressed the thin hand: he spoke gently and soothingly; he told her how fond he was of her—how he loved her purely and truly as a dear sister—should never forget her; but that he thought it would be a wrong to the young lady he was so soon to wed to vow such vows to any other.

It was by far the hardest thing he had ever had to do to get out of that room without promising. He did, however, promise to come again.

He went the next day, and Miss Cavalto renewed her appeal. She clung to it with strange obstinacy.

"Oh," said she, with a bitter moan, "I want to die, I suffer so; yet I cannot die until we are married. You are keeping my soul in my dead body by holding out against this wish of mine. Why, I am dead—dead already! My soul longs to take its flight, and you will not release it, who are so cruel to me who love you so?"

At last the scruples of the strangely perplexed man gave way before such agonized pleading as this, and he compromised with her by solemnly swearing to come and marry her whenever the physician certified that she could not live twenty-four hours. She yielded to this singular promise, and he returned to his every day life like one who still sleeps and dreams. Nothing appeared natural to him. He lived in such a state of anxiety, with such a strain upon his nerves, it was no wonder Kathleen thought afterward, that his heart had not been with her those days before the wed-



MRS. PRYNNE'S SANTA CLAUS.—"SHE SAW NOT THE VILLAIN WHO STOLE WITH CAUTIOUS STEPS ACROSS THE FLOOR." SEE PAGE 318.



MRS. PRYNNE'S SANTA CLAUS.—"IF I M GOES BACK, ALL IS OVER BETWEEN US."

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CHRISTMAS DANCE UNDER THE MISTLETOE IN THE BARONIAL HALL IN THE OLDEN TIME.—SEE PAGE 318.

ding-day. Every hour was an age to Coventry Faye, as the time dragged by. He lived in dread of that summons to Miss Cavalto's death bed. The last day before that of his wedding with Kathleen came and passed. Apprehensions that he might be sent for at the last hour made him wretched and restless. It was with almost a keen joy that, on his bridal eve, as he parted from Kathleen, a man put a note in his hand from Carlos, with the one word "Come"; so great was his relief to think the trial would be over.

What would he do if Rosa were still living when the hour for his nuptials with Miss Garland came? It was a miserable position in which, with no fault of his own, he was placed.

When he reached the bedside of the dying girl, *that* fear, at least, vanished. The death-dew was even then gathering on the young forehead. She smiled at him, a smile glorious as the last brave effort of an expiring light, and bade her nurse give her wine to keep her alive until the minister should arrive. Poor child! his heart bled for her. He could not be sorry he had yielded to her wish.

There was a table beside the bed with ink and paper ready. The clergyman came, the solemn ceremony was performed. Rosa, bright and radiant, and, for the moment, apparently strong, raised herself from the pillows, signed her name to the marriage register, then called out:

"The other! give me the other paper, Carlos."

Carlos took up a parchment from the table, and arranged it before her. Again, and for the last time, she wrote her name, "Rosa Cavalto Faye," under the writing on this parchment. The brother and the minister added theirs, and, with a low sigh of content, and a happy smile, she lay back on her pillows and died.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was not until Kathleen had cast him from her with that cruel taunt that he was marrying her for her money, that Coventry Faye, walking out from her father's house with a scarlet spot on one of his cheeks, as if he had been struck in the face, went around to see Carlos Cavalto and speak to him a few words of such comfort as he could, and there learned, what he had before not even suspected, that Rosa, in her unselfish devotion to him, knowing him to be poor, had desired to leave him her fortune. This she could not do unless he

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became her husband, since the terms of her father's will were, that if she died unmarried her half of the property was to revert to Carlos. Her dying act had been to sign a will leaving her wealth to her husband, Coventry Faye. This purpose of hers, Carlos, generous as air, had furthered.

In the light of such unselfish love, Kathleen's anger, distrust and accusation looked poor and mean. Coventry felt very bitter toward her. She had refused to listen to his explanation; he never again would offer it.

Making his preparations as quickly as possible to quit the country, he did his best to persuade Carlos to accompany him abroad, believing that the change would be the most favorable thing which could happen to the bereaved man. Cavalto refused, for some reason of his own, stating that he intended remaining in New York for the Winter.

Coventry Faye went abroad, stopped all Winter in fascinating Paris, tasted the pleasure of being a very rich man, was flattered and fawned upon, and learned by experience that all the servile attention paid to money did not give him half the rapture which used to thrill him when some critic paid a compliment to one of his dear pictures. He learned, too, that it was not easy to put Kathleen out of his heart. He had time to reflect that no woman's faith on earth could be expected to convince her of his truth against the direct evidence of her senses. Poor Kathie! no wonder she felt outraged and angry! No wonder she looked about for *motives*, and could find none but that he had never loved her, and was after her fortune! The memory of her colorless, drawn face, her stern brow, her blanched lips, and the anguish which she could not quite keep out of her true eyes, haunted him night and day.

When Spring came, he felt that there was nothing for both of them unless he went back to her, humbled his pride and entered into explanations. He returned across the sea with no announcement to any one. Scarcely waiting to change his garments and lunch after the arrival of the steamer, he hastened, one sunny May day, along the familiar street, pausing one moment to still the too-rapid beating of his heart at the foot of the stone steps, guarded by brown carved lions, which led up to her door.

In that one instant the door was flung violently open, and a wild-looking young man, hatless, with gleaming eyes, fled down the steps. As he caught sight of Faye he stopped, staring at him.

"Cavalto!" cried Coventry. "My dear friend, what is the matter?"

"Matter? Matter enough!" returned the other, a low laugh breaking from his foam-flecked lips. "You killed my sister, you stony-hearted devil! I resolved to have my revenge. I stayed behind you, here, in your cold city of ice and snow. I made the acquaintance of your blue-eyed sweetheart. Ay, I made love to her, and she promised to be mine. She will never marry either of us now; for I have killed her, as you did poor Rosa. I have just strangled her with ropes of her own pretty gold hair. She is as dead as Rosa now. Go up and see!"

With long strides he hurried away, chuckling to himself at thought of his friend's horror-whitened face.

Coventry dashed up the steps. There was no one in the hall. He turned, blanched and quivering, into the well-remembered drawing-room.

A slim, white figure lay on the floor, between the two windows.

"Kathleen! Kathleen! Kathleen!"

He lifted her in his arms. Her lips were blue, her eyes stared out of her head, her face was swollen. He called, he screamed for help. With trembling fingers he untwisted the silken, cruel, golden tresses from about the slender neck—poor, blackened neck!

Servants came running. Mr. Garland came out of the library, where he had been quietly reading while the murderer's work was going on.

"Cavalto did it! He has gone mad!" murmured Faye.

The terrified father sent for physicians. He and Coventry bore the light figure up-stairs and laid it on a bed. Water was brought and dashed in the distorted face.

That was a half-hour of agony. Were you to speak to Coventry Faye about it to-day, he would lose color and begin to tremble.

"There is a pulse yet," the doctor had said, when he came in; and Kathleen had gasped, sighed, breathed, opened and shut those staring eyes, and a look of wonder and joy had come in place of their awful stare, as she recognized Coventry bending over her.

Kathleen wore a very broad necklace of pearls and diamonds at her wedding, for the black bruises remained long on her fair skin, and Coventry would not wait for them to go quite away.

Poor Carlos was sick a long time in hospital, where Faye went every day to see him, and take him fruit and roses. It was brain-fever from which he suffered, and when he recovered he was sane enough. Grief for his sister, doubt of Kathleen's love, had brought it on. When he was well enough he returned to Cuba, without ever confessing whether he had purposely sought revenge on Faye by trying to win his betrothed. He seemed to have forgotten much of the past. Let us hope that life has still enough that is sweet and fair for him.

Paterfamilias at Home.

MR. BEN SKINNER has resolved that he will pass a happy Christmas at home. No friends are invited, and no friends are wanted, his family circle being large enough to form a respectable party by themselves. And what more charming reunion could he desire? Adieu, business! Good-by, Wall Street! to-day all thoughts of the daily routine of mercantile slavery are consigned to the depths of oblivion. Over the door of that happy home "All those who enter here leave care behind," could be most appropriately inscribed. Health, prosperity, and happiness; the love of a good father, the care of a virtuous wife, and the healthy romping of the numerous offsprings of this united family, serve to render the scene at once soothing and exhilarating. Baby, the youngest, snugly ensconced in the mother's arms, crows happily as she watches the joyous scene. Young Sammy is gallantly trying to curb the feverish ardor of his fiery wooden steed, while other members of this genial circle are compelling poor papa to serve as a camel while they drive him round the room. Jimmy and Mary have started a rival conveyance, but Jim has come to grief, and with a shout of laughter deposits his rider on the floor; she, noble aspirant to equestrian fame, seizes the tablecloth, and brings the contents of a Noah's Ark about her head.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

So this family seems to think, at any rate.

Christmas at the Baronial Hall in the Olden Time.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his introduction to the sixth canto of "Marmion," dwells rapturously on the joys of Christmas-time when he sings:

"The feast and holytide we share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with joys divine."

He conjures up with a poet's magic skill, and flashes upon us from his magic glass, a brilliant relfex of Christmas as kept at the Baron's Hall in the olden time, full of life and reality. We give Scott's lines that the reader, glancing from the poem to the picture, may see how happily they are matched:

"And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
That only night within the year,
Saw the stalled priest the chancel rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the woods did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The boar, with rosés in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogatory, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

Mrs. Prynne's Santa Claus

By Walter Edgar McCann.

CHAPTER I.—HIS APPEARANCE.

"HARK!" said Mrs. Prynne, going to the window and drawing aside the blind; "there goes the third alarm."

Marina turned down her novel and listened. The great bell of the distant Ravenhead Prison boomed mournfully, now rising with the swell of the wintry blast, now sinking with a dismal cadence almost into silence.

"Well, there can be no doubt now," said Mrs. Prynne, with an emphatic nod in the direction of the younger lady. "A prisoner has made his escape, and Mr. Stanbridge won't make his appearance to-night. I think we had better tell Sarah to bring in the tea, dear."

"Just as you think best, Aunt Clarinda," replied Marina Gale; who called her aunt, though the relationship was rather obscure. "You told him what time he would be expected, and he knows that you are peculiarly strict about hours."

"Not more, I hope, than is proper in a well-regulated household, Marina," said Mrs. Prynne, a little severely. "But as you seem to make a point of it we will allow Mr. Stanbridge still further grace—say a quarter of an hour; and that will make"—she added, glancing at the queer old Dutch clock, which was as reliable in its movements as one of the planets—"twenty-five minutes."

Marina smiled and went on with her book; the concession was not to her, she knew very well.

"A dreary evening—very cold, I think—it has blown up much colder," said Mrs. Prynne, coming to the fire, and taking her great easy-chair; "and he will relish a good cup of tea. Christmas Eve! Robert—I wonder where he is? I wonder whether he is thinking of us."

The old lady leaned back, looking into the fire, her mind busy with the past. After a while she took a bundle of letters from the little desk on the mantelpiece, and putting on her spectacles began looking over them—her habit on Christmas Eve for the last four or five years. These letters were from her grandson, Robert Hurlock—the last dated some eighteen months before.

Marina Gale watched her thoughtfully, forgetting the volume in her own hand; smiling faintly. Every year Mrs. Prynne, besides reading the letters, which she knew by heart, made precisely the same remarks: "I wonder where Robert is? I wonder whether he is thinking of us?" To which, of course, she could scarcely have expected a very satisfactory reply.

"I hope he has not forgotten his humble friends in this part of the world," said Marina; "but I am afraid it looks very much like it. Eighteen months is a long while; and when people begin to rise, to get rich and famous, and all that, as Robert Hurlock has been doing lately, they are very apt to ignore old acquaintance and the past altogether."

"Some, perhaps; but not Robert. I think he loves his old grannie, and knows how she loves him," replied Mrs. Prynne, her voice trembling a little. "I wish I could feel sure he had got my letter telling him we had moved from Dartford; perhaps he doesn't know where we are. A handsome, noble fellow! I knew he would do me credit. Bank president, and candidate for the Legislature—that's very well for five years a perfect stranger, he was, with scarcely anything—but the West is the place to rise. I am pleased with my boy, and I shall try to do something—not much—I can't—but a little by him, before I go. He will have something like seven hundred a year, and in the strong-box there's about eighteen hundred cash—I *think* there is; but I shall count it again to-night. I have gathered it penny by penny, as you know, Marina, and I believe my boy will take it kindly from his old grannie, rich and famous as he has grown."

"He will, auntie; me he may have forgotten, but not you!" said Marina; and then, lowering her voice, she said: "I sometimes wonder whether you are quite prudent to keep so large a sum in the house. It is a great temptation for the tramps and rogues who are always about."

"How is it a temptation, dear, if they don't know of its existence? Nobody is aware of that except ourselves and old Sallie; and then we live so near the prison, you must recollect. No," said Mrs. Prynne, taking off her spectacles and laying them across the letter with a sigh; "I am not at all concerned about the safety of the money—only I wish Robert would come; I may not be here much longer; and he promised in several of his letters that it should be very soon, and you know what he said when he went away: 'I will come back, grandma, when I am wealthy and distinguished; when you look upon me again it will be, I hope, the proudest moment, and the happiest, of your whole life.'"

Aunt Clarinda was in a retrospective mood to-night. Her voice sank and she looked dreamily into the fire again, tracing out I know not what strange pictures there. And now, at last—the hands of the famous clock pointing to the expired quarter—there was a sudden knock at the door; and there being an individuality even in knocks, both ladies knew that the sound announced the visitor they expected.

A moment later in stepped Mr. Stanbridge, Warden of the Ravenhead Prison—a handsome gentleman, rather English looking, a little bald in front, with short side whiskers, clear blue eyes and ruddy complexion.

Seasonable greetings having passed, and proper comments upon the weather, in came old Sallie with the tea and muffins and other things, and the little party sat about the table and were very cheery and pleasant.

Mrs. Prynne mentioned about the alarm a short time ago.

"Oh, yes," said Stanbridge, looking serious; "another escape. We have people out searching, and I don't know whether I did right in coming away under the circumstances; but they were scarcely the more likely to recapture the fellow because I remained."

"How did it occur, Mr. Stanbridge?" asked Aunt Clarinda, anxiously, having a taste for sensations.

"I don't know precisely. The first alarm came from the watch on the North Wall—capital tea, this, Mrs. Prynne—and I believe he—the convict, I mean—got over on that side."

"And what was his name?"

"We have no names there, you know; but his number was 379—a rather dangerous fellow, as his desperate escape shows. We shall get him again, though; his flight is known all about the neighborhood, and he will have no refuge, and very likely will surrender of his own accord, as they so often do."

"And, of course, he will be punished. What can prompt them to run away! Such folly," said Aunt Clarinda, resuming her supper.

"Well," returned Mr. Stanbridge, with a sigh: "I trust it will not be my task to punish him. There may be a reply to my letter of resignation before he is caught. The governor promised to act upon it immediately, and a fortnight has passed already. I wish you ladies could only realize how weary I am of the place."

Mr. Stanbridge glanced directly at Marina, and his remark was, in fact, expressly intended for her. They had not exactly agreed about this—that is, there was another matter pending upon the fate of Mr. Stanbridge's letter of resignation.

Marina, however, did not raise her eyes from her plate, except presently to say in a very careless tone: "the sugar, aunt, please."

It was a little cruel, and Mr. Stanbridge sighed again. This stalwart gentleman—six feet of English bone and muscle—at whose look more than a thousand hardened jailbirds quailed, the sound of whose voice made their hearts jump with terror, was himself equally at the mercy of this pretty, fragile girl, and though he, perhaps, did not quite realize it, a living and vivid illustration of the power of love, and of what helpless noodles it will make the mightiest of us.

He was now, indeed, about to give up his empire at her bidding, and awaited impatiently the intelligence that he was free. The loss of power he did not regret; association with so much crime and misery had sickened him; and he yearned for the other and ineffably brighter existence he had planned with the woman of his love.

His condition, however, was still one of suspense. He had sent in his letter of resignation two weeks ago, but the governor had not yet taken action upon it; the State is sometimes loath to part with an efficient officer, such as Stanbridge had proved himself, and what if his resignation were refused? Very serious complications might arise, and though he could not actually be retained against his will, yet his retirement might be accomplished under circumstances particularly embarrassing and annoying to a sensitive man. But while he was Warden of Ravenhead, or any other prison, he could not be the accepted suitor of Miss Marina Gale, who had a special horror of such places, and would not entertain the wooing of any person connected with them; and there being a very brilliant and attractive young clergyman who came sometimes to Mrs. Prynne's cottage, and was always graciously received by Miss Gale, Mr. Stanbridge could not help drawing uncomfortable and unflattering comparisons; so that his suspense about his letter of resignation had lately reached very nearly the point of anguish.

Pleasantly they continued chatting, and a pretty picture the little group made, sitting around the tea-table this Christmas Eve.

The refection over, Marina went to the homely, old-fashioned piano, and played and sang, while Mr. Stanbridge turned over the music. Aunt Clarinda, resuming her seat before the fire, busied herself reading Robert's old letters.

After a while, she relieved Miss Gale at the piano, and for almost an hour played industriously all sorts of faded and forgotten tunes—polkas, marches, and quadrilles, such as were popular fifty years before—while the lovers sat on the sofa and whispered.

At last it was time for Mr. Stanbridge to go—a fact that he recognized with a good deal of reluctance—and pulling on his coat, and bundling himself in it carefully, he bade them a wistful good-night, and withdrew.

"A short evening, it has seemed," said Aunt Clarinda, after a few minutes. "He is so very entertaining. I hope you—you acted sensibly with him, Marina. He is a gentleman, and certainly—a—a—desirable in every point of view, and I am sure he loves you very much. About his position there can be no further objection; he has resigned, and even if it should not be accepted, the place is really one of so grave responsibility that I scarcely know of a higher distinction than to hold it; and the—the emolument is assuredly a consideration——" the old lady paused, looking down on the table thoughtfully.

"All that is true, aunt," said Marina, quietly; "but I have told him as before that I cannot be his wife while he is warden of Ravenhead Prison; my resolution on that point is fixed. Very foolish and pig-headed you think me, no doubt; but I really could not marry any one associated with such a dreadful place."

"Well, of course you know best, dear, and I sha'n't try to influence you. Are you going now? Take the smaller lamp; and I suppose you did not forget to ask him to eat his Christmas dinner with us? That's right—good-night."

So Miss Marina vanished, and her aunt was alone. All now was quiet: old Sallie in her bed, too, by this time; and Mrs. Prynne bethought her of her strong-box. Unlocking the cupboard, she stood upon a chair, and took down from the top shelf, among the jars of pickles and preserves, that leather-bound treasure-chest, and carried it to the table.

And now it lay open, and disclosed its little piles of gold and silver, and its rolls of notes. Standing over it, with her back to the window, and the lamp at her right hand, the old lady contemplated the treasure with a wild smile and the absorption of a rapture.

She saw for the minute nothing but her hoardings. She saw not the stealthy hand raising the window behind her, and the haggard, white, greedy face looking in; she saw not the villain who now emerged from the darkness of the night outside into the brightness and warmth of this cozy little room, and stole with cautious step across the floor. Not the next instant his hand was on her shoulder, and his mouth at her ear:

"Give me your money, or I'll kill you!"

She screamed, of course; but Mrs. Prynne was a rather strong-minded person, and had plenty of courage. She broke away from the man, and recollecting the revolver in the cupboard, ran there, and seized it, and instantly presented it, with a steady hand, in his direction.

At the same moment, Marina, who had heard her cry, appeared at the door.

The robber wore a convict's jacket and trowsers; but was without hat or shoes—evidently it was the man who had escaped that afternoon.

"Surrender, my man, or I'll kill you!" said Mrs. Prynne, determinedly, in a tone that left no room for doubt, and there were six barrels.

"Stop, grannie! Don't you know me? It's Bob!"

The pistol dropped from her hand, and she stood looking at him with a strange, wild stare, and then fell back against the wall, and threw up her head, with something between a sob and an hysterical laugh:

"My God, it's Robert! So this is how he comes back."

CHAPTER II.—HIS STAY.

THERE was a long and dismal silence. She seemed on the point of fainting, or having a spasm, and Marina was too confounded to stir, while Robert Hurlock had sunk into a chair by the table, hiding his face in his arms, and crying bitterly.

At last, Marina roused herself, and went to her aunt, and led her to her seat before the fire. She would not have wine, or even water, but asked for a minute to collect her thoughts, speaking in the voice of a sick woman.

So another period of quiet ensued, so painful, that you would have thought some one dearly beloved was dying.

Mrs. Prynne spoke at length, sitting more erect, and without taking her eyes off the fire:

"You have come back, Robert Hurlock."

He raised his head, and it was dreadfully white—the sickly pallor of confinement, the pallor of a great shock—and his features were thin and pinched, and great tears still rolled from his eyes; over all was the indescribable look of a hunted fugitive, the guerilla against society, with every man's hand against him and his own as pitiless in turn. His short cropped hair and clumsy convict's dress, no shoes on his feet, and stockings stained with blood, added to his villainous appearance; he looked wretched, and at the same time formidable. Marina Gale, who knew him so well, had not yet said a word to indicate recognition, and as she looked at him, she added:

"I have come back, grandma," he answered, with a kind of stifled choke.

"And all your letters were—lies;" it was the first time in her life she had used so strong an expression.

"No; not a single one, I swear, grandma—on my honor—on my soul!" he added, hearing her disdainful laugh at the other form.

"Bank officer and candidate for the Legislature! You meant candidate for the Ravenhead Penitentiary!" she said, bitterly. "You were elected, it seems, without opposition. Merciful Heaven, who would have dreamed!"

She again threatened convulsions, and Marina hastened to soothe her. When she was calmer, Bob Hurlock got up, and drying his eyes on his sleeve, limped across the room, and stood beside his grandmother's chair, with his hand on the back

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She sat up stiffly without turning her head, and after a little hesitating movement, he bent down and kissed her.

"Grandma, will you hear my story? I am in Ravenhead Prison for embezzlement"—he spoke in this tense, showing his expectation of going back—"and I took money which did not belong to me, but never used it, and as God is my judge, I am as innocent of robbery as you are."

"Every convict in the world is innocent," said Mrs. Prynne, with another bitter laugh.

"But will you listen to me, grandma? The jury did that, and I was recommended to mercy. Perhaps I did not look before them the savage outcast I do here; but wrong has made me desperate, and I am hurt from climbing the wall, and for hours I have been skulking in the woods, nearly frozen. Have mercy, grandma, and believe what I shall tell you."

She did not reply, and he went on. His story was not a new one to those who read the newspapers. He had been a trusted officer in the bank, and had used the funds to loan to a friend, expecting their immediate return. But they were never returned; the vortex of speculation swallowed them. There was no possible way to replace them. Discovery followed, prosecution, ruin; the friend escaped, but Robert Hurlock went to prison. He got away somehow, but the brand was upon him—fatality pursued him everywhere, and finally, for some other offense, the last link in the same chain, he reached the Penitentiary at Ravenhead.

Quietly and distinctly, even with a sort of eloquence, he related this dreary history; and when he had finished, stood looking down, awaiting his grandmother's comment. The Dutch clock ticked off nearly five minutes before she spoke, and when she did so her voice was clearer, and, he fancied, kinder, certainly relenting, and she said:

"Hadn't you better warm yourself, grandson? I—I suppose you have told me the truth; but I don't know what is to be done. Your attempt to escape is madness; you will be found here and taken back, and, of course, punished."

"Oh, grandma!" said the unhappy man, with clasped hands, "if I could only get away to some place where no one knows me, and where I could begin a new life! All that has happened will be a lesson for the future. Anything rather than go back to that prison and mingle among those brutes who were once human beings! Surely there is some means by which I might be smuggled out of reach."

"I fear not. Our position is peculiarly delicate. Mr. Stanbridge is a constant visitor here—a suitor for Marina's hand, and we expect him to dine with us to-morrow, and if there should be discovery, or even suspicion—— Robert Hurlock, you do not know the misery you have brought upon us. If you had written I might have been prepared; but think of the shock of your sudden appearance, in the guise of a robber!"

"I did not know you had moved, and I entered that window a madman. From the outside I had seen you counting your money—you, as I supposed, a stranger to me, comfortable by your fire and under your roof, while I had neither. A fourth part of that treasure, useless to you, I reflected, would enable me to escape beyond pursuit, perhaps; and it was like the sight of water to him who is perishing of thirst in the desert. Think of these things, grandma—and you, too, Marina—and pity me!"

His words made an impression. Mrs. Prynne placed her handkerchief to her eyes, and Marina advanced to Hurlock and gave him her hand, which, with a kind of rude chivalry, he kissed.

Thus, if there was not exactly reconciliation, there was at least compassion and a willingness to consider his case. But what could be done? If anything, it was growing late, and there was no time to lose.

Mrs. Prynne stood up and faced him, with something of the old tenderness he remembered so well in her countenance.

"Robert," she said, "I don't believe there is a hope, but if the mere shadow of one exists, we must not let it pass. Let us put our heads together before we lay them on the pillow to-night. You are exhausted, grandson; I must get you some wine."

And so it was brought, with more substantial refreshment, and over both they sat for a long time, in deep conclave.

Next day, as we know, was Christmas. Old Sallie learned that during the night Mrs. Prynne's friend of many years before, Captain Tempest, had unexpectedly arrived, and rather in bad health, and with a particularly severe cold and neuralgia, which necessitated his keeping his face and head tied up.

The captain proved to be an extremely quiet visitor, never once, in Sallie's presence, uttering a word. He puzzled Sallie considerably; she could almost have sworn that he had on one of the old suits of clothes which had formerly belonged to dead and gone Mr. Prynne, and which had been hanging in the garret closet ever so long. On the whole, old Sallie was not favorably impressed with the captain.

Nor was her mistress, she fancied, altogether pleased with her visitor. Mrs. Prynne and Miss Marina both looked worried and as if they had not slept. Every sound startled them; and once, when there was a rap at the door, both ladies turned pale as death, and did not recover until they saw it was old Mr. Higgins, who had stopped on his way to church to bid them merry Christmas.

Mr. Stanbridge was expected at a quarter before two, dinner being exactly at two. Mr. Stanbridge knew Mrs. Prynne's railway punctuality, and had never failed to respect it, except once, and that was last night. To fail twice together was impossible.

But this is an uncertain world. At half-past one, Marina being upstairs dressing and Aunt Clarinda and Robert Hurlock in the little dining-room, which served as sitting-room also, there came a knock at the door.

It must be the man with the milk for the eggnogg, and she signed to Robert to go into the cupboard, not deeming it necessary that he should retire to his own apartment above, and he obeyed. Then she opened the front door, and Mr. Stanbridge entered, smiling and tendering his good-wishes. For a minute she stood in a panic, staring at him as if she saw a ghost.

CHAPTER III.—HIS DISAPPEARANCE.

HE was a little mystified and stared also. "I am afraid I am somewhat early, Mrs. Prynne," he said, taking off his gloves and coat; "but I have been walking round and about for nearly an hour, trying to consume the time, until finally I became so chilled that I was obliged to seek refuge here, at the risk of being premature."

Aunt Clarinda, now more collected, welcomed him pleasantly and made some excuse, and not daring to leave the room, sat down by him and engaged in voluble conversation. She talked incessantly, about the weather, past and present, the prospects of next year's crops, the political situation at home and abroad, new inventions, literary matters, amusements, and the latest fashions, much surprising Mr. Stanbridge, who had supposed her a rather reticent old lady, with a list of subjects limited to the business of the little world immediately about her.

They even got up a religious argument, Mrs. Prynne setting forth some views that really startled him. Extremely conservative himself, he found her wildly heterodox, and her extraordinary positions she maintained with a boldness and vehemence that gave him an entirely new view of her character. He did not suspect how poor Mrs. Prynne was trembling inwardly all the while she conversed, and expounding her new and amazing theories to absorb his attention and keep him in his place.

At length, to her infinite relief, Marina appeared, and then, after a little, dinner.

When they were seated, Aunt Clarinda noticed old Sallie fidgeting about the table uneasily and making signals, intended to be covert, but so palpable that Mr. Stanbridge could no longer decently pretend not to see them.

"What is it, Sallie?" asked Mrs. Prynne, sharply.

"You have forgotten the strange gentleman, ma'am."

"Oh, he doesn't wish any dinner. He is not at all well, and has gone to bed," and Mrs. Prynne explained about the arrival of her old friend, Captain Tempest.

Dinner from this point proceeded very pleasantly. After a while, Mr. Stanbridge said:

"Not a syllable yet from the governor, and I think it too provoking."

"So it is; but very likely he is enjoying his Christmas, and has concluded to postpone business till after the holidays; and certainly we can't blame him, Mr. Stanbridge."

"No; it is the season of enjoyment," laughed the warden, "and we must allow even the governor a short relief. Blessed is the Christmas-time, Mrs. Prynne; all the world looks the brighter for it, I think. Even our wretched convicts share something of the general jubilee."

"H'm! speaking of that, Mr. Stanbridge," said Aunt Clarinda, quickly, "I saw in the paper the other day that some of our astronomers claim that, owing to the spots on the sun, our Winters, in course of time, are likely to be much warmer, and eventually of a really tropic character; and, necessarily, our Christmases will lose the charm of ice and snow, and snug fires, and all those delightful features we now associate with them."

Mr. Stanbridge did not, perhaps, quite see the relation; but after a minute of reflection he said:

"Yes; very likely; but I think some of our scientific men claim just the contrary; and, at all events, neither is likely to happen very soon. With regard to our convicts, we give them an extra dinner to-day, which I left them already enjoying in anticipation. The fellow who made his escape last night must be having a cheerless time of it, wherever he is."

Mrs. Prynne turned violently red, and Marina looked down at the piece of turkey on her plate, with just the faintest glimmer of a smile on her face—the sense of the humorous sometimes strikes us in the gravest situations, and can be with difficulty repressed.

"I scarcely envy him," pursued Mr. Stanbridge. "At this moment, I dare say, he is thinking of the good dinners the rest of the world are enjoying, while he has none. Just fancy his sensations if he were to have a view of us! Miss Marina, it seems to amuse you."

Marina could keep back her laughter no longer; she laid down her fork, and the sound of her merriment was like the chime of silvery bells.

Poor Aunt Clarinda, with a crimson countenance, glanced at her reproachfully, and seemed to be praying inwardly for the floor to open and engulf her.

"Here is a turkey I think he would relish," continued Stanbridge, with unconscious cruelty. "I can't imagine greater torture than to be hungry and to stand in view of people enjoying a turkey like this, without being permitted to join them."

"To change the subject, Mr. Stanbridge," observed Mrs. Prynne, with a struggle, "I remark in the daily papers that Russia is involving herself in very serious complications."

"That is scarcely changing the subject, Mrs. Prynne," laughed the warden, perhaps emboldened by his wine; "for to speak of Russia at once suggests Turkey again, and turkey our unlucky fugitive——"

Aunt Clarinda looked a little black, and I scarcely know what might have happened had not old Sallie at this moment reappeared. But the diversion was only for an instant and most unfortunate.

"What is it, Sally?" asked Mrs. Prynne.

"The brandy for the pudding, ma'am," replied that faithful domestic, as she stepped to the cupboard.

Aunt Clarinda and Marina both sprang up; but it was too late.

The cupboard was opened; Sallie fell back with a kind of shriek, and Robert Hurlock stood revealed.

He saw that the situation was hopeless, and he emerged and stood before Stanbridge, with bowed head and abject—the convict in the presence of his keeper.

Stanbridge for a few moments was transfixed; but education in his peculiar school had given him presence of mind that not even this surprise could shake longer; and, looking sternly at Hurlock with that steady and cold gray eye, under which so many hard-ened spirits had quailed, he said:

"Three Hundred and Seventy-nine?"

"Yes, sir," said Hurlock, faintly.

Mrs. Prynne fell on her knees, with upraised hands and the tears rolling down her face.

"Have mercy—it is my grandson!"

With a gush of wild sobs, she told her story and that of the unfortunate man for whom she pleaded; and it was pleading something like that we may see at the Last Day! An agony of prayer.

Stanbridge had passed through many sad scenes, but never had he seen such distress as this. Her gray hair had fallen down, and she clung to his knees—it was the apotheosis of misery.

She besought him to let her grandson go—to give him only an hour's chance for escape—and repeated the promises he had made for the future, strengthening them with all kinds of protestations of her own; incoherently, and over and over she reiterated these frantic vows.

Stanbridge looked down at her piteously; he was moved; it was the greatest emotion of his life.

He was moved, as I have said; but not from his duty. Alas! that could not be. He was Warden of Ravenhead Prison, bound by an oath from which not even such a dreadful accident as this could absolve him; and sadly, and with a terrible distinctness, he told her so.

She fell on her face when she had heard, and he assisted in lifting her up and placing her in a chair.

"It is impossible, Mrs. Prynne. If he were my own brother I could not do it," he said, in a tone that left no room for hope.

And now there was a long and deadly quiet.

"You must go back with me at once, Three Hundred and Seventy-nine," said Stanbridge, in a hard, cold voice. "I am armed," and he made a step toward the chair where his coat lay.

Marina advanced and touched his arm. She was pale as death.

"Mr. Stanbridge?"

He paused, with a slight bow, but without meeting her eyes.

"If he goes back, all is over between us," she said.

"Miss Gale!"

"I declare it, and I am as resolute as you."

"But remember my oath, Marina. Would you have me a traitor to my duty and a perjurer?" he said, calmly.

"If he goes back, all is over between us," she repeated, in a tone like his own. "But give him only a single hour to try for his freedom—for his redemption—and I will be your wife, when you please."

Stanbridge trembled. He loved her dearly—never in this world could he love another so—but then his honor? his manhood? his sworn fealty to the State?

At this moment there was a knock at the door; Stanbridge, being nearest, opened it, contriving to hide the interior of the room.

"Mr. Stanbridge," said a voice without, "the letter you expected has arrived, and I have obeyed your instructions to bring it you immediately."

"Thank you."

Stanbridge closed the door and stood among them again. With a tremulous hand he tore open the letter and read it, and then he said:

"I am no longer Warden of Ravenhead Prison! I ceased to be so at twelve o'clock last night. My resignation has been accepted, and a successor is already appointed. Robert Hurlock, this is an intervention from Heaven itself; so far as I am concerned, you are a free man."

Stanbridge dropped into a chair and shaded his face with his hands; Marina came over and placed her arms around his neck.

"God bless you!" she said, fervently.

Poor Aunt Clarinda was already clasped in the embrace of her grandson, neither able to utter a word; and old Sallie, who had witnessed everything but understood it imperfectly, suddenly flung herself across the back of the sofa, and cried and hooted hysterically.

* * * * *

Robert Hurlock, I am glad to say, succeeded in getting away without further trouble, and was never recaptured. He is now in Australia, and, according to his letters, a very prosperous farmer; also married; but his family and neighbors know him as William Prynne.

Mr. Stanbridge and Marina are man and wife, and live no longer in the shadow of the institution where he was once warden. They have a quiet country-home far away from that spot, and Aunt Clarinda lives happily with them; and when they sit about the fire on Christmas Eve, they sometimes refer, with a sigh and a smile, to the story of MRS. PRYNNE'S SANTA CLAUS.

The Ghost Story.

THE humorous scene depicted in our engraving sufficiently explains itself. The wide, old-fashioned chimney-place of this homely cottage is decked with holly and mistletoe, betokening a festive evening of the Christmas season.

The company, as it should be at this time, hallowed by domestic charities, seems to include the kindred of three generations—from the cozy grandsire and his aged partner, with the youths and maidens at their side, to the little child that cowers upon the floor, and clings in delicious terror to her sister's arm. The curious-looking fellow whose eloquence has engaged the rapt attention of the whole party is a privileged visitor, and sits with easy dignity in the sole armchair, while he repays the hospitality for the welcome bestowed on him by giving them one of the most marvelous stories ever heard. If we may guess the character of his discourse from the gestures and grimaces of the speaker, we shall infer that it is a grotesque sample of that wild demonology which in every age and country has diverted the popular mind. The old man smoking his pipe in the corner seems to be the least affected of the party. The old woman, with an abstracted look, is musing, perhaps, on some of her old experiences, which the story may have brought to her mind. The younger women are seriously alarmed; not so the young man who leans upon the arm of the settle, and regards, with mingled distrust and admiration, the visitor whose wonderful talk is famed all over the country. At the opposite side of the fireplace is a withered elder, whose face is strongly expressive of incredulity and contempt. Under the table, at the left-hand corner of our engraving, we see a playful cat tugging at the cloth on which a jug of beer and a lighted candle are resting, whence it may be expected that a horrid crash and sudden darkness will presently attend the catastrophe of the Ghost Story.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

I.

HARK! for across the clear-starred night
The bells ring out as in years of yore
The air is thrilled with a keen delight,
The passionless moon sails chastely white,
And the Angel of Christmas is at the door.

II.

Sorrow and hate may harbor here;
Ghosts of dead dreams may wring their hands;
Vehement longing, regret and fear
May blind the eyesight and dull the ear,
But patient the Shining Angel stands.

III.

He has come ere, burdened with wrong and wrath,
The year goes down where the dead years wait;
Pure-robed he stands in its thorny path,
And gives, as a precious aftermath,
Reprieve from the thousand ills of fate.

IV.

The children hear him above their mirth
While they circle the fire with tale and jest;
They are not yet dulled by the jars of earth
Which deciduous days must bring to birth,
Nor the ranklings of infinite unrest.

V.

How sweet is the holy gleam that falls
From his luminous brows, divinely clear!
How tender the tones wherewith he calls
Through lowly homes and through lordly halls—
"Rejoice, for the Christmastide is here!"

VI.

And he weaves the delicate spells that bring
All happy visions to childish eyes;
They see Kris Kringle's white reindeer spring
With sleigh, gift-laden, whose blithe bells ring
Below the scintillant midnight skies!

VII.

To the heads of gold gray sires bend low,
And tell the old stories told so oft,
And the breath is held and the bright eyes glow
As gnomes and fairies move to and fro
Past the firelit hollies hung aloft.

VIII.

Yet, beautiful angel, grander far
Is the influence that you subtly shed
Over hearts that guilt's worst miseries mar,
Oh, then like the light of Bethelehem's star
Is the lustrous aureole round your head!

IX.

Hark! for across the clear-starred night
The bells ring out as in years of yore;
The air is thrilled with a keen delight,
The passionless moon shines chastely white,
And the Angel of Christmas is at the door!

JOHN MORAN.

Down in a Coal Mine.

By Helen W. Pierson.

UP in the wide, silent sky, the clouds seem hurrying back to leave a path of silver for the Lady Moon. A cold sleet had been driving all day, but now all was crystal clear, and every tree and twig was sheathed in diamond splendor. The trees stood up like great candelabra of molten silver, fit for service in the woods, which were God's first temples. Every bush looked like a sheeny fountain dripping with jewels. Even the rough gateposts of Phil Trelawney's humble cottage were enameled as with costliest crystal.

Phil, rough-looking miner as he was, felt somehow touched by the beauty of the night. To one who spent his life among the dusky diamonds in a coal mine—the fairness, the purity, appealed keenly. It was exactly as if God had decked His world for this great festival of Christmas, and the wonder of it all, the vastness and the splendor, smote on Phil's heart, though he could not put it into words. And here was his home. The little window shone like a warm, glowing jewel in the cold diamond splendor of the night. Phil knew how cheerful, how full of firelight and comfort that little room was, but he could not refrain from going to the window a moment and looking in. There was the table set for him—the dishes fairly sparkled with cleanliness, and the fire sent dashes of warm light over all. What a deft little housekeeper Jessie was, and what was she doing? Writing? Yes; she sat there, a slender little girlish thing, with the color of a white rose on her cheek, and eyes of the grayish-blue of a hare-bell. Her pretty bronze-gold hair rippling back from the sweet, low brow, and catching the firelight in its waves. Such a dainty little creature for great, rough Phil Trelawney to call his own.

"I wonder why she ever took up with the like o' me?" he said, with a half-proud laugh, as he turned away to enter the little cottage, which seemed to be quite filled up when the great, burly fellow entered.

Jessie sprang up, pushed her writing into the old book on her knee, and in a moment was buried,

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CHRISTMAS FAMILY AMUSEMENTS.—A FATHER AT PLAY WITH HIS CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 318.

as it were, in two strong arms and a rough, shaggy coat.

"I declare," she said, with a little laugh, "you are like a great Newfoundland dog in that thing."

"An' faithful as one, Jess, my lass," Phil said, in a deep, happy voice. "Was you a writin' the billey-doo, eh?"

"Writing!" exclaimed Jessie, as the color deepened on her cheek, and she turned nervously away.

"Yes. I took a look at you—out you."

"It's not like you to be spying, Phil," she said, with a pretty little air of petulance.

"Never mind, lass. No need to talk about it. You can write a book if you like," said Phil, good-naturedly. "You're smart enough for it, I do believe. But if I ain't mistaken it's tripe that's simmerin' and bubblin' up in that aggravatin' manner. Bless my soul! So it *is* tripe. Well, I'll soon dispatch 'em. This frosty night makes me feel nippish."

Jessie placed the hot, savory dish on the table, and looked on while her husband enjoyed it; but she had a somewhat absent and preoccupied air.

"I've bin a thinkin' of last Christmas," said Phil, when he sat at last with his pipe in his hand, toasting his feet at the fire, and Jessie with her knitting was at his side. "An' I know I've a deal to be thankful for, though I did have such a long pull at the fever, as set us back some. We're poor enough to-night, but content, my lass. I hope credit and love are in our house."

"Why, I'm sure of that, Phil."

"An' you don't repent takin' a rough old fellow, eh; and makin' his life bright? Sometimes when I look at you, Jess, I think you was made for somethin' better."

"There's nothing better," said the young wife, with a smile.

"You'd do credit to a fine house, my lass, and jewels wouldn't look amiss on that white neck, an' many a one with finer words might have wooed you, but never one with a truer heart."

"Oh, I know that, Phil, dear old boy," she said. "I'm not half good enough for you."

"I found out how much you were good for in the fever, lass. I knew I had picked a pretty little bit of a wild-rose to wear in my bosom, but how could I know what a faithful little nurse I had won. Jess, I shall never forget how your hand felt on my hot, blunderin' old head. Just like a little cool rose-leaf, for all the world."

And then Phil went over to his wife and stroked her soft, shining hair with his horny hand in such a tender way that a tear trembled in the blue harebell eyes.

"How trim the little room looks," he said, glancing about proudly. "Oh, I see, it's the holly as gives it such a Christmas air. But where did you get holly?"

Jessie flushed strangely.

"One of the village boys——" she began.

But Phil did not notice her confusion.

"I couldn't compass a turkey, Jess, my love, that would have been grand, but I couldn't; so we'll have to make our Christmas dinner of a bit of beef. It's a very small bit, just enough for you and me; but we'll have a deal of love with it, and——"

"That's better than turkey, and a contentious woman, isn't it?" laughed Jessie, recovering herself.

"And as for plum-puddin'——"

"Oh, it's very unhealthy, and, of course we're better without it." laughed Jess. "What is it you want, Phil?"

And Jessie sprang up in a strangely nervous manner as her husband turned to the door of a little closet near.



DOWN IN A COAL MINE.—"HE SEIZED THE BROKEN WIRE BETWEEN HIS TEETH, AND BEGAN TO CLIMB THE STEEP SIDES OF THE MINE."

"I was goin' to fill my pipe again, that's all, child. Perhaps it's too much dissipation, eh? You look so frightened."

"Oh, no, indeed! It's holiday time," she said, with a forced laugh. "But I'll fill it, dear. Just sit there and toast yourself."

"How good you are, lass; but surely you're sort of—— Good gracious, Jess, you're not goin' to have nerves, eh?" In an anxious tone.

Jessie, still with an unusual flush on her cheek, exclaimed: "Oh, no, indeed," as she handed him his tobacco-box.

"I wouldn't like to see you take to smokin', dear, and that's what poor women do when they has nerves—the fine ladies. I've heard they all have 'em."

"I don't know," said Jessie, absently.

Phil was starting to his work long before the grand crystal chandeliers were lighted by the sun the next morning. So he could not see the opaline splendors kindle in their jewels and die away as the warmth unsheathed the diamonds, and they dropped one by one upon the ground. But he saw that it was going to be a fine day, and he was glad. He almost stumbled over a little white-headed lad who seemed hanging about his gate.

"Want anything?" asked Phil, sharply.

"No, in course I doesn't," said the younster, pertly; "I'm a-restin'."

"Well, don't injure your constitution with too much hard work, my boy," cried Phil, cheerily, as he trudged on over the crisp, white road.

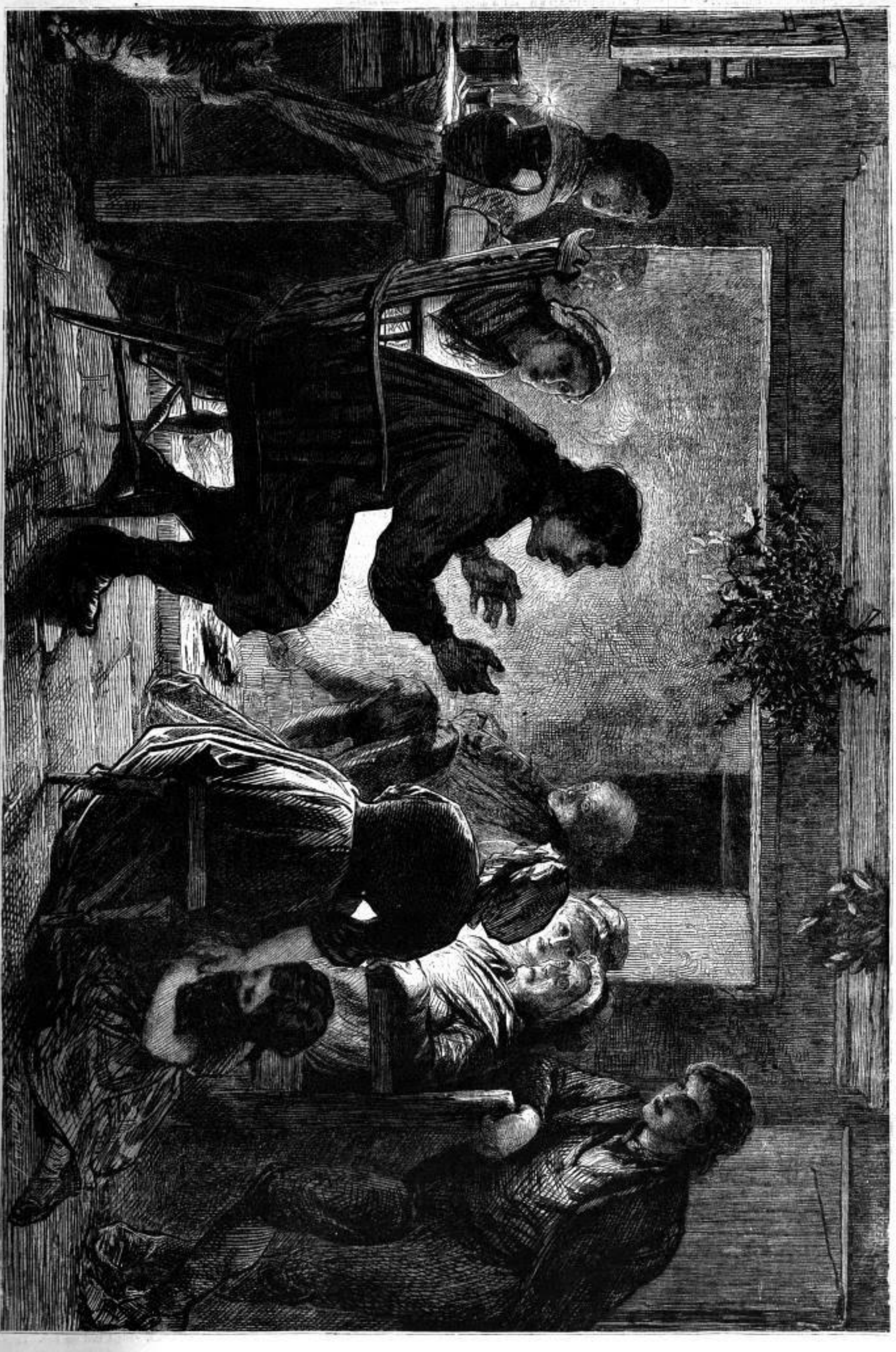
What a grand place this world was, after all! No wonder its Maker had pronounced it "very good" so many centuries ago—Summer and Winter for ever changing, yet always full of beauty! Buttercups and daisies, or snow-wreaths and scintillating ice-jewels, each had its own peculiar charm.

Phil had not exactly these thoughts in his mind this morning, but his heart sang within him for joy, and he would not have changed places with young Jack Eversleigh, the son of the owner. God had given him his heart's desire, and Jack could gain no more—no, not if he had the wealth of the Indies!

Phil was early, but some of the men were already at the mouth of the pit. He was a sort of king among them—partly for his giant strength, which they all knew, and partly for his integrity and tender heart. As they went down into the depths of the earth this morning, something of the joy of the time seemed to go with them and light the dusky avenues and dark tramways. There was young Will Harding, who was to be married the next day! He was, of course, absent-minded, and responded faintly to his companions' jokes. There was Jim Brady, who was going to America. This was his last day's work, but he was full of hope and talk about that new land where he had a chance to do something better for his wife and tribe of little ones. There was old Sims, who lived by himself in a lonely bit of a cottage. To-morrow his daughter was coming with her husband to stay with him, and he was full of delight, telling what a housekeeper she was, and what bread she could make. He'd eaten hard enough fare in his time, poor fellow!

So the Christmas joy seemed to penetrate into the dusky mine, and the sweet anthem that has

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A MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT—THE GHOST STORY NEARING THE CLIMAX.

SEE PAGE 319.

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sounded down the ages, "Peace on earth, good will to men," was singing in their heart's with the olden music, which had lost nothing of its gracious sweetness since it was sung for the Babe in Bethlehem centuries ago.

"I say, we'll be eatin' another sort of dinner to-morrow," said one of the men, with a chuckle, as he took out a solid wedge of brown bread at the noonday meal. "I won a goose last night at a raffle, and my wife's a one at cookin', and won't she be juicy basted in her own fat and plenty of ingins!"

"Who—your wife?" asked Will Harding, mischievously. "'Ave we a cannybal among us?"

"Oh, never mind him," said another. "Likely he think Nell's good enough to eat. Wait till you've been married twenty year, and you won't believe in h'angels."

Phil did not hear these words. He heard nothing save a strange singing in his ears, and he saw nothing but a queer gray mist about him and a bit of a note he held in his hand. He had found it in his dinner-pail. Had Jessie dropped it there as she put up his frugal little lunch? Had it fallen from her bosom—his wife's bosom? How else could it have fallen there? The light from his lantern seemed to play over it with a baleful fire. He stared at it, but he knew it by heart. Each word was burned in on his brain "with a dim dilating pain":

"My sweet Jessie! You cannot help being the loveliest woman on God's earth any more than the flowers can help blooming and making the world fragrant! I know you have a kind little heart, too, and that you will not judge too harshly a heart that loves you. I have kept the little rose-bud I stole from your window the last time I was there as a sacred thing. Let me show it to you to-day. I must see you. I will send a boy for your answer. It will be no Christmas for me unless you give me one smile and a kind word. You will see how sincere I am. I can lift you out of your common, sordid life into one of refinement and beauty such as you were made for. Trust me. *He* will not grieve long; it is not in such coarse natures to love as I do. Come to me, my little love. My heart is weary waiting.

"JACK EVERSLEIGH."

A swift, darting flame seemed to flash through every vein as Phil stood there with this note in his hands. Scathing as the lightning's stroke is such fire, and it left him unnerved as a little child. Tears came into his eyes—not transient, easy tears such as relieve the surcharged feelings, but big drops of agony, such as gush up

> "When the deep fountains of the heart
> By strong convulsions torn apart,
> Are running all to waste."

They rolled down his cheeks unheeded. His wife—his little Jessie—ah, now he was ready to die, now all the sweetness was taken out of his life, and the bitterness of death was gone! He thought of Jack Eversleigh's handsome face, his blonde mustache, his mocking blue eyes, his white hands.

"No wonder," he thought, as he looked at his own, grimy and hard with his work; "his dainty ways have won her. But, oh, Jessie!—oh, my darling, I did not think you could ever break my heart!"

"Why, Phil, man—hast seen a ghost?" cried Harding at his side, and he roused himself by a mighty effort to gather his shattered self together.

Oh, ay! Had he not seen a ghost—the ghost of his love, of his hope—a ghost that could never be laid again?

"You've a due ear, Phil," cried Phil Harding again; "just cock it for the sake of society. Here's Tom Seames says he hears a strange rumblin'; but I'm thinkin' it's just the echo of that raffle that's in his ears. They had somethink besides the goose there—eh, Tom, old fellow?"

Phil started to his feet, his face grew ashen, his lips quivered. Why, here was death coming to meet him like a friend! There was a low whir—a faint gurgle—just the very faintest in the world—but he knew it well. So he might lay down this burden called life, and Jessie would never know that the last throe of anguish was for his lost love!

But all these poor fellows who had something to live for, they must know—they can save themselves, and go up to upper light and sunshine once more. For him the face of all the world has grown dark—darker than the mine, darker than death!

"It is the water rushing in. Quick, to the telegraph, my boys!" he cried.

They rushed as one man to the spot. Far above them a little sphere of light shone the mouth of the pit. They thanked God that they could send up their cry swift as the lightning to those above.

Could they? Ah! one despairing groan as from one man, burst from the crowd. The wire was broken! One piece lay trailing on the ground.

Will Harding sank in a heap on the spot. "Oh, Nell, Nell!" he moaned. "To-morrow was to have been my wedding-day, and I—I shall not see it. It is too hard. Oh God, it is too hard!"

The rest stood staring impotently at the broken wire. Old Sims bowed his gray head and sobbed: "My girl need not come now," he groaned.

Phil glanced about at the stricken group. The blow that had paralyzed them had scarcely touched him. He had suffered the agony of death before; but for these—his comrades—these men with wives and clinging little children—he can still dare something. He seized the broken wire between his teeth, and began a frantic attempt to climb the steep sides of the mine. The others stared at him in a dazed way, as if scarcely comprehending his effort. He dug in his nails painfully, he clutched every projection, while the sweat started on his forehead and rolled in great beads down his face. His strength was miraculous, and at last the crowd gave a feeble cheer. He had reached the spot where the wire had parted!

But a despairing groan followed. He was hanging by his hands. How, then, could he join the parted wire? Even Will Harding, poor boy, had struggled to his feet, and stood watching with dim, dilated eyes and quickened breath. Life—life—hung on that parted wire, for the sound of rushing water was swelling on their ears. So, the problem is solved! Phil has caught the other end in his teeth and has fastened them together—chewed them tight in some strange way—and is dropping himself back among his fellows, in the same slow, painful manner. One moment and he is with them with torn and bleeding hands, sending up the call for help. They are saved! they are saved! They pant out their words of love and praise, and wonder that Phil is so silent and cold. Even when all are huddled about him in the air and light once more, he scarcely answers their eager thanks. There is a crowd about the mouth of the pit—Nell is in her lover's arms, laughing and crying, Jim Brady's children are swarming up his legs—but Jessie is not there!

Old Mr. Eversleigh comes up and speaks nobly to Phil of the company's gratitude. What a disaster it would have been for Christmas-time, so many homes darkened! Phil gets away from them all with difficulty; lets them go to their homes. Like a wounded animal he is sick with longing to get to his own. He has lost the exaltation of the terrible struggle. He is feeling now the reaction, and trembles like a child. He fairly creeps along the road which he had trod that morning with such an elastic, almost aggressive step. Yet how clear and blue the sky was—what a bright, heartsome day—strange that Nature could be so smiling when an earthquake had shattered his life.

He cast no loving glances this time into the small, diamond-bright window-pane, but walked straight into the house. Ah, Jessie was not there! How silent and desolate it seemed, as if there had been a death in it! The very holly looked forlorn, the fire had burned out into glimmering ashes. Phil built it up again, shivering terribly.

"It will be weary without her!" he muttered, with trembling lips. "But I must just go back to what I was afore, only I have some work to do first. I must kill that villain."

Ah, could he ever wipe out the sweet story of the past year and go back to his lonely life as if his love had never lived, and never met a violent death? He threw himself on the lounge in a trance of pain and groaned aloud.

The next moment a light step is at the door, some one is tripping in and a sweet voice cries:

"Oh, Phil! I heard a dreadful story of the mine. I almost ran all the way from town. Thank God you are safe!" and she ran to him and threw her arms about his neck.

The touch made him spring up.

"Where have you been?" he asked, hoarsely.

Jessie looked at him in a frightened way.

"I! Oh, I have been to the town as I said!"

He grasped her hands convulsively.

"Quick, why did you go?"

"You hurt me, Phil!" Jessie cried, drawing back. "And I think you must be dazed by the accident. You look so—so queer!"

"Did I hurt you, lass. Well, I have been cruelly hurt myself, you will know how when you see this."

And he threw to her the bit of a note which he had kept in his pocket.

Jessie glanced at it, and her lip curled.

"Oh, that thing!" she said, proudly. "Well, I wondered where it was! I wanted to send it back."

"Jessie!" cried Phil, "an honest woman does not get such letters!"

The young wife's eyes blazed.

"Do you doubt me?" she said, fiercely. "Then that is what a man's love and trust is worth."

But the next moment she melted into tears.

"Oh, Phil!" she sobbed. "Was it so wicked to like people to admire me? I believe it was now. I believe vanity is at the root of all evil. If Jack Eversleigh had not found out my silliness, he would not have dared to make love-speeches to your wife."

Phil felt a sort of balm steal into his wounded heart.

"I did not meet him! I do not care for him, the jackanapes!" she cried, angrily, her eyes kindling. "I love only you, dear, dear, old Phil. I thought you knew it. I have been hiding something."

"Ah!" exclaimed Phil, with a start.

"And I have felt, oh, so guilty," went on, Jessie, rapidly, the sweet color mounting to her face. "I have been working secretly at things to sell, fleecy things for the head, dear. Miss Tidd showed me how. I wanted to have a grand Christmas feast, and I knew my dear old boy had not the money. I've sold them, and bought everything, such a turkey, bursting with fatness, and links and links of sausages, and the rosiest cranberries, and the crispest pippens, and——"

Phil had his arm about her now. He knew she was true as the angels in heaven.

"I was going to keep it secret till to-morrow," she went on; "but, oh, I couldn't I know! Last night when you came in I was writing to Miss Tidd, and to your father and mother, and Boggs, the carrier, took the invitations, and he's coming too. And Aunt Esther, too, poor thing. When you got up to get your tobacco last night I was so afraid as death you'd see the turkey. It was in that closet, and so big, it couldn't be hidden."

"My little lass," said Phil, stroking her hair softly, "I was a brute!"

Then Jessie caught sight of her husband's poor, torn hands, and she cried over them a little, and then kissed them; and—as if that were not a sufficient cure—she anointed them and bound them up in fine linen, and then, as a great treat, led Phil to the door of the cupboard and showed him the mammoth turkey. Poor fellow! there was infinite repose in his attitude, though his legs stuck out so stiffly. "After life's fitful fever he slept well," and, indeed, his life must long have been a burden to him from sheer corpulence. There was a huge tankard of cider, too, and a bushel of nuts and apples.

"Now lie down again, poor boy," cried Jessie, "and you shall have some of those very sausages for supper, done brown."

Lying there at his ease and watching Jessie's slender form flitting here and there, the memory of the day's agony seemed like a nightmare dream. Looking in that innocent, girlish face, those dewy-bright eyes, with life's morning light yet unquenched, he wondered at his own doubts. He could scarcely forgive himself for wronging his darling in his thoughts.

All at once Jessie left the sausages to brown, and crept near to him.

"That Christmas holly," she said—"shall I throw it out? A little lad brought it, but *he* sent it. I had forgotten——"

"No, let it stand," Phil said. "It cannot harm us—the brave, bright holly! I don't mind. I think I don't mind anything now."

And what a happy little supper it was! Phil told the story of the mine, and Jessie ran around to kiss her hero, as she called him. Then through the starlit night sounded the chimes of the village church, far away like "the horns of elf-land softly blowing"; and those two happy hearts seemed to set themselves to the music—the grand and glorious anthem of the time—"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

But what an exciting story was the next one! Jessie was up before the first rosy flush crept up the Eastern sky; but Phil was soon at her side, and she showed him a mysterious looking speckled ball.

"Our plum-pudding!" she cried, with a little triumphant laugh. "You never dreamed of that, did you, old fellow?"

"No; but I'm afraid I shall to-night," answered Phil, with a grimace, as he contemplated the fearful and wonderful compound.

Jessie made good use of her time, so that they might go to church. The turkey was such a monster that they might leave him in the oven safely with a slow fire, and everything else was in readiness.

Phil went with alacrity. Never had he felt so much like thanking God for His goodness since the day he first had clasped Jessie in his arms. Now that he had dreamed how utterly bare and flavorless his life would be without her, he felt like joining in a great, triumphant chant; and an unutterable joy swelled up in his heart as if for the first time Christ was born for him.

And Jessie, although she knew little of the heart-throes through which he had passed, felt a sense of unusual thanksgiving as she remembered how Phil and so many others had been snatched by Heaven's mercy and one man's heroism from a terrible death. Ah, what would this Christmas have been, with Phil buried away from her sight—with that strong arm that she leaned on, that true heart that she rested on, snatched away for ever? No wonder a tender radiance filled her face with new beauty and her shining eyes overflowed with some of the rapture that glows in those of the painted saints. And then the music pulsed through the little church like a joyous beating heart, and seemed to throb up to the very heaven above their heads.

And, at last, when they stood outside in the clear morning sunshine, what an ovation there was for Phil! How his hand was wrung till it pained again, and good wishes were showered upon him and his pretty little wife till he seemed to stand knee-deep in them. And there was his mother—a rosy-cheeked little woman who wiped her eyes and stared up at him as if he were too dazzling and great for this wicked world. And his gray-haired father—stalwart yet—who proudly spoke of him as "my boy" to all who would listen. And there was Boggs, the carrier, and Miss Tidd, who was extremely genteel, and accordingly never expressed herself quite as she felt. She had been Jessie's teacher, and was a model of propriety, her only weakness being a fancy that every male with whom she came in contact was in love with her, and this lent to her manner a perpetual smirk and self-consciousness; otherwise she was a sensible person. Then there was Aunt Esther, who had traveled with an invalid on the Continent, and had seen a great deal in her day, only she could not remember names—which rather impaired her information.

But a more jovial party never set out for a Christmas feast. The hard, white paths seemed resonant with the music of their joyous feet, as with the sound of a triumphal march. As the little cottage-door was opened, what a delicious odor diffused itself about the room, and greeted their nostrils with grateful fragrance! That turkey was doing himself credit in the most exemplary manner, as was to be expected of such a generous bird, and the plum-pudding was not to be outdone. It was bobbing up and down in the pot in the merriest manner—"Dancing a sort of Christmas jig," Boggs said.

Well, it was all ready at last, and "a jollier spread was never seen," so Boggs said. As for the tenderness of that turkey, and the brown crackle of his juicy, rich skin—it was enough to haunt one for days, and fill one's nightly dreams. How really majestic he looked in his bed of sausages, with that broad expanse of bosom bared to the cruel knife! And as for that plum-pudding, which came on blazing, and shed a Christmas light on the jovial faces—it could scarcely be kept together for richness.

Then Boggs, with a huge mug of cider in his hand, proposed the very original toast, "The ladies—God bless them!" And Miss Tidd flushed and whispered to Jessie "that he was getting too pointed." Jessie smiled, and, leaning over toward her husband, whispered:

"He *has* blessed me!" and Phil patted her little hand softly under the table.

Then there was a startling knock at the door, and what should that be but a messenger from the Eversleigh Mining Company with a package for Phil, which he tore open at once.

What was this? Why, a vote of thanks and a purse of thirty guineas for the hero of the day! Thirty golden guineas that glittered with the promise of many a pleasant thing to come.

"The old Squire's heart's in the right place," said Boggs. "Ere's to 'im and the Eversleigh Mining Company, and to Phil Trelawney, the Prince of Miners!"

It was rather a mixed toast, but all drank it heartily; and then Boggs added:

"And may God bless us, every one!"

But Miss Tidd declared he looked at her very tenderly when he said that.

WHAT we employ in charitable uses during our lives is given away from ourselves; what we bequeath at our death is given from others only as our nearest relations

(Continued from page 286.)

HALF A DOLLAR.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

"How little of that would make us comfortable!" thought the poor woman, turning her famished eyes on the loaves of bread heaped on the baker's counter.

But she moved on in silence, pressing the little hand in hers tenderly, as she turned up a cross-street, facing the wind and sleet with desperate energy.

The night would have been dark and dreary enough at any other time of the year, but now the principal streets were in grand illumination. The shop-windows were all ablaze, and through them came the vivid coloring of holiday gifts, tinting the very storm with an idea of warmth. It was a joyous, pleasant scene, spite of the storm; for the pavements were thronged, and eager traffic was going on; but the widow and her child went through it, blind to everything but their own great want.

"Mother," said little Ruth, as they came in front of a noble mansion where the widow had paused, searching for a number, "mother, will the half-dollar be enough to get a little of the ham too?"

"Do not think of that, darling. We may get nothing at all. Try and be a brave little girl if we should fail. See, there is a carriage at the door! The lady is going out. Keep close to me, for I must speak to her."

While she was speaking, the door of the mansion opened; a flood of light broke through, and moving down the wet steps came a lady folded in a cloak of soft, white cloth, with a cloud of lace wound over her head, through which came a gleam of diamonds—a middle-aged lady, sumptuously arrayed for some dinner-party. A footman was in attendance, carrying an umbrella over her head with one hand, while with the other he reverently lifted her velvet train from the wet stones.

When the lady reached the last step, the widow came forward, so eager in her distress, that she could only gasp out:

"Lady, lady! Only one moment! I must speak with you!"

The lady did not seem to hear; for the footman had pushed himself between her and the poor woman, whom he gruffly ordered to stand back, while he sheltered his charge to the carriage door, closed it with a dash, and climbed to the coachman's seat.

Before the mother could speak again, little Ruth darted out from her shawl and ran after the carriage as it was about to drive away.

"Oh, stop, lady! Make them stop?" she cried out. "We cannot wait. Mother must speak with you."

The only answer she received was the swift curl of a whip lash around her hood, the end of which hurt her cheek like the sting of a wasp. Then there was a great stamping of hoofs, and the carriage dashed away, throwing a gleam of its lamps on the desperately white face of the woman as it turned.

"Oh, mother! What shall we do?"

Poor little Ruth crept back to her mother as she uttered this woe-begone appeal and stood shivering there.

The woman took her hand with a wild, almost fierce grasp, and was turning away when a perfect river of light broke across the pavement at her feet.

Ruth looked up at the window from which it came, and cried out, joyfully:

"Oh, mother, look! They haven't all gone out! See, what a beautiful lady!"

The woman lifted her eyes, and there, standing at a window, holding back its crimson silk and lace draperies with her hand, saw a young lady looking out upon the storm. The light of many rainbows seemed falling on her from a crystal chandelier that kindled up the room with its diamond reflections, and through the open leaf of a folding-door broke in the grander illumination of another room, hung profusely with Christmas garlands, woven in with richer draperies. In the centre of this room a young spruce-tree towered to the ceiling laden down in every branch with glittering and costly gifts—a tree that, to the eyes of little Ruth, seemed planted in fairy-land.

"Mother, mother, look! Isn't that a Christmas-tree?" cried Ruth, shoving her mother closer to the window. "Oh, my, how could she! It is all shut out."

It did seem cruel when that young lady turned from the window, with an air of dejection, and allowed the rich draperies to sweep this little vision of paradise from the child's sight.

The widow stooped and quietly wiped away the tears that were filling the child's eyes.

"Come," she said, "it seems like good luck to know that some one is at home. We must try the basement bell."

Once in the area the steps above sheltered the mother and child from the fierce blasts of the wind, so, after ringing the bell, they waited long and patiently before any one came. At last a pampered cook, who was regaling herself at a side-table in the kitchen on the last part of a canvas-back duck, which had been kept warm between two china plates after a choice selection from those sent up for her master's dinner, bestirred herself enough to reflect that some one must be at the door, so with much deliberation she arose and went down the hall, wiping her mouth with a damask napkin in the progress.

As she opened the door, a gust of wind rushed into her red face, and quite took away her breath; but not before a street lamp had revealed the two persons standing without.

"Nothing for you, and serves you right for ringing like a market-man. We don't keep cold victuals for beggars that don't know how to pull a bell-handle. Such a night as this too, when the wind howls and the sleet pricks your face like needles. Just stand back, while I shut the door. There

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now, no use of trying to talk. I can't have a word, and wouldn't if I could."

With this the woman seized on the door with both her strong hands, and closed it forcibly against the intruders.

The widow looked down upon her child, whose sad disappointment was clearly revealed by the street lamp. She did not know that her own features were still more wan and despairing.

"Oh, God help us! What can we do?" she said, holding the little hand in hers, as if it were the only frail thing on earth that she could depend on.

"Go up to the front door," said the little girl, earnestly, "ring the bell and ask for that young lady. She isn't like the others, I'm sure as sure can be. Say that you must see her. You are a lady just as much as she."

"I was a lady once," said the widow, with a sad smile, "and a proud one, too, but no one would think it now. Come, child, come! Why should we not go in at the front door?"

As she said this, the widow hurried up from the area, and mounting the broad entrance steps, rang the bell with a nervous pull that sounded her presence with something like authority.

The sound of the bell reached the young lady who had been walking restlessly up and down the room, of which the poor woman had caught a glimpse that seems to mock at her own wretchedness. She stopped a moment, held her breath and listened, then stole to the window on tip-toe, as if ashamed of what she was doing, saw a carriage in the gloom, and knew that, spite of the storm, her lover had come.

The servants were moving about in the back-room, so she closed the folding doors, and hid the Christmas-tree, and sat down demurely waiting for him to come in, as if she had not indulged in a thought about the matter till then; though her heart was beating so tumultuously that a little tuft of flowers that lay among the gossamer lace on her bosom fluttered as if a breeze were passing over it.

The door opened only to admit a servant, which brought an impatient glow to the girl's fair cheek.

"A person, miss. One of them sewing women that never will take no for an answer. She says that the madame owes her some change, just fifty cents, and she wants it."

"A woman, Robert, about sewing work. You ought to know that I am engaged—particularly engaged. Why didn't you tell her so?"

"I did, miss, but its no good trying to put such people in their place She says she must see you."

"Must see me! Indeed, I can see no one to-night, that is no one who is not expected. Stay, I will send the money if I can find it, no matter whether it is due or not."

The girl went to a work-box on one of the tables, and hurriedly searched for a portemonnaie that she supposed to be there.

"I cannot find it. Tell the woman that I cannot be troubled just now. She must call again," she said, heartlessly, for that moment the step that she had been listening for fell upon her ear.

The servant went out with alacrity, for he rather liked the petty tyranny of his position, and found the widow shivering.

"The young lady is particularly engaged. I told you so before: besides, she don't know a thing about any money due for work; but being kind-hearted, she says you may come again to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, pray tell her that we are in great *need*. We must have it to-night. I would not have come so far in this awful weather but for that," pleaded the woman.

"I've brought your answer and won't ask for no other," answered the man; for the wind that swept sharply through the door irritated his lordly temper.

"But we need it so much!"

"There, there—stand aside. Can't you see that a gentleman is coming up the steps?"

The poor woman shrunk back with a piteous moan. Her face was so pinched and deadly white that a young gentleman who had alighted from a close carriage at the steps paused an instant in his swift ascent, struck painfully by it; but she shrunk further back. The door was flung wide open, and he passed into the hall. Without addressing a word to those he shut out, the man closed the door, forcing it against the wind with both hands, and obsequiously helped the young gentleman to divest himself of his overcoat. Then he held the parlor-door open for him.

The poor widow, thus left out in the cold, might, indeed, feel that one glimpse of that luxurious apartment was a cruel mockery of her destitution, for it was, indeed, a nest of artistic luxury. A bed of glowing coal burning in a grate of glittering steel and silver filled every corner with genial warmth. Rare pictures hung upon the walls, rich draperies lent their graceful glow and wealth of coloring; Oriental vases and rare bits of antique china stood in the recesses and covered the little tables.

While the storm raged without, no breath of it reached that dainty room strong enough to stir the basket of tea-roses, Japan lilies, and japonicas that had been sent to that fair girl as her first Christmas gift in the morning. Now their fragrance pervaded the whole room, and it seemed as if the fair owner moved through the calm of a tropical climate when she came forward to receive her guest; for that portion of her dress that swept the floor was rich with lace, and Summer-like in its texture as if the blast of a storm could never reach her.

"My darling, you scarcely expected me, I am sure," said the young man, coming forward with his hands extended and a world of lovelight in his fine eyes; "but it must have been a fiercer tempest than this that would keep me from you to-night, foolish fellow that I am."

"I should never have forgiven you if you had not come," answered the girl, with arch tenderness. "Why, sir, I have been waiting here half an hour already."

"Wondering what I should bring you for a Christmas gift?"

"No, no—not that," she answered, turning her eyes on the basket of flowers, and blushing like one of its roses. "That came this morning, and I would let them put nothing else in this room, for your roses turned it into a little heaven of my own."

The young man took both her hands in his, and held them close as he looked smilingly down into her eyes.

"Oh, flowers amount to nothing."

"You must not say that, George. They are the loveliest things on earth."

"They will perish in a day or two at the best. But I really have brought you something that will keep its own so long as we love each other."

"So long! Then it will be perfect to all eternity."

Smiles and tears both broke into the girl's face as she said this in the fullness of her glad heart.

The young man grew serious. Something in these words had struck him with a thought of death, from which the most intense human love can save no one.

"God forbid that it should not remain so while you and I live, dear one; for, see, it is the engagement-ring I have brought you."

A flood of crimson rose to that sweet face. The little hand held out for the ring quivered like a falling leaf. Then the girl began to tremble all over with a solemn realization of the bond this ring would seal. She held the star-like solitaire in her hand a moment, gazing on it with subdued reverence, scarcely conscious of its beauty, unquestioning as to its value. It might have been a lot of glass rather than a limpid diamond for anything she thought of the matter, for every sensitive power of feeling or mind was uppermost just then, and she only felt how solemn and sacred a thing that jewel was.

"No, you must put it on first," she said, resting one hand softly on his bosom, and holding the ring toward him. "I shall always love it better if taken from your own finger."

The young man, gazing down into her face, read all the solemn and beautiful thoughts that prompted the action, and his own sympathetic nature was subdued by them into solemn harmony.

As he stood before her, submitting one hand to her sweet will, his figure drooped from its proud bearing, the lids fell over his fine eyes, and he felt like one performing a sacred rite rather than the ordinary presentation of a Christmas gift.

"Now," he said, taking the glittering pledge from the tip of his finger, for it was too small for more than that—"now, darling, you have made this the very happiest day of my life. If I could give you the whole world it would not be enough."

He placed the ring on her finger, kissing both hands as he relinquished them. She gazed on the sparkling stone a moment, then lifted her sweet face to his, and for one happy, happy moment their lips met and clung together in a lifelong pledge. Then with his arm about her waist, the young man led his almost bride to a sofa, and there, seated among the embroidered cushions, fell into one of those broken conversations in which perfect confidence gives the sweetest zest to love.

"And you are happy now, my beloved?" he whispered, for her face was so near to his that a breath reached her ear.

"Happy! Oh, George, if we could be always so, heaven would begin here with you. To me it seems as if the whole world must be happy to-night."

These words jarred upon the young man, for they brought to mind the shivering child and white-faced woman he had passed only a few minutes before on the steps of that very house with the storm beating over them.

"Ah," he said, a little sadly, "it seems so to us; but while men and women live there will be some who rejoice and some who suffer. I was chilled a little on the steps to-night by a sad-looking woman and little girl who seemed pleading with your servant for something. The woman's face was intelligent, but so mournfully hopeless! Who can she be?"

As he spoke, the young man felt the form his arm encircled shrink a little.

"Oh, I had forgotten her. I was so glad to hear your step so soon. It was a sewing woman who says she has done work for mamma."

"And your people sent her away?"

"I do not know—you came in just then, and I forgot everything else: but I am so sorry. Did she really seem in distress?"

"Great distress. Indeed, nothing less than that would bring any woman out this fearfully cold night!"

"Is it so very cold? I had not felt the difference."

"God forbid that you ever should feel the inclemency of a night like this. Yet, my darling, the poor woman I passed on your steps seemed frail and gentle, and may have been an object of love and care also."

"Don't, George—don't. I am so sorry. How could I be so cruel?" The girl covered her face with both hands, and her voice was full of tears, as she went on:

"The poor woman asked for a little change that was due her. Mamma was not at home, and I knew nothing about it; besides, my portemonnaie had been displaced, and—and—you came in. Oh, how could I make myself so miserable! but, perhaps she is there yet."

The girl sprang up as this hope struck her, and rang the bell: when the servant came in she bade him go to the door and see if the woman who called was there yet.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, on receiving this distasteful order; "she stood on the steps like a statue—as if she never meant to move again, when I shut the door on her. But the young 'un kept on ringing the bell, and I felt quite sure banged against the door with both her hands, as if the little creature was bent on breaking through. P'r'aps they may be hanging about yet such people never do get tired with waiting."

"Go and see at once!" ordered the young man, impatient at the delay this long speech created.

The man obeyed promptly enough now, and while he stood in the open door, looking indifferently into the darkness, the eager young couple followed him, and looked out anxiously.

There was no one visible. The steps were covered with sleet, that the wind swept in upon that daintily dressed girl, almost taking away her breath.

"I can see nothing of them," said the young man; "but they cannot be far off. Bring my overcoat," he added. "Tell me, if you know, where they live."

"Haven't got the least idea," answered the man, disgusted with all that was passing. "Theodore, the footman, knows, p'r'aps; but he's out with the madame. So you see, sir, it would be going out for nothing."

The young couple turned away reluctantly, and went into the room they had left; where the sleet that had fallen over their garments turned to water and hung trembling all over them, like dew that should have belonged to the flowers that glowed in the tropical warmth.

Both were greatly saddened, and the soft eyes of the girl were full of tears.

"Do not grieve so. We shall know where these poor souls live, and I will go to them early in the morning. That is the best we can do," said the young man, kissing away the tears with more tenderness than the first kiss of their betrothal had known.

"I—I will go with you—quite early, remember, and give her ever so much more than she asked for, and be a friend to her for ever after," replied the really kind-hearted girl, smiling through her tears.

CHAPTER II.

NO WORD was spoken between the widow and her child on the way home. The storm had abated something of its fury, but a stinging frost set in, turning everthing to ice, over which those two slipped, worried, and made their uncertain way to the desolation of their own basement. Once there, the broken-hearted woman fell into a chair, and beyond that, seemed unable to move. Ruth took off her shawl—now frozen stiff, and hung it over the empty fireplace, where it rattled and shook in the sharp currents of air drawing through from the window, giving out a faint, dismal sound. Then throwing off her cape, she drew close to her mother, and winding both arms about her neck, laid her cheek against her cold face.

"Come, mother, come; just try to cheer up. This hug from your own little girl will warm you up—see if it don't?"

A low, convulsive sob, which the poor woman strove in vain to suppress, was all the answer she could give.

"Don't, mother, dear—please don't! Try and bear it a little longer, and Christ will help us, for He died for us *all*—think of that! It almost makes one forget being hungry."

The child's voice had a sweet ring of courage in it: but underneath was a pathetic sound of tears choked back.

"You are tired out; it frightens me, mother, to see you sitting here, with your face falling on your bosom so. Come, now go to bed. I'll stir up the stove beautifully. The wet hasn't got into the corners. Come, mother."

There was a straw bed lying in a corner of the room. Ruth had become accustomed to the darkness, and began heaping up the straw on the side where her mother was to sleep. Here she persuaded the worn-out creature in the chair to lie down, and spread the worn quilt carefully over her, tucking it in against the wall. Then she placed a piece of rag carpet between the bed and the floor, that it might seem like a pillow: and hung another piece on the back of a chair, and thus shielded the corner a little from the icy blast that came through the window.

"There, mother; isn't this comfortable? Now just drop asleep, and I'll come to bed the minute I can."

A low murmur, too faint for a sob, came from the bed—then all was still; and the little girl heard nothing more, though she sat there, holding her breath as she listened.

Satisfied that her mother was asleep, the girl gathered up her rejected holders, and stole softly into the street. The sidewalks were one glaze of ice, but, spite of her fatigue, the child managed to reach the corner grocery, just as the owner was looking dejectedly over a pile of chickens and turkeys that had been left on hand, much to his disgust. He looked up as the girl came in, and made a gesture that she should leave the store.

"It is no use coming again," he said, curtly—"two shillings is the limit. I won't trust you another cent!"

"Oh, sir, please; don't say that! I didn't come for trust this time; only, if you would be so kind, to make a little trade. We are so cold at home, and we've had bad luck all day: so I thought that you might let me have just one loaf of bread and a bundle of kindling wood, and keep these to make sure that you would be paid. See how prettily this streak of red runs through them. I am quite sure that some of your lady customers would buy them."

"What—those little bundles of rags? What on earth are they good for?"

"Why, holders for kittles and flat-irons. Don't you see how thick they are—can't burn your hands through them if you try. Lots of women would be glad to get 'em."

The man turned the bundle parcel disdainfully over with his hands, then pushed it toward her.

"Take the trash away! I have no use for it," he said, crossly.

"Let me look at them," said a kindly voice from back of the counter. "Don't be in such a hurry to drive the poor child away, John. Such things are useful in the kitchen."

Ruth ran eagerly up to the counter and spread her wares upon it, trembling with hope.

The woman, whose gentle voice could at all times tame the savage in her husband's bosom, selected two of the holders and put them aside.

"These will do," she said, smiling down on the anxious face lifted to hers. "They are real pretty, and just what I want. Give her a nice, fresh loaf, John, and a bundle—two bundles—of the kindling-wood."

"Oh, ma'am, how good you are! I—I want to thank you, only—only sometimes when I'm very glad it makes me cry. Isn't that foolish, now?"

Even the burly grocer was touched by something in that voice, and some unusual emotion stirred in his throat as he selected the two largest bundles of kindling-wood from a heap behind the door, and put them carefully in the child's arms, piling the loaf upon them, as the good little wife stood smiling by.

"There, take that too," she said, rolling a great red apple across the counter. "Now scamper home, for it's an awful cold night."

Ruth did not scamper home—the sidewalks were too slippery for that, and her arms were full: but she made the best of her way along the ice, through the area, and crept softly into the basement, trembling as much from happiness as cold.

"Mother, mother! are you asleep?"

She scarcely lifted her voice above a whisper, fearing to disturb the weary woman if she should be still sleeping.

No answer came, and she stole up to the fireplace, thinking:

"I'll kindle the fire, and when it begins to blaze and crackle she'll wake up and be astonished. Then I'll give her the soft of the bread, and the apple, and—and just sit down and cry for joy to see her eat. After all, won't it be a jolly Christmas Eve!"

So Ruth broke one of her bundles of wood and set a match to it, took the loaf and cut away some of the crust for herself, then a thick slice for the sleeper; resolutely refusing to touch her portion till the mother awoke to join in the feast.

The match did its work; the fire blazed up with a cheerful sound, shedding its glow out among the shadows of the room; but this was not enough to awaken the woman prostrate there in one corner.

"Poor mother!" thought the girl, looking wistfully that way. "She's so worn out, it's a shame to wake her. I'll just wait a little longer, and then——"

The poor child not finish the sentence. Fatigue, anxiety, and this little glow of warmth had its effect on her. With her feet planted on the rounds of the old chair, and her head resting on the back, she, too, fell asleep.

It was daylight when Ruth awoke—broad daylight; for the clear Winter sunshine was shining in at the window, and afar off she heard the Christmas bells ringing joyously. She started up, bewildered. The fire had all burned out, but there upon the little pine table lay the bread, a knife, and one fair apple. Daylight, and her mother had eaten nothing yet.

Everything was so still that the child felt a sort of terror steal over her, and crept toward the bed like a creature afraid.

"Mother, dear mother, wake up now. It's morning, and I've got a lovely breakfast. Come, mother! you have had a good long sleep—get up now."

The child spoke low and hurriedly at first, then louder, and with a great effort at cheerfulness: but no answer came. The woman on the bed did not move.

"Mother, I say!"

Ruth knelt down by the bed and touched the sleeping woman with her hands. How cold it was in that corner of the room!

"Mother! mother!"

There was alarm in her voice now, and she started up, looking around helplessly.

That moment a carriage drove to the door, out of which came a young gentleman, and the lady she had seen the evening before at the grand house from which she had been turned away. She met them at the door, too much terrified for surprise.

"Oh, sir, will you try and wake my mother? She has been sleeping so long, and the cold has chilled her so! I tried to move her, but could not. I only had to speak, till now, and she would hear. Will you try to make her know how she frightens me?"

The young man came into the desolation of that room with a sinking heart; for its stillness struck him with inexplicable awe. The young lady, too, felt the chill through all her frame, and sank into a chair, wringing her hands in an agony of self-reproach.

The young man knelt down by the bed, and recognized in the white face turned partly against the wall the features that had aroused his sympathy the night before. He touched the thin hand, that was still clutching the quilt as it had been drawn up to her throat. Then he looked up, pale, almost, as the woman he had gazed upon.

"Does she hear? Oh, does she hear?" wailed the frightened child.

"She will never hear again," was the solemn answer. "Poor orphan! poor little thing! your mother is dead."

"Dead!" repeated the young lady, white to the lips; "dead!"

"Yes; frozen to death. She must have died early in the night."

Ruth had not spoken, but crept to the bed, threw out her arms, and clung to her mother, moaning.

Those two looked on sorrowfully, one sorely conscience-stricken, the other sad from intense sympathy. Some few broken words passed between them. Then the young man went out, leaving that delicate young girl alone with misery and death for the first time in her life. She strove to lift Ruth from that squalid deathbed, but the child only clung closer to her mother, begging to be left alone. Then the lady took off her fur-lined cloak, spread it softly over the two, and sat down in the cold, weeping bitterly because there was nothing else that she could do.

By-and-by some neighboring women came in from the tenement-house above, and one of them took the child by kindly force in her arms, and bore her up-stairs into her own room. The young lady followed after, and there, hour after hour, watched by the orphan; sometimes holding her close to her own bosom, in a gentle effort at consolation. And thus the Christmas, slowly marching, went by.

When the coroner's jury and the undertakers had done their work, a single carriage, in which that betrothed pair had taken the orphan child, slowly followed a hearse from that tenement-house to a neighboring cemetery. When the carriage returned, Ruth lay insensible in the arms of her young protector, and was borne into the house from which she had been driven only the night before, to be cared for thereafter as one of the family.

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[*Written expressly for the Holiday Number of* FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.]

THE TRAGEDY QUEEN.

HER triumphs are over, the crown
Has passed from her brow;
And she smiles—"To whom now does the town
My poor laurels allow?"
It has wept for her, dying, a hundred times,
With mimic passion, in mimic crimes:
Who cares for her lying discrowned and dying
In earnest now?

Only those who have known her strange story,
And watched her through all,
So serene in the day of her glory,
So grand in her fall—
In the sphere beyond all tragic art
Playing her own deep woman's part,
A few faithful befriend her, still cherish, attend her,
And come at her call.

And so, when to-night the old fire
Flamed up in her eye,
And she said, "'Tis a childish desire,
I cannot deny,
To see the old boards and the footlights again,
To feel the wild storm of the plaudits of men!
But grant me this pastime, you know 'tis the last time,"
What could we reply?

Her form to the carriage we bore
In dark mantle and vail;
On my arm, at the gloomy side-door,
She hung, lily-like, frail;
But, treading the old, familiar scene,
She moved majestic, she walked a queen—
The rouged ballet-girls staring to see her high bearing,
So proud and so pale!

At the wing, her swift glance as we waited
Swept royally round:
I could feel how she thrilled and dilated,
And how at the sound,
The brief commotion that intervenes
In the busy moment of shifting scenes,
The creaking of pulleys, the shrill shrieking *coulisse*,
Her heart gave a bound.

The manager hastes and unlocks
The small door from the wing;
To the deep-curtained, crimson-lined box
Our dear lady we bring.
All aflutter with life, all aglitter with light,
The vast half-circle burst on the sight;
The fairy stage showing amidst, like a glowing
Great gem in its ring.

The strong soul in the weak woman's face
Flashes forth to behold
The gay world that assembled to grace
Her own triumphs of old.



"THE NEW QUEEN STOOPS AT THE OLD QUEEN'S FEET."

The vision brings back her bright young days—
For her the loud tumult, the showered bouquets;
And her fancy is ravished with joy amid lavished
Glory and gold.

In that moment of dream disappear
Sorrow, sickness, and pain:
Airy hopes, a romantic career,
Beam and beckon again.
Alas! but the life itself could last
No more than the dream: and the dream is past—
'Tis gone with the quickness of breath, while the sickness
And sorrow remain.

We saw her, pain-stricken and white,
Sink back in her place:
Could a pang of sharp envy so smite
The brief joy from her face?
Lo, the queen of the ballet! she waves and glides;
Upon floods of strong music triumphant she rides,
And laughingly pillows each movement on billows
Of beauty and grace.

And there, in his orchestra stall,
The stage-vampire is seen,
Foremost once, most devoted of all,
In the train of our queen
Still seeking a fresh young heart to devour,
Still following ever the queen of the hour,
Enrapt by so rare a sight, sits the gray parasite,
Ogling the scene.

Not envy—her heart is too great.
But for her, for all these,
Whose fortunes, like flatterers, wait
On their powers to please,
Whose substantial happiness draws
Its air-plant life from the breath of applause,
The powers soon jaded, the flowers all faded
And withered she sees;

The unworthy contentions, the strife;
Feet lured from the goals,
Hands staid in the contest of life,
By the hour that cajoles
With its wayside-scattered apples of joy;
The sunshine that pampers, the storms that destroy,
And all the besetting temptations benetting
These butterfly souls.

And naught, as we know, can assuage
Her keen anguish of heart,
Seeing thus from her dearly loved stage
The true grandeur depart
Now the people prefer these wondrous shows,
Scant costume, antics and flushed tableaux;
For tinsel and magic, forgetting her tragic
Magnificent art.

"Let us go!" she entreats. "I am ill!"
And unnoticed withdraws
From the theatre, thundering still
With the surge of applause.

As slowly she turns behind the scene
For a parting glance, comes the gay new queen,
By fairies attended, all glowing and splendid
In spangles and gauze.

From the footlights, arms filled with bouquets,
One is hurrying back;
One gazes with cold marble face
From the vail's tragic black;
And there at the manager's beck they meet;
The new queen stoops at the old queen's feet,
With all her soft graces and sweet commonplaces
Of greeting no lack.



"FROM THE COLD DIM COACH ONE LOOKS HER LAST AT THE THEATRE LIGHTS AND THE JOYOUS PAST."

Before her the great lady stood,
So gracious, so grand!
"You are lovely—I think you are good;
Oh, child, understand!
Be prudent, yet generous; false to none;
Keep the pearl of the heart; be true to one;
Be wise, oh, be gentle!" and from the dark mantle
She reached forth her hand.

And they parted. All freshness and fire,
One passed in her bloom,
Feet swift with delight and desire,
Arms shedding perfume!
From the cold dim coach one looks her last
At the theatre lights and the joyous past;
And away in the lurid wet night we are hurried,
Through rain-gust and gloom.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"'LET US GO!' SHE ENTREATS. 'I AM ILL!' AND UNNOTICED WITHDRAWS."

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"THE FALLEN LEAVES." BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Published exclusively in this Journal by special arrangement with the Author.

THE PROLOGUE.

I.

THE resistless influences which are one day to reign supreme over our poor hearts, and to shape the sad, short course of our lives, are sometimes of mysteriously remote origin, and find their devious ways to us through the hearts and the lives of strangers.

While the young man whose troubled career it is here proposed to follow was wearing his first jacket, and bowling his first hoop, a domestic misfortune, falling on a household of strangers, was destined nevertheless to have its ultimate influence over his happiness, and to shape the whole after-course of his life.

For this reason, some first words must precede the story, and must present the brief narrative of what happened in the household of strangers. By what devious ways the event here related affected the chief personage of these pages, when he grew to manhood, it will be the business of the story to trace, over land and sea, among men and women, in bright days and dull days alike, until the end is reached, and the pen (God willing) is put back in the desk.

II.

OLD Benjamin Ronald (of the Stationer's Company) took a young wife at the ripe age of fifty, and carried with him into the holy estate of matrimony some of the habits of his bachelor life.

As a bachelor, he had never willingly left his shop (situated in that exclusively commercial region of London which is called "the City") from one year's end to another. As a married man, he persisted in following the same monotonous course; with this one difference, that he now had a woman to follow it with him. "Traveling by railway," he explained to his wife, "will make your head ache—it makes my head ache. Traveling by sea will make you sick—it makes me sick. If you want change of air, every sort of air is to be found in the City. If you admire the beauties of nature, there is Finsbury Square with the beauties of nature carefully selected and arranged. When we are in London, you (and I) are all right; and when we are out of London, you (and I) are all wrong." As surely as the Autumn holiday season set in, so surely Old Ronald resisted his wife's petition for a

[Continued on page 330.]



THE FALLEN LEAVES.—"IN A MOMENT MORE HE WAS AT THE PALING. THE WOMAN ROSE TO SHRIEK HIM WITH A SMILE."

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1879.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.

In this Number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *will be found the opening chapters of* WILKIE COLLINS'S *latest novel,* "THE FALLEN LEAVES," *which is pronounced by those who have read it to be the best and greatest work of that highly gifted author. Every one into whose hands this Number may fall should read these initial chapters. They are characterized by the peculiar vigor and artistic effects which are inseparable from Mr. Collins's style, and afford a delightful foretaste of the enjoyment which is in store for our readers in the perusal of this remarkable work.*

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a new monthly magazine, entitled FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX, *full of interesting reading matter for the young—published at the low price of ten cents per number, or one dollar per year. What better gift can be made to a child than a year's subscription to this beautiful little magazine?*

PACIFIC RAILWAY MONOPOLY.

SOME sixteen years have elapsed since Congress first made the people of the United States responsible for the payment, in round numbers, of $65,000,000 on account of the Pacific Railways, mere private corporations. To the first day of December, 1878, public taxes to the amount of $39,835,039.86 have been used to pay interest on this loan of Governmental credit, of which sum only $10,445,916.73 has been repaid by transportation service. The balance is $29,389,123.13, which sum, if applied to a reduction of the war indebtedness of the country, would diminish the national burden to the extent of $1,763,347 per annum. If the public at large benefited pecuniarily by this vast loan of credit and payment of interest, there would be no cause for complaint. But they do not. On the contrary they are made the victims of rapacious extortion and unblushing insolence.

The monopolists, according to *Poor's Manual*, operate 2,251 miles of railway; and in order that our readers may appreciate to some extent the justice of our arraignment, we present the annexed official statement of the gross and alleged net earnings for five years, commencing with 1873, of these Pacific Railways:

Years	Gross Earnings.	Net Earnings.
1873	$26,209,944	$13,648,195
1874	24,784,094	14,874,742
1875	29,614,508	16,714,858
1876	31,033,803	17,033,517
1877	32,170,992	15,453,588
Total	$141,813,281	176,724,900

The foregoing shows the total net earnings to have been something more than 54 per cent. of the whole sum derived from transportation of passengers and freight, and yet, for purposes of their own, the managers of these corporations have underrated the amount of gain derived from the public. This can best be shown by comparing the operating expenses of the Pacific monopoly with the cost of railway service throughout the country during the period under consideration.

The following table, based upon authoritative statements, exhibits the cost per mile of railway operating throughout the country, as compared with the cost of service on the Pacific route:

Years	General R. R. Service.		Pacific R. R. Service.	
	Cost per Mile.	Decrease.	Cost per Mile.	Increase.
1873	$5,172 47	.....	$4,692 70	.....
1874	4,778 12	$394 35	4,626 54	.....
1875	4,434 46	343 66	5,508 55	$884 11
1876	4,228 18	206 28	6,220 47	711 92
1877	4,074 00	154 18	7,603 95	1,383 48

These figures are instructive. They plainly show that, independent of the Pacific roads, the expenses of operating our railways have been lessened year by year, the cost per mile being $1,098.47 less in 1877 than in 1873. On the other hand, the monopoly managers wish to make the public believe that the cost of operating their line has increased from $4,692.10 in 1873 to $7,603.95 in 1877, an increase per mile of $2,911.85. They would further impose upon public credulity by claiming that it costs $3,529.95 more per mile to operate their route than any and all others at the present time. This is simply untrue. The Pacific companies operated as many miles in 1873 as in 1877. During the former year their operating expenses were $480.37 per mile below the general average, and there has been nothing since, either in the price of labor and material, or increased accommodation to the public, to enhance the cost.

The operating expenses of the Pacific Railways for the years 1863 and 1864 varied but little, and averaged, for the two years, $4,658.29 per mile. Although it is reasonable to assume that they followed the general decrease, yet, admitting that this ratio of expense continued, we have the following result as to the net receipts reported and the net receipts as they really were for the years 1875, 1876 and 1877:

Years.	Reported net Receipts.	True net Receipts.	Difference.
1875	$16,614,855	$18,429,038	$1,814,183
1876	17,620,517	20,467,991	3,434,476
1877	15,053,583	21,584,272	6,830,689

This imposition upon the public, however, is far from being the worst that may be urged against the Pacific Railway corporations. Their whole history has been one of duplicity and imposture. Having beguiled Congress into granting a land subsidy of more than 37,000,000 acres, and making the Government sponsor for a money indebtedness of $65,000,000, their constant study and effort has since been apparently to so shape matters as, in the end, to escape all payment. Having obtained sufficient Government aid to build their road, they inveigled Congress, at an early date, into making the national claim of secondary importance. Looking to the evasion of payment of interest on the subsidy bonds, a decision was had from the Supreme Court, whereby payment of interest has been postponed until the bonds mature. Year after year they have gone on absorbing the vast revenues of the line and turning them to their own account. From these revenues the Central Pacific Company is now building a new road across the continent to be used, ultimately, as a competing road when the present line shall become worthless in their hands. Other portions of the revenue are being devoted to the building of other lines of travel, and the purchase by the managers of first mortgage bonds. They have constantly refused to consider final payment of the subsidy bonds and interest, hoping to evade any and all payment of the same.

The "peculiar" management and bad faith evinced by these corporations led Congress, during its last session, to enact the Thurman-Edmunds law. This Act requires the Central and Union Pacific companies to create out of their earnings a sinking fund which will, if the act be enforced, ultimately pay the subsidy bonds and accrued interest. By its provisions the companies are permitted to pay from their gross receipts running expenses and interest on first mortgage bonds. One-fourth of the remainder is to be paid to the Government for the purposes of the sinking fund. The law also debars the Central Pacific Company from declaring any dividend on its capital stock, or entering into arrangements for the leasing of any other railroad, steamboat or steamship line. The law further provides that a failure to comply with its provisions shall work a forfeiture of franchise and a reversion to the Government.

In this law we have the first vigorous attempt of Congress to yoke this overgrown and defiant monopoly. Its managers, however, will not submit if the law can be evaded or set aside. Even now they are taking legal steps to have the Act, if possible, declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Looking to this end, one Albert Gallatin, acting in concert with the managers of the Central Pacific, recently brought suit in the United States Circuit Court, at San Francisco, to restrain that corporation from paying dividends on its capital stock. As pre-arranged, demurrer followed and the company evidently expected to procure judgment by a declaration of the unconstitutionality of the law. But a hitch occurred. Judge Sawyer would not serve them. Adverse judgment was submitted to without argument and an appeal taken to the Supreme Court. The result remains to be disclosed; but as this is a matter which concerns the nation, the people should be watchful of the proceedings. Should the monopoly triumph, as it has invariably done in the past, then the question may be seriously mooted whether the Congressional Acts incorporating these monopolies are not unconstitutional.

OUR DOCK IMPROVEMENTS.

FEW persons, perhaps, except those immediately and directly interested, are aware of the great work which is now in progress along the city front of the North River, and which promises at an early day to give an entirely new character to the west side of the metropolis.

Enjoying a constitution which enables them to conduct their business without the collision and friction so largely experienced by the other departments connected with the city, the Commissioners of Docks have proceeded with their work noiselessly and without ostentation, until now they are able to call attention to the partial completion of what is really a gigantic undertaking. From their recently published annual report we learn that the present Department of Docks has been in existence since 1871; that it underwent some sort of reconstruction in 1873, and that this is its eighth annual report. The management of the Board is vested in five persons called Commissioners, who must be resident in New York. They are appointed by the Mayor, and they hold office for the term of five years. It is the one department connected with the management of city affairs which does not come under the control of the Board of Apportionment, a circumstance which has from time to time been the occasion of wrangling. It owes its allegiance rather to the Sinking Fund Commission, it being provided by law that the Dock Department "shall possess such powers and perform such duties and receive such compensation as shall be established and defined by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the City of New York."

It has been complained that the Dock Department makes but slow progress with its work. It is probable, however, that this charge is made by those who are ignorant of the difficulties which, from the commencement, the Commissioners have had to encounter. The water front is owned only in part by the City of New York, and when the Commissioners first entered upon their task a large proportion of that which they owned was held in lease by other parties. There has thus been the double difficulty of securing those portions of the water front which, although city property, was held on lease by others, and those other portions which were owned by corporations or private parties. These difficulties have gradually been diminishing, although it cannot be said that they have yet wholly disappeared. It can be seen at a glance, however, that the Commissioners are not without excuse for whatever delay may be complained of in the progress of the work under their care. There is no evidence that the Department is not executing its task faithfully and well. On the contrary, this latest report shows that steady and substantial progress is being made along the water front on the west side of the city. The section between Canal and Eleventh Streets has been all but completed, and the workmen are now busy on the wall between Warren and Canal. By means of this new wall the piers and wharves are thrown further out into the river, and West Street acquires a width of 250 feet. It is calculated that between Warren and Eleventh Streets there will be ample room for all the foreign lines of steamers; and, what with the greatly widened streets along the docks, facilities will be afforded for connecting by tracks the railroads and the different piers. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious, and the result, when the proposed improvements are completed, cannot but be an immense gain to the commerce of the city. To carry out and to complete the work so far successfully advanced will involve large expense. Considerations of cost, however, must not be allowed to hinder the progress of an enterprise so fraught with advantage to the future of the metropolis.

It is gratifying to find that the financial condition of the Department, in spite of its difficulties, is favorable. The revenues for the year ending April 30th, 1878, show an increase over the expenditures of $223,745.37. The Commissioners express the confident hope that the revenues of the Department will, in a comparatively short time, reach the sum of one million dollars annually.

We do not care, at present, to enter upon the discussion of the questions which, to a certain extent, divide the opinions of our public men regarding the constitution of the Dock Commission and the manner in which the business of the Department is managed. It might be just as well for all parties if the Department were subject to the same control as the other Departments of the city. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the Commissioners themselves are not responsible for the laws under which the Department is organized; and it is indeed difficult to see why the public interests should not be as well cared for by the Sinking Fund as by the Board of Apportionment. That which is of paramount interest to us all is that good work is being accomplished for the city—a work which will at once improve its appearance and increase its trade. It is certainly in the last degree desirable that the improvements thus far advanced should be carried on and completed. It is a matter of minor importance by whom the work is done—whether by the Dock Department, as at present constituted, or by some other more directly amenable to the control of the usual city authorities.

NEW YORK AND RESUMPTION.

THE speech of Secretary Sherman at the annual dinner of the New England Society in this city, on the evening of the 23d ultimo, dealt almost entirely with the question of resumption, and was eminently satisfactory in its assurances to the distinguished company to whom it was addressed. The Secretary, after dwelling upon the necessity and duty of maintaining the public faith, and the difficulties which have attended the return to the specie standard, went on to say:

"Now that it is nearly accomplished, its maintenance will be easy or difficult precisely as the business men of this country, and chiefly of this city, make it so. Congress, hitherto doubting, waits in hopeful expectancy the maintenance of resumption. The Supreme Court is, I believe, unanimously in favor of restoring coin as the constitutional standard of money. The President of the United States will not only enforce the Resumption Act, but has an abiding faith in its easy execution. The powers invested in the Treasury Department are ample to meet even an extreme emergency, but I do not anticipate any necessity for their full exercise. Coin will not be largely used in the ordinary transaction of business, but other forms of money, strictly limited in amount to the sum that can safely be maintained at par with coin, will be freely paid and accepted as money in all transactions and for all demands. The necessary confidence that will make this easy will depend very much upon men like you, who in the great marts of trade handle the productions of our whole country. If you, guided by the public good as well as enlightened self-interest, will support the policy of resumption, the notes of the United States, like its bonds, will travel with increasing credit the circuit of the world. The notes should be regarded, not, as heretofore, as irredeemable and depreciated money, but as the coin certificates of a great nation, rich in mines, workshops and broad fields, and richer still in untarnished honor. Every man should feel that to aid in this is a matter of pride; to obstruct it a just cause of reproach."

The appeal to the business men of New York to aid in the maintenance of resumption has already been anticipated by their strikingly unanimous action in demanding, at the hands of the Government, a liberal and absolute fulfillment of the national obligation to pay the Federal notes in coin. Even when Mr. Sherman has wavered, and seemed disposed to coquette with the delusions of the Silverites and Greenback fanatics, the voice and conscience of New York have resisted with decisive emphasis all propositions looking to the debasement of the national currency or the smirching of the national honor. Now that resumption is reached, there need be no doubt or apprehension as to the direction in which the controlling influence of this metropolis, on this great and vital question, will be asserted. If the restoration of national prosperity, through the maintenance of honest money and an honest financial policy, depends upon the "business men chiefly of this city," the country may anticipate, with confidence, a speedy deliverance from the depression and embarrassments which have so long paralyzed its energies and darkened its prospects.

OUR WHISKY REVENUES.

IN view of the important relation which the Internal Revenue Bureau sustains to the finances of the country, it must be gratifying to taxpayers to know that the administration of this branch of the public service is characterized both by integrity and a high degree of efficiency. No department encounters more formidable obstacles in the prosecution of its work; the laws affecting the interests with which it has to deal provoke the antagonism of all the baser elements of vicious natures, and their provisions are, not unfrequently, successfully evaded, greatly to the damage of the public revenues. During the past year, however, their enforcement has been exceptionally thorough and satisfactory. The report of the Commissioner shows that, as a result of the operations against illicit distillers in the mountain regions of the Virginias, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, 1,258 stills have been seized and 2,990 arrests have been made for illicit distillation. The greatest number of seizures, 290, was in North Carolina, and the next highest, 235, in Georgia. Since July, 1877, five revenue officers have been killed and thirteen wounded in incursions against illicit distillers. Of a gross collection from the spirit, tobacco and all other taxes of $110,663,808, but $9,705 was unaccounted for at the end of the fiscal year, and of this sum $4,665 has been paid in, leaving a net deficiency of only $5,035, or about one-fiftieth part of one per cent. of the whole amount collected. No better testimony as to the efficiency of this service could be desired than is embodied in these simple figures.

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The report of the Commissioner presents some additional facts touching the extent of the whisky manufacture in the country at large which have a peculiar interest and value at this time. During the year 5,652 distilleries, in full operation, consumed for the purpose of distillation 1,027,886 bushels of malt, 3,947 of wheat, 55,612 of barley, 2,156,832 of rye, 11,074,366 of corn, 277,607 of mill-feed and 71, of other materials, making an aggregate of 14,680,552 bushels. Of molasses, 1,995,645 gallons are reported fermented for the manufacture of rum. From these various materials were produced 56,103,053 gallons of distilled spirits. During the first four months of the present year 3,302,766 gallons were exported, against 787,471 gallons in the corresponding period last year. The manufacture of Bourbon whiskies has spread into Illinois, Arkansas, Indiana, Nebraska, New York, Ohio and Texas; but Kentucky yet leads the list, having marketed 3,600,000 gallons out of a total of 5,000,000 gallons for the entire United States. Massachusetts monopolizes the entire licensed rum trade, with the insignificant exception of 48,000 gallons made in New Hampshire. In rye whiskies Pennsylvania leads with 1,051,634 gallons, followed by Kentucky with 230,212 gallons, Maryland with 212,104, and Virginia with 119,979. In gin distillation Connecticut leads the list, there being 175,959 gallons marketed from that State, as against 116,914 from Illinois and 72,006 from Massachusetts. The receipts from fermented liquors show a steady increase, reaching $9,937,051 in the fiscal year as against $9,480,780 during the preceding year.

These figures will at least afford striking texts for the advocates of the temperance reform. They certainly seem to show that the liquor interest, in spite of repressive legislation and the influence of moral suasion, has not materially diminished in magnitude or importance as a business factor.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

WHILE the year just closed has been marked by extraordinary vicissitudes, and capital and labor have sustained a serious and almost universal extinguishment of their usual profits, the fact remains that the business of the country has been greater than in any preceding year of our history. This is very conclusively shown—not to consider other evidences—by the returns of freight transportation by the principal routes. Thus the tonnage by the New York Central and Erie Railways and the New York Canals, in 1873, which was the largest then ever known, amounting to 18,200,208, was exceeded in 1878 by 816,500 tons, equal to four and a half per cent. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Grand Trunk of Canada, and the Baltimore and Ohio, the tonnage shows a like proportionate increase—the gain of the Grand Trunk being over thirty per cent., and that of the Baltimore and Ohio nearly one hundred per cent since 1873. Even these figures do not fully represent the actual increase in the traffic of the country; but they are quite sufficient to show that our business has attained a volume altogether unprecedented, and that at the pace at which we have started on the high road to prosperity, there can scarcely be a question as to our speedy recuperation from all the losses and exhaustion of the panic. We may well enter upon the new year with buoyant hope and confidence in the future.

HOW THE OLD WORLD WAGS.

WISHES for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year have been very imperfectly fulfilled in the Old World. They have been cruelly disappointed in the British Isles by the distresses accompanying a great commercial and industrial crisis. Bank failures, suspensions of leading mercantile firms, short hours or utter stoppage of work in the manufacturing districts, actual and threatened strikes, and, in the east of London particularly, sheer destitution, offer a sad contrast to the picture of national prosperity which the United Kingdom has been wont to present. The situation has been aggravated by severe Winter weather throughout the kingdom. In Scotland this has been especially severe. All the railways in the north were blocked by the heaviest snowfall in thirty years. Two London mail-trains was snowed up two or three days before Christmas near Aberdeen. Altogether seven trains were snowed up and traffic was suspended. Very cold weather has likewise prevailed on the European Continent. In Geneva itself four hundred men and one hundred and twenty horses and carts were constantly occupied in clearing the streets. There is more snow on the Vosges than the oldest inhabitant remembers, and wolves have penetrated as far as the gates of Metz. Metaphorically, also, the wolf is at the door in many other places throughout Europe.

Politically, however, there is a prospect of a less stormy Winter beyond the Atlantic. Russia and Turkey appear to have decided upon putting an end to the difficulties so long protracted in the old Turkish provinces. Caratheodori Pasha, and Count Zichy—the Austro-Hungarian ambassador in Turkey—have at last arranged the terms on which will be established the convention between the Porte and Austria relative to Novi-Bazar and Bosnia. This perspective excites the former leaders of the Bosnian insurrection, and one of them has even threatened the inhabitants of Serajevo to raise forty thousand men in the district of Novi-Bazar for the purpose of punishing them. Furious at seeing his schemes foiled by the Albanian League, the same chief has tried to stir up the people against this league, which has ordered his arrest. Thirty steamers have been engaged at Odessa in order to carry back to Russia 100,000 men of Todleben's army now in Turkey. It is manifest that if the Czar is thus preparing to reduce his army of occupation, it is because the definitive treaty desired by him is on the eve of being signed by the Sultan. Italy has proposed concerted action on the part of the European Powers not directly interested in the Eastern Question, in case there should be any further disturbance in Bulgaria and in Roumelia after the evacuation by the Russian troops. If all these hopes shall be realized, at least a tranquil Winter in Europe can be counted upon.

As for the prospect in Afghanistan, it is probable that, notwithstanding all the contradictory dispatches relative to the flight of the Ameer and the departure of the Russian Mission from Cabul, the first month's campaign of the invading Anglo-Indian armies having successfully attained the immediate objects in view, the British Government will patiently await the eventualities of a four months' Winter, without many more active or extensive operations. If the Ameer has actually fled beyond the frontier, it is likely that the Viceroy of India will be instructed to assure the inhabitants of Afghanistan that his Empress Victoria does not war upon them but only against Shere Ali himself. In that case, indeed, fresh complications may arise, as a civil war in Afghanistan might afford the Czar a new pretext to interfere in behalf of the Ameer against his son, Yakoub Khan (who is said to have come submissively into Jelalabad), or any other vassal prince by whom the British Government might decide to replace him, without attempting, at present, at least, to annex Afghanistan—an ambitious project which would cost so much life and treasure, and be, unquestionably, so unpopular with British taxpayers.

Meanwhile, the Abdin Palace—the Winter residence of the Khedive of Egypt—has been half destroyed by fire; the King of Denmark and the Emperor of Austria have been threatened with assassination; and the Czar is too busily engaged at home in trying to conjure down the Nihilist spectre and to repress agitation among the students of the universities, to devote more than secondary attention to what is going on in Afghanistan. The Czar and his long-headed counselors know very well that they can afford to bide their time without prematurely hastening the conflict which is bound to come, sooner or later, in Central Asia between the British lion and the Russian bear. It is a pity, however, that the Emperor Alexander should be ill-advised, in trying to repress the internal troubles of his empire, to adopt similar measures to those employed in Germany by his uncle, the Emperor William, and by Prince Bismarck—measures so reactionary as to aggravate the very evils they are intended to cure.

Happily, in France and in Switzerland the signs of the times are more auspicious. Gambetta confidently predicts a Republican majority of twenty-four in the French Senate, and declares it to be the duty of the Republic to consolidate itself and to govern all opposing parties. And the Grand Council of Geneva has adopted the principle of separation between Church and State—a principle so well established in our own republic that we have nearly forgotten to appreciate it adequately, but which is still, and probably too long will be, at the bottom of most questions that agitate Europe.

IN Cincinnati a grave-robber has been sent to the penitentiary. A more effective punishment, probably, would be the public flogging of all persons convicted of this crime. Men will go to jail without a murmur who would shrink with shame and terror from the idea of being whipped in the presence of a gaping crowd.

IT is announced that Chief Justice Waite will preside at the trial of the election cases in South Carolina, which will begin within a few days. An honest and impartial trial being thus assured, the verdict, whatever it may be, will no doubt be accepted by the country, unless it shall turn out that the juries are subjected to partisan intimidation.

THE total receipts of the New York canals during the past year amounted to $993,342, being an increase of $113,146 over those of the year previous. The whole amount of freight carried on the canals from the opening to the close of navigation was 5,170,822 tons, against 4,955,963 tons last year, being an increase of 214,859 tons. Among the articles showing an increase are wheat, corn, apples, pig-iron, sugar, molasses and others; while among the items showing a decrease are pork, lard, barley, flax-seed, bloom and bar-iron, railroad iron, coal and iron ore.

THE Senate in the next Congress will contain 42 Democrats, 33 Republicans, and 1 Independent, a Democratic majority of 8 over all. The House of Representatives will consist of 146 Democrats, 129 Republicans, 10 Nationals, and three members classed by the New York *World* as "Tammanyites," who will act with the Democracy on national issues. There is one vacancy, and four members are yet to be chosen from California. There will be several contested seats; but, in any case, it is apparent that the Democrats will have a clear working majority. It is to be hoped that the Party may employ its power somewhat more wisely than it has done in the present Congress.

THE Moffat bell-punch has proved a comparative failure in Virginia, where, during the year just closed, the registers and licenses combined produced only $83,669 more than the old license system. It was claimed for the registers that they would yield at least $600,000 per annum. In many localities public opinion has been against the law, and dealers who have neglected to ring the bell upon the sale of drinks have not been reported, because their customers regarded the law as oppressive, inquisitorial and unjust. Efforts will be made to amend the law so as to secure greater efficiency in the system, but we suspect it will be found in the end that all devices which depend for their success upon the integrity of the keepers of groggeries will prove a poor substitute for a vigorous license system honestly enforced.

STATISTICS compiled by the Department of Buildings show that the value of the new buildings put up within the limits of this city during the last ten years reaches the enormous sum of $297,000,000—that is, an average of $30,000,000 a year. For buildings altered and repaired, there has also been an expenditure of about half that sum yearly. During the last eight years, the amount of building, each year, has very sensibly declined, but there are now indications of a revival—the first nine months of the present year showing a decided increase over 1877 in the number of new buildings erected. The new structures are nearly all dwellings, and are situated almost entirely in that part of the city lying north of Fortieth Street. The total number of buildings now within the corporate limits of New York is about 88,000.

IT is a striking illustration of the office-hunting greed of the average American politician that within a day after the announcement of the death of Bayard Taylor, and before his remains had been coffined, shoals of candidates had started up for the position made vacant by his decease, and a sharp contention was in progress at Washington among the eager rivals for the favor of the Executive. To say that such proceedings are indecent is but feebly to express the feeling with which they must be regarded by all right thinking people. The lean and hungry seekers of office might at least wait until the dead in whose shoes they seek to stand are under ground, and the tears of the mourners are dry, before thrusting themselves forward with lustful impetuosity as applicants for honors of which, at the best, they are seldom worthy.

ONE would suppose that genius would scarcely attempt to improve so simple an implement as a steel pen, but Mrs. Henry D. J. Pratt, of Washington, D. C., has obtained a patent for a peculiar-shaped pen that is destined to become immensely popular. The right point is sharp like that of other pens, while the left one has a slight bevel on the side, this being the peculiarity which produces all the advantages of the new implement. To a back-hand writer this pen is the most valuable that has ever been made, as the bevel prevents all scratching or picking of the paper. It is also far superior to other patterns for engrossing, hair and swelling lines being controlled with the utmost ease. In our own editorial-rooms Mrs. Pratt's pen has been put to hard, everyday work, and gives complete satisfaction. We understand that it has been received with the favor it deserves in the various departments of the National Government.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE coal combination was formally dissolved, December 27th.

THE REV. LEONARD WOODS, L.L.D., ex-President of Bowdoin College, died in Boston, December 24th, aged 72.

A COMPANY has been formed of New York and Boston capitalists to carry out rapid transit schemes in Brooklyn.

REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY K. HOFF, United States Navy, died at Washington, D. C., December 25th, aged sixty-nine.

A VIADUCT connecting the east and west ends of Cleveland, Ohio, 3,200 feet long, was formally opened December 27th.

THE great snow blockade in central, western and northern New York was broken December 27th, and trains began running.

CHIEF MOSES and ten of his principal men have been captured and placed in confinement at Yakimas, Washington Territory.

E. L. PIERCE, biographer of the late Senator Sumner, has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Boston.

A STATUE of the late Charles Sumner, erected in the Public Gardens Boston, was unveiled on December 24th, Governor Rice making the address.

THE Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that the recent issue of $2,000,000 in bonds to complete the Cincinnati Southern Railroad was valid.

GENERAL D. C. MCCALLUM, late General Superintendent of Construction of Army Railroads, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 27th, aged 64.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has chartered fourteen iron steamships to transport the freight of the New York Central Railroads to various parts of Europe.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S steam yacht, the *Jeannette*, arrived at San Francisco, December 27th, and will leave in June with the American Polar Expedition.

JUDGE INGALLS has granted an order restraining the officers of the Manhattan Savings Bank, of New York City, from resuming payment at the expiration of the sixty days' limit.

IT is believed that the decision of the Comptroller of the Treasury will be modified, and that he will supply the Teller Committee with funds to begin the investigation of Southern elections.

INTELLIGENCE has been received of the foundering of the steamer *Emily B. Souder*, from New York to Santo Domingo, on December 10th, probably off Hatteras. But two persons are known to have been saved.

ROBERT A. PROWICK, the alleged defaulting Custom House clerk of Bonkard & Hutton, New York, who is accused of taking $109,000, and who disappeared last October, was arrested on Broadway, on December 28th, and released on $5,000 bail.

THE Bill for the reorganization of the army will be called up in the House of Representatives soon after the holidays, and an effort made to have a day set for its consideration. It meets with much greater favor in army circles than was anticipated.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL of Cincinnati has begged of the Pope a release from his ecclesiastical labors on account of the infirmities of old age. He has made a statement concerning his pecuniary embarrassment, of which it is expected the clergy will relieve him.

A MESSENGER of the Importers' and Traders' National Bank of New York lost a package containing $209,722 in certificates and notes, while on his way to the Clearing House on December 27th, and on the following day all but $7,722 was returned to the bank through the post-office.

THE suit against the Government brought by the heirs of Stephen A. Douglas, for certain cotton captured by the United States Government in Mississippi during the war, and sold as abandoned property, has been settled finally in the Court of Claims at Washington, by a judgment in favor of the claimants.

Foreign.

THE miners in West Yorkshire, England, are taking steps to resist a reduction in wages.

A SYNDICATE has been formed to lay another cable between France and the United States.

LERMA, a revolutionary Mexican chief, has been defeated, and eighty of his adherents were immediately hanged.

THE Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier has been elected member of the French Academy, vice Archbishop Dupanloup, deceased.

SULEIMAN PASHA, sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for misconduct in the Russo-Turkish war, has been pardoned by the Sultan.

THE official inquiry into the cause of the loss of the German steamship *Pommerania* exonerates the captain and his officers from blame.

THE Supreme Court of Justice has finally condemned to death Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain on the 25th of October last.

THE Vatican has authorized commemorative services on the anniversary of the death of King Victor Emmanuel in all the churches of Rome, except the four Basilicas.

A FURTHER litigation has occurred among the students at the Universities of Kieff and Moscow, but it was promptly suppressed. Most of the students recently arrested at St. Petersburg have been released.

IT is officially denied that Germany contemplates founding a colony in America, and declared that there is no ground for reports of a conflict or of unfriendly relations between Germany and America.

M. LEON CHOTTEAUX has again been delegated to visit America in the interest of the Franco-American Commercial Treaty, and it is believed that the draft of a new treaty will be submitted to both Governments before July next.

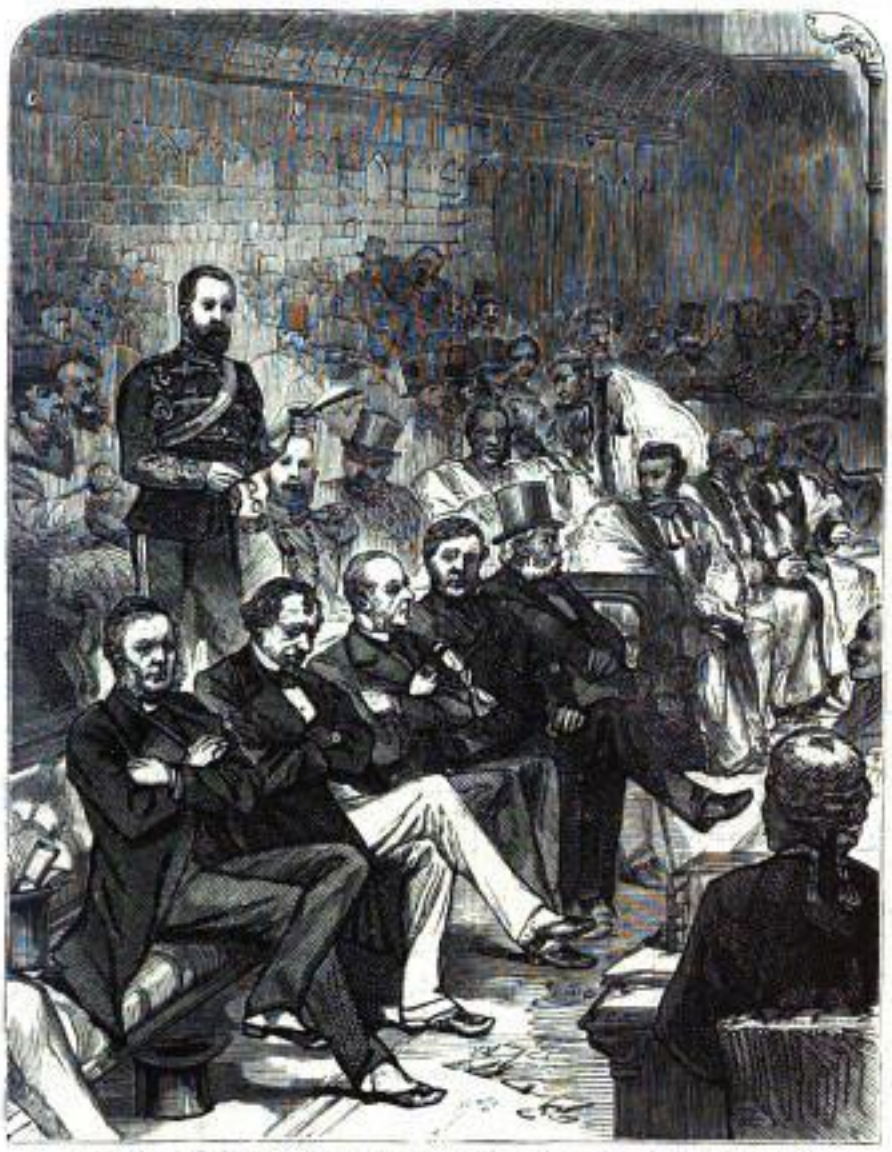
A TELEGRAM from Ceara, in North Brazil, reports that the deaths in the capital of that province from small-pox number 600 daily. The distress in the interior of the province is appalling. The people are devouring carrion and corpses.

IN Afghanistan, the British forces have hanged an Afghan who, while in their ranks, sought to warn his countrymen of an advance on the Peiwar Pass. Eighteen others were sentenced to terms of from seven to fourteen years' penal servitude for desertion.

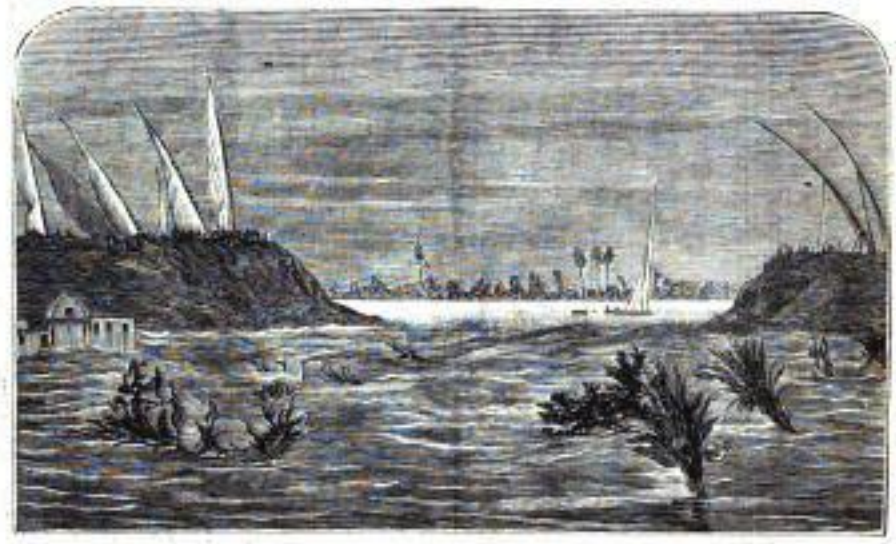
THE State Line steamship *State of Louisiana*, bound from Glasgow to New York, grounded on Hunter's Rock, when entering Lough Larne, seventeen miles from Belfast, December 24th. All the passengers were taken off and half the cargo will be saved. The vessel will probably prove a total wreck.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 331.



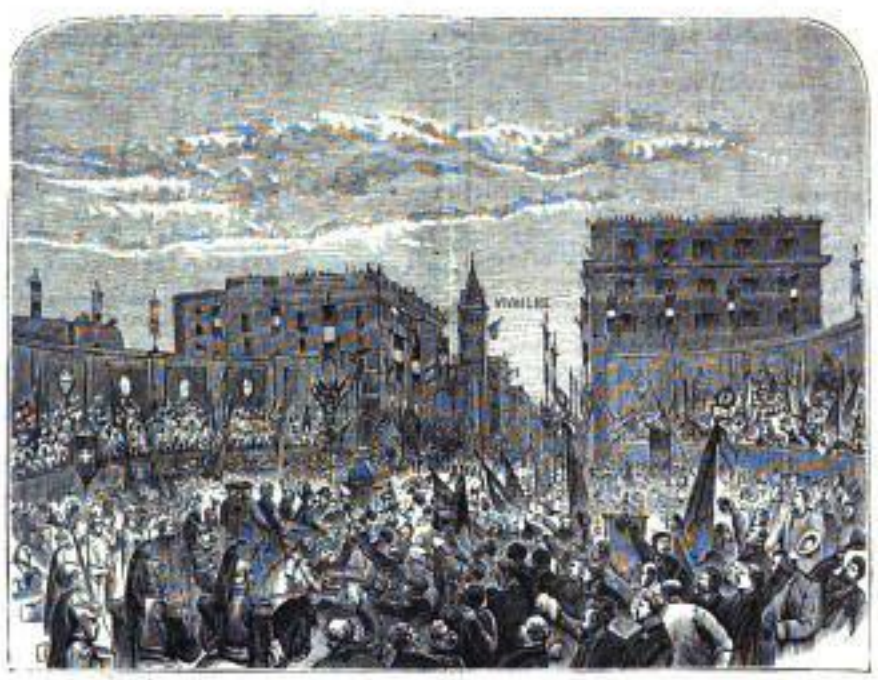
ENGLAND.—THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT—LORD BAVENSWORTH MOVING THE ADDRESS.



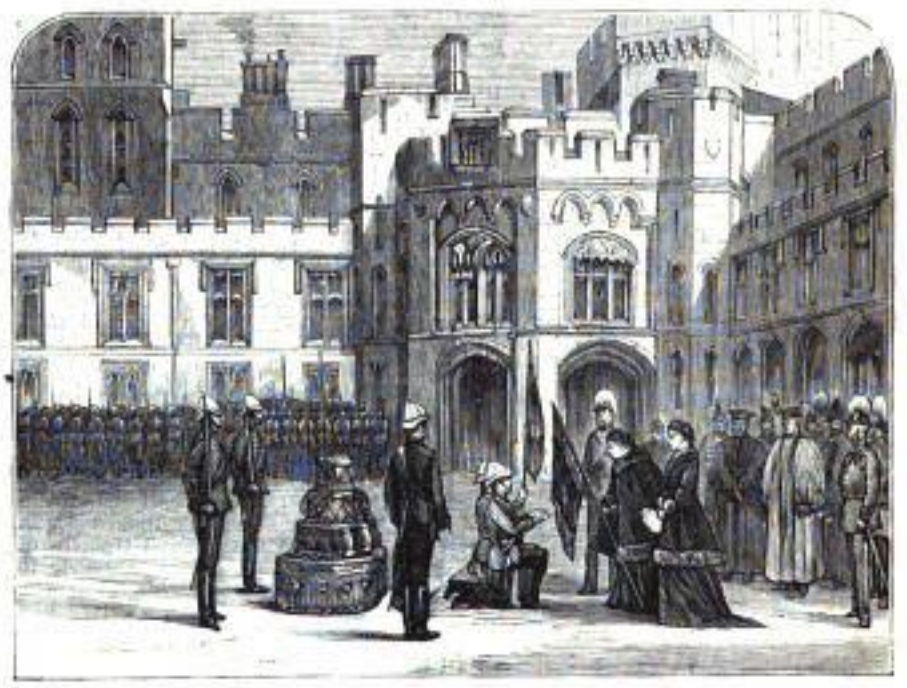
EGYPT.—THE RECENT FLOODS—BREAK IN THE DYKE AT MIT-HABIB.



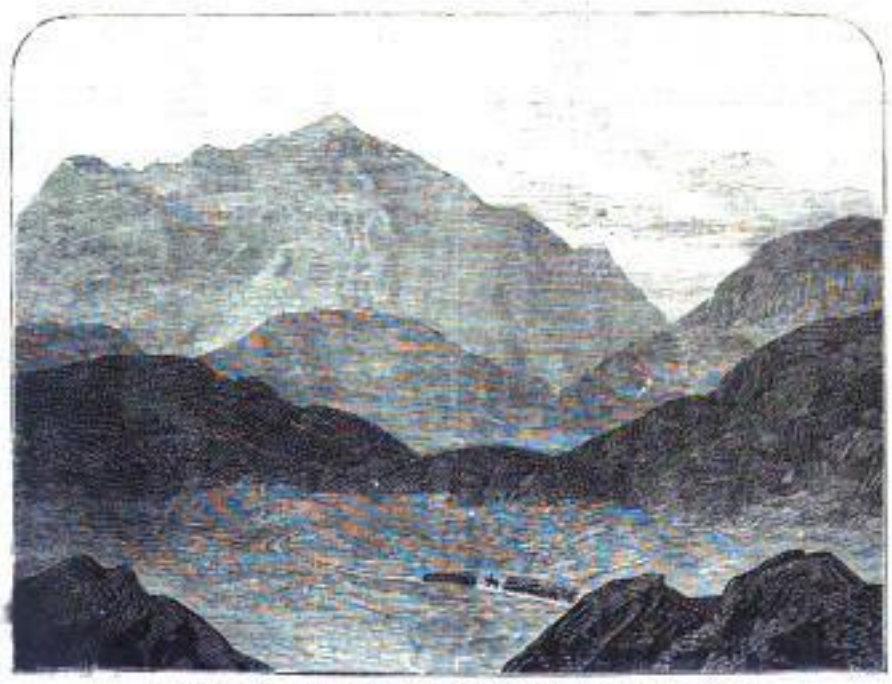
ITALY.—DEMONSTRATION IN ROME ON THE RETURN OF THE KING AND QUEEN.



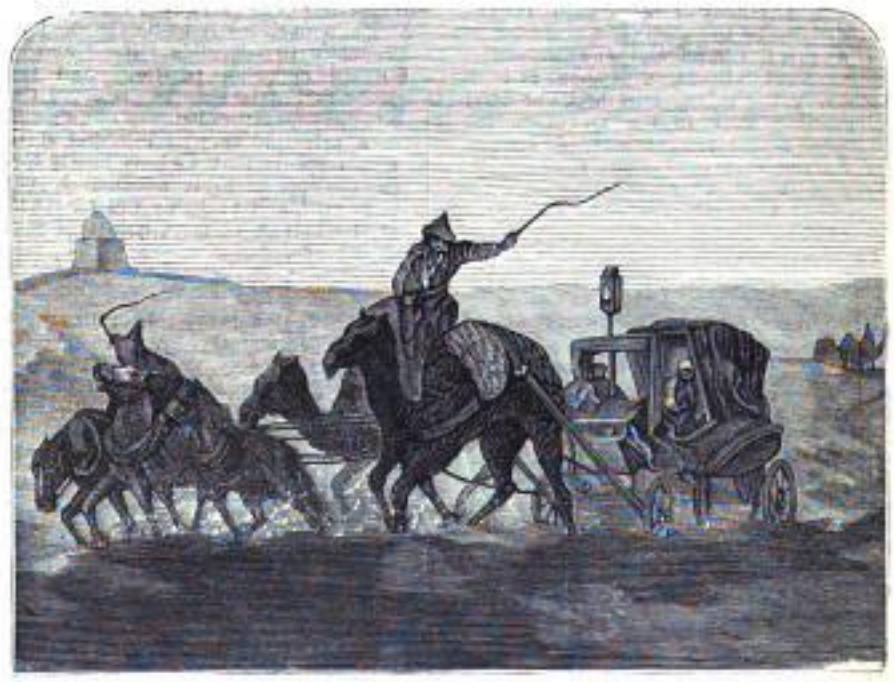
ITALY.—ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN IN ROME FROM NAPLES.



ENGLAND.—HER MAJESTY PRESENTING COLORS TO THE "KING'S OWN" REGIMENT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

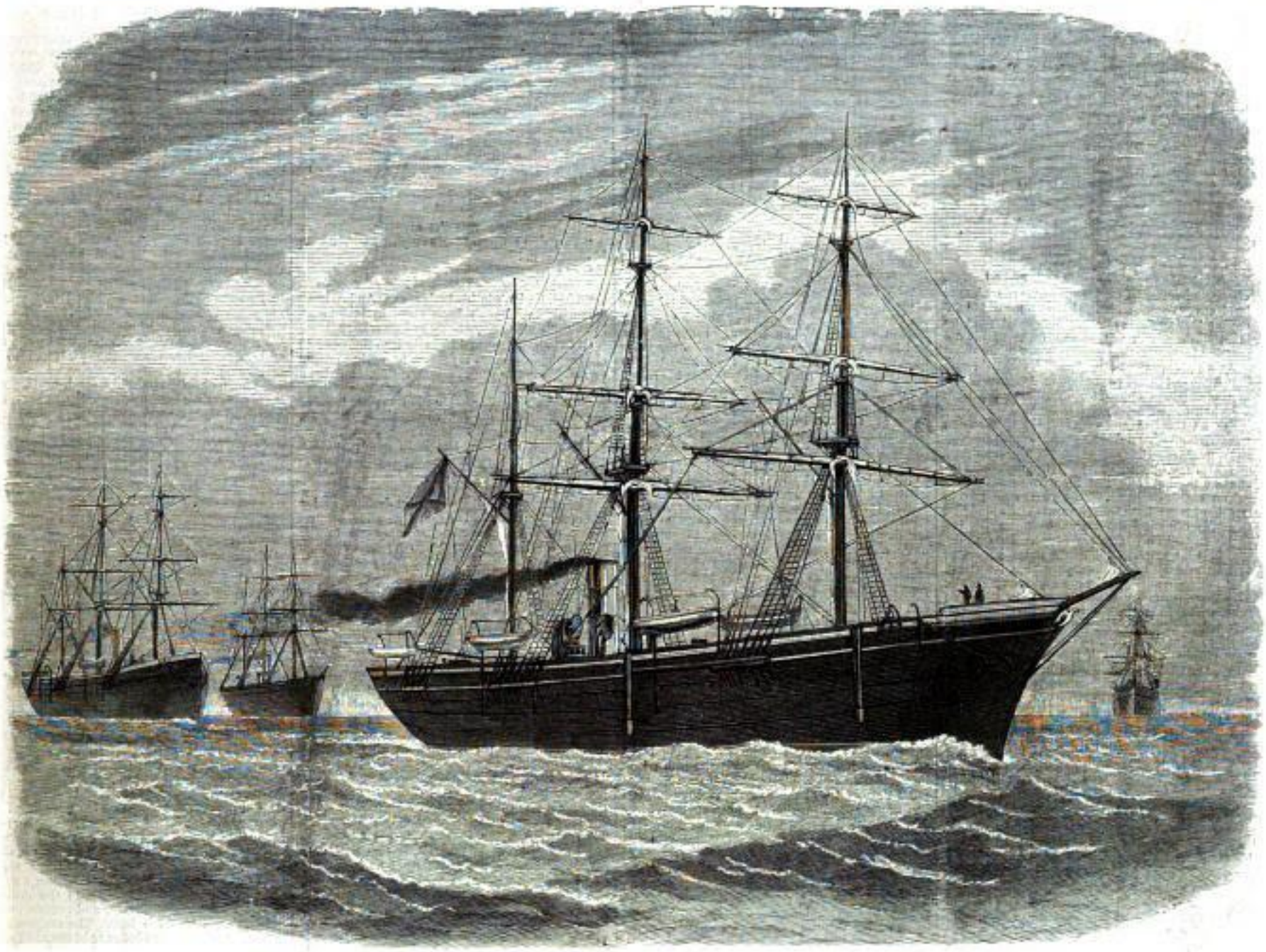


AFGHANISTAN.—HEAD OF THE BOLAN PASS, ON THE ROAD TO CANDAHAR.



CENTRAL ASIA.—A PARTY OF TOURISTS CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND IN THE DESERT.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—DEPARTURE OF THE NAVAL CRUISERS BUILT FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT FROM PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21ST.

DEPARTURE OF AMERICAN-BUILT RUSSIAN CRUISERS.

TWO of the four vessels built at Cramp's shipyard, and purchased by the Russian Government for naval cruisers, left their moorings on Saturday, December 21st, and proceeded to sea. They were named, when the frameworks were laid, the *State of California* and the *Columbus*, but under their new ownership will be christened the *Europe* and the *Asia*.

The clearance papers of the two vessels were taken out at the Philadelphia Custom House. They represent the ships as in ballast and bound for Sitka, Alaska. Their papers are regular and legal, and the vessels are nominally American bottoms bound for an American port.

As the ships left the wharf the Russian sailors on the steamers *Africa* and *Zabiaca* mounted the rigging and gave them a parting salute, and the Keystone Battery fired a salute of twenty-six guns. They were also saluted as they passed the Market Street wharf. A number of invited guests accompanied the steamers down the river to Chester. A salute greeted the two vessels as the *Europe* led the way past the Navy Yard at League Island and steamed slowly down the river through the fog and falling snow.

In order to avoid possible international difficulties both vessels cleared under their original names—*Columbus* and *State of California*. They displayed no colors except the United States flag, and Mr. Barker, the reputed agent of the Russian Government, went with the *State of California* (the *Europe*) as the registered owner, and in charge of both vessels. They are, therefore, nominally, American craft, bound from one American port to another. The *Europe* carries about three hundred and the *Asia* two hundred "passengers." It is said that when the vessels are out of the jurisdiction of the United States Mr. Barker will transfer them to Captain Smetschkin, Chief of the Bureau of Construction of the Imperial Navy of Russia. Captains Grippenburg and Aullan, of the Russian Navy, will immediately displace Captains Shankland and Schellinger of the *Europe* and *Asia* respectively. The two remaining Russian cruisers, the *America* and *Africa*, are expected to leave Philadelphia in about a month.

JOHN WALTER,

PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

THE present proprietor of the great English newspaper, the *London Times*, is known contemporaneously as John Walter the Third. Upwards of a hundred years are the world heard the announcement that for the future the *Daily Universal Register* would bear the title of the *Times*, and would be "printed logographically." But even this innovation failed to secure any special attention to Mr. Walter's news-sheet; nor was it till its printer, proprietor and editor, in 1790, attacked the corruptions of the Court with the customary consequences of fine and imprisonment, that the first gleams of the future greatness of the *Times* were visible. In the course of five short years the essential features of the *Times* were definitely and immutably established. Of course it paid the penalty for its boldness. It denounced the abuses of Lord Melville, and the Government withdrew from the Walters the office of Printers to the Customs, which the family had held for eighteen years. A little later, when Napoleon was engaged in his struggle with Austria, and the public desire for news had reached an intensity hitherto unknown, John Walter's intelligence packets were stopped at the outports, while those destined for ministerial journals were hurried on to London. In answer to his complaint he was told significantly that he might receive his papers as a favor. But Walter was not to be bribed. He first defied the Government and then he beat them. In August, 1809, the *Times* announced the capitulation of Flushing two days before any information of the event reached Whitehall. From that day to this the history of the *Times* has been one of progressive triumphs and increasing sway. Its ventures and its successes have passed into history, and need scarcely be dwelt upon here.

A few years ago, during the Franco-Prussian war a young German named Kastenbein brought a composing-machine which he had invented before the attention of the authorities of Printing-house Square. The idea was approved and was adopted. More than fifty years previously to this a countryman of Kastenbein, one Frederick Koenig, conceived the idea of printing by steam. In 1814 John Walter the Second decided to adopt Koenig's patent. The prejudice of the working-classes against the innovations of machinery was then at its height, and Mr. Walter deemed it advisable to conduct his operations in secret. At length the suspicions of his employés were aroused. They threatened openly "destruction to him and his traps." Mr. Walter deemed it expedient to communicate with the police, and at six o'clock on the morning of November 29th, 1814, he walked into the press-room and astonished its occupants by telling them that the *Times* was already printing by steam; that if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable their wages should be continued till similar employment for them could be found. Sixty years ago the Koenig press "ran off" 1,100 copies (printed, however, only on one side) in an hour. To-day the double-barreled Walter press prints 17,000 copies, on both sides, an hour, and that press is the work of John Walter the Third.

It may well be considered a grotesque chance which gave a man so cool-headed and clear-visioned as Mr. Walter such a colleague as he had on his first entrance to Parliament in 1847, Feargus O'Connor, who, strangely enough, four years previously, had brought an action against the publisher of the *Times* for a libel, charging him with venality and corruption, and had obtained a verdict of £20 damages. John Walter the Second had represented Nottingham for some years, both before and after the first Reform Bill. In 1843 he suggested that his son should take his place. John Walter the Third came forward, and was defeated. Four years later the borough famous for lace and lambs, rotten eggs and Mr. Bernal Osborne, elected him, free of all expense. In the House of Commons the debates in which Mr. Walter has chiefly distinguished himself have been of a social, educational or religious character, while he has been a most useful member of committees innumerable. Prepared to take what may be called the popular view in most political matters, Mr. Walter has never been a hunter after political popularity, and has frequently refused to gratify the vanity of a popular audience with a courage and a candor that are far above all praise. He has confidence in himself; he has no aggressive self-consequence in his manner. If one were to judge from the admirable completeness with which he plays the *rôle* of country gentleman: the solicitude which he takes in the tilling of soil and the yield of crops, in model farms, workmen's cottages and threshing-machines—in a word, in every department of country business—one might suppose that Printing House Square had neither attraction nor interest for Mr. Walter. He has built five schools on his Berkshire estate, providing accommodation for a total of 700 children: the bricks of the new office of the *Times* in Queen Victoria Street were made by his own laborers and in his own brickfield; and if he has crowned the fortunes of his family, it is because he perpetuates in himself the abilities and the virtues of its founders.



ENGLAND.—JOHN WALTER, M. P., PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON "TIMES."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SOTMAN.

THE MICROPHONE IN THE PULPIT.

ON a recent Sunday, a microphone was placed in the pulpit of a chapel in Halifax, England, and connected by a private telegraph line running by with the residence of a gentleman a mile distant. Every part of the service was distinctly heard at the gentleman's house, with the exception of a few words rendered indistinct by the preacher becoming a little excited, and shaking the microphone, the presence of which he never dreamt of, or he might have been somewhat nervous at the idea that his sermon was being conveyed away, he knew not

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whither. So faithfully did the microphone do its work that the chapel-keeper was heard to close the doors after service, walk up the aisle and up the pulpit steps, in conversation with some one else. Subsequently, experiments were made in the schoolroom of another chapel, and the singing of the scholars was transmitted and re-transmitted over a number of telegraph lines with remarkable clearness. The idea is about to be put to practical use, the gentleman already referred to having given instructions that his house should be connected with that of a gentleman near, in order that an invalid may hear the service from one of the churches in the town.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By Wilkie Collins.

(Continued from front page.)

change of scene in that form of words. A man habitually fortified behind his own inbred obstinacy and selfishness is for the most part an irresistible power within the limits of his domestic circle.

As a rule, patient Mrs. Ronald yielded; and her husband stood revealed to his neighbors in the glorious character of a married man who had his own way.

But in the Autumn of 1856, the retribution which sooner or later descends on all despotisms, great and small, overtook the iron rule of Old Ronald, and defeated the domestic tyrant on the battlefield of his own fireside.

The children born of the marriage, two in number, were both daughters. The elder had mortally offended her father by marrying imprudently—in a pecuniary sense. He had declared that she should never enter his house again; and he had mercilessly kept his word. The younger daughter (now eighteen years of age) proved to be also a source of parental inquietude, in another way. She was the passive cause of the revolt which set her father's authority at defiance. For some little time past she had been out of health. After many ineffectual trials of the mild influence of persuasion, her mother's patience at last gave way. Mrs. Ronald insisted—yes, actually insisted—on taking Miss Emma to the seaside.

"What's the matter with you?" Old Ronald asked; detecting something that perplexed him in his wife's look and manner, on the memorable occasion when she asserted a will of her own for the first time in her life.

A man of finer observation would have discovered the signs of no ordinary anxiety and alarm, struggling to show themselves openly in the poor woman's face. Her husband only saw a change that puzzled him. "Send for Emma," he said, his natural cunning inspiring him with the idea of confronting the mother and daughter, and of seeing what came of *that*. Emma appeared, plump and short, with large blue eyes, and full, pouting lips, and splendid yellow hair: otherwise, miserably pale, languid in her movements, careless in her dress, sullen in her manner. Out of health as her mother said, and as her father saw.

"You can see for yourself," said Mrs. Ronald, "that the girl is pining for fresh air. I have heard Ramsgate recommended."

Old Ronald looked at his daughter. She represented the one tender place in his nature. It was not a large place; but it did exist. And the proof of it is, that he began to yield—with the worst possible grace.

"Well, we will see about it," he said.

"There is no time to be lost," Mrs. Ronald persisted. "I mean to take her to Ramsgate to-morrow."

Mr. Ronald looked at his wife as a dog looks at the maddened sheep that turns on him.

"You mean," repeated the stationer. "Upon my soul—what next! You mean? Where is the money to come from? Answer me that."

Mrs. Ronald declined to be drawn into a conjugal dispute, in the presence of her daughter. She took Emma's arm, and led her to the door. There she stopped, and spoke:

"I have already told you that the girl is ill," she said to her husband. "And I now tell you again that she must have the sea-air. For God's sake don't let us quarrel! I have enough to try me without that."

She closed the door on herself and daughter, and left her lord and master standing face to face with the wreck of his own outraged authority.

What further progress was made by the domestic revolt, when the bedroom candles were lit, and the hour of retirement had arrived with the night, is naturally involved in mystery. This alone is certain: On the next morning, the luggage was packed, and the cab was called to the door. Mrs. Ronald spoke her parting words to her husband in private.

"I hope I have not expressed myself too strongly about taking Emma to the seaside," she said, in gentle, pleading tones. "I am anxious about our girl's health. If I have offended you—without meaning it, God knows!—say you forgive me before I go. I have tried honestly, dear, to be a good wife to you. And you have always trusted me, haven't you? And you trust me still—I am sure you trust me still?

She took his lean, cold hand, and pressed it fervently; her eyes rested on him with a strange mixture of timidity and anxiety. Still in the prime of her life, she preserved her personal attractions—the fair, calm, refined face, the natural grace of look and movement—which had made her marriage to a man old enough to be her father a cause of angry astonishment among all her friends. In the agitation that now possessed her her color rose, her eyes brightened; she looked for the moment almost young enough to be Emma's sister. Her husband opened his hard old eyes in surly bewilderment. "Why need you make this fuss?" he asked. "I don't understand you." Mrs. Ronald shrank at those words as if he had struck her. She kissed him in silence and joined her daughter in the cab.

For the rest of that day, the persons in the stationer's employment had a hard time of it with their master in the shop. Something had upset Old Ronald. He ordered his shutters to be put up earlier that evening than usual. Instead of going to his club (at the tavern round the corner), he took a long walk in the lonely and lifeless streets of the City by night. There was no disguising it from himself: his wife's behavior at parting had made him uneasy. He naturally swore at her for taking that liberty, while he lay awake alone in his bed. "Damn the woman! What does she mean?" The cry of the soul utters itself in various forms of expression. That was the cry of old Ronald's soul, literally translated.

III.

The next morning brought him a letter from Ramsgate:

"I write immediately to tell you of our safe arrival. We have found comfortable lodgings (as the address at the head of this letter will inform you) in Albion Place. I thank you, and Emma desires to thank you also, for your kindness in providing us with ample means for taking our little trip. It is beautiful weather to-day; the sea is calm, and the pleasure-boats are out. We do not of course expect to see you here. But if you do, by any chance, overcome your objection to moving out of London, I have a little request to make. Please let me hear of your visit beforehand—so that I may not omit all needful preparations. I know you dislike being troubled with letters (except on business), so I will not write too frequently. Be so good as to take no news for good news, in the intervals. When you have a few minutes to spare, you will write, I hope, and tell me how you and the shop are going on. Emma sends you her love, in which I beg to join." So the letter was expressed, and so it ended.

"They needn't be afraid of my troubling them. Calm seas and pleasure-boats! Stuff and nonsense!" Such was the first impression which his wife's report of herself produced on Old Ronald's mind. After a while, he looked at the letter again—and frowned, and reflected. "Please let me hear of your visit beforehand," he repeated to himself, as if the request had been in some incomprehensible way offensive to him. He opened the drawer of his desk, and threw the letter into it. When business was over for the day, he went to his club at the tavern, and made himself unusually disagreeable to everybody.

A week passed. In the interval he wrote briefly to this wife. "I'm all right, and the shop goes on as usual." He also forwarded one or two letters which came for Mrs. Ronald. No more news reached him from Ramsgate. "I suppose they're enjoying themselves," he reflected. "The house looks queer without them; I'll go to the club."

He stayed later than usual, and drank more than usual, that night. It was nearly one in morning, when he let himself in with his latch-key, and went up-stairs to bed.

Approaching the toilette-table, he found a letter lying on it, addressed to "Mr. Ronald—private." It was not in his wife's handwriting; not in any handwriting known to him. The characters sloped the wrong way, and the envelope bore no postmark. He eyed it over and over suspiciously. At last he opened it, and read these lines:

"You are advised by a true friend to lose no time in looking after your wife. There are strange doings at the seaside. If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Turner, Number 1, Slains-row, Ramsgate."

No address, no date, no signature—an anonymous letter, the first he had ever received in the long course of his life.

His hard brain was in no way affected by the liquor he had drunk. He sat down on his bed, mechanically folding and refolding the letter. The reference to "Mrs. Turner" produced no impression on him of any sort; no person of that name, common as it was, happened to be numbered on the list of his friends or his customers. But for one circumstance, he would have thrown the letter aside in contempt. His memory reverted to his wife's incomprehensible behavior at parting. Addressing him through that remembrance, the anonymous warning assumed a certain importance to his mind. He went down to his desk, in the back office, and took his wife's letter out of the drawer, and read it through slowly. "Ha!" he said, pausing as he came across the sentence which requested him to write beforehand, and in the unlikely event of his deciding to go to Ramsgate. He thought again of the strangely persistent way in which his wife had dwelt on his trusting her; he recalled her nervous, anxious looks, her deepening color, her agitation at one moment, and then her sudden silence and her sudden retreat to the cab. Fed by these irritating influences, the inbred suspicion in his nature began to take fire slowly. She might be innocent enough in asking him to give her notice before he joined her at the seaside—she might naturally be anxious to omit no needful preparation for his comfort. Still, he didn't like it; no, he didn't like it. An appearance as of a slow collapse passed little by little over his rugged, wrinkled face. He looked many years older than his age, as he sat at the desk, with the flaring candlelight close in front of him, thinking. The anonymous letter lay before him, side by side with his wife's letter. On a sudden, he lifted his gray head, and clinched his fist, and struck the venomous written warning as if it had been a living thing that could feel. "Whoever you are," he said, "I'll take your advice."

He never even made the attempt to go to bed that night. His pipe helped him through the comfortless and dreary hours. Once or twice he thought of his daughter. Why had her mother been so anxious about her? Why had her mother taken her to Ramsgate? Perhaps, as a blind—ah, yes, perhaps as a blind! More for the sake of something to do than for any other reason, he packed a handbag with a few necessaries. As soon as the servant was stirring, he ordered her to make him a cup of strong coffee. After that, it was time to show himself as usual, on the opening of the shop. To his astonishment, he found his clerk taking down the shutters, in place of the porter.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Where is Farnaby?"

The clerk looked at his master, and paused aghast with a shutter in his hands. "Good Lord! what has come to you?" he cried. "Are you ill?"

Old Ronald angrily repeated his question: "Where is Farnaby?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"You don't know? Have you been up to his bedroom?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, he isn't in his bedroom. And, what's more, his bed hasn't been slept in last night. Farnaby's off, sir—nobody knows where."

Old Ronald dropped heavily into the nearest chair. This second mystery, following on the mystery of the anonymous letter, staggered him. But his business instincts were still in good working order. He held out his keys to the clerk. "Get the petty cash-book," he said, "and see if the money is all right."

The clerk received the keys under protest. "That's not the right reading of the riddle," he remarked.

"Do as I tell you!"

The clerk opened the money-drawer under the counter; counted the pounds, shillings and pence paid by chance customers up to the closing of the shop on the previous evening; compared the result with the petty cash-book, and answered, "Right to a halfpenny."

Satisfied so far, Old Ronald condescended to approach the speculative side of the subject, with the assistance of his subordinate. "If what you said just now means anything," he resumed, "it means that you suspect the reason why Farnaby has left my service. Let's hear it."

"You know that I never liked John Farnaby," the clerk began. "An active young fellow and a clever young fellow, I grant you. But a bad servant for all that. False, Mr. Ronald—false to the marrow of his bones."

Mr. Ronald's patience began to give way. "Come to the facts," he growled. "Why has Farnaby gone off without a word to anybody? Do you know that?"

"I know no more than you do," the clerk answered, coolly. "Don't fly into a passion. I have got some facts for you, if you will only give me time. Turn them over in your own mind, and see what they come to. Three days ago I was short of postage-stamps, and I went to the office. Farnaby was there, waiting at the desk where they pay the post-office orders. There must have been ten or a dozen people with letters, orders, and what not, between him and me. I got behind him quietly, and looked over his shoulder. I saw the clerk give him the money for his post-office order. Five pounds in gold, which I reckoned as they lay on the counter, and a bank-note besides, which he crumpled up in his hand. I can't tell you how much it was for; I only know it was a bank-note. Just ask yourself how a porter on twenty shillings a week (with a mother who takes in washing, and a father who takes in drink) comes to have a correspondent who sends him an order for five sovereigns—and a bank-note, value unknown. Say he's turned betting-man in secret. Very good. There's the post-office order, in that case, to show that he's got a run of luck. If he has got a run of luck, tell me this—why does he leave his place like a thief in the night? He's not a slave; he's not even an apprentice. When he thinks he can better himself, he has no earthly need to keep it a secret that he means to leave your service. He may have met with an accident, to be sure. But that's not my belief. I say he's up to some mischief. And now comes the question: What are we to do?"

Mr. Ronald, listening with his head down, and without interposing a word on his own part, made an extraordinary answer. "Leave it," he said. "Leave it till to-morrow."

"Why?" the clerk asked, without ceremony.

Mr. Ronald made another extraordinary answer. "Because I am obliged to go out of town for the day. Look after the business. The ironmonger's man over the way will help you to put up the shutters to-night. If anybody inquires for me, say I shall be back to-morrow."

With those parting directions, heedless of the effect that he had produced on the clerk, he looked at his watch, and left the shop.

IV.

The bell which gave five minutes' notice of the starting of the Ramsgate train had just rung.

While the other travelers were hastening to the platform, two persons stood passively apart as if they had not even yet decided on taking their places in the train. One of the two was a smart young man in a cheap traveling suit; mainly noticeable by his florid complexion, his restless dark eyes, and his profusely curling black hair. The other was a middle-aged woman in frowsy garments; tall and stout, sly and sullen. The smart young man stood behind the uncongenial-looking person with whom he had associated himself, using her as a screen to hide him while he watched the travelers on their way to the train. As the bell rang, the woman suddenly faced her companion, and pointed to the railway clock.

"Are you waiting to make up your mind till the train has gone?" she asked.

The young man frowned impatiently.

"I am waiting for a person whom I expect to see," he answered. "If the person travels by this train, we shall travel by it. If not, we shall come back here, and look out for the next train, and so on till night time comes, if it's necessary."

The woman fixed her small, scowling, gray eyes on the man as he replied in those terms.

"Look here!" she broke out: "I like to see my way before me. You're a stranger, young mister; and it's as likely as not you've given me a false name and address. That don't matter. False names are commoner than true ones, in my line of life. But mind this! I don't stir a step further till I've got half the money in my hand, and my return-ticket there and back."

"Hold your tongue!" the man suddenly interposed, in a whisper. "It's all right. I'll get the tickets."

He looked while he spoke at an elderly traveler, hastening by with his head down, deep in thought, noticing nobody. The traveler was Mr. Ronald. The young man, who had at that moment recognized him, was his runaway porter, John Farnaby.

Returning with the tickets, the porter took his repellant traveling companion by the arm, and hurried her along the platform to the train.

"The money!" she whispered, as they took their places. Farnaby handed it to her, ready wrapped up in a morsel of paper. She opened the paper, satisfied herself that no trick had been played her, and leaned back in her corner to go to sleep. The train started. Old Ronald traveled by the second-class; his porter and his porter's companion accompanied him secretly by the third.

V.

It was still early in the afternoon when Mr. Ronald descended the narrow street which leads from the high land of the Southeastern Railway station to the port of Ramsgate. Asking his way of the first policeman whom he met, he turned to the left, and reached the cliff on which the houses in Albion Place are situated. Farnaby followed him at a discreet distance; and the woman followed Farnaby.

Arrived in sight of the lodging-house, Mr. Ronald paused—partly to recover his breath, partly to compose himself. He was conscious of a change of feeling as he looked up at the windows; his errand suddenly assumed a contemptible aspect in his own eyes. He almost felt ashamed of himself. After nineteen years of undisturbed married life, was it possible that he had doubted his wife—and that at the instigation of a stranger whose name even was unknown to him? "If she was to step out into the balcony, and see me down here," he thought, "what a fool I should look!" He felt half inclined, at the moment when he lifted the knocker of the door, to put it back again quietly, and return to London. No! it was too late. The maid-servant was hanging up her birdcage in the area of the house; the maid-servant had seen him.

"Does Mrs. Ronald lodge here?" he asked.

The girl lifted her eyebrows and opened her mouth—stared at him in speechless confusion—and disappeared in the kitchen regions. This strange reception of his inquiry irritated him unreasonably. He knocked with the absurd violence of a man who vents his anger on the first convenient thing that he can find. The landlady opened the door, and looked at him in stern and silent surprise.

"Does Mrs. Ronald lodge here?" he repeated.

The landlady answered with some appearance of effort—the effort of a person who was carefully considering her words before she permitted them to pass her lips.

"Mrs. Ronald has taken rooms here. But she has not occupied them yet."

"Not occupied them yet!" The words bewildered him as if they had been spoken in an unknown tongue. He stood stupidly silent on the door-step. His anger was gone; an all-mastering fear throbbed heavily at his heart. The landlady looked at him, and said to her secret self: "Just what I suspected; there *is* something wrong!"

"Perhaps I have not sufficiently explained myself, sir," she resumed, with grave politeness. "Mrs. Ronald told me that she was staying at Ramsgate with friends. She would move into my house, she said, when her friends left—but they had not quite settled the day yet. She calls here for letters. Indeed, she was here early this morning, to pay the second week's rent. I asked her when she thought of moving in. She didn't seem to know; her friends (as I understood) had not made up their minds. I must say I thought it a little odd. Would you like to leave any message?"

He recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Can you tell me where her friends live?" he said.

The landlady shook her head.

"No, indeed. I offered to save Mrs. Ronald the trouble of calling here, by sending letters or cards to her present residence. She declined the offer—and she has never mentioned the address. Would you like to come in and rest, sir? I will see that your card is taken care of, if you wish to leave it."

"Thank you, ma'am—it doesn't matter—good morning."

The landlady looked after him as he descended the house-steps. "It's the husband, Peggy," she said to the servant, waiting inquisitively behind her. "Poor old gentleman! And such a respectable-looking woman, too!"

Mr. Ronald walked mechanically to the end of the row of houses, and met the wide, grand view of sea and sky. There were some seats behind the railing which fenced the edge of the cliff. He sat down, perfectly stupefied and helpless, on the nearest bench.

At the close of life, the loss of a man's customary nourishment extends its debilitating influence rapidly from his body to his mind. Mr. Roland had tasted nothing but his cup of coffee since the previous night. His mind began to wander strangely; he was not angry or frightened or distressed. Instead of think-

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ing of what had just happened, he was thinking of his young days when he had been a cricket-player. One special game revived in his memory, at which he had been struck on the head by the ball. "Just the same feeling," he reflected, vacantly, with his hat off, and his hand on his forehead. "Dazed and giddy—just the same feeling!"

He leaned back on the bench, and fixed his eyes on the sea, and wondered languidly what had come to him. Farnaby and the woman, still following, waited round the corner where they could just keep him in view.

The blue lustre of the sky was without a cloud; the sunny sea leaped under the fresh westerly breeze. From the beach, the cries of children at play, the shouts of donkey-boys driving their poor beasts, the distant notes of brass instruments playing a waltz, and the mellow music of the small waves breaking on the sand, rose joyously together on the fragrant air. On the next bench, a dirty old boatman was prosing to a stupid old visitor. Mr. Roland listened, with a sense of vacant content in the mere act of listening. The boatman's words found their way to his ears like the other sounds that were abroad in the air. "Yes; them's the Goodwin Sands, where you see the light-ship. And that steamer there, towing a vessel into the harbor, that's the Ramsgate tug. Do you know what I should like to see? I should like to see the Ramsgate tug blow up. Why? I'll tell you why. I belong to Broadstairs; I don't belong to Ramsgate. Very well. I'm idling here, as you may see, without one copper to rub against another. What trade do I belong to? I don't belong to no trade; I belong to a boat. The boat's rotting at Broadstairs, for want of work. And all along of what? All along of the tug. The tug has took the bread out of our mouths; me and my mates. Wait a bit; I'll show you how. What did a ship do, in the good old times, when she got on them Sands: Goodwin Sands? Went to pieces, if it come on to blow; or got sucked down little by little when it was fair weather. Now I'm coming to it. What did we do (in the good old times, mind you) when we happened to see that ship in distress? Out with our boat; blow high or blow low, out with our boat. And saved the lives of the crew, did you say? Well, yes; saving the crew was part of the day's work, to be sure; the part we didn't get paid for. We saved *the cargo*, master! and got salvage!! Hundreds of pounds, I tell you, divided amongst us by law!!! Ah, those times are gone. A parcel of sneaks get together, and subscribe to build a steam-tug. When a ship gets on the sands now, out goes the tug, night and day alike, and brings her safe into harbor, and takes the bread out of our mouths. Shameful—that's what I call it—shameful."

The last words of the boatman's lament fell lower, lower, lower on Mr. Ronald's ears—he lost them altogether—he lost the view of the sea—he lost the sense of the wind blowing over him. Suddenly, he was roused as if from a deep sleep. On one side, the man from Broodstairs was shaking him by the collar.

"I say, master, cheer up; what's come to you?"

On the other side, a compassionate lady was offering her smelling-bottle.

"I am afraid, sir, you have fainted."

He struggled to his feet, and vacantly thanked the lady. The man from Broadstairs—with an eye to salvage—took charge of the human wreck, and towed him to the nearest public-house.

"A chop and a glass of brandy-and-water," said this good Samaritan of the nineteenth century. "That's what you want. I'm peckish myself, and I'll keep you company."

He was perfectly passive in the hands of any one who would take charge of him; he submitted as if he had been the boatman's dog, and had heard the whistle.

It could only be truly said that he had come to himself when there had been time enough for him to feel the reanimating influence of the food and drink. Then he got on his feet and looked with incredulous wonder at the companion of his meal. The man from Broadstairs opened his greasy lips, and was silenced by the sudden appearance of a gold coin between Mr. Ronald's finger and thumb.

"Don't speak to me; pay the bill, and bring me the change outside."

When the boatman joined him, he was reading a letter; walking to and fro, and speaking at intervals to himself.

"God help me, have I lost my senses? I don't know what to do next."

He referred to the letter again:

"If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Turner, Number 1, Slains Row, Ramsgate."

He put the letter back in his pocket, and rallied suddenly.

"Slains Row," he said, turning to the boatman. "Take me there directly, and keep the change for yourself."

The boatman's gratitude was (apparently) beyond expression in words. He slapped his pocket cheerfully, and that was all. Leading the way inland, he went downhill, and uphill again—then turned aside towards the eastern extremity of the town.

Farnaby, still following, with the woman behind him, stopped when the boatman diverged towards the east, and looked up at the name of the street.

"I've got my instructions," he said; "I know where he's going. Step out. We'll get there before him, by another way."

Mr. Ronald and his guide reached a row of poor little houses, with poor little gardens in front of them and behind them. The back windows looked out on downs and fields lying on either side of the road to Broadstairs. It was a lost and lonely spot. The guide stopped and put a question with inquisitive respect:

"What number, sir?"

Mr. Ronald had sufficiently recovered himself to keep his own counsel.

"That will do," he said. "You can leave me."

The boatman waited a moment. Mr. Ronald looked at him. The boatman was slow to understand that his leadership had gone from him.

"You're sure you don't want me any more?" he said.

"Quite sure," Mr. Ronald answered.

The man from Broadstairs retired—with his salvage to comfort him.

Number 1 was at the further extremity of the row of houses. When Mr. Ronald rang the bell, the spies were already posted. The woman loitered on the road, within view of the door. Farnaby was out of sight, round the corner, watching the house over the low wooden palings of the back garden.

A lazy-looking man, in his shirt-sleeves, opened the door.

"Mrs. Turner at home?" he repeated. "Well, she's at home; but she's too busy to see anybody. What's your pleasure?"

Mr. Ronald declined to accept excuses or to answer questions.

"I must see Mrs. Turner directly," he said, "on important business."

His tone and manner had their effect on the lazy man.

"What name?" he asked.

Mr. Ronald declined to mention his name.

"Give my message," he said. "I won't detain Mrs. Turner more than a minute."

The man hesitated—and opened the door of the front parlor. An old woman was fast asleep on a ragged little sofa. The man gave up the front parlor, and tried the back parlor next. It was empty. "Please to wait here," he said—and went away to deliver his message.

The parlor was a miserably furnished room. Through the open window the patch of back-garden was barely visible under fluttering rows of linen hanging out on lines to dry. A pack of dirty cards, and some plain needlework, littered the bare little table. A cheap American clock ticked with stern and steady activity on the mantelpiece. The smell of onions was in the air. A torn newspaper, with stains of beer on it, lay on the floor. There was some sinister influence in the place which affected Mr. Ronald painfully. He felt himself trembling, and sat down on one of the rickety chairs. The minutes followed one another wearily. He heard a trampling of feet in the room above—then a door opened and closed—then the rustle of a woman's dress on the stairs. In a moment more the handle of the parlor-door was turned. He rose, in anticipation of Mrs. Turner's appearance. The door opened. He found himself face to face with his wife.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—The illustration on our front page pictures a scene in Part II. of this story, which will appear in next week's number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The Statistics of Tobacco.

THE statistics of the total and individual consumption of tobacco in the leading countries of the world furnish interesting and suggestive figures. Some of the totals are enormous. For instance, in Austria the consumption in 1876 was 31,614 tons; while in Hungary it was 15,000 tons; in France during the same year it was 31,425 tons, and 32,120 in 1877; in Italy in 1876 it was 17,200 tons, and in Germany the estimated consumption was 80,000 tons. It is curious to observe how the consumption varies from one month to another. Thus, taking the observations from two French and Italian factories, we find that in those countries it increases in January, the cold weather; decreases in March, with the beginning of Spring; rises again; but during the heats of July falls to a minimum, to rise gradually to a maximum during the cold weather of December.

The following table shows the approximate average consumption for several different countries per head and per annum:

Austria	3.25	Germany	4.00
Hungary	1.91	England	1.33
France	1.96	Russia	1.32
Italy	1.55	United States	3.52

How much money per head of the population is spent by their inhabitants is approximately deducible from the amount realized by tobacco taxation in some of the countries:

Austria-Hungary	$1.14	England	$1.13
France	1.68	United States	1.06
Italy	1.04		

From these figures it is apparent that the consumption of the stimulating weed is increasing rapidly.

The Mystic-sounding Church Bells.

MANITOBA LAKE, which lies northwest of Fort Garry, Montana, and has given a title to the province formed out of the Red River region, derives its name from a small island, from which, in the stillness of night, issues a mysterious noise. On no account will the Ojibways approach or land on this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitoba, the "Speaking God." The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the waves on the "shingle," or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northern coast of the island there is a long, low cliff of fine-grained, compact limestone, which, under the stroke of the hammer, clinks like steel. The waves beating on the shore at the foot of the cliff cause the fallen fragments to rub against each other, and to give out a sound resembling the chimes of distant church bells. The phenomenon occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then, as the winds subside, low, wailing sounds like whispering voices are heard in the air. Travelers assert that the effect is impressive, and that they have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.

A New Trappist Monastery in the United States.

THE announcement is made that the Order of Trappists has bought a number of acres of land in Western Pennsylvania with a view of establishing a monastery there. The community, to consist of 200 monks from France, Ireland, and Turkey, will be the fourth of the Order that has settled on this continent. The other three are at New Haven, Ky., New Melleray, Iowa, and Tracadie, Nova Scotia, the last having been originally founded seventy-five years ago at Conewago, Penn. The Trappists who are coming are drawn from divers trades and professions, being experienced mechanics, dairymen, artists, architects, lawyers, and physicians, some of whom had gained reputation in their own country before relinquishing the world and its vanities. They intend to put up their own buildings and do all the work of the monastery, beginning their labors next Spring. The Trappists, the most austere of all the religious Orders of the Roman Church, were founded in the seventeenth century by Armand Jean de Rance. They rise at two in the morning, devote twelve hours of the day to devotion, and the remainder to hard work, mainly in the field. No secular conversation is permitted; on meeting they salute one another with "Remember death." (*Memento mori*), and speak no more. They subsist on water and vegetables, meat, beer and wine being strictly prohibited. They sleep on a board with a pillow of straw, and never undress, even in illness. Their extreme rigor has prevented their diffusion. There are less than 2,500, it is said, in the whole world, which is not strange, as their discipline and rules are utterly at variance with reason and the spirit of progress.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Opening of Parliament.

The scene in the House of Lords on Thursday, December 5th, when their lordships reassembled to consider their address in reply to the Queen's speech, which had been read to both Houses at an earlier hour of the day, is the subject of an illustration. The address was moved by the Earl of Ravensworth and seconded by Lord Inchiquin. There was a very full attendance of peers, among whom their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge sat on the first of the cross benches, where the Earl of Derby also took his seat. The Lord Chancellor, Earl Cairns, was seated on the Woolsack, having the bishops on the upper side benches at his right hand, and the peers who are Cabinet Ministers—namely, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Marquis of Salisbury, Viscount Cranbrook, and others. On the opposite benches were Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll, and others belonging to the Liberal Party. The steps of the throne, and the lobbies and boxes on each side further back, were crowded with members of the House of Commons and of the different foreign embassies. In the side galleries above, to the left of the throne, were their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck; also many peeresses and other ladies of rank.

The Overflow of the Nile.

As our readers are aware, the rise of the Nile has this year attained a greater height than at any time within the last fifty years. It has unfortunately been attended with more than the usual destruction of life and property. In the Delta alone it is estimated that over five hundred of the natives perished, and about 200,000 acres of land were submerged. The great cause of mischief was the break in the dyke at Mit-Habib, shown in our engraving. This disaster resulted in the complete destruction of several villages. Samanoud, a great commercial centre for the growth of cotton, was partially inundated, and the railway at Rahbain, was also in many places swept away. Another break in the Nile banks occurred at Kafr-es-Zyat on the Cairo line of railway, where a considerable portion of the town was flooded.

Return of the King and Queen of Italy to Rome.

In recent issues we have given illustrations of the attempted assassination of King Humbert, at Naples, and the subsequent ovations the Royal family met at Florence, Bologna and other cities. On returning to the capital their majesties were received with almost unexampled demonstrations of loyalty and affection. The city was generally illumined, and addresses of congratulation poured in upon the King from all quarters. Rome, in modern days, has seldom seen a more joyous occasion.

Presentation of Colors by the Queen.

On Friday, December 13th, the Fourth Regiment ("King's Own"), which is now on its way to South Africa, received its new colors from the hands of Her Majesty the Queen. The ceremony took place in the Great Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, where a guard of honor, consisting of a company of the Coldstream Guards and one hundred men of the First Berkshire Volunteers, was drawn up. The "King's Own" came from Aldershot under the charge of Colonel Bray, C.B., an officer who in his youth served with Pollock's "Avenging Army" in Afghanistan, and soon after they had marched into the Quadrangle, the Queen and Princess Beatrice, with the Duke of Cambridge and Staff, arrived. Her Majesty was received with a Royal salute, and after the National Anthem had been played by the band of the Coldstreams, the "King's Own" marched past, first in slow time and then in quick. The old regimental colors, on which appeared the name of many hard-won victories, were then "trooped" and saluted for the last time, and then borne away through the southern porch. The band of the regiment then marched into the centre of the quadrangle, and piled their drums in a pyramid to form a military altar, upon which the new colors were presently laid. Bishop Claughton (Chaplain-general of the Forces) then offered up a prayer and pronounced a benediction, after which the Queen stepped forward to the altar, and standing between the colors, held erect by Lieutenants Shepherd and Hutchinson, who had received them kneeling, made a short speech, expressing her hope that order might be restored in South Africa before the regiment arrived, and of her confidence that she might at all times rely on their devotion and zeal, and that they would emulate the deeds of their predecessors, who for two hundred years had been distinguished in the annals of their country. Colonel Bray spoke in reply, addressing himself first to the men of the regiment and then to Her Majesty.

Head of Bolan Pass.

This famous cut in the mountain is sixty miles in length, and leads straight to Quetlah, on the road to Candahar. In one part it is so narrow that only three or four men can ride abreast, but a little further on it widens out until a broad plain is reached. Its crest is 5,800 feet above the sea, and its average ascent gives ninety feet to the mile. In spite of its narrowness it is considered very important, in a military sense, because of the comparative ease with which artillery can be moved through it.

Tourists Caught in a Quicksand in Central Asia.

The annoyances, to say nothing of the dangers of travel in Central Asia, are vividly shown in our illustration. An artist, with his family and outfit, is endeavoring to forge a way through the desert to the east of the Caspian Sea near the border of Afghanistan. This route has for years been taken by merchants traveling together in caravan form both for mutual protection and assistance. They are frequently overtaken by storms of wind which fill the air with dust, scattering it in huge drifts on all sides, and greatly impeding travel. The steppes are particularly dangerous by reason of the ravines, which in olden times were the beds of rivers. When the wind fills them up with light dust they possess all the features of a quicksand region, and the heavy wagons of the caravan frequently sink from sight. As the drifts are constantly changing, the locality of these ravines can seldom be made out even by experienced guides; hence it is no wonder that the equipage of the art traveler, jogging on slowly by itself, should be plunged into one of the quicksands.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE local indebtedness of Illinois amounts to $51,942,691.

—ATLANTA has this year appropriated over $13,000 to her 130 miles of streets.

—CALIFORNIA has eight national banks, representing about $5,000,000, capital and surplus.

—THE Alabama Legislature is composed of 77 planters, 44 lawyers, 4 merchants, 4 physicians, 1 miller, and 1 insurance agent.

—A NEW street railway track has been tried successfully in England. The rail is a flat plate regularly pierced with holes, into which fit protuberances on the wheels.

—DURING the last eight years there has been an addition of 400,000 to the population of Texas. During that time the assessed valuation of property in the State has been increased $250,000,000.

—DURING the past year 2,881 buildings have been erected in Philadelphia, a falling off of 2,334 from 1877. There were 1,193 two-story dwellings, 1,267 of three-stories, and eight of four-stories.

—DECEMBER 6th was the 437th anniversary of the foundation of Eton College, founded under the style of "The College of the Blessed Marie of Eton beside Wyndesor" by Henry VI. in 1441, who also endowed King's College, Cambridge, in connection with it.

—A NEW synagogue, said to be one of the finest of its kind in Europe, and costing $220,000, exclusive of the ground, has been opened in Warsaw. Instead of the Jews flocking to Palestine, they are said to be gathering in large numbers in the Russian cities.

—QUEEN VICTORIA, who is lady of the manor of Esher, offered to give that pleasant village a drinking fountain which she thought would cost $500. The Esherites refused to accept it unless it cost double that amount, as they would have to pay tax for water supplies.

—THE German papers give the strength of parties in the Prussian House of Deputies as follows: National Liberals, 155; Centre, 87; Progressists, 64; Free Conservatives, 33; New Conservatives, 30; Poles, 15; Conservatives, 10; and 21 Independent members.

—INEXHAUSTIBLE beds of lignite have been found between Jaffa and the Dead Sea. This with the asphaltum, also abundant, will make the Holy Land a coal supplier for all Egypt and Syria, both of which possess no wood, and pay from $12 to $14 a ton for foreign coal.

—AN immense grave or vault is being made in the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, in Paris, in which to place the remains of all the forgotten combatants of the war of 1870. It embraces an area of 400 square feet, and will be surmounted by a monument, the design of which has not yet been chosen.

—A NEW bell has been blessed at Moscow in memory of the emancipation of the Bulgarians, which, though smaller than the monster Ivan the Great, still is larger, the London *Times* says, than any other in the world. It weighs 63,276 pounds, though the contractor asseverated that it weighed 79,284.

—THE German papers quote some statistics comparing the proportion of married persons in the populations of the different countries of Europe. Germany ranks only seventh in the list. To 10,000 souls in each country, there are in Hungary 5,475; in France, 5,566; in England and Wales, 5,398; in Austria, 5,271; in Italy, 5,270; in Denmark, 5,191; in Germany, 5,107; in Norway, 5,065; in Sweden, 4,952; in the Netherlands, 4,943; in Scotland, 4,678; in Belgium, 4,634; in Switzerland, 4,582; and in Ireland, 4,313.

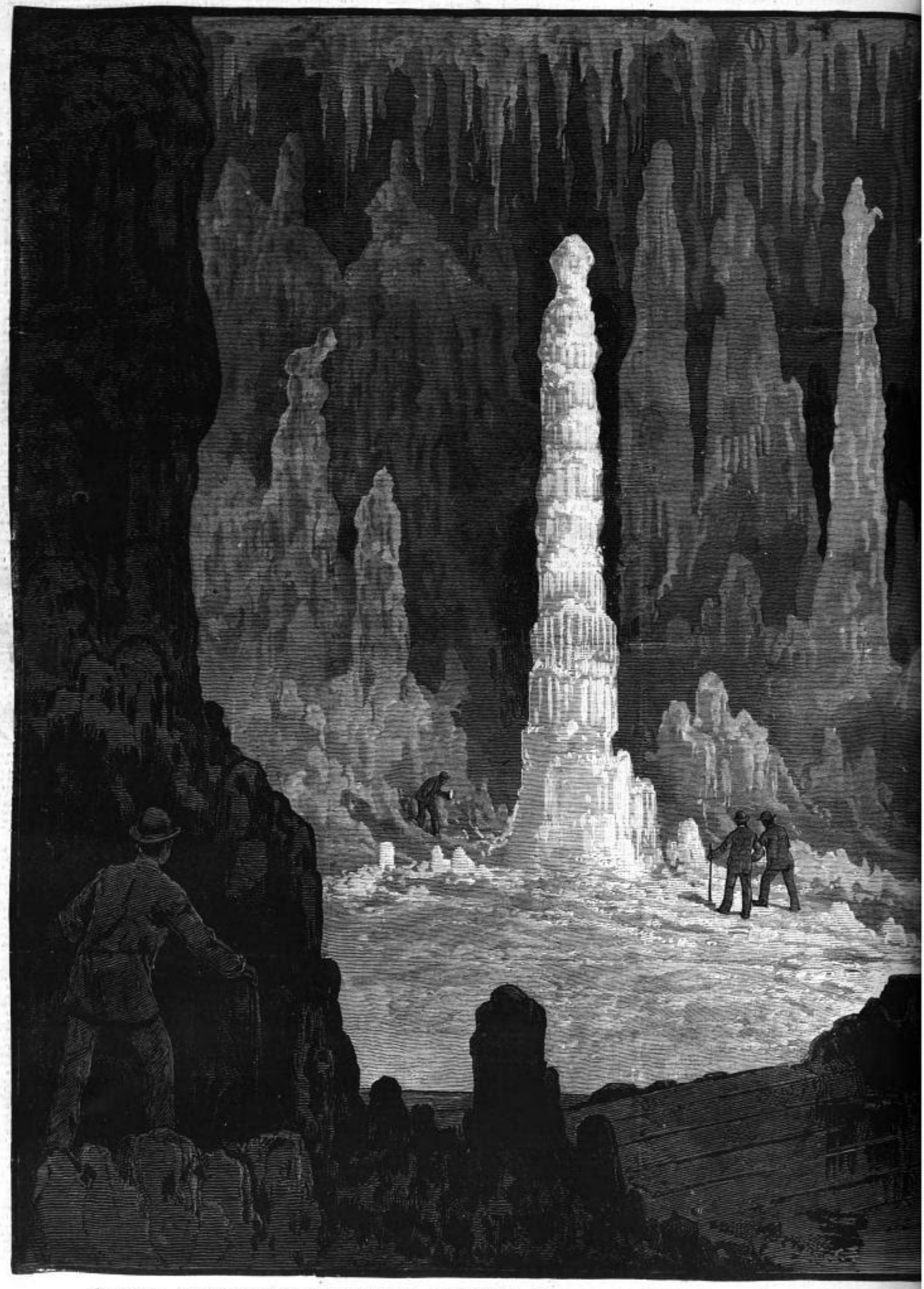
—IT is said that between 200 and 300 men and women of St. Louis drink daily from a half to a pint of blood, piping hot from the veins of slaughtered cattle. More blood-drinking by consumptives and aged persons is done in September and October than during the remainder of the year. The blood of young steers is the best, and should be caught as it comes from the animal and drank while the foam is still on and the steam rising. Consumptives are advised, in addition to drinking the blood, to sit in a slaughter-house for a couple of hours every day at killing-time to inhale the "steam" of the running blood.

—DESPITE the fact that Atlanta, Ga., is practically without water-power, it is making rapid strides as a manufacturing city. At the present time, within a radius of twenty miles of that place, there are enough spindles to annually consume 12,000 bales of cotton; one cotton factory of that city employs 600 hands. Atlanta has also a rolling mill, employing 300 men; three railroad car-shops, employing several hundred, and the largest brewery south of Cincinnati, four boiler shops, six iron foundries, two door and sash factories, and four planing mills. For the year ending with August there were added nearly thirty per cent. to the manufacturing industries of that city.

—THE latest exploit of the San Francisco reporter is the alleged exposure of a process for manufacturing hens' eggs from deleterious materials. According to the narrative the albumen is imitated by a mixture of sulphur, carbon, and fatty matter obtained from the slaughter-houses and rendered sticky with mucilage. The yolk is made of blood, phosphate of lime, magnesia, muriate of ammonia, oleic and margaric acids, and colored with chrome yellow. The shells are shaped by a blow-pipe from a mass of gypsum, plaster of Paris, carbonate of lime, and oxide of iron. After the shells are blown the albumen is forced in through a hole in the small end and sticks to the sides; then the yolk is added, and after being covered with more of the albumen mixture the hole is sealed with cement, the complete egg is rubbed pretty smooth and laid aside for packing. It is asserted that many barrels of these eggs have been shipped eastward for consumption.

—THE EMPEROR WILLIAM is so extremely fond of militarism that he is said to be "pipeclay all over." His palace resembles a military museum rather than a royal residence. Every room in it has pictures of battles, portraits, busts and statues of princes in uniform. In the entrance vestibule figure two large paintings which represent his Majesty charging the revolutionary rabble in 1848, when he was prince, and just before that rabble compelled him to fly to London disguised as a coachman under the name of Möller. This recollection is evidently a bitter one, else so much prominence would scarcely be given to pictures recalling episodes which one might think an emperor would rather forget. In the reception saloon, where stands a bronze statue of Frederick the Great, there are a number of shelves, some of which are covered with miniature models of cannon, rifles and shells, and others with wooden statuettes clad in the uniforms of almost every country in the world.

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VIRGINIA—THE GRANDEST OF AMERICAN CAVERNS—A VISIT TO THE NEWLY DISCOVERED CAVE AT L

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PAGE COUNTY—THE SULTANA COLUMN IN THE GIANTS' HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 342.

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THE OLD HOME.

I HAVE gone—I cannot always go, you know;
Best 'tis so—
Home, across the distant ridges of the years,
With my tears;
And the old house, standing still on the old ground,
There I found.

In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace
Father's face;
And my mother, with her old, accustomed air,
Sitting there;
While beside them brothers, sisters, true and good,
Silent stood.

Thro' the stillness swam the song of Summer bird,
And there stirred
On the wall the leaf flecked sunshine; and its glow
Faded slow;
But from all the loving lips I watched around—
Not a sound.

Then I went upstairs, slow entering 'mid their glooms,
All the rooms;
And I trod with softened step along the floor;
Opened doors;
But I never heard a voice or met a soul
In the whole.

Of the breaths that stirred the draperies to and fro
Long ago;
Of the eyes that thro' the casements used to peep
Out of sleep;
Of the feet that in these chambers used to run—
Now are none.

Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky,
Blue and high;
Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot,
Brown and hot;
Of the streamlet, and the shingle, and the tide—
These abide.

But beyond its azure vaulking overhead
Are my dead;
Though their graves were dug apart in many lands,
Joining hands,
They have gathered and are waiting till I come.
That is home!

THE GOLD DOLLAR:
OR,
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY ANNA BOWMAN BLAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"I'D buy that if I was rich! an' *that*, an *that!*" And over the wet pane of glass of a certain gigantic toy-shop, on a certain snowy Christmas Eve, went a dirty little finger. Tap, tap, tap! with each tap was left a large black stain on the moist glass, stains indicating with unmistakable directness the objects chosen in this rapid journey of selection.

"Golly! would nt it be a bully Christmas-tree though! I wouldn't hev none o' yer nonsense. None o' yer gals' chiney dolls, nor horses thet won't go, nor steam enjines thet don't whistle like mad. None o' yer dern games, neither. Them 'ere's fit fur sillies, gals an' bebbies. I'd show 'em how! I'd guv 'em a taste of a real Christmas-tree, yer kin bet yer life on thet."

A long, suppressed whistle of satisfaction, a whistle freighted with a conscious sense of power, and the little, lean, spare figure of the newsboy straightened itself with a prouder bearing on its crutch, as part of his lower walking machinery gave evidence of being a somewhat superfluous appendage. A foot which didn't seem to belong anywhere dangled and wabbled and twisted itself about in a most helpless and rickety fashion. But the owner of the crutch was evidently used to both. He used the one and ignored the other with an ease that seemed to justify a supposition that crutches were invented before feet.

The boy was but a child, if judged by his size; an old and very experienced one, if judged by the sharp, knowing little face, the keen, shrewd glance, and the deep lines cold, exposure, and a rough, vagabond life had carved on the worn features. But for the moment he was but a child, in a child's paradise. He was entering into imaginary possessorship of most of the contents of the shop. Velocipedes; skates of all patents; locomotives with endless trains of cars; a whole population of automatic acrobats, gymnasts, tight-rope dancers; theatres with troupes of actors, and scene-shifting apparatus complete, and an extensive assortment of the latest patented soldiers—a regiment of which, on wheels, were charging with pointed bayonets on the window pane. For you see it was Christmas, Christmas Eve, and didn't every one give themselves a bit of a treat on that day? His treat was to give his imagination an airing, a form of amusement a very active business career left him little time to indulge in. So he was taking advantage of this holiday season to give himself a bit of a lull. His professional eye—and be it remarked, his business eye was a particularly keen, far-seeing, and wide-awake organ—was for the moment, so to speak, closed. He had turned his back on the trade. There might be fifty customers passing him by, and not a whit cared he. There they were, the paperless, newsless, unsupplied hundreds, hurrying past, with the quick, gay step, the jolly laugh, the joke, in fine old Christmas spirits. No need to rush through the streets, telescope with an army of small boys bound on a similar errand. No need to yell "Fourth *Edd*-tion!" till he was kicked out of a horse-car, or his cough came on, and he was forced to wait till "thet dern pain was by—an' guv' a feller a chance tew ketch his breathin'." Business was at his very back, and at his very back, and yet there *he* was, with his thin, sharp nose flattened against the window-pane, making neither bid nor motion to turn an honest penny. But what cared he? For the moment wasn't he as rich as the richest, this young heir of tatters, this young prince of rags? There wasn't a thing in that shop-window he did not own, as he looked at it, and his possessions were being pointed out with the same significant gesture.

"I'd buy *that*, an' *that*, an' *thet!*" when a soft, sweet voice sounded in his ear.

"What are you doing, little boy?"

But the boy was a boy no longer. He was a ruffian, three and a half feet high. There was a quick clinching of a fist—the well one, the other being temporarily disabled from active pugilistic labor—there was defiance in the dark, sullen eye, there was a growl in the low, insolent tone.

"I ain't a-doin' nothin'," and then, somehow, the clinched fist relaxed, the sullen eye drooped, and the ruffian was only a frightened child, who stood before a lovely, beautiful young girl, who was bending over him, and looking into his eyes with oh, such a kind, kind look!

"I did not think you were doing anything wrong, dear. You were playing you were furnishing a Christmas-tree, were'nt you?"

"Yis'm."

How in thunder did he know?

"Well, now, suppose you help me buy some things for mine. Will you? I am buying so many things I don't know what to buy next, and I am sure you have excellent taste."

"Now tell me what you had chosen?"

The dirty little finger pointed to the velocipede, and regiments of modern soldiers, and theatres, and ballet-dancers. He was looking at her again as she stood near him, "An' goery—but she's a stunner!"

"Now tell me your name."

"My name's the Sparkler."

"The Sparkler! What a queer name! How did you get that name?

"Oh, I sparked a gel las' Summer, and the fellers jibed me, an' I'v been called that ever since."

Sparked a girl! It must have have been in his cradle, thought the beautiful Miss Gordon.

"And where do you live?"

"Over yonder—down that 'ere blind alley."

"Who do you live with, your mother?"

"Never hed none. I live with old Gruffy, he's my boss. Me an' my pal lives there."

"Your pal?" echoed the puzzled Miss Gordon.

"Yes, that's Jim; him with the game eye."

But this vocabulary of the street was becoming too unintelligible for a young woman of fashion. Her talking to him at all was only the freak of a young woman of fashion. But she had been struck by the boy's thin, earnest little fingers, and had caught the sound of his chattering, and seen him pointing with so much intensity, and being a woman, she was curious, and so must have her curiosity satisfied.

Just then a gentleman came out of the store; a young, handsome fellow, with a smile on his fresh, fair face, and the beautiful lady turned to him, and said:

"Ah, Bertram, there you are! I was just talking with this little boy; but I'm ready now. Here little boy, here's a gold dollar for your Christmas. Now, good-by, and a Merry Christmas to you."

Another moment, and the beautiful lady was seated in a satin lined *coupé*, and the gentleman had sprung in after her. Then the girl turned and faced him, laying her hand on his.

"Oh, Bertram, you can't think what a lesson that poor little creature taught me! There he was, out in the cold and the snow, with no shoes on, and scarcely any coat to speak of, it was patched so, and he seemed just as happy as a bird, choosing things out of the window for an imaginary Christmas-tree. And, oh, Bertram, I'm so ashamed of having been cross to you for keeping me waiting; and you'll forgive me, won't you? And I'll never be naughty again!" And then, didn't the most beautiful thing in the world happen! Didn't the lovely young head get very near to the dark, mustached young lover? Didn't four loving, fond lips meet in a lover's kiss? Yes, though it was broad daylight, and the curtains were up! And didn't two happy hearts beat happier and look out upon the world with bright, swimming eyes, and dream that living was always to be loving?

Of course, it was all very improper, this clasping of hands and meeting of lips in this crowded thoroughfare of Broadway. But then, Broadway itself was doing a great many things ordinarily considered improper. To begin with, it was on a broad grin. And isn't Broadway, as a rule, a procession of long faces? But to-day the whole world wore the jolliest of jolly faces. The very air seemed to hold a certain merriment—to be full of the joyousness of the season. How the people tumbled up against one another and never cared a whit, but laughed as if it were the greatest possible sport to have one's toes trod on, and to slip on the icy pavement, and be walked over! How good-natured the crowds were as they streamed in the narrow doorways, squeezed to a jelly and nearly mangled to a pulp! How the street-venders snapped toy-pistols in people's ears and dangled spiders in their eyes, and they laughed gayly, quite cheerfully resigned to being deaf or blind for life! And the children! Were there ever in this world so many children, prancing, leaping, darting, shouting, screaming, singing? Didn't there seem to be the very king of carnival let loose, driving the whole world mad with joy and fun and jollity? And, over all, how quietly, softly, solemnly the snow fell, as if to lay a carpet of silence for Santa Claus, the real King Carnival, to tread on! How fast and quick it let down its draperies of purity, as if hurrying to shut out all wickedness and sin and sorrow, and to shut in all the joy and good-humor! Through the air what a merry ringing of bells—Christmas bells—and how the notes danced and jumped, and thrilled the air with their gay vibrations of sound!

And the Sparkler! There he still stood, in front of the toy-shop. But the spell was gone. The pleasures of the imagination had given way to the rapture of actual possessorship.

"Ain't she a queer 'un? Axin' me questions an' the like, and pertindin' she hain't no mind o' her own! But she *was* a stunner, you bet! An' thet eve swell's her beau! I know; they allers chins an' smiles an' giggles when they're a-sparkin', an' then jaws like two good fellers when they're hitched! Jest like Gruffy an' old Sal! But she treated me handsome, an' thet I mus' say to her."

Upon which, the gold dollar was taken from the usual receptacle for such prizes—viz.: his left cheek—and to the bright, shining, glistening piece the Sparkler applied the professional test. For how did he know it was gold, gold for *sure*, unless he bit it, flipped it on the stone pavement with the tradesman's true adroitness, and made it ring with a fling from his thumb-nail? Yes, it was gold, sure enough. Now what should he do with it? Buy Christmas presents with it, as the Beautiful Lady suggested? How he laughed at the idea! Who had he to give presents to? Old Gruffy? Gruffy had usually emphasized the Christmas season by extra floggings, and it was a time hitherto remembered by the Sparkler as one characterized by a falling-off of business, a consequent depression of old Gruffy's spirits—for the lack of some—and a subsequent elevation of the castigating poker. It was scarcely to be expected, with such a tide of memories fresh upon him, he should be in a frame of mind to think of giving Gruffy much of a present. If the truth must be told, the Sparkler's thoughts took no higher flight than his own personal wants.

"Wish Jim'd come along. We'd go hev a stew. An' I'd stan' treat to the the-a-tre."

But no Jim appeared. Neither did he, upon the signal of a sharp, shrill whistle with a mysterious shriek at the end of it, sounding like a secret signal, as indeed it was. For those young vagabonds of the gutter have a hundred signs at their command—signs which will call a small army of companions about them. Let them whistle a certain whistle, and lo! a swarm of boys seem to rush out of the ground at the summons. But neither whistle nor shriek brought "Jim with the game eye," and the Sparkler was doomed to go without his stew; it being against the vagabond's code of courtesy to indulge in solitary feasts. Hungry? Lord! he was hungry enough! But then he had been born hungry, and he had got pretty well used to it by this time. Ever since he could remember, a gnawing, hungry feeling had been ringing a pretty loud dinner-bell of an appetite in his empty little stomach—a dinner-bell never yet answered by a good square meal. So he didn't mind missing the "stew" so much, as he feared he would miss the "the-a-tre." He had still to deliver his evening papers up-town, and it was growing late.

The deepening shadows were falling fast, and the snow was falling faster yet, but up the gay boulevard trudged the active little figure of the cripple. Somehow, the march didn't seem so long as usual. Perhaps because of that gold dollar. Feeling it, touching it, seemed to make him forget things somehow—forget his cough, and his lame foot, and his sore hand, and his chronically empty stomach. The blind alley didn't seem so dark, either, nor Gruffy so drunk, nor old Sal so cross. The touch of that dollar seemed to turn all things into gold. Spend it? Bless you! by this time he had made up his mind he never would spend it, feeling of it was such a comfort. Not a shadow of a temptation did the candy-shops bring up. He could pass the longest rows of taffy or the fattest sticks of striped peppermint at the apple-woman's stand and not even suffer an envious watering of the mouth. As for the opulent charms of the festive fowl, Broadway might have been festooned with garlands of that bird and the Sparkler have passed them by with never so much as a thought of what one might be, if stuffed and roasted and served up with hot gravy. It did require some heroism to get by the restaurant, though. Such a smell—a smell of such goodies! Such a hot, warm, juicy smell, as if there were endless rounds of beef roasting, and gallons of gravy stewing, and hogsheads of coffee, and tons of puddings! But soon he was up-town, where such temptations no longer assailed him. The snow lay piled on the steps now. He must hobble up the stoops to ring the bells, for if he pitched and tossed the papers, as was his usual custom, "they'd be as wet as a rag afore them lazy cusses'd cum and tek 'em in." But it was hard work. His crutch would slip on the snowy steps, and his cough would "ketch" him, and many a time he must sit down on the icy stoop, and rest there till he could "kinder hist hisself together."

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a great blaze in a certain great, grand house. It was a blaze of light, of warmth, of comfort, of grandeur. Every light in every room in that house was on at its fullest, biggest, brightest turn. There wasn't a dark corner in it, nor a dull room, nor a dismal square inch. But it was in the parlor—the large, spacious parlor—that the lights seemed brightest, as if a portion of the very sun had lent itself, somehow, to the chandeliers that they might be great balls of dazzling radiance. What beautiful objects that dazzling light fell on! what walls, covered with what wonderful pictures! what rich carpets! what elegant, dainty furniture, over which Flora herself must have sprinkled those delicate bunches of roses! And upon what a garden of flowers—real, growing banks of roses, seeming to grow out of the very walls and mantelpieces—did the light fall and shine on! But what were all the roses in the world to those lovely human flowers—those beautiful children who were flitting about in the wildest state of excitement; now running to a certain dark, big door, through which they could see nothing—oh! nothing at all! Only they knew *everything* was behind it—everything: the Christmas-tree and Santa Claus and his very ponies, perhaps—who knows? Then the whole band would rush to the other door, the open one. Then would be—oh! such a shout, such clapping of little hands, as another lovely child was handed in out of the sleigh, carried up the carpeted steps by the giant footman, and taken straight to the open fire to be shaken, and its wraps taken off, and its silks and laces shaken out. And how it was kissed and hugged and dragged in by the whole army of happy little ones! Oh! were there ever such times? And what a merry, merry jig some one was playing on the piano! What beautiful girls and handsome, proud, and happy mammas were trying to keep the children in order! And they didn't. The children were in the wildest possible disorder, and would be till that dark, big door was wide, wide open and everything was seen.

"There's the bell! Let's see who it is!"

Away scampered the whole bevy to the vestibule-door. But this time it was no giant footman carrying a precious bundle of silks and laces. It was the Sparkler, with his rags instead of a ball-dress, his crutch instead of a footman, and chattering teeth and quaking knees instead of the gay laugh and merry, dancing feet. To express the situation in his own language, "he'd got kotched, sure's I'm born." He'd been assisting at that children's ball himself—making one of them, so to speak. Only he happened to be outside in the sleet and the snow, surreptitiously enjoying the festivities through a slit in the vestibule-curtain. Then the door had opened, and it was too late to retreat.

"What do you want, little boy?" asked the child—a child like a "chinee doll," thought the Sparkler, with all that blonde hair and white skin. There was a bevy of children behind her, all open-mouthed and wide-eyed. The Sparkler wasn't afraid—not he; only he dimly felt there were such things as disadvantages in too sharp contrasts.

"What do you want?"

"Don't want nuthin'. I was only a lookin' in."

"What did you come here for?"

"Bringed yer dad's paper," preparing to shuffle himself off; but his cough stopped him, and he had to lean a moment on the crutch and take breath.

"Are you sick?" asked the little girl, changing her tone.

"Bet he's cold," said one of the bigger boys, standing motionless, looking at him critically with his hands in his pocket.

"Come in, children. Come in this instant out of the cold. You'll catch your death," a voice said, in a sweet, fresh tone; and, behold! there was the beautiful lady who had given him the dollar.

She had seen and recognized him before he could get off.

"Why, is that you? How did you get up here? But come in. Come in, don't stand there in the cold!"

Before he knew it, he was inside the great, splendid hall. The lady was dragging him by the hand; the children were dancing all about him, asking him fifty questions at once. Was he always so dirty? Was he hungry? Had he ever seen Santa Claus? He was coming here to-night. He must stay and see him.

Then he was led before another lady, older, taller, but with the same beautiful look on her face as the younger one, who said to her:

"Mamma, this is the little fellow of whom I told you, whom I met down-town this afternoon. I brought him in to get warm, and to put some dry clothes on him."

"And he may stay, mayn't he, mamma. He's never seen Santa Claus. He said so!" cried a dozen children.

"He's awful dirty, and I may help to wash him, mayn't I?"

"And he's hungry, too," said the fattest child of all, to whom that condition could only be known by the wildest flight of the imagination.

Then he was whisked up-stairs, the beautiful lady holding him by the hand all the time. Soon he was put through such a washing process as would have made him believe the Deluge had come, had he ever known anything about that highly interesting occurrence. Then the clothes! Why, his rags fell away from him as if fairies had waved a wand, and before the magic circle was described, behold! he was, for the first time in his life, in a whole suit of clothes!

Then he was whisked down-stairs as fast as his poor lame foot would allow, and was made to eat the largest supper ever a small boy had set before him. When he got up, he felt as stuffed as one of the fat turkeys he had eaten. But all this was as nothing, only a bit of a preparation, so to speak.

"Now you are here, you must stay and see the tree, Sparkler, and I shouldn't wonder if Santa Claus had something for you."

And Miss Gordon was tucking him up in the most comfortable corner of the sofa in the parlor, and put his crutch away her-self. Then everybody crowded round, and asked him questions; and the children were like a swarm of flies in Summer about him.

The manners and social customs of the "blind alley" were scarcely of a nature to fit one born there to be suddenly introduced into the highest society. But the Sparkler conducted himself with much dignity, a dignity due, perhaps, to another new element to which he was introduced, to the starch in his high collar, and the novel sensations of having no holes to lose his hands in, as anything else. Being so clean seemed to wilt him somehow, and he missed, without being able to analyze it, the bravado of dirt. But the fire of questions lasted only a short while.

For, hark! What sound was that? Was the house coming down? Was there ever heard such a jingling of bells, such a cracking of whips, such a loud, deep, joyful voice?

"Whoop! Go along there, Snowball! Whoa! Steady, you, Jingler! I've got to get out here. There are a good many little children waiting for me here."

"It's Santa Claus! It's Santa Claus!"

To be sure it was. Who else could it be? Who else could make such a dash down the stairs—such a bound—into the midst of the half-terrified, half-enraptured children? Who else ever had such a long beard, or such a big cloak, or was covered with snow, and looked as old as the hills, and frisked about as young as a kid? He was soon in a chair, this wonderful being, taking out candies from his boots, and whistles from his ears, and tops from his mouth, and there wasn't a child in the room that he didn't give something to—no! not even was the Sparkler forgotten.

"Ah, my young man, I expected to see you down-town! How did you get up here?" and Santa Claus tossed him a cornucopia and a top.

But all the presents in the world could not deceive the skeptical Sparkler. His early training had not been such as to foster poetical, childish superstitions. He looked at him out of his keen, shrewd, knowing little eyes, he looked round the room, evidently searching for something he didn't find, and then beneath his breath:

"It's her beau dressed up to make believe!" But the wise discoverer kept his knowledge to himself, the joy of his researches only communicating itself to the increased zest with which he sucked the long, pink stick of candy. But real or impostor,

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Santa Claus was gone long before the candy was. Then happened something that even took the Sparkler's breath away. The big, dark door was flung wide open, and there, oh, oh, oh! Was there ever such a tree?

It was as high as the ceiling, yet every twig, every tiniest branch, was laden with candles, and sugar-plums, and how ever a tree could hold so much and not break, everybody wondered and nobody knew. Then such a time as they all had taking down the presents! Every child had a dozen, it seemed to the Sparkler, and then more than a dozen filled his own little lap. Knives, and toys, and shining balls; but the thing he prized most was what the beautiful lady gave him with her own hands—it was a little watch, a silver watch, that wound up, and told the time. By this time, the Sparkler began to feel as if he had anticipated heaven; that is, he would have felt so if he ever had known any more about heaven than he did about the Deluge. For all the rest of the evening, how kind all the people were to him! The children made him play all the games, and let him sit down. The ladies told him stories, and stuffed his pockets with apples, and he had never been so happy or comfortable in his life, except in the region of the two buttons of his new pants, the waistband seeming to get smaller all the time the more candy he eat. Then to wind up every thing, everybody danced a jig, big and little, old and young, and the Sparkler stood and thumped on the floor with his crutch, and made just as much noise, and had just as much of a jig, as anybody there.

"Now, for a song, a Christmas carol, and then to bed, little ones."

The beautiful lady was at the piano now, and the children all about her. But the Sparkler, nearest to her of all, and never in all his life had he heard any thing like that "singin'." The sweet, fresh, girlish voice pealed forth carol after carol, children and all joining her. And the most beautiful was the last of all—"Hark! the Herald Angels sing"—and the Sparkler thought he was in heaven now for sure, for she sang it alone, and there wasn't a dry eye in the room when she had finished. The Sparkler felt "kinder dry," and "suthin' was in his eyes"—and the "suthin'" was wiped away with the sleeve of the brand new coat. Before he went home—home through the sleet and snow—the lady kissed him, and said she would come and see him soon. Wipe the kiss away? Not he—not if he never washed his face again, but that, indeed, was a matter of very little importance in the blind alley circles.

* * * * *

A week after that, in the blind alley, there lay a weak, pale, meagre little figure on a bit of straw. A pinched face looked out from a torn coverlid, and a racking, terrible cough came through the thin, pinched lips. The little figure was the figure of the Sparkler, and the cough was killing him. It may have been the sitting on the steps that Christmas night, or the sudden transition from the warm, hot rooms to the cold and damp of old Gruffy's cellar; but he had lain there ever since. Lain there, and thought in a dull, dazed way of all that happened that night, and through his hot, feverish dreams, he would mutter strange things about "fairies, an' fellers that make believe Santa Claus, an' the beautiful lady—she that singed the angels is comin'." Then he would cry out, "Where's my gold dollar?" and there it always was, tightly clinched in the thin little hand. Everything else had gone but that. Gruffy had pawned his clothes long ago; the children had stolen his candies; and old Sal sold the toys. But the gold dollar no one could get away from him; sleeping or waking, conscious or unconscious, there he held it, and talked to it, and crowed over it.

He was awake now. And the large, childish eyes were fixed on the door, as if he expected some one. He was always expecting some one. He was looking for *her* to come in. Hadn't she promised she would? Some one did come in, but not the beautiful lady. It was another Sparkler, such as the Sparkler used to be—without the crutch. It was Jim, "him with the game eye."

"Is that Jim?"

"Yis—it's me, pal."

"Jim, I'm wuss. Coughed till I choked las' night. I—I——" and then came on a spell of the dreadful coughing. After that, he couldn't get up, but lay weak and spent on the bit of straw pillow. When next his words came, they were faint, with the faintness of death.

"Tell her, when she cums, I allers kep' the gold dollar, an' watched for her. . . . . Yer kin hev' the top an' things, Jim, but don't yer giv' old Gruffy nuthin'. . . . . Hark! don't yer hear suthin'? . . . . It's the angels. . . . . angels singin'. . . . . tell her I'm cumin'. . . . . the angels. . . . . the. . . . .

And in the dawn of the bright New Year there went out the light of a dark little life—a light that died on earth only to be relit in the great Beyond where the Herald Angels sing alway.

Honor among Thieves.

BELLEW, in his account of the mission which he accompanied into Afghanistan, tells a most remarkable story, which may be quoted as illustrating not only the determination which the race is capable of, but of a sense of honor—such was the word the relator used; and although it is only honor among thieves, there was mixed with it a desire for the honor of the family to which the hero of the story belonged which would be creditable anywhere.

The person who tells the tale was called Khan Gul, and he was one of the actors in it. The whole of his family had, at a former period, become a band of robbers, which occupation they practiced seemingly on the sly, and their neighbors were kept in the dark about their doings. They had determined on robbing a house at some distance, and going there during the night, they made a hole through the mud wall. Khan Gul's brother, like Oliver Twist, was passed in, and he began to hand out whatever was within his reach. The people of the house chanced to waken up, upon which the brother tried to make his escape, but while in the act of returning through the hole in the wall, those on the inside caught him by the feet. Now began a tug like the "tug of war"; fiercely they pulled to get him out of the hole, but it was useless; those within had one or two holding on to each leg, and the burglar was held as if in a vise. The fear that they would be recognized and detected became at last the dominant feeling, and, as they could not possibly pull him out, they determined on an extreme measure, and one so very extreme that it is hard to believe that it could have occurred to any others than these knife-using Afghans. The only plan left to prevent identity was to cut off the head, carry it away and leave the body; and the very striking part of this tale lies in the fact that it was done at the suggestion of the man himself, and, as he expressed at the instant, so that "the honor of the family might be preserved undefiled." This was done. They fled with the head only, leaving all the spoil which had been thrown out, and, as Khan Gul ended the story, he thanked God that the honor of the house had by these means been preserved. There is something heroic in such acts. Neither Agamemnon nor Achilles, as described by Homer, suggests a character capable of such self-devotion.

New Way to Cook Invented.

JUST now, in Paris, you will see the art of grate cooking in perfection with the least amount of fuel. In England and America there is an absolute and unnecessary waste of fuel as well as viands by the employment of huge fires. England is more wasteful by reason of being more prejudiced than America in this matter. In one day in England a cook will consume more fuel and produce less good dinners than a French cook will in a month of superb cooking! Count Rumford laid down practical rules by which a dinner for one thousand persons could be excellently well cooked and served at a cost of ten cents! Now this process is improved upon, and a dinner for fifteen hundred persons can be well cooked at a fuel expense of five cents! Not by gas—that is a wasteful expense—but by the carbonated refuse of the gashouse, known as coke. This coke is placed in a peculiarly-constructed stove, which permits none of the fumes to pass into any other place than the closed chimney. The coke is generated into a brilliant fire at first by a powerful draft, then toned down as per the wants of the cook by a mechanical damper. At this point all the odor of the gas has gone, and nothing but a clear fire, minus smell or dust, is ready. This fire in the broad-top stove does duty for several dishes at the same time. You get your dinner hot and well cooked at a cost of less fuel than ever before known. The owner of the patent is about to proceed to America to protect his invention, or I might explain it.

Street Scenes in St. Petersburg.

THE fine streets of St. Petersburg, well paved and broad, are lined with elegant residences and handsome shops, which contain not only the rich goods of other countries, but are temptingly supplied with the furs of Russia; the products of its manufactories, which are very numerous; and the peculiar silver work of this country, which every traveler invests in. Here one can buy the shoes worn by the peasants; a sort of braided straw, curiously formed, and copied either in silver, gold or porcelain—these for flowers, cards, or for cigar-ashes; water-carriers, in bronze, on stands of any of the peculiar stones from Siberia. The three-horse carriage also is a favorite in bronze and silver; and a bronze table, with silver cloth, on a foundation of malachite or lapis, is often seen, with Russian peasant and wife drinking tea, thus showing their dishes and their peculiar way of preparing the tea, with a great urn in the middle of the table, and the whole forming a beautiful inkstand.

There is no end to this sort of temptation here, and if one's money holds out he never knows where to stop. Prices are at a very high figure for *articles de luxe*—not really needful things—while the necessaries of life are very reasonable; and if they were not, these people could not live under the governmental condition of affairs, as the lower classes have to live on almost nothing, and pay for that well in taxes. Everywhere there is constant life and activity. The little droskys, only large enough for one, but in which two often ride, the larger public carriages, and the elegant private turnouts, are all driven in the main thoroughfares as if in a case of life or death—regular John Gilpin fashion. As one sits in a public carriage, being in the midst of this curious *melee*, he involuntarily holds on, and holds his breath as if at any moment he should be crushed to atoms and nobody would ever know anything about it. The people are a novelty, so are the shops; then every few blocks there is a chapel, and the people praying all about, and at certain points men in peculiar Russian dress are kneeling out on the edge of the sidewalk with fruits and small wares, sometimes whole rows of them, and if a carriage stops they immediately flock up to sell their goods.

Counteracting Anæsthetics.

THE immense services rendered by chloroform, ether, etc., in the alleviation of pain have been somewhat depreciated by the danger to life incurred in their use, and the numerous fatal cases recorded as the result of their administration. Many efforts have been made to find a rapid and certain antidote, but without success, until a very simple remedy was discovered by the late celebrated surgeon, Dr. Nelaton. His son, while quite a lad, was in the habit of amusing himself by catching mice and harnessing them to toy carriages like horses. In attaching them to the miniature vehicles they frequently bit him, and he induced his father to give him some chloroform to enable him to perform his operations without the inconvenience of being bitten. On one occasion, having administered the anæsthetic, he raised the little animal by the tail in a perpendicular direction, when it immediately turned and tried to bite him. He mentioned the subject to his father, who, upon reflection, considered that the explanation was due to the fact that the brain, while the being is asleep, is almost destitute of blood, but that on the position of suspension with the head downwards having been attained, the circulating fluid rushes to the head and awakens the animal. Not long after he had an opportunity of testing his theory. Two eminent surgeons had to perform an operation at Saint-Germain-Laye, and requested the assistance of Dr. Nelaton. He happened to miss the train, and when he arrived by the subsequent one the proceedings had already commenced. The patient was under the influence of chloroform, and the medical men feared from the symptoms that a fatal result might ensue. Dr. Nelaton at once advised that the head of the patient should be hung over the side of the bed and the feet raised in the air. The experiment was successful; consciousness returned, but, upon the person being replaced in bed, all the somnolency recurred. The trial was repeated, and after a suspension of ten minutes, head downwards, the effects of the chloroform were entirely dissipated. So simple a remedy is one which may be of invaluable assistance to medical men, and may be the means of saving many lives.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.—The work on the St. Gothard Tunnel is being pushed with considerable rapidity. On the northern side alone 1,000 men are employed inside the tunnel and 400 outside. Three hundred wagon-loads of earth are excavated every day, and in the daily blastings 600 pounds of dynamite are used. Equal energy is being shown on the Italian side, so that the completion of the work may be looked for within the prescribed time.

A Paraffine Fire-Lighter.—A novelty in fire lighting is to use paraffine instead of gas or the more ordinary means of rapid combustion. The contrivance for this purpose is made of annealed iron, shaped like a flat-iron, and is hollow, with a hole through the centre to allow of the admission of air. The hollow part being packed with asbestos is practically incombustible. About two spoonfuls of paraffine or any other oil poured into the receptacle and lighted will be sufficient to start a fire. It is claimed that there is no danger whatever attaching to the use of the lighter.

The White Hare of Russia.—An attempt is now making in some of the colder regions of France to introduce and domesticate the white hare of Russia. This animal is the same species as the variegated hare which is found in large quantities in the Alps and adjacent snowy regions, and lower down during the Winter. The flesh of this game is excellent, although inferior to that of the gray hare of the same regions, which latter is also equally large, but the fur of the white hare is absolutely immaculate. The success with the new game has thus far been very favorable.

Spontaneous Combustion of Wasps' Nests.—A correspondent of *Nature* calls attention to the danger which may easily arise from allowing wasps' nests to accumulate under a roof. He states that it is a well-known fact that in Venezuela the spontaneous combustion of such nests has frequently been observed. The heat is caused by an alteration beginning in the wax, hydrocarbons being formed, which, on being absorbed by the paper-like, porous substance of the cell-walls, must get still more heated, so that a comparatively small access of oxygen would be sufficient to set the whole nest on fire.

A New Method of Refining Sugar.—A new method of refining sugar, founded on the well known action of dilute alcohol on saccharate of lime, has been introduced by M. Manoury of France. The molasses or syrup is evaporated to 35° or 42° Beaumé, according to its richness in sugar, and 5 to 10 per cent. caustic soda are added to precipitate the lime as in soluble carbonate, and is then decanted. Quicklime, in a fine state of division and under rapid agitation, is then added and the formation of saccharate of lime produced. From this saccharate all of the sugar is subsequently extracted by dilute alcohol.

Cave Explorations.—The excavations made in Carniola under the direction of Herr von Hochstätter have hitherto been crowned with every success. At St. Michael, near Adelsberg, there are undeniable proofs of the existence of prehistoric colonies and burial grounds at these places. Another interesting discovery has just been made at the Laibacker Moor, the well-known pile-dwelling ground. A peat-digger found six silver coins of the size of a florin, which all bore the inscription of the Roman Emperor, Claudius Augustus. These researches are to be continued and the objects obtained will be preserved in the Imperial Museum for scientific purposes.

The North Pole in a Balloon.—A scheme has just been proposed by M. Emile Pagan, a Belgian, for reaching the North Pole in a balloon. The aerial machine, which is of a special form, will be used as a sailing vessel as far as the 84th parallel. There he will fill his balloon, of a capacity of 2,500 metres, with pure hydrogen, which he will make in the Arctic regions with 14,000 cubic meters of sulphuric acid and 5,000 pounds of iron filings with which he will be provided. He will be, moreover, supplied with boxes of preserved meats, biscuits, bottles of brandy, alcohol, etc., which he will throw overboard as he advances towards the pole. The car will serve him, according to circumstances, as a sledge or a boat.

Separation of Arsenic and Antimony.—In 1859 Bunsen described a method for the separation of arsenic and antimony, which consisted in treating the solution of their sulphides in potassium sulphide with a large excess of water saturated with sulphurous acid. The liquid was boiled for a long time until the odor of sulphurous acid was no longer perceptible, by which time all the antimony had been precipitated and all the arsenic remained in solution. Last year Nilson asserted that the method was untrustworthy. Bunsen now points out that the discrepancy arises from the fact of Nilson having used a potassium hydro-sulphate in place of the sulphide, and refers to a number of determinations which establish, what few chemists could have doubted, the accuracy of his method.

Utilization of Blast Furnace Slag.—One of the great features of modern civilization is the utilization of materials which have hitherto been wasted, and a conspicuous illustration of such a saving is afforded by the numerous uses to which blast-furnace slag is now appropriated. Thus, slag "sand" is employed for making concrete, building bricks, mortar and cement; slag "shingle" for concrete, also for roadways; slag "wool" for covering steam boilers and pipes, ice-houses, etc., also for filtering purposes and for manufacture into cloth; blocks of slag concrete are used for warming and cooking in the cottages of the workmen and subsequently for curb-stones, paving, walls and fences; finally, by Britten's process, slag is used in the manufacture of glass for roofing and for other purposes not requiring pure glass. In making building-blocks of slag, the slag sand is mixed with gypsum, with the addition of iron oxide and pressed in molds. The cement is made from the slag sand, common lime, and iron oxides. It is little inferior to Portland cement in strength, while it does not cost one-fourth as much. The concrete made from this cement, mixed with the "shingle," is an excellent conglomerate for use in monolithic structures. It is stated by Mr. Charles Wood, in a paper read before the British Iron and Steel Institute, that "it took two good men, with steel bars and sledge-hammers, as much as four days to cut through a wall of this concrete about twenty-six inches thick." Mr. Wood exhibited to the Institute bottles of slag-glass, also specimens of slag-wool. The latter product, according to Mr. Wood, is obtained as follows: A jet of steam is made to strike a stream of molten slag as it falls into the slag-bogies or wagons. This jet scatters the molten slag into shot, and as each shot leaves the stream it carries a fine thread or tail; the shot drops to the ground, but the fine woolly fibre is sucked into a large tube, and discharged into a chamber. This chamber is very large and is covered with fine wire netting. The steam and air carry the woolly particles all over the chamber—the finest into recesses formed for the purpose, the heavier into the body of the chamber. The pool is of a snowy-white appearance, and some specimens of it which were exhibited at Vienna looked so much like cotton wool as to deceive everybody but experts.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD FALMOUTH'S winnings on the English turf this year amount to $193,000. His horses have won him in all about $500,000.

FRANK BUCKLAND, the English naturalist, gives entertainments to his scientific friends on Saturday evenings, and calls them "pipes and grog."

DR. WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON has resigned the pastorate of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, because of ill health.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S health has been so shattered by his residence in the island of Cyprus that he contemplates a visit to England in order to recruit.

THE King of Bavaria is erecting at Herren-Chiemsee a royal chateau, on the plan of that of Versailles. The building is to be spread over fifteen years, and the estimated cost is $9,000,000.

LORD DUFFERIN has declined a marquisate tendered to him, and will instead be promoted from his Knight Commandership of the Bath to the dignity of Knight Grand Cross of the same Order.

MRS. LANGTRY, the celebrated actress, has chosen Washington as the home of her remaining years, and, having purchased a cozy but unpretentious home, holds very attractive receptions to her friends.

KHEIR-EDDIN PASHA, the new Turkish Grand Vizier, is a Circassian. He used to be Prime Minister to the Bey of Tunis, and attracted public attention by a book in which he argued that modern ideas of progress were not inconsistent with the cardinal principles of Islam.

GENERAL TOOMBS says that if the South must remain under Radical rule for another term, he wants "a full lion, not a sneaking sheep." Grant, he says, is a full lion, and he has respect for him, "because he kills or wins."

THE congregation of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Baltimore have extended a call to Rev. Wm. J. Gill, of Des Moines, Iowa., to succeed Rev. Dr. D. C. Marquis, recently called to St. Louis, Mo. The salary is $3,000, and the candidate has signified that he will accept.

THE Duke of Connaught has been appointed Colonel *à la suite* of the Third Brandenburg Ziethen Hussars. This is the famous regiment commanded by Prince Frederick Charles, the Duke of Connaught's future father-in-law, whose name, "Red Prince," is derived from the troopers' scarlet tunics.

THE late George M. Marsh, of Portsmouth, N. H., leaves the bulk of his property, estimated at between $50,000 and $100,000 to the Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New Hampshire, the rector of St. John's Church, Portsmouth, and other trustees, who are to erect an Episcopal church, to be called Christ Church.

THE Madrid *Epoca* of December 8th says it is understood in Spanish ministerial circles that the Government has requested General Martinez Campos to resign the Governor-Generalship of Cuba, and intimates that General Quesada, who has been recalled from his command in the Basque provinces, will probably succeed him.

THE great banquet to Lord Dufferin at Belfast was, as he said in his speech, the greatest compliment ever offered in Ulster. It was attended by all the Tory as well as Liberal peers, and by the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops and men of all parties. No other man in Ireland could have brought together such conflicting elements.

DE LESSEPS, the engineer, has been visiting the Bey of Tunis, and trying to get his consent to the scheme for piercing the Isthmus of Zaber and opening up communication with the interior of the Dark Continent by water. He was received by the Bey with great respect, and lodged in the palace, but as yet has been unable to bring his Highness to any definite decision.

THE little Prince of Naples has suffered much in health since the attempt to assassinate his royal father. His nights were disturbed by vivid dreams, in which the figure of the assassin appeared to him and all the incidents of the affair were rehearsed until he awoke with a cry of terror. It has been found necessary to give the boy a quieter life with his books and playmates, and less of State ceremonials.

COMMANDER CHEVNE, of the English Navy, has a new scheme for reaching the North Pole. He proposes to go by ship as far as possible, then go over the ice with sledges until that method of conveyance is no longer practicable, and, finally, by means of three balloons lashed together, he would try to get to the Pole. After making observations, he would send back two of the balloons and endeavor to proceed with the third to an inhabited part of Russia.

A WASHINGTON correspondent who has been investigating the subject of the sale of photographs there, writes that Mrs. Hayes leads all others. Of the Senators, that of Mr. Blaine goes off best, with Lamar and Gordon following, while Conkling is far in the rear, even Thurman beating him. Of the Representatives, Speaker Randall leads, with A. H. Stephens close on his heels, and General Butler next. An extra supply of Blaines was laid in to meet the emergency of his last speech.

J. MOREAU, an artillery soldier, who in 1871 lost his eyes, his nose, and his lower jaw by the bursting of a shell during the Franco-Prussian war, has lately left the hospital of Val-de-Grace, in Paris, with an artificial face of metal, with eyes, a nose and a jaw, which enables him to masticate his food properly. Before going to war he became engaged to a young girl, who on his return, far from discarding him on account of his frightful mutilation, married him without hesitation, and has since devotedly supported him.

AMONG literary men who have had their career as writers forced upon them is James De Mille. It is said that he had no idea of writing for the public until some of his letters got in print and were widely read. The author is professor of rhetoric and history in a Nova Scotian college. He is a native of New Brunswick, and was graduated at Brown University, Rhode Island. He is a born raconteur, and, some of his friends think, tells a story even better than he writes it. He is still comparatively a young man, having only recently seen his forty-fifth birthday.

HON. JULIUS HOTCHKISS, of Middletown, Conn., died at his home December 23d. He was born in Middletown in 1810, and, after receiving a common school education, became engaged in mercantile pursuits and manufacturing. For many years he was prominently identified with the business interests of his State, and when Middletown was incorporated as a city he was elected its first Mayor. He was a member of the Legislature during two sessions, and in 1854 was a candidate for the office of Comptroller of the State. In 1867 he was chosen to represent the Second (Connecticut) District in the Fortieth Congress, in which body he served on the Committees on Territories and Freedmen's Affairs. In 1869 he was re-elected to Congress, and in the following year was made Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut.

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SISTERS OF CHARITY AND REFUGEES PREPARING TO BREAK CAMP AT THE CLOSE OF THE EPIDEMIC.



CENTENNIAL MEDAL AWARDED TO BERGNER & ENGEL.—OBVERSE.



THE THANKSGIVING MASS AT "THE A.K."



CENTENNIAL MEDAL AWARDED TO BERGNER & ENGEL.—REVERSE.

TENNESSEE.—THE FATHER MATHEW YELLOW-FEVER CAMP, NEAR MEMPHIS, DURING THE EPIDEMIC.



PARIS EXHIBITION MEDAL AWARDED TO BERGNER & ENGEL. OBVERSE.



PARIS EXHIBITION MEDAL AWARDED TO BERGNER & ENGEL. REVERSE.



FRANCE.—EXHIBIT OF LAGER BEER BY BERGNER & ENGEL, AWARDED THE GRAND PRIZE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

CAMP FATHER MATHEW,

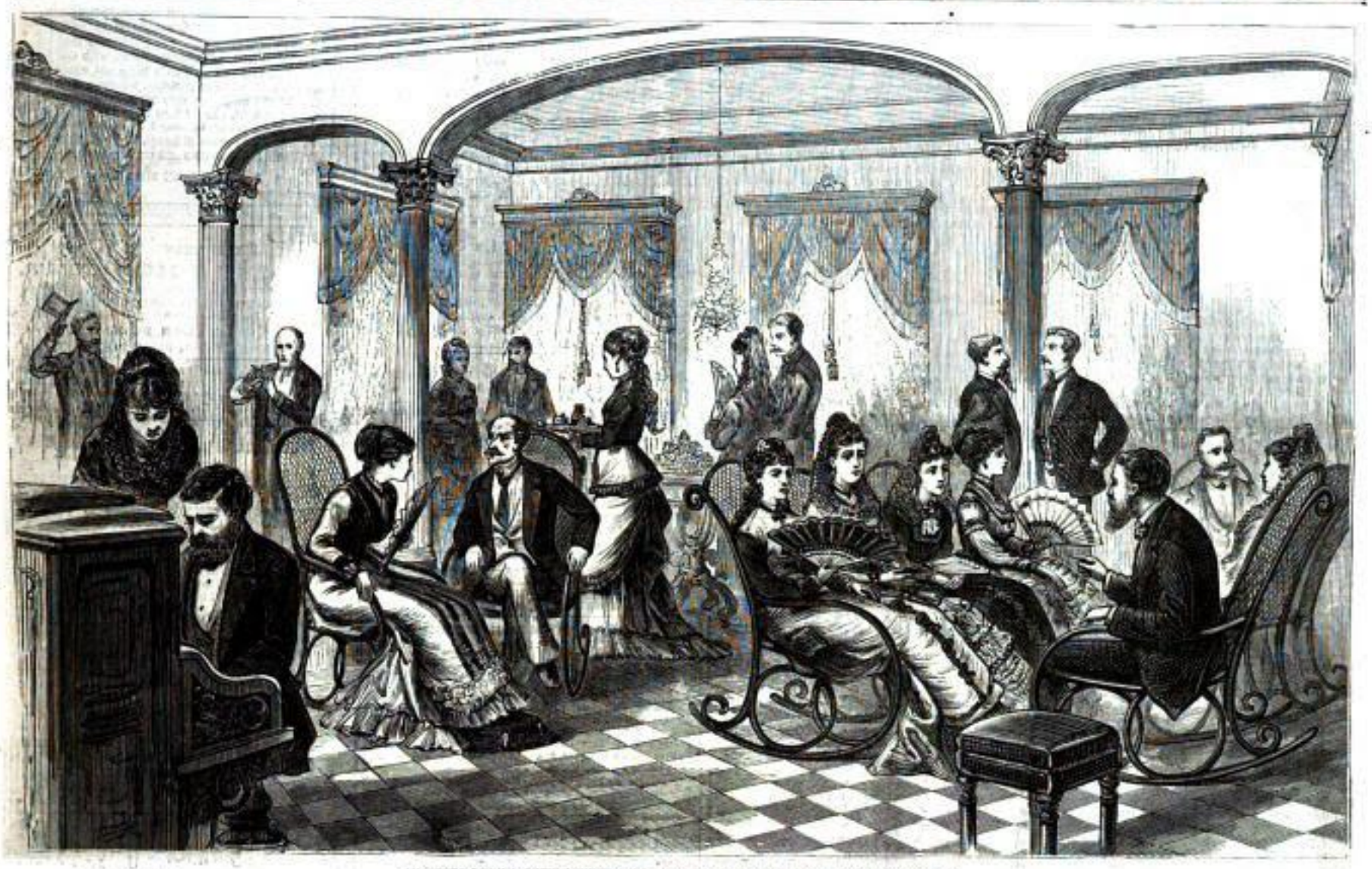
IN MEMPHIS, TENN., DURING THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.

AT the outbreak of the yellow fever in Memphis, Tenn., in August last, Father William Walsh, President of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Association of that city, conceived the idea of establishing a camp in the suburbs where the members of the Society, with their families, could find refuge from the pestilence. A suitable location was found, and the camp was established. Hundreds soon flocked thither to escape the ravages of the fever in the city, the poor of all denominations being cordially admitted; and Father Mathew's Camp was the means of saving the lives of between four and five hundred people.

The camp was beautifully situated on a noble plateau, embosomed amidst lovely sylvan scenery. On one side it was shaded by a forest of stately trees, and on the opposite side ran a crystal stream, with a bubbling spring of pure fresh water close by. The camp represented a miniature city, with its streets and avenues crossing and intersecting each other. The two principal streets running parallel with each other were known as "Father Mathew Street" and "Father William Street." These streets were about two hundred yards in length, and tents to the number of nearly three hundred, furnished by the Government, were arranged on each side. In addition to an immense commissariat department—capable of meeting the demands of between four and five hundred people daily—with the necessary kitchens, dining-halls, etc., there were hospitals, drug-stores, reading-rooms, schools, and a small church established in connection with the camp—all showing the most admirable thoughtfulness and excellent judgment on the part of the president and managers. The schools were under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who divided their time between the children and the old folks, instructing the former and ministering to the comfort and happiness of the latter. At the northern end of "Father Mathew Street" was a little chapel of the Sacred Heart, with a sacristy on one side and confessional on the other. This miniature chapel was named "The Ark." There Father Walsh celebrated Mass every morning, after which he went into the plague-stricken city to minister to the temporal as well as spiritual wants of the sick and dying, returning to the camp again at night. His return was anxiously awaited every night by the poor people, who feared that he, like so many of his associate priests, might be stricken with the disease while in the city. On his safe return their joy was great; they flocked around the little "Ark" to hear his words of consolation and instruction, to recite their rosary, and to receive, on bended knees, ere they retired to rest, the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We publish two illustrations of the camp: one, the Thanksgiving Mass (the last celebrated at the camp), which shows the people in a kneeling attitude in front of "The Ark," and the priest, Father William Walsh, in the act of turning round and saluting them with the final *Dominus vobiscum*—"The Lord be with you"; the other scene represents one of the main streets, just after Mass, as the campers were preparing to "pull up stakes" and return to the homes from which they had been driven by the dread pestilence a few months before.

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AN AFTER-DINNER ENTERTAINMENT IN THE PARLOR OF THE HOTEL PASAGE, HAVANA.

in a couple of hours after the photographs were taken the camp was in marching order, and with the "Ark" in front, filled with little innocents dressed in white, and guarded by stalwart Father Mathew men, proceeded down the principal street of Memphis, towards St. Bridget's Church, where the Thanksgiving was brought to a close with the solemn chanting of the "*Te Deum*." The little "Ark" is to be preserved as a Memorial Chapel in St. Bridget's Church.

It was remarkable that while the fever raged everywhere around the camp, a single case did not originate in it. Of eight or nine who died in the camp each case was contracted in the city. The camp was a continual source of charity during the fever, and its benevolence knew no creed or race. Father Walsh disbursed over twenty-seven thousand dollars independently of generous aid from the "Citizens' Relief" of Memphis.

Our illustrations are from photographs, copies of which our readers may order of R. M. Mansford, Jefferson and Second Streets, Memphis, Tenn., who has prepared a large number of each, size 8 x 10, which will be sold at seventy-five cents each for the benefit of the sufferers, the destitute and orphans, by the great epidemic.

SCENES IN HAVANA.

OUR first illustration represents the parlor in the Hotel Pasage, Havana. The sun can gain no admittance here, but the breeze comes from almost every direction, caressing the cheek of señor and señora, caballero and señorita. Everything is deliciously cool, from the marble-paved floor to the cane rocking-chairs; from the subdued light to the open windows, through which comes stealing that peculiar perfume only to be inhaled in the tropics. The parlor is crowded almost at every hour. Dark-eyed señoritas, such as Byron raved about, attired after the fashion of old Spain, in high comb and black lace, languidly fan themselves with genuine Seville fans, with sails like miniature windmills; black satin, decorated with pictures representing a *corrida de toros*, or bull fight, from the first rush of the maddened bull into the arena to the last stroke of the graceful and herculean *matador*. Stately señoras, watchful as the traditional duefia—naughty hidalgos, strong in lineage and manifold in name—all lounge, lean, sit, stand, walk and gossip in this fragrant apartment. A piano is not wanting, at which some descendant of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso will warble one of those quaint yet all melodious ballads so charmingly adapted to the guitar and castanets, that measure in three so marked in poor Bizet's opera of "Carmen." Planters talk sugar cane, and planters' wives talk Worth; the hum of the grand, prayerful language of Spain drones musically, while gorgeous tropical flowers add color to a scene unique, charming, and all-satisfying.



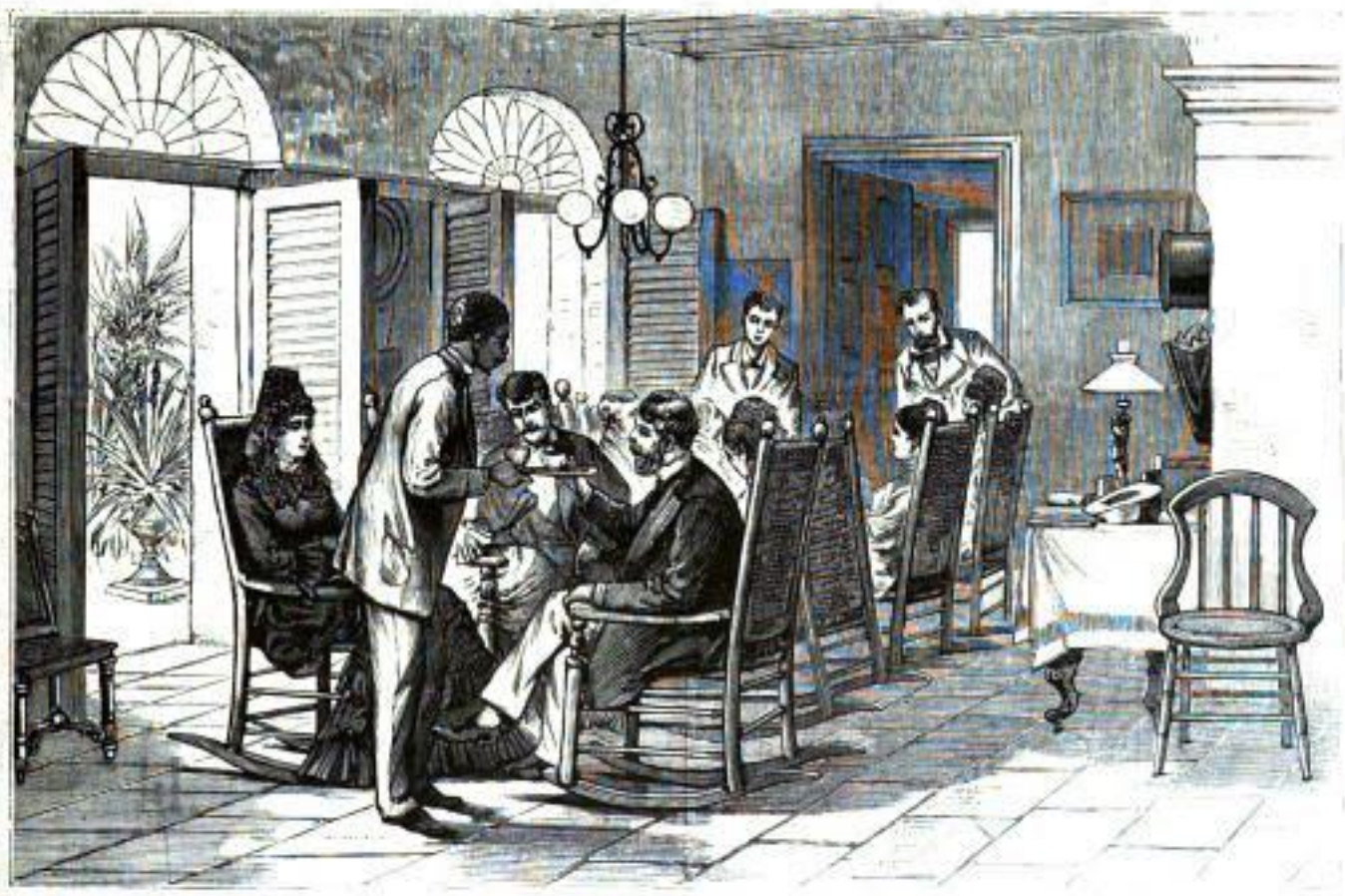
EXTERIOR OF THE HOTEL PASAGE.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE HOTEL PASAGE.

The exterior of the Hotel Pasage is particularly striking. The *façade* is rich in plate-glass and balconies, while statues adorn the coping over the entrance. An *alameda*, or walk, shaded by trees, stands opposite, beneath which chairs and benches are placed for the accommodation of the public. The state apartments are in front and jealously guarded by closely drawn blinds during the reign of old King Sol; but in the early morning and at dewy eve these are thrown open, while the guests, in the coolest of possible toilets, lounge on the balconies, chatting, smoking and inhaling the perfume-laden breeze. The *alameda*, too, is thronged by a gay and animated crowd, which passes like a living, moving wave. The gilded youth of the island affect the Pasage, and, standing at its portals, pay the tribute of a stare to the charms of the Cuban belles.

THE TOMANDO CAFE.

This *café* is much frequented by the upper tendom of the island, who stroll in for a gossip, a cigarette, an ice and a cooling drink. Its open doors are guarded by sentinels in the shape of prickly cacti, the pineapple "on its native heath," or the dwarf palm. American rocking chairs are placed "all in a row" opposite the doorways, and their occupants rock to a measure that almost amounts to a lullaby, or a cradle-song. The swarthy attendants, attired in the snowiest of white, anticipate every want; while the *kalebuds* have no necessity to issue orders, their wishes being forestalled. A cooler apartment than this does not exist on the island, while its "fixins" actually suggest, say a temperature of sixty degrees. Here is to be found the much coveted, much sought for *Diario de la Marina*, a newspaper which is to the Cubans what the Koran is to the followers of the Prophet, with many other journals, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER included, and periodicals. Every visitor to Havana "does" the Tomando *café*, and does well.



SITTING-ROOM IN THE TOMANDO CAFÉ.—THE AFTER-DINNER CUP OF COFFEE.

CUBA.—SCENES IN HAVANA.—INCIDENTS OF A WINTER RESIDENCE AT THE CUBAN CAPITAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.

BERGNER & ENGEL'S PARIS EXHIBIT.

THE conspicuous success of American exhibitors at the recent World's Fair at Paris has been widely noted at home and abroad. We illustrate this week the exhibit by Bergner & Engel, brewers, of Philadelphia, which won the highest distinction, a "grand prize." But eight honors of this class were awarded exhibitors from the United States, and only three grand prizes were given in the entire display of brewers' products.

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Bergner & Engel, who also carried off first honors at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, in their own city, have one of the most extensive and completely organized breweries in the world, and conduct a business which is constantly increasing.

To brew the quantity of beer Bergner & Engel send annually into the market, about 300,000 bushels of barley (converted into malt) are required, which barley is chiefly raised in Canada. Of hops, which are raised principally in the State of New York, 350,000 pounds are used annually. For the conversion of this quantity of malt and hops into beer, the most improved machinery has been introduced. The boiling of the hops in the huge copper kettle, which has a capacity of 400 barrels, is done by steam, which encircles the lower portion of the copper by means of a jacket fastened to its body by stay-bolts. The floors of the brew and ice-houses, and of all the buildings where much water is used, are laid with the "Lithogen Pavement," which equals the ordinary flagstone in hardness, while it presents a smooth and unbroken surface to the cleansing apparatus. The natural result is that Bergner & Engel's Brewery stands to-day without a rival in the successful operation of its internal arrangements, and in the great and undisputed popularity of their lager beer among the nations. The management of this colossal establishment and the work required in its various departments is carried on and performed by 120 persons, many of whom reside on the premises or in the immediate neighborhood, which bears the significant name of "Brewerstown." There are in this establishment five steam-boilers, with a total capacity of 350 horse-power; four steam-engines and twelve steam-pumps. The number of storage casks is 1,200; that of kegs, 25,000, most of which are manufactured on the premises. The greatest feature in Bergner & Engel's Brewery are the "ice-houses," six in number, which were built at an enormous outlay and in the most practical and substantial manner, being, withal, quite an ornament to the neighborhood. Twenty thousand tons of ice are consumed annually for the purpose of retaining the beer on storage at the wonderfully low temperature of 36 degrees Fahrenheit during the entire Summer season. In addition to this, there is a very powerful ice-machine housed on the premises for the purpose of cooling water to 25 degrees Fahrenheit, which is forced by steam-pumps through the tubing of the cooling apparatus. Another considerable item of consumption is anthracite coal, of which 2,500 tons per annum are required for the purposes of this establishment.

The estimated product of Bergner & Engel's brewery, this year, is one hundred and thirty thousand barrels of lager. The present firm is about eight years old; but both members are brewers of many years' experience, and have rapidly carried their enterprise to the very front of its class in the country. Facilities have been perfected and are constantly extending for the distribution of Bergner & Engel's beer throughout the entire United States, Central and South America; and the qualities of purity and excellence which secure for it the highest honors, in competition with the world at Paris, will insure for it an established place among the necessities of life, wherever "lager" is spoken of and drank.

THE KENMORE.

ALBANY is not only favored with having a new capitol within its limits, but is also equally fortunate in having one of the neatest, most comfortable and best-appointed hotels of any city, not even excepting New York. The hotel referred to, which was built by James McNaughton, one of Albany's wealthy citizens, and takes its name from a town in Scotland, the birthplace of Mr. McNaughton's father, has been completed some two or three months; is built in "Queen Anne" style, five stories in height, and has a frontage on North Pearl Street—the principal business street of Albany—of ninety-seven feet, and on Columbia Street of one hundred and ten feet. The kitchen forms part of a separate building in the rear of the hotel proper, and not the faintest odor can by any possible means find its way through the house. One of Otis's elevators is kept running continually, and is the best ever turned out by that famous firm. Each room in the hotel is connected with the office by telephone, the benefits arising from the use of which will be patent to all guests. The proprietor is Mr. Adam Blake, so long the proprietor of the old Congress Hall in Albany. The hotel was built under the personal supervision of Frank P. Wright, of the Albany firm of Ogden & Wright, architects; the carpenter and mason-work by John N. Parker and James W. Shattuck, reflects great credit on these well-known builders, and is, indeed, a marvel of mechanical skill. The steam apparatus was furnished by Tudor & Evans, of Boston, who, by-the-way, are also supplying the new capitol with its boilers, pipes, etc. Dedraaf & Taylor and W. & J. Sloane, of New York, supplied furniture and carpets, the mere mention of whose names is sufficient to give an idea of the style in which the hotel is furnished. Taken all together, the "Kenmore" is one of the most complete, best appointed and best managed hotels in the country. The demand for rooms has been so great that Mr. Blake has been compelled to rent three houses adjoining the hotel in order to accommodate all who apply. The rates are $2.50, $3 and $4 per day, according to size and location of rooms.

Bulgarians and Turks.

FORTY-FIVE Turkish families lately returned to the Bulgarian village of Souffar. Having been robbed of their cattle by the way, they reached their old homes utterly destitute. Since their return several of their number have been killed; the others have been set by the Bulgarians to make brick, and their employers place overseers over them, armed with whips, who keep them early and late at their task. Another batch of refugees arrived at their village of Karabounar with their cattle, induced to return by the promise that the half of the crops which they had sown before their flight, but which the Bulgarians in their absence had harvested, would be returned to them. On their arrival, however, their cattle were taken from them, and the promised half of their crops was refused. They were, therefore, obliged to hire themselves to the Bulgars as hewers of wood and drawers of water—labor for which the Bulgars paid them with their own grain.

Bismarck and the Workingman.

TO JUDGE by German official journals, Bismarck is endeavoring to palliate his rigor toward Socialism by improvements in the condition of the laboring classes. He is urging the creation of workingmen's cities on the plan of Mulhouse in Alsace, designed by Jean Dollfus, and at Hamburg a subscription of half a million marks has been raised towards a second city of that description. The national subscription of two and a half millions, presented to the Emperor William as a testimonial of affection after the last attack upon his life, will be added to the fund. Great economy is effected in Mulhouse, and the mode of living is, at the same time, much superior to that of most laboring men. The large buildings contain cheap apartments on the French flat principle, and rigid rules are enforced with regard to their cleanliness and ventilation. A general system of warming and lighting is introduced, which greatly reduces the expense to each family of heat and light, and there are great kitchens where the inmates can either buy cooked food, or take their provisions to be cooked. Libraries, reading rooms, and baths are also afforded at minimum prices.

FUN.

CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE (lifting a shoe from the soup tureen): "La! who'd a-thought baby's shoe would turn up in the soup? But I know it wasn't lost, I never lose anything!"

"MOTHER, what is an angel?" "An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies." "But, mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?" "Well," explained the mother, after a moment's pause, "she is going to fly immediately."

MRS. SHODDY'S views are interesting to those who are thinking about keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that broches are a'most too large, that these 'ere coupons are too shut up, but that a nice stylish pony phaeton seems to be just the thing.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Mystery! Innocence and perhaps ignorance! I escorted a very charming person home the other night in an humble fly from a country dance. I am, not to put too fine a point on it, middle-aged, and hope *sans reproche*. But within a hundred yards of her door she turned me out into a muddy lane. 'Why?' I asked, feebly. 'Oh, these fly men have quite too awful memories, and my husband is sitting up.'"

"ARE you the saleswoman of whom I bought those handkerchiefs yesterday?" asked a purchaser at one of our drygoods stores. "I am the sales-lady who served you, madam," responded the reduced empress in bangs of hair, long watch-chain and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more, and as I wish to get them to my washer-lady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage around the corner. My coach-gentleman cannot get to the door just now, for the cart of the ash-gentleman."

THE SOCIABLE.

They carried pie to the parson's house
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and roll
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung round Clytie's classic neck
Their apple-parings for sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilt his tea in the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees,
With his wife, but not to pray;
Oh no, 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away!

ADVANCED PHYSICIANS.

MANY of the more advanced physicians, having found Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines prompt and sure, prescribe them regularly in their practice.

TWINVILLE, Tenn., May 28th, 1877.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—For a long time I suffered with catarrh. I finally called in Dr. Zachary of this place. He furnished me with your Nasal Douche, Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and your Golden Medical Discovery. These remedies speedily effected an entire cure.

Yours truly, JOHN S. CHAMLESS.

[*From The New York Tribune.*]

THE GREAT INSURANCE FIGHT.

MR. HEZRON A. JOHNSON'S GRIEVANCE.

AN EXCEEDINGLY SHARP TURN TO THE RIGHT ABOUT—A FRIEND OF THE MUTUAL LIFE'S MANAGEMENT GIVES SOME STRIKING FIGURES, AND SUGGESTS THAT THE MANAGEMENT UNDERSTANDS ITS BUSINESS, AND THAT POLICY-HOLDERS, HAVING FARED PRETTY WELL AT ITS HANDS IN THE PAST, ARE NOT LIKELY TO SUFFER IN THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Mr. Johnson states in your paper that in 1843 he took out policy No. 3 in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. He has paid in premiums $3,672.

For this sum his policy and additions has been kept in force. In addition to the amount of the policy, which is	$5,000
He is credited with dividends on the same	6,926
So that for $3,672 in premiums paid, his policy is now	$11,926
His annual premium is	$102.00
His last annual dividend in cash was	168.68

—that is, $66.68 more than he paid in premiums on his policy and additions for that year.

Under this condition of things surely the public will sympathize with Mr. Johnson in his great alleged grievance against a management which only produces such results, and will probably follow his example and take out a policy in the company under its new departure. A POLICY-HOLDER.

New York, Dec. 21st, 1878.

FAIRBANKS'S SCALES IN RUSSIA.

From the St. Petersburg Golos (Newspaper) November 7th.

WE are informed from Moscow that the commission of the "Saviour's Cathedral" desired to have a monster bell of a weight of at least 1,800 poods (94,860 pounds), and ordered this bell at the works of M. Finlandski. In presence of the members of the commission 2,000 poods of the necessary metal were weighed off for the bell. In September the bell was ready. For weighing this bell the commission invited the representative of the American scale factory of Fairbanks & Co. But how great was the surprise when instead of 1,800 poods only 1,654½ poods (59,562 pounds) were found to be in the bell. M. Finlandski, as a defense, expressed his doubt as to the correctness of the Fairbanks Scale. In cause of this the Fairbanks Scale was tested eighteen times, on the 7th and 8th of October, in presence of two experts invited by M. Finlandski and a crowd of spectators, and after each test the scale convinced the people that it is undoubtedly correct, and that 145½ poods (5,238 pounds) are missing in the bell.

The "Saviour's Cathedral" will cost upwards of $10,000,000, and the bell above referred to is the second in size in the world. The value of the metal involved in the controversy was about $2,500.

WITH a station on each of the new Elevated Railroads at Grand Street, the St. Nicholas has decidedly the advantage of location over any hotel in New York. Easily and speedily reached from any quarter of the city, the hotel will fully satisfy all demands.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.: The Wheat Gluten and Cold Blast Flour Breads of the Health Food Company have accomplished a wonderful work in the cases of two wretched dyspeptics—Mrs. Wilson and myself. I believe there are few improperly nourished dyspeptics who would not be made well by these Foods. ISAAC R. WILSON, Trenton, N. J.

TO MANUFACTURERS.—A saving of from 25 to 33 per cent. of customary outlays can be effected by use of the Asbestos Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, etc. Samples and full particulars will be sent free by the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, 87 Maiden Lane, New York, who are the most extensive manufacturers in this line in the world.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EUGENE FERRIS & SON, No. 61 Nassau Street, West Side.

Keep your Bird in health and song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage-dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., New York.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HARRICH & CO., 165 & 167 Broadway.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations

BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel Complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever, Ague, etc. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure; it is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, etc. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Agent, No. 78 John Street, New York. P. O. Box. 1029.

Useful Present for Holidays.

Keep's Shirts.

KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS.
MADE TO MEASURE,
The very best that can be produced at any price, 6 for $9
PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE DRESS SHIRTS.
The very best that can be produced at any price, 6 for $7.
Easily finished by any little girl.

KEEP'S CINGHAM UMBRELLAS.
The very best *Patent Protected Ribs, fifty per cent. stronger* than any other umbrellas made, **$1 each.**

KEEP'S KID GLOVES FOR GENTS.
THE VERY BEST.
One Button, Plain or Embroidered, $1.15 each.
Two Button, Plain or Embroidered, $1.25.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR
IN ALL STYLES.

Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Ties, Etc.

All Goods warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Samples and Circulars mailed free.

Shirts only delivered free.

Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars, on application, as we are prepared to furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
631, 633, 635 & 637 Broadway, New York.
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Author of "The Dead Witness,"

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DRESSING THE HAIR FOR THE DAY.

THE PLAY IN VANITY FAIR.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THERE is never a day in the year when the curtain rises on so vast a human drama as on New Year's Day. The booths are wide open, from morning till night, for the performances begin at dawn and only end with the midnight. In every booth there is some act of the comedy being enacted. It is the real passion-play—the play of every passion, feeling, emotion, impulse and desire.

Did any one have time to watch the progress of the great drama, or take note of the side-scenes in the different acts, there would be found much meaty fruit for reflection. But even the satirist sheathes his barbed arrows on that day, for every one is busy playing their own part, and, as on other more mimic stages, the most insignificant supernumerary believes his own special *rôle* to be the most important. The show is nothing if not the grandest exhibition ever planned for the display of human egotism. Vanity dons its cap and bells, and gives its feathers a royal top. Pomposity carries its sense of grandeur with a lordly air, and struts with the calm consciousness of power. Folly flings its ribbons to the winds, and rides on the wings of thoughtless abandon.

It is said that the custom of observing New Year's Day, with all the ceremonies incident to its observance here, is peculiarly an American fashion. It is certain no other nation would ever have possessed the courageous audacity to have invented it. It is only a nation gifted with the talent for an extravagance of exaggeration, and the still happier talent of believing in and carrying into effect its exaggerations, with a kind of pious enthusiasm, that could have evolved the sublime idea of visiting every one one knows on a single day. And this is the day when one's social list extends to the hundreds.

The Frenchman takes the day very quietly; pays his *visites de cérémonies* on his relations, and, for one day of the year, at least, making those visits with madame, who is ravishing in her most charming costume. Artistic New Year's cards are sent to acquaintances, and beautiful *bonbonnières* to the *chères amies*, with the dearest of whom, after he has disposed of madame, he passes the remainder of the day.

The hearthstone-loving German opens the year with a family celebration, and meets the new-born year with his children on his knee.

The insular Englishman is more insular than ever on New Year's, surrounds himself with the four walls of his home, and keeps all his good wishes to himself. But it was left for the inventive American to discover what a single day could be made to bring forth, and how much could be put into it. The steam-pressure system on which the American plan of life is arranged has been applied very ingeniously to the calling custom. It has been found possible to see the whole of the "dear five hundred" between daybreak and midnight—if one be but willing to break down the little strength one has left at the end of a year—and to go into the conversation business as one would into a stock exchange.

If all the talk, lies, compliments, small talk, deep talk and learned absurdities, inanities and stupidities uttered on New Year's day could be suddenly condensed in the form of clouds, it is safe to assert the sun would be obscured, and calls have to be made without the aid of that luminary. But there would be nothing strange in an eclipse of that focal point of our solar system, for nature seems to revel in assuming her most perverse moods on that day of days. If she doesn't send down a rattling shot of sleet and hail, she will let fall her mantle of snow, which, if it would only keep snow, one would not quarrel with her mood. But it is as apt as not for the snow to turn into a cold, thin, drizzling rain that turns a man's nose into a beacon-light, and compels him to make his New Year's bow in a hundred parlors with a damp collar and soaking feet.

It is a mistake to suppose the virtues of heroism are dying out. What more heroic than the attitude of the man who dons a dress suit at ten in the morning and faces the world with a white choker and an open shirt-front before the sun himself, in these Winter days, is fairly awake? Even to the most enthusiastic caller—and there are those who go through the two-hundred call farce with the most serious air, and in true *con amore* fashion—there is something a little trying about the first call.

For the first call is the real plunge. It is always on the stupidest girl, and she will be sure to be ready. She was all dressed, indeed, before breakfast was over. For the dull girls always are. They can't afford to run the risk of losing a single call. The fire of conversation burns low, although both are impressed with a consciousness of what is expected of them. But it is a little too early to send up the sky-rockets of compliments. At ten in the morning, indeed, it must be acknowledged the air is a little bleak for warm flatteries. Before he makes his farewell bow, however, the first caller does muster up courage to tell Miss Squint-Eyes, "She is looking uncommonly well," with a mental aside that the deuce take him if he ever knows where she *is* looking.

"What a charming toilet, Miss Squint-Eyes; quite bewitching, I assure you. Handsomest I've seen to-day—" which is perfectly true, since he has seen no other. That being, indeed, the one and only time he does not lie—on that subject—during the day.

But once started, two or three more calls made, and the conversational ball rolls of itself. He is soon well up on the subject of the weather, and well grounded in an arithmetical calculus of calls made, being made, and to be made. In an hour's time, and the inveterate caller is in splendid calling condition—reduces the business to a science, in fact. Walks in, bows to mamma, wishes her "Happy New Year! Never saw you looking so handsome. Grow handsomer every year, I declare!" all in a breath.



BASHFUL CALLERS.

Rushes up to prettiest daughter—never fails to catch the prettiest—has learned how to dodge the homely ones.

"How charmingly you look, Miss Belle. Had many calls? Glorious weather. Oh, yes! making no end of calls! Excuse me a moment, while I scratch you off the list. Must attend to business before pleasure, you know. Now take me in for a glass of wine. Day-day; many happy returns!" And says the same things to two hundred girls two hundred times that day.

Then there is the bashful caller. He who goes everywhere, and whom no one cares to see. Whom mamma votes "such a nice, safe young man," and whom the girls use as a target for their wit. The bashful caller always has the worst possible luck; is sure to get into the wrong house; and stammers and stutters ten minutes to the lady of the house, whom he infers to be the mother of the young lady he has come to visit, and never discovers his mistake till the lady informs him of it. It is also certain that his entering a parlor is a signal for every one else to leave it. So there is no corner wherein he can shrink and hide his timidity. His appearance is also a signal for all the prettiest girls to get together—and giggle. And he would sooner face death at the cannon's mouth than dare to brave the battery of those sparkling eyes. So he talks to the deaf aunt. Or, worse still, he goes to the house of the loveliest girl he knows, with whom, indeed, he has been secretly in love these six months; creeps up the stoop with shaking knees, and rings the bell to the lively tune of his palpitating heart; runs the butler down as he opens the parlor-door, makes rather a sudden entrance into the drawing-room—to find Miss Beauty attended by nine other beauties, all her dearest friends, who are receiving with her. Nine gigantic bouquets, and nine rosebud faces stare him full in the face.

"Oh, Mr. Bashful! So glad to see you! Let me present my friends, Miss Rose, Miss Thorn, Miss Berry, Miss Snow, Miss Winter, Miss Star, Miss ——" till the poor man loses what feeble wits nature has vouchsafed him, and feels sudden deafness coming on. He hasn't the courage to face one of them, but makes a kind of comprehensive bow, dropping his eyes to the ground—to find he has worn his goloshes in, and hasn't turned down his pants! Of course there is no one else in the room—there never is. So those eighteen pairs of eyes have nowhere else to rest except on the most conspicuous feature of his toilet. As he is not asked to sit down, he hasn't a chance to hide those features beneath the rounds of a friendly chair.

"Are you making many calls, Mr. Bashful?"

"Ah, no—that is—yes, quite a good many. Ah, that is—so so—yes, I'm very well, thank you; so is ma."

"I don't see how you ever get through with all your calls——"

"Ah—he he! we don't, you know; we—ah, we skip. I—ah—was afraid I couldn't get here. We—yes—you see we're smart; we never stay long at the stupid houses. Ah—yes—I must be off now; great hurry—great. Ah—good-day—many happy returns!" And he backs himself out to back down on the stately mamma, who comes from the sofa behind him to bid him good-by.

How much is left of that young man after the door is closed on him for one brief second? If the nine beauties were nine dissecting surgeons, or nine analytic chemists, they would not leave less of him to be disposed of by the next discoverer.

"Oh, girls, did you see his pants?" asks No. 1.

"And his goloshes?" says No. 2.



A SWELL CALLER.



THE HOSTESS.

THE LUNCH-TABLE.



FLIRTATION-CORNER.



POETICAL BORE.



FLORAL OFFERING.



BETWEEN CALLS.



"UPROARS."

THE PLAY IN VANITY FAIR.—FANCIES OF NEW YEAR'S DAY, AS OBSERVED AFTER THE AMERICAN CUSTOM.

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he knows us apart. But here comes somebody else. Oh, such a swell! Gorgeous turnout!" And the whole nine fall into position.

The next comer happens to be, indeed, the last sweet thing in swells, who is so inflated a swell as to be a bloat. Who is so stiffened with a sense of his grandness, his bow is only a condescending nod; whose pomposity struggles into utterance through so dense an air of "haw-haws" and "hems," that one only catches the "Ah, by Joves!" and "'pon my word, you knows." Who stands and faces those nine beauties, looking at them through his one eyeglass, as if they were nine fillies for sale; and who is sure to stare the prettiest out of countenance. His gestures seem to suggest the handling of a whip and rein, and his attitude, when he sits down, the box-seat of a four-in-hand. His conversation, such as there is of it, is full of polo, pigeon-shooting and the racecourse. He never makes calls, of course. "It isn't any longer the thing, you know; just dropped in to say 'Ta-ta,' and see how crushing you all looked." He squeezes the hands of the entire nine, excepting Miss Mole's, who is certainly rather plain, and contrives to get the beauty off in a corner, where he gets very close to her, holds her hand all the time, pretending to say good-by, and never says it; whispering things in her ear it is very certain her mother might, with reason, object to. Of course the girl listens. She always does to the slow, poisonous talk of the fast man. After he has gone, she joins the other envious eight in roars of laughter at his grand airs and diminutive small-talk, but any one of them would give their pet bangle to drive on the top seat of his great black-and-yellow coach. They would even go further. For a woman before now has been known to shrug a satirical shoulder in the face of a fool—and then marry him! And the prettiest girls are always the quickest to fledge their matrimonial wings and fly at call.

And Heaven bless us, but how pretty the girls are in the bravery of their New Year's splendor! They are pretty enough with their wonderful complexions, with their still more wonderful eyes telling a man a thousand bewildering things; with their bright, vivacious, flirtatious talk, and their irresistible witcheries of manner and action, to drive a man into a chronic fever of rapturous enchantment without the aid of diaphanous draperies, or jeweled settings.

But when a complexion of roses and snow is brought out against a background of celestial blue; when dark eyes flash like stars through the night of black draperies shot with gold; when the soft, curving outlines of a beautiful arm or a dimpled shoulder, are brought into bolder relief by nestling in a nest of pink satin or lace frills; when on the fairest throat in the world there sparkles a diamond rose, and in watching the prismatic light shooting like tongues of flaming color from the petals of the gems, a man's eyes would never be a man's eyes if they did not watch much longer the white light that rests on the snowy unclad surface of the beautiful neck, and traces lingeringly the soft creases in the full throat, and the lovely lines that run from throat to rosy cheek; when added to all the heightening aids of ravishing toilets and luxurious settings, the girls themselves are a thousand times more bewitching and irresistible, putting on the whole armor of their seductive graces, and charms and sorceries, radiating consciously their brightest light, for the most charming woman is a hundred times more charming when she knows she is charmingly dressed; and when a man has to run the gauntlet from ten in the morning till midnight of such dangers to heart and peace of mind as these—wherewith shall he find the strength to meet them? It is certain that the last of virtues expected of him is constancy. He must, for that day at least, forswear fidelity to any one special type, and he might as well start out with a private understanding with his *sitter Eye*—it can scarcely be expected of him he should be true to any one special woman. For whether he acknowledge it or not, his heart will be playing truant every half-hour; and whether Pagan or Christian, he will at least be reveling in an ecstatic foretastment of Mahomet's paradise.

But, of course, the day, with all its pleasures, has its trials as well. There is no moment in life when a perverse Fate does not have a chance to play a man a shabby trick, or the giant Circumstance cannot find an opportunity to trip him up. And a day as crowded with incident, adventure, strange occurrences, and unexpected events as New Year's, must see all sorts of *contretemps* and disappointments.

Not one of the least of these trials is to have planned the whole day so as to spend a long hour with "one you love." You are sure to choose the twilight hour—the hour of dusk, favorable to dusky whispers; the hour of melting light, suggestive of melting moods. You go, and enter to find the adorable charmer has already appropriated that hour, and is flirting desperately with young Snooks in the very darkest, deadest corner; and their voices can't be heard five feet off. You stay an hour, hoping every moment Snooks will be off; and are left to entertain the cousin from Massachusetts, who discourses upon the "eternal verities."

Or you make up your mind to have a festive, flirtatious half-hour with an old flame, now married, but in whose eye there still lurks the suggestion of a flirtatious possibility, a possibility heretofore prevented from becoming a fulfillment by the barrier of a jealous husband. You find her alone, more than charmed to see you—so charmed, indeed, that she blushes and gives your hand a tender pressure; and you both are soon in a paradise of soft looks and still softer utterances, when the door is flung open, and the husband appears "just in time to see how things are going on," and just in time to prevent their going on.

Or you go to see the prettiest married woman you know, who looks so pretty you wonder you didn't marry her yourself; who is all smiles and coquettish glances, and all hostess—till the baby cries, and then she is all mother. She dashes upstairs, while you are left to the tender mercies of maiden aunts, who fasten on you with the tenacity of barnacles, and never give you a moment's chance to to say a sweet word or two to the younger sister, who is looking all sorts of pleasant things at you from a very beautiful pair of deep blue eyes.

There are some calls a man makes from the purely physical man point of view. Of course you never in the world would think of calling on Mrs. Stout if it were not that you were sure of finding there the best buffet in all New York. Certainly you would scarcely be drawn there on the strength of her charms, unless you look on women from the Persian point of view, and consider their charms going up as the scales go down. But old Stout, *père*, knows what good wine is, and has the best French cook in town. Theirs is one of the houses where a bow to madame is an entrance fee to a Delmonico repast; and you always arrange it so that you get there just about dinner-time. After a good half-hour's call—on the dinner-table—you make your farewell bow on Mrs. Stout, assuring her you have had a charming call, and go out, feeling like a *pate-de-foie-gras*.

You then are equal to calling upon Mrs. Grandee, who receives you in state, seated on a raised dais, a sort of miniature throne. Before you reach her celestial highness you go through a good many hands. If you are in your own coach—and you had better never have been born than come there in a hack to meet the contemptuous glance of the magnificent footman—your carriage door is opened by that august personage. You go up the stoop under a covered awning, and the front door is solemnly opened by the solemn butler. Buttons takes your hat, monsieur's valet—whom you mistake for a fellow-caller—with his immaculate toilet and *boutonnière*, brushes you off, and a man in livery opens the parlor door and announces you. You had never been proud of Smith as a name, thinking, however, its lack of distinction redeemed by the old family name of Fitzgerald before it. But plain Smith, uttered in a loud tone of voice by a gorgeous individual in livery, does not produce a very aristocratic impression. There are a semi-circle of chairs ranged about the high sofa upon which the most fashionable, the most inapproachable, the very *ton* of *tons* is seated, and you make your bow to her majesty, Mrs. Grandee (whose husband is the largest pork merchant on 'Change). She receives you with a glacial smile, two glacial fingers, and a glacial request that you be seated. For some ten minutes you subject yourself to this process of social petrifaction, in which time the subject of the weather has been exhausted—the opera has been touched upon, and then left in a frozen state of indifference, and the interest in the coming Patriarch's Ball has been successfully congealed.

The only way to get rid of a disagreeable conviction that premature ossification is setting in, after you leave this palace of Swelldom, is to go next door to the Uproars, and the transition is like a sudden plunge from the inaccessible height of a social Olympus to the extravaganza of an *opera bouffe* performance.

The Uproars are not only the jolliest girls in town, they also enjoy the questionable reputation of being the fastest. Upon your entering you perceive a very strong odor of tobacco, which proceeds from the dining-room, where some twenty young men are taking wine and an after-wine cigarette. So are two of the Misses Uproars, pretending the cigarette smoking is only for a lark, but puffing it in a way that suggests many previous larks. There is a tremendous noise. Every one is laughing their loudest—people always do at the Uproars. One of the girls is singing a song from "La fille de Madame Angot," to half-a-dozen enraptured—and boozy—young men. They all applaud vociferously when she gives a Tostée fling to her saucy head and looks very wickedly—French, she calls it—out of her dark, dangerous eyes. Mamma Uproar talks louder than any one, and ends by giving you a good slap on the shoulder, in her gushing delight at seeing you.

"Don't the girls look handsome, now?"

"Never saw them look better, and how magnificently they are dressed." And so they are—below the waist. There are always a great many men at the Uproars and very few women, for the men's sisters and wives never call.

Of course the longest and pleasantest and most satisfactory calls are on the Bonhomies. Their parlors are always full, but are never crowded. There is a good deal of laughter and talking going on here, too, but the laughter is always within the bounds of good-breeding, and the talking is all in the refined tone of culture. Mrs. B. is, if anything, handsomer than her daughters, and quite as charming—the sort of woman a man thinks he could endure, and even grow fond of, as a mother-in-law. They all have a way of making you feel perfectly at home in the best bred, most pleasant manner possible. No matter how much of a stranger you go in, you are on a friendly footing before you go out. There is no danger of falling here into conversational pitfalls, and the weather is never mentioned, nor no numerical comparison of calls made and received. You vaguely feel, as you listen to Miss Beatrice Bonhomie's bright, intelligent conversation, and watch the beautiful play of expression on her young, fair face, that somehow that is the sort of face a man might be proudly grateful to have beside him in the journey of life. And as you walk slowly down the stoop after a good hour's talk, you feel a tender something about the heart—a something that makes you wish you were a better man—and a richer one.

All the experiences, naturally, do not lie with the men. It is emphatically the Ladies' Day; and the real honors of it, as well as most of the anxiety and many of the annoyances, rest with them. I suppose there is not the woman who does not believe on New Year's that her dress is really the handsomest worn, if she does not allow herself to be equally deluded by the pleasing fiction she is the most beautiful of her sex. The mirror of truth is the only mirror she does not look into that day; and they are all dimmed by the breath of flattery. American men are not given to the utterance of pleasing and graceful compliments but once a year they do seem to feel they must "make an effort," and, even if the flatteries are a little too open and the compliments too direct to compare favorably with a Frenchman's subtle gallantries, at least they have the priceless gift of pleasing those to whom they are uttered. A woman always believes she is pretty when she feels pretty, and she doesn't mind being told so in broad Anglo-Saxon.

Not the least of the trials on this great day comes through and because of the elaborate and ornamental fig-leaf. The dress—the subject of lengthy, interminable discussions with Madame Leveligown, comes home at midnight, New Year's Eve—and doesn't fit. Can't be gotten together, in fact, being a quarter of a yard too small. Miss Rosalie Killjoy, your bosom friend, whom you asked as long ago as last Summer to receive with you, comes in a flaming scarlet gown extinguishing your pale rose as if it were a leaf in the fire.

But perhaps the highest point of martyrdom is reached in the hair-dressing process. Of all women in the world, the most in demand and the least to be depended upon on this day of days are these despots of the crimping-pins. The difficulty arises from the fact that every woman, young or old, mother or maid, insists upon her head being dressed at precisely the same hour every other one appoints. Curling-tongs has fifty heads to dress in a morning, and each one of the fifty heads has stipulated nine o'clock as the hour she is to come—and then vowed heaven's vengeance—and what is more to be dreaded, a withdrawal of custom, if if she fails. What is Curling-tongs to do? She takes the usual refuge of her day, she promises everything and fulfills what she can.

Some of the fair ones are roused at dawn from their beauty sleep, and sit five mortal hours in an immovable, upright position, for fear of getting out of curl.

Others are kept waiting till long past noon, all dressed but their heads, which present a somewhat curious contrast, like that of a wild Indian *coiffure* adorning the head of a Parisian doll. The dolls, being human, have gone through some six hours of suspense, expectancy, hope and despair, not leaving out several violent attacks of rage and temper. And losing one's temper is never conducive to heightening one's beauty. It is noticeable that in houses where Curling-tongs play Madame this trick, the husbands go out remarkably early and the children discover unexpected delights in the attic.

The trials and martyrdoms, indeed, human flesh—feminine human flesh, that is—will undergo on New Year's day is only another proof of the talent for suffering the fair sex possess. They will go through any, if they can only come out beautiful. There is no sacrifice they will not make, except the sacrifice for common sense's sake.

They will stand from ten in the morning till midnight in high-heeled shoes, half a dozen sizes too small, and smile in the teeth of torture in a way to make an ancient martyr groan in admiration.

They will shiver in a low-necked dress, with a thermometer at thirty, and bite their lips and pinch their arms and cheeks, between calls, to present a rosy and flushed appearance.

They will run into debt at Madame Levellgown's for that love of a dress, and screw and economize for a half-year to pay for it—if it ever be paid for.

Among the many comedies played the one oftenest seen is the play of human passion, in its various acts. There is jealousy abroad—poor Miss Passée being quite ignored, all the men going mad over her younger sister, Rosebud. Or love in Miss Constance's breast has been pricked all day with the needles of hope and the pins of expectancy each time the door opened, hoping young Near-to-the-Point will come in. When he does—he talks to Miss Flirt, whose mother would ask because her rich brother is devoted to Sister Decoy.

Perhaps the worst infliction the women have to endure is the bores. If there is ever a day when bores are abroad, when they seem to infest the very air, it is on New Year's. And they are of all kinds, varieties, species and orders. There is the bore who never sits down. He is the youth who makes three hundred calls—and walks. There are the bores who, once having sat down, never get up. They are always the ones who assure you—as they settle themselves back in the cushions of the sofa—"that they know when they are well off," and they do everything except take themselves off. There are the learned bores, who get you up in a corner to ask you if you heard the last theory in regard to molecular action, and there is young Soft-eyes coming in, and only politeness restrains your molecular action from leaving Mr. Pedant to flirt his theories in the air.

"Have you read my last address at the Megatherium Society on Prehistoric Man, Miss Curley-head?"

Ah, yes, and you very cordially wish he had belonged to that distant period of history.

Then there is the poetical bore, who has called on the six young ladies that most resemble his six-feet flowers, and informs you before Mr. Sneer, who is laughing at him before his very face—that you are the violet of that poetic bouquet. When there is a pause, and Mr. Sneer having gone, he sits close to you on the sofa, with eyes fixed on the ceiling, and asks if you don't think, in silence, two congenial souls taste sweetest converse—and ends by pulling out his *sonnet* of verses—soon to be printed in the Eastville *Star*, and to be called "Sonnet to the Soul of the Sunflower?"

There is the brainless bore, who always sends you such magnificent flowers; you must be civil to him, however; and they are always so magnificent and so numerous, there is no room for poor Ardent's small basket, which is almost out of sight, to purchase which young Ardent has gone without a desert to his frugal repast, and smoked inferior cigars for the past fortnight.

And so the play goes on. Scenes shifting and players coming and going, but the same acts acted, and the same song sung only in different keys and by different voices.

The day wanes at last; you get a moment's rest after dinner, and then dress for a ball, for with happy ingeniousness the indefatigable American has invented the giving of balls as a wind-up of this twelve-hours' strain, and you dance the cotillion till two in the morning, beginning the year as you will end it, with worn and aching limbs and a sense of supreme prostration. And the curtain rolls down on some thousands of aching heads and worn-out bodies, too tired by far to think over the triumphs of the day, or dream soothing satisfaction from the proud sense of having had more calls than you could count.

BOWMAN BLAKE.

THE WONDERFUL CAVE OF LURAY.

By H. C. HOVEY.

BY rail from Harper's Ferry to New Market—by stage over the lofty Massanuttens, in a storm that bowed the tall pines—by a skiff through the driftwood and foam of the swollen Shenandoah—thus we pushed on to Luray, Virginia. We put up at the best hotel, kept by a hearty old Virginian, whose only failing is an undue partiality for newspaper correspondents. How he piled our fireplace with hickory logs, and our table with homely but ample cheer!

Incredible as it may seem, it is yet true, that on the 13th of August, 1878, some men pulled up a brier patch, turned over some loose stones, and found a cave worth $50,000. The hill is honeycombed by cavities, though none of them have yet been found to open into each other. Sink-holes abound, each having a central orifice into some abyss.

On a fine day the scenery is highly picturesque; Luray, and Hawksbill Valley, in the foreground, flanked by the Massanutten range and the Blue Ridge, some of whose peaks are from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in altitude.

Wearing overalls and stout boots, with a haversack full of fireworks and conveniences, we took our tin reflector, with its three candles, and announced ourselves ready. Besides the proprietors, we had the company of several gentlemen whose attentions were appreciated, particularly those of Major Brand and Dr. Miller.

A stone staircase leads into the cave. Within are plank walks, bridges and stairways, wherever needed in the portion open to visitors. We had liberty, and used it, to examine every nook and cranny thus far explored; and in doing so we had to do some perilous climbing.

The entire area, so far as known, can scarcely exceed ten miles. Yet it took us six days to traverse all the galleries, chasms, ramifications and side-shows, and our space will not allow even an inventory of the marvels beheld. A cursory glance must suffice. Assoon as our eyes grew accustomed to the change of light, we see that we have entered a noble vestibule. It is lighted by a chandelier, as are also several other large rooms. Every niche is full of grotesque imagery. Ten paces from us stands Washington's Pillar—a white column, twenty-five feet high and ninety feet around. It is singularly fluted and grooved. A clear pool reposes at its base. A row of colossal turtles stand along the wall. On the right are the rugged rocks over which Campbell led the first band of explorers. On the left is Specimen Avenue; then Stebbins Avenue, named for the man who originally suggested the cave-hunting business. It has numerous corridors, chambers, domes and pits, besides several fine basins. Silver Lake is clear as crystal, and very deep. In a lonely moat, near the end of the avenue, stands the Leaning Tower. Its weight became too great for the limestone ledge on which it was built, although three feet thick, and when this gave way, the tower fell into the lake right end up, but tilting, like that at Pisa.

At one point on our way back, Mr. Campbell, who acted as our guide, lifted a slab showing us an aperture, through which we might descend into four rooms in a lower story, the basement of the cave, so to speak.

Safely again in the vestibule, we pursue our way to Muddy Lake, formerly crossed by a boat, but now bridged. The approach is underneath fringed galleries, marking where the cave-floor once lay; but each tier fell in its turn, being undermined and weakened. The fragments now lie in irregular piles, or else buried amid the rubbish.

Our attention is directed to strange outgrowths like the roots in a vegetable garden; and next to a cascade apparently petrified in the act of tumbling down the rocks. Long, slender pillars uphold the rocky roof.

At the end of the bridge, going under a pretty arch, we are in the fish-market. Folded formations hang in rows along the wall, looking surprisingly like an exhibition of various kinds of fish. You could almost believe them to be real bass and perch, waiting to be baked or broiled. Climbing a hill, rising fifty feet above Muddy Lake, we note the temperature as 63 degrees, the highest in the cave, the average being 58 degrees, and that without regard to the weather outside. The air is pure and wholesome everywhere. In certain localities a draft is perceptible, but usually the atmosphere is quiet and still, so far as motion is concerned. It is not still in the sense of freedom from noise, for the dripping water for ever plays fairy-like melodies. A chasm yawns at our feet. It is the Valley of Death. In its depths lies a skeleton imbedded in the calcareous deposit, exposing, however, a sufficient number of bones and teeth to justify anatomists in pronouncing them to be those of a person between fourteen and eighteen years of age. So much sentimentalizing was done over the melancholy fate of this unknown youth that it caused a reaction, and occasioned sundry unseemly jests, one of which was a legal notice to the coroner to hold an inquest over the remains. Stonewall Avenue conducts us to the Three Lakes and several large rooms profusely decorated. Its chief attraction is Baird's Cascade, named for our friend the Major, to whose *Herald* letters the public is indebted for the earliest accounts of this natural wonder. The cascade is not, as one might suppose from that term, a real waterfall, but a beautiful precipitation of mottled and milk-white carbonates, for whose formation ages have been required.

Retracing our steps, we drink at the Fairy Spring, a lovely lake basin of the purest water, environed by sharp stalactites, like dragon's teeth to warn off intruders. Half the basin is frozen over by a stony film, exactly like a sheet of ice, and the interior is lined with crystals.

The Imperial Spring is much larger; being thirty feet long and sixteen deep. It lies in an exquisite grotto girt with brown pillars, between which a milky cascade gushes over the rocks below; touch it, and the film vanishes, for it is stone, hard as alabaster, and with good reason—it *is* alabaster equal to that of the Isle of Paros. Countless stalactites hang around us on every side. They are stone icicles. Running water wore away crevices once made by earthquakes, till they became chasms; and these grew to be caves. By chemical action, aiding this work of excavation, dissolved limestone wound its large quantities be carried away through the outlet of the subterranean stream. But wherever the water ceased to run, and merely dropped, the carbonate of lime would be deposited by slow evaporation. Thus, little by little, long pendants would grow down from the ceiling, and blunter masses rise from the floor. These are the stalactites and stalagmites that figure so largely in all cave

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descriptions. They often meet in mid-air uniting to form pillars. They are frequently stained by various pigments, but often are spotless white. If in any way interrupted in their growth, it gives nature an occasion for playing a thousand fantastic tricks, mimicking the form of every animal in the forest and every flower of the parterre.

What a queer-looking place we now have entered! It is the Elfin Gamble. The floor is chalky. The roof is bare limestone. The space between is only four or five feet. Trenches are dug to accommodate mortals. But we choose to ramble where the elves and Virginia kobolds must have been before us. Stooping creeping, crawling, we stray in every direction, and by scattering our lights, get some idea of these immense galleries, all under one roof, with an unbroken span of from five hundred to six hundred feet. Plainly this was once a magnificent hall, though now so nearly filled up with débris. On the further side of this wide area we find ourselves on the brink of Pluto's Chasm, said to be five hundred feet long, seventy-five deep, and forty wide, with a corresponding rift above it of nearly equal dimensions. Opposite us is another of those petrified cascades, beautiful beyond description. There are times when adjectives grow insipid, and interjections lose their customary vigor. Threading our way to the right, amid very old and decayed pillars like stumps and logs, where a great freshet has been, we come to the Balcony, a projection overhanging the junction of the great chasm with a long and beautiful hall called Elysium. The drapery of the balcony is singularly delicate. Imagine a number of costly scarfs hanging side by side; some of them white as snow, and others with many-shaded stripes of brown. They hang in as graceful folds as so many cashmere shawls. Holding a light behind them, they are seen to be translucent, and the wavy lines are brought out very distinctly.

The southern end of Pluto's Chasm is crossed by a bridge, around which we see what one of our party called a *cheval-de-frise* of stalagmites. There also stands, by itself, Proserpine's Pillar, half brown and half white, and in the adjacent glen the spectral column is dimly seen. Passing between clay banks on the left and bulky bulwarks on the right, we pause a moment to admire the splendors of Oberon's Grot, and the fairy tracery of Titania's Vail, and still again to consider the beauty of another creamy cascade—and then reverently enter the majestic gateway of Giants' Hall, a portion of whose glorious scenery is pictured in this number.

A curtain of fifty feet high and thirty wide seems to have been swept aside for our reception. But the giants make themselves invisible, and we look in vain for Goliath or Giant Grim. A fallen column, like a prostrate oak of the forest, lies across our path, and broken by its fall. This enormous stalactite in its prime, centuries ago, must have been more than forty feet long, for it is half that as it lies there in decay. What floods once swirled here making havoc! The water-eaten relics of those olden times contrast finely with the choice creations of later years, as if nature had improved on herself. Could anything, for instance, be more beautiful or thoroughly artistic than that archangel's wing, just behind the fallen column? Look again, at the prim sentinels around the Saracen's Tent, on the left, guarding softly-draped figures, Oriental and voluptuous beyond a sybarite's dream.

The path winding past the Tent leads to Rhodus Lake, sparkling with nymad crystals; near which are deep rifts no mortal has yet explored to the bottom, though Campbell has bravely tried to do so. This road to the right ascends through the Hollow Column, forty feet high, to most remarkable galleries entirely above the Giants' Hall, the distance from the ceiling of one to the floor of the other being one hundred and sixty feet. The Bridal Chamber, not far from the Hollow Column, was one of the fairest spots in all the cave, until its alabaster floor was stained and marred by vandal footsteps.

The Organ—who credited that marvel at first? Yet there it is, with its fifty-six gilded pipes, great and small, and its crowning cornice. Tunes can be played on it by skillfully striking the different stalactites. One of our own party, by a little experimenting, played for us the "Sweet By-and-By," "My Maryland" and "Yankee Doodle." The Chimes are musical stalactites like those of the Organ, fewer in number but far more powerful. Their bell like and musical sounds can be heard far away.

Following the main path around a storied column called the Tower of Babel, we behold a sublime grouping of ponderous pillars. That on the right, thirty feet high, is the Empress Column, with rich flutings and carvings, dark-shaded near the ground, growing white as it rises, and the upper portion becoming a lovely pink. The Sultana, near by, is less finely tinted, perhaps, but is very symmetrical. It is surmounted by a head wrapped in a turban. A lower pillar bears the image of an Indian squaw; still another lifts aloft a crowing chanticleer.

Shafts, domes, minarets, slender and lofty spires, shoot upward from amid great blocks of limestone and carlands of red clay. Here is the resemblance of a mosque. There are monstrous knives, fifty feet long, hollow till coming to an edge thin as paper, but thickening above. A section was once broken off, but it has utterly disappeared. We saw a slender stalagmite, fifteen feet long and six inches through, hugging the bank with no visible means of support. But grandest of all is the Double Column standing amid the Naiad's Bath. It comprises a stalactite fifty feet long and a stalagmite thirty feet high, that, instead of becoming one solid pillar, simply embrace each other. The former tapers down in long, unbroken grooves from the roof to the floor; the latter rises in successive stories with rows of tiny pillars supporting them.

Winding in and out among huge rocks and formations, now lovely and then majestic, and again ludicrously grotesque, we soon reach the broad passage admitting us to the Pavilion, and really enjoy its level floor of solid planks. This is a room a hundred feet in diameter, with many alcoves, and on occasion it is lighted by chandeliers. We illuminated it by fireworks, of which we made a liberal use everywhere. A ball was advertised to be held here on Christmas. The music must have sounded finely through these echoing halls.

Beyond the Pavilion are beauties equal to any yet mentioned. Collins's Grotto, in which lies the snowball spring, bears the name of one of the most zealous explorers and graphic describers of the cave, and contains formations that would be cheap at a thousand dollars apiece, if they could be set down unbroken in New York City. Up that ladder and over those stubby scalagmites is the way to Campbell's Hall, boasting stalagmitic gems unrivaled for beauty. We voted to name the finest one the Mermaid. Imagine a white-capped column, strung with beads, incased in scales, and garlanded with roses, standing in a sea of milk with floating bubbles, the whole girt with a mossy edge.

We have now rapidly described all of the cave that is open to the public, and much that is not as yet. The intention is in due time to make it all accessible. Before leaving the Pavilion let us view the Coral Cascade, which is water this time and not alabaster. This elegant cascade is a succession of ten undulating terraces varying from three inches to three feet in height. Each terrace is a crystalline basin, with the outer surface curved like a casket, and it overflows into the basin next below. Here, beneath the pointed vault, bristling with stalactites, let us pledge, in this pure beverage, the success and lasting fame of Luray Cavern.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK THIRD.
THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

LADY VICTORIA—that lady's daughter—comes forward and speaks for the first time.

"I can guess what you mean, but I am sure it is not true; for if such were the case she would have been brought up as a Roman Catholic."

As the group of people to whose conversation we have been listening begins to disperse and divides into smaller groups, I think I will seize the opportunity to say a word or two about young ladies in general, taking Lady Victoria Fitz-Charles as an example, as she has remained standing alone, and at a little distance from the rest; for this young lady, like many others in London society, has given herself up to one of the most pleasing delusions which the artificial life fashion obliges them to lead has fostered. No doubt, like many others, this talented lady has been led to believe that in England there exists a vast number of young noblemen of fortune whose desire to marry is so great, that any well-born girl, gifted with a fair face and possessing a few accomplishments, has only to bide her time in order to make a grand marriage. Accordingly, these young girls are in no particular hurry to get husbands, and, graciously waiting to see who will bid the highest for them, prefer talking and laughing with men who amuse them, but whom they would never dream of marrying, whilst they are cold and distant in their manner to those men amongst whom they would be only too glad to choose a husband.

Lady Victoria is one of these. She is the only daughter of a duke; she has the *entrée* to any drawing-room in Europe, and, owing to her rank, good looks, and talent, she is everywhere welcomed and looked up to; but so convinced is she that she has only to throw her handkerchief to marry the man she chooses, that she allows the years to roll on, and enjoys life to the utmost, heedless of the future. Did ever duchess and her daughter enjoy themselves as much as Lady Victoria and her daughter? Spending season after season in going to balls, concerts, and operas, and the Winters in visiting at splendid country-houses, conferring the honor of their society upon all who have the courage to ask them to their castle or mansion; every now and then taking a voyage to some outlandish country, and thus waiting from year to year for the expected appearance of Prince Charming, carefully abstaining from accepting any offer which does not wholly satisfy her aspirations. For has she not already settled in her own mind the sort of existence to which she is entitled—the house, the horses, the rank, the wealth, and the husband necessary for her? Perhaps the talented Lady Victoria, like many other less highly favored young ladies, considers herself a victim to men's treachery, and has been deceived in the hopes she had been led to entertain about this young duke or that rich earl; but she is too much of a woman of the world to allow her mind to dwell on the past, and though she may write about true love, it is very much to be doubted whether she actually believes in the existence of such a thing. And so, while she is still waiting for the Prince Charming of her dreams to come in all the blaze of his fine titles and immense estates to carry her off, she laughs at every ordinary mortal who approaches her, and is resolved to make the most of her freedom; but years roll on, and as the Prince Charming does not appear, the Lady Victoria begins to look anxiously about her, and her good-natured mother is forced to confess that the chances of his ever coming at all are getting fewer and fewer every day.

It is, perhaps, on this subject that she is thinking at the present moment, for, instead of following her friends, who have walked into the adjoining conservatory, she stands alone in the centre of Lady Oddcum's back drawing-room musing to herself. Presently her quick eyes chance to discover, in the crowd that fills the front drawing-room, a face well known to her—a sudden change comes over her, her eyes flash with pleasure, and turning round to her mother, who is standing not very far from her, she says:

"He is here—in the next room. I am glad we came."

"Who? the Duke of Glamour! Indeed, let us go to him at once. How flushed you are, Vic! Try and look composed. I know he particularly dislikes women who get excited. Like all your really clever fellows, the duke is somewhat taciturn and rather shy in his manner. Come, I will speak to him first."

And making their way through the crowd, Lady Victoria and her mother soon leave the back drawing-room. But we must not follow them now, for Miss Oscott, that other interesting young lady whose acquaintance we have just made, is still standing near the door of the conservatory, talking to Lord Kingsford, and their conversation is worth us pausing to hear.

"To us Catholics," she is saying to Lord Kingsford, "I think that Miss Reymond is a most interesting person. I hear that Lady Rollingford is going to make her her heiress."

"Indeed."

"Yes; I had it from very good authority—from Monsignore Beretta himself."

Lord Kingsford begins to look interested, for the heiress of the Rollingfords is not to be despised, even by a peer.

"And you think that such a thing is likely?"

"Oh, yes; Lady Rollingford is very fond of her; and, besides, who else has she to leave her large fortune to?"

"There is her brother, Lord Inganess; and, besides, I have often heard that she is not so very fond of her adopted daughter as people suppose."

"That is strange; surely she must have liked her very much to have adopted her! Yet I, too, have heard that report."

Miss Oscott is a young lady very much after the same pattern as Lady Victoria. She, too, is no longer very young, but, like her, she is perfectly contented waiting for *her* Prince Charming; and though she converses freely enough with Lord Kingsford, I do not believe she would ever dream of marrying him—even if the thought of asking her ever passed through his head—any more than that she would dream of becoming the wife of any of the other numerous young men who pay their respects to her in order to get invitations to her parties.

She is the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Oscott, one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom, and her father being a widower, she has the management of the house, and decides as to who is worthy of being invited to it. She has thus become one of the principal leaders of the Catholic party, and it is, perhaps, on this account that she is displaying so much interest in the mysterious Miss Reymond, whose origin and antecedents no one in society is able to make out.

For a short time she continues conversing to the young Catholic peer about the mysterious heiress, when, her eyes wandering in the direction of the front drawing-room, her glance is also arrested at the sight of the man whose appearance produced such an effect upon Lady Victoria and her mother.

"That is the Duke of Glamour, is it not?" she asks her companion.

"Which—the tall fellow with the tawny beard? Yes."

"Monsignore Beretta tells me that he entertains great hopes of his becoming a Catholic."

"The monsignore has been telling you a great many things."

"Oh, but he is almost sure of *him*; and I believe he is actually the richest man in England."

"It will be a great thing, doubtless, for the Catholic Church."

"I wish you would introduce him to me—of course you know him?"

"Yes, and I shall be charmed to do so. You can ask him to your ball on Friday."

"Does he like balls?"

"I believe he does; but one seldom meets him out. I wonder he came here to-night."

"That is the very man we were talking about just now—Lord Inganess, Lady Rollingford's brother."

"Why, he looks quite a young man. Surely he is not her eldest brother?"

"Yes; but you see Lady Rollingford was the eldest of the family, and, besides, although Lord Inganess looks so very young, he is past thirty. I shall be only too glad to introduce them both to you at any time."

"No time like the present," says Miss Oscott, walking on towards the front drawing-room. Lord Kingsford follows, but ere he has reached the place where our old friend Lord Inganess and his companion are standing, he sees, sitting alone on a sofa, the Hon. Mrs. Dalmaine, looking sweetly from under her long brown eyelashes towards him, and the temptation is too great for him to resist.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Oscott," he says, "but I must say a word to Mrs. Dalmaine. I will join you directly."

"Well!" that young lady exclaims, very much disconcerted; but seeing that her companion has left her, and has already taken possession of the empty seat by the fascinating Mrs. Dalmaine, she approaches Madame Mirandalta, a lady whose society she much affects lately, and who has just entered the room, and tries to console herself at her disappointment of not being introduced to the duke by abusing Mrs. Dalmaine and Lord Kingsford to her heart's content.

Let us now approach the fortunate mortal who has succeeded in interesting two such exclusive and supercilious young ladies as Lady Victoria Fitz-Charles and Miss Oscott.

As Lord Kingsford remarked, he is a tall, handsome man, with tawny hair and beard, and has large, thoughtful eyes, that seem as if they had been made to look into the very soul of things. He is talking with Lord Inganess, and seems very much interested in his conversation.

Our old friend Westra is now a tall, elegant-looking man of about thirty, but who, on account of his fresh northern complexion, light mustache, and slight figure, does not look more than five or six-and-twenty. The brilliant promise of the boy has been more than fully realized in the man, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find a handsomer or more pleasing one in any *salon* in Mayfair.

"This is an agreeable surprise, Glamour," he is saying; "I had no idea that I should find you here." He made the acquaintance of the wealthy young duke at Oxford, and a great friendship had subsisted between them ever since. "There are some rather pretty girls here to-night."

The duke casts a hasty glance round the room, and, after a pause, says:

"Yes; but I find that young ladies are so much alike nowadays, that one can scarcely interest oneself in any one of them in particular. By-the-by, I have heard a great deal lately of this girl your sister, Lady Rollingford, has adopted. What is she like?"

"Oh, Louisa Reymond! She certainly is a very striking-looking girl. Don't you know her?"

"I have not met her yet; I so seldom go to parties. But, perhaps, you can tell me her true history?"

"Her true—what?"

"Her true history."

"Well, I am sure I don't know. By Jove! I wish I did, for that question, as you say, has become quite general now, and is put to me at least a dozen times a day."

"Don't you know?"

"No; for ever since I first came from Westra she has been living with my sister, and I have never known her by any other name than Miss Reymond, though I know her most intimately, and like her very much."

"You do not mean to say that you never had the curiosity to ask your sister about her?"

"Oh, yes; I have often asked her, but she has never given me a decided answer. I believe she is a French girl, to whom my sister took a great fancy when quite a child in Paris, and whom she adopted soon after her husband's death."

"Have you never asked Miss Reymond herself?"

"Oh, she does not know any more than I do."

"She does not know herself? How strange! How mysterious!"

"I do not see anything strange or mysterious about it. My sister, who felt very lonely after her husband's death, liked the child, and so adopted her, in order to have some interest in life. Surely there is nothing so very peculiar in that."

"Yet some people seem to think it most mysterious, I assure you, and all sorts of stories are invented about it."

"I know it; and I suppose that you, like the rest, are dying to fathom the supposed mystery? Well, she is a charming girl, and I am sure you will like her very much. She certainly is not like the ordinary run of young ladies. She is handsome, unaffected and clever, and you will get on capitally with her, I am sure. I must take you to Rollingford House one of these days; but I am afraid you will be greatly disappointed if you expect to find anything extraordinary; for, in spite of what the world says, there is nothing whatever strange or mysterious about Louisa Reymond."

"Indeed," his friend says, with a disappointed look, which Lord Inganess perceives, and which makes him smile.

"Yes, it is a pity, certainly, that we cannot make her a little more interesting. You see, Society may talk as it likes, but it cannot alter people's natures. If you are bent, however, on making the acquaintance of an extraordinary woman—of a woman who is unmistakably strange and mysterious—I think I know one who will just suit you."

"Ah!"

"She certainly is an extraordinary woman; and, though she is no longer young, I am sure she will interest you. She is the wife of an American General—in fact, no other than Garibaldi's celebrated American—and her name is Mrs. Champion."

"Mrs. Champion!" exclaims the duke, very much astonished.

"Well, yes; I used to know her once—in fact, I knew her very intimately. I was with her in Italy, and the last time I saw her was in Rome; but I thought that she had been killed since then."

"She was with Garibaldi during the Italian wars, and I believe she was wounded once."

"Dorothea! The divine Dorothea, as we used to call her. Surely she cannot be alive. Perhaps we are talking of different people."

"No; her name is Dorothea; I think we must both mean the same person."

"And where does she live?"

"At present she is living in a house near Hampstead—Liberty Hall the general has most characteristically christened it. It is a curious old house, and they give the most delightful garden-parties during the Summer months. In the Winter they go to the shires for the hunting."

"I will go and see her to-morrow. I wish I had known this before!"

Just at that moment Lady Victoria and her mother succeed in approaching them, after having made the most violent efforts to get through the crowd.

"Who are these ladies who are bowing to us?" the young duke asks, with the air of a man who is suddenly called from a soul-stirring reverie, to the uninteresting events of every-day life.

"Why, don't you know them?—the Duchess of Warrington and her daughter."

"Ah! to be sure; I suppose I shall have to speak to them."

"How do you do, duke?" the duchess says, holding out her hand.

"We had no idea you would be here," adds Lady Victoria; and the duchess taking Lord Inganess aside with a masterly manœuvre, the charming young lady succeeds in engrossing the wealthy duke in a long *tête-à-tête*.

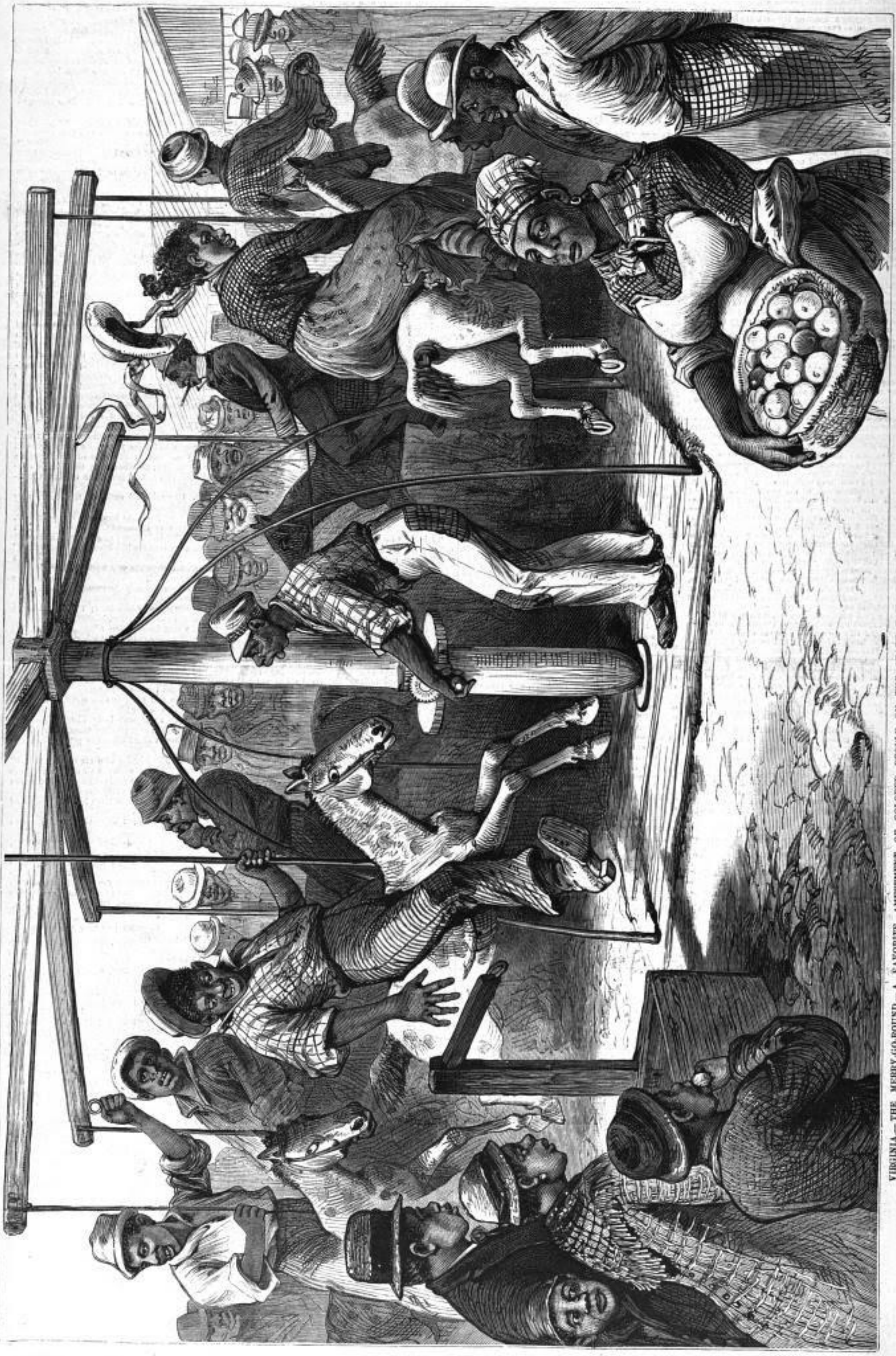
CHAPTER II.—THE DUKE OF GLAMOUR.

THE Duke of Glamour, the fortunate possessor of at least a dozen time-honored titles and as many princely estates, is a young man of about six-and-twenty, good-looking, highly prepossessing, and endowed with a mind peculiarly adapted to the reception of new truths, and a noble heart perhaps a trifle too impressionable. He was left an orphan at an early age, and since then has passed his time, first at a private tutor's, afterwards at the University of Oxford, and latterly in traveling; so that as yet he is personally but little known in the gay world of Mayfair, though his name is already in every one's mouth, and his first appearance in London has been hailed by all with more than the usual display of interest.

But from childhood he has lived so exclusively in the world of ideas, that the world of facts seems trivial and unimportant to him. He has dwelt, as it were, almost entirely within himself; and now that he is beginning to take an active part in society, it is not to be wondered at that he should consider that society frivolous and uninteresting when compared to the lofty thoughts which, until quite lately, have been his only companions. Nor are the traps which anxious chaperones and manœuvring mothers are continually laying for him, and the eagerness of men who would win his friendship at any cost, particularly calculated to make him all at once a devotee of fashion; and his existence has been so long objectless and purposeless, so far as actual life is concerned, that when at last an object and an aim are forced upon him he can scarcely deal with them, and gropes about vainly in search of a motive outside of himself that shall guide his thoughts into the path he fain would tread, if he only knew how to find it. It is not, however, that he is incapable of passionate energy, nor when anything of importance has to be decided he can make up his mind as well as any other man, and act accordingly.

But it is that, with him, imagination being so

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VIRGINIA—THE MERRY-GO-ROUND—A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE ON THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR RICHMOND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 347.

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NEW YORK.—COMPLETION OF THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY—INTERIOR OF THE MAGNIFICENT ASSEMBLY CHAMBER.—SEE PAGE 347.

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strong—in ordinary cases to think of a thing becomes better than doing it, and consequently thought to him, with its easy perfection capable of everything, because it can accomplish everything with ideal means, is vastly more attractive and satisfactory than deeds, which must be worked out, at best, with imperfect instruments, and must always fall short of the lofty conception that went before them.

The duke, therefore, though in heart disliking society, and knowing himself to be infinitely above its commonplace conventionalities, is not able to free himself from its chains, and has almost unconsciously become one of its slaves.

It has been the same thing, also, with religion; for he is of a temperament particularly religious, and that must have for the foundation of his religion a strongly-rooted faith; but, unfortunately, this very power of clear, unprejudiced discernment, with which nature has so bountifully endowed him, has stood all his life in the way of his adopting any particular faith. Born of Protestant parents, and brought up in a Protestant university, his sentiments and the longings of his heart have, however, almost from his youth, inclined him to the doctrine of the older faith; and he would have become a Catholic long ago if he could only have convinced himself that such a course would have no disadvantages; but, as he is always analyzing his own feelings and motives, he can never make up his mind to take such a decisive step.

It is an inherent peculiarity of a nature like that of the Duke of Glamour that it should be conscious of its own defects, and that, therefore, it should endeavor to find in another the strength, not of will, but of action, which he finds wanting in himself. This is the reason, no doubt, why he was drawn, while still a mere youth at Oxford, to seek the society of a person like Lord Inganess—a man gifted with a firm will and noble nature, and with that highest of all qualities, a thoroughly manly instinct, always clear and ready, that never drags its anchors for any wind of opinion or fortune, but grips all the closer to the realities of things when it has to fight in order to attain its final object.

Inganess was a true son of Scotland—one of those men thoroughly kind and good-natured, affectionate yet undemonstrative, whom we love and admire, without asking to know precisely why, and whom we can believe capable of great things, without having had any test of actual achievement, because we feel their manhood is a constant quality, and not a mere accident of circumstance or opportunity.

Since their final departure from the university, the two friends have not met often, it is true, for their natural characteristics rendered their various paths in life distinctly opposite; but their friendship has not suffered, for all that, and Glamour still recognizes in Inganess the solid steadiness of purpose which he misses in himself, while Inganess is forced to recognize now more than ever the loftier qualities of a nature like that of his old schoolfellow, which time and experience have developed to a great degree; and now in the world of fashion and business, as before in the world of learning and amusement, the young duke fills the place of a feminine spirit to Inganess, revealing him to himself, not only by what he says, but by a constant claim upon his superior strength of will. The few words he had spoken at Lady Oddicum's reception had reopened a page of Glamour's inner life, which that young man had been led to believe, from certain events that had afterwards taken place, it would never have been his lot to reperuse.

Soon after he quitted Oxford he met, by accident—or, perhaps, by fate—our old friend, Mrs. Champion, and, as was but natural, his own ardent, earnest, imaginative nature could not but sympathize at once with the peculiarly gifted character of a woman who was so eminently possessed of these very characteristics, which, carried to the extreme by her, had rendered her a patriot and a fanatic.

Her mind had fascinated his mind; her nature had developed his nature, and for a time the young duke had become an ardent admirer and follower of the divine Dorothea.

He had accompanied her to Italy, and had been with her and her husband during the second siege of Rome; but, having lost sight of her afterwards, and having been led to believe that she was killed during one of the attacks, he had inquired no more about her, and his ever-changing thoughts had led him since to alter all his opinions, and to think very seldom, if ever, of the extraordinary woman who had for a time exercised such a magical influence over him.

It was from his old friend Inganess that he first heard her name mentioned since his return to England, and, her memory once reawakened, he could not but think of her, and even the brilliant conversation of Lady Victoria Fitz-Charles was unable to drive Mrs. Champion from his mind.

The whole night he dreams of her; he sees her as he saw her first, when himself almost a lad—a tall, handsome woman, full of life and energy—a beautiful enthusiast—the most lovable woman he remembers. He then sees her a few years later—the genius of Italy—supreme in the meridian of life—a poetess and a sibyl, with a face full of majesty and Olympian repose, a truly Phidian countenance, with large, dark-gray eyes that seem to flash with inspiration. She is staying with him at Castle Muriel, and he has become a slave to her wildest fancy. The vision changes, and now she appears before him as the divine Dorothea—the leader of men, the famous patriot, who has sacrificed her family, her fortune, her name—everything, to attain the freedom of her adopted country, and who is ready to sacrifice even her life to render it happy and prosperous; the wondrous being who can calm and control the most uncivilized and passionate of men by the mere magic of her voice, and who can lead them on to battle and to fame.

This picture is too deeply rooted in his heart to vanish like the rest. The day after Lady Oddicum's party the Duke of Glamour orders his T-cart at an earlier hour than usual, and takes his seat in it half-dreamily, and paying no attention to what is going on around him. At last, after passing through a long lane which winds along by gently undulating grassy slopes, studded with countless primroses and buttercups, he arrives at a large, handsome iron gate, on which is written "Liberty Hall." His heart gives a bound, he checks his spirited horse, and, passing through the open gates, he finds himself in a small but exquisite garden, rich in rare shrubs and rarer trees, and large baskets of flowers of the most brilliant hue.

A large old-fashioned mansion of red brick, completely hidden in some places by creeping ivy, and which might have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though it must have undergone various, though no doubt useful, repairs, since her day, stands before him, looking dark and gloomy, yet so thoroughly English that an air of "comfort" and "home" pervades it from the large oriel windows of the ground floor to the lofty slanting roof of gray-colored slate. He gets down, and, giving the reins to the groom, mounts the stone steps that lead to the front door, and rings the bell. A servant in livery appears, and, by his accent, Glamour at once recognizes him to be an Italian, and before he has spoken two words he learns that he has not made a mistake, and that this is indeed the home of Mrs. Champion. He enters a snug little drawing-room overlooking an immense lawn, on which two large military tents have been erected, and beyond which two or three valuable horses are quietly grazing.

At last a door opens, and a lady enters the room. She is elegantly dressed, and is still handsome, though her figure has become much developed; the serene classical face is certainly that of Mrs. Champion, and the statuesque features that so eminently characterize it could not belong to any other woman; yet the celestial fire of inspiration which once illuminated that face, and which he so well remembers, is gone: the keen eyes seem changed, they no longer burn with divine fire, they look colder, harder, perhaps more human, but certainly not so beautiful. For a moment he hesitates, discomfited, disappointed—he is sorry that he came. Can that fashionably dressed, modern English matron actually be the divine Dorothea?

But she speaks, and the sound of her voice at once brings back to him the long-treasured image of the woman he remembers; the everyday-looking woman of the world vanishes, and, as if by magic, she becomes transformed into the genius of Italy, the sibyl of the past, the being whom he once almost worshiped—the divine Dorothea.

She welcomes him warmly, and a long conversation ensues. He finds her, however, only the shadow of the idol he once worshiped. They discuss religion, Italy, and his marriage, and at length she shows him through the great rooms of her house, in one of which he is surprised by the apparition of a girl of sixteen, whom she calls her daughter—Bella—lovely as a picture. Then, recurring again, to the subject before discussed, Mrs. Champion says:

"You ought to be married; and I was thinking of a very handsome and accomplished girl, a friend of mine, who would just suit you; and she is a Catholic, too. But perhaps you know her already, her name is Miss Reymond."

"Miss Reymond! Lady Rollingford's adopted daughter, you mean, of course. Ah, indeed!—no, I do not know her; and although I have often heard of her. I do not think that I have ever met her. You know how seldom I go to balls and parties; but perhaps you may be able to tell me her history?"

"I wish I could; but although I cannot tell you who she is, I will introduce you to her if you like. Lady Rollingford is an old friend of mine, and I am sure she will only be too glad to know you. I will call for you to-morrow at three, and take you on to Rollingford's house. I wonder if you will fall in love with Louisa?

(To be continued.)

SIMON SEYMOUR'S HEIR.

THE 15th of August, 1876, was my sixty-fifth birthday. I was passing it friendless and alone in a little town on the borders of the wilderness; waiting with a score of others for the stage that left once a day for Saranac Lake.

The handbook of the Rev. W. H. H. Murray had been my constant companion during a long trip from the Black Hills to New York, and when disappointment after disappointment overtook me, my thoughts ran on the perfect peace of balsamic pines, and the heaven on earth for the tired soul which (according to Murray) awaited me in the Adirondacks.

Mine had been a hard experience. I had slaved through a poverty-stricken boyhood; I had been tied to a desk in early manhood and middle age, till, wearied with overwork and small returns, I had joined an adventurous party of younger spirits and gone to the Black Hills with the first rush thither for gold.

There I had passed a rough life for two years, till, by a "fluke," as the Deadwood sport, my partner, termed it, we had made our fortunes.

I tarried not to increase the unexpected windfall, but with dreams and longings for peace and quiet comfort, went back to the States, where some few relatives dwelt.

It is unnecessary to relate the story of my return. I was not a prying, suspicious man, but accident led to my hearing myself discussed by the family to which I belonged, when, in full conclave, my belongings and their expectations were duly canvassed.

After that disastrous hour, every fond word and smile—and there were plenty bestowed upon me—roused a spirit of distrust. I sighed for the days when there was nothing to gain by being civil to Simeon Seymour. I shed a bitter tear over the grave of old Aunt Hepsey Turner, remembered for the only disinterested affection that ever fell into my life. When I was an overworked, ill-fed boy of twelve, and living on sufferance with my hard old Uncle Marden, one day, for some shortcoming, he gave me an unmerciful beating in his barn. I laid like one dead, praying for death, when compassionate Hepsey Turner stole me away and nursed me for weeks.

She had been dead many years, poor woman, and all trace of her family was lost. I had nothing to remain for, and I suddenly announced my intention of spending the Summer in the Adirondacks.

"As if you had not had enough of wild life out in Deadwood and the Black Hills!" said Mrs. Marden, my fashionable cousin.

"It wouldn't be so bad an idea if you take Charley with you," assented the widow Seymour, who was the relict of my half-brother, and mother of the heir expectant.

"You might take Carrie and I, Nunky," chimed in the silvery voice of Lou Barnett, who, though only a half-cousin, addressed me affectionately as "Nunky."

Alas for their hopes! That silvery voice had been heard advising her mother to indulge in some extravagance, since "the old Hunker with that liver complaint couldn't last till Spring!"

And the festive Charles, already trading on his prospects, had heartlessly counted up with Mrs. Marden the probable length of days I might keep them out of their own!

"I shall go alone."

This I said solemnly, to their united surprise and discomfiture.

And I made my arrangements accordingly. There was wild dismay in the camp I was leaving. There was a mysterious meeting of the interested—a sort of *lunatico inquirendo*.

There were plans laid for my detention, and projects broached for my incarceration as an imbecile.

But in the midst of the excitement I was gone.

Quietly, without an argument, giving them no opportunity for remonstrance or appeal.

But after I was many hours away they received a document in which, mildly but firmly, I stated my decision in regard to them.

"Whatever fortune I did not spend before my death"—so I wrote—"would go to found an asylum for the amelioration of the condition of wealthy old gentlemen, and to provide greater security against rapacious relations."

Having fired this parting shot, my short-lived resentment was over, and bitter disappointment took possession of my heart. It seemed so hard to find, after all my dreams, a lone and loveless old age must be my portion.

And so the 15th of August came, and found me, as I have said, soured in temper and uncertain in purpose, lounging away my sixty-fifth birthday on the piazza of the Ausable Hotel, Keeseville.

"Are there any places of interest in the neighborhood?" I asked of the cheery landlord.

"I should say so. Have you never heard of the Ausable Chasm?" he replied.

"Never."

"More's the pity, then; it's as rare a show as those famous Falls at Niagara, I do believe."

The day hung heavy on my hands, and after a moment's preparation I was placed in charge of a village Jehu and on the road for the much-boasted "chasm."

"It deserves all mine host has said of it," was my verdict when, after descending hundreds of steps, roughly fashioned at irregular heights, and wedged into the terrible fissure which, not more than three feet wide, cleft the earth to a depth of two hundred feet, I stood at last on the level rock at bottom; far and wide spread out the wondrous chamber, a merry stream of water rushed across the place, the grim rocks stretched far away up, and gazing through the narrow passage by which the grotto was alone accessible, a terrible sense of horror accompanied the thoughts I could not restrain:

"What if that snake-like passage through which the far-off sky dimly shines should shut its slender throat and swallow me away for ever from sinister motives, from avaricious designs, from scheming interests, from the world?"—in truth, of such was my world composed.

As I thus mused I felt a longing to get back to the sunlit field of clover surrounding the entrance to the Ausable Chasm; in fact, I had started toward the rude ladders leading out, when a musical voice broke the silence.

"It's a strange freak of nature, isn't it?" asked the voice.

I turned with a start of surprise, and beheld a man of two-and-twenty lay stretched out on the moss-padded rocks beside the little spring.

He was poorly dressed, a well-worn, ill-fitting suit of brown linen, clumsy and broken boots, a straw hat thrown off beside him, jagged at the edges and innocent of a band, and withal he had the air of a gentleman, and a fine, dashing gentleman at that.

I said something of the surprise his voice had occasioned, and as he struggled to a sitting position and rallied me on my sudden and visible effort to leave the place, I sat down to learn more of my new acquaintance.

"This is not my first nor my fortieth visit to the Chasm," he said. "I've been sketching here in a small way, off and on, for a month."

"An artist?" I asked.

"No; a poor devil of a dry-goods clerk, but I have a taste for daubing, and I pinched together a few dollars and promised myself a Summer in the Adirondacks. I got thus far, and changed my mind."

"That's odd."

"Well, no. There's a perfect rush to the lakes this year; a guide is an impossibility. 'Guides have riz,' one of the Keeseville farmers said this morning, and are demanding $5 a day. It's very picturesque hereabouts; perhaps a quiet month here will do me full as much good as a more extended trip."

Then perceiving a large portfolio, I begged to see his sketches, and I was delighted, being quite a judge in matters of art. I turned over but a few of his pictures before I recognized my friend was a genius as well as a very handsome fellow.

"You are too clever an artist to waste your time behind a dry-goods counter," I said.

"I'm too sensible a chap to undertake to feed three mouths with my paint-brush, dearly as I love it," he replied.

"Three?" I asked.

"A sister turned thirteen, and a grandfather turned three score."

It was growing quite dark when, assisted by my new acquaintance, we scrambled up the detachment of ladders and reached the clover-field over head.

At the hotel we parted. I had insisted he should ride to the village with me.

"Won't you come in and have some dinner?" I asked.

But he lightly lifted the broken hat from the dark curly head, and declined the invitation.

"At all events I will see you again," I said. "I shall stay over Sunday now, and make an early start Monday."

A sudden thought struck me. What a help it would be to this fine young fellow to purchase some of his pictures. True, I had no use for them; but he was such a charming lad, and so much in need of the dollars that weighed so heavily on my happiness.

This intention I imparted to him, and never shall I forget the look of gratitude with which it was received.

"Shall I bring you some completed pictures to-morrow? They are not much—I do not expect much for them; but a trifle just now is quite a fortune to me."

He spoke eagerly, and a bright flush swept across his boyish face at his presumption.

I urged him to bring all he could part with, as I had an idea of starting a gallery of American artists.

And so, joyfully on one side, and much interested on the other, we separated for the night.

"I see you've got acquainted with John Masters," said the landlord, that evening. "A better lad never lived. He takes care of a blind grandfather and a sister. He works early and late: he's a wonderful good boy—and my girl there thinks so. But John will never amount to much; he's got this painting fever so hard; and I won't hear of anything in that quarter."

I glanced across at the village belle and beauty, who stood laughing merrily at a window near us; and the unmistakable spirit of match-making rose within me.

I bided my chance, and then slipped up to Miss Mattie when business called her thrifty father away.

"I want your advice on a matter you know more about than I, probably," I began.

The bright-faced girl looked up at my gray head, and listened gravely.

"I am going to purchase some sketches and pictures from John Masters to-morrow. Will you give me the benefit of your taste?" I continued.

In an instant she was interested. "Going to buy Mr. John Masters's pictures!" How glad she was; and she promised eagerly to seek my parlor when he came.

"I don't know at what hour," I said; "but will send for you."

"No, no," she cried; "I shall see him come in, and know without your sending."

Then she stammered, and stopped and blushed crimson; and I felt as sure as any old duenna'er, that my young man was not going to die of unrequited affection.

What a pretty picture they made in that dull country parlor next day, bending their youthful heads over a collection of boards and canvases.

"There, Mr. Seymour; I think that view on the lake is a nice companion to this one of the Chasm," said Mattie, placing the canvases side by side.

"So do I," I retorted: "and I must have that pair as well as the four we have already selected. Now, my friend John, put your price on them."

This demand confused the young pair very much, and to give them time to arrange their schedule of prices, I took up a little "interior," and went over by the window.

It was the old story of the unwilling boy (painted so well by Wilkie, I believe), standing before his grandam, his reluctant hands outstretched within a skein of yarn, which is being lazily wound into a ball.

It was a very good copy, and the face of the boy was plainly a portrait of my young artist.

But the old woman. Where had I seen that kind, gentle, old face before?

In an instant I remembered the old yellow house, and the sharp-tongued woman who had rescued me from a cruel relative's beating, and sheltered me for weeks, till I was strong enough to run away, with the money she gave me.

Here was the same face—older, sadder, but not to be mistaken by the heart which bore upon its grateful tablets the memory of but one friendly countenance.

I knew I betrayed in my manner the great interest I felt in the picture, for John Masters answered, in a surprised sort of way, my eager questions.

"The little picture is a copy, but the faces are my feeble attempts at portraiture. The boy's is that of my own, and the other a recollection of my dear old grandam."

"And her name?"

"Was Hepsebeth Turner: and my blind grandfather, who——"

But I waited to hear no more. The good woman who had lived in my memory as my patron saint; over whose ill-kept grave I had ordered the erection of the handsomest monument money could construct; whose family, according to the representations of my family, was dead or scattered past the finding—must have smiled with joy at the reception I gave John Masters's words.

"Why, God bless you!" I cried. "You shall be my son—you shall have every dollar I possess; we will live together, and you shall marry Mattie!"

And Mattie blushed and simpered, and John could not restrain his tears, as I pictured my lonely, ill-treated youth, and the one gleam of comfort and sympathy that I owed to his dead relative.

Did I bless the delay at Ausable Village? A thousand times a day, I believe. And when, three weeks after, in the mighty woods of the Adirondacks, we sketched out a plan for the future, I found that in finding John Masters I had discovered a happiness that would endure till the end.

It was the greatest triumph and joy I ever knew, a few years later on, to introduce my adopted son and his wife, Mattie, to the scheming Mrs. Seymour, and Lou and Carrie Barnett; to witness their astonishment at seeing the grandson of poor old Hepsey Turner proclaimed heir to my hard earnings; and feel my declining years were to be softened by unselfish love and the prattle of

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fond children; for as I write this closing sentence, a stout little fellow, just out of petticoats, waddles in. I ask him, "What do you want?"

"To play horse with grandpa."

"And what's the little driver's name?"

"Simon Seymour Masters."

And so with Simon Seymour Masters on my back, I leave my literary labors, to become for a time a vicious, hard-mouthed horse—to prance and rear, and finally be reduced to gentle trots and amiable ambles, by the caresses and cries of my little Rarey—the grandson I never would have had but for that blessed Ausable Chasm.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND DURING STATE FAIR WEEK.

WHILE a State Fair in the South has peculiar attractions for all classes of citizens, to the colored people it affords an opportunity for enjoyment that is not a part of other events. Beyond the engrossing interest in the racing and trotting of horses, they care little for the specimens of animal nature and man's handicraft which compose the general list of novelties. The fair season opens to them a round of frolic and limited dissipation arranged by their own committee for their own "set." Eating and drinking, betting, swamping and story-telling, banjo-playing, cake-walking and dancing, occupy the greater portion of their time; while, for a breathing spell, they patronize the "Merry-go-Round," which develops all the humor of their nature. When seated on the wooden chargers they are turned as rapidly as the joints of the "man at the wheel" will allow, they indulge in a kind of horse-talk wonderfully wise, and unknown to any long-established course. Not only can they enter themselves for a steeple-chase, sweepstakes, hurdle-race, or the grand cup, for a diminutive fee, but they may at the same time participate in the excitement of a tournament of the knights, conscious that the fair ones of their set will not be a whit behind the white belles in applauding and honoring him who carries off the ring, even if the forefinger is used instead of the medieval lance. The purveyor of favorite edibles sagaciously keeps herself well to the front to catch the ready pennies. Little notice is taken of white visitors beyond a badgering in the dialect of the plantation, the spot being regarded by the colored people as their own particular province while the fair lasts.

A PALACE FOR NEW YORK LAW-MAKERS.

THE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER IN THE NEW CAPITOL.

THE State Capitol at Albany, which has been occupied for the last time, was erected in 1808 from the proceeds of a great State lottery. Seventy Legislatures have met in it, have passed laws for the government of a community which in that period has increased from less than 1,000,000 to more than 4,500,000 souls, and in wealth in still greater proportion. It will now be demolished and the site laid out as a part of the park in front of the new and massive capitol. In a few days the Legislature will be called to order in the magnificent building, the Assembly meeting in its own hall, and the Senate occupying temporarily the apartment designed for the Court of Appeals. When the present Commissioners took hold of it, in 1875, about $7,000,000 had been spent, and the structure had risen above the ground floor only a few points. Latterly, instead of carrying the work forward equally in all its parts, the present Commissioners have wisely restricted themselves to one section of the building, and the result is that the portion of the structure in which the Assembly Chamber and the room for the Court of Appeals are situated is finished, while the remainder of the work is only so far completed as the requirements of the advanced stages on the other parts have made necessary. The amount expended by the present Commissioners is about $3,000,000, making the total cost, so far, about $10,000,000. These figures may indicate the sum which will have been expended when the entire work shall be actually finished, and which cannot be far from $16,000,000.

The building is so vast and the halls so elaborately finished and decorated that our present space will permit of a notice of

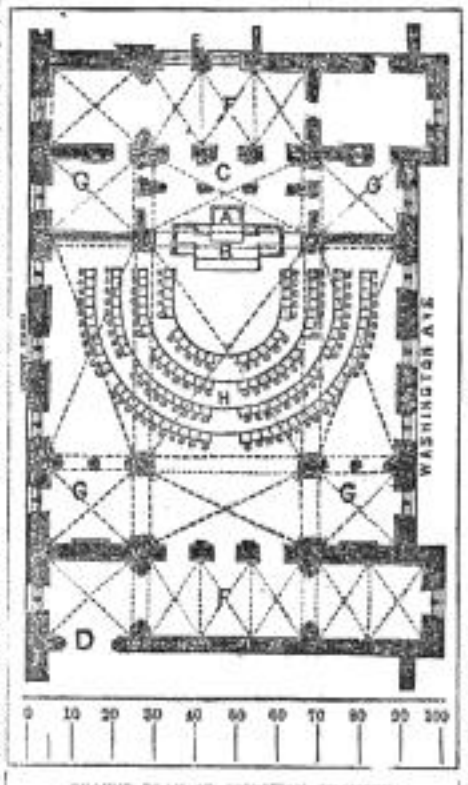
THE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER

only. The extreme dimensions of this apartment are 140 by 84 feet. In the centre of this space stand the four columns which support the ceiling. These inclose a space which may be roughly put at 45 by 55 feet in area. On these columns rests the central vault of the roof, the keystone of which is 56 feet above the floor. The square spaces on either side of this gallery are walled out of the chamber, and the spaces under them are vaulted lobbies. Thus, nearly all of the space between the two columns at that end of the chamber and the exterior wall is excluded from the room. The platform on which stands the Speaker's desk is a recess formed by the advancement of the masses on either side of the central bay. Behind the Speaker's desk are three arched openings, divided by coupled columns, and intended to be closed by drapery. The wall above the openings behind the desk is carried up to the front of the gallery, and is enriched at the top by elaborate tracery. There is no woodwork anywhere except in the doors and furniture of the chamber. At the eastern end of the room is a deeply-recessed bay, corresponding to that at the western end. This, also, is filled with galleries, and the corners of that end of the room are filled with two square masses, supported by columns. Above, these are finished with stone screens, behind which are seats for visitors, while below are panelled ceilings, richly-carved; fireplaces inclosed in elaborately carved stone are built against the wall of the space thus inclosed. The columns of the main entrance carry a stone screen which forms the front of the gallery above, and is finished at the top with flowing tracery. The vaults which abut on the main vault of the chamber are five feet lower at the apex, and their ridges rise about five feet from either end.

The room is lighted by four large windows on either side, filled with clear glass. Above these are blank spaces left to be filled with bas-reliefs, and above this another line of five windows, filled with glass painted, or stained with a soft, warm, uniform tint. Above these is another line of openings, and above these, in the arched spaces formed on the wall of either side of the room by the sweep of the vaults, are the pictures just finished by Mr. William Hunt. The prevailing hue of the stone walls, vault, pillars, and screens, is gray. It would be cold but for the free use of color and gold employed by the architect. The great pillars, however, are of polished red granite, four feet in diameter, with marble capitals. Here and there are spaces of blank wall, and the lesser columns are left with only their own carving; and this work in stone is a marvel of delicacy and vigor wherever it is used throughout the building. The ceiling is composed of several varieties of stone, the hues being bluish gray, yellowish and buff, with a pink suggestion. The ribs of the arches are of a cold, gray stone, left in undecorated strength. The vaults are banded with incised ornaments of conventionalized leaves, the incised parts being colored, and the bands following the courses of the stonework. Bands of gold ornament the edges of the decoration, which is in blue and red. The effect of this is novel, the feeling being Oriental rather than Western. The vast windows are to be draped with curtains of tapestry in two shades of gold, and the furniture of the room is to be in mahogany and crimson leather. All this will furnish a solid substratum of dark color, the effect of which will be to subdue the brighter tints above.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE ARCHES.

In the arches of this chamber are spaces, semicircular in shape, 16 feet high at the apex and 45 feet wide, and about 40 feet above the floor. These are filled with paintings by William Hunt. On the north wall is painted "The Flight of Night," a composition which has engaged the attention of the artist, at intervals, for many years. This may be supposed to be suggested by the flight of the dark ages, the revival of learning and the arts, and the general awakening of the world, which mark the era immediately preceding the discovery of America. In the picture, the Queen of Night, seated on a chariot of clouds, is drawn by three spirited steeds, black, red, and white, down the western sky. Behind her drifts, in a wind-blown mantle, a sleeping mother and her child; and, behind these, and low in the sky, the red dawn is breaking. A black attendant, nude, with inverted and expiring torch, guides the horses as they plunge downward, his hand lightly laid upon the head of one. The composition is spirited and bold, and the color is superb. The horses occupy the most conspicuous part of the picture, and are wonderful examples of power in modeling. The white horse, nearest the spectator, is so admirably foreshortened that he seems starting out of the work. The figure in the chariot is, perhaps, less fortunate, as it might have been less suggestive of Aurora in its girlish beauty, and more queenly in its pose. Nevertheless, the picture, with its companion, is such an immense advance beyond anything of the kind ever attempted before in this country, that no fair critic will carp at any of its inevitable deficiencies. "The Discoverer," on the opposite wall, represents the voyaging discoverer standing in a boat which rises lazily to the lift of the sea. Fortune holds the helm with one hand, while with the other she trims the sail. Hope is at the prow, her fair, bright face turned towards the West. Faith, burying her face in her hands, floats beside, and Science, half rising from the wave, upholds the chart. The Discoverer, a realistic figure, half draped and half in armor, is evidently bent on subjugation as well as discovery. He is an armed man. He stands in the centre of the composition, his arms folded in his mantle, and his gaze thoughtfully bent before him. The drawing of the attendant figures is superior to that of this central figure. These float, and the movement of the whole is grandly expressed.



GROUND PLAN OF ASSEMBLY CHAMBER.

A. Speaker's chair. B. Clerk's desk. C. Reporters' gallery over. D. Public entrance. E. Speaker's entrance. F F. Lobbies (galleries over). G G. Galleries over. H. Members' seats. The dotted lines represent the vaulting.

NEW CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS

AT MEMPHIS, TENN.

ON the 5th of June last a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead was dedicated in Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., in the presence of 5,000 spectators, after the graves of a large number of soldiers and sailors had been decorated with flowers. On the crest of the beautiful hill on the slope of which the Confederate dead are buried the monument stands. Around its base, and far down the crest of the hill and into the valley, the little white headstone grave-markers rise above the blades of grass, and peep from beneath the waving white-topped clover. The following is the detailed description of the monument: A molded base, five feet six inches square, one foot ten inches high. On the front of the same are cut, in raised, polished letters, the words "Confederate Dead." On the back of the same is the following inscription: "*Illis Victoriam Non Immortalitatem Fata Negaverunt.*" On the base rests a molded base, four feet four inches square and eleven inches high, with column plinths at the angles. Then comes a die, three feet two inches square and two feet three inches high, recessed at the corners for the shafts. The faces of the die are highly polished—polished shafts, carved capitals and molded bases. The upper portion of the die is four feet two inches square and two feet five inches high, with a Gothic arch and panel on each side, and with a carved wreath in relief. On each spandrel the four corners are molded. Then comes a molded and carved cap, five feet square and one foot three inches high. Above this cap is a molded column base, three feet nine inches square and one foot eight inches high, with the Tennessee State and the Confederate States arms in high relief. Above these coats-of-arms and beneath the trophy are the words "*Deo Vindice*," in relief. The shaft is three feet square at the bottom and two feet two inches square at the top, and sixteen feet long, with a trophy of flags and arms at the base of the shaft in high relief and garlands in low relief—all polished. The frieze is molded, and has stars in full relief between the moldings. On top of all this is the capital, three feet four inches square and one foot seven inches high, richly carved. Surmounting all is a finial two feet two inches square and two feet eight inches high, composed of cannon balls.

The dedicatory address was delivered by General W. Y. C. Humes.

AT DANVILLE, VA.

The monument at Danville, Va., the last capital of the Confederate States, was dedicated on September 3d last, the oration being delivered by Captain John S. Wise. There was a long procession of military, secret and social organizations.

The monument was the work of a New York sculptor. Its site is an elevated knoll in Green Hill Cemetery, in the southeastern suburbs of the city. The approach from Lee Street, which bounds the cemetery on the north, is by a wide avenue of easy grade, and to the eye the monument presents an appearance moderately imposing but strikingly tasteful and touching. Around the base are buried the remains of over five hundred Confederate soldiers, gathered from other burial places and interred here in circular trenches without tombstones. From the mound on which the monument stands there is a lovely view of the surrounding country varied by hill and dale and an occasional glimpse of the silvery river. To the northeast the United States Cemetery is the striking feature of the landscape, with its verdant slopes dotted with marble tablets, marking the resting-place of 1,326 Union soldiers, high above which float the Stars and Stripes. Around the knoll from which rises the Confederate monument stand a few scattered pines. The monument is entirely of Virginia granite, highly polished. Its base is seven feet square; it contains eighty-one cubic feet, and weighs over seven tons. The faces of the die are four feet by five, and each bears a tablet of smooth, polished granite containing an inscription. The shaft is four-sided and rises gracefully from the pedestal. The height of the whole structure is twenty-four feet, but the effect is increased by a turf-covered mound on which it stands, and which raises the height to thirty feet.

On the north side of the shaft, just above the cornice, is a medallion of General R. E. Lee in standard bronze, with the name "General Robert E. Lee" beneath it. Below this, on the tablet, is the inscription:

Confederate Dead.
Memorial Tribute
Of Virginia's Daughters
To the Fallen Brave.
Danville, Virginia,
1878.

On the opposite side is a similar medallion of Stonewall Jackson, with the name General Thomas J. Jackson beneath it; and below this on the tablet is the inscription:

They Died
As Men Who Nobly Contend
For the Cause of
Truth and Right.
"They safely lie and sweetly sleep."

On the side facing west there is no medallion, but the inscription on the tablet is as follows:

Patriots!
Know that these fell
In the effort
To Establish Just Government
and
Perpetuate Constitutional Liberty.
Who Thus Die
Will Live in Lofty Example.

On the side facing east there is likewise no medallion, but only the following inscription, adapted from Tacitus (Life of Agricola), on the tablet:

Quidquid ex his amavimus
Quidquid mirati sumus,
Manet mansuramque est in
Animis hominum, in
Aeternitate temporum, fama
Rerum.

The Semaphore in Bosnia.

During the recent occupation of Bosnia by Austrian troops the country was so unsettled that ordinary telegraphy was impossible, and recourse was had to field signaling. A large equilateral triangle, which can revolve on a pivot, is set up in some conspicuous spot and well guarded. This is covered with a linen cloth, upon which figures are painted somewhat in the fashion of a clock face, the figures representing the letters of the alphabet. The chief officer of the station, holding in his hand the dispatch to be transmitted, dictates to the operator the symbols or letters which he is to signal. As fast as the message is signalled from the original station it is reproduced in similar fashion upon a similar apparatus at the next station. Meantime, an observer at the original station reads this copy through a telescope as fast as it is reproduced and reports it aloud so that the chief officer may note and correct errors, if any. A further portion of a message is not signalled until it has been ascertained that the portion already sent has been accurately copied.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

THE backs of the oaken stalls or canopied seats allotted to the Knights of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are covered with small brass plates, engraved with the arms and titles of knights, past and present, to whom the respective stalls have been allotted. On the 21st of November, the Garter King-at-Arms went to Windsor and hung the banners and helmets above the stalls of Lords Salisbury and Beaconsfield, and also affixed the inscribed plates. That of Lord Beaconsfield bears the words: "*Du très noble et puissant Seigneur*, BENJAMIN, *Comte de Beconsfield, Vicomte de Hughenden, Chancelier de Sa Majesté en son Conseil Privé, Premier Commissaire pour l'exécution des offices de Grand Trésorier de l'Echiquier en la Grande Bretagne et de Grand Trésorier en Irlande, Chevalier du très noble Ordre de la Jarretière.*" The new knight's motto is "*Forti Nihil Difficile.*" It is curious that, as the Order of the Garter was not founded until near 300 years after the Norman Conquest, all edicts connected with it should have been put into French. The knights' stalls at Windsor are ordinarily occupied by any one who gets an order for a place from the Dean or Canons, or, which is just as good, conciliates the verger. Earlier in the century there were twelve canons, who consequently had but a month's duty a year, and each had a house and salary of from $4,000 to $5,000 a year. Now there are but four. The Canons of Windsor are usually selected by reason of their connection with the royal family, and the canonries are pretty much at the disposal of the Queen herself. So, also, with the Deanery. The present Dean is Dr. Wellesley, nephew of the great Duke. He has a spacious residence and a salary of $10,000 a year. The chapel is now in admirable order, the service excellently performed, and everything maintained at a very high standard.

Siberia.

SIBERIA is a territory covering about six times the area of England and Scotland. It contains a great number of penal colonies scattered at long distances from one another, and differing much in the degrees of discomfort they offer to their inhabitants. The colonists are divided into three categories—those who live at their own expense and are allowed to have their families with them; those who are supported by Government, but are suffered to eke out their small pittance by acting as servants to the richer colonists or working at trades; and, thirdly, those who are employed at hard labor on public works or in the mines. The miners are supposed to be the worst offenders, and their punishment is tantamount to death by slow torture, for it is certain to kill them in ten years, and ruins their health long before that.

Female Physicians in Russia.

THE question of women medical practitioners is not yet settled in Russia. On the 29th of October last the right of women who had completed a course of medical training to practice medicine in the empire was brought formally under the consideration of the Sanitary Council attached to the Ministry of the Interior. After prolonged discussion the Council unanimously resolved as follows: "Although the right to practice medicine by the female students of the medical faculty has not to the present been recognized by the legislative authority, having regard to the evidence now submitted by the professors, that these students are fully competent to exercise the medical profession, the Sanitary Council will itself endeavor to obtain from the Government the authorization necessary for them to enter upon practice."

Facts about Afghanistan.

THE greatest length of Afghanistan is 750 miles, the least 540, while its greatest breadth is 550 miles, and its least 370; so that it is rather larger than the whole of the United Kingdom put together. It is mountainous all through, with a series of elevated flat-bottomed valleys. It has no large rivers, and those it contains are generally fordable at all seasons. The climate varies: at Ghuzni it is extremely severe in Winter, the thermometer sinking to ten or fifteen degrees below zero, while it always begins to freeze in October. At Cabul in the middle of October the thermometer is always below zero at night, while from June to September the climate is very hot. At Candahar it is also hot in Summer, but in Winter the climate is perfect, as is also that of Quettah. All the so-called roads are shockingly bad, and there are no bridges. The population is about 5,000,000, entirely Mohammedans, almost exclusively of the Sunni creed. The regular army consists, for Cabul, of 31,000 men; Candahar, 18,000; Herat, 22,000—total, 71,000, of whom 45,000 are irregular horsemen.

The following table of distances may be useful to those who have not large maps at command, or a proper knowledge of their use:

Cabul to Quettah, 379 miles; Cabul to Balkh, 355 miles; Cabul to Merv, 440 miles; Cabul to Herat, 219 miles; Cabul to Peshawur, 192 miles; Cabul to Candahar, 316 miles; Cabul to Ghuzni, 86 miles; Cabul to Edwardesabad, 209 miles. Candahar to Quettah, 147 miles; Candahar to Ghuzni, 232 miles; Candahar to Herat, 367 miles. Quettah to Herat, 513 miles; Quettah to Mooltan, 290 miles; Quettah to Ghuzni, 293 miles. Peshawur to Jellalabad, 87 miles. Kohat to Ghuzni, 264 miles; Kohat to Thull, 66 miles; Kohat to Kurum Fort, 90 miles. Edwardesabad to Thull, 42 miles; Edwardesabad to Kurum Fort, 99 miles; Edwardesabad to Ghuzni, 239 miles.

The King Killers.

TWO PIECES of manuscript were found in the house of the cook Passananto, who attempted to kill the King of Italy. One was a half-sheet of paper, covered on both sides with writing in blue ink. The other was a notebook of small octavo size, containing a number of entries, written with the same ink. The latter contained the heads of Passananto's scheme for the regeneration of the world. A prefatory fiyleaf commences in this manner: "Dear brothers, men of the whole world, it belongs to you to solve the problem of society and the universe. The first step toward the happiness of mankind must be taken by immediate slaughter of all emperors, kings and princes." All occasions of war between the "national families" must be removed, and as a first step to this the reforming cook demands "the abolition of generals." The third class of men who would stand in the way of the inauguration of a "perfect economy of national families" are prefects, gendarmes and policemen. The punishments with which retail dealers are threatened are remarkably ferocious. All eatables are to be sold at a fixed price, but the articles on sale may be ranged in three classes—good, better and best—so that every purchaser of meat, butter, bread, or other food may choose according to his taste and his purse. The author of the scheme is no Communist, but a champion of the rights of property. Thieves, adulterators, coiners, cheats, and similar criminals, are to be "thrown into the flames." "Robbers and cheats who are able to produce extenuating circumstances are to be punished by a milder death." Trades unions are to be obligatory. Every citizen is to pay a monthly contribution into the three public banks of health and wealth—the commercial, the provincial and the universal. The Universal Republic will fix the amount and the kind of payment which each class of citizen is to render. The civil list will, apparently, be a very big affair. Every one will have a "right either to work or to be pensioned." Passananto declares in one passage in this notebook that he venerates "Christ as the model of steadfastness," and "Brutus (which Brutus?) as the model of self-denial and courage."

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SENATOR TELLER,

CHAIRMAN OF THE BLAINE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

HENRY M. TELLER, Chairman of the Senate Committee on the investigation of the elections in the Southern States, appointed on the adoption of Mr. Blaine's resolution, was born in Allegany County, N. Y., May 23d, 1830. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar in his native State, and has since practiced his profession. In 1858 he removed to Illinois, and thence in 1861 to Colorado. On the admission of Colorado as a State, he was elected as a Republican to the United States Senate, taking his seat December 4th, 1876, and being re-elected on the 11th of the same month for the long term. Previous to this he had never held any political office. His term will expire March 3d, 1883. He is Chairman on the Committee of Civil Service and Retrenchment, and a member of the Committees on Claims, Railroads, and the one appointed to take into consideration the state of the law respecting the ascertaining and declaration of the result of the election of President and Vice-President of the United States.

NEW MARION COUNTY COURT HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS.

THE Court House of Marion County, Ind., at Indianapolis, was occupied for the first time in July, 1877, having been constructed and furnished at a cost of about $1,300,000.

The extreme length is 387 feet by 137 feet in width and 96 feet in height from ground line to top of entablature. The stone used for the exterior walls is a light drab limestone, quarried in Indiana, with columns of Scotch granite. The other materials of construction are brick and iron, no wood being used, which, with iron doors and shutters, makes the New Court House thoroughly fire-proof. The entrances are three in number, being at the east and west ends, and also on Washington Street front. These lead into finely proportioned vestibules, opening to the grand corridor. The vestibules at the ends are 16 by 56 feet and 17 high, and the corridor 170 feet in length by 30 in width and 90 feet from floor to apex of dome-light. Galleries around the second and third stories afford, with vestibules at each end, entrance to the different stories.

On the first story are located the offices of the county clerk, treasurer, sheriff, county commissioners, etc., which are of most ample proportions, and conveniently arranged en suite. These offices are finished and furnished in a style corresponding with the magnificence to be seen on every hand throughout the building.

The second story is 15 feet in height, except the court-rooms, which run through two stories, reaching a height of 30 feet clear. These rooms are simply marvels of architectural elegance, and have to be seen to be appreciated, as no description we could give in our limited space would do the subject justice. The size of these rooms are: Criminal Court Room, 70 x 50; the others, 56 x 41 feet; midway around three sides of each runs an ample gallery.

Upon reaching the third story of the corridor an unbroken view is had of its whole length, which enables the visitor to form a true conception of its stately proportions. Here is had an unbroken view of the entablature and cornice, supported by innumerable life-sized caryatides, between which, in the frieze, are bull's-eye windows, which furnish light to the corridors in the mansard story. These openings are converted into panels, and formed in such a manner as to give a very happy effect.

The mansard story, which is gained by means of ample iron stairways in the end halls, contains five large rooms, which may be used for special court-rooms, with innumerable smaller rooms, which can be used for any required purpose.

One of the most noticeable objects about the court-house is the great clock, which is worthy of the grand edifice in which it is placed. The clock is on the main tower nearly 150 feet above the sidewalk. The dials, which are over 10 feet in diameter, are illuminated at night, and there is scarcely a moment at any time at which some one is not looking up to the great clock for the correct time.



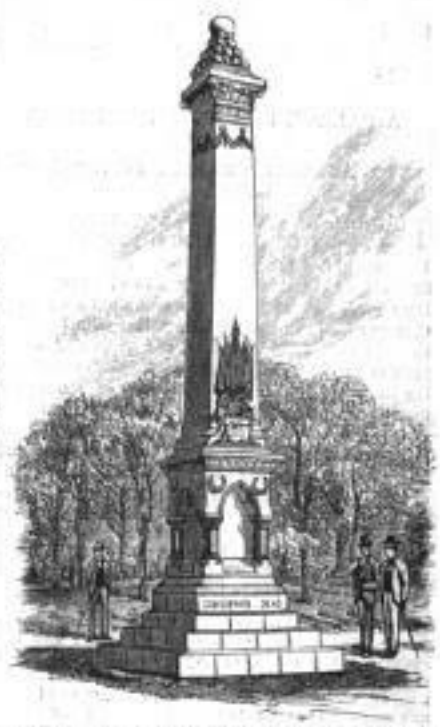
HON. HENRY M. TELLER, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON SOUTHERN ELECTIONS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS. BOHM.

SCHLIEMANN FINDS THE CITY OF ULYSSES.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has been digging over the island of Ithaca, and flatters himself that he has found the Homeric capital, where the wise Ulysses dwelt. It is not in the valley of Polis, where it has been located hitherto, but on the rugged sides of Mount Aetos, whose top he finds has been leveled off and extended by filling in above cyclopean walls so as to afford space for a mansion and courtyard, while some 2,000 houses, he estimates, were contained within cyclopean walls built around and down the hill. Some of these houses were cut from the rock, and some were built of the massive masonry, whose stones are greater than those of Mycenæ and Tiryns. He has found the ruins of 100 of the houses more or less well preserved; some of but one room, others of four or six chambers. Dr. Schliemann found a few fragments of pottery, like that from the two most ancient cities of Troy; some broken tiles, with curious ornamentation, and two inscribed with characters not yet deciphered. He wonders that he found anything at all, because the steep slope rendered the accumulation of débris impossible, and the rains have washed the remnants of ancient industry into the sea centuries ago. Dr. Schliemann found several things described by Homer, as the grotto of the nymphs, and at the southeast end of the island the very pig-stys of Eumæus, the divine shepherd.



VIRGINIA.—CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT DANVILLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLUNT.—SEE PAGE 347.



TENNESSEE.—CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, ELMWOOD CEMETERY, MEMPHIS.—SEE PAGE 347.



INDIANA.—NEW COURT HOUSE OF MARION COUNTY AT INDIANAPOLIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. C. MARTIN.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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"THE FALLEN LEAVES." BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Published exclusively in this Journal by special arrangement with the Author.

THE PROLOGUE.

(Concluded.)

VI.

JOHN FARNABY, posted at the garden paling, suddenly lifted his head and looked towards the open window of the back parlor. He reflected for a moment—and then joined his female companion on the road in front of the house.

"I want you at the back garden," he said. "Come along!"

"How much longer am I to be kept kicking my heels in this wretched hole?" the woman asked, sulkily.

"As much longer as I please—if you want to go back to London with the other half of the money." He showed it to her as he spoke. She followed him without another word.

Arrived at the paling, Farnaby pointed to the window, and to the back garden door, which was left ajar. "Speak softly," he whispered. "Do you hear voices in the house?"

"I don't hear what they're talking about, if that's what you mean?"

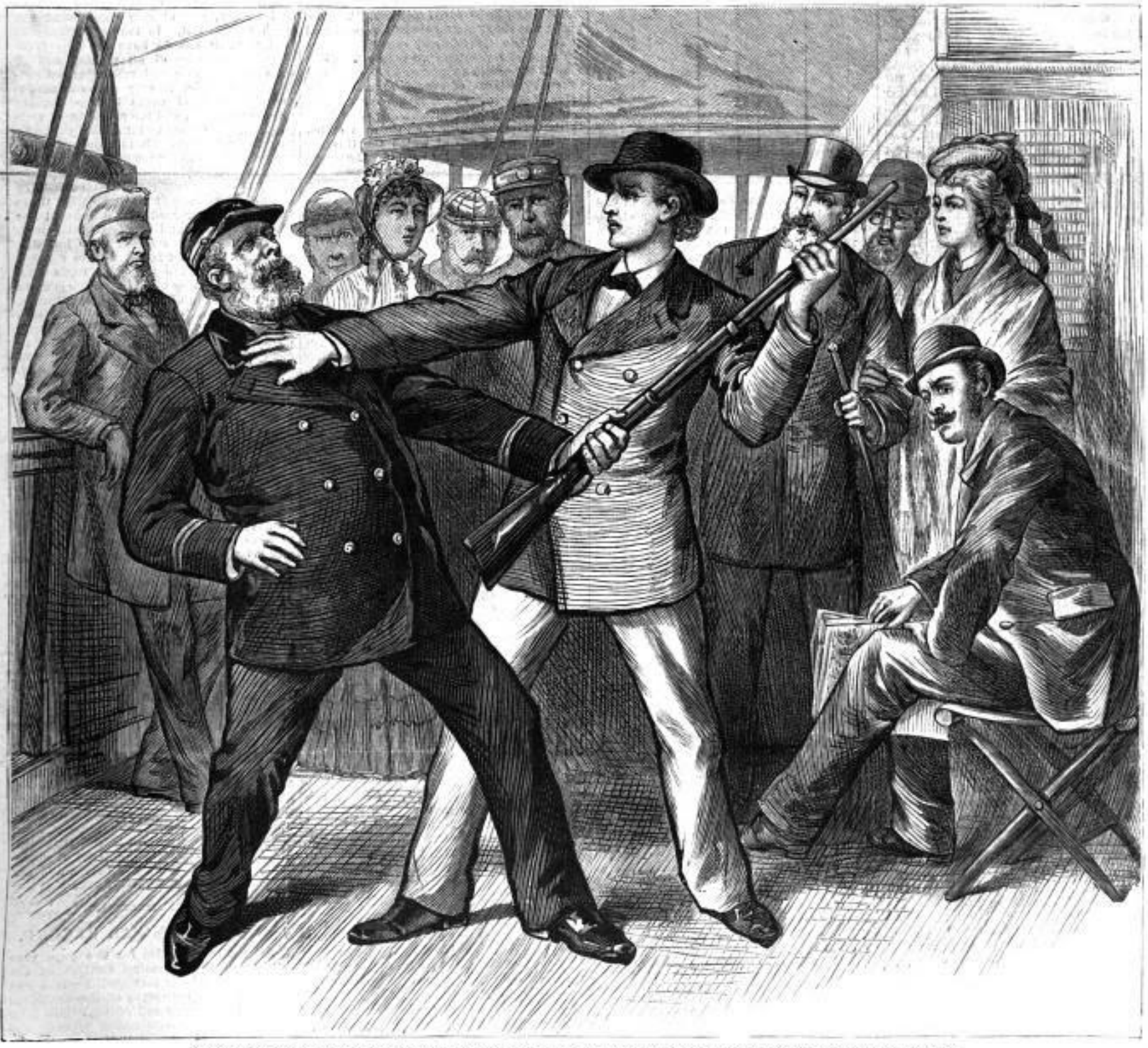
"I don't hear, either. Now mind what I tell you—I have reasons of my own for getting a little nearer to that window. Sit down under the paling, so that you can't be seen from the house. If you hear a row, you may take it for granted that I am found out. In that case, go back to London by the next train, and meet me at the terminus at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. If nothing happens, wait where you are till you hear from me or see me again."

He laid his hand on the low paling, and vaulted over it. The linen hanging up in the garden to dry offered him a means of concealment (if any one happened to look out of the window), of which he skillfully availed himself. The dust-bin was at the side of the house, situated at a right angle to the parlor window. He was safe behind the bin, provided no one appeared on the path which connected the patch of garden at the back with the patch in front. Here, running the risk, he waited and listened.

The first voice that reached his ears was the voice of Mrs. Ronald. She was speaking with a firmness of tone that astonished him.

"Hear me to the end, Benjamin," she said. "I have a right to ask as much as that of my husband, and I do ask it. If I had been

[Continued on page 354.]



THE FALLEN LEAVES.—"ONE OF THE PASSENGERS SNATCHED AWAY THE GUN, AND DISCHARGED IT OVER THE SIDE OF THE VESSEL."

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1879.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A special artist and a descriptive writer, from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *accompany the party of New York and Chicago merchants on their visit to Mexico with a view to the establishment of business relations with that country. The illustrations, which will appear from week to week, are to consist of the most interesting subjects connected with the expedition, while the description will be accurate, vivid, and deeply interesting. As both the illustrations and reading matter are intended to develop the commercial relations between the two countries,* FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *will obviously be the best medium for the acquisition of information on this all-important and engrossing subject.*

RESUMPTION ACCOMPLISHED.

"MAKE our money as good as gold," said Senator Sumner, "and the gold of the world will come to our assistance, helping all the demands of business, and adapting the currency to the occasion. Make our currency as good as gold, and the national example will be above reproach, while the wantonness of speculation will give place to the just transaction of an honest commerce. The same familiar paper will circulate, but changed from a lifeless corpse to a living soul, recognized and honored wherever credit is known." After many years of weary waiting and a fierce struggle with hostile influences, the people of the United States find themselves in possession of a currency as "good as gold." With resumption accomplished, the country in its financial history has reached the ground it occupied seventeen years ago. The event is one which may well provoke universal rejoicing. The merchant, the farmer, the mechanic and unskilled laborer have equal cause for gratulation over an event which secures the national honor, permanently fixes the public credit, and gives to every man and woman an honest dollar in exchange for property or service.

Now that the Government has begun the redemption of its legal-tender notes with gold, it may not be amiss, perhaps, to take a retrospective view of the financial situation forced upon the country by an unwise and most unhappy war. In view of the threatening attitude assumed by the Southern States, Congress passed an act, March 2d, 1861, authorizing the issue of $35,000,000 in Treasury notes. These notes were to be receivable for all debts due the United States, including customs, and made redeemable at any time within ten years. The Act of July 17th, 1861, authorized the issue of $50,000,000 non-interest bearing Treasury notes, payable on demand. By Act of March 12th, 1862, the amount was increased to the extent of $100,000,000, but only $50,000,000 in all were issued. The Act of July, 1861, also authorized a loan of $250,000,000, a portion of which was to consist of Treasury notes, bearing interest at the rate of 7 3-10 per centum per annum, and payable three years after date. The amount issued was $140,694,750. The Act of February 25th, 1862, authorized the Government to issue $150,000,000 of United States notes, made payable to bearer. These notes were not to bear interest, and were made legal-tender for all purposes except payment of duties on imports and interest on the public debt; $150,000,000 more of the same character of notes were authorized by Act of July 11th, 1862, and an additional $150,000,000 by the Act of March 3d, 1863.

Certificates of indebtedness, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent., were authorized by the Acts of March 1st, and May 17th, 1862. The amount issued, as per Treasury statements, was $561,753,241.

The Congressional Act of March 3d, 1863, authorized the issuance of $400,000,000 of one-year Treasury notes and $100,000,000 two-year notes, such notes to bear interest not exceeding six per cent., and made payable in legal-tender notes. Amount issued, $210,920,000.

Compound interest-bearing notes to the extent of $400,000,000 were authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1863, of which sum only $262,595,440 were issued.

By Act of June 30th, 1864, Congress authorized the issuance of $200,000,000 Treasury notes of denominations not less than $10 each, the same to bear interest at the rate of 7 3-10 per cent., if not redeemed on or before the expiration of three years. The Act of March 3d, 1865, authorized a loan of $600,000,000, or Treasury notes similar to the foregoing, all of which were issued in the shape of notes.

More than thirteen years have rolled away since the passage of the last-named Act, and of all the vast sums authorized by Congress, only about $346,000,000 of the legal-tenders are outstanding, and these, at last, are exchangeable for gold. The ability of the country to meet and pay so much of its indebtedness forms the lighter shade of the financial picture.

As already pointed out, the Government issues of paper aggregated $225,000,000 during the year 1861. This paper went into circulation along with the paper of the banks, and swelled the volume of currency to more than double the amount which the whole country had been using in 1860. The strain was far too great for the maintenance of the bank and Government notes at par. The Government was wholly incompetent to redeem in gold, and the banks were unable to take care of their own issues together with the irredeemable notes issued by the Treasury Department. To speculate as to what might have been the result had the legal-tender notes been withheld would now be a mere waste of time. Suffice it to say that the banks of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, after giving the Government valuable financial aid during the whole of 1861, found themselves unable to go on after that period and maintain specie payment. Suspension followed as a necessary consequence, and although the year 1862 opened with paper currency at par, before it came to a close a dollar in gold was worth thirty-four cents more than a paper dollar. In February, 1863, a coin dollar possessed a purchasing power equal to $1.72½ in currency, and in July, 1864, one dollar in gold equaled $2.85 in paper.

The following table—valuable for future reference—furnishes the currency price in dollars of one hundred dollars in gold, and the gold price in dollars of one hundred dollars in currency, averaged by years, from 1862 to 1878:

Years.	*Currency Price of $100 Gold.*	*Gold Price of $100 Paper.*
1862	$113.3	$88.3
1863	145.2	68.9
1864	203.3	49.2
1865	187.3	53.5
1866	140.9	71.0
1867	138.2	72.4
1868	139.7	71.6
1869	133.0	75.2
1870	114.9	87.0
1871	111.7	89.5
1872	112.4	89.0
1873	113.8	87.9
1874	111.2	89.9
1875	115.1	86.9
1876	111.5	89.6
1877	104.7	95.5
1878	*[illegible]	*99.0

The first premium, so-called, on gold was quoted in January, 1862, the figure standing at 105. It was not until February, 1877, that the premium reached this point again, at which time it was quoted at 104¼. The highest premium during the year was 102¾ in January. It fluctuated at merely nominal rates during succeeding months, and closed at par before the year ended.

Notwithstanding the suspension of specie payments, matters went on as merry as marriage-bells from 1862 to 1873. Business moved briskly, speculation flourished, men made and squandered fortunes, and few or none apprehended the coming of an evil day. The crash came at last, and the country awoke to the fact that an inflated irredeemable currency was an evil which ought to be eradicated. The Forty-fourth Congress, elected in 1874, fresh from their constituencies, enacted the Resumption Law, and fixed January 1st, 1879, as the date of its operation. The men of business who managed to escape financial ruin, together with the banks, began to shape their affairs to meet the new order of things; and at last resumption is an accomplished fact. It came as quietly as the snowflake falls. In spite of opposition and evil prophecies it has come to the country without creating the slightest disturbance to business or the least excitement in commercial circles. Now that men can exchange greenbacks for gold, they don't care for the metal. There is no run upon the banks or the Treasury. On Thursday, the first day of resumption by the Government, the Sub-Treasury in this city received about $400,000 of gold, and paid out little more than $132,000. Gold certificates to the amount of $300,000 were sent in and exchanged either for currency or Clearing-house certificates. Banks sent in gold and received certificates representing Government legal-tenders, and individuals, as a matter of choice, received the greenback currency. Resumption, as we have ever contended, was something to be desired rather than dreaded. It was the one national blessing needed to raise the country from bankruptcy and ruin to prosperity and happiness. It has come as a New Year's gift to our people. The vocation of the gold gambler is gone, and the poor man's dollar is equal to that of the "bloated bondholder."

During a period of sixteen years we have been using a currency having no specie basis. A generation has grown up within the time, who practically know nothing of the uses of gold and its need as a regulator of currency. The time of waiting has been long, and yet we have accomplished more than did England under like circumstances. For nearly a quarter of a century—from 1797 to 1821—specie payment remained suspended in that country, and when at last resumption came to her people, it was a hard and grinding resumption. It has been well said that national suspensions are "big things" and oftener end in repudiation than resumption. England, France, and the United States have set the world an example which makes the name of each a synonym for honor and integrity. On the other hand Russia, has been suspended about sixty years, and may not resume within a century to come. Austria has been suspended nineteen years, and Brazil quite half a century. The present Governments of Spain and Turkey, in all human probability, will never resume.

But while we have successfully achieved resumption, we might have reached that result at a much earlier date had our Government and people been as wise as those of France. During our war troubles Congress authorized the Government to issue its own notes free from interest. At the same time the national banks were constituted and given authority to issue bills equivalent to the security deposited, less ten per cent. Not so with our revolutionary ally. When France became involved in war with Germany, her Government authorized the Bank of France to increase its issue from $280,000,000 to $640,000,000. This increase the Government borrowed. In consideration of this loan the bank, with no adequate specie reserve, was permitted to issue legal tender and loan it at interest. The Government repaid its loan to the bank as quickly as possible, and so fast as the notes were paid in the bank authorities canceled them. Had the same policy been pursued here, we should have arrived at resumption years ago, and the croaking of the Greenbacker would never have been heard in the land.

In paying the heavy indemnity—five milliards of francs—exacted by Germany, France displayed equal wisdom. The demand was for prompt payment in gold and silver. The Government offered its five per cent. *rentes*, or bonds, to the public, and almost the entire amount of $1,640,000 was taken by citizens of France at an average price of 83 per cent. When the second loan was offered in 1872 the subscriptions were thirteen times greater than the sum called for, in consequence of which the Government was compelled to divide the *rentes* among the subscribers *pro rata*. The French *rentes* can be had in denominations of 100 francs—equal to $20—and upwards. Our own Government, borrowing an idea from French experience, is now making use of the same in popularizing the four per cent. bonds. The French people suffered heavily in the payment of war indemnity, but the American people have borne quite as heavy a burden in the loss of purchasing power in their currency. France avoided that grave mistake, and has been the gainer thereby.

Now that the country has reached resumption, and our financial condition is bettered thereby, the people should demand that Congress repeal the foolish, if not downright dishonest silver Act of February 28th, 1878. The experience of the past year has given plain indication that the country has no need for silver save for subsidiary purposes. If the people could dispense with silver dollars when silver was dear, surely they do not need them now when silver is plenteous and cheap. From 1864 to 1868, both years inclusive, the Government only coined full silver dollars to the extent of $229,000. In the International Monetary Conference, held at Paris in 1867, the statement that we possessed a double standard was disproved by showing of the total silver coinage by the United States mint of $136,351,512 of silver, only $4,366,340 consisted of the full dollar of 412½ grains, while $131,985,472 consisted of its subdivisions reduced seven per cent. in weight, and not a legal-tender beyond five dollars. During the five years, ending with 1868, this now strangely venerated "dollar of our fathers" bore a premium of three per cent. Then no patriots were found lauding and clamoring for the ancient historical dollar. Why? Because the game would not pay. Without pursuing this matter further, we will simply add that, as a first-class commercial nation, the United States does not require a double standard, nor can the people afford to use fraudulent silver dollars for the accommodation of the so-called bonanza kings of the Pacific Coast.

* Closed about the middle of December at par.

THE ELECTION INQUIRY.

THE maintenance of the purity of the suffrage and of the orderly methods of free speech is not a question of partisan politics. It belongs to the domain of primary duties into which no suggestion of prejudice or passion, no bitterness of faction, can by any possibility enter. The protection of every voter in the full enjoyment and exercise of the right to cast his ballot without restraint or intimidation is a fundamental obligation, the evasion or neglect of which must lead, inevitably, to disaster both to the individual and the State. If a single citizen may be coerced or terrified by any method either not to vote at all or to vote otherwise than he desires, and the act of compulsion is permitted to go unchallenged, the rights of all other citizens are endangered, and there can be no security that the will of an audacious minority, embodied in brute force, will not become paramount in the public administration to the voice of the majority declared through constitutional forms—thus making an end of government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Close upon the heels of the late State elections official statements were laid before the President charging that "in various parts of the Union, especially in certain portions of the States of Louisiana, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia, there were instances of unlawful combination and violence intended to prevent a free and peaceful advocacy of candidates for Congress, and that upon the day of election deliberate frauds were resorted to in voting and canvassing the votes, often accompanied by threats and intimidation." It was added that "the canvass and election were accompanied in the State of Louisiana by a series of cowardly and cruel murders, the only apparent motive for which was to prevent the colored people from exercising their right of suffrage." The Attorney-General, communicating these reports to the Executive, stated further that the attempt to bring to justice the violators of the law "had been followed by systematic persecution of United States officers and of witnesses who had been called to testify in regard to the transactions complained of," this persecution in some instances taking the form of brutal violence.

It was upon this state of facts, or alleged facts, that the Senate raised a committee to investigate the whole subject of violence, fraud and intimidation in elections, both South and North. The committee, embracing gentlemen of undoubted fairness and ability, has already commenced the work assigned it. In the performance of that work it should have the hearty co-operation of men of all parties, and of all national, State and municipal authorities, upon whom it may call for assistance. The good name of the country has been tainted, and the principle of self-government brought into disrepute, by the statements which it is proposed to investigate. It is imperative that we should know the precise truth. If there has been, anywhere, an organized conspiracy against the freedom of the ballot, those who were concerned in it should be brought to just and condign punishment. This can only be reached by a full discovery of the exact facts. If the charges are false, and have no better basis than partisan prejudice or passion, the country should have the benefit of that disclosure. Especially is it due to the Southern States that they should be given an opportunity, by a thorough and impartial inquiry, to clear themselves of the accusations brought against them. Their future prosperity, industrially and commercially, depends upon the establishment of absolute security for every citizen in all his rights and interests. They can never fully utilize their enormous resources so long as any uncertainty exists as to the maintenance of law and justice everywhere within their limits. An honest investigation, going to the bottom of the political situation in those States, will vastly facilitate their development if the crimes charged against them shall be shown to have no existence. If the evils actually exist, then their discovery will also, in the end, contribute to the advantage of the country, in the opportunity which will be afforded for their correction and the elimination of the elements which foment them.

There is, apparently, in some quarters, a disposition to belittle and obstruct the inquiry now in progress. Partisans apprehensive of its influence upon this or that political interest, or one or another partisan organization, seek to embarrass the committee, and in one or two reported cases have spirited away witnesses whose testimony was regarded as important. There can be but one opinion among right-thinking citizens as to proceedings of this character. They are utterly indefensible on whatever ground considered, and Republicans and Democrats alike, who care more for country than party, should assert their influence in support of the committee which is charged with the solemn trust of vindicating the freedom of the ballot and the integrity of American institutions.

A YEAR'S CRIMINAL RECORD.

THE police statistics for the past year furnish an interesting exhibit of the criminal side of our metropolitan life, and the causes and character of the principal offenses against law and order. The total number of persons arrested during the year was 78,441, of whom about two-thirds were males. Sixty-five per cent. of all arrests were for drunkenness and disor-

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derly conduct, and a large proportion of the remainder were for offenses committed by intoxicated persons. The only conspicuous crimes against property were the Stewart vault robbery and the burglary at the Manhattan Bank. The number of burglaries, comparatively trifling in extent, was 540; felonious assaults with firearms and other dangerous weapons were numerous, and in many instances of a serious nature. There were about 160 arrests for embezzlement and 190 for false pretenses. The trial of larcenies for the year was 5,400.

Of the whole number of persons arrested only twenty per cent. were unable to read and write, and a majority were natives of the United States. The Irish are second on the list, and are followed by the Germans. The English come next, then the French, and then natives of the British Provinces. The Scotch follow, and are succeeded by Chinese, Austrians, Russians, Turks, Poles, Swedes and Danes. The greatest number of crimes were committed by persons under the age of twenty years and by those between twenty and thirty. All trades and professions are represented among those arrested, but the largest number is made up of persons without occupation, laborers, abandoned women, bartenders, clerks, servants, housekeepers, peddlers and drivers. Many actors and actresses were imprisoned during the year. About a dozen clergyman also helped to swell the throng of criminals. Merchants figure conspicuously on the records as well as musicians, painters, printers, tailors and firemen, and even policemen, detectives and deputy-sheriffs have been arrested for various offenses. A number of lawyers were charged with more or less serious crimes, and several of them were convicted of felonies and sent to State Prison.

EVENTS IN EUROPE.

PARISIANS have made the most of the snow and ice which this severe Winter has supplied them with more plentifully than any since the "terrible and bloody Winter of the war." The ugly wooden sheds, with which for a fortnight at the close of the year they habitually disfigure the Boulevard des Nations and its neighboring Boulevard des Italiens have not only exhibited the usual variety of toys for New Year's, but have been covered with an unusual drapery of white. The gay promenaders, wrapped up in all kinds of furs, from the costly marton to the imitative seal-skin, have tried to imagine that they were in Russia instead of "sunny France"—so called, perhaps, because the sun so rarely shines there in Winter. The Champs Elysées have been transferred into the perspective Newski, and the Seine into the Neva. Skating and sleigh-riding are rare delights at Paris, and few except Russians and Americans keep skates and sleighs ready for seizing the brief opportunity for enjoying in the Champs Elysées and avenues of the Bois de Boulogne these favorite pastimes of colder climates; but seldom have such pastimes been more fully enjoyed in Paris than during this season. Nor does Paris now lack for a bewildering variety of indoor entertainments. The traditions of old *salons*, where witty conversation and elegant manners were the rule, may be gradually disappearing from the French capital. But although many more invalids than formerly are driven away from it in Winter, and it is become fashionable for certain families of reactionary political sympathies to pass the most inclement months of the year at their châteaus in the country, or at Nice and elsewhere further south, and to vote Parisian society under the Republican *régime* altogether degenerated, there is probably more prejudice than reason in the complaint so loudly uttered by censors of this stamp. If there were no other parlors to frequent in Paris than those of the wealthier members of its American colony, which Dumas and Sardou, and, in his turn, Pailleron (with his very successful play, "L'Aye Ingrat," at the Gymnase), travesty and satirize, if not libel, on the French stage, one could not be at a loss as to where to spend a social evening agreeably.

The court of the Queen of England and Empress of India is now in mourning on account of the recent death of the lamented Princess Alice. Virtually, it has never been out of mourning since the father of the princess, the late Royal Consort, died, by a strange coincidence, just seventeen years to a day before her. Perhaps it is partly, therefore, that it is so doleful and dull to the Duchess of Edinburgh as to make it difficult to persuade her to visit England even for a few weeks. She is averse to leaving her father, the Czar, whom she idolizes, and it is evident that she does not love the English Court. Nor does the latter love her, although it is intimated that after the Marquis of Lorne, the husband of her sister-in-law, the Princess Louise, shall have served his term of five years as Viceroy of the Dominion of Canada, the Duke of Edinburgh may be pushed forward as his successor, with a view to seeing what chances he might have of becoming King, after being Viceroy of the Dominion. Another Viceroy is said to be in training in the British Royal Family—the Duke of Connaught, who will possibly become Viceroy of Ireland next year. It is added that the Prussian princess whom he is to wed is as amiable as she is pretty. Prince Leopold, the youngest son of the Empress-Queen Victoria, resembles his father in refinement and mental qualities more than does any one of his brothers or sisters. He wishes to take orders in the Anglican Church, but he has already such High Church notions that it is feared by some of his royal relatives that he might go further and die a Cardinal of Rome, like the last of the Stuarts. That would be as awkward for a son of the Head of the Church of England, the Queen, as it seems, to Catholic eyes, for Her Majesty to wear Henry VIII.'s old title of Defender of the Faith. Prince Leopold is to be made Duke of York.

The Czar and the Czarewitch celebrated, at St. Petersburg, on the 1st of January, the anniversary of the passage of the Balkans by the Russian army. Notwithstanding the proud memories of the day, the Czar's emotions must have been somewhat gloomy on this occasion, in view of the changed position of Russia, and also of the menaces which have been whispered against his life and against the lives of all European monarchs during the past year. The Czar has just received a mysterious communication announcing that sentence of death has been pronounced upon him by a secret council. On the other hand, the death-warrant of Moncasi, who tried to assassinate the King of Spain, was reluctantly signed by the latter on Thursday last and executed on Saturday. It is significant, if not conclusive, that political assassins are dreaded everywhere in Europe, except in the French Republic

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"PHILLIPS'S ELITE DIRECTORY OF PRIVATE FAMILIES FOR 1879" fully maintains the character acquired by previous issues of this work. It contains the names of 26,000 householders, and of all the leading and trustworthy business houses in the various branches of retail trade, and as a visiting and shopping guide, possesses peculiar interest and value. Every lady, and gentleman as well, will find it, in a dozen ways, practically indispensable. It is tastily printed, of convenient size, and is sold at six dollars per copy.

THE commission appointed to settle the affairs of the Freedmen's Bank in Washington appear to understand the art of taking care of themselves at other people's expense. It appears that in four years these commissioners have drawn in salaries $39,558, have paid $31,378 to attorneys and $64,289 to agents, and have incurred other expenses amounting to $183,526. A sum nearly equal to one-half of the dividends paid out has thus been consumed in expenses alone—that is to say, it cost over $75,000 a year to run this broken bank, or to eat up the little that was left by the thieves after the alarm had been sounded. Congress should put an end to this luxurious style of management forthwith.

THE perils of mining are well illustrated by the report of the deaths and accidents during last year in the eastern district of the Wyoming coal fields. The report shows that the number of persons killed in the mines was 38; the number injured by non-fatal accidents 189, and that by these deaths 18 widows and 68 orphans were left unprovided for. During 1877 40 men were killed in the mines of the district, leaving 29 widows and 134 orphans. In the same year 174 persons were injured in various ways. The number of casualties has been materially diminished by the strict enforcement of the Act relative to the ventilation of mines, but they are still much greater than they should be, and all possible precautions which experience may suggest should be adopted by mine-owners for the protection of the lives of those who pursue their perilous work in the recesses of the earth.

THE politicians of Ohio are already actively discussing the question of the next Governorship. The Democracy, eager to obtain control of the State preparatory to the next Presidential contest, very generally demand the nomination of Senator Thurman, whom they regard as their strongest champion, while among the Republicans the drift, for the same reason, appears to be favorable to the nomination of Secretary Sherman. The contest, with these distinguished gentlemen as leaders of their respective parties, would possess a national interest, and the result, whatever it might be, would secure to Ohio an exceptionally strong administration. It may be doubted, however, whether Mr. Thurman will consent to risk his chances for the Presidency by acquiescing in the demands of his party that he shall lead what seems to be a forlorn hope for a position of no special dignity.

AMONG the more important Bills now before Congress is one abrogating all grants of public lands to railway and telegraph corporations, in which such corporations have failed to comply with the conditions upon which the grants were made. Should the Bill become a law, 127,247,061 acres of land will be saved to the Government and people. This land, at the minimum price of $1 per acre, will yield to the Treasury the sum of $508,988,204; and it would seem that there ought to be no doubt as to the action of Congress on so important a proposition. Among the grants which it is proposed to abrogate is one of 42,000,000 acres to a wild-cat Southern railroad which never had a real or substantial existence. It is high time that the policy of voting away the public domain for the benefit of individual speculators and greedy corporations should be arrested, and that in all cases where the conditions of grants have not been complied with, the lands should be recovered by the Government and opened up to public settlement.

THE accumulation of unsettled claims in the Pension Bureau, and the growing difficulty of obtaining trustworthy testimony as to the real disabilities of the claimants, has led the Commissioner to recommend the passage of a law which he believes will obviate the defects of the present system. Under this system the average time required for the adjustment of claims, including about nine months' delay in the office of the Surgeon-General, is three and a half years, while a great number of cases have lain unarranged for ten or fifteen years. This is not only a grave injustice in all cases, but in a great portion of them a practical denial of the benefits which the people desired, and Congress intended to be enjoyed by the soldiers and their widows and children. The remedy proposed by the Commissioner is to divide the country into fifty or sixty districts, and send into each district a commission, to consist of a surgeon and a competent clerk, to travel from place to place in the district and examine pensioners and claimants and collect the testimony in the claims. Such a commission would generally visit each county in the district once or twice each year, thus affording every claimant an early and easy opportunity to present the testimony in his case, and in this way greatly increasing the facilities of the claimant for prosecuting his claim. The number of unsettled claims at this time is 120,000.

THE statistics of the Post-office Department afford an excellent illustration of the growth of the country in population and intelligence. Within the last ten or fifteen years the postal facilities have improved five hundred per cent., and letters are now transmitted in about half the time that was required ten years ago over the same distance. In 1867 the mails were carried over routes aggregating 34,015 miles; in 1877 over routes aggregating 74,546 miles. The mails are carried twice as often over most of the routes, and in some cases three times as often as they were ten years ago. In 1867 the service cost $3,812,000. In 1877 it cost $9,053,000. In this comparison we should consider, also, the amount of mail matter handled, which was more than twelve times as great in 1877 as it was in 1867. It will thus be seen that the cost of the service has not grown in anything like a proportion to its extent. Twelve times as much mail is carried two and one-third times the distance, more than twice as often, at about two and one-half times the expense. The increase in the number of stamps used since the first year of their introduction has been enormous. Then barely one million were issued yearly; since 1863 the issue of stamps has increased on the average about 100,000 a day, or more than 30,000,000 yearly. In the fiscal year ending last Summer the number of stamps amounted to 744,071,518, and their value aggregated $20,562,463. The entire number of stamps issued for sale since 1847 amounts to 9,719,308,527, enough, if put end to end, to go around the world six times at the equator, and their aggregate value reaches $280,327,363. The total number of postal cards issued since 1873 is 751,249,500, of which nearly one-third were issued last year.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER.

THE great new publishing house of Frank Leslie, in Park Place, hums with the enterprise which he puts into everything he undertakes. His business, always active, has received a fresh impulse from an engagement he has been fortunate in making with Wilkie Collins for the production of a new novel from that author. It is called "The Fallen Leaves," and has received the advanced stamp of high favor from English critics who have seen the manuscript and proofs. It will appear January 1st, 1879, on the day of its publication in England, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This pictorial journal has extraordinary merits, artistic and literary, and does not require such additional attractions to insure its popularity. But the experienced publisher wisely determines to err, if at all, in the direction of a glut rather than of a scarcity of good things.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Mexican excursion party, embracing representatives of thirteen States, left Chicago January 4th.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has issued a call for $10,000,000 of 5-20 bonds of 1865, consols of 1867, for redemption.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has made a long and formal reply to Secretary Schurz, specifying instances of the mismanagement of the Indians by the agents of the Indian Bureau.

THE new State capitols of Connecticut at Hartford, and Michigan, at Lansing, were occupied for the first time on New Year's Day.

THE Cabinet has decided that Secretary Evarts should open negotiations with the Chinese Government, looking to the modification of the Burlingame Treaty.

FORMAL charges against Register Leow of New York have been preferred to Governor Robinson by the Committee of the Bar Association, for exacting illegal fees

CORNELIUS J. VANDERBILT has filed in the Surrogate's office a petition for the executors under Commodore Vanderbilt's will to show cause why they shall not be removed.

DR. ALONZO GARCELON was elected Governor of Maine by the Legislature on January 2d, as there was no election by the people in September. All the nominees of the Democrat-Greenback caucus were chosen.

BISHOP WHITTINGHAM, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Maryland, is seriously ill at his residence in Baltimore, and grave fears are entertained by his friends, for he has been ailing for some time past, and is seventy-three years old.

GOVERNOR MCCLELLAN has declined to summon the Court of Appeals to consider the case of Benjamin Hunter, who procured the murder of Armstrong to secure the insurance upon his life, and the execution will take place on January 10th.

THE First Presbyterian Church, Quincy, Ill., was destroyed by fire on January 2d—loss, $60,000; and the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, on the 3d—loss, $100,000. Both were new buildings and had not been dedicated. The Chicago Post Office Building was burned January 4th; the mails and part of the valuables were saved; total loss, $200,000. On the 5th, the public library at Bingham, Mass., consisting of 5,000 volumes, was destroyed. On the 4th the Academy of the Holy Angels, at Buffalo, N. Y., was burned to the ground; loss, $65,000.

ON January 2d and 3d there was a general fall in the temperature all over the country, accompanied in many places by a furious storm of wind and snow. The thermometer marked 26° below zero at Yorktown, D. T.; 10° below at Wilkesbarre, Penn; 3° above at Newport, R. I.; 7° above at Richmond, Va.—a fall of 40° in seven hours; 32° below in exposed quarters, and from 15° to 20° below in the suburbs of Chicago; zero at Washington and Philadelphia, and 5° above in New York City, the lowest point touched in ten years. Railroad, ferry, and street traffic was stopped altogether in some sections, and greatly impeded in many others.

Foreign.

SIXTY-FOUR Republicans and fifteen Conservative Senators were elected in France on January 5th.

AN attempt is to be made to establish direct communication by steamers between Halifax and Havana.

JUAN MONCASI, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain last October, was executed at Madrid, January 4th.

THE Cornish Bank at Truro, Cornwall, established 110 years ago, has suspended, with liabilities estimated at $5,000,000.

GENERAL ROBERTS has notified the Afghan occupants of the Kuram Valley that they will henceforth be under British sway.

GENERAL GRANT, accompanied by Minister Noyes, received the freedom of the city of Dublin on January 3d, and was entertained at a banquet.

A THIRTY-EIGHT-TON gun has burst during practice on the British man-of-war *Thunderer*. The vessel's turret was destroyed, seven men killed and forty wounded.

THE Council of the Russian Empire has approved the new rates of taxation proposed by the Minister of Finance affecting stamps, liquors and cotton, other than Asiatic.

KARAGEORGEWITCH, the Servian pretender, has been charged with a plot to assassinate Prince Milan, and warrants are out for the arrest of himself, his son and six other persons for high treason.

THE Japanese steamer *Tecushima Maru*, running between Osaka and Deva, has been blown up by an explosion of gunpowder in her cargo, and eighty-three of her passengers and crew were drowned.

A PLAGUE has appeared among the Cossacks of Astrachan. The sufferers are isolated. Many doctors have been summoned to their relief, but of 195 persons attacked since the 1st inst., 143 have died.

LEO XIII. has addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Cologne professing friendship for the German Government. The latter insists that the Catholic clergy shall receive their education in Germany alone.

IT is understood that there is a general reorganization of tradesmen in London to resist an extension of the number of working hours, and that there is a large amount of funds available to support the resistance.

THE Oldham cotton-strike has terminated. At a conference between the employers' and operatives' committees, the latter unconditionally accepted the proposed reduction. It was expected that work would be fully resumed on the 6th.

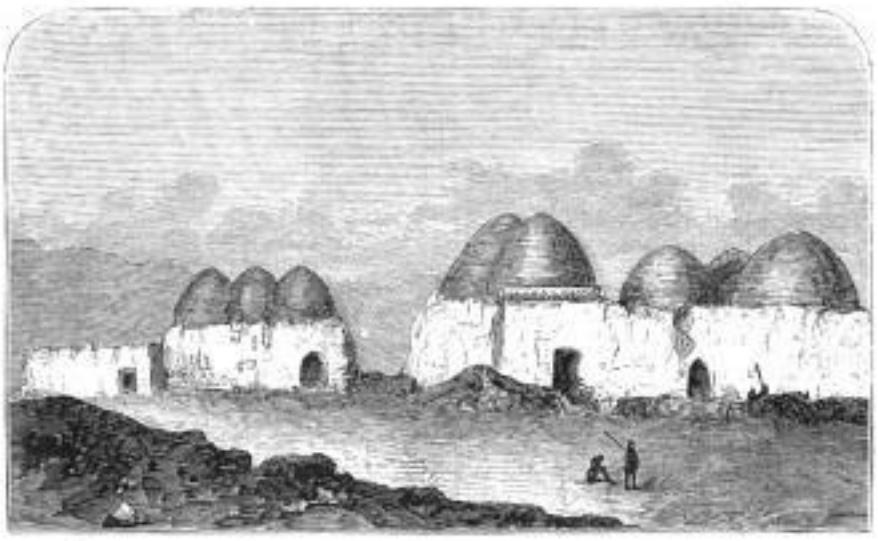
THE recent sudden thaw has caused numerous floods in England and Scotland. At Nottingham the flood is the greatest which has occurred for fourteen years. The country around Darlington and Wrexham is flooded for miles. Much damage is reported at Berwick and Aberdeen.

THE Berlin Town Court has decided that Dr. Strousberg was bankrupted in consequence of the outbreak of the French war and of unforeseen losses, and that he is therefore, not blamable. The court approved the agreement of the creditors to accept three per cent. in settlement of their claims.

THE Veterinary Institute at Kharkoff, Russia, where the students' agitation originated, will be removed outside the town; the Technical Institute at Tschugujeff will be closed altogether, and the Medical Academy will not permit deliberations by the students without permission. Many of the students arrested for participation in the recent disturbances have been banished to Siberia.

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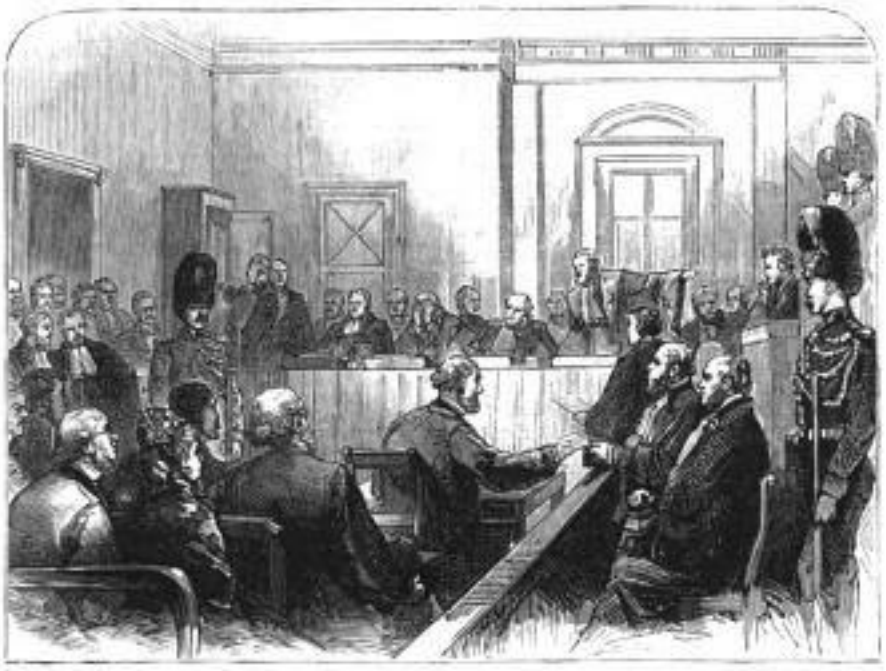
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 365.



AFGHANISTAN.—NATIVE DWELLINGS AT GOONDAN.



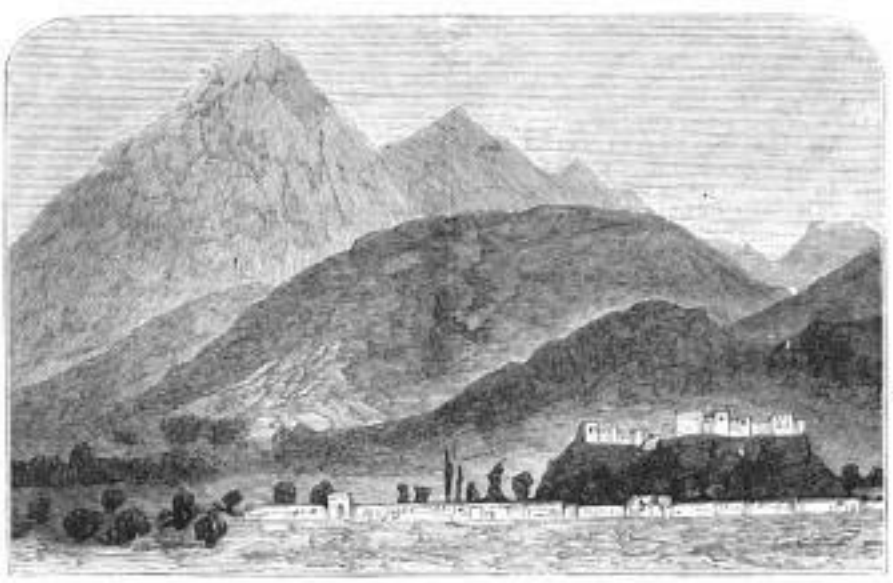
AUSTRALIA.—"POSSUM JACK'S" CLAIM, MARYBOROUGH, VICTORIA.



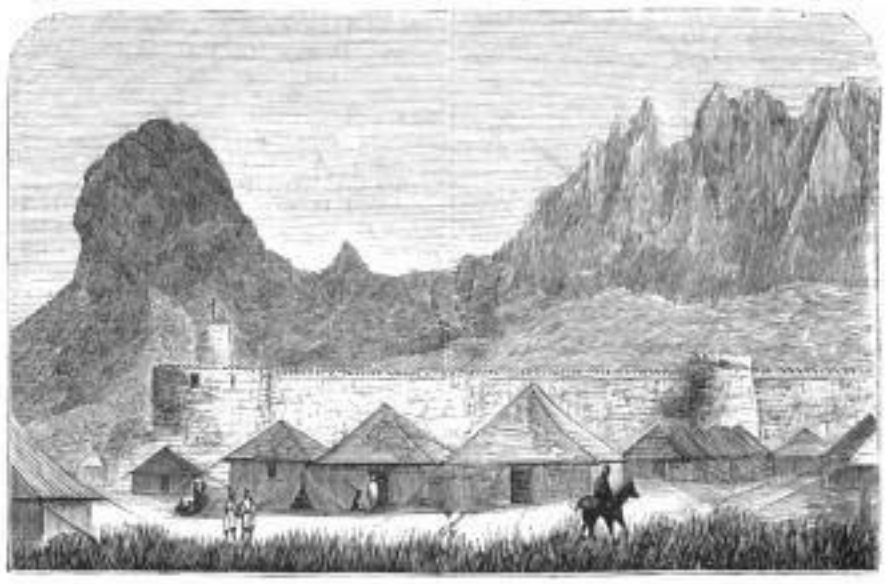
BELGIUM.—TRIAL OF EUGENE T'KINDT FOR FRAUD ON THE BANK OF BELGIUM.



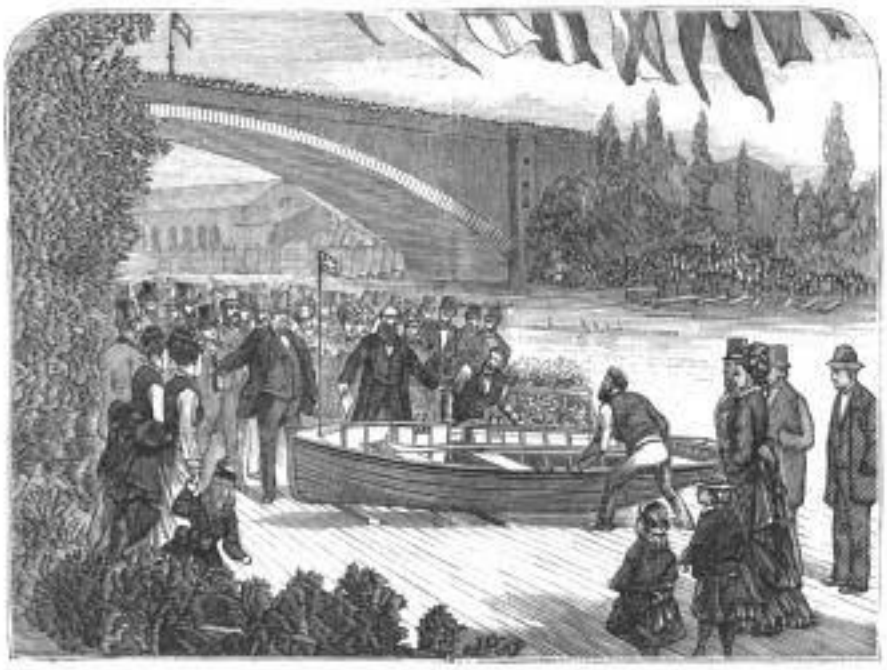
ITALY.—VISIT OF THE KING TO THE MILITARY SCHOOL AT MODENA.



AFGHANISTAN.—VIEW OF THE CITY AND FORTIFICATIONS OF QUETTA.



AFGHANISTAN.—VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CANDAHAR.

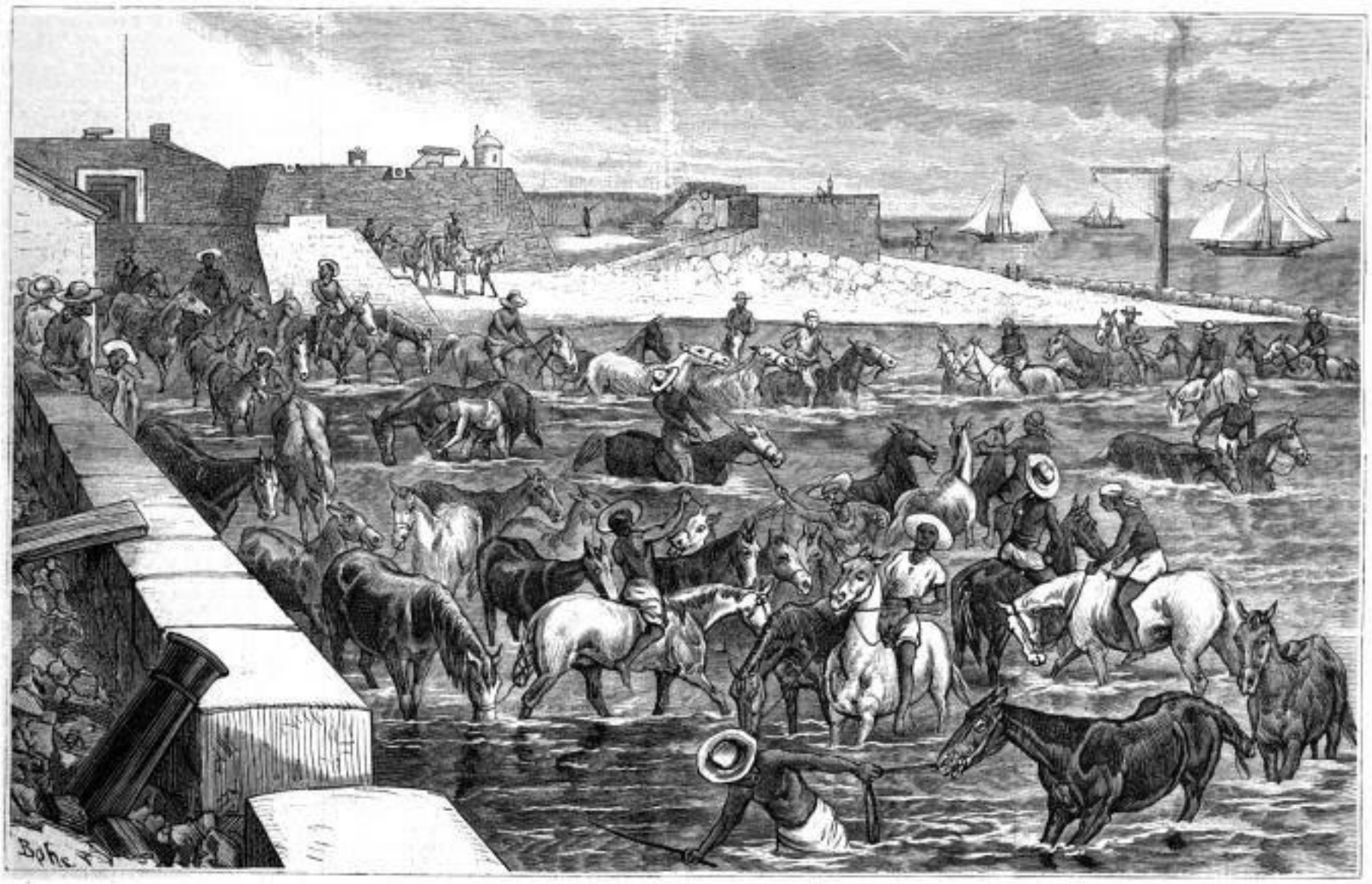


AUSTRALIA.—LAUNCH OF THE FIRST LIFEBOAT OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY, VICTORIA.



AUSTRALIA.—GOLD-DIGGERS PREPARING FOR DEFENSE AT QUEENSLAND

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WASHING HORSES.—EARLY MORNING SCENE AT THE "POINT" LA PUNTA, HAVANA.

SCENES IN HAVANA.

THE proprietors of horses at Havana, at rosy morn and dewy eve, send their steeds to water to a place called La Punta—a shallow beach, situated beneath the fort. I have never beheld so remarkable a collection of animals, displaying, like Mr. Winkle's celebrated *Rosinante*, immense symmetry of bone. To sit on the bastion, or on one of the guns of the fort, and watch these lean and hungry-looking animals saunter into the wavelets, to the shrill cries of attendants arrayed in the scantiest of scanty attire, is about as pleasing a way of whiling away a morning hour as can be readily imagined. The cool breeze from the ocean fans the cheek, the white-sailed craft passing dreamily on the mirror-like sea are ever things of beauty, and their tranquil gliding affords a vivid contrast to the kicking, prancing, plunging horses, and the excited, gesticulating, earnest riders. It is no uncommon thing to see these equestrians unhorsed and flung bodily into the water, while not a few, availing themselves of the opportunity, prefer wading with their chargers until the water reaches up to their armpits. I have seen as many as a hundred horses in the pool at a time, and some of them, I am free to confess, worthy of Fifth Avenue or Rotten Row. The sentinels at the fort pause in their "weary rounds" to gaze on the animated scene, while the interchange of chaff between the riders is a source of intense delight to the onlookers.

To those accustomed to the lightning-like express a baggage-wagon at Havana suggests a leap backward into the middle of the sixteenth century. The patient, starry-eyed oxen are employed instead of the rapid thoroughbred, and in place of the light wagon hung upon springs that might be tempered to a lady's watch, a cumbrous, creaking, heavy, iron-patched wooden shed, inverted, is used, with wheels so broad as to defy even bog or quicksand. Into this unwieldy vehicle, boxes, valises, portmanteaus, the time-honored carpet-bag, together with *impedimenta* of every sort, shape, size and description are packed, while in front, perched on a ledge, sits the languid driver, his terrible goad in one hand, the reins in the other.

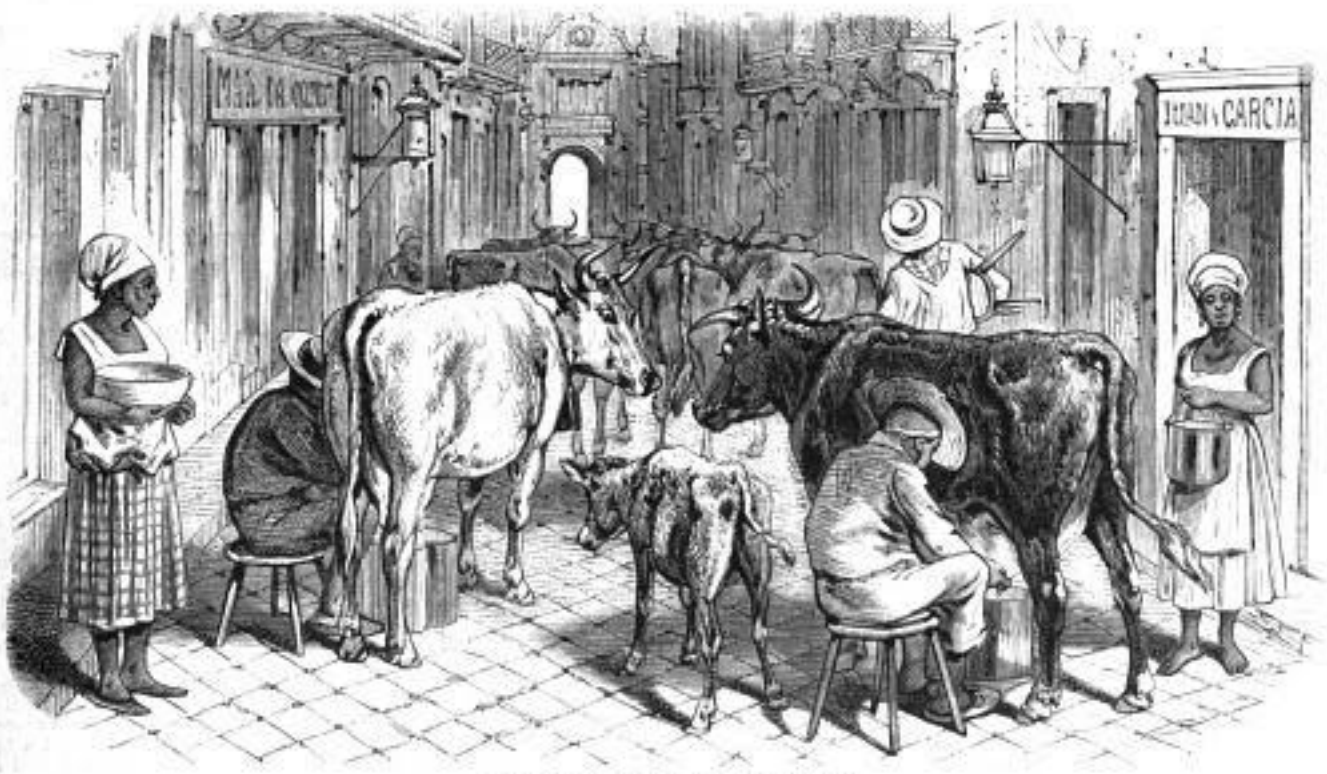
The yoke beneath which the oxen bend is very weighty, while the reins are attached to a ring in the nose. A prod from the steel-tipped goad with the not unmusical cry of "*Oi da*" seems to be quite sufficient for driving purposes, the patient brutes obeying in cumbrous fashion the commands of the guide. A bucket of water hangs in front, but I have seldom seen the weary animals treated to a seething draught from out its depths.

It would have been lucky for the unfortunates who were compelled to swallow the swill milk—that hideous fraud, so fearlessly shown up in the columns of this journal some years ago—if the Cuban custom of sending round the cows



A HAVANA BAGGAGE-WAGON.

existed in New York at that date. In Havana the cows are driven from street to street, the tinkling of the bells around their necks announcing their coming. As they approach, the helps emerge from the various habitations armed with bowls and cans; the cow is then stopped, and the man, seating himself upon a four-legged wooden stool, which he carries underneath his arm, calmly proceeds to milk the animal in the presence of the buyer, while an interchange of "nods, looks and wreathed smiles" takes place, followed by a gossip lasting during the operation of filling the vessel with the creamy liquid. I have seen goats driven about in this way even in Barcelona, the Manchester of Spain, but cows never.



A CUBAN METHOD OF INSURING FRESH MILK.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS IN 1879.

THERE are two eclipses of the sun, one on the 22d of January and the other on the 19th of July, both of which are annular, and neither of which is visible to this country. There is also a slight partial eclipse of the moon December 28th, a part of which may be seen by the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast.

Mercury, at the beginning of the year, will be in the morning sky, but owing to its great southern declination will not be easily seen. It will be visible for a few evenings towards the end of March, somewhat to the north of Venus and lower down. It may also be seen in the morning sky about the 9th of September, but cannot well be seen at any other of its periods of elongation.

Venus, having passed its superior conjunction with the sun on December 5th, 1878, will become visible in the evening sky about the middle of January, and will be in conjunction with Jupiter on the 23d of that month, being about one degree south of the latter at the time of setting, on that evening. The beauty of the scene will be enhanced by the presence of the new moon, which will be in conjunction with both planets on that day. Passing Saturn, March 2d, Venus will remain in the evening sky until September 23d, the date of inferior conjunction with the sun, but will scarcely be seen throughout September, owing to its southern declination, but will be bright in the morning sky during the remainder of the year.

Mars will be visible only as a morning star for the first half of the year. It will be in conjunction with Jupiter on the 9th of May, and with Saturn on the 30th of June, being within eighty seconds of a degree of that planet. As this conjunction will occur in the afternoon, the two bodies, which would appear to the naked eye as one, will not be seen. Mars will arrive at opposition on the 12th of November, and though not so brilliant as in 1877, will blaze brightly in the evening sky during the latter part of the year, approaching sufficiently near the

CUBA.—SCENES IN HAVANA.—INCIDENTS OF A WINTER RESIDENCE IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.

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earth to render its satellites visible—a pamphlet on the motions of which may be obtained on application to the National Observatory.

Jupiter will come to opposition on the 31st of August in the constellation of Aquarius, being at its furthest point east nearly in line with the western side of the Square of Pegasus, and about equidistant from mark 60 of that constellation and Fomalhaut.

Saturn, with the exception of the first month, will be in Pisces throughout the year, coming to opposition on the 5th of October, being about two hours east of Jupiter.

Uranus will be in Leo, 4 deg. or 5 deg. east of Regulus, during the year.

Neptune is in Aries, being in opposition on the 3d of November, and in conjunction with Mars on the 14th of August.

A NOCTURNE.

THE whispering glades are glad;
Yesterday nature was sad,
Now the beetles boom through the air,
And orchard blossoms out there
Are fresh and fragrant and fair,
My queen.

The storm is over and gone;
White moonbeams lattice the lawn;
The tears of the sorrowful dead
Must sometimes cease to be shed,
And smiles shine through overhead,
My queen.

Let us drift out into the sea
From the troubles and toils that be,
Where the soft, strong wash and flow
Of the wind-borne waves as they go
Make murmurous melody low,
My queen.

Where the winds are the wings of Love
And brood as an amorous dove,
If the chords of my perfect bliss
Throbbed forth in a fervent kiss,
Would you deem it so far amiss,
My queen?

Such joy could never remain,
Such rapture tarry with twain;
With you held close to my breast
I could find us an endless rest
Under the curled foam crest,
My queen.

There is worse than death that devours,
Life yet for a little is ours;
And though but a breath or a span
Are the days of the life of a man,
Whatever Love will, Love can,
My queen.

JOHN MORAN.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(*Continued from front page.*)

bent on nothing but saving the reputation of our miserable girl, you would have a right to blame me for keeping you ignorant of the calamity that has fallen on us——"

There the voice of her husband interposed sternly. "Calamity! Say disgrace, everlasting disgrace."

Mrs. Ronald did not notice the interruption. Sadly and patiently she went on:

"But I had a harder trial still to face," she said. "I had to save her, in spite of herself, from the wretch who has brought this infamy on us. He has acted throughout in cold blood; it is his interest to marry her, and from first to last he has plotted to force the marriage on us. For God's sake, don't speak loud! She is in the room above us; if she hears you it will be the death of her. Don't suppose I am talking at random; I have looked at his letters to her; I have got the confession of the servant-girl. Such a confession! Emma is his victim, body and soul. I know that she sent him money (*my* money) from this place. I know that the servant (at *her* instigation), informed him by telegraph of the birth of the child. Oh, Benjamin, don't curse the poor, helpless infant—such a sweet little girl! Don't think of it! don't think of it! Show me the letter that you brought here; I want to see the letter. Ah, I can tell who wrote it! *He* wrote it. In his own interests; always with his own interests in view. Don't you see it for yourself? If I succeed in keeping this shame and misery a secret from everybody—if I take Emma away, to some place abroad, on pretense of her health—there is an end of his hopes of becoming your son-in-law; there is an end of his being taken into the business. Yes! he, the low-lived vagabond who puts up the shop-shutters, *he* looks forward to being taken into partnership, and succeeding you when you die! Isn't his object in writing that letter as plain to you now as the heaven above us? His one chance is to set your temper in a flame, to provoke the scandal of a discovery and to force the marriage on us as the only remedy left. Am I wrong in making any sacrifice, rather than bind our girl for life, our own flesh and blood, to such a man as that? Surely you can feel for me, and forgive me, now. How could I own the truth to you, before I left London, knowing you as I do? How could I expect you to be patient, to go into hiding, to pass under a false name—to do all the degrading things that must be done, if we are to keep Emma out of this man's way? No! I know no more than you do where Farnaby is to be found. Hush! there is the door-bell. It's the doctor's time for his visit. I tell you again I don't know—on my sacred word of honor, I don't know where Farnaby is. Oh, be quiet! be quiet! there's the doctor going up-stairs! don't let the doctor hear you!"

So far, she had succeeded in composing her husband. But the fury which she had innocently roused in him, in her eagerness to justify herself, now broke beyond all control. "You lie!" he cried furiously. "If you know everything else about it, you know where Farnaby is. I'll be the death of him, if I swing for it on the gallows! Where is he? where is he?"

A shriek from the upper room silenced him before Mrs. Ronald could speak again. His daughter had heard him; his daughter had recognized his voice.

A cry of terror from her mother echoed the cry from above; the sound of the opening and closing door followed instantly. Then there was a momentary silence. Then Mrs. Ronald's voice was heard from the upper room calling to the nurse, asleep in the front parlor. The nurse's gruff tones were just audible, answering from the parlor door. There was another interval of silence, broken by another voice—a stranger's voice—speaking at the window, close by.

"Follow me up stairs, sir, directly," the voice said in peremptory tone. "As your daughter's medical attendant, I tell you in the plainest terms that you have seriously frightened her. In her critical condition, I decline to answer for her life, unless you make the attempt at least to undo the mischief you have done. Whether you mean it or not, soothe her with kind words; say you have forgiven her. No! I have nothing to do with your domestic troubles; I have only my patient to think of. I don't care what she asks of you, you must give way to her now. If she falls into convulsions, she will die—and her death will be at your door."

So, with feebler and feebler interruptions from Mr. Ronald, the doctor spoke. It ended plainly in his being obeyed. The departing footsteps of the men were the next sounds to be heard. After that there was a pause of silence—a long pause, broken by Mrs. Ronald, calling again from the upper regions:

"Take the child into the back-parlor, nurse, and wait till I come to you. It's cooler there, at this time of day."

The wailing of an infant, and the gruff complaining of the nurse, were the next sounds that reached Farnaby in his hiding-place. The nurse was grumbling to herself over the grievance of having been awakened from her sleep. "After being up all night, a person wants rest. There's no rest for anybody in this house. My head's as heavy as lead, and every bone in me has got an ache in it."

Before long, the renewed silence indicated that she had succeeded in hushing the child to sleep. Farnaby forgot the restraints of caution for the first time. His face flushed with excitement; he ventured nearer to the window in his eagerness to find out what might happen next. After no long interval, the next sound came—a sound of heavy breathing, which told him that the drowsy nurse was falling asleep again. The window-sill was within reach of his hands. He waited until the heavy breathing deepened to snoring. Then he drew himself up by the window-sill, and looked into the room.

The nurse was fast asleep in an armchair; and the child was fast asleep on her lap.

He dropped softly to the ground again. Taking off his shoes and putting them in his pockets, he ascended the two or three steps which led to the half-open back-garden door. Arrived in the passage, he could just hear them talking up-stairs. They were no doubt still absorbed in their troubles; he had only the servant to dread. The splashing of water in the kitchen informed him that she was safely occupied in washing. Slowly and softly he opened the back-parlor door, and stole across the room to the nurse's chair.

One of her hands still rested on the child. The serious risk was the risk of waking her, if he lost his presence of mind and hurried it.

He glanced at the American clock on the mantelpiece. The result relieved him; it was not so late as he had feared. He knelt down to steady himself as nearly as possible on a level with the nurse's knees. By a hair's-breadth at a time he drew the child away from her, leaving her hand resting on her lap by degrees so gradual that the lightest sleeper could not have felt the change. That done (barring accidents), all was done. Keeping the child resting easily on his left arm, he had his right hand free to shut the door again. Arrived at the garden steps, a slight change passed over the sleeping infant's face—the delicate little creature shivered as if it felt the full flow of the open air. He softly laid over its face a corner of the woolen shawl in which it was wrapped. The child reposed as quietly on his arm as if it had still been on the nurse's lap.

In a minute more he was at the paling. The woman rose to receive him, with the first smile that had crossed her face since they had left London.

"So you've got the baby!" she said. "Well, you *are* a deep one."

"Take it," he answered, irritably. "We haven't a moment to lose."

Only stopping to put on his shoes, he led the way toward the more central part of the town. The first person he met directed him to the railway-station. It was close by. In five minutes more the woman and the baby were safe in the train to London.

"There's the other half of the money," he said, handing it to her through the carriage-window.

The woman eyed the child in her arms with a frowning expression of doubt.

"All very well as long as it lasts," she said. "And what after that?"

"Of course I shall call and see you," he answered.

She looked hard at him, and expressed the whole value she set on that assurance in four words:

"Of course you will!"

The train started for London. Farnaby watched it, as he left the platform, with a look of unfeigned relief.

"There!" he thought to himself, "Emma's reputation is safe enough now! When we are married we mustn't have a love-child in the way of our prospects in life."

Leaving the station, he stepped at the refreshment-room and drank a glass of brandy-and-water.

"Something to screw me up," he thought, "for what is to come."

What was to come (after he had got rid of the child) had been carefully considered by him on the journey to Ramsgate.

"Emma's husband that-is-to-be"—he had reasoned it out—"will naturally be the first person Emma wants to see when the loss of the baby has upset the house. If Old Ronald has a grain of affection left in him he must let her marry me after *that*!"

Acting on this view of his position, he took the way that led back to Slains Row, and rang the door-bell as became a visitor who had no reasons for concealment now.

The household was doubtless already disorganized by the discovery of the child's disappearance. Neither servant nor landlord was active in answering the bell. Farnaby submitted to be kept waiting with perfect composure. There are occasions on which a handsome man is bound to put his personal advantages to the best use. He took out his pocket-comb and touched up the arrangement of his whiskers with a skilled and gentle hand. Approaching footsteps made themselves heard along the passage at last. Farnaby put back his comb and buttoned his coat briskly.

"Now for it!" he said, as the door was opened at last.

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

THE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

SIXTEEN years after the date of Mr. Ronald's disastrous discovery at Ramsgate—that is to say, in the year 1872—the steamship *Aquila* left the port of New York, bound for Liverpool.

It was the month of September. The passenger-list of the *Aquila* had comparatively few names inscribed on it. In the Autumn season the voyage from America to England, but for the remunerative value of the cargo, would prove to be for the most part a profitless voyage to ship-owners. The flow of passengers, at that time of year, sets steadily the other way. Americans are returning from Europe to their own country. Tourists have delayed the voyage until the fierce August heat of the United States has subsided, and the delicious Indian Summer is ready to welcome them. At bed and board the passengers by the *Aquila* on her homeward voyage had plenty of room, and the choicest morsels for everybody alike on the well-spread dinner-table.

The wind was favorable, the weather was lovely. Cheerfulness and good-humor pervaded the ship from stem to stern. The courteous captain did the honors of the cabin-table with the air of a gentleman who was receiving friends in his own house. The handsome doctor promenaded the deck arm-in-arm with ladies in course of rapid recovery from the first stomachic consequences of traveling by sea. The excellent chief-engineer, musical in his leisure moments to his fingers' ends, played the fiddle in his cabin, accompanied on the flute by that young Apollo of the Atlantic trade, the steward's mate. Only on the third morning of the voyage was the harmony on board the *Aquila* disturbed by a passing moment of discord—due to an unexpected addition to the ranks of the passengers, in the shape of a lost bird!

It was merely a weary little land-bird (blown out of its course, as the learned supposed); and it perched on one of the yards to rest and recover itself after its long flight.

The instant the creature was discovered, the insatiate Anglo-Saxon delight in killing birds, from the majestic eagle to the contemptible sparrow, displayed itself in its full frenzy. The crew ran about the decks, the passengers rushed into their cabins, eager to seize the first gun and to have the first shot. An old quartermaster of the *Aquila* was the enviable man who first found the means of destruction ready to his hand. He lifted the gun to his shoulder, he had his finger on the trigger, when he was suddenly pounced upon by one of the passengers—a young, slim, sunburnt, active man—who snatched away the gun, discharged it over the side of the vessel, and turned furiously on the quartermaster. "You wretch! would you kill the poor, weary bird that trusts our hospitality, and only asks us to give it a rest? That little harmless thing is as much one of God's creatures as you are. I'm ashamed of you—I'm horrified at you—you've got bird-murder in your face; I hate the sight of you!"

The quartermaster—a large, grave, fat man, slow alike in his bodily and mental movements—listened to this extraordinary remonstrance with a fixed stare of amazement, and an open mouth from which the unspat tobacco-juice trickled in little brown streams. When the impetuous young gentleman paused (not for want of words, merely for want of breath), the quartermaster turned about, and addressed himself to the audience gathered round. "Gentlemen," he said, with a Roman brevity, "this young fellow is mad."

The captain's voice checked the general outbreak of laughter.

"That will do, quartermaster. Let it be understood that nobody is to shoot the bird—and let me suggest to you, sir, that you might have expressed your humane sentiments quite as effectually in less violent language."

Addressed in those terms, the impetuous young man burst into another fit of excitement:

"You're quite right, sir! I deserve every word you have said to me; I feel I have disgraced myself." He ran after the quartermaster, and seized him by both hands. "I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon with all my heart. You would have served me right if you had thrown me overboard after the language I used to you. Pray excuse my quick temper; pray forgive me. What do you say? 'Let bygones *be* bygones?' That's a capital way of putting it. You're a thorough good fellow. If I can ever be of the smallest use to you (there's my card) let me know it; I entreat you let me know it." He returned in a violent hurry to the captain. "I've made it up with the quartermaster, sir. He forgives me, he bears no malice. Allow me to congratulate you on having such a good Christian in your ship. I wish I was like him! Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for the disturbance I have made. It sha'n't happen again—I promise you that."

The male travelers in general looked at each other, and seemed to agree with the quartermaster's opinion of their fellow-passenger. The women, touched by his evident sincerity, and charmed with his handsome, blushing, eager face, agreed that he was quite right to save the poor bird, and that it would be all the better for the weaker part of creation generally if other men were more like him. While the various opinions were still in course of expression, the sound of the luncheon-bell cleared the deck of the passengers, with two exceptions. One was the impetuous young man. The other was a middle-aged traveler, with a grizzled beard and a penetrating eye, who had silently observed the proceedings, and who now took the opportunity of introducing himself to the hero of the moment.

"Are you not going to take any luncheon?" he asked.

"No, sir. Among the people I have lived with we don't eat at intervals of three or four hours, all day long."

"Will you excuse me," pursued the other, "if I should like to know *what* people you have been living with? My name is Hethcote; I was associated, at one time of my life, with a college devoted to the training of young men. From what I have seen and heard this morning, I fancy you have not been educated on any of the recognized systems that are popular at the present day. Am I right?"

The excitable young man suddenly became the picture of resignation, and answered in a formula of words, as if he was repeating a lesson:

"I am Claude Amelius Goldenheart. Aged twenty-one. Son, and only child, of the late Claude Goldenheart, of Shedfield Heath, Buckinghamshire, England. I have been brought up by the Primitive Christian Socialists at Tadmor Community, State of Illinois. I have inherited an income of five hundred a year. And I am now, with the approval of the Community, going to London to see life."

Mr. Hethcote received this copious flow of information, in some doubt whether he had been made the victim of coarse raillery, or whether he had merely heard a quaint statement of facts. Claude Amelius Goldenheart saw that he produced an unfavorable impression, and hastened to set himself right.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "I am not making game of you, as you seem to suppose. We are taught to be courteous to everbody, in our Community. The truth is, there seems to be something odd about me (I'm sure I don't know what), which makes people whom I meet on my travels curious to know who I am. If you'll please to remember, it's a long way from Illinois to New York, and curious strangers are not scarce on the journey. When one is obliged to keep on saying the same thing over and over again, a form saves a deal of trouble. I have made a form for myself—which is respectfully at the disposal of any person who does me the honor to wish for my acquaintance. Will that do, sir? Very well, then, shake hands, to show you're satisfied."

Mr. Hethcote shook hands, more than satisfied. He found it impossible to resist the bright, honest, brown eyes, the simple, winning, cordial manner of the young fellow with the quaint formula and the strange name.

"Come, Mr. Goldenheart," he said, leading the way to a seat on deck, "let us sit down comfortably, and have a talk."

"Anything you like, sir—but don't call me Mr. Goldenheart."

"Why not?"

"Well, it sounds formal. And, besides, you're old enough to be my father; it's my duty to call *you* Mister—or Sir, as we say to our elders at Tadmor. I have left all my friends behind me at the Community—and I feel lonely out here on this big ocean, among strangers. Do me a kindness, sir. Call me by my Christian name: and give me a friendly slap on the back if you find we get along smoothly in the course of the day."

"Which of your names shall it be?" Mr. Hethcote asked, humoring this odd lad. "Claude?"

"No. Not Claude. The Primitive Christians said Claude was a finicking French name. Call me Amelius, and I shall begin to feel at home again. If you're in a hurry, cut it down to three letters (as they did at Tadmor), and call me Mel."

"Very good," said Mr. Hethcote. "Now, my friend Amelius (or Mel), I am going to speak out plainly as you do. The Primitive Christian Socialists must have great confidence in their system of education, to turn you adrift in the world without a companion to look after you."

"You've hit it, sir," Amelius answered coolly. "They have unlimited confidence in their system of education. And I'm a proof of it."

"You have relations in London, I suppose?" Mr. Hethcote proceeded.

For the first time the face of Amelius showed a shadow of sadness on it.

"I have relations," he said. "But I have promised never to claim kindred with them. They are hard and worldly, and they will make you hard and worldly too. That's what my father said to me on his death-bed."

He took off his hat when he mentioned his father's death, and came to a sudden pause—with his head bent down, like a man absorbed in thought. In less than a minute he put on his hat again, and looked up with his bright, winning smile.

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"We say a little prayer for the loved ones who are gone when we speak of them," he explained. "But we don't say it out loud, for fear of seeming to parade our religious convictions. We hate cant in our Community."

"I cordially agree with the Community, Amelius. But, my good fellow, have you really no friend to welcome you, when you get to London?"

Amelius lifted his hand mysteriously. "Wait a little!" he said—and took a letter from the breast-pocket of his coat. Mr. Hethcote, watching him, observed that he looked at the address with an expression of unfeigned pride and pleasure.

"One of our brethren at the Community has given me this," he announced. "It's a letter of introduction, sir, to a remarkable man—a man who is an example to all the rest of us. He has risen, by dint of integrity and perseverance, from the position of a poor porter in a shop, to be one of the most respected mercantile characters in the City of London."

With this exordium, Amelius handed his letter to Mr. Hethcote. It was addressed as follows:

To John Farnaby, Esq.,
Messrs. Ronald & Farnaby,
Stationers,
Aldersgate St., London.

(To be continued.)

MOLL PITCHER AT MONMOUTH.

MOLL PITCHER was one of the true heroines of the American Revolutionary War, and no account of the battle of Monmouth is complete without the record of her part in it. The battle was one of the most bitterly contested of all the struggles of that war. It was fought June 28th, 1778, at Freehold, in Monmouth County, New Jersey. The American forces were under command of General Washington, and the British under Sir Henry Clinton, who had evacuated Philadelphia ten days previous, with the intention of marching towards New Brunswick, and embarking by way of the Raritan River. In this intention he was frustrated by the American army, which was encamped at Valley Forge. Washington, hearing of Sir Henry Clinton's movements, sent out a force to intercept him. Sir Henry Clinton changed his route, and on the evening of June 27th was encamped on the high ground near Monmouth Courthouse. The American advance was at Englishtown, about five miles distant, under General Lee, the main body of the army being three miles in the rear. Early on the morning of the 28th Lee's division and the rear-guard of the British came in conflict. Lee intended to hold his position until the main body came to his assistance, but his men became demoralized, and began a disorderly retreat. It was charged that Lee shared the demoralization of his men, and when Washington, coming up with the main body, met him in retreat, he, with a severe rebuke, ordered him to rally his men and return to the field. This occasion is said to have been the only time that General Washington ever uttered an oath. The battle lasted all day, and resulted in a victory for the Americans. During the night the British silently retreated.

The intense heat of the day was fatal to many of the soldiers of both armies, yet, notwithstanding the heat, smoke and blood of the battle, Moll Pitcher stepped forward among these heroes and took a place in history from which she can never be dislodged.

When the British attacked the regiment of Livingston and Varnum's brigade, which lined a hedgerow that stretched across the open field in front of a causeway over a morass, the scene occurred which is depicted in our engraving. Moll Pitcher was the wife of a cannoneer. She was a sturdy camp-follower, about twenty-two years old. During the action her husband was managing one of the field-pieces, and she was constantly employed in bringing him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed the brave cannoneer, and the officer in command, having no one to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. The intrepid wife saw her husband fall to the earth, and heard the order given by the officer.

"Not so," cried she. "I will take his place and avenge his death." She sprang to the piece, and there in the thick of the battle she loaded and fired with all the coolness and bravery of a veteran. The skill and courage she displayed attracted the attention of all who saw her. All day long she held her post, firing shot after shot into the ranks of the British.

The next morning after the battle was over, covered with dirt and blood, she was presented by General Greene to Washington, who, admiring her courage and coolness, gave her the commission of sergeant, and by his recommendation her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. But this distinction did not satisfy the enthusiastic soldiers who had witnessed her valor.

They dubbed her Captain Molly, which title she bore for the rest of her life. The French officers, who were charmed with her bravery, made her many presents. She would often pass along the French lines, with her cocked hat, and the admiring soldiers would almost fill it with money.

The Battle of Monmouth was not Moll Pitcher's first experience under fire. She was in Fort Clinton, on the Hudson, when it was attacked by the British about nine months before the Monmouth Battle. When the Americans retreated from the fort, as the enemy scaled the ramparts, her husband dropped his match and fled. Molly caught it up, touched off the piece and scampered off. It was the last gun fired by the Americans in the fort.

Soon after the Battle of Monmouth, where her husband was killed, she left the army and retired to a place between Fort Montgomery and Buttermilk Falls, on the Hudson, where she lived till her death. She was usually attired in the petticoats of her sex, over which she wore an artilleryman's coat. She was a stout, red-haired, freckled-faced Irishwoman, with a handsome piercing eye. Unfortunately, after the death of her husband, she fell into evil ways, and her death was in consequence of her dissolute habits.

Where it Never Rains.

IN Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual southeast trade-winds, and though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great southeast boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The southeast trade-winds in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Traveling to the northwest, they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes; here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that a very low temperature can attract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slope beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain-tops, they reach the ocean. Thus we see how the tops of the Andes become the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.

Turkish Prisoners from Russia.

THE Turks are now receiving back their prisoners from Russia. Several thousand men arrive at Constantinople every week. They are well clad and well fed, and all wear enormous boots which emit a powerful odor of Russia leather. The returned prisoners say that the Russians at first issued to them rations of black bread such as their own soldiers use, but the Turks would not touch it. The Russians then provided white bread expressly for the Turks. The only complaint which the men make is that they were taken to an unearthly region where the night is only three and a half hours in length, and that there they were set at road-building with wages of ten cents per day of eighteen hours. They seem to have thrived on this regimen, as there is not a battalion in the Turkish Army which can compare in appearance of sturdy health with these returned prisoners. The generals who have the misfortune to be given up by the Russians are not quite glad to see their native land. A detachment of troops is always on hand at the landing, and when a general arrives he is arrested without ceremony and marched to the War Department, where they all will have to be tried by court-martial. Two court-martials sit permanently, one to try officers defeated in Europe and the other for those of Asia. If the progress of these courts in future is at their present speed many accused persons will naturally die before the arrival of their turn for trial.

A New Theory Regarding Mummies.

HAVING observed that Egyptian mummies could be divided into two classes, one embracing those bodies which had been embalmed intact, and the other including those bodies which had been eviscerated, Dr. Gamelbach, a Swedish chemist of repute and professor in the University of Upsal, has formed the opinion that the mummies of the first class are not really dead, but are only in a condition of suspended animation; though, unfortunately for historians, the secret of bringing them again to life has been lost. In support of this theory, he adduces the results of his own researches and experiments, one of which consists in submitting a snake to a process, the details of which are of course kept secret, which petrifies it. In this condition it has been laid aside for a year or two at a time, and it is then restored to life by some equally mysterious vivifying process. This has now been going on about fifteen years, and the snake does not seem to dislike it. Dr. Gamelbach is said to have applied to the Swedish government for leave to experiment on a condemned criminal, the understanding being that if the experiment is successful the criminal shall receive pardon, because of the service thus rendered to science, and, possibly, to humanity.

Dr. Draper and the Rumford Medal.

THE history of the Rumford Medal Fund held in trust by the Royal Society, and the awards made by this body, are too well known to need repetition; but it is not equally well known that a similar medal fund was founded in the United States by Rumford, and is held in trust by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The medals were to be awarded for "the most important discovery or improvement relating to light and heat that had been made during the preceding two years in any part of America." The awards of the American Rumford medals have been made few and far between, and, until 1876, may be said to have been given for inventions rather than discoveries. At this date the medal was awarded to Dr. Draper (as the medal itself records) "for researches on radiant energy." Had he been a European there can be little doubt that he would have received one of our English medals years ago, and that his name would have been in the same list with those of Leslie, Fox Talbot, Fresnel, and Faraday. As it is, he has the honor of being the first recipient of the American Rumford medal which has ever been awarded for pure scientific research.

A Singular City.

CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN, in a letter from Oneida, on the line of the Utah and Northern Railroad, in process of construction from Ogden to Montana, says: "Oneida is a walking town. It jumps along as the road progresses. Hotels, houses, stores, saloons, stables and all other buildings are put up in sections, marked and numbered. When the active superintendent, Mr. Dunn, gives the order, the whole town is taken to pieces in two days, packed on the train and with all its inhabitants moved along to the next stopping-place. New streets are then laid out, and a new city formed of the old materials, springs into life, flourishing until fifty miles more of railroad is completed. Then it jumps again. Thus it will continue to jump till the traveling municipality is merged in the permanent city of Virginia or Helena, at whichever of them the road may terminate. It is satisfactory to its managers that it pays a fair interest on its cost."

Notes on Germany's Progress.

THE present population of Germany proper, or of all the territory comprehended in what is now known as the German Empire, is estimated in round numbers at 45,000,000. Of these, according to a late census, 37,800,000, including 500,000 Jews, are Germans; 2,450,000 are Poles, 140,000 Wends, 50,000 Czechs, 150,000 Lithuanians and Courlanders, 150,000 Danes, and 220,000 French and Walloons. The Poles live exclusively in the east and northeast of Prussia; the Czechs in Silesia, about Oppeln and Breslau; the Wends in Silesia, Brandenburg, and Prussian Lusatia; the Lithuanians and Courlanders in East Prussia; the Danes in Sleswig; the Walloons in Rhenish Prussia, around Aix-la-Chapelle; the French partly there, and partly in the newly-acquired Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. There are in the Empire twenty-one universities, of which the best known are at Berlin, Halle, Bonn, Erlangen, Leipsic, Göttingen, Heidelberg, Jena and Königsberg. Fourteen are Protestant—that is, they teach Protestantism in the department of theology—(the other departments of the universities are law, medicine, and philosophy); four are Roman Catholic, and three—Bonn, Breslau, and Tubingen—are mixed. There are sixteen polytechnic institutions, likewise; some five hundred gymnasia or high schools, a large number of special schools, and over fifty thousand elementary schools. The attendance of children at school for at least four or five years being compulsory in nearly all the German States, the proportion of persons who cannot read and write is exceedingly small.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Scenes in Afghanistan—The Bolan Pass, Quettah, and Kelat.

These are mainly sketches from the districts traversed by the divisions of Generals Biddulph and Donald Stewart on its way to Quettah. As the British are on very good terms with the Khan of Beloochistan he has allowed their troops to pass freely over his territory, and, indeed, by virtue of a treaty, they have occupied the frontier town of Quettah for the past two years, and it is this town, which borders on Afghanistan, which has been made the base of General Biddulph's operations. Quettah, which is also called Shawl, is a walled town built on the slopes of a large hill, which is crowned by the citadel. Their occupation of Quettah was one of Ameer Shere Ali's great grievances, as the Afghans claim sovereignty over the district. One of the illustrations depicts the fort of Candahar, and which is one of the chief cities of Afghanistan, being situated about two hundred miles south of Cabul. The climate is much milder and healthier than Quettah and its surroundings. It stands in the midst of a fertile and well-watered plain, and General Stewart is anxious to secure it for his troops' Winter quarters. The town contains some 30,000 inhabitants (principally the Ducranee tribe), and is a place of considerable military strength, it being there that, amid all the disasters of the last Afghan war, the British maintained their ground. The third illustration will give some idea of the general features of the Afghan village houses. They are usually surrounded by a mud wall, curiously slit and pierced, so that it may be defended by musketry in case of attack, and over its summit rise a number of mud domes, on whose tops may generally be seen a few women and children. These are the roofs of the little rooms in which an Afghan family live during the day.

The T'Kindt-Fortamps Case.

This great trial for embezzlement upon the Bank of Belgium, to the amount of $4,000,000, which has been dragging its slow length along in the Assize Court at Brussels for several weeks, came to an end by the jury returning a verdict convicting the accused. They found T'Kindt guilty of 149 acts of theft by seven votes against five. They, moreover, gave replies in the affirmative to the questions whether the prisoner was guilty of the Bordeaux forgery, the stealing of papers, and embezzling by manipulation of the current accounts of the bank; and a negative reply to the question of guilt in the matter of the coupons, the robbery of letters, and forgery in the current accounts. M. Fortamps, the governor of the bank, was found guilty of repurchasing the shares of the bank. T'Kindt was sentenced to fifteen years' solitary confinement, and Fortamps to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 6,000 francs. A dense crowd had collected in all the approaches to the court during the deliberations of the jury, and it was feared that disturbances might break out. A hundred gendarmes were accordingly stationed in front of the Palais de Justice to maintain order, and all access to court was forbidden. Immediately on judgment being pronounced, however, the crowd quietly dispersed. Our engraving is taken at the time when the prisoners' counsel addressed the court on behalf of their clients.

The Visit of the King of Italy to the Military School of Modena.

During King Humbert's late tour through his dominions, after his escape from the assassin's knife, he visited the military school of Modena, and thoroughly inspected the cadets. His Majesty pronounced himself greatly pleased with the appearance of the young soldiers, and, at the close of the inspection, addressed a few words of congratulation to the assembled aspirants to military fame. Thanks to the beneficial effects of these military schools, the Italian army is rapidly becoming one of the best trained of all European armies.

Sketches from Australia.

One of the great obstacles to the development of the Queensland gold fields, is the hostility displayed by the blacks to the miners who come amongst them in search of the precious metal. On the Palmer these treacherous foes have lately been very troublesome, and several of the enterprising prospectors have fallen victims to their clubs and spears. The scene which has been chosen by our artist depicts an occurrence that is unfortunately but too common. The man in the foreground, whose bronzed countenance and swarthy features show him to be no new chum at the wash-pan, has, assisted by his mate, pitched their rough tent in the centre of a clump of trees, which serve to protect them from the fierce rays of the mid-day sun. For some days their operations have been progressing undisturbed, but the alarm has just been given of the approach of the dusky foe. Hastily dropping the pans that they have been working with, they rush to the tent, and prepare to defend their home. In these times their arms are always kept loaded. Snatching their rifles, they quietly await the approach of the invader. The war-cry becomes louder and louder, and some eight or ten naked blacks are seen approaching with threatening gestures, brandishing their spears aloft. As the leader of the attack comes wildly on, and is preparing to discharge one of his weapons with the unerring skill of his race, the miner hits his rifle and takes a steady aim. A good patch of alluvial diggings has recently been discovered in the Maryborough District, the spot being situated not far from Berba, and designated "Possum-hill Rush," from the prospector being an old digger known in the neighborhood as "Possum Jack." The engraving which we give represents the prospector's claim, with "Possum Jack" on the plank, bucket in hand, and his mates engaged in working out the hole. The surrounding country promises to be worth further development, and a memorial from the miners and residents in the surrounding district has been presented to the Minister of Mines, asking him to reserve the whole of the remaining unalienated lands within the Maryborough mining district, drawing the line north of Hockin Banyah, by East Charlton to St. Arnaud. This the Minister has consented to do. The first lifeboat constructed for the Victorian Humane Society was launched from Edwards' boat sheds, on the south bank of the River Yarra, on Saturday, May 20th, by his Excellency Sir G. F. Bowen. Both banks of the river, as well as Prince's Bridge, were densely crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the number being estimated at 5,000.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—TENNESSEE begins the new year with a debt in bonds and interest of $24,274,017.

—ONE thousand magistrates are to be elected by the next Legislature of North Carolina.

—THERE are five Chinese opium dens in Oakland, Cal., patronized by white men and women, and sixteen frequented exclusively by Chinamen.

—THE South Carolina Legislature has refused to put on the statute book the law against a negro marrying a white woman which obtains in Rhode Island.

—THERE are 272 telephone stations under the direction of the German post-office authorities. The instruments work perfectly over lines fifty kilometres long—say thirty-two miles.

—THE other day there was a barrel of Johannisberg wine sold at Cologne for 56,000 florins. At 1,600 bottles to the barrel, it was estimated that this wine brought about $17.50 to the bottle.

—TEXAS has 1,700 convicts, of whom some 500 are kept in prison, and the rest are hired out to work on railroads and farms. One, undergoing a life sentence, is hired by his wife, and lives comfortably at home.

—ACCORDING to a statement of the Greek Minister of War, Greece has 745 officers on active service in the army, and the effective force of the navy for 1879 is fixed at 2,244 men, of whom 185 are officers and 292 sub-officers.

—PROFESSOR GORINI is superintending the erection of a funeral pyre on a site belonging to the Cremation Society near London. The pyre is on the system which has been approved in numerous cremations at Milan and other places in Italy.

—THE Baltimore Health Department has just done a sensible thing in sending to each school in the city a circular insisting that no child should be allowed to return to school after diphtheria or scarlet fever without the certificate of a physician.

—THE total cotton spindles in the North are now estimated at about 2,900,000, and in the South at 600,000, or a total in the country of say 10,500,000. Of the 48,000,000 spindles employed in the manufacture of cotton in 1876, the United States had in round numbers 10,000,000, and Great Britain 40,000,000.

—A NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HYGIENE has been established in London. It is designed to contain objects relating to every branch of sanitary science. The Queen has contributed fifty pounds sterling to the fund, and Sir William Jenner, M. D., the distinguished physician of the royal family, is the chairman of the executive committee of the institution.

—IN the list of converts to the Roman Catholic Church published in the *Whitehall Review* are 200 from Oxford, 150 from Cambridge; from Trinity College, Dublin and London University jointly, only 10; 85 of the army, 14 of the navy, 45 of the bar; 13 peers, 14 peeresses, 19 sons and 28 daughters of peers, 78 other titled ladies and 35 titled men—in all 1,500.

—IN regard to the approaching exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the London *Academy* hears that a very remarkable series of Italian drawings are to be lent for exhibition from the library of Christ Church, Oxford. The collection contains some exquisite specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea Mantegna, Raphael and Giorgione. The early Florentine school is also said to be well represented.

—A NUMBER of politically and otherwise prominent men in France and in Belgium have of late years, it is stated, become Protestants, declaring that they do not accept the Protestant faith on their own account, but make the change only to save their wives and children from the influence of the Roman Catholic priests. This class of conversions goes now by the name of "changement d'inscription religieuse." The movement has gained recently even in Corsica.

—ATTENTION is being directed to Professor Soetbeer's accounts of the amount of gold recently quarried and washed in Russia. According to this German scholar, the average value of the gold found in that country has risen to $23,250,000 a year. This being about half the sum required for payment of interest abroad, it must in time improve the financial position of the country. Professor Soetbeer is justly regarded as one of the most trustworthy authorities on finance.

—THE annual production of tallow in Russia about ten years ago, was officially estimated at 160,000 tons, of which one-half was exported and the rest locally consumed. There are in the empire upwards of 700 large tallow-melting establishments, employing about 7,000 workmen. There are 600 candle factories, employing 2,500 people; 220 soap works, giving employment to 1,200 workmen, and 13 steam works, employing 2,100 men. The total value of the products worked up in Russia from tallow exceeds $16,250,000.

—SOME time ago the Emperor of Russia granted a charter to the University for Women, and the Russian Minister of War has now officially taken up the subject of training lady doctors for army practice. This measure has been decided upon in consequence of the proof given in the late war of the utter inability of the regular medical staff to cope with the enormous number of sick and wounded. Classes for the instruction of female medical students, to eventually become members of the army medical staff, will soon be formed at St. Petersburg.

—THE See of Durham, which Dr. Baring has just resigned, and which Dean Stanley has declined to accept, is not only one of the richest in the Anglican episcopate, but it possesses very interesting historical associations. The successor of St. Cuthbert is something more than one of the highest and best paid ministers of the English Church. He sits on the throne of the old Prince-Bishops of Durham, who once exercised regal sway over the territory of their diocese. Till the reign of Henry VIII. writs in Durham ran in the bishop's name, and offenders were tried for breaking "the bishop's peace"—not the king's. As late even as the reign of William III. what is now called "the County Palatine of Durham" was styled "the Bishopric of Durham." Archbishops are not entitled to encircle their mitres with a ducal coronet, but the Bishop of Durham is, in compliment to the old palatine right of his predecessors.

—To make shoe-pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 20,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consume 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost $45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways which American forests are going. There are others, our packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874 $12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than $100,000,000.

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A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR—MOLL PITCHER TAKING CHARGE OF A GUN AFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, N. J.—SEE PAGE 355.

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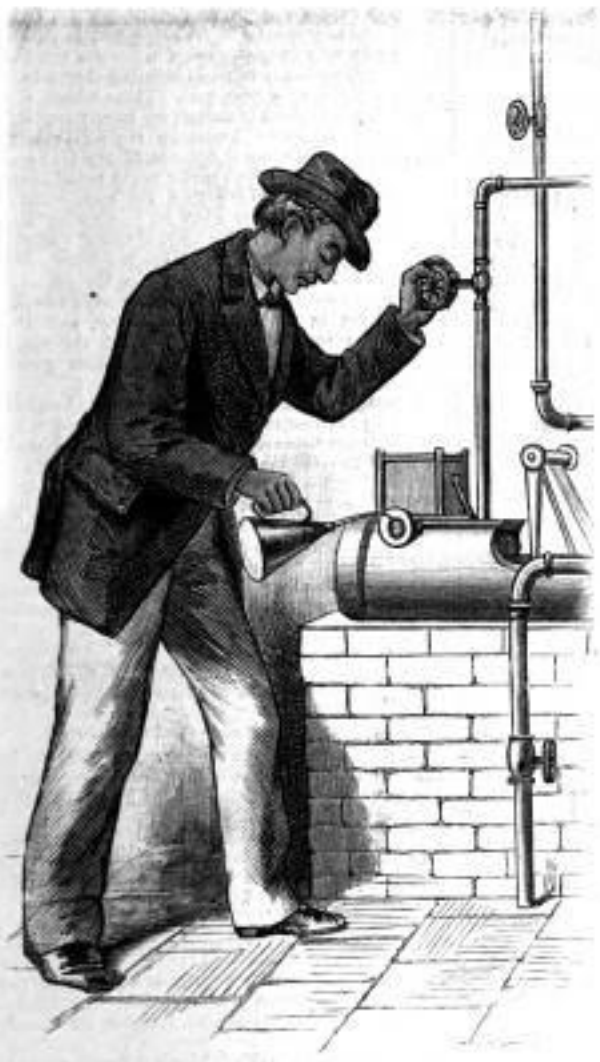


A CLASS-ROOM OF THE NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE—A CLASS RECITATION.

EDUCATING THE INDIANS AT HAMPTON, VA.

THE Government experiment in educating Indians is full of interest. Some four years ago the Indian Department captured in Northern Texas a number of chiefs and young braves. Many of them were directly charged with murdering white settlers and shooting soldiers, but others, by far the majority, were held on general principles, and taken to Florida. Old Fort San Marion at St. Augustine, known in army reports as Fort Marion, was used as their prison. They were kept under the supervision of Captain R. H. Pratt, United States Army, an officer of many years' experience upon the frontier. In the course of time the savages became accustomed to their compulsory life, and learned the duties of the soldier. They were clothed in the uniform of the United States artillery, with non-commissioned officers of their own race, and soon acquired great proficiency in tactics. Schools were opened at the fort, at which they learned to read and write. At length, certain visitors, learning that the Government proposed disbanding and returning to their tribes the body of prisoners, offered to educate a young brave. In this manner it transpired that seventeen of these nomads were enrolled with the colored students of the Hampton (Va.) Normal and Agricultural Institute. Their progress and eager desire to learn claimed the attention of the President and Indian Department, and Captain Pratt was ordered in August last to proceed to the northern agencies, chiefly on the Missouri River, and gather a number of young Indians of both sexes for educational purposes. It was a comparatively easy matter for the captain to recruit boys, but almost every attempt to induce parents to part with their female children resulted in failure, as squaws are too useful in work. Spotted Tail and Red Cloud bitterly opposed the proceeding. He succeeded, however, in collecting a party and conveying them to Hampton. They are composed chiefly of Sioux, with a few Mandans, Arickarees and Gros Ventres, and their ages range from ten to twenty-five years.

It is understood that these students will receive three years' schooling at Hampton, the Government paying $167 per annum for the tuition, board and clothing of each individual. A large proportion of the youths have received considerable instruction at the post or episcopal mission schools upon the frontier. One young fellow surprised everybody by playing such familiar sacred airs as "Nearer, my God, to Thee" from the notes upon a piano. At Hampton, mechanical and agricultural instruction form an important portion of the system of education. Several are learning the carpenter trade. One is assistant to the engineer, and one bright boy, who acts as interpreter, is to stand at the case in the printing-office of the Institute. All the males work, in common with their negro fellow-students, upon the farm at stated times. The long hair which graced every head upon arrival has been cropped, good "white man's" clothes substituted for the blankets in which they arrived, and eventually they will be uniformed in neat suits of gray similar to those worn by the "old Indians," as the first group from St. Augustine are called by the teachers. Careful reports of Indian progress will be made to the Government from time to time.



A YOUNG BRAVE AS ENGINEER.



FIRST LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

RICH DOCTORS.

DR. WOLLASTON gained £30,000 by his discovery of the malleability of platinum; but, for the most part, the wealthy physicians are not to be found among the philosophers. Harvey, who, though munificent in his gifts while living, left £20,000 at his death,



INDIAN STUDENTS ACQUIRING THE TRADE OF CARPENTERING.

VIRGINIA.—CIVILIZING THE RED MEN—THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL FOR THE EDUCATION OF INDIAN YOUTH AT HAMPTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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is only an apparent exception, for he basked in Court favor and had a great practice. Dr. Radcliffe left £50,000 to Oxford, besides endowing richly other foundations. Dr. Cockburn, in 1729, married an earl's daughter, and gave her a jointure of £50,000. Dr. Mead's and Dr. Fothergill's professional receipts during the same period for several years averaged £6,000 or £7,000. Also, in the same generation, Dr. Bamber's earnings bought the considerable Essex estate which a descendant carried into the family of Lord Salisbury. Dr. Baillie's income in the first quarter of the present century for many years reached £10,000. Dr. Battie founded scholarships, and left £100,000 in 1776. But the great physicians even long ago lived familiarly with kings and nobles. They were as well accepted socially in the centuries when they lived in Aldergate Street and Hatton Garden and St. Mary-le-Bow as now that they have annexed May Fair and Harley and Wimpole Streets.

A SECRET MARRIAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK THIRD.

THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER III.—ROLLINGFORD HOUSE.

SOME years ago when Mrs Champion was still a young woman, and before the trials, suffering and privations she has since undergone had left their traces on her statuesque countenance, and before the subsequent reaction had transformed her into the middle-aged everyday-looking lady she now is, she met the Duke of Glamour during one of her visits to England, while the Italian campaign was still going on, and her mind was still as full as ever of the heroic thoughts which rendered her such a very striking and fascinating woman. Her heart had at once warmed towards him, and she had soon begun to feel for him, if not quite the same regard she had before felt for Frank Reymond—for she was now older, and her range of experience had been considerably enlarged—at least an affection, which, if I may not call platonic, I shall call motherly. This young man, so rich, so noble, so handsome, possessed of such splendid mental faculties, and endowed with a sensitive and affectionate disposition, and a true and tender heart, interested her beyond measure; and as she was a woman who felt it almost incumbent upon her to devote her own loving heart to some one, as she had devoted her mind to a cause, she centred all her thoughts upon him, and for a time she became his guardian angel and protectress. No ideas of love ever came to embitter this new affection of her heart, as they had embittered the affection she had formerly felt for Frank Reymond, and consequently she can look back with pleasure upon the links that connected them in the past.

Later events separated them, and the all-absorbing thoughts that occupied her during those harrassing and momentous days had almost driven him from her mind; but now that he once more crosses her path, all her old affection for him reawakens in her heart, and she again feels that it is her duty to look after him, and to assist, if possible, to secure his future happiness.

It is this feeling that prompted her to talk with him of Louisa Reymond.

If she could only bring those two together! If she could only make them husband and wife!

It is true that no ties of relationship connect her to either of them, yet she feels that, after her own children, they are the beings she most loves in the world. Is not one the child of the only man she had ever really loved? and is not the other the same noble-minded, sensitive lad she had once imagined might in time occupy the place left vacant in her heart by Frank's death? She had promised beside the dead body of Frank Reymond to look after his daughter, and to do all in her power to promote her happiness; and ever since that day her thoughts have been with the poor child, even when away in Italy, working and fighting for the cause of freedom. Louisa has grown to love her and to feel confidence in her, although she feels, as indeed does almost every one else, that Mrs. Champion's strange nature is a mystery which she cannot solve; and Lady Rollingford, who still dreads Mrs. Champion more than she would care to confess to herself, has begun to look upon the frequent visits to Rollingford House as a sort of necessary evil, and to submit to them with a smiling countenance, knowing how highly her husband had esteemed her.

Rollingford House, of which I have so often spoken in the course of this book, and to which I am now going to convey my readers for the first time, is a fine old mansion, one of the very few truly stately private residences now in existence. It stands within a large courtyard, and is shut out from the square, to which it has given its name, by two handsome iron gates.

The suit of splendid drawing-rooms, worthy of an Italian or a Spanish palace, is the rendezvous of fashionable society. It is a fine Spring morning, and a brilliant sun is shining on the ancient pile as Mrs. Champion and her young friend drive up to the door. They are ushered by a footman in livery into one of the apartments on the lower floor, the paneled walls of which are decorated with the portraits of English heroes. The noble lady of the house soon enters, and after the usual form of introduction has been gone through, and the stereotyped commonplaces that inevitably follow have been duly exchanged, the three seat themselves near one of the windows, which overlook the carefully laid-out garden, and converse together, as if they had been old friends.

Lady Laura Rollingford has not altered much since we last saw her. Time has dealt kindly with her, and although she is no longer a young woman, she looks almost handsomer now than when we first met her. She looks at Glamour with her keen, stern eyes, that have lost none of their penetrating intensity, and wonders what can be the reason that has prompted Mrs. Champion to bring him to her house; for she knows that lady too well to think that she would do anything without a purpose, especially anything in which she is concerned. Yet his high rank and well-established position gives her confidence, and she is able to converse with him almost as freely as if she had not been introduced by Mrs. Champion. Her greatest dreams of ambition have been more than realized; and the eldest daughter of the poor Scotch nobleman, who seemed to have been born only to reign over a small house in an unknown island of the far north, has now become one of the most influential leaders of society, and her power is as real and tangible in the modern world of fashion as that of her famous ancestors, of whom she is still proud, was over the islands and seas of the north in the Middle Ages.

Yet at times strange doubts came before her—intangible, invisible ghosts of the dead past, which embittered her brightest hours. Of Marie Gautier she has heard nothing for years; she seems to have gone out of her life as mysteriously as she came into it, and now she no longer fears that she will cross her path again. But Marie's daughter, Louisa, is always beside her, and though every one believes that she is fondly attached to this adopted daughter of hers, at times she cannot help dreading her looks; imagining she sees in them the spirit of her unfortunate mother, who cries for vengeance with thrilling, though unspoken menaces. They have not been sitting there very long before this young lady herself makes her appearance.

As Lord Inganess remarked, there is nothing peculiar or strange about her. She is a good-looking girl, rather tall and dark, but graceful and smiling, and there is enough of her mother about her to render her strikingly handsome at first sight. When examined critically, however, perhaps she is not really handsome. Her flashing eyes, so bright and deep, would certainly seem cold but for the dark rich lashes which shade them. The noble brow would also seem a trifle too broad and massive, and her cheeks and lips might also be a shade too pale, and her hair of too undecided a color for perfect beauty. But there is nobility in her arched brows and Southern features, just as there is grace and dignity in her well rounded figure. And her rich olive complexion, that might be a defect in many handsomer faces, in reality adds a new charm to her countenance, while her youth, health, and vivacity impart to it lustre and bloom. Altogether her especial beauty may be considered more as that of expression than of feature; but this peculiarity renders her scarcely less attractive, and from the first moment he sees her, Glamour feels that he is in the presence of a woman who would exercise a great control over him if he only gave her the chance.

Their interview, of course, is not very momentous; they talk a good deal, but only on commonplace topics, which offer a young lady but few opportunities to display her talents to advantage. Yet she speaks, upon the whole, well and to the purpose, and Glamour, who particularly dislikes triviality, and what goes by the name of wit amongst young ladies, begins to think that he has never met such a charming girl.

When they rise to depart, Lady Rollingford approaches the duke and informs him that she is giving a morning party on the following Wednesday, and that she will be charmed if he will honor it with his presence; and, promising to return on that day, he and Mrs. Champion leave Rollingford House.

"Well, what do you think of Miss Reymond?" Mrs. Champion asks, as soon as they are once more sitting in her landau and driving along under the beautiful old trees of the noble square.

"I think that she is a very superior girl."

"I am so glad she has impressed you favorably. She is, indeed, a charming girl, as good as she is handsome, and it is wonderful how unspoiled she is, considering how immensely rich she expects to be."

"Oh, she is an heiress? Indeed, I was not aware of that."

"Yes, at Lady Rollingford's death she will come into all her property, which, as you doubtless know, is very large."

"Are you quite sure of that? Lady Rollingford has many brothers and sisters. One of them, Inganess, is a great friend of mine, and I have always understood that at her death the Rollingford estates would go to him."

"No; I am quite sure of what I say. Miss Reymond is Lady Rollingford's sole heiress."

"Well, you may be better informed than I am; as the late lord left everything to her, I should suppose she can do what she likes with the fortune."

"Miss Reymond will have it all, believe me."

"And she is a Catholic?"

"Yes."

"How strange! But you, who seem to take such an interest in her, ought to be able to tell me at least her real name."

Mrs. Champion looks confused, and lowers her eyes so as not to meet his penetrating gaze. After a moment she says:

"If you care very much to know, perhaps I could find out for you some day."

CHAPTER IV.—A MORNING PARTY.

WE are again in the sumptuous saloons of Rollingford House. In a magnificent apartment, amidst a crowd of elegantly attired ladies who are discussing the latest scandals of the day, and a greater number of men than one generally sees at morning parties, we recognize the Duke of Glamour and his friend Lord Inganess.

"So you have come after all, old fellow—beautiful house, is it not?" the latter is saying to the former.

"It is indeed charming. I had no idea that there could be such a beautiful mansion in the very heart of London."

"I suppose you have already been introduced to my sister, and doubtless also to Miss Reymond?"

"I have had that pleasure."

"Well, what do you think of the young lady? Of course you are already in raptures about her, as every one else is, I believe."

"I do not think that I am likely to go into raptures about any woman, but certainly I think she is very good-looking." And then he added, "Do you admire Miss Reymond?"

"I admire her very much; I think she is the brightest and loveliest girl that I have ever seen; it makes one young and gay to look at her; but thank God I am not in love with her."

"Thank God! and why thank God?"

"Because I do not believe that she would ever care for me. I am so much older, so very different altogether. Do you think that she would ever fall in love with an old fogy like me—she who is all light and sunshine?"

"I never knew you were an old fogy before! Ah! Inga, how little you know yourself! Now I could very well imagine that she would not care for me; but you are just the sort of fellow a girl like that would be most likely to fall in love with."

Presently Lady Boursetile approaches them; she is elegantly attired and is looking more blooming than ever, as, playfully extending a couple of primrose-colored fingers to be pressed, she puts a sudden end to the conversation.

"Will you give me your arm, duke, to the other end of the room? I want to introduce you to a young lady who is very anxious to make your acquaintance."

"Indeed! and pray who is she?"

"Miss Oscott, Sir Charles Oscott's daughter, a very pretty girl, with fair hair. Come, you will excuse us, Lord Inganess."

And taking the young duke's arm she marches him off right across the rooms to the other end of the house.

Miss Oscott is standing near a doorway with her father, a tall, well-built man, whose figure seems too perfect to be natural, and whose whiskers are gracefully combed out on each side of his blushing countenance, as if he had intended them to resemble Lady Boursetile's sunny ringlets. As that lady and her young friend come up to them, Miss Oscott's head is turned another way, and some minutes elapse before she becomes aware of their presence.

"Oh, how do you do, Lady Boursetile?" she says, shaking hands with her.

"Very well, my dear, very well. I want to introduce a friend of mine to you, my dear."

Miss Oscott turns round, and looks at the Duke of Glamour as any young lady of fashion would dare to look, yet without recognizing him.

"Who is he, pray? Ah," and then she adds in a whisper, meant, I suppose only to be heard by that lady, "I wish you would not introduce him; I do not like his appearance at all—he looks snobbish!"

Any one but Lady Boursetile would have been embarrassed, considering that the poor fellow whom she had brought up to present to Miss Oscott, and of whom this young lady has spoken so rudely, is standing within a yard of them, and must have heard her remark; but Lady Boursetile, ignoring that cause for embarrassment exists, and as if nothing had happened, presents them to each other with a perfectly composed face, while mischief sparkles in her bright eyes.

Miss Oscott, very much amazed, glances superciliously at the duke, then turns her back upon him to Lady Boursetile's great astonishment.

"Don't you find a great mixture of people here?" the young lady says, after a pause, moving away, and carefully holding her fan between herself and the objectionable-looking person.

The countess goes up to her and whispers something in her ear.

"You don't say so! Oh, how stupid of me not to have recognized him! How rude he must have thought me!" she exclaims; and, turning round again with a sweet smile delightful to behold, she approaches Glamour, and, to make him forget her late rudeness, now addresses the rest of her conversation entirely to him. "My father gives a ball on Friday, duke. Do you care for balls?—So glad you do! Will you honor us with your presence? Oh, thank you! It will not be a grand affair—only a small dance; but I think small dances are always so much pleasanter than large balls. Let me introduce you to him."

Glamour bows in silence to Sir Charles, and, whether he is aware or not of the extraordinary change which the mention of his name has produced in that proud young lady's manner towards him, not a smile, however faint, is visible on his pale, handsome face.

"Well, what do you think of Miss Oscott? Lady Boursetile asks a few minutes later, when that young lady and her would-be youthful papa have left them.

"I think her very peculiar, I must confess."

"Oh, you must excuse her; the poor thing did not know who you were. It was my fault; I should have told her your name before introducing you, only as she herself begged me the other day to present her to you the first time we met. Of course I imagined that she knew you by sight."

Once more taking his arm, Lady Boursetile continues her promenade through the crowded saloons, every now and then bestowing graceful little signs of recognition to her friends.

"How pretty Miss Reymond looks to-day. She certainly is one of the nicest girls here," she says, presently, calling Glamour's attention to that young lady, who had just passed them, leaning on the arm of a fair man.

"She is exceedingly handsome, and her dress suits her admirably," he adds, following her with his eyes until she is completely out of sight.

"I wonder, if it were known who her father was, whether people would take such an interest in her?"

"I think that no one could help admiring her, even if her pedigree were as well known as yours or mine."

"Just what I heard the Prince say, the other day."

"There is something very charming about her, though I think her chief attraction consists in her being unlike the generality of young ladies."

Miss Reymond certainly does look wonderfully well this afternoon. There is a bright flush on her cheek and a brilliancy in her dark eyes which greatly enhance her peculiar charms, and, as Glamour has remarked, her dress suits her admirably.

A long train of pale-pink silk, here and there relieved with bows of dark-red velvet, and a dark-red velvet hat, which would have been most trying to almost any other lady in the house, seems made on purpose to heighten her rich Southern beauty. She is leaning on the arm of a tall, handsome man, whose stalwart figure, sunny face, blue eyes and light mustache contrast admirably with her olive complexion and dark hair, and she looks unusually bright and happy.

"So you approve of morning parties, Mr. Cassilis?" she is saying.

"Yes, I approve of all parties where I have the pleasure of meeting you," he answers, readily, and a blush of pleasure suffuses her face.

"What a delightful house this is! I wonder if our strict country women would think it wrong if we were to take a stroll together through the rooms beyond?"

Louisa hesitates for a moment; she is afraid of committing herself; she has not known this man long, and she knows but too well how soon scandals are invented in Mayfair. But the tender glances of those bright eyes—blue as the glimpse of heaven seen for the first time—are too irresistible. His tall, fine form and bright, kind face give her confidence, and a thrill of pleasure, never before felt, makes her cling all the closer to his arm. Without waiting for an answer he leads her to a room less crowded than the others, and which is decorated in the Egyptian style. She seems to tread on air, and listens with a sort of rapture to all he says—a happy flush is on her cheek, a happy light in her eyes.

For a long time they walk up and down this room, talking on various topics, which, though commonplace in themselves, the peculiarity of the circumstances under which they are discussed renders most interesting.

And what is passing in their minds the while? Into hers, at least, we may venture to peep, and I may tell you that the predominating feeling is astonishment at the flood of rapture which for the first time fills her youthful heart.

Louisa Reymond is in many respects a peculiar girl. Brought up from childhood at Rollingford House, and associating with grown-up people almost from her cradle, she has already acquired that disdainful air and manner that are peculiar to women of fashion, but which, as a rule, they only adopt in after-life, when experience has taught them how necessary they are. Though every one has long ago acknowledged her claim to reign in the world of fashion, that world of fashion has but few charms for her; and though almost every man in it has felt, or feigned to feel, a passion for her, she has been until now unable to reciprocate it, and her heart is as yet untouched. Perhaps it is the inward consciousness of her awkward position which has caused her to mistrust the attentions she received. Perhaps it is that her heart aspires to an affection nobler and more genuine than any that has yet been offered her—who can tell? She does not know herself; she knows only too well what she does *not* feel, but she cannot explain, even to herself, what she *does* feel. Yet her most ardent desire is to be married, for she knows that marriage alone will secure her a position in society and render her independent of Lady Rollingford's charity; but unfortunately, as yet, she has not met any man whom she can conscientiously say she would like as a husband. The gay and brilliant young men who daily pay court to her are but too often flirts, who only think of amusing themselves at the expense of a poor girl. Those whom she might be led to think in earnest are merely foppish prigs, and tiresome. Yesterday the intellectual air, the noble mein, the lofty rank of the Duke of Glamour inspired a hope that he might prove more genuine and entertaining than the rest. Mrs. Champion had told her what an impression she had made upon him, and even hinted that she might become his bride. But to-day she has once more met him, and her hopes have fallen to the ground. He has approached her and conversed with her, it is true, but in a cold, indifferent way, and the usual nonsense flowed from his lips in the same dreary, weary drawl which society considers good-breeding.

Rupert Cassilis, she is forced to confess to herself, is actually the first man who has inspired her with anything more than suspicion and caution; but she's not a girl to trust too much to first impressions—she has lived too long in the world for that—and even his devoted attention and looks of undisguised esteem, she tries to persuade herself, are only to be attributed to a mere momentary admiration.

Their conversation, however, flows on without restraint, and gradually becomes more and more personal.

"Do you know, Miss Reymond," he says, "that you remind me very much of a certain woman for whom I once entertained a very great admiration?"

"Indeed; and who is she—do I know her?"

"I dare not tell you; I fear you might be offended; and yet she is acknowledged by everybody to be one of the most beautiful women in the world."

"You are certainly determined to make me vain. But would you tell me her name? It is cruel to excite my curiosity like this, and then refuse to gratify it."

"She is an actress."

"An actress!"

"I knew you would be offended, and you are right, perhaps, for, after all, she is no doubt but made up to look what you really are; but I suppose I must tell you her name—Madame de Fleurville."

"Madame de Fleurville." Louisa reflects, slowly. "She is a French actress, is she not? No, I have never seen her, but I have often heard of her."

"You are not offended with my daring to compare you to her?"

"Oh, no; on the contrary, I suppose I ought to feel highly flattered, for I have always understood that she is a most beautiful woman."

They talk of other things, and presently she feels her hand tightly clasped in his, and, in accents which betray too much real emotion to be offensive to any woman, he says:

"I am going to take upon me the liberty of giving you a little piece of advice. Believe me, Miss Reymond, my words are prompted, not by

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mere curiosity, but by a strong feeling of sympathy for you, and which causes me to look upon you with the greatest interest."

She is trembling all over. What is he about to say? He is not going to speak of love, surely?

"Why do you not tell the world who you really are? Why do you not make your real name known? Of course this is no business of mine, you will say, and no one can possibly find fault with you for taking the name of your adopted mother as your own; but, believe me, the question of who you are is the favorite theme of conversation everywhere, and many a story, and even scandal, is invented to fill up the void." His words, kindly meant as she feels them to be, have inflicted a deep wound in her heart; she turns deadly pale, and suddenly withdrawing her hand from his arm—

"My true name!" she repeats to herself.

"Surely you are not offended with me?"

"No," she whispers, after a pause. "Yes, your words have greatly wounded me; but as you have been so very frank with me, I will be equally so with you. I have not told any one my real name because—because I do not know it myself."

"You do not know it yourself! Impossible!"

"Yes, it is strange, very strange, but such is indeed the case. I have never known any mother but Lady Rollingford, nor any home but this; and my real name and antecedents are Lady Rollingford's secret."

"And she has never told you?"

"Never!"

It is now his turn to be astonished; the handsome Rupert is puzzled and perplexed, and scarcely knows what to think.

"Let us return to the drawing-room," she says, taking his arm once more; "people will begin to wonder what has become of me!"

"Tell me first that you are not offended with me, that you forgive my indiscretion?"

"I have no reason to feel offended. I have nothing to forgive, for I believe your words were really prompted by friendship and not by mere curiosity."

He looks at her earnestly for a moment, and then, taking her hand in his, he raises it to his lips and kisses it in the foreign fashion. She is much too bewildered to take offense, and before she knows exactly what has happened she finds herself in a crowded saloon, surrounded by countless friends and admirers; but Rupert Cassilis has left her, and she feels that he has taken her peace of mind with him.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT LURAY CAVE.

THE entrance to this vast and eccentric formation of nature is by a stairway of some thirty feet, which leads to an apartment six feet high by three wide. A massive rock, fashioned by natural agencies into a well-finished archway, surmounts the low and narrow passage. From this apartment a descent of ten feet more takes the visitor into a vast chamber, nearly one hundred feet square by forty high, with a level floor. Save the large masses of stalactites which hang here and there in clusters, the ceiling is of smooth limestone, while the walls reflect every conceivable color of stone, shaped into all kinds of flutings and columns. Here passages open in every direction, enabling the visitor to enter all the great chambers and examine the lakes, cascades, chasms, pillars, towers, and other curiosities mentioned in our last issue. On every side of the vestibule of the grand theatre are beautiful pillars and columns, looking as if they had been sculptured from the purest white marble. A few steps further and the auditorium is reached. The best view is obtained at a point where the visitor appears to be standing in the orchestra circle, with the pit at the feet, while way beyond is the stage. Three tiers of galleries stand out from the jewel-sparkling walls, and a perfect organ, with fifty-six gilded pipes, great and small, and crowned with a handsome cornice, is disclosed. Each of the pipes is capable of sustaining vibrations without injury, and when struck by the knuckle or a light cane, emits its peculiar tone, either sharp or grave. In many instances the sounds are wonderfully clear, resembling the tones of a bell, and being sustained for several seconds. The largest and continuous stalactites are from thirty to fifty feet in length, and give out sonorous notes when struck sharply. When the pipes are struck, one after the other, a succession of tunes, like the chiming of silver bells, is produced. It is not impossible that, if the various pipes are tested and marked, a musician will be able to play almost any tune upon them.

The Pavilion is a room one hundred feet in diameter, with many alcoves. A board floor has been laid for the series of balls that is to be held there during the Winter. The inaugural ball was held on Friday, December 27th, beginning at eleven o'clock in the morning and closing at four in the afternoon. The vast chamber was illumined by chandeliers and various lights, and the effect was such that every participant was led for the moment to believe he was indulging in a beguilings of a dream of fairy festivity. The admittance to the cave was one dollar for adults and fifty cents for children, with a charge of twenty-five cents extra to dancers to defray the expense of instrumental music.

SOME STATISTICS OF 1878.

THE trade returns of Chicago for 1878 exhibit a most gratifying result. The receipts of breadstuffs reached the enormous aggregate of 124,856,193 bushels, an increase of 35,920,780 bushels over 1877. Of this, the wheat receipts were 29,301,220 bushels, and shipments, 25,033,741 bushels. The number of hogs received was 6,339,656, and the value of the whole hog product was $55,500,000. The value of the live stock received in Chicago was $98,400,000, being an increase of $5,200,000 over 1877. The increase in the value of the manufactures of the city over 1877 is $22,000,000. The total of the wholesale sales in 1877 was $276,500,000, and of the like sales in 1878, $280,000,000. The values given are in currency. Reduced to gold the value for 1878 is $277,000,000; for 1877, $265,100,000; showing an increase in coin value of $12,800,000. A general review of the entire business of the city, including produce, wholesale and manufactures, shows a grand increase in coin value of $55,000,000 over 1877. The average decline in prices since a year ago has been about 17 per cent.

In Milwaukee, in 1878, there was also a remarkable increase of the grain and live stock trade. The receipts of cheese reached the enormous aggregate of 13,263,000 pounds, an increase of nearly 5,000,000 pounds over those of 1877. The receipts of wheat were 21,100,000 bushels; of flour 2,266,000 barrels. The shipments of flour were 2,620,000 barrels.

The footing of the exports and imports at Boston for the year 1878 shows in a striking manner the revolution which has taken place during the past two years in the relative importance of exports and imports at every large port. The exports from that port during the year 1878 were valued at $49,938,465, against $43,563,229 during the year 1877; an increase of $6,375,236. The value of the imports during 1878 was $36,610,759, and in 1877, $47,720,664; a decrease of $11,109,905. In 1877 the imports exceeded the exports $4,157,435. Thus a balance against us in 1877 has changed to a balance of $13,327,706 in our favor in 1878.

Upwards of 13,000,000 pounds of codfish and 11,000,000 pounds of halibut from the Banks, and 23,000,000 pounds of codfish from George's, were landed at Gloucester, Mass., during the year just closed.

The annual statement of the precious metals produced in the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia, and the receipts in San Francisco from the west coast of Mexico during 1878, shows the aggregate products to be as follows: Gold, $38,956,231; silver, $38,746,391; lead, $3,452,000; the total being less by $17,267,132 than for 1877. California shows an increase in gold of $2,068,000, but a decrease in silver, etc., of $1,323,000. Nevada shows a total falling off of $16,398,341, the yield from the Comstock being only $21,295,043, as against $37,911,710 for 1877. Montana shows a marked increase, all in silver.

During the past year 917 failures were reported in this city, with liabilities to the amount of $63,358,493, and assets valued at $18,695,531. This exceeds the record of any former year, but the large number is mainly due to the repeal of the Bankrupt Act, for during the last quarter the failures have been fewer than usual. Most of the weak firms have been wiped out, and the prospect in trade for the coming year is much brighter than a year ago. The largest number of failures was in the liquor trade and among the bankers and brokers, forty being ascribed to each. The liabilities of the bankers and brokers amounted to the large sum of $4,939,801, while their assets were only $559,073. The largest amount of liabilities in any single trade was among the carpenters and builders, the total being $9,246,352, while the assets were only $272,224.

The number of arrivals of vessels from foreign ports at New York during the past year is 7,348, an increase over the number in 1877 of 1,104, and over that in 1876 of 1,617. One-third of the arrivals were American vessels, and another third British vessels, there being 28 more of the former than of the latter. In 1877 the difference was 95 in favor of America. Vessels of 20 other nationalities arrived, Norway being third on the list, the number of Norwegian vessels in 1877, 600, having increased by one-half.

The number of business failures officially announced in Great Britain and Ireland during the year 1878 was 15,059, of which 2,643 were in the financial and wholesale and manufacturing branches of trade, and 12,416 among retail trades, professional pursuits, builders, publicans, working classes, etc., against 2,172 and 8,850 under the respective headings in 1877, showing an increase of 4,037 failures last year over the preceding year.

A Remedy for Hydrophobia.

THE Cologne *Gazette* says: "The alarming frequency of cases of hydrophobia gives renewed interest to a case which was cured in the Franciscan Hospital of St. Maurice, near Münster, in Westphalia, in 1874. Of the fact that this was really a case of hydrophobia the attending physician, Dr. Offenberg, seems to leave no reasonable doubt. After trying morphine and chloroform in vain, recourse was had to the Indian arrow-poison, *curare or urari*. Within the course of four hours two decigrammes of the poison, divided into seven portions, were injected under the skin of the patient. The spasms now became less frequent and weaker, and had nearly ceased within nine hours after their first occurrence. The patient finally recovered her health."

A Perilous Alpine Adventure.

THE *Berner Tageblatt* gives an account of a perilous adventure which recently befell two English tourists: "Mrs. Wainwright, described as an English lady, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Mr. Wainwright, attempted the ascent of the Piz Palur, a mountain of the Bernina group. They took with them two guides, brothers—Hans Grass and Christian Grass. The climbers, who were corded together, after leaving the central peak took a westerly direction towards another peak. Christian Grass went first, next to him followed Mr. Wainwright, then came Mrs. Wainwright, and the rear was brought up by Hans. A thick fog came on. Christian, either confused by the semi-obscurity, or not exercising sufficient caution, went too near an *arête* (edge of snow), when the snow suddenly gave way under his feet, and he fell down a precipice, dragging with him in his fall the English lady and gentleman. But the rope was strong, and Hans Grass is a man both stout of heart and of gigantic strength. As he saw his brother disappear he drew himself instinctively backward, and, by sheer force of muscle and will, held the three lost ones suspended in the air. Nevertheless, the position was a sufficiently terrible one. Strong as he was, he was not strong enough to drag from the abyss two men and a woman—to stir, to yield an inch even, might be certain death to all—and they were far beyond the reach of human aid. Nothing but prompt courage and ready wit could save them. He shouted to his brother, dangling at the end of the rope, ice on both sides of him, snow above him. The brother answered; he was alive, unhurt, and ready to help if means of help could be devised. Hans told him to cling to the icy slope, cut steps in it and mount, and he quick about it, for he did not think he could hold on more than half an hour longer. Fortunately, Mr. Wainwright had kept his ax. He handed it to Christian, and the guide set about cutting the steps as Hans had suggested. After many difficulties and almost superhuman exertions, he succeeded. He contrived to crawl up to the edge of the crevasse; his brother gave him a hand; then the two uniting their strength, pulled up Mrs. Wainwright and her brother-in-law, and all four, not seriously the worse for the frightful adventure, but devoutly thankful for their hairbreadth escape, got down from the mountain and returned to Pontresina.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Sir W. Armstrong uses the electric light in the picture gallery of his residence at Craigside, about eighteen miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A German Paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt, dissolved in water, on the head and spine.

The Total Population of the globe, according to Behm & Wagner's *Bevölkerung der Erde*, fifth publication, just issued, is 1,439,145,300, distributed thus over the great land divisions: Europe, 312,398,480; Asia, 831,000,000; Africa, 205,219,300; Australia and Polynesia, 4,411,500; and America, 86,116,000.

"Nature" gives a description of an electric spark pen which has been invented by M. Bailey, of Paris, for rapidly producing engravings on copper or zinc. The light of the spark is said to be sufficient for the artist even when he works in a dark room, and the pen is stated to be as manageable as an ordinary pencil.

Dr. T. Lauder Brunton calls attention to the fact that the reason why some persons when puzzled scratch their beards is that they excite certain nerves which are connected with the heart, and thus stimulate the circulation. He says some Germans strike the sides of their noses, which has an effect upon the nerves somewhat like that of snuff.

Dr. J. M. Anders maintains that a large proportion of the vapor of the atmosphere may be accounted for through the process of transpiration from plant life when there is about from 25 to 30 per cent. of woodland in a country, and, on this ground, considers that the practice of forest culture should be highly commended as a means of improving atmospheric conditions.

At the University of Cambridge, England, mechanical workshops have been fitted up with machinery for construction of instruments and apparatus to be employed in philosophical research. Good workmen have been employed as teachers. Several university men, who intend becoming engineers, have become members of the classes now formed for regular instruction in the use of tools and machine construction.

Professor F. V. Hayden says that on the east side of Wind River Peak, Wyoming Territory, and on the east base of Fremont Peak, the remains of the huge glaciers which once covered the region have been discovered. On the west side of Wind River range the moraines and glaciated rocks were found on an immense scale. He thinks that on this side a glacier must have formerly existed having a length of eighty miles and a width of twelve miles, with arms extending up the gorges of the streams to the very water divide.

Chloral an Antidote for Strychnia.—Mr. J. Sinclair Holden writes to *Nature* that, having occasion to banish some mice from a pantry, he placed on the floor at night a slice of bread spread over with butter in which was mixed a threepenny packet of Battle's vermin killer, which contains about a grain of strychnia along with flour and prussian blue. The following morning he was roused by the servant telling him that a favorite Skye terrier was lying dead. He found that the mice had dragged the slice of bread underneath the locked door, and that the dog had thus got at it and eaten part equal to about one-sixth of a grain of strychnia; it lay on its side perfectly rigid; and an occasional tetanic spasm showed that life was not quite extinct. Mr. Holden, fortunately having notes of some experiments made by direction of the British Medical Association on the antagonism of medicines, in which it was conclusively proved that a fatal dose of strychnia could be neutralized by a fatal dose of chloral hydrate, and that the minimum dose of the latter for a rabbit was twenty-one grains, he at once injected under the dog's skin forty-five grains of the chloral in solution, his dog being about twice the weight of a rabbit. In a quarter of an hour dancing the dog was dead, as the spasms had ceased, and it lay apparently lifeless, he moved it gently with his foot when it at once struggled to its feet, and shortly after staggered to its usual corner by the parlor fire; it took some milk, and, except for being quieter than usual, seemed nothing the worse for the ordeal it had passed through. That the fatal effects of a poisonous dose of strychnia was thus counteracted so successfully by what was a poisonous dose of chloral, given hypodermically, is an interesting fact verifying the experiments of the Medical Society. An overdose of chloral has been known to bring on convulsions not unlike those that are produced by strychnia, and it has been found that strychnia was a remedy in such cases. The action of these two powerful agents is thus shown to be reciprocal. The remedy is a heroic one in both instances and can only be applied in extreme cases. To the layman who has not the fear of the regular medical profession to cloud his vision, there is something suggestive of homeopathy in these researches on the reciprocal action of strychnia and chloral.

The Modern Source of Saltpetre.—The origin of saltpetre is a subject which has vexed the minds of several generations of chemists. Nitrate of potassium or saltpetre, is found in nature as a white crust, appearing on certain rocks and walls, and even upon the surface of the soil; from this mode of occurrence the name "saltpetre" or rock salt, is doubtless derived. The largest natural source of saltpetre is afforded by certain soils in India. Soil having a white film of salt on the surface is collected from the neighborhood of houses, drains and stables; the soil is washed with water, and the nitre crystallized from the solution. With this Indian saltpetre many countries have been, till quite recently, almost exclusively supplied. The countries of Continental Europe, next having access to no considerable a natural source of nitre, have been obliged from early times to produce it for themselves. At first the earthen floors of cottages and stables were collected, washed, and nitrate of potassium obtained by treatment with wood-ashes and crystallization; but the inconvenience of collecting such material, and its general poverty in nitre, soon led to attempts at producing saltpetre by artificial means. To Glauber, a chemist of the seventeenth century, apparently belongs the credit of first preparing nitre artificially. The process, as carried out in the present day, is in outline as follows: Soil, containing more or less of vegetable mold and carbonate of calcium, is mixed with a certain proportion of stable manure or other refuse animal matter, and dispersed in small heaps, care being taken that the mass of soil and manure shall be sufficiently porous to insure its free admission of air; these heaps are protected from rain, and are from time to time watered with stable sewage. At the end of two or three years the earth is sufficiently rich to be worth extracting. This tedious process for manufacturing nitre has, during the last few years, been superseded to a considerable extent by the treatment of Peruvian nitrate of sodium with the chloride of potassium obtained from the Stassfort mines, by which nitrate of potassium and chloride of sodium are produced. Although artificial nitre beds are still common in Sweden, France and Switzerland, they cannot come into competition with the last-named native source. Not only is nitrate of potassium made from the deposit at Stassfort, but carbonate of potassium is also produced in such quantity as to materially affect the trade in Russia and American potash. It now looks as if in a few years all the saltpetre and carbonate of potassium would be derived from the apparently inexhaustible German mines.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Hon. Marshall P. Wilder has been elected President of the New England Historical Society.

ROBERT W. MACKEY, ex-State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, died at Philadelphia, January 1st.

THE Corporation of Dublin has presented ex-President Grant with the freedom of the city.

THE Edinburgh *Scotsman's* London correspondent says Dean Stanley contemplates revisiting America shortly.

COUNCILOR-OF-STATE SCHMITT has been appointed Director of the Police Department of the Czar's private Chancelery.

HENRY VINCENT, a well-known English lecturer and Radical is dead. He lectured in various places in the United States in 1868 and 1869.

COMPTROLLER OLCOTT expects a surplus of more than one million dollars of receipts by the State of New York over the expenditures for the present fiscal year.

THE Princess Mary of Liechtenstein, formerly Miss FOX, the adopted daughter of Lord Holland, and the authoress of several works, died recently in Syria.

THE United Congregational Church and Society of Newport, R. I., have unanimously voted to invite to the pastorate the Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., of Brooklyn.

THE late Colonel Henry L. King, of Albany, has left $20,000 by his will to purchase the first gift of adornment ever bestowed upon that city. It is to be a fountain in the public park.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, who has just passed his eighty-first birthday, is exceedingly well, manages his business thoroughly, and enjoys his evening whist as much as ever.

IT is said that Mrs. Don Cameron will remain at Harrisburg for the Winter, while Miss Cameron, who is her stepmother's senior, will take charge of her father's establishment in Washington.

THE Right Hon. Richard Assheton Cross, the English Home Secretary, has refused the application of Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, to allow her husband to return to Ireland on account of his health, which is much shattered.

JUDGE CHARLES T. SHERMAN, formerly United States Judge of the Cleveland District, died suddenly January 1st. He was a brother of Secretary Sherman and General Sherman, and father of Senator J. Donald Cameron's wife.

MR. HENRY IRVING has manfully begun a theatrical reform which has long been needed in London: he has abolished fees altogether. Nobody will hereafter be called upon to pay for programmes—in short, "no fees of any kind will be permitted."

ROSZA LANDON, the Hungarian robber, whose exploits from 1836 to 1870 gave him a romantic hold on the population, lately died in jail. He is the man of whom it is said: "He stole an Archbishop in 1868, a railway train in 1869, and a nunnery in 1870."

MRS. HARRIET GROTE, authoress, widow of George Grote, the historian of Greece, is dead. She was the authoress of a "Memoir of Ary Scheder," published in 1850; "Collected Papers in Prose and Verse," published in 1862; and of a sketch of Mr. Grote's personal life, which was published in 1873.

M. VICTOR JULIAN has announced his reverence for Paul de Cassagnac, and has not only made him his heir but has offered him 50,000 francs to contest his re-election to the Chamber. M. Julian was formerly director of the sugar refinery of St. Louis. An earnest Bonapartist, he some years ago made a will in favor of the Prince Imperial. What induced him to change it is not known, but it is certain that M. de Cassagnac is now sole heir to his fortune, something like 2,000,000 francs.

EX-GOVERNOR ONSLOW STEARNS, of New Hampshire, who died on Saturday, December 28th, was a prominent member of the Republican party in New Hampshire. He was nominated for Governor there in 1869, and was elected by a majority of 3,173 votes over Mr. Bedell, the Democratic candidate. In 1870, Mr. Stearns was renominated, and, although there were three other tickets, he received 1,253 votes more than all of them, the number cast being as follows: Stearns, 34,912; Bedell (Dem.), 25,023; Flint (Labor Reform), 7,309; and Burrows (Prohibitionist), 1,167.

THE Vatican organ publishes a letter from the Pope to the Archbishop of Cologne. The Pope says that from the commencement of his Pontificate he has desired peace between princes, peoples and the Church. He has turned his thoughts in preference towards the noble German nation, but God alone knows whether the work is near success. He declares he will continue in the path hitherto pursued, appeals to the governor bishops to obey all laws not contrary to their faith, and concludes: "We must pray God to lead the noble and powerful Emperor of Germany and his advisers to show more disposition towards good will." The letter is dated December 24th.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD, who directs the Swedish polar expedition in the north polar waters, has written a letter to a friend in which he gives a highly interesting account of the village of Chaborova, Nova Zembla, inhabited by Samoledes, from whom, with considerable difficulty, he obtained specimens of their gods, which for the most part resemble large dolls. Although converted to Christianity, these curious people retain many of their old customs, and sacrifice on their altars to gods. A Russian who lives in Chaborova in Summer for trading purposes took the professor to see one of these altars in a cavern, which is regarded as sacred. Although the Archimandrite had destroyed it thirty years ago, and had raised a cross on its site, the Samoledes have found in the neighborhood evident traces of recent sacrifices to the gods, whose images were placed around.

ALEXANDER MANSELIS VEDDER, M. D., a well-known physician of Schenectady, and ex-Mayor of that city, died at the residence of his brother, Dr. M. B. Vedder, in New York, December 29th, after an illness of three months. Dr. Vedder was graduated from Union College in 1833, being then in his nineteenth year. After a short career as teacher he began the study of medicine, and received his diploma from the University of Pennsylvania in 1839. He served a short time as resident physician in the Blockley Hospital of Philadelphia, and then began to practice in his native city. He was the first American physician to publish an article on Bright's disease, and speedily became noted in Central New York as an authority in diseases of the chest. In 1840 he was appointed lecturer on anatomy and physiology in Union College; shortly afterwards professor. This position he filled for nearly twenty years. In 1846 he was elected Mayor of Schenectady. In 1876 he was a delegate to the International Medical Congress at Philadelphia. He wrote a number of articles on various medical subjects, which were widely circulated.

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PERU.—ASSASSINATION OF EX-PRESIDENT PARDO IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, AT LIMA, NOVEMBER 16TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COURRET & CO.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF PERU.

ON the 16th of November last, Don Manuel Pardo, ex-President of the Republic of Peru, leader of the political party now dominant in the country, and President of the Senate, was assassinated at the door of the passage leading to the Senate hall, in Lima, by Sergeant of the Guard Melchor Montoya, who fired the fatal shot from his rifle. Señor Pardo almost instantly fell to the ground, his lungs being pierced, and, despite the efforts of a corps of physicians, expired from hemorrhage in less than an hour. The assassination produced a great commotion in Lima. Señor Pardo was widely popular, and national mourning was decreed for a period of five days, during which all business was suspended. The funeral was one of great magnificence.

On the day after the fatal occurrence the Ministers of the Government, who were called together, were interpellated by Congress, and it is understood from the revelations made that the country was undermined by conspiracy, which, however, had been discovered in time to crush it. The President of the Council stated that the Government was in possession of data proving that the murder of Don Manuel Pardo was not an isolated deed, but formed part of a vast plan of conspiracy. In view of these circumstances the Chambers at once resolved, by a majority of 114 against 3, to invest the Government with extraordinary powers, ordering the suspension for sixty days of Articles 18, 20 and 29 of the Constitution, referring to individual rights, which are equivalent to the law of *habeas corpus*. Various arrests were made, among them the two companies of the "Pichincha" battalion on guard at the Chambers at the time. From the preliminary declarations of some of the prisoners it is discovered that the sergeant who shot Señor Pardo was the one to whose lot it fell to commit the deed.

The assassin, Sergeant Montoya, is twenty-two years of age, of medium stature, and of a purely Indian type. His face is devoid of expression, and reveals none of the characteristics of a great criminal. He has been seven years in the "Pichincha" regiment, has always done his duty, and never gave the slightest reason for supposing him capable of committing such a crime.

Don Manuel Pardo was forty-seven years of age at the time of his untimely taking off.

THE NEW CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BROOKLYN.

THE new Pilgrim chapel, just erected by the Church of the Pilgrims, at Henry and Degraw Streets, Brooklyn, was dedicated, December 15th, with imposing exercises. The Pilgrim Mission originated in a Sunday service commenced by Mr. Albert Woodruff under a tree in State Street, among men and boys of the vicious class. Its first session was held May 30th, 1847, and the first building occupied by it was Freeman's Hall, corner of Columbia and Amity Streets. In 1853 the name was changed to the Warren Street Mission. It became a part of the Church of the Pilgrims in 1875, and George A. Bell was then appointed superintendent. The corner-stone of the new chapel was laid July 10th, 1878. The building covers a plot 100 by 88 feet, and has accommodations for about 1,100 persons. It has been designed by its architect, J. C. Cady, of this city, for both Sunday-school and church services. For the former the entire building is available, while for the latter purpose a series of class-rooms which surround three sides of the auditorium may be readily separated from it by screens of glass and wood. There is provision in the class-rooms for 350 adult persons, and they are so separated that each can take advantage of the exercises best fitted for them. Moreover, all these departments may unite in the general exercises of the school while in their own rooms. The auditorium is forty feet in height, and has on three sides a continuous range of windows, in stained cathedral glass, affording abundant light and ventilation. The interior colors are rich, growing gradually lighter towards the ceiling. The kitchen and library are in a wing at the rear of the class-rooms, and are admirably arranged for the special ends they have in view. The library furnishes room for 2,000 books, though the present catalogue of the chapel embraces only 500 volumes.

A fine organ fills an apse back of the pulpit. The building is in the Italian Gothic style, the exterior of Philadelphia brick, terra cotta and brown stone. The cost of the chapel will be about $35,000. A campanile about 100 feet high rises from the street corner, and marks the religious home of several hundred families in that neighborhood.



NEW YORK.—NEW CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS IN BROOKLYN.

VOYAGE OF THE "OKORESTA."

THE yacht *Okoresta*, which left Cleveland, Ohio, a year ago last September, in charge of Captain F. W. Edmunds and Mr. John Inman, has arrived home, after having made a trip of over five thousand miles. The vessel is a schooner-rigged boat of about four tons burden, thirty-two feet long, nine feet beam, and draws sixteen inches of water. The crew consists of Captain F. W. Edmunds and J. N. Inman (who is a relative of the Inman family of ocean steamer fame). The route taken was from Cleveland to the Ohio River, to Cairo *viâ* the Ohio, to New Orleans, to Pensacola, to St. Augustine. About six months were pleasantly spent in the Flowery State, its bays, inlets and rivers, and few men have had better opportunities to see the wonders of that beautiful land than Captain Edmunds.

Leaving St. Augustine, the voyage northward was made inside, except about 200 miles of outside sailing. Starting from Jacksonville, the captain made for Cape Roman, through Tybee Pass to Bogue Inlet, Borne Sound, Core Sound, Pamlico, Croatan and Albemarle Sounds, Dismal Swamp Canal, Chesapeake Bay, Delaware Canal, Delaware Bay and River, Raritan Canal to New York, the Hudson and Erie Canal to Buffalo; thence by Lake Erie to Cleveland.

The following table shows the distance traversed by Captain Edmunds:

Points.	*Miles.*
From Cleveland, via Ohio Canal, to Dresden	178
Dresden to Marietta, Ohio	97
Marietta to Cincinnati	200
Cincinnati to Cairo	532
Cairo to Port Eads	1,003
Port Eads, via Southwest Pass, to Pensacola	200
Pensacola to Jacksonville	1,100
Pensacola and Tampa Bay	214
Cape Roman to Cape Fear	75
Cape Fear to Elizabeth City	250
Dismal Swamp Canal	30
Chesapeake Bay	160
Chesapeake and Delaware Canals	14
Delaware Canal to Bordentown	110
Bordentown to New York	60
New York to Troy	160
Troy to Buffalo	345
Buffalo to Cleveland	175
Total distance	5,083

The actual running time during their absence was only about four months.

EXHIBIT OF THE WHEELER & WILSON COMPANY AT PARIS.

WHEN samples of the best products of all nations are brought together for inspection and comparison, with a view to determining the relative and absolute merits of the various exhibits, to be certified by the verdicts of juries composed of the most competent judges in every department of the sciences and the arts, a decisive and unmistakable declaration of superiority in favor of any important product over all others of its kind is a matter upon which to congratulate the producer, and a just ground of national pride.

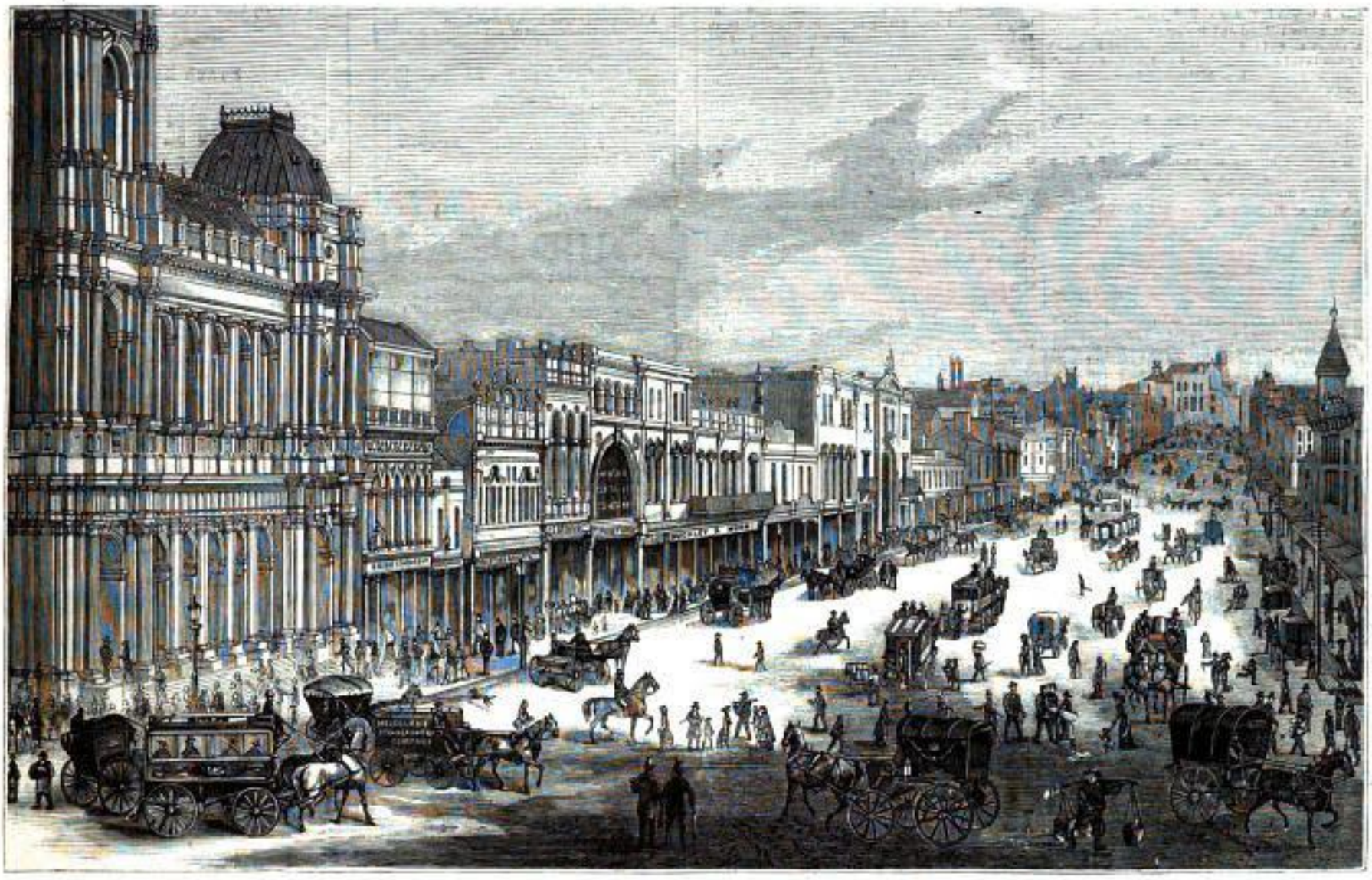
At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1878, there were some 52,000 exhibits. The number of awards, comprising 133 grand prizes, some 2,500 ordinary gold medals, and a multitude of silver and bronze medals and honorable mentions, aggregated about 30,000.

Of the grand prizes nine only were awarded to exhibitors from the United States, of which one was for a species of labor-saving machinery which, in relieving millions from drudgery, has proved a



OHIO.—SCHOONER-YACHT "OKORESTA."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS T. SWEENY, CLEVELAND.

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AUSTRALIA.—VIEW OF BOURKE STREET, A COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF THE CITY OF MELBOURNE.—SEE PAGE 362.

rich blessing to the human race. We refer to the sewing-machine and the exhibit of the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company.

After the success of the company at Paris in 1867, Vienna in 1873, and Philadelphia in 1876, their recent overwhelming and decisive victory at Paris is not surprising, but none the less gratifying on that account.

At this Exposition, extraordinary measures were taken to secure judges of the highest qualifications and unquestionable impartiality, to subject all machines and processes to the most thorough and exhaustive tests, and to adopt every safeguard against the making of awards upon any other grounds than the real merits of the exhibits. The fact that out of some eighty exhibitors of sewing-machines from all the world, Wheeler & Wilson received the only grand prize, as is authoritatively shown by the subjoined certificate, would seem to place the superiority of their machines above all others beyond question.

Inasmuch as the art of sewing by machinery owed its origin and development almost exclusively to American genius, it is particularly gratifying to know that an American firm is still leading the world in this department of manufactures by producing machines which the highest possible authorities declare *the best* in the world, after many thousands of persons in the sewing-rooms and workshops of every country have long known the fact from actual use of the steady-going little thread-carrier.

Paris, 8th November, 1878.

I have examined the official list of awards at the Universal Exposition, as published by the French



FRANCE.—EXHIBIT OF SEWING MACHINES BY THE WHEELER & WILSON COMPANY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

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Authorities, and find that only one Grand Prize was awarded for Sewing-Machines; that was given to the Wheeler & Wilson Company of New York.

The Grand Gold Medal and Diploma were delivered to me at the Palais de l'Industry, October 21, and by me at once given to the representative of that company at the Exposition. (Signed) R. C. McCORMICK, Com. General.

THE CITY OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE, the prosperous capital of Victoria, is situated on the banks of the Yarra-Yarra River, about nine miles from its mouth, at the upper end of the large estuary of Port Phillip. The population of Melbourne is about 200,000. The streets are mostly laid out at right angles, wide, straight, and running the whole length and breadth of the town. They are macadamized in the middle, well drained, mostly flagged at the sides, and lighted with gas.

In the original plan of the city, lanes—alternating with the main streets—were left to afford back entrance to the houses; but as the value of property increased, these lanes were occupied by merchants and tradespeople, became independent streets, and now form a very unsightly feature in the older portion of Melbourne. The town is generally well built of brick and stone. Among the prominent buildings are the two Houses of Parliament, the custom-house, the treasury, the post-office, the free library, with a museum of art and reading-room, several theatres, and an elegant club-house. In commerce, Melbourne ranks as the first port in the British Colonies, an importance due to the gold discoveries of 1851. Besides gold, the chief exports are wool, tallow, hides, and other kinds of raw produce. The principal trade is with England, but that with the United States is not inconsiderable. Our illustration represents Bourke Street, one of the principal streets in Melbourne.

FUN.

CAN the man who shreds cabbage be arrested for cold-slawing?

QUESTION to be asked of a man in the Rogues' Gallery: Are you often taken that way?

WHEN does a showman display a confused knowledge of vehicular distinctions?—When he calls "A car-a-van."

HER FIRST SUNDAY AT CHURCH.—Little girl—"Nurse, please give me a penny to give to the organ-grinder; he's coming round begging with a dish."

IT is no longer fashionable to have two sofas in the parlor. But you would not offend a pair of lovers if you were to take all the furniture out of the parlor—save a big rocking-chair.

THE old people have all the good eyes. Young men here wear eye-glasses as young men in Montana wear revolvers, and young men in Chicago carry samples of cordwood for canes.

SOFT-HEARTED.—*Grandpapa* (to Tommy, who has just been castigated by his mamma)—"And you know, Tommy, it really pains mamma more than it does you!" *Tommy*—"Oh, yes, I know it does! She says so! It hurts her hands."

"I MEANT to have told you of that bucket of coal I left at the bottom of the stairs for you to carry up, Harry," said his wife from the upper landing, when she heard a fall and some tall swearing. "Never mind; I've found it," replied he.

"THERE," said the shopman, pointing to a beautiful *Aperçue*, "there's a fine centrepiece." "Cent-apiece?" gasped old Mrs Bagster, who stood near—"cent apiece? You may wrap up two of them for me, if you please, Mr. Smith"—adding, satto voce, "I'd no idee them things was so cheap."

EXTRACT from an Irish letter: "That was a plaxin' Chris'mas joke on Teddy Grady. He axed his feyther wud' ould Nick fill any shtockin he hung up, no maither how big it was, an' his feyther said 'Av coorse,' an' so he shticle wan of his feyther's an' hung it up, an' whin Teddy kim down in the mornin' he found the ould gintleman shtin' plump up on the manteipiece, an' the shtockin' well filled wid his fut, an' Teddy got the fill of the shtockin' about forty-sivin toimes roight in the small of his back, an' the nixt mornin' he luked as if he'd been shlapin' in a nesht of porcupines."

TELL us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs one hundred gets outside a quart of cream—and then wants more.—*Elmira Gazette.* Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the durndest set to show their grit and greed. No encore.—*New York News.* Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; but never let us go a wooing girls that want a second plate. How's that?—*Newsboy.* Lives of such girls all remind us, as we float adown the stream, that the boys who come behind us will have to pay for lots of cream. N-e-x-t!—*Yonkers Gazette.* Be not like dumb driven cattle, be a hero in the strife; never with her mother battle, save the ice-cream for your wife. Proceed!

H. BALDWIN, of Monroe City, Ind., writes under date of Dec. 3d, 1877, that his wife used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with wonderful results. It effected her entire cure, after several physicians had failed. The many similar letters positively affirming that the Favorite Prescription had cured the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, induced Dr. Pierce to sell it under a guarantee. Ladies need no longer submit to useless and painful local treatment, as the Favorite Prescription is a safe, sure and speedy cure. Hundreds who had been bed-ridden for years have been restored to perfect health by its use.

A MOVEMENT of great benefit and importance to the inventive and industrial interests of the country has been inaugurated by Messrs. Fred. J. Hoyt & Co., 733 Broadway, New York. They have opened two elegant show-rooms as a "Museum of Patents" and "Inventors' Headquarters," where patentees and capitalists may meet and adjust their mutual interests, without cost to either party, unless a sale is effected, in which case the firm receive a commission on the business done. In this way the world is quickly supplied with articles of merit and invention, giving merit a proper reward.

THE most popular lunch-room in New York is that of the St. Nicholas Hotel, which, in food, service, appointments and fair prices, is without an equal. Add to these attractions its central location, and its daily throng of customers is readily explained.

THE ISMAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY were awarded a gold medal for the model of their steamship *City of Berlin*, exhibited at the Paris Exposition. The recent trip of the *Berlin* to this port was one of the shortest ever made.

CATARRH AND ITS CURE.

REV. T. P. CHILDS publishes to-day a wonderfully accurate description of the causes of Catarrh, and the results from inattention to the first symptoms of this terrible disease. From the details given of his method of cure, it seems to be easily applied and very simple in its action. Inhalation is evidently the most rational and sensible way of reaching any disease of the air passages; Mr. Childs's application of this principle in medicine, together with the knowledge of the inhalants to be used, have given him his wonderful success in the treatment of Catarrh and Bronchitis. To judge from the published statements of some of his patients, the medicines Mr. Childs contrives to place, by the use of his inhalers, just where it is needed, must be most powerful and searching in its character to produce such surprising results. None need feel any hesitancy in placing their case in Mr. Childs's hands for treatment. The number and character of the certificates, as well as the favorable notices from well-known publishers, who have carefully examined the subject, must dispel every doubt in regard to his reliability. We would call especial attention to the advertisement, and request a careful perusal of the facts as set forth.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.: I suffered for years from severe, dangerous and chronic dysentery, which defied all medical skill. For a year past I have used the Gluten and Gluten Wafers of the HEALTH FOOD CO. They have about subdued my malady, and I feel better than I have for years. I could not be induced to give up these admirable Foods.
LANCASTER GUILD, Baltimore, Md.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MERSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., Proprietors, New York.

SAVE YOUR FUEL.—From one fifth to one-third of the usual amount of coal bills can be saved by the use of fire-proof non-conducting Asbestos Coverings on hot air and steam-pipes, boilers, heater pipes in dwellings, etc. The genuine can be procured only of the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, 87 Maiden Lane, New York, patentees and manufacturers of Asbestos Paints, Roofing, etc.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EUGENE FERRIS & Son, No. 61 Nassau Street, West Side.

Keep your Bird in health and song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage-dealers. Depot, 562 Hudson St., New York.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HASKICH & Co., 165 & 167 Broadway.

$10 to $1,000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

AN ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENFIS (Facsimile) VIOLIN.

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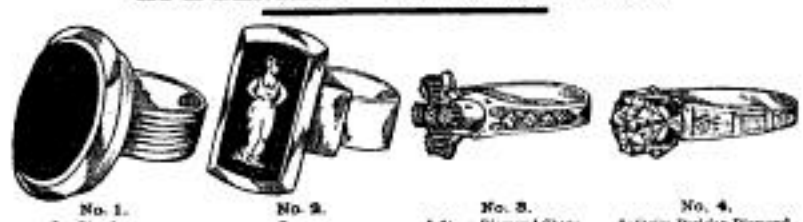
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THE LATEST INVASION OF MEXICO.

CATARRH

Thousands suffer without knowing the nature of this almost universal complaint. It is an alteration of the head. Its indications are hawking, spitting, weak inflamed eyes, frequent soreness of the throat, dryness and heat of the nose, matter running from the head down the throat, often ringing or deafness in the ears, loss of smell, memory impaired, dullness and dizziness of the head, often in the first stages, but more commonly in its advanced stages, attended with pains in chest or left side, and under the shoulder blades. Indigestion usually attends Catarrh; a hacking cough and colds are very common; some have all these symptoms; others only a part. Very little pain attends Catarrh, until the liver and the lungs are attacked in consequence of the stream of pollution running from the head into the stomach.

All persons thus affected take cold easily, and frequently have a running of the nostrils; the breath sometimes reveals to all around the corruption within, while the patient has frequently lost all sense of smell. The disease advances covertly, until pain in the chest, lungs or bowels, startles him; he hacks and coughs, has dyspepsia, liver complaint, and is urged by his doctor to take this or that; perhaps cod-liver oil is prescribed. Perfectly ridiculous! The foul ulcers in the head cannot be reached by pouring such stuff into the poor, jaded stomach. The patient becomes nervous; the voice is harsh and inarticulate; he feels disheartened; memory loses her power, judgment her seat, gloomy forebodings hang overhead; hundreds, yes, thousands, in such circumstances, feel that to die would be a relief, and many even do cut the thread of life to end their sorrows.

THOUSANDS ARE DYING

In early life with consumption, who can look back a few years—perhaps only months—when it was only catarrh. Neglected, when a cure is possible, very soon it will transform the features of health and youth into the dark, pallid appearance; while the hacking cough, the excess of blood gushing from the lungs, or night sweats, all significantly proclaim it *is too late: and thus a neglected catarrh ends in the consumptive's grave.*

NASAL CATARRH.

Sometimes the disease only affects the membranes lining the nasal passages, and they may be easily reached and cured by simple means. But when it is located in the *frontal sinus*, or in the *posterior nares*, or if it has entered the eustachian tubes, and it is injuring the ears, then nothing but finely medicated vapor can effectually reach it and destroy it. And certainly, after it has affected the throat and bronchial tubes, as all well-read physicians will readily admit, nothing can be relied on to effect a permanent cure but the inhalation of properly medicated vapor. In the same manner that we breathe common air, we can inhale and breathe a medicated air; and it is perfectly simple, any one can see, thus to treat diseases of the *throat, bronchial pipes and lungs*. How much better this method by which remedies are conveyed directly to the seat of the disease, than to resort to the uncertain and too frequently *misdirected action* of medicines taken into the stomach.

AMONG WOMEN catarrh is very common. The decrees of fashion compel women to go from the dry atmosphere of furnace-heated houses, into the open air, with the head but poorly protected. Many suffer keenly from bronchitis and difficulties of the throat and lungs.

TEACHERS IN OUR SCHOOLS are greatly subject to this fearful malady. Confinement in close, ill ventilated school rooms; the over heated atmosphere, charged with the steaming poison exuding from the bodies of the not always over clean children, breed this disease with fearful rapidity.

LAWYERS IN THE COURT-ROOM and judges on the bench, from the same general cause, are too often afflicted in the same way.

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL, after leaving the pulpit, over-heated with the strain of their mental and physical effort, neglect sufficient precaution, and a cold is the result. This neglect opens the way to catarrh, and to a possible loss of voice. I have suffered so keenly myself that I cannot urge upon public speakers too strongly the necessity of removing this disease when a cure is possible.



MY EXPERIENCE.

Eighteen years of terrible headache, disgusting nasal discharges, dryness of the throat, acute bronchitis, coughing, soreness of the lungs, raising bloody mucus, and even night sweats, incapacitating me for my professional duties, and bringing me to the verge of the grave—ALL were caused by, and the results of *Nasal Catarrh*. After spending hundreds of dollars, and obtaining no relief, I compounded my CATARRH SPECIFIC AND COLD AIR INHALING BALM, and wrought upon myself a *wonderful cure*. Now I can speak for hours with no difficulty, and can breathe freely in any atmosphere. At the calls of numerous friends, I have given my cure to the public, and have now thousands of patients in all parts of the country, and thousands of happy fellow-beings whose suffering I have relieved. My cure is *certain, thorough and perfect*, and is indorsed by EVERY PHYSICIAN who has examined it. If I can relieve my fellow-beings, as I have been relieved, of this loathsome disease, which makes the possessor as once disgusting to himself and others, I shall be satisfied, and feel that I have done my little towards removing the ills of mankind.

T. P. CHILDS.

TESTIMONY OF OTHERS.

FROM THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

T. P. CHILDS.—*Dear Sir:* I think you have the true theory and practice for the cure of Nasal Catarrh, and also for the treatment of the respiratory organs. My throat is now so well restored that I lecture daily without difficulty, and I find no difficulty whatever in preaching. You are at full liberty to use my name for the benefit of others. Yours very truly,

E. B. FAIRFIELD, D.D., LL.D., Lincoln, Neb.

JUDGE J. COLLETT, of Lima, O., writes: "You well remember how terribly Catarrh had taken hold upon me at the time you were at my house, making me offensive to myself and to all around, and withal suffering day and night. I am cured; head free, air passages all open, and breathing natural. I express to you again what I said in a recent letter, 'A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy, and so very cheap.'"

MR. T. GILLESPIE, of Woodworth, Kenosha County, Wis., writes: "I must say that I never had a medicine take hold of my Catarrh by the root, and root it out, as this has."

MR. THOMAS J. DAILY, of Homer, Champaign County, Ill., one of the worst cases I ever had under treatment—who was six months bed-fast, and nearly blind, one eye utterly destroyed by Catarrh, nose and face much disfigured and throat and lungs in a critical state, writes, June 21st, 1878:

"DEAR MR. CHILDS: I have used your Catarrh treatment that my brother, B. O. Daily, of your place, kindly sent me, now over three months, and almost all this time in hopelessness, as it seemed I must die. By-and-by it began to take effect, and I began to have hope. I improved rapidly, soon could sit up, passages of the head began to open, throat and bronchial tubes grew better, cough ceased, and now I can see to write. I now expect to get well and go about my business again. I owe you a great debt of gratitude. Indeed, I owe my life to your treatment. Very truly your friend, THOMAS J. DAILY."

Mr. Daily is now (September 10th) in Troy, looking quite well; almost every vestige of Catarrh has disappeared.

The following names have been selected from thousands in my possession. If desired, any of them can be consulted by letter or otherwise:

W. L. Wilson, Troy, Pike County, Ala.
Rev. W. I. Tillinghurst, Bloomer, Wis.
T. G. Grant, Greenville, Ala.
A. J. Cowles, Beloit, Rock County, Wis.
Wm. H. Gaylor, Fort Plain, Montgomery Co., N.Y.
Mrs. O. W. Lake, McZena, Ashland County, O.
Amanda Fisher, Freeport, Stephenson County, Ill.
J. M. Leslie, Brady, Indiana County, O.
Rev. J. L. Pettigrew, Raymond, Hinds County, Miss.
Samuel T. G. Bigelow, 10 La Grange St., Worcester, Mass.
Rev. P. W. Free, Waterford, Erie County, Pa.
Rev. T. Gillespie, Woodworth, Wis.
Alonzo Bennett, Jackson, Jackson County, Mich.
Miss Flora Weber, Urbana, Champaign County, Ill.
Rev. J. Lentz, Kanawha Court House, W. Va.
Rev. W. R. Lathrop, Harleville, Ind.
Mrs. J. A. Humphrey, Franklin, Pa.
Calvin Teegarden, Griffinsville, Iowa.
James White, Elk County, Kan.
J. J. Hancock, Irvanville, Irvan County, Ga.
Isaac Hill, Kirkville, Wapello County, Iowa.
J. Z. Burnett, St. Francisville, Clark County, Mo.
Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Sturgis, Ind.
W. S. Sandal, Willis, Montgomery County, Texas.
J. Morton, Collinsville, DeKalb County, Ala.
Rev. A. J. Gaiss, Waterford, Mass.
T. B. Rose, Matteson, Coles County, Ill.
Rev. J. W. Terrell, Roanoke, Howard County, Mo.
Mrs. J. A. Thornton, Michigan City, Ind.
Chas. B. Day, Peoria, Peoria County, Ill.
F. M. Mitchell, Fittsten, Me.
J. Grist, Hoopeston, Vermillion County, Ill.
G. W. Dalbey, Shelbyville, Texas.

WHAT THE EDITORS KNOW OF T. P. CHILDS.

The publishers of the *Congregationalist*, with multitudes of other people, are somewhat suspicious of patent medicines, as a rule, and when we received the advertisement of Mr. Childs, we at first declined its insertion; but on making inquiry, we received such satisfactory replies, and one especially from a well-known Congregational pastor, not far from Rev. Mr. Childs's, the proprietor of the medicine, that we withdrew our objections.—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

While not supposing that all cases of catarrh will be cured, by the prescription advertised, the publishers of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, after diligent inquiry, have reasons to believe that it has in many cases proved effectual. We do not ordinarily insert medical advertisements.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

The medicine Mr. Childs contrives to place, by the use of his inhalers, just where it is needed, must be most powerful and searching in its character to produce such surprising results. Many of our leading lawyers, divines, and prominent business men have tried this remedy with wonderful success. There is no doubt of the efficacy of this method. We know Mr. Childs as an honest, Christian man.—*Gazette*, Cincinnati.

Mr. Childs gives a very strong description of this most annoying and loathsome disease. A number of testimonials from well-known publishers and others throughout the country seems to indicate that his peculiar manner of treatment is worthy of investigation by those thus afflicted. The physician who is able to relieve suffering humanity of such painful ills is most assuredly entitled to the thanks and patronage of the world at large.—*Andrews' Banner*, Cincinnati.

CONCLUSION.

It is now a well-established fact that Childs's Catarrh Specific, for thoroughness, completeness and efficiency, has no equal in the world. Everything known to be good for Nasal Catarrh in all its horrid forms in the head, throat and bronchial tubes, arranged into one complete system of treatment. Two kinds of inhalants and two fine inhalers go with each full course of medicine.

Do not trifle with some cheap thing, which at best can afford but temporary relief, while the roots of the vile disease are left to strike deeper and deeper. Be in earnest and thorough, or do nothing! Write at once and say what paper you saw this in. Circulars, price-lists, and all necessary information can be had by addressing (with return stamp),

REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

FLORILINE!

"FLORILINE"—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH,

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, and imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath.

THE FRAGRANT "FLORILINE"

removes instantly all odors arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke. Being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry.

Prepared by **HENRY C. GALLUP, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England,** and retailed everywhere.

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ANTI-FAT

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is the great remedy for Corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, it will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week.

"Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others." So wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day. Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, for $1.50. Quarterstones, $4.00. Address,

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Buffalo, N.Y.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE!

The ROYAL BAKING POWDER is a pure Cream of Tartar powder. Recommended for its wholesomeness by eminent chemists. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers. *Beware of the injurious Alum Powders!* Do not buy Baking Powder loose, as it is almost sure to contain alum.

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Wilkie Collins,

Issued January 1st, in

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Asthma, Cold in the Head, Affections of the Throat. A vegetable compound of the best known remedies. A pleasant smoke. An aid to digestion, and makes the breath sweet.

Contain no tobacco. Convenient and always ready. Effective. Sold by Druggists and Cigar Dealers. Manufactured by

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ASTHMATIC (NEW) CIGARETTES

An Instant Relief for Asthma.

A combination of the latest and best known remedies, specially for Asthma.

Recommended by leading physicians. Simple and effective.

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THE EXECUTION SCENE IN THE BURLESQUE OF "FAIR ROSAMOND."

THE HARVARD BURLESQUE.

NEVER did a more delighted audience assemble in the crowded Union League Theatre than that which came on Thursday evening, January 2d, to greet the young graduates of Harvard in their "Burlesque of Fair Rosamond." Heralded as the performance was by legends of their past success, smiled on by fashion, and arrayed with all the care that the band of lady managers could bestow, of course much was expected; but the brilliant success was still a surprise. The fun, the gayety, the security and the telling puns, good songs and exceedingly graceful dancing, were really admirable. There was none of that miserable suspense, that feeling of hair-creeping fear with which an audience generally awaits the performance of amateurs. It was active, prompt and enchanting from the first.

The grace of these young men recalled the pictures on an antique frieze. It was the idyllic grace of old Homer's time, the grand, free movement of youth and health and beauty. Nothing more graceful than Mr. Sheafe's dancing can be conceived. Mr. Nat Curtis, too, was pre-eminently successful and elegant, and through it all was that air of *gentlemanliness* which is the crowning feature of good acting in burlesque. The comic genius of the evening, however, was Mr. Sigourney Butler, who, as *Queen Eleanor*, showed talents which might give him a great reputation on the burlesque stage, did he not prefer the more humdrum career of a lawyer. Mr. Sprague as the *Schoolmistress* was very funny, and Mr. Arthur Sherwood as the *King* was grand, stately and graceful, singing one or two delightful songs with great *aplomb*, and dancing in the true Majilton style, for which his long legs eminently fitted him. All the parts were well taken and well done. As for *Fair Rosamond*, she was so beautiful that *King Henry's* infatuation was easily accounted for; it quite proved that the drama in old Greek days, and in those of Shakespeare, may have been as facinating as now, for if men can play women's parts so well as Mr. Farnsworth played *Rosamond*, and could look so like the siren, it is no wonder that when *Kynaston*, in the days of Charles II., played, people said that he was the most beautiful woman in the house.

The whole performance was opened and improved all through by the excellent amateur band, the inception and execution of which the ladies owe to Mr. A. A. Hayes, who has given it much time and attention. It was without doubt better than most professional orchestras, and did great credit to the leader, Mr. Vogrevitch.

To hear such amateurs as the Kobbe Brothers, Mr. Paris, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Templeton Strong, and Messrs. Thomas, Grey, Smith, Shelton, Swan, Lewenberg and Halliday is a treat. It is also astonishing as a proof of the high musical culture of New York that such a thing can be done unpremeditatedly by amateurs. The waltz, "Last Spiel," was never better played at Baden-Baden.

Mr. Arthur M. Sherwood was incorrectly stated as the author—it is really by Bornand. He had furnished the poetry (?) for six songs, and had taken, of course, a great interest in the play, but would disclaim, probably, any further claim to authorship. He did arrange several of the scenes and made some very atrocious puns, besides playing the *King*. It is to Mrs. Sherwood, however, that the chief credit for this very successful affair is due, she having inspired and directed it throughout with exceptional vigor and skill. The healthful, cordial support given to this burlesque by New Yorkers the kindly feeling, and the pleasant criticism of the press, will ever be cordially remembered by those of the committee particularly interested.

The performance was repeated on the evening of the 3d and the afternoon of the 4th, the object being to raise funds to enable the Harvard crew to go to London to meet the Universities' crews in the regatta of next Summer. The patronage at the performances was so liberal that Harvard will surely be represented at Henley.



THE "FAIR ROSAMOND" ENJOYING A CIGAR.



A WALTZ BEFORE THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.



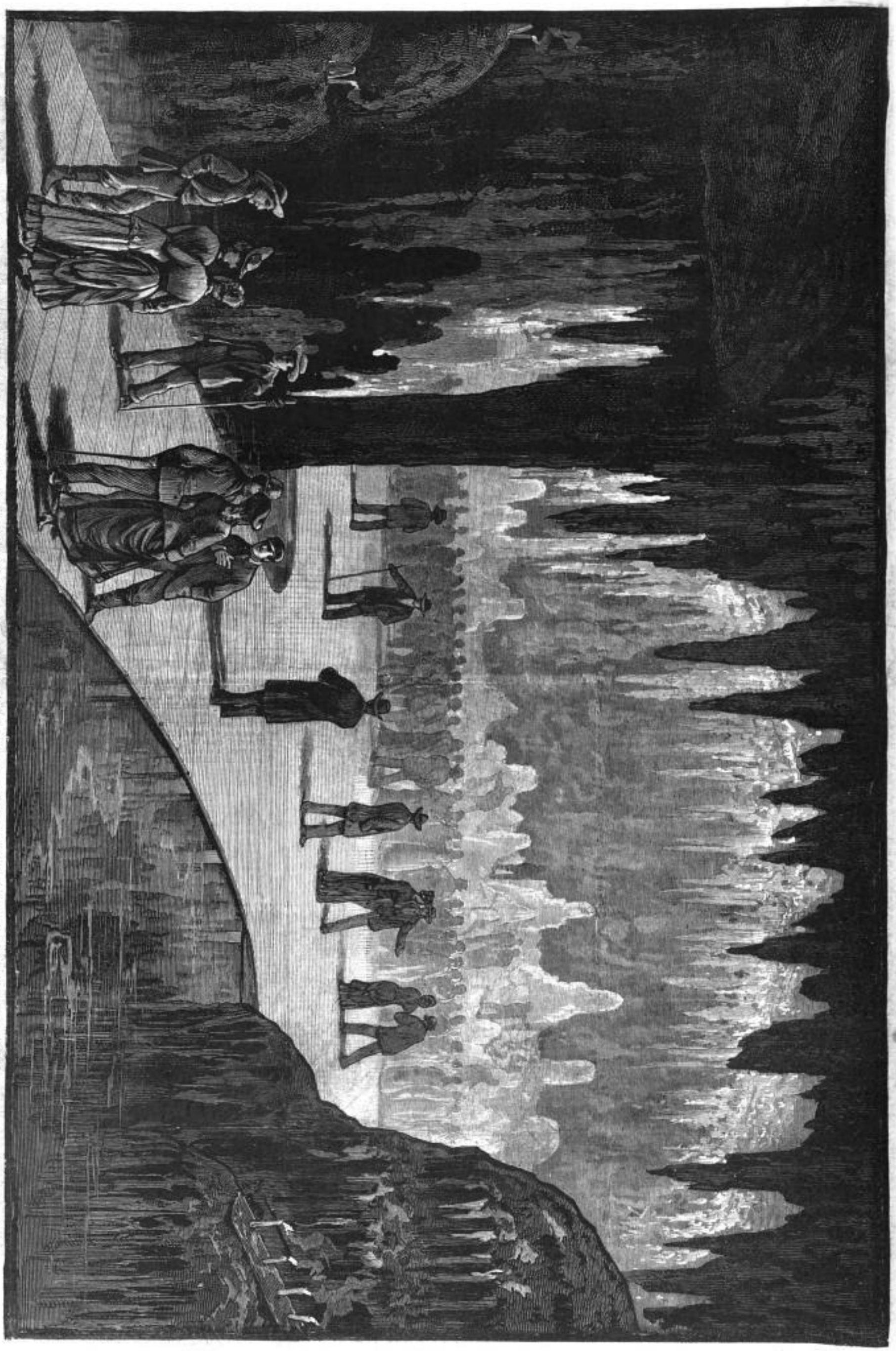
CAUGHT BY THE CURTAIN—A LUDICROUS FALL.

NEW YORK CITY.—PERFORMANCE OF "FAIR ROSAMOND" BY THE BURLESQUE ACTORS OF THE CLASSES OF 1877-78 OF HARVARD COLLEGE, AT UNION LEAGUE THEATRE, JANUARY 2D AND 3D.

REMARKABLE FEAT OF MEMORY.

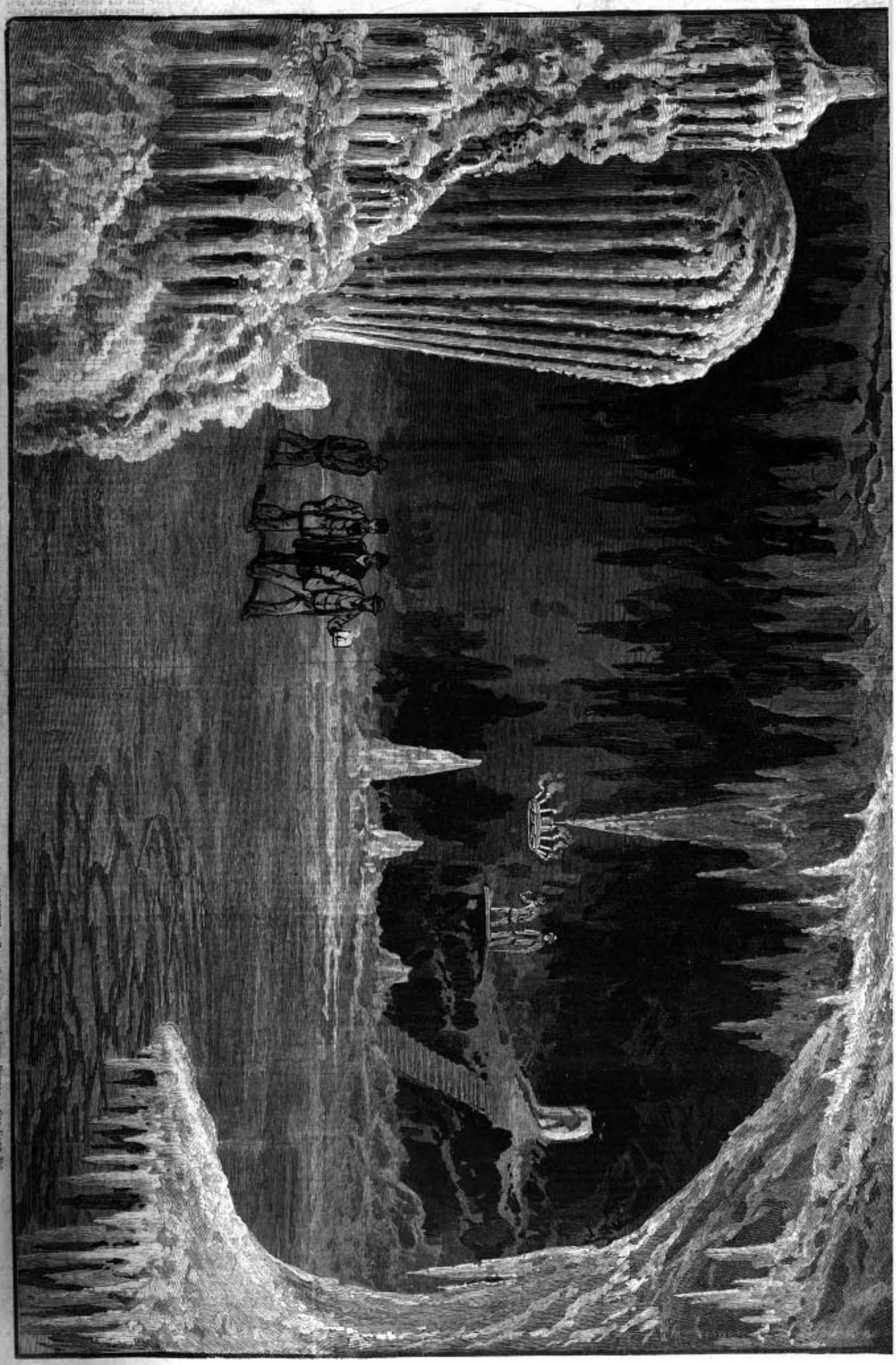
ONE of the most remarkable feats of memory is not recorded in the books, though it came before the public in a singular manner in January, 1847. At Sydney, Australia, a prisoner set up as his defense on trial an *alibi*, claiming to have been at the time that the complainant was robbed at home in his own hut listening to the recital of Horace Walpole's novel, "The Old Baron," which a man named Lane had, with other novels, committed to memory, the matter of time being disposed of by the declaration that Lane's recitation took two hours and a half. The Attorney-General declared that this was incredible, whereupon Lane clearing his throat began, "In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphrey returned from the wars in the Holy Land, where he had been sojourning for a number of years, there lived"——and had recited several pages when the Attorney-General told him to stop—he was quite satisfied. But the counsel for the defense was not, and insisted that as the veracity of his witness had been questioned, the witness should be allowed to set himself right, also to prove the allegation as to time by writing the whole novel. "Do you expect me to take it all down as evidence?" stammers the Chief Justice, in great dismay, and finally a compromise was arrived at, and Lane gave a chapter from the middle of the story and its conclusion. The prisoner was acquitted.

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VIRGINIA.—THE GRANDEST OF AMERICAN CAVERNS.—SCENE IN THE BALLROOM IN THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED CAVE AT LURAY, PAGE COUNTY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1878.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 353.

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VIRGINIA—THE GIANTESS OF AMERICAN CAVERNS—THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEWLY DISCOVERED CAVE AT LURAY, PAGE COUNTY.—From Sketches by Joseph Becker.—See Page 357.

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THE LATE CALEB CUSHING.

CALEB CUSHING was born in Salisbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, in January, 1800. He was graduated at Harvard, studied law and was admitted to the bar at Newburyport. In 1825 he was elected a representative from Newburyport in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and supported the then Republican Party. In 1829 he visited Europe on a tour of pleasure, and on his return, two years later, wrote a book on Spain, and one on the French Revolution of 1830. In 1833 he re-entered the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1835 he was elected from the Essex North District of Massachusetts to Congress, where he served four consecutive terms, acting with the Whig Party until President Tyler came into power, when he sided with the Administration, and henceforth supported the Democratic Party. Failing to be confirmed in 1843 as Secretary of the Treasury, for which office he had been nominated by President Tyler, he was sent as Commissioner to China, where he negotiated our first treaty with that Empire. Mr. Cushing warmly defended the Mexican war, and failing to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to aid in equipping a volunteer regiment, he furnished the requisite sum himself, became colonel, and proceeded to the seat of war, where he was promptly made brigadier-general. In 1847, while still in Mexico, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated. Mr. Cushing, in 1850, in the Legislature of his native State, was active in opposing the election of Mr. Sumner as United States Senator, and the coalition between the Free Soil and the Democratic Parties. Two years Mayor of Newburyport, and one year Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he was appointed United States Attorney General by President Pierce in 1853, and held that position four years. He served again in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1857, 1858 and 1859. Mr. Cushing presided over the Democratic Convention held in Charleston in 1860 for the nomination of a Presidential ticket, and during the eventful war period which soon succeeded held aloof from public affairs, but was known to be in sympathy with the Union cause, and on several occasions was intrusted with legal business by the Administration. In 1866, President Johnson, with whose policy the veteran politician was more or less in accord, appointed him Commissioner to codify the laws of Congress. In 1872 he was appointed counsel of the United States before the High Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, and he published on his return a history of that tribunal. Mr. Cushing had long enjoyed extensive practice, as a lawyer, holding briefs in the most important cases coming before Supreme Courts of the United States. His counsel had been sought frequently on grave international questions, and he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best informed men of the country on the political history of the United States, as well as their relations with foreign nations. He was one of the most proficient linguists in the world.

In December, 1873, he was appointed Minister to Spain, and while at that court displayed great skill and good judgment in the adjustment of difficulties arising out of the detention of the *Virginius*. He succeeded not only in securing the surrender of the vessel, but also in obtaining indemnity to all sufferers by the illegal proceedings of the Cuban Government, or to the heirs of those who were executed. The sum of $77,000 was secured by our Government for this purpose, and up to November 16th, 1877, about $38,000 had been disbursed to those entitled to compensation. Mr. Cushing was nominated in January, 1874, for the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but subsequently the nomination was withdrawn. Since then Mr. Cushing had been engaged prominently in public affairs. He was nominated for Attorney-General for Massachusetts at the last election on the Butler ticket, but positively refused to be a candidate.



THE LATE HON. CALEB CUSHING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. THORPE, ARTIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

REV. DR. W. I. BUDINGTON.

REV. DR. WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON, who on the 7th of December tendered his resignation as pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, has long occupied a prominent position among divines. Born at New Haven in April, 1815, graduating at Yale in 1834, and completing his theological course at Andover in 1839, he was, in April, 1840, ordained as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Charleston, Mass., where he remained until 1854. In that year he went to Philadelphia, and for a brief period officiated at the Western Presbyterian Church, leaving there to accept the pastorate of the Clinton Avenue Church, Brooklyn, in 1855, when the Society was organized. The erection of so large a church, so far from the thickly settled parts of the city, was a subject of much comment at the time; but since then ten large churches and several smaller ones have sprung up within a radius of half a mile. During this growth of the city, Dr. Budington has been actively identified with the interests not only of that section, but of the whole city, State and nation. The members of his congregation and many others speak of him as possessing remarkable eloquence, sympathy and responsiveness.

Last May, Dr. Budington was affected with cancer in the left portion of his lower lip. By the advice of his physician a partial excision was made, which it was hoped would prove sufficient. When partially recovered, Dr. Budington went to Europe to pass the Summer, and in London found the disease returning, and had a second operation performed by eminent surgeons, who wrote that the symptoms were favorable for a complete recovery. In October last he returned in good spirits, and worked for a short time, when he found that the disease had not been eradicated. A complete excision of the affected part was then made, a triangular piece being removed from the lip. Since the operation he has been doing well, and a complete recovery is anticipated; but to this end complete rest is necessary and for this reason, greatly to the regret of his charge, he has withdrawn from the pastorate. His congregation received the announcement of his withdrawal with great sadness and regret, but it is understood that their importunities will not induce a change in his purpose.



NEW YORK.—REV. DR. WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON, OF BROOKLYN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RAWSON.

HOME OF THE LATE BAYARD TAYLOR.

"CEDARCROFT," the residence of the late Bayard Taylor, at Kennett Square, Chester County, Penn., was built in 1860, after plans furnished by himself. He took great pride in his home and the 200 acres of ground that surrounded it, as well as the ancient building not far off, in which he was born, January 11th, 1825, and which was destroyed by fire a few months ago. At the "housewarming" he had a large company of friends and neighbors about him, and as a special celebration a piece called "Love at a Hotel," written jointly by himself and R. H. Stoddard, was performed. He had long held most decided views about a building for dwelling purposes, and in drawing the plans for his new home he utilized the impressions and convictions he had gained during his extensive travels. His house was designed to possess the highest hygienic properties—to be absolutely healthful. Its many windows gave admittance to vast floods of sunlight, the air had uninterrupted liberty within and without its walls, ventilation and drainage were thorough—withal, there were liberal æsthetic arrangements, and nothing seemed to have been omitted to make "Cedarcroft" a happy, healthful home. And yet, in his merry way, he often complained that he had carried his sanitary ideas to such general execution that he could scarcely find space on the walls for a picture, or on the floor for an easy-chair.

Mr. Taylor had spent a large sum of money upon his house and grounds, and was surprised at the increase in the cost of maintaining them. On his last return from abroad he was alarmed at the great decrease in the valuation of real estate, and set about with redoubled vigor to repair his losses. It is believed that the wonderful amount of work he performed from that time to his appointment as Minister to Berlin—writing and lecturing—brought upon him the principal of the bodily afflictions which terminated in his death on the 19th of December last, at the age of fifty-three years.



PENNSYLVANIA.—RESIDENCE OF THE LATE BAYARD TAYLOR, KENNETT SQUARE, CHESTER COUNTY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MONROE.

A ROBBER KING.

THE Hungarian papers announce the death, in the prison of Szamos-Ujvar, of the celebrated bandit, Rosza Sandor, known in Hungary as the "Robber King." He was born in Szejdin in 1813, and both his father and grandfather were robbers by profession. His achievements, however, soon eclipsed those of his family, and he was admired as much as he was feared. The reckless courage with which he attacked the police, and even military escorts, on the high road in broad daylight, his generosity toward the poor and his gallantry toward women made him a sort of national hero. Some thirty years ago few people of the wealthier class ventured to travel in Hungary without paying him tribute. His bands were well armed and organized, and the *szegény legények* (poor fellows), as the bandits were called in those days, found sympathizers and accomplices among the peasantry. He was first imprisoned in 1836, but escaped in the following year by the assistance of his mistress, a peasant woman named Kati, whose husband he had killed by blowing his brains out with a pistol. During the revolution of 1848 Rosza Sandor was pardoned by Kossuth, and he then organized a free corps which did good service against the Government troops. After the suppression of the rising Sandor resumed his former career. He did not again fall into the hands of the authorities until 1856, when he was betrayed by one of his companions. After the trial, Sandor was sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He remained eight years in the fortress of Kufstein, and was then set at liberty in virtue of a general amnesty. But he soon resumed his old pursuits. In 1868 he attacked, with some of his companions, a railway train at Feiegyhaza. The Government sent a body of troops, under Count Gedeon Raday, to capture him, and four years later he was again brought before the criminal tribunal, together with a number of his accomplices, among whom were several magistrates and high civil functionaries. He was again sentenced to death, and the sentence was again commuted to imprisonment for life. The prison to which he was then sent is the one in which he died.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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"THE FALLEN LEAVES." BY WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER II.

MR. HETHCOTE looked at the address on the letter with an expression of surprise, which did not escape the notice of Amelius. "Do you know Mr. Farnaby?" he asked.

"I have some acquaintance with him," was the answer, given with a certain appearance of constraint.

Amelius went on eagerly with his questions. "What sort of man is he? Do you think he will be prejudiced against me, because I have been brought up at Tadmor?"

"I must be a little better acquainted, Amelius, with you and Tadmor, before I can answer your question. Suppose you tell me how you became one of the Socialists, to begin with?"

"I was only a little boy, Mr. Hethcote, at that time."

"Very good. Even little boys have memories. Is there any objection to your telling me what you can remember?"

Amelius answered rather sadly, with his eyes bent on the deck:

"I remember something happening which threw a gloom over us, at home in England. I heard that my mother was concerned in it. When I grew older, I never presumed to ask my father what it was; and he never offered to tell me. I only know this: that he forgave her some wrong she had done him, and let her go on living at home—and that relations and friends all blamed him, and fell away from him, from that time. Not long afterwards, while I was at school, my mother died. I was sent for, to follow her funeral with my father. When we got back, and were alone together, he took me on his knee, and kissed me. 'Which will you do, Amelius,' he said: 'stay in England with your uncle and aunt? or come with me all the way to America, and never go back to England again? Take time to think of it.' I wanted no time to think of it; I said, 'Go with you, papa.' He frightened me by bursting out crying; it was the first time I had ever seen him in tears. I can understand it now. He had been cut to the heart, and had borne it like a martyr; and his boy was his one friend left. Well, by the end of the week we were on board the ship; and there we met a benevolent gentleman, with a long, gray beard, who bade my father welcome, and presented me with a cake. In

[Continued on page 374.]



THE FALLEN LEAVES.—"THE ELDER BROTHER TOOK HER BY THE HAND AND KISSED HER ON THE FOREHEAD."

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1879.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A special artist and a descriptive writer, from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *accompany the party of New York and Chicago merchants on their visit to Mexico with a view to the establishment of business relations with that country. The illustrations, which will appear from week to week, are to consist of the most interesting subjects connected with the expedition, while the description will be accurate, vivid, and deeply interesting. As both the illustrations and reading matter are intended to develop the commercial relations between the two countries,* FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *will obviously be the best medium for the acquisition of information on this all-important and engrossing subject.*

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PROGRESS OF FISCAL IDEAS.

OUR enlightened contemporary, the New York *Nation*, in recently commenting upon the resumption of specie payments in the United States, dropped the remark that the Government, after the 1st of January in this year, will have entered "on the performance of an entirely new function—that of a bank of issue, which is," it adds, "a novelty in finance." The "novelty" in the case, now that resumption is an accomplished fact, should not, we opine, be found in the mere *banking* function assumed by the Government, for this innovation was adventured in the year 1862, when the Government for the first time turned itself into a "bank of issue," and proceeded to issue its notes without any capital except the faith and credit of the nation.

Under the resumption of specie payments it would be more accurate to say that the Government proposes to discharge the *duties* as well as to exercise the *rights* pertaining to a bank of issue, and it remains to be seen whether the Secretary of the Treasury, in addition to his other engrossing cares, will be able to combine in his single person the faculties of a great bank president and of a great bank cashier. As the present incumbent of the Treasury Department expresses his entire confidence in the provisions with which he is armed for the maintenance of specie payments, now that they have been resumed, we hope that those who question his abilities as a financial administrator will not be swift to impeach the wisdom of his measures, for this late opponent of specie resumption ought to be among the last to question the talent of our Secretary of the Treasury for managing a "bank of issue," seeing that they clamored only a few months ago for "unlimited greenbacks" to be issued under his direction, or at least for a number equal to the present volume of the national bank currency. A Secretary who should have been equal to the requirements imposed by such an enlargement of his banking functions ought to have had the shoulders of Atlas, the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus.

The Comptroller of the Currency in his late report has well explained that with the existing relations between the Treasury Department and the National Banks, it would seem almost impossible that resumption shall fail, for the former holds an amount of coin which is equal to more than forty per cent. of the entire issue of the legal-tender notes, while the banks hold nearly one-third of the volume of these notes. If, therefore, the banks co-operate with the Treasury, as it is their interest to do, there is no room for the creation of "Black Fridays" in the gold market; and even if this co-operation should not be universal, it could not, he argues, affect the general or ultimate result, for if any considerable portion of the legal-tender notes be exchanged for coin at the Treasury and be withdrawn from use, the notes will become scarce and the coin be forced into circulation to supply the requirements of business, and thus fill the gap.

Now that we have reached the present stage of advanced progress in the management of the national currency and the national finances, it would be an interesting chapter in our political annals to review the steps by which the nation has been led to the adoption of fiscal agencies and ideas which at different epochs in our history have provoked the deepest dissension. With the Secretary of the Treasury presiding over a "bank of issue" at Washington, and with a large mass of his political opponents in the South and West sighing, a few months ago, for the unlimited extension of his prerogatives in this direction, it would seem that the old horror of a "United States Bank" has been pretty effectually quelled in the national breast. The only amazing thing is that the men who lately were most anxious to concentrate "the money power" of the country in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury alone should profess such panic fears of the same "money power" when it is distributed between the Secretary and two thousand independent national banks scattered throughout the country!

The movement for a national fiscal agent to be employed in regulating the currency and in managing the finances of the country may be said to have begun in the first Congress of the United States, when on the 9th of August, 1790, the House of Representatives directed Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, "to prepare and report such provisions as, in his opinion, might be necessary for establishing the precise credit." In pursuance of this instruction that great financier made a report on the 14th of December following, and recommended it with a plan for the institution of a national bank. Such a bank as he then contemplated was actually chartered in 1791. By the limit fixed in the original act of incorporation the legal existence of this bank was to cease on the 4th of March, 1811, and before that date the directors sought a renewal of their privileges at the hands of Congress. It was not, however, until 1816 that a Bill was passed for this purpose in such shape as to secure the approval of President Madison. The subsequent struggle of President Jackson against the perpetuation of "the monster" (as he was in the habit of styling the United States Bank) is too well-known to call for narration under this head. But the debates of that period would be most instructive reading to the men who now affect so much claim at "the money-power" which is "incarnated" to-day in the national banks. The same spectre was then conjured up with which to frighten the people from their prosperity, but the strong moral and political forces which are organic in our body politic have at last prevailed over the delusion of financial folly and fanaticism.

THE TRADE NEEDS OF NEW YORK.

THE proposition of the New York Central Railroad Company to establish a line of freight steamers between this city and European ports is hailed with lively satisfaction in commercial circles. By many it is believed that this new enterprise will largely assist in building up the commerce of New York, operating, as it is expected, as a partial offset to the fine terminal facilities of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. We trust sincerely that these pleasant anticipations may be realized; but it is yet to be seen whether the city will reap any real benefit, beyond the port charges which these Vanderbilt steamers may pay from time to time. New York needs something more than the mere chartering of a few ocean steamers by a private corporation to insure a recovery of former prosperity. It is an increase of business, and not of tonnage, which will establish the commercial supremacy of this city, and add to its power and wealth. A few facts will make this clearly apparent.

Ignoring the period covered by the financial panics and general disruption of business, we find that, in the twelve years ending with 1872, the tonnage of vessels which entered American ports from foreign countries increased more than 50 per centum. In proof of this we produce the annexed figures:

Number of tons entered in 1872	7,168,106
Number of tons entered in 1860	4,999,884
Total increase in tons	2,768,222

Of the whole amount of tonnage in 1860, 1,973,812 tons entered the port of New York, and 3,969,339 tons in 1872. It thus appears that, while the ocean tonnage entered at this port more than doubled in the twelve years referred to, the gain at all other ports only aggregated 772,655 tons. It is obvious that at no time during the period named did the commercial interests of this city suffer from a lack of vessel tonnage. But how fared her business interests from 1860 to the close of 1872? The story may be briefly told. In 1860 the whole imports of the country, gold value, amounted to $362,166,254, of which 64.5 per cent. entered at this port. The entire imports for 1872 reached a gold valuation of $640,338,766, of which New York received 65.3 per cent. These figures, official in character, demonstrate conclusively that while the tonnage entering at this port from abroad increased more than 100 per cent., the importations only increased 60.8 per cent.

Again, the exports of the country in 1860 reached $373,189,274, while in 1872 they were $549,219,718, both years reckoned in currency. The share of New York was 34.4 per cent. of the whole in 1860, and 49.2 per cent. in 1872, a gain of only 01.4 per cent. per annum. Surely we are justified in asserting that increased trade rather than tonnage is the more important to success at the present time.

It is insisted by some that Mr. Vanderbilt's ocean line will greatly benefit the grain trade of this city. It is to be hoped that it will, for in other days New York has suffered in this direction. Still adhering to the period anterior to the panic, consider the following tables, showing the exports of wheat, wheat flour, and corn, for the years 1862 and 1872, which exhibits plainly the disadvantages under which New York has labored. The exports for 1862 were as follows:

	WHEAT. Bushels.	FLOUR. Barrels.	CORN. Bushels.
Whole Exports..	37,289,572	4,892,013	18,904,896
From New York	28,164,879	3,508,967	14,113,962
From other Ports	9,124,693	1,422,166	4,788,938

The exportation of the foregoing articles for the year 1872 were as subjoined:

	WHEAT. Bushels.	FLOUR. Barrels.	CORN. Bushels.
Whole Exports..	26,423,080	2,614,535	34,491,610
From New York	17,889,037	1,158,035	18,331,147
From other Ports	8,534,053	1,376,500	16,160,511

As compared with 1860, the export of wheat fell off to the extent of 10,866,492 bushels in 1872, of which loss 10,275,842 bushels was at the expense of New York. The flour exports were 2,367,418 barrels less in 1872 than in 1860. The difference to this city was 2,120,432 barrels. The exportation of corn in 1872 exceeded the exportation of the same cereal in 1860 by 15,586,752 bushels. Of this grain only 4,215,567 bushels enured to the benefit of New York, while Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other ports, profited to the extent of 11,371,567 bushels.

As a seaboard city, New York enjoys natural advantages peculiarly her own. But to make these advantages subservient to the creation of wealth they need to be supplemented by improvements demanded alike by the spirit and wants of the times. This is the era of steam, and vast trunk lines stretching across the continent exert an important influence both upon internal and external trade. Only one of these trunk lines has a terminus in this city. Its great rivals come to the shores of the Hudson, and have their present termini in New Jersey. If New York would effectually dispose of all domestic rivalry, and become not only the commercial mistress of America but of the world, her people must utilize the whole of these trunk lines by making a terminus for all of them on this side of the river. To tunnel the Hudson at an expense of ten, twenty, or even one hundred millions of dollars would prove a mere *bagatelle* when compared with the advantages to be derived from such an undertaking. This, however, is not the only required improvement. Among the pressing necessities of the hour we may mention the further improvement of our wharves and water front, the erection of elevators and of substantial warehouses upon permanent piers, also the construction along a new extension bulkhead line of a double-track railway, for the purpose of furnishing the trunk lines with direct access to elevators, storehouses and vessels lying at our wharves on both the Hudson and East Rivers. These several improvements must be accomplished if New York desires to control the commerce of the Union. It is true that these things will involve expenditure, but the very want of the terminal facilities we have named is costing vast sums of money annually, independent of any loss of trade. The amount of merchandise of all sorts conveyed through our streets and over our wharves, including the shipments of jobbers and manufacturers to the interior, the receipts from other parts of the country, and our exports and imports similarly conveyed, make a yearly aggregate of fully 13,000,000 tons. The cost of handling and carting this tonnage, exclusive of lost time, and losses from damage and theft so frequent under the present system, amounts to no less a sum than $26,000,000 per annum, which sum equals 6 per cent. on an investment of $433,000,000.

If New York shall fail to provide the terminal improvements at which we have barely hinted, and otherwise utilize her great opportunities, the fault will be ours alone if the sceptre of commercial supremacy shall be wrung from our grasp.

THE TENTH FEDERAL CENSUS.

THE Census Bill introduced in the House by Representative Cox, of this city, contains some interesting features. The Superintendent of the Census is to be appointed by the President, the clerical force by the Secretary of the Interior, and one or more Supervisors for each State and Territory, the whole number not to exceed 150, are to be nominated by the Executives of the several States. The work of taking the census is to begin on the 1st day of June, 1880, and must be concluded in a month. In New York and other cities of over ten thousand inhabitants it is to be taken within a fortnight, so as to make it as near a photograph as it can be of the condition of the country. The special expert work is to be done by agents selected by the Superintendent. The Bill provides for the collection, in careful detail, of facts relative to the transactions of railroad corporations, their capital, business, length of lines, debts, the number of acres of land derived from public grant remaining unsold—in short, a complete detailed statement of the affairs of each road, including its business liabilities and assets. Provision is also made for obtaining like information from express, telegraph, life insurance, and fire and marine insurance companies. Mining, manufacturing, agricultural and fishing statistics are likewise provided for. The social statistics shall contain inquiries relating to the public indebtedness of cities, counties and towns, and of the ownership of the public debt of the United States, by whom owned, and the respective amounts, and such additional inquiries respecting the same, as well as respecting public paupers and criminals, as shall be deemed necessary. The cost of the census is limited to $3,000,000, as against $3,360,000 expended in 1870. The Bill proposes a subvention to any State or Territory which at the intermediate five years may take a census with similar blanks and schedules and report to the Secretary of the Interior, the Government in such case to pay half the cost, which, in view of the saving of $360,000 in the decennial census, it can well afford to do. Such a plan would have some obvious advantages. The delays in the publication of the results of the decennial censuses often render them comparatively useless as data for legislators and those interested in social science; but with a system of intervening censuses under direction of the States, this difficulty would be largely obviated, and the statistics gathered would soon acquire an accuracy and coherency vastly increasing their value for all purposes to which they can be applied.

The Bill, as a whole, appears to be an improvement upon those of previous years, especially in its provisions that the more important statistics shall be gathered, largely, by men of experience, and that the enumerators shall be named by the local authorities in each State and Territory. This last provision will make the work as non-partisan as possible; but for that very reason it is to be feared that it will encounter the opposition of the Congressional politicians.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE first month of 1879 has been rendered memorable by an event of the highest importance to Europe and the world at large. This is no less than the establishment, on a positive and durable basis, of the French Republic—a republic at once conservative and progressive, and strong both to master factious opposition at home and to repel attacks from abroad. The elections of January 5th, in more than forty departments, have accomplished the partial renewal of the Senate in such a way as to secure in it a Republican majority of nearly sixty, almost a threefold realization of Gambetta's hopeful prediction of the result. Not only has this issue decided the composition of the French Senate, but it has put an end to the latent discord which had long existed between that body on one side and the Chamber of Deputies and the Cabinet on the other. The Republic will be all the stronger in the hour of its triumphs if its adherents shall maintain the same spirit of moderation and tolerance wherewith they have hitherto surprised, disappointed and baffled its inveterate foes. The latter cannot be expected, even while ostensibly yielding to their inevitable fate, to abandon, immediately, their habitual intrigues to recover their lost hold upon popularity and power. They still have opportunities for mischief left which they will not fail to seize to the detriment of the Republic. Moreover, some Republican extremists will continue to be dissatisfied with the victory of Gambetta and his following, whom they sneer at as "Opportunists" in politics, and will cherish the belief that the safety of the French Republic can never be permanently assured

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until there be established in France what they claim Thiers meant by the words *La République Economique*—namely, as Deputy Talandier explains it, a state of society in which not only political but social equality shall reign. But, meanwhile, the superb tranquillity with which France has awaited, since October 20th, the crisis of January 5th and has now passed through it, is a striking proof of the progress achieved by the French democracy in its political education. It shows how well France has learned to govern itself.

Not only the generosity and justice but the growing strength of the French Republic is attested by indications that a day of general amnesty is at hand, and particularly by the full pardon just accorded to twenty-four Communist exiles in New Caledonia for their services against the insurgents in that colony. It is also a creditable sign of an approaching era of good feeling that increasing interest is taken in a society at Paris, the object of which is to find employment for liberated political convicts. This society acts altogether independently of party affiliations. A fine monument to the memory of Berryer, the illustrious Legitimist orator, will somewhat console his surviving friends for the recent defeat which they shared with Orleanists and the remnant of Bonapartists at the Senatorial elections. And Frenchmen of every party must be proud of the successful termination of the threatened difficulties of the French Government with the Bey of Tunis, and of the encouraging prospects of Algeria and of other French colonies in Africa. By-the-way, the unwonted interest which Italy and other Continental Governments, as well as Great Britain, are now taking in schemes for colonizing and civilizing Africa is one of the most remarkable signs of the times.

Both the Parisians and theatre-goers belonging to the various foreign colonies—and especially to the American colony—in the French capital are still nightly flocking to the representations of M. Pailleron's "L'Age Ingrat," at the Gymnase. No small amount of scandal has been occasioned by the fact that the principal heroine of the play is recognized by everybody as a portrait caricature of the eccentric Madame Ratazzi, Princess Bonaparte by birth, whom M. Pailleron thinly enough disguises as an American, although she might pass for a French, English, Italian, or any other but an American woman, notwithstanding the early flirtation which gossip attributes to her with at least one distinguished American diplomatist. M. Pailleron, however, has been deservedly lashed by Parisian critics for exceeding all bounds in aiming to take petty vengeance for having had to pay ten francs two years ago at a charitable entertainment given by Madame Ratazzi, whom M. Gaillardet eulogizes as the incarnation of benevolence. The dramatist, with inconceivable grossness, names her Madame Ratatouille.

Barely space enough is left to allude to the wedding, on January 7th, of that royal old reprobate, the King of Holland, with the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, whom, it is to be hoped, he will treat with more delicate consideration than he used to treat his late amiable and accomplished queen; to the costly gift of jewels which the Berlin shopkeepers are already clubbing together to present to the Emperor and Empress of Germany at their golden wedding on the 11th of next June; to the Belgian princess whom the Spanish newspapers have picked out as the new bride of widowed King Alfonso; to the crowds of mourners who thronged the Pantheon at Rome on the 9th of January, the anniversary of the late King Victor Emmanuel; to the death of Espartero, who, from a wheelwright's son and a student for the priesthood, became a Spanish *grandée* of the first class, Duke of Victory and Regent of Spain, and who might have been King of Spain had he not declined the crown in 1869 on account of his great age and his lack of heirs; to the prolonged financial and industrial troubles in Great Britain; to the Czar's anxieties on account of the refractory university students; and, finally, to the encyclical letter which Pope Leo XIII. has just issued against Socialism.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NEW PLAY.

THE production of Joaquin Miller's new drama, "Mexico," which will take place at the Grand Opera House, New York City, Feb. 10th, promises to become one of the great events of the present dramatic season. The play, based on a story of interest, is full of startling incidents and picturesque situations. Its action is rapid, and its language highly poetic—fully worthy of "the Poet of the Sierras," and the author of the "Danites." The object of the play is to illustrate Mexican and American life during the reign of Maximilian, and introduces several prominent personages of that eventful period. The characters are sharply drawn and skillfully grouped around the heroine of the play, a young, wealthy, ardent and beautiful Mexican lady, devoted to the Empire, and in love with the hero, an American soldier of fortune. The villain is a Mexican general, and the comedy element is represented by an American consul and an Irish emigrant and his sweetheart. The fact that Miss Von Stamwitz, the renowned young tragedienne, the sparkle of whose beauty is only equaled by the brilliancy of her talent, assumes the principal rôle of *Dolores*, will certainly greatly contribute to insure the success of the drama. The play affords excellent opportunities for the display of scenery, and it is understood that the management of the Grand Opera House will mount it in splendid style. A full view of the city of Mexico, with volcanoes in the background and a real waterfall in the great bridge scene of the third act, will be the principal features of the scenic display.

GOVERNOR TALBOT of Massachusetts made a remarkable proposition in his inaugural message. It was that he will surrender a part of his salary, although it cannot be touched by law, if the Legislature can be thereby induced to retrench generally in salaries and other expenditures. Will wonders never cease?

SOME of the financial tinkerers at Albany have already renewed the assault upon the State "Resumption Law," which requires taxes to be paid in gold after the 1st of January of the present year, and provides that all contracts thereafter made shall also be paid in gold, unless some other metal or currency is specified in the contract as the medium of payment. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will be content to "let well enough alone."

THE internal revenue receipts for the last fiscal year amounted to $104,660,781, one-half of which was returned by the four States of New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Illinois. The latter State leads all others in the amount of revenue paid, her total being $19,667,786, nearly five millions in excess of New York, which comes next on the list. The sixteen Southern States pay together twenty-six and one-third millions, or about one-fourth of the revenue, which corresponds nearly with their relative population in the expected aggregate of the next census. The six New England States aggregate $3,594,682.39, or about one half of the revenue paid by Virginia.

THE United States Supreme Court has just given a decision in a case brought up on appeal from the Courts of Utah, which, if carried to its logical conclusion, must speedily put an end to polygamy. The court holds that polygamy is not shielded by the clause of the Federal Constitution which prohibits interference with religious belief; that the plea of religious conviction is not a valid defense; that Congress did not step outside the limits of its constitutional powers in passing laws for the suppression of polygamy in Utah, and that the judgment of the Superior Court of that Territory sustaining the Congressional Act must be affirmed. Now let the local courts and juries proceed to deal with this abomination as it deserves.

MUCH of the pernicious legislation of Congress in the past has been consummated in the last hours of the session, when, in the prevalent confusion jobs are pushed through without scrutiny, and measures passed of which members are for the most part entirely ignorant. Senator Edmunds proposes to stop this sort of thing by passing a joint resolution that no Bill which shall have passed either House shall be sent to the other after 12 o'clock, midnight, of the 1st of March, and that no Bill or resolution shall be presented to the President of the Senate for signature after 12 o'clock, midnight, of March 2d, and that this resolution, if concurred in, shall not be repealed without a vote of three-fourths of the members present. Thousands, if not millions, of dollars would be saved to the Treasury at every session if that resolution could be made a part of the law of Congress.

THE "wild Irishmen" who compose the Council of Cork have achieved immortality. They refused to extend the hospitalities of the city to General Grant, because, as they allege, he had insulted the Irish people in America by setting up the "No Popery" cry. General Grant has lived a rather conspicuous life, and his deeds have not escaped minute scrutiny during the last fifteen years; but it will be news to the people of this country that he ever said a word or committed an act in the least degree disrespectful to the Roman Catholic or any other religion. The Town Council of Cork have evidently forgotten that two of General Grant's most intimate friends in the army, and the highest officers now in the service, were both Catholics. They forget, too, that in insulting the ex President they insult the people whose bounty has more than once fed starving Ireland. It is a gratification to know that the people of Ireland very generally denounce the discourteous and illiberal action of the Corkonian authorities.

RESUMPTION of specie payments has been followed by a marked revival in the re-funding operations of the Government. On January 6th the subscriptions for the four per cents amounted to $11,093,550, the largest sum ever subscribed for in a single day. A significant feature of these subscriptions was that a large proportion were for bonds of small denominations—showing that persons of moderate means, now that our financial policy is settled, are very largely seeking investments in these securities. Another fact which has special interest in this connection is that, instead of diminishing the stock of coin in the Treasury, as was expected, the resumption of specie payments has increased it. At the close of the first three days of the new *régime* the coin balance in the Treasury was larger by nearly $5,000,000 than it was at the opening of business on the 2d, without any increase of customs receipts or other coin revenue. This results from people taking legal-tender notes instead of coin for the interest on their coupons, and asking for legal-tenders in exchange for coin.

IT is the fault of a great many public documents that the reader is compelled to wade through a wilderness of verbiage to find a single idea. The inaugural message of Mayor Cooper is a striking exception to this rule. Through and through, it is the document of a business man who carries into official life the business methods which have given him success and fortune. Brief, clear, and direct, every proposition is stated in the fewest words possible, and with a precision that defies misconception. All of the suggestions of the message look to a reduction of expenditure and taxation, the largest possible utilization of the natural resources and advantages of the city, and an efficient, enlightened, and economical administration of the public business. Among other statements of the message, which will command almost universal assent, is the following:

"There are too many city officials, and their salaries are in many instances excessive. To equalize compensations, to get rid of sinecures and unnecessary officials, is a duty demanding immediate attention. Compensations should be adjusted to the character of the labor and responsibilities imposed. Where a discretion is vested in the local authorities, that discretion should be exercised in the interest of the public. Where salaries and offices, needless though they may be, are anchored in provisions of law, legislation alone can bring relief. Where the compensation of present incumbents is protected by the Constitution, provision should be made for reducing the emoluments of their successors. The heavy expenditures involved in the administration of justice in this city form a serious item in the burden of taxation. No good citizen will desire to embarrass the courts by insufficient appropriations, but these expenses can be reduced without detriment to the public service."

It is to be hoped that Mayor Cooper may have the cordial support of the Common Council, and all other branches of the City Government, in the policy which his message so satisfactorily outlines.

IN his letter, resigning the position of Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., states very clearly and forcibly the difficulties which surround that position. It is impossible, he says, for any one to discharge satisfactorily the duties of a Government director under the present laws. These duties involve a thorough knowledge of the whole subject of railroad construction and management, the closest and most painstaking attention to detail in the annual inspections of the property in which the Government is so largely interested, and a constant humiliation of the official in the fact that he is at all times the guest of the corporation he is expected to supervise. Mr. Adams says on this point:

"To a person in any way sensitive it is far from pleasant to be the guest of a corporation; to eat and sleep and live at its expense; to accept every possible attention and hospitality from its officers, and meanwhile to keep careful note of every point open to criticism, and when the time comes to speak openly and truthfully, no matter how much what is said may hurt. Neither is it agreeable to do a public duty faithfully and at the same time to accept the money of one who suffers from the performance of the duty even though that one be a corporation. Yet the Government director who does his duty must, under the law as it now stands, either do this or go wholly unpaid. As long as this system continues, it is practically inevitable that services of a purely formal character can only be looked for. The active Government director is at best but an honorable spy."

The report of the Government directors which this letter accompanies, criticises the management of the Union Pacific as illiberal, especially in the matter of local freights. The directors argue that this road, in view of the extremely liberal aid it has received from the Government and its success as a commercial enterprise, should be judged by the highest standards known to the railroad system of the country, and state that, measured by this standard, its deficiencies are many and apparent. At the same time they say that the property, instead of deteriorating, is being brought up with steadiness, though slowly, to a fair degree of average excellence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Potter Committee have decided to investigate the cipher telegrams.

THE House of Representatives has rejected the Bill for the relief of the William and Mary College.

IT is believed that the Army Reorganization Bill will fail to pass at the present session of Congress.

WISCONSIN has a debt of $2,500,000, and the value of taxable property in the State is $1,000,000,000.

THOMAS G. ALVORD was elected Speaker of the New York Assembly for the third time in his life on January 9th.

JUDGE BARRETT has granted an injunction restraining the Tammany Society from initiating 147 newly elected members.

BENJAMIN HUNTER was hanged at Camden, N. J., January 10th, in a bungling manner and while in a comatose state.

THE Teller Committee on Investigation of recent elections is holding open sessions in the Custom House at New Orleans.

BOTH Houses of the Louisiana Legislature suspended business on January 7th to receive the American industrial deputation now en route to Mexico.

IN his annual message Mayor Prince of Boston reports the debt of the city to be $13,192,897.44, exclusive of the water debt which is $12,911,273.98.

JUDGE HUNT, of the United States Supreme Court, has been stricken with paralysis, and a Bill is to be introduced into Congress to retire him on full pay.

HON. GUSTAVE SCHLEICHER, Member of Congress from Texas, and Chairman of the Committee on Railroads and Canals, died in Washington, January 10th, aged 55.

THE Connecticut Legislature met in joint convention at Hartford, January 9th, and elected the Republican State ticket, headed by Charles R. Andrews for Governor.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania the public debt on December 1st last was $21,586,200, having been reduced during the fiscal year $1,046,193.45.

THE annual report of the State Comptroller of New York says there is now no debt upon the State of New York except the canal debt, which, after deducting the sinking funds, amounts to but $8,009,031.82.

A CONCURRENT resolution to amend the Constitution so as to make the canals free, and another to reduce the salaries of Senators and Assemblymen to $1,000, have been introduced into the Legislature at Albany.

THE Government has brought suit at San Francisco against the Central Pacific Railroad Company to recover $10,000 for refusal of defendants to render a statement of their business to the Auditor of Railroad Accounts.

THE Illinois Legislature met January 10th. The Governor's message shows the total balance in the State Treasury to be $1,991,899; the receipts for the past two years, $6,619,771; and the disbursements $6,538,628.

THE House Committee on Education and Labor has made a report condemning Chinese immigration, and favoring the Bill which forbids the master of any vessel to bring more than fifteen Chinamen at one time to the United States, under a penalty of $100 fine for each passenger and imprisonment for six months.

A BAND of hostile Cheyennes imprisoned at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, who were to be taken back to their agency in the Indian Territory, escaped from the prison room, January 9th, and took to the prairie. The guards immediately started in pursuit, killed forty of the fugitives, and at last accounts a strong cavalry force was searching after the remainder.

Foreign.

GENERAL TODLEBEN has ordered the evacuation of Dobrudja to begin on January 12th.

MEXICO will soon enter the Postal Union, the Senate having approved the regulations.

IN Peru the President has organized a new Cabinet and suppressed an insurrection in the army.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created in London over reports of Lord Beaconsfield's severe indisposition from gout.

THOMAS G. CUNNINGHAM, a fugitive forger of Wilkesbarre, Penn., has been arrested in Rio Janeiro, and will be brought home.

THE French Government has given one year's notice of the termination of her treaties of commerce with Austria, with a view of concluding a new one.

TURKEY'S Minister of Finance has threatened to resign unless the Council of Ministers immediately takes measures for the relief of the financial difficulty.

THERE are reports that Yakoob Khan is disposed to make friendly arrangements with the British Government. General Stewart is said to have marched through the city of Candahar.

IT is announced that the Spanish Government will shortly make a contract for a large amount of Virginia and Kentucky tobacco, the delivery to begin next May and continue until the end of July, 1881.

THE library of the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham, England, containing 80,000 volumes, was burned on January 11th. It contained the most complete Shakespearean collection in the world, numbering 8,000 volumes.

THE new French Cable Company has been constituted. The capital is 52,000,000 francs, and the number of shares 84,002. The company proposes to lay two cables, one from Brest to Cape Cod, and the other from Land's End to Nova Scotia—both by the way of St. Pierre.

THE Pope has sent to the Bishops of the Catholic Church a very important encyclical letter, in which he speaks at length of the condition of the Church, the Holy See and society, explains what he has already done and what remains to be done, and calls upon them to combat Socialism, Communism and Internationalism by preaching the principles of the Church.

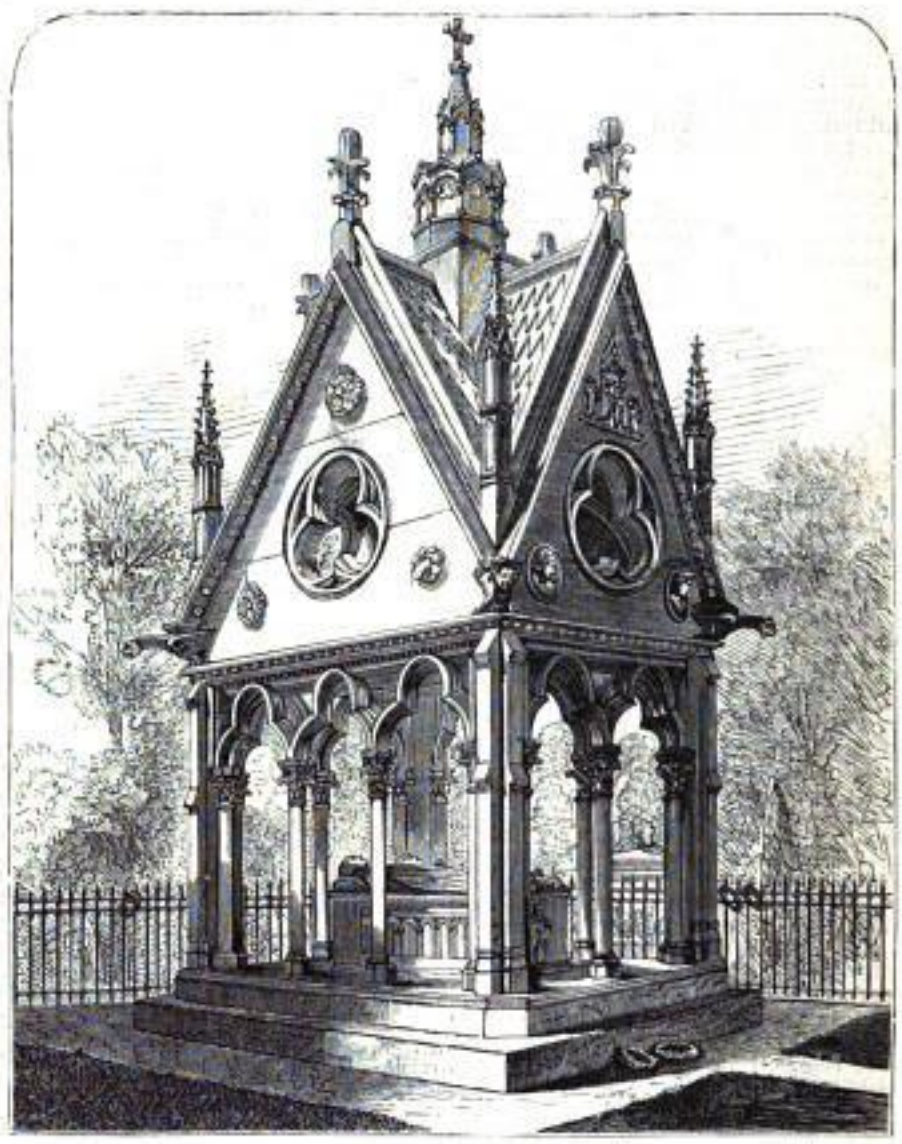
AN outline of Prince Bismarck's Bill providing for Parliamentary discipline is published. It gives the power of punishing any member of the Reichstag for language deemed improper, in the hands of a committee composed of the two vice presidents and ten members, who shall meet at the order of the president, or on motion of twenty members. The punishments which may be inflicted are specified. It has created great excitement in Germany.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 375.



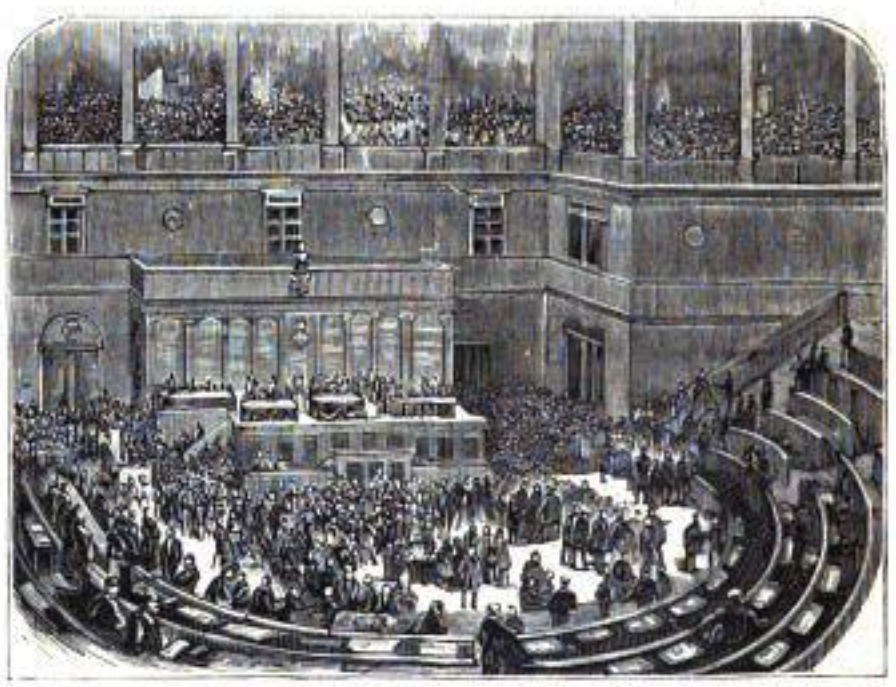
AFGHANISTAN.—THE PENDING WAR—A BATTERY AWAITING THE ELEPHANTS.



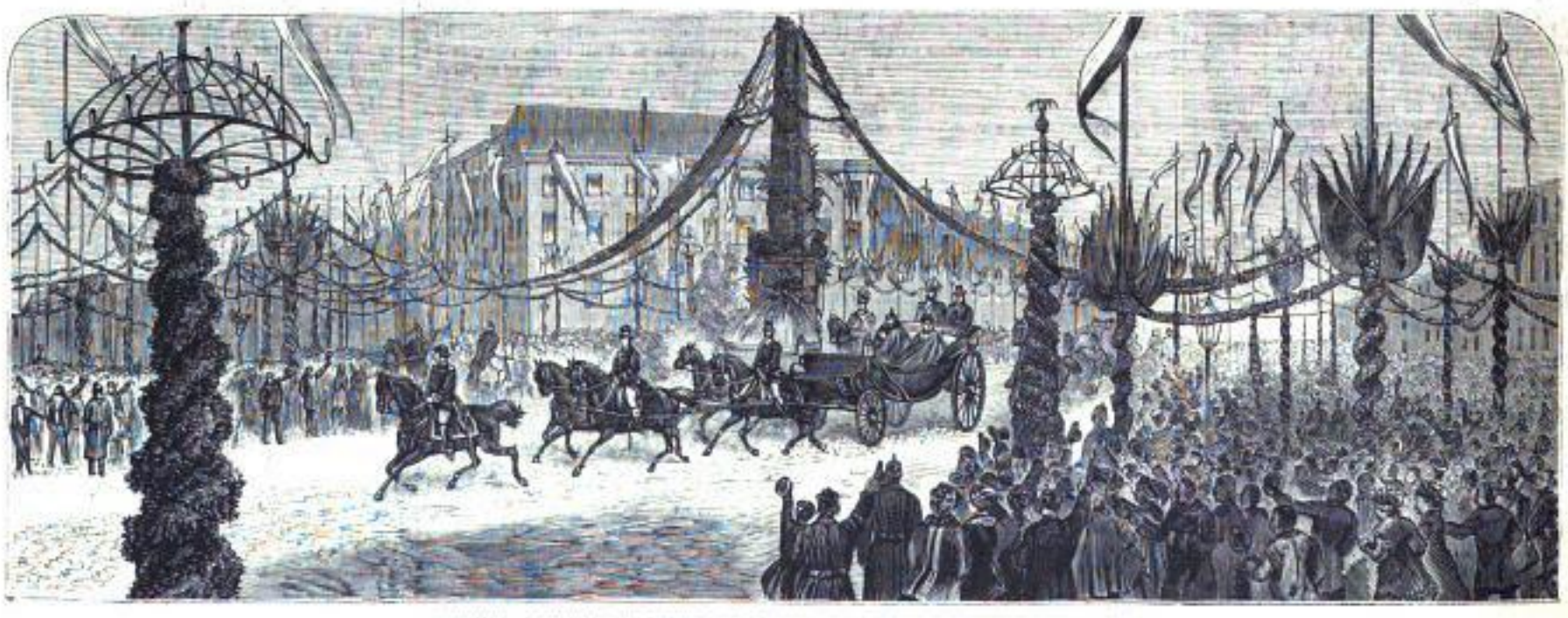
FRANCE.—RESTORED TOMB OF ABELARD AND HELOISE AT PÈRE LACHAISE, PARIS.



FRANCE.—SCHOOL FOR THE FREE INSTRUCTION OF THE LOWER CLASSES IN DRESSMAKING, PARIS.

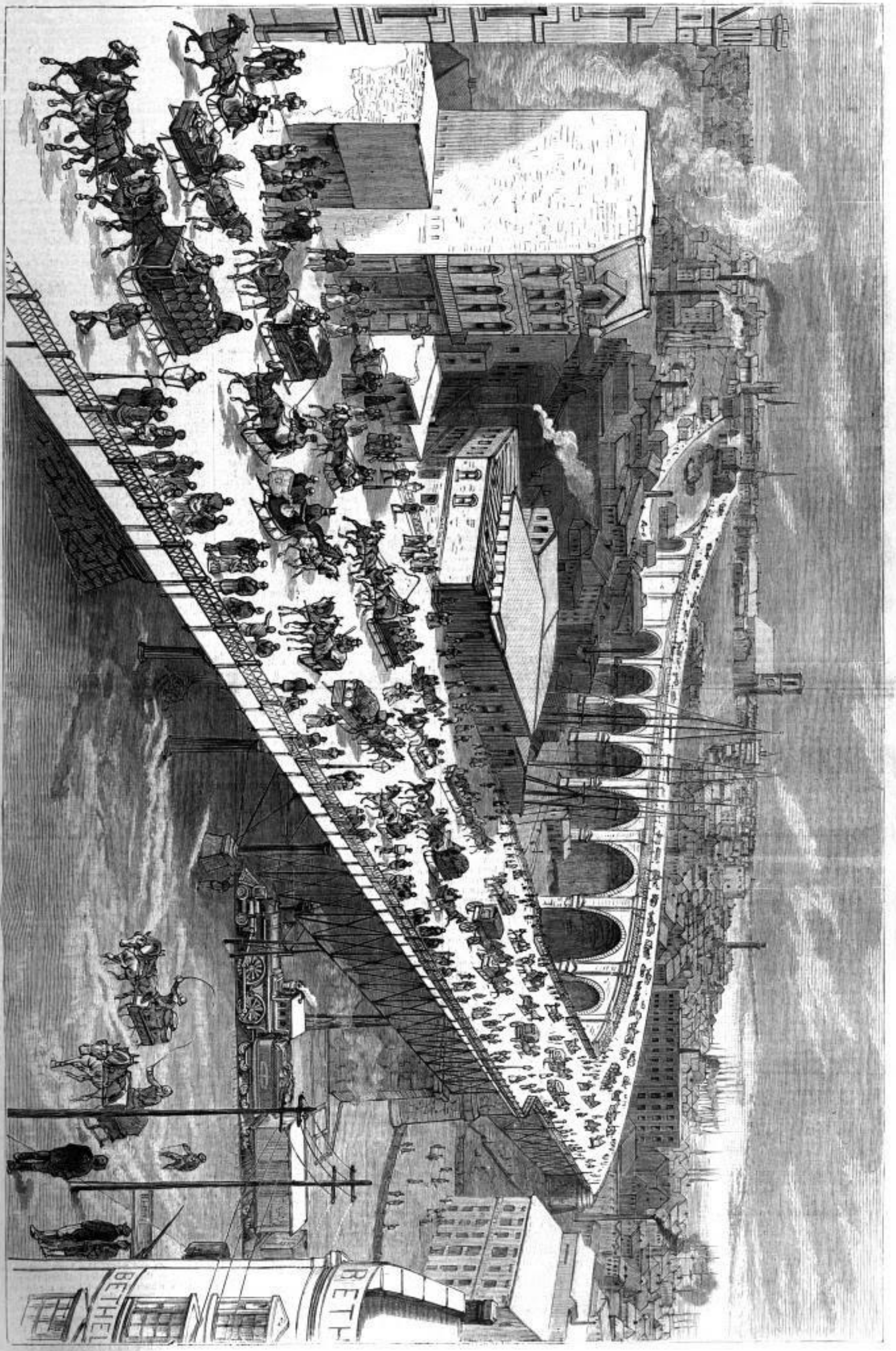


ITALY.—THE LATE MINISTERIAL CRISIS—SCENE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, ROME, DECEMBER 11TH.



GERMANY.—RETURN OF THE EMPEROR TO BERLIN AFTER HIS CONVALESCENCE, DECEMBER 5TH.

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OHIO.—THE GREAT VIADUCT, 811 FEET IN LENGTH, OVER THE CUYAHOGA RIVER, CONNECTING THE EAST AND WEST SIDES OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OPENED DECEMBER 27TH, 1878.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 368.

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THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Continued from front page.)

my ignorance, I thought he was the captain. Nothing of the sort. He was the first Socialist I had ever seen; and it was he who had persuaded my father to leave England."

Mr. Hethcote's opinions of Socialists began to show themselves (a little surly) in Mr. Hethcote's smile. "And how did you get on with the benevolent gentleman?" he asked. "After converting your father, did he convert you—with the cake?"

Amelius smiled. "Do him justice, sir, he didn't trust to the cake. He waited till we were in sight of the American land—and then he preached me a little sermon, on our arrival, entirely for my own use."

"A sermon?" Mr. Hethcote repeated. "Very little religion in it, I suspect."

"Very little indeed, sir," Amelius answered. "Only as much religion as there is in the New Testament. I was not quite old enough to understand him easily—so he wrote down his discourse on the fly-leaf of a story-book I had with me, and gave it to me to read when I was tired of the stories. Stories were scarce with me in those days; and, when I had exhausted my little stock, rather than read nothing I read my sermon—read it so often that I think I can remember every word of it now. 'My dear little boy, the Christian religion, as Christ taught it, has long ceased to be the religion of the Christian world. A selfish and cruel pretense is set up in its place. Your own father is one example of the truth of this saying of mine. He has fulfilled the first and foremost duty of a true Christian—the duty of forgiving an injury. For this, he stands disgraced in the estimation of all his friends; they have renounced and abandoned him. He forgives them all, and seeks peace and good company in the New World, among Christians like himself. You will not repent leaving home with him; you will be one of a loving family, and, when you are old enough, you will be free to decide for yourself what your future life shall be.' That was all I knew about the Socialists, when we reached Tadmor after our long journey."

Mr. Hethcote's prejudices made their appearance again. "A barren sort of place," he said, "judging by the name."

"Barren? What can you be thinking of? A prettier place I never saw, and never expect to see again. A clear, winding river, running into a little blue lake. A broad hill-side, all laid out in flower-gardens, and shaded by splendid trees. On the top of the hill, the buildings of the Community, some of brick and some of wood, so covered with creepers and so encircled with verandas that I can't tell you to this day what style of architecture they were built in. More trees behind the houses—and, on the other side of the hill, cornfields—nothing but cornfields rolling away and away in the great yellow plains, till they reached the golden sky and the setting sun, and were seen no more. That was our first view of Tadmor, when the stage-coach dropped us at the town."

Mr. Hethcote still held out. "And what about the people who live in this earthly Paradise?" he asked. "Male and female saints—eh?"

"Oh dear, no sir! The very opposite of saints. They eat and drink like their neighbors. They never think of wearing dirty horsehair when they can get clean linen. And when they are tempted to misconduct themselves, they find a better way out of it than knotting a cord and thrashing their own backs. Saints! They all ran out together to bid us welcome like a lot of schoolchildren; the first thing they did was to kiss us, and the next thing was to give us a mug of wine of their own making. Saints! Oh, Mr. Hethcote, what will you accuse us of being next? I declare your suspicions of the poor Socialists keep cropping up again as fast as I cut them down. May I make a guess, sir, without offending you? From one or two things I have noticed, I strongly suspect you're a British clergyman."

Mr. Hethcote was conquered at last; he burst out laughing. "You have discovered me," he said, "traveling in a colored cravat and a shooting-jacket. I confess I should like to know how."

"It's easily explained, sir. Visitors of all sorts are welcome at Tadmor. We have a large experience of them in the traveling season. They all come with their own private suspicion of us lurking about the corners of their eyes. They see everything we have to show them, and eat and drink at our table, and join in our amusements, and get as pleasant and friendly with us as can be. The time comes to say good-by—and then we find them out. If a guest who has been laughing and enjoying himself all day suddenly becomes serious when he takes his leave, and shows that little lurking devil of suspicion again about the corners of his eyes, it's ten chances to one that he's a clergyman. No offense, Mr. Hethcote? I acknowledge with pleasure that the corners of your eyes are clear again. You're not a very clerical clergyman, sir, after all—I don't despair of converting you, yet!"

"Go on with your story, Amelius. You're the queerest fellow I have met with, for many a long day past."

"I'm a little doubtful about going on with my story, sir. I have told you how I got to Tadmor, and what it looks like, and what sort of people live in the place. If I am to get on beyond that, I must jump to the time when I was old enough to learn the Rules of the Community."

"Well—and what then?"

"Well, Mr. Hethcote, some of the rules might offend you."

"Try!"

"All right, sir. Don't blame me; *I'm* not ashamed of the rules. And now, if I am to speak, I must speak seriously on a serious subject; I must begin with our religious principles. We find our Christianity in the spirit of the New Testament—not in the letter. We have three good reasons for objecting to pin our faith on the words alone, in that book. First, because we are not sure that the English translation is always to be depended on as accurate and honest. Secondly, because we know that (since the invention of printing) there is not a copy of the book in existence which is free from errors of the press, and that (before the invention of printing) those errors, in manuscript copies, must as a matter of course have been far more serious and far more numerous. Thirdly, because there is plain internal evidence (to say nothing of discoveries actually made in the present day) of interpolations and corruptions, introduced into the manuscript copies as they succeeded each other in ancient times. These drawbacks are of no importance, however, in our estimation. We find, in the spirit of the book, the most simple and most perfect system of religion and morality that humanity has ever received—and with that we are content. To reverence God, and to love our neighbor as ourselves—if we had only these two commandments to guide us, we should have enough. The whole collection of Doctrines (as they are called), we reject at once, without even stopping to discuss them. We apply to them the test suggested by Christ Himself; by their fruits ye shall know them. The fruits of Doctrines, in the past (to quote three instances only), have been the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Thirty Years' War—and the fruits, in the present, are dissension, bigotry and opposition to useful reforms. Away with Doctrines! In the interests of Christianity, away with them! We are to love our enemies; we are to forgive injuries; we are to help the needy; we are to be pitiful and courteous, slow to judge others, ashamed to exalt ourselves. That teaching doesn't lead to tortures, massacres, and wars; to envy, hatred and malice, and for that reason it stands revealed to us as the teaching that we can trust. There is our religion, sir, as we find it in the Rules of the Community."

"Very well, Amelius. I notice, in passing, that the Community is in one respect like the Pope—the Community is infallible. We won't dwell on that. You have stated your principles. As to the application of them next? Nobody has a right to be rich among you, of course?"

"Put it the other way, Mr. Hethcote. All men have a right to be rich—provided they don't make other people poor, as a part of the process. We don't trouble ourselves much about money; that's the truth. We are farmers, carpenters, weavers, and printers; and what we earn (ask our neighbors if we don't earn it honestly) goes into the common fund. A man who comes to us with money puts it into the fund, and so makes things easy for the next man who comes with empty pockets. While they are with us, they all live in the same comfort, and have their equal share in the same profits—deducting the sum in reserve for sudden calls and bad times. If they leave us, the man who has brought money with him has his undisputed right to take it away again; and the man who has brought none bids us good-by, all the richer for his equal share in the profits which he has personally earned. The only fuss at our place about money that I can remember was the fuss about my five hundred a year. I wanted to hand it over to the fund. It was my own, mind—inherited from my mother's property, on my becoming of age. The Elders wouldn't hear of it; the Council wouldn't hear of it; the general vote of the Community wouldn't hear of it. 'We agreed with his father that he should decide for himself, when he grew to manhood'—that was how they put it. 'Let him go back to the Old World; and let him be free to choose, by the test of his own experience, what his future life shall be.' How do you think it will end, Mr. Hethcote? Shall I return to the Community? Or shall I stop in London?"

Mr. Hethcote answered, without a moment's hesitation, "You will stop in London."

"I'll bet you two to one, sir, he goes back to the Community."

In those words, a third voice (speaking in strong New England accent) insinuated itself into the conversation from behind. Amelius and Mr. Hethcote, looking round, discovered a long, lean, grave stranger—with his face overshadowed by a huge felt hat. "Have you been listening to our conversation?" Mr. Hethcote asked, haughtily.

"I have been listening," answered the grave stranger, "with considerable interest. This young man, I find, opens a new chapter to me in the book of humanity. Do you accept my bet, sir? My name is Rufus Dingwell; and my home is at Coolspring, Massachusetts. You do not bet? I express my regret, and have the pleasure of taking a seat alongside of you. What is your name, sir? Hethcote? We have one of that name at Coolspring. He is much respected. Mr. Claude A. Goldenheart, you are no stranger to me—no sir. I procured your name from the steward, when a little difficulty occurred just now about the bird. Your name considerably surprised me."

"Why?" Amelius asked.

"Well, sir—not to say that your surname (being Goldenheart) reminds one unexpectedly of the Pilgrim's Progress—I happen to be already acquainted with you. By reputation."

Amelius looked puzzled. "By reputation?" he said. "What does that mean?"

"It means, sir, that you occupy a prominent position in a recent number of our popular journal, entitled *The Coolspring Democrat*. The late romantic incident which caused the withdrawal of Miss Mellicent from your Community has produced a species of social commotion at Coolspring. Among our ladies, the tone of sentiment, sir, is universally favorable to You. When I left, I do assure you, you were a popular character among us. The name of Claude A. Goldenheart was, so to speak, in everybody's mouth."

Amelius listened to this, with the color suddenly deepening on his face, and with every appearance of heartfelt annoyance and regret. "There is no such thing as keeping a secret in America," he said, irritably. "Some spy must have got among us; none of *our* people would have exposed the poor lady to public comment. How would you like it, Mr. Dingwell, if the newspaper published the private sorrows of your wife or your daughter?"

Rufus Dingwell answered with the straightforward sincerity of feeling which is one of the indisputable virtues of his nation. "I had not thought of it in that light, sir," he said. "You have been good enough to credit me with a wife or a daughter. I do not possess either of those ladies; but your argument hits me, notwithstanding—hits me hard, I tell you." He looked at Mr. Hethcote, who sat silently and stiffly disapproving of all this familiarity, and applied himself in perfect innocence and good-faith to making things pleasant in that quarter. "You are a stranger, sir," said Rufus; "and you will doubtless wish to peruse the article which is the subject of conversation?" He took a newspaper slip from his pocket-book, and offered it to the astonished Englishman. "I shall be glad to hear your sentiments, sir, on the view propounded by our mutual friend, Claude A. Goldenheart."

Before Mr. Hethcote could reply, Amelius interposed in his own headlong way. "Give it to me! I want to read it first!"

He snatched at the newspaper slip. Rufus checked him with grave composure. "I am of a cool temperament myself, sir; but that don't prevent me from admiring heat in others. Short of boiling point—mind that!" With this hint, the wise New-Englander permitted Amelius to take possession of the printed slip.

Mr. Hethcote, finding an opportunity of saying a word at last, asserted himself a little haughtily. "I beg you will both of you understand that I decline to read anything which relates to another person's private affairs." Neither the one nor the other of his companions paid the slightest heed to this announcement. Amelius was reading the newspaper extract, and placid Rufus was watching him. In another moment, he crumpled up the slip, and threw it indignantly on the deck.

"It's as full of lies as it can hold!" he burst out.

"It's all over the United States by this time," Rufus remarked. "And I don't doubt we shall find the English papers have copied it, when we get to Liverpool. If you will take my advice, sir, you will cultivate a sagacious insensibility to the comments of the press."

"Do you think I care for myself?" Amelius asked, indignantly. "It's the poor woman I am thinking of. What can I do to clear her character?"

"Well, sir," suggested Rufus, "in your place, I should have a notification circulated through the ship, announcing a lecture on the subject (weather permitting) in the course of the afternoon. That's the way we should do it at Coolspring."

Amelius listened without conviction. "It's certainly useless to make a secret of the matter now," he said; "but I don't see my way to making it more public still." He paused, and looked at Mr. Hethcote. "It so happens, sir," he resumed, "that this unfortunate affair is an example of some of the Rules of our Community which I had not time to speak of, when Mr. Dingwell here joined us. It will be a relief to me to contradict these abominable falsehoods to somebody; and I should like (if you don't mind) to hear what you think of my conduct from your own point of view. It might prepare me," he added, smiling rather uneasily, "for what I may find in the English newspapers."

With these words of introduction he told his sad story—jocosely described in the newspaper heading as "Miss Mellicent and Goldenheart among the Socialists at Tadmor."

CHAPTER III.

"NEARLY six months since," said Amelius, "we had notice by letter of the arrival of an unmarried English lady, who wished to become a member of our Community. You will understand my motive in keeping her family name a secret; even the newspaper has grace enough only to mention her by her Christian name. I don't want to cheat you out of your interest, so I will own at once that Miss Mellicent was not beautiful, and not young. When she came to us, she was thirty-eight years old, and time and trial had set their marks on her face, plainly enough for anybody to see. Notwithstanding this, we all thought her an interesting woman. It might have been the sweetness of her voice; or perhaps it was something in her expression—a sort of patience and kindness that seemed to blame nobody and to expect nothing—that took our fancy. There! I can't explain it; I can only say there were young women and pretty women at Tadmor who failed to win us as Miss Mellicent did. Contradictory enough, isn't it?"

Mr. Hethcote said he understood the contradiction. Rufus put an appropriate question: "Do you possess a photograph of this lady, sir?"

"No," said Amelius; "I wish I did. Well, we received her, on her arrival, in the common room—called so because we all assemble there every evening, when the work of the day is done. Sometimes we have the reading of a poem or novel; sometimes music, or dancing, or cards, or billiards, to amuse us. When a new member arrives, we have the ceremonies of introduction. I was close by the Elder Brother (that's the name we give to the chief of the Community) when two of the women led Miss Mellicent in. He's a hearty old fellow, who lived the first part of his life on his own clearing in one of the Western forests. To this day, he can't talk long without showing, in one way or another, that his old familiarity with the trees still keeps its place in his memory. He looked hard at Miss Mellicent, under his shaggy old white eyebrows; and I heard him whisper to himself, 'Ah, dear me! Another of the Fallen Leaves!' I knew what he meant. The people who have drawn blanks in the lottery of life—the people who have toiled hard after happiness, and have gathered nothing but disappointment and sorrow; the friendless and the lonely, the wounded and the lost—these are the people whom our good Elder Brother calls The Fallen Leaves. I like the saying myself; it's a tender way of speaking of our poor fellow-creatures who are down in the world."

He paused for a moment, looking out thoughtfully over the vast void of sea and sky. A passing shadow of sadness clouded his bright young face. The two elder men looked at him in silence; feeling (in widely different ways) the same compassionate interest. What was the life that lay before him? And—God help him!—what would he do with it?

"Where did I leave off?" he asked, rousing himself suddenly.

"You left Miss Mellicent, sir, in the Common Room—the venerable citizen with the white eyebrows being suitably engaged in moralizing on her." In those terms the ever-ready Rufus set the story going again.

"Quite right," Amelius resumed. "There she was, poor thing; a little, thin, timid creature, in a white dress, with a black scarf over her shoulders, trembling and wondering in a room full of strangers. The Elder Brother took her by the hand, and kissed her on the forehead, and bade her heartily welcome in the name of the Community. Then the women followed his example, and the men all shook hands with her. And then our chief put the three questions, which he is bound to address to all new arrivals when they first join us. 'Do you come here of your own free will? Do you bring with you a written recommendation from one of our brethren, which satisfies us that we do no wrong to ourselves or to others in receiving you? Do you understand that you are not bound to us by vows, and that you are free to leave us again if the life here is not agreeable to you?' Matters being settled so far, the reading of the rules, and the penalties imposed for breaking them, came next. Some of the rules you know already; others of smaller importance I needn't trouble you with. As for the penalties, if you incur the lighter ones, you are subject to public rebuke or to isolation for a time from the social life of the Community. If you incur the heavier ones, you are either sent out into the world again for a given period, to return or not as you please; or you are struck off the list of members, and expelled for good and all. Suppose these preliminaries agreed to by Miss Mellicent with silent submission, and let us go on to the close of the ceremony—the reading of the Rules which settle the questions of Love and Marriage."

"Aha!" said Mr. Hethcote, "we are coming to the difficulties of the Community at last?"

"Are we also coming to Miss Mellicent, sir?" Rufus inquired. "As a citizen of a free country in which I can love in one State, marry in another, and be divorced in a third, I am not interested in your Rules—I am interested in your Lady."

"The two are inseparable in this case," Amelius answered, gravely. "If am to speak of Miss Mellicent, I must speak of the Rules; you will soon see why. Our Community becomes a despotism, gentlemen, in dealing with love and marriage. For example, it positively prohibits any member afflicted with hereditary disease from marrying at all; and it reserves to itself, in the case of every proposed marriage among us, the right of permitting or forbidding it, in council. We can't even fall in love with each other, without being bound, under penalties, to report it to the Elder Brother; who, in his turn communicates it to the monthly council; who, in their turn, decide whether the courtship may go on or not. That's not the worst of it, even yet! In some cases—where we haven't the slightest intention of falling in love with each other—the governing body takes the initiative. 'You two will do well to marry; we see it, if you don't. Just think of it, will you?' You may laugh; some of our happiest marriages have been made in that way. Our governors in council act on an established principle; here it is in a nutshell. The results of experience in the matter of marriage, all over the world, show that a really wise choice of a husband or a wife is an exception to the rule; and that husbands and wives in general would be happier together if their marriages were managed for them by competent advisers on either side. Laws laid down on such lines as these, and others equally strict, which I have not mentioned yet, were not put in force, Mr. Hethcote, as you suppose, without serious difficulties—difficulties which threatened the very existence of the Community. But that was before my time. When I grew up, I found the husbands and wives about me content to acknowledge that the Rules fulfilled the purpose with which they had been made—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It all looks very absurd, I dare say, from your point of view. But these queer regulations of ours answer the Christian test—by their fruits ye shall know them. Our married people don't live on separate sides of the house; our children are all healthy; wife

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beating is unknown among us; and the practice in our divorce court wouldn't keep the most moderate lawyer on bread and cheese. Can you say as much for the success of the marriage laws in Europe? I leave you, gentlemen, to form your own opinions."

Mr. Hethcote declined to express an opinion. Rufus declined to resign his interest in the lady. "And what did Miss Mellicent say to it?" he inquired.

"She said something that startled us all," Amelius replied. "When the Elder Brother began to read the first words relating to love and marriage in the Book of Rules, she turned deadly pale; and rose up in her place with a sudden burst of courage or desperation—I don't know which. 'Must you read that to Me?' she asked. 'I have nothing to do, sir, with love or marriage.' The Elder Brother laid aside his Book of Rules. 'If you are afflicted with an hereditary malady,' he said, 'the doctor from the town will examine you, and report to us.' She answered, "I have no hereditary malady.' The Elder Brother took up his book again. 'In due course of time, my dear, the Council will decide for you, whether you are to love and marry or not.' And he read the Rules. She sat down again, and hid her face in her hands, and never moved or spoke until he had done. The regular questions followed. Had she anything to say, in the way of objection? Nothing! In that case, would she sign the Rules? Yes! The time came for supper and music. She excused herself like a child. 'I feel very tired; may I go to bed?' The unmarried women in the same dormitory with her anticipated some romantic confession when she grew used to her new friends. They proved to be wrong. 'My life has been one long disappointment,' was all she said. 'You will do me a kindness if you will take me as I am, and not ask me to talk about myself.' There was nothing sulky or ungracious in the expression of her wish to keep her own secret. A kinder and sweeter woman—never thinking of herself; always considerate of others—never lived. An accidental discovery made me her chief friend among the men: it turned out that her childhood had been passed, where my childhood had been passed, at Shedfield Heath, in Buckinghamshire. She was never weary of consulting my boyish recollections, and comparing them with her own. 'I love the place,' she used to say; 'the only happy time of my life was the time passed there.' On my sacred word of honor, this was the sort of talk that passed between us, week after week. What other talk could pass between a man whose one-and-twentieth birthday was then near at hand, and a woman who was close on forty? What could I do, when the poor, broken, disappointed creature met me on the hill or by the river, and said, 'You are going out for a walk; may I come with you?' I never attempted to intrude myself into her confidence; I never even asked her why she had joined the Community. You see what is coming, don't you? I never saw it. I didn't know what it meant, when some of the younger women, meeting us together, looked at me (not at her), and smiled maliciously. My stupid eyes were opened at last by the woman who slept in the next bed to her in the dormitory—a woman old enough to be my mother, who took care of me when I was a child at Tadmor. She stopped me one morning, on my way to fish in the river. 'Amelius,' she said, 'don't go to the fishing-house; Mellicent is waiting for you.' I stared at her in astonishment. She held up her finger at me; 'Take care, you foolish boy! You are drifting into a false position as fast as you can. Have you no suspicion of what is going on?' I looked all round me, in search of what was going on. Nothing out of the common was to be seen anywhere. 'What can you possibly mean?' I asked. 'You will only laugh at me, if I tell you,' she said. I promised not to laugh. She, too, looked all round her, as if she was afraid of somebody being near enough to hear us; and then she let out the secret. 'Amelius, ask for a holiday—and leave us for a while. Mellicent is in love with you.'"

(To be continued.)

THE NEW CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

THE RECEPTION IN HONOR OF ITS OPENING.

THE reception in celebration of the opening of the new Capitol at Albany, on the evening of January 7th, was an occasion of great brilliance and interest. At least 10,000 persons visited and inspected the magnificent building during the evening, including a large number of the most prominent officials and citizens of this and other States. Upon entering, the visitors were ushered into the cloak-rooms, whence they ascended the principal staircase, made brilliant with lights, into the Court of Appeals corridor, the splendor of its carmine and gold relieved by boxes of great green-leaved plants which filled the embrasures of the windows. This was the dancing hall for this reception, and its ample and unobstructed floor of 150 feet long fitted it admirably for the purpose. The musicians were placed at one end, and the lookers-on found scanty standing room at the other. In the Governor's Room, which opens upon this corridor, were the reception committee, headed by the Mayor of Albany and composed of its first citizens, waiting to welcome the guests of the city. From here, by another door leading into a smaller corridor, the guests passed out, without jostling or interference, and took their way to the Court of Appeals, occupied as the Senate Chamber. The decoration of this room, the great oaken beams of the ceiling and the heavy oaken wainscoting, deepened with solid reds and unrelieved by gold, is of a more sombre richness, and needs the flood of light which is secured to it by day to be seen to the best advantage. Beyond this again the stream of sightseers poured, went on into the room of the Lieutenant-Governor, a vaulted chamber decorated in green and gold, and thence, returning to the grand stairway, passed up the three flights to the galleries of the Assembly Chamber. It had been intended to try the electric light in this room, but the fear of failure was too great. As it was, the room was the most brilliant show which Albany has ever seen, perhaps the most brilliant of its kind which has ever been seen in this country. Numerous temporary brackets, upholding no end of gas jets, shed a flood of light upon the frescoed walls and sparkled among the gilded tracery of the vaulted ceiling with fine effect. It was not the beauty of the Chamber itself, however, that made every promenader tarry, but the galaxy of beauty with which it was set off. The semicircular rows of seats sparkled with rows of ladies in all the glory of full toilet. Every seat was taken by the fair ones, and their gloves, fans or opera cloaks ornamented the desks usually devoted to the storage of documents with red tape ties. Close at hand stood the gallant escorts of the ladies, ready to do their bidding. A bevy of young girls had taken possession of the Speaker's elevated position, and were using it as an observatory from which to spy out and signal to their friends upon the floor. The galleries were filled mostly with ladies and gentlemen of more advanced years, who preferred to look on at a distance. Music was furnished by Gilmore's Band. One of the most interesting and pathetic sights was that of Thurlow Weed, who sat nearly the whole evening through in the stenographer's chair in front of the Clerk's desk, and doubtless thought, as most who looked upon him did, that the sceptre had passed from him with the abandonment of that old Capitol within which, for more than half its long history, he had exercised almost an unbroken sway. Governor Robinson arrived at about 9:30 o'clock with the members of his military staff, whose uniforms lent their share to the picturesqueness of the scene. Though neither of the Senators of the State was present, Postmaster-General Key represented the Federal Government, and among others present were ex-Governor Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman, President Barnard, of Columbia College, Chief Judge Church, Judge Andrews and Judge Miller of the Court of Appeals, with the ladies of their families, Collector Merritt; General Daniel E. Sickles, General Harney, U. S. A., General Henry W. Slocum, General H. A. Barnum, General J. R. Hawley, General McQuade, Elliot C. Cowdin; ex-Secretaries of State Homer A. Nelson and G. Hilton Scribner; Chauncey M. Depew and David Dudley Field. There was a large party from Boston, among whom were Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Charles Eliot Norton. Every prominent point in the State had its representatives except Buffalo. The legal profession, the literary profession, the clergy, the mercantile, banking and manufacturing interests, the education and the agriculture of the State were all represented, and by their real representatives.

A supper-room was established in a tent raised in the court, and was densely thronged. Three tables, each something less than one hundred feet long, were laid in the most tasteful manner. Among the decorations on each of the two side tables stood a monster floral vase six feet high, copied after the antique in shape, and composed almost wholly of camellias. On the middle table the most striking piece was an enormous game patty, surmounted with a cooked pheasant, the wings and feathers of which had been restored, so that it seemed about to fly.

The occasion was one which will long be remembered by all who participated in it.

TEMPORARY CHAMBERS OF THE STATE SENATE.

In a previous issue we have given a description of the grand Assembly Chamber and paintings. During this session the Senate will occupy the chambers designed for the Court of Appeals, which are on the first floor of the building. The corridor, which is 140 feet by about 20, opens on the Central Court, from which it is lighted by seven large windows. In point of decoration it is perhaps the most successful, and certainly the most sumptuous, piece of work in the building. It is divided into bays by transverse arches, and the ceiling of each bay is a groined arch in brick, plastered. The floor is covered with encaustic tiles, and the walls are wainscoted with the same material framed in sandstone. The faces of the piers and arches are red, with the moldings at the angle gilded. The walls have a ground of red, carrying an ornament of yellow framed in gold, and the ceiling is decorated with blue, red and umber on a ground of gold. The ornament is minute, and the "tone" of the place is produced, as in Oriental work, by the combination in small quantities of positive colors. The effect of the room will be cooled as well as heightened by the green of growing plants, a box of which will be placed in each of the windows. The subordinate rooms on this floor, which are to serve as committee-rooms, are for the most part colored with plain tints. One, however, which was prepared for the temporary use of the Governor, is more elaborately treated. The walls are covered with deep tints, the upper belt filled with geometrical ornament; an iron girder which traverses the ceiling is solidly gilded, the iron beams which carry the brick arches of the ceiling are gilded also, and the arches are covered with a damask of blue upon blue.

The Court of Appeals, this Winter to be the Senate Chamber, is about sixty feet square and twenty-five high. It is divided, however, into the court room proper, which occupies about two-thirds of its area, and the space allotted for spectators, which takes up the other third. The division is effected by a line of polished granite columns bearing an arched marble wall. The room is lighted on the north side by three windows, and the bench will be at the north end where the desk used by the Lieutenant-Governor in the old Capitol has been temporarily erected. The division of the room has given it a much more agreeable form than it otherwise would have had, and the disposition of the parts greatly helps the effect of it. The walls are wainscoted in sandstone, and the wall-screen for ten or twelve feet above this is paneled in unvarnished oak, which already begins to look rich and mellow, and will grow richer and mellower with time. The panels are filled with carving in diaper, and the walls over the screen are painted in diaper upon a ground of red. The ceiling is very deeply paneled in oak, and carried upon a system of beams and brackets, the beams diminishing in size from the great girders, supported by braces, which rest upon the wall over the columns. The panels are carved in foliage. Even as it is, without its fittings or its furniture, the court-room has the character of dignity, retirement and sober richness which should belong to such a place.

The Romantic Career of a Pennsylvania Boy.

NEARLY forty years ago, in South Huntington township, Westmoreland, Pa., lived John Hinton. He was an orphan boy, rude and uneducated, and had wandered there from the neighborhood of Masontown, Fayette County. With no known relatives, he was kicked about from one family to another till manhood. Enlisting then in the regular army, he served in the Florida war. At its close he helped to escort the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. From Indian Territory he went to New Orleans and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound for the East Indies. At the city of Madras, on the western shores of the Bay of Bengal, he deserted, and enlisted in a British regiment. He served many years, and during the memorable Sepoy rebellion was noted for his daring bravery. At his discharge he was presented with a gold medal by the Governor-general himself. He is next heard of traveling in a caravan from Delhi westward across the Indus River, through Afghanistan and Persia, to Turkey and back. In time, from trading, he became immensely wealthy and was the owner of five caravans, containing over 13,000 horses and camels, and fifty elephants. In 1864 he visited Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, for copper, great quantities of which are there mined and smelted. His magnificent retinue attracted the attention of the Ameer, and he was invited to an audience—an honor never before received by a Christian. A present of a 100 of his best horses and a three-tusked elephant made the Ameer his eternal friend. When yearly it was followed by similar presents, besides camels and merchandise, John Hinton had the monopoly of trade from the summits of the Hindoo Koosh Mountains to the confines of Beloochistan, and in real power was second only to the Ameer himself. About 1870 he was made military commander of the district of Herat, and in 1774 suppressed a local rebellion to the great satisfaction of his sovereign. Trained in the arts of war among the savages of North America, and among the superstitious natives of India, where he became thoroughly familiar with British soldiers and resources, together with his years of service as the idolized commander of the Mohammedan tribal armies of Afghanistan, amounting to tens of thousands of half-civilized men, he is to-day the ablest soldier of Asia. Desperate from a knowledge of the studied diplomatic chicanery of the representatives of the Empress of India, with whom from fear of treachery he refuses to treat, as well as the Ameer, bribed with millions of Russian roubles, he will lead the armies of the followers of the Prophet to victory or to death.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Waiting for the Elephants.

This sketch depicts some of the difficulties the British troops have to encounter in their march forward into Afghanistan. The country is exceedingly rugged throughout, and the best roads consist of mere mountain paths or the beds of dried-up torrents, so that the transport of artillery by simple horse power is a task of considerable difficulty, and frequently of utter impossibility. In our sketch a desperate effort has been made to get some field guns through a narrow defile, but the attempt has hopelessly failed, and a messenger has been sent to the rear to hasten forward the elephants—those valuable monsters whose traction powers are almost priceless in the present campaign.

Free Instruction in Dressmaking in Paris.

M. J. Ferry, the Mayor of the Ninth Arrondissement, Paris, has recently organized a course of instruction in the schoolrooms of the town-hall, which has for its object the spreading of the true principles of dressmaking among the lower and middle classes of Paris. The instruction is gratuitous, and is given every Friday from five to six o'clock in the afternoon. To be admitted it is only necessary for the scholar to sign her name in the Ninth Arrondissement; and already there are about 130 signatures, and a regular attendance of from 60 to 70 every week. The scholars are both women and young girls, of fifteen years and upwards. They are divided into two degrees; the first a lower degree, receiving instruction at the blackboard, upon which they describe the indications of height, breadth, length, etc., under the direction of a teacher. After these lessons are repeated a number of times for each garment, they become fixed in the mind of the pupil, who must be able to take, without hesitation and in the proper order, all the measures necessary for any garment. When a sufficient degree of experience has been acquired the pupil is advanced to the second grade, and cut patterns, which are critically examined and corrected by the teacher. It is only after a certain degree of dexterity is acquired that the pupil is given a piece of cloth to cut according to the pattern, and then when the different pieces are basted together the defects are detected and remedied. The course of instruction lasts for ten months, from October to the following August. It is under the direction of Madame Grandhomme herself, the author of a system of dress-cutting. The salaries of the teachers and all the expenses of the school are paid out of the funds of the school treasury.

Restored Tomb of Abelard and Heloise.

Tourists to Paris will find renewed interest in the ever-romantic history of Abelard and Heloise, in consequence of the recent restoration of the celebrated tomb. Abelard dying first, was buried by Heloise at the Abbey of the Paraclete, of which she was abbess, and upon her death the remains of the lovers were not separated. In 1792 the Paraclete was sold and the bodies were removed to the church of Nogent-sur-Seine. Eight years later they were exhumed and placed in the garden of the Musée Français in Paris, and in 1817 were deposited in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, beneath a canopy which had been erected over the remains of Abelard at the priory of St. Marcel, shortly after his death in 1142. The reclining statues were made from casts taken from the skulls. It is scarcely possible that one out of ten pleasure travelers has visited Paris since 1817 without making a pilgrimage to the celebrated tomb. In its restored condition it will be more attractive than ever.

The Late Ministerial Crisis in Italy.

On the 11th of December last the Italian Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 257 to 185, rejected an order of the day expressing confidence in the ability of the Government to maintain order with liberty. The ministry resigned, and the King asked Signor Cairoli, who had saved his life when the attempt to assassinate him was made in Naples, to form another Cabinet. The President of the Council, after several ineffectual efforts, reported his inability to harmonize the conflicting political elements, when the King bade Signor Depretis, ex President of the Council, undertake the task. On the 17th he succeeded in completing a new Cabinet, drawing the members exclusively from the left. The new ministry consists of Signor Depretis, President of the Council, Minister of the Interior and Minister of Foreign Affairs, *ad interim*; Signor Tajani, Minister of Justice; General Mazè de la Roche, Minister of War; Admiral Ferreri, Minister of Marine; Signor Mezzanotte, Minister of Public Works; Signor Magliani, Minister of Finance; Signor Coppino, Minister of Public Instruction; and Signor Majorana-Calatabiano, Minister of Agriculture.

Return of the Emperor to Berlin.

On Thursday, December 5th, the Emperor William and Empress Augusta, returned in state to the royal palace in Berlin, after his Majesty's convalescence. The route from the railway station was densely crowded with people who gave them an enthusiastic reception. The trades societies and public bodies generally paraded past the palace, and their Majesties, in response to the acclamations of the multitude, appeared on the balconies of the palace and bowed their thanks.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Hungarian deficit for 1879 is estimated at 22,802,398 florins.

—THE public schools at Mitchell, Ind., have been dismissed on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever.

—THE French Consul at Tunis has received telegraphic orders to demand the requisite satisfaction from the Bey.

—THE annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, January 7th, realized $40,721, being $3,517 in excess of last year's receipts.

—THE *Japan Mail* states that an astronomical observatory is to be established within the precincts of the Geographical Bureau of Tokio.

—DIPHTHERIA is raging at Vienna and in some districts of Hungary. In one town of 20,000 souls 2,135 cases and 927 deaths are reported.

—THE Liverpool authorities will apply for the right to produce and supply light by means of electricity, to the exclusion of all other persons or corporations.

—THE State line steamship *State of Louisiana*, from Glasgow for New York, which went ashore in Lough Larne on December 24th, went to pieces on January 4th.

INDIANA'S school fund amounts to $9,000,000, and $4,000,000 are given every year by the people to keep up the schools, while the school property is valued at $12,000,000.

—IN the State of Bolivia an experimental survey is being made by an American engineer, Mr. Scherzer, of Pennsylvania, for a railway to tap the balsam districts above Tolo.

—THE number of condemnations for crimes in Prussia is steadily increasing. In 1873 there were 11,692 convictions; in 1874, 12,844; in 1875, 12,126; in 1876, 13,197; and in 1877, 14,849.

—FEMALE artists are invading the domain of art in France in formidable numbers. In 1874 there were 286 female exhibitors at the Salon; there were 312 in 1875, 446 in 1876, 648 in 1877, and 762 in 1878.

—THE total annual consumption of cotton in Great Britain is about 1,250,000,000 pounds. About one-fifth of this quantity is worked into goods suitable for home consumption; the remaining four-fifths are converted into goods suitable for export.

—THE Consul at Wurtemburg calculates that Americans spend $100,000,000 annually in Europe, their average stay being two years. There are 7,000 students scattered over the Continent; 500 at Stuttgardt, 500 in Hanover, 1,900 in Paris, 700 in London.

—THE plague at Astrakhan is assuming serious proportions. Fugitives have carried the contagion to three adjacent villages. Quarantine has been proclaimed throughout the district of Enotaievsk. There have been 400 deaths from the disease up to January 4th.

—THE Hoodlum fraternity of San Francisco dates from 1862, and now comprises some six hundred members, composed chiefly of half-grown boys. All are not criminals, but the leaders are as a rule. They have a regular system of passwords and signals, and a slang dialect, which is, however, sparingly used, lest the police acquire its terms.

—THE ax given to Mr. Gladstone on his sixty-ninth birthday is an exact copy of the American ax he uses in his woodcraft. The head is of solid sterling silver, weighing eighty ounces, and bears the following inscription: "Presented to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., by a few admiring friends." The handle is of ebony. The ax is inclosed in a case of polished oak, lined with velvet.

—IN the ancient city of Prague, in Bohemia, there is a venerable Jewish synagogue, its walls so thick with grime as to be absolutely black. The synagogue must be lighted in midday. A superstitious piety forbids its cleaning. There is a tradition that somewhere on the walls—the precise spot was unknown—the name Jehovah is inscribed, so that if the walls were cleaned it might be rubbed out.

—THE area of land in Germany upon which the tobacco plant is cultivated exceeds 50,000 acres. Prussia, Bavaria, the Duchy of Baden, Alsace and Lorraine being the countries which grow the most; and the average yield is about 3,300 pounds to the acre. About 50,000 tons of tobacco leaf are imported into Germany every year and about 1,250 tons of prepared tobacco, while the exports of German tobacco do not exceed 4,000 tons.

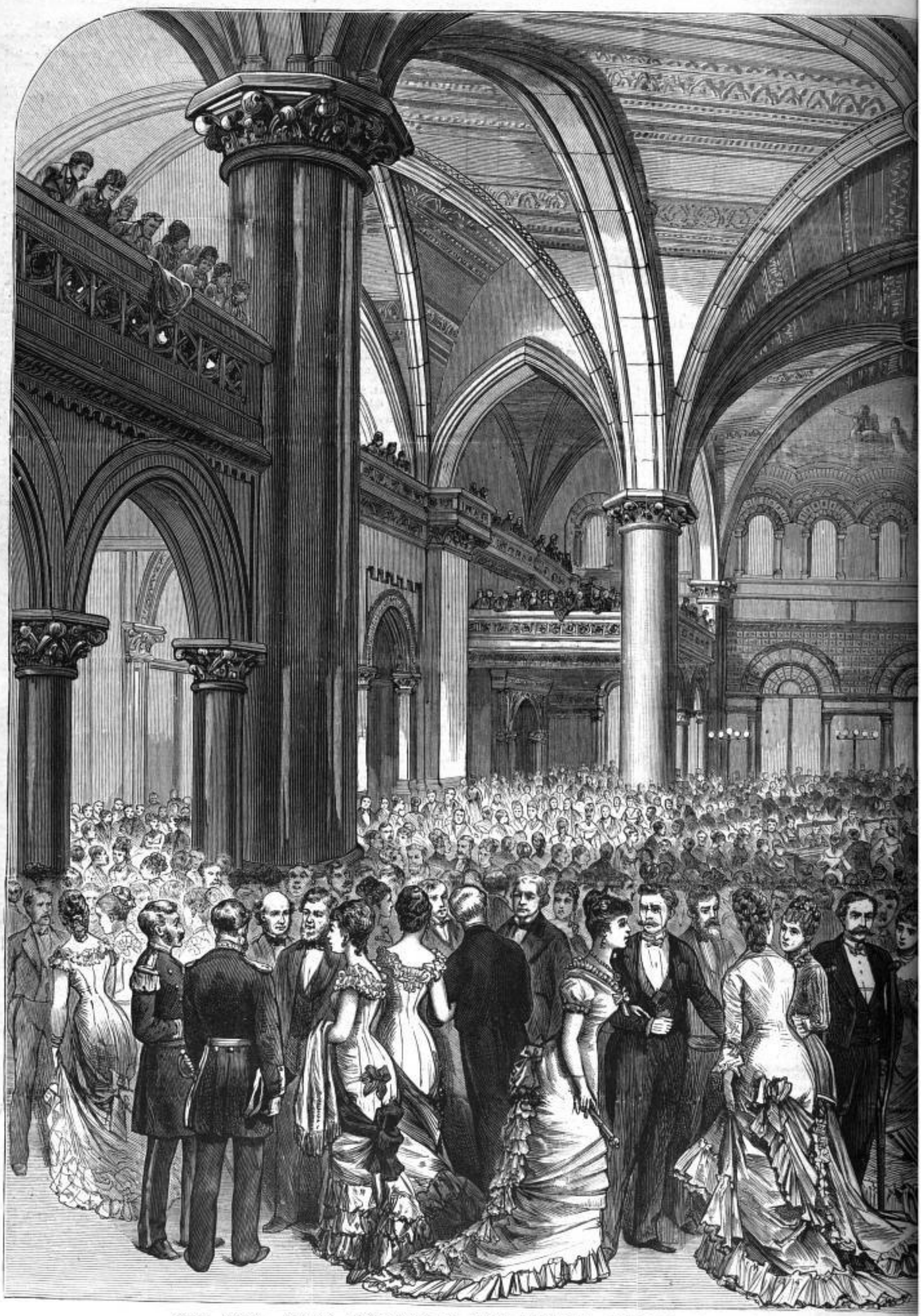
—THE debt of Pennsylvania amounts to $21,586,200, having been reduced $1,068,899 during the past year. Maine has a debt of $4,815,905. The debt of Tennessee, including unpaid interest, amounts to $24,274,017. Governor Porter, in his annual message to the Legislature, recommends a settlement with the State's creditors at fifty cents on the dollar. The total funded debt of Ohio is $6,476,805. The total local debt is $41,205,840, to which is to be added an irreducible debt composed of school and other trust funds amounting to $4,260,984.

—AT the very time that in France Emile de Girardin and his party are asking for the abolition of the penalty of death, and even that of imprisonment, replacing them both by a retired life in the country, the Swiss, on the other hand, have awakened to the fact that doing away with capital punishment is not unmixed good. They are now petitioning the Federal Assembly that it should be re-established, and allege that, if it is not, society will be disarmed against the convict condemned to hard labor for life; and further, that the population will take the law into their own hands, and have recourse to the American system of lynching.

—THE Wesleyans of England have set on foot a movement to build in various parts of the country 100 chapels a year for the next ten years. Towards this scheme two wealthy laymen—Sir Francis Lycett and Mr. William Mewburn—have each promised £10,000. A grant of £45,000 is also to be made in aid of the movement from the Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund. The Wesleyans have chapels or preaching rooms in 5,000 places in England and Wales, and provide accommodation for religious worship for one in thirteen of the entire population, but it is calculated that there are more than 9,000 places, with a population of 5,000,000 of people, where no Wesleyan services are held.

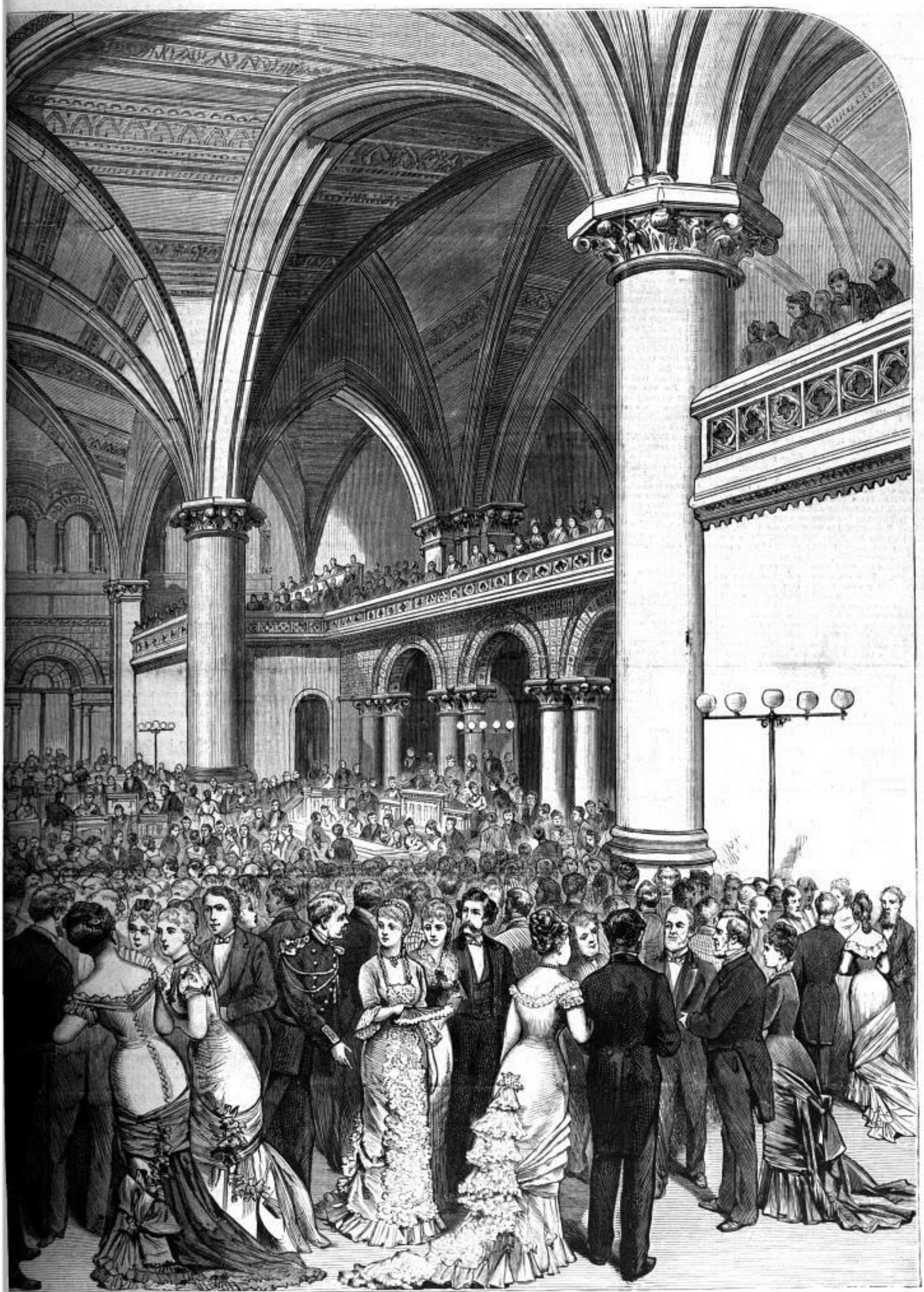
—ROSE cultivation is in Southeastern France a considerable industry. The perfume manufacturers in the department of the Alpes Maritimes consume annually 6,000 hundred weight of roses, and the neighborhood of Grasse and Cannes is thickly studded with rose farms; 30,000 bushels are planted in one hectare (two and one-half acres), and a good bush yields for about twelve years. May is the harvest time. During the Summer the field takes care of itself. In Fall it is carefully weeded and manured, the manure consisting exclusively of offal from the perfume factories and other vegetable matter. Such a hectare planted with rose-bushes and in good cultivation is worth 10,000 francs, and brings in, in an average year, a profit of twenty-four per cent.

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NEW YORK.—GRAND RECEPTION IN THE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER IN HONOR OF THE OPENI

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E NEW CAPITOL BUILDING AT ALBANY, JANUARY 7TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. SCHIMPF.—SEE PAGE 375.

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TO A SCRAP OF SEAWEED.

NEGLECTED flower that in the ocean blooms,
Poor exile from the fragrant groves of earth,
What sorrow rises in thy salt perfumes,
To what sad thoughts thy humble charm gives birth?

Tossed by the tempest and the fluctuant tide,
The vulgar plaything of the slimy eel;
Crushed by the vessel's keel or cast aside,
What bitterness thy injured heart must feel!

Thy lovely sisters blush on field and lawn,
The lily, pink, and rose are kin to thee,
Yet thou art destined, from grim night till dawn,
To hide thy envy in the turbulent sea!

Alas, none know why thou wert strangely torn
From leafy woodlands and rich orchards bleak,
Nor why thou shouldst not have been sweetly born
A tuberose to grace my darling's breast!—

Unless the Eternal, in His august might,
A sacred cage for thy beauty found,
And made thee to fulfill some sacred rite,
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the drowned!

F. S. SALTUS.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSEHOLD," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK THIRD.

THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER V.—WHO ARE MY PARENTS?

"WHO are my parents?" exclaims Louisa Reymond that evening, when all the guests have departed, and she is at last free to ponder over the events of the day alone in her room, while she is supposed to be dressing for dinner.

"Who are my parents?" Often and often has she put this momentous question to herself, but never perhaps with so much anxiety and anguish as this evening. The words of Rupert Cassilis have shown her a glimpse of the outside world; she can think of nothing else, and her soul is filled with mortification and wounded pride.

Lady Rollingford has no right, she thinks, to hide from her her name and origin. Who she really is she scarcely dares to imagine; some peasant-woman's child, a child of sin perhaps! Yet to know the worst were better than this uncertainty. How can she ever hope to marry if she has not a name to sign in a marriage certificate? Of course, as Lady Rollingford's adopted daughter every one respects her, and is kind and considerate towards her; but she feels that this respect, this kindness, and this consideration, however genuine, are at best but well-meant charity.

The world calls her Miss Reymond, and some even entitle her the Honorable Miss Reymond; but this name jars on her ear, and she feels that, after all, she is but an impostor, and that at any moment some disclosure may put an sudden end to her career.

Many a time has she begged Lady Rollingford—ay, with tears in her eyes, tears of pain and humiliation—to reveal to her the secret of her birth, but Lady Rollingford has ever remained inexorable.

"I would not tell you a lie, child, and I cannot tell you the truth," has ever been her answer, and not a word, not a clew has she ever been able to obtain from her.

This evening, when she descends the stately old staircase and enters the drawing-room below, her face is flushed and her large almond-shaped eyes sparkle with a light which only great excitement can give.

Lord Inganess is in the drawing-room; his sister has asked him to remain to dinner, and when Louisa enters she finds him sitting there by the window, looking over a book while waiting for the ladies. It still wants half an hour to dinner-time, and Louisa knows that Lady Rollingford will not make her appearance until the last moment. Many a time has she been on the point of asking Lord Inganess about her origin. He is her benefactress's brother; surely he must know the secret of her birth! And he has always been so kind and considerate towards her. His fair, open face and manly brow give her courage; she feels sure that he will not deceive her; her heart tells her that she can trust him, and on the impulse of the moment she approaches, and taking a seat near him plunges at once into the subject, as a drowning man driven to desperation would plunge into the deepest water to put an end to his anguish.

"Who are your parents?" he says, looking her full in the face with his kind blue eyes, when she has done speaking. "Believe me, Louisa, if I knew, I would not hesitate a single moment in telling you, for I think with you, and indeed I have always thought, that you should know."

She wrings her hands in despair and grows deadly pale.

"You do not know! Oh, Inganess, Inganess, I believe you—you would not deceive me; but tell me, have no suspicions ever crossed your mind? Have you never had any idea as to who and what my parents are? Do tell me all you know. When did your sister first speak about me to you?

Inganess is greatly moved by her pleading accents; he cannot resist that uplifted face, those imploring eyes; he takes her hand in his and answers:

"I was such a boy when my sister adopted you that I can scarcely remember what she said at the time; since then she has always refused to give me the slightest information about you. You see that I can tell you but little, yet, as you seem so in earnest, so anxious to learn who you are, I will confide to you a suspicion that sometimes crosses my mind, but to which I trust you will not attach more importance than it really deserves."

She is all ears and attention, but her heart beats so loud that it is with difficulty she can catch his words.

"When I was a little boy at Inganess—my father's place in Westra, you know—we had a governess for a short time who made a great impression upon my youthful mind; she was a Frenchwoman, and at the time, I remember quite well, I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; she was tall and dark, and she had large black eyes that seemed to penetrate into one's very soul. Often and often, since you have grown up, I have imagined that I could trace a remarkable resemblance between you. As I gaze upon you the memory of those days comes back to me, and I see the likeness more and more clearly; so much so that I have often thought that in some way or other you must be connected with that woman."

"What has become of her? Have you seen her lately?"

"No; I have not set eyes on her these twenty years; and once, when I asked my sister what had become of her, she told me that she was dead."

"And is there nothing beyond this personal resemblance that leads you to connect me in your mind with her?"

"Yes; her religion—for, like you, she was a Roman Catholic."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure, for I remember well how annoyed my father used to be about it."

"You give me a clew. Ah, but tell me, how do you account for Lady Rollingford adopting me if I were indeed that woman's daughter?"

"I have never thought much about that; but if you are so very anxious, I will tell you what has struck me at different times as accounting for my sister's adopting you. First of all, you must know that Lord Rollingford was staying with us almost all the time that Marie Gautier was at Westra; that was before he married Laura, and before any one imagined that they were in love with each other. He was very fond of our governess; I recollect quizzing her about it at the time; and, strange to say, she ran away suddenly one day, and her departure had such an effect upon him that he was taken dangerously ill, and became a different man from that day."

"And you suppose, then, that I am Lord Rollingford's daughter by that woman, and that afterwards Lady Rollingford adopted me through her love for her husband?"

Inganess is silent.

"This seems probable enough. I remember Mrs. Champion saying once that I had the Reymond features."

"Mrs. Champion! Ah, *she* would no doubt be able to tell you a great deal more than I can, for, now I recollect, she was at Inganess at the time, and also that she seemed very intimate with Frank Reymond."

"I will ask her. Ah, Inganess, you have given me plenty of food for thought. If this leads to the discovery of my parents, I shall owe you a debt of gratitude which I shall never forget."

Lady Rollingford enters the room at this moment, and any further conversation on the subject is impossible.

Later on that same evening, when Lord Inganess had taken his departure, and Louisa is alone in the drawing-room with Lady Rollingford, her feelings overpower her, she can no longer control them, and falling at her feet she bursts into tears.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" says Lady Rollingford, surprised, yet kindly enough.

"I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it any longer; have pity on me!"

"The vapors again! Oh, Louisa, how can you be so foolish! But I suppose you can't help it, it is your nature. Pray let me know what it is that you cannot bear any longer."

Louisa is trembling all over. "I want to know who I am," she cries, rising and throwing back the raven locks that have fallen over her face.

"You are Miss Reymond, my adopted daughter; is not that enough? Do not think that you will succeed in persuading me to reveal the name of your father. You will never learn anything from me."

"You are cruel!"

"Cruel! Ungrateful child! how can you speak thus to me—to me to whom you owe everything? What would you have been but for me, I should like to know?"

"You will not tell me who were my parents?"

"I cannot."

"Answer me just one question, then. Am I or am I not Lord Rollingford's child?"

"You Lord Rollingford's child! What on earth has put that into your head, Louisa?"

"Something that your brother and Mrs. Champion have told me."

It is now Lady Rollingford's turn to tremble. Can her brother know her secret? Will Mrs. Champion break her word, and reveal to Louisa the fatal mystery of her birth? She dreads even to look at her. That it should have come to this! Often and often has she suspected that her brother entertained vague suspicions of the truth; but how vague or how well founded she has never been able to discover. And Mrs. Champion, that terrible woman! she certainly knows her secret; and though she had bribed her to keep it, she recollects with dismay that the cunning woman never actually swore to do so.

"Am I, or am I not, Lord Rollingford's child?"

The question staggers her; she fears to tell a lie, and yet she would sooner die than reveal the truth.

"I only ask for one word. Am I, or am I not, Lord Rollingford's illegitimate child?"

Illegitimate child! In this addition of a single word Lady Rollingford sees at once a loophole whereby to escape, without injury to her conscience, and yet without revealing her secret.

"If any such thought troubles you, dear Louisa, dismiss it at once from your mind. Although I cannot tell you who your parents were, this one point I can settle for you at once—you are not my husband's illegitimate child."

CHAPTER VI.—BELLA CHAMPION.

GENERAL CHAMPION is having his breakfast in one of the large, old-fashioned rooms of his suburban residence.

Being a strong man, full of life and animal spirits, and younger than his wife, of course one can scarcely expect him to take much interest in her hobbies now, though for so many years of his life he has been more her slave than her lord and master, and has accompanied her to Italy, helped her in all her secret conspiracies, and even fought like a hero to please her.

Mrs. Champion has given up the world of action now, and taken to that of ideas; she devotes the greater part of her time to reading abstruse philosophical works, and studying what a hundred years ago would have been called "occult sciences;" her health is no longer what it once was, and the reaction caused by the sedentary and monotonous life she now leads, after the existence of adventure and perpetual excitement to which she had previously been accustomed, has greatly injured her constitution.

Mrs. Champion, on her side, has lately become, unconsciously to herself, passionately fond of her husband. Having felt but little love for him at the time of her marriage, she has only become attached to him in after life, and learnt to love him as her passion for the "cause" she had adopted cooled down.

Their bright-eyed elfin child Bella has become the connecting link between them; she smooths away all their little differences, for her brilliant, sparkling, noble disposition has made her the life and soul of Liberty Hall.

The general had returned home at a very late hour, and when his wife, who had sat up for him, met him with expostulations, he got as usual into a rage, told her she was a fool, and refused to give her any explanations. He is now having his breakfast, and is by this time quite ready to make it up with her, and to be coaxed into a good temper again.

He is not permitted to remain long by himself in the dining-room. He has scarcely been there ten minutes before his daughter makes her appearance, and, with an irresistible smile, takes a seat beside him.

Bella is his favorite child, she has been his constant companion ever since she was a baby in arms; it was he who first taught her to ride and to row, and he knows that in the eyes of this lovely girl he is the *beau ideal* of a father and a man. But this morning the pleasure of seeing her is marred by a conscious feeling that he has not behaved well, and that she has come to scold him, and to make him go and apologize to her mother—for the clever girl seldom permits him to see that in all these little differences it is always on his side that her sympathies are enlisted.

"I calculate you have come to read me a lecture, Bella," he says, kissing her fondly, yet with an impatient look on his face. "Bella, my girl, let me advise you to mind your own business; you are growing up to be just such another as your mother."

"And is this not my business?" she says, archly. "I should like to know what either of you would do without me. Bah! don't you think it is awfully silly to go on like this, father?" And then, "By-the-by, mother is waiting for you; won't you go to her and make it up? she is so unhappy—come!" she says, while a look of imploring love shines in her bright eyes. "It is unmanly to be cross; you are the stronger of the two, and should be the first to yield."

The gay badinage of the girl has succeeded at last in dissipating his bad temper, and, as usual, her arch smile and loving manner have produced their effect—a pang of remorse shoots through the gallant officer as he thinks of his own unworthiness; and giving her a kiss he rises and enters the room where Mrs. Champion is waiting for him, ready to make up for the misery he has caused her the previous night, and to apologize for his ill temper.

Mrs. Champion receives him with a smile, and their little quarrel is settled without her having uttered a single word of reproach; she is jealous of her husband, yet she is aware that this feeling must remain as deeply buried in her breast as were her early yearnings and dreams about Italy.

They are still conversing together in the drawing-room when Lord Inganess is announced. He has come to beg Mrs. Champion to take her daughter to a great ball which is to be given on the morrow at Preston House.

"The Duchess of Northland has heard a great deal about Miss Champion," he says, "and she is very anxious to see her; and last night at the Queen's Concert she asked me, knowing how intimate I was here, to try and induce you to take her to Preston House to-morrow."

"The duchess is very kind," Mrs. Champion answers, looking, as she often does now, with dilated eyes straight in front of her, as if she saw something beyond the person she is addressing. "I feel highly flattered, of course. But Bella is not out yet, and, besides, I do not want her to go to balls in town; she sees quite as much society as is good for her at home."

That young lady and her father had now left the room. Inganess takes a seat near Mrs. Champion, and whispers something in her ear.

"Will he, indeed? Well, I am glad. It will do him good to go a little more into society than he has hitherto done. Miss Reymond will be there, of course?"

"Yes. Do you think there is any chance of his falling in love with her?"

"It would be the best thing that could happen to him; she is just the sort of a girl I should like him to marry. You know her, perhaps, better than I do—have you any idea what sort of impression our friend has made upon her?"

"I should say a favorable one; but then he is just the sort of fellow a girl like that would admire; his peculiar turn of mind goes well with her own sentiments," he answers, with that manly openness which, in Glamour's eyes, constitutes his great charm.

"Do you think he will end by becoming a Catholic, or not? You are his most intimate friend, as he told me the other day."

Inganess shakes his head.

"Monsignore Beretta has a great hold over him just now," he says, thoughtfully.

"The monsignore is a deep man!"

"You dislike priests?"

"I dread them; I have good reason to dread them. But I would not mind so much his turning Catholic now if such a change in his faith could bring about his marriage with Louisa Reymond."

"I see; yet you are a Protestant yourself, and are devoted to the enemies of the Pope," he says, casting a glance at a portrait of General Garibaldi which hangs opposite to him.

"I have lived long enough in the world to discover the virtues and faults of both religions. I bear no ill-will towards the Catholics; and I know Glamour well enough now not to fear any great danger, either to himself or his property, if even he should become one."

"He would be much happier if he were married."

"To Miss Reymond?"

"Well, yes; why not? We are their best friends; let us unite in trying to bring this about. It will be the best thing in the world, believe me, for both of them."

"If you think so, Mrs. Champion, I am quite ready to help you: I will speak to both of them about it and see what I can do. Louisa has been almost a sister to me for many years. I like her, and her strange position pains me very much; and there is nothing I should like better than to see her Duchess of Glamour."

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE BALL.

THE gorgeous saloons of Preston House have seldom looked more brilliant. We are at a great ball given by the beautiful and amiable Duchess of Northland, and most of our friends are enjoying her almost royal hospitality.

On the top landing of the palatial staircase, resplendent with Venetian gold and decorated with priceless paintings, we perceive the Count and Countess Sartorius, and their pretty niece, Mademoiselle de Robertoff, talking with our friend Rupert Cassilis. They have been standing there for some time leaning over the banisters, and passing in review the various guests as they ascend and descend the staircase, and passing more or less well-deserved criticisms upon them in that quiet, facetious manner which nowadays does duty for wit and humor.

"How charming Lady Vic looks this evening!" the countess remarks, gazing through her gold-rimmed eyeglasses at the tall, graceful figure of Lady Victoria Fitz-Charles, on whose brow sparkles a large diamond ornament in the shape of a crescent, and who is now making her way up the stairs, accompanied by the duchess, her mother, and followed by a crowd of young men, who hover about her as butterflies flutter round an unusually dazzling flame.

"What shoulders! As perfect as a statue by Phidias."

"Yes, she looks for all the world like Diana gone astray—in the woods, of course!" says Mademoiselle de Robertoff, perhaps a trifle annoyed because amongst these attendants of Lady Vic's she has recognized one or two favorite partners of her own.

"And almost ready for the bath," Rupert adds, bestowing upon her one of his sweetest smiles.

"Look, look, Clara!" exclaims the countess; "Lady Rollingford and her daughter are coming up the staircase. What a sweet gown Miss Reymond has on! I do not think I ever saw her looking better."

All eyes are turned towards these ladies, and for a moment our two friends are silent.

"Miss Reymond is certainly one of the handsomest girls I know,' Rupert Cassilis at last remarks.

"Ah, so you admire her!" Count Sartorius says, with a knowing glance towards his wife.

"Everybody admires her," replies the young fellow, rather confused.

"What is her true history?"

"Mademoiselle de Robertoff, how can you ask such a question? You know as well as I do that nobody has yet been able to discover her parentage."

"I thought that perhaps you might have been cleverer than the rest, you have had so many more opportunities."

"I think it is the very mystery that surrounds her that makes her so interesting," the countess says, putting up her eyeglass again to examine her more closely.

"I must go and pay my respects to Lady Rollingford," says Cassilis, after a pause. "I will see you afterwards in the ballroom. By-the-by, mademoiselle, don't forget that the third dance from this is ours."

"I have changed my mind, M. de Cassilis," the saucy young lady answers; "I don't think that I shall give it to you."

"You have surely not gone and engaged yourself to some one else?"

"Perhaps. But please don't trouble yourself about me. I daresay Miss Reymond will be able to give you as many dances as you choose to ask her for; ta-ta!"

But Rupert Cassilis does not hear these last words, for he has already left the group, and is now making his way through the crowd towards Lady Rollingford and her adopted daughter, who have by this time succeeded in mounting the staircase, and are entering the ballroom.

"I think that you are very hard upon this poor young fellow, Clara," the count says, approaching his niece.

"He likes it."

"Do you like him?"

"Well, yes; he amuses me. He seems very much struck with Miss Reymond."

"What a good marriage *that* would be for him! She will be immensely rich one of these days, I hear," says the countess, dropping her eyeglass and coming closer to them.

"I wonder if she likes him?"

"Oh, yes. Look at them now," the count says, calling their attention to young Cassilis, who has now reached Miss Reymond and is talking to her, whilst she seems very much interested in his conversation.

"Would you really like Rupert Cassilis to marry Miss Reymond?" Mademoiselle de Robertoff now asks her uncle.

"Clara, you talk as if you could bring this marriage about if you chose."

"Perhaps I can," the saucy girl answers, with a toss of her pretty head.

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"And how?"

"Ask me no questions. Monsignore Berretta is coming to lunch with us to-morrow, is he not?"

"Yes: but what on earth has that to do with Rupert's marriage?"

"More than you think, uncle. The monsignore is a great hand at match-making. I shall talk to him about it, and you will see. What odds will you give me that before a year is out our friend is engaged to Miss Reymond?"

The young lady in question has by this time finished her dance with the fascinating Cassilis, and has returned to Lady Rollingford's side. But she is not destined to remain long there, for the Duke of Glamour has already found his way to her, and has engaged her for the next waltz.

The more Glamour sees of Louisa the more he admires her utter self-forgetfulness, and likes the quaint, and at times even melancholy, tone that runs through her conversation. Her peculiar style of beauty, too, pleases his fancy.

That she possesses talents foreign to most young ladies has never been questioned. She is an adept in almost all the accomplishments of the day. She can play and sing and draw as well as the best, and converse in French and Italian better than most young ladies of her age. But her real tastes have perhaps carried her out of the regular routine of the usual feminine accomplishments. As a child she was unusually quick at learning, and her governess, and the numerous masters Lady Rollingford provided for her, with a tender mother's solicitude, could not set her lessons fast enough. She has been born with an inherent taste for art and music, a great love for literature and learning, and constant study has developed and perfected these tastes.

Glamour has seen her now several times, and each time he has left her more and more convinced that she would make just the sort of wife he requires. But he is a man who can but seldom make up his mind, and who requires a motive outside of himself that shall marshal his thoughts for him, and guide his faculties into the path of action.

This evening at Preston House he ventures, carried away by the music and the excitement of the scene, to speak to her more openly than he has ever before had the courage to do. At the end of their dance he has taken her to the refreshment-room with the excuse of getting her an ice, and, after a few moments, they seat themselves in a corner of the now deserted room—for the dancing has begun again, and the couples have all returned to the ballroom—and there they remain conversing together in a low, confidential tone for such a long time, that Mademoiselle de Robertoff, who catches occasional glimpses of them from a distance, concludes that they are in love, and begins to fear that her new *protégé*, Rupert Cassilis, will have but few chances of winning the mysterious heiress's affections.

Their conversation, however, can scarcely be called a flirtation, though both of them are fully aware in their hearts that a higher motive than the mere amusement of the moment prompts it. They talk a great deal about art and architecture, and Glamour, who is very fond of discussing such topics, speaks with enthusiasm of Rollingford House.

Presently she mentions Castle Muriel, of which she has heard so much, and inquires whether that ancient seat of his family is indeed such a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture as it is generally supposed to be. Glamour loves his home, and the very mention of its name is enough to interest him, and he describes it to her with enthusiasm. Yet his mind is evidently preoccupied, and even in speaking of Muriel his words acquire a significance in her ears that cannot but lead her to suppose that he is thinking of her when describing the beauties of the place and the elegance of the apartments, in which he ends by saying that in spite of all their grandeur he feels at times very lonely by himself, and longs for a congenial companion to share them with him.

"Do you like the country?"

This abrupt question startles her so much that she cannot answer for a moment. Not half an hour before Rupert Cassilis has asked her this very question, and almost in the same tone of voice; and, by a very common association which we are all often led to give to ideas, the mere thought of the baronet's youngest son drives away from her imagination the picture she has been drawing of Muriel, and of the happy life she might lead there as Duchess of Glamour, and takes her back to the previous half-hour, when Rupert Cassilis had his arm around her waist, and was whispering sweet nothings in her ear; or, rather, it takes her still further back—to the bright Summer evening in the Egyptian room of the Rollingford House, when she was first made aware of his feelings.

The dark, thoughtful face of Glamour vanishes from her sight, and instead of the lovely scenes he has been describing to her, and of the serene and placid life of comfort and intellectual intercourse she has pictured to herself while listening to him, she sees the tall, handsome figure of Rupert Cassilis; she sees his fair, sunny, manly face; hears once more his merry good-humored laugh, and forgets all about Muriel and the advantages of becoming a duchess.

"You do not seem to hear me," Miss Reymond," he says, astonished at the sudden change that has come over her; "I asked you if you liked the country."

His voice brings her once more back to herself; she rises quickly, and with a sigh, as if she had been dreaming and forgetting for a moment the scenes around her.

"I heard what you said well enough, duke," she answers. "I am very fond of the country, but I prefer to live in a city; London, or indeed any other great capital—Paris for instance. I love Paris—but I was thinking," she adds, slowly, "that I am engaged for the next dance. I must go, or my partner will never find me. I promised to be in the ballroom in time for it."

Glamour can scarcely conceal his disappointment.

"Who is your partner?"

"Mr. Cassilis."

And without saying another word she takes his arm, and they proceed to the ballroom, where she soon leaves him to join her new partner.

The duke is at once annoyed and disappointed. It is clear that Miss Reymond does not care for him. He feels sure now that she prefers Cassilis; and yet how sweet and amiable she had been to him! How well she spoke, and how pleased she seemed with the description he had given her of his home! He is quitting the ballroom, determined to leave Preston House at once, and to return home, there, in the solitude of his study, to read a few chapters of the Hebrew Bible he so delights in studying before going to bed, when Lady Boursetile approaches him, and detains him with her merry ever-fluent tongue.

Shortly after Inganess comes up to them and interrupts their conversation.

"I want to speak to you, Glamour, when you are disengaged," he says; and a few seconds afterwards the two friends are seen talking together upon what seems to be a most interesting subject.

(To be continued.)

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY BALL,
JANUARY 8TH.

THE ball of the Tammany Society at Tammany Hall, in Fourteenth Street, on the evening of the 8th instant, in celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, was a very pleasant and successful affair. The company was not large, but it was of a high character, and entirely worthy of the occasion. It was composed mainly of the leading men of Tammany Hall and the ladies of their families, but there were also many others not specially identified with the society or the political party. Most of the ladies on the floor were elegantly dressed, while in the score of boxes arranged for the occasion and in the balcony were hundreds of ladies in bonnet and rich Winter attire. The decorations of the hall were of a pleasing character, and all the more striking because so seldom seen in the Tammany Building. Among the more interesting decorations were the battle-torn and stained flags which the Tammany regiments of various wars—1812, the Mexican, and the war for the Union—have borne. The windows were draped with lace curtains and lambrequins made of the national colors. On the walls and at the sides of the windows were seals of the States. The alcove at the rear of the platform was concealed by folds of crimson silk, framed with gold-embroidered scarlet silk, shaped into a pointed arch. Within this arch, and pinning the crimson curtains, was the broad seal of New York. In a niche above the arch was a bust of Jackson on a pedestal, covered by a blue silken banner, on which was inscribed, in golden letters, the legend: "The wise, the brave, the good." The niche was draped with scarlet, embroidered with gilt tinsel. The front of the gallery at the southern side of the room was adorned in the same manner; and a fringe of the gilt-embroidered scarlet material hung in front of the capitals of the columns supporting the gallery. The entrances to the ballroom were curtained with crimson silk, and at either side of each entrance was a vase of greenhouse plants. The platform was almost concealed from view by plants, palms, ferns, a few rose-bushes, and intricate designs of greenery.

The ball was followed by a banquet, at which speeches were made by ex-Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Henry L. Clinton, and others.

THE GREAT SNOW BLOCKADE.

THE snow-storm of the first week in January, in whatever part of the country it prevailed, was the severest that had occurred in many years. New York State suffered particularly, and it is a remarkable fact that while Watertown, Oswego, Rochester and Syracuse, with their suburbs, were being snowed under, snow was falling to an unusual depth in various parts of England, Scotland and Switzerland, Berne and Geneva experiencing the most noticeable paralysis of business. In Central New York the storm began on January 2d, and ceased on the evening of the 6th, a heavy wind prevailing during its continuance. The Western Division of the New York Central Railroad, extending from Buffalo to Syracuse, was absolutely closed to travel for four days. Between Syracuse and New York the track was comparatively open, and trains from the metropolis reached the centre of the State on time. As the snow presented an insurmountable obstacle to progress westward, all the trains were laid up at the depot at Syracuse.

On Friday, 3d, the Atlantic Express attempted to leave Rochester for New York. A snow-plow was sent ahead to clear the track, and the train moved out of the depot drawn by nine locomotives. When it arrived at the Sand Cut, near Fairport, and ten miles east of Rochester, the snow-plow jumped the track, and the express train, which was following close behind, ran into it. At that point the passenger tracks are on an embankment several feet above the old tracks. Five of the engines drawing the express were thrown down this embankment, and the cars were wrecked. The engineer of the first engine, who resides in Buffalo, was buried under the wreck of his engine and instantly killed. Conductor John Holmes was seriously injured. Mr. Clough, road-master, had his leg broken, and two firemen and five passengers were seriously injured. When the news of the disaster reached Rochester, a wrecking-train, drawn by six engines, was dispatched to the scene of the wreck, but all six of the engines jumped the track before reaching Fairport. All Friday night and Saturday the snow fell thick and fast, and the wind blew a terrific gale. Both the wrecks were in a short time almost completely buried in the huge drifts of snow. All attempts on Saturday to reach the wrecks from Rochester proving futile, on Sunday morning a train was made up in Syracuse, consisting of eight engines, a wrecking car, and a derrick-car, with a large force of men, and started for the wreck. On board were Henry Watkeys, master mechanic; Mr. Palmer, Assistant Superintendent, and other officers of the road. At Jordan the train ran off the track, but was soon got on again. It reached the wreck at Fairport about five o'clock on Sunday night, and the work of clearing the tracks and removing the wreck was at once begun.

This experience was the most severe of any that has been made public, although, in a smaller degree, the blockade of passenger and freight trains was quite common throughout the State. On Monday, 6th, traffic was partially resumed, and by Tuesday night the schedule time was made.

Where trains were laid up in the rural districts provisions were obtained from neighboring farmhouses, whose owners, it must be said, drove very hard bargains. In the passenger-coach of a train stalled some ten or twelve miles from Syracuse for several days were a number of ladies. The snow had drifted over the car, and the passengers found it impossible to get out in search of provisions. Curtains were improvised, and one end of the car was used for a sleeping-room for the ladies. When relief came, in the form of an extortionate farmer, they procured an extra amount of food and fuel. On Sunday divine service was held in the car.

In some instances the male passengers left the cars on a forage for wood and food, and in others the stoves were utilized for cooking purposes. When the first anxieties had passed away the snow-bound travelers, whether in the cars from which they could not escape, or in the depots and farmhouses in which they had taken refuge, set about devising plans of amusement with which to while away the long hours, and amateur magicians, comedians, tragedians, and operatic singers were greeted with an amount of applause they would not receive elsewhere. Card-playing was the rule, and the man with the latest joke or the best story out was welcomed to the social amenities of every set.

Although none of the detained passengers would knowingly put themselves in the way of a repetition of their experiences during these eventful four days, they will retain in pleasant memory many of the jollities that were developed during the siege.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Marche proposes to ascend the river Benue, and to explore the country between the Shari and the Congo. He will leave Paris in February next.

A New Botanical Society has just been formed at Munich. The president is Professor Robert Hartig, and the vice-president Dr. Arnold, an eminent lichenologist.

Dr. Crevaux, the explorer of French Guiana, has reached the source of the Oyapok, and crossed the range which separates Oyapok from the Amazon basin.

Herr Albert Kuppers, an eminent sculptor at Bonn, has just finished the model of a statue to be erected in memory of Professor Jacob Noggerath, the well-known mineralogist.

The Chinese are about to commence the erection of a line of telegraph from Tientsin to Taku at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and also to make the necessary surveys for another line between Tientsin, Paoting fu, and Peking.

Birds build their nests in the seaweed which grows and floats with the Gulf Stream, and in many instances are found 1,000 miles from any land. This weed is sustained by pods grown upon it, which act as air-floats.

The Latest News from Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs informs us that he is at Tripoli, under the protection of the French consul. He was to proceed to Wadai on December 15th, and was daily expecting rich presents from the Emperor of Germany, which he was instructed to offer to the new sultan of this remote kingdom.

Proposed Railway Across Australia.—An expedition has been organized by the proprietors of the *Queenslander* newspaper for the purpose of making a flying survey of the territory between Blackwell (Queensland) and Port Darwin, North Australia, a distance of 1,400 miles, with the view of determining the character of the country and the practicability of constructing a transcontinental railway. It was expected that the party would be fully equipped and start from Blackwell on July 12th, 1878.

Artificial Feldspar.—Messrs. Fouqué and Levy have succeeded in making artificial crystals of oligoclase, labradorite and albite. The process consists in causing feldspar to fuse in a platinum crucible placed in a Schlossing furnace, subsequently to place the ingot before a Bunsen blast, and maintain it for forty-eight hours very nearly at the point of fusion. By means of this biscuit process the vitreous mass changes its structure and crystallizes in all the details and forms of the natural mineral.

Only one Element after All.—Professor Lockyer, after three years of spectroscopic study of the stars, comes to the conclusion that the so-called elements in our globe are compounds after all. According to the new theory the supposed elements are different conditions of condensation of one fundamental substance, probably hydrogen. Mr. Lockyer promises to give a full report of the experiments and inductions which have led him to this astounding result. It has always been a favorite theory of Ralph Waldo Emerson that there was but one substance in the universe, and it would be extraordinary if he were to be sustained by the observations of scientific men.

The Salt Deposits of Germany.—Borings made in different parts of North Germany have proved beyond denial that the assertion made by several eminent geologists that a mighty deposit of salt stretches from the Lüneburger Heide to the coast of the Baltic, is perfectly correct. The deposit begins near Lüneburg, passes underneath the Elbe, and extends right across the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg. Another branch goes in the direction of the Duchy of Holstein, *viâ* Segeberg to Elmshorn and Heide. Borings at Lutzkeen have now reached a depth of 456 meters (1,500 feet), and the thickness of the deposit now reaches 130 meters (426 feet), and the bottom has not yet been reached.

A Revolution in Guns.—It appears to be by no means unlikely that the celebrated Krupp gun, with which the whole of the German artillery is at present armed, will be superseded, if not immediately, at all events before very long, by another weapon. Experiments have, it is well-known, been lately made in the foundry at Spandau with bronze steel, prepared by the Uchatius method, and these have been so successful that, according to the Berlin correspondent of an Austrian military paper, the inspector-general of the German artillery has definitely decided to adopt it as a material for the manufacture of ordnance, and, in the first instance, has ordered several siege guns to be made of the new compound, the secret of the preparation of which appears to be now very generally known. The guns which are to be thus manufactured are to have a calibre of 12 centimetres, but will be superior to the Austrian pieces with the same bore, as arrangements will be made to allow a larger charge of powder to be used. In well-informed circles, the correspondent adds, the construction of these guns is looked upon as the first step towards the complete substitution of bronze steel for steel ordnance in the Germany army. Meanwhile, exceedingly satisfactory experiments have been made on the range at Steinfeld, near Vienna, with two recently constructed 15-centimetre bronze steel guns. The Austrian Minister of War, the President of the Technical Committee, General Uchatius, and a large number of artillery officers, were present on the occasion, and excellent practice was made with the new weapons at 2,000 metres range. The same committee determined that bronze steel may be profitably employed for the construction of rifles, the only drawback being that with the metal prepared as at present, the weight of the arm is increased one-eighth. The experiments of the English Admiralty have also shown that sheathing of phosphor bronze withstands the action of sea water nearly three times as long as the best copper sheathing; it is, however, very expensive, and a substitute has been prepared in Austria, composed of phosphor tin instead of phosphor copper, as the proper alloy for making the bronze. The proportions of 95 per cent. tin and 5 per cent. phosphorus was found to give good results and to be much cheaper than the material ordinarily used.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL LONGSTREET has accepted the Postmastership at Gainesville, Ga.

IT is said that Bayard Taylor's Goethe collection of rare volumes will shortly be sold.

THE Italian Mint has just produced a new five-franc piece with the head of King Humbert.

THE marriage of the Duke of Connaught will not, it is stated on good authority, take place until after Easter.

THE Italian Ministers Depretis and Majorano, seeking re-election on taking office in the new Cabinet, have been returned by large majorities.

THE Judges of the United States Supreme Court, with their families, it is said, will pass the month of February in a pleasure trip to Galveston, Texas.

SENATOR SARGENT'S two daughters have both studied medicine; and the elder, having been graduated, is practicing her profession at the Freedman's Hospital, in Washington.

A REUTER dispatch from Constantinople says Suleiman Pasha's appeal has been rejected. He has been degraded and exiled for life, and now appeals to the Sultan for pardon.

THE announcement that Dr. W. B. Carpenter is about to retire from the post of Registrar of the University of London will be received with general regret. He has filled the office for twenty-three years.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI, who is now at Berlin, is suffering from an accident to one of her knee-caps, which causes much anxiety to her friends. Her physician says that amputation of the limb may become imperative.

DR. STROUSSBERG, the famous "railway king" and bankrupt, has arranged an amicable settlement with his creditors. He offers 3 per cent. in liquidation of the claims raised against him, amounting in all to $18,500,000.

SAFVET PASHA, the new Turkish Ambassador to Paris, has asked the Sultan to be allowed to remain in Constantinople, and has been authorized to postpone his departure. It is possible that another ambassador may be appointed.

MESSRS. THOMPSON, Hyde and Curtis, of the Class of 1879, and Taft and Rogers, of the Class of 1880, will probably be the only men who rowed at New London last Summer who will be on the Yale University crew of this year.

THE King of Holland was married to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, January 7th, with great solemnity. The Duke of Saxony and Prince William of Wurtemburg were the witnesses. Prince Henry of the Netherlands, brother of the King, was unable to be present on account of illness.

DR. GARCELON, the new Governor of Maine, not only received the lowest votes cast for any candidate there last September, but he is even in agreement with the minority of his own party in the State on the currency question, being a hard money man and not afraid to call the cheap silver dollar a fraud.

HENRY VARLEY'S Tabernacle, at Melbourne, will, if completed in accordance with the plan, have a seating capacity of 5,000. Its central hall will be an amphitheatre in style, with a large coffee-house in front. The buildings around it will provide comforts for a workingman's club. It is proposed to spend £20,000.

MISS MARTHA ATALANTA LUMPKIN, daughter of a distinguished Governor of Georgia, has just been married at Athens to Mr. T. M. Compton. She is fifty years old, and he ten years her senior. The bridal tour was to Atlanta, a city to which the bride has twice stood sponsor: it was first named Marthasville, for her first name; then Atalanta for her second; gradually the "a" was dropped, and Atlanta, the Gate City, became and will remain.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeems Pipes of Pipesville Major, State of California), walked in upon us last week, all the way from New Zealand and Australia, having come via Mexico and Central America. He is off now for the "Cape of Good Hope" and India, and we expect to hear next that he is lecturing in the wilds of Africa, or giving his graphic, popular and unimitable readings, and singing his charming ballads at the North Pole. Success attend the "wanderer" and "Drifter about" wherever he may go, say we!

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. J. STOLBRAND, late of the Army of the Tennessee, who was one of the most accomplished officers of artillery in General Sherman's Army, has been knighted by the King of Sweden and Norway. His Majesty also conferred upon him the "Order of the Sword." Accompanying the appointment is a richly jeweled insignia bearing the following inscription: "C. J. Stolbrand, *Pro Patria*." This is the first instance where such honor has been conferred by the King of Sweden upon a Swedish American.

MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has lately presented to to the Astor Library some very valuable books. One of these, costing $15,000, is an early printed book, the first edition of the Catholicon of Johannes Balbus de Janua, dated 1460—a treatise on grammar and rhetoric and a Latin dictionary—the printing of which is attributed to Gutenberg. Another valuable early work is a German Bible, the earliest one with date, printed by Lanter, of Augsburg, in 1477—a fine example of early printing with Gothic type. Another rare work is a beautiful Greek manuscript of the apostolic epistles, in quarto, of the eleventh century. This is in very fine preservation, and is from the collection of the late Duke of Sussex.

THE Princess Louise, who has extremely simple tastes, is described as walking much more than driving about the neighborhood of Rideau Hall. She tramps through the mud with stout boots, and it is said always carries a small cane. A correspondent of a Canadian newspaper says that "a few days ago she was seen suddenly to stop before a small tin shop. She saw something in the window which attracted her attention, and, after observing it for a moment, walked into the very humble place. Now, what do you suppose had struck her fancy? A small tin tea-pot! A little, common thing, with a capacity of about one cup, and worth about twenty-five cents. She bought it, and, I was told, put it in her pocket."

AMONG recent obituary notices are the names of the following prominent people: Joseph Nash, English painter and instructor of the Queen, Prince Consort and many members of the royal family, aged 71; Cardinal Fabio Asquini, the closest companion of Pope Pius IX. during his leisure hours, aged 76; Petros Brysakis, historical painter of Munich, aged 64; Ludwig Schneider, author and reader to the Emperor of Germany, aged 73; Admiral Andrew Drew, of the British Navy, aged 86; Jean Jacques Scherer, ex-President of Switzerland, aged 53; Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, mother of the author who died a few weeks ago, aged 85; Judge Balcom, of Binghamton, N. Y., aged 80; General Robert Burn, colonel commandant of the British Royal Artillery, aged 86; Professor Jackson, of the Glasgow University, aged 80; Don Espartero, ex-Regent of Spain, aged 86; and Congressman Hartridge of Georgia.

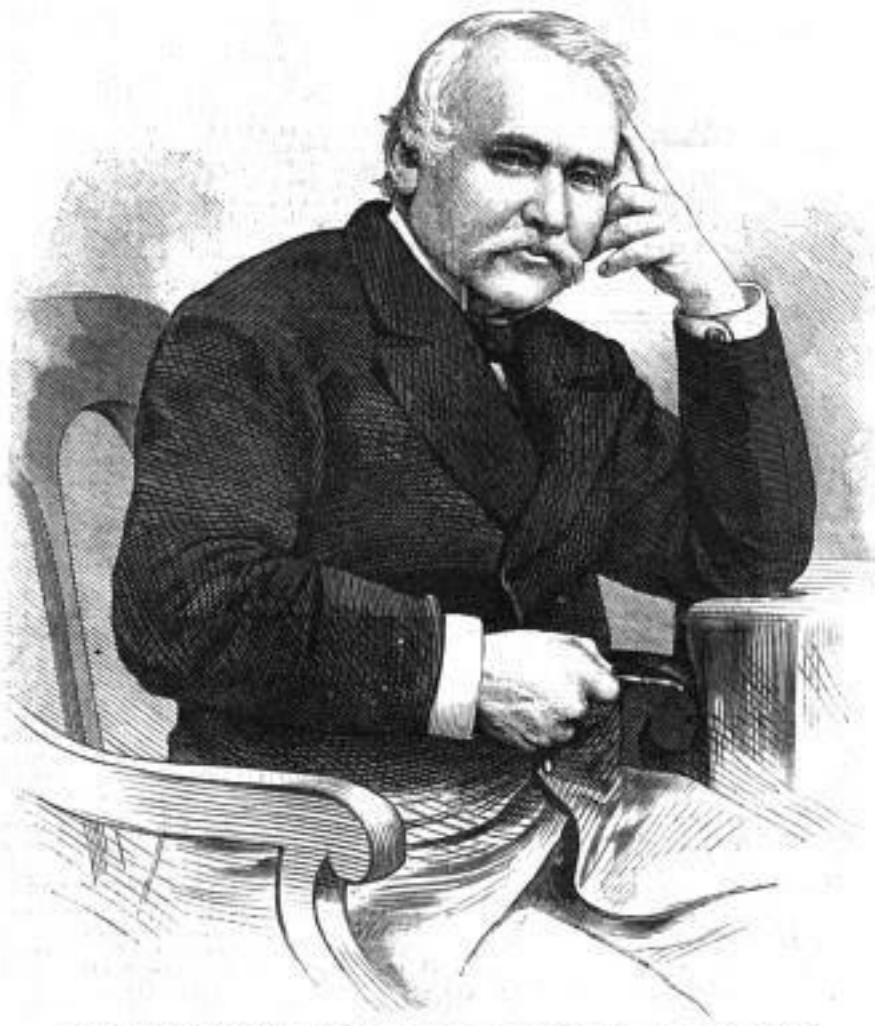
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THE LATE MORTON McMICHAEL.

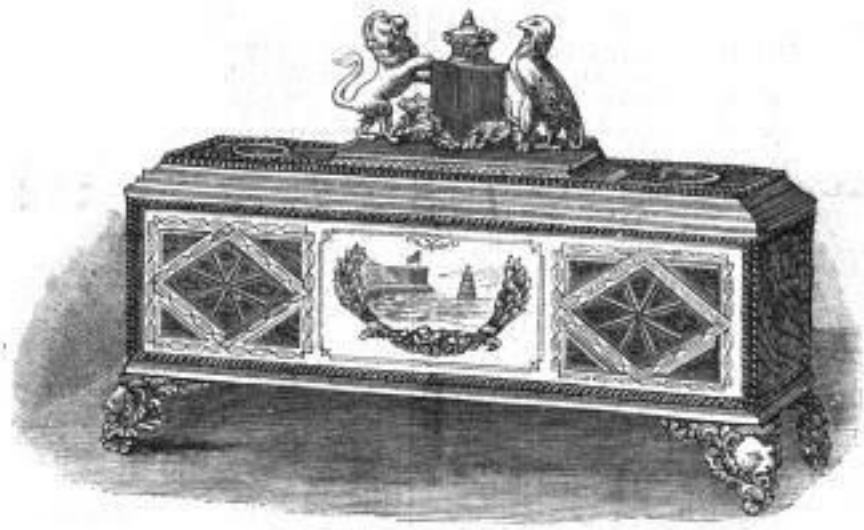
HON. MORTON McMICHAEL, who died at his residence in Philadelphia, January 6th, was one of the marked men of his time. In the city where he had so long lived he was in the highest sense a leader and a representative. His talents were peculiarly versatile. His conspicuous characteristics were—an easy address, an unusual command of language, a faithful memory, and perfect composure under the most trying circumstances; courage in every emergency, as proved by his manly bearing in the riots of 1844, when he repeatedly risked his life in the effort to secure public peace; and thorough familiarity with every topic of the day, whether of art or politics, finance or religion.

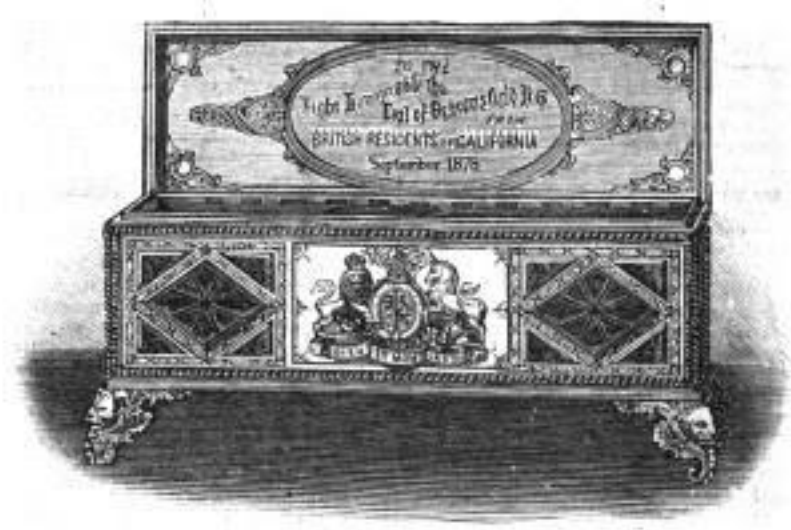
Mr. McMichael was born in Burlington County, New Jersey, October 20th, 1807, was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and having devoted himself to the study of the law, was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in 1827. He became interested in politics at an early age, and soon after becoming a lawyer was elected as Alderman. This position he occupied for many years, during which time he made a good reputation as a lawyer. In 1843 he was elected Sheriff of Philadelphia, and served as such until 1846. In 1866 he was elected Mayor of the city, and held that office three years. Between the periods of these public trusts Mr. McMichael became the editor of the *North American*, of which he was sole proprietor from 1851 to 1870, when he relinquished the active control to his sons. He was twice a Presidential Elector on the Republican ticket. He was also for a considerable time the President of the Philadelphia Union League. In June, 1872, he was Temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention which renominated Grant for the Presidency. Subsequently he was the mover of the nomination of Henry Wilson for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. McMichael in 1876 refused the office of Permanent President of the Cincinnati Convention, which was offered him by the organizing committee of that body. In 1874 Mr. McMichael made a trip of two months to Europe to recruit his health, and in 1875 he was one of the Board of five Pennsylvania managers of the Centennial Exhibition appointed by Governor Hartranft. The following year he was made Doctor of Laws by the University of Pennsylvania, from which institution he had been graduated nearly fifty years before.

Philadelphia is possibly indebted to Mr. McMichael more than to any other man for the perfection of Fairmount Park, a work in which he took the greatest interest, and of which he was, as President of the Commissioners, for a time the active manager. No other citizen of Pennsylvania has filled a larger space in the public eye during the last thirty years, and there is no one who will be so greatly missed as this genial old-school gentleman, whose force of character, sound judgment, broad grasp of principles, accurate knowledge, large tolerance of opinion, adherence to right, quick perception of all that was humorous, and appreciation of all that appealed to the feelings, commended him equally to the high and low.



THE LATE HON. MORTON M'MICHAEL, EX-MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA, AND EDITOR OF THE "NORTH AMERICAN."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.





CASKET PRESENTED TO THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD BY THE BRITISH RESIDENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIAN TESTIMONIAL TO THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

THIS casket has been subscribed for by a number of British residents in California, and contains an address expressive of their high appreciation of "the brilliant statesmanship which the Earl of Beaconsfield evinced during the late European crisis, and the interest and pride with which they have watched the successive triumphs which his genius has won for their beloved country." It was taken to London by Mr. W. G. Harrison, who, accompanied by several members of Parliament on December 14th, went to Downing Street for the purpose of making the presentation to the Premier. The receipt of the news of the death of Princess Alice had, however, reached his lordship that morning, and he therefore wrote a letter asking the deputation on that account to defer their meeting, a request which was of course readily complied with, several of the deputation expressing their deep sympathy with Her Majesty in her bereavement. The deputation again attended at Downing Street, by appointment, on the 19th, when the presentation was made, and Lord Beaconsfield expressed his thanks in a gracefully worded speech. The casket, which is the work of Messrs. Anderson and Randolph, of San Francisco, is made entirely of Californian materials. The body is of silver, and the ornamentation of gold and polished gold quartz. One side bears the Royal arms in mosaic relief, and the other presents a view of the harbor of San Francisco, while at one end is represented in relief an English soldier and a Goorkha, and at the other a British sailor and a Sepoy, with the mottoes "Defense, not Defiance," and "Ready, Ay, Ready." On the lid are the arms and supporters of Lord Beaconsfield, done in gold, with mosaic panels, composed of cut and polished plates of gold and silver ores, and stones found on the Pacific coast. The address which the casket contains was engrossed and illuminated in London, and the whole is inclosed in a handsome case of Californian maple.

GENERAL D. C. McCALLUM.

GENERAL DANIEL CRAIG McCALLUM, who died at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 27th, of congestion of the lungs, was born in Scotland in 1815, but came to this country while yet a child, and settled with his parents in Rochester, N. Y. There he learned the carpenter's trade, and for some years was an architect and builder. In 1851 he invented the arch-truss bridge known under his name, and soon after came to New York, where he employed himself as a bridge-builder. In 1855 he was appointed General Superintendent of the Erie, but left that road in 1857 to superintend the construction of bridges of his design, and was also consulting engineer of the Atlantic and Great Western. In 1862 he was made a colonel in the army and assigned to duty in connection with transportation, and early in 1864 was made brigadier-general and placed in charge of all military railroads, an extremely arduous and responsible work. He retired, after his work had closed, with the rank of brevet major-general, and lived in comparative seclusion except for a time, when he was Inspector of the Pacific Railroads. General McCallum's work during the war was one of peculiar difficulty and requiring great executive ability, and he rendered very valuable service to the Government.

As an illustration of the nature and magnitude of the work accomplished in the military division of the Mississippi alone, in supplying General Sherman's army, it may be mentioned that there were laid or relaid 433 miles in length of track. There were built or rebuilt over eighteen miles in length of bridges. There were in use 260 locomotives and 3,383 cars. There were employed 17,635 men, and the whole expenses reached the enormous sum of $29,062,781. So much money was surely not spent for nothing. At one time there were employed in the department 24,964 men. From first to last General McCallum operated 2,106 miles of road, and made use of 419 locomotives and 6,330 cars. Of bridges, he built in all, 137,405 lineal feet, or over 26 miles. Of track, he laid or rebuilt 641 miles. The expenses of the department are scarcely less suggestive. They reached the high figure of $42,462,155.



THE LATE GEN. D. C. M'CALLUM, DIRECTOR OF MILITARY RAILROADS DURING THE REBELLION.—FROM A PHOTO. BY E. M. FASSETT, CHICAGO.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLINTON, N. Y.

THE new building of the First Presbyterian Church Society, of Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., is of blue limestone, trimmed with cut stone from Onondaga County, and in its architecture represents both the Gothic and the Roman styles. It is 66 x 90 feet on the ground, and 40 feet high from the water-table to apex of roof. The chapel in the rear is 35 x 65 feet on the ground. The tower is on the northwest corner, from which a stone spire rises to the height of 160 feet from the ground and is relieved of a spindling look, by a belt of cut stone ornamentation about two-thirds of the way up, and similar ornaments near the bottom. At the base of the spire, and on the four sides of the tower, are circular windows which are intended for dials of a clock.

The front is marked by two wide entrances, with semicircular arches. Above this is a belting course of cut stone. Above this again, is an indented semicircular arch, defined by cut stone, and in the centre



NEW YORK.—FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLINTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARPENTER.

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of this is a rose-window. On the northeast corner is another tower, surmounted by a smaller tower with Gothic windows and dome. This relieves the building of the one-sided appearance it would otherwise present. Besides the front entrances, there are others of similar size in the towers on the east and west sides, giving ample access to the vestibule. The characteristic feature of the sides of the building are the windows, with semicircular arched tops, and the heavy buttresses between them. It is here that the cut stone trimmings appear to the best advantage. The general appearance of the building is that of strength.

The audience room is 62x72 feet in size, 35 feet in the clear, and 35 feet in the clear in the centre of the nave. The nave is in the form of a semicircular arch, with a square indentation at the crown. The chancel occupies a recess 24 feet wide, with semicircular arched ceiling 28 feet high. Handsome frescowork is seen at every glance in this room, the style of decoration corresponding with the architecture of the church and its furniture, the circle and quarter foil predominating. There are four memorial windows in this room.

At the west side of the church is a double door communicating with a hall leading to the chapel. In this hallway is a small private room for the pastor. The chapel is very light and cheerful. The colors in the frescoing are a little more pronounced. At the west side two rooms are partitioned off by double doors, set with ground glass. These rooms are for the use of the Bible class and infant department. The doors can be opened, throwing the three rooms into one. The room is wainscoted, carpeted, and lighted in the same style as the church. In the rear are three large memorial windows. The entire cost of the building and furniture and memorial windows is about $40,000. Rev. T. E. Hudson, D.D., is the present pastor of the church.



SCENE AT THE DRAWING OF THE HAVANA LOTTERY IN THE COURT OF THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE.

SCENES IN HAVANA.

THE Royal Havana Lottery is one of the principal institutions of the Cuban capital. It is under the immediate supervision of the Government, to which it yields annually several millions, and is conducted on a simple and just plan by appointed Government officers. During the many years of its existence there has never been a breath of suspicion against the integrity of the general management. The price of the tickets at the Government offices is usually twenty dollars each, and in proportion for fractions, the tickets being printed in sheets, each of which contains some ten and some twenty sub-divisions of the respective number for the convenience of purchasers. Sellers abound in the streets and places of resort, who dispose of them at a small advance on the Government price, and not infrequently the coupons or sub-divisions are used in making "change," being considered as good as money.

The prizes and numbers are each inscribed on small hemispheres of ivory of equal size, and for the purpose of drawing these are placed in large opaque hollow globes, all the prizes in one and all the numbers in the other. On the day of drawing the globes are placed on an elevated stage in the court-yard of the old Custom House, where the proceedings take place in full view of the assembled crowd.

Two boys, with hand and arm incased in a tight-fitting black glove and sleeve, attend the large globes, and after these have been turned with a crank several times, through a small opening constructed for the purpose, one boy withdraws one of the inscribed hemispheres from the globe containing the numbers, while the second boy draws from the other globe one of the hemispheres containing prizes. They present the drawn hemispheres to the officers seated on the rear of the platform, who note them down, and the boys then advance simultaneously to the front of the platform, one calling out the number he has drawn, holding it up in his hand, and the other calling the prize he has drawn. The hemispheres are then deposited, numbers and prizes side by side, on a frame prepared for the purpose, which, when the drawing is completed, is covered with a glass, locked, and placed in the court-yard for public inspection.

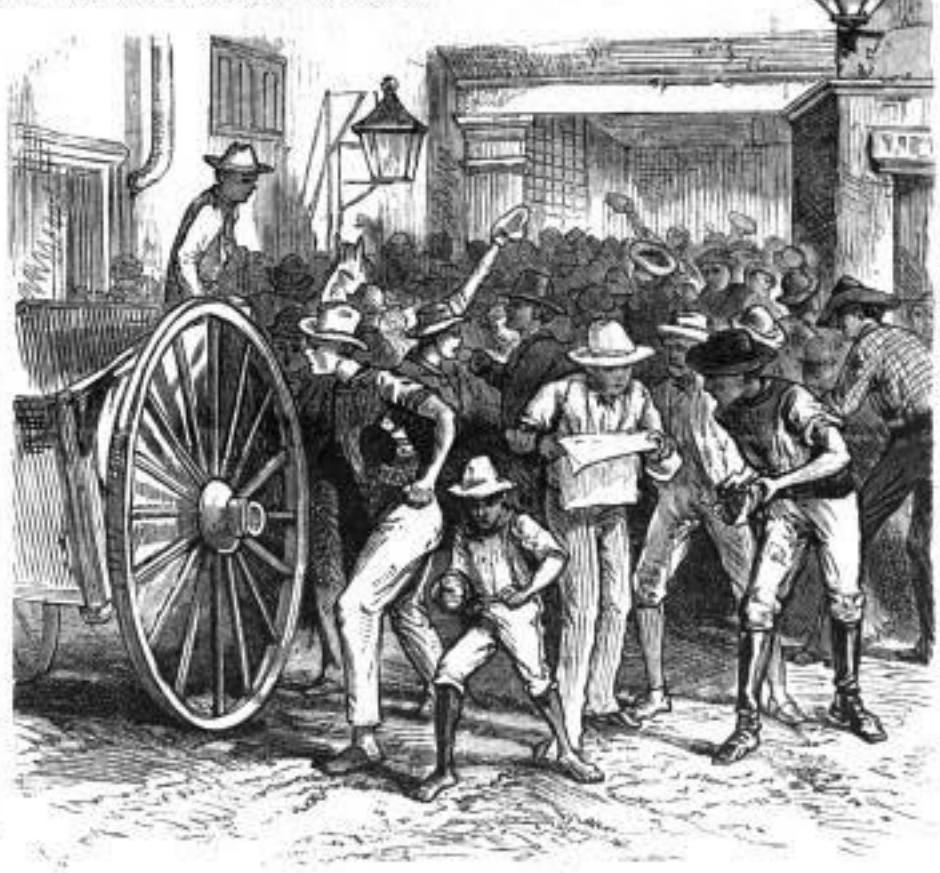
During the drawing of the lottery, the scene is one of most intense excitement and one in which the whole gamut of the human passions is vigorously portrayed. The lust of gold shines in every face, a delirious craving, a wild, nameless look, such as one was wont to behold at Baden-Baden at the moment the croupier cried, "*Le jeu ne va plus*," and the little ball that held the very life-blood of the crazed players tip, tip, tipped round in its chance-laden bed.

A mad, eager, gesticulating crowd surges round the Custom House, awaiting the announcement of the winning numbers. The doctrines of chance are discussed, stories are told to greedy ears of lucky hits, marvelous gains, of dreams, of omens, of auguries. The peasant and the planter jostle one another in this race for gold. A hush falls upon the assemblage when the official appears, calm as the telegraphic messenger who hands us the worst or the best of news with the same imperturbability. Oh, the joy, despair, envy and hatred that stamp every countenance as the results are declared to the wait-





A WATER-SIDE EXPRESS.



THE LOTTERY IN THE CALLE SARRIELO.

CUBA.—SCENES IN HAVANA—INCIDENTS OF A WINTER RESIDENCE IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.

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ing multitude. Several instances are on record, and others are constantly occurring, of persons in the lowest stage of society realizing large fortunes by the Havana lottery. A negro slave once won the great prize, and a common sailor, undergoing imprisonment, became the winner of a considerable sum. A young German who had gone there to commence business, and found his finances reduced to a low ebb, purchased with his last money a lottery ticket, which, at the next drawing, gave him a fortune. Most of the mercantile houses are regular subscribers, and hundreds, if not thousands, purchase tickets regularly every month. Many, of course, never recover the worth of their money, and it should not be supposed that success always attends the purchasers. In the Calle Barrillo the scene during the drawing of a lottery is one that would delight the heart of a modern Hogarth. An eager and excited crowd, mixed in character, exhibits its joy and its anguish in the wildest and roughest way. The happy possessor of a copy of the sheet containing the winning numbers runs the risk of being literally torn limb from limb, and its acquisition proves a source of no inconsiderable danger. The lottery mania possesses the entire population of Havana, and for weeks before the special drawing its chances are in everybody's mouth, from the small boy to the grandsire, from the blue-blooded planter to the veriest street mendicant.

Picturesque as a gondola is the water-side express. A great, broad, almost flat-bottomed boat, with a rude awning, consisting of a piece of coarse matting or canvas laid up on hoops, beneath which are piled the special *impedimenta*, such as valises, traveling cases, etc., etc., while above are deposited miscellaneous wares, from a crate of vegetables, gorgeous in color, to a bag of flour. The bow, as a rule, is reserved for casks, and 'midships sits the oarsman, who languidly plies his oars, while his mate, instead of assisting him at "hurrying up" the craft, leans against the piled-up baggage in an attitude that would cause a member of the Neapolitan *lazzaroni* to expire from sheer envy. The waters are crowded with these expresses, and, in the evening and when the hush of night is creeping across the bay, strains of music steal from the deeply-laden craft, rich melodies, and possessing a charm all Havaneque.

VIADUCT ACROSS THE CUYAHOGA RIVER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

TOWERING high above factory chimneys, above many-storied warehouses, above the tapering masts of good ships locked in the death-like embraces of ice, linking one steep bank of the Cuyahoga River with the other, and spanning its broad valley, stands the superb structure of stone and iron, the recent opening of which to public traffic marks an era in the history of the young and vigorous city of Cleveland. The bridge over the Cuyahoga has been as stoutly contested as that by Horatius in the days of old. In 1836 the Legislature of the State of Ohio granted charters to two cities—the city of Cleveland on the east side, the city of Ohio on the west side of the river. The Clevelanders were ambitious of absorbing Ohio, and the citizens of Ohio determined not to be annexed. The old wooden bridge was the scene of many a bloody fray. It witnessed frays from both cities; it beheld skirmishes with shot-guns, and bludgeons, and stones; it was blown up by gunpowder; it was sunk into the river; its underwork was burnt and its masonry destroyed. In hall and in council the vexed question was fiercely discussed, but, in the end, the march of progress proved too much for the burgesses of the city of Ohio, and to-day the pedestrian saunters along a roadway such as Baron Haussmann would pause to admire, and a Lon lon cockney inadvertently compare to that upon his much prized Thames Embankment. Seven teams could drive abreast along its carriageway, while an army could march by fours on its spacious footwalks, on either side. Its width from "out to out" is 64 feet, 42 feet roadway and 11 feet sidewalk on each side. I timed myself in crossing it, and, walking at "a fair round pace," fourteen minutes brought me from one extremity to the other. From its starting-point at the intersection of Superior and Water Streets, on the east side of the river, to its terminus at the intersection of Pearl and Detroit Streets on the west side, is 3,211 feet, or nearly two-thirds of a mile. Superior Street is the Broadway of Cleveland, and this magnificent *coup-d'œil* adds considerably both to the appearance and to the value of the much frequented thoroughfare. Commencing at the eastern point of the crown of the hill at Superior Street, the viaduct for 150 feet is constructed of heavy stone-retaining walls, filled in with earth and paved. Next comes the iron work. Three 50 foot spans of 50-inch iron plate girders, succeeded by two 145-foot spans, and one 160-foot span of double intersection Pratt truss. The height of the truss in the 145-foot spans is 18 feet 6 inches from centre to centre of chords, and that of the 160-foot span, 20 feet. The western end of the 160-foot span rests on the first river pier, about 65 feet from the east bank.

There are 332 feet between this first pier and the first arch of the mason-work on the west side. This space is spanned by a swing or drawbridge, at about 150 feet from the west bank of the river. The height of the truss in the draw is 30 feet in the centre and 20 feet at the ends. The total weight of the iron in the fixed spans and the draw is 1,440 tons; the weight of the draw and turn-table is 685 tons. The stone pivot-pier on which the draw turns stands partly in the water at the edge of the west bank. Between the two piers there are 130 feet of clear water-way. The draw, which is the heaviest though not the largest in the world, is moved by steam. The masonry of which the west side of the viaduct is constructed is 1,379 feet in length, consisting of ten arches, eight of 83 feet span and two of 97 feet span. To Pearl Street, the remainder of the road, partly embankment and partly excavation, 80,500 perches of stone have been used in the masonry of the viaduct. The river piers and the first nine arches on the west side have pile foundations in the driving of which 277,000 lineal feet—between 55 and 56 miles—of piling were used. The floor of the draw is 68 feet above ordinary water level, its width 46 feet—a 32-foot roadway and two 7 foot sidewalks.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the viaduct has cost money. The estimated expenditure is calculated as $2,151,400, to meet which viaduct bonds have from time to time been issued to the amount of $2,115,000. The toll and management of the bridge is at present greatly exercising the city fathers, and it is supposed the following rates will be charged: Every person, except employés and passengers on street-cars, one cent for each transit over the viaduct or any part thereof; one cent each animal, except street-car horses; while each street railroad using it will be charged $6,000 per annum.

The view from the viaduct was *bizarre*, as, leaning upon its handsome iron railings, I gazed around me. Out on my right lay Lake Erie, a mass of greenish-white ice touching a greenish-white sky. Away beneath me were ships, such as Doré has so weirdly sketched in the "Ancient Mariner," "all hugged in icy kisses"; factories, houses, streets, all in miniature. In front, St. Malachai's Church "topped the neighboring hill." On my left, the snow-clad heights, and under them the scooped-out valley planted with mills and storehouses, and intersected by railways innumerable. As in the case of the Holborn Viaduct in London, new and handsome buildings are already springing up, and the Atwater Block, as seen on the extreme left of our illustration, is a very pronounced specimen of the architecture much in vogue when "Anne was King." The Cleveland Viaduct is a supreme success, and, ere many years roll over, 250,000 of the inhabitants of the Forest City may lay claim and title to pass over this magnificent triumph of engineering skill and output of a commercial activity destined to promote her to the very front rank of the splendid cities in the Union.

FUN.

NO TRUE gentleman will ask a lady if her coral jewelry is made of sealing-wax.

PASSENGER (waiting): "How long is the next train to Cuppleham?" *Porter*: "As long as this 'ere platform, if it don't get smashed in half afore it gets 'ere."

A LADY asked the judge what she would say in court if she were asked her age. The blunt jurist replied, "Say, madam, what I believe would be the truth, that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

LAWYER: "How do you identify this handkerchief?" *Witness*: "By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it in my pocket." *Lawyer*: I don't doubt it at all; I had more than one of the very same sort stolen.

A COUNTRY clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at the "breakfast" of a funeral, and was gravely told in explanation, "Bless you, sir, they're not laughing—they're only dissembling their grief."

TWO HISTORIANS have a quarrel, and indulge in some slight mutual recrimination. "You're a plagiarist, sir!" "Sir, you're a liar!" "I say you're a plagiarist, sir!" You say in your history of France that Louis XIV. died in 1715, exactly the date that I've given in mine!"

"IS THE doctor in?" asked an anxious-looking young man. "No, sir," replied the person addressed, "but you can leave an order on the slate. Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said, "rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away from home my youngest brother was falling out of a second story window."

THE HEIGHT OF OBSTINACY.—A sick man lying on his right side, motionless, almost dead, receives a visit from a friend. "How, my poor fellow! No better?" "No. The doctor says that if I move, even if I turn over, it will kill me." "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe it." "Can't believe it?" "No." "Well, see!" And he turns over in a rage and dies promptly.

A WEE laddie was brought before one of the Glasgow bailies, who, after reading him a lecture, asked, "Where did you learn so much wickedness?" "Do you ken the pump in Glassfort Street?" "No," said the bailie. "Weel, then, do you ken the pump in Briggate?" "Yes, sure," was the reply. "Weel, then, ye may gang there, and pump as long as ye like; but I'm hanged if ye pump me!"

A GOOD story is being circulated in the clubs of Paris and London of the Duke Décazes and a well-known London horsedealer. The former had occasion to buy a pair of carriage-horses, and repaired to the latter, who trotted out a pair of magnificent steppers. "The price?" asked the duke. "Five hundred guineas," said the dealer. "Oh! that is not half my figure," was the reply. "I shall not look at anything under £1,000." "I can manage to suit your lordship with one," remarked the astute dealer, and directed the groom to take away the pair, with certain further directions, delivered sotto voce. Away went the man, returning in five minutes with a noble stepper. "There, my lord, he's worth 500 guineas every inch, and I couldn't take less!" The duke looked at the animal, expressed his delight, and wrote out a check for the amount. "But how about a match?" quoth he. "In three days I can produce a beauty to match him exactly," responded the dealer. "Do," said the duke; and in three days the former had sold his original pair for a thousand guineas. This is verse a few pounds.

THEOLOGICAL students reason that if there be counterfeit money there must be genuine; so, if there be infidels, there must also be Christians. If this be true of money and religion, will not the same rule apply to "put up" medicines? Do not the cheap and worthless nostrums prove that there are genuine and meritorious "put up" medicines? The great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has resulted in the manufacture of many shoddy alterative and tonic remedies, but one after another these have disappeared, the proprietors having found that, no matter how loud they advertise, success depends upon merit. In South America, as well as in this country, the Discovery is the standard remedy for all scrofulas and eruptive diseases. It acts promptly on the stomach, liver and blood, toning up, regulating and purifying the system. It speedily allays all bronchial irritation, and cures the most stubborn cough or cold in half the time required by any other remedy.

CATARRH AND ITS CURE.

CATARRH is a disease so disgusting and dangerous in its tendencies that we do not wonder that persons are horrified when they find themselves subjects to its insidious attacks. Can catarrh be cured? Among the thousand and one so-called cures is there one remedy that can be depended upon? From reports, certificates, and representations from those who have found in Dr. M. W. Case's Carbolate of Tar a remedy, we are led to direct the attention of our readers to the following facts: Dr. Case is a highly educated physician, of extensive experience and large practice, which is rapidly extending throughout the whole country. Many years ago he perfected a system of treating diseases by inhalation so perfect and so satisfactory as to elevate inhalations as a mode of treatment to the highest point of honor in the medical profession.—COM.

NO OTHER hotel has ever succeeded in satisfying its guests, and making them perfectly comfortable and at home, as well as the St. Nicholas, of New York.

I HAVE been living very largely of late on the Gluten and Brain Food of the Health Food Company of 74 Fourth Avenue, New York, and my health has greatly improved. The fearful constipation has entirely disappeared, and I have gained in flesh at the rate of one-half pound per day.

EUGENE ADAMS,
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A $375 ORGAN FOR $97.

MR. DANIEL F. BEATTY, of Washington, New Jersey, appears to be determined that all who care to have pastor organs can get them, for he will sell, for a limited period, an instrument which is equal in every way to the kind usually sold for $375 for the very much reduced price of $97. If this invitation to the public from Mr. Beatty is responded to in the spirit that it is made every home in the land will very soon have in it a musical advertisement of this unrivaled New Jersey organ-builder. Mr. Beatty has recently made an extended tour through Europe, and he expresses himself as confident of having learned many things that will profit the purchasers of the organ he proposes to sell at one-quarter the price usually obtained for a handsome instrument of the class to which his belongs. It had as well be borne in mind by those considering the offer that it is only good for a limited period, and the low price is to induce people to buy the organ in order that the manufacturer may show to the public the peculiar excellences which it possesses. See his advertisement.

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$810,000 Drawn Every 17 Days.

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1 Prize of		50,000
1 Prize of		25,000
2 Prizes of	$10,000	20,000
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822 Prizes, amounting to (Spanish)		$810,000

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ADVANTAGE

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IN THE

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.

In 1864 and 1865, Capt. Charles L. Gardiner, of Chelsea, Mass., insured in the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Maine, for $6,000, on two ordinary Life policies, payable at death provided the premiums were paid annually, *according to the terms of the contract.*

On the 24 day of July, 1877, Capt. Gardiner had his policies changed to the form now used by the Company, which gives the benefit of the Maine Non-forfeiture Law.

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$58.10 on the ordinary Life Plan secures	3 years' and 212 days' insurance.	Compare these Endowments with Ordinary Life Plan.
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114.48 on 25-Year Endowments secure	9 years' and 219 days' insurance.	
95.34 on 30-Year Endowments secure	7 years' and 318 days' insurance.	
83.26 on 35-Year Endowment secures	6 years' and 309 days' insurance.	
75.79 on 40-Year Endowment secures	6 years' and 74 days' insurance.	
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68.21 on 50-Year Endowment secures	5 years' and 218 days' insurance.	

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10 Prizes $1,000 each		10,000	1,000 Prizes	10 ea.	10,000
20 Prizes $500 each		10,000			
9 Prizes $300 each, Approximation Prizes					$2,700
9 Prizes 200 each	"	"			1,800
9 Prizes 100 each	"	"			900
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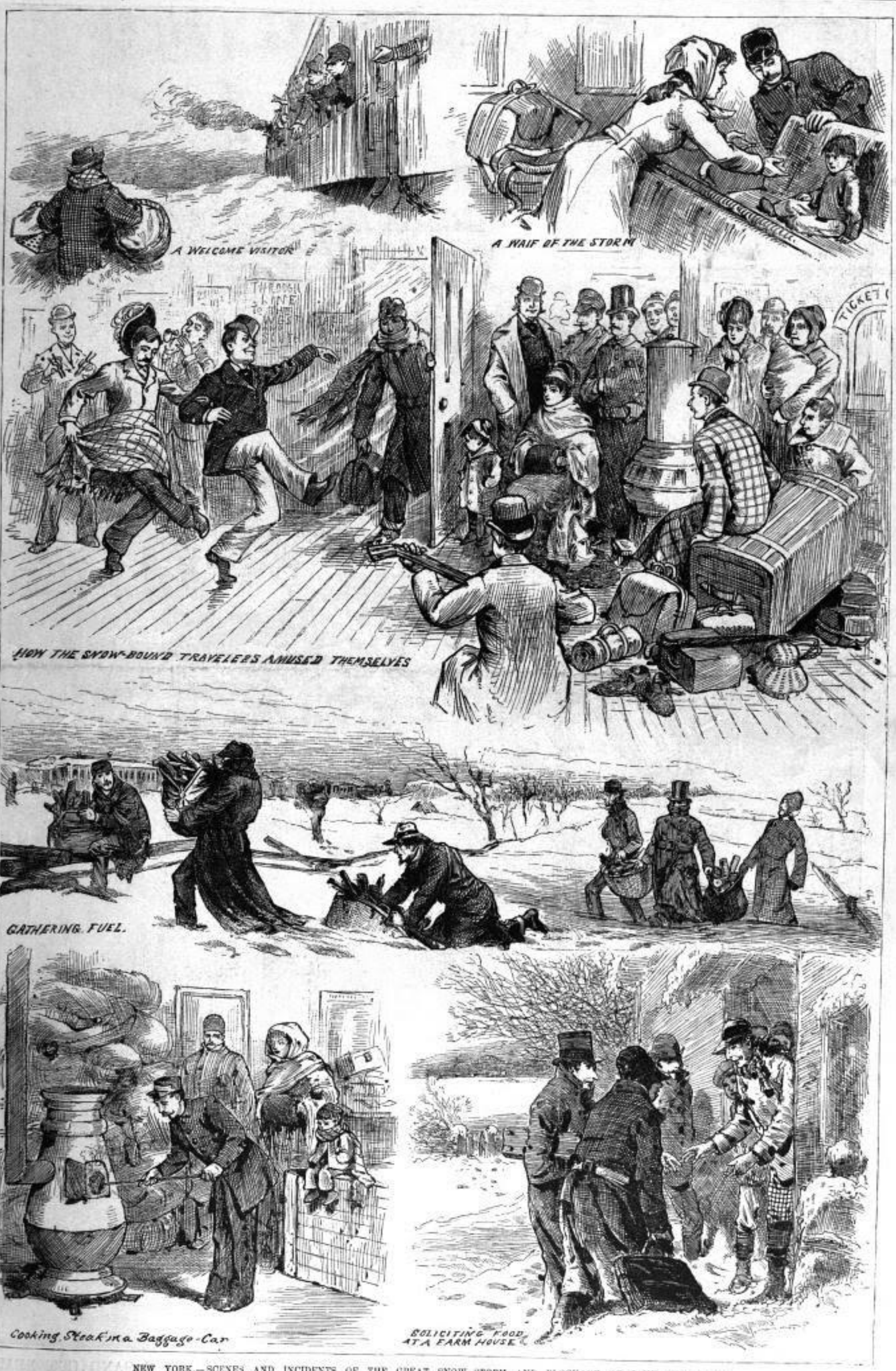
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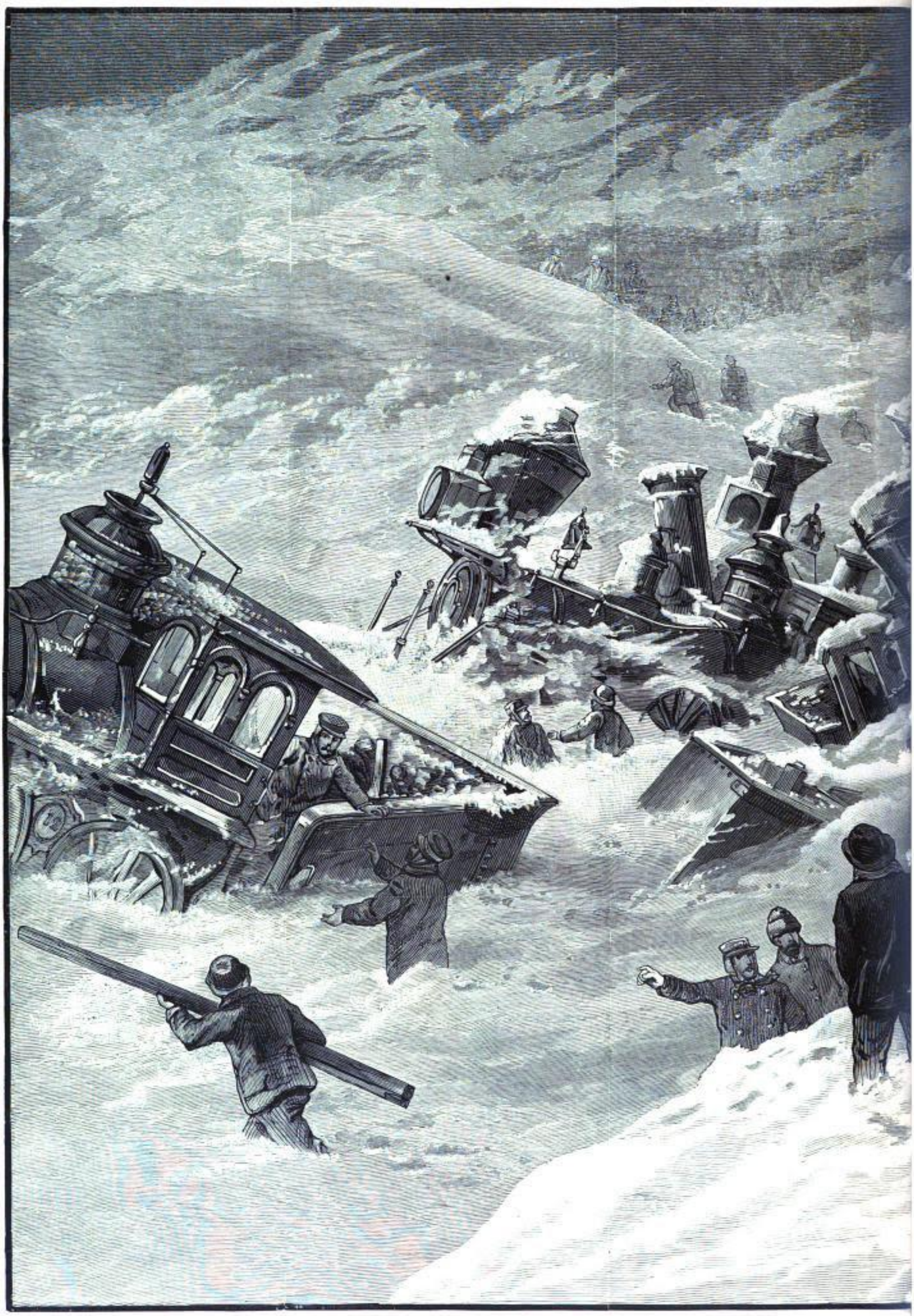
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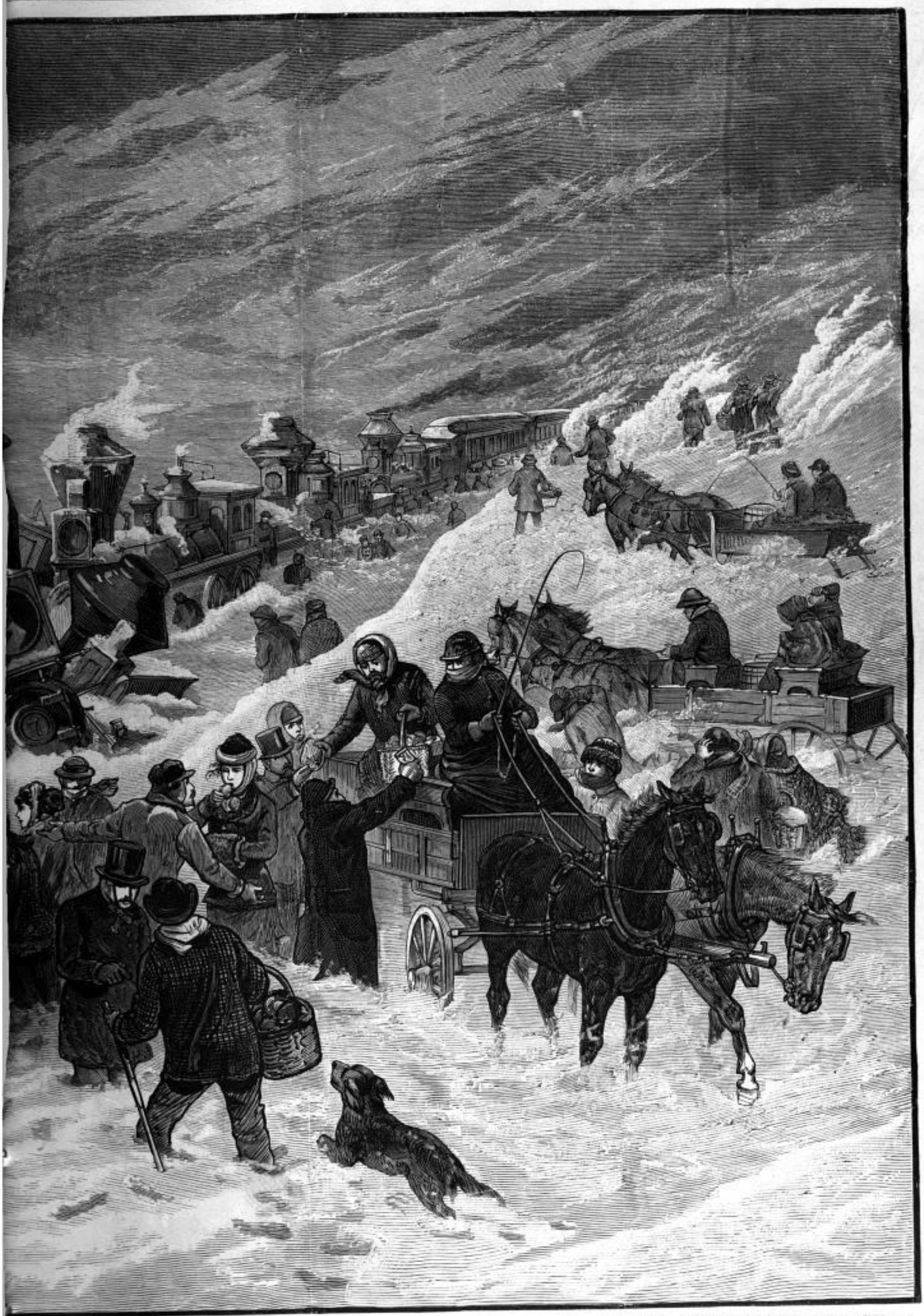
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FROM SKETCHES BY SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 373.

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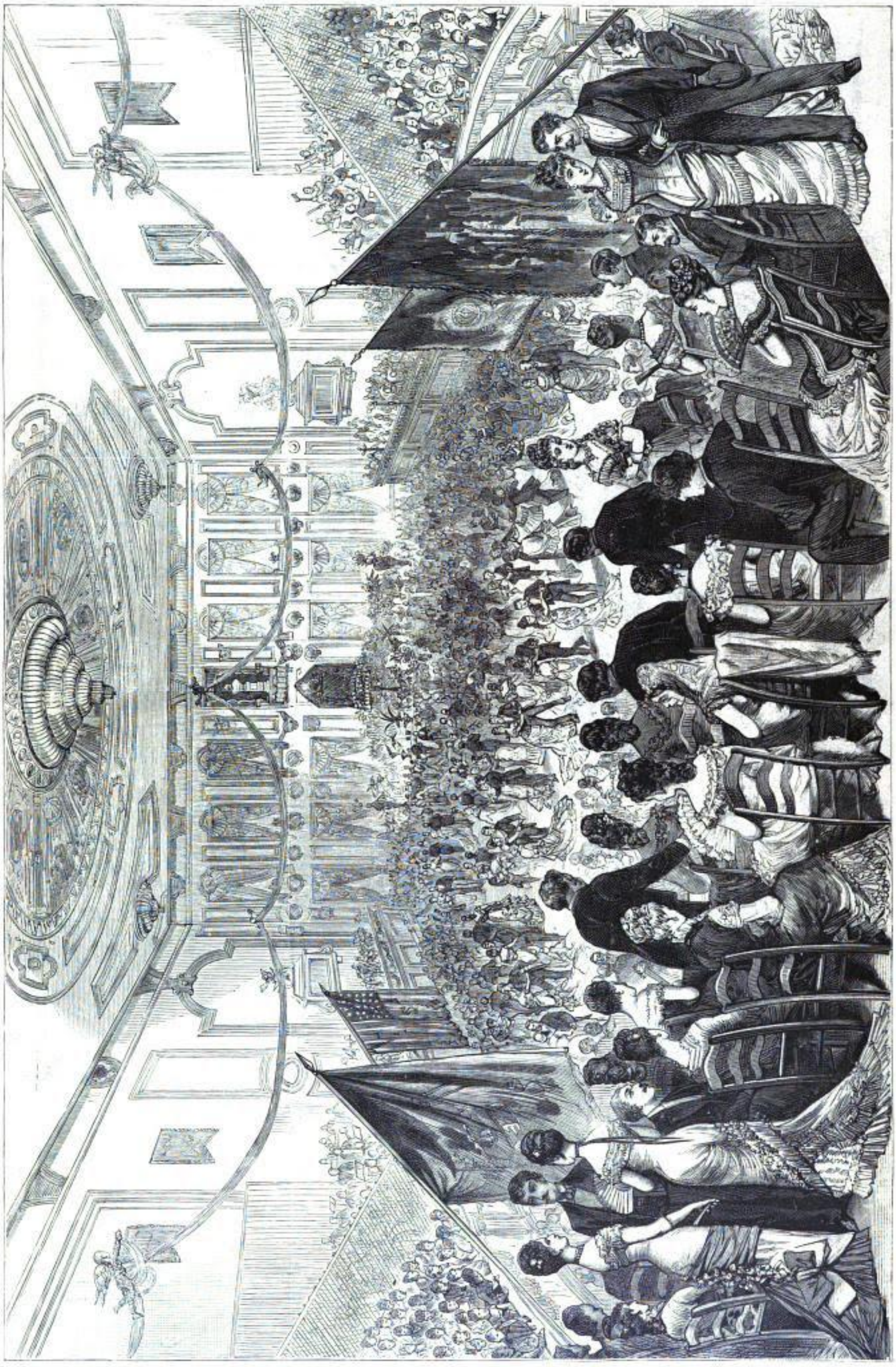
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FROM SKETCHES BY THO

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TER THE WRECKING OF THE ENGINES OF THE ATLANTIC EXPRESS AND THE RELIEF TRAIN, JANUARY 30.
AIKEN.— SEE PAGE 379.

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NEW YORK CITY.—BALL OF THE TAMMANY SOCIETY AT TAMMANY HALL, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, JANUARY 8TH.—See Page 379.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,218—Vol. XLVII.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1879. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. $2 WEEKLY $1.00

MADAME ANDERSON'S PLUCKY WALK.

MADAME ANDERSON completed her extraordinary task of walking 2,700 quarter-miles in that number of quarter-hours in Mozart Hall, Brooklyn, at ten o'clock on the evening of January 13th, having started on the track at eight o'clock on the evening of December 16th. Her last quarter-mile was made in 2:37¾, the quickest time of the entire walk. Little attention was attracted at first by her plucky intention, as few persons but herself and husband believed she could maintain her walk for more than a week. As she trudged on, however, day after day and week after week, the crowd of spectators increased, so that on the night of the finish, the hall, built to accommodate but 800 people, was packed with 2,000, while a like number remained outside, only restrained from attempting to enter by the determined action of the police.



MADAME ANDERSON IN HER WALKING COSTUME.



SINGING HER LAST SONG.

Throughout the long tramp Madame Anderson remained cheerful, chatty and physically well. She ate frequently and drank largely of port wine and moderately of champagne. She fell into a sound sleep almost the moment her head touched her pillow, and was aroused readily at the end of her very brief rests. For a few moments she would appear somewhat dazed, but she forced wakefulness either by playing on a piano or singing, in which accomplishments she is quite proficient. Frequently in making her rounds at night she would amuse herself by blacking the faces or noses of spectators close to the track, who had become fatigued watching her, and dropped off into sound slumber. Her husband, trainer and physicians kept uninterrupted watch over her, and shared in the wonderment of thousands of spectators at the exhibition of her great endurance.

The wagers on this performance were many and heavy, those laid during the last days having been for very considerable sums, and fears were entertained, during the closing hours of the walk, by her friends, that foul play might be attempted, to prevent the madame from accomplishing her task. That is one reason why one of her intimates walked every quarter with her for the last two days. On Monday afternoon this anxiety was redoubled by the senseless canard published in a Brooklyn paper, to the effect that bouquets drugged with chloroform had been presented to the madame.



CHALKING FACES OF SLEEPING VISITORS.

She herself testified that this story was utterly without foundation; nevertheless, she was not allowed to handle any of the numerous bouquets and baskets of flowers presented to her in the evening, but they were taken in charge by those walking with her. Her escort was also increased, and from seven o'clock until the finish one man walked in front of her, one behind, and one beside her, over every lap, while others stationed every few yards kept the track clear.

During the entire evening Madame Anderson was sustained by the most intense and scarcely to be suppressed excitement. At times she walked at a tremendous pace, almost running around the track, with pale face and clinched teeth. At the close of the next to the last quarter she sprang from the track to the platform, and mounting the elevated perch of the scorers seated herself in a chair.

[Continued on page 393.]



FINISHING THE LAST QUARTER-MILE IN 2:37¾.



THE PEDESTRIENNE BORNE AWAY IN BLANKETS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WALK.

NEW YORK.—THE RECENT EXTRAORDINARY WALKING CONTEST OF MADAME ADA LOUISE ANDERSON IN MOZART HALL, BROOKLYN.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

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ADMINISTRATIVE QUESTIONS.

WE have, on a former occasion, endeavored to explain the grounds on which we base the opinion that the politics of the future must, in the main, be determined by questions of administration. Such questions must needs require an entirely different order of talents from those which have heretofore entered into the constitution of the "average politician." Questions of administration result from a complex of facts and of principles, so related to each other that the facts cannot be rightly interpreted without a knowledge of the principles they involve, and that the principles involved cannot be rightly applied without an accurate and thorough knowledge of the facts which form the subject matter of discussion. And hence it is that questions of this kind call for patience of investigation and breadth of knowledge combined with sound theoretical opinions and a judicial temper—qualities which are rarely found even when considered singly, and which are still more rarely seen in their due co-ordination and logical combination.

It is this consideration which should make the contemporary critics of Congress and the Administration a little more tolerant of the hesitations and incertitudes which wait so conspicuously on the settlement of two or three great questions—questions of legislative and executive adjustment—which are now pending before the public. Prominent among these questions we may cite the "Indian Problem," the regulation of the army, and the management of the Western surveys. Upon each and all of these topics there is a wide difference of opinions, determined in part by an honest conflict of judgment, and also determined in part by a conflict of competing jurisdictions and of personal as well as official prepossessions. That pattern of mild and amiable knighthood, the good Sir Roger de Coverly, was in the habit of excusing himself from forming definite opinions upon a large variety of topics by alleging that there were a good many things as to which "a great deal might be said on both sides," and he must be a most careless or a most opinionated observer who will not admit that the questions we have named are susceptible of a like classification.

We confess that, after much reading of the accusations brought by General Sheridan and other army officers against the management of the Indian Bureau, and after a careful consideration of the arguments formulated in defense of the Bureau by Mr. Secretary Schurz and his subordinates, we have been left in a disagreeable state of doubt with regard to the true solution of the difficult problem presented by the relations of the Indian to the frontiersman who perpetually encroaches on his reservation, to the agent who sometimes abuses his trust, to the army officer who sometimes abuses his power, and to the whole Government, which acknowledges its responsibility in the premises without being able to cope with the practical difficulties of the vast and complicated problem. The only thing which seems clear in the imbroglio is that Secretary Schurz has already instituted many reforms in the management of the Indian Bureau, and that he seems sincerely anxious to do his full duty in a most embarrassing situation.

Among the various measures propounded for a reorganization of the army by the Burnside Committee, by Mr. Atkins and by Mr. Hewitt, there is undoubtedly a wide room for much contrariety of opinion, and we shall not venture to offer any judgment of our own upon a question whose proper settlement must so largely depend on the views of professional experts. But with regard to the remaining problem we have indicated—the three independent surveys of the Western Territories, at present conducted by Professor Hayden, Major Powell and Lieutenant Wheeler, under different departments of the Government—we have no difficulty at all in reaching a practical conclusion which seems enforced by every sound consideration of public economy; for these surveys, as at present conducted, are without *ensemble* in their operations, are projected on different scales of observation, and sometimes impinge on each other, to the confusion of the public records, and with a "wasteful and ridiculous excess" of public expenditure. A committee of the National Academy of Sciences—a jury of experts without rivals in the country—has pronounced in favor of remitting these surveys to the control of the Coast Survey, for this branch of the public service, in pursuance of its special aims, has already entered upon the triangulation of the interior of the continent, and hence all the work of the other surveys should be made auxiliary to its operations. In this way a great economy of expenditures could be effected, and the hydrographic survey of the coast would be brought into correspondence with the geodetic survey of the main land.

OUR EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

IN his message to the New Jersey Legislature, Governor McClellan advocates the establishment of technical schools as part of the educational system of the State. He says:

"It would appear to be a sound proposition that, having reached the limit of the subjects as to the necessity of which all agree, further progress in education should, in a great measure, be regulated by the probable future pursuits of the majority of the pupils in the different localities. For example, in an agricultural region, where most of the boys will probably become farmers, it would seem natural to turn their studies in the direction of farming pursuits. They might be taught enough of the fundamental principles of the science of agriculture to enable them afterwards to pursue the study of agricultural chemistry and economy—enough of the principles of mechanics to enable them to learn how to detect the difference between a good and bad machine, enough of the principles of engineering to enable them afterwards to learn the best method of draining, and the use of materials in rural constructions, etc. So, in the large cities, where manufactures and the mechanic arts flourish, their instruction might well be turned in those directions without in any case attempting to convert the public into technical schools. I can see no harm, but much good, as probably resulting from devoting a little time in the public schools to the practical instruction of the girls in some of those branches of domestic industry which can be easily taught, and are most certain to prove useful to them in the households over which they will eventually be called to preside. The purpose of public school education ought to be to furnish the boys and girls with the tools of education, and teach them how to use them in educating themselves in their various pursuits in life. It is clearly good political economy in the State which educates its children, to make that education tend, in some measure at least, to the benefit of the commercial and other industries of the state."

The suggestions here made are certainly worthy of consideration, not only in New Jersey, but by the friends of education everywhere. It cannot be denied that our educational methods are capable of vast improvement in the direction indicated. Heretofore, whether in school or college, there has been but one course of educational training for boys. The system of mental discipline has been the same, whether the boys were, as men, to become professors or brokers, merchants or farmers, scholars or manufacturers. There has been little attempt made to give a boy, during his educational course, such a system of study as would be of direct benefit or practical use to him in his future career. The education and the career, in other words, have been treated as two separate and distinct things. The question of what a boy is to do after he leaves school has had far too little to do with the course of study he pursues while in it. From the age of thirteen to twenty-two his best intellectual efforts have been given to the acquirement of certain knowledge which can scarcely be of any available use when he comes to face a business world and earn a business man's livelihood.

It has been urged, and with much eloquence of argument, that the real benefit arising from a classical collegiate course is to be found in the discipline it gives the mind. But can this training be obtained in no other way? Clearness of thought, logical strength, and vigor of intellect, can be attained by following any systematized or organized course of study. The acquisition of an exhaustive knowledge of the German and French languages will prove quite as good mental discipline as writing weak imitations of Greek hexameters. And in favor of the pursuit of the former, as a matter of linguistic knowledge and intellectual training, there is the unanswerable argument of immediate use and illimitable future enjoyment.

The truth is, neither the time nor the hour permit the continuance of former educational inconsistencies. The vast increase of scientific facts, the accumulation of intellectual baggage in all departments, necessitate the policy of special training for special ends. That system of education which best insures a preparation for those special ends is at once the highest and most beneficial. The boy should be trained with a view to what the man is to be. If a boy of eighteen decides upon a professional career (and if there be any real promise of future ability or preference, there will be strong hint of it then), he should be afforded all possible classical advantages. It is safe to say he cannot have too much education of whatever kind. But if a business career is to be adopted, it is sheer waste of money, time and brains for a boy to be put through the same course of study which would fit him for a scholarly or professional life. The man of affairs should have the education of a man of the world. His school and college courses should aim to prepare him for his future as a business man, and to lay the intellectual and æsthetic foundations which will enable him to enjoy his leisure when he has earned it. He cannot afford to spend the most impressionable years of his life in learning things he only learns to forget.

In following a scientific curriculum, there can be no such risk of wasted energies. Modern science is not learning found only in the pages of its text-books. Its best treasures are written by the Everlasting Finger on earth and sky. It is the knowledge wrested from this handwriting that has given the impulse of progress to modern living and modern commerce. The whole machinery of life rests upon the principles of applied science. Manufactures, machinery, inventions, mining interests, agriculture, the mechanical arts, are all results of scientific research and successful experiment. How can a business man, a manufacturer, a farmer, or a man engaged in working mines, afford to do without a thorough knowledge of physics, biology, chemistry, geology, and the other practical sciences? And what educational course is of any real worth which does not furnish him with a thorough knowledge of these sciences? For the highest education is that which is the best preparation for a man's active life, and that best preparation is found in the study of science in its modern developments.

FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill authorizing the issue, in exchange for legal money of the United States, of certificates of deposits of the denomination of $10, bearing interest at the rate of three per cent., and convertible at any time, with accrued interest, into the four per cent. bonds authorized to be issued, the money so received to be applied only to the payment of the 5-20 bonds. Some opposition to the Bill was offered by members who either did not or would not understand it; but General Garfield showed that it was another step in the process of popularizing the refunding policy—that, in a word, it proposes to make it possible for the honest man who may save a few dollars to become interested in the public securities; and upon this explanation the Bill was passed by a vote of 117 to 72. Mr. Garfield referred, with effect, to the circumstance that the credit of France derives its chief strength from the fact that 5,000,000 Frenchmen hold the Government bonds; and then, looking straight at General Butler, added, amid the hearty applause of the House, that "the day on which 3,000,000 Americans become holders of United States bonds, the occupation of those gentlemen who seek to array labor against capital, and the poor man against the bondholder, will be gone."

The House has also passed a Bill providing that United States notes shall be received in payment of duties on imports. An effort was made to introduce a proviso that such notes shall be thus receivable only while they are equivalent to coin, but the proposition was rejected. The measure, without this proviso, is regarded by many as embodying a menace to the policy of resumption. There are other indications that the opponents of that policy do not mean to abandon their hostile attitude, but it can scarcely be possible that Congress will so far defy public sentiment as to enact any measure looking to the arrest of the movement in the direction of financial security and business stability.

Another Bill has been passed by the House authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to exchange directly at par 4 per cent. bonds for 5-20 bonds now outstanding and uncalled, and in making the exchange to allow three months' interest on the bonds surrendered. The purpose and effect of the Bill appear to be to give to any individual holder of 5-20 bonds the same privilege that is now extended to national banks which are designated depositories, and its passage is virtually an approval of Secretary Sherman's refunding operations.

OUR COMMERCIAL RIVALS.

WHILE some of our business men are felicitating themselves upon the establishment of the new line of ocean freight steamers between this city and European ports as an event of much significance, it is well not to forget that our commercial competitors are also actively increasing their facilities. Baltimore has a line of steamers to Bremen and one to Liverpool, and, besides, has two lines of railway, both reaching into the grain-producing regions of the West, which claims to be able to put freights in their holds cheaper than the same thing can be done in any other part of the country. In addition to this, we learn that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company is preparing to open a line of steamships between Baltimore and Barrow-in-Furness, an ancient English seaport, fifty miles northwest of Liverpool, which has recently been rejuvenated by a new railway and some extensive iron and steel works. A half-dozen iron steamships are being built on the Clyde, and will be fitted up especially with a view to the prosecution of the cattle export trade. Each steamer, it is understood, will have a transporting capacity for 1,500 head of cattle. In anticipation of this new line, the Baltimore and Ohio Company contemplates the erection of the extensive stock-yards which have been projected for several years. The new line is also intended to develop the export trade in horses, which has already attained considerable proportions. Meanwhile, at Philadelphia, in addition to a line of steamships plying between that port and Europe, another is about to be established between there and Amsterdam, while Boston proposes to run a line of eight new iron steamers to Liverpool additional to that recently opened, each vessel to be of three thousand tons capacity. It is thus apparent that our rivals for the foreign trade are in dead earnest in their efforts, and mean to utilize their opportunities to the utmost. Currents of trade, however, cannot be permanently diverted by artificial devices on the part of our rivals so long as our great natural advantages shall be properly employed, and it can scarcely be doubted that the fierce competition to which our mercantile interests are now exposed will stimulate them to increased enterprise and activity in the direction of a full development of these advantages. In point of fact, New York's proportion of the import trade of the Atlantic Coast is now larger than it has been at any time since 1870, being 79.43 per cent., while in exports, though it has fallen since that year, it is greater by 1.93 than it was one year ago.

THE DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

THE decline of British trade affords a theme of constant comment for the leading journals of the "tight little Isle." All deal with the subject in a spirit of commendable candor. Thus the *Week* admits that the iron trade is practically lost to Great Britain for ever, the Americans, instead of buying abroad, having gone into business on their own account, and as competitors with those from whom they formerly drew their supplies. "In 1872," says the *Week*, "the Americans bought iron and steel of us to the value of close upon $56,000,000. This amount had sunk in 1877 to less than $12,500,000. Everybody will at once see that this is a tremendous falling off. We go to the official returns of the United States for these figures, and therefore there can be no possibility of mistake about them. In all other things which the Americans bought of us there has been a similar falling off. In 1872 they purchased cotton manufactures of us to the value of $25,000,000 (in round figures); in 1877, only $7,750,000. We have not made proportionate gains in any other market."

The cause of the widespread distress which now prevails all over Great Britain is chiefly found in the statements here made. England is declining because we, as her chief competitor, are rapidly advancing in all the elements of prosperity. In ten years our iron production has increased twelvefold. Every ton of ore produced has been so much taken from England. British iron, once the largest item of our imports, will at no distant day be entirely driven out, and we shall be sending our manufactured iron to the British market. This decay of a great interest affects a vast mass of English laborers. Then as to the cotton manufacture, before referred to, not a great while ago England had a virtual monopoly of that industry. She purchased our raw cotton and sent it back to us in cloth, the industry attaining prodigious proportions. She had a

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market in India and China from which, as from ourselves, enormous profits were derived. Tens of thousands of operatives found remunerative employment in her factories and mills. Now the United States make their own cotton into cloth and are beginning to supply England. In China our cloths are so much better than the English that we are taking the market. English mills are imitating our American trademarks so as to secure a Chinese trade. In India the natives are building cotton-mills and making their own cloth. Thus the three great markets in which England has so long been supreme are lost to her, and, with the loss of her trade, the men who have worked in cotton are reduced to idleness and starvation.

The picture of the prevalent distress in the industrial centres, presented by the English journals, is sad and pitiable in the last degree. All classes of the population are affected by it. In many of the towns of Scotland and England crowds of able-bodied men throng the places of business begging for bread, and on every side soup-houses and relief-stores are being established. In Birmingham the suffering is almost without precedent; in Warrington expert workers in wire are breaking stones at eighteen cents a day; all through the Trent region, in Staffordshire, where the lowest form of industry flourishes, the depression is frightful in its scope and effects; in Leeds the boatmen are utterly destitute, and the silk operatives are idle; in Wolverhampton bread and oatmeal are distributed to hundreds daily; in the Manchester districts, the centre of one of the richest, most populous and most industrious sections in England, "the trade depression, poverty and distress, hangs like a cloud." The want is so widespread in that city, that at one agency alone, in a single day, relief was asked for 10,800 souls.

What is to be the outcome of this terrible condition of affairs? Where lies the remedy? These are questions which provoke wide discussion in the British newspapers and among British publicists. The balance of opinion seems to be that the only effective relief will be found in the emigration of the surplus population of the working and operative classes. Letter-writers all agree that the emigration from England will hereafter be much larger than ever before, and that it will be the emigration of the better class. Men of property, or of business, who have about enough for an eldest son, with portions for the daughters, consider that the best career for the other boys is in the colonies or the States. "Strong efforts," says a correspondent, writing from London, "are making by the Government and private enterprise to direct this emigration to Canada and Australia. But Canada is cold and Australia is far away, and the burden of it will go to the United States. A wise policy on the part of the United States, the Western State Governments and the railways, would add to our population hundreds of thousands of the best men in England—men of sense and character"—whose introduction into our national life would be of the very highest value to our interests as a people. Possibly the problem of the development of our vast territorial area beyond the more populous belt of States is to be solved by the influences from without, which the existing depression and distress in Great Britain have set in motion. Meanwhile, we may well be thankful, seeing how bleak and dark are the prospects of English trade and English labor, that our sun is again mounting the sky, and that for us light is once more shining all along the hills.

THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

IT is to be hoped that Congress will not delay its proposed inquiry into the recent massacre of Cheyenne Indians at Camp Robinson, in Nebraska. To permit so monstrous a butchery to pass unchallenged would be a reproach to the humanity of both the Government and people. These Cheyennes, driven to desperation by unfair treatment, refused to go to the wretched reservation, a thousand miles away, to which they were assigned and from which they had once escaped. Rather than quit the scene where "their parents are buried and their children were born," they determined to die together. Breaking from the fort, they overpowered the guard, and sought to get free. The troops rallied from the barracks, and making no attempt to capture the fugitives peaceably, shot down thirty of them in the frozen snow—the victims including eight squaws and two children. Those who escaped were pursued by the cavalry, and killed remorselessly as opportunity offered, the pursuit being abandoned only when it was found impossible to capture or slaughter any more of the flying "savages." Fifty-two warriors in all were taken, and at last accounts were confined in the fort prison.

At the time of the outbreak the Indians were almost naked and suffering intensely. Clothing had been promised, but the promise had not been kept. Government promises to the red men seldom are. And because, freezing and starving, these poor unfortunates made a struggle for liberty, they were deliberately butchered by the soldiers of the Government which had first practically expelled them from their lands, and then broken the pledges which it had given them to induce a peaceable acquiescence in the ejectment. By all means, let Congress probe this shameful affair to the very bottom.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THE political situation in France is now the leading topic of European interest. It is a difficult one, of course, as must always be expected when great parties change places, and especially for the one which passes from opposition to power. A signal advantage, indeed, is possessed by the Republican party in France in the fact that its adversaries, who have hitherto, for the most part, held the reins, were really a party of opposition, while claiming to be, and virtually being, the Government. They were secret or avowed enemies of the form of government chosen by the people, and, as it were, imposed on the nation by manifest destiny. Many of them were all the time intriguing to overthrow it. And there was something as unjust as illogical in having Royalists and Imperialists administer the offices, great and small, of the French Republic. It is perfectly natural that the French people, seeing their Republic established anew on a sound and durable basis by the result of the late Senatorial elections, should want to put Republicans in the offices so long held by anti-Republicans. They want to govern themselves in fact as well as in name, and through their own trusted agents. And this they mean to do. It is particularly of vital importance that the ministry of war and the great military commands should be intrusted to men loyally favorable to the Republic. Modifications should be made as soon as convenient in the same direction throughout France in the magistracy, although an immediate wholesale change may be impossible. To make the changes which are requisite and indispensable is no easy task, and the differences of opinion among Republicans themselves on the subject render the task still less easy. These differences were illustrated the other day when the Ministerial declaration was received with freezing silence in the Chamber of Deputies, but warmly greeted with cheers by all factions of the Left in the Senate. The situation is, then, difficult. But it cannot be so critical as Paris correspondents of London newspapers make it seem. Across the narrow British Channel there is still a chronic inability to understand Frenchmen; but across the wide Atlantic the latter ought to be understood well enough not to be suspected of madness, and of readiness to fling themselves again into the vortex of revolution, simply because they wish to have the French Republic administered by Republicans. Let us hope that the same union and discipline which won the recent Republican victory in France may be maintained.

That the French Republic is now strong enough to be generous and conciliatory is patent from the fact that President MacMahon has just signed decrees pardoning thousands of Communists. That it is also strong enough to have recovered its former foreign prestige was brilliantly exemplified a few days ago at Tunis, when Ben Ismail, the Prime Minister of that regency, repaired, in full uniform and accompanied by a numerous *suite*, to the French Consulate, and, on behalf of the Bey, tendered a full apology for recent offenses complained of by the Government of the French Republic. The Consul was surrounded by all of his staff and the officers of the French fleet stationed off Tunis, when he received Ben Ismail.

At Paris all trace of the International Exhibition of 1878 has by no means yet disappeared. The palace will continue to crown the hill of Trocadéro. We are told that several new museums are to grow out of the vast temporary museum on the Champs de Mars: an educational museum, to include everything connected with schools and teaching that the Exhibition contained; an ethnological and ethnographic museum, to provide these new studies with the scientific elements of comparative observation. There is a talk of organizing an enormous industrial museum in the galleries of the Champs de Mars, where the machines would be seen at work. The Central Union of Arts has opened a museum of industrial art in the Pavillion de Flor, on the model of the Kensington Museum; and M. Viollet le Duc has started a plan for a popular theatre, with very low entrance fees, where the actors and actresses of the subsidized theatre would play the best pieces and operas in their repertoire.

In Germany, according to the true picture drawn by an intelligent French observer, there is misery among the people and a deficit in the budget, and "the Government wrings from the Chambers a discontented adherence to iniquitous laws that are applied with a violence and arbitrariness worthy of the Second French Empire." Bismarck's latest act of despotism is an effort to obtain a Bill to authorize the opening of private letters on the frontier, and it should make him as unpopular everywhere as a similarly infamous measure once made Sir James Graham, the British Postmaster-General. The Russo-Turkish treaty has been signed at Constantinople. Hard times have reached Switzerland.

THE new United States Senator from Colorado, Professor N. P. Hill, has been for several years actively identified with the mining interests of that State. He was formerly Professor of Chemistry in Brown University, and, after visiting mines in several countries to inspect smelting processes, located in Colorado as superintendent of the largest smelting works in the world, the profits of which are said to be nearly three millions of dollars per annum. He is an ardent Republican, a man of marked ability, and will, no doubt, worthily fill the seat vacated by Senator Chaffee, whose retirement is understood to be due to failing health.

IT must be a delightful thing to be Speaker of the Assembly at Albany. For several days after his election to that office, Mr. Alvord was obliged to remain in hiding in order to escape the importunities of persons anxious to get "good places" on the committees. It has been hinted that the Speaker's real object in remaining in concealment was that he might the better, with the few "Ring" politicians whom he admitted to his councils, fix the committees satisfactorily to the corporation and other interests which helped him to his election; but that, of course, is a slander. It is not to be believed for a moment that the tricks which so often polluted the old Capitol will be permitted to tarnish the purity of the new.

SEVENTY millions of United States six per cent. bonds have been called in since the last day of December, and the subscriptions to the four per cents continue at a rate which will make other calls certain and speedy. Abroad, our securities are every day growing in favor. In London the six per cents are quoted at 103¼, the fives at 108¾, and the four-and-a-half per cents at the same figure. The anomaly of a six per cent. bond being worth less than one of five per cent. is a curious feature of the market; but it is accounted for by the fact that holders, realizing that the former are likely to be soon called in, are hastening to realize on those they hold before the premium disappears, and then reinvesting in those which possess a permanent and stable quality as an element of value.

SECRETARY SHERMAN is receiving a good deal of commendation in connection with the resumption of specie payments to which he is not entitled. He has done his whole duty in enforcing the law fixing a definite day for resumption; but he vigorously protested, when in the Senate, against that provision of the Act, and his financial record, while a member of that body, was full of glaring inconsistencies. Ever since he has been Secretary of the Treasury he has coquetted with delusions, which all friends of sound money regarded with apprehension. By all means, let Mr. Sherman have all the credit to which he is entitled, but, in honoring him, let us see to it that we do not rob of their just laurels the men in both branches of Congress who, all through the bitter financial struggle, stood firmly for honest money and the fulfillment of the nation's pledges, and so at last made resumption possible.

THE opponents of the national banking system will find in the last report of Comptroller Knox, of the United States Treasury, some statistical tables which are well worth their attention. These tables compare the ratio of capital to liabilities in banks in the United States and Great Britain, and they show that our banks offer a security and possess a stability which, to say the least, are not exceeded by similar institutions in England or Scotland. Mr. Knox shows that, while the ratio of the capital reserve fund and undivided profits of our national banks to their liabilities is 54 73-100 per cent., the ratio of capital and undivided profits to liabilities of the banks of Great Britain from which reports are received is only 23 7-100 per cent. These figures tell their own story. There can be no doubt at all that our banking system, no matter how savagely it may be assailed by politicians of a certain sort, is incomparably the best we have ever had. It is the first and only one that has ever made the note-holder absolutely secure, and the losses of other creditors have been proportionately smaller than under any other system. The party that shall attempt its destruction, without proposing anything better, will certainly go to the wall.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THE Brooklyn Board of Aldermen have voted to pay no more money for the Bridge until New York pays its quota.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHARLES P. DALY was re-elected President of the American Geographical Society at the annual meeting, January 14th.

THE Senate has passed the Bill relative to arrears of pensions, which will add some $15,000,000 to the Treasury expenditure on pension account.

THE Senate Elections Committee have decided to report in favor of admitting Mr. B. T. Corbin to the seat now occupied by General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina.

THE jury in the case of Mrs. Cobb charged with Wesley W. Bishop with having poisoned her husband, brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree, on January 16th.

MEMORIAL services were held in the hall of the House of Representatives, on the evening of January 14th, in honor of the late Professor Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

FUNERAL services over the remains of the late Congressman Schleicher of Texas, were held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on January 13th, the Senate participating in a body.

CHARLES SHARPE and James McDonnell were hanged at Mauch Chunk, Pa., January 14th, for a Mollie Maguire murder committed in 1862, and thirty seconds after the drop fell a reprieve was received from the Governor.

A FIRE destroyed the Building, on Broadway and Grand Street, on the night of January 14th. Loss on stock $1,500,000; on building, $500,000; insurance $1,813,452. One fireman was killed and another seriously injured.

THE General Term has reversed Justice Barrett's decision and ordered a mandamus to issue compelling the Comptroller to issue bonds and pay over to the trustees of the East River Bridge the amounts of two calls for $500,000.

THE runaway Cheyenne Indians, who escaped death by capture in the recent fight with Federal troops after breaking jail at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, are still at large, supposed to be *en route* to the camp of the Sioux at the Pine Ridge Agency.

DELEGATES from various civilized tribes of the Indian country now in Washington to oppose the proposed incorporation of the Indian Territory into the Territory of Oklahoma assert boldly that if the Government undertakes to organize this new Territory without the consent of the Indians, in the interest of railroad corporations, it will have another huge war on its hands.

PROFESSOR N. B. HILL has been elected United States Senator in Colorado; O. H. Platt in Connecticut; ex-Governor Vance in North Carolina; General James Shields for the short, and George G. Vest for the long, term in Missouri; while in Illinois General John A. Logan has received the Republican nomination; in Wisconsin forty-eight ballots have been had in the Republican caucus without a result, the leading candidates being Senator Howe, ex-Senator Carpenter and Mr. Keyes, the latter being ahead at last reports.

A FIRE on the night of January 17th destroyed three large wholesale drygoods houses at Nos 58, 60, 62, 64, 66 and 68 Worth Street, and Nos. 66, 68, 70 and 72 Thomas Street. The stocks of nineteen large drygoods firms were wholly destroyed, involving a loss estimated at over a million. The firms which suffer the greatest loss are Walkinshaw & Voigt, whose stock was valued at over a million; and Van Valkenburgh & Leavitt, whose loss was placed at $500,000. No accurate estimate of the losses of the other firms could be gained. The block was regarded by insurance men as the one upon which the heaviest risks were placed of any in the city.

Foreign.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has signed a decree pardoning 1,300 Communists.

THE French Senate has elected M. Louis Joseph Martel, who was nominated by the Left, President of that body.

IN the event of failure of the financial schemes now under consideration, it is said the Turkish Government will resort to a forced loan.

AN explosion took place in the Dinas colliery, in the Rhondda Valley, Wales, on January 13th, while sixty men were in the pit. No rescue had been effected at last accounts.

THE trial of Passannante, for the attempted assassination of King Humbert, has been postponed until February, his counsel having requested an examination into his mental condition.

THE Governments of Germany, Great Britain, France, United States, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Portugal are said to have agreed to the rules drafted at Berlin to prevent collisions at sea.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS has paid out of his own pocket $400,000 in paper currency, to be distributed among the various charitable societies on the King's Saint-day, the 23d of January.

IT is said in Berlin, in reference to the projected Russian loan, that European capitalists will only supply the money if the Russian armies in Turkey are withdrawn, and Russia forbears to engage in a fresh war in Asia.

THE umpire in the wages dispute in the Cleveland and North of England iron trade has decided that the men must accept the reduction. The colliers in the Barnsley district are bringing out their tools from the mines, having determined to reject the arbitration scheme. Several of the collieries are idle.

AT a dinner given at the Palais de l'Elysée, the residence of President MacMahon, in honor of ex-President Grant, on January 16th, among the invited guests were General Grant and family, Mr. Washington and wife, General Noyes and wife, Miss King, Miss Stevens, the members of the Chinese Embassy, the representatives of San Salvador, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Guatemala, Peru, Colombia and Uruguay, and a number of French generals and admirals.

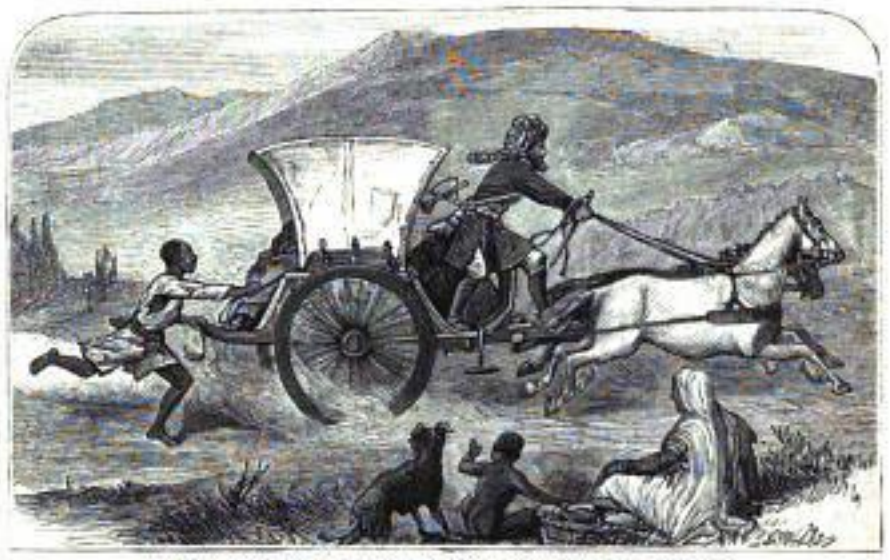
IN the French Chamber of Deputies on June 16th, M. de Marcere, Minister of the Interior, read the Ministerial declaration. It says that the Senatorial elections are a striking indication of the adhesion of the people to the Republican policy. It alludes favorably to the work of the Berlin Congress, and hopefully to the execution and results of the Treaty of Berlin. It refers to the pardons of Communists already granted, and promises a further extension of clemency.

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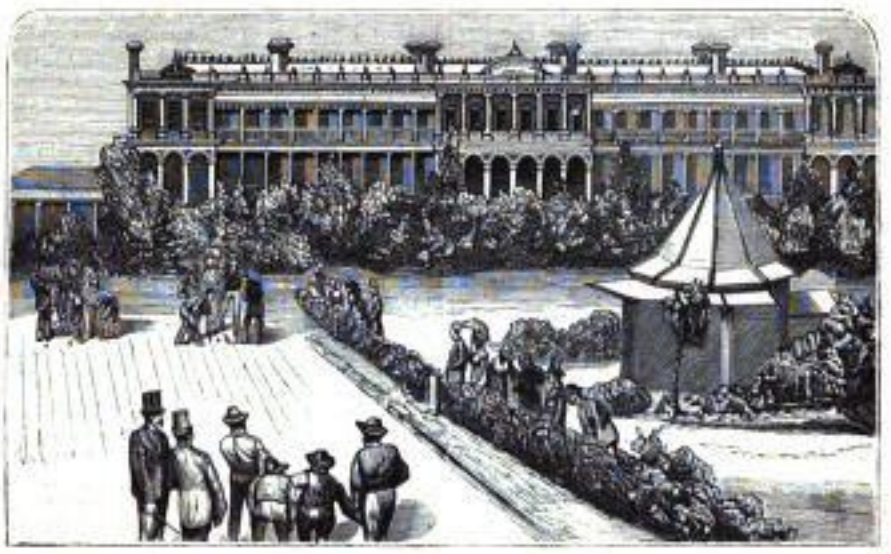
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 395.



DARMSTADT.—FUNERAL OF PRINCESS ALICE—THE PRINCE OF WALES PLACING A WREATH ON THE COFFIN.



AFGHANISTAN.—GENERAL ROBERTS LEAVING KOHAT FOR THE FRONT.



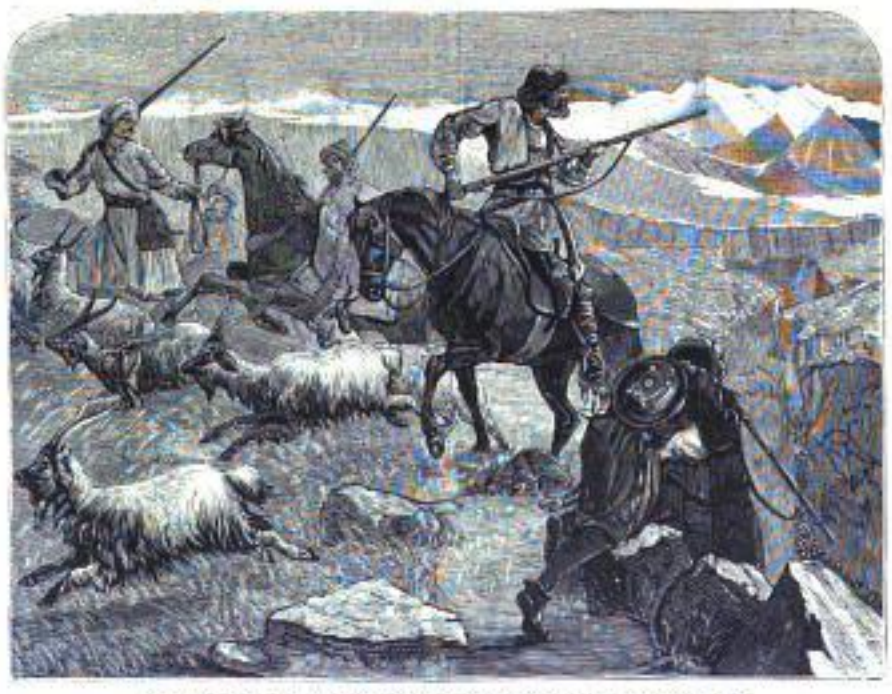
AUSTRALIA.—THE SOUTH MELBOURNE BOWLING GREEN, EMERALD HILL.



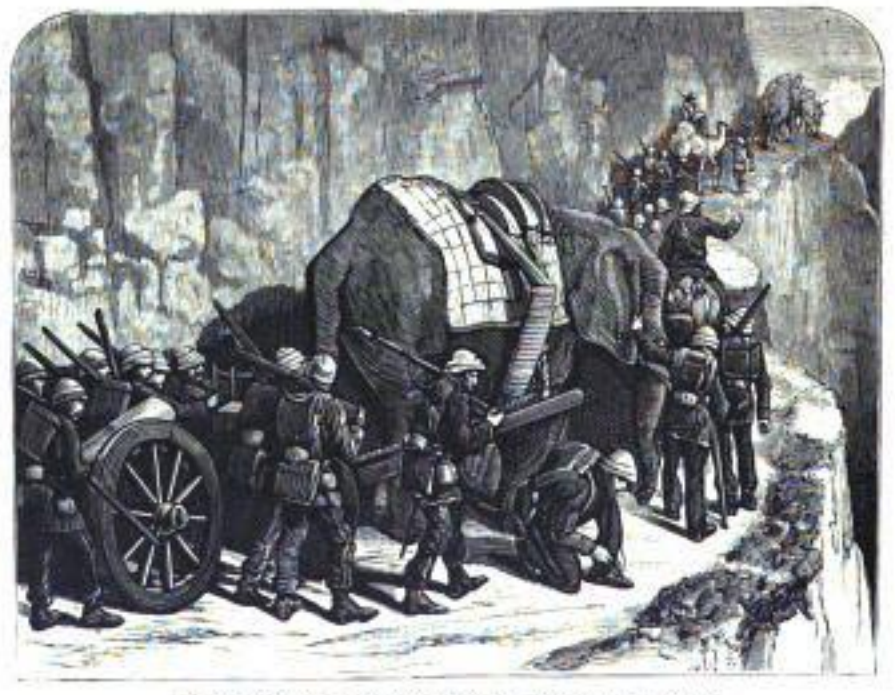
DARMSTADT.—FUNERAL OF PRINCESS ALICE—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH LUDWIG PLATZ.



AUSTRALIA.—COACHING IN NEW SOUTH WALES—"BOGGED."



AFGHANISTAN.—"TIME TO BE OFF"—A SKETCH IN THE KHYBER PASS.



AFGHANISTAN.—ELEPHANT BATTERY ON THE MARCH FOR AUTSON

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INTERIOR OF THE FISH-MARKET IN THE CITY OF HAVANA.

SCENES IN HAVANA.

THE quaint street represented in our illustration is extremely picturesque. The balconies of old Spain, the zealously guarded windows, so friendly to watchful duellas, so hostile to amorous caballeros, the hanging windows, all remind one of the country of the Cid. The omnipresent mule is attached to a rude cart on which the baskets of fish are packed by the bold speculators, who have just invested at the adjoining market-place. The harness of the mule is in itself a picture, while the lazy, graceful attitudes of the vendors of the fish are such as Gustave Doré would love to paint.

One of the most animated sights it is possible to conceive is the interior of the fishmarket at Havana. A long counter, placed at an angle, contains fish in compartments—fish of the most extraordinary shapes and the most wondrous colors. Talk of the iridescence of Idalian glass! the fish in the Havana market give forth tints rivaling the opal for lustre and sheen, while as regards form, we have it here in its infinite variety. The Babel of tongues as one enters is almost deafening—dusky housewives haggling over bargains, darkeys engaged in animated discussion, while the venders declaim at the uttermost pitch of their lungs the admirable and surpassing qualities of their glittering wares. The fish is weighed in a scales suspended from the roof, and the most scrupulous care taken to give good and honest measure.

The bay behind the fish-market is Venetian in aspect. The boats laden with their many-tinted cargoes, the picturesque attire of the fishermen, the latticed market-place, the mirror-like waters laving the stone steps, and, above all, the vertical sun shining down in unsurpassing lustre! It is here that the fish for supplying the city of Havana is landed. Boats continually come and go; fishermen, laden with heavy baskets containing their finny prey, pass up and down the steps, while at early morn after the night-haul the waters are as solid land with the tightly packed boats.

MADAME ANDERSON'S PLUCKY WALK.

(Continued from front page.)

Hushing the cheers and yells with which she was greeted, she announced that she wished to sing a farewell song. Amid the silence that followed she sang, but with considerable effort, three verses of a song entitled, "Nil Desperandum." The bell ringing just as she finished, she hurried down and into the dressing-room amid tremendous applause. As, three minutes later, the bell again rang, calling her to the track for the last time, she darted from the little doorway before its sound had ceased, and started off at a terrific pace, determined to beat 2:40, the best recorded time made by one of her male friends some days before. The band tried to play "Don't Get Weary," but its loudest discords were drowned by the deafening cheers and yells that were kept up during the next three minutes. The women yelled with the men, and became frantic in their excitement. The air was white with the fluttering of handkerchiefs, and the scene presented has seldom been equaled in Brooklyn. As the bell was rung for the last time, announcing that but one more lap remained to be walked, the plucky woman increased her speed with a tremendous effort, and came flying down over the homestretch with a face absolutely devoid of color, eyes fixed, and teeth clinched. The pace was a run rather than a walk, and as she finished she was lifted into a chair on the platform in the last stages of exhaustion. The frenzied cheering was hushed for a moment as the scorer announced that the quarter was the fastest of the entire walk, and had been made in 2:37½, and then it was renewed, louder, if possible, than before. At the close she tendered her thanks to the spectators in a brief biographical speech, and was then carefully wrapped in blankets and driven away for a well-earned resting spell.



SCENE AT THE END OF THE FISH-MARKET.

THE LURAY CAVE.

DOUBLE COLUMN IN THE NAIAD'S BATH.

AN inspection of the Giant's Hall alone, in the newly discovered cave at Luray, Va., will amply repay the expense, time and fatigue of a long journey. Grand in its proportions, entrancing in its sparkling ceiling and walls, as it is, it displays within its area a host of attractions, any one of which may be well denominated a wonder. A fallen column, that must have been forty feet long, lies across the path just beyond the entrance, showing clearly the break made centuries ago in its fall. Shafts, domes, minarets, as well as slender and lofty spires, shoot upwards from amid great blocks of limestone and carloads of red clay. The Sultana column with its turbaned head, the Empress column with its graceful and correct fluting, and the Tower of Babel, a storied mass of singular carvings, beautiful and grand as they are, appear quite dwarfish beside the Double Column which rises from the Naiad's Bath. It comprises a stalactite fifty feet long, and a stalagmite thirty feet high, that, instead of becoming two pillars, are merged into one, without, however, losing their individual peculiarities of form and colors. The stalactite tapers down in long unbroken grooves from the roof to the floor, while the stalagmite rises in successive stories with rows of tiny pillars supporting them. Viewed singly or in comparison with the other columns, this one will rivet the attention of the tourist for hours. Seen from different points



THE BAY BEHIND THE FISH-MARKET.

CUBA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A WINTER RESIDENCE IN HAVANA.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.

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of the Hall, with fingers of variously colored formations protruding here and there, and knobs and clusters flashing brilliantly in the glare of the torch or other light, the Giant's Hall is without a peer among the grand phenomena of nature.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By Wilkie Collins.

CHAPTER IV.

"MELLICENT is in love with you."

Amelius looked at his companions, in some doubt whether they would preserve their gravity at this critical point in his history. They both showed him that his apprehensions were well founded. He was a little hurt, and he instantly revealed it. "I own to my shame that I burst out laughing myself," he said. "But you two gentlemen are older and wiser than I am. I didn't expect to find you just as ready to laugh at poor Miss Mellicent as I was."

Mr. Hethcote declined to be reminded of his duties as a middle-aged gentleman in this backhanded manner. "Gently, Amelius! You can't expect to persuade us that a laughable thing is not a thing to be laughed at. A woman close on forty who falls in love with a young fellow of twenty-one——"

"Is a laughable circumstance," Rufus interposed. "Whereas a man of forty who fancies a young woman of twenty-one is all in the order of nature. The men have settled it so. But why the women are to give up so much sooner than the men is a question, sir, on which I have long wished to hear the sentiments of the women themselves."

Mr. Hethcote dismissed the sentiments of the women with a wave of his hand. "Let us hear the rest of it, Amelius. Of course you went on to the fishing-house? And of course you found Miss Mellicent there?"

"She came to the door to meet me, much as usual," Amelius resumed—"and suddenly checked herself in the act of shaking hands with me. I can only suppose she saw something in my face that startled her. How it happened, I can't say; but I felt my good spirits forsake me the moment I found myself in her presence. I doubt if she had ever seen me so serious before. 'Have I offended you?' she asked. Of course I denied it; but I failed to satisfy her. She began to tremble. 'Has somebody said something against me? Are you weary of my company?' Those were the next questions. It was useless to say No. Some perverse distrust of me, or some despair of herself, overpowered her on a sudden. She sank down on the floor of the fishing-house, and began to cry—not a good hearty burst of tears—a silent, miserable resigned sort of crying, as if she had lost all claim to be pitied, and all right to feel wounded or hurt. I was so distressed that I thought of nothing but consoling her. I meant well, and I acted like a fool. A sensible man would have lifted her up, and left her to recover herself. I lifted her up, and put my arm round her waist. She looked at me as I did it. For just a moment, I declare she became twenty years younger! She blushed as I have never seen a woman blush before or since; the color flowed all over her neck as well as her face. Before I could say a word, she caught hold of my hand and, of all the confusing things in the world, kissed it. 'No!' she cried, 'don't despise me! don't laugh at me! Wait, and hear what my life has been, and then you will understand why a little kindness overpowers me.' She looked round the corner of the fishing-house suspiciously. 'I don't want anybody else to hear us,' she said; 'all the pride isn't beaten out of me yet. Come to the lake and row me about in the boat.' I took her out in the boat. Nobody could hear us certainly; but she forgot, and I forgot, that anybody might see us, and that appearances on the lake might lead to false conclusions on shore."

Mr. Hethcote and Rufus exchanged significant looks. They had not forgotten the Rules of the Community, when two of its members showed a preference for each other's society.

Amelius proceeded. "Well, there we were on the lake. I paddled with the oars—and she opened her whole heart to me. Her troubles had begun, in a very common way, with her mother's death and her father's second marriage. She had a brother and a sister—the sister married to a German merchant, settled in New York; the brother comfortably established as a sheep-farmer in Australia. So, you see, she was alone at home, at the mercy of the stepmother. I don't understand these cases myself; but people who do tell me that there are generally faults on both sides. To make matters worse, they were a poor family; the one rich relative being a sister of the first wife, who disapproved of the widower marrying again, and never entered the house afterwards. Well, the stepmother had a sharp tongue—and Mellicent was the first person to feel the sting of it. She was reproached with being an incumbrance on her father, when she ought to be doing something for herself. There was no need to repeat those harsh words. The next day she answered an advertisement. Before the week was over, she was earning her bread as a daily governess."

Here Rufus stopped the narrative, having an interesting question to put. "Might I inquire, sir, what her salary was?"

"Thirty pounds a year," Amelius replied. "She was out teaching from nine o'clock to two—and then went home again."

"There seems nothing to complain of in that, as salaries go," Mr. Hethcote remarked.

"She made no complaint," Amelius rejoined. "She was satisfied with her salary; but she wasn't satisfied with her life. The meek little woman grew downright angry when she spoke of it. 'I had no reason to complain of my employers,' she said. 'I was civilly treated and punctually paid; but I never made friends of them. I tried to make friends of the children; and sometimes I thought I had succeeded—but, oh, dear, when they were idle, and I was obliged to keep them to their lessons, I soon found how little hold I had on the love that I wanted them to give me. We see children in books who are perfect little angels; never envious or greedy or sulky or deceitful; always the same sweet, pious, tender, grateful innocent creatures—and it has been my misfortune never to meet with them, go where I might! It is hard world, Amelius, the world that I have lived in. I don't think there are such miserable lives anywhere as the lives led by the poor middle classes in England. From year's end to year's end the one dreadful struggle to keep up appearances, and the heart-breaking monotony of an existence without change. We lived in the back street of a cheap suburb. I declare to you we had but one amusement in the whole long weary year—the annual concert the clergyman got up in aid of his schools. The rest of the year it was all teaching for the first half of the day, and needlework for the young family for the other half. My father had religious scruples; he prohibited theatres, he prohibited dancing and light reading; he even prohibited looking in at the shop-windows, because we had no money to spare and they tempted us to buy. He went to business in the morning, and came back at night, and fell asleep after dinner, and woke up and read prayers—and next day to business and back, and sleeping and waking and reading prayers—and no break in it, week after week, month after month, except on Sunday, which was always the same Sunday; the same church, the same service, the same dinner, the same book of sermons in the evening. Even when we had a fortnight once a year at the seaside, we always went to the same place and lodged in the same cheap house. The few friends we had led just the same lives, and were beaten down flat by just the same monotony. All the women seemed to submit to it contentedly except my miserable self. I wanted so little! Only a change now and then; only a little sympathy when I was weary and sick at heart; only somebody whom I could love and serve, and be rewarded with a smile and a kind word in return. Mothers shook their heads, and daughters laughed at me. Have we time to be sentimental? Haven't we enough to do, darning and mending, and turning our dresses, and making the joint last as long as possible, and keeping the children clean, and doing the washing at home—and tea and sugar rising, and my husband grumbling every week when I have to ask him for the house-money. Oh, no more of it! no more of it! People meant for better things all ground down to the same sordid and selfish level—is that a pleasant sight to contemplate? I shudder when I think of the last twenty years of my life!' That's what she complained of, Mr. Hethcote, in the solitary middle of the lake, with nobody but me to hear her."

"In my country, sir," Rufus remarked, "the Lecture Bureau would have provided for her amusement on economical terms. And I reckon, if a married life would fix her, she might have tried it among Us by way of a change."

"That's the saddest part of the story," said Amelius. "There came a time, only two years ago, when her prospects changed for the better. Her rich aunt (her mother's sister) died; and—what do you think?—left her a legacy of six thousand pounds. *There* was a gleam of sunshine in her life! The poor teacher was an heiress in a small way, with her fortune at her own disposal. They had something like a festival at home, for the first time; presents to everybody, and kissings and congratulations, and new dresses at last. And, more than that, another wonderful event happened before long. A gentleman made his appearance in the family circle with an interesting object in view—a gentleman, who had called at the house in which she happened to be employed as teacher at the time, and had seen her occupied with her pupils. He had kept it to himself, to be sure, but he had secretly admired her from that moment—and now it had come out! She had never had a lover before; mind that. And he was a remarkably handsome man; dressed beautifully, and sang and played, and was so humble and devoted with it all. Do you think it wonderful that she said Yes when he proposed to marry her? I don't think it wonderful, at all. For the first few weeks of the courtship the sunshine was brighter than ever. Then the clouds began to rise. Anonymous letters came, describing the handsome gentleman (seen under his fair surface) as nothing less than a scoundrel. She tore up the letters indignantly—she was too delicate even to show them to him. Signed letters came next, addressed to her father by an uncle and an aunt, both containing one and the same warning: 'If your daughter insists on having him, tell her to take care of her money.' A few days later a visitor arrived—a brother, who spoke out more plainly still. As an honorable man, he could not hear of what was going on without making the painful confession that his brother was forbidden to enter his house. That said, he washed his hands of all further responsibility. You two know the world, you will guess how it ended. Quarrels in the household; the poor middle-aged woman, living in her fool's Paradise, blindly true to her lover; convinced that he was foully wronged; frantic when he declared that he would not connect himself with a family which suspected him. Ah, I have no patience when I think of it—I almost wish I had never begun to tell the story! Do you know what he did? She was free, of course, at her age, to decide for herself; there was no controlling her. The wedding-day was fixed. Her father had declared he would not sanction it; and her mother in law kept him to his word. She went alone to the church, to meet her promised husband. He never appeared; he deserted her, mercilessly deserted her—after she had sacrificed her own relations to him—on her wedding-day. She was taken home insensible, and had a brain fever. The doctors declined to answer for her life. Her father thought it time to look at her banker's pass-book. Out of her six thousand pounds she had privately given no less than four thousand to the scoundrel who had deceived and forsaken her! Not a month afterwards he married a young girl—with a fortune, of course. We read of such things in newspapers and books. But to have them brought home to one, after living one's own life among honest people—I tell you it stupefied me!"

He said no more. Below them in the cabin voices were laughing and talking, to a cheerful accompaniment of clattering knives and forks. Around them spread the exultant glory of sea and sky. All that they heard, all that they saw, was cruelly out of harmony with the miserable story which had just reached its end. With one accord the three men rose and paced the deck, feeling physically the same need of some movement to lighten their spirits. With one accord they waited a little, before the narrative was resumed

CHAPTER V.

MR. HETHCOTE was the first to speak again.

"I can't understand the poor creature's motive in joining your Community," he said. "To a person of any sensibility her position, among such relatives as you describe, must have been simply unendurable after what had happened. How did she hear of Tadmor and the Socialists?"

"She had read one of our books," Amelius answered; "and she had her married sister at New York to go to. There were moments, after her recovery (she confessed it to me frankly), when the thought of suicide was in her mind. Her religious scruples saved her. She was kindly received by her sister and her sister's husband. They proposed to keep her with them to teach their children. No! the new life offered to her was too like the old life—she was broken in body and mind; she had no courage to face it. We have a resident agent in New York; and he arranged for her journey to Tadmor. There is a gleam of brightness, at any rate, in this part of her story. She blessed the day, poor soul, when she joined us. Never before had she found herself among such kind-hearted, unselfish, simple people. Never before—" he abruptly checked himself, and looked a little confused.

Obliging Rufus finished the sentence for him. "Never before had she known a young man with such natural gifts of fascination as C. A. G. Don't you be too modest, sir; it doesn't pay, I do assure you, in the nineteenth century."

Amelius was not as ready with his laugh as usual. "I wish I could drop it at the point we have reached now," he said. "But she has left Tadmor; and, in justice to *her*—after the scandals in the newspaper—I must tell you how she left it, and why. The mischief began when I was helping her out of the boat. Two of our young women met us on the bank of the lake, and asked me how I got on with my fishing. They didn't mean any harm; they were only in their customary good spirits. Still, there was no mistaking their looks and tones when they put the question. Miss Mellicent, in her confusion, made matters worse. She colored up, and snatched her hand out of mine, and ran back to the house by herself. The girls, enjoying their own foolish joke, congratulated me on my prospects. I must have been out of sorts in some way—upset, perhaps, by what I had heard in the boat. Anyhow, I lost my temper, and *I* made matters worse next. I said some angry words, and left them. The same evening I found a letter in my room. 'For your sake, I must not be seen alone with you again. It is hard to lose the comfort of your sympathy, but I must submit. Think of me kindly as I think of you. It has done me good to open my heart to you.' Only those lines, signed by Mellicent's initials. I was rash enough to keep the letter, instead of destroying it. All might have ended well, nevertheless, if she had only held to her resolution. But, unluckily, my twenty-first birthday was close at hand, and there was talk of keeping it as a festival in the Community. I was up with sunrise when the day came, having some farming-work to look after, and wanting to get it over in good time. My shortest way back to breakfast was through a wood. In the wood I met her."

"Alone?" Mr. Hethcote asked.

Rufus expressed his opinion of the wisdom of putting this question with his customary plainness of language. "When there's a rash thing to be done by a man and a woman together, sir, philosophers have remarked that it's always the woman who leads the way. Of course she was alone."

"She had a little present for me on my birthday," Amelius explained—"a purse of her own making; and she was afraid of the ridicule of the young women if she gave it to me openly. 'You have my heart's dearest wishes for your happiness; think of me sometimes, Amelius, when you open your purse.' If you had been in my place, could you have told her to go away when she said that, and put her gift into your hand? Not if she had been looking at you at the moment—I'll swear you couldn't have done it!"

The long, lean yellow face of Rufus Dingwell relaxed for the first time into a broad grin. "There are further particulars, sir, stated in the newspapers," he said, slyly.

"Damn the newspapers!" Amelius answered.

Rufus bowed, serenely courteous, with the air of a man who accepted a British oath as an unwilling compliment paid by the old country to the American press. "The newspaper report states, sir, that she kissed you."

"It's a lie!" Amelius shouted.

"Perhaps it's an error of the press," Rufus persisted. "Perhaps you kissed *her*?"

"Never mind what I did," said Amelius, savagely.

Mr. Hethcote felt it necessary to interfere. He addressed Rufus in his most magnificent manner. "In England, Mr. Dingwell, a gentleman is not in the habit of disclosing these—er—these—er, er——"

"These kissings in a wood?" suggested Rufus. "In my country, sir, we do not regard kissing, in or out of a wood, in the light of a shameful proceeding. Quite the contrary, I do assure you."

Amelius recovered his temper. The discussion was becoming too ridiculous to be endured by the unfortunate person who was the object of it.

"Don't let us make mountains out of molehills," he said. "I did kiss her—there! A woman pressing the prettiest little purse you ever saw into your hand, and wishing you many happy returns of the day with the tears in her eyes, I should like to know what else was to be done but to kiss her. Ah, yes, smooth out your newspaper report, and have another look at it! She *did* rest her head on my shoulder, poor soul, and she *did* say, 'Oh, Amelius, I thought my heart was turned to stone; feel how you have made it beat!' When I remembered what she had told me in the boat, I declare to God I almost burst out crying myself—it was so innocent and so pitiful."

Rufus held out his hand with true American cordiality. "I do assure you, sir, I meant no harm," he said. "The right grit is in you, and no mistake—and there goes the newspaper!" He rolled up the slip, and flung it overboard.

Mr. Hethcote nodded his entire approval of this proceeding. Amelius went on with his story.

"I'm near the end now," he said. "If I had known it would have taken so long to tell—never mind! We got out of the wood at last, Mr. Rufus; and we left it without a suspicion that we had been watched. I was prudent enough (when it was too late, you will say) to suggest to her that we had better be careful for the future. Instead of taking it seriously, she laughed. 'Have you altered your mind since you wrote to me?' I asked. 'To be sure I have,' she said. 'When I wrote to you I forgot the difference between your age and mine. Nothing that we do will be taken seriously. I am afraid of their laughing at me, Amelius, but I am afraid of nothing else.' I did my best to undeceive her. I told her plainly that people unequally matched in years—women older than men, as well as men older than women—were not uncommonly married among us. The council only looked to their being well suited in other ways, and declined to trouble itself about the question of age. I don't think I produced much effect; she seemed, for once in her life, poor thing, to be too happy to look beyond the passing moment. Besides, there was the birthday festival to keep her mind from dwelling on doubts and fears that were not agreeable to her. And the next day there was another event to occupy our attention—the arrival of the lawyer's letter from London, with the announcement of my inheritance on coming of age. It was settled, as you know, that I was to go out into the world, and to judge for myself; but the date of my departure was not fixed. Two days later, the storm that had been gathering for weeks past burst on us—we were cited to appear before the council to answer for an infraction of the Rules. Everything that I have confessed to you, and some things besides that I have kept to myself, lay formally inscribed on a sheet of paper placed on the council table—and pinned to the sheet of paper was Mellicent's letter to me, found in my room. I took the whole blame on myself, and insisted on being confronted with the unknown person who had informed against us. The council met this by a question: 'Is the information in any particular false?' Neither of us could deny that it was in every particular true. Hearing this, the council decided that there was no need, on our own showing, to confront us with the informer. From that day to this I have never known who the spy was. Neither Mellicent nor I had an enemy in the Community. The girls who had seen us on the lake, and some other members who had met us together, only gave their evidence on compulsion—and even then they prevaricated, they were so fond of us and so sorry for us. After waiting a day, the governing body pronounced their judgment. Their duty was prescribed to them by the Rules. We were sentenced to six months' absence from the Community; to return or not as we pleased. A hard sentence, gentlemen—whatever we may think of it—to homeless and friendless people, to the Fallen Leaves that had drifted to Tadmor. In my case it had been already arranged that I was to leave. After what had happened, my departure was made compulsory in four-and-twenty hours; and I was forbidden to return until the date of my sentence had expired. In Mellicent's case they were still more strict. They would not trust her to travel by herself. A female member of the Community was appointed to accompany her to the house of her married sister at New York; she was ordered to be ready for the journey by sunrise the next morning. We both understood, of course, that the object of this was to prevent our traveling together. They might have saved themselves the trouble of putting obstacles in our way."

"So far as you were concerned, I suppose?" said Mr. Hethcote.

"So far as she was concerned, also," Amelius answered.

"How did she take it, sir?" Rufus inquired.

"With a composure that astonished us all," said Amelius. "We had anticipated tears and entreaties for mercy. She stood up perfectly calm, far calmer than I was, with her head

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turned towards me, and her eyes resting quietly on my face. If you can imagine a woman whose whole being was absorbed in looking into the future; seeing what no mortal creature about her saw; sustained by hopes that no mortal creature about her could share—you may see her as I did when she heard her sentence pronounced. The members of the Community, accustomed to take leave of an erring brother or sister with loving and merciful words, were all more or less distressed as they bade her farewell. Most of the women were in tears as they kissed her. They said the same kind words to her over and over again: 'We are heartily sorry for you, dear; we shall all be glad to welcome you back.' They sang our customary hymn at parting—and broke down before they got to the end. It was she who consoled *them!* Not once, through all that melancholy ceremony, did she lose her strange composure, her rapt mysterious look. I was the last to say farewell; and I own I couldn't trust myself to speak. She held my hand in hers. For a moment, her face lighted up softly with a radiant smile—then the strange preoccupied expression flowed over her again, like shadow over a light. Her eyes, still looking into mine, seemed to look beyond me. She spoke low, in sad, steady tones. 'Be comforted, Anselius; the end is not yet.' She put her hands on my head, and drew it down to her. 'You will come back to me,' she whispered—and kissed me on the forehead before them all. When I looked up again, she was gone. I have neither seen her nor heard from her since. It's all told, gentleman—and some of it has distressed me in the telling. Let me go away for a minute by myself, and look at the sea.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL MILITIA CONVENTION.

RECEPTION OF THE DELEGATES BY JUDGE HENRY HILTON.

A CONVENTION of delegates representing the militia of the several States met at the Seventh Regiment Armory, in this city, on the 16th instant, to consider the subject of reorganizing the militia of the United States on a uniform and coherent basis. Adjutant-General C. H. Barney, of Rhode Island, was made chairman. A draft of an Act to be submitted to Congress was presented, and after consideration, finally adopted. One of the principal articles of the proposed Act provides for the assignment of adjutants of regiments, or assistant-adjutant generals of brigades and divisions, from the active or retired list of the army, by the Secretary of War. This section was received with considerable enthusiasm, as being a good thing for the National Guard to have an officer who had been educated as a soldier, and understood an officer's duties, as the colonel a lieutenant, or the "business manager" of the regiment. Another section which was received with much favor provides for the annual encampment of a portion of the militia of each of the several States, and that a portion of the annual appropriation should be set aside for this purpose. It was proposed in a general discussion that a convention should be held similar to the one now in session every year, and that an association be formed from the convention having a proper constitution and by-laws.

On the evening of the 16th the delegates attended a reception given by Judge Henry Hilton at his residence, No. 7 West Thirty-fourth Street. Some wore their military uniforms, while others whose States do not support a uniformed militia were attired in evening dress. The arrangements for their entertainment had been made in the most lavish manner. Every room from the main floor to the upper stories was thrown open and brilliantly lighted. Two committees met the guests in the vestibule. The rooms were all tastefully decorated with choice flowers uniquely arranged in chains along the edges of the mantels and heavier articles of furniture, on the highly-polished chandeliers, and over the larger paintings with which the walls were nearly covered. Here and there was a large Japanese vase containing a growing palm or tapioca plant. On each centre-table was a basket of flowers arranged with a pillow-like surface, and around every basket was a row of button-hole bouquets, which were supplied to guests. Judge Hilton received his guests in the main drawing-room, as they were severally presented to him by Mr. Henry Clair, Mr. Charles Shelley, or his sons. So large was the throng that involuntarily a line was formed, which passed in at one entrance, paid its respects to the host, and defiled out at another door. In the third story Lander's Band performed choice selections from the latest operas throughout the evening. Supper was served at an early hour, and the table of choice viands was kept well supplied until the last of the guests had departed. The menu was provided by Delmonico, and the table decorations were of decidedly warlike-looking confectionery. At the head of the table was a piece representing a fort, defended on four sides by miniature cannon, and surmounted by shields bearing the letters "N. G. S. N. Y." At the foot of the board was a candy *épergne* with double stand, at its summit being a full-size cavalry helmet with flowing horse-hair plumes of the regulation color—yellow. On a side-board was a miniature "headquarters" tent, also wrought in confectionery. It was surrounded by four sentries, who were represented as being "on guard." The colonel's table, containing writing materials and works on the tactics, stood in the centre of the tent. There were several large oval baskets of flowers placed in position about the room, and at a side-board champagne from Judge Hilton's private cellar was dispensed in foaming glasses. Judge Hilton's private bedroom had been set apart for the display of the new and elegant trophy, valued at $1,000, which the Judge presented for competition by military teams last year. It is not quite finished, but was mounted on wires for exhibition last evening, and formed a flank for the large bronze "Inter-State trophy" on one side, while the Centennial Palma formed the other flank piece.

There were nearly 500 persons present during the evening, and, although the reception was intended to be a military affair, there were many prominent members of the Bar, merchants, and representatives of the Judiciary present. Cardinal McCloskey and Vicar-General Quinn sent their cards. Among the guests were General Hancock and staff; Captain Ward, commandant of Governor's Island; General A. E. Burnside, General M. T. McMahon, General Alexander Shaler and Staff; General Frederick Vilmar and staff; ex-Governor Rice, of Massachusetts; ex-Governor Hoffman, Judge Joseph F. Daly, Judge Henry E. Davies, General Quincy A. Gillmore, Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, Augustus Schell, Judge Noah Davis, and many others.

The Wealth of France.

M. VACHER, Vice-President of the Paris Statistical Society, has just prepared a *memoire* upon the public and private wealth of France, which is full of interest. The property of the State—that is, the palaces, the offices of the several ministries, with all their appurtenances, and the navy, but not the reconstructed war *materiel*, as to which M. Vacher thinks it best to give no information, and not the paintings, statues, and other objects of art in the Louvre and elsewhere, which, of course, cannot be valued—is stated to be worth £171,120,000. The value of the highways he estimates at the enormous sum of £305,100,000. The property in mortmain, in which is included the immovable property of the local authorities, hospitals, charitable institutions, and religious bodies, is estimated at £122,445,718. Thus the total public property enumerated is valued at £598,675,318, say six hundred millions sterling. An official conjecture for the corresponding items in Great Britain is four hundred millions. Passing to private property, we find that lands are estimated at £6,264,960,000; houses at £627,000,000; mineral waters at £4,800,000; fisheries, £1,840,000; shipping, £21,200,000; industrial businesses at about £552,320,000; money, £240,000,000; gold and silver ornaments, £20,800,000; Stock Exchange securities, £910,000,000, giving a total of £8,672,120,000. Adding the public property, we arrive, according to M. Vacher, at £9,270,000,000 as the gross total of the capital value of all kinds of French wealth, public and private. M. Vacher points out that the great increase of wealth in France has been since 1846. Previously to that year the accumulation of capital was very slow; since then it has been increasingly rapid. The cause, as was observed by Mr. Giffen, is the discovery of gold in California and Australia. The vast production of the metal has raised prices, and thus swollen values. No doubt, too, the construction of railways and the application of steam to navigation gave an immense impetus to commerce. The opening up of new countries, the vast emigration from Europe, the settlement of the Western States of America and of Australia, the adoption of free trade by England, and other influences, have all tended in the same direction.

Manufacturing Progress in the South.

ACCORDING to a carefully prepared statement of General L. P. Walker of Alabama, that State has 2,118 factories, working 8,249 hands, with a capital invested of $5,714,032, paying annually in wages $2,227,968, and yielding annually in products $13,040,644. Florida has 630 factories, working 2,749 hands, with a capital invested of $1,679,930, paying annually in wages $989,592, and yielding annually in products $4,685,403. Georgia has 3,846 factories, working 17,871 hands, with a capital invested of $13,930,125, paying in wages $4,844,568, yielding annually in products $31,196,115. Louisiana has 2,857 factories, working 30,071 hands, with a capital invested of $18,313,974, paying in wages $4,593,470, yielding annually in products $24,161,995. Mississippi has 1,731 factories, working 5,941 hands, with a capital invested of $4,501,714, paying in wages $1,579,428, yielding annually in products $8,154,758. South Carolina has 1,584 factories, working 8,141 hands, with a capital invested of $5,400,418, paying in wages $1,543,715, yielding annually in products $9,858,081. Texas has 2 319 factories, working 7,927 hands, with a capital invested of $5,284,110, paying in wages $1,787,385, yielding annually in products$ 11,517,302. Aggregate number of factories, 14,884; aggregate number of hands employed, 80,948; aggregate capital invested, $54 824,303; aggregate wages paid annually, $17,514,516; aggregate annual value of products, $102,615,108.

A Rich Man's Attempts to Make a Will.

THE city of Geneva has only just missed having left to it a legacy considerably richer than the heritage bequeathed to it by the late Duke of Brunswick. Count Potocki, who died a few months ago at his house in the Avenue Friedland, Paris, had an income of $400,000 a year from real estate alone, and $800,000 from life annuities which he had purchased from various life insurance companies. As the count lived to be eighty-four years old, this speculation proved very successful, so far as he was concerned. Though he was on good terms with his only son, Nicholas, he could not bear the idea of having an heir, and desired much to leave all his vast property in trust for charitable purposes; but, as the French law would not allow him to do this, he came a short time ago to Geneva, with the intention of bequeathing his fortune to the city, as the Duke of Brunswick had done. He found, however, that the Code Napoleon rules also in Geneva, and there no more than in France can a man make his own will. Then he went to England, got himself naturalized, and made a will, in which he cut off his son with a shilling, and left all else that he had to be divided among a number of philanthropic institutions. But, as it was evident that his end was approaching, his friends prevailed upon him to alter his testamentary dispositions in favor of his son, who had never given him cause of offense. Count Nicholas, therefore, inherits all his father's wealth—$400,000 a year, besides personal property of almost untold value. The late Count Potocki was the husband of the beautiful countess of that name, once a celebrity in the musical world, and known as the friend and benefactor of Chopin.

The Convict Camps of Georgia.

THE system of hiring out convict labor on lease contracts is but little understood at the North, and many inquiries are made concerning the value of the leases. Several of the lessees say that there is nothing in it, and some of them certainly seem anxious to get out of it. A one-twelfth interest in it, we understand, was sold a year ago for $1,500. A one-third interest in one camp (one-ninth of the whole) was offered at $5,000. Captain Nelms says that he thinks an able-bodied convict is worth $70 a year. This would make the 1,200 worth $84,000 a year, from which the $25,000 deducted would leave about $60,000 per annum net to the lessees. This runs for twenty years. Captain Nelms says if he had fifty convicts on a farm under this lease for twenty years he would retire from public life and get rich. The highest price ever paid for convicts as yet is $50 per head. This is paid by Mr. Smith Barnwell, who is said to be anxious to keep them at that rate. One of the lessees leased his convicts to another at $20 apiece, net, above the price to the State. In Texas the convicts bring $70 a head per annum, and Tennessee about $60 per head. In Kentucky the Keeper works them and pays $12,000 to the State above all expenses. At present the rate paid to Georgia is about $22.50 per head. As the number increases the *per capita* decreases. Captain Nelms thinks it will go to probably 1,700 men, and not much higher. He does not think it will ever reach as high as 2,000. It is probable that the *per capita*, through the lease, will average $45 to $47.50. At this rate there will be a probable profit of $30 to $50 *per capita* for all the convicts who can be kept at work. It is said that they are successful in farming. If this is so, work can be provided for them all. Captain Nelms says that Mr. Lockett made 1,200 bales of cotton with one hundred convicts, besides enough corn, peas, potatoes, etc., to do them. He estimates that Colonel Lockett must have cleared $25,000 to $30,000. But there is no telling what the lease is worth without looking over the books of the lessees. There is a general feeling in all the Southern States of giving appropriations to the system of out-door leasing. The system will doubtless be generally abolished as rapidly as possible. In Texas, a new penitentiary, to hold 1,000 convicts, is just being finished, and another one is authorized by the Constitution. The old one holds 400 convicts, so that 1,400 of the 1,700 can be housed next year.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Funeral of Princess Alice.

The funeral of the much-lamented Princess Alice (Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt), took place at Darmstadt on December 16th. Our present number contains two illustrations of the ceremony—one showing the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold placing wreaths on the coffin in the family mausoleum at Rosenhohe; the other the funeral procession passing through the Ernest Ludwig Platz. The chapel to which the body had been removed on the previous evening was thrown open in the morning to the public, and large numbers of persons visited the chapel and laid flowers around the catafalque. Between one and two o'clock those who were invited to the funeral service assembled in the chapel. Among these were the members of the diplomatic body in Darmstadt, the ministers of the Grand Duke, and the members of the Diet. When these had assembled, some members of the Grand Ducal family, the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg and Baden, and others, arrived at the church, and were conducted to the seats allotted to them. At the close of the service a procession was formed, which accompanied the hearse to the family mausoleum at Rosenhohe. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were lined with spectators, who preserved a respectful silence as it moved by. On the arrival of the corrége at the mausoleum the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, and Prince Christian, with the Marquis of Hertford, representing the Queen of England, were found to be awaiting it; and whilst the bands performed sacred music the coffin was removed into the little chapel, where a prayer was offered up by Court Chaplain Bender. The Prince of Wales accepted the expressions of sympathy and condolement offered by those by whom he was surrounded, simply acknowledging them by shaking hands. The niche in which the coffin was placed was covered with floral offerings.

The Afghan War.

One of the greatest obstacles the British troops have had to encounter in their advance through the Khyber Pass has been the bands of marauding Afridis, who, while shunning open fighting, and carefully keeping out of the way on the approach of any formidable detachment, lose no opportunity of swooping down upon an isolated outpost or straggling party, or upon an insufficiently protected baggage train, and carrying off the horses or camels. In the sketch a rather valuable booty has been manfully secured, and the marauders, perceiving a strong column of troops in the neighboring valley, have rightly conjectured that it is "time to be off," and to hide their plunder in one of the numerous strongholds with which the neighborhood abounds. General Roberts left Kohat to drive sixty miles into Thull in what is known in these parts as a Murree cart. A kind of low dog car that is, with a pair, or sometimes three, sorry tats, or ponies, abreast; sometimes these have some blood in them, and, when once they have stopped jibbing from the first rubs of the breast harness on their galled shoulders and withers, they will settle down into a good gallop and keep it up over the villainous tracks they have to cross for the whole of their five miles' stage. The driver is a picturesque looking Sikh generally, with flowing turban, black beard, leather-thonged whip, gaiters, and battered bugle, with which he warns the carts and camels off the road. We have spoken frequently of the employment of elephants by the English artillerists in their present campaign, and have illustrated the vast utility of these animals in the mountain warfare. Our present engraving gives a clearer idea than any of the previous ones of the dependence placed upon the elephant in a critical moment, as well as of the narrow roads leading through the rugged defiles of the Ameer's country. It would be next to an impossibility to keep the number of horses necessary to haul the heavy Armstrong guns upon their feet in such localities as the one shown.

Scenes in Australia.

The patrons of Colonel Delancy Kane's beautiful "Tally Ho" coach, and of Cobb & Co.'s lumbering vehicle would be vastly surprised could they exchange for a single trip the conveyances and routes of travel. Instead of the delightful scenery, splendid roads and exhilarating air that New Yorkers are charmed with, either on the trip to Pelham Manor, or Tarrytown, coaching parties in New South Wales have such an execrable experience that it would seem impossible for anything save the severest necessity to induce them to indulge in such travel. There can be no delicious romance in being plunged into a bag and having to wallow or be carried through a sticky, slimy substance to more fixed earth. On our own two favorite courses there are no disguised ruts, no muddy troughs, no miry terrapins, no Styx to cross—pleasure, comfort, luxury, the greeting of villagers, the merry tra-la-la-s of the horn mark the entire progress. Contrasting the two pictures, it will strike New York coachers as a feeble attempt at consolation when Australians characterize such a scene as is illustrated "quite a ludicrous incident." The ancient game of bowls is still a favorite pastime in Great Britain and her colonies, and nowhere are home customs more strictly and thoroughly carried out than in the growing cities of Australia. In Melbourne, both the North and South sections, bowling-greens are abundant and are admirably kept. The "alleys," as an American would call them in the somewhat similar game of ten-pins are laid out on closely shaved turf, watered and frequently rolled, and surrounded by a shallow trench. It is believed that the Dutch learned the game from the English and introduced it into New York, at the end of Broadway, near the Battery, the spot still retaining the name of Bowling Green. Our illustration shows the latest addition to the already numerous bowling greens around Melbourne, at St. Vincent Place, Emerald Hill. The ground is splendidly situated and in close proximity to the new Rochester Terrace.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Russian trade route to China is more dangerous than ever. Another Russian caravan has been robbed.

—THE Minister of Chili in Paris has made a request to have his country admitted to the General Postal Union.

—THE Russian Government contemplates making the island of Sagtaelien the future place of deportation for Nihilist offenders.

—ON an average 686 bodies are annually taken to the Paris Morgue, and some eighty per cent. of those are recognized by their families.

—THE Russian authorities are secretly deporting to Siberia, without trial, a large number of persons concerned in the Nihilist movement.

—A GALE on the coast of Galicia and Portugal has caused great destruction of small craft. Seventy fishermen and others are reported drowned.

—IT is strongly rumored in Russian official circles that one of the groups in Polynesia will shortly be occupied by Russia as a cruiser station for the Pacific.

—CAREFUL estimates place the number of freight cars that were blockaded on various lines between Chicago and New York during the recent storm at 15,000.

—IT is reported that Germany has formally complained at Vienna in regard to the tone of the comments in the Austrian press on the Reichstag Discipline Bill.

—PROVIDENCE, R. I., enacted that lodgers at her station-houses in 1878 should work for their entertainment, and the number of lodgers diminished from 5,191 to 1,363.

—THE Russian Embassy at Teheran is striving its utmost to prevent English capitalists from receiving any concessions for the public works that the Shah is desirous of having executed in Persia.

—THE question relative to the receptions at the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland has been settled by the Danish Minister giving most emphatic assurances of the friendly settlements and pacific policy of his Government.

—THOSE churches in Paris which illegally levied fees to visit crypts, shrines, domes, etc., have been compelled to cease doing so. The Republicans insist on the laws being sternly obeyed by all. Thus the Pantheon is now free.

—THE Swedish Government is so much alarmed at the large development of the Russian torpedo and gunboat flotillas in the Baltic, that it has resolved upon the construction of a number of vessels of the same description next Spring.

—A COURT-MARTIAL is to be held on Captain Lindesay Brine, of Her Majesty's ironclad *Invincible*, to investigate the collision which occurred recently between that vessel and the ironclad *Alexandra* while manœuvring in Turkish waters.

—THE passengers arriving in New York from foreign ports last year numbered 121,369, an increase over 1877 of 24,148. There is an increase in aliens over 1877 of 21,011; a decrease from Germany of 2,482, from England of 3,232, from Ireland of 32.

—THE Women's Art Museum Association, of Cincinnati, was incorporated January 13th. It is intended to aid in the development of every possible form of art industry, and will be similar in object and detail to the South Kensington Museum in London.

—IN Mecklenburg-Schwerin capital punishment had been virtually abandoned for twenty years, the Grand Duke having uniformly commuted all sentences, but owing to the increase of serious crimes this practice has been given up, and one execution has already been performed.

—THE London *Post's* Berlin dispatch says that an understanding exists between the Great Powers to insist upon the evacuation of Eastern Roumelia by the Russians within the time appointed by the Treaty of Berlin, even if the International Commission should not have completed its labors.

—THE Brazilian Budget for 1879-80 estimates the expenditures at 121,000,000 milreis and the revenue at 101,000,000 milreis. The deficit will be met by new taxation. The Government proposes the extinction of all monastic Orders and the application of their property to the redemption of the national debt.

—COLLECTOR MERRITT, of New York, has received from the Department of State a copy of an official decree issued by the Belgian Minister of the Interior forbidding the importation of cattle, sheep, hogs, meat, or hides into Belgium from other countries unless satisfactory evidence can be given that they have not passed through Germany. The reason given is the prevalence of typhus among ruminant animals in the latter country.

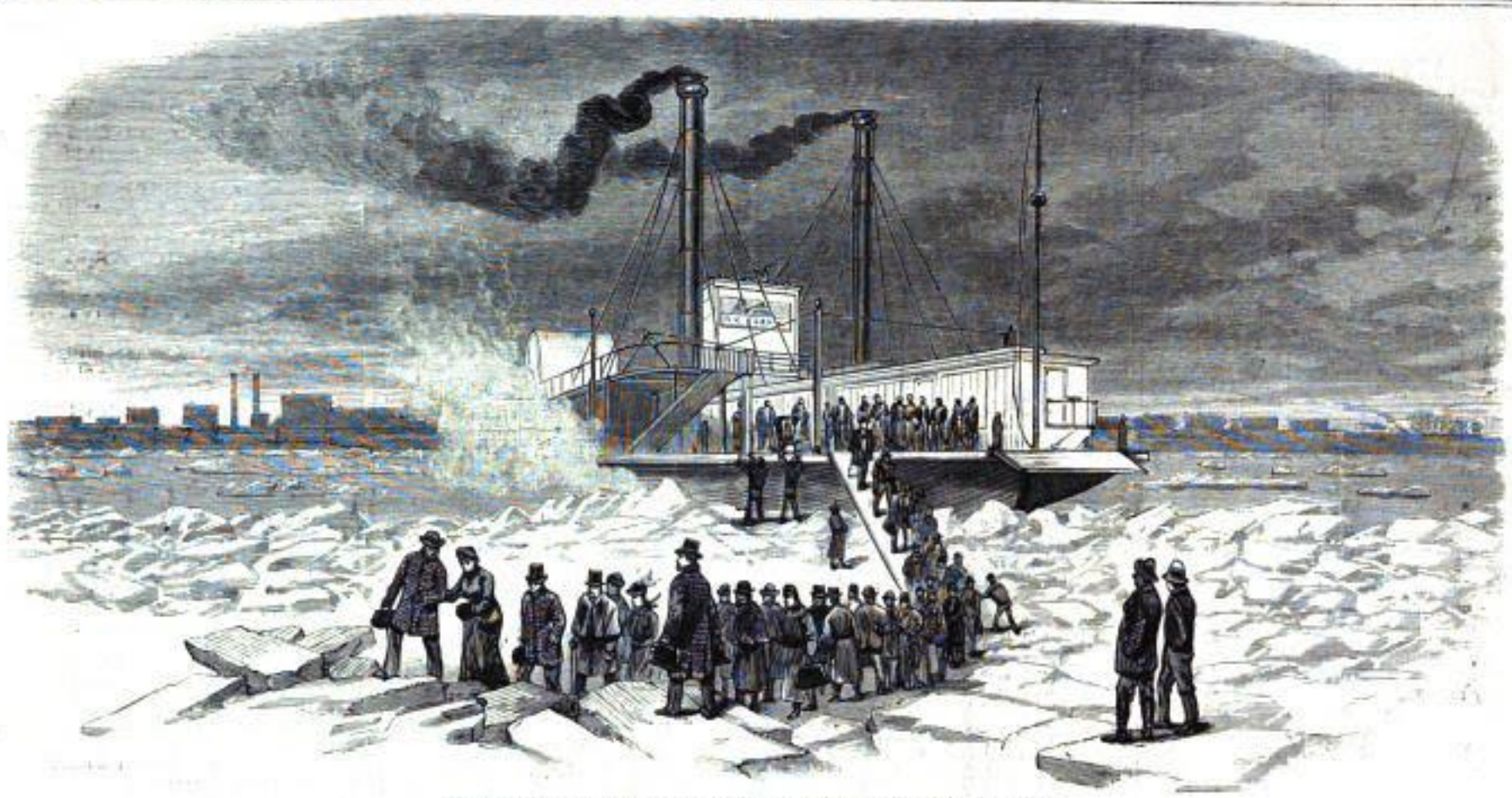
—THE *Madras Mail* states that great progress is being made in the cultivation of cinchona in the Wynaad, and that nearly a million plants have been taken there this year from the Neddiwattum estates, and this is in addition to what is obtained from the extensive chinchona nurseries on all the coffee estates. All the poorer parts of these are being planted with chinchona, which is found to thrive well where coffee will not grow.

—CONNECTED with the Roman Catholic Church in India, Ceylon, Burmah and Siam, there were, in 1877, 23 vicars apostolic, 21 bishops, 1,098 priests, 1,088,309 professing members of the various churches, besides 1,422 schools, containing 51,494 pupils. The greater part of the natives professing the Roman Catholic faith are descended from the converts made by the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

—GENERAL KAUFMANN is about to establish at Tashkend a college for Oriental languages, at which all those Indian languages will be taught, the acquisition of which is obligatory upon persons entering the Indian Civil Service. The next measure will be, no doubt, to render these languages obligatory for the officers of the Turkestan army, who will thus be able some day, when the invasion of India is attempted, to lead the troops of the recalcitrant Indian feudatories to victory against the British.

—THE Winter season of Texas usually lasts from the first of December to the middle of February, and its most distinguishing feature is the "northers," a periodical wind totally unknown in other States. They occur on the average twice a week and last a couple of days. They are preceded by a warm, close, summerish atmosphere, and during their continuance the temperature not unfrequently touches 12°. The cold is the severest imaginable, not steady, as in the North, but of a keen, searching, biting description.

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CROSSING THE OHIO AT CAIRO, ILL.—THE EXCURSIONISTS DISEMBARKING ON THE ICE.

THE

COMMERCIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST WEEK OF THE TRIP.

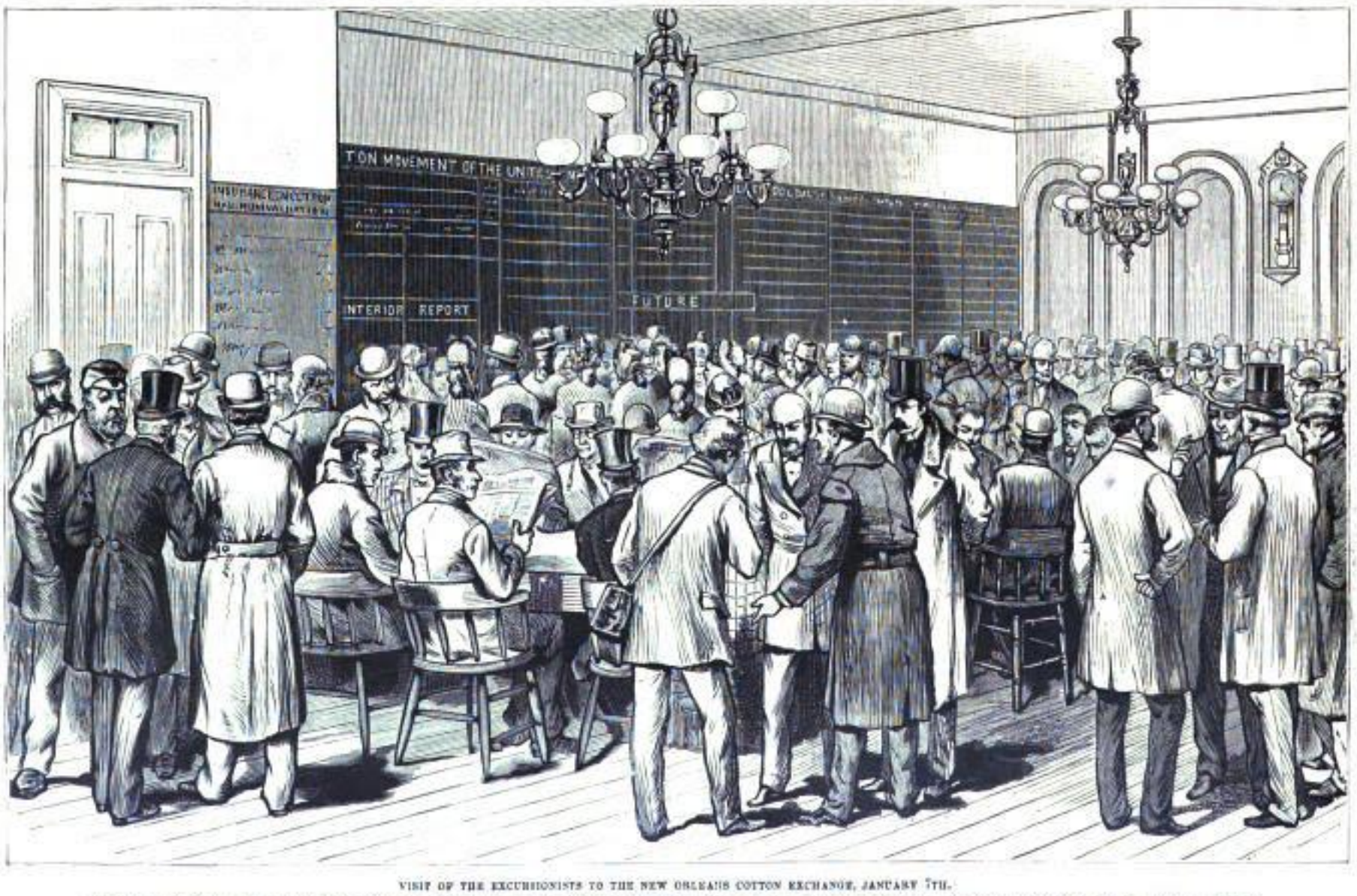
WE, the commercial conquerors of Mexico, *alias* the American Industrial Deputation to that country, took our departure from the city of Chicago, after a banquet given to us by Mr. Potter Palmer, of the Palmer House, at seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the fourth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine. What mattered it to us that the General Post Office was on fire, and eighteen engines throbbing their vitals away in a hopeless attempt to subdue the flames? What mattered it to us that the thermometer marked eleven degrees below zero, and that noses and ears were pounced upon by an eager and a nipping air? We were *en route* to the tropics, to vertical sunlight, whose sheen and dazzle neared "the white radiance of eternity," to skies deeply, darkly, desperately blue; to the perfumed shades of banana and orange-trees,



DEPARTURE OF THE EXCURSIONISTS FROM THE OLD ILLINOIS CENTRAL DEPOT, CHICAGO, JANUARY 4TH.

to the land of ethereal and suggestive laziness, to the very birthplace of *dolce far niente*. Some twenty carriages conveyed us to the depot of the Illinois Central Railway, where special Pullmans awaited the party, and a special moon, young, artless and innocent, shed silvern and brand-new dollar beams upon the ruined archway which still points to that awful epoch in the history of Chicago when the great fire laid the Garden City in ghastly and hopeless ruins. Had the weather been less severe, our "send off" would have risen to the dignity of a public display, but King Frost, as though begrudging our escape from his vise-like grip, bade all good citizens of Chicago remain within doors, and our departure was as noiseless as though an ordinary way-train were starting for Hyde Park. We numbered seventy souls, under the joint command of Mr. George S. Bowen and Colonel David V. Whiting. To the former, so well known in Chicago as the foremost man in every scheme tending towards the development of the industrial resources of this great country, is due the credit of building

(*Continued on page 398.*)



VISIT OF THE EXCURSIONISTS TO THE NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE, JANUARY 7TH.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OUIRK.

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NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF THE DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL MILITIA CONVENTION, AT THE RESIDENCE OF JUDGE HENRY HILTON, JANUARY 15TH.—SEE PAGE 395.

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MIDDLE AGE.

All over! Ay, I look at mine own hand,
That quite has lost the lissom grace of youth,
But if its living pulse I understand,
Fit yet to hold its own for love or truth;
Scarce meet for pretty pledge or kiss of lover,
Yet fond and firm for clasping in another.

Over and done! I sit before the glass,
Drawn full into the sunshine's ruthless glare,
I see the crowsfoot where the soft bloom was,
The silver threads set in the bright brown hair;
My mirror never flashed me beauty back,
So now, perchance, I have the less to lack.

And yet for all it's over, in the face
That gazes sad and patient back on me,
I fancy love might read some quiet grace,
Some touch of matron calm serenity.
The eyes that live on children's lips for years,
Gain something surely from their smiles and tears.

Must it be over? One by one they flash,
To their own place, these cherished stars of ours,
Daring the storm in courage blind and rash,
Seeing no serpent coiled among the flowers;
Leaving us stranded on the lonely shore,
Where the long waves chant, "Never, never more."

They will not, may not, cannot come again;
The bond is snapped, and the great current sweeping
Each little boat on to the mighty main,
Over each barrier in its fury leaping,
Bears them in its resistless might along,
For wreck or haven, gain, loss, prize, or wrong.

For us, it all is over; though sometimes
We feel old power pulse our being yet.
"Past, past!" the voice of Fate around us chimes,
Past, aim and dream, vain struggle, or regret!
Put by the mirror, let the hand alone,
The last card has been dealt, the game is done.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

By the Duke de Pomar,

Author of "The Honeymoon," "Through the Ages," "Who is She?" "Passion and Passion," Etc.

BOOK THIRD.
THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER VIII.—MONSIGNORE BERRETTA.

PERHAPS it will be impossible for men of duller fibre, men whose lives have not been wholly devoted to wide travels of imagination, as that of Glamour has been, to comprehend, or even to credit, the strange peculiarities of a mind like his.

To him the affairs of life have indeed become almost a part of himself; he sees things more clearly and feels them more intensely than most men, and, though a profound thinker, who is always studying himself, the events of life appeal to him more directly than to men possessing a cold, calculating intellect; and thus the smallest and most insignificant events affect at once the most secret recesses of his soul, and cease to be mere objective phenomena that can reach no deeper than the external perceptions.

Before he met his friend in the crowded saloons of Preston House he had almost decided on abandoning all thoughts of Miss Reymond, but a few words from Inganess made him change his mind. A new hope has entered his heart, a new desire has taken possession of his soul; he feels now that Louisa is, indeed, the one woman he could love and marry, and he is determined to try his luck. If he is not actually capable of deliberate energy, because the impulse must then come from within, and must be reasoned out and resolved into its component parts, for this very reason he is, perhaps, more able to act under passionate energy than most men when the occasion presents itself suddenly and from without.

I have already said that Glamour has a strong feeling in favor of the Roman Catholic Church, but he cannot conscientiously bring his mind into the state of subjection necessary to accept its doctrines. He cannot make up his mind to renounce for ever his own responsibility, though he knows well that his reasonings and eternal hesitations can produce nothing but indecision and vexation of spirit, and every day of his life he feels more and more the need of rest for his soul; and, weary and heartsore, he will fain cast himself, with all his burdens, into the arms of the mighty mother Church that claims to be the representative of man's Creator upon the earth.

Amongst the priests to whom he had been drawn by this new longing of his soul after the true faith there is one—a certain Monsignore Berretta—who has succeeded, perhaps, more than any other man in the world—excepting, perhaps, his old friend Inganess—in winning his regard and affection. His fascinating manners and eloquent address charmed the young duke from the first, and almost unconsciously he has accustomed himself to look up to him for advice and counsel as to a superior being, who, to the great knowledge he possesses of the world, adds the graces and spiritual gifts of a divine.

Considering the great influence which Monsignore Berretta has acquired over the young duke, it is not surprising that the morning after his conversation with Inganess at Preston House he should speak about Miss Reymond to him, and ask for his ever-welcome advice on the subject.

The monsignore is often in the habit of breakfasting with Glamour, and it chances, as luck will have it, that a few hours after his last meeting with the charming but mysterious Miss Reymond he should be sitting opposite to monsignore at the breakfast-table, talking over the events of the previous night.

The Italian, knowing the importance of making a convert of such a man as Glamour, is deeply interested in anything that may exercise an influence over his impressionable nature; and while he appears to be engaged in sipping a cup of fragrant coffee, and apparently paying but little attention to the frank expression of opinions which he nevertheless cleverly encourages in his young friend, he obtains a clear idea of Glamour's views of the people he daily meets in society, and of the impression, favorable or otherwise, which they have produced upon him.

"You admire this Miss Reymond, then?" he says, after a pause, looking at him with a keen, penetrating glance.

"I admire her very much," the duke replies, frankly. "You, who seem to know everything, will perhaps be able to tell me her true origin."

"If I know nothing whatever about her, I assure you; yet, if you are very anxious to know, I think I might, perhaps, find out. Do not rise, I beg of you—you want some toast; let me ring for it."

Glamour remains silent for a few seconds, during which a servant brings in the toast required.

"Of course I could not think of marrying a woman whose name even I do not know," he says, after a time, and as if still lost in some reflections of his own.

"I am glad to see that at last you think of marrying, and that your thoughts are fixed on a Catholic young lady. If you will allow me, duke, I will go to Lady Rollingford and endeavor to find out for you all about her."

"Do you think Lady Rollingford will tell you?"

"Yes, if she knows that it is your grace who sends me."

"Ah, monsignore, you always come to my rescue; how shall I ever be able to repay you for all the trouble you take on my account? You can understand what a delicate matter this is, and how difficult it would be for *me* to make such inquiries; and yet I owe it to myself to know for certain *who* the lady is whom I am thinking of making my wife."

"Make your mind easy, Glamour, and leave it all to me; if any one in this world is able to discover the true name and parentage of this Miss Reymond, believe me I am that man. I will go to Rollingford House this very afternoon. Of course you understand that you will hazard nothing by my taking this step, and that it will oblige you in no way to marry the young lady, if at any future time you happen to change your mind."

CHAPTER IX.—TO LOVE, OR TO BE LOVED.

"DO I love him, or do I not love him?" asks Louisa Reymond of herself, perhaps more thoughtfully than passionately, and as if she would fain solve the mystery by meditating upon the events of the past few days, and the effect they have produced upon her.

She is sitting quite alone in her pretty little bedroom in Rollingford House, and she has just learnt that Monsignore Berretta has been there to make some inquiries concerning her—sent by the Duke of Glamour.

What Lady Rollingford has answered she does not know, and in truth seems to care but little. "If Glamour loves me," she no doubt thinks, "he is sure to be satisfied with any explanation my adopted mother may choose to give him." The great question which engrosses her mind is whether she loves him enough to marry him or not.

That he is in every way a very superior man she does not question for a single moment, and that their tastes and opinions are upon the whole most congenial she is also convinced. But, then, are these sufficient reasons to justify her marrying him? Is it an exact counterpart of herself that she requires in the man to whom she would unite herself?

She admires Glamour, let me do her the justice of saying, ten thousand times more than she does Rupert Cassilis; she is fully aware of his high intellectual gifts, and of the nobility of his nature. And she is by no means a girl to despise the noble name, lofty rank, and immense wealth of the Duke of Glamour; but still she cannot deny that she experiences a rapture in the attentions of Rupert compared to which the eloquent language and earnest looks of Glamour seem cold and unsatisfying.

Which of the two does she love? She feels her heart is only too ready to pronounce itself in favor of the handsome Cassilis, but her head has not lost any of its power yet, and her reason tells her plainly enough which of the two will make the better husband.

The next day there is a garden party at Liberty Hall. Mrs. Champion, although she still retains a great deal of her old antipathy to society, is a most hospitable woman, and for the sake of her daughter she keeps open house, and at least once a week gives a party, to which she good-naturedly expects all her friends to come without any formal or special invitation. Louisa, at this turning-point of her life, feels perhaps more than ever she has felt before the need of a sincere and experienced friend who will advise and direct her. She knows that Mrs. Champion is her true friend, and she feels convinced that she will give her disinterested advice; and knowing that she is sure to find her at home on this day, she persuades Lady Rollingford, after some difficulty, to take her to Liberty Hall.

There is dancing going on in the great hall, and the sprightly Bella hovers about like a little fairy queen amongst the dancers, giving directions to one, whispering a few words to another, making a bet with this man and bestowing an angry look upon that one, and flirting with every one in the room. A gayer or pleasanter scene it would be difficult to find on this warm Summer evening. But Louisa is too much perplexed by her thoughts to care much for the pleasures of the moment, and refusing to dance, and even to go with Glamour to the tent where refreshments are served out in almost princely abundance, in the garden at the back of the house, she seeks Mrs. Champion, whom she finds sitting by herself in a distant room at the further end of the building, and looking, as usual, lost in deep thought. Taking Mrs. Champion at once into her confidence, and opening her heart to her, as she had shrunk from doing even to good Lady Rollingford, who is always so kind to her, she begs for advice in her present dilemma.

"I have known Glamour for many years," that lady says, and looking, as is her custom, with dilated eyes at nothing in particular. "He is without exception the best young man I have ever met; the highest aspirations fill his soul; he would not do a base action, no, not to save his life; he is the very soul of truth and honor. And when he says that he loves you, you may be sure, Louisa, that he does so with all his heart and soul."

The girl cannot help blushing, perhaps more from a sense of gratified vanity than from any loftier feeling.

"He has never told me that he loves me," she says; "at least not in so many words," she adds, her confusion increasing visibly.

"But you have strong reasons to suspect he does? Well, I too have thought before this that he loved you, and you cannot tell how happy this confirmation of my hopes from your own lips has made me."

"I do not doubt for a moment, Mrs. Champion, that he loves me," Louisa exclaims, a new idea suddenly dawning upon her. "It is not likely that a man of his rank and fortune would think of marrying a poor girl like me, without even a name, if he did not really love me; the question is, whether *I* love him enough to marry him."

Mrs. Champion starts back: the idea had never entered her head that any one could dislike her favorite, or remain indifferent to his love.

"I should like to love the duke, believe me; for no one in the world could appreciate the honor he perhaps thinks of doing me more than I do. But at times I fear I am unworthy of his love, and that I shall never be able to return it as he deserves it should be returned."

A long silence followed these words, during which both ladies seem as if lost in their own thoughts. Perhaps while Louisa is thinking of the future, and wondering what her fate will be, Mrs. Champion is musing on the past, and feeling the truth of her own words. No one has loved more than she has, and yet how little happiness she has been able to derive from the passions she has felt! How unsatisfactory after all has been her career, triumphant as it has seemed to all outward appearances!"

"There is one more question which I wish to ask you, Mrs. Champion," Louisa says, breaking the silence, and approaching for the first time the subject nearest her heart. "Do you think that I could in honor marry a man like the Duke of Glamour without bringing a blot upon his noble name?"

Mrs. Champion looks at her in surprise. "You mean on account of the mystery that surrounds your birth and parentage?"

Louisa flushes scarlet, and bows assent.

"Undoubtedly; your birth, I assure you, is as noble as his own."

"You know who I am, then! Oh, Mrs. Champion, Mrs. Champion! I always suspected that you knew this dreadful mystery; take compassion upon me, and tell me all you know."

"I cannot. It is true that through very strange circumstances I became acquainted with Lady Rollingford's secret, but I have given her my word of honor never to reveal it, even to you."

"Am I then never to know who my father was?"

There is so much sadness in her voice as she says this, and she looks so overwhelmed with misery and shame, that Mrs. Champion cannot help being moved.

"Marry the Duke of Glamour, become independent of Lady Rollingford, and I promise you that one day you shall learn the mystery of your birth."

CHAPTER X.—THE DAWN OF LOVE.

BELLA CHAMPION has been dancing with Lord Inganess, and while her mother has been conversing with Louisa Reymond in her own private room at the other end of the house, that saucy young lady has been having it all her own way in the ballroom.

Taking her partner's arm after the dance, she has gone with him to the lawn in front of the building, and with that charming freedom of manner and speech which so characterizes her, and which renders her so irresistible, she listens to him with undisguised pleasure as, continuing a conversation in the solitude of the garden, which has doubtless been begun in the crowded ballroom, he says:

"Then you don't think a fellow a complete nonentity who fishes in Summer, shoots in Autumn, and hunts in Winter, and makes these things the great business of his life?"

"Oh, dear, no; I don't consider any manly sport frivolous. Ah, if you knew how tired I am of great clever people! I hate heroes and patriots and strong-minded females, and all that."

"You pretend to despise heroes, and yet I am sure you will miss their society when you leave this house."

"I shall never leave this house—at least as long as father wants me. I really do not know what he would do without me; no, I must never leave him."

Inganess feels confused; he is beginning to realize at last how dear this little girl is to him, and yet he scarcely dares to approach the subject nearest to his heart. He has come to the conclusion that she is a girl very different from the general run of girls; but whenever he begins to speak to her seriously a terrible recollection flashes upon him of her strong sense of humor, and of the merry light he has often noticed in her bright brown eyes; and then it occurs to him that if he did attempt to play the lover she would only laugh and think him a fool, even if she had the kindness of heart not to say so openly.

"I wish," Bella says presently, "I had been born a boy, that I might go round the world and seek adventures; how jolly it would have been!"

"I think you would soon get tired of that sort of life, and long for some one to love you and take care of you."

"Father will always love me."

"Ah, but I mean a fellow you might marry."

"Marry! what nonsense you are talking to-day, Lord Inganess! as if any one would ever think of marrying me!"

"And why not? I am sure there is not a prettier girl in England."

"*Really, now*, do you think that I am pretty—prettier than other girls?" she inquires with some coquetry, yet with glowing cheeks and downcast eyes, for it is the first time she experiences the feeling that she is no longer a child, and his words both please and frighten her."

"Indeed you are, Bella; has no one ever told you so before?"

"Oh, yes; but somehow or other I never believed it before, at least I didn't seem to care. I hate girls. I hate to be called a pretty girl. I wish I were a boy."

"You like boys? Ah, I fear you will never care for a middle-aged man like me," he says, with a sigh that startles her, attempting at the same time to take her hand.

"Nonsense!" she says, drawing away her hand and looking him straight in the face with childlike defiance. "You may talk rubbish if you please till the blessed millennium, of which mother is always talking, and which I dare say will never come, but just you keep off that nonsense! Love indeed!"

And bestowing upon him a look which, however, has more of playful mischief in it than of anger, she turns away from him and hurries back to the house.

Inganess, very much puzzled, follows her in silence, wishing himself at that moment at the other side of the globe.

"I have not offended you, have I?" she says presently, turning her pretty face towards him, and looking at him with eyes that betray more than she would care to acknowledge of what is passing in her heart. "Come, I will give you another waltz, if you like."

(To be continued.)

THE COMMERCIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST WEEK OF THE TRIP.

(Continued from page 396.)

up and successfully launching the expedition; to the latter—for Mr. Bowen was compelled by the pressure of important business engagements to leave us at Jackson City—is relegated the control and management of the expedition, an office for which, up to the hour of writing, by his *sunnier* temper and *fortifier in re*, he would seem to possess a combination of admirable qualifications.

The object of the expedition is now so well known that it scarcely demands more than a passing comment. It is simply to increase the export trade of this country and create a market for American manufacturers. We have been taught that if prosperity in this country is to be permanent, the product of our lathes and looms, our spindles and our furnaces, must be utilized in foreign trade equally with the products of the soil, and the outcome of our flouring-mills and our packing-houses. As a result of this lesson American cotton goods have competed successfully in England with those of home manufacture, both in price and quality; while in hardware, cutlery and firearms, Birmingham and Sheffield have met their match. This progress, under exceptional difficulties, had led earnest thinking capitalists to conclude that if our manufactures can outrival those of European countries in their own markets, we can enter the race with them for the trade of other foreign countries. In furtherance of this idea the eyes of our commercial centres have now turned to Mexico, a country of 1,030,442 square miles, with a population of 9,376,079 inhabitants. The export trade from this country to Mexico does not exceed the miserable sum of $6,200,000 per annum, being an average of sixty-six cents per capita of the population, while that of our other neighbor, Canada, reaches $27,000,000 or $3 per capita of the population. Of course the wants of people living in a tropical climate are not so numerous as those of the inhabitants of a more northern one. They require less food and lighter clothing, but such food as they require in the shape of meats, canned fruits, flour, etc., *can*, and *should be*, furnished by the United States—the cotton and cloth goods, as well as the boots and shoes should have the stamp of American manufacture; all the classes of hardware and saddlery used in Mexico should be American, while the machinery necessary for the full development of its untold mineral wealth should originate from American workshops and foundries. All these and other benefits too numerous to mention, cry the commercial centres, will certainly accrue to our commerce and manufactures in the event of a vigorous movement being made to open up a commercial highway between the two republics. An increased export trade from the United States to Mexico means an increased import trade from Mexico to this country. The United States demands an increased market for its manufactures, and Mexico furnishes an available market for increased manufacturing production, and at this moment the intelligence of Mexico is on the *qui vive*, eagerly desirous that a new life should be infused into her industries and her agriculture. Mexico is an empire territory, with a capacity to sustain an empire population. Look at her immense natural resources—her mines of gold, silver, zinc, tin, copper and iron; her soil, upon which corn, cotton, tobacco and coffee may be grown; her forests, from which enormous stores of mercantile timber and wood can be drawn. All she requires is stability in her Government, industry in her midst, and an outlet to her internal commerce; and with a view to discussing this question, of such grave importance to the United States, the American Industrial Deputation are *en route* to the capital of the country of the Montezumas. We are a jury empanelled to try a very interesting commercial case.

When we had explored the somewhat gloomy depths of the cars, and had succeeded in digging out our respective sleeping sections, we gradually commenced to thaw, and with the magic word "Mexico," to file away those angles which, like quills on the fretful porcupine, stick out on every side against acquaintances whom the swift current of the hour fairly forces into intimacy. "Do you speak Spanish?" "What time does it take to cross the Gulf?" "Is there any fear of banditti?" "Are you armed?" "Will it be terribly warm?" "I wonder what *pulque* tastes like?" "They say that the señoritas are pretty as pictures," were the observations that cropped up on every side; and one gentleman who had at some remote period paid a flying visit to Mexico, and whose facts would scarcely bear the pressure of a rivet, came to be regarded as the Sir Oracle of the party, and to receive the delicate attentions of cognac and cigars in exchange for a few vague generalities, which left the querists in a condition of hazy and helpless imbecility. We are armed to a man with "Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico." The possessor of a guide-book is an individual to be placed even above the region of envy, while the happy proprietor of a Humboldt becomes more or less of a hero.

Upon Sunday morning we breakfasted—save the mark—at Centralia. After a fierce wrestle with this

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too substantial meal a meeting was called by Mr. Bowen, of which the following organization was the outcome:

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION TO MEXICO.

President, ex-Governor John F. Fisk, Kentucky; Vice-President, O. M. Burke, Ohio; Treasurer, Hon. John Black, Wisconsin; Secretary, Byron Andrews, Chicago; General Manager, Colonel David V. Whiting, Illinois; Council of War, Orville C. Dewey, West Virginia; Wood M Knight, Pennsylvania; John F. Cahill, Missouri; Colonel Thomas Cooper, Illinois; Hon. S. T. Merrill, Wisconsin; E. F. Weeks, Minnesota; T. H. Broughurst, Indiana; James Gordon, Ohio; F. C. Rogers, New York; A. T. Birchard, Iowa; Henry Gillum, Texas; A. Langdon, District of Columbia; Hon. J. F. Fisk, Kentucky. Physicians and Surgeons, John A. Rice, M. D., Wisconsin; R. W. Hazlett, M. D., West Virginia. Reception Committee, Colonel David V. Whiting, Illinois; Edward Peters, Missouri; C. D. Holton, Michigan; F. K. Parsons, New York; C. W. Ogleberry, West Virginia; Baggage Master, Willis Easley.

Twelve States are represented, and their representatives nicknamed the Twelve Apostles. Iron is largely to the front, as is also machinery, especially agricultural, since the Mexicans still sow, furrow and reap as did the Aztecs when meek and morbid Montezuma held the sceptre in his paralyzed and nerveless grasp. We have distillers and brewers—a Milwaukee firm sending a cask of its renowned lager to President Diaz. We have railroad contractors and capitalists, builders and framers, chemists and druggists, confectioners and florists, doctors and engineers, archæologists and artists, capitalists and carpet-baggers, tailors and brokers, dry goods men and liquor dealers, real estate dealers and "sky" merchants, editors and reporters, artists and authors, and we have, heaven bless them! nine ladies in the party. Fain would I dwell upon the charms of our voyageuses—fain linger o'er a subject so fraught with all that—suffice to say that America will in no way suffer when brought into comparison with Mexicana.

What an olla podrida, a dish containing a little of everything, in our party! We have hard-fact men, who herd together and speak solemnly and rapsingly. We have gloomy men who refuse interchange of ideas upon any subject save that of murder and rapine along the line of railway from Vera Cruz to the capital. We have chirpy, talking men, who announce to us the condition of the thermometer every twenty minutes, and who perpetually suggest sketches to our artist, and subjects for the pen of the writer. We have young gentlemen faultlessly arrayed in ulsters of marvelous design, and patterns wonderful to behold. These youths are showy in short-collar, cigar and cognac. They emulate the rôle of Don Juan, and look forward to a campaign amongst the senoritas, such as the Master of Leporello never dreamed of in his wildest fungi ings. We have nine gentlemanly young fellows, too, modest, self-possessed, courteous and good company. We have our funny man, and our heavy villain. We have the man who is always writing, and the man who whistles. Our president, Hon. J. F. Fisk, is evidently reserving himself for his brother president, Diaz. Our vice-presidents are on duty, especially Mr. Cahill, who seems to know everybody, while everybody would appear to know him. Our treasurer, Hon. John Black, of Wisconsin, has a famous case-bottle, ay, famous as that belonging to Mr. Bob Sawyer, from which the Immortal Mr. Pickwick took so many and such prolonged pulls. When the treasurer passes along the car, his passage is like that of a comet—he is followed by a tail, and always in the direction of the ice-water. Our historian, Horatio N. Rust, is strong on pyramids and Aztec inscriptions, while his colleague, our physician, Dr. Rice, is also a profound archæologist, having spent several years amongst the fiercest Indian tribes in search of prehistoric data. Of the personnel of the remainder of the party I shall speak in a further communication. Misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and I look forward to the trip across the Gulf to make me thoroughly acquainted with my fellow-passengers.

At Cairo we struck the ice laden Ohio, and an ice-bound dinner. The great problem so difficult of solution was attempted here. Given eighty guests, with double-edged appetites, and three waiters driven to the verge of desperation, how long will it take to serve the eighty guests through the medium of three frantic attendants?

The crossing of the Ohio was a source of considerable head-wagging and cogitation. The nervous man of the party spoke dismally of floating ice that would crush in the sides of an armor-plated ship, like so much egg-shell, announcing the transit a physical impossibility, while others less apprehensive, but somewhat imbued with the sentiments of the croaker, became suddenly grave, earnest and taciturn. The sun was setting behind blood-red bars, the moon was silvering in a pale, blue sky, the stars had commenced to throb when the railroad transfer boat commenced to crunch her way through the ice, like a huge monster eating through its crystallized food. The scene was intensely picturesque, and one not easily to be forgotten. The woods on the opposite shore were dyed in a purple seldom seen save in the heather-clad mountains of bonnie Scotland, while the light apple-green of the water showed dreamily against the creamy white snow. Crunch! crunch! crunch! and slowly, but surely, we crash through the ice, until its packed condition rendered further progress impossible. A few black forms that had appeared on the opposite heights now approached, bearing pails laden with coal-ashes, which they cast on a very rude and uneven track to deaden the slippiness; a gangway coated with gravel was lowered from the still snorting steamer, which we cautiously descended, and like recruits at a funeral, proceeded in single file to slip, slide, jerk, stagger, and stride to *terra firma*, where the steam-cars and an impatient engine awaited us.

"We'll soon get away from the snow!" "The Sunny South is upon us!" "A few miles now, and we'll be in the sub-tropics!" were the exclamations uttered by pinched and quivering lips, for the crossing of the Ohio "at five below" caused the veriest Laplander of the party to shake and shiver in his shoes. Young ladies made entries in their diaries bidding gushing farewells to the beautiful snow, but we awoke on Monday morning to find nature's shroud still with us, and the cold still suggestive of wraps and stoves and heat at any cost. We awoke, too, to find the St. Louis contingent, a dozen good men and true, on board the cars, having waited for us at Jackson something like thirteen hours.

The St. Louis contingent could not understand why the executive should have been elected before their arrival, and without their being consulted, for St. Louis loveth not Chicago. They proposed establishing a small republic of their own; but oil having been thrown upon the troubled waters, peace was, after some little grumbling, finally established. We breakfasted at Granada—that is, we would have breakfasted, but for the strange and somewhat unfortunate accident of the food having frozen to the plates. There was quantity, from quail on toast to bacon on eggs; but it was the least of the Barmecides. We were in the stone period, and no person, save the archæologists, broke fast.

We sped slowly onwards, the white snow with us always. How black the darkeys looked against it, how soiled and draggled the mules, standing by dozens at the railway stations, while their riders thawed at the stoves. At Calhoun the station was in flames, reminding me of the line from Vittoria to Irun during the hapless Carlist war. The sorry attempt at breakfast developed amphibiously laden luncheon-baskets, and I do verily believe that I ate six or seven luncheons—one either way don't make much difference—while the enterprise of the proprietor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, in sending me with an artist to "do" the expedition, was applauded *con amore*. The tropical foliage, flashing by us and silvered by the moonlight, showed us that we were in the sub-tropics, and the fever-haunted lagoons and dank and terrible marshes, that we were nearing the Crescent City. Half-after-nine on Monday night and we slowed into the station, just fifteen hours behind time.

"This is Sunny South!" was the universal exclamation as the shivering party gathered round the stove at the St. Charles, and in truth it was raw, and damp, and marrow-chilling. Not for many years has such weather been experienced in New Orleans, the stereotyped oldest inhabitants failing to recall severity so unexampled, so continuous. It was pitiful to see the rosebuds all frozen to death on their stems, victims of misplaced confidence, and that most charming of all promenades, Canal Street, deserted save by a few doubled-up pedestrians, who hurried beneath the continuous veranda much more in the New York rush than in the New Orleans lounge.

A deputation from the Cotton Exchange, headed by Mr. Lafitte, waited upon us at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, to tender a reception at the Exchange. Mr. Lafitte also offered to act as cicerone to the Houses of Legislature then in session. At one o'clock we started for the Houses, marching in twos, to the intense bewilderment of the good citizens, especially of the French section, who gesticulated freely, and commented somewhat severely upon our personal appearance. We paid our respects to Governor Nichols, who received us in the large hall, the background consisting of a very fine picture representing the memorable battle of New Orleans. The Governor, having shaken hands with each and all of the party, courteously conducted us to the Senate, and from thence to the House of Representatives.

"What is the clerk engaged in reading?" I asked of a colored member. The official was droning an unintelligible litany from an immense scroll.

"Well, you see, sir, the Governor's Message is being spun out now, and it amounts just to this—the Governor is trying to tell us how he has made such a blamed mess of it," was the reply.

From the House of Representatives we marched to the Cotton Exchange, this inner heart of the South, through which her very life-blood beats, strong, vigorous and healthy. It is an oblong apartment of unpretentious appearance, one particular wall being obliterated by immense blackboards inscribed by cabalistic words and figures, dead to the outer world as the characters in a Coptic manuscript. New York, Liverpool, New Orleans, each have boards allotted to them — exports, imports, Southern ports, Northern ports, interior movements, monthly payments, also claim special tablets. Then come figures in chalk that would set a Babbage insane, yet simple as A. B. C. to dapper clerks, who come to cast one short, sharp glance at "Spots" and "Futures," the price of gold at that particular moment on the Paris Bourse, in London and in Liverpool. My brain reeled again as I endeavored to follow the courteous secretary, Mr. H. G. Hester, in his explanations of dull, heavy and brisk markets, of losses of seventeen-twentieths, owing the sneezing of the Khedive of Egypt, or rises of four-fifteenths on account of the Emperor of Russia's having called for a second cup of coffee. One fact I carried away, and an astonishing one, namely, that the cotton crop for 1878 has reached a total of 4,773,865 bales, averaging in weight 473 pounds per bale, against 4,474,069 bales in 1877, averaging 468 pounds per bale, an excess in bales of 299,796, and in pounds of 164,384,359. I noticed a certain dark-eyed, low-shouldered, sallow-complexioned, close-looking class of men lounge in and out of this room, almost listlessly, and I was informed that those were types of the Southern planters. The early part of Wednesday proved propitious; the air, though "muggy," was soft and warm, and for a few moments the sun peeped out to take a peep at Canal Street, alive with pedestrians, for was it not the 8th of January and the sixty-third anniversary of the day when Jackson, at the head of a few rude hunters and frontiersmen of Kentucky and Tennessee, with a few battalions of Louisianians, met in battle on the plains of Chalmette the veterans of Wellington's army—men who had fought in the Peninsular War against Soult, Massena and Napoleon—and defeated those veterans more severely than any army of modern times has ever been beaten? A thick, muggy rain, and a thick, muggy atmosphere, thoroughly English, "choked off" the parade, and the few gray-coated warriors who put in an appearance seemed part and parcel of the drizzle and the mud.

The Enormous Crops in 1878.

THE December report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the corn crop for 1878 is some 30,000,000 bushels larger than that of 1877. The oat crop is somewhat in excess of that of 1877, making it the largest ever raised in this country. The average yield per acre is, however, less than in 1877, and the quality in most of the States is inferior. There is no material change in the barley crop from 1877, except that California increased her acreage from 450,000 to 650,000 acres and almost doubled her yield per acre. The total product for the year will be in round numbers 42,000,000 bushels against 34,500,000 bushels in 1877. The rye crop is about one-sixth larger than in 1877, but the quality of the crop is inferior in the New England (except Connecticut) and Southern States, while in the States of the West, Northwest, and Pacific slope it is superior, except in Illinois and Nebraska. The potato crop shows a large decline as compared with 1877, though the average was about the same, the difference being less than one per cent. The average yield of the whole country will be 69 bushels per acre against 94 bushels in 1877, making a total product in round numbers of 124,000,000 bushels for 1878, against 170,000,000 in 1877. The hay crop is twenty per cent. greater than last year. Sorghum is receiving increased attention, especially in the trans-Mississippi States and Territories. In Stearns County, Minn., a variety called amber cane is reported as yielding as high as 300 gallons of syrup per acre. Delaware County, Iowa, manufactured 100,000 gallons of syrup during the year, and found a home demand for the whole. The tobacco crop is larger, and exceptionally good.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Holborn Viaduct in London was recently experimentally lighted by electricity. The viaduct consists of several series of large vaults, sewers and subways, all of which were perfectly lighted.

Signor Carlo Guarmani, the well-known Arabian traveler, points out in a recent letter that the Arab Bay, which the Italian Government purchased some time ago, is choked up with sand, and entirely unsuited for a commercial port or naval station.

Excavations are now in progress on the Limberg, in the Bavarian palatinate, which will lead to important results for prehistoric investigation, inasmuch as they are directed to the elucidation of the much contested question regarding the constructors and former inhabitants of the Ringwall, near Dürkheim.

A Singular Project is on foot at Paris. M. Camille Flammarion, having published a number of articles to prove that the moon is not destitute of inhabitants, has been led to the idea of constructing a reflecting telescope which will be powerful enough to see them. He is now busy organizing a committee to collect the necessary funds.

M. Bardoux has reorganized the French Central Society of Agriculture, which will be styled the National Society of Agriculture. It will be composed of eighty-two ordinary members, ten foreign members, one hundred and fifty corresponding members in France and Algeria, and fifty foreign corresponding members. The President of the Republic is to be *ex-officio* the patron of this Society, and the Minister of Agriculture and Trade the honorary president.

A Scheme for the extension of meteorological observations throughout Russia is now being discussed by the Russian Government. The Central Meteorological Institution will be located at St. Petersburg. Provincial meteorological institutions will be created in connection with each Russian university, and these provincial institutions will have under their superintendence all meteorological stations of their respective districts, which stations will be largely increased in number.

Pure Hydrogen Gas.—Hydrogen gas when made from zinc, iron or other metals, is usually considerably contaminated. It has been found that this difficulty can be remedied by passing the gas through a mixture composed of 10 parts of bichromate of potash, 5 parts sulphuric acid and 100 parts water. By the use of this mixture hydrogen, free from the compounds of arsenic, antimony, sulphur, carbon and silicon, may be obtained.

Spontaneous Ignition of Hydrogen by Finely Divided Zinc.—In dissolving zinc in hydro-chloric acid, F. W. Hoffmann has observed explosions on the surface of the liquid in the vessels employed. These phenomena he describes in a recent paper, and explains them by the supposition that the gas in its evolution throws up small portions of zinc, rendered porous by the action of the acid, and that these finely divided particles coming in contact with the air act like spongy platinum, causing the gaseous mixture to explode.

The Bindings of Books Injured by Gas.—Prof. Wolcott Gibbs of Harvard University, in a letter referring to the conclusion which he once arrived at, that the bindings of the books of the public library were injured by the products of coal gas combustion, now expresses the opinion that his judgment was wrong. He has examined the books of the College and the Athenæum libraries, where gas is not used, and finds the binding in the same condition. It has been suggested by a binder of experience that the trouble in these cases is due to the poor quality of leather used and to defects in the tanning.

Separation of Antimony and Arsenic.—One of the most difficult problems in analytical chemistry has always been the separation of arsenic from antimony. In the last number of Liebig's *Annalen*, Professor Bunsen presents a new method intended to supersede that hitherto employed, which was discovered by him a number of years since, depending on the treatment of the combined sulphides with sulphurous acid. In the new process the sulphides are dissolved in potash and subjected to the action of chlorine. A quantity of a saturated aqueous solution of sulphureted hydrogen, sufficient to precipitate the antimony, is then added, and from the filtrate the arsenic acid is precipitated on heating by a long-continued stream of sulphureted hydrogen gas.

The Electric Light in 1670.—About the year 1670 Dr. Wall, of England, first observed the existence of electric light, and suggested the resemblance between electricity and lightning. He had a rude machine made out of a solid stick of sulphur, which, on revolving, gave out a phosphorescent light, and all of his energies were at first applied to the invention of an improved apparatus for rendering this light available for illuminating purposes. Otto Von Guericke also had the same idea in his mind, and all of the early physicists were intent on finding some way of rendering the new light available. The discovery of electro-magnetism, followed by the invention of the telegraph, diverted the attention of investigators into different paths. Recently, however, the whole world has started off in search of electric light, with every prospect of bringing it under control.

The Future of the Phonograph.—Dr. William F. Channing predicts a startling future for the phonograph. The sheet of tin-foil or other plastic material receiving the impressions of sound will be stereotyped or electrotyped so as to be multiplied and made durable. The cylinder will be made of material plastic when used and hardening afterwards. Thin sheets of paper-maché, or of various substances which soften by heat, would be of this character. Having provided thus for the durability of the phonotype plate, it will be very easy to make it separable from the cylinder producing it, and attachable to a corresponding cylinder, anywhere or at any time. There will doubtless be a standard of diameter and pitch of screw for phonotype cylinders. Friends at a distance will then send to each other phonotype letters, which will talk at any time in the friend's voice when put upon the instrument. How startling, also, it will be to reproduce and hear at pleasure the voice of the dead! All of these things are to be common, every-day experiences within a few years. It will be possible, a generation hence, to take a file of phonotype letters, spoken at different ages by the same person, and hear the early prattle, the changing voice, the manly tones, and also the varying manner and moods of the speaker—so expressive of character—from childhood up! These are some of the private applications. For public uses, we shall have galleries, where phonotype sheets will be preserved as photographs and books now are. The utterances of great speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect and tongue. As we go now to see the stereoptic on, we shall go to public halls to hear these treasures of speech and song brought out and reproduced as loud as, or louder than, when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of the earth. The ease with which the phonotype cylinders may be stereotyped or electrotyped and multiplied has been spoken of. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be induced to sing into the ear of the phonograph, and the electrotyped cylinders thus obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the streets, and we shall hear the actual voice of Christine Nilsson, of Miss Cary, or even of Jenny Lind and Alboni, ground out at every corner! The warbling of birds, the talking of parrots and the various hum of insects and sounds of nature at different periods can also be stored up for reproduction at will. The picture is a startling one, but nevertheless true.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KATE FIELD has raised three thousand dollars for the Shakespeare Memorial fund.

IT has been decided at Rome to accept the resignation of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati.

MR. LLOYD BRYCE and Miss Cooper, daughter of Mr. Edward Cooper, Mayor of New York, are to be married at Easter, in Grace Church.

THE death is announced on Christmas Eve, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, of Mrs. Lucy Anderson, who was for many years pianist to Her Majesty.

THE late Caleb Cushing's will will soon be probated. It is supposed that he left property worth $1,000,000, much of it being land in the South and West.

MR. EZEKIEL, the Hebrew sculptor, has made a bust of Christ, which is said to be beautiful and impressive. The face is strictly Jewish in type and full of spiritual expression.

THE KHEDIVE has expressed his desire to appoint several English officers to important posts in his army. It is at present uncertain whether His Highness's request will be granted.

LEO XIII. has decided to take energetic measures in order to prevent the Society of Jesus from interfering in ecclesiastical matters in Belgium and France. Instructions have been sent to the apostolic Nuncios on this subject.

MR. JOHN I. VAN VALKENBURGH, of Columbia County, is another old member of the New York Legislature who has been overlooked in recent references to the veterans of that body. He represented Columbia in 1820. He is now ninety-seven years old, and bright and clear of mind.

A REMARKABLE improvement has taken place in the health of Dean Stanley in consequence of his recent tour in the United States. In appearance and manner he is many years younger than he was before he left England. It is, therefore, not surprising that he should contemplate recrossing the Atlantic at no very distant date.

FATHER CURCI, the eminent theologian, is at work on his great commentary on the Scriptures, in which he will incorporate the aggregate teachings of German biblical writers. He has been kindly received by Monsignore San Felice, the Archbishop of Naples, who has given him all the facilities needed for prosecuting his labors.

THEEBAW, the new King of Burmah, was educated by an English missionary, and has chosen for his Prime Minister a man who has visited both England and France. The new monarch signalized his accession by abolishing, in so far as foreigners are concerned, the rule of the court which compelled every one to remove his shoes in the royal presence.

GOVERNOR CHARLES B. ANDREWS of Connecticut was born at Sunderland, Mass., in 1836, and graduated at Amherst with General Francis A. Walker, professor at Yale College. The Governor's mother is still living at Montague, aged seventy-four, and still takes an active interest in public events, and especially in all matters concerning the success of her son.

IT is announced that the betrothal of the Archduke Rodolphe, Prince Imperial of Austria, and the Princess Marie Mathilde Victoire Caroline of Saxony, has been decided, and will take place shortly. The young princess was born on March 19th, 1863, and she is the daughter of Prince George of Saxony, brother of the king and of the Infanta Marianne of Portugal.

PRINCE HENRY of the Netherlands, brother of King William, died January 13th. He was born June 13th, 1820. He held the position of Lieutenant Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and was also a member of the Cabinet Council. He was also Lieutenant-Representative of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. He married Amalia, Princess of Saxe Weimer, who died in 1872.

QUEEN VICTORIA has had the kindly custom for many years of receiving at Osborne House on Christmas Eve the poor old people and children of the adjacent villages, and of presenting to them in person gifts of food and clothing. This year the Queen's bereavement led her to complete seclusion, and her benefactions were dispensed by the pretty little hands of Princess Beatrice. The poor old women of the neighborhood were presented with dresses, the boys received good warm scarfs, and the girls shawls, the young people being also regaled with cake.

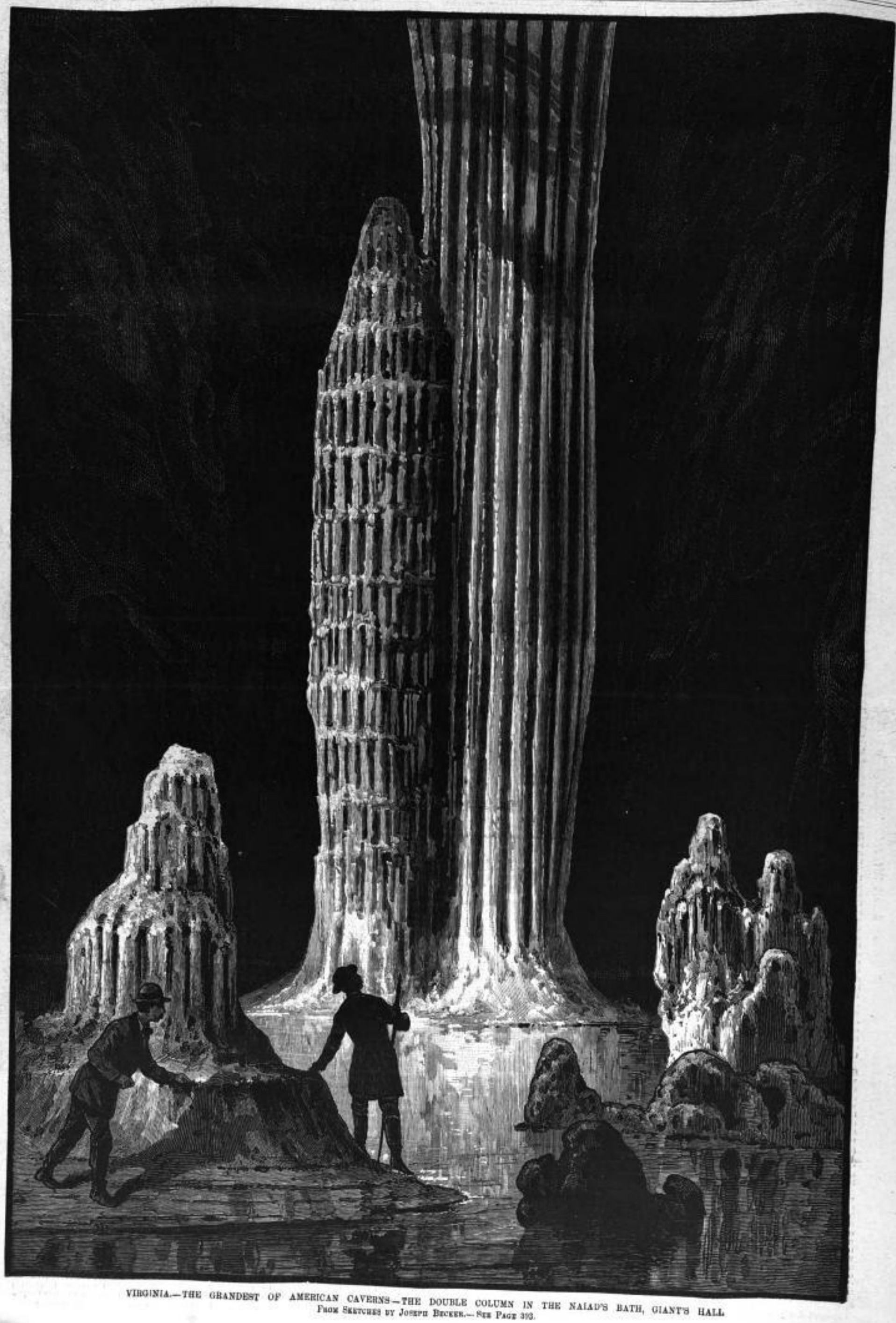
IT is said that there are nine estates of the Carpenter family now held by the Court of Chancery in England, estimated to be worth $200,000,000. The Carpenters of Rhode Island and Massachusetts have made desperate efforts to convince the Lord Chancellor of the solidity of their claims, but that functionary inexorably refuses to recognize them, and so the Long Island Carpenters are now going for his lordship. At present they are hampered by a missing link in the shape of the family Bible of Timothy Carpenter, an ancient volume bound in leather and brass, and filled with family records.

THE REV. J. B. Thomson, in command of the main body of the London Missionary Society's Expedition, reached Lake Tanganyika on the 23d of August, seventy-three days after his departure from Mpwapwa. The great African chief Mirambo furnished a small escort, whose presence exercised a moderating influence upon the demands for tribute put forward by Katumlumpula and the lord of the Malagarazi ferry, the former being satisfied with fifty six cloths, the latter with forty-four yards of calico and six pounds of beads. The expedition experienced but few of the difficulties which other travelers had to encounter.

IT appears that the late Dr. Frazer, of Hampstead, has made a bequest in his will leaving the large sum of $50,000 to the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh, for founding bursaries, etc., for medical students at the university. "but," runs his will, "having learnt that the horrible and atrocious practice prevailed there of performing unspeakably cruel operations and experiments on living animals, he now, by his will, canceled the bequest, and desired to benefit the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to a similar extent, since he could not reconcile it with his feelings to encourage, however remotely, the practice of vivisection."

A LETTER from Peking states that the Viceroy Li Hungchang has entered into a contract with Mr. Arnold Hague, of New York, an able geologist and mining expert, for the purpose of prospecting the gold, silver, and other mines in the north of China. Mr. Hague is expected to start shortly from Tientsin for the mining regions. The just published Consular Report from Canton also states that General Fang, a well-known military officer, has been instructed to arrange for an immediate supply of European machinery to be used in local mines. It appears to be thought that there is great likelihood of the early working of coal and other mines in the provinces of Chihli, Hunguei, Kwangsi, and Szechuen.

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VIRGINIA.—THE GRANDEST OF AMERICAN CAVERNS.—THE DOUBLE COLUMN IN THE NAIAD'S BATH, GIANT'S HALL.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 393.

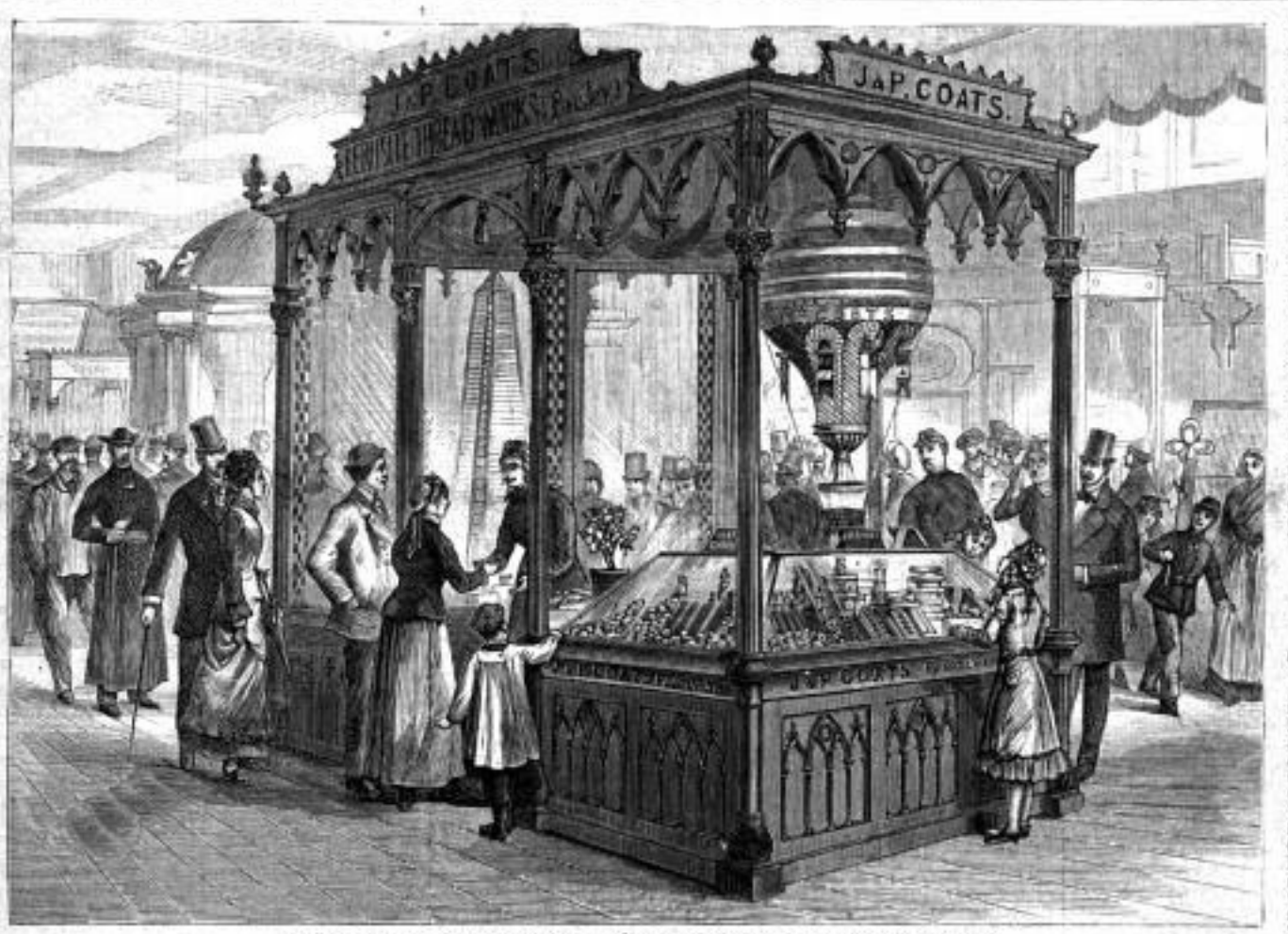
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SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON.

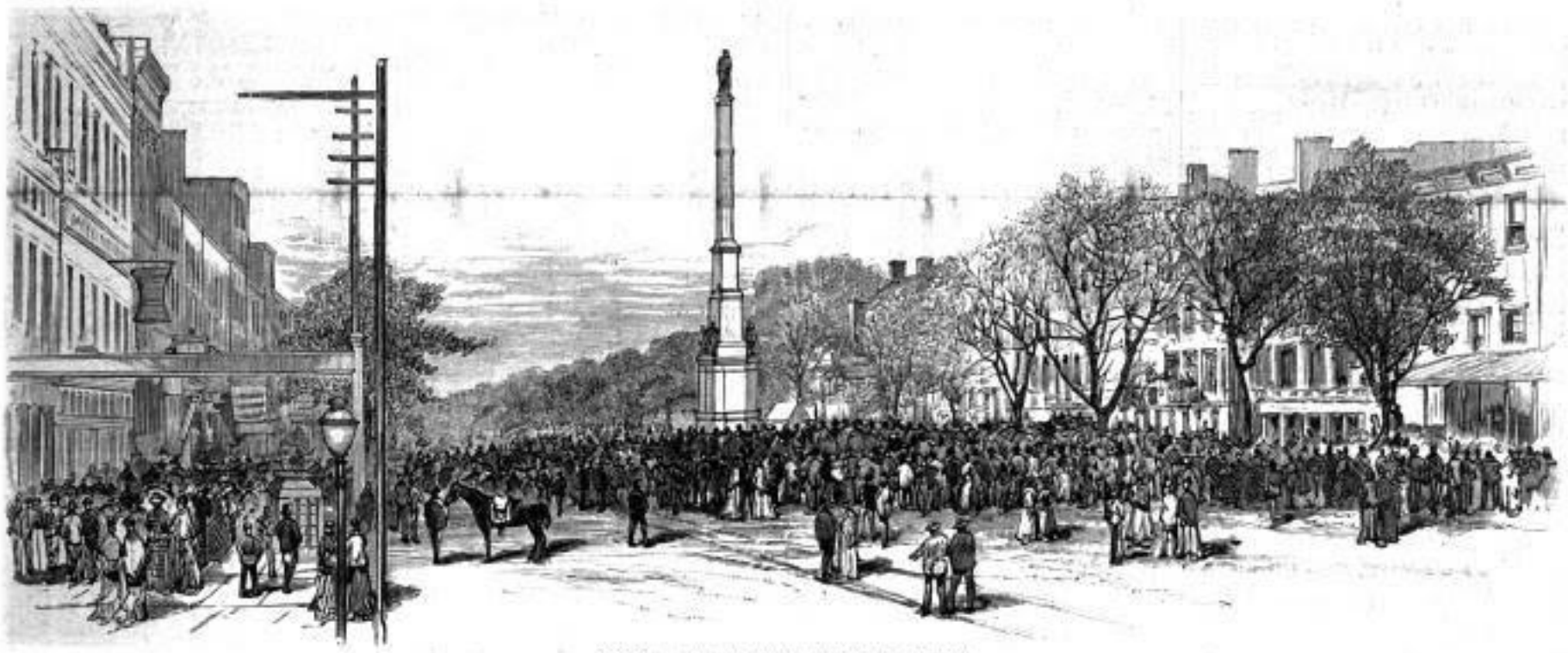
As it is one of the missions of the press to correct all statements prejudicial to truth or the interests of the public, we are glad to perceive in a recent number of the *United States Economist* an article which places in proper light the clearly won title of Messrs. J. & P. Coats and Mr. Clark to the first place in this country touching the manufacture of what is commonly called six-cord spool cotton.

At the great Paris Exposition just closed, the Messrs. Coats, who have most extensive works at Pawtucket, R. I., as well as in Europe, entered into competition with all the world for the highest award in relation to this cotton, and received the gold medal, while the Willimantic Linen Company was awarded for the same exhibit a silver medal only. The judges in the case were men of the highest honor and the soundest practical judgment. In the Official Catalogue of the awards, page 146 to 151, Group IV., Class XXX., it is set forth that the only recipients of GOLD MEDALS for threads and cotton fabrics were Ashworth & Son, Brook & Brothers, Clark & Co., and J. & P. Coats, all of England, and Wallaert Brothers, France, involving the distribution of just FIVE GOLD MEDALS. There were twelve other competitors noticed in this branch of industry, among whom were the Willimantic Linen Company, Hartford, Conn., who received a SILVER medal, and Semple & Sons, of Mount Holly, N. J., who received a BRONZE medal. From this decision there is no appeal; nor can any description of trickery or special pleading alter the verdict delivered before the congregated world, so to speak, in Paris, and by a committee selected with the utmost care and with the fullest regard to their probity and their fitness to pronounce upon the relative merits of the various cottons submitted to them.

It is not seemly, by any subterfuge or dishonest coloring, to attempt to mystify the action of this committee, or the preference expressed by their awards to the five manufacturers just named. It were fruitless, in any company, to attempt to argue the general public into the belief that a BRONZE or a SILVER medal is as valuable or as significant of excellence as a GOLD one. Coats and Clark have extensive manufactories in this country, as well as the Willimantic Linen Company, and hence our special desire that each should occupy the position assigned to it by the tribunal to whom all three had voluntarily appealed. Beyond this we have no interest to gratify, and here we leave the subject with an intelligent and just public.



FRANCE.—EXHIBIT OF MESSRS. J. & P. COATS'S SEWING COTTON AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



GEORGIA.—THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, AUGUSTA.

HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

THE Confederate monument erected in Augusta, Ga., through the efforts of the Ladies' Memorial Association, and unveiled on the 31st of October last, is one of the most notable structures of its kind in the United States. It stands in the middle of Broad Street, near the Globe Hotel, in the most conspicuous place, and in the centre of the business part of the city. The base is Georgia granite, twenty-two feet square, and the monument itself of the finest white Italian marble, imported free of duty by Act of Congress. The total height is seventy-six feet. At the top of the first section, twenty feet from the base, stand in bas-relief there was a debt of $100,000 upon it. This sum was raised last Spring, and on Sunday, May 26th, the payment of the debt was celebrated by a large congregation. The pastor, Rev. Edward L. Clark, is an expert carver, and the handsome frieze of plaster which surrounds the ceiling and the ornamental caps and brackets attached to the main pillars are the work of his hands. His study is in the top of the western tower, and is full of curiosities, a Bengal tiger's skin covering the floor. The fireplace and book-shelves, which run up twenty feet to the ceiling, and the staircases leading to the upper shelves, as well as the furniture, are carved in intricate designs out of solid oak by the pastor.



NEW YORK CITY.—EX-JUDGE JOSIAH SUTHERLAND.—FROM A PHOTO BY SARONY. SEE PAGE 402.

CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

THE Presbyterian Church of the Puritans, on Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, New York, is a building of massive white marble, erected in the Gothic style. Elaborately carved oak is employed for the pews, wainscoting and pulpit, and a deep scarlet carpet matches the upholstery of the pews and chancel. A private stairway, out of sight of the congregation, leads to a room in the chancel part of the building, furnished with easy-chairs and lounges, and known as the invalid chamber. It was provided for the benefit of the aged and sick who cannot undergo the fatigue of sitting throughout the service in a pew. The cost of the building was about $250,000, and at the dedication



NEW YORK CITY.—CHURCH OF THE PURITANS, FIFTH AVENUE AND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH STREET.

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at the corners life-size statues of Generals Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Thomas R. R. Cobb and W. H. T. Walker. Lee and Jackson represent the Lost Cause, Cobb the State of Georgia, and Walker, Richmond County. On the next section are the coat-of-arms of Georgia and the Confederate States. The obelisk rises proportionately with tasteful ornamentations from this section to the cap, which is surmounted by the statue of a private Confederate soldier, heroic size, at rest. The inscriptions are these:

East side:

"Our Confederate dead."

West side:

Erected A. D., 1878,
By the Memorial Association of Augusta,
In Honor of
The Men of Richmond County,
Who died in
The Cause of the Confederate States.

North side:

In Memoriam.
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

South side:

Worthy
to have lived and known
Our Gratitude;
Worthy
to be hallowed and held
in tender remembrance;
Worthy
the Fadeless Fame which
Confederate Soldiers
won,
Who gave themselves in life
and death for us;
For the Honor of Georgia;
For the Rights of the States;
For the Liberties of the People;
For the Sentiments of the South;
For the Principles of the Union;
As these were handed down to them
By the Fathers of our Common Country.

The oration at the unveiling was delivered by Colonel Charles C. Jones, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, and a large military force, headed by the band of the Thirteenth United States Infantry, stationed at Atlanta. The monument, which cost $17,331, is considered a marvel of cheapness, but the work was done very low, and much expense was spared by the Congressional action admitting the foreign materials free of duty.

HON. JOSIAH SUTHERLAND.

JUDGE JOSIAH SUTHERLAND was born at Stamford, Duchess County, in 1807. He entered at and graduated from Union County, Schenectady, and began the study of law with Huntington & Kirkland, at Waterford, and Bushnell & Stebbins, at Hudson. He was admitted to practice in 1828, and opened an office in Livingston, Columbia County. Shortly after his admission he was appointed District Attorney of Columbia County, and held that office continuously for twelve years.

In 1838 Judge Sutherland moved to Hudson, and took an active part in what were known as the Anti-rent troubles, being attorney and counsel for the vast Livingston estates in Columbia County. He was elected a member of the Thirty-second Congress, and served out his term.

In 1851 Judge Sutherland moved to New York City, and formed a partnership with the late Judge Claudius L. Monell. In the Fall of that year he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court, in this district, for a term of six years, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of the late James R. Whiting.

The term having expired, Judge Sutherland was in November, 1863, unanimously re-elected for the full term of eight years, no candidate being nominated in opposition to him. At the expiration of the term, Judge Sutherland returned to the practice of law in this city, and during the year which followed was appointed by the Legislature Chairman of a Commission to pass upon the legality of a large number of city contracts, in regard to the payment for which there was a controversy between the contractors on one side, and the Comptroller, Andrew H. Green, on the other.

In November 1872, Judge Sutherland was elected City Judge for the full term of six years, to succeed Hon. Gunning J. Bedford, whose term of office had expired.

Shortly before the expiration of this term, a few weeks ago, Judge Sutherland was the recipient at the hands of the Bar of this city of the highest compliment ever paid to a retiring judge in our city, in the form of an immense meeting in the General Term Room of the Supreme Court, at which most eulogistic resolutions were adopted, and remarks made by judges and leading members of the Bar.

Judge Sutherland has again resumed the practice of the law at No. 42 Pine Street in this city, in connection with Mr. F. M. Scott, who was his partner in 1872.

NEW BOOKS.

A NEW American novel, entitled "His Heart's Desire," has just appeared from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. The author is not known, but he has done his work cleverly. The book shows a good deal of dramatic power, and the plot is unfolded with genuine artistic skill. It is hinted that the upper circles of New York society furnish the characters and scenes of the book, but these possess no features or characteristics which may not be found in the social life of any large community. The same house has just issued an interesting book called "Thirty Years at Sea." Lovers of adventure, and persons especially who find a peculiar charm in sea tales, will be well repaid by perusal of this volume, which is not only well written, but furnishes much information concerning strange lands and peoples.

A Tree that Yields Food, Wine and Oil.

MR. E. LOCKWOOD, who was for several years a magistrate in Monghyr, India, has described in the Journal of the Linnean Society the economic uses of the mahwa tree, which he speaks of as "a fountain yielding food, wine and oil" to the inhabitants of the country where it grows. This tree (the *Bassia latifolia* of botanists) grows in the plains and forests of Bengal, and attains a height of forty to fifty feet, with numerous spreading branches, forming a close, shady, rounded crown. Standing on the Kharakpoor hills, 250 miles northwest of Calcutta, a hundred thousand of the trees are visible in the plains below. They might be mistaken for the mango, but while the mango is uncertain in its yield, the crop of the mahwa never fails. The part eaten is the flowers, which are sweet-tasting and succulent, and fall in great profusion during March and April. The natives collect these, dry them, and store them as staple articles of food. Each tree yields two or three hundred weight of the corollas; so that the total yield in the Monghyr district alone, it is estimated, cannot fall short of 100,000 tons. The nourishment is good, for the Santhals, who use it largely, are plump and happy. The mahwa had its share in alleviating the Indian famine, and during the scarcity which prevailed at Behar (1873–4) the crop, which was unusually abundant, kept thousands of poor people from starvation. The flowers are still more useful for feeding cattle; and again the same recommendation may be advanced, that while the potato, maize and barley are uncertain in their crop, there has never been a season when these edible corollas have been known to fail. Their keeping powers are excellent; a ton, dried and put into sacks, was exported, and, examined after two years' time, was found to be undamaged. The tree furnishes a hard and strong timber used for carriage wheels, etc. The seeds yield a greenish-yellow oil, used for burning in lamps, making soap, and for culinary purposes. The flowers, in addition to their use as food, are now largely employed in the distillation of a strong-smelling spirit, resembling whisky, and which is consumed in great quantities by the natives. This liquor, when fresh, proves very deleterious to Europeans. The mahwa is considered by the Bheels as essential to their very existence, and this fact is taken advantage of by the Government in dealing with refractory tribes; it is only necessary to threaten the destruction of their mahwa trees to bring them to submission. Some of the English papers believe that there is a possible commercial future for the economic products of this tree, especially for its oil, which is said to be worth $175 per ton in India.

FUN.

A SWINGING board in front of a shop is a bad sign in windy weather.

FIVE barrels of coal to a poor widow is worth two boxes of sermons on charity.

BOSTON girls say to the men who offer themselves, "Beau 's is you, yes,"—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*. New York girls reply, "Cents is you, yes."—*Boston Advertiser*. Doubtless the Hartford girls answer, "Assets you, yes."

"I'D like you to help me a little," said a vagrant, poking his head into a country store. "Why don't you help yourself?" asked the proprietor. "Thank you, I will," said the tramp, picking up a bottle of pickles and two loaves of bread, and then vanishing.

"PLEASE draw upon the blackboard an interrogation point," said a teacher to one of her pupils. "Can't make a good one," replied the boy. "Draw a boot-buttoner," said the teacher, "that will answer." The boy took the crayon and drew a hairpin. Sharp rebuke by the teacher. Other scholars smile.

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.—*Facetious Old Party*: "How long do you say that wine has been bottled, waiter?" *Waiter*: "Fourteen years, sir. *Facetious Old Party*: "Lor, I didn't know flies would live as long as that." *Waiter*: "Flies, sir?" *Facetious Old Party*: "Yes, I mean that one kicking about in the bottle." Waiter collapses.

"WH-O-O-P! Glory enough!" shouted a schoolboy to his companions yesterday morning, as he proceeded to give them the news. "Eight teachers snowed in and no school this week. How is that for high?" Up went several hats, and up went indescribable yells that would doubly discount the wildest Indian war-cry ever uttered.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.—*Lady of the House* (to greengrocer in waiting): "Parkins, what does this mean?" *Greengrocer to Waiting* (who has taken more than a drop too much): "Mean, m'm? It means as I'm off! Fitch and blood can't stand the phrases they lavishes on that there bird. It's all Turkey—Turkey—Turkey—and, dooce take 'em, not one word for my vegetables!"

A COLORED clergyman within the limits of our fair city stepped into a grocery store on State Street recently, and, accosting the proprietor, said: "Our church is out ob communion wine." "Very well," said the accommodating dealer, "about what are you going to want?" "Well," responded the colored wearer of the white neckcloth, "we hahn't got 'nuff communion wine to las' de year fru, and some of de ladies ob de congregashun hab expressed a predrunce for gin."

BUSINESS FAILURES.

LACK of judgment causes fully fifty per cent. of all business men to fail, earlier or later. Do not an equal proportion of physicians fail to cure from the same cause? At the Grand Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce, through the skill attained by his several specialists, each having devoted years to a special department of medical science, is able to cure a large per cent. of cases hitherto considered incurable. Many physicians, in view of the superior advantages of this model sanitarium, bring there stubborn, obscure, complicated and surgical cases for examinations, operation and treatment. Full particulars given in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," an illustrated work of over 900 pages. Price, post-paid, $1.50. Address the Author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

We call attention to the "Advantage of having a Maine Non-forfeiture Law Policy in the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company," as illustrated by the claim of $6,000, which has just been paid to the widow of the late Captain Charles L. Gardiner, on a policy which had lapsed for the non-payment of premiums, but on which the whole insurance was saved by the provision of the non-forfeiture law and the express terms of the policy issued by the company.

The Union Mutual makes a special feature of the non-forfeiture law and its definite policy contract, by which it aims, and so far as we see effectually, to give retiring members equities and rights of which, under the former practice of life insurance companies, they have been unjustly deprived. The company is one of the oldest in the country, having commenced business in 1849. During the twenty-nine years, ending December 31st, 1878, it has returned its members over fifteen millions of dollars ($15,135,137,35), as follows: On 7,618 death claims, $5,545,224.62; on endowments paid at maturity, or discounted and paid before maturity, and annuities, $1,224,712,63; for cash dividends on policies in force (the company has no stock capital), $3,852,156.27, and on surrendered policies purchased and lapsed notes cancelled, $4,403,012.13; while its present accumulated assets, after the payment of these large sums to policy-holders, exceed seven million dollars, including, by the New York standard of valuation, a surplus over all policy and other liabilities of more than seven hundred thousand dollars. Its annual income from premiums and interest is nearly two million dollars. These figures in themselves indicate a sound and healthy condition.

The recently published December monthly statement for the year 1878 shows that it has been one of uniform prosperity in every department of its business. As compared with 1877, its losses by death were nearly one hundred thousand dollars less, and its expenses were reduced nearly as much more. The sums paid out for expenses in 1878 were nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars less than in 1876, the ratio of expenses to income having been reduced over twelve per cent. in two years. During 1878 alone it paid its policy-holders more than two millions of dollars in death claims, matured and discounted endowments, policies purchased, dividends and notes canceled. Every just claim has been promptly paid when due, and the amount and character of these payments, the improved quality and value of its investments, the low rate of its mortality, and the large reduction of the expenses incurred in the management of its affairs, afford abundant reason for satisfaction on the part of those directly interested in the success of this institution, and are a demonstration of the value of life insurance, and of the soundness and safety of the theory of the business when affairs are ably and honestly managed.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, held recently, the protest of one hundred and thirty-two policy-holders against the thirty per centum discount to new policy-holders was presented by the President. Also a memorial from more than six thousand policy-holders, representing more than eight thousand policies, approving the management, and requesting the continuance of the present system. On the recommendation of the President, the protest and memorial were referred to a special committee, selected by the board, consisting of A. H. Rice, William E. Dodge, Samuel D. Babcock, George S. Coe, Martin Bates, William A. Haines, and F. H. Cossitt, to whom the whole subject was referred, with instructions to report at the next regular meeting in February. The committee will afford to all persons interested ample opportunity to be heard.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CARNRICK, HAZARD & Co., Proprietors, New York.

A MOST novel business card has been issued by the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL in the shape of beautifully engraved miniature fans, which are greatly in demand by the ladies for albums, etc. They consist of marine and landscape views, and are exquisite in design and execution.

THE Collins antidote for the opium habit is very highly commended by thousands who have been cured by it. The value of a remedy which really saves the opium-eater, without suffering or inconvenience, cannot be measured by any ordinary language.

ORIENT MINE, GOLD HILL, NEV., Jan. 4th, 1879.
I have applied H. W. Johns' ASBESTOS DOUBLE AIR CHAMBER COVERING to our pipes, and it gives perfect satisfaction. I consider it the very best covering introduced on the "Comstock," and I can apply it at less than half the cost of cements or any other material.
Yours truly,
M. C. FOOT, Chief Engineer.

OPHIR MINING CO., VIRGINIA, NEV., Jan. 6th, 1879.
Having used these goods, I fully concur in Mr. Foot's opinion. JAMES BROWN, Chief Engineer.

THE GENUINE ASBESTOS MATERIALS are manufactured only by H. W. JOHNS' MANUFACTURING CO., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
☞ Beware of imitations.

Keep your Bird in health and song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage-dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., New York.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EUGENE FERRIS & SON, No. 81 Nassau Street, West Side.

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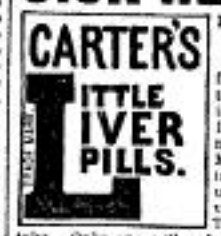
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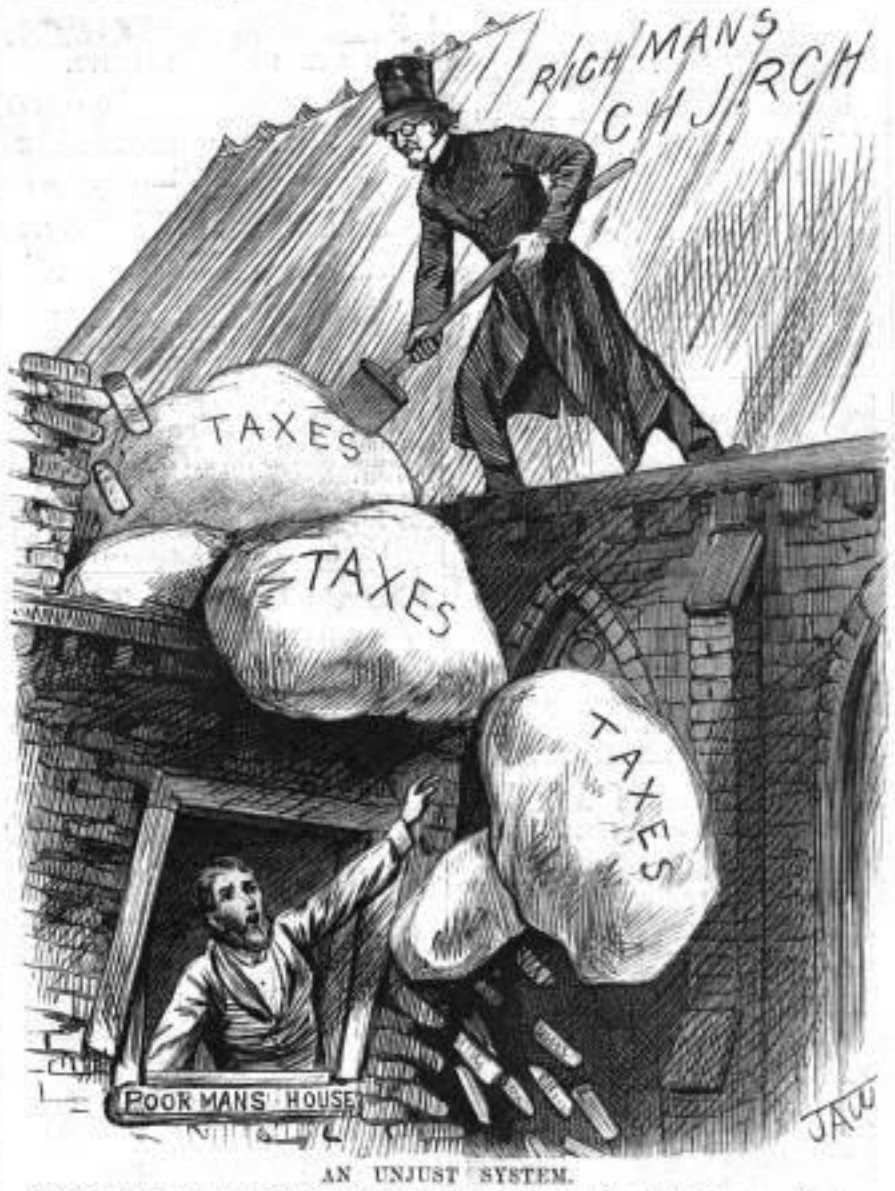
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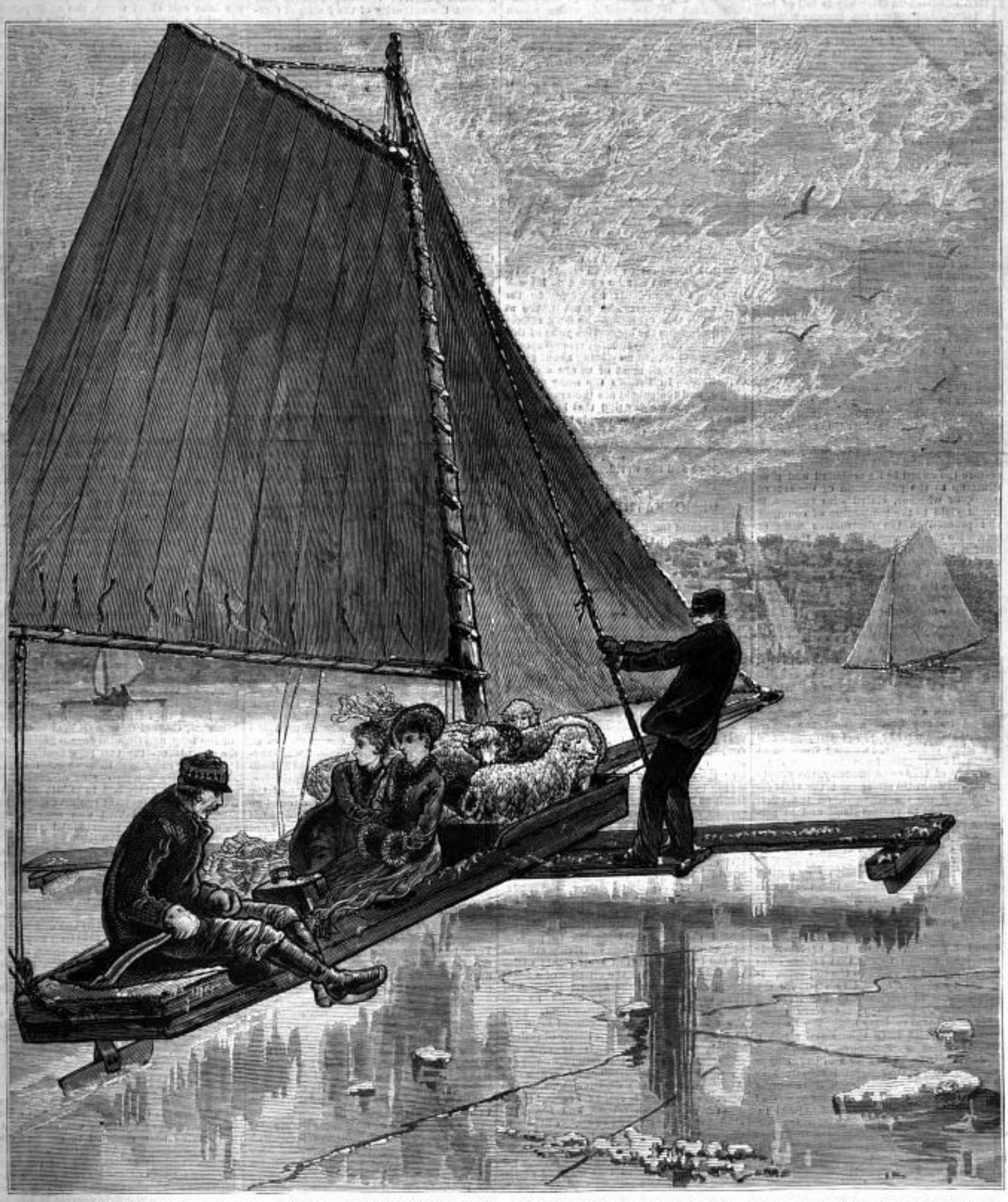
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NEW YORK.—"HANK" WARD'S ICE-BOAT FERRY ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER, FROM NEWBURG TO FISHKILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 411.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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THE CRISIS IN GERMANY.

THE situation in Germany is full of interest. Discontent has become almost chronic. The ruling powers and the people are drifting into direct antagonism. On the one hand, relief is sought by means of conspiracy and lawless violence; and order is maintained on the other by assumptions of authority which are in flat opposition to the spirit and principles of freedom. It cannot be denied that there are elements at work in German politics which are full of menace to the tranquillity of the state.

He would have been a daring man who should have predicted at the close of the Franco-German War the present condition of affairs. Then Germany had come forth triumphant from two great wars. She had humbled Austria; she had crushed France. In one case, at least, the indemnity money must have gone far to defray the actual expenses of the conflict. This was much, but it was not all. German unity, so long the object of German ambition, had become an accomplished fact, and German vanity had been flattered by the restoration of the empire and the re-establishment of the throne of Otho and Frederick of the Red Beard. To all the surrounding nations Germany had become the object of envy. A new and mighty nation had, so to speak, been born in a day. A great and unrivaled military power had sprung up in the centre of Europe. Thoughtful men asked themselves the question whether this new power would assert its energies for good or for evil—whether, satisfied with what it had accomplished and what it had won, it would restore the sword to its scabbard and give itself up to the prosecution of the arts of peace, or whether, elated with success, it would yield to the temptation of conquest and proceed in the destructive work of war. No one dreamed, however, that in so brief a period after this high tide of success Germany would be in a condition not dissimilar to that in which France found herself on the eve of the first great revolution. Least of all did any one conceive it to be possible that at the beginning of the year 1879 the relative positions of France and Germany should have become so completely changed—the one, in spite of all her suffering and sorrow, in spite of the destruction of her property and the exhaustion of her treasury, steadily consolidating the Republic and enjoying an internal tranquillity and a material prosperity not surpassed by any other nation; the other, notwithstanding her proud triumphs and her large indemnity, suffering from great financial depression, from stagnation in all branches of trade and industry, the people in almost open revolt against the Government, and the Government, on the other hand, seeking to protect itself and to preserve order by the enactment and enforcement of laws which are wellnigh Draconic in their severity. It is a striking and suggestive contrast.

It might prove an interesting as well as a profitable study to inquire into the causes which have produced results so different in the respective countries. Some of these causes it would probably be difficult to discover. Some of them, however, might be found comparatively on the surface. It would be absurd to say that France owes her wonderful recovery to the Republic. It would be equally absurd to attribute the misfortunes of Germany to her Imperial institutions. France might have recovered with equal rapidity under the Empire. Germany might have been equally unfortunate under a Republic. One radical difference between France and Germany is to be found in the natural resources of the two countries. In natural resources France is really a rich country—one of the richest in the world. In natural resources Germany is comparatively poor. This helps us to understand why France has so wonderfully recovered herself; but it does not explain to us why Germany, after having expended the five milliards of indemnity money, should now be so financially straitened. We must look for the cause of Germany's difficulty elsewhere. And without traveling far, we are convinced that we find the principal and the immediately pressing cause in the military system of the empire. Huge military establishments are the curse of most of the nations of Europe. But nowhere is the military system so oppressive as it is in Germany. The old Prussian system now prevails all over the empire. It is a nation of soldiers. It is the army first; everything else must take a second place. Every able-bodied youth is taught the art of war, is bound to serve a term of three years in the regular army, and is liable ever afterwards, until incapacitated by age or sickness, to be called upon for service in the landwehr. Such a system is, and cannot but be, ruinous to many of the best interests of a nation and people. It absorbs the people's means; it clogs the wheels of industry; it takes away from productive pursuits a larger percentage of intelligent power; it demoralizes a large proportion of the best elements of the population and unfits them for active business. It is not easy to exchange the camps or the barracks for the counting-house or the workshop. Such is the system under which Germany groans; and in this huge military system is, we believe, to be found the real secret of Germany's sorrow. The burden is too heavy. It is crushing the life out of the empire.

If we are right in what we have said, it is manifest that the "blood and war" policy will not cure the evil, or permanently allay German discontent. It is not a love for mere theories which is giving life to German Socialism. It is felt oppression. It is visible wrong. It is real want. The army is the upas-tree which is poisoning the life of the German Empire. While the root source remains, the evil will remain. and Socialism will find nourishment from popular discontent. Bismarck may legislate as he pleases; he may induce the Imperial Legislature to pass repressive bills without number; he may continue with his iron heel to crush out the violators of law; but not by such a policy will he save Germany. If he would be the savior of his country, he must strike at the root of this upas-tree—he must relieve the prople from the oppressive yoke of this Imperial military system. Perseverance in the opposite course may bring about grave evils sooner than most of us are disposed to believe. In Prussia the army are the people, and the people are the army. Bismarck may some day find that he asks too much when he asks the people to turn their weapons against themselves. The reduction of the German army would be a gain not to Germany alone—it would be a gain to Europe and the world.

DEMOCRATIC BOURBONS.

THE stolid indifference of the Democratic leaders in Congress to the lessons of experience is the great marvel of the times. Some weeks since Mr. Edmunds introduced in the Senate a resolution reaffirming the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution. For this resolution, against which no possible objection can lie, except, perhaps, that it is a surplusage, the Democrats have formally proposed a substitute, adopted in party caucus, which embraces substantially the heresy which impelled the South into rebellion, and which it had been supposed the fierce fires of war had consumed. The substitute admits the amendments to be of binding force and validity, but it asserts that when the right of a citizen to vote is denied or abridged on account of race or color or previous condition of servitude by "the conduct of a person who is not so acting by the authority and in obedience to the laws of the State, the jurisdiction to punish such conduct is in the State Government, and is not in the Government of the United States." The adoption of the principle here advanced would be destructive of the vital element of nationality. It would involve the abdication by the Government of all control over the fundamental sources of its power, and do for the South nearly all that it failed to accomplish by rebellion. The right, it is true, would remain with Congress to prevent State Governments from depriving citizens of the United States of their rights under the Constitution, but the citizens of a State could combine for the accomplishment of that end, and no remedy would be applicable by the General Government. That the States could not be depended upon for the punishment of persons guilty of intimidation, fraud and violence is only too apparent both from the failure of the authorities of South Carolina, Louisiana and Alabama to take any decisive steps for the arrest and trial of persons concerned in the November election frauds, and from the efforts made by citizens of some of them to obstruct the execution of the processes of the Federal Courts.

There can be but one opinion among patriotic citizens as to this attitude of the partisan Democracy. The party leaders cannot plead ignorance of the fact that in at least four of the Southern States the Federal authority has been positively assailed by deliberate legislative action. In Virginia joint resolutions are pending which propose the nullification of the Civil Rights Bill and Enforcement Act; which, in other words, demand the absolute withdrawal of Federal authority as to elections and the equality of citizens. In Florida practically similar action is proposed, while in Alabama the Legislature denounces bitterly all attempts, under Federal law, to secure the purity of elections, and proposes to escape the operation of such law by obstructive local legislation. In the same State certain Federal officials engaged in the performance of lawful duties, and the custodians of important evidence designed to be used in a United States Court in the trial of persons indicted for violation of the Federal Election Law, have been arrested by order of a local court, imprisoned, and the prosecution of the offenders thus made impossible. In all these States, as well as in Arkansas and Missouri, the dominant party asserts, unhesitatingly, the right of the State to protect all persons or communities guilty of violating Federal law, against the authority of the National Government created under the Constitution. Substantially, they take their stand upon the same definition of the reserved rights of the States as was adopted by South Carolina in 1832, when she attempted to prevent the collection of Federal duties upon imports. The "nullification ordinance" declared the Tariff Act of 1828 and 1832 to be null and void, and that no appeal should be made to the Supreme Court of the United States against the validity of a State law nullifying the tariff. This is precisely the spirit of the resolutions proposed in the Senate as a substitute for those of Mr. Edmunds, and thus we are again brought face to face with the old question which has so long vexed our statesmanship and disturbed our politics.

We risk nothing at all in saying that if the Democratic Party desires to carry the country in 1880 it must unload the Bourbons who deliberately propose to surrender the principle that citizenship is national, and, being so, is to be defended, whenever and however assailed, by all the power at the nation's command.

RECENT CRIMINAL TRIALS.

THE recent trials of Hunter and Mrs. Cobb suggest the question of the duty of lawyers to their clients, and the inquiry as to how far they are justified in their efforts to save them. When Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, submitted that question to the great moralist, the latter said his conclusion, after due thought, was that a lawyer was bound to do for his client what the client would do for himself, had he the learning and ability of his counsel. Sterner casuists have considered that this went beyond the strict line of duty, for it involved the criminal's right to compel his lawyer to perjure himself, since, as no man on trial for murder would hesitate to swear falsely to save his life, the lawyer was bound by this dictum to act in a similar manner.

There have been many notable cases in which eminent criminal lawyers have forgotten the claims of truth and uttered what they knew to be false. One case was when Courvoisier, the valet who murdered his master, Lord William Russell, was being tried for the crime. His counsel, Mr. Phillips, one of the most eminent then practicing at the Bar, solemnly assured the Court that he knew from circumstances he could not reveal that his client was innocent of the murder. The evidence, however, against the prisoner was conclusive, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The wretched man, when he found he had no chance of escape, not only confessed to the clergyman that he murdered Lord Russell, but also that he had confessed the same to his counsel before he undertook his defense. Upon the disclosure of this fact, Mr. Phillips tried to explain away his perjury, but it was always a stigma on his reputation, and, of course, very much weakened his influence with juries.

The late James T. Brady, the most eminent and successful criminal lawyer New York has produced, before he undertook the defense of a client, always insisted upon knowing the exact truth about the matter, as otherwise he might "bungle" the defense. He assumed the ground that if a patient deceived the physician as to his symptoms and sufferings, he was more likely to kill him than to cure him. Mr. Brady also modified Johnson's definition of a lawyer's duty by saying that a counsel was only bound to use all his legal knowledge and eloquence to clear his client, but not lie in his behalf, and this, indeed, seems to be the fair inference.

The recent trial of Hunter for the murder of Armstrong, that of Billings for shooting his wife, and lastly, that of Mrs. Cobb for the poisoning of her husband, are all remarkable for the strong animus betrayed by the prosecuting attorneys against the prisoners. They evidently ignored the established axiom that every person is innocent till he is proved to be guilty, and acted upon the French custom, when the *procureur de roi* openly abuses the prisoner at the Bar from the very beginning of the trial. This course sometimes defeats the ends of justice, as it did in the case of Jesse Billings, turning the feeling of displeasure with the district attorney into actual sympathy with the prisoner. In this connection, we must express our disapprobation of the conduct of the prosecuting attorney in the Connecticut case, in placing a little daughter of Mrs. Cobb on the stand to testify against her mother. Proceedings of this character are sure to react by creating a factitious sympathy with the accused, thus very often defeating the ends of justice which would otherwise be attained.

THE NEW SENATORS.

NINE States have elected United States Senators during the last week. In this State Senator Conkling was returned by the unanimous vote of his party. In Indiana Senator Voorhees was re-elected for both the long and short terms, the anticipated opposition disappearing under the whip of party discipline. Mr. Voorhees is a man of undoubted ability and is the idol of the rank and file of his party in his State, but his financial views are radically wrong, and unless he shall abate the rancor of his antagonism to the policy to which the country is now committed, his re-election will not inure to the public advantage. In Pennsylvania, Senator Cameron, against whom a combination of Democrats and discontented Republicans was at one time thought to be probable, was re-elected by a decisive vote, and being thus confirmed in his hold upon the party machinery, he will no doubt continue to exercise a controlling influence in Pennsylvania politics. In North Carolina ex-Governor Zebulon B. Vance was elected in place of Senator Merrimon, who withdrew from the contest before the caucus ballot. The Senate will not be strengthened in statesmanship by the change. Mr. Merrimon has been a hard-working, conscientious legislator, rather conservative than otherwise in his views and tendencies, while Governor Vance is a violent partisan, a supporter of the extremest States Rights doctrines, and generally an obstructionist as to all measures looking to the preservation of the fruits of the Civil War. In Illinois General John A. Logan is elected in place of Senator Oglesby, having achieved a notable triumph over the opposing element in his party. Many will cordially welcome his return to public life. In Connecticut, Orville H. Platt is chosen as the successor of Senator Barnum. He is a gentleman of pure character, of some experience in affairs, but not distinguished for ability. It is surprising that, with the opportunity of securing such a representative in the Senate as General Joseph R. Hawley—a statesman of national reputation, who has been identified with the best elements and all the reformatory tendencies of our politics, and who is withal distinguished for broad and catholic views—the Republicans of Connecticut should have permitted themselves to select a comparatively unknown man for that high and honorable position. In Florida, Mr. Wilkinson Call, who is described as a lawyer, and who served in the Confederate Army, is elected in place of Senator Conover. Of this change, also, it is to be said that the interests of the public service are not likely to be promoted by it. From Missouri, Colonel George G. Vest is chosen for the long, and General James Shields for the short term—the two representing diametrically opposing influences. General Shields, after a long career of honorable service in the Army and in public life, entered the Union ranks at the first mutter of rebellion. Colonel Vest was conspicuous as a leader of the Secessionists in Missouri, subsequently serving in both branches of the Confederate Congress. Since the War he has been the acknowledged leader of what is known in Missouri as the Confederate element. He has pledged himself, however, to the support of all the Constitutional amendments, and especially to the protection of the negro. He declared, also, against granting any pension, bounty or pay to Confederates, or the recognition of Confederate debts, and in favor of the honest payment of the national debt. In Wisconsin, ex-Senator Matthew H. Carpenter has been elected in place of Senator Howe. He will, no doubt, take a leading place in the body of which he has already been, in various ways, a conspicuous member.

SOUTHERN CLAIMS.

TWO significant speeches were made in the House of Representatives last week on the subject of Southern war claims. A Bill having been reported to send to the Court of Claims for adjudication a demand for the payment of damages for property destroyed by the Union Army during the Civil War, Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, of this city, spoke strongly against it, urging forcibly that its passage would establish a

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dangerous precedent, and that if Congress does not propose to pay all these claims, which are said to amount to a hundred thousand millions, and to bankrupt the Treasury, this would be the time to stop. Mr. Potter was supported in his views by Representative Bragg of Wisconsin, who spoke with an emphasis which provoked the greatest excitement among Southern members. He said he "was willing that the dead past should remain dead, but he was not willing to sit by and allow it to be brought up, in one form or another, by one member or another, and from one committee or another, for the purpose of getting money out of the Treasury under the plea of loyalty. He had heard it said that, unless the Democrats of the North were more liberal, unless they opened their hands and gave more lavishly, the 'solid South,' on which they relied, would go over to the other side. He, representing the Democrats of the North, would say that if there was a man who professed to belong to the Democracy of the South simply for the reason that the doors of the Treasury were to be opened to them, the sooner they went over the better for them, and the better for the Democratic Party."

These views were indignantly resented by Representative Ellis and others, the former quitting his seat and taking his stand at that of General Bragg, where he said that the only loyal men in the South during the war were the men who went with the communities in which they lived. For a time the excitement was intense, but the debate was finally closed by the interposition of a parliamentary objection. General Bragg, who was a brave and distinguished officer of the Union Army during the War of the Rebellion, no doubt expresses the sentiment of the better portion of his party at the North, and it is not at all probable that any claim of the class to which he objects will be allowed by the present or succeeding Congresses.

BEYOND THE SEAS.

THIS winter is extraordinarily severe in the Old World. In England, the misery from destitution and strikes and cotton-mill lines is aggravated by extreme cold. In Switzerland, in consequence of the rigors of the season, the forests of the Bernese Jura are invested with troops of wild boars, farms are frequently attacked by wolves, and chamois are coming down by hundreds into the valleys to seek for food. At Antwerp, in Belgium, on the 22d inst., the ice had accumulated greatly on the highway and rivers. At the same date the Elbe was frozen over, and steamers could not get to Hamburg. In the Ukraine, Russia, violent snow storms raged for three days, blocking the Kharkov and Azor, the Poltava and Soony, and other railways. Seven thousand men are at work clearing the lines of communication between Moscow and Sebastopol. In Afghanistan General Winter is assuming more authority than any other general there, and the Home Government has been constrained to instruct the commander of the Anglo-Indian army of invasion to stop the projected advance from Candahar and Jellalabad, lest during the February snows there should be another fatal mishap like that of General Elphinstone's army in 1842. At Paris those quiet promenaders on the boulevards who dress all the rest of the year like other folks, but at this season come forth enveloped in furs like Muscovites, are more numerous than ever. On the 23d inst. M. Laroche-Joubert even proposed in the Chamber of Deputies at Versailles that the Chamber meet in Paris until the weather became milder. But this was left undecided, for it involves too many serious political possibilities, especially now, in the excitement about the recent ministerial crisis.

That crisis happily ended, for the present at least, in a vote of confidence in the Ministry of M. Dufaure. But the vote was given only because M. Dufaure gave ample promises to respect the natural and logical wishes of the Republicans to have the French Republic administered by Republicans, in the War Department and in the army, as well as in the civil departments. It was thus given on conditions, and the Ministry will be closely watched to see that the conditions are fulfilled. If they be not, another crisis, sooner or later, will be inevitable. Meanwhile, President MacMahon, as well as Minister Dufaure, shows a disposition to accede to the legitimate demands of the Republicans, who seem, at length, to have learned the advantage and the necessity of uniting moderation with firmness.

Politics do not wholly engross attention, even in Paris. Aside from the ordinary round of fashionable amusements, science, art and literature still claim their fair share of interest. Science, indeed, just now seems to run somewhat in the direction of scientific toys, such as talking microphones, Cornu's electric lamp, illuminating paper, and the like. These very toys, however, like old Benjamin Franklin's key and kite-line, may lead to such applications of science as shall, in many respects, revolutionize modern life. The artists are generally pleased with the official decision that, according to the late Charles Sumner's idea, there shall be "no more battle-pictures"—at least that no French ones shall be sent to the Art Exhibition of 1879 at Munich. Wagner, the eccentric musical composer, after having been heard of but little for some time, is making himself talked about again by a doleful letter, published in a German journal, in which he complains of the lack of contemporaneous appreciation. But does he not proclaim his to be the Music of the Future? The Parisian literary world is still exercised over the silly act of Zola, the sensational romance writer, in heralding himself, in a Russian journal, as being, as it were, the sole great living novelist in France. The death of Marc Fournier, the director of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and the first to carry to its height the modern fashion of luxury and splendor in stage decoration and display, and the death of Admiral Touchard, have been notable events in the respective spheres to which the two celebrities belonged.

The name of Wagner, just mentioned, calls to mind the latest eccentricity of his royal friend, King Louis of Bavaria — a sumptuous sort of Swedenborgian dinner of fourteen *couverts* to Louis XIV. and his *suite*, the guests, of course, not finding it convenient to be bodily present. Another monarch, the King of the Belgians, has acquired recent fame by a royal pun which he made on returning to the Château of Lacken, tired out with the official ceremonies at his Brussels palace on New Year's Day. All the courtiers, he said, had kept calling him "auguste," when they knew that his name was "Leopold." The *Almanach de Gotha*, the Bible of imperial and royal circles in Europe, has scandalized its august readers by chronicling the year of the alleged marriage of Princess Mathilde, of the Bonaparte family, "to the painter Popelin." The widow of Prince Demidoff angrily denies that she is, or ever has been, remarried. A Connecticut parson, in a somewhat similar case, gently said: "It is high time you should be, my dear." Everybody pretends to know now what was the matter with Adelina Patti's knee, as it is announced that the late Marquise de Caux is in an interesting condition.

Ex-President Grant has embarked at Marseilles on the French mail steamer *Labourdonnais* for India, without awaiting the result of the election, by the assembly of notables at Tirnova, of a candidate to the Bulgarian throne. Captain-General Campos will probably be recalled from Cuba to be Spanish Minister of War. A Chinese Ambassador has been received with much pomp and circumstance at St. Petersburg, and the daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, the Czar's youngest brother, was married there with great state, on January 24th, to the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

A NEW market for the product of our coal mines is being developed. A Geneva dispatch states that American coals are beginning to sell in Switzerland slightly cheaper than French and German coals, and are regarded as much superior to them. An American locomotive, burning anthracite coal, is running at Geneva.

THE sales of four per cent. bonds still continue. It is easy to calculate the saving to the people which is accomplished by this funding of the public debt. Every $1,000,000 of four per cents. sold saves $20,000 annually to the tax-payers. With the steady reduction of expenses now going on, and reduction of the debt and interest upon it, it is possible that the debt will be pretty well obliterated by the end of the present century.

THE record of the New Orleans Howard Association during the yellow fever visitation is a brilliant one. The official report shows that it cared for a total of 35,750 patients and provided for 60,000 destitute people at an expense of $380,185. The total receipts of the association were $383,449, of which the sum of $82,637 was contributed by New York. Of the entire contributions reported, this city gave more than the entire South, and three times as much as any other Northern city.

THE United States Centennial Commission has finally adjusted its financial affairs and adjourned *sine die*. The balance sheet shows that the total receipts from all sources amounted to $11,161,611, and the expenditures up to this time, including the return of the Government appropriation of $1,500,000, and dividends to stockholders to about $150,000 less than that sum. This is a much more gratifying showing than many have anticipated. The principal item of expenditure, of course, was for the Exposition buildings, the cost of which was $5,242,295. The expenses of the judges amounted to $198,540. At the Paris Exposition no allowance for judges' expenses was made, those officials having to provide everything, even to their stationery, out of their own pockets. The services of the fire and police departments cost $604,025, and $44,063 was paid for music during the progress of the Exposition.

THE proposition of Senator Windom to set apart a territory for the occupation by colored men at the South who may desire to emigrate is said to be received with favor by leading representatives of the black race. A delegation representing six States, who waited on Senator Windom last week, expressed the belief that 100,000 able-bodied colored laborers could be induced to leave their homes if they should have even moderate assurance that they would improve their condition. The project is a novel one, but it is difficult to see how it can be carried out.

SOME forty Bills have been introduced in Congress providing for the payment of rent for the use of land occupied during the defense of Pennsylvania, in 1863, by United States troops. Of course, the Bills will not pass, but the names of the landowners, in whose interest they are presented, should by all means be given to the public. They must be kinsmen of those enterprising Pennsylvanians about Gettysburg, who were reported to have exacted five pence a glass from every thirsty Union soldier, who, in the pauses of that terrible fight, sought a cooling draught of water at their doors.

THE cost to Russia of the late war with Turkey is estimated by a journal of that country at two milliards of roubles, equal to about $1,500,000,000. It is not stated whether this estimate includes the indirect losses accruing through the war to Russian subjects, but we presume, from the magnitude of the amount, it must do so. As to the losses of the Russians, it is said that 124,471 men lie buried in the Balkan Peninsula, and of the 120,950 men sent back to Russia as sick or wounded, 42,950 died; the complete number of the dead is 172,400 men, not including those who succumbed in Asia Minor.

THE House of Representatives having ordered the Potter Committee to inquire into the cipher dispatches, and appropriated $10,000 to defray the expenses of such inquiry, we may expect a revival of interest in the general subject of the alleged Presidential frauds in certain States. The leaders of both parties have pretended to be anxious for this investigation, but the truth probably is that none of them really desired it, since, should the "bottom facts" be elicited, prominent men on both sides will probably be seriously smirched. General Butler has delivered to the committee 641 cipher telegrams of which he says he does not know the origin—having found them on his table one day last Spring.

A MOVEMENT for the abrogation of the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington has been initiated in the United States Senate. Mr. Edmunds, who leads the movement, shows by an array of facts and figures that so far from the privileges secured by the treaty to American fishermen being worth five and a half millions, the amount of the Halifax award, they are practically worthless. It would certainly seem desirable, in view of the differences which have arisen between the two Governments over the operations of the treaty regarding the fishery privileges, that what remains in the agreement should be terminated by mutual consent. Mr. Edmunds expresses the belief that England will not object to the abrogation.

MR. BLAINE, in a speech in the Senate last week, made some statements in reference to the navy which will attract attention. He said, among other things, that the number of men in the navy is limited to 7,500, and for these there is a total of 2,020 officers, or one officer to a little over three men. We have 91 vessels and 38 in commission. The British Navy, which has 320 steam vessels, and a total of 494 vessels, has 4,990 officers, with something over 60,000 men. The pay of the officers of our navy on the active list amounts to over $3,822,000 annually; for those on the retired list, $645,000; while the pay of petty officers and seamen amounts to only $2,300,000 per annum. This shows very clearly the top-heavy condition of the service. Meanwhile, we are turning out annually from the Naval Academy an average of 50 officers. Mr. Blaine proposes that on and after 1880 the graduates from that academy shall not be entitled to commissions except upon merit and to fill existing vacancies, and favors the encouragement of our commercial marine as the only true basis of an efficient navy, by appropriating for the benefit of commerce some part of the money now wasted for naval purposes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A CONSTITUTIONAL Convention is shortly to be held in Louisiana.

J. D. WALKER, Democrat, has been elected United States Senator in Arkansas.

THE Teller Committee are investigating the alleged election frauds in South Carolina.

IT is believed that Sitting Bull, with his entire force, amounting to 5,000 lodges, has returned to the United States from Canada.

THE New York State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, located at Bath, N. Y., was formally opened on January 23d with appropriate ceremonies.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL of Cincinnati has executed a deed of trust covering all the Catholic property in his charge for the benefit of his creditors.

GENERAL SHERMAN started, January 25th, on a tour of inspection through the South—his first visit to the military forts in that section since the Civil War.

THE resignation of the Rev. Dr. Buddington, for many years pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Society of Brooklyn, has been accepted, and he has been made pastor emeritus with a life salary.

THE Army Appropriation Bill appropriates for the year 1880 the sum of $26,747,300 as against $25,778,187 appropriated for 1879. The total appropriation by the Post Office Bill is $34,980,343, as against $33,256,373 for 1879.

THE President, on January 25th, signed the Bill providing for the payment of arrears of pensions. As nearly as can be estimated, from $30,000,000 to $80,000,000 will be required to settle all the claims which may be presented under it.

THREE officials of the Canvassing Board of Brevard County, Florida, have been convicted of election frauds, and sentenced, one to three years, and the others to one year each, in the Albany Penitentiary. One of the offenders was a State Senator.

THE losses on the great fire in Worth Street, New York City, amounted to $2,663,050; the insurance was $3,639,500, distributed among a large number of companies, of which the foreign ones suffered most. There has been a general demand for increased insurance by merchants, and an advance of 100 per cent. has been made in the rates for property in the drygoods district.

A SYNDICATE has been formed, composed of New York and London bankers, for the purpose of placing the four per cent. bonds on the European market. The contract provides that the syndicate shall subscribe at once for $10,000,000 worth of the bonds, and take $5,000,000 per month until July 1st, with an option on June 30th to subscribe for all remaining unsold bonds of this issue.

IN reply to the letter of Secretary Sherman, giving his reasons for the removal of Collector Arthur and Naval Officer Cornell, these gentlemen have sent letters to the Senate Committee on Commerce, which are said to thoroughly refute all charges. The committee has reported in favor of rejecting the nominations of General Merritt and Mr. Burt, and of confirming the nomination of General Graham.

THE unfortunate band of Cheyenne Indians who made a bold dash for liberty recently from Fort Robinson, Neb., preferring death to removal to Indian Territory, have been nearly all wiped out by our troops. They were caught January 22d in a wash-out only forty-six miles from their prison, surrounded by the troops, and twenty-three of them killed after a desperate resistance. Nine prisoners only were taken.

ON January 18th Secretary Sherman issued the eighty-second call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865, consols of 1867, the amount being $20,000,000; on the 22d the eighty-third for a like sum, and on the 24th the eighty-fourth, also for $20,000,000. Since January 1st the Treasury has called in $130,000,000 of the 5-20's. During the week ending on the 25th, the subscriptions to the four per cents amounted to $56,497,650.

MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, ex-Sheriff of New York, died January 20th, aged 58; John Blair Scribner, of the publishing house of Scribners' Sons, on the 28th, aged 26; Dr. John B. Biddle, Professor of Materia Medica in the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, on the 19th, aged 64; Admiral Touchard of the French Navy, and a Deputy for Paris, on the 20th, aged 68; George S. Hillard, author, editor, and compiler of a popular set of reading books long used in the public schools of this country, January 21st, aged 58; Dr. Robert T. Hallock, President of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, and a member of the Geographical and Polytechnic Societies and of the Farmers' and Liberal Clubs, on the 21st, aged 73; and Hon. John Cadwalader, Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, on the 26th, aged 79.

Foreign.

THE estimates of the German Budget for the year provide for an increase of the army by 30,000 men.

THREE transports will be sent next month to bring the pardoned Communist convicts from New Caledonia.

THE North Wales Miners' Association has resolved to encourage by appropriations of money the emigration of its members to America and Australia.

A SANITARY Commission, with delegates from Austria, Germany and Hungary, met at Vienna, January 24th, to devise measures to prevent the spread of the plague in Astrachan, Russia.

BY consent of all the Powers the functions of the Commission for the organization of Eastern Roumelia has been extended, and the Russian administration is accordingly prolonged.

BEFORE the adjournment of the Chamber of Deputies on January 24th to the 28th, the Minister of Public Instruction presented a Bill making primary education obligatory throughout France after the first of next January.

GERMANY will merely keep sufficient naval force in the neighborhood of Samoa to retain possession of two small forts on the island of Upolu, which she seized and will hold as a pledge until the Samoan Government grants Germany her treaty rights.

ON account of the dearth of good investments Londoners are beginning to look toward the United States four per cent. bonds. It is believed the Syndicate has already sold to jobbers and others there a considerable portion of the amount it has just contracted for.

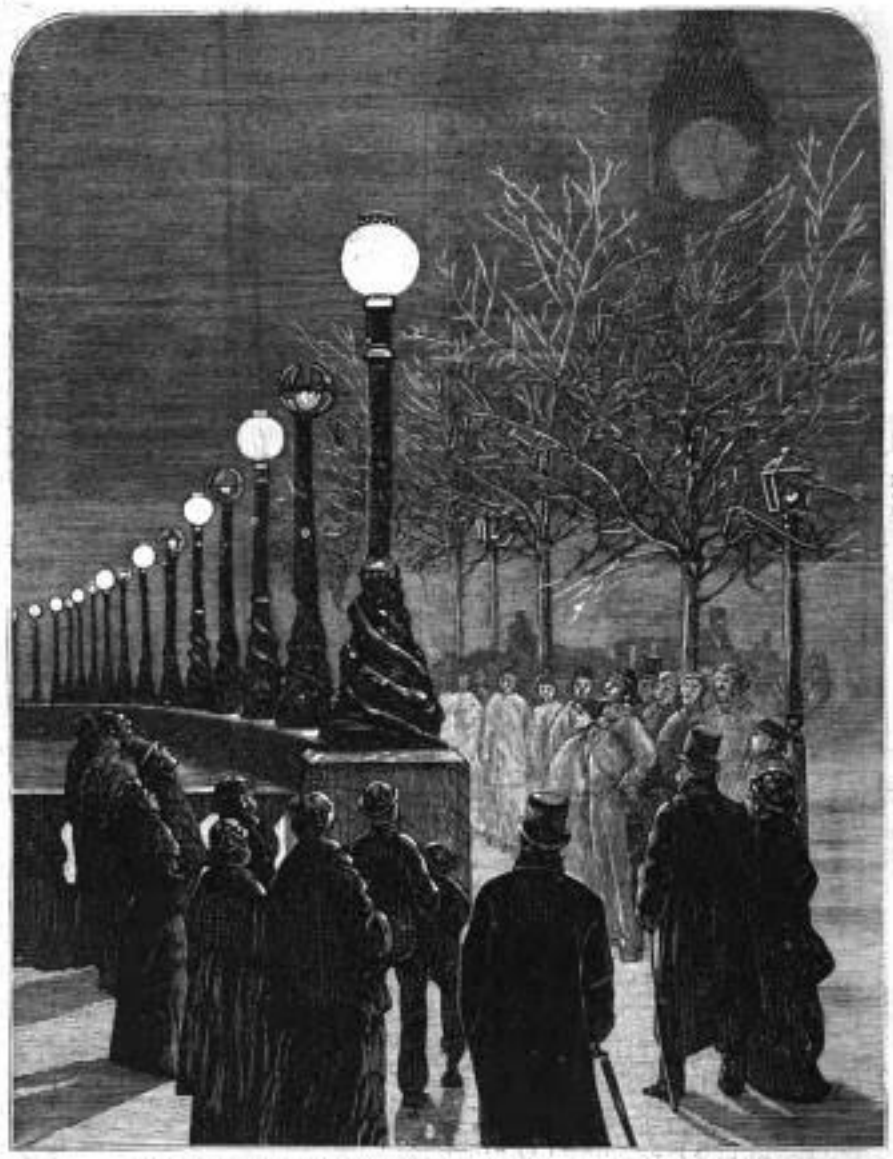
THE Constitution for Bulgaria has been ratified by the Czar of Russia. It will be translated into the Bulgarian language and communicated to the foreign consuls and Bulgarian Assembly. The time consumed in the translation of the Constitution will probably retard the meeting of the Assembly to the 6th or 10th of February, when it will be opened by Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, the Russian Governor of Bulgaria.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 411.



FRANCE.—M. GAMBETTA ADDRESSING THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS, PARIS.



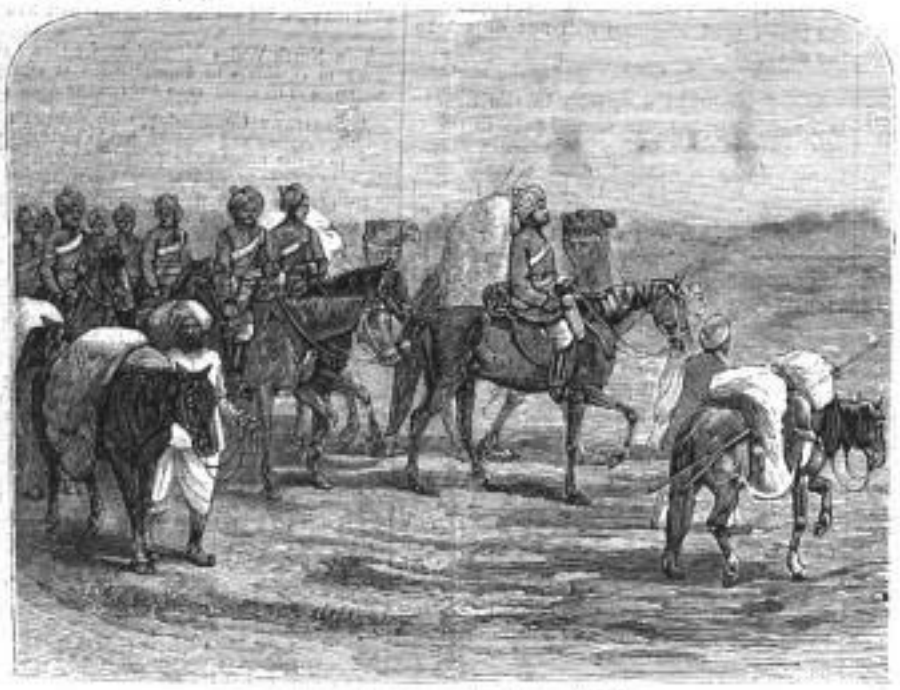
ENGLAND.—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.



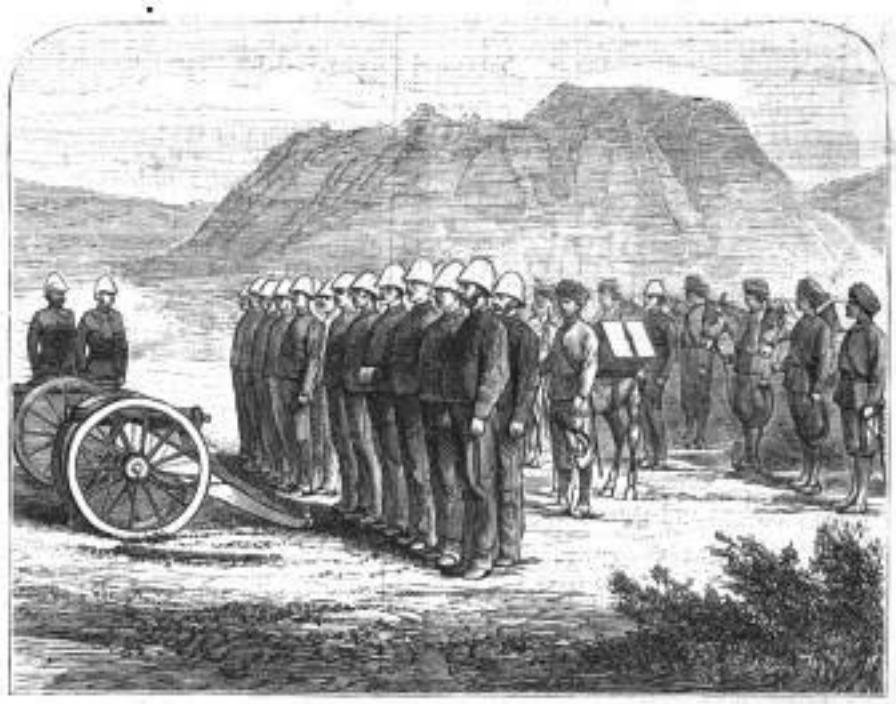
AFGHANISTAN.—NATIVE CAMP-FOLLOWERS "LOOTING" THE AFGHAN CAMP AT ALI MUSJID.



AFGHANISTAN.—COMMISSARIAT BULLOCK-VANS BETWEEN JHELUM AND PESHAWUR.

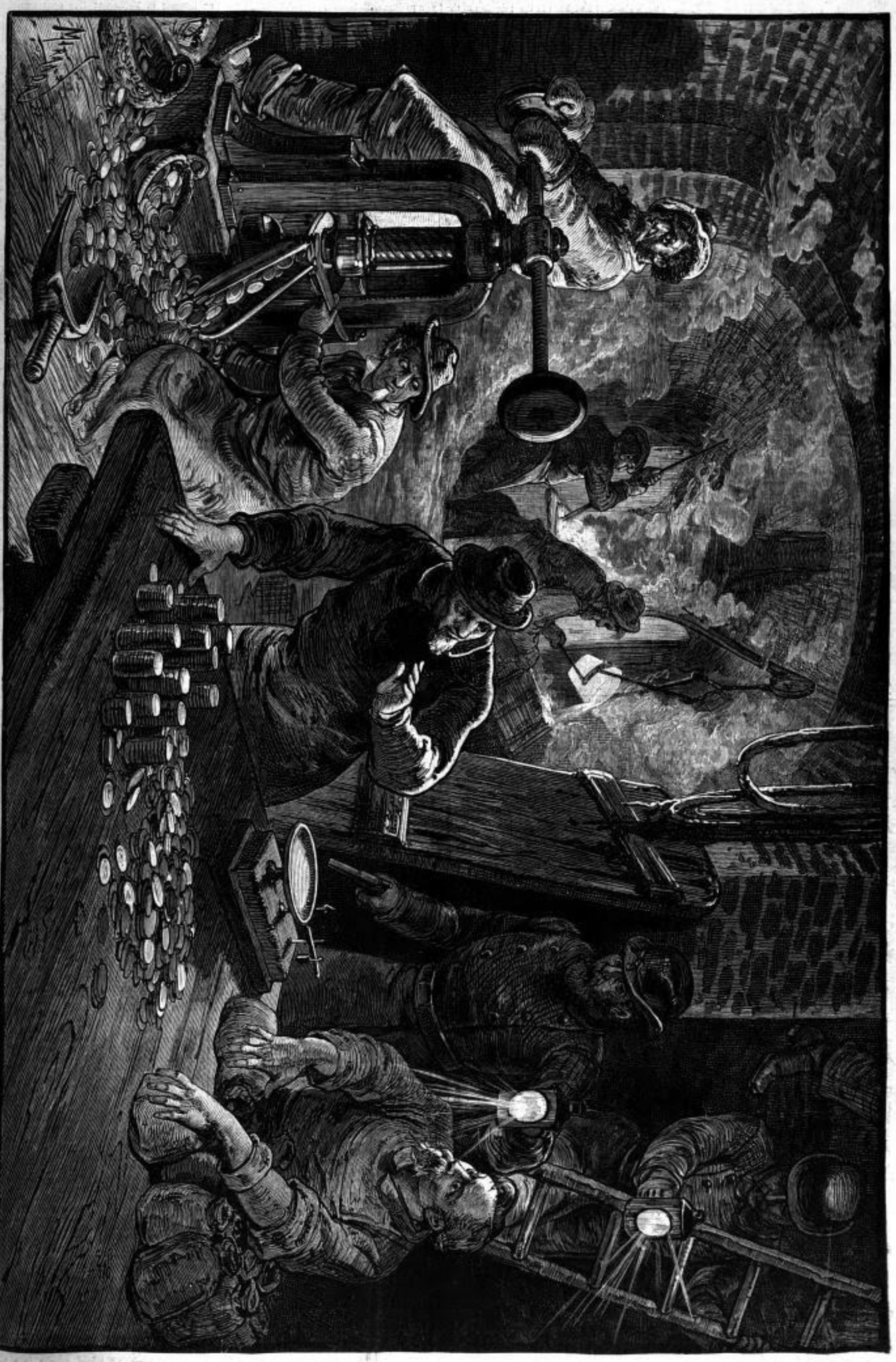


AFGHANISTAN.—BENGAL CAVALRY ON THE MARCH WITH BAGGAGE-PONIES.



AFGHANISTAN.—A SUBDIVISION OF A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN THE KHOOSUK VALLEY.

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THE MANUFACTURE OF WORTHLESS METALLIC CURRENCY.—A DESCENT OF SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS UPON A DEN OF COIN COUNTERFEITERS.—SEE PAGE 411.

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A CHOPIN WALTZ.

YOUR satin hand give me, sweet love—
Your gold head on my breast—
And I, than all the saints above,
Will be more subtly blest.
We'll float and float, and glide and glide
Adown the moonlit hall,
While the merry masquers walk aside
Where the rose and lily call.

Weird Chopin's mystic music seems
To wrap us round and round
In a silver web of gossamer dreams
That cannot be unbound;
It draws us each to each, my sweet—
It holds us eye to eye;
As one our two hearts beat and beat,
Our rhythmic pulses fly.

The Summer night is soft and still,
The moon is cold and high;
And, wandering at their own sweet will,
Our happy friends go by.
Oh, is it that the waltz is sweet
With strains of life and death
That we, with tears, its strains repeat,
And sobbings in our breath?

Or is it that I love you so,
Pale lily on my breast,
That all the music's ebb and flow
Is but my love confessed?
You rest upon my gentle arm—
I read your eyes divine—
The passion and the holy charm
Of Chopin's thought is mine.

Your little feet are winged with bliss,
The moon is on your face—
Ah! would our lives could fly like this,
Afloat in happy space!
Alas! too soon the waltz is played!
Our palms have fallen apart;
And we, but mortal man and maid,
Stand, freed from Chopin's art.

META V. VICTOR.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS

CHAPTER VI.

OH, Rufus Dingwell, it is such a rainy day! And the London street which I look out on from my hotel window presents such a dirty and such a miserable view! Do you know, I scarcely feel like the same Amelius who promised to write to you, when you left the steamer at Queenstown? My spirits are sinking; I begin to feel old. Am I in the right state of mind to tell you what are my first impressions of London? Perhaps I may alter my opinion. At present (this is between ourselves), I don't like London or London people—excepting two ladies, who, in very different ways, have interested and charmed me.

Who are the ladies? I must tell you what I heard about them from Mr. Hethcote, before I present them to you on my own responsibility.

After you left us, I found the last day of the voyage to Liverpool dull enough. Mr. Hethcote did not seem to feel it in the same way; on the contrary, he grew more familiar and confidential in his talk with me. He has some of the English stiffness, you see—and your American pace was a little too fast for him. On our last night on board, we had some more conversation about the Farnabys. You were not interested enough in the subject to attend to what he said about them while you were with us—but if you are to be introduced to the ladies, you must be interested now. Let me first inform you that Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby have no children; and let me add that they have adopted the daughter and orphan child of Mrs. Farnaby's sister. This sister, it seems, died many years ago, surviving her husband for a few months only. To complete the story of the past, death has also taken old Mr. Ronald, the founder of the stationer's business, and his wife, Mrs. Farnaby's mother. Dry facts these, I don't deny it—but there is something more interesting to follow. I have next to tell you how Mr. Hethcote first became acquainted with Mrs. Farnaby. Now, Rufus, we are coming to something romantic at last.

It is some time since Mr. Hethcote ceased to perform his clerical duties, owing to a malady in the throat which made it painful for him to take his place in the reading-desk or the pulpit. His last curacy attached him to a church at the west-end of London; and here, one Sunday evening, after he had preached the sermon, a lady in trouble came to him in the vestry for spiritual advice and consolation. She was a regular attendant at the church, and something which he had said in that evening's sermon had deeply affected her. Mr. Hethcote spoke with her afterwards, on many occasions at home. He felt a sincere interest in her, but he disliked her husband; and, when he gave up his curacy, he ceased to pay visits to the house. As to what Mrs. Farnaby's troubles were, I can tell you nothing. Mr. Hethcote spoke very gravely and sadly when he told me that the subject of his conversations with her must be kept a secret. "I doubt whether you and Mr. Farnaby will get on well together," he said to me. "But I shall be astonished if you are not favorably impressed by his wife and her niece."

This was all I knew when I presented my letter of introduction to Mr. Farnaby, at his place of business.

It was a grand, stone building, with great, plate-glass windows—all renewed and improved, they told me, since old Mr. Ronald's time. My letter and my card went into an office at the back, and I followed them after a while. A lean, hard, middle-sized man, buttoned up tight in a black frock-coat, received me, holding my written introduction open in his hand. He had a ruddy complexion, not commonly seen in Londoners, so far as my experience goes. His iron-gray hair and whiskers (especially the whiskers) were in wonderfully fine order, as carefully oiled and combed as if he had just come out of a barber's shop. I had been in the morning to the Zoological Gardens; his eyes, when he lifted them from the letter to me, reminded me of the eyes of the eagles—glassy and cruel. I have a fault that I can't cure myself of. I like people or dislike them, at first sight, without knowing in either case whether they deserve it or not. In the one moment, when our eyes first met, I felt the devil in me. In plain English, I hated Mr. Farnaby!

"Good-morning, sir," he began, in a loud, harsh, rasping voice. "The letter you bring me takes me by surprise."

"I thought the writer was an old friend of yours," I said.

"An old friend of mine," Mr. Farnaby answered, "whose errors I deplore. When he joined your Community, I looked upon him as a lost man. I am surprised at his writing to me."

It is quite likely I was wrong, knowing nothing of the usages of society in England. I thought this reception of me downright rude. I had laid my hat on a chair—I took it up in my hand again, and delivered a parting shot at the brute with the oily whiskers.

"If I had known what you now tell me," I said, "I should not have troubled you by presenting that letter. Good-morning."

This didn't in the least offend him; a curious smile broke out on his face—it widened his eyes, and it twitched up his mouth at one corner. He held out his hand to stop me. I waited, in case he felt bound to make an apology. He did nothing of the sort—he only made a remark.

"You are young and hasty," he said. "I may lament my friend's extravagances without failing on that account in what is due to an old friendship. You are probably not aware that we have no sympathy in England with Socialists."

I hit him back again. "In that case, sir, a little socialism in England would do you no harm. We consider it a part of our duty as Christians to feel sympathy with all men who are honest in their convictions—no matter how mistaken (in our opinion) the convictions may be." I rather thought I had him there; and I took up my hat again, to get off with the honors of victory while I had the chance.

I am sincerely ashamed of myself, Rufus, in telling you all this. I ought to have given him back "the soft answer that turneth away wrath"—my conduct was a disgrace to my Community. What evil influence was at work in me? Was it the air of London, or was it a possession of the devil?

He stopped me for the second time, not in the least disconcerted by what I had said to him. His inbred conviction of his own superiority to a young adventurer like me was really something magnificent to witness. He did me justice—the Philistine-Pharisee did me justice! Will you believe it? He made his remarks next on my good points, as if I had been a young bull at a prize-cattle show.

"Excuse me for noticing it," he said. "Your manners are perfectly gentlemanlike, and you speak English without any accent. And yet, you have been brought up in America. What does it mean?"

I grew worse and worse—I got downright sulky now.

"I suppose it means," I answered, "that some of us in America cultivate ourselves as well as our land. We have our books and music, though you seem to think we only have our axes and spades. Englishmen don't claim a monopoly of good manners at Tadmor. We see no difference between an American gentleman and an English gentleman. And as for speaking English with an accent, the Americans accuse us of doing that."

He smiled again. "How very absurd!" he said, with a superb compassion for the benighted Americans. By this time, I suspect he began to feel that he had had enough of me. He got rid of me with an invitation.

"I shall be glad to receive you at my private residence, and introduce you to my wife and her niece, our adopted daughter. There is the address. We have a few friends to dinner on Saturday next, at seven. Will you give us the pleasure of your company?"

We are all aware that there is a distinction between civility and cordiality; but I myself never knew how wide that distinction was until Mr. Farnaby invited me to dinner. If I had not been curious—after what Mr. Hethcote had told me—to see Mrs. Farnaby and her niece, I should certainly have slipped out of the engagement. As it was, I promised to dine with Oily-Whiskers.

He put his hand into mine at parting. It felt as moistly cold as a dead fish. After getting out again into the street, I turned into the first tavern I passed and ordered a drink. Shall I tell you what else I did? I went into the lavatory and washed Mr. Farnaby off my hand. (N. B.—If I had behaved in this way at Tadmor I should have been punished with the lighter penalty—taking my meals by myself, and being forbidden to enter the Common Room for eight-and-forty hours.) I feel I am getting wickeder and wickeder in London—I have half a mind, Rufus, to join you in Ireland. What does Tom Moore say of his countrymen—he ought to know, I suppose? "For though they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more!" They must have been all Socialists in Tom Moore's time. Just the place for me.

* * * * *

I have been obliged to wait a little. A dense fog has descended on us by way of variety. With a stinking coal fire, with the gas lit and the curtains drawn at half-past eleven in the forenoon, I feel that I am in my own country again at last. Patience, my friend—patience! I am coming to the ladies.

Entering Mr. Farnaby's private residence, on the appointed day, I became acquainted with one more of the innumerable insincerities of modern English life. When a man asks you to dine with him at seven o'clock, in other countries, he means what he says. In England, he means half-past seven, and sometimes a quarter to eight. At seven o'clock, I was the only person in Mr. Farnaby's drawing-room. At ten minutes past seven, Mr. Farnaby made his appearance. I had a good mind to take his place in the middle of the hearth-rug, and say, "Farnaby, I am glad to see you." But I looked at his whiskers, and *they* said to me, as plainly as words could speak, "Better not!"

In five minutes more, Mrs. Farnaby joined us.

I wish I was a practiced author—or, no, I would rather, for the moment, be a competent portrait-painter, and send you Mrs. Farnaby's likeness inclosed. How I am to describe her in words I really don't know. My dear fellow, she almost frightened me. I never before saw such a woman; I never expect to see such a woman again. There was nothing in her figure, or in her way of moving, that produced this impression on me—she is little and fat, and walks with a firm, heavy step like the step of a man. Her face is what I want to make you see as plainly as I saw it myself; it was her face that startled me.

So far as I can pretend to judge, she must have been pretty, in a plump healthy way, when she was young. I declare I scarcely know whether she is not pretty now. She certainly has no marks or wrinkles; her hair either has no gray in it, or is too light to show the gray. She has preserved her fair complexion, perhaps with art to assist it—I can't say. As for her lips—I am not speaking disrespectfully, I am only describing them truly, when I say that they invite kisses in spite of her. In two words, though she has been married (as I know from what one of the guests told me after dinner) for sixteen years, she would be still an irresistible little woman, but for the one startling drawback of her eyes. Don't mistake me. In themselves, they are large, well-opened blue eyes, and may at one time have been the chief attraction in her face. But, now, there is an expression of suffering in them—long, unsolaced suffering, as I believe—so despairing and dreadful, that she really made my heart ache when I looked at her. I will swear to it, that woman lives in some secret hell of her own making, and longs for the release of death, and is so inveterately full of bodily life and strength that she may carry her burden with her to the utmost verge of life. I am digging the pen into the paper, I feel this so strongly, and I am so wretchedly incompetent to express my feeling. Can you imagine a diseased mind, imprisoned in a healthy body? I don't care what doctors or books may say—it is that, and nothing else. Nothing else will solve the mystery of the smooth face, the fleshy figure, the firm step, the muscular grip of her hand when she gives it to you—and the soul in torment that looks at you all the while out of her eyes. It is useless to tell me that such a contradiction as this cannot exist. I have seen the woman, and she does exist.

Oh, yes! I can fancy you grinning over my letter—I can hear you saying to yourself, "Where did he pick up his experience, I wonder?" I have no experience—I only have something that serves me instead of it, and I don't know what. The Elder Brother at Tadmor used to say it was sympathy. But *he* is a sentimentalist.

Well, Mr. Farnaby presented me to his wife—and then walked away as if he was sick of us both, and looked out of the window.

For some reason or other, Mrs. Farnaby seemed to be surprised, for the moment, by my personal appearance. Her husband had, very likely, not told her how young I was. She got over her momentary astonishment, and, signing to me to sit by her on the sofa, said the necessary words of welcome, evidently thinking of something else all the time. The strange, miserable eyes looked over my shoulder, instead of looking at me.

"Mr. Farnaby tells me you have been living in America."

The tone in which she spoke was curiously quiet and monotonous. I have heard such tones, in the far West, from lonely settlers without a neighboring soul to speak to. Has Mrs. Farnaby no neighboring soul to speak to, except at dinner-parties?

"You are an Englishman, are you not?" she went on.

I said Yes, and cast about in my mind for something to say to her. She saved me the trouble by making me the victim of a complete series of questions. This, as I afterwards discovered, was *her* way of finding conversation for strangers. Have you ever met with absent-minded people to whom it is a relief to ask questions mechanically, without feeling the slightest interest in the answers?

She began: "Where did you live in America?"

"At Tadmor, in the State of Illinois."

"What sort of place is Tadmor?"

I described the place as well as I could, under the circumstances.

"What made you go to Tadmor?"

It was impossible to reply to this without speaking of the Community. Feeling that the subject was not in the least likely to interest her, I spoke as briefly as I could. To my astonishment, I evidently began to interest her from that moment. The series of questions went on—but, now, she not only listened, she was eager for the answers.

"Are there any women among you?"

"Nearly as many women as men."

Another change! Over the weary misery of her eyes there flashed a bright look of interest which completely transfigured them. Her articulation even quickened when she put her next question.

"Are any of the women friendless creatures, who came to you from England?"

"Yes, some of them."

I thought of Mellicent as I spoke. Was this new interest, that I had so innocently aroused, an interest in Mellicent? Her next question only added to my perplexity. Her next question proved that my guess had completely failed to hit the mark.

"Are there any *young* women among them?"

Mr. Farnaby, standing with his back to us thus far, suddenly turned and looked at her, when she inquired if there were "young" women among us.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Mere girls."

She pressed so near to me that her knees touched mine. "How old?" she asked, eagerly.

Mr. Farnaby left the window, walked close up to the sofa, and deliberately interrupted us.

"Nasty muggy weather, isn't it?" he said. "I suppose the climate of America——"

Mrs. Farnaby deliberately interrupted her husband. "How old?" she repeated, in a louder tone.

I was bound, of course, to answer the lady of the house. "Some girls from eighteen to twenty. And some younger."

"How much younger?"

"Oh, from sixteen to seventeen."

She grew more and more excited; she positively laid her hand on my arm in her eagerness to secure my attention all to herself. "American girls or English?" she resumed, her fat, firm fingers closing on me like a vise.

"Shall you be in town in November?" said Mr. Farnaby, purposely interrupting us again. "If you would like to see the Lord Mayor's Show——"

Mrs. Farnaby impatiently shook me by the arm. "American girls or English?" she reiterated more obstinately than ever.

Mr. Farnaby gave her one look. If he could have put her on the blazing fire and burnt her up in an instant by an effort of will, I believe he would have made the effort. He saw that I was observing him, and turned quickly from his wife to me. His ruddy face was pale with suppressed rage as he spoke to me. "Come and see my pictures," he said.

His wife still held me fast. Whether he liked it or not, I had again no choice but to answer her. "Some American girls, and some English," I said.

Her eyes opened wider and wider in unutterable expectation. She suddenly advanced her face so close to mine that I felt her hot breath on my cheeks as the next words burst their way through her lips.

"Born in England?"

"No. Born at Tadmor."

She dropped my arm. The light died out of her eyes in an instant; they wandered away again as if my very presence in the room had ceased to impress itself on her mind. In some inconceivable way, I had utterly destroyed some secret expectation that she had fixed on me. She actually left me on the sofa, and took a chair on the opposite side of the fire-place. Mr. Farnaby, turning paler and paler, stepped up to her as she changed her place. I rose to look at the pictures on the wall nearest to me. You remarked the extraordinary keenness of my sense of hearing while we were fellow-passengers on the steamship. When he stooped over her and whispered in her ear, I heard him—though nearly the whole breadth of the room was between us. "You hell-cat!"—that was what Mr. Farnaby said to his wife.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck the half-hour after seven. In quick succession the guests at the dinner now entered the room.

I was so staggered by the extraordinary scene of married life which I had just witnessed that the guests produced only a very faint impression upon me. My mind was absorbed in trying to find the true meaning of what I had seen and heard. Was Mrs. Farnaby a little mad? I dismissed that idea as soon as it occurred to me; nothing that I had observed in her justified it. The truer conclusion appeared to be that she was deeply interested in some absent—and possibly lost—young creature, whose age, judging by actions and tones which had sufficiently revealed that part of the secret to me, could not be more than sixteen or seventeen years. How long had she cherished the hope of seeing the girl, or hearing of her? It must have been anyhow a hope very deeply rooted, for she had been perfectly incapable of controlling herself when I had accidentally roused it. As for her husband, there could be no doubt that the subject was not merely distasteful to him, but so absolutely infuriating that he could not even keep his temper in the presence of a third person invited to his house. Had he injured the girl in any way? Was he responsible for her disappearance? Did his wife know it, or only suspect it? Who was the girl? What was the secret of Mrs. Farnaby's extraordinary interest in her—Mrs. Farnaby, whose marriage was childless; whose interest, one would have thought, should be naturally concentrated on her adopted daughter, her sister's orphan child? In conjectures such as these I completely lost myself. Let me hear what your ingenuity can make of the puzzle; and let me return to Mr. Farnaby's dinner, waiting on Mr. Farnaby's table.

The servant threw open the drawing-room door, and the most honored guest present led Mrs. Farnaby to the dining-room. I roused myself to some observation of what was going on about me. No ladies had been invited, and the men were all of a certain age. I looked in vain for the charming niece. Was she not well enough to appear at the dinner-party? I ventured on putting the question to Mr. Farnaby.

"You will find her at the tea-table, when we return to the drawing-room. Girls are out of place at dinner-parties." So he answered me, not very graciously.

As I stepped out on the landing, I looked up; I don't know why, unless I was the unconscious object of magnetic attraction. Anyhow, I had my reward. A bright young face peeped over the balusters of the upper staircase, and modestly withdrew itself again in a violent

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hurry. Everybody but Mr. Farnaby and myself had disappeared in the dining-room. Was she having a peep at the young Socialist?

(*To be continued.*)

ICE YACHTS ON THE HUDSON.

THE Hudson River, since it was frozen solid during the early days in January, has been the scene, especially in the vicinity of Poughkeepsie and Newburg, of exciting sports which have attracted wide attention. Conspicuous among these is ice-yachting. At Poughkeepsie a large amount of money is invested in ice yachts, great handsome crafts, beautifully constructed, having wire-rigging, nickle-plated ironwork and timbers and railings, and runner-planks made of the most enduruble and costly woods. Every yacht in the fleet can make a mile in a minute in a stiff breeze. There have been several races which have occasioned wide interest and excitement. At New Hamburg there is also a fine fleet of ice yachts.

Between Newburg and Fishkill, a ferry was established during the snow blockade by "Hank" Ward, the oarsman, who carried both passengers and freight in his yacht. Our illustration shows his craft crossing on the ice with a load of sheep and a number of lady excursionists.

THE ROMANCE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.

THE recent arrest by officers of the United States Secret Service of Charles Ulrich and Henry C. Cole, and the successful resumption of specie payments on January 1st, have called renewed attention to the ever mysterious subject of counterfeit money. Ulrich has long been known as the most expert engraver in the world, and Cole bears the reputation of having handled more counterfeit money during the past thirty five years than any other man in the United States. How like a very romance, repiete with indications of physical courage, of determination, of continuous criminal operations, of capture, imprisonment, escape and recapture, reads the narrative of those men just drawn from their last hiding-place. The chief interest centres in the career of Ulrich, the expert engraver, who, in cutting plates of national bank and Treasury notes, has succeeded in producing work which professional examiners have said could not be imitated by hand. Costly machines have been made to cut the lathe work on the back of Treasury notes in perfect geometric lines, supposed to be absolutely proof against any attempt at imitation; and yet Ulrich, patiently engraving in a secluded room, under the guard of confederates, has outmarveled the machine. He is said to be the only man who ever successfully counterfeited the notes of the Bank of England. In August, 1876, we find Charles Ulrich stepping from the penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, where he was serving a sentence of ten years for engraving and printing a $100 note on the First National Bank of Boston, with a pardon in his pocket. His reputation as a counterfeiter was so high that, notwithstanding he had been pardoned and had announced that he was going out of the business, Secret Service detectives began watching his movements. Fully aware that he was under close surveillance, he allowed his natural cunning to control him, when, presto! like the harlequin in the pantomime, he disappeared entirely from view. The entire detective force of the Government, with the countless agencies throughout the country, were unable to discover his abiding place, and the authorities began to think that he was really endeavoring to keep his word and lead a different life. In the Spring of 1877 it became evident that he had resumed his dangerous work. Not that any officers saw him anywhere in this broad country, but a $50 bill of the Central National Bank of New York City found its way into the market, and was subject to much controversy about its genuine issue. At last experts declared it a counterfeit. The existence of Ulrich was made known by his work, for no other known man could have cut the plate so accurately. Henry C. Cole had visited him in Columbus directly he received his pardon and induced him to break his pledge to abandon counterfeiting, offering to supply all the money for rent of quarters, tools, plates, and other necessaries. Ulrich yielded, and the two passed beneath the noses of the detectives into Philadelphia, where Cole hired a house and Ulrich cut the plate for the $50 bill. A batch representing $100,000 was printed and distributed on the market by Cole. It was not until April, 1878, that the retreat of the men was discovered. By this time Ulrich had engraved the plates and Cole put into circulation a vast amount of counterfeit bills on the Central National Bank of New York City, the Third of Buffalo, and the national banks of Tamaqua and Hanover. Although Cole covered his tracks so shrewdly that the detectives who were watching him could obtain no evidence against him, it was deemed best by the two that they should separate. Accordingly, in October, 1878, Ulrich removed to Fanwood, N. J., where he hired a house, and entered apparently upon the life of a gentleman of leisure and means. He was of good appearance, he talked well, and dressed in good taste, and his mode of life attracted no attention among the neighbors. A detective, however, never lost sight of him. Ulrich came frequently to New York, and the invisible officer noted in his memorandum that the places he visited were principally shops where engravers' tools were kept. After a few trips to New York Ulrich secluded himself in his house, and seldom came out. Then the detectives knew that he had begun work on another plate. Chief James J. Brooks, of Washington, and Captain Curtis, of New York, had a conference and planned the arrest. A favorable time was chosen, and the officers dashed into the house on the 30th of November last.

Ulrich, in shirt sleeves, was working on the nearly finished plate of the back of a $100 Treasury note. The engraving was a marvel of skill. Ulrich was doing by hand the fine net-work tracing that on the genuine notes is done by the geometrical lathe, a machine for which the Government paid $100,000, because it was supposed it could do work that could not be counterfeited. It was said by Treasury officials who saw the plate that the imitation was so good that the notes printed from it would have passed anywhere without detection.

The officers still lacked the evidence to convict Cole, who remained in Philadelphia. They were satisfied that he furnished the capital to Ulrich, and Ulrich confessed as much to the officers. But better evidence was needed. Cole guarded his movements closely. Ulrich was arrested on the 30th of November. The detectives had him quietly committed without publicity, and he was used to bait a trap to catch Cole. For seven weeks a detective staid with Ulrich in the latter's own house night and day waiting for Cole. At last Cole appeared. The officer was secreted, and Cole and Ulrich talked over their plans. By Friday night, January 17th, Cole had so completely implicated himself that the waiting detective came from his hiding-place and arrested him. Cole has served a part of a short term for dealing in counterfeit money. He has been arrested a dozen times, but he always contrived to get off on defective evidence. It is said by the Secret Service officers that these counterfeit notes are the only ones in circulation, the plates of which have not been captured, and as both principal and engraver are now in custody, there is little doubt that the plates from which these were printed will soon be in the hands of the officers.

Owing to the reputation and skill of Ulrich, it is scarcely possible that the career of any other counterfeiter will compare with his in thrilling scenes and interest. Yet the Secret Service officers are kept on as constant a watch for them as the Internal Revenue officers are for the "moonshiners." In fact, there is much similarity in the location, secrecy and safeguards of a retreat of counterfeiters and of illicit distillers. For each operation apparatus and materials are required that in completeness, general utility and value, are far beneath those employed legitimately. In the case of metallic or coin counterfeiters, as seen in our engraving on page 409, from a sketch by a Secret Service officer, the machinery is crude, clumsy and inexpensive compared with that at the Philadelphia Mint. We have the furnace for melting the heavily alloyed metals, the molds for casting the ingots, the rollers for reducing them to strips of the required thickness, the cutting press for converting the strips into planchets, the milling machine and the coining press—in a word, a complete mint, but of inferior quality. In several instances where arrests have been made the entire work has been done in deep cellars; in others, in various parts of a building, where no suspicion would be excited, the melting in one room, the cutting and stamping in another, the assorting, counting and bundling in a third; while in other cases a separate building has been chosen for each operation—a distribution of labor made necessary owing to the vigilance of "shadowing" officers.

Although it is generally believed that the national bank and Treasury notes offer the best field for the counterfeiter, which he occupies by imitating both the plate and the patent paper, the various pieces of coined money satisfy the ambition of many, and a comparatively equal amount of skill is shown in cutting the dies and giving the metallic substance the peculiar shades of coined gold and silver.

OYSTER CULTURE.

THE INDUSTRIES OF CHESAPEAKE BAY.

A QUAINT little city is Annapolis, the county seat of Anne Arundel, and capital of the State of Maryland. It is so rich in historical reminiscence that it is known as "ye ancient citye." The town was founded in 1649, and was selected as the most desirable site for "ye greate citye of ye Southe"; but events changed the current of progressive development, and Baltimore seized the crown. The city is charmingly located on the south bank of the River Severn, and but two miles distant from the Chesapeake Bay. The original settlement was called Providence, it was changed to Anne Arundeltown, and subsequently to Annapolis, after the good Queen Anne of England, of whom as wags are wont to say that she is now defunct. In the noble State House, Washington surrendered his commission as Commander-in-chief of the American Army, and within the State House grounds is the Land Office, wherein are kept the original records of the Colonial Government. The United States Naval Academy occupies a superb position, the largest vessels in the navy being able to come alongside the Academy wharf at full tide. Many of the houses are pre-Revolution, and built of red English brick, the doors and windows being of the "severe classic," so much admired ere the House of Hanover reached the English throne. Dotted all over the bay, and as far as the eye can reach, are the boats of oyster fishermen during the oyster season—some close to land, others out at Tally's Point Reef, in search of luscious bivalves; while dredgers sail away down Chesapeake Bay, followed by the maledictions of those who work with tongs, from out frail-looking skiffs that reel and wobble with every movement of the muscular toiler of the deep. The finest oysters are the Roanokes, Rappahannocks, the Western Shores and Cherrystones. There are are many other known descriptions, but these are supreme for fatness, ditness and flavor.

Tally's Point Reef is considered one of the finest oyster grounds in the United States. It is safe from the dreaded dredgers, the water being so shallow, but it is the favorite resort of small boats, each manned by an adult and a boy called a "culler," who is employed to take oysters from the tongs, to select the fish from the *debris*, and to dress the shells by means of a small hammer. A good culler will dress twenty-five baskets a day, or 3,750 oysters. One house in Annapolis opens 3,000 gallons of oysters per day, giving employment to one hundred men in "canning" for the West. As many as one hundred boats may be seen working on Tally's Point Reef at once, each taking thirty bushels a day or 450,000 oysters. If a sloop's captain is in want of oysters he suspends a basket at the foremast head, the small boats come to him, and as soon as he puts in his cargo he lowers his wicker flag of distress. The lone fishermen tell terrible tales of the dredgers. The fleet is known as the "Irish Fleet," from the names attached to the vessels. We passed under the sterns of the *Rose of Erin*, the *Banshee*, the *Mavourneen*, and others possessing equally suggestive titles. The lone fishermen say that these boats are manned by the street scrapings and by jail-birds, that the crews are as lawless as in the days of Captain Kidd, and little better than out and out pirates. Dredging is destructive to the smaller but not less vital interests of the small boats.

"Where I can pick up three with a tongs the dredge will get fifty," said a lone fisherman to the writer. "Isetera'll be a luxury in a little time—the dredges crushes all the young isetera into pulp!"

The crew of the dredger runs from seven to ten men. The dredge is worked by a windlass, and two dredges are lowered at the same time at either side of the vessel.

"They goes to trawling grounds exempted from dredging and gets their six or seven hundred bushels a day."

"Surely the authorities take some steps to prevent this?" we asked.

"Yes," replied the lone one, "there's the police boat," pointing to a rakish-looking schooner, "but it can't be everywhere, and them fellows watch it as a cat watches a mouse," adding, with a grin of intense satisfaction, "there was two men shot lately on board of dredgers."

"What is the value of a take of oysters to a dredger?"

"That depends on the state of the market—at times a cargo is worth $2,000, and at other times they goes in debt. Iseters is kinder tricky—sometimes they're worth a dollar a bushel, and then again they won't be worth their shell."

The waters close to the wharf of the Naval Academy are not open to small boats, but during the "hard Winter" of 1870, when the ice was so thick in the bay as to prove invincible, the fishermen petitioned the naval authorities for permission to use the tongs in the prohibited waters. The request was complied with, and in one week 75,000 bushels of oysters were taken up by the tongs.

A boat manned by darkeys, the fisherman having treated his friends to the sail, leaves Annapolis to the music of a chorus that is faithfully borne over the sunlighted waters; but ere the sun grows high in the heavens comes a change in wind, a nor'wester starts up, the snow begins to fall and the sleet to cut the skin, and then the only hope for keeping up the circulation is a vigorous working of the tongs, while the skiff rocks in the chopping sea, every moment threatening to capsize.

There are 4,000 licensed oyster boats in the waters of the Chesapeake. "Shucking," or oyster opening, is a regular profession at Annapolis. One firm employs 750 shuckers who shuck over 100,000 bushels a week. A smart man will shuck from twenty to twenty-four pots of six pints each, one bushel to a pot, a day, for which he is paid at the rate of twenty cents a pot. Shucking gives employment to about fifty white girls, who earn from ten to eighteen dollars a week. These girls have nothing in common with the stereotyped fishwife about them; on the contrary, they are modest, refined, intelligent and highly industrious. One couple—a man and wife—were pointed out to the writer as shuckers who had, by shucking alone, saved $10,000.

The Kaiser at Home.

HIS MAJESTY'S standard is again floating over his palace at Berlin, and everything in the imperial household has resumed its customary appearance. At noon when the soldiers, on mounting duty, pass the Linden, the Emperor never fails to look at them from the corner window of his study, where his face may also frequently be perceived by the many people coming from far and near to have a glimpse of their revered sovereign. The aged monarch, not heeding the admonitions of his physicians, has undertaken the full burden of Government. From early morning to a comparatively late hour of the evening the Kaiser is busily occupying himself with the discharge of the affairs of State. The only relaxation he allows himself consists in a drive through the Thiergarten, generally between the hours of two and three. Not the least precaution is observed by him in these open-air exercises. He is always accompanied by one of his adjutants on duty, who have pledged their word to each other never to leave him alone in his rides or drives.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. Gambetta Addressing the Commercial Travelers.

The recent crisis in French politics, averted on January 24th by a compromise between the Government and the Left which resulted in the passage of a resolution of confidence in the Ministry, by a vote of 223 to 121, attracted a greater share of attention than usual to M. Leon Gambetta. It was believed he had planned the attack upon the Ministry, and if he had ascended the tribune and delivered a speech in accordance with his known convictions the result would have been far different. To his forbearance in this respect is credited the great victory of the Government. The compromise was due in a great measure to his personal efforts. And just here it was asserted that he was awaiting an opportunity more auspicious, if such is possible, for posing himself forward. For, had he so willed, he could have caused the defeat of the motion and the overthrow of the Ministry; and then M. Gambetta himself would have been called upon to form another Cabinet. This is what his partisans say he does not want, for he prefers to wield his vast influence among the Deputies, rather than occupy the position of the mouthpiece and apologist of the Government. For a man of forty years Gambetta's political position is a peculiarly responsible one, yet he bears his honors and burdens in a manner quite free from arrogance. With all the official and party cares upon him, he finds time to deliver innumerable addresses upon all manner of subjects, his latest appearance outside of the Chamber of Deputies being at the banquet of commercial travelers.

The Electric Light on the Victoria Embankment.

The trial of the Jablochkoff system of electric lighting upon the Thames Embankment, between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, has proved beyond all possibility of dispute its practicability and efficiency. There are twenty lamps, the light from which is moderated by means of opalescent glass globes. They are placed about 120 feet apart along the river-side parapet, some of the old gas-posts serving as standards for them, and from each lamp the electric conductor, consisting of seven strands of fine copper wire, surrounded by two coats of insulating material, is carried down the pipe, and thence along the subway to the engine-house, from which the furthest light is 730 yards distant. The engine, which works at the rate of 140 strokes a minute, turning the magnets of the Gramme machine at the rate of 600 revolutions per minute, is one of twenty horse-power. On the first night of the trial only ten lamps were used, but the whole number are now nightly in operation, and the general effect is most satisfactory. The light is strong and clear, the entire roadway of the Embankment being brilliantly illuminated, and the rays extending on the other side far across the river itself, whilst the intervening gas jets only serve as foils to set off the beauty and brilliancy of their new rivals. Large print can be easily read at a distance of fifty feet, whilst the smaller kinds used in newspapers are distinctly legible at thirty. The electric light in itself is absolutely colorless, the reddish tinge observable when this system is employed resulting from the plaster of Paris used in the construction of the "candle."

The Afghan War.

The journey from Lahore to Jhelum is made by rail, and, beyond the latter, which is on a river of the same name, is continued to Peshawur by the high road. Military stores are carried on bullock-wagons, which make an average speed of two miles an hour. The driver, squatting on a small board in front of his vehicle, bears a "chabook," or whip, to mend the pace of the "bile," which is the Hindostanee word for a bullock. If that will not do, he seizes the animal's tail, and gives it a twist, which seldom fails of its due effect. It reminds one of handling a boat's rudder to steer its course, for the tail, like the bridle, may serve to direct the animal to the right or to the left. After Sir Samuel Browne had captured the Fort of Ali Musjid, on December 21st, he gave permission to the native camp-followers to plunder or loot the enemy's tents. There were many dishes, rugs, rugs, belts, drums, and some "posheens," or sheepskin overcoats, which have the woolly side in-wards, like Brian O'Lynn's breeches, and their edges fringed with the wool, all colored yellow. Such coats are worn by the cavalry of the Punjab Guides. The loot parties were allowed to carry off every article they desired save the tents and stray arms. The sketch of the Eighth Bengal Cavalry on the march to Quettah needs little or no mention beyond the fact that the road to Quettah, through the Bolan Pass, was, as we have previously stated, exceedingly arduous, and especially so for cavalry. Still the transportation of baggage was far more rapid than that of the commissariat stores by the bullock-teams. The engraving of a sub-division of a mountain battery is from a photograph, and shows the position of the pieces and men when drawn up for action.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE breeding of silkworms has been attempted at Montevideo, with brilliant success.

—WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS made 150,000 barrels of cider the past season, and temperance people are aghast.

—THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has prohibited female singers in the choirs of his diocese after June 1st.

—THE Cincinnati authorities have decreed that bakers must stamp the weight upon every loaf of bread they offer for sale.

—THE tribe of Oldtown Indians, in Maine, is said to have lost, under the influence of education, almost all traces of its native character.

—ALL the prison officials throughout Russia are to be armed with revolvers, as a precaution against suspected Nihilist plots to liberate the prisoners.

—KENTUCKY horses now find such a ready market in this country and England, Kentucky breeders are going into the horse-raising business more extensively than ever.

—THE French wine crop last year fell off 48,700,000 hectolitres compared with the yield of 1877, and 8,023,000 compared with the average of the decade. Causes, phylloxera and oidium.

—IT is expected that London will be very dull till after Easter, and that there will be no Court festivities with the exception of those connected with the Duke of Connaught's marriage.

—THE Yellow Fever Relief Committee in Grenada, Miss., has published its report, showing that it received $24,493 in subscriptions, disbursed $16,298, and now has claims before it for $13,260.

—THE newly created Humboldt Academy at Berlin was opened on January 13th. Its purpose is to give a sort of university education to persons who have not qualified themselves for entering a regular university.

—A BILL has been introduced into the St. Louis Municipal Assembly making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine to ring bells on churches, convents, schools or factories, or anywhere that the noise will disturb people.

—IT is positively stated that in 1790 Virginia advanced the United States Government $120,000, and Maryland $70,000, to aid in building the Federal Capitol, and that both these sums, with interest, are still due the States named.

—DURING the next six months the French Government will have at its disposition in the Legion of Honor five nominations to the grade of grand officer, eighteen to that of commander, seventy seven to that of officer, and 410 to that of chevalier.

—SAN FRANCISCO records about two thousand marriages during the past year, and nearly three hundred divorces. The grounds of separations were adultery, desertion, cruelty, and failure to provide. The decrees were in favor of the husband in less than one-fourth of the cases.

—PEOPLE may live to see a vast inland sea in Africa, in the natural basin to the north of the desert of Sahara. M. de Lesseps's surveyors have found that the country through which it is proposed to cut a canal is of sand and soft earth, and entirely free from rocks or other obstacles.

—IN 1874 there were four gold mills in operation in Georgia—there are now over forty. There were then about forty stamps at work—there are now nearly five hundred. The stamps at work now will get out over $500,000 in gold bullion during this year if not another stamp is added.

—ENGLAND wants to buy out and out certain Crown lands in Cyprus, and offers Turkey £15,000 for them. The Turks, however, pay England the compliment of asking £55,000, on the ground that the value of the lands will largely increase under a beneficent British administration.

—THERE are fifty-eight tramways in the United Kingdom, with £4,207,350 expended capital and 268¾ miles of track, 1,134 cars and 9,222 horses. The roads carried last year 146,031,223 passengers, their total receipts being £1,145,465, and the net receipts £230,954, or 5½ per cent. on the capital.

—THE Prohibitionists of Ohio are endeavoring to secure the passage of an amendment to the Constitution of the State prohibiting the manufacture or importation of alcoholic liquors in the State except for use as a medicine. They want to get 200,000 signatures to a petition in its favor before the 20th of February

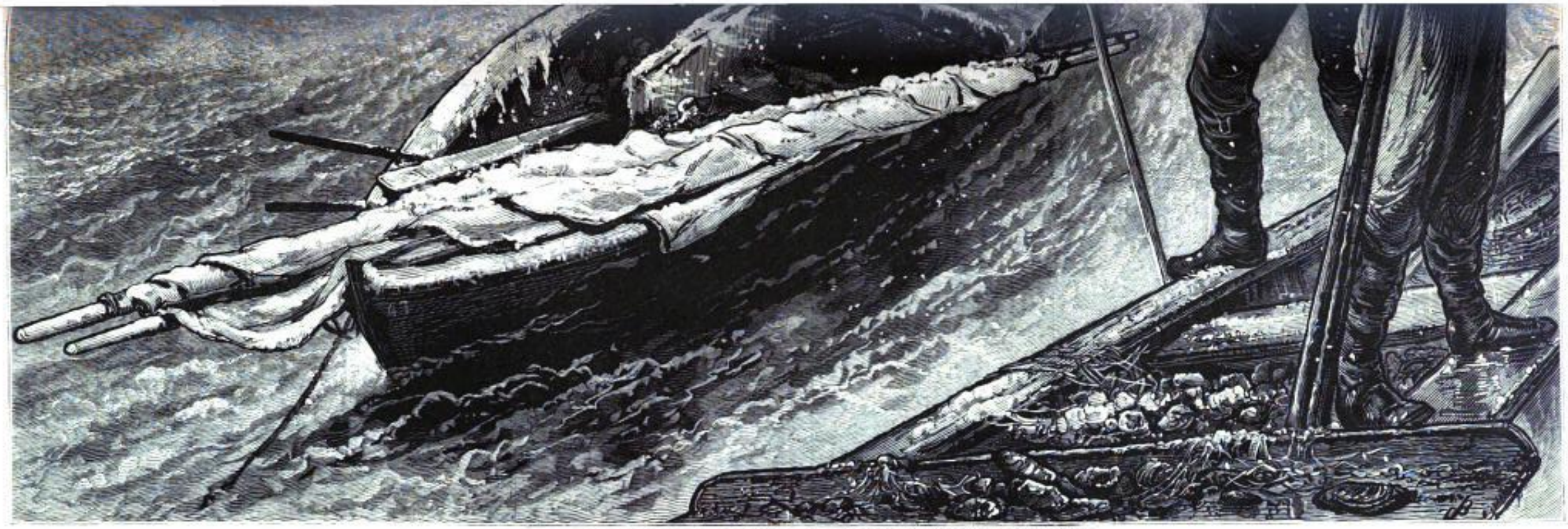
—HARD times in Berlin. More than 200,000 persons, according to a statement prepared by Herr Zimmermann, were last year prosecuted for non-payment of income tax, and in the great majority of cases a seizure of the effects of the defaulters yielded nothing. More than 120,000 persons were prosecuted for having failed to pay their rent.

—A CO-OPERATIVE store has been established in Paris by English capitalists, which employs about ninety persons, and deals in almost everything required by housekeepers. The capital is $300,000. The London co-operative societies report handsome profits. One concern, upon sales of $5,200,000, is said to have realized $130,000 clear of expenses, though selling about twenty per cent. below the ordinary retail prices.

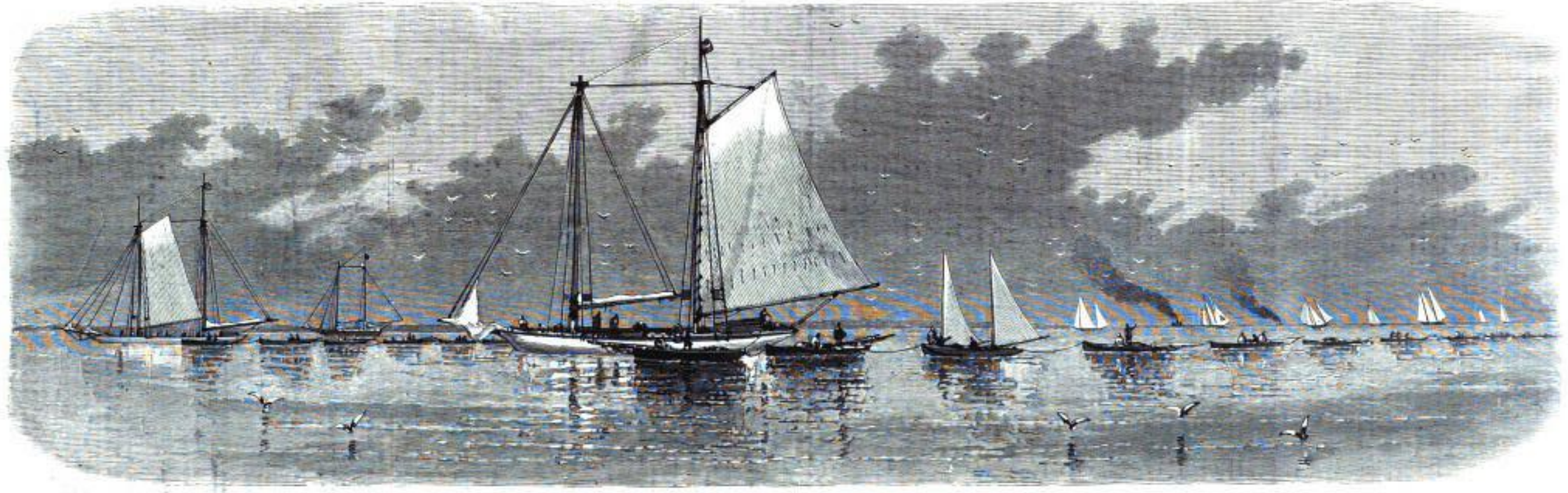
—THE number of passengers landed at New York from foreign countries during the last year was 121,369; the aliens numbered 75,347. This shows an increase of 20,811 as compared with 1877. The number coming by steerage was 33,891. Of these 30,546 remained in New York, 7,855 were distributed in the Middle States; 33,653 in the West and Northwestern States; 4,921 in the Eastern States; 1,566 in the Southern States; 1,011 in Canada; and 97 in South America.

—THE Senate of Virginia refused, by a very decided majority, to repeal the whipping-post law. A Richmond correspondent says: "The infliction of corporal punishment since the adoption of the law has saved a very large amount in criminal charges to the Commonwealth. It has proved to be a good law in this city. Formerly the docket of our police court was crowded with petty larceny cases; under the new order of things these cases have been very greatly diminished. Petty thieves are afraid of the lash."

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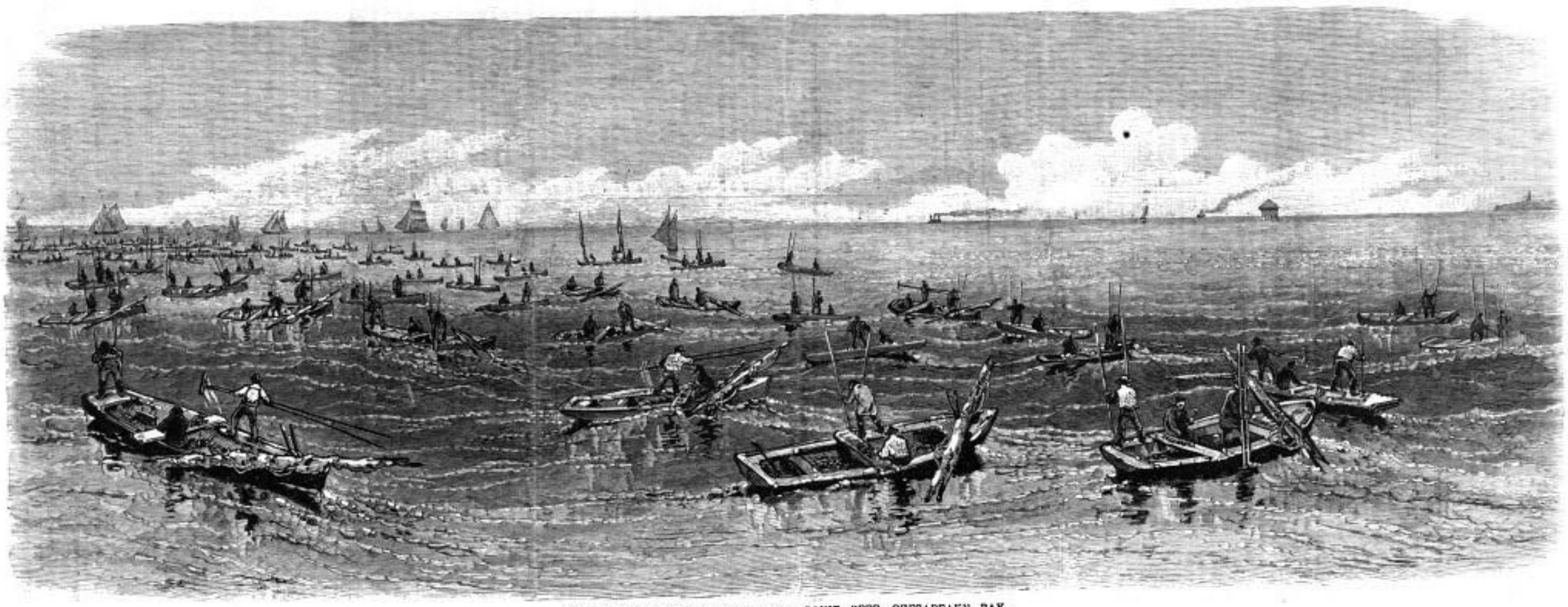
FAVORITE BED FOR SMALL BOATS—GATHERING AND DRESSING OYSTERS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



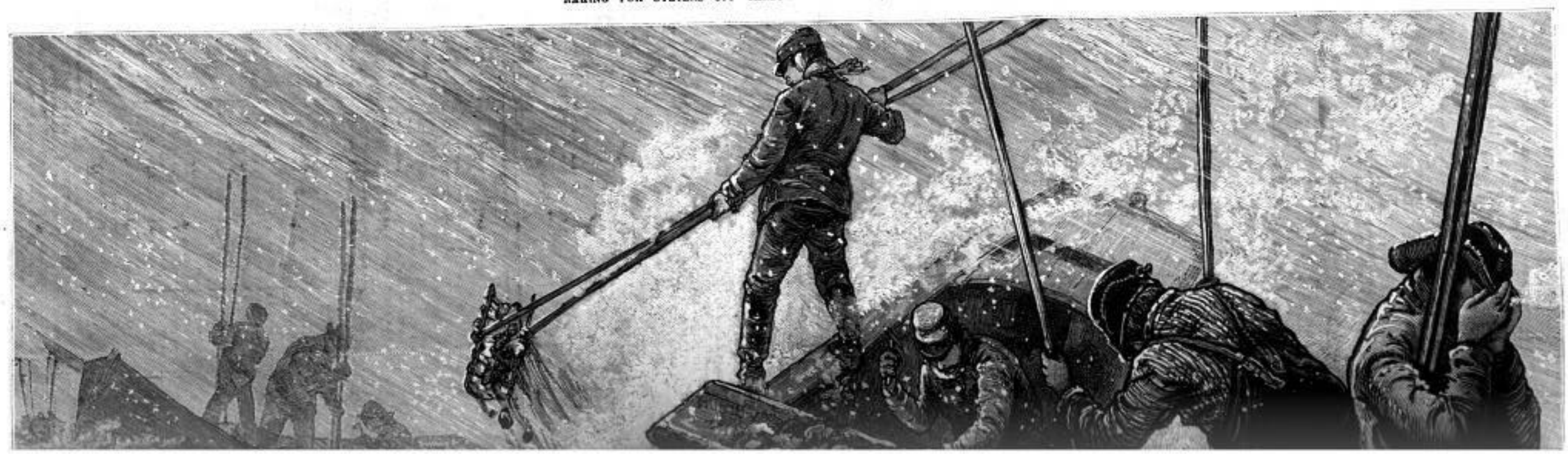
SMALL BOATS ANSWERING SIGNAL OF SLOOPS, "WANT OYSTERS," IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

MARYLAND.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—GATHERING OYSTERS IN THE GREAT BEDS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY, NEAR ANNAPOLIS.—From Sketches by Joseph Becker.—See Page 411

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RAKING FOR OYSTERS OFF TALLY'S POINT REEF, CHESAPEAKE BAY.



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A SECRET MARRIAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK THIRD.

THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER XI.—GLAMOUR BECOMES MORE PUZZLED THAN EVER.

GLAMOUR is sitting in his study, and Monsignore Berretta stands beside him.

Perhaps for the first time in his life the strongest tendencies of his nature are rushing in one mighty current instead; of being divided into several narrow channels, and the Italian seems fully aware of this, as he observes him in silence with his keen eyes that appear to possess a greater power than those of other men.

"So you have not been able to find out anything about her?"

"No. Lady Rollingford received me with her usual cold politeness; she was exceedingly gracious, and the thought of your taking such an interest in her young *protégé* seemed to be highly gratifying to her, for she is very fond of her it appears. But she refused to tell me anything about her, and I begin to fear that there is a mysterious link, more powerful than we imagine, existing between her and Miss Reymond."

The young duke bows his head in silence, and appears to relapse into a reverie.

Monsignore has a very difficult task to perform. He not only desires that Glamour should become a member of the Church, but he would have him marry, not a girl like Miss Reymond, whose antecedents no one seems to know anything about, but into a really old Catholic family, in the bosom of which he might continue to remain a strict adherent to the faith of Rome. He has nothing to say against the young lady, but he would rather his friend should not marry her. Perhaps—who knows?—Mademoiselle Robertoff has been speaking to him concerning her marrying young Cassilis, and his sympathies are already enlisted on that gentleman's side. He looks excited, yet passive, almost breathless with solicitude, and yet conscious of the great responsibility of his position. His keen eyes are fixed on Glamour's aristocratic countenance as if they would read all the thoughts that are passing through his mind. His voice is at all times low, but to-day he speaks almost in whispers, though it is in whispers full of emphasis and that convey a whole world of meaning in them.

The bewildered nobleman rises presently, paces the room with downcast eyes, and says, more to himself than to his faithful mentor (for he seems unconscious of the excited interest with which the latter watches every change of expression that passes over his agitated face).

"I not know if I love her or not—I like her, and I would fain make her my wife; and yet, as you say truly, a man in my position can scarcely sacrifice everything he owes, both to society and to his faith, in order to gratify the desires of his heart. Ah, life is most unsatisfactory, even at its best; it is a dreary dilemma betwixt thought and action."

"What makes life dreary and unsatisfactory is the want of a motive," the Italian says, startling him with his voice, though he speaks almost in a whisper. "When once your faith is settled, my dear duke, you will find life anything but unsatisfactory."

"If there was but one church I could see my way clearly enough."

"There is only one Church, believe me. The more you study its tenets, the more you will perceive that it is the only one which is indestructible and omnipotent over the erring heart of man."

"The claim of Rome to orthodoxy seems to me irresistible; but yet what is orthodoxy? What men call orthodox in England Frenchmen call heretical; and yet England is a very religious nation."

"If England were indeed a religious nation, do you think that there would be so many different sects? England was once the island of saints, and her sovereigns were the defenders of the faith; but, alas, what has become of their faith now?"

Never have monsignore's arguments seemed so plausible to Glamour; his cultivated intellect is aroused even to enthusiasm by the warm, passionate accents, and he opens his heart to them, and imbibes all their satisfying nourishment with the avidity of a man who has been for many a long day deprived of the bread of life.

"My son," the Italian concludes by saying, "Satan is trying you, though you know it not; twice blessed if you stand the test. You are destined for a glorious work, believe me, Glamour; your mission is second to none, if it be estimated at the value of its possible results."

I began this chapter by saying that at last all Glamour's intensest longings are directed into one mighty current, instead of being, as has been the case until now, divided into several channels, each of which was too narrow to satisfy him, and between which he could not make up his mind to choose. And such indeed is the case. All his tendencies now draw him towards the Church of Rome; and having at last found a man like Berretta to guide his faltering steps, he feels that the time for philosophical speculations is over, and that he must, in spite of himself, take a decisive step ere it be too late.

CHAPTER XII.—FRANK REYMOND'S DAUGHTER.

MRS. CHAMPION, made acquainted by a letter from Glamour with Lady Rollingford's ultimatum, begins to fear that a match between him and the daughter of Frank Reymond is not quite such an easy thing to arrange as she had imagined.

Will Lady Rollingford never relent? Will she persist in keeping the secret of Louisa's birth all her life, thus putting a barrier between her and her happiness?"

Ordering her carriage that very afternoon, she drives into town and calls at Rollingford House.

Lady Rollingford receives her in her little boudoir down-stairs.

As usual, she is perfectly composed, and looks as calm and cold as a marble statue. She appears younger than Mrs. Champion, and her stern demeanor only adds majesty to her stately figure. Mrs. Champion trembles for her cause when she sees her, for her great knowledge of human nature tells her at once how difficult it will be to inspire such a being with anything like sympathy for another, especially when it is to the prejudice of herself.

"I have just heard of your interview with Monsignore Berretta, Lady Rollingford," she says, as soon as the stereotyped phrases of greeting have passed between them.

"Indeed!" she answers, smilingly.

"The Duke of Glamour loves Louisa, and is ready to marry her; but, of course, he cannot do so unless he is made aware of her real name and position."

"You would have liked me to tell that cunning priest my secret, then? Ah, Mrs. Champion, you expect too much!"

"I only ask you to show ordinary consideration for the poor girl, and not to destroy all her chances of future happiness, as you are doing."

"You speak well. It is certainly a grand thing to be able to speak well; but yet words are not actions. I have done more for the girl than you have, though you express your love for her in such warm terms."

"Perhaps you do not approve of the duke's suit?"

"I have nothing to say against it. I will not attempt to deny that I shall be sorry to part with her, as I have grown to appreciate all her good qualities, and I shall certainly miss her when she leaves me; yet I suppose it will be for her good, and so I am ready to sacrifice my comfort to her happiness. I could not wish a better husband for her than the duke."

"I can understand your objecting to tell the history of her birth to a man like Berretta, whom, let us hope, Glamour will find out ere it be too late; but surely you can have no objection to reveal your secret to the man who is going to marry your adopted daughter?"

"I will never reveal what you are pleased to call *my secret* to any one. When I adopted Louisa, it was on the condition that the secret of her birth should never be divulged. I have done everything that I could for her; I have been a mother to her; I have given her a first-rate education, and have obtained for her a position in society such as her own mother could never have dreamed of; all this I have done in remembrance of Frank Reymond, who believed her to be his daughter, and begged of me to look after her as such. But do you think that I will endanger my position in society, and dishonor my spotless name, in order to secure for her a brilliant match? No, Mrs. Champion; you ask too much."

"Yet she is your husband's daughter; and by rights all his property, even to this very house, belongs to her. You have deprived her of the rank and the fortune that by law belong to her. Don't you think that you owe her something in return for all these injuries?"

"By law! You seem to forget that I am Lord Rollingford's widow, and that by his own will all his property was left unconditionally to me. He was never married before. The *liaison* on which you seem to place such importance was not a real marriage. No proofs of it exist, and even that wretched woman herself could never establish the shadow of a claim to his name or title. Besides, how do we know that Louisa is my husband's daughter, after all? She is not in the least like him, either in feature or in character, and we have only Marie Gautier's word for it."

"You do not believe, then, that she is Frank Reymond's daughter?"

"I think it is just as likely that she should be the daughter of any one else—the Count de la Mazerolle, for instance, with whom every one knows her mother was living at the time of her birth."

"Alas, how true it is that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children! Lady Rollingford, I am sure you are mistaken, and yet I cannot prove it."

"I thought that you would never have mentioned this unpleasant subject again. I have your solemn pledge never to reveal the secret to any one, and I believed that even to me you would have had the good taste never to have mentioned it. But I see I was mistaken; and yet you did not hesitate to accept my ten thousand pounds!"

Mrs. Champion's face flushes scarlet.

"Madam," she answers, rising, and looking down upon the great lady with supreme contempt, "that money you forced upon me; I never asked for it, and you sent it to me after I had already promised to keep your secret. But it shall be returned to you; not another week shall pass ere it is paid back, every penny of it—yes, and with interest, too—into your own hand!"

"I do not want the money!" Lady Rollingford exclaims, frightened at what she has done; "you are welcome to keep it."

"Ay, but I want you to release me from my promise."

"*That* I can never do. You promised to keep my secret, and you must do so; it is too late now to retract or change your mind. You have a prejudice against oaths. No wonder. Oaths may remind one who, like you, is so apt to change her mind, with unpleasant force of perjury. Still, you told me that day in Paris that you considered your word as binding as an oath; I will not insult you by doubting for a second that such, indeed, is the case."

CHAPTER XIII.—AT THE RACES.

I NOW take my readers to one of the most lovely spots in merry England—the park of Sandown, near the picturesque little village of Esher.

On the fine clear Spring day when we contemplate this favorite spot a dense crowd of people fill the inclosure; the grand stand is full of gayly attired ladies and men of all grades; whilst a more exclusive set of privileged mortals occupy the members' stand, or promenade up and down the lawn, listening to the martial strains of the military band, and anxiously waiting for the saddling-bell to ring and for the hoisting of the telegram-board, whilst they discuss the chances of the different horses, and make up their last sweepstake before the race.

Every train from London arrives at the little station above the course filled with people, for the fine day and the brilliant Spring sun have tempted many to repair to what they are pleased still to call the "country," who, as a rule, take but little interest in racing; the greater number, however, are men whose faces are better known at Newmarket than in Piccadilly. But though the rail can convey one so quickly and for so little expense to the very gates of Sandown Park, many have the good taste to prefer driving down, and various drags and landaus and wagonettes and conveyances of all kinds arrive on the course, and take up their place in front of the grand stand, making the place look like a second Ascot or a miniature Epsom.

On one of these, a large drag drawn by a beautiful team of grays, on whose silver harness appears on every available spot a count's coronet, we perceive, sitting on the box-seat, by the side of the saucy and ever-smiling Mademoiselle de Robertoff—whom some one in the grand stand has just named, and I think with some reason, "the first favorite of the day"—our old friend Louisa Reymond, Lady Rollingford's adopted daughter.

She is looking perhaps a trifle thinner and paler than when we saw her at the end of last season, but her wondrous dark eyes have lost none of their fire, and even compared with the sly, saucy, almost wicked, yet ever-smiling eyes of the brilliant girl beside her, they shine with an effulgence unrivaled. She is most elegantly dressed in a complete *toilet des courses*, in rich *faille* of the shade known as *violet Ophélie*. Her dark brown hair is drawn off her face and discloses her beautifully-shaped forehead; and her coquettish *chapeau-capote* of violet-colored *crêpe* is adorned at the back with a profusion of mauve ribbons which fall gracefully over the hair.

Louisa has never looked more lovely in her life; at least so thinks the gay Cassilis, who sits just behind her on the top of the drag, his elbows resting upon the large Fortnum & Mason basket which contains the luncheon, as he leans over her, and every now and then joins in the animated conversation between the two young ladies, who both seem in great form to-day, and who are at all times a good match for each other in a combat of words.

A strange, sad look, however, overshadows the generally bright countenance of the mysterious heiress, and causes her at times to look almost melancholy—a rare thing in one so full of health and life, and who would seem to have been born for nothing but happiness, and which is particularly noticeable to-day amidst such a gay spirit-stirring scene as this.

What can she be thinking about? Can it be that her thoughts have wandered back to last season, when she used to converse for hours together with the clever and talented young duke, whose wife she at one time hoped to become? But no: she has just heard the news of his approaching marriage with the beautiful Gwladyth de Beverley confirmed by one who of all men is a reliable authority, Monsignore Berretta himself; and she heard it with a smile playing upon her coral lips, and without a pang of regret, at least to all outward appearance, troubling her heart.

Is her mind dwelling on the one curse of her life—the one dark point in her bright and dazzling existence—the mysterious secret of her birth and parentage? Perhaps. Yet why should she trouble herself about what is out of her power ever to settle satisfactorily? Is she not courted by all, respected by the whole world, welcomed into the highest society in the land? Is not her adopted mother as kind and lenient to her as if she were indeed her own child, and will she not inherit at her death a fortune which kings might envy? No; the mystery that surrounds her seems but to add to her attractions, and she is well aware of this. Were she, indeed, the daughter of a royal house, as she has so often imagined in her dreams, she could not possibly be more courted or *fêted* by the crowd of admirers who surround her, and amidst whom she passes almost for a Corinne, only more beautiful and more mysterious than even Madame de Staël's world-famed heroine.

No; it is evident that we must seek some other reason for her mysterious melancholy.

I have already remarked that Rupert Cassilis is sitting just behind her on the drag. The gay young fellow also seems at times sad and downcast, his conversation is scarcely as lively as usual, he but seldom laughs; and it is strange, too, that every time he addresses Louisa, however trifling or commonplace his remark may be, that young lady trembles, as a sensitive plant might do at the gentlest touch, and an expression in which both pain and joy are mingled steals over her lovely young face.

The truth is that matters between them have come to a crisis at last, and that it was not by accident that the saucy Mademoiselle de Robertoff advised her aunt to invite Rupert and Miss Reymond to be of their party to these races.

Louisa is fully conscious of the clever little lady's manœuvres. For some time past she has been almost hourly expecting a proposal from the handsome Rupert, for since we last met them he has become a constant visitor at Rollingford House, and his attentions to her have been most marked; and yet—strange contradiction of the human heart—though she admires him above all men, and feels happy only in his company, though his looks cause her heart to beat faster, and his most commonplace remark brings a blush to her cheek, she yet dreads to hear this very confession of love for which she now almost longs, and would fain place an ocean between them even at this moment, though such a separation would almost kill her.

Several races have been run and won and lost; the whole scene seems to her more like a dream than a reality; even the witty remarks of her bright little companion fall unheeded on her ear, for Cassilis is leaning over, and, though he but seldom speaks, she can feel his warm breath fanning her cheek. She knows that the moment has come, she knows that this day will decide her fate, that yonder glorious sun will not shine another day upon the free Miss Reymond, that the most ardent desire of her heart is about to be accomplished; yet she trembles, and would fain send from her side him whom she loves so dearly.

Presently Mademoiselle de Robertoff suggests that they should descend from their elevated position and take a turn on the lawn, and look out for their friends and acquaintances amidst the gay, bustling crowd.

Lightly as a sylph she descends from her uncle's drag, her aunt the countess and Louisa being obliged to follow her example; and once on the ground she manages so that, whilst she herself takes her aunt's arm, Cassilis is obliged to offer his to Miss Reymond. And thus they all four cross the course and enter the inclosure beyond, where, as it was only to be expected, they soon get separated by the crowd; and when Louisa turns round to speak to Countess Sartorious, she finds that that lady and her fairy-like niece are no longer near her, and that she is alone with Rupert—alone though in the midst of a crowd—and that purposely or unconsciously he is pressing her hand in his, and drawing her closer to him.

She looks up into his face as if to seek for protection, and his light blue eyes, so full of deep meaning, so sweet, so pure, and so intense in their expression, meet hers. She can doubt no longer—he loves her!

Yet his conversation is unlike that of a lover; a few passing remarks, perhaps more cutting and facetious than charitable, about the mutual friends whom they happen to pass in their walk, a racy anecdote, or the odds just offered by Tattersall's men against such or such a horse. But how sweet they sound in her ears! Ah, it is not necessary for a handsome young lover to describe beautiful palaces by the Lake of Como in glowing language and enchanting verse, that his lady-love, if she be really in love with him, may hang, even as the bee upon the flower, upon the honey of his words.

"Look who is coming this way, Miss Reymond," he says, pointing out to her a tall, graceful lady, most elegantly attired, who leans on the arm of a middle-aged man, with a not over-aristocratic countenance. Lady Victoria Fitzcharles—at least, I beg her pardon—that was, and unfortunately is no more—Lady Victoria Sadfall."

Louisa looks up and recognizes the lady in question, who, as Cassilis has just informed us, has indeed changed her name at last.

As I said when I first had the pleasure of introducing this amiable and talented lady to my readers, Lady Victoria has passed the age of sweet April-like eighteen. From her earliest youth she had been led to believe that she was destined to make a grand marriage; in fact, that she had only to make her appearance in the world for every man to fall in love with her immediately. But, alas! years passed, season succeeded season, and the handsome and clever daughter of his late Grace of Warrington—for handsome and clever she is, there is no denying *that*—saw every girl of her acquaintance, one after the other, marry and settle down, whilst she still remained unmarried, and she began to dread that, after all, she would end by being an old maid. She perceived with dismay that every year the chances of her ever making a grand marriage became more and more problematic; the idea of dying an old maid did not please her at all; and so, after refusing a marquis and three earls during her first season, an earl and two barons during her second and third, two viscounts and a baronet during her fourth, fifth and sixth, and a couple of baronets and a rich knight some time during her seventh and eighth London seasons, seeing that the Prince Charming of her dreams did not arrive, and was not likely now ever to do so, she has just bestowed herself upon plain Mr. Sadfall, who is not enormously rich either; and glad enough she was to accept him, too—at least, so some people say.

"How proud the fellow seems of his new wife!" Cassilis remarks to his companion.

"He may well be so; she is a beautiful woman; fancy her marrying a man like that!—Lady Vic, too, who used to look so high for a husband, and who is said to have refused a duke!" replies Louisa, as she bows to her.

"Yes, the Duke of Glamour, I believe," answers, Cassilis, maliciously, and looking at her to see what effect his words produce.

Louisa suddenly turns pale, and he feels the hand resting so gracefully on his arm is trembling like the branch of a tree when stricken by the storm.

"Nonsense," she says, trying to appear calm and composed—"nonsense; why, that was the year she came out, and the Duke of Glamour only made his first appearance in London society last season; he must have been a boy at Eton at the time."

"I meant no harm; how seriously you take it! Well, he, too, is safely disposed of at last. Do you know, this Miss de Beverley he is going to marry? No!" Then carelessly, yet still watching her closely, "Well, anyhow, I am sure I have often seen him flirting with Lady Victoria."

"The duke never flirts!"

"No? Only with you, you mean, of course."

"Mr. Cassilis, I wish you would not be personal."

Rupert, though a little disconcerted at the effect which the mention of the duke's name has produced upon his companion, has pity upon her, and looking once more in the direction of the Lady Victoria, who has stopped at a little distance from them, and is conversing with a couple of tall, showy women, wondrously attired, he mutters, half aloud:

"True love—true love! Miss Reymond, do you think that such a thing exists?"

"What a question! How can I tell?"

"Do you know these ladies she is talking to?"

"Yes; Mrs. Harley Topham and her daughter."

"She, too, is a bride. I heard all about her marriage yesterday at Green's. Well, she for one has not thrown herself away, according to worldly ideas. I hear her husband is immensely rich, and a peer; but I wonder which of the two will be the happier?"

"Surely you are not going to philosophize upon marriage?"

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"And why not? Is it not a subject that interests us all?"

"Lady Pike's dress interests me much more at this moment," Louisa says, trying to hide her confusion. "Let us walk nearer to them; I want to see how it is made."

Cassilis gives her his arm once more, and after walking close by the little group formed by the three fashionable ladies and Mr. Sadfall, who seems consciously out of place amongst them, they leave the racecourse, and are soon wandering arm-in-arm through those beautiful woods which form such a picturesque background to this racecourse.

The trees are thick, the furzes and brushwood that conceal the ground are high, the solitude seems perfect; they might be walking through a primeval forest. The long looked-for opportunity has come at last, and the handsome Cassilis, no longer afraid of being overheard, pours out his heart into hers, and confesses his love. His passionate, soul-stirring words are irresistible—his very looks seem to kindle love in her youthful heart. What can she say? What can she answer? In vain she tries to persuade herself that she does not care for him; she loves him, and she knows but too well that she will have to yield before long; yet she, who has so long imagined that nothing less than a peer would be good enough for her, begins to fear that she would be doing a great wrong to this man if she married him.

"No, no!" she cries, turning away from him; "you must not love me; you do not know who I am."

"As if that mattered, my darling! A name—what is there in a name? A rose——"

"It matters more than you imagine. What will your family say? What will the world think of your marrying a poor girl like me, who does not even possess a name?"

"I will give you a name which no one will be able to take away from you. You need a protector! Let me be that protector; once my wife, who will dare to question your origin?"

"Ah!"

"You consent? You promise to be my wife?"

"I cannot promise yet. Lady Rollingford's great kindness has bound me to her in such a way that I should not feel justified in accepting any one as a husband without her consent."

"I will talk to Lady Rollingford; she loves you: she will give her consent, I feel sure of it."

"Very well. See her, then, and find out from her all about me. If she gives her consent, and if she informs you of my real name and parentage, I will be your wife; but if she refuses to do this, promise me in your turn that you will never speak to me of love again. I should be miserable for life if I thought that in marrying me you brought into your family a nameless girl they would be ashamed to own. If you can discover who I am, then, Mr. Cassilis, I will be your wife, but not till then."

"My love, not a doubt troubles me now; I am so happy. Ah! you cannot imagine how happy you have made me, for your words tell me that you love me."

"Hush! Let us now return to the lawn: the countess must be getting anxious about us. Hush, not another word!"

Offering his arm to her, they quit the solitude of the woods, but as they approach the entrance of the members' enclosure a tall, picturesque-looking gypsy—one of those women who are always to be found at races—approaches them. She is attired in the humble peasant garb generally affected by her race, and a scarlet cloak and hood cover her head and shoulders.

She asks in a shrill voice if they would like to have their fortunes told.

Louisa laughs good-naturedly, she feels so happy at this moment; and taking off her glove she presents to the gitana her tiny little hand, which Rupert, echoing her laughter, crosses with a silver piece.

For a few moments the gypsy remains silent, holding the delicate taper fingers of the young lady in her own brown and weather-beaten hand. Then her face becomes suddenly clouded, as if she were displeased and disconcerted by what she has discovered there.

"You will soon be married, my pretty young lady—you will soon be married—and to a tall, handsome man with blue eyes and fair hair."

"Is that all?" Louisa exclaims, seeing that the gitana is about to release her hand.

"Would you care to hear more?" she says, half sadly.

"Yes, of course! Shall I be happy? Will this handsome husband you promise me, will he love me very much?"

"Shall I speak the truth?" the gypsy says, turning round towards young Cassilis.

"Yes; tell her all she wants to know; here is more money for you," he says, dropping another coin into her hand.

"But you will not be angry with the poor gypsy?"

"Angry! what nonsense! Fire away; but don't be long, for our friends are waiting for us."

The poor woman again takes Louisa's hand in hers, and, after examining the lines upon it for a few seconds in silence, she murmurs in a low, almost unearthly tone, that to the frightened lovers sounds like the voice of some supernatural being.

"You will be married before this year is out; you will be very happy at first—yes, very happy—but afterwards a dreadful doubt will begin to trouble your soul; you will be miserable. Pretty lady, beware of jealousy; it is the poor gypsy who tells you so. Your husband will soon get tired of you; he will seek for other amusements. You will be very unhappy, though, perhaps, not for long, for if you succeed in bringing him back, he will be for ever after faithful to you. Yet if you could see into the future as the poor gypsy can, I do not think you would change your lot."

* * * * *

Miss Oscott is not a girl to be easily discouraged. She had made up her mind to place the Duke of Glamour on her list of friends, and, in spite of all the misadventures with which their acquaintance had commenced, she has at last succeeded in making of the wealthy young peer an intimate friend of her family.

It is at a large dinner-party at her father's house that we again have the honor of meeting her. The cardinal archbishop is dining with them, and to meet him several members of the principal Catholic families in London have been invited, and Glamour, strange as it may seem, is of the party.

The cardinal has acted for some years as a sort of guardian to the young nobleman, and, though they have of late seldom met, their esteem for one another is very great; and Monsignore Berretta has kept his eminence duly informed of the gradual changes that have been taking place lately in his ward's but too impressionable mind.

After dinner he leads Glamour into an inner drawing-room, where no one presumes to follow them, and, seating themselves on a sofa, they are soon engaged in a deep and all-absorbing conversation.

The gentlemen have just entered the drawing-room, and Monsignore Berretta—who, of course, is one of the party—makes his way immediately towards a group of ladies who are sitting in a corner of the room, and are engaged in a most animated conversation, in which he speedily took part.

At last the red robes of the archbishop are seen at the further end of the room. His eminence's face is elated with joy, and his eyes sparkle with unusual brilliancy. Every one in that room feels as if a great object had been attained, and every heart beats faster. Glamour, looking very solemn and thoughtful, walks beside the cardinal, and when Sir Charles Oscott approaches him, bows with that dignified air of graceful simplicity which is so natural to him, yet which on this occasion seems almost forced and constrained.

Conversation now becomes general and animated, and very soon turns on religious topics. It is the eve of a great religious ceremony, and the cardinal is most anxious that every one present should attend it.

"You will be there too, I trust, duke," Miss Oscott says, addressing herself to Glamour.

"All our nobility will be there, all the faithful, and several others too, who sympathize with the unity of the church. The duke is very anxious to show to the world in general that he is ready to unite himself to us for the good of God's cause in this world, and for the advancement of his soul in heaven. You will consent to take part in the ceremony, I trust?"

These words produce a strange effect upon Glamour. His respect and affection for the cardinal force him to give a definite and straightforward answer to this question, and yet he feels that whatever that answer may be it will be as good as a public confession of his actual faith, and become a pledge of his future conduct given before the world to a man above the world, by which he will have to stand in all future time, whether he like it or not; yet at this moment he can no longer resist following the dictates of his heart, and he answers, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"It is the most ardent desire of my heart. I shall certainly attend that service."

And thus it happens, as it has many a time happened before, and to greater men than Glamour, that the necessity to reveal the true feelings of his heart at some critical moment of his life changed and transformed that life for ever after.

Though unspoken in so many words, his desire to become a Catholic has now been publicly expressed; his word has been given, he cannot go back.

Presently a very handsome young lady, who has been sitting in a distant corner of the room, rises, and, encouraged by a smile from the monsignore, approaches Glamour, and, in a voice full of genuine emotion, exclaims, taking the hand which he with undisguised admiration extends toward her:

"Let me be the first to congratulate you."

This young lady is no other than Miss Gwladyth de Beverley, and all present begin to suspect that they will before long have to attend a wedding as well as a baptism.

Alas, no one at that moment seems to think of the mysterious heiress. Yet can Glamour have already forgotten her?

(To be continued.)

Statistics of the Army.

THE Secretary of War has sent to the House Committee on Military Affairs, by request, a statement showing the actual strength of the regular army at a stated period in each year from the beginning of the Government to the present time. It appears that the strength of the army, both officers and men, from 1789 to 1794 was about 3,500. From that time to 1812 it varied from 3,600 to 6,600; but in 1813 it increased to 19,000, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, and in the next year to 38,146. In 1815 it was 33,434. For 1816 it fell to 10,000, and in the three years following to 8,500. From 1820 to 1838 it averaged about 6,500. For 1839 it was increased to nearly 10,000, and in subsequent years to 1846, varied from 8,500 to 11,000. In 1847 it increased to 21,026, falling in the following years, until 1854, to an average of 10,000. For 1855, 15,752, and from that year to 1861 the average was 16,000. From 1862 to 1864 the usual annual returns of the army were suspended. For 1865 the strength of the army was 22,310; in 1866, 56,815; in 1868, 51,000; in 1869, 36,774; in 1870, 37,075; and from this period to 1877 it has varied between 25,000 and 29,000. For 1877 it was 24,000, and in 1878, 25,818.

Long Annuities.

THE year's public accounts show that the following annuities are payable out of Great Britain's public purse: £4,000 a year to the heirs and descendants of William Penn for ever; £1,080 to the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg; £1,200 hereditary pension to the Earl of Bath; £5,000 to the person on whom the title of Earl Nelson shall descend; £4,000 to whom the title of Duke of Marlborough shall descend; £3,000 to the representatives of Jeffery, Earl Amherst; £2,000 to the heirs male on whom the title of Viscount Exmouth shall descend; £2,000 to all and every the heirs male on whom the title of Lord Rodney shall descend; £878 hereditary pension to the Earl of Kinnoul. The following are not among the perpetual pensions, but are payable during the life of the present holder of the title mentioned and his next successor: The Duke of Wellington, £4,000 a year; Viscount Hardinge, £3,000; Viscount Combermere, £2,000; Lord Seaton, £2,000; Lord Keane, £2,000; Lord Gough, £2,000; Lord Raglan, £2,000; Lord Napier of Magdala, £2,000.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Waters in the Straits of Gibraltar at the depth of 670 fathoms is four times as salt as at the surface.

A Prague Chemist has invented a mirror which reveals the contents of wine casks without removing the heads.

We are Glad to Learn that the health of Professor Hofman, the well-known chemist, is now completely restored, and that he is again among his pupils.

The Heretofore Regarded Worthless sage barrens of Nevada are found to be excellent pastures for Cashmere goats. A single herder near Carson has a flock of three thousand.

Thirty Years Ago the profession of mining engineer was almost unknown in the United States; to-day the American Institute of Mining Engineers numbers over seven hundred members.

Dr. Tholozan, physician to the Shah of Persia, is organizing a scientific exploration of the province of Khuzistan, the southern province of Persia. The expedition will start from Bassorah on February 1st next.

Geologists having reported that there is in Japan enough workable coal to produce a yearly yield equal to that in Great Britain for 1,000 years, the Japanese Government have agreed to grant a loan of $1,500,000 for the purpose of working them.

The Question of "reserves" for the aborigines having been recently raised in the Queensland Legislature, it has been recommended that the system of the Darnley reserve should be extended, as there are many other places where it might be advantageously tried.

Action of Chemical Substances on Germination.—M. Heckel has been trying the action of chemical substances on the germination of seeds. Carbolic acid in extremely feeble doses arrests vegetation at once, but if this substance is removed, by evaporation or otherwise, the physiological functions are again revived. On the other hand, salicylic acid and the salicylate of soda kill the grains outright. The author finds that this effect is not attended by any apparent anatomical alteration.

A New Compound of Iron and Steel.—A new composition of iron and steel is described in the *Revue Industrielle*. A cast-iron mold is divided into two sections by means of a transverse plate of thin sheet iron. The two metals are then poured into the respective compartments. The sheet-iron partition prevents the mixing of the metals, and facilitates the welding by itself being brought into a state of fusion. It is said that the product is well adapted for safes, and that it resists drills.

The Ocarina.—This is the name of a musical instrument which can be learned in half an hour—such, at least, is the averment made by its introducer to the English public, Mr. Barr, the music publisher, Queen Victoria Street, London; and the instrument looks so simple and innocent, if somewhat uncouth, that the averment may be true. In appearance it may be classed with the singed cat or ugly duck, but the thing, properly manipulated, discourses most dulcet music of a voice-like (not human) quality. It has a complete chromatic scale from the lower B to the upper E, and can be used, irrespective of key, with any other instrument, notably the piano. Amateurs have taken to the "Ocarina" very kindly, and the only fear is that it may suffer in reputation from its popularity and the facility with which it can be learned.

Increased Manufacture of Soda Ash.—The importation of pyrites into England in 1862 was only 43,917 tons, to which must be added pyrites from Ireland and Cornwall, then extensively used and amounting to 29,783 tons, making the consumption 72,800 tons, whereas in 1877 the importation was 186,757 tons, and, after allowing for the manure trade, etc., it leaves a total consumption of 150,000 tons for alkali works, as against 72,800 tons at the former period named. And again, the consumption of the salt, which in 1862 was 90,000 tons, is now, 92,500 tons, showing in these two articles, which constitute the largest raw materials used, an increase of double the former consumption. The production of alkali in 1862 was 203,000 tons, with an employed capital of £2,000,000, and in 1876 it was 430,000 tons, employing a capital of £7,000,000.

A Mineralogical Phenomenon.—Professor Nordenskiöld, previous to embarking on his voyage of exploration to the Siberian Arctic Ocean, transmitted to Professor Daubree, of Paris, some specimens of a mineral made up of the most astonishing constituents—a sort of "happy family" among stones—to which, in the amazement produced by its discovery, the name *thaumasite* (from the Greek "astonishing") has been given. The mineral in question was found in the mines of Gustav and Carlberg, and has been known for a hundred years, but has always been overlooked. Careful analyses made of specimens selected from different deposits show that the mineral contains at the same time silicic acid, carbonic acid, and sulphuric acid, combined with water and lime. The formula proves it to be a silicate, sulphate, and carbonate of lime, with fourteen per cent. water. The microscope reveals a perfect homogeneity of composition and not a mechanical mixture. The Swedish chemist suggests the probability of its occurrence in other mines, and finds in the mineral the promise of an explanation of the origin of certain rock formations which have hitherto appeared to be inexplicable.

Further Researches on Gallium.—No new sources of this rare metal have been discovered and its occurrence is still confined to the zinc blende of the Pyrenees. The metal has been recently very carefully studied, and its leading properties have been established. In its appearance it manifests a general resemblance to lead, but is not so blue-tinted or quite so soft, though it is readily malleable, flexible, and capable of being cut with a knife. Like lead again, and unlike zinc, gallium is not an easily volatile metal. Unlike lead, however, it acquires only a very slight tarnish on exposure to moist air, and undergoes scarcely any calcination at a red heat. The specific gravity of gallium is a little under 6, that of aluminum being 2.6, that of zinc 7.1, and that of lead 11.4. A most remarkable property of gallium is its low melting point. It liquifies completely at 86° Fahrenheit, or below the heat of the hand; and, still more curiously, when once melted at this temperature, it may be cooled down even to the freezing point of water without solidifying, and may be kept unchanged in the liquid state for months. Indeed, in the original communication of its discovery to the French Academy, it was described as a new liquid metal similar to mercury; but on touching with a fragment of solid gallium a portion of the liquid metal it at once solidifies. Unlike lead, again, gallium is a highly crystalline metal, its form being that of a square octahedron. In its chemical habitudes the rare element gallium shows the greatest analogy to the abundant element aluminum. In particular, it forms a sort of alum, not to be distinguished in its appearance from ordinary alum, but containing oxide of gallium instead of oxide of aluminum or alumina. This would seem to indicate that gallium yielded a sesqui-oxide, the same as aluminum. The therapeutic properties of this alum have not been studied, nor does it appear whether the oxide of the new metal could be used as a mordant or could replace alumina in other chemical compounds. The extreme scarcity of material stands in the way of a full knowledge of the element, and as long as this scarcity continues its possible applications in the arts can have very little interest. Should it be found somewhere in large quantities we may then expect to hear of its application to some useful purpose.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE fashion in England, set by Lord Harrington, is for afternoon marriages.

SENATOR BURNSIDE is said to give more entertainments than any other Senator in Washington.

THUS far $3,186.58 has been contributed for the benefit of the family of the late John Wilson Barron, the murdered cashier. It is a small amount for such heroism.

THE two oldest Unitarian clergymen in the country are the Rev. Calvin Lincoln, of Bingham, Mass., and the Rev. Increase Sumner Lincoln, of Wilton, N. H., who were ordained in 1824.

THE venerable Albert Pike is now engaged in organizing the "Knights of the Cactus," to be composed of the veterans of the Mexican War, and the Order to descend to their male children.

THE Empress Eugenie is described as leading the quietest and most monotonous of lives at Chiselhurst. She is still handsome, her beautiful golden hair shining royally above her plain black dress.

IT is said that on January 28th last Prince Joachim Murat and M. Rouher went to the Palais de l'Industrie, where Prince Murat drew the number 207 in the name of the Prince Imperial, who is therefore liable to be called upon to serve in the army.

PRINCE DONDUKOFF-KORSAKOFF is carefully selecting a number of youths belonging to the best families in Eastern Roumelia to be sent to the New Military College he has recently opened at Sophia. As many as two hundred will undergo military training at the Bulgarian capital.

MR. CASSIUS M. CLAY has just given the Kentucky Historical Society the oil portraits of Alexander II. of Russia and his wife, painted by Winterhalter. He has also presented to the society more than three hundred rare and valuable objects, including many desirable autograph letters.

THE Marquis of Lorne shakes hands heartily and makes himself extremely agreeable to his visitors. The Princess goes about doing her own shopping, and it is said dresses so plainly that she has met with some impertinence from the tradespeople who did not recognize royalty in that simple guise.

TWO ENGLISH ladies have received the Cross of St. Elizabeth at Bucharest, for their aid and services during the late war. One is Mrs. Mansfield, wife of the (late) Consul-General, the other, Mrs. Mawer, wife of the English physician, the latter lady, aided by subscriptions, having started and maintained a small hospital.

MISS MORGAN, of this city; Miss Burlingame, daughter of the former Minister to China; and Miss Neal, daughter of the artist, are said to be the possessors of three of the charming faces to be seen in Mr. Rosenthal's picture of the "Seminary Alarmed"—a picture which is becoming familiar through photographs and engravings.

JUDGE HENRY G. SMITH, of Memphis, Tenn., who died a few days ago, is described as a man of singular bravery, as is illustrated by the story of one of his cases tried years ago in Tennessee. He was to prosecute a man for murder. Friends of the murderer let it be known that they would kill whosoever appeared as prosecutor. Mr. Smith began the trial by producing two pistols, which he kept by him until the man was convicted. He was a stanch Union man during the war.

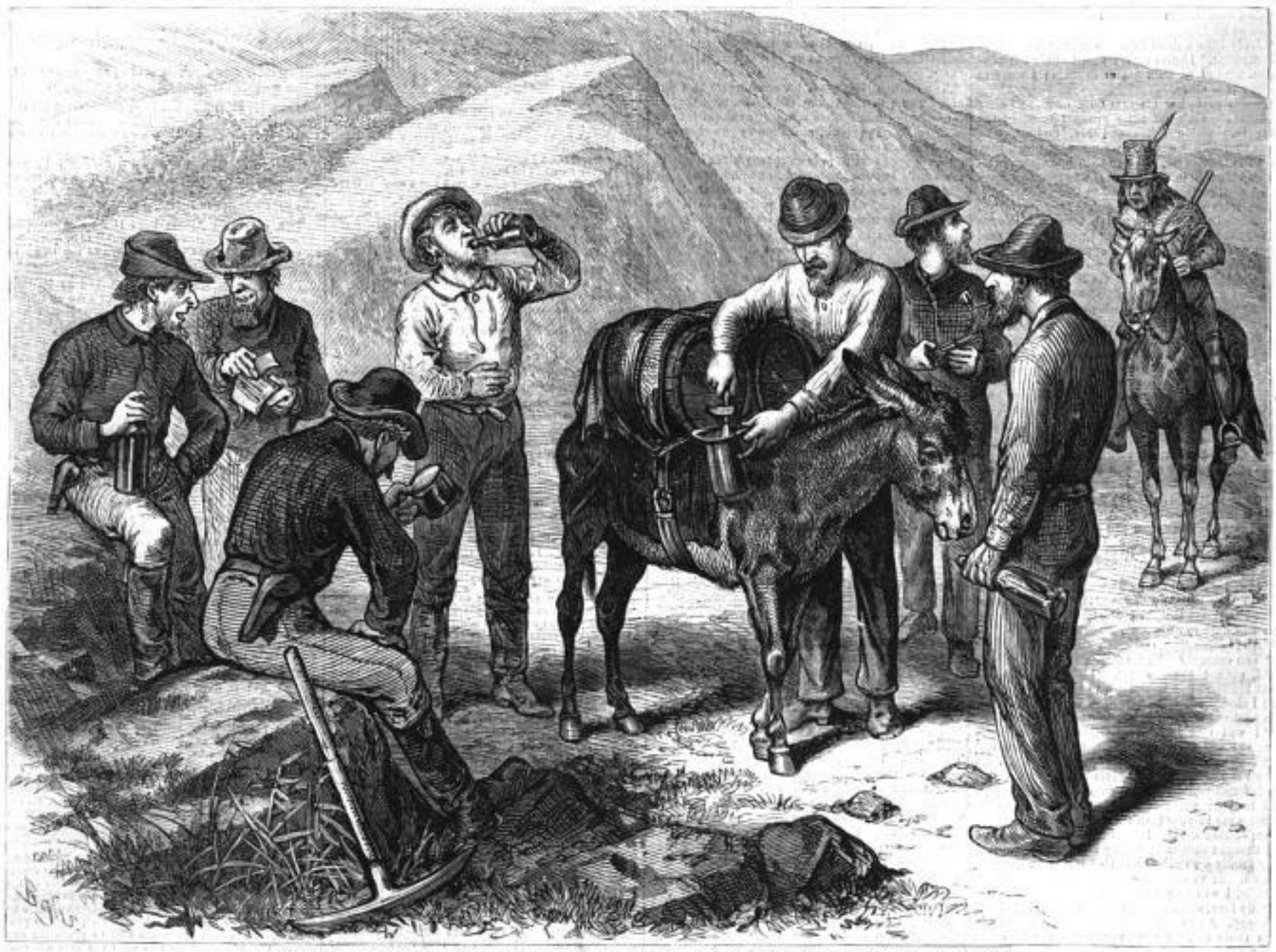
THERE are some lively old colts in the Virginia Legislature. Mr. Reuben N. Harrison, delegate from Rockingham, a few days since was playing with some children in the dining-room of the Valentine House, when he jumped up to crack his heels together. He was standing under the gas burner, and, as he shot upward, his head went against the burner, the sharp point of which entered the top of his head, making a very painful wound. Mr Harrison is about seventy years of age.

WILKINSON CALL, Democrat, the new United States Senator from Florida, was born in Virginia, but came to Florida in early life. His mother was a pronounced Unionist, and was opposed to taking the State out of the Union, though her son served in the Confederate service in this State. He was one of the early and steadfast Whigs who supported the Bell and Everett electoral ticket in 1856, as against the Breckenridge ticket. He was elected United States Senator under the reconstruction policy of President Johnson, but was not admitted to a seat. Returning to the State, he resumed the practice of his profession, that of law, which he has followed since.

GEORGE G. VEST, who has been elected United States Senator from Missouri for the term ending in 1885, is a native of Kentucky, and is about forty-five years old. He is a lawyer of some note, having been solicitor of the Missouri Pacific Railroad for several years. He first became prominent in Missouri as a leader of the Secessionists in 1861. His active exertions and speeches did much to stimulate the movement which sent many thousand Missourians into the Confederate army. As a speaker he is ornate, and is brilliant rather than solid. The charm of his speeches is lost when the echo of his words has died away. In 1861 he was elected to the Confederate House, but in 1864 he was transferred to the Senate. He was conspicuous in both Houses, and since the war has been the acknowledged leader of what is still known in Missouri as the Confederate element. Mr. Vest advocates the issue of $1,000,000,000 in greenbacks and the abolition of the national banks.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, who has been elected by the Missouri Legislature to the United States Senate for the term ending next March, was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810, and came to this country when about sixteen years of age. After receiving a good education he settled at Kaskaskia, Ill., where he opened a law office. Since then he has been a member of the Illinois Legislature (1836), Auditor of the State (1839), a Judge of the State Supreme Court (1843), Commissioner of the General Land Office (1845–'47), a United States Senator from Illinois (1849 to 1855), and from Minnesota (1858 to 1859), and Adjutant-General of Missouri (1877). In 1846 General Shields was appointed by President Polk as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and served with distinction throughout the Mexican War, receiving severe wounds at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec. He received the rank of brevet major-general in 1848, when he was mustered out of service. He removed to Minnesota after his term as Senator from Illinois, and after serving Minnesota in the Senate he went to California. He entered the Union Army in 1861 as a brigadier-general, and commanded a division in Banks' army in the Shenandoah Valley, where he gained the battle of Winchester, March 23d, 1862. On the previous day he received a severe wound in a skirmish. During the past few years General Shields has been a resident of Missouri. Efforts to elect him as Doorkeeper of the House, in Washington, in 1878, and to have him placed on the retired list of the army, failed, but his pension was increased to $100 a month. The vacancy to which he has been elected was caused by the death of Lewis V. Bogy (Democrat), in 1877, and has been filled since then by David H. Armstrong (Democrat), who was appointed by the Governor. General Shields has always been a Democrat.

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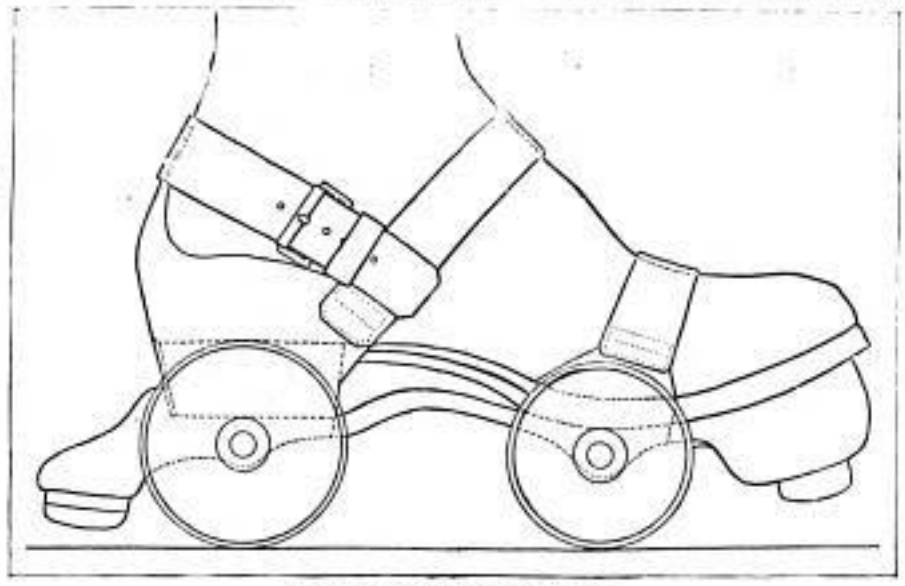


COLORADO.—A PERIPATETIC BARROOM, NEAR THE LEADVILLE MINES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE 418.

THE PEDOMOTOR.

THE LATEST INVENTION IN PEDESTRIANISM.

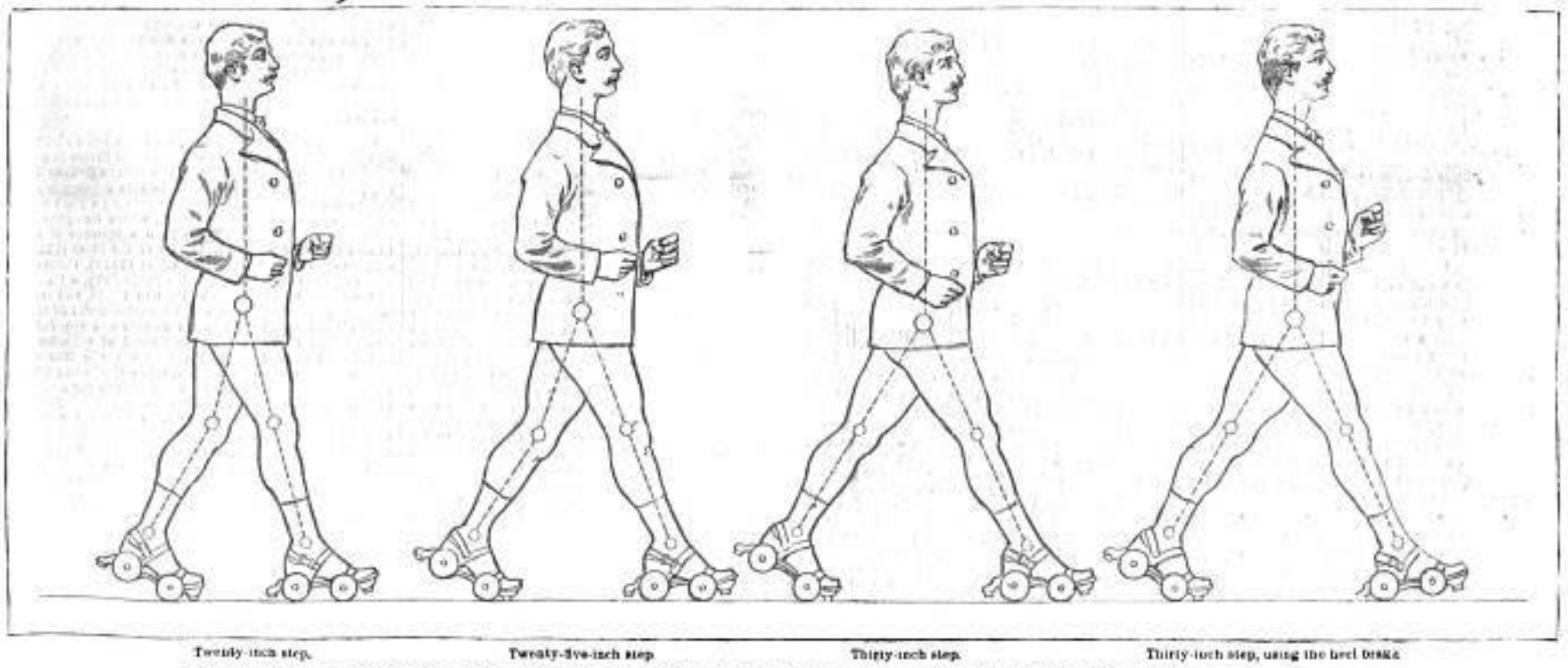
AN invention which promises to be of great practical utility is just now attracting attention in Philadelphia, where the inventor, Mr. J. H. Hobbs, a well-known architect, resides. It is known as the pedomotor, and is designed for the use of pedestrians, who can attain by it a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour with entire ease. The pedomotor consists of four tough, light wooden wheels, supplied with an outer rim of tough india-rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller-skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are placed on each side of, the foot, thus giving the wearer a good standing as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are three inches in diameter, while those in front are but two and half inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl towards the ground, is a piece of casting termed the pusher, which is simply used in mounting the elevation or steep incline. From the centre of the heel a small brass wheel extends backward, serving as a guide as well as a brake. The whole scarcely turns the scale at a pound weight. In using them no more effort is required than in ordinary walking. The wearer steps with his regular stride, and is amazed to find himself skimming over the ground so rapidly with so little muscular effort.



THE PEDOMOTOR ADJUSTED FOR USE.

In the diagrams four forms are shown in the act of taking a step. In Fig. 1 the action is for a 20-inch step, or a slow pacing motion. Fig. 2 is a slow, ordinary walk with a stride of twenty-five inches. Fig. 3 is a rapid 30-inch step. Fig. 4 is a 30-inch step, taking the heel, which prevents the movement forward upon the wheels and retards the motion to an ordinary walk. It will be readily observed that a figure taking the weight upon the wheels in the position of Fig. 1, the centre of gravity being behind the wheels, the latter will run forward and distribute weight in a forward motion with equal distance to the velocity of the motion minus the friction upon the journals—the hind foot acting as a propeller to keep the body in equal forward motion. Any push beyond this immediately causes an increased forward movement. In Figs. 2 and 3 the precise principle is carried out with greater and more rapid motion. Fig. 4 represents the figure in checking the rolling motion, which admits of the immediate halt as in walking. By raising upon the front wheels the body can be turned around with the most rapid motion. Any change of direction can be made gracefully and safely. Less side room is required than in ordinary walking; six inches is sufficient width of pave; one can also walk in much straighter lines. The pedomotors can be made use of upon clay roads, grass, brick or stone pavements; they can be used safely going up or down stairs, crossing streets, etc.; taking each flag as a step, the wearer can ascend and descend the curb without checking his motion.

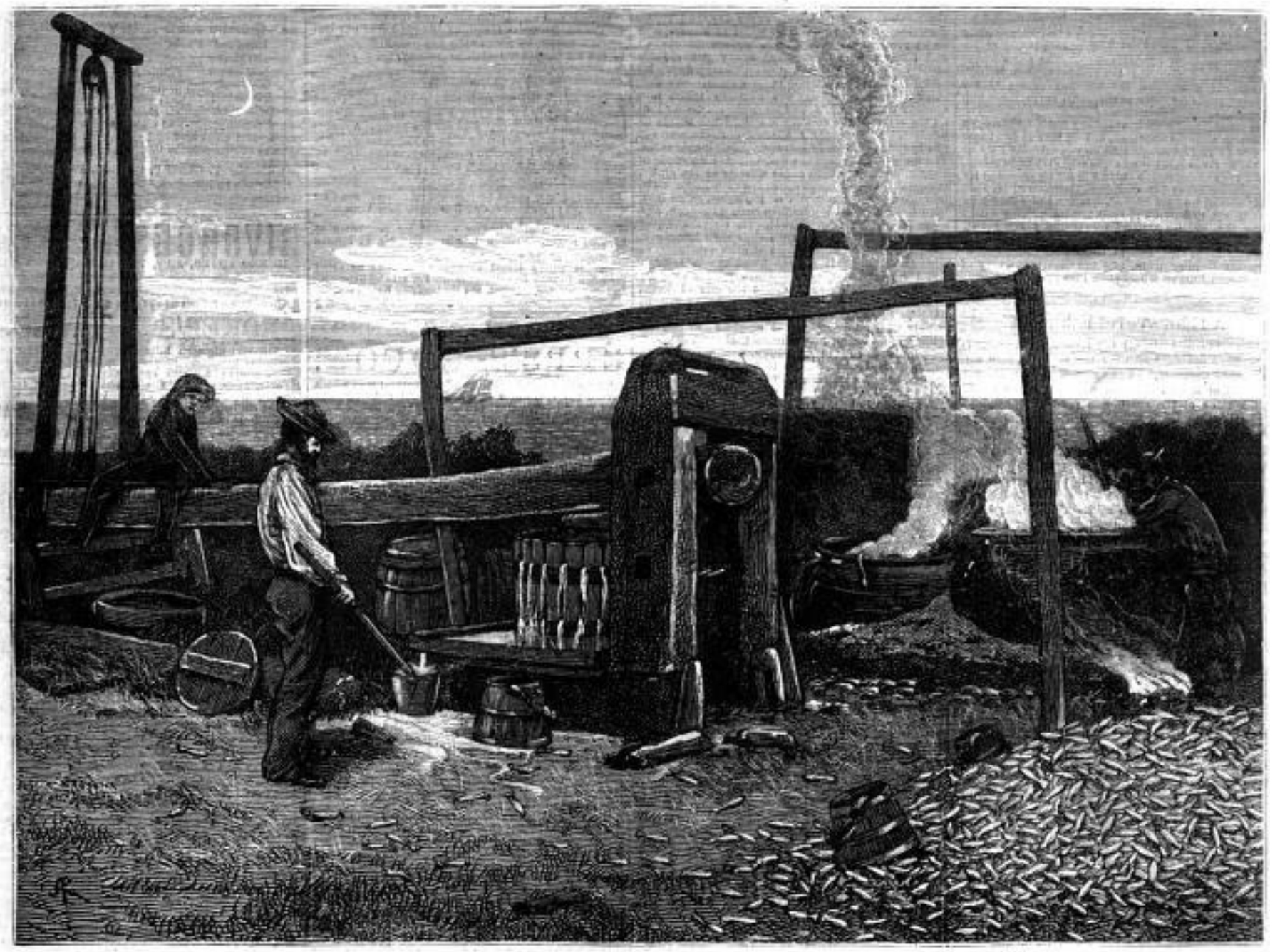
A pedestrian, using the same exertion as a pro-



Twenty-inch step. Twenty-five-inch step. Thirty-inch step. Thirty-inch step, using the heel brake.

THE PEDOMOTOR.—DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE MOTION IN WALKING BY FOUR DIFFERENT STEPS, BY WHICH A SPEED OF TWELVE MILES AN HOUR CAN BE ATTAINED

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LONG ISLAND.—THE MENHADEN FISHERIES—BOILING AND PRESSING THE FISH FOR OIL AND GUANO, AT ORIENT.—SEE PAGE 418.

fessional walker, would travel over twelve miles an hour. The lightness obtained by the weight being distributed on the forward motion is very sensible to the walker, when we consider the fact that a man taking a three-feet step, walking four miles per hour, must necessarily travel a fraction less than six feet each second, and, should he double that motion to twelve feet per second, the rapidity of the forward motion would very materially change the downward weight. Experiments in this may be understood by the ricochet stone skipping over the water, or a heavy ball rolled rapidly over the ice, or the same principle may be discovered in the motion of the gyroscope. The motion differs entirely from the skate. It is simply a forward motion; its effect is to relieve the tiresome jar of the foot on the ground, so that the same amount of walking may be done with the pedomotor with a minimum amount of fatigue. The newspaper carrier who serves papers to the attendants in the Permanent Exhibition Building in Philadelphia goes his rounds at the rate of twelve miles an hour by the use of one of these vehicles.

"OTTO," SON OF THE NEZ PERCES INDIAN CHIEF.

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Indian Commissioners at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and in the presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen, Colonel C. E. S. MacDonald, the well-known Indian military instructor, introduced Otto, son of Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés tribe. The young Indian was attired in grand costume, and, when stripped for action, was conceded to be by the whole assemblage the finest specimen of Indian beauty that they had ever seen, although representatives from every part of the country had been before them. The boy is built like a gladiator, and, although but twelve years of age, seemed a man in proportion.

In going through his military exercises, the physical endurance displayed was marvelous. The applause was constant, and the party seemed deeply moved. This episode was followed by a reiteration of Colonel MacDonald's project for the employment of the Indians which he has been urging upon the Government for many years. It may be remembered that some time ago an official circular was sent to several of the most experienced army officers acquainted with Indian life asking their opinion on the possibility of organizing and drilling the Indians up to the standard of the regular army. The replies indicated that the project was not feasible. Hearing of this decision, Colonel MacDonald determined to try the experiment at his own expense. He proceeded immediately to collect a body of Indians, representing the principal tribes both of British and American Indians, and began drilling them, to prove, as he said, that when properly organized and trained the Indians would prove better material for warlike purposes for the United States than the Algerians did for France or the Sepoys for England. The first public performance of this singular regiment confirmed his impressions. The Indians moved with almost lightning rapidity, their natural indolence was overcome, and had they been otherwise attired they would have been considered representatives of some first-class National Guard organization. Colonel MacDonald, in his instructions, followed in the main the course he laid out when preparing the San Francisco Cadets for their wonderfully successful tour of the United States, and soon had the Indians under such discipline that they would execute the most intricate evolutions either when blindfolded or



"OTTO," SON OF THE NEZ PERCÉS CHIEF JOSEPH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY AND RULOFSON.



HON. HENRY H. HOYT, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LE RUE LEMEE.—SEE PAGE 418.

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in utter darkness. The press liberally applauded his efforts; but the authorities, many of whom privately acknowledged the worth and practicability of his scheme, took no official action. The detachment of his first regiment that the colonel took to Europe absolutely astonished the military critics of the leading cities for their prodciency, correctness and discipline.

Colonel MacDonald has recently published an open letter to General Sherman, asking him in the name of justice and humanity that an opportunity may be afforded for solving the perplexing Indian problem, by a plan under which there will be no occasion for extermination or the continual violation of treaties that should be held sacred. Instead of employing our troops to guard and fight the Indians, he would have the Indians trained into regular army life. Their nomadic habits would be checked, they would become more independent, there would be no occasion for frontier wars, and the vast machinery of the Indian Bureau would soon become useless.

A PERIPATETIC BARROOM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of temperance societies all over the country, men will do almost anything, and run almost any risk, to get a drink of liquor. Miners, whose labor is under the surface of the earth, can readily be excused if the craving for a stimulating drink is often so strong as to compel them to violate rules made for their guidance, and to part with a good portion of the money which they earn so hardly. The scene depicted in our illustration is one which occurred at Leadville, Colorado, but it is doubtless familiar enough at other mines as well. The donkey bearing the two kegs of whisky forms a sort of peripatetic barroom, and the proprietor of the establishment is the barkeeper. The miners, who have been duly informed of the arrival of the liquor-merchant, eagerly gather around, anxious to part with their money and receive in exchange the fiery liquid dispensed by the donkey-owner. At the rate at which he seems to be serving it out, it is probable that his two kegs will soon be exhausted, and that he will have to depart for a fresh supply.

The solitary Indian on horseback looks longingly at the group of miners imbibing their favorite drink, but it would probably be dangerous for him to attempt to put his wishes into deed, for the revolvers of these rough and ready toilers are always at hand, and it does not take much to provoke their use. It is certain that that Indian will not get any of that whisky.

THE MENHADEN FISHERIES ON LONG ISLAND.

THE Menhaden, or mossbunker, fisheries form a very important industry along the shore from Maine to New Jersey, and particularly on the coast of Long Island, where the peculiar American fish is caught and treated for the purpose of securing the oil from the body, and the rich guano from the pressed remains. The fish frequent salt-water only, swimming in vast numbers near the surface, and are representatives of the herring family. They are caught both near the shore and at points thirty miles seaward. The process of treatment is very simple, such as the people who live along the shores can readily devise, the apparatus consisting of kettles for boiling the fish, and a press for squeezing out the oil. After the extraction of the oil, which is used largely in dressing leather, the refuse is easily converted into a fertilizing agent. As a single fish is considered equal in richness to a shovelful of barnyard manure, an idea may be formed of the value of this enterprise, especially when it is known that in a single year 36,299 tons of guano have been secured, besides 2,214,800 gallons of oil. On the coast of New York and New England there were sixty-two factories in operation in 1873, employing 2,206 men on shore and at sea, and representing a capital of over $1,000,000. In addition to this organized handling of the fish, there are countless points along the coast like the one shown in our engraving, where settlers carry on the business "on their own account."

GOVERNOR H. M. HOYT.

COLONEL HENRY MARTYN HOYT, inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania on January 21st, was born in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, in 1830. He studied law at Wilkesbarre under Chief Justice George W. Woodward, and obtained a large legal practice in the western part of the State. In 1861 he was active in raising the Fifty-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel by Governor Curtin. He was in General Naglee's brigade during the Peninsular campaign of 1862. He participated, under General Gilmore, in the siege operations conducted on Morris Island against Fort Wagner and Fort Sumter. In the Summer of 1864 a night attack was organized by General Foster against Fort Johnston, in Charlestown Harbor, where he was taken prisoner. After being confined at Macon, Colonel Hoyt was brought back with six hundred other officers to Charleston jail. While on the way from Macon to Charleston he escaped from the cars with four other Union officers. After several days and nights of fruitless efforts for liberty, they were recaptured by the enemy, with the aid of bloodhounds, and placed in the Charleston jail. Upon being exchanged, Colonel Hoyt rejoined his regiment and remained with it until near the close of the war. He was promoted to colonel on January 9th, 1864, and was mustered out of the service on November 5th, 1864. On March 13th, 1865, he was brevetted brigadier-general. During the year 1867, under an appointment from the late Governor Geary, he discharged the duties of additional law judge of the Eleventh District. In 1875 and 1876 Colonel Hoyt was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, displaying in the successful campaigns of that year marked ability as a political leader. He was also one of the delegates at large from Pennsylvania to the Republican National Convention of 1876 at Cincinnati.

Some London Facts.

LONDON (with all its suburbs) covers within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles. It numbers within these boundaries over 4,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more country-born inhabitants than the counties of Devon and Gloucester combined, or thirty-seven per cent. of its entire population. Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death. Within the circle named there are added to the population 205 persons every day, and 75,000 annually. London has 7,000 miles of streets, and on an average 28 miles of new streets are opened and 9,000 new houses built every year; 1,000 vessels and 9,000 sailors are in port every day. Its crime is also in proportion to its extent. Seventy-three thousand persons are annually taken into custody by the police, and more than one-third of all the crime in the country is committed within its borders. Thirty-eight thousand persons are annually committed for drunkenness by its magistrates. The metropolis comprises considerably upwards of 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. Its beershops and gin-palaces are so numerous that their frontages, if placed side by side, would stretch a distance of sixty-two miles. If all the dwellings in London could thus have their frontages placed side by side they would extend beyond the city of York, a distance of 172 miles. London has sufficient paupers to occupy every house in Brighton. The society which advocates the cessation of Sunday labor will be astonished to learn that sixty miles of shops are open every Sunday. With regard to churches and chapels, the Bishop of London, examined before a committee of the House of Lords in the year 1840, said: "If you proceed a mile or two eastward of St. Paul's, you will find yourself in the midst of a population the most wretched and destitute of mankind, consisting of artificers, laborers, beggars and thieves, to the amount of 300,000 or 400,000 souls. Throughout this entire quarter there is not more than one church for every 10,000 inhabitants, and in two districts there is but one church for 45,000 souls."

FUN.

A LONE association—An old maids' club.

GOOD centre-piece for the dinner-table—A bowl of flowers.

WHICH is the best of the four seasons for arithmetic?—The Summer.

PEOPLE that are invariably known by the company they keep—Theatrical managers.

I WAS an amused witness of a little scene in one of the law courts the other day which illustrates the reverence of the junior branch of the profession for the senior. Enter two attorney's clerks, decidedly seedy in appearance. *First Clerk* (to companion): "Confound it! Where's my man? Can't see 'im anywheres." *Second Clerk:* "Do's your man?" *First Clerk:* "The Attorney-General, confound 'im!"

JOHN DOLLAR, of Birmingham, showed his lack of cents by getting drunk and falling into the hands of the police.—*Sanitary News.* When taken to the police-station the magistrate addressed him, "Dollar, this is ten times you've been before me, and I'm now obliged to provide you with new quarters, or impose a fine of ten of your last name." Dollar, not being worth ninety-two cents, went up for ten days.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE following examination of a candidate for admission to the bar is taken from the *Western Law Journal:* The examination commenced with, "Do you smoke, sir?" "I do, sir." "Have you a spare cigar?" "Yes." "Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?" "To collect fees." "Right. What is the second?" "To increase the number of his clients." "When does your position towards your client change?" "When making a bill of costs." "Explain." "We are then antagonistic. I assume the character of plaintiff, and he becomes the defendant." "A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?" "Cheek by jowl." "Enough, sir; you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now are you aware of the duty you owe to me?" "Perfectly." "Describe it." "It is to invite you to drink." "But suppose I decline?" Candidate scratches his head. "There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I can't answer the question." "You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows you have read the law attentively. Let's take the drink, and I will sign your certificate."

A SICK SENATOR.

THE excessive corpulency of a certain United States Senator has long been the butt of editorial wit and spicy bon mots from the pens of Washington correspondents. Few persons have suspected that his obesity was a disease, and liable to prove fatal. Yet this is the sad fact. Excessive fatness is not only a disease in itself, but one liable to generate other and more serious ones. Chemistry has at last revealed a safe, sure, and reliable remedy for this abnormal condition of the system in Allan's Anti-Fat. Distinguished chemists have pronounced it not only harmless but very beneficial to the system, while remedying the diseased condition. Sold by druggists.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE.

TOO MANY of the great life insurance companies blind the eyes of insurers with their enormous assets until they forget that the true test of the solvency of a company is its ratio of assets to liabilities. A company with a hundred millions of assets and ninety millions of liabilities has a surplus of ten millions, but it is no safer than a company with a surplus of only one million, provided that company has only nine millions of liabilities. The Penn Mutual, whose statement appears in another column, has $125 for every $100 of liabilities—a ratio that is reached by only one other company in the country. Add to this the fact that these assets are invested in United States bonds and local securities on which the company could realize their full value at the shortest notice, and it will be seen that the company has every reason to command the fullest confidence of the community. It is ably and economically managed, as the steady increase of its assets shows. The total is now $6,632,504, the increase during the year being $320,000.

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IN THE

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.

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On the 2d day of July, 1877, Capt. Gardiner had his policies changed to the form now used by the Company, which gives the benefit of the Maine Non-forfeiture Law.

On the 11th day of September, 1877, he sailed from Boston as master of the good ship "Iceland," on a voyage to Calcutta. The ship and all on board were lost at sea. The premiums due July 27th, 1867, and August 3d, 1877, were not paid, and by the terms of the original policies this would have worked a *forfeiture of the entire insurance;* but under the new policies which had been gratuitously offered by the Company, the insurance would have been continued in force more than three years, or until November, 1880, notwithstanding the non-payment of the premiums due in 1877; and the fact of the death being established to the satisfaction of the Company, the full amount of the policies was paid on the 29th day of October, 1878.

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$68.15 on the ordinary Life Plan secures	5 years' and 212 days' insurance.
91.08 on 20-Payment Life Plan secures	7 years' and 220 days' insurance.
107.10 on 15-Payment Life Plan secures	9 years' and 48 days' insurance.
140.91 on 10-Payment Life Plan secures	12 years' and 192 days' insurance.
$215.74 on 10-Year Endowment secures	10 years' insurance and $155.13 in cash at age 40.
206.41 on 15-Year Endowment secures	15 years' insurance and 39.60 in cash at age 45.
145.89 on 20-Year Endowment secures	12 years' and 332 days' insurance.
114.48 on 25-Year Endowment secures	9 years' and 239 days' insurance.
93.34 on 30-Year Endowment secures	7 years' and 333 days' insurance.
83.26 on 35-Year Endowment secures	6 years' and 200 days' insurance.
78.78 on 40-Year Endowment secures	6 years' and 74 days' insurance.
71.54 on 45-Year Endowment secures	5 years' and 310 days' insurance.
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THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF
PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1, 1878		$6,015,470.61
RECEIPTS.		
Premium receipts	$1,144,068 53	
Interest receipts, etc	353,964.11	1,498,032.64
Total		$7,516,503.25
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Losses and endowments	$490,416.29	
Dividends to policy-holders	221,380.97	
Lapsed and surrendered policies, etc	246,941.09	
Commissions, salaries, medical fees, etc	154,745.20	
Taxes, legal expenses, advertising, etc	64,730.32	1,178,214.87
Net assets, January 1, 1879		$6,338,288.38
ASSETS.		
U. S. 5 and 6 per cent. bonds, Philadelphia and city loans, R. R. bonds, bank, and other stocks, worth $2,404,083.90, cost		$2,309,832.68
Mortgages, first liens on properties worth $5,720,000		3,280,622.17
Premium notes, secured by policies		633,492.70
Loans on collaterals, etc		313,667.36
Real estate, owned by the Company, cost		441,476.05
Cash on hand and in Trust Companies		196,997.43
Net ledger assets, as above		$6,338,288.34
Net deferred and unreported premiums	$98,894.79	
Interest due and accrued	101,159.62	
Market value of stocks, etc., over cost	94,251 22	294,305.63
Gross assets, January 1, 1879		$6,632,594.01
LIABILITIES.		
Losses reported, but not due	$118,625.66	
Reserve, at 4 per cent., to reinsure risks	5,417,411.00	
Dividends on unreported policies, etc	59,266.50	$5,595,266.16
Surplus 4 per cent. basis		979,227.85
		$6,632,594.01

Surplus at 4½ per cent., Pennsylvania standard, estimated $1,346,762.85
No. of policies in force 10,731
Amount at risk $29,274,597.00

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1 Capital Prize		10,000
1 Capital Prize		5,000
2 Prizes of	$2,500	5,000
5 Prizes of	1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of	500	10,000
100 Prizes of	100	10,000
200 Prizes of	50	10,000
500 Prizes of	20	10,000
1,000 Prizes of	10	10,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES:		
9 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of	200	1,800
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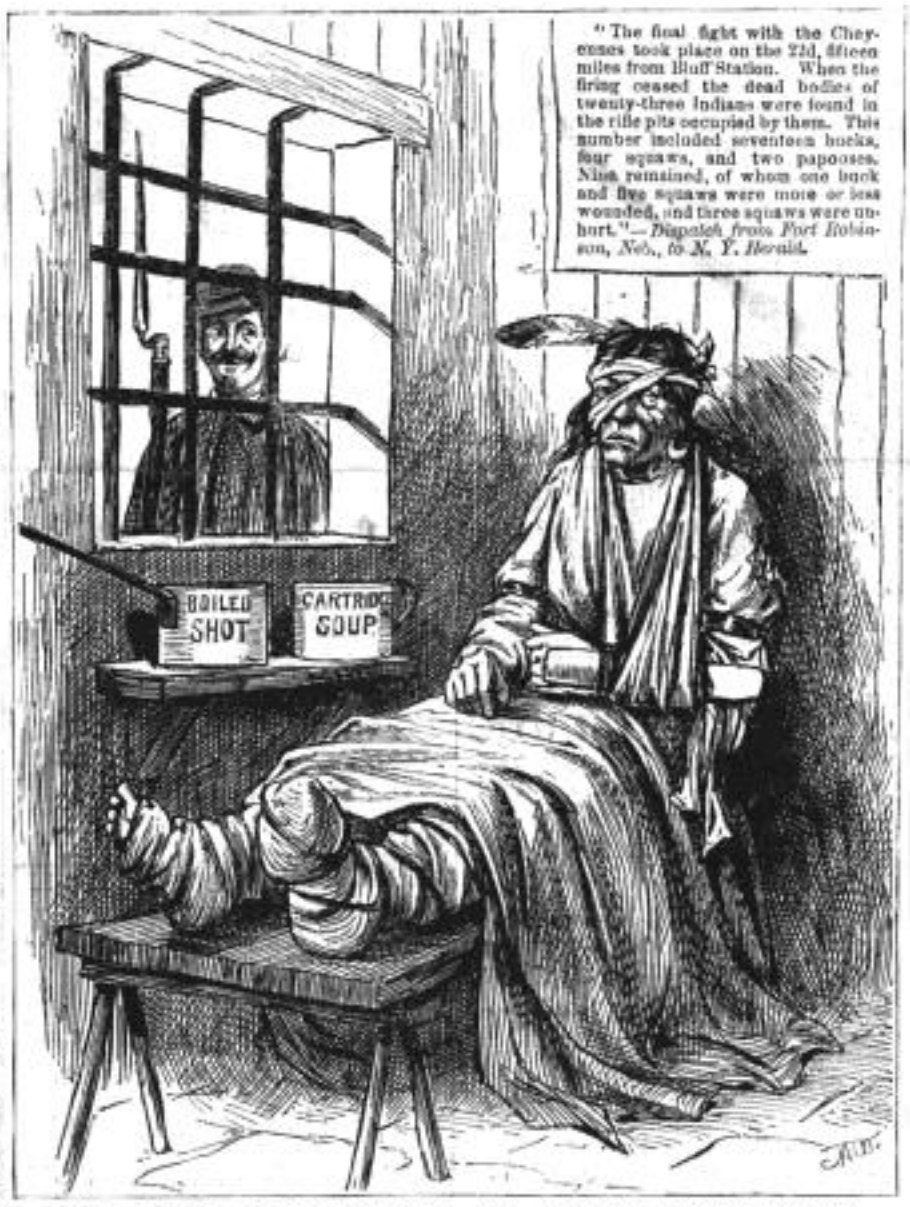
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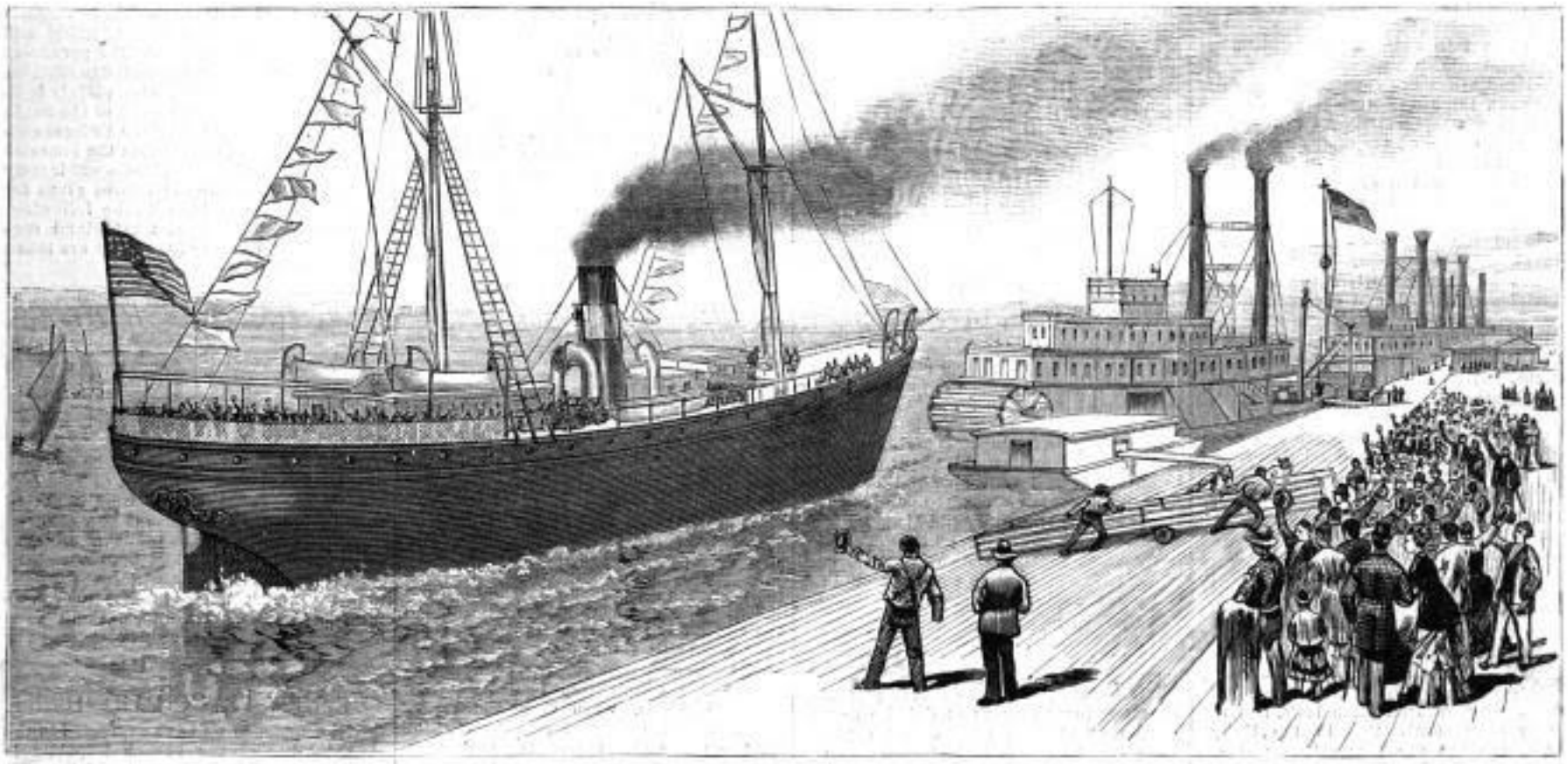
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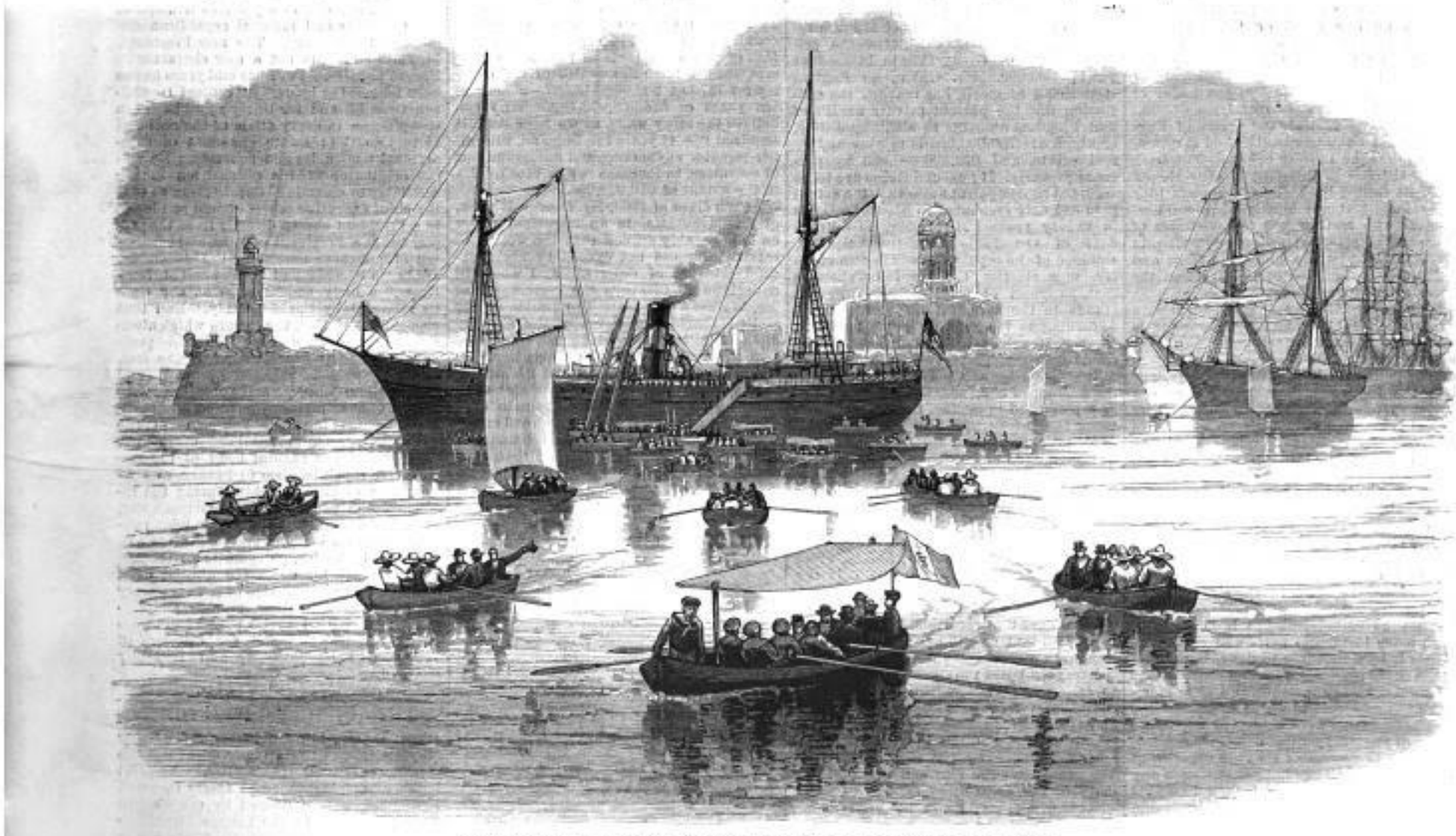
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SOCIAL AND MORAL TESTS.

THE intensity of moral and social forces may be accurately gauged by their power to assimilate the alien elements and counteracting influences with which they come into contact. Nothing more clearly reveals the leavening power of Christianity than the fact, that in a little more than three centuries, it transformed the Roman world, conquered the Roman polity and relegated the institutes of heathenism to the border lands of barbarism. In like manner the civilizing forces of modern times may be measured by their capacity to propagate themselves within the bosom of the society in which they are planted.

Tried by this criterion, the political principles embodied and enforced in the organism of American society must be admitted to possess a transforming potency which is without example in the history of nations. There was a period in the annals of civilization when the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, seemed to be "the mixing-pot" in which the Jewish, Greek and Roman philosophies were brought into combination, but their cohesion was rather mechanical than chemical — the result of forces from without rather than of forces from within. And these forces, moreover, found room for play and development in the schools of philosophy rather than in the figure of society at large.

On the contrary, the forces which give shape and direction to our peculiar polity are inherent in the very organization of our civil society, and spread with an energy which pervades every branch of the body politic. Our naturalization laws, and the history of naturalization in the United States, are but the expressions and exponents of the faith cherished by the American people in their capacity to absorb and transmute the alien nationalities, which, during the last hundred years, have been incorporated not only into our economical, but also into our political system. It was no idle boast of General Grant when, on the occasion of his recent visit to Ireland, he dropped the remark at one stage of his travels, that while President of the United States he had the honor of ruling over more persons of Irish descent than even Her Majesty the Queen of England, Ireland and Scotland. And it would, we suppose, be no idle boast of our Irish fellow-citizens in this city if they should say that during the last twenty years they have furnished a majority of the office-holders who had swayed the destinies of the great commercial metropolis which, in all business relations, holds the place and performs the function of the heart in the human frame.

The introduction of the freedmen into our political contests was another gigantic step in the same direction, and a step which put a fresh strain upon the powers of our political life to absorb and assimilate the foreign matter injected in our social system. Never before was such an experiment tried on a scale so broad and under circumstances so critical. Even that good friend of our institutions in England, honest John Bright, looked with undissembled misgivings upon the bold venture of the statesmen who risked the advocacy of colored suffrage as the best possible choice between the alternative policies then presented to the American people at the close of a civil war which had subverted the old social system of the slave-holding States.

That the experiment has been attended with many incidental evils and embarrassments it would be idle to deny, in the presence of the investigations and prosecutions now going on at the South, as also in memory of the misrule to which certain of the Southern States were subjected under the sway of the "carpet-bag domination." But it is well to remember that the experiment of negro suffrage has not yet produced any wide-spread reactionary feeling like that which has more than once found expression in our country where the alleged intrusion of the European foreigner was concerned. Attempts have more than once been made to exclude the naturalized European from any participation in the distribution of political favors, but all such attempts have reacted to the confusion of their authors and promoters, insomuch that it is to-day a badge of political discredit to have been a member of the Native American party. And yet the prejudice which exists to-day against the negro voter in South Carolina and Louisiana may be said to have found its analogue in the violence and antipathies which once ran riot in the streets of Philadelphia and Baltimore against the white naturalized European who assumed to exercise political rights under the Constitution and laws of the United States.

In order to promote and hasten the process of political transfusion which was inaugurated by colored suffrage, Senator Wisdom has proposed that an appropriation of money should be made by Congress for the purpose of facilitating the emigration of colored people from the South to the Northern and Western States or Territories. The expediency of such an appropriation may be questioned on grounds of public economy, but the mere suggestion of such a measure ought to be a pregnant hint to such of the Southern politicians as would keep alive the hatreds of race engendered by the emancipation and enfranchisement of the negro. The negro will not continue to be an economical factor in any community where his presence as a political factor is resented with outrage and violence. The voluntary emigration to Liberia, which received such a sudden impulse in South Carolina less than a year ago, was an impulse which took its initiative from the social unrest of the colored race in that State, consequent on a feeling of political disability and personal wrong. That movement in favor of migration to Africa was checked by the disasters which attended the first expedition of the bark *Azor*, but at the late annual meeting of the American Colonization Society it was announced that as many as half a million of colored people are now turning their eyes in quest of an exodus to the home of their fathers. If the Irish exodus to the United States is a standing commentary on the poverty and misrule of Ireland, it behooves the people of the South to take heed lest an exodus of the colored race to Africa should come to point a better moral against the equity and wisdom of the "white man's government" in that part of the country which, by its climate, is best suited to the occupation and industrial activity of the colored man.

WHAT ARE WE WORTH?

IT is just as possible to invent perpetual motion as to arrive at definite results concerning national wealth. Sixty years, according to Mr. J. R. McCulloch, is the very shortest time in which the capital of an old and densely peopled country can be expected to double. On the other hand, it is assumed by Joseph Lowe that the wealth of Great Britain actually doubled in eighteen years, the period being from 1823 to 1841. Levi, a publicist of much reputation, and others, calculated the private wealth of Great Britain in 1858 at $29,178,000,000. Mr. Giffen, an English statistician of merit, has reached the conclusion that the present private wealth of that kingdom amounts to $39,200,000,000, of which $15,700,000,000 is represented by real estate, and $23,500,000,000 by personal property. If Levi and Giffen are to be accepted as competent authority, the actual gain has only amounted to $10,022,000,000 in twenty years. M. Vacher, Vice-President of the Paris Statistical Society, emulous of the reputation of his own country, now startles the world by showing that, in point of private wealth, France stands in the foremost rank of nations. According to his recently published work on the wealth of France, the modern Gauls own real property to the extent of $21,000,000,000, and personal property to the amount of $18,700,000,000. The total, as represented in money, reaches the enormous sum of $40,300,000,000. Thus, on paper, France leads England to the extent of eleven hundred millions of dollars. That both countries are enormously wealthy cannot be questioned, but who will vouch for the correctness of the figures put forth by the publicists?

The statements of Giffen and Vacher have naturally started the question in every direction, What are *we* worth? This is a question more easily asked than answered. We have no data on which to found an opinion save that furnished by the Government, and that, as will appear, is too faulty to help to correct conclusions.

Every ten years the Government assumes to collect information from all sections of the country relative to production, trade, and progress in material wealth. The census for 1850 stated the real and personal estate of the country at $7,135,780,228. Ten years later the real and personal property of our people was said to be worth $16,159,616,068, while in 1870 the aggregate wealth of the nation was represented to amount to $30,068,518,507. Thus in a period of twenty years the people of the United States, according to official representation, more than quadrupled their personal wealth. Accepting these statements as unquestionable truths, and evidently believing that the same ratio of increase will be continued *ad infinitum*, an enthusiastic American writer says that "our individual wealth will be sixty billions of dollars in 1880; one hundred and twenty billions in 1890, and two hundred and forty billions in 1900." Thus, when the next national census shall have been taken, we shall lead France to the extent of $19,700,000,000, and beat Great Britain to the tune of $20,800,000,000. If this is not statistical nonsense, what is it?

The census reports authorized by Congress carry with them their own condemnation. A very few illustrations will make this apparent. Going back to the census of 1860, we find that 3,953,587 slaves tended to swell the sum of personal property owned by the country. These human chattels, if valued at $500 each, including young and old, large and small, made up a sum of $1,796,793,500, or, in round numbers, the former slave property of the South may be set down at $2,000,000,000 in 1860. The whole of this personal property was swept away during the opening years of the succeeding decade. The assessed value of personal property in the States which composed the Southern Confederacy was $2,478,844,459 in 1860. In 1870 the assessed value was $611,777,308, showing a decrease of $1,867,067,151. During the same period the assessed value of real estate fell off to the extent of $302,640,972.

The Census Bureau professes to give the "assessed" and "true" value of the real and personal property of the country by States, counties, etc. The following table will show the "true valuation" (?) of real and personal property in the Confederate States for the years 1860 and 1870, the same being aggregated:

States.	1860.	1870.
Alabama	$426,237,078	$201,565,841
Arkansas	219,256,473	156,184,691
Florida	73,101,500	44,163,655
Georgia	645,895,237	268,169,207
Louisiana	692,118,568	321,125,696
Mississippi	697,324,911	249,197,345
North Carolina	358,739,399	260,757,484
South Carolina	548,128,754	208,146,989
Tennessee	463,903,892	498,237,724
Texas	265,100,614	319,052,542
Virginia	793,249,681	*660,239,624
Total	$5,202,166,107	$2,929,340,528

This statistics, compiled from the data of the Census Bureau, show the loss of the Confederate States in real and personal property to have been $2,272,825,579 during the decade terminating in 1870. Hon. David A. Wells, when Commissioner of the Revenue, furnished estimates which went to prove that the aggregate destruction of wealth, or diversion of industry which would have produced wealth, in the United States from 1861, and on during the years of the war, approximated nine thousand millions of dollars—a sum nominally in excess of the entire increase of wealth, as returned by the census for the whole country from 1850 to 1860. And yet, in the face of just such facts as these, the Government set forth the wealth of the country for 1870 at $30,068,518,507—a gain in ten years of $13,908,902,439. Who can believe the story when, as we have seen, it required twenty years for England, with all her superior advantages and accumulations of centuries, to increase her private wealth to the extent of $10,022,000,000.

At the close of 1868, Mr. George Walker, of Massachusetts, in an important paper on finance, ably argued that the wealth of this country did not exceed twenty thousand millions of dollars. And who will undertake to disprove the correctness of Mr. Walker's opinion? The people of the United States are virtually the Government. If, therefore, we take into consideration the national, State, county, township and municipal indebtedness of the nation, the loss to the Southern States of slave and other property, the loss to the remainder of the Union of its merchant marine and carrying trade, as well as the diversion and suspension of industry for more than four years, and the difference between a currency and gold valuation of property, not to enumerate other matters having a direct bearing upon the subject, we have the following result for the decade ending in 1870:

National Debt, June 30th, 1870	$2,480,672,427
State Indebtedness	352,868,998
County Indebtedness	187,593,549
Township and Municipal Debts	328,244,920
Southern Loss in slaves and other Property	2,272,825,579
Northern Loss to Commerce and Industry	1,200,000,000
Difference between Currency and Gold Value of Property	3,297,548,038
Total	$10,119,722,502

If the foregoing sum, as it stood June 30th, 1870, be deducted from the value of national wealth, as represented at the same date, the balance is $20,948,795,705. This latter amount, may then be set down as the extent of our national wealth when the last census was taken.

There is no disguising the fact that hitherto census-taking has been a botch. It has been undertaken without order or system, and represents nothing at last. In 1860 the census-marshals added about 33.67 per cent. to the assessed value of real and personal property, and assumed that as the true value. In 1870, to determine the true value, they added 114.45 per cent.. That was the average addition, but upon what principle the addition to assessed value was raised from 33.67 per cent. in 1860 to 114.45 in 1870 no living man can tell. But when we look more closely at the matter the inequality and rank injustice of the official system becomes indisputable. For instance, in determining the true value in 1870 the average addition to assessed value of the recent Confederate States was only 35.41 per cent., while the average addition for the balance of the country was 116.35 per cent. Looking at individual States, we find that the addition to assessed value in New York amounted to 288.11 per cent., while in Georgia, the so-called Empire State of the South, the addition was but 18.16 per cent. The same gross disparity exists between other Northern and Southern States.

Again, the real and personal property of the Confederate States — West Virginia added — was returned at $2,929,340,528, and the population at 9,929,000. The per capita of property, therefore, amounted to $295.01. Comparison with other States plainly indicates that the material wealth of the South was greatly underrated by the Federal census taken in 1870, or else that the financial condition of the Northern States was largely overrated. Compare the figures given for the Confederate States with the following, and the most skeptical must stand convinced. The figures of the table are taken from the census report of 1870:

States.	*Population.*	*Value of Real and Personal Property.*	*Per Capita.*
Illinois	2,539,891	$2,121,688,529	$ 835.34
Ohio	2,665,260	2,225,430,260	828.72
Pennsylvania	3,521,791	3,908,340,112	1,061.36
Massachusetts	1,457,351	2,132,148,741	1,463.03
New York	4,382,759	6,300,841,264	1,453.29

Many additional facts might be adduced to show the untrustworthiness of past census reports in so far as they relate to national wealth. Congress is now engaged in framing a Bill for the taking of a census in 1880. The project had better be abandoned and the money it will cost saved to the Government, unless the country can be furnished more correct information than it has yet received relative to its growth in material wealth.

* West Virginia included.

THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT.

THE confidence we have expressed in the stability of the French Republic is amply testified by the events of the past week. Not only was the change in the Presidency accomplished without commotion or disturbance, but the change itself, and the choice made by the Chamber of Deputies, amount to a positive triumph of the moderate and rational republican element of the country. The new President, M. Jules Grévy, is not a new character in French politics. For forty odd years he has been among the leaders of radical republican thought, and for thirty years has been conspicuous in every crisis of the national history as the resolute opponent of monarchical tendencies and schemes. He was the originator of the proposition in the Assembly to amend the Constitution so that the chief executive power should reside not in a President chosen directly from the people, nor in a President of a Council consisting of members named by the Assembly, but in "a President of the Council of Ministers," a body which could at any time be removed by the Assembly. Had that proposition carried, the terrors which afterwards came upon France would probably have been averted; but it was lost, Louis Napoleon became Emperor, and for a time liberty and progress were held at the mercy of Imperial bayonets. Since the establishment of the Republic, M. Grévy has been universally regarded as the natural head of the conservative republicanism of France, and as President of the Assembly, during the reconstruction period after the German war, exercised a controlling influence upon public affairs. He is about sixty-six years old, vigorous in health, phlegmatic in temper, distinguished for executive ability, legal acumen, and a knowledge of parliamentary law; brave, industrious, serious and successful; and we may be sure that in his hands the liberties and the interests of France will be jealously and faithfully guarded.

THE CIPHER DISPATCHES.

THE inquiry into the matter of the cipher dispatches has already unraveled the mystery of their publication. A great batch of dispatches, some thirty thousand in number, were delivered by the Western Union Company to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections. Some one in the confidence of this committee abstracted

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a large number of the telegrams so delivered, and they were then, after being copied and given to a city journal for publication, placed secretly on General Butler's table. A few of the dispatches were carried off by certain Republican officials who feared they would be criminated by them, and have never since been seen. There seems to be no doubt that the whole body of dispatches surrendered by the telegraph company lay in the committee-room for several weeks, accessible to any one who was on friendly terms with the clerk of the committee, Senator Morton's brother-in-law, and with the messenger, a man named Bullock; and it is equally clear that, in the whole business, the Republicans had an advantage to which they were not entitled. They could at will pick out and make away with the evidence, if such existed in the telegrams, of an intrigue for stealing the Presidency, while they could manipulate all telegrams from Democratic sources in any way whatever likely to advance their partisan interests. It will be difficult, if not impossible, for the committee or its subordinates to explain away the disgraceful features of this utterly indefensible affair.

But it will be even more difficult, we imagine, for the Administration to justify its action in appointing to an important consulate the person who is shown to have abstracted the dispatches. This man, Bullock, was a mere messenger to the committee, of ordinary attainments and without social standing, and yet he was made consul at Cologne, over the heads of applicants infinitely his superiors in every particular. Why? No possible reason for so extraordinary an appointment can be imagined than that "he passed the damaging cipher dispatches from the committee-room into the hands of persons able when they got them to make public use of them, but who could not afford to be charged with taking them themselves." And this is a "reform" Administration, which pretends to make capacity and integrity the standard of all appointments in the consular and diplomatic service.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill to restrict the immigration of Chinese to the United States, the Democratic members having made it a subject of caucus action, and refused to permit discussion of its extraordinary features. The Bill makes it unlawful for the master of any vessel to bring to this country more than fifteen Chinese passengers, and imposes a penalty of $100 fine and six months' imprisonment for each passenger in excess of that number brought to any American port. Under the terms of the Bill, as thus stated, an Embassy from China, like that recently arrived, which consists of forty persons, would be excluded, and a vessel manned by a Chinese crew would also be prevented from entering one of our ports. So, if an American or other vessel bound to the United States were to rescue shipwrecked Chinese mariners they could not be landed on our shores. This Bill is in flat contravention of our treaty with China, which explicitly declares that "Chinese subjects visiting or residing in the United States shall enjoy the same privileges, indemnities, and exemptions, in respect to travel or residence, as may there be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation." This treaty was of American origin and the result of American pertinacity; and it is simply astounding that any body of men outside of a lunatic asylum should propose now to nullify its provisions and antagonize the spirit of the age in the interest of a mere local political prejudice.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE principal events of the past week have been the MacMahon resignation of the Presidency of the French Republic, and the election of Jules Grévy as his successor for seven years. Of the French ex-President it may be said, in Shakespearean phrase, that in his official life "nothing became him like the leaving it." His own formal announcement of his decision to step down and out is creditable to his heart if not to his head. The fact is that this illustrious soldier is as incapable of comprehending modern republican and democratic ideas as he is of sympathizing with them. As narrow-minded as he is brave and honest, he sincerely believes that the general measures which the ministry and the majority of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, and, it may be added, the majority of the French people, wished him to decree in regard to high military commands, are contrary to the interest of the army, and consequently to those of the country. "I cannot subscribe to them," he frankly declares. "Any other ministry taken from the majority would impose upon me the same conditions. I consider myself, therefore, bound to shorten the duration of the mandate which the National Assembly confided to me, and I, therefore, tender my resignation. In quitting power I have the consolation of thinking that during the fifty-three years I devoted to the service of my country, I have never been guided by sentiments other than honor and duty and absolute devotion to my country." These are manly words, and they are unquestionably true. But how far they fall short of the ringing words in which Washington's farewell address warned the American Republic against the perilous subordination of the civil to the military power! Here was the very point at issue between MacMahon and the Republican representatives of the French people. Moreover, in addition to the conscientious scruples of the marshal-duke, the strongest pressure was brought to bear upon him in this emergency, as in that of the memorable 16th of May, by reactionists of all shades, including members of his own family. The late "Accidental" President of the French Republic was, indeed, in some respect free from the fetters of party. Even Jules Simon, in his recently published history, remarks of MacMahon that "it might be said that he had enlisted in no party. By his family traditions he should have been a Legitimist. He had begun his career under the monarchy of July and completed it under the Emperor, who had lavishly rewarded him. One occasion was recalled when he had right nobly proved that he was not a courtier, but could speak and vote with independence." If he had any scruples on the 16th of May, Madame la Maréchale, a strong-willed, ambitious woman, earnestly devoted to the Catholic cause, although her mother, the Countess de Castries, is a Protestant, did not find it difficult to remove them. He afterwards corrected the mistake by which he was then led to dismiss the Simon Ministry, and accepted the situation which irresistible public opinion forced upon him. But now he has yielded to the same influences which then made him commit a blunder almost equal to a crime. His present action, however, has affected his own fortunes and fame much more than the destiny of the Republic.

Of the life and career of M. Jules Grévy, the new President, we have spoken elsewhere. To what is said in that connection, it may be added that ex-President MacMahon promptly called to congratulate his successor—a fact which may be regarded as not merely a formal act of politeness, but as a token of the esteem with which the conservative but decided republicanism of President Grévy has inspired even his political opponents, and as a favorable sign that the French crisis will be followed by an era of tranquillity. France is anchored, at last, to a strong promise of peace and prosperity for seven years to come.

This absorbing French crisis leaves but little space to allude to the resignation of M. Halanzier as manager of the Grand Opera at Paris, an event in the artistic world that, at any other time, would have made a great sensation; to those events in the literary world, the publication of a new poem, "La Pitié Suprême," by Victor Hugo, and, at Berlin, under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences, "The Correspondence of Frederick the Great"; to the revelation that a woman, and an American lady at this, Mrs. Ronalds, *née* Carter (who is well remembered at Boston, New York and in the American colony at Paris), was at the bottom of the recent difficulty, and almost war, between France and Tunis; to the release of the United States frigate *Constitution* from the threatened lawsuit that might have possibly involved a war between Great Britain and our Western Republic; to the wedding at St. Petersburg between a son of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and the Grand Duchess Anastasia Michaelovna, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Michael; and to the extraordinary precautions which European Governments have been compelled to take for the purpose of resisting the spread of the Asiatic plague. Well, indeed, would it be if the plague of war, which was its proximate cause, could be quarantined.

THE House of Representatives last week rejected, by the decisive vote of 212 to 22, the Bill proposing to lend $500 from the public Treasury to every settler on the public lands. Such a proof of sound common sense, and indifference to the appeals of demagogues, will occasion no less surprise than gatification. Few would have supposed that the House which passed the Pension Arrearage Bill, or that for the exclusion of the Chinese, could be capable of resisting any appeal made, nominally, in the interest of "the dear people."

THE Brazilian Government proposes, among other reforms, to suppress all the religious orders in the country, to pension the existing monks and nuns, and to apply the property to the reduction of the national debt. This property is estimated at from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000. The number of pensioners would be less than one hundred, most of them advanced in years—the admission of novitiates having been for some time past rigidly prohibited. Such a step will, no doubt, provoke opposition, but its success would be a great stride forward in the promotion of Brazilian prosperity and tolerance.

DURING the past month the United States Treasury paid over $25,000,000 of coin obligations, including $1,400,000 of United States notes presented for redemption, and yet the stock of coin has steadily increased. Hereafter the interest on Government bonds will be paid in gold, if demanded, as was the case prior to January 1st. The payments of the January interest were in legal-tenders or coin checks on the Sub-Treasury in this city whenever the latter were preferred. The February interest will be the first considerable sum that will be paid out in gold (if demanded) for interest. It will amount to about $6,000,000. But the Department does not anticipate any great demand for gold.

THERE is nothing like consistency, and no Administration has ever furnished more striking illustrations of this quality than that which now directs the affairs of the country. What, for instance, could be more effective, in a spectacular way, than the President and Cabinet deciding that the Arrears of Pension Bill ought never to become a law, and then determining, in the next breath, that the President must sign it? It is as if, finding a burglar with his hands full of plunder upon premises left in your charge, you should call the policeman, and then help the thief escape out of the back window before the "minion of the law" could respond to your call. This last illustration of the Administration idea of consistency will cost the country unknown millions of money; but then, in this perverse world, virtue always costs.

AN interesting statement in reference to the wages and general working classes in Great Britain is just published by Professor Leon Levi. According to the professor's calculations, wages have increased considerably of late years, averaging about £94 for each family among the laboring classes, or £88 after allowing for depression of trade. "Within the last twelve years," he goes on to say, "our laboring classes have had opportunities of setting aside a considerable amount, and there ought to be no reason for the excessive distress complained of at this moment." The consumption of imported articles of food has risen—for ham and bacon three hundred per cent., for wheat nearly a hundred, for sugar sixty, for tea thirty, for spirits twenty, and though these figures are in some sort susceptible of other explanations, they certainly betray an increase in spending on creature comforts.

SENATOR HILL of Georgia made a telling speech the other day in opposition to the payment of Southern war claims. He said, among other things, that "the sooner the people of the South were taught to repair their losses by work, by frugality and industry, the better it would be for them and the country. Let the losses of the war go, and if the people desire to avoid such losses in future they must avoid war." Senator Hill, in concluding his remarks, said "there were four things which the Democratic Party ought to proclaim; first, not to pay war losses, loyal or disloyal, except in exceptional cases, as in the cases of religious and educational houses; second, not to vote any more public money to build up mammoth monopolies; third, to pay the public debt in good faith; and, fourth, to restore Constitutional rights to the people of the country and to practice economy in the public expenditures." The party that shall take its stand, honestly and in good faith, on this platform, will be the party to which the people will in future commit the control of their affairs.

A NOTABLE feature of our growing trade with Europe is the great increase in the exportation of agricultural implements. During the first ten months of 1878, our exports of mowers and reapers, and other agricultural machinery, as compared with the same period in 1877, increased nearly fifty per cent. Our exports of live stock, during this period, show an increase of nearly $5,000,000. Indeed, there is scarcely an article of merchandise the amount of which exported has not largely increased during the past year, and in some of the great articles of export the increase is enormous. The shipments of wheat have more than doubled, which is also the case with rye, and the prepared breadstuffs (which include farina and other articles of food manufactured) have increased more than three times; the exportation of oats has increased nearly five times, while other breadstuffs show large gains. The exports of unmanufactured cotton increased thirty per cent., while the exports of manufactured cotton were more than equal to the previous year. The shipments of leather increased about twenty-five per cent., and those of oils show a similar increase.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SENATOR J. P. CHRISTIANCY of Michigan was nominated for United States Minister to Peru on January 29th, and promptly confirmed.

A. LOUDEN SNOWDEN, Postmaster of Philadelphia, has been tendered and accepted the position of Director of the Mint, in place of the late Dr. Linderman.

THE subscriptions to the four per cent. loan during the month of January, 1879, amounted to $158,851,250, and the calls during the same period to $130,000,000.

THE Potter Committee began the investigation of the cipher telegrams at Washington, January 27th, and decided to send a sub-committee to New York to take testimony.

ON January 29th, the Legislature passed the bill repealing the charter of Memphis, and remanding it to the territory of Tennessee, and providing for its local government as a taxing district.

THE Louisville (Ky.) alms-house was burned January 31st; four of the inmates were killed and two seriously injured, while all others, 334 in number, fortunately escaped. Loss, $175,000.

THE United States District Court at Alexandria, Va., in the Arlington ejectment suit, has decided in favor of General G. W. C. Lee, and it is believed the Supreme Court, to which the Government has appealed the case, will sustain the decision.

A NUMBER of prisoners were arraigned in the United States District Court, New Orleans, on January 31st, on charges of violating election laws and interfering with United States Supervisors in the discharge of their duties. Thirty other persons are yet to be arraigned.

R. F. JONAS has been elected United States Senator in Louisiana, J. D. Walker in Arkansas, John J. Ingalls in Kansas, and R. L. T. Beale, a Member of Congress in Virginia. In Florida the Supreme Court has declared Mr. Bisbee (Rep.) elected to Congress, but Governor Drew refuses to give him a certificate.

THE excess of exports over imports of merchandise for the year 1878 amounted to $304,542,871. For the year 1877, the excess was only $140,056,112. A comparison of the exports and imports of gold and silver coin and bullion shows that for twelve months ending with December last, the excess of imports was $1,974,173. For the previous twelve months the excess of exports was $24,648,352.

THE contest over the New York Custom House appointments is not yet ended. On January 31st President Hayes sent to the Senate a communication from Secretary Sherman, reiterating the charges against General Arthur, the late Collector, and insisting that his removal was demanded by the public interests. The Senate, after hearing the document read, laid the whole matter over until February 24. It is understood that Secretary Sherman's letter fails to furnish any evidence which really reflects, in the least degree, upon the official or private character of General Arthur.

Foreign.

THE German Reichstag will reassemble on February 12th.

SPAIN and China have signed a treaty regulating the coolie traffic.

THE Marquis of Hartington was installed Lord Rector of Edinburgh University on January 31st. His inaugural speech was an exhortation to adhere to liberal principles.

A DISPATCH from Rome says that a consistory is fixed for February 21st. The Pope will review his allocution and the pontifical policy of the year. He will also give a sketch of his schemes for the future.

RUSSIA, having protested against the delimitation of the frontier between Silistria and Mangalia, refuses to cede the line regulated by the commission, and Roumania has addressed a circular to the Powers on the subject.

LEADING Bulgarian deputies advocate a prolonged occupation of Bulgaria by Russian troops, and a majority of the foreign consuls at Sophia have united in a statement that it will be impossible for the Turkish troops to return to Roumelia.

ON account of the spread of the plague in Russia the Italian Government has ordered a stringent quarantine against vessels from the Black Sea, with a promise that if this measure proves insufficient, further precautionary steps will be taken.

PRUSSIA is said to be preparing a measure for the Diet, providing for the permanent retention of the Guelph fund by Prussia on the ground of its forfeiture; but eminent jurists say that the claims of the newly-married Duke of Cumberland cannot be legally set aside.

THE British Admiralty has directed the dockyard authorities to charge the United States only with the bare cost of labor and materials employed in the repairs of the *Constitution*. No dock dues or tonnage was charged. The captain of the *Constitution* has written, warmly thanking the Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth for the courtesy and kindness of all of the officials.

THE trial of the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, on charges of fraud, theft and embezzlement, which was preferred against them, has resulted in the conviction of Lewis Potter, of the Glasgow shipping firm of Potter, Wilson & Co., and of Robert Sumner Stronach, the manager of the bank, of the offenses as charged. The other directors were found guilty of uttering false abstracts of balance sheets. The former were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and the latter to eight.

FROM 4,000 to 5,000 mill-operatives at Blackburn, England, are out of employment and destitute, and 7,000 miners are idle in the County of Durham, where the present distress has not been equaled since the great strike of 1844. The Miners' Union have notified the South Yorkshire and North Derbyshire coal-owners of their agreement to submit to arbitration. The engineers' and dock-men's strike began January 31st at Liverpool and Birkenhead, where over 2,000 went out. A general strike of the ironworkers, numbering 3,500, and brass founders, at Liverpool, began on February 1st. Two thousand boilermakers and shipbuilders are also considering the advisability of striking.

AN official report from Astrakhan dated January 30th states that no fresh case of the plague has occurred in Wetlianka, or in that neighborhood. It is stated that Professor Botkin, physician to the Czar, advises the burning of Wetlianka and the other villages where the epidemic has broken out, together with all the furniture in them, and the removal of the inhabitants to healthy places. In spite of the heavy expenses that such a scheme would involve, the Czar is said to be disposed to follow Professor Botkin's advice. A regiment of Russian light cavalry has been sent to strengthen the force on the line of the cordon marked out against the advance of the plague, and the Russian Minister of the Interior has offered liberal terms to medical men volunteering for military service, and pensions to their families in case of their death.

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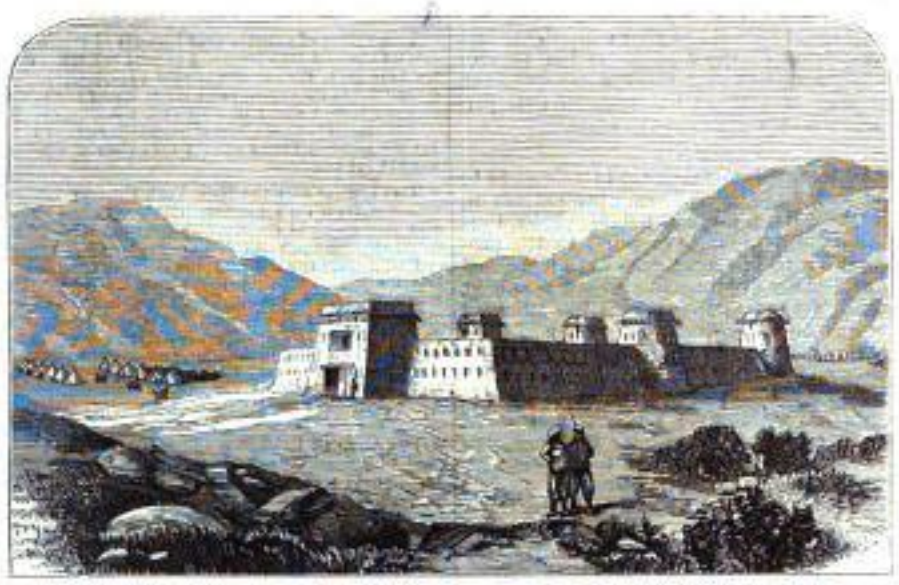
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 427.



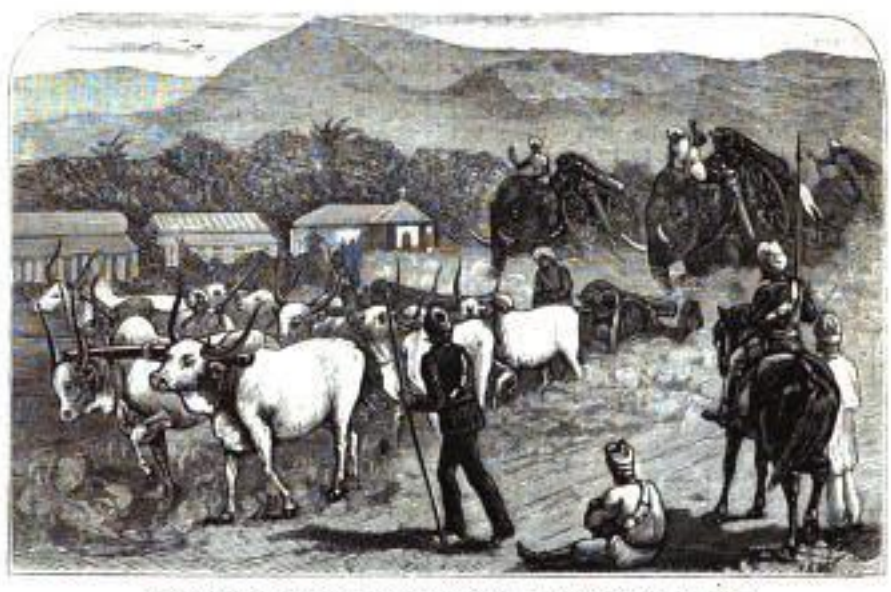
DENMARK.—WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND THE PRINCESS THYRA, AT COPENHAGEN.



DENMARK.—THE ROYAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE CHAPEL AFTER THE CEREMONY.



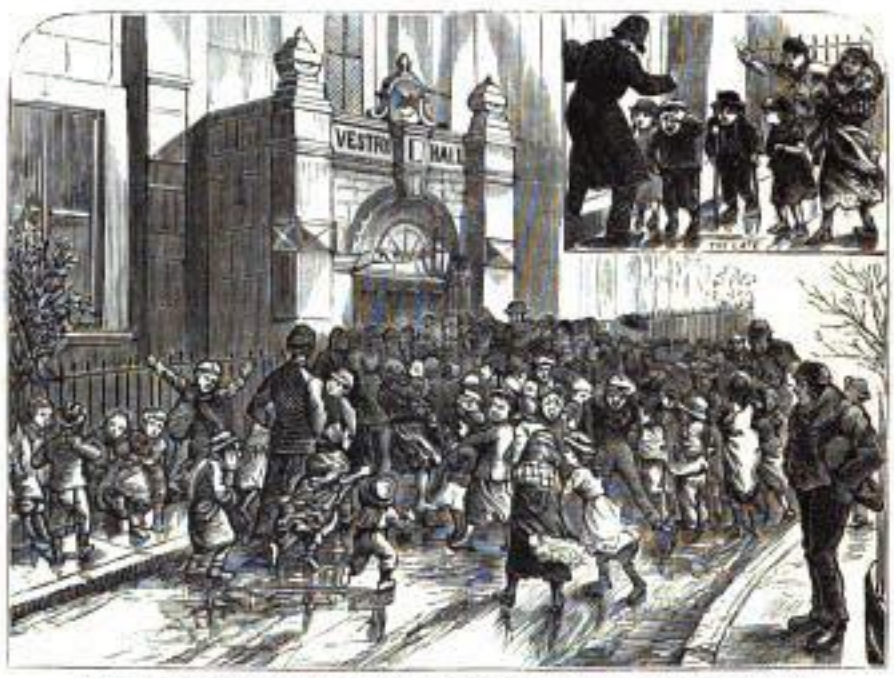
AFGHANISTAN.—FORT OF KAPIYANGA—ENTRANCE TO THE KHOOKUM PASS.



AFGHANISTAN.—GUNS CAPTURED AT ALI MUSJID ENTERING PESHAWUR.



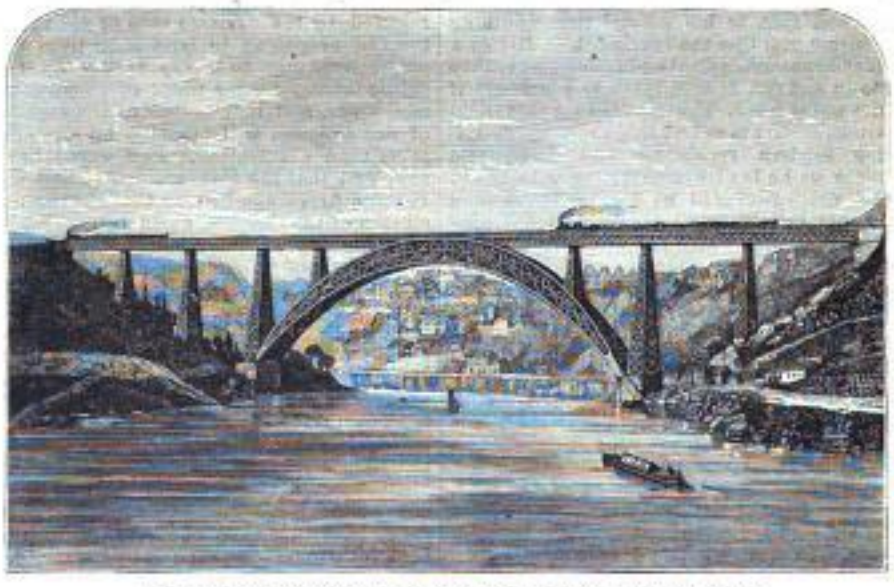
AUSTRIA.—VISIT OF A HERZEGOVINA DEPUTATION TO THE EMPEROR, AT BUDA.



ENGLAND.—STARVING CHILDREN WAITING FOR SOUP AT THE VESTRY HALL, SHEFFIELD.

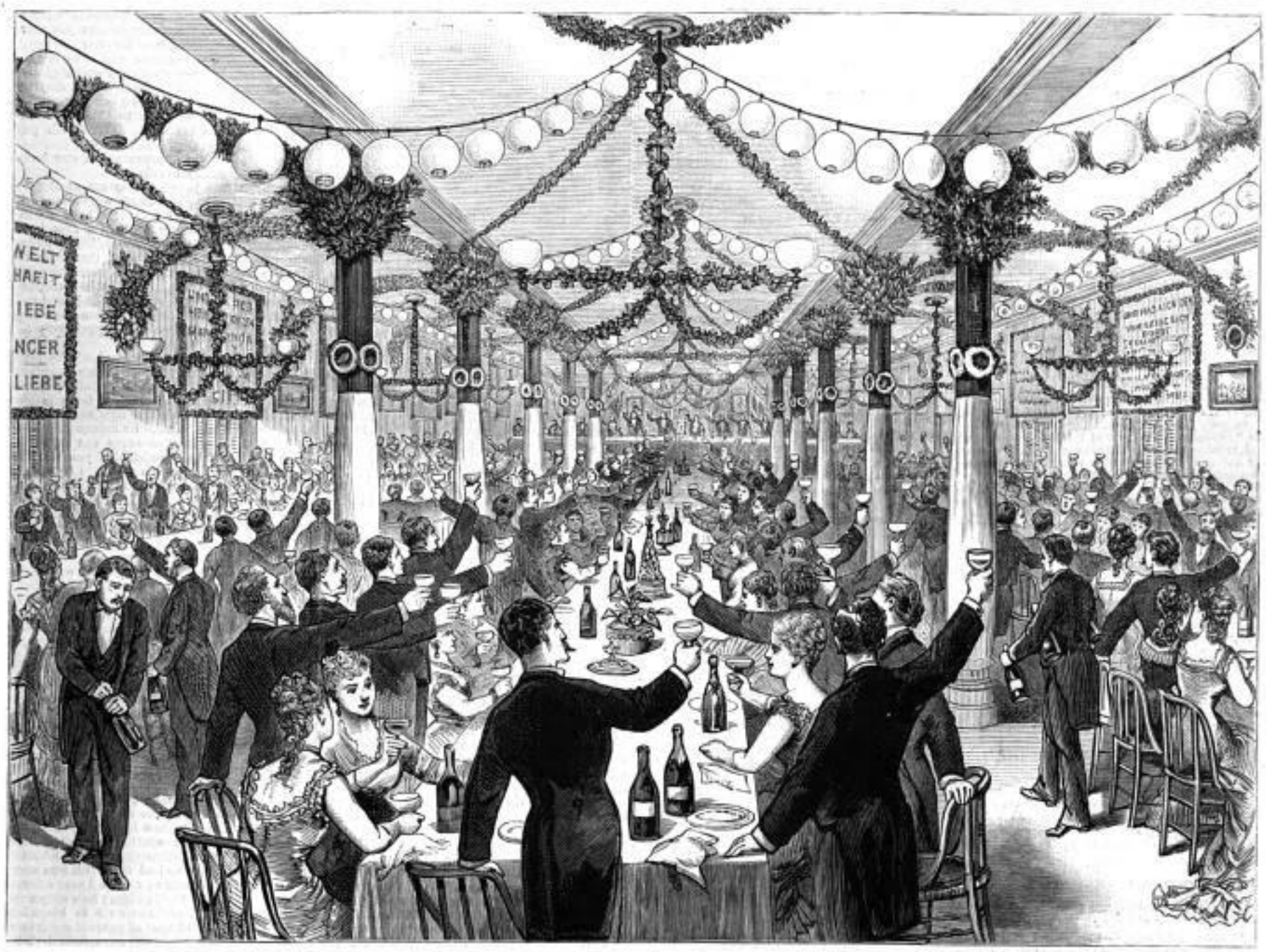


AFGHANISTAN.—PEDESTRIANISM ON AN INDIAN STEAMER CONVEYING BRITISH OFFICERS TO THE FRONT.



PORTUGAL.—NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE DOURO RIVER, AT PORTO.

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NEW YORK CITY.—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL JUBILEE OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY, AT THE CLUB-HOUSE, 57. MARK'S PLACE, JANUARY 25TH.

TWENTY-FIFTH JUBILEE OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY.

THE members of the Arion Singing Society, with a goodly company of congenial friends, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the organization at the club-house, No. 19 St. Mark's Place, on Saturday evening, January 25th. The portico of the club-house was transformed into a perfect wilderness of ivy and vines, wreathing the columns, overrunning lamps and cornices, and finally festooning the whole front from story to story. Within the spacious hall on the second floor, where the revelers were marshaled, there were six window-curtains, on which were recounted the origin and progress of the Arion Society. On the first, at the left of the hall, stood a bearded old lady in a nightcap, with a baby in her arms. Such was the birth of Arion twenty-five years ago, and it was noticeable that the features of the old woman bore a curious resemblance to those of the first president of the society. The remaining pictures simply reported various stages of progress. In one, a huge cap, ornamented with sundry bells—the emblem of Arion—appeared descending, without hands, upon a diminutive figure of the old woman depicted upon the first curtain; and upon the last of the six appeared sundry winged heads of members of the society hovering about a huge tankard overflowing with foam. Lastly, at the left, a fool's tribune had been erected, with Arion (the German Neptune) above it riding upon a double-headed fish, preceded by a shield bearing the motto in German, "Honor to whom honor is due." The Prince Carnival himself, with his Prime Ministers, six on either hand, entered at five P. M., at the head of a procession, preceded by the master of ceremonies, bearing a fool's cap upon a walking-stick, and followed by the jester, who carried an old broom above his head as the emblem of the night. Three long tables extended from the throne to the rear of the hall.

After the Prince reached his throne he called upon his guests to drink to the twenty-fifth anniversary jubilee, and with the assistance of a couple of his Prime Ministers, he lifted a huge stoneware beaker, capable of containing a gallon of lager, to his lips and took a deep draught, and the whole 300 of his subjects did the same. During this ceremony there was a silence which was broken only by the screaming of the violin and the hoarse groans of the violoncello; and when, with an expression of supreme satisfaction, His Royal Highness deposited the beaker upon the desk before him, the faithful 300 clapped their hands and commenced to sing the jubilee celebrating the virtues of Mayerhofer, and Adams, the tenor, and Bergmann, and Damrosch, and other famous musicians. At the close of the uproarious singing the members and guests proceeded to the great banquet-hall, where the annual dinner was served, the courses being interspersed with toasts, songs, short speeches and rollicking stories.



M. JULES GRÉVY, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, JANUARY 30TH.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

M. JULES GREVY, President of the French Assembly, was chosen President of the Republic in a Congress of the two Chambers, upon the resignation of Marshal MacMahon, January 30th, by a vote of 536 to 99 for General Chanzy. M. Grévy was born in 1813, in the department of the Jura, and went from college to Paris, where he studied for the Bar. He took part in the revolution of July, 1830, and was one of the combatants who captured the Babylone Barracks. He was admitted to the Paris Bar, and soon distinguished himself in defending political prisoners, and notably by the defense of his companions of Barbes, who were tried in 1839. In 1848 he acted as Commissary of the Provisional Government in the Jura, and gave general satisfaction by his prudent and conciliatory conduct. Owing to his great popularity, he was elected to the Constituent Assembly of 1848 by 65,000 votes, and was thus the first on the list of the eight representatives from the Department.

In the Assembly, M. Grévy served on the Committee on Justice, and acted as Vice-President. He spoke frequently from the tribune, and was regarded as one of the ablest and most forcible of the orators of the Democratic Party. While he maintained an independent position between the Socialist and Mountain Parties, he usually voted with the ultra-Radicals. He became remarkable by an amendment which he proposed to the Constitution, giving the Executive power to a citizen, to be known as the President of the Council of Ministers, who was to be elected by the National Assembly for an unlimited term, but removable at pleasure. This amendment was rejected at the

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setting of October 7th, 1848, by 643 to 158 votes. After the election of Louis Napoleon, he continued in opposition to him, and disapproved of the Roman expedition.

M. Grévy was elected to the Legislative Assembly, where, without making common cause with the Mountain Party, he was one of the principal opponents of the Government. After the coup d'état he returned to the practice of his profession. In 1869 he returned to public life, and, as a Democratic opposition candidate, was elected to represent a district in the Jura in the Corps Legislatif by 22,000 out of the 32,000 votes cast. This was the first time that the Administration was so completely defeated in the country. This success was regarded as so decisive that the Government placed no official candidate against him at the next election, when he was re-elected by a great majority. In 1871 he was elected President of the Assembly. He was retained in that post by eight almost unanimous re-elections until April 2d, 1873, when he resigned in consequence of the impertinence of some of the Monarchists, and refused to recall his resignation, though re-elected by a considerable majority.

During the months of confused monarchical machinations which followed the election of Marshal MacMahon, M. Grévy gave his valuable aid and advice to the combined groups of the Left, and in October of that year published a celebrated pamphlet, "The Necessary Government," which concluded with the statement that "France can find safety only in the organization of the democracy." In November, 1873, he opposed the establishment of the "Septennate" in favor of Marshal MacMahon, and, refusing to recognize the constituent powers of the Assembly, abstained from voting upon the constitutional laws. When M. Buffet became Premier in place of the Duc de Broglie, March 9th, 1875, M. Grévy was recalled to his old post as President of the Assembly. He refused to be a candidate for a life seat or any other in the Senate, was re-elected to the Assembly in July, 1876, and October, 1877, and was maintained in the Presidential chair at each renewal of the legislative offices. From the death of M. Thiers (September 3d, 1877), he has been the person designated by the republican sentiment of France to fill the Executive office whenever it should next become vacant, and the fitness of this selection was long ago indorsed by M. Gambetta.

Personally, M. Grévy is a very attractive man, of a calm, dignified, pleasant manner and fine countenance. He has a high forehead, large, dark-gray eyes, a well-formed nose, and a chin giving token of firmness and courage. There is a peculiar neatness in his appearance, and a certain something about him which causes even older and very important people to instinctively range themselves behind him. He was evidently born to command, and takes, by a seemingly natural right, the front rank.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By Wilkie Collins.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

ANOTHER interruption to my letter, caused by another change in the weather. The fog has vanished; the waiter is turning off the gas, and letting in the drab-colored daylight. I ask him if it is still raining. He smiles and rubs his hands, and says "It looks like clearing up soon, sir." This man's head is gray; he has been all his life a waiter in London—and he can still see the cheerful side of things. What native strength of mind cast away on a vocation that is unworthy of it!

Well—and now about the Farnaby dinner. I feel a tightness in the lower part of my waistcoat, Rufus, when I think of the dinner; there was such a quantity of it, and Mr. Farnaby was so tyrannically resolute in forcing his luxuries down the throats of his guests. His eye was on me if I let my plate go away before it was empty—his eye said, "I have paid for this magnificent dinner, and I mean to see you eat it." Our printed list of the dishes as they succeeded each other also informed us of the varieties of wine which it was imperatively necessary to drink with each dish. I got into difficulties early in the proceedings. The taste of sherry, for instance, is absolutely nauseous to me; and Rhine wine turns into vinegar ten minutes after it has passed my lips. I asked for the wine that I could drink, out of its turn. You should have seen Mr. Farnaby's face when I violated the rules of his dinner-table! It was the one amusing incident of the feast—the one thing that alleviated the dreary and mysterious spectacle of Mrs. Farnaby. There she sat, with her mind hundreds of miles away from everything that was going on about her, entangling the two guests, on her right hand and on her left, in a network of vacant questions, just as she had entangled me. I discovered that one of these gentlemen was a barrister and the other a ship-owner, by the answers which Mrs. Farnaby absently extracted from them on the subject of their respective vocations in life. And while she questioned incessantly, she eat incessantly. Her vigorous body insisted on being fed. She would have emptied her wine-glass, I suspect, as readily as she plied her knife and fork; but I discovered that a certain system of restraint was established in the matter of wine. At intervals Mr. Farnaby just looked at the butler, and the butler and his bottle, on those occasions, deliberately passed her by. Not the slightest visible change was produced in her by the eating and drinking; she was equal to any demands that any dinner could make on her. There was no flush in her face, no change in her spirits, when she rose in obedience to English custom, and retired to the drawing-room.

Left together over their wine, the men began to talk politics.

I listened, at the outset, expecting to get some information. Our readings in modern history at Tadmor had informed us of the dominant political position of the middle classes in England since the time of the first Reform Bill. Mr. Farnaby's guests represented the respectable mediocrity of social position, the professional and commercial average of the nation. They all talked glibly enough, I and an old gentleman who sat next to me being the only listeners. I had spent the morning lazily in the smoking-room of the hotel, reading the day's newspapers. And what did I hear now, when the politicians set in for their discussion? I heard the leading articles of the day's newspapers translated into bald chat, and coolly addressed by one man to another, as if they were his own individual views on public affairs. This absurd imposture positively went the round of the table, received and respected by everybody with a stolid solemnity of make-believe which it was downright shameful to see. Not a man present said, "I saw that to-day in the *Times* or the *Telegraph*." Not a man present had an opinion of his own; or, if he had an opinion, ventured to express it; or, if he knew nothing of the subject, was honest enough to say so. One enormous sham, and everybody in a conspiracy to take it for the real thing—that is an accurate description of the state of political feeling among the representative men at Mr. Farnaby's dinner. I am not judging rashly by one example only; I have been taken to clubs and public festivals, only to hear over and over again what I heard in Mr. Farnaby's dining-room. Does it need any great foresight to see that such a state of things as this cannot last much longer in a country which has not done with reforming itself yet? The time is coming in England when the people who *have* opinions of their own will be heard, and when Parliament will be forced to open the door to them.

This is a nice outbreak of republican freedom! What does my long-suffering friend think of it—waiting all the time to be presented to Mrs. Farnaby's niece? Everything in its place, Rufus. The niece followed the politics at the time, and she shall follow them now.

You shall hear first what my next neighbor said of her, a quaint old fellow, a retired doctor, if I remember correctly. He seemed to be as weary of the second-hand newspaper talk as I was; he quite sparkled and cheered up when I introduced the subject of Miss Regina. Have I mentioned her name yet? If not, here it is for you in full—Miss Regina Mildmay.

"I call her the brown girl," said the old gentleman. "Brown hair, brown eyes, and a brown skin. No, not a brunette; not dark enough for that—a warm delicate brown; wait till you see it! Takes after her father, I should tell you. He was a fine-looking man in his time; foreign blood in his veins, by his mother's side. Miss Regina gets her queer name by being christened after his mother. Never mind her name; she's a charming person. Let's drink her health."

We drank her health. Remembering that he had called her "the brown girl," I said I supposed she was still quite young.

"Better than young," the doctor answered; "in the prime of life. I call her a girl, by habit. Wait till you see her!"

"Has she a good figure, sir?"

"Ha! you're like the Turks, are you? A nice-looking woman doesn't content you—you must have her well-made too. We can accommodate you, sir; we are slim and tall, with a swing of our hips, and we walk like a goddess. Wait and see how her head is put on her shoulders—I say no more. Proud? Not she! A simple, unaffected, kind-hearted creature. Always the same; I never saw her out of temper in my life; I never heard her speak ill of anybody. The man who gets her will be a man to be envied, I can tell you."

"Is she engaged to be married?"

"No. She has had plenty of offers; but she doesn't seem to care for anything of that sort—so far. Devotes herself to Mrs. Farnaby, and keeps up her school-friendships. A splendid creature, with the vital thermometer at temperate heat—a calm, meditative, equable person. Pass me the olives. Only think! the man who discovered olives is unknown; no statue of him erected in any part of the civilized earth. I know few more remarkable instances of human ingratitude."

I risked a bold question—but not on the subject of olives. "Isn't Miss Regina's life rather a dull one in this house?"

The doctor cautiously lowered his voice. "It would be dull enough to some women. Regina's early life has been a hard one. Her mother was Mr. Ronald's eldest daughter. The old brute never forgave her for marrying against his wishes. Mrs. Ronald did all she could, secretly, to help the young wife in disgrace. But old Ronald had sole command of the money, and kept it to himself. From Regina's earliest childhood there was always distress at home. Her father harassed by creditors, trying one scheme after another and failing in all; her mother and herself half starved—with their very bed-clothes sometimes at the pawnbroker's. I attended them in their illnesses, and though they hid their wretchedness from everybody else (proud as Lucifer, both of them), they couldn't hide it from me. Fancy the change to this house! I don't say that living here in clover is enough for such a person as Regina; I only say it has its influence. She is one of those young women, sir, who delight in sacrificing themselves to others—she is devoted, for instance, to Mrs. Farnaby. I only hope Mrs. Farnaby is worthy of it! Not that it matters to Regina. What she does, she does out of her own sweetness of disposition. She brightens this household, I can tell you! Farnaby did a wise thing, in his own domestic interests, when he adopted her as his daughter. She thinks she can never be grateful enough to him—the good creature!—though she has repaid him a hundredfold. He'll find that out, one of these days, when a husband takes her away. Don't suppose that I want to disparage our host; he's an old friend of mine—but he's a little too apt to take the good things that fall to his lot as if they were nothing but a just recognition of his own merits. I have told him that to his face, often enough to have a right to say it of him when he doesn't hear me. Do you smoke? I wish they would drop their politics; and take to tobacco! I say, Farnaby, I want a cigar."

This broad hint produced an adjournment to the smoking-room, the doctor leading the way. I began to wonder how much longer my introduction to Miss Regina was to be delayed. It was not to come until I had seen a new side of my host's character, and had found myself promoted to a place of my own in Mr. Farnaby's estimation.

As we rose from table, one of the guests spoke to me of a visit that he had recently paid to the part of Buckinghamshire which I came from. "I was shown a remarkably picturesque old house, on the heath," he said. "They told me it had been inhabited for centuries by the family of the Goldenhearts. Are you in any way related to them?" I answered that I was very nearly related, having been born in the house—and there, as I supposed, the matter ended. Being the youngest man of the party, I waited, of course, until the rest of the gentlemen had passed out to the smoking-room. Mr. Farnaby and I were left together. To my astonishment, he put his arm cordially into mine, and led me out of the dining-room with the genial familiarity of an old friend!

"I'll give you such a cigar," he said, "as you can't buy for money in all London. You have enjoyed yourself, I hope? Now we know what wine you like, you won't have to ask the butler for it next time. Drop in any day, and take pot-luck with us." He came to a standstill in the hall; his brassy, rasping voice assumed a new tone—a sort of parody of respect. "Have you been to your family-place," he asked, "since your return to England?"

He had evidently heard the few words exchanged between his friend and myself. It seemed odd that he should take any interest in a place belonging to people who were strangers to him. However, his question was easily answered. I had only to inform him that my father had sold the house when he left England.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry to hear that!" he said. "Those old family-places ought to be kept up. The greatness of England, sir, strikes its roots in the old families of England. They may be rich, or they may be poor—that don't matter. An old family is an old family; it's sad to see their hearths and homes sold to wealthy manufacturers who don't know who their own grandfathers were. Would you allow me to ask, what is the family motto of the Goldenhearts?"

Shall I own the truth? The bottles circulated freely at Mr. Farnaby's table—I began to wonder whether he was quite sober. I said I was sorry to disappoint him; but I really did not know what my family motto was.

He was unaffectedly shocked. "I think I saw a ring on your finger," he said, as soon as he recovered himself. He lifted my left hand in his own cold fishy paw. The one ring I wear is of plain gold; it belonged to my father, and it has his initials inscribed on the signet.

"Good gracious, you haven't got your coat-of-arms on your seal!" cried Mr. Farnaby. "My dear sir, I am old enough to be your father, and I must take the freedom of remonstrating with you. Your coat-of-arms and your motto are no doubt at the Herald's office—why don't you apply for them? Shall I go there for you? I will do it with pleasure. You shouldn't be careless about these things—you shouldn't indeed."

I listened in speechless astonishment. Was he ironically expressing his contempt for old families? We got into the smoking-room at last, and my friend the doctor enlightened me privately in a corner. Every word Mr. Farnaby had said had been spoken in earnest. This man, who owes his rise from the lowest social position entirely to himself, who, judging by his own experience, has every reason to despise the poor pride of ancestry, actually feels a sincerely servile admiration for the accident of birth! "Oh, poor human nature!" as somebody says. How cordially I agree with Somebody!

We went up to the drawing-room, and I was introduced to "the brown girl" at last. What impression did she produce on me?

Do you know, Rufus, there is some perverse reluctance in me to go on with this inordinately long letter, just when I have arrived at the most interesting part of it. I can't account for my own state of mind; I only know that it is so. The difficulty of describing the young lady doesn't perplex me like the difficulty of describing Mrs. Farnaby. I can see her now as vividly as if she was present in the room. I even remember—and this is astonishing in a man—the dress that she wore. And yet I shrink from writing about her, as if there was something wrong in it. Do me a kindness, good friend, and let me send off all these sheets of paper, the idle work of an idle morning, just as they are. When I write next, I promise to be ashamed of my own capricious state of mind, and to paint the portrait of Miss Regina at full length.

In the meanwhile, don't run away with the idea that she has made a disagreeable impression upon me. Good heavens! it is far from that. You have had the old doctor's opinion of her. Very well; multiply his opinion by ten, and you have mine.

[NOTE: A strange indorsement appears on this letter, dated some months after the period at which it was received: "*Ah, poor Amelius! He had better have gone back to Miss Mellicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age. What a bright, lovable fellow he was! Good-by to Goldenheart!*"

These lines are not signed. They are known, however, to be in the handwriting of Rufus Dingwell.]

CHAPTER VII.

I PARTICULARLY want you to come and lunch with us, dearest Cecilia, the day after to-morrow. Don't say to yourself, "The Farnabys' house is dull, and Regina is too slow for me," and don't think about the long drive for the horses from your place to London. This letter has an interest of its own, my dear; I have got something new for you. What do you think of a young man who is clever and handsome and agreeable, and, wonder of wonders, utterly unlike any other young man you ever saw in your life? You are to meet him at luncheon; and you are to get used to his strange name beforehand. For which purpose I inclose his card.

He made his first appearance at our house at dinner yesterday evening.

When he was presented to me at the tea-table he was not to be put off with a bow; he insisted on shaking hands. "Where I have been," he explained, "we help a first introduction with a little cordiality." He looked into his teacup after he said that with the air of a man who could say something more, if he had a little encouragement. Of course I encouraged him. "I suppose shaking hands is much the same form in America that bowing is in England?" I said, as suggestively as I could.

He looked up directly, and shook his head. "We have too many forms in this country," he said. "The virtue of hospitality, for instance, seems to have become a form in England. In America, when a new acquaintance says, 'Come and see me,' he means it. When he says it here, in nine cases out of ten he looks unaffectedly astonished if you are fool enough to take him at his word. I hate insincerity, Miss Regina—and now I have returned to my own country, I find insincerity one of the established institutions of English Society. 'Can we do anything for you?' Ask them to do something for you—and you will see what it means. 'Thank you for such a pleasant evening!' Get into the carriage with them when they go home—and you will find that it means, 'What a bore!' 'Ah, Mr. So-and-so, allow me to congratulate you on your new appointment.' Mr. So-and-so passes out of hearing—and you discover what the congratulations mean. 'Corrupt old brute! he has got the price of his vote at the last division.' 'Oh, Mr. Blank, what a charming book you have written!' Mr. Blank passes out of hearing—and you ask what his book is about. 'To tell you the truth, I haven't read it. Hush; he's received at Court; one must say these things.' The other day a friend took me to a grand dinner at the Lord Mayor's. I accompanied him first to his club; many distinguished guests met there before going to the dinner. Heavens! how they spoke of the Lord Mayor! One of them didn't know his name, and didn't want to know it; another wasn't certain whether he was a tallow-chandler or a button-maker; a third, who had met with him somewhere, described him as a d——d ass; a fourth said, 'Oh, don't be hard on him; he's only a vulgar old cockney, without an h in his whole composition.' A chorus of general agreement followed, as the dinner-hour approached. 'What a bore!' I whispered to my friend. 'Why do they go?' He answered, 'You see, one must do this sort of thing.' And when we got to the Mansion House, they did that sort of thing with a vengeance! When the speech-making set in, these very men who had been all expressing their profound contempt for the Lord Mayor behind his back, now flattered him to his face in such a shamelessly servile way, with such a meanly complete insensibility to their own baseness, that I did really and literally turn sick. I slipped out into the fresh air, and fumigated myself, after the company I had kept, with a cigar. No, no! it is useless to excuse these things (I could quote dozens of other instances that have come under my own observation), by saying that they are trifles. When trifles make themselves habits of yours or of mine, they become a part of your character or mine. We have an inevitably false and vicious system of society in England. If you want to trace one of the causes, look back to the little organized insincerities of English life."

Of course, you understand, Cecilia, that this was not all said at one burst, as I have written it here. Some of it came out in the way of answers to my inquiries, and some of it was spoken in the intervals of laughing, talking and tea-drinking. But I want to show you how very different this young man is from the young men whom we are in the habit of meeting, and so I huddle his talk together in one sample, as Papa Farnaby would call it.

My dear, he is decidedly handsome (I mean our delightful Amelius); his face has a bright, eager look, indescribably refreshing as a contrast to the stolid composure of the ordinary young Englishman. His smile is charming; he moves as gracefully—with as little self-consciousness—as my Italian greyhound. He has been brought up among the strangest people in America, and (would you believe it?) he is actually a Socialist. Don't be alarmed. He shocked us all dreadfully by declaring that his socialism was entirely learnt out of the New Testament. I have looked at the New Testament since he mentioned some of his principles to me, and, do you know, I declare it is true!

Oh, I forgot—the young Socialist plays and sings! When we asked him to go to the piano, he got up and began directly. "I don't do it well enough," he said, "to want a great deal of pressing." He sang old English songs with great taste and sweetness. One of the gentlemen of our party, evidently disliking him, spoke rather rudely, I thought. "A Socialist who sings and plays," he said, "is a harmless Socialist, indeed. I begin to feel that my balance is safe at my banker's, and that London won't be set on fire with petroleum this time." He got his answer, I can tell you. "Why should we set London on fire? London takes a regular percentage of your income from you, sir, whether you like it or not, on sound Socialist principles. You are the man who has got the money, and Socialism says: You must and shall help the man who has got none. That is exactly what your own Poor Law says to you, every time the collector leaves the paper at your house." Wasn't it clever?—

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and it was doubly severe, because it was good-humoredly said.

Between ourselves, Cecilia, I think he is struck with me. When I walked about the room, his bright eyes followed me everywhere. And, when I took a chair by somebody else, not feeling it quite right to keep him all to myself, he invariably contrived to find a seat on the other side of me. His voice, too, had a certain tone, addressed to me, and to no other person in the room. Judge for yourself when you come here; but don't jump to conclusions, if you please. Oh, no—I am not going to fall in love with him! It isn't in me to fall in love with anybody. Do you remember what the last man whom I refused said of me? "She has a machine on the left side of her that pumps blood through her body, but she has no heart." I pity the woman who marries that man!

One thing more, my dear. This curious Amelius seems to notice trifles which escape men in general, just as we do. Towards the close of the evening, poor Mamma Farnaby fell into one of her vacant states, half-asleep and half-awake on the sofa in the back drawing-room. "Your aunt interests me," he whispered. "She must have suffered some terrible sorrow, at some past time of her life." Fancy a man seeing that! He dropped some hints, which showed that he was puzzling his brains to discover how I got on with her, and whether I was in her confidence or not; he even went the length of asking what sort of life I led with the uncle and aunt who have adopted me. My dear, it was done so delicately, with such irresistible sympathy and such a charming air of respect, that I was quite startled when I remembered in the wakeful hours of the night, how freely I had spoken to him. Not that I have betrayed any secrets, for, as you know, I am as ignorant as everybody else of what the early troubles of my poor dear aunt may have been. But I did tell him how I came into the house a helpless little orphan girl, and how generously these two good relatives adopted me, and how happy it made me to find that I could really do something to cheer their sad, childless lives. "I wish I was half as good as you are," he said. "I can't understand how you became fond of Mrs. Farnaby. Perhaps it began in sympathy and compassion?" Just think of that from a young Englishman! He went on confessing his perplexities, as if we had known one another from childhood. "I am a little surprised to see Mrs. Farnaby present at parties of this sort; I should have thought she would have staid in her own room." "That's just what she objects to do," I answered; "she says people will report that her husband is ashamed of her, or that she is not fit to be seen in society, if she doesn't appear at the parties, and she is determined not to be misrepresented in that way." Can you understand my talking to him with so little reserve? It is a specimen, Cecilia, of the odd manner in which my impulses carry me away in this man's company. He is so nice and gentle, and yet so manly. I shall be curious to see if you can resist him, with your superior firmness and knowledge of the world.

But the strangest incident of all I have not told you yet—feeling some hesitation about the best way of describing it, so as to interest you in what has deeply interested me. I must tell it as plainly as I can, and leave it to speak for itself.

Who do you think has invited Amelius Goldenheart to luncheon? Not Papa Farnaby, who only invites him to dinner. Not I, it is needless to say. Who is it, then? Mamma Farnaby, herself! He has actually so interested her that she has been thinking of him and dreaming of him in his absence!

I heard her last night, poor thing, talking and grinding her teeth in her sleep; and I went into her room to try if I could quiet her, in the usual way, by putting my cool hand on her forehead and pressing it gently. (The old doctor says it's magnetism, which is ridiculous.) Well, it didn't succeed this time; she went on muttering and making that dreadful sound with her teeth. Occasionally a word was spoken clearly enough to be intelligible. I could make no connected sense of what I heard; but I could positively discover this—that she was dreaming of our guest from America!

I said nothing about it, of course, when I went up-stairs with her cup of tea this morning. What do you think was the first thing she asked for? Pen, ink and paper. Her next request was that I would write Mr. Goldenheart's address on an envelope. "Are you going to write to him?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "I want to speak to him, while John is out of the way at business." "Secrets?" I said, turning it off with a laugh. She answered, speaking gravely and earnestly, "Yes; secrets." The letter was written, and sent to his hotel, inviting him to lunch with us on the first day when he was disengaged. He has replied, appointing the day after to-morrow. By way of trying to penetrate the mystery, I inquired if she wished *me* to appear at the luncheon. She considered with herself, before she answered that. "I want him to be amused, and put in a good humor," she said, "before I speak to him. You must lunch with us—and ask Cecilia." She stopped, and considered once more. "Mind one thing," she went on. "Your uncle is to know nothing about it. If you tell him, I will never speak to you again."

Is this not extraordinary? Whatever her dream may have been, it has evidently produced a strong impression on her. I firmly believe she means to take him away with her to her own room when the luncheon is over. Dearest Cecilia, you must help me to stop this! I have never been trusted with her secrets; they may, for all I know, be innocent secrets enough, poor soul. But it is surely in the highest degree undesirable that she should take into her confidence a young man who is only an acquaintance of ours; she will either make herself ridiculous, or do something worse. If Mr. Farnaby finds it out, I really tremble for what may happen.

For the sake of old friendship, don't leave me to face this difficulty by myself. A line, only one line, dearest, to say that you will not fail me.

(*To be continued.*)

RECEPTION OF MORTON COMMANDERY OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR,

AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, JANUARY 29TH.

THE "ball season," as it is styled, is at its height in New York, and the latest and greatest "crush" of the season occurred at Gilmore's Garden on the night of Wednesday, January 29th. The occasion was the ball and reception given by Morton Commandery, No. 4, of Knights Templar. There are few, if any, of the commanderies in the United States which can show a longer period of deserved prosperity than Morton Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templar. This has a historical record, its original charter, granted over half a century ago (1823), was signed by De Witt Clinton, the eminent statesman, who was himself a Knight Templar, and in 1873 the Commandery celebrated in the Academy of Music its semi-centennial. It was originally called Morton Encampment, and in its second year was visited by the illustrious Lafayette, and his son, who were "knighted" under its auspices. An account of this interesting ceremony is to be found in Hardcastle's "Annual Masonic Calendar," published in New York in the year 1824. Among those who participated were many who afterwards became well and widely known in political and social circles. Among these gentleman and knights were William P. Platt, E. C.; Mr. Richard Bennett, Generalissimo; Jared L. Moore, Captain-General; W. E. Ross, Prelate; and T. C. Bowles, S. W.; Peter Brewer, J. W.; S. Chapman, Recorder; D. N. Schmidt, Treasurer; G. Blanchard, Warder; John Coats, Sword Bearer; H. Paddleford, Standard Bearer; John Gastner, Herald; John Niles, Sentinel.

The career of Morton Commandery has been a long series of social triumphs, but probably the greatest ever achieved even by this organization was that of last Wednesday evening. It resulted in one of the greatest balls, in point of numbers, ever given in the metropolis. Immense as is Gilmore's Garden, the largest inclosed structure on the continent, there was only "standing room" in it for a while—and not much of that. At the lowest calculation, there must have been 14,000 people present, and by many the figures are placed at 17,000 or 18,000. "All the world" was there, and his wife and his wife's sister. The ladies attended in evening or ball toilet, and the *tout ensemble* of the spectacle presented was really grand.

The Knights Templar in their uniform, the officers and privates of the Seventh, Ninth, Seventy-first, Twenty-second, Twelfth, and other city regiments, the military guests, the ladies in ball costume in the boxes, and in full evening and walking-dress upon the floor—all these constituted a scene unsurpassed in the annals of New York.

Not the least notable item, *apropos* of the occasion, was the rapidity and completeness with which the Garden—which the night before had been a skating-rink—was transformed into a ballroom, as if by magic. The building was artistically decorated, and literally blazed with light. From the ceilings hung streamers of tricolored bunting, while the pillars were ornamented with the silver flags of the order of Knights of the Red Cross and the banners of the Order of Templars. The boxes were draped with tricolored bunting, and here, there and everywhere were banners, emblems and insignia.

A low, crimson-covered partition, or seat, surrounded the ballroom-floor, and separated it from the aisles. The circuit of this partition afforded a delightful promenade—when a promenade was possible. The music, furnished by Gilmore's Band, was stationed in front of the cascade, which was "masked." The doors were opened promptly at nine o'clock, at which hour over two thousand persons were in waiting, extending in line for several blocks.

About half-past ten o'clock the grand *entrée* took place, the Eminent Commander, Sir William F. Costenbader, leading the processional promenade, assisted by the floor committee. This opening procession extended around the entire area of the Garden in double lines, after which the ball commenced in earnest, 160 sets being formed for the opening "Lanciers." Every box was sold, and every seat was occupied. The members of the Commandery were in full uniform, and were notable among the assembled thousands.

The full Board of Managers were: Eminent Sir Jere. S. Baker, Chairman; Sir Wm. Delamater, Secretary; Sirs J. D. Hadley and Haywood Prince, Trustees; Eminent Sir Oliver G. Brady, Captain-General; Sirs James A. Jewell, Charles T. White, William Clyde, J. H. Wellbrock, Robert H. Trafford, Theophilus Pratt, J. D. Kinmey, Wm. H. Hawks, George T. Edwards, Jos. C. Pinckney, William L. Gardner, Robert Vandervoort. The Reception Committee was composed of Eminent Sir Albert G. Goodall, Chairman; Eminent Sirs W. T. Marvin, Adon Smith, George H. Chase, Thomas C. Cassidy, George Smith. Sir John Scott, the Generalissimo of the Commandery, was a leading spirit of the festive occasion, supported by Em. Sir Oliver G. Brady, Captain-general; and the trustees, Em. Sirs Jere. S. Baker, John D. Hadley and Haywood Prince, proved zealous officials.

Among the prominent persons present were P. E. Commanders A. G. Goodall and George Smith, of Morton Commandery; E. C. George W. Skellon; H. H. Brockway, Generalissimo; J. B. Rand, Captain-General; J. A. Rich, Recorder, and many Knights of Palestine Commandery, No. 18; E. C. William Henry White, of Clinton, No. 14; E. C. Alonzo Brymer, of St. Elmo, and delegations from all the other commanderies in the city. Delegations were also present from New Jersey, represented by M. M. Brohan, Grand Commander of the State, and staff, and Sir Knight J. N. Talmage, of Hugh de Payne Commandery, No. 1; from Massachusetts, represented by Sir Knights H. M. Coney, H. W. Eddy, T. E. Drake, A. C. Russell and others; from Pennsylvania, represented by P. E. C., C. E. Meyer; Grand Recorder, P. E. Commander J. L. Young and D. Setter, and six Knights, John Borden, Charles W. Packer, George M. Watson, C. A. Matthews, Jr., G. Conrade and others of St. Mary's Commandery, No. 36; P. E. Commander Philip Crawford, of Philadelphia Commandery, No. 2; from Virginia, by Grand Commander James Bain and staff, with a delegation from Portsmouth and Grace Commanderies. There were also present Past Master James, Past Master J. W. Simonton, D. E. Sickles, thirty-third degree; R. McCoy, P. G. M. of New York, D. G. M. Roome, D. D. G. M. A. Yeomans, and P. C. George F. Smith. Adolphus Andrews, who was knighted in Morton Commandery along with Lafayette, was also present.

There were at least 7,000 ladies in the Garden, many of whom wore toilets displaying alike wealth and taste.

"Home, Sweet Home," was rendered at 4:30 A. M., and the world went home satisfied with itself and with Morton Commandery, No. 4. The receipts of the ball were sufficient to meet all expenses, and any surplus which may remain will be applied to the charitable fund of the Commandery.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Royal Marriage in Denmark.

The Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Thyra of Denmark were married with great pomp in the Chapel of Christiansborg Castle, in the suburbs of Copenhagen, on the evening of Saturday, December 21st. The bride is the youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Denmark, and a sister of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece, and the bridegroom is Prince Ernest August, Duke of Cumberland, head of the Guelph dynasty and prospective Duke of Brunswick; the former is twenty-five years old and the latter thirty-three. The fortune of the duke is to a considerable extent held by the Prussian Government in addition to the estates it has confiscated which belonged to the duke's father, the late ex-King George of Hanover. The Government demands as a condition for releasing the property the renunciation by the Duke of all claim and title to the disrupted kingdom of Hanover, which he will not make. Political considerations, however, may present a means of solving the difficulty on a mutually advantageous basis. The newly married couple expect to make their principal abode in England.

Reception by the Emperor of Austria of a Delegation of Herzegovinians.

A deputation of Herzegovinian notables, sent to pay homage to Francis Joseph, set out from Dalmatia by sea for Trieste, and proceeded thence to Vienna by rail. As the Emperor had been called away to Buda, they followed. The delegation included a bey, or Mohammedan, landed proprietors, a Greek bishop and archimandrite, a Franciscan friar, a Catholic bishop, Christian and Moslem proprietors, merchants and public functionaries. The day appointed for the reception at Buda was November 14th. The real head was the actual chief of police of Mostar, formerly Civic Captain or Prefect of Zagabria. The Emperor received the deputation in the castle punctually. The spokesman was an effendi, while a Greek priest and a Catholic priest presented Francis Joseph an address, bound in vellum and gold. The Emperor said, among other things, that all the religions of the country, their customs and well-established rights, should be protected by him, and urged them, upon their return, to tell their fellow countrymen that the Emperor sincerely desires their happiness, and is a man of his word. The deputies welcomed these words with hearty shouts.

The Distress at Sheffield.

The deplorable condition of the working classes in the manufacturing districts of the West Riding and South Yorkshire, North and South Lancashire, and South Wales, from the depression of the iron, cutlery and cotton industries, still appeals to public sympathy. It is most severely felt in Sheffield; and we present an illustration of the scene there witnessed on the day appointed for giving away soup to the distressed people, when crowds of children, with jugs and basins in their hands, beset the doors of the Vestry Hall at Brightside, to receive the allotted portion. The Duke of Norfolk, who is the owner of large property in the town, and lord of the manor, has visited Sheffield for the purpose of rendering assistance to the local committee. On January 4th the Mayor of Sheffield gave a free breakfast in the Cutlers' Hall to 1,000 men, women and children. These for the most part were persons in the deepest poverty, and had received tickets for the breakfast from the various relief committees.

New Bridge over the Douro at Porto, Portugal.

This bridge, which has now been in use about a year, is said to have the longest single span in the world. The length of the one in the St. Louis bridge is 354 feet, and that of the more famous Britannia Bridge is only 320 feet. This central arch is one piece and 480 feet in span, the entire bridge being 750 feet long, and 485 feet above low water. In its construction 1,450 tons of wrought iron were used, 750 in the arch and 700 in the pillars, trestle-work, etc.

The Afghan War.

Peshawur was greatly excited on the morning of the 5th of December, when the twenty-four guns of Shere Ali, which were captured at the fall of Ali Musjid, entered the cantonment. The sight was a very grand one; these trophies of war being drawn along in solemn procession from the Jumrood entrance of Peshawur to their destination in the arsenal of the Peshawur fort. Each of the large guns was drawn by six of the large oxen that are employed in the heavy siege train battery belonging to Peshawur, and the smaller guns and howitzers, with their carriages, were borne on the backs of six large elephants of Major Wilson's elephant battery. Most of these guns, which were of brass, had a beautiful finish, and were all made at the Ameer's foundry in Cabul, excepting one, which had been given to the Ameer by the English, and had an English inscription on it. However pleasant the society may be, life on board an ocean steamer after the first week becomes somewhat monotonous. The sea air excites the appetite, which a Peninsula and Oriental steamer is not slow in appeasing with the many excellent meals her stewards prepare for her passengers. This necessitates plenty of exercise on the part of the voyager, or superfluous weight is the result. To prevent this great evil, on a recent voyage to India with a large number of officers going to the front, the military section on board organized a series of walking matches, open to all comers, to prepare them, and to store up muscle for the fatigues of the forthcoming march on Cabul. The chief figure in our sketch, in the dark coat, we may add, is Lord Francis Conyngham. The small frontier town of Thull, with the Afghan fort of Kapiyanga on the opposite bank of the Khoorum River, is the subject of the third of our sketches. At three o'clock on the morning of November 20th last, the river was crossed by a squadron of the Tenth Hussars, under Major Berkeley, who took up their position in the valley at some distance behind the fort, so as to cut off the retreat of its garrison. At the same time Major Channer, V. C., left camp with two companies of the Twenty-ninth Punjab Infantry, by a circuitous route through the hills, came down a mile above the bridge, forded the stream, and took up a position to command the fort on the south side. The daylight revealed the Hussars and Punjabees in the position assigned to them. Orders were instantly given for the troops assembled below to advance. The native infantry regiments, led by Colonel Gordon, of the Twenty-ninth, threw down the barricade of bushes and dashed quickly across the bridge; while the Twelfth Bengal Cavalry, under Colonel Gough, V. C., and No. 1 Mountain Battery, Captain Kelso, crossed the ford beside it. The infantry proceeded rapidly towards Kapiyanga in skirmishing order. The fort was silent, and not a flash of a rifle came from its walls. The gates were closed; but these were speedily burst open, and the troops rushed into it, only to find it empty. The garrison must have fled but a short time previously. Probably, in spite of the silence preserved, the movements of the distant columns had been heard by a scout, and hasty flight had at once taken place. The fires were still alight, and half-cooked food was lying on the ground near them.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE were 177 strikes in England last year, as against 181 in 1877.

—THE new Greenback Treasurer of Maine has the presidents of three national banks among his bondsmen.

—AN $8,000 tabernacle, to accommodate 4,000 people, is to be built by the Camp Meeting Association at Martha's Vineyard.

—THE Indian Government has issued an official list of the names of places and of words in common use, with the official spelling.

—BOTH Houses of the Legislature of Colorado have passed a Bill providing penalties for the defacement of natural scenery by advertisements.

—AN attempt is being made to reopen the edifying Sugat will case at Dublin, the opponents of the widow denouncing the original trial as a miscarriage of justice.

—THE Pope has sold the sole remaining ship of his navy, the *Immaculate Conception*, stationed at Toulon. The admiral and two captains who were aboard are superannuated.

—IN Frankfort-on-the-Main, on Saturday evenings, the daughters and wives of the pawnbrokers in the Ghetto drive to the promenade covered with the jewels left in pawn with their fathers and husbands.

—THE Cincinnati Musical Festival Association announce that they will give a prize of $1,000 for an original composition for orchestra and chorus, to be performed in the festival of next year. The competition is limited to native Americans.

—LAST September a census was taken of the Japanese Islands. The total population of the empire was 34,338,404. Of these, 1,036,771 dwell in Yeddo, or, as the inhabitants name it, Tokio, in 236,961 houses, being about 4.37 occupants for each house.

—FIFTY-THREE per cent. of the population of France are engaged in agriculture, twenty-six per cent. in manufacturing and other industries, fourteen per cent. in trade, and four per cent. in the liberal professions, the remainder being returned as of no occupation.

—A SOLAR telegraph is used in communicating with the Fastnet's Island Lighthouse, off Guilford, combinations of quick and long dashes forming words and conveying messages. The keepers of the light are sometimes shut off from the shore for months during the Winter.

—THE Geographical Society of Paris has taken the initiatory steps towards forming an emigration society, which will give information to those desiring to emigrate regarding all sections of the civilized world. It will describe the advantages and disadvantages of emigration in detail.

—THE Spanish Government has ordered a man-of-war to be dispatched to Puerto Plata, San Domingo, to demand reparation for the insult offered to the Spanish flag by authorities of San Domingo in seizing two insurgent generals who had taken refuge on board a Spanish steamer and shooting them.

—THE American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., has received a copy of the celebrated Caxton Memorial Bible, which was printed, bound and lettered in twelve hours at the Oxford University press, on the occasion of the opening of the Caxton celebration, an event of much note last year. Only one hundred were printed.

—NINE-TENTHS of the thousand million dollars which France borrowed of English bankers in order to pay Germany is now held in the shape of national bonds by Frenchmen at home. As fast as the foreigners would sell, the bonds were bought up on the Paris market, and thus, though France still owes that vast sum, she owes it in bulk only to her own people.

—DR. EDWARD HITCHCOCK assures the American Antiquarian Society that the proportion of college-educated men in Massachusetts is decreasing. In 1800–1804 there were in the colleges of the State 88 undergraduates to every 100,000 inhabitants, while in 1876 there were 55 only. The decrease is attributed to the increased number of foreign-born persons who are making Massachusetts their home.

—THE consumption of beer in the whole German Empire last year was 841,038,768 gallons, or nearly twenty gallons per month of population. The importations amounted to 3,333,814 gallons and the exports to 19,038,266 gallons. Bavaria leads, for, though the rate of consumption is not given, so great is the production—53½ gallons per head—and after making due deductions for the exportation, a greater than average quantity is left for home consumption.

—WOMEN are admitted this year for the first time to all the examinations and degrees of the University of London, without exception, on precisely the same terms as men. At the Winter matriculation, recently, there were nearly 600 graduates altogether, and eleven of these were young ladies. One lady presented herself at the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. These are the first twelve ladies who have been admitted to the regular examinations of any English university.

—THE increasing production of ostrich-feathers on the South American farms, combined with a falling off in the demand at home, has led to a decline in the market rates for this produce at the colonial sales. Feathers of superior quality, however, fetch high prices. At a recent sale at Grahamstown thirteen splendid "primes," or perfect white feathers, realized a guinea each, or at the rate of $725 per pound. The average price for fine white feathers was $203 per pound, while blacks realized about seventy dollars, and drab or fancy colors only twenty dollars per pound.

—THE Commune of Samnaune, one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the least known, in all Switzerland, is situated in a mountain valley, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and almost cut off from the world. The inhabitants fetch their daily supply of provisions from Martinsbrück, on the other side of the Inn, and for the greater part of the distance, seven hours in all, they have to carry everything on their backs up the steep mountain paths. They get their letters from the Austrian village of Ramders, which involves a walk for the postman of ten hours, four thither and six back. Fifty years ago the members of the commune met together, and, being of opinion that German was on the whole a more desirable language for the ordinary purposes of life than their mother tongue, they resolved thenceforth to speak German only, and so teach it to their children. So thoroughly has this purpose been carried out that, with the exception of a few old people, the Romanisch speech, their native tongue, has been completely forgotten by the inhabitants of the valley.

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THE IMPRISONED CHEYENNES FORTIFYING THEIR TEMPORARY QUARTERS AT FORT ROBINSON.

FLIGHT OF THE CHEYENNES FROM THEIR PRISON QUARTERS.

THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN CAPTAIN WESSELLS'S COMMAND AND THE INDIANS—LIEUTENANT CHASE RESCUING CAPTAIN WESSELLS.

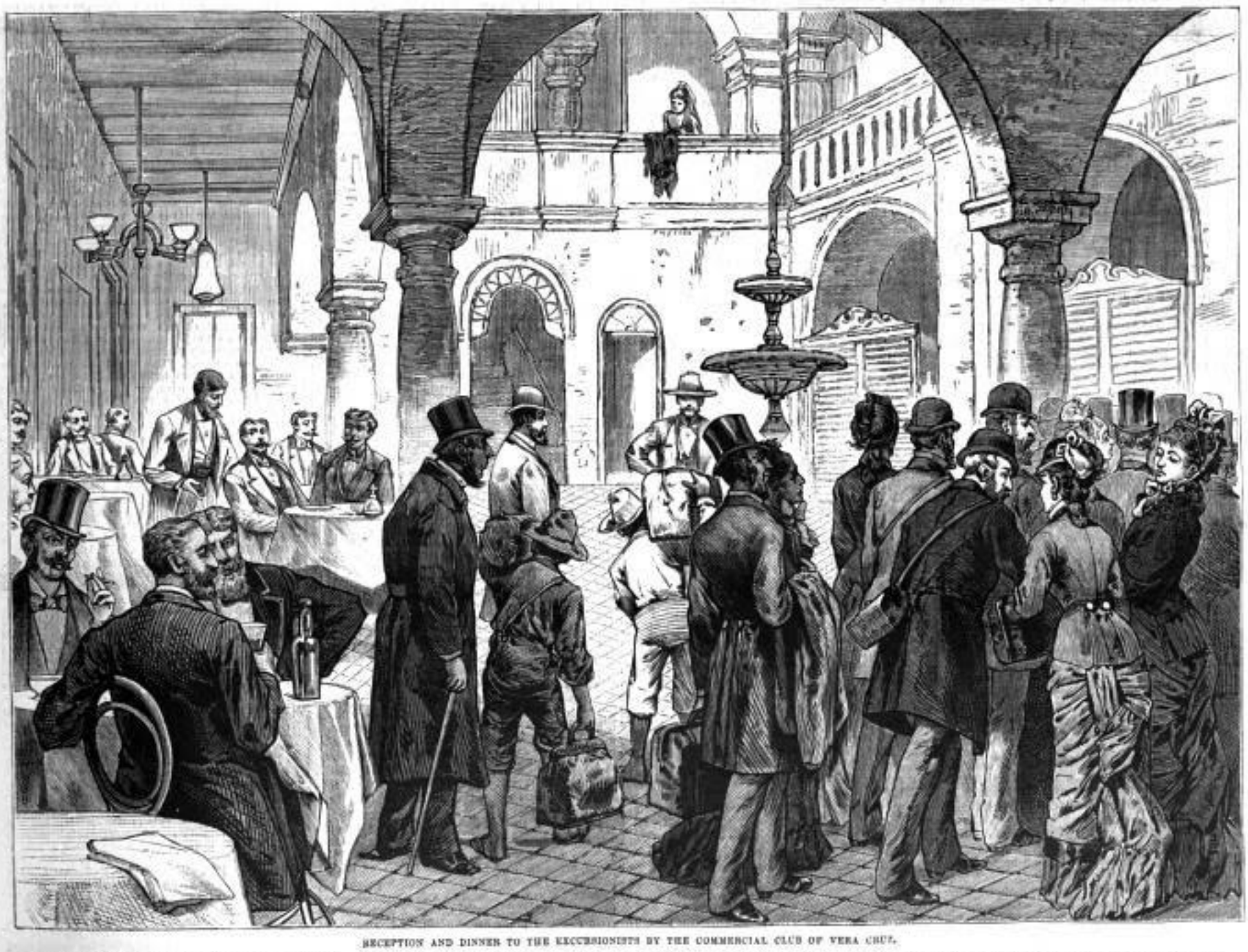
NEBRASKA.—THE ESCAPE OF THE CHEYENNE INDIANS FROM THE PRISON AT FORT ROBINSON—INCIDENTS OF THEIR PURSUIT AND MASSACRE BY U. S. TROOPS.

FROM SKETCHES BY ALFRED BROOKS.—SEE PAGE 434.

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LANDING OF THE EXCURSIONISTS AT THE MOLE AT VERA CRUZ, JANUARY 13TH.



RECEPTION AND DINNER TO THE EXCURSIONISTS BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF VERA CRUZ.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 430.

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DISSONANCES.

FIRST VOICE.

HOW bitter that when a few years vanish, I
Shall surely die!

All that the unfinished world shall grandly be,
I may not see!

Rich harmonies out of discord streaming clear,
I shall not hear!

Equality's last superb triumphant throe
I shall not know!

Miraculous deeds by science shall be wrought
When I am naught!

The last expiring hope's last rancorous hiss
My soul shall miss!

Love's golden universality angest
Shall find me dust!

Oh agony, that when these few years are fled,
I shall be dead!

SECOND VOICE.

How bitter that death, when I so long to die,
Should pass me by!

Life on my heart like a great fetter weighs,
Whose links are days!

Equality! Shout it to the starving mobs
That luxury robs!

The glory of science? Do we praise, indeed,
Blind men for speed?

When all believe he has perished, crafty Hate
Will hibernate!

Love's ultimate reign? Salute her, loyal scos,
With needle-guns!

I too have thrilled, while shadowing mist was drawn
From bournes of dawn!

I too have talked with the stars, entranced, inspired,
To night I am tired.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIRTHRON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "PASSION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FOURTH.

LADY ROLLINGFORD'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.—A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER WORLD.

MADAME DE FLEURVILLE is a very well-known Parisian actress; well-known—not that she is by any means a famous actress, for even her warmest admirers are bound to confess that her acting is at its best but indifferent enough; it is by her beauty, *chic*, and talents as a *femme du monde* that she has become a woman of almost European celebrity.

Whence she originally came no one knows, and most likely no one will ever know, but by her exquisite grace and *savoir faire* she has actually become one of those all-powerful *lionnes* by whom men swear in public, and at whom their wives swear in private.

With men—those brave, jolly good fellows of the Jockey Club and the Cercle des Joueurs, who live for pleasure, and with whom life *means* pleasure—she is a goddess, at whose altar they offer their daily incense; for she is a woman whose wit never wearies, whose speech, though at times a trifle *décolleté*, is never vulgar or coarse, and whose soft, melodious voice charms like the sound of a streamlet running through a tropical forest.

At the moment when I first present Madame de Fleurville to my readers she is holding her court, reclining on a Louis XV. sofa of pale-blue satin, in a charming little boudoir *à la* Pompadour. She has just returned from the theatre, where she has achieved a great success in the new piece in which she has appeared this evening for the first time.

Though tired and weary after the fatigues of the evening, she has taken off her dress; her hair is still dressed as if she were to appear once more upon the stage, and large diamond stars and strings of pearls and rubies sparkle amidst her golden tresses. Around her neck also shine diamonds and pearls of priceless value; but her skin is whiter far than the pearls that rest upon it, and her soft, voluptuous lips are redder than the rubies that sparkle on her brow.

But, strange to say, though her skin is of the fairest, and her hair is brighter than burnished gold, her eyes, which are by far the most conspicuous feature in her face, are of the deepest black, and shine with a lustre quite Oriental.

I have said that Madame de Fleurville is holding her court. Now let us see who are the courtiers grouped around her couch, and who seem to have no eyes and no thoughts but for her. They are mostly young, handsome, and noble—the very *jeunesse dorée* of Paris—ay, and some of its gilded *moyen âge* also; for near her we notice more than one millionaire, who court her for fashion's sake, and one or two diplomatists who pay her constant attentions to further their political schemes, for Madame de Fleurville and her set form a power, nowadays, by no means to be despised. Yes, in the good old days of paint and powder the mistress of the royal Louis ruled the world, but now *nous avons changé tout cela*.

The conversation, as might be expected amongst rivals, and between men who have come to seek amusement, and by no means with the intention of rendering themselves agreeable and entertaining, is rather broken and disconnected, yet is carried on in a light, careless strain, and, as may be easily imagined, the topic is the new play, at the first representation of which they have all assisted this evening.

"How beautifully you sang that pathetic little romance in the second act!" says the Comte de la Mazerolle, who is said to have been her constant admirer, and to have acted as her banker on and off for the last ten years—for Madame de Fleurville is by no means a new beauty, but has reigned supreme over the hearts of men longer, perhaps, than she would care to remember.

"A silly little *chanette*, two couplets and a claptrap refrain; and yet it is the only song in which I can possibly make any point or hope to receive an encore, while Angélique has three long songs all to herself. Ah, it was not so two years ago. I should have liked to see the manager who would dare *then* to insult me by giving the best part of a piece to another. But what can one expect," she adds, turning her large, dark eyes upon the count, "when even La Mazerolle is beginning to get tired of me?"

"How can you say that, Zoé, my queen? Am I not as devoted to you now as I was when you made your *début* upon our stage?" he replies, rising and taking her jeweled hand in his. "You have heard about our young friend Cassilis?" the count adds presently, anxious to please the reigning beauty.

"And what about him?" Madame de Fleurville asks, a look of eager curiosity beaming in her bright eyes. "I trust nothing has happened to him; I like that boy, and, *dame*, I should be really sorry if any harm were to befall him."

"Well, a great harm is about to befall him—he is going to be married."

"Married! *ciens!* Going to be married! and you call that a misfortune?"

"Well, you ought to be the best judge on that point, Zoé; you have the advantage over any of us there—you have been married."

"Bah! nonsense! You know that my marriage was so slight an affair that it scarcely deserves the name. But who is he going to marry?"

"An heiress—a very wealthy English heiress—a charming miss."

"Really!" exclaims M. Fétevojeu, getting interested. "Well, I am glad of that; the poor fellow was always hard up for money, and it is a pity, for he is fond of fun and loves cards."

"Oh, you wicked man!" Madame de Fleurville says, laughing, and showing a double row of faultless teeth of surpassing whiteness. "You only think of yourself. But tell me, Léon, who is this girl. An English miss, you say?"

"Why, that is the general question. No one knows."

"But you have been in London lately, and can tell us."

"I wish I could; why, I should become the greatest favorite at all the clubs, if I could answer that question."

Madame de Fleurville's curiosity becomes excited, and she half arises from her couch, as she says:

"But surely this girl must have a name, a family history."

"No, she has no name, no family history."

"You are joking."

"You know, Zoé, I never joke."

"Then tell me the name of the girl our friend is about to marry."

"Her real name no one knows—she is one of the mysteries of Mayfair—but she goes by the name of Miss Reymond, which is the family name of Lady Rollingford, the lady who has adopted her, and whose fortune, it seems, she is to have at her death."

Silence reigns for a few seconds after this.

"What is the matter, Zoé?" exclaims the count. "How pale you look! What is the matter? You are not feeling ill, are you?"

"I? Well, yes, I am a little tired after the play; new performances are always very fatiguing, and you know that I am not very strong," she answers, in some confusion. "But tell me," she adds, trying to speak in her natural tone of voice, "tell me all you know about this mysterious Miss Reymond."

"You are fatigued—don't you think that we had better leave you?"

"No—without supper?—certainly not; I could not allow such a thing. It is nothing, believe me; I am better now. Ring the bell, Léon, and let us have supper at once; I suppose it is of no use waiting any longer for our other friends; I daresay they are supping with Angélique at the Maison Dorée. But do tell me all you know about this girl."

"Some say she must be a natural daughter of Lady Rollingford herself; others suppose her to be the child of some royal house, who from political motives is afraid to own her; some even go so far as to name the family; but I fear all these stories are alike devoid of foundation."

Madame de Fleurville remains silent for a few minutes, and seems as if lost in deep thought, for she does not notice that the young lord at her feet has taken possession of her hand, which was hanging listlessly beside her, and is imprinting warm, ardent kisses upon it; at last she becomes aware of the fact, and, withdrawing it with a brusque movement, says:

"Has it never occurred to any one that she might be Lord Rollingford's daughter?"

"It is impossible, believe me, Zoé, to imagine anything that has not already been suggested by some one; but the story that she is a daughter of Lady Rollingford's husband seems to me the most improbable of all. Do you think that any woman in her senses would ever adopt her husband's natural children?"

"Well, perhaps not; but is she really going to leave her all her money?"

"Let us hope so, for our friend's sake," the count answered, with a grimace, for already the conversation is beginning to bore him.

"You are sure that she is going to have all Lady Rollingford's money? I hear she is enormously rich."

"One cannot be sure of anything, *mon cher* Fétevojeu. I have never seen her will, so how can I tell? All I know is, that people in London society seem to think so."

"It will be a grand marriage for young Cassilis, then," M. Champignon remarks. "Some one pointed out the Hotel Rollingford to me when I was last in London, and really it is a splendid building."

"Come, come, don't you think that you have talked enough about this Miss Reymond?" says the young lord, rising and walking to the fireplace, where a large wood fire is burning.

"Ah, *milord* Dare, perhaps you can tell me something really true about her; you are an Englishman, and must know her."

"Oh, bother! Well, yes, I know her, of course; but, upon my soul, I know nothing at all about her, neither do I care, by Jove!"

"You know her—ah, she is pretty?"

"Rather."

"Only rather? Now what is she like? Do tell me; I am all curiosity."

"So it seems. I had no idea, Zoé, that you were so fond of that young Englishman, and took such a deep interest in all his doings," the count says; and then, turning to the servant who has just entered the room in answer to his summons, he inquires in an angry tone if the supper is ever going to be ready.

"What is she like?—do tell me, Lord Dare."

"Well, she is dark, tall, and clever-looking; she looks more like a foreigner than an English girl."

"Is she a Catholic?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Ah, thank God for that!"

"Thank God for what? *Ah, diantre!* how pious we are getting!"

The servant comes in at this moment to announce that that "*Madame est servie*," and a few minutes later the fascinating actress and her friends are partaking of an exquisite supper in the gorgeously decorated dining-room, and the conversation and laughter become gayer and brighter as the champagne corks fly, and the Venetian tumblers, full of sparkling wine, circulate round the merry group, and "the health and happiness of Monsieur and Madame de Cassilis" is proposed as the toast of the evening by the brilliant queen of the feast.

CHAPTER II.—RUPERT CASSILIS.

RUPERT CASSILIS, as every one knows, is the second son of Sir Robert de Cassilis, an English baronet descended from an illustrious line, and married to a French lady, who has induced her husband to reside almost entirely in France. Their second son, Rupert, was born at the Château de la Quintenie, the fine ancestral home of her family in the sunny South, and brought up at the family hotel in Paris.

Being the youngest of her children, he was from his cradle his mother's pet. She was a thorough French lady of the old school, nobly born and noble-minded, a devout Catholic and a stanch Légitimiste. She perfectly doated upon her pretty curly-headed little English boy, and for many years scarcely permitted any one to touch her treasure, for fear, I suppose, that he might get broken.

As soon as he was old enough to learn anything besides mischief he was placed under the care of the family chaplain, a priest who had lived so long in the Cassilis family that he almost formed part of it. But even this solemn and highly respectable ecclesiastic was forced to confess, after a while, that the youthful Rupert was too much for him—for, indeed, brought up amongst women and priests, and accustomed to have his own way in everything, the child had become very self-willed, and could not be coaxed into doing or learning anything—and so at an early age he was torn from the arms of his tender-hearted mother, who shed copious tears over him, by his hard-hearted father, Sir Robert, and placed in the Lycée, where he soon became a general favorite with the boys, if not with the masters, and where he learnt all he was ever destined to learn, little as it was.

Some years afterwards, when his "studies" were completely finished—that is to say, when he grew too old to remain any longer at college, and the sacred precincts of that temple of wisdom and mischief had grown too hot to hold him any longer—he entered the army; but he got into so many scrapes, and wanted to fight so many of his brother officers, that at last his father made him send in his resignation and adopt a quieter style of living.

From the time he left college, his mother's great object in life would seem to have been to provide him with a wife, who she hoped would have the power to keep him out of mischief, and render him a happy man. But the young scapegrace would not be caught in any of the nets so carefully laid for him; no bait, however brilliant and dazzling, tempted him.

Disgusted with the society of the *beau monde*, where politics and religion seemed to be the only topics of conversation, and tired of the innocent, serious, reserved girls just out of convents, whom he alone met in the aristocratic saloons of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, he turned his eyes to that other section of the Parisian world, commonly known as the Quartier Bréda, where politics and religion are but little discussed, and innocence and reserve unknown.

In this world, amidst the gayest of gay companions, and the prettiest and most charming of women, Rupert spent a few years of mad folly and feverish, reckless dissipation, until one day he was forced to fight a duel for a certain actress, about whom he did not care a straw; and after having nearly killed his man, he had to fly to England, badly wounded himself, to escape the police. For a few months after this no one knew where "le beau Rupert," as he was called in the gay world of Paris, had gone; his disappearance was a subject of general conversation, and for the ordinary nine days he became the *wonder* of fashionable life. He had written to his family, however, like a dutiful son, to inform them of his hiding-place, and also that his letters might be sent after him without delay; and thither his father went, to give him a piece of his mind. But the reaction had come by this time, and "le beau Rupert," heartily ashamed of himself, and disgusted with what he was pleased to call his "great experiences of life," rushed into his father's arms and promised to reform and turn over a new leaf.

Since then he has spent most of his time in England, where he has found a few sympathetic friends, amongst whom he feels thoroughly at home, as, in spite of his foreign education, he has been able to master the language with great ease.

That he is very handsome and prepossessing, I have already stated, over and over again; but I must now add that he is also one of the best and truest of men, and that at heart, despite all his little escapades, he is thoroughly good-natured and noble-mined. An easy-going, devil-may-care, warm-hearted man of the world, as handsome as Apollo himself, and perfectly indifferent to his personal advantages—such is the man to whom Louisa Reymond, our interesting and mysterious young heroine, is about to be united.

If any girl was ever happy in this world, I think that girl is our Louisa—not that she has forgotten her nameless condition, but because love is such a tyrant that, when he is actively working in the heart, everything else seems unimportant. Troubles may not vanish before him, but they certainly appear much less important. The thought of Rupert's love has already power enough to swallow up all other feelings, and for the first time in her life she almost forgets that she is nobody's child, and that there is nothing in the wide world she can lay claim to as her own.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMMERCIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

THE TRIP ACROSS THE GULF AND ARRIVAL AT VERA CRUZ.

AT five o'clock A. M. on Thursday morning, the 9th of January, there were knockings, and ringings, and shoutings, and yellings, and howlings, and groanings, and ejaculations, and full-flavored words resounding through the corridors of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans; and at seven o'clock the members of the deputation, some in omnibuses, some in hacks, some on foot, started for the levee, where lay the good ship *City of Mexico*, of the far-famed Alexandre line, with steam up, in readiness to convey us across the Gulf. After the usual hustle and excitement consequent upon departure, and the acrobatic reception of the stereotyped late passenger, we swung slowly into the river, where we coquetted a while with the current, till, by the aid of a powerful but singularly uproarious tug, we were finally enabled to face the situation, and to leave the Crescent City in the receding distance. All hands were summoned on deck and the purser read out the passenger-list, a list as fatal to many of us as those prepared by the *sans culottes* for *la mère guillotine*. "Mr. Brown, No. 5," read the purser—"with you, Mr. Brown, are Mr. Smith and Mr. Thompson." A rush to ascertain the exact whereabouts of our ocean home immediately took place, and the expressions upon the visages of the returning explorers would have put the rueful countenance of Don Quixote de la Mancha to the blush. The staterooms had been allotted in the order of application for tickets, and, as a matter of course, the man who had purchased the last ticket howled loudest for the best cabin. A revolution seemed imminent, but the sound of a breakfast-gong dispersed the rioters, and when the inner man had been satisfied his better nature came slowly but surely to the front. The artist and the writer were fortunate in being placed together, while a sort of improvised shelf was allotted to a very lively and entertaining young gentleman, to whose good humor and good fellowship I beg at this writing to bear honest testimony.

The sail down the Mississippi strongly and strangely reminded me of the "lazy Scheldt." Given a few windmills and the resemblance would be simply perfect. The old châteaux with their trimly and primly cut ever so green trees, in this instance laden with golden oranges; the banks rising on either side above the flat-lying plantations, all of sugar; the dull, dreary sameness, with no object to break the sky-line—was I on the *Baron Osy, en route* for Antwerp and down among the Dutchmen? The ten hours in the river were disposed of by the writing up of diaries, the vigorous consumption of oranges, and feeble and irresolute prognostications anent the chances of a smooth passage. The passengers who declared that they never got sick were regarded with feelings of envy, and those who announced that they were never well at sea begat aversion and contempt. Field-glasses were at a discount, and as towards sunset we espied breakers ahead, we feigned a cheerfulness that we were very far from participating in. At six o'clock we reached the levee and the South Pass, now twenty-six feet deep, and at five minutes past, seventy-five per cent. of the passengers were clasped in the clammy embraces of *mal de mer*. I have traveled far and wide, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; I have beheld the miserable cockney on a Thames liver boat, the son of Gotham off the fishing banks; but never, oh, never did I behold so instantaneous a development of this merciless malady—never gaze upon a set of joyous, boisterous, happy human beings so suddenly plunged into the writhings of a fathomless despair. The artist succumbed, the writer bent his head before the blast, and, taking refuge in our stateroom, made no visible sign until the morning of Sunday, the 12th, when, desperate and dauntless, we rolled from our respective berths, plunged through the saloon, and ascended the companion way to take a wistful peep at the snow-capped summit of the extinct volcano, Orizaba, that stood in solemn and awful grandeur, partly wrapped in a mantle of gloomy cloud, and fully sixty miles away. Never have I beheld any sight so sublime—a sight so calculated to fill the soul as with the chorus of a great amen. For one brief second the sun shot a single ray across the snowy peak, and for one brief second flashed upon us "the white radiance of eternity." We continued to gaze at this grim and ghostly sentinel until he disappeared high in the clouds, and it was hours ere the faint outlines of Montezuma's shores became mingled with the hazy horizon.

We were favored with a *norte*, which sprang up with a suddenness only known to the Gulf, where the sudden changes of the weather are more frequent than even the *pronunciamiento*. The *norte* is a wind that, although inconvenient to the shipping and obstructive to the landing of merchandise, is a welcome guest, since it temporarily frees the town of Vera Cruz from the scourge of vomito—that most malignant type of yellow fever, and for which the town enjoys so unenviable a reputation. It seems scarcely credible that the chief port of the Republic should lack a harbor and every arrangement to facilitate the shipping traffic. But such is the case, and, with the exception of the mole, a stone pier over which every wanton wave gayly disports itself at will, Vera Cruz is without a landing-place. It is, however, but just to say that its topography is unfavorable to the construction of a harbor. At present vessels must anchor between the shore and a small island about half a mile to seaward, on which is built the fort of San Juan de Ulloa. At the back of this island, and parallel to the coast, coral reefs extend for a considerable distance, so that the town can only be approached from the north or south. When a *norte* is blowing, communication between the vessels in the roadstead and the shore is impossible; and when the wind becomes very violent, as is frequently the case in January and February, ships put out to sea in order to prevent inevitable wreckage, should their anchors

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come to drag. A norte rose at us; we put on every pound of steam that the boiler would stand, in order to endeavor to make the roadstead before the wind came to its full strength. We spun over the boiling, hissing, seething waters, the norte whistling through the rigging and wrestling desperately with the good ship, that creaked, and groaned, and labored to the uttermost limits of endurance. When almost within hail of the shore we signaled for a pilot, but the sea was washing over the mole, and the pilot, wise in his generation, refused to come to our relief. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* There was nothing for us but to put to sea again, and run for the smooth water lying five miles away between the mainland and a small island called Sacrificio. This island is remarkable, since it was here that the Aztecs offered up human sacrifices to their bloodthirsty and exacting gods. Upon a particular day in each year a youth, selected for his beauty and *physique*, accompanied by his four wives, chosen from the loveliest of the Aztec maidens, was borne across the flashing waters to his doom. For one year he was treated as a god; everything that earth could yield him in the way of delight was his. Then came the terrible and ghastly voyage to Sacrificio. He was led to an altar, still in existence, and now shaded by four date-palms, the only trees on the island. A priest, shrouded from head to heel in blood-red robes, approached and, with a horrible dexterity, cut the heart from out his body, flinging it, still palpitating, upon the gore-dyed stone. Sacrificio lies two miles from the mainland, just opposite to where General Scott landed his forces in 1847. Some of our party visited it and returned laden with several specimens of coral, together with a real live cocoanut. The lamentations were loud and long when it became known that another night should be passed on board ship; but when the captain assured us that to sleep in Vera Cruz was not unattended with risk, especially to those whom sea-sickness had marked for its own, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable and prepared for a good square sleep. It was our first night in the tropics, and we made much of it. The moon bathed ship and sea in liquid pearl, the stars glittered as they glitter only in these latitudes. The Southern Cross appeared in the dark-blue vault, while came from the shore a delicious fragrance borne on a caressing breeze that wooingly whispered of rare and radiant flowers. Many of us remained on deck far into the "wee sma' hours," as we did not dare insult the glory of that tropical night by jilting it in favor of our staterooms.

I have advisedly passed over the details of our voyage across the Gulf. Like the needy knife-grinder, I have no *story* to tell. By grace especial the *City of Mexico* steamed direct from New Orleans to Vera Cruz, making no calls by the way, thus saving at least two clear days of ocean travel—two centuries to many of our deputation. There were some of the passengers who enjoyed the whole thing, and never missed a meal, while others, resigning themselves to their fate, never appeared until the eagerly-looked-forward-to hour of landing.

A vertical sun blazing right over our heads, and gilding everything it lighted upon with a dazzle and a glare impossible to describe save as *white daysbine*, saluted us on Monday morning, the 13th of January. On our left lay Vera Cruz, baked to a dull pink, on our right the fort of San Juan de Ulloa, part of whose battlemented walls showed fearful zigzag rents done by the terrific battering power of the *norte*. A few black-faced, white-helmeted toy soldiers gazed stolidly at the *City of Mexico*, blinking like human owls. At anchor rode a sister ship, with half a dozen craft of various descriptions, while away at sea were tiny sail-boats, whose canvas resembled a nicely assorted hand at euchre, the cards opening outwards from the base of the palm.

The fort, as seen in our illustration, which is also a prison, is built upon the small island on which Hernando Cortez landed on the 21st of April, 1519. It was commenced in 1569, finished in 1633 by the Spaniards, in whose power it remained until several years after the independence of Mexico. This island, in 1568, fell momentarily into the hands of Sir T. Hawkins, and in 1683 the pirate Nicolas Agramont pounced upon it. In 1825 it was surrendered to the Mexican General Barrazza. In 1838 the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, took possession of it. It was occupied by the American army in 1847-8, and it was finally abandoned by the Mexicans when the allied forces of England, France and Spain arrived in the waters of Vera Cruz. On the 18th of May, 1858, the Constitutional Government of Mexico withdrew within its walls—Benito Juarez, President. On the 28th of August, 1864, several inhabitants of Mexico City were imprisoned within its walls for having too forcibly advocated republican principles. As I gazed at its crumbling and storm-rent walls, I bethought me of the strange, strange stories these very walls could tell.

The town of Vera Cruz, all pink, the window-shutters a light green, the houses constructed of *adobe*, solid and stunted, naturally focused our attention. Church towers, surmounted by gilt crosses flashing in the sunlight, stood out in bold relief against the pale-blue sky, while here and there the crest of a stately palm seemed painted upon the wall of azure. On the right a white, feathery column told us that the *ferro carril*, or railway, lay in that quarter; on the left stretched dead, dull sand, till it met the bright-blue line of heaven. Dim and shadowy spectres filled in the background, gigantic mountains still closely veiled in their jealous scruples of cloud.

Around the steamer shore-boats were packed as closely as sardines in a box, blue-painted, with white awnings, and occupied by boatmen who would insure the success of an *opera bouffe*—such picturesque-looking fellows, in dazzling white drawers cut away at the knee, a *rayah*, or red sash, round the waist, a vest whiter than the snow on Orizaba, and straw *sombrero*. Their breasts, arms, legs and feet were naked and the color of roasted coffee; their teeth were as white as their garments, while hair and eyes were black as the raven's wing. They were all looking up at us, and we were all looking down at them, each boatman gesticulating and shouting *uno peso* in a shrill and squeaky voice, his attitude that of mortal defiance. This was our first wrestle with the Spanish language, and the efforts of some of the party—hard-headed commercial men—to strike a bargain for carrying ashore were irresistibly ludicrous. My experience in Spain made me the hero of the hour, and having been elected paymaster-general to a very large boat-load, I succeeded in landing about fifteen persons at the rate of half a dollar a head. How gladly we sprang ashore, how joyfully we planted our feet once more upon *terra firma!* The mole was literally swarming with human beings, from the picturesque-looking porters who were detailed by the custom-house authorities to pass on our impedimenta, to the "swells" of the town, who affect the shiniest of high silk hats, the shortest of short-tailed coats, the tightest of tight pants, save at the feet, where they expanded to the tip of the shoe, and the daintiest of cushioned-toed boots. There were military uniforms and glittering *charlo*; there were ladies in delicate black with airy mantillas veiling with *media* women in flaunting hues and rebozos—that half-shawl half-cloak, all-veil that they fling about their little frames with the grace of a Senglian *maja!* there were poorly-clad Indios, but ever so neat, despite their tatters; there were copper-skinned flower-girls, each with a scarlet bud coquettishly inserted in her blue-black hair. *Aguadores*, or water-carriers, in their leathern garments bearing huge earthen water-jars—*chocohal*—on their backs, suspended by straps from their foreheads, and a smaller jar—*cantaro*—hanging in front; there were hawkers of confectionery, *dulces agua fresca*, *tamales*, and a hundred other wares of the nature of which I am still in blissful ignorance. A whiter, brighter, or more glowing scene it has never been my good fortune to witness, and I lingered on the mole while the artist made his sketch, languidly reveling in this tropical color-bath.

A deputation boarded the *City of Mexico* at an early hour, bidding us welcome to Vera Cruz, and making us free of the Commercial Club; and before I chronicle the proceedings of the American Industrial Deputation in the town of the True Cross I shall make brief mention of the place itself.

Vera Cruz was founded by the Viceroy Count Monterey at the end of the sixteenth century, and until the Declaration of Independence its port had the privilege of alone being open to foreign commerce on the Atlantic seaboard of Mexico. This was a source of great wealth to the town, and its buildings retain all the marks and tokens of a past grandeur. Originally a fortress, it is still entirely surrounded by massive walls and ramparts—the latter stretching a quarter of a mile along the seashore, flanked on both sides by ancient forts, whilst on the land side the ramparts are curved in the form of an arc, and entered by a number of quaint gateways bearing the signs of rude buffetings from time and tempest. The first houses built at Vera Cruz by the conquerors were situated on the same spot where the city now stands, and the new colony was called Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, "the rich town of the true cross," but in 1524 it was moved twelve miles further north. It was then taken by Cortez to the place now known as La Antigua Vera Cruz, "the old Vera Cruz," and finally re-established in the year 1600 under Monterey in its primitive and actual situation. By these migrations the Spaniards hoped to free themselves from the *vomito*; but, as it is produced by the bad quality of the water, the reflection of the sun on the sands, and the emanations of the marshes, they found that the whole coast was infected. The town, which is small, contains 12,000 inhabitants, its floating population being 41,000. Its surrounding fortifications were erected in 1793. They measure 8,500 feet, and are mounted with over 100 guns. The city suffered considerably in 1696, 1698 and 1712, from fire, and it was pillaged on the 17th of May, 1683, by pirates. The countless ancient cupolas and towers look hoar and venerable, whilst the houses are kept in good repair and carefully coated with paint to conceal the wrinkles of age. The streets are admirably neat and clean, and how the street-scavengers, the sombre *zopilotes*—buzzards—manage to thrive and get fat on their chances is a matter of wonder. These birds are to be seen at every turn. They take no notice of anybody and no person notices them. They perch where they like and are free of the city, and woe to him who dare lay profane hand upon them. Such a wanton is instantly fined or imprisoned. I saw one perched upon an upturned basket in the market-place solemnly blinking in the midst of the clatter of a fiercely gesticulating and densely-packed crowd of people—blinking like Grip, the iron-gray raven of Barnaby Rudge.

The City of Vera Cruz is the capital of the State of the same name, and through it pass two-thirds of all the Mexican imports and exports. Before 1835 all the goods landed at Vera Cruz for the capital and the interior were forwarded by mules, while the conductas of specie were forwarded to this port for shipment, escorted by a detachment of cavalry. It was from this city that Montezuma had red mullet carried to the capital by means of running bearers, each slave conveying the much cherished fish in a basket a very short distance, but at his very highest speed, when he transferred to the next runner, and so on to the capital, where it arrived still fresh, and where it was cooked after the Mexican fashion, a fashion clung to to-day—and *parole d'honneur*, Delmonico should write for the receipt. If Cologne has "two-and-seventy odors" Vera Cruz heads it by one. The same stale, garlicky perfume that had greeted my olfactory nerves in sunny Spain greeted me here, and for a little while the aroma from the open sewers—all the sewers are open and run a liquid resembling the waters of a clear stream, producing a feeling akin to nausea. A cold water plunge, however, soon put me to rights, the bath constructed of blue-glazed tiles, almost as delicate as the "real Chelsea," the apartment hung in scarlet and giving upon a *patio*, or fountain-decorated courtyard, the tropical sun flinging its white dazzle on a nursery of the most enchanting greenery, on palms, and ferns, and orchids, and on red and yellow blossoms, such as even Fortuny dared not have attempted with his all-glowing brush. After assembling at the Commercial Club, a cool, elegantly gotten-up establishment, the American deputation, who were received by the Governor and the Captain-General, proceeded in twos to the Fonda Gran Hotel Veracruzano, a quaint old building, where the municipality entertained them at *almuerzo*, or midday meal, the most noticeable features of which were a dish composed of eggs, rice, and the Lord knows what else besides, the red mullet—absolutely delicious—and snails. I observed that the dishes of snails were not extensively patronized. After *almuerzo* the artist and I took a stroll through the city, always advisedly keeping on the shady side of the streets, for the sun was intensely hot, and the sheen and dazzle almost blinding. We thought of Chicago, and 21 degrees below zero, and of the magic carpet in the "Arabian Nights" story that wafted its happy possessor in a second from "Indus to the Pole," or vice versâ. What color in every turn of the streets of Vera Cruz! Here a string of mules laden with every conceivable commodity, the leader ridden by the heavy villain of the cheap tragedy; or a rude, quaint cart, its sides composed of a netting, drawn by three mules—one in the shafts, the others at either side: the one on the left hand bestridden by a jaunty fellow in *charro*—that is, in a gray felt sombrero bound in silver lace, in a skin jacket, braided with silver cord, in high buff boots, and always the blood-red *rayah*, or waist-belt; another turn would reveal dark-eyed señoritas peeping at us from beneath gayly-striped awnings stretched over iron balconies, the daughters of Vera Cruz sending forth their puffs of blue-white smoke from their coquettish cigarettes, while a low but joyous laugh at the Americanos would ripple into the sun-lighted street. Donkeys, haggard and hideous, such as one beholds in Spain, gazed at us as we sauntered along. Millers, whose cane-incased limbs showed white against the pale-blue sky, while here and there the shadow, jogged lazily beside their donkeys; *aguadores* cried their wares. Indians in dazzling white sped rapidly by us, never so much as vouchsafing us a passing regard. We strolled into the market-place. Oh! the glory of those reds and yellows and greens! Such tropical fruits and flowers!—such golds and blues and purples. Indian women stretched on mats indolently watched their stock of red and green pepper pods, of *tortillas*, of *granadas*, of cocoanuts, of melons, of strange sweetmeats and uninviting-looking tarts of *bizarre* shape; *rancheros* dismounted from their dapper little horses to bargain for this, that, or the other; men in *sombrero* and *serapes* and *ponchos*, stood listlessly around, unconsciously creating a picture over which the artist gushed and gushed again. Fain would we have lingered amongst these fruits and flowers, but two o'clock was named for our departure for Orizaba, and punctuality was the order of the day, for every inch of the scenery along the line of rail must be secured ere sunset.

Casting a last long, lingering glance at the market-place, we moved in the direction of the cathedral and on to the *plaza*, where we beheld our first cocoanut growing in the open air. We had not time to visit the Alameda, or more than a moment to glance round us at the *plaza*, a capital specimen of this national institution, tesselated with a most curious and artistic pavement of marble. The cathedral is very dingy and wears a thoroughly poverty-stricken aspect. Past shoemakers working at their high-heeled, cushion-toed boots, in the open air; past glimpses of cool interiors, lighted by the vertical sun; past tobacco-dealers, spreading the leaf on mats to dry; past warehouses, so singularly uncommercial-looking as to suggest the idea that their occupiers were merely engaged in playing at commerce just to kill time; past wine-shops, reeking with unwholesome smells; past bakery establishments, containing the prettiest and most artistically made up bread; past ragged soldiers and linen-clad policemen, we got back to the Commercial Club, where we picked up our satchels and started for the *ferro carril*.

All the leading citizens thronged the depot, and the scene was one of intense animation. The engine, so unlike anything we had ever seen, secured considerable attention, and how it ever dragged us up the inclines we so safely traversed is still a matter of wonder to many of us. The cars were constituted after the fashion of our own, but very clingy and very third-rate. The regular carriage on this line is of the English pattern, in compartments, each compartment capable of containing eight persons; but this class of car would never have suited the requirements of so large a party, consequently the management, who put on the "special" free of all charge, was wise in its selection. The strange engine blew a strange, unearthly sound from a strange whistle, and, amid a thousand *adios*, we slowly started from the depot, every man of us endeavoring to secure a seat on the left-hand side of the train, in order to enjoy the scenery—started out across the tawny sands *en route* for the halls of the Montezumas.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Fine Asbestos Mines have been discovered in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

Immense Savings of Coal are reported through the use of asbestos pipe-coverings.

Owners of Vineyards in France have ordered large quantities of the sulpho-carbonate of potassium to be applied as a remedy for phylloxera.

The Emperor of Germany has approved of the election of Mr. Darwin and Professor Owen as Foreign Members of the Berlin Academy of Sciences.

French Scientific Circles think it unfair that the salaries of professors of law and letters should exceed those of medicine and science by about 2,000 francs.

A Fine Building has been constructed in the new Boulevard St. Germain for the uses of the Geographical Society of Paris. The architecture is plain but elegant.

An Electric Spark Pen, for producing engravings on copper or zinc, has been invented by a Parisian. The light of the spark also guides the artist in a dark room.

A Study of the *Patent Office Gazette* shows that inventions go by streaks. Recently it was windmills; still later the minds of inventors were directed to fire-escapes.

The Peruvian Miners chew cocoa-leaves, which have a mild, sedative influence, and are thought to increase strength. They assist endurance through long periods of abstinence.

A Solution of Common Salt is recommended by M. Mercier for preserving botanical and zoological specimens. It is cheaper than alcohol, does not evaporate readily, and does not disappear in other ways.

At the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, a series of experiments with kites as a means of lifting weights are being made. The kites are the invention of Hodgson, and are said to rise with the least breeze, and to float horizontally with considerable buoyancy.

M. Raoul Pictet is quite restored to health. The University of Geneva has conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor, and he has just been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, in recognition of his eminent services to science, and especially of his successful experiments in the liquefaction of gases.

Manufacture of Aluminum in France.—At Salindres, near Alais, France, aluminum is manufactured in the following manner: Bauxite, which is a hydrated sesquioxide of iron and aluminum, is heated in a reverberatory furnace with soda; the aluminate of soda thereby formed is leached and then precipitated by passing a current of carbonic acid through the liquor. The precipitate is mixed with salt and coal-dust, shaped into balls and heated in vertical retorts to a white heat, while a current of chlorine gas passes through the vessel. A double chloride of aluminum and sodium is formed which distills over into a receiver which must be carefully closed to exclude moisture. By adding thirty-five per cent. of sodium and forty per cent. of cryolite, metallic aluminum is formed, which gathers in the bottom of the crucible and can be subsequently melted into ingots under a fux of common salt. The cost of metallic aluminum when prepared in this way is $7 per pound.

Drying Eggs by Wholesale.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis, Missouri, for drying eggs by the thousand dozen. The eggs, after being carefully inspected by light, are thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken and subsequently, by centrifugal operation, the white and yelk are separated from the shells, very much as liquid honey is taken from the comb or water is removed from sugar. The liquid is then dried by currents of warm air at a temperature that does not coagulate the albumen, and the dried article, which resembles brown sugar, is packed in barrels ready for transportation. The dried preparation has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelette which compared very favorably with that prepared from fresh eggs. As long as the eggs are preserved dry there is no difficulty in keeping them indefinitely after they have undergone the above process. This method will add to the list of preserved food, and will prove valuable on long voyages. It is analogous to the process of manufacturing dry albumen from blood, and was no doubt suggested by that operation.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HERBERT SPENCER will Winter in the south of France.

A CAFFE paper says the Caffre name for Sir Bartle Frere signifies "The dog that bites before he barks."

THE wife of President Porter of Yale College has been elected President of the Connecticut Training School for Nurses.

EDMOND ABOUT says that an election to the once famous French Academy is no longer coveted by any writer or author of eminence in France.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING will not have to preach in a theatre next year, as his Chicago friends are going to build for him a lecture hall costing $150,000.

SENOR ZAMACONA, the Mexican Minister, is a thorough musician. He has a piano and an organ in his house at Washington, and plays remarkably well upon both.

THE oldest member of Queen Victoria's Privy Council is Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, who is ninety-one; and the youngest member is Prince Leopold, aged twenty-six.

J. D. MCLEOD (colored) has been appointed Government storekeeper at Covington, Ky., being the first man of his race who has ever received an appointment of the kind in the State.

IT is stated at Madrid that the Kings of Spain and Portugal, at the approaching meeting at Elvas, will discuss a marriage between the Infanta Maria Della Paz, sister of King Alfonso, and Prince Augustus of Portugal, brother of King Luis.

MISS LEE, the eldest daughter of the late Confederate general, is said to be an energetic traveler. She was not long ago entertained by Lord and Lady Napier at Gibraltar, and a few weeks before was within the Russian lines in Turkey.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS of Baltimore has been appealed to by the former Venezuelan consul at Baltimore, to ascertain whether any Sisters of Charity can be found in this country who are willing to go to Venezuela as religious teachers.

THE German Emperor is wonderfully well and vigorous, though still obliged to carry his right arm in a sling, and drives out daily, accompanied only by the Crown Prince or an equerry. All the forenoon he devotes to receiving reports and giving audiences.

GOVERNOR MARKS has only one leg. State Treasurer Polk has only one, and Colonel Gaines, Comptroller, has but one arm—this in Tennessee. In Louisiana Governor Nicholls has but one arm and one leg, and in South Carolina the Governor has but one leg, and the two United States Senators have but two legs between them. Wars and mules did it.

MADAME COSIMA LISZT WAGNER, the wife of the composer, has just enjoyed a unique serenade on the occasion of her husband's birthday. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen sent the ducal orchestra to Villa Wahnfried, the home of the Wagners, where they delighted the ears of the accomplished lady with excerpts from her husband's new opera of "Parsifal."

SIR WILLIAM JENNER has just retired from the Chair of Morbid Anatomy, in University College, which he has filled with rare success for nearly thirty years. The *Lancet* says that the demands made upon his time by his appointments and the public have compelled Sir William's resignation, and laments that in England they have no endowments which are worthy the acceptance of their master minds.

THE two sons of the Prince of Wales—Prince George and Prince Victor—have made a highly creditable examination, and returned at Christmas to their mother laden with prizes. The two boys, on joining, were at once christened "Herring" and "Sprat," and by these sobriquets are known to this day. The princes respond to their curious appellations with jaunty frankness and sailor-like good humor.

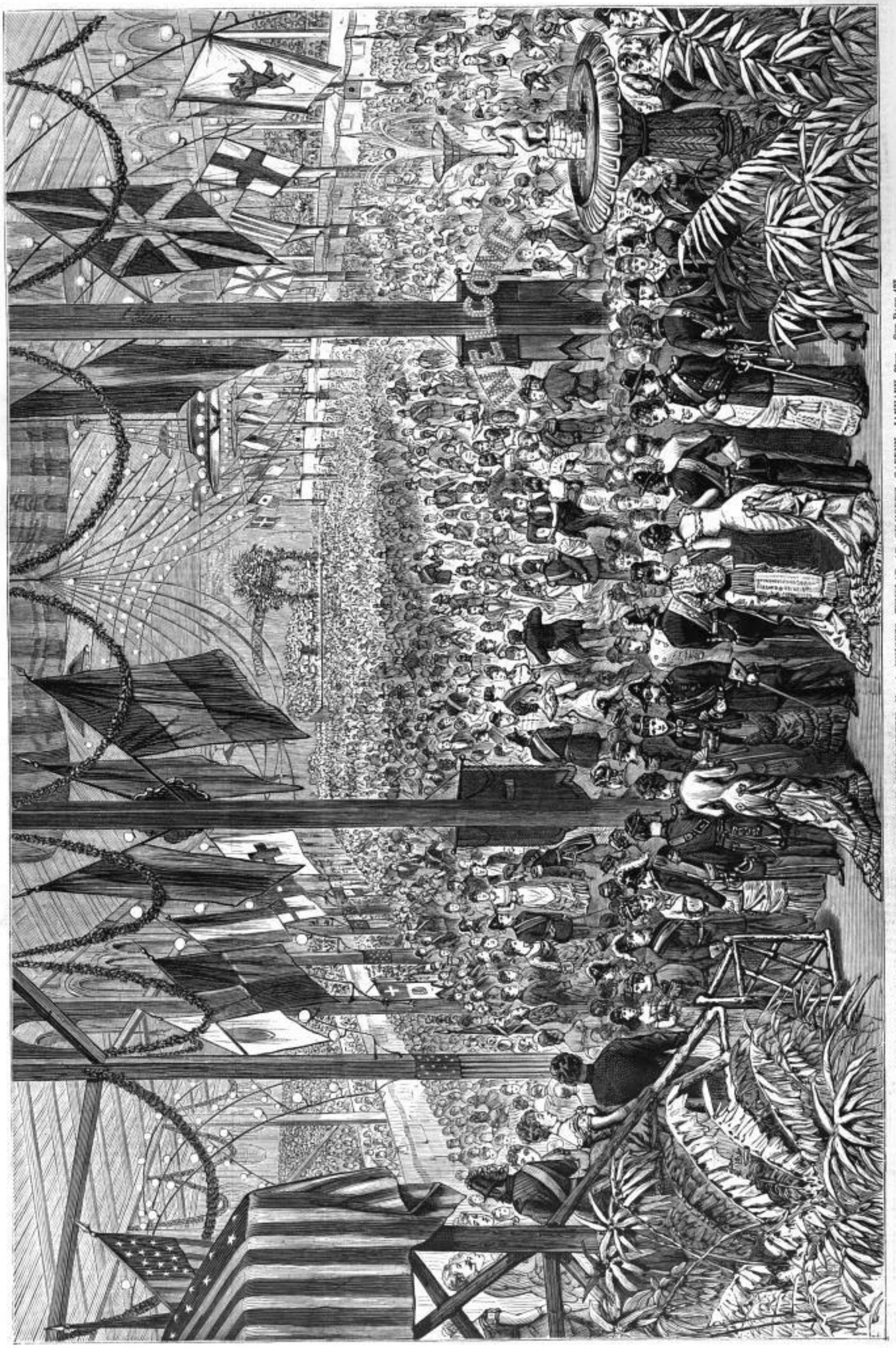
THE Duchess of Edinburgh, while she has been very frigid in manner on all ceremonious occasions in England, was very agreeable when among her own friends, serving them with her own hands as unostentatiously as though she were an English Princess. Her great stateliness has hitherto made her unpopular, but now, it appears, she has altered her ways, is entering into the local interests about her English home, and is said to like it and to be liked very much better than before.

GENERAL DE NANSOUTY, the Director of the Meteorological Observatory on the Pic du Midi, has been suffering from his devotion to science. He was snowed-up alone at his station, and, being old and in delicate health, great anxiety was felt about him. Heroic efforts were made by the peasantry to reach him, which they did at last, and the telegraphic line was repaired. The general bravely refused to relinquish his post, and he is spending his Winter as usual on one of the highest peaks of France.

THE Princess of Tanjore, who has not only made her appearance in public, but permitted the Governor of Madras to invest her with the insignia of the Star of India, is the most highly educated princess in the Orient. She owes her intellectual culture to the aid of an accomplished young German lady, and has made considerable progress in English. An eye-witness of the ceremony says that her slight figure and charming face at once gained the sympathy of all. Over a plain and straight dress of cloth-of-gold, with a girdle of the same stuff, she wore an emerald-green silk *tchu*, most beautifully ornamented with jewels and embroidery, and her headdress seemed to be a sort of turban. A female attendant carried a splendid sword.

ZEBULON B. VANCE, the new Democratic Senator from North Carolina, was born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 13th, 1830. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1853. In 1854 he was elected to the State Legislature. When Congressman T. L. Clingman (who had been elected Senator) resigned in 1858, Governor Vance was elected as a States Rights American to succeed him. He was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and served till the close of his term in March, 1861. Then he went into the Confederacy, and was elected Governor of North Carolina, serving from 1861 to 1864. During the early part of the war he was colonel of a regiment raised by him for the Confederate Army. In 1863 he addressed a letter to Jefferson Davis on the subject of peace, declaring that the only way of removing the discontent then prevailing in North Carolina was by making some attempt at negotiating with the Federal Government. In August, 1864, he was again elected Governor, defeating Wm. H. Holden by 34,000 majority. He served until May 29th, 1865, when Holden was appointed Provisional Governor. In 1870 he was elected United States Senator, but it was declared that he was not eligible. In 1872 he again ran for the Senatorship, but withdrew before the contest ended. His disabilities had been removed in the meantime, and he would have been admitted if elected. Governor Vance still continued to be very active in North Carolina politics after his unsuccessful attempts to secure the Senatorship, and in 1877 was elected Governor for the term ending in 1881.

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NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND RECEPTION OF MORTON COMMANDERY, No. 4, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, JANUARY 27TH.—SEE PAGE 427.

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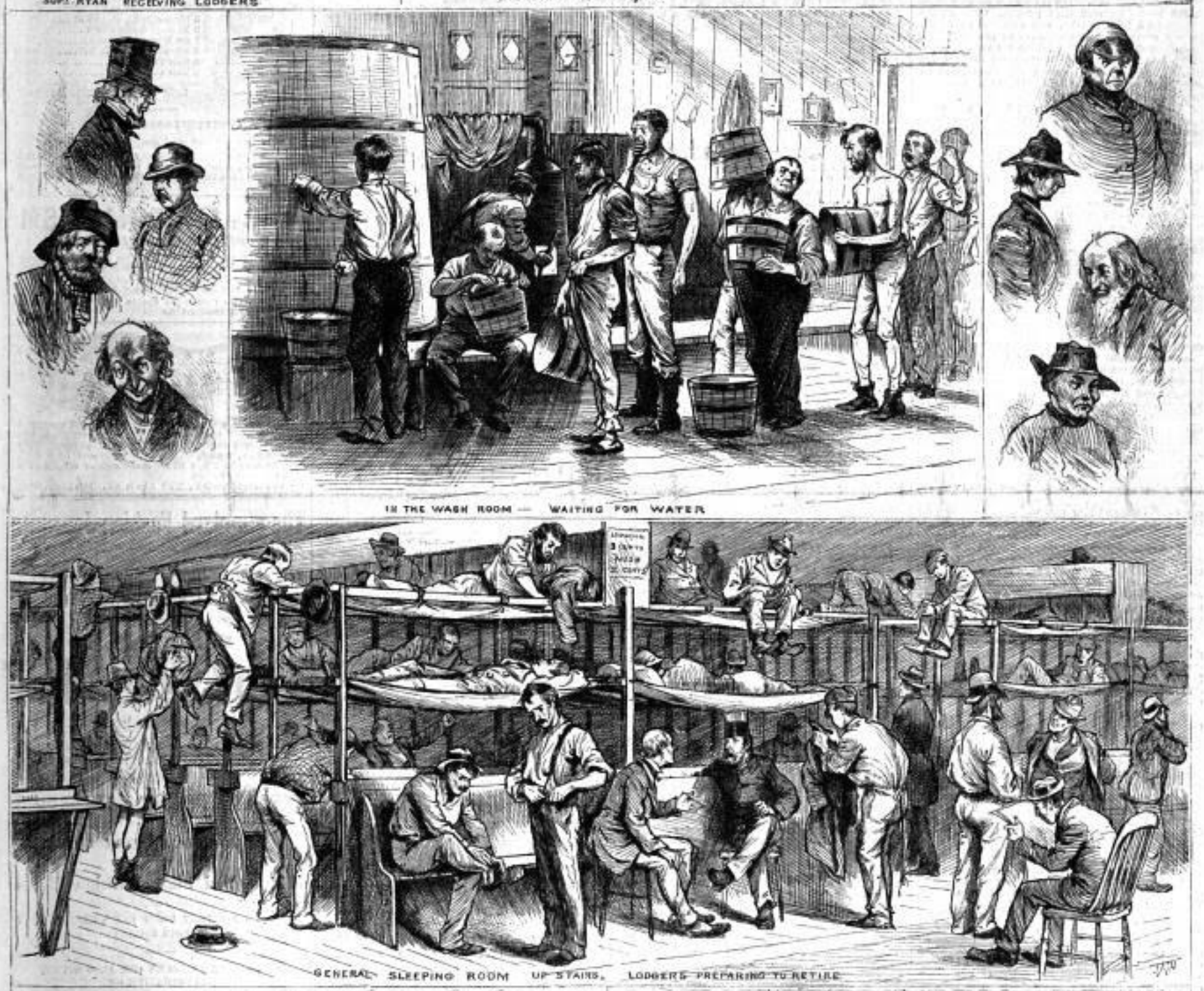
SUPT. RYAN RECEIVING LODGERS



REPAIRING CLOTHES



MUSH BREAKFAST



IN THE WASH ROOM — WAITING FOR WATER



GENERAL SLEEPING ROOM UP STAIRS. LODGERS PREPARING TO RETIRE



IN THE WOOD YARD

MORNING IN THE BASEMENT

NEW YORK CITY.—"SHILOH SHELTER," THE POOR MAN'S LODGING-HOUSE, CORNER OF PRINCE AND MARION STREETS.—SEE PAGE 434

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THE LAST INDIAN FIGHT.

ON the 20th of October last a band of Cheyenne Indians, officially reported as numbering 149, was surrounded in the sand hills of Northwest Nebraska by three companies of the Third United States Cavalry, during a severe snowstorm, and forced to surrender. They expressed a willingness to remain peaceably at Camp Robinson, or to live with Red Cloud's people, but refused in emphatic terms to return to their reservation in the Indian Territory, where they declared they had been starved. On the 19th of December Commissioner Hayt ordered their removal to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, but on the 8th of January the order was modified so as to provide that all full-grown men should be taken to the Dry Tortugas, or St. Augustine, Fla., and the women and children to their agency in the Indian Territory whence they had fled. When this decision was announced to them they became sullen, then silent. They ceased their demands for the long-promised food and clothing. Their sudden quiet excited the suspicions of the army officers, and a heavy guard was placed over their prison quarters.

At about eleven o'clock on the night of January 9th, the Indians broke prison and made for the prairie, firing upon the guards as they ran. The noise of the firing aroused the main guard, which, with a cavalry force, was immediately sent in pursuit. In the chase over forty of the Indians were killed by the troops. Subsequently the troops captured or forced to surrender thirty-seven, nearly all women and children. The remainder made a stand in the bluffs, fortified their position with hastily constructed breastworks, and awaited an attack by the troops. The remainder of the story is a repetition of the oft-told tale. After various expedients had been adopted by the army officers, and the Indians had been driven from one point to another, they were finally caught in a wash-out only forty-six miles from their prison, surrounded by the soldiers, and, after a most heroic and stubborn resistance, during which twenty-three of their number were killed, only nine were left to surrender.

The most intelligible accounts of this disgraceful and cruel affair are derived from Lieutenant Schuyler, who was sent by General Crook to investigate it. He states that many Indians, chiefly squaws, had given in before the outbreak, and only the leading chiefs still held out. Several of them were induced to come out for a talk and were immediately secured, Wild Hog, one of the number, stabbing a soldier during the *mêlée*. The Indians inside, learning this, put up blankets at the windows and doors, which the soldiers could only remove at the cost of their lives. The Indians then tore up the floor and constructed rifle-pits underneath, whence they guarded every point. They had fifteen rifles and many revolvers. They guarded every avenue until ready, and then sallied out in a body, shooting down two sentinels and taking their guns.

Since the fight a pit has been found under the prison-house, which was completely carpeted with empty sacks. It is here that the arms were probably hidden, and the question will naturally be asked why was there so incomplete a search, and, in view of the fact that it was known that an escape was contemplated, why was there no attempt to barricade the prisoners and a stronger guard placed over them?

The cavalry sent out in pursuit, under command of Captain Wessells, struck the fugitives at a point twenty-two miles from camp. The place of defense selected by the Cheyennes was found to be a rifle-pit eight feet long and four feet wide, deep enough for their complete concealment, while near them, in the sloping ground, was an oval hole dug out, with the side hollowed, so that they could get in under it and be safe from the range of any shot fired at them. This enabled them to keep up a fusilade with deadly effect at close quarters until completely overwhelmed. During their fight they threw away their blankets, so as not to impede the rapidity of their movements and to be in full Indian fighting trim.

As the troops were exhausted and without supplies they returned to the camp, and the Indians, of course, escaped. In the subsequent engagement, January 22d, all four companies were deployed as skirmishers—Company F, Lieutenant Baxter, moving from the south to the northeast side; Company H, Captain Wessells, directly opposite; Company E, Captain Lawson, closed in at the mouth of the ravine, where the Indians had intrenched themselves, and Company A moved to the rear, thus hemming them in on all four sides, leaving no possible avenue of escape. The Indians had placed themselves in a deep washout, keeping under cover. As soon as the skirmishers were within 150 yards of the savages' stronghold the latter opened a deadly fire, killing Sergeant Taggert and Privates Brown and Nelson, of Company A, and dangerously, if not fatally, wounding Private Dubois, of Company H. Despite the dreadful volley poured into the troops they steadily advanced, and when within seventy-five yards of the savages' position fire was opened on all sides with terrible effect. At this moment Captain Wessells, leading his company and loudly cheering them forward, received a slight scalp wound from a pistol in the hands of one of the Cheyennes, rendering him completely insensible. Lieutenant Chase, of Company A, seeing the commanding officer fall, rushed forward instantly, seized Captain Wessells and carried him beyond the range of the enemy's fire; then dashing at the head of his own company, he led them to the very edge of the washout, where they fought the enemy with unabated fury. Meanwhile, Wessells having regained consciousness, again came to the front, and seeing the ground strewn with the dead bodies of the savages, implored his men to cease firing, with a view to getting the remaining Cheyennes to surrender, but the Indians stubbornly refused and rushed at the troops with formidable hunting-knives, having expended all their ammunition. They seemed determined to surrender to death only, but ere they had advanced many paces a volley was fired by the troops and all was over.

SHILOH SHELTER.

A POOR MAN'S LODGING-HOUSE.

THERE are two kinds of charities—the charity that provides for the poor, and the charity that helps the poor to provide for themselves. Of this latter kind is Shiloh Shelter, which is a lodging-house for poor men, in the old church on the corner of Prince and Marion Streets, in New York City. The church has been abandoned as a place of worship for some eight or ten years. It was formerly occupied by a colored congregation, and was called Shiloh Church: hence the name of the Shelter. In November, 1875, Mr. Charles H. Dessart, a merchant of a philanthropic spirit, rented the building, fitted up the pews and benches as banks for lodgers, and erected frames of scantling, from which hammocks were swung, altogether making places for from 450 to 475 lodgers. During the first Winter the lodgings were free. Tickets were distributed at all the police-stations in the city, with requests to send respectable men to the Shelter. One Winter's experience served to show that there were many who abused the privilege thus accorded to them, and Mr. Dessart resolved to make a change in the plan, and charge a nominal sum for lodging. A bunk in a pew costs three cents a night, and a hammock costs five cents. In the morning a breakfast of boiled mush, flavored with pork and sugar, is served to each one who wants it. Every one can have as much as he wants at a cost of two cents.

Even those who cannot afford these small sums are not rejected, if they are willing to work for the Shelter, in sawing and splitting wood, sweeping up the place, and other chores of that kind.

In the basement there are also banks, but the larger part is occupied by wash-rooms, bath-rooms, and water-closets. Every lodger is expected to wash himself before leaving in the morning, and when he is very dirty he is given a wash-ticket and is directed to wash not only himself, but also his clothes. If he refuses, he is not admitted again. There is also what is called a "deverminating closet," which is a room about six feet square, which is heated to 140 or 160 degrees. In this the clothes of those who are infested with vermin are hung at night, and in the morning they are entirely free from the pests. In addition, every lodger is furnished with a clean towel, abundance of soap and hot water, and buttons, needles and thread. These are all free.

The house is open at eight o'clock every evening, and remains open till ten. When a lodger presents himself, if he is a new-comer, he must wait until nine o'clock before he can be assigned to a bunk. If he has been there the previous night, he simply leaves his name and the number of the bunk he occupied, and it is then reserved for him until nine o'clock, or if he pays for it in advance, it is reserved all night. After ten o'clock the house is closed and none are admitted. At six o'clock in the morning the lodgers are called; at half-past six there is a second call, and at seven a third, and at half-past seven the house must be cleared of all who are not working or washing their clothes. The latter are allowed to remain until their apparel is dry. The greater part of the lodgers are regular customers, who go night after night. No drunken or disorderly person is admitted, nor any one who will not keep clean. Mr. Dessart is himself present every evening except Sunday, remaining from eight till ten o'clock, and seeing that everything goes aright. During the cold weather the Shelter is filled every night, but in Summer the demand for bunks is not so great.

There are eight men constantly employed in taking care of the place, and the entire premises are thoroughly swept, ventilated and deodorized every day, and once a week every part is thoroughly scrubbed. The names of all the lodgers are registered, and as far as possible the lodgers are always assigned to the same bunks. The Shelter does not pay its expenses, and every year Mr. Dessart is called upon to make up the deficiency. Nevertheless, he keeps it open for charity's sake.

FUN.

HAPPY thought! Those ciphers must have been made naughtomatically.

THE filthy lucre which rolls into the coal-dealer's coffers nowadays is his weather profit.

A BROADWAY hatter engages the services of a poet to concoct his advertisements. A verse-a-tile writer, forsooth.

WHAT is the difference between a street railway and a marine colporteur? One sells the tracks and the other tracts the sails.

THE plumber came down like a wolf on the fold,
His pockets were laden with solder and gold.
And for four mortal hours he made love to the cook,
And seventeen dollars were charged up in his book.

WHEN a young tobacco-chewer, who boasted that his father used the weed up to the day of his death, was asked if he didn't think it shortened his days, he replied, "Not at all. Each one of his days was twenty-four hours long, just the same as if he hadn't used tobacco."

A FRIEND of Dr. Johnson's, in conversation with him, was lamenting the disagreeable situation in which those persons stood who were eminent for their witticisms, as they were perpetually expected to be saying good things—that it was a heavy tax on them. "It is indeed," said Johnson, "a very heavy tax on them—a tax which no man can pay who does not steal."

NEAR Dumfries lived a pious family who had adopted an orphan who was regarded as half-witted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she did not think it wrong for the people to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he struck the astounded sleeper a blow with an apple on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned round and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance, "You preach; I'll keep 'em awake!"

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, at the Philadelphia Office of Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 1309 Chestnut Street.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

THE celebrated physician, Dr. Paul Memeyer, gives the following valuable suggestions to persons suffering from lung affections: "The patient must, with scrupulous conscientiousness, insist upon breathing fresh, pure air, and must remember that the air of closed rooms is always more or less bad. . . . No man, however uncleanly, would drink muddy, dirty water. A party which occupies a room for hours, breathing the same air, might be compared to a party of bathers drinking the water in which they bathe. The patient must keep the window of his bedroom open. Night air is fresh air without daylight. In close, crowded rooms, the patient suffering from lung complaints breathes consumptively." By taking these precautions and using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, fully one-half of the cases of lung complaints would be cured in six months. For cough and irritation of the lungs do not always indicate the presence of consumption, although it may result in that disease, and if consumption has already become deeply seated in the system, this is the most efficient course of treatment that can be pursued outside of any institution that provides special facilities for the treatment of this disease. Dr. Pierce's celebrated Invalids' Hotel is such an institution. Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet containing also a complete treatise upon consumption, explaining its causes, nature, and the best methods of treating it, together with valuable hints concerning diet, clothing, exercise, etc., for consumptives. Address, Faculty of Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

FACILE PRINCEPS among the finest metropolitan inns, the ST. NICHOLAS sustains the reputation of its long life, and in its rooms, furnishing, cuisine and general accommodations, is now, as ever, the most delightful of resting-places for the stranger to the great American capital. The terms have been reduced, while nothing is spared to keep it up to the best standard.

"WHAT A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP."—We would call the attention of all wishing good seeds to the advertisement of Boist's Warranted Garden Seeds, which, after the test of half a century, stand as the most popular because the most reliable in this country. They have won a world-wide reputation, being sold in all parts of the United States, as well as China, Japan and India. They were awarded the Grand Prize Medal for purity, and Diploma of Honor for superior quality, at the Centennial Exposition.

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ANY of our readers in the smaller cities and towns who are seeking employment, or who wish to add to their incomes, would do well to correspond with the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Their Asbestos Roofing, Steam Pipe, and Boiler Coverings, round and flat Steam Packing, Fireproof Sheetings, Coatings, Cements, etc., are universally needed, and find a ready sale at all seasons of the year. The company are also the most extensive manufacturers in this country for strictly first-class Liquid Paints, and they offer liberal inducements to reliable men as local salesmen.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

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10 Prizes of $5,000 each	50,000
124 Prizes of $1,000 each	124,000
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$5.	$4.	$2.	$1.

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3 Finger Puffs, valued at	$1.00
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An Unequaled Toilet Preparation.

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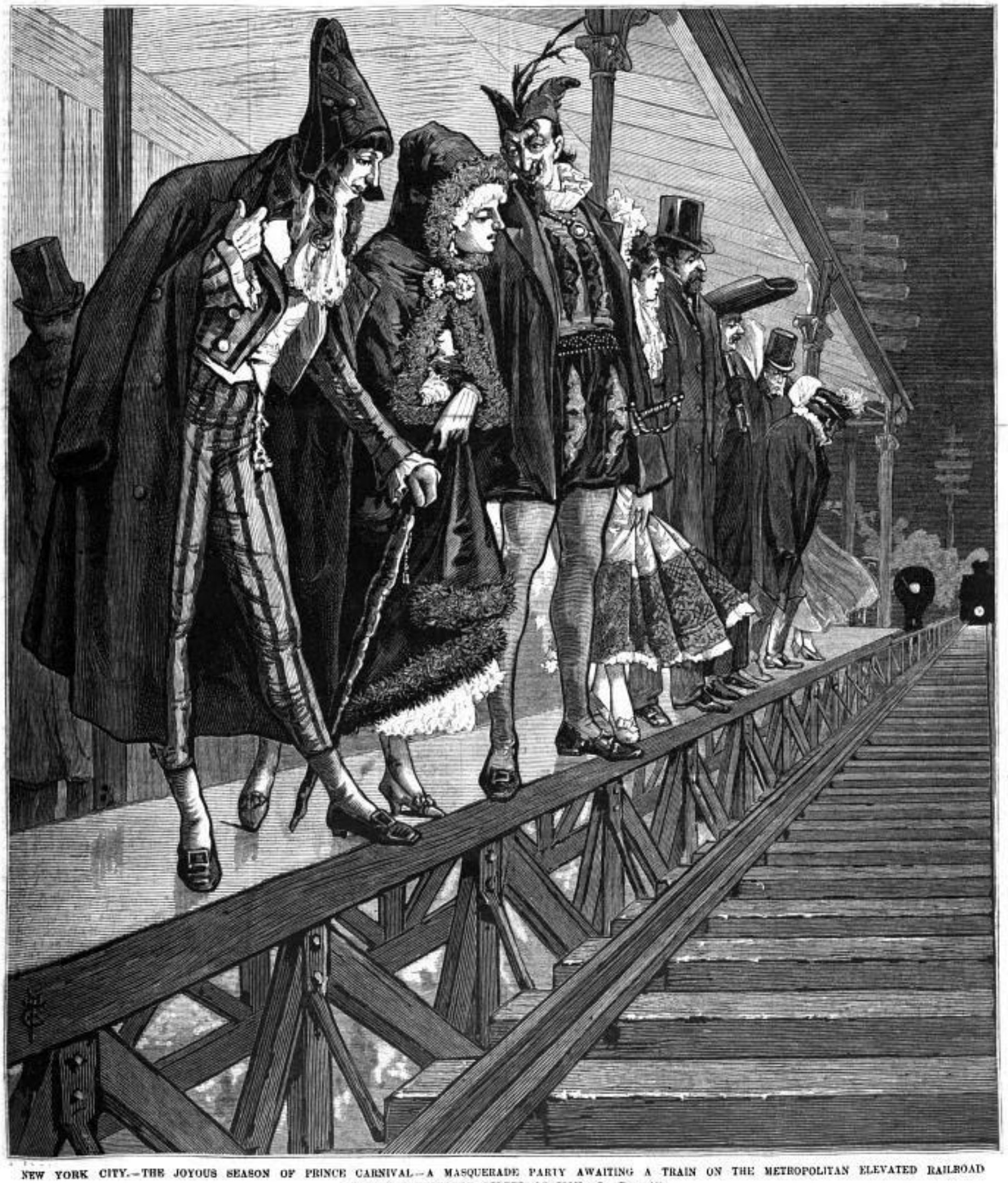
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE JOYOUS SEASON OF PRINCE CARNIVAL.—A MASQUERADE PARTY AWAITING A TRAIN ON THE METROPOLITAN ELEVATED RAILROAD AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET STATION.—See Page 445.

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AN OBSTRUCTIVE STATUTE.

THE President of the United States, in recently transmitting to the Senate a letter of Secretary Sherman in regard to the suspension of the late Collector and Naval Officer of the Port of New York, took occasion to comment as follows on the management of the New York Custom House under Messrs. Arthur and Cornell:

"For a long period of time it has been used to manage and control political affairs. The officers suspended by me are, and for several years have been, engaged in the active personal management of the party politics of the City and State of New York. The duties of the offices held by them have been regarded as of subordinate importance to their partisan work. Their offices have been conducted as part of the political machinery under their control. They have made the Custom House a centre of partisan political management."

Mr. Secretary Sherman, in explaining to the President the grounds on which he had sought to procure the voluntary resignation of these officers, as the indispensable condition of civil service reform in the New York Custom House, proceeds to remark as follows on an obstruction placed in the path of the President by an existing statute of Congress:

"The Tenure of Office Act, of which your predecessor complained, left it within the power of the Senate to compel you to employ, in the discharge of the most delicate executive duties imposed upon you by the Constitution and the laws, persons whom you believed unfit to be trusted with such duties, and the well known practice in the Senate to defer largely to the Senator representing the party in the State where the office is located made it at all times difficult and sometimes impossible to make the most necessary changes."

A statute which so flagrantly interferes with the conduct and freedom of the Executive as to render "it at all times difficult and sometimes impossible to make the most necessary changes" in the employment of subordinate officers is a statute which plainly encroaches on the lawful prerogatives of the President. But in so writing to the President, it would seem that Mr. Sherman has slightly presumed on the "short memory" which, according to a familiar adage, is esteemed as the indispensable adjunct of politicians: for both President Hayes and Secretary Sherman were among the supporters of the Tenure of Office Act when it was passed in the year 1867. On referring to the record we find that they voted for it at every stage of its passage through Congress, and helped to pass it over the veto of President Johnson.

The wearer of the shoe can best tell where it pinches, and the law which was originally meant to serve as a "Spanish boot" for the punishment of President Johnson has survived to cramp the feet and vex the patience of President Grant and of President Hayes. As this Act was draughted by Senator Edmunds of Vermont, and received, at its passage, the support of every Republican Senator and Representative in Congress, it is entirely natural that the advocates of the measure, still remaining in the present Congress, should continue to assert its rightfulness, and to maintain its lawful place among the flowers of the Senatorial dignity. It is entirely natural, too, that the President and Secretary Sherman, having ceased to be legislators, and having become Executive officers of the Government, should be able to realize, as they never realized before, the practical difficulties and theoretical incongruities of the statute by which their hands are hampered in the institution of needed reforms.

The case affords a pregnant example of the evils which flow from general legislation with a view to meet a special and exceptional emergency. The defection of President Johnson from the Republican Party left the incumbent of Federal places subject in his case to the power of removal which, from the origin of the Government, had been lodged in the hands of the President. The Tenure of Office Act was invented for the repression of that Executive freedom which had been previously enjoyed in this matter down to the year 1867; and the freedom thus reposed in the hands of the President had not been placed there by the hap-hazard of chance and convenience. The first Congress under the Constitution, whose office it was to set the machinery of the Government in motion, had been called to sit in judgment on this question, and after careful and protracted debate, participated in by such worthies as Fisher Ames of Massachusetts, and James Madison of Virginia, it had been decided that the power of removal from office was vested in the President, without the consent of the Senate. It was on this theory that the Executive department of the Government was administered by the men who assisted in framing the Constitution, and who might be presumed to understand its meaning and purpose, as well as the men who eighty years afterwards gave a new construction to the instrument, and who put that new construction in the shape of a legislative statute.

The anomaly of the new construction is now set before the country in the most striking light. It is the sworn duty of the President to execute the laws of the land, and President Hayes represents that in the Custom House which collects more than two thirds of all the customs revenues of the Government, it has been the habit of Mr. Collector Arthur and of Mr. Cornell to regard the duties of their offices as "of subordinate importance to their partisan work." At the same time we are informed by Mr. Secretary Sherman that "it is a well-known practice in the Senate to defer largely to the Senator representing *the party* in the State where the office is located," and that in consequence of this deference to the interests of a local Senator it is "at all times difficult, and sometimes impossible, to make the most necessary changes."

That is, under the "practice of the Senate," as sanctioned and confirmed by the operation of the Tenure of Office Act, the most important offices of the land have come to be considered as among the political perquisites of the Republican Senator who chances to represent the Republican party of the State in which the offices are located. It would be impossible to conceive of any theory more demoralizing than this, and it ought to be a matter of congratulation to the friends of civil service reform that the iniquitous working of the innovating statute of 1867 is set forth by the President and Secretary of the Treasury in the light of such a signal example. It adds to the force of the Secretary's language that in condemning this statute he has not spared either himself or the President, and that in stigmatizing the "practice" of the Senate under it, he has not spared his recent colleagues in that body.

ARBITRATION IN LABOR DISPUTES.

THE last annual Message of Governor Hartranft to the Pennsylvania Legislature discussed at some length the question of the so-called conflict of labor and capital, from which the interests of that State have more largely suffered, perhaps, than those of any other. The collisions which have marked recent industrial annals, are not, he argues, peculiar to this country. All the labor communities of the Old World have passed through precisely the same turbulent career of strikes, riots, outrages and murders, which have excited so much alarm in Pennsylvania. Occurring in every industrial community and under every form of government, they cannot be regarded as menacing particularly republican institutions, nor is the cause to be looked for in our political organization. But the direct and indirect losses and miseries they entail upon the community demand a patient investigation of the causes, and an honest attempt at readjustment. In Pennsylvania, in the last eight years, the sum of $832,905 has been expended, over and above the ordinary military appropriations, for the suppression of riotous outbreaks. Meantime, the direct loss to capital, in the destruction of property, has been very great, while the damage from enforced inaction has been enormous. The loss of wages to the working class has amounted to many millions of dollars, and habits of individual independence and thrift have been enfeebled by a demoralizing dependence upon organizations. Then, besides, the antagonism of class has been a fruitful source of crime, and the large sums expended in the detection and conviction of the perpetrators of these outrages must be placed to the same account.

Governor Hartranft does not believe that the Molly Maguire murders originated in the depravity which deliberately selects criminality as a settled mode of life: "they were essentially class murders, and, as is always the case in the bitterness engendered by such contention, their criminality was ignored by many of the class and nationality outside of the guilty circle of the Order." In view of all the facts, Governor Hartranft seriously doubts "whether the policy of repression is the best remedy that the wisdom and humanity of the age can devise. It must eventually prove a failure in the United States. Under our political institutions the best way to promote the spread of communistic ideas is to hedge property with bayonets. In the long run, the policy of elevation is safer and cheaper than the policy of repression." Governor Hartranft concludes his argument by commending the system of arbitration and conciliation adopted in England as embodying, perhaps, the best attainable solution of the problem which has so long vexed our statesmanship. This system must originate with employers and their operatives, but the Legislature can do much to promote it, especially by encouraging industrial education by all the means at its command. "Such a system would be costly, but the return to the State, in the extension and elevation of its industries, and the diffusion of greater comfort and content among the people, cannot be accurately measured in dollars and cents."

The suggestions here presented are certainly worthy of the consideration of legislators and all who are in any way concerned in industrial pursuits. The question of the satisfactory adjustment of the relations between labor and capital is one of supreme importance to the whole country, and any proposition which embodies a possible solution, or seems to offer a probable abatement of existing disorders, deserves attention and practical trial.

THE NEW PENSION "RAID."

THE time has yet to come when the great American Republic can be accused of having been ungrateful or unjust to its defenders. The deeds of our fallen heroes have been gratefully remembered, and their memories fondly cherished. The central military figures of four separate wars received at the hands of the nation the highest civic honors it could bestow; and the rewards conferred upon Washington, Jackson, Taylor and Grant were but typical of the favors lavished upon men of all grades in the military service. Nor has the country been ungrateful in a pecuniary sense. The Treasury has opened its coffers to all who have borne the flag to victory and survived the perils of the field, and to the widows and orphans of the fallen.

The pension statistics of the Government are instructive and full of interest. Those of a recent date indicate that the patriots who bore arms through our Revolutionary struggle have all been "gathered to their fathers." One year ago the pensioned survivors of the War of 1812 had dwindled to a mere handful, their number being but 12,802, and the widows of their dead comrades to 4,609. The great mass of the national beneficiaries are those who were made so by the recent Civil War. The total number of pensioners but a few months ago was stated at 232,104. Of this number, 128,723, an army in itself, were invalids, and 103,381 were women and children whose natural protectors fell in defense of the country. All but 17,411 of this grand total draw pensions as an incident of the fratricidal attempt to dissolve the Union.

Looking at the pecuniary side of the subject, we find that the pension list of 1791 aggregated $175,813. In 1815 it had decreased to $69,656. The second war with Great Britain sent it up to $2,415,939 in 1819, and to $3,208,376 the following year. In 1833 the Government paid out pensions to the extent of $4,589,152. From this point onward the sum varied from year to year, until in 1860, the year before the rebellion, the total amount paid to pensioners was but $1,100,802. In 1862 the pension roll amounted to only $852,170. Two years later it had increased to $4,985,473. What it has been since 1864 will best be shown by the following table:

Years.	Amount.	Years.	Amount.
1865	$16,347,621 34	1872	$28,533,402 76
1866	15,618,287 75	1873	29,359 436 86
1867	20,936,631 71	1874	29,038 414 66
1868	23,782,386 28	1875	29,456,216 92
1869	28,476,621 76	1876	28,257,385 69
1870	28,340 292 17	1877	28,132,683 44
1871	34,443 894 88	1878	27,137,019 03

The sum total is $367,847,125.16. From 1791 to 1868, both years inclusive, the whole amount of money paid on account of pensions aggregates $455,501,409.95, of which sum $372,832,506.08 has been paid out since the close of the fiscal year ending in 1863. In seventy-three years the Government paid out only $82,668,903.87 to its pensioners, while the balance of $445,501,409.95 has been distributed during the past fifteen years. We have been thus minute in order to show that the country has dealt most generously with those who served it in the hour of need.

For the current fiscal year the sum to be taken from the Treasury on account of pensions, according to Secretary Sherman, will be $29,300,000. But this is not all. The present reform Congress, with the help of President Hayes, has saddled the country with an arrearages pension law which will take from the Treasury an additional sum variously estimated at from $20,000,000 to $100,000,000, the latter sum being the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury.

When Congress passed a Bill for the equalization of bounties, General Grant, a soldier himself, crushed it by a veto. The Bill was just enough in principle, but the President saw that to permit it to become a law would swamp the Treasury for the sole benefit of claim agents. Whatever may be urged against General Grant and his administration of public affairs, he certainly, in this case, had the courage and moral honesty to withstand and prevent a gigantic swindle. If Mr. Hayes had possessed a tithe of the stamina of Grant, he would, in like manner, have vetoed the measure for the payment of arrearages of pensions. The benefit to the soldier will be next to nothing, while the country will be taxed for the advantage of a horde of jobbers and plunderers.

If the invalids made by the war and the families of deceased soldiers actually needed this money, and were sure to get it into their own hands, we would be among the last to begrudge it to them. Nothing that we could do or say in their behalf would be withheld. But we have no evidence that the survivors of the Union armies petitioned Congress for the passage of this Act, or complained of unjust treatment in the past. They periled their lives in defense of the country, and are too patriotic to attempt to rob its Treasury now. The Bill originated in a House controlled by a party which, in 1864, declared the war a failure. A weak, nominally Republican Senate, fearing to be charged with being opposed to the soldier element, tamely consented, and a President who is more anxious apparently about a few paltry Custom House offices than about the real interests of a tax-ridden people, assisted to make the scheme a success.

There should be a limit to this sort of thing. If the country is still indebted to its brave defenders, let us make a final settlement and have done with it at once and for ever. But we stand resolutely opposed to depleting the Treasury for the benefit of claim agents and their Congressional *confrères*. More, we are opposed to the passage of moneyed Bills as a bid for the soldier vote, nor do we believe that the veterans of the Union armies can be bribed by any such measure into giving their support to any party which is not in all its impulses and tendencies favorable to the preservation of the fruits of their valor and sacrifice.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE collection of water-colors now open to the public at the National Academy is specially interesting as being more markedly an exhibition of the work of American artists than any we remember to have seen. There are few foreign names to be found in the catalogue, and but few specimens from Continental studios to be met with on the walls—a fact which renders it the easier to judge of the progress made in this line of art by our native artists, and to note the general tendencies of this young but growing American school, if "school" pictures which show the influence of all schools and artists who with a few notable exceptions reproduce the mannerisms, methods and styles of their European masters or models, this particular branch of American art can yet be called.

But in spite of the strong evidence of this foreign influence upon the character and style of our artists' work, this present exhibition is indicative of very marked progress in originality, and an originality with a wholesome flavor of vigorous independence in its methods of treatment and its choice of subjects, while also proving that there is growing up among our artists a stirring and earnest spirit of emulation. A society which is not yet in its teens, and which can number among its members so many names which have already made themselves famous in other fields of art—whose work bears so unmistakably the stamp of individuality of thought and purpose, and displays so great a variety of methods and styles—need not be troubled by any fears as to its future success.

In this collection one familiar with the foreign schools will find at every turn pictures which reproduce the mannerisms and styles of the Munich, French, Spanish and other *ateliers*. The most prominent evidence of this is seen in the so-called "Impressionist" infection which seems to have taken a very violent hold upon the imagination of our American artists. When an "Impressionist" is as honest and truthful as Winslow Homer shows himself to be in every stroke of his brush, one's faith in that particular school needs no bolstering of argument or initiation into its subtle beauties. Such pictures as his are genuine works of art, the excellence and beauty of which require no technical knowledge of art mysteries as a preparation for their enjoyment. But when it comes to the extravagant affectation, to the extraordinary effects of color and the incomprehensible composition of Mr. Currier's contributions, an Impressionist seems to stand for a man who believes an impression rises in art value in proportion as it is vague and undefined. At a distance of two feet Mr. Currier's pictures are nothing but capricious—and ugly—blotches of color. Across the room these blotches of color resolve themselves into blurred landscapes, with no spe-

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cially marked points of excellence as an excuse for their peculiar and seemingly useless method of treatment. However, these works have been, at least, of use in arousing much discussion and as offering a strong contrast for comparision with our native productions.

It seems as if in water-colors there were a broader field open for the display of originality and a fairer chance for our American artists to show their individual force and strength than in oil.

There is a peculiar lightness, brightness and clearness in our skies, a vivacious play of color and an intensity in our autumnal tints and sunset hues which lend themselves admirably to the purposes of the water-colorist. So, too, in the character of our landscapes, in the play of human life seen in them, are subjects full of suggestiveness to artists pursuing this branch of art. Oil demands a certain richness and depth of tone and color which our climate does not yield. And the figure-artists in oil need either the inspiration of picturesque surroundings or must draw upon the sources of historical subjects or of art traditions. We possess no landscape enlivened with ivy-hung castles and animated with a picturesque peasantry. Neither is our history rich enough to supply the artist with striking original subjects. But the lighter and more evanescent character of a water-color sketch does not require so vast a background. The characteristics of our own landscape and people offer very distinct and original subjects of inspiration. And if they be reproduced with the accent of their novel and individual peculiarities, the American water-colorist may yet succeed in establishing that American "school" so much despaired of.

BUYING THE PRESIDENCY.

THE evidence elicited by the House Committee engaged in investigating the cipher dispatches has conclusively established the fact that a deliberate and corrupt attempt was made by certain Democratic agents to purchase the electoral votes of Florida and South Carolina for Tilden and Hendricks. Mr. Smith M. Weed, a well-known Democratic politician, testifies that in the month of November, 1876, at the request of prominent party associates, he entered into negotiations to purchase the fraudulent certificates of the Returning Board of South Carolina for the Tilden Electors. He agreed upon their sale for a sum which may have been $60,000 or $80,000, and reported the bargain to his principals in New York by telegraph in a cipher furnished by them. He received their assent and started North to close the transaction, when he was met at Baltimore by Colonel Wm. T. Pelton, the nephew of Governor Tilden, who said that the matter had come to the knowledge of that gentleman, and that the money could not be furnished. Colonel Pelton, in his testimony, fully confirmed these statements. He confessed having received from Manton Marble, when the latter was in Florida, and from Mr. Weed, when he was in South Carolina, propositions for the purchase of both the Returning Boards, and he admitted having replied favorably to these proposals. Although the amounts asked were as high as $80,000, he took the responsibility of closing the negotiations, relying, as he said, upon the Democratic National Committee to raise the money in case the objects desired were obtained. He claimed to have studiously and purposely kept all knowledge of these particular transactions from his uncle, but that gentleman somehow discovered what was going on, and "scolded" severely. Mr. Marble positively denies any actual participation in the corrupt proceedings, and there does not seem to be any evidence that Mr. Tilden was a party to them. In fact, he explicitly declares that he was not in any way whatever concerned in any negotiations of the character indicated.

The annals of American politics present no darker or more disgraceful page than that which records these infamous attempts to purchase the Presidency. The whole transaction, from beginning to end, was a positive menace to the integrity of law and government, but appears all the same to have had the sanction of some who pass as reputable citizens and patriots. There is probably no law under which the scoundrels who have confessed their infamy can be adequately punished; but they should at least be branded as pariahs, and made to suffer the penalty of absolute exclusion from decent society.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

AFTER war, the plague. The "black plague," which is alarming all Europe, and which has even, it is said, already crossed the Atlantic and appeared in Brazil, exemplifies the old saying, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" A Cossack, returning from the war in Turkey to Wotilanka, offered a shawl, doubtless his share of booty, to his betrothed. She wore it two days, then fell sick with all the symptoms of the Asiatic plague, and died. During the four following days the other members of her family suffered the same fate. The epidemic swiftly spread until it is now reported that it has reached Thessaly in one direction and the vicinity of Moscow in another. Russia at first neglected the terrible disease, or, at least, tried to conceal its existence. But after other countries had taken strict precautions against it, Russia, although bitterly complaining through the St. Petersburg press that such precautions, especially those of Austria and Germany, were attempts to ruin Russian commerce, was at last compelled to act in self-defense. Austria, Germany and Roumania would let no one enter their territory without sanitary passes. Italy has increased to thirty days the quarantine at her ports, absolutely prohibiting the importation of certain articles. France has announced by an official note that measures will be taken to prevent the transmission of the plague by sea. Meanwhile, Russia has doubled the quarantine of her infected districts. General Melikoff has been sent to those districts which have been temporarily converted into a province, and full powers have been given to him to burn villages, remove the inhabitants, and do whatever else is requisite to check the progress of the plague. In Moscow and St. Petersburg sanitary committees have been formed, as they should have been long ago, to promote cleanliness among the poorer classes, and special lectures are given at the medical schools in order to diffuse a knowledge of hygienic laws.

What reactionists throughout Europe, whether imperialists or monarchists, fear worse than the plague is the revival of republican sentiment and opinion in consequence of the recent political crisis in France. But all far-sighted thinkers throughout the world rejoice that the result of that crisis is the firmer establishment than ever of a French republic that is at once conservative and progressive. The Presidential message of M. Grévy is a model of its kind. Simple, correct, strictly parliamentary, and breathing the true spirit of representative government, it shows that MacMahon's successor is just what he has been fitly described to be—the ideal of a chief of the executive power, appreciating its precise limitations, and absolutely incapable of going beyond them. Garibaldi is warranted in declaring that the election of Grévy to the Presidency of the French Republic is a triumph for humanity. Gambetta's inaugural address, as President of the Chamber of Deputies, will be memorable for two points of great historical significance. These two points are, first, the declaration that the French Republic has come forth victoriously from party conflicts, and must now enter upon an era of organization and practical development; and second, the recommendation to the Chamber of Deputies to apply itself to school, military, financial and commercial reforms. This recommendation, in an altogether unprecedented way lifts education high above army and money interests in national importance.

It is somewhat surprising that five out of six members of the new French Ministry are Protestants, but this only shows that the first steps have now been virtually taken in France towards such a formal separation of Church and State as has been found advantageous for both in our own republic. The universal amnesty to Communists, advocated by Victor Hugo in the Senate and Louis Blanc in the Chamber of Deputies, is to be decided upon in the bureaus. The impeachment of the "men of the 16th of May," will doubtless be abandoned, and one provocation of the worst political passions will thus be avoided. The generous indifference of the Republican leaders on this point, and as to a number of recent petty manifestations of royalist sentiment, cannot fail to convince their most obstinate opponents that the Republic is at last so solidly established as to apprehend no danger from such leniency.

In the midst of the recent political agitation the Parisians have not been so absorbed by them as to interrupt the flow of their usual pleasures. To these the unusual fall of snow has given special variety, transforming Paris, for the nonce, into something like St. Petersburg. In the streets, indeed, such accumulations of snow and filth have been heaped up as to remind sojourning New Yorkers of their native Gotham. But the iron chairs and benches in the *pare Monceaux*, all cushioned as with white satin, have curiously delighted the Parisians.

In England, the burning of the Drury Lane Theatre; the birth of an heir to Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India; the probable promotion of the Duke of Connaught to be Viceroy of Ireland; the expected entrance of Prince Leopold, eighth child and fourth son of Queen Victoria, into the Church of England, and a possible future Archbishop of Canterbury; the appointment of Lord Dufferin as successor of Lord Loftus, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and of the latter as Governor-General of New South Wales; the attempts to check the growing importation of cattle from the United States; but, above all, the spreading plague of labor strikes, are the main topics of the day. The latest addition to these is the conclusion of a treaty between England and Portugal for the suppression of the negro slave trade between Mozambique and the island of Madagascar.

THE resolutions of Mr. Edmunds, affirming the validity of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution and declaring that Congress should pass laws for the enforcement of the amendments, passed the Senate by a party vote on the evening of the 5th instant. The resolutions were violently opposed by Senators Morgan, Bayard, Garland, and other leading Democrats, but the Republicans contented themselves, for the most part, with voting. Now that the matter is out of the way, perhaps the Senate will be able to devote itself to subjects of practical interest.

THE Employment Bureau at Castle Garden, which had its origin solely in a desire to provide for emigrants who arrived here without any definite purpose or aim, proposes, as the result of a good deal of pressure, to widen its sphere of operations. The Commissioners, who are in constant receipt of inquiries from abroad, intend to print in circular form all the facts about wages, the price of land, etc., which are needed for the guidance of those meditating removal to the New World, and this information, widely diffused, will no doubt not only increase the volume but improve the character of future immigration.

THE plans for the Saratoga monument, commemorative of the surrender of Burgoyne, provide that the shaft shall be 150 feet in height, the side walls to be covered with historic tablets and bas-reliefs. The panels of the bronze doors on the several floors are to be filled with original historical subjects designed by Launt Thompson, J. Q. Ward, James E. Taylor, of Frank Leslie's establishment, and other prominent artists. Of the large niches in the four gables, three are to be filled with appropriate groups of sculpture in bronze, representing the three generals, Schuyler, Gates, and Morgan, with their accessories, the fourth being vacant, with the word ARNOLD inscribed underneath.

THE defeat of Senator Conkling, in his attempt to carry the Senate against the Administration in the matter of the New York Custom House appointments, is a serious blow to the prestige of that would-be dictator of our politics. And the result is due, perhaps, as much to his own overweening insolence of manner as to any other considerations. The Senate has grown weary of sustaining a gentleman who can never, as one of them puts it, "find time to speak to his associates except when he wants something from them, and who, even then, has great difficulty in speaking to them with common politeness"; and it may be assumed with safety that the Senate will never again crouch at the crack of his whip.

THERE appears to have been a decided change in the sentiment of the House of Representatives in reference to the silver dollar since the resumption of specie payments. In May last the House passed a highly objectionable Bill authorizing the exchange of subsidiary silver coin for legal-tender money when presented in sums of twenty dollars. On February 4th a Bill of the same character, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to exchange silver dollars for gold when presented in sums of $100 and upwards, offered in the House by Mr. Whitthorne, not only failed to receive the two-thirds vote required to pass it, but did not receive even a majority vote, the record standing 101 yeas to 136 nays. Evidently the silverites find it hard to kick against the pricks.

SHOULD the judgment of the United States District Court, recently given in the Arlington ejectment suit, be confirmed by the Supreme Court, all the tenants who have been in possession since the transfer of the estate to the Government under a tax sale in 1863 will be ejected, and General Lee will be restored to the full enjoyment of the property. Some anxiety has been expressed as to how the decision will affect the National Cemetery, with its 15,000 bodies of dead Union soldiers; but there does not seem to be any ground for apprehension on this account, General Lee having declared that he has no desire to disturb the dead or to regain possession of that part of Arlington Cemetery proper, which is but a trifling portion of the whole estate. He has only wished to establish his entire property rights to the lands in question, and is quite willing to surrender that portion of the estate, or the whole of it, to the Government at a fair valuation. There is a Bill pending in the Senate to buy the cemetery part of the estate.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

ARTICLES of impeachment against State Treasurer Yates of Missouri have been presented in the Lower House.

THE President has appointed General A. S. Badger to be Collector of the Port of New Orleans, and Dr. McMillan to be Postmaster there.

THOMAS LORD, the aged millionaire, who was married to Mrs. Hicks, on December 31st, 1878, died at his residence, New York City, on February 8th, aged 85 years.

ALL apprehensions about the safety of the U. S. sloop-of-war *Richmond* were set at rest on February 8th by the announcement of her arrival at Gibraltar, with all on board well.

THE Senate Finance Committee, by a vote of five against four, have decided to recommend concurrence in the House provision reducing the tax on manufactured tobacco to sixteen cents per pound.

THE Mississippi Levee Bill after being amended was passed in the House by a vote of 155 to 73, and the bill to admit women to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States was passed in the Senate.

THE great billiard tournament in New York City, for the championship of the world, the champion vase and a purse of $1,000, was won by Jacob Schaefer, on February 7th, he winning seven games and making an average of 85.

NOTWITHSTANDING Virginia's efforts to compromise with her bondholders on a three per cent. basis, a new loan of $260,000 at six per cent. has been authorized. The State revenues have been pledged for payment, and the loan is to be refunded before June 15th.

CONGRESSMAN HUNTON agreed to act as Chairman of the Sub-Committee of the Potter Investigating Committee sent to New York to inquire into the cipher dispatches, and the hearing was opened in the Fifth Avenue Hotel on February 5th, when Smith M. Weed and Mayor Cooper gave testimony. On the 6th Colonel William T. Pelton was examined at length, and on the 7th Manton Marble.

THE President has sent the following nominations to the Senate: Ex-Governor John F. Hartranft to be Postmaster at Philadelphia; James Pollock to be Naval Officer at Philadelphia, A. Louden Snowden to be Superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint; Martin Perry Kernard to be Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Boston, Mass.; Thomas Stevenson to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifteenth District of New York; N. P. Banks to be Marshal of the Southern District of Massachusetts; and Martin L. Townsend to be United States Attorney for the Northern District of New York.

THE House Committee on Indian Affairs have agreed to report the Bill prepared by the Indian Bureau for the transfer of Chief Joseph and such of the Nez Percé Indians as desire to accompany him to the Indian Territory. The Bill sets aside four townships of land within the limits of the Cherokee cession of 1866, and vests the title therein in the Nez Percés. It also sets aside and invests in four per cent. United States bonds, $250,000 for the benefit of these Indians, one-half of the interest to be paid in money, and one-half to be expended annually for their benefit. In addition, $75,000 is appropriated for the purchase of the land, and $15,000 for transportation and settlement.

Foreign.

MIDHAT PASHA'S scheme for the reorganization of Syria has met with the approval of the Porte.

THE black plague has made its appearance in the Province of Ceara, Brazil, and created grave apprehensions.

OWING to the straitened condition of the Pontifical finances, an extraordinary effort is making in Rome to give a new impulse to the collection of Peter's pence.

A DISEASE has appeared in Thessaly which is thought to be identical with the plague, and precautionary measures have been adopted at all the Turkish Ægean forts.

THE distress among the laboring population of Glasgow is beginning to decrease, but at Liverpool and elsewhere there is still much suffering.

THE failure of the usual Winter rains is causing great anxiety throughout Northern India. The loss of the Spring crops would cause widespread suffering.

THE treaty between Turkey and Russia was signed on Saturday; the war indemnity is fixed at 300,000,000 paper roubles, and the San Stefano stipulations remain as modified by the Berlin Treaty.

GREAT difficulty is experienced by the British troops in Afghanistan in obtaining supplies; the cavalry and artillery, men and horses, are suffering from want of clothing and food. The people of the country are sulky and inclined to be insolent. Elephants, bullocks and camels are dying in great numbers from cold and starvation.

AN order in the Dominion Council has been passed prohibiting the importation of cattle from the United States for three months from the first of February. British Consuls in the United States have reported to the Privy Council at London that a mild type of pleuro-pneumonia exists among cattle in some parts of the country, but that it is not malignant or infectious.

A PARIS dispatch confirms the report that M. Léon Say, as a condition of entering the Cabinet, exacted a pledge that it should defend the commercial treaty system against all assailants. The Government's Bill relative to pardoning Communists contains a clause against fresh prosecutions for political offenses committed since 1870, which covers the case of the Ministry of May 16th.

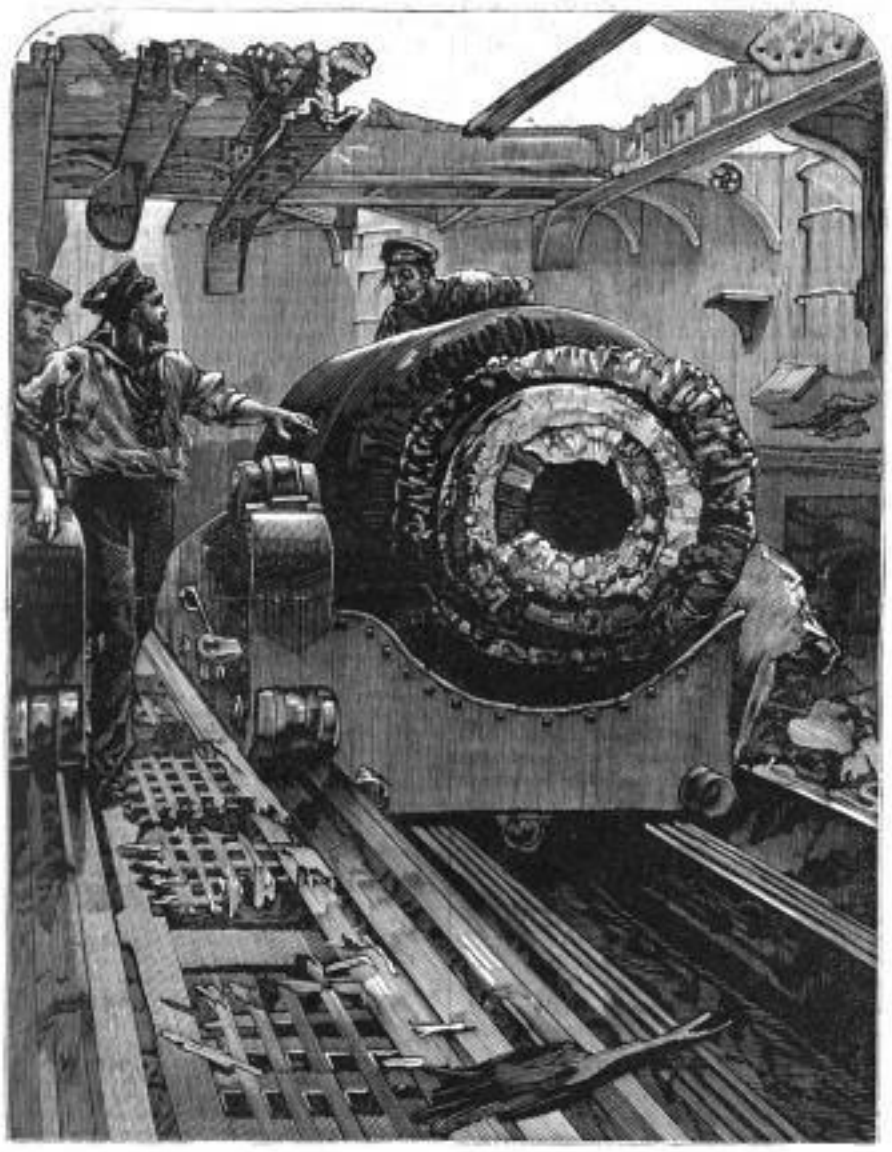
THERE appears to be no diminution in the spread of the plague in Russia. Extreme measures have been adopted by neighboring Governments to check it, and the Russians themselves are prompt to repressive action, yet considerable indignation is expressed at the severe quarantine regulations prescribed by Germany and Austria. Quarantine against the plague has been ordered in all Spanish ports.

IT is estimated that from 30,000 to 35,000 men are now on a strike at Liverpool. The demeanor of the crowd on February 7th was most threatening, in consequence of the sailors joining the strikers. The laborers in the provision trade have also struck. At the Waterloo Dock the mob broke up the staging and did much damage. After their expulsion by the police they endeavored to storm the gates.

THE German Minister at the Court of Denmark has been recalled. The North Schleswig question is probably at the bottom of the matter. It is rumored that Denmark will recall her Ministers from Vienna and Berlin. The people of North Schleswig propose to issue a protest against the abrogation of the Fifth Article of the Treaty of Prague. Should Germany prohibit such action, the North Schleswig Deputies will formally protest in the Reichstag.

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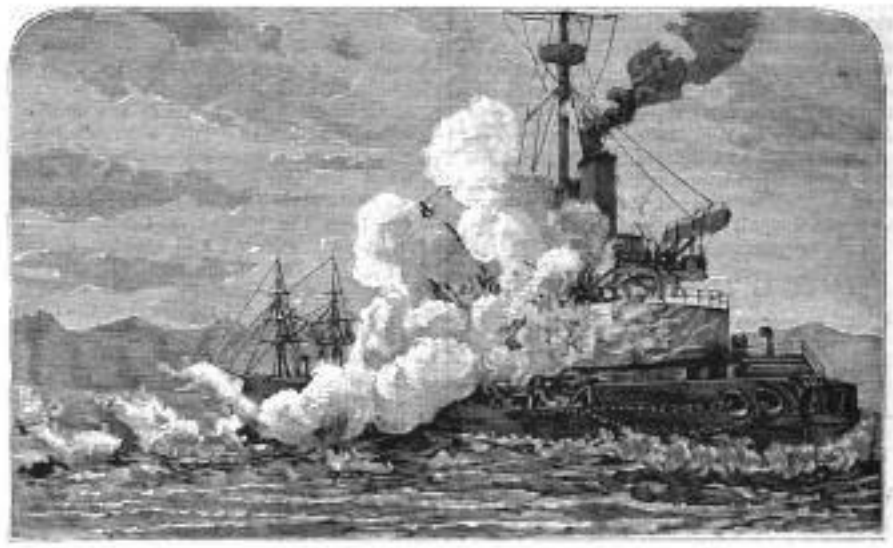
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press. SEE PAGE 443.



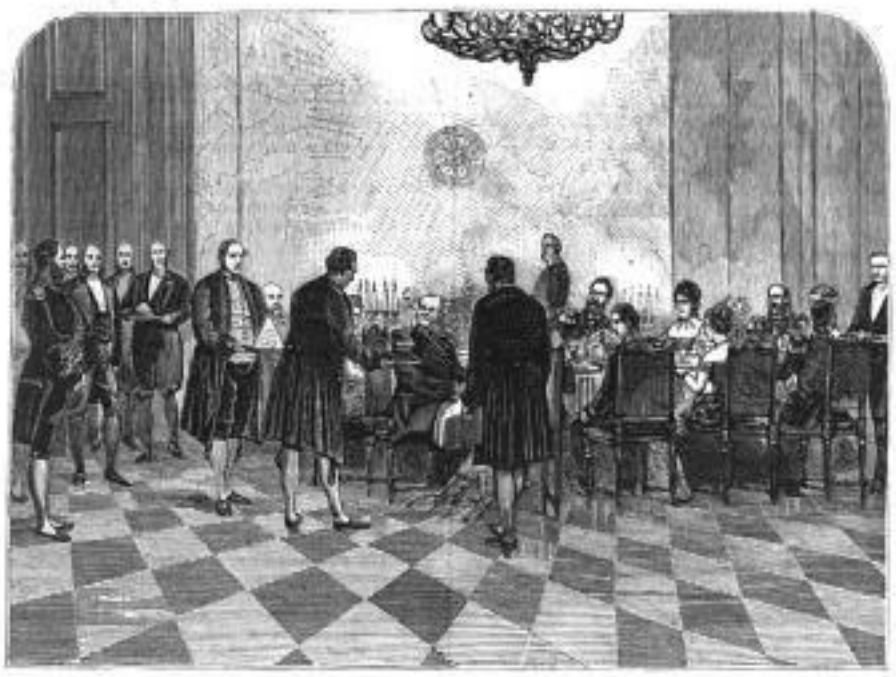
SEA OF MARMORA.—INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF THE "THUNDERER" AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



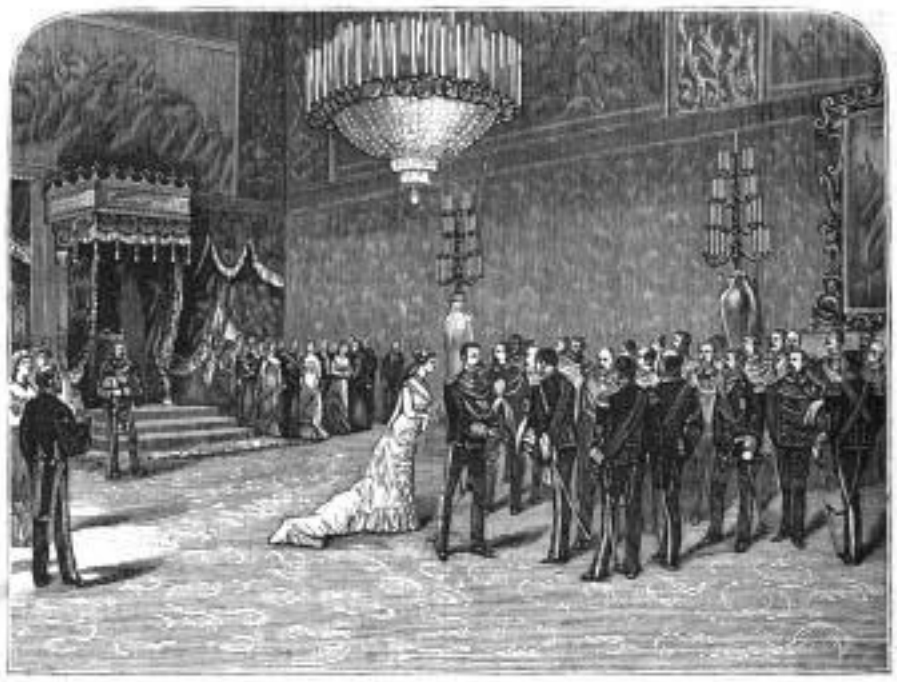
SCOTLAND.—TRIAL OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK, AT EDINBURGH.



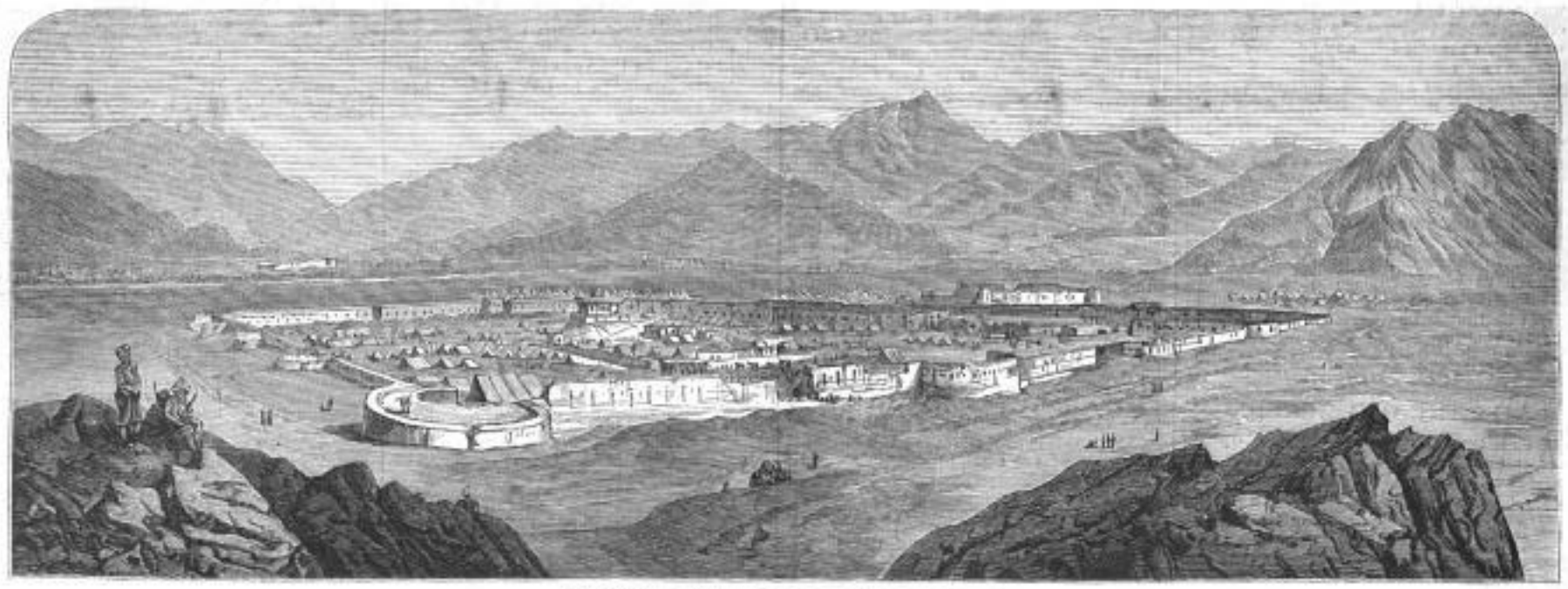
SEA OF MARMORA.—EXPLOSION OF THE 38-TON GUN ON THE "THUNDERER," OFF ISMID.



GERMANY.—WENDS PRESENTING NEW YEAR'S OFFERINGS TO THE EMPEROR, BERLIN.

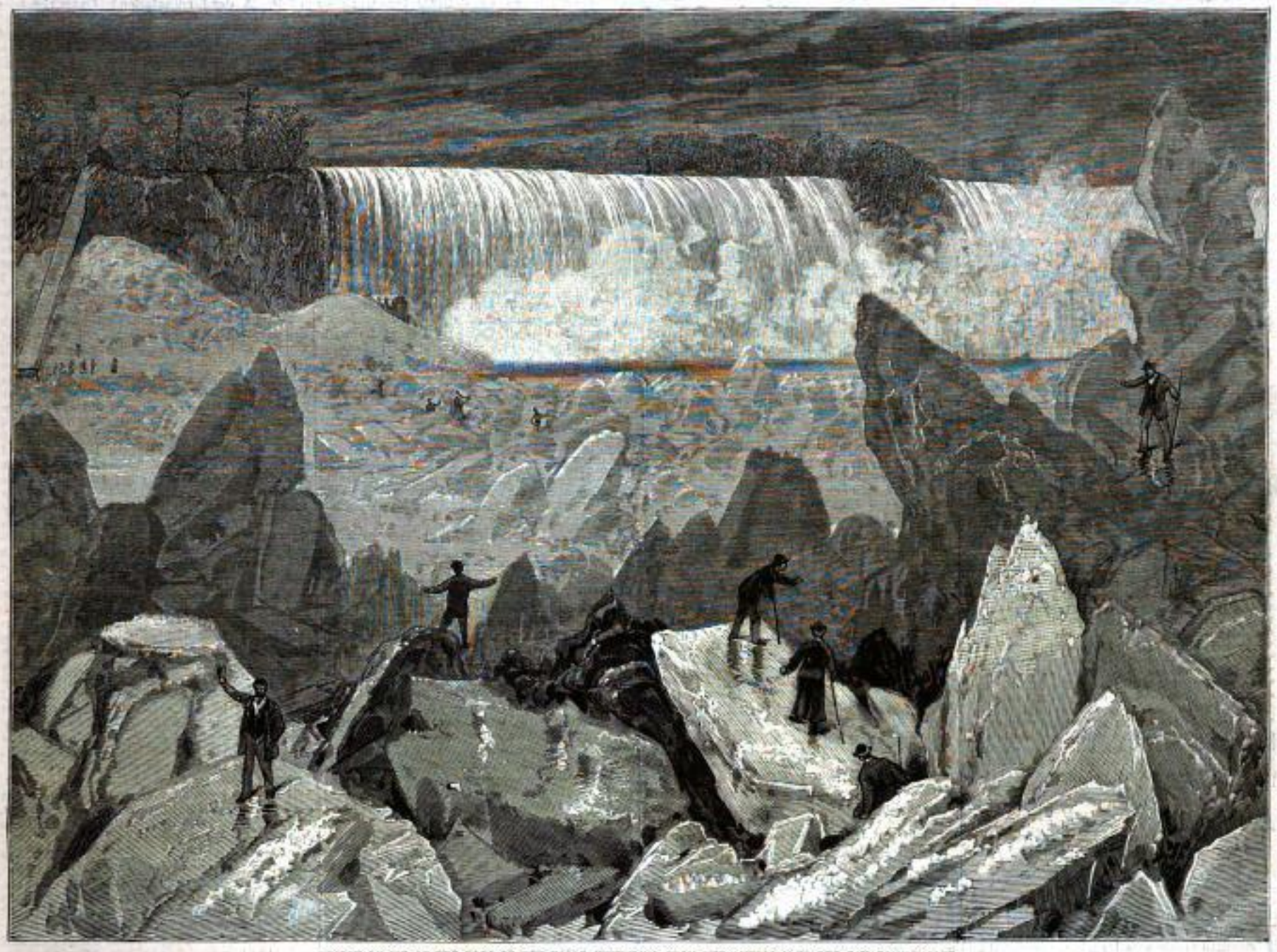


ITALY.—NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE QUIRINAL, ROME.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE FORT OF DAKKA, ON THE CABUL RIVER.

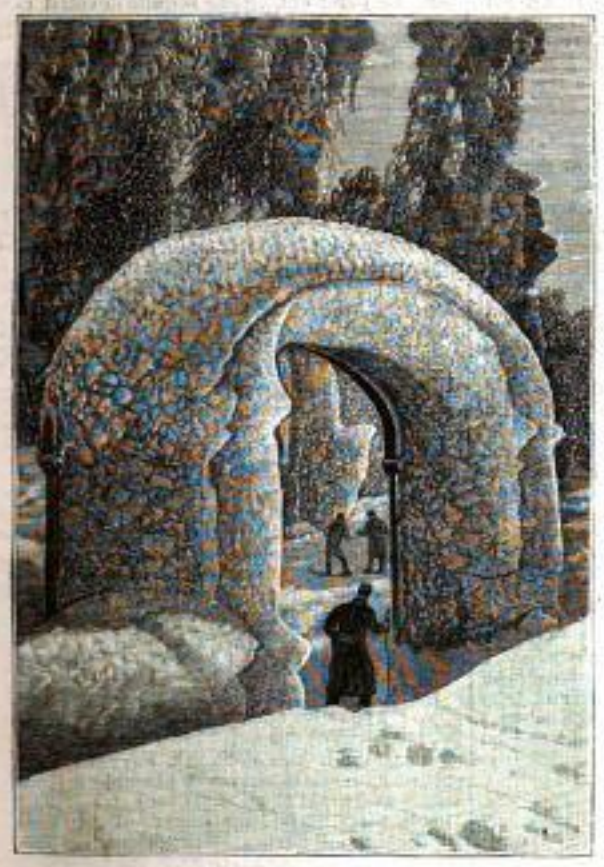
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BRIDGE OF ICE AT THE FOOT OF THE FALLS, EXTENDING FROM THE AMERICAN TO THE CANADIAN SHORES.

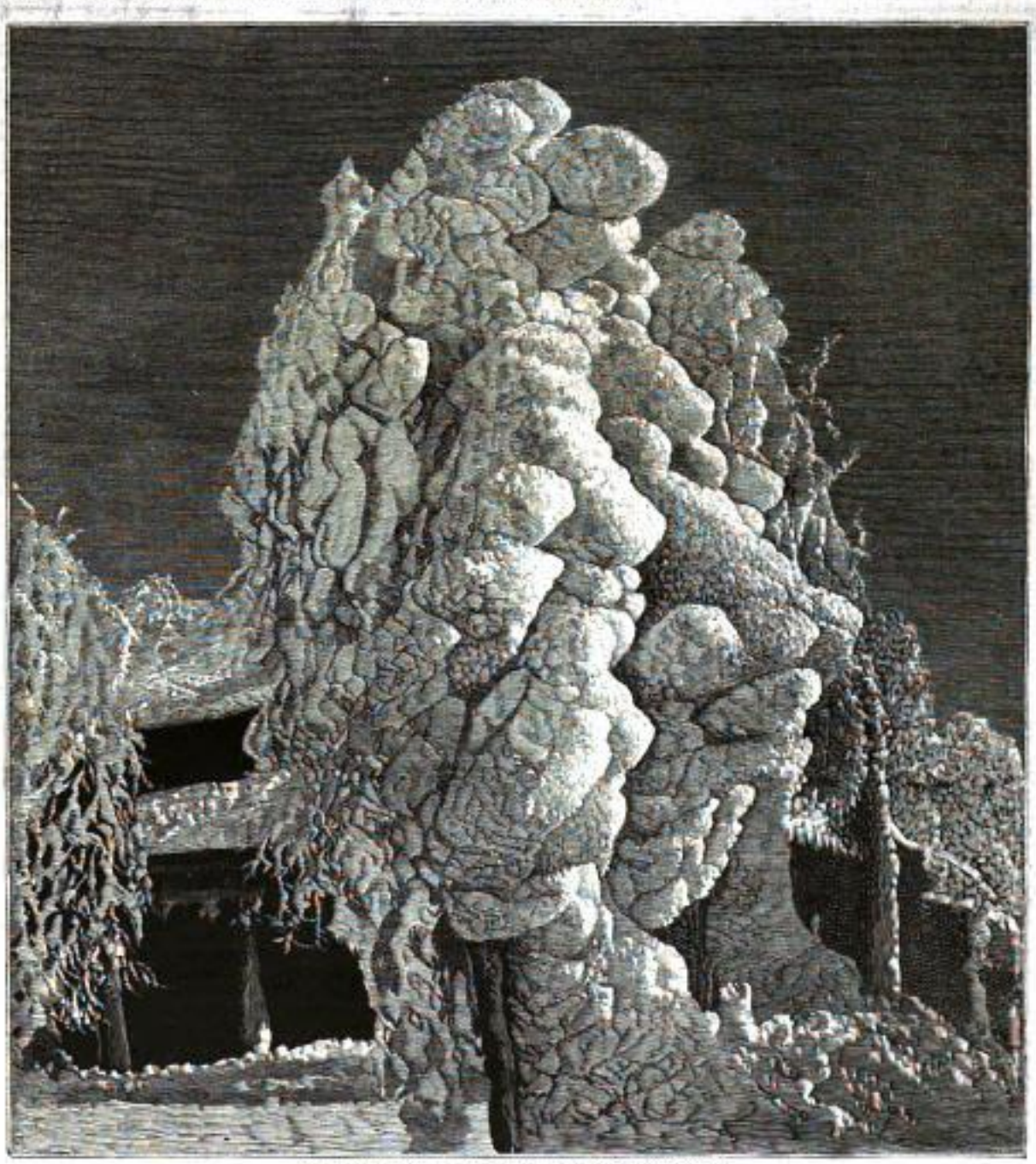
THE ICE-BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

VISITORS to Niagara Falls during the severe weather of the present Winter have witnessed scenery which contrasts singularly with that of the Summer, and by its rare and dazzling splendor has extorted universal admiration. For some days previous to January 1st great quantities of snow-covered ice passed over the Falls. At last the mass of ice became so large that it came to a standstill beneath the Suspension Bridge. This, however, was only temporary. The ever onward-rushing water pushed it along; but the conflict between the huge masses of ice and the powerful currents of water resulted in one of the grandest spectacles ever



ARCHWAY OF ICE AT PROSPECT POINT.

witnessed there or elsewhere. Vast quantities of ice and snow were caught in the rushing water and tossed hither and thither like playthings, grinding themselves to fragments in the terrible engagement. Great hummocks, weighing hundreds of tons, were pushed into the air, and remained there as monuments of the fearful battle. Large boulders were torn from the shore and swept into the stream, and the solitary fir which was wont to mark the landing-place of the ferry became a victim to the warring elements, though ordinarily it stands three feet above high-water. The slow, awful strength of the waters was so apparent that it seemed as if they must rend the great gorge in twain and escape from their thralldom by some



TREES COVERED WITH AN ACCUMULATION OF FROZEN SPRAY.

NEW YORK.—GRAND EFFECTS OF THE SEVERE WINTER AT NIAGARA FALLS, UNDER THE SWAY OF THE FROST KING.

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new outlet; but there was only one gateway open for them, and, as they could not break the mile-wide dam in two, they lifted it up bodily and swept away beneath, still raging, but completely conquered by the armies of the Frost King.

Having thus succumbed to this inevitable humiliation, the water allowed the ice to rest above it, accepting the yoke which it could not break, despite its brassied strength. And so it will remain until the beams of the spring sun deprive it of its strength and once more restore Niagara to its accustomed freedom. The bridge is nearly a mile in length, extending from a line drawn perpendicularly to Point Lookout, in the American Park, half-way to the railroad bridge, and filling the gorge from shore to shore, the ice itself being about sixty feet in thickness.

The sight is magnificent. The ice everywhere glistens in the sun, and transfigures every familiar sight. Looking over to the Canadian shore, the observer can see huge icicles of many tons' weight hanging like the ropy locks on the foreheads of giants in the story-books. But these sights are nothing when compared to the broad sheet of wrinkled snow-ice which lies at his feet. There it is—the conqueror of Niagara—sparkling in the sunlight calmly and peacefully.

Beside the rotunda which stands at the base of the American Fall, a mountain of snowy spray-ice towers up eighty feet high, and is each day climbing higher and higher towards the summit. The dome of the rotunda bears an ice-crown of exceeding beauty, and along the roof of the dressing-shed are curious ice-formations, which nothing less than photographic camera can adequately picture. Giant icicles hang from the cliffs, and every once in a while a huge fragment comes tumbling down. The ice is perfectly white, and seemingly quite porous, but excessively hard-frozen. Its appearance is exactly that of spun glass. It is said that the spray which formed this ice was perfectly pure, and that if a ton of it were melted it would produce no appreciable quantity of sediment.

The great ice-bridge itself is a counterpart in miniature of an Alpine glacier. We have the rough, broken surface, the hummocks reaching ten, fifteen, twenty feet into the air, the startling fissures gaping perhaps with a depth of thirty feet in the solid ice; and we have the pure snow-ice itself in a million strange and inexplicable shapes; but there is an association of terror in this place which does not belong to the genuine glacier, and which may come from the muffled roar of the waterfall, perchance the thought of 200 feet of water seething and boiling beneath our feet. Many of our readers have stood on the bank beside the Whirlpool Rapids and seen the waters mount upwards towards the sky in a thousand contending currents as they battle to escape from their prisoning walls. Imagine this agitated surface suddenly becoming petrified, and every broken wave halting just where it was, and you will have an idea of the magnitude of this structure.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was an afternoon concert; and modern German music was largely represented on the programme. The patient English people sat in closely-packed rows, listening to the pretentious instrumental noises which were impudently offered to them as a substitute for melody. While these docile victims of the worst of all quackeries (musical quackery) were still toiling through their first hour of endurance, a passing ripple of interest stirred the stagnant surface of the audience, caused by the sudden rising of a lady overcome by the heat. She was quickly led out of the concert-room (after whispering a word of explanation to two young ladies seated at her side) by a gentleman who made a fourth member of the party. Left by themselves, the young ladies looked at each other, whispered to each other, half rose from their places, became confusedly conscious that the wandering attention of the audience was fixed on them, and decided at last on following their companions out of the hall.

But the lady who had preceded them had some reasons of her own for not waiting to recover herself in the vestibule. When the gentleman in charge of her asked if he should get a glass of water, she answered sharply, "Get a cab—and be quick about it."

The cab was found in a moment; the gentleman got in after her, by the lady's invitation. "Are you better now?" he asked. "I have never had anything the matter with me," she replied, quietly; "tell the man to drive faster." Having obeyed his instructions, the gentleman (otherwise Amelius) began to look a little puzzled. The lady (Mrs. Farnaby herself) perceived his condition of mind, and favored him with an explanation.

"I had my own motive for asking you to luncheon to-day," she began, in the steady, downright way of speaking that was peculiar to her. "I wanted to have a word with you privately. My niece Regina—don't be surprised at my calling her my niece, when you have heard Mr. Farnaby call her his daughter. She *is* my niece. Adopting her is a mere phrase. It doesn't alter facts; it doesn't make her Mr. Farnaby's child or mine, does it?"

She had ended with a question, but she seemed to want no answer to it. Her face was turned towards the cab-window, instead of towards Amelius. He was one of those rare people who are capable of remaining silent when they have nothing to say. Mrs. Farnaby went on:

"My niece Regina is a good creature in her way; but she suspects people. She has some reason of her own for trying to prevent me from taking you into my confidence; and her friend Cecilia is helping her. Yes, yes; the concert was the obstacle which they had arranged to put in my way. You were obliged to go, after telling them you wanted to hear the music; and I couldn't complain, because they had got a fourth ticket for me. I made up my mind what to do, and I have done it. Nothing wonderful in my being taken ill with the heat—nothing wonderful in your doing your duty as a gentleman and looking after me: and what is the consequence? Here we are together, on our way to my room, in spite of them. Not so bad for a poor helpless creature like me, is it?"

Inwardly wondering what it all meant, and what she could possibly want with him, Amelius suggested that the young ladies might leave the concert-room, and not finding them in the vestibule, might follow them back to the house.

Mrs. Farnaby turned her head from the window, and looked him in the face for the first time. "I have been a match for them so far," she said; "leave it to me, and you will find I can be match for them still."

After saying that, she watched the puzzled face of Amelius with a moment's steady scrutiny. Her full lips relaxed into a faint smile; her head sank slowly on her bosom. "I wonder whether he thinks I am a little crazy?" she said, quietly to herself. "Some women in my place would have gone mad years ago. Perhaps it might have been better for me." She looked up again at Amelius. "I believe you are a good-tempered fellow," she went on. "Are you in your usual temper now? Did you enjoy your lunch? Has the lively company of the young ladies put you in a good humor with women generally? I want you to be in a particularly good humor with me."

She spoke quite gravely. Amelius, a little to his own astonishment, found himself answering gravely on his side; assuring her in the most conventional terms that he was entirely at her service. Something in her manner affected him disagreeably. If he had followed his impulse, he would have jumped out of the cab, and recovered his liberty and his lightheartedness at one and the same moment, by running away at the top of his speed.

The driver turned into the street in which Mr. Farnaby's house was situated. Mrs. Farnaby stopped him, and got out at some little distance from the door. "You think the young ones will follow us back," she said to Amelius. "It doesn't matter; the servants will have nothing to tell them if they do." She checked him in the act of knocking when they reached the house-door. "It's tea-time down-stairs," she whispered, looking at her watch. "You and I are going into the house, without letting the servants know anything about it. *Now* do you understand?"

She produced from her pocket a steel ring, with several keys attached to it. "A duplicate of Mr. Farnaby's key," she explained, as she chose one, and opened the street door. "Sometimes, when I find myself waking in the small hours of the morning, I can't endure my bed; I must go out and walk. My key lets me in again, just as it lets us in now, without disturbing anybody. You had better say nothing about it to Mr. Farnaby. Not that it matters much; for I should refuse to give up my key if he asked me. But you're a good-natured fellow—and you don't want to make bad blood between man and wife, do you? Step softly, and follow me."

Amelius hesitated. There was something repellent to him in entering another man's house under these clandestine conditions. "All right!" whispered Mrs. Farnaby, perfectly understanding him. "Consult your dignity; go out again, and knock at the door, and ask if I am at home. I only wanted to prevent a fuss and an interruption when Regina comes back. If the servants don't know we are here, they will tell her we haven't returned—don't you see?"

It would have been absurd to contest the matter after this. Amelius followed her submissively to the further end of the hall. There she opened the door of a long narrow room, built out at the back of the house.

"This is my den," she said, signing to Amelius to pass in. "While we are here, nobody will disturb us." She laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and pointed to a box of cigars on the table. "Take one," she resumed; "I smoke, too, when nobody sees me. That's one of the reasons, I daresay, why Regina wished to keep you out of my room. I find smoking composes me. What do you say?"

She lit a cigar, and handed the matches to Amelius. Finding that he stood fairly committed to the adventure, he resigned himself to circumstances with his customary facility. He, too, lit a cigar, and took a chair by the fire, and looked about him with an impenetrable composure worthy of Rufus Dingwell himself.

The room bore no sort of resemblance to a boudoir. A faded old Turkey carpet was spread on the floor. The common mahogany table had no covering; the chintz on the chairs was of a truly venerable age. Some of the furniture made the place look like a room occupied by a man. Dumb-bells and clubs of that sort used in athletic exercises hung over the bare mantelpiece; a large, ugly oaken structure with closed doors, something between a cabinet and a wardrobe, rose on one side to the ceiling; a turning lathe stood against the opposite wall. Above the lathe were hung in a row four prints, in dingy old frames of black wood, which especially attracted the attention of Amelius. Mostly foreign prints, they were all discolored by time, and they all strangly represented different aspects of the same subject—infants parted from their parents by desertion or robbery. The young Moses was there, in his ark of bulrushes, on the river-bank. Good St. Francis appeared next, roaming the streets, and rescuing forsaken children in the wintry night. A third print showed the foundling hospital of old Paris, with the turning cage in the wall, and the bell to ring when the infant was placed in. The next and last subject was the stealing of a child from the lap of its slumbering nurse by a gypsy-woman. These sadly suggestive subjects were the only ornaments on the walls. No traces of books or music were visible; no needlework of any sort was to be seen; no elegant trifles; no china or flowers or delicate lace-work or sparkling jewelry—nothing, absolutely nothing suggestive of a woman's presence—appeared in any part of Mrs. Farnaby's room.

"I have got several things to say to you," she began; "but one thing must be settled first. Give me your sacred word of honor that you will not repeat to any mortal creature what I am going to tell you now." She reclined in her chair, and drew in a mouthful of smoke and puffed it out again, and waited for his reply.

Young and unsuspicious as he was, this unscrupulous method of taking his confidence by storm startled Amelius. His natural tact and good sense told him plainly that Mrs. Farnaby was asking too much.

"Don't be angry with me, ma'am," he said; "I must remind you that you are going to tell me your secrets without any wish to intrude on them on my part——"

She interrupted him there. "What does that matter?" she asked, sharply.

Amelius was obstinate; he went on with what he had to say. "I should like to know," he proceeded, "that I am doing no wrong to anybody, before I give you my promise?"

"You will be doing a kindness to a miserable creature," she answered, as quietly as usual; "and you will be doing no wrong to yourself or to anybody else if you promise. That is all I can say. Your cigar is out. Take a light."

Amelius took a light, with the dog-like docility of a man in a state of blank amazement. She waited, watching him composedly until his cigar was in working order again.

"Well?" she asked. "Will you promise now?"

Amelius gave her his promise.

"On your sacred word of honor?" she persisted.

Amelius repeated the formula. She reclined in her chair once more. "I want to speak to you as if I was speaking to an old friend," she explained. "I suppose I may call you Amelius?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Amelius, I must tell you first that I committed a sin many long years ago. I have suffered the punishment; I am suffering it still. Ever since I was a young woman, I have had a heavy burden of misery on my heart. I am not reconciled to it, I cannot submit to it yet. I never shall be reconciled to it, I never shall submit to it, if I live to be a hundred. Do you wish me to enter into particulars? or will you have mercy on me, and be satisfied with what I have told you so far?"

It was not said entreatingly, or tenderly, or humbly; she spoke with a savage self-contained resignation in her manner and in her voice. Amelius forgot his cigar again—and again she reminded him of it. He answered her as his own generous, impulsive temperament urged him; he said, "Tell me nothing that causes you a moment's pain; tell me only how I can help you." She handed him the box of matches; she said, "Your cigar is out again."

He laid down his cigar. In his brief span of life he had seen no human misery that expressed itself in this way. "Excuse me," he answered; "I won't smoke just now."

She laid her cigar aside like Amelius, and crossed her arms over her bosom, and looked at him, with the first softening gleam of tenderness that he had seen in her face. "My friend," she said, "yours will be a sad life—I pity you. The world will wound that sensitive heart of yours; the world will trample on that generous nature. One of these days perhaps you will be a wretch like me. No more of that. Get up; I have something to show you."

Rising herself, she led the way to the large oaken press, and took her bunch of keys out of her pocket again.

"About this old sorrow of mine," she resumed. "Do me justice, Amelius, at the outset. I haven't treated it as some women treat their sorrows—I haven't nursed it and petted it and made the most of it to myself and to others. No! I have tried every means of relief, every possible pursuit that could occupy my mind. One example of what I say will do as well as a hundred. See it for yourself."

She put the key in the lock. It resisted her first efforts to open it. With a contemptuous burst of impatience and a sudden exertion of her rare strength, she tore open the two doors of the press. Behind the door on the left appeared a row of open shelves. The opposite compartment, behind the door on the right, was filled by drawers with brass handles. She shut the left door; angrily banging it to, as if the opening of it had disclosed something which she did not wish to be seen. By the merest chance, Amelius had looked that way first. In the one instant in which it was possible to see anything, he had noticed, carefully laid out on one of the shelves, a baby's long linen frock and cap, turned yellow by the lapse of time.

The half-told story of the past was more than half-told now. The treasured relics of the infant threw their little glimmer of light on the motive which had chosen the subjects of the prints on the wall. A child deserted and lost! A child who, by bare possibility, might be living still!

She turned towards Amelius suddenly. "There is nothing to interest you on *that* side," she said. "Look at the drawers here; open them for yourself." She drew back as she spoke, and pointed to the uppermost of the row of drawers. A narrow slip of paper was pasted on it, bearing this written inscription: "*Dead Consolations.*"

Amelius opened the drawer; it was full of books. "Look at them," she said. Amelius, obeying her, discovered dictionaries, grammars, exercises, poems, novels and histories—all in the German language.

"A foreign language, tried as a relief," said Mrs. Farnaby, speaking quietly behind him. "Month after month of hard study—all forgotten now. The old sorrow came back in spite of it. A dead consolation! Open the next drawer."

The next drawer revealed water colors and drawing materials huddled together in a corner, and a heap of poor little conventional landscapes filling up the rest of the space. As works of art, they were wretched in the last degree; monuments of industry and application miserably and completely thrown away.

"I had no talent for that pursuit, as you see," said Mrs. Farnaby; "but I persevered with it week after week, month after month. I thought to myself, 'I hate it so, it costs me such dreadful trouble, it so worries and persecutes and humiliates me, that *this* surely must keep my mind occupied and my thoughts away from myself!' No; the old sorrow stared me in the face again on the paper that I was spoiling, through the colors that I couldn't learn to use. Another dead consolation, Amelius! Shut it up."

She herself opened a third and a fourth drawer. In one there appeared a copy of Euclid, and a slate with the problems still traced on it; the other contained a microscope and the treatises relating to its use. "Always the same effort," she said, shutting the door of the press as she spoke; "and always the same result. You have had enough of it, and so have I." She turned and pointed to the lathe in the corner, and to the clubs and dumb-bells over the mantelpiece. "I can look at them patiently," she went on; "they give me bodily relief. I work at the lathe till my back aches; I swing the clubs till I'm ready to drop with fatigue. And then I lie down on the rug there, and sleep it off, and forget myself for an hour or two. Come back to the fire again. You have seen my dead consolations; you must hear about my living consolation next. In justice to Mr. Farnaby—ah, how I hate him!"

She spoke those last vehement words to herself, but with such intense bitterness of contempt that the tones were quite loud enough to be heard. Amelius looked furtively towards the door. Was there no hope that Regina and her friend might return and interrupt them? After what he had seen and heard, could *he* hope to console Mrs. Farnaby? He could only wonder what object she could possibly have in view in taking him into her confidence. "Am I always to be in a mess with women?" he thought to himself. "First poor Mellicent, and now this one. What next?" He lit his cigar again. The brotherhood of smokers, and they alone, will understand what a refuge it was to him at that moment.

"Give me a light," said Mrs. Farnaby, recalled to the remembrance of her own cigar. "I want to know one thing before I go on, Amelius. I watched those bright eyes of yours at luncheon-time. Did they tell me the truth? You're not in love with my niece, are you?"

Amelius took his cigar out of his mouth, and looked at her.

"Out with it boldly!" she said.

Amelius let it out, to a certain extent. "I admire her very much," he answered.

"Ah," Mrs. Farnaby remarked, "you don't know her as well as I do."

The disdainful indifference of her tone irritated Amelius. He was still young enough to believe in the existence of gratitude; and Mrs. Farnaby had spoken ungratefully. Besides, he was fond enough of Regina already to feel offended when she was referred to slightingly.

"I am surprised to hear what you say of her," he burst out. "She is quite devoted to you."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Farnaby, carelessly. "She is devoted to me, of course—she is the living consolation I told you of just now. That was Mr. Farnaby's notion in adopting her. Mr. Farnaby thought to himself, 'Here's a ready-made daughter for my wife—that's all this tiresome woman wants to comfort her; now we shall do.' Do you know what I call that? I call it reasoning like an idiot. A man may be very clever at his business, and may be a contemptible fool in other respects. Another woman's child a consolation to me! Fah! it makes one sick to think of it. I have one merit, Amelius, I don't cant. It's my duty to take care of my sister's child; and I do my duty willingly. Regina's a good sort of creature—I don't dispute it. But she's like all those tall, darkish women; there's no backbone in her, no dash; a kind, feeble, goody-goody, sugarish disposition, and a deal of quiet obstinacy at the bottom of it, I can tell you. Oh, yes, I do her justice; I don't deny that she's devoted to me, as you say. But I am making a clean breast of it now. And you ought to know, and you shall know, that Mr. Farnaby's living consolation is no more a consolation to me than the things you have seen in those drawers. There! now we've done with Regina. No; there's one thing more to be cleared up. When you say you admire her, what do you mean? Do you mean to marry her?"

For once in his life Amelius stood on his dignity. "I have too much respect for the young lady to answer your question," he said, loftily.

"Because, if you do," Mrs. Farnaby proceeded, "I mean to put every obstacle in your way. In short, I mean to prevent it."

This plain declaration staggered Amelius. He confessed the truth by implication, in one word.

"Why?" he asked, sharply.

"Wait a little, and recover your temper," she answered.

There was a pause. They sat on either side of the fireplace and eyed each other attentively.

"Now, are you ready?" Mrs. Farnaby resumed. "Here is my reason. If you marry Regina, or marry anybody, you will settle down somewhere, and lead a dull life."

"Well," said Amelius; "and why not, if I like it?"

"Because I want you to remain a roving

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bachelor; here to-day and gone to-morrow—traveling all over the world, and seeing everything and everybody."

"What good will that do to you, Mrs. Farnaby?"

She rose from her own side of the fireplace, crossed to the side on which Amelius was sitting; and, standing before him, placed her hands heavily on his shoulders. Her eyes grew radiant with a sudden interest and animation as they looked down on him, riveted on his face.

"Because I am still waiting for the one living consolation that may yet come to me," she said. "And, hear this, Amelius! After all the years that have passed, you may be the man who brings it to me."

In the momentary silence that followed, they heard a double knock at the house-door.

"Regina!" said Mrs. Farnaby.

As the name passed her lips, she sprang to the door of the room, and turned the key in the lock.

(*To be continued.*)

AWAITING THE TRAIN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CARNIVAL SEASON.

FROM all parts of the country come loud and full notes of the preparations for the revels of Prince Carnival. Memphis, though no longer in possession of corporate rights as a city, New Orleans, Mobile, Louisville, and innumerable other and smaller cities, have in progress arrangements for the celebration of Mardi Gras which are said to be far in advance of those of any previous year. In New York City the season was opened on January 20th by the "Cercle Français de l'Harmonie," which gave a fancy dress ball in the Academy of Music. On the night of the 25th, Prince Carnival presided over the twenty-fifth annual jubilee of the Arion Singing Society. The grand display of folly, however, is reserved for February 13th, when the ever-popular Liederkranz Society will give its annual masquerade ball at the Academy. Following this the children will have their Carnival frolic on the 17th, and the friends of the poor will give the customary Martha Washington reception and ball on the 24th, with a tableau of the first inauguration of President Washington.

While these are features of the season upon a large scale, there are countless smaller balls of societies and private parties on the *tapis*, and almost any night a spectacle such as that represented on the front page of this issue may be seen at any of the up-town stations of the elevated railroads. The revels are over, the masks have been removed from the faces in obedience to police regulations, and the weary, head-heavy, footsore men and women are awaiting the approaching train to bear them towards the bed to which they will cling as long and comfortably as the proverbial bug on the rug.

ICE-GATHERING ON THE HUDSON.

NEVER before in the history of ice-gathering has such an immense quantity been cut and housed as in the season now closing, and never before has there been thicker or a better quality of ice put in.

There is now more ice taken from the Hudson River than any other stream or body of water in the world perhaps. Its proximity to New York City, with its immense demand for home consumption and general shipping purposes, renders this product peculiarly valuable; and it would be difficult to select a more favorable point for securing the desired supply. The large amount of help required in the cutting season is readily at hand, and would, indeed, be otherwise idle. The total amount of capital invested in docks, buildings, machinery, implements, barges, tugs and horses can scarcely be estimated, but it must aggregate a very large amount. Between Albany and Newburg there are about seventy different ice-houses, ranging in capacity from ten thousand to sixty-five thousand tons. These various houses are owned and operated by seven regularly incorporated companies and some eighteen or twenty private companies and individuals. The total amount of the Hudson River ice crop gathered this season has been placed at three million tons; but these careful computations made from official data will place the sum about half a million less, which is doubtless a full estimate—nearly ninety million cubic feet. The nature of the business is very uncertain, as warm Winters and cold Summers make a prosperous or a losing business for those who are concerned in storing it.

The Knickerbocker Ice Company, of New York, having been more than twenty-five years in the business, and having paid for their knowledge by experience, stand far ahead of all other competitors. More than one-half of the entire crop is harvested and sold by them. This company owns thirty-six houses between Albany and Newburg, with a capacity of more than one million tons. The house at Schodack has a capacity of about sixty-five thousand tons, and can be filled in twelve working days, employing in the operation three hundred men and boys and twenty horses.

This company has invested in docks, houses, boats, barges, tugs and machinery, not far from five million dollars, and the President, Robert McLay, Esq., manages the business with judgment and with success.

The house of the Arrow Ice Company, at Athens, has been completed this year. It is one of the best constructed houses on the river, holding about forty thousand tons, and is filled to its entire capacity. The gentlemen who control this are Messrs. Franz P. Müller, Wm. Harmon Brown and Henry C. Fuller, who are all well known in Wall Street.

This house is situated opposite Mount Merino and near the famous Black Rock on the Hudson. When there is any ice in the river this company is sure of getting its share, and the quality is of the best, as the current at this point of the river is favorable to pure ice.

Mr. John J. Burchell, at Four Mile Point, has a new house, covering two and one half acres of ground, holding about seventy thousand tons, costing one hundred thousand dollars. Here are seen eight steam elevators at work, putting in two to three hundred tons an hour. Mr. Burchell is a well-known New York builder and contractor, who believes that there is ice enough for all, and that he will have his share. He has a large house at Coxsackie, and another in process of construction on the island. At Athens is located the house of Messrs. Wolfe, Beals & Gautier, holding about thirty-eight thousand tons, which has been completed during the past season.

The wholesale price of ice last year was about $3 per ton, retailing at from fifty to sixty cents per hundred pounds. It is calculated that it costs from twenty cents to thirty cents per ton to put up the ice, and when it is remembered that more than one-half is wasted by melting before it reaches the consumer, and that the weather is one of those things that cannot be foretold, it can scarcely be considered to be a business in which there are millions to be speedily gained by the eager capitalist, though the contrary opinion is held almost universally.

THE LOST CHILD.

THERE are but few, if any, of us living in large cities who do not recall with a shudder the startling cry and the rolling peal of the bell which in our early days announced the loss of a child. Almost every city and town had its public crier and bell-ringer—a man of powerful voice, who adapted himself to all conditions of weather, and was at the ready call of any person who had a special announcement to make to the public. Notices of auctions, of thefts of property, of escapes of prisoners, of important meetings, were shouted by the crier after he had attracted the attention of the people by a vigorous ringing of his bell. Many of his proclamations had but a limited interest; but when, on a dark and stormy night perhaps, he made his rounds, swinging his bell until every one listened for his sonorous words, and then shouting, "Lost child! lost child! lost child! Johnny Green has disappeared; hasn't been seen since yesterday; had on cap, big tippet and shoes without strings; short coat of black stuff, and breeches turned up at bottom. Who's seen him? who's seen him? who's seen him? Johnny Green! Johnny Green! Six years old, brown hair, blue eyes, lives near the tavern! Oh, lost child, lost child, lost Johnny Green!" everybody became interested, and many people would join in the search with bells and lanterns.

Then, too, when the crier announced that he had found a lost child, and gave whatever particulars he could gather from the straggler, people were equally excited until they hunted up their own little ones and knew that the unfortunate child had been restored to its parents.

This custom came down to us from colonial days, and is still observed in sparsely settled sections. In the large cities, however, the police authorities have been constituted the protectors of lost children. Even in New York City with its far-reaching and crowded streets a lost child, under ordinary circumstances, may be found by its parents within a few hours of its disappearance. Whenever a policeman meets a child who acknowledges that he is lost, or acts in a bewildered manner, the officer leads him immediately to the station-house of the precinct. If the child can give his name and address, he is sent home; if not, he is cared for until some one comes to inquire whether a lost child has been brought in. Parents and guardians missing a child long enough to become alarmed, may go to the precinct house and inquire. If no straggler has been brought in, a "general alarm," as it is called, or a notice to all the station-houses in the city, is telegraphed, with instructions to bring the child to the designated station. If a child found in the streets is not claimed or restored by nightfall, it is sent to Police Headquarters and placed under charge of the amiable Mrs. Webb, who has a large room for the particular care of lost children. There they are washed, fed, given comfortable beds, medicine, if they require it, and tenderly cared for until restored.

There is a wide but a pleasing difference between our present illustration and views we have previously given of the life in Mrs. Webb's nursery of lost children—in fact, another evidence of the progress of the time.

M. WADDINGTON, PREMIER OF FRANCE.

UPON his accession to the Presidency of the French Republic, M. Jules Grévy called on M. Waddington to form a new Cabinet, and on the 4th of February it was constituted as follows:

M. Waddington, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs.
M. De Marcère, Minister of the Interior, and also Minister of Public Worship ad interim.
M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance.
M. De Freycinet, Minister of Public Works.
General Gresley, Minister of War.
Admiral Jauréguiberry, Minister of Marine.
Senator Le Royer, Minister of Justice.
M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts.
M. Lepère, Minister of Agriculture.

M. Jules Ferry was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, instead of Minister of Commerce, as was first intended, because he manifested protectionist tendencies.

M. Waddington, the new Premier, was born at Paris in 1826. He received his university education at Cambridge, where he was highly distinguished for his classical attainments, and displayed a special fondness for numismatics and Grecian archæology. Choosing at his majority the French nationality, he devoted his leisure for some years to the study of classical inscriptions, and became an active member of the Society of Antiquaries. After a course of travels in England and Germany he proceeded to the East in 1850, devoted himself to the geography of Asia Minor, and on his return published "Travels in Asia Minor from a Numismatic Point of View" (1852), which were "crowned" by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. A second journey, in 1852, included Greece, and was extended to the almost unknown deserts of Northern Syria, and yielded a rich result in inscriptions of the Himyarites and the Nabatheans. In 1864 M. Waddington published his work, "The Edict of Diocletian." Other results of his journey were embodied in the "Archæological Journey in Greece and Asia Minor" (1864–8), which he published along with Philippe Lebas. In 1865 M. Waddington presented himself to the electors of the Fourth Circumscription of the Aisne as a candidate for the Corps Législatif, on a liberal platform, but a more radical candidate was successful. In 1870 he was appointed a member of the Grand Committee of Decentralization, presided over by Odilon Barrot, but before he had time to make his mark therein the Franco-German war terminated the enterprise.

Elected a Deputy for the Aisne, February 8th, 1871, M. Waddington first took his seat in the Right Centre, but the rapid progress of events soon brought him to the support of a Conservative Republic, and from the close of 1871 he quitted the group of the constitutional monarchists for the Left Centre, where he gave a frank support to the policy of President Thiers. He was called to the Ministry of Public Instruction in place of Jules Simon, May 19th, 1873, but the crisis of five days later terminated his first essay in an administrative capacity. At the elections of January 30th, 1876, he was chosen Senator for the Department of Aisne for the term ending in 1885. Recalled to the Ministry of Public Instruction March 10th, 1876, in place of M. Wallon, he filled that post until the fall of the Cabinet of Jules Simon, May 16th, 1877. M. Waddington was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet formed by M. Dufaure in December, 1877. The new Minister established at once the most cordial relations with England, Italy, and even Germany, and as chief representative of France at the Berlin Congress last year he won golden opinions from all his associates. It was chiefly to his influence that the favorable decision upon the claims of Greece is to be attributed, and that interesting country will count Premier Waddington among its greatest benefactors. The recent diplomatic incident with the Bey of Tunis revealed M. Waddington as a determined upholder of the honor of France in the East, and the Egyptian negotiations which resulted in the appointment of a Frenchman as Minister of Public Works in Egypt point to the same conclusion. M. Waddington was married in November, 1874, to his second wife, a New York lady, Miss Mary Alsop King, daughter of the late Charles King.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Explosion on the "Thunderer."

An officer of the British squadron in the Sea of Marmora, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, has forwarded two sketches illustrating the disaster that took place at the anchorage of Ismid, on Thursday, January 2d, during the gunnery practice of the squadron. One engraving shows the position of the ships at the moment of this unfortunate occurrence. The unlucky turret-ship, H.M.S. *Thunderer*, is seen advancing towards the spectator, with her bows foremost, and the bursting of one of the thirty-eighton guns in her fore-turret produces an appearance which might be compared to the ordinary firing of the gun, but that the volume of smoke is cast more upwards, and the water in front is smitten by many falling pieces of the gun, the shell, and the turret armor plating. To the left hand of the *Thunderer*, in this view, is seen H.M.S *Achilles*, firing, and to the right, likewise firing, was H.M.S. *Pallas*. Away to the extreme left lay H.M.S. *Monarch*, beyond which is discerned the entrance to the Gulf of Ismid; and H.M.S. *Alexandra*, the flagship, which was firing. The sea was quite calm, and the ships were gently moving. The other engraving gives an illustration of the interior of the *Thunderer's* fore gun turret, with one of the two thirty-eighton guns, which has its muzzle part quite carried away, just as it appeared after the disaster; the roof of the turret is torn off, iron beams are bent or twisted, and a portion of the side of the turret is forced out; pieces of the gun and of iron grating are scattered on the floor. The ship is now at Malta for the official inquiry. The wounded men are in a fair way of recovery; but it is a melancholy affair, having cost the lives of several good officers, marines and seamen.

Trial and Conviction of the City of Glasgow Bankers.

The trial of the directors and managers of the City of Glasgow Bank was begun in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, Scotland, on Monday, January 20th, and resulted in the conviction of the parties of the offenses as charged on the 31st. On February 1st sentence was passed upon them. Robert Sumner Stronach and Lewis Potter, convicted of fraud, theft and embezzlement, were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. The five other directors—John Stewart, Robert Salmond, William Taylor, Henry Inglis, and John J. Wright—convicted of uttering false abstracts of balance sheets, were sentenced to eight months' imprisonment. Considerable surprise was created by the leniency of the presiding judge, Lord Justice Moncrieff, particularly as the accountant of the bank had testified that under the instructions of Potter and Stewart he had for years systematically falsified the balance-sheet to the extent of about $5,000,000 annually.

Presentation by Wends to the German Emperor.

On New Year's Day, according to an ancient custom, a deputation of Wends called upon the Emperor of Germany at the Palace in Berlin at the dinner hour, and presented him with a quantity of eggs and beer as a mark of the homage and loyalty of their people. At the present day the Wends occupy portions of Brandenburg, Silesia, and the Kingdom of Saxony, a lavatis district being along the banks of the Spree. Most of them are Protestants, though a large number of those living in Saxony are Catholics. From the fourth to the ninth century these people inhabited the eastern portion of Germany, and by the close of the thirteenth Charlemagne and his successors had almost extirpated them from Germany. There is now a branch designated as Southern Wends, occupying the rural districts of the Illyrian provinces of Caleithan Austria, with colonists in southwestern Hungary, and in Friuli, Italy.

New Year's Reception by the King and Queen of Italy.

Italian papers proclaim Humbert and his Queen to be, not only in theory but also in fact, the first gentleman and first lady of their kingdom. Our illustration shows the royal reception on New Year's Day. The court has resumed a more dignified appearance than in the days of Victor Emmanuel, who hated court etiquette and ceremony. The throne-room in the Quirinal has been beautifully fitted up. The throne is at the end of the rectangular room between the two doors. The ladies of the court and of the palace, the adjutants and officials of the King, the great dignitaries of the court, and the Queen's gentlemen of honor, stand on either side. The King and Queen receive the deputations of the great bodies of the State at a short distance from the throne in the middle of the throne-room. On these occasions the Queen and her ladies wear the ceremonial mantle. The white dress trimmed with gold worn by the Queen on New Year's Day has attracted much attention.

Fort of Dakka, on the Cabul River.

Dakka, a miserable village, is situated on the southern bank of the Cabul River, which at this season of the year is a rapid stream of about 120 yards broad, over 20 feet deep, with a current of over four miles an hour. On the northern bank is the large village of Lalpoora, the Khan of which, a near relation of the Ameer, rules over a considerable tribe, and is an ally of the British. The position forms a level basin of two or three miles in length and breadth, partially cultivated, having marks of canal irrigation, and evidently liable to be overflowed in the rainy season, almost bisected by the Cabul River; the greater part of the plain, however, being on the southern, or Dakka side. This plain is completely surrounded by wild and rocky hills rising from about 2,000 to 4,000 feet in height above the water level. In the centre of the southern plain is the fort of Dakka, which now contains the Divisional Headquarters. The fort has been built by the Afghans since the last British invasion of Cabul. It is a square fort, each side 400 yards in length; the walls are of mud, about 25 feet high, with rows of barrack-rooms built in upon the walls. In the centre is a summer-house and garden of the Ameer; the former is now used as the Headquarter Staff mess, and the latter as the camping-ground for the General and his staff. The centre of the fort was occupied by a good number of tumble-down mud buildings, which are now rapidly being leveled and cleared away by the Engineers.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Galveston new cotton exchange building has just been completed, at a cost of $100,000.

—NORWAY is the smallest nation of Europe in most respects, but its commerce is such that its fleet is the third largest in the world.

—FLORIDA has produced 500,000 barrels more oranges this season, by natural increase and not by superior yield, than she did last season.

—THE Bavarian Government has sent to the heads of the various religious bodies of that country to ascertain their opinion concerning cremation.

—A CONVENTION of all the teachers of Texas is called to meet at Austin on the 28th of this month, to suggest a better system of public instruction.

—AN effort has been made in the Tennessee Legislature to compel the members to purchase their own stationery. The effort was unsuccessful, however.

—THE Grosvenor Gallery (London) Water Color Exhibition of this year contains 350 examples of the work of English artists, seventy-six studies by Ingres, and 800 drawings by old masters.

—ALL lodging-houses in Russia are ordered to be placed under the supervision of the political police, and a number of *cafés* in the university towns, frequented by the students, have been closed.

—AN Act of Parliament will be introduced during the ensuing session providing for the removal to England of European prisoners sentenced to penal servitude for offenses committed in Crown colonies.

—MEMPHIS AVALANCHE: Letters intended for this point should be in future addressed, "Steamboat Landing at the mouth of Wolf River, Taxing District, Shelby County, Tennessee, opposite Hopefield, Ark."

—BOSTON UNIVERSITY has received $12,000 as the nucleus of a Professorship in the College of Liberal Arts, and $2,000 as a nucleus of a fund for the endowment of a woman's professorship in the same college.

—PENSACOLA imposes a tax of $2,000 on all establishments where liquors are sold and theatricals carried on, and managers prefer to abandon their business rather than pay the tax, thus producing the desired effect.

—THE first piece to be performed in the magnificent new theatre in Monaco is to be a comic opera by Pierre Véron and Robert Planquette, in which M. Ismaël, Mesdames Galli-Marié, Lecombe-Duprez and Irma Marie will take part.

—IT seems that Scotland is about to be favored with a Cardinal by Pope Leo. There are now in that country six Roman Catholic Bishops, 272 priests, and 264 churches and chapels. In 1858 there were only 118 priests and 97 churches and chapels.

—THERE is a curious creek in West Texas, which enters a rocky gorge and runs under ground for forty miles. In some places natural wells two hundred and forty feet deep are found, through which the roaring of this subterranean creek can be heard plainly.

—THE new Bulgarian Assembly is to consist of 256 members—partly ex-officio, partly nominated by the Government, but chiefly elected. Every Bulgarian of twenty-two years of age, possessing property, or engaged in calling other than a servant, student, or daily laborer, is to have a vote.

—VIENNA has more fine coffee-houses than any other city in Europe; the latest statistics put down the total number at 600. It was the first city in Christendom that started the institution; the coffee was captured in bags from the Turks in their second siege of the city, in 1683, and in that year the first *café* was started.

—THE Italian sculptors who exhibited at the Paris Exposition have decided not to take back their works to Italy on account of their fragility, but intend to sell them by auction in Paris. The proceeds of the sale will be equally divided among the sculptors, so that the minor artists may profit as highly as their more famous brethren.

—THE baby carriage is condemned by the Berlin physicians in cases where the little ones sit facing their nurses and are pushed backward. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing this normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to affect injuriously the development of both sight and brain.

—THE Russian Synod, acting under instructions from the Imperial Government, is preparing to send a large party of missionaries to Japan. Permission has been accorded by the Mikado for the erection of a missionary college at Yeddo; and here, it is stated, will be collected and trained the eighty converts that have already been baptized last Autumn in the Japanese capital.

—NEWFOUNDLAND will get $975,000 of the Halifax fisheries award money, and Canada $4,387,500, the remaining $137,500 being retained by England till the expense accounts are settled. Prince Edward Island will claim $1,000,000 and possibly half of the Dominion's share, on the ground that it was shown at Halifax that the inland fisheries were more valuable than those of any other province, or of all of them combined.

—CONSIDERABLE progress has been made towards the completion of the theatre portion of the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon, the handsome proportions of which are seen to great advantage now the greater part of the scaffolding has been removed. The memorial, indeed, now forms one of the "sights" of Stratford, and no pilgrim to the shrine of the great dramatist is content to leave the town until he has taken a glimpse at it.

—ONLY thirty or forty miles distant from the City of Mexico are two of the best wheat-producing valleys in the world, and yet wheat costs at wholesale there from $1.60 to $2.40 a bushel, and flour retails for $1.75 per twenty-five pounds. The Mexican tariff on foreign wheat is about $1.15 a bushel, and on flour $6 a barrel. A barrel of flour, costing in New York $6, shipped to the City of Mexico, is worth $29 by the time it arrives, on account of duty, freight, and other charges.

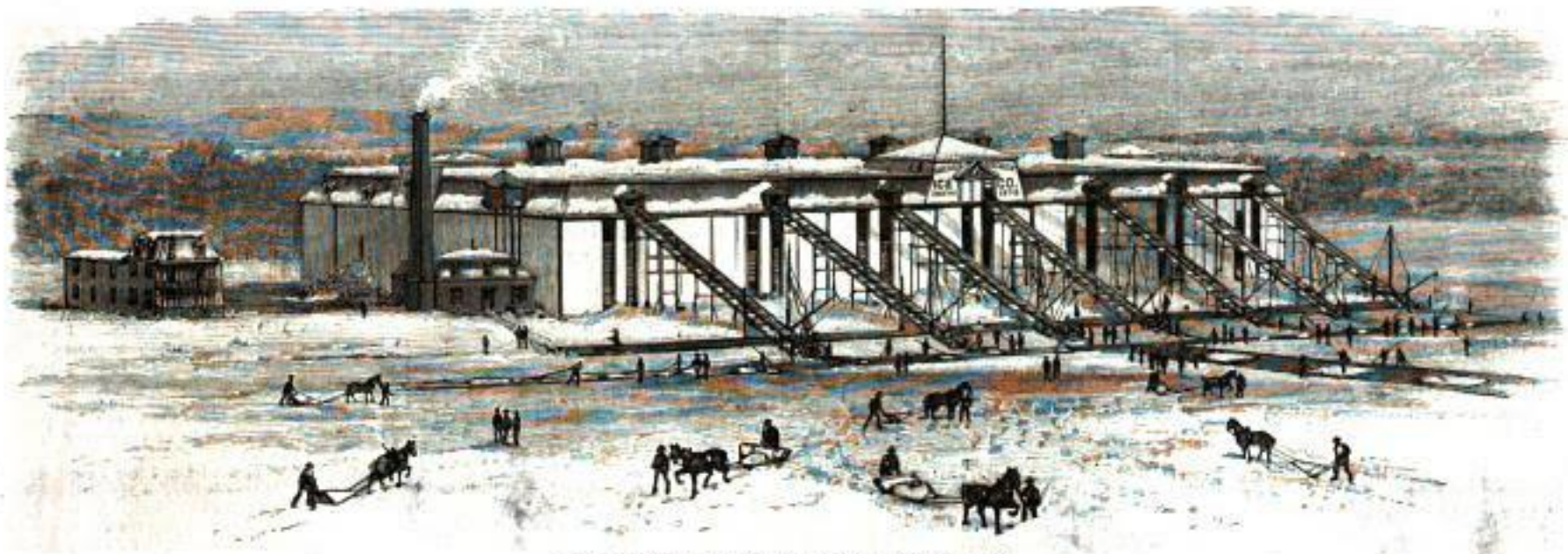
—THE Bank of England will be 185 years old the 27th of the coming July, having received its charter of incorporation at that date, and having been projected by William Patterson, a Scotchman. Constituted as a joint stock company, with a capital of £1,200,000, the whole sum was lent at interest to the Government of William and Mary, then much embarrassed. At the outset it was the servant of the State, and has ever since continued such more or less. The charter, granted at first for eleven years, has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal, subject to modification or revocation, having been in 1844. For a while the business was done in one room; now the bank occupies, as everybody knows, a large building on Threadneedle Street, and employs some 800 men. Nothing less than a £5 note is ever issued, and no note is issued a second time. The average amount of notes in circulation is £25,000,000.

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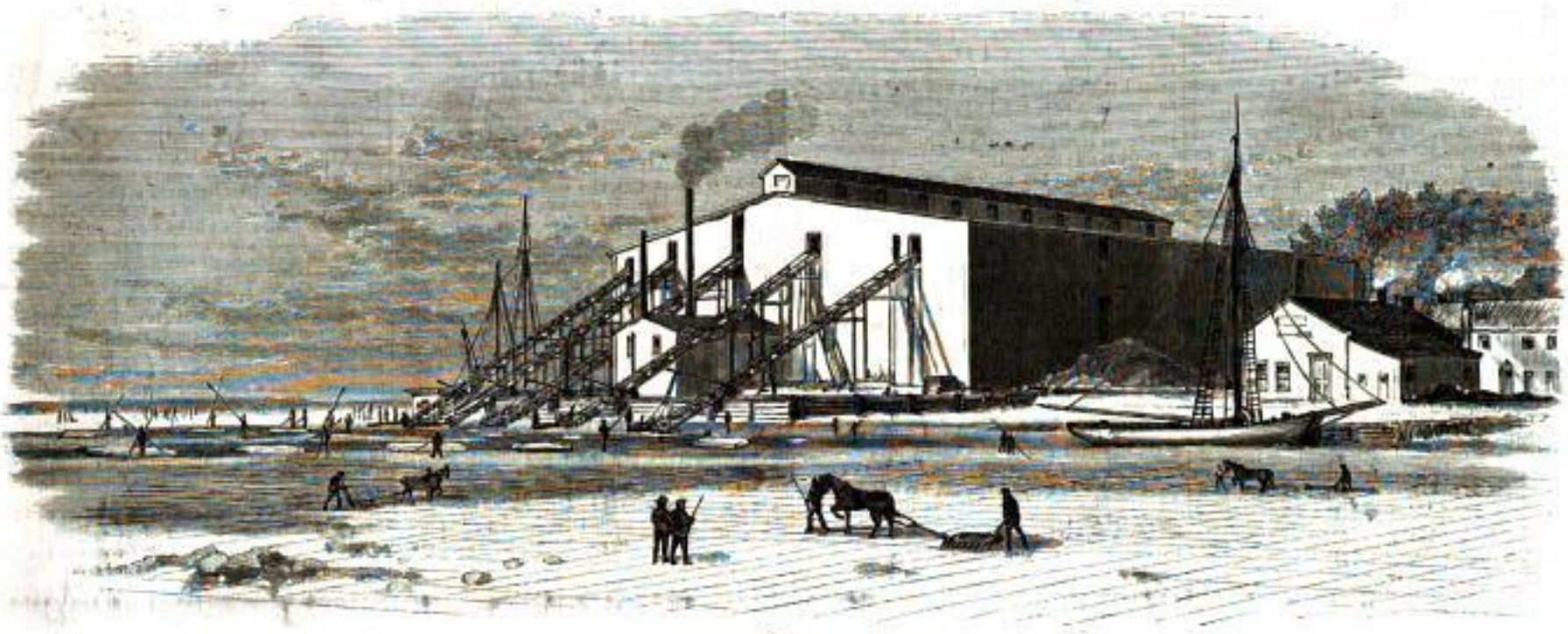


MASSACHUSETTS.—THE TOWN-CRIER AND THE LOST CHILD.—A STREET SCENE IN SALEM IN COLONIAL DAYS.—See Page 445.

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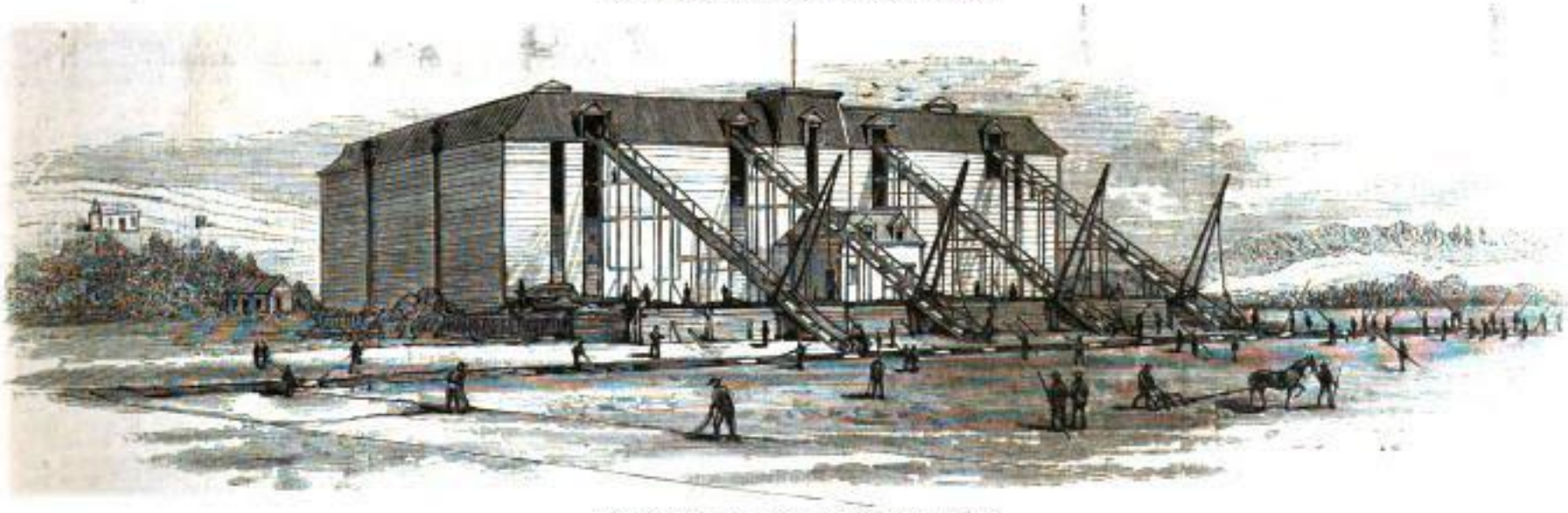
HOUSE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER ICE COMPANY AT SCHODACK.



ARROW ICE COMPANY'S BUILDING AT ATHENS.



JOHN J. BUSCHELL'S ICE-HOUSE AT FOUR-MILE POINT.



MAIN HOUSE OF THE WOLFE ICE COMPANY AT ATHENS.

NEW YORK.—CUTTING AND STORING ICE ON THE HUDSON RIVER FOR SUMMER CONSUMPTION.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 443.

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ENTHRALLED.

YOU cling unto me, and your fragrant hair
Floods o'er my face a glory of rich gold.
I see its shining mesh in masses rolled
Down your lithe form, an amber-fretted stair
For love to climb, and take me unaware
About me sweeps your soft robe's dreary fold,
And your warm lips will not let mine be cold.
Your soul-lit eyes burn with a radiance rare,
And their deep light drive sombre thoughts away.
Ah, who could break the clasping of your hand?
Who turn from kisses so divinely sweet?
I hear your ringing voice through all the day,
And, happy in the sunlit summer-land,
Follow the guiding of your canny feet.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FOURTH.

LADY ROLLINGFORD'S SECRET.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

LOUISA feels so perfectly happy that not even the dreadful prophecy uttered by that odious, disagreeable gypsy at Sandown Park troubles her peace of mind, though at the time it cast such a threatening gloom over the first joys of this newly-declared love, and had even brought tears to her beautiful eyes.

She loves Rupert, and she is perfectly convinced that he loves her, yet at times strange thoughts will pass through her mind, perhaps prompted by the threatening words of the gitana. She has not yet forgotten that conversation she had with him in the Egyptian Room at Rollingford House, now nearly a year ago, when he asked her who she was, and she had been forced to confess that she did not know. But it is not these words that now recur to her memory, for, as I have before said, the mystery of her birth troubled her but little at this moment; it is what he said during that afternoon about a certain French actress, of whom he had actually had the audacity to say she reminded him.

"He cannot care for me much when he can compare me to a woman like that!" she thought at the time, though it did not trouble her long. Now every word she has ever heard him say comes back to her with startling distinctness, and the image of that obnoxious Madame de Fleurville begins to float before her, like that wandering bird that generally precedes the storm, and which sailors dread as an evil omen.

Has he ever loved this woman? The very thought is hateful to her; yet she knows that, before coming to England, he has led a fast and godless life, and that, according to the world, the list of his loves is by no means a short one. Will she, too, some day be forgotten and dethroned from that heart over which she now feels that she rules supreme? Alas, who can tell?

The day after the Sandown races Cassilis went to Rollingford House, and had a long interview with Lady Rollingford.

What took place during this interview, and what was said on either side, Louisa has not yet been able to discover. When Cassilis left Lady Rollingford's private boudoir, he went immediately to join her in the drawing-room, where it had been previously arranged they should meet; but he merely told her that all was right, and that her adopted mother had given her consent to their union.

When she asked him if he had learned who she was, he merely bowed assent, and his handsome face became clouded: and when she insisted upon knowing what Lady Rollingford had said, he answered that he had promised not to tell her until after they were married, but that she might make her mind easy, for Lady Rollingford's secret was a secret no longer to him, and would soon cease to be a secret to the rest of the world.

Yet the poor girl could not help perceiving by his manner, and in spite of his cheering words, that the fatal mystery was not yet cleared up to his entire satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT LADY ROLLINGFORD TOLD CASSILIS.

ONE of the first persons to whom Louisa announces her approaching marriage is Mrs. Champion, who has always been such a true friend to her, and who seems to look upon her more as a daughter than as a friend.

Mrs. Champion is both surprised and disappointed, living as she does apart from society, and mixing but seldom in the fashionable world in which the mysterious Miss Reymond is alone known and discussed; she has not yet heard of her predilection for the handsome young Frenchman, though it has been the talk of the town for the last two months, and until that moment she has entertained vague hopes that, after all, she might yet marry the Duke of Glamour if she chose. The news of her engagement to Cassilis comes upon her, therefore, like a thunderbolt, and in one instant destroys the wild visions of supreme happiness for her two young friends in which she had indulged ever since Glamour's return to England.

Miss Reymond also tells her, in her letter announcing her approaching marriage, that Lady Rollingford has revealed the secret of her birth to Cassilis, and that it has been only on the understanding that there should be no more mysteries that she has consented to marry him. This news, almost more startling to her than that of her engagement, only serves to increase Mrs. Champion's annoyance.

Indeed, she feels that, in spite of Louisa's statement, Lady Rollingford cannot possibly have revealed her secret. The poor girl must necessarily be laboring under a great mistake; and so, to try and discover the truth, she orders her carriage and repairs at once to town, to question Lady Rollingford herself about a matter which affects so deeply her young friend's future happiness.

Her ladyship receives her in her little boudoir—the same room in which she had received Cassilis but two days before—and, as Mrs. Champion soon perceives, notwithstanding her usual preoccupation, Lady Rollingford is unusually gracious towards her.

Mrs. Champion, with her usual impulsive nature, begins at once on the delicate subject, and asks her point-blank if it is true that she has told her secret to Rupert Cassilis.

"What secret?" Lady Rollingford exclaims, pretending to be surprised.

"The secret of Louisa Reymond's birth, of course."

"It was but natural that Mr. Cassilis should want to know who the young lady he is about to marry really is, so I told him *all I could tell him* about her."

"And what is that?"

"What I told Monsignore Berretta, when he was sent by the Duke of Glamour to find out all all about my adopted daughter."

Mrs. Champion shudders.

"Then you have told him a lie, Lady Laura." (She generally addressed her as Lady Laura now, as Lady Rollingford has so often said that she lost in position when she consented to marry poor Frank Reymond.)

"A lie, Mrs. Champion?"

"Nay, I am no longer under any obligation to you; the money you once so cunningly lent me, to try and buy my silence, under the pretext that you sympathized with the war in Italy and wanted to contribute to the ambulance I was forming for the succor of the wounded, I have paid back to you, and with full interest—though for nearly ten years I thought that it was a free gift. I am under no obligation now, and I will speak."

"No, you will not, Mrs. Champion. I know you better than you know yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you gave me your word of honor never to divulge the secret which, by certain strange coincidences, came to your knowledge; and though it is true that twenty years have come and gone since then, I am so sure that you will keep your word that your threats trouble me not."

Lady Rollingford's cool, determined manner could not but impress Mrs. Champion, who, seeing at once that threats and words of indignation would have no effect upon this cool-headed, cold-hearted, self-reliant and self-possessed woman, changes her tone, and when she again speaks it is in her usual dreamy far-off way.

"You are right, Lady Laura—I would not, I could not, break my word; yet you must allow that to see this poor girl made a victim of in this way must necessarily pierce me to the heart."

"But what would you have me do?" Lady Rollingford asks, an almost imperceptible smile appearing on her face—but a smile so faint, that it just served to curl her proud lips, and give her a more contemptuous expression.

"Tell the truth, and brave the consequences."

"I have told this Mr. Cassilis *what I consider to be the truth.*"

"And what may that be, pray?"

"That when I was in Paris with my husband, now more than twenty years ago, he was very anxious that I should adopt a child and bring it up as ours, as heaven had not blessed us with any of our own; that to please him I adopted this little girl, whom I have ever since looked upon as if she had been indeed my daughter; and that, on his deathbed, Lord Rollingford begged me to love her and make her happy; and that, pierced to the heart by the thought of losing him so soon, and anxious to gratify him, I promised to be always a mother to Louisa."

"If that is what you told Monsignore Berretta, I no longer wonder that he should have advised the Duke of Glamour not to marry her."

"And why? You know that it is the truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Ay, but not *all the truth.* And do you think that a clever man of the world like the monsignore could not see plainly enough through your words, and guess that there was a deeper mystery in the whole affair than you were revealing to him? Ah, I know these Italians: you cannot deceive them. Much as I deplore all that has happened since then, yet I cannot but admire the Duke of Glamour for having chosen Monsignore Berretta for his ambassador."

"I thought you were very anxious that he should marry Louisa."

"No one could have been more anxious. I have known the duke almost from his childhood, and I know that no woman could wish for a better or a nobler husband."

"I did not object to him. I know as well as you do, Mrs. Champion, the worth of the Duke of Glamour, and, as I told you at the time, I could not possibly have wished for a better husband even for a daughter of my own; but you do not know the world, Mrs. Champion, or you would never have imagined, even for a moment, that the Duke of Glamour could have married a girl like Louisa."

"Yet he changed his religion to please her," Mrs. Champion remarks, half aloud, casting a vacant look round the apartment.

"He became a Catholic because he has always had a strong tendency that way, as every one knows; you should thank Monsignore Berretta for his conversion, not Louisa Reymond."

"And you approve of her marriage to this gentleman?" she asks, now rousing herself for a moment, as if from a deep reverie; anxious, perhaps, to drop a subject that cannot but be unpleasant to her to discuss.

"He is of a good English family, and a Catholic; and, though it is true that he has neither a title nor a fortune to give her, yet he loves her and she loves him, and I am convinced that he will make her very happy."

"Do you think that this is the sort of marriage your dead husband would have wished for her?"

"You do not understand. Can you not see, Mrs. Champion, that, under the circumstances, it is the very best match that I could possibly have made for her? A man like Cassilis can afford to marry whom he pleases. He is so madly in love with Louisa that I think he would have married her with his eyes shut; but, of course, I could not allow *that*, and so I have told him as much about her history as I thought myself free to tell without endangering the honor of the house of Reymond."

"He had no idea, then, that she is Lord Rollingford's daughter?"

Lady Rollingford's brow becomes clouded, and her hand trembles visibly.

"Are we so sure, Mrs. Champion, that Louisa is his daughter?" she says, presently; then, almost as if she were speaking to herself, she adds, "No; the more I think about it, the more convinced I am that she is not my husband's child; she is not in the least like him, either in person or in character; and, besides, I know *that* which, could I prove to you as clearly as I have proved it to myself, I am sure would at once drive that supposition from your mind."

"Then, whose daughter is she?"

"Yes, yes—who is her father?"

"That is the question which meets my ears wherever I go. But, Lady Laura, I never would have imagined that I should end by hearing it from *your* lips!"

"Remember that we have only the word of that woman in Paris to prove that Louisa is my husband's daughter. What reliance can one place on information from such a source? Why should we think a woman like that should happen to speak the truth on that one occasion in her life?"

"What has become of her?"

"She is dead. I could almost say, 'Thank God!' Yes, she died some years ago in France."

"Poor woman!"

"Alas, no one could have grieved and suffered more for all this than I have. To think that I should have married Frank Reymond, knowing what I did! But I was mad; I was not myself, believe me, at that time; I scarcely knew what I was about."

"Let us change the subject," Mrs. Champion murmurs, very much moved, "let us change the subject. Tell me about this Cassilis. I have heard that he is rather wild, and that he has led a fast and profligate life. Is this true?"

Some minutes elapse before Lady Rollingford is able to answer. "There are some strange stories about him," she says, presently, speaking once more in her cold, measured way; young men are all more or less wild, but I do not think that a man is any the worse for having sown his wild oats before marriage. He is good and noble-minded, and he loves Louisa to distraction. I entertain no fears for their future; she will be able to quiet him down—trust Louisa for that!"

"You have told him all, then?"

"No, not all—I could not tell him all; but I have told him as much as I could. I have told him the name of Louisa's mother, and what sort of a woman she was—she is dead now, and it will do her no harm—and I have also told him that my late husband was once very intimate with her; that she pretended, on the strength of their past *liaison*, that Louisa was his daughter; and that it was on this account, and because my husband, in his last moments, troubled by doubts and misgivings, and wishing to atone for the past, begged of me to adopt the child, that I adopted her and brought her up as if she had been my own daughter."

"Great God! You have given him to understand, then, that she is an illegitimate child?"

"I have told him all I dared; and I even went so far as to give him the name of the physician who attended my husband in his last illness—Dr. Pigwall, do you remember?—who is the only person living, besides you and me, who knows anything about this sad affair. But what do you think? when I told him the name of that woman—Marietta—Cassilis started back, and then informed me—I really forget how he had heard it—that she had been the mistress of a certain Comte de la Mazerolle, in Paris."

"Yes; we know that before."

"Ah, but what we did not know is, that this man is supposed to have married her just before her death, and, therefore—as Cassilis himself suggested—most likely Louisa is his daughter, and, as he loved Marietta so much, perhaps he will not object to recognize Louisa. Another strange complication in this most complicated of mysteries is, that this Comte de la Mazerolle happens to be a great friend of his."

"That is bad."

"Why?"

"Because it may lead to great unpleasantness between them. Suppose he will not recognize Louisa as his daughter? Supposing he proves that she is not his daughter?"

"You still believe her to be Lord Rollingford's child? Ah, I can see that?"

"I must confess that I do; Marie was a base deceiver, a woman without a conscience and without honor, yet she had a heart, poor woman! a tender, loving heart, and I cannot believe that she could have been capable of acting a comedy in such a supreme moment, and before the man, too, who had loved her so much."

CHAPTER IV.—A VISIT FROM GLAMOUR.

LADY ROLLINGFORD'S words have made a great impression upon Mrs. Champion. She cannot bring herself to believe, for a single moment, that Louisa is not the daughter of her poor young friend Frank Reymond, whose career has had so suddenly cut short; yet she cannot doubt that Lady Rollingford really entertains strong suspicions that such, after all, is not the case.

The day following her interview with Lady Rollingford, Mrs. Champion receives a visit from the Duke of Glamour, who comes in person to announce to his old friend the news of his approaching marriage with Miss Gwladyth de Beverley. Her daughter—the saucy and lovely Bella—has gone out riding with the general, and her other children are out with their governess, so that Mrs. Champion is alone in the house when he arrives; and she receives him in her private study.

Glamour is looking as handsome as ever, and when he enters the room a crowd of recollections, perhaps not wholly unpleasant to her, rush to her mind.

"So you are going to be married, at last?" she says, musingly, and looking, as is often her habit now, with dilated eyes, as if at something immediately in front of her which no one else can see.

"Yes, Mrs. Champion, and I think you will approve of my choice. Miss de Beverley is a beautiful girl, and as good and pious as she is lovely."

"I have heard she is very charming," she says, rather sadly; and then, suddenly looking him full in the face, she adds, abruptly, "I suppose you have quite forgotten poor Louisa Reymond?"

The duke looks confused and remains silent for a few seconds. "No," he answers at last, "I shall never forget Miss Reymond, for I can never forget that it is, perhaps, thanks to her more than to any one else that I am at last a Catholic."

"Well, tell me something about your marriage; when is it going to be?"

"To-morrow," Glamour replies, brightening up.

"So soon! I had no idea of this. I wonder I never saw anything about it in the papers."

"I do not think it has been in the papers. I want it to pass off quietly—I hate a fuss. We are to be married quietly at the Pro-Cathedral, and only our most intimate friends are to be present. By-the-by, won't you be of the party? I came purposely to ask you?"

"How good of you! But I fear I must say No. I do not know your bride, and my presence therefore could give her no pleasure. As for me, the thought that you are marrying the woman you love will be enough—of course, you do love her very much?"

"Yes; she is the best and kindest woman I know—save one."

"Ah, Louisa Reymond, I suppose," she says, thoughtfully.

"No—yourself."

"Ah, I did not think at the moment that you meant to pay *me* a compliment. But tell me honestly, do you really like her better than you did Louisa?"

"Oh, yes. I liked Miss Reymond very much, but I do not think I could ever have loved her as I love *her* who to-morrow will be my wife. I hear, by-the-by, that Miss Reymond is also about to be married. I scarcely know her future husband, yet I am sure I hope she will be very happy."

A few hours after his conversation with Mrs. Champion the handsome young duke is dining in his own house. It is the last dinner he will eat as a bachelor, and Lord Inganess, who is going to be his best man on the morrow, is sitting beside him.

"Do you know, old fellow, that I have a great wish to follow your example and to get married myself. After all, as you say already, with all the complacency of a Benedict, married life is the happiest and best for a man," he says, as he peels an orange.

Glamour has been telling him of his visit to Champion House, and enlarging very much upon the former beauties and charms of the divine Dorothea.

"Indeed! I always said that you would end by falling in love with that vivacious and sparkling little Miss Champion," his friend answers, laughing. "That is what comes of being always there. I am glad I did not keep up my old intimacy with her parents, for perhaps I might have fallen in love with her myself."

"Don't you admire her?"

"A little. She is certainly very pretty and winning, and clever, too, I should say; but she is rather too much of a flirt for me."

"A flirt—Bella a flirt!"

"Oh, I do not mean to insinuate anything against her; but even you, Inganess, must confess, I think, that she's rather wild, and perhaps even a trifle fast and horsey."

"Which means that she is young and bright, and that she loves horses and dogs—three great crimes, to be sure. Well, I can sympathize with her *there*—I, too, love dogs and horses. I only wish I were going to marry her to-morrow."

"I should advise you to wait—she is such a child; besides, how do you know that she cares for you?"

"I think she does," Inganess replies, rather mysteriously.

"Now, Inganess," the duke replies, filling his glass with claret for the last time, "let us go see the De Beverleys, and arrange our programme for to-morrow."

CHAPTER V.—TWO MARRIAGES.

THE next day, at the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, the Duke of Glamour is married to the Hon. Gwladyth de Beverley.

The marriage goes off very quietly, for only a few of their most intimate friends have been invited.

The Cardinal Archbishop, assisted, of course, by Monsignore Berretta, performs the ceremony.

And thus Glamour's fate is sealed. Do any thoughts of Louisa Reymond cross his mind at this moment? and if so, does he experience any pangs of regret for the past, or misgivings for the future? Who can tell? He looks the very picture of happiness, in spite of his perhaps too well sustained composure and calmness.

* * * * * * *

A few days later Monsignore Berretta starts for Rome, where he receives from the hands of the Holy Father the cardinal's hat which he has so deservedly won; and in that city, not many months afterwards, he is called upon to bless the union of our friend Rupert Cassilis and Louisa Reymond; for Lady Rollingford, with some reluctance, has at last acceded to her adopted daughter's most earnest wish, and consented to accompany her to the Eternal City, that she may be married at the altar dedicated to her patron saint.

Of course, though married from an hotel, all the best people in Rome are present at the wedding, and for a week or two the interesting young Catholic girl and her Protestant mother are the favorite topics of conversation amongst the the Italian nobility. Lady Rollingford's pride is more than satisfied. Never, even in the wildest dreams of her youth, had she imagined that she would one day become so great and powerful that even the aristocracy of a land in which she is such a complete stranger, would flock to her hired rooms to witness the marriage of a poor nameless girl whom she had chosen to adopt.

There has not been so grand a marriage in Rome

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since the Italian invasion had produced such consternation in the Catholic world, and caused, as a consequence, so great a stagnation of its usual stately festivities.

Do any thoughts of the handsome duke suggest themselves to the bride as she holds forth her hand for the perhaps still handsomer commoner to place upon it the consecrated ring that is about to make her his? Ah, no! At this moment, whatever others may feel and think, the image of the clever young duke is far away from her mind.

It was only toward the latter part of the ceremony, when the cardinal comes forward to address a few words to them on the obligations of marriage, that she suddenly remembers him. She knows that only a few days before this same high dignitary of the Church has blessed *his* union to another, and she cannot help wondering whether the words she now hears about true love and eternal happiness are the very same which he addressed to *him*; but the thought only makes her smile.

* * * * * * *

At last the sumptuous breakfast comes to an end; the lovely bride has changed her dress, and said good-by for the last time to her adopted mother, who stands in the centre of the gorgeous saloon, surrounded by Italian princes and princesses, by French dukes and English peers; and, after having thanked them all, with tears in her eyes, for the honor they have conferred upon her, she steps into the carriage that awaits them in the crowded Corso, and, seated beside Rupert Cassilis, the companion of her future life, she drives off amidst a shower of slippers.

As the carriage rolls through the quiet streets toward the station, the heavy load which has hourly been increasing since the morning, and which lately seemed to weigh down upon her like so many thousand tons of gold, falls suddenly from off Louisa's heart, and, turning her lovely young face to her husband, she falls weeping upon his breast.

"You love me, then, Louisa, *ma chérie*," he whispers in her ear, pressing her to his beating heart—"you love me as much as I love you?"

"I do not know how much you love me," she says, with a strange mixture of innocence and coquetry, smiling sunnily through her tears.

"Let me, then, show you how much I love you by my life's devotion, my own angel; this day you have made me the happiest of men. Ah, my Louisa, my own dear Louisa, let me teach you to love me as I love you!"

"Yes, yes, I love you, Rupert!" she exclaims, returning his embrace. "I love you, and I am yours—yours for ever; but love me always as you love me now, for I never knew what it was really to live before; and now—now I feel that if one day you were to love me less I should die."

CHAPTER VI.—THE STORM BURSTS UPON LOUISA'S DEVOTED HEAD.

THE next morning they cross the French frontier, and soon afterwards find themselves comfortably settled in the pretty little *appartement* which Rupert has taken in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

For some weeks they are the happiest couple in the whole world; the days seem to fly before they can realize how they spend them. The lovely Louisa never imagined, even in her sweetest and brightest dreams, that there could be so much happiness in this world.

And Cassilis, on his side, is also beginning to realize that the only true joy worth having consists in loving and being loved.

They seem to live but for one another; and in these ever-to-be-remembered days of their bright honeymoon how little do they think of the ominous words of the gitana at Sandown races, which were the first to cast a shadow over their newly-plighted love! But her dark prophecy was still looming in the future, like a black cloud on the horizon.

Their honeymoon is scarcely over, their love is still warm and has lost none of the charms of novelty, when the thunder-clouds gather over their heads, and the unexpected storm bursts upon them unawares with unrelenting fury.

One morning Rupert and his wife are sitting at their breakfast-table, discussing the programme for the day. Most of the letters are from England, and the youthful couple hasten to open and look over them together, little dreaming of the fatal contents of one of these letters, so carelessly opened, but nevertheless destined to strike the cruel blow which, for a time, at least, comes to put a sudden end to their happiness.

The letter in question is from one of Cassilis's English friends, who, with that avidity which most friends display in announcing any disagreeable news concerning us, incloses him the second number of a new paper—a publication of whose very existence they are both as yet profoundly ignorant, and which rejoices in the peculiar name of *Topsy-turvy*—containing a certain paragraph, printed in large, bold characters, which the friend's friendly care has marked with a red pencil, so that it may not escape the view of the bewildered couple, who read, to their astonishment and dismay, the following news, which the friend informs them has already created the greatest sensation in London, and caused the scurrilous paper to sell by thousands in the great metropolis.

"We understand," so runs this wretched paragraph, "that the young lady whose recent marriage in Rome to the son of an English baronet has lately created such an excitement amongst the upper circles of London society is the daughter of the Comte de la Mazerolle, and, as this nobleman is a single man, the young lady in question—who for many years has been living amongst us under the name of one of our oldest and most distinguished families—is but a natural child, after all. After this we imagine that but few people will care to visit her, and that her acquaintance will be declined by all proper-minded and virtuous persons."

Their astonishment and indignation at reading this may perhaps be better imagined than described.

Louisa, strong in her innocence of heart, and sustained by her pure conscience, is ready to take the scurrilous paragraph at its true worth, and to make light of it, though the mere idea that such things should be written about her, and that any one should dare to publish them, cannot but wound her sensitive feelings to the quick; but Cassilis, who feels at once how difficult it will be for him to contradict the report, and who, although greatly upset by it, can scarcely help fearing that there may be some truth at the bottom of this assertion so boldly given to the world, and no doubt most readily received by society at large, is completely overwhelmed by it, and begins to realize the awkward position in which he has placed himself by his marriage.

Lady Rollingford's words come back to his memory, and for the first time he is impressed by their awful signification, and begins to perceive the dangerous step he has taken in marrying a girl whose parentage is so questionable as that of Louisa Reymond.

Carried away by a feeling of sympathy for the prepossessing young fellow, and anxious to secure his alliance for her adopted daughter, Lady Rollingford had so far committed herself as to disclose to him, if not the whole truth concerning Louisa's birth, at least as much of it as might lead him to discover the rest for himself. But the very moment after she had spoken she had perceived her folly, and regretted what she had done. She loved Louisa, and was most anxious to see her settled in life with such a desirable man as Cassilis for a husband, but she felt that the avowal of her secret—the disclosure of her own false position—was too great a price to pay, even to secure her adopted daughter's happiness. This was the reason why, when Rupert mentioned De la Mazerolle's name, and informed her that Marietta had been his mistress for many years, and that some even imagined that he had married her just before her death, she had seized the clew he had thus unconsciously given her, and suggested that most likely Louisa was *his* child.

To Cassilis this supposition seemed as plausible as any other, and he was so much in love with the sweet Louisa at the time that he had agreed to marry her, though Lady Rollingford's explanation had been anything but satisfactory—love is so blind! But now—now that the illegitimacy of his wife was being openly discussed, and the secret which he had fondly imagined would never have been known by any one, had no doubt become public property, his courage gives way, and not even his great love for the innocent Louisa is strong enough to embolden him to face the coming storm; and, in the first moment of passionate indignation, he curses the love which has made them man and wife, and united his lot to hers, making him the sole protector of her honor and reputation.

(To be continued.)

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NEW PLAY, "MEXICO."

THE appearance of Madame von Stamwitz, the distinguished actress, of whose abilities we have had frequent occasion to express in very complimentary words, as the heroine in Joaquin Miller's new drama entitled "Mexico," and produced for the first time in the Grand Opera House, New York, on February 10th, created an impression that fully justified all that has been said in favor of this charming woman. The play is illustrative of the rich fund of Spanish-American life and character, the fertility of which is not sufficiently known because it has been worked so little. In preparing this admirable drama, Mr. Miller has kept constantly in view the peculiar lines in which Madame von Stamwitz's reading and strength attain their highest perfection; and that both author and interpreter shared each other's sympathy and *esprit* is shown by the remarkably accurate rendering of the diversified *rôle* of *Dolores*, as well as by the ease and precision of action sustained to the close by the actress.

The scene is laid in historic Mexico, during the brief but eventful day of the unfortunate Maximilian. *Dolores*, the heroine, is betrothed to *General Tercio*, of the native army; her cousin, whom she cannot love. *Captain Randolph*, the hero, is a tall, dashing, handsome American, who has placed his fortunes with those of the young Emperor.

In the opening scene there is a grand view of the city of the Montezumas, with the outlines of the Cordilleras in the distance. Gardens of tropical foliage, and lakes of clear, leisure-inviting water brighten the panorama and suggest a delightful languor. Two volcanoes are in the throes of an eruption in the background. All the characters in the play are here introduced, and much merriment is created by *Dr. Popper*, the American Consul, who is a representative of the type spoken of by Julia Ward Howe, who says, "the first requisite of an American Consul is that he shall not speak the language of the country to which he is accredited; and the second, that he shall not speak his own." The Doctor, while constantly asserting that he is a man of few words, is the most verbose of the personnel. In this act *Dolores* creates quite a patriotic furore. In consequence of her intense admiration of the person and character of Maximilian, and it is owing to her persuasions, nay, her commands, that other characters in the drama unite their fortunes with his. Nothing backward herself, she joins the army as a Sister of the Geneva Cross, and takes *Barney's* sweetheart as her maid.

The plot grows interesting in the second act. *Barney O'Shea*, a rollicking Irishman, who has gone to Mexico with his sweetheart, *Mollie O'Rourke*, to make his fortune, enlists in the patriot army as an orderly of *General Tercio*, who, watching an opportunity, takes *Barney's* clothing from him and dons it himself, leaving his own uniform to the orderly. In a battle the *General* keeps himself out of danger in a safe retreat, while *Barney*, with the impetuosity of his race, leads the soldiers through the thick of the fight until victory rewards them. The *General* is found far away from the scene of the conflict, and, not being recognized, is arrested as *Barney* and charged with cowardice. The uniforms are secretly exchanged, and the *General* instead of hushing the matter to save his own credit, as well as the life of his orderly, is the loudest for his condemnation. This leads us to the subject of our illustration. *Barney* is brought out before the troops to be shot, and just at the moment his General gives the order to fire, *Dolores* rushes forward to save him and is blinded by the explosion of powder in her face. In the third act the blind heroine is seen fleeing from her betrothed, whom she now detests more bitterly than ever. A most dramatic scene in this act is when the excited *Dolores* withdraws the dagger that has confined her hair and veil, and, holding it in a threatening attitude, informs *Tercio* that she has discovered his treachery and baseness, and calls down upon his head a most fearful curse. As onward she speeds she reaches a bridge spanning a mountain torrent; ignorant of the removal of several planks at the instigation of the cowardly *Tercio*, she takes the step that would ordinarily have proven fatal, and would perish in the abyss, did not the hero, *Captain Randolph*, catch her at the critical moment.

Queretaro is shown in the fourth act. *Captain Randolph* denounces *Tercio* for his treachery, and in the fight that ensues between them the Captain is wounded. He is subsequently sent to the hospital where the blind *Dolores* had been taken.

The heroine, in groping her way between the cots, reaches the captain, and, passing her hand over him, touches a cross she had given him at the time of her rescue. By this she recognizes the sufferer, and, while supplicating him for some mark of recognition in return, *Tercio* enters and orders her away. She is forcibly torn from the captain's side and thrust into prison.

In the fifth act *Randolph*, sentenced to death for having fought with the Emperor, and *Barney* for the cowardice exhibited by *General Tercio*, are seen in the cell of the Capuchin Convent, from which Maximilian had but a short time previously been led to his execution. The final climax is reached in the next act when *Randolph* and *Barney* are led forth to die. *Dolores* has recovered her sight during the confinement in the prison cell. After *Dr. Popper*, the American Consul, has attempted to protect the condemned men and been rudely thrust aside, *Dolores* appears, and, wrapping an American flag about the kneeling figures, dares *General Tercio* to fire upon them.

It will be seen from this summary that the play is full of thrilling situations, and that the interest is well sustained. The play is mounted in exquisite style, and will undoubtedly prove the *chef-d'œuvre* of the talented author and his conscientious interpreter.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Iridescent Glass, which is becoming very popular, is prepared by exposing it while very hot to the fumes of stannic chloride. When the colors are very deep the nitrate of barium or of strontium has been added.

General G. K. Warren maintains that the Minnesota Valley and the Mississippi Valley have been formed since the deposition of the glacial drift, and that the loose deposits extending up to the Savannah are later than the last glacial drift.

Monument to Dr. Mayer.—A committee has been formed in Germany with the object of creating a monument to the memory of Dr. Robert Julius Mayer in his native city of Heilbronn. Dr. Mayer's name is associated with the establishment of the mechanical theory of heat.

Exploration of Arabia.—An interesting scientific expedition is at present being undertaken in Arabia. M. Renzo Manzoni, an Italian explorer, who has already traveled over Yemen, the road from Aden to Sana and Jaia, Dhobaketh, Mokha, Zebid, Hodeida and Menakha, is about to visit the region situated to the north of Asyr and to the east towards Hadhramaut.

The International Pisciultural Exhibition which will take place at Berlin in the Spring of next year promises to be extremely interesting. A number of English, Russian, American, and even Japanese and Chinese exhibitors have already promised to take part in it. The Crown Prince of Germany has undertaken the protectorate of the exhibition, and takes a great interest in its success.

A New Emotional Art.—The effect of music upon the emotions has long been known to Western nations but in the East, as for example in Japan, posturing takes the place of the operatic singing of other countries. Color and motion may be made to produce emotions like good music, and are likely to be employed as adjuncts in the entertainments of the future. We are likely to have a philosophical work entitled "Emotion as a Mode of Motion."

Dr. Otis Johnson, of the University of Michigan, gives the following new test for arsenic: Place the mixture containing arsenious or arsenic compounds in a Marsh apparatus with a concentrated solution of potassic hydrate and a little aluminium wire. Upon warming, arseniuretted hydrogen will be evolved, which may be subjected to the usual tests. If, however, the gas blackens argentic nitrate, the proof is quite conclusive, since antimony by this process is not converted into antimoniuretted hydrogen.

Increase in the Value of Straw.—In discussing the profits of wheat-growing no one appears to have observed that the grain itself represents but one half of the produce; the other half—the straw—has been omitted from the calculation. Now, it is a fact that, while wheat has been declining for years, the price of straw has been rising, until latterly, in some countries, the straw has actually become the more important of the two. The demand for straw as litter, for fodder to mix with other foods and for manufacturing purposes outside of agriculture, has so increased that sometimes there is a positive scarcity even in rural districts. Some farmers only grow grain because they want the straw for their cattle; and as an adjunct in the production of meat, the value of the straw must be borne in mind. Hence, to the value of the grain must hereafter be added the price of the straw.

Wine from Oranges.—In the first trials to make wine from oranges, it was shown that the ripe fruit was unfit for the purpose, and they must be selected not when they have become quite mature and superabound in the sugary principle, but before they are wholly ripe and still possess an appreciable amount of citric and malic acids. At present four different sorts of wine have been obtained from the orange. One called imperial, and another a dry wine, are procured in January with the fruit of the season; another, the mandarin, is furnished by the orange gathered in April. These three sorts have a color pleasing to the eye, are perfectly translucid, have an agreeable savor with a slight tinge of acidity, and an alcoholic richness of about fifteen per cent. As to the fourth, a sparkling wine prepared by a special process, it possesses little more than twelve per cent. of alcohol. The methods of fabrication are still too rudimentary to admit of the article being placed upon the market.

Thymol as an Antiseptic.—Dr. Hanke, of Halle, Saxony, recommends the substitution of thymol for carbolic acid as an antiseptic. Thymol is a principle discovered in the herb thyme, and possesses much greater antiseptic power than the coal-tar product, and is far more useful as an application to wounds. The solution used consists of one part of thymol, ten parts of alcohol, twenty of glycerine, and a thousand of water, and may be employed either as a spray or a solution. The mode of application is very simple: a piece of thin linen is saturated with the liquid and laid on the sore direct, as the thymol does not cause any irritation. If the linen becomes dry it can be moistened with the solution once or twice a day. From the experience of fifty wounds dressed with the new antiseptic, Dr. Hanke has no hesitation in asserting that it is superior in its action to any preparation hitherto in use. Moreover, it has the great advantage that it may be employed by any one, as it is not poisonous.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE popular English author, A. L. O. E., is now a missionary in the Punjab, India.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenberg has declined the candidature for the Bulgarian throne.

IT is reported at St. Petersburg that Lord Dufferin has been appointed British Ambassador to Russia, in place of Lord Augustus Loftus, recalled.

THE motion is made to erect a statue of Henry Bergh in Central Park. If the dumb animals had voice, how cheerfully would they second that motion.

THE Begum of Bhopal is a clever and energetic lady. She has built the best hospital in India, out of Calcutta, is making excellent roads, and arranging for a railroad to her dominions.

THE unveiling of the statue of Berryer, in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Palace of Justice, in Paris, on the 20th of January, was the occasion of a mild and harmless royalist demonstration.

THE wife of Rev. Jesse Boring died in Augusta, Ga., aged sixty-three. She crossed the Plains on a mule when her husband went to California and established the first Methodist Church on the Pacific Coast.

CAPTAIN EDWARD GUBB of the British Navy was recently found dead in his bed at Leamington, at the age of eighty-one. He was a son of the second Earl of Arran, and had been in the Navy since 1810.

HENRY M. STANLEY, the explorer, was present at the recent meeting of the conference on the civilization of Africa at Brussels, and stated that he would lead the Belgian exploring expedition which is soon to start for Africa.

THE armchair occupied by the late Honorable Gustav Schleicher in the congressional hall was presented to his widow as a memento. It is a monstrous large affair—big enough to seat two common-sized men comfortably.

BISHOP CHATARD, of the diocese of Vincennes, Ind., has expressed himself in strong terms against secret Orders. Much feeling exists, and a committee from sixteen lodges in Terre Haute will ask to confer with the bishop upon the subject.

A MISS LISETTA REST has left a considerable sum in the hands of trustees to be applied for ever to the distribution of gravel on steep and slippery London roadways, a work which she personally superintended and paid for during her lifetime.

COLONEL PERCY WYNDHAM is dead. This distinguished soldier of fortune, who was formerly with Garibaldi, and with the Northern Army in the American Civil War, was killed at Rangoon, India, February 3d, while attempting a balloon ascension.

CARDINAL MANNING will leave England for Rome early in February, and will be absent during the season of Lent. The cardinal, it is understood, visits Rome on the special invitation of Pope Leo XIII., to confer with him on matters relating to the organization of the Catholic Church in England.

OSCAR GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, is nineteen years old, and is said to be intelligent, but ignorant of literature and art. He is spending the Winter in Rome, under the tutelage of Mr. Hare. The Prince is tall, fair-haired and awkward, with a simple and candid face and a rosy complexion.

IT is announced that the following named Englishmen will be included in the forthcoming list of new peers: Sir Ivor Guest, Sir William Hart-Dyke, Mr. Holford, Colonel Loyd Lindsay, V. C., Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. John Malcolm, of Poltalloch, and Mr. Baillie Cochrane, and that Lord Barrington will be raised to the English peerage.

MEMORIAL windows, sacred to the memory of the Right Rev. Richard Channing Moore, late rector of the church, and Bishop of Virginia for a period of sixty years or more, and James H. Gardner and W. P. S. Mayo, late vestrymen of about forty-five years' service each, are to be put up in the Monumental Episcopal Church of Richmond, Va., shortly.

DR. SCHLIEMANN is ambitious to be United States Consul general at Athens. He is an enthusiastic American, has married a Greek lady, and is building a fine palace in Athens. He is on good terms with the King, and would gladly give his services gratuitously, besides doing all he could for the United States in the various archæological explorations now going on.

GENERAL GRESLEY, the new French Minister of War, used to be chief of staff in the war office. He was dismissed after the elections of the 14th of October, 1877, by General Rochebouet, when a coup d'état was in contemplation, and replaced by a friend of General Ducrot, General Mirbel, whom General Gresley will now dismiss in his turn. Moreover, he was chosen as a Republican candidate for a life senatorship.

IT is shown by the report of the Auditor of the United States Treasury Department, that Miss Ada C. Sweet, the pension agent in Chicago, disburses more money than any other agent in the country, her payments last year amounting to $2,287,858, or more than one-twelfth of the entire pension fund. Of this amount $1,196,149 went to invalid soldiers, $999,893 to widows, and $46,493 to veterans of the war of 1812.

GENERAL GEORGE CADWALADER, brother of the late judge, and the last of five sons of Thomas Cadwalader, died in Philadelphia, February 3d, aged seventy-five. He was apparently in good health until Sunday evening, when he was seized with an attack resembling apoplexy, and remained unconscious until death. During the late Civil War he commanded the Department of Annapolis, and afterwards the Second and Sixth districts of the Army of West Tennessee. He subsequently commanded the Loyal League of the United States.

THE oldest bishop in the Church of England is Rev. Alfred Olivant, Bishop of Llandaff, aged eighty-one; the youngest is Right Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, aged forty-three. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is Right Rev. John Robert Darley, Bishop of Kilmore, aged seventy-nine; the youngest, Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged forty-five. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross (Primus), aged seventy-five; the youngest, Right Rev. George Richard Mackarness, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged fifty-six.

THE death is announced of Sir James Matheson, remarkable as the second largest landed proprietor in the British Isles, and as a man who struggled to the topmost difficulties of an unusual kind. He was compelled by family circumstances to accept, at a very early age, a clerkship in Calcutta, and was dismissed by his employers as "too stupid even for trade." At the earnest request of a Baptist missionary the firm agreed to give him a further trial of six months in their China branch. He made in China a splendid fortune, and returned to Scotland probably the richest subject in that kingdom. He purchased the Island of Lewes and resided there the greater part of his subsequent life, expending, it is said, nearly £250,000 for the benefit of his subjects, who, nevertheless, never took to him.

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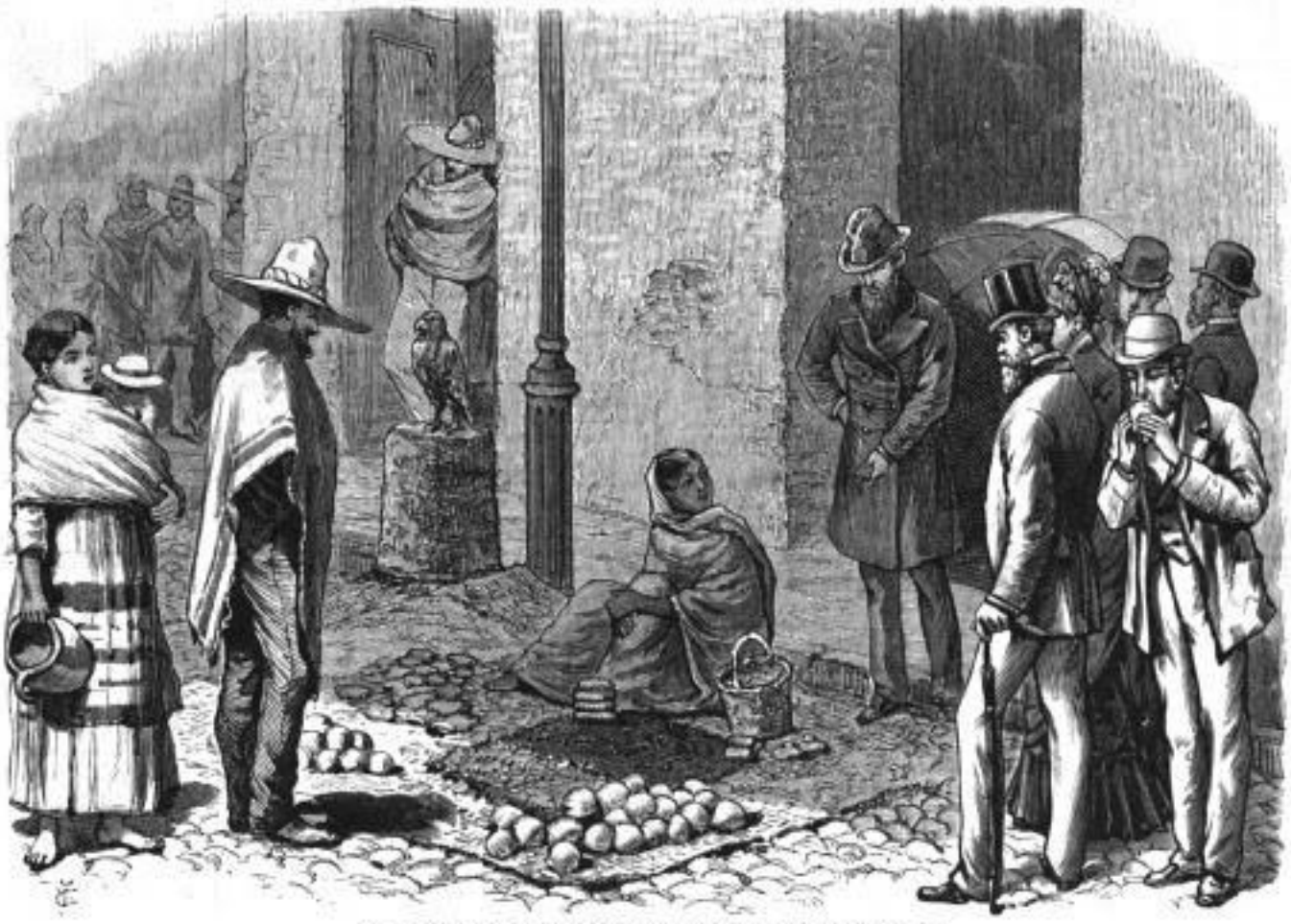
VIEW OF THE ALAMEDA OR PUBLIC GARDEN OF VERA CRUZ.

SCENES IN VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

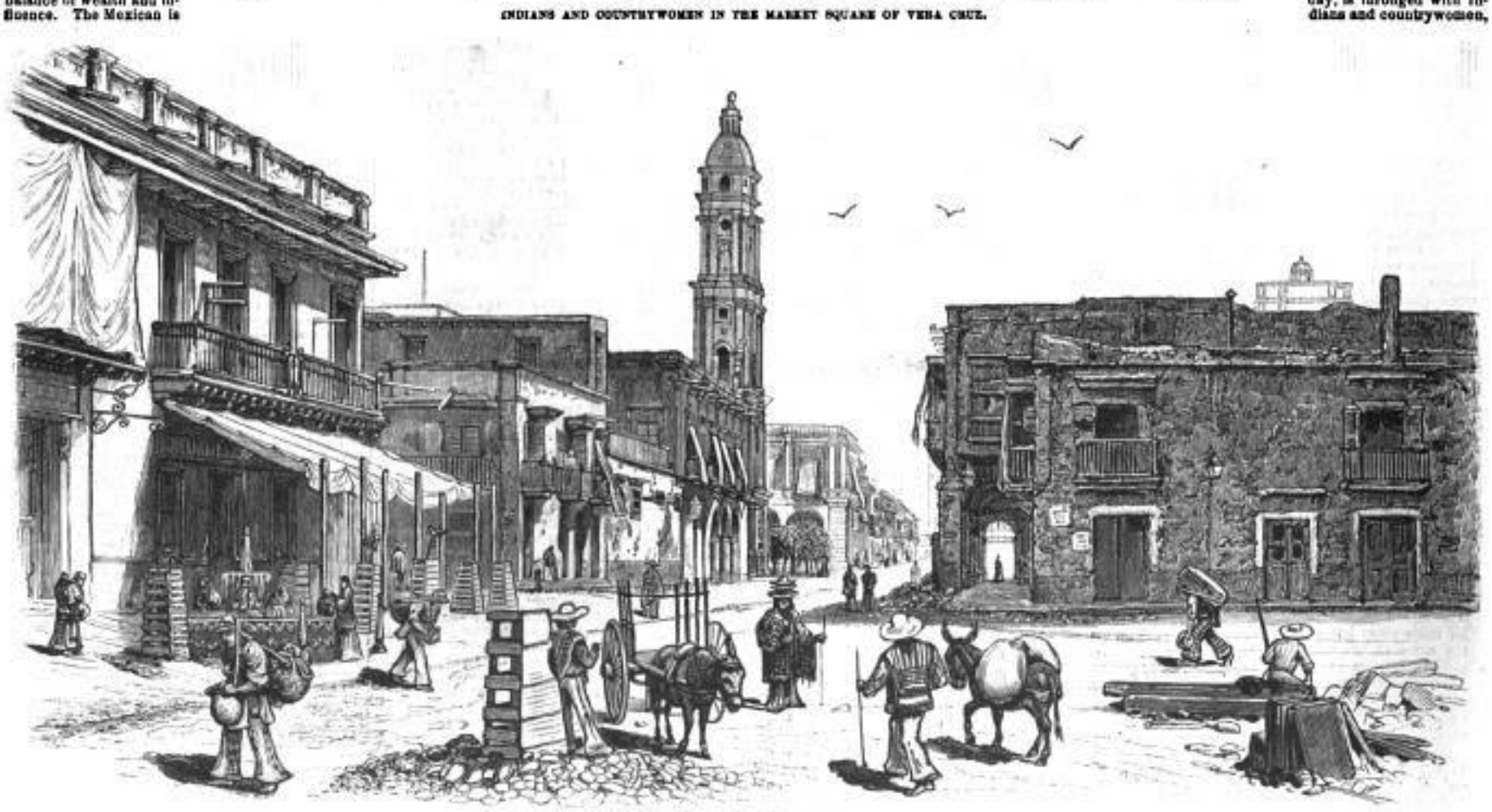
WE have already given, in a previous issue, a general account of the incidents which attended the visit of the American Industrial Delegation to Vera Cruz, Mexico, with a general description of the city and its more prominent objects. This week we add several illustrations of street life and of points of interest in the city, as sketched by our special artist during the pause of the commercial party in their progress towards the Mexican capital.

The streets of Vera Cruz cross one another rectangularly. The Plaza Mayor, otherwise known as the Plaza de la Constitution, is a square of about 300 feet on each side, ornamented with trees and shrubs of all tropical varieties, and having a huge bronze fountain in its centre. It is the chief place of rendezvous at all times, but more especially in the later hours of the evening, when its arcades are crowded with promenaders in many different costumes. There is much in these costumes and in the customs of the population which is at once quaint and picturesque. Of the 15,000 inhabitants, the Indian predominates in numbers, as in nearly all the Mexican towns, the Spaniard holding the balance of wealth and influence. The Mexican is a conglomerate of both these classes. In no other place, perhaps, will one meet with a greater diversity of complexion. The white and olive-colored creole and Spaniard; the bronze-brown mestizo, or mixed blood of Spanish and Indian; the dark-brown Indian himself; the repulsive bistre-brown *mulange*, cross between Indian and negro, known as the zambo; the unadulterated negro, and his mulatto, quadroon and octoroon descendants, are all seen upon the streets. The creole dress consists of a short round jacket and pantaloons fitting tightly around the hips; the hacendero wears bright-colored velveteen trousers, wide hat, yellow leather boots, and huge spurs; soldiers strut in straw hats and coarse uniforms of cheap linen; poblanas promenade in sleeveless chemise of snowy linen, petticoat with points of lace, nude ankles, and small, well-shaped feet incased in satin slippers; and occasionally some grand señora, in heavy black silk, with high tortoise-shell or silver comb upon her head and black mantilla falling on her shoulders, is met going to or returning from church.

A market scene in a Mexican city presents a striking picture of native customs and products. The market, which begins with the dawn of the day, is thronged with Indians and countrywomen,



INDIANS AND COUNTRYWOMEN IN THE MARKET SQUARE OF VERA CRUZ.



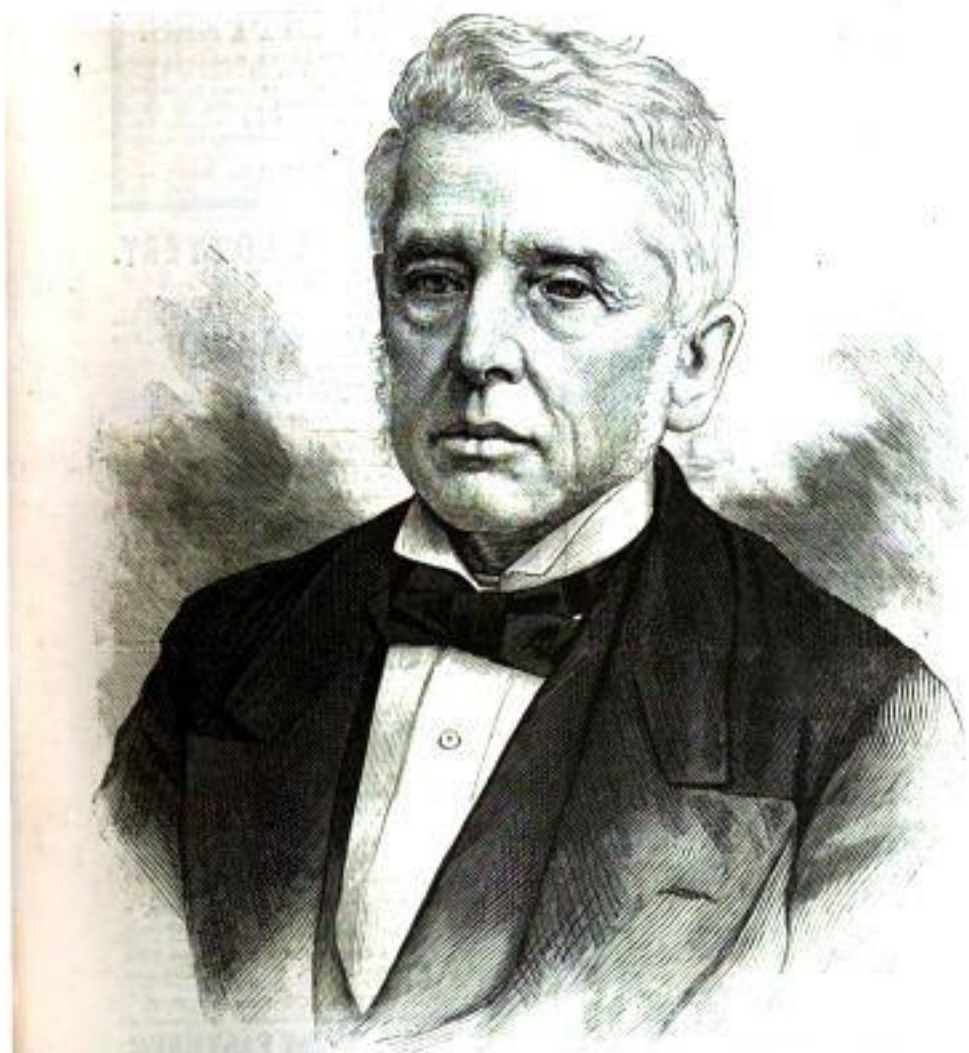
SCENE IN A PUBLIC SQUARE IN VERA CRUZ.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

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NEW YORK CITY.—JOAQUIN MILLER'S NEW PLAY "MEXICO," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—MADAME VON STAMWITZ AS "DOLORES," ATTEMPTING TO SAVE "SANDY'S" LIFE, IS BLINDED BY THE EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER.—SEE PAGE 447.



THE LATE HON. JOHN CADWALADER, JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTEKUNST.—SEE PAGE 450.



M. WADDINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH COUNCIL AND MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
SEE PAGE 445.

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loaded at this hour in arranging and displaying their different commodities to advantage; fruits of a score of different kinds, wild birds in cages, fire-flies for the decoration of the hair, several kinds of tortoises, armadilloes and a considerable variety of water-fowl. The show of fish, for beauty and variety, is such as can scarcely be conceived. Hundreds of various species, glowing in all the colors of the prism and surpassing the most brilliant tints of the humming-bird, cover the stones of the market place. The meat-market, however, is the reverse side of the picture; the flesh, being cut into strips and sold by the measure, presents a very repulsive appearance. It is thus exposed to the air and dried without salt. Poultry, which seems plentiful and cheap, occupies another division of the market, and the cooked meats a third. The Indian women, clean and neatly dressed, by means of small fires of charcoal burning in earthenware dishes, prepare in considerable quantities, and in a variety of ways, meat, fish, poultry and vegetables, finding their customers for the most part among the poorer classes. Their cooking is generally highly seasoned with chili, the favorite condiment of the natives. The market-women also produce a great variety of liquors, of every color and flavor. Bread is prepared of a variety of forms and materials and of good quality, while the scarcer kinds of meat, brought from a distance, are inclosed in coarse paste pies, half-baked to preserve them. Considerable quantities of the coarse red earthenware of the country are exposed in the markets; in the manufacture of this ware the Mexican potters excel. The forms and designs are generally very elegant and of exceeding lightness for their size. The whole of their cooking utensils are formed of this ware, metal vessels being almost unknown in their kitchens; so cheap is it that a dollar, judiciously laid out, will often furnish all the requisites of the kitchen.

THE LATE JUDGE JOHN CADWALADER.

AFTER an illness of one week, Judge John Cadwalader died at his residence, No. 252 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, on Sunday morning, January 26th, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He belonged to one of Philadelphia's oldest families: his father, General Thomas Cadwalader, was a well-known and honored citizen, and his grandfather, General John Cadwalader, after whom he was named, was one of the most notable officers of the Revolution. Judge Cadwalader was born in Philadelphia on the first day of April, 1805, and after a thorough course of study at the University of Pennsylvania, he graduated with honors at that institution, and immediately began his law studies in the office of the late Horace Binney, Esq. He attained distinction at an early age in his legal career, and was elected to Congress on the Democratic ticket in 1856. He served only one term, and in 1858 he was appointed by President Buchanan to the honorable position of Judge of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, as successor to the Hon. Judge Kane. When this last position was tendered to him it was considered more a position of honor on account of the many illustrious gentlemen that had previously filled it than on account of the arduous duties attached thereto, as it was looked upon as a position of most elegant leisure. During the war, however, the business of this court increased until it became one of the most important. The matter of war prizes was settled in it, as well as various questions of international law, bankruptcy cases, and the business growing out of the Internal Revenue. Judge Cadwalader made these branches his special study, and mastered them as he did every other subject which he had to handle, and thus he became very distinguished. He was the only Judge at the time who knew how to fill that position. The office is life-long, with the privilege of retiring on full pay at the age of seventy years, but Judge Cadwalader possessed such a high sense of honor that he refused to take advantage of this privilege, so long as he was capable of fulfilling the functions of his office. He has, through his entire career, displayed this honorable and high-toned demeanor, and he was looked upon by all who knew him as one of the highest-toned gentlemen, as well as the possessor of the greatest learning, of any in his profession. As a Judge he was just, and commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He was a conscientious member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and carried his practical religion into all of his actions, both professional and private. He was kind and thoughtful, and a friend to those in distress. At the time of his death he was engaged in editing the life and letters of the late President Buchanan. This is the same work which the dead President directed in his will should be written by the late William B. Reed; but when that gentleman left Philadelphia and took up his residence in New York the papers in the case were transferred to Judge Cadwalader.

MR. BEECHER ON AMUSEMENTS.

IN a lecture on "Amusements," recently delivered in this city, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher took the ground that "a man's amusements should be the opposite to his daily occupation." "The age had passed when a clergyman's dress needed to be that of a clergyman, when his nose needed to be carried at a saintly elevation and when he stepped by clerical note. Now he was like any other professional man, and his worth was measured by his manhood. Such men—editors included—should exercise their bodies freely, since the man in them became tired while the animal was resting. Gymnasiums, bowling-alleys and ball-fields were passable for the purpose, but walking was better and horseback-riding best. Also a billiard table was an excellent institution, which should be translated into every family. On the other hand men whose occupations were out-doors needed indoor, elevating amusement. There was a prevalent notion that amusement meant dissipation, but that notion was a mistaken one. Those who, in the pursuit of enjoyment, overstepped the bounds of health also overstepped the bounds of common sense. As to the popular amusements of theatres, operas, billiards and cards and dancing, every man should form his own judgment and act accordingly. None of them were wrong or right in themselves."

We illustrate on pages 454 and 455 Mr. Beecher's laws of opposites in the relation to amusements.

Ernest Renan and his Paris Home

No one meeting Ernest Renan at home would suspect him of gloomy views. He lives very quietly, occupying part of a grand old town mansion, built in Richelieu's time, and now tenanted by the Prince of Monaco. The fine, roomy building in the Rue St. Guillaume is a capital model of the ancient French dwelling-house of the first class. It must have been as quiet as a convent before the new Boulevard St. Germain drove straight through its garden, and brought the roar of traffic to some of its most secluded rooms. One accidental provision remedies this inconvenience, in so far as Renan is concerned—the books deaden the noise, and, thanks to them, it is still as quiet *chez lui* as in the British Museum. His *appartement* is armor-plated with these slabs of learning, and on the most approved model—with the thinnest layers towards the extremities, the solidest in the middle. This is but a roundabout way of saying that there are books in the very anteroom, but chiefly of the lighter sort. The Tauchnitz collection of British novels is stored there by the care of Madame Renan. We catch glimpses of more warehousing of the same kind as we cross the little dining-room on our way to the study.

But once in that sanctum all these things cease to interest us for a time, as we find ourselves in presence of the master of the house. His history is not in his looks. He is retund in person, almost jovial in bearing, and being a perfectly polite Frenchman as well as a philosophic seer he is too full of his guest to have any thought of exhibiting himself. He is studiously simple in manner; and at first sight, the only sign that you have of a man of mark before you is the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, if that be any sign of the kind nowadays. The broad and lofty forehead does not strike you till afterwards; the outward evidences of intellect are obscured for a moment by the effect of the polished *bonhomie* of address. You have still not exactly a man of the world before you, but one who speaks with something of the suavity of a courtly priest. Half of this is due to his Breton race, half to his almost cloistral training. It gives the clew to a peculiarity of his style: he is an iconoclast who strikes with a muffled hammer. His new work "Les Origines du Christianisme," now in course of publication is the great task of his life, and there are some signs that he means to make it a final one. Five volumes are out, two more will complete it; and the notes for these are in such order, that the manuscript might be finished by another hand. This is in some sort his literary testament, and he regards the writing of it as his supreme duty. The armor-plating of learning is, of course, thicker in his study than in any other part of the premises. Over these by the fire and just behind the writing-table are shelves for the books in daily use. The alcove is stuffed full of literature, the little dressing-room the same; it is a headache to think of all that Renan must have read. Charity and toleration form the rule of Renan's life. Madame Renan, who is of the family of the painter Scheffer, was a Protestant at the time of her marriage, is a Protestant to this day, and her daughter is of the same faith.

A Model Republic.

A BUFFET of wine, cheese and bread at the Paris Exposition is the agreeable representative of San Marino, the oldest and smallest Republic in the word. In the reign of Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, a Christian martyr, Marinus, fled from the imperial city and took refuge on a mountain crag in the centre of Italy. The Christian's simple faith and religion attracted many other refugees, and from a small community with a patriarchal government the family republic grew through many ages and various persecutions. The numerous barons and petty kings of the dark ages warred against San Marino, but the free republicans held their mountain fastnesses as the free eagle holds his eyrie. In the year 1200 the Count Montfietre gave the little republic a beautiful farm called the Château Tumoroso (temerity) a good name for the possession of such bold mountaineers. In 1300 the Court of Rome tried in vain to break up the little nation, which continued through constant war to maintain itself until the middle of the fifteenth century, when, for the first time, it was absolutely and formally recognized by the neighboring nations. At last the young Napoleon, the war comet of France, shot into Italy, and one of the victor's first thoughts was to offer the little republic protection under the tri-color. San Marino played coy, and finally absolutely declined. So the rock stood alone and independent during the storm of war, as it had done for centuries, and it does to-day. The Government consists of two "captain regents," elected every six months by the "grand council."

A Chinese Review.

A CHINESE review has just been witnessed and described by a correspondent of the Shanghai *Courier*. The men, clad in uniforms of red and blue, were ranged in two ranks, every tenth man holding a bright scarlet flag, while a sergeant in the middle gave the time to the advance by waving a huge crimson standard. At the sound of a horn, which resembled the humming of a gigantic bee, the battalion prepared to receive cavalry. Out popped a soldier brandishing a pike, which he poked at an imaginary assailant; then uttering a shriek like an owl, he flourished his shield, turned a somersault, and trippingly retired to the ranks. When everybody had popped out, brandished and poked his pike, shrieked like an owl, flourished his shield, thrown a somersault and retired, the big horn hummed once more, the soldiers formed in square and one of them danced gravely but energetically forward, throwing out his right leg with a graceful jerk; then bounding backwards he again danced forward, this time throwing out his left. Then he jumped, he waltzed, he capered, he pranced, he turned head over heels, rolled himself well in the dust—which rose in clouds—stood on the back of his neck while he flourished his legs in the air, recovered himself, grasped wildly with his arms at nothing in particular, made a grotesque courtesy to the Viceroy and retired. With this martial spectacle the review concluded.

A Legend of Venetian Lace.

THE laces made by the women of Burano, an island near Venice, received a prize at the Paris Exhibition. These manufactories which employ so many women there have revived the art of making laces for which Venice was once so famous. The beautiful designs introduced in the lace represent strange animals, rosea, and all varieties of flowers and seaweeds. There is in Venice a pretty legend of the invention of lace in the time of the republic. A young mariner on board of one of those vessels which Venice at that time sent to distant countries stood one evening at twilight leaning over the side of the vessel and sadly looking at the waves which were not those of his own Adriatic. While he was gazing into the water he saw one of those marine herbs called the "lace of the sirens," and it was so beautiful that he gathered it for the sweet girl of whom he was dreaming. She received the gift with pleasure, and in order to retain a durable remembrance of its beauty tried to copy its intricate design with her needle. After many attempts she at last succeeded, and the art thus originated soon extended and has descended to this generation.

FUN.

SOUND to the corps—A bugle call.

"LET'S see, wasn't Othello a tawny general of Venice?

AT this season every schoolmaster has his rod and every rabbit has his fur-long.

WHY are naughty children like stair-carpets?—Because neither can be kept in order without the rod.

IN struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

THE janitor's instructions to his son: "When you meet the first floor, bow and take off your hat; for the second, uncover; for the third, carry your hand to your head; for the fourth, nod; for the attic floor, let the lodger nod first."

FRIENDLY PUTMAN (to Cabby): "Well, Honesty, are you goin' out with that kicking 'oss to-day?" *Cabby:* "No, Robert, it's four-wheeler's turn this time; a kickin' 'oss may do for a 'ansom, y'see—yur got yer fare 'twixt you an' 'is 'eels if he wos to turn hincidental, but a four-wheeler ain't, you see."

AN Irishman accosted a gentleman in the street late at night, with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark, "It has just struck one." "Be jabers," retorted Pat, "I'm glad I didn't ax yez an hour ago!"

HE had been sitting still so long that the mother expected to find him asleep, when she looked around and asked: "Well, Harry, what are you thinking of?" "Ma, are we rich?" he solemnly inquired, by way of reply. "In one way we are," she said; "your father says he values me at three million dollars, you at two millions, and the baby at one." That closed the conversation on that subject, but next morning, as Harry was getting on his overcoat, he examined the new patch which had been added, and coolly observed: "Well, I think father had better sell off about half of you or the whole of the baby and get the rest of us some decent duds to put on."

A FORTUNE-TELLER was plying his vocation in the presence of an awe-stricken group of country-folk, when a stranger approached, crossed his palm with silver, and received the usual prediction of health, wealth, a pretty wife and sixteen children. "Humph!" says the stranger, cynically. "Well, that's not so bad as folks in your profession go, but I can tell your fortune better'n you can yourself." "Rash mortal——" begins the seer. "Come, now," says the stranger; "I never saw you before in my life, but I can tell you where you will sleep every night for the next six months, and you couldn't tell that——" "The starry orbs——" "So you don't know? You'll sleep in jail for obtaining money under false pretenses. Come along with me." (He plays badge and marches off necromancer.

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

As in a fire the loss greatly depends upon the time required for efficient aid to arrive, so the result of catarrh greatly depends upon the speedy use of efficient remedies. For over a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been the standard remedy. The positive cures it has effected are numbered by thousands. Each year has witnessed an increased sale. Its reputation is the result of superior merit. If the disease has extended to the throat or lungs, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be used with the Catarrh Remedy. These two medicines will speedily cure the most stubborn case of catarrh. See the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a work of over 900 pages. Price, $1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

THE Fairbankses shipped 399 carloads of scales in 1878, more scales than in any previous year of their history.—*St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledonian.*

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID WHITE PAINT has been adopted for interior and exterior wood, iron and stone-work on the United States Capitol at Washington.

VAN SCAN'S STRATENA is one of the most attractive and salable cements in market. It adheres very firmly, and being transparent, leaves no mark or coloration.

THE pleasure of a stranger in visiting a great city is largely dependent on the hotel where he stops. None can be so unhesitatingly recommended as the ST. NICHOLAS. In the very centre of life and business, superbly kept according to the modern idea of a palatial hotel, every attention is exhausted to subserve the enjoyment of the fastidious guest. The rates have been reduced in accordance with the general tendency of the times.

Stuttering cured by BATES' APPLIANCES. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., BOX 2,236, New York.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EUGENE FERRIS & SON, No. 41 Nassau Street, West Side.

Keep your Bird in health and song by using SCHULTZ'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage-dealers. Depot, 662 Hudson St., New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette.*

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JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

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Vital force in the brain is mind force, in the nerves, nerve force, but both brain and nerves need their appropriate nourishment or there is nothing to sustain vital force. Vitalized Phosphates feed the brain and nerves, as they are composed of the vital or nerve sustaining principles of the ox brain and wheat germ similar to that which sustains the human brain and nerves. Physicians have prescribed 160,000 packages, restoring lost energy in all weakness of mind or body, relieving debility and nervousness and preventing consumption.

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$10 to $1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

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$810,000 Drawn Every 17 Days.

1 Prize of	$200,000
1 Prize of	50,000
1 Prize of	25,000
2 Prizes of $10,000	20,000
10 Prizes of $5,000 each	50,000
124 Prizes of $1,000 each	124,000
682 Prizes of $500 each	341,000
821 Prizes, amounting to (Spanish)	$810,000

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$40.	$20.	$10.	$8.
Eighths.	Tenths.	Twentieths.	Fortieths.
$5.	$4.	$2.	$1.

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Caution.—Other so-called agents for these medicines sell some made counterfeits.

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We will insert a seven-line advertisement one week in a list of 299 weekly newspapers, or four lines in a different list of 337 papers, or ten lines two weeks in a choice of either of four separate and distinct lists containing from 70 to 100 papers each, or four lines one week in all four of the small lists, or one line one week in all six lists combined, being more than 1,000 papers. We also have lists of papers by States throughout the United States and Canada. Send 10 cents for our 100-page pamphlet. Address GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

P. S. If you will send us the names of a half-dozen high-priced papers in which you would advertise **JUST NOW**, if a satisfactory inducement is made, we will submit a proposition by return mail, which we think will please you. *Money saved is money earned.* Send copy of the advertisement you will use and state in what paper you saw this.

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The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel Complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever, Ague, etc. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure; it is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, etc. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

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ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Cable Despatch—HAVANA, Jan. 23.

To J. DUFF & Co., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York:—Ticket No. 2,118 (Class 1,031), held by your firm, has drawn the second capital prize of 50,000 pesos.

The above ticket sold in New York by J. DUFF & CO., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Next drawing Feb. 11th and 28th. Only 27,000 tickets; $820,000 gifts. Wholes, $40; quarters, $10; eighths, $5; twentieths, $2; fortieths, $1.

Kentucky State, February 6—Whole tickets, $1.

Louisiana State, February 11—Tickets, $2; halves, $1.

Royal Saxon German Lottery, drawing March 3 and 4. Prizes cashed. Full information of above sent free.

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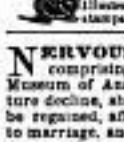


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THOMAS LORD, the aged millionaire, whose marriage to Mrs. Hicks last Winter caused so great a sensation, died at his residence, in this city, February 8th. He had been ill for a long time, but about three weeks ago his physicians declared that he was out of danger. He was in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Lord was born in Norwich, Conn., but came to this city soon after reaching his majority, and was for a long period engaged in business here, retiring several years ago with a large fortune, which was increased by the addition of one-half the $3,000,000 fortune of his brother, Rufus L. Lord, upon the death of the latter some time ago. Mr. Lord lost his first wife in 1872, and until recently lived with his four sons and two unmarried daughters. On December 31st, 1877, he was married to Mrs. Annette Wilhelmina Wilkens Hicks by Cardinal McCloskey. Another ceremony was also performed by the Rev. Dr. Van Kleek, of Hyde Park, Mass. Mrs. Hicks was born in Surinam, S. A., and after her marriage to Mr. Hicks was a leader in New York society. After she became a widow in 1866 she spent much of her time in Europe, whence it was several times reported that she was to be married. Mr. Lord was a friend of hers before she visited Europe, and upon her return renewed the acquaintance, which culminated in marriage.

This marriage aroused very great opposition on the part of Mr. Lord's sons, and they made application for a commission in lunacy, which was granted upon their showing the alleged unsoundness of their father's mind. During the proceedings the bridal pair were in seclusion at the residence of Mrs. Hicks, where they remained for over a month. At length, in February, 1878, Mr. Lord emerged from his retirement, having obtained the affidavits of Drs. Austin Flint and Fordyce Barker as to his entire soundness of mind; and, after a brief delay, a settlement of the family difficulties was made, and a deed was drawn by which his property was all to go to his sons upon his death, his wife relinquishing all right of dower in consideration of a liberal settlement made upon her by Mr. Lord at the time of the marriage.

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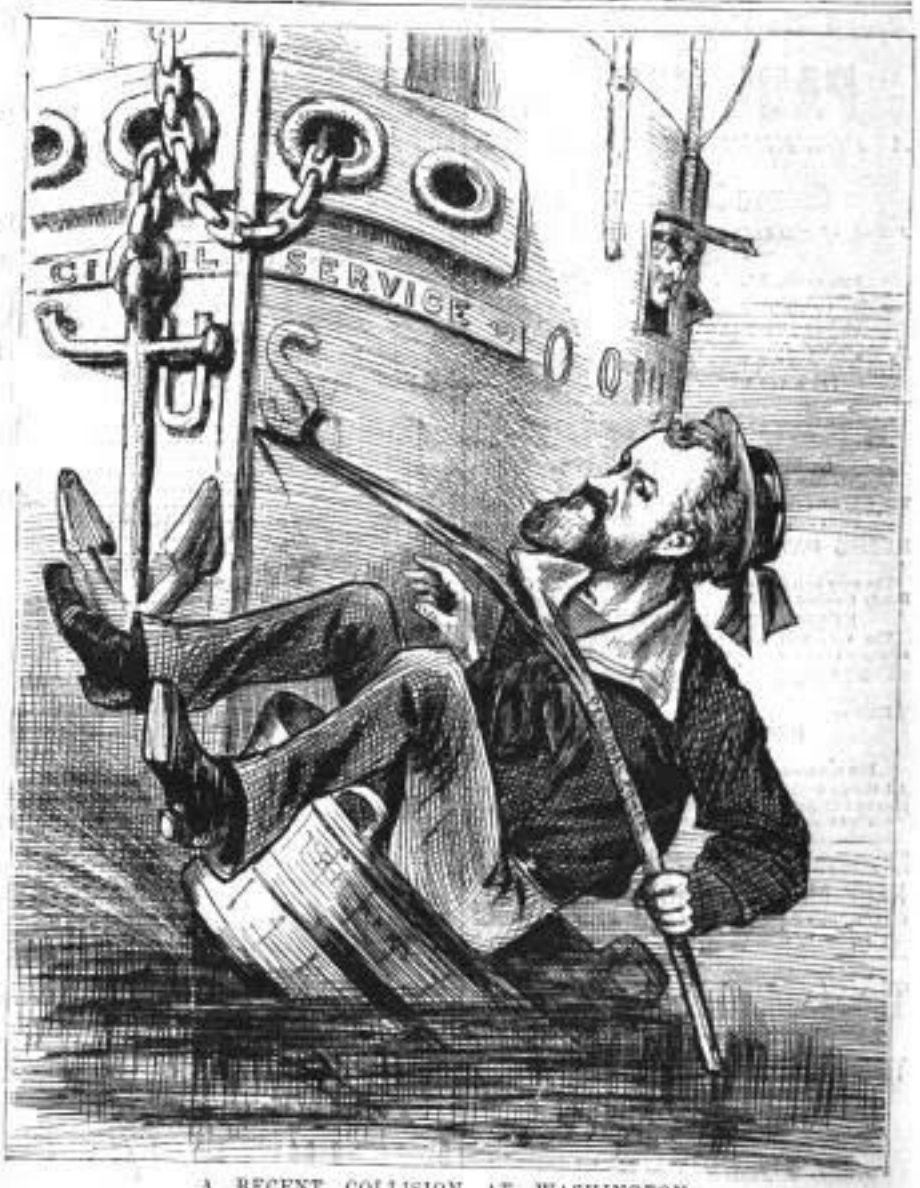
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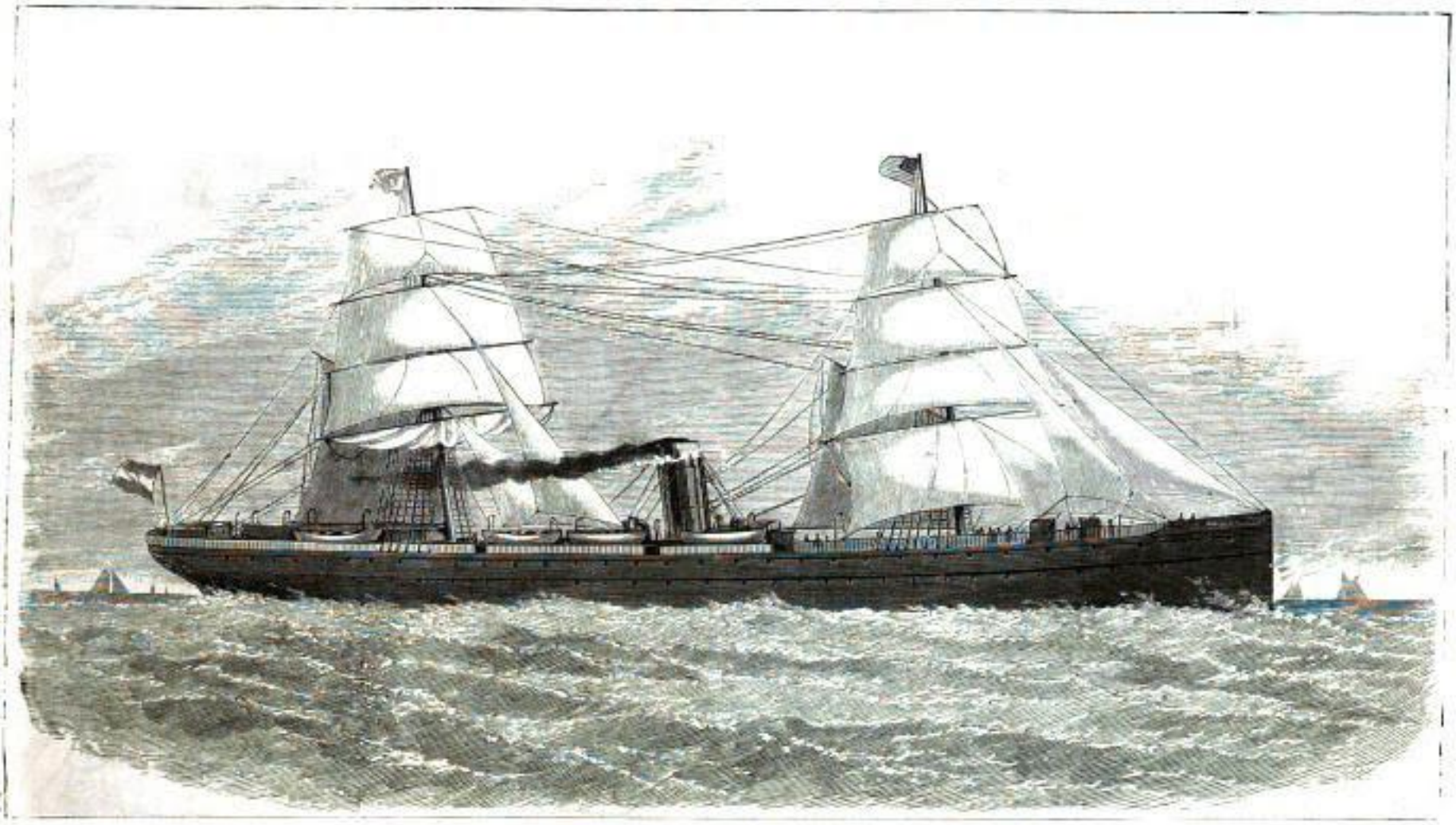
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WOODRUFF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD IN A FLOATING COLLEGE.

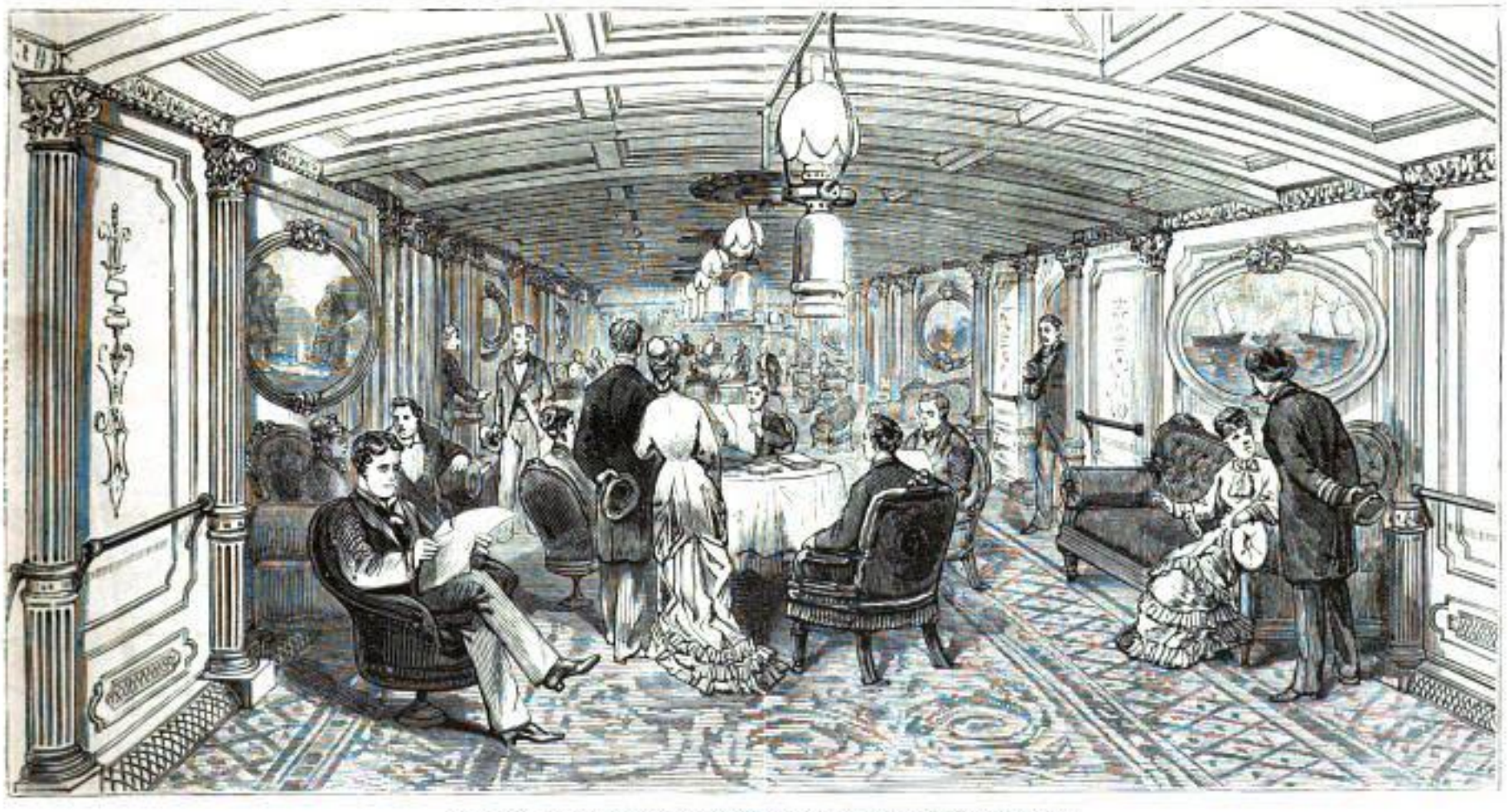
SOME ten years ago Mr. James O. Woodruff, a gentleman of wealth and culture, residing in Indianapolis, conceived the idea of arranging a grand scientific, educational and recreative voyage around the world. For years he dreamed of it, and worked for it, and now it appears likely that he will see his idea put into successful operation.

One of the earliest difficulties encountered by Mr. Woodruff, was the obtaining of a suitable steamship for his purpose. Foreign steamships perfectly adapted to such an expedition were easily to be had, but the absurd shipping laws of our country debarred Mr. Woodruff from purchasing any such until, after a five months' struggle, an Act was passed by Congress on March 2d, 1878, which empowered the Secretary of the Treasury "to grant for the purposes of the 'Woodruff Scientific Expedition around the World' register of a foreign-built steamship." This Act, to be sure, was qualified with the provisions that the steamer should "be approved by the Secretary of the Navy as suitable in all respects for the purposes of the expedition," and that there shall "be maintained thereon, without expense to the United States, a school with capacity for at least two hundred students, together with a competent faculty, for the promotion of scientific and nautical knowledge."



THE BATH-ROOM ON THE STEAMSHIP.

Upon the passage of this Act, Mr. Woodruff at once went abroad to negotiate for the purchase of a vessel. He secured the refusal of the new steamship *General Werder*, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Line, for the sum of $350,000, which was about half the amount he would have had to pay for an American-built ship. Upon the arrival of the steamship in September, 1878, she was examined by a board appointed by Mr. R. W. Shufeldt, Acting Secretary of the Navy, and on the approval of that Board was purchased at the above-mentioned price. The *General Werder* was built in 1874, and had made but five trips to this continent at the time of her purchase. She is 351 feet long, 39 feet in breadth, 31 feet deep, and has a registered tonnage of 3,020 tons. Her average speed during the last voyage from Southampton, England, to New York is given at 11.7 knots per hour, burning from forty-two to forty-four tons of coal per day. The main saloon is very large. Its walls are of bird's-eye maple and some darker shaded wood. It is hung with pictures, and its furniture, carpets and appointments are all new and tasteful. Opening out of this saloon alone are staterooms for 150 passengers. The second cabin has rooms for many more, and below the main saloon, in that portion of the ship ordinarily used for freight and baggage, is to be made another, the rooms opening into which will be built somewhat larger than those above, to remedy the disadvantage of their lower position. Of the steerage will be made a handsome dining-hall. This plan will leave the main cabin and saloon for a parlor, where



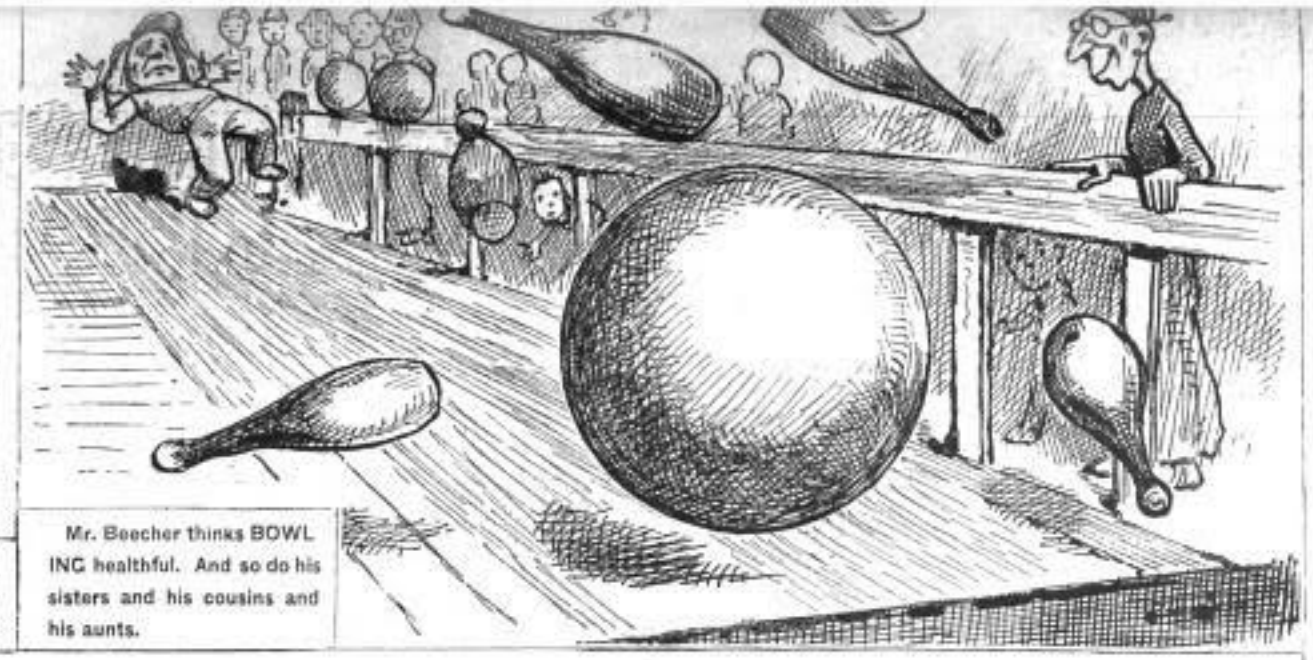
MAIN SALOON ON THE STEAMSHIP, TO BE USED AS A LIBRARY AND CONSULTATION-ROOM.

NEW JERSEY.—THE WOODRUFF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION AROUND THE WORLD—THE FLOATING COLLEGE "GENERAL WERDER" NOW LYING AT HOBOKEN.

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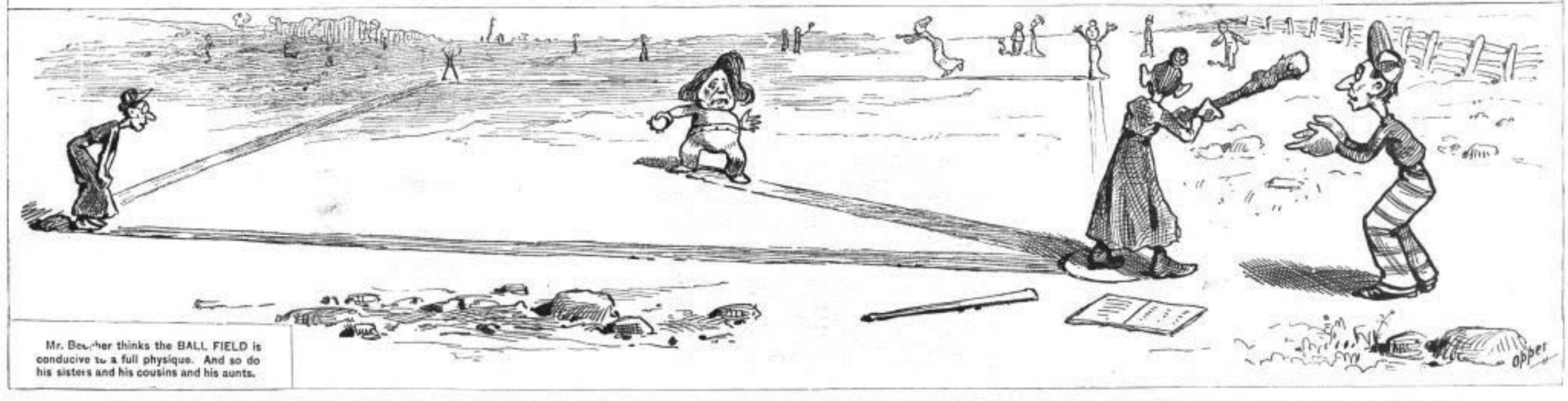
Mr. Beecher says: "DANCING is good." And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.



Mr. Beecher thinks BOWLING healthful. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.



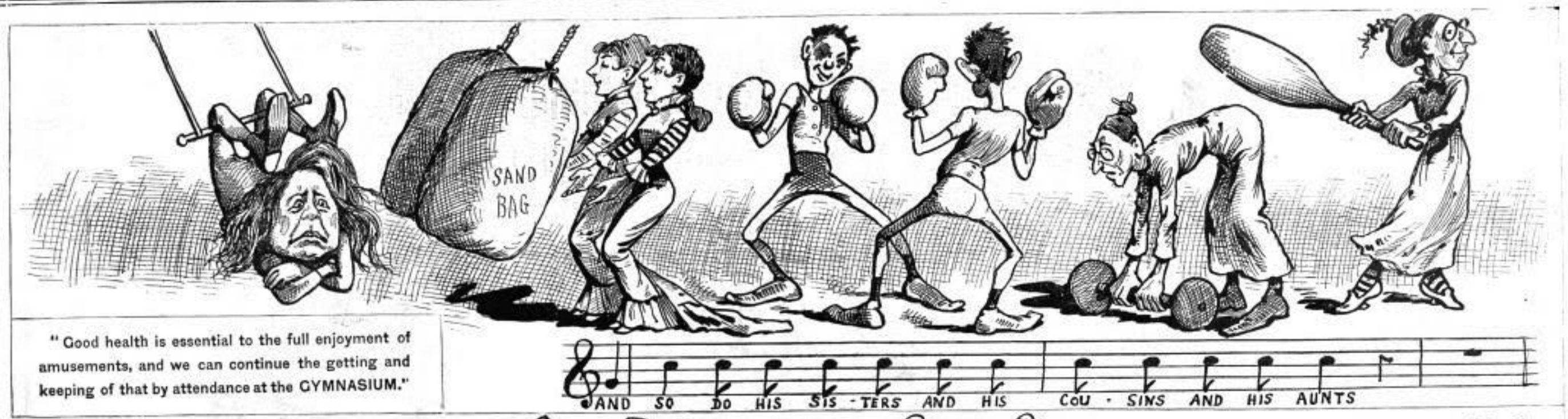
Mr. Beecher says: "Every man should be familiar with a BOAT." And so should his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.



Mr. Beecher thinks the BALL FIELD is conducive to a full physique. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

"A MAN'S AMUSEMENTS SHOULD BE THE OPPOSITE OF HIS DAILY OCCUPATION."—(HENRY WARD BEECHER'S RECENT LECTURE ILLUSTRATED).—SEE PAGE 450.

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"Good health is essential to the full enjoyment of amusements, and we can continue the getting and keeping of that by attendance at the GYMNASIUM."



Mr. Beecher says: "The best thing a man can do to obtain the sense of airiness, of relief from earthly things, is to obtain a Horse, and RIDE." And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.





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the constant interruption of spreading and clearing tables will not occur. The second or forward cabin is to be used as the lecture or recitation-room. An excellent library will be provided, a friend of the enterprise having offered to contribute $5,000 worth of well-selected books.

The expedition is expected to start from Hoboken, where the steamship is now moored, on the 8th of May, and be gone about sixteen months, arriving home again in September, 1880, having in the meantime made a complete circuit of the globe. A most comprehensive route has been laid out, which includes almost all the points of interest in the world. Leaving New York, the first point will be the Azores Islands; from thence Queenstown, Ireland, will be visited, and Dublin, the old capital of the Evergreen Isle. About six weeks will then be given to England and Scotland, the vessel touching port at Southampton, then the Isle of Wight, London and Edinburgh, leaving the latter place about July 16th. The North Sea will then be crossed, and passing through the Skager Rack and Categat to Copenhagen, the Baltic Sea to Stockholm and the Gulf of Finland, St. Petersburg will be reached. About four months will thus be spent. Then, retracing the route, Hamburg, Antwerp and Havre will be visited. Lisbon and Cadiz complete the list of Atlantic ports. Having passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, the principal Mediterranean ports will be visited, and then the expedition will pass on to the older lands—Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, and through the Suez Canal to India. The Southern Europe part of the trip will occupy about four months, and India is expected to be reached by January, 1880. After leaving India, the principal islands of the Malay Archipelago will be visited, and the chief seaports of China and Japan, leaving the latter country in August. Crossing the Pacific Ocean to America once more, the Sandwich Islands will receive a short visit, and, on arriving at San Francisco, a special train will be engaged to bring the party back to New York.

The attractions of this route alone, apart from any educational idea, ought to be sufficient to draw a large number of travelers, but it is said that in addition a complete scientific course of instruction will be given. This will be by lectures, illustrated with the necessary scientific apparatus. The course will include astronomy, mathematics, navigation, chemistry, physics, architecture, archæology, geology, mining, botany and general natural history. All along the route collections of specimens in the departments of zoology, botany and ethnography will be made.

The originator and director of the expedition is Mr. James O. Woodruff, but he will be assisted by a competent and full corps of professors. The President of the Faculty is W. S. Clark, LL.D., now President of Amherst Agricultural College. Mr. Clark is one of the best known scholars of this country, and was for some years employed by the Emperor of Japan as Superintendent of Education in that country. He is a gentleman of extensive travel, and is familiar with many of the countries that the expedition proposes to visit. The vessel throughout will be commanded by officers of the United States Navy, with Commander A. P. Cooke as captain. The business manager of the expedition is Arthur B. Proal, a gentleman well known in New York City, and a son of the late Rev. Dr. Proal, of Utica, N. Y. Surgeon J. H. Kidder, United States Navy, and Assistant Surgeon J. J. Sowerby, United States Navy, will accompany the expedition in their professional capacity. The trustees of the expedition are Franklin Edson, President of the New York Produce Exchange; W. S. Clark, of Amherst College, and Commander A. P. Cooke.

The fee to be paid by students is $2,500, to be paid by instalments between the date of departure and March 1st, 1880. Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. are the treasurers of the expedition.

The treasurers will hold the "booking fee" of $500 intact until the entire number of students or tourists have paid. If that result has not been reached by May 8th, they will refund the amount to those depositing the same, thus insuring entire safety to those contemplating becoming members of the expedition.

This is undoubtedly one of the grandest schemes for combining pleasure and instruction ever invented, and there is no doubt that very good results will flow from it. In addition to the practical knowledge obtained by the students, they will receive enlarged views of life, and an appreciation of the greatness of our world which they could obtain in no other way. The expedition has commended itself to and received the indorsement of the best and most highly cultured scholars, statesmen and *litterateurs* of our country, including such names as Dr. O. W. Holmes, H. W. Longfellow, Robert C. Winthrop, Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute (since dead); Judge Charles P. Daly, Governor Rice of Massachusetts; William F. Warren, President of Boston University; O. P. Hubbard, Secretary of New York Academy of Science; E. J. Nolan, Secretary Philadelphia Academy of Sciences; all the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania; William C. Russell, Vice-President Cornell University; J. S. Newberry, of Columbia School of Mines; M. B. Anderson, President Rochester University; Edwin P. Whipple, Henry Ward Beecher, and many other prominent persons. It is said that several colleges throughout the country are now considering the question of appropriating funds to send some of their students on the expedition; and we are also informed that several individuals of wealth, deeply interested in the plans and purposes of this exhibition, have subscribed for scholarships, proposing to donate them to those worthy and unable themselves to pay.



THE LATE MARSHAL ESPARTERO, EX-REGENT OF SPAIN.

MEDALS
FOR THE YELLOW FEVER NURSES.

THE Southern communities which suffered so severely from the yellow fever scourge during the recent visitation have not been slow to recognize the services of the faithful men and women who periled their lives in nursing and caring for the sick and dying. This is particularly true of Memphis, Tenn., where, on December 26th, Messrs. Jacob Kohlberg and Mozart Sartorius, members of the Hebrew Hospital Association, were publicly presented with handsome gold medals for their humane efforts during the epidemic. The presentation was made by Mr. Jacob S. Menken, in a graceful address, in the presence of a large and brilliant company. The medals are of elegant workmanship, in relief. The inscriptions are as follows: "Presented to Jacob Kohlberg and M. Sartorius for philanthropic services in the cause of suffering humanity. Yellow fever epidemic, Memphis, 1878." The reverse side contains the monograms of the gentlemen, surrounded with wreaths of gold leaves and pearls. The gentlemen were also presented with solitaire diamonds, worth $500 each, by prominent citizens of Memphis.

The occasion was one of great interest, and significantly marked the popular appreciation of those heroic qualities, which has nowhere found grander expression than amid the perils of the fever hospital.

Another recipient of a handsome testimonial, of which we give an illustration, was Miss Daisy Murdock, of Charleston, S. C., to whom a medal was recently presented by the Howard Association of Memphis, "in grateful acknowledgment of valuable services gratuitously rendered during the epidemic, in relieving the cares of the sick and distressed" of that city. Miss Murdock illustrated by her labors the very highest virtues of the female character—courage, benevolence and self-consecration.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO MOZART SARTORIUS BY THE HEBREW HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF MEMPHIS.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO DAISY MURDOCK BY THE HEBREW HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF MEMPHIS.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO JACOB KOHLBERG BY THE HEBREW HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF MEMPHIS.

THE LATE MARSHAL ESPARTERO, OF SPAIN.

FEW more honorable or conspicuous characters appear in Spanish history than that of Marshal Espartero, who died early in January last. Baldomero Espartero was of humble birth, the son of a rustic wheelwright in La Mancha, and was partly educated for the priesthood, but quitted that career, while a youthful student, to serve as a volunteer in the national insurrection against Napoleon I. He afterwards served in the Spanish colonial provinces of South America with the army employed to put down their revolt against the Government of Spain.

Having gained military rank as colonel and brigadier, Espartero returned to Spain, at the age of thirty-two, married, and held one or two important appointments. In the long civil war which, upon the death of King Ferdinand VII., resulted from the resistance of Don Carlos, representing the party of despotic monarchy and of the Papal authority, in opposition to the principles of the constitutional government of the legitimate sovereign, General Espartero performed most important services, and after the defeat and submission of the Carlists, he was rewarded with great honors, being made Duke of Vittoria, a Grandee of Spain, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, while Queen Christina attempted to carry on the Government. But her corrupt and arbitrary administration soon excited bitter discontent among the Progressists, or advanced Liberal Party, who persuaded Espartero to become their military chief. An insurrection broke out, the result of which was the deposition and flight of Queen Christina, and the election of Espartero, in May, 1841, to be sole regent during the minority of Queen Isabella. His period of rule was brief and troubled, having to contend with military and provincial revolts, at Pampeluna, Madrid, and Barcelona, and finally with a rebellion in the manufacturing town of Catalonia, which at length, in August, 1843, overthrew the Government of Espartero, and drove him into exile. He resided four years in England, till the decree of outlawry against him was repealed, when he returned to Spain, and was greeted at Madrid with enthusiastic popular acclamations. The Government of Queen Isabella, then under the management of his personal antagonist Narvaez, regarded him with no good will, and he lived in private retirement at Logrono till 1854. In that year, when a new military faction, led by General O'Donnell, had obtained power, Queen Isabella turned to Espartero for assistance, and a compromise was effected, by which he and O'Donnell were to co-operate in forming a ministry, and the monarchy was to be preserved, with guarantees of constitutional liberty. But these two rival military politicians could not long agree; and Espartero, being the older and weaker, was eventually turned out, retiring once more, in 1856, to his quiet residence at Logrono. He refused to leave it again in 1869, after the dethronement of Isabella, though some partisans would have elected him President of a Spanish Republic, or Regent, or perhaps even King of Spain.

Espartero has, by impartial minds, generally been considered an honest and disinterested man, though not a statesman of great ability. He was a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and enjoyed the friendship of many leading English statesmen. At the time of his death he was eighty-seven years of age. Our illustration is from a photograph taken many years ago, and represents General Espartero as he was in the latter part of his political career, under the reign of Queen Isabella II.

ANOTHER POMPEII.

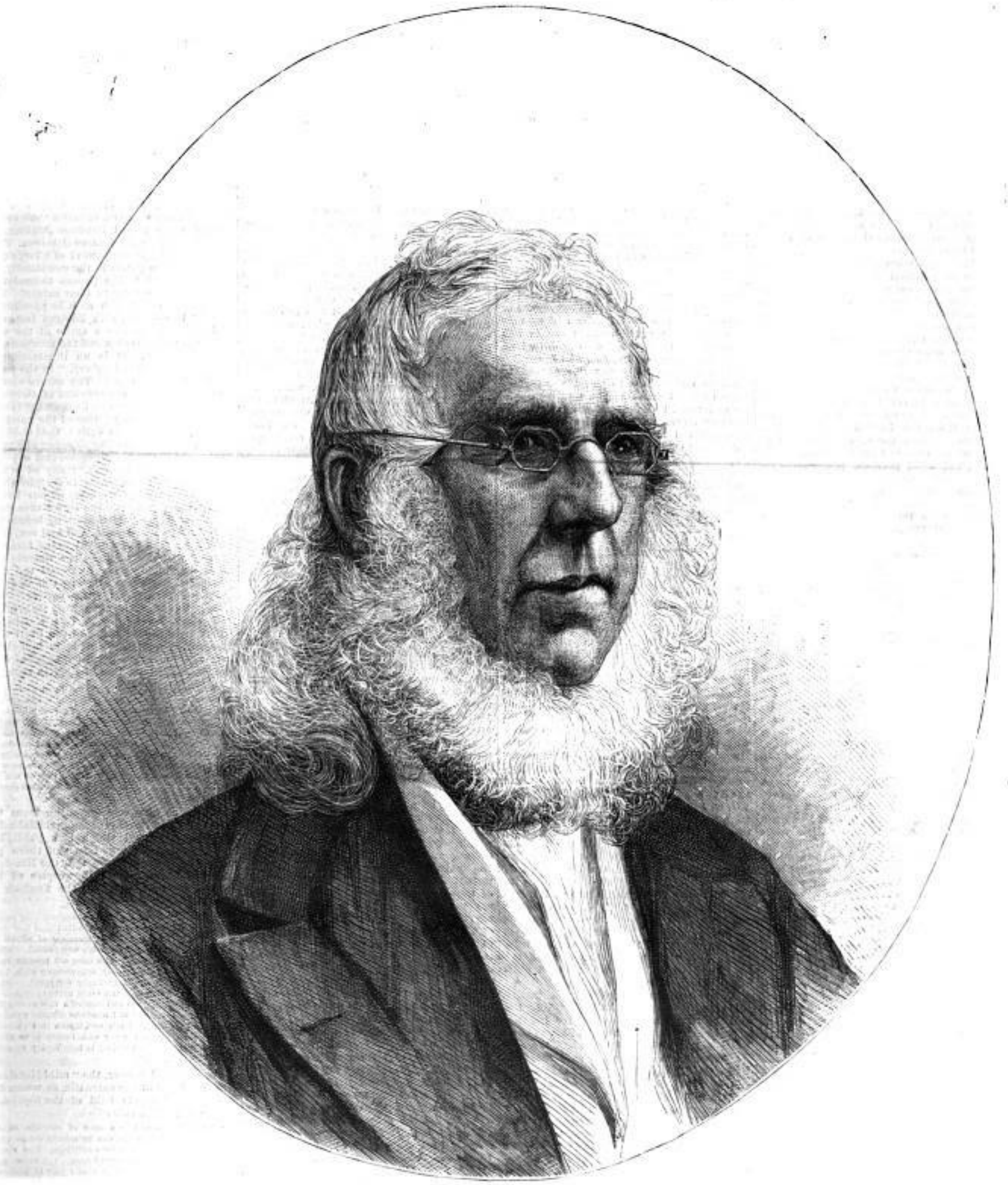
ANOTHER Pompeii has been accidentally discovered in the neighborhood of Mount Gargano, near Manfredonia. There were found an ancient temple of Diana, with a magnificent portico about twenty metres long, and an underground necropolis of great extent. A large number of important inscriptions have already been forwarded to and exhibited by the National Museum of Naples. The discovered city is the ancient Sipontum, near Arpinum, mentioned by Strabo and Titus Livius. The houses are nearly twenty feet beneath the cultivated soil. This town was engulfed through a terrible earthquake. The Italian Government has ordered researches to be made on a large scale; and antiquarians are deeply interested in the results.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PETER COOPER.—(From a Recent Photograph.)

ON THE CELEBRATION OF MR. COOPER'S EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1879, THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS WAS CONFERRED UPON HIM BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—See Page 453.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1879.

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INTERNATIONAL ETHICS.

BY the terms of the treaty concluded between the United States and China in the year 1868, it is provided that the two Governments shall "cordially recognize the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance, and also the mutual advantage of the free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects respectively from the one country to the other for purposes of curiosity, trade, or as permanent residents." In the face of this international compact a large majority of both Houses of Congress has attempted to put a restriction on "the free migration" of the Chinese into the United States, and to impose penalties on the commander of any ship or steamer who shall aid or abet the migration of more than fifteen Chinese in any single voyage he may make between the ports of China and of this country.

By this legislation it is sought to contravene a political principle which has hitherto been recognized by American statesmen as "the inherent and inalienable right of man"—a principle for which we have contended in all our diplomacy with foreign nations, and in defense of which we once declared war against the most powerful nation in Europe. That the United States, after fighting the war of 1812-14 in order to extort from Great Britain an acknowledgment of this "inalienable right," and after eventually receiving from the British Government a complete, though tardy, acquiescence in the principle as one of international obligation as well as of personal prerogative inherent in all men, should now show signs of recreancy to this fundamental doctrine of American polity and should ostentatiously publish that recreancy in the national Legislature, is a fact which argues a strange unhingement of the moral and political ideas on which the whole theory of our Government has been heretofore supposed to turn. For, by the denial of this "inalienable right" to the inhabitants of China, a majority in the Senate and House has sought to put back the clock of the world to the time it marked in the Dark Ages when vassal and serf were "tied to the soil" in which they were doomed to delve for the benefit of their masters without hope of change in their lot or habitation.

But the anomaly of this proposed legislation does not end here. It involves an assault upon the most fundamental doctrines of international jurisprudence by inflicting, if it should prevail, a fatal blow upon the faith of treaties. Every treaty engagement between the United States and a foreign nation carries with it a twofold obligation. In relation to our own people it is a law, and, according to the express terms of the Constitution, is "the *supreme* law of the land." In relation to the foreign country it is a contract, subject to termination and to modification by the mutual consent alone of both the contracting parties, unless a state of war shall supervene to effect a violent rupture of all treaty relations. The pretension that one party to a treaty engagement can, by an act of legislation, work a change in the clauses of any particular treaty without the consent of the other party, is a preposterous inversion of ideas which does equal violence to common sense, logic and justice.

"Under the Constitution of the United States," says Wheaton, "it seems to be understood that the Congress is bound to redeem the national faith pledged by a treaty, and to pass the laws necessary to carry the treaty into effect." This principle was settled in Washington's administration, when the action of Congress was required in order to carry Jay's treaty with England into effect; and it is a principle for which President Jackson was ready to go to war with France when, in the year 1834, the French Chamber of Deputies failed to vote the supplies necessary to pay the indemnities due to our citizens, under a treaty concluded between the United States and the Government of Louis Philippe.

We know very well that it has been said during the remarkable debate had on the measure recently rushed through Congress that the Judiciary of the United States will be compelled, in case this measure shall become a law, to give it validity and force over the treaty stipulations of 1868, on the principle that later laws work the repeal of former laws that conflict with them. It is true that under the distribution of powers in our Government it will be the duty of the Federal Judiciary, in taking cognizance of this matter, to look only to the question of priority or subsequence in determining which of two conflicting laws it shall enforce; and since the Judiciary is charged with the administration of treaties not as international compacts, but only as municipal laws, it follows that a later law may work the *practical* repeal of a treaty stipulation, but the binding force of the treaty remains none the less operative in the eyes of international law and of universal jurisprudence. It is only a breach of international faith which has been perpetrated under the forms of municipal law, and which has the demerit of adding a brazen effrontery to the injustice that has been committed in the face of the world.

A treaty which provides for its own abrogation or amendment may be abrogated or amended in the way mutually stipulated by the contracting parties. Where no such way is prescribed by the terms of the treaty, it was once before held that Congress may take the responsibility of declaring the abrogation of a given treaty, for reasons deemed sufficient to justify such a step in morals and in equity. For instance, in the year 1798 the Congress assumed formally to abrogate the treaties of 1778 and 1793 with France. The preamble of the repealing act undertook to recite the grounds on which the statute was passed, but the abrogation was admitted none the less to be a breach of the treaty, and when, two years afterwards, our Government entered into a new convention with France she compelled the United States to admit that the treaty of amity and commerce of 1778 and the consular convention of 1793 had remained in moral obligation and legal effect notwithstanding the repealing Act of Congress. For she compelled us to surrender and assume all the claims we had against the French Government for spoliations committed on our commerce prior to 1800, and in consideration of such surrender she agreed to condone our failure to fulfill the obligations imposed on us by the treaties which we undertook to repeal, without having the right or power to do so under the rules of international law. And having thus set our seal to this principle in the case of France, by what logic shall we now evade its application in the case of China? Are we bound to keep faith with the European only, and shall we publish ourselves as covenant-breakers with the Asiatic whom we are seeking to allure into the paths of civilization and Christianity?

OUR POPULATION IN 1880.

CAREFUL estimates, based upon election returns, State census reports and other information, place the increase of population in the United States and Territories from 1870 to 1880 at 8,500,000, which would give us next year 47,058,371 population. If anything, this estimate is probably below the mark, and it is at least safe as a ground of calculation. Provided the basis of representation is not changed and no new States admitted, the increase in members of Congress and the Electoral College will be sixty-six. This will give the House 359 members, and (if no new States are admitted) there will be in the Electoral College 435 votes, requiring 218 to elect a President. Of these 435 votes, 157 will come from the South, and 278 from the North. This will sensibly diminish the dangers of a "solid South." At present the Electoral College has 369 votes, requiring 185 to elect, the Southern States having 138 and the Northern 231. In the next apportionment, according to the estimate here given, there will, therefore, be an increase of nineteen in the Southern States and forty-seven in the Northern States. This ratio of increase is largely in favor of the North, but not relatively greater than has characterized the growth of the sections for the past half-century. Of the Southern States, Texas will show the largest increase, the estimates indicating a population of 1,300,000 by the end of next year, which will give her ten members of Congress instead of six as now. Relatively, however, Texas is not increasing in population so rapidly as Kansas or Minnesota, and it is possible that either one of these States may eventually outstrip the giant of the Southwest. New York, with a present representation in Congress of thirty-three members, will after the next apportionment, if the basis remains unchanged, have thirty-eight members; and Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin will each show a gain of four representatives. It may be concluded, however, that as a matter of fact it will be necessary to change the basis of apportionment, unless the present Hall of Representatives shall be enlarged. An addition of sixty-six members cannot possibly be seated on the floor with either convenience or comfort. But the relative strength of the States in the House and Electoral College will, of course, be the same whether the basis of representation is changed or not.

RESULTS OF RAPID TRANSIT.

IT is already apparent that the elevated railroads are destined, at an early day, to effect a radical revolution in New York and the neighboring centres of population. In the upper part of the city, and in the direction of Westchester, property is rising in value; in Brooklyn and Jersey City there is a noticeable tendency towards depreciation. These and other significant facts warrant us in believing that at the approaching May "moving" the population of New York will be largely increased at the expense of both her sister cities.

Nor is this much to be wondered at. A very large proportion of the residents of both Brooklyn and Jersey City have their places of business, or are employed, in New York. They cross the ferries to their Brooklyn or Jersey homes not from choice but from necessity. Residences of all kinds have been cheaper in those cities than they have been in New York, and hitherto they have been of easier access. Time and money have both been saved by crossing the North or East Rivers. This state of things was the result, principally, of the geographical formation of Manhattan Island. A long and somewhat narrow strip of land, between two rivers or arms of the sea, and capable of expansion only in one direction, its lower or southern extremity is so crowded with business establishments that there is no space left for the homes of the people. In the up-town districts rents have been enormously high. The shores of Jersey and of Long Island, however, are invitingly close at hand; and in spite of the inconveniences of the ferries, great cities have been built up out of our overflowing population. Rapid transit has now overcome the geographical difficulty; and if we measure distance by time, the upper part of New York is brought nearer the business centre than either Brooklyn or Jersey City. With the prospect of reduced fares and cheap house accommodation, with none of the inconveniences which attach to the ferries, it is certain that large numbers who have hitherto sought homes on Long Island and along the Jersey coast will find it convenient to transfer their household gods to Manhattan Island.

It is not conceivable that the change can be other than in the highest degree beneficial to New York City. Nor are we disposed to believe that it will be other than temporarily an inconvenience to the sister cities on the east and west. That New York should be a great gainer by the elevated railroads is as natural as that the sunlight should warm and gladden the earth. The want of rapid transit from the extreme points of the island has in those later years been the great drawback to the city's growth and general prosperity. The inconveniences, all of which resulted from the same cause, were numerous. We shall content ourselves with mentioning only one. We do so the more readily because in this one may be summed up most of the others. Our resources for taxation, for years past, have been increasingly out of proportion to our business development. Property to many has become a burden rather than a benefit. It would not be difficult to show that this state of things is due in part to the extravagant and wasteful manner in which the financial affairs of the city have been managed. It would be useless, however to deny that it is due mainly to the fact that so large a proportion of the people who do business in New York have their homes and pay taxes elsewhere. It has been estimated, and we think not unfairly, that probably about one-half only of those who do business here reside and pay taxes in the city. Rapid transit, by offering superior comfort and accommodation on the island or in the adjoining County of Westchester, will make an end of this evil. It will lead to a redistribution of the populations; it will bring these thousands of wanderers home; and henceforth New York will reap the full benefit of the resources of her own trade and of her own people.

The change has not come too soon. In the opinion of many competent judges New York was in danger of losing that supremacy which gave her the name of the Empire City. Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore were making vigorous efforts, and, enjoying certain advantages which were denied to New York, were pressing close upon her, and threatening to become dangerous rivals. Now she may defy all competitors. There are some who see in the present aspect of things that which recalls the memory of 1825—the year which witnessed the opening of the Erie Canal, and when New York received that impulse which pushed her ahead of Philadelphia, and gave her that primacy among the cities of the Union which she has since, in spite of varying fortune, steadily maintained. We can see no reason to dispute this view of the case. What we want now is wise and economical government, the steady and satisfactory improvement of our docks and piers, and the multiplication of all those facilities which connect our magnificent harbor with the fertile regions of the South and West. With economy, prudence, and well-directed enterprise, New York may become a second London; and in the prosperity of this city, all the neighboring cities, if they should temporarily suffer, will ultimately share. The overflow will again come, and it will be richer and more copious than ever.

THE NATIVE PRESS OF INDIA.

FORTY years ago Lord Macaulay said he hoped to see the day when India would have a free Press of its own, published in its own vernacular, and edited by native journalists. The reply of the friend to whom he expressed this hope was, "When there is a free Press on board a man-of-war it will be time enough to think of that!"

This was in 1835, and now there are over eighty newspapers published in the vernacular of India, and edited and owned by natives. Very few of these native journals, however, exceed in circulation a thousand copies, and even this number includes the subscription of the Viceregal Government. But it must not be inferred that the number of their readers is as limited as their editions. It is not the custom of the natives of India to purchase individual copies of a paper for themselves, but they adopt the plan occasionally pursued in this country of borrowing a neighbor's copy, and nothing is more common in India than to see one of these placid Hindoos reading his paper to a circle of attentive listeners. Thus a small edition does the work of a large one, and becomes a power in the community.

With regard to the papers themselves, their language betrays their origin. The style is as un-English as it is possible to be. It is crowded with Eastern imagery, and frequently raises a smile at the sublimity of the metaphor and the meanness of the application. It is an illustration of the old Eastern venders' cry, "In the name of the Prophet, figs." The names also of these newspapers are redolent of Orientalism, and would raise a smile upon the face of a New York newsboy. One of the most influential in Gaya is called the *Gobkasha Nasser*, which means the Nosegay of Precedents. This prints 700 copies, and is popular with native lawyers, many of whom contribute to its columns in a style which would astonish the Bennetts of our Press. In one leading article the editor thus commences: "Oh! golden morning breeze! I pray thee to speed over land and sea, and, kneeling at the feet of that great incarnation of majestic wisdom, the Empress of India, humbly beg her to repeal the *road cess* and the *land tax!*" Surely, this is equal to the old cry of the fig-vender! The *Bharat Mihir* has a leader telling its readers how often he had wept like a Hindoo widow over the iniquities of the Civil Service rules; and then, suddenly launching into the Bulgarian question, finishes with the following laudation of English rule:

"But, compared to the Turks, the English are gods. Through their means we have exchanged the intolerance and oppression of the Mohammedans for an inheritance of happiness and prosperity. We emphatically declare that the awakening of our native energy is due to the English Government; nevertheless, if the English do not learn to be more liberal, and if they do not gradually restore to the people rights from which they are now excluded, it will be a matter of wonder if they do not rise like the Bulgarians, and demand a share of civil service promotion."

But let us give one quotation from the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* of Moorshedabad, a vernacular journal which has published more sedition than any dozen of them put together. After arguing that the Hindoos ought to have assumed the sceptre of the Mogul, rather than allow the English to grasp it, the writer observes:

"But let us be just; the most uncompromising enemy of the English Government must admit that the country never before enjoyed the blessings of peace and the administration of justice which now prevail. We do not say that the British rule does not possess many faults, but with an increasing acquaintance with them and ourselves these will gradually disappear. At all events, it is our duty to strain every nerve to oppose the advance of so barbarous and bigoted a race as the Russians in their persistent and insidious advance upon our country. Now it is perfectly well known that the chief object Russia has in her war with Turkey is to attack India. It is, therefore, our duty to help Turkey to defeat the objects of Russia."

Sometimes, however, the "mild Hindoo" tries his hand at the sarcastic, as when the *Benares Patrika* gets hold of the inquisitive nature of British rule:

"Our condition is like a state of tutelage in the Patshala (school). No one can be born or die in quiet. You must take out a pass for a marriage. You cannot have a feast or a dance without a pass. You must get a pass to let off fireworks. You want a pass to possess a club to drive away the dogs. The British authorities take so much interest in us that it will soon not be lawful to sneeze, cough, or breathe without a pass."

But underlying all Hindoo patriotism is

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the grand substratum of uncompromising hostility to Russia. The *Urdu Akhbar*, a native paper published in Delhi, says:

"It is true that Russia can bring an army into the field a hundred times as numerous as that of England, but the strength of the Russian army consists only in its numbers, that of England in discipline and valor, and there is no nation on the face of the earth so remarkable for its patriotism, loyalty, spirit and steadiness as the British, and the native subjects of the Empress of India."

The *Sufir-i-Hind*, of August 3d, declares "that, after all the kindness shown to Shere Ali by the Empress, his conduct is the height of ingratitude," and the *Moorshedabad Pratenidhi* says that the Ameer of Cabul is utterly unworthy of keeping his position. The *Lucknow Mazir-i-Quisar* denounces Russia for its apoliation of Turkey, and calls upon all civilized men to help the Turks; and the *Cawnpore Shed-i-tur* calls upon the British to help the Turks to the uttermost, and promises them the full aid and prayers of every true Hindoo.

Nevertheless, there are many journals, like the *Aligarth Institute Gazette*, which is the organ of the Mohammedan Progressists, or Naturalists, as they are called in Upper India, which hold other views. That paper has this significant passage:

"No thinking man should ever entertain the thought that Cyprus shall ever return to Turkish rule, which would undo all that British Administration has done; nor do we believe that the inhabitants of the island, when accustomed to the peace and tranquility of British rule, will ever willingly return to Turkish misrule."

The Indian Mohammedan Liberals, of which the *Aligarth Institute Gazette* is the prime exponent, are growing every day more powerful, and promise to divest Mohammedanism of many of its most repulsive features.

Our space will not admit of further extracts from these native journals; suffice it to say that, making every allowance for the immediate pressure of the Viceregal Government, the general feeling of the people of India is a settled hostility to Russia, and the conviction is that Shere Ali is a mere tool in the hands of that great Power.

AFFAIRS ABROAD.

THE Asiatic plague—one of the fatal bequests of the Russo-Turkish war—is alarming all Europe. The President of the Board of Health at Rome has predicted, in a speech before the Italian Chamber of Deputies, that if the plague penetrates Europe it will destroy a third of the population. It is hoped, however, that the measures adopted by the various countries to ward it off may prove successful. No cases have occurred for several days in Astrachan, but, according to the latest dispatches, it is raging with increased violence at Tzuritzin, on the Volga. The sanitary commissions of St. Petersburg and Moscow are multiplying precautions against it. The interior of Russia is reported to be in a condition of general unhealthiness and predisposition to epidemic diseases. The worst feature about the outbreak of the plague is that it has occurred in the depth of Winter, thus suggesting its diffusion through the air, and not through water, making its prevention all the more difficult. Nihilism continues to be dreaded as a political plague in Russia even more than the "black death" itself. It is a curious symptom of the mental unrest disturbing Russia, and of the natural reaction against the enforcement of a single, exclusive ecclesiastical system, that no less than one hundred and thirty-seven new sects were founded in Russia last year. The most singular of these sects is that of the Leeches, which exists among the peasants of Gajasonetz, in the Government of Vologda. Babes and "children of a larger growth" are baptized in blood drawn from a woman, and draughts of warm human blood are given to the new-born children of members.

Emperor William, in his speech from the throne, at the opening of the German Reichstag on the 12th of February, manifested the same dread of Socialism as that with which his nephew, the Czar, is inspired by Nihilism. The German people, however, do not seem to share the dread. Several Socialists, who are members of the Reichstag, regarding its convocation as annulling the decree of banishment against them, have returned to Berlin. The Federal Council has passed, but only by a single vote, the Reichstag Discipline Bill. All the eloquence of Prince Bismarck could not induce the Council to restore the obnoxious features which they had stripped it of. And the Chambers of Commerce throughout the Empire have expressed their disapproval of the Chancellor's customs programme. The German people are still tenacious of their own preference of free trade and free speech, in spite of the grim old Chancellor.

The reassembling of the British Parliament on the 13th of February quickly followed the startling news of the altogether unexpected defeat of British troops in South Africa. Vigorous movements are already on foot to retrieve the disaster, and however warlike King Cetywayo's Zulus may be, they will doubtless be compelled to yield to what Americans call "manifest destiny." British colonization will now advance more rapidly than ever towards the equator. The day has been hastened when a future Lord Beaconsfield shall make some successor of Queen Victoria Empress, not only of India, but of Africa. At present, however, in view of two wars that England has on hand, one with the Afghans and another with the Zulus—in view also of the labor strikes spreading throughout the United Kingdom like a prairie fire, and of the harsh and party measures of the Government in aid of interested parties who wish to stop the importation of American cattle—many Englishmen are greatly dissatisfied with Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy. They complain that, so far, it has brought little "honor" and no "peace." And they cry "Hear, hear!" when even so hesitating a Liberal as Sir John Lubbock has hitherto been tells them that "he believes the country has more to fear from Lord Beaconsfield than from the Czar," and that "the Tories had increased the expenditure of the country by £14,000,000 a year—from £71,000,000 in 1873 to £85,000,000 in 1878—and we had nothing to show for it." The outlook for England is indeed somewhat gloomy at this moment.

The new Government of the French Republic is vigorously pushing forward its proposed measures relative to amnesty, official changes and army reform. The distribution of the prizes won at the greatest Lottery ever known began on the 12th of February. The newly founded Society of Painters in Water Colors, numbering among its members Madame Nathaniel de Rothschild and Madame Madeline Lemaire, is busily arranging for its exhibition in the Spring. Many artists, including a few Americans, are preparing works for the International Fine Art Exhibition at Munich, to be opened July 1st. His eccentric Majesty, King Louis of Bavaria, has published, under the pseudonym of Prince Aègon, a volume of poems in the Swinburne style. And King Humbert and Queen Margaret of Italy are making the Quirinal at Rome gayer with festivities than it has ever been before.

THE ranks of the "stalwart" Republicans in Congress will be strengthened by the election of Zachariah Chandler as Senator from Michigan, in place of Mr. Christiancy. Mr. Chandler is not a statesman, but he possesses great force of character, is a man of positive convictions, and in a long public career his personal integrity has never suffered a moment's eclipse.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has called the attention of Congress to the fact that there is a threatened deficiency of over $27,000,000 in the revenues of the current fiscal year. He recommends that authority be given him to sell bonds to meet the deficiency rather than to increase taxation. If the session were not so far advanced it is quite possible that the re-enactment of the income tax would be attempted. It appears to be the plan of some Congressmen ultimately to abolish taxation on tobacco, and, possibly, on whisky, and to substitute an income tax.

A BILL designed to prevent such desecrations of graves as that of the late A. T. Stewart has passed the State Legislature. It provides that any person who may remove a dead body from a grave or vault, "without authority of law, with intent to sell the same, or for the purpose of dissection, or for the purpose of procuring a reward for the return of the same, or from malice or wantonness, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment in the State Prison for a term of not more than five years." Such a law, vigorously enforced, may possibly abate somewhat the evil at which it is aimed; but it should be made universal to accomplish fully the object desired.

A VERY effectual refutation of the charge that the national banks do not pay their proper share of tax for the support of the Government is furnished by the report of the State Assessors to the New York Legislature. The report shows that the taxes paid on $60,057,247 of national bank capital in 1877 in this city, to the State and the United States, was $3,072,832. The State taxes in the city in 1878, levied on an equalized valuation of $1,292,942,850, were but $3,749,534, only $676,702 more than the taxes paid by the banks to the Government and State on $1,232,885,603; or, the national banks paid more taxes than the amount of the State taxes paid by all the counties in the State except New York, Kings, Albany, and Westchester, and $34,712 over.

PRESIDENT HAYES is said to have written a letter to Collector Merritt, asking that no discrimination may be made in Custom House appointments against friends or supporters of the late Collector. Such a request is a great deal more creditable than certain letters of members of the Cabinet, addressed to ex-Collector Arthur, soliciting the appointment to "good places" of *protégés* or relatives of the writers. One such letter, written by the Secretary of the Treasury, asked the appointment of a young gentleman on the ground that he was the son of the President's law partner. Another asked that a Deputy Collectorship should be given to an Ohioan, because he had written a life of the President. It is not to be wondered at that *this* sort of civil service "reform" has failed to commend itself to the popular approval.

Now that New York has a new Capitol, it is suggested that the State should purchase a coal-mine to keep it warm. It appears that it takes 1,000 tons of coal a month to heat one side of the building, and it is estimated that when the whole is occupied at least 3,000 tons will be required for this purpose. The annual consumption, estimating the period in which heat will be required at six months, will amount to at least 15,000 tons, which, at an average of (say) four dollars a ton, will involve an expenditure of $60,000 per year for coal alone. By all means let the State purchase a coal-mine. It could utilize its convict-labor in getting out the "black diamonds," and put upon the market what it could not consume at the Capitol and in other State institutions which it must now supply at heavy cost.

THE report of the Superintendent of the Life-saving Service shows that during the last year there were 171 disasters to vessels, having on board 1,557 persons, within the limits of the operations of the service; that the number of lives saved was 1,331, the number of shipwrecked persons sheltered and succored at the stations was 423, and the total value of property saved was $1,097,375. A large proportion of the loss of life is made up of the 183 persons who perished at the wrecks of the *Huron* and *Metropolis*. There were four other wrecks, involving the loss of 10 lives, which occurred when the stations were closed; and one other disaster, involving the loss of four lives, happened at a distance, which made prompt assistance impossible. The report shows that the number of lives lost fairly and legitimately within the scope of the effective operations of the service was but 29, and further shows that this loss of life was not preventable by human effort. There is no department of the public service which is entitled to higher praise than this.

A BILL introduced into the New York Legislature proposes the establishment of a Bureau of Labor Statistics for the purpose of collecting and reporting to the Legislature, annually, statistical details relating to all kinds of labor in the State. The total expenses of the Bureau shall not exceed in any one year the sum of $10,000. Such a Bureau in Massachusetts has gathered a vast amount of highly useful information as to the relations of labor and capital, the condition, wages and needs of the laboring classes, the development and production of leading industries, etc. New Jersey, a year ago, established a similar Bureau, and its first annual report embodies an array of facts which will be found of great utility in the discussion of the subject of technical schools now under consideration in that State. With the "Labor question" forcing itself everywhere upon the attention of legislators and publicists, comprehensive statistical details of the character gathered, especially in Massachusetts, are more than ever desirable as assisting to an intelligent solution of problems involving the welfare alike of individuals and the State.

THE operation of the Compulsory Education Law in this city appears to be eminently salutary. It is steadily lifting the children of the streets out of the depths of vagrancy and vice, and out of the clutches of the law, and placing them in schools and institutions, "to be cleansed, instructed and reformed, and made a blessing rather than a curse to society." The reports of the agents of Truancy show that during the four years the law has been in operation they have investigated 48,907 cases, and have returned to school 13,683 truants taken from the streets. They have also put into schools 2,473 idle, disobedient or disorderly children, and have sent or caused to be sent to reformatory institutions 627 more who could not be induced to attend school. The records of the police courts also show the good effect of the law in the decreased numbers of children arrested. Previous to the passage of the law the arrests, for four years, of children between the ages of eight and fourteen years were 4,956, while during the last four years the number was 3,796, a decrease of about twenty-four per cent., without making any allowance for increase of population. There can be no question as to the wisdom of the compulsory system in thickly-populated communities, and if it could be introduced generally throughout the country no doubt vast benefits would result.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

AN attempt is being made to suppress the Oneida (N. Y.) Community.

ON February 15th the Chinese Immigration Bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of 39 to 27.

CONGRESSMAN BUNCHARD, of Illinois, has been appointed Director of the Mint in place of the late Dr. Linderman.

TWO MEN have been sentenced to imprisonment for life at Terre Haute, for wrecking a train on the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad.

THE bondsmen of J. H. Wright, the defaulting Treasurer of Saratoga, have paid to the Supervisors $24,000 to make good the deficiency.

JOHN HOPE, who was arrested as one of the Manhattan Savings Bank burglars, has been identified by two witnesses as the man who spoke to the milkman.

MR. THOMAS LORD did not leave a will. His property is to be divided among his six children, in accordance with an instrument that was executed when the trust deed was made.

THE new capitol at Albany was formally dedicated February 12th in the presence of a distinguished concourse of officials and guests. Lieutenant-Governor Dornheimer made the speech of the occasion.

AN official call has been issued for a meeting to be held in New York City on April 30th, to consider the advisability of holding an international exhibition in 1889, the centennial anniversary of the foundation of the Government.

SENATOR BRUCE occupied the chair in the Senate on February 14th during a portion of the debate upon the Chinese Bill. This is the first time a colored man ever sat in the seat of the Vice-President of the United States.

A JOINT Democratic Congressional caucus has adopted a resolution binding the party to insist upon the repeal of the test-oath laws for jurymen, but declaring any action upon the election supervisor laws inexpedient at this session.

THE trustees of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, which counts in its endowment fund $384,000 of Tennessee bonds, have resolved to accept a new 6 per cent. bond for 60 per cent. of the debt, or a 4 per cent. bond for the face value, accrued interest to be added.

PRESIDENT HAYES has written letters to Collector Merritt, Surveyor Graham and Naval Officer Burt, in which he says that no removals should be made for personal or political reasons. In accordance with his request the three officers have decided to fill vacancies after March 1st by competitive examinations.

THE stables at Blissville, L. I., have been seized by the sheriff under orders from Governor Robinson and will be quarantined. All diseased cattle are to be killed. A large quantity of milk from sick cows has been destroyed. The Legislature has appropriated $10,000 to defray the expenses of checking the spread of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle.

Foreign.

AN Austrian cabinet will be formed with Dr. Streumayr as Premier.

THE Powers have approved the occupation of Arab Tabia by Roumania.

THE Parisian Government contemplates the purchase of all the private railways in the kingdom.

THE Pope has proclaimed a universal jubilee and indulgence on the anniversary of his election.

THE Sultan of Morocco has been stricken with paralysis, and anarchy is said to reign throughout his dominions.

THERE is strong opposition in Germany to Bismarck's protection schemes, and a free-trade coalition will be formed in the Reichstag.

THE Liverpool carters and carpenters have struck. The strike among the sailors has practically ended in the submission of the strikers.

PREPARATIONS have been commenced in Japan for the reception of General Grant. A new residence is to be built expressly for him in the precincts of Yeddo Bay.

A DECISION has just been reached at the Vatican to create certain new dioceses in the United States, in consequence of the growth of the Church in that country.

TWO-THIRDS of the Dufferin Breakwater at St. Johns, N. B., was washed away by the recent heavy storm, causing considerable loss and damage to wharves and the old breakwater.

BY the resignation of Mr. Williamson, the United States Mission to Central America has fallen vacant. Mr. Williamson has abandoned a diplomatic career to enter upon the duties of superintendent of the Loma Large Mine.

THE Boundary Commissioners on the part of Greece have decided to sign a protocol declaring that the negotiations had been broken off by the refusal of the Turkish Commissioners to proceed on the basis of the Treaty of Berlin.

IT is reported that M. Waddington is not in accord with his colleagues of the French Cabinet, and that his position is precarious. M. Gambetta and President Grévy counsel moderation and caution in the administration of the Republic.

THE British Parliament reassembled February 13th. Lord Beaconsfield, in the House of Lords, and Sir Stafford Northcote, in the House of Commons, reviewed the state of foreign relations and made announcements of proposed legislation.

AN Imperial manifesto has been issued announcing that the Czar has ratified the definitive treaty of peace with Turkey, and that orders have consequently been given the troops to return home. The manifesto closes with thanks to God for Russia's glorious victories. St. Petersburg was illuminated in honor of the event.

EMPEROR WILLIAM opened the German Reichstag in person on February 12th. Herr Forkenbeck was re-elected President. A declaration was presented on the 13th that a partial state of siege at Berlin was necessary to repress the secret Socialist propaganda and to prevent communication between the Foreign and German Socialists.

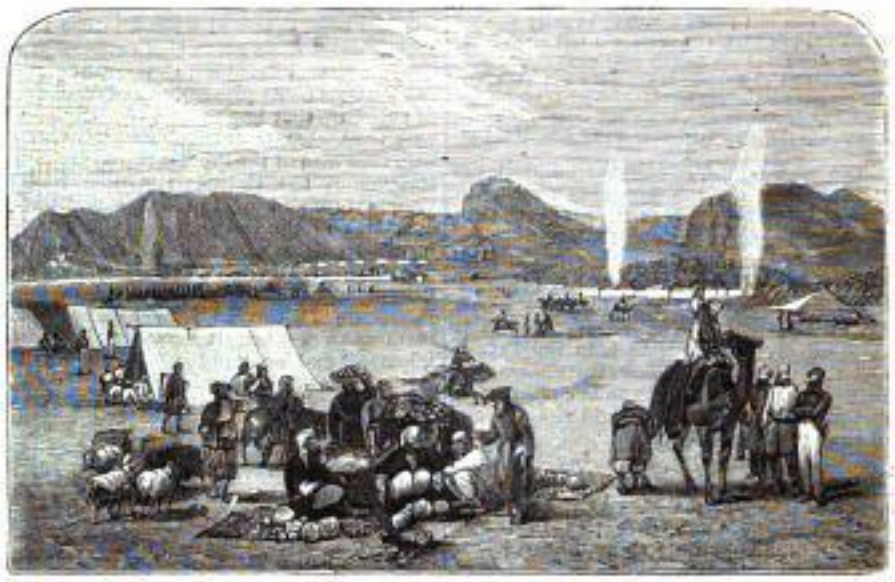
THE Japanese Government has notified Mr. Stevens, United States Charge d'Affaires at Yokahama, that any effort to establish treaty relations between the United States and Corea will be actively assisted by Japan. An American commissioner, if sent, will be escorted to the Corean capital, and Japanese moral and material support will be cordially rendered. No such assurance has been given any other nation.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 463.



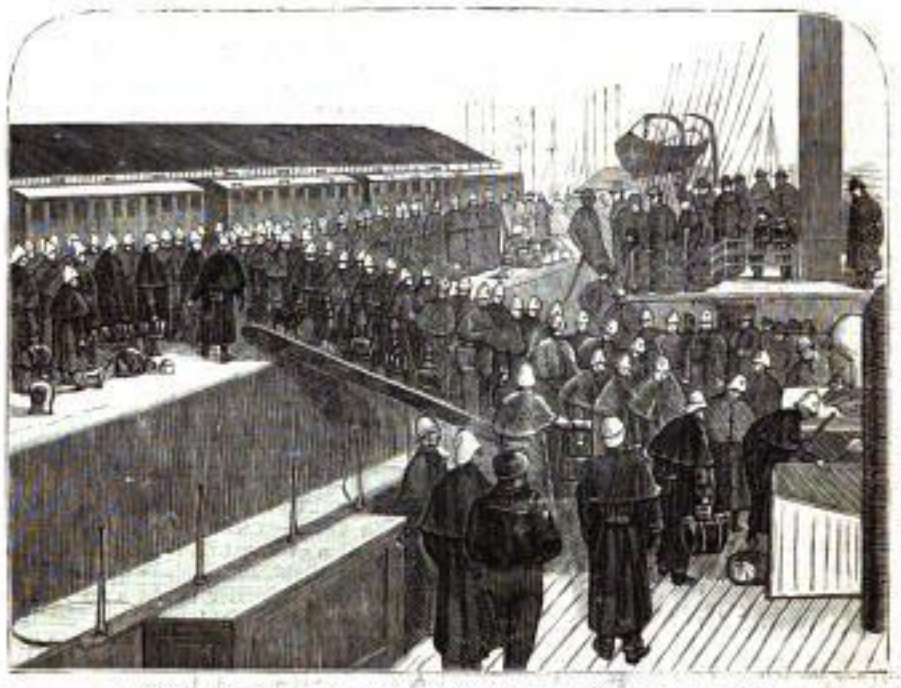
AFGHANISTAN.—HEADQUARTERS MESS AT DAKKA, ON THE CABUL.



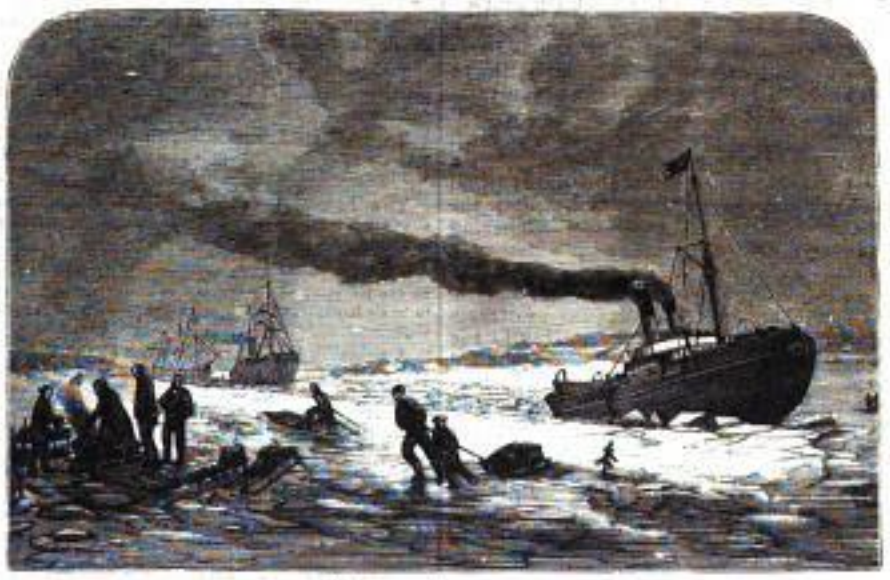
AFGHANISTAN.—THE CITY OF CANDAHAR, OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH, JANUARY 9TH.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE ATTACK ON FORT ALI MUSJID, KHYBER PASS, NOVEMBER 21ST.



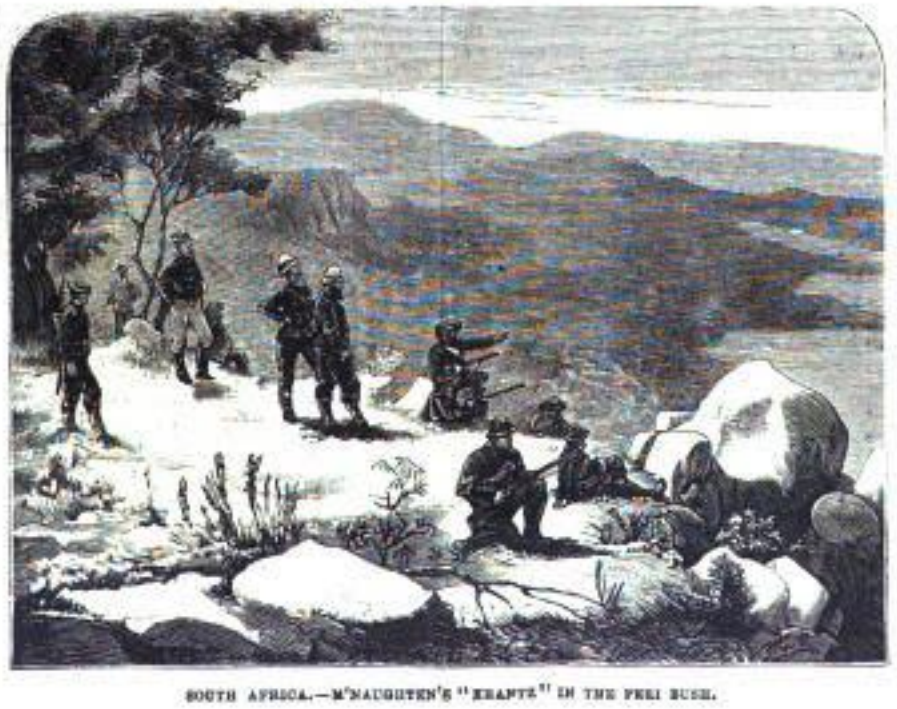
ENGLAND.—DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM SOUTHAMPTON FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



SWEDEN.—THE ICE-BREAKER "MILLNER" CUTTING A PASSAGE IN CHRISTIANA BAY.



AFGHANISTAN.—HIGHLANDERS DANCING A REEL IN THE CAMP AT KOHAT.



SOUTH AFRICA.—M'NAUGHTEN'S "KRAFTS" IN THE PERI BUSH.

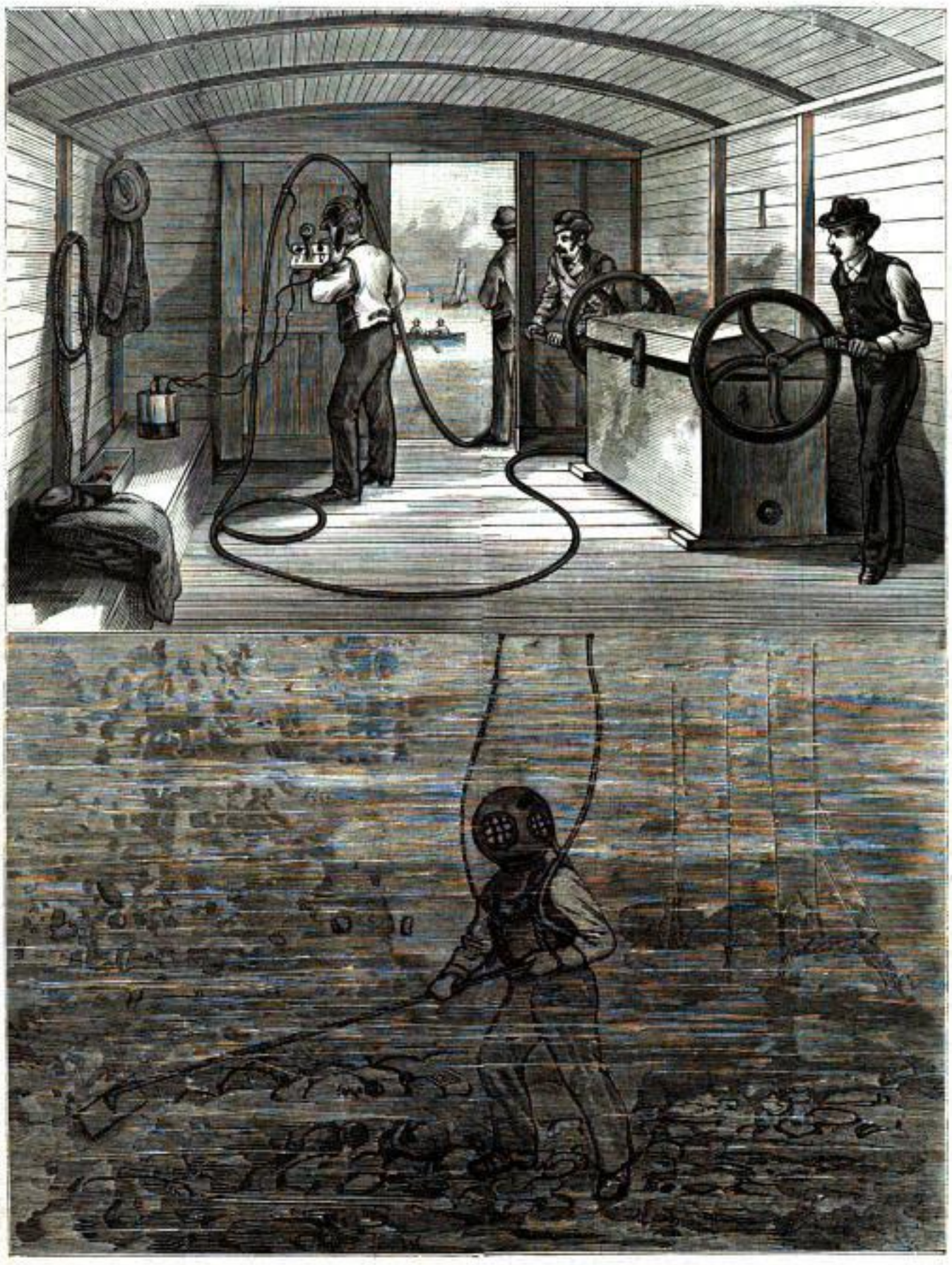


SOUTH AFRICA.—BRITISH TROOPS FROM KING WILLIAMSTOWN MARCHING TO NATAL.

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SUBMARINE TELEPHONY.

A SERIOUS difficulty in submarine examinations has been lately triumphantly overcome by the employment of the telephone by the Department of Docks. It often happened that the divers who examined the submarine portions of the bulkhead wall and piers were compelled to come to the surface in order to make reports of their work and examinations. In cases of measurement, etc., this was not only annoying but often impracticable. In March last, the idea suggested itself that by using a telephone a means of communication direct and at the same time reliable could be obtained. Upon putting this idea into practice it was found that it was based upon sound principles, but was, in fact, not as successful as was hoped. Mr. C. W. Raymond, a graduate of Cornell University, one of the engineers of the Dock Department, then began, in September last, a series of experiments by which he has at last obtained perfect success. He first used two Phelps duplex telephones, one placed in the diver's helmet, and so arranged that by simply turning his head the diver could place either his mouth or ear to the instrument, and the other on the scow or barge where the pumps and divers' helpers were. This was found to work well in communication from the diver to his helper, but not so satisfactory in the contrary direction, as the escape of air from the diver's helmet, making a bubbling noise in the water, prevented his hearing as distinctly as desirable. Several expedients were resorted to, but still with unsatisfactory results, until at last Edison's Carbon Transmitter was added, which, by means of an induction coil and one cell of battery, gave perfect results. Conversation was carried on with the utmost facility, and the diver could talk and at the same time continue his work. Our illustration shows the submarine telephone in operation.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE TELETHONE AS USED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS IN SUBMARINE DIVING.

HON. DANIEL W. VOORHEES,

U. S. SENATOR FROM INDIANA.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES, who was elected United States Senator from Indiana on January 2d last, for both the short and long terms, was born in Fountain County, Ind., September 26th, 1828. He graduated at the Indiana Asbury University in 1849, studied law, and entered upon its practice in 1851. In 1858 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Indiana, and held the office for a term of three years. He was elected to the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth (in which his seat was successfully contested), Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses, and defeated for the Forty-fifth. On the death of Hon. O. P. Morton he was appointed to fill the vacancy in the Senate, taking his seat November 12th, 1877. The contest in the Legislature, in which he gained his seat, showed the following voting results: In the House, for the long term, Daniel W. Voorhees received 57, Harrison 38, Buchanan 2. In the Senate, Voorhees received 26, Harrison 22, Buchanan 1. There were three absentees in the House and one in the Senate. For the short term Voorhees received the same vote in both Houses as for the long term, and the Hon. Godlove S. Orth received 37 votes in the House and 22 in the Senate. General Shackford received one vote in the House.

Senator Voorhees has been chiefly conspicuous on account of his radical "soft money" views and his opposition to the policy of resumption. His influence in this direction has been undoubtedly mischievous. He is a bitter partisan, but there is no reason to believe him other than conscientious in his views, and his personal integrity is beyond question.



HON. D.W. VOORHEES, U. S. SENATOR FROM INDIANA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

HON. Z. B. VANCE,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

ZEBULON B. VANCE, the new Democratic Senator from North Carolina, was born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 13th, 1830. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1853. In 1854 he was elected to the State Legislature. When Congressman T. L. Clingman (who had been elected Senator) resigned in 1858, Governor Vance was elected as a State's Rights American to succeed him. He was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and served till the close of his term in March, 1861. Then he went into the Confederacy, and was elected Governor of North Carolina, serving from 1861 to 1864. During the early part of the war he was colonel of a regiment raised by him for the Confederate Army. In 1863 he addressed a letter to Jefferson Davis on the subject of peace, declaring that the only way of removing the discontent then prevailing in North Carolina was by making some attempt at negotiating with the Federal Government. In August, 1864, he was again elected Governor, defeating William H. Holden by 34,000 majority. He served until May 29th, 1865, when Holden was appointed Provisional Governor. In 1870 he was elected United States Senator, but it was declared that he was not eligible. In 1872 he again ran for the Senatorship, but withdrew before the contest ended. His disabilities had been removed in the meantime, and he would have been admitted if elected. Governor Vance still continued to be very active in North Carolina politics after his unsuccessful attempts to secure the Senatorship, and in 1877 was elected Governor for the term ending in 1881. The Senatorial contest which closed with his election on January 21st lasted six months.



HON. Z. B. VANCE, U. S. SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUNT.

MYRON W. WHITNEY.

THIS distinguished basso, whose voice and face are familiar to all lovers of oratorio, was born in Ashby, Mass., in 1837, and began the study of music when twenty years of age. The development of his magnificent voice was very rapid, and he soon began to take a prominent place at concerts and performances of oratorio. Mr. Whitney sang regularly with the Handel and Haydn Society and other first-class musical organizations from 1858 to 1861. In the home of the great maestro Vanuccini, Mr. Whitney spent several years in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Italian language and method of singing, attending regularly the performances of opera at the Pergola Theatre, and hearing the most celebrated artists of the age. He took his departure for England in the year 1870, and spent several months in London, making a special study of oratorio singing with the celebrated composer Randegger. Returning to this country, Mr. Whitney found himself in great demand. So many urgent requests were constantly made to him to revisit England, that in August, 1871, he left Boston under engagement to the directors of Covent Garden Theatre. From August until November Mr. Whitney made an extended tour of the British Isles, singing almost every night, and everywhere meeting with the most enthusiastic reception. He took part in the oratorios of "The Messiah," "Elijah," "The Creation" and "Moses in Egypt," at the great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and at the musical festivals at Glasgow, Nottingham and Leeds. In the Summer of 1874, Mr. Whitney again paid a visit to England and sang for a season of three months at the Royal Albert Hall. Here he was associated with Madame Patey, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other well-known oratorio artists, singing, besides the better-known works, many new ones not as yet made familiar to the public. In May, 1875, he took part in the Cincinnati Musical Festival and returned immediately to continue his engagements in England, where he remained until the Spring of 1876, when he came back to America and sang at the

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celebrations in connection with the great Centennial Exhibition.

He has paid two visits to California, singing in San Francisco last Summer at the State Musical Festival held in that city, under the leadership of Herr Carl Zerraher. Enjoying the highest popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, and endowed with a robust frame and vigorous constitution, there seems every reason to predict that Mr. Whitney will long continue to occupy his position as the leading oratorio and concert basso of the world.

PERSUASION.

HE.

"LET us burst these bonds that bind us,
Leaving cruel wrong behind us,
Let us shape our own course, darling, and enjoy our brief life's span;
If earth's discord stands for duty,
And deformity means beauty,
Let us set our faces seaward, seek elysium while we can!"

SHE.

"If our lives would last the longer,
Our delight in life wax stronger,
Could I dream that ill remembrance and disquietude would cease,
I would go with you, my lover,
Had we not a roof to cover,
If the sea-ways held no quicksands and the farther shore were peace!"

HE.

"Oh, my soul's life, pause and hearken,
Ere the daylight round us darken,
While our hearts are strong in passion and our lives disdain at death,
We may build a glad, green bower,
Not to wither in an hour,
But to live and bloom abiding in love's fructifying breath."

SHE.

"I will go with you, my lover,
Though dark storm-clouds o'er us hover;
You have joyed in my rejoicing, you have sorrowed in my pain;
Let men's voices rise in chiding,
In your loyal faith confiding,
Unto you I trust my future, and I count my loss for gain."

BOTH.

"Heart to heart on glad lips greeting,
Heart's-desire all fear defeating,
We have set our faces seaward, and we front the rising sun:
While a spirit-chorus singing,
And far toneful bell-chimes ringing,
Bid us take it for a token that elysium is begun!"

JOHN MORAN.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IX.

AMELIUS rose impulsively from his chair. Mrs. Farnaby turned at the same moment, and signed to him to resume his seat. "You have given your promise," she whispered. "All I ask of you is to be silent." She softly drew the key out of the door, and showed it to him. "You can't get out," she said—"unless you take the key from me by force?"

Whatever Amelius might think of the situation in which he now found himself, the one thing that he could honorably do was to say nothing, and submit to it. He remained quietly by the fire. No imaginable consideration (he mentally resolved) should induce him to consent to a second confidential interview in Mrs. Farnaby's room.

The servant opened the house door. Regina's voice was heard in the hall.

"Has my aunt come in?"

"No, miss."

"Have you heard nothing of her?"

"Nothing, miss."

"Has Mr. Goldenheart been here?"

"No, miss."

"Very extraordinary! What can have become of them, Cecilia?"

The voice of the other young lady was heard in answer. "We have probably missed them, on leaving the concert-room. Don't alarm yourself, Regina. I must go back, under any circumstances; the carriage will be waiting for me. If I see anything of your aunt, I will say that you are expecting her at home."

"One moment, Cecilia! (Thomas, you needn't wait). Is it really true that you don't like Mr. Goldenheart?"

"What! has it come to that, already? I'll try to like him, Regina. Good-by again!"

The closing of the street-door told that the ladies had separated. The sound was followed, in another moment, by the opening and closing of the dining-room door. Mrs. Farnaby returned to her chair at the fireplace.

"Regina has gone into the dining-room to wait for us," she said. "I see you don't like your position here; and I won't keep you more than a few minutes longer. You are, of course, at a loss to understand what I was saying to you when the knock at the door interrupted us. Sit down again for five minutes: it fidgets me to see you standing there, looking at your boots. I told you I had one possible consolation still left. Judge for yourself what the hope of it is to me, when I own to you that I should long since have put an end to my life, without it. Don't think I am talking nonsense: I mean what I say. It is one of my misfortunes that I have no religious scruples to restrain me. There was a time when I believed that religion might comfort me. I once opened my heart to a clergyman—a worthy person, who did his best to help me. All useless! My heart was too hard, I suppose. It doesn't matter—except to give you one more proof that I am thoroughly in earnest. Patience! patience! I am coming to the point. I asked you some odd questions on the day when you first dined here? You have forgotten all about them, of course?"

"I remember them perfectly well," Amelius answered.

"You remember them? That looks as if you had thought about them afterwards. Come! tell me plainly what did you think?"

Amelius told her plainly. She became more and more interested, more and more excited, as he went on.

"Quite right!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet and walking swiftly backwards and forwards in the room. "There *is* a lost girl whom I want to find; and she is between sixteen and seventeen years old, as you thought. Mind! I have no reason—not the shadow of a reason—for believing that she is still a living creature. I have only my own stupid, obstinate conviction, rooted here," she pressed both hands fiercely on her heart, "so that nothing can tear it out of me! I have lived in that belief—oh, don't ask me how long, it is so far, so miserably far, to look back!" She stopped in the middle of the room. Her breath came and went in quick, heavy gasps; the first tears that had softened the hard wretchedness in her eyes rose in them now, and transfigured them with the divine beauty of maternal love. "I won't distress you," she said, stamping on the floor, as she struggled with the hysterical passion that was raging in her. "Give me a minute, and I'll force it down again."

She dropped into a chair, threw her arms heavily on the table, and laid her head on them. Amelius thought of the child's frock and cap hidden in the press. All that was manly and noble in his nature felt for this unhappy woman, whose secret was dimly revealed to him now. The little selfish sense of annoyance at the awkward situation in which she had placed him vanished to return no more. He approached her, and put his hand gently on her shoulder. "I am truly sorry for you," he said. "Tell me how I can help you, and I will do it with all my heart."

"Do you really mean that?" She roughly dashed the tears from her eyes, and rose as she put the question. Holding him with one hand, she parted the hair back from his forehead with the other. "I must see your whole face," she said—"your face will tell me. Yes, you do mean it. The world hasn't spoilt you yet. Do you believe in dreams?"

Amelius looked at her, startled by the sudden transition. She deliberately repeated her question.

"I ask you seriously," she said; "do you believe in dreams?"

Amelius answered seriously, on his side. "I can't honestly say that I do."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "like me. I don't believe in dreams, either. I wish I did! But it is not in me to believe in superstitions; I'm too hard—and I'm sorry for it. I have seen people who were comforted by their superstitions; happy people, possessed of faith. Don't you even believe that dreams are sometimes fulfilled by chance?"

"Nobody can deny that," Amelius replied; "the instances of it are too many. But for one dream fulfilled by a coincidence, there are——"

"A hundred at least that are *not* fulfilled," Mrs. Farnaby interposed. "Very well. I calculate upon that. See how little hope can live on! There is just the barest possibility that what I dreamed of you the other night may come to pass—and that one poor chance has encouraged me to take you into my confidence, and ask you to help me."

This strange confession—this sad revelation of despair still unconsciously deceiving itself under the disguise of hope—only strengthened the compassionate sympathy which Amelius already felt for her. "What did you dream about me?" he asked, gently.

"It's nothing to tell," she replied. "I was in a room that was quite strange to me: and the door opened, and you came in leading a young girl by the hand. You said, 'Be happy at last; here she is.' My heart knew her instantly, though my eyes had never seen her since the first days of her life. And I woke myself, crying for joy. Wait! it's not all told yet. I went to sleep again, and dreamed it again, and woke, and lay awake for a while, and slept once more, and dreamed it for the third time. Ah, if I could only feel some people's confidence in three times! No: it produced an impression on me—and that was all. I got as far as thinking to myself: There is just a chance; I haven't a creature in the world to help me; I may as well speak to him. Oh, you needn't remind me that there is a rational explanation of my dream. I have read it all up in the Encyclopedia in the library. One of the ideas of wise men is that we think of something, consciously or unconsciously, in the daytime, and then reproduce it in a dream. That's my case, I dare say. When you were first introduced to me, and when I heard where you had been brought up, I thought directly that *she* might have been one among the many forlorn creatures who had drifted to your Community, and that I might find her through you. Say that thought went to bed with me—and we have the explanation of my dreams. Never mind! There is my one poor chance in a hundred still left. You will remember me, Amelius, if you *should* meet with her, won't you?"

The implied confession of her own intractable character, without religious faith to ennoble it, without even imagination to refine it—the unconscious disclosure of the one tender and loving instinct in her nature still piteously struggling to live, with no sympathy to sustain it, with no life to guide it—would have touched the heart of any man not incurably depraved. Amelius spoke with the fervor of his young enthusiasm. "I would go to the uttermost ends of the earth, if I thought I could do you any good. But, oh, it sounds so hopeless!"

She shook her head, and smiled faintly.

"Don't say that! You are free, you have money, you will travel about in the world and amuse yourself. You will see in a week more than stay-at-home people see in a year. How do we know what the future has in store for us? I have my own idea. She may be lost in the labyrinth of London, or she may be hundreds and thousands of miles away. Amuse yourself, Amelius—amuse yourself. To-morrow, or ten years hence, you *might* meet with her!"

In sheer mercy to the poor creature, Amelius refused to encourage her delusion. "Even supposing such a thing could happen," he objected, "how am I to know the lost girl? You can't describe her to me; you have not seen her since she was a child. Do you know anything of what happened at the time—I mean at the time when she was lost?"

"I know nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Have you never felt a suspicion of how it happened?"

Her face changed; she frowned as she looked at him. "Not till weeks and months had passed," she said, "not till it was too late. I was ill at the time. When my mind got clear again, I began to suspect one particular person—little by little, you know; noticing trifles, and thinking about them afterwards." She stopped, evidently restraining herself on the point of saying more.

Amelius tried to lead her on. "Did you suspect the person——?" he began.

"I suspected him of casting the child helpless on the world!" Mrs. Farnaby interposed, with a sudden burst of fury. "Don't ask me any more about it, or I shall break out and shock you!" She clinched her fists as she said the words. "It is well for that man," she muttered between her teeth, "that I have never got beyond suspecting, and never found out the truth! Why did you turn my mind that way?" You shouldn't have done it. Help me back again to what we were saying a minute ago. You made some objection; you said——?"

"I said," Amelius reminded her, "that, even if I did meet with the missing girl, I couldn't possibly know it. And I must say more than that—I don't see how you yourself could be sure of recognizing her if she stood before you at this moment."

He spoke very gently, fearing to irritate her. She showed no sign of irritation—she looked at him, and listened to him, attentively.

"Are you setting a trap for me?" she asked.

"No!" she cried, before Amelius could answer, "I am not mean enough to distrust you—I forgot myself. You have innocently said something that rankles in my mind. I can't leave it where you have left it. I don't like to be told that I shouldn't recognize her. Give me time to think; I must clear this up."

She consulted her own thoughts, keeping her eyes fixed on Amelius.

"I am going to speak plainly," she announced, with a sudden appearance of resolution. "Listen to this. When I banged to the door of that big cupboard of mine, it was because I didn't want you to see something on the shelves. Did you see anything in spite of me?"

The question was an awkward one to answer. Amelius hesitated. Mrs. Farnaby insisted on a reply.

"Did you see anything?" she reiterated.

Amelius owned that he had seen something.

She turned away from him, and looked into the fire. Her firm, full tones sank so low, when she spoke next, that he could barely hear them.

"Was it something belonging to a child?"

"Yes."

"Was it a baby's frock and cap? Answer me. We have gone too far to go back. I don't want apologies or explanations—I want Yes or No."

"Yes."

There was an interval of silence. She never moved; she still looked into the fire—looked as if all her past life was pictured there in the burning coals.

"Do you despise me?" she asked, at last, very quietly.

"As God hears me, I am only sorry for you!" Amelius answered.

Another woman would have melted into tears. This woman still looked into the fire—and that was all. "What a good fellow!" she said to herself—"what a good fellow he is!"

There was another pause. She turned towards him again as abruptly as she had turned away.

"I had hoped to spare you, and to spare myself," she said. "If the miserable truth has come out, it is through no curiosity of yours, and (God knows!) against every wish of mine. I don't know if you really felt like a friend towards me before—you must be my friend now. Don't speak! I know I can trust you. One last word, Amelius, about my lost child. You doubt whether I should recognize her if she stood before me now. That might be quite true, if I had only my poor hopes and anxieties to guide me. But I have something else to guide me—and, after what has passed between us, you may as well know what it is; it might, even by accident, guide you. Don't alarm yourself; it's nothing distressing this time. How can I explain it?" she went on, pausing, and speaking in some perplexity to herself. "It would be easier to show it—and why not?" She addressed herself to Amelius once more. "I'm a strange creature," she resumed. "First, I worry about my own affairs—then I puzzle you—then I make you sorry for me—and now (would you think it?) I am going to amuse you! Amelius, are you an admirer of pretty feet?"

Amelius had heard of men (in books) who had found reason to doubt whether their own ears were not deceiving them. For the first time, he began to understand those men and to sympathize with them. He admitted, in a certain bewildered way, that he was an admirer of pretty feet—and waited for what was to come next.

"When a woman has a pretty hand," Mrs. Farnaby proceeded, "she is ready enough to show it. When she goes out to a ball, she favors you with a view of her bosom and a part of her back. Now, tell me! If there is no impropriety in a naked bosom, where is the impropriety in a naked foot?"

Amelius agreed, like a man in a dream. "Where, indeed?" he remarked—and waited again for what was to come next.

"Look out of the window," said Mrs. Farnaby.

Amelius obeyed. The window had been opened, for a few inches at the top, no doubt to ventilate the room. The dull view of the courtyard was varied by the stables, at the further end, and by the kitchen skylight rising in the middle of the open space. As Amelius looked out, he observed that some person in the kitchen required apparently a large supply of fresh air. The swinging window, on the side of the skylight which was nearest to him, was invisibly and noiselessly pulled open from below, the similar window, on the other side, being already wide open also. Judging by appearances, the inhabitants of the kitchen possessed a merit which is exceedingly rare among domestic servants—they understood the laws of ventilation and appreciated the blessing of fresh air.

"That will do," said Mrs. Farnaby. "You can turn round now."

Amelius turned. Mrs. Farnaby's boots and stockings were on the hearthrug, and one of Mrs. Farnaby's feet was placed ready for inspection on the chair which he had just left. "Look at my right foot first," she said, speaking gravely and composedly, in her ordinary tone.

It was well worth looking at—a foot equally beautiful in form and in color; the instep arched and high, the ankle at once delicate and strong, the toes tinged with rose-color at the tips. In brief, it was a foot to be photographed, to be cast in plaster, to be fondled and kissed. Amelius attempted to express his admiration, but was not allowed to get beyond the first two or three words. "No," Mrs. Farnaby explained, "this is not vanity—simply information. You have seen my right foot, and you have noticed that there is nothing the matter with it. Very well. Now look at my left foot. She put her left foot up on the chair. "Look between the third toe and the fourth," she said.

Following her instructions, Amelius discovered that the beauty of the foot was spoilt, in this case, by a singular defect. The two toes were bound together by a flexible web, or membrane, which held them to each other as high as the insertion of the nail on either side.

"Do you wonder," Mrs. Farnaby asked, "why I show you the fault in my foot? Amelius! my poor darling was born with my deformity—and I want you to know exactly what it is, because neither you nor I can say what reason for remembering it there may not be in the future." She stopped, as if to give him an opportunity of speaking. A man shallow and flippant by nature might have seen the disclosure in a grotesque aspect. Amelius was sad and silent. "I like you better and better," she went on. "You are not like the common run of men. Nine out of ten of them would have turned what I have just told you into a joke—nine out of ten would have said, 'Am I to ask every girl I meet to show me her left foot?' You are above that; you understand me. Have I no means of recognizing my own child, now?"

She smiled, and took her foot off the chair—then, after a moment's thought, she pointed to it again.

"Keep this as strictly secret as you keep everything else," she said. "In the past days, when I used to employ people privately to help me to find her, it was my only defense against being imposed upon. Rogues and vagabonds thought of other marks and signs—but not one of them could guess at such a mark as *that*. Have you got your pocket-book, Amelius? In case we are separated at some later time, I want to write the name and address in it of a person whom we can trust. I persist, you see, in providing for the future. There's the one chance in a hundred that my dream may come true—and you have so many years before you, and so many girls to meet with in that time!"

She handed back the pocket-book, which Amelius had given to her, with a man's name and address inscribed on one of the blank leaves.

"He was my father's lawyer," she explained; "and he and his son are both men to be trusted. Suppose I am ill, for instance—no, that's absurd; I never had a day's illness in my life. Suppose I am dead (killed, perhaps, by some accident, or by my own hand), the lawyers have my written instructions, in the case of my child being found. Then again—I am such an unaccountable woman—I may go somewhere, all by myself. Never mind! The lawyers shall have my address, and my positive orders (though they keep it a secret from all the world besides) to tell it to you. I don't ask your pardon, Amelius, for troubling you. The chances are so terrible against me; it is all but impossible that I shall ever see you—as I saw you in my dream—coming into the room, leading my girl by the hand. Odd, isn't it? This is how I veer about between hope and despair. Well, it may amuse you to remember it one of these days. Years hence, when I am at rest in mother-earth, and when you are a middle-aged married man, you will tell your wife how strangely you once became the forlorn hope of the most wretched woman that ever lived—and you may say to each other, as you sit by your snug fireside, 'Perhaps that poor lost daughter is still living somewhere, and wondering who her mother was.' No! I won't let you see the tears in my eyes again—I'll let you go at last."

She led the way to the door, and opened it.

"Good-by and thank you," she said. "I want to be left to myself, my dear, with that

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little frock and cap which you found out in spite of me. Go, and tell my niece it's all right—and don't be stupid enough to fall in love with a girl who has no love to give you in return." She pushed Amelius into the hall. "Here he is, Regina!" she called out; "I have done with him."

Before Amelius could speak, she had shut herself into her room. He advanced along the hall, and met Regina at the door of the dining-room.

(To be continued.)

PETER COOPER.

ON Wednesday evening, February 12th, the eighty-eighth birthday of Peter Cooper was fittingly celebrated at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, by a company of the most eminent ladies and gentlemen of the city, all personal friends of the esteemed philanthropist. In the midst of the congratulations the guests were assembled in and about the drawing-room to witness the presentation to Mr. Cooper of the diploma and honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by the Regents of the University of the State of New York.

At the head of the room were Hon. Erastus C. Benedict, Chancellor of the Board of Regents, with Hon. Henry R. Pierson, Vice-Chancellor, and Hons. Chauncey M. Depew, Whitelaw Reid, George William Curtis, and O. H. Warren, Regents of the University. Chancellor Benedict made the address of presentation, in which he announced that the guest of the evening, having arrived at the age of eighty-eight years, this occasion was deemed a fitting opportunity, by the Board of Regents, to confer upon him the degree which they had so long been desirous of investing him with; not so much, perhaps, for his scholarly attainments as for the dignified and philanthropic position to which he had been exalted by his own efforts, after a long life of laborious exertion and good deeds, in founding an institution of learning for the common people of New York, and putting it upon a basis which would permanently endure when he had passed away.

Mr. S. B. Woolworth, Secretary of the Board of Regents, then read the resolution of the board conferring upon Mr. Cooper the honorary degree of LL.D.

Revs. Drs. Adams and Harris were requested to present Mr. Cooper for the conferring of the degree, and these venerable gentlemen led him forward to a table, upon which laid the diploma, engrossed in Latin script upon vellum, when Chancellor Benedict delivered a brief formal address of investiture in Latin, presented Mr. Cooper with the diploma, and announced that he was a Doctor of Laws.

Mr. Cooper read a feeling response, and at its close surprised the company by repeating a long and appropriate quotation from Pope, without the omission of a word. After this, refreshments were served, and the congratulations renewed until eleven o'clock, when the company departed.

Mr. Cooper was born in the City of New York, February 11th, 1791. His maternal grandfather, John Campbell, was alderman of New York and a deputy quartermaster-general during the Revolutionary War, and expended a considerable private fortune in the service of his country. The early life of Mr. Cooper was one of great labors, struggles, and anxieties, as it is with most of our successful and prominent men in this country. He began in early boyhood to help his father in the manufacture of hats. He attended school only for half of each day for a single year; and beyond this very humble instruction, his acquisitions were all his own. At the age of seventeen he was placed with John Woodward to learn the trade of coachmaking. At this he served his apprenticeship so much to the satisfaction of his master that he offered to set him up in his business; but this he declined, on account of the debt and obligation it would involve. The foundation of Mr. Cooper's fortune was laid in the opportune invention of an improvement in machines for shearing cloth, which was largely called into use during the War of 1812, when all importations of cloth from England were stopped. This lost its value on the declaration of peace. Then he turned his workshop to the manufacture of cabinet-ware; then he went into the grocery business in New York, and subsequently he engaged in the manufacture of glue and isinglass, which he carried on for more than fifty years.

Mr. Cooper's attention was early called to the great resources of this country for the manufacture of iron. In 1830 he erected iron-works at Canton, within the limits of the City of Baltimore. Subsequently he erected a rolling and a wire mill in the City of New York, in which he first successfully applied anthracite to the puddling of iron. In 1845 he removed the machinery and shops to Trenton, N. J., where he eventually erected the largest rolling-mill, at that time, in the United States for the manufacture of railroad iron. In these works he was the first to roll wrought-iron beams for fire-proof buildings. These works have grown to be very extensive, including mines, blast furnaces, and water-power, and are now carried on by his successors. While in Baltimore, in the year 1830, Mr. Cooper built, after his own designs, the first locomotive that was ever turned out on this continent. The trial trip was run, Mr. Cooper himself acting as engineer; and when his wheezing little baby locomotive threatened to lose too much steam he held down the safety-valve with his own hands. The run was made with thirty passengers, thirteen miles in one hour, and Baltimore was happy.

Mr. Cooper took a great interest and invested a large capital in the extension of the electric telegraph. He was the first and only President of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, which was the first ocean telegraph company organized, and continued in existence for nearly nineteen years. He became also President of the American Telegraph Company, and of the North American Telegraph Association, which at one time represented and governed more than two-thirds of all the lines in the United States. He was one of the first expedition to lay a cable in 1857 across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, though this enterprise partially failed at that time, it was the pioneer of final success. Mr. Cooper also was early interested in the canal navigations of the State of New York, and made experiments in substituting other than horse-power in the propulsion of boats.

Mr. Cooper has served in both branches of the New York Common Council, and was a prominent advocate of the construction of the Croton Aqueduct. His great object, however, has been to educate and elevate the industrial classes of the community. He early became a trustee of the Public School Society, and at the time of its being merged in the Board of Education, Mr. Cooper was its Vice-President. He subsequently became a School Commissioner; but feeling that no common school system could supply a technological education, he determined to establish in his native city an institution in which the working classes could secure that instruction for which he, when young and ambitious, sought in vain. This was felt by himself to be the great want of his early life. In 1854 he laid the foundation of the building at the junction of the Third and Fourth Avenues, "to be forever devoted to the union of Science and Art, in its application to the useful purposes of life."

The Cooper Institute building cost $634,000. To this donation Mr. Cooper added $10,000 in money, that the institution might be placed in running order. Other sums were contributed by him from time to time, including one of $20,000 to furnish the Institution with a museum. Altogether, he expended upon it about three-quarters of a million of dollars. The Institute consists of a series of free schools of instruction in practical art and science, a free reading-room and free courses of popular lectures on subjects of science, art and social reform. About twenty professors and instructors are employed. The influence of such an institution, in the promotion of art and its utilization in practical life, cannot be measured in ordinary language. It constitutes a factor of growth and progress whose potency will reach to remote generations. We have numbered among our own employés graduates of this grand Art School of the people, and therefore speak intelligibly as to its value and efficiency.

Sheep as Beasts of Burden.

SHEEP do not appear to be well adapted for use as beasts of burden, and it is often as much as they are capable of doing to carry their own carcasses or fleeces to market. In Central Asia, however, these surefooted animals are employed to carry small loads over the difficult hilly country, and part of the import trade of India is due to the service rendered by sheep. In Eastern Turkestan and Thibet, for instance, borax, of which considerable supplies are exported to Europe through India, is borne on the backs of sheep over the mountains to Leh, Kangra and Rampur on the Sutlej. Borax is found at Rudok, in Changthan, of such excellent quality that only twenty-five per cent. is lost in the process of refining, while the borax found elsewhere is reduced by one-half before it can find a market. The Rudok borax is carried on sheep to Rampur, traveling at the rate of two miles a day; and, notwithstanding its superior quality and the demand that exists for it in Europe, the expenses attending its transport seriously hamper the trade, which, if it were not for the sheep, would scarcely exist at all. A similar use of animals as beasts of burden which are not usually so employed, but are, on the contrary, bred for the sake of their hair or wool, or for their flesh, may be met with in Peru, where the llamas are made to carry heavy loads—often as much as sixty to ninety pounds each—up and down the mountains, to and from the nitrate and other mines. These animals, with such loads, will travel as many as twelve miles a day.

The Chinese Post Office.

EACH city has a certain number of licensed companies who make a business of receiving and sending letters and small parcels at charges depending upon weight and distance, but always most moderate; and the companies of the several cities being in partnership or in confidential relation one with the other, a network of communication of a most efficient character, considering its materials, is kept up from one end of China to the other. So much reliance is placed by the public upon the safety and certainty of these conveyance companies that large sums of money in paper, and smaller amounts in cash, are fearlessly consigned to their charge, and instances are rare of the trust being betrayed. Speed, of course, is less of a consideration than safety, owing to the defective means of communication at present existing; but the carriers employed by the companies travel at the fastest rate possible under the circumstances, and cover much more ground in the time than was the habit with English postboys previous to the mail-coach days, who never exceeded, even on horseback, their three and a half miles per hour. Robberies of the bags must at times occur, but the public are at any rate safe from the risk to their letters which our ancestors so frequently incurred through the loitering and drunkenness peculiar to the English postboy tribe. The practice of using carrier-pigeons for express intelligence is common throughout China, and is largely resorted to by merchants and traders for business purposes. The pigeons are usually provided with one or more whistles, often of elaborate make and finish, to protect them from the ravages of hawks, etc., en route.

Influence of Railways on Towns.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* publishes some interesting figures relative to the influence of railways on the increase of the town populations of Germany. Of 2,528 towns of over 2,000 inhabitants only 867 in the year 1867 were provided with a railway. In 1871 there were 1,049, and in 1875, 1,270. In the course of these eight years the total population of 2,528 towns rose from 8,848,000 to 12,424,000. Of 1,837 towns of from 2,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, in 1867 there were 1,188 without any railway communication. In 1871 they had fallen to 1,263, and in 1875 to only 1,095. Of 591 towns of from 5,000 to 20,000 inhabitants in 1867, 208 were without a railway; in 1871, 213; and in 1875 only 162; while those provided with railways increased from 323, with a population of 2,759,000, to 429, with a population of 4,060,000. Of the 88 towns of from 20,000 to 100,000 inhabitants all were provided with railways in 1875. Their population increased from 2,750,000 to 3,500,000 during the interval in question. Of towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants, all, of course, also provided with railways, the population increased from 2,050,000 to 2,665,000. The total increase of the population of the towns of more than 2,000 inhabitants from 1871 to 1875 was 1,511,000. The population of the whole German Empire only increased in the same period by 1,658,000.

Cigarette-smoking among Russian Ladies.

LADIES as well as gentlemen smoke cigarettes in Russia—ladies of all classes and under all circumstances, I was about to say. I would not, however, give the reader to understand that ladies of the highest class would stroll the streets of a great city puffing a cigarette, though they might parade a small village in that fashion. But they smoke at railway stations, on steamboats and at hotels, dozens of cigarettes a day sometimes, scratching the necessary matches on pillar or post, just like a man. Sometimes a light goes out and they try again—as why shouldn't they? If they have no matches or wish to save themselves the trouble of lighting one, they ask the first gentleman smoking they meet to favor them with a light! Leaning forward to the cigar, pipe or cigarette, which he extends, they ignite their little roll, bow silently and pass on. Sometimes a gentleman asks a lady to extend to him the same favor, and sometimes I am inclined to believe the spark of love as well as the fragrant tobacco-leaf is kindled in the course of these civilities. The only difficulty the lady labors under in the whole matter is due to the character of her costume. She cannot scratch a match on her pantaloons like an Irishman! I speak of these things here because my ride from Vladikavkaz to Tiflis determined me to become a smoker, if I continue my travels in the East, as I intend to. The ladies who were in the diligence smoked cigarettes nearly all the way, and when I got out at Tiflis I felt more like a piece of New England bacon than a human being. When I told them I didn't smoke, they seemed disinclined to believe me. "You an American and don't smoke!" they explained. "I thought all the Americans smoked." But I shall learn.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS

The Afghan War.

In the centre of the Afghan fort at Dakka, upon an artificial mound, is the house of the late Afghan commandant, Ghulam Haidar Khan, which is now the headquarters mess-room of Lieutenant-General Sir Samuel Browne. The mess-house is a spacious apartment of rather stately proportions, and decorated in a rough style. The superintendence of the headquarters mess is confided to Captain Mure, who is assisted by Lord William Beresford; and here we see both those gallant officers, at the table on the right-hand side of the room, ladling out the soup and the stew, which are received by the attendant "kitmutgars" to be handed to the company sitting at other tables. Sir Samuel Browne, with Major Cavagnari on his right, and Captain Guy Campbell, aide-de-camp, on his left, sits in the far left-hand corner. The gentlemen are not in strict military costume; some are wearing ulster great-coats, and some, as Lord William Beresford does, wear the sheepskin coat, or "poshteen," of the native hillmen; one gallant major, who is assistant quartermaster-general, has on a red night cap. Mr. Archibald Forbes, special correspondent of the *Daily News*, sits in the left-hand foreground. Another of our engravings has been drawn from several combined sketches representing the artillery and troops of General Appleyard's brigade, making the direct attack on Fort Ali Musjid from the Shagai ridge, at the entrance to the Khyber Pass, on November 21st, while flank attacks were simultaneously made by the other brigades, under Generals Macpherson and Tytler. The batteries of Royal Artillery and of Horse Artillery engaged upon this occasion were assisted by one of light mountain-guns, carried upon the backs of mules, as shown in our illustration. The scene at Kohat, with the piper and two men of the Seventy-second Highlanders (Duke of Albany's Own) performing a Tullochgorum reel before the camp bonfire, must delight the heart of every Scotchman. That "smart, clean, and well-behaved" Highland regiment, a few days later, had an opportunity at the Peiwar of showing its prowess by the smartest bit of fighting yet seen in this Afghan war. The City of Candahar, which was occupied by General Sir Donald Stewart on January 9th, is situated about 200 miles southwest of Cabul. It is surrounded by a mud wall, while its streets, which were remodeled by Ahmed Shah in 1753, are unusually regular, four broad lines of bazaars running at right angles through the centre, whence rises a domed building called the Chaursoo, a species of Town Hall, where the Ameer's proclamations were wont to be read out, and where the dead bodies of criminals were exposed to view. Candahar, which contains a population of some 150,000, is one of the great centres of the Central Asian trade, as it is a junction of the main roads between Cabul and Herat, and is always crowded with traders of all nationalities, ranging from the wild-looking Turkoman or Bokharan to the mild-spoken Hindoo. Candahar was occupied by the British in the war of 1842, and will be a valuable wintering-place for the forces of Generals Stewart and Biddulph, as stores are plentiful, and the climate is far milder than the regions through which they have been passing.

Ice-breaking Steamer in Christiana Bay.

The operation of cutting a channel through the ice for the passage of steam and other boats from the bay to the City of Christiana, Norway, as shown in our illustration, will have a familiar appearance to people who live in or pass through Baltimore this Winter. The severe cold weather produced much thicker ice than usual, and the boats that are ordinarily able to force a passage were for many days absolutely powerless. Extra efforts were made to secure a channel in order to release the large number of boats of the oyster fleet that had been caught in Chesapeake Bay by the frigid wave and held there, but it was not until the recent spell of comparatively warm weather that the release was effected. The interruption of business in Christiana by a complete locking of her beautiful bay is a more serious matter, as the city is the chief seaport of the country. Hence, whenever ice forms so thick as to impede navigation powerful ice-breaking boats are sent out to cut a channel

The New War in South Africa.

The great defeat of the British troops in the Zulu country, South Africa, has called renewed attention to the subject of British conquests in that far-off section. The Caffre War had scarcely been brought to a close when Lord Chelmsford delivered an ultimatum to the King of the Zulus. No notice being taken of it up to the date designated, the British began advancing across the border, and the first intelligence of consequence received in London was on February 10th, announcing the attack upon a portion of the troops by the Zulus, and the loss of 600 officers and men, with a vast amount of prisoners and munitions of war. Later in the week came news of the rising of the native levies serving with the British, the massacre of their officers, and the general desertion of the native force along the frontier. At the present writing the last reports are not credited, but they have added much to the prevailing excitement. Troops and war materials are being forwarded to Natal from various depots, and a most vigorous campaign is imminent. Our illustrations are of timely interest in connection with the new war. The troops departing from Southampton belong to the Ninety-ninth Regiment, numbering 700 officers and men, who were drawn directly from Aldershot. M'Naughten's Kranz is one of the many precipices which rise abruptly out of and about the Peri Bush, and is so called after an officer of Carrington's Light Horse, who lost his life in an engagement with the Caffres, which took place on the spot depicted in the foreground of the illustration, and resulted in the driving of the enemy out of his positions behind the huge boulders over the Kranz, which they descended in safety, marvelous to say, although they assisted themselves with grass ropes. In placing themselves in such a position, it is evident the chiefs considered a safe retreat to consist in the inability of their opponents to follow them when defeated. Directly opposite is Murray's Kranz, all around stretches the Peri, the difficulty of penetrating which consists not merely of the extreme closeness of the vegetation, but also of huge rocks, piled and strewn about amongst the trees, but perfectly invisible from outside.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE German Federal Council has adopted the Parliamentary Discipline Bill as modified by the committees.

—THE Berlin *Gazette* announces that a treaty of commerce between Germany and Samoa was signed January 24th.

—ENGLAND has concluded the convention with Turkey, purchasing the State domains in Cyprus, with the exception of the Sultan's private estates.

—IT is reported that the Chinese have been defeated by the Sarts, who captured the city of Kashgar, but the Chinese fortress, near Kashgar, was not taken.

—IT is said that no less than thirty officers high in authority in the Russian police have been assassinated since the murder of Mesentzoff, the chief of police in St. Petersburg.

—A NATIONAL convention of prominent and influential colored men will be held at Nashville, Tenn., in May next, to consider the condition of the colored people in the South.

—THE Spanish Government has purchased all the private rights in Cabrera, one of the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean. They intend to establish there a penitentiary and an agricultural colony.

—A BUNCH of pinks from the village of Celerina, in the Engadine, has been a favorite bridal gift in England lately, principally because the peasants would only give up their beloved flowers after long coaxing.

—IT is probable that Theodore Thomas's string band, with Neuendorf as conductor, will supply the music at Brighton Beach next season. Gilmore's band, with Levy, will be at Manhattan Beach, and Dodworth's band, with Arbuckle, at Cable's.

—IT is intended to commemorate the centenary of the birth of the poet Thomas Moore on the 28th of May by a grand musical performance of Irish melodies in Dublin, on a scale somewhat similar to the Burns Centenary in Scotland.

—THRUM is a curious creek in West Texas, which enters a rocky gorge and runs under ground for forty miles. In some places natural wells 240 feet deep are found, through which the roaring of this subterranean creek can be heard plainly.

—BY a new law in Georgia, murder is to be punished by death, unless the jury shall recommend imprisonment for life, or the judge shall, in his discretion, extend that clemency where the conviction has been found solely on circumstantial evidence.

—THE utilizing of waste leather from a shoe factory is an active industry at Hingham, Mass. The oil is extracted from the leather, the best of chips are afterwards pressed into heels, and what is left is shipped to Philadelphia and manufactured into a fertilizer.

—THE cigar business of Maine has become an important industry. The collector of internal revenue reports that 3,606,465 cigars were manufactured the last year and 5,500 cigarettes, consuming 89,814 pounds of tobacco. The revenue stamps on the same amounted to $20,831.60.

—AMERICAN coal is sold in Switzerland, coming from Philadelphia by sailing ships to Marseilles, and thence by rail to Geneva, where it costs about $10 a ton. The price is a little under that of the German and French coal at the same point, and the quality is pronounced much better.

—THE committee appointed to investigate the disaster on her Her Majesty's iron clad *Thunderer* have discovered that the gun which exploded had already been loaded with an extra charge, which missed fire, when a full charge was inserted and fired, and the explosion occurred.

—THE Mississippi State Board of Health passed resolutions to the effect that, in the opinion of the board, the true cause of yellow fever is exotic, and that it only exists in that State by importation; that it is transportable in vessels, railroad cars, clothing, goods, etc., and that an efficient quarantine will exclude it from the State.

—CATS are largely cultivated in Holland, especially for their skins. The fur of the Dutch cat is very long and soft as compared to that of the English cat, the fur of which is hard and wiry. There is some secrecy as to how the cats in Holland are fed: Mr. Frank Buckland states that it is possible they are fed on fish. The best Dutch cats are black. A good skin of jet-black color is worth half a guinea.

—ACCORDING to the French census of 1876 the foreigners resident in France numbered 801,700, of whom 30,000 were English. It is curious to note the occupations of the French people, of whom 18,968,000, or fifty-three per cent., are engaged in agriculture, 9,274,000, or twenty-six per cent., in manufacturing and similar industries, 3,837,000, or fourteen per cent., in trade, and 1,231,000, or four per cent., in liberal professions. Of the agricultural population, 10,620,000 cultivated their own property, 5,708,000 were farmers, and 2,639,000 laborers and gardeners.

—CALIFORNIA is experimenting with Egyptian corn, and the results are so satisfactory that it is believed the cereal will become popular with the farmers of that State, especially in San Joaquin Valley. It is planted in hills, sixteen to eighteen inches apart, not over two grains to the hill, and has yielded eighty bushels to the acre. The planting is done in the middle of May. The heads for planting are cured on the ground before being put away or thrashed. The harvest is usually double that of Indian corn, and the meal makes delicious bread. The white variety is preferred for table use.

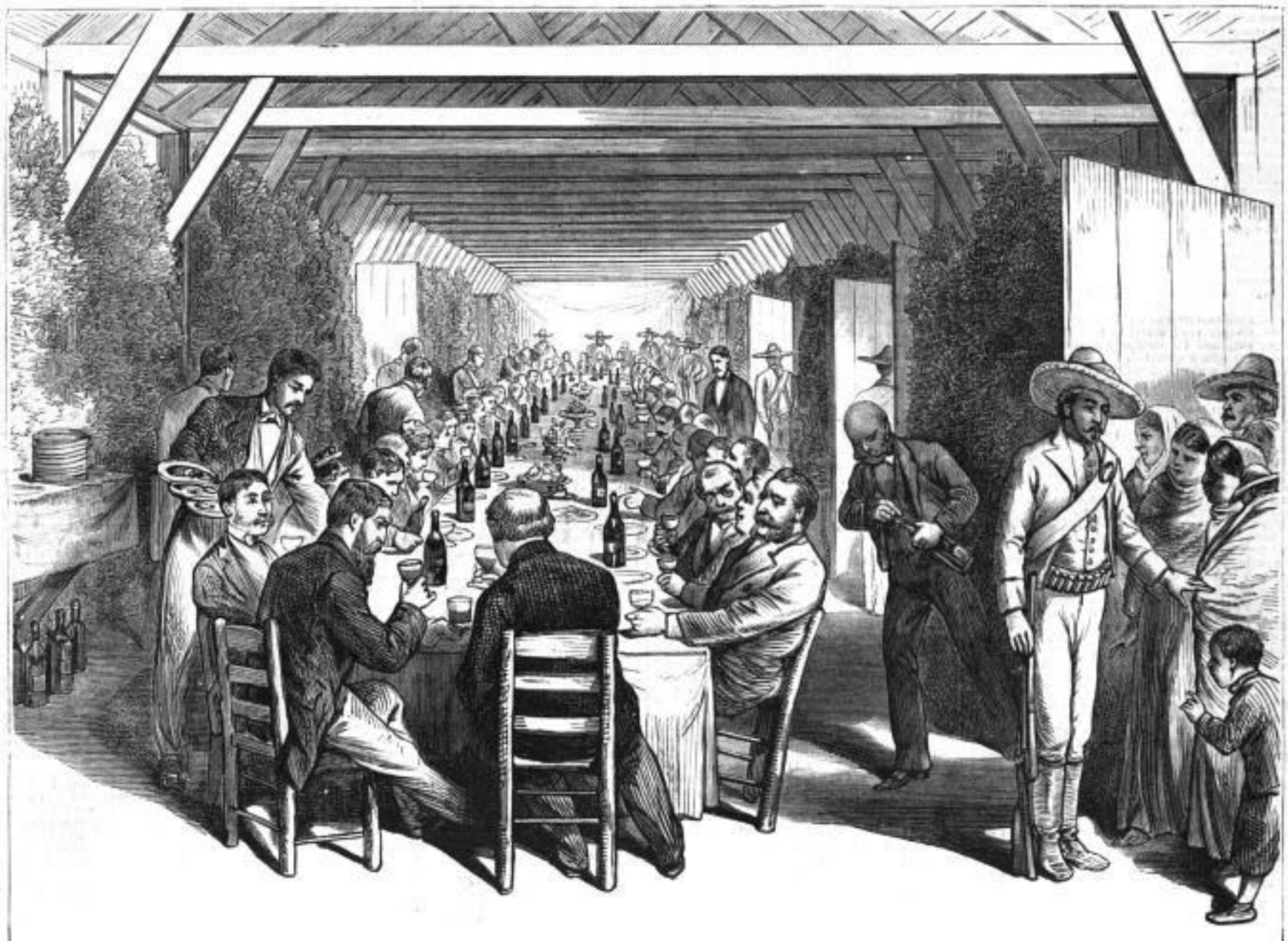
—AS ABOUT 3,000 weight of slag is made for every ton of pig iron, the importance of utilizing this waste product is very obvious. In England slag has been turned to account in the formation of breakwaters, such as that at the mouth of the Tees. Bricks, pavingsets, concrete and other articles are also made of it. Three millions of slag bricks, most of which go to London, are manufactured annually. Glass works are now in operation at the blast-furnaces in Northamptonshire, where the slag is run direct from the iron-furnaces into the glass-furnaces, mixed with other materials, and converted into glass for bottles, etc.

—IN 1876 a Compulsory Education Act was passed in the British Parliament, to come into operation gradually, the full working to be delayed till 1881. After that year no child between the ages of ten and fourteen is to be employed in any labor unless he has passed an examination in the "Fourth Standard," a grade in the London public schools which comprehends a moderately good knowledge of what are called in America common school branches. "Labor certificates" will be granted to pupils who pass examination to this grade, and it will be unlawful to employ any children within the ages named who have not such certificates. During the year 1879 children that have passed the Third Standard will be permitted to be hired out to work. The Third Standard includes reading, writing, and arithmetic through compound addition and subtraction. The managers of schools will be required to send to the trustees a list of all the children in their charge, and their attendance. This has long been the practice in America. The School Boards have power to grant the Labor Certificates.

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VIEW OF THE TOWN OF ORIZABA FROM THE RAILROAD.



BANQUET GIVEN BY THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TO THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION AT APIZACO.



A HACIENDA AT GUADALOUPE.

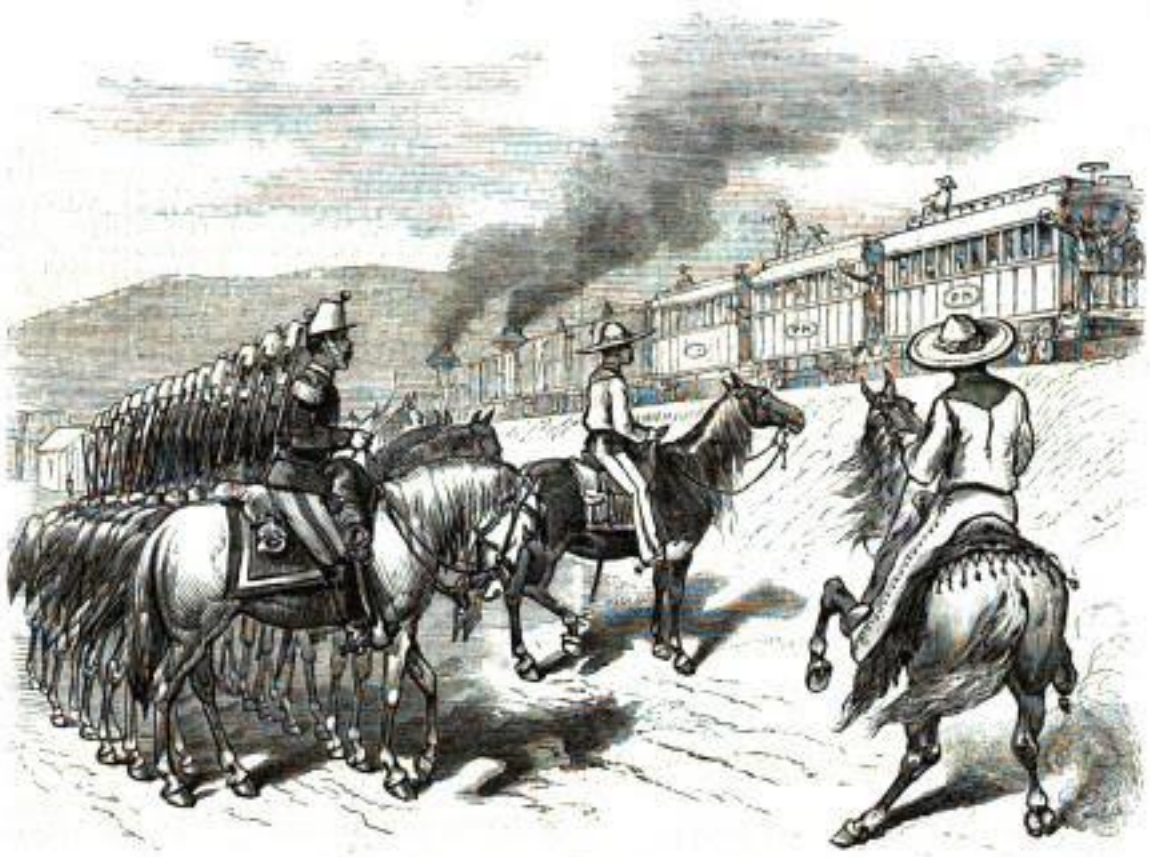
THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN

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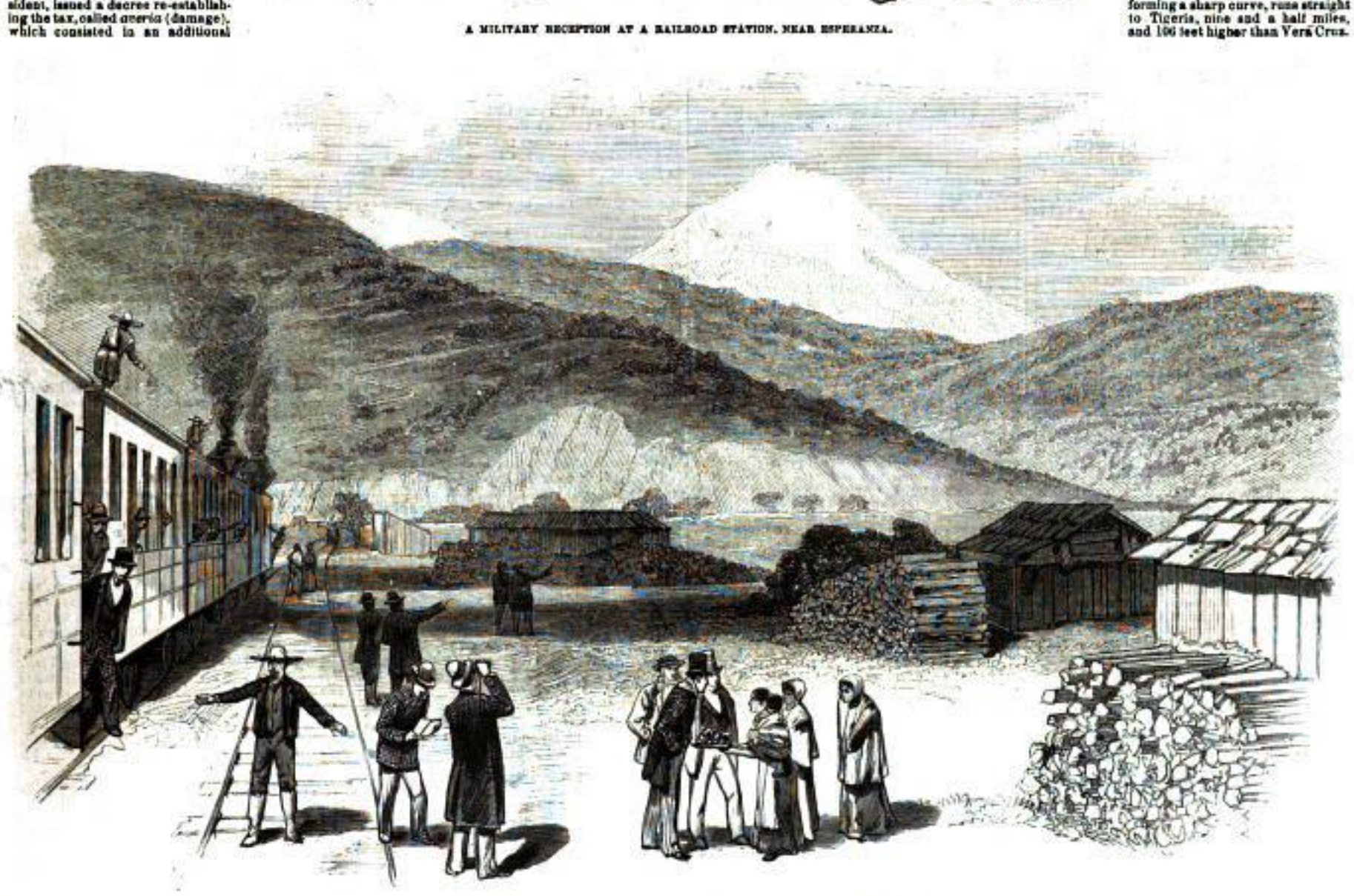
THE COMMERCIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

INCIDENTS OF A TRIP FROM VERA CRUZ TO ORIZABA.

AS we sped slowly past the crumbling walls of the ancient fortifications of Vera Cruz, and its Arab-like suburbs, drawn by a monster Fairlie engine—an engine destined to drag the American Industrial Deputation 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, 4,700 in the comparatively small distance of twenty-five miles—I prepared myself to enjoy a railway ride that for hairbreadth engineering surpasses the wildest imaginings of a Stevenson or a Brunel. The iron road from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico has been constructed in the teeth of natural, political and financial difficulties such as have never been experienced by any kindred scheme; and when I alighted at the depot at Mexico, and flung my thoughts down the track to the place from whence I came, I involuntarily paid a tribute of respect and admiration to all those concerned in its construction, from the bluest-blooded Hidalgo who advocated the measure in Congress to the humblest Indio who aided it through the medium of his shovel and pick. Save the marvelous railway between Callao and Oraya, in Peru, that scales an altitude of 15,000 feet, there is nothing to compare to the portion of this line situated between Orizaba and Boca del Monte. The first concession for the construction of the railway from Vera Cruz to Mexico was given on the 22d of August, 1837. In 1842 Santa Anna, then President, issued a decree re-establishing the tax, called *averia* (damage), which consisted in an additional duty of two per cent. on the imports of the Vera Cruz Custom House, the produce of this extra duty to meet the expenses of the construction of the line. In 1851 the line was completed to San Juan, and six years later the work was begun from Mexico to Guadaloupe, under the direction of A. G. Girard, an American engineer. The survey of the line to the capital began at the end of 1857. The revolution, which had its precursor in the Holy Week of 1857, broke out at the end of the year and stopped the works. In 1865 the ill-fated Maximilian interested himself in the project; operations were again resumed, and when Benito Juarez, after the death of the emperor, took possession of the country, the line was constructed as far as Paso del Macho, forty-seven and a quarter miles from Vera Cruz, and to Apizaco eighty-six and a half miles from Mexico. After numerous stoppages, impediments, and embarrassments, and until almost every hope of completing the iron link between the capital and the sea had been abandoned in despair, the line was finally completed in 1872, and solemnly inaugurated on the 1st of January, 1873, in the presence of the then President Lerdo de Tejada, and is now known as "La Compañia del Ferrocarril Mexicano." To construct this line it took thirty-six years, forty presidents and one emperor, and up to the 30th of June, 1874, it cost the Government alone twelve million five hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred and ninety-five dollars! How many lives did it cost? *Sabe Dios!*



A MILITARY RECEPTION AT A RAILROAD STATION, NEAR ESPERANZA.



GLIMPSE OF ORIZABA FROM MALTRATA, WITH THE EXCURSIONISTS DEBARKING FROM THE CARS.

The members of the deputation were in the highest possible spirits. The dangers and ghastly troubles of the Gulf had been passed, the lions had been fed, and well fed, albeit an *entrée* of snails formed a portion of the *menu*, and every individual countenance was one vast expansive smile. The ladies were placed in a centre carriage, the smokers in the rear, while three or four intrepid explorers, having made interest with the inspector of the line, occupied posts of honor on the engine. On leaving the depot at Vera Cruz, the line cuts through the fortifications of the city; crosses the Boulevard de Santiago; passes in sight of the Alameda, the Vera Cruzian promenade; the cemetery of Casa Mata; then across the lagune of Cocas, near the spot where the Vera Cruzian defenders surrendered to General Scott in 1847; and, forming a sharp curve, runs straight to Tigeris, nine and a half miles, and 196 feet higher than Vera Cruz.



A WATER-TROUGH AT LA BOTA, ON THE ROAD FROM ORIZABA TO MEXICO.

Here Doblado, the Mexican General, received Sir Charles Wyke and General Prim, to celebrate the La Soledad Treaty, and here Santa Anna proclaimed the second Mexican Republic. The country so far is perfectly flat, showing now and then a strip of swamp, at best but a cheerless waste of sand, betraying the scantiest of vegetation. Palms and bananas were conspicuous by their absence, and low jungles on patches of marsh, with a few deformed cacti peering between rough masses of rock and shingle, scarcely repaid the anxious deputationists, who, with craned necks and strained eyes, kept bobbing from window to window on either side, in the delusive hope of catching sight of something that would realize,

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

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even in part, the conjurings of their respective imaginings; and one New Yorker, in a tone of disgust, was heard to mutter: "I'm blessed if we ain't stuck on the Harlem flats!" Soledad, situated on the eastern bank of the Rio Jamapa, was next reached. This village of 200 inhabitants gives name to the celebrated convention between the invading power and Mexico, signed on the 19th of February, 1862, by Generals Prim and Doblado respectively. The longest iron bridge on the line is built here, supported by pillars, four of which intersect the Jamapa. Paso del Macho was our next stopping-place, and I may mention that the instant the train came to a standstill—this the entire way to Mexico—the deputationists sprang from the cars, some to refresh at rudely improvised wooden or sugar-cane booths, some to sweep the surrounding country with formidable-looking glasses, some to cross-examine the engine-driver, some to torture the natives by a series of mysterious sounds honestly intended to represent pure Castilian, some to gossip with the members of the Mexican Commission, and some to scamper off in search of flowers or vegetation of any sort, shape, size or description whatsoever. Paso del Macho was the central point for the employés during the construction of the line, and from 1865 to 1870 it contained 1,400 inhabitants. We were now 1,550 feet above the level of the coast, and still in a thirsty, gritty country, sprinkled with gaunt shapes of rock. We had seen nothing as yet to distinguish the ride or the railway from the merest ordinary, and save where the monotony was relieved by a river refreshing the cracking soil, with its border of succulent green, or an Indian village, rich in unsymmetrical downy-roofed cabins, and copper-colored natives attired in the purest and scantiest of white, the scene scarcely demanded a comment; and, as a voluntary upon the text, several of the deputation snatched an honest forty winks, indulging for the first time in the demoralizing but singularly refreshing *siesta*. One of the Mexican Commission now hustled frantically through the cars, shaking up those who were engaged in wooing the drowsy god, and causing those whose eyes were open to open them still wider. We were upon the threshold of the beauties of the line, 1,550 feet above sea-level, and forty-seven miles from Vera Cruz. Aromatical odors borne by caressing breezes now superseded the chill *acrite*, vegetation took the place of the dreary, desolate sand wastes, and at Paso del Macho we began to realize that Mexico contained something more pleasing to the eye than distorted cacti and jagged masses of dull gray rock.

Exclamations of "Oh!" and, "Ah!" ran along the cars, and when we reached the bridge of San Alego enthusiasm commenced to manifest itself; diaries and crayons were flung aside; even flirtation—this tender plant is blossoming under the fostering care of some of the party—ceased for the moment as the superb beauty of the tropical scenery flashed upon us, filling us with an admiration spontaneous as it was earnest. San Alego Bridge is 318 feet long and 36 feet above the ravine. It is entirely constructed of cast-iron, and springs from out a bed of verdure, so rich, so varied, so glowing, so concentrated, that it would serve for the couch of Titania herself—reds and yellows, and blues and greens and purples, lichens, mosses and ferns—a veritable tropical treasure. Creepers cling amorously to the yielding trees, and parasites—orchid and bromelia—beautiful as butterflies, seem fluttering on the branches, as if just alighted and again about to take wing.

"*Now* we are in the tropics!" was the universal exclamation, as the train sped rapidly past sugar-cane and coffee plantations, bananas, palms, and other in-dwellers of the tropical forest; and ere we could quaff of the bejeweled cup so graciously extended to us by the full, fair hand of Nature, we suddenly came upon the lovely Chiquihuite; and while our greedy eyes snatched up its loveliness, lo! we were in the tunnel that pierces the Chiquihuite Mountains, the barriers that intervene between the interior and the coast. The Rio Chiquihuite, a cascade starting from a rift in the sheer cliff, bounds sixty feet into the gorge below.

The line for two miles follows the winding of the Atoyac River; and we reached the little town of the same name, sleeping softly in its narrow valley. For seventeen miles the route is traversed by a continuous track of tropical forest, deep in shade and shining flowers, and it seemed as though we were gliding over an ocean of verdure—the misty hills its waves, the brilliant blossoms its foam. At this point of our journey two of the ladies of our party, escorted by a chivalrous representative of a New York daily, elected to grace the engine by their presence, while a vice-president, together with three of the male excursionists, boldly took possession of the cow-catcher. "What a chance for a cow!" We now passed rapidly through the most entrancing scenery to the *frigol* country—that small brown bean so dearly prized by the Mexicans—and on to Cordoba, a city of 9,500 inhabitants. This town is specially famed for its coffee, which is said to equal that of Colima and Mocha; extensive *haciendas* are exclusively employed in coffee-raising, and one of our deputation has made arrangements to place Cordoba coffee upon the American market upon such terms as will repay both importers and consumers.

Cordoba goes back to 1618. A station was built here for the purpose of protecting carriers on their way from Vera Cruz to the interior. The first occupants—Spaniards—lived on the product of the wild fruit-trees; the banana was their bread, the banana and aloe gave them fruit, maguey furnished them with *pulque*, and its fibre served to weave them garments. Then they cultivated oranges and other fruits, which they sold at Vera Cruz, and finally they grew sugar-cane and built factories. In 1757 there were thirty-two sugar-mills and twenty-two *haciendas* (farms) situated around the town, producing 1,200 tons of sugar per annum. *Aguardiente* distilleries now came into operation. Civil war has utterly wrecked it, and now Cordoba, once so thriving and so opulent, is nothing better than a large deserted village; the land is overrun with weeds and the mills are in ruins. The city is two miles from the station, rapid transit being effected by one mule street-cars. Cordoba is 2,690 feet above sea level. A little further on and the immense horizon which extends to the base of the peak of Orizaba exacted universal comment. The country through which we now traveled—and, alas, the shades of night were falling fast—was an absolute hothouse of fertility, *huacales*, *huastas*, and *bizarre* patches of delicate lealaxe succeeded one another, and the more we advanced the more tropical became both plants and climate. Expectation was on tiptoe as we entered the famous Barranca de Metlac, so full of splendor, so full of horror, so completely Dantesque! The bridge that spans the ravine is 250 feet long and 92 high. It is shaped in a curve from one side to the other, and is one of the most marvelous successes on this railway, which is nothing short of a succession of engineering triumphs. The rails are of pure steel, with braces at every seven feet, and a guard-rail. The barranca rises at the foot of Orizaba, finally disappearing at the base of Chiquihuite. Its narrowest part measures 900 feet, its greatest depth 375 feet, and its borders for steepness have been compared to those of Niagara near the Falls. The curves are so sharp that we interchanged signals with the occupants of the engine during our serpentine transit; while in passing through tunnels, there were moments when we imagined that the engine had completely gotten away from us.

It was dark when we slowed into the station at Orizaba, where carriages were in waiting to convey us to our respective hotels. We—that is, the artist and myself—were deposited at the Fonda San Pedro—a great, gloomy edifice with a *patio* or courtyard, within whose inclosure a small army might be successfully maneuvred. Our bedroom was a monster apartment, red-tiled, the ceiling nearly as high as the peak of Orizaba, the windows barred with iron, the beds pieces of canvas laid on steel cross bars, which later on too forcibly reminded us of the sufferings of those Christian martyrs who were grilled *pour l'amour de Dieu*. Unsavory-looking insects, all legs and arms, crawled upon the dark, dank walls, and the whole place resembled a prison into which a batch of political desperadoes had just been hastily consigned. What a rush for dinner! What calls for viands in United States Spanish! What full-flavored language when the Indian waiters failed to comprehend a jargon utterly incomprehensible even to the deputationists themselves! We were Cook's excursionists with a vengeance, and possibly more exacting. The members of the deputation strolled through the town in the evening, and were fortunate enough to stumble upon an enormous marquee wherein the game of *Keno* was being carried on amid a breathless silence. All the inhabitants were participating in the pernicious pleasures of the game, those who were impecunious keeping count, while a happy few ventured their medios and reals upon the hazard of the dice. The crafty-looking old gentleman who was keeping the bank would have proved a superb study for Rembrandt, every wrinkle beneath his silver-laced *sombrero* was a cradle for graft, his smile a *fascinate ogni speranza*. There were other booths at which a rude roulette was being played with considerable spirit, his *Americanos* sporting the almighty dollar after a very spread-eagle fashion. There was no moon, but there were stars, and such stars, flashing white light in the clear, dark blue done as we picked our steps over a pavement composed of a series of small stone islands in a vast sea of knee-deep dust. *Bizarre* were the sights that greeted our hungry gaze. Indian women wrapped in their *rebozos* seated beside quaint little stoves engaged in cooking the muchly-prized *tortillas*; *serenos* or watchmen, enveloped in cloaks never bereft save upon the stage, whistling, at the corner of every street—a long, low, wailing whistle, through the medium of which perpetual communication is maintained from guard to guard; Mexicans, rich in *serape* and *sombrero*, overtaken by the *pulque* fiend, uttering deep guttural sounds and clinging frantically to the posts and pillars that grow like excrescences upon the outer walls of every domicile; strings of mules humbly winding their way to a *hacienda* high upon the side of the volcano, to return laden with ice for the fever thirst of Vera Cruz; members of the Industrial Deputation cursing the clear, thin air to ring again with the peals of right joyous and happy laughter; groups of Indians posed around hotel-doors in every conceivable position of indolent grace; and, touching the dark-blue vault, the snow-capped peak of Orizaba white in the starlight. Such was the scene in this Mexican town upon the night of Monday, the 13th of January, 1879. The deputation arose early; to quit the gridiron was an intense relief, and almost ere the day broke, the sounds of human voices made themselves manifest in the *patio*.

Orizaba is eighty-two miles from Vera Cruz. It contains about 13,000 inhabitants; but, during the prevalence of the dreaded *vomito*, the Vera Cruzians repair thither, since the climate, though humid, is proverbially healthy, its altitude insuring the city against the spread of epidemics. It presents to the eye the appearance of an immense color-glowing garden, in the midst of which, like a bunch of white lilies, spring up the domes and steeples and houses, while the icy minaret of the peak, towering 17,375 feet above the level of the sea, forms a background such as has been accorded to but few of the habitations of the earth. It was at Orizaba that Marshal Bazaine took leave of the ill-fated Maximilian—a ghastly shadow upon the future of both. Maximilian died like a soldier; why did not Bazaine die at the head of the Guard? In the direction of the western part of the city stands Mont Borrego, known in the annals of the French invasion as the point where the Mexican army, 5,000 strong, were routed by 100 zouaves, who scaled its steep sides under cover of night. A rude wooden cross marks a spot upon the summit where two of the sturdy, baggy-breeched veterans "flunking fell." It was to Orizaba that Cortez, with his band of desperadoes, hastened in the hope of looting its treasures, of the richness of which the Aztecs gave such glowing descriptions. Orizaba stands 4,027 feet above the level of the sea, and the average temperature is seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit. The town is an old, noiseless place, with straight but irregular streets and quaint houses, tiled with sloping and overhanging roofs; wide gutters, like open sewers, run down the centre of the streets; the buildings are one-storied, and without the remotest attempt at ornamentation.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FOURTH.

LADY ROLLINGFORD'S SECRET

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

THE prophecy of the gypsy is thus only too soon fulfilled, and Louisa and Rupert feel that after this but few moments of peace and happiness can await them in the future.

However, in spite of her husband's despondency, Louisa—who is ignorant of what Lady Rollingford has told him concerning her birth, and what he has deduced for himself out of her equivocal words and half-confidences, for he has been faithful to his promise, and kept all she has said a close secret from his wife—is ready enough to front with upraised head the fatal storm which has burst upon them in the midst of their happiness, and is for writing to the papers and contradicting the scurrilous attack against her fair fame; a proposition which, to her horror, her husband declines to accede to.

Blinded with indignation, and wounded in her pride as a woman and a wife, she rises from the breakfast-table pale as death, and confronts him in a menacing attitude.

"You believe, then, what this wretched paper says?" she exclaims, looking at him straight in the eyes. "Do not attempt to deny it; I can see it by your looks: you believe it—you, who have sworn to love me! Great God! what love is this, that the basest and most unfounded calumnies of any penny-a-liner can so easily scatter to the winds? But I will not consent to be thus exposed to the insults of the first who may chance to have a spite against me and wish to ruin my reputation to gain some paltry end of his own, merely because I have married a man who loves me so little, who is so utterly careless of his wife's honor that he will not even take the trouble to contradict the base attack. I am your wife, your lawful wife, Mr. Cassilis; a scoundrel has dared to question your wife's honor: it is your duty to defend her."

And without saying another word she walks out of the room as stately as a tragedy queen, but with the seeds of death in her poor young heart.

What can Rupert Cassilis do?

Gradually the secret cause of this villainous attack upon his wife dawns upon him. He discovers, just below the characteristic title of the new paper, which he still holds in his hand, the name of its editor, Mr. Arthur Smith; and it flashes upon him that not a month before, just when he was about to marry Miss Reymond, this man—whom he had met at a literary friend's house the previous year, and who ever since had called upon him at short intervals, pretending to feel a great sympathy for him—had asked him for the loan of a few hundred pounds to bring out a weekly paper, which he was thinking of editing—probably this very one—and that he had refused point-blank to lend them to him. This, then, is doubtless the cause that has pointed the shameful attack.

His wife's words still resound in his ears with all their peculiar significance, "A scoundrel has dared to question your wife's honor; it is your duty to defend her." Yes, and it is doubtless his duty to defend the honor of his wife, which is now his, and to clear her name of all calumnies—for this attack upon her good name, has it not been aimed, as it were, against him?

In his utter bewilderment he scarcely knows what to do, and it is only on the morrow, when he has had time to think the matter over and over again, that he determines to write to Lady Rollingford (who by this time has returned to her home in England), begging of her to contradict the report spread against his wife, and almost commanding her to declare to him the real name of her adopted daughter.

But ere he receives any answer from that lady, the ill-natured paper comes out with another article against poor Louisa, declaring that in Paris every one has known for the last six years that the adopted daughter of Lady Rollingford was the love-child of a French nobleman, by a ballet-dancer of most questionable reputation; and further assuring the honorable readers of *Topsy-turvy* that in France, at least, no one will think of visiting the newly-married couple, and that every one rejoices at the thought that at last the vulgar adventuress, who for so many years has been deceiving every one, beginning with the noble lady who so generously adopted her, and introduced her into London society, in a moment of too generous expansion of heart, should have been thus publicly exposed.

I must say in favor of Rupert Cassilis, that he had the forbearance and nobility of heart not to show this new paragraph to his wife, and that he even did all in his power to prevent her seeing it; but all his precautions were of no avail, for, of course, some kind friend in London lost no time in forwarding it to her. Yet he is not the less struck to the heart by it, and from this moment he curses the day in which he had made her his wife, and united his fate to hers, though still at the bottom of his heart he loves her as dearly as ever.

Rupert Cassilis, though a very good-hearted fellow, lacks the moral courage to face society unmoved, and to consider even the world well lost for love. And so he determines to see as little of his wife as he can, and, if possible, to forget her sweet face, with those large, thoughtful eyes so full of just indignation which is for ever haunting him, in gay and dissipated scenes.

CHAPTER VII.—THE STORM CONTINUES.

THE numbers of the new weekly paper, *Topsy-turvy*, which contain the articles about Louisa Cassilis circulates like wild-fire; such articles always do. For some weeks London talks of nothing else, for it is the very height of the season, just between Ascot and Goodwood, and not long after the accounts of the great marriage *fêtes* which had caused such general interest in all circles, and awakened more than one person's envy. Strange to say, no other paper takes the matter in hand—a diplomatic forbearance from mentioning, or even approaching, the subject seems to be the course adopted by the general press—and Mr. Arthur Smith, after a few weeks, finding to his regret that no one has dared to take the matter up publicly, begins to feel uneasy as to the course events will take, and fearing that perhaps he has gone too far, and that his suppositions as to Mrs. Cassilis being an illegitimate daughter of the Comte de la Mazerolle—a conclusion to which, no doubt, he had arrived by putting two and two together from what he had heard from his former friend, but now bitter enemy, Rupert Cassilis—are too bitter and too absurd to take deep root in the minds of his readers, comes out with a new article conceived in the following terms:

"*Q.* If the young lady lately married to the son of a baronet is not the daughter of a French nobleman we mentioned some weeks ago, whose daughter is she?

"*Q.* Who were her ancestors?

"*Q.* Had she ever a grandfather?

"*Q.* Or a grandmother?

"*Q.* Who was her mother?

"*Q.* What is her real name?

"*Q.* Has she any name at all?

"*Q.* Is she the daughter of a royal house, as we believe she likes it to be supposed?

"*Q.* If so, of what royal house?

"*Q.* What relation is she to the noble lady with whom she lived for so many years?

"*Q.* If she is none, why does she not come forward and explain who she is?

"*Q.* Does this lady know who she is?

"*Q.* Or has she been also the dupe of a clever adventuress, who imposed upon her well-known kindness of heart to gain a footing in English society?"

"If she cannot answer any of these questions the inference is clear—she must be an impostor."

This new article creates even a greater sensation, if possible, than any of those before published, and as no answer whatever is given to it either by Louisa, her husband, or Lady Rollingford, society concludes that Rupert's wife is an impostor, and is very bitter against her in consequence.

Our poor Louisa finds no mercy after this at the hands of her old friends. She has been guilty of the offense which, of all offenses, society punishes most severely—she has been over-popular—she has taken up the attention of the world too long, she has excited too great and general an interest; and society, with its usual justice, chastises her for its own folly.

It would be very difficult to describe Lady Rollingford's feelings at this critical juncture.

The articles in *Topsy-turvy* have indeed wounded her far more deeply than she would have cared to confess. Yet the thought that Louisa should be generally supposed to be a child of the Comte de la Mazerolle is not altogether displeasing to her; at all events, she is sure that while people imagine such a thing, no one will think of supposing that she is Lord Rollingford's daughter, and that her own character will remain stainless to the last.

When she received Rupert Cassilis's letter, her better nature was touched, and her first impulse was to write to the papers contessing everything, and clearing poor Louisa's stainless name from all false and scurrilous charges, for she is, upon the whole, both kind and good; and, though her poor heart had been crushed and embittered at the beginning of her life, it still beats at times with the old, generous feelings which had once so characterized her.

But the shame that such a step would entail horrified her, and all her good intentions are only too soon changed by the world's most worldly verdict. So she determines to take no step in the matter, to let events take their own course, and, if possible, not to mix herself in the awkward adventure.

The determination once taken, her line of conduct becomes easy enough. She does not condemn Louisa herself, but she echoes the opinions of her friends. She even tries hard to excuse her, and assures some of her most intimate acquaintances that poor Louisa is but a creature of impulse, and that while she has remained under her roof her conduct was everything that any one could have desired. All of which, of course, is soon repeated over the town, and wins for her the character of being the most good-natured and kindest-hearted of women.

At last, persuaded by her friends, and desirous of doing that which is right and proper in the eyes of the world, she consents to write to Louisa, telling her that, after a great deal of hesitation, and, as she most kindly puts it, to please her poor old father, Lord Westra, who has been greatly shocked by what the papers have been saying about her, she in future declined to have any further intercourse with her, and, acting on his advice, ceases to be her adopted mother. Then, summoning her lawyer, she makes a new will, in which the name of Louisa Cassilis is not once mentioned, and in which she leaves everything she possesses, at her death, to her beloved brother, Lord Inganess.

This will soon becomes known to every one, and society at large rejoices in the thought that so immense a fortune as that of the Reymonds will not pass into the hands of so questionable a person as Mrs. Cassilis.

The dreadful news is not long in reaching Paris. Rupert, who has lived in a horrible nightmare ever since the first article in *Topsy-turvy* came to put an end to his happy honeymoon, is now aroused to the sad reality of the situation. Lady Rollingford has washed her hands of them for ever; and, without her, how is he ever to discover who his wife really is?

He still loves her; between them, personally, nothing has yet come to cool their mutual love; but he now sees, too clearly, all that he has brought upon himself and upon his family by marrying her.

His position after this becomes most awkward, for both the names of La Mazerolle and De Cassilis are but too well-known to every one, and there is scarcely a man or a woman from the Barrière de l'Etoile to the Batignolles who has not heard and discussed the scandal. Wherever he goes, mocking smiles and suspicious whispers follow him. The Comte de la Mazerolle, whom he had gone to see soon after the publication of the first article in the English paper, though himself implicated in the charge, had refused to move in the matter, and, like Lady Rollingford, will have nothing to say to the world about Louisa Cassilis. Even his own father, Sir Robert, though he will not quarrel with him, refuses to see his wife until the whole affair is cleared up, and begs of him to put an end to the scandal by announcing to the world her real name and those of her parents; and his poor mother, though not quite so hard upon him, bursts into tears whenever she sees him, and keeps advising him to quit France and to take this dreadful wife of his, who is the cause of all his misfortunes, as far away from her as possible.

Utterly unable to revenge himself upon the world, unable even to contradict the villainous stories which are circulated on every side about himself and his wife, he turns his anger and indignation against her—forgetting all the love he has sworn, and forgetting also that, after all, it is not her fault that he has married her without properly ascertaining her real name and origin. He makes her suffer for the reverses of fortune.

Such is the sudden end of our poor Louisa's honeymoon. And the girl who had but so recently arrived in Paris a gay, light-hearted, happy bride—the girl who had received the written congratulations of the *crème de la crème* who had flocked to

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the sumptuous halls of the Rollingford House, where she had reigned for so many years a little princess, flattered and spoiled by all, supposed by every one to be the heiress of a more than princely fortune—is now a poor, wretched, forlorn and deserted woman, living in a tiny *appartement* in Paris, neglected and forsaken even by the man to whom she has given herself, with all the warmth and enthusiasm of first love.

CHAPTER VIII.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE Théâtre des Folies Amoureuses, if not one of the largest, is certainly one of the most fashionable and elegant, in Paris. Though its *répertoire* seldom soars above burlesques, *revues féeries*, and the mildest of *opéras bouffe*, and its actors lay no claims to high art and great histrionic powers, its performances are always bright, dazzling and amusing, and its *salle* is, as a rule, crowded to overflowing by the throng, gay, yet most difficult to please, which constitutes that part of the Parisian world addicted to theatre-going.

Yet, though doubtless a great deal of amusement may be enjoyed in its velvet-covered and, I must confess, rather close and uncomfortable boxes and stalls, its true pleasures can only be properly appreciated by those privileged few who have an *entrée* into the sacred precincts of its "green-room" behind the scenes.

This is by no means an ordinary green-room, but a truly elegant and gorgeous apartment, decorated with almost Oriental splendor, and in which one may meet as distinguished and fashionable a society as in the famous *foyer de la danse* in the Grand Opera—which, indeed, it has no reason to envy.

To this sumptuous retreat flock, on certain nights of the week, all that Paris can boast of as most exclusive and *re-herché* amongst its *viveurs argenté* and *jeunesse dorée*. And it is not uncommon to see reclining upon its soft yellow-satin ottomans, not only young and foolish *petits crévés*, and *gommeux* addicted to fast living, but even respectable old gentlemen who ought to know better, and wise and profound politicians and statesmen, and brave and gallant generals, whose names would grace the annals of any country.

It is rather curious to study—from a distance—the philosophy of "behind the scenes," and many a moral might be drawn from the lives of that little world of young woman—almost all sprung from the dregs of society—who so often succeed in rising to the highest pinnacles of the social scale, but, too often, alas, to fall back again into its lowest depths!

Young girls of from fourteen to twenty years of age, who have lived all their lives in a dreary little cottage in the country, or in some dismal back parlor of the *loge* of a *concierge*, who have grown up upon dry bread and onions, and have never worn anything but cotton dresses and *sabots*, come to the theatre, generally brought by their affectionate parents, and a few weeks afterwards find themselves attired in silks and gauze, sparkling all over with jewels, more or less genuine—all at the expense of the State—and more dazzling than the fairies of whom they have so often dreamed, or the angels their priests have told them about: whilst princes and ministers and generals crowd about them, and seem to feel honored when their black coats get whitened by too close proximity to their freshly-painted arms.

At the Folies Amoureuses there are from forty to fifty of these young ladies, all of them more or less beautiful, all of them more or less amiable and charming, and all, of course, quite ready to throw up their present engagement for any new one which may offer more advantages, however trifling. But amongst these, or, rather, above these, there is one who is the queen of them all, and who rules supreme upon those boards, though the theatre does not belong to her according to the English meaning of the word. Zoé de Fleurville is as well known as the Folies Amoureuses itself; and who has ever been in Paris a week without paying a visit to that theatre to feast his eyes upon her, and to give himself the treat of listening to her sweet, melodious voice?

Of all actresses, the lovely Zoé is the most run after and the most courted by men; for her wit, like her beauty, is transcendental, and her conversational powers and gift of repartee are as famous as her golden locks and her large, almond-shaped, jet-black eyes, which contrast so strangely with them. No woman is so much admired and courted as this Zoé, and yet, strange as it may seem, no woman can boast of having such a character for virtue—at least so her most ardent admirers inform me.

It is behind the scenes of this theatre that we again meet our old friend Inganess, who, ever since Glamour's marriage, has been traveling over the Continent—perhaps to try and forget the bright eyes of that sweet little flirt, Bella Champion; but if such were indeed his object, I fear he has not succeeded.

He is to leave Paris by to-morrow morning's train, and this is his last night in the gay capital. This is the reason why, to please his old friend Lord Dare, with whom he has been dining at the Maison Dorée, he has consented to accompany him to the Folies Amoureuses, and once there, has been forced, perhaps not altogether against his will, to go behind the scenes to be introduced to the new admiration of that ever-gallant young nobleman, Zoé de Fleurville.

The curtain has just gone down upon the second act, and, after having had to appear before it three consecutive times to hear the applause of the enraptured public, and to receive the numerous floral offerings, the lovely Zoé has entered the gorgeous green-room—of which I have spoken before, and into which I now take the liberty of introducing my readers—and with a smiling face she is receiving the compliments of her numerous admirers.

The play to-night is one of those annual revues so common in Paris, in which the various actors and actresses of the company, attired as gods and goddesses, caricature the latest fashions, discuss the topics of the day, and make fun of the various pieces lately brought out at the larger theatres. Madame de Fleurville plays the principal *rôle* in this trifling extravaganza, which, thanks to her, in spite of its commonplace character and weak puns, has already produced a great sensation; and she is attired as the fair and chaste Diana.

Standing in the centre of a group formed mostly of men, against whose black evening clothes her white sylph-like form looks indeed statuesque, she is, of course, the observed of all observers, although forty other women, each beautiful in her own way, are in the room.

It is just at this moment that the two Englishmen make their appearance, and after a time, and not without difficulty, they approach the queen of the evening.

Inganess, though he has often admired Zoé on the stage, and has seen her over and over again in almost all her parts, has never before been in such close proximity to the beautiful actress; and while his friend converses with her, and compliments her on her singing, he has time to criticise her closely.

At length a strange expression of sadness overshadows her face, before so bright and joyful, as she turns towards the door and perceives the figure of a tall, fair-haired man who is crossing the threshold.

There is something in this melancholy smile which reminds Inganess, he cannot tell why, of his sister's adopted daughter Louisa; and at that moment, strange to say, he recognizes in the newcomer her husband, Rupert Cassilis.

As I have said above, Inganess has been traveling for the last three months in Germany and Italy, and he has only been in Paris for a couple of days or so; he therefore was not aware that the Cassilises were still in this city, and believed them to be traveling about somewhere on the Continent; so his astonishment on seeing Rupert is indeed great.

Of course, he had read in the newspapers of the scandal recently circulated all over Europe about Louisa Cassilis and her supposed father; but he had no idea of his sister's new will, by which *he* had been made her sole heir, and still entertained vague hopes that after all the unpleasant story might have no foundation, or that, at all events, Lady Rollingford might not have heard it. He waits until Cassilis has shaken hands and exchanged a few words with Madame de Fleurville, and then, in utter ignorance of what has lately taken place, he approaches and is about to shake hands, when Rupert, recognizing him, becomes suddenly livid with rage, and turning his back upon him, addressed himself to the actress again.

Inganess, unable to understand this strange conduct on the part of a man with whom he has always been the best of friends, seeks Lord Dare—who, not having met with so friendly a reception as he expected from the beautiful Zoé, is conversing with a pretty little shepherdess, all smiles and blushes, in a distant corner of the room—and informs him of what has just occurred.

"Let's see," the gay lordling answers, rather annoyed by this untriendly interruption of his agreeable flirtation, "his wife is a sort of relation of yours, is she not?"

"Well, not exactly, but she is my sister's adopted daughter."

"Ah, just so; that accounts for it. Why, man, surely you don't expect the fellow, in the name of anything that is reasonable, to speak to you after that?"

"And why not?"

"By Jove, Inganess, you don't mean to tell me that you have not heard of what has taken place?"

"You mean those dreadful articles in the *Tipsy-farcy*, about her supposed father, the Comte de la Mazerolle? Well, yes, of course, I know all about that; but what can that have to do with our friendship? Besides, are you quite sure that it is true?"

"True! Of course it is true, or he would have contradicted it fast enough, trust him. It is only too true; and, moreover, I hear he has quarreled with his wife, who, he says, married him under a false name, and won't have anything more to say to Lady Rollingford—who, he takes care to inform every one, deceived him—or with any member of her family."

Inganess is greatly moved by this; he had no idea that events had taken such a serious turn, and Dare's words fill him with sadness and grief, for he really entertains a great affection for his sister's little *protégé*.

"Poor Louisa! I will go and see her to-morrow. I will put off my journey to London, and see what I can do."

A bell rings at this moment—it is the signal which announces that the curtain is about to be raised, and which summons the *artistes* to the stage.

Madame de Fleurville, erect and stately as a statue, and walking with a slow yet graceful step, crosses the room, and, as Inganess and his companion are standing close by the stage-door, she passes so near that she almost touches them.

Cassilis is beside her, and seems to be anxiously demanding some favor from her, so entreating is his look, so tenderly does he press the hands which he holds.

At the threshold he is forced to detain her—as gentlemen are not permitted on the stage by the rules of the theatre—and then, standing as they are within a few paces of them, the two Englishmen are able to hear their parting words, which serve to increase Inganess's suspicions and uneasiness respecting Louisa's future peace and happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

The Carrara Marble Quarries.

THE famous marble quarries of Carrara, although they have been worked since the reign of Augustus, and have furnished a steady and enormous supply to the whole civilized globe, seem to be inexhaustible. According to the London *Engineer* they compose an entire mountain range, and embrace every variety and quality of marble, from the coarse, common kind to the statuary marble. Monte Crestola and Monte Sagro yielding the largest and finest blocks. The blocks are detached, drawn out by oxen, and rolled down the hill. The quarries number some five hundred, only about twenty of them furnishing the marble used by sculptors. Most of the inhabitants of Carrara and the vicinity—some 6,000 workmen in all—are employed in the labor, at two or three lire—45 cents to 60 cents—per day. The marble taken out during the year before last was about 120,000 tons, valued at $2,400,000, of which 40,000 tons went to the United States. The export of marble to this country has increased immensely within twelve to fifteen years, the third largest firm of marble quarry owners now at Carrara being American. The American Consul there is a member of the firm, and his consulate is said to produce a larger income than any other in Italy.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Well-known African Traveler, Dr. Nachtigal, has been elected President of the Berlin Geographical Society.

A New Botanical Society has been formed at Munich; the President is Professor Robert Hartig, and the Vice-President, Dr. Arnold, an eminent lichenologist.

Dr. Crevaux, the explorer of French Guiana, has reached the source of the Oyapok, and crossed the range which separates the Oyapok from the Amazon basin.

The Chinese are about to commence the erection of a line of telegraph from Tientsin to Taku at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and also to make the necessary surveys for another line between Tientsin, Paoting-fu and Peking.

Excavations are now in progress on the Limburg, in the Bavarian palatinate, which will lead to important results for pre-historic investigation, inasmuch as they are directed to the elucidation of the much-contested question regarding the constructors and former inhabitants of the Ringwall, near Dürkheim.

Explorations in Brazil.—Dr. Edwin R. Heath, of Wisconsin, is about undertaking the exploration of the Beni and Madre di Dios Rivers of Brazil, his sojourn in South America some years as Secretary of Legation in Chili giving him excellent advantages for this purpose. Dr. Heath had arranged to visit South America with the late Professor Orton, but was detained, and he now desires to carry out some of the work that the untimely death of that well-known explorer has left uncompleted.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has issued a catalogue of their valuable publications and a list of various societies, journals, etc., with which they exchange publications. The Institution is anxious to add to this list any societies with which they have not hitherto been in communication, and also the names of specialists in all parts of the world. Communications should be addressed to Dr. Spencer F. Baird, Secretary of the Institution, Washington, D. C.

Underground Telegraph in Germany.—The underground telegraph in Germany has been so successful that it is proposed to extend the system over the whole empire. A new line is to be built connecting Cologne with Metz, crossing the Mosel on bridges and sometimes under the bed of the stream. The cable is composed of seven isolated conductors, each made up of five fine copper wires set in gutta percha, and the whole is protected by a web of iron wire wound about the conductors, and also surrounded by gutta-percha. The insulation proves to be all that could be desired, and the expense, all things considered, is less than under the old system.

Pre-historic Man in Russia.—M. J. Polikoff has found very interesting collections in a mound close by Tarnaliff, consisting of the skulls of men of recent stone period, together with polished silex hatchets and hammers and numerous bones of animals of existing species. But a far more important discovery was made close by Karacharove, in a very old lake alluvium. Here he found rough stone implements of the paleolithic period, together with bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros and the primitive ox. The character of the deposits proved without doubt the co-existence of man with those extinct mammals in Russia as well as in other parts of Europe. He also discovered vestiges of old wood structures, very like the lacustrian dwellings of Switzerland.

An Electric Pen for Engraving.—A. M. Bailey, of Paris, has applied the electric pen to engraving. A sheet of thin paper is attached to a plate of copper or zinc, and one side of the metal is connected with one of the poles of a Ruhmkorff machine, and the other pole to the upper end of the pen; the current runs through the paper to the metal performing the paper. When the drawing is finished, ink is laid on with an ordinary roller and the greasy fluid penetrates through the holes. The paper is floated off under water and the plate is ready for immersion in acid. The advantage claimed for this method is that the artist does all parts of his work, and has no more trouble than if he were working with an ordinary pencil. He can even work in a dark room without any other light than the glare from the ludoxine spark.

A Compound of Hydrogen and Boron.—A hydride of boron analogous to the hydride of silicon has been prepared by F. Jones. The author first made a gray friable mass of magnesium boride by strongly heating a mixture of magnesium dust and boron trioxide. On heating this mass with hydrochloric acid, a colorless gas is evolved, spontaneously inflammable, burning with a green flame, and possessing a disagreeable odor. No doubt if the gas were to be passed through a red hot tube metallic boron would be deposited. It remains to be seen whether the new hydride is not in fact the well-known compound of silicon and hydrogen described by Wöhler. The green color could easily be produced by traces of boron, and the silicon be derived from impurities in the magnesium. An accurate analysis can alone determine the question.

To Prevent the Fading of Carbon Prints.—Dr. Van Monckhoven, the author of a standard treatise of photography, calls attention to the fading of carbon prints. He asserts that neither hot water nor alum fix the prints, although thorough washing is greatly beneficial. Although the excess of bichromate of potash is removed, still the chromic salt, which has rendered the gelatine insoluble, not only remains, but undergoes a change by subsequent exposure to light, and thus accelerates the action of light upon the organic color of the pigment, which fades rapidly. He suggests a new fixing agent, bisulphite of soda, and for color some of the oxides of iron, mixed when moist, with glycerine and gelatine, which he states are absolutely unalterable by exposure to light. The suggestion, coming from such high authority, is worthy of attention and ought to be given a fair trial. The fading of carbon prints has been a great disappointment to the profession, as they were believed to be absolutely permanent.

A Lake Village in Switzerland.—The remains of another lake village have just been brought to light at Lorcas by the shrinkage of the waters of the Lake of Bienne. The village, assigned by experts to the age of stone, is situated at a short distance from the shore, not far from another and singular station which was explored in 1853. An exploration conducted by Dr. Gross has resulted in the gathering of many novel and interesting objects, pierced stone hatchets, similar to those found in Denmark, large flint lance-heads, jade hatchets with stag horn and wooden hafts fastened with pitch; vessels in wood, among others a colander and a vase in a good state of preservation. Near these were found several arms and instruments of pure copper, a circumstance which points to the probability that intermediate between the age of bronze and the age of stone was a period when pre-historic man had not discovered the art of alloying copper with tin. This was the age of copper of North America. Still more remarkable is a find of human skulls, which bear unmistakable marks of having been trepanned. Round pieces have been cut out, doubtless after death, for use as amulets, and pieces of infants' crania were found in the skulls of the dead, put here to protect the bodies from the wiles and assaults of evil beings in the world of spirits.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY will leave this country for Peru about the last of February.

M. HEROLD, the new Prefect of the Seine, is a Senator, and son of the composer of "Zampa."

EDWARD R. THOMPSON, a retired commodore of the United States Navy, died February 12th, in Philadelphia, aged 71 years.

VON BULOW'S theory is that the Italian school of music is delunct, and that the Russians will produce the music of the future.

THE Duke of Connaught's marriage to Louisa Margaret of Prussia will be celebrated with great magnificence at Windsor on March 13th.

THE little town of Correggio has at last determined to do honor to its distinguished painter, Antonio Allegri, by raising a monument to his memory.

THE President has nominated William Butler to be United States District Judge for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, vice Cadwallader, deceased.

THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham has arranged to give up his charge in this city in the Spring, and go abroad for an absence of a year or a year and a half.

GENERAL SAIGO, the Japanese Minister of Education, has presented to Roanoke College thirty Japanese books, and nine boxes of minerals from the Royal Museum.

SENATOR GORDON will deliver the Commencement Oration at the Mississippi University, Mr. Jefferson Davis having declined the invitation because of the precarious condition of his health.

PRINCESS MATILDA, the niece of the King of Saxony, is one of the few marriageable daughters of Roman Catholic reigning houses, and has been for some time spoken of as the future Crown Princess of Austria.

KING HUMBERT has had to designate a special room at the Quirinal, and that by no means a small one, for the preservation of the innumerable votive crowns offered to his father's memory by Italians in all parts of the world!

JULIUS BLUM, the Austrian Jew, whom the Egyptian Khedive has raised to the rank of Pasha and made Assistant Secretary of State, is said to be the first Israelite who has held so high a position in Egypt since Joseph's time.

THE High Church clergy have sent to the Queen a protest against the Duke of Connaught being married in Lent, and asking that the wedding be deferred. They forget that the Prince of Wales was married in Lent by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE monument to Victor Emmanuel which Italy desires to raise will cost, it is estimated, not less than $2,000,000. It is to consist of a colossal equestrian statue mounted on a triumphal arch, and the competition is to be thrown open to all the world.

IT IS said that the Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest child, will soon visit Berlin, and it is further rumored that the trip is not entirely unconnected with a matrimonial scheme planned in her behalf by her eldest sister, the Crown Princess of Germany.

THE tribute which the workingmen of England will present Lord Beaconsfield is of a unique character. It is to be a laurel wreath of gold. Each town will contribute one leaf. Subscriptions were limited to one penny. An accompanying address will contain the names of the donors.

AN order has been recently received by Mr. Joseph Milmore, of Boston, to execute marble busts of Lord Lorne and Princess Louise. The marble statue of Lord Dufferin, placed in Montreal, Canada, from the Milmore studio, has given such satisfaction that an order has been received for a duplicate in bronze, to be mounted in Hyde Park, London.

THE King of Spain recently met King Louis II. of Braganza of Portugal in Elvá, on the frontier, on the occasion of the opening of a new railroad from one kingdom to the other, and it is said that their meeting, ostensibly to honor the opening of the railroad, was really to treat upon the marriage of Louis's eldest son to the Princess Maria Pia, second sister of Alfonso.

HENRI DAUMIER, the French caricaturist, is dead. Fashion, tittle-tattle, scandal, politics, blemishes of figure and oddities of character have in turn inspired his inexhaustible genius for mockery. "Few among his illustrious contemporaries," says M. Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," "have escaped his pencil, and the worst of it is that his caricatures have always some strikingly truthful lessons about them."

THE marriage of Grand Duchess Anastasia, daughter of Grand Duke Michael, with Prince Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was solemnized on January 29th, at the Winter Palace, in St. Petersburg, according to the Orthodox and Lutheran rites. All the dignitaries of State, the chief officers of the army and navy, the administrative functionaries, and the members of the diplomatic body, were present. On the entry of the Emperor and Empress into the palace chapel a salvo of twenty-one guns was fired from the fortress.

MR. GLADSTONE is a pianist of no mean merit, and has a sweet and powerful voice which he loves to exercise. When he was Prime Minister it was his habit, and is still, on quitting the stormy arena of debate, to sooth his vexed spirit on one of Erard's grands. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home, he was never too tired to sit down to the piano, and with some simple strain shake off the soil of party strife as he warbled to it. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special selections.

IF Senator Conkling serves out the term to which he has just been elected, his length of continuous service will be without a parallel in the history of New York State. No New York Senator has ever served eighteen years without a break, and only one served that length of time at all. Rufus King, who was one of the two original senators from this State—he and Philip Schuyler being chosen as its first delegation to the Senate—served from 1789 to 1796, and then again from 1813 to 1825. The only other long terms have been those of Silas Wright, eleven years, Nathaniel P. Talmage, ten years, and Seward two full terms. Mr. Conkling's repeated re-election confers upon him, therefore, a distinction which is wholly unique.

THE Marquis of Tseng, the new Chinese Envoy to France, is a thorough diplomatist and a man of the world. He is accompanied by his wife and three children, and his brother in law; the Secretary of Legation has his spouse with him also. Tseng was careful to make anticipatory arrangements for preventing any misunderstanding as to the social position, duties and privileges of his wife. He addressed a letter to the French Consul in Shanghai asking him to inform the high authorities at Paris that the lady would not be able when she arrived in France to shake hands or dine with any gentlemen visitors, only ladies. Should, however, any of the ministers desire to be introduced to her, she will have to stand a short distance off and courtesy. Such, he adds, will be strictly in accordance with Chinese customs and the precepts of Confucius.

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SONS OF GROS VENTRES AND SIOUX CHIEFS.



SARAH WALKER, ANNA AND CARRIE ANDERSON.

CIVILIZING THE RED MEN.

WE recently illustrated certain features of the work of educating the Indians at the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va. In our present Number we add further illustrations of the same subject, upon which, on January 21d, General S. C. Armstrong, Principal of that Institution, addressed an audience of leading merchants and capitalists of New York at the Chamber of Commerce. General Armstrong, after explaining the circumstances under which the experiment of Indian education was undertaken, said that at present there are 67 Indian boys and girls at the Institute, besides 250 negroes of both sexes. This system of mingling them with each other is found to be better for their morals than the separation plan. No race conflict is allowed. The Indians absorb the ideas of civilization just as they inhale the air they breathe. It is proposed to put these Indian boys at trades or on farms, in order that they may learn the true secret of the white man's power. This is better than showing him big guns and public buildings, and loading him down with presents. The girls are born drudges, and expect to work. The boys do not see the point of hard labor, but would rather sit on the ground than hoe any day. But their dislike for labor will be gradually overcome as they are introduced into workshops and upon farms. The older Indians make little progress in their studies; the younger ones learn rapidly. In the three and a half months that they have been there they have taken up more ideas of work than they would have done in three years at their own homes. The Government pays $167 each for the forty-nine Dakota Indians.

The Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, following General Armstrong, said the Indians cost an immense amount of money, and they cost the national reputation, by the manner in which the Government dealt with them. "They cost us," he said, "our character as Christian people. As the result of the ten years of civilizing and Christianizing experiment, we find that 75,000 out of 300,000 are already civilized; 150,000 are semi-civilized, leaving one-quarter who may be said to be in a savage condition. I doubt if their savageness is greater than 75,000 persons who could be roll-called in the City of New York. There are 116,000 Indians who know how to read and write. There are 20,000 Indian church members, and 300 church buildings among the Indians. It is perfect nonsense to talk about Indians not being susceptible to civilizing influences."

Professor H. D. Hitchcock closed the meeting by a peroration, in which he remarked that where 100 civilized men can stay and till the soil, one savage hunts and fishes. We have been on this continent 250 years face to face with a race which we cannot deny are men and have a mission to fulfill. Congress should place the Indian on the same footing as the Swede or other foreigner who preempts his 120 acres of ground, and let him know that this possession, properly worked, not only gives him his existence but an heirloom to his family. Then churches, homesteads, and educational institutions will spring up among them, and the problem of Indian civilization will be promptly solved.

Of our present illustrations, the first shows the sons of three Gros Ventres and Sioux chiefs, very bright and promising boys; the second, three girls between nine and thirteen years of age—Sarah Walker, of the Gros Ventres, Anna, of the Arickarees, and Carrie Anderson, of the Uncahpa Sioux; the third, Little Chief, of the Cheyennes, and one of the St. Augustine prisoners, welcoming two new students—One-Who-Carries-Flying, a Sioux, and White Wolf, an Arickaree; the fourth, the nine girls who were first sent to the school; and the fifth, a group of the youngest boys. It was intended that an equal number of boys and girls should be sent to Hampton, but Captain Pratt was able to obtain only nine girls, the principal reason being, that, as the females do all the hard work, they are too valuable to be spared by their husbands and fathers.

A TREE GROWING IN A COURT-HOUSE TOWER.

A CURIOUS and interesting fact is reported from Greensburg, Indiana. The tower of the court-house at that place is 140 feet in height. One hundred and five feet from the ground is the water-sheet of the tower, and above that it is covered with dressed stone, made to fit closely, in slabs two by five feet, inclining at an angle of about 30 degrees from upright. From a crevice about the water-sheet, 110 feet from the ground, a small twig sprouted out some eight years ago, and continued to grow until, in the third Summer, it put forth leaves, and was decided to be a silver-maple, sprung, no doubt, from a seed carried by a bird or whirlwind, and lodged in that exalted place. By this time the tree had become famous. Accounts of it had appeared in the papers; but the story was not generally believed. But, nevertheless, the tree lived and grew. It is now more than twelve feet high, and is thought to be three inches in diameter. The top is quite bushy, and, in the Summer season, the leaves are numerous and luxuriant. It can be seen for many miles around, and the stranger approaching first sees the tower, and then this phenomenon. The rapid growth of the tree is forcing the stones apart. This is readily seen with a glass, and the ambitious maple must soon be brought down, or damage to the building must ensue.



"LOOK AT ME, AND I WILL IMPART WHAT I HAVE LEARNED."

STATUE TO GENERAL CUSTER.

WILSON MACDONALD is now putting the last touches upon his statue of Custer, at his studio in Booth's Theatre building. The figure which the sculptor has made is a statuesque portrait of the original in his last and fatal fight. It is eight feet in height, and dressed in the colonel's uniform. The pedestal is to be of polished granite and will be nine feet high, which will make the whole structure about eighteen feet from the ground to the top of the head. On the four sides of the die of the pedestal are three medallions and a tablet all of bronze. The front medallion represents General Custer on horseback, in the characteristic costume in which he delighted to appear while on a warlike expedition. The other two medallions on the right and left sides give buffalo-heads with Indian weapons and implements. The original cost of the whole was fixed at $15,000, but it will probably cost much more, as it is to be made a fitting tribute to a great soldier. The monument will be unveiled at West Point during the coming Summer, probably on the 4th of July.

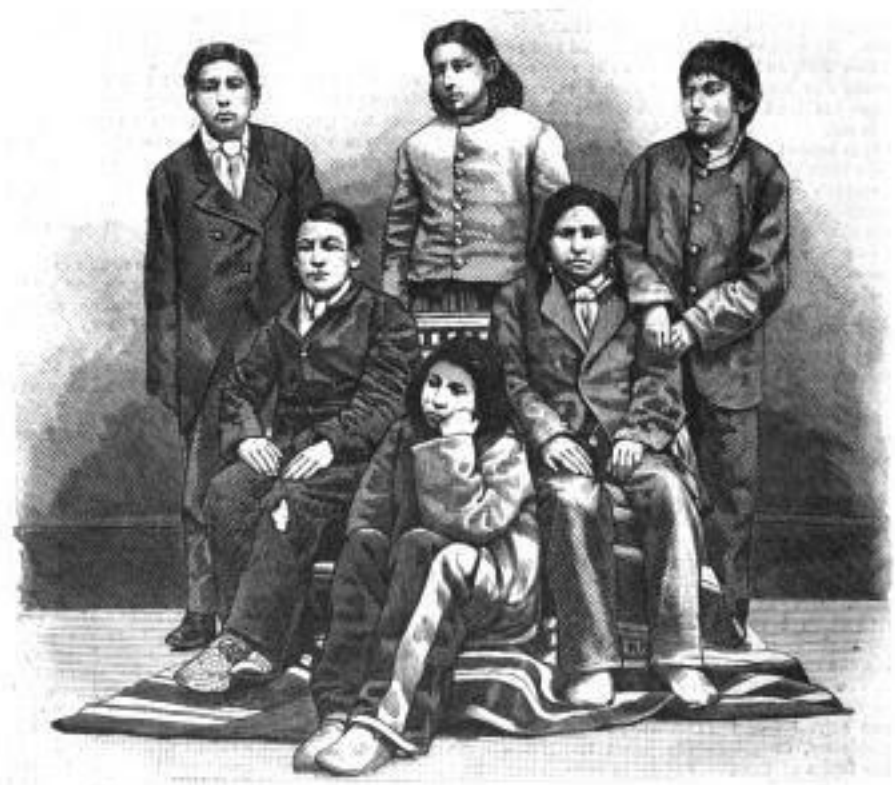
OPENING OF THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

THE opening of the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa, on February 14th, was an occasion of great interest to the people of Canada, being attended with ceremonies of an unusually imposing character. The city was crowded with strangers, over 3,000 having arrived during the two days previous. The Senate Chamber, where the ceremony took place, was beautifully decorated, the dais of the throne having been widened and adorned with heavy curtains, and two carved oak chairs, upholstered with silk crimson velvet, stood side by side upon it. One of these, which the Marquis occupied, bore the royal coat-of-arms. That intended for the Princess Louise bore the Argyle family arms with one of their mottoes, of which they have two—"Ne obliviscaris," being the Latin for "Dinna forget," and "Vix ea nostra voco."

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise left Rideau Hall, the official residence, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, the Princess being attended by Lady Sophie McNamara, the Hon. Mrs. Moreton and Mrs. De Winton; and the Marquis by Major De Winton, Colonel Littleton, Captain the Hon. E. Harbord, Captain Chayter, Captain Hervey and the Hon. R. Moreton. Under escort of the Dragoon Guards, now known as the Princess Louise's Dragoons, the party proceeded to the Parliamentary buildings, where they were welcomed by a royal salute from the batteries, the royal standard being at the same moment run up on the flagstaff of the central building. The Ottawa brigade of garrison artillery and the Ottawa cavalry troop formed part of the guard of honor, which was composed chiefly of the Governor-General's Foot Guards under Major Macpherson. On the



THE CLASS OF FEMALE STUDENTS.



GROUP OF THE YOUNGEST MALE STUDENTS.

VIRGINIA.—CIVILIZING THE RED MEN—THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL FOR THE EDUCATION OF INDIAN YOUTH AT HAMPTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

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arrival of the Viceregal party at the main entrance the guard of honor gave the royal salute by lowering their colors at the present, and another royal salute was fired from the Nepean Point and Major's Hill batteries. Their Excellencies entered the Senate Chamber at three o'clock precisely. The members of the Commons having been summoned, the Governor-General read the speech from the throne in due form. The scene was a very brilliant one; Ministers of the Crown wore the Windsor uniform, and the judges of the Supreme Court of the Dominion appeared in their robes of ermine and scarlet. Officers of the militia also wore their uniforms. Ladies appeared in full evening dress.

Having formally opened the Parliament, the Viceregal party returned to Rideau Hall, another royal salute announcing their departure from the Parliament buildings.

THE LIEDERKRANZ BALL.

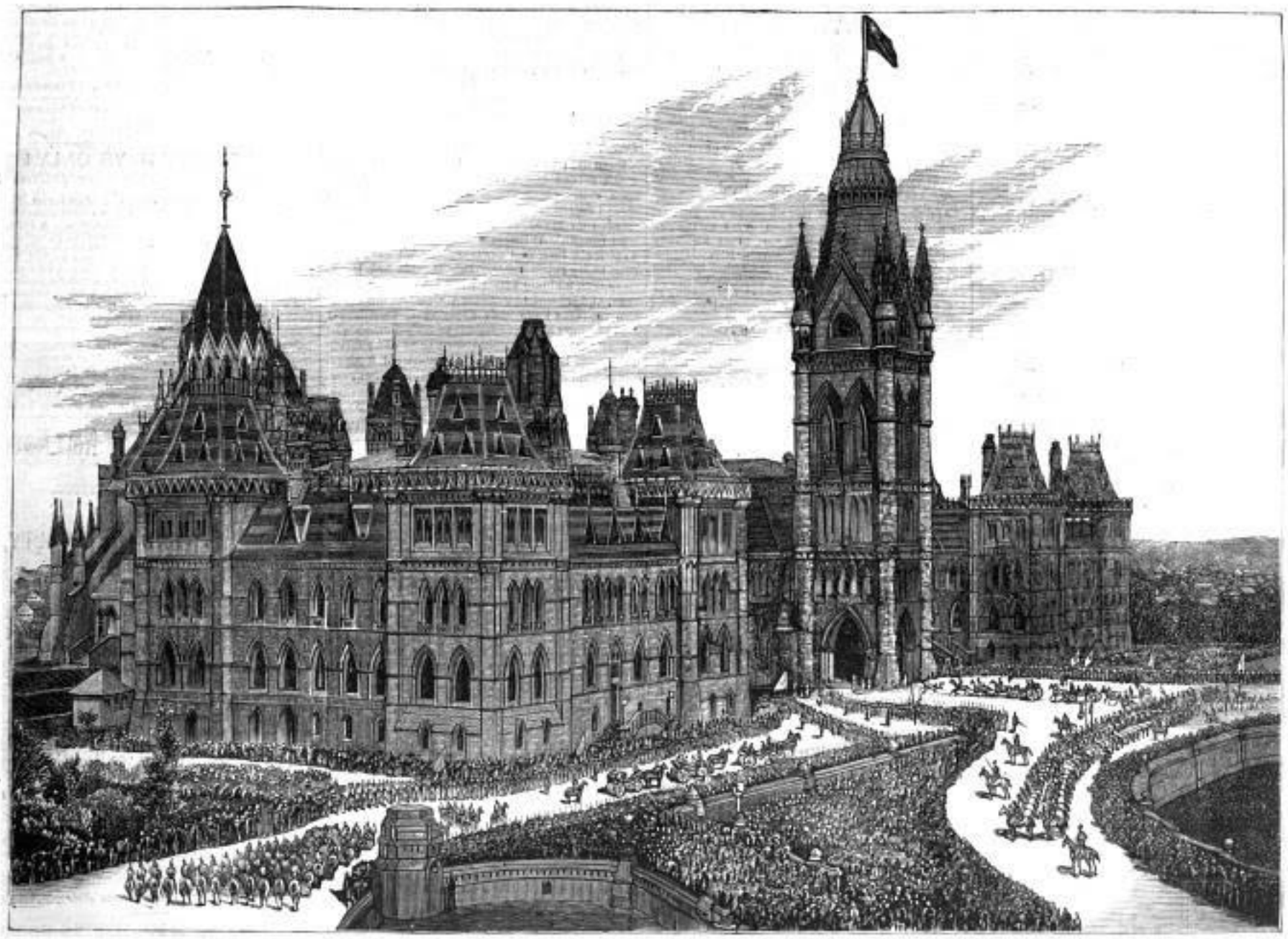
THE annual carnival ball of the Liederkranz Society, at the Academy of Music, in this city, on the night of February 13th, was in many respects the most brilliant ever given by that Society. Its management was simply superb. The decorations could scarcely have been excelled; large vases, filled with living plants bearing flowers of gorgeous hue, flanked each entrance to the Academy, each entrance to the dancing platform, and the stairways leading to the upper floor. The lobby thus resembled a huge conservatory. Over the principal entrance to the ballroom were the letters "L. K." in pink flowers, encircled by a wreath of roses, which in turn was surrounded by a drapery of smilax. The promenade concert was advertised to begin at nine, and on the moment, the first strains of the grand march, "König Karl," were heard. Dancing (in front of the curtain) was fixed to begin at ten, and opened a few moments earlier. At eleven the floor was cleared, and in response to the notes from a dozen trumpets in the gallery, the curtain slowly ascended, disclosing a spectacle of rare beauty. The rear of the stage was occupied by a high balcony with three carpeted stairways—one in the centre and one at either side. The balcony was painted to represent carved stone with roses creeping up over its face. The bottom was banked its entire length with potted natural flowers. Potted palms graced the railings. At top in the centre stood a tall yellow canopy bearing the motley coat-of-arms under two fool's wands crossed, and edged with artificial flowers. From each side were draped hangings of purple, embroidered with gold. Long narrow banneretti of red silk on tall poles stood at intervals on each side, and at either end was an enormous champagne-bottle. At the top of the stairway, on the extreme left, was a throne, and at that on the right was a rustic table, chairs, bottles and glasses. On the central throne sat *Prince Carnival* (Mr. C. S. Von Schaller) in parti-colored costume of blue, white and red silk, with a white slouched hat, gorgeously trimmed. In his hand he bore a fool's wand. This dress was a pleasing variation of the stereotyped attire of the patron of masked balls. In front of him stood, with hands clasped, and about to be united in marriage, *Bacchus* (Mr. Carl Kapff) and *Terpsichore* (Mrs. Joseph Keppler). *Bacchus* was appropriately attired in white flowing robes, edged with bands of gold, crown of grapes, and tiger-skin cloak. *Terpsichore's* abundant blonde hair hung loose over her shoulders from a diamond pin which clasped it in a bunch on top. In her hand she held a golden tambourine. On the throne on the left sat *Princess Carnival* (Miss Thöne), and on the table on the right stood *Bacchante* (Miss Waehner). Around the table sat a gay group of drinking roysterers, to whom two satyrs furnished appropriate music on the reeds. *Princess Carnival* was attended by *Mephisto* (Mr. Gus Deitrich) and a group of pages, fools and minstrels. *Prince Carnival's* taste ran to dancing-girls. Grouped in other parts of the balcony, and filling all the stairways, were heralds, hunters, bakers, harlequins, knights and ladies. On the floor, in front of the balcony, were other picturesque groups—Alpine hunters, glittering falconers, and nondescript characters.

The brilliant hues of the dresses and the drapery, the glitter of gold and silver which ornamented everything, and the gorgeous tints of the flowers, together with the admirable character of the grouping and the symmetrical anatomical development of the participants, male and female, formed a scene of rare beauty. In front of all stood gracefully posed a *corps de ballet* headed by Mademoiselle Caroline Schroetter as the *premier danseuse*. The other members were dressed half in close-fitting bodices of leopard-skin with sashes of ivy leaves, and half in the usual coryphée costume, with the addition of crowns and sashes of similar leaves. *Prince Carnival* having arisen and waved his hand thrice, the band struck up and the spectators were treated to a genuine ballet dance, which—the performers being professionals—was executed in the highest style of art, and was warmly applauded. This over, the groups on the balcony dissolved into a procession which moved slowly around the hall. First came six hunters, then two heralds, then two pages, then the ballet, then two fools, then a *Columbine* and *Harlequin*, then *Prince Carnival* and his consort, then two fools, then *Bacchus* and *Terpsichore*, and following a string composed of the other characters and their retainers, which completely encircled the dancing platform. When the head of the procession had reached the balcony again the band struck up a waltz, and immediately the floor was covered with whirling couples.

One of the pleasantest innovations at this ball was the lining of the stage with sofas, to which dancers were permitted to retire, so that the entire dancing space was fringed all the evening by elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. The usual characteristic of German balls—the presence of children and very young misses—were not absent on this occasion, and it lent beauty and grace and pleasantness to the scene. The boxes and seats in the balcony were filled by an elegantly dressed company, and the proscenium boxes were the resorts of large and merry groups of friends displaying here and there a mask. Some curious incongruities were noticed while the maskers were amusing themselves in the dressing-rooms and corridors waiting for the opening of the ball. What appeared to be the *Queen of Sheba* walked in arm-in-arm with *Ah Sin*. *Mephistopheles*, whose red statuesque pedestals were objects of general admiration, coquetted



NEW YORK.—WILSON M'DONALD'S STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL CUSTER, TO BE ERECTED AT WEST POINT.



CANADA.—OPENING OF THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT—ARRIVAL OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE AT THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, OTTAWA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. NOTMAN AND A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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in front of a proscenium box with the *Evening Star*. Finer costumes or more varied dresses were probably never seen at a Liederkranz ball. A superb *Huguenot* was among the gentlemen, and a lovely *Sultana* was among the ladies. The latter was a rich, graceful costume, more modest, and in some respects more beautiful and picturesque dressing of the figure, than the conventional European toilet. *Prince Egmont*, of Flanders, danced the lancers with *Annie Laurie*, while *Robin Adair* paced it back and forth with the *Lady from Cork*. *King Solomon*, or somebody like him, arrayed in considerable glory, kept step with *Dolly Varden*; while *Mr. Micawber*, "owing to circumstances over which he had no control," stepped on the train of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and, with characteristic dignity, asked her escort to beg his pardon.

Financially, socially and terpsichorally the ball was an absolute success. Not an offensive incident marred its progress from beginning to close. Our illustrations represent the more salient features of the occasion, and will give the reader a faithful idea of its festivities.

COLONEL WILLIAM T. PELTON.

WILLIAM TILDEN PELTON was born in Ithaca, N. Y., July 20th, 1838, and entered Williams College in 1854, taking the regular collegiate course, but withdrawing near the close of his junior year to enter business. Shortly after the inauguration of his uncle, Samuel J. Tilden, as Governor of New York, he was made military secretary with the rank of colonel. Since 1874, when Governor Tilden received the Democratic nomination for the Gubernatorial chair, Mr. Pelton has been largely occupied with politics. He was present at the St. Louis Convention which gave Mr. Tilden the Democratic nomination for President, and, according to his testimony before the Potter Investigating Committee on February 6th, he was one of the most active managers of the Presidential campaign in the interests of his uncle. His connection with the cipher dispatches was that of an active participant in the effort to procure the electoral votes of Florida and South Carolina for the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President.

A Romance of the Gambling Table.

A LADY of rank in Paris died three weeks ago in the fashionable quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, of whom an interesting story is told. She was a famous card-player, and was credited with knowing every game there was to know. When traveling in a foreign land, she met, one day, in a hotel, a Russian lady with that passion for gambling said to be inherent in the Russian nation. Anxious to play with the lady from Paris, she wrote requesting a few games. Her request was granted, and the ladies played all night, the Russian losing at every hand, until her opponent had won from her more money than the mines in the Ural had produced for her revenues in twenty-five years. At last the Russian lady made a despairing effort to regain her fortune, but without avail. Rising from the table, she told the French lady how she had lost more than she possessed, but that in her desire to pay a debt of honor she would instruct her steward to convey to her the title deeds of all the mines and estates she owned. At this the victorious antagonist smiled and requested that she might have her own way in the matter, since she had won. A priest and a lawyer were sent for. When they arrived, the Russian lady was asked to bind herself by a solemn oath never again to touch a card or risk money at any game of chance. She did so, and then signed an engagement to pay her antagonist the annual sum of $2,000. The vow never to play cards for money again she faithfully kept, and the $2,000 was punctually paid every year, the French lady giving it the name of the "Queen of Spades Bounty," and invariably giving it to the poor of Paris.

An Afghan Beauty.

THE correspondent of a London paper describes an Afghan beauty as having blue-black hair plastered stiff with gums, and either worn in various forms on the head or plaited in long braids down the back. The margins of the ears are pierced and decorated with rows of small silver rings, while large rings hang from the lobes. The neck and breast are tattooed with little figures of stars and flowers, and the sparkle of the lustrous black eyes is enhanced by coating the lids with black antimony. The cheeks are rouged and dotted with little round moles of gold and silver tinsel fastened on with gum. A loose muslin or silk jacket of yellow, blue, or red hangs below the waist, and wide trowsers of silk or other colored materials complete the indoor costume. On going out, the lady wears leggings of cotton cloth, gartered at the knee, shoes of red or yellow leather and a hookaposh or cloak. Some ladies wear horsehair veils, and others fasten vinaigrettes to their foreheads which contain attar-of-roses or other scents. Afghan ladies exercise much influence over their semi-savage husbands, and one of Shere Ali's wives sometimes smartly boxes him on the ear with a slipper.

A New Mammoth Cave in California.

A NEW mammoth cave has been discovered in Tuolumne County, California. The cave is adorned with decorations of dazzling beauty, unsurpassed in character on the Pacific slope. Access is had through a crevice in the ledge 3 feet in width by 6 feet in length. Descending by ladder 10 feet, the visitor reaches the floor of an inclined archway, dipping at an angle of 25 degrees, from 20 to 30 feet in height, by 20 feet in width. Descending the incline, which is 100 feet in length, the floor of the grand archway is reached, from 40 to 60 feet in height varying in width from 20 to 30 feet, from which radiate scores of similar archways leading to spacious chambers, with their lofty ceilings draped with brilliant stalactites, that glitter and sparkle in the light of a lamp like gems of ocean waves of which we read. The floors and walls of this subterranean hall are entirely coated with stalagmites, pure crystalization. The formation resembles in make-up, and appears to the vision, like a sheet of snow lying loosely in large flakes on a pane of glass. "The Bridal Chamber" is 60 feet in length, 20 feet in width, with slightly arched ceiling 10 to 15 feet; floor and walls crystalized; from the ceiling depend hundreds of stalactites from 1 to 6 feet in length. Explorations made of the cave extend over an area of one-half a mile. In no direction already explored has there been found any terminating point to the cavern. Its extent is believed to exceed four miles.

FUN.

"BRICK-A-BACK" is what the hod-carrier calls it.

WHAT do they weigh down upon the Swanee River?

A SURVEYOR of the port—He that looketh upon the wine when it is red.

A SERMON is like a building—the longer it is the more sleepers there are.

GO TO thy aunt, thou sluggard, and if she is worth money consider her ways.

THE Israelitish leader, Moses, ought to have been a New York police captain. He is the only man on record who ever succeeded in suppressing farts.

THE schools are deprived of the presence of many a boy who has just enough of a sore throat to keep him at home in the back yard building snow forts.

"GOVERNESSES should never be required to do low, menial work," said a gentleman. "Certainly not, but they frequently aspire to the hymeneal," replied a lady.

COURT.—Prisoner, you are accused of vagrancy, having no means of existence. *Prisoner*—"No means of existence! What do you call that?" (Produces red herring from pocket and offers it in evidence.)

A STINGY husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always gave them their own way. "Poor things, it's all I have to give them," was the prompt reply.

AT a wedding party at a restaurant, a maladroit waiter contrives to upset a tureen full of rich soup on the satin dress of a lady guest, who takes on terribly and threatens hysterics. "Do not worry, madam," says the waiter, kindly, "there's lots more soup in the kitchen."

AT a children's party, the other day, oysters were served for supper. Noting that one little shaver was remarkably fond of the bivalves, the lady of the house, anxious lest he should allow his appetite to exceed his judgment, inquired if he thought his mother would permit him to eat so many oysters at home. "Yes," said the young gourmand, "if there was enough to go 'round."

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE publish in another column the thirty-fourth annual report of the New York Life Insurance Company. The public has come to expect from this company a showing of unquestioned strength and steady progress, and it has never been disappointed. The company has increased its assets, its surplus, its interest receipts—in short, it has increased everything except its expenses and its new business, and for these omissions it will be readily pardoned. Its receipts from policy-holders were nearly six millions, and its payments to them well on towards five millions, while its assets increased nearly two millions. The explanation of this is found in its extraordinary receipts from interest and rents, which exceeded its death-claims by $399,989.52. These receipts average about five and one half per cent. on the mean amount of assets held during the year. The secret of this is, of course, in the high character of its investments, upon which only a trifle over one per cent. of interest remained unpaid at the end of the year, and much of this was not due. After making allowance for all possible liabilities, including a contingent fund of over a million dollars for its tontine policies, the company shows a clean surplus, by the Massachusetts standard, the highest in use, of nearly three million dollars (2,811,436.64). Such a showing is not only exceedingly creditable to the managers of the New York Life, and assuring to its policy-holders, but it makes easy work for a man who needs life insurance—as thousands do—to determine where he can insure with a moral certainty of being liberally dealt with, and of having his policy as secure as human wit and skill can make anything.

THE CROWNING DISCOVERY.

ALL the "phones" of this phonetic age are surpassed in practical benefit to mankind by the discovery of Allan's Anti-Fat, the great and only known remedy for obesity or corpulency. It produces no weakness or other unpleasant or injurious effect, its action being simply confined to regulating digestion, and preventing an undue assimilation of the carbonaceous, or flesh-producing, elements of the food. Sold by druggists.

ELLSWORTH, KAN., July 15th, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me seven pounds in one week. Yours respectfully,

MRS. TAYLOR.

DR. ANDREW URE, the eminent English chemist, almost forty years ago, pronounced Nelson's Gelatine to be equal in strength and purity to the best isinglass, and to be entirely free from acids or other harmful ingredients. The gelatine costs only about one-third as much as isinglass, and is as pure and excellent as when Dr. Ure first tested and approved it.

WHEN the St. Nicholas Hotel was opened, twenty years ago and more, the journals devoted many columns each to the description of the most magnificent public house in New York, perhaps in the world. The same pre-eminence is retained today, in spite of great rivalry. Nowhere can the stranger find more luxurious and elegant hospitality as regards table, rooms, and universal attention to his wants.

YEARS ago when any one was troubled with Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache, Nausea, etc., the remedy used was Blue Pill or Calomel. To-day people want something purely vegetable and easy to take, like Carter's Little Liver Pills, which are sold by all druggists.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York.

ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS

Need no other Award of Merit than grateful testimonials of cures. These are better than anything from Expositions of Paris or Philadelphia, where ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS were not exhibited, being too widely and favorably known to need any such props.

ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS QUICKLY CURE CHILBLAINS.

OFFICE OF
THE HALL HUSKING GLOVE COMPANY,
No. 145 SOUTH CLINTON STREET,
CHICAGO, February 2d, 1876.

Hon. B. Brandreth:

DEAR SIR: I have given ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS a thorough trial for Chilblains, which have afflicted me for 25 years past. I applied strips on the inflamed and itching part, and the relief was immediate. I used them for a week, and my feet became perfectly well. If you can get ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS there will be no trouble about chilled or frosted feet. My wife and self have used them with the greatest effect in backache and liver complaint. They give a fine appetite if worn on the pit of the stomach. Yours truly, WM. E. HALL.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD STATION,
SING SING, February 6th, 1879.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: YOUR ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS have been in constant use by myself and family for the last ten years. They are invaluable in colds, coughs, pains in side and chest. My children never complain of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS; you don't have to hold noses to enable them to be taken.

On the 10th of January, just past, I was attacked with a most severe influenza. It prostrated me for a week; nothing relieved me, and I was afraid of pneumonia. I therefore sent to your factory and got a quarter of a yard of plaster and applied it to my chest. In twenty-four hours my breathing was much easier, and in forty-eight hours I was well. I wore the plaster for weeks without inconvenience. Yours truly,

W. T. LYON, Ticket-Agent.

To Hon. B. BRANDRETH.

LETTER FROM THE HON. JAMES W. HUSTED, EX-SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

PEEKSKILL, Oct. 30th, 1878.

B. Brandreth, President of the Porous Plaster Company:

MY DEAR SIR: I desire to bear witness to the virtues of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. About a year ago I was thrown from a carriage and badly bruised. Suffering great pain, I was carried home, and some three or four of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS were applied. The effect was almost immediate, and in a short time all pain left me, and I was soon up and attending to business.

Your plasters are very useful in cases of severe colds and coughs. I used three—one on my back and two on the chest—when I had so bad a cough that my friends thought nothing but a trip South would save me. These plasters, however, soon effected a perfect cure. My family use them constantly. There is no humbug about them; they perform all they promise. Yours truly,

JAMES W. HUSTED.

BROOKLYN, No. 64 MINDAGH STREET,
January 23d, 1879.

Dr. B. Brandreth, Sing Sing:

DEAR SIR: Last October I took a severe cold, which settled in my side, chest, and small of my back, causing much pain, inconvenience and anxiety. I thoroughly tried several applications recommended for my trouble, but without obtaining the least benefit. At length a friend advised me to try ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, which I have since done to my entire relief. This trouble had lasted more than a month before I tried ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS, and seemed to increase in violence, but within two or three days after applying the plasters I could discern an improvement in my condition, and within two weeks the pain and soreness had entirely disappeared, and I have felt nothing of it since.

Yours truly, L. H. SANTEE.

At Tatham Brothers, 82 Beekman Street, N. Y. City.

Beware of imitations. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are sold by all druggists. Principal office, No. 294 Canal Street, New York.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EDGELL FRANCIS & SON, No. 81 Nassau Street, West Side.

Keep your Bird in health and song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage-dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., New York.

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For sale by Druggists.

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Royal Havana Lottery.

Cable Despatch—HAVANA, Jan. 25.

To J. DUFF & Co., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York: Ticket No. 2,118 (Class I, 631), held by your firm, has drawn the second capital prize of 50,000 pesos.

The above ticket sold in New York by
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Next drawing February 28th. Only 27,000 tickets; $310,000 gifts. Wholes, $40; quarters, $10; eighths, $5; twentieths, $2; fortieths, $1.

Kentucky State, February 28—Whole tickets, $1.
Louisiana State, March 11—Tickets, $2; halves, $1.
Royal Saxon German Lottery, drawing March 3 and 4. Prizes cashed. Full information of above sent free.

J. DUFF & CO., Bankers,
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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. **H. C. LEET,** General Agent, 22 PARK PLACE, New York.

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THE GOLD HILL DISTRICT MINING COMPANY, is duly incorporated, William M. Riley being President, and T. S. Page, Secretary. This Company was organized for the purpose of developing valuable Colorado property. **THE CINCINNATI LODE,** which is the property of this Company, is situated in Boulder County, Colorado, being on **Melvina Hill,** in the **Gold Hill Mining District.** Nestling in a beautiful valley, encircled by picturesque mountains, and at the foot of Melvina hill, rests the little village of Gold Hill, than which there does not exist a more charming or healthful, in that Switzerland of America. From the Cincinnati Mine you look down upon it, and can cast a stone into its streets. The **Cincinnati Mine** is continuous, being but a few hundred feet, and on the same mountain as the **CELEBRATED MELVINA MINE.** For the amount of money expended in developing it, the Melvina Mine is the richest and best paying mine in the world today. In a **historical descriptive** and **statistical** work on the **Gold** and **Silver** resources of Colorado, written by Frank Fossett, we quote the following in reference to the Melvina. (see page 210.) "**The richest** and most famous mine in this locality, is the **MELVINA,** located on **Melvina Hill.** It was discovered in July, 1873. The first month gave a yield of **$8,000,** of which nearly **$8,000** was profit. It has been worked steadily and has given the largest proportionate profit of any mine of which there is any record in the **wide world over.**"
What is said in favor of the **MELVINA** may be said of the **CINCINNATI MINE.**

THE GOLD HILL DISTRICT MINING COMPANY propose to do what has never been done by a **responsible mealed corporation** before, viz.: The capital stock of the company is $100,000—$20,000 of which has been placed in the **Treasury** of the company to be sold and the proceeds to be applied as **working capital for the development of the mine** for the **necessary Machinery** and to **erect Stamp Mills.**

We propose to sell **ONE OR MORE** shares of this Stock at **$2.00** per share, its par value.

To persons seeking investment of money in small sums, we can say, this investment may be the means of **making your fortune.** What **Merchant, Mechanic** or **Laboring Man** would not be acting wisely in investing $2 to $10 in Stock of our Company? become one of the **Stockholders** and in direct communication with us? and receive the handsome dividends we will make as soon as we have received the necessary money to get a fair start. We say we **WILL MAKE HANDSOME DIVIDENDS,** because we **know** we have one of the **Richest True Fissure Veins in the World** to work on. Each and every stockholder will be brought in direct correspondence with our Company; and to any contemplating going to a mining country our **advice** may be the means of making for you a **future and prosperous home.**

To illustrate how fast money is made in mining, we note below a few results of investment.

R. C. Winchester bought **Union Consolidated** at **$7.50** per share. It went up to **$170** per share and he cleared **$23,000 in 15 Days!** A. W. Conant bought **MEXICO** at **$2.50,** sold it at **$30,** and cleared over **$100,000 in Two Weeks!!** H. R. Williams offered the Sheet below for **$100,** and in six weeks after sold it for **$85,000!!!** Look at the Caribou mine 10 miles from the **Cincinnati,** have taken out over five millions of Dollars!!! Hundreds of other mines are equally rich, but are lying idle for want of capital to open up and pay for machinery. Just what we want for our mine. **Invest a few dollars in this enterprise and your children will thank you for it.** Below we annex assayer's report on ore taken from the **Cincinnati Mine.**

"Deposited at the mint of the United States, at Denver, Colorado, the 12th day of September, 1878.
From the **Cincinnati Lode,** Gold Mining District, Boulder Co., Colorado.

One fine assay per ton Gold,	159.15.	Value in coin per ton Gold,	$3,289 73
" " " Silver,	71.39.	" " " Silver,	91 86
Total value per ton,			$3,381 59

I certify that the above is my report of assay of the sample of ore furnished.
Signed, H. SILVER. [Assayer.]

Can you **NEGLECT THIS OPPORTUNITY** to procure one or more Shares of Stock. In ordering enclose $2.00 for each share of stock desired, and give the name of the person in whose name you wish the stock issued; send all orders to address as given below. We refer to H. H. Sayler, Postmaster, and Wm. West, Sup't Anchoria Mining and Smelting Co., Salina, Boulder Co., Colo.; Gen'l Frank J. Marshall, Georgetown, Colo.; J. Q. H. Rollins, Railroadville, Colo.; T. H. Becker, Central City, Colo.; Col. Tal. P. Shaffner, 80 Broadway, and Hon. C. Edwards Lester, ex. Consul General of Italy, 1 Livingston Place, New York; C. Gerber, Wholesale Hardware Merchant, Toledo, Ohio.

Your Certificate of Stock will be duly signed and sealed, and its safe delivery guaranteed by first mail after money is received. **DON'T NEGLECT THIS OPPORTUNITY BUT SEND AT ONCE.** Address
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COLONEL WILLIAM T. PELTON.—SEE PAGE 470.

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

New York Life Insurance Company,

OFFICE, Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1879.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1878.....$34,452,905.29

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred	$6,121,856.64	
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1878	396,289.26—	$5,725,566.78
Interest received and accrued	2,264,160.48	
Less interest accrued January 1, 1878	316,893.35—	$1,948,665.13—$7,674,231.91
		$42,127,137.20

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same		$1,892,675.61
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same		673,081.74
Life annuities and reinsurances		231,006.29
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies		2,288,674.26
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees		518,903.94
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.		417,258.78
Reduction of values on United States and other stocks		88,635.00
Profit and loss account	5,569.96—	$5,913,679.58
		$36,213,457.61

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)	$932,639.43
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value $15,415,108.34)	14,791,287.72
Real Estate	4,582,270.43
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $12,883,000 and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security)	14,364,156.43
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to $3,225,000)	621,964.93
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1st, 1879	379,839.09
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, $500,000; included in liabilities)	146,834.75
Agents' balances	88,636.91
Accrued interest on investments to January 1st, 1879	306,225.93— $36,213,457.61
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the annual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.	
Excess of market value of securities over cost	623,837.62
CASH ASSETS, January 1st, 1879	**$36,837,295.23**

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1879	$399,486.68	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c.	180,902.20	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid	19,601.07	
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium	32,369,353.40	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	1,041,456.87	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	14,967.18—	$34,025,868.10
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.		2,811,436.64
		$36,837,295.23

Surplus, estimated by the New York State Standard at 4 1-2 per cent., over $6,500,000.00

From the undivided surplus of $2,811,436.64 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 5,082 policies have been issued, insuring $15,949,986.

Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1876, 44,661.	Amount at risk, $126,132,139.
Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1877, 45,421.	Amount at risk, 127,748,473.
Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1878, 45,605.	Amount at risk, 127,963,887.
Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1879 45,005.	Amount at risk, 125,232,144.
Death-Claims paid 1875, $1,534,815.	Income from Interest, 1875, $1,870,658.
Death-Claims paid 1876, 1,547,648.	Income from Interest, 1876, 1,906,860.
Death-Claims paid 1877, 1,628,128	Income from Interest, 1877, 1,861,457.
Death-Claims paid 1878, 1,687,676.	Income from Interest, 1878, 1,948,665.
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1876, $2,499,854.	
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1877, 2,626,816.	
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1878, 2,664,144.	
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436.	

TRUSTEES.

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SUCCESS OF THE POPULAR CRAFT "H. M. S. PINAFORE."

PERHAPS it is the smallness of our own navy that has led Americans to give such a hearty welcome to "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore." Certain it is that no English craft that ever visited our ports has received a warmer greeting. A burlesque founded on the Royal English Navy, written by that well-known dramatist and satirist, W. S. Gilbert, with music by Arthur Sullivan, who has been called the "musical hope of England," bristling with wit and sparkling with melody—no wonder it has been a success.

"Pinafore" was first brought out at the Opera Comique Theatre, London, in May, 1878, and at once bounded into popular favor, on the billows of which it is still riding. In this country the first one to see the coming success was Manager Field of the Boston Museum, who put it on his stage, where it remained for nearly seventy nights, in full tide of favor.

The Rice Opera Bouffe Extravaganza Company, which had made a famous name with the burlesque on Longfellow's "Evangeline" in 1874, at Niblo's, in this city, and later in Boston, at the old Globe Theatre, saw the prevailing attraction, and some weeks ago brought it out at the Lyceum Theatre in this city, with a strong cast, composed largely of those who had established their fame in "Evangeline." The representations by this company have attracted very large audiences, and deservedly so, as every possible attention is paid to details, and the members of the cast not only sing the music, but are in addition good actors, and this, in a burlesque such as "Pinafore," is equally necessary with good singing. The company has appeared in Brooklyn, and will play in other suburban cities.

Other managers in New York have also found that Sullivan and Gilbert's collaboration is a mine which will bear working, but in many points the Rice company stand head and shoulders above all their rivals. Mr. J. Nunnemacher, of Milwaukee, purchased an interest in this enterprise at the beginning of the present season, and Mr. Charles E. Rice, who wrote the music of "Evangeline," is also an interested party, while Mr. A. S. Penoyer, the veteran business manager, formerly with Caroline Richings and the Hess Opera Company, performs the duties of his position with exceptional success.

THE WAR IN ZULULAND.

THE attempt of Great Britain to extend her possessions in South Africa, prosecuted with characteristic pertinacity for many years, has recently encountered a check in Zululand which may lead to very serious consequences, and which lifts that colony and its people into instant prominence in the eyes of the entire world.

The British colony of South Africa now consists of Cape Colony proper, with its dependencies of Caffraria, Basutoland, Fingoland, Griqualand and the Transvaal, the latter having been annexed in 1877, and the settlement of Walfish Bay, on the Atlantic coast, far to the northward, the annexation of which was consummated by a proclamation of Queen Victoria last month (January, 1879). Caffraria still enjoys a nominal independence, but its speedy absorption by the voracious Government of Cape Town may be regarded as inevitable. Eastward from Cape Colony, and separated from it by the lately independent province of Caffraria, lies the Crown colony of Natal, fronting on the Indian Ocean, and bounded on the northeast by Zululand, the present scene of hostilities. Natal is vigorously independent of Cape Colony, from which it was separated in 1856, when a constitutional charter was granted, which was essentially modified in 1875. At that time there were not a thousand white settlers in Natal, and the native inhabitants—the fine race called Zulus or Amazulus—were also few in number.

Zululand proper was then, as now, a vast region stretching along the Indian Ocean, separated from Natal by the Tugela River (the scene of the recent disaster), bounded on the northwest by the Transvaal Republic and on the northeast by the Portuguese colony of Delagoa Bay. The northern portion of Zululand was inhabited by a race known as the Amaswazis, of kindred origin and language, but owing only a feeble allegiance to the Zulu King. Since 1850 there has been a steady stream of Zulu emigration southward across the Tugela River into Natal, and the Zulu population of that colony has increased from less than fifty thousand in 1850 to 290,000 at the last census, taken in 1877. Probably they now number above three hundred thousand. The white population of Natal comprises but 22,654 persons of European descent, many of them Dutch Boers, more or less disaffected to the British Government.

Zululand proper, the vast region under the government of Cetywayo (pronounced Ketshwayo), is inhabited by some 300,000 natives who are admitted to be the finest and most powerful race of South Africa. Their country is a fine upland region, of uncertain extent, the northern boundaries having never been determined. The territory on the Blood River, or Transvaal border, was for many years in dispute between the Zulu King and the lately annexed Transvaal Republic. This quarrel was the proximate cause of the present hostilities. Some years ago Cetywayo offered to cede the territory in dispute, not to the Boers of the Transvaal, but to the English of Natal; but his offer was not then accepted. The war between Cetywayo and the Boers having resulted in the annexation of the Transvaal to Cape Colony on the plea that the little republic was unable to defend itself and preserve the peace, the rights of the Boers were, of course, transferred *de facto* to the Colonial Government, and the boundary quarrel was referred to a commission, which quite recently decided in favor of the Zulus. That decision, however, was accompanied by other terms in the nature of an ultimatum, which led to the present war.

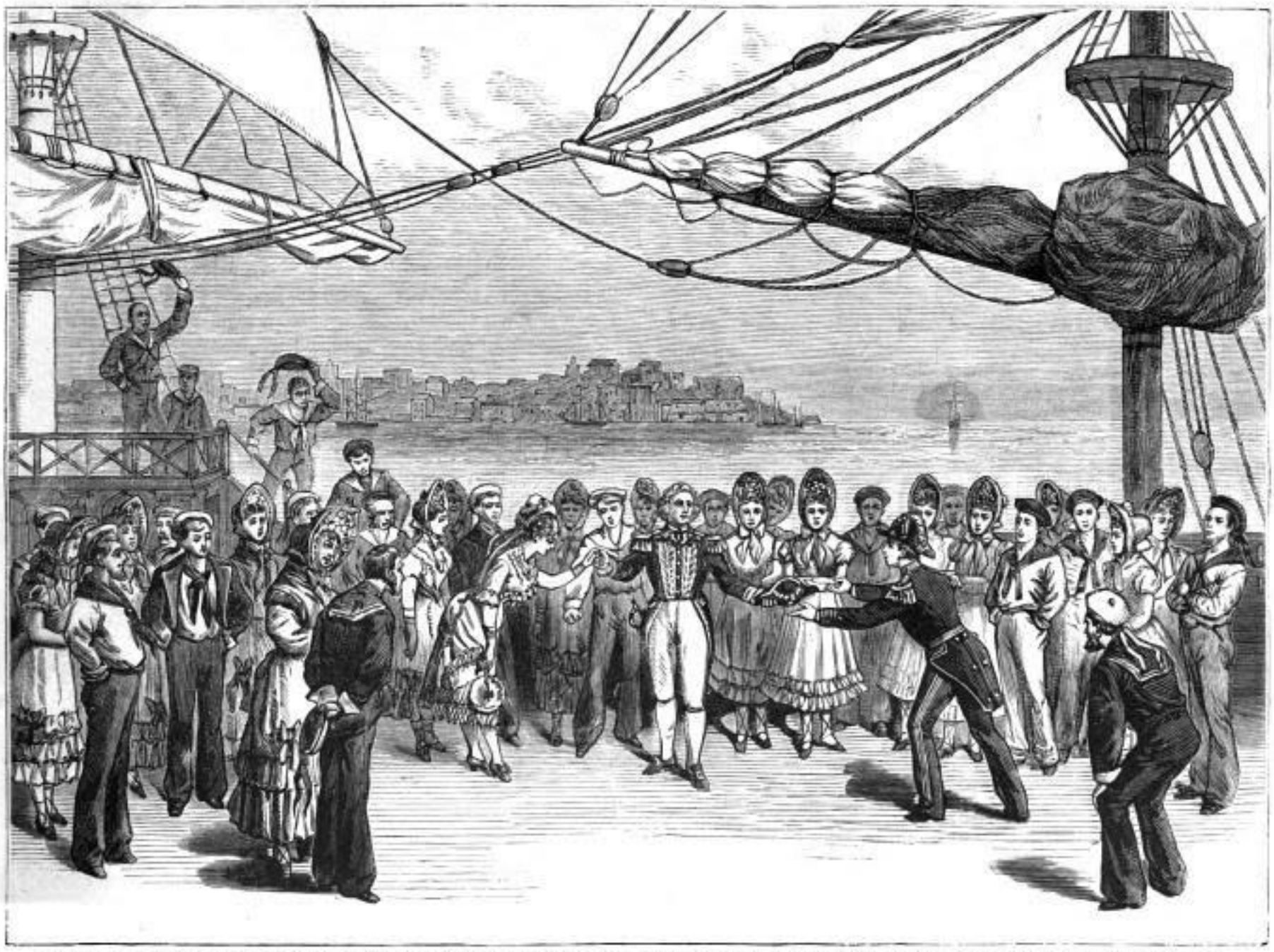


MAP OF ZULULAND, SOUTH AFRICA.

One of the demands of the British Government is that Cetywayo shall abolish his present military system, and adopt such military regulations as may be decided upon by the Great Council of the Zulus on consultation with the representatives of the British authority. The present Zulu army must be disbanded and the men allowed to return to their homes. Every man must be free to marry without the King's permission, now often refused. No Zulu can hereafter be punished without a regular trial before the "Indunas" or magistrates. A British Resident must be admitted at the Zulu capital to watch over the fulfillment of these conditions and "be the eyes and ears and mouth of the British Government toward the Zulu King and the Great Council of the Nation." Missionaries must again be permitted to settle in Zululand under the protection of the British Resident, and no native must be molested for listening to them.

The British ultimatum was delivered late in November, and the time was subsequently extended to January 11th. Before that, a force of Zulus has invaded Natal and seized two refugees, who were afterward killed on Zulu territory. The British demanded the surrender of the two leaders of the invading force. Cetywayo replied by calling out his army and at the same time offering to pay a fine. When his answer was returned, the British columns invaded the enemy's country, and the campaign opened on January 22d, with a disastrous defeat near the Zugela River. A column consisting of a portion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, a battery of artillery and 600 native auxiliaries, with wagon-trains of supplies and ammunition, was surrounded by 20,000 Zulus and cut to pieces. The British loss was thirty officers and about 500 non-commissioned officers, rank and file, of the Imperial troops, and seventy men of the Colonial troops. The Zulus captured a valuable convoy of 102 wagons, 1,000 oxen, two cannon, 400 shot and shell, 1,000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, and 60,000 pounds of provisions. At last accounts it was feared that the Zulus might march upon Natal, and great consternation prevailed.

Of course the struggle will not end here. The British Admiralty has already chartered fifteen steamers to carry troops and supplies to the Cape, and the campaign will be pushed with all possible dispatch and vigor. The British commander, Lord Chelmsford, had under his command late in December about 10,000 European troops and a large force of native auxiliaries, armed with breech-loaders and light mountain guns. The Zulu King had brought into the field about 40,000 men, and his recent success will no doubt help to swell his fighting columns. There can be but one result to the war now commenced; but it admits of doubt whether, after all, Great Britain will be able to justify to the world, no matter how complete her success may be, the arrogant, aggressive policy which in this instance, as in others in South Africa, has provoked a needless conflict. It cannot be forgotten that in the matter of the disputed territory on the Blood River the claim of the Zulus was admitted to be sound and just; then the demands of the ultimatum concerning the appointment of two



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF THE BURLESQUE OPERA "H. M. S. PINAFORE," AS PLAYED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE BY THE RICE OPERA BOUFFE EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY.—THE UNION OF THE LOVERS.

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SCENE IN THE LADIES' WAITING-ROOM JUST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF FRENCH CARNIVAL.

NEW YORK CITY.—TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 13TH.—SEE PAGE 460.

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A CHARACTER-SKETCH IN THE LOBBY OF THE ACADEMY.



PRINCE CARNIVAL UNITING BACCHUS AND TERPSICHORE IN MARRIAGE.



ST. VALENTINE ON A LARK.



THE GENTLEMEN'S HAT-ROOM.



A CASE OF JEALOUSY.

NEW YORK CITY.—TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 13TH.—SEE PAGE 469

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THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—A STREET SCENE IN VERA CRUZ DURING THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 465.

British Residents on cantonments of large extent, over which the Zulus would have no jurisdiction, and vested with "a potential influence on all national questions," are not those to which a jealous, powerful and warlike monarch would willingly consent, being a visible limitation of his power and prestige, while the demands for a complete revolution of the social, judicial and military system of Zululand are such as no independent sovereign could entertain with self-respect or safety. The real ground of preferring these demands is found, of course, in the necessity for disarming a dangerous and haughty neighbor, and they were unquestionably preferred without any expectation that the Zulus would receive them, and consent without a struggle to their own effacement.

ANNA GRANGER DOW.

FEW American sopranos have attained distinction in their art by such legitimate and estimable methods as Mrs. Anna Granger Dow. The artist was born in Hartford, Conn., and at an early age displayed such decided musical talent as to induce her parents to give her a thorough musical education. Her family removing to Boston, she enjoyed in her earlier years the numerous advantages that attend a student in the most distinctively musical city of America. She, of course, joined the Handel and Haydn Society, where her exceptional talents at once secured recognition, and an engagement was offered her as soprano of the choir of the Bulfinch Street Church. She remained here for a time, and then, being urged by her friends to prepare herself for a musical career, went to New York to place herself under the tuition of Signori Steffanoni and Barili, the Italian masters. She made rapid advances in her art, developing the pure Italian style, which is now one of her marked characteristics. Visiting Europe, she placed herself under the famous *maestro*, Duprez, of Paris, and became his favorite pupil. But it was not until she had caught from the celebrated Vannecini, of Florence, the leading exponent of the Italian method, the art of finished phrasing, that she felt that her education as an artist was complete. She returned to America, and was welcomed with enthusiasm at her *début* in Boston at Miss Adelaide Phillipps's concert. She was offered and accepted the position of soprano of Rev. Dr. Ellis's First Church, where she remained for four years, singing in concert at frequent intervals, and in oratorio with the Handel and Haydn Society. Later, her engagements becoming so numerous, she devoted herself exclusively to the concert stage, singing with the Theodore Thomas orchestra, with Miss Kellogg, the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, and in English opera. Mrs. Dow has recently removed to New York, where her varied gifts as an artist have found the immediate recognition that was to have been expected in engagements in the symphony concerts and in oratorio.



MRS. ANNA GRANGER DOW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.



INDIANA.—SILVER MAPLE-TREE GROWING FROM THE TOWER OF THE GREENSBURG COURT HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SNYDER & THIMBLE.—SEE PAGE 468.

INSANITY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WE are constantly hearing of the increase of insanity consequent on the high pressure under which are habitually carried on the various avocations of life. Some fourteen thousand insane patients, we learn, were admitted into asylums of all kinds in England and Wales during one year, rather more than half of whom were females.



MYRON W. WHITNEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSHALL. SEE PAGE 461.

By far the most prolific source of insanity appears to be intemperance, especially among the male sex. Bodily disease and old age come next on the list, and then domestic trouble, of which, as might be supposed, females are the greater sufferers. Business anxieties, on the other hand, claim some male victims. Taking domestic trouble, adverse circumstances and mental anxiety as inclusive of the ordinary strain of everyday life, we find that females have rather the worst of it under these headings; while in cases of insanity caused by overwork the male sufferers are in the majority.

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ILLUSTRATED
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL AND BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 17TH—THE TABLEAU OF THE NEAPOLITAN WEDDING.
SEE PAGE 5.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1879.

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SYMPOSIARCHS AT FAULT.

WHAT is called a "symposium" has of late become a fashionable literary contrivance for the sake of bringing together a number of disputants who are supposed to represent in their several persons the different aspects in which any given subject of public concern may be viewed according to the natural varieties of public opinion. The device is as old as the time of Plato, who used it for the purposes of Greek speculation in an age when the "conversational drama" was a natural form of literature, because its root was planted in the habits of an inquisitive and colloquial people.

The modern "symposium," however, is not a conference between a company of talkers who mutually "give and take" their respective opinions according to the drift of the discussion and the play of a dialectic logic, but as rather a congeries of cut-and-dried deliverances representing the predeterminate judgments of the parties presumed to be more or less at variance on the topic in hand. In this way a modern symposium does not so much propose to mold and fashion a fluent state of public opinion as to give us a vertical section of the rigid and heterogeneous strata into which that opinion has been already consolidated and divided.

In the March number of the *North American Review* we find a symposium which has for its thesis the questions whether the freedmen of the South should have been clothed after our civil war with the elective franchise, and whether, in view of the use that has been made of that privilege, they should now be disfranchised. The parties to the colloquy joined on this subject are Senator Blaine, Mr. Garfield and Wendell Phillips on the one side, and Senator Lamar, Mr. Stephens, General Wade Hampton and Mr. Montgomery Blair on the other.

It is not our purpose to indulge in a running commentary on the peculiar views enunciated by the individual disputants. It seems to us a mark of weakness in each of the controversialists that he seems much more skillful in detecting the loose joints in his adversary's harness than in protecting his own exposed flank from the sharp point of the adversary's spear. Without waiting to close the rivets which were loosened in the Republican shield by the shocking abuses of negro suffrage in South Carolina and Louisiana, Mr. Blaine bears down with bold defiance upon the Democratic champions whom he is called to confront in this wager of mimic political battle, and he is not slow in finding the weak spot in the enemy's armor. But in the very act of delivering his telling blows the weak spots in his own shield expose him to the counter-strokes of the spear held in the hand of Senator Lamar, until in the end each of the gladiators appears to the observer on the outside of the lists pretty well spitted on the weapon of his opponent.

When Mr. Blaine contends that the ballot, in spite of all its drawbacks, has been a benefit to the negro, and cannot therefore be now withdrawn, he does not succeed in making a defense of the "drawbacks" which, for a time, imperiled the very existence of civilization in South Carolina, and of social order in Louisiana. When Mr. Lamar contends that in order to make the negro a "free citizen" it was first necessary to take him from the party which claimed his vote as absolutely as his master once claimed his body, and that "*the next step* will be to take him as a class from either party and allow him to differ and divide, just as white men do," he virtually admits the full gravamen of the Republican complaint in the premises, for this form of statement implies that the freedmen are not yet permitted to "differ and divide, just as white men do."

In fact, each party can clearly see the intolerable nature of the pretensions advanced by the other. The moral coercion which the Republicans brought to bear on the freedmen in the days of the "carpet-bag domination," as it was called, is resented by the Democrats as an inversion of the social pyramid. The physical coercion which the Democrats of South Carolina and Louisiana are known to have brought to bear on the freedmen, at least in some parts of those States, at the last election, is resented by the Republicans as an inversion of the political fabric. The Democrat makes his quarrel with the Republican in the name of "civilization." The Republican makes his quarrel with the Democrat in the name of "personal rights, of public justice and of civil liberty." The impartial citizen makes his quarrel with "both their houses" so far as each succeeds in convincing the other of sin in the premises.

For who will pretend that the interests of civilization require that despite should be done to the fundamental maxims of political ethics? There is no such schism in the body politic as the antagonisms of party would seem to imply. The schism comes from the wrench and strain of partisan discord, not from the natural and normal functions of the social organism. That this is the deliberate judgment of the American people has been sufficiently proved by the verdict which they have rendered upon the abuses of colored suffrage in the hands of the Republicans under the late Administration. Those abuses have wrought the overthrow of the Republican Party in every Southern State, and enlightened Republicans at the North confessed to a sentiment of relief when the Administration of President Hayes cut itself loose from all complicity with a degrading phase of politics. But the evils of a historical epoch can never be made a pretext for the evils of a current epoch. The Republicans of the South have not been put into "circumscription and confine" for the creation of a Democratic preserve within which another set of abuses are to be tolerated under the plea of reactionary politics. These actions and reactions and counteractions of rival politicians must come to an end, and they can come to an end in nothing less than the renunciation of wrong-doing by the one party and by the other. The people will turn and overturn the politics which stand in their way until the state of a stable political equilibrium shall at last be reached on this question, as it has been reached on the other questions which from time to time have been set for the rise and fall of parties.

THE SOUTH AND IMMIGRATION.

GENERAL SHERMAN has done the South a real service in the publication of his recent letter on the resources of that section and the advantages which it offers to persons of moderate means desirous of improving their condition. Few persons have had better opportunities to study that section, and especially the State of Georgia, with respect to the natural advantages of soil, climate and healthfulness. His testimony, based upon actual observation, is positive and pronounced upon every point which can interest the intending settler. After speaking particularly of Georgia, he says that, in his opinion, no region on the face of the continent offers "as strong inducements for industrious emigrants as that from Lynchburg, Va., to Huntsville, Ala., right and left, embracing the mountain ranges and intervening valleys, especially East Tennessee, North Georgia and Alabama." He adds:

"Two or three millions of people could be diverted from the Great West to this region with profit and advantage to all concerned. This whole region, though called 'Southern,' is, in fact, 'Northern'—viz., it is a wheat-growing country; has a climate in no sense tropical or southern, but was designed by nature for small farms and not for large plantations. I know that no section is more favored in climate, health, soil, minerals, water, and everything which man needs for his material wants and to contribute to his physical and intellectual development. The railroads, already finished, give the people cheap supplies and the means of sending in every section their surplus products of the soil or of manufactures. There are immense beds of iron and coal, besides inexhaustible quantities of timber, oak, hickory, beech, poplar, pine, etc., so necessary in modern factories, and which are becoming scarce in other sections of our busy country."

As to whether Northern professional men, manufacturers, mechanics and farmers, may settle in that region with the certainty of fair dealing and cordial encouragement, General Sherman speaks with great confidence. Whatever of intolerance may exist elsewhere, "it is certain that in Georgia ostracism for opinion's sake will never be attempted." It may be that a small part of the community clings to distinctions founded on past conditions, but the number is growing less and less, and must soon finally disappear. General Sherman closes his letter by advising the people of Georgia to make the most of their opportunities by advertising broadcast the localities where cheap lands may be had with reasonable credit, where companies may open coal and iron mines, where mills may be erected to grind wheat and corn, spin cotton, and to manufacture the thousand and one things now supplied from abroad.

With the adjustment of the social and political relations of the Southern States, and the disappearance of the antagonisms and prejudices which grew out of the war, it can scarcely be otherwise than that the tide of emigration will flow in that direction with steadily increasing volume. There are thousands of small farmers, mechanics and laborers in our populous Eastern and Northern States who could vastly improve their condition, now one of drudgery and scanty comfort, by locating in Virginia, Georgia, Northern Alabama or East Tennessee. The attractions and resources of that great area exceed those of any Western State, Kansas alone, perhaps, excepted, while the hardships and rigors which the emigrant must encounter in establishing his home are far greater on the frontier than in any of the older Southern communities. If the people of Georgia and the other States we have named will act upon the advice of General Sherman and "look ahead and not behind," and "help every emigrant to realize that his business and social position will result from his own industry, his merits and his virtues," it will not be long before the great advantages of climate, soil, minerals, timber, etc., will fill up their country and make it blossom with the evidences of a genuine prosperity.

THE SUPERIORITY OF SOME AMERICAN METHODS.

WE have before referred to the dairy industry of this country, and the increasing significance of its relationship to our general agricultural interest. Without venturing upon the stupendous statistical embellishments with which it is becoming the fashion to emphasize all discussions of the subject—such as comparing the value of our annual dairy product with the aggregate bulk of gold, silver and paper currency in circulation in America, or jubilantly proclaiming the supremacy of Queen Cow over King Cotton—we still are able to recognize in this branch of industry the tokens of a development fraught with most important consequences to both agricultural and commercial enterprises. Already the effects of the application of American methods and ingenuity are making themselves felt in the dairy systems of Great Britain and Europe. In the same manner that textile fabrics which we formerly were obliged to import are now largely exported by us and placed in successful competition in the very markets whence we recently drew our supplies, American cheese and butter are replacing the native products in countries which a few years ago were large exporters of those commodities. One of the most potent causes of this commercial revolution has been the extension of the factory system which originated about 1851 in New York State. By this co-operative plan the producing farmers are placed on a footing of complete equality in the distribution of profits, the newest and best appliances are available for all at the absolute minimum of cost, and a uniformity of manufacture is insured which is of the utmost importance in establishing the commercial status of the industry. Great and desirable as are these advantages, they are only beginning to be appreciated in Europe. There the custom has been for merchants to gather up throughout the interior the production of innumerable dairies, large and small, and pack it at the seaboard, with due reference to differences in grade, for wholesale traffic or exportation. The famous Irish butter of commerce is to-day garnered in this manner almost by the single pound from thousands of peasants' cottages in all parts of the Green Isle. While the potato supports him in a way, the pig and the cow pay Paddy's rent in favorable seasons. In the United States our best butter is made at so-called "creameries," which manufacture for numbers of dairies simultaneously, the "maker" receiving a salary or a percentage on his sales, and the owners of the tributary cows participating in the profits of each season in the proportion of their respective contributions of milk. Even this system seems likely to be improved upon. A new creamery has just been organized in Wisconsin, at which cream only and no milk whatever is to be received from the milk-farmers. By this plan it is believed the production of fully four thousand cows can be regularly manufactured in one creamery, covering an area of eight adjacent townships, and the expense will be materially lessened, while the quality of the product will be greatly improved. Many of our leading dairy experts regard this "new departure" in an obscure Wisconsin village as the first step in a complete change of our national creamery system, and the results of the approaching season will be watched with close attention.

It is under the inspiration of enlightened effort of this kind that the foreign exports of American butter rose from 3,000,000 pounds in 1858, worth $540,000, to over 21,500,000 pounds in 1877, worth nearly $5,000,000. The statistics for last year are not yet complete, but the figures are undoubtedly larger than those of the preceding year. In the article of cheese, in the manufacture of which the same co-operative principle is availed of, the increased exportation from the United States in the same period was from 8,000,000 pounds in 1858, worth $732,000, to over 107,000,000 pounds in 1877, worth over $12,000,000.

These figures, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, serve not only to show what progress has been made in this branch of American agriculture, but also to indicate in some degree its possible future development. As we have already stated, our rapid advance is attracting attention in countries, which, until recently, prided themselves upon their superiority. Lord Combermere, a wealthy English landholder, recently made a speech to his tenants in Cheshire, in which he attributed the depression in the cheese-making districts of that county to the fact that American cheese improved steadily, while the art of its manufacture in Cheshire was as steadily retrograding. The obstinate free trade policy of Great Britain has opened the way to importations from abroad which are gradually stilling the life out of the domestic production. Professor Sheldon, of Cirencester, one of the highest British authorities, declared recently: "America is distancing us in cheese-making; we shall have to adopt, as far as we can, her methods of improvements, or lose the race!" On the European continent the case is much the same. The best cheese of Switzerland, Holland and France is, with few exceptions, imitated so successfully in the United States as to have virtually put an end to its importation. And in all these countries, from which we hear such lamentations over the decadence of a former profitable branch of commerce, it is noticeable that the co-operative or "factory" system, which is essentially American, is being rapidly introduced. Another purely American method which is fast gaining ground in Europe is that of the dairymen's association, with its corollary, the annual "convention." This was inaugurated by the dairymen of New York State, in 1864. Now nearly every dairy community in the country has its representative association. Within the past eight weeks two such organizations have held conventions in this State, and similar meetings have taken place at different points under the auspices of the American Association, the International Fair Association and the State Associations, belonging, respectively, to Pennsylvania, Illinois, Minnesota, Vermont, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana and California. The series is to be closed early in March by a convention at Chicago of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association, which numbers several hundred members, many of whom attend its meetings annually from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. These organizations are potent promoters of progress. Each one serves as a focus, in which is concentrated the practical intelligence of the community it represents. But they have never, until very recently, existed outside of the United States, and the convention plan is nowhere else practiced. Dr. Fleischmann, the highest authority on dairy subjects in Germany, in a paper lately published in Oldenburg, declares that the "associations" are among the principal supports of the industry. And yet the only bodies of the kind in Europe are the Swiss Alpine Association, founded in 1863, the German Association founded in 1864, and the National Dairy Society of France, which had its birth during the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

The facts here recited present a fair showing of the relations of the American dairy industry to the interest in other lands. We have purposely avoided introducing statistical comparisons, as our purpose has been rather to indicate the intellectual bearings of the subject than those purely commercial. The latter are as encouraging as the former are creditable to American enterprise, and it is believed that the dairy trade of 1879 will exceed in magnitude and profit that of any previous year.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

THE suggestion in favor of technical and industrial schools made by Governor McClellan to the New Jersey Legislature has crystallized in a Bill which has the approval of the State Board of Education, and will be urged to a passage. The Bill gives to the Board the power to establish such schools upon the application of not less than ten citizens, who shall agree to pay part of the expenses of the same. The schools, when established, are to be for the training and education of pupils in any of the industrial pursuits now established in the State, including agriculture, so as to enable them to perfect themselves in the several branches of industry which require technical instruction. There is to be a Board of Trustees of five members for each school, who shall have entire charge of the school, and shall report to the State Board annually. Any local authority may appropriate funds for the support of a school within its limits, and the schools are to be supported, first, by tuition fees received; second, by money contributed by petition-

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ing citizens; third, by the amount appropriated by the local authority; and, fourth, by the amount contributed by the State Board of Education from the School Fund.

It is possible that this measure, being in the nature of a radical innovation upon existing educational methods, may fail to command, at this time, the approval of the legislators of our somewhat conservative sister commonwealth, but the fact that it has the sanction of many of the leading educational authorities, and will be vigorously urged by prominent citizens, is a hopeful indication of the progress of public opinion on the subject of technical instruction. The time is coming when men will view with amazement the stupendous folly of our present educational policy, under which vast sums of money are expended with but a modicum of the benefit which would result from an adaptation of the course of study to those special ends which the pupil is to pursue in life. If it is the duty of the State to educate its children, as it is, it is no less its duty to make that education tend as far as possible to the benefit of the industrial and commercial pursuits, upon the development of which the material welfare of the State depends.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS ABROAD.

THE intelligence from the scene of hostilities in Zulu'and shows the situation to be a critical one for British interests. Subsequent to the disastrous engagement of January 23d, several unsuccessful attacks were made upon detached British columns by the Zulus, but the latter, at last accounts, were concentrating in strong force, evidently with a view of renewing hostilities, and great anxiety was felt as to the result. Meanwhile, reinforcements are being hurried from England as rapidly as possible, both the populace and troops manifesting great enthusiasm and confidence as to the issue of the trouble. More thoughtful observers, however, regard the task in hand as a very grave and serious one. It is feared that the savages will largely confine themselves to a guerrilla warfare, harassing the British communications, and, by cutting off small bodies, weakening and disintegrating the invading force. Sir Charles Dilke has given notice of a motion in the House of Commons that, while ready to assist in retrieving the situation at the Cape, the House considers that Zulu territory was invaded on inadequate grounds.

The German Reichstag insists tenaciously upon its prerogatives. The arrest of two Socialist members having been demanded for violating the anti-Socialist law the Reichstag by a large majority refused its assent to the arrests, and at the same time declared the Government interpretation of the law in question to be wholly indefensible. As one result of this controversy, the Disciplinary Bill, suggested by Prince Bismarck, will probably be defeated, the National Liberals and Progressists being now for the first time united.

The lean condition of the Egyptian Treasury has led to a Cabinet crisis. Some four hundred army officers who had been discharged unpaid stirred up a tumult, during which the Khedive was insulted and his Ministers shot at, the rioters being dispersed only when fired on by the troops. In consequence of the trouble the Khedive insists on reconstructing his Cabinet to suit himself and embarrassing complications are likely to ensue, especially as a general revolt is threatened by the comrades of the discharged officers, many of whom have been imprisoned. Besides, "neither England nor France will be disposed to witness with indifference the success of a *coup d'état* which would place Egypt once more under the personal rule of the Khedive." The Budget proposes that the Egyptian army shall be reduced to 10,000 men, and that the remainder, including 2,000 officers, be disbanded.

France remains tranquil. Special elections to fill vacancies from two Departments in the Chamber of Deputies have resulted favorably to the Republicans. The Chamber has been occupied with the consideration of the Bill which extends the benefits of amnesty to all persons convicted of crimes in connection with political acts, and the indications are that the Government will be sustained in its opposition to the measure. The Minister of the Interior has annulled the vote of the Municipality of Paris granting money to assist returning Communists. Evidently the ruling minds among the Republicans are not yet prepared to pardon those who boast that they will yet revive the Commune upon the ruins of social order.

The labor troubles in Great Britain are abating. At Liverpool the strikers on the docks are resuming work, and in other branches of industry, the temporary paralysis of operations has been broken. The Home Rulers have won a significant victory in the election, by a large majority, of a member of Parliament from the County of Cork. The "Irish University scheme" has fallen through. Lord Beaconsfield could not induce his colleagues to make concessions that would satisfy the Catholics, and Cardinal Manning declined to accept the concessions that the Cabinet was prepared to make. Parliament has been informed that the Government has decided not to deal with the question.

Dispatches from Constantinople announce that a new insurrection is imminent in Eastern Roumelia, and that the Sultan has asked General Tobleben to postpone the withdrawal of his troops from that province. The news is not entirely unexpected. The International Commission appointed to provide for this province an administrative organization has not as yet reached a conclusion, and meanwhile a large part of the population declare that they will not accept the new order of things, and that if the proposed liberal institutions are imposed upon them they will resist by force. It is stated that the Porte has appointed four commissioners to superintend the proposed reforms in the administration of Asia Minor. The Austrian Prime Minister announces that that Government has no programme for the future other than to execute fully the task as to Eastern affairs assigned to it by the Powers, on the basis of the Berlin Treaty. A petition from the workingmen of Austria asking for universal suffrage has been presented in the Lower House of the Reichsrath.

The prompt and energetic measures of the Russian Government appear to have arrested the progress of the black plague. Despite the general thaw and warmth throughout the infected district, both public and private advices state that no fresh cases of the plague have occurred. A commission is forming in St. Petersburg specially to watch over the sanitary condition of the troops with reference to the prevailing typhus and plague epidemics.

Republicanism in Spain is not yet extinct. Señor Castelar and eight of the principal members of his Ministry in 1873 will contest large towns in the South in the approaching general election. A significant emigrant movement from Switzerland to this country has commenced, a number of young and adventurous residents of Zurich having started for Georgia, where it is proposed to establish a Swiss colony, under the auspices of the Workmen's Society. Others will follow.

THE thirty-eighth annual commencement of the Medical Department of the College of the City of New York, held on the evening of February 18th, was marked by the addition of 205 members of the graduating class to the roll of full-fledged doctors. The address of Chancellor Crosby to the graduates sparkled with felicitous bits of good advice, and those of them who shall take his counsels with them into active life will be pretty certain to achieve honorable success.

A PROPOSITION to impose a tax upon tea of ten cents per pound, and upon coffee of two and a half cents a pound, has been rejected by the Senate by a practically unanimous vote, only four Senators recording themselves in its favor. It was argued that such a tax would yield an annual revenue of $15,000,000, but the Senate wisely decided that some other sources of revenue should be sought than the breakfast and tea-tables of the people. The tax upon friction-matches is to remain, the Senate having rejected a motion for its repeal.

GENERAL BUTLER is credited with having already initiated another movement for the control of Massachusetts politics. This time, it is said, he means to make defeat impossible by occupying the ground in advance of both the regular parties, and it is added that he expects to draw largely from each and especially from the younger Republican element which last Fall so vigorously opposed him. Butler is one of the men whom it is never safe to regard as dead until the turf is piled six feet deep above the inanimate clay; and it is by no means impossible that he may yet lead the Massachusetts politicians who have flouted him a very lively dance.

A CORRESPONDENT, "Yale," takes exception to the character of our recent illustrations of Henry Ward Beecher's lecture on "Amusements." He is in error in supposing that we condemn the views of the reverend gentleman as to the value and necessity of wholesome amusements, and especially his theory that "a man's amusements should be the opposite of his daily occupation." We concur entirely in that view. But the subject obviously had its humorous side, and if our correspondent were as familiar as he should be with the "points" of "H.M.S. Pinafore," he would understand that our sketches simply caught and reflected the spirit of a passing theme, as illuminated by the sidelights of a popular piece of fun.

THE adulteration of food is a great and growing evil which should by all means be arrested by positive legislation. In the article of bread, for instance, adulterants of the most injurious quality are largely introduced by bakers, while thousands of housekeepers use baking powders which are supposed to be pure, but are really made of alum, the effects of which on the stomach are most deleterious. It is to be hoped that the Bill making it a misdemeanor to manufacture or sell adulterated food or liquors, now awaiting consideration in the State Legislature, may be enacted into a law before the session closes. A Bill before the New Jersey Legislature imposes a fine of $500, or imprisonment for five years, or both, for the adulteration of any food, drinks or medicines.

LATER testimony elicited by the Potter Committee in connection with the cipher dispatches goes to show that the Returning Boards of Florida and South Carolina were never, as has been believed by many, actually in the market for sale. The truth appears to be that certain impecunious politicians, who had made corrupt propositions to members of these Boards, were led on by them until the proofs of the attempted bribery were complete, when an end was put to the whole matter by the formal declaration of the result as to Presidential electors. Undoubtedly, the individuals who were conducting the negotiation believed all they said in their dispatches as to the possibility of buying the Boards to decide according to the wishes of their principals, but all the evidence shows them to have been egregiously deceived.

THE beauties of Civil Service "reform" are best illustrated by facts. One of the Collectors of Internal Revenue in Indiana has just been invited to resign because a member of the Cabinet wished the place for another man. The Collector had held the office seven years; $10,000,000 had passed through his hands and had been accounted for unto the uttermost nickel, and four official investigations of affairs in his district had all resulted favorably for him. Under an honest interpretation of the Civil Service rules of the Administration, he would have commanded the hearty approval of his superiors, and no "personal or political consideration" would have been permitted to prejudice his claims; but some henchman of a Cabinet minister wanted the place of the faithful official, and so he is thrown overboard to the sharks among other unfortunate victims of a deformed—sometimes misnamed reformed—Civil Service.

WHY should not corporations created by the State bear their just proportion of the public burdens? There is no doubt that, owing to the peculiar provisions of our tax laws and their loose execution by public officials, millions of dollars are lost to the State of New York every year, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that the effort to cure the evil now making at Albany may result in success. The Bill which proposes this result creates a board of assessment and taxation, with the Governor at its head, which is required on the 1st of September in each year to file its decision with the Secretary of State declaring the actual value of the steam railroads within the State, and on those values the respective companies are to pay a tax of two per cent. into the State Treasury. No other tax shall be assessed on these roads, either by the State, counties or towns, nor shall money invested in stocks of the road so taxed be liable to further taxation. The sum so collected is to be applied towards the expenses of the State; and if at any time a surplus remain it is to be divided between the counties. This tax, it is estimated, will produce $6,000,000 a year.

THE question as to what shall be done with the tramp is engaging the attention of several of our State Legislatures. In the Assembly of this State a Bill has been ordered to a third reading which proposes to impose upon every "person without visible means of support, moving from place to place without employment and begging, beyond the limits of the town or city of which he is a resident," a punishment of one year's confinement at hard labor in a penitentiary or county jail. In the debate upon the Bill a member, who was a former Commissioner of Emigration at this port, stated that ten per cent. of the emigrants were at one time of the tramp class, and he added that, in five years' experience with them, he had never known of one who would accept of work when offered. The evil is every day acquiring larger and more dangerous proportions, and if legislation can cure it, the remedy should be applied at once. Why could not people of this class, when arrested, be employed, as convicts are in some States, in work upon the streets and public roads, and in other spheres of industry where convict labor is utilized? In this city it has been found impossible to keep the streets properly cleaned, even at large expense. Why could not the tramps who burrow here in Winter be marshaled into street-cleaning brigades, and a necessary and neglected work be thus accomplished at a trifling expenditure?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

EX-COLLECTOR ARTHUR has been chosen Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of New York.

THE Virginia Senate has passed a Bill providing for the settlement of the State debt. Opposition is expected in the House.

A CLASS of 205 students was graduated by the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York on February 18th.

THE Brazilian Subsidy Amendment to the Post-office Appropriation Bill was adopted by the Senate on February 21st, by a vote of 33 to 17.

IN the House of Representatives the Florida contested election case was taken up on February 20th, and Mr. Bisbee, the Republican member, was unseated.

SIXTEEN persons were instantly killed and twenty-six injured by a boiler explosion at a trial of a new propeller pump at Stockton, Cal., on February 22d.

CAPTAIN BLAIR, United States Army, has pleaded guilty to the charge of bigamy, and his second wife, the widow of General Granger, has begun proceedings for divorce.

THE Legislature of Montana has adopted resolutions asking that that Territory be made a separate military department and placed under the command of General Miles.

DANIEL ROBERTSON, Treasurer of the Troy and Boston Railroad, has been jointly indicted with D. Thomas Vail, President of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank, for conspiracy to defraud creditors of said bank.

THE Senate Committee on Appropriations has struck from the Army Appropriation Bill, which was reported February 20th, all of the sections relating to army reorganization, including the posse comitatus clause.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has telegraphed to the Collector of Customs at Port Townsend, W. T., to direct Captain Selden to proceed at once to Sitka in the revenue cutter in his charge and to take measures to preserve the peace.

THE creditors of the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company are signing an agreement to form a corporation to take control by purchase of the property, and to take stock in proportion to their claims with a view to liquidating the debt.

IN the Senate of Arkansas the House Bill—a Bill, in effect, to dispossess counties of all powers as bodies politic and corporate, and of the capability of suing and being sued, and repealing all laws regulating proceedings in suits by and against counties—was passed by a vote of 23 to 7 on February 20th.

THE Rev. Dr. Reuben Nelson, senior agent and publisher of the Methodist Book Concern, and Treasurer of the Methodist Missionary Society, died in New York on February 20th, aged sixty one years; and Rev. Dr. Green, for thirty years steward of the Wesleyan book-room at Toronto, died on the same day, aged seventy-eight. On the 21st the Hon. Jacob A. Westervelt, ex-Mayor of New York City, died at his residence, aged seventy-nine, and President Fisher, of St. Lawrence University, at Canton, N. Y., fell dead in a fit while on his way to the University building.

THE Connecticut Legislature has adopted unanimously the resolution pronouncing the passage of the anti-Chinese Law a flagrant violation of a sacred and honorable treaty and a disgrace to the national statutes. The Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church declares the Bill "a crime against colonization," other secular and religious bodies, including the Rhode Island Assembly, have spoken with like emphasis, and the Press everywhere, except upon the Pacific Slope, denounces the measure as inconsistent with the principles and traditions of the republic.

Foreign.

THE Canadian Senate has adopted a resolution of condolence with Queen Victoria at the death of the Princess Alice of Hesse.

THE directors of the St. Gothard Railway say they will complete the line at least 6,000,000 francs cheaper than the estimated cost.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has elected a Budget Committee, all the members of which favor the conversion of five per cent. rentes; rentes declined in consequence.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that the arrangement for a loan of £8,000,000 to Turkey was successful, and that the Porte has promised to withdraw the paper money from circulation.

IN the German Reichstag Prince Bismarck has declared himself in favor of protection of home industries; he fully supported the commercial views expressed in the speech from the throne.

BY a majority of over two hundred the French Chamber of Deputies has refused to accept the extreme proposition of the Radicals that all offenses committed in the name of the Commune in 1871 should be wiped out.

THE new French Cable Company have under serious consideration a proposal of the Anglo-American Cable Company for an understanding whereby the competition between the two companies may be considerably reduced.

THE French section charged to call together an International Committee to study the different plans for an interoceanic canal across the American Isthmus has decided that the meeting shall be held in Paris on the 15th of May next.

A REPORT from Mandalay asserts that the King of Burmah has murdered all the royal princes and their families, and removed the new Ministers and replaced them by the Ministers who were formerly in office, thus restoring the former despotic Government.

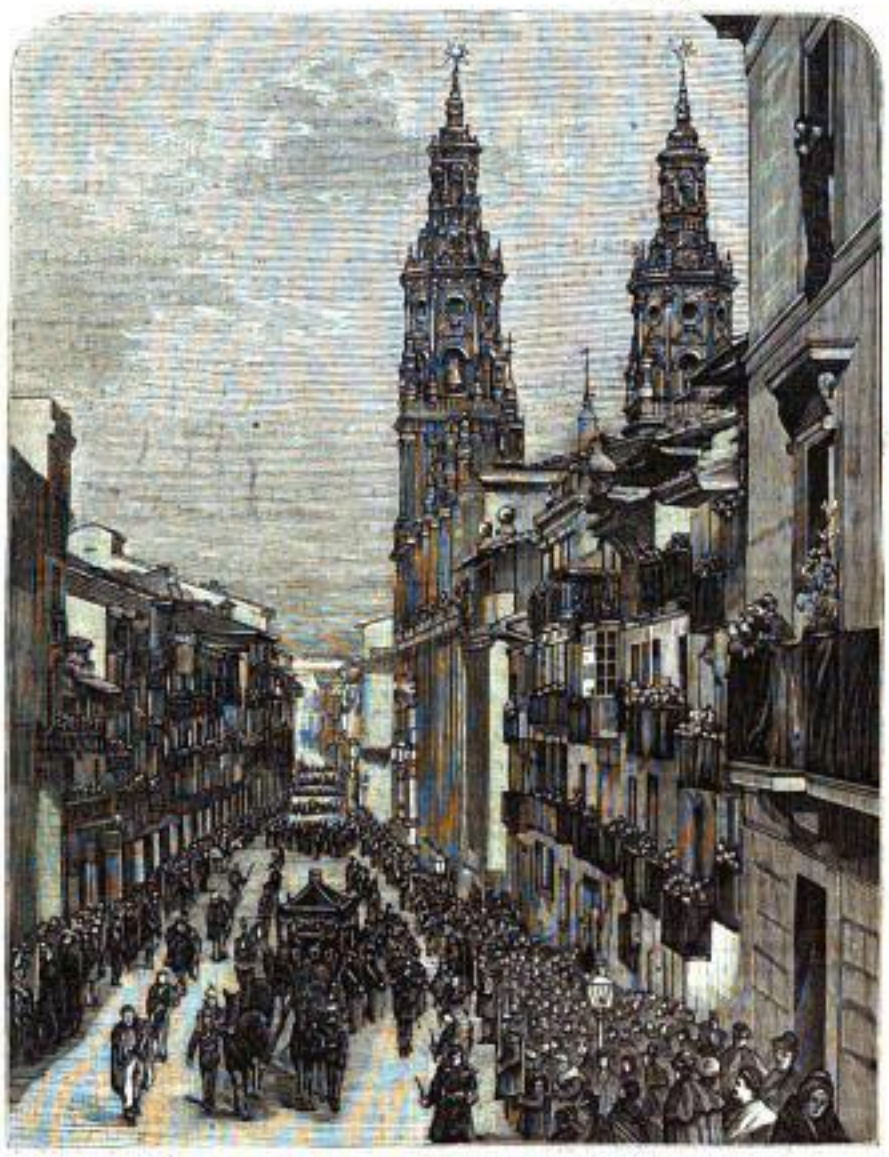
THE Pope received representatives of 1,502 Catholic publications issued in Europe and America, on February 23d, and addressed them on the influence and mission of the press. He incidentally stated that the temporal power was indispensable to the Holy See.

THE Privy Council have informed the Liverpool authorities that it would prohibit the landing there of American cattle if proper accommodations were not provided for their reception by March 24. It has been decided by the Liverpool authorities to spend £35,000 immediately for additional accommodations.

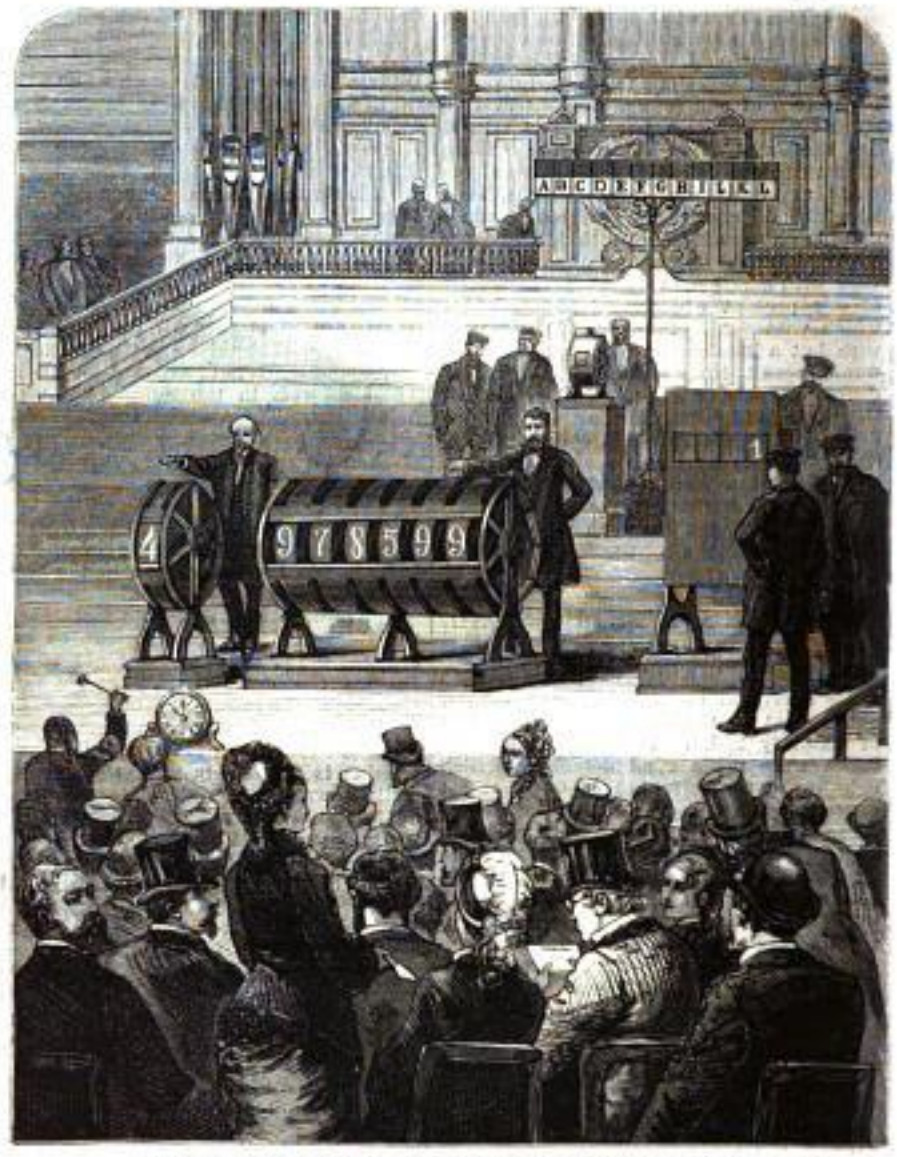
THE latest information from Maritzburg, South Africa, states that the total loss in the attack on Colonel Glyn's camp on the 22d of January is now estimated at only from 250 to 300 whites. Colonel Wood's column has been victorious in all its encounters with the enemy. Reinforcements of British troops have arrived at Helpmakaar. Cetywayo is reported to be discouraged, the fearful havoc among his finest troops having counteracted the effect of their victory.

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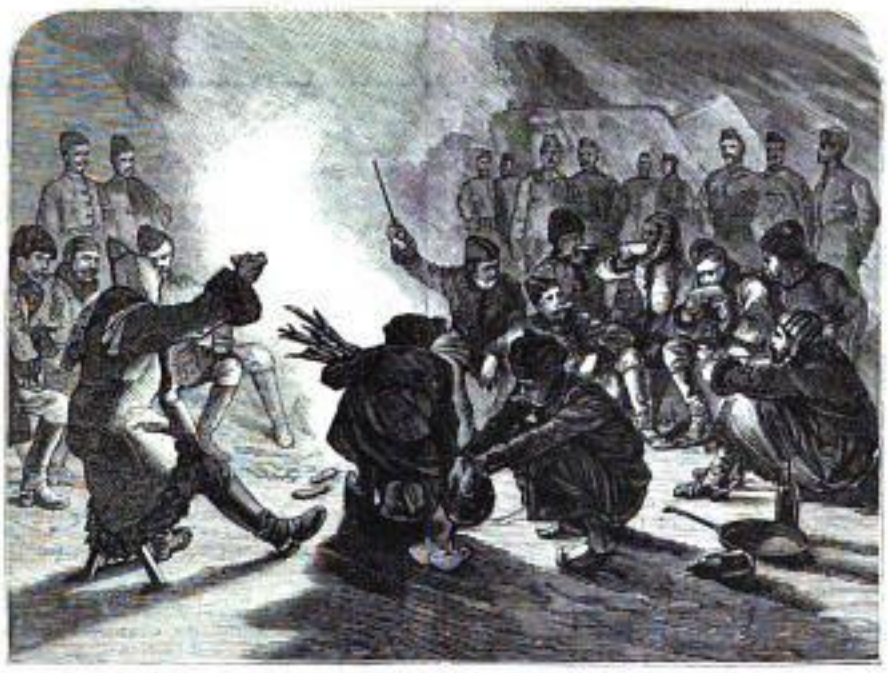
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



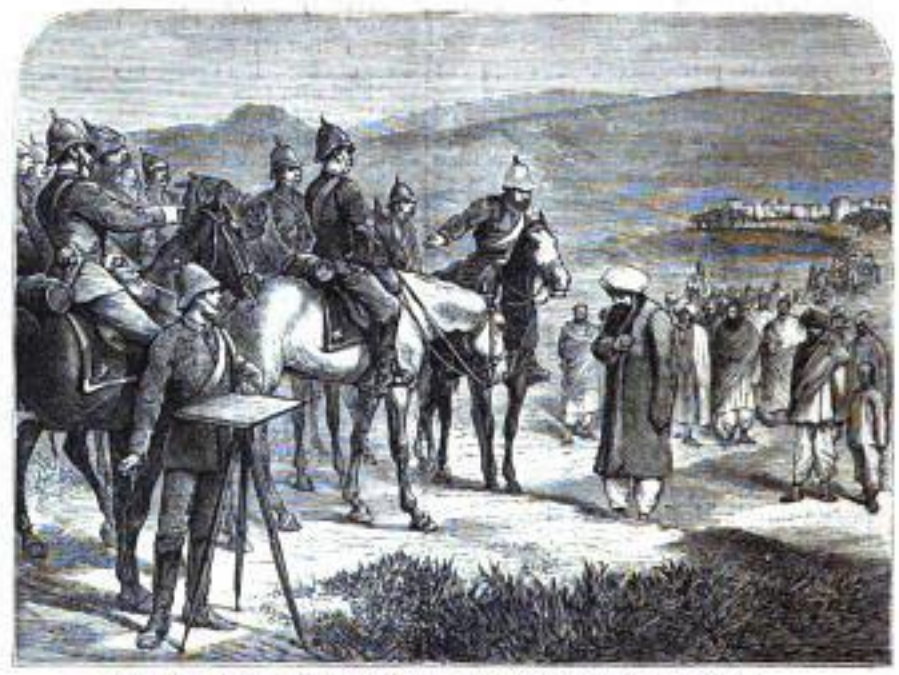
SPAIN.—FUNERAL PROCESSION OF GENERAL ESPARTERO, AT LOGROÑO.



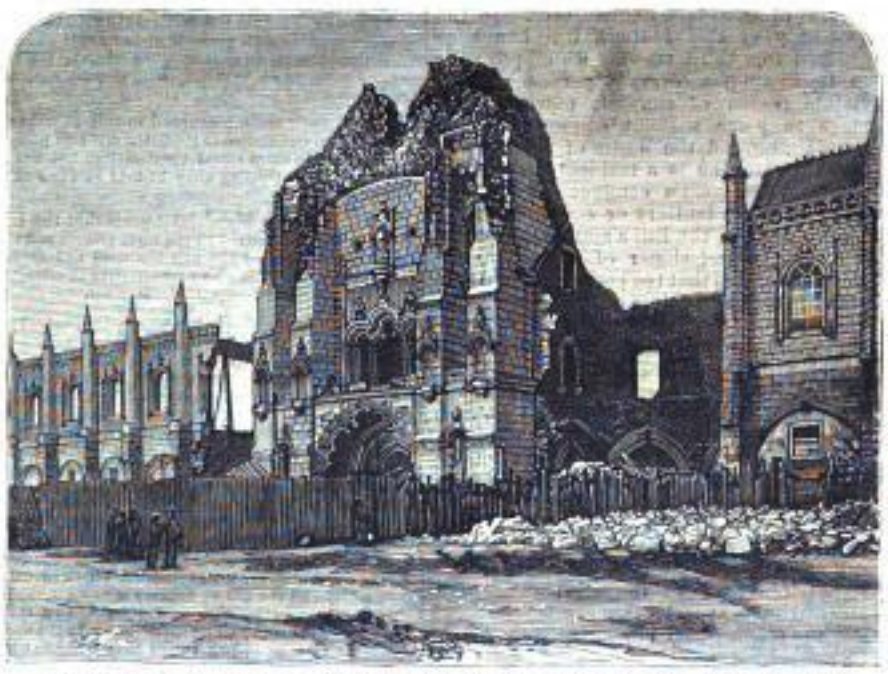
FRANCE.—THE NATIONAL LOTTERY—APPARATUS USED IN DISPOSING OF PRIZES.



AFGHANISTAN.—CHRISTMASTIDE IN THE BRITISH CAMP, JELLALABAD.



AFGHANISTAN.—SUBMISSION OF ALI MUHAMAD, GOVERNOR OF FISH-BOLAK.

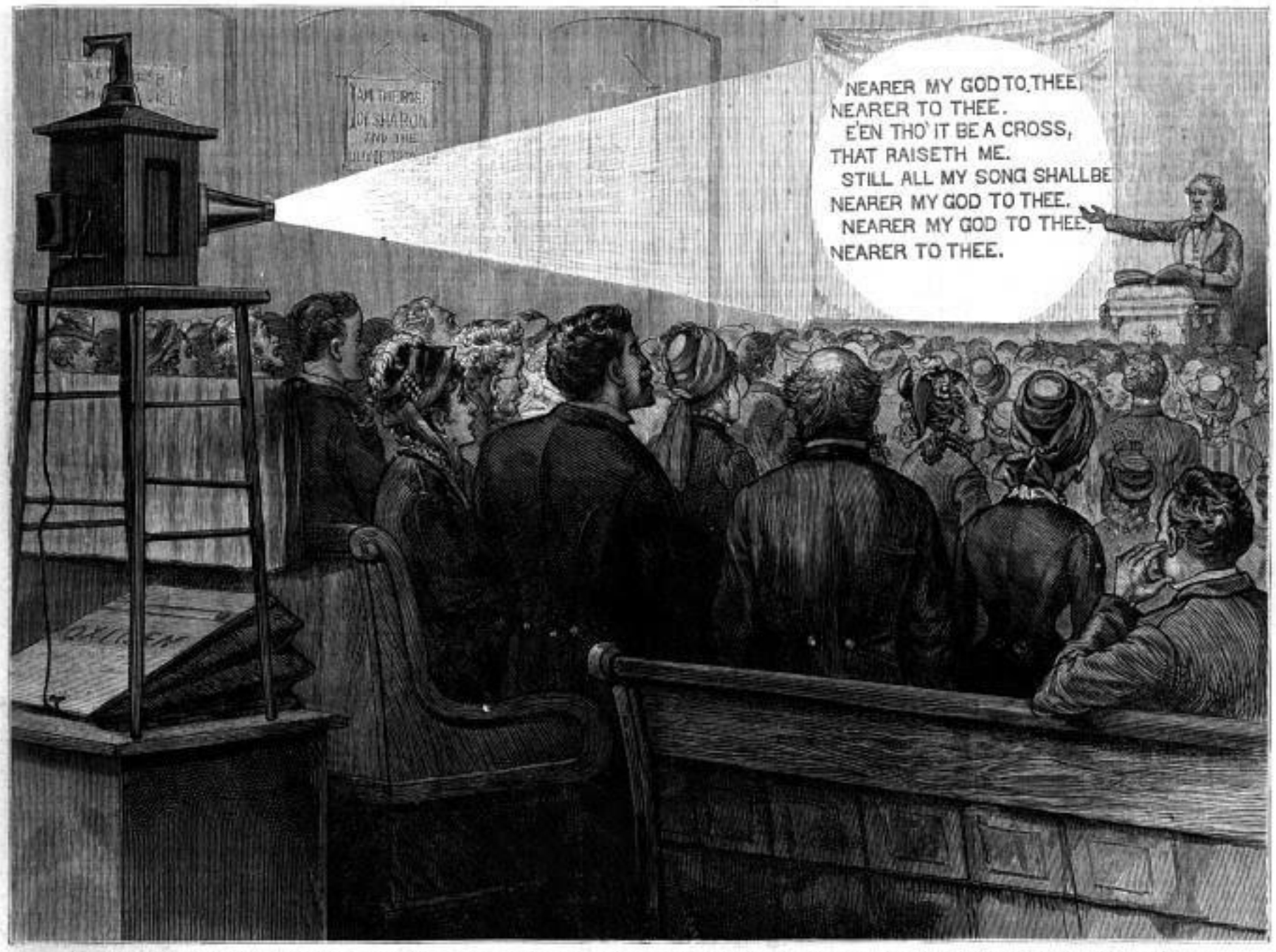


PORTUGAL.—THE ANCIENT CHURCH NEAR LISBON, AFTER THE CATASTROPHE OF DECEMBER 15TH.



SOUTH AFRICA.—ENCAMPMENT OF FINGO LEVIES ON THE VELDT.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE LATEST NOVELTY IN CHURCH MUSIC—SUBSTITUTION OF THE MAGIC-LANTERN FOR THE HYMN-BOOK, BOSTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES W. REED.—SEE PAGE 7.

HON. N. P. HILL,

U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM COLORADO.

PROFESSOR N. P. HILL, United States Senator-elect from Colorado, is a native of Orange County, N. Y., and now forty-seven years of age. His father was a farmer, and conducted a large place in Orange County, near the Hudson River. The father died when the future Senator was a mere child, and at the early age of sixteen he took upon himself the entire management of the farm left by his father. His experience in this position was a valuable one. As a boy he was placed in a position where he was called upon to control men. He remained on the farm, superintending it, until he was twenty-one years of age, spending his Summers in the pursuit of his calling and attending school during the Winter seasons. There was a good academy in his immediate neighborhood, and in this he was fitted for college. In 1853 he entered Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island, as a student. He made rapid progress in all his studies, and he excelled all others in chemistry. His advancement had been so rapid and his knowledge had become so extensive, that in 1856 he was made tutor in the department of chemistry. He was elected professor of chemistry in 1860, and continued to occupy this chair until 1864.

This was the turning-point of his life. He was engaged during this year by a party of business men to visit Colorado for the purpose of making an examination of the Gilpin land grant. In 1865 he returned to Colorado, this time to examine the mines of Gilpin County. On noticing the imperfect manner in which the ores of this section were treated, he determined to investigate the subject thoroughly, with a view to engaging in the business in which he afterwards embarked and in which he is now employed. Having resigned the professorship in Brown University, Professor Hill sailed for Europe during the latter part of 1865, and spent the Winter of 1865-66 in Swansea and Freidburg, Wales, studying ore reduction. He again visited Colorado in 1866, made a purchase of seventy tons of ore from the Bobtail lode and shipped it to Great Britain, and again crossed the ocean to witness the result on his Colorado ore. This brought him to Colorado in the Spring of 1867 to become a permanent resident, having organized a company in Boston, under the title of the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company, and assumed the position of manager.



HON. N. P. HILL, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM COLORADO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SOHM, DENVER, COL.

These works are by all odds the largest of the kind in the world, and the work done is the most complete. They are almost of twice as great capacity as when located at Black Hawk. There their capacity was sixty tons of ore per day; at Argo, a suburb of Denver, it will be one hundred tons. In other words, where they turned out two and a quarter millions of precious metal in 1878, they will this year be able to produce three millions and three-quarters. Seventy tons of coal and six cords of wood are consumed daily; and one hundred and fifty men, about twenty-five of whom do skilled labor, are employed every day in the year. About $800,000 has been invested in the enterprise and the capital stock of the company, which has all been paid in, is $500,000.

Professor Hill is a man of fine stature and the very best of features. His skin is clear and his eye bright. He does not look as if he had ever been sick a day in his life.

CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE Academy of Music in this city has not this Winter been the scene of a prettier pageant than that which filled it with life and light and beauty on the evening of February 17th—the Children's Carnival. Some two hundred children in all participated, but the scene was quite as full of interest to the adults in attendance as to the fairies who appeared in the tableaux. The audience occupied the balcony-seats around the edges of the parquet, which was floored over, and the boxes and upper gallery were also thronged with persons in evening dress. Promptly at eight o'clock the bell rang, the lime-lights were turned upon the stage and the curtain rose upon a tableau representing the "Fairy Queen," who sang the pretty little song, in a sweet, childish treble, "Come, Birdie, Come," standing on the shores of the Atlantic to welcome "Prince Carnival," whose arrival was heralded by a grand march played by a full band of boys dressed in Turkish costume. Then the other important personages arrived and were welcomed by the "Goddess of Liberty," and the procession, headed by the "King's Jester," defiled upon the floor; then came the band, the little "Prince Carnival" seated

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astride the American eagle and preceded by the "Goddess of Liberty," the Neapolitan wedding party, in a gilded gondola drawn by goats, and "Bacchus" seated astride a wine cask. After circling the floor several times they returned to the stage. Ranged once more in line, in turn each troupe of little ones came forth and danced in the middle of the floor its own peculiar dance. A little *virtuosine*, and dressed after the accepted manner of stage *virtuosines*, with scarlet skirts and jacket, cap and barrel, danced "La Lithuanienne," and gave place to the Pierrots and Pierrettes, in their blue-and-white and pink-and-white suits and high, pointed caps, who danced a unique quadrille. The Chinese nation, dressed as little "Celestials," danced a comic dance, holding parti-colored umbrellas above their heads. The old woman who lived in a shoe then gave her little ones a recess, and the family, all dressed in brilliant "Dolly Vardens," were soon spread about the floor performing with great glee a "witch polka." Suddenly a discord in the music scared them back into the shoe, from which emerged the "old woman" herself to see "What can the matter be?" In a moment her mask of age was thrown off, and she emerged a Spanish gypsy girl in brave attire and danced "El Galeo des Jeres," accompanying herself with castanets.

The Neapolitan wedding party took the floor, and the national dance was executed by the bride and groom—the latter in tasseled cap, rolled-up sleeves and trowsers, and the bride in a blue chenille net over her dress. The bridesmaids danced a mandoline dance and retired amid loud applause. The most charming part of the evening's entertainment, however, was the adagio and waltz by the nine muses. The daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne were personated by young girls, pretty, graceful creatures just budding into womanhood, "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." They were dressed in white satin dresses reaching to the knee and covered with a skirt of tulle, embroidered with silver and crowned with laurel. They danced the slow movements of the adagio with swaying forms and easy movements, grouping themselves in tableaux, and dissolving again into the waltz until they were tired. They were recalled several times. The whole entertainment was concluded with the "Whiteberry Waltz," by eighty-four girls.

The ball was then formally opened with *polonoise en cour*, danced by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. The toilets were very elaborate, and the presence of a number of military and naval officers and the Old Guard gave to the scene upon the floor much life and color.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER X.

THE young lady spoke first. "Mr. Goldenheart," she said, with the coldest possible politeness, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain what this means." She turned back into the dining-room. Amelius followed her in silence. "Here I am, in another scrape with a woman!" he thought to himself. "Are men in general as unlucky as I am, I wonder?"

"You needn't close the door," said Regina, maliciously. "Everybody in the house is welcome to hear what *I* have to say to you."

Amelius made a mistake at the outset—he tried what a little humility would do to help him. There is probably no instance on record in which humility on the part of a man has ever really found its way to the indulgence of an irritated woman. The best and the worst of them alike have at least one virtue in common—they secretly despise a man who is not bold enough to defend himself when they are angry with him.

"I hope I have not offended you?" Amelius ventured to say. She tossed her head contemptuously. "I may sometimes feel offended," she replied, "with persons whom I respect. Certainly not with a gentleman who manages to get into the house so that the servants don't know it, and who allows himself to be shut up secretly in my aunt's room!"

In the short experience of her which had fallen to the lot of Amelius she had never looked so charmingly as she looked now. The nervous irritability under which she was suffering brightened her face with the animation which was wanting in it at ordinary times. Her soft brown eyes sparkled; her smooth, dusky cheeks glowed with a warm, red flush; her tall, supple figure asserted its full dignity, robed in a superb dress of silken purple and black lace, which set off her personal attractions to the utmost advantage. She not only roused the admiration of Amelius—she unconsciously gave him back the self-possession which he had, for the moment, completely lost. He was man enough to feel the humiliation of being despised by the one woman in the world whose love he longed to win; and he answered with a sudden firmness of tone and look that startled her.

"You had better speak more plainly still, Miss Regina," he said. "You may as well blame me at once for the misfortune of being a man." She drew back a step.

"I don't understand you," she said.

"Do I owe no forbearance to a woman who asks a favor of me?" Amelius went on. "If a man had asked me to steal into the house on tiptoe, I should have said—well, I should have said something I had better not repeat. If a man had stood between me and the door, when you came back, I should have taken him by the collar and pulled him out of my way. Could I do that, if you please, with Mrs. Farnaby?"

Regina saw the weak point of this defense with a woman's quickness of perception. "Your excuse is quite worthy of you," she remarked, with merciless sarcasm. "You lay all the blame on my aunt."

Amelius opened his lips to protest—and thought better of it. He wisely went straight on with what he had still to say.

"If you will let me finish," he resumed, "you will understand me a little better than that. Whatever blame there may be, Miss Regina, I am quite ready to take on myself. I merely wanted to remind you that I was put in an awkward position, and that I couldn't civilly find a way out of it. As for your aunt, I will only say this: I know of scarcely any sacrifice that I would not submit to, if I could be of the smallest service to her. After what I heard, while I was in her room——"

"Which is a profound secret between you, of course!" Regina interposed.

"Which I am bound to keep a secret," Amelius proceeded, "as you say. But one thing I may tell you, without breaking my promise. Mrs. Farnaby has—well, has filled me with kindly feelings towards her. She has a claim, poor soul, to my truest sympathy. And I shall be faithful to what I feel towards her as long as I live!"

It was not very elegantly expressed, but the tone was the tone of true feeling; his voice trembled, his color rose. He stood before her, speaking with perfect simplicity straight from his heart—and the woman's heart felt it instantly. This was the man whose ridicule she had dreaded, if her aunt's rash confidence struck him in an absurd light! She sat down in silence, with a grave, sad face, reproaching herself for the wrong which her too-ready distrust had inflicted on him; longing to ask his pardon, and yet hesitating to say the simple words.

He approached her chair, and, placing his hand on the back of it, said gently, "Do you think a little better of me now?" She had taken off her gloves; she silently folded and refolded them in her lap.

"Your good opinion is very precious to me," Amelius pleaded, bending a little nearer to her. "I can't tell you how sorry I should be if——" He stopped, and put it more strongly. "I shall never have courage to enter the house again if I have made you think meanly of me."

A woman who cared nothing for him would have easily answered this. The calm heart of Regina began to flutter; something warned her not to trust herself to speak. Little as she suspected it, Amelius had troubled the tranquil temperament of this woman. He had found his way to those secret reserves of tenderness—placid and deep—of which she was scarcely conscious herself, until his influence had enlightened her. She was afraid to look up at him; her eyes would have told him the truth. She lifted her long, finely-shaped, dusky hand, and offered it to him as the best answer that she could make.

Amelius took it, looked at it, and ventured on his first familiarity with her—he kissed it. She only said, "Don't!" very faintly.

"The Queen would let me kiss her hand, if I went to Court," Amelius reminded her, with a pleasant inner conviction of his wonderful readiness at finding an excuse.

She smiled in spite of herself. "The Queen wouldn't let you hold it," she said, gently releasing her hand, and looking at him as she drew it away. The peace was made, without another word of explanation. Amelius took a chair at her side. "I am quite happy now you have forgiven me," he said. "You don't know how I admire you—and how anxious I am to please you, if I only knew how!"

He drew his chair a little nearer: his eyes told her plainly that his language would soon become warmer still, if she gave him the smallest encouragement. This was one reason for changing the subject. But there was another reason more cogent still. Her first painful sense of having treated him unjustly had ceased to make itself keenly felt; the lower emotions had their opportunity of asserting themselves. Curiosity, irresistible curiosity, took possession of her mind, and urged her to penetrate the mystery of the interview between Amelius and her aunt.

"Will you think me very indiscreet," she began, slyly, "if I make a little confession to you?"

Amelius was only too eager to hear the confession; it would pave the way for something of the same sort on his part.

"I am surprised," Regina proceeded. "Not at my aunt being overcome by the heat in the concert-room—that was a mere pretense for taking you away with her. What astonishes me is that she should have admitted you to her confidence after so short an acquaintance. You are still—what shall I say?—you are still a new friend of ours."

"How long will it be before I become an old friend?" Amelius asked. "I mean," he added, with artful emphasis, "an old friend of *yours*?"

Regina quietly passed the question over without notice. "I am Mrs. Farnaby's adopted daughter," she proceeded. "I have been with her since I was a little girl—and yet she has never told me any of her secrets. Pray don't suppose that I am tempting you to break faith with my aunt! I am quite incapable of such conduct as that."

Amelius saw his way to a thoroughly commonplace compliment, which possessed the charm of complete novelty so far as his experience was concerned. He would actually have told her that she was incapable of doing anything which was not perfectly becoming to a charming person, if she had only given him time!—she was too eager in the pursuit of her own object to give him time. "I should like to know," she went on, "whether my aunt has been influenced in any way by a dream that she had about you."

Amelius started. "Has she told you of her dream?" he asked, with some appearance of alarm.

Regina blushed and hesitated. "My room is next to my aunt's," she explained. "We keep the door between us open. I am often in and out when she is disturbed in her sleep. She was talking in her sleep, and I heard your name—nothing more. Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it? Perhaps I ought not to expect you to answer me?"

"There is no harm in my answering you," said Amelius. "The dream really has something to do with her trusting me. You may not think quite so unfavorably of her conduct now you know that."

"It doesn't matter what I think," Regina replied, a little confusedly. "If my aunt's secrets have interested you, what right have I to object? I can understand now that a man would be better able to advise her than a woman. Still, though she is always doing odd things, poor dear, it does seem strange that you should be the man. Will my aunt's business take you away from London?"

She slipped in this last question with a dexterity which seriously embarrassed Amelius. His one chance of escape was to take refuge in another commonplace compliment. "Going away from London," he said, "would be going away from you. I couldn't think of it."

Regina successfully concealed whatever mortification she might feel on receiving this reply behind the mask of satirical approval. "Quite right!" she said. "You couldn't possibly reprove me for asking an indiscreet question in a more delicate way. I am sincerely obliged to you, Mr. Goldenheart. Not that I spoke from mere curiosity! I was only wondering what my uncle would say, if he found you suddenly leaving London. Of course he is to know nothing of what has happened to-day. I am sure *I* shall say nothing. Though I am not in my aunt's confidence, or in your confidence, you will find that I can keep a secret."

She folded up her gloves for the twentieth time at least, and gave Amelius his opportunity of retiring by rising from her chair. He made a last effort to recover the ground that he had lost, without betraying Mrs. Farnaby's trust in him.

"I am sure you can keep a secret," he said. "I should like to give you one of my secrets to keep—only I mustn't take the liberty, I suppose, just yet?"

She knew perfectly well what he wanted to say. Her heart began to quicken its beat; but she could still trust her pride to answer him.

"You have dined with us once," she said, coldly, "and lunched with us once, and you have called here to-day. I am not like my aunt; I must know people a little better than that, before I talk of their secrets with them. Don't let me detain you if you have any engagement."

Amelius felt the reproof; he silently looked round him for his hat. On a table behind him a monthly magazine lay open, exhibiting one of those melancholy modern "illustrations" which present the English art of our day in its laziest and lowest state of degradation. A vacuous young giant, in flowing trowsers, stood in a garden, and stared at a plump young giantess with enormous eyes and rotund hips, vacantly boring holes in the grass with the point of her parasol. Perfectly incapable of explaining itself, this imbecile production put its trust in the printer, whose charitable types helped it, at the bottom of the page, with the title of "Love at First Sight." On those remarkable words Amelius seized, with the desperation of the drowning man, catching at the proverbial straw. They offered him a chance of pleading his cause, this time, with a happy indirectness of allusion at which not even a young lady's susceptibility could take offense.

"Do you believe in that?" he said, pointing to the illustration.

Regina declined to understand. "In what?" she asked.

"In love at first sight."

It would be speaking with inexcusable rudeness to say plainly that she told him a lie. Let the milder form of expression be, that she modestly concealed the truth. "I don't know anything about it," she said.

"*I* do," Amelius remarked, smartly.

She persisted in looking at the illustration. Was there an infection of imbecility in that fatal work? She was too simple to understand him even yet! "You do—what?" she inquired innocently.

"I know what love at first sight is," Amelius burst out.

Regina turned over the leaves of the magazine. "Ah," she said, "you have read the story."

"I haven't read the story," Amelius answered. "I know it by what I once felt myself on being introduced to a young lady."

She looked up at him with a saucy smile. "A young lady in America?" she asked.

"In England, Miss Regina." He tried to take her hand, but she was too quick for him. "In London," he went on, drifting back into his customary plainness of speech. "In this very street," he resumed: seizing her hand before she was aware of him. Quick as he was, the readier lady was quicker still. She dexterously turned his own familiarity into a polite means of disabling him, by shaking hands in the friendliest manner, and saying, "Good-by, Mr. Goldenheart!"

Amelius submitted to his fate; there was something in her eyes which warned him that he had ventured far enough for that day.

"May I call again, soon?" he asked, piteously.

"No!" answered a voice at the door which they both recognized—the voice of Mrs. Farnaby.

"Yes!" Regina whispered to him, as her aunt entered the room. Mrs. Farnaby's interference (following on the earlier events of the day) had touched the young lady's usually placable temper in a tender place—and Amelius reaped the benefit of it.

Mrs. Farnaby walked straight up to him, put her arm in his, and led him out into the hall.

"I had my suspicions," she said; "and I find they have not misled me. Twice already I have warned you to let my niece alone. For the third and last time, I tell you that she is as cold as ice. She will trifle with you as long as it flatters her vanity; and she will throw you over as she has thrown other men over. Have your fling, you foolish fellow, before you marry anybody. Pay no more visits to this house, unless they are visits to me. I shall expect to hear from you." She paused, and pointed to a statue which was one of the ornaments in the hall. "Look at that bronze-woman with the clock in her hand. That's Regina. Be off with you—good-by!"

Amelius found himself in the street. Regina was looking out at the dining-room window. He kissed his hand to her; she smiled and bowed. "Damn the other men!" Amelius said to himself. "I'll call on her to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

RETURNING to his hotel, he found three letters waiting for him on the sitting-room table.

The first letter that he opened was from his landlord, and contained his bill for the week. As he looked at the sum total, Amelius presented to perfection the aspect of a serious young man. He took pen, ink and paper, and made some elaborate calculations. Money that he had too generously lent, or too freely given away, appeared in his statement of expenses, as well as money that he had spent on himself. The result may be plainly stated in his own words: "Good-by to the hotel; I must go into lodgings."

Having arrived at this wise decision, he opened the second letter. It proved to be written by the lawyers who had already communicated with him at Tadmor, on the subject of his inheritance. "Dear Sir—The inclosed, insufficiently addressed as you will perceive, only reached us this day. We beg to remain, etc."

Amelius opened the letter inclosed, and turned to the signature for information. The name instantly took him back to the Community; the writer was Mellicent.

Her letter began abruptly, in these terms:

"Do you remember what I said to you when we parted at Tadmor? I said, 'Be comforted Amelius, the end is not yet.' And I said again, 'You will come back to me.'

"I remind you of this, my friend—directing to your lawyers, whose names I remember when their letter to you was publicly read in the Common Room. Once or twice a year I shall continue to remind you of those parting words of mine; there will be a time perhaps when you will thank me for doing so.

"In the meanwhile, light your pipe with my letters; my letters don't matter. If I can comfort you, and reconcile you to your life—years hence, when you too, my Amelius, may be one of the Fallen Leaves like me—then I shall not have lived and suffered in vain; my last days on earth will be the happiest days that I have ever seen.

"Be pleased not to answer these lines, or any other written words of mine that may follow, so long as you are prosperous and happy. With *that* part of your life I have nothing to do. You will find friends wherever you go—among the women especially. Your generous nature shows itself frankly in your face; your manly gentleness and sweetness speak in every tone of your voice; we poor women feel drawn towards you by an attraction which we are not able to resist. Have you fallen in love already with some beautiful English girl? Oh, be careful and prudent! Be sure, before you set your heart on her, that she is worthy of you! So many women are cruel and deceitful. Some of them will make you believe you have won their love, when you have only flattered their vanity; and some are poor weak creatures whose minds are set on their own interests, and who may let bad advisers guide them, when you are not by. Take care, my friend—take care!

"I am living with my sister at New York. The days and weeks glide by me quietly; you are in my thoughts and my prayers—I have nothing to complain of, I wait and hope. When the time of my banishment from the Community has expired, I shall go back to Tadmor; and there you will find me, Amelius, the first to welcome you when your spirits are sinking under the burden of life, and your heart turns again to the friends of your early days.

"Good-by, my dear—good-by!"

Amelius laid the letter aside, touched and saddened by the artless devotion to him which it expressed. He was conscious also of a feeling of uneasy surprise, when he read the lines which referred to his possible entanglement with some beautiful English girl. Here (with widely different motives) was Mrs. Farnaby's warning repeated, by a stranger, writing from another quarter of the globe! It was an odd coincidence, to say the least of it. After thinking for a while, he turned abruptly to the third letter that was waiting for him. He was not at ease; his mind felt the need of relief.

The third letter was from Rufus Dingwell; announcing the close of his tour in Ireland, and his intention of shortly joining Amelius in London. The excellent American expressed, with his customary absence of reserve, his fervent admiration of Irish hospitality, Irish beauty, and Irish whisky. "Green Erin wants but one thing more," Rufus predicted, "to be a Paradise on earth—it wants the day to come when we shall send an American minister to the Irish Republic." Laughing over this quaint outbreak, Amelius turned from the first page to the second. As his eyes fell on the next paragraph, a sudden change passed over him; he let the letter drop to the floor.

"One last word" (the American wrote) "about that nice, long, bright letter of yours. I have read it with strict attention, and thought over it considerably afterwards. Don't be offended, friend Amelius, if I tell you in plain words, that your account of the Farnabys doesn't make me happy—quite the contrary, I do assure you. My back is set up, sir, against that family. You will do well to drop them: and, above all things, mind what you are about with the brown miss, who has found her

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way to your favorable opinion in such an almighty hurry. Do me a favor, my good boy. Just wait till I have seen her, will you?"

Mrs. Farnaby, Mellicent, Rufus—all three strangers to each other, and all three agreed, nevertheless, in trying to part him from the beautiful young Englishwoman! "I don't care," Amelius said to himself; "I'll marry Regina, if she will have me!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION.

THE chief feature of the Martha Washington Reception, held in the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, February 20th, for the benefit of the charitable enterprises under the management of St. John's Guild, was the tableau of the first inauguration of President Washington. The scene on Wall and Broad Streets, taking in the old Federal Hall, where Washington was inaugurated on April 30th, 1789, with which our readers are doubtless familiar through the many engravings that have been published, was very accurately laid out on the stage. In the background, facing the spectators, was an excellent scenic representation of the old stone City Hall, afterwards called Federal Hall. Everything was a literal transcript of the decorations of the old Federal Hall. On the left of the square was the scenic counterpart of the old Verplanck mansion, an eminently respectable house, in red brick, two stories in height, with narrow stone trimmings. The other side of the street exhibited three dwellings characteristic of those days, one being a Dutch gable of brick and another of brick and frame.

Gayly dressed ladies were at all the windows, gazing down into the street, where the military were drawn up on two sides in double files. The military consisted of five separate detachments of from twenty to thirty men each. Colonel Laing, of the old Highland Regiment, the Seventy-ninth, now disbanded, was the senior officer. His command, personating the Scotch Infantry, were in full Highland costume. Captain Philip Courtland's old Continental Infantry were personated by Captain Norman's company of Continentals in the original uniform. Among the other troops were Captain Stokes's troopers and the German Grenadiers of Captain Scribas.

George Washington was personated by Mr. Tibbetts, of Boston, an old gentleman of seventy. He wore a brown coat, a ruffled shirt, and silver shoe-buckles, and presented a very imposing figure. He stood at the left of a table on the balcony; on the other side was Robert R. Livingston, great-grandson of Chancellor Livingston, who administered the oath. Behind the table stood a descendant of Samuel A. Otis, then Secretary of the Senate, who held the crimson cushion on which rested the original Bible that Washington kissed. Grouped about the three central figures were a descendant of Count de Moustier, then Ambassador from France, William W. Ellsworth, a descendant of Oliver Ellsworth; the great-grandson of General Samuel B. Webb, who was marshal of the day, and many others.

After the tableau the troops of horse, dismounted, German Grenadiers, New York Grenadiers, Scotch Infantry, Continental Infantry, marshaled and officered, and a committee of Masons, showed how the original party went to St. Paul's Church after the delivery of the inaugural address in the Senate Chamber, by marching around the stage and retiring to the music of "Yankee Doodle."

The dancing of the evening was opened by forty-eight young ladies and gentlemen attired in Norwegian peasant costume, who formed three sets with eight couples in each. There were twenty-five dances on the order, the music being furnished by Graiulia's and Bernstein's bands. Supper was served in Nilsson Hall.

THE JOLLIEST MOMENT IN ARION'S LIFE.

REMARKABLE in every sense as was the masquerade ball of the Arion Singing Society last year, it was completely eclipsed by the magnificence, novelty and drollery of the one given in Gilmore's Garden on Friday, February 21st. At nine o'clock an introductory concert was begun, a military band dividing selections from Bach, Herold, Wagner and Meyerbeer, with an orchestra of 150 pieces, led by Dr. Damrosch. During the progress of the concert two immense dolphins, one seemingly of burnished gold and the other of silver, were observed tranquilly lying with their tightly-shut mouths resting upon the east end of the ballroom floor, partly facing each other from opposite corners. As the last strain of Meyerbeer died away, the golden fish slowly opened his ponderous mouth and permitted a number of gentlemen in the costume of Wallenstein to pass out thereof. These gentlemen were the Floor Committee, and were followed from the dolphin's capacious stomach by the Lobby Committee, each dressed in the costume of Shere Ali; the Finance Committee, as so many King-James-the-Firsts; and the Committee of Arrangements, dressed each as a Rembrandt. The sleepy dolphin then closed its mouth, and the several committees, saluting the audience, invited the masquerading portion of it to take part in the opening polonaise.

The coming of Prince Carnival was announced by the heralds, and, the dancers having resumed their seats, the golden dolphin again slowly opened his mouth. First emerged a band, and following it a battalion, in the centre of which was a standard announcing that it hailed from Rome. In this battalion there were trumpeters and Roman chariots drawn by slaves.

The second battalion, according to its banners, hailed from Venice. Here were chariots occupied by Pantaloon, Harlequin, Pierrot and Columbine, and a gondola, borne on the shoulders of strong gondoliers, containing a pair of Venetian lovers. Paris came next in the comprehensive procession. Gambetta was seen riding on an immense hat, carried by MacMahon, a Bonapartist, a Bourbon and a Jesuit. After Paris came Madrid. First a carriage drawn by monks, and then a castle, on the balcony of which a Spanish beauty was receiving the homage of grandees, students and cavaliers. Cologne was represented by a drum-corps in the uniform of the City Guard of olden times. After Cologne came the Prince of the Carnival, preceded by a drum-major and favorite orchestra. His throne was in the form of a globe, borne upon the backs of three dolphins driven by Arion himself.

After the Prince was a delegation from the New World, represented by Indians, wigwams and such things. A battalion representing the "Sixteenth Amendment," and consisting of female physicians, lawyers, soldiers senators and female militia and fire department, immediately followed the aborigines. These in turn were followed by the city journalists, the irrepressible drummer association, and finally, what was called Comstock's Art Gallery, and in which the most famous Venuses of ancient art were attired in costumes agreeable to the most critical and refined modern taste.

Besides these there were a Spanish banner-dance, an Indian camp attacked by United States soldiers, in which the soldiers were defeated and scalped, and numerous other humorous and satirical allusions to prominent public individuals and national and international affairs. Having made the complete circuit of the immense ballroom, the procession slowly disappeared between the jaws of the second or silver dolphin, when the floor was given over to the dancers.

As may be imagined from this running account, the merriment was intense. All the costumes, trappings and paraphernalia of every description were of the most sumptuous and artistic character. No end of money appeared to have been employed in producing the most grotesque effects ever seen on a masquerading floor, and the efforts of the managers were rewarded by the presence of an audience that truly overflowed the Garden, spacious as it is. We take pleasure in acknowledging the courteous services paid our artist by Mr. Lafayette Seavey, the scenic-artist, whose work was the subject of general and deserved commendation.

SINGING BY MAGIC LANTERN DISPLAYS.

EVERY Sunday-school teacher is fully alive to the ease of gathering children into classes as the holidays approach, and the difficulty of retaining them after the annual distribution of presents. Provisions have to be made constantly for attractions to draw the children to the schoolrooms, and these in the course of a few months greatly tax the ingenuity and tact of the teachers. Picnics, excursions and May-day frolics in warm weather, tableaux, stereopticon exhibitions, illustrated lectures and concerts in the Winter, follow one another as interest in the curriculum begins to lag; and still new devices have to be contrived when these features have lost their attractions. And in many instances entertainments arranged solely for the little folks prove so absorbing and agreeable to the children of a larger growth, that they pass from the Sunday-school room into the church itself. This fact is illustrated in a novel manner in Boston, where the throwing of verse after verse of a hymn upon a screen by a magic lantern, first adopted as a new idea in school entertainments, has led to the laying aside, temporarily, at least, of the hymn-book during the congregational singing in a number of churches. Where this innovation is made there is no reason why one who can sing won't sing. The objection of having no book, or of having left the book at home, or of eye-trying fine type, are annihilated. The apparatus requires but a small amount of space and necessitates no disfurement of auditorium or walls. It has already been found to please the old as well as the young, and there is no reason why the plan should not be widely adopted, particularly during the camp-meeting season.

Queen Victoria at Home.

MOST premiers have been extremely deferential toward the Queen, and the only one who was not so—Lord John Russell—had no reason to congratulate himself upon his crabbedness, for he got into very ill odor at court, and found no support there in trying times. He was one of the very few statesmen who ever received a downright sharp answer from the Queen. This was in 1860, after the Italian Revolution, when the different grand dukes were being dispossessed. The Duchess of Parma, in great distress, wrote to the Queen, beseeching her to intercede with Victor Emmanuel, so that her private property might not be confiscated; and the Queen, compassionately willing to do what was asked, showed the letter to Earl Russell. "The carnatitushion demands that I should answer that," replied his lordship, in his piping, ungenial voice. "Well, then, answer it," said the Queen, curtly, and turned away much offended. It has often been said that the Queen liked Lord Palmerston, but this is an error. Her favorite ministers have been Lords Melbourne and Aberdeen. Sir Robert Peel she at first disliked intensely, but her aversion wore off when she came to know him better; and exactly the same thing occurred in the case of Mr. Disraeli. Lord Beaconsfield is perhaps not aware that until he acceded to the premiership in 1868 the Queen had only read one of his novels—"Henrietta Temple." She read all the others in the course of the three months after Mr. Disraeli had become her chief adviser, and in due time enjoyed "Lothair," though the present premier has never ranked among her favorite authors. For this his lordship may console himself, seeing that Thackeray and the late Lord Lytton are under the same ban as himself. The Queen likes Dickens's novels, one or two of George Eliot's, but chiefly Wilkie Collins's and Mr. Black's, the latter's description of Scotch scenery being very dear to her. The Queen also reads and rereads Walter Scott's novels, which is more than most of her subjects do now, more's the pity. On the whole, though, she inclines rather towards the serious reading of history and theology, and the libraries at all her palaces are richly stocked with books of chronicles and memoirs, though it has been noticed that she never calls for a French book, having a deep objection to French literature in all its branches.

The Queen leads a very quiet and yet a busy life, and few great ladies find time to compress so many occupations into a daytime as she does. She breakfasts at nine, lunches at two, and dines at eight. From three to five she generally drives or walks out; but the remainder of her hours is devoted to state business, study or correspondence with her widespread family. All the Queen's private letters are written in English, not in German, as many think; and, in fact, German is so little spoken among the royal family, that even when the Crown Prince of Germany comes over he speaks English at court like his wife's relatives. The Queen reads all the daily newspapers, and the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* print several copies of their journal for the royal palaces on special paper. The Queen's devotion to state affairs is well known, and her intervention in them, particularly when religious questions are involved, is not at all half-hearted. She also exercises her own discretion very freely in the appointment of bishops and peers. Dr. Tait was nominated by her to the See of Canterbury before Mr. Disraeli had recommended any one; and about a year previously Her Majesty had flatly refused to bestow a mitre on Dr. Wordsworth, owing to the protests which this divine had emitted when Dr. Stanley was made Dean of Westminster. A little later she consented to appoint Dr. Wordsworth to the See of Lincoln, but rather as a compliment to his scholarly attainments than out of any leeling for his views as a churchman. As to peers, the Queen, anxious to preserve the prestige of the nobility, has made it her rule never to ennoble men of small fortune unless they were persons of fairly advanced age, having no sons.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Funeral of General Espartero.

There was profound mourning throughout Spain on the occasion of the death of General Espartero, the ex-Regent, which occurred in January, and the City of Logroño bore evidences of extreme sorrow on the day of the funeral. Drapings of black cloth were hung in profusion from windows, balconies and porticos; business was suspended; a proper military escort with local troops and civic authorities formed a lengthy procession, and impressive services were held in the church. Our illustration represents the head of the *cortège* passing through Mercado Street, and gives an idea of the style and extent of the funeral decorations.

The National French Lottery.

The official drawing of this mammoth lottery began on Sunday, January 26th. The manner of drawing is perfectly simple, honest, and beyond fraud. The wheels are in the Palace of the Trocadero in the large hall, and in the presence of thousands of people. There are seven wheels, each holding ten numbers from 0 to 9; the first is turned and a number stops before an open glass window on the wheel, which indicates the number of the series. The other six wheels are then turned, and as each figure stops the result is immediately announced. To explain—if 4 is the number of the series 6 on the first wheel, 4 on the second, 5 on the third, 8 on the fourth, 9 on the fifth, and 0 on the sixth, the lucky person holding in the fourth series 645,890 will get a prize, all of which are numbered, and, in consequence, follow each other in distribution. There are twelve series of numbers of 1,000,000 numbers in each series, making 12,000,000 of chances and 83,000 prizes. The drawing commences every morning at half-past ten and lasts until the afternoon. Eighty to one hundred numbers are drawn in the hour. The prizes consist of diamonds and precious stones, paintings, busts, statues in marble, rich stuffs, laces, china, glassware, pianos, organs, boats (both rowing and sailing ones), dresses, and all manner of objects of art, useful and ornamental. There have been three or four reports as to the lucky winner of the 125,000 franc prize, some saying it was the driver of an omnibus, others a concierge, others a conductor of a tramway, others a cab-driver, others a washerwoman in the Rue de Bac, etc., etc., but it has turned out to be a poor workman in the Rue St. Honore. Every one holds tickets—rich and poor—as, being issued at one franc, every one had a chance equal with all classes.

With the British in Afghanistan.

After General Sir Samuel Browne had secured Dakka, on November 23d, he dispatched General Macpherson, with two squadrons of the Tenth Hussars, five guns, the Fourth Battalion Rifle Brigade and the Fourth Ghoorkas, to occupy Boaswal, which was done on the 1st of December. On December 3d Major Stewart, of the Corps of Guides, the political officer attached to the brigade, learnt that the supplies from the extensive and flourishing village of Pesh Bolak, near the foot of the Safed Koh range of mountains, were held by order of Ali Muhamad, the Kabulee governor and headman of these villages. It was decided, therefore, either to depose him or to enforce his submission. Accordingly General Macpherson, accompanied by his staff and Majors Blair and Lovett, R. E., and a squadron of the Tenth Hussars, under Major Wood, advanced to Pesh Bolak. On approaching the chief village, which, as usual, is surrounded by high walls, flanked by towers, the Governor, Ali Muhamad, followed by the principal elders of the village, and by the representatives of the Hindoo community, were observed coming forward to meet the general. After a short parley, in which Ali Muhamad expressed his willingness to provide supplies, the general and his staff proceeded to partake of some refreshments offered by the Afghan chief, and at which the majority of the British officers made their first acquaintance with the Afghan cuisine. The Christmas festivities in the British camp before Jellalabad have been glowingly described by Mr. Forbes in the *Daily News*, where the banquet of the headquarters mess, with their priceless magnums of champagne, and the excellent catering of Captain Hill, who provided a menu of delicacies, ranging from Julienne soup and whitebait to cheese fritters and the inevitable plum pudding, are picturesquely dilated upon with the writer's well-known humor. Our engraving, however, depicts the evening festivities of the Tenth Hussars, where, by the side of a glorious camp-fire, a crowd of officers, with a wider circle of stalwart troopers and natives, kept Christmas right merrily. There was a kettle in which neat rum was kept boiling, and from this reserve receptacle the cups were kept fed with a fluid of a fiendish potency. Men who in another scene might have grumbled at a crumpled rose-leaf, lay or sat on the dusty ground and sipped with a hearty relish the red-hot rum. Vocal music was the order of the evening; but it must not be thought that instrumental music was wholly wanting, as Gough performed with surpassing brilliancy and effect on that extremely "high art" instrument, the Pan-pipes, and he filled up intervals with its strains with a versatility and emphasis which kindled universal enthusiasm.

The Monastery of Belen, near Lisbon, after the recent Catastrophe.

The monastery of Belen "Os Jeronymos," or Santa Maria de Belen, is the most magnificent specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Portugal, rich in the ornate work, the sculptured saint and flower, so characteristic of that kingdom. On its site once stood a chapel in which Vasco da Gama and his companions passed the night in prayer before setting out on the voyage which led to the discovery of India. The church begun by Manoel was completed by John II., and has long been regarded with patriotic pride by the Portuguese. A few months since one of the towers gave way, and in its fall carried away a part of a beautiful cloister that adjoined. Our illustration shows the condition of this monument after the ruin was cleared away. The Portuguese Government, which has more than once restored the building, will undoubtedly at once proceed to rebuild the fallen portion; and as the moderns are true to the ancient taste, the restoration, we may be assured, will be perfectly Manoelino.

Fingo Levies in South Africa.

The first thing that the Fingoes do to make themselves comfortable, after having made fires, etc., is to gradually divest themselves of all clothing, which they hang on bushes, etc., with the exception of the sheepskin carosse, or blanket, which admits of various styles of wearing. The gentleman with the long feather behind his ear is engaged in eating. Having seized the meat in his teeth, and the other end held tight in his left hand, he is sawing off the lump required for immediate consumption by using the sharp edge of the assegai, held in his right hand. Most of the party have already finished their meal, and are enjoying the long pipes, of their own manufacture, which the women would do too if present; but this being a war-party, as the assegais stuck in the ground denote, no women accompany them. The Veldt of the eastern province varies much from that of the western, where the bush growth is low and more continuous; whilst in Caffraria the bush is larger and more scattered in clumps. "Veldt" is merely the Dutch of our word "field."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE City Council of Nashville will reduce official salaries $17,000.

—IT is proposed in Texas to sell enough wild lands to build a new State House.

—FOR fifteen years no Governor of North Carolina has served out his full term.

—PHILADELPHIA claims to have a population of nearly 900,000, on the strength of its new directory.

—MOBILE takes her stand with Memphis, a bill ousting her charter having passed the Alabama Legislature.

—THE North Carolina Senate has reduced the salaries of the State officials. The Governor is to receive $3,000 per year.

—A BILL to allow persons charged with crime to testify in their own behalf has been defeated in the Texas Legislature.

—LAST year there were in attendance on the public schools of Georgia 207,000 children. Of this number 73,000 were colored.

—STRANGE to say, there are not enough lawyers in the lower house of the North Carolina Legislature to make a judiciary committee.

—ACCORDING to the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, it would cost the people $15,000,000 to rebuild all of the rail fences in North Carolina.

—THE Finance Committee of the City Council of Richmond, Va., reports a shrinkage of $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 in the assessed valuation of that city.

—THE Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, rector of Grace Church, recently stated that during the past ten years that church had contributed $1,082,368 for missionary work alone.

—FIFTY THOUSAND tea-plants have been distributed in the Middle and Southern States, and in from three to four years they will have attained a size to permit a full picking.

—THE Court of Appeals of New York have decided that errors had been committed on the trials of Dr. Lambert and Robert L. Case, of insurance notoriety, and that they must be re-tried.

—THE relief fund, $26,464, which was garnisheed by the creditors of the City of Memphis, has been released, Judge Baxter holding that such fund is not subject to garnishment by the creditors of the City of Memphis.

—ON January 1st the new Act regulating the labor of children in factories came into operation in Berlin. All children employed in such places have, if under fourteen, to carry an official card, under a penalty of four dollars or three days' imprisonment. Children under twelve are not eligible for such employment.

—THE expenditures of the Dominion of Canada, last year, exceeded the income by $1,128,147. The total liabilities of the Dominion are $174,937,268. A proposition to increase the tariff will shortly be introduced in the Dominion Parliament, and business men are taking time by the forelock and making heavy purchases of goods. Over $342,744 have been paid in duties since February 1st.

—NUTMEGS grow on trees which look like pear-trees, and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily-of-the-valley. They are pale yellow, and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe, it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons.

—PRESIDENT MCMILLEN, at the twenty-fourth annual convention of School Commissioners and City Superintendents at Syracuse, N. Y., on February 19th, said that there were 11,821 school-houses in the State, valued, with their sites, at $30,147,589; and 1,032,602 pupils. There was raised by taxation during the year $2,938,207.86, or about 2.84 per cent. for the year's tuition. President White of Cornell University, in a speech, compared America's school system with Europe's, and awarded the palm to America.

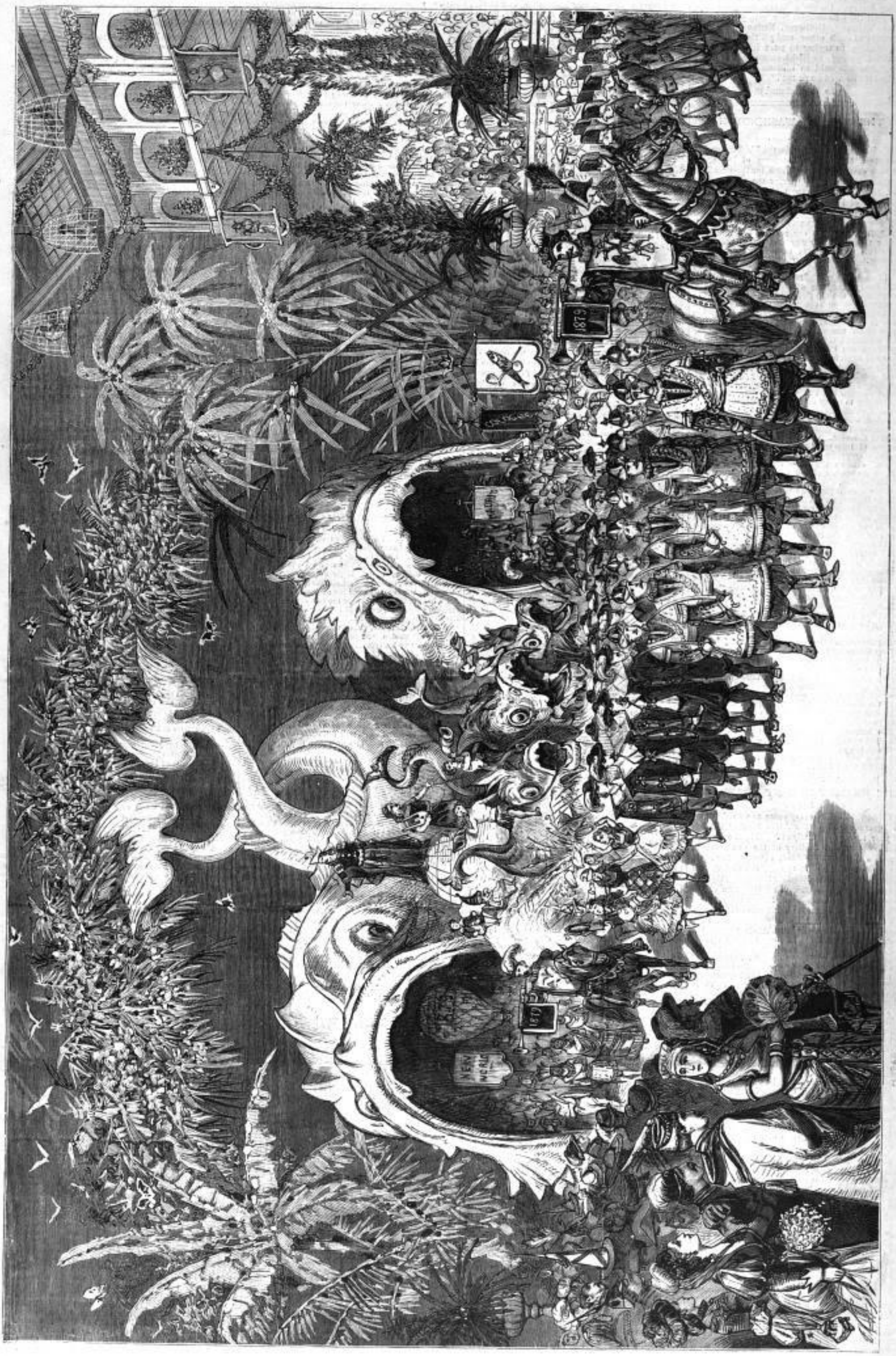
—ON December 30th a brilliant assemblage, which included the Crown Prince of Sweden and the diplomatic representatives of America, England, Germany, Holland, Bavaria, Switzerland and Japan, with notabilities of Rome, several ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, and the *élite* of the American and English colonies, assembled to hear a splendid recital of sacred music in the American Church of St. Paul at Rome, where the splendid new organ was erected on Christmas Day. This instrument is far the finest in Rome, and perhaps in Italy. Exclusive of erection, it cost $7,500.

—THE returns of French commerce for the year 1878 have just been published. The imports were: alimentary products, 1,543,308,000 francs; raw materials, 2,251,776,000 francs; manufactures, 447,133,000 francs; sundries, 218,757,000 francs; total, 4,460,974,000 francs, as compared with 3,669,845,000 francs for 1877. The exports were: manufactures, 1,867,142,000 francs; raw materials, 1,320,865,000 francs; sundries, 181,930,000 francs; total for 1878, 3,369,807,000 francs, as compared with 3,436,204,000 francs for 1877. It will be seen from the foregoing figures that the excess of merchandise exported over the quantity imported aggregated 420,609,000 francs.

—IF the Glasgow *News* has authority for the estimate it offers of the next call to be made upon the shareholders of the Glasgow Bank, there is scarcely a possibility that any of them can escape utter ruin. It calculates that at the outside the first call will not produce more than £1,500,000, and that consequently only three-eighths of the stock, or £300,000, responded to the call. After all the assets are realized, it adds that three and three-quarter millions will have to be made up by the shareholders, and it assumes that only three-sixteenths of those not raised by the first call will pay those succeeding—or, say, £56,000 stock. To produce the sum needed will require a call upon this stock of from £7,000 to £10,000 per share. It is scarcely probable that a single shareholder will pay such a call and remain solvent.

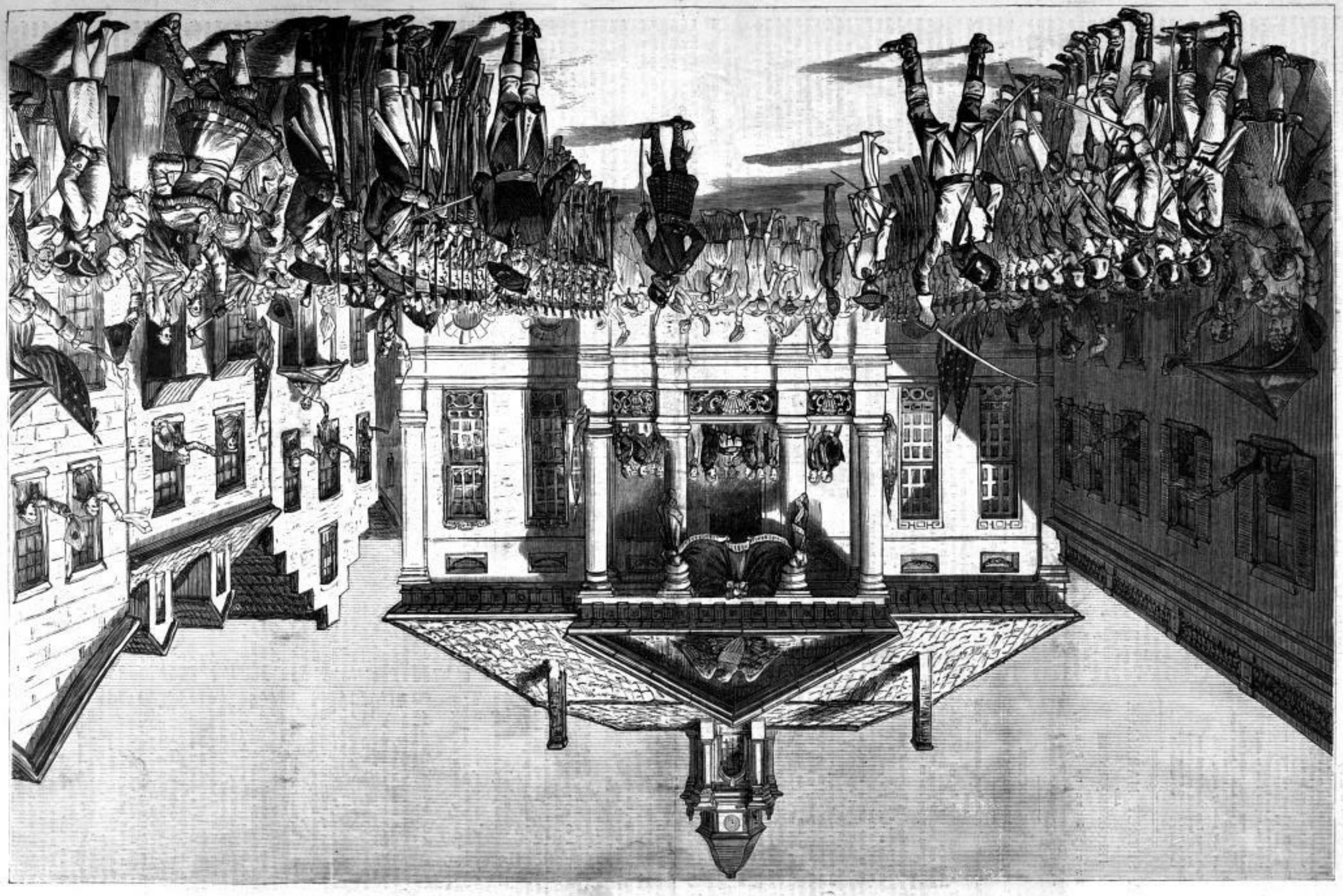
—PITTSBURG, Pa., produces more than half the glass made in the United States. Its factories number seventy-three, with 600 pots, and give employment to 5,248 hands, whose wages approach $3,000,000 a year. The materials employed in the manufacture were, the past year, 12,110 tons soda ash, 48,340 tons of sand, 152,000 bushels of lime, 1,218 tons nitrate soda, 793,500 bushels of coke, 4,525,760 bushels of coal, 4,025 cords of wood, 6,055 tons of straw, 2,760 barrels of salt, 250 tons pearl ash, 500 tons of lead, 150,000 fire brick, 2,955 tons of German clay. The packing boxes cost $484,250, and required 2,109 kegs of nails. Ninety-six wagons and 130 horses were employed in hauling. The space occupied by the buildings is equal to 208 acres, and the capital in buildings, machinery and grounds is, in round numbers, $3,500,000. The business produces about $7,000,000 a year.

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NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY, AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, FEBRUARY 21ST.—SEE PAGE 7.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION FOR THE BENEFIT OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 20TH.—TABLEAU OF THE FIRST INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.—See Page 7.

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CREDO.

(TO G. M. S.)

WHEN some old wound's malignant pain
Revives to rack each inmost sense;
When every heart-nerve feels the strain
Of loss that knows no recompense;

When, held in bonds, one cannot reach
The prize his yearning life desired,
And only utters one set speech:
"God rest me, for I am so tired!"

Then haply some sweet, pitying friend
May soothe with balm of tender words,
As lands where violent storms contend
Are later lulled by singing birds;

While grace from benedictional eyes
Nerving to patient, manlier mood
Bids him with loyalest reverence prize
Unfaltering faith in womanhood!

JOHN MORAN.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND FASHION," ETC.

BOOK FOURTH.

LADY ROLLINGFORD'S SECRET.

CHAPTER IX.—"PRIMAVERA, GIOVENTU DELL' ANNO!"

IT is a warm Spring day, and the suburbs of London seem transformed into one glorious fresh and laughing garden, in the centre of which the great city lies like an immense shapeless anthill.

The neighborhood of Hampstead, and Finchley especially, presents a truly delightful appearance on such a day as this. The gardens of Liberty Hall, so lovely in their luxuriant wildness, so picturesque in their natural charms, have never seemed so beautiful and delightful to our friend Inganess, who, on this lovely Spring day—having only the previous night crossed over from France—walks through them with an impatient step and a beating heart, expecting at every turn to find himself face to face with the bright girl whose merry brown eyes and ever-smiling little face he has found so impossible to drive from his memory and from his heart.

His first care on arriving in London was to find out if the Champions were still at Liberty Hall, and, having made sure that they are, he has hastened hither by the train, and is at once conducted to Mrs. Champion's boudoir.

Mrs. Champion is seated at her table arranging a large basket of flowers; she is dressed in brown silk, and has on a white-lace cap *à la* Marie Stuart. She does not rise to receive him, but by the expression of her face he is at once assured how welcome his visit is; and he thinks he perceives an amused smile playing round her mouth.

Their conversation is, of course, conventional enough—the weather, the events of day, and the places he had recently seen, being naturally the principal topics discussed. But at length, Inganess begins speaking of Bella.

"Ah, Mrs. Champion," he says, after a pause, "how happy you are to have such a daughter!"

"Happy? I do not precisely see that. You have no idea how wild and impertinent she is; but then, it is true, she is so coaxing that one cannot refuse her anything. You are right, Lord Inganess, however, in taking her part, for you are a great favorite of hers."

"Indeed!" he exclaims, his heart beating with joy; "you do not mean to say that she ever speaks of me?"

"Oh, yes, often," she replies, with a smile, and casting a side look towards the half-open door of the library. "This very afternoon she was speaking of you."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and in the most glowing terms, too. It seems that she saw your arrival announced in the *Post*, and—I do not know why—inferred that you would not be long in coming to see us."

The young man, almost beside himself with joy, is just on the point of replying with some flattering compliment, when the door of the library is suddenly thrown open, and Bella, herself, with a flushed face, compressed lips, and sparkling eyes, rushes into the room, to Mrs. Champion's great amusement, who, on seeing her, cannot refrain from laughing, much to Inganess's great discomfiture.

The truth of the matter is, that Bella had been talking about him the whole morning, and that not more than half an hour previously she was assuring her mother that it would not be long before he made his reappearance at Liberty Hall. Mrs. Champion had been greatly amused by all this, and had threatened to inform him, if he did come, of the great interest she seemed to take in his movements, when just at that moment the footman entered and announced his arrival, and she had given orders that he should be shown at once into her boudoir. Bella, frightened lest her mother should inform their visitor of what she had been saying, had rushed off into the next room, declaring that she did not want to see him; but once there she had not been able to resist the temptation of listening to what they said; and Mrs. Champion—desirous to correct her for this breach of good manners, and to afford a practical demonstration that people who listen at half-open doors never hear anything to their advantage—had taken the very first opportunity to inform Lord Inganess of what she had said about him.

Anxious to render the situation as natural as possible, and to make believe she has not heard what they have been saying—and at the same time to show him, if possible, that she does not care in the least for him—she stands for a moment looking at him in silence; then, as if remembering his name, she at last approaches and shakes hands with him in an off-hand manner, and begins talking without knowing exactly what she is saying.

To give herself the airs of a thoughtless and spoiled child, who says the first thing that comes into her head, in order that he might not take seriously the words which her mother has repeated to him, she informs him, all in one breath, that she hates men, that London bores her, that she finds the country dull, that she only loves her horses and her dogs, and her two ponies, Brandy and Soda, and a thousand other things in the same strain, to the poor fellow's great bewilderment, who scarcely knows what to make of it all; and at last, utterly put down and snubbed by her, shakes hands with this extraordinary girl and her mother, and leaves the house.

No sooner had he left the boudoir than Bella, almost as much bewildered by her conversation as he had been, rushes up-stairs to her own room, and, throwing herself upon her bed, bursts into a passionate fit of weeping.

"He knows now that I love him!" she mutters. "He knows it, and the conceited man has not even the good taste to pretend he doesn't!" To her it is now quite evident that he possesses her secret, and that in his heart he laughs at her—or, perhaps, pities her!

A sudden inspiration dawns upon her: only yesterday Lumley, a handsome cornet in the Guards, with whom she has often indulged in a mild flirtation, proposed to her; her sole answer had been "Shut up!"—not very polite, certainly; but then she does not care very much for him, and the thought of wounding *his* feelings had never entered her head. She does not care for him to-day any more than she had done yesterday, yet she will write to him at once and accept his offer—yes, she will, if it be only to prove to Lord Inganess how little she cares for him.

So, without weighing the dreadful consequences that may follow such a rash step, she rises from her bed, opens her desk, and in her bold, firm, free schoolgirl's hand she writes to Lumley, excusing herself for her rudeness toward him on the previous day, and formally accepting his offer.

She then rings the bell, and orders her maid to post her letter at once. "He will get it about mess-time," she thinks; "he will tell all his brother officers, and perhaps this very night Inganess will know how mistaken he has been in his suppositions about me."

She feels calmer, almost happy, after this; and in order not to awaken any suspicions in her mother's mind, she goes down-stairs again with as composed a countenance as she is able to command.

Her mother is in the drawing-room, and she learns from the footman that Colonel Howard is with her. Colonel Howard! oh, she must see him—she must hasten to him at once, and make herself very amiable and agreeable to him; perhaps that will convince her mother how greatly she has been mistaken about her feelings for Lord Inganess.

Jack Howard—for it is indeed he whom we now see once more before us—has worn well, thanks to his tailor, dentist, *perruquier*, admirable incapacity for strong deep feelings, and the serenity of conscience engendered by a fine digestion. His marriage with that rich heiress, Miss Brown, to whom he was hastening when he left us in Caithness, now more than twenty years ago, did not prove a very happy one. The young lady in question, like most "great heiresses," was neither young nor pretty; she was rather vulgar and awkward in her manners, and, to make matters worse, possessed a very hasty temper and a jealous disposition; but, fortunately for the handsome Guardsman, who had designed to marry her and give her his grand old name in exchange for her money, she did not live very long, and now the gallant officer, as elegant and fascinating as ever, is once more in the matrimonial market, a wealthy widower, ready to sacrifice his independence in order this time to obtain his *beau-ideal* of a wife. He dines with the Champions, and when the moon rises, he walks out to the lake with Bella, and there deliberately tells her he loves her.

"Have you not guessed before this the cause of my coming so often to Liberty Hall?"

"Your love for me!"

"Yes, my sweet, my beautiful Bella, I love you—I love you with all my heart and soul. I know that there is a great difference in our ages, and that I can scarcely expect a young girl like you to comprehend and share all that I feel; yet don't you think you will be able to love me—to love me enough to become my wife? I am sure you like me—now, you do like me, don't you?"

"Like you!—well, yes, I suppose I do like you—I can't deny that," Bella replies, rather bewildered by the sudden declaration.

"And you will become my wife? You will not scorn my suit?"

"What can I say, Colonel Howard? I am very much obliged to you; your offer is certainly most flattering, but—I don't know—I really don't know——"

"Oh, yes, you do—you love me; I know you love me, though your maidenly modesty will not allow you to confess it." Saying which the big Guardsman places his arm round her slender waist, and kisses her on the forehead.

"Say you will be mine—say you will not be so cruel as to scorn me?"

And the bewildered girl, utterly forgetful that only a few hours before she has written to another man promising to be his wife, agrees then and there to become Colonel Howard's bride; and all because she is so anxious to show the man she really loves that she can do without him, and that she is quite ready to accept the first offer that is made her rather than—now that he knows she loves him—wait until he has made up his mind whether he shall propose to her or not.

In the meanwhile Inganess, sorely perplexed by Bella's strange behaviour that afternoon, is trying to unravel the mystery, and wondering how she will receive the offer which he is now more convinced than ever he must make her as soon as he has mustered sufficient courage to do so.

"She is a child," he is saying to himself, as he reclines on a sofa in his room in Mayfair—"she is but a child—a spoilt child; and children must be won by appealing to their senses, rather than to their hearts. Those who have lived and suffered and known the world thoroughly can speak to each other through the medium of their souls; there is always sympathy between them, and *that* goes a long way."

Then, remembering her strange words to him that afternoon, and what Mrs. Champion had told him a moment before respecting their frequent conversations about him, and which she doubtless had heard before entering the boudoir:

"Can it be that she loves me, after all?" he murmurs, a sudden inspiration crossing his mind. "Ah, yes, I see it all, now—she loves me, and that is why she was so anxious to appear frivolous and light-hearted before me. Ah, what a fool I have been, to be sure!—of course, of course!"

And, going to the writing-table, he writes her a long letter, full of sentiment and pathos, in which he tells her of his love, and begs her permission to ask her hand from her father.

CHAPTER X.—"GIOVENTU, PRIMAVERA DELLA VITA!"

"MY own dearest Bella—for I have a right at last, have I not, to address you thus? I cannot tell you how happy your letter has made me. This very afternoon I shall go over to Liberty Hall to ask your father's consent to our marriage, which I feel sure he will not refuse when he hears you love me, and then we will have a long, long talk together. Believe me, dearest Bella, your own devoted lover, RONALD LUMLEY."

This is the note which is handed to Bella Champion the next morning at breakfast-time, and the perusal of which affects her so much that she is forced to quit the table and hasten to her room, to meditate alone on the awkward position in which her rashness has suddenly placed her.

So she is engaged to this Ronald Lumley! She can scarcely believe her senses. Engaged! She engaged! and to a man she does not care the least about; to a man whose suit she scorned two days ago—and all the time she is in love with another! No wonder, then, that she should be overcome, and that hysterical tears should force themselves from her eyes.

Suddenly she recollects that she has actually engaged herself to *face* men, and for the first time she realizes how foolishly and rashly she has acted.

But must she indeed abide by her decision, and marry one of these two men, who to her now seem the most hateful of all the men she knows? The thought turns her very blood cold. No; she will go to her father, who loves her so dearly, and who has her happiness so much at heart, and, confessing everything to him, beg of him to arrange all this for her.

Bella, like the spoilt child she is, rushes into her father's study, and, with flushed cheeks and tears in her eyes, relates to him with most bewildering rapidity the events of the previous day, and, ere he has half comprehended what she has said, places in his hands the letter she has just received from Ronald Lumley.

The general stares at it in mute astonishment; and, after reading it twice, says, turning round to his daughter, who, exhausted and overcome, has thrown herself into the nearest armchair:

"So you love this fellow—eh, Bella?"

"Love him! oh, no, no, no! I do not care a straw for him!" she cries, covering her face, which her excitement and confusion seem only to have rendered more beautiful.

Her father, who has not yet been able to understand the meaning of it all, looks at her in silence for a few seconds; then, noticing her prostration, he approaches her, and in a softer tone says:

"But you have written to him accepting his offer?"

"Yes," she stammers, raising her eyes and looking her tender-hearted father full in the face; "but I did not know what I was doing at the time. I was mad—I must have been mad."

"And you have engaged yourself to him without so much as asking my advice!"

"Oh, I know you wouldn't object," she replies, pertly; "but the worst of it all is that, forgetting that I had promised to marry Ronald Lumley, I have since then accepted another offer."

"The deuce, girl! you don't mean to say so?"

"Yes. Have I not been silly?"

"I guess you have; but I suppose now you want to break off with the first fellow in order to marry the second, and you want me to help you—now, come, isn't that it?"

"Oh, dear me, no! I hate the one as much as I do the other: I wouldn't marry either of them—oh, not if all the soldiers in this world forced me to do it!" she cries, giving way at last to her worst supposition—for she is a girl over whose mind soldiers have always exercised a great influence.

The general can scarcely refrain from smiling, yet he tries his very best to conceal it.

"And what is the name of the other fellow, Bella?" he asks, after another pause.

"Colonel Howard."

"Jack Howard! Why, you certainly must have taken leave of your senses altogether; he is old enough to be your father. Hang it, what am I saying? Why, he is older than I am!"

Further conversation ensues. Then the general says: "I'll tell you how we'll fix it—for you have placed yourself in a far more difficult position than you seem to realize—you must skedaddle at once; perhaps your mother will not mind taking you off to Paris, for instance, let us say for a few days; but it must be at once—to-day, if possible—so that when these men come to claim the hand you have been in such a devil of a hurry to bestow upon them, I may tell them that it has all been a mistake, and that you are in Paris with your mother."

"Oh, you darling! *that* will be jolly—quite too deliciously more than awfully jolly!" she exclaims, most characteristically, throwing her arms round his neck. "I'll go and get ready at once." That very night they cross the English Channel. Unfortunately for them all, Inganess's letter only reaches Liberty Hall after Mrs. and Miss Champion's departure, and thus a new impediment is thrown by the cruel fates in the course of their love.

* * * * * *

There is an instrument the manifold uses of which few of us, poor, ignorant, self-blinded children of earth, really know how to appreciate.

Sorrow is like a knife that pierces the heart, and which, though at times may kill, in most instances only penetrates it, though it be coolly and relentlessly, to operate some change, to work some good. But, alas, it takes years of many bitter trials to understand the manifold uses of this same keen knife, sorrow.

Louisa Reymond, at one time the spoiled child of fortune and the darling of society, cannot realize this, as she sits a helpless, lonely, blighted being, little more than a child in years, but far less than a woman in self-reliance, alone—vilely calumniated by the world, and deserted by her husband—in her little *appartement* in Paris.

Several months have now elapsed since those abominable paragraphs appeared in the *Tapage-rampy*, and set every one speaking against her; and the horrible comments to which it had given rise at the time—though the fickle world, which only cares for new scandals, may have ere this quite forgotten them—still trouble her husband's mind, and, thrusting themselves between them, continue to embitter her existence.

Having in the eyes of the whole world silently and submissively eaten his fill of the humblest of humble pies, Rupert Cassilis, being unable to find a reasonable pretext for taking offense at those who make open remarks upon his conduct, for the fact that he cannot digest it, brings the whole weight of his indignation to vent itself upon his wife, and though no angry words pass his lips, his manner to her of late has undergone a terrible change.

She is beginning to feel more and more uneasy about him. Can he be unfaithful to her? She fears she can scarcely be mistaken: her heart tells her it is possible; and so she decides on devoting all her energy to try and discover the truth, without betraying her motives for seeking it.

The opportunity presents itself only too soon.

Her husband's frequent visits to the green-room of the Folies Amoureuses are already beginning to awaken general suspicion, and it is not long before the well-known name of Madame de Fleurville is coupled with his. She can doubt no longer. She has always suspected him of having loved this woman before their marriage; indeed, has he not himself spoken of her, over and over again, even in her presence, in the most glowing terms? Yes; it is now evident to her that Rupert does love Madame de Fleurville, and that, tired of his wife and disappointed in her, he seeks to forget his troubles in the arms of that actress. Jealousy—and jealousy in its very worst form—is now mingled with the already bitter cup of her sad lot; and in the very lowest depths of despair, Louisa passes her days, alone and forgotten by all, in her little apartment in Paris—those days which, she cannot help thinking, should by right have been the happiest in her life.

CHAPTER XI.—ON REVIENT TOUJOURS.

AND where is the gay and brilliant Rupert all this time?

Ah, me! dear readers, if you indeed want to see him again, I fear I shall have to conduct you once more to that elegant apartment where the beautiful and fascinating Madame de Fleurville holds her little court, and into the mysteries of which I initiated you in the first chapter of this book.

Doubtless the young Englishman has been there a long time, for Zoé, generally so bright and sparkling, looks weary; and conversation does not flow with all the ease and fluency which he would probably have desired.

Does he indeed love this woman so dearly that no thoughts of his poor, neglected wife come to embitter his long interview with her? No; I do not wish to say that—the image of Louisa is always in his mind, though to all appearance he seems to trouble himself so little about her; and it is precisely because she occupies so much of his thoughts that he endeavors so hard to forget her.

Zoé de Fleurville used to be one of his most ardent admirations. Her beauty and her wit have often retained him spellbound at her feet during the happy days of old, when as a *gommeux* he searched the saloons of the Quartier Bréda for amusement and excitement. But it is time to allow my characters to speak a little for themselves.

"*Enfant, grand enfant,*" the beautiful woman says, as Rupert's hand, sliding over her silken robes, touches her arm, and, sending a thrill through her frame, awakes her from the half-sleepy reverie in which she was plunged when he first approached her.

"No, Zoé!—no, I am not a child, as you playfully put it," he says, passionately. "Can't you understand that I love you? Ah, heart of marble!—drops of rain may pierce a stone, but not even my tears seem to have any effect upon you!"

"Your tears! Bah! my friend; forgive me if I say that I do not believe in those tears of yours."

"You love me no longer, Zoé—I can see it!"

The actress bursts out into another merry peal of laughter.

"*Mon cher ami,*" she says, presently, "how can one cease to do a thing one has never begun to do? You are perfectly absurd this evening."

"You are right," he now says, resuming his seat beside her; "you have never loved me, you have always refused my offers—for, believe me, once, had you willed it, I would have made you my wife."

"So you loved me so well that you would have me—me, an actress?" she says, but no longer in her off-hand, laughing way.

"Yes—yes—beautiful Zoé; but you would never listen to me, and now, alas, it is too late. The fact that you are an actress would not have deterred me; for, after all, even though you are a public character, and your name is in every one's mouth, who ever dared to whisper a word against your honor?"

"Hush! remember that you are a married man. It is easy to say these things now that I can no longer force you to marry me. But I will believe you—yes, I will believe that you were really in earnest, and that, had I willed it, I might now have been your wife; but as I have not that honor, and as you are no longer free to confer it upon me, don't you think that it would be better for you to keep to the woman you have chosen to be your

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companion through life, and to forget Zoé de Fleurville, who can never be anything more to you than a mere acquaintance?"

"I wish you would not talk of such things; can't you leave my private affairs alone?"

"No; not as long as you force yourself into my intimacy. I saw your wife the other day at the Opera—La Mazerolle pointed her out to me—and I have taken quite a fancy to her."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and when I saw her pretty, innocent face, and noticed her large, honest eyes, in which I could even from that distance easily detect the traces of recent tears, the thought struck me that *I* might be the cause of them, and that it was for *me* that her husband deserted her. I promised to myself that I would not rest until I had made you sensible of your wrongs to her, and induced you to return all the love which by right belongs to her alone, and which you—heartless, selfish wretch of a man that you are—would fain force upon me."

"*Allons donc!* I didn't come here to listen to a sermon, nor to hear *you* enlarge upon the joys of connubial life. *Dame, ma chérie*, you are a good one to speak of virtue! How La Mazerolle—whose name you have just mentioned, though I have so often requested you never to pronounce it in my presence—would laugh if he heard you!"

"La Mazerolle is my friend, and nothing more; and even his friendship is more habit than aught else. Many years ago, when I first arrived in Paris, and I was about to make my first appearance on the stage, he proved himself a very true and useful friend, and I then loved him for the same reason that he now loves me—because he was necessary to me; now I am necessary to him. The poor old fellow has got so used to my society, that were I to refuse him the *entrée* to my saloon I really do not know where he would pass his evenings; and I cannot forget that, had it not been for him, most likely I should never have obtained an engagement, and might now be in a workhouse."

"Will you swear to me that the count has never been to you more than a friend?"

"Yes; at least, since my husband's death."

"Your husband! This is the first time that I have heard you speak of a husband. You do not mean to tell me that there has really existed a M. de Fleurville? I always believed that respectable gentleman to have been a myth."

"You are right; Fleurville is merely a *nom de théâtre*; yet I have been married for all that."

As she says this her handsome face becomes clouded, and her eyes seem to lose all their brilliancy; and, as if utterly unconscious of the present, she seems to be once more living in some ideal world of the past.

"Do you really mean that you will have nothing more to do with me—that you want me to return to my wife?"

"How can I say it more plainly? Yes, Rupert, return to her who loves you, and who will receive you with open arms, and give up this godless life, which can bring you nothing but sorrow; and then, only then, I may be inclined to think better of you. And now, adieu, for it is late. Adieu."

And as she says this her voice becomes inaudible, and a cough, which seems to tear her very frame asunder, prevents her from finishing the sentence.

This hollow cough comes as a revelation to him. He knows her secret now, and vague visions of the Traviata's melancholy death-struggle cross his mind. He knows that, beautiful as she is, and looking the very picture of youth and strength, her days are numbered; and though at this moment he would gladly have given every drop of his own blood to spare hers, that is fast rising to her throat and choking her, he has not the courage to disobey her; and, casting one long, lingering glance at her as she lies, white and motionless as a marble statue, upon that sofa on which, but a moment before, she reclined all life and sunshine, he leaves the room, and, calling her maid to attend her, quits the house of the famous actress, wondering if he will ever see her again.

* * * * * *

The sun is only just beginning to cast its golden reflections upon the streets of Paris, and gilding the waters of the Seine, while they glide peacefully past its already busy quays, as Mrs. Champion and her pretty daughter alight from the train which has just brought them from Boulogne, and drive off to their hotel.

The hotel Mrs. Champion has chosen for her abode during her short *séjour* in the gay capital is the Mirabeau, the same one in which, if our readers remember, our poor young friend, Lord Rollingford, came to spend his sad honeymoon, and where he finally died; and, by a strange coincidence, the woman he so admired and esteemed—the divine Dorothea, as he used to call her—is to-day shown into the very apartment in which his last moments were passed, and installed in the very rooms in which those harassing scenes narrated in the second book of this novel took place, now so many years ago.

Mrs. Champion, in spite of her strange manner, is not a woman to forget the past; indeed the image of poor dying Frank Reymond and all that passed at the time has often and often presented itself to her mind in all its harrowing pathos, which so strongly appeals to her highly sensitive nature. But this day, the sight of these rooms, which seem to have been altered so little since she saw them last, and which speak to her so eloquently of the past, and the sight of the bed with its well-remembered dark-green hangings, on which he who had exercised such a strange influence over the earlier part of her life had expired, almost under her very eyes, send a thrill of mingled pain and joy through her, and reawaken in her all the souvenirs connected with Frank Reymond's short but eventful career.

At last, during the course of the afternoon, unable to control herself any longer, she decides on going in search of Louisa Cassilis, whom she has not seen since her marriage, and whom she had determined in her mind to avoid if possible for the future; and, leaving her daughter in charge of some friends who have offered to drive her to the Bois in their carriage, she hurries to the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and before long is embracing the daughter of the unfortunate friend of her youth.

Their conversation at first is chiefly about Lady Rollingford, of whom Louisa has received no news for nearly three months, and of all their other London friends; but gradually it becomes more personal, until the poor girl, unable to control herself any longer, and aroused by the sight of this true friend, whom she has ever looked upon as a second mother, falls on her neck in a fit of hysterical weeping, and for the first time in her life pours out her whole soul into her pitying ears, and informs her of her terrible distress.

Hand-in-hand they sit for a long time—these two women whom sorrow has united at last—their tears flowing in silence, until Mrs. Champion, regaining all her old strength of will, which has ever come to her aid, even in the most trying circumstances of her eventful life, exclaims, embracing her unfortunate young friend:

"Your grief is natural—it cannot but awaken all my sympathies. The world has indeed behaved cruelly to you; and even Lady Rollingford, the woman who of all others should have been the first to come to your assistance, has deserted you in your distress. But yet you must surely experience a great consolation in the thought that you have married the man you loved, and that, come what may, he will ever be yours."

"Ah, Mrs. Champion," cries the unfortunate girl, burying her tearful face in her hands, "would that your words were true! Ah, yes! would to the Blessed Virgin that they were true! for had I Rupert's love I should feel myself strong enough to brave the whole world, and I might forget my shame. But, no; my husband loves me no longer."

"Your husband does not love you?"

When a little calmed by Mrs. Champion's kind sympathy, Louisa informs her of what we already know—of Rupert's strange conduct towards her, of his long and frequent absences from home, and finally of his strong *penchant* for Zoé de Fleurville, the famous actress of the Folies Amoureuses.

Mrs. Champion can scarcely believe it all.

"Listen, dear Mrs. Champion, to what I have been deliberating within my mind for the last four days whether to do or not. Tired of being alone in these desolate rooms, and anxious to forget Rupert's indifference to me, I went the other night with my maid—for, alas, I could not get no one else to accompany me—to the Théâtre du Gymnase. There I saw Victorien Sardou's new piece, 'Andrea'; I dare say you have heard of it. Strange to say, the plot of this piece greatly resembles my own history; like me, the heroine marries the man she loves, and like me she is soon abandoned and deceived by her husband. Well, do you know what she does? One day she learns that her husband loves a certain ballet-dancer, and that he is about to run away with her; and to this woman she goes, disguised as a dressmaker, and ready to brave anything in order to regain her husband's love, to save him from her grasp, to rescue him from her vile arts. *Stella*, the actress in question, turns out to be a true-hearted woman, and willingly lends her aid, though she is what men would call a Princess of Tulle; and at last poor *Andrea* succeeds in winning back her husband, and her courage and constancy are rewarded by the return of his love."

Exhausted by the rapidity with which she has uttered these words, Louisa, flushed with excitement, pauses for a moment; then, taking Mrs. Champion's hand in hers, she continues:

"What Sardou's heroine dared to do, I am also ready to undertake to regain Rupert's love. I hear that this Madame de Fleurville is a very excellent woman; that she bears an unsullied reputation, and that she is reputed by all to be a very superior person. This may be true, or it may not; yet I am convinced that were I to throw myself at her feet and entreat her to shut her doors to Rupert, to forbid him ever to speak to her again, that her heart would be moved, that she would have pity upon me, and that she would do what I ask of her."

A sad smile crosses Mrs. Champion's handsome, thoughtful face.

"My dear Louisa," she says, tenderly, "you do not know what these women are. Princesses of Tulle have neither hearts nor sex. Let me entreat you to give up your wild idea. Actresses, like the *Stella* of Sardou's play, are only to be found in comedies."

Later on in the afternoon Louisa induces Mrs. Champion to go out with her for a turn in the Bois: the poor girl has been so long forced to take her daily promenades alone, that the idea of parting again so soon from her old friend made her even more miserable than usual.

As they are walking up the stately avenue, towards the gates of the Bois de Boulogne, a couple of high-stepping thoroughbreds attract their attention, and they both turn round with an involuntary expression of admiration. The one nearer to them is ridden by a man; and the other, a spirited chestnut mare, doubtless of great value, bears upon her proud back a lady, attired in a tightly-fitting but very plain and simple riding-dress. A simultaneous cry is uttered by the two ladies as they recognize in this couple Rupert Cassilis and his famous *écuyère anale*.

"Great God! and he dares to appear in public with her?" the poor young woman exclaims, clinging to her friend's arm for support.

"Is that Madame de Fleurville?" Mrs. Champion says, her eyes still fixed upon the riders, who have now passed them, and are entering the gates of the Bois.

"Yes; and you will persuade me to do nothing to save him from her?"

"But are you quite sure that this woman is Madame de Fleurville?"

"Yes; quite sure. But tell me," she adds, giving way to an impulse of female vanity, "do you see any resemblance between her and me? Would you believe it, Rupert has often told me that we are very much alike!"

Mrs. Champion now looks at Louisa for a second or two in silence, and then, a ray of hope appearing in her expressive, gray eyes, she says:

"My dear Louisa, if you still think of going to see this woman, let me accompany you to her house; perhaps, after all, you are right, and your bravery and constancy may win you back your husband's love. I will go with you to-morrow to Madame de Fleurville's house."

(*To be continued.*)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Petermann's Journal.—Herr Justus Perthes, of Gotha, announces that the *Geographische Mittheilungen* will be published as before, with Dr. E. Behm as editor, and Dr. Lindemann, the Secretary of the Bremen Geographical Society, as assistant editor. The cartographical department has been intrusted to R. Hassenstein, one of Petermann's most successful pupils.

Field Telegraphy.—The success of the essays of field telegraphy made in the French regiments of cavalry has induced the Minister of War to order the experiments to be generalized, and military telegraphy will in future be a branch of the instruction given at the School of Saumur. A competition will in consequence be opened in the regiments of cavalry on the 6th of January, and the forty candidates found most qualified will be sent to that establishment to follow the studies in telegraphy.

The Geography of Sumatra.—The Journal of the Geographical Society of Amsterdam publishes a full account of the lowlands and hills of Padang, illustrated with a detailed map of a portion of Central Sumatra. A photolithographic *facsimile* of Barent's original map, published in 1598, appears in the same journal, and will, no doubt, prove welcome to students of Arctic geography. The sixth report on the Sumatra expedition contains a map of the Jambi River, from a survey made in July, 1878.

The Manufacture of Anhydrous Sulphuric Acid.—According to W. Wolters, anhydrous sulphuric acid can be manufactured in the following way: Anhydrous bisulphate of soda is carefully fused, and then an equivalent proportion of anhydrous sulphate of magnesia added, the whole further heated when anhydrous sulphuric acid goes over. The residual double sulphate of soda and magnesium can be regenerated and the salts be used again. The heat required is so small that the apparatus is not likely to be injured.

A Gas Clock.—A clock has been constructed for the London Museum which has for a motor hydrogen gas, produced by the action of dilute sulphuric acid upon a globe of zinc. The clock has the form of a cylinder, is made of colored glass, and is without cover. On the surface of the liquid contained in the cylinder is a glass bell, which is raised or lowered according as the gas is produced; the bell jar on rising moves a lever which in turn causes the hands to revolve on the disk. The invention attracts much attention.

The Milk-tree of Venezuela.—Near the close of the Paris Exhibition there was a special display of the products of the dairy from all parts of the world, and not the least interesting were specimens of milk, cheese, wax and butter made from the sap of the milk-tree of Venezuela. This tree, so curious and useful, is called by the inhabitants *cow-tree*, because it yields a liquid which, in color, taste, odor and nourishing properties, closely resembles the milk of the cow. It has been planted in Algiers, where the climate and soil are believed to be well adapted to its growth.

An American Geologist in China.—A letter from Peking states that the Viceroy Li Hungchang has entered into a contract with Mr. Arnold Hague, of New York, an able geologist and mining engineer, for the purpose of prospecting the gold, silver and other mines in the north of China. Mr. Hague is expected to start shortly from Tientsin for the mining regions. A late Consular report from Canton also states that General Fang has been instructed to arrange for an immediate supply of European machinery to be used in local mines. It appears to be thought that there is great likelihood of the early working of coal and other mines in the provinces of Chihli, Kiangsi, Kiangsu and Szechuen.

A New Measure of the Force of Light.—In their search for a practical actinometer, Bunsen and Roscoe made use of a mixture of chlorine and hydrogen, two gases which have a great affinity for each other under the influence of light. M. Marchand proposes a different system which furnishes him with more accurate results. He uses a mixture of sesqui-chloride of iron and oxalic acid. When that mixture is acted on by the luminous rays, the ferric salt is reduced to chloride of iron, the oxalic acid becomes oxidized and is transferred into carbonic acid. This latter is collected by syrupy glycerine, with which it combines and is insoluble, and its volume can then be measured with accuracy, and shows the amount of reaction caused by the light.

Artificial Meteoric Iron.—M. Stanislas Meunier has succeeded in producing at will a metal precisely similar to that which is found to be the composition of meteorites which fall upon the earth. He reduces at red heat a mixture of the chlorides of iron and nickel by a current of hydrogen, the result being alloys perfectly definite and sometimes admirably crystallized. These alloys can be regulated in such a manner as to exactly resemble the nature of what have received the name of *concretal aerolites*, the type of which is the iron of Pallas, Atacama, etc., that is to say, a combination of the nickeliron with fragments of stone. As meteoric iron is extremely hard and does not rust when exposed to moisture, it would seem to be desirable to be able to make a substance artificially which possesses so many useful properties. The researches of M. Meunier, although purely theoretical, are valuable as pointing out a way in which practical results may eventually be obtained.

A Siluroid Fish, which inhabits the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro, is noted for its power of living a long time out of water. On examination the professor found that it swallows small portions of air, from which it partly absorbs the oxygen by the aid of the wall of the intestinal canal, the carbonic acid formed and the unabsorbed nitrogen being exhaled. A somewhat analogous habit was observed in several other fishes inhabiting the valley of the Amazon. These fish live in stagnant waters, the temperature of which often exceeds 104° Fahrenheit, but they do not appear to be able to obtain sufficient oxygen from that source, and they are obliged frequently to come to the surface for air. Sometimes, also, the water in which they have been living dries up, when they are seen making considerable journeys by land in search of more favorable localities, crawling on the ground by means of their pectoral fins. These observations are particularly interesting as establishing a gradation between the true fishes and the batrachians (frog tribe) which possess at the same time branchiæ and true lungs.

An Extensive Manufactory of Perfumery in Paris.—The house of M. T. Piver has been established one hundred and four years, and is now one of the most extensive in France. There are four factories, one at Aubervilliers, for the manufacture of soap and the distillation of aromatic spirits; one at Grasse, for the fabrication of pomades, perfumed oils, and the distillation of flowers and plants; finally, two at Paris, Faubourg St. Martin, where is the general laboratory, and Boulevard de Strasbourg, where toilet soaps are made; in the latter establishment alone, 260 workmen are constantly engaged, and the sales amount to $260,000 per annum. Connected with the works is a school for the children of the workmen, where twenty-eight apprentices are clothed, lodged, nourished and instructed during the whole time of their induction to service. The employés intermarry, and some of them have been in the service of the house for forty years. On the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the house, there were great rejoicings, and the workmen presented to the firm a handsome gold medal, which they prize more highly than any testimonial they have received at the Exhibition.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is wintering in Southern France.

PRINCESS ALICE was buried wrapped in an English flag.

MISS CLARA MORRIS is seeking health in Southern California.

SCHUYLER COLFAX is lying very ill at his home in Great Bend, of erysipelas, and his condition is said to be critical.

THE Right Rev. Thomas Foley, D.D., Catholic Bishop of Chicago, died at his episcopal residence, February 19th, aged 54 years.

A ROME dispatch says the resignation of Archbishop Purcell is accepted, and the Pope is considering the appointment of his successor.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH has been laid up in England with a serious attack of bronchitis, which has compelled him to give over lecturing.

DUCHESSE DE GALLIERA has, it is said, bought M. Monteverde's fine statue of Jenner, and has presented it to the new hospital at Genoa.

DR. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE will remove from Philadelphia to this city about the 1st of April, to take charge of the Lenox Library, of which he is the new custodian.

MR. SIDNEY BARTLETT, the Nestor of the Boston Bar, although in his eightieth year, has recently argued important causes before the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington.

PROFESSOR C. H. F. PETERS, Director of the Litchfield Observatory of Hamilton College, has been elected an associate member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain.

LORD HOUGHTON, who is coming over to America again next Summer, will bring a large party of distinguished Englishmen and their families along with him to visit "the States."

HON. HORACE MAYNARD, United States Minister to Turkey, arrived at this port February 18th, on a three months' leave of absence. His visit is occasioned chiefly by the state of his wife's health.

JOSEPH ARCH, the English agitator, is disgusted with the corruption which prevails among the officers of the Agricultural Laborers' Union. He says that it costs $35,000 to collect $50,000.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON has again drawn a number making him liable to service in the French army, but as he is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow, he is not obliged to enter the ranks.

MASTER ALFRED STANLEY BROWNING TENNYSON, grandson of the poets Tennyson and Lockyer, and godson of Dean Stanley and Robert Browning, has just been christened in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

IN the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote has declared he was not aware of any intention to establish a royal residence in Ireland, or to appoint the Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur) Viceroy of that country.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, now the husband of the eldest daughter of Mr. Motley, takes his son by his first wife, Louis Harcourt, an Etonian lad of fifteen, with him whenever he delivers a political speech, to put the youth in training.

CARDINAL MANNING, Archbishop of Westminster, has arrived in Rome. He has had a long and cordial interview with the Pope, who congratulated the Cardinal on the progress of Catholicism in Great Britain and discussed with him measures for its extension.

MRS. MARY A. HOLDEN, of Providence, R. I., has left $5,000 to the Hampton (Va.) Normal Institute, $1,000 to the Colored Orphan Shelter at Providence, $500 to the International Congress for the Prevention of Crime, and a portrait of Washington to the Brown University.

THE marriage of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia will take place at Windsor Castle on the 13th of March. About three weeks prior to the event the Queen and the court will take up their residence at the Castle, and preparations will be made for the ceremony.

R. H. CHILTON, Adjutant-General of General Robert E. Lee, fell dead of apoplexy while sitting alone at his desk in Columbus, Ga., February 18th. He was over sixty years of age. He was appointed to West Point from Virginia, graduated and was promoted to the rank of major in the Mexican War, and was paymaster in Texas prior to 1860.

MR. RUSKIN has been induced to withdraw his resignation of the Slade Chair of Fine Art at Oxford. It was said in Oxford that he had sent it in with the remark that if a jury of his countrymen had pronounced him unfit to be a critic, he could not consider himself fit to be a professor of the fine arts, which appears to show that he took that farthing verdict somewhat to heart.

ALANSON HASKELL, of Hanover, N. H., aged eighty years, was stricken with a paralytic shock soon after his return from church on February 16th, and his recovery is doubtful, as he is continually failing. He has been pastor of Dartmouth College for forty years, and will be remembered by graduates of half a century ago. He was industrious, upright and universally respected.

THE new singer, Bianca Bianchi, who has been styled "the Baden Nightingale," has made an immense success in Vienna. She is described as rivaling Sontag-Rossi in her best days, while many prefer her to Di Murska. As Amina in "Sonnambula" she had seven recalls in the closing aria. But her greatest triumph was in "La Figlia," for which the stalls went up to fabulous prices, while the applause amounted to a frenzy.

PROFESSOR MILTON W. HUMPHREYS, Professor of Greek at Vanderbilt University, has had tendered and has accepted the position of editor-general of North America of the *Revue des Revues*, a review of philology, of literature and of ancient history. His duty will be to review each year the reviews of the preceding year. This work he is to commence and conclude by May for the reviews of 1878. The United States have been only slightly represented in this review, and the editor seeks in the services of this ripe scholar, whose reputation is already widely extended, a representative worthy of the country.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY dresses very modestly, never having worn even the uniform of the National Guard. He is a man of republican simplicity in all his ways. In his everyday attire, even in Paris, he has always donned a wide-awake instead of a silk hat, and in Summer-time he may generally be seen sauntering about the Boulevards, clad all in gray, and crowned with a Panama. Though a man of considerable landed property, as estates go in France, he never set up a brougham till he became President of the Chamber, and he has always kept his modest one-horse vehicle, with a coachman out of livery, at Versailles. In Paris he uses cabs and omnibuses; but it must be a very muddy day which compels him to ride at all.

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NEW YORK CITY.—FROEBEL'S POPULAR SYSTEM OF TUITION FOR CHILDREN—THE GRAND MARCH OF BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE FREE KINDERGARTEN ESTABLISHED BY THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

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IN A GARDEN OF CHILDREN.

IN a large, bright room, fronting on Forty-third Street, near the Eighth Avenue, the Society for Ethical Culture has established and conducts—with what success a visitor can readily see, even in one short call—a free Kindergarten for the children of the poor. Over a hundred little ones, all under six years old, and some mere babies, assemble here daily, and were the space so large as to warrant a more extended welcome it is certain that twice that number could be brought to fill it. It was on a wet, stormy day that we paid our visit; but though the rain might have kept many older scholars at home, it seemed to make no difference in the number of noisy little *protégés*, and the hundred and odd children let loose in the great uncarpeted room were making noise and fun enough for a thousand.

It is easy to see what an atmosphere of love and confidence their



EXERCISE ILLUSTRATING THE FLOW OF WATER.

teachers have brought around these little ones, to whom every stranger in the schoolroom seems to be at once a friend. A small crowd was around us in a moment as we came in—little heads of every color, little faces of every pattern, but all clean and all laughing, and as many little arms reached up, with a shrill chorus of "S'ake hands! s'ake hands!" and even one or two urgent proffers of kisses, not a little discomposing to the young gentleman of the party, whose knees were fettered with a pair of affectionate arms in little white muslin sleeves, before he had advanced further than the door.

There were children of every nationality—Swede and Irish, Spanish and French, white-headed Germans and tawny little Italians, Jew and Christian, all racing and running and romping together in happy confusion before the order of their daily exercises began.

The institution is wholly a charitable one, and is under the management of Felix Adler, Miss Fanny Schwedler acting as principal, assisted by eight teachers, whose services are purely voluntary. These young ladies aid in conducting the morning lessons and plays, and are relieved at noon by a fresh installment, who come to preside over the dinner, which is regularly served to all the little scholars, forming, one may suppose, a capital inducement for many of the hard-worked and perhaps hungry parents to send a superfluous little mouth or two to the Kindergarten.

The business of the day commences with a march, timed to the singing of the children, and the accompaniment of the piano. The little ones march in single file, following a line chalked on the floor, winding round and in and out, twisting and turning, while the teachers, marching and singing with them, keep the ranks steady and restrain the smallest and most exuberant stragglers. The ardent desire of every child born into the world to make as much noise as possible while in it is fully gratified here: for while each one shouts his or her part in the song with the utmost power of the lungs, every pair of hands is clapped in regular time, and every little right foot brought down with a stamp that threatens to go through plank and plaster below. Some of the more excitable—notably among the boys—perform ecstatic capers and leaps, and one infant in a white blouse executed such prodigies of gymnastics in his efforts to stamp harder than any of his neighbors, that it became necessary to lead him by the hand until the conclusion of the exercises.

Following this come the plays and the "occupations," which take the place of lessons. Down the length of the room are ranged broad, low tables, mapped out in blocks like great checker-boards, and at each one sit two rows of some half a dozen children. At one table are a dozen slates, where the youngest and the least skilled "classes" are busy marking and scrawling. Next to these, perhaps, a little group is busy with blocks, laying them in patterns on the squares of the table; then comes an object-lesson in color and motion, where each child, with a bright-colored ball on a string, is swinging it to and fro; here a table full of busy little workers bent over sections of a circle in curved wires, which they are piecing together, and there a whole class furnished with little pads and squares of paper, whereon they are picking out different patterns, following the pencil lines traced upon them. Later on comes the filling-in of these patterns with colored worsteds, and the weaving and plaiting together of bright-colored strips of paper.

The attention of the children is never allowed to concentrate too long upon any one of these occupations, though they soon become intensely absorbing; but by a constant diversion, and the rapid change from quiet to active employment, their minds and bodies are rested alike, and fretfulness and fatigue are unknown elements in this real child's paradise. There is no enforced quiet, even during the sedentary occupations, but a chatter and buzz of little voices, with a ripple of laughter or singing, goes on incessantly. The teachers, with quick eyes and active sympathies, are everywhere, and each child feels the influence of kindness and firmness, at once subduing and encouraging. Here and there a shy new-comer sits staring and half-frightened at the unwonted surroundings. But one need not be told it to understand how rapidly the shyness wears away, and how all the natural brightness and grace of childhood begin to blossom out in the sunshine of the Kindergarten, even when half crushed by darker influences outside.

And now come the plays, and a double circle is formed of all the children, and the piano strikes the opening notes of some simple, lively air, which the least one knows, and instantly joins in. There is the song of the "cooper" the "miller," the "sawyer," and half a dozen more, each illustrated by the action of the children as they sing; four, with hands interlocked in the middle, wheeling round and round for the "millwheel," or swinging their arms with hands clasped, to show how the stream flows, or playing at "little fishes," with hands paddling like fins, as they sing and march; or one child in the middle goes through a simple gymnastic exercise, which the rest imitate while they sing; and there is a pretty little game of "invitation," when the little one in the centre of the ring beckons out a companion to shake hands and courtesy to as they change places.

At noon there is a general scampering and uproar, while the tables are set with spoons, and knives and forks, and big slices of bread, and each child, girded with a rubber bib, is seated behind a tin basin of hot soup, liberally islanded with meat and potatoes. After the meal, which is marvelously orderly and well-conducted, under the quiet, gentle training of the ladies, there is another short session of romping and story-telling, before, with happy promptness and good humor, the children marshal themselves again in ranks for exercise prior to recommencing their occupations.



LEARNING HOW THE MILLWHEEL TURNS.

And now one may ask what end all this play and pastime are to serve? The children learn no A B C's or spelling, but their eyes are trained to observe and their minds to understand; they are taught gentleness, submission to discipline and ready obedience, perseverance and patience, and in character as well as brain, are thoroughly prepared for the system of study that comes after. And when, by the liberal encouragement that the plan deserves, the Society is enabled to enlarge its school, and provide for the wants of older children, we may see an establishment where education, beginning with the little Kindergarten class, will pass through natural and simple development up to the last stages of advancement in the course.



A LESSON IN COLOR AND MOTION.



A CLASS OF AMATEUR ARTISTS.

NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHES IN THE FREE KINDERGARTEN OF THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

THE RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE.

IF we glance at the history of the frightful devastations that have marked the visits of the plague to the earth, mankind has reason to tremble before the dread spectre whose appearance the Russians evoked on their pleasure trip to Constantinople, and which now threatens all Europe. Plague epidemics are recorded of almost every century. In the first year of the Peloponnesian War the plague raged with terrible violence in Athens, and Greece's greatest statesman at that time, Pericles, was one of its victims.

But not until the fourteenth century did it become a scourge to the entire world, traveling as it did then, from the eastern boundaries of Asia through China, India and Russia, and punishing with equal severity the inhabitants of the Pyrenean peninsula and the hardened peoples of Scandinavia and Iceland. And if the western hemisphere had been discovered at that time, and active communication and traffic with it had existed, there can be no doubt that the grim destroyer would have visited America also. It is, indeed, by no means certain but that the plague did reach this continent, since there are Indian legends which speak of a time of great mortality long before the advent of Europeans.

It is estimated that not less than 52,000,000 persons fell victims to the black death in Asia and Europe toward the middle of the fourteenth century. Of these, 15,000,000 are supposed to have perished in Europe, 24,000,000 in Asia Minor, India and the adjacent countries, and 13,000,000 in China. One historian writes concerning the appearance of the plague in Europe: "Terrible omens in the heavens overwhelmed the nations with dread. In 1337, a large comet appeared: in following years came immense multitudes of locusts; but in 1348 the end of the world seemed at hand. An earthquake devastated Cyprus, Greece, Italy and the Alpine valleys. Mountains caved in. In the province of Carnthen, in Austria, thirty villages and a town were utterly destroyed. The atmosphere became thick, fetid and confusing. Wine became turbid in the barrels. Fiery meteors illuminated the sky. A pillar of flame was seen over the Papal palace at Avignon. These terrors were followed by a murderous plague. It originated in China, was carried through the

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whole of Asia, and in Germany received the name of the "Black Death," because it covered its victims suddenly with black pustules, and often killed them instantaneously. It spread over the whole of Europe, and it is said that it did not rage most virulently in Germany. Nevertheless, 14,000 persons died in Basle, 16,000 in Strasburg and the same number in Erfurt, and they perished in all other places in similar proportions. In Osnabrück only seven families are said to have survived.

For twenty-five years the awful epidemic maintained its annihilating sway, while at the same time droughts, famines, floods and earthquakes destroyed city and country, and vast swarms of locusts everywhere inflicted the direst ravages. Meantime the whole order of nature seemed reversed. In midwinter the severest rains were experienced, and in Summer long-continued and severe frosts, and volcanoes that had been long thought extinct opened their craters anew. Some have attributed the origin of the epidemic to the atmospheric changes produced by the convulsions of the earth, combined with the decay of organic matter—the myriads of locusts and the unnumbered bodies of men and animals.

Some have also attributed that frightful epidemic to the then recorded approach of several planets to the sun. Inasmuch as four planets enter the perihelion in 1881, we have at least this similarity between the present time and that dreadful period; and this circumstance, combined with the sudden outbreak of the plague that is reported from Europe, may give rise to the fears that the coming planetary proximity to the sun is perhaps to have an evil import for poor humanity.

The Trade in French Parasols.

PARASOL-MAKING is a source of wealth to the French nation. The business embraces also umbrellas and walking-sticks, and realizes an annual sum of more than 6,000,000 of francs, the tenth part being derived from exports, principally to the United States. In this industry woman's work is predominant; thus the female staff numbers from 6,000 to 7,000, at a remuneration of two francs to three francs per day, while the male portion, numbering 4,500, receive from four to twelve francs. Provincial towns furnish the steel frames, and sticks of various woods from France, Africa, Guiana and India, as well as handles and knobs in horn, whalebone, ivory, tortoise-shell, china, glass and stones, real or artificial. The covering fabrics consist of cotton, alpaca, taffe, moire and satin, the best kinds being made up especially in Paris. A most elegant parasol exhibited at the Exposition was valued at $2,000, and had a covering of point à l'aiguille and a handle incrusted with gold, lapis lazuli and diamonds. The next in price was $575, and was made of yellow silk veiled with point d'Alençon; gold and coral ornamented the handle. Three others were valued at $400 each. One in flounced point à l'aiguille displayed a glittering decoration of jasper and gold; jade, gold and ruby were used in the embellishment of the second in delicate white silk and point d'Angleterre, while the third, of most lady-like simplicity, with a green covering lined and piped with white, derived all its costliness from three rings of diamonds and pearls encircling the ebony handle. A pretty parasol exhibited was of bronze silk, with a white lining and a cord edging, and a heap of diamonds and pearls sparkling on the handle. In fact, jewels, gold and lace seem to be the choice of nearly all manufacturers and, save a difference in color, very little variety is discernible. A white lace parasol had a plain ivory handle, finished with a coral knob and ring, both surrounded with brilliants. Another white one had a coral handle and the adornment diamond circles mounted in gold. Coral, gold and fringe impart a rich originality to some of the plainer sunshades, with quaint handles of Dresden and Gien china. These splendid exhibits were proofs of the height to which the trade has attained; but their fabulous price puts them beyond the reach of the general public. The same drawback attended one of the loveliest, but, alas! most ephemeral creations of the entire show—a covering of white marabout, with insects wings flashing from the downy bed, and shown with a bonnet to match. Italian open-work straw makes charming and uncommon sunshade coverings, mounted on white and black satin, many of which were seen at the Exposition.

Excavations in Assyria.

FAVORED by the authorities at Constantinople, Dr. Schliemann is again busily excavating at Troy, and Mr. Rassam has permission to dig anywhere in Mesopotamia. With such a comprehensive grant, districts will be opened that have not hitherto been searched, and we shall hear of fresh discoveries at Nineveh, of explorations in the long-hidden, ancient city of Assur, and of endeavors to find the famous royal "Record Office," or "Babylonian Bank," as some Assyriologists call it, in which were stored a large collection of mercantile tablets, representing the monetary transactions of a firm trading in the name of Egibi & Sons. It is curious to have bills for corn and fruits, and woven goods, and invoices and vouchers from the days of Nabupalasser and Artaxerxes in the form of baked clay, but they are to be seen at the British Museum. The Arabs and Jews from whom they were obtained have kept the secret so well that the place in which they were discovered is not yet known to Europeans.

Kutha, now a group of great mounds, was the sacred university city of Babylonia, and had an extensive library, which is frequently referred to in mythological tablets discovered in other parts of the kingdom. It was from that storehouse of learning that the tablets giving an account of the creation were originally taken; and it is hoped that discoveries of other documents not less interesting will there be made.

In the mound of Nebbi-Yunus, search will be made for the palace of Sennacherib, in the expectation that some records of the latter years of that monarch may be found, "and possibly some accounts, however meagre, of the second campaign against Hezekiah."

But besides all this, Mr. Rassam will make explorations in the country of that ancient people, often mentioned in Scripture, the Hittites. The existence of mounds along the bank of the Euphrates has long been known, and under a certain group known as the mounds of Jerabolus, it is supposed that Carchemish, the Hittite capital, lies hidden. Inscriptions in an unknown character were found in that neighborhood a few years ago, and it is hoped that some key thereto may be met with in the course of the excavations now to be undertaken, and furnish to scholars the link wanting to connect Assyria with Western Asia. As the firman granted to Mr. Rassam extends over a number of years, it is possible that the interesting enterprise will be carried to a successful issue.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE *furore* over the burlesque opera "H. M. S. Pinafore" is steadily increasing, and some two score companies are presenting it in various parts of the country. In New York City, where it first appeared, it is still handsomely patronized in the Standard and Fifth Avenue Theatres, while the San Francisco Minstrels have made the burlesque more ridiculous under the title of "Hie-Mud-Scow Pinafore," and Tony Pastor is giving still another version.

THE National Safety Paper is every day growing in favor among bankers and the public generally, affording, as it does, absolute protection against fraudulent alterations of checks. During the last five years it has been used for nearly 200,000,000 checks, drafts and bills of exchange. It has been subjected to the severest tests, with uniformly satisfactory results. It prevents changing of dates or names, and is far better than any combinations of words or figures, or stamps, or any other device. The manufacturers, Campbell, Hall & Co., of this city, are receiving orders from England, Sweden and other countries, and the more it is known the greater will be the demand for it among business men.

THE Almanac for 1879 issued by the *New York Evening Express*, a work of four hundred pages, is a remarkably complete and useful annual, one that a student, a politician, or a historian cannot do without. While devoting much space to the political history of the States, their votes and party platforms, it notes the progress of the principal countries of the globe, their commercial relations with the United States, their rulers and methods of government, and gives a comprehensive chronology of the past year.

FUN.

THE advance guard—A betrothal ring.

THE only thing which is constant—Change.

A DARK inheritance—An Ethiopian's complexion.

WHAT insect does the blacksmith manufacture? He makes the fire fly.

WHY not call a smart dog a clever man?—We call a smart man a clever dog, you know.

WE have known many a man to sit about waiting for something to turn up, until that something was his toes.

PARADOXICAL.—When can an actor speak while it is impossible for him to utter a word? When a gag is put into his mouth.

A PATENT-MEDICINE advertiser says that fat is not conducive to long life. That is true. A fat hog rarely lives through the Winter.

WHAT'S the difference between a sunbeam and a group of upturned feet? One's a solar ray and the other—well, the other's a sole-array, too.

"THE risin' ginerashun, is it, yo call 'em?" says Mrs. Moloney. "Begorra, the lazy young shpalpeens'll lay in bed till they wear through, so they will."

RESIDENT GENTLEMAN (to Town-Crier): "What a horrid sound that bell of yours has, Walter; you ought to have one with a better tone. *Waffle* (sarcastically): "Sir! It's *informative*! I give the people, *mae sucunk!*"

"NOW, JOHNNY," said a kind father, the other day, to his small son, "be a good boy for the next five months, and I will have that bad tooth of yours pulled out for a Christmas present." Johnny has since run away and joined the pirates.

DISCONTENTED PAUPER (on the Christmas dinner): "Well, this is the wust Chris'mas dinner as ever we 'ad since I've been in the 'ouse! I thinks as when we 'as a dinner-party the master ought to ax us whether we likes it. Well done and whether we takes fat, and not cut the vittles and shovel it on our plates anyhow!"

A GENTLEMAN, no longer young, goes to look at apartments in Paris. The *concierge* assures him earnestly that they won't suit him. Astonished, he asks, "Why not?" "Ah, monsieur, are not you more than sixty years old?" "But, yes." "Well, sir, the proprietor will never consent to let them to you. He hates funerals."

AT a recent swell dinner-party in town, an elderly cousin from beyond the Border was among the guests. On entering, his name was called out by Jeames No. 1, and then by Nos. 2 and 3, which seemed to exasperate the old gentleman, as he exclaimed, "Eh, mon, don't be in such a hurry! I am coming as fast as I can!"

AN aged deacon at Mamakating, N. Y., becoming wearied of the nocturnal visits of his neighbor's dog to his sheepfold, caught the animal, tied him to a tree and shot him. The owner of the dog asked the deacon why he had killed the animal, and the good man replied that he had mistaken it for a wild-cat, which indeed the dog resembled as closely as it did a rhinoceros. Then the owner said: "Why did you tie the supposititious wild-cat to a tree before shooting it?" and the deacon answered, meekly, "Because I was afraid of it."

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FASHIONABLE FOOLISHNESS.

THERE is no modern fashionable notion quite so absurd as the generally received idea that to be beautiful and attractive a woman must possess a wan, *spirituelle* face and a figure of sylph-like proportions—a fragility in nine cases out of ten the result of disease. By many fashionable belles it is considered a special compliment to be spoken of as frail and delicate. They forget that the naturally delicate face and *petite* figure are very different from the pale and disease-stricken faces that meet us in the city thoroughfares, look out from the luxuriant carriages of wealth, and glide languidly through our crowded drawing-rooms. If disease were unfashionable, as it ought to be, not a lady in the land but would take every possible precaution to secure the fresh, blooming face and well-rounded figure that only health can give. Ladies should remember that much as gentlemen may profess to admire the face and form paled and emaciated by disease, when they choose a wife they prefer a blooming, healthful, buoyant-spirited woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the acknowledged standard remedy for female diseases and weaknesses. It has the two-fold advantage of curing the local disease and imparting a vigorous tone to the whole system. It is sold by druggists.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID WHITE PAINT has been adopted for interior and exterior wood, iron, and stone work on the U. S. Capitol at Washington.

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

AMONG the old and favorite hotels none is worthy to be named with the ST. NICHOLAS, grateful and suggestive all over the land for splendid cheer and cordial, old-fashioned hospitality. The *cuisine* has always been celebrated, and retains all its pristine excellence, and the furnishing is the perfection of elegant good taste. The stranger cannot better serve his pocket and his ease than by making this his New York home.

THE IMPROVED HOLLY SAW, as offered to our readers by the TUCKER M'F'G CO., of Boston, is a rare and wonderful bargain. Made entirely of steel and iron, it rivals any $25 saw in beauty, construction and capability, doing light and heavy work with wonderful rapidity. Any boy can make excellent wages who owns one of these saws, amusing himself and learning a good trade at the same time. The holly is the only saw recommended by physicians for ladies' use, and for practical mechanics as well as boys and girls it is worth its weight in gold.

THE NORRIS SILVER MINING CO. of Kansas City, Mo. (whose advertisement appears in another column), is a *bona fide* enterprise managed by business men of that city. Only 250 unassessable shares of the par value of $100 each are now offered for sale at $5 per share, the proceeds of which will be expended in their mine. As the risk is small and the anticipated profits large, everybody can afford to buy a few shares.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to SIMSON & Co., Box 2,256, New York.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EUGENE FERRIS & Son, No. 81 Nassau Street, West Side.

Those desiring to procure a fine assortment of beautiful flowers will do well to address R. P. Critchell, before purchasing elsewhere. See advertisement in another column.

Itching Sores, Salt Rheum, Scurfy Eruptions of the Scalp, Kyelids, Arms, Hands, Body and Limbs, relieved at once and permanently cured by NORTON'S OINTMENT. Its first touch allays the agonizing and itching sensation. 50 cents, at the Drug-stores. Office, 499 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

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FOR LIVERPOOL,
From Pier 38 (New), N. R., New York.
EVERY TUESDAY.

	Tons.		Tons.
Wyoming	3,716	Idaho	3,132
Nevada	3,125	Montana	4,320
Wisconsin	3,720	Arizona	5,300

☞ These Steamers are built of Iron, in water-tight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having Bath-room, Smoking-room, Drawing-room, Piano and Library; also, experienced Surgeon, Stewardess and Caterer, on each steamer.

The State-rooms are all on Deck, thus insuring those greatest of all luxuries at sea, perfect ventilation and light.

CABIN PASSAGE, according to State-rooms, $60 to $80.
INTERMEDIATE.... $40. | STEERAGE.... $26.
OFFICES, No. 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel Complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever, Ague, etc. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure; it is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, etc. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

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MILK-MAID BRAND.

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The identical place where Gessler fell;
Great heroes are made from just such stuff,
When taken in time and oft enough.

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This Brand is sold by over 4,000 grocers in London alone, and is becoming favorably known in America.

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"Milk-Maid Brand."

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Royal Havana Lottery.
Cable Despatch—HAVANA, Jan. 25.
To J. DUFF & Co., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York:—Ticket No. 2,118 (Class 1,031), held by your firm, has drawn the second capital prize of 50,000 pesos.

The above ticket sold in New York by
J. DUFF & CO., Bankers,
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Royal Havana Lottery.
Next drawing February 28th. Only 27,000 tickets; $810,000 cash. Whole, $40; quarters, $10; eighths, $5; twentieths, $2; fortieths, $1.

Kentucky State, February 28—Whole tickets, $1.
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Royal Saxon German Lottery, drawing March 3 and 4. Prizes cashed. Full information of above sent free.

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YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
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Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller Premium. Every bond must draw a Prize, as there are no Blanks. The three highest Prizes amount to

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50,000 FLORINS,
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And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 130 FLORINS.

The next drawing takes place on the

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And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of April, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

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5 Prizes of	1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of	500	10,000
100 Prizes of	100	10,000
200 Prizes of	50	10,000
500 Prizes of	20	10,000
1,000 Prizes of	10	10,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES:		
9 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$2,700
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2,882 Prizes, amounting to		$150,400

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Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or send orders to

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10	Tube Roses, flowering bulbs	1.00
10	Gladiolus flowering bulbs, or	1.00
6	of each of the above two for	1.00
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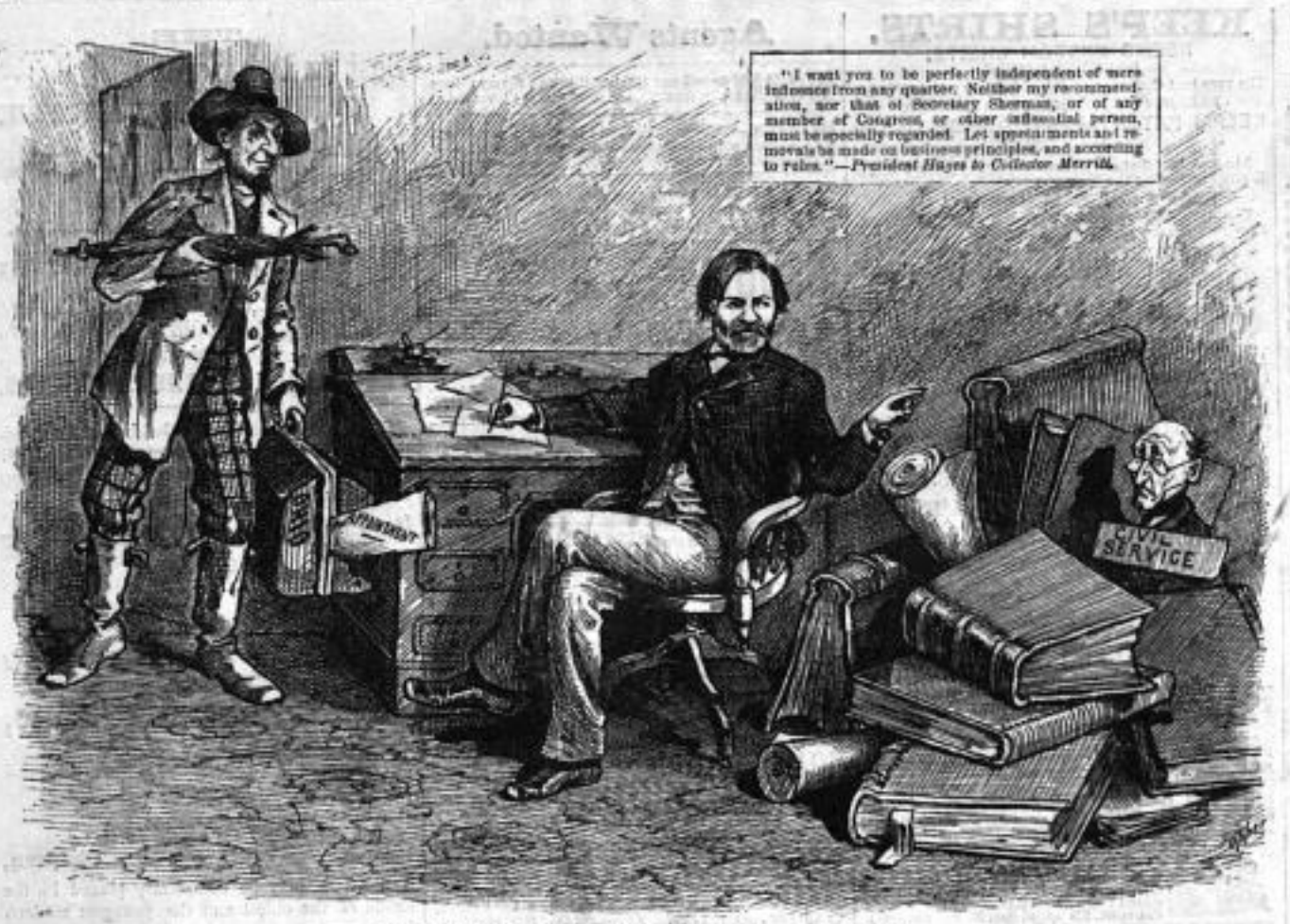
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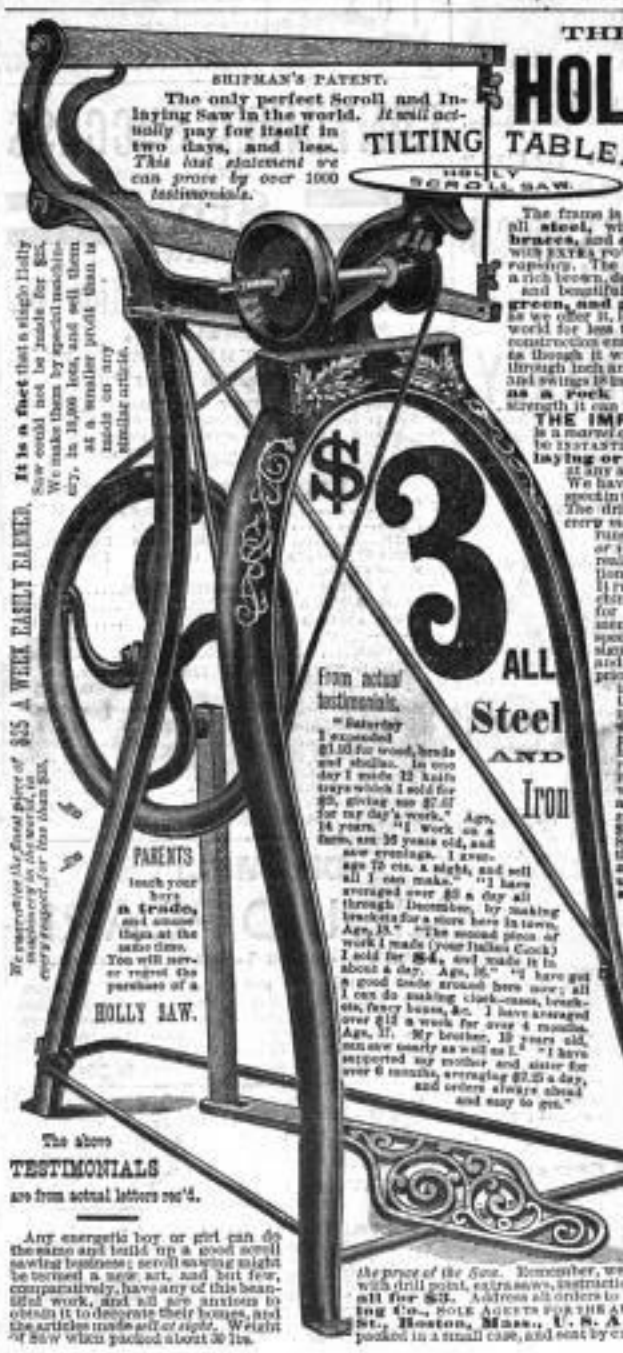
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NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,224—Vol. XLVIII.] NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1879. [PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1.00.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

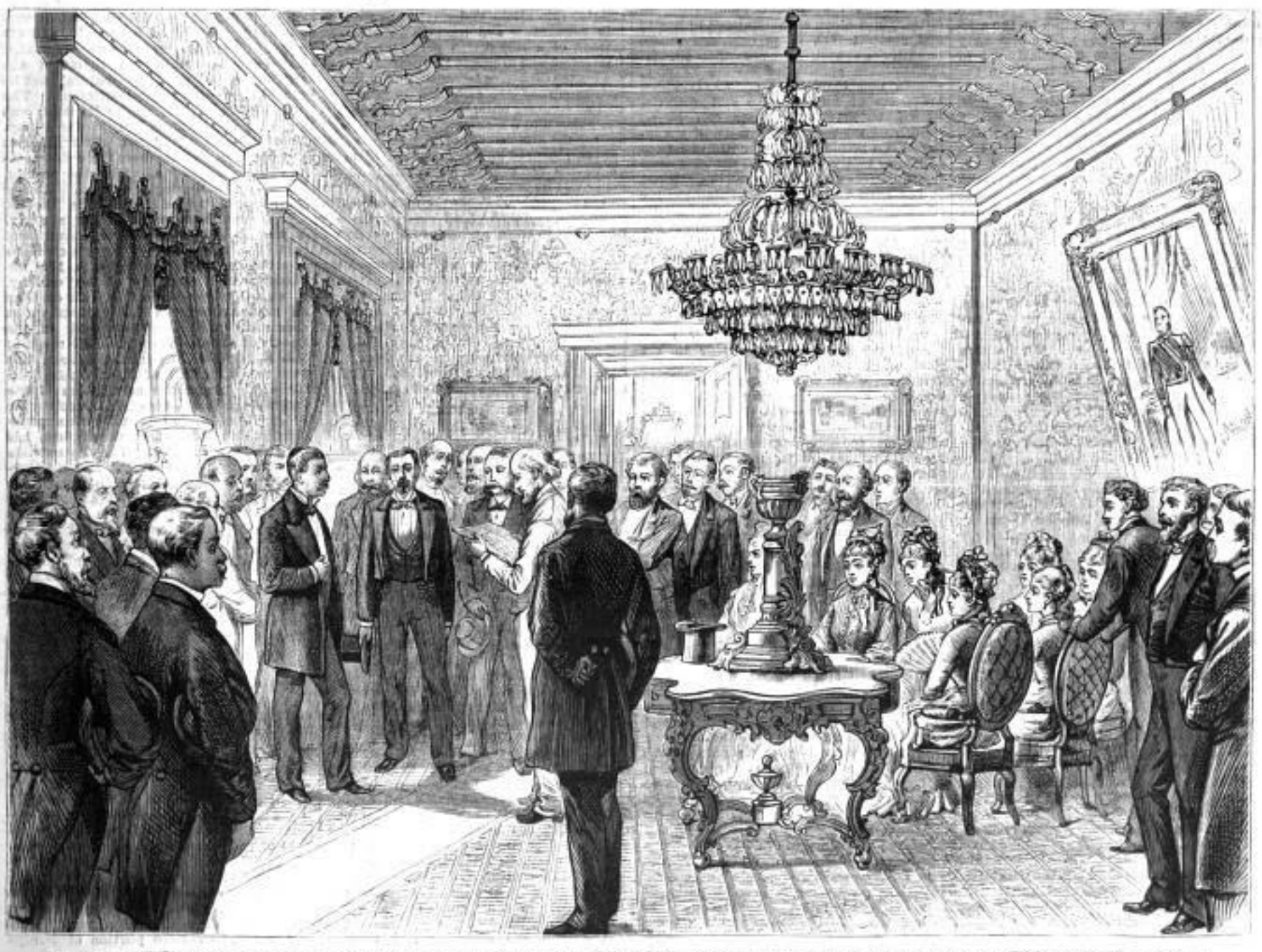
VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION TO MEXICO.

BEFORE the curtain rings up upon the Mexico of Porfirio Diaz, I mean to take one little peep at the Mexitli of Montezuma. Mexico's historical interest belongs to the Montezumas. The Aztecs, or ancient Mexicans, after their migration from the north, wandered for a considerable time in the Mexican Valley, till in 1325 they halted in the southwest borders of the Lake of Tezcuco, and there beheld an eagle perched upon the stem of a nopal, engaged in devouring a serpent. The omen was pronounced auspicious, and here they forthwith founded the place called Tenochtitlan or "the nopal on a stone." Its name of Mexico was subsequently derived from that of their god Mexitli. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century a city of stone and lime had superseded reeds and rushes, and when on the evening of November 7th, 1519, its long lines of glittering edifices first met the eyes of Cortez and his followers, "it looked," says Prescott, "like a thing of fairy creation rather than the work of mortal hands." On their entry into Mexico, next day, the Spaniards found fresh cause for admiration in the grandeur of the city and the superior style of its architecture. The city was nine miles in circumference, the number of its houses was 60,000, and of its inhabitants probably 500,000. The large streets were intersected by canals crossed by bridges. The Palace of Montezuma, near the centre of the city, was a pile of low, irregular stone buildings of vast extent. Another palace, assigned to Cortez on his entrance into the city, was so large as to accommodate his whole army. But the most remarkable edifice of the city was the great *teocalli*, or temple, erected in 1486. It was encompassed by a stone wall about eight feet high, and pierced on its four sides by gateways opening upon the principal streets. Over each gate was an arsenal, and barracks near the temple were garrisoned by 10,000 soldiers. The temple itself was a solid pyramidal structure of earth and pebbles, coated externally with hewn stones. It was square, its sides facing the cardinal points, and was divided into five stories, each of which receded so as to be smaller than that below it. The ascent was by a flight of 114 steps on the outside, so contrived that to reach the top it was necessary to pass four times round the whole edifice; and the base of the temple is supposed to have been 300 feet square. The summit, whereon the sacrificial fires were kept perpetually burning, was a large area paved with broad, flat stones. The police of the city was efficient and vigilant, and a thousand men were daily employed in watering and sweeping the streets. As the waters of the lake that surrounded the city were extremely brackish, pure water for the supply of the people was brought by an aqueduct from the neighboring hill of Chapultepec, where Montezuma had a Summer palace, surrounded by vast and magnificent gardens.

(Continued on page 22.)



THE SCHOOL OF MINES, IN WHICH THE AMERICAN EXHIBITS WERE DISPLAYED.



VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—RECEPTION OF THE AMERICAN DEPUTATION BY THE PRESIDENT IN THE NATIONAL PALACE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

A Bird's-eye View of the CITY OF MEXICO is issued as a SUPPLEMENT to this Number.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1879.

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A BAD RECORD.

IT is very apparent that the record made for itself by the Forty-fifth Congress is not destined to be a happy one in the memory of the nation. Indeed, it is safe to say that never before in the history of the country has the legislative department of the Government fallen so far below the measure of its duty and the height of its opportunities. At the very threshold of its career, when assembled by the Executive in extraordinary session, it was confronted by two great questions which called for the most dispassionate consideration to the end that the wisest practical conclusions might be reached in matters deeply concerning the stability of our institutions and the prosperity of the people. We refer, of course, to "the electoral problem," from the throes of which the nation had barely escaped in the Winter of 1876–7 without bloodshed, and the "money question" which imperatively called for a wise decision in the interest of national honesty and the public welfare.

Not only has the Forty-fifth Congress remitted the former of these vital concerns to the "limbo of the unfinished," but by a large majority of both Houses it has done its utmost to defeat the resumption of specie payments, by passing, over the Executive veto, "a Silver Bill," which stands to-day as a stone of stumbling and rock of offense in the future path of our financial progress. And in many other respects it has done the things which it ought not to have done, and left undone the things which it ought to have done. The "Potter Investigating Committee" had the sole justifiable reason for its creation in the allegation that its inquiries were a necessary condition precedent to the enactment of laws for the prevention of frauds in the counting of electoral ballots. In its practical operation the Committee has been little more than a "mud machine," with a reversible double-action attachment, which has been as damaging to its manipulators as to the persons against whom its primary force was directed. No laws have been passed to prevent the frauds alleged to have been committed by Returning Boards, and no laws have been passed to make the dicker for venal electoral ballots any less practicable than at the last Presidential election. And the "Teller Investigating Committee," raised by the Republicans of the Senate as a counter-check to the "mud machine" of the Democratic House, has not crowned its labors by even the suggestion of any new remedial statutes within the competency of the National Legislature. The time that might have been given to such a practical discussion was wasted in a fruitless debate on political and constitutional metaphysics, initiated at the instance of a party caucus, first of the Republicans, and then of the Democrats.

A pension law which adds untold millions to the public burdens has been enacted in the nominal interest of the soldiers "who helped to put down the Rebellion," but in the real interest of a partisan propagandism which does not scruple to set up the national credit and the general welfare at a public auction, in which Democratic and Republican bidders have competed with each other for the "sweet votes" of the soldier class. And, as if to "cap the climax" of this public defection from the rule of right, we have seen the Chinese Immigration Act pushed through the forms of legislation in a way equally discreditable to its supporters and offensive to the primary principles of national honor. For it is a matter of public notoriety that this disgraceful measure found its chief support in a vulgar competition for the vote of California, holding, as that State does, a pivotal position, perhaps, in the organization of the next House of Representatives, and wielding, as it may, a determinate balance in the next Presidential election. That the country should have been saved from the consummation of this wrong by the interposition of the Executive veto, is a matter of great congratulation to the friends of national honor and of international integrity, but the stigma placed upon both by the vote of both Houses of the last Congress rests none the less upon the annals of the National Legislature—a blotch of shame upon the Federal escutcheon.

That in all these its sins of commission and of omission the late Congress has not been a fair representative of the average mind and conscience of the American people we are as frank to admit as we are glad to believe. But we cannot find in this fact a healing salve for the wounded pride of the nation, remembering as we do the pithy aphorism that "every nation has the Government it deserves," an aphorism which is especially true of elective republics. The late Congress was, under our existing political methods, the choice of the people, and, as such, the people must accept their full share of the responsibility which attaches to it as the organized expression of the national will in the legislative branch of the Government. The national Congress is a mirror in which the whole people may see, not, as we have already said, a reflection of the national virtue and the national intelligence, but the very age and body of our current politics. If there is not virtue enough in the people, or intelligence enough in the people to bring their current politics into correspondence with the rules of morality and of right which are cordially recognized and practiced in other departments of our daily life, it argues some strange infirmity in the political methods and agencies under which the better thought and higher purpose of the people are doomed to be smothered and thwarted in a body that passes for "the assembled wisdom" of the land.

The people hoped that they had wrought a permanent purification in American politics when the "Nominating Convention" was substituted for the "Congressional Caucus" in the selection of Presidential candidates. But the Congress of the United States has once more become as obviously the vestibule to the political hustings as it ever was in the worst days of the old Federal and Republican Parties, when the Federal members of Congress did but organize at Washington the politics of the Essex Junto, and when the Republican members of Congress did but register at Washington the edicts of the Richmond Regency.

OUR TENEMENT-HOUSE SYSTEM.

THE agitation of the subject of the needs of our tenement-house population, recently initiated by prominent clergymen and laymen, was not started a moment too soon. There is no problem of social science which exceeds in urgency or importance that of the housing, under proper sanitary conditions, of the poor of our more populous cities. Not alone considerations of health and comfort, but of private and public morality as well, demand that the indiscriminate herding of masses of men, women and children in tenements which are nests of filth, disease and malaria, should be arrested. There can be no growth of the soul, no elevation of the intellect, no inspiration of the life with pure and lofty motives, where all the surrounding influences are debasing and brutalizing. It has been well said that "Satan has the church at a disadvantage when Sabbath influences are offset by six days of life in the squalor and confusion and poisonous air and demoralizing associations of the tenement-house."

Careful inquiry shows that fully 500,000 people, nearly one-half the population of New York, live in tenement-houses. These houses, of which there are now some 21,000, are generally from four to six stories high, frequently with a store on the first floor, which when used for the sale of liquor has a side-opening for the benefit of the inmates and to evade the Sunday law; four families occupy each floor, and a set of rooms consists of one or two dark closets used as bedrooms, with a living room 12 feet by 10. The staircase is too often a dark well in the centre of the house; and no direct through ventilation is possible, each family being separated by partitions. Frequently the rear of the lot is occupied by another building of three stories high, with two families on a floor. It therefore happens that on one lot 25 feet by 100, there may be from twenty to thirty families, with forty or fifty children, using one yard and the same hallways. Dr. Harris found ninety-six children in one such house. In another house visited by an inspector, thirty-two rooms were found to receive light and ventilation from other rooms. In another, but four closets were provided for 182 inmates, and the air was so vile the visitor could not remain.

The evils of this packing process are obvious. London is commonly supposed to be a densely peopled city, but its most populous district does not contain above 175,000 people to the square mile, and there is but one such case. The Fourth Ward of this city has a population of 290,000 to the square mile. There are several blocks with an average of 750 people to the acre, while the most densely peopled parts of London contain less than 300 to the acre. In one block in the Eleventh Ward there are fifty-two tenement-houses, occupied by 589 families, comprising 2,356 persons, and this ward has 64,000 inhabitants to 196 acres—an average of 326 to the acre. Dr. Stephen Smith, in his report to the Legislature, says: "In all the eastern quarter of our city, from Houston Street up to Fortieth, there is an overcrowding of human beings in comparison to the space covered beyond what has thus far ever been known in any civilized country." Disease and death are the necessary result of this overcrowding. Of the whole number of deaths last year, seventy per cent., or 18,867, occurred in or in connection with tenement-houses. The death rate of the Fourth, Sixth and Seventeenth Wards is double that of the up-town wards, and ninety per cent. of the children born in the tenement-houses die before reaching youth.

But the conspicuously alarming fact in connection with this whole subject is that the vice and crime which vex and defy restraint, have their origin largely in these tenement dens. A high authority declares that at least eighty per cent. of the crimes against person and property are perpetrated by persons who have either lost association with home life or never had any. Of the whole number of arrests for drunkenness, 30,373, last year, 12,000 were made in the three crowded tenement-house wards. Of the whole number of persons arrested for crimes other than drunkenness, sixty per cent. were absolutely in the habit of crime, and were shown by the records of prisons and reformatories to be graduates of tenements. The younger criminals are traced almost exclusively to these places.

How shall the evil be cured? That it is possible to provide a remedy, does not admit of doubt. There is no difficulty at all in constructing buildings which will combine all necessary sanitary conveniences. By proper legislation, over-crowding and over-building may be prevented, and the vilest of these dwellings, now inhabited, either demolished or remodeled. Existing laws and ordinances, the neglect of which results in disease and crime, must be vigorously enforced. Then the tenement-house population should be encouraged to avail themselves of rapid transit to live in the country. For, after all, all schemes of reform which shall fail to inspire the unfortunate victims of this system with some glimmer of self-respect, and some desire, however faint, to help themselves, must prove only partial remedies. But it is also true that, in the necessary work of reform, men of all classes and all parties must co-operate. It is an encouraging sign that the Christian capitalists in our churches are coming forward as leaders in the enterprise, and manifest a disposition to put their religion into bricks and mortar as well as into catechisms and tracts. As a recent sermon of a city divine pertinently says: "Infection and drainage and ventilation are not for the exclusive consideration of health boards. They are religious questions as well as sanitary ones. When Charles Kingsley, going into a sick peasant's house and finding the atmosphere of the room pestilential, procured an auger and bored holes above the bed's head for ventilation, the auger was as much a religious instrument as the prayer-book." If the men of wealth among us, and men of all classes who are concerned in the abatement of the evils we have outlined, will address themselves with the practical common sense displayed by Kingsley to the great work to which they are summoned, it will not be long before our experience will be that of Glasgow, in Scotland, where the property-owners, by expending $7,000,000 in destroying, cleaning and repairing tenement dwellings, effected a reduction of more than twenty-five per cent. in the amount of crime.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.

EGYPTIAN affairs again command attention. A *coup d'état* has been practically effected, and Ismail Pasha has again secured possession of the reins of power of which he was temporarily deprived. Opinions may differ as to the actual part played by the Khedive in the recent *émeute*; but there can be no doubt that the leaders in the demonstration had his sympathy, and that the result has been such as he himself most desired. Nubar Pasha has been compelled to retire, and the Khedive has assumed the powers which belong to the President of the Council. Mr. Wilson continues in office as Minister of Finance, and M. de Blignières retains his post as Minister of Public Works. Meanwhile, France and England have each sent ships-of-war into Egyptian waters.

Rightly to understand the present situation of affairs it is necessary to recall the arrangements which had been made with the Khedive on the one hand, and France and England on the other, and which had for their object the relief of the Egyptian treasury. For years past the finances of that country have been seriously embarrassed; in fact, the extravagance and mismanagement of the Khedive had brought the Government to the brink of ruin. Year after year, in spite of the productiveness of the land, the situation had become more desperate. Reckless and unheeding, Ismail Pasha proceeded in his career of extravagance; and it was only when he found that he could no longer borrow in the markets of Europe that he opened his eyes and realized his true position. In 1875 a joint French and English Commission examined his affairs, and the report showed that, in spite of his vast apparent wealth, he was practically bankrupt. While he realized from his private estates, which include about one-tenth of the cultivable soil of Egypt, some two millions of dollars a year, it appeared that he owed about twenty-five millions of dollars at ten per cent. per annum; and he had besides an immense floating debt at an enormous interest. Under advice of the commissioners, Messrs. Joubert and Wilson, he sold to England his shares in the Suez Canal for four millions of dollars, and an arrangement was come to by which it was believed the Khedive would get out of his difficulty. But the execution of the scheme was left in his own hands, and it came almost to immediate grief. The money received for his canal shares was soon spent, and he was in a worse plight than before. There was need for more money; but the bankers were obstinate. The result was the appointment of a new commission. Mr. Rivers Wilson, a financial expert, was sent out from England, and, after having fully examined the public and private affairs of the Khedive, was successful in inducing him to enter into a new arrangement. A new Government was formed—Nubar Pasha being President of the Council; Mr. Rivers Wilson Minister of Finance; and M. de Blignières, a prominent French engineer, Minister of Public Works. The Khedive, who was pledged to retire from all active participation in the management of affairs, handed over to the new Government all the national property, together with the properties of the Daïras Sanieh and Khassa, as well as all properties belonging to the Khedive himself, or to members of his family. Under this arrangement, the Rothschilds of London and Paris offered for public subscription $8,500,000 of five per cent. Egyptian bonds, at from 70 to 75. The British and French Governments, at the same time, came under obligations to see that the revenues derived from the Khedive's surrendered estates should be devoted to the payment of the interest on, and to provide a sinking fund for, the loan until its extinction.

It can readily be imagined that the new state of things was far from satisfactory to the Khedive. It was a necessity which had been laid upon him from without. He had been accustomed to absolute power, and to almost unlimited means. Now he was powerless in the presence of his people; and his public and private expenses were regulated and confined within the limits of the strictest economy. It was natural that he should chafe under such restrictions. The new Government, faithful to its trust, was pursuing vigorously a policy of economy. No department was spared. Retrenchment was the rule; and wherever there was waste or extravagance of any kind the pruning knife was unsparingly applied. Among the many costly hobbies of the Khedive was the maintenance of a large army. It was decided by the new Government that the army should be reduced to a strength corresponding with the necessities and resources of the country. It was the carrying out of this decision on the part of the Government which occasioned the recent outbreak in the streets of Cairo. The immediate result of this disturbance, as we have seen, has been the retirement of Nubar Pasha from the Cabinet, and the assumption of the duties of the Presidency of the Council by the Viceroy himself. In this action the arrangement which brought about the loan has been directly violated. The Rothschilds can scarcely be well pleased, and the Governments of both France and England are placed in an awkward predicament. The fact that Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignières have been instructed to remain at their posts, and that ships of war have been sent over by both the guaranteeing Powers, justify the belief that the Khedive's assumption of the Council Presidency will not be permitted to pass unchallenged. But whatever may come of the present rupture—whether the second financial scheme shall fail or succeed—the final adjustment of the Egyptian problem can scarcely admit of doubt. England needs, and must have, Egypt as the highway to India; and it almost seems as if the ripe fruit is about to fall into her lap.

THE EXPORT CATTLE TRADE.

THE embargo placed upon the importation of American live stock into the ports of the United Kingdom, viewed in the light of existing facts, appears to be without justification. That the British Government had good ground for prohibiting the entry of cattle from infected countries like Russia, Austro-Hungary, Turkey, Greece, Roumania and Montenegro, is undoubted. The eastern portion of Europe

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has suffered greatly from the epidemic known as pleuro-pneumonia; but with the United States the case has been and is entirely different. That a few sporadic cases of pleuro-pneumonia have been found near Washington is true. That some cases have come to light in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and among the swill-fed cows of Long Island, is also a fact. But these are all isolated cases and confined wholly to the localities where they happened. The supply of cattle for export comes mainly from the great West, a section to which the epidemic is altogether unknown. The Commissioner of Agriculture asserts that while the disease has occasionally appeared along the seaboard since 1856, it has never yet prevailed west of the Alleghany Mountains.

That the British Order in Council is unjust in its operation against American trade is quite as well known to the representatives of Her Majesty's Government in this country as to our own Government and people. Touching the magnitude of this trade, few outside of the exporters and Custom House officials know anything about it. It has all grown up within the past two or three years, and now involves millions of capital. Last year, according to official figures, the live-stock shipments from this port alone embraced 30,925 beeves, 19,724 sheep, and 1,662 hogs. The shipments of carcasses consisted of 72,409 beeves, 56,034 sheep, and 9,908 hogs. At a recent dinner given by the Glasgow butchers engaged in the American meat trade, it was stated that the entire quantity of meat imported into Great Britain in 1876 was 16,165,632 pounds, the money value of which was about $1,946,975. Last year the quantity increased to 53,661,216 pounds, valued at $6,323,820. It was further stated that the total value of live stock imported into the United Kingdom during 1868 was £7,454,482—about $37,272,410—of which sum America contributed in the neighborhood of $20,000,000. These facts and figures plainly indicate the advancing value of our meat and live-stock trade with Great Britain.

That there has been a growing jealousy of our exporters both in England and Canada cannot be doubted, and that cabals have been set on foot to check trade from the United States becomes only too apparent. It is an open secret that influential Englishmen interested in cattle-raising at home, such as the Duke of Richmond, have labored zealously to hinder the importation of American beef, and that English farmers generally are growing seriously anxious as to the future of the home cattle trade. As to the Canadians, when it is considered that the shippers of this country had completed contracts for an unusual heavy trade during the present year, and that our neighbors across the line are now stall-feeding 250,000 head of cattle and 500,000 sheep for export, it is easily to be seen where the *animus* of the Dominion comes in.

It is barely possible that the British Government might have withstood the "hue and cry" against American cattle but for the unfortunate shipment to Liverpool by the *Ontario*. When that vessel reached her port of destination it was discovered that several marked cases of pleuro-pneumonia existed among the cattle on board. Yet, strange to say, these cattle were shipped in an apparently healthful state—no evidences of infection being discoverable when they left our shores. Careful inquiry shows that no disease existed, or does exist, in the districts whence the cattle came, and that they were all right at the time of forwarding and embarkation. Subsequent shipments of healthy cattle from the same districts have given sure indication to the British authorities that pleuro-pneumonia does not prevail in the grazing portions of the United States. The British Government possessed a knowledge of these facts, and yet deemed it necessary to place this country in the same category with countries suffering largely from the epidemic. Canadian cattle are quite as likely to be affected as our own. In fact, a part of the *Ontario's* shipment belonged to the Dominion, and yet, curiously enough, Canada is not to be embargoed by the British Order in Council.

The indications now are that, thanks to active repressive measures, the few sporadic cases of pleuro-pneumonia will soon be stamped out. In this State, the vigorous policy of Governor Robinson is already achieving beneficent results. If the Privy Council is willing to be convinced that American cattle can safely enter British ports, then there need be but a temporary interference with our exportation of live stock.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE French Government has won a decisive victory on the amnesty question, the Bill presented by it having been adopted by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 163 to 86. This Bill grants complete amnesty to all persons who have been sentenced to transportation, or who have fled the country and been condemned in their absence, for offenses connected with the insurrection of 1871, and who have been, or within three months shall be, pardoned by the President. The total number of offenders excepted from pardon will be about 13,000. The Government, now that this question is out of the way, is said to be anxious to close the era of purely political discussions as soon as possible, to the end that the Chambers may take up practical business questions. M. Waddington has intimated to a deputation of Protectionists that the exclusion of English manufacturers from the American market, and the consequent concentration of their competition upon France, will make it necessary for the latter to protect herself by duties, especially on cotton, linen, velvet, and shipping industries.

A supplementary credit of $7,500,000 on account of the expenses of the Zulu War has been voted by the British House of Commons, but not without the declaration on the part of some of the Radicals and Home Rulers that they regarded the war as unjust and iniquitous. Sixteen steamers in all have been chartered to carry troops and war material to the scene of hostilities. It will be nearly five weeks before the reinforcements can be placed in the field. Meanwhile, many of the leading English journals continue to criticise the war as having been commenced without any reasonable cause. Thus the *Examiner* says:

"We have no right to ask the Zulu King to disband his army, and allow his young men to marry, unless we are prepared to defend and make new laws for his country. If we intend conquering Zululand we can understand such summary demands; but the country is of little value to us compared with the toll of holding it, and a war for its annexation, leaving any higher moral considerations out of account, will be an extremely costly, troublesome, and sanguinary one, which a little prudence, perseverance and statesmanship might have averted."

A movement looking to the extension of self-government to Alsace and Lorraine, and their definitive recognition as a Federal State, is gaining strength in the German Reichstag, having apparently the sanction of Bismarck himself. Such a concession would mark a new era in the relations of the Alsatians and the Prussian Government, and would certainly strengthen the hold of the latter upon these unfortunate provinces. Bismarck is represented also to show, in another matter, a more conciliatory temper. He has caused it to be understood that he might consent to the withdrawal of the Parliamentary Disciplinary Bill if the Reichstag will consent to the increase of the powers of the Speaker over the members of that body.

It is stated that the plague in Astrakhan has disappeared, but the alarm among the people of Russia has not subsided, it being generally believed that the pestilence is still making actual progress. The *Golos* recently published a letter from the infected districts from which it appeared that numbers of unburied corpses were lying strewn about the country, and that two thousand persons had perished in Zaritzyn. The sale of this paper in the streets has been prohibited in consequence of this publication. The burning of infected houses in the plague districts has been commenced by the Government Commission.

Contradictory rumors continue to prevail as to the whereabouts and condition of the Ameer of Afghanistan; it is much more likely that, after Oriental fashion, he is playing 'possum than that he is dead. The Shah of Persia doubtless wishes now, in the almost bankrupt state of his finances, that he had not capriciously broken his contract to farm out the revenues of his kingdom to Baron Reuter, who would have effected as wonderful a change in them as the Austrian Riedener has made in the Persian postal arrangements that had remained unimproved from the days of Xerxes until A. D. 1874. China manifestly means to be independent of Russian, English, and perhaps of American manufactures, for a number of cotton factories have been established in the Flowery Kingdom, and German operatives have been engaged to run them. The extraordinary friendship manifested at this moment by Russia towards Turkey may well excite redoubled vigilance at Vienna and at London.

The Czar of Russia has almost more than he can well do to energize his hereditary functions as an absolute monarch—what with the dread spectre of Nihilism, the threatened invasion of his empire by the Asiatic plague, the burden of national debt accumulated during the late Turco-Russian war, and the recent troubles, exaggerated as are certain accounts of the latter, among the disorderly students of his universities and high schools. Several remarkable criminal trials have lately aggravated the Czar's anxieties by revealing symptoms of extraordinary demoralization in the higher circles of Russian society. Among the more recent of these trials must be specified that of a widow lady, named Goulak-Artemovsky, accused and convicted of forgery, and now sentenced to banishment in Siberia; that of Gregory Besobrasoff, a member of the aristocracy and son to a highly honored senator, for the murder of Dr. Kovaltchoff, one of the best physicians of Kharkow; and that of Marguerite Jujean, a French governess, charged with having poisoned to death a youth of seventeen, Nicholas Posnansky, son of a colonel of *gendarmes*, in whose family she had been domiciled for years. In the latter case the jury did not find sufficient proof of the alleged motive of jealousy to warrant a verdict of guilty, but many sad and revolting features were brought to light. To a very different but a serious class of offenses belongs the imprudence of the Grand Duke Nicolas, son of the Grand Duke Constantine, in writing and publishing a pamphlet on a projected strategic railway in Asia. For this offense the high-born author has been exiled to Orenburg. The Grand Duke Wiatcheslav, youngest child of the Grand Duke Constantine and a nephew of the Czar, has just died, aged seventeen.

The last fortnight of the carnival at Paris was enlivened by one of the most brilliant diplomatic receptions of the season. It was given by Prince and Princess Hohenlohe at the German Embassy, and the company included President Grévy, M. Gambetta, the Duke d'Aumale (the representative of the Orleanist princes), General Fleury, and other eminent Bonapartists, ministers, foreign ambassadors, and senators and deputies of all shades of politics. The Duke of Cumberland and his bride, the Princess Thyra, will pass the rest of the season in Paris.

The rumor is revived that the Queen of England and Empress of India will travel on the Continent this Spring, going first to Italy and subsequently visiting Coburg and Darmstadt.

THE popular demand for the four per cents exceeds the printing capacity of the Treasury Department, which is now in arrears about $100,000,000 in the delivery of the bonds. The Engraving and Printing Bureau is working night and day, but will not be up with the demand for some time. The delay is in a large measure attributable to the printing of such large quantities of bonds of small denomination, for which there is a demand wholly unanticipated by the departments.

THE Secretary of the Interior has ordered the summary suspension of a number of pension claim agents who are charged with having organized a movement for "grabbing" a large slice of the arrears due pensioners under the Bill recently passed. There is little room for doubt that that measure was passed mainly through the efforts of claim agents, and if Secretary Schurz can baffle their plundering schemes he will establish fresh claims upon the public gratitude.

THE statement that 1,000 tons of coal are used monthly in heating the new Capitol at Albany appears to be a gross exaggeration. An Albany correspondent writes us on the subject as follows: "Five hundred tons of coal were contracted for by the commissioners in November last, at $4 per ton. This was at a time when the building was open on all sides, and great dampness existed in consequence. Four steam boilers were put in use (for heating purposes) and have been running day and night ever since, and this amount of coal has lasted for three months, under all the disadvantages of new machinery, etc."

THE Greenback Congressmen have issued an address "to the people of the United States" urging a general organization for the purpose of resisting "the gigantic money power" which "has plunged the masses of the people into a condition of poverty, want and misery." The address is characterized by the exaggeration of statement and violence of temper which marked the appeals of the ultra-inflationists in the last political canvas, and on that very account will fail to provoke any other feeling than derision among sober-minded men. It is understood that the Greenback members-elect of the next House will act independently of the old parties, and should they do so, they may be able to compel some concessions, in the way of office, in the organization of that body.

THE Bill to provide for taking the next Federal census, as passed by the House of Representatives, authorizes the President to appoint the necessary supervisors, and requires the enumerators to obtain complete and elaborate statistics of the business, debts, property, etc., of railroad, express, telegraph, and fire, life and marine insurance companies. Railroad companies must, in reporting their capital stock, also report to what extent the same has been watered, and how often corners have been made on such watered stock. It is also provided that the schedules shall contain inquiries relating to the public indebtedness of cities, counties and towns, and the ownership of the public debt of the United States, by whom owned, and the respective amounts. The principal credit for the passage of this Bill is due to Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE will of the late Mrs. Emma Strecker, of this city, bequeathes $250,000 for charitable objects.

O'KELLY, the last of the Fenians who were prisoners in England, arrived at this port February 27th.

THE Ohio State Republican Convention for the nomination of a Governor will be held at Cincinnati May 28th.

THE Minnesota Legislature has passed a Bill reducing the legal rate of interest from twelve per cent. to ten per cent.

THE liabilities of Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati are now stated at $6,000,000—money deposited with him for investment.

THE business portion of Reno, Nevada, was destroyed by fire on March 2d, entailing a loss of $1,000,000 on property and of five lives.

THE rumored deficiency in the Missouri State Treasury has been found to amount to $343,000, and the Treasurer will be impeached.

THE Michigan Greenback and Democratic Conventions have united on a State ticket, and the Democrats adopted the Greenback platform.

COLLECTOR MERRITT, Surveyor Graham and Naval Officer Burt have agreed upon a code of civil service rules for the New York Custom House.

THE United States Grand Jury at Danville, Va., have indicted five County Judges for failing to allow negro jurors to serve. Great indignation prevails.

THE Connecticut Legislature has passed the Constitutional Amendment for biennial sessions of the Legislature. It now goes to the people for final action.

THE majority of the Potter Committee have agreed upon a report which claims that both Florida and Louisiana were carried for Mr. Tilden. The minority dissent entirely from this conclusion.

ONE hundred and sixty-five students were graduated from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in this city on the 27th ultimo, and ninety-five from the Medical Department of Columbia College on the 28th.

CHIEF MOSES expresses great disappointment at the refusal of the Interior Department to give him the reservation he applied for, and says he cannot vouch for the manner in which his tribe will receive the bad news.

IT is believed that the officers of Harvard College have decided to allow young women to pass through the different stages of instruction under the professors, but with a distinct organization to be controlled by a board of Cambridge ladies.

MINISTER SEWARD was arraigned before the House on February 28th, to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt. He refused to produce the books asked for, and the case was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

THE President sent to the House of Representatives on Saturday, March 1st, a veto of the Bill to restrict Chinese immigration. The vote in the House on overruling the veto was 110 to 95, not two-thirds in favor of the Bill. So the Bill fails.

A MEETING of merchants and others, held at Cooper Institute, February 27th, for the purpose of discussing the means of increasing the trade between the United States and Mexico and South America, appointed a committee of nine to arrange a plan of action with that end in view.

DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL ROE on February 27th arrested, at Pekin and Peoria, Ill., some fifty persons under indictment at Springfield for complicity in whisky frauds. Some of them are among the most prominent and wealthiest citizens. The arrested men represent every branch of business, and startling developments are promised. No occurrence has produced so much excitement in that section for years.

THE Teller Committee presented a report to the Senate February 27th, reviewing the testimony of the ninety-one witnesses in Louisiana and the 107 in South Carolina. It states that the frauds in South Carolina by the use of tissue ballots extended to every county in that State except one, and that between thirty and forty murders were committed in Louisiana. The minority of the committee dissent from the conclusion that further legislation is needed for the protection of the rights of the blacks.

Foreign.

THERE will be a deficit of $2,750,000 in the German Budget this year.

WORK has been begun on the buildings for the International Exhibition of 1880 at Madrid, Spain.

YAKOOB KHAN has announced the death of his father, Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, which occurred on February 21st, and made overtures for the renewal of friendly relations with the British Government.

THE Mexican Minister of Public Works has given orders for the erection of the building for the International Exposition to be held in Mexico next year. All the building material, it is said, will be purchased in the United States. Exhibits from this country are specially asked for.

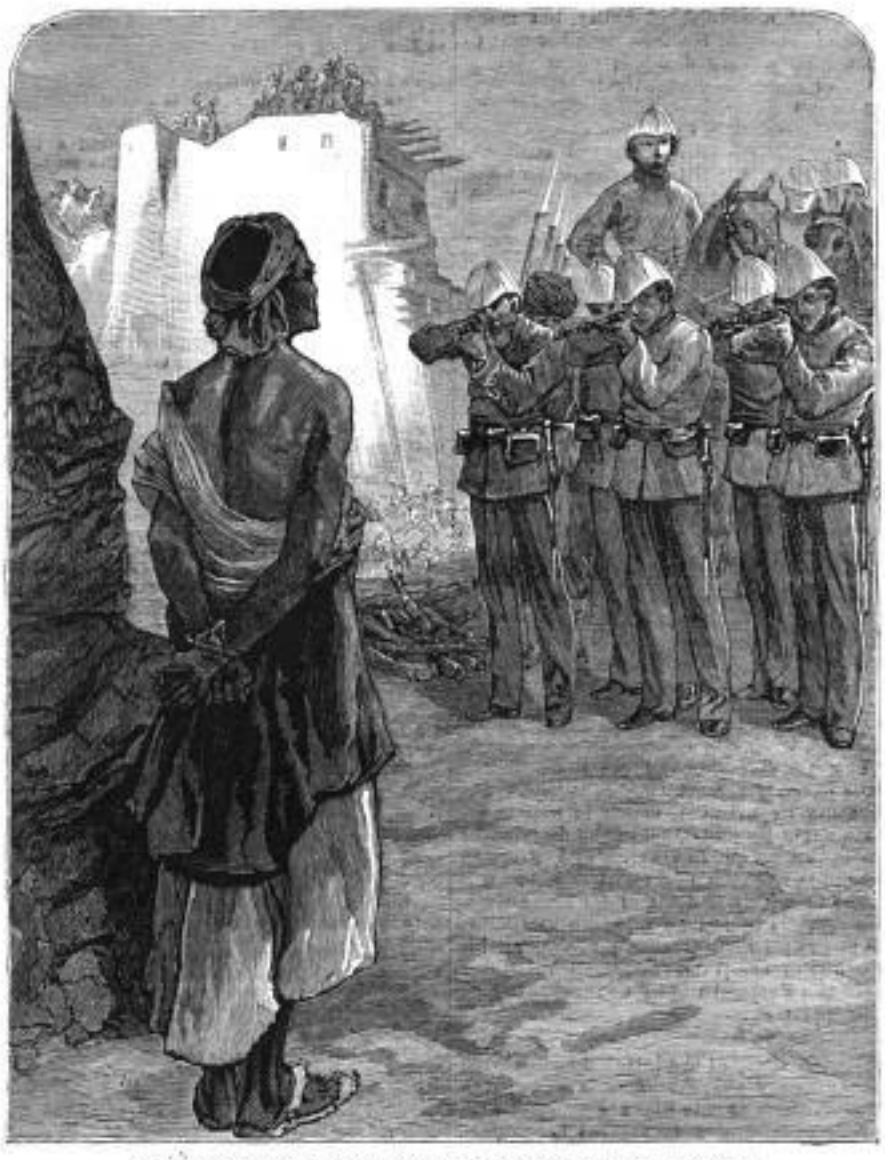
THE United States Consul in Jerusalem writes that serious apprehensions prevail there as to the future harvests. Famine is imminent. Arrangements are being made to import flour and grain direct from New York to anticipate the wants of the people. Tunis and Tripoli are suffering more from drought than Palestine.

THE Pope, on February 26th, replying to an address from the Cardinals, emphasized his desire to reconcile princes and peoples to the Church, his readiness to extend his hand to all who repent and cease their persecutions, and his unflinching intention always to combat, but be defense of the rights and independence of the Church, those who make war against her.

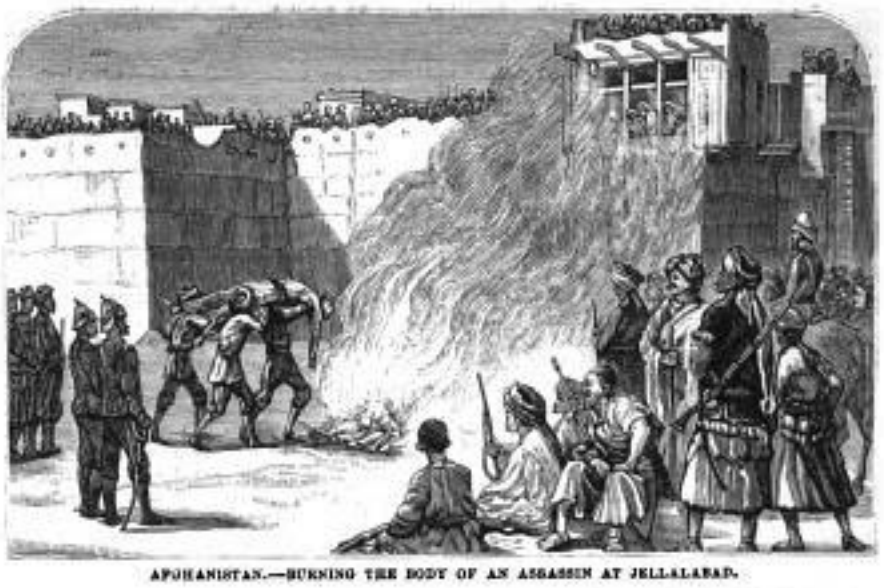
TREMENDOUS storms have occurred in Italy and the South of France, where hundreds of people are thrown on public charity by the destruction and inundation of their houses. In Spain the tempest lasted four days, with much damage and loss of life, villages and farms being destroyed. The Italian coast from Genoa to Naples was strewn with wrecks, and Parma, Milan and Florence suffered serious loss to property, the latter city being inundated by the sea, and the water at some points reaching a depth of thirty inches. At Rome all the windows of the Monastery of Monte Alle Croci were destroyed, and a portion of the base of Michael Angelo's statue of "David" was swept off. At Fuzignano, near Sienna, the campanile of a church was blown down, while the people were at Mass, killing two priests officiating at the altar and three other persons, and wounding twenty-four persons. Further reports of the snow-storm in France say that it was the heaviest for years. Great damage has been done by floods.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 27.



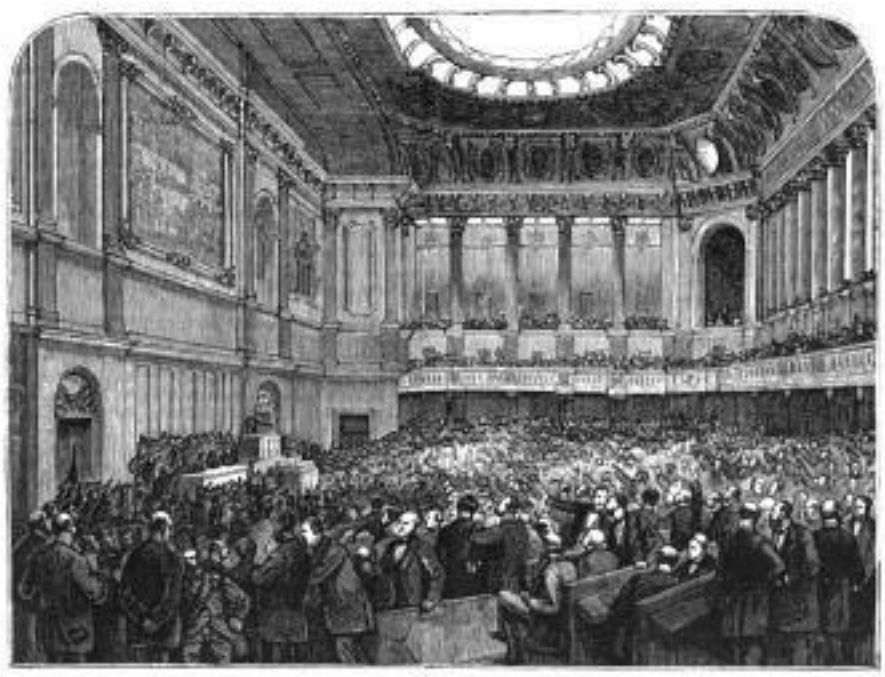
AFGHANISTAN.—EXECUTION OF A MOHAMMEDAN FANATIC AT JELLALABAD.



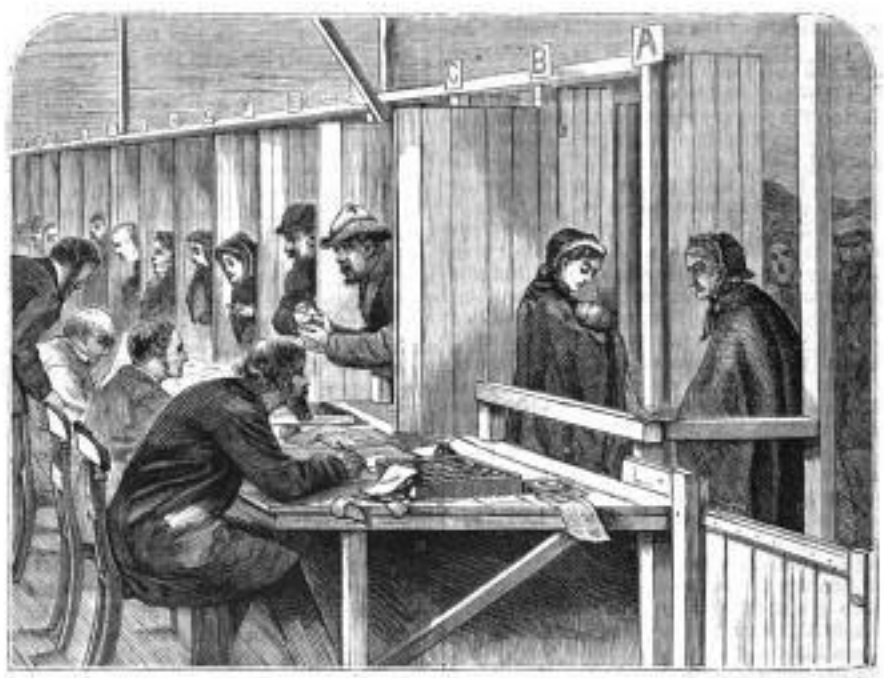
AFGHANISTAN.—BURNING THE BODY OF AN ASSASSIN AT JELLALABAD.



AFGHANISTAN.—LOADING CAMELS IN THE CAMP OF THE BOMBAY INFANTRY.



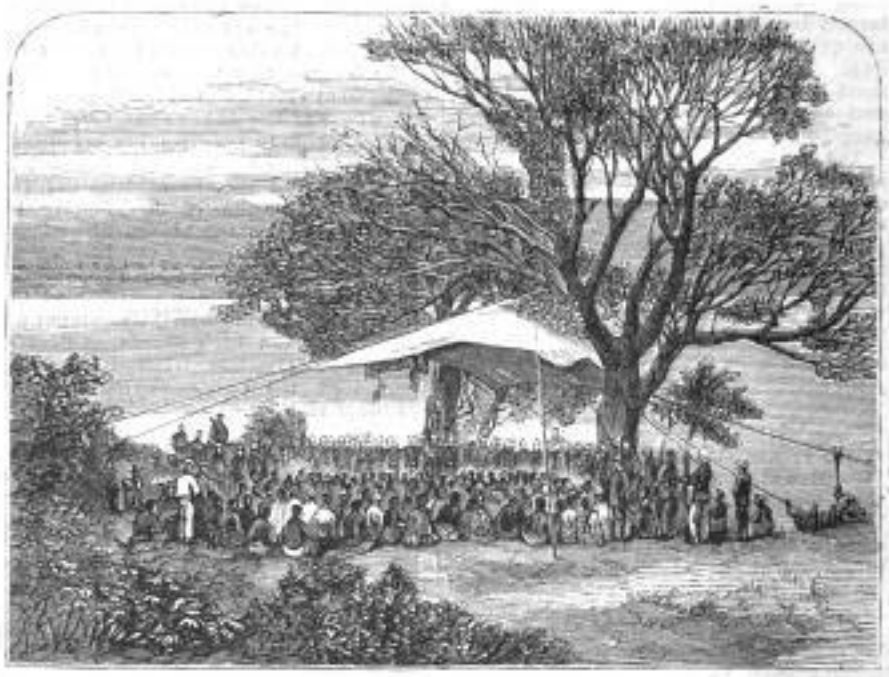
FRANCE.—THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT GRÉVY BY THE SENATE AND CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



ENGLAND.—DISTRESSED CITIZENS OF MANCHESTER APPLYING FOR RELIEF IN WINDMILL STREET.



SOUTH AFRICA.—A DANCE AT AN ENCAMPMENT OF CAFFRE LEVIES.



SOUTH AFRICA.—READING THE BRITISH ULTIMATUM AT THE TUGELA RIVER.

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NEW YORK CITY.—PROPOSED BARGE OFFICE TO BE ERECTED AT THE BATTERY.

THE NEW BARGE OFFICE AT THE BATTERY.

THE necessity for a better system of receiving and landing passengers arriving from foreign countries, of examining their baggage and facilitating their departure to their homes, and also for some improved means of collecting revenue and protecting the interests of the Government, has long been felt in New York and by New York merchants. More than twenty years ago travelers complained of the inconvenience they were put to, and the shameful extortions of hackmen, in being compelled to land almost anywhere but in the City of New York, for which point they purchased their tickets. The ships of one line landed in Jersey City, those of another line landed its passengers and freight in Hoboken, and those of another in Brooklyn, or somewhere far up the North River. It is very easy to see, not only the inconvenience, but the unreasonable charges of hackmen, this condition of things must have developed and encouraged. The Government, at the same time, was put to a very heavy expense in establishing miniature Custom Houses on the wharves of each of these lines of steamers; and yet, in the hurry and bustle, the noise and confusion incident to the arrival and landing of a steamer at her wharf, it was impossible that the revenue officers, no matter how keen and vigilant, could examine the baggage of passengers as carefully as the law required, compute correctly the amount on dutiable articles, or collect the amount with accuracy. Mr. Boutwell, while Secretary of the Treasury, reported that in consequence of this deficiency in the means of properly examining passengers' baggage, computing and collecting the revenue, the Government lost yearly from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars; this too, independent of the annoyance and extortion to which passengers were exposed for want of a proper system of landing, examination, and collecting the revenue.

It must be remembered, also, that this loose and very unsatisfactory manner of doing business was taken advantage of by a dishonest class of merchants, and the result was that smuggling was carried on to an alarming extent, sometimes with the knowledge and connivance of Government officials. The only complete remedy for this was the establishment of a central landing-place—a barge office where all passengers from abroad could be landed and their baggage properly examined. That the Battery was the proper place was very generally conceded. More than twenty years ago the Press of this city agitated the subject, and urged upon the Government the necessity of taking some action in the matter. In this way the matter dragged along from year to year, until the Hon. Nicholas Müller, Member of Congress for the Fifth District, took hold of the matter in earnest, drew up a Bill asking an appropriation of two hundred and ten thousand dollars ($210,000) for the purpose, and, with that persistency for which he is known, pressed it through Congress near the close of its last session.

That the work of erecting the building was not begun at once is entirely owing to the fact that the title to a very small piece of ground necessary to make the foundation complete had not been perfected until within a few days past. Now that the title to this piece of ground is completed, work on the building will be prosecuted promptly. The building of this barge office and the landing of this vast amount of passengers and their baggage and small freight at the Battery, it is confidently predicted, will work a great social and material revolution in that part of the city. Already a project is on foot to build a first-class hotel and restaurant at some convenient point, similar to the Adelphi and Waterloo Hotels in Liverpool.

The new building will be erected at Whitehall Slip, and the shed to be used for the landing of passengers and examination of baggage will be completed within a few months. The main or front building and sea-wall will not be finished for a year or eighteen months. The new Barge Office will be of brick, 108 feet front by 32 feet deep. It will be two stories high, with raised centre pavilion and a tower on the northwest corner about 75 feet high, which will be used as a lighthouse. In this building will be the offices, reception-rooms, closets, etc., and ample exits for the passengers. In the rear of and adjoining this building will be a large structure of iron and glass conforming to the shape of the lot, having a front of 176 feet on the adjoining slip and 168 feet on the river. The outer inclosure of this building will be of rolled beams filled in with corrugated sheet iron. The roof, supported by heavy wrought iron trusses and pillars, will be corrugated iron and glass, the centre portion being raised about eight feet above the other for purposes of light and ventilation. The foundation of the building will be of piles, with an intervening layer of concrete. Within the shed portion above described there will be every convenience for the examination of baggage and the comfort of passengers. On the river-front there will be a large entrance for passengers, and upon either side of this two smaller ones for baggage. A roadway extends around the structure, and upon either side of the building are numerous doors, through which the baggage will be passed to the wagons after its examination.



MISS LOUISE W. KING, FOUNDER OF THE GEORGIA SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MISS LOUISE W. KING.

THIS exemplary lady, whose portrait we give on this page, was the daughter of ex-United States Senator John P. King, of Georgia. Her sudden decease in December last, at the residence of her father, in Augusta, came with crushing effect upon her relatives and friends. A happy home was blighted and bereft of its brightest treasure, and the city and State of her nativity loses a philanthropist and a woman whose bright example shone through her labors and precepts.

Miss King was the founder of the Georgia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and by her personal exertions and earnest advocacy obtained the passage of a charter and laws to sustain her noble undertaking. Several branches of the Society are now in operation in different parts of Georgia.

The influence of the good deeds of this excellent lady will survive when the generation to which she belonged has passed away, and serve as a beautiful model for all who appreciate the obligations of mercy and humanity towards the suffering, of whatever race or degree.

A ROMANTIC LAWSUIT.

A CURIOUS case has just been engaging the attention of the Paris tribunals. A young man, who lived in a small town in the wilds of the Russian Steppes many years ago, gradually improved in his business until he at length emerged on the Bourse as the great M. Meyer Garfunkel, the happy possessor of a fortune of several millions of francs. He had married a Muscovite of rare beauty—Mlle. Rosalie Loury—and he ended by adopting another Mlle. Loury, whom his wife gave out to be her sister. In 1876 M. Garfunkel died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his wife and adopted daughter, but excepting therefrom the sum of 1,500,000 francs, which was bequeathed to a Mme. Rabinovitz, living at the town of Bodmiz, in Russia. Now, this Mme. Rabinovitz has a curious history, according to her own showing. She declares herself to be the only daughter of M. Garfunkel, by a widow named Taoule, whom he wedded in his poorer days, when he was known as Meyer. In support of her pretensions, Mme. Rabinovitz presents several letters written to herself by the millionaire, in which he addresses her as *ma chère unique et bien-aimée fille*, and on the strength of it she claims not merely the million and a half left her by M. Garfunkel, but also the money bequeathed to

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the two Lourys. It appears that, according to the French law as well as the Russian, no one is allowed to adopt a child while he has one still living. Hence M. Gartenkel's act was utterly illegal, supposing Mme. Rabnovitz, or Rebecca, as she was called, to have been his child. A most romantic and sensational lawsuit has, therefore, originated out of this case.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XII.

IN an interval of no more than three weeks what events may not present themselves? what changes may not take place? Behold Amelius, on the first drizzling day of November, established in respectable lodgings, at a moderate weekly rent. He stands before his small fireside, and warms his back with an Englishman's severe sense of enjoyment. The cheap looking-glass on the mantel-piece reflects the head and shoulders of a new Amelius. His habits are changed; his social position is in course of development. Already he is a strict economist. Before long, he expects to become a married man.

It is good to be economical; it is (perhaps) better still to be the accepted husband of a handsome young woman. But, for all that, a man in a state of moral improvement, with prospects which his less favored fellow-creatures may reasonably envy, is still a man subject to the mischievous mercy of circumstances, and capable of feeling it keenly. The face of the new Amelius wore an expression of anxiety, and, more remarkable yet, the temper of the new Amelius was out of order.

For the first time in his life, he found himself considering trivial questions of sixpences, and small favors of discount for cash-payments—an irritating state of things in itself. There were more serious anxieties, however, to trouble him than these. He had no reason to complain of the beloved object herself. Not twelve hours since, he had said to Regina (with a voice that faltered, and a heart that beat wildly), "Are you fond enough of me to let me marry you?" And she had answered, placidly (with a heart that would have satisfied the most exacting stethoscope in the medical profession), "Yes, if you like." There was a moment of rapture, when she submitted for the first time to be kissed, and when she consented (on being gently reminded that it was expected of her) to return the kiss—once, and no more. But there was also an attendant train of serious considerations, which followed on the heels of Amelius when the kissing was over, and when he had said good-by for the day.

He had two women for enemies, both resolutely against him in the matter of his marriage.

Regina's correspondent and bosom-friend, Cecilia, who had begun by disliking him (without knowing why), persisted in maintaining her unfavorable opinion of the new friend of the Farnabys. She was a young married woman; and she had an influence over Regina which promised, when the fit opportunity came, to make itself felt. The second, and by far the more powerful hostile influence, was the influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Nothing could exceed the half-sisterly, half-motherly goodwill with which she received Amelius on those rare occasions when they happened to meet, unembarrassed by the presence of a third person in the room. Without actually reverting to what had passed between them during their memorable interview, Mrs. Farnaby asked questions, plainly showing that the forlorn hope which she had associated with Amelius was a hope still firmly rooted in her mind. "Have you been much about London lately?" "Have you met with any girls who have taken your fancy?" "Are you getting tired of staying in the same place, and are you going to travel soon?" Inquiries such as these she was, sooner or later, sure to make when they were alone. But, if Regina happened to enter the room, or if Amelius contrived to find his way to her in some other part of the house, Mrs. Farnaby deliberately shortened the interview and silenced the lovers—still as resolute as ever to keep Amelius exposed to the adventurous freedom of a bachelor's life. For the last week his only opportunities of speaking to Regina had been obtained for him secretly by the well-rewarded devotion of her maid. And he had now the prospect before him of asking Mr. Farnaby for the hand of his adopted daughter, with the certainty of the influence of two women being used against him, even if he succeeded in obtaining a favorable reception for his proposal from the master of the house.

Under such circumstances as these—alone, on a rainy November day, in a lodging on the dreary eastward side of the Tottenham-court-road—even Amelius bore the aspect of a melancholy man. He was angry with his cigar because it refused to light freely. He was angry with the poor deaf servant-of-all-work, who entered the room, after one thumping knock at the door, and made, in muffled tones, the barbarous announcement, "Here's somebody a-wantin' to see yer."

"Who the devil is Somebody?" Amelius shouted.

"Somebody is a citizen of the United States," answered Rufus, quietly entering the room. "And he is sorry to find Claude A. Goldenheart's temperature at boiling-point already."

He had not altered in the slightest degree since he had left the steamship at Queenstown. Irish hospitality had not fattened him; the change from sea to land had not suggested to him the slightest alteration in his dress. He still wore the huge felt hat in which he had first presented himself to notice on the deck of the vessel. The maid-of-all-work raised her eyes to the face of the long, lean stranger, overshadowed by the broad-brimmed hat, in reverent amazement. "My love to you, miss," said Rufus, with his customary grave cordiality; "I'll shut the door." Having dismissed the maid with that gentle hint, he shook hands heartily with Amelius. "Well, I call this a juicy morning," he said, just as if they had met at the cabin breakfast-table as usual.

For the moment, at least, Amelius brightened at the sight of his fellow-traveler. "I'm really glad to see you," he said. "It's lonely in these new quarters, before one gets used to them."

Rufus relieved himself of his hat and great-coat, and silently looked about the room. "I'm big in the bones," he remarked, surveying the rickety lodging-house furniture with some suspicion; "and I'm a trifle heavier than I look. I sha'n't break one of these chairs if I sit down on it, shall I?" Passing round the table (littered with books and letters) in search of the nearest chair, he accidentally brushed against a sheet of paper with writing on it. "Memorandum of friends in London to be informed of my change of address," he read, looking at the paper as he picked it up, with the friendly freedom that characterized him. "You have made pretty good use of your time, my son, since I took my leave of you in Queenstown Harbor. I call this a reasonable long list of acquaintances made by a young stranger in London."

"I met with an old friend of my family, at the hotel," Amelius explained. "He was a great loss to my poor father when he got an appointment in India; and now he has returned he has been equally kind to me. I am indebted to his introduction for most of the names on that list."

"Yes?" said Rufus, in the interrogative tone of a man who was waiting to hear more. "I'm listening, though I may not look like it. Git along."

Amelius looked at his visitor, wondering in what precise direction he was to "git along."

"I'm no friend to partial information," Rufus proceeded; "I like to round it off complete, as it were, in my own mind. There are names on this list that you haven't accounted for yet. Who provided you, sir, with the balance of your new friends?"

Amelius answered, not very willingly, "I met them at Mr. Farnaby's house."

Rufus looked up from the list with the air of a man surprised by disagreeable information and unwilling to receive it too readily. "How?" he exclaimed, using the old English equivalent (often heard in America) for the modern "What?"

"I met them at Mr. Farnaby's," Amelius repeated.

"Did you happen to receive a letter of my writing, dated Dublin?" Rufus asked.

"Yes."

"Do you set any particular value on my advice?"

"Certainly!"

"And you cultivate social relations with Farnaby and family, notwithstanding?"

"I have motives for being friendly with them, which—which I haven't had time to explain to you yet."

Rufus stretched out his long legs on the floor, and fixed his shrewd, grave eyes steadily on Amelius.

"My friend," he said, quietly, "in respect of personal appearance and pleasing elasticity of spirits, I find you altered for the worse—I do. It may be Liver or it may be Love. I reckon, now I think of it, you're too young yet for Liver. It's the brown Miss—that's what 'tis. I hate that girl, sir, by instinct."

"A nice way of talking of a young lady you never saw!" Amelius broke out.

Rufus smiled grimly. "Go ahead!" he said. "If you can get vent in quarreling with me—go ahead, my son."

He looked round the room again, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Descending to the table in due course of time, his quick eye detected a photograph placed on the open writing-desk which Amelius had been using earlier in the day. Before it was possible to stop him, the photograph was in his hand. "I believe I've got her likeness," he announced. "I do assure you I take pleasure in making her acquaintance in this sort of way. Well, now, I declare she's a columnar creature! Yes, sir; I do justice to your native product—your fine, fleshy, beef-fed English girl. But I tell you this: after a child or two, that sort runs to fat, and you find you have married more of her than you bargained for. To what lengths may you have proceeded, Amelius, with this splendid and spanking person?"

Amelius was just on the verge of taking offense. "Speak of her respectfully," he said, "if you expect me to answer you."

Rufus stared in astonishment. "I'm paying her all manner of compliments," he protested, "and you're not satisfied yet. My friend, I still find something about you which reminds me of meat cut against the grain. You're almost nasty—you are! The air of London, I reckon, isn't at all the thing for you. Well, it don't matter to me; I like you. Afloat or ashore, I like you. Do you want to know what I should do, in your place, if I found myself getting a little too close to the brown Miss? I should—well, to put it in one word, I should scatter. Where's the harm, I'll ask you, if you try another girl or two, before you make your mind up? I shall be proud to introduce you to our slim and snaky sort at Coolspring. Yes. I mean what I say; and I'll go back with you across the pond." Referring in this disrespectful manner to the Atlantic Ocean, Rufus offered his hand in token of unalterable devotion and goodwill.

Who could resist such a man as this? Amelius (always in extremes) wrung his hand with an impetuous sense of shame. "I've been sulky," he said, "I've been rude. I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I am. There's only one excuse for me, Rufus. I love her with all my heart and soul; and I'm engaged to be married to her. And yet, if you understand my way of putting it, I'm—in short, I'm in a mess."

With this characteristic preface, he described his position as exactly as he could, having due regard to the necessary reserve on the subject of Mrs. Farnaby. Rufus listened, with the closest attention from beginning to end, making no attempt to disguise the unfavorable impression which the announcement of the marriage-engagement had made on him. When he spoke next, instead of looking at Amelius as usual, he held his head down, and looked gloomily at his boots.

"Well," he said, "you've gone ahead this time, and that's a fact. She didn't raise any difficulties that a man could ride off on—did she?"

"She was all that was sweet and kind!" Amelius answered, with enthusiasm.

"She was all that was sweet and kind," Rufus absently repeated, still intent on the solid spectacle of his own boots. "And how about Uncle Farnaby? Perhaps, he's sweet and kind likewise, or perhaps he cuts up rough? Possible—is it not, sir?"

"I don't know; I haven't spoken to him yet."

Rufus suddenly looked up. A faint gleam of hope irradiated his long, lank face. "Mercy be praised! there's a last chance for you," he remarked. "Uncle Farnaby may say No."

"It doesn't matter what he says," Amelius rejoined. "She's old enough to choose for herself; he can't stop the marriage."

Rufus lifted one wiry, yellow forefinger, in a state of perpendicular protest. "He cannot stop the marriage," the sagacious New Englander admitted; "but he can stop the money, my son. Find out how you stand with him before another day is over your head."

"I can't go to him this evening," said Amelius; "he dines out."

"Where is he now?"

"At his place of business."

"Fix him at his place of business. Right away!" cried Rufus, springing with sudden energy to his feet.

"I don't think he would like it," Amelius objected. "He's not a very pleasant fellow anywhere, but he's particularly disagreeable at his place of business."

Rufus walked to the window and looked out. The objections to Mr. Farnaby appeared to fail, so far, in interesting him.

"To put it plainly," Amelius went on, "there's something about him that I can't endure. And—though he's very civil to me, in his way—I don't think he has ever got over the discovery that I am a Christian Socialist."

Rufus abruptly turned round from the window, and became attentive again. "So you told him that—did you?" he said.

"Of course!" Amelius rejoined, sharply. "Do you suppose I am ashamed of the principles in which I have been brought up?"

"You don't care, I reckon, if all the world knows your principles," persisted Rufus, deliberately leading him on.

"Care!" Amelius reiterated. "I only wish I had all the world to listen to me. They should hear of my principles, with no bated breath, I promise you."

There was a pause. Rufus turned back again to the window. "When Farnaby's at home, where does he live?" he asked, suddenly, still keeping his face towards the street.

Amelius mentioned the address. "You don't mean that you are going to call there?" he inquired, with some anxiety.

"Well, I reckoned I might catch him before dinner-time. You seem to be sort of feared to speak to him yourself. I'm your friend, Amelius—and I'll speak for you."

The bare idea of an interview struck Amelius with terror. "No, no!" he said. "I'm much obliged to you, Rufus. But, in a matter of this sort, I shouldn't like to transfer the responsibility to my friend. I'll speak to Mr. Farnaby in a day or two."

Rufus was evidently not satisfied with this. "I do suppose, now," he suggested, "you're not the only man moving in this metropolis who fancies Miss Regina. Query, my son: If you put off Farnaby much longer——" He paused and looked at Amelius. "Ah," he said, "I reckon I needn't enlarge further; there *is* another man. Well, it's the same in my country; I don't know what he does, with You; he always turns up with Us, just at the time when you least want to see him."

There was another man—an older and a richer man than Amelius; equally assiduous in his attentions to the aunt and to the niece; submissively polite to his favored young rival. He was the sort of person, in age and in temperament, who would be perfectly capable of advancing his own interests, by means of the hostile influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Who could say what the result might be if, by some unlucky accident, he made the attempt before Amelius had secured for himself the support of the master of the house? In his present condition of nervous irritability he was ready to believe in any coincidence of the disastrous sort. The wealthy rival was a man of business, a near city neighbor of Mr. Farnaby. They might be together at that moment; and Regina's fidelity to her lover might be put to a harder test than she was prepared to endure. Amelius remembered the gentle, conciliatory smile (too gentle by half) with which his placid mistress had received his first kisses—and, without stopping to weigh conclusions, snatched up his hat. "Wait here for me, Rufus, like a good fellow. I'm off to the stationer's shop." With those parting words he hurried out of the room.

Left by himself, Rufus began to rummage the pockets of his frock-coat—a long, loose, and dingy garment which had become friendly and comfortable to him by dint of ancient use. Producing a handful of correspondence, he selected the largest envelope of all, shook out on the table several smaller letters inclosed, picked one out of the number, and read the concluding paragraph only, with the closest attention.

"I inclose letters of introduction to the secretaries of literary institutions in London and in some of the principal cities of England. If you feel disposed to lecture yourself, or if you can persuade friends and citizens known to you to do so, I believe it may be in your power to advance in this way the interests of our Bureau. Please take notice that the more advanced institutions, which are ready to countenance and welcome free thought in religion, politics and morals, are marked on the envelopes with a cross in red ink. The envelopes without a mark are addressed to platforms on which the customary British prejudices remain rampant, and in which the charge for places reaches a higher figure than can be as yet obtained in the sanctuaries of free thought."

Rufus laid down the letter, and, choosing one among the envelopes marked in red ink, looked at the introduction inclosed. "If the right sort of invitation reached Amelius from this institution," he thought, "the boy would lecture on Christian Socialism with all his heart and soul. I wonder what the brown Miss and her uncle would say to that?"

He smiled to himself, and put the letter back in the envelope, and considered the subject for a while. Below the odd rough surface, he was a man in ten thousand; no more single-hearted and more affectionate creature ever breathed the breath of life. He had not been understood in his own little circle; there had been a want of sympathy with him, and even a want of knowledge of him at home. Amelius, popular with everybody, had touched the great heart of this man. He perceived the peril that lay hidden under the strange and lonely position of his fellow-voyager—so innocent in the ways of the world, so young and so easily impressed. His fondness for Amelius, it is scarcely too much to say, was the fondness of a father for a son. With a sigh, he shook his head, and gathered up his letters, and put them back in his pockets. "No, not yet," he decided. "The poor boy really loves her; and the girl may be good enough to make the happiness of his life." He got up and walked about the room. Suddenly, he stopped, struck by a new idea, and looked at his watch. "It's still early in the day," he thought; "I have plenty of time before me. Sooner or later I'm bound to include myself in that family circle—why not do it now?"

He sat down at the desk, and wrote a line, in the event of Amelius being the first to return to the lodgings: "Dear Boy—I don't find her photograph tells me quite so much as I want to know. I have a mind to see the living original for myself. Expect my unbiassed opinion when I come back—Yours, RUFUS."

Having inclosed and addressed these lines, he took up his great-coat—and checked himself in the act of putting it on. The brown Miss was a British Miss. A strange New Englander had better be careful of his personal appearance before he ventured into her presence. Urged by this cautious motive, he approached the looking-glass, and surveyed himself critically.

"I doubt I might be the better," it occurred to him, "if I brush my hair, and smelt a little of perfume. Yes. I'll make a toilet. Where's the boy's bedroom, I wonder?"

He observed a second door in the sitting-room, and opened it at hazard. Fortune had befriended him so far; he found himself in his young friend's bedchamber.

The toilet-table of Amelius, simple as it was, had its mysteries for Rufus. He was at a loss among the perfumes. They were all contained in a modest little dressing-case, without labels of any sort to describe the contents of the pots and bottles. He examined them one after another, and stopped at some recently-invented French shaving-cream. "It smells lovely," he said, assuming it to be some rare pomatum. "Just what I want, it seems, for my head." He rubbed the shaving-cream into his bristly iron-gray hair, until his arms ached. When he had next sprinkled his handkerchief and himself profusely, first with rose-water, and then (to make quite sure) with eau-de-cologne used as a climax, he felt that he was in a position to appeal agreeably to the senses of the softer sex. In five minutes more, he was on his way to Mr. Farnaby's private residence.

(To be continued.)

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION TO MEXICO.

(Continued from front page.)

In the final siege by the Spaniards, Cortez, despairing of otherwise subduing a place where every house was a fortress and every street was cut up by canals, reluctantly determined to destroy the whole city which he calls "the most beautiful thing in the whole world." With the aid of his multitudinous Indian allies, whose hatred of the Aztecs led them to work with zeal, in a few weeks seven-eighths of the city was leveled to the ground, and the canals filled with rubbish. Soon after the siege Cortez began to rebuild the city on its present plan. During its occupation by the Spaniards, from 1521 to 1821, the most remarkable events in the local history of Mexico were five great inundations in 1553, 1580, 1604, 1607 and 1629, caused by the overflowing of the neighboring lakes. To prevent the recurrence of these inundations, a great drain was dug through the hill of Nochis-tango, by which the waters of the river Cuantitlan were led out of the valley instead of falling into Lake Texcuco. This work which was completed in 1789, after more than 100 years of labor, is about twelve miles long, from 100 to 130 feet deep, and between 200 and 300 feet wide. The last flooding of the capital occurred in 1865. At the corner of Callijon de Espiritu Santo and Segunda Calle de San Francisco, a grotesquely-carved animal's head marks the height attained by the flood in 1629.

The Mexico of to-day usurps the site of the Mexitli of Montezuma. Mexico ranks amongst the largest cities of the Western Hemisphere, and with its steeples, towers and domes, presents from what

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ever direction approached, a magnificence unsurpassed in the world. The valley in which it stands is forty-five miles long, by thirty miles broad, and it contains 700,000 inhabitants. Its climate is temperate, never exceeding 70°, or going below 50° Fahrenheit. The longest day is thirteen hours and ten minutes, the shortest ten hours and fifty minutes. The population of the city is now about 250,000, but to question a Mexican on this subject involves a reply, or, rather a series of replies, akin to Sir John Falstaff's statements in reference to the men in buckram. The streets are at right angles from north to south and east to west. Each line of streets has the mountains that surround the valley for a background, and in the early morning, or just when the sun has set behind the western range, these giant warders seem in the clear atmosphere as though they were at the very gates. The city is divided into eight *cuarteles mayores*, or large wards, and thirty-two smaller, comprising 245 blocks or squares, 330 streets, and 130 *callejones* or lanes. The water supply is the same as that laid on by Montezuma; the *agua gorda* or thick water is conveyed by aqueduct from Chapultepec, and the *agua delgada*, or light potable water, from the southwest. The valley contains the lakes of Chalco, San Cristobal, Zumpango, Xaltocan and Xochimilco, six lakes covering an area of fifty miles. The Lake of Texcuco, nearest the city, is a mere marsh, and scarcely navigable for craft larger than the "dugouts" of the Indians. Mexico has been called "Anhuac"—By the Waters—from its topographical position. The buildings, which are of pink, yellow and green, are lofty and massive, and pervaded by a harmonious unity of conception seldom seen elsewhere. The streets are lighted by gas, but gas is an unknown quantity in stores, private houses, hotels and theatres. In the vast Iturbide, oil lamps and candles served but to render darkness visible. The atmosphere is light and of a rare transparency, and the sky of a blue, fuller and keener than that of Italy. The rarified atmosphere tells upon the new-comer, especially while ascending stairs. To behold the deputationists puffing and blowing as they toiled upwards seemed to afford exquisite and unbounded delight to the grinning *muchachos*. A young American lady, a resident, informed me that for several weeks after her arrival she could not waltz, owing to the difficulty experienced in breathing. Our physician, Dr. Rice, had his hands pretty full for the first few days with colds, coughs, catarrhs, headaches and low fevers. "Quinine to the rescue!" was his watchword, and quinine did effectually ward off the insidious advances of the enemy. I thought of Catherine of Russia and the dipt candle as I applied the friendly and old-fashioned grease to the bridge of my olfactory organ. This was my balm of Gilead. It was cold, yes, bitterly cold 'o nights, and an extra blanket—7,600 feet above the level of the sea—became an object of interest. One word more and I'll to my tale. Of the natives, the whites are the least numerous element in the city, the Mestijos and pure-blooded Indians teeming by far the largest proportion. The various public venders, molatoers, water-carriers and domestics, are commonly Indians or Mestijos. The *pordiosero*, or Mexican beggar, is not very strongly represented. He asks alms in the name of God—*por Dios*—hence his appellation; but the *lepero*, or ragged vagrant, is perpetually "on hand." He is cheerful and light-hearted, with the gayety of a son of Naples and the drollery of an Irish peasant. The foreign element is numerically of no account, but its influence is paramount. France comes first, then in order Germany, Italy, Spain, America, England, Switzerland and Austria. The English residents cling tenaciously to banking, and to the interests appertaining to the railway from the capital to the coast. With this brief resumé I shall hasten back to the doings of the American Industrial Deputation.

The Hotel Iturbide, at which "we lay"—to use an early English expression—was formerly the palace of the ill-fated Emperor of that name. Up to a certain point in his career he was a mild form of Washington, but the fiery curse of ambition led him to accept the imperial crown, and he fell, as angels do, never to rise again. On the 24th of August, 1821, he achieved the independence of his country, and entered Mexico at the head of a victorious army, the *Trigarante*—(green, red and white) the national colors—and on the 19th of July, 1824, he was shot as a traitor. I saw the old flint guns that did the bloody deed. They are gracefully hung against the wall in the armory of the Palacio del Gobierno, and on the same wall are the seven rifles whose deadly bullets chilled for ever the life-blood of the hapless and now regretted Maximilian. The remains of the latter were restored to "kin beyond the sea"; those of Iturbide lie encoffined in a crystal urn in the cathedral of Mexico. Iturbide's portrait adorns the tapestried walls of the palace and the adobe supports of the *hacienda*. The picture is the man. It represents a mild, meek, querulous, elderly gentlemen, with vacillating expression and Micawber mouth—an individual not fit to rule a puppy-dog. He is attired in a uniform gorgeous as the plumage of a Chiquihuita cockatoo, and his breast is adorned with orders that would cause tears of bitter envy to course down the cheeks of the Herzog of a fourth-rate German principality. Peace be to his ashes.

A large section of the deputation was lodged in the Iturbide, the remnant seeking shelter at the San Carlos, the Gillero, and the Comonfort. Somehow or other the residents at the ex-palace strode in and out of the princely portals with more or less of an imperial swagger; they lounged, too, about the entrance, and posed in the *patio*, while the minor hotels betrayed as much of bustle and animation as a Quaker meeting-house in the "wee sma' hours o' the night." In this *patio*, or courtyard, the members of the deputation most did congregate. Here were indignation-meetings held; here were appointments made—to be broken, for your Mexican is not always on time, and "*mañana*," or to-morrow, is his golden-sanded hour-glass; here were knicknacks purchased, and here was the notice board to inform us of the when, where and how.

The day subsequent to our arrival was devoted to unmitigated staring; 7 A. M. found us on the Calle Plateros staring at everything for the bare life, from a stunted policeman, still wrapped up to the eyes in his *rebozo*, to a *ranchero* in full *charro* emerging from some dingy, foul-smelling courtyard, for his morning ride to Chapultepec or Tacubaya. The Calle Plateros is the Broadway of Mexico. It is narrow, "cursed with a pavement," and each block possesses a distinct and separate nomenclature. It is the main artery from the Alameda to the Plaza Mayor, and from rosy morn to dewy eve it is full of light and life. Fancy a long, straight street, lined by irregular architecture, from the lordly mansion, blue-tiled, gold-balconied, scarlet-blinded, to the dingy, flat-roofed, two-storied stone, a strip of shade like a cooling bath upon one side, and liquid sunshine upon the other, with shafts of pale gold at the intersection of the cross streets, and at both ends the glories of tropical verdure, and you have the *calle* of a thousand-and-one names, but which I mean to designate as the Plateros all through the piece. Like crows in a garden of glorious color did the deputation appear, as in hats that had been "under the weather" in every State in the Union and solemn black frocks—the "correct thing" as a meeting or on 'Change—they wandered along this kaleidoscopic thoroughfare, staring their commercial eyes out at everybody and at everything, taking two hundred cents worth of gape-seed for each almighty dollar. The stores on the Plateros have a perky Parisian appearance, not that of the palatial establishments upon the boulevards, but rather of the third-class streets, where "'Arry," fresh from London, and cultivating a mustache, loves to lounge in search of *la bonne fortune*, while the goods exposed for sale bear the undeniable piquancy of French manufacture. The Café Concordia—the Delmonico's of Mexico—became pretty well known to the deputation. Hither they repaired for their morning coffee, and at night for their *tequila* punch. *Tequila* is distilled from the famous *pulque*, and a judiciously blended punch so closely resembles a "hot Scotch," that I mean to mystify a hard-headed son of the "Land 'o Cakes" residing in New York, through the medium of this enticing beverage, and to challenge him to say whether the spirit is that of Islay, Glenlivet or Farintosh. At the corners of the intersecting streets are to be found Indians in picturesque costumes and Japanese attitudes, squatted before immense bouquets, chiefly consisting of violets, "deeply, darkly, desperately blue." These violets are gathered on the *Chinampas* or floating gardens, and brought to the city at early morn along the Viga Canalin dugout canoes. I measured one of the floricultural mounds. It stood twenty-four inches high, its diameter being thirty inches. In faltering tones I demanded its price. Think of this, Mr. Lazarus of Covent Garden! Ponder well, Mademoiselle Fidne l.a Tour of the Marché aux Fleurs! Twenty-five cents—yes, twenty-five cents for about five thousand fragrant, delicious, appealing violets! What would such a bouquet cost in New York at this hour of writing? Unhappily the Indians are given to considering that violets are too simple, and consequently they spoil the perfect tone-poem by the introduction of some inharmonious, death-dealing color. How one swarthy, beady-eyed, *rebozo*-wrapped female gazed at me as I inserted a Lunch of my favorite flowers in my buttonhole. I was the only man in Mexico that day thus decorated.

The Plateros—I linger in this street, because along this causeway I shall presently lead the deputation into the presence of President Diaz, at the Palacio del Gobierno—the Plateros, I say, is thronged during the day, save at *siesta*, with carriages, and such carriages!—great, lumbering vehicles, a cross between a used-up diligence and a Dublin cab—drawn by horses compared with which Don Quixote's *Rosinante* might safely reckon upon carrying off the blue ribbon of the Derby—and in default of horses, mules with ears as long as the whips of their exasperated drivers. I speak of the public vehicles, for some of the private would stand the test of Fifth Avenue, Rotten Row or the Bois de Boulogne. As is usual with carriage-keeping people, the weak point is the raiment of the coachman. Here he wears what he likes, the *sombrero* being the only uniform article. He smokes, and crosses his legs in the box, and if the weather be oppressive, I doubt not but that he toils along in his shirt sleeves. I met one English coachman, and his straight back, his faultless collar and scarf, his coat fitting like a Jouvin glove, his hat on three particular hairs, and, above all, his mode of handling the ribbons ought to give the Mexicans a lead, but "they won't take it, sir," he said, "they likes their own ways and they will 'ave 'em."

The señoras and señoritas never go on foot; they drive to early Mass, they drive a-shopping. The Plateros is filled with carriages drawn up to the sidewalk, while obsequious clerks stand bare-headed, displaying such wares as may happen to tickle the fancy of their high mightinesses, their customers; and the great unwashed cast wistful glances at goods and equipages, as the tide rolls by. Carriage visits are paid in the afternoon, and then comes the crowning event of the day, the drive in the Paseo, of which more anon.

Strange sights are to be seen in the Plateros. *Hacendados* and *rancheros* in their broad-brimmed *sombreros* and leather *chaquetas*—jackets—and silver-frogged breeches, through the outside seam of which loosely roll white flowing drawers, swaggering along the sidewalk, their great spurs jingling, their silver ornaments dangling. Indios trotting onwards, the man bearing live stock and fruit in a wicker-frame case, attached to his back by means of a flat bandage adjusted to his forehead; the woman her child slung in the folds of her blue *rebozo*, both her arms engaged in carrying the day's, or mayhap the week's provisions. Water-carriers, fruit-sellers, tatterdemalion soldiers followed by their slatternly wives, munging *tortillas*; mules and asses driven by half-naked men and boys, their feet baked white in the hot dust, their limbs bronzed and seemingly cast in bronze; *muchachos* bearing furniture upon their heads—a piano will be carried twenty-five miles by four men in a day; a demure señorita, prayer-book in hand, and clad in the picturesque *mantilla*; swells, in short-tailed coats, and high-heeled boots, and narrow-rimmed hats, languidly smoking cigarettes through silver holders; *Chinos* with black and green patches on their temples, cures for the headache; *leperos* of half-breeds hawking toys or glazed crockeryware; companies of foot soldiers, attired in white, their uniforms sadly in need of the necessary offices of needle and thread, shuffling along on their *guaraches*, or sandals—they seldom wear shoes or stockings—shouldering the President's beloved Remingtons; civil guards, trotting on thoroughbreds, in buff and steel, with sword and matchlock, recalling the days of Cromwell's Ironsides, and occasionally a troop of cavalry, such as Bazaine loved to lead against the dusky sons of the Afric desert while Metz was still La Pucelle; small, lean, wiry, falcon-eyed dare-devils, every one of them. These were amongst the sights that met the gaze of the deputationists as they moved along the Plateros en route to the Palacio del Gobierno.

The Plateros leads to the Plaza Mayor, the grand square of the city. This square is of oblong shape, 270 yards long and 200 wide. Its northern side is entirely occupied by the cathedral and Sagrario. The cathedral is erected on the very spot where the conqueror found and destroyed the Aztec pyramid and temple dedicated to the Mexican god. Cortez gave this site to the Franciscan monks to build a church on. The first cathedral, built in 1530, was demolished. The construction of the body of the present edifice was commenced in 1573, and the building was completed in 1667, at a cost of $1,762,000, the Crown of Spain paying the little bill. The towers were completed in 1791 by Damian Ortiz, an American architect, at a cost of $194,000. The bases of its columns are cut out of the Aztec idols found in the *teocalli*. The cathedral measures from north to south 426 feet, and from east to west 200. The height of the roof is 175 feet, the height of the towers 200 feet, and their width (square) 32½ feet. The gates of the basilica are of the Ionic and Doric orders. The cathedral presents a very majestic appearance, crested as it is by a superb dome and elaborately wrought twin towers. The Sagrario is too florid to command more than artistic comment. Laid into the wall at a height of five feet nine inches from the pavement, on the west side of the cathedral, is the famous Aztec calendar, carved out of a block of basalt, and weighing twenty-five tons, its diameter being twelve feet six inches. It has occupied its present site since 1790, and is supposed to date back to 1779. From this calendar stone the system of ancient Toltec astronomy has been preserved to us. The Palacio del Gobierno stretches along the eastern side of the *plaza*, on the western a row of houses supported by a colonnade called Los Portales de Mercaderes, and on the south side stands the Casa de Cabildo, the seat of the *Ayuntamiento*, or municipal body. The centre of the *plaza*, thanks to illfated Carlotta, is planted with umbrageous trees, always in leaf, beneath which are beds of glittering flowers, marble seats and fountains. An elevated stand occupies a prominent position, and here bands, such as Theodore Thomas might fairly sigh to conduct, discourse Beethoven and Lecocq, Wagner and Offenbach—stepping from the sublime to the *bouffe*, from the sonata to the fandango.

In the *patio* of the Iturbide was a notice-board, and on this board the manager, from time to time, posted the programme of procedure. The first official announcement informed the deputation that a grand theatrical entertainment would be held in their honor upon the evening of Wednesday, the 15th of January, at the Teatro Principal, and the second, that the President would receive them at the palace upon Thursday, at 11 A. M. *Costume de rigueur* in broad daylight is very trying, and it tried and convicted us without leaving the box. Waiters know how to dispose of their hands and legs and feet, but an ordinary man suddenly impressed into a claw-hammer, tight boots and lighter kids, in a blaze of sunshine, becomes possessed of the feeling that his attire simply consists of the three articles just mentioned, and he suffers spasmodic awakenings accordingly. In ramshackle carriages we proceeded up the Plateros, across the Plaza Mayor, and entered the courtyard of the Palacio, built in 1693 on the spot where Cortez had constructed a palace for himself, and which served for a residence for the Spanish Viceroys to 1692, when it was destroyed by fire. It occupies the entire length of the eastern side of the plaza, and measures 2,867 feet of an architecture that, to say the least of it, is exceedingly tame. After the destruction of Mexico City, Charles V. placed this site at the disposal of Cortez, and in the lordly dwelling-house erected by the intrepid desperado was a single apartment capable of containing 3,000 persons. The palace contains the President's official apartments and offices, the cabinets of the ministers, the headquarters of the military commander, a barracks, the treasury, and archives of the nation, while the *patio* would seem to be the happy hunting-ground of those barr-like parasites known in other countries as "waiters on Providence."

We ascended a steep, stone stairway, very dingy, and very dilapidated, till we reached a long corridor, the walls simply whitewashed. At the extremity of this corridor we were received by an usher, who conducted us through a singularly unpretentious-looking, dismal anteroom, the furniture very old and very worn. A double door upon the right, through which a blaze of sunlight fiercely streamed, led into the Reception Room or Salon de Iturbide. This apartment is lofty and charmingly proportioned. It is lighted by three deeply-alcoved windows. The ceiling is of cedar, laid flat upon open oaken beams, richly gilt. The walls are hung in crimson damask, the Mexican imperial arms in relief on every panel, together with the motto, "Igualdad en la justicia." From the ceiling is suspended a Venetian mirror, worthy of the palace of Marino Faliero. The carpet is Aubusson, soft and caressing, and despite the vile, cheap, tawdry rugs, with which it is wantonly encumbered, it maintains the prestige of high caste. The mirrors are old, cheap-looking, and out of place. A very handsome marble mantelpiece supports a genuine Louis Quatorze clock, and one by which the Grand Monarque may have set his pocket timepiece, as it bears the genuine imprint of glittering Versailles ere Madame de Maintenon placed it in sackcloth and ashes. The furniture is of rosewood, upholstered in scarlet silk. A centre-table of rosewood with a marble slab is ornamented with an epergne of dead silver, the fruits and flowers exquisitely wrought. Around the walls hung proof-prints representing scenes in the life of Napoleon the First, and alone in its glory the portrait of Iturbide in kaleidoscopic uniform, surmounted by such a crop of decorations as would lead one to imagine that they had fairly coloized upon his manly breast. The apartment reminded me of the reception-room at Chiselhurst which "the man of Sedan," fallen Cæsar, had decorated somewhat after the same fashion—the Imperial cipher all over the walls, the gold beading all over the window-shutters and doors, and, above all, that carpet all over the room.

The President stood with his back to the light, and at a respectful distance his Cabinet. In complexion he is of a sunkissed brown, his eyes are large and dark, honest and fearless, with an inner softness that persistently creeps into them, especially when he smiles. His nose is straight, the nostrils expanded. His mouth is firmness itself—it means unconquerable resolution, and a tenacity of purpose that recognizes obstacles but for the purpose of overcoming them. The chin is hard and square. He shaves to his black, tufted mustache. His hair is close-cut, soldier fashion, and is crispy and grizzly. He is over the middle height, with broad shoulders, and a slim waist. His hands and feet are very small. He was attired in a black frock coat and vest, black pants, white shirt, with plain gold studs, and a black tie. His watchchain, his only ornament, was of turquoise and gold. The President of the Deputation having been duly introduced, the members of the deputation stood in a semi-circle while Mr. Fisk read an address prepared by our Executive Committee for the occasion. This was interpreted by Colonel Whiting, the manager of the excursion, who is thoroughly conversant with the Spanish tongue. President Diaz replied in what is conventionally styled "suitable terms." Then came more interpreting, and an American flag was handed to the hero of Puebla. After this expression of mutual good-will, the ladies were presented, and at their high heels the gentlemen of the party. The Press, at the desire of President Diaz, were made known to him separately and individually. On this occasion he was good enough to pay the proprietor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a very handsome compliment; but as I had the honor subsequently of being received by him at breakfast, I shall reserve his particular utterances until I come to his inner life. We now moved in a body into the Council Chamber. This apartment is imposing from its great length, since it runs one-half of one wing of the palace. At the southern end is a dais carpeted in claret-colored velvet. A golden canopy with draped curtains of claret velvet stands against the wall, beneath the canopy a throne and six chairs of state, crimson silk and gold. The Mexican arms, wrought in silk, hang over the throne in a glazed frame. Right and left, extending along the dais, are chairs of state to the number of twelve. In the corners are superb candelabra, fifteen feet high, composed of china and gilt bronze, and of great value. The ceiling is flat, with gilt cedar beams. Venetian mirrors hang along the walls, and at intervals full-length portraits of the Presidents, including Hidalgo, Juarez, Matamoras, Morellos, Iturbide, Guerero, Arista, and our own George Washington. The portrait of Diaz, painted by a Mexican artist, Sanchez, is admirable, both as regards likeness, tone and finish. He is in uniform, dark-gray, with a raised collar worked in gold, gray waistcoat and a blue waist-sash, ornamented with gold braid. He grasps a telescope. Near him is a mounted orderly and a dismounted cannon. Two lions, life-size, couchant, in Puebla marble, also ornament this tunnel-like apartment. The deputationists paid visits to the members of the Cabinet, who received in their respective bureaux—that of Señor Riva Palacio reminding me of Lord Beaconsfield's in Downing Street, the surroundings being costly, artistic and all-satisfying to the eye. Tancred holds that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

Such of the deputationists who had ventured upon bringing exhibits, with a view to developing the resources of the Mexicans, became considerably exercised as the day approached upon which the opening of the Exhibition was to take place, and when it was announced that the President with his Cabinet and all the *sociedades* of the city of Montezuma would attend the ceremony in state, the excitement gradually rose to something akin to fever heat. The Mineria, or School of Mines, the building allotted for the purposes of the Exposition, is externally a handsome stone structure of some pretensions, while internally its proportions are singularly striking and imposing. The large *patio*, or open court, is surrounded by a colonnade of arches, and these are surmounted by a gallery, the roof being supported by pillars. The gallery is approached by a massive and elegant double stairway. Over the *patio* was stretched a canvas awning which subdued the blazing sunlight to a muffled voluptuous haze. Beneath the arches, the American exhibits were displayed on long wooden counters, the Mexicans courteously exposing their wares in the upper portion of the building. The centre of the paved floorway was decorated with a bed of the greenest of moss, upon which, in glowing flowers, flamed the letters E. U. A. and E. U. M. lovingly entwined—*Estados Unidos Americanos* and *Estados Unidos Mexicanos*. I could gain no definite information as to the date of the erection of the Mineria. One gentleman informed me that it was four hundred years old; another that he recollected when the foundations were being laid; and it is thus that statistics are gleaned 7,600 feet above the level of the sea. The Mineria is an establishment where Young Mexico receives a gratuitous education in the higher branches, the mineral college from which it derives its name being part and parcel of the erection. In the lecture-room were busts of eminent Mexicans, together with specimens of the mineral wealth of the country. In a corner of this apartment stood a telegraph-machine, through which a most courteous and intelligent official was ready to convey messages free to any part of the republic, but beyond it—no. The representative of a New York firm, whose goods had been detained at Vera Cruz, worked this instrument to some purpose as he hurled anathemas at the heads of the Vera Cruzian authorities at intervals not exceeding ten minutes, and until he received a reply intimating that his exhibits had cleared the jaws of that shark-like port. Amongst those who exhibited at the Mineria were the Messrs. Rogers, of John Street, New York, who are under contract to supply Mexico with post-office boxes. Only fancy, there is not a single postman in the City of Mexico and no delivery! If a letter comes to you, your name is advertised in a large placard in a back yard. Opposite your name is a number. You return to the office and howl this number at a clerk, who stands behind a set of bars as though in a prison or a cage. He may utter the cabalistic word *Mañana*—to-morrow—or he may wag his head with the sagacity of a Lord Burleigh—in any case you must wait; and then if you hail from the other side of the Rio Grande, you must prepare your twenty-five cents per quarter ounce, this being the postage from greedy Vera Cruz. Messrs. Rogers have also contracted—the result of this visit—to supply water-pipes to the city. Mr. Henry Prouse Cooper, the merchant tailor of Broadway, exhibited a stock worthy of Poole or Smallpage, and succeeded in measuring the illustrious person of the President for a suit of clothes that will cause sighs of envy amongst the Cabinet when Porfirio Diaz attends a meeting in his new-fledged garments. Mr. Kelly, of Chicago, "a wild, mad wag Hal," rivaled the splendor of the sun that daily sets behind the Sierras, by the lustre of his chromos. The Anheuser Lager was displayed to considerable advantage, while Cincinnati hams were cut up daily by Mr. Davis for the delectation of those who chose to partake of free lunch. However, despite the beer and ham, the railroad supplies seemed to possess the stronger fascination, and the good citizens would hang over and fondle a driver, or a polished bolt, while the tea-services of the Granite Company of St. Louis and the prints exhibited by Mr. Bowen were viewed with scarcely so much as a passing regard. As I shall discuss the merits of the exhibits in detail further on, I shall proceed to the ceremony of the opening.

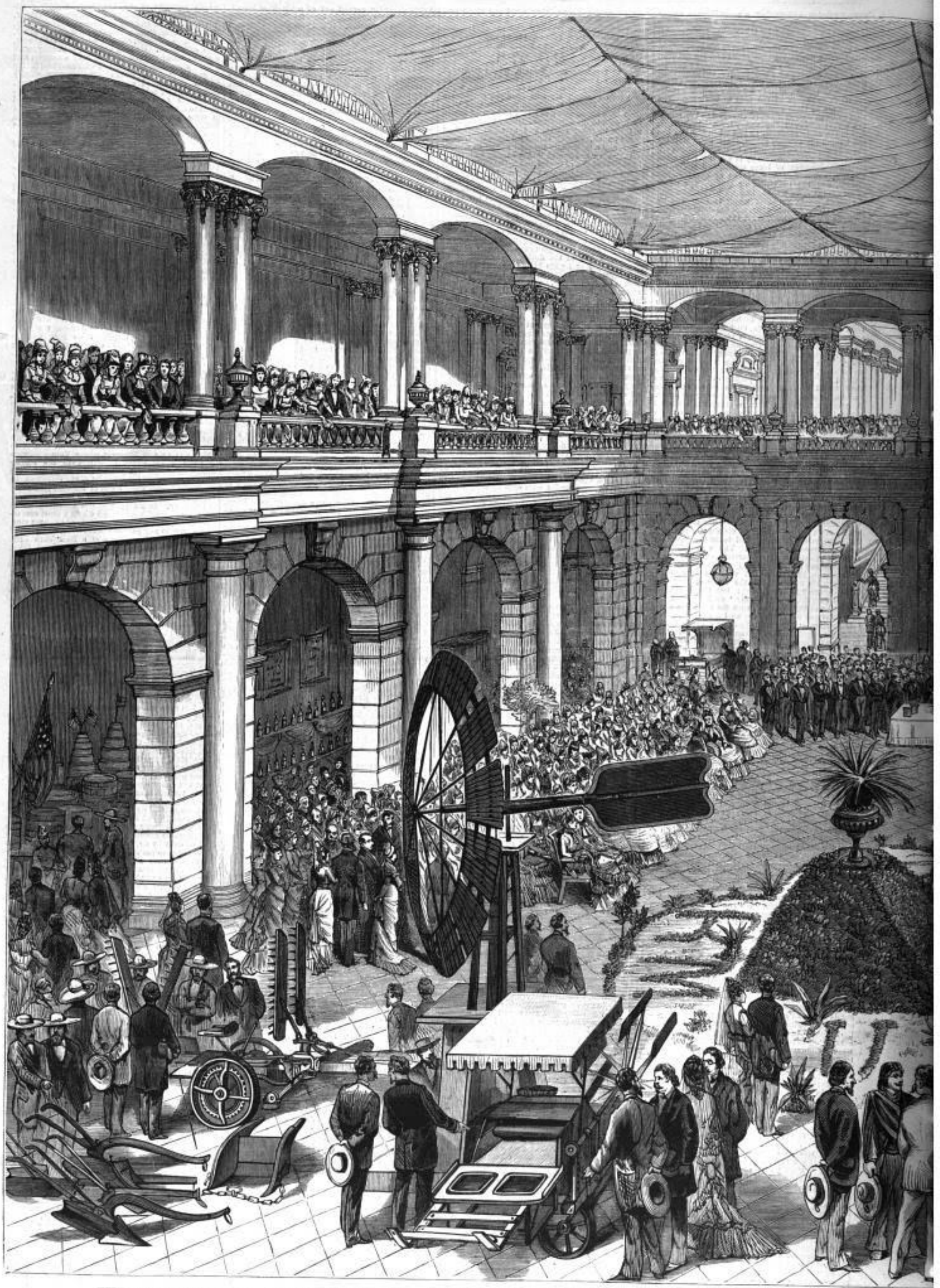
Porfirio Diaz is as punctual as Victoria Guelph, and at eleven o'clock precisely the guard of honor stationed at the gates of the Mineria presented arms and the band struck up the national anthem—which, *par parenthèse*, is not particularly melodious or yet forcible—as the President, accompanied by the members of his Cabinet, entered the *patio*. Here were assembled some four hundred ladies and gentlemen, the ladies all in feeble Parisan toilets, instead of the graceful *mantilla* or *rebo*, the *peinz* and the eloquent *abanico*. Everybody arose as the Presidential party approached, and everybody sat down when the Presidential party sat down. Diaz goes to business at once, and, without any preliminary whatever, intimated that he was prepared to hear Mr. Fisk's address. Mr. Fisk, who is a tolerably cool hand—a Kentucky lawyer—took the hint, and, adjusting his spectacles, delivered himself of the address with which the public is already familiar.

The allusion to cementing the alliance between the two republics by means of intermarriage was received with considerable favor and applause. The President replied, reading his reply, and then came a speech from Señor Ayeos, the Gambetta of Mexico, as full of rhetoric as a Home Ruler, and rich in trope, allegory and metaphors. The St. Louis Granite Company now came to the front, and presented Señor Diaz with a superb tea set of this celebrated ware; then the band played a fandango, and the President hastily quitting his chair of state, proceeded on a visit of inspection around the American exhibits.

Wheat Shipments to England.

From returns made up in England, it appears for the nine months of last year, ending October 1st, there were imported into England 42,182,102 cwt. of wheat, or about 78,000,000 bushels. The remarkable fact in the return is that nearly two-thirds came from the United States. Of the 42,182,102 cwt., 25,112,339 came from the United States, as we find by adding the shipments from the Pacific side to those from the Atlantic side.

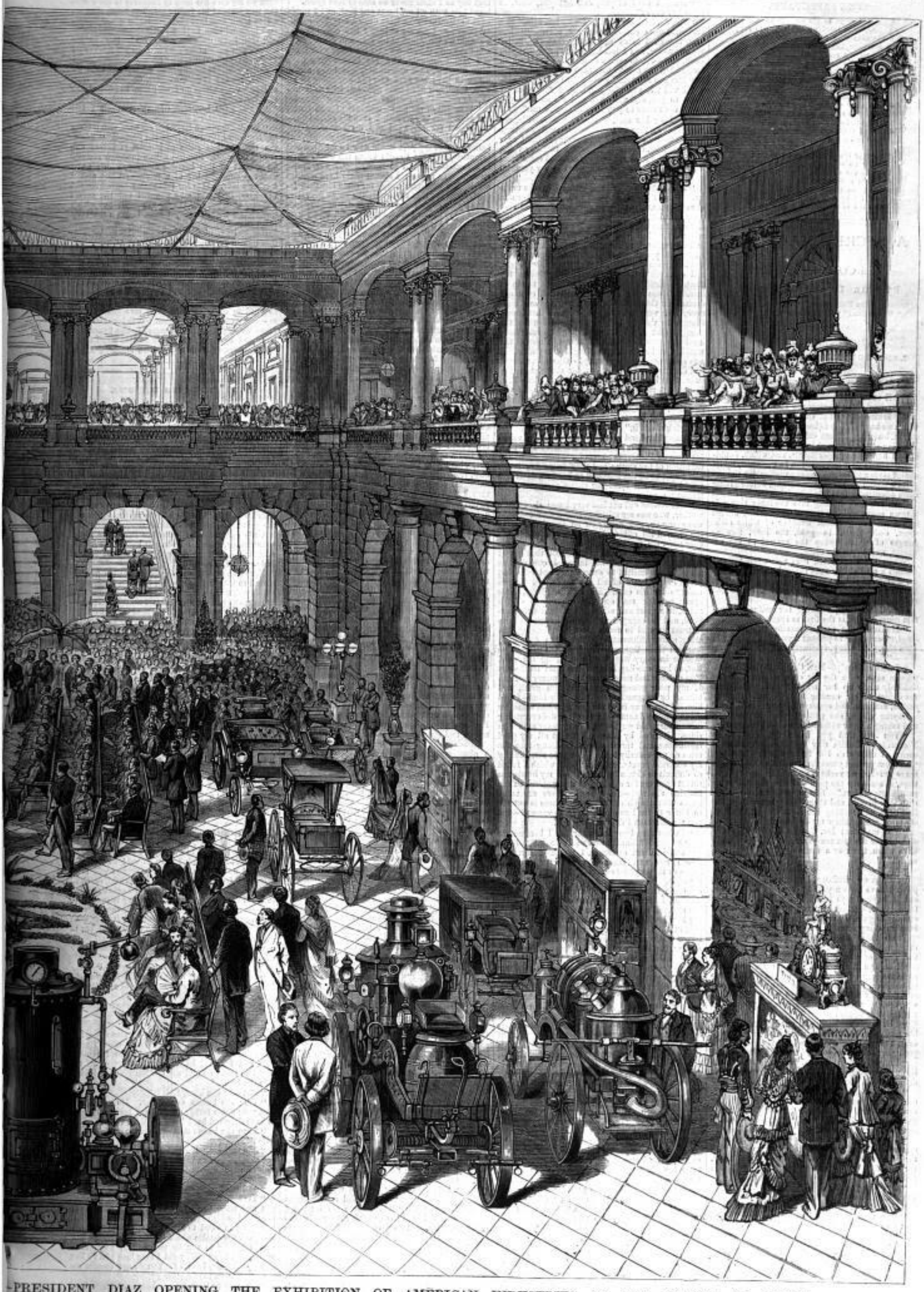
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THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO M

FROM SKETCHES BY H.

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—PRESIDENT DIAZ OPENING THE EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES AT THE SCHOOL OF MINES.
—SEE FRONT PAGE.

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THE SAFEGUARD.

A BABY crept to his father's knee,
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he,
And his little head fell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand, so soft and fair,
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said that when men drew near
To fierce temptation or deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or perilled their souls for worldly gear,
By a way unknown an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land
Into the light of a noble life.

The story is true for the world to-day:
We see no white-robed angels mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forget to pray,
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand—
The hand of a little, helpless child.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FOURTH.
LADY ROLLINGFORD'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XII.—MADAME DE FLEURVILLE.

THE room into which Mrs. Champion and her friend, Mrs. Cassilis are shown on the following day is not the elegant boudoir into which we have already twice penetrated, but a larger saloon, hung with black satin, and surrounded by Venetian mirrors framed in silver, which forms the first of her suite of apartments, and which, doubtless, Madame de Fleurville has so arranged, by its quaint style and solemn ornamentation, for the express purpose of awing her visitors, before giving them admittance into her especial sanctuary.

Soon the door leading into the inner rooms is thrown open, and Madame de Fleurville, attired in a loose but gorgeous wrapper of white cashmere, embroidered in gold, the long, flowing fringes of which sweep the ground as she advances, walks into the room.

When her deep black eyes rest upon her two visitors a cold shiver runs through her frame, and for a moment she is unable to utter a single word, but remains standing before them, silent and motionless, as if in a dream.

Mrs. Champion, perceiving her confusion, musters courage, and is the first to speak.

"Madame," she says, advancing two or three steps, "permit me to present myself and my friend; I am Mrs. Champion of Liberty Hall, and this lady is——"

"I know already—Mrs. Cassilis," the French-woman says, with the air of a woman who has suddenly made up her mind; "and I can guess the object of her coming to my house. Pray be seated, madame, and speak with entire confidence."

Saying which, she politely points to the sofa, and taking a chair seats herself close beside them.

"You say that you know me, Madame de Fleurville?" Louisa now begins, endeavoring to speak as calmly as her feelings will allow her, "and that you can guess the errand that has brought me to your house; perhaps you will be kind enough, then, to spare me the pain of being the first to approach the subject." She pauses for a moment as if to take breath, and then, lifting her eyes for the first time, and looking her rival full in the face, she adds, "You know my husband?"

"Yes, madame; Mr. Cassilis has been a friend of mine for the last ten years; and, believe me, I have not a truer or a more devoted one in this world."

"Ah!"

"Pardon me, madame, I meant not to give you pain. I have known your husband for many years, and I have always found him a true and worthy friend; but, by that heaven which we both expect one day to gain, I swear to you that he has never been anything more to me—and never will!"

There is so much feeling in these words, so much nobility and pathos, that Louisa cannot control a sigh of relief when she hears them.

"I believe you, madame," she says, breathing more freely, and as if a great weight had been removed from her heart. "I believe you; yet how is it that my husband is always to be found with you, and that he passes the greater part of his time in your house?"

"You speak, madame, as if you held me responsible for your husband's actions. If he choose to come to my house, and if he have the bad taste to prefer my society to yours, how can I prevent it?"

"But you encourage him, you invite him," Louisa now ventures to say, emboldened by the actress's mild words and pleasant smiles.

"I encourage him! Far from it; I never encourage any man. I despise them too much for that; they are, one and all, unworthy of our regard, and your husband, madame, allow me to say, is no better than the rest."

"You despise Rupert! You have the heart to speak like this of *him*, and he loves you; and it is for you that he abandons his wife and his home, for you that he would sacrifice his life and his honor?"

"You love your husband, though you know how unworthy he is of your love?"

"Yes; I love him."

"Alas, then it would be no use my trying to prove to you how unworthy he is even of your pity! My heart bleeds for you—I know what it is—I, too, have loved a man like that!"

"And *he* despised your love?"

"No—he loved me as much as I loved him."

"He was the husband, I suppose, of some one else?"

"No—he was my husband."

"He got tired of you, and left you, then, as mine has done?"

"Oh, no, madame; it was I who left him," Zoé exclaims, tears gathering in her eyes. "I left him, though I loved him better than life, better than paradise, and I left him, not to dishonor him—oh, no!—but to return to him that honor which he had but too readily sacrificed for my sake."

"But you say that he was your husband?"

"I will tell you all—yes, all. I will open my heart to you, and then you will see whether you ought not rather to pity than to despise me."

Resuming her seat, Madame de Fleurville, not noticing, or rather appearing not to see, the strange look of weary disdain which has spread itself over Louisa's face, speaks in a low but thrilling voice, and as if she intended every word that came from her lips to sink deep into the heart of her youthful listener.

"I am not so young as you doubtless take me to be. I was born many years ago. I was born in one of the southern provinces of France, and of very poor and illiterate parents. I will spare you the history of my childhood; it was one of sorrow and misery. I will commence the history of my life here, in Paris, where I was sent whilst yet a mere child. I have told you that I was poor and ignorant, and I was but a mere servant-girl; yet I was pretty, bright, and coquettish, and it was not long before my master noticed me and began to speak to me of love. I was very young, no one had ever addressed me thus before, and he was a *grand seigneur*, and very handsome—yes, very handsome, though he was no longer young—and then the thought that I, a mere peasant girl, could have inspired a proud aristocrat, a thorough man of the world, with love made me forget everything. I was so ignorant and so young! One day, seduced and deceived by his promises, for the wretch even swore that he would marry me, I yielded to him. It was not my fault, I scarcely knew what I was doing; his promises, his soft words, his looks of devotion, had turned my head; and yet how I have suffered for it since! Great God! I must not think about it."

Passing her hand over her eyes, as if she would fain banish from her the recollection of her past, Madame de Fleurville pauses for a moment in the narration of her story; and then fixing her large, black eyes upon the footstool at her feet, as if she would rather not meet her visitor's gaze at that moment, continues:

"Our *liaison* did not last very long; the count's mother, who was my mistress, soon discovered what was going on, and, acting on an impulse of rage, she ordered me out of her house, and closed her door upon me for ever. Her son, however, promised to take care of me, and I—fool that I was—believing still that he intended one day to marry me, submitted to everything, and even felt proud in my heart of all the miseries I had to undergo for his sake. He took a pretty, little apartment for me on the other side of the Seine, in a quiet and seldom-frequented neighborhood, and he engaged masters who came daily to instruct me and to teach me music, dancing, and other accomplishments. What pains I took to learn all these things! Oh, I was so anxious to become in every way worthy of being his wife! But, at last, one day I learnt the fatal truth—my base seducer had never intended to marry me, and I, my poor young heart torn with grief, and blinded by indignation and hatred for him—I left him. I ran away from the house he had taken for me in a feigned name—for that man did everything in an underhand way—and I have never seen him since. Blinded by despair, I forgot all my good resolutions, and threw myself headlong into the arms of my unlucky fate. Men were attracted by my accursed beauty, and the money which I found so difficult to obtain by the work of my hands was thrust upon me for one look of my eyes. You can imagine the rest—ah, madame, there are many losses that are bitter enough, but there is not one so bitter as the loss of the right to *respect!*—and you wonder that I despise mankind!

"In less than two years after this I became one of the most fashionable women in Paris. I led a gay and brilliant existence, I possessed carriages and horses and diamonds; and the proudest ladies of the imperial court imitated my dresses and my style. Yet I was not happy, my soul rose above all these frivolities; dearly as I loved show and comfort, I longed for peace and self-respect, and in the midst of all my triumphs I could not help feeling how lawless and despicable my life was. One day, at the Opera, my eyes rested upon a young fellow whose frank, honest eyes were turned towards me. It was a fair, noble face—a face such as I had seldom seen before—and the strange look in his eyes, as they met mine, seemed to condemn and pity me at one and the same time. That look was a revelation to me. Until then I had fascinated men, and ruined them, without feeling one pang of remorse, however slight. I hated them too much to trouble myself about them. They came to me, and they sacrificed everything for me of their own accord, and I felt a secret joy in the thought that that beauty which had lost me could, in its turn, scatter ruin and misery amongst them. But the face of that English boy was the first to awaken in me a sense of my wrong-doing, and after that I was always seeing that face in my dreams—that face with its clear, pure, blue eyes that seemed, as I said before, to condemn me and to pity me at one and the same time. One day I flung myself at the feet of a priest, and I confessed all my sins to him; and soon after this, acting upon his advice, I advertised in the papers for a situation, and, as I only asked for very moderate wages in exchange for the rudimentary instructions I could give in French, music and dancing, I soon obtained a situation which I believed in every way would suit me to perfection. It was in an island of the northern seas—an island which seemed to me almost out of the world; and I was to live with a noble and thoroughly respectable family as one of themselves; and so I went. But, alas, my cruel fate pursued me even there. The young fellow, whose handsome face I had remarked so often at the Opera in Paris, came to stay there as a visitor. He did not recognize me, fortunately, but he did worse—he fell in love with me; and I, for the first time in my life, knew that my heart no longer belonged to me. I loved that boy as I shall never be able to love again. I loved him with all my heart and soul, and I would have died rather than have caused him the smallest pang; and yet my unhappy fate ordained that I should be the cause of his ruin and death!"

As she says this, Zoé's eyes are filled with tears, and Mrs. Champion, who has been sitting at a little distance, now approaches, and takes a seat closer to her; her eyes, too, are beginning to fill with tears, and her breast rises and falls as if unable to conceal her emotion.

"Ignorant of my past—ignorant of who I was, and regardless of everything save his great love—he offered me his hand and his name, and I—blinded by love as I had before been by despair, and believing that my past would now be forgiven and forgotten, and that I could brave the whole world in his arms—I agreed to marry him. Yes, it was wrong—very wrong; I should never have married him! We were very happy for some months—indeed, I can say that those were the only happy days I have ever experienced; but one day some friends of his came to our island, and told him who I was. My dream was over. By the way he received the dreadful news I knew that all must be at an end between us—fortunately our marriage had been a secret one; no one knew that he was married, not even his father, for at my particular request he had agreed to keep it a secret until his father's death—so I determined to fly from him. I wrote a letter telling him all, and assuring him that our marriage was not a legal one, and at the time I firmly believed such was the case—for we had not been married in a church, and we were of different religions—but since then I have discovered that in Scotland even such a marriage as that is a binding one; and rushing to the village close by, I bribed two or three fishermen to convey me in their small fishing-boat across the sea to Holland; and without seeing him again, I left him, as I then thought, for ever.

"My first care on landing in Holland was to seek a convent. 'In the house of God alone,' I said to myself, 'is one's past entirely forgotten and all one's sins forgiven—there, before the Almighty, all are alike, and Christ does not scorn to take a bride even from the dregs of society. At last I did find a convent, though it was only a very poor one, where I could rest my weary frame. And now, from the extremes of luxury, indolence, indulgence, pleasure and extravagance, I found that I had come to the extremes of hardship, poverty, rigid discipline, suffering and toil. From a life where every wish was gratified, I came to a life where every privation had to be endured. Yet I would have undergone all this with patience and submission, for I was ready to do penance for my sin to the very last, and, if needs were, to starve myself to death to atone for it; but I had not been many months in this convent when the nuns discovered that I was about to become a mother. In vain did I tell them that I had been properly married, and that this child God had given me was no child of sin. The reputation of the convent, they told me, required that I should be expelled; and so, regardless of my miserable condition, and utterly careless of the great wrong they inflicted upon me, they publicly *expelled* me from their cloisters! Ah, am I not the most unhappy woman you ever knew?"

Mrs. Champion's keen gray eyes have been wandering from one to the other of these two women all this time; neither of them, however, seemed to pay any attention to her; but had they done so they would have seen an expression of agony in her handsome, classic face, such as no physical misery had ever brought there.

Zoé de Fleurville, too, seems unusually oppressed, a ghastly paleness has overspread her handsome face, and a cough, against which she has been vainly trying to struggle for some time, now interrupts her frequently; yet Louisa—though she has been listening with gradually increasing attention to this strange history, and something within her seems to draw her proud little patrician heart towards this poor woman—now raises her head, and forgetting everything but her own wrongs, and remembering that she is actually in the presence of the woman for whom Rupert has abandoned her, she gives way at last to her oppressed feelings, and exclaims in heartrending accents:

"You call yourself the most unhappy woman in the world! Ah, if you knew *my* history! What are your sufferings compared with mine?"

"Madame," Zoé says, rising from her chair and advancing a few steps towards Louisa, "I know your history, and though I feel for you from the bottom of my heart, yet I maintain that I am the most to be pitied, for, though the world has indeed treated you harshly, through all your sorrows you still have a husband who loves you."

"Loves me—when he spends his life in courting your favors!"

"Yes, madame, he loves you still; though, as you say, he passes his life courting my favors—and it is I, Zoé de Fleurville, who tell you so."

It is now Louisa's turn to rise and to confront Madame de Fleurville.

"What mean you, madame?"

"Listen. When I left my husband's side I swore never to love again. I have kept my promise for twenty years—I have never loved any other man. But a few months ago I saw Rupert Cassilis again, for the first time after many years; great changes had taken place in him, for when I had last seen him he was a mere boy; and directly I met him again I felt that I loved once more—all my old passion returned to me. I felt myself ready to do anything to win his love, but I knew that he was your husband, and so I tried to conquer my feelings. I smothered my passion as best I could, but not for his sake—no, for yours!"

"For mine?"

"Yes, listen. I know that he was your husband, and for this reason *only* I hid my love from him, and never permitted him to see it; yet I wanted to try him, to see whether he really was worthy of you, and so I endeavored to fascinate him without betraying myself, and I have found——"

"What?"

"That, though he evidently takes a pleasure in my society, and often comes to my house, his heart is all the time true to you—that he loves you, although he scarcely realizes it himself; and since then all my care has been to endeavor to show him the true state of his feelings, and to bring that reaction upon him that shall send him a truly penitent husband back to your feet."

"You have done this for me! For me—a woman you have never seen in your life! Why? Madame de Fleurville, why?"

Zoé de Fleurville, without taking her eyes off Louisa, throws herself at Mrs. Champion's feet, and, in a voice which no longer tries to conceal her emotion, cries:

"Shall I tell her, Mrs. Champion—shall I tell her?"

"Yes," the divine Dorothea answers, rising from her seat and lifting her from the ground. "Yes—the moment has come at last—it is better she should know all. She has suffered enough already on account of this horrible mystery, which until now has deprived her of a mother's heart and a mother's love. It is for this that I have brought her here, that you may yourself tell the secret which *I* have promised never to reveal; but which a thousand times already I have been on the very point of disclosing to her."

"Mrs. Champion, what means this? Who is this woman? For heaven's sake tell!"

"Can you not guess, Louisa?" Zoé exclaims, devouring her with her eyes. "Does not your heart tell you?"

"My heart—great God, can it be—no—oh, no!"

"Yes, Louisa, yes! You ask me why I have sacrificed myself for you—why I have endeavored so hard to make your husband love you while I myself loved him all the time; it is because—oh, Holy Virgin, assist me! Louisa, Louisa! turn not from me! have pity upon me! forgive me, Louisa—it is—because I am your mother?"

BOOK FIFTH.
FRANK'S TWO WIDOWS.

CHAPTER I.—HOW LOUISA FINDS HER MOTHER.

HER mother! So this is the end of all her ambitious dreams, of all her long-cherished visions of a palatial home and an illustrious birth. She, who believed herself the child of a royal princess, is but the daughter of a Princess of Tulle!

Poor Louisa has indeed suffered a mighty and crushing blow; yet at the sight of this beautiful woman, whose deep earnest eyes seem fixed upon her, as if her very life depended upon the way in which she may take the harrowing revelation she has just made, and whose heart-rending emotion is but too easily discernible in her handsome proud countenance, which so resembles her own in its unmistakable southern traits, Louisa cannot find it in her heart to scorn her.

For some time the three women are too greatly moved to utter a single word, for Mrs. Champion, whose noble heart is ever ready to sympathize with the sorrows and joys of others, shares their emotion; but presently thinking that perhaps both Louisa and her mother dread to be the first to speak, or that their hearts are too full for utterance, she, in a tender voice, says:

"I have kept my promise to both of you, though I have found it no easy matter to do so. To you, Marie—for you will allow me to address you by your real name now, will you not?—I promised to look after your daughter, and to watch over her, as you alone would have done could you have been near her. And to your dear child I promised to bring her one day into her mother's arms. Now my task is done; for, in spite of Lady Rollingford's precautions, and without breaking the promise which I once, many years ago, made her, of never revealing to any one the secret of your birth, which I alone knew, besides herself, I have succeeded in bringing you together."

Marie, whose greater experience of life has enabled her to conquer her emotion the soonest, is the first to break the long silence which follows Mrs. Champion's low-spoken sentences.

"What a wretch I must seem in your eyes! How you must despise and blame me—you who are so true, so innocent, so pure! Ah, Louisa, my own dear Louisa, never before have I realized so fully the depths into which I have fallen! Yet surely you will not disown your mother—you will have some pity for her? Oh, speak, dear child, speak?"

"Mother! mother!" is all poor Louisa can find in her heart to say; but that one cry is enough to reassure her mother, and to show her that there is still a heart in her child that can feel for her with a daughter's affection, and that will enable her to overlook her past.

"You are my mother—you!" she murmurs after a long pause. "Then my father was——"

"Francois Reymond, Lord Rollingford."

"Oh, thank God, it was not La Mazerolle!" Louisa cries, unable to repress a cry of relief, "but then you were——"

It is Marie who finishes the sentence for her:

"His wife—his lawful wife."

"Then Lady Rollingford——"

"Was never his wife; yet, to atone for the cruel wrong I did him and his family when I married him, I urged him to take to himself another wife, and I would be the very last person in the world to stand up and say she has no right to the title she bears."

"But does she know?"

"Yes; she knows everything. Do you think that your noble father would have been so base as to have deceived her?"

"Then she knows that she was never his lawful wife?"

"She was only Lord Rollingford's wife before the world. It was partly pity for him and partly ambition that caused her to lend herself to this deception."

"And she knows who I am?"

"Yes; and that is the reason why she adopted you and made you her heiress. The name you bear, and which you have doubtless until now thought you owed to her charity, is lawfully your own, and the estates which she intends leaving you should belong to you by right. Oh, why did I marry that boy? Why did I ever love him? But you forgive me, Louisa? You do not despise me too much to call me *mother?*"

"Oh, no—no! I see now how cruel I have been towards you. Forgive you! Ah, it is I who

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should ask your forgiveness! *I*, who for so many years have lived enjoying every luxury of life, careless of my true history, and without ever thinking that perhaps while I was feasting in the sumptuous halls of a palace my poor mother was suffering and starving, uncared for and despised." As she says this Louisa lifts up her eyes and casts a rapid glance round the apartment, when the luxury and elegance which meet her gaze in every direction cause her to shudder and tremble from head to foot.

"You are astonished to see me in such a magnificent home, Louisa. But I have not told you yet the whole story of my life. Let me finish it now; so that in future such sad topics may never more arise between us.

"When I was sent away from the convent in Holland, once more a lonely wanderer, to tread my weary way uncared for and despised by all, my mind was made up at once. Convent life had become unbearable to me—I would no more expose myself to be publicly expelled from a house where, as a penitent sinner, I had gone to endeavor to atone for my past in the world; yes, even amongst the gayest idlers in the most frivolous capital in Europe, I felt that I could better expiate my past than within those narrow walls, and amongst those even narrower hearts. So I came direct to Paris, and feeling a confidence in myself, which until then I could never have believed myself capable of experiencing, I went to the Comte de la Mazerolle, a man in whom, in spite of the gay life he leads, and the reputation he has acquired in the world for heartlessness, I had before this found a true and trustworthy friend; and to him I related my history, without, however, mentioning any names.

"I was not mistaken in my hopes. La Mazerolle listened to me with a sympathetic ear, promised to keep my secret, and offered to aid me in whatever career I might finally adopt. He lent me money, and procured me the medical attendance which in my critical state I so greatly needed—for it was for *your* sake, my Louisa, that I now desired so ardently to live. At last you were born, and your sweet innocent smile, that reminded me of your father's frank, honest gaze, reawakened in my heart all the courage and powers of endurance which the thought of you had first developed there, and strengthened me in my intention of remaining pure and true to myself.

"I had always felt that I possessed an inborn taste for acting, and though my histrionic powers—as I was forced to confess even to myself—were but slight, I determined to go on the stage, and to adopt that, the only career now open to me, as a profession.

"However, before I could make my appearance, even in a third-rate provincial theatre, I had to go through a preliminary course of studies, and here again had it not been for La Mazerolle's noble generosity I could not have afforded it; but he was a father to me; and though his world already began to couple our names in the daily scandals which it seems a part of its constitution to promulgate, he continued to help me, regardless of their sneers, contented that I, on my side, rising above them, should place perfect confidence and trust in his honor.

"It was while I was studying for the stage that your father and his now wife visited Paris, and the news of their arrival was soon succeeded by that of his dangerous illness. One night I saw him at the opera. How changed he looked! Death seemed painted on every feature of his beautiful young face. At the sight of him, all my old love returned—I forgot everything for a moment but that I was his wife—his lawful wife—whilst the woman who sat beside him, and who looked so proud and stately, was a miserable impostor, who had robbed me of my place; and that he had once loved me with one of those true all-absorbing passions which may kill, but which can never die.

"Presently he raised his head and looked towards me—our eyes met, and in that one moment I saw plainly that his heart still yearned for me. But the sight of me was too much for him; he turned ghastly pale, and uttering a cry which made every one in the theatre turn round—and which made my heart stand still—he fell back in a swoon that seemed as horrible as death itself. I saw him taken out of the box by Lady Rollingford and Mrs. Champion, and I afterwards heard that he was lying as if dead in the corridor, and that the doctor who had been called to attend him gave no hopes of his recovery. I could not control myself. I could not let him die without seeing him once again. I felt that if I did not obtain his forgiveness ere he breathed his last, my whole life would have been henceforth unbearable to me. I also longed to place you in his arms, and to hear him, with his own lips, pronounce a father's blessing over your innocent little head; and so I mustered up all my courage and presented myself at his hotel.

"Mrs. Champion will tell you what took place there—I feel my strength failing me fast, and I must now be as brief as possible; I will only tell you that I obtained all I had come to beg from him; that he fully forgave me; and that he not only blessed you, my darling, but that he insisted on you bearing his name, and on making you heiress to all his wealth. Lady Rollingford—who is the most extraordinary compound of selfish pride and kindness of heart that I have ever met; and who, though she hated me with all the intensity of her peculiar nature, yet has ever been the first to render me all the services that were in her power—agreed, at his especial desire, to adopt you, and to bring you up as her daughter; and I, unable to resist his pleadings, submitted to be separated from you—as I thought, for ever—though the separation nearly broke my heart.

Here Marie is again forced to pause by the cough which her deep emotion seems to aggravate.

"You know the rest," she resumes, regaining her voice by a supreme effort over herself, though at what a cost is but too evident. "I came out as an actress in one of the provincial theatres with some success, and for some years I went from town to town, every day gaining larger and larger salaries. An engagement was offered me, after a few years, in St. Petersburg. I went; and the success I achieved there made my name famous. Still I persisted in refusing to appear either in Paris or London; but in the course of time, being thoroughly convinced that no one could possibly recognize me—for I had altered the color of my hair, and time had wrought great changes in my personal appearance, and, above all, every one believed me dead, for I had taken great pains to have my death announced in all the papers, I signed a contract, by which I could command half the receipts of one of the principal theatres in the capital, if I consented to appear in such parts as had made my name so famous in other countries.

"My career as an actress, though not altogether free from sorrows and dangers, has been, upon the whole, a very happy one. I was no longer an innocent, ignorant girl—the slave of a but too passionate nature—my heart was dead to all soft affections, and time and experience had taught me how to evade dishonor without, however, wounding the susceptible feelings of my numerous admirers. My life has been gay and bright—perhaps, alas, fatal to my constitution; for I have spared myself no exertion—no excitement; yet, in heart, I have managed to remain as pure as I was when I left François Raymond's side, and Rupert Castilla has been the only man for whom I have since felt anything like a tender feeling. One day—carried away by his feelings, and perhaps exasperated by my pretended coolness for him—he went so far as to make me an offer of marriage. Fortunately the thought of his inexperienced youth, and the dread of again sacrificing a noble life at the altar of my miserable fate, prevented me from accepting it. Disgusted with me, he went off to London, swearing never to see me again; and the next time I saw him he was your husband—your husband, my dearest child! and, though he once more threw himself at my feet, and swore he loved me as dearly as ever, I have exercised all my influence over him in trying to reawaken in his heart that love which prompted him to make you his wife—and I think I have succeeded."

"You think he loves me still?" Louisa cries, unable to resist this one impulse of selfishness, so natural in all who love intensely.

"Yes, my child; for last night, unable to resist his pleading voice, I confessed everything to him, and begged of him to love the daughter if it were only for the sake of her mother; when, swearing a mighty oath, he threw himself at my feet, and confessed that he loved you dearly, and that if he came to my house so often, it was only to endeavor to banish your image from his heart; for he believed that only misery could come of his marriage with you; but, now that he knew your sad story, and that he realized what your feelings would be when you learnt the truth respecting your birth, that all his days should henceforth be devoted to making us both forget the past, and in trying to render us happy."

For some moments Louisa and her mother remain in each other's arms, whilst Mrs. Champion, standing close beside them, looks down upon the ghastly countenance of the latter, and grows pale and sad, as she has never been, no, not even when she has heard the shots whizzing around her during a battle under the scorching rays of an Italian sun—or when, in a hospital, she has stood in the midst of wounded soldiers, surrounded on every side by that grim spectre, Death; for she, too, like Rupert Castilla, realizes at last that the days of this poor woman are fast drawing to a close.

(Concluded in our next.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Sketches in Afghanistan.

On Monday, December 23d, two of the British guides, who, unarmed, were standing in the Jellalabad Bazaar, were suddenly attacked by a Ghazi, or fanatic, and one of them dangerously wounded. The assassin was seized, carried off to headquarters, and sentenced to be shot at once. The provost-marshal and Major Cavagnari, with other officers, went to see the sentence executed, which took place close to the Peshawur Durwaza. The Mussulman Judge or Cadi of the town was brought out, and on hearing the facts he at once confirmed the sentence. A very large crowd was collected, and saw the ceremony. A party of five soldiers of the Rifle Brigade were the shooting party. A supply of wood was brought, and a large fire was made, into which the corpse was thrown, and more wood piled over it, so as to consume the body. The purpose of this was to prevent the rite of sepulture being performed. Another sketch represents an incident in the first day's march of the Nineteenth Bombay N.I. from Hydrabad to Jacobabad. The camels are being packed, and the camp is a scene of great bustle and confusion, everybody getting ready for a start. One of the camels who is new to the work, and on whose back the officers' provisions for some days are packed, suddenly becomes frightened. Although one of his legs is tied to prevent his getting up, he manages to scramble on to the remaining three, sending bottles and plates, eatables and drinkables, in all directions, and gurgling in his throat, and crying out all the time in a way peculiar to camels, to the great consternation of everybody, the butler in particular, under whose especial care the commissariat arrangements are placed. Not much damage is done, however, and the camel is again made to lie down, and is ultimately more successfully packed.

Election of M. Grevy President of France.

The transmission, so simple and rapid, of the Presidential power from Marshal MacMahon to M. Jules Grévy, on the 30th of January last, was accomplished in two acts. Immediately after M. Grévy had read to the Senate the letter of resignation of the Marshal-President, both Houses were assembled together and proceeded to the election of a successor. But two formidable candidates allowed their names to be used, M. Jules Grévy, the staunch Republican President of the Senate, and General de Chanzy. The united vote of the Senate and National Assembly gave to the former 536 ballots, and to the latter 99. Proclamation of the event was speedily made; the Cabinet tendered their resignation to the new President, who urged them to remain in office, at least provisionally; and the ex-Presidents hastened to congratulate his successor. M. Leon Gambetta was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, on January 31st, and on February 4th a new Cabinet was formed with M. Waddington as Premier. As yet there have been no demonstrations of disapproval, no bloodshed, no rioting. It is now claimed that France is in fact, as well as name, a Republic.

The Distress in Manchester.

We present another illustration of the unusual scenes which have been witnessed during the past month or two in several towns of the manufacturing districts in the North of England, where the severe distress prevailing amongst the laboring classes has rendered it necessary to organize special agencies for the distribution of charitable relief. The warehouse in Windmill Street, Manchester, which had been appropriated to this service, was occupied by the committee a week before Christmas Day, and no time was lost in fitting up the interior of the premises, under the superintendence of Mr. George Jackson, an active member of the District Provident Society. Hundreds of applications for soup-tickets were received within the first few days. The soup-kitchens, with three boilers, each containing 150 gallons, were soon in full operation. The business of dispensing relief here was intrusted to Mr. James Smith, who had had much experience of similar work upon the occasion of the Lancashire Cotton Famine some fifteen or sixteen years ago. Our illustration shows the scene of almost daily occurrence at the table of this establishment in Windmill Street at the hour of applying for relief.

Sketches in South Africa.

The usual signs of festivity in a Caffre kraal is the slaughter of several sheep, which, when the members of the tribe and their friends are collected together, are cooked in their large iron pot, and eaten with great relish and appetite. The women sit apart from the men and elder boys and cook separately, and all await, silent and dignified, the commencement of the first course, when for a couple of hours it is a continuous eating and cooking. Having consumed a few pounds each, a party of men advance on a small slightly raised circle of the ground. Holding the assegai in the right hand, blanket or sheepskin carcase thrown over the left, they commence going round in a circle, chanting and marking time, the emphasis on the right foot. They strain all the muscles of the body in so doing, and contort the features of the face as they shake their assegais. At times one will leap into the centre of the circle, shooting and going through warlike motions; then, retiring to his former place, the whole party resumes the monotonous circular motion. When they are tired, a fresh lot takes their places, and so on. The women have their dance apart, and the girls also, apart from the married women, at the same time. British authorities give as the real cause of hostilities in Zululand the fear long entertained in Natal of the large military force maintained by Cetewayo. Sir Bartle Frere, as Governor-General of the British provinces and High Commissioner for all dealings with the native African races, therefore sent an ultimatum to King Cetewayo, the terms of which embraced a partial disarmament, a rectification of the frontier, the appointment of a British Resident (with a voice in the great council of the Zulu nation), and the cession of St. Lucia Bay, on the ground that it is used as a landing-place for arms and ammunition. The ultimatum limited the time for a submissive response to the 11th of last January, and no notice having been taken of the document, Sir Bartle Frere instructed Lord Chelmsford the disposition of the British troops. The ultimatum was read to a number of Zulu chiefs assembled on the banks of the Tugela River near Fort Pearson, after a lengthy and fruitless conference with the Governor-General's commissioners.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Aurora Borealis.—Professor Edlund, of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences, has recently published an exhaustive memoir on the Aurora Borealis. This is a more complete examination of the most striking phenomena of atmospheric electricity in the northern regions than any previously published. The paper has been translated and published in the *Philosophical Magazine*.

Is Consumption Contagious?—While waiting for the doctors to agree, Professor Gide, of Marseilles, has been trying some experiments on rabbits. He collected every day several litres of air expired by phthisic patients, and in this artificial atmosphere the rabbits were left to their own devices. They did not enjoy it, but on the contrary were evidently ill at ease. How about the good people who ate the rabbits afterwards? The learned doctor forgot to report to the Academy before whom his memoir was read.

Sebastine — A New Explosive. — M. Falmejelm, of Stockholm, has invented a new explosive, to which he has given the name Sebastine. It is composed as follows:

Nitro-glycerine	78 parts.
Wood charcoal	14 "
Nitrate of Potash	8 "
Total	100

The explosive force of the powder can be varied by changing the proportion of the constituents.

Important Geographical Survey.—At a late meeting of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society an interesting account was read of the recent explorations of M. Sievertsof and M. Mushketof, a geologist, in the Pamir plateau, in Eastern Ferghana and the Tsian-Shan Mountains. The observations of the latter traveler appear to have been both careful and valuable, especially as by visiting the Chatyr Kul Lake, M. Mushketof was enabled to effect a junction of his work with that of the late Dr. Stolickzka, of the Indian Geographical Survey, who did such useful work in that region when attached to Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission to Kashgar.

Survey of Upper Assam.—Captain R. G. Woodthorpe and Lieutenant Harman have lately completed some useful trans-frontier exploring work in the independent territory north of Upper Assam. A two inch survey was extended over 1,500 square miles of country, and about 400 square miles were reconnoitred in the Dhai Hills north of Lakhimpur, and an exploration made of the course of the Dibong and Subansiri Rivers. Lieutenant Harman's chief work has been the measurement of the discharges of these streams, as well as of those of the Dibong and Brahmaputra, a survey which will go far to settle the question of the true lower course of the Sanpo or great river of Thibet.

The Inhabitants of Kaffristan.—Kaffristan is a large mountainous tract of country north of Laghman, and above Jellalabad, which stretches into the very centre of the Hindoo Koosh, bounded on all sides by hills so high that it is almost inaccessible. Its inhabitants were formerly supposed to be descended from some Greek followers of Alexander the Great; but they are now believed to be the descendants of the original inhabitants of the plains, who were gradually pushed forward into the hills. In person they are fair, and their beautiful women are found as slaves in most parts of Afghanistan. In their native country they are described as wild and barbarous in the extreme.

A New Manganese Mineral.—The curious mineral, called manganosite, first described by Blomstrand, of Lund, has recently been subjected to a closer examination by Klein. It occurs in dark colored irregular grains inclosed in granular calcite; and, according to Blomstrand, they have a dark emerald green hue, while by transmitted light they appear to have a ruby-red color. The new mineral species is of interest from its consisting of manganese protoxide; the occurrence of so unstable a compound is remarkable. A freshly-fractured surface after exposure to the air for a few weeks becomes covered with a brown layer of oxide. Klein states that the mineral is cubic, and exhibits a fine dark-green color, both by reflected and by transmitted light, and arrives at the conclusion that the red color observed by Blomstrand was an effect of oxidation. The granules of manganosite, sometimes one centimetre in diameter, are imperfectly formed octahedra. The forms produced by etching the crystals are four-sided pyramids with quadratic bases.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Tennessee Legislature has passed a law giving the laborer a lien on the crop.

—THE Legislature of Alabama has appropriated money to buy legs for all her citizens who lost them for the Lost Cause.

—FROM 50,000 to 60,000 camels are used in the transportation of 10,000 troops in Northern India, and the service has occasioned great mortality among the animals.

—THE Russian Government has offered special privileges to such among the medical students as will volunteer to offer their services to the medical men in the localities where the plague prevails.

—A BOTANICAL society is in course of formation at Strassburg. Its object, apart from a special study of the botany of the Reichsland, is to provide all the higher schools of the country with complete herbaria.

—THE International Fine Art Exhibition at Munich is to open on July 20th, the date having been postponed from July 1st to admit of French artists sending works from the Paris Salon, which does not close till June 15th.

—THE Chinese Government have purchased machinery and engaged experienced engineers and spinners in Germany to establish cotton mills in China, so as to free that country from dependence upon English and Russian imports.

—THERE are iron and coal veins, as well as marble quarries, in the Balkans, and it is said that traces of gold have also been found in Bulgarian streams. There is, therefore, a wide field for exercise of the energy of the new Government.

—THE census returns of Germany show that out of 1,667,104 industrial establishments, only 42,513 were in the hands of persons employing more than five workmen, leaving 1,623,591 industries in the hands of individual workmen or very small capitalists.

—THE Swedish Government intends to request the Washington Cabinet to order all vessels proceeding to the Aleutian Islands to search for the Leonard Pops, of the Nordenskjold exploring expedition, which may appear at the straits early in the Summer.

—THE Municipal Council of Paris appears to have refused to allow the grand equestrian statue of Charlemagne, which was recently seen at the exhibition, to be erected in one of the public places, the reason being that the hero in question was a "tamer of people."

—A COMPANY of enterprising Northern men are engaged on the Edisto River, South Carolina, in the business of catching sturgeon, the flesh of which is sent North and converted into canned salmon, while the spawn is sent to the same place, and, after being prepared and canned, returns South with a foreign trade-mark, and is sold as Russian caviare.

—THE design for the monument to Liebig, the German chemist, has been chosen, the first prize falling to Professor Wagmuller, of Munich. It is a sitting portrait statue upon a pedestal which will contain bas-reliefs representing scenes from the working life of the great chemist. The statue will be in marble from the Tyrol. It will be erected at Munich, while Giessen will have an exact copy in bronze.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. RICHARD M. MCSHERRY, of Baltimore, has received from King Humbert the Order of the Royal Crown of Italy, in recognition of his eminent legal services in breaking up the padrone system in that city.

LORD DUFFERIN has not been allowed to remain long without occupation. He is to take the place of Lord Lofton, who becomes Governor of the Colony of New South Wales, as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

ALL costly pomp is to be avoided in the approaching celebration of the silver wedding of the Emperor of Austria and his wife. They desire it on account of the severe depression from which the country is suffering.

THE Rev. William Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford and author of the well-known "Constitutional History of England," has been appointed Canon of St. Paul's, in place of Dr. Lightfoot, elevated to the episcopacy.

DON MARCO A. SOTO, President of the Honduras Republic, is a miracle of patriotism. Upon his election he found the country bankrupt, and used a great deal of his own large fortune in improving its condition. He moreover refuses to receive any salary for his services.

MADAME GRÉVY, the wife of the French President, has for many years been an invalid, and has therefore lived in the closest seclusion. She very reluctantly quitted her own home to go to the Elysée, the rooms of which appear to her uncomfortably large and stately. She is the daughter of M. Fraisse, one of the richest merchants of Nancy, and at the time of her marriage, it is said, her relations thought she might have done better than to marry the man who is now the ruler of a great country.

AMONG recent deaths is that of Mr. A. Anthony Guiman, of Pittsburgh, Pa., brother of Mr. Joseph Guiman, of New York. Mr. Guiman's attainments were of no ordinary sort, and for a time enabled him to fill a position of great trust, that of private secretary to Secretary of State Seward, which he held during the war. He accompanied Mr. Seward in a voyage around the world, and subsequently traveled in South America and Europe. In these wanderings, and during his secretaryship, he mastered, it is said, nine languages.

THE death is noted of Hon. Abraham B. Hasbrouck, an ex-Member of Congress, and ex-President of Rutgers College, at Rondout, N. Y., on February 23d, aged 87; Colonel Bruin Mayer, a well-known traveler and author, at Baltimore, aged 79; General Alonzo Jackman, a professor at the Norwich University, at Northfield, Vt., February 24th, aged 70; Dr. Horatio B. Sheppard, who started the first one-cent paper in the United States, at New York, February 24th, aged 70; the Rev. Enos A. Osborne, a well-known Presbyterian city missionary, at Newark, N. J., February 25th, aged 87; René Gaspard Ernest Taillandier, a noted French author and Professor of Foreign Literature at Strasbourg, Montpelier and Sorbonne, aged 61.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON and retinue sailed in the steamer *Danube* from Southampton on February 27th, for the Cape, to join the British military forces in South Africa, as a volunteer. The Prince has written a letter to M. Rouher announcing his intention to join the British forces at the Cape. He says: "For the last eight years I have been the guest of England. My education was completed in the English Military School. I have strengthened my ties of friendship with the English army by taking part in its annual manœuvres. The war at the Cape having assumed a more serious character, I have wished to follow the campaign. I could not refrain from sharing the dangers and fatigues of the troops, among whom I have so many friends. Moreover, the time spent in witnessing the struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be wasted for me."

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THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—THE AMERICAN VISITORS BEING SHOWN THROUGH THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

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HON. JAMES SHIELDS,

U. S. SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, who was elected United States Senator from Missouri for the short term on January 21st, is one of the most remarkable men of the time. He was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810, and came to this country when about sixteen years of age. After receiving a good education he settled at Kaskaskia, Ill., where he opened a law office. Since then he has been a member of the Illinois Legislature (1836), Auditor of the State (1839), a Judge of the State Supreme Court (1843), Commissioner of the General Land Office (1845-47), a United States Senator from Illinois (1849 to 1855), and from Minnesota (1858 to 1859), and Adjutant-General of Missouri (1877). In 1846 General Shields was appointed by President Polk as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and served with distinction through the Mexican War, receiving severe wounds at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec. He received the rank of brevet major-general in 1848, when he was mustered out of service. He removed to Minnesota after his term as Senator from Illinois, and after serving Minnesota in the Senate he went to California. He entered the Union Army in 1861 as a brigadier-general, and commanded a division in Banks's army in the Shenandoah Valley, where he gained the battle of Winchester, March 23d, 1862. On the previous day he received a severe wound in a skirmish. During the past few years General Shields has been a resident of Missouri. Efforts to elect him as Doorkeeper of the House, in Washington, in 1878, and to have him placed on the retired list of the army, failed, but his pension was increased to $100 a month. The vacancy to which he has been elected was caused by the death of Lewis V. Bogy (Democrat), in 1877, and was filled up to the time of his election by David H. Armstrong (Democrat), who was appointed by the Governor.

On Thursday, February 20th, Senator Voorhees called up the resolution instructing the Committee on Pensions to report a Bill making provision for the surviving soldiers of the Mexican War, in order that Senator Shields might address the Senate on that subject.

The veteran of two wars said he thanked the Senate for giving him an opportunity to speak a few words for his old comrades of the Mexican War. The soldiers of the last war had been treated with just and very commendable liberality. The Pension Bureau had reported to Congress a larger army of Mexican veterans alive today than ever stood on Mexican soil at one time with arms in their hands. The wonder was that any intelligent Congress could place confidence in such a report. Throughout the whole Union today there were not over 11,000 Mexican veterans alive. There was one regiment from South Carolina which reached Mexico with 1,100 men. At the close of the war it numbered 220 men, and there were only eight members of that regiment living today. He spoke of the bravery of the American Army in Mexico and gave personal reminiscences of the war, and in conclusion appealed to Congress to give the Mexican survivors the pittance they asked for to help them along in the down-hill of life. "Give them the pittance to help them on that last march to that field from which no warrior ever returns."



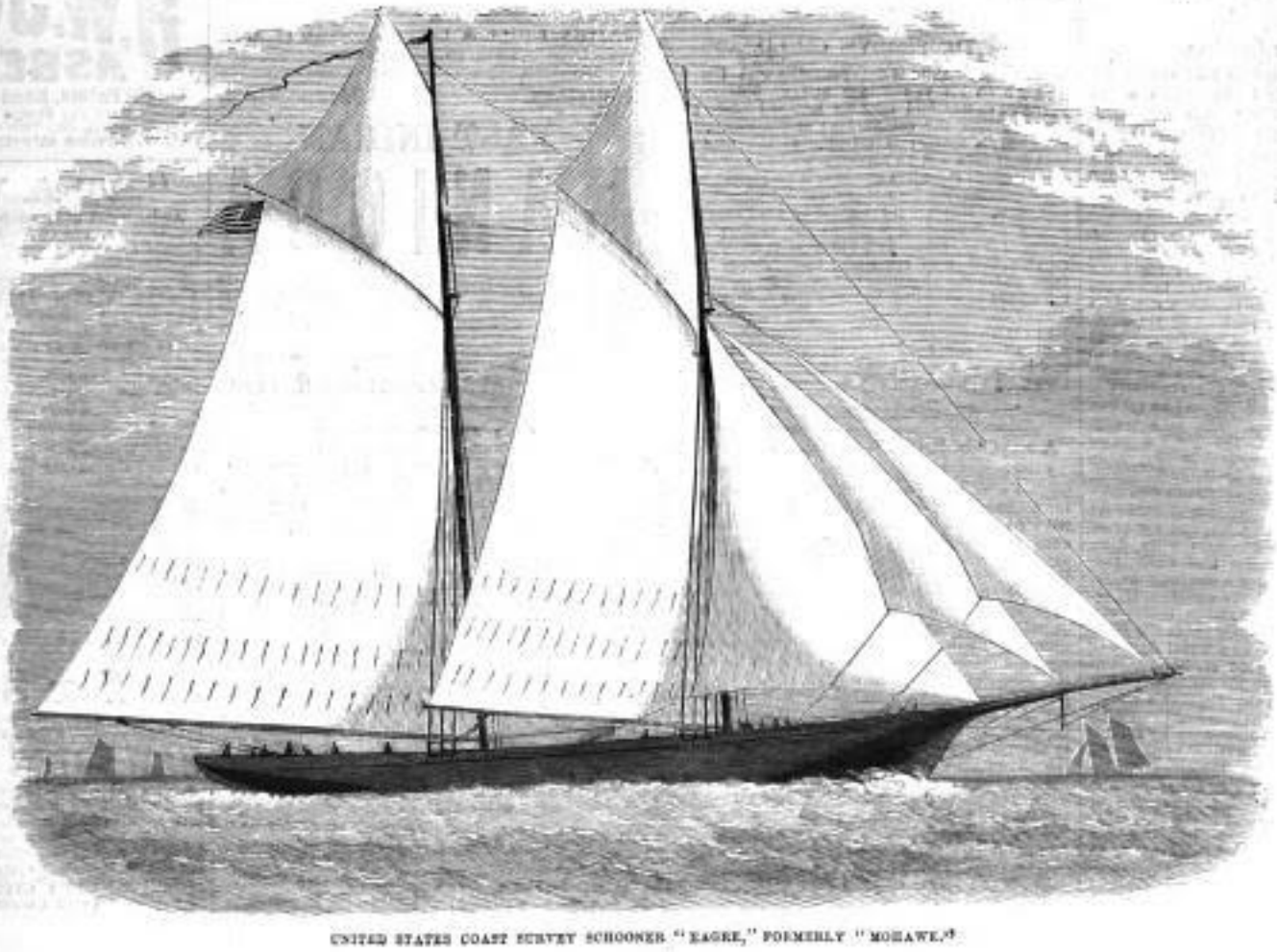
HON. JAMES SHIELDS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY SCHOONER "EAGRE."

WE present on this page a sketch of the Coast Survey schooner *Eagre*, formerly the yacht *Mohawk*, of the New York Yacht Club, now on duty on the South Atlantic coast. After the terrible accident which occurred in New York Harbor during the Summer of 1876, the *Mohawk* was not again used for pleasuring; but some time early in 1878 she was sold at public auction, and bought by the United States Coast Survey Service for the small sum of $18,000. She was bought with all the furniture and equipments, just as found when the yacht was raised. The saloon is furnished and fitted in the same manner, excepting the bulkhead mirrors, as when owned by Commodore Garner. The internal arrangements have not been changed. Twenty-four feet have been cut off her main boom, nine feet off her mast heads, and fourteen feet off her head booms.

The Coast Survey Service is under the direction of the Treasury Department, and the Coast Survey vessels are officered by Naval Officers detailed by the Navy Department for that duty, and manned by men shipped for that purpose. Three officers and fourteen men compose the entire crew.

The *Eagre* has been fitted out to make extensive observations on the magnetic influences on the compass. The Winter and Spring will be spent in collecting data to that end in the West Indies. Twenty-six ports situated in Florida, the islands near our coast, and Mexico, will be visited before the vessel returns to New York in July next, when, after repairing, she will pursue the same work on the coasts of New Jersey, Long Island and the New England States.



UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY SCHOONER "EAGRE," FORMERLY "MOHAWK."

HIGH-TONED HOSIERY.

IN view of the belief that short dresses will ultimately be worn, English manufacturers have produced marvels in the shape of stockings. Indeed, many are quite works of art. But the embroidery on some of them is far more elaborate than beautiful, while others are just as tasteful and pretty. In fact, stockings now form a most important item in the toilet. The old design of a spear head is considered too simple-looking for the present style. Hose of black silk or Lisle thread, embroidered with white or colored floss silk, are always in good taste. The new kinds are embroidered up the front, and not at the ankles, as before. Very small flowers, such as forget-me-nots, look far prettier for the instep and leg of a stocking than roses almost as big as sunflowers, which are not at all uncommon. Spun silk and cashmere silk hose can now be brought in every new and delicate shade, to match the costumes with which they are to be worn. Pale pink, blue, beige and carousbier are the most popular colors.

Fashion, like history, constantly repeats itself, and, as regards the wearing of flesh-colored stockings, the author of "Ella," written in 1819, says: "A fashion of pink-colored hose for ladies comes up at this juncture. Oh! the conceits which we varied upon red in all its prismatic differences. And the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion for a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet not tumbling over it." "I pronounced," says Charles Lamb, in reference to these stockings, "that modesty, taking her final leave of mortals, was visible in her ascent to the heavens by the track of her glowing instep; but fashion is transient, and so is the mode which has favored us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their pristine whiteness."

That is not the least likely in our time, 1879, for white stockings are rarely ever seen indoors, far less in the streets; and the fashion of wearing shoes which display so much of the stockings makes it almost certain that the taste for colored hose will be more enduring than that Charles Lamb calls "the transient mode of a few weeks."

Then what dainty shoes there are. Almost extravagant, and quite indescribable in their elegance. They are made in every possible color, with gold or silver heels and embroidered in all styles with gold and silver thread, or beads and pearls, likewise trimmed with ruches of lace, silk and what not.

The instep is held in place by embroidered bands of gold and silver clasps, or by ornamental knots of bright ribbons, made up in imitation of gay birds; lizards, butterflies and flowers are used to decorate the toes.

Cardinal silk stockings look extremely well worn under a pair of black velvet or satin slippers trimmed with white lace, and clasped with buckles to imitate diamonds.

MR. GLADSTONE.

GLADSTONE has a very winning voice, soft and grave. He expresses himself with perfect fluency, and in the finest English, never halting for a word; for even when he spins out an elaborate series of phrases intended to obscure his meaning he speaks straight on, fast or slow, according to his temper. A facetious M. P., describing the difference between Palmerston and Gladstone, as leaders of the House, remarked that when the former was asked on what day Parliament would be prorogued, he answered by naming the date straightforwardly; whereas Gladstone's style was to observe "that the prorogation of Parliament was a prerogative of the Crown, and that her Majesty had it within her discretion, subject to the advice of her Ministers, to prorogue Parliament when she pleased; nevertheless (here a cough), that it was not improbable, unless unforseen circumstances arose, that Parliament might be prorogued on or about such and such a day." This queer method of answering, which smacks of Mr. Pecksniff, has often given Mr. Gladstone's detractors occasion to sneer at his "oiliness," and to set him down as a hypocrite. Nothing can be less merited, for a man who was not thoroughly sincere in his convictions could never have taken such liberties with his country and party as Mr. Gladstone has done. He would have been exposed long ago. Ambitious Mr. Gladstone certainly is, and he is not proof against a petty spitefulness which he has wreaked at times in no very dignified way against his great rival who supplanted him in the good graces of the constituencies in 1874; but it must be remembered that the ex-Premier feels no belief in Lord Beaconsfield. He regards him as a clever but unprincipled opponent, who is never actuated by any lofty ideal of patriotism or duty, but solely by the wish to obtain power; and in proportion as Lord Beaconsfield's phantasmagoric policy dazzles the public eye, Mr. Gladstone grows more and more impatient and ashamed at its delusiveness.

Mr. Gladstone listens on all occasions to what he thinks to be the voice of his conscience. Mrs. Gladstone told an acquaintance that during the progress of the Irish Church resolutions in 1868 her husband used to pace about his dining-room at Carlton House Terrace until far into the night, in a state of the most nervous irritability because he had been assailed by old friends who impugned his motives and warned him that he would repent of what he was doing. Having overcome all his own doubts, he could not conceive that others should be troubled by any; and as he paced about he recited fragments of speeches in a sort of adjuring voice, as if he were beseeching Heaven to send him fiery arguments wherewith to blast the stubborn. At the height of the Tichborne agitation, again, Mr. Gladstone sent for Sir John Coleridge, and implored him to state on his honor whether he believed the man to be an impostor, "because," said he, "I cannot make up my mind about it, and I dread to see any wrong done."

On saying that Mr. Gladstone is apt to lose his temper about little things, one must make a distinction. If Lord Beaconsfield had ordered a new hat for a certain hour and it did not come, he would get cross. Mr. Gladstone, in such a case, would be likely to put on his valet's head-dress if he found it hanging up in the hall. He never worries about domestic trifles. He is a tender father, a devoted husband, a true and good friend. His disinterest-

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edness about money matters is so great that he refused an augmentation of his salary whilst Prime Minister, and left office impoverished. He had to sell a goodly collection of china which he had amassed (for he is a connoisseur), and soon afterwards his library of books, which was bought back for him by Lord Wolverton. His readiness to succor all who appeal to his charity is only limited by his means, and he frequently returns from a country walk with his pockets cleaned out, thanks to his distributions of gold and silver among the sick or needy villagers. Some months ago he went out for a walk of about twelve miles, intending to return to Hawarden by train; but in the evening he found he had given away everything, and had not money left to pay for his ticket, so he trudged home on foot, arriving so late that his family had become uneasy. Mr. Gladstone does more than give money away, for he has often been known to go and read the Bible to tenants who were bedridden; and this mission of charity he has always discharged in the most natural, unostentatious fashion, even when he was Prime Minister, and had work enough to occupy all the moments of such a sturdy toiler as himself. He is, in truth, a most fervent Christian; and the explanation of much of what is wayward in his character may be found in his deep religiousness.

The Condition of Southern Russia.

A LIGHT is thrown upon the ruinous condition of Southern Russia by the arrival at St. Petersburg of delegates from the landowners of the provinces of Kharkoff, Toula and Koursk to interview the Minister of the Interior with respect to the issue of an order to prohibit the banks from putting up mortgaged estates for sale. One of the members of the delegation states that two St. Petersburg banking houses sold up no less than 1,200 large estates in December, and 700 more during the first half of January. Some of these consisted of 200,000 acres, and scarcely any were under 1,500 in extent. The emancipation of the serfs, bad harvests, the cattle disease and the heavy taxation are the chief causes of the bankruptcy of the landowners, and the evil at present is so widespread that seventy per cent. of them are on the mortgage lists of the banks, and estates can be picked up in South Russia for a mere song—a shilling or eighteen pence the acre!—with the family mansion thrown in.

Where Limes are Grown.

THE little island of Montserrat, one of the most charming and salubrious of the British West Indian Colonies, with an area of but forty-seven square miles, or considerably less than that of London, contains the most extensive and best cultivated plantations of the lime-fruit tree in the world. These "orchards" are the development of a small plantation established but a quarter of a century ago, when the virtues of the juice of the lime-fruit were not so universally recognized as they are now, when for the captain of a ship to neglect to distribute among his crew their daily dose of lime-juice is to run the risk of heavy pecuniary penalties, to say nothing of serious outbreaks of scurvy. The cultivation of the plant, which involves a large outlay of capital, with no immediate return, was not at first attended with any commercial success, but the Montserrat Company now owns 600 acres of land, bearing 120,000 trees, from which a crop is gathered nearly all the year round, the heaviest harvest extending for three months, from September to January. The appearance of the trees—with their dark-green leaves growing thick and bushy, and relieved at one and the same time by the bright fruit in different stages of ripeness, from green to a rich, ruddy yellow, and by the fragrant white flowers, resembling orange-blossoms—is one of extreme beauty, and a lime-tree orchard is perhaps unequaled by any other similar plantation. The very leaves of the tree emit a delicious perfume, and are largely used in the West Indies for the purpose of scenting water for toilet and other purposes. The trees do not bear fruit till they are seven years old, and during that period they require careful attention and pruning; they are otherwise easy of cultivation, flourishing best in light soils near the sea. The production of fruit is very large; and the process of extracting the juice is easy, the fruit being simply sliced and pressed, and the juice at once placed in casks ready for exportation. A secondary product is citric acid, which is procured from the interior fruit, and by a subsequent manipulation of the refuse from the first process of squeezing.

The Milk of the Cow-tree.

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT remarks that among the many very wonderful natural phenomena which he had during his extensive travels witnessed, none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as the milk of a cow. The adult Indians would go each morning with their slaves from the village or station on the slope of the mountain chain bordering on Venezuela, where Humboldt was stopping, to a forest where they grew, and, making some deep incisions into the trees, in less than two hours their vessels, placed under these incisions, would be full. All present would then partake of the milk, on which the slaves grew fat, and a quantity would be carried home to be given to the children and to be mixed with cassava and maize. The tree itself attains a height of from forty-five to sixty feet, has long alternate leaves, and was described by Linden as *Brosimum galactodendron*. The milk which flows from any wound made in the trunk is white and somewhat viscid; the flavor is very agreeable. Some time ago, on the occasion of M. Boussingault going to South America, he was requested to take every opportunity of investigating this subject. At Maracay the tree was first met with, and for more than a month its excellent qualities were daily tested in connection with coffee and chocolate; but there was no opportunity for a chemical analysis. Nor does such appear to have occurred till recently, when, amid the many curious things exhibited by the Venezuelan Government at the Paris Exhibition, there happened to be several flasks of this milk, and after a long period M. Boussingault has been enabled to complete his analysis of this substance, which is unique in the vegetable world. In a memoir laid before the Academy of France he gives a detailed analysis, and concludes by stating that this vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matter, but also sugar, caseine and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favor of the vegetable milk, and brings it up to the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will readily account for its great nutritive powers.

FUN.

A NARROW escape—A fire ladder.

COINS of vantage—Gold for paper.

"THAT'S a nice new suit you have on; what did you have to pay for it?" "Sixty dollars—and costs."

PEDESTRIAN (who has dropped half-a-crown in front of "the Blind"): "Why, you confounded humbug, you're not blind!" *Beggar*: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me a wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb!"

A LADY belonging to the Diet Mission recently visited a needy woman and found her sick. "What is it?" she kindly asked. Placing her hand on her heart, the woman said, "It's repudiation." "What?" queried the visitor. "Re-pu-di-ation," pronounced the afflicted woman, "that's what the doctor said." And noticing the play of expression on her visitor's face, she hastened to add, "Tain't ketchin!"

A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.—*Mamma*: "Papa dear, the children have been asked to the Willoughby Robinsons' on the 11th, the Howard Jones' on the 15th, and the Talbot Brownes' on the 21st. They'll be dreadfully disappointed if you don't let them go! May I write and accept, dear papa?" *Dear Papa* (savagely): "Oh, just as you please! But, as juvenile parties should always be taken in time, you had better write to Dr. Squills, too, and tell him to call on the 12th, 16th and 22d."

A FRUGAL lady up-town lately employed a washerwoman to come and do her washing. Hours passed, and the woman grew faint, but saw no sign of lunch. Finally she suggested that she could work with more spirit if she had something to eat. "You can have lunch by-and-by," replied her employer, "there's no hurry. Eating is only a practice, any way." "But," remonstrated the hungry washerwoman, "it is a practice that I've indulged in for upwards of fifty years, and I am too old to give it up now!"

A GENTLEMAN has a little boy who, on account of his mother being an invalid, has been under the especial care of his nurse. During the Summer, however, his mother went away for the season, taking the little boy and his grandmother. Being unused to receiving orders from his mother, he at one time rebelled, and she was obliged to punish him. To this he demurred, affirming that only the nurse had a right to punish him; and, going to his grandmother, he complained that his mother had struck him. "That was right," said she, "if you were naughty; she is your mother, and has a right to whip you if you don't behave well." The little fellow, sobbing, asked, "Have mothers a right to strike their children?" "Certainly," she replied. "Are you her mother?" he asked. "To be sure I am." "Well, then," cried he, "hit her!"

FLAVORING WHISKY.—An Irishman visiting Dublin for the first time went into a tavern and called for a glass of whisky. It was brought to him with a slice of lemon in it. Pat surveyed it for some minutes in wondering silence, and then, calling the waiter, said in a half-whisper, "What's that?" "Lemon, your honor," was the reply. "Sure, I know that," said Pat, who had never seen a lemon before in his life, "but what's it there for?" "To give it a flavor," answered the other. This was a wrinkle for Pat, who returned to his bog, and on the first occasion of entertaining his friends slipped a slice of potato into each man's whisky. "What's the meaning of that, at all?" inquired one of the company. "Don't you know it's to give it a flavor?" replied the host, affecting supreme contempt of the other's ignorance.

THE annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, presented herewith, shows a highly solvent and satisfactory condition of affairs. This corporation, the largest and soundest in the world, has grown to its present colossal proportions through a system of honest administrations founded upon correct business principles. The net assets of the Mutual show an increase during the last year of $1,818,338, while the gross assets on the 1st of January of the current year amount to the enormous aggregate of $37,127,614.52. The amount at risk has diminished slightly during the last year, while the surplus and guarantee fund now amount to almost four and a quarter million dollars, all of which is invested in the safest and most prudent investments. The company concedes to the general demand for lower prices, by leading the way in the reduction of premiums on all policies, both old and new, of fifteen per cent., a step which can not fail to increase its strength and business and enlarge its already ample security to its patrons.

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1,309 Chestnut St.; Philadelphia.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

SOMEBODY'S child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face and an indescribable yearning to live and take an honored place in the world beside the companions of his youth. And somebody's mother is thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—when her hearth and home will be left desolate—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's take this comforting word to the mother's heart, *before it is too late*. Tell her that consumption is curable, that men are living to-day, aged, robust men, whom the physicians pronounced incurable at the age of twenty-five, because *one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease*. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a most efficient alterative for separating the scrofulous matter from the blood and lungs, and imparting strength to the system. It has cured hundreds of consumptives.

A NOTABLE OPERATION IN STOCKS.

LAST month, twenty-five prominent business men formed a mutual capital of fifty thousand dollars for Stock operations in New York. Each one contributed two thousand dollars, and operations were conducted thirty days, at which time they were promptly closed, according to first agreement. Each gentleman received $25,650.85 for his share, while the brokers who manipulated the pool made over $20,000 for buying and selling the stocks, showing that every one connected with the operation was mutually benefited by being associated with the others. The Bankers and Brokers who did this business were Messrs. ADAMS, BROWN & Co., Nos. 26 and 28 Broad Street, New York. By the Mutual Capitalization system of stock operations, they receive investments as low as $50 or $100, up to $15,000 or $25,000, thus securing to all patrons the advantages of largest capital and best skill. $50 makes $350 profit; $250 returns $2,500, and so on, as the market moves. Their new circular has the unfailing "Rules for Success" in stock operations, which are absolutely of first importance to all operators. They are large dealers in all classes of securities, and especially Government Bonds. Address, ADAMS, BROWN & Co., Bankers, 26 and 28 Broad Street, New York.

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

THE Kentucky Commonwealth Distribution Company announces its eighth regular allotment of prizes on the 31st inst. The regularity and success of the award of prizes is the most satisfactory evidence of the correct business principles on which the company is managed.

PARTIES arriving at the Grand Central Depot in New York City will find a stage awaiting them on their arrival to convey them direct to the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL; Mr. Welch, the energetic proprietor of that popular house, having made arrangements with the Madison Avenue stage line to have omnibuses ready at the depot on arrival of all trains for direct transfer to the ST. NICHOLAS. The fare is only five cents.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly is resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., Proprietors, New York.

TO THOSE out of employment and to agents, Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., offer great inducements. Read their advertisement.

NEARLY five acres of woodwork in the two immense drygoods stores of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. of this city are protected with H. W. Johns's Asbestos Fire-Proof Paint. H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, are sole manufacturers of genuine Asbestos Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, etc.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EGBERT FERRIS & SON, No. 61 NASSAU Street, West Side.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Delicious. Economical.

EAST INDIAN

MANIOCA

Is healthful, easily digested, and unlike any other article of diet. Once used for **Puddings, Griddle Cakes, Jellies, Blanc Mange or Soup,** it will never be discontinued. Sold by first-class Grocers everywhere, and wholesale by

SMITH & VANDERBEEK,

45 & 47 Park Place, New York.

$2,250,000!

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY,

GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING, Havana, Cuba, April 8th, 1879. Drawing positive; never postponed. ONLY 15,000 TICKETS ISSUED. Prizes amounting to $2,250,000 distributed.

1st	CAPITAL PRIZE	$1,000,000
2d	PRIZE	200,000
3d	PRIZE	100,000
4th	PRIZE	50,000
5th	PRIZE	25,000
8	PRIZES, $10,000 EACH	80,000
8	PRIZES, 5,000 EACH	40,000
674	PRIZES, 1,000 EACH	674,000
723	PRIZES, amounting to (Spanish dollars)	2,250,000

Tickets, $200; Halves, $100; Quarters, $50; Eighths, $25; Tenths, $20; Twentieths, $10; Fortieths, $5.

Full particulars sent free. Prizes cashed. Liberal discount to clubs. Address,

J. DUFF & CO., Bankers, 42 Nassau St. (cor. Liberty), New York.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Cable Dispatch—HAVANA, Jan. 25.

To J. DUFF & Co., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York: Ticket No. 2,118 (Class 1,031), held by your firm, has drawn the second capital prize of 50,000 Spanish dollars. The above ticket sold in New York by J. DUFF & CO., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

The loss of memory, the nervous and exhausted feeling, the dissatisfaction with the result of one's labors, the dull unrefreshed sleep, the want of appetite and neuralgia, are simply the brain and nerves calling for their necessary food. Vitalized Phosphates restore lost energy in all weaknesses of mind or body, relieve debility and nervousness and prevent consumption. Physicians have prescribed 250,000 packages.

F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists.

$30,000 FOR $2

IN THE

Extraordinary Drawing

KENTUCKY STATE LOTTERY,

OF

March 26th, 1879.

Don't overlook the opportunity.

Some one must be the lucky winner, and why not you?

SCHEME:

1 Prize of	$30,000 is		$30,000
1 Prize of	15,000 is		15,000
1 Prize of	5,000 is		5,000
2 Prizes of	2,000 are		4,000
2 Prizes of	1,500 are		3,000
5 Prizes of	1,000 are		5,000
50 Prizes of	200 are		10,000
100 Prizes of	100 are		10,000
200 Prizes of	50 are		10,000
500 Prizes of	20 are		10,000
1027 Other Prizes amounting to			15,600
1,889			$117,600

WHOLE TICKETS $2.

Club Rates upon application.

☞All the above prizes will be drawn at this drawing.

The following numbers drew the first three prizes in the ordinary drawing of February 6th:

No. 66,464 drew $15,000.
SOLD IN PHILADELPHIA.
No. 48,008 drew $8,000.
SOLD IN ST. LOUIS.
No. 54,206 drew $5,000.
SOLD IN CHICAGO.

This lottery has been in existence over 50 years, and no drawing has ever been postponed even for a single day.

SIMMONS & DICKINSON, Managers,
Covington, Ky.

☞Address all orders to our General Eastern Agents,
WILLIAMSON & CO., 309 Broadway, New York.

Send in orders without delay, as in the last Extraordinary Drawing we were unable to supply the demand. Correspondence private. List of drawings published in the New York Herald, Staats Zeitung and Louisville Commercial. All out-of-town ticket holders are mailed a copy of the official list as soon as received.

$10 to $1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HARRICH & CO., 165 & 167 Broadway.



PIANOS $144 to $400—factory prices—highest honors—Mathushek's scale for squares—finest uprights in America—12,000 in use—Pianos sent on trial—Catalogue free. MATHUSHEK PIANO CO., 21 E. 15th Street, N. Y.

HAPPY VOICES. (Copyrighted.)

New glad, happy voices,
Like sweet Sabbath bells,
O'er the hills and the vales
The glad story tells

Of the Star Parlor Organ Co., Washington, New Jersey.

They manufacture the finest organ for the least money of any factory in the United States. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay. Write to them.

H.W.JOHNS'

ASBESTOS

Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE. Send for Descriptive Price List.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

"AT A WAKE!"

An Irish girl had a tooth drawn with Laughing Gas at Dr. Colton's, and on recovering exclaimed: "*Why, I thought I was at a wake!*" Office, 19 Cooper Institute, New York City.

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH

We will insert a seven-line advertisement one week in a list of 269 weekly newspapers, or four lines in a different list of 337 papers, or ten lines two weeks in a choice of either of four separate and distinct lists containing from 70 to 100 papers each, or four lines one week in all four of the small lists, or one line one week in all six lists combined, being more than 1,000 papers. We also have lists of papers by States throughout the United States and Canada. Send 10 cents for our 100-page pamphlet. Address GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.



CASWELL'S

All Others Counterfeit.

The best Lozenges in the world for coughs, throat, and voice. For sale by all druggists. Send 25c., and get a box by mail.

CASWELL & CO., Boston.

$5 for 30 Cents!

We will send to each reader of this paper, for 30 cts. in cash or stamps, a genuine French Oil Chromo,

CANARIES & JEWELS!

This elegant little picture is 12 by 16 inches, and is printed in sixteen (16) colors. (Copies of this same edition have sold for $5.00). This picture could not be reproduced and sold for anything like the price we ask for it, and we only make this extraordinary offer in order to close out balance of a large edition. Address,

QUAKER CITY CHROMO CO.,
1102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

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KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS.
MADE TO MEASURE,
The very best that can be produced at any price, 6 for $9.
PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE DRESS SHIRTS.
The very best that can be produced at any price, 6 for $7. Easily finished by any little girl.

KEEP'S CINCHAM UMBRELLAS.
The very best *Patent, Protected Rib, Silk* per cent. stronger than any other umbrellas made, **$1 each.**

KEEP'S KID GLOVES FOR GENTS.
THE VERY BEST.
Plain or Embroidered, $1 a pair.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR
IN ALL STYLES.
Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Ties, Etc.
All Goods warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Samples and Circulars mailed free.
Shirts only delivered free.
Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars, on application, as we are prepared to furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
631, 633, 635 & 637 Broadway, New York.
We refer, by permission, to publishers of this paper.

Best Sewing Machine in the World.

Beautiful, Durable, Strong, Silent.



Swift, Simple, Light, Easy.

AUTOMATIC

NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE.
The great popularity of this machine has induced dealers in common tension machines to claim automatic and other features belonging exclusively to us. Examine and judge for yourself before purchasing.

W. & G. Pat. Mar. 13, 1867. } Every genuine needle is thus stamped. Buy no other. Needles, &c., sent by mail.

Send for Illustrated Leaflet and Descriptive Circular.
WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.,
(Cor. Bond St.) **658 Broadway, New York.**

WITH
FIVE DOLLARS
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
100 Florins Vienna City Government Bond,
Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings
FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY
Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller Premium. Every bond must draw a Prize, as there are no blanks. The three highest Prizes amount to
300,000 FLORINS,
50,000 FLORINS,
30,000 FLORINS,
And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 130 FLORINS.
The next drawing takes place on the
1st of APRIL, 1879,
And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of APRIL is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.
Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing $5 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
For orders, circulars, or any other information, address:
INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
185 Chatham Square Bank Building, New York City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in the English FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

CHAMPLIN'S
LIQUID PEARL
An Unequaled Toilet Preparation.
Restores, Preserves and Beautifies the Complexion. Used and indorsed by Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, LOTTA, JANAUSCHEK, and hundreds of others. Contains nothing that will injure the most delicate skin. Sold by all druggists, 50 cents per bottle.
CHAMPLIN & CO., Proprietors, Buffalo, N.Y.

Frank Leslie's
CHIMNEY CORNER.
The Most Popular Illustrated Family Paper.

The SUCCESSFUL RIVAL of ALL THE WEEKLIES for THIRTEEN YEARS past.

The CHIMNEY CORNER presents a constant succession of brilliant attractions.

The Best Writers in the country contribute to its columns; and new serial stories of the most absorbing interest, of great power, true to life, and embracing a wide range of subjects, are constantly appearing.

The Continued Novels are by such eminent writers as John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies"; N. Robinson, author of "That Husband of Mine"; Etta W. Pierce, Christian Reid, Miss Victoria Victor, M. T. Calder, Frank Lee Benedict, J. W. De Forest, and others equally celebrated.

Short Stories are completed in each number; and the miscellaneous contents embrace Biographies, Adventures, Essays, Travels, Curiosities of Foreign Life, Marvels in Nature and Art, Legends, Anecdotes, Poetry, etc.

Beautiful Steel Engravings are frequently presented to the subscribers, far exceeding in value the price of a year's subscription.

Published every Monday, and for sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents. Annual subscription, $4. Three months, $1. Sent postpaid.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

AN ELEGANT GIFT FOR THE LADIES.



In order to introduce goods of our manufacture into every family, we have determined to present the lady readers of this paper one of our elegant Lorne Rare Gold Lockets and Neck Chains, with your Monogram engraved on the back. Our retail price for these goods is **$8.00.** Incengraving your *Monogram, Box and paying postage*, and you will receive the Locket and Chain *Free*, by mail, securely packed in a *Neat Box*. In ordering give the Initials you wish to make the Monogram; or whether you desire name or plain initials instead; and what color Cameo you wish. We refer you to the leading *Religious Papers* of the country for *Reliability*. Address,
CROWN MANUFACTURING CO., 194 B'way, N. Y.

CONTINUED SUCCESS
AND
8th
GRAND DRAWING
Commonwealth Distribution Co.,
OF KENTUCKY,
In PUBLIC LIBRARY HALL, LOUISVILLE, KY., on
Monday, March 31st, 1879.

Drawing and details under supervision of prominent citizens of Kentucky. In consequence of its popularity, and in compliance with request of numerous ticket-buyers, the management again present the following attractive and

UNPRECEDENTED SCHEME!!

1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes $100 ea.	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes 50 ea.	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	500 Prizes 20 ea.	10,000
10 Prizes $1,000 each	10,000	1,000 Prizes 10 ea.	10,000
20 Prizes $500 each	10,000		
9 Prizes $300 each, Approximation Prizes			$2,700
9 Prizes 200 each	"	"	1,800
9 Prizes 100 each	"	"	900
1,900 Prizes			$115,400

Whole Tickets, $4. Half Tickets, $1.
27 Tickets, $50. 55 Tickets, $100.

Remit by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, Bank Draft, or Express. Full list of Drawing published in Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Herald, and mailed to all ticket-holders. For tickets and information, address COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., or, T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or R. H. PORTER & CO., Eastern Agents, 1,227 Broadway, New York.

CARD and Label Press, $3. Larger Sizes for larger Work.
ENTERPRISE PRINTING PRESSES! **VICTOR!**
Illustrated Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, etc., for 2 stamps. J. COOK & CO., M'f'rs, West Meriden, Conn.

DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS'
WORLD RENOWNED
ANGOSTURA BITTERS.
This most invigorating tonic is justly celebrated for its exquisite flavor and extraordinary MEDICAL VIRTUES.
Sold by all principal druggists, grocers and liquor dealers.
J. W. HANCOX, Sole Agent for the United States, 41 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box, 2,610.
Geo. Wappermann, Manager.

Cheapest Toy Lantern to Best Stereopticon
MAGIC LANTERN and 60 VIEWS **$25.**
CATALOGUE FREE! OUTFITS WANTED!
Great Needham Musical Marvel. } THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Philada., Pa.

SAVE A DOLLAR!
The **Egyptian Fever, Ague and Liver Pad** is without exception the best Pad in existence, and the most wonderful medical discovery of the age. Ask for this Pad and take no other. Mailed to any address on receipt of price, **One Dollar.** Pamphlets mailed free. Send for one. Address, JOSEPH FLEMING, 84 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.



Imitation Gold Watches.
$5, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each; Chains $2 to $12 to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C.O.D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 330 Broadway, N. Y. Box 3686.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.
Address, **W. FOX,** Box 208, Fultonville, N. Y.

OPIUM!
HABIT CURED.
DR. S. B. COLLINS'
Painless Opium Antidote is now Sold to Patients for a small margin above the cost of compounding. For full particulars send for Magazine of 100 pages, sent free.
Address, DR. S. B. COLLINS,
Or MRS. DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.



DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR etc
It will do it on the smoothest face. Sure, Free, Safe, and ALWAYS WEAR. Sent by mail or express. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars, testimonials, &c. DYKES & CO., 57 & 59 Nassau St., New York.
The preparation for nineteenth. The public will see that the genuine and address as above

---

25 of the **Prettiest Cards** you ever saw, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

50 Snowflake, Motto, etc., no 2 alike, or 25 elegant Chromo Cards, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$77 A MONTH and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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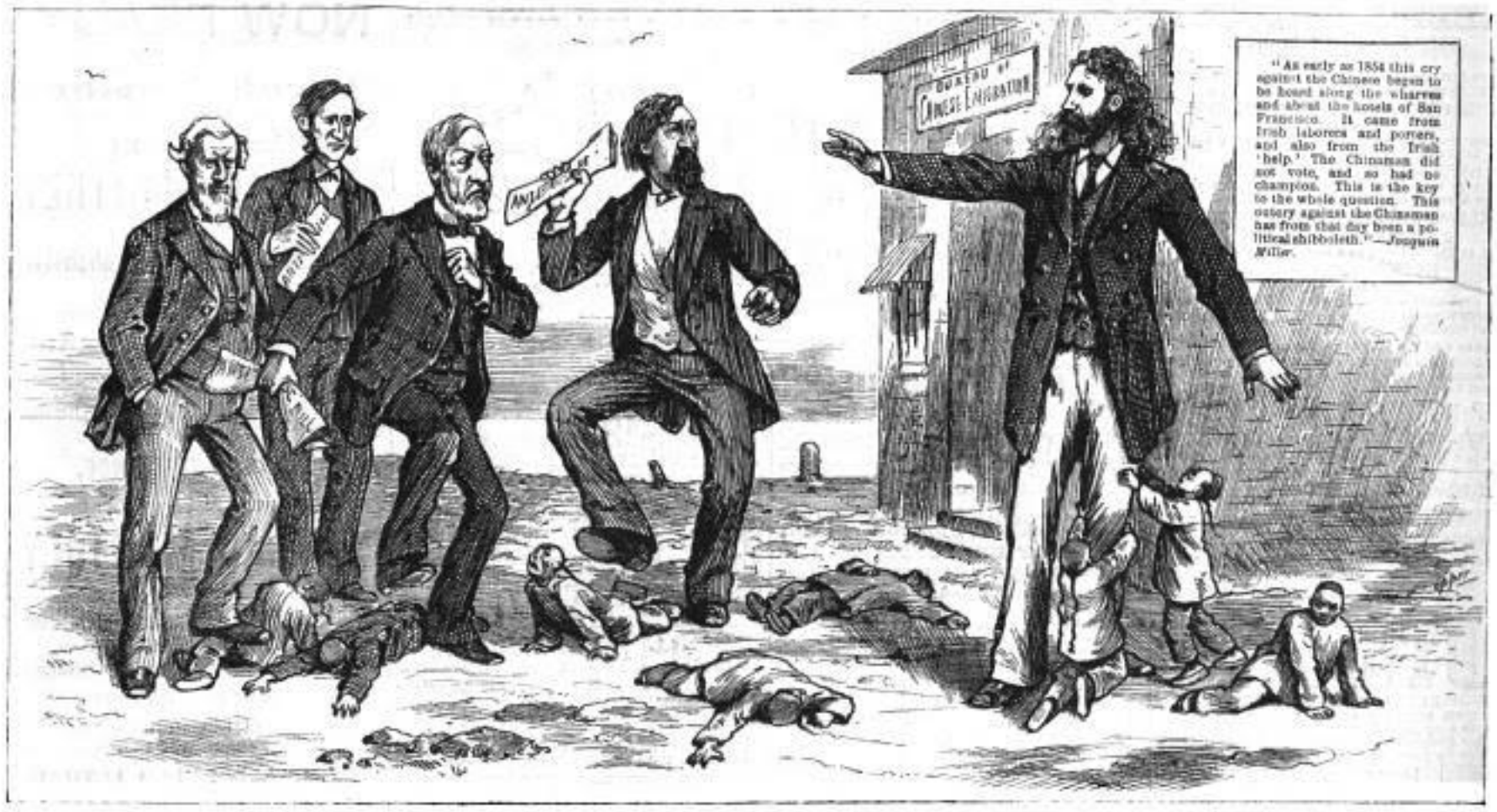
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STATEMENT
OF THE
Mutual Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1878.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1878 ..... $82,255,678.27

Receipts for 1878.

From Premiums	$13,092,730.83	
From Interest and Rents	4,752,497.74	$17,845,227.57
TOTAL		$100,100,905.84

Disbursements for 1878.

For Death and Endowment Claims (matured and discounted)	$6,993,713.22	
For Annuities	26,697.97	
For Dividends	3,555,462.00	
For Surrendered Policies and Additions	4,214,158.94	
For Contingent Guarantee Account	277,101.09	
For Commissions (payment of current & extinguishment of future)	832,236.63	
For Expenses and Taxes	917,009.07	$16,926,120.42
BALANCE JANUARY 1st, 1879		$84,174,076.42

Assets, January 1st, 1879.

Bonds secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$57,368,331.99	
United States and other Stocks (cost value)	17,383,175.18	
Real Estate	6,319,051.73	
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest	3,100,516.10	
Balances due by Agents	53,001.42	
NET ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1879		$84,174,076.42
Add		
Interest Accrued	$1,480,754.09	
Deferred Premiums	533,817.15	
Premiums in Transit	129,272.58	
Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost	502,694.37	$2,953,538.39
Gross Assets, Jan 1st, 1879		$87,127,614.81
Liabilities, Jan 1st, 1879		82,878,235.89
SURPLUS & CONTINGENT GUARANTEE FUND		$4,249,378.72

Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1879 91,858
Sum Insured thereby $200,774,315.00

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent. Interest be used, the Surplus is **$11,395,553.30.**
From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a Dividend will be apportioned to each policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1879.

By the unanimous action of the Board of Trustees another important step in advance has been taken in the interest of all Policy-holders and the public, by directing that the premium rates on old and new Policies shall be reduced fifteen per cent. from present tabular rates for Whole Life Annual Premium Policies, with a correspondingly equitable reduction on the other forms.
The option is given to present members to accept this reduction in cash or to pay full rates on the old plan, and receive equitable additions of insurance payable with the policy; the reductions to be made on the anniversaries of the policies. All dividends are allotted in proportion to the actual contributions of each class to the surplus of the Company.

NEW YORK, February 19, 1879.



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secured from the Legis-
St. John's a charter
the company an ex-
ght for fifty years to
the line. Among the
nd most constant advo-
the enterprise was the
I. Archibald, Attorney-
of Newfoundland in
since then the British
New York, to whose
the Atlantic Telegraph
owes some of the most
advantages it has ob-

Continued on page 28.)



NEW YORK CITY.—A [illegible] COMPANY WAS ORGANIZED, MARCH 10TH, 1854.

[illegible]RY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

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No. 1,225—Vol. XLVIII.] NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1879. [Price 10 Cents. $4.00 Yearly. 13 Weeks, $1.00.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A Commemorative Reception.

CONSIDERING how rapidly events of engrossing interest crowd upon each other in these busy days, it will scarcely appear possible to many of our readers that twenty-five years have elapsed since Cyrus W. Field organized in the City of New York that company which, after trying disappointments and costly failures, connected the Old World with the New by a strand of wire 2,000 miles in length.

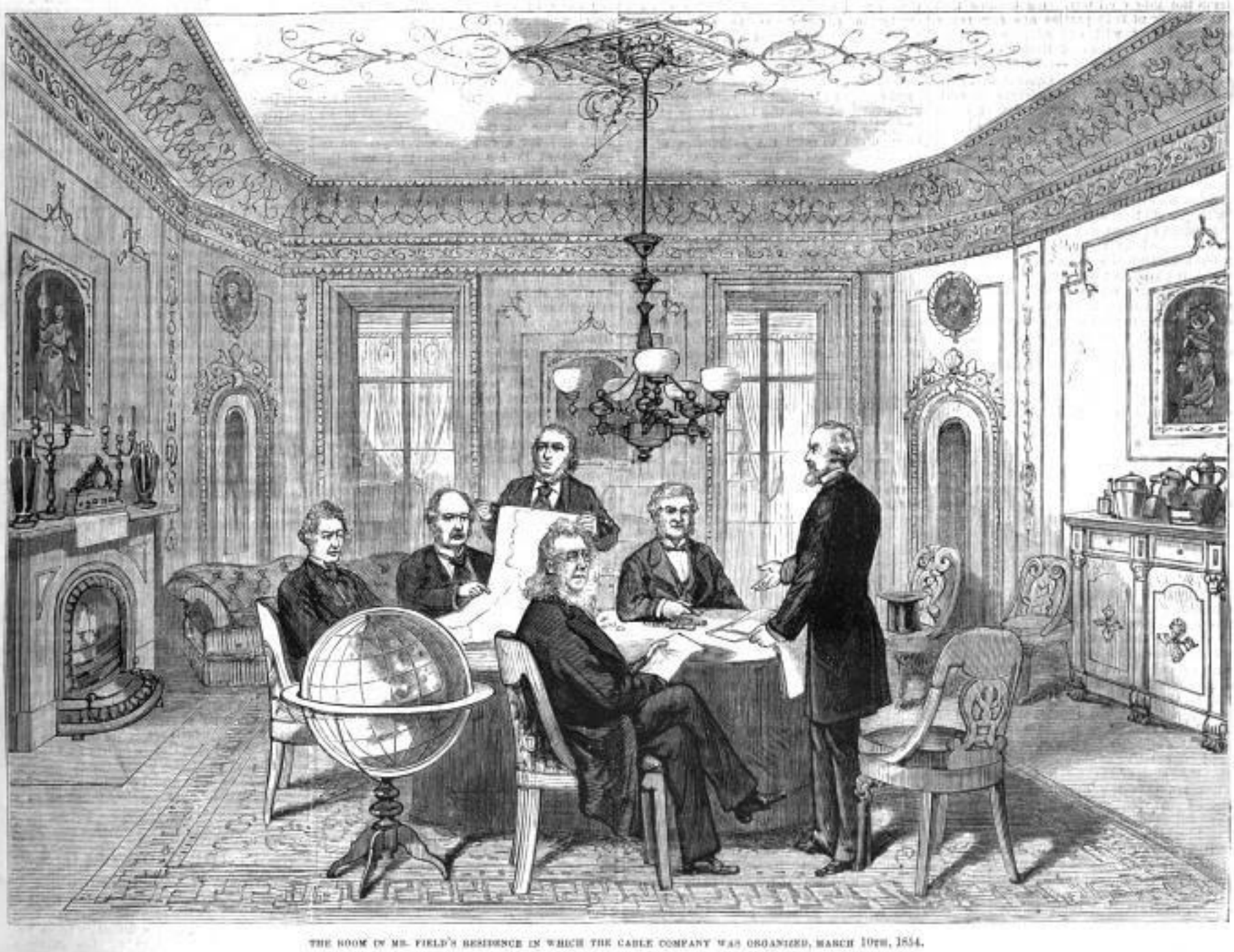
On the 10th of March, 1854, an agreement was signed in Mr. Field's dwelling to organize the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, the object of which was stated in the very first sentence of its charter to be "to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Newfoundland." The company was composed of but five individuals—Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Cyrus W. Field, Marshall O. Roberts and Chandler White. Mr. David Dudley Field was present as the legal adviser of the company. Mr. White soon after died, and was succeeded by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt. These five gentlemen are all still living to see the great results of the experiment then first made to carry the telegraph across the ocean.

Their first proceeding was to obtain charters from the British Colonial Governments, granting monopolies of the line of telegraph between Newfoundland and the American continent. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, with his brother, David Dudley Field, and Chandler White, went to Newfoundland and secured from the Legislature of St. John's a charter granting the company an exclusive right for fifty years to establish the line. Among the earliest and most constant advocates of the enterprise was the Hon. E. M. Archibald, Attorney-General of Newfoundland in 1854, and since then the British Consul at New York, to whose exertions the Atlantic Telegraph Company owes some of the most important advantages it has obtained.

(Continued on page 29.)



RESIDENCE OF CYRUS W. FIELD, CORNER OF LEXINGTON AVENUE AND GRAMERCY PARK.



THE ROOM IN MR. FIELD'S RESIDENCE IN WHICH THE CABLE COMPANY WAS ORGANIZED, MARCH 10TH, 1854.

NEW YORK CITY.—A JUBILEE OF OCEAN TELEGRAPHY—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Read De Mille's brilliant story, "THREE STROKES; Or, THE SECRET OF COZY DELL," It begins in No. 722 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE CONGRESSIONAL DEAD-LOCK.

THE disagreement between the two branches of the late Congress on two important Appropriation Bills is very deplorable, whether regard be had to its origin, its occasion, its object, or its probable consequences. Its origin is to be found in the proceedings of a Democratic Congressional caucus instructing the adherents of that party to insist upon three leading measures as the condition precedent to voting the necessary supplies for carrying on the Government and maintaining the army. These three desiderata of the Democrats were as follows: a repeal of the laws requiring a test-oath as the condition of serving on juries in the Federal Courts at the South; a repeal of the laws admitting the presence of United States troops at polling-places; and a repeal of the laws authorizing the appointment of supervisors and deputy marshals whose duty it is, in the larger cities of the country, to watch against the violation of the elective franchise whenever a Federal election is held.

With regard to these three objects it is natural that the opinions of men should differ, in a measure, according to their political predilections. The three enactments assailed by the Democrats were passed by a Republican majority in the days of its undisputed supremacy in both Houses of Congress, and the first two of them were undoubtedly addressed to meet certain extraordinary emergencies supposed to result from the late civil war. We believe that candid men of both parties are now ready to admit that, with Confederate generals sitting in the Senate and House of Representatives, with a Confederate general occupying a place in the Cabinet of President Hayes, and with a Confederate general, like Mosby, holding a high consular office abroad, it is quite puerile and absurd to exclude from juries at the South any and all persons who cannot take the "Ironclad oath." So, too, the presence of troops at the polls is a most unwelcome intrusion on all the hereditary ideas upheld by the Anglo-Saxon race with regard to the "freedom of elections," and this intrusion has always been resented as only less intolerable than the mob violence against which it purports to guard. As the apprehension of such mob violence becomes less and less prevalent, it is natural that there should be a growing demand for the withdrawal of all military surveillance in the conduct of elections.

But with regard to the third of these demands the same justification can scarcely be pleaded by the Democratic leaders. The whole country is deeply interested in the purity of all Federal elections, and the law regulating the appointment of supervisors and deputy marshals may be said to have its root in a permanent ground of the public welfare. Originally passed to meet and check certain abuses in this city, it may have been itself sometimes abused by some of its agents; but this is a consideration which should work rather to the modification than the abolition of the protective statute.

But whatever may be the difference of men's opinions with regard to the comparative legitimacy of these three objects of the Democratic and Republican contention, we think there can be no difference of opinion with regard to the inopportuneness of the occasion selected by the Democrats for joining this serious issue in the presence of the country. No important measure of legislation should be forced through Congress as a mere "rider" to an appropriation Bill. No existing abuse can be more intolerable than such an abuse of legislative power. The fact that the Republican Party has sinned in this way, and the old Whigs once defeated an Army Bill, in the days of President Pierce, by attaching a "rider" to it, is no justification for Democratic persistency in such a course of wrong-doing. And the persistency of the Democrats in the present case is rendered the more inexcusable by the fact that their Republican opponents were ready and willing to yield the first two points of difference, if the Supervisors Law should be allowed to stand as it is. When we remember that in the next Congress the Democrats will have a working majority in both Houses, and that in the meantime no Federal elections are to be held except in California, it would seem that they (the Democrats) are wholly without excuse in blocking the wheels of Government for a mere punctilio of partisan predominance, and that, too, a punctilio of very questionable rightfulness in point of substance, and of most unquestionable wrongfulness in point of form.

And who shall tell what may be the issue of the conflict that has now been joined? The venue of the issue will be changed in the next Congress from a dispute between the two Houses of Congress to a probable dispute between the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government. If President Hayes shall refuse to sign the Army and Legislative Bills with these "riders annexed" (supposing them to be so passed by the next Congress), are the Democrats prepared to coerce the Executive into compliance with their wishes under a threat of "stopping the Government" and "disbanding the army"? It will behoove them to think twice before placing themselves in that indefensible attitude, for President Hayes has recently shown that the veto power, with which he is clothed by the Constitution, is something more than a *brutum fulmen*.

THE LIFE INSURANCE INTEREST.

THE life insurance business of the country has attained a magnitude and importance which are commanding for it more and more the attention of legislators and publicists. Recent inquiries develop the fact that during the past twenty-eight years the enormous sum of $1,238,056,891 has been paid by the people to the life insurance companies of this State alone. During the same period of time there has been paid for death claims the sum of $608,950,453. The present assets of these companies being stated at $396,420,591, the amount to be accounted for is $232,685,847. If, as is supposed, this sum has been eaten up in expenses and cost of management, it is obvious that there must have been a great deal of extravagance, and it is not surprising that policy-holders are beginning to demand "retrenchment and reform." There is naturally, too, a good deal of solicitude as to the investments of the companies. Most of them loan their funds on the security of real estate mortgages, and in the shrinkage and depreciation of property it may well be questioned whether the security in many cases is sufficient to cover the amount loaned. This is a matter which should receive the close and earnest attention of the Insurance Department, and should inefficiency or infidelity be shown by the superintendent in dealing with this great interest, then the Legislature should promptly institute such safeguards as may be required to meet the exigencies of the case. The *Herald* has done the 600,000 policy-holders and public generally a valuable service by publishing lists of the mortgages held by many of the companies, with their amounts, and a description of the property on which the loans are made, from which persons in interest can determine for themselves whether the valuations at which the properties are held are excessive. If they would not sell now for the amounts named in the mortgages, then the security of the companies is not what it should be, and the demand for prudence and economy in their management becomes all the more urgent.

THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

A BILL to prevent elevated railways from crossing each other on grade in any city, and to prohibit one company from using the tracks of another, has been introduced in the Assembly at Albany. There should be no doubt as to the passage of this wholesome measure. The proposed use of the same track by the New York and Metropolitan Elevated lines, by a junction at Beaver and Pearl Streets, and thence northward to Chatham Square, has already provoked protest and apprehension, and if permitted to be carried out will result inevitably in serious peril to the traveling public. Under the proposed arrangement, every train of the Metropolitan Railway going north will be compelled to cross the track of the south-going trains on the New York Elevated, and enter upon the track of the trains on the same road going northward. There are thus two possibilities of collision to every Metropolitan Elevated train at this point, the one arising from the absolute necessity of crossing the western track occupied by trains going south, and the other from converging towards a common point on the eastern track with the trains going north. With trains running once in half an hour on all these tracks the danger of collision would be sufficient to deter passengers from venturing their lives upon the road; with trains running once every three minutes on the two roads, the average interval between their passage will be only forty-five seconds, and the risk simply inconceivable. In England, surface railroads are never permitted to cross each other or a public highway on a level, and the exceptional safety of travel on roads in that country is largely due to this fact. In the case under consideration, much of the difficulty could be avoided by elevating and depressing the tracks of the two roads so as to make collisions at the junctions impossible. If the companies shall refuse to do this, or to adopt other necessary precautions, then, by all means, let the Legislature arrest at once a scheme which embodies so many possibilities of danger to life and limb.

WORK OF THE SESSION.

NO recent Congress has come so near being a total failure as the Congress just dissolved. Ever since the first day of the session there has been a contest between the Republicans, naturally reluctant to surrender the power they have wielded so many years, and the Democrats, whom the probability of a clear majority in both Houses of the next Congress has rendered uncommonly impudent and aggressive. The result has been reckless forays on the part of the latter and filibustering on the part of the former, and the net outcome of it is much bad legislation, very little good, and an adjournment with hundreds of important Bills on the Speaker's table dead of inaction.

One hundred and eight public Acts were passed, and about as many private Bills and joint resolutions to authorize various things and to relieve numerous persons. Among the public Acts, one was very important—the Arrears Pension Bill—and it will probably prove to be the most pernicious law that has been enacted in this country during this decade. It provides that all pensioners shall receive pensions from the date of discharge from service, and that those who have not yet applied for pensions may still apply if they are able to discover that they received personal injuries during the war which closed fourteen years ago. The effect of this Bill will inevitably be to take a very large amount of money from the national treasury, variously estimated at from $40,000,000 to $150,000,000, in behalf of men whose services have once been paid for and whose wounds and disabilities have already been recognized whenever they were able to discover them. The new law offers a definite premium for dishonesty. It makes distinct provision for fraud, and shows swindlers how to attain their object. A fall from a horse in 1862 may be made the basis of a successful application for a pension now. A cold caught on picket fifteen years ago may be the means now of putting $1,000 into the pocket of a claim-agent, who paid $10 to the soldier years ago for his quit-claim. All that is needed to enable an ex-soldier to get a pension now is for his amiable neighbors to remember when he came home on furlough not feeling very well, and for a complaisant physician to swear that in his opinion that was the origin of his present illness. It is said that 40,000 applications for pensions per annum are now coming in. In short, the Arrears Pension Bill was the joint work of demagogues and swindlers. There was no general demand for it from honest ex-soldiers, but claim-agents who will chiefly profit by it worked it through. And the worst of it is that Congress made no appropriation for paying the debt thus authorized, but left Secretary Sherman to draw from his coin reserves the immense sums required, at the imminent risk of imperiling the great work of resumption.

Another Bill, even more dishonorable than this, if not so expensive, was the anti-Chinese Bill, happily killed by the Presidential veto. Surely the constitutional negative of the President was never interposed more justly or more opportunely. With a country so large that there is a farm of two hundred and fifty acres for the head of every family, it is not at all necessary for us to exhibit a brutal and churlish inhospitality towards the poorest, most industrious, most frugal and most peaceful of the human race.

The amendment to the Post Office Appropriation Bill, providing a new classification of mail matter, became a law. This does not change ordinary postage rates, but reclassifies bulky matter, so as to bring to the Government a larger revenue, or, rather, so as to come a little nearer to making the receipts of the Department pay its expenses. Under the old classification, newspaper carriage cost the Government $16,000,000 a year, and paid it $8,000,000—that is, it imposed a net annual loss of $8,000,000.

Among the Bills which failed were those to transfer the control of the Indians to the War Department; to devote the proceeds of sales of public lands to educational purposes; to reorganize the army; to authorize railroad companies to maintain lines of telegraph for commercial purposes, and to regulate inter-State commerce. Among other measures which became laws, in addition to the Appropriation Bills, were those providing for the census, reducing the tax on tobacco and otherwise amending the Internal Revenue laws; to aid the refunding of the national debt by authorizing the issue of small Treasury certificates; and to prevent the introduction of infectious or contagious diseases. The total number of Bills and joint resolutions introduced in the House during the session was 6,826, and in the Senate 1,536.

The Forty-sixth Congress has the floor.

THE NEXT HOUSE.

THE new House of Representatives, which will convene on March 18th, consists of 287 members. This is six less than the full membership, there being two vacancies from death, and four from California, whose Congressional election does not take place until September. Of the members elect, 146 are Democrats, 128 Republicans, and 13 Greenbackers, of whom seven are said to have Democratic and six Republican proclivities. A quorum of the whole membership is 147, but should the quorum be construed to mean a majority only of the members actually elected, then 144 votes will be competent for the organization of the House and the transaction of business. There are said to be several rulings in favor of the latter interpretation of the Constitution, and they will probably be held as sufficient precedents for the present occasion. The Democrats, at any rate, will insist upon this view, since with their meagre majority they might encounter difficulty in organizing the House should a majority of the possible total membership be held to be necessary to elect a Speaker or other officers. In that event, indeed, should the Greenbackers act independently, or combine with the Republicans, the Democrats would be one vote short of a majority, and there could be no election by either party. The difficulty of the situation is increased by the fact that four Democratic members are seriously ill, and may be unable to appear in their seats on the 18th.

The new House will contain an exceptionally large number—133 in all—of new men. Of these, sixty-one are Democrats and seventy-two Republicans. Among the more prominent and influential Republicans who will be missed from the new body are Messrs. Banks, Butler, Foster, Wade, Jacob D. Cox, and Burchard. The Democrats lose the services of Messrs. Hewitt, Swann, Potter, Lynde, Schleicher and Williams. Of the new members, such Republicans as General Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, ex-Governor Thomas L. Young, of Ohio, and Levi P. Morton, of this city, will no doubt be conspicuous as practical workers, no less than as earnest supporters of the wisely conservative policy of the present Administration. General Garfield will no doubt be the Republican candidate for the Speakership, and the indications are that Mr. Randall, who has filled the position with great dignity and ability, will again be the choice of the Democracy. His principal competitors are Messrs. Blackburn of Kentucky and Cox of this city.

THE VANDERBILT WILL CASE.

THE sudden closing, on March 4th, of the Vanderbilt will case has occasioned wide speculation and remark. The first statement was that the unexpected suspension of hostilities was the result of a compromise between the principals, but this was subsequently denied. The truth probably is that the contestants felt that their case was rendered hopeless by the introduction of several former wills of Commodore Vanderbilt, made as far back as 1868, when he was in full health and strength, making the same discriminations and in favor of the same heir as in his last will of 1875. Even were the will now resisted to be set aside, the contestants would not be the gainers—some of them, indeed, would be losers, and it was probably thought, therefore, the part of wisdom to abandon the struggle. The counsel of the contesting heirs, however, state that should Mr. William H. Vanderbilt refuse to fulfill promises he is said to have made a year or so ago, the litigation will be renewed; but this may, perhaps, be regarded as doubtful. It is certainly to be hoped that we have heard the last of the case, and that no other like it may for a long time be obtruded by family contentions and jealousies upon the public attention. It is high time that the washing of dirty family linen by quarreling heirs should be done outside of the courts and the public prints; and if there are any who persist in violating the decencies and proprieties of life by holding up to the view of the world the infirmities and faults of dead and buried kinsmen, let them be condemned as they deserve by a pitiless public opprobrium.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE Viceroy of India has lately sent to the Home Government of the British Empire two very important telegrams. One of these confirmed, by a message from Yakoob Khan, the rumors of his father's death, an event that will probably hasten

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the end of the war in Afghanistan, but which has meanwhile, it is said, started a bloody quarrel between the numerous claimants of the throne of the late Ameer. The other telegram announces that famine is no longer apprehended in India. How dreadful an Eastern famine is may be inferred from the fact that Dr. Henry Blodgett, a missionary in China, estimates the number of deaths by the recent famine in the northern provinces of that Empire at ten millions. The Chinese Government has completely crushed the rebellion in Kashgar. The spectral Eastern Question, that has so long haunted Europe, is moving towards the remotest shores of Eastern Asia, and diplomacy is already discussing rumors of approaching war between China and Russia. Russia is still disturbed by the Nihilist agitation. This is even reported to have provoked serious dissensions between the Czar and the Czarewitch. It was doubtless the cause of the assassination of Prince Krapokine, the late Governor of Charkoff. A murderous fight followed the discovery by the police of a secret press in Kieff for spreading the doctrines of the Nihilists, who have grown very bold and violent. They are even charged with using the prevalent dread of the plague for advancing their cause. The Grand Duke Nicholas is dangerously sick. In Southern Russia diphtheria occasions almost as much excitement as the plague.

Germany is unwilling to believe that the plague has ceased in Russia. But the Germans have been chiefly occupied with the struggle in the Reichstag for parliamentary rights and freedom of speech. Bismarck, in the discussion of the Disciplinary Bill on March 6th, had the audacity to justify his despotic project by pointing to the rules for securing propriety of debate in the American Congress. Nevertheless, his Parliamentary Discipline Bill has been rejected. Oscar, King of Sweden, is about to put in circulation a reply to the numerous attacks of the late Pope Pius IX. on Freemasonry. Pope Leo XIII. has named among the new cardinals to be created at the next consistory several Italian prelates, the Papal Nuncios at Paris and London, the Bishop of Poictiers, the Archbishop of Toulouse, Dr. Hergenwether, the erudite Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Warzburg, in Bavaria, and Dr. John Henry Newman, of England. The act of conferring the purple on Dr. Newman is universally regarded as a graceful if tardy recognition of the high personal worth and services of one whose piety, genius and learning have made him revered throughout the world.

The crisis in Spain has been ended by the formation of a new Ministry, headed by General Martinez Campos as Minister of War. One result of the Cabinet change will probably be the consummation of the reforms in Cuba, which General Campos has for some time so stoutly urged. General Blanco will probably be made Governor-General of that island.

In France the chief political events of the week have been the resignation of M. de Marcère, as Minister of the Interior, who has been succeeded by M. Lepère, in his turn succeeded as Minister of Commerce by M. Tirard, a free-trader and an advanced Gambettist; the discussion as to the alleged malpractice of the Paris police; the furious onslaught upon M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance, as well as on M. de Marcère, with charges of scandalous financial jobbery; the looming up of Clemenceau a Paris deputy, as a new and powerful leader of the Left (Clemenceau is well remembered in New York, where he long resided); and the decision of the Committee of Inquiry in favor of the proposed impeachment of the De Broglie Ministry. If the present Ministry should be wholly remodeled, it is likely that Gambetta would become President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Renan, the famous savant, was received into the French Academy on March 5th.

The election of a Prince of Bulgaria will probably be postponed. Passananto has been tried at Naples and convicted for his attempt to assassinate King Humbert of Italy. The river Theiss, in Hungary, is still rising, and over 200,000 acres of land are threatened with total submersion. Troops and pontoons have been sent to save lives—a far better employment than destroying lives in battle. The damage caused by the recent storms in the Canton of Vaud is estimated at 4,000,000 francs. In view of the alarming increase of small-pox, typhoid fever and other contagious maladies in Switzerland, the Federal Council has appointed a commission to consider the best preventive measures to be adopted. The most thrilling episode of Continental life for a long while has been the escape of the insane ex-Empress Carlotta—"Poor Carlotta"—from being burned to death in the fire that consumed the royal chateau of Tervuerin. There is nothing more pathetic in old Greek tragedy than the fate of Emperor Maximilian's widow.

Trade in the British manufacturing districts has not improved, but the national revenue promises to show a better result at the close of the financial year than many people have ventured to anticipate. There is not unlikely even to be a small surplus. The floating debt of Great Britain is now £24,704,800. The growth of the debt is due partly to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and partly to the recent naval and military preparations, but chiefly to the system of advances to local authorities. But in spite of striken and depression of business, it is noteworthy that savings banks' deposits increased from £73,534,000 in January, 1878, to £74,657,000 in January, 1879. The Empress of Austria, although uninvited, and, indeed, almost warned off, by the Queen of England and Empress of India, has persisted in going fox-hunting in Ireland. The people of the whole United Kingdom are excited over the preparations for celebrating at Windsor Castle, in St. George's Chapel, on Thursday, March 13th, with royal magnificence, the wedding of the Duke of Connaught and Princess Louisa Margaret of Prussia. In the midst of all this excitement, the Isandula disaster in Zululand is almost forgotten for the moment. If remembered, it only provokes denunciation of unlucky Lord Chelmsford and curses on insolent and wily King Cetawayo. Queen Victoria will leave Portsmouth for her continental trip of a month on the 25th instant. In the House of Commons a motion in favor of women suffrage has been rejected by a vote of 217 to 103.

THE State Senate has passed the Bill reducing the rate of interest in New York from seven to six per cent. It is believed that it will also pass the Assembly. The tendency of legislation everywhere throughout the country is in the direction of a reduction of interest rates.

CONNECTICUT is taking the lead in remedying serious defects in the methods of taxation. The Legislature has passed a Bill taxing property of educational, religious, and benevolent organizations which is not used for the purpose of such organizations. All property of such bodies has heretofore been exempt. If such a law could be made universally applicable, millions of dollars would be added to the public revenues, derived from property which now escapes all taxation.

THE Health Board Inspector of the public school-houses in this city reports that there is but one of these buildings which has adequate means of ventilation. So remarkable a statement would seem to demand the prompt and vigorous attention of our sanitary authorities. If our school-houses cannot be provided with an ample supply of pure and wholesome air, we must not be surprised if sickness and disease fasten upon their occupants and run their course with fatal effects.

A VOLUME entitled "Yellow Fever Heroes, Honors and Horrors of 1878," gives a graphic and interesting history of the pestilential visitation which last Fall scourged the Southern States. It appears from this valuable work that the total contributions for the relief of the stricken communities amounted to $4,548,703, of which New York furnished the magnificent sum of $679,340; Pennsylvania, $248,090; Ohio, $196,298; Missouri, $199,353; and Illinois, $192,845. The roll of heroes who perished in battling the fever includes men and women from nearly every State, who, as nurses or in other capacities, cheerfully gave their lives for the suffering and dying. The book also gives a list of all the victims of the pestilence—over 10,000 in number—whose names were furnished for publication.

THE development of the cotton manufacture at the South is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. One cotton mill at Columbus, Ga., which now employs 1,600 hands and uses 260 bales of cotton every week, shows a surplus on its business of $1,581,000, its expenditure for wages alone amounting to $400,000 per annum. Several cotton factories are to be erected at Mobile, in Alabama, and the advantages afforded by the South for this particular branch of industry will, no doubt, result in its establishment at many other points. These advantages consist in the facts that cotton is two cents per pound cheaper than at Northern factories; that production is also cheaper to the extent of the saving on the transportation of raw material, and that cotton goods can be shipped just as conveniently from contiguous Southern ports as from those at the North.

IN June and July next a great agricultural show is to be held in London by the Royal Agricultural Society of England. It is to have in part an international character, and it is strongly urged that American producers and exporters should avail themselves of the opportunity to make an exhibit of their farm productions. Among the classes in which Americans will be permitted to compete are those including riding and carriage horses, sheep and wool, fresh meat, beef and mutton, cured hams and bacon, butter, cheese, etc. While our exports to Great Britain are already large, many American products still rest under the disadvantage of a more or less pronounced prejudice against them, and it would seem that the opportunity which this exhibition will offer for the removal of this prejudice, as to some articles at least, should by all means be improved.

THE River and Harbor Bill, as passed by Congress in its closing hours, proposes an expenditure of nine millions of dollars. Much of the money will go for the "improvement" of creeks and streams which can never be made available for commercial purposes, and Senators Edmunds, Conkling and others, who protested against the expenditure as a shameless waste of the public money, fairly represented the popular feeling as to the enormous steal. Senator Saulsbury of Delaware did not speak extravagantly when he said that if "the policy embodied in this Bill should be followed for years, the people would call Congress to an account, and Senators would be hearing of schemes for a readjustment of the national debt similar to the schemes which are now agitating certain States." The whole system of appropriations for internal improvements is pernicious and faulty, and unless it can be made something better than a vehicle of all sorts of "grabs" and jobs, some constitutional prohibition should be imposed upon the power of Congress over the subject.

A GOOD deal of surprise has been expressed that Senator Don Cameron should have voted to retain Senator Butler of South Carolina in his seat, as against his Republican contestant. But it appears that there was a reason for his course which was altogether outside of political considerations, and which strikingly illustrates the trait of never forgetting a friendly act for which the Cameron family has become conspicuous. The story is that years ago, before the war, when Simon Cameron was in the Senate, old Senator Butler of South Carolina, an uncle of the present member, who for eighteen years was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, rendered the Pennsylvanian a very signal service which he declared he would never forget. When the present case, involving the political fortunes of one of the old Senator's descendants, was originally presented to the Senate, Cameron announced that he would pay the long-standing debt of gratitude by voting for General Butler's admission. Having meanwhile retired to make way for his son, the latter, when the critical moment came, at the father's request, squared the account by casting his vote in favor of the "rebel" South Carolinian; and we suspect that the country will think none the less of him on this account.

THE statement that the people of the Pacific States are a unit in support of the Anti-Chinese Bill is not justified by the facts. The San Francisco *News-Letter* says, emphatically: "The thinking, substantial citizens of California have not so far forgotten themselves as to ignore the self-evident facts that to the steady, earnest labor of the Chinese they can clearly trace a large share of their material improvement and prosperity. The reclamation of swamp and tide lands, the building of railroads, the development of placer claims, and various other enterprises, all bear abundant evidence that the Chinese *have done* and *are doing* California a great deal of material benefit." The same paper adds these significant figures:

"The steamer *Gaelic* left for China on the 22d with a full cargo of merchandise, leaving on the wharf some 300 tons of freight. She carried away 550 Chinese passengers. The steamer *City of Tokio* arrived from Hong Kong a day or two ago, bringing a full cargo of teas and other merchandise and 84 Chinese passengers. During the past two years the excess of Chinese departures over arrivals is upwards of 6,000—2,400 to China, the balance to the Sandwich Islands and other foreign countries. The imports from China during the years 1877 and 1878 are valued at $14,770,461; the exports for the same period are $6,091,710, showing the balance of trade in favor of the City of San Francisco alone of $8,678,751. Oregon exports about $1,000,000 during the same period, and her imports are about the same. San Francisco exports to Japan are but $366,000 for 1878, and the imports are $6,158,392."

"THE action taken by the State Legislature in regard to diseased cattle in Bloomville recalls the great campaign of twenty years ago by FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER against the strongly intrenched swill-milk corporation in New York, which resulted in the punishment of the criminals and the breakup of their nefarious traffic. Excitement ran so high that Mr. Leslie was threatened with assassination. The prominent and representative citizens of New York testified their appreciation of Frank Leslie's achievement by presenting him with a magnificent watch and chain. This was one of the greatest successes yet reached in the interest of public welfare by a newspaper."—*American Art Journal*, February 22d.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FRIDAY, April 11th, has been appointed as "fast day" in Connecticut.

THE Rev. Dr. Sanford Hunt has succeeded the late Dr. Nelson as agent of the Methodist Book Concern.

THE New York Assembly has passed a Bill reducing one-third the pay of members of the next Legislature.

REV. JOHN WEISS, the essayist and lecturer, and a leader among the Boston school of Radicals, died March 9th.

THE authorities of South Carolina have granted amnesty to Senator Paterson, and he will go to Arizona to engage in business.

O'LEARY, Ennis, Rowell and Harriman began the six days' walk for the Astley Belt in Gilmore's Garden, in this city, on the morning of March 10th.

THE Lower House of the Connecticut Legislature has passed an Act providing for the imprisonment of old tramps for a maximum period of one year.

THE Union Pacific Railroad Company has obtained possession of the Kansas Pacific road by purchase, and hereafter the two roads will be operated as one.

ALL the Republican members of the Forty-fifth Congress recommended ex-Congressman Rainey of South Carolina to the President for an official appointment.

THE Hon. Elihu Burritt, the distinguished philanthropist, reformer and philologist, died at New Britain, Conn., on March 6th, aged about seventy years.

THREE Western Democratic Congressmen, who are seriously ill, are to be brought to Washington on a special car, in order to be present at the organization of the new House on the 18th.

CONGRESSMEN CHITTENDEN and Butler have agreed to make up a friendly case and have the validity of an issue of legal-tenders in time of peace tested in the United States Supreme Court.

HON. HENRY W. BLODGETT, United States District Judge for the Northern District of Illinois, has been vindicated by the Congressional Investigating Committee on the charges of official corruption.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has presented charges against Insurance Superintendent Smyth to the New York Legislature and recommended his removal. The Superintendent has made a formal reply, denying all the charges.

IT is stated positively that the President will veto any Bill which may be passed by Congress for the repeal of the Acts relating to the United States Supervisors at elections and the arrest and prosecution of fraudulent voters.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL and his brother, Father Edward Purcell, his financial manager, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors. It is thought that Cardinal McCloskey will sanction a general contribution for the Archbishop's relief in all the Catholic dioceses after Lent.

A BREAK in the Chicago wheat market, resulting in the sale of 2,500,000 bushels by the agents of Mr. James R. Keene, was occasioned on the 7th instant by a bogus telegram sent from New York in the name of Mr. Keene, directing the sale to be made. The author of the fraud has not been discovered.

THE Treasury Department has already sold since January 1st four per cent. bonds to the amount of $225,000,000, and the demand continues to exceed the productive capacity of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. There is every reason to believe that the bonds sold during the current year will amount to $300,000,000.

DURING the calendar year 1878 there arrived at the several ports of the United States 209,254 passengers, of whom 153,207 were immigrants. During the calendar year 1877 the total arrival of passengers was 190,361, of whom 130,503 were immigrants, showing an increase of 22,704 in the number of immigrants, or about seventeen per cent.

THE Cabinet has decided, as to the organization of the National Board of Health, that Surgeon-General Woodward, of the Marine Hospital Service, shall be the representative of the Treasury Department; Medical Director Francis M. Gunnell, of the Navy Department; Solicitor-General Phillips, of the Department of Justice, and Assistant-Surgeon John S. Billings, of the War Department. Seven members of the Board are yet to be appointed by the President.

Foreign.

THE Chinese have crushed the Kashgar rebellion.

IN the House of Commons, March 7th, a motion in favor of female suffrage was rejected by a vote of 217 to 103.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted 225,000 francs for participation in the Australian International Exhibition.

A DIFFICULTY has broken out between Chili and Peru, and a squadron of the former is blockading three ports of the latter.

M. DE MARCÈRE, the French Minister of the Interior, resigned in consequence of the attacks on the Prefecture of Police, and was succeeded by M. Lepère.

A DENIAL that France is about to occupy the island of Rhodes is published, though the seat of the Government of the Archipelago is to be removed therefrom.

A BRITISH force in Zululand, repulsed an attack of Zulus, February 12th, with enormous loss to the latter, and subsequently burned one of their military kraals.

IT is believed in St. Petersburg that opposition to the Treaty of Berlin will be made in the Bulgarian Assembly of Notables that is to elect a king for the country.

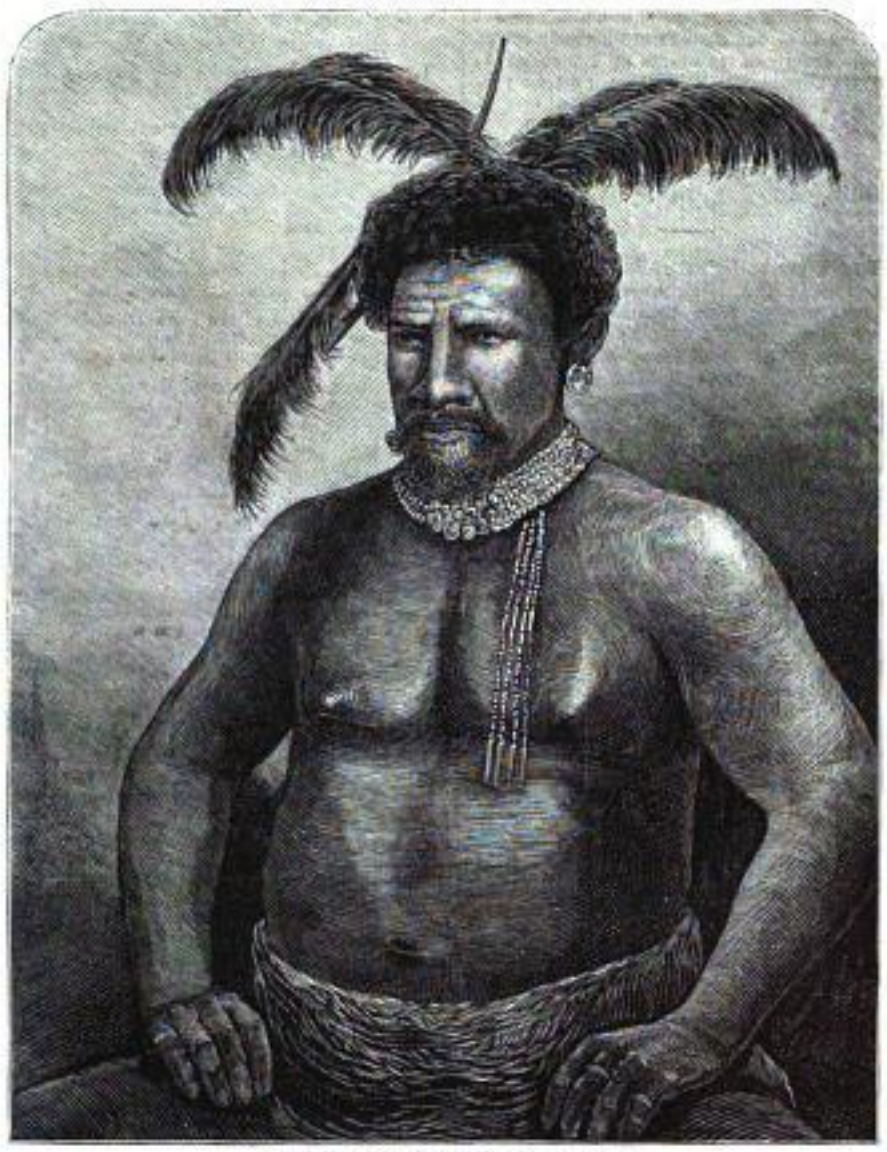
THE majority of the sailors who went on strike at Liverpool still hold out for higher wages. One thousand striking tin-plate workers at Cardiff have resumed work on the masters' terms—a reduction of ten per cent. Three thousand ironworkers at Bradford have resolved to strike.

AFFAIRS in Bolivia are in a very unsatisfactory condition. A famine is raging in the most fertile portion of the country—the district of Cochabamba. In different localities of the department from eight to ten persons die daily of starvation. In one small town 206 persons died from want of food in twenty days.

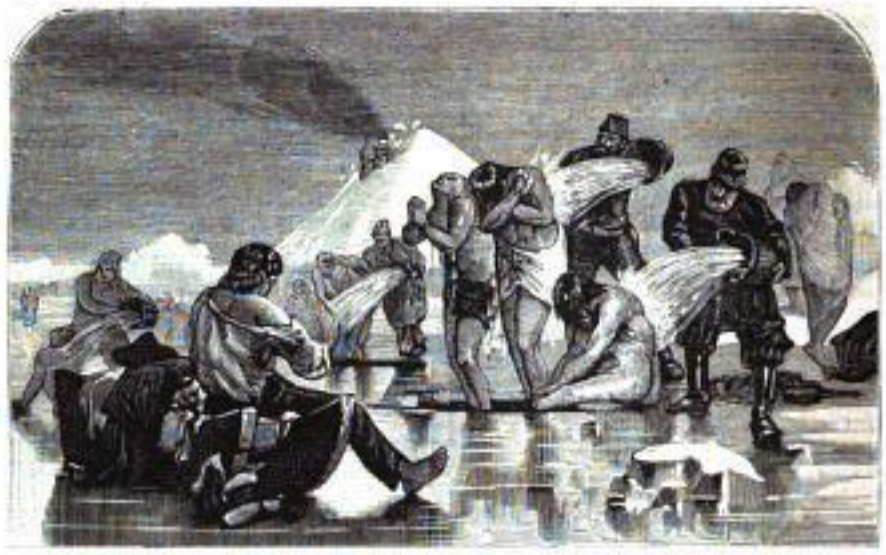
THE new Spanish Cabinet is constituted as follows: General Martinez Campos, Minister of War and President of the Council; Señor Molano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Silvela, Minister of the Interior; Señor Ayala, Minister of the Colonies; Admiral Pavia, Minister of Marine; Count de Toreno, Minister of Works; Marquis de Orovio, Minister of Finance; and Señor Arrieles, Minister of Justice.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



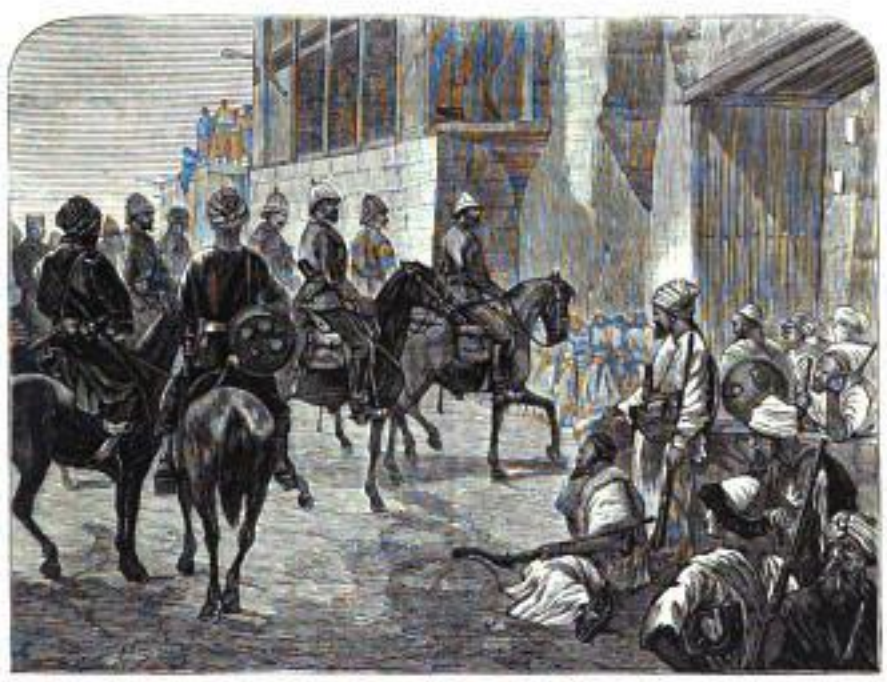
SOUTH AFRICA.—CETEWAYO, THE ZULU KING.



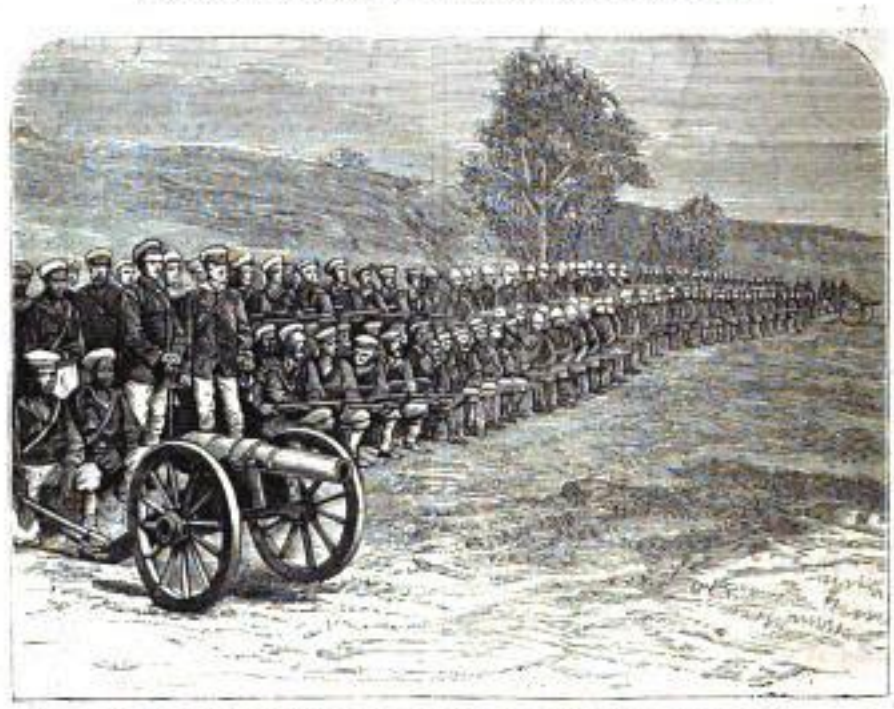
RUSSIA.—ICE-WATER BATHING AS A PREVENTION OF THE PLAGUE IN ASTRAKHAN.



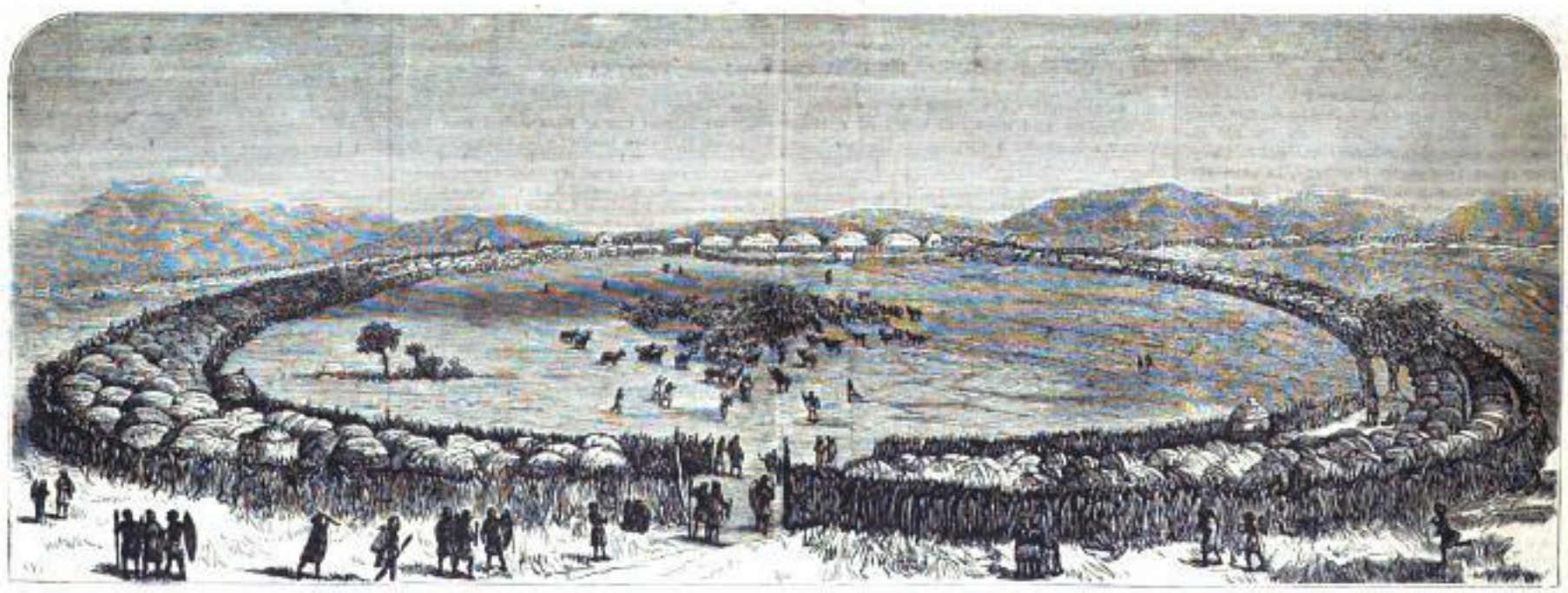
AFGHANISTAN.—A SCOUT OF THE PUNJAB CAVALRY IN CLOSE QUARTERS.



AFGHANISTAN.—ENTRY OF GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE INTO JELLALABAD.

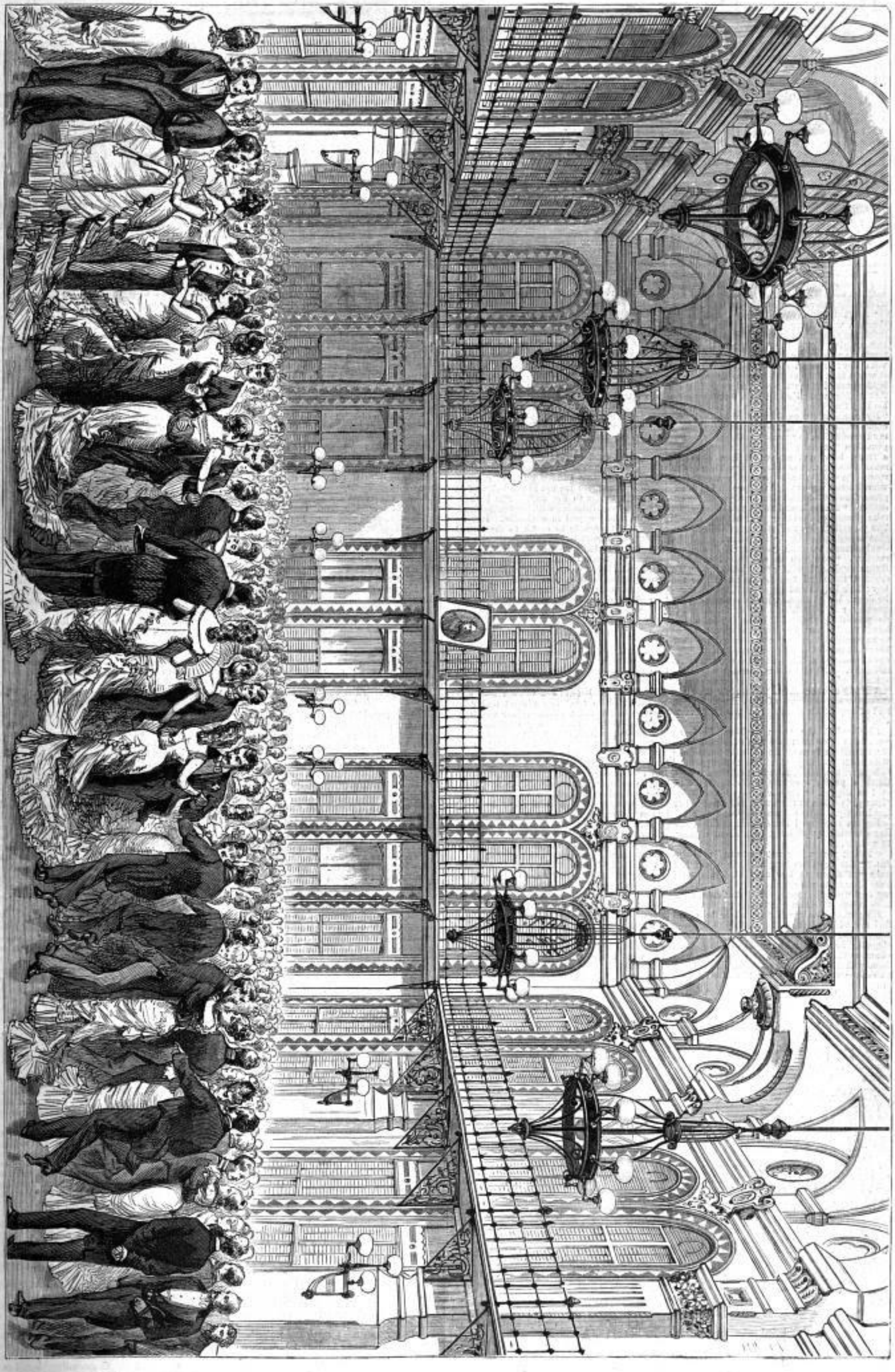


SOUTH AFRICA.—THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT THE LOWER TUGELA DRIFT, ZULULAND.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE WAR IN ZULULAND—A VIEW OF THE KING'S KRAAL.

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TEXAS.—THE RECEPTION AND BALL AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE, GALVESTON, FEBRUARY 21ST, ATTENDED BY MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION, ON THEIR RETURN FROM MEXICO.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 39.

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THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE rain that had begun with the morning still poured on steadily in the afternoon. After one look out of the window, Regina decided on passing the rest of the day luxuriously, in the company of a novel, by her own fireside. With her feet on the fender and her head on the soft cushion of her favorite easy-chair, she opened the book. Having read the first chapter and part of the second, she was just lazily turning over the leaves in search of a love-scene, when her languid interest in the novel was suddenly diverted to an incident in real life. The sitting-room door was gently opened, and her maid appeared in a state of modest confusion.

"If you please, miss, here's a strange gentleman who comes from Mr. Goldenheart; he wishes particularly to say——" She paused, and looked behind her. A faint and curious smell of mingled soap and scent entered the room, followed closely by a tall, calm, shabbily-dressed man, who laid a wiry, yellow hand on the maid's shoulder, and stopped her effectually before she could say a word more.

"Don't think of troubling yourself to git through with it, my dear; I'm here, and I'll finish for you." Addressing the maid in these encouraging terms, the stranger advanced to Regina, and actually attempted to shake hands with her! Regina rose and looked at him. It was a look that ought to have daunted the boldest man living; it produced no sort of effect on *this* man. He still held out his hand; his lean face broadened with a pleasant smile. "My name is Rufus Dingwell," he said. "I come from Coolspring, Mass.; and Amelius is my introduction to yourself and family." Regina silently acknowledged this information by a frigid bow, and addressed herself to the maid, waiting at the door: "Don't leave the room, Phœbe." Rufus, inwardly wondering what Phœbe was wanted for, proceeded to express the cordial sentiments proper to the occasion. "I have heard about you, miss, and I take pleasure in making your acquaintance." The unwritten laws of politeness obliged Regina to say something. "I have not heard Mr. Goldenheart mention your name," she remarked. "Are you an old friend of his?" Rufus explained with genial alacrity. "We crossed the Pond together, miss. I like the boy; he's bright and spry; he refreshes me—he does. We go ahead with most things in my country, and friendship's one of them. How do you find yourself? Won't you shake hands?" He took her hand, without waiting to be repelled this time, and shook it with the heartiest goodwill. Regina shuddered faintly; she summoned assistance in case of further familiarity. "Phœbe, tell my aunt."

Rufus added a message on his own account. "And say this, my dear. I sincerely desire to make the acquaintance of Miss Regina's aunt, and of any other members of the family circle."

Phœbe left the room, smiling. Such an amusing visitor as this was a rare person in Mr. Farnaby's house. Rufus looked after her with unconcealed approval. The maid appeared to be more to his taste than the mistress. "Well, that's a pretty creature, I do declare," he said to Regina. "Reminds me of our American girls—slim in the waist, and carries her head nicely. How old may she be, now?"

Regina expressed her opinion of this familiar question by pointing, with silent dignity, to a chair.

"Thank you, miss; not that one," said Rufus. "You see I am long in the legs, and if I once got down as low as that, I reckon I should have to restore the balance by putting my feet upon the grate. And that's not manners in Great Britain—and quite right, too."

He picked out the highest chair he could find, and admired the workmanship as he drew it up to the fireplace. "Most sumptuous and elegant," he said. "The style of the Renaissance, as they call it." Regina observed with dismay that he had not got his hat in his hand like other visitors. He had left it, no doubt, in the hall; he looked as if he had dropped in to spend the day, and stay to dinner.

"Well, miss, I've seen your photograph," he resumed, "and I don't much approve of it now I see you. My sentiments are not altogether favorable to that art. I delivered a lecture on photographic portraiture at Coolspring, and I described it briefly as justice without mercy. The audience took the idea; they larfed, they did. Larfin' reminds me of Amelius. Do you object to his being a Christian Socialist, miss?"

The young lady's look, when she answered the question, was not lost on Rufus. He registered it, mentally, in case of need. "Amelius will soon get over all that nonsense," she said, "when he has been a little longer in London."

"Possible," Rufus admitted. "The boy is fond of you. Yes; he loves you. I have noticed him, and I can certify to that. I may also remark that he wants a deal of love in return. No doubt, miss, you have observed that circumstance yourself?"

Regina resented this last inquiry as an outrage on propriety. "What next will he say?" she thought to herself. "I must put this presuming man in his proper place." She darted another annihilating look at him, as she spoke in her turn. "May I ask, Mr.——Mr.——?"

"Dingwell," said Rufus, prompting her.

"May I ask, Mr. Dingwell, if you have favored me by calling here at the request of Mr. Goldenheart?"

Genial and simple-minded as he was, eagerly as he desired to appreciate at her full value the young lady who was one day to be the wife of Amelius, Rufus felt the tone in which those words were spoken. It was not easy to stimulate his modest sense of what was fairly due to him into asserting itself; but the cold distrust, the deliberate distance of Regina's manner, exhausted the long-suffering indulgence of this singularly patient man. "The Lord, in his mercy, preserve Amelius from marrying you," he thought, as he rose from his chair, and advanced with a certain simple dignity to take leave of her.

"It did not occur to me, miss, to pay my respects to you, till Amelius and I had parted company," he said. "Please to excuse me. I should have been welcome, in my country, with no better introduction than being (as I may say) his friend and well-wisher. If I have made a mistake——"

He stopped. Regina had suddenly changed color. Instead of looking at him, she was looking over his shoulder, apparently at something behind him. He turned to see what it was. A lady, short and stout, with strange, wild, sorrowful eyes, had noiselessly entered the room while he was speaking; she was waiting, as it seemed, until he had finished what he had to say. When they confronted each other, she moved to meet him, with a firm, heavy step, and with her hand held out in token of welcome.

"You may feel equally sure, sir, of a friendly reception here," she said, in her steady, self-possessed way. "I am this young lady's aunt; and I am glad to see the friend of Amelius in my house." Before Rufus could answer, she turned to Regina. "I waited," she went on, "to give you an opportunity of explaining yourself to this gentleman. I am afraid he has mistaken your coldness of manner for intentional rudeness."

The color rushed back into Regina's face—she vibrated for a moment between anger and tears. But the better nature in her broke its way through the constitutional shyness and restraint which habitually kept it down. "I meant no harm, sir," she said, raising her large, beautiful eyes submissively to Rufus; "I am not used to receiving strangers. And you did ask me some very strange questions!" she added, with a sudden burst of self-assertion. "Strangers are not in the habit of saying such things in England." She looked at Mrs. Farnaby, listening with impenetrable composure, and stopped in confusion. Her aunt would not scruple to speak to the stranger about Amelius in her presence—there was no knowing what she might not have to endure. She turned again to Rufus. "Excuse me," she said, "if I leave you with my aunt—I have an engagement." With that trivial apology, she made her escape from the room.

"She has no engagement," Mrs. Farnaby briefly remarked, as the door closed. "Sit down, sir."

For once, even Rufus was not at his ease. "I can hit it off, ma'am, with most people," he said. "I wonder what I've done to offend your niece?"

"My niece (with many good qualities) is a narrow-minded young woman," Mrs. Farnaby explained. "You are not like the men she is accustomed to see. She doesn't understand you—you are not a commonplace gentleman. For instance," Mrs. Farnaby continued, with the matter-of-fact gravity of a woman innately inaccessible to a sense of humor, "you have got something strange on your hair. It seems to be melting, and it smells like soap. No; it's no use taking out your handkerchief—your handkerchief won't mop it up. I'll get a towel." She opened an inner door, which disclosed a little passage, and a bath-room beyond it. "I'm the strongest person in the house," she resumed, returning with a towel in her hand, as gravely as ever. "Sit still, and don't make apologies. If any of us can rub you dry, I'm the woman." She set to work with the towel, as if she had been Rufus's mother, making him presentable in the days of his boyhood. Giddy under the violence of the rubbing; staggered by the contrast between the cold reception accorded to him by the niece, and the more than friendly welcome offered by the aunt, Rufus submitted to circumstances in docile and silent bewilderment. "There; you'll do till you get home—nobody can laugh at you now," Mrs. Farnaby announced. "You're an absent-minded man, I suppose? You wanted to wash your head, and you forgot the warm water and the towel. Was that how it happened, sir?"

"I thank you with all my heart, ma'am—I took it for pomatum," Rufus answered. "Would you object to shaking hands again? This hearty welcome of yours reminds me, I do assure you, of home. Since I left New England, I've never met with the like of you. I do suppose now it was my hair that set Miss Regina's back up? I'm not quite easy in my mind, ma'am, about your niece. I'm sort of feared of what she may say of me to Amelius—I meant no harm, Lord knows."

The secret of Mrs. Farnaby's extraordinary alacrity in the use of the towel began slowly to show itself now. The tone of her American guest had already become the friendly and familiar tone which it had been her object to establish. With a little management, he might be made an invaluable ally in the great work of hindering the marriage of Amelius.

"You are very fond of your young friend?" she began, quietly.

"That is so, ma'am."

"And he has told you that he has taken a liking to my niece?"

"And shown me her likeness," Rufus added.

"And shown you her likeness. And you thought you would come here, and see for yourself what sort of a girl she was?"

"Naturally," Rufus admitted.

Mrs. Farnaby revealed, without further hesitation, the object that she had in view. "Amelius is little more than a lad, still," she said. "He has got all his life before him. It would be a sad thing if he married a girl who didn't make him happy." She turned in her chair, and pointed to the door by which Regina had left them. "Between ourselves," she resumed, dropping her voice to a whisper, "do you believe my niece will make him happy?"

Rufus hesitated.

"I'm above family prejudices," Mrs. Farnaby proceeded. "You needn't be afraid of offending me. Speak out."

Rufus would have spoken to any other woman in the universe. *This* woman had preserved him from ridicule—*this* woman had rubbed him dry. He prevaricated.

"I don't suppose I understand the ladies in this country," he said.

But Mrs. Farnaby was not to be trifled with. "If Amelius was your son, and if he asked you to consent to his marriage with my niece," she rejoined, "would you say Yes?"

This was too much for Rufus. "Not if he went down on both his knees to ask me," he answered.

Mrs. Farnaby was satisfied at last, and owned it without reserve. "My own opinion," she said, "exactly expressed! Don't be surprised. Didn't I tell you I have no family prejudices? Do you know if he has spoken to my husband, yet?"

Rufus looked at his watch. "I reckon he's just about done it by this time."

Mrs. Farnaby paused, and reflected for a moment. She had already attempted to prejudice her husband against Amelius, and had received an answer which Mr. Farnaby considered to be final. "Mr. Goldenheart honors us if he seeks our alliance; he is the representative of an old English family!" Under these circumstances, it was quite possible that the proposals of Amelius had been accepted. Mrs. Farnaby was not the less determined that the marriage should never take place, and not the less eager to secure the assistance of her new ally. "When will Amelius tell you about it?" she asked.

"When I go back to his lodgings, ma'am."

"Go back at once—and bear this in mind as you go. If you can find out any likely way of parting these two young people (in their own best interests), depend on one thing—if I can help you, I will. I'm as fond of Amelius as you are. Ask him if I haven't done my best to keep him away from my niece. Ask him if I haven't expressed my opinion that she's not the right wife for him. Come and see me again as soon as you like. I'm fond of Americans. Good-morning."

Rufus attempted to express his sense of gratitude, in his own briefly eloquent way. He was not allowed a hearing. With one and the same action, Mrs. Farnaby patted him on the shoulder and pushed him out of the room.

"If that woman was an American citizen," Rufus reflected, on his way through the streets, "she'd be the first female President of the United States!" His admiration of Mrs. Farnaby's energy and resolution, expressed in these strong terms, acknowledged but one limit. Highly as he approved of her, there was, nevertheless, an unfathomable something in the woman's eyes that disturbed and daunted him.

CHAPTER XIV.

RUFUS found his friend at the lodgings, prostrate on the sofa, smoking furiously. Before a word had passed between them, it was plain to the New Englander that something had gone wrong.

"Well," he asked; "and what does Farnaby say?"

"Damn Farnaby!"

Rufus was secretly conscious of an immense sense of relief. "I call that a stiff way of putting it," he quietly remarked; "but the meaning's clear. Farnaby has said No."

Amelius jumped off the sofa, and planted himself defiantly on the hearth-rug.

"You're wrong for once," he said, with a bitter laugh. "The exasperating part of it is that Farnaby has said neither Yes nor No. The oily-whiskered brute—you haven't seen him yet, have you?—began by saying Yes. 'A man like me, the heir of a fine old English family, honored him by making proposals; he could wish no more brilliant prospect for his dear adopted child. She would fill the high position that was offered her, and fill it worthily.' That was the fawning way in which he talked to me at first! He squeezed my hand in his horrid, cold, slimy paw till, I give you my word of honor, I felt as if I was going to be sick. Wait a little; you haven't heard the worst of it yet. He soon altered his tone—it began with his asking me, if I had 'considered the question of settlements.' I didn't know what he meant. He had to put it in plain English; he wanted to hear what my property was. 'Oh, that's soon settled,' I said. 'I've got five hundred a year; and Regina is welcome to every farthing of it.' He fell back in his chair as if I had shot him; he turned—it was worse than pale, he positively turned green. At first he wouldn't believe me; he declared I must be joking. I set him right about that immediately. His next change was a change to impudence, purse-proud impudence. 'Have you not observed, sir, in what style Regina is accustomed to live in my house? Five hundred a year! Good heavens! With strict economy, five hundred a year might pay her milliner's bill and the keep of her horse and carriage. Who is to pay for everything else—the establishment, the dinner-parties and balls, the tour abroad, the children, the nurses, the doctor? I tell you this, Mr. Goldenheart. I'm willing to make a sacrifice to you, as a born gentleman, which I would certainly not consent to in the case of any self-made man. Enlarge your income, sir, to no more than four times five hundred pounds; and I guarantee a yearly allowance to Regina of half as much again, besides the fortune which she will inherit at my death. That will make your income three thousand a year to start with. I know something of domestic expenses, and I tell you positively you can't do it on a farthing less.' This was his language, Rufus. The insolence of his tone I can't attempt to describe. If I hadn't thought of Regina, I should have behaved in a manner unworthy of a Christian—I believe I should have taken my walking cane and given him a sound thrashing."

Rufus neither expressed surprise nor offered advice. He was lost in meditation on the wealth of Mr. Farnaby. "A stationer's business seems to eventuate in a lively profit in this country," he said.

"A stationer's business!" Amelius repeated, disdainfully. "Farnaby has half a dozen irons in the fire besides that. He's got a newspaper, and a patent medicine, and a new bank, and I don't know what else. One of his own friends said to me, 'Nobody knows whether Farnaby is rich or poor; he is going to do one of two things—he is going to die worth millions, or to die bankrupt.' Oh, if I can only live to see the day when Socialism will put that sort of a man in his right place!"

"Try a republic, on our model, first," said Rufus. "When Farnaby talks of the style his young woman is accustomed to live in, what does he mean?"

"He means," Amelius answered, smartly, "a carriage to drive out in, champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door."

"Farnaby's ideas, sir, have crossed the water, and landed in New York," Rufus remarked. "Well, and what did you say to him on your side?"

"I gave it to him, I can tell you! 'That's all ostentation,' I said. 'Why can't Regina and I begin life modestly? What do we want with a carriage to drive out in, and champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door? We want to love each other and be happy. There are thousands of as good gentlemen as I am in England, with wives and families, who would ask for nothing better than an income of five hundred a year. The fact is, Mr. Farnaby, you're positively saturated with the love of money. Get your New Testament and read what Christ says of rich people.' What do you think he did, when I put it in that unanswerable way? He held up his hand, and looked horrified. 'I can't allow profanity in my office,' says he. 'I have my New Testament read to me in church, sir, every Sunday.' That's the sort of a Christian, Rufus, who is the average product of modern times! He was as obstinate as a mule; he wouldn't give way a single inch. His adopted daughter, he said, was accustomed to live in a certain style. In that same style she should live when she was married, so long as he had a voice in the matter. Of course, if she chose to set his wishes and feelings at defiance, in return for all that he had done for her, she was old enough to take her own way. In that case, he would tell me as plainly as he meant to tell her, that she must not look to a single farthing of his money to help her, and not expect to find her name down in his will. He felt the honor of a family alliance with me as sincerely as ever. But he must abide by the conditions that he had stated. On those terms, he would be proud to give me the hand of Regina at the altar, and proud to feel that he had done his duty by his adopted child. I let him go on till he had run himself out—and then I asked quietly, if he could tell me the way to increase my income to two thousand a year. How do you think he answered me?"

"Perhaps he offered to utilize your capital in his business," Rufus guessed.

"Not he! He considered business quite beneath me; my duty to myself, as a gentleman, was to adopt a profession. On reflection, it turned out that there was but one likely profession to try, in my case—the Law. I might be called to the Bar, and (with luck) I might get remunerative work to do in eight or ten years' time. That, I declare to you, was the prospect he set before me, if I chose to take his advice. I asked if he was joking. Certainly not! I was only one-and-twenty years old (he reminded me); I had plenty of time to spare—I should still marry young if I married at thirty. I took up my hat, and gave him a bit of my mind at parting. 'If you really mean anything,' I said, 'you mean that Regina is to pine and fade and be a middle-aged woman, and that I am to resist the temptations that beset a young man in London, and lead the life of a monk for the next ten years—and all for what? For a carriage to ride out in, champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door! Keep your money, Mr. Farnaby; Regina and I will do without it.' What are you laughing at? I don't think you could have put it more strongly yourself."

Rufus suddenly recovered his gravity. "I tell you this, Amelius," he replied; "you afford (as we say in my country) meaty fruit for reflection—you do."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I reckon you remember when we were aboard the boat. You gave us a narrative of what happened in that Community of yours, which I can truly characterize as a combination of native eloquence and chastening good sense. I put the question to myself, sir, what has become of that well-informed and discreet young Christian, now he has changed the sphere to England and mixed with the Farnabys? It's not to be denied that I see him before me in the flesh when I look across the table here; but it's equally certain that I miss him altogether, in the spirit."

Amelius sat down again on the sofa. "In plain words," he said, "you think I behaved like a fool in this matter?"

Rufus crossed his long legs, and nodded his head in silent approval. Instead of taking offense, Amelius considered a little.

"It didn't strike me before," he said. "But, now you mention it, I can understand that I appear to be a simple sort of fellow in what is called society here; and the reason, I suspect, is that it's not the society in which I have been accustomed to mix. The Farnabys are new to me, Rufus. When it comes to a question of my life at Tadmor, of what I saw and learnt and felt in the Community—then, I can think and speak like a reasonable being,

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because I am thinking and speaking of what I know thoroughly well. Hang it, make some allowance for the difference of circumstances! Besides, I'm in love, and that alters a man—and, I have heard some people say, not always for the better. Anyhow, I've done it with Farnaby, and it can't be undone. There will be no peace for me now, till I have spoken to Regina. I have read the note you left for me. Did you see her, when you called at the house?"

The quiet tone in which the question was put surprised Rufus. He had fully expected, after Regina's reception of him, to be called to account for the liberty that he had taken. Amelius was too completely absorbed by his present anxieties to consider trivial questions of etiquette. Hearing that Rufus had seen Regina, he never even asked for his friend's opinion of her. His mind was full of the obstacles that might be interposed to his seeing her again.

"Farnaby is sure, after what has passed between us, to keep her out of my way if he can," Amelius said. "And Mrs. Farnaby, to my certain knowledge, will help him. They don't suspect you. Couldn't you call again—you're old enough to be her father—and make some excuse to take her out with you for a walk?"

The answer of Rufus to this was Roman in its brevity. He pointed to the window, and said: "Look at the rain!"

"Then I must try her maid once more," said Amelius, resignedly. He took his hat and umbrella. "Don't leave me, old fellow," he resumed, as he opened the door. "This is the turning-point of my life. I sadly want a friend."

"Do you think she will marry you against the will of her uncle and aunt?" Rufus asked.

"I am certain of it," Amelius answered. With that he left the room.

Rufus looked after him sadly. Sympathy and sorrow were expressed in every line of his rugged face. "My poor boy! how will he bear it, if she says No? What will become of him if she says Yes?" He rubbed his hands irritably across his forehead, like a man whose own thoughts were repellent to him. In a moment more he plunged into his pockets, and drew out again the letters introducing him to the secretaries of public institutions. "If there's salvation for Amelius," he said, "I reckon I shall find it here."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A COMMEMORATIVE RECEPTION.

(*Continued from front page.*)

More than two years were occupied in building the line across Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island. During the progress of the work Mr. Cyrus W. Field went to Europe and had a submarine cable made with which he intended to connect Cape Ray and Cape Breton. In 1855 an attempt was made to lay this line across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but during the operation a gale sprang up and the cable was lost. In the following year the attempt was repeated and with success. Communication having been established between Newfoundland and the United States, Mr. Field went to Europe in 1856, when the project for the main line was brought before the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, and the "Atlantic Telegraph Company" organized, Mr. Field manifesting his faith in the success of the enterprise by subscribing for one-fourth of the entire capital called for. Bills which insured Government assistance in laying the wire were adopted by the Governments of both countries, and men-of-war were detailed for the work. Each Government agreed to pay $70,000 annually for the use of the line, and, in consideration of an additional subsidy of the British Government, all messages emanating from that source were to have priority over private ones.

On the part of the United States the steam frigate *Niagara*, attended by the *Susquehanna*, was detailed to lay one-half of the wire, and the frigate *Agamemnon*, with four other men-of-war, was named by the British Admiralty to lay the other half. The manufacture of the cable was commenced in 1856, and in the Spring of 1857 both vessels took on board their allotted quantity. The first attempt at laying it was made by commencing to submerge it in one stretch from land to land, and the *Niagara*, having landed her end at Valentia Bay on August 5th, set sail two days later to complete her work. It was agreed that the splice should be made in mid-ocean, and that the *Agamemnon* should carry her half of the cable towards Newfoundland. On the 11th of August, while the *Niagara* was in 2,000 fathoms of water, an engineer suddenly checked the cable while the vessel was rising on a heavy swell, and the wire parted and some 400 miles' length of it was lost. The vessel put back at once to Ireland, and the *Niagara*, after repairing, returned to the United States. Work on a second cable was immediately commenced in England, and by the end of May, 1858, it had been safely coiled on the two men-of-war. On June 10th, the squadron sailed from Plymouth Sound for the rendezvous in mid-ocean. They met with very heavy weather, but succeeded in making the splice on the 26th. It parted, however, in the depth of the sea, and a second attempt, commenced on the 28th, met with no better success. After making the splice the vessels separated, but the cable parted twice while being paid out from the *Niagara*, and on the night of the 29th it broke as it was being submerged from the *Agamemnon*. Both vessels put back to Queenstown. It was during this expedition—on the 20th and 21st of June—that the vessels encountered the frightful storm which delayed the laying of the cable, and compelled the *Niagara* to separate from the *Agamemnon*.

Wise heads who had all along doubted the practicability of the enterprise now felt sure of the ough failure, and even some members of the company began to feel alarm. But Mr. Field was more sanguine than ever, and at once made preparations for another attempt. Each vessel had still 1,100 miles of cable on board, and on Saturday, July 17th, the men-of-war comprising the squadron sailed from Queenstown. On the following Thursday the splice was effected, and then the vessels separated, the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous* heading for Ireland, the *Niagara* and *Gorgon* for the coast of Newfoundland. As on they slowly sped, signals were exchanged between the vessels through the ever-lengthening trail of wire, announcing the speed, condition of the cable, and state of the weather. Then, as far as the public was concerned, a tedious silence ensued. The vessels kept on their way, the officers of one being informed at regular intervals of the safety of the others. The public awaited with great anxiety the anticipated announcement of the failure of the fourth attempt.

On the afternoon of Thursday, August 5th, a dispatch from Newfoundland was published in the New York papers to the effect that the wire had been successfully submerged the entire distance. While people were debating the probability of the report being a hoax, further dispatches came to hand on the following morning, and it became known beyond a doubt that the *Niagara* had safely reached Trinity Bay, and the *Agamemnon* Valentia, in the night of August 4th-5th. Several days were necessary to effect connections at both ends of the line, and on the 16th the inaugural messages were exchanged. The first was from Queen Victoria, and in these words:

"*To the President of the United States, Washington:*

"The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest. The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem. The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States."

To which President Buchanan replied:

"WASHINGTON CITY, August 16th, 1858.

"*To Her Majesty Victoria, the Queen of Great Britain:*

"The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty the Queen on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world.

"In that view, will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be for ever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities?"

On the 17th there were great rejoicings in both countries, but on Wednesday, September 1st, there was an Atlantic Telegraph Celebration in New York City, which, as a popular demonstration, has never been surpassed in any country. The city was most elaborately illuminated, special services were held in Trinity Church and in the Crystal Palace, and there were parades of the militia, firemen, civic societies and citizens generally. This cable worked, however, but a short time, and when it had become entirely silent, Mr. Field again set about to complete the great work. But the Civil War opened, and throughout its duration little attention was given the enterprise. In 1865, when the strife had ended, another expedition was prepared, a new and superior cable was made, and the *Great Eastern*, reconstructed for the purpose, took it on board and began laying it. When some 1,200 miles had been laid the cable was snapped by a sudden lurch of the ship and lost. In 1866 still another expedition was fitted out, and the *Great Eastern* successfully laid 2,000 miles of wire, and communication between the two countries was re-established. Subsequently the *Great Eastern* picked up the end of the lost cable and, joining it to the remainder on board, carried it safely to the western shore. The Congress of the United States awarded Mr. Field a gold medal and the thanks of the nation. England would have bestowed high honors upon him had he not been a citizen of the United States, and the great Exposition in Paris of 1867 gave him the grand medal, its highest prize. No greater illustration of indomitable energy and heroic courage in prosecuting a great idea to its full consummation, in the interest of civilization and humanity, is presented either in ancient or modern annals, in the accomplishment of his great work Mr. Field had crossed the ocean fifty times—having come at last to regard a trip across the Atlantic as no more of an undertaking than a flitting across a Hudson River ferry.

By way of commemorating the great event whose history is here outlined, Mr. Field, on the 10th instant—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the first cable company—gave a reception at his residence in this city, which was remarkable no less for the representative character of those in attendance than for the extent and elegance of the festival itself. In order to accommodate the great number of guests, Mr. Field had erected, in the rear of his residence, an extension, which was used as a supper-room, and the house of a relative, adjoining his own, was also thrown open for the occasion. British and American flags were displayed here and there, and in the richly-furnished parlor, with its wealth of paintings and frescoes, there was no attempt at decoration beyond a liberal supply of flowers.

The scene of the organization of the company twenty-five years ago, in the dining-room, is described by Mr. Field with much enthusiasm. When the idea first took form in his brain, from hints here and suggestions there, that the telegraph might be made to span the Atlantic, his earliest thought was to apply to his public-spirited neighbor, Peter Cooper. He appealed not to his pocket, but to his heart. He appealed so effectively that Mr. Cooper became the President. Moses Taylor was then in the West Indian trade. He heard Mr. Field through for nearly an hour without a word. Then he rose, not less calmly, and agreed to join the party. Mr. Marshall O. Roberts was the first to project the floating palaces which now ply the waters of the Hudson and the great Lakes. He was one of the early promoters of the Erie Railroad. When gold was discovered in California he started the line of steamers running to the Isthmus of Panama and controlled largely the commerce with the Pacific. He joined the company readily. Mr. Chandler White, then living at Fort Hamilton, was slow to yield to argument, but Mr. Field's enthusiasm was magnetic, and his glowing descriptions at last carried Mr. White away. It was at first thought of enlisting ten capitalists, but Mr. Cooper asked whether five would not do as well. No sooner asked than answered. Five the company was then, and five it is to-day; for, when Mr. Chandler fell at his post, another eminent merchant, Mr. Wilson G. Hunt, stepped into line immediately.

The only addresses delivered during the evening were by Cyrus W. Field, who, at the hour and minute at which the agreement was signed twenty-five years ago, repeated the story of the inception and progress of the great enterprise; David Dudley Field, and the Rev. Dr. William Adams.

The telegraphic instrument in the small anteroom, just off Mr. Field's dining-room, recorded messages from different parts of Europe and America. From Mr. Graves, at Valentia, Ireland, came a message saying that the anniversary witnessed a duplex working across the Atlantic as an accomplished fact." Dean Stanley telegraphed from Westminster Abbey: "Blessings from Westminster Abbey in the silver wedding of England and America. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Sir William Thompson, of Glasgow University, Sir Samuel Canning, Sir James Anderson, Sir Daniel Gooch, and many others, telegraphed congratulations from England, and Dr. Stephan, Postmaster-General of Germany; Dr. Lasard, Manager and Director of the German Union Telegraph Company; Sir Hugh Allan, President of the Montreal Telegraph Company; Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Jamaica, and a host of others sent words of greeting from all those distant quarters of the globe straight into Mr. Field's historical dining-room.

The reception lasted from nine o'clock until twelve, and was attended by over one thousand persons of the highest public and social eminence.

THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

GALVESTON has been considerably exercised for weeks, nay, months, over the opening of her handsome and stately Cotton Exchange. The wife of a leading cotton broker having suggested to her *cara sposo* that the floor of the hall in which the brokers "most do congregate" should be consecrated, at least for one night, to Pompadour heels and the caresses of billowy trains, the gentle hint was acted upon, and Friday, the 21st of February, named for the coming-off of this highly sensational and important event in the annals of the Island City. Not only has Galveston, but all Texas, if not the entire of the United States, just reason to be proud of the Exchange so brilliantly inaugurated. The Exchange is a three-storied edifice of the modern elaborate style so destined to puzzle the antiquarian of the future, built of Philadelphia pressed brick and Austin limestone. The exterior is lavishly ornamented with carved stone, the ornamentation simple, distinct and expressive, consisting solely of the cotton leaf, flower and boll. A belt-course is around the front and sides, and the spring of the first-story arches is carved with the cotton boll open and shut, the white on the red standing forth in impressive relief; in the second story the cotton flower is open, and in the third the blossom is "i' the bud." There are two main entrances, the front (on Mechanic Street) is protected by a stone porch, in the spandrels of which the Horn of Plenty is tastefully and delicately elaborated. On the top of the porch stands a cotton bale, and surmounting the bursting bale the crown of "Cotton, the King." On the pilaster through which the corner room is entered, is carved a composition representing cotton in marine commerce—the rudder, the anchor, the pulleys and ropes, the cotton plant creeping in and out, round and about, holding ropes, rudders, pulleys and anchors as did the tangled briers the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. The cornice of the entire building is of galvanized iron. In front is a cotton bale, also surmounted by a crown, indicating his most potent majesty of Cotton. Over the entrance at either side are two shields, upon which are carved, respectively, a bull's and a bear's head—a jocose indication of the "bulls" and "bears," *alias* the buyers and sellers. The halls and lobbies are floored with Minton's colored English tiling at a cost of $2,000. The main staircase is of oak and walnut, very wide, the steps being low, after the Mexican fashion. The Exchange Hall, the scene of the "cotton hall," is 38 feet high, 82 feet long, and 63 feet wide, with a gallery running all round it on a level with the third floor. The floor is inlaid walnut and oak. There are four mantelpieces in the hall, two supported on bears', two on bulls' heads. The ceiling is semi-arched and elegantly relieved by brackets representing the cotton plant in its various stages. The carvings and inside woodwork are of oak and walnut; the lustres, gilt. The total cost of the building has been $80,000. Its dimensions are 120 by 67 feet from outside to outside. The corner-stone was laid by Mr. M. F. Moti, Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity of the State of Texas, July 7th, 1877, and the building was completed in December last. The present organization, known as the Cotton Exchange, is the legitimate successor of the Factors Association, which was organized in 1872. The lot upon which the edifice stands was purchased by subscription and presented to the Exchange. The bonds outstanding amount to $50,000; real estate $20,750; the balance is made up of dues from members.

At 9:30 on the evening of the grand inaugural ball, we—the artist and myself—found ourselves in a throng of highly-expectant guests, winding our way along the sandy sidewalk to the scene of action. At the entrance we were confronted by a portrait of George Washington enfolded by the national flag, and by the flag of the Lone Star State. The hall presented that brilliant appearance begotten of spick-and-span newness, of lights, of flowers, and of the toilets of fair women. *Apropos* of the latter, not a few of the Texan belles displayed costumes in which M. Worth would have experienced a justifiable pride. Two bands, one composed of colored performers, discoursed Lecocq, Offenbach, *et id genus omne*, to the "wee sma' hours," and until a "Virginny" reel closed an entertainment that will be spoken of when Galveston has reached three times three of her present dimensions.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Plague in Astrakhan.

At the medical council held at St. Petersburg on the 24th of January, Professor Eschondtoski was the only doctor who was of opinion that the disease could be staid by external remedies. He recommended pure air, baths, immersions in iced water, in fact hydropathic treatment. It is also said that General Souvaroff ordered iced baths for his soldiers, who were attacked by the plague after their campaign in Turkey. Certain it is that the fishermen of the Volga and the Cossacks of Azoff break the ice of the rivers and indulge in douche baths whenever they apprehend that the plague has broken out amongst them.

The War in Zululand.

When the Dutch War ended with the death of King Dingaan, his brother Panda, the ally of the Boers, succeeded to the throne. Cetewayo, the king's eldest son, and the bravest and most capable, naturally looked forward to be his father's successor. But for that very reason he was the object of Panda's particular jealousy. Some of his younger brothers, fearing that he might make a clean sweep of his rivals, collected their adherents, and made off for Natal, with the intention of invoking British protection, but Cetewayo at once gave chase, and in a sanguinary battle five of his brothers were slain, thus leaving his path to the throne comparatively clear. But Panda had still two sons left alive, and these he placed under the protection of the authorities at Natal. The upshot of the civil war was, that in a council of Zulu chiefs in 1856 it was decided that, though Panda the Fat was a very good "head" for the Zulu State, it also needed "hands" and "feet," and that while Panda remained King, Cetewayo should be appointed Prime Minister. On the death of Panda in 1872, Cetewayo was installed King of the Zulus, when he made many solemn promises and engagements, which were formally published to his people, and accepted by the British Government as guarantees for the better and more humane government of Zululand, and for the greater security of peace. The military kraals of the Zulus are in point of fact fortified depots where the various regiments assemble for their annual training, or mobilize in time of war. The kraal is usually about 500 yards in diameter and fenced round with a dry stake and wattled fence, about five feet in height, difficult to breach and still harder to storm, as it is closely hedged by an abattis of prickly pear, bush-thorns and other formidable obstacles; inside this fence are thrown up the men's huts, and a smaller ring is generally erected in the centre, in which the cattle are kept. The arms and ammunition are stored in huts elevated upon rude posts, some twelve feet in height, as shown in one of our smaller engravings, and a portion of the kraal is partitioned off for the royal household and harem. In the present War, a strong detachment of seamen were formed into a regiment entitled the Naval Brigade for land service with the military against the enemy. Shortly before Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum was handed to the delegates of Cetewayo, at Tugela Drift, a body of some 170 blue-jackets and marines were landed from H.M.S. *Active*, and, under the command of Captain Fletcher Campbell, R.N., were appointed the guard to the meeting at which the ultimatum was delivered on December 11th, 1878.

Sketches from Afghanistan.

General Sir Samuel Browne and staff made their formal entry into Jellalabad on December 20th, and on New Year's Day there was a parade of the troops, including the British and native Indian soldiers, and a durbar, or official reception, was held. The Tenth Hussars and Manderson's Battery of Royal Horse Artillery led the column. After that General Macpherson entered with his staff, followed by the fourth battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with their band playing. The rear was brought up by the Frontier Brigade, containing the Guides, the Mule Mountain Battery, and the Sikhs with their bagpipes playing. The column entered by the Peshawur gate of the town and passed out by the Cabul Durwaza, and marched direct to the camp. Our second sketch shows a sowar or trooper of the Fifth Punjab Cavalry (one of the frontier force regiments) scouting for the enemy, and halting suddenly before an ambuscaded and hostile lookout.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE British Government has decided to call upon all members of the consular body who have attained the age of seventy to resign.

—A NEW electoral law, more restrictive of the right of suffrage than the late Ministry's, and containing no provision for the army to vote, has been agreed to by the Parliament of Italy.

—THE principal centres for the manufacture of coral ornaments are Naples, Genoa, Leghorn and Marseilles. At Leghorn more than a thousand women are employed in the manufacture of coral beads for necklaces, etc.

—THE Exhibition in Sydney, New South Wales, to be held next year, has assumed such proportions as to be far beyond the present means of the Committee. The German Empire, Austria and Holland have applied for exhibiting space.

—THE French custom receipts for the year 1878 reached the total of 209,478,000 francs, while the budget estimate for the year was only 184,684,000 francs. The Paris Exhibition was estimated to cause an increase on the receipts of 1877 of over a million francs, but the increase amounted to nearly twenty times that.

—THE project of a canal between the Rhine and the Maas seems at last to approach realization. The City of Crefeld has declared its readiness to pay the sum of 500,000 marks ($125,000) towards it, and it is confidently hoped that now both the Prussian as well as the Dutch Government will grant the necessary additional funds.

—AT a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. de Lesseps declared, from his experience of the plague in Egypt in 1834, that it is not contagious. The patients may be waited on without danger. All the precautions he then took were to burn the clothing and insure a taste diet, for the pest appeared only where distress and famine prevailed.

—SOME excavations made at Merten, near Bolchen, in German Lorraine, have given remarkable results. The remains of a gigantic equestrian statue were found, of which the figure of the rider is particularly well preserved. Investigation of other remains tend to show that the origin of the statue is Roman; parts of mosaic floors, etc., have also been discovered.

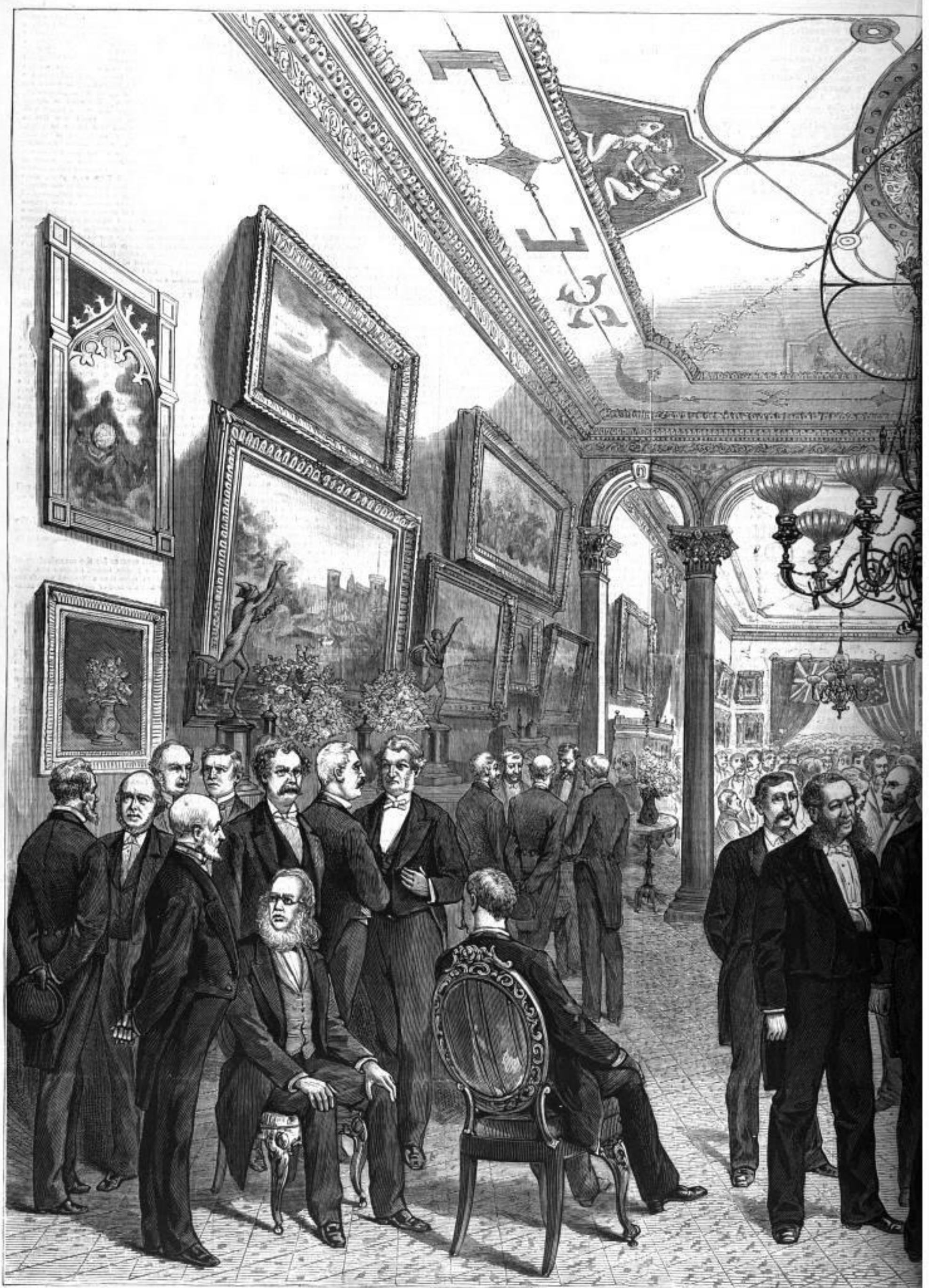
—THE severity of the industrial crisis in Germany is shown by the fact that of 5,074 individuals arrested last year in Basle, chiefly for mendicancy and vagabondage, 4,251 were Germans, while many more of the same nation were turned back at the frontier. During the same time the police at Berne arrested and turned back to their own countries no fewer than 22,218 vagrants and paperless persons, nearly all Germans.

—OF the total of 178,660 men in the British army, nearly 40,000 are Irish—that is to say, about twenty-two per cent. The proportion, according to the ratio of the population of Ireland to that of the whole empire, would be about seventeen per cent. Scotland contributes 14,000 men to the total, or about seven per cent., while her proportion would be nearly ten. England contributes the remaining seventy per cent., which is not far from her ratable allowance.

—THE sales of one of the largest firms of hair merchants in Germany have fallen off twenty-five per cent. in bulk, and forty to fifty per cent. in value, within the last three years, entirely through the increased demand for Chinese, Japanese, and other cheap hairs. In 1871 the exports of hair from the treaty ports were 286 tons; in 1874, 330; and in 1876, 670. This serves in some degree to explain the pigtail, rubbing which has been rife, and which is also said to have been prevalent at the perruke period, 150 years ago.

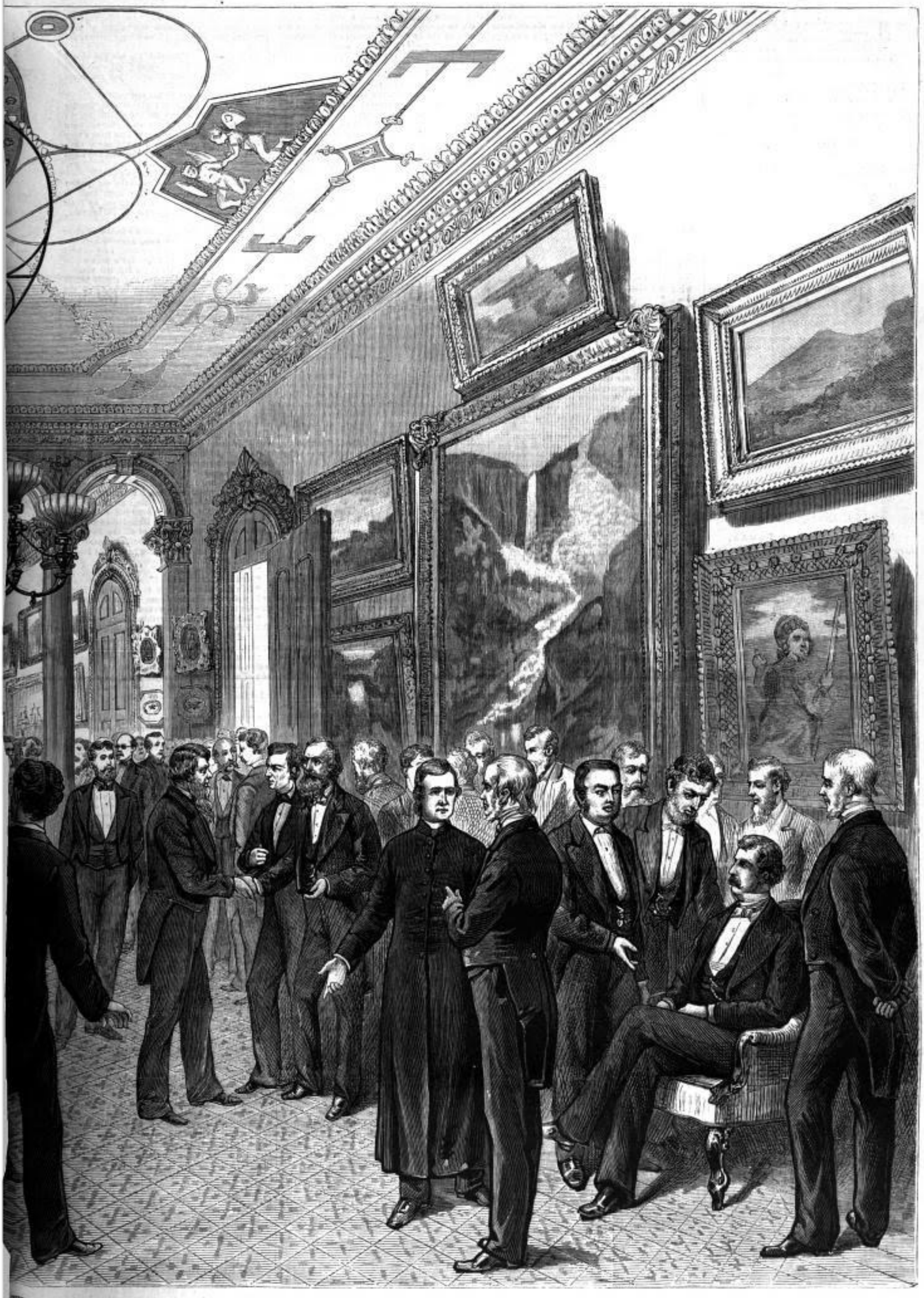
—THE last moments of the Forty-fifth Congress were rendered memorable by the extraordinary scenes in the House of Representatives. The galleries were crowded, the ladies' gallery being noticeable for its brilliant audience of beauty and fashion. Mrs. Hayes and her guests occupied front seats, and about her were crowded many other distinguished ladies. So great was the pressure, indeed, that by resolution wives of members were admitted to the floor, where their toilets, gay in fashionable red, lent an unaccustomed attraction to the hall. Bouquets rested on the desks of many members, a superb basket of flowers adorning the Speaker's desk. Little children in dainty costumes flitted through the aisles or nestled in their fathers' or uncles' arms, while neat pages ran to and fro on the last hurried errands. Members gathered in groups, exchanging greetings or debating the fatal disagreement on which Congress had split.

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NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION GIVEN BY CYRUS W. FIELD, COMMEMORATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSA

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THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, AT HIS RESIDENCE, MARCH 10TH.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

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VOX CLAMANS IN DESERTO.

"MAKE straight the path of Love, His way preparing,
Who bringeth peace on earth and not a sword;
Who, His divine decrees at length declaring,
Shall make you free according to His word."

Ah, sanguine poet of the radiant morning
Whose vast infinitudes with hope burn red,
We hear thy herald voice, but its forewarning
Can wake not dreams that are already dead.

Others before have preached this glad evangel,
And men in faith have hearkened and believed,
Till Love came, sword-girt—a destroying angel—
And few were left unwounded, unbereaved.

We hold this truth 'mid all despite and treason,
We still must hold and hallow it till we die—
That Love alone involves His final reason,
Alone reveals its wherefore, whence and why.

Yet, born of light, this power for man's redeeming
Is wrought to black, intolerable shame;
And, through all lands, his bleeding slaves blaspheming,
In death are tempted to abjure his name.

Life is, at best, for king, or bard, or lover,
A flash that breaks the moanings of night,
In the brief span whereof we yet discover
The passionate plenitudes of utter light.

"Make straight the path of Love, His way preparing,
Who bringeth peace on earth and not a sword;
Who, His divine decrees at length declaring,
Shall make you free according to His word!"

In this world's wilderness, oh, vague voice crying!
Thy words prophetic are as empty breath;
Man still endures the strong desire undying,
While men, the saints, swell the sum of death.

What mortal knows the end from the beginning?
The old, old question meets the old reply;
What cards in this grim game insure the winning?
What heaven holds no mirage to lure the eye?

Still, though Love slay us, we are ever loyal,
And know His many mansions teem with grace;
While Death—the accolade that makes us royal—
May bring us with His glory face to face.

JOHN MORAN.

A SECRET MARRIAGE
AND
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES," "WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FIFTH.
FRANK'S TWO WIDOWS.

CHAPTER II.

"For he is a jolly good fellow!
For he is a jolly good fellow!
For he is a jolly good fellow!
And that—no one can deny."

BELLA CHAMPION sings, in a sweet, silvery voice that resounds through the passages of the hotel, infusing mirth into every breast, as, holding Inganess's letter high in the air, and dancing like a little fairy, unable to control her overpowering joy, she rushes the next morning into her mother's room, looking, perhaps, more lovely and brighter than she has ever done in her life.

The ways of Providence are dark, yet they somehow or other invariably lead to the light. Had this letter reached its destination at its proper time Mrs. Champion and her daughter would never have come to Paris at all, and the bright child would have been spared many a long hour of bitter grief; but then Mrs. Champion would not have seen Louisa Cassilis, and this unfortunate girl would, perhaps, never have discovered her mother.

By an unaccountable mistake, Lord Inganess's valet forgot to post his master's letter until the following day; the consequence was that, instead of being delivered by the early post at Liberty Hall, it only arrived there in the evening, when Mrs. Champion and her daughter had already left for London, to catch that night's tidal-boat for Paris. The precious letter, however, with the welcome news it contained, had followed them in due course, and now Bella, forgetting all her sorrows, and living already in the brilliant future which it has opened out to her, hastens to communicate the good news to her mother, and to make her a participator in the joy.

To Bella's discomfiture, however, Mrs. Champion not only does not seem quite as surprised at Lord Inganess's proposal as she had expected, but even receives the news with but little apparent pleasure, and seems altogether as if her thoughts were fixed on other things. The spoilt child is a trifle put out, and a cloud overshadows her face.

"We must return to England at once, you know, mother," she says, in rather a dictatorial way, and pouting her pretty coral lips.

To her astonishment, her mother raises not the smallest objection to her suggestion, but agrees with her at once.

Presently the conversation turns on Colonel Howard and his probable marriage with Lady Rollingford.

"Lady Rollingford! Ah, *la belle dédaigneuse!*" Bella mutters, shrugging her shoulders. "Perhaps the next best thing Howard can do to shooting himself is to marry her. I hate that woman!"

"You hate Lady Rollingford! Why, child? She has always been very kind to you, I am sure; and you know how you enjoy her parties."

"Yes; but I think that she has behaved very unkindly to poor Louisa; after adopting her, too, and forcing her to take her name! No—I can never forgive Lady Rollingford for discarding her so completely. I only hope Colonel Howard will make her very miserable!"

"You like Louisa Cassilis?"

"Very much; and as for her husband, why, I think him just perfection, and I would not exchange him for that silent, gloomy, too-clever-by-half Glamour, though he *is* a duke; no, not if you were to offer me double his income, and all his hunters into the bargain. I think she did quite right in marrying Cassilis, whatever you may say. I know you always disliked him."

"I have greatly altered my opinion about him lately," Mrs. Champion says, after a pause; "and to show you that I bear him no ill-will, I will tell you at once that I have invited them to come and stay with us at the Hall."

"Have you really? Oh, how nice! And when will they come?"

"At once; I have promised Louisa to let her know what day we return to England."

"Then let us wait until to-morrow, and ask them to go with us; and to-night, why, we will just go to the Opera."

So it is all settled; and Mrs. Champion, having written to her young friend to arrange about the journey, went to the Opera. They all start on the following morning for London, and that very evening sees them comfortably settled at Liberty Hall; and the ever-shy Lord Inganess is permitted to clasp the lady of his love to his warm heart, after having duly obtained the sanction of her parents to their marriage, and after having, by one look from his handsome, clear blue eyes, put to flight all Bella's wicked thoughts of revenging herself upon him before consenting to be embraced as his plighted wife.

* * * * *

Mrs. Champion, having once more espoused the cause of Louisa and her husband, and identified herself with their wrongs, is not a woman, as my readers will readily believe, to content herself with simply offering to them hospitality in her magnificent suburban residence; and one of the first things she does on arriving in England, after having duly given her consent to her daughter's marriage with Lord Inganess, is to drive to Rollingford House, and there expostulate with Lady Rollingford, with all her characteristic courage, on her unaccountable behavior towards her adopted daughter.

Lady Rollingford receives her visitor in the small drawing-room down-stairs, in which she generally sits in the afternoon when alone; and her handsome and still comparatively youthly countenance expresses anything but pleasure or gratification when she learns the object of Mrs. Champion's visit.

"When am I to hear the last of that ungrateful, heartless and perverse girl?" she exclaims, throwing herself into one of the armchairs nearest the fire. "I have done more for that girl than any woman in England would have done; and what have I obtained as a recompense for all my troubles?—nothing but the most heartless and base ingratitude!"

"Lady Laura," Mrs. Champion replies, addressing her by her maiden name, as she generally does now when alone with her, partly to remind her that she never was Lord Rollingford's lawful wife, partly, perhaps, as a little satire, because she has so often told her that, instead of gaining anything by her supposed marriage to that unfortunate nobleman, she has in reality lost rank—"Lady Laura," she repeats, laying a still stronger emphasis on the name, "you know perfectly well that all you have done for Louisa you did simply because it was your duty, and that in your heart, even at this very moment, you recognize how cruelly you have lately acted towards her."

A ghastly paleness overspreads Lady Rollingford's countenance as she hears this just but most unwelcome reproach.

"Why do you always insist on calling me Lady Laura, Mrs. Champion?"

"Because you have no right to the title of Baroness Rollingford," that lady answers with great firmness.

"Ah, it is cruel of you to speak thus to me—most cruel. It is true that I greatly lowered myself when, taking pity on Frank Reymond's distress, I consented to become his wife; knowing all I did respecting his past life, and that I exposed myself to the risk of being called an impostor; yet you know how unable I was at the time to comprehend all the misery which such a step would involve, and how greatly I have since suffered for it."

Mrs. Champion, in spite of her strong determination to remain unmoved by anything Lady Rollingford might say during their interview, cannot help feeling some pity for her when she hears these words.

"Forgive me, Lady Rollingford," she says, speaking now in a kinder tone. "Your unfortunate position would certainly have commanded me to respect your feelings. Your secret is safe in my possession, yet I love Louisa; I promised both her father and her mother to look after her welfare, and I cannot find it in my heart—knowing all I do—quietly to see her thus cruelly and unkindly treated by you."

"You are, then, sure that she is Lord Rollingford's daughter?"

"Sure! A father's heart could not have been mistaken; and even you entertained no doubt on that score when you agreed to adopt her and make her your heiress."

Lady Rollingford remains silent for some moments, as if lost in deep thought.

"I do not hate Louisa—I bear her no ill-will; but you can understand, I suppose, that after what has been said about her in the papers it is only natural that I should decline to have anything more to say to her?"

"Lady Rollingford, you have no right to discard her thus, and your own noble heart tells you so."

"It was for her husband to defend her, not me, Mrs. Champion! I see it is no use arguing with you. My mind is made up, quite made up now, and I shall not alter it to please any one. Lord Rollingford left me, by his will, sole mistress of his entire fortune, to do with it as I chose. After what has happened I could not possibly think of leaving it to a girl who has behaved to me as Louisa has done, and who has placed me in such a very disagreeable position before the eyes of the world; so I have made a new will, leaving all my estates, this house, and everything I possess, to my eldest brother, Lord Inganess. If I acted foolishly and madly in marrying Lord Rollingford—for even you must agree that it was, after all, more foolish than wicked on my part, considering that I was the only person injured by such a step—let me, at least, be enabled by that alliance to revive the glories of the Londesdale family, and to bequeath to the future Earls of Westra a large fortune with which to revive all the ancient splendors of our noble race."

"To Lord Inganess!"

"Yes—you would not rob your own daughter in order to gratify this strange infatuation of yours?"

"When I gave my consent to Bella's marriage to your brother, Lady Rollingford, I knew exactly what his allowance was, and its insignificance did not frighten me, for I am fully convinced that money cannot of itself render any one happy; but as I could not fail to perceive that it would be ridiculous for a viscount to marry on five hundred a year—which he assures me is all your father allows him at present—I have consented to give them at once the three thousand a year which I intended Bella to have had at my death."

"You have acted very generously, certainly, Mrs. Champion—and permit me to thank you in the name of my father for what you have done for Inganess. I shall not be less generous, but will also make them a handsome allowance."

Mrs. Champion changes color when she hears this, and rising from her chair, she confronts Lady Rollingford.

"And you would leave poor Louisa to starve!" she says, fixing her large eyes upon her with menacing fierceness. "You have no right to do this, Louisa, as Lord Rollingford's lawful daughter, is by law heir to all his estates, and if you persist in thus overlooking her, I shall be forced to publish the truth, and let the world judge which is the more worthy of pity in this sad affair—you or she."

"Very well—do your worst. You may break your word of honor, you may inform every one you meet of all you know respecting Louisa's birth, you may go to my brother and tell him that I was never really married to Lord Rollingford, and that therefore I have no right to dispose of his estates—but who will believe you?"

Mrs. Champion listens with dignified composure, and not a muscle of her face seems in the least affected by it; when Lady Rollingford had done speaking, she simply draws from her pocket a crumpled up letter, written evidently many years ago, and she shows it to her—without, however, permitting her to touch it.

It is the letter which Lady Rollingford wrote, informing her of her husband's death, and in which, in a moment of excitement, she so far forgot herself as to confess plainly enough that Frank Reymond was already married when he married her; and that Louisa, the little girl she had just adopted, was his lawful child.

Laura glances over the long-forgotten letter; for one moment she is utterly unable to understand its contents, but suddenly its importance flashes upon her, and, uttering a wild cry of agony, she falls, half-fainting into the nearest armchair.

"This letter, Lady Laura, will prove my words; but remember, if I break my word to you it will only be to punish you for breaking the solemn promise you made to one on his deathbed, who from heaven will one day judge between us two."

"I am in your power! Oh, great God, that letter! how could I ever have written it! I must have been mad at the time—mad!"

"Lady Rollingford, Lady Rollingford," Mrs. Champion says, folding up her letter and replacing it in her pocket, "you have a good heart; why can you not rise superior for once above the opinion of the world, and, regardless of what it may say, do what you *know* to be right?"

"I will try, I will try."

CHAPTER III.—LADY ROLLINGFORD RECOVERS HER HEAR" AND LOUISA HER PATRIMONY.

LADY ROLLINGFORD is still lying on the sofa where Mrs. Champion left her; but when her ear catches the sound of a well-known footstep she rises as if impelled by a force she is utterly unable to control; and taking both Howard's hands in hers, she says, fixing her eyes on him, as if she would fain read with one look all the secrets of his heart.

"You have often told me that you still love me, cousin," she says, speaking hurriedly, yet with great earnestness.

"Yes, Laura; I love you, really, truly—with all my heart and soul."

"Are you quite sure, Jack, that what you love is not my money?"

"Your money! Would to God you were still poor, that I might have the opportunity of proving to you how little I am influenced by your thousands!"

Lady Laura looks at him for a moment in silence; then, as if she had suddenly made up her mind to do something desperate, she utters a cry of supreme joy, and, throwing herself into her cousin's arms, she burst into tears.

On the following day a coroneted carriage is seen driving up the approach to Liberty Hall; a powdered footman in silk stockings gives a thundering knock at the ancient door of the old mansion, which is immediately opened by a couple of foreign servants in plain but neat liveries, and my Lady Rollingford is ushered into Mrs. Champion's private sitting-room.

Exclamations of unmistakable joy are heard in the little apartment; and that great lady is seen by Mrs. Champion, on entering the room, tightly clasped in the arms of her adopted daughter.

"I knew that your noble heart would triumph at last over the commonplace prejudices of society, and would assert its empire over you," Mrs. Champion says, holding out her hand.

"Do you forgive me for all I have made you suffer, Louisa?" Lady Rollingford asks, addressing that young lady, and apparently totally unconscious of Mrs. Champion's presence.

"Oh, yes! and so does my husband!" Louisa exclaims, with great warmth.

"Is he here?"

"Yes," Mrs. Champion says, opening the door leading to the drawing-room, and beckoning to Inganess and Cassilis, who have been sitting there for some time, evidently waiting for this summons to enter the apartment.

After the ordinary ceremony of shaking hands and saying "How do you do?" Lady Rollingford, who evidently does not seem too pleased at their presence, says, addressing herself once more to her adopted daughter:

"I suppose Mrs. Champion has told you that I have destroyed the will in which I left everything to my brother here, and therefore you are again my sole heiress, Louisa?"

"Yes; Mrs. Champion has told me."

"And I, sister," Lord Inganess says, coming towards her with a face beaming with joy, "I thank you in the name of our family, for you have done what is right, and thus saved me from a very painful duty, for believe me I would never have touched a single penny of a fortune which by right belongs to another."

Lady Rollingford's face turns pale at this.

"Surely, Mrs. Champion, you have not broken your word?" she says, trembling from head to foot. "You have not told them; yet by their looks I can see that they know all. Who, then, has told them?"

"I have told them," answers a feeble yet clear voice; and Marie, with a pale, haggard countenance and sunken eyes, with golden hair instead of black, yet Marie for all that—the woman whom she has believed dead for these last ten years—enters the room by a side door, and stands before her almost as beautiful as ever, in spite of the deadly pallor of her cheeks, and the unmistakable traces of approaching death upon her brow, looking her full in the face with her large black eyes.

"You—you?" Lady Rollingford exclaims, staggering back a few paces.

"Yes, Marie Gautier herself," Mrs. Champion says.

"I thought you were dead long ago!"

"No, Lady Rollingford," says the unfortunate woman, a sad smile playing upon her beautifully shaped but now almost colorless lips.

"Louisa knows all, then?" Lady Rollingford asks, looking from one to the other, not knowing whether to pity or congratulate her.

"Yes, I know all," Louisa replies, without lowering her proud eyes, that so resemble those of her mother. "I know all, and you need not look at me with such compassion, Lady Rollingford, for I am not ashamed of my mother."

"I must leave you now," Lady Rollingford says, rising; "but ere I go, I must tell you all how I have fulfilled the promise I made to Frank Reymond on his deathbed before this—lady; I have this morning signed a formal document by which I make a free transfer of all the Reymond family estates, including Rollingford House and every source of revenue I now possess, to Louisa and her husband."

"You have done this?"

"And how will you live?"

"In a few weeks I hope to be Colonel Howard's wife, and his handsome income will amply provide for all my future wants."

"But I cannot take everything from you, Lady Rollingford—I really cannot," Louisa cries, overpowered by her adopted mother's unexpected generosity.

"You may take it, as I give it to you, Louisa, with a light heart and without regret. I only beg of you to keep my secret—you understand."

"That secret is locked up in our hearts," they all exclaim, with more or less emotion.

* * * * * * *

Six months after the event I have narrated in the foregoing pages, most of our friends find themselves once more together in Liberty Hall, enjoying the kind hospitality of General and Mrs. Champion.

The most conspicuous amongst them is, of course, Lady Inganess, who, in her character of a lovely bride, is the very life and soul of the whole party; but, even in spite of all Bella's superior attractions, the charming manners and sweet young face of Louisa Cassilis attract general attention.

Both their husbands are, of course, with them, for Cassilis has now become quite a model husband, and but seldom spends an evening away from his wife; while Inganess, of course, is still Bella's devoted slave.

The other persons who help to make up the magic number of eight, at this charming little family party, are Lady Rollingford and her cousin Colonel Howard, who have been for the last two months husband and wife, and who have but recently returned from their honeymoon trip in Italy; and I may add that it is not every day that one is favored with the sight of three such devoted and affectionate couples.

What Jack Howard's feelings must have been when he discovered that his cousin really intended to take him at his word, and to give up at once all her wealth in order to afford him a better opportunity of proving his devotion to her, I shall not attempt to say. It is only necessary to state that he felt himself bound to marry his cousin, and as yet he has found no cause to regret having for once in his life done his duty; for Laura, as every one can see who is half an hour in their society, makes him the most devoted and considerate of wives.

On this peaceful moonlight October evening, Colonel Howard and his wife have come to dine with the Champions for the last time before departing for Inganess Castle, in the island of Westra, where they are going to pay a long visit to the old earl, whose health of late years has been very feeble; and to arrange for the reception of the other happy couple, who are to follow them there in a short time, as Lord Inganess is anxious to present his youthful bride to his father. I need not state that Bella and her husband are staying at Liberty Hall, and General Champion is almost broken-hearted at the idea that he is about to see his beloved daughter depart for good. Louisa and her husband, the handsome Rupert, are also still staying in this old mansion.

It is during that half-hour immediately after dinner in which, while the men still remain in the dining-room over their wine, the ladies best love to discuss their little secrets, that I shall venture for the last time to introduce my readers, who have been so condescending as to follow me thus far, into the society of my four charming heroines.

Let us take a hasty glance over the old-fashioned drawing-room, in which we find them assembled.

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The conversation, which at first was only between the ladies, soon becomes general. It originated doubtless in a discussion between them as to what novels Lady Laura should take to while away the long evening hours in the lonely castle of her forefathers; and the younger ladies, as being better acquainted with the peculiar qualities of modern light literature, are after a time naturally drawn into the discussion.

Mrs. Champion took the leading part, speaking specially of love as the sublimest thing in life, and of those books which have it as their key as the greatest.

Presently a servant enters the drawing-room and whispers something in Mrs. Champion's ear, which suddenly changes the almost divine glow which had spread itself over her countenance into a deadly pallor. She rises, and beckoning to Louisa, who also seems greatly agitated, they leave the room.

The gentlemen make their appearance soon after this; but on being informed by Lady Rollingford that evidently a change has come over the poor sick lady up-stairs, Cassilis hastens to join his wife in the sick-room, and Inganess—who for a moment has been conversing with his wife and laughing at her jokes—approaches his sister and begs of her to go with him to Marie's chamber.

Bella, who, together with her father and Colonel Howard, has been kept in total ignorance of that lady's relationship to Louisa and Lady Rollingford, and who believes her to be merely one of her mother's numerous foreign friends, who, in her kindness of heart, she has invited to come and stay at Liberty Hall, perhaps on account of her delicate state of health, cannot understand why her husband should take so much interest in her, and calling him back to her side, she begs of him not to leave her again so soon; but Inganess has made up his mind to accompany his sister to the dying woman's bedside; and braving his youthful bride's oft-repeated threats, hastens out of the drawing-room.

FINALE.

IN an old-fashioned apartment, the walls of which are hung with antique tapestry—which at times reminds one of the queer old chambers of Inganess Castle—and the windows of which overlook the green fields and beautifully wooded parks of one of England's loveliest counties, far away from the rest of the house, from which it is divided by long galleries with oak-paneled walls, along which even the servants scarcely ever go, as they have an idea amongst themselves that they are haunted, Zoé de Fleurville, the popular French actress who for so many years was the idol of the Parisian youth, and of whom it is reported that she has amassed untold wealth, and married a prince with whom she has gone to live somewhere in Central Russia, after having given up the stage and changed her personal appearance so that no one may be able to recognize her in future—the world-famed La Fleurville is dying in the arms of her beloved daughter, the young Mrs. Cassilis, whose history no one has ever been able to find out; and to whom, after having neglected her for nearly a year, the proud Lady Rollingford has lately, to the astonishment of society at large, made over all her property, even to Rollingford House itself.

Lady Rollingford, her brother, Lord Inganess, and Mrs. Champion are also in the room, and the good priest who has just received the poor sinner's last confession, and who has been preparing her for death, is kneeling in a corner near the bed praying fervently for her.

On either side of the bed stand Louisa and her husband Rupert Cassilis, and the dying woman, whose wondrous black eyes seem yet to burn with an almost superhuman fire as they look with an anxious expression from one to the other, holds a hand of each.

"I have been a great sinner, my child," she says, speaking in a whisper, and with some difficulty, for her articulation has become most painful. "Perhaps I have never realized so fully as I do at this moment how weak and wicked I have been; though God knows how I have suffered in my heart for many years for the mistakes of my unguided, untaught and vilely-corrupted youth. But at this supreme moment you will not curse me, my Louisa!—you will forgive me, will you not?—and you too, Rupert—you will not let me die unforgiven?"

Both Louisa and her husband are too greatly moved to make any reply, but by their faces the dying woman sees that in their hearts she is forgiven; and, joining their hands, she makes a last effort to raise herself on the bed.

"Love each other always, and trust in one another implicitly," she murmurs; and then looking towards Lady Rollingford, who with a quick step now approaches her, she craves her forgiveness also.

An hour later Marie, reconciled with God, and after having received the last consolations of the Church, with a fervent prayer that in that world where her soul is about to enter she may find forgiveness for her many sins, leaves that little group of loving friends and crosses the broad river which is to separate them for a time, but which will bear her to join Frank Reymond for ever.

MARDI-GRAS AT NEW ORLEANS.

A MAGNIFICENT AND ARTISTIC PAGEANT.

MARDI-GRAS has come and gone, and the Crescent City is in sackcloth and ashes. The mad, merry jest has been played out; caps and bells have been laid aside, and Tom Fool relegated to the regions of oblivion for 361 days. In good sooth there has been exquisite fooling, albeit the shadow of the gruesome past hung like a pall over as gallant a *cortége* as ever rode through town or hamlet in medieval times. The one fatal remembrance asserted itself through the black crape that mutely appealed to the eye upon every side, till instinctively the mind vibrated between tinsel and tomb.

The New Orleans Mardi-Gras differs from all others in the world. Neither in Rome, Naples, Venice, nor Paris, are its peculiar features to be seen. Here the whole occasion has taken a new and distinctive character of its own—here, grand and royal pageantry has usurped the grotesqueness of Italian cities, while year after year the display is becoming more artistic, more esthetic. It is accepted with a pleased gravity, and people gaze upon the procession with the gratified earnestness of grown-up schoolchildren. Monday, February 24th, was a bright, warm day, the mercury standing at 68° in the shade. Everybody was in the streets—everybody on the tiptoe of expectation, for His Most Gracious Majesty, the King, was announced to arrive by water at 3:30 o'clock and take possession of the city according to time-honored custom. Canal Street was lined from Rampart to the Levee by a curious, eager and excited crowd, the dark element being very much in front, while the wharves and gigantic river steamers were literally packed.

At the time appointed a lily-white tug, blowing a whistle much too big for her, came plunging round the bend in the river, followed by a leviathan steamer "bearing Cæsar and his fortunes," flying the royal standard and decked with bunting that for variety and color fairly vied with the headdresses of the colored ladies assembled to greet the King. Cannon began to boom, bells to ring, thousand of voices to huzza, while every whistle on every steamer exerted itself to the utmost limits of its capacity, becoming hoarse in its anxiety to exhibit a profound and enthusiastic loyalty. In a few minutes the King's trumpeters appeared on the gangway, followed by the dukes of the realm, gorgeous in blue and green and purple velvet, broidered in gold, buff boots to the hips, flowing perukes, and cocked hats richly laced. Then at a little distance came His Most Gracious Majesty, attired in a magnificent costume, copied after the Versailles portrait of Louis XIV., *Le Grand Monarque*—to wit, snuff-colored velvet tunic, laced cravat, star and ribbon, scarlet morocco boots reaching above the knee, velvet breeches laced, jeweled sword. His Majesty's curls fell in profusion over his shoulders from beneath his plumed hat. His reception was such as any potentate might feel fairly proud of, and his gracious affability in bowing responsive to the hearty *vivas* that rent the air bore ample testimony of how deeply the loyal welcome had touched his royal heart.

Mounting gayly-caparisoned steeds, a cavalcade composed of fifty of the royal household was formed, and amid the booming of guns His Majesty rode upon his way, a guard of honor selected from the following distinguished regiments bringing up the rear—the Thirteenth Infantry, Washington Artillery, German regiment, Cazadores, Orleans Artillery, Louisiana Field Artillery and Continental Guards. After the escort appeared the royal baggage-wagon, laden with largesse for the populace. The *cortége* proceeded to the City Hall, on the steps of which the Mayor, bare-headed, received his Majesty, and presented him with the keys of the city, together with a loyal and dutiful address of welcome. From the City Hall the cavalcade moved to the Royal Palace San Carlos (the St. Charles Hotel), and here his Most Gracious Majesty alighted. An address levée was immediately held, at which many presentations of distinguished personages took place, including several ladies of high degree. The Duke of Lochryan was admitted to the honor of kissing hands and of addressing the throne, the Earl of Warwick replying on behalf of His Majesty. In the evening His Majesty, accompanied by several members of the court, attended the theatre. Thus passed the eve of Mardi-Gras.

From cockcrow to curfew on Tuesday, the 25th, New Orleans was *en fête*. Balconies were draped, flagstaffs floated pennants and streamers, the streets literally swarmed with people, a goodly number masked and arrayed in masquerade attire. The uttermost good humor prevailed, but the license, the abandon, the *chic*, the uncontrolled gayety which I have seen in Italy was entirely absent; a little badinage, an odd kissing of hands, an occasional whoop, and this was Carnival in the Crescent City. It is needless to say that the barrooms were crowded three deep, and that the elbows of compounders of cunning cocktails ached again. From an early hour Canal Street was a dense mass of expectant humanity, the statue of Henry Clay being a sort of island in the sea of human faces. The day was a perfect glory, a dazzling sunshine, a caressing breeze, a Summer heat.

Punctually at the hour appointed, amid the booming of cannon and the strains of martial music, the procession started. Firstly came the military force of the King, represented by three herculean knights in full panoply of battle, and mounted upon steeds fit for the lists at which Ivanhoe so fairly distinguished himself. Next came two Templars, and between them the Lord Almoner. The Lord Chancellor and Lord High Constable rode together, and following them the Royal Standard Bearer. Close to his standard rode King Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, in martial and kingly apparel, looking every "inch a king." Upon his shoulder he bore the famous battle-ax which caused so many unbelieving and infidel Saracens to bite the dust. Richard wore the suit in which he appeared in Cyprus. His helmet was of gold, surmounted by a lion, that bravely glittered in the sunlight. His armor was of gold chain, every link flashing like a rose-diamond. His surcoat was cloth-of-gold; the tunic light-blue, broidered in the same precious metal. His breastplate shone like a mirror. His shield was blazoned with three lions rampant. The housings of his horse were of gold. This was a living page of Froissart. I was flung back into the days of the Crusaders—the days of tilt and tourney, of minstrelsy and mummery, in merrie England. Following His Majesty appeared the Lord High Treasurer, the Lord High Admiral, the Lord High Chamberlain and a score of others of great rank and dignity, including the King's jester, bestriding a mule whose ears stuck out like the sails of a windmill. Then followed the grand scenic display which the King had ordered for the enjoyment of his loyal and devoted subjects, and which represented the "History of the World," from the Creation to the present day. We had the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve, the latter very *décolletée*, and the serpent, and the apple, and the tree of knowledge, by-the-way, was laden down with fruit; then came Noah's Ark with a select few of the animals on the roof. The Tower of Babel followed, and close to it a float containing Assyria, Babylonia, Media and Persia. India, ancient and modern, made a goodly show, as did Phœnicia, B. C. 1085, while China, B. C. 1600, provoked hearty approval. Arabia and Africa, with Europe, B. C. 2000, appeared next in order, followed by Greece, Rome and Scandinavia. Britain's Good Queen Bess occupied a chariot all to herself, and her traditional ruff lost nothing of its starchiness in 1579. France caused intense excitement in the French quarter; Clovis, Louis XIV., the two Napoleons and a Communist occupied this float. I remarked that cries of "Vive Napoleon!" greeted the emperors as they webbed past—Napoleon the First, in the uniform of the Old Guard, after Delaroche's portrait; Napoleon the Third, attired as a Field Marshal of France. Spain was fitly represented by Don Quixote de la Mancha, borne in a wooden cage, Sancho Panza riding Dapple in front. A more rueful countenance never greeted a grinning multitude than that of the devoted lover of the peerless Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Turkey caused considerable laughter. The "sick man" lay on a couch, Britannia feeding him with "bitter pills." Germany, as far as likenesses and general get-up, was the most successful float of the entire. The Emperor "William" sat on a gilded throne, supported at either side by Bismarck and Von Moltke—both represented in their grotesque masks to the very life. "Fritz" was admirably done. At the back of the throne was a triumphal arch composed of beer and Rhine wine barrels. Russia's Emperor was supported by his Pope, or head of the Greek Church, and preceded by a company of the dreaded Cossacks of the Don. The sides of the float were devoted to Siberia, and the sufferings of political prisoners thither relegated. America was represented from the Aztecs to Ponce de Leon, from De Soto to John Smith, and with J. S. the never-to-be-forgotten Pocahontas. Again we had an illustration of that little affair between "mother and son" in 1776. Winding up the process on were a regiment of Opera Bouffe Guards with umbrellas, the artillery wagons being laden with codfish-balls. I timed the "passage of the act" at fifty-seven minutes. As a pageant this procession would have been creditable even to the Theatre Chatelet, in Paris, and this is no stinted praise. The costumes were new, rich, elegant and correct, the masks intensely expressive, the grouping artistic, the *mise en scene* simply admirable. There was a sound of revelry by night, not in Belgium's capital, but Louisiana's. Finally I had to attend the ceremonial of conferring the high and mighty title of Duc de Brabant upon M. Louis Saveur, the representative and partner in the world-famous wine house of G. H. Mumm & Co. General Sherman was also present, and the ceremony was one in which the sparkling vintage of champagne glittered as did the decorations which were placed upon the manly breast of the newest addition to the House of Lords. The Rex Ball, like O'Rorke's noble feast,

——"will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there, and by those who were not."

At ten o'clock the grand procession moved along the splendid Hall of the Exposition building into an antechamber literally a carpet of natural flowers imbedded in green grass after the fashion of a *parterre*, and in the best "ribbon border" form. The King took his seat upon the throne, and beside him, upon a second throne, his Royal Consort, a very beautiful blonde, with apple-blossoms on her cheeks. Twelve thousand people paid homage to their Majesties, some of them as reverentially as though at the Court of St. James.

At twelve o'clock a flourish of trumpets announced the royal supper. A procession was formed, and the august party proceeded on their solemn and all-important mission. The representatives of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER were not only invited to supper, but to sup at the royal table, and His Most Gracious Majesty did us the high honor to pledge us in a bumper of G. H. Mumm's extra dry. As a whole the *fête* of Mardi-Gras was a supreme success. True the "Mystik Crewe" did not turn out, true the shadow of an awful desolation was upon the city. Nevertheless, the cordiality to make the honest effort to bridge over the chasm, and the true and earnest endeavor to score a victory, carried it to a triumphant issue. *Vivat Rex!*

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Belgian School of Fine Arts is to be founded in Rome, under the management of M. Portaels.

The Berlin Humboldt Academy, founded by the Scientific Central Union of that city, was inaugurated on January 13th last.

It is Maintained by Dr. H. F. Braun that heat can only be converted into electricity in the same degree as it can be converted into work.

It has Lately been ascertained that the Missouri River is navigable to within twelve miles of Helena, Montana, fifty miles above Fort Benton.

The Russian Imperial Entomological Society is making arrangements to dispatch a scientific expedition to the newly annexed Transcaucasian provinces early next Spring.

The Tercentenary of the introduction of printing into Warsaw is to be celebrated this year by an exhibition of all the remarkable books printed in the Polish capital during the last 300 years.

Several Parisian Photographers have tried to use electric light for obtaining *clichés*, and have been wonderfully successful. MM. Pierre Petit and Lebert are the most prominent amongst them.

The Finnish Historical Society, which was established four years ago to collect information respecting the origin and history of the Finnish people, has just received an anonymous gift from a person at Helsingfors of 15,000 roubles.

The Estimated Cost of the proposed interoceanic canal across the American Isthmus, Nicaragua route, is $33,000,000; but it is considered wise to regard the actual cost, including the interest on dormant capital, at twice that sum.

Much of the Biliousness and Gout which come under the notice of the medical profession is due to the close and stifling condition of our indoor atmosphere—in other words, to the want of proper ventilation, and chiefly to an insufficiency of air inlets.

The Johns Hopkins University has established a Summer laboratory for the study of zoology. The laboratory is situated on the Chesapeake Bay, and is under the charge of W. K. Brooks, who has already shown the value of the laboratory in the study of marine fauna of that location.

Western Australia.—We learn from the Australian papers that Mr. John Forrest, the well-known explorer, has just completed the survey of the country between the De Grey and Ashburton Rivers, and for a considerable distance inland; and that he is of opinion that that part of Western Australia is well suited for settlement.

The International Art Exhibition at Munich will open on July 20th instead of July 1st, as originally proposed. This is done to secure the most recent French and Belgian works which will have been exhibited at the Salon. That closes on June 22d, and exhibitors there can send in works at Munich until July 15th. Other contributors must keep to March 31st and May 31st, the dates already announced.

The British Museum is now open free to the public on every week day—Monday till Friday from ten o'clock, and on Saturday from twelve o'clock till the ordinary hour of closure. Special arrangements have been made to enable students to carry on their work without interruption. Students of natural history will have Tuesday and Thursday reserved for their studies, students of archæology Wednesday and Friday. On Mondays and Saturdays the public will be able to view the whole of the collections; on Tuesday and Thursday, all except the natural history specimens; and on Wednesday and Friday, all except the Greek and Roman sculptures, and antiquities in the upper gallery.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is pleasuring on the Nile, and will remain abroad until October.

THE President of the State National Bank of Raleigh, N. C., recently died. A few days ago his wife, Mrs. M. C. Williams, was elected to the directory and became president of the institution.

MR. HARRISON WEIR, so well known as a painter of animals, has, we regret to state, broken down from overwork, and has been compelled to leave for the Mediterranean, where he proposes to rest for some time.

PROFESSOR KAZANSKY, of the Moscow University, who died a few weeks ago, has left his library, consisting of a large number of valuable ecclesiastical works, to the Moscow Estabhment for the Training of Priests.

IT is stated at Berlin that negotiations are pending for a compromise between Prussia and the Duke of Cumberland. If it is arranged, it is believed that the Duke will take up his residence in Brunswick, with a view to succeeding to the Duchy.

THE death is announced of Mrs. Cohen, mother of Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, and consequently grandmother of the Countess of Rosebery. By this event a further sum of a quarter of a million sterling falls to the share of the Countess of Rosebery.

GENERAL GROTENGELM, the Russian commandant of Fort Petro-Alexandrovsk, near Khiva, has received instructions to institute a census of the Khanate, with a view to the introduction of compulsory military service, based upon the Russian model, into the Khan of Khiva's dominions.

THE Medical Faculty of the University of Zurich have conferred the degree of doctor on Fraulein Draya Sjocia, a young lady from Servia, and Countess Vilma Rugonai of Hungary, both of whom passed successful examinations and delivered inaugural dissertations of exceptional merit.

THE marriage of the son of Jules Simon to Sarah Soussis, in Paris, was a most brilliant affair. The bride, being a Hebrew, the ceremony was entirely civil. All the prominent men and women of the day were present, and it was especially noticed that the bride, who is immensely rich, did not wear a single jewel.

AN attempt will be made at the coming session of Congress to secure the impeachment of United States District Judge Alexander Rives of the Western District of Virginia. He is a Virginian, born of an aristocratic family, but he has ruled that when colored people are to be tried there must be colored men on the jury.

THE Duke of Connaught will be attended to the marriage altar by two "best men"—his eldest and youngest brothers, the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold. The duke and his bride will take a wedding trip in the royal yacht *Osborne*, which will last two months. They will visit Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, Almeria, Carthagena, Malta, and other Mediterranean ports.

A GERMAN paper states that a descendant of the great Copernicus is living now at a small town of Posen, exercising the calling of a shoemaker. It is known that Copernicus was a Canon of the Chapter of Frauenberg, and must be supposed to have died without leaving any issue. It has been said that his true son was Kepler, and that in his turn Kepler was the scientific father of Newton.

MR. BENNETT WOODCROFT, who may be said to have originated the British Patent Office, and the working of which he so ably and zealously superintended from the time of its establishment down to within the last two years, died at Brompton, February 7th. He was born at Bennett Grange, near Sheffield, in December, 1803, and was consequently in his seventy seventh year when he died.

THE will of the late Loyal Wilcox of Hartford, Conn., makes the following bequests: American Educational Society, $2,500; American Congregational Union, $2,500; Oberlin College, $4,000; Methodist Church, Canton, $1,000, for support of the ministry in that church; Home Missionary Society, $5,000; American Board of Foreign Missions, $2,500; Ripon College, Wisconsin, $5,000.

QUEEN VICTORIA will leave London at the end of March. She will rest one night at the British Embassy in Paris and proceed thence to the Italian Lakes, where she will be met by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who will then be on their wedding tour. Thence she goes to Germany. Prince Amadeus, Duke Aosta and ex-King of Spain, will meet Queen Victoria at the Italian frontier. The King will visit her at Lake Maggiore.

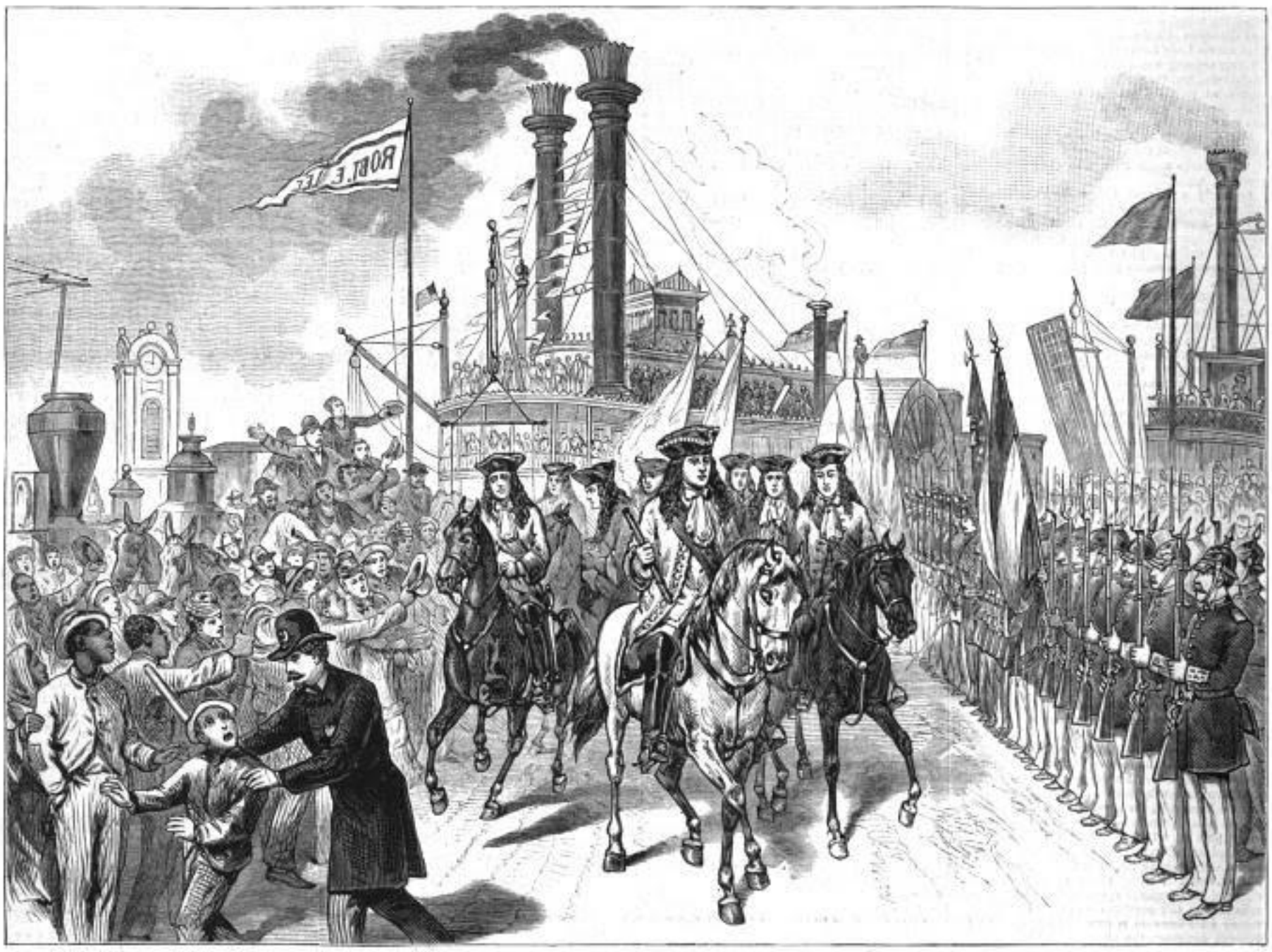
THE gentleman who maintains the chief ecclesiastical authority over the Indians has very little of pomp and circumstance when he travels among them. A covered wagon cannot withstand the winds that sweep across the prairies, so putting into an open wagon sufficient provisions for himself and his driver, and food for the two horses, the excellent Bishop Hare begins a long journey among his wild charges. At night he sets up his tent on the open prairie, or, wrapped in a buffalo robe, sleeps in the wagon.

KING OSCAR of Sweden is about to circulate a reply to Pope Pius IX.'s numerous attacks on Freemasonry. The King of Sweden has long been a distinguished Mason, and proposes to prove, by facts connected with the history of the craft, that the Pope's attacks were perfectly groundless, and need not be observed even by faithful Catholics. The publication will be further enlarged by a collection of King Oscar's principal addresses to Masons in various Lodges in Sweden and Norway. The work will appear simultaneously in Swedish and German.

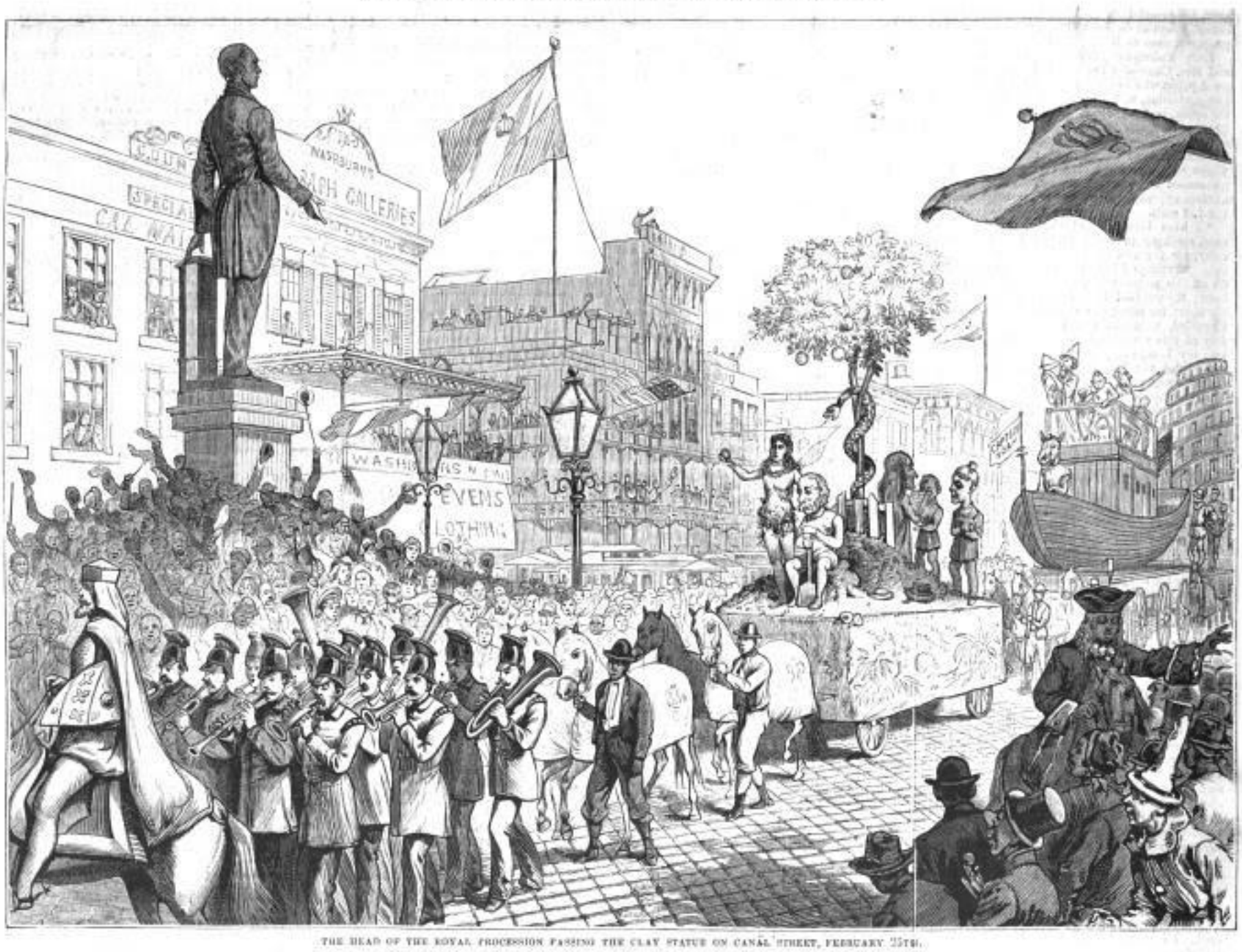
ONLY one Senator who answered to his name on the 4th of March, 1861, has been a continuous member of the body, and that is Anthony of Rhode Island. Hannibal Hamlin has been a Senator, but he had resigned his seat on the 7th that he might serve as Vice-President from 1861 until 1865. He was again elected to the Senate in 1866, and was re-elected in 1867. Chandler of Michigan was also one of the Republicans who took possession of the Senate Chamber in 1861, but he left in 1875, and has only recently returned. Howe of Wisconsin was sworn in on the 4th of March, 1861, and his term of service ended at high twelve, March 4th, 1879.

AN effort is being made to secure for Mr. Timothy C. Murphy of Norwich, Conn., a suitable recognition from Congress for his many humane acts in rescuing persons from the waters of the Thames River. A list of affidavits, sworn to before General James B. Coit, Commissioner of the Superior Court, has been sent to the Hon. John T. Wait, and it is probable that at an early date Mr. Murphy will be honored with the highest gold medal. Mr. Murphy's exploits cover all the years reaching back to 1873, and among the persons rescued at the risk of his life are Robert Shugrue, Arthur McGee, Thomas Connell and James Murphy, who were capsized in a sail-boat in 1874; John W. Burke, Stephen B. Heing and two sons, capsized in a sail-boat in 1875; Thomas Cummings, who was crowded overboard from the *City of Lawrence* as she was returning from an excursion in 1876; N. A. Smith, capsized in a row-boat in 1876; Patrick Shea, who fell from the *City of Lawrence* in 1877; and an unknown man who fell into the river in 1873. Affidavits from the persons rescued accompany the affidavits of Mr. Murphy.

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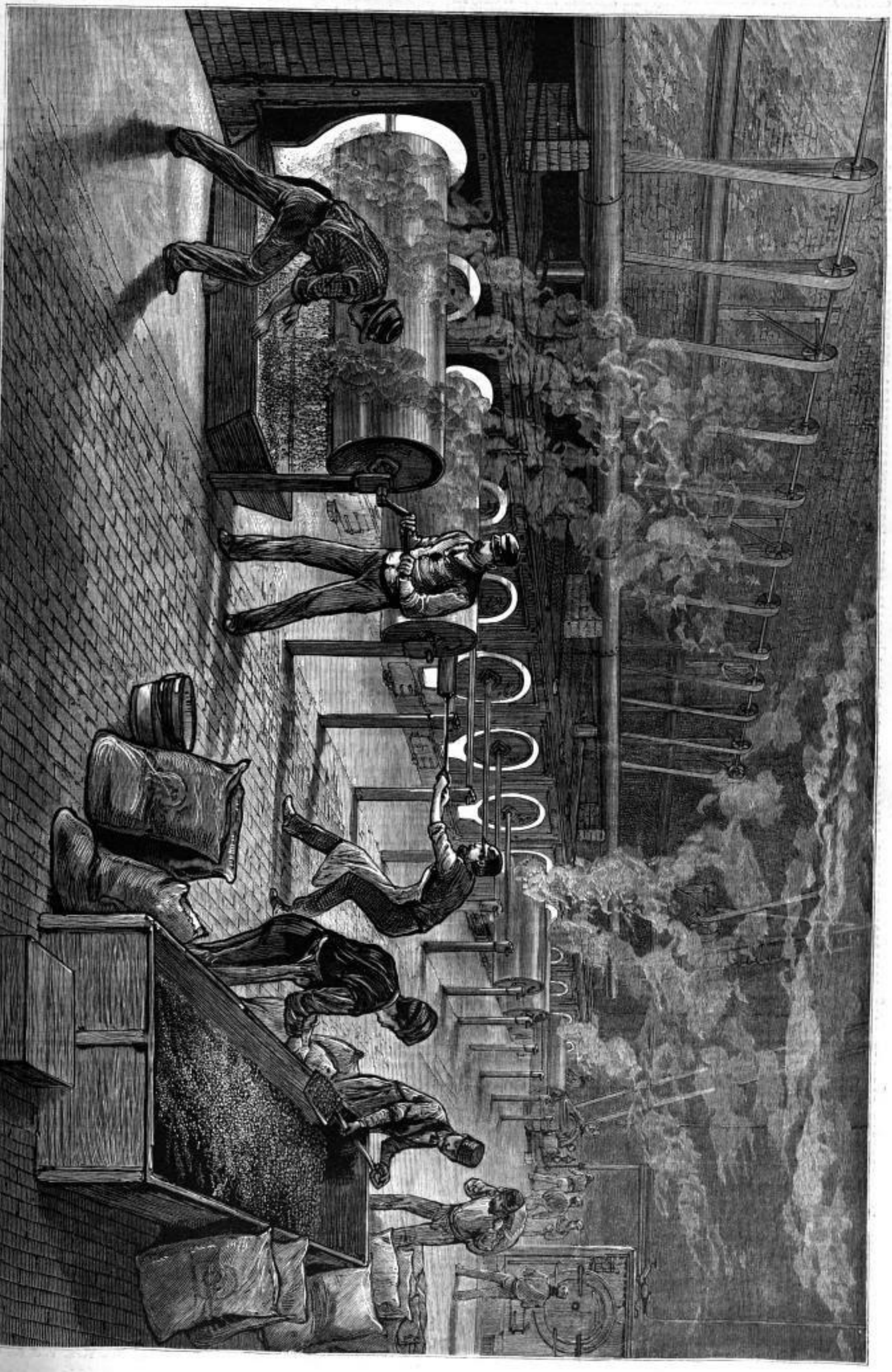
ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND HIS SUITE AT THE CANAL STREET WHARF, FEBRUARY 24TH.



THE HEAD OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CLAY STATUE ON CANAL STREET, FEBRUARY 25TH.

LOUISIANA.—ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF KING CARNIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS, FEBRUARY 24TH-25TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 43.

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NEW YORK CITY.—ROASTING AND PREPARING COFFEE FOR MARKET.—SEE PAGE 46.

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COFFEE, AND HOW TO PREPARE IT.

THE fondness for coffee is perhaps more widely diffused over the world than that for any other beverage, not even excepting spirituous liquors. Both civilized and savage nations can unite on a common platform of coffee. The luxurious palaces of Europe and the tent of the Bedouin Arab alike are its home. The most extensive coffee-consuming countries are the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. In our country the taste for this stimulating beverage pervades all classes, and there is an enormous amount consumed, being over three hundred million pounds a year, of which nearly two-thirds comes from Brazil.

The coffee is brought here in the berry, and it must be roasted and ground before is can be distilled into the beverage we all are fond of. The roasting is principally done by the large wholesale dealers, and a walk through certain New York streets in the evening, when the coffee-roasters are in full blast, will present most interesting scenes to the coffee-lover. The air for blocks around is redolent with suggestions of the breakfast-table.

It being a subject which appeals so strongly to many persons, we have this week devoted an entire page to illustrating the process of coffee-roasting as carried on in the extensive establishment of Messrs. Thurber & Co., of this city, and into which we were enticed in a recent ramble. A visit to such an establishment presents one of the most animated and picturesque scenes which can be imagined. A very small stretch of the imagination would enable one to believe, as he beheld the smoke and glare of the fires of the coffee-roasters, coupled with the busy action of the workmen, that he was gazing on a realization of Weir's great picture, "The Forging of the Shaft."

It may be thought by many that the roasting of coffee is a comparatively simple process, when, in fact, it is quite the reverse. The process requires skill, experience and constant practice; expert roasters are usually experienced men and command high salaries. A bad coffee-roaster is dear at any price, as the coffee may be ruined or its value greatly injured by an error in judgment or an instant's inattention. Owing to these circumstances, in addition to the fact that in order to do good work it is necessary to roast a considerable quantity at a time, none of the small hand-machines produce uniformly good results, and they are only to be tolerated where distance makes it impossible for the retail merchant to obtain regular and (when not in air-tight packages) frequent supplies of the roasted article. *How much* it should be roasted is also an important part of the question; for making "black" or "French" coffee, it should be roasted higher than usual (the French also often add a little chicory), and some sections are accustomed to a higher roast than others, but as a whole the customary New York stan ard will best suit the average American palate. The other conditions necessary to be observed have been summarized by a well-known epicure and expert, who, while not exactly giving the history of coffee "from the cradle to the grave," does describe its progress from the time it is imported until it reaches the breakfast-table, and in a way so clear and forcible as to be of great value.

It is important that the wholesale dealer should exercise care and judgment in his selection, as there is almost as much difference in the flavor of coffee as there is of tea; this is especially true of Mocha, Java, Maracaibo, and other fancy coffees, of which frequently the brightest and handsomest-looking lots are greatly lacking in the flavor and aroma which constitute the chief value of coffee, and which can be ascertained only by testing carefully each invoice purchased.

Retail dealers should buy their coffee of a reliable house that has a reputation to sustain, and that cannot be induced to cut down prices below what they can afford to furnish an article that will do them credit; if roasted do not buy much at a time (unless in air-tight packages), a week or ten days' supply is enough, and if the purchaser is situated so he can buy it twice a week, so much the better; keep it in a dry place, and, if possible, in a tin can which shuts tightly—never in a pine box, or bin; for the smell of the wood is quickly absorbed by the coffee.

Consumers should adopt the above suggestions to retail dealers—buy of a reliable dealer who will not represent an inferior article as "Java." It is better to buy it already roasted if it can be had fresh, but otherwise great care must be exercised in roasting, to do it uniformly and thoroughly. If bought roasted, buy in small quantities and buy often, keep it dry and in a tightly closed tin can, or in a glass or earthen jar. Have a small "hand coffee-mill" and grind only when ready to use it, and if during rainy weather the kernels become damp and tough, warm them up in a clean pot or skillet, but do not scorch them; this drives off the moisture, restores the flavor, and makes it grind better. The grinding is an important feature; if ground too coarse, much of the strength and aroma of the coffee is lost; if too fine, it is hard to make it clear, but of the two the latter is least objectionable; both the strength and flavor of the coffee, however, is a necessity, and if a little of the finely powdered coffee flows out with the liquid extract, it is clean and will hurt nobody. It is better, however, to grind it *just right*, which is so that the largest pieces will be no larger than pinheads. As to making coffee, there are many recipes and formulas, including a large number of new and so-called improved coffee-pots, but we have never seen any of the new methods which in the long run gave as satisfactory results as the following old-fashioned recipe:

Grind moderately fine a large cup of coffee; break into it one egg with shell; mix well, adding just enough cold water to thoroughly wet the grounds; upon this pour one pint of boiling water; let it boil slowly for ten to fifteen minutes, and then stand three minutes to settle; pour through a fine wire sieve into coffee-pot, which should be first rinsed with hot water; this will make enough for four persons. *Coffee should be served as soon as made.* At table first rinse the cup with hot water, put in the sugar, then fill half full of hot milk, add your coffee, and you have a delicious beverage that will be a revelation to many poor mortals who have an indistinct remembrance of, and an intense longing for, *an ideal cup of coffee*. If you have cream, so much the better, and in that case boiling water can be added either in the pot or cup to make up for the space occupied by the milk as above; or condensed milk will be found a good substitute for cream.

We have thus briefly indicated the points necessary to be observed in obtaining uniformly good coffee, whether made from Rio or Java, and other mild flavored coffees. In the Eastern and Middle States, Mocha, Java, Maracaibo, Ceylon, etc., are most highly esteemed and generally used; but at the West and in the South, more Rio coffee is consumed. The coffee *par excellence*, however, is a mixture of Mocha and Java roasted together and thus thoroughly blended. Mocha alone is too rough and acrid to suit many palates, but blended as above it is certainly delicious. In all varieties, however, there is a considerable range as to quality and flavor, and, as before stated, the best guide for the consumer is to buy of a reliable dealer and throw upon his shoulders the responsibility of furnishing a satisfactory article.

Hotels and restaurants desiring good coffee make it in *small quantities* and *frequently*. It is impossible for coffee to be good when it is kept simmering for hours after it is made.

OUR ELEVATED RAILROADS.

HOW TO AVOID ACCIDENTS AT CROSSINGS.

THE proposed junction of the New York and the Metropolitan Elevated Railways at Wall, Pearl and Beaver Streets, and the joint use of a common track by both roads, has provoked almost universal protest from property-owners in that vicinity, as well as from the traveling public. The section which it is proposed to use jointly is that from Wall to Division Street. At the point in question Wall and Pearl Streets intersect each other nearly at right angles. The southwestern angle made by Wall and Pearl is bisected by Beaver Street, running from southwest to northeast, into two acute angles of about forty degrees and fifty degrees respectively. The lower one of these angles is occupied by a six-story building, and the upper by one of about the same height. Trains of the Metropolitan Railway going north will cross the track of the south-going trains of the New York Elevated, and enter upon the track of the same road going northward. Thus there will be constant peril of collisions. Both roads will be compelled to run trains often enough to accommodate passengers, and the most dangerous kind of confusion will inevitably arise. The familiar street-car blockade would fall into utter insignificance beside an interruption to the operation of rapid transit on the two roads if a Metropolitan north-bound train should break down from any cause when it was crossing from Beaver Street to the main "up" track on Pearl. All the tracks "up" and "down" would then be effectually blocked at this point.

Now this peril can be easily averted by the simple expedient of changing the routes of the respective roads so as to admit of elevating and depressing their tracks, as shown in our illustration on page 48. This will cost money, but these companies are coining wealth at the hands of the public, and there is no reason at all why they should be permitted to hazard life and limb by refusing to adopt such precautions as may be necessary for the protection of their patrons. By purchasing and demolishing buildings and securing the right of way so as to avoid the present junction and joint occupancy of one track at so unfavorable a point, all of the difficulties which surround the arrangement now proposed would be obviated.

Even in a pecuniary point of view, the course here suggested would, as we believe, result advantageously to the companies. Trains could be run more rapidly and frequently, and in the greater facilities of serving the public each road would have ample compensation for the increased cost of providing such facilities. The cost of one serious accident, attended with loss of life, under the method objected to, would probably be greater than the expense of making the changes necessary to secure safety. The plan suggested by our illustration would involve an elevation and depression equal only to the height of a car, and could easily be carried out by competent engineering skill.

Neither in this or in any other case should these roads be permitted to cross at a level, and it is to be hoped that the Legislature will enact such laws as will prohibit, absolutely, all attempts in that direction.

FUN.

HOP merchants—Dancing-masters.

WHO is going to pay us for the forty days that are Lent every Spring?

PICTURE frames are not always hung on account of their gilt any more than men.

A PATENT-MEDICINE advertiser says that fat is not conducive to long life. That is true. A fat hog rarely lives through the Winter.

GAVROCHE meets a negro pulling away with enjoyment at an excellent pipe. "What a quantity that fellow must have smoked," he exclaimed, "to have colored (*colorié*) his face that way."

PAPA had been ill some time, and his little girl wanted to know: "How is it that you are not dead? Here they have buried Cousin John, and you were sick a long time before he was."

STEALING bodies, argues a medical student, is not a grave offense; it's just stiffication.—[*Keokuk Constitution.* There's tomb much levity on this subject.—[*St. Albans Adv.* We don't like the first man's stone, but mon-u-ment right, aye, and it's not your vault, either.—[*Boston Post.* Can't some wise headstone this down a little; it palls on us.—[*N. Y. Star.*

SCIENCE says now that kissing on the lips must be abolished in the interest of health. Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors, scholars and philosophers, there are moments you know nothing of, when a man don't care two cents for science, and when he is going to plant kisses where they belong, if the laws of health are ripped from Alpha to Berachoba.

AN Italian innkeeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guests' horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time he confessed that he had committed the act several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me the last time that you had never done it!" "Holy father," replied the innkeeper, "I did not know the trick then."

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1,309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE ONLY WAY.

THE only way to cure catarrh is by the use of a cleansing and healing lotion, applied to the inflamed and diseased membrane. Snuffs and fumigators, while affording temporary relief, irritate the affected parts and excite a more extended inflammation. Besides, no outward applications alone can cure catarrh. The disease originates in a vitiated state of the blood, and a thorough alterative course of treatment is necessary to remove it from the system. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has long been known as an efficient standard remedy for this disease, but, to insure a radical and permanent cure, it should be used in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the best vegetable alterative yet discovered. The Discovery cleanses the vitiated blood, while the Catarrh Remedy allays the inflammation and heals the diseased tissues.

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

THE ideal hotel must unite three things: A perfect table, luxurious room accommodations, and attentiveness to the wants of the guests. Such is par *excellence* the character of the celebrated New York hotel, the ST. NICHOLAS. An elevator makes all parts of the house easy of access, and the location is central and convenient.

TO MAKE a perfect cup of coffee, as described in our article this week, use the "Perfect" Coffee Steeper, manufactured by Woodward & Bush, 1⅛ Barclay Street, New York.

IN connection with the article on "Coffee and How to Prepare It," it will be of interest to our readers to learn that we shall at an early date lay before them illustrations and descriptions of the manufacture of Borden's Condensed Milk. As the use of Borden's Condensed Milk—the preserved, known throughout the world as the Gail Borden Eagle Brand, and the plain or unpreserved, served by the wagons of the New York Condensed Milk Company in this city, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City and vicinity—is so universal, it seems unnecessary for us to call attention to one of its chief merits, namely, its great advantage over ordinary milk, or even cream, in the preparation of a cup of coffee. An article on the subject of coffee would be incomplete without calling attention to Borden's Condensed Milk as a necessary adjunct.

THE Quaker City Chromo Company, whose advertisement appears in this issue of our paper, is a well-known and reliable house, and their chromo, "Canaries and Jewels," cannot fail to please any who send for it.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. All Druggists have them.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to BATES & CO., Box 2,226, New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Delicious. Economical.

EAST INDIAN

MANIOCA

Is healthful, easily digested, and unlike any other article of diet. Once used for **Puddings, Griddle Cakes, Jellies, Blanc Mange** or **Soup,** it will never be discontinued. Sold by first-class Grocers everywhere, and wholesale by

SMITH & VANDERBEEK,
45 & 47 Park Place, New York.

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH

We will insert a seven-line advertisement one week in a list of 260 weekly newspapers, or four lines in a different list of 337 papers, or ten lines two weeks in a choice of either of four separate and distinct lists containing from 70 to 100 papers each, or four lines one week in all four of the small lists, or one line one week in all six lists combined, being more than 1,000 papers. We also have lists of papers by States throughout the United States and Canada. Send 10 cents for our 100-page pamphlet. Address GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

THOSE INTERESTED IN DECORATIVE ART as applied to the embellishment of their *table damask, linens,* etc., with artistic monograms, initials, or lanciful figures of children, etc., sketched in *Indelible Ink,* may obtain specimens and illustrated circulars by addressing *F. A. WHITING, Dunellen, N. J.*

Consolation for the Nervous.

Vitalized Phosphates, a brain and nerve food, cures all derangements of the nerves, restores enfeebled digestion, gives vigor in place of weakness and inaptitude, re-invigorates the over-worked brain, and PREVENTS consumption. Physicians have prescribed 160,000 packages in all forms of debility and nervousness, thus restoring vitality to the system by food, not by medicine.

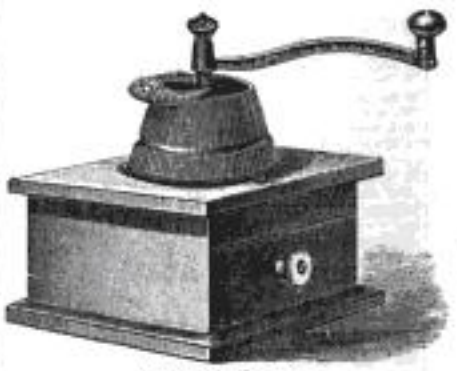
F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists.

Coffee Mills for Family Use.



SIDE-MILL, No. 100.



BOX-MILL, No. 360.

The above cuts represent the Family Coffee Mills alluded to in the article on Coffee on this page. They are manufactured only by THE PECK, STOW & WILCOX CO., 43 Chambers St., New York, and are for sale by all dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Every Mill bears our name or monogram. Take no other. Price for each, one dollar ($1.00.)

$2,250,000!

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING, Havana, Cuba, April 8th, 1879. Drawing positive; never postponed. ONLY 15,000 TICKETS ISSUED. Prizes amounting to $2,250,000 distributed.

1st	CAPITAL PRIZE	$1,000,000
2d	PRIZE	250,000
3d	PRIZE	100,000
4th	PRIZE	50,000
5th	PRIZE	25,000
8	PRIZES, $10,000 EACH	80,000
8	PRIZES, 5,000 EACH	40,000
674	PRIZES, 1,000 EACH	674,000
722	PRIZES, amounting to (Spanish dollars)	2,250,000

Tickets, $200; Halves, $100; Quarters, $50; Eighths, $25; Tenths, $20; Twentieths, $10; Fortieths, $5.

Full particulars sent free. Prizes cashed. Liberal discount to clubs. Address,

J. DUFF & CO., Bankers,
42 Nassau St. (cor. Liberty), New York.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Cable Dispatch—HAVANA, Jan. 23.

To J. DUFF & Co., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York:—Ticket No. 2,113 (Class 1,031), held by your firm, has drawn the second capital prize of 50,000 Spanish dollars. The above ticket sold in New York by

J. DUFF & CO., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, or Diabetes.

Schlamberger's harmless, infallible *French Salicylates* relieves within 12 hours, cures within 4 days. Box $1, postage free. Only depot in New York at 284 Sixth Ave., L. A. PARIS & CO., General Agents for U. S.

Caution.—Other so-called agents for these medicines sell home-made counterfeits.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations

BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel Complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever, Ague, etc. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure; it is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, etc. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent. No. 78 John Street, New York. P. O. Box. 1929.

$10 to $1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; notes bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HARRICH & CO., 165 & 167 Broadway.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO ADVERTISERS!

100,000 Weekly Circulation for 50 Cents a Line!

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED NEXT READING MATTER!

Until April 1, 1879, I will accept unobjectionable advertisements for the Union Printing Co.'s (New York) select list of over 130 country weeklies, circulating in the Middle and New England States, at above price. After April 1, 1879, the rate will be $1 a line. Only 50 inches of space devoted to advertising. This is the best Co-operative List published, and, based on circulation and position, is the cheapest advertising in America. Address,

CHAS. A. CLEGG, Sole General Agent, 13 Astor House, New York. P. O. Box 4433.

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

715 & 717 Market St., Philadelphia,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

MACDONALD'S NEW NOVEL,

SIR GIBBIE.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, author of "Paul Faber," "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," "Robert Falconer," etc. 8vo, extra cloth, $1.25. Paper cover, 75 cents.

Admirers of "Malcolm" and "The Marquis of Lossie" Macdonald's greatest works of fiction, cannot fail to be pleased with this new novel from his pen, it being a story of the same character.

LORD STRAHAN.

A Novel. By MRS. WILDRICK. 12mo, extra cloth, $1.25.

MOLIÈRE.

By MRS. OLIPHANT and F. TARVER, M. A. 16mo, fine cloth, $1. Being the *Sixth Volume* of "Foreign Classics for English Readers." Edited by MRS. OLIPHANT.

PINDAR.

By Rev. F. D. MORICE, M.A. Being the *Eighth and last Volume* of the Supplemental Series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers." Edited by the Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A. 12mo, fine cloth, $1.

*** For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.
GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING,
Which will take place April 8th, 1879.

1 Grand Prize of	1,000,000	peos
1 Prize of	200,000	peos
1 Prize of	100,000	peos
1 Prize of	50,000	peos
1 Prize of	25,000	peos
8 Prizes of 10,000 each	80,000	peos
8 Prizes of 5,000 each	40,000	peos
9 Approximation Prizes of 4,000 each	36,000	peos
9 Approximation Prizes of 3,000 each	27,000	peos
9 Approximation Prizes of 2,000 each	18,000	peos
674 Prizes of 1,000 each	674,000	peos
723 Prizes	2,250,000	peos

For further particulars address M. A. MARTINEZ & CO., Bankers, 10 Wall Street (Basement), New York.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.



$2 Self-Inker CHARM PRESS. 2½ in. 100 Long Printing Types, Roller, Ink, Regleta, Leads, Type Case, Cards, and Outside Case—*all for $2. A Larger Size.* Stamp for Catalogue. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Phila. Pa.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THE WORLD of Plays, Dramas, Comedies, Farces, Ethiopian Dramas, Plays for Ladies only. Plays for Gentlemen only. Wigs, Beards, Mustaches, Face Preparations, Burnt Cork, Jarley's Wax Works, Tableaux, Charades, Pantomimes, Guides to the Stage, and for Amateurs Make-up Book, Make-up Boxes, New Plays. SAM'L FRENCH & SON, 38 East 14th St., Union Square, New York.
Catalogues sent FREE!!!

Frank Leslie's
SUNDAY MAGAZINE

Edited by Rev. C. F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST SUNDAY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED!

THE APRIL NUMBER NOW READY.

CONTENTS:

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES: "Some Easter Observances," by Godfrey A. Hudson, illustrated; "The Fordwoero, a Type of Toledo Life," illustrated; "A Trip in the North of the Canton Province," by Rev. T. G. Selby, illustrated; "Half Hours with Old Travelers," etc., etc.

STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.: "Winona, An Easter Story," by Mary G. Hollister, Missionary at Aintab, Turkey, illustrated; "David Fleming's Forgiveness," by Frank Lee Benedict (continued); "On the Edge of a Glacier," illustrated; "The Experiences of Three Dolls," illustrated; "Dr. Kilerton's Own Case," by Thomas Middleton, illustrated; "Current Jelly," illustrated; "Eleanor Macomber, of Surmah," illustrated; "Peter Cooper," with portrait; "Guy de Dampierre and his Daughter in Prison," illustrated; "The Ministerial Parrot"; "Nicholas Ridley," illustrated; "Commodore Chauncey in Chapel," illustrated; etc., etc.

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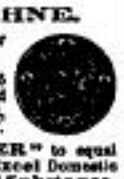


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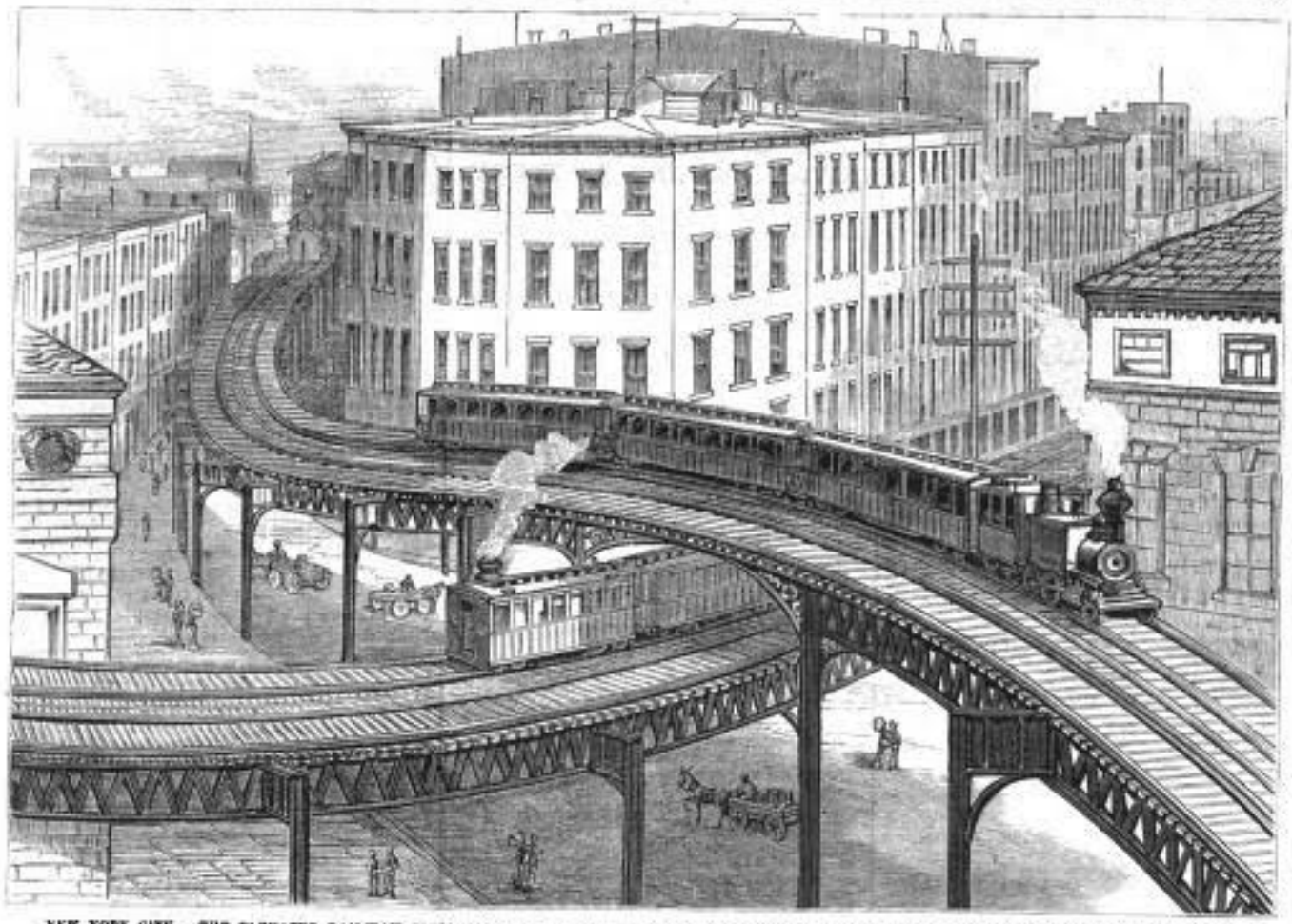
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE ELEVATED RAILWAY CROSSING AT PEARL, WALL, AND BEAVER STREETS—SUGGESTION FOR THE PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS BY ELEVATING AND DEPRESSING THE TRACKS.—SEE PAGE 46.

INHALATION vs. DISEASE.

It is somewhat remarkable that nearly all the wonderful discoveries that have been made in the science of medicine have been by humble and at the time unknown men. The theory of cure by inhalation of diseases of the air-passages is quite ancient, but it remained for a minister in a small Western town to make practical this theory by the discovery of compounds most positively affecting the air passages of the head, throat and lungs, and the invention of methods for the successful application of them. It was the case in this invention as in many others, an accidental stumbling upon it by the discoverer while in search of some remedy which would repair the terrible ravages disease had made in his own system. And now leading physicians of all schools, after a thorough examination of this simple and wonderful method, acknowledge its great merit. Its powerful effect is best illustrated in a case of Catarrh—a disease universal and terrible—for which it is an almost certain cure.

A short description will be interesting. It is an ulceration of the head. Its indications are, hawking, spitting, *weak, inflamed eyes*, frequent soreness of the throat, dryness and heat of the nose, *matter* running from the head down the throat, often ringing or deafness in the ears, loss of smell, memory impaired, dullness and *dizziness* of the head, often in the first stages, but more commonly in its advanced stages, attended with pains in chest or left side, and under the shoulder-blades. Indigestion usually attends Catarrh; a hacking cough and colds are very common. Some have all these symptoms, others only a part. Very little pain attends Catarrh until the liver and the lungs are attacked in consequence of the stream of pollution running from the head into the stomach.

All such persons catch cold easily, and have frequently a running at the nostrils; the breath sometimes reveals to all around the corruption within, while the patient has frequently lost all sense of smell. The disease advances cautiously, until pain in the chest, lungs or bowels startles him; he hacks and coughs, has dyspepsia, liver complaint, and is urged by his doctor to take this or that; perhaps even cod-liver oil is prescribed. Perfectly ridiculous! The foul ulcers in the head cannot be reached by pouring such stuff into the poor, jaded stomach.

Thousands are dying in early life with consumption who can look back a few years—perhaps only months—when it was *only Catarrh*. Neglected when a cure is possible, very soon it will transform the features of health and youth into the dark, pallid appearance, while the hacking cough, the excess of blood gushing from the lungs, or night-sweats, all significantly proclaim it is *too late; and thus a neglected Catarrh ends* in the consumptive's grave.

NASAL CATARRH.—Sometimes the disease only affects the membranes lining the nasal passages, and they may be easily reached and cured by simple means. But when it is located in the *frontal sinus*, or in the *posterior nares*, or if it has entered the *Eustachian tubes*, and is injuring the ears, then nothing but finely-medicated vapor can effectually reach it and destroy it. And certainly after it has affected the throat and bronchial tubes, as all well-read physicians will readily attest, nothing can be relied on to effect a permanent cure but the inhalation of properly medicated vapor. In the same manner that we breathe common air, we can inhale and breathe a medicated air; and it is perfectly simple, any one can see, thus to treat disease of the *throat, bronchial pipes and lungs*. How much better this method by which remedies are conveyed directly to the seat of the disease, than to resort to the uncertain and too frequent *mischievous* action of medicines into the stomach!

PUBLIC SPEAKERS, after leaving the platform, overheated with the strain of their mental and physical effort, neglect sufficient precaution, and a cold is the result. This neglected opens the way to Catarrh, and to a possible loss of voice. I have suffered so keenly myself that I cannot urge upon public speakers too strongly the necessity of removing the disease when a cure is possible.

AMONG WOMEN catarrh is very common. The decrees of fashion compel women to go from the dry atmosphere of furnace-heated houses, into the open air with the head but poorly protected. Many suffer keenly from bronchitis and difficulties of the throat and lungs. I have received many hundreds of letters from grateful women in all parts of the country.

TEACHERS IN OUR SCHOOLS are greatly subject to this fearful malady. Confinement in close, ill-ventilated school-rooms; the over-heated atmosphere, charged with the steaming poison exuding from the bodies of the not always over-clean children, breed this disease with fearful rapidity.

Many of our leading divines, lawyers and prominent business men have tried this remedy with wonderful success. We know Mr. Childs as an honest Christian man.—*Cincinnati Daily Gazette.*

MY EXPERIENCE.—*Eighteen years* of terrible headache, disgusting nasal discharges, dryness of the throat, acute bronchitis, coughing, soreness of the lungs, raising bloody mucus, and even night-sweats, incapacitating me for my professional duties and bringing me to the verge of the grave—ALL caused by, and the results of, NASAL CATARRH. After spending hundreds of dollars and obtaining no relief, I compounded my CATARRH SPECIFIC AND COLD-AIR INHALING BALM, and wrought upon myself a *wonderful cure*. Now I can speak for hours with no difficulty, and can breathe freely in any atmosphere. At the calls of numerous friends, I have given my cure to the public, and have now thousands of patients in all parts of the country. My cure is *certain, thorough, and perfect*, and is indorsed by EVERY PHYSICIAN who has examined it.

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From the Chancellor of the University of Nebraska.

T. P. CHILDS—*Dear Sir:* I think you have the true theory and practice for the cure of Nasal Catarrh, and also for the treatment of the respiratory organs. My throat is now so well restored that I lecture daily without difficulty, and I find no difficulty whatever in preaching. You are at full liberty to use my name for the benefit of others. Yours very truly,

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JUDGE J. COLLETT, of Lima, O., writes: "You will remember how terribly Catarrh had taken hold upon me, making me offensive to myself and to all around, and withal suffering day and night. Now I am cured; head free, air-passages all open; and breathing natural."

MRS. J. A. HUMPHREY, Franklin, Pa., writes: "Your specific has done what all my doctors could not do—it has cured me."

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The April Number of Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine fully maintains its well-deserved reputation as one of the best, in every respect, published, and worthy of a place in every American household. As this may be regarded as the Easter number, the leader has deeply interesting Easter story, entitled "Winona," by Mary G. Hollister, Missionary at Aintab, Turkey. This is followed by a very instructive paper on "Some Easter Customs," by Mr. Godfrey A. Hudson. "David Fleming's Forgiveness" continues to grow in interest. Thomas Middleton has an admirable story, "Dr. Ellerton's Own Case." We have not space, however, to enumerate even the most attractive features of the contents of this richly freighted publication, filling 128 quarto pages, and embracing every style of literature; the reader cannot fail to be interested, entertained and edified. The illustrations are profuse, and of great artistic merit, adding not a little to the interest and popularity of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE, which is certainly a marvel of cheapness, the subscription being only $3 per annum, postpaid; a single copy 25 cents. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

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throughout his diocese was almost unparalleled. Under his fostering care the Romish Church, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, flourished and grew apace; and the Cathedral of Cincinnati, as well as the numerous other ecclesiastical edifices scattered throughout the city, are standing monuments at once of his exquisite taste and of his unrivaled zeal. It was never suspected that Dr. Purcell's immense energy was, after all, only weakness in disguise, and that the apparently magnificent results of his labors were only monuments of folly. Such, however, it has now been discovered is the painful truth.

The misfortunes which have overtaken the venerable prelate must be regarded, in whatever light considered, as a great calamity. There is, indeed, but one redeeming fact in the situation. The personal honesty and integrity of the Archbishop remain untarnished. No one has dared to question the purity of his motives or the nobility of his aim. But our respect and sympathy for the unfortunate must not blind us to the disastrous results which have followed from his conduct, or make us indifferent to the sorrows which he has brought upon others. And if we may not utter words of condemnation regarding the man who is already prostrate and in the dust, we may, at least, point out some of the lessons which this catastrophe is so well fitted to teach.

There are many lessons which may be drawn from this unfortunate affair. We shall confine our attention to only a few. There is a lesson for the clergy. Clergymen should not become bankers or speculators. A bankrupt clergyman, no matter how talented he may be, no matter how pure and noble his character, is no longer qualified for the sacred office. His example is worthless; his power for good—his usefulness is gone. The loftier the position, the greater the fall. The fate which has befallen Archbishop Purcell should be a lesson to the clergy of all denominations, but more especially to the younger members of that profession, to keep their hands clear of purely mundane matters, to give themselves wholly to those things which properly pertain to their sacred office, and to make a more liberal use of the laity in the management of the secular affairs of the Church.

There is a lesson for the people. They ought not to intrust their savings to the care of their ecclesiastical superiors. When they put their money in an ordinary savings bank their interests are protected by law. The directors of such institutions are responsible for the moneys they receive in trust; they are limited as to the amount they can receive from any one depositor; and they are directed as to the manner in which their funds should be invested. In giving their money to their priests or their ministers—in other words in putting their money into these ecclesiastical savings banks—they are without any of the safeguards of the law; they have no guarantee, no assurance of safety but the word of a man in whom they happen to have confidence, mainly because of the sacred character of his office. In the present instance, the many hundreds of simple-minded, honest people who are suffering because of this, cannot by any possibility recover their deposits should the charity of the Catholic community fail to respond to the appeal about to be made, and success in one case, even if achieved, can afford no guarantee of success in any other like extremity.

There is a lesson for the Christian public. This disaster, however much it may be due to carelessness or mismanagement generally, is certainly the result of extravagance. Cincinnati has been proud of its religious temples. Where to-day is the glory of the Cathedral, of St. Xavier's, of St. Patrick's, and of the Holy Angels? Costly church edifices have for some years past been too much the rage; and what has been the result? Many of the most spacious as well as most beautiful of our ecclesiastical structures are really bankrupt institutions. Church debt is one of the great scandals of this age and of this country. A more wholesome faith, a more thorough and widely-spread piety might be found compatible with greater simplicity of worship, and with less pretentious ecclesiastical buildings. Much as we may admire the taste and zeal of Archbishop Purcell, we must all lament that this taste and this zeal should have brought about a disaster which will do incalculable damage to the cause of true religion, and which it will require the labor and sacrifice of many years to repair.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE nuptials of Prince Arthur, third son of the Queen of England and Empress of India, and Princess Louise Margaret, third daughter of Prince Frederic Karl, the "Red Prince," nephew of the Emperor of Germany, as elsewhere stated, were celebrated with royal pomp in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, on the 13th of March. Exceptional "Queen's weather" heightened the extraordinary splendors of the occasion, not the least marvelous feature of which—thanks to the Atlantic cable and the enterprise of a New York journal—was the publication of its minutest details on the very same day, three thousand miles off. Without reproducing these details here, it may be remarked that, like the weddings of three other children of Queen Victoria—the Crown Princess of Germany, the Prince of Wales and Princess Louise—the wedding of Prince Arthur took place in Lent. Prince Leopold, indeed, with his scrupulous regard for ecclesiastical law, earnestly protested against this violation of it. But his royal mother, as head of the Anglican Church, and scarcely less willful than its founder, King Henry VIII., overruled all objections. Prince Leopold was not present at the brilliant ceremony, his absence being officially attributed to his having fallen ill at Darmstadt. Moreover, a disappointed love-match may have been only partially lost sight of amidst the blaze of this splendid conventional wedding, for the Crown Princess, who is credited with having brought about the latter, is supposed to have done so because she suspected the Crown Prince's heir, Prince William, of cherishing a more than second-cousinly affection for the young Princess Louise Margaret, and preferred to be her sister-in-law rather than her mother-in-law. The course of true love is even less apt to run smooth in a royal family than in one of humbler rank. England, absorbed in listening to merry marriage-bells, has almost forgotten for the moment the distresses caused by strikes and mercantile failures at home, and the wars it has on hand in Afghanistan and in Zululand.

In France, the existence of a strong conservative element, for which the thoughtful leaders of the Republican party and the French people themselves have hitherto received too little credit abroad, has again been demonstrated by a decisive ministerial victory. The discussion of the Electoral Commission's report in favor of impeaching the De Broglie and Rochebouet Cabinets resulted in the rejection of the proposed impeachment by 317 votes against 159 in the Chamber of Deputies. This victory of the Government in its struggle with the fanatical extremists among the Republicans, attests the moderation of strength and responsibility on its part. The good of the country is preferred by it and by the majority of the Deputies to any mere personal vengeance on the exposed and defeated foes of the Republic. At the same time the reactionary and treasonable plots of the men of May 16th and their immediate successors are not left uncondemned and unpunished. After the vote had been taken on the impeachment question M. Rameau proposed an order of the day that "the De Broglie and Rochebouet Cabinets by their culpable schemes betrayed the Government they should have served, and the Chamber accordingly delivers them over to the judgment of the nation, and orders that the foregoing resolution be placarded in every commune in France." This order was passed, 240 yeas to 154 nays.

The conduct of Prince von Bismarck and many other signs indicate the probable speedy dissolution of the German Reichstag, so soon as the Budget shall have been voted. Bismarck insists upon having his protectionist programme carried out, and the chief object of the German Tariff Commission in recommending, at his instance, increased duties on meats is manifestly to restrict American imports. It is not equally manifest that, should such duties be imposed, any ensuing loss of ours would be Germany's gain.

The rejection by the Reichstag of a motion in favor of a European Congress to arrange a general disarmament is a deplorable proof that the millennium is still far distant. The armies of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Hungary, and Italy, are approximately estimated, on a peace-footing, at 2,265,000 men, and a military expenditure of $480,000,000. On a war-footing they number 6,470,000 men, with a potentially indefinite increase in the expenditure of both men and money. Disarmament might resolve these armies of idle consumers in peace, and terrible destroyers of life and property in war, into a vast industrial army of producers. This is not at all likely to be effected in the actual condition of Europe, but it is something to have had the idea brought to the attention of a Parliament, and a German Parliament at that.

If a tithe of the money squandered on the splendidly-equipped armies of the Austro-Hungarian Empire had been devoted to the thorough protection, by great engineering works, of the valleys of the Upper Danube and the River Theiss against the perils of inundation, so terrible a disaster as has just befallen the City of Szegedin and the district of a hundred square miles around it, rendering 70,000 people homeless, could not have happened.

THERE are said to be anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000 candidates for the positions within the gift of the new Senate and House of Representatives. There are nearly 120 officers of the Senate of all grades, and for these alone the applicants number 2,000. The Republican Senators, for the first time in many years, will be simple spectators of the scramble, and may find a compensation for their loss of power in the new and strange experience.

THERE is a marked decline in the sale of the four per cent. bonds. One reason for this is, no doubt, found in the revival of business and the growing demand for money in other channels. Accounts from all parts of the country agree that many branches of industry and trade are showing a quickened life, and unless Congress shall unsettle public confidence by initiating a revolutionary policy, or attacking the financial fabric now slowly acquiring permanency and strength, there is every reason to anticipate a year of solid prosperity for all our leading business interests.

A BILL has been introduced into the Legislature at Albany to compel the elevated railroad companies in New York to run five cents trains between the hours of five and nine in the morning and four to eight in the evening. The Bill also prohibits storing engines or cars for the night or washing or repairing them in or over any street or avenue. Another Bill provides for the proper lighting of the structures of elevated roads. Both these measures should become laws. The companies can well afford to carry passengers at five cents each, and unless they shall do so, the benefits of rapid transit must be largely lost to the working classes—twenty cents a day for passage to and fro being more than the workingman, who is earning a dollar or two dollars per diem, can afford to pay.

IT is estimated that 50,000 applications for pensions will be received under the Arrears of Pensions Act, of which about 12,000 will be by widows who are entitled to the benefit of the law, and that of this number 35,000 will be allowed. After the 20th of this month it is expected to adjudicate and issue certificates at the rate of about 10,000 monthly. The first notification a pensioner will have of the allowance of his claim will be the receipt of the certificate which entitles him to the money, and which he can then get if it is in the Treasury and not otherwise appropriated. Appropriations of this Congress were so heavy, however, that the prompt payment of pensions is doubtful. The average amount received by each pensioner under this Act is about $900. If the Commissioner's estimate is correct, of 35,000 valid claims, the amount called for will be $31,500,000 for pensioners already on the rolls. The appropriation made by Congress was $27,000,000.

THE interposition of Executive clemency in behalf of counterfeiters and other criminals has not unfrequently resulted most disadvantageously to the public interests. The *Departmental Review*, published at Washington, mentions the case of one expert counterfeiter whose pardon cost a quarter of a million of dollars. Within two years after being pardoned by the Governor of Ohio he engraved and uttered counterfeit bills on six banks to the amount of $150,000, involving a loss of at least $100,000 to those upon whom they were passed. In prosecuting the persons who passed these counterfeit notes the Government has expended $100,000, and it will cost, at least, an additional $50,000 to maintain these convicts in their places of confinement. One would suppose that the disposition to pardon counterfeiters and persons guilty of fraud upon the public revenue, which has been a somewhat conspicuous characteristic of the present Administration, would be curbed by the presentation of facts like these, supplied by the Chief of the Secret Service Division.

IN a recent address before a political club in this city, Mr. David Dudley Field stated that the salaries paid annually in the various branches of the municipal government aggregate $10,500,000, costing the people at the rate of $10.50 per capita for every man, woman and child in the city. And this is exclusive of the large fees paid to the Sheriff, Register, County Clerk and the City Marshals. Nor does it embrace many other officers holding State appointments, nor the quite large array of Federal officers. Mr. Field sharply criticised the extravagant expenditures in many departments of the city administration, referring especially to the excessive cost of our police system. The London police are paid $6 a week. Paris has 2,000,000 of people, and a police force of 7,756 "agents of police," inclusive of 6,800 common policemen. The whole force costs but 12,168,850 francs a year, exclusive of equipment and an indemnity of 185 francs to each policeman for lodging. This is equivalent to $2,433,000, while our force of 2,500 policemen in the year 1878 cost $3,315,000. It is plain that we are paying very dearly for our municipal whistle, and it would seem to be the imperative duty of those who control the public purse to promptly reduce the salaries and compensation of officials all along the line.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

BISHOP GILMOUR (R. C.) of Cleveland, Ohio, has issued a pastoral letter condemning secret societies.

ANDREW JOHNSON, son of the late ex-President, died at his home, at Union Depot, Tenn., March 11th.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has ordered the use of the polariscope in determining the grade of Cuban centrifugal sugar.

JUDGE BARRETT has rendered a decision sustaining the taxation of the New York Elevated Railroad as personal property.

A BILL to provide for a convention to revise the State Constitution has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature.

DURING the year ending on March 1st the pork-packing operations of Chicago showed a total of 4,911,913 hogs packed and cured.

FORMAL charges have been prepared against the Rev. Mr. Talmage before the Brooklyn Presbytery, and on Mr. Talmage's demand the trial will be public.

THIRTEEN vessels of the Gloucester (Mass.) fishing fleet are still missing. The crews numbered 156 men. The fleet represented a money value of $75,000.

SECRETARY SHERMAN writes that there need be no apprehension of business being disturbed by the withdrawal from the national bank depositories of money to meet the calls for bonds maturing in May and April.

A BILL giving women the right of suffrage in school district meetings, on liquor questions, and in elections where they are taxpayers, has been adversely reported in the Connecticut Legislature.

COLONEL ROBERT A. ALSTON, a member of the Georgia Legislature, was shot and killed by Captain Edward Cox in the State Treasurer's office at Atlanta, March 11th.

DR. JOHN M. WOODWORTH, Supervising Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service of the United States, died at Washington, March 14th, aged 42 years.

A BILL similar in its provisions to the Maine Tramp Law has passed in the Delaware Senate, and the New York Assembly has also passed an Act for the punishment of all vagrants.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevails among politicians at the discovery that under an old law there can be no changes of the minor employés of the United States Senate without the approval of the Vice-President.

THE New Jersey Legislature adjourned March 14th. The session was the shortest in many years. Some 200 Bills were passed, including several for a general reduction of salaries and fees of State and county officials.

MRS. RICHARD B. CONNOLLY, the wife of ex-Comptroller Connolly, died in Switzerland on March 13th. She will be remembered for her active and liberal sympathy with many religious and charitable societies in this city.

RECENT arrivals of immigrants at Castle Garden show a perceptible increase as compared with the arrivals reported during the corresponding period last year. The number landed last week has been 1,101 against 810 for same week in last March.

BY a vote of 12 to 17 the Senate of New York has refused to remove Superintendent Smyth of the Insurance Department, after considering the charges presented by Governor Robinson. A resolution asking the superintendent to resign has been rejected by the Assembly.

THE New Jersey Legislature has rejected the Bill to abolish convict labor in the State Prison, and passed another authorizing a commission of seven persons to inquire into the whole subject of the competition of such labor with free labor, and report at the next legislative session. The New York State Senate has directed Superintendent Pillsbury to inquire into the same subject of Prison labor.

THE Annual Supply Bill reported to the New York Legislature, appropriates a total of $820,629, of which $170,000 is for the Commissioners of Emigration. Other sums are as follows: Fisheries, $15,000; State Survey, $35,000; Elmira Reformatory, $30,000; Repairs of Armories, $19,500; Idiot Asylum, $12,600; Willard Asylum, $100,000; Hudson River Asylum, $50,000; Buffalo Asylum, $25,000; Western House of Refuge, $40,000; Randall's Island, $10,035; Catholic Protectory, $50,000; Seamen's Retreat, $30,000.

Foreign.

ALL the Russian troops in Roumania have been ordered home.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY has pardoned one hundred and fifty Communists.

THE formation of a Gambetta Ministry in France is thought to be inevitable.

AN English pilot-boat was run down, March 14th, by the mail-steamer *Severn*, and fifteen lives were lost.

CHILI and Bolivia are at war, and the forts of the latter are blockaded. Peru has protested against the course of the Chilian Government.

THE grand prize of the French Academy for poetry has been adjudged to the Communist refugee, M. Renard, now a professor in Louisiana.

GENERAL BERTHAUT, who was Minister of War under the Duke De Broglie, has resigned the command of the Eighteenth Army Corps of France.

A NEW Egyptian Ministry has been formed with Mohammed Tewfik as President of the Council. The representatives of France and England remain in the Cabinet.

SEVERAL cotton mills in the department of the Nord, France, have stopped on account of depression in trade. The most important of the suspended mills is at Lille, containing 7,000 spindles.

THE proposed dissolution of the German Reichstag is likely to be deferred until Autumn. Prince Bismarck has declared his willingness to give Alsace and Lorraine a separate Cabinet, and asserted that Germany cannot be the first to begin partial disarmament.

LORD DUFFERIN, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been instructed to lay stress upon the necessity of strictly upholding all the provisions of the treaty of Berlin and declare decisively that the San Stefano provisions must not be revived under any pretext whatever.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



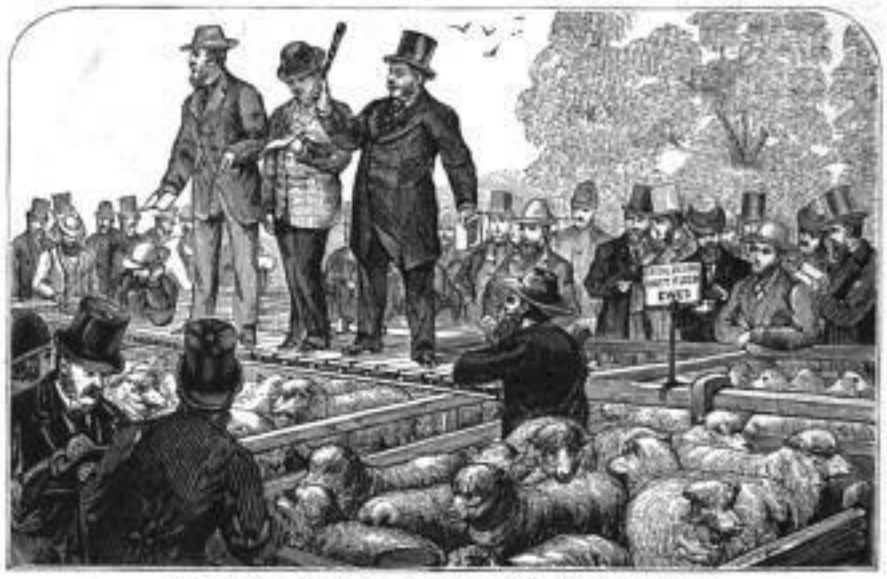
GERMANY.—CONSECRATION OF BELLS IN THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, AT MUNICH.



GERMANY.—ANNUAL DANCE AND ANCIENT CEREMONIES OF THE COOPERS AT MUNICH.



ENGLAND.—THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN WINTER TRAINING FOR THE BOAT-RACE.



AUSTRALIA.—SALE OF MERINO SHEEP AT ESCILDOUNE, VICTORIA.



SOUTH AFRICA.—ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH THE BUSH IN ZULULAND.



SOUTH AFRICA.—A MUSTER OF ZULU WARRIORS—PREPARING FOR AN ATTACK.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE TUGELA VALLEY.—FRONTIER OF NATAL AND ZULULAND.

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JAMES ORTON WOODRUFF.

AMONG the projectors of remarkable enterprises who in these modern times have achieved distinction, Mr. James Orton Woodruff is entitled to a conspicuous place. Mr. Woodruff was born in Auburn, this State, in the year 1840, his father being Harmon Woodruff, one of the old and respected merchants of that city, who retired some ten years ago from an active business life of more than fifty years, and is still full of vigor, though upwards of eighty years of age. Mr. James O. Woodruff, owing to physical prostration which followed active military service during the War of the Rebellion, was compelled for a time to seek recuperation in a Southern climate. While in Florida for that purpose the idea of a floating college first impressed itself upon his mind, and to such a degree that from that time until the present he has persistently devoted himself to the attainment of that one object. At length he has the satisfaction of seeing his anticipations realized and his labors about to be rewarded by the embarkation of the "Woodruff Scientific Expedition around the World," aboard the magnificent steamship *General Worden*, now lying at the foot of Second Street, Hoboken.

Mr. Woodruff has been for several years one of the most prominent and public-spirited citizens of Indianapolis, Ind. The present system of waterworks in that city was introduced and perfected by him. The Woodruff Place in that city, generally conceded to be one of the most beautiful parks for residences in this country, was designed and laid out by him. Mr. Woodruff, although still young, is possessed of a large and varied experience, and chief among his characteristics is that of indomitable perseverance. The success of the proposed expedition—an expedition, however novel, based upon sound and correct principles, considering the object to be attained—cannot but prove a lasting monument to his name.



JAMES ORTON WOODRUFF, PROJECTOR OF THE "WOODRUFF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION AROUND THE WORLD."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

RESCUE OF ITALIAN SLAVES FROM A PADRONE.

IN the early part of January the Italian Consul in New York City received a communication which purported to be written by four Italian boys, complaining that they were held in bondage in Syracuse by a notorious padrone, named Giovanni Romagnano. He sent the letter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Superintendent Jenkins wrote to Chief-of-Police Davis, in Syracuse, asking him to arrest Romagnano, and to detain him in custody until an officer of the Society should arrive. The birds had flown, however, and Superintendent Davis telegraphed back: "The party has left here and gone to Utica." On the receipt of this dispatch Superintendent Jenkins wrote to Chief-of-Police Dwyer, at Utica, who arrested Romagnano, and the boys found with him were also taken into custody. Superintendent Jenkins, with Mr. Chiardi, of the Society, went to Utica and had an interview with the boys at Police Headquarters, when, to the surprise of everybody present, the latter denied all knowledge of the letter addressed to the Italian Consul; said that the charges contained in it were untrue, and, in fact, that the whole proceeding was an absurdity as far as the arrest of the padrone and themselves was concerned, because he had always treated them well. Officer Chiardi assured the boys, who were probably terrified by the near presence of their task-master, that he was their friend, and that if they told the truth they need not fear the consequences, as they would be fully protected. The little fellows gained courage, and, after having been assured that they would never get back again into the hands of Romagnano, admitted the letter to be their joint production. Romagnano was searched, and inside the lining of his coat was found a package containing fifty-four $20 gold pieces and one $10 gold piece, each coin being carefully wrapped between two papers. Besides this money, containing $20 in Romagnano had a pocketbook greenbacks, and a purse with $9.72 in small change.

Romagnano was committed to jail, and the boys were given into the custody of the authorities to be held as witnesses against him. When the case was called, on February 25th last, N. E. Kernan, of Utica, appeared for the prosecution. The testimony of the boys, who all told the same story, was conclusive against the defendant, and the court having found him guilty, only fined him $50. The punishment, according to the statute, is a fine not exceeding $250 and from one month to twelve months' imprisonment.

The Recorder ordered that the boys should be given $50 each of the money found with Romagnano, and the balance to be returned to the latter. Superintendent Jenkins and Officer Chiardi brought the boys to New York, whence they will be sent back to their native country. Their names are: Nicola Vita, aged 16; Giovanni Miccucci, aged 14; Vincenzo Mazza, aged 13, and Michael Angelo Fortunato, aged 12. Romagnano's late slaves were born in the province of Basilicata, Southern Italy. Giovanni Romagnano is well known in his calling, and is a companion of the noted padrones Antonio Bigia and Raisele di Grazia. Romagnano is the owner of large property in Italy, which he purchased with the money he acquired in his degrading calling. When Romagnano was arrested a postal card negotiating for the sale of two more children was found in his possession.

The system of purchasing and employing Italian youths by padrones in this country has grown to serious proportions, and it is well that so influential an organization as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has addressed itself to the work of breaking up the abuse. In this task, it should have the support of the authorities and of all citizens who abhor and desire to exterminate every form of human slavery and injustice.

RECEPTION OF BAYARD TAYLOR'S REMAINS.

THE Hamburg steamer *Gellert*, with the remains of Hon. Bayard Taylor, United States Minister to Germany, on board, passing slowly up the river with flags at half-mast, reached her dock at Hoboken a few moments before five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, March 13th. As soon as the steamer had been spoken at Sandy Hook the cutter proceeded down the bay to meet her. On board were Collector E. A. Merritt, Major John J. Diehl, E. C. Stedman, the poet; C. B. Sanborn, brother-in-law of Bayard Taylor; S. Bancroft, Jr., of Wilmington, Delaware; W. H. Stiner, of the Goethe Club; General C. K. Graham, Colonel J. H. Storey, and members of the Goethe Club and others.

At Quarantine the remains were taken from below and placed upon the steamer's deck. With the coffin had been placed the floral gifts of the late Mr. Taylor's friends abroad. The flowers had faded, but the leaves were bright and fresh. The coffin was carefully lifted out of the case inclosing it, and placed on a table covered with black cloth, under the direction of Captain Kuhewine of the *Gellert*. The coffin consisted of a hermetically sealed case inclosed in an oaken box covered with black broadcloth, adorned with wide silken braid, arrayed in knots, and puffs of crape at the corners, and heavy silver handles. An American flag was laid upon the coffin in festoons. A wreath given by the Emperor William was placed at the head of the casket, a laurel wreath from Auerbach at the foot, and the crosses and wreaths from the several legations on the top. Attached to one wreath was a red-and-white streamer, with the inscription in gold letters, "Republica Peruana"; another streamer, the gift of the English Legation, had the letters "B. T." woven in colors. The floral tributes of the other legations were decorated simply with white satin. On the bier by the side of the coffin were also placed six German evergreens in pots brought from Berlin. They were about two feet high and are to be planted about the grave at Longwood Cemetery.

As the *Gellert* passed the Battery a salute of 100 guns was fired, and many vessels in the harbor and river ran their flags to the half-mast. The remains were promptly removed from the steamship, fourteen sailors carrying the casket from the deck of the *Gellert* to the revenue-cutter *Chandler*, by which it was transferred to the city.

A thousand persons gathered in the neighborhood of the Vesey Street pier before the remains were taken off the cutter. Twelve men of Koltes Post carried the coffin along the pier to West Street, where an improvised catafalque was waiting to carry the remains to the City Hall. In the centre rested the coffin, around which was entwined the American flag. A few flowers lay on top. Over the coffin was a canopy of pyramidal shape; from each corner and the apex waved a black and white plume. The body of the wagon, the platform and the canopy were covered with heavy black cloth, relieved by a silver bullion border. The catafalque was drawn by six white horses with black trappings.

The procession was formed in West Street, Captain McCullagh and his men leading. Then came a brass band of twenty pieces, and Koltes Post No. 32; the catafalque followed, and last were the singing societies with an additional band. Twelve men from Koltes Post and the deputation of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity formed a body-guard. Through West Street to Barclay Street the procession moved slowly, and then along Broadway to the City Hall. The bands played dirges during the march. All along West and Barclay Streets and Broadway, crowds of persons gathered to watch the procession. On the steps of the City Hall were the members of the Board of Aldermen, Mayor Cooper, Algernon S. Sullivan, the orator of the day, and others. As the catafalque halted in front of the building the German singing societies sang the "Am Sergeines Dichters." At the conclusion of the singing, Algernon S. Sullivan delivered his address.

At the close of Mr. Sullivan's oration the sarcophagus was borne by members of the guard of honor up the broad staircase and the winding stairs within to the Governor's Room, where it was deposited on the catafalque. It was then announced that the coffin would not be opened to give an opportunity for viewing the remains. The room was soon cleared of the crowd and the remains were left in charge of a guard of twenty-four members of Koltes Post, who remained on duty in parties of four until the departure for Pennsylvania at noon on Friday. A life-size portrait of the late Mr. Taylor, in crayon, which had been suspended from the balcony during the exercises in front of the City Hall, was hung at the head of the bier as the body lay in state.

The detachment of Koltes Post, Grand Army of the Republic, which watched over the body, escorted the remains to the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Jersey City, on Friday, where they were placed in a special train, consisting of a combination car and the directors' car of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. These cars were attached to the 1 P. M. Pennsylvania train, and ran as a special train from the junction through direct to Kennett Square.

The remains lay over night at "Cedarcroft," which was formerly Mr. Taylor's country residence, and the funeral took place at noon on Saturday, at Longwood Cemetery, near Kennett Square, where are buried Bayard Taylor's first wife and his brother, Colonel Frederick Taylor, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. The Rev. Dr. William Furniss, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. H. N. Powers, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, conducted the funeral services.



NEW YORK.—NICOLA VITA, GIOVANNI MICCUCCI, VINCENZO MAZZA AND MICHAEL ANGELO FORTUNATO, ITALIAN SLAVES RESCUED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, AT UTICA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

THE LAST ROYAL WEDDING.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, seventh child and third son of Queen Victoria, was married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 13th, to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise Margaret, daughter of the "Red Prince" of Germany, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, which included the Queen and several members of the royal family, the King and Queen of Belgium and many German princes. The service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Clerk of the Royal Chapel, the Marshal, the equerries of the bridegroom and the maids-of-honor, met the Queen at the chapel, where Her Majesty was received by the great officers, and was conducted to the dais by the Lord Chamberlain, Mendelssohn's march in "Athalie" being played on the organ as the procession moved up the chapel. A quarter of an hour after the departure of Her Majesty from the castle, the bridegroom, accompanied by his supporters, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, proceeded with their respective suites in the Queen's carriages from the state-entrance of the castle to St. George's Chapel, attended by a Captain's escort of the Guards. The bridegroom was received at the west entrance by the Lord Chamberlain in full ceremonial, and conducted to a seat on the right of the dais leading to the altar; the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh occupying seats near by.

The bride left the Queen's entrance to the castle at 12:30, accompanied by her father and the Crown Prince

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of Germany, with a numerous suite. She was received at the west door by the Lord Chamberlain.

The bridal procession was immediately formed, and moved up the nave to the choir, the train of her Royal Highness being borne by eight unmarried daughters of dukes, marquises and earls. As the procession passed up the chapel, Handel's "Occasional Overture" was given on the organ. The bride was conducted to a seat in the choir on the left of the dais, and her supporters to seats near her, while the bridesmaids stood behind, and the Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain next to them. The bride was given away by her father. The body of the chapel was occupied by about 150 Ambassadors and foreign Ministers with their families, Cabinet Ministers, members of the nobility, and distinguished soldiers and sailors.

At the conclusion of the service the choir sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" pealed forth as the bride and bridegroom left the chapel, while in the long walk a salute of guns announced the termination of the ceremony. The royal family and guests left the chapel in the reversed order in which they entered it. All the royal personages returned to the Queen's entrance to the castle, where the registry of the marriage was signed in the green drawing-room, and duly attested by the Queen and the other distinguished personages invited to attend for that purpose.

The bridal dress of the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia is of heavy white satin, and the low bodice is embroidered with lace four inches in width. The skirt is ornamented with lace twelve inches in width, and there is attached in front, a little towards the right, a small bouquet of myrtle. The train is thirteen feet long, and is covered by a rich lace flounce, the width of which is three feet and a half, and upon which is laid a branch of myrtle. The bridal veil is a square of lace blossoms, about ten feet and a half square, which will be fastened to the top of the crown, enveloping the princess. All the lace is of the finest point d'Alençon; the design, modern in style, representing a fantastic combination of oranges, myrtle and roses. The bridal handkerchief is made on the same pattern, and has in one corner the interlaced name of the bride and in the other the Prussian eagle. The bridal wreath, the orange-blossoms and leaves, will be added in England. The recent bereavements in the two royal and imperial families have rendered several black *robes de cour* for the princess indispensable. Among these are a velvet dress, bodice, and skirt richly embroidered with pearl lace, and a dress of rep, the satin insertion of which is adorned with rich bead embroidery. The traveling costume is gray, braided with soutache. The dresses of the bridesmaids are most costly and rich.

The princess was born July 25th, 1860, and is the daughter of Friedrich Karl, the "Red Prince," nephew of Emperor William. In form she is tall, has gray eyes, and a profusion of fair hair; though not considered beautiful, is very attractive, and has numerous accomplishments, being particularly skillful with her pencil.

The groom, Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, was born on May 1st, 1850. He was educated in the Woolwich Military Academy, and ten years ago was commissioned a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, subsequently receiving commissions in the Royal Artillery and in the Rifle Brigade. In May, 1874, he was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex. The match is said to be one of love on both sides.

WHAT THE TELEGRAPH BROUGHT.

THE south wind was sweeping hot and fierce across the island. The ragged branches of the sparse cedars and willows were all bent out northwards, stretching away from the ceaseless sweep of this wild Summer wind that for days and weeks had given them no rest. In the northwest the sun was sinking into a low bank of mist, through which his rays streamed, glorious with crimson and gold, upon the shoals and sandbars of the Sound, upon the lighthouse in the harbor, upon the long line of great windows in the old Government hospital, high up on the bank, and upon the dark figure of a young girl, hurrying on before the wind, which blew her clothing wildly before her, as if to hasten her rapid footsteps.

She was walking straightforward towards the sunset, heedless of the sinuous path which wound among the ragged grass tufts and the coarse reeds of the bank. The sunlight, streaming into her eyes beneath the flapping border of her sun-bonnet, did not dazzle her.

She gazed fixedly upon it, with steady, wide-open eyes, from which another light flashed out—a light fierce and restless, more in keeping with the wild spirit at her back than with the calm glory before her. Once she paused and wrung her hands as if in pain. "Oh!" she said, with a long, low, shivering breath; and then she went on, striding fiercely through the water, to where a little boat was moored. Loosening this, she sprang in, and, taking an oar, sculled the little craft with dexterous hand out among the low breakers of the Sound, straight onwards through the rosy pathway of the dying day.

Free of the shoals and sandbars of the harbor, she laid aside her oar, and, dropping her arms upon her lap, buried her face in them.

All the past was sweeping rapidly over her memory in the lonely twilight—the long dreary years since her stepmother's second marriage with the rough old port-collector had brought them to live upon this southern island; the desolate discomfort of the abandoned Government hospital, which was their home; the sordid cares and weary drudgery which filled up her life; the dull stagnation into which her mind was settling, and the wild longing after something other than all this which was born of old remembrances of a happier time, and of the teachings of that gentle father who had so early faded out of her life; the struggles to raise herself out of the depths of ignorance into which her fate had plunged her. And then the ray of light that had fallen suddenly athwart the gloom of her prison-house. That bright face once more shone upon her; those blue eyes once more smiled into hers; that cheery voice again echoed in her ears, "Miss Fettie, think of me henceforth always as your friend."

She went over it all again—that dreary evening when, the housework done, the children in bed, and the stepmother gone out with her husband for a gossip with a neighbor, some sudden impulse had sent her back to her books, and she had sat in the kitchen, working out a "sum" by the light-wood blaze. She heard again the purring of the fire, and the clicking of the telegraph in the next room; and then the silence, the opening door, the steps upon the kitchen-floor, and the bright young presence stood again before her. It was only the new telegraph-operator, but to her the sunny-haired boy, with his rosy, dimpled cheek, his full red lips, and those great blue eyes, shaded by long lashes—to her it was an Apollo, a god, a being divine, which irradiated the dark kitchen with its presence.

And he sat down beside her in the firelight, and had taken the slate from her hands, and revealed the hidden mysteries of the "sum"; and she had grown bold to tell him of her aspirations and her disappointments, and how, with no sympathy, no help, no friend, the hope of an education was fading away with despair; and he had cheered her and encouraged her, and promised her such help as he could give—promised with a laugh and a blush, for he himself was not educated, he said—not as he had hoped to be. And then the heavy tread of the stepmother had sounded upon the long piazza, and the youth had risen to go, holding out his hand for a firm, warm, good-night clasp, with those words which thrilled her yet, in the misty darkness, "Miss Fettie, think of me henceforth always as your friend."

The weeks that followed passed in rapid review; weeks in which the promised friendship had become the joy of her life, and her most secret hopes and aspirations had unfolded themselves before him as a flower unfolds to the sunlight. And then the cloud had gathered—so suddenly, so darkly—the girl shivered as she thought. It was only a few words to her stepmother. "Would Mrs. Corson consent to take a few boarders for the Summer weeks? His mother and sister, and—and—a young lady," and the bright, blue eyes had fallen for a moment, and the fair cheek had been suffused with a girlish blush, and the light had died out of Fettie's life. And all to-day he had been gone away to meet them, on the little sailboat which carried the mail, and Fettie had been preparing the rooms for the mother and sister and—the young lady, who had brought a blight upon her life, and all day the wild fierce grief had been gnawing, gnawing, and now——

There was a shout, a scream, a rushing of the waters. The girl sprang to her feet. Close upon her was the white-winged sailboat; the figure standing upon the bow—how well, in that sudden instant, she knew it! The voice that cried to the man at the helm—even in this swift moment how it thrilled to her heart, as the crash, too late foreseen, struck down the little boat, and the cold waters engulfed the girlish form! How was it that she knew, as the water closed above her head, that he had sprung after her? What swift intuition taught her that he would save her life? A strange, wild sweetness surged over her heart as consciousness faded away from her in the watery depths.

She knew when she awoke that she was lying in the sailboat, and that his mother was looking upon her, even in that moment, with a cold repulsion, as one who had jeoparded her son's life. She roused herself proudly from the deathly weakness which almost overpowered her, and dragged herself to the stern, where Jack Abbott, the mail-carrier, sat, holding the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other. He would have leaped into the water to save her, too, she knew full well, more gladly, perhaps, than the other, if his duty and care for her as well had not kept him at his post; but that thought only chilled her heart the more. She made no reply to his rough, earnest congratulations and wonderings, and sprang upon the shore as the keel grazed the sands.

"Let me go, Mr. Ralph!" she cried, almost fiercely, as he sought to detain her.

"Do not stop the girl, Ralph," said his mother. "She is wet through, and must hurry home to change her clothes; and you, too, as well."

The words were not unkind, but the tone—ah! how it chilled her, beyond even the chilling of the wet garments, which clung to her and swept the sands about her feet, as she hurried home.

How for a time she cowered in the shadows of her room, tormented by troubling thought. But she had not even seen their faces in the darkness. She must know what they were like. She could not wait, and she rose and dressed hastily and went out upon the broad piazza.

Through the wide, curtainless windows of the telegraph-room the light-wood fire shone bright. She crept to the window and looked in. The mother sat in the rude, easy-chair, facing the window, her arms around her boy. Not cold and proud now the face which gazed with such unutterable fondness upon him, as he smiled up into her eyes, or turned to play with the long curls of his little sister's chestnut hair. And that radiant presence which confronted her without knowing it, ah, how bright it was! It dazzled Fettie's hot, glazed eyes as the sun-blaze had been powerless to do. And yet how serenely fair was the beautiful creature who leaned against the mantel, looking down upon the group of mother and children.

She had not stirred nor uttered a sound, but he knew that she was there, and, rising, came quickly out to her, before she had time to flee away.

"We were talking of you, Fettie," he said; "come in and see my mother, and Ethel and Alice," and he led her unwillingly along. How could she resist the firm clasp of that kindly hand?

The weeks which followed were ages of torture to the girl. The visitors were kind to her—more than kind—recognizing in her that heart equality with which circumstances have nothing to do; it was not their fault that she suffered, yet how should she not suffer? Constantly busy about them in the necessary offices which fell to her lot, not even their genuine and unfailing courtesy could bridge over the gulf which had been fixed between them.

Little Alice made much of her, delighting to help her in her homely tasks, and not permitting the service which it was Fettie's duty to render in her room. Ethel was even caressing in her manner to her, full of little tendernesses and sympathetic pettings; but whom did Ethel not caress? Even the children, dull, uninteresting little mortals that they were, fell into a share of her pettings, and Alice, Mrs. Montagu, Ralph even, she tended and fondled with almost a mother's affectionate care and tenderness.

Mrs. Montagu took a kind interest in Fettie's struggles, lending her books and advising her about her studies; but it needed no prophet's vision to see that her heart was set upon a union between Ethel and Ralph, and a less sensitive soul than Fettie's would have felt, beneath all her kindness, her shrinking from any association between the island girl and her son. Fettie avoided Ralph with a proud disdain of any imputation of interfering with his mother's plans; indeed she would gladly have kept aloof from them all, but they followed her with kind intentions, glad, they thought, to throw a little brightness across her dreary life.

They wanted her to go with them upon the Sound one lovely moonlight evening, but Fettie had been deaf to Alice's entreaties, to Ethel's little blandishments. "I want to study to-night," she had said; and then Ralph, coming out upon the piazza from his telegraph office, had entreated, "Do come, Fettie, I must have one able seaman among so many helpless passengers;" and Mrs. Montagu had added, "The studies will go on all the better for a little play, Fettie," and Fettie could not but yield, could not but be flattered by the words and smile.

Ethel had brought a guitar to her island home, and she used to play upon it when they went upon the water in the moonlight—playing accompaniments to Ralph's singing, or to glees or choruses in which they all joined—all but Fettie, who sat alone at the tiller, guiding the little boat. "It would have been such a pity to have no music," Ethel said. Why should not Ralph hang over her as she played in the moonlight, humming little bits and refrains of airs out of that other world of theirs into which Fettie might never enter, smiling up into his dark blue eyes, from under her long golden lashes? And then, as her heart was throbbing, and her eyes burning with grief, he had left them all and come over to her; his hand had touched hers as he took the tiller from her, his eyes had darkened with that soft, sudden smile which was not—with a wild throb of joy her heart told her—not as he had smiled upon Ethel—oh, no, not like that!

The warmth of that smile played around her all the night. She awaked in the morning from dreams sweet, tender, vague, she knew not what; they had faded from her, but their gladness remained. All day she went about her work in a bright halo, tremulous, misty, which shut her off from the harsh distastefulness of duty. She kissed Alice for the first time when she ran to beg her to join them in their afternoon walk, and went to her room to dress, laying out the delicate sprigged calico that Ethel had showed her how to make—the first pretty dress which she had had for years. Would he notice the change in her? Would his eyes soften again with that sudden smile when he saw her? And while she was smiling into the glass which told her the flattering tale that she had never even dreamed of before, she heard the banging of the great hall-door, the voices on the piazza, the footsteps on the path—they had gone away and forgotten her. Yes, there they went, Alice skipping at her mother's side, Ethel and Ralph following more slowly, their heads bent down and talking earnestly—they had forgotten her! With a wild passion of grief she threw herself upon the bed, burying her face in the pillows; then as the voices of the children called to her along the hall, she caught up her sun-bonnet and rushed out, taking the direction opposite to that in which the others had gone.

There was neither tree nor house along the white, sandy road which led inland to the scattered village, and the south wind swept heavily against her, laden with burning sand. Weary with its wild battling and with the tempest of her emotions, she came upon a bare, unpainted, barn-like structure—a sort of rural church. The door stood open, and by a sudden impulse the girl ascended the steep steps and went in. Fettie's religious nature had never been aroused, but at this moment, in her lonely struggle of feeling, the open church door appealed to her, with an offer of refuge, companionship, help. Oh, if she could fly away, and be at rest!

Yet, when she entered, the bare, uncarpeted floors, the rough wooden benches, the stained walls, struck to her heart with a cold chill; no comfort here—no hiding for her weary head from the pitiless storm which beat her. Only at the end of the long room the raised platform and red-curtained pulpit seemed to offer her shelter and seclusion. It was with a half-frightened, guilty feeling, as of one unconsecrated, who treads some hallowed grounds, that she threw herself upon the carpet of the platform, behind the protecting curtains. And then, by a natural revulsion of feeling, the waves of trouble rolled away, a worn-out peacefulness stole over her, in which she lost all consciousness of herself.

The sound of voices came to her through the broken window behind the pulpit, as in a dream.

"To break Ethel's heart for this girl! My dear boy, you do not know what you are thinking of!"

"Ethel does not love me, mother—not as you mean. We love each other dearly; she is the sweetest girl in the world—but Fettie!"

"Dear child, you do not know your own heart. This is only a temporary fascination. Come away from the island—come home with us, and you will soon forget it."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother! it is you who do not know. I will go away, if you say so, but I cannot give her up. I have loved her since the first day I saw her."

There were footsteps upon the bare church floor, and then the soft voice went on:

"My boy, consider. She is noble and good, I grant, but think how different from all that you have been accustomed to. Think of her want of education; think of her relatives—would you wish to make them yours? She is attractive here from the very contrast of her surroundings; but place her among superior people, you yourself would be the first to feel her deficiencies. No man's love is strong enough to bear such a strain. Your life would be ruined, and hers."

She was interrupted by a vision which stood before her—a vision of dark, flashing eyes and burning cheeks, and a voice cried, with a sharp intonation of pain:

"Do you think I would let his life be ruined? He need not go away—I will go!" and, like a flash, she was gone.

In the blind agony which possessed her, she did not see that he had started up to follow her, but had been held by his mother's detaining hand; she saw nothing but the white road along which she flew, hurried on by her desperate thoughts. She would leave the island; she would go to Beaufort and get a service-place. No one should say that she had ruined his life. What need to contrast her with those superior beings of another world? Had she asked to be made their equal? And she was not inferior!—she was not!—she was not! She felt in her soul that she was of their kind—not like these others among whom she lived. But she would go away and earn her bread by hard work; no one should say that she had ruined his life.

She had reached the house and thrown herself upon her bed. Only a few moments' rest from this throbbing, bounding pain; only a few moments, and then she would go away. In the midst of her torture she remembered that the tide would serve at nine o'clock. Jack Abbott would be going with the mail. He would be good to her and would let her go with him to Beaufort to get a place.

The room grew dark and light again, with the broad band of moonlight on the floor, while she lay there, beaten by the tempest of her grief. If they had called her she had not heard it; but now a light footfall sounded on the floor, and cool, soft finger-tips were laid upon the hot cheeks, buried among the pillows.

"Fettie, dear," said Ethel's voice, "look up; I want to tell you something."

Who ever resisted Ethel? Fettie raised her tired head, and aching, tear-dimmed eyes.

"How pretty your dress is, Fettie," said Ethel, busy about her with gentle caressing touch; "even in the moonlight I can see how sweetly you look; but you have tumbled it dreadfully, lying on the bed; let me straighten it out; they want to see you, Fettie; Ralph wants you. Make yourself pretty and come."

Fettie sat down again upon the bed. "I cannot see him, Ethel, I am going away."

"Yes, with me to-morrow, dear, but not to-night. It is all a mistake, Fettie. Ralph told me something this afternoon—a great secret—but he did not need, for I knew it all before. Do you think I have no eyes? And it will all come out right in the end. We are not living in a story-book, Fettie, and Mrs. Montagu is not a 'cruel parent'!" and Ethel laughed lightly, and wound her arms about Fettie's waist.

"But it is you, Ethel, whom she——" and Fettie tried to free herself from the soft embrace that hurt her so cruelly.

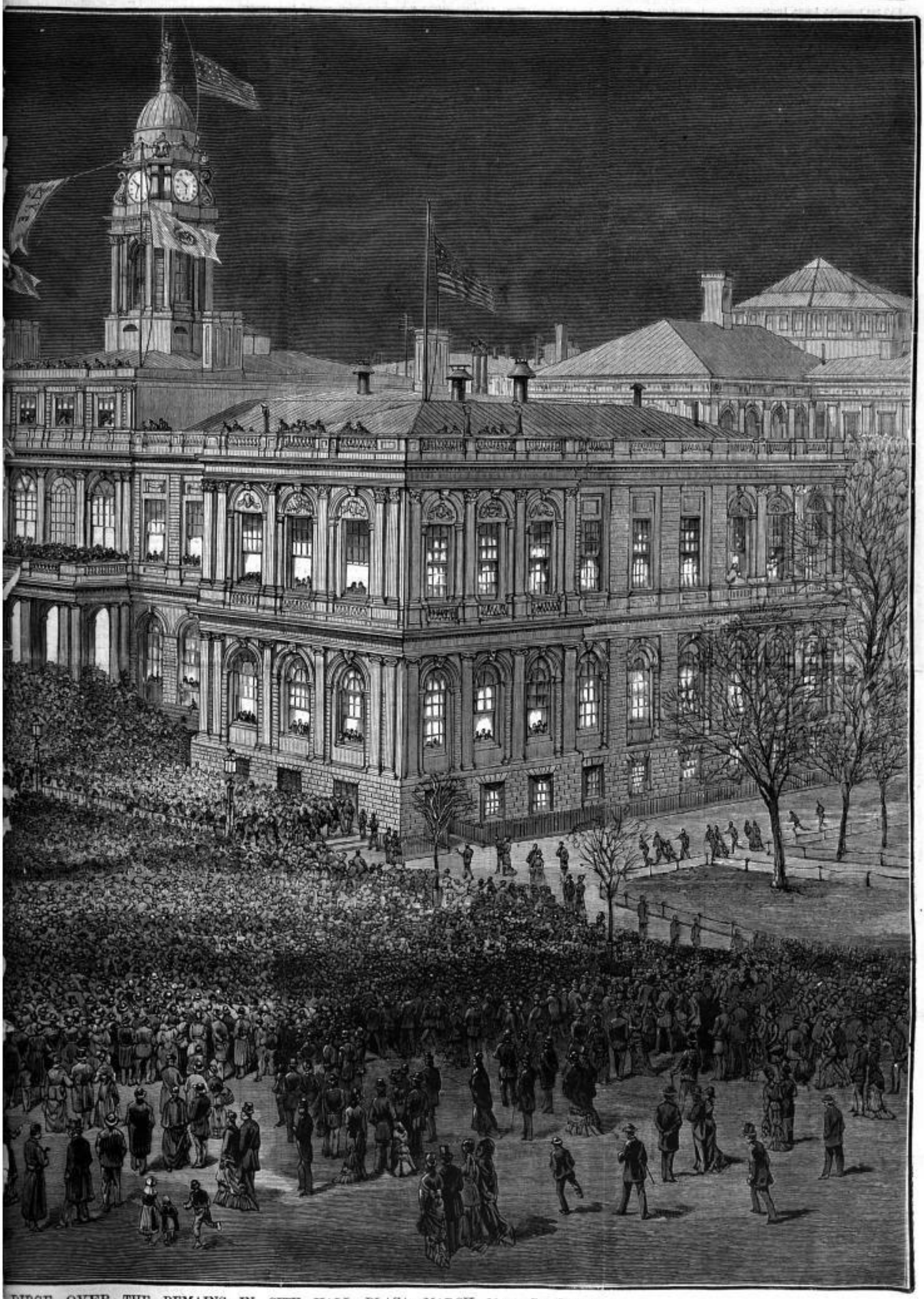
"I know," said Ethel, "and I should once have liked to marry Ralph, for I love them all so dearly. Mrs. Montagu has always been like a mother to me—I have never known any other, Fettie, and she is my guardian, and I should be glad to give my money to her. It has been so cruel to her since she lost her property, that Ralph would not stay in college, but would go away and work. He could not understand that she would be happier, denying herself everything, that her proud hopes of him might be fulfilled. She is so proud—not wrongly proud, I think, Fettie; but it kills her to see him descend into a lower sphere of life. And if he had my money he need not, you know. I wish I might give him the money, but not myself, Fettie dear. Once I would have done it willingly enough, but now—there is some one else——"

She hid her face for a moment upon Fettie's shoulder, then, raising it again with a bright laugh:

"So you see," she said, "that it cannot be as Mrs. Montagu wished. I have told her all—and now you must let me tie your hair up again, and take you into the other room, for I have told Ralph that you are my little sister, and that you are going away with me to-morrow, that I may buy you some pretty dresses, and send you to school, for I am very grand now, Fettie. I shall be twenty-one next week, and my own mistress. Did you know that Ralph and I were born the same day? And he has so much to say to you, and only this one evening to say it in, you know."

All the time, she had been busy about the girl, her slender, dexterous finger-tips putting hair and eyes and dress in order, with winning little caresses and coaxing smiles—Ethel's own smiles and caresses, stronger than chains and fetters to bind others to her will. And

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DIRGE OVER THE REMAINS, IN CITY HALL PLAZA, MARCH 13TH.—SEE PAGE 53.

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LISETTE.

DO you remember, Lisette, Lisette,
Your bright little room in the Rue d'Arcade?
(I was a student, you a grisette.)
Do you remember how overhead
The great white moon hung, tender and warm,
And made the shadows fall sharp and black
From the gabled roofs; and your slender arm
Gleamed in the moonlight, forth and back,
As you threw me kisses, so fast and sweet?
I swear your hand was whiter than pearl.
How gayly my feet rang down the street
When I came to meet you—my girl, my girl!

Do you remember the old blue gown
That I loved so much, with the elbows frayed,
And the pretty trimming of eider-down?
Do you remember the scarf you made,
With your hair inwoven, and gave to me
When the Christmas snow lay white and chill,
And you came and sat, like a child, on my knee,
And fed the birds at the window-sill?
Over the city the church-bells rang—
You crossed yourself with a little prayer;
And my heart stood still with a yearning pang
For the church-bells ringing in English air.

Do you remember when Spring came in,
How often we took the road at morn
And tramped afar from the heat and din,
By blossomed orchards and budding corn—
Into the woodlands and far away;
And beautiful Paris lay behind
A cloud of dust in the fresh, bright day?
Out of your wonderful bag we dined
On bread and kisses, and fruit and wine.
Sweet! 'Twas the wine of love I sipped
When your exquisite lips bent down to mine,
And over my shoulder your soft hair slipped.

Do you remember, my own true love,
The day of parting? Ah, sweet Lisette,
I would give up my hope of a life above
If only that day I might quite forget!
Pale, like a statue, I saw you stand,
In the old blue dress I had learned to prize;
You wore no ring on your slender hand—
No ray of hope in your gentle eyes;
And smiled and kissed me and said "Good-by!"
My little darling, so meek and true,
The happiest year of all years gone by
Was the one sweet year that I spent with you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE medium of correspondence between Amelius and Regina's maid was an old woman who kept a shop for the sale of newspapers and periodicals in a by-street not far from Farnaby's house. From this place his letters were delivered to the maid, under cover of the morning newspapers—and here he found the answers waiting for him later in the day. "If Rufus could only have taken her out for a walk, I might have seen Regina this afternoon," thought Amelius. "As it is, I may have to wait until to-morrow, or later still. And then, there's the sovereign to Phœbe." He sighed as he thought of the fee. Sovereigns were becoming scarce in our young Socialist's purse.

Arriving in sight of the newsvender's shop, Amelius noticed a man leaving it, who walked away towards the further end of the street. When he entered the shop himself a minute afterwards, the woman took up a letter from the counter. "A young man has just left this for you," she said.

Amelius recognized the maid's handwriting on the address. The man whom he had seen leaving the shop was Phœbe's messenger.

He opened the letter. Her mistress, Phœbe explained, was too much flurried to be able to write. The master had astonished the whole household by appearing among them at least three hours before the time at which he was accustomed to leave his place of business.

He had found "Mrs. Ormond" (otherwise Regina's friend and correspondent, Cecilia) paying a visit to his niece, and had asked to speak with her in private before she took leave. The result was an invitation to Regina, from Mrs. Ormond, to stay for a little while at her house in the neighborhood of Harrow. The ladies were to leave London together, in Mrs. Ormond's carriage, that afternoon. Under stress of strong persuasion on the part of her uncle and aunt, as well as of her friend, Regina had ended in giving way. But she had not forgotten the interests of Amelius. She was willing to see him privately on the next day, provided he left London by the train which reached Harrow soon after eleven in the forenoon. If it happened to rain, then he must put off his journey until the first fine day, arriving in any case at the same hour. The place at which he was to wait was described to him; and with these instructions the letter ended.

The rapidity with which Mr. Farnaby had carried out his resolution to separate the lovers placed the weakness of Regina's character before Amelius in a new and startling light. Why had she not stood on her privileges, as a woman who had arrived at years of discretion, and refused to leave London until she had first heard what her lover had to say? Amelius had left his American friend, feeling sure that Regina's decision would be in his favor, when she was called upon to choose between the man who was ready to marry her, and the man who was nothing but her uncle by courtesy. For the first time, he now felt that his own confident anticipations might, by bare possibility, deceive him. He returned to his lodgings in such a state of depression, that compassionate Rufus insisted on taking him out to dinner, and hurried him off afterwards to the play. Thoroughly prostrated, Amelius submitted to the genial influence of his friend. He had not even energy enough to feel surprised when Rufus stopped, on their way to the tavern, at a dingy building adorned with a Grecian portico, and left a letter and a card in charge of a servant at the side-door.

The next day by a happy interposition of Fortune proved to be a day without rain. Amelius followed his instructions to the letter. A little watery sunshine showed itself as he left the station at Harrow. His mind was still in such a state of doubt and disturbance that it drew from superstition a faint encouragement to hope. He hailed the feeble November sunlight as a good omen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond's place of residence stood alone, surrounded by its own grounds. A wooden fence separated the property, on one side, from a muddy little by-road, leading to a neighboring farm. At a wicket-gate in this fence, giving admission to a shrubbery situated at some distance from the house, Amelius now waited for the appearance of the maid.

After a delay of a few minutes only, the faithful Phœbe approached the gate with a key in her hand. "Where is she?" Amelius asked, as the girl opened the gate.

"Waiting for you in the shrubbery. Stop, sir; I have something to say to you first."

Amelius took out his purse, and produced the fee. Even he had observed that Phœbe was perhaps a little too eager to get her money!

"Thank you, sir. Please to look at your watch. You mustn't be with Miss Regina a moment longer than a quarter of an hour."

"Why not?"

"This is the time, sir, when Mrs. Ormond is engaged every day with her cook and housekeeper. In a quarter of an hour the orders will be given, and Mrs. Ormond will join Miss Regina for a walk in the grounds. You will be the ruin of me, sir, if she finds you here." With that warning, the maid led the way along the winding paths of the shrubbery.

"I must thank you for your letter, Phœbe," Amelius said, as he followed her. "By-the-by, who was your messenger?"

Phœbe's answer was no answer at all. "Only a young man, sir," she said.

"In plain words, your sweetheart, I suppose?"

Phœbe's expressive silence was her only reply. She turned a corner, and pointed to her mistress standing alone before the entrance of a damp and deserted summer-house.

Regina put her handkerchief to her eyes, when the maid had discreetly retired. "Oh," she said, softly, "I am afraid this is very wrong!"

Amelius removed the handkerchief by the exercise of a little gentle force, and administered comfort under the form of a kiss. Having opened the proceedings in this way, he put his first question. "Why did you come here?"

"How could I help it?" said Regina, feebly. "They were all against me. What else could I do?"

It occurred to Amelius that she might, at her age, have asserted a will of her own. He kept his idea, however, to himself; and, giving her his arm, led her slowly along the path of the shrubbery. "You have heard, I suppose, what Mr. Farnaby expects of me?" he said.

"Yes, dear."

"I call it worse than mercenary—I call it downright brutal."

"Oh, Amelius, don't talk so!"

Amelius came suddenly to a standstill. "Does that mean that you agree with him?" he asked.

"Don't be angry with me, dear. I only meant there was some excuse for him."

"What excuse?"

"Well, you see, he has a high idea of your family, and he thought you were rich people. And—I know you didn't mean it, Amelius—but still you did disappoint him!"

Amelius dropped her arm. This mildly-persistent defense of Mr. Farnaby exasperated him.

"Perhaps I have disappointed you," he said.

"Oh, no, no! Oh, how cruel you are!" The ready tears showed themselves again in her magnificent eyes—gentle, considerate tears, that raised no storm in her bosom, and produced no unbecoming results in her face. "Don't be hard on me!" she said, appealing to him helplessly, like a charming, overgrown child.

Some men might have still resisted her, but Amelius was not one of them. He took her hand, and pressed it tenderly.

"Regina," he said, "do you love me?"

"You know I do!"

He put his arm round her waist, he concentrated the passion that was in him into a look, and poured that look into her eyes. "Do you love me as dearly as I love you?" he whispered.

She felt it with all the little passion that was in her. After a moment of hesitation she put one arm timidly around his neck, and, bending her grand head, laid it on his bosom. Her finely-rounded, supple, muscular figure trembled as if she had been the weakest woman living. "Dear Amelius!" she murmured, almost inaudibly. He tried to speak to her—his voice failed him. She had, in perfect innocence, fired his young blood. He drew her closer and closer to him: he lifted her head, with a masterful resolution which she was not able to resist, and pressed his kisses in hot and breathless succession on her lips. His vehemence frightened her. She tore herself out of his arms with a sudden exertion of strength that took him completely by surprise. "I didn't think you would have been rude to me!" With that mild reproach, she turned away, and took the path which led from the shrubbery to the house. Amelius followed her, entreating that she would accept his excuses and grant him a few minutes more. He modestly laid all the blame on her beauty—he lamented that he had not resolution enough to resist the charm of it. When did that commonplace compliment ever fail to produce its effect? Regina smiled with the weakly complacent good-nature, which was only saved from being contemptible by its association with her personal attractions. "Will you promise to behave?" she stipulated. And Amelius, not very eagerly, promised.

"Shall we go into the summer-house?" he suggested.

"It's very damp at this time of year," Regina answered, with placid good sense. "Perhaps we might catch cold—we had better walk about."

They walked accordingly. "I wanted to speak to you about our marriage," Amelius resumed.

She sighed softly. "We have some time to wait," she said, "before we can think of that."

He passed this reply over without notice. "You know," he went on, "that I have an income of five hundred a year?"

"Yes, dear."

"There are hundreds of thousands of respectable artisans, Regina (with large families), who live comfortably on less than half my income."

"Do they, dear?"

"And many gentlemen are not better off. Curates, for instance. Do you see what I am coming to, my darling?"

"No, dear."

"Could you live with me in a cottage in the country, with a nice garden, and one little maid to wait on us, and two or three new dresses in a year?"

Regina lifted her fine eyes in sober ecstasy to the sky. "It sounds very tempting," she remarked, in the sweetest tones of her voice.

"And it could all be done," Amelius proceeded, "on five hundred a year."

"Could it, dear?"

"I have calculated it—allowing the necessary margin—and I am sure of what I say. And I have done something else: I have asked about the Marriage License. I can easily find lodgings in the neighborhood. We might be married at Harrow in a fortnight."

Regina started; her eyes opened widely, and rested on Amelius with an expression of incredulous wonder. "Married in a fortnight?" she repeated. "What would my uncle and aunt say?"

"My angel, our happiness doesn't depend on your uncle and aunt—our happiness depends on ourselves. Nobody has any power to control us. I am a man and you are a woman, and we have a right to be married whenever we like." Amelius pronounced this last oracular sentence with his head held high, and a pleasant inner persuasion of the convincing manner in which he had stated his case.

"Without my uncle to give me away!" Regina exclaimed. "Without my aunt! With no bridesmaids, and no friends, and no wedding-breakfast? Oh, Amelius, what can you be thinking of?" She drew back a step, and looked at him in helpless consternation.

For the moment, and the moment only, Amelius lost all patience with her. "If you really loved me," he said, bitterly, "you wouldn't think of the bridesmaids and the breakfast!" Regina had her answer ready in her pocket—she took out her handkerchief. Before she could lift it to her eyes Amelius recovered himself. "No, no," he said, "I didn't mean that—I am sure you love me—take my arm again. Do you know, Regina, I doubt whether your uncle has told you everything that passed between us. Are you really aware of the hard terms that he insists on? He expects me to increase my five hundred a year to two thousand before he will sanction our marriage."

"Yes, dear, he told me that."

"I have as much chance of earning fifteen hundred a year, Regina, as I have of being made King of England. Did he tell you that?"

"He doesn't agree with you, dear—he thinks you might earn it (with your abilities) in ten years."

This time it was the turn of Amelius to look at Regina in helpless consternation. "Ten years!" he repeated. "Do you coolly contemplate waiting ten years before we are married? Good heavens! is it possible that you are thinking of the money?—that you can't live without carriages and footmen, and ostentation and grandeur——?"

He stopped. For once, even Regina showed that she had spirit enough to be angry. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak to me in that way!" she broke out, indignantly. "If you have no better opinion of me than that, I won't marry you at all—no, not if you had fifty thousand a year, sir, to-morrow! Am I to have no sense of duty to my uncle—to the good man who has been a second father to me? Do you think I am ungrateful enough to set his wishes at defiance? Oh, yes, I know you don't like him! I know that a great many people don't like him. That doesn't make any difference to me. But for dear Uncle Farnaby, I might have gone to the workhouse; I might have been a starving needle-woman, a poor, persecuted maid-of-all-work. Am I to forget that, because you have no patience, and only think of yourself? Oh, I wish I had never met with you! I wish I had never been fool enough to be as fond of you as I am!" With that confession, she turned her back on him, and took refuge in her handkerchief once more.

Amelius stood looking at her in silent despair. After the tone in which she had spoken of her obligations to her uncle, it was useless to anticipate any satisfactory result from the exertion of his influence over Regina. Recalling what he had seen and heard, in Mrs. Farnaby's room, Amelius could not doubt that the motive of pacifying his wife was the motive which had first led Farnaby to receive Regina into his house. Was it unreasonable or unjust to infer that the orphan child must have been mainly indebted to Mrs. Farnaby's sense of duty to the memory of her sister for the parental protection afforded to her from that time forth? It would have been useless, and worse than useless, to place before Regina such considerations as these. Her exaggerated ideas of the gratitude that she owed to her uncle was beyond the limited reach of reason. Nothing was to be gained by opposition; and no sensible course was left but to say some peace making words and submit.

"I beg your pardon, Regina, if I have offended you. You have sadly disappointed me. I haven't deliberately misjudged you; I can say no more."

She turned round quickly, and looked at him. There was an ominous change to resignation in his voice, there was a dogged submission in his manner, that alarmed her. She had never yet seen him under the perilously-patient aspect in which he now presented himself, after his apology had been made.

"I forgive you, Amelius, with all my heart," she said—and timidly held out her hand.

He took it, raised it silently to his lips, and dropped it again.

She suddenly turned pale. All the love that she had in her to give to a man she had given to Amelius. Her heart sank; she asked herself, in blank terror, if she had lost him.

"I am afraid it is *I* who have offended you," she said. "Don't be angry with me, Amelius! don't make me more unhappy than I am!"

"I am not in the least angry," he answered, still in the quiet, subdued way that terrified her. "You can't expect me, Regina, to contemplate a ten years' engagement cheerfully."

She took his hand, and held it in both her own hands—held it as if his love for her was there and she was determined not to let it go.

"If you will only leave it to me," she pleaded, "the engagement sha'n't be so long as that. Try my uncle with a little kindness and respect, Amelius, instead of saying hard words to him. Or let me try him, if you are too proud to give way. May I say that you had no intention of offending him, and that you are willing to leave the future to me?"

"Certainly," said Amelius, "if you think it will be of the slightest use." His tone added more: his tone said, plainly, "I don't believe in him, mind, as you do."

She still persisted. "It will be of the greatest use," she went on. "He will let me go home again, and he will not object to your coming to see me. He doesn't like to be despised and set at defiance—who does? Be patient, Amelius; I will persuade him to expect less money from you—only what you may earn, dear, with your talents, long before ten years have passed." She waited for a word of reply which might show that she had encouraged him a little. He only smiled. "You talk of loving me," she said, drawing back from him with a look of reproach; "and you don't even believe what I say to you." She stopped, and looked behind her with a faint cry of alarm. Hurried footsteps were audible on the other side of the evergreens that screened them. Amelius stepped back to a turn in the path, and discovered Phœbe.

"Don't stay a moment longer, sir!" cried the girl. "I've been to the house—and Mrs. Ormond isn't there—and nobody knows where she is. Get out by the gate, sir, while you have the chance."

Amelius returned to Regina. "I mustn't get the girl into a scrape," he said. "You know where to write to me. Good-by."

Regina made a sign to the maid to retire. Amelius had never taken leave of her as he was taking leave of her now. She forgot the fervent embrace and daring kisses—she was desperate at the bare idea of losing him. "Oh, Amelius, don't doubt that I love you! Say you believe I love you! Kiss me before you go!" He kissed her—but, oh, not as he had kissed her before. He said the words she wanted him to say—but only to please her, not with all his heart. She let him go; reproaches would be wasted at that moment. Phœbe found her pale and immovable, rooted to the spot on which they had parted. "Dear, dear me, miss, what's gone wrong?" And her mistress answered wildly, in words that had never before passed her placid lips. "Oh, Phœbe, I wish I was dead!"

CHAPTER XVI.

SUCH was the impression left on the mind of Regina by the interview in the shrubbery.

The impression left on the mind of Amelius was stated in equally strong language, later in the day. His American friend asked innocently for news, and was answered in these terms:

"Find something to occupy my mind, Rufus, or I shall throw the whole thing over and go to the devil."

The wise man from New England was too wise to trouble Amelius with questions, under these circumstances. "Is that so?" was all he said. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and, producing a letter, laid it quietly on the table.

"For me?" Amelius asked.

"You wanted something to occupy your mind," the wily Rufus answered. "There 'tis."

Amelius read the letter. It was dated "Hampden Institution." The secretary invited Amelius, in highly complimentary terms, to lecture, in the hall of the Institution, on Christian Socialism, as taught and practiced in the Community at Tadmor. He was offered two thirds of the profits derived from the sale of places, and was left free to appoint his own evening (at a week's notice) and to issue his own advertisements. Minor details were reserved to be discussed with the secretary, when the lecturer had consented to the arrangement proposed to him.

Having finished the letter, Amelius looked at his friend. "This is your doing," he said.

Rufus admitted it, with his customary candor. He had a letter of introduction to the secretary, and he had called by appointment that morning. The Institution wanted something new to attract the members and the public. Having no present intention of lectur-

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ing himself, he had thought of Amelius, and had spoken his thought. "I mentioned," Rufus added, slyly, "that I didn't reckon you would mount the platform. But he's a sanguine creature, that secretary—and he said he'd try."

"Why should I say No?" Amelius asked, a little irritably. "The secretary pays me a compliment, and offers me an opportunity of spreading our principles. Perhaps," he added, more quietly, after a moment's reflection, "you thought I might not be equal to the occasion—and, in that case, I don't say you were wrong."

Rufus shook his head. "If you had passed your life in this decrepid little island," he said, "I might have doubted you, likely enough. But Tadmor's situated in the United States. If they don't practice the boys in the art of *orating*, don't you tell me there's an American citizen with a voice in *that* society. Guess again, my son. You won't! Well, then, 'twas Uncle Farnaby I had in my mind. I said to myself—not to the secretary—Amelius is bound to consider Uncle Farnaby. Oh, my, what would Uncle Farnaby say?"

The hot temper of Amelius took fire instantly. "What the devil do I care for Farnaby's opinions?" he burst out. "If there's a man in England who wants the principles of Christian Socialism beaten into his thick head, it's Farnaby. Are you going to see the secretary again?"

"I might look in," Rufus answered, "in the course of the evening."

"Tell him I'll give the lecture—with my compliments and thanks. If I can only succeed," pursued Amelius, heating himself with the new idea. "I may make a name as a lecturer, and a name means money, and money means beating Farnaby with his own weapons. It's an opening for me, Rufus, at the crisis of my life."

"That is so," Rufus admitted. "I may as well look up the secretary."

"Why shouldn't I go with you?" Amelius suggested.

"Why not?" Rufus agreed.

They left the house together.

(*To be continued.*)

Causes of Bad Health.

THE external causes of bad health have been defined as being reducible to seven great classes. These are atmospherical variations, physical accidents, organic poisons, errors in feeding, drinking and breathing, parasites or foreign living organisms infesting the body, occupations and modes of life, nervous or mental impressions. It has been observed by a scientist that of the twenty-four million eight hundred and fifty thousand people into which the English community was divided, the healthiest class was the professional; and then follow in order of healthfulness the agricultural, the domestic, the commercial and the industrious classes. It is among children under five years of age, however, that occurs the greatest amount of mortality, and, in fact, the mortality of young infants is known to be in such a deplorable state as to require much study and thought for its solution.

With reference to occupations and their tendency to shorten life, the value of fresh air as a preservative of health is instanced by the fact that the rate of mortality among grocers is considerably less than that among drapers. The disease which destroys the draper is pulmonary consumption. While the grocer bustles about his business with the shop-door open all day, the draper lives in a close place, with the shop-doors for the most part closed, and breathes, moreover, a dusty, close atmosphere. The heat and closeness which are the general characteristics of drapers' shops, account for the generally unhealthy appearance of the attendants in them. Publicans—who as a class are very comfortable, well housed, clothed and fed, and not obliged to go out in all weathers—should, it will be thought, compare favorably with other tradesmen as regards longevity. Such, however, is not the case, for we find that, in spite of all these advantages, they die so much faster than the rest of the people that in England a hundred and thirty-eight publicans die in proportion to a hundred of the whole of the community who are employed in seventy leading occupations.

The Victoria Cross.

OF all prizes that men in the British Army and Navy covet, there is none more eagerly sought, more jealously guarded, or more dearly loved than the simple cross in gun-metal, bearing the inscription "For Valor." The Victoria Cross was instituted by Royal Warrant on January 19th, 1856, as a reward for individual instances of merit and valor in the army and navy. Although many acts of heroism had been performed in both services in the earlier part of Queen Victoria's reign, it was not deemed advisable to make the action of the warrant retrospective, and the heroes of the Crimea were therefore the first who received the much-coveted decoration. The cross itself is a simple piece of gun-metal, bronze-colored, with the royal crest in the middle, and below the words "For Valor"; in the centre of the reverse the date of the act of heroism is inscribed, and on the bar to which the ribbon is attached the name of the individual and of the corps to which he belongs. On this bar also is engraved a sprig of laurel, and the bar is attached to the cross by the letter V on a red or blue ribbon, according to the service in the army or navy of the recipient. It is not to soldiers and sailors only, however, that the Victoria Cross is awarded, and many civilians who have distinguished themselves by acts of conspicuous bravery have been enrolled among the hero-band. The actual money value of the cross is only a few shillings, but the laurel crown of the Romans cost even less, and decorations are of course altogether valueless from that point of view. The day has not come yet when chivalry lies dead, or when bravery sells itself for cash. Many a brave knight has gone into the clash of arms and has fought bloody battles for the sake of a flower from the hair of his mistress, or a scarf which has encircled her fair neck; and, in these later times, many a man has gone into the deadly breach and through tempests of fiery missiles for the love of country and honor, sustained in the midst of dangers by the hope that some day that simple Maltese Cross, devised by the Queen, and always, when practicable, conferred by her own hand, may rest upon his breast. The Victoria Cross carries with it £10 a year pension for each non-commissioned officer and private, with an additional annuity of £5 for every additional bar, such bar being added upon each fresh act of bravery equal to the first.

Photography in the Bank of France.

THE Bank of France, according to the London *News*, appears to have hit upon an ingenious method of treating doubtful customers. The establishment has for some time past availed itself of photography, and among its officers is a photographic detective, to examine suspicious documents through the medium of a camera, which under some circumstances exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made, for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over, while a word or figure that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document. If we are to believe a recent account, the Bank of France has now added to its precautions an invisible studio placed in the gallery behind the cashiers. Hidden behind some heavy curtains is a camera, ready for work, and at a signal from any of the cashiers, the photographer proceeds to do his duty by depicting the particular customer who may be standing at the desk. The clerk engages the man's attention, and in a few moments the portrait is taken, and the bank in the possession of a photograph which may hereafter prove of value. The camera is then fitted with a fresh sensitive plate, and stands ready for use upon another emergency. How far such an arrangement could be of practical value remains to be seen, but the principal banking establishment in Paris has certainly to thank photography for the discovery of several frauds of late. A photographic laboratory and requisites form part of the institution, and most of the officials themselves have to submit to the process of being photographed, so that the direction may be in the possession of their portraits. This practice, it is held, is a deterrent against evil ways, for should any of the clerks be tempted to go astray, they know very well that they leave records of themselves behind. The same system prevails among the Paris police, where every one, from the highest to the lowest, is photographed.

Aerial Telegraphy.

PROFESSOR LOOMIS, of Washington, is experimenting in the mountains of West Virginia to demonstrate what he calls aerial telegraphy, which is based on the theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current, by taking advantage of which wires may be wholly dispensed with. It is said that he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by means of kites flown with copper wire. When the kites reached the same altitude or got into the same current, communication by means of an instrument similar to the Morse instrument was easy and perfect, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them run up steel rods into the region of the electric current. The statement is made that in this way, without any wire, he has been able to keep up telegraphic communication for months at a time. A heavy storm, however, prevents communication for a time, probably disarranging the current. In a recent letter Professor Loomis announced that he had recently discovered that the telephone could be used for this method of communication as well as telegraphic instruments, and that of late he had done all his talking with his assistant, twenty miles away, by telephone, the connection being aerial only. He claims that he can telegraph across the sea without other wires than those necessary to reach the elevation of the current. This claim of Professor Loomis belongs to the class of remarkable discoveries not yet demonstrated—a very large class—in which students of science are working with great energy.

The Telectroscope.

THE telephone and the phonograph are threatened with eclipse by a new apparatus, which, if report speaks truly, promises to be of considerable utility. It is called the telectroscope, and has been submitted by its inventor, M. Senlecq, to the Comte du Mornel and M. H. d'Arros, who are said to have reported favorably as to its merits. It is intended to produce telegraphically the pictures imprinted on the reflector of a distant camera obscura. The apparatus depends upon the sensitiveness of selenium to shades of light, and the effects of electric currents. Should M. Senlecq succeed in perfecting the invention, we shall have an instrument that will enable us to view distant scenes, just as the telephone enables us to hear sounds beyond the reach of our unassisted ears.

Divining in Scotland.

A PROCESS of divining, allied to casting lots, was formerly resorted to by young women in order to discover a thief, or to ascertain whether a young man who was courting one of them was in earnest, and would in the future become that girl's husband. The process was called the Bible and Key trial, and the formula was as follows: A key and Bible were procured, the key being so much longer than the Bible that when placed between the leaves the head and the handle would project. If the inquiry was about the good faith of a sweetheart the key was placed in Ruth i. 16, on the words, "Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou goest I will go," etc. The Bible was then closed and tied around with tape. Two neutral persons sitting opposite each other held out the forefingers of their right hands, and the person who was consulting the oracle suspended the Bible between their two hands, resting the projecting parts of the key on the outstretched forefingers. No one spoke except the inquirer, and she, as she placed the key and Bible in position, repeated slowly the whole passage, "Entreat me not to leave thee," John or James or whatever the name of the youth was, "for where thou goest I will go," etc. If the key and the Bible turned and fell off the fingers, the answer was favorable; and generally by the time the whole passage was repeated this was the result, provided the parties holding up the key and the Bible were firm and steady. For the detection of a thief the formula was the same, with only this difference, that the key was put into the Bible at the fiftieth Psalm, and the inquirer named the suspected thief and then repeated the eighteenth verse of that Psalm, "When thou sawest a thief then thou consentest with him," etc. If the Bible turned round and fell, it was held to be proof that the person named was the thief. This method of divining was not so frequently practiced, not through want of faith in its efficacy, but through superstitious terror, for the movement of the key was regarded as evidence that some unseen dread power was present.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Ulm, Bavaria, is to hold an exhibition of much interest, illustrating the history of printing and wood engraving.

Professor Famintzin, of St. Petersburg, has been elected member of the Russian Academy of Sciences in place of the late Professor Gelenoff.

The Russian Physical and Chemical Society is now discussing the means of a thorough study of the surface of the moon, especially by means of spectrum analysis.

A Native of Marseilles has purchased the right of extracting chlorate of potash from the Dead Sea, and effects to net $8 a ton on an indefinite quantity of it delivered at London.

The Madrid Historical Academy announces, after investigation, that there was no truth in the report that the remains of Christopher Columbus had been discovered in the Cathedral of San Domingo.

Dr. Aub, one of the oldest Rabbis in Berlin, recently received from the University of Munich a new doctor's diploma, commemorative of his having received that degree there fifty years ago. It was conferred by Dr. Steinthal in the name of the philosophical faculty.

The Director of the Postal Telegraph Service of the French Republic has been made a member of the Cabinet and placed on the same footing as the Postmaster General of the British Government. The present holder of that office is M. Cochery.

Among Recent Deaths is that of M. Chauffod, Professor of Zoology at the Paris School of Medicine. M. Chauffod during his whole career opposed M. Claude Bernard's determinism, and advocated the existence of a vital principle and final causes in a number of books largely circulated.

Russia has lost one more of her mathematicians—Professor Popoff, of Kazan. His works on the integration of differential equations, on hydrodynamics, on the waves which arise from the motion of a body, on definite integrals, on the calculus of variations, etc., have given to the late professor an eminent place among mathematicians.

The Italian Secretary for Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, has offered a prize of 3,000 lire (about $615) for the best monograph on the cultivation, growth, and diseases of the species *citrus* (the common lemon-tree). The competition will last until May, 1881, and all particulars may be learnt direct from the Secretary's office at Rome.

In Germany a man who wishes to become a medical practitioner has to pass some time in the course of his third year's study an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology; and at the close of his studies he has to spend sometimes as much as a five months' session in passing a final examination in the practical departments.

The Installation of Objects sent in for the Anthropological Exhibition at Moscow will begin in the end of March. The interesting collections from Samarcand have already arrived, as well as very interesting objects sent by the East Siberian branch of the Russian Geographical Society. Those of stone implements and of quaternary mammals especially draw the attention of the organizing committee, as well as several numismatic collections.

M. Chevreul, who, although about ninety years of age, enjoying good robust health, has resigned the administration of the Jardin des Plantes. M. Jules Ferry, the new Minister of Public Instruction, has written him a letter eulogistic of his career, and appointing him Honorary Administrator; also appointing as his successor for a term of five years, M. Fremy, the eminent Professor of Chemistry, Director of the Laboratory at the Gardens, the practical School of Chemistry in Paris.

The Aosta Section of the Italian Alpine Club proposes to celebrate this year the centenary of Saussure's travels in the Alps, which opened up quite a new world for science and for travelers. In 1779 he staid for the first time in the Valley of Annecy, and the club proposes to put a commemorative marble plate on the house he inhabited in the village of Dolonne, near Courmayeur. An inscription will probably be placed also on the Grammont Mountain, whence Saussure made his famous observations on Mont Blanc, the first ascent of which he made in 1787.

Photographing Sound.—A very ingenious method of recording articulate vibrations by means of phonography has just been invented. The apparatus consists of a steel mirror capable of oscillations on a diametral axis, to the back of which is attached a lever connecting it to the centre of a telephone disk, arranged with the ordinary mouthpiece. Whenever the disk is made to vibrate, the mirror oscillates with it, and a beam of sunlight thrown on the reflectors from a heliostat describes lines of light on a suitably prepared screen. If the latter be movable at right angles to those lines of light and carries a collodion film, the oscillation of the light is recorded on the prepared surface as a more or less complex curve, having the peculiarity of the sound wave which caused each particular movement. It is impossible to describe the infinite variety of shapes produced by the variations of sound, but they are extremely curious and very graceful.

The Capacity of Wood to Absorb Water.—M. Maumené has discovered that the proportions in which wood absorbs water differ in an eminent degree in various species. He tried his experiments on thirty-six species of wood, and the means he employed are very interesting. He had small cylinders turned to the dimensions of four inches in length and somewhat less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. These were first dried in the air and then over sulphuric acid under the receiver of an air pump, until the weight remained constant, and then plunged under water until they ceased to absorb any further moisture. The differences found in the capacities of the various kinds of wood to absorb water were extraordinary. They varied from 9.37 per cent. in the locust-tree of the West Indies to 174.86 per cent. in the horse chestnut. The quantity of water absorbed by wood in its ordinary state varies from 4.36 to 150.64 per cent. These observations will prove of value to manufacturers of furniture, carriages and pianos.

A Remedy for the Eruption Caused by Poison Ivy.—Dr. S. A. Brown, of the United States Navy, believes that he has found a specific for the eruption caused by contact with poison oak, sumach, ivy, etc. This specific is bromine. The eruption never extends after the first thorough application, but promptly begins to diminish. Within twenty-four hours, if the application be persisted in, the patient is entirely cured. There is no pain attending its use; of course, the epidermis peels off as after other treatment. He uses the bromine dissolved in olive oil in the proportion of ten to twenty drops of bromine to the ounce of oil, and applies by rubbing gently on the affected part three or four times a day, and specially on going to bed at night. The oil is to be washed off twice a day with castile soap. The bromine is so volatile that the solution should be renewed within twenty-four hours of its preparation, as it will get out of a bottle, however well corked. It is better to stand the bottle on its corked end, in the intervals of application. When it is desirable to keep the solution any length of time, a glass stoppered bottle will be necessary as bromine rapidly destroys cork.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FATHER RYAN, the poet-priest, is very ill at his home in Mobile from partial paralysis of the throat.

MR. HOMER BASS, M. P., one of the famous brewers of that name, was recently married to Hon. Louisa Bagot, daughter of Lord Bagot.

CHARLES H. BELL has been appointed United States Senator from New Hampshire for the extra session, vice Senator Wadleigh, whose term has expired.

QUEEN VICTORIA, it is rumored, has expressed a strong wish to see Canada, and the Prince of Wales is encouraging her to visit both that country and the United States.

THE withdrawal of the British fleet from Constantinople has been delayed in consequence of the desire of the Sultan to give a banquet in honor of Admiral Hornby.

THE Empress of Austria travels imperially. *En route* to England she left Vienna in a special train of two palace cars for herself, five for her suite, and three containing kitchen, etc.

GENERAL SIMON CAMERON celebrated his eightieth birthday at Harrisburg on March 8th. His house was crowded by friends, and the general was in an extremely happy mood.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, Chief Marshal of the German Empire and Chief of the General Staff, on March 8th celebrated in Holstein the sixtieth anniversary of his entry into military service. He received congratulations from all quarters.

IDA LEWIS, now Ida Lewis Wilson, has been appointed keeper of Lime Rock Light Station, at an annual salary of $750, an advance of $250 over the salary heretofore paid, made "in consideration of the remarkable services of Mrs. Wilson in the saving of lives."

THE Earl of Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, and now appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg, has been compelled, in consequence of his removal from England, to resign the Presidency of the Royal Geographical Society, which was recently conferred upon him.

MR. J. MILTON TURNER, ex-Minister to Liberia, is making speeches in Missouri in opposition to the proposed emigration of colored people of that State to Liberia. He advises them to stay where they are, and tells them they can do better in Missouri than in any other country under the sun.

DUKE POZZO DI BORGO, who died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-seven, had one of the most magnificent residences in France, the Château and Park of Montmesnil, which was destroyed in the war of 1870-71, but since restored. His annual income was about 400,000 francs.

MRS. LOCKWOOD, the first woman admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, is fifty years old, tall, erect, gray-haired, and the possessor of fine eyes. She made her first appearance in the court dressed in a semi-mannish blue cloth sacque, with brass buttons, and a plain velveteen skirt.

SENOR CASTELAR will deliver, in Oxford, in the Summer term, a series of lectures on Spanish literature. The language will be French, for the simple reason that no one in Oxford understands Spanish; but the lecturer will, in his last discourse, make an attempt on his audience in his own native language.

THE vestry of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, have elected the Rev. James De Koven, D.D., of Racine, Wis., as rector in the place of the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, who has accepted the position of Dean of the General Theological Seminary in New York. It is not known whether or not Dr. De Koven will accept the position.

PRINCE CHARLES of Roumania has offered to the Sultan a piece of ground in Bucharest, free of all expense, for the erection of a mosque for the use of his Majesty's Mohammedan subjects in the principality. The Mohammedans have not been permitted to have places of worship in Roumania since the principality was made a semi-independent State.

CHAN POY KWAI is the name of an educated Chinaman who is on the way East from San Francisco to deliver a series of lectures on the Chinese problem. He is about thirty years of age and is remarkably intelligent-looking for a Chinaman. He speaks English with such perfection that one would scarcely detect from listening to him that he was not an Englishman by birth.

THE Emperor of Germany has no imperial crown, and Dresden and some other important towns propose to get up one, with the accompanying insignia, as a present on the occasion of his golden wedding, hoping that, as it will be a gift to the sovereign rather than the man, it will be accepted, notwithstanding the announced determination of the Emperor to decline to receive presents on the coming anniversary.

LORD DUFFERIN has already more Orders of knighthood than any English civilian—K.P., G.C.M.G. (Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George), and K.C.B., and it is quite on the cards that he will be Governor-General of India, and add the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Star of India to the rest. Five English Prime Ministers (Pitt, Peel, Canning, Perceval and Gladstone) in the present century never had any kind of decoration.

THE silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria will be kept as a festival throughout the empire. In Vienna, especially, a grand procession, in imitation of the mediæval processions, is intended. The Viennese committee have confided the artistic arrangements to Professors Kaudmann and Makart, the architects Sicsit and Wagner, and the painter Schlicher. Professor Makart is preparing drawings of the groups and costumes, for which his studies for his great picture of the "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp" render him well qualified.

IN addition to the degree of LL.D., conferred upon Mr. John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Public Schools of Boston, by St. Andrew's University, that gentleman has received several honors from abroad. The French Government made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the University of France gave him the decoration of the Golden Palm, with the title of "officer of public instruction." The Golden Palm is the highest honor conferred by the university, and has been given to but one other American—General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education.

THE Austrian Crown Prince Rudolphe would have accompanied his Imperial mother on her visit to Ireland for some hunting, had not the loyal anxiety of the Hungarians for the safety of the heir apparent induced them to send up a deputation, headed by Count Clam-Gallas, to beg their sovereign not to let his son hunt. Francis Joseph, when this request was made, laughingly said: "My good Count, why do you always let your own son hunt? I see him generally amongst the first in the field." "A Clam-Gallas more or less matters little, your Majesty," answered the Count; "but the youth on whom the future tranquillity and good government of the Empire will rest, should not lightly risk his neck." The promise was at once given, and Prince Rudolphe remains at home.

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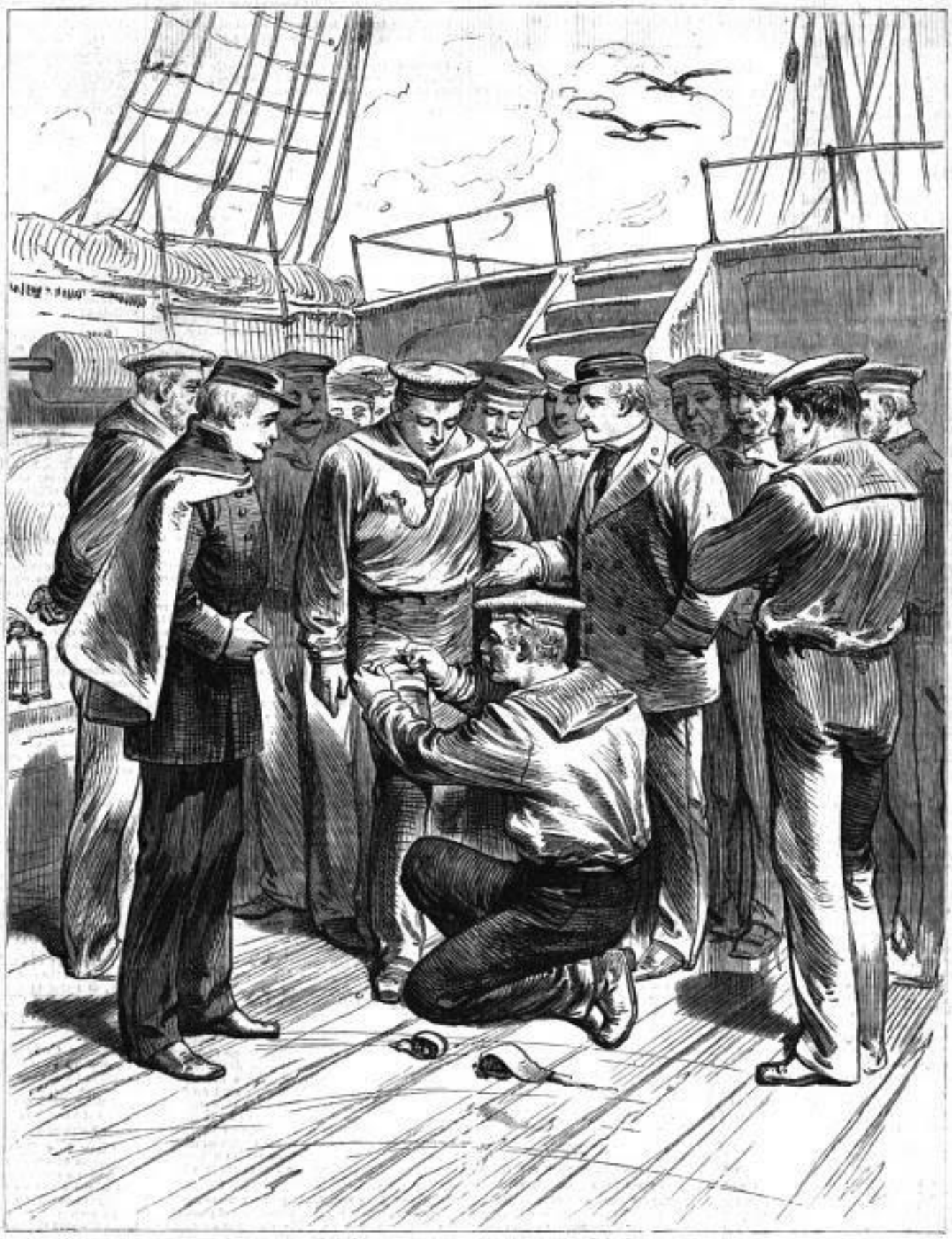
LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

IT is the boast of an American man-of-war that a person may roll about its decks in the cleanest and whitest of clothes, without soiling them in the least. That the boast is not an idle one will be believed by visitors to any of our ships, either at the Navy Yards, on foreign stations, or ocean duty. This thorough cleansing of decks and polishing of metal-work is a result, in more senses than one, of the extreme discipline maintained by the executive officer. Not only is it a portion of the regular work, but it is done by members of the crew as a punishment for the infraction of some of the many rules of the ship. In naval parlance, the scrubbing apparatus is termed a "holy-stone"—a designation said by some to have originated from the fact that the work is done on Sundays, and by others because of the numerous prayers said by the sailors over its head. The block is of sandstone of fine grit and about eighteen inches square. There is an eye in each end for ropes, and an indentation on top for the "squilgee" handle. After the deck has been considerably drenched with water, a quantity of sand is scattered over it, and the holystone is set at work with a man at each end, who pull it to and fro, while another guides it with the "squilgee." This monotonous labor is kept up for several hours, until the decks are as smooth and as white as a porcelain plate.

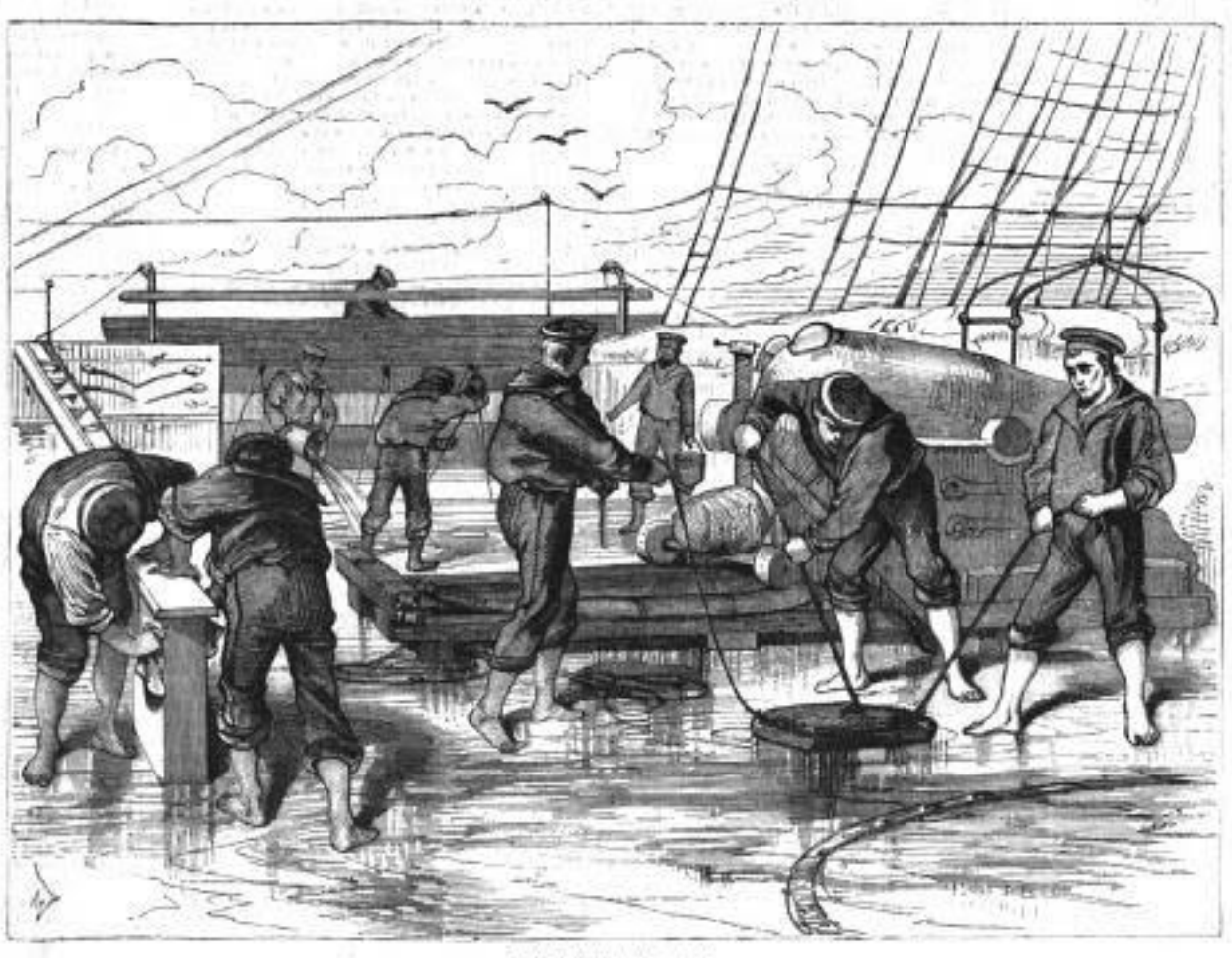
At "down-quarters" during the instruction of the crew at the gun, the assistant-surgeon gives a lesson in practical surgery, so that every man may learn how to relieve himself or assist a comrade when wounded in action, particularly for stopping the flow of blood. The simplest instrument for this purpose is the well-known tourniquet; but when no such method is at hand, quite effective ones may be improvised with handkerchiefs and pieces of wood or metal. The main part of the lesson is to inform the men of the exact location of the great veins in the arms and thighs, by a pressure on which the flow of blood from wounds in the extremities may be readily stopped. A sailor who has exhibited speed, accuracy and skill in affixing the tourniquet, and making and applying a substitute for the usual instrument, is rewarded with the honor of instructing details of the crew, under the supervision of the assistant-surgeon, as shown in our illustration.

There is a common conviction among naval sailors that the whilom glory of the American navy has departed; that the service is rapidly deteriorating through the enactments of landsmen who cannot distinguish a "sick-bay" from the Gulf of Mexico; that even for a season of peace there is little inducement for a man-of-war's man to remain in the service, and that there is absolutely nothing to keep up the old-time spirit which evolved heroes without number. It was a sorrowful day for Jack when, through the influence of the late Admiral Foote, his supply of grog was cut off, although a glorious one for the cause of temperance. In the good old days to stop a sailor's grog was the most horrible of all punishment that could be inflicted upon him, in his estimation, and he was almost inconsolable. He would rather undergo any kind of punishment than be deprived of his grog. To lose his *tot* of corn-juice morning and noon, and when the "*mate-brace* was spliced," was something he could barely endure. It was amusing to see the men in single file as they approached the grog-tub, and to see with what care the tot was lifted so as not to spill a drop of the precious fluid, and to look at the eager eyes, as with a steady hand it was carried to the lips, and, with the head thrown well back, the tot was drained almost as dry as if wiped out with a cloth. It required considerable vigilence on the part of the officer of the deck, Paymaster's Steward and Jack of the Dust, "to keep the veterans from *doubling the tub*."

The punishments regarded as light beside that of "loss of grog" would be esteemed by every one but a sailor of a pretty severe character. Congress has from time to time wrestled with rules for the better government of the Navy, and through these efforts much has been done to elevate the standard of manliness in those who from choice or otherwise have connected themselves with the naval service. By eliminating the degrading and barbaric practice of flogging, Congress recognized the sailor as a member of the human family, and did much to popularize this branch of the service. Yet an "Executive" can find means not only of punishing but of annoying those who may fall under the ban, or whom from dislike or malice he may imagine commits acts of insubordination. There is no limit to the length a martinet may carry his hazing proclivities and just keep within the law's requirements. Still a sailor would submit to any manner of punishment with a considerable degree of resignation if he could only have his ration of grog restored.



A LESSON IN SURGERY—APPLYING THE TOURNIQUET.



HOLYSTONING THE DECK.

LIFE ON BOARD AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.—SCENES ON THE U. S. S. "TICONDEROGA," DURING A RECENT CRUISE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

MARY FLETCHER HOSPITAL,

BURLINGTON, VT.

THERE is no higher or better use of wealth than that which contemplates the relief of the suffering and unfortunate. This, unquestionably, was the feeling which inspired Miss Mary Fletcher, of Burlington, Vt., to build and endow the hospital in that city which bears her name, and which was formally opened on the 22d of January last. Miss Fletcher appropriated, in all, for this charity the sum of $150,000. Of this sum $50,000 was for the erection of the buildings, and they have been erected within that limit, and $100,000 was for the permanent endowment of the hospital. She subsequently added $25,000 for the purchase of the site for the institution.

The architecture of the building is very imposing, with its stately portico, the red brick trimmed and varied with black, the massive portals, the generous windows and the tower surmounting all; and the whole structure reflects credit upon the architect—Mr. W. P. Wentworth, of Boston. The main building is of brick, is four stories high, including basement, and is surmounted by a large observatory, the entire height of the building from the top of the weather-vane on the observatory to the ground being 84 feet. The building has a frontage of 80 feet on the north, and 56 feet on the west. On the southwest of the main building is a single story L, 28x40 feet, and a little to the west and connected with the main building by a corridor 75 feet long is the amphitheatre, which has a frontage of 38 feet by 46 feet deep. The amphitheatre is fitted with five rows of elevated, semi-circular seats, and it is in this room that all surgical operations will be performed and the clinical lectures delivered. In this building also are consultation, anæsthetizing and recovery rooms. A few rods from the amphitheatre have been erected three small buildings to be used, respectively, as a laundry, autopsy room and stable. The arrangements are throughout very complete; the patients' rooms especially are most admirably adapted to their intended purpose. The utmost care has been paid to the important matter of ventilation; and while all the building is heated by steam, each room also contains a fireplace and

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NEW YORK.—MONUMENT TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE TOWN OF WALLKILL.—FROM A PHOTO. BY E. JESSUP.

grate, thus giving an additional guarantee of perfect purity of atmosphere and also affording a better opportunity for regulating the temperature.

The Fletcher Hospital is designed primarily for Vermont, and it is the hope and expectation of its founder and corporators that it will become one of the great institutions of the State. It is in one sense a *free* hospital, for while those patients able to do so will pay certain rates, according to the accommodations they receive, those from that State wholly unable to pay anything will be received to the extent of the accommodations, under certain fixed regulations. It is not expected that the hospital will, at the outset, be crowded with patients, but that increasing demands will be made upon its accommodations as the city increases in size and population. The plans of the managers look to the future as well as to the present.

THE LATE ADAM AND EVE.

THERE was much genuine grief in Philadelphia over the death of the two remarkable chimpanzees, Adam and Eve, who had been comfortably lodged in the Zoological Gardens. They had given exhibition of rare intellectual powers, and by their suavity, their peaceful and decorous habits, and their marked appreciation of popular notice had endeared themselves to all habitués of the "Zoo." Affectionate and constant to each other, solicitous in a large degree for each other's comfort, cheery, graceful and loquacious in their way, they had become, in the brief period of their domicile, objects of wonder, not only to the general run of visitors, but to medical and scientific enthusiasts. They were the largest of their species which had survived the long journey, and great things were expected of them. Every possible attention was given them, but an unusually severe Winter brought upon one a fatal illness and so affected the other that, with the loss of companionship, life became too dreary to be longer borne, and so was speedily ended. One survived the other but a few days, and the couple had a host of real mourners. The chief were the doctors, who, in manipulating the cadavers, will find little recompense for the loss of opportunity for studying the development of these wonderful "kin beyond the sea."

MONUMENT TO THE SOLDIERS OF WALLKILL, NEW YORK.

THIS monument, now in course of construction, and to be erected at Middletown, N. Y., to the memory of the dead soldiers of the war of the Rebellion, consists of a bottom base eight feet square by two feet thick, a second base six feet square by one foot four inches, a third base four feet nine square at bottom, and molded to an octagon at the top, two feet three inches thick. In each of the four corners is a small cannon, and on the front panel of the base is inscribed the following: "Erected to the Memory of the Soldiers of the Town of Wallkill." The next block consists of the die, three feet six inches at bottom, and diminishing slightly towards the top. The cap is gothic, and in each of the panels is a corps badge. On the mold of this cap next the die are raised polished stars for each State of the Union. Then the pedestal, on the front of which is a monogram, N.Y.S.V. (New York State Volunteers), on a polished shield. Surmounting the whole is a soldier seven feet high, standing at parade rest. Every side of every block of this monument is highly polished, and has raised panels with finely hammered work. The total height is twenty-two feet. The monument is of Vermont granite. It is surrounded by a granite coping and an iron fence. The design is by Mr. O. E. Owen, of Middletown, N. Y.

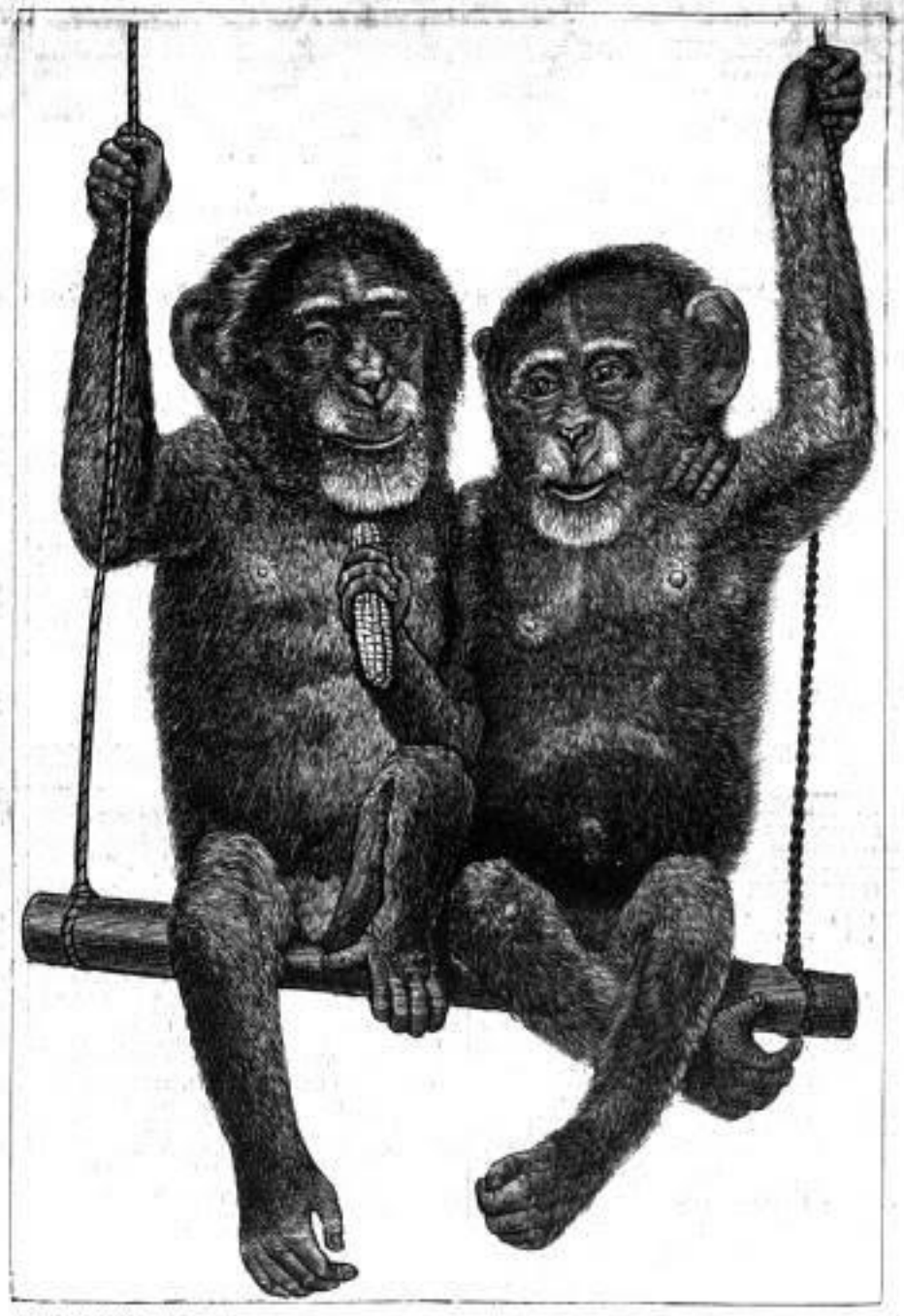
GAMBETTA.

GAMBETTA became famous and popular all at once in December, 1868, when speaking as counsel for the *Rèveil*, which had been prosecuted for organizing a subscription to raise a monument to the representative Baudin, who was slain at the *coup d'état* of 1851. He delivered an harangue, which was one long, impassioned and scathing philippic against Napoleon III. Most people wondered that the Judges of the Sixth Chamber should have allowed him to proceed to the end of this denunciation unchecked; but one must have heard Gambetta speak to understand the enthralling charm of his oratory. I witnessed a proof of this in April, 1870, when he uttered his memorable speech about the "irreconcilables," plainly telling the Ollivier Ministry that he and his followers only accepted the Liberal concessions of the Empire as a "bridge" towards the Republic. In the ardor of his peroration he swept his hand over the ledge of the tribune and knocked a bowl of beef broth, which had been brought for his refreshment, on to the heads of two ushers beneath. In the case of ordinary speakers this mishap would have raised inextinguishable laughter; but as it was, no one even smiled, and the two ushers wiped their hair, ears, and coats in the mutest resignation. Gambetta came to demolish Napoleon's throne just at the time when a man of his sort was wanted. The generation which had seen the butcheries of December, 1851, had half passed away, and the new generation was inclined to judge of the Empire by its pinchbeck splendor and the great material prosperity it had conferred on the land. Gambetta roused the conscience of the nation by reminding it of the crimes which it had no business to bury in oblivion. He came like Daniel at the feast of Belshazzar, but he did more than interpret the writing on the wall: he himself wrote the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" with the blood of the martyred Baudin. From the first it was never doubtful that his prophecies would be fulfilled. All Paris felt that great events were impending; but Gambetta himself had an idea that he should be suddenly arrested and shipped off to Cayenne. I met him a few days after the battles of Woerth and Forbach, when the Empress Regent had put Paris in a state of siege, and at parting I said: "Au revoir au Capitol." He shook his head and answered that he thought Palikao, the Prime Minister, would try to kidnap him. "All my footsteps are dogged," said he, "and my poor aunt advises me to carry a revolver about with me. But that would do no good." The apprehension of being arrested did not shake Gambetta's nerve or interfere with his spirits. He had not taken to "doing Banting" in those days, and after every one of those copious repasts in which he delighted, and where Burgundy was his staple wine, he would jest in a truly Rabelaisian style about his imperial enemies. One of the mistakes he made at this time (he himself calls it *the* capital blunder of his life) was to trust in Bazaine. He worked with all his might to get that traitor appointed Commander-in-Chief, and he succeeded. If the truth must be told, he was fairly carried away by the seductive eloquence of Madame Bazaine. There was no resisting that dark-eyed little Mexican beauty, who chattered like a humming-bird, and amid weeping, wringing of hands, and ecstatic declarations of patriotism, vowed her husband's willingness to die for his country. "Can't you understand what a soldier like my husband must feel at seeing the army commanded by an oaf like this third Napoleon?" exclaimed Madame Bazaine, passionately (within an hour after she had kissed the hand of the Empress and protested her allegiance to the throne). "Yes," answered Gambetta, and for that one time in his life he was weak.

He is not weak now. I wish I could put into fitting words the intense admiration I feel for Gambetta's proconsulate at Tours and at Bordeaux. Let it be remembered that he had then to contend against the sulkiness of Legitimists, the lukewarmness of Orleanists, the downright disaffection of Bonapartists; and that he yet slew nobody, arrested no one, and caused armies to spring up from beneath the sod, as it were. He saved the honor of France. He committed blunders, of course, but how few! And it must be reckoned to his credit that amidst overwhelming temptations to make money (*e.g.*, the Morgan Loan), he left office no richer than he had been before. After the peace he took up his residence in a third-floor apartment of the Rue Montaigne, where his aunt, Mademoiselle Massabie, acted as his housekeeper, and there he remained until his proprietorship of the *République Française* having made him rich, he removed to more suitable lodgings. The Conservative journals have poked much fun at Gambetta, and tried to paint him as a greedy adventurer; but I do not think it would be possible to find a man less wrapt up in self and more devoted to his party and its principles. The dominant sentiment in his mind is the ambition to do what no one else has been able to do, viz., found the Republic in France. Very good-natured withal, he refuses the co-operation of no one who can help him towards this end, inasmuch that when the Cabinet of the 16th of May was overthrown, and hundreds of placemen were trembling for their emoluments, he kept many of them in their situations, simply because they had sent him supplicatory letters.



VERMONT.—THE MARY FLETCHER HOSPITAL, RECENTLY OPENED AT BURLINGTON.



PENNSYLVANIA.—ADAM AND EVE, THE LATE CHIMPANZEES OF THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN. FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE T. HOBBS.

ARTIFICIAL MINERALS.

FOR a long time past the attention of geologists has been turned to the study of the means by which nature has worked in the production of the rocks and minerals, constituting the crust of the earth. Already a large number of minerals have been produced out of their elements in the laboratories of chemists; and although no commercial value attaches to them, they are of great interest in enabling us to solve many problems in geology. Nature has had ages to work in while the imitations of man are of momentary duration, and hence the size of the productions of the former must greatly exceed those of the latter. Rubies, sapphires, corundums, diamonds and feldspar have been made in considerable quantity. Some time ago M. Meunier, a geologist, informed the Academy of Sciences of Paris that he had been able to produce an artificial brochantite (sub-sulphate of copper) wholly rebellious to the chemist. In exceeding his researches he has now succeeded in obtaining melanochroite, a sub-chromate of lead. By mixing together cold solutions of galena (sulphide of lead) and potassium bichromate, and allowing them to remain undisturbed for many months, he obtained crystals of melanochroite resembling

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in every respect those found in nature. Although, as we have said, such experiments may have no practical value, they, nevertheless, are a step in advance in the study of the composition of the globe.

OUR PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

THE event of the week at the Academy of Music was the production of Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," with Madame Marie Roze as the Queen, and Signor Campanini in the title rôle. Society mustered in its full strength, and when the curtain rose every available seat was occupied by the representatives of musical criticism, and the lovers of good music at its best. The libretto is an adaptation of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance, the score the composition of Filippo Marchetti. The opera was originally produced at La Scala, Milan. Rich in clearly defined melodies, the harmonies are delightfully tinted, and the ensemble exceptionally brilliant, while the martial music may be described by the hackneyed but appropriate term—soul-stirring. Never did Madame Marie Roze sing more sympathetically; never did she exhibit her high dramatic powers more vividly; never did the subtle charms of her finished acting and beauteous presence appeal more intensely. She was every inch a queen, a right royal beauty, combining the *hauteur* of a Medicis with the womanly softness of Faria. The duet "Dolce Volutia" was rapturously encored, the recalls being again and again repeated; while her rendering of the ballad "O Mia Dolce Alemagna" and the "Larda Durata" achieved signal triumphs. Signor Campanini was at his very best, and his acting would have done no discredit to his great master, Salvini. In the last act, the snatching of the sword from his relentless, merciless foe, and his subsequent death agony, were simply superb exhibitions of dramatic powers. Madame Lablache made much of a small part, enacting the duchess duenna to the life. The manner in which the opera was put on the stage does infinite credit to Colonel Mapleson. The dresses were magnificent and true to the Hidalgo period, while the court scene with its march past was a veritable pageant. "Ruy Blas" is destined to become immensely popular while it has added additional and special lustre to the management.

At Wallack's a mere "Scrap of Paper" is drawing large audiences. This adaptation of Sardou's "Pattes de Mouches" is crisp as a new bank note, and bright as a Jablakoff candle.

"The Banker's Daughter" having passed the Rubicon of one hundred nights at the Union Square, bids fair for a phenomenal score.

At Fifth Avenue "Thro' the Dark" has scored a genuine success. The plot is intensely dramatic, the situations full of the keenest and most vivid interest. Not for one moment does the attention flag, and when light and happiness are at length happily arrived at "Thro' the Dark," the feeling of the audience is one of intense relief. The management has mounted the piece in a manner to justify the highest encomiums, and the cast is exceptionally a strong one.

"Hardly ever" has a ship encountered such favorable weather as the "Pinafore." The theatrical ports she is now unloading at are the Lyceum, the Standard, and the Broadway. The crew is in admirable condition, and the cargo which is nightly sent ashore well worthy of investment.

"The Black Crook" has been revived at Niblo's, "La Cigale," at the Olympic, while at Booth's "The Little Duke," the maddest, merriest of opera bouffes, was produced on Saturday night, more of which anon.

"Engaged," Mr. W. S. Gilbert's burlesque comedy, is doing its sparkling gently. Its tone is refreshing and thorough, whilst the sparkle of its dialogue and its charming *mise en scène* render a visit to the Park Theatre a coveted enjoyment. The acting of Agnes Booth marks the true *artiste*. It is natural, devoid of forced effects, and exquisitely sympathetic.

FUN.

WHY was a mother of one of the old Peruvian rulers like a piece of rubber? She was an Incaleulator.

THE proprietor of a bone-factory announces that persons leaving their bones with him can have them ground at short notice.

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL: "The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond ear-rings 'cause papa hid them." *Visitor*: "Where has he hid them?" *Little girl*: "Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout; and he guessed they would stay there."

A CITIZEN went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired, "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle, till prices come down."

THE sisters had not been on the most loving terms for some time, when one day a lady visitor praised the good looks of the offspring of one. "How much he looks like Mrs. Black," said she, "especially when she laughs." Mrs. Black was expressing her pleasure at the compliment implied, when the *enfant terrible* blurted out, "Mamma says I look like a fool when I laugh!" Tableau.

TO KNOW whether a garden has been planted or not, a Western paper gives the following rule: "If one forgets whether beds are planted or not, a good way to tell is to turn a stray cat into the garden. If the beds are planted, the cat will proceed to race round and dig into them, and act as if it had relatives in China whom it was anxious to get at; while, if they are not, it will sit down calmly in the path and seem to be meditating on the progress of missionary work in Africa. A cat's instinct seldom deceives in this matter."

A WRITER on household adornment says: "One can easily transform a long and uninteresting parlor into a series of small, artistic rooms, full of sentiment. Gather there easy-chairs, footstools, lounges strewn with pillows, workstands, writing-tables, jardinières, bits of bunt furniture, screens, etc." Oh, yes: these trifles cost comparatively nothing. And you might also bring up the wood-horse and saw, and the washing-machine, and fill in with two or three rosewood pianos, and strew a few coal-stoves over the floor, and hang the wash-boiler and several iron pots on the wall—and you will be surprised at the effect.

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

THE PHYSICAL PARADOX.

IT has been said that "the blood is the source of life." It is as truly the source of disease and death. No life, that is to say, no healthy tissue can be generated from impure blood, no organ of the body can normally perform its functions when supplied with impure blood. The fluid that should carry life and health to every part, carries only weakness and disease. Blood is the source of life only when it is *pure*. If it has become diseased, it must be cleansed by proper medication, else every pulsation of the human heart sends a wave of disease through the system. To cleanse the blood of all impurities, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the most effectual alterative, tonic, and cathartic remedies yet discovered. *They are especially efficient in scrofulous diseases.*

THE great gift book sale of A. W. Lovering, the book-king of Boston, is a marked feature of the times. Its very existence in these hard times is a proof of the success which will ever attend the judicious exercise of business energy, commercial honesty and strict performance of promises. Mr. Lovering has been honorably and universally known in Boston for over twenty-five years, and during that time has deservedly won the esteem and confidence of the community for reliability, promptitude and liberality. His colossal gift sale is an acknowledged success; his gifts are awarded with the utmost impartiality (pianos, watches and diamond rings, stretching far into the thousands, having already been given away). All we can say is, send for his large catalogue explaining the modus operandi of the sale.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

No. 1,227—Vol. XLVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1879. [Price 10 Cents.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

Visit of the American Industrial Deputation to Mexico.

THE exhibition of American and Mexican products at the Mineria was thronged daily by all classes of the residents of Mexico, from the *zarape*-clad Indian followed by his wife, the stereotyped infant hammocked in the stereotyped *rebozo* on her back, to the high-hatted, high-shirt-collared, high-heeled swells, their señoras and señoritas either in raven-black, which becomes them, or in gaudy, ill-sorted, defiant colors, that become them not. Why will the Mexican swells persist in wearing heels high as Popocatapetl? Why will they, in walking, wobble like a Chinese lady of seven buttons? Why do they imagine that a big toe bulging upwards, like a mushroom out of mother earth, is a thing of beauty? What a crop of bunions are being raised for Mexico during this year of grace—bunions as large as lemons or *granadillas!* On Sunday it was next to an impossibility to gain admission to the Mineria, so great was the throng; yet, it was a gentle, passive crowd, that moved sluggishly onward like the waters of the "lazy Scheldt." The "chromo" exhibit possessed a strong fascination for the Mexican, especially such of the pictures as betrayed a religious or ecclesiastical tendency. The Pope was snapped up in a twinkling, and a saint, no matter how remote in the litany, sold at a very respectable figure. "If I only had a chromo of the Virgin of Guadalupe, my fortune was made!" sighed Mr. Kelly, the exhibitor. The Mexicans are not very severe or accurate art-critics. I saw "An Indian Summer in the Adirondacks" sell for a scene near Jalapa, and a likeness of Peter Cooper realized a dollar, under the impression that it was that of Cardinal Manning attired in secular raiment. Mr. Kelly returns to Mexico for the exhibition in January next, to bring with him several thousand chromos of the Virgin of Guadalupe, with as many of Hidalgo, since in every homestead, from the palace on the Plaza Mayor to the sugar-cane cabin out in the tawny sands, are representations of the Virgin and the patriot to be seen—rude, ill-drawn daubs, to be sure, but to the present hour regarded by these simple people as specimens of the very highest art. I have already mentioned the exhibit of Messrs. Rogers, Cooper, and Davis respectively. Plows shone very conspicuously in the Mineria, and every one exhibited was bought up instanter; and Mr. Dickinson, who represented Deere & Co., Moline, Ill., informed me that he could have sold his entire exhibit four times over. Harrison & Co., Belleville, and H. H. Smith & Co., Pekin, Ill., displayed drawings of wagons, plows, threshing-machines and other agricultural implements. Porter & Mowbray, of Winona, Minn., exhibited six different classes of flour. George S. Bowen, of Chicago, made a goodly show of cotton prints from the Harmony Mills, at Cohoes, N. Y.; Richardson & Co., New York; and Lockwood & Co., Waterville, Me. Nails were strongly represented by the Riverside and Benwood Iron Works of Wheeling, W. Va., and the Bellair (Ohio) Works. Wood & Co. and Park Brother & Co., through C. L. Umbstaetter, exhibited sheet-iron and cast-steel; while Gill Brothers & Co., of Steubenville, Ohio, displayed a large assortment of glassware.

Continued on page 70.]



MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON. SEE PAGE 71.



MEXICO.—WATER-CARRIERS AT THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PLAZA SANTO DOMINGO, CITY OF MEXICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.

"THREE STROKES; Or, THE SECRET OF COZY DELL." It began in No. 722 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. Read De Mille's brilliant story.

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of Germany, with a numerous suite. She was received at the west door by the Lord Chamberlain.

The bridal procession was immediately formed, and moved up the nave to the choir, the train of her Royal Highness being borne by eight unmarried daughters of dukes, marquises and earls. As the procession passed up the chapel, Handel's "Occasional Overture" was given on the organ. The bride was conducted to a seat in the choir on the left of the dais, and her supporters to seats near her, while the bridesmaids stood behind, and the Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain next to them. The bride was given away by her father. The body of the chapel was occupied by about 150 Ambassadors and foreign Ministers with their families, Cabinet Ministers, members of the nobility, and distinguished soldiers and sailors.

At the conclusion of the service the choir sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" pealed forth as the bride and bridegroom left the chapel, while in the long walk a salute of guns announced the termination of the ceremony. The royal family and guests left the chapel in the reversed order in which they entered it. All the royal personages returned to the Queen's entrance to the castle, where the registry of the marriage was signed in the green drawing-room, and duly attested by the Queen and the other distinguished personages invited to attend for that purpose.

The bridal dress of the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia is of heavy white satin, and the low bodice is embroidered with lace four inches in width. The skirt is ornamented with lace twelve inches in width, and there is attached in front, a little towards the right, a small bouquet of myrtle. The train is thirteen feet long, and is covered by a rich lace flounce, the width of which is three feet and a half, and upon which is laid a branch of myrtle. The bridal veil is a square of lace blossoms, about ten feet and a half square, which will be fastened to the top of the crown, enveloping the princess. All the lace is of the finest point d'Alençon; the design, modern in style, representing a fantastic combination of oranges, myrtle and roses. The bridal handkerchief is made on the same pattern, and has in one corner the interlaced name of the bride and in the other the Prussian eagle. The bridal wreath, the orange-blossoms and leaves, will be added in England. The recent bereavements in the two royal and imperial families have rendered several black *robes de cour* for the princess indispensable. Among these are a velvet dress, bodice, and skirt richly embroidered with pearl lace, and a dress of rep, the satin insertion of which is adorned with rich bead embroidery. The traveling costume is gray, braided with soutache. The dresses of the bridesmaids are most costly and rich.

The princess was born July 25th, 1860, and is the daughter of Friedrich Karl, the "Red Prince," nephew of Emperor William. In form she is tall, has gray eyes, and a profusion of fair hair; though not considered beautiful, is very attractive, and has numerous accomplishments, being particularly skillful with her pencil.

The groom, Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, was born on May 1st, 1850. He was educated in the Woolwich Military Academy, and ten years ago was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, subsequently receiving commissions in the Royal Artillery and in the Rifle Brigade. In May, 1874, he was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex. The match is said to be one of love on both sides.

WHAT THE TELEGRAPH BROUGHT.

THE south wind was sweeping hot and fierce across the island. The ragged branches of the sparse cedars and willows were all bent out northwards, stretching away from the ceaseless sweep of this wild Summer wind that for days and weeks had given them no rest. In the northwest the sun was sinking into a low bank of mist, through which his rays streamed, glorious with crimson and gold, upon the shoals and sandbars of the Sound, upon the lighthouse in the harbor, upon the long line of great windows in the old Government hospital, high up on the bank, and upon the dark figure of a young girl, hurrying on before the wind, which blew her clothing wildly before her, as if to hasten her rapid footsteps.

She was walking straightforward towards the sunset, heedless of the sinuous path which wound among the ragged grass tufts and the coarse reeds of the bank. The sunlight, streaming into her eyes beneath the flapping border of her sun-bonnet, did not dazzle her.

She gazed fixedly upon it, with steady, wide-open eyes, from which another light flashed out — a light fierce and restless, more in keeping with the wild spirit at her back than with the calm glory before her. Once she paused and wrung her hands as if in pain. "Oh!" she said, with a long, low, shivering breath; and then she went on, striding fiercely through the water, to where a little boat was moored. Loosening this, she sprang in, and, taking an oar, sculled the little craft with dexterous hand out among the low breakers of the Sound, straight onwards through the rosy pathway of the dying day.

Free of the shoals and sandbars of the harbor, she laid aside her oar, and, dropping her arms upon her lap, buried her face in them.

All the past was sweeping rapidly over her memory in the lonely twilight — the long dreary years since her stepmother's second marriage with the rough old port-collector had brought them to live upon this southern island; the desolate discomfort of the abandoned Government hospital, which was their home; the sordid cares and weary drudgery which filled up her life; the dull stagnation into which her mind was settling, and the wild longing after something other than all this which was born of old remembrances of a happier time, and of the teachings of that gentle father who had so early faded out of her life; the struggles to raise herself out of the depths of ignorance into which her fate had plunged her. And then the ray of light that had fallen suddenly athwart the gloom of her prison-house. That bright face once more shone upon her; those blue eyes once more smiled into hers; that cheery voice again echoed in her ears. "Miss Fettie, think of me henceforth always as your friend."

She went over it all again—that dreary evening when, the housework done, the children in bed, and the stepmother gone out with her husband for a gossip with a neighbor, some sudden impulse had sent her back to her books, and she had sat in the kitchen, working out a "sum" by the light-wood blaze. She heard again the purring of the fire, and the clicking of the telegraph in the next room; and then the silence, the opening door, the steps upon the kitchen-floor, and the bright young presence stood again before her. It was only the new telegraph-operator, but to her the sunny-haired boy, with his rosy, dimpled cheek, his full red lips, and those great blue eyes, shaded by long lashes—to her it was an Apollo, a god, a being divine, which irradiated the dark kitchen with his presence.

And he sat down beside her in the firelight, and had taken the slate from her hands, and revealed the hidden mysteries of the "sum"; and she had grown bold to tell him of her aspirations and her disappointments, and how, with no sympathy, no help, no friend, the hope of an education was fading away with despair; and he had cheered her and encouraged her, and promised her such help as he could give—promised with a laugh and a blush, for he himself was not educated, he said—not as he had hoped to be. And then the heavy tread of the stepmother had sounded upon the long piazza, and the youth had risen to go, holding out his hand for a firm, warm, good-night clasp, with those words which thrilled her yet, in the misty darkness, "Miss Fettie, think of me henceforth always as your friend."

The weeks that followed passed in rapid review; weeks in which the promised friendship had become the joy of her life, and her most secret hopes and aspirations had unfolded themselves before him as a flower unfolds to the sunlight. And then the cloud had gathered—so suddenly, so darkly—the girl shivered as she thought. It was only a few words to her stepmother. "Would Mrs. Corson consent to take a few boarders for the Summer weeks? His mother and sister, and—and—a young lady," and the bright, blue eyes had fallen for a moment, and the fair cheek had been suffused with a girlish blush, and the light had died out of Fettie's life. And all to-day he had been gone away to meet them, on the little sailboat which carried the mail, and Fettie had been preparing the rooms for the mother and sister and—the young lady, who had brought a blight upon her life, and all day the wild fierce grief had been gnawing, gnawing, and now——

There was a shout, a scream, a rushing of the waters. The girl sprang to her feet Close upon her was the white-winged sailboat; the figure standing upon the bow—how well, in that sudden instant, she knew it! The voice that cried to the man at the helm—even in this swift moment how it thrilled to her heart, as the crash, too late foreseen, struck down the little boat, and the cold waters engulfed the girlish form! How was it that she knew, as the water closed above her head, that he had sprung after her? What swift intuition taught her that he would save her life? A strange, wild sweetness surged over her heart as consciousness faded away from her in the watery depths.

She knew when she awoke that she was lying in the sailboat, and that his mother was looking upon her, even in that moment, with a cold repulsion, as one who had jeoparded her son's life. She roused herself proudly from the deathly weakness which almost overpowered her, and dragged herself to the stern, where Jack Abbott, the mail-carrier, sat, holding the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other. He would have leaped into the water to save her, too, she knew full well, more gladly, perhaps, than the other, if his duty and care for her as well had not kept him at his post; but that thought only chilled her heart the more. She made no reply to his rough, earnest congratulations and wonderings, and sprang upon the shore as the keel grazed the sands.

"Let me go, Mr. Ralph!" she cried, almost fiercely, as he sought to detain her.

"Do not stop the girl, Ralph," said his mother. "She is wet through, and must hurry home to change her clothes; and you, too, as well."

The words were not unkind, but the tone—ah! how it chilled her, beyond even the chilling of the wet garments, which clung to her and swept the sands about her feet, as she hurried home.

How for a time she cowered in the shadows of her room, tormented by troubling thought. But she had not even seen their faces in the darkness. She must know what they were like. She could not wait, and she rose and dressed hastily and went out upon the broad piazza.

Through the wide, curtainless windows of the telegraph-room the light-wood fire shone bright. She crept to the window and looked in. The mother sat in the rude, easy-chair, facing the window, her arms around her boy. Not cold and proud now the face which gazed with such unutterable fondness upon him, as he smiled up into her eyes, or turned to play with the long curls of his little sister's chestnut hair. And that radiant presence which confronted her without knowing it, ah, how bright it was! It dazzled Fettie's hot, glazed eyes as the sun-blaze had been powerless to do. And yet how serenely fair was the beautiful creature who leaned against the mantel, looking down upon the group of mother and children.

She had not stirred nor uttered a sound, but he knew that she was there, and, rising, came quickly out to her, before she had time to flee away.

"We were talking of you, Fettie," he said; "come in and see my mother, and Ethel and Alice," and he led her unwillingly along. How could she resist the firm clasp of that kindly hand?

The weeks which followed were ages of torture to the girl. The visitors were kind to her—more than kind—recognizing in her that heart equality with which circumstances have nothing to do; it was not their fault that she suffered, yet how should she not suffer? Constantly busy about them in the necessary offices which fell to her lot, not even their genuine and unfailing courtesy could bridge over the gulf which had been fixed between them.

Little Alice made much of her, delighting to help her in her homely tasks, and not permitting the service which it was Fettie's duty to render in her room. Ethel was even caressing in her manner to her, full of little tendernesses and sympathetic pettings; but whom did Ethel not caress? Even the children, dull, uninteresting little mortals that they were, fell into a share of her pettings, and Alice, Mrs. Montagu, Ralph even, she tended and fondled with almost a mother's affectionate care and tenderness.

Mrs. Montagu took a kind interest in Fettie's struggles, lending her books and advising her about her studies; but it needed no prophet's vision to see that her heart was set upon a union between Ethel and Ralph, and a less sensitive soul than Fettie's would have felt, beneath all her kindness, her shrinking from any association between the island girl and her son. Fettie avoided Ralph with a proud disdain of any imputation of interfering with his mother's plans; indeed she would gladly have kept aloof from them all, but they followed her with kind intentions, glad, they thought, to throw a little brightness across her dreary life.

They wanted her to go with them upon the Sound one lovely moonlight evening, but Fettie had been deaf to Alice's entreaties, to Ethel's little blandishments. "I want to study to-night," she had said; and then Ralph, coming out upon the piazza from his telegraph office, had entreated, "Do come, Fettie, I must have one able seaman among so many helpless passengers;" and Mrs. Montagu had added, "The studies will go on all the better for a little play, Fettie," and Fettie could not but yield, could not but be flattered by the words and smile.

Ethel had brought a guitar to her island home, and she used to play upon it when they went upon the water in the moonlight—playing accompaniments to Ralph's singing, or to glees or choruses in which they all joined—all but Fettie, who sat alone at the tiller, guiding the little boat. "It would have been such a pity to have no music," Ethel said. Why should not Ralph hang over her as she played in the moonlight, humming little bits and refrains of airs out of that other world of theirs into which Fettie might never enter, smiling up into his dark blue eyes, from under her long golden lashes? And then, as her heart was throbbing, and her eyes burning with grief, he had left them all and come over to her; his hand had touched hers as he took the tiller from her, his eyes had darkened with that soft, sudden smile which was not—with a wild throb of joy her heart told her—not as he had smiled upon Ethel—oh, no, not like that!

The warmth of that smile played around her all the night. She awaked in the morning from dreams sweet, tender, vague, she knew not what; they had faded from her, but their gladness remained. All day she went about her work in a bright halo, tremulous, misty, which shut her off from the harsh distastefulness of duty. She kissed Alice for the first time when she ran to beg her to join them in their afternoon walk, and went to her room to dress, laying out the delicate sprigged calico that Ethel had showed her how to make—the first pretty dress which she had had for years. Would he notice the change in her? Would his eyes soften again with that sudden smile when he saw her? And while she was smiling into the glass which told her the flattering tale that she had never even dreamed of before, she heard the banging of the great hall-door, the voices on the piazza, the footsteps on the path—they had gone away and forgotten her. Yes, there they went, Alice skipping at her mother's side, Ethel and Ralph following more slowly, their heads bent down and talking earnestly—they had forgotten her! With a wild passion of grief she threw herself upon the bed, burying her face in the pillows; then as the voices of the children called to her along the hall, she caught up her sun-bonnet and rushed out, taking the direction opposite to that in which the others had gone.

There was neither tree nor house along the white, sandy road which led inland to the scattered village, and the south wind swept heavily against her, laden with burning sand. Weary with its wild battling and with the tempest of her emotions, she came upon a bare, unpainted, barn-like structure—a sort of rural church. The door stood open, and by a sudden impulse the girl ascended the steep steps and went in. Fettie's religious nature had never been aroused, but at this moment, in her lonely struggle of feeling, the open church door appealed to her, with an offer of refuge, companionship, help. Oh, if she could fly away, and be at rest!

Yet, when she entered, the bare, uncarpeted floors, the rough wooden benches, the stained walls, struck to her heart with a cold chill; no comfort here—no hiding for her weary head from the pitiless storm which beat her. Only at the end of the long room the raised platform and red-curtained pulpit seemed to offer her shelter and seclusion. It was with a half-frightened, guilty feeling, as of one unconsecrated, who treads some hallowed grounds, that she threw herself upon the carpet of the platform, behind the protecting curtains. And then, by a natural revulsion of feeling, the waves of trouble rolled away, a worn-out peacefulness stole over her, in which she lost all consciousness of herself.

The sound of voices came to her through the broken window behind the pulpit, as in a dream.

"To break Ethel's heart for this girl! My dear boy, you do not know what you are thinking of!"

"Ethel does not love me, mother—not as you mean. We love each other dearly; she is the sweetest girl in the world—but Fettie!"

"Dear child, you do not know your own heart. This is only a temporary fascination. Come away from the island—come home with us, and you will soon forget it."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother! it is you who do not know. I will go away, if you say so, but I cannot give her up. I have loved her since the first day I saw her."

There were footsteps upon the bare church floor, and then the soft voice went on:

"My boy, consider. She is noble and good, I grant, but think how different from all that you have been accustomed to. Think of her want of education; think of her relatives—would you wish to make them yours? She is attractive here from the very contrast of her surroundings; but place her among superior people, you yourself would be the first to feel her deficiencies. No man's love is strong enough to bear such a strain. Your life would be ruined, and hers."

She was interrupted by a vision which stood before her—a vision of dark, flashing eyes and burning cheeks, and a voice cried, with a sharp intonation of pain:

"Do you think I would let his life be ruined? He need not go away—I will go!" and, like a flash, she was gone.

In the blind agony which possessed her, she did not see that he had started up to follow her, but had been held by his mother's detaining hand; she saw nothing but the white road along which she flew, hurried on by her desperate thoughts. She would leave the island; she would go to Beaufort and get a service-place. No one should say that she had ruined his life. What need to contrast her with those superior beings of another world? Had she asked to be made their equal? And she was not inferior!—she was not!—she was not! She felt in her soul that she was of their kind—not like these others among whom she lived. But she would go away and earn her bread by hard work; no one should say that she had ruined his life.

She had reached the house and thrown herself upon her bed. Only a few moments' rest from this throbbing, bounding pain; only a few moments, and then she would go away. In the midst of her torture she remembered that the tide would serve at nine o'clock. Jack Abbott would be going with the mail. He would be good to her and would let her go with him to Beaufort to get a place.

The room grew dark and light again, with the broad band of moonlight on the floor, while she lay there, beaten by the tempest of her grief. If they had called her she had not heard it; but now a light footfall sounded on the floor, and cool, soft finger-tips were laid upon the hot cheeks, buried among the pillows.

"Fettie, dear," said Ethel's voice, "look up; I want to tell you something."

Who ever resisted Ethel? Fettie raised her tired head, and aching, tear-dimmed eyes.

"How pretty your dress is, Fettie," said Ethel, busy about her with gentle caressing touch; "even in the moonlight I can see how sweetly you look; but you have tumbled it dreadfully, lying on the bed; let me straighten it out; they want to see you, Fettie; Ralph wants you. Make yourself pretty and come."

Fettie sat down again upon the bed. "I cannot see him, Ethel, I am going away."

"Yes, with me to-morrow, dear, but not to-night. It is all a mistake, Fettie. Ralph told me something this afternoon—a great secret—but he did not need, for I knew it all before. Do you think I have no eyes? And it will all come out right in the end. We are not living in a story-book, Fettie, and Mrs. Montagu is not a 'cruel parent'!" and Ethel laughed lightly, and wound her arms about Fettie's waist.

"But it is you, Ethel, whom she——" and Fettie tried to free herself from the soft embrace that hurt her so cruelly.

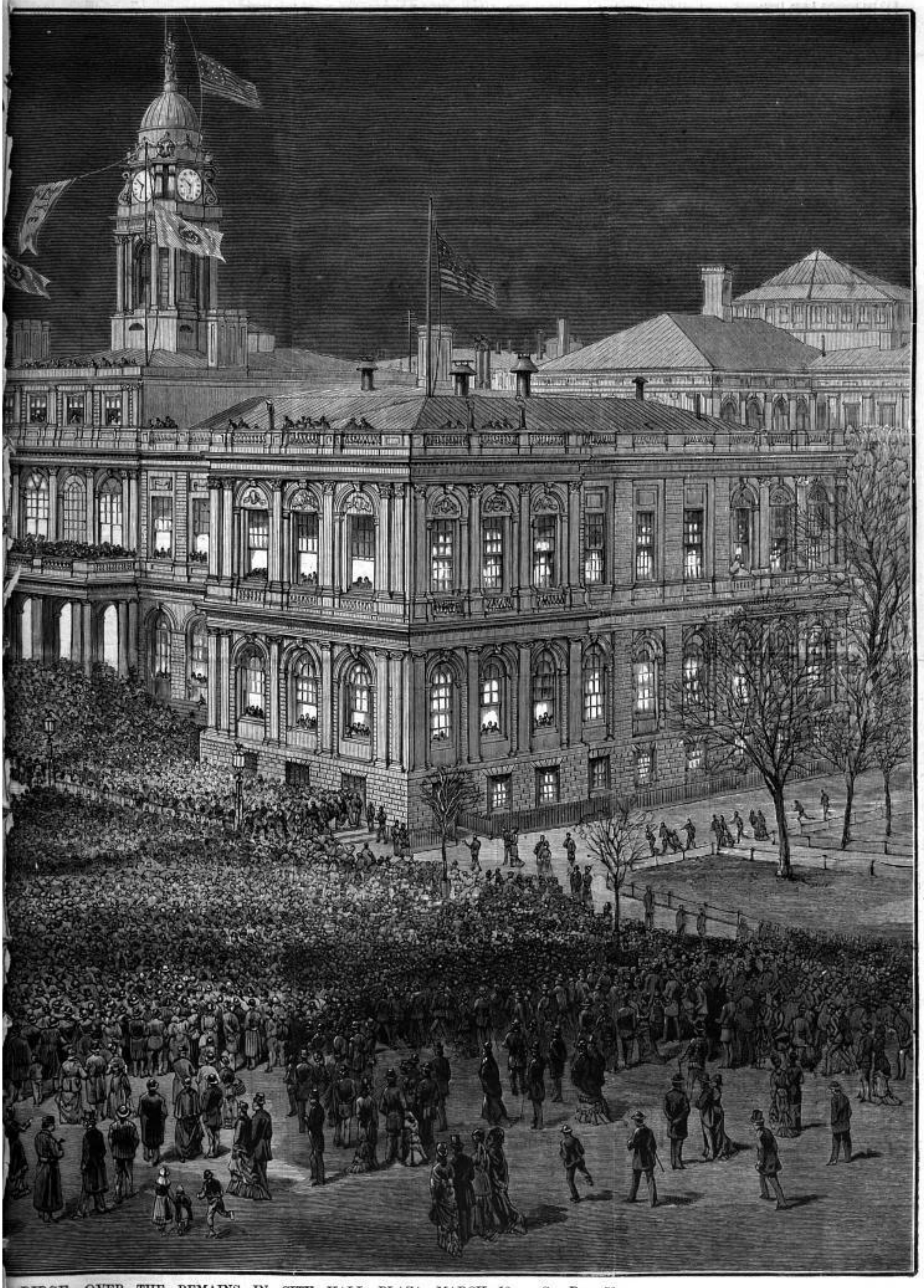
"I know," said Ethel, "and I should once have liked to marry Ralph, for I love them all so dearly. Mrs. Montagu has always been like a mother to me—I have never known any other, Fettie, and she is my guardian, and I should be glad to give my money to her. It has been so cruel to her since she lost her property, that Ralph would not stay in college, but would go away and work. He could not understand that she would be happier, denying herself *everything*, that her proud hopes of him might be fulfilled. She is so proud—not wrongly proud, I think, Fettie; but it kills her to see him descend into a lower sphere of life. And if he had my money he need not, you know. I wish I might give him the money, but not myself, Fettie dear. Once I would have done it willingly enough, but now—there is some one else——"

She hid her face for a moment upon Fettie's shoulder, then, raising it again with a bright laugh:

"So you see," she said, "that it *cannot* be as Mrs. Montagu wished. I have told her all—and now you must let me tie your hair up again, and take you into the other room, for I have told Ralph that you are my little sister, and that you are going away with me to-morrow, that I may buy you some pretty dresses, and send you to school, for I am very grand now, Fettie. I shall be twenty-one next week, and my own mistress. Did you know that Ralph and I were born the same day? And he has so much to say to you, and only this one evening to say it in, you know."

All the time, she had been busy about the girl, her slender, dexterous finger-tips putting hair and eyes and dress in order, with winning little caresses and coaxing smiles—Ethel's own smiles and caresses, stronger than chains and fetters to bind others to her will. And

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DIRGE OVER THE REMAINS, IN CITY HALL PLAZA, MARCH 13TH.—SEE PAGE 53.

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LISETTE.

DO you remember, Lisette, Lisette,
Your bright little room in the Rue d'Arcade?
(I was a student, you a grisette.)
Do you remember how overhead
The great white rosso hung, tender and warm,
And made the shadows fall sharp and black
From the gabled roofs; and your slender arm
Gleamed in the moonlight, forth and back,
As you threw me kisses, so fast and sweet?
I swear your hand was whiter than pearl
How gayly my foot rang down the street
When I came to meet you—my girl, my girl!

Do you remember the old blue gown
That I loved so much, with the elbows frayed,
And the pretty trimming of eider-down?
Do you remember the scarf you made,
With your hair inwoven, and gave to me
When the Christmas snow lay white and chill,
And you came and sat, like a child, on my knee,
And fed the birds at the window-sill?
Over the city the church-bells rang—
You crossed yourself with a little prayer;
And my heart stood still with a yearning pang
For the church-bells ringing in English air.

Do you remember when Spring came in,
How often we took the road at morn
And tramped afar from the heat and din,
By blossomed orchards and budding corn—
Into the woodlands and far away;
And beautiful Paris lay behind
A cloud of dust in the fresh, bright day?
Out of your wonderful bag we dined
On bread and kisses, and fruit and wine.
Sweet! 'Twas the wine of love I sipped
When your exquisite lips bent down to mine,
And over my shoulder your soft hair slipped.

Do you remember, my own true love,
The day of parting? Ah, sweet Lisette,
I would give up my hope of a life above
If only that day I might quite forget!
Pale, like a statue, I saw you stand,
In the old blue dress I had learned to prize;
You were no ring on your slender hand—
No ray of hope in your gentle eyes;
And smiled and kissed me and said "Good-by!"
My little darling, so meek and true,
The happiest year of all years gone by
Was the one sweet year that I spent with you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE medium of correspondence between Amelius and Regina's maid was an old woman who kept a shop for the sale of newspapers and periodicals in a by-street not far from Farnaby's house. From this place his letters were delivered to the maid, under cover of the morning newspapers—and here he found the answers waiting for him later in the day. "If Rufus could only have taken her out for a walk, I might have seen Regina this afternoon," thought Amelius. "As it is, I may have to wait until to-morrow, or later still. And then, there's the sovereign to Phœbe." He sighed as he thought of the fee. Sovereigns were becoming scarce in our young Socialist's purse.

Arriving in sight of the newsvender's shop, Amelius noticed a man leaving it, who walked away towards the further end of the street. When he entered the shop himself a minute afterwards, the woman took up a letter from the counter. "A young man has just left this for you," she said.

Amelius recognized the maid's handwriting on the address. The man whom he had seen leaving the shop was Phœbe's messenger.

He opened the letter. Her mistress, Phœbe explained, was too much flurried to be able to write. The master had astonished the whole household by appearing among them at least three hours before the time at which he was accustomed to leave his place of business.

He had found "Mrs. Ormond" (otherwise Regina's friend and correspondent, Cecilia) paying a visit to his niece, and had asked to speak with her in private before she took leave. The result was an invitation to Regina, from Mrs. Ormond, to stay for a little while at her house in the neighborhood of Harrow. The ladies were to leave London together, in Mrs. Ormond's carriage, that afternoon. Under stress of strong persuasion on the part of her uncle and aunt, as well as of her friend, Regina had ended in giving way. But she had not forgotten the interests of Amelius. She was willing to see him privately on the next day, provided he left London by the train which reached Harrow soon after eleven in the forenoon. If it happened to rain, then he must put off his journey until the first fine day, arriving in any case at the same hour. The place at which he was to wait was described to him; and with these instructions the letter ended.

The rapidity with which Mr. Farnaby had carried out his resolution to separate the lovers placed the weakness of Regina's character before Amelius in a new and startling light. Why had she not stood on her privileges, as a woman who had arrived at years of discretion, and refused to leave London until she had first heard what her lover had to say? Amelius had left his American friend, feeling sure that Regina's decision would be in his favor, when she was called upon to choose between the man who was ready to marry her, and the man who was nothing but her uncle by courtesy. For the first time, he now felt that his own confident anticipations might, by bare possibility, deceive him. He returned to his lodgings in such a state of depression, that compassionate Rufus insisted on taking him out to dinner, and hurried him off afterwards to the play. Thoroughly prostrated, Amelius submitted to the genial influence of his friend. He had not even energy enough to feel surprised when Rufus stopped, on their way to the tavern, at a dingy building adorned with a Grecian portico, and left a letter and a card in charge of a servant at the side-door.

The next day by a happy interposition of Fortune proved to be a day without rain. Amelius followed his instructions to the letter. A little watery sunshine showed itself as he left the station at Harrow. His mind was still in such a state of doubt and disturbance that it drew from superstition a faint encouragement to hope. He hailed the feeble November sunlight as a good omen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond's place of residence stood alone, surrounded by its own grounds. A wooden fence separated the property, on one side, from a muddy little by-road, leading to a neighboring farm. At a wicket-gate in this fence, giving admission to a shrubbery situated at some distance from the house, Amelius now waited for the appearance of the maid.

After a delay of a few minutes only, the faithful Phœbe approached the gate with a key in her hand. "Where is she?" Amelius asked, as the girl opened the gate.

"Waiting for you in the shrubbery. Stop, sir; I have something to say to you first."

Amelius took out his purse, and produced the fee. Even he had observed that Phœbe was perhaps a little too eager to get her money!

"Thank you, sir. Please to look at your watch. You mustn't be with Miss Regina a moment longer than a quarter of an hour."

"Why not?"

"This is the time, sir, when Mrs. Ormond is engaged every day with her cook and housekeeper. In a quarter of an hour the orders will be given, and Mrs. Ormond will join Miss Regina for a walk in the grounds. You will be the ruin of me, sir, if she finds you here." With that warning, the maid led the way along the winding paths of the shrubbery.

"I must thank you for your letter, Phœbe," Amelius said, as he followed her. "By-the-by, who was your messenger?"

Phœbe's answer was no answer at all. "Only a young man, sir," she said.

"In plain words, your sweetheart, I suppose?"

Phœbe's expressive silence was her only reply. She turned a corner, and pointed to her mistress standing alone before the entrance of a damp and deserted summer-house.

Regina put her handkerchief to her eyes, when the maid had discreetly retired. "Oh," she said, softly, "I am afraid this is very wrong!"

Amelius removed the handkerchief by the exercise of a little gentle force, and administered comfort under the form of a kiss. Having opened the proceedings in this way, he put his first question, "Why did you come here?"

"How could I help it?" said Regina, feebly. "They were all against me. What else could I do?"

It occurred to Amelius that she might, at her age, have asserted a will of her own. He kept his idea, however, to himself; and, giving her his arm, led her slowly along the path of the shrubbery. "You have heard, I suppose, what Mr. Farnaby expects of me?" he said.

"Yes, dear."

"I call it worse than mercenary—I call it downright brutal."

"Oh, Amelius, don't talk so!"

Amelius came suddenly to a standstill. "Does that mean that you agree with him?" he asked.

"Don't be angry with me, dear. I only meant there was some excuse for him."

"What excuse?"

"Well, you see, he has a high idea of your family, and he thought you were rich people. And—I know you didn't mean it, Amelius—but still you did disappoint him!"

Amelius dropped her arm. This mildly-persistent defense of Mr. Farnaby exasperated him.

"Perhaps I have disappointed you," he said.

"Oh, no, no! Oh, how cruel you are!" The ready tears showed themselves again in her magnificent eyes—gentle, considerate tears, that raised no storm in her bosom, and produced no unbecoming results in her face. "Don't be hard on me!" she said, appealing to him helplessly, like a charming, overgrown child.

Some men might have still resisted her, but Amelius was not one of them. He took her hand, and pressed it tenderly.

"Regina," he said, "do you love me?"

"You know I do!"

He put his arm round her waist, he concentrated the passion that was in him into a look, and poured that look into her eyes. "Do you love me as dearly as I love you?" he whispered.

She felt it with all the little passion that was in her. After a moment of hesitation she put one arm timidly around his neck, and, bending her grand head, laid it on his bosom. Her finely-rounded, supple, muscular figure trembled as if she had been the weakest woman living. "Dear Amelius!" she murmured, almost inaudibly. He tried to speak to her—his voice failed him. She had, in perfect innocence, fired his young blood. He drew her closer and closer to him; he lifted her head, with a masterful resolution which she was not able to resist, and pressed his kisses in hot and breathless succession on her lips. His vehemence frightened her. She tore herself out of his arms with a sudden exertion of strength that took him completely by surprise. "I didn't think you would have been rude to me!" With that mild reproach, she turned away, and took the path which led from the shrubbery to the house. Amelius followed her, entreating that she would accept his excuses and grant him a few minutes more. He modestly laid all the blame on her beauty—he lamented that he had not resolution enough to resist the charm of it. When did that commonplace compliment ever fail to produce its effect? Regina smiled with the weakly complacent good-nature, which was only saved from being contemptible by its association with her personal attractions. "Will you promise to behave?" she stipulated. And Amelius, not very eagerly, promised.

"Shall we go into the summer-house?" he suggested.

"It's very damp at this time of year," Regina answered, with placid good sense. "Perhaps we might catch cold—we had better walk about."

They walked accordingly. "I wanted to speak to you about our marriage," Amelius resumed.

She sighed softly. "We have some time to wait," she said, "before we can think of that."

He passed this reply over without notice. "You know," he went on, "that I have an income of five hundred a year?"

"Yes, dear."

"There are hundreds of thousands of respectable artisans, Regina (with large families), who live comfortably on less than half my income."

"Do they, dear?"

"And many gentlemen are not better off. Curates, for instance. Do you see what I am coming to, my darling?"

"No, dear."

"Could you live with me in a cottage in the country, with a nice garden, and one little maid to wait on us, and two or three new dresses in a year?"

Regina lifted her fine eyes in sober ecstasy to the sky. "It sounds very tempting," she remarked, in the sweetest tones of her voice.

"And it could all be done," Amelius proceeded, "on five hundred a year."

"Could it, dear?"

"I have calculated it—allowing the necessary margin—and I am sure of what I say. And I have done something else: I have asked about the Marriage License. I can easily find lodgings in the neighborhood. We might be married at Harrow in a fortnight."

Regina started; her eyes opened widely, and rested on Amelius with an expression of incredulous wonder. "Married in a fortnight?" she repeated. "What would my uncle and aunt say?"

"My angel, our happiness doesn't depend on your uncle and aunt—our happiness depends on ourselves. Nobody has any power to control us. I am a man and you are a woman, and we have a right to be married whenever we like." Amelius pronounced this last oracular sentence with his head held high, and a pleasant inner persuasion of the convincing manner in which he had stated his case.

"Without my uncle to give me away!" Regina exclaimed. "Without my aunt! With no bridesmaids, and no friends, and no wedding-breakfast? Oh, Amelius, what can you be thinking of?" She drew back a step, and looked at him in helpless consternation.

For the moment, and the moment only, Amelius lost all patience with her. "If you really loved me," he said, bitterly, "you wouldn't think of the bridesmaids and the breakfast!" Regina had her answer ready in her pocket—she took out her handkerchief. Before she could lift it to her eyes Amelius recovered himself. "No, no," he said, "I didn't mean that—I am sure you love me—take my arm again. Do you know, Regina, I doubt whether your uncle has told you everything that passed between us. Are you really aware of the hard terms that he insists on? He expects me to increase my five hundred a year to two thousand before he will sanction our marriage."

"Yes, dear, he told me that."

"I have as much chance of earning fifteen hundred a year, Regina, as I have of being made King of England. Did he tell you *that*?"

"He doesn't agree with you, dear—he thinks you might earn it (with your abilities) in ten years."

This time it was the turn of Amelius to look at Regina in helpless consternation. "Ten years?" he repeated. "Do you coolly contemplate waiting ten years before we are married? Good heavens! is it possible that you are thinking of the money?—that you can't live without carriages and footmen, and ostentation and grandeur——?"

He stopped. For once, even Regina showed that she had spirit enough to be angry. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak to me in that way!" she broke out, indignantly. "If you have no better opinion of me than that, I won't marry you at all—no, not if you had fifty thousand a year, sir, to-morrow! Am I to have no sense of duty to my uncle—to the good man who has been a second father to me? Do you think I am ungrateful enough to set his wishes at defiance? Oh, yes, I know you don't like him! I know that a great many people don't like him. That doesn't make any difference to me. But for dear Uncle Farnaby, I might have gone to the workhouse; I might have been a starving needle-woman, a poor, persecuted maid-of-all-work. Am I to forget that, because you have no patience, and only think of yourself? Oh, I wish I had never met with you! I wish I had never been fool enough to be as fond of you as I am!" With that confession, she turned her back on him, and took refuge in her handkerchief once more.

Amelius stood looking at her in silent despair. After the tone in which she had spoken of her obligations to her uncle, it was useless to anticipate any satisfactory result from the exertion of his influence over Regina. Recalling what he had seen and heard, in Mrs. Farnaby's room, Amelius could not doubt that the motive of pacifying his wife was the motive which had first led Farnaby to receive Regina into his house. Was it unreasonable or unjust to infer that the orphan child must have been mainly indebted to Mrs. Farnaby's sense of duty to the memory of her sister for the parental protection afforded to her from that time forth? It would have been useless, and worse than useless, to place before Regina such considerations as these. Her exaggerated ideas of the gratitude that she owed to her uncle was beyond the limited reach of reason. Nothing was to be gained by opposition; and no sensible course was left but to say some peace making words and submit.

"I beg your pardon, Regina, if I have offended you. You have sadly disappointed me. I haven't deliberately misjudged you; I can say no more."

She turned round quickly, and looked at him. There was an ominous change to resignation in his voice, there was a dogged submission in his manner, that alarmed her. She had never yet seen him under the perilously-patient aspect in which he now presented himself, after his apology had been made.

"I forgive you, Amelius, with all my heart," she said—and timidly held out her hand.

He took it, raised it silently to his lips, and dropped it again.

She suddenly turned pale. All the love that she had in her to give to a man she had given to Amelius. Her heart sank; she asked herself, in blank terror, if she had lost him.

"I am afraid it is *I* who have offended you," she said. "Don't be angry with me, Amelius! don't make me more unhappy than I am!"

"I am not in the least angry," he answered, still in the quiet, subdued way that terrified her. "You can't expect me, Regina, to contemplate a ten years' engagement cheerfully."

She took his hand, and held it in both her own hands—held it as if his love for her was there and she was determined not to let it go.

"If you will only leave it to me," she pleaded, "the engagement sha'n't be so long as that. Try my uncle with a little kindness and respect, Amelius, instead of saying hard words to him. Or let me try him, if you are too proud to give way. May I say that you had no intention of offending him, and that you are willing to leave the future to me?"

"Certainly," said Amelius, "if you think it will be of the slightest use." His tone added more: his tone said, plainly, "I don't believe in him, mind, as you do."

She still persisted. "It will be of the greatest use," she went on. "He will let me go home again, and he will not object to your coming to see me. He doesn't like to be despised and set at defiance—who does? Be patient, Amelius; I will persuade him to expect less money from you—only what you may earn, dear, with your talents, long before ten years have passed." She waited for a word of reply which might show that she had encouraged him a little. He only smiled. "You talk of loving me," she said, drawing back from him with a look of reproach; "and you don't even believe what I say to you." She stopped, and looked behind her with a faint cry of alarm. Hurried footsteps were audible on the other side of the evergreens that screened them. Amelius stepped back to a turn in the path, and discovered Phœbe.

"Don't stay a moment longer, sir!" cried the girl. "I've been to the house—and Mrs. Ormond isn't there—and nobody knows where she is. Get out by the gate, sir, while you have the chance."

Amelius returned to Regina. "I mustn't get the girl into a scrape," he said. "You know where to write to me. Good-by."

Regina made a sign to the maid to retire. Amelius had never taken leave of her as he was taking leave of her now. She forgot the fervent embrace and daring kisses—she was desperate at the bare idea of losing him. "Oh, Amelius, don't doubt that I love you! Say you believe I love you! Kiss me before you go!" He kissed her—but, ah, not as he had kissed her before. He said the words she wanted him to say—but only to please her, not with all his heart. She let him go; reproaches would be wasted at that moment. Phœbe found her pale and immovable, rooted to the spot on which they had parted. "Dear, dear me, miss, what's gone wrong?" And her mistress answered wildly, in words that had never before passed her placid lips. "Oh, Phœbe, I wish I was dead!"

CHAPTER XVI.

SUCH was the impression left on the mind of Regina by the interview in the shrubbery.

The impression left on the mind of Amelius was stated in equally strong language, later in the day. His American friend asked innocently for news, and was answered in these terms:

"Find something to occupy my mind, Rufus, or I shall throw the whole thing over and go to the devil."

The wise man from New England was too wise to trouble Amelius with questions, under these circumstances. "Is that so?" was all he said. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and, producing a letter, laid it quietly on the table.

"For me?" Amelius asked.

"You wanted something to occupy your mind," the wily Rufus answered. "There 'tis."

Amelius read the letter. It was dated "Hampden Institution." The secretary invited Amelius, in highly complimentary terms, to lecture, in the hall of the Institution, on Christian Socialism, as taught and practiced in the Community at Tadmor. He was offered two thirds of the profits derived from the sale of places, and was left free to appoint his own evening (at a week's notice) and to issue his own advertisements. Minor details were reserved to be discussed with the secretary, when the lecturer had consented to the arrangement proposed to him.

Having finished the letter, Amelius looked at his friend. "This is your doing," he said.

Rufus admitted it, with his customary candor. He had a letter of introduction to the secretary, and he had called by appointment that morning. The Institution wanted something new to attract the members and the public. Having no present intention of lectur-

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ing himself, he had thought of Amelius, and had spoken his thought. "I mentioned," Rufus added, slyly, "that I didn't reckon you would mount the platform. But he's a sanguine creature, that secretary—and he said he'd try."

"Why should I say No?" Amelius asked, a little irritably. "The secretary pays me a compliment, and offers me an opportunity of spreading our principles. Perhaps," he added, more quietly, after a moment's reflection, "you thought I might not be equal to the occasion—and, in that case, I don't say you were wrong."

Rufus shook his head. "If you had passed your life in this decrepid little island," he said, "I might have doubted you, likely enough. But Tadmor's situated in the United States. If they don't practice the boys in the art of *orating*, don't you tell me there's an American citizen with a voice in *that* society. Guess again, my son. You won't! Well, then, 'twas Uncle Farnaby I had in my mind. I said to myself—not to the secretary—Amelius is bound to consider Uncle Farnaby. Oh, my, what would Uncle Farnaby say?"

The hot temper of Amelius took fire instantly. "What the devil do I care for Farnaby's opinions?" he burst out. "If there's a man in England who wants the principles of Christian Socialism beaten into his thick head, it's Farnaby. Are you going to see the secretary again?"

"I might look in," Rufus answered, "in the course of the evening."

"Tell him I'll give the lecture—with my compliments and thanks. If I can only succeed," pursued Amelius, heating himself with the new idea. "I may make a name as a lecturer, and a name means money, and money means beating Farnaby with his own weapons. It's an opening for me, Rufus, at the crisis of my life."

"That is so," Rufus admitted. "I may as well look up the secretary."

"Why shouldn't I go with you?" Amelius suggested.

"Why not?" Rufus agreed.

They left the house together.

(*To be continued.*)

Causes of Bad Health.

THE external causes of bad health have been defined as being reducible to seven great classes. These are atmospherical variations, physical accidents, organic poisons, errors in feeding, drinking and breathing, parasites or foreign living organisms infesting the body, occupations and modes of life, nervous or mental impressions. It has been observed by a scientist that of the twenty-four million eight hundred and fifty thousand people into which the English community was divided, the healthiest class was the professional; and then follow in order of healthfulness the agricultural, the domestic, the commercial and the industrious classes. It is among children under five years of age, however, that occurs the greatest amount of mortality, and, in fact, the mortality of young infants is known to be in such a deplorable state as to require much study and thought for its solution.

With reference to occupations and their tendency to shorten life, the value of fresh air as a preservative of health is instanced by the fact that the rate of mortality among grocers is considerably less than that among drapers. The disease which destroys the draper is pulmonary consumption. While the grocer bustles about his business with the shop-door open all day, the draper lives in a close place, with the shop-doors for the most part closed, and breathes, moreover, a dusty, close atmosphere. The heat and closeness which are the general characteristics of drapers' shops, account for the generally unhealthy appearance of the attendants in them. Publicans—who as a class are very comfortable, well housed, clothed and fed, and not obliged to go out in all weathers—should, it will be thought, compare favorably with other tradesmen as regards longevity. Such, however, is not the case, for we find that, in spite of all these advantages, they die so much faster than the rest of the people that in England a hundred and thirty-eight publicans die in proportion to a hundred of the whole of the community who are employed in seventy leading occupations.

The Victoria Cross.

OF all prizes that men in the British Army and Navy covet, there is none more eagerly sought, more jealously guarded, or more dearly loved than the simple cross in gun-metal, bearing the inscription "For Valor." The Victoria Cross was instituted by Royal Warrant on January 19th, 1856, as a reward for individual instances of merit and valor in the army and navy. Although many acts of heroism had been performed in both services in the earlier part of Queen Victoria's reign, it was not deemed advisable to make the action of the warrant retrospective, and the heroes of the Crimea were therefore the first who received the much-coveted decoration. The cross itself is a simple piece of gun-metal, bronze-colored, with the royal crest in the middle, and below the words "For Valor"; in the centre of the reverse the date of the act of heroism is inscribed, and on the bar to which the ribbon is attached the name of the individual and of the corps to which he belongs. On this bar also is engraved a sprig of laurel, and the bar is attached to the cross by the letter V on a red or blue ribbon, according to the service in the army or navy of the recipient. It is not to soldiers and sailors only, however, that the Victoria Cross is awarded, and many civilians who have distinguished themselves by acts of conspicuous bravery have been enrolled among the hero-band. The actual money value of the cross is only a few shillings, but the laurel crown of the Romans cost even less, and decorations are of course altogether valueless from that point of view. The day has not come yet when chivalry lies dead, or when bravery sells itself for cash. Many a brave knight has gone into the clash of arms and has fought bloody battles for the sake of a flower from the hair of his mistress, or a scarf which has encircled her fair neck; and, in these later times, many a man has gone into the deadly breach and through tempests of fiery missiles for the love of country and honor, sustained in the midst of dangers by the hope that some day that simple Maltese Cross, devised by the Queen, and always, when practicable, conferred by her own hand, may rest upon his breast. The Victoria Cross carries with it £10 a year pension for each non-commissioned officer and private, with an additional annuity of £5 for every additional bar, such bar being added upon each fresh act of bravery equal to the first.

Photography in the Bank of France.

THE Bank of France, according to the London *News*, appears to have hit upon an ingenious method of treating doubtful customers. The establishment has for some time past availed itself of photography, and among its officers is a photographic detective, to examine suspicious documents through the medium of a camera, which under some circumstances exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made, for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over, while a word or figure that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document. If we are to believe a recent account, the Bank of France has now added to its precautions an invisible studio placed in the gallery behind the cashiers. Hidden behind some heavy curtains is a camera, ready for work, and at a signal from any of the cashiers, the photographer proceeds to do his duty by depicting the particular customer who may be standing at the desk. The clerk engages the man's attention, and in a few moments the portrait is taken, and the bank in the possession of a photograph which may hereafter prove of value. The camera is then fitted with a fresh sensitive plate, and stands ready for use upon another emergency. How far such an arrangement could be of practical value remains to be seen, but the principal banking establishment in Paris has certainly to thank photography for the discovery of several frauds of late. A photographic laboratory and requisites form part of the institution, and most of the officials themselves have to submit to the process of being photographed, so that the direction may be in the possession of their portraits. This practice, it is held, is a deterrent against evil ways, for should any of the clerks be tempted to go astray, they know very well that they leave records of themselves behind. The same system prevails among the Paris police, where every one, from the highest to the lowest, is photographed.

Aerial Telegraphy.

PROFESSOR LOOMIS, of Washington, is experimenting in the mountains of West Virginia to demonstrate what he calls aerial telegraphy, which is based on the theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current, by taking advantage of which wires may be wholly dispensed with. It is said that he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by means of kites flown with copper wire. When the kites reached the same altitude or got into the same current, communication by means of an instrument similar to the Morse instrument was easy and perfect, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them run up steel rods into the region of the electric current. The statement is made that in this way, without any wire, he has been able to keep up telegraphic communication for months at a time. A heavy storm, however, prevents communication for a time, probably disarranging the current. In a recent letter Professor Loomis announced that he had recently discovered that the telephone could be used for this method of communication as well as telegraphic instruments, and that of late he had done all his talking with his assistant, twenty miles away, by telephone, the connection being aerial only. He claims that he can telegraph across the sea without other wires than those necessary to reach the elevation of the current. This claim of Professor Loomis belongs to the class of remarkable discoveries not yet demonstrated—a very large class—in which students of science are working with great energy.

The Telectroscope.

THE telephone and the phonograph are threatened with eclipse by a new apparatus, which, if report speaks truly, promises to be of considerable utility. It is called the telectroscope, and has been submitted by its inventor, M. Senlecq, to the Comte du Mornel and M. H. d'Arros, who are said to have reported favorably as to its merits. It is intended to produce telegraphically the pictures imprinted on the reflector of a distant camera obscura. The apparatus depends upon the sensitiveness of selenium to shades of light, and the effects of electric currents. Should M. Senlecq succeed in perfecting the invention, we shall have an instrument that will enable us to view distant scenes, just as the telephone enables us to hear sounds beyond the reach of our unassisted ears.

Divining in Scotland.

A PROCESS of divining, allied to casting lots, was formerly resorted to by young women in order to discover a thief, or to ascertain whether a young man who was courting one of them was in earnest, and would in the future become that girl's husband. The process was called the Bible and Key trial, and the formula was as follows: A key and Bible were procured, the key being so much longer than the Bible that when placed between the leaves the head and the handle would project. If the inquiry was about the good faith of a sweetheart the key was placed in Ruth i. 16, on the words, "Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou goest I will go," etc. The Bible was then closed and tied around with tape. Two neutral persons sitting opposite each other held out the forefingers of their right hands, and the person who was consulting the oracle suspended the Bible between their two hands, resting the projecting parts of the key on the outstretched forefingers. No one spoke except the inquirer, and she, as she placed the key and Bible in position, repeated slowly the whole passage, "Entreat me not to leave thee," John or James or whatever the name of the youth was, "for where thou goest I will go," etc. If the key and the Bible turned and fell off the fingers, the answer was favorable; and generally by the time the whole passage was repeated this was the result, provided the parties holding up the key and the Bible were firm and steady. For the detection of a thief the formula was the same, with only this difference, that the key was put into the Bible at the fiftieth Psalm, and the inquirer named the suspected thief and then repeated the eighteenth verse of that Psalm, "When thou sawest a thief then thou consentest with him," etc. If the Bible turned round and fell, it was held to be proof that the person named was the thief. This method of divining was not so frequently practiced, not through want of faith in its efficacy, but through superstitious terror, for the movement of the key was regarded as evidence that some unseen dread power was present.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Ulm, Bavaria, is to hold an exhibition of much interest, illustrating the history of printing and wood engraving.

Professor Famintzin, of St. Petersburg, has been elected member of the Russian Academy of Sciences in place of the late Professor Gelenzoff.

The Russian Physical and Chemical Society is now discussing the means of a thorough study of the surface of the moon, especially by means of spectrum analysis.

A Native of Marseilles has purchased the right of extracting chlorate of potash from the Dead Sea, and expects to get $8 a ton on an indefinite quantity of it delivered at London.

The Madrid Historical Academy announces, after investigation, that there was no truth in the report that the remains of Christopher Columbus had been discovered in the Cathedral of San Domingo.

Dr. Auh, one of the oldest Rabbis in Berlin, recently received from the University of Munich a new doctor's diploma, commemorative of his having received that degree there fifty years ago. It was conferred by Dr. Steinthal in the name of the philosophical faculty.

The Director of the Postal Telegraph Service of the French Republic has been made a member of the Cabinet and placed on the same footing as the Postmaster General of the British Government. The present holder of that office is M. Cochery.

Among Recent Deaths is that of M. Chauffod, Professor of Zoology at the Paris School of Medicine. M. Chauffod during his whole career opposed M. Claude Bernard's determinism, and advocated the existence of a vital principle and final causes in a number of books largely circulated.

Russia has lost one more of her mathematicians—Professor Popoff, of Kazan. His works on the integration of differential equations, on hydrodynamics, on the waves which arise from the motion of a body, on definite integrals, on the calculus of variations, etc., have given to the late professor an eminent place among mathematicians.

The Italian Secretary for Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, has offered a prize of 3,000 lire (about $575) for the best monograph on the cultivation, growth, and diseases of the species *citrus* (the common lemon-tree). The competition will last until May, 1881, and all particulars may be learnt direct from the Secretary's office at Rome.

In Germany a man who wishes to become a medical practitioner has to pass some time in the course of his third year's study an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology; and at the close of his studies he has to spend sometimes as much as a five months' session in passing a final examination in the practical departments.

The Installation of Objects sent in for the Anthropological Exhibition at Moscow will begin in the end of March. The interesting collections from Samarcand have already arrived, as well as very interesting objects sent by the East Siberian branch of the Russian Geographical Society. Those of stone implements and of quaternary mammals especially draw the attention of the organizing committee, as well as several numismatic collections.

M. Chevreul, who, although about ninety years of age, enjoying good robust health, has resigned the administration of the Jardin des Plantes. M. Jules Ferry, the new Minister of Public Instruction, has written him a letter eulogistic of his career, and appointing him Honorary Administrator; also appointing as his successor for a term of five years, M. Fremy, the eminent Professor of Chemistry, Director of the Laboratory at the Gardens, the practical School of Chemistry in Paris.

The Aosta Section of the Italian Alpine Club proposes to celebrate this year the centenary of Saussure's travels in the Alps, which opened up quite a new world for science and for travelers. In 1779 he staid for the first time in the Valley of Annecy, and the club proposes to put a commemorative marble plate on the house he inhabited in the village of Dolonne, near Courmayeur. An inscription will probably be placed also on the Grammont Mountain, whence Saussure made his famous observations on Mont Blanc, the first ascent of which he made in 1787.

Photographing Sound.—A very ingenious method of recording articulate vibrations by means of photography has just been invented. The apparatus consists of a steel mirror capable of oscillations on a diametral axis, to the back of which is attached a lever connecting it to the centre of a telephone disk, arranged with the ordinary mouthpiece. Whenever the disk is made to vibrate, the mirror oscillates with it, and a beam of sunlight thrown on the reflector from a heliostat describes lines of light on a suitably prepared screen. If the latter be movable at right angles to those lines of light and carries a collodion film, the oscillation of the light is recorded on the prepared surface as a more or less complex curve, having the peculiarity of the sound wave which caused each particular movement. It is impossible to describe the infinite variety of shapes produced by the variations of sound, but they are extremely curious and very graceful.

The Capacity of Wood to Absorb Water.—M. Mannond has discovered that the proportions in which wood absorbs water differ in an eminent degree in various species. He tried his experiments on thirty-six species of wood, and the means he employed are very interesting. He had small cylinders turned to the dimensions of four inches in length and somewhat less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. These were first dried in the air and then over sulphuric acid under the receiver of an air pump, until the weight remained constant, and then plunged under water until they ceased to absorb any further moisture. The differences found in the capacities of the various kinds of wood to absorb water were extraordinary. They varied from 9.37 per cent. in the locust-tree of the West Indies to 174.86 per cent. in the horse chestnut. The quantity of water absorbed by wood in its ordinary state varies from 4.38 to 180.64 per cent. These observations will prove of value to manufacturers of furniture, carriages and pianos.

A Remedy for the Eruption Caused by Poison Ivy.—Dr. H. A. Brown, of the United States Navy, believes that he has found a specific for the eruption caused by contact with poison oak, sumach, ivy, etc. This specific is bromine. The eruption never extends after the first thorough application, but promptly begins to diminish. Within twenty-four hours, if the application be persisted in, the patient is entirely cured. There is no pain attending its use; of course, the epidermis peels off as after other treatment. He uses the bromine dissolved in olive oil in the proportion of ten to twenty drops of bromine to the ounce of oil, and applies by rubbing gently on the affected part three or four times a day, and specially on going to bed at night. The oil is to be washed off twice a day with castile soap. The bromine is so volatile that the solution should be renewed within twenty-four hours of its preparation, as it will get out of a bottle, however well corked. It is better to stand the bottle on its corked end, in the intervals of application. When it is desirable to keep the solution any length of time, a glass stoppered bottle will be necessary as bromine rapidly destroys cork.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FATHER RYAN, the poet-priest, is very ill at his home in Mobile from partial paralysis of the throat.

MR. HOMER BASS, M. P., one of the famous brewers of that name, was recently married to Hon. Louisa Bagot, daughter of Lord Bagot.

CHARLES H. BELL has been appointed United States Senator from New Hampshire for the extra session, vice Senator Wadleigh, whose term has expired.

QUEEN VICTORIA, it is rumored, has expressed a strong wish to see Canada, and the Prince of Wales is encouraging her to visit both that country and the United States.

THE withdrawal of the British fleet from Constantinople has been delayed in consequence of the desire of the Sultan to give a banquet in honor of Admiral Hornby.

THE Empress of Austria travels imperially. *En route* to England she left Vienna in a special train of two palace cars for herself, five for her suite, and three containing kitchen, etc.

GENERAL SIMON CAMERON celebrated his eightieth birthday at Harrisburg on March 8th. His house was crowded by friends, and the general was in an extremely happy mood.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, Chief Marshal of the German Empire and Chief of the General Staff, on March 26th celebrated in Holstein the sixtieth anniversary of his entry into military service. He received congratulations from all quarters.

IDA LEWIS, now Ida Lewis Wilson, has been appointed keeper of Lime Rock Light Station, at an annual salary of $750, an advance of $250 over the salary heretofore paid, made "in consideration of the remarkable services of Mrs. Wilson in the saving of lives."

THE Earl of Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, and now appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg, has been compelled, in consequence of his removal from England, to resign the Presidency of the Royal Geographical Society, which was recently conferred upon him.

MR. J. MILTON TURNER, ex-Minister to Liberia, is making speeches in Missouri in opposition to the proposed emigration of colored people of that State to Liberia. He advises them to stay where they are, and tells them they can do better in Missouri than in any other country under the sun.

DUKE POZZO DI BORGO, who died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-seven, had one of the most magnificent residences in France, the Château and Park of Montretout, which was destroyed in the war of 1870-71, but since restored. His annual income was about 500,000 francs.

MRS. LOCKWOOD, the first woman admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, is fifty years old, is erect, gray-haired, and the possessor of fine eyes. She made her first appearance in the court dressed in a semi-mannish blue cloth sacque, with brass buttons, and a plain velveteen skirt.

SENOR CASTELAR will deliver, in Oxford, in the Summer term, a series of lectures on Spanish literature. The language will be French, for the simple reason that no one in Oxford understands Spanish; but the lecturer will, in his last discourse, make an attempt on his audience in his own native language.

THE vestry of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, have elected the Rev. James De Koven, D.D., of Racine, Wis., as rector in the place of the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, who has accepted the position of Dean of the General Theological Seminary in New York. It is not known whether or not Dr. De Koven will accept the position.

PRINCE CHARLES of Roumania has offered to the Sultan a piece of ground in Bucharest, free of all expense, for the erection of a mosque for the use of his Majesty's Mohammedan subjects in the principality. The Mohammedans have not been permitted to have places of worship in Roumania since the principality was made a semi-independent State.

CHAN POY KWAI is the name of an educated Chinaman who is on the way East from San Francisco to deliver a series of lectures on the Chinese problem. He is about thirty years of age and is remarkably intelligent-looking for a Chinaman. He speaks English with such perfection that one would scarcely detect from listening to him that he was not an Englishman by birth.

THE Emperor of Germany has no imperial crown, and Dresden and some other important towns propose to get up one, with the accompanying insignia, as a present on the occasion of his golden wedding, hoping that, as it will be a gift to the sovereign rather than the man, it will be accepted, notwithstanding the announced determination of the Emperor to decline to receive presents on the coming anniversary.

LORD DUFFERIN has already more Orders of knighthood than any English civilian—K.P., G.C.M.G. (Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George), and K.C.B., and it is quite on the cards that he will be Governor-General of India, and add the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Star of India to the rest. Five English Prime Ministers (Pitt, Peel, Canning, Perceval and Gladstone) in the present century never had any kind of decoration.

THE silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria will be kept as a festival throughout the empire. In Vienna, especially, a grand procession, in imitation of the medieval processions, is intended. The Viennese committee have confided the artistic arrangements to Professors Kundmann and Makart, the architects Streit and Wagner, and the painter Schilcher. Professor Makart is preparing drawings of the groups and costumes, for which his studies for his great picture of the "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp" render him well qualified.

IN addition to the degree of LL.D., conferred upon Mr. John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Public Schools of Boston, by St. Andrew's University, that gentleman has received several honors from abroad. The French Government made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the University of France gave him the decoration of the Golden Palm, with the title of "officer of public instruction." The Golden Palm is the highest honor conferred by the university, and has been given to but one other American—General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education.

THE Austrian Crown Prince Rudolphe would have accompanied his Imperial mother on her visit to Ireland for some hunting, had not the loyal anxiety of the Hungarians for the safety of the heir apparent induced them to send up a deputation, headed by Count Clam-Gallas, to beg their sovereign not to let his son hunt. Francis Joseph, when this request was made, laughingly said: "My good Count, why do you always let your own son hunt? I see him generally amongst the first to the field." "A Clam-Gallas more or less matters little, your Majesty," answered the Count; "but the youth on whom the future tranquility and good government of the Empire will rest, should not lightly risk his neck." The promise was at once given, and Prince Rudolphe remains at home.

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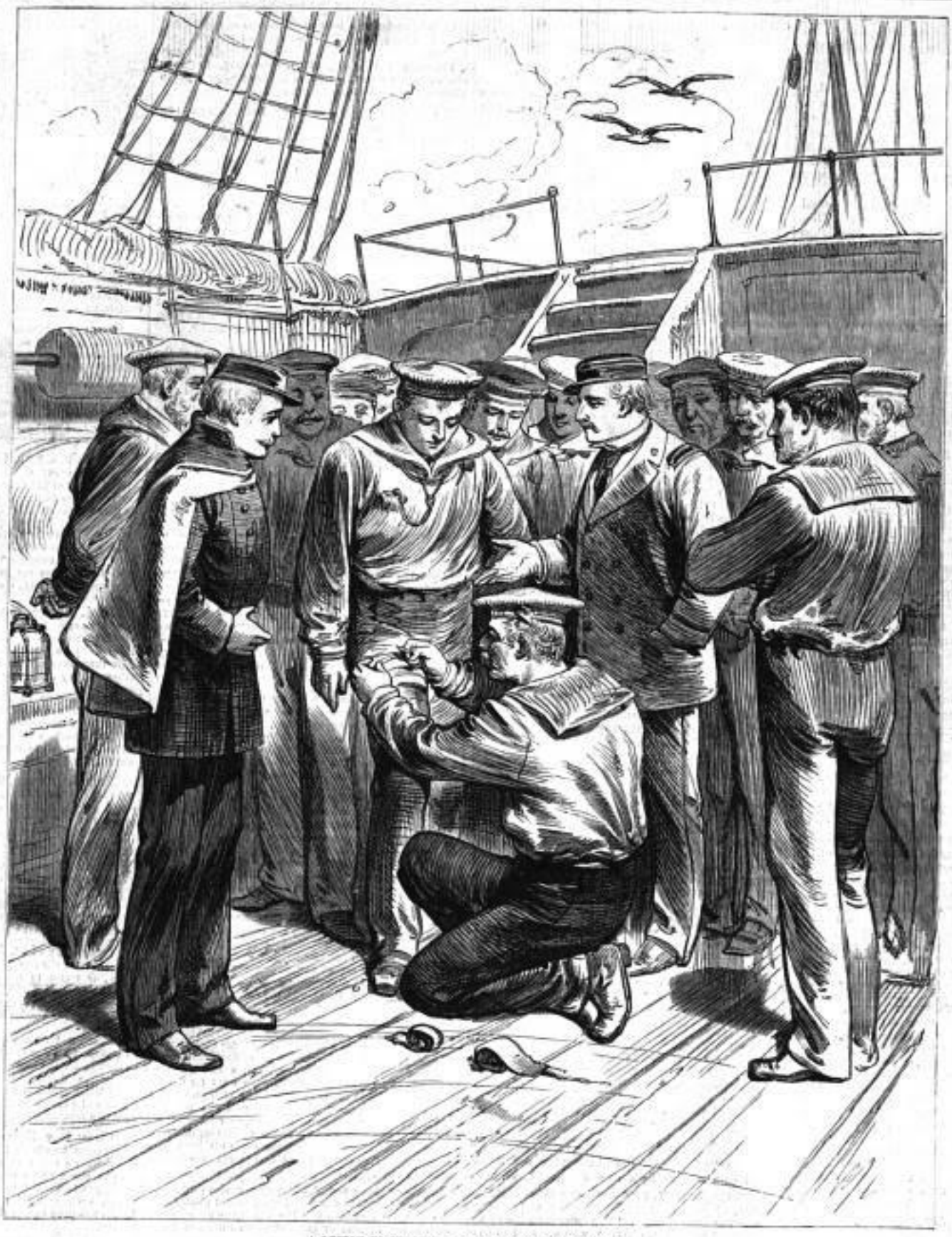
LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

IT is the boast of an American man-of-war that a person may roll about its decks in the cleanest and whitest of clothes, without soiling them in the least. That the boast is not an idle one will be believed by visitors to any of our ships, either at the Navy Yards, on foreign stations, or ocean duty. This thorough cleansing of decks and polishing of metal-work is a result, in more senses than one, of the extreme discipline maintained by the executive officer. Not only is it a portion of the regular work, but it is done by members of the crew as a punishment for the infraction of some of the many rules of the ship. In naval parlance, the scrubbing apparatus is termed a "holy-stone"—a designation said by some to have originated from the fact that the work is done on Sundays, and by others because of the numerous prayers said by the sailors over its head. The block is of sandstone of fine grit and about eighteen inches square. There is an eye in each end for ropes, and an indentation on top for the "squilgee" handle. After the deck has been considerably drenched with water, a quantity of sand is scattered over it, and the holystone is set at work with a man at each end, who pull it to and fro, while another guides it with the "squilgee." This monotonous labor is kept up for several hours, until the decks are as smooth and as white as a porcelain plate.

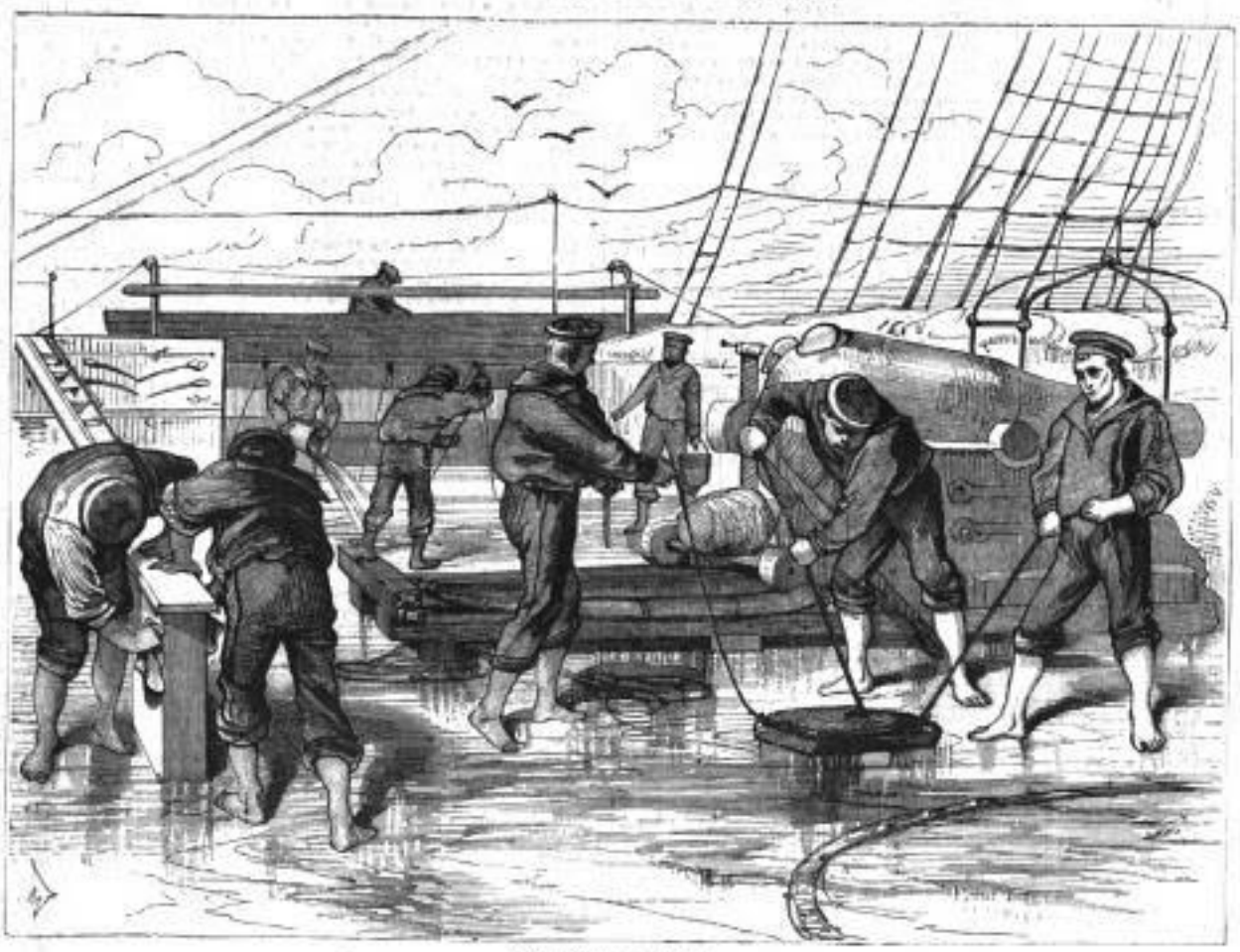
At "down-quarters" during the instruction of the crew at the gun, the assistant-surgeon gives a lesson in practical surgery, so that every man may learn how to relieve himself or assist a comrade when wounded in action, particularly for stopping the flow of blood. The simplest instrument for this purpose is the well-known tourniquet; but when no such method is at hand, quite effective ones may be improvised with handkerchiefs and pieces of wood or metal. The main part of the lesson is to inform the men of the exact location of the great veins in the arms and thighs, by a pressure on which the flow of blood from wounds in the extremities may be readily stopped. A sailor who has exhibited speed, accuracy and skill in affixing the tourniquet, and making and applying a substitute for the usual instrument, is rewarded with the honor of instructing details of the crew, under the supervision of the assistant-surgeon, as shown in our illustration.

There is a common conviction among naval sailors that the whilom glory of the American navy has departed; that the service is rapidly deteriorating through the enactments of landsmen who cannot distinguish a "sick-bay" from the Gulf of Mexico; that even for a season of peace there is little inducement for a man-of-war's man to remain in the service, and that there is absolutely nothing to keep up the old-time spirit which evolved heroes without number. It was a sorrowful day for Jack when, through the influence of the late Admiral Foote, his supply of grog was cut off, although a glorious one for the cause of temperance. In the good old days to stop a sailor's grog was the most horrible of all punishment that could be inflicted upon him, in his estimation, and he was almost inconsolable. He would rather undergo any kind of punishment than be deprived of his grog. To lose his *tot* of corn-juice morning and noon, and when the "main-brace was spliced," was something he could barely endure. It was amusing to see the men in single file as they approached the grog-tub, and to see with what care the tot was lifted so as not to spill a drop of the precious fluid, and to look at the eager eyes, as with a steady hand it was carried to the lips, and, with the head thrown well back, the tot was drained almost as dry as if wiped out with a cloth. It required considerable vigilence on the part of the officer of the deck, Paymaster's Steward and Jack of the Dust, "to keep the veterans from *doubling the tub*."

The punishments regarded as light beside that of "loss of grog" would be esteemed by every one but a sailor of a pretty severe character. Congress has from time to time wrestled with rules for the better government of the Navy, and through these efforts much has been done to elevate the standard of manliness in those who from choice or otherwise have connected themselves with the naval service. By eliminating the degrading and barbaric practice of flogging, Congress recognized the sailor as a member of the human family, and did much to popularize this branch of the service. Yet an "Executive" can find means not only of punishing but of annoying those who may fall under the ban, or whom from dislike or malice he may imagine commits acts of insubordination. There is no limit to the length a martinet may carry his bazing proclivities and just keep within the law's requirements. Still a sailor would submit to any manner of punishment with a considerable degree of resignation if he could only have his ration of grog restored.



A LESSON IN SURGERY—APPLYING THE TOURNIQUET.



HOLYSTONING THE DECK.

LIFE ON BOARD AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR—SCENES ON THE U. S. S. "TICONDEROGA," DURING A RECENT CRUISE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

MARY FLETCHER HOSPITAL, BURLINGTON, VT.

THERE is no higher or better use of wealth than that which contemplates the relief of the suffering and unfortunate. This, unquestionably, was the feeling which inspired Miss Mary Fletcher, of Burlington, Vt., to build and endow the hospital in that city which bears her name, and which was formally opened on the 22d of January last. Miss Fletcher appropriated, in all, for this charity the sum of $150,000. Of this sum $50,000 was for the erection of the buildings, and they have been erected within that limit, and $100,000 was for the permanent endowment of the hospital. She subsequently added $25,000 for the purchase of the site for the institution.

The architecture of the building is very imposing, with its stately portico, the red brick trimmed and varied with black, the massive portals, the generous windows and the tower surmounting all; and the whole structure reflects credit upon the architect—Mr. W. P. Wentworth, of Boston. The main building is of brick, is four stories high, including basement, and is surmounted by a large observatory, the entire height of the building from the top of the weather-vane on the observatory to the ground being 84 feet. The building has a frontage of 80 feet on the north, and 56 feet on the west. On the southwest of the main building is a single story L, 28x40 feet, and a little to the west and connected with the main building by a corridor 75 feet long is the amphitheatre, which has a frontage of 38 feet by 46 feet deep. The amphitheatre is fitted with five rows of elevated, semi-circular seats, and it is in this room that all surgical operations will be performed and the clinical lectures delivered. In this building also are consultation, anæsthetizing and recovery rooms. A few rods from the amphitheatre have been erected three small buildings to be used, respectively, as a laundry, autopsy room and stable. The arrangements are throughout very complete; the patients' rooms especially are most admirably adapted to their intended purpose. The utmost care has been paid to the important matter of ventilation; and while all the building is heated by steam, each room also contains a fireplace and

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NEW YORK.—MONUMENT TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE TOWN OF WALLKILL.—FROM A PHOTO. BY E. JESSUP.

grate, thus giving an additional guarantee of perfect purity of atmosphere and also affording a better opportunity for regulating the temperature.

The Fletcher Hospital is designed primarily for Vermont, and it is the hope and expectation of its founder and corporators that it will become one of the great institutions of the State. It is in one sense a *free* hospital, for while those patients able to do so will pay certain rates, according to the accommodations they receive, those from that State wholly unable to pay anything will be received to the extent of the accommodations, under certain fixed regulations. It is not expected that the hospital will, at the outset, be crowded with patients, but that increasing demands will be made upon its accommodations as the city increases in size and population. The plans of the managers look to the future as well as to the present.

THE LATE ADAM AND EVE.

THERE was much genuine grief in Philadelphia over the death of the two remarkable chimpanzees, Adam and Eve, who had been comfortably lodged in the Zoological Gardens. They had given exhibition of rare intellectual powers, and by their suavity, their peaceful and decorous habits, and their marked appreciation of popular notice had endeared themselves to all *habitués* of the "Zoo." Affectionate and constant to each other, solicitous in a large degree for each other's comfort, cheery, graceful and loquacious in their way, they had become, in the brief period of their domicile, objects of wonder, not only to the general run of visitors, but to medical and scientific enthusiasts. They were the largest of their species which had survived the long journey, and great things were expected of them. Every possible attention was given them, but an unusually severe Winter brought upon one a fatal illness and so affected the other that, with the loss of companionship, life became too dreary to be longer borne, and so was speedily ended. One survived the other but a few days, and the couple had a host of real mourners. The chief were the doctors, who, in manipulating the cadavers, will find little recompense for the loss of opportunity for studying the development of these wonderful "kin beyond the sea."

MONUMENT TO THE SOLDIERS OF WALLKILL, NEW YORK.

THIS monument, now in course of construction, and to be erected at Middletown, N. Y., to the memory of the dead soldiers of the war of the Rebellion, consists of a bottom base eight feet square by two feet thick, a second base six feet square by one foot four inches, a third base four feet nine square at bottom, and molded to an octagon at the top, two feet three inches thick. In each of the four corners is a small cannon, and on the front panel of the base is inscribed the following: "Erected to the Memory of the Soldiers of the Town of Wallkill." The next block consists of the die, three feet six inches at bottom, and diminishing slightly towards the top. The cap is gothic, and in each of the panels is a corps badge. On the mold of this cap next the die are raised polished stars for each State of the Union. Then the pedestal, on the front of which is a monogram, N.Y.S.V. (New York State Volunteers), on a polished shield. Surmounting the whole is a soldier seven feet high, standing at parade rest. Every side of every block of this monument is highly polished, and has raised panels with finely hammered work. The total height is twenty-two feet. The monument is of Vermont granite. It is surrounded by a granite coping and an iron fence. The design is by Mr. O. E. Owen, of Middletown, N. Y.

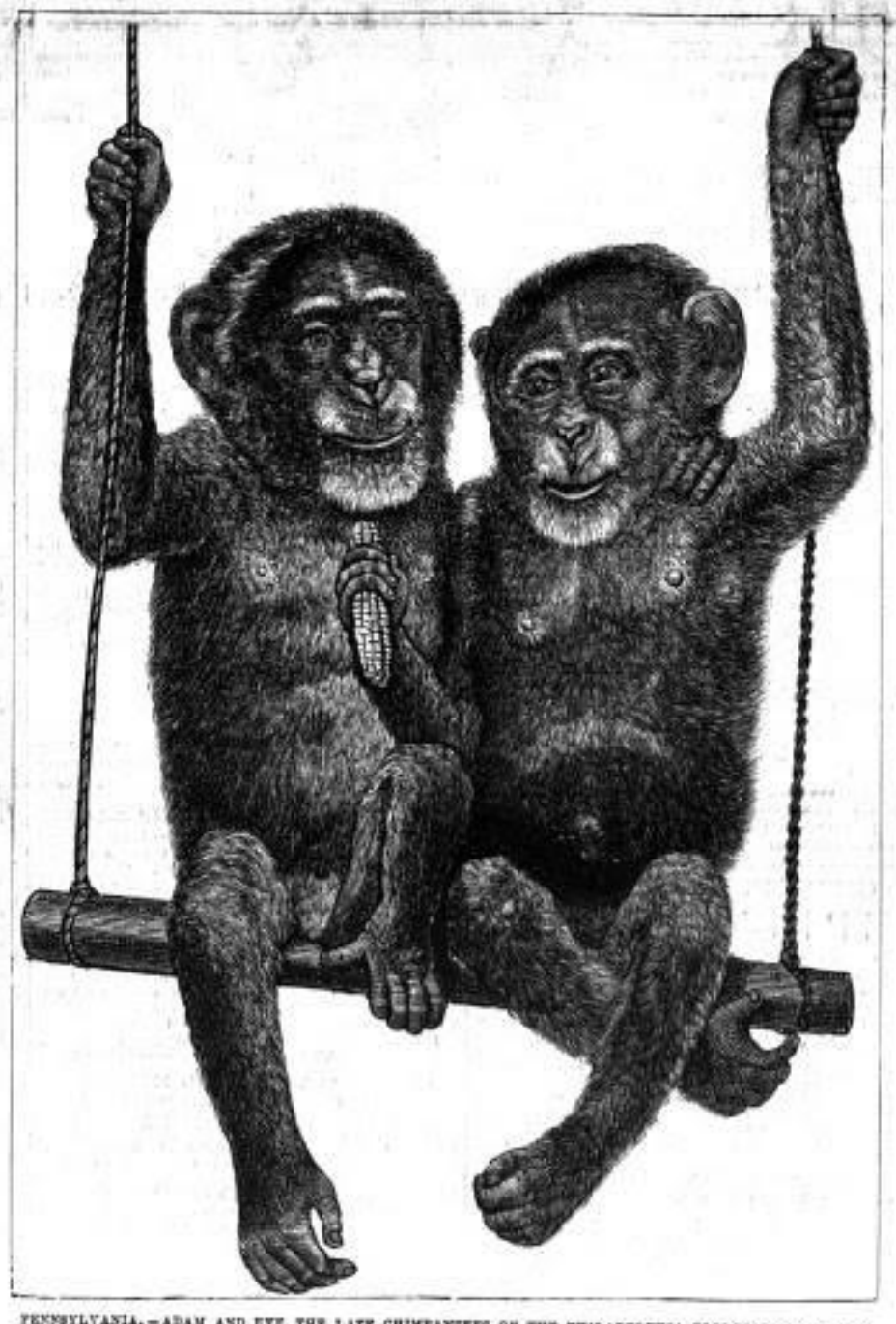
GAMBETTA.

GAMBETTA became famous and popular all at once in December, 1868, when speaking as counsel for the *Rèveil*, which had been prosecuted for organizing a subscription to raise a monument to the representative Baudin, who was slain at the *coup d'état* of 1851. He delivered an harangue, which was one long, impassioned and scathing philippic against Napoleon III. Most people wondered that the Judges of the Sixth Chamber should have allowed him to proceed to the end of this denunciation unchecked; but one must have heard Gambetta speak to understand the enthralling charm of his oratory. I witnessed a proof of this in April, 1870, when he uttered his memorable speech about the "irreconcilables," plainly telling the Ollivier Ministry that he and his followers only accepted the Liberal concessions of the Empire as a "bridge" towards the Republic. In the ardor of his peroration he swept his hand over the ledge of the tribune and knocked a bowl of beef broth, which had been brought for his refreshment, on to the heads of two ushers beneath. In the case of ordinary speakers this mishap would have raised inextinguishable laughter; but as it was, no one even smiled, and the two ushers wiped their hair, ears, and coats in the mutest resignation. Gambetta came to demolish Napoleon's throne just at the time when a man of his sort was wanted. The generation which had seen the butcheries of December, 1851, had half passed away, and the new generation was inclined to judge of the Empire by its pinchbeck splendor and the great material prosperity it had conferred on the land. Gambetta roused the conscience of the nation by reminding it of the crimes which it had no business to bury in oblivion. He came like Daniel at the feast of Belshazzar, but he did more than interpret the writing on the wall: he himself wrote the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" with the blood of the martyred Baudin. From the first it was never doubtful that his prophecies would be fulfilled. All Paris felt that great events were impending; but Gambetta himself had an idea that he should be suddenly arrested and shipped off to Cayenne. I met him a few days after the battles of Woerth and Forbach, when the Empress Regent had put Paris in a state of siege, and at parting I said: "Au revoir au Capitol." He shook his head and answered that he thought Palikao, the Prime Minister, would try to kidnap him. "All my footsteps are dogged," said he, "and my poor aunt advises me to carry a revolver about with me. But that would do no good." The apprehension of being arrested did not shake Gambetta's nerve or interfere with his spirits. He had not taken to "doing Banting" in those days, and after every one of those copious repasts in which he delighted, and where Burgundy was his staple wine, he would jest in a truly Rabelaisian style about his imperial enemies. One of the mistakes he made at this time (he himself calls it *the* capital blunder of his life) was to trust in Bazaine. He worked with all his might to get that traitor appointed Commander-in-Chief, and he succeeded. If the truth must be told, he was fairly carried away by the seductive eloquence of Madame Bazaine. There was no resisting that dark-eyed little Mexican beauty, who chattered like a humming-bird, and amid weeping, wringing of hands, and ecstatic declarations of patriotism, vowed her husband's willingness to die for his country. "Can't you understand what a soldier like my husband must feel at seeing the army commanded by an oaf like this third Napoleon?" exclaimed Madame Bazaine, passionately (within an hour after she had kissed the hand of the Empress and protested her allegiance to the throne). "Yes," answered Gambetta, and for that one time in his life he was weak.

He is not weak now. I wish I could put into fitting words the intense admiration I feel for Gambetta's proconsulate at Tours and at Bordeaux. Let it be remembered that he had then to contend against the sulkiness of Legitimists, the lukewarmness of Orleanists, the downright disaffection of Bonapartists; and that he yet slew nobody, arrested no one, and caused armies to spring up from beneath the sod, as it were. He saved the honor of France. He committed blunders, of course, but how few! And it must be reckoned to his credit that amidst overwhelming temptations to make money (*e.g.*, the Morgan Loan), he left office no richer than he had been before. After the peace he took up his residence in a third-floor apartment of the Rue Montaigne, where his aunt, Mademoiselle Massabie, acted as his housekeeper, and there he remained until his proprietorship of the *République Française* having made him rich, he removed to more suitable lodgings. The Conservative journals have poked much fun at Gambetta, and tried to paint him as a greedy adventurer; but I do not think it would be possible to find a man less wrapt up in self and more devoted to his party and its principles. The dominant sentiment in his mind is the ambition to do what no one else has been able to do, viz., found the Republic in France. Very good-natured withal, he refuses the co-operation of no one who can help him towards this end, inasmuch that when the Cabinet of the 16th of May was overthrown, and hundreds of placemen were trembling for their emoluments, he kept many of them in their situations, simply because they had sent him supplicatory letters.



VERMONT.—THE MARY FLETCHER HOSPITAL, RECENTLY OPENED AT BURLINGTON.



PENNSYLVANIA.—ADAM AND EVE, THE LATE CHIMPANZEES OF THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE T. HOBBS.

ARTIFICIAL MINERALS.

FOR a long time past the attention of geologists has been turned to the study of the means by which nature has worked in the production of the rocks and minerals, constituting the crust of the earth. Already a large number of minerals have been produced out of their elements in the laboratories of chemists; and although no commercial value attaches to them, they are of great interest in enabling us to solve many problems in geology. Nature has had ages to work in while the imitations of man are of momentary duration, and hence the size of the productions of the former must greatly exceed those of the latter. Rubies, sapphires, corundums, diamonds and feldspar have been made in considerable quantity. Some time ago M. Meunier, a geologist, informed the Academy of Sciences of Paris that he had been able to produce an artificial brochantite (sub-sulphate of copper) wholly rebellious to the chemist. In extending his researches he has now succeeded in obtaining melanochroite, a subchromate of lead. By mixing together cold solutions of galena (sulphide of lead) and potassium bichromate, and allowing them to remain undisturbed for many months, he obtained crystals of melanochroite resembling

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in every respect those found in nature. Although, as we have said, such experiments may have no practical value, they, nevertheless, are a step in advance in the study of the composition of the globe.

OUR PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

THE event of the week at the Academy of Music was the production of Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," with Madame Marie Roze as the Queen, and Signor Campanini in the title rôle. Society mustered in its full strength, and when the curtain rose every available seat was occupied by the representatives of musical criticism, and the lovers of good music at its best. The libretto is an adaptation of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance, the score the composition of Filippo Marchetti. The opera was originally produced at La Scala, Milan. Rich in clearly defined melodies, the harmonies are delightfully tinted, and the *ensemble* exceptionally brilliant, while the martial music may be described by the hackneyed but appropriate term—soul-stirring. Never did Madame Marie Roze sing more sympathetically; never did she exhibit her high dramatic powers more vividly; never did the subtle charms of her finished acting and beauteous presence appeal more intensely. She was every inch a queen, a right royal beauty, combining the *hauteur* of a Medicis with the womanly softness of Fazia. The duet "Dolce Volutta" was rapturously encored, the recalls being again and again repeated; while her rendering of the ballad "O Mia Dolce Alemagna" and the "Larda Durata" achieved signal triumphs. Signor Campanini was at his very best, and his acting would have done no discredit to his great master, Salvini. In the last act, the snatching of the sword from his relentless, merciless foe, and his subsequent death agony, were simply superb exhibitions of dramatic powers. Madame Lablache made much of a small part, enacting the duchess duenna to the life. The manner in which the opera was put on the stage does infinite credit to Colonel Mapleson. The dresses were magnificent and true to the Hidalgo period, while the court scene with its march past was a veritable pageant. "Ruy Blas" is destined to become immensely popular while it has added additional and special lustre to the management.

At Wallack's a mere "Scrap of Paper" is drawing large audiences. This adaptation of Sardou's "Pattes de Mouches" is crisp as a new bank note, and bright as a Jablakoff candle.

"The Banker's Daughter" having passed the Rubicon of one hundred nights at the Union Square, bids fair for a phenomenal score.

At Fifth Avenue "Thro' the Dark" has scored a genuine success. The plot is intensely dramatic, the situations full of the keenest and most vivid interest. Not for one moment does the attention flag, and when light and happiness are at length happily arrived at "Thro' the Dark," the feeling of the audience is one of intense relief. The management has mounted the piece in a manner to justify the highest encomiums, and the cast is exceptionally a strong one.

"Hardly ever" has a ship encountered such favorable weather as the "Pinafore." The theatrical ports she is now unloading at are the Lyceum, the Standard, and the Broadway. The crew is in admirable condition, and the cargo which is nightly sent ashore well worthy of investment.

"The Black Crook" has been revived at Niblo's, "La Cigale," at the Olympic, while at Booth's "The Little Duke," the maddest, merriest of opera bouffes, was produced on Saturday night, more of which anon.

"Engaged," Mr. W. S. Gilbert's burlesque comedy, is doing its spiriting gently. Its tone is refreshing and thorough, whilst the sparkle of its dialogue and its charming *mise en scène* render a visit to the Park Theatre a coveted enjoyment. The acting of Agnes Booth marks the true *artiste*. It is natural, devoid of forced effects, and exquisitely sympathetic.

FUN.

WHY was a mother of one of the old Peruvian rulers like a piece of rubber? She was an incaraiser.

THE proprietor of a bone-factory announces that persons leaving their bones with him can have them ground at short notice.

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL: "The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond ear-rings 'cause papa hid them." *Visitor*: "Where has he hid them?" *Little girl*: "Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout; and he guessed they would stay there."

A CITIZEN went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired, "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle, till prices come down."

THE sisters had not been on the most loving terms for some time, when one day a lady visitor praised the good looks of the offspring of one. "How much he looks like Mrs. Black," said she, "especially when she laughs." Mrs. Black was expressing her pleasure at the compliment implied, when the *enfant terrible* blurted out, "Mamma says I look like a fool when I laugh!" Tableau.

TO KNOW whether a garden has been planted or not, a Western paper gives the following rule: "If one forgets whether beds are planted or not, a good way to tell is to turn a stray cat into the garden. If the beds are planted, the cat will proceed to race round and dig into them, and act as if it had relatives in China whom it was anxious to get at; while, if they are not, it will sit down calmly in the path and seem to be meditating on the progress of missionary work in Africa. A cat's instinct seldom deceives in this matter."

A WRITER on household adornment says: "One can easily transform a long and uninteresting parlor into a series of small, artistic rooms, full of sentiment. Gather there easy-chairs, footstools, lounges strewn with pillows, workstands, writing-tables, bric-à-brac, bits of buhl furniture, screens, etc." Oh, yes: these trifles cost comparatively nothing. And you might also bring up the wood-horse and saw, and the washing-machine, and fill in with two or three rosewood pianos, and strew a few coal-stoves over the floor, and hang the wash-boiler and several iron pots on the wall—and you will be surprised at the effect.

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IT has been said that "the blood is the source of life." It is as truly the source of disease and death. No life, that is to say, no healthy tissue can be generated from impure blood, no organ of the body can normally perform its functions when supplied with impure blood. The fluid that should carry life and health to every part, carries only weakness and disease. Blood is the source of life only when it is *pure*. If it has become diseased, it must be cleansed by proper medication, else every pulsation of the human heart sends a wave of disease through the system. To cleanse the blood of all impurities, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the most effectual alterative, tonic, and cathartic remedies yet discovered. *They are especially efficient in scrofulous diseases.*

THE great gift book sale of A. W. Lovering, the book-seller of Boston, is a marked feature of the times. Its very existence in these hard times is a proof of the success which will ever attend the judicious exercise of business energy, commercial honesty and strict performance of promises. Mr. Lovering has been honorably and universally known in Boston for over twenty-five years, and during that time has deservedly won the esteem and confidence of the community for reliability, promptitude and liberality. His colossal gift sale is an acknowledged success; his gifts are awarded with the utmost impartiality (pianos, watches and diamond rings, stretching far into the thousands, having already been given away). All we can say is, send for his large catalogue explaining the modus operandi of the sale.

THE celebrated instruments of Daniel F. Beatty, the great piano and organ manufacturer of Washington, N. J., are unrivaled in purity of tone, action, and excellency of finish, being the result of years of indefatigable labor, the aim of which has been to make only the very *best*, and sell at the least possible profit. This course has resulted in the name of Beatty becoming a household word in every State and Territory of the Union and Canadas, and familiar to numbers of the residents of England, Germany, France and Italy. The special offers of Mr. Beatty, which appear in our columns to-day, mean just what they say. The instruments are all and more than is claimed for them, while the prices are barely manufacturer's cost, for Mr. Beatty is determined to place his unexcelled instruments in the homes of the entire music-loving population. No one contemplating the purchase of an organ or piano should fail to take advantage of his offers, as a neglect to do so will be a matter of regret. Remember these offers are only good during the next thirty days. The illustrated catalogue of Mr. Beatty is detailed and full of information interesting to every one. It will be mailed free on application. Send for a copy to DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

THOUGH the ST. NICHOLAS hotel was built more than twenty years ago, New York to-day has nothing to surpass it. The superb luxury and completeness of its accommodations are beyond cavil, from its cuisine down to the most trifling detail. The stranger seeking a temporary home in New York here finds his beau ideal of hospitality. The rates have been reduced to $3.50 per day.

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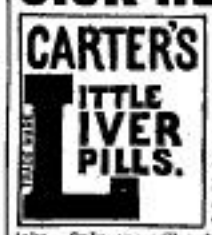
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THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

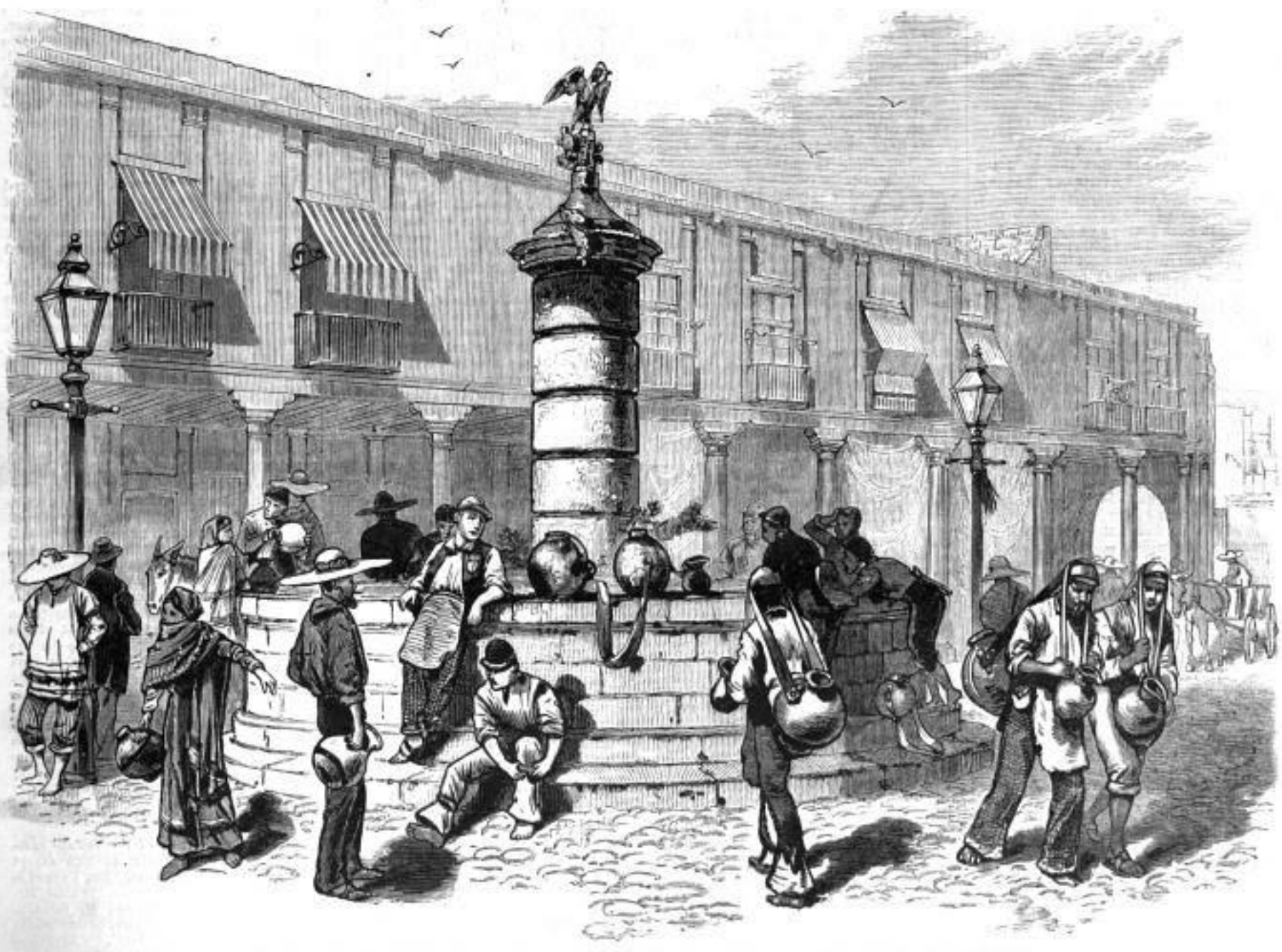
VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION TO MEXICO.

THE exhibition of American and Mexican products at the Mineria was thronged daily by all classes of the residents of Mexico, from the *zarape*-clad Indian followed by his wife, the stereotyped infant hammocked in the stereotyped *rebozo* on her back, to the high-hatted, high-shirt-collared, high-heeled swells, their señoras and señoritas either in raven-black, which becomes them, or in gaudy, ill-sorted, defiant colors, that become them not. Why will the Mexican swells persist in wearing heels high as Popocatapetl? Why will they, in walking, wobble like a Chinese lady of seven buttons? Why do they imagine that a big toe bulging upwards, like a mushroom out of mother earth, is a thing of beauty? What a crop of bunions are being raised for Mexico during this year of grace—bunions as large as lemons or *granadillas!* On Sunday it was next to an impossibility to gain admission to the Mineria, so great was the throng; yet, it was a gentle, passive crowd, that moved sluggishly onward like the waters of the "lazy Scheldt." The "chromo" exhibit possessed a strong fascination for the Mexican, especially such of the pictures as betrayed a religious or ecclesiastical tendency. The Pope was snapped up in a twinkling, and a saint, no matter how remote in the litany, sold at a very respectable figure. "If I only had a chromo of the Virgin of Guadalupe, my fortune was made!" sighed Mr. Kelly, the exhibitor. The Mexicans are not very severe or accurate art-critics. I saw "An Indian Summer in the Adirondacks" sell for a scene near Jalapa, and a likeness of Peter Cooper realized a dollar, under the impression that it was that of Cardinal Manning attired in secular raiment. Mr. Kelly returns to Mexico for the exhibition in January next, to bring with him several thousand chromos of the Virgin of Guadalupe, with as many of Hidalgo, since in every homestead, from the palace on the Plaza Mayor to the sugar-cane cabin out in the tawny sands, are representations of the Virgin and the patriot to be seen—rude, ill-drawn daubs, to be sure, but to the present hour regarded by these simple people as specimens of the very highest art. I have already mentioned the exhibit of Messrs. Rogers, Cooper, and Davis respectively. Plows shone very conspicuously in the Mineria, and every one exhibited was bought up instanter; and Mr. Dickinson, who represented Deere & Co., Moline, Ill., informed me that he could have sold his entire exhibit four times over. Harrison & Co., Belleville, and H. H. Smith & Co., Pekin, Ill., displayed drawings of wagons, plows, threshing-machines and other agricultural implements. Porter & Mowbray, of Winona, Minn., exhibited six different classes of flour. George S. Bowen, of Chicago, made a goodly show of cotton prints from the Harmony Mills, at Cohoes, N. Y.; Richardson & Co., New York; and Lockwood & Co., Waterville, Me. Nails were strongly represented by the Riverside and Benwood Iron Works of Wheeling, W. Va., and the Bellair (Ohio) Works. Wood & Co. and Park Brother & Co., through C. L. Umbstaetter, exhibited sheet-iron and cast-steel; while Gill Brothers & Co., of Steubenville, Ohio, displayed a large assortment of glassware.

Continued on page 70.]



MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON. SEE PAGE 71.



MEXICO.—WATER-CARRIERS AT THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PLAZA SANTO DOMINGO, CITY OF MEXICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.

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THE NEW CONGRESS.

THE Forty-sixth Congress has met in extraordinary session at the call of the President, and has been duly organized, with a Democratic majority in both of its branches. The re-election of Mr. Randall as Speaker of the House of Representatives is commonly accepted as a tribute, not only to his acknowledged skill as a parliamentarian, but also to the predominance of comparatively moderate ideas among the Democratic members of that body.

Whether this augury shall be confirmed or not by the deliberations of the present session, it is at least safe to say that the Democrats are now put on trial before the country as they have not been before since the outbreak of the late Civil War, when the sceptre of power passed from their hands, or, rather, was violently tossed from their hands, and left to be grasped by their Republican rivals. And the circumstances under which the Democrats succeed to the legislative control of the country are well calculated to impose upon them the duty and necessity of walking with vigilance and circumspection in the narrow way which has been opened to them by the hesitating favor of the people.

We say the "hesitating favor" of the people, for it behooves the Democrats of the House of Representatives to remember that they have maintained their ascendency in that body by a constantly decreasing majority since the date of their overwhelming supremacy in the popular branch of the Forty-fourth Congress; and it behooves them also to remember that they hold the Senate to-day rather by virtue of the great political reaction which supervened in 1874, than by virtue of the predominance they now hold in such States as New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Ohio; for if these States were all called to elect their Senators to-day, they would follow the example of New York in electing Republicans to represent them in that branch of the National Legislature.

Holding the House of Representatives by such a narrow margin, and holding the Senate by a tenure which has respect rather to the past than the present, the Democrats are placed under the strongest obligations of prudence as well as of public duty, to disengage their steps from any line of conduct that shall savor of partisan rashness or of revolutionary violence. They cannot afford the indulgence of partisan rashness, because their majority is not large enough to insure the predominance of passion over reason, and because their temporary triumph under the lead of the former would be the sure precursor of defeat in the coming Presidential contest. They cannot afford to symbolize with revolutionary violence by attempting to coerce the Executive into an unwilling compliance with their measures of legislation, because in so doing they would not only sin against the theory of our Government, but against the very tenure by which they now hold the Senate.

We explained last week that, in the distribution of powers under the Federal Constitution, the framers of that instrument determined that the distribution should cover different tracts of time as well as different spheres of jurisdiction—the division and co-ordination of powers in several distinct departments being ordained to guard against the despotism of any particular department, and the overlapping of the times covered by the incumbents of Federal place, at any given epoch, being ordained to guard against the rash and tumultuous wishes of the "living present."

The Democrats are placed under especial obligation to regard the latter feature of the Constitution, because, in case the President should dissent from any act of the two Houses of Congress, he would not only be in the exercise of a technical right, vested in him by the Constitution, but the moral ground on which he can claim to exercise it would be precisely similar in its origin to the moral ground on which the Democratic majority of the Senate must rest their control of that body; for if it be said that the President has no moral right to veto an act of the National Legislature passed in 1879, because he was elected on the "effete issues" of 1876, it would be easy for him to retort that, on this theory, the Senate, composed as it largely is of men elected at a still earlier date, has no moral right to impose its present will on him. In a word, the Democrats can as little impeach the moral as the constitutional right of the President to exercise his lawful prerogatives in matters of new legislation; for in impeaching the former they would cast discredit on the pretensions by which they hold to-day a continuing majority in the Senate.

In so arguing, we express no opinion upon the merits of the issues which may come to be joined between the Legislative and Executive Departments. It may be that the President will give his assent to the repealing measures desiderated by the Democrats. If he should do so the threatened conflict will be avoided. If he should refuse that assent he will be called to give his reasons for such refusal, and in the presence of those reasons it will remain for the Representatives of the people, assembled in Congress, to exercise their rightful constitutional power to pass the Bills in question "over the President's head." If they should fail in this attempt, the methods of the Constitution will have been exhausted, and the issue must be remitted to the arbitration of the people at the next Congressional and Presidential election. To block the wheels of Government, in revenge for such a failure, would be to install anarchy and revolution in the place of those orderly processes which are marked out by the Constitution for the enforcement of political changes; and who can doubt that the party which provokes such an issue would be swept away by the consuming indignation of the people? If the Democrats wish to learn the perils of such a course let them study the popular reaction which the Republican Party has provoked by the abuses of its power in the heyday of its supremacy.

THE VANDERBILT WILL.

THE decision of Surrogate Calvin in the Vanderbilt will case, confirming in every respect the probate of the will and codicils, will be received with general satisfaction as the only proper conclusion of a contest which should never have been made. The Surrogate's opinion covers all the more important issues raised in the case, and, as to some of the witnesses of the contestant, speaks in terms of severe but merited condemnation. Analyzing the testimony as to monomania, the Surrogate concludes that it shows Commodore Vanderbilt was a man "of very vigorous mind and strong nature, but lacking the amenities of education and culture and a delicate respect for the opinions of his fellow-men." The Surrogate argues that it was impossible that William H. Vanderbilt could have exerted an undue influence upon his father, and he urges those interested to "bring to merited punishment" the principal spiritualistic witnesses, "together with their guilty suborners." In conclusion, the Surrogate censures the contestant for the aspersions cast upon the character of Mr. Vanderbilt, remarking upon this point as follows:

"The tardy apology, after the most diligent and persistent effort to secure witnesses capable of testifying to the charges, while praiseworthy in itself, affords but a sorry and meagre amend for the endurance by a delicate, sensitive, cultured woman, for two years, of a baseless slander of her private character. It is an occasion of no regret, but of gratification, that no mesh of prurient and defamatory matter has been kept out of this case, consistently with the rights of all the parties engaged in this unseemly revelation of family secrets. It may well be doubted whether, in the best and most exemplary families, there do not things occur which a reverent regard for the decency, the modesty and sacred character of domestic life would preserve inviolate. But when such revelations are sought to be made in violation of the obligations of filial and fraternal duty, it behooves courts to confine such disclosures to the narrowest practicable limits consistent with the legal rights of the litigants."

All persons who have the slightest regard for the decencies of life will thank Surrogate Calvin for this opportune and emphatic rebuke of that malevolent spirit, only too frequently exhibited, which delights in defamation of personal character, and, for mercenary or other ends, does not scruple "to uncover to the public gaze the secrets of a parent's domestic and private life," and expose to the glare of the world the most sacred mysteries of the family and household. Indeed, the decision in this notable case can scarcely be without its influence upon the public mind as to the whole general subject of maintaining the inviolability of wills. The success which had attended some other efforts to set aside wills and testaments, involving large pecuniary interests, has produced a deep solicitude among persons of all classes as to whether any one could dispose of his estate by will with any confidence that such a disposition would be respected by the courts against the assaults of dissatisfied heirs and next of kin. Men of means were beginning to inquire whether, after all, it was worth while to accumulate, by earnest toil and scrupulous economy, a competence for those near and dear to them, if, when death closed their account, discontented and mercenary relatives, direct or remote, could step in and set aside the testamentary disposition of the fortune so accumulated. Surrogate Calvin, by his vigorous denunciation of all disreputable conspiracies of this sort, no less than by his righteous decision, has established a judicial precedent which will be of vast service in the future to honest and legitimate heirs, while at the same time it will deepen in the minds of intending testators the feeling of confidence in the maintenance of their testamentary purposes as lawfully and regularly expressed.

GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

WHEN, a number of months ago, Mr. Edison gravely assured the public that he had solved the whole problem of electrical lighting; that he had experimentally demonstrated the feasibility of dividing and subdividing the electric current at will, and that his plans gave promise of greatly reducing the cost of illumination, the public hailed the announcement with delight, and the price of gas-stocks everywhere rapidly declined. But the rosy promises of the wizard of Menlo Park still remain unfulfilled, and the indications, both at home and abroad, seem to warrant the opinion that gas corporations are yet to have their way for an indefinite number of years. Nor have the latter been slow to avail themselves of the knowledge that electrical lighting for ordinary domestic use is still a matter of the future. With confidence revived, they have restored the price of their stocks, and go on making consumers pay a profit ranging from more than two hundred to four hundred per cent. on cost of gas production.

It must not be considered, however, that electrical lighting is merely a chimera, or that efforts to supersede gas by its use have been relaxed. Enough has already been accomplished by electricians to heighten the desire to attain the one grand end in view. Experiments are constantly going on, and within a comparatively short period many new inventions and improvements have been brought to public notice, more particularly in France and England. At this moment at least a dozen different "systems" of electric lighting are in operation, their authors using as many different machines for generating the currents and of contrivances for producing and diffusing the illumination. Its adaptability to illuminating open, out-of-door spaces, public thoroughfares, docks and harbors, and the interior of large establishments, has been amply illustrated in London, Woolwich, Sheffield, Paris and Havre. The Jablochkoff candle system has been used in both Paris and London with great satisfaction as to its brilliant illuminating powers. The proprietors of the London *Times* use the system of M. Rapieff in lighting their establishment, and estimate its cost at about one-third the price of gas. Quite recently the Van der Weyde lamp was employed to illuminate Regent Street, London, and people were literally amazed by its overpowering brilliancy. In this country the practical use of the electric light has not extended beyond a very few manufacturing establishments, the Brush apparatus, an American invention, being the one mostly employed. A Brooklyn gentleman also is the accredited inventor of a generator and electric lamp. It is said that an apparatus after his plan, costing in the neighborhood of three hundred dollars, is susceptible of giving a light equal to twenty-four hundred candles.

That the amount of illumination afforded by the electric light is far greater than that of any other now in common use, and that its employment is desirable, so far as its adaptation may permit, will not be denied, but there is a practical question to settle before it can meet with wide success, and that question relates wholly to its cost. The public will yield to the extortionate exactions of gas companies, and submit—because they must—to their swindling system of measurement, until such time as a cheaper illuminating agent than coal gas can be procured. As it now stands, the electric light is regarded as a luxury too expensive for ordinary, everyday purposes, and is for the masses rather a curiosity than a benefaction.

The statements published by sanguine inventors and other persons in interest, to the effect that the cost of the electric light will be much below that of other illuminating agencies, thus far remains without satisfactory confirmation. In fact, all investigation, unfortunately, tends to prove that the cost of the electric light is greatly in excess of that of gas, even when the illuminating power is equal. This is shown by a series of experiments recently conducted by Messrs. Bennett and Valon, at Westgate-on-Sea, England. Six lamps, each adapted to burn Jablochkoff candles, were arranged at intervals of eighty yards, on standards 9½ feet high, along the sea-road. The candles were made to burn 1½ hours, but required renewing every hour. A small Siemens machine, exciting a large six-light Siemens, produced the electric current, which was divided into two circuits, having three lamps in each. A ten-horse engine imparted a velocity of 1,263 revolutions per minute to the smaller and 959 to the larger machine. A twenty-inch globe was used to test the light, and each lamp gave an illumination equal to 197 candles, or 1,182 in all. The experiment began December 2d, and was continued four hours during each of twenty-four nights. The total working expenses, in United States coin, amounted to $196.67. Messrs. Bennett and Valon state in their report that to produce an equivalent with gas 107½ lamps would be required, each burning five cubic feet per hour of the quality of gas at Westgate, giving eleven candles. The cost of this, for a period of ninety-six hours, they state at $81.43, thus showing a saving in favor of gas equal to $115.18.

Only a short time ago one of the London gas companies received permission to make an experimental trial on the Waterloo-road for the purpose of comparison with the cost of lighting the Thames Embankment by the Jablochkoff candle. In a distance of five hundred yards they increased the illuminating power from 264 candles, costing $465 per year, to 1,720 candles, the cost of which was quite $2,000 per annum. The result proved that it would cost fully ten times as much to light the same space equally as well with the electric light.

That this difficulty of cost may be overcome, and the electric light be brought into ordinary use, are consummations devoutly to be desired. The gas companies have had their own way far too long. While few or no improvements have been made in the manufacture of gas, the profits of the corporations have been enormous. Their stocks, in many instances, have doubled and trebled the par value, and the dividends have proved a mine of wealth to the stockholders. No business has turned out to be so lucrative. In this country, to-day, the price of untaxed gas, costing the manufacturers from 60 to 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, is charged to consumers at $2.50 and on up to $3.50 per 1,000 cubic feet, meter measure, according to locality. The profit ranges from 212 to 337 per cent. Where is the merchant, manufacturer, or banker, who realizes such extortionate gains? He who shall succeed in furnishing the civilized world with a better and cheaper light than coal gas will rank, deservedly and by common consent, among the foremost benefactors of mankind.

OUR PENSION ROLL.

THE liberality shown by the United States Government in its treatment of those who have fought and suffered in its defense amounts almost to extravagance. Pensioners totally disabled are now paid $864 per annum, which is the largest sum ever paid any class of military pensioners by any Government. Up to the War of the Rebellion, and for some time afterwards, this class received $96, but the amount has been gradually increased by nearly every Congress until it is now nearly ten times the former figure. The last increase was from $600 to $864. The "totally disabled" are such as have lost both eyes, or both arms, or both legs, or are otherwise entirely disqualified from physical exertion. In all, there are over fifty different classes of invalids on the rolls, not including widows and orphans, and special cases, like Mrs. Lincoln. The number who receive $600 per year is 701. Of the total number of pensioners, 34,890 receive each $102 and upwards annually. While the ravages of death and marriage (widows marrying are no longer entitled to pensions) steadily reduce the roll, the diminution in numbers has an offset in the increase of rates from time to time and the enlargement of the list, so that the annual payments for the next five years promise to be larger than for the last five years. But the minor children on the rolls are now coming of age rapidly, and will all disappear from the list within four years, with a corresponding reduction, of course, in the expenditure on pension account. Last year 10,321 were thus dropped, having come of age.

THE SENATE COMMITTEES.

IN the reconstruction of the Senate committees, all the chairmanships except three go to the Democrats. Mr. Bayard is Chairman of the Committee on Finance; Mr. Eaton, of Foreign Relations; Mr. Gordon, of Commerce; Mr. Thurman, of Judiciary; Mr. Davis (of West Virginia), on Appropriations; Mr. Kernan, of Patents; and Mr. Saulsbury on Privileges and Elections. The

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Finance Committee has a majority in favor of soft money so far as the Democratic side is concerned. It is significant of the tendency of Democratic opinion as to the Appropriation Bills that the five Democratic Senators on the Appropriations Committee are pronounced and aggressively in favor of the most extreme partisan measures which were considered in their joint caucus of last session. Of the twenty-nine regular committees, twenty chairmanships are given to the South and only nine to the rest of the country, but this apparent partiality could not well be avoided since the South furnishes thirty of the total of forty-three Democratic Senators — nineteen of whom are ex-confederate officers. Of course, with this preponderance of members, the South, so far as the Senate is concerned, will be largely responsible for the legislation of Congress. It is to be hoped that the representatives of that section may not signalize their return to power by adopting the reactionary policy to which Mr. Beck and a few others seek to commit them.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE Cabinet difficulties of the French Republic are not yet ended, and it looks as if Gambetta, whose silence during all the recent disputes is significant, will have to become President of the Council in place of Waddington. But Gambetta would doubtless prefer to wait quietly for a still higher position. It is a pity that when there is so much practical work to be done by the conservative French Republic, its work should be hindered and even its existence imperiled by fanatical radicals, who play into the hands of monarchical and imperial reactionaries by thrusting forward burning religious as well as burning political questions which it would do no harm, but on the contrary much good, to let cool off for a while. Great excitement has been caused by the introduction in the Chamber of Deputies of Jules Ferry's Higher Education Bill, proposing to exclude the Jesuits from teaching. The Jesuits have in France twenty-seven colleges, with 848 teachers; twenty-six other communities, having sixty-one establishments and 1,089 teachers, are also unrecognized by the State, and they will consequently be deprived by the Bill of the right of teaching. It is presumed that if the Bill passes, the disqualified Orders will transfer their establishments to those recognized by law. But all the indications justify the belief that the Bill will be bitterly resisted, and perhaps its discussion will produce a more profound agitation than even the impeachment of the De Broglie Ministry would have done. Whatever perils may await the Grévy Government, there is good reason to hope it will pass safely through them. M. Frederic Harrison is right when he calls the closing of the French revolution and the founding of a permanent republic in the midst of Europe "the greatest political experiment of our age."

Few reflect how vast a difference is made by a little more or less of rain. Enough has now fallen throughout the province of Lahore, where fears of famine were lately rife, to insure the safety of the Spring harvest, and thus entirely change the financial and political, and affect even the military, aspects of the situation in India. Definite terms of peace have been sent by the Viceroy to Yakoob Khan, son of the late Ameer of Afghanistan, who has not yet had time to reply. Meanwhile, it is positively said that 20,000 Russians are being conveyed across the Caspian Sea, with Merv as their destination. It is also announced that Abdul Khan, who is Russia's favored candidate for the Afghan throne, is advancing on Cabul with many adherents. Abdul Khan is the son of the eldest brother of the late Shere Ali. He is, in fact, the legitimate heir to the throne of Afghanistan, but for six years past has lived in retirement in Samarcand, being supported by a pension awarded him by the Czar of Russia. He recently had an interview with General Kaufman, the Russian representative; and it is now supposed that, having received pledges of assistance in an attempt to regain his rightful inheritance, he is moving forward with that object in view. It appears inevitable that Russia and England must ultimately confront each other in Central Asia. But for the present Prince Gortschakoff and Lord Dufferin (the latter having taken friendly counsel at Berlin with Prince Bismarck) are reported to be successfully making a temporary amicable settlement of all the angry Eastern questions of the day. The Sultan has expressed the strongest desire for still closer relations of friendship with his British allies.

In the German parliament, the Chancellor seems likely to gain converts to his protectionist programme, although the bitterest hostilities have been provoked by his war upon Socialism and his attempts to force the members of the Reichstag to put on themselves the yoke of his Disciplinary Bill. A stormy session was caused the other day by a mere allusion to the possibility of there ever arising a Republic in Germany. Emperor William's birthday will be duly celebrated, but, on account of his indisposition, the ceremonial will be brief.

The business situation in Great Britain does not improve, and grave apprehensions of another financial crash are felt in commercial circles. Rumors affecting the solvency of institutions of high standing produced great depression during the past week. Great dissatisfaction with the proposed Tariff policy of Canada is expressed in England, but it is declared that Parliament will not interfere in the matter. A batch of correspondence in reference to South Africa has been published, showing that Lord Chelmsford desires to be recalled, and that the Home Government strongly deprecates the precipitancy with which Sir Bartle Frere rushed into war with the Zulus. The Government, under date of the 20th instant, instructed the latter that it is indisposed to sanction annexation or any further interference with the internal affairs of Zulu than is necessary for securing the safety of the colonies.

Prince Gortschakoff, in a reply to Lord Salisbury's dispatch pressing the execution of the Treaty of Berlin, declares that Russia must support within the limits of that treaty, the interests of the population for whose defense she went to war, and adds that a general understanding would be greatly facilitated if those populations acquired the conviction that their interests would be effectually defended by Europe within the same limits when Russian troops were no longer there to protect them. Gortschakoff says further that all that the British Government and its agents can do to induce in them confidence, moderation and resignation, and thus effect the equitable and pacific execution of the treaty, will meet with Russia's co-operation.

Menotti Garibaldi, son of the "Hero of the Red Shirt," proposes to leave Italy next Summer with a colony of three thousand Italians for New Guinea, in Australasia. He had better establish his colony in Virginia, Florida, Texas, or California. The great tidal wave of emigration to America is already rising in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain.

THE Democratic members of the House of Representatives, at a caucus held March 20th, adopted a resolution directing the Speaker to appoint all the standing committees. This means that the majority propose to open the door to general legislation instead of confining themselves to the passage of the necessary appropriation bills. If this purpose shall be persisted in, the session will probably be a long one affecting the business interests of the country most unfavorably.

A NATIONAL convention of Irishmen, just held in Chicago, has taken steps to remedy the evil of crowding the Irish immigrant population into large cities. An executive committee was appointed with authority to establish a statistical bureau for the dissemination of facts useful to immigrants who intend to settle on the lands, and, if practicable, establish diocesan and parochial bureaus to assist in the work. The movement will commend itself to public approval as at once timely and judicious.

THE State Legislature, in the interest of policy-holders in life insurance companies, has passed a Bill which makes it the duty of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, whenever it shall appear that the capital stock of a company is impaired to the extent of twenty-five per cent., to require the stockholders to make good in cash the amount of the deficiency within ninety days. If the officers of the company fail to comply with the order, the Attorney-General is required to at once bring an action for the dissolution of the corporation. The law is a very proper one, but its utility will depend altogether upon the efficiency with which it is enforced.

THE plans for the International Exhibition in Mexico, in January next, are assuming form and shape. All nations will be invited to participate, and such as have diplomatic relations with Mexico will be requested to send special commissioners. All goods for exhibition may be entered free of duty, and will be shown in special buildings, without charge for space or storage. This exhibition will give our manufacturers and merchants an opportunity to develop a trade with Mexico which they should utilize to the utmost. There is no reason at all why at least seventy-five per cent. of the trade of that country should not be in our hands.

ONE of the wholesome signs of the times is the improvement in the iron trade, which in some districts is so marked that the demand exceeds the supply and capacity of the mills. New furnaces are being put in operation every week, and the outlook is full of encouragement. The steel-rail interest is also actively prosperous, so much so that good authorities believe the total capacity of the mills will be inadequate to meet the demand for 1879. Good prices for iron rails are assured for the next three months at least. Sales to the extent of 10,000 tons were effected in Philadelphia a few days since. A circular of Eastern bar iron manufacturers, just issued, says "the mills are full of orders at $2.50 to $4 advance on old prices, while the stocks of pig-iron are reduced, good qualities scarce, and prices advancing to a living figure."

THE publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., of this city, have suffered, as we have done, from the fraudulent practices of dishonest adventurers, and have just issued the following cautionary announcement:

"WARNING.—A party calling himself M. S. Gardiner, alias D. S. Davis, is traveling through the country (from latest reports, is now in the Southwestern States) soliciting subscriptions for 'Myra's Paris Fashion Journal,' and representing himself as the agent of Appleton & Co., 814 Broadway, New York City. There is not, and, as far as we can learn, never has been, a firm of that name at the address given. We herewith give notice that we have no connection whatever with the 'Journal' above mentioned; nor do we know the man, except through complaints received from persons who have paid him money, and have failed to receive the magazine they subscribed for. *None of our Agents are allowed to collect payment in advance.* D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,

"549 & 551 *Broadway, New York.*"

MEMBERS of Congress seem to find it easier to enact laws than to obey them when made. The Revised Statutes, for instance, require the disbursing officers of the two Houses to deduct from the monthly payments of each member the amount of his salary for each day that he has been absent, *unless such member assigns as the reason for such absence the sickness of himself or some member of his family.* This law is violated, deliberately and repeatedly, at every session. A notable illustration is furnished in the case of Senator Sharon, of Nevada, who drew from the Secretary of the Senate, recently, compensation amounting to $10,000, being for the whole of the last Congress, with mileage added for sessions which he did not attend, being engaged elsewhere on his purely personal business during almost the entire period. Under the law, the Senator not assigning sickness as the reason of his absence, was entitled to but the merest fraction of this sum; but it was taken without scruple, just as others have taken it, in plain defiance of law and propriety. This may seem to be a trivial matter, but it is a matter which demands attention all the same. If the law is wrong, let it be repealed; but if it is right, and so long as it remains on the statute-book, let it be enforced inflexibly and impartially.

NO ONE can complain that our circulating mediums are not sufficiently numerous and varied. We have now eleven kinds of money, namely, copper cents, nickels, subsidiary silver, old silver, standard silver dollars, trade dollars, twenty-cent pieces, gold, Treasury notes, national bank notes, and fractional currency. The fractional currency is nearly all withdrawn, only $14,000,000 being now out, but there is a demand for a reissue, especially of the fifty-cent notes. The experience of the Treasury officials shows that paper money is more popular than silver, the paying teller in the Treasury cash-room stating that one hundred dollars in bills are called for to six dollars in standard silver dollars. There are many complaints of a redundancy of silver, particularly from small towns, where it accumulates, and no complaint from any direction that there is a scarcity of it. All of the old silver has come out of its hiding-places, and this, added to the Mexican dollars, the "daddy" dollars, the trade dollars, the immense amount of subsidiary silver, makes a quantity about three times larger than we ever had before in circulation at one time. The "daddy" dollars are now being issued at the rate of $2,000,000 monthly.

ACCORDING to the latest official returns, the paupers in England and Wales sustain the proportion of one to every thirty of the population. In round numbers, the amount of poor-rates levied amounts to the startling sum of sixty-five millions of dollars, but, out of this total, about twenty-three millions go towards the police, county, highway, and school boards, leaving a balance of forty-two millions towards the support of some 750,000 paupers. A good deal of complaint is made that the poor-house system is greatly abused by those who administer it. Instead of being exclusively devoted to the aged and destitute poor, and those of tender age, the workhouses are filled continuously with able-bodied paupers of both sexes, at a large cost to the country. One journal says that the policy of the majority of the poor authorities tends "to foster whole broods of permanent paupers, who come to look upon the workhouse as their natural home, instead of as a temporary asylum in times of distress." This question of the best method of dealing with the poor is by no means a new one, but its difficulties do not seem to diminish with discussion. One of the main points, as laid down by John Stuart Mill, is how to give the needful help with the smallest encouragement to undue reliance on it; and this problem contains in a nutshell the whole theory of what relief should be.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

L. B. BRADLEY, ex-Governor of Nevada, died at Elko, March 21st, aged seventy-four.

FIVE hundred and seventy-seven Chinamen arrived at San Francisco on March 21st.

AMONG recent deaths is that of Hon. George Goldthwaite, ex-United States Senator from Alabama.

THE lower branch of the Connecticut Legislature has passed a Bill providing for the use of the bell-punch liquor register.

MR. HUBERT O. THOMPSON has been appointed as County Clerk of New York by Governor Robinson, in place of Mr. Gumbleton, removed.

ABOUT one hundred Democrats and thirty-four Republicans and Independents have been elected to the Louisiana Constitutional Convention.

THE Senate Judiciary Committee has pronounced the action of the President in restoring Major Benjamin F. Runkle to the Army to be illegal.

THE next contest for the Astley belt is to take place in London, commencing on June 16th. Ennis will enter against Rowell, the present champion.

THE Senate of Tennessee has passed a Bill to adjust the State debt at forty cents on the dollar, and four per cent. interest, subject to the approval of the people.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER has been nominated as Superintendent of the Census, and Mr. Clarence King to be Director of Surveys under the Interior Department.

CONGRESS met in extra session, March 18th. In the House Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, receiving 144 votes to 125 for General Garfield, and 13 for Hon. Arch. B. Wright.

MR. BENJAMIN C. PORTER, an actor well-known in New York, was murdered in Marshall, Texas, March 20th, by a ruffian named Currie, who assaulted a lady under Porter's protection.

THE Executive Committee of the trustees of Cornell University have called Professor Von Holst, of the German University of Friedberg, to deliver ten lectures on "American Constitutional History" in the latter part of the next term.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL of Cincinnati has published an appeal for help in his present financial difficulties. He places the amount of the debt at $1,400,000, which is a much smaller figure than that which rumor has generally assigned.

DENNIS KEARNEY is stumping Southern California for the new Constitution. In his speeches he abuses people without stint. A dispatch from Santa Ana says that one of the men thus vilified gave Kearney an unmerciful beating.

MAYOR COOPER proposes to submit to Governor Robinson charges against the Police Commissioners of this city. The Commissioners last week appeared before the Mayor for trial, but, not being permitted to be heard by counsel, refused to reply to his interrogatories.

THE Republicans of Connecticut have nominated the present State officers for re-election. The Democrats have nominated for Governor, Thomas W. Segar; Lieutenant-Governor, J. D. Bailey; Secretary of State, David S. Baker, Jr.; Attorney-General, Charles H. Page; General Treasurer, Patrick Farrell.

THE annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics says that fifty-three per cent. of our foreign commerce is with Great Britain and her colonial and other dependencies. Of the provisions and breadstuffs exported during the year, over eighty per cent. was produced in the Western and Northwestern States.

THE new officers of the United States Senate, selected by the Democrats, are as follows: For Secretary, Colonel John C. Burch, of Tennessee; for Sergeant-at-Arms, R. J. Bright, of Indiana; for Chief Clerk, Francis E. Shober, of North Carolina; for Executive Clerk, H. H. Peyton of Virginia; for Chaplain, the Rev. J. G. Bellock, of Virginia.

OWING to the previous suspension of four unsound banks in New Orleans, all the others, thirteen in number, virtually suspended payments on March 20th. They adopted a resolution to pay out $200 only in cash to any one depositor, the rest of the business to be done on certified checks. Over $1,500,000 in currency were forwarded to New Orleans by bankers in this city by way of relieving the pressure.

Foreign.

THE Bulgarian Assembly of Notables has begun work in earnest on the new Constitution.

THE steamer *Ontario* has been chartered by the English Government to carry 500 American mules to Natal.

THE Swiss State Council at Berne, by a vote of twenty-seven to fifteen, has resolved to restore capital punishment in Switzerland.

THE French ironclad *Arrogante*, on March 19th, sprang a leak and sank, with forty-seven seamen, in a furious gale in the Mediterranean.

THE betrothal of the King of Spain to the Princess Marie, daughter of the Count de Paris, is regarded as ultimately not improbable.

THE Austrian Government has asked the Reichsrath to authorize the issue of 100,000,000 florins gold rentes to meet the requirements of the current year.

MANY avalanches have recently occurred in the Austrian Tyrol. At Bielberg ten houses were crushed by one of these, forty persons were killed, eighteen seriously injured, and fifteen others missing.

IT is stated that 120,000 persons "were flooded out" by the recent disaster at Szegedin, in Hungary, and that 5,200 out of 10,000 houses were flooded. Everything possible is being done for the relief of the sufferers. The floods have subsided.

IN a discussion in the German Reichstag on a motion to give autonomy to Alsace-Lorraine, Prince Bismarck favored an arrangement for a consultative representation of the province with a voice in the discussion of laws directly affecting it.

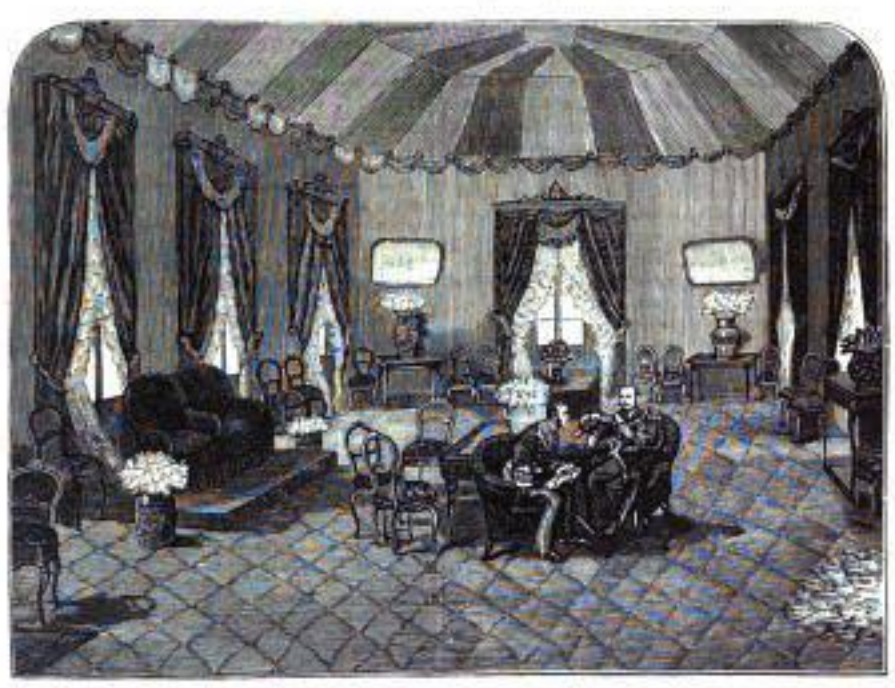
A CABLE company is organizing, with 20,000,000 francs capital, under the auspices of an important Parisian financial establishment. It will acquire the existing Brest and St. Pierre cable with the concession of 1868, insuring important advantages over all later concessions.

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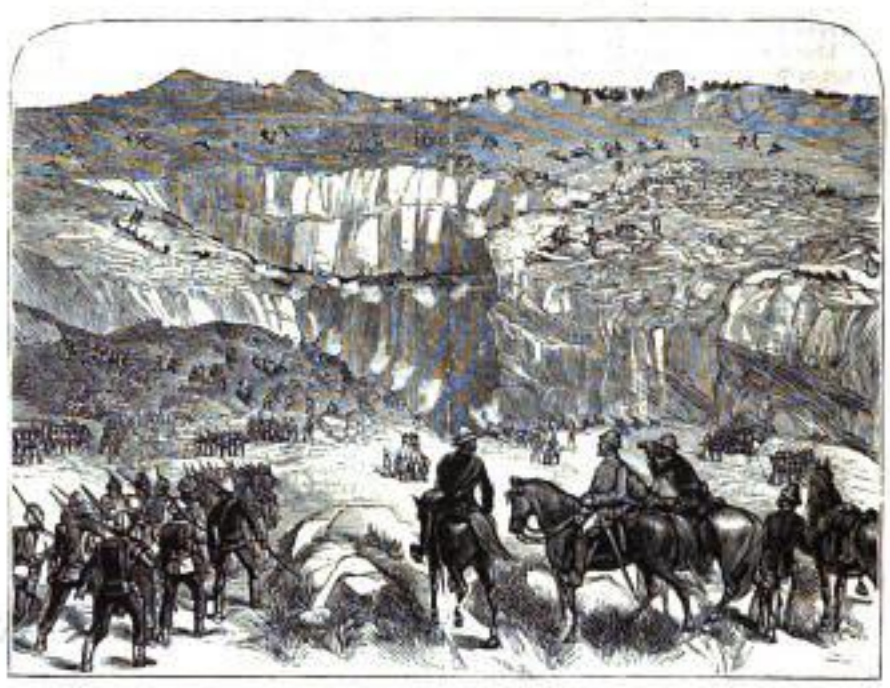
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



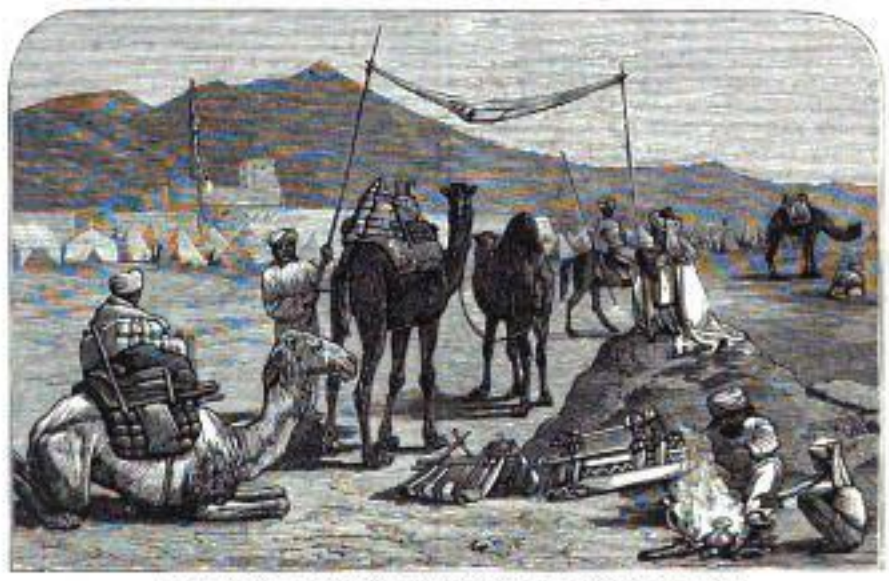
SOUTH AFRICA.—HEROIC DEFENSE OF THE COMMISSARIAT POST AT ROKE'S DRIFT, AFTER THE MASSACRE OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.



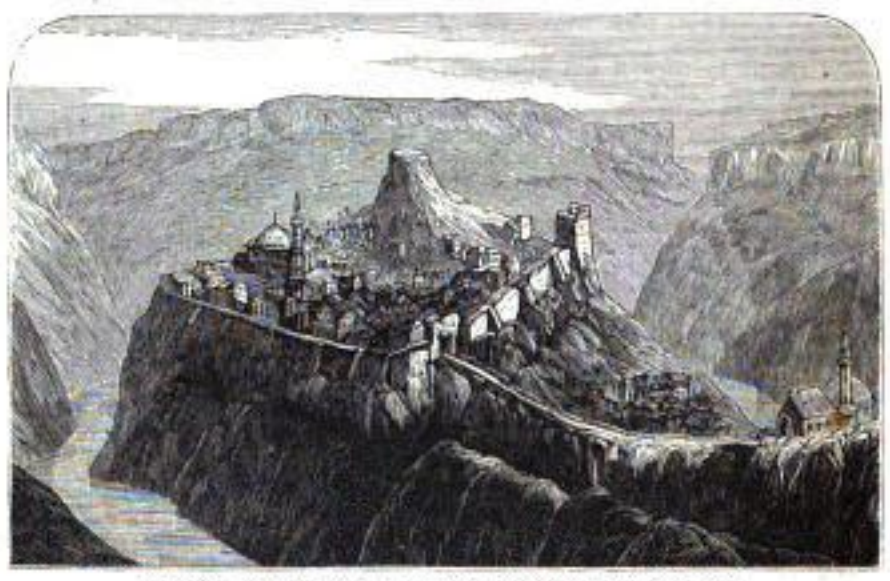
PORTUGAL.—THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE KINGS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL AT ELVAS.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE CAPTURE OF SIRAYO'S STRONGHOLD, ZULULAND



AFGHANISTAN.—CAMELS PASSING BENEATH THE KOHAN AT JUMROOD.



BULGARIA.—CITADEL AND PALACE OF THE ANCIENT KINGS AT TIRNOVA.



AUSTRALIA.—THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING IN COURSE OF ERECTION IN THE INNER DOMAIN, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

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THE SHIP'S CREW AT DINNER.

LIFE ON BOARD AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.

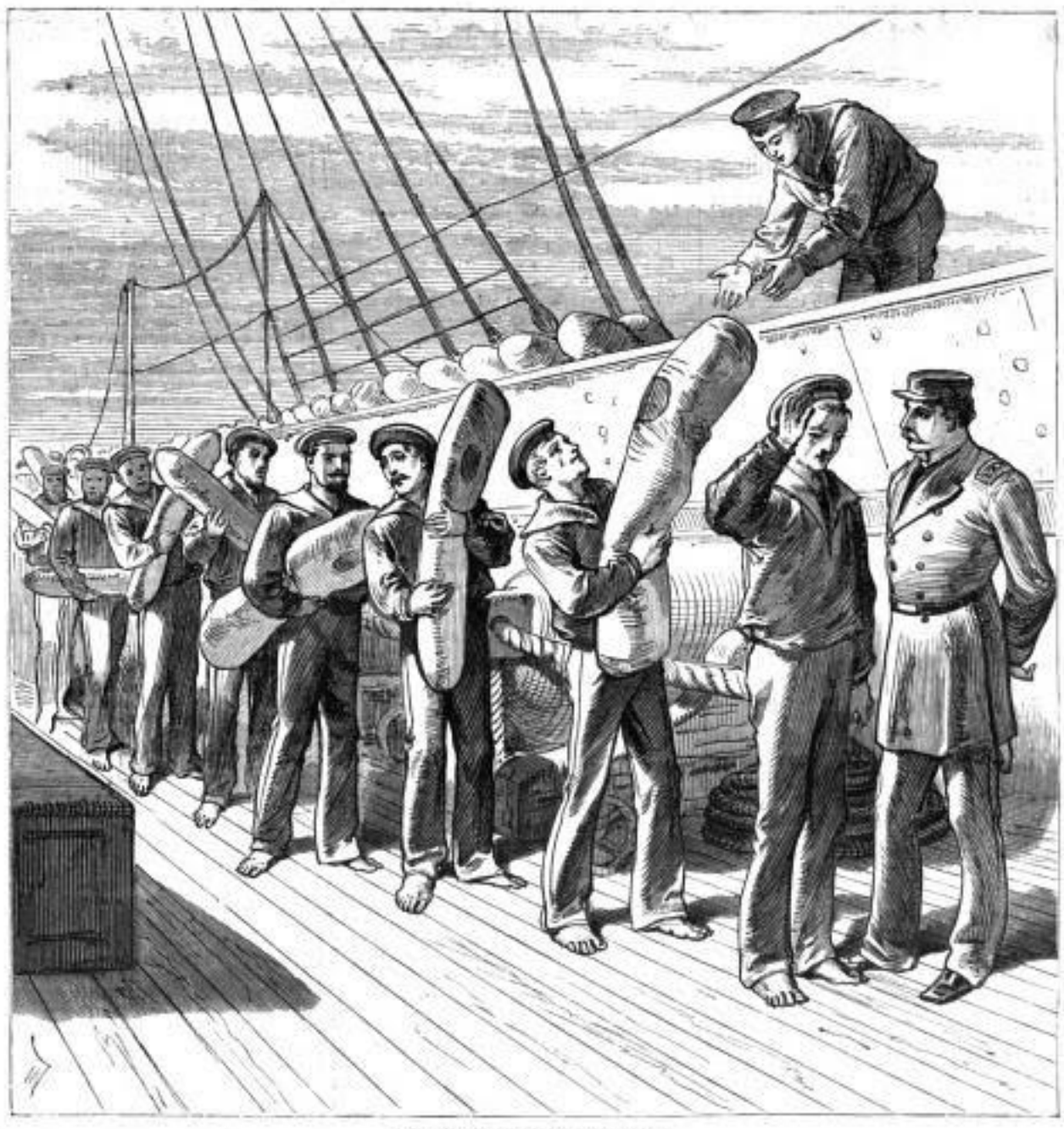
THE crew of an American man-of-war are usually called up at four o'clock in the morning in Summer, and at five in Winter. The master-at-arms sees that all the men turn out immediately on the call, with the exception of those who have had night watches. Then the order, "All hands pack hammocks," is piped, when the crew lash their hammocks, take them on deck and deliver them to the hammock-stowers — men detailed especially to stow them away in the netting. Every man has his hammock marked white or black, according to the watch to which he belongs, as well as with the number assigned him on shipping. The hammock is made of canvas, generally cotton, and when lashed for stowing contains the mattress and blanket. Eight turns



INSPECTION OF RATIONS.

of the cord are taken in the lashing. As soon as the hammocks are stowed, fifteen minutes are allowed for coffee; then the word is passed, "Turn to—scrub decks," when the operations of the holystone, described last week, take place. At eight o'clock the crew are piped to breakfast, and a few minutes before nine the drum beats, "Retire to sick-bay," where all cases of sickness are treated by the surgeon or his assistants. Then comes the order for the scouring of all the bright work about the ship. At half-past nine there is an inspection at quarters, followed by division drills, and other evolutions. The executive officer inspects the men and quarters, excepting on Sunday, when the captain of the ship does so. After the inspection the men engage in various kinds of work until the dinner-hour.

It is an old custom under the regulations for the ship's cook to submit every day, at seven bells or



STOWING HAMMOCKS IN THE MORNING.

LIFE ON BOARD AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.—SCENES ON THE U. S. S. "TICONDEROGA," DURING A RECENT CRUISE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. ODDIE.

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half-past eleven o'clock, a sample of the rations to be served that day for dinner. The officer of the deck is obliged to taste and examine it to see if it is properly cooked. If it meets his approbation he orders it to be served out, when the cook retires to the galley and prepares the quantity necessary for the messes. If it is not up to the standard the cook makes further experiments and submits a second sample for examination. At ten minutes to twelve the mess-cloths are spread on the deck, and the various articles of food, placed in dishes, on them. The men with their tin pans, jack-knives, spoons, etc., sit around the cloth, preferring rather to eat from the deck than from tables or swinging shelves, as they are less liable to roll over or have their food scattered about. The ration is changed every day, and when in port the men have fresh beef and vegetables three or four times a week. In fair weather the crew mess on the spar deck; in bad on the berth deck. At one o'clock all hands turn to for work. Three-quarters of an hour are allowed for breakfast and supper. Some privileged characters are permitted to take their pans from the cloths and eat in a more lounging way, as shown in one of the illustrations. Supper is served at four or five o'clock. At sunset the gun is fired, the colors are hauled down, and the masts and yards lowered. From that time to nine o'clock the men are allowed to indulge in smoking, reading, writing, story-telling, singing, and various kinds of games. At nine o'clock the men are piped down, which means turn in or go to bed. Berth deck lights are turned out at eight o'clock, steerage at nine, ward-room at ten, unless permission is granted by the commanding officer for an extension of time. In the line of punishments in the "good old times" the black-list was the net that caught the most fish, and was rarely free from offenders. Every petty offense was punishable by being black-listed. These victims were the people who did the dirty work of the ship, and were constantly employed scouring, scraping, scrubbing, and all manner of work. No let up on a black-lister; extra duties were always assigned to those unfortunates. Iron stanchions were polished like silver, and repainted for the next victim; lighting and eye-bolts reflecting the sun's rays and representing many days' weary labor were again painted over to await the next customer. Solid shot were worn as smooth as glass from work bestowed upon them with canvas and sand. The strip of copper that showed above the water's edge was the grand climax for the black-lister. With a bucket of sand and pieces of canvas the poor fellow was provided with a grating slung over the side, on which he scoured from morning to night, doing penance for his sins, making the copper look like burnished gold, to be again tarnished in a few days by the action of the sea and to wait for the next "lister."

The master-at-arms has a large bag called a "lucky bag." This bag seems never to get full, notwithstanding the immense amount of provender stuffed into its capacious maw. Each day the master-at-arms makes his grand rounds just before inspection, to gather up such trifles as sea-boots, pea-jackets, shirts, caps, pantaloons, diddy-boxes, and any articles he may happen to drop upon, or is left lying around by the careless fellows. At intervals the "lucky bag" is "piped up," when those who have lost articles are allowed to claim the same and take a week or ten days on the black-list. Knowing ones will not claim these articles when they cannot be proven as theirs, but will let the property go to auction rather than be black-listed. Auction is held from time to time for the sale of unclaimed goods found in the "lucky bag," when the owners may bid on the lost articles without the fear of being black-listed.

TRIX.

"DO you know where Miss Beatrix is?"

There was something sharp in Mr. St. John's glance as he questioned little Rosetta, his cousin's maid.

"Yes, sir; she's in the garden with Mr. Le Blond and the young gentlemen."

At this answer the sharpness of Forrest St. John's glance increased, and turning from the door of Redwood, he passed quickly along the terrace.

At the end he stopped, before descending the steps, and looked down the broad garden-path. He saw plainly the group there under the locusts—a regally beautiful young lady in purple silk, two dark-eyed boys leaning upon her lap, a young, fair-complexioned man standing so as to overlook the book upon which the eyes of all were fixed. It was certainly a peaceful scene, yet the eyes of Forrest St. John grew bloodshot and sullen as he stood surveying the group.

Descending the steps, he advanced slowly, never removing his baleful gaze until he came face to face with the young lady. She looked up. First surprise, then observation, then offense, showed themselves in her mobile countenance. She turned silently again to her book.

"I wish to speak with you, Trix."

"Certainly, as soon as I am at leisure. Go on, Reginald."

"It is Max's turn now," responded the elder of Miss St. John's young brothers.

She turned the book in her lap so that Max could continue his reading of German. A lurid flush of anger overspread her cousin's florid face. He waited with what grace he could until it was Miss St. John's pleasure to give him a hearing.

Unconscious as she appeared, her face had grown clouded, and the expression of pleasure had fled, too, from the features of Paul Le Blond. The boys only appeared totally indifferent to the presence of the new arrival, who stood whipping his bootleg with his slender riding-whip. As soon as the last word of the lesson was pronounced, Le Blond extended his hand to the younger boy.

"Come, Max, we have detained your sister longer than was necessary."

"It has not been irksome; I have enjoyed it," answered Miss St. John, rising and shaking out the folds of purple silk crushed by her brothers' resting arms. "They do so well!"

The boys turned gratefully at her praise, kissed and embraced her.

When they had turned aside with their tutor, she joined her cousin, who had advanced impatiently a few steps up the main path.

"I wish to know," he began, at once, "what need there is of your mixing yourself up with the boys' lessons? Isn't Le Blond capable?"

"He does not teach German, and I gained quite a good knowledge of it while abroad," answered his companion, indifferently arranging the lace around her wrist, though it was evident that Mr. Forrest St. John was in a foaming passion.

"Then let them go without learning German! They have lessons enough, and it only encourages him."

"Encourages whom, if you please?"

"Le Blond. He watches for a chance to speak to you, day or night, and you know it!"

A color like the red glint of an opal came into Trix St. John's oval cheeks. She did not speak. Her cousin's watching eyes saw. He foamed over.

"A white-faced adventurer, who would like to be master here! And it's a burning shame to you, Trix, that you are flattered by it! Any lady would resent it as an insult."

"Stop, if you please!"

"I beg your pardon," muttered the other, sullenly. "I did not quite mean that. Come, Trix, give up these German lessons, or give that Le Blond his walking-papers. To please me," he added.

A faint smile curled Beatrix's beautiful lips at the last words.

"I cannot please you in this matter, Forrest."

He choked an angry answer.

"It is desirable that the boys have early lessons in German. And I know of no reason why Mr. Paul Le Blond should have his walking-papers, as you term it. He teaches and disciplines the boys well."

"If you don't dismiss him, I shall, Trix!"

"By what authority?" coolly.

"By the authority of my relationship and right to prevent you from throwing yourself away on a poverty-stricken fellow who is nobody knows who!"

"I do not think that I shall wed Mr. Le Blond until he asks me," with a curious smile.

"He'll soon have the impudence to do that with the encouragement you give him."

Miss St. John's fine black brows had contracted, and her nutty curls touched a burning color in her cheeks; and when her cousin added, "You mean to marry him, but, by heaven, you shall not!" she stopped in the path.

"Forrest," she said, "I hate reproaches and recriminations, but there is no other way with you. You, who are not fit to govern your own life, shall not be allowed the government of mine. You have squandered the fortune my father left you; you are my cousin, and, by courtesy, my guest. You are nothing more. You shall be permitted no authority over me. The law gives you none, and I will not submit to your interference in my affairs."

The florid face was quite white now. The sullen black eyes were fixed upon the ground. But Forrest St. John controlled his rage.

"I beg your pardon, Trix; but you do have a way that puts me in a cursed passion. I don't mean to interfere in your affairs, of course. You can marry whom you like."

He turned away with a downcast countenance and boiling heart, leaving her to go alone to the house. Trix entered the great hall of Fairfields alone. The cedar-door clanged after her. She went up to her chamber. There the beautiful hot cheeks cooled slowly. Her face grew calm, introspective.

"Sweet with the bitter," she murmured. "Does Paul Le Blond watch for my coming? *Does* he love me? He is a loyal, true-hearted gentlemen, and——"

The confession she made under her breath brightened again the dreaming eyes, crested the beautiful head.

Down the avenue walked Forrest St. John, gnawing a white lip.

"I'll conquer her yet. I mean to be master here. She shall marry me!"

* * * * * * *

Paul Le Blond sat alone in the schoolroom. The boys, permitted a half-holiday, had gone to town with their ponies. Beatrix had gone with them on her graceful filly.

Paul Le Blond held a book in his hand. It was open where a knot of rose-colored ribbon was laid between the pages. He closed it quickly at sound of a step at the door. Mr. St. John entered.

"Miss St. John wishes you to go to the Corners and get the German books for the boys she was speaking of last evening," he said, in the ungracious way in which he spoke habitually to the tutor of his young cousins.

"Certainly," replied Paul, rising with alacrity. He was lithe, active, graceful, his fair, spiritual face in strong contrast with St. John's over-indulged and sensuous shape. The other hated him for the clear, dark-gray eyes, which always looked into his without flinching.

"You will have to go and return along the shore. Miss St. John wants you to return before two," he said, turning from the room as Paul, with a smile, reached for his hat.

Along the shore. The little waves were rocking in the sunshine. The tide was out, so that he went down in the sands to see their sparkle and white-fretting about the rocks. The sky hung above of *lapis lazuli*. The beach-birds twittered sweetly. He enjoyed it all, as only pure, fine souls can.

But when he came back the tide was thundering in, loud and strong. The yellow frothing surges swept up to the feet of the cliffs, which they had so far abandoned two hours before. Suddenly he found the way impassable. He turned back in surprise and bewilderment. The water had washed out his path. He was hemmed in.

Forrest St. John received the riders cordially. Even the careless boys observed and wondered at his graciousness. But it was certainly pleasanter than his usual surliness. They were about to dine.

"Where is Mr. Le Blond?" asked Beatrix.

"Gone to the woods for botanical specimens, I believe," replied her cousin.

She saw a little, quick smile of his a moment after, but could not read it.

"Come, Reginald, to your dinner," said Miss St. John.

"Come here a moment, Trix."

The boy stood at the drawing-room window with his toy telescope.

"There is a man under the cliffs," he said, looking up into her face, as he handed her the glass.

"What?"

Trix lifted the glass quickly.

She put it down the next moment, white as a rose, every nerve strung tight.

"The tide is coming in! He is prisoned there! He will be drowned!" she said.

"If you please, mam'selle," trembled little Rosetta, at her elbow, "it's Mr. Le Blond. Mr. St. John sent him to the Corners this morning."

Trix turned and went bareheaded out of the house. Her young brother pressed at her side. She threw her long skirt over her arm and ran over the sharp rocks in her velvet slippers, swift as a deer, and Reginald followed close beside her. They reached a boat, cut the rope, and were afloat.

"Pull now, if you love me, Reggie!"

The boy did not need to be urged. He loved Paul.

Paul Le Blond, braced against the cliff, the water above his knees, saw the little boat come dancing over the high, sparkling water. The dory soon reached his side. A white, ringed hand was extended.

"You would have died if we had been five minutes later," said Miss St. John, in a shaking voice.

"That would not have mattered. It would have been in your service," he replied.

But he lay down in the boat, much exhausted.

"It was not in my service," Beatrix had replied. She looked with a hard glance at the school-books which he had laid at her feet, as she took up the oar again. And then she fixed her dark eyes firmly on Fairfields; but her heart bled.

The prostrate man in the boat turned over and kissed the little velvet shoe so near his face.

"Pardon," he said, for Reggie saw; "but the lowliest may kiss the foot of a queen."

But he held his hand up to Trix's sight, and she saw that blood had dripped upon it from her foot.

"The rocks—I needed to hurry," she stammered, blushing and confused; but in all her life she never forgot his gaze of adoration. "It is nothing."

They came to Fairfields.

"Forrest St. John," she said, to her cousin, "I have extended the hospitalities of my home to you for years by courtesy. It shelters you no longer. I will not abide a murderer under my roof."

Cowed, he went forth, and, in spite of his fierce vows to heaven, Trix married Paul Le Blond.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION TO MEXICO.

(*Continued from front page.*)

The Exhibition was but a sorry affair at best, and when I came to consider what the United States could have displayed—what progress, what invention, what finish, what perfection in every known article, from a needle to an anchor—a feeling akin to irritated melancholy took possession of me, which clung like the shirt of Nessus. This was a chance thrown away. The Mexican Government, and through them, the Mexican people, had been led to expect great things. Our trumpet had been blown from Vera Cruz to the capital. The mountain in labor produced the ridiculous mouse. It was, as of the feast of the Barmecides, a starved, hungry meal, with a few pieces of meat to feed ravenous thousands. We displayed cheap drawings where we should have exhibited models; we showed patterns where pieces were absolute necessities. Mexico was prepared for an exhibit of American industries, on a small scale if you will, but with the exception of the goods of Messrs. Rogers, and one or two others here named, what did they behold? It was absolutely pitiful to see the bareness of the counters, the paucity of exhibits, even such as they were. If I dwell upon these unpleasant reminiscences it is for the purpose of affording the United States an opportunity of redeeming herself at the exhibition to be held in the City of Mexico in January next. I use the word advisedly, since the excursionists were, and still are, regarded by the masses as representing the commercial strength of this country. Every State, province, city and town in Mexico has joined hands in order to render the coming exhibition a success. It is a bold effort, and one that deserves to be sustained. It is a fact worthy of marked comment that all the goods brought by the deputation for exhibition in Mexico were disposed of, and that they sold well. American goods are gradually finding foothold in the capital, especially in the German and French stores, and from thence into the interior. The actual value of the foreign products sold annually in Mexico has been estimated at $45,000,000, the purchase being mainly in the hands of the German and French merchants, England having lost her grip. In fact, England is now represented by a bank and a single large concern. Of course the lion in the path of mercantile business is the tariff, which is both perplexing and paradoxical, but there is a free list on this tariff which embraces agricultural implements, engines and machinery, including all kinds of mining machinery, tools and supplies. To reduce this tariff and adjust it will be the inevitable outcome of this visit. Next will follow a revision of costs and charges for transportation; for if these costs and charges remain as they now stand, the Mexicans must be contented to use the agricultural implements in vogue on the plains of Asia 3,000 years ago. It would not pay to transport machinery, even though on the free list of the tariff. Vera Cruz, the only available Mexican port, is a hive of commission merchants, and these busy bees gather honey as best they can. All foreign goods must be regularly passed through its custom-house, twenty-four hours only being allowed to verify the invoice and manifest. This high pressure involves detailed expenses, at the top of which the commission merchant rides triumphant. After having run the gauntlet of Vera Cruz, the goods are subjected to another custom-house ordeal at Mexico, with all the attendant expenses and inconveniences. "The best thing the deputationists can do," said a Mexican merchant to me in an earnest tone that carried conviction with it, "is set fire to Vera Cruz when they are leaving it." Vera Cruz requires to be taken in hand, the tariff to be adjusted, and the customs to be overhauled, ere American traders, save in agricultural implements, can afford to test the value of commercial relations. The Mexicans are not wedded to their tariff, which is maintained rather for revenue than for protection, and they are, I am informed on good authority, willing to conclude a commercial treaty that will virtually supersede it.

The question of an international railroad exercises the thinking men of Mexico in no small degree. President Diaz is breast-high in its favor, and he is backed up by the calm intelligence of the country. It has become a clap-trap election cry, and when brought before Congress, the political agitators howl it down by "annexation." "It is very poor policy, very injudicious, to establish within our country a powerful American company," urges one. "It is a natural law of history that border nations are enemies," declares another. "We should always fear the United States," cries a third, while a fourth, Señor Chavero, recently wound up a powerful address in the following words: "You, the Deputies of the States, would you exchange your poor but beautiful liberty of the present for the rich subjection which the railroad could give you? Go and propose to the lion of the desert to exchange his cave of rocks for a golden cage, and the lion of the desert will answer you with a roar of liberty!" Is Mexico in a position to subsidize such a railroad? She declares that she is. She affirms that, released from her European pledges by the action of England, France and Spain in 1861-2, she can now do as she likes with her custom-house receipts, which were then hypothecated to the reduction of her European debt. Can she spare $15,000 a mile as a subsidy towards the construction of an international railroad?

Let us take a glance at her financial condition, as will be shown by the following tables, the estimates of the receipts and expenditures of the Federal Government for the coming fiscal year, compiled from the report which the Government submitted to Congress before the adjournment of that august body. The dollar here quoted is the Mexican silver, worth about 84 cents in American gold.

ESTIMATED RECEIPTS.

Import duties at Custom Houses	$10,561,007 82
Export duties—silver gold, and orchilla	930,415 59
Tonnage dues	45,678 04
Introduction and consumption duties of Federal Districts	1,109,920 00
Direct taxes, real estate, etc., Federal District	822,150 00
Product of stamp tax	1,800,000 00
Rent of Mints	242,014 87
Post Office—gross receipts	445,156 22
Lottery tax	259,408 68
Miscellaneous sources	270,802 38
Total receipts	$16,303,455 05

ESTIMATED EXPENSES.

The Legislative power	$979,962 00
The Executive office	43,572 40
The Judicial power	346,878 00
Department of Foreign Affairs	193,960 00
Department of Government	2,628,819 50
Department of Justice	1,230,992 20
Department of Public Works	3,642,380 00
Department of Finance	5,398,540 39
Department of War	8,661,312 45
Total expenses	$23,334,536 94

The foregoing tables show an increase in the estimates of expenses over those of the current year of $1,585,000. They also show that the total estimated receipts are $7,000,000 short of the estimated expenses.

This statement will scarcely reassure those who have based their calculations upon a subsidy of $15,000 a mile for and towards the construction of an international railway; but is Mexico the only country with the balance at the wrong side of the ledger at the commencement of the financial year? Certainly not. Can Mexico pledge her lands? This is a query that needs reply. Mr. George W. Allen, who accompanied the deputation, a son of the millionaire President of the Iron Mountain Road, made this offer to General Diaz: "If you build a railway from your side to the Rio Grande, I shall construct one from our side." In reply to a query whether he would prefer a line from the capital to the Pacific built in advance of that to the American frontier, Diaz replied that he earnestly desired to see both constructed, as one would promote the business of the other, and that Congress would have approved these lines at the last session if it had been assured that the promoters were then and there prepared to proceed with the work. If an American company could once see its way to a subsidy the question of international railway communication would be solved in a trice. Already have we virtually touched the Mexican frontier on the Pacific coast at Fort Yuma; and we are within 150 miles of the Rio Grande at San Antonio, Texas, while another line is in progress southward through New Mexico to connect the Mexican frontier with our central and northern cordon. Communication with Mexico by sea is maintained by a steamer from New York every two weeks, and one from New Orleans every three weeks, a steamer from San Francisco semi-monthly, and another every thirty-five days for Mazatlan. There are steamer lines from New York, New Orleans, Galveston and San Francisco. These steamers are subsidized by the Mexican Government, but they do not receive one cent by way of subsidy from the United States Government. Mr. Foster, our Minister, asserts that if the Post Office Department would expend $150,000 annually in the improvement of postal facilities to Mexico, the steam communication would be at once doubled. President Diaz, in referring to this subject, observed that America should lend a helping hand; that Mexico, since 1868, had paid $800,000 to American steamship lines, while not a dollar had been given by the United States Treasury to promote ocean communication with Mexico. The national dignity has been considerably ruffled by the order issued to General Ord with reference to the crossing of the Rio Grande, and many Mexicans with whom I came in contact alluded to it in a haughtily bitter tone. Mr. Fisk, our president, with a view to casting oil upon the troubled waters, telegraphed President Hayes to the effect that the removal of the order would facilitate the commercial relations between the two countries. As might naturally be supposed, Mr. Fisk's telegram influenced nobody's mind but his own. In saying this I am wrong, as it caused a fearful *emeute* amongst the deputationists, who "wanted to know, you know," why he (Fisk) dared send such a dispatch without consulting the deputation, individually and collectively, one irate personage giving vent to his feelings of wrath and indignation by a lengthy epistle to Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hayes's private secretary, in which he denounced Fisk by bell, book and candle-light. A meeting of the deputationists was held, resolutions were drawn up condemnatory of the luckless Fisk, and ordered to be forwarded to Washington forthwith.

As an outcome of this expedition we are promised a line of first-class steamers between Galveston and

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Vera Cruz. By this line it is proposed to bring the city of Mexico within seven days of Chicago—a step in the right direction.

The Mexican exhibits at the Minería chiefly consisted of Puebla marble, onyx, the coffee plant with berries, from Orizaba and Cordoba; perfumery and transparent soap—this to cut out the French salt and carbonate of soda from the Guadalupe Works, situated about five miles from the city; olive oil, fibres and fruit pastes, sulphur from the top of Popocatapetl, and ore from the Pachuca Mines. Popocatapetl is a volcano 17,500 feet high, covered with a garment of perpetual snow. In and around the rim of its crater the volcanic action deposits the flour of sulphur, which needs no clarifying. The Indians descend into the crater by means of a windlass, and dig out about 400 pounds per diem, receiving as remuneration for their labor one cent per pound, the sulphur being worth ten cents per pound in the present market. The mode by which the sulphur is conveyed down the ice-covered side of the volcano is somewhat unique. An Indian clears a track in the snow, piling it up on either side so as to form a sort of wall. This track is sometimes 4,000 yards long. When he has collected a sufficient quantity of the sulphur he places it on mats, the aggregate weight being 12,500 pounds. There are twelve of these mats attached one to the other, just as railroad-cars are coupled. He seats himself on a skin in front of his cargo, and, taking a stick, plants it firmly between his legs, and then off he goes down the shiny, slippery steep like a flash, doing the four thousand feet in four or five minutes. The ease and dexterity with which he puts on his primitive break baffles all description. He glides from ice to ashes at just such a pace as may suit him. I shall have occasion further on to describe an ascent of this same Popocatapetl—no mean task, I assure you, and one that a member of the Alpine Club should approach with becoming reverence and respect. Fourteen diplomas of merit were awarded to the American exhibitors, the certificate being a very admirable specimen of Mexican engraving. If the paucity of American exhibits at the Minería have unfavorably impressed the Mexican mind, it is quite within our power to "astonish the natives" in January next, and it behooves the United States to lead all nations at the forthcoming exhibition.

The Plaza Santo Domingo is a remarkable portion of the City of Mexico. The old Church of Santo Domingo, with its pink walls, quaint entablature and glittering tiled dome, protects it on the north; on the east stands the School of Medicine—the curriculum is seven long years—and that terror to importers, the Custom House; and on the west an arcade, beneath whose shades perch elderly scriveners of cadaverous aspect, who for a medio will indite a love-letter or a cartel, an invitation, or an invoice. The building now occupied by the School of Medicine was formerly the Tribunal of the Inquisition, which was established in Mexico on the 4th of November, 1571, and suppressed by a decree of the Spanish Cortes on the 22d of February, 1813. It was then converted into a State Prison, and the notable "Yard of the Orange-trees" was situated within this Mexican bastile. It has since served as a lottery office, a barrack, and a House of Congress. In 1854 it was adapted to its present purposes, having been purchased for $50,286. The fountain, which we illustrate on our front page, has its history in the bloody annals of civil and internal strife. With their backs to the old church, the golden beams of the rising sun on their blanched features, many hundreds of patriots—"rebels," call them what you will—have leaned against the stone coping of the fountain till the gentle plashing of its waters was drowned in the roar of musketry that rang out their death-knell. It is the favorite resort of the *aguadores*, or water-carriers, who repair thither for the *agua dulce*, or pure water, their picturesque dresses consisting of a leather helmet, leather double apron, like a herald's tabard, white flowing drawers and *guaraches*, or sandals, imparting a quaint animation to the scene. I counted as many as twenty of these itinerant water-venders round the fountain at one time, their red earthenware vessels glistening in the sheen and dazzle of a vertical sunlight.

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

TRIAL OF THE SUIT OF MRS. OLIVER AGAINST SIMON CAMERON.

THE case of Mrs. Mary S. Oliver, widow, against the venerable Simon Cameron, for breach of promise of marriage, was called for trial in the United States Circuit Court, at Washington, D. C., before Chief Justice Carter, on Monday morning, March 17th, Messrs. Peter and Darneille appearing for the plaintiff, and General Butler for the defendant. The prominence of the defendant and the repeated publication of the plaintiff's grievances have served to give considerable celebrity to the case for over a year. As Mrs. Oliver had signed a release in full of all claims, demands, etc., against the Winnebago Chief, and had agreed neither to write nor approach him nor send him any messages thereafter for any purpose, it was not believed that she would press the suit to trial; in fact, it was a matter of considerable surprise that she brought it at all. In consequence, the attendance on the opening day was quite small. On Tuesday, however, the court-room was crowded, and as the trial progressed the spectators so increased in numbers that strict orders had to be given to keep the room clear for the transaction of business.

On Monday morning Mrs. Oliver, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Charlton, came into court and occupied a seat near her counsel. The widow looked unusually well. She was attired in a black velvet hat, and her heavy hair was arranged to show her round plump face to advantage. On her shoulders she wore a black cashmere cloak, trimmed with black velvet, the skirt of her dress being of the same material. Following Mrs. Oliver came General Butler and Mr. Cameron, who occupied seats adjoining Mrs. Oliver and her counsel. Mr. Cameron, after looking around the court and giving Mrs. Oliver a good scrutinizing, which was calmly met by the widow, who placed her bright blue eyes firmly upon him, the Senator removed his overcoat and sat down.

On the completion of the challenge a jury, consisting of ten white men and two negroes, was selected. Mr. Darneille opened the case for the plaintiff, and submitted letters purporting to have been written by Mr. Cameron, one commending her to Mr. Bristow, then Secretary of the Treasury, the other asserting, "You will be my wife." An attempt to introduce testimony showing improper liberties taken by the defendant with the plaintiff gave rise to a heated argument, during which the Court adjourned.

On Tuesday the Court decided to admit the testimony, and the plaintiff unblushingly gave it. When General Butler rose to begin the cross-examination, the room was as still as a churchyard. He drew from her a narrative of her early life, dwelling with curious interest upon a supposed husband in Kentucky. She admitted that she had lived as wife with a Mr. Oliver from 1854 until she believed that a divorce obtained from a previous wife separated her also from him. A photograph was shown her, when General Butler inquired if she recognized it as that of her husband? to which she replied, "That is not him." While endeavoring to explain a document purporting to be a decree of divorce, a stoutly-built man, about fifty years of age, smooth face, excepting a white moustache, and his head partly bald, the hair being gray, entered the court-room.

General Butler (turning towards him)—Is that Mr. Oliver?

Witness—Yes, that is Mr. Oliver; he has changed somewhat, but that is he.

As she spoke she arose and stepped towards him. This unexpected appearance of her husband produced a decided sensation in the chamber, but did not appear to embarrass the plaintiff seriously.

A number of letters alleged to be from the plaintiff to the defendant were next produced, and identified as genuine by the witness.

Mrs. Oliver explained the absence of letters from the ex-Senator by saying that at his request she was in the habit of replying to his notes on the same piece of paper, hence he had his own letters and all her answers to them. She narrated her efforts to secure counsel, and how one after the other deserted her, either abandoning her outright or going over boldly to the enemy. After reading one of the letters in which she offers to pray to God to have the Senator sent to England if he will marry her or provide for her as he would for a wife, as he had promised her, she laughingly said: "Well, General Butler, you can't blame me for wanting to stir the old man up and get him to marry me."

On Friday, after the two letters presented by Mrs. Oliver purporting to be in the handwriting of Mr. Cameron had been admitted in evidence, the plaintiff rested her case in chief. The question of the legitimacy of the plaintiff's marriage was raised, on which the Court reserved its decision. General Butler then called Thomas M. Oliver, who in his testimony gave a detailed biography of the plaintiff, covering the entire period of his acquaintance with her, and denying that he had ever considered or called her his wife. On his re-direct examination he expressed his belief that in appearing as a witness in the case he could show that the plaintiff was a blackmailer. She had annoyed and tormented his family for years, and if he could prevent any innocent person from becoming her victim he intended to do it.

Upon the conclusion of his testimony the case was adjourned until Monday, March 24th.

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

A VERY unusual scene was enacted in the chamber of the United States Supreme Court at Washington, on Monday morning, March 3rd, inst. It will be remembered by many that two years ago Mrs. Belle Lockwood, who had already gained much distinction as a lawyer, made application for admission to practice in the Supreme Court. At that time the motion was denied, not for any lack of experience study, or ability, but solely because the petitioner was a woman. In no way disheartened by this failure, Mrs. Lockwood resumed her practice, and devoted all the time not required by the interests of her clients to measures for securing success on a second application. These measures culminated in a Bill authorizing women to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, which passed both Houses of the late Congress. Backed by this authority, Mr. Biddle, on the 3rd of March, moved the admission of Mrs. Lockwood to this high grade of legal practice, and, no objection being interposed, her name was enrolled as a regular practitioner. Last Fall, Judge Magruder refused her admission to practice in the Circuit Court at Baltimore. Mrs. Lockwood is the widow of a dentist, well-known for many years in Washington.

She says she has done all a woman could do, and has properly raised and educated her family. Her daughter is grown, having about four years since graduated with distinguished honors from one of the leading colleges in the country. She is the correspondent for several Western papers. Mrs. Lockwood thinks that the proper sphere for a woman is anything that is respectable and honest; that as her daughter has arrived at that age when she is supposed to be able to take care of herself, there is nothing unwomanly in her practicing law or any other profession. 'There is only one place open to women,' she says, 'if they have no family or husband to support, and that is teaching school. I have done that for years, but am too old to go at it again. Besides, it is not my choice, and, as every one who has tried it knows, it pays but little and is very hard work. Now, by practicing law I can clear, and have cleared, from $3,000 to $5,000 a year. Will any sensible person tell me, being, as there are, no home demands on me, that it is not my sphere to practice law if I choose to do so?' Mrs. Lockwood has as partners in the claim and collection business Mrs. Lavinia C. Dundore and Mrs. Marrilla M. Hicker. They live together and do a large pension and claim business. They are known in the departments and around the courts as "the three graces."

The Discovery of Matches.

THE story of this discovery has been told by Mr. Holden himself in the House of Commons before a Select Committee appointed to inquire into the working of the Patent laws. "I began as an inventor on a very small scale," said Mr. Holden, in the course of his evidence. "For what I know, I was the first inventor of lucifer matches; but it was the result of a happy thought. In the morning I used to get up at four o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time in a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterwards lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match, and it was one of those inventions that some people think ought not to be protected by a patent. I think that if all inventions were like that, or if we could distinguish one from the other, the principle might hold good. If all inventions were ascertained and carried out into practice with as much facility as in this case, no one would perhaps think of taking out a patent. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately; but I thought it was so small a matter, and it cost me so little labor, that I did not think it proper to go and get a patent, otherwise I have no doubt it would have been very profitable."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Camels Passing under the Koran.

This sketch depicts a curious ceremony gone through every Thursday evening, the Mussulman's Saturday night, by the camel-drivers of the camp at Jumrood. When the camels come back from grazing they are driven under the Koran, which is folded in a turban, and held up suspended between two lances. This is supposed to protect them from sickness and other evils. The drivers are most particular in seeing that no camel strays or otherwise avoids passing under the book.

The Forthcoming International Exhibition of Australia.

The building for the International Exhibition is now in course of erection in the Inner Domain, at Sydney, and will be worthy of the occasion and of the colony. The colony can afford to carry out this undertaking in a liberal and handsome manner. Its natural resources would not have been one whit the less at the close of the year if the Exhibition had not been held or thought of. But the Exhibition is intended to be, and ought to be, a means of promoting their development; and whilst on the one hand the speculation will pay for itself, even though the cost be large, if this end should be attained by it, the speculation would be a costly failure, however contracted the outlay, if, through petty economy, its influence were diminished and its main object were left without accomplishment.

Conference between the Kings of Portugal and Spain.

This conference, which the tongue of Rumor ascribed to matrimonial projects on the part of the young King of Spain, took place at Elvas, in a pavilion especially constructed for the purpose. The royal pavilion which was superbly and æsthetically fitted up, was divided into two spacious *salons*, one for the purpose of "interviewing," the other as a banqueting-hall. The King of Spain, who was received with all honor, wore the Grand Cross of Portugal, while S. M. Fedelissima D' Luis was attired in the uniform of an admiral, his breast being decorated with the Grand Cross of Spain. The two monarchs remained closeted for a considerable time, and if the subject of their conference was the delicate one ascribed by the court gossips, the said court gossips were not a whit the wiser when their Majesties condescended to stand revealed to the vulgar gaze. One thing is certain, that the utmost cordiality exists between the royal houses of Bourbon and Braganza.

Tirnova, the Capital of Bulgaria.

Tirnova, the ancient capital of the Bulgarian Czars, where the Bulgarian Assembly are now discussing their new Constitution, and preparing for the election of a prince, is a quaintly and romantically situated old town, filled with relics of the old Bulgarian Empire, which a long era of Turkish rule has failed to efface, as may be seen by our illustration, where are portrayed the ruins of the ancient cathedral and the palace of Bulgarian sovereigns. The ruins of the old palace are plainly visible, the walls, bastion, and gateway depicted on the hill being part of the old palace walls, guarding a steep and almost unscalable rock. On the summit of the isolated rock was situated the citadel, and there the Bulgarian kings were crowned. The mosque on the left was an old Christian church, now used as a Russian powder magazine, but which will be restored and reconsecrated in a short time. The causeway, three feet wide, leading from the citadel to the town, across is very good preservation, while on the extreme right lies the town itself, built on the shores of the Jantra. The Turkish quarter now is almost completely wrecked. The whole appearance of Tirnova and its surroundings is eminently picturesque, as the town clings in seven distinct divisions to the steep declivities and overhanging precipices caused by the sharply tortuous windings of the river Jantra in its passage through the most northerly chain of the Balkan hills.

The War in Zululand.

The capture of Sirayo's kraal on the 12th of January was not severely contested in fighting. But it was considered significant at the outset of the war, because one of the immediate complaints against the Zulu King was that two women, the unfaithful and fugitive wives of Sirayo, who is Cetewayo's brother, had been pursued over the frontier into British territory, and had been carried back into Zululand to be put to death. Lord Chelmsford, therefore, thought it desirable to punish the family and clan of Sirayo at once by capturing their cattle. Accordingly Colonel Glyn directed three companies 1-24th Regiment and the 1-3rd Regiment Natal Native Contingent to advance and capture the cattle, while Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, 12th Lancers, in command of the mounted portion of the force, was directed to continue along the wagon-track to the high ground above. By half-past eight in the morning the precipitous sides of the Nguta Mountain were occupied by the infantry, when fire was opened upon them by the Zulus, who were occupying very strong positions in the caves and rocks above. A fight ensued, which lasted about half an hour. The mountain-side was cleared, the cattle and horses were captured; the Zulus left behind to defend the cattle made, however, a stubborn resistance, and ten dead bodies were counted in the rocks, and nine prisoners taken, three of whom were wounded. The defense of the British commissariat post at Rorke's Drift, ten miles from Isandula, the scene of the massacre of the Twenty-fourth Regiment by the Zulus on January 22d, seems to have been a truly heroic action. In the afternoon of the 22d the two young officers, Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, first battalion Twenty-fourth Regiment, and Lieutenant Chard, R. E., left in charge of the Drift with a company of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, first received intimation of the disaster from fugitives making for the Drift. Lieutenant Coghill had come from the fight at Isandula, by order of Colonel Pulleine, to summon reinforcements; and from Rorke's Drift he, with others, rode away to communicate with Helpmakaar, and was killed by Zulus in crossing the river. Seeing an attack imminent, a barricade was hastily thrown up, under Lieutenant Chard's direction, the men using for this purpose a number of bags, biscuit-tins, and other matters belonging to the commissariat stores, part of the time being under fire. The attack took place soon after dark by at least 3,000 Zulus. The fight was kept up the great part of the night. The Zulus six times got inside the barricade, and were as often driven out at the point of the bayonet. In the meantime another body of Zulu troops passed to the rear of the military hospital and set fire to it, killing five patients and destroying all the medical stores. At dawn the attacking force withdrew, for Lord Chelmsford's column was then seen approaching. Our illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel Crealock of Lord Chelmsford's staff. Figure 1 is the house of the Rev. Mr. Witt, with redoubt of meal-bags and biscuit-boxes; 2, the hospital burning; 3, the cattle kraal; 4, Tyana Mountain, and 5, Lieutenant Russell riding up to the beleaguered garrison. The artist writes: "About 6:30 A. M. we reached Rorke's Drift, and saw the smoke rising from the post. Too late! too late! But no—from amidst the smoke we saw some figures gesticulating; then a flag waved. Cheers out! They are red-coats. Russell and the mounted men are sent forward, plunge into the river, and, scrambling out on the opposite side, gallop up. . . . We are not too late. There were 351 dead bodies found lying around the house, and between it and the hill, and many around and in the burning hospital, which they had succeeded in firing."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE United States Senate since its organization has had but six secretaries.

—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, London, is to be surrounded with ornamental grounds instead of the great paved court around it now.

—THE finest wheat in the world is grown in Barbary and Egypt, a fact which has always existed and always will, on account of climatic influences.

—THE Sultan has issued his long-expected decree authorizing the conclusion of an arrangement with Austria on the Novi-Bazar question, and with Greece on the frontier limits.

—THE excavations at the supposed site of the hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have terminated. They have yielded many tablets from the time of Nabocidus to the Parthian era.

—IT is said that Nicaragua is raising extensive coffee plantations on the side of the volcano called El Viejo; 200,000 trees have been planted there, and next season will decide the feasibility of the project.

—THE Russian Commissioners at Philippopolis have received orders to avoid all unnecessary obstruction. The organic statute for Eastern Roumelia may consequently be completed before the end of the month.

—KANSAS now stands first among the wheat-producing States. In 1875 she was the eleventh State, in 1870 the nineteenth and in 1866 the twenty-fourth—a jump from the twenty-fourth to the first State in twelve years.

—A COMMITTEE of the Bulgarian Assembly is about to prepare a memorial to the Powers, asking them to modify the Treaty of Berlin. A deputation of Bulgarians, Roumelians and one Macedonian, will visit the several capitals to present it.

—BY a recent order of Prince Bismarck all public works in Germany are to be executed exclusively by Germans, and with German material, except in the case of articles not produced in that country. Foreign architects are excluded from all competition.

—IN Persia a girl is expected to yield her parents a good round sum at marriage, and the people of that country are indignant and horrified when told that in America daughters are given away in marriage, as though the parents considered them worthless trash.

—THE French Government has asked the Chamber to authorize it to spend 400,000 francs in cleaning up the furniture of the Elysée, and renewing part of it. Of this sum, 287,000 francs will be spent in table linen, glass, knives, forks, spoons and china. Since 1873 the wear and tear of the State chattels in the palace of the Executive has been very great.

—THERE is a German colony of 425 persons on the Pozuzo, on the eastern slope of the Andes. The colonists cultivate coffee, cocoa, tobacco, rice, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane and tropical fruits. They keep cows and pigs. Ants and cockroaches are the only insect plagues. The colony is prosperous, but its development is prevented by the want of roads.

—A MAN who wishes to become a medical practitioner in Germany is now obliged to pass, some time in the course of his third year's study, an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology, and at the close of his studies he has to devote as much as five months to passing a final examination in the practical departments of his profession.

—THE British Museum is said to possess a finer American library than any in the United States. Charles Leland is taking full advantage of it, reading up and collecting material for his life of Lincoln. Wirt Sikes, whose work on the Folk Lore of Wales is already attracting the attention of scholars, reads constantly at the museum when his leave of absence from his post permits.

—DURING the past year a new and valuable coral bed was discovered on the southwest of Sicily, between Sciacca and Porto Empedocle. The coral is not only abundant, but of excellent quality. One coral merchant of Torre del Greco, having fifty barks employed on the bed, secured in a few days ten tons of coral of the very finest quality. The Algerian coral grounds have been nearly deserted on account of the new finds.

—IN the Victorian colony, Australia, there is a total population of 849,870. Of this number 300,000 are adherents of the Church of England, 202,644 of the Church of Rome, 134,126 of the Presbyterian Church, 111,897 of the Wesleyan connection, 62,317 of other sects; 4,237 are Jews, and 20,807 pagans. The aborigines scarcely number 1,000. In spite of the influence of the churches, it is said that intemperance and cases of illegitimacy are increasing.

—THE revision of the English Bible now going on is conducted by committees in Britain and America, who exchange their results. In one case both the New Testament companies were at the same time on the same book. When notes were compared it was found that of 913 changes made by one party, 476 had been made by the other, acting independently. A similar coincidence was observed in the case of the Old Testament companies when they were at work independently.

—THE Berlin Exhibition of manufactures is to be opened on May 1st, and will remain open for five months. The buildings, which cover a superfices of 25,000 square metres, were to have been completed by the 1st of March, but owing to the severity of the Winter the contractors were allowed an extension of time. All the space is allotted. During the Summer evenings, bands will play in the grounds. The price of admission is said to be fixed at fifty pfennig (about ten cents), but on certain days a mark will be charged.

—THE Rev. W. E. Griffis, who has been Professor at the Imperial University of Tokio, states as evidence of progress in Japan since that country joined the postal union, that the number of letters sent through the post-office in 1877 was 23,647,052, of which not more than 140,631 were for foreign countries. The post-cards were 4,744,272, and newspapers 7,372,536. Of post-offices throughout the country there are 3,744, of receiving agencies 151, of stamp agencies 916, and of street letter-boxes 866. This shows that the Japanese were in earnest when they undertook to change their civilization for that of the Western World. And further, there are around the coast thirty-four lighthouses, three light-ships, sixteen buoys and five beacons.

—A MONUMENT to commemorate its triumph over Turkey has been ordered in France by the Russian Government. The design is by an aged artist of St. Petersburg, who took part in the campaign of the Napoleonic invasion. On the top of a truncated pyramid stands a Russian eagle, with his talons upon the crescent and the Turkish standard. On the four sides of the pyramid the most important events of the war are depicted in bas relief. Among the exploits to be represented are the crossing of the Danube, the blowing-up by torpedoes of a Turkish ironclad, the storming of Kars, the visit of the Czar to the hospital at Simnitza, and the encampment of the Russians before Constantinople. About the base of the pyramid captured Turkish cannon are to be grouped.

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"MADAM, IS THAT YOUR HANDWRITING?"



ENTER THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE.

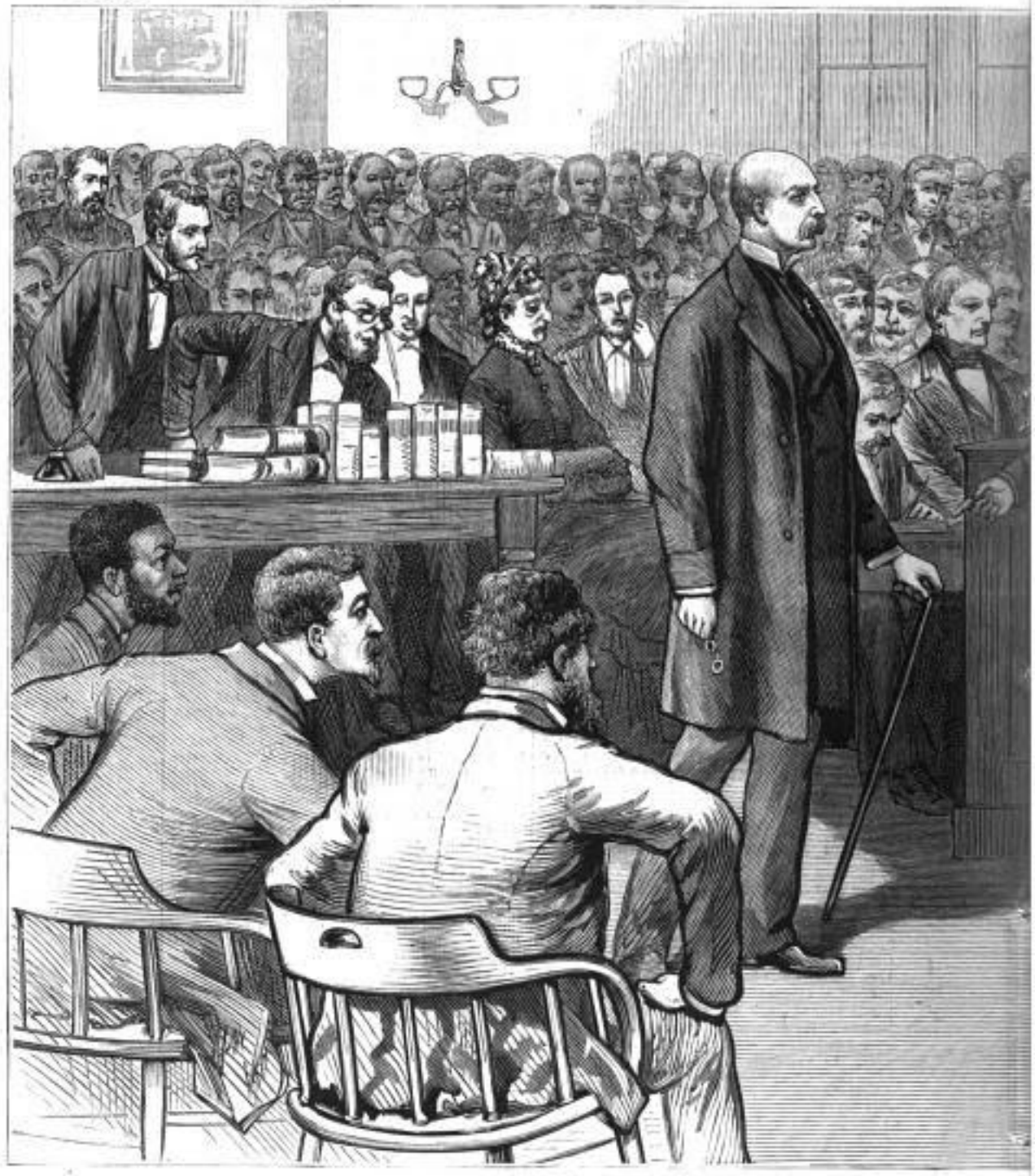


SWEARING A COLORED JURYMAN.





HON. SIMON CAMERON.



SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE "WIDOW'S" HUSBAND.—GE



"GENERAL, YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR WANTING TO STIR THE OLD MAN UP."



"WERE THERE NO LOVE-PASSAGES BETWEEN YOU WHEN HE POPPED THE QUESTION?"



THE DEFENDANT AND COUNSEL I

WASHINGTON, D. C.—INCIDENTS IN THE TRIAL OF THE CELEBRATED CASE OF MRS. MARY S. OLIVER AG

FROM SKETCHES BY JOSE

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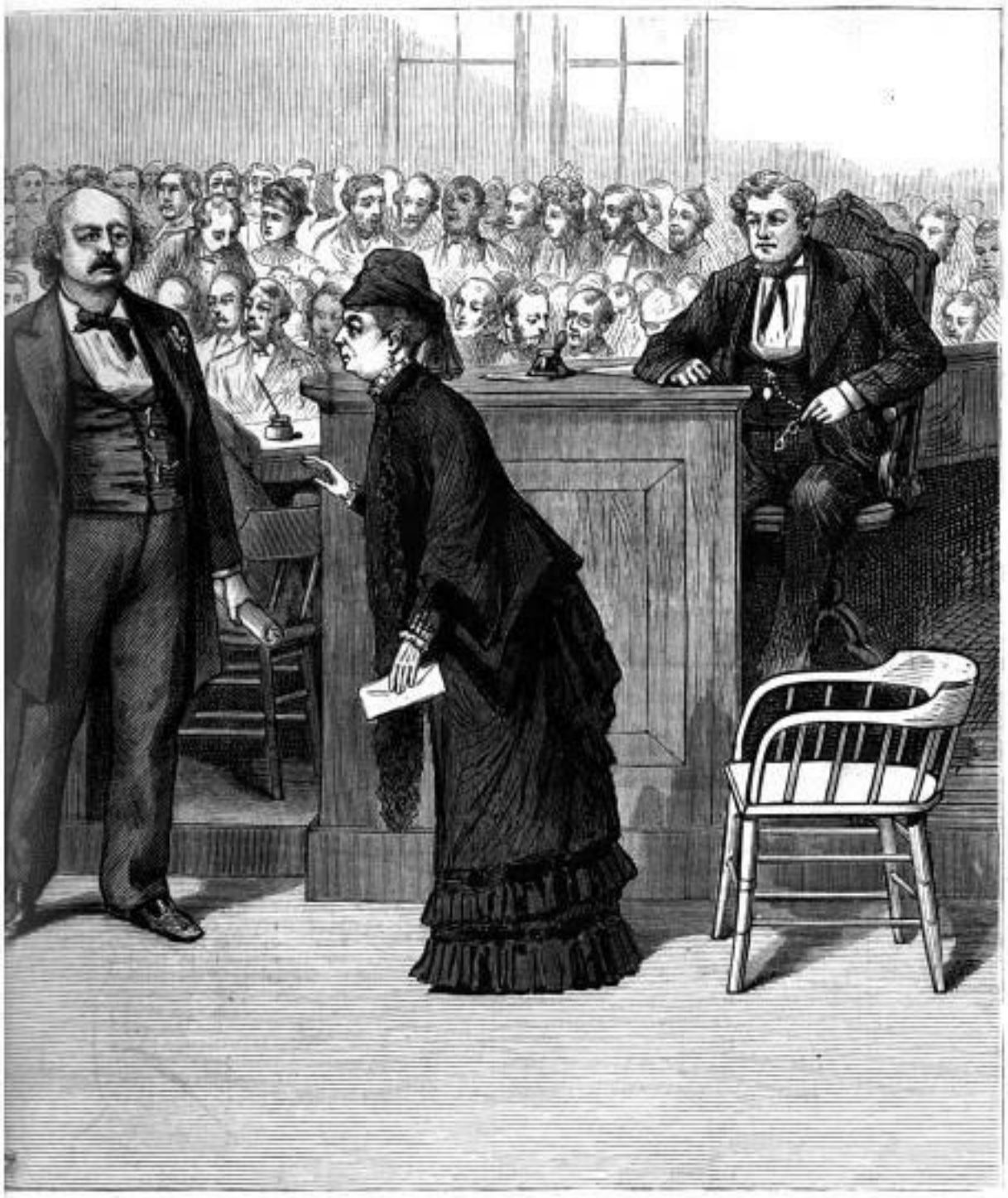
ON RAILING DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE TRIAL.



THE WIDOW HAS A PRIVATE CHAT WITH HER LAWYER.



THE PLAINTIFF TURNS HER BACK ON THE DEFENDANT.



BUTLER (TO WITNESS): "IS THAT MR. OLIVER?"



MRS. MARY S. OLIVER.



THE WIDOW SHOWING LETTERS TO THE JURY.



LETTERS.



A COLORED JUROR DRINKING IN THE TESTIMONY.



"SIMON SAYS, THUMBS UP."

T HON. SIMON CAMERON FOR ALLEGED BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE, BEGINNING MARCH 17TH.

ER.—SEE PAGE 71

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THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE FALCON.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

ONE time when June's meridian hour
With roses filled each Summer bower,
When rivulets ran with happy feet,
And all the fields and skies were sweet
With honeyed fragrance—when the air
No further charms or gifts could bear,
A Nightingale hung down his head,
And to the silent Falcon said:
"How is it, when all birds rejoice,
That you who never raise your voice
In heavenly concert, and can bring
No note to help the choir who sing,
Are held the first in love and worth
Of all the birds that skim the earth?
No matter what our virtues are,
Or what bright robes we chance to wear,
You stand in honor with the King
Above the sweetest ones that sing.
While you are dumb, your lips are kissed—
You sit upon the royal wrist,
And, from the favor of his plate,
Eat everything most delicate;
But I, who sing a thousand airs—
For me, not even a courtier cares;
Tue worm is all the food I get,
And for my house the thorn is set."

Then said the Falcon: "You shall hear
If you, for once, will be all ear.
Though I perform a hundred feats,
I utter self-praise; my tongue repeats
No word of them. I do what's fit,
And never stop to think of it.
But you who act no worthy part—
You get your lesson all by heart,
And sing between the earth and sky,
"See, what a clever chap am I!"

JOEL BENTON.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED).

LATE that night Amelius sat alone in his room, making notes for the lecture which he had now formally engaged himself to deliver in a week's time.

Thanks to his American education (as Rufus had supposed), he had not been without practice in the art of public speaking. He had learnt to face his fellow-creatures in the act of oratory, and to hear the sound of his own voice in a silent assembly without trembling from head to foot. English newspapers were regularly sent to Tadmor, and English politics were frequently discussed in the little parliament of the Community. The prospect of addressing a new audience, with their sympathies probably against him at the outset, had its terrors undoubtedly. But the more formidable consideration to the mind of Amelius was presented by the limits imposed on him in the matter of time. The lecture was to be succeeded (at the request of a clerical member of the institution) by a public discussion; and the secretary's experience suggested that the lecturer would do well to reduce his address within the compass of an hour. "Socialism is a large subject to be squeezed into that small space," Amelius had objected. And the secretary sighed, and answered, "They won't listen any longer."

Making notes, from time to time, of the points on which it was most desirable to insist, and on the relative positions which they would occupy in his lecture, the memory of Amelius became more and more absorbed in recalling the scenes in which his early life had been passed.

He laid down his pen, as the clock of the nearest church struck the first dark hour of the morning, and let his thoughts take him back again, without interruption or restraint, to the hills and vales of Tadmor. Once more the kind old Elder Brother taught him the noble lessons of Christianity as they came from the inspired Teacher's own lips; once more he took his turn of healthy work in the garden and the field; once more the voices of his companions joined with him in the evening songs, and the timid little figure of Mellicent stood at his side, content to hold the music-book and listen. How poor, how corrupt, did the life look that he was leading now, by comparison with the life that he had led in those earlier and happier days! How shamefully he had forgotten the simple precepts of Christian humility, Christian sympathy, and Christian self-restraint, in which his teachers had trusted as the safeguards that were to preserve him from the foul contact of the world! Within the last two days only he had refused to make merciful allowance for the errors of a man whose life had been wasted in the sordid struggle upwards from poverty to wealth—and, worse yet, he had cruelly distressed the poor girl who loved him, at the prompting of those selfish passions which it was his first and foremost duty to restrain. The bare remembrance of it was unendurable to him in his present state of mind. With his customary impetuosity, he snatched up the pen, to make atonement before he went to rest that night. He wrote in a few words to Mr. Farnaby, declaring that he regretted having spoken impatiently and contemptuously at the interview between them, and expressing the hope that their experience of each other, in the time to come, might perhaps lead to acceptable concessions on either side. His letter to Regina was written, it is needless to say, in warmer terms and at much greater length; it was the honest outpouring of his love and his penitence. When the letters were safe in their envelopes he was not satisfied even yet. No matter what the hour might be, there was no ease of mind for Amelius until he had actually posted his letters. He stole down-stairs, and softly unbolted the door, and hurried away to the nearest letter-box. When he had let himself in again with his latch-key, his mind was relieved at last. "Now," he thought, as he lit his bedroom candle, "I can go to sleep!"

A visit from Rufus was the first event of the day.

The two set to work together to draw out the necessary advertisement of the lecture. It was well calculated to attract attention in certain quarters. The announcement addressed itself, in capital letters, to all honest people who were poor and discontented. "Come, and hear the remedy which Christian Socialism provides for your troubles, explained to you by a friend and a brother; and pay no more than sixpence for the place that you occupy." The necessary information as to time and place followed this appeal; including the offer of reserved seats at higher prices. By advice of the secretary, the advertisement was not sent to any journal having its circulation among the wealthier classes of society. It appeared prominently in one daily paper and in two weekly papers; the three possessing an aggregate sale of four hundred thousand copies. "Assume only five readers to each copy," cried sanguine Amelius, "and we appeal to an audience of two million. What a magnificent publicity!"

There was one inevitable result of magnificent publicity which Amelius failed to consider. His advertisement was certain to bring people together who might otherwise never have met in the great world of London under one roof. All over England, Scotland and Ireland, he had invited unknown guests to pass the evening with him. In such circumstances, recognitions may take place between persons who have lost sight of each other for years; conversations may be held which might otherwise never have been exchanged, and results may follow for which the hero of the evening may be innocently responsible, because two or three among his audience happen to be sitting to hear him on the same bench. A man who opens his doors and invites the public indiscriminately to come in runs the risk of playing with inflammable materials, and can never be sure at what time or in what direction they may explode.

Rufus himself took the fair copies of the advertisement to the nearest agent. Amelius staid at home to think over his lecture.

He was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Farnaby's answer to his letter. The man of the oily whiskers wrote courteously and guardedly. He was evidently flattered and pleased by the advance that had been made to him; and he was quite willing, "under the circumstances," to give the lovers opportunities of meeting at his house. At the same time, he limited the number of the opportunities. "Once a week, for the present, my dear sir. Regina will doubtless write to you when she returns to London."

Regina wrote by return of post. The next morning Amelius received a letter from her which enchanted him. She had never loved him as she loved him now; she longed to see him again; she had prevailed on Mrs. Ormond to let her shorten her visit, and to intercede for her with the authorities at home. They were to return together to London on the afternoon of the next day. Amelius would be sure to find her, if he arranged to call in time for five-o'clock tea.

Towards four o'clock on the next day, while Amelius was putting the finishing touches to his dress, he was informed that "a young person wished to see him." The visitor proved to be Phœbe, with her handkerchief to her eyes, indulging in grief, in humble imitation of her young mistress's gentle method of proceeding on similar occasions.

"Good God!" cried Amelius, "has anything happened to Regina?"

"No, sir," Phœbe murmured behind the handkerchief. "Miss Regina is at home, and well."

"Then what are you crying about?"

Phœbe forgot her mistress's gentle method. She answered, with an explosion of sobs, "I'm ruined, sir!"

"What do you mean by being ruined? Who's done it?"

"You've done it, sir!"

Amelius started. His relations with Phœbe had been purely and entirely of the pecuniary sort. She was a showy, pretty girl, with a smart little figure—but with some undeniably bad lines, which only observant physiognomists remarked, about her eyebrows and her mouth. Amelius was not a physiognomist; but he was in love with Regina, which at his age came to the same thing. It is only men over forty who can court the mistress, with reserves of admiration to spare for the maid.

"Sit down," said Amelius, "and tell me in two words what you mean."

Phœbe sat down, and dried her eyes. "I have been infamously treated, sir, by Mrs. Farnaby," she began—and stopped, overpowered by the bare remembrance of her wrongs. She was angry enough, at that moment, to be off her guard. The vindictive nature that was in the girl found its way outward, and showed itself in her face. Amelius perceived the change, and began to doubt whether Phœbe was quite worthy of the place which she had hitherto held in his estimation.

"Surely there must be some mistake," he said. "What opportunity has Mrs. Farnaby had of ill-treating you? You have only just got back to London."

"I beg your pardon, sir, we got back sooner than we expected. Mrs. Ormond had business in town, and she left Miss Regina at her own door, nearly two hours since."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I had scarcely taken off my bonnet and shawl when I was sent for by Mrs. Farnaby. 'Have you unpacked your box yet?' says she. I told her I hadn't time to do so. 'You needn't trouble yourself to unpack,' says she. 'You are no longer in Miss Regina's service. There are your wages—with a month's wages besides, in place of the customary warning.' I'm only a poor girl, sir, but I up and spoke to her as plain as she spoke to me. 'I want to know,' I says, 'why I am sent away in this uncivil manner?' I couldn't possibly repeat what she said. My blood boils when I think of it!" Phœbe declared, with melodramatic vehemence. "Somebody has found us out, sir. Somebody has told Mrs. Farnaby of your private meetings with Miss Regina in the shrubbery, and the money you kindly gave me. I believe Mrs. Ormond is at the bottom of it; you remember nobody knew where she was, when I thought she was in the house speaking to the cook. That's guesswork, I allow, so far. What is certain is, that I have been spoken to as if I was the lowest creature that walks the streets. Mrs. Farnaby refuses to give me a character, sir. She actually said she would call in the police, if I didn't leave the house in half an hour. How am I to get another place, without a character? I'm a ruined girl, that's what I am—and all through you!"

Threatened at this point with an illustrative outburst of sobbing, Amelius was simple enough to try the consoling influence of a sovereign. "Why don't you speak to Miss Regina?" he asked. "You know she will help you."

"She has done all she can, sir. I have nothing to say against Miss Regina—she's a good creature. She came into the room, and begged, and prayed, and took all the blame on herself. Mrs. Farnaby wouldn't hear a word. 'I am mistress here,' she says; 'you had better go back to your room.' Ah, Mr. Amelius, I can tell you Mrs. Farnaby is your enemy as well as mine! You'll never marry her niece if *she* can stop it. Mark my words, sir, that's the secret of the vile manner in which she has used me. My conscience is clear, thank God. I've tried to serve the cause of true love—and I'm not ashamed of it. Never mind! my turn is to come. I'm only a poor servant, sent adrift in the world without a character. Wait a little! you see if I am not even (and better than even) with Mrs. Farnaby before long! *I know what I know.* I am not going to say any more than that. She shall rue the day," cried Phœbe, relapsing into melodrama again, "when she turned me out of the house like a thief!"

"Come! come!" said Amelius, sharply, "you mustn't speak in that way."

Phœbe had got her money; she could afford to be independent. She rose from her chair. The insolence which is the almost invariable accompaniment of a sense of injury among Englishwomen of her class expressed itself in her answer to Amelius. "I speak as I think, sir. I have some spirit in me; I am not a woman to be trodden underfoot—and so Mrs. Farnaby shall find, before she is many days older."

"Phœbe! Phœbe! you are talking like a heathen. If Mrs. Farnaby has behaved to you with unjust severity, set her an example of moderation on your side. It's your duty as a Christian to forgive injuries."

Phœbe burst out laughing. "Hee-hee-hee! Thank you, sir, for a sermon as well as a sovereign. You have been most kind, indeed!" She changed suddenly from irony to anger. "I never was called a heathen before! Considering what I have done for you, I think you might at least have been civil. Good-afternoon, sir." She lifted her saucy little snub-nose, and walked with dignity out of the room.

For the moment, Amelius was amused. As he heard the house-door closed, he turned laughing to the window for a last look at Phœbe in the character of an injured Christian. In an instant the smile left his lips—he changed color, and drew back from the window with a start.

A man had been waiting for Phœbe in the street. At the moment when Amelius looked out, she had just taken his arm. He glanced back at the house as they walked away together. Amelius immediately recognized, in Phœbe's companion (and sweetheart) a vagabond Irishman, nicknamed Jervy, whose face he had last seen at Tadmor. Employed as one of the agents of the Community in transacting their business with the neighboring town, he had been dismissed for misconduct, and had been unwisely taken back again, at the intercession of a respectable person who believed in his promises of amendment. Amelius had suspected this man of being the spy who officiously informed against Mellicent and himself; but, having discovered no evidence to justify his suspicions, he had remained silent on the subject. It was now quite plain to him that Jervy's appearance in London could only be attributed to a second dismissal from the service of the Community, for some offense sufficiently serious to oblige him to take refuge in England. A more disreputable person it was scarcely possible for Phœbe to have become acquainted with. In her present vindictive mood, he would be emphatically a dangerous companion and counselor. Amelius felt this so strongly that he determined to follow them, on the chance of finding out where Jervy lived. Unhappily, he had only arrived at this resolution after a lapse of a minute or two. He ran into the street—but it was too late; not a trace of them was to be discovered. Pursuing his way to Mr. Farnaby's house, he decided on mentioning what had happened to Regina. Her aunt had not acted wisely in refusing to let the maid refer to her for a character. She would do well to set herself right with Phœbe, in this particular, before it was too late.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. FARNABY stood at the door of her own room, and looked at her niece with an air of contemptuous curiosity.

"Well! You and your lover have had a fine time of it together, I suppose? What do you want here?"

"Amelius wishes particularly to speak to you, aunt."

"Tell him to save himself the trouble. He may reconcile your uncle to his marriage—he won't reconcile me."

"It's not about that, aunt; it's about Phœbe."

"Does he want me to take Phœbe back again?"

At that moment Amelius appeared in the hall and answered the question himself. "I want to give you a word of warning," he said.

Mrs. Farnaby smiled grimly. "That excites my curiosity," she replied. "Come in. I don't want you," she added, dismissing her niece at the door. "So you're willing to wait ten years for Regina?" she continued, when Amelius was alone with her. "I'm disappointed in you; you're a poor, weak creature, after all. What about that young hussy, Phœbe?"

Amelius told her unreservedly all that had passed between the discarded maid and himself; not forgetting, before he concluded, to caution her on the subject of the maid's companion. "I don't know what that man may not do to mislead Phœbe," he said. "If I were you, I wouldn't drive her into a corner."

Mrs. Farnaby eyed him scornfully from head to foot. "You used to have the spirit of a man in you," she answered. "Keeping company with Regina has made you a milksop already. If you want to know what I think of Phœbe and her sweetheart——" she stopped and snapped her fingers. "There!" she said, "that's what I think! Now go back to Regina. I can tell you one thing—she will never be your wife."

Amelius looked at her in quiet surprise. "It seems odd," he remarked, "that you should treat me as you do, after what you said to me the last time I was in this room. You expect me to help you in the dearest wish of your life, and you do everything you can to thwart the dearest wish of my life. A man can't keep his temper under continual provocation. Suppose I refuse to help you?"

Mrs. Farnaby looked at him with the most exasperating composure. "I defy you to do it," she answered.

"You defy me to do it!" Amelius exclaimed.

"Do you take me for a fool?" Mrs. Farnaby went on. "Do you think I don't know you better than you know yourself?" She stepped up close to him; her voice sank suddenly to low and tender tones. "If that last, unlikely chance should turn out in my favor," she went on; "if you really did meet with my poor girl, one of these days, and knew that you had met with her—do you mean to say you could be cruel enough, no matter how badly I behaved to you, to tell me nothing about it? Is *that* the heart I can feel beating under my hand? Is *that* the Christianity you learnt at Tadmor? Pooh, pooh, you foolish boy! Go back to Regina; and tell her you have tried to frighten me, and you find it won't do."

The next day was Saturday. The advertisement of the lecture appeared in the newspapers. Rufus confessed that he had been extravagant enough, in the case of the two weekly journals, to occupy half a page. "The public," he explained, "have got a nasty way of overlooking advertisements of a modest and retiring character. Hit 'em in the eyes when they open the paper, or you don't hit 'em at all."

Among the members of the public attracted by the new announcement, Mrs. Farnaby was one. She honored Amelius with a visit at his lodgings. "I called you a poor, weak creature yesterday" (these were her first words on entering the room). "I talked like a fool. You're a splendid fellow; I respect your courage, and I shall attend your lecture. Never mind what Mr. Farnaby and Regina say. Regina's poor little conventional soul is shaken, I daresay; you needn't expect to have my niece among your audience. But Farnaby is a humbug, as usual. He affects to be horrified; he talks big about breaking off the match. In his own self, he's bursting with curiosity to know how you will get through with it. I tell you this—he will sneak into the hall and stand at the back where nobody can see him. I shall go with him; and, when you're on the platform, I'll hold up my handkerchief like this. Then you'll know he's there. Hit him hard, Amelius—hit him hard! Where is your friend Rufus? Just gone away! I like that American. Give him my love, and tell him to come and see me." She left the room as abruptly as she had entered it. Amelius looked after her in amazement. Mrs. Farnaby was not like herself; Mrs. Farnaby was in good spirits!

Regina's opinion of the lecture arrived by post.

Every other word in her letter was underlined; half the sentences began with "Oh!"; Regina was shocked, astonished, ashamed, alarmed. What would Amelius do next? Why had he deceived her, and left her to find it out in the papers? He had undone all the good effect of those charming letters to her father and herself. He had no idea of the disgust and abhorrence which respectable people would feel at his odious Socialism. Was she never to know another happy moment? and was Amelius to be the cause of it? and so on, and so on.

Mr. Farnaby's protest followed, delivered by Mr. Farnaby himself. He kept his gloves on when he called; he was solemn and pathetic; he remonstrated, in the character of one of the ancestors of Amelius; he pitied the ancient family "moldering in the silent grave;" he would abstain from deciding in a hurry, but his daughter's feelings were outraged, and he feared it would be his duty to break off the match. Amelius, with perfect good temper, offered him a free admission, and asked him to hear the lecture and decide for himself whether there was any harm in it. Mr. Farnaby turned his head away from the ticket as if it was something indecent. "Sad! sad!" That was his only farewell to the gentleman Socialist.

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On the Sunday (being the only day in London on which a man can use his brains without being interrupted by street music), Amelius rehearsed his lecture. On the Monday he paid his weekly visit to Regina.

She was reported—whether truly or not it was impossible for him to discover—to have gone out in the carriage with Mrs. Ormond. Amelius wrote to her in soothing and affectionate terms, suggesting, as he had suggested to her father, that she should wait to hear the lecture before she condemned it. In the meantime, he entreated her to remember that they had promised to be true to one another, in time and eternity—Socialism notwithstanding.

The answer came back by private messenger. The tone was serious, Regina's principles forbade her to attend a Socialist lecture. She hoped Amelius was in earnest in writing as he did about time and eternity. The subject was very awful to a rightly-constituted mind. On the next page, some mitigation of this severity followed in a postscript. Regina would wait at home to see Amelius, the day after his "regretable appearance in public."

The evening of Tuesday was the evening of the lecture.

Rufus posted himself at the ticket-taker's office in the interests of Amelius. "Even sixpences do sometimes stick to a man's fingers, on their way from the public to the money-box," he remarked. The sixpences did indeed flow in rapidly; the advertisements had, so far, produced their effect. But the reserved seats sold very slowly. The members of the Institution, who were admitted for nothing, arrived in large numbers, and secured the best places. Towards eight o'clock (the hour at which the lecture was to begin), the sixpenny audience was still pouring in. Rufus recognized Phœbe among the late arrivals, escorted by a person in the dress of a gentleman, who was palpably a blackguard, nevertheless. A short, stout lady followed, who warmly shook hands with Rufus, and said, "Let me introduce you to Mr. Farnaby." Mr. Farnaby's mouth and chin were shrouded in a wrapper; his hat was over his eyebrows. Rufus observed that he looked as if he was ashamed of himself. A gaunt, dirty, savage old woman, miserably dressed, offered her sixpence to the money-taker, while the two gentlemen were shaking hands, the example, it is needless to say, being set by Rufus. The old woman looked attentively at all that was visible of Mr. Farnaby—that is to say, at his eyes and his whiskers—by the gas-lamp hanging in the corridor. She instantly drew back, though she had got her ticket; waited until Mr. Farnaby had paid for his wife and himself, and then followed close behind them into the hall.

And why not? The advertisements addressed this wretched old creature as one of the poor and discontented public. Sixteen years ago, John Farnaby had put his own child into that woman's hands at Ramsgate, and had never seen either of them since.

(*To be continued.*)

THE VANDERBILT ELEVATORS.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE GRAIN-CARRYING TRADE.

THE history of the development of the grain-carrying trade to this and other seaboard cities is full of interest. In the early Spring of 1866 a large quantity of "hot" corn had accumulated in the Buffalo elevators. Navigation on the canal was not opened, and it was feared that this corn would be irretrievably ruined unless it could be got out of the elevators and sent forward to its destination. It was finally decided that if it could be placed in small bodies in cars and run through to its destination, further depreciation might be averted, as the corn would be cooled in the transit, and it could then be put upon the market and disposed of to advantage. This course was accordingly taken, and this was the beginning of the transportation of grain in bulk by railroad from the West to seaboard.

Previous to that event all the grain which had come to this or other markets other than by canal had been sent forward in bags, entailing such a great expense in the loss and damage to bags, and the cost of transportation back to the West empty, as to very greatly retard the movement of grain during the season of closed navigation on the canal, and from that time the business of carrying grain in bulk has been gradually developing on the railroads.

It was not, however, until some years later that the railroad companies began to generally recognize grain in bulk as a legitimate business, and they were only willing to take such freight when they could find no other. During all these years the methods employed in handing and delivering grain from the cars were of the most clumsy character, and none of the trunk lines in New York were able to deliver more than from eighty to one hundred cars per day, on the average. In the meantime elevators had been built at Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia; but it was believed that the method of transferring freights in this harbor by lighters, growing out of the old system of the canal-boats placing their cargoes alongside of ships or stores located at Brooklyn, rendered elevators at this port unnecessary; and, indeed, the opposition to their introduction from various sources was so great that it was considered a bold undertaking on the part of any railroad company to build an elevator at the end of its road. But with the usual foresight of the management of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, it was seen that the great business of this country was the grain trade, and with their accustomed energy they determined to make preparations for doing it much more largely than they had ever done before, and much better, and a consequence was the erection of the large elevator at the foot of Sixty-second Street.

This building, with a capacity for storing one and one-half millions of bushels of grain, was supposed to be amply sufficient for all the business the road could get to it. But before its first year was ended the fact was developed that it would not accommodate more than one-half the business which was offering to the road; and as a result, during the last year a second building of like character has been erected with a capacity of one million bushels storage. The first building was erected on the line of the bulkhead; the second has been built upon a pier for the better transfer of grain to steamers and sailing-craft. In addition to the elevators, this company has at the foot of Fifty-ninth Street a large pier and storehouse; at the foot of Sixty-second Street is another pier, 600 feet in length by 150 feet in width, upon which has been erected a building two stories in height, provided with steam elevators, which will take flour from the lower to the upper story with the same celerity as the neighboring storehouses will take grain from the cars to their bins.

By all these appliances merchandise and grain may be transferred from cars to steamers and sailing craft, and sent on their way to foreign ports, almost without seeing daylight. It is the intention of this company to build additional piers and storehouses and other elevators for their vast and increasing business. Among their other terminal facilities are the immense stockyards and abattoirs; and at a safe distance from the other property are the terminal facilities for petroleum, by which pipes are put into the oil-tanks of the cars and pumped directly from those cars to Long Island in pipes passing under the East River. During the year ending September 30th, 1878, the New York Central Railroad received at this port about thirty-five million bushels of grain, which were carried in about eighty-one thousand cars. In addition to the grain brought to this city for that year were various other kinds of freight, something over *two hundred thousand carloads*.

In addition to the terminal facilities above noted, this company has also several piers and large warehouses at and near the foot of Thirty-third Street, North River. The old Thirtieth Street passenger depot grounds have been converted into a produce depot, at which alone were received last year nearly ten thousand carloads of potatoes. It has also its extensive St. John's Park freight depot, and another depot at the foot of Barclay Street, on the North River, and extensive warehouses and piers devoted to the flour trade on South Street, at the foot of Broad.

The illustration on page 76 shows only a small portion of the facilities possessed by this company. It is hoped at a future day to give further views of this character, that the public, and especially the people of the West, may see what facilities the port of New York is beginning to offer for the great trade of that section. It must be a great boon to the shipper of flour, grain, bacon and other products of the West, to know that he may put his freight into the car at his point of shipment with the knowledge that it may go to Liverpool, Havre, Bordeaux, Glasgow, Belfast, or any other port in the world, with but one handling.

The Unicorn Line of steamers run regularly from the Sixtieth Street depot, and, in addition, this company have close connections with the various foreign and domestic lines of steamers from this port, having its track laid upon the piers of several of the steamship lines, through the permission recently granted by the Board of Aldermen. As soon as certain improvements now being made by the Dock Department are completed, the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company will proceed to lay tracks on the dock of every steamer line from this city.

SEÑOR MIRANDA'S MONUMENT TO CERVANTES.

THE return from Spain of Señor Fernando Miranda, the well-known painter and sculptor, has revived the interest of Spanish and Spanish-American residents in New York in the project of erecting a monument in Central Park to the memory of the delightful author Cervantes. The design for the monument by Señor Miranda was adopted by the Committee before he went abroad. His chief object in revisiting Spain was to make studies in costume, armor and historical details for his great and patriotic work. Various papers in Spain have opened subscriptions. The King has promised through General Concha, Senator, to contribute to the fund, and the Government itself will aid the project. The Spanish Minister at Washington, Señor Mendez de Vigo, is much interested in the project, as was his predecessor, Marquis Mantilla de los Rios, and has promised his co-operation.

Señor Miranda, while at Madrid, submitted his design to the Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando, of which he was a pupil, and it received the approval of the professors. He also ordered all the costumes, armor, arms and other accessories necessary for the work. The Church authorities and municipality of Alcala de Henares, the birthplace of Cervantes, have offered to send a properly attested parchment copy of the baptismal register of the famous Spaniard to be placed in the corner-stone of the monument.

Our illustrations represent the front and rear views of Señor Miranda's model.

Condition of the Lower Classes in Italy.

A BOOK on the condition of the lower classes in Italy has been published at Neuchâtel by Professor Umilta, a personal friend of Mazzini and a companion-in-arms of Garibaldi. The writer says that in northern and southern Italy the agricultural laborer has to work very hard, is ill fed, and is worse paid. Professor Villari, in his "Southern Letters" in the *Opinione*, showed last year that the day laborers in Apulia work fourteen hours a day for thirty-six cents, and the ex-Minister, Jacini, states that in the vicinity of Milan the "laborers are worse treated than dogs. We see here the greatest possible fertility in the soil combined with the greatest misery in its cultivators." M. Cardani, director of the Lombardian Institute for the Improvement of Agriculture, says that "in Lombardy the peasant is the poorest and most wretched of all laborers. He has no direct relations with the landowner, who farms out his estates. . . . His food is lamentably bad, and he scarcely ever tastes meat or wine." The ordinary wages of the father of a family "are under eighty cents a day; the women at thirty-five look sixty, and people die young in this world of misery." According to the official statistician, Boccardo, 70,000 hectares (two and a half acres each) of land in Italy still remain uncultivated, and the agricultural produce of Italy is relatively much less than that of other European countries. The total number of paupers in Italy is enormous; and, while it is very difficult to get work, the forced paper currency has greatly increased the prices of the necessaries of life.

ADVERTISERS will find in "Leading Newspapers," by H. P. Hubbard, of New Haven, Conn., of which a new edition has just been published, a very useful and trustworthy manual. The various lists are made up with care and good judgment, and acting upon the information which they furnish, the advertiser will have every reason to expect abundant and satisfactory returns for his outlay. In no department of business is ignorance more common or expensive than in that of advertising, and in none is there less excuse for it, when guide-books and manuals like Mr. Hubbard's are available.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Great Deposit of mineral wax has been discovered in Southern Utah.

Piturl is the name of a narcotic indulged in by the natives of Australia.

Thousands of Patents have been taken out for automatic car-couplers, and applications still flow into the Patent Office.

Traces of Roman Civilization have been found in the Sahara Desert, and among them the remains of an amphitheatre like that in Rome.

The Coloring Matter of Red Cabbage.—According to Savigny and Collineau, two pounds of red cabbage are covered with six pounds of hot water and pressed. The blue liquid called carolin yields, with zinc salts, a blue, and with barium hydrate, a green precipitate. 10cc carolin, 7.99$_{00}$ boiling-hot water, and two grammes caustic magnesia, will impart a beautiful green color to any vegetables immersed in the hot liquid for a few moments.

Cleaning Steel.—Steel which has rusted can be cleaned by brushing with a paste made of half an ounce of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce of castile soap, one ounce of whiting, and water sufficient to form a paste. The steel should first be washed with a solution of half an ounce of cyanide of potassium in two ounces of water. To preserve steel from rusting, a good method is to paint it with melted caoutchouc, to which some oil has been added.

Tempered Glass.—Tempered glass has now fallen into disfavor. Its liability to explode is fatal to its general introduction, and unless some method of annealing it is discovered its manufacture must cease. The utility of the articles made of it is not greater than that of Prince Rupert's drops, from which they differ only in form. Lamp-chimneys explode spontaneously, and the least scratch will cause the total wreck of vessels made of tempered glass.

Preservation of Iron by Steam.—The Barff process consists in introducing iron into cylinders closed at both ends, and exposing it to the action of dry steam at a pressure of from two to two and a half atmospheres for five hours, the internal heat of the cylinder being kept in the meantime at a temperature of from 626° to 644° Fahrenheit. The iron becomes covered with a scale of black, magnetic oxide, which thoroughly protects it from further oxidation.

Welding Iron and Steel.—A new composition of iron and steel is described in the *Revue Industrielle*. A cast-iron mold is divided into two sections by means of a transverse plate of thin sheet-iron. The two metals are then poured into the respective compartments. The sheet-iron partition prevents the mixing of the metals and facilitates the welding by itself being brought into a state of fusion. It is said that the product is well adapted for safes, and that it resists drills.

Discovery of a New Mineral.—In examining a specimen of ore from the silver Islet Mine, on the north shore of Lake Superior, Professor Henry Wurtz discovered that it was a mineral unknown to the scientific world. He analyzed it and found it contained large proportions of silver and arsenic mixed with iron, zinc, cobalt and sulphur. Specimens of it were exhibited before the New York Academy of Sciences, and the name "Hunultite" has been given to it in honor of the distinguished geologist, Dr. T. S. Hunt, of Boston.

Submarine Lighting.—Submarine lighting has been effected by compressing pure oxygen into a reservoir of plate-iron, under a pressure of 420 pounds. This oxygen is supplied to a kind of alcohol lamp, provided with means for the escape of the gaseous products of combustion. The light is very good and lasts for four hours. Another plan consists in attaching to a diver's helmet a glass cylinder containing an electric lamp of polished copper, the carbons of which last for four hours without renewal. The light is intense and brilliant.

Frozen Fodder.—In order to convert a portion of the starch of roots and vegetables into grape sugar instead of treating them with dilute acids, they are now sometimes frozen. Before feeding them to animals, they should be thawed out by hot water or steam, but once thawed they will not keep any length of time owing to the rapid fermentation of the sugar. It would be dangerous to feed cattle with them after the putrefaction and fermentation has set in; but if they are kept in a frozen state and only thawed out when wanted, they prove to be very nourishing food.

Why Plants Follow the Sun.—The reason why certain plants, such as the sunflower and *heurseul*, appear to have the power of rotation, is due to the action of light in secreting certain matter on one side, thus causing an expansion, and the withdrawing of water on the opposite side, thus producing contraction; this unequal contraction and expansion rotates the plant at the same rate as the apparent movement of the sun. There is no question of instinct, sympathy, aspiration or any other feeling on the part of the plant; it is purely an operation of mechanics.

Heat as a Mode of Motion.—The celebrated memoir on the motive force of heat, published in 1824 by M. Sadi Carnot, at that time only twenty-eight years of age, has become so rare that his brother, a Senator of the house of peers of France, has decided to bring out a new edition, edited with explanatory notes. This memoir goes to show that Carnot, in his very short life, had glimpses of the true thermodynamic theory, and that he recognized that the work produced by a steam engine represented exactly the heat employed in generating the steam—in other words, he anticipated the magnificent discoveries of Mayer, Joule, Clausius, and Rankine.

The Electric Light in Mines.—The advantages of being able to introduce the electric light into mines are many and obvious. It would solve a most important problem affecting the lives of many persons now working in mines, and would greatly facilitate the out-put of mineral and coal. Electricity would give the men a light such as they have never dreamt of, enabling them to get a much larger quantity of coal in a given time than it is possible for them to bring down by the light of the dim lamp, which barely suffices to make the blackness of darkness more visible. It would also benefit both master and men, and greater safety would be insured, for explosions would be all but impossible, while the miners would be better able to guard against falls of roof and rock.

The Eye a Photographic Camera.—Sir John Herschell, in a paper printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society in 1842, drawing conclusions from some remarkable effects which he was then studying, states that in his opinion the phenomenon of vision has a photographic operation, the images of external objects being printed by the solar rays on the retina on the choroid coat of the eye. It appears from recent researches of Drs. Boll and Kühne that the theoretical assumption of Herschel is correct. These investigators have proved the existence of a purple pigment in the eye which is the sensitive agent by aid of which we are enabled to fix images on the retina. They have succeeded in rapidly dissecting an eye and of fixing the image long enough to study it and to take a copy of it by photography.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. VON DOLLINGER, the celebrated leader of the Old Catholics, has reached his eightieth birthday.

A COLOSSAL statue of Prince de Bismarck will be unveiled at Cologne on April 1st, the Chancellor's birthday.

DR. LIGHTFOOT will be consecrated Bishop of Durham April 25th, the delay being caused by the necessity of observing certain formalities.

THE Marquis of Normandy, who has been Governor at one time or another of half the British dependencies, has been appointed Governor of Victoria.

IT IS reported that Emperor William, addressing a high imperial functionary, said: "It is in Parliament that, for the first time, I have lost a battle."

GENERAL THOMAS W. SHERMAN, a hero of the Mexican and the last wars, died at Newport, R. I., March 16th, three days after the death of his wife.

MR. AND MRS. CYRUS W. FIELD will go to England in a few weeks, and it is understood that while in London they will be the guests of Dean Stanley.

KAISER WILHELM is advised by his physicians to avoid fatigue. Consequently the customary grand court reception on the imperial birthday will not be held.

THE Russian Geographical Society proposes to give its great gold medal to Professor Nordenskjold. The Berlin Geographical Society has given its gold medal to M. Prjevalsky.

THE Portuguese explorer, Pinto, has arrived at Pretoria, South Africa, with eight followers, all that remained of the four hundred with whom he set out on his expedition.

ONE of the social events of Eastertide will be the wedding on Governor's Island, New York, of General Hancock's niece and adopted daughter to Lieutenant Grifen, of the army.

MR. GLADSTONE was not invited to the Duke of Connaught's wedding. This omission has excited much comment in political circles, as Lords Granville and Hartington both received invitations.

MINISTER STOCKTON has been seriously affected by the severity of the Russian Winter, and has been obliged by his physicians to go to Southern Italy, where he will stay for several months.

THE wives and children of the officers killed at Isandula are in a condition of distress; and it has been suggested that some of the £70,000 of the Crimean Patriotic Fund should be given to them.

HARRON, the young man who was under sentence of death for the murder of a policeman, which crime Charles Pierce subsequently confessed he committed, has received a free pardon, and the Home Secretary promises to do all that is possible for his future welfare.

MR. JUSTICE HUNT of the United States Supreme Court, who was stricken with paralysis early in January, is improving, although there is no hope of his entire restoration to health. Within a few days he has been able to sit up, and can articulate a few words, but not connected sentences.

IT is rumored in Berlin that a friendly understanding will be announced on the Emperor William's birthday, whereby the Duke of Cumberland will renounce his claims to the throne of Hanover, and Prussia will give her consent to the abdication of the Duke of Brunswick in favor of the Duke of Cumberland.

A LONDON paper announces the marriage of Miss Theodosia Parnell, sister of the eminent Home Rule M. P., to Lieutenant Paget, son of Lord Alfred Paget, and brother of Captain Paget, who married Miss Stevens. Miss Parnell's mother, who resides at Bordentown, N. J., is a daughter of the late Commodore Stewart, of Rhode Island.

THE origin of the trouble between the Burmese and the British Resident at Mandalay is that the latter protects, and refuses to give up to slaughter, two royal princes and their families who have taken refuge at the Residency. The King of Burmah, who is said to be mad with drink, urged by lunatics and the Reactionary Party, threatens to force the Residency. Such a hostile measure on the part of the Government, it is believed, would be the signal for a general massacre of Europeans.

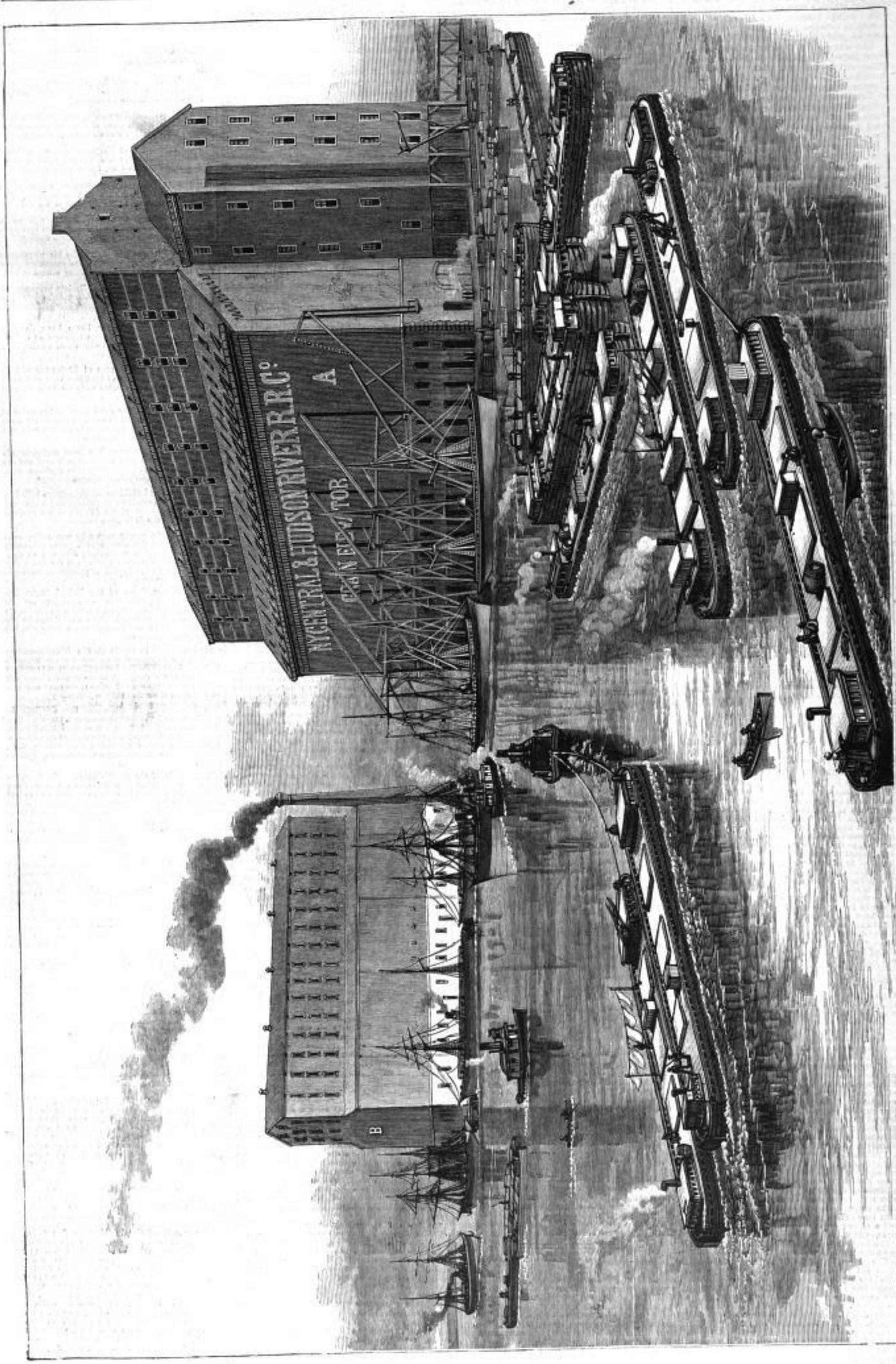
ADVICES from India report a circumstance of very rare occurrence, the conversion of a European to Buddhism. The person in question is an Austrian savant, and he obtained from the King of Siam permission to pass his noviciate in the magnificent temple attached to the palace. His reception gave rise to a most imposing ceremony. He will have to spend four years completely isolated from the world. The reasons which have induced him to take this step are said to be that he may the more readily study the Pali language, which is known to the Indian high priests only.

THE Rev. James De Koven, D. D., Dean of Racine (Wis.) College, died suddenly of apoplexy at the college on March 19th. In February, 1875, he was elected Bishop of Illinois, but failed to be consecrated in consequence of his extreme High Church views. He at one time received many votes for the Bishopric of Massachusetts, but was warmly opposed and defeated by the Low Church party. In April, 1878, Dr. De Koven was chosen assistant rector of Trinity Church, in this city, but he declined the position, which had been made vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr Ogilby. He was recently elected as rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, but declined the call the day before his death. He was in his forty-eighth year.

THE Emperor Napoleon III., during his visit to England, contrived to win the warm friendship of the Queen and Prince Albert, which, in the case of the former, has been extended to his widow and son. The young Louis Napoleon, before departing for the Zulu war, called upon the Queen to bid adieu, and, according to a London paper, she received him with the greatest cordiality, thanking him in a trembling voice for the courageous interest he evinced in her army and country. She seated him beside her on a sofa during the interview, and, as he rose to depart, she drew a ring from her hand, and placing it upon his finger, asked him to preserve it as a mark of her gratitude. The young man was visibly affected by the Queen's gift and words.

BY the will of the late Deacon Asa Otis, of Norwich, Conn., the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions is made residuary legatee. Bequests, amounting to nearly $750,000, are as follows: Amherst College, $25,000; Yale College Theological Seminary, $25,000; Bulkeley High School of New London, $10,000; Bacon Academy of Colchester, Conn., $10,000; First Ecclesiastical Society of New London, $10,000; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, $10,000; American Home Missionary Society, $5,000; American Bible Society, $5,000; American Tract Society, $5,000. The balance of the property, amounting to over half a million, will go to the Foreign Missions. W. C. Crump, Peter C. Turner and William H. Chapman are appointed executors.

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NEW YORK CITY.—MAMMOTH 'GRAIN' ELEVATOR' OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, AT THE FOOT OF SIXTY-SECOND STREET, NORTH RIVER.—SEE PAGE 78.

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JOHN P. ST. JOHN, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY Q. T. BASTIAN.

HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

COLONEL JOHN P. ST. JOHN, the newly-elected Governor of Kansas, was born at Brookville, Ind., in 1833, and is in the full flush and vigor of manhood. He served through the war of the Rebellion, and earned his title of colonel in command of the 143d Illinois Volunteers. After the war he located in Jackson County, Missouri, an unpromising field for a Republican, won his way to a good position at the Bar, and was the standard-bearer of his party in his section. In 1868 he removed to Olathe, Johnson County, Kansas, and assumed political and professional prominence at once. He was elected to the State Senate in 1872, and was one of the leading debaters in that body. Colonel St. John's services to the Republican Party in Kansas have been conspicuous. In the famous contest between Cobb and Goodin, he made a protracted canvass at his own expense, speaking all over the district. At his home, Colonel St. John has no enemies. He is an excellent lawyer and a hard student. As a speaker he recalls the old days when oratory was in vogue, and the "stump" was far more of a power than it is now. His character is spotless as a citizen, a husband and father.

THE GRUSON SYSTEM OF REVOLVING TURRETS FOR COAST DEFENSE.

WE illustrate the Gruson system of iron cupolas or revolving turrets for coast defense as one of the results of the recent improvements in the size and effectiveness of artillery. Ironclad vessels with one-hundred-ton guns would soon demolish most forts. Spain has resolved to introduce, as a means of meeting these terrible engines of attack, a somewhat similar system of defense. The turret of Ericsson's monitor required weight and defense above. The almost spherical form here replaces the cylindrical, and the immense ball or shell, whether it descends from above or strikes horizontally, will glance off. To give sufficient power of resistance at the point of impact, a system of casting is adopted which gives the exterior the hardness of steel, while the interior, requiring inertia rather than tenacity, is of the ordinary density. The iron walls in the most exposed parts are three feet thick, less on the roof and safer portions. Every improvement has been introduced for facilitating the loading, aim and recoil of the gun. Each turret consists of pieces weighing from forty to forty-five tons of metal, so that the whole is at least 1,200 tons, and costs half a million of dollars. They can be used singly or in groups, and where a shore is lined by a succession of these the contest with an ironclad will be one in which accident alone, it would seem, could give an advantage, and any point of weakness in the ironclad will insure its destruction. As the turret revolves, each one can keep up its fire as the vessel approaches or passes, the rapidity of fire being insured by the machinery in the interior.

HON. JOHN W. HALL, GOVERNOR OF DELAWARE.

HON. JOHN W. HALL, recently inaugurated as Governor of Delaware, comes of a good and honorable stock. He was born on the first day of January, 1817, in Frederica, Kent County, in the State with whose interests he has always been identified. Having lost his parents early in life, and his guardian having failed a few years afterwards, he was at the age of sixteen thrown upon his own resources, and is thus, in the best sense, the architect of his own fortune. Spending his minority in a clerical capacity in a mercantile establishment and acquiring a substantial business character, he was able at the age of twenty-one to commence in a small way on his own account, and, gradually enlarging his business, prosecuted it for a period of twenty-nine years with great success. He has been for thirty-three years an active member of the M. E. Church, serving for a part of the time in an official capacity. In 1847 he engaged in ship-building, which is now his speciality, his sails being upon almost every sea, and his name being known far and wide as one of the largest vessel-owners in the country. He has been State Director in the Farmers' Bank of Delaware since 1861; from 1867 to 1871 was a member of the State Senate; and in 1876 was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis. In 1878 he was nominated by acclamation as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Delaware, and was elected by almost a unanimous vote. He was inaugurated at Dover on the 21st of January. He has lived in the same town all his life, except while receiving his education, and is now, in the sixty-third year of his age, still hale and vigorous.

THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING IN BROOKLYN.

THE new Brooklyn Municipal Building, of which we give an excellent illustration, has two features which commend it to general attention. It was completed for less than the original appropriation, and is claimed by its constructors to be, for the money expended, the best public building in the country. It will accommodate several important departments of the City Government which have hitherto been quartered in leased buildings outside the City Hall, and by its excellent location and ample facilities will greatly advance the public business. The building, of which Mumford & Ditmars are the architects, is of the Renaissance, combined French and Italian, style of architecture, stands just west of the County Court House, facing on Joralemon Street, and is one of the most eligible locations in the city. The façade on Joralemon Street is of white Westchester marble from the Tuckahoe quarries of John M. Masterton, the extreme height of the central tower being 135 feet above the curb. A basement and four stories are afforded by the building in which the Departments of City Works, Health, Police, Excise and Collection will find ample and convenient accommodations. All the heating and ventilating apparatus, which is most thorough and complete, introducing the latest and most improved apparatus, was made by James, Jacobs & Co., 84 John Street, New York; the carpenter-work by John Fallen, 107 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn; the galvanized ironwork, of which a large amount was required, by John Setan, 329 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn; and the plastering by T. B. Watson, of Brooklyn. Through all the corridors of the building, beautiful English encaustic tiles have been laid by Miller & Coates, of New York; and the hardware for doors, windows, etc., is supplied by the Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Company of this city. Setan's patent skylights are used, giving an abundance of daylight in all parts of the building, which in all its details is well adapted to its purposes.



NEW YORK.—NEW BUILDING OF THE MUNICIPAL DEPARTMENT OF BROOKLYN.



JOHN W. HALL, GOVERNOR OF DELAWARE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROADBENT & PHILLIPS.

COLD WATER IN COLD WEATHER.

IT should not be forgotten that the sole use of cold water in cold weather is to stimulate the organism to increased activity. A great mistake is made when any part of the body is immersed in cold water, and left to part with its heat without any guarantee that the energy of heat-production so severely taxed can respond to the requirement.

It may easily happen that the internal calorific force—if we are at liberty to use that expression—will be exhausted; and if that occurs, harm has been done. The obvious principle of health preservation is to maintain the circulation in its integrity; and while the error of supposing that clothing can do more than keep in the heat generated within is avoided, it is not less needful to guard against the evil of depriving the body of the heat it has produced. The furnace should be well supplied with suitable fuel—that is, nutritious food; the machinery of heat production, which takes place throughout the organism, not in any one spot or centre, should be kept in working order, and nothing conduces to



VIEW OF THE EXPERIMENTAL BATTERY DURING CONSTRUCTION.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE COMPLETED BATTERY.

SPAIN.—THE GRUSON SYSTEM OF REVOLVING IRON TURRETS FOR COAST DEFENSE NOW BEING TESTED AT MADRID.

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this end more directly than the free use of the cold douche and the shower-bath: but the exhibition of these popular appliances in all or any of their forms ought to be restricted to a few seconds of time, and unless the evidences of stimulation—redness, and steaming of the surface—are rapidly produced, the affusion should be laid aside. The use of cold water in cold weather is a practice which must be governed by rules special to each individual case. Whether the practice recommended be that of plunging the feet in cold water before going to bed, to procure sleep—a reckless prescription, founded on a physiological fallacy—or any other use of cold water, the only safe course is to seek the counsel of a medical man conversant with the patient's peculiarities; and particularly in the cases of children we urge that this precaution should be observed.

OUR PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

ÆSTHETIC New York should be *en fête* on the evening of Thursday, April 10th, when the life of Charlotte Brontë, "that wee sma' Yorkshire violet," will be word-painted by Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, at the Chickering Hall. With the fair lecturer's mobile and expressive face, her subtle power of delineation, her womanly grace and tenderness, the subject is one that will not fail to interest for lack of dainty handling, while the theme, indomitable energy and heroic effect, is such as to afford Mrs. Holloway—herself thrust into the battle of life where the fight has to be fought, and fought gallantly—ample scope for a dramatic skill which has already gained for her a success that is hourly upon the increase.

"A Celebrated Case" nightly fills the Grand Opera House.

The comedy of "Whims" will shortly replace "Thro' the Dark" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The "Banker's Daughter" will hold the boards at Union Square Theatre till the end of the season.

At the Lyceum "The Masked Ball," a comic opera, supersedes the "Sorcerer" and the ubiquitous "Pinafore."

At Booth's "The Little Duke" is delighting the true believers in Lecocq. This gifted composer has shelved bouffe for the finer article of comic opera.

"A Scrap of Paper" is driving all paper, in the shape of complimentary admissions, from Wallack's. This charming little piece is acted in such a manner as to forcibly remind one of the Comédie Française.

"Engaged" at the Park is a success, owing to the very perfect acting of Miss Agnes Booth. There is the spirit of true comedy in her every movement. The cake-eating scene is simply perfection. Why! oh, why those impossible Scotch?

Colonel Mapleson's engagement at the Academy of Music draws to a close. He sails with his aviary of singing birds on April 5th, to commence the London season. That he has fulfilled every promise goes without saying; that he has rendered yeoman's service to the cause of music at its best, is equally free from controversy; that he has won for himself the cordial esteem and goodwill of the music-loving people by the admirable manner in which he has catered for them, whether in regard to song, to orchestra, to ballet, to *mise en scène* and to appointments, are "fixed facts" so thoroughly established that he will scarcely realize the position until he is the recipient of the welcome which awaits him on his return to the States. We wish him and his talented company *bon voyage* and *à bientôt*.

FUN.

A SWEEPING reform—Spring cleaning.

BEHOLD how great a number of insurance-agents a little fire brings forth.

THE truly wise man leaveth all his money directly to the lawyers, and thus saveth them the labor of contesting the will to get it.

IN a family in which there are two boys of about the same age, it is pretty difficult to decide whose birthright it is to roll out the ash-barrel.

PIZARRO was the play. A verdant actor was cast for one of the smaller rôles. To him fell the line, "My lord, 'neath yonder palm we have captured a cacique. What is your pleasure?" The fellow, when his cue came, rushed upon the stage, exclaiming, "My lord, 'neath yonder palm we have captured a cask. What is your pleasure?" "Roll him in," howled the tragedian, "and let's bust in the bung!"

THERE was that bachelor over in Manchester, England, who had proposed to and been rejected by thirty different women. He died the other day, leaving his property to be divided equally among those who had jilted him. The reason for this bequest, which he stated in his will, was that he felt himself in their debt, for it was to their opportune refusals that he owed the peace which he enjoyed through life.

SOPHOCLES'S tragedy of "Antigone" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, once with Mendelssohn's music, and the "gods" were pleased, and, according to their custom, demanded a sight of the author. "Bring out Sapherclazo!" they yelled. The manager explained that Sophocles had been dead two thousand years and more, and could not well come. Thereat a voice shouted from the gallery, "Then chuck us out his mummy!"

A GOOD story is told of Rev. Hadley Proctor, who once preached in Rutland, Vt. One bitter cold day, when the church was but half warmed, Brother Proctor had for his text a very warm verse, addressed to those on the left hand, and he seemed to feel the antagonism between the weather and his subject. Just before the benediction he leaned forward and said to one of the deacons in front of the pulpit, in tones loud enough to be heard by all, "Brother Griggs, do see that this house is better warmed this afternoon—it's no kind of use for me to warn sinners of the dangers of hell when the very kiss of hell is a comfort to them."

MADAME C——, dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with her sewing-girls. The other day one of them came to her to say: "Madame, I fear that I will not be able to work much longer. I think I am getting blind." "Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work." "Yes; but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner." Madame C—— understood, and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin slices of roast. "What happiness!" exclaimed our miss. "My sight has come back. I can now see better than ever." "How is that, mademoiselle?" "Why, at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, having acquired a reputation in the treatment of Chronic Diseases resulting in a professional business far exceeding his individual ability to conduct, some years ago induced several medical gentlemen to associate themselves with him, as the Faculty of the World's Dispensary, the Consulting Department of which has since been merged with the Invalids' Hotel. The organization has now been completed and incorporated under statute enacted by the Legislature of the State of New York, under the name and style of the "WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

We clip the following from the *Buffalo Express*:

A branch of the "World's Dispensary Medical Association" is to be established in London, Eng., a step which the continually increasing European business of the Dispensary has been found to warrant, and next week Dr. R. T. BADOSTHA will sail for the great metropolis named, to superintend the organization of the new institution. This gentleman has been for some four years associated with DR. PIERCE in a position of responsibility, and is well qualified for the duty now intrusted to him. Heretofore the foreign business of the World's Dispensary has been transacted through the agency of prominent druggists, but it has assumed such proportions as to require more direct care. Dr. BADOSTHA will no doubt successfully carry out his mission, being a gentleman of excellent business abilities and pleasing address.

NOT DESERVING OF PITY.

BEGGARED spendthrifts, to whom money has no exchange value but pleasure.

Persons who will persist in dying by inches with dyspepsia and liver diseases, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are unfailing remedies for these maladies.

Parents who spare the rod and ruin the child. Fast young men and women are generally spoilt children to begin with.

People who suffer from catarrh, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a safe, reliable, and well-tested remedy for this loathsome disease.

People who marry for money, and find too late that the golden glitter is all moonshine.

Women who suffer death every day of their lives, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will effectually remove those painful weaknesses and impart a healthful tone and strength to the whole system.

People who live beyond their means and find that style and pride, like everything else in this world, unless placed upon a secure foundation, are subject to the law of gravitation.

Invalids who do more towards fostering disease by living and sleeping in the low, unventilated rooms of the ordinary house, than the best medicines can accomplish towards recovery, when at a moderate expense they can secure all the hygienic and sanitary advantages of the Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y. Every physician knows how much recovery depends upon good nursing and the hygienic conditions of the sick-room. Chronic diseases are especially subject to these conditions.

IS CATARRH A CURABLE DISEASE?

THIS question has been settled by Dr. M. W. Case, a highly educated physician of many years' experience in treating catarrh and diseases of the throat and lungs. He has designed ingenious and scientific apparatus by which remedies in the form of vapor or smoke are carried directly to the seat of catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, etc., and into the blood through the lungs, with perfect ease and as little trouble as it is to breathe the air that surrounds us. The result of this treatment is an astonishing success. His Carbolate of Tar Inhalants have been indorsed by leading physicians, and their speedy cures in seemingly hopeless cases commend them to thousands who have tried other remedies in vain. The doctor stands high as an honorable and successful physician in his specialties of catarrh and consumption. All suffering with these diseases may with full confidence write to the doctor at southwest corner Tenth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE call the attention of our readers to the announcement of Messrs. John Wanamaker & Co., No. 818 and 820 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. These gentlemen are well known to the public; their name has become a household word, and we advise our readers to send to them for estimates before purchasing clothing in the Spring. They are one of our largest and best concerns in this country, and make the very best of clothing.

THE aim of the proprietor of the "ST. NICHOLAS" HOTEL has always been to make this great New York institution the model house of the land. The verdict of the traveling public has sustained this ambition, and both single guests and families find in cuisine, apartments and general conveniences the very acme of all that is desirable. Prices have been reduced to a figure very moderate, measured by the superb accommodations given.

THE ticket which drew the second capital prize, $50,000, in the recent drawing of the Royal Havana Lottery, was held in this city, and sold by J. Duff & Co., of 42 Nassau Street, who now offer tickets in an extraordinary drawing, April 8th, with a capital prize of $1,000,000.

Positive Cure for Bunions and Corns, $1. MR. FRITSCH, Oakland Valley, N. Y.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. All Druggists have them.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., Box 2,236, New York.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

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Caution.—Other so-called agents for these medicines sell either dangerous or worthless home-made counterfeits.

$2,250,000!

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GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING, Havana, Cuba, April 8th, 1879. Drawing positive; never postponed. ONLY 15,000 TICKETS ISSUED. Prizes amounting to $2,250,000 distributed.

1st	CAPITAL PRIZE	$1,000,000
2d	PRIZE	300,000
3d	PRIZE	150,000
4th	PRIZE	80,000
5th	PRIZE	25,000
8	PRIZES, $10,000 EACH	80,000
8	PRIZES, 5,000 EACH	40,000
674	PRIZES, 1,000 EACH	674,000
722	PRIZES, amounting to (Spanish dollars)	2,250,000

Tickets, $200; Halves, $100; Quarters, $50; Eighths, $25; Tenths, $20; Twentieths, $10; Fortieths, $5.

Full particulars sent free. Prizes cashed. Liberal discount to clubs. Address,

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Royal Havana Lottery.

Cable Dispatch—HAVANA, Jan. 25.

To J. DUFF & Co., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York:—Ticket No. 2,118 (Class 1,031), held by your firm, has drawn the second capital prize of 50,000 Spanish dollars. The above ticket sold in New York by

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Debility and nervousness have their origin, to a great extent, in a weakened digestion. There can be but little mental activity with impoverished blood, and debility so induced leads to consumption and numerous other troubles that would never appear if the blood and nerves were nourished in a right degree. Physicians have prescribed 150,000 packages of Vitalized Phosphates preventing debility and nervous disease, curing indigestion, and re-vitalizing and invigorating thousands who were sick. It is a brain and nerve food, not a medicine.

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A discount to clubs or Agents.

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Is a terrible disease. Its fearful effects are corruption running down the throat, weak eyes, deafness, loss of voice, loss of smell, disgusting odors, nasal deformities, and finally consumption. From first to last it is ever aggressive. Ordinary treatments are worse than useless. Thousands suffer with this disease without knowing its nature or the great danger in neglecting it. Many thousands are dying with consumption who a few years or months before had only catarrh. If neglected while a cure is possible, it may rapidly develop, and the symptoms of quick consumption announce that it is too late.

CONSUMPTION The terror of humanity that yearly carries thousands to an untimely grave, not sparing the young, talented, nor beautiful.

ASTHMA which makes life so miserable its victims almost WISH for DEATH. Minister's SORE THROAT, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, and

BRONCHITIS the advance guard heralding the near approach of consumption. For those diseases the most thorough, successful and pleasant treatment is

CARBOLATE OF TAR INHALANTS Satisfaction always guaranteed. INHALANTS are more powerful than words can tell or pen express. *All Fatal Epidemics* are propagated by Inhalation. So potent for evil, it is now made most powerful for good. It does not require ten minutes to demonstrate the value of Carbolate of Tar, the most healing remedial agent known to science. Balsams and cordials of the most healing and soothing properties are so combined with Pine Tree Tar that the mere breathing converts them into a dense smoke or vapor. This is inhaled—taken right to the diseased parts. No heat, no hot water, simply inhaling or breathing it, and you feel its healing power at once. This treatment is endorsed by physicians everywhere, and highly commended by thousands who have used it with perfect satisfaction. "Your methods of treating catarrh and consumption are certainly very effectual. So-called 'hopeless cases' need not despair."—CHAS. HAMILTON CLARK, M. D., Louisville, Ky. "I am so well pleased with your Carbolate of Tar Inhalant that I would not part with it at any price."—J. J. BENNINGTON, 266 Elm St., Philadelphia.

HOME TREATMENT sent to any part of the United States or Canada, to be returned if not satisfactory. As the oils and balsams compounded and full. To consumptives beyond the possibility of cure the Inhalants always give great relief, and often cure cases considered hopeless. CATARRH, so very difficult to treat, and so seldom cured by other methods, readily yields to this painless and pleasant remedy. It is remarkable how quickly these ulcerated sensitive membranes are healed by breathing the vapor and forcing it into the diseased cavities of the head and out of the nose. Inhalation is the only method by which this terrible and almost universal disease can be permanently cured. Send for Circular and full particulars. When writing, please name this paper. Address

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Only 50 cents per bottle. CHAMPLIN & CO., Buffalo, New York, Sole Proprietors.

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Which will take place April 8th, 1879.

1 Grand Prize of	1,000,000 pesos
1 Prize of	200,000 pesos
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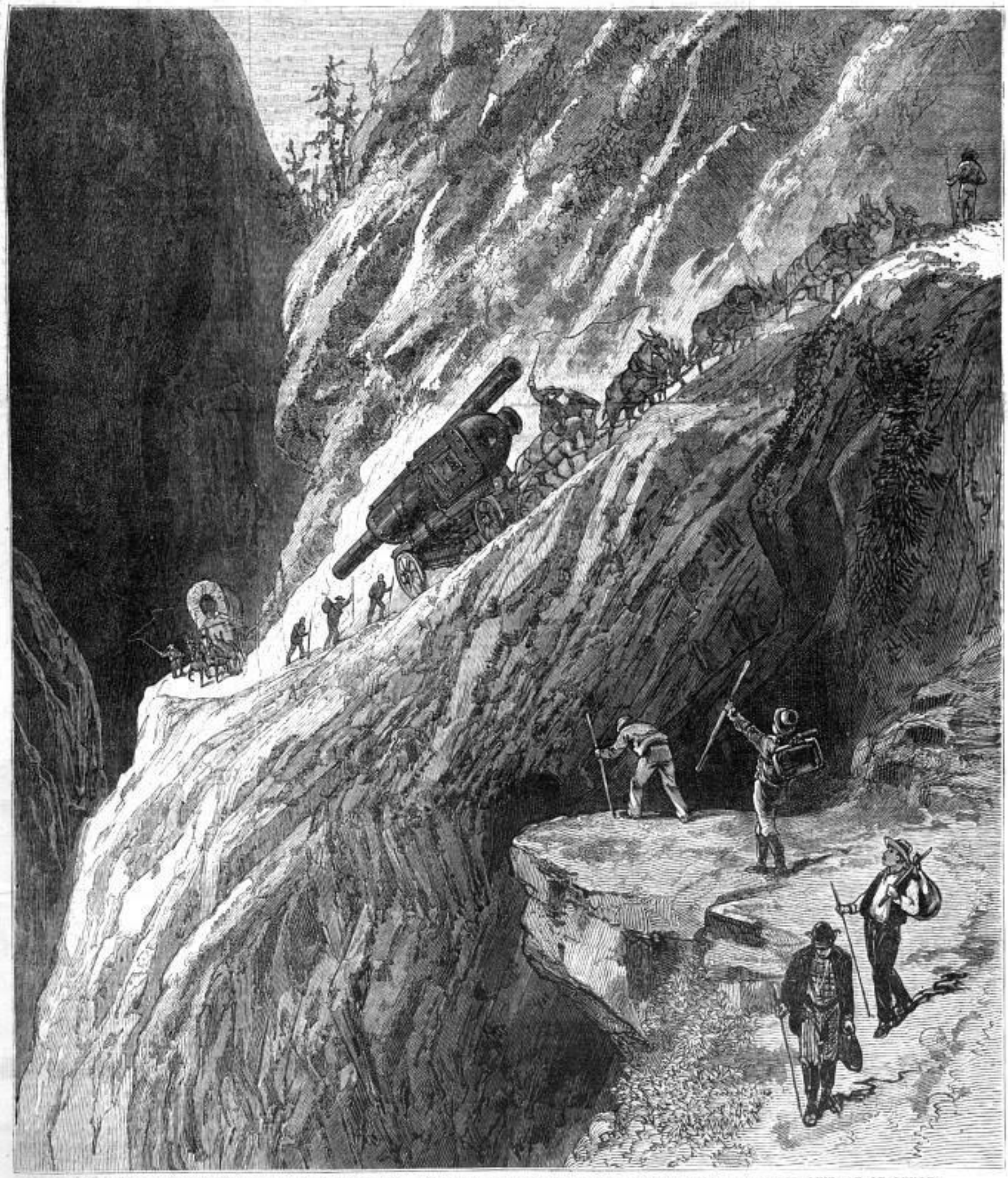
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THE CAUCUS SYSTEM.

WORCESTER, in his Dictionary of the English Language, gives the following definition of the word "caucus": "A cant term for a meeting of citizens or electors, held for the purpose of nominating candidates for public offices, or for making arrangements to secure their election." The etymological origin of this "low word," as Worcester calls it, has long been a matter of controversy, and still remains in dispute; but there can be no doubt that the lexicographer is entirely accurate in the brief statement he makes with regard to the historical origin and motive of this peculiar American institution. We regret to add, however, that he scarcely writes with the same accuracy when he proceeds to say that this word is "less used of late than formerly"; and we must confess that we have ourselves scarcely written with entire accuracy in referring to the caucus as an institution peculiar to American politics, for within the last two years an attempt has been made in England, among a branch of the Liberal Party at Birmingham and elsewhere, to engraft this same feature on the political customs of our Mother Country, so far, at least, as relates to the selection of available candidates to be supported by the adherents of that party in a few doubtful towns.

But within the last few years we have been called to witness in the United States an extension of the caucus system which, for usurpation and encroachment on the rights of private opinion and on the individual political freedom of the citizen, greatly transcends the inordinate claim of the original institute. We refer to the habit, which has now grown up in Congress, of deciding public measures of legislation, not by the free discussion which gives full play to the utterance and interchange of conflicting opinions among the majority who are responsible for the acts of legislation that shall be passed, but by remitting to the decision of a party caucus the nature and number of the measures which shall receive the united support of that majority, irrespective of the honest differences of opinion which may have obtained among its members before free thought had been stifled by the mandate of "King Caucus."

When the "Congressional Caucus" confined itself to the selection of Presidential candidates, as was done according to a custom long prevalent in the country, it degenerated into such a nursery of oppression and political "log-rolling" that the indignant public sense of the people called for its suppression. And it was in deference to this public sense that the modern "Nominating Convention" was substituted for the Congressional junta, whether with any advantage to public morals or to the personal political freedom of the citizen we must forbear to affirm; but it was at least hoped by the people that the country would be spared the mortification of seeing its chosen representatives in Congress descending to a practice which had originated among pot-house politicians, and which was therefore as little savory in its associations as it was far from being reputable in the uses to which it was commonly put.

But what would have been the surprise of the people who exclaimed against the old caucus system, as worked in Congress down to the times of President Jackson, if they could have foreseen that the breakdown of that system, as an expedient for the choice of Presidential candidates, would be followed by the installment of that system in Congress under the infinitely worse form which it has now come to assume, when it is worked as an expedient for determining the particular political measures to which all the adherents of a party shall give their unqualified adhesion, according to the vote of the majority? Such a custom has for its effect not only to destroy the representative character of our legislators, to coerce their consciences and to impair the personal freedom and independence of their opinions, but it also has for its necessary effect to rob their proceedings and debates of all that genuineness and sincerity which can alone procure the respect of the people for the acts and words of the men who profess and call themselves Senators and Representatives. Under the regimen of the caucus, who can be sure that he is learning the honest opinions of Senator Edmunds or of Senator Bayard upon a given measure of public policy? It is a matter of public notoriety that both of these eminent men are in the habit of attending "caucuses" called by their political confederates for the purpose of chalking out the political lines upon which their party, as represented in Congress, is expected to walk with the lock-step of a train band obeying the military order of a drill-sergeant.

That is a fine saying of Thucydides—we have cited it once before, but it can never be cited too often among a people which desires to remain worthy of parliamentary institutions and civil freedom—that "free discussion is the mold of all wise legislative measures." It is only by such a free discussion that the average of a sound public opinion can be reached, but it is precisely in order to suppress such free discussion that the party caucus, in its latest extension, has been invented and enforced among us with the moral right of the old Spanish Inquisition.

Events now passing before our eyes, in the attitude assumed by the Democratic majority in Congress upon the questions which threaten a deadlock between the Legislative and Executive Departments, are quite sufficient to illustrate the tyranny of the caucus system considered as the cast-iron mold of public measures, for it is well known that this attitude of the Democratic majority has not been taken in response to the better judgment of the wiser heads in the Democratic Party. But in so saying we are far from intimating that the Democratic Party is any more responsible for the abuse of this political institute than its Republican rival, remembering, as we do, that a caucus of Republican Senators once assumed, by its "moral pression," to coerce President Lincoln into the dismissal of Secretary Seward from his Cabinet, and recalling, as we do, the many extreme positions which the same party in Congress has taken as the result of caucus domination. It is against the whole caucus system, as an alien and offensive interpolation upon our political methods, that we utter a protest and publish a warning.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

IT has long been matter of surprise to many that so practical a people as the Anglo-Saxon race generally have proved themselves to be should have so tenaciously adhered to the old-fashioned and, in many respects, inconvenient system of weights and measures. In spite of a progress which has been permeating and incisive in almost every direction, and notwithstanding the example which had been set by such nations as France, Germany, Belgium and Italy, our standards of weights and measures have remained what they were hundreds of years ago. Great Britain, indeed, still clings to the old money arrangement of pounds, shillings and pence. In this particular we have made a decided advance as compared with our trans-Atlantic cousins, but in regard to weights and measures we have proved quite as laggard as they.

It is not to be assumed, however, that the inconveniences of the old system have not been felt, or that there was no desire to introduce improvements. The fact is that both here and in Great Britain the desire for change has been often and loudly expressed. In Great Britain, as the result of a local agitation on the subject, Parliament last year passed an Act which, having received the sanction of the Queen, became law on the first of January, 1879. This Act does not abolish the old system, but it legalizes certain radical changes which must ultimately introduce an entirely new state of things. In the sale of all articles of produce, such as grain, flour, meal and such like, it substitutes one uniform standard, which is weight instead of measure; and it makes the imperial pound or pound avoirdupois the unit of all transactions by weight. It was left to the Board of Trade to decide what multiples of the pound should be adopted for the larger transactions. It was finally determined by that Board that the larger transactions should be indicated by the hundred pounds and by multiples thereof. On the recommendation of the Board of Trade, and in harmony with the provisions of the said Act of Parliament, Her Majesty in Council was pleased to approve of the "Cental or New Hundredweight" as a new denomination of standard, and to direct that the same be a standard of the Board of Trade, "in like manner as if it was contained in the second schedule of the Weights and Measures Act, 1878." The order in Council bears date 4th February, 1879.

Under the new system, the cental or new hundredweight being 100 pounds, not 112 pounds as formerly, the multiples of 100 pounds will be used in place of the multiples of the old 112 pounds, and the old divisions of 56, 28, 14 and 7 pounds will be supplanted by 50, 20, 10 and 5 pounds. It is to be borne in mind that the legalizing of the new standards does not abolish the old. Municipalities and other local centres are left free to adhere to the old or to adopt the new. The one thing which has been done is that the new standards have been legalized. Henceforward, therefore, whenever they are introduced, they will have the sanction of authority and the force of law. The larger number of the Boards of Trade throughout the United Kingdom are in favor of the change; and such are the superior advantages afforded by the new system that it is not doubted that, in a few years at most, the old system will have fallen into disuse.

Of the progress of the new movement in Great Britain the merchants and traders of New York have been properly observant, and in this triumph of the new principle they have naturally rejoiced. It was felt that the successful introduction of the new system on the other side would remove all prejudices against the change here. Nor was there any doubt among those who were friendly to the change that the new plan would succeed, for its superiority to the old had been abundantly demonstrated in Liverpool, where it had been in operation for a period of twenty years, and also in San Francisco, where its merits had long been tested. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the New York Produce Exchange should immediately have yielded to what we might call the necessity of the situation, and have put itself in communication with the different organizations of a similar kind throughout the country, advocating and recommending such immediate changes as shall bring about conformity with the new English system. Henceforward it is desirable that all international transactions be conducted in conformity with the new standard; and such being the case, it is of the utmost consequence that all the Exchange and Produce Boards throughout the country should be of one mind and act unitedly in the matter. We are gratified to be able to announce that the responses, with scarcely an exception, have been in the last degree favorable. It was contemplated at one time to lay the matter before Congress, but such a step is now considered unnecessary in view of the unanimity which prevails among the different Boards. It is confidently expected at the Corn Exchange that the new system, in international and wholesale transactions at least, will be in full operation by the beginning of June. Its introduction into the retail store will follow in good time and without much delay. It is admitted on all hands that it will greatly simplify large transactions, and that its introduction into the retail trade will be quite as much a gain to the consumer as it will undoubtedly be a convenience to the dealer.

THE NEW EXODUS.

THE newspapers chronicle a remarkable exodus of negro plantation-hands from Mississippi and other Southern States to Kansas. During the past two weeks, over 1,500 blacks have arrived at St. Louis, *en route* for their new home, many of them wholly destitute of means, but all eager to escape from their old surroundings. A St. Louis paper, speaking of the extent of the emigration movement, says that "at one landing in Louisiana, the other day, there were 900 people waiting for the boat to bring them to St. Louis. All along the banks of the river the negroes sit with their household traps around them. In the daytime they wave their hats to attract the attention of upward-bound boats, and at night they light fires and discharge fire-arms. The white people of Mississippi and Louisiana are naturally alarmed at the stampede. They are afraid that the muscle which has hitherto worked their plantations will desert them. In some counties and parishes negroes cannot be employed at double the usual rates." Ex-Governor Pinchback, in a recent letter, says that hundreds of negroes are leaving Madison Parish, in Louisiana; "every road leading to the river is filled with wagons loaded with plunder, and families who seem to think that anywhere is better than here. The entire congregations of two of the leading Baptist churches of this parish have already gone, and the estimate of the number that has left since the movement began is placed by the white planters as high as 1,500."

There must be some other reason for this condition of affairs than the mere nomadic instinct in the negro. The black is usually strong in his local attachments; even under the stimulus of the social and political changes produced by the war, the migratory tendency was but slightly developed. When we find them now, long after that stimulus has ceased to operate, moving away by thousands, and facing all the risks and uncertainties of a new life in new homes and an unfriendly climate, we must conclude that some motive of unusual force and urgency is at work, and that motive is quite probably to be found in the circumstance that, as they allege, they are subjected in Mississippi and Louisiana to indignities and injustice which are no longer endurable. It is no doubt true that while in Virginia, Georgia and other Southern States, the race antagonism has largely disappeared, there still exists in Mississippi a spirit of intolerance and an arrogant maintenance of the "color line" which practically excludes the blacks from the enjoyment of the privileges and opportunities to which the laws entitle them. If, as the result of this intolerant policy, the industries of that State and its general prosperity should now be crippled and arrested by an exodus of necessary labor, the retribution would not, perhaps, be regarded by the country at large as untimely or undeserved.

As to the wisdom of the migratory movement, and its probable results to the blacks themselves, there can scarcely be but one opinion. Neither Kansas nor any other Northwestern State will prove to be the Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, for which they look. Without resources of any kind, no attempts at colonization which they may make in any considerable numbers can succeed. The more intelligent and capable may be able to make their way, and be finally absorbed into the communities where they locate, but the great majority will not find their condition in the least degree improved, while very many will perish miserably. The real solution of this whole problem of the future of the Southern blacks, among whom the feeling of restlessness and discontent is every day broadening and deepening, lies not, as we think, in any such exodus as that now in progress, but in the gradual and healthful absorption of the moving mass into the population, and their employment in the purely physical industries of the country at large. They will migrate—that is inevitable, at least so long as they shall be denied fair play at the South; but their migration will be healthful and prosperous only as it follows natural lines and recognizes the laws of demand in labor and trade. The country is wide enough for all who choose to work, or honestly desire to better their condition, and in the vast agricultural regions of the North and Northwest, if nowhere else, the entire colored population of the South may in time find employment and comfort, and become ultimately important factors in the development and prosperity of communities and States. But the process must be gradual and natural, and not forced or artificial, to achieve these or any other satisfactory results.

LEGISLATION BY "RIDERS."

THE Democrats of the two Houses in Congress decided in caucus, March 26th, to attach to the Appropriation Bills all the political legislation which that party is anxious to secure. In accordance with this decision, the Army Bill, as introduced subsequently in the House, contains the prohibition of the use of the army at the polls, and the Legislative Appropriation Bill will contain a repeal of the statutory provisions relative to the test oath for jurors, and of those sections of the supervisor law which provide for the appointment of a chief supervisor and deputy marshals and give to supervisors and deputy marshals their police power. If these propositions should become law, while it would still be lawful to appoint two supervisors for every polling precinct in city and country, these officials would be entirely powerless to prevent fraud perpetrated in their presence. They might be refused admission to the polling-places, driven away from the polls, and denied all opportunity to perform any of the duties for which they were appointed, and still no statute of the United States would be violated. In short, what it is proposed to retain of the Federal Election laws would constitute no bar whatever, not even the flimsiest, against fraud and violence, and probably neither party would ever care to avail itself of the provisions which are left intact.

The objections to the policy of attaching political legislation to appropriation Bills have been repeatedly stated in these

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columns. They are so obvious and forcible that we can only stand amazed at the partisan audacity which proposes to set them at defiance. The Democratic leaders announce that should the proposed measures be vetoed, they will adjourn Congress until December, leaving the Government without the means necessary for current expenses. The Republicans, in pursuance of a caucus decision, will vigorously oppose all attempts to fasten general legislation on the Army Bill, but it will no doubt pass both Houses as introduced. It appropriates, in round numbers, $27,750,000, and limits the number of enlisted men to 25,000.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE Russian proposal for a mixed occupation of Eastern Roumelia has been accepted by the Powers. The proposal is based upon the idea that the new constitution which is now being elaborated cannot be matured by the time fixed for the Russian evacuation of the province, and that there will be, in the absence of a local militia, no security for the maintenance of internal order as contemplated by the Congress. It is understood that the mixed occupation will be carried into effect by English, French, Italian, Austrian and Russian troops—though it is possible that France may decline to furnish a contingent.

Special dispatches, under date of March 26th, from Tashkend, in Turkistan, state that General Kauffmann, the Russian representative, has announced the suspension, for the time, of any plans that may have been entertained by Russia in respect to Afghanistan. "General Kauffmann is convinced that the Afghans are quite powerless to effect anything for themselves unaided, and that the ultimate success of the English is only a question of time and money." *Per contra*, the Viceroy of India telegraphs that Yakoob Khan has forwarded large bodies of troops to two towns on the road to Jellalabad, and the inference is drawn that the Ameer proposes to try conclusions with his foes in the field rather than wait for the siege of Cabul. This belief is, however, probably premature, as the British Government declares that it is not aware that negotiations with Yakoob Khan have failed or that orders have been issued for an immediate march on the Afghan capital. The passes are blocked with snow, and such an advance would be impossible at this moment.

The British House of Lords, by a vote of 156 to 61, rejected, March 25th, the motion of censure in regard to the Zulu war. A similar motion has been introduced in the House of Commons. A fresh financial flurry has been caused at London by the announcement on the part of the Oriental Bank Corporation of its heavy losses.

Emperor William of Germany was more seriously injured by his recent fall than was at first supposed. The ceremonies on his birthday were therefore brief. In his replies to the congratulations of foreign ambassadors, on that occasion, he declared his intention to pursue a pacific policy. At a banquet in St. Petersburg in honor of the day it was asserted that the relations between the Emperors of Germany and Russia are of the friendliest kind. The Czar proposes to be present in Berlin at Emperor William's golden wedding in June.

Russian Nihilism is persevering in its mad assassination policy, provoked thereto, indeed, by the Czar's extremely severe policy of repression. A general of gendarmerie has been fired at in his carriage, at St. Petersburg, and the assassination of a Government spy has led to a hundred arrests in Moscow. The worst feature about these Nihilist disorders is the prominent part played in them by ladies of high rank, wives and daughters of princes, generals and imperial councilors.

A revolutionary outburst at Milan, in Italy, has been promptly suppressed, and has caused the disbanding of a republican society there. The German Reichstag has adopted unanimously a motion in favor of an autonomous Government for Alsace-Lorraine. Prince Bismarck expresses his confidence in the success of the project, the details of which will be matured as speedily as possible.

The French Chambers are deliberating about the question of returning to Paris. The Republicans are not unanimous on this point, and Bonapartist votes must partly decide it. Paul de Cassagnac, who out-Bonapartes the Bonaparte family itself, favors the return to Paris on the ground that it would be an act of suicide on the part of the Republic. Another rising question, which is likely to provoke bitter strife, is that of the removability of the magistrates. A Bill has been introduced in the Chamber of Deputies requiring all magistrates to be reinvested by the Republic.

Queen Victoria left England on the 25th ult. for her Continental tour. Although Her Majesty travels *incognita*, under the title of Countess of Kent, the attentions due to her exalted rank cannot be wholly avoided. Her reception at Paris of Grévy, MacMahon and Waddington, President, ex-President and Premier of the French Republic, was far more than a mere ceremony. It was a recognition before Europe of a fact already patent to the world—the existence of a French Republic that cannot be ignored by any European sovereign or nation. In England, where, up to the day of this reception, there were more Bonapartists than in France, it will have a converting effect on Her Majesty's subjects similar to that formerly produced by Queen Victoria's reception of Napoleon III. at Windsor Castle and her own visit to him at Paris. English Philistines had previously looked upon Napoleon the Little as what he called himself when he was about to be married—a *parvenu*, an upstart. Thereafter, in their eyes, he was an Emperor, because his title had been, as it were, indorsed by their Queen.

The death of Madame Musard, a leader in certain circles of fashion at Paris during the latter part of the Second Empire, has recalled the memory of her diamonds and equipages in the Bois de Boulogne, her luxurious toilets in the Avenue de Jena, her romantic freaks at the Grand Opera, and her royal style of living at Villequier, her country-seat. Her petroleum well in America yielded her a yearly revenue of a million francs. The report of the insanity of Mario, the great tenor, is contradicted.

THE Supply Bill, passed by the State Assembly, at Albany, appropriates some $800,000 less than last year's Bill. Part of this decrease is due to cutting off any appropriations for the new Capitol, and part to a denial of many requests for appropriations. Thus the insane asylums of the State were refused some $300,000 that they desired. Other openings for expenditures were sternly closed. The charitable institutions were not treated in a niggardly fashion, however, ample provision being made for the enlargement and repair of several of them.

THE appointment of President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, as Minister Plenipotentiary to Germany, will prove eminently satisfactory to the country. Mr. White is a man of broad attainments, is vastly more familiar with public affairs than his immediate predecessor at Berlin, and possesses withal tastes and sympathies which will command for him a hearty welcome and an undoubtedly successful career at the Court to which he is accredited. He is already known favorably to many of the prominent personages in Germany, having spent three years there in attendance at the University of Berlin.

AT the beginning of the present year, the amount of taxes remaining unpaid in this city, covering the period from 1871, was $7,682,571. The total amount returned to the Bureau of Arrears during the seven years closing with 1877 was $23,667,928, so that the amount remaining unpaid is equal to one-third of the aggregate of arrears. This condition of affairs is no doubt largely due to the business depression and financial derangement of the last few years, but it is also true, we suspect, that many neglect to pay their taxes who could easily do so if they chose, and in these cases the authorities should show no indulgence.

SENATOR PENDLETON has revived his proposition to provide seats in Congress for Cabinet officers. A Bill introduced by him in the Senate last week provides for the attendance of the heads of departments two days of the week in each House, and requires them to answer any questions or give information called for by resolution, under proper rules and regulations. At the session of the Thirty-eighth Congress, a report and Bill on this subject was presented, but was crowded aside by more urgent matters. Under proper restrictions and rules of proceeding, the system proposed would no doubt tend to greatly facilitate legislation.

THE pedestrian business is overdone. The sorry spectacle of a dozen or so females walking at Gilmore's Garden during the past week, exposed to the insults and jeers of rude spectators, has given it a set-back from which it cannot easily recover. Pedestrianism, under proper restrictions and in conformity with sound physical laws, is in every way commendable, but when it degenerates into a mere gambling or immoral show, without any reference whatever to the illustration of the qualities of manly endurance and the influence of training upon the bodily health and strength, the sooner it is abandoned the better for the public morals.

A LARGE shipment of American exhibits for the International Exhibition at Sydney, Australia, will be made from this port during the present month. Among the exhibits will be stoves, carriages, agricultural implements, organs, rubber goods, oils, ironware, pumps, clocks, school furniture and car wheels. One acre of space has been reserved for Americans in the Exposition building, and more than half of this has been applied for. This utilization of a rare opportunity to exhibit American products and manufactures can scarcely fail to result advantageously in the extension of our Australian trade, which ever since the Centennial Exposition has been steadily growing.

IT is estimated that it will cost $4,000,000 to complete the new Capitol at Albany, and with a view of procuring means for that purpose a Bill providing for the taxation of all corporations has been introduced in the State Senate. The Bill provides that the stockholders of every corporation chartered under any general or special laws of this State shall hereafter be assessed and taxed on the market value of their shares of stock therein, the sum total and the value thereof being determined by the Comptroller, at the same rate per cent. as other property of the State is taxed for State purposes, and the sum thereof, adding thereto the necessary expenses for collection, shall be payable annually on the 1st of October, and such companies shall not be taxed elsewhere for State purposes.

THE Directors of the New York Elevated Railroad have done wisely in deciding to do away with all necessity for crossings, by operating their branch lines as independent roads. It is to be presumed that, having come to this decision, the New York Elevated Company will insist that the proposed crossing of the two elevated roads in Chatham Square shall not be made on the level, but either above or below. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, we observe, has declared emphatically that the laws in force in England, prohibiting the crossing of the tracks of one road by another, should be in force here, and, being a man of resolute purpose, it can scarcely be otherwise than that he will insist upon his convictions being respected, notwithstanding the probable opposition of the President of the Metropolitan Road, who seems to think that switches and crossings are among the chief benefactions of modern scientific progress.

WHILE American merchants supply the hostile Indians with the weapons which they employ to slay our soldiers, British merchants are charged with furnishing the Zulus with the guns used by them in the present war. The London *Week*, commenting on the fact, says: "We are true free-traders when a nation or people are at war with us, all striving for the honor of being the first to supply the enemy with arms. If Yakoob Khan happened to want any breechloaders, and our merchants could get them to him without risk to themselves, he would have no reason to complain of a deficient supply. Lord Cadogan promises that all possible measures will be taken to 'remedy the evil so justly complained of.' Unfortunately, the Zulu King has already an ample stock of arms and ammunition, and his followers seem to know how to make use of them. There are some few respects in which we could desire that our enterprise in trade were slightly less than it is."

A GREAT sensation has been produced in Ohio by the report of a Legislative Committee appointed to inquire into the management of the Longview Insane Asylum. The examination was induced by charges of mismanagement and of cruelty to the unfortunate patients, and the testimony more than sustains the truth of all the charges. Some fifty witnesses were examined, and it was found that the patients had been subjected to severe punishments, such as ducking in cold water, that the sick had been forced to work in rooms where the temperature was 110 degrees, and, upon their refusal to do so, had been stripped of their clothing and scourged with wet towels as whips—a punishment described as very painful, especially to females, to whom it was chiefly applied; that the male patients had been subjected to gross brutality, offenders having in some cases been knocked down, gagged, and kept in that condition until the face became purple, etc. The report further adds that kicking, and other acts of cruelty were found to have been carried on. A dissecting-room was also fitted up in the asylum, where the unfortunate victims furnished material for the practice of amateur surgeons. The sanitary condition of the asylum was found to be most horrible. Some of the rooms were infested with loathsome vermin, the bedding and patients being covered with them. Evidence of drunkenness on the part of the superintendent also came to light. It is understood that the Legislature will proceed at once to reorganize the institution in which these shameful practices have been carried on; but it should do something more than this. The officials who have been guilty of the brutalities disclosed to public view should be made to suffer, in some way, the extremest penalty due their crime against humanity and the spirit of the age.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL GRANT and party will visit Siam, upon invitation of the king.

THE evidence in the Oliver-Cameron trial, at Washington, closed March 28th.

A DEFALCATION of $100,000 has been discovered in San Francisco in connection with certain street bonds.

CORNELIUS A. LOGAN, of Illinois, has been nominated Minister Resident to the Central American States.

THE Massachusetts Senate has passed, by a vote of 24 to 11, a Bill granting women the right to vote for school committees.

AN urgent effort will be made in Congress for further legislation to prevent the introduction of yellow fever into the country.

BY the will of the late Asa Otis, of New London, Conn., the American Foreign Mission Board receives the handsome sum of $267,629.

AT a sale of 100,000 tons of coal in this city, March 25th, the prices realized were the lowest ever known. Stove coal brought only $2.50 a ton.

AMONG recent deaths is that of James Stuart, senior partner of the old and well known firm of J. & J. Stuart & Co., bankers, of this city, aged 77 years.

ALFRED W. CRAVEN, well known in this city as the chief-engineer for several years of the Croton Aqueduct Department, died in London, March 27th.

THE members of the Executive Committee upon the World's Fair proposed to be held in New York are in favor of opening the fair in Central Park in May, 1883.

JUDGE ISAAC EDWARDS, Dean of the Albany Law School, committed suicide, March 26th. The act was caused by mental aberration produced by overwork. He was 60 years old.

THE findings of the advisory Military Commission in the Fitz John Porter case have been transmitted to the President, and are said to be in the nature of a complete exoneration.

THE Minnesota Legislature has passed a Usury Law, which establishes seven per cent. as the legal rate of interest, except in cases of special contract, when the rate may be as high as ten per cent.

LITTLE WOLF'S band of Cheyennes, who escaped from Fort Robinson, and have for over two months been a terror to settlers on the Plains, have at last been compelled to surrender by the pursuing body of troops, who captured their arms and 250 ponies.

J. D. MCINTIRE, of Pekin, Ill., known as the King of the Whisky Ring, pleaded guilty in the United States Court at Springfield, Ill., March 26th, to all the indictments against him. He was fined $1,000 and his distillery forfeited to the Government.

THE Court of Appeals has decided that the City of New York must pay her share towards the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge until that structure is completed. The amount to be paid at once is $1,000,000, and work on the bridge will be at once resumed.

GENERAL SHERIDAN, who has recently visited in the Indian country, regards the fears of a general Indian uprising in the Summer as almost wholly without foundation. He characterized Sitting Bull as a petty chief without influence and greatly overrated as a warrior.

JUDGE JOHN M. ELLIOTT, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was assassinated, March 26th, in Frankfort, by Thomas Buford, a litigant against whom the Court had rendered a decision. The murdered official was one of the ablest and most popular men in the State.

MR. GEORGE C. GORHAM, late Secretary of the United States Senate, testified the other day before the Senate Investigation Committee that, during the Congressional campaign of 1878, about $100,000 was raised for Republican campaign purposes, of which $93,000 came from Federal officials and employés of all grades, the remainder being derived from friends of the party not holding office.

THE recent conflict between Mayor Cooper and County Clerk Gumbleton has led to the introduction in the State Legislature of a Bill to modify the power of the Mayor in regard to removals, and directing that all charges shall be referred to three judges of the highest courts, who will be at liberty to stay proceedings or to report to the Mayor that the complaint has been proved. Mr. Gumbleton has addressed a memorial to the Legislature asking an investigation of the Governor's action in removing him.

Foreign.

AMNESTY has been granted to 100 more French Communists.

PRINCE WALDEMAR, a son of the Crown Prince of Germany and a grandson of Queen Victoria, is dead.

IT is said that 18,000 Roumelian refugees are about to enter Bulgaria and many thousands more are expected to follow.

AN earthquake in Northern Persia, March 23d and 24th, totally destroyed two villages. Nearly 1,100 persons are said to have perished.

THE Bishop of Grenoble, France, has been sharply censured by the Minister of the Interior for stirring up strife against the Government in a pastoral letter.

CARDINAL MANNING will soon leave Rome for England. No arrangement has been made for the establishment of official relations between England and the Holy See.

A BILL has been introduced in the British House of Commons authorizing the raising of $50,000,000 in England for the Indian service, for the ordinary expenses of the current year. It is feared that, although a loan has been announced in India, a sufficient amount cannot be raised.

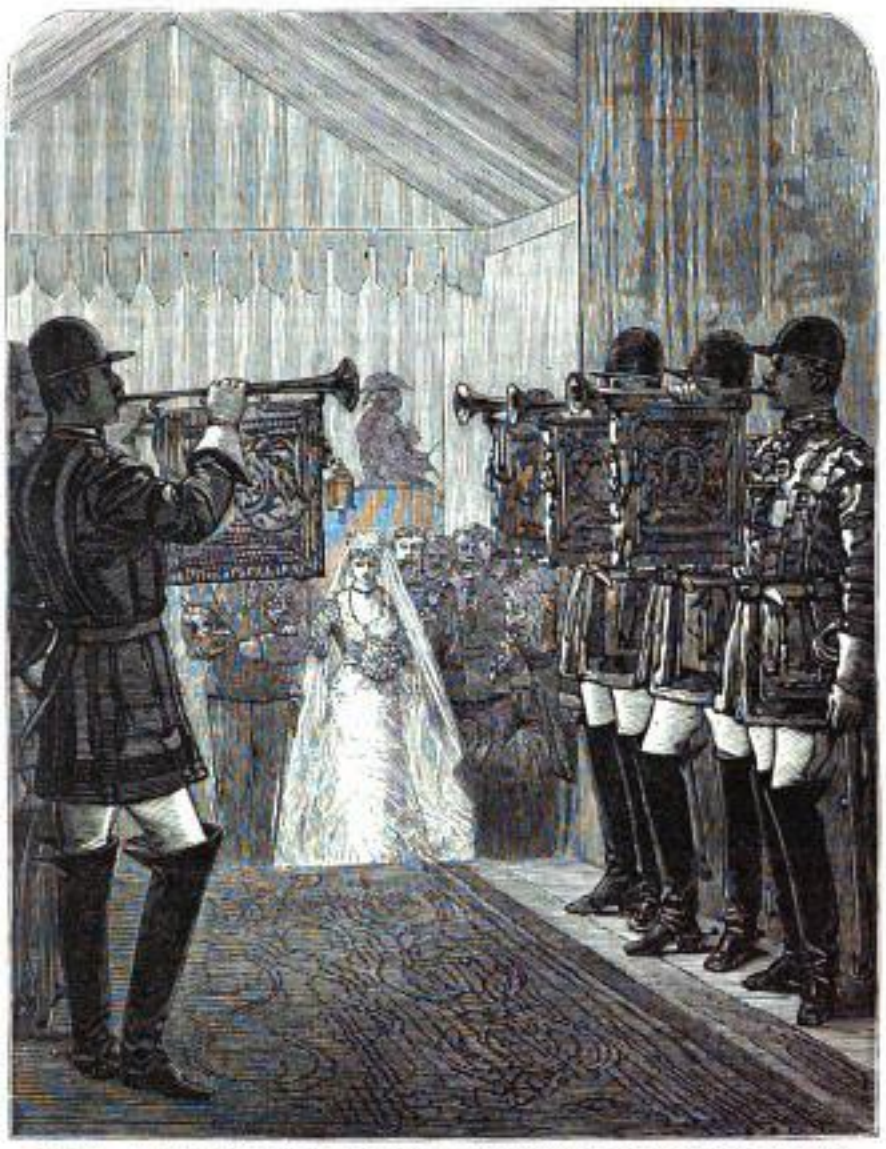
HEAVY gales, with snow, hail and sleet, visited England and the coasts of Ireland last week, and the temperature was unusually low. Hunting was suspended on account of frosts and snow, and the severity of the weather added considerably to the prevailing distress in town and country.

PRINCESS CHRISTINA, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, is dangerously ill of malignant fever at Seville. Señor Ulloa, a former Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a distinguished member of the Sagasta Party, died in Madrid, March 26th. Count Joseph Valery, a member of the French Senate, died lately at Florence.

A CONSTANTINOPLE dispatch says the Turkish Treasury will not receive any large amount of taxes until May. The money in hand is barely sufficient for ten days, and no one can say how the Government can be carried on. Merchants refuse to accept the Government paper money. The Sultan has sent a portion of his plate and jewelry to be melted for the use of the Treasury.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL WEDDING—STATE TRUMPETERS ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE.



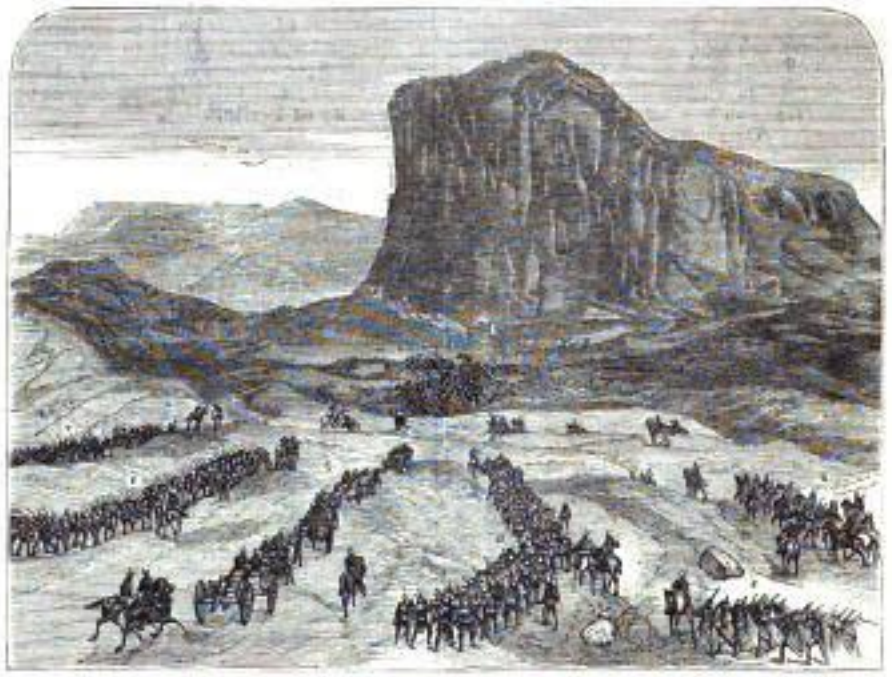
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE COLORS OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT AT ISANDULA.



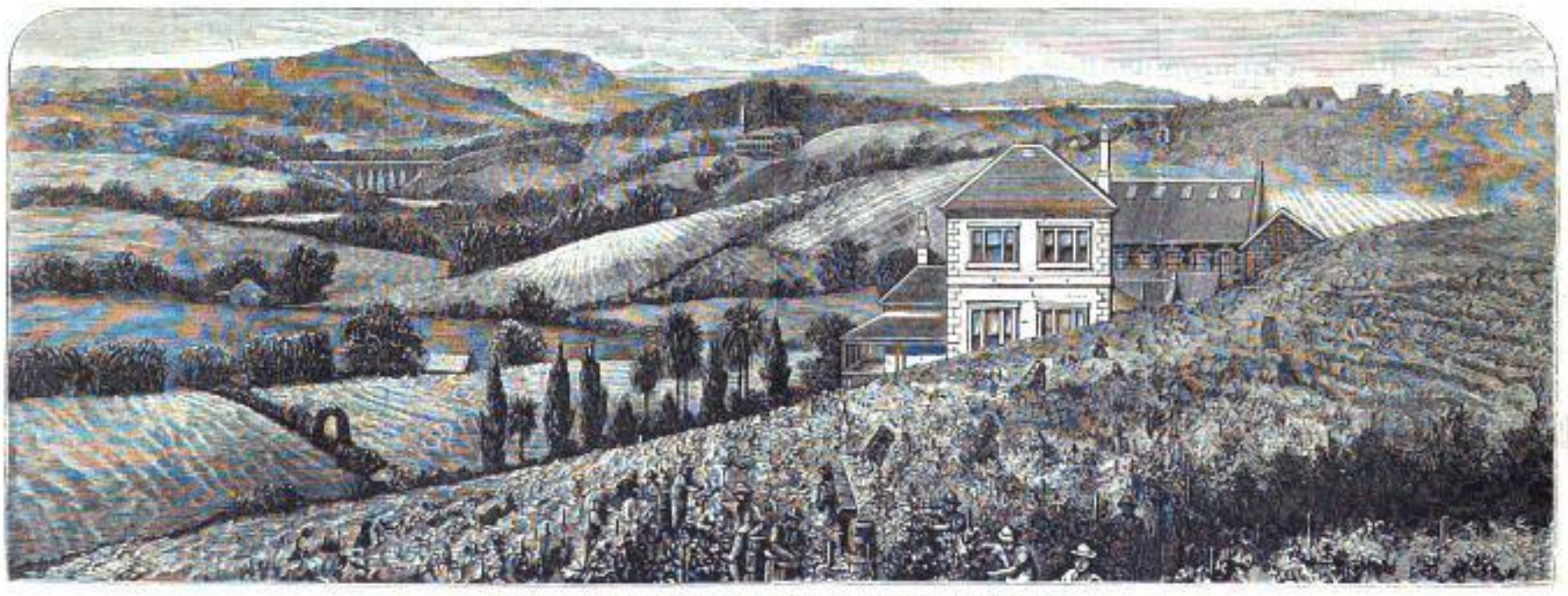
ENGLAND.—DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH PRINCE IMPERIAL FOR THE ZULU WAR.



SPAIN.—KING ALFONSO PRESIDING AT A SOLEMN CHAPTER OF THE MILITARY ORDERS AT CIUDAD REAL.



SOUTH AFRICA.—SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF ISANDULA WITH THE BRITISH ADVANCING COLUMN.



AUSTRALIA.—EXTENSIVE VINEYARD OF HON. J. G. FRANCIS, AT SUNBURY, VICTORIA.

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

THE wedding *trousseau* of her Royal Highness Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia for her marriage to the Duke of Connaught, on March 13th, was furnished to her parents, Prince and Princess Frederick Charles, by a Berlin establishment. The bridal dress is made of thick white satin, the waist trimmed with lace 4 inches wide, the skirt also trimmed with lace 12 inches deep, and bunches of myrtle. The train is 13 feet long, with a rich lace flounce 3¼ feet wide, upon which is laid a branch of myrtle. The evening dress is of sea-green satin, with dark-green velvet stripes and damask satin. The promenade dress is described as "mode-colored," with dark-mode silk stripes, and bow of the same color; the buttons mother-of-pearl. The lace which adorns the dresses was made to order from designs selected by the bride by a firm which has introduced lacemaking of a superior quality into Germany. The articles supplied upon this occasion consisted of a lace flounce, demitoilo monchoir, fan-cover, and a bridal vail, richly decorative, of real point-de-gaze lace, ornamented with flowers, crown, and the royal arms of Prussia, in relief, all worked in real white lace. The order was given at the beginning of July last, and the work was done by the hands of three hundred peasant girls in the mountains of Silesia.

The dresses of the bridesmaids, eight young English ladies of rank, were all supplied by a London house. These dresses were composed of rich white satin, "duchesse," and silk, with draperies of mousseline-de-soie, elegantly embroidered with wild-roses, buds and foliage; flowers of special design, combining the emblems of England, Prussia, Scotland and Ireland, were charmingly arranged with the same. The heading consisted of wild-roses, England's emblem; from these depended the cornflower of Prussia, the white heather and stag-moss of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. The dresses fully merited the high praise unanimously bestowed on them, being most elegant in arrangement, artistic in design, and suitable in the minutest details to the occasion of this royal wedding. The hair was taken rather high off the forehead, and arranged in loops and small curls at the back, some wearing fringes, some crêpes, a little tulle ruche of lace round the throat, and very long gloves. They each had a bracelet on the right arm, presented by the bridegroom.



THE BRIDAL DRESS OF PRINCESS LOUISE MARGARET OF PRUSSIA, DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

THE "HOME OF INDUSTRY" FOR THE RECLAMATION OF CONVICTS.

NO. 304 WATER STREET is a small two storied house, modest, neat and unpretentious. Its walls are whitewashed to a glare; its floors scrubbed till they resemble the deck of a man-of-war. A board hangs by the door, with these words imprinted thereon: "MICHAEL DUNN'S HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, No. 304 WATER STREET." Who is Michael Dunn? I will tell you. He is an ex-convict. Out of a life of fifty-three years he has spent thirty-five in prison. He has had short terms and long terms, but stands the grim and ghastly fact that the flower of his days has been wasted in incarceration. Why did he return to jail over and over again? Because when his term expired he had no home, no occupation, no refuge. Friends turned their backs upon him, work was denied him. Michael Dunn, many years ago, discovered crime to be a mistake. He has now quitted its tortuous paths for ever and aye. Since his emancipation from Sing Sing fifteen months ago he has struggled manfully to keep on the straight path. He has succeeded—the felon's cell recalls him no more. Michael Dunn, of his terrible experience, knows what it is to face a stern and icy world whose right hand is raised in menace. He felt the necessity that existed for a home—a shelter—for those who, like himself, had served a term in Prison.

On the 13th of January, in this year, he opened the institution in Water Street, his capital, cash contributions from earnest workers in the vineyard, $61.75. None may know the pinching, the starving, the heart-burning, the soul-sickening it cost this man, with the taint of prison upon him, to scrape this money together. The Home has lived; upwards of seventy convicts have passed through it, some to sea, some to agricultural labor; some to various handicrafts—all, save in one or two instances, to honest labor; all to fight the good fight faithfully, boldly and well. There is not a prisoner now expiating his crime in the jails of this vast empire who does not know of No. 304 Water Street, New York, and many, let us earnestly trust, look to it as a haven of refuge and as a safe and assured temporary resting-place on the high road to honesty.

I visited the Home one day last week. I was received by a bright-eyed, intelligent man, an ex-convict, who cheerfully volunteered to show me over the institution. In the front room or hall, on the walls of which hang illuminated Scriptural texts, three men were seated. These were claimants for relief, seeking Michael Dunn. "There are eleven of us here," my conductor said, "and there are ever so many trying to get in, but we have no room, and we have no funds. We rise at half-past five and make up our beds. Then we have prayers, each of us reading a verse in turn. Our breakfast is bread and coffee, and sometimes when the funds are low there is more coffee than bread. All hands then clean up house. Then we go to work, some of us to tailoring in the shape of making sailors' pants and shirts. We do a lot of crochet-work at ladies' shawls and tidies. A sewing-machine has been donated; a woman runs it, making the garments, and we sew buttonholes or such rough work. We dine at twelve o'clock on soup and bread. There is always a pot of soup and coffee ready for any person who comes with a ticket."

"What ticket?" I asked.

"Mr. Dunn has tickets which he sells at ten cents each to any charitable person that will buy them. The charitable person, when asked for alms, need only give one of these tickets, and if the party is really in want he will come here."

The ticket is yellow; on it are inscribed the words, "GOOD FOR ONE MEAL OR BED AT MICHAEL DUNN'S."

I ascended a steep stairway and found myself in Michael Dunn's room. This apartment contained a chest of drawers, two or three deal tables, a clock, a large Bible and a few periodicals. On the largest table lay the books of the Home. At the request of my conductor I looked through them. They are kept by one of the inmates in a manner that would reflect credit upon a banking establishment. I found in the donation-book donations from 25 cents up to $20—the latter anonymously. I found Miss Linda Gilbert's name down for $11. The furniture has been purchased on the instalment system, and up to the present Michael Dunn has paid his way. The household expenses for each week average according to the cash in hand. The founder will not go into debt. If he has money he will spend it in relieving destitute ex-convicts; if he has no money the inmates of the Home are put upon half, or even quarter, rations. I found that in one week Dunn



PROMENADE DRESS.



EVENING DRESS.

MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WITH HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LOUISE MARGARET OF PRUSSIA, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 13TH.

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expended $20.40, while in another the expenditures only reached the modest figure of $2.55—the average output being about nine dollars per week. A daybook is also kept, together with a book for entering worsted, thread, and articles to be used in the manufacture of shawls and tidies. The daybook is a sort of diary, devoted exclusively to the *personnel* of applicants for admission, observations upon their conduct, etc., etc. Some of the entries read quaintly enough. I suppress all names. "He is a fraud; I found him out in five minutes." "A good boy—goes to sea as a cabin-boy." "Will not work outside of prison." "Willing to do anything to earn an honest living." "This man has turned out a drinking bummer." "Working steady." One entry tells its own tale. "While he was serving his sentence out, he accidentally came across the life of Jerry McAuley, a reformed river-thief, and it so impressed itself on his mind that he asked me to tell him where McAuley lived, so that he might have some conversation with him. I hope," adds Dunn, "the good seed has taken root in his heart. Very despondent lately." The kitchen is a neat, cheery little apartment. It is here that the inmates take their meals. The rent of the Home is $30 a month, and it contains eight rooms.

"We need books and papers badly," observed my conductor. "There are times when a book or a paper saves one from thinking of what might have been. I was in Sing Sing when FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER gave us the prison life of Sing Sing. It was splendidly done, and there was the greatest anxiety amongst us all to get it to read. We were real crazy for that paper."

I visited in turn every apartment in the Home. I saw men cheerily working at shawl-frames and tidies, at tailoring, at shoemaking. I tasted the soup in the neat little kitchen; it would not have reminded a London alderman of green turtle. I conversed with the inmates. Their tone was thorough. There was nothing of that hunted-down, mute terror about them which one meets inside of the prison wall. Hope and courage seemed to fill every man's heart. Is not this institution worthy of support, worthy the attention of those who would put the erring on the right path? This is what Michael Dunn says: "I should hate to give up my 'Home' more than I can tell, but there is only one thing to do, and that is to turn the boys out and shut up the place unless I can get help from somewhere. I will starve myself before I become a thief again; but these men here, and those who are coming from prison daily, what are they to do but to go right at it again. If I can be helped so as to keep them here, with what they can do themselves, until I can find them work, that is all I ask; I want no pay." This is what Michael Dunn says, the man who has seen the error of his ways, the man who for fifteen months has been simply keeping body and soul together in a supreme effort to aid and succor those whose desperate need he knows so well. This is what Michael Dunn says. Shall his appeal remain unresponded to?

THE ROMANCE OF CAMPTOWN STEEPLECHASE.

THUS far Bub Fortescue's running for the Goodwood Lily, as Colonel Goodwood's only daughter was significantly called, had been rather shaky, and in a fit of desperation he had put himself up to ride at the Spring races, swearing to win something, the Goodwood Lily, or the Goodwood Cup, or break some bones in the attempt.

Bub, it is true, could scarcely be counted in with the racing brotherhood, as his stables held nothing really to the purpose, but in the course of this distracted wooing of his it came about that there were days when something to conquer was a sort of desperate necessity, and to that end he had picked up a little animal that had for its recommendation only a red coal of temper in its eye, and a satin coat of silver-gray hair, which developed a fund of unsuspected profanity in its groom, but was no unhandsome thing to look at in the crisp sunlight of a fresh morning.

There had been a good deal of chaff blown across the club table when it was known that Bub had entered his unknown hack, Fleur-de-lis, for the steeplechase, and that he proposed to ride her himself. He had to stand a good deal of sarcasm respecting the pedigree that had never been recorded, and the record that had never been scored; but somehow Bub had got his head down, and no amount of ridicule served to turn him from his purpose; therefore, the card for the last day's meeting was out, and coming in modestly at the tail-end of the closing event was the cabalistic announcement:

"Mr. Fortescue's g. m. Fleur-de-lis, violet and white, owner."

Naturally there was a way of accounting for Bub's absurdity, but as it was not a tradition of the club, we must, to get at it, go back a bit to an idle morning in the boudoir of the Goodwood Lily, where we may find the colonel and his daughter holding at bay the pack of admirers that in one way and another were manifesting their pretensions to the favor of the favorite, and at the same time giving encouragement to the open discussion of the important and significant matrimonial question. The subject, as it stood at the critical moment upon which Bub Fortescue's madness hinges, was the dilemma in which a man like the colonel, with a marriageable daughter like the Lily, must be placed to fit himself with a son-in-law in a case where there were no elections and the favorite sold with the field.

"I think she would have to go with the Goodwood Cup sweepstakes. Catch Weights and owners!" said the colonel.

"And you, Miss Lily? How should you regard this fashion of settling a perplexing business?" asks little Tommy Goitt, the crack light-weight of the club, with an ounce more of unconcern—being already, it was whispered, an engaged man, and so thought out of the running—than any of the half dozen other men in attendance could well have mustered.

"Only one thing in life ever brought me to covet man's estate," answers the Lily, "and that is to jockey a race. I adore a winner But, that the Goodwood Cup has never before been ridden for by owners, I think I should have begged to go with the cup in any event!"

"And now the suggestion comes too late!" says gallant little Tommy; "the stakes are made and the fellows may only sulk over the 'might have been's!"

But was it too late? Something in the Lily's drooping eyes, as he caught their glance through the white azalea-bush, behind which he stood in the bowed window, fired Bub Fortescue's heart with a mad hope to which he dared not give form or name, and from that moment it was settled that Fortescue should enter for the Spring meeting, although he should have ridden Don Quixote's wooden steed and drowned ignominiously in the first water-break.

Had there been time, Bub would have ruined himself and his credit for all time to come in scouring the earth for a winner, but not even one day's grace was given him; the books were closing, he must name his horse or make a forfeit. Wherefore Fleur-de-lis was nominated and took her place bashfully at the foot of the card to be pinholed by the betting men and secretly mourned over by her owner, although there was something encouraging in the way that the little beast took to her work, and in the fact that her trainer would have given her an Irish sire and an Arabian dam on the strength of it, but that she carried a forlorn hope which might not be built up with straws.

Some slight encouragement came to Bub, by the way, but only a Malvolio could have made so much of it as this lover of ours contrived to. Nevertheless, there was some little interest and somewhat of generalship compelled to the service of the Goodwood Lily in that she found out the secret bit of ragged ground where Fleur-de-lis was being coached for her work, and sent the good natured colonel to take observations.

The colonel was not a diplomat. He stated that he had broken in upon the privacy of the training because the Lily had taken it into her pretty head that steeple-chasing might be dangerous and the new horse not quite the thing; and having been in his day something of a cross-country rider, after giving Fleur-de-lis a critical inspection by parts, he pressed his own big-boned hunter, and, putting him at a small ravine, waved Bub to follow.

The jump was no great thing for the colonel's blooded English horse, but for Bub's raw Canadian it meant something respectable. However, the mare was a plucky little beggar, and, following the lead, sent it across in fine style, whereupon the colonel delivered judgment.

"Good. There is blood in the little gray's ancestry somewhere, and you know how to ride her!" Then trotted off to his breakfast in high good humor, leaving the aspiring jockey in a glow of exultation that lasted up to the very morning of the race, much to the glorification of Fleur-de-lis and the private disgust of her groom.

Not to have located one's story is an offense to the established laws of polite romancing; but having made this oversight in the beginning, and a race being a race the world over, it is as well, perhaps, to assume the neglect, and merely state that the scene of struggle for the Goodwood Cup was a sandy plain in the rear of Camptown, without any especial qualifications for the sport except its contiguity to the club-house of its projectors and supporters, and being entirely a gentleman's affair, it may therefore be exempt from the natural criticism which turfmen could have made to it.

The steeplechase was a new feature of the meeting, it having been pinned on to the usual flat-racing events by the ambition of a couple of the club men, who between them had become joint proprietors of an aged favorite, known to be sure of her fences if only her legs held out; and the transfer of the Goodwood Cup to this race, in addition to the club stakes, had made the entries comparatively numerous. All of which, as Fortescue listened to the comments on the six runners and found Fleur-de-lis selling lowest in the pool on the fateful morning, produced corresponding consequent depression in the mercury of his mental barometer. Nevertheless, the day was fresh, the sky cloudless, and the Goodwood Lily smiling down upon him from the front row in the grand stand, and he cannot help noticing that her gown is purple and her hat white—his own colors—which circumstance stiffens him mightily, and he leaves the quarter-stretch with the air of a man who has work to do, and means to do it.

At the last moment it was discovered that there were only three horses to run, the other two having for one reason and another been withdrawn.

The mysterious horse that was the first cause of the trouble and entered as Lady Golightly, proved a ragged, hipped beast, with bent knees and back sinews clad in elastic stocking, but showing undeniable blood and power for all that. She had sold second in the pool; but little Tommy, in his faded brown and top-boots, had to take considerable chaff as she was led out for her preliminary canter, walking a trifle lame and taking her paces in a fashion suggestive of age and hard work. This the champion light-weight and winner of numberless flat races took with a philosophy that brought out the betting-books of the knowing ones, and caused Fortescue to turn to the favorite with a premonitory shiver. He scarcely knew which to fear most, little Goitt's riding or the horse Resolve, a beautiful chestnut Arabian that came out of the paddock, taking the first fence in a burst with the grace of a deer, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude. Fortescue saw something hopeful in the impetuous action which nearly unseated the rider in a frantic endeavor to get its head; but the crowd was evidently with the favorite, which seemed not unreasonable as the beautiful creature tossed its shapely neck, bounding as if ready to jump out of its glossy skin, and in telling contrast to the ancient mare and the little gray that the groom is still leading quietly up and down over the velvet turf of the saddling inclosure.

The steeplechase course had been extended beyond the usual one, diverging at the quarter-mile post and closing again at the distance post, making a run in of parallels upon which the fences could be set without interfering with the flat-racing to precede it. The flat course thus intervening was still no obstruction to the view from the grand stand, it being a narrow course at best and perfectly level. The running was from right to left, with nine jumps altogether. First two hedges, next a mud wall with a little grip on the far side, then another hedge, then a hedge ditched on either side, a ditch with a bank beyond, then two hurdles, and lastly the water-break—a stiff, low bank, with a topping brush and shallow trench, broad and nasty.

The first horse over this would probably win the race, as the winning-post was only a fifty-yard field away. Out in the crowd the betting ran freely, the odds laying heavy against little Tommy and Fleur-de-lis out of the trick; but Colonel Goodwood, standing beside the little gray, patting her silvery neck as Bub mounted, had insinuated that the Lily was in for no end of gloves should the horse and its rider come to grief, and adding with the characteristic instincts of a turfman:

"It's a beastly course, Bub, with all that level stretch of sand on every side inviting a horse to swerve from its fences that stand up bare and naked in the way!"

However, there was evidently something in this that Bub had counted on, for he laughed lightly, looking away to the favorite still working for its head in the inclosure, then to the fair face in the centre of the grand stand, and said:

"Tell Miss Lily that we are going for the stakes!" and rode away.

And now the three horses were drawn up at the starting-post. Resolve is a little unsteady, but the start is soon made, and they are off breast and breast followed by a little cloud of dust. In a few seconds it is clear to all that Resolve is, like all chestnut horses, hard to hold. He crushes through the first hedge without attempting to rise to it, and with his nose in the air gets through the second the same way. Lady Golightly follows the lead, but the little gray clears the *débris* in her stride, causing a small shower of hats to darken the air in the stable-yard quarter.

The mud wall is not to be taken in the same way, although the favorite charges at it blindly and rolls heavily over it, crushing his rider under him as he falls.

Fortunately it is only a broken limb for the gentleman jockey, but Resolve is clearly out of the race, and the cup is between little Tommy on his ancient racer and Bub Fortescue's pluckily ridden, raw-mettled gray. It would almost have seemed that Fleur-de-lis had an intelligence beyond her kind, so gallantly did she pick up the running. They are over the wall—the next fence is nothing; the double-ditched hedge is more formidable, but they get safely over; then Tommy pulls the old girl up to an easy canter for the ditch and bank, which she scrambles cleverly up. But Bub cannot afford to take it in the same way lest he shall give the Lady too clear a lead, and so Fleur-de-lis takes it also in her stride. Still Tommy has the lead by some lengths, and the prospect is bad for the gray, until fortune comes to the rescue.

There is only a quarter of a mile to go, and if Tommy keeps the old Lady to her jumps she is sure to win. Thus far her legs have shown no signs of weakening, but she has run in a flat-race the day before, and now at the distance-post she turns into that course and goes a length on the wrong side. It is but a momentary advantage, for the Lady is warming to her work and realizing old traditions, but Bub makes the most of it, and feels that if he can hold the lead to the water-break the race is his.

The pace now is tremendous; the last and biggest jump is just in front. Bub would have liked to pull up and lift it quietly, but the Lady was thundering up, barely four lengths behind, and there is nothing to do but cram on and put the little gray at it as hard as he can.

In gamy style Fleur-de-lis clears the fence, but fails to cover the ditch. Her fore-feet double under as she falls. Something sharp strikes Bub in the temple. He feels the plucky little beast gather and himself borne as on a whirlwind over the springy turf in a vague, far-off way. Then there is a tremendous shout that rends the air; he sees the foam-flecked nostrils of Lady Golightly pressing upon the little gray's quarters, then strong arms pull him from the saddle, and he knows no more until he opens his eyes to find a medical man with finger upon his pulse, and a group of anxious faces, in the midst of which shone that of the Goodwood Lily, bending over him.

"The race!" he gasps, the hot blood surging up from his heart and choking his utterance.

"The cup is yours, old man!" answers little Tommy, who stands by Miss Goodwood's side, sucking the handle of his riding-whip. "That little beggar of yours made the pluckiest run on record, and I'm proud to come in second—since it's only the cup!" this last in a lower tone, close to the Lily's shell tinted ear.

"Only the cup!" echoed Bub, who caught it, still weak from the blow on his head, and looking at the violet gown and white hat.

"It was a cropper, boy!" said the colonel, returning from an anxious inspection of Fleur-de-lis, whose groom was lavishing upon her silver coat all the remorseful affection for past unmerited slights that a groom's heart may hold. "It was a cropper, sure enough, but the little nag is all right as a trivet, except a little bit of hair wanting on the left knee, but that will come again with care, and the race was the prettiest thing I've seen on the turf!"

"Papa, Mr. Fortescue seems badly shaken up—we must insist on taking him home in the carriage!" said the Lily, looking tender and gently flushed as an Italian sky.

"Surely—surely!" answers the colonel. "I'll order it at once, and do you keep perfectly still, Fortescue, and let my daughter take care of you!" then bustled away.

"Let my daughter take care of you!" She take care of him! There was something in the thought that set Bub's heart to thumping inside his jacket in a suffocating way. He wondered that Tommy Goitt did not hear the noise of it as he stood between them, dancing first on one foot and then on the other, twiddling his riding-whip and talking of everything in the same breath. Did the Lily understand that, as he looked up into her beautiful face, he was thinking each bone in his body cheaply fractured to have purchased the blessing of her care? Well, perhaps! Anyway, Bub dreamed that she did, and was supremely happy as he found himself at her side bowling home over the hard, smooth road, and heard the colonel say that:

"Lily screamed like a seagull when the little gray fell. You could have heard her across the course."

At his own door he managed to whisper as he bowed over the Lily's hand:

"May I hope for more than the Goodwood cup?"

"Pray speak to papa," is the coy reply, and Bub goes off to his bed to lay all night in a fever of joy, dreaming in his uneasy sleep of a fair young face under a white hat, and a tantalizing purple veil that the wind blows ever between them as his lips seek the kiss for which he hungers.

It is two days before Bub is again on his pins, and the third dawns before he succeeds in laying his case before Colonel Goodwood.

The old man looks at him for a moment in silent dismay. He wipes his spectacle-glasses several times in a helpless way, and then it comes.

"Why, bless my soul, Fortescue, Lily is engaged to little Tommy Goitt. I thought you knew how it was!"

Well, Bub Fortescue is no longer a light-weight, and Fleur-de-lis has gone the way of all silver grays, blooded or common stock, but Robert Fortescue, banker, sometimes looks with a sigh at the Goodwood silver which adorns his sideboard, and wonders if the Lily would have faded so soon had she gone with the cup to the winner of that first Camptown Steeplechase.

THE NEW EL DORADO.

LEADVILLE, THE GREAT MINING CENTRE OF COLORADO.

TEN thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, or nearly two miles high in air, stands Leadville, the Mecca towards which all true believing miners are now engaged in making pious pilgrimage. This wondrous town—wondrous from the fact of its having sprung into existence no one can exactly tell how—is situated 140 miles from Denver, Colorado, and numbers 20,000 inhabitants, with 1,200 houses. Fifteen short months ago it mustered but seven log cabins, and three hundred miners. What a Brobdingnagian mushroom!

The excitement in Denver having risen to white heat, I resolved upon a visit to Leadville. The time to see this seventh wonder of the world at its best is from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, when the miners swarm in the streets, having come in from the mountains to spend their eighteen or twenty dollars per man at faro, or in the saloons. The most popular route to Leadville is by way of Colorado Springs through Pueblo, by the Atchison and Topeka Railroad. The last forty miles of the road would shiver springs even if constructed of Toledo blades—the ruts are thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, "deep as draw-wells, and wide as church-doors." The road, too, save in certain trysting-places, is merely wide enough for one team, and we were delayed for several hours while little difficulties as to cornerage were being adjusted, and the vexed problem of the inside track solved to the satisfaction of scores of drivers of scores of prairie-schooners.

I have done a good deal of mountain travelling, both in this country and in Europe, and never had so much as a nerve wrung; but during my passage upwards to Leadville there were moments when my heart beat backwards as the vehicle inched over a yawning precipice of fathomless depth, or crushed against a grim, gray wall of solid rock ascending sheer to the sky-line. Again, too, the mules would become unmanageable, and, taking head, dash onwards, till, turning some acute angle of rock, the carriage would seemingly be whirled into space, while in front and in rear were other teams equally full of the "excelsior" as our own. In addition to this, our way was barred by enormous and cumbrous pieces of machinery being conveyed to El Dorado, the long strings of tugging mules completely blocking the indented road; and should a trace, or strap, or bolt yield, down would inevitably thunder the iron avalanche to our utter and total annihilation.

As we approached the town through the gulch, we could perceive, so clear and rarefied is the atmosphere, the mountain sides beyond to be burrowed by the mineral-seeking moles.

As nearly as can be ascertained, some fifty of the mines in the Leadville district are now producing mineral at the average rate per day in tons as follows:

Little Pittsburg Company	80
Borden, Tabor & Co.	60
Argentine Group	30
Iron Mine	20
Adelaide	20
Little Chief	20
Double Decker	6
Dyer	5
Climax	3
Other mines	75
Total	309

At a low calculation the ore is worth $100 per ton, making the average yield of the operating mines $31,900 per day, or $223,300 per week. At this rate the product for the year will be $11,543,500, or over $2,000,000 more than the product of the entire State of Colorado for any previous year. If the other portions of the State yield as they did previous to the discovery of the Leadville deposits, the yield for the State for the current year will be almost $20,000,000, placing Colorado second only to Nevada as a precious mineral producer.

There is not a foot of ground within four miles of Leadville, in the direction where ore has been

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'ound, that is not now taken up. The region is one of extraordinary richness. There seems to be no limit either to the extent of the veins or to their inexhaustible value. New lodes are discovered nearly every day in the week, and fortunes are made as if by magic. Within five miles of Leadville over two hundred "prospect holes" are being sunk, every one of which has turned up a yield, and it is believed that, so soon as the snow disappears, rich deposits will be discovered all over the place.

About five years ago three miners struck upon an extraordinary "find," but from lack of means were unable to work the vein. They solicited the keeper of a grocery-store in Leadville to assist them, offering him one-third as his share. The grocer had no money, but, on condition of receiving one-third, gave them provisions to the amount of $17.50. A Californian recently offered $1,200,000 for this mine, and the offer was refused. The mine yields eighty tons of ore per day, at not less than $100 a ton. The fortunate grocer is now Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Mayor, and millionaire.

I arrived at Leadville about four o'clock on Sunday. The town was literally swarming with men, in the rough but picturesque costume of the mines, many wearing blood-red sashes round their waists. From the hotel window I counted eighteen saloons in one block. The crowd seemed both good-natured and jovial; almost everybody had plenty of money, and those who were without it knew that it lay within five miles of them, on deposit in its earthen bank.

The wages paid to miners is $4 per diem, and the arrivals are averaging 700 per week; rents are very high; a store-room, 25x50, on a main street, commands from $300 to $400 per month, while an office, 10x15, readily rents for $40 per month. The rudest, most uncomfortable log or slate cabin finds a ready occupant. Real estate, of course, is held at fabulous rates. A lot twenty-five by eighty feet on any of the main streets will sell for $1,000 to $1,500. A corner lot bought some time ago for $2,000; before the deed was drawn a Denver firm bought it from the purchaser at the price of $6,000, and it is now held at $10,000. The population is of the usual mixed character of mining towns. There are lawyers, doctors, clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, laborers, men of every class and condition. Mechanics of all kinds are finding ready employment at round figures, ranging from three and a half to five dollars a day.

At Leadville night is turned into day. I could not sleep one wink for pistol-shots—the miners use their revolvers to express joy, sorrow, anger, surprise—singings and shoutings. It is but just to say that very few murders are committed; this I attribute to the paramount influence of the Mayor, who is hail fellow well met with all his loyal burgesses.

The mine belonging to Mr. Stevens is in admirable order, and so well walled by boards that a lady can pass through it without so much as soiling a skirt. Considerable difficulty is experienced in "placing claims." When a miner strikes a vein he is compelled to file his claim at the proper office. Any informality may lead to some unscrupulous persons "jumping the claim," or taking the vein unto himself in the absence of the original discoverer. Miners go prospecting for a month. They take pots, pans, etc., and sling them upon the back of a mule, balancing them by flitches of bacon and blankets. They are thorough practical geologists, are these men, and I will back them to "spot" ore against any of the most learned professors in our universities.

The water in Leadville is so bad that a supply has to be procured from some distance. The prevalence of diphtheria and pneumonia is ascribed to the impure condition of the water.

It amused me intensely to hear this sort of thing repeated from rosy morn to dewy eve.

"How is business?" a newcomer asks. "Business is fine," is the reply; "come and take a drink." This sort of business, with eighteen saloons to one block, requires a head of hard quartz to carry it on.

The ore found at Leadville is richer than that at the Black Hills. A miner will drive in his pick and a piece a yard square will roll to his feet, containing sometimes as high as ninety-five per cent. of ore. There is no difficulty experienced in separating the ore from the clay—the whole mass crumbles in the hand. There are several milling and melting establishments in full blast, and others are in course of erection. A miner told me the best kit for a man coming here to buy is a blue shirt, a pair of overalls and a blanket, naively adding, "We don't wear white shirts here, *for they shoot at them.*"

Leadville is very wicked; vice in its most civilized and most repugnant form is everywhere rampant. No woman is safe from insult if she walks about after dark. Leadville is a big bonanza to the tourist, while the surrounding country, to hunters and disciples of Izaak Walton, is, as it is to the toilers for wealth, a veritable El Dorado.

THE TRIAL OF REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE trial of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage before the Brooklyn Presbytery, sitting as an ecclesiastical court, on charges of falsehood and deception, commenced in the Second Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, on Monday, March 24th. Great interest has manifested in the proceedings. The seats from the middle aisle of the church were reserved for members of the Presbytery, the chancel being filled with the counsel on both sides, the defendant and one or two of his friends, and the newspaper reporters. The Moderator and the Stated Clerk sat in the pulpit, and not only was every seat in the church filled, but the aisles were crowded, and every available space was occupied. The table assigned to Rev. Arthur Crosby and Mr. McCullough, the prosecutors, was fixed at the Moderator's right, in the chancel. To the Moderator's left, still in the chancel, there were gathered around a small table Rev. Dr. Talmage, Major Corwin, Rev. Mr. Millard and Rev. Dr. Spear, counsel for Mr. Talmage. Mrs. Talmage and several lady friends, as usual, occupied the front pew on the left. A large number of the other seats were occupied by ladies.

Moderator Rev. James M. Ludlow opened the trial with a short prayer, saying that the Presbytery had "met as a court of Jesus Christ," and invoking a spirit of brotherly love on all its proceedings. After the roll-call, which showed a large attendance of members of the Presbytery, the Moderator said: "We are assembled to try Rev. T. De Witt Talmage on certain charges and specifications. Is it your will that we should proceed with the trial?" Counsel on both sides signified their readiness, and the clerk of the court then read the specifications of the charges of falsehood and deceit. When asked how the accused would plead, Dr. Spear read Talmage's answer, which stated that he was not guilty of the charges, and that he expected to show his innocence to the satisfaction of the Presbytery. He also moved to strike out certain of the specifications, but this motion, after a long debate, was voted down. During the debate, Mr. Talmage said: "I demand an investigation on all the specifications—wherever they may reach to. The great mass of the people have no interest in the Book of Discipline. They want to know facts. If I wake up in the night and find assassins in my room I have no interest in knowing how they got in, but I want to put my hand on the assassins. It is known all over the world that there are assassins against my character, and that daggers are lifted, and it is of no interest to know whether they came in the front door of the church or the back door. All I want to know is who are the assassins, that I may arrest them. Although I have regard for the Presbytery, I have also great regard for public opinion. No one can be indifferent to that great court. It wants facts, and it shall have them, either through the Presbytery or the Kings County Grand Jury."

On the second day of the trial, the opening address for the prosecution was made by the Rev. Arthur Crosby, who indicated the character of the testimony to be presented. Testimony in reference to Mr. Talmage's retirement from the editorship of the *Christian at Work* was given by two witnesses. The proceedings on that and subsequent days were marked by a good deal of confusion, and considerable violence of feeling was at times displayed by the persons engaged in the trial. "The case is still on."

Famine in Egypt.

RECENT correspondence from Arment, Upper Egypt, gives a heartrending account of the condition of the population of the Nile Valley. The scenes described resemble those in India during the recent famine. In some of the villages the people are past help, sitting naked like wild beasts, eating roots, and suffering with the endurance of despair. The madness worked on by famine stamps such a brand on the starving fellahs as cannot be easily described. In one town women and children fought over scraps of bread like wild animals. The case is believed to be still worse in the inland hamlets, where the villagers are said to be starving like dogs.

Longfellow's Birthday Chair.

PROFESSOR BENRY W. LONGFELLOW, whose seventy-second birthday occurred on February 27th, was the recipient of a testimonial of regard from the children of Cambridge, which was a gratifying surprise to the venerable poet. When Brattle Street, in Cambridge, was widened a few years ago, it became necessary to remove the old horse-chestnut-tree, in the shade of which stood the smithy, celebrated in the "Village Blacksmith." The wood of the tree was preserved by the city, and from a portion of this has been wrought an elaborately carved chair, which was sent to the residence of the poet, who was at a loss to divine the source from which it came, but on raising the cushion the following inscription, on a brass plate, furnished the desired information:

To
THE AUTHOR
of
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH
This chair, made from the wood of the spreading
chestnut-tree,
is presented as
An expression of grateful regard and veneration
by
The children of Cambridge,
who with their friends join in best wishes and
congratulations
on
This anniversary,
February 27th, 1879.

The design of the chair is very pleasing and seems to be in perfect keeping with the origin of the material and the subject which it commemorates. The heavier parts are all made large, which is partly owing to the nature of the wood, so that the chair has the appearance of solidity, and at the same time is not denied whatever contributes to an appearance of comfort and utility. The color is a dead black, an effect produced by ebonizing the wood. The upholstering of the arms and the cushion is in green leather. The castors are glass balls set in sockets. In the back of the chair is a circular piece of exquisite carving, consisting of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms. Horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in varied combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem:

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

Hungarians and Roumanians.

THE Hungarians, as all who have traveled on the Danube know, are dandies in their own fashion. They delight in clean shirts, richly embroidered in red and black, in cotton drawers or trowsers, edged with lace and crochet-work, such as our English ladies affect upon their clothes, and in magnificent Hessian boots, which are brushed to brightness at least once a week. The male Roumanian, on the other hand, is dirty and careless in his attire. A filthy sheepskin jacket, swarming with fleas, is his chief garment; short trowsers, of leather or the coarsest cloth, and the everlasting conical woolen cap, together with some minor articles, among which the pistol or knife, stuck in the waist-belt, must not be forgotten, completing his attire. But when we turn from the man to the women, we find that the comparison is reversed. Nothing can well be more wretched than the dress of the Hungarian women on the banks of the lower Danube. At Mohacs, for example, one saw them marching down to the river to get water, clad in a pair of their husband's enormous boots, a short petticoat, scarcely reaching to the knees, and a sheepskin jacket that also was evidently the property of their better half. Again, at the frontier station, just before entering Roumania, my sensibilities were somewhat shocked at seeing a girl of seventeen busily engaged in sweeping the veranda, clad in nothing but a linen undergarment of very moderate dimensions, and this in spite of the fact that at least a dozen soldiers were lounging about close to her. In Hungary, in short, while the man is well dressed, his wife or daughter is clad like a savage. In Roumania, on the other hand, the dress of the woman is decidedly better than that of the men, and offers a most favorable contrast to that worn by their Hungarian sisters. In fact, after crossing the frontier, I saw no dresses which were not at least decent and sufficient, according to the Western standard, which is more than can be said of my experiences in some parts of Hungary.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Royal Marriage at Windsor.

The procession from Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel was divided into three parts. On the arrival of the guests at the west entrance of the chapel, they were received by the Lord Steward and Vice-Chamberlain and conducted to seats upon the dais. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester and Oxford, and others, at about one o'clock. The bride was given away by her father. At the conclusion of the service the choir sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" pealed forth as the bride and bridegroom left the chapel, while in the long walk a salute of guns announced the termination of the ceremony. The royal family and guests left the chapel in the reverse order in which they entered. All the royal personages returned to the Queen's entrance to the Castle, where the Registry of Marriages was signed in the Green Drawing-Room, and duly attested by the Queen and other distinguished personages invited to attend for that purpose. In the quadrangle opposite the principal entrance to the Castle a guard of honor of the Second Battalion of the Coldstream Guards was mounted.

The Zulu War.

Our illustration of the scene of the battle of Isandula, with Lord Chelmsford's advancing column, gives an excellent view of the precipitous country, and of the manner in which the British commander-in-chief hurried forward his troops after hearing of the massacre. The engraving is well described in Lord Chelmsford's official dispatch. "On the arrival of Colonel Glyn and his force I at once formed them up into fighting order—guns in the centre, on the road, with three companies second battalion Twenty-fourth Regiment on each flank in front; Native Contingent battalions, one on each flank of the second battalion Twenty-fourth Regiment in line, Europeans and natives, armed with guns, forming a third rank in front; Mounted Infantry on the extreme right, Natal Mounted Volunteers on the extreme left, Mounted Police in reserve. We advanced in this order across the plain with great speed and in excellent order, but could not reach the neighborhood of our camp until after dark. The artillery came into action on the road and shelled the crest of the narrow neck over which our line of retreat lay, while the left wing, under Major Black, second battalion Twenty-fourth Regiment, moved forward to seize a small stony hill on the left of this neck, the occupation of which would secure our left flank. Major Black seized the position without opposition, and the right wing then advanced and occupied the neck in question, the right flank being protected by the precipitous sides of the Isandula Hill." Figure 1 is the scene of the conflict; 2, Mounted Infantry; 3, Native Contingent; 4 and 6, two companies of the Twenty-fourth Regiment; 5, four guns; 7, company of Twenty-fourth Regiment under Major Black. At the last moment in the battle of Isandula, the officers in command charged two young subalterns, Lieutenants Coghill and Melvill, to save the colors. Horses were given to them, and they cut their way through the ranks of the Zulus, bearing the sacred symbols. They were probably wounded in this noble feat of arms, to which an eye witness has borne testimony. They succeeded, however in making their way to Rorke's Drift, which they must have found surrounded by 4,000 Zulus. It is possible they were again attacked, and again cleared themselves of their foes. They ultimately reached the Buffalo River, and swimming their horses across it, gained British territory. It is presumed that the wounds of Coghill necessitated dismounting. The other, sending him with all the care of a comrade, must have witnessed his death. He himself too, spent with loss of blood, could not remount, and, with the colors wrapped round him, sank down to die, happy in the soldierly conviction that honor was saved. Much comment has been made upon the part the French Prince Imperial designs to play in the present campaign; and upon his departure for Africa from Southampton on the 27th of February, the ex-Empress walked on board the *Danube* leaning on her son's arm. She was dressed in partial mourning, and looked anxious and careworn. In her hand she carried a bunch of violets. As she stepped on the deck two young ladies each tendered her a bouquet, but as her hands were already full, the Prince, who was in private clothes, received them on her behalf, and raising his hat in recognition of the cheers which went up on all sides, expressed his thanks in the best of English.

The Military Orders of Spain in Solemn Chapter at Ciudad Real.

Spain, though all her feudal institutions have vanished and her grandees play little part in the Government, clings to her royal and military Orders, so full of reminiscences of her former years of battle with the Moor. Our illustration represents a curious scene enacted recently at the Church of Santa Maria del Prado at Ciudad Real, where King Alfonso, as perpetual Grand Master and Administrator of the Military Orders of Santiago, Calatrava, Alcantara and Montesa, surrounded by the Knights, took possession of the district where, by a special concordat with the Holy See, he is to exercise the special spiritual jurisdiction granted in early times to the knights in the territories which they wrested from the Moors. In this district the king is subject only to the Pope, appointing bishops, priors, parish priests and other ecclesiastical functionaries, who enter on their duties without any further approbation of the Holy See. A solemn Te Deum was chanted, and this is the moment when the curious grouping in the ancient church was caught by the pencil of the artist.

An Australian Vineyard.

The vineyard belonging to the Hon. J. G. Francis, M.L.A., at Sunbury, Victoria, was formed in 1866, and is nearly thirty seven acres in area. It is situated on slopes facing N.W., W., and S.W., having a frontage to that part of the Macedon River known as Jackson's Creek. The ground was originally rocky spurs of the Mount Macedon range, and the formation cost in some parts of the vineyard as much as $500 per acre. The kinds of vines originally planted were Hermitage, Chasselas, Mataro, Reisling, and other varieties in smaller quantities, and the experience gained proves that the four sorts named are those best adapted for the site. About ten men are employed on the average, and twice as many boys and girls in the vintage season. As the vineyard is now nearly in full bearing, the crop yields about 250 gallons of wine per acre. The clarets and hocks from this vineyard have been declared by an experienced wine-taster, the late F. C. Klemm, to have retained more fully than most other colonial wines the bouquet and flavor of the wines from the Rhine and Bordeaux districts. The cellars, erected close to the homestead, are of massive bluestone and thoroughly finished, being capable of storing 100,000 gallons of wine. Considering that the colony has been formed such a short time, vine culture has made great progress in it. By the published Agricultural Statistics to March 31st, 1878, it is shown that there were 4,418 acres of vines planted, and that the last vintage produced 458,952 gallons of wine, the total weight of grapes gathered being 87,726 cwt.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE City of Lexington, Ky., celebrates its centennial on Wednesday, April 23d.

—THE constitutional convention of Louisiana will meet in New Orleans April 21st.

—THE old custom of burying suicides at midnight and without religious ceremonies is still followed in England.

—THE expenses of the late Paris International Exposition were $11,020,000, and the receipts $6,020,000.

—THE fourth centenary of the creation of the University of Copenhagen is to be celebrated during the month of May.

—GERMANY is using her influence to arrange an understanding between the Powers for the settlement of the Greek question.

—AN anti-pistol-carrying revival is going on all over the South, the newspapers, judges of courts and preachers conducting the exercises.

—A COMPLETE list of delegates elected to the Louisiana Constitutional Convention shows 94 Democrats, 33 Republicans and 7 Fusionists and Nationals.

—IT is almost decided that the Paris Exhibition building and all its annexes will be entirely demolished, and the Champs de Mars relegated to its old occupation as a drilling ground.

—SCHOOL COMMISSIONER ORR, of Georgia, is canvassing the State and inducing grand juries to report in favor of a dog law and Moffet register law, the proceeds to go to the school fund.

—THE French Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 330 to 131, has resolved that the Senate and Chamber meet in Congress for the revision of the Constitution, enabling the Legislature to sit at Paris instead of Versailles.

—THE Connecticut Senate has postponed indefinitely the Bell-punch Bill. Virginia still uses the punch, Louisiana has just abandoned it. Texas is about to try it, and Alabama, Florida and North Carolina have decided against it.

—IT is reported that negotiations are in progress between the courts of St. Petersburg and Madrid for the cession by purchase to Russia of the Ladrone Islands in the North Pacific. These would constitute a magnificent base for cruiser operations in the Chinese seas.

—A MINISTER in the Italian Chamber, speaking on the subject of capital punishment a few years ago, remarked that Italy was the country in which they killed most and hanged least, while England was the country where they killed least and hanged most.

—JAPAN threatens to include the Loo Choo Islands as a department of the Empire, instead of a tributary dependency. The Islands have appealed to China and foreign powers. The Loo Choo Islands are in the Pacific Ocean, about thirty miles southeast of Japan.

—ALL the space of the International Exhibition at Sydney, Australia, next August, will be free. There will be no charges or commissions of any sort. Exhibitors will pay freight. The exhibition promises to be successful. It is hoped that America will be well represented. The Executive Commissioner offers to reserve for her 30,000 feet on the floor of the main building, and also half as much more space for machinery.

—SENOR CASTELAR and 103 former Deputies of the Cortes have issued a manifesto to the Democratic Party of Spain. They announce as their programme a sincere return to the Constitution of 1869, which proclaimed religious and educational liberty, freedom of the press, and liberty of meeting and association. The manifesto also declares in favor of universal suffrage, inviolability of Spanish territory, and payment of the interest on the public debt, and recommends a policy avoiding alike reactionary excesses and demagogic Utopias.

—INTELLIGENCE has been received from India of an important geographical discovery. The course of the Sanpo, or great river of Tibet, has been surveyed, by one of the native explorers attached to the Indian Survey, for a distance of 200 miles eastward of Chetang, the furthest point to which it had hitherto been traced in that direction. It then turned southward into some hills which the explorer was unable to penetrate. This settles a vexata quæstio which has long exercised the minds of geographers as to the identity of the Sanpo and the Brahmaputra.

—THE royal plate at Windsor is reported to be worth £1,800,000. It includes a gold service ordered by George IV., which will dine 140 persons, and the same monarch added to the collection one of the finest wine-coolers in the world, a shield formed of snuff boxes worth £9,000, and thirty dozen plates worth £10,000. There was also a variety of pieces brought from abroad and from India; the latter include a peacock of precious stones of every kind, worth £30,000, and Tippoo's footstool, a tiger's head with crystal teeth, and a solid ingot of gold for his tongue. George IV. was a great benefactor to this collection, as whenever he was angry with the Ministers he ordered some plate, well knowing that they must find the money to pay for it.

—IT is asserted that a citizen of Connecticut has furnished the necessary case upon which to test the constitutionality of the reissue of greenbacks. The gentleman, probably a friend of Mr. Calstenden, owing $5,000 to a citizen of New York, tendered payment in greenbacks issued since January 1st, after being once redeemed. The creditor refused to accept the tender, and will bring suit in the United States Circuit Court in that State probably before the April term. It is said that General Butler will appear for the defendant and Mr. William Allen Butler for the plaintiff. Whatever the decision may be, an appeal will be taken to the United States Supreme Court, and thus a final decision be reached upon the important question of the legality of legal-tender issues in time of peace.

—THE new Supreme Court of Judicature for the German Empire comes into operation next Autumn, and an estimate for the salaries of the Judges and other expenses, for the six months from October 1st, 1879, to March 31st, 1880, has been laid before the Reichstag. The Court will consist of sixty-eight judicial members—viz., a President of the Imperial Court, seven Presidents of Divisions, and sixty "Councilors," or Puisne Judges. This staff is distributed among eight Divisions, or "Senates" as they will be styled, five for civil causes and three for criminal business. Each of the Civil Senates will consist of seven Judges and a President; two of the Criminal Senates will have each eight Judges and a President, while the third will have nine Judges and will be presided over by the President of the Supreme Court himself. The salary of this President is fixed at $6,250, besides a free residence and servants. The salaries of the Divisional Presidents will be $3,500 each, and of the "Councilors," or Puisne Judges, $2,500. There will also be an Imperial Attorney-General, with a salary of $3,750, and three Deputy Attorneys General at $2,500 each.

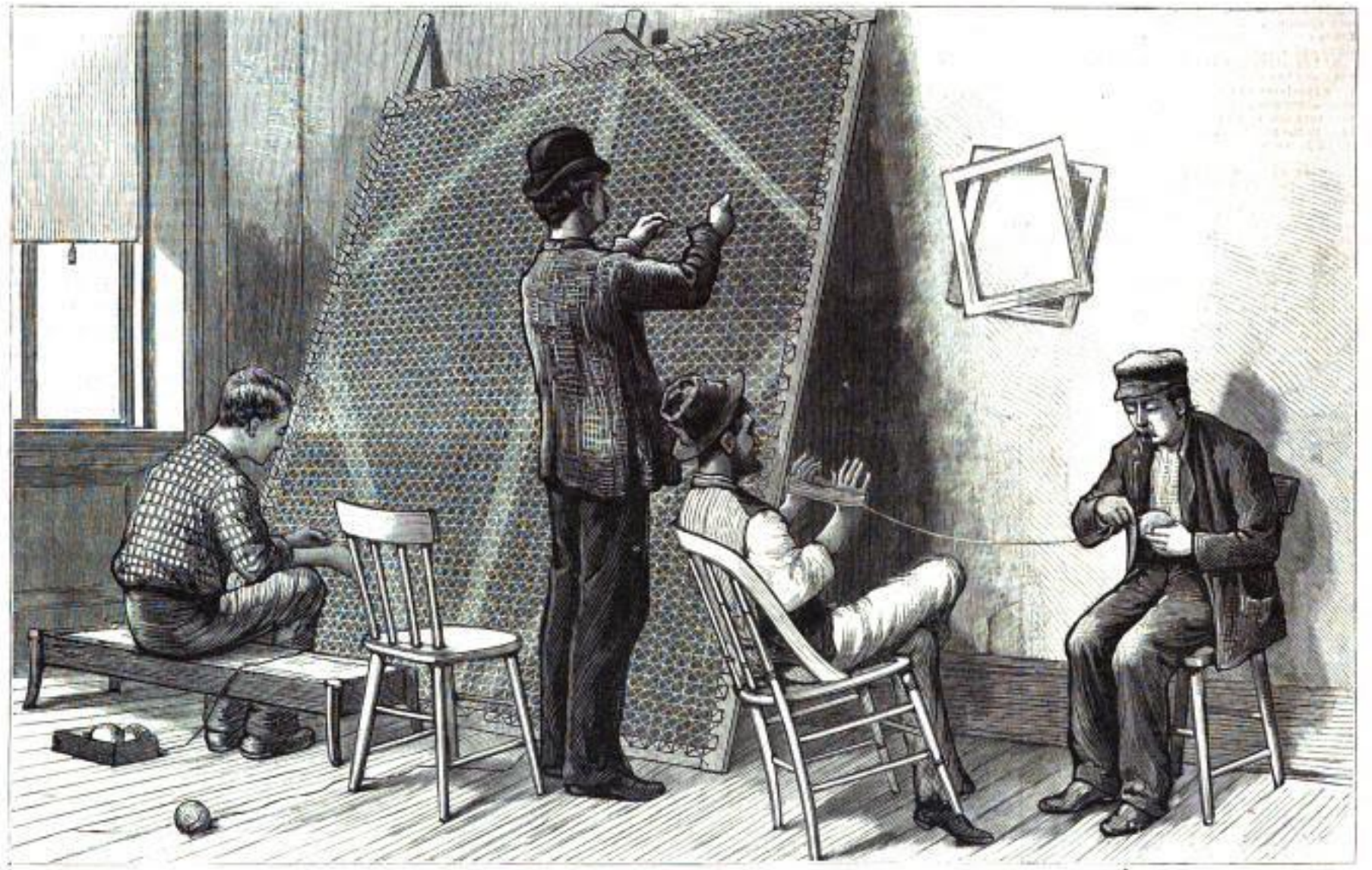
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MICHAEL DUNN, FOUNDER OF THE "HOME," EXAMINING A RETURNED CONVICT.



A SHOEMAKER BEGINNING LIFE ANEW.



INMATES OF THE "HOME" ENGAGED IN SHAWL-MAKING.



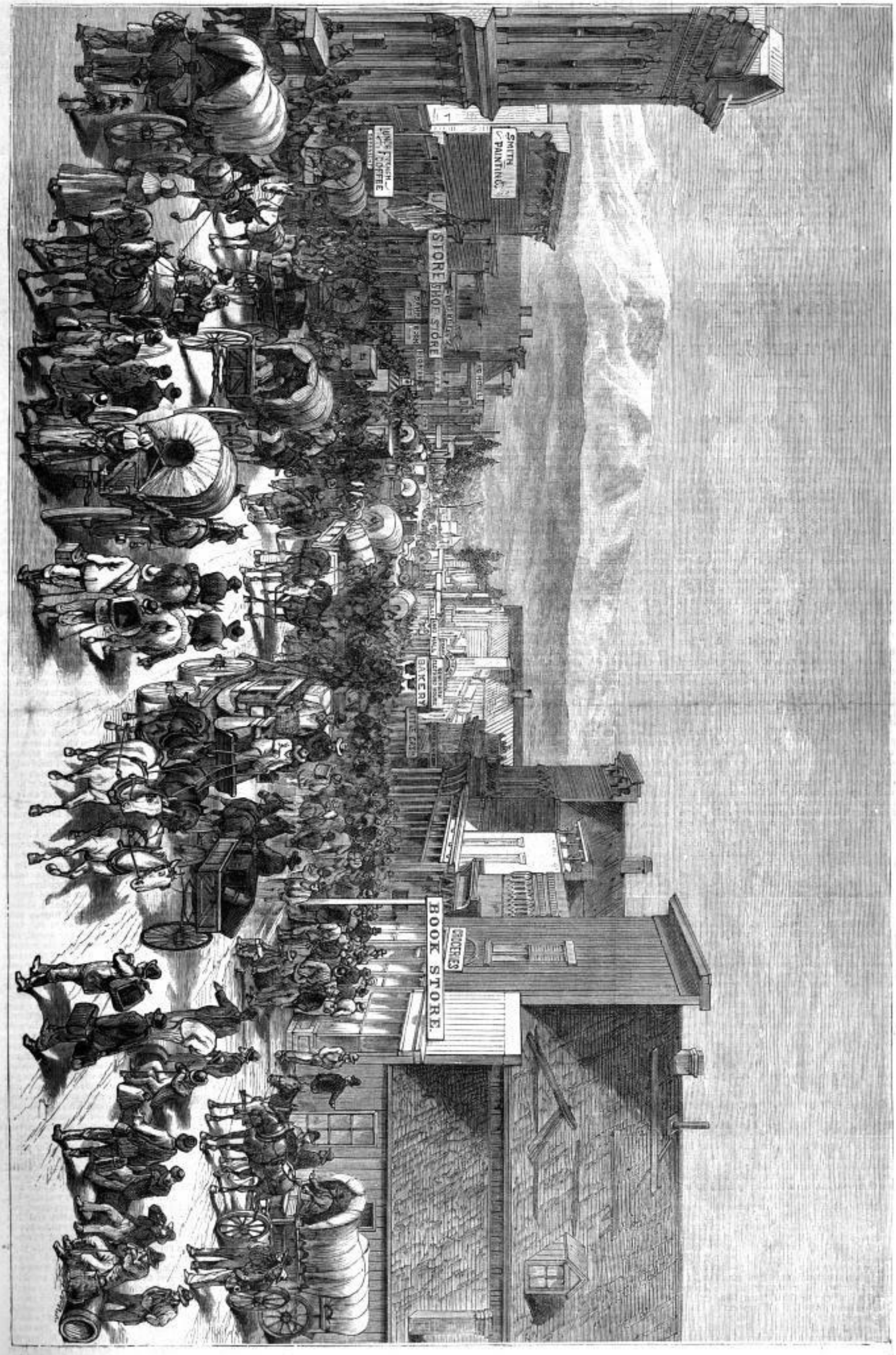
EVERY MAN HIS OWN TAILOR.



EVENING PRAYER IN THE SOCIAL ROOM.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE "HOME OF INDUSTRY" IN WATER STREET, FOR THE RECLAMATION OF EX-CONVICTS.—SEE PAGE 85.

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COLORADO.—OUR WONDERFUL MINERAL PRODUCTIONS.—A VIEW OF THE NEW CITY OF LEADVILLE, 10,200 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE PAGE 96.

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JAQUEMINOTS AND VIOLETS.

YOU always sent me jaqueminots
Red as the Gascon wine,
Color as fervent as your love,
And deep and true as mine.
I always sent you violets—
For so your fancy ran—
The flower of fame to woman came,
The violets to the man.

It was the quaint old sentiment
That flowers have language true,
The violets imaged a recluse,
The roses were like you.
As perfume from those velvet deeps,
Your loving words would flow,
A constant rift of royal gift,
You were the jaqueminot!

And though unequaled in its pride
Is this imperial rose,
Yet all can breathe its choicest breath,
Its beauty each one knows.
Though all can praise its glorious hue
And test its fragrance rare—
On loving heart its petals start
And glow beyond compare.

But in its quiet pastures hid,
The violet, pale blue,
Had but one claim, the incense breath
Which upward went to you.
They were our types, we interchanged,
Not caring what they proved,
And, mingling, told the story old,
How man and woman loved.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

ENTERING the hall, Mr. Farnaby discovered without difficulty the position of modest retirement of which he was in search.

The cheap seats were situated, as usual, on that part of the floor of the building which was furthest from the platform. A gallery at this end of the hall threw its shadow over the hindermost benches and the gangway by which they were approached. In the sheltering obscurity thus produced, Mr. Farnaby took his place, standing in the corner formed by the angle at which the two walls of the building met, with his dutiful wife at his side. Still following them, unnoticed in the crowd, the old woman stopped at the extremity of the hindermost bench, looked close at a smartly-dressed young man who occupied the last seat at the end, and who paid marked attention to a pretty girl sitting by him, and whispered in his ear, "Now, then, Jervy! can't you make room for Mother Sowler?"

The man started and looked round. "You here!" he exclaimed, with an oath.

Before he could say more, Phœbe whispered to him on the other side, "What a horrid old creature! How did you ever come to know her?" At the same moment Mrs. Sowler reiterated her request in more peremptory language. "Do you hear, Jervy—do you hear? Sit a little closer."

Jervy apparently had his reasons for treating the expression of Mrs. Sowler's wishes with deference, shabby as she was. Making abundant apologies, he asked his neighbors to favor him by sitting a little nearer to each other, and so contrived to leave a morsel of vacant space at the edge of the bench. Phœbe, making room under protest, began to whisper again. "What does she mean by calling you Jervy? She looks like a beggar. Tell her your name is Jervis." The reply she received did not encourage her to say more. "Hold your tongue; I have reason for being civil to her—you be civil, too."

He turned to Mrs. Sowler, with the readiest submission to circumstances. Under the surface of his showy looks and his vulgar facility of manner, there lay hidden a substance of callous villainy and impenetrable cunning. He had in him the materials out of which the clever murderers are made, who baffle the police. If he could have done it with impunity, he would have destroyed without remorse the squalid old creature who sat by him, and who knew enough of his past career in England to send him to penal servitude for life. As it was, he spoke to her with a spurious condescension and good humor. "Why, it must be ten years, Mrs. Sowler, since I last saw you. What have you been doing?"

The woman frowned at him as she answered: "Can't you look at me, and see? Starving!" She eyed his gaudy watch and chain greedily. "Money don't seem to be scarce with you. Have you made your fortune in America?"

He laid his hand on her arm, and pressed it warningly. "Hush!" he said, under his breath. "We'll talk about that after the lecture." His bright, shifty black eyes turned furtively towards Phœbe—and Mrs. Sowler noticed it. The girl's savings in service had paid for his jewelry and his fine clothes. She silently resented his rudeness in telling her to "hold her tongue," sitting sullen, with her impudent little nose in the air. Jervy tried to include her indirectly in his conversation with his shabby old friend. "This young lady," he said, "knows Mr. Goldenheart. She feels sure he'll break down; and we've come here to see the fun. I don't hold with Socialism myself—I am for what my favorite newspaper calls the altar and the throne. In short, my politics are Conservative." "Your politics are in your girl's pocket," muttered Mrs. Sowler; "how long will her money last?" Jervy turned a deaf ear to the interruption. "And what has brought you here?" he went on, in his most ingratiating way. "Did you see the advertisement in the papers?" Mrs. Sowler answered loud enough to be heard above the hum of talking in the sixpenny places. "I was having a drop of gin, and I saw the paper at the public-house. I'm one of the discontented poor. I hate rich people; and I'm ready to pay my sixpence to hear them abused." "Hear, hear!" said a man near, who looked like a shoemaker. "I hope he'll give it to the aristocracy!" added one of the shoemaker's neighbors, apparently a groom out of place. "I'm sick of the aristocracy," cried a woman with a fiery face and a crushed bonnet; "it's them as swallows up the money; what business have they with their palaces and their parks, when my husband's out of work, and my children hungry at home?" The acquiescent shoemaker listened with admiration. "Very well put," he said—"very well put."

These expressions of popular feeling reached the respectable ears of Mr. Farnaby. "Do you hear those wretches?" he said to his wife.

Mrs. Farnaby seized the welcome opportunity of irritating him. "Poor things!" she answered. "In their place, we should talk as they do."

"You had better go into the reserved seats," rejoined her husband, turning from her with a look of disgust. "There's plenty of room. Why do you stop here?"

"I could not think of leaving you, my dear! How do you like my American friend?"

"I am astonished at your taking the liberty of introducing him to me. You know perfectly well that I was here incognito. What do I care about a wandering American?"

Mrs. Farnaby persisted as maliciously as ever. "Ah, but you see, I like him. A wandering American is my ally."

"Your ally! What do you mean?"

"Good heavens, how dull you are! Don't you know that I object to my niece's marriage engagement? I was quite delighted when I heard of this lecture, because it's an obstacle in the way. It disgusts Regina, and it disgusts you—and my dear American is the man who first brought it about. Hush! here's Amelius. How well he looks! So graceful and so gentlemanlike," cried Mrs. Farnaby, signaling with her handkerchief to show Amelius their position in the hall. "I declare I'm ready to become a Socialist before he opens his lips!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE personal appearance of Amelius took the audience completely by surprise. A man who is young and handsome is not the order of man who is habitually associated in the popular mind with the idea of a lecture. After a moment of silence, there was a spontaneous burst of applause. It was renewed when Amelius, first placing on his table a little book, announced his intention of delivering the lecture extempore. The absence of the inevitable manuscript was in itself an act of mercy that cheered the public at starting.

The orator of the evening began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, thoughtful people accustomed to watch the signs of the times in this country, and among the other nations of Europe, are (so far as I know) agreed in the conclusion that serious changes are likely to take place in present forms of government, and in existing systems of society, before the century in which we live has reached its end. In plain words, the next revolution is not so unlikely, and not so far off, as it pleases the higher and wealthier classes among European populations to suppose. I am one of those who believe that the coming convulsion will take the form, this time, of a Social revolution, and that the man at the head of it will not be a military or a political man—but a great citizen sprung from the people, and devoted heart and soul to the people's cause. Within the limits assigned to me to-night, it is impossible that I should speak to you of government and society among other nations, even if I possessed the necessary knowledge and experience to venture on so vast a subject. All that I can now attempt to do is (first) to point out some of the causes which are paving the way for a coming change in the social and political condition of this country; and (secondly) to satisfy you that the only trustworthy remedy for existing abuses is to be found in the system which Christian Socialism extracts from this little book on my table—the book which you all know under the name of the New Testament. Before, however, I enter on my task, I feel it a duty to say one preliminary word on the subject of my claim to address you, such as it is. I am most unwilling to speak of myself—but my position here forces me to do so. I am a stranger to all of you; and I am a very young man. Let me tell you then, briefly, what my life has been, and where I have been brought up—and then decide for yourselves whether it is worth your while to favor me with your attention or not."

"A very good opening," remarked the shoemaker.

"A nice-looking fellow," said the fiery-faced woman. "I should like to kiss him."

"He's too civil by half," grumbled Mrs. Sowler; "I wish I had my sixpence back in my pocket."

"Give him time," whispered Jervy, "and he'll warm up. I say, Phœbe, he doesn't begin like a man who is going to break down. I don't expect there will much to laugh at to-night."

"What an admirable speaker!" said Mrs. Farnaby to her husband. "Fancy such a man as that being married to such an idiot as Regina!"

"There's always a chance for him," returned Mr. Farnaby, savagely, "as long as he's not married to such a woman as you!"

In the meantime, Amelius had claimed national kindred with his audience as an Englishman, and had rapidly sketched his life at Tadmor in its most noteworthy points. This done, he put the question whether they would hear him. His frankness and freshness had already won the public; they answered by a general chant of applause.

"Very well," Amelius proceeded; "now let us get on. Suppose we take a glance (we have no time to do more) at the present state of our religious system first. What is the public aspect of the thing called Christianity in the England of our day? A hundred different sects all at variance with each other. An established church, rent in every direction by incessant wrangling—disputes about black gowns or white; about having candlesticks on tables or off tables; about bowing to the east or bowing to the west; about which doctrine collects the most respectable support and possesses the largest sum of money, the doctrine in my church, or the doctrine in your church, or the doctrine in the church over the way. Look up, if you like, from this multitudinous and incessant squabbling, among the rank and file, to the high regions in which the right reverend representatives of state religion sit apart. Are they Christians? If they are, show me the bishop who dares assert his Christianity in the House of Lords, when the ministry of the day happens to see its advantage in engaging in a war! Where is that bishop, and how many supporters does he count among his own order? Do you blame me for using intemperate language—language which I cannot justify? Take a fair test, and try me by that. The result of the Christianity of the New Testament is to make men true, humane, gentle, modest, strictly scrupulous and strictly considerate in their dealings with their neighbors. Does the Christianity of the churches and the sects produce these results among us? Look at the staple of the country, at the occupation which employs the largest number of Englishmen of all degrees—look at our commerce. What is its social aspect, judged by the morality which is in this book in my hand? Let those organized systems of imposture, masquerading under the disguise of banks and companies, answer the question—there is no need for me to answer it. You know what respectable names are associated, year after year, with the shameless falsification of accounts, and the merciless ruin of thousands on thousands of victims. You know how our poor Indian customer finds his cotton-print dress a sham that falls to pieces; how the savage who deals honestly with us for his weapon finds his gun a delusion that bursts; how the half-starved needlewoman who buys her reel of thread finds printed on the label a false statement of the number of yards that she buys; you know that, in the markets of Europe, foreign goods are fast taking the place of English goods, because the foreigner is the most honest manufacturer of the two—and, lastly, you know, what is worse than all, that these cruel and wicked deceptions, and many more like them, are regarded, on the highest commercial authority, as "forms of competition" and justifiable proceedings in trade. Do you believe in the honorable accumulation of wealth by men who hold such opinions and perpetrate such impostures as these? I don't! Do you find any brighter and purer prospect when you look down from the man who deceives you and me on the great scale, to the man who deceives us on the small? I don't! Everything we eat, drink, and wear is a more or less adulterated commodity; and the very adulteration is sold to us by the tradesmen at such outrageous prices that we are obliged to protect ourselves on the Socialist principle, by setting up co-operative shops of our own. Wait! and hear me out, before you applaud. Don't mistake the plain purpose of what I am saying to you; and don't suppose that I am blind to the brighter side of the dark picture that I have drawn. Look within the limits of private life, and you will find true Christians, thank God, among clergymen and laymen alike; you will find men and women who deserve to be called, in the highest sense of the word, disciples of Christ. But my business is not with private life—my business is with the present public aspect of the religion, morals and politics of this country; and, again I say it, that aspect presents one wide field of corruption and abuse, and reveals a callous and shocking insensibility on the part of the nation at large to the spectacle of its own demoralization and disgrace."

There Amelius paused, and took his first drink of water.

Reserved seats at public performances seem, by some curious affinity, to be occupied by reserved persons. The select public, seated nearest to the orator, preserved discreet silence. But the hearty applause from the sixpenny places made ample amends. There was enough of the lecturer's own vehemence and impetuosity in this opening attack—sustained as it undeniably was by a sound foundation of truth—to appeal strongly to the majority of his audience. Mrs. Sowler began to think that her sixpence had been well laid out, after all; and Mrs. Farnaby pointed the direct application to her husband of all the hardest hits at commerce, by nodding her head at him as they were delivered.

Amelius went on.

"The next thing we have to discover is this: Will our present system of government supply us with peaceable means for the reform of the abuses which I have already noticed? not forgetting that other enormous abuse represented by our intolerable national expenditure, increasing with every year. Unless you insist on it, I do not propose to waste our precious time by saying anything about the House of Lords, for three good reasons. In the first place, that assembly is not elected by the people, and it has therefore no right of existence in a really free country. In the second place, out of its four hundred and eighty-five members, no less than one hundred and eighty-four directly profit by the expenditure of the public money; being in the annual receipt, under one pretense or another, of more than half a million sterling. In the third place, if the assembly of the Commons has in it the will, as well as the capacity, to lead the way in the needful reforms, the assembly of the Lords has no alternative but to follow or to raise the revolution which it only escaped by a hair's-breadth, some forty years since. What do you say? Shall we waste our time in speaking of the House of Lords?

Loud cries from the sixpenny benches answered No; the hostler and the fiery-faced woman being the most vociferous of all. Here and there, certain dissentient individuals raised a little hiss—led by Jervy, in the interests of "the altar and the throne."

Amelius resumed.

"Well, will the House of Commons help us to get purer Christianity, and cheaper government, by lawful and sufficient process of reform? Let me again remind you that this assembly has the power—if it has the will. Is it so constituted at present as to have the will? There is the question! The number of members is a little over six hundred and fifty. Out of this number, one fifth only represent (or pretend to represent), the trading interests of the country. As for the members charged with the interests of the working class, they are more easily counted still—they are two in number! Then, in heaven's name, you will ask what interest does the majority of the members in this assembly represent? There is but one answer—the military and aristocratic interest. In these days of the decay of representative institutions, the House of Commons has become a complete misnomer. The Commons are not represented; modern members belong to classes of the community which have really no interest in providing for popular needs and lightening popular burdens. In one word, there is no sort of hope for us in the House of Commons. And whose fault is this? I own it with shame and sorrow—it is emphatically the fault of the people. Yes, I say to you plainly, it is the disgrace and the peril of England that the people themselves have elected the representative assembly which ignores the people's wants! You voters, in town and country alike, have had every conceivable freedom and encouragement secured to you in the exercise of your sacred trust—and there is the modern House of Commons to prove that you are thoroughly unworthy of it!"

These bold words produced an outbreak of disapprobation from the audience, which, for the moment, completely overpowered the speaker's voice. They were prepared to listen with inexhaustible patience to the enumeration of their virtues and their wrongs—but they had not paid sixpence each to be informed of the vicious and contemptible part which they play in modern politics. They yelled and groaned and hissed—and felt that their handsome young lecturer had insulted them.

Amelius waited quietly until the disturbance had worn itself out.

"I am sorry I have made you angry with me," he said, smiling. "The blame for this little disturbance really rests with the public speakers who are afraid of you and who flatter you—especially if you belong to the working classes. You are not accustomed to have the truth told you to your faces. Why, my good friends, the people in this country, who are unworthy of the great trust which the wise and generous English constitution places in their hands, are so numerous that they can be divided into distinct classes! There is the highly-educated class which despairs, and holds aloof. There is the class beneath—without self-respect, and therefore without public spirit—which can be bribed indirectly, by the gift of a place, by the concession of a lease, even by an invitation to a party at a great house which includes the wives and the daughters. And there is the lower class still—mercenary, corrupt, shameless to the marrow of its bones—which sells itself and its liberties for money and drink. When I began this discourse, and adverted to great changes that are to come, I spoke of them as revolutionary changes. Am I an alarmist? Do I unjustly ignore the capacity for peaceable reformation which has preserved modern England from revolutions, thus far? God forbid that I should deny the truth, or that I should alarm you without need! But history tells me, if I look no further back than to the first French Revolution, that there are social and political corruptions which strike their roots in a nation so widely and so deeply, that no force short of the force of a revolutionary convulsion can tear them up and cast them away. And I do personally fear (and older and wiser men than I agree with me), that the corruptions at which I have only been able to hint in this brief address, are fast extending themselves—in England, as well as in Europe generally—beyond the reach of that lawful and bloodless reform which has served us so well in past years. Whether I am mistaken in this view (and I hope with all my heart it may be so), or whether events yet in the future will prove that I am right, the remedy in either case, the one sure foundation on which a permanent, complete, and worthy reformation can be built—whether it prevents a convulsion or whether it follows a convulsion—is only to be found within the covers of this book. Do not, I entreat you, suffer yourselves to be persuaded by those purblind philosophers who assert that the divine virtue of Christianity is a virtue which is wearing out with the lapse of time. It is the abuse and corruption of Christianity that is wearing out—as all falsities and all impostures must and do wear out. Never, since Christ and His apostles first showed men the way to be better and happier, have the nations stood in sorer need of a return to that teaching, in its pristine purity and simplicity, than now! Never more certainly than at this critical time was it the interest as well as the duty of mankind to turn a deaf ear to the turmoil of false teachers, and to trust in that all wise and all-merciful Voice which only ceased to exalt, console, and purify humanity when it expired in darkness under the torture of the cross! Are these the wild words of an enthusiast? Is this the dream of an earthly Paradise in which it is sheer folly to believe? I can tell you of one

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existing community (one among others) which numbers some hundreds of persons, and which has found prosperity and happiness by reducing the whole art and mystery of government to the simple solution set forth in the New Testament—fear God, and love thy neighbor as thyself."

By these gradations Amelius arrived at the second of the two parts into which he had divided his address.

He now repeated, at greater length and with a more careful choice of language, the statement of the religious and social principles of the Community at Tadmor, which he had already addressed to his two fellow-travelers on the voyage to England. While he confined himself to plain narrative, describing a mode of life which was entirely new to his hearers, he held the attention of the audience. But when he began to argue the question of applying Christian Socialism to the Government of large populations as well as small—when he inquired logically whether what he had proved to be good for some hundreds of persons was not also good for some thousands, and, conceding that, for some hundreds of thousands, and so on until he had arrived, by dint of sheer argument, at the conclusion that what had succeeded at Tadmor must necessarily succeed on a fair trial in London—then the public interest began to flag. People remembered their coughs and colds, and talked in whispers, and looked about them with a vague feeling of relief in staring at each other. Mrs. Sowler, hitherto content with furtively glancing at Mr. Farnaby from time to time, now began to look at him more boldly, as he stood in his corner with his eyes fixed sternly on the platform at the other end of the hall. He too began to feel that the lecture was changing its tone. It was no longer the daring outbreak which he had come to hear, as his sufficient justification (if necessary) for forbidding Amelius to enter the house. "I have had enough of it," he said, suddenly turning to his wife; "let us go."

If Mrs. Farnaby could have been forewarned that she was standing in that assembly of strangers, not as one of themselves, but as a woman with a formidable danger hanging over her head—or if she had only happened to look towards Phœbe, and had felt a passing reluctance to submit herself to the possibly insolent notice of a discharged servant—she might have gone out with her husband, and might have so escaped the peril that had been lying in wait for her from the fatal moment when she first entered the hall. As it was, she refused to move. "You forget the public discussion," she said. "Wait and see what sort of fight Amelius makes of it when the lecture is over."

She spoke loud enough to be heard by some of the people seated nearest to her. Phœbe, critically examining the dresses of the few ladies in the reserved seats, twisted round on the bench, and noticed for the first time the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby in their dim corner. "Look!" she whispered to Jervy, "there's the wretch who turned me out of her house without a character, and her husband with her."

Jervy looked round, in his turn, a little doubtful of the accuracy of his sweetheart's information. "Surely they wouldn't come to the sixpenny places," he said. "Are you certain it's Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby?"

He spoke in cautiously lowered tones; but Mrs. Sowler had seen him look back at the lady and gentleman in the corner, and was listening attentively to catch the first words that fell from his lips.

"Which is Mr. Farnaby?" she asked.

"The man in the corner there, with the white-silk wrapper over his mouth, and his hat down to his eyebrows."

Mrs. Sowler looked round for a moment, to make sure that Jervy's man and her man were one and the same.

"Farnaby?" she muttered to herself, in the tone of a person who heard the name for the first time. She considered a little, and, leaning across Jervy, addressed herself to his companion. "My dear," she whispered, "did that gentleman ever go by the name of Morgan, and have his letters addressed to the George and Dragon, in Tooley Street?" Phœbe lifted her eyebrows with a look of contemptuous surprise, which was an answer in itself. "Fancy the great Mr. Farnaby going by an assumed name, and having his letters addressed to a public-house!" she said to Jervy. Mrs. Sowler asked no more questions. She relapsed into muttering to herself, under her breath. "His whiskers have turned gray, to be sure—but I know his eyes again; I'll take my oath to it, there's no mistaking *his* eyes!" She suddenly appealed to Jervy. "Is he rich?" she asked. "Rolling in riches!" was the answer. "Where does he live?" Jervy was cautious how he replied to that; he consulted Phœbe. "Shall I tell her?" Phœbe answered petulantly, "I'm turned out of the house; I don't care what you tell her!" Jervy again addressed the old woman, still keeping his information in reserve. "Why do you want to know where he lives?" "He owes me money," said Mrs. Sowler. Jervy looked hard at her, and emitted a long, low whistle, expressive of blank amazement. The persons near, annoyed by the incessant whispering, looked round irritably, and insisted on silence. Jervy ventured, nevertheless, on a last interruption. "You seem to be tired of this," he remarked to Phœbe; "let's go and get some oysters." She rose directly. Jervy tapped Mrs. Sowler on the shoulder as they passed her. "Come and have some supper," he said; "I'll stand treat."

The three were necessarily noticed by their neighbors as they passed out. Mrs. Farnaby discovered Phœbe—when it was too late. Mr. Farnaby happened to look first at the old woman. Sixteen years of squalid poverty effectually disguised her in that dim light. He only looked away again, and said to his wife impatiently, "Let us go, too!" Mrs. Farnaby was still obstinate. "You can go, if you like," she said; "I shall stay here."

(*To be continued.*)

CONDENSED MILK.

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

TO one concerned in our peculiarly American industries, a visit to the factory of the Borden Condensed Milk Co., at Brewster's Station, on the line of the New York and Harlem Railroad, some fifty-two miles from this city, will prove of genuine interest, affording, as it will, a knowledge of the manufacture of this important article which can nowhere else be so easily obtained. A correspondent, who has given the subject close personal attention, furnishes the facts herewith given.

Borden's Condensed Milk was first introduced to the public in the year 1858, under the superintendence of Mr. Gail Borden, then the president of the company (now deceased), who was the inventor of the process of condensing milk, and to whom numerous patents have been issued extending as far back as August, 1856. In addition to the factory at Brewster's Station, there are also operated by the New York Condensed Milk Co. two other factories, all of which are under the general management of Mr. John Gail Borden, son of the inventor, who succeeded his father in the presidency of the company, and whose life has been spent in perfecting the manufacture by the various improvements in machinery and apparatus introduced by him.

At the Brewster's Station factory is manufactured condensed milk both for immediate use, as served by the company's wagons in New York City, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City and other places, and also in its preserved form, known all over the world as the "Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk."

The condensed milk made by this company is simply pure cows' milk, from which 75 to 80 per cent. of water is evaporated in vacuo. The preserved milk known as the "Gail Borden Eagle Brand" is condensed milk combined with the best refined sugar, and its uniform excellence has brought it into general use for every purpose where ordinary milk is used, whether for the table, for cooking, for children's food, or for the traveler on sea or land.

The greatest care is exercised *before* receiving the fluid milk at the factory, and absolute conformity is required upon the part of the dairymen to the stipulations set out in their contracts with the company, regulating the feeding of the cows, straining and cooling the milk, conditions of the cans, etc., etc., and on its receipt at the factory it is subjected to the most critical examination, a test of the milk being made immediately upon its delivery by the farmer and a record preserved in regard to it.

It may be stated further, for the satisfaction of consumers of Borden's condensed milk, that the moment the fluid milk is received at the factory it is immediately drawn into the vacuum cylinder, from which it is drawn into the forty-quart cans, without being handled or exposed in any way, and forwarded to New York.

In order to insure perfect cleanliness to the dairyman's cans, the company takes upon itself the task of thoroughly cleansing them by the application of a jet of steam before they are allowed to leave the factory. To those not accustomed to the handling of milk, and unfamiliar with its peculiarities and perishable nature, such extreme precaution would seem useless; but to the care of details of this kind is attributed much of the success and popularity which Borden's condensed milk has attained.

Another point which especially arrested our attention was the extreme neatness observable *everywhere* in this establishment. It might readily be imagined that where milk is received and handled in such quantities, some untidiness might follow, instead of which so thorough a system of cleanliness is the *rule* here, that in the afternoon, when the process of condensation is finished, not a sign of milk is to be seen anywhere. Cleanliness without qualification was a requirement absolutely insisted upon by Mr. Gail Borden, and it is with this idea the present managers and employés are thoroughly imbued. In so brief an article as this it is impossible to enumerate the details of a manufacture so complex and intricate. We give, however, on page 92, illustrations of some few of the points of interest to be found in this factory, which will furnish a comparatively complete idea of the entire process.

Borden's condensed milk has maintained the confidence of the public for over twenty-one years. The reasons for this continued popularity are obvious. In the first place, it is owing to the fact that the promise made at the very inception that it is *pure milk, "nothing added and nothing but water removed"* (in the preserved the best refined sugar is employed), has never been deviated from in a single instance in all this period. The fastidious neatness and cleanliness observed in every department, its great economy, and its perfect purity, all combine to commend it to the use of every family, while as a healthful diet for infants and children, either as served for daily use or in the preserved form (Gail Borden Eagle Brand), it is pre-eminent.

The distributing depots are located at 227 and 229 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, and 98 to 106 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, from which the wagons deliver daily, except on Sunday, which is avoided, as the milk will remain good for two or three days with ordinary care. The main office and wholesale department for the preserved milk, Gail Borden Eagle Brand, is at Nos. 60, 62 and 64 Park Place.

An Enormous Lathe and Monster Crane.

AN enormous lathe is being constructed for Woolwich Arsenal in the Royal Gun Factories, for turning a 160-ton gun, an order for the manufacture of which has been expected consequent on the success of the 80-ton gun. The foundation beds of the new lathe are in three pieces, the head stock weighing 40 tons, and the poppy head about 12 tons. A 1,000-ton crane—the largest of its kind in the world—designated the "Revolving Traveler," is also being constructed in the Royal Arsenal, and will be available for manipulating and shipping the heaviest ordnance which may be manufactured for a century hence. Immense as are the resources of the Royal Arsenal, they are at the present time inadequate to grapple with the rapid strides made in modern heavy gunnery, and the War Department has determined not only to construct a crane which will meet the requirements of the proposed 160-ton gun, but also to leave a large margin of lifting power which may be available for any future contingencies. The foundation plate of the new monster crane is composed of forty segments of 7 tons each, and the total iron in the crane when completed will be 700 tons. Several portions or pieces already constructed weigh 20, 18, 15, and 12 tons respectively. The "Revolving Traveler" will not be finished for a couple of years.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Madame Sarah Bernhard, the celebrated actress, has published a volume on her captive balloon ascents.

The Death is announced at Berlin of the well-known chemist, Professor Sonnenschein. He had reached the age of sixty-two.

Mr. A. Craig-Christie, F. L. S., lecturer on botany, Edinburgh, is a candidate for the Chair of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

Professor Virchow intends, on the close of the current semester, to accept an invitation of Dr. Schliemann to join him in some excavations at Troy.

It is Proposed to open in July, in the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, an exhibition of scientific applications, "an important corollary of the Universal Exhibition of 1878."

The Emperor of Austria has bestowed upon Dr. Meyer, the director of the Royal Zoological Museum of Dresden, the well-known New Guinea traveler, the Order of the Iron Crown.

Mr. Milman, who for some years has acted as Assistant-Registrar, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Carpenter as Registrar of London University. It is stated that Mr. H. N. Moseley is a candidate for the Assistant-Registrarship.

Further Experiments have been made in lighting the British Museum reading-room with the electric light. The result showed that, by proper arrangement and at a comparatively moderate cost, there is good reason to believe that the end desired can be obtained.

Professor Virchow, in a recent address on the Oriental plague to the Berlin Medical Society, drew the attention of his hearers to a method of disinfecting advocated by Balard, who asserts that if infected articles are plunged into cold water during some hours, the contagious germs will invariably be destroyed.

The Services Rendered to Meteorology by the observatories of Puy-de-Dôme and Pic du Midi are so great that it is proposed to establish two others, one on the top of Mont Ventoux, in the south of France, and the other on the top of Ballon de Servance (altitude 1,189 metres) in the department of Vosges.

In his Last Report on the trade and commerce of New Caledonia, Mr. Consul Layard states that he has observed there a great variety of apparently valuable fibres, woods and oils, which have yet to be developed. He also notes the discovery of a large deposit of good guano on some islands in the prolongation of the reef at the northern end of the island.

The French Geographical Society has determined to appoint a committee with a view of promoting exploration in Africa, the main object being to dispatch three expeditions simultaneously from Algeria, the Senegal, and the Niger, which would all meet at Timbuctoo. It is hoped that all the other geographical societies will co-operate by appointing delegates to represent them on the committee.

In his Just-published Trade Report, the British Consul at Islay, Peru, mentions that some very rich lodes have been discovered at Caylloma, a district about thirty leagues to the north of where the railway passes at Pampa de Arriero, on the road from Arequipa to Puno. Several parties have surveyed them, and they are supposed to be equal in riches to the famous Caracoles mines in Chile, which created so much excitement a few years back.

Mr. W. E. Garforth has exhibited before the Manchester (England) Geological Society an arrangement for employing compressed air, at a pressure of 8,000 pounds and upwards to the square inch, instead of gunpowder, for blasting in mines. Experiments had been made at Wigan with considerable success, and the hope was expressed by many experienced coal-miners that the use of gunpowder in firing mines might be abandoned.

The New Serres Museum seems to be doing its utmost to afford valuable instruction to those interested in studying the history and the progress of ceramic art. During the last few months a methodical classification of all the examples exhibited has been accomplished, and each one is classed according to its historical and geographical position as well as with regard to its technical worth. For this purpose labels are attached to all the pieces, giving the date and place of manufacture and the marks on various pieces; so that a wide knowledge can often be gained of a subject merely from studying these labels, four thousand of which have lately been affixed.

Analysis of Drinking Water.—Professor Tidy, of London, has made careful comparative analysis of 1,600 waters in order to test the accuracy of the various methods employed by chemists. He finds the ammonia process to yield results of singular inconstancy; the combustion process has all the evils of evaporation to encounter without any corresponding advantage; the permanganate-of-potash process avoids the errors incidental to evaporation and gives constant and extremely delicate results; it draws a short line between the putrescent or probably pernicious and the non-putrescent or probably harmless organic matter; by the permanganate process a bad water can never be passed as good. It is true that the combustion process gives results closely concordant with those obtained by the use of permanganate, but it requires greater skill and more time, and can scarcely be recommended for any other purpose than to serve as a control in an exhaustive investigation.

Fish Preserved by Salicylic Acid.—Professor Eckart, of Munich, has invented a method of preserving fish in a very simple and economical manner, which can be applied to any quantity large or small, and will keep them in their original freshness for several days. The proceeding consists in impregnating the fish, by means of hydraulic pressure, with a weak solution of salicylic acid. They are then packed in boxes and barrels and covered with gelatine, which prevents them from drying. When they have reached their destination, a short soaking in water is said to restore them to their original freshness. Preserved in that way, fish will retain their flavor for ten days or more, and can be sent on goods-trains to a considerable distance. The inventor has already managed to prepare 3,000 pounds of fish per day, and as he could send the merchandise by slow trains, a material saving of expense was effected. Salicylic acid is now made in large quantities from the Meadow Queen, and also from willow bark, and is much cheaper than formerly.

Professor Langley's Contributions to Science.—Professor S. P. Langley, Director of the Allegheny Observatory, has been busily engaged in completing a direct experimental comparison between the heat of the sun and the highest temperature attainable in the arts. The results indicate that the sun's intrinsic heat is almost beyond comparison greater than that of any blast furnace, and far larger than was reckoned by the French physicists. Professor Langley has also nearly finished a memoir embodying great numbers of measurements and drawings at the extreme lower end of the solar spectrum, particularly the A group. These are parts of a research supported by the Rumford fund, requiring also a new study of the distribution of energy in the spectrum, as shown by the thermopile. Rutherfurd's gratings are used to supply the spectra. A great improvement has been made by Professor Langley in the accessories of the diffraction spectroscope, by means of which the use of collimators of extraordinary length will become practicable.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON is much better, and it is thought that a second amputation will not be necessary.

U. S. COMMISSIONER DAVID C. WINSLOW died at the age of sixty years at his residence in Brooklyn, March 27th.

FISK UNIVERSITY, at Nashville, has received a contribution of $50,000 from Mrs Daniel P. Stone, of Malden, Mass.

PROFESSOR A. K. YANCEY, Jr., of Virginia, has been chosen President of the Alabama Female College, at Tuscaloosa.

M. HERR, President of the Swiss Confederation in 1876, and a jurist of considerable note, died recently in his fifty-fourth year.

MILANESE ladies are to present a gold medal to Queen Margaret in compliment to her presence of mind on Passannante's attack on King Humbert.

THE CZAR and the Empress of Russia will leave St. Petersburg for the Crimea about the middle of April. The Empress's state of health, it is announced, renders the change desirable.

THERE are fourteen ex-Governors in the new Senate — Messrs. Anthony, Booth, Burnside, Coke, Garland, Groome, Grover, Hamlin, Hampton, Harris, Houston, Kellogg, Kirkwood and Vance.

MME. MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON is in great demand in society now that the time for her return to Europe draws near, and she finds it very difficult to arrange to accept all the invitations she receives.

THE Marquis Tseng, the new Chinese Ambassador to England and France, speaks and writes English fluently, and has some knowledge of French. He has been accompanied to London by his wife and three children.

THE will of Samuel Adams, late of Castine, Me., contains bequests amounting to $10,000, including $800 each to the Seamen's Friends Society, the American Bible Society and the American Missionary Association, all of New York City.

M. LEPÈRE, the new French Minister of the Interior, is the sixteenth man who has filled that post since the fall of the empire, without reckoning twice over the Ministers who, like M. de Marcère, have had more than one term of office.

THE will of Henry J. Williams, the late distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, leaves eight acres with suitable buildings and $20,000 to found a home for destitute children. Other bequests, in some of $5,000 each, are left to various charitable societies.

THE sister of the wealthy Mrs. J. W. Mackey, who spends her Occidental money in Paris, is about to make a European marriage. The bridegroom is a rich Austrian, Count Tellenor. He is a naturalized Italian citizen, and has a palace in Rome, where the wedding is to be.

PROFESSORS KUNDEMANN and Makart, the architects Streit and Wagner, and the painter Scheleher will have charge of the arrangement of the grand medieval procession in Vienna on the occasion of the celebration of the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria.

GENERAL GRANT had an exceedingly pleasant time in Bombay. Sir Richard Temple, the Governor, invited the general to occupy his house at Malabar Point; the British officials all came to the landing to meet the Americans, and state dinners and receptions have been given for the party.

REFERRING to the rumor that Prince Leopold, Victoria's youngest son, entertains the desire of taking holy orders, a correspondent notes the curious fact that hitherto no legitimate son of an English monarch has entered the ecclesiastical profession, or even been suspected of an inclination therefor.

MR. CARLYLE'S house in Chelsea will by-and-by become the scene of a honeymoon. Miss Mary Carlyle Aitken, the daughter of his sister, a young lady who has long been the old philosopher's caretaker, is to be married to her cousin, the son of his brother. The young couple will thereafter live with their uncle.

GOVERNOR FREMONT is extremely enthusiastic concerning his Territory of Arizona. He talks of its wonderful mineral wealth, its rich soil, its timber, its excellent grazing regions, and its delightful climate, with great pride. He thinks that Tucson is to become the great railway station for business between this country and Mexico.

THE present Duke of Newcastle will be a rich man, with something like £70,000 or £80,000 a year, when he comes of age, as the heavy charges on the Worksop property are nearly paid off. He is a cripple owing to an accident when a child, which the nurse unpardonably kept from the knowledge of his parents, and the injured leg had to be rebroken and set.

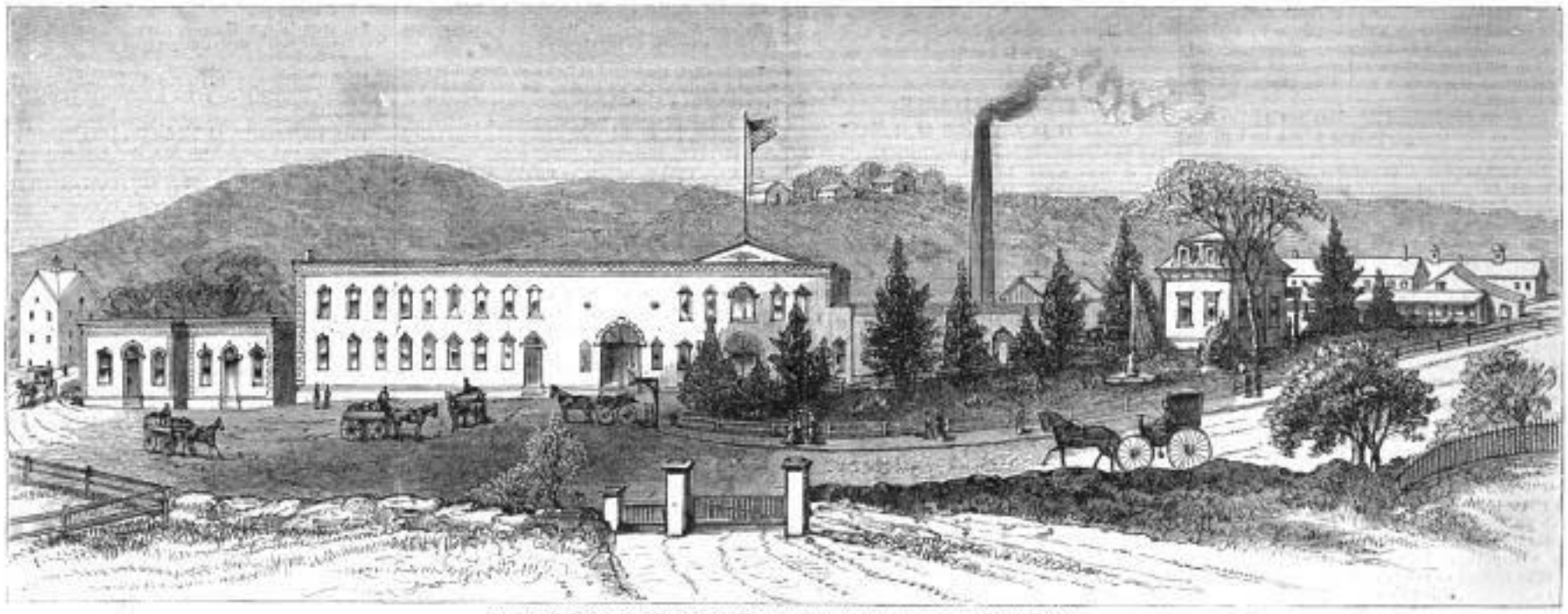
PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS, in addressing the English constituency of Southwark, thus discussed public affairs: "Our Government had blacked the boots of Russia, and picked the pocket of Turkey; it was true, only of a dirty pocket-handkerchief, namely, the Island of Cyprus, but even dirty handkerchiefs did not always come amiss to an Israelitish receiver."

COLONEL JOHN C. BURCH, the new Secretary of the United States Senate, is a native of Georgia, fifty-one years of age. He was graduated from Yale College in 1851, in the same class with B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. In 1852 he established himself at Nashville, Tenn., and immediately took an active part in politics. He was a Union man until the State seceded, and then entered the Confederate service, and was adjutant-general at different times on the staff of several prominent Southern military leaders. After the war he returned to Nashville, and in 1869 took charge of the Nashville *American*.

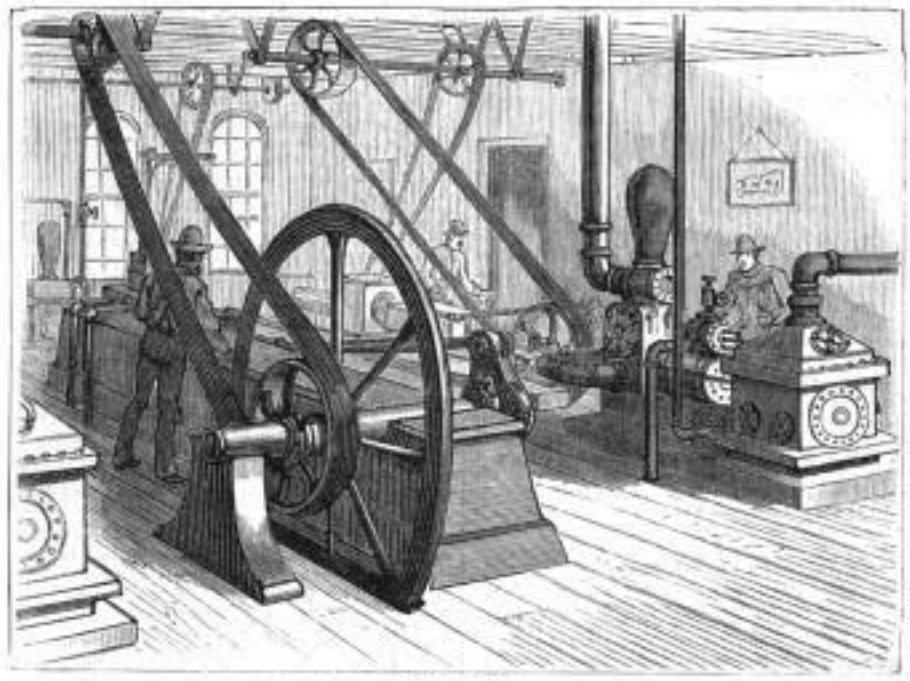
HOWARD MALCOM, President of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, Honorary President of the American Baptist Historical Society, Honorary President of the American Peace Society, and Senior Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, died at Philadelphia March 25th, aged seventy-nine years. He was born in Philadelphia, was graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, preached in Boston and Philadelphia, and became President of the College at Georgetown, Ky., and afterwards President of the University at Lewisburg, Pa. He was one of the founders of the American Tract Society, and has written a considerable number of religious works.

THE Emperor of Germany's fall has not had any evil consequences. It was due to a fainting-fit, and as he was alone with the Empress he remained on the floor for five minutes without consciousness; for her Majesty's presence of mind completely forsook her, and she was at first unable to call for assistance. The Imperial reception-rooms, which have hitherto been without carpets, will in future have them. The Emperor has always disliked them, as he found they got in his way directly he left the parquet to which he was accustomed; but the physicians now think it dangerous that a man of his Majesty's age should walk up and down constantly (which is his habit) on a shining and slippery floor.

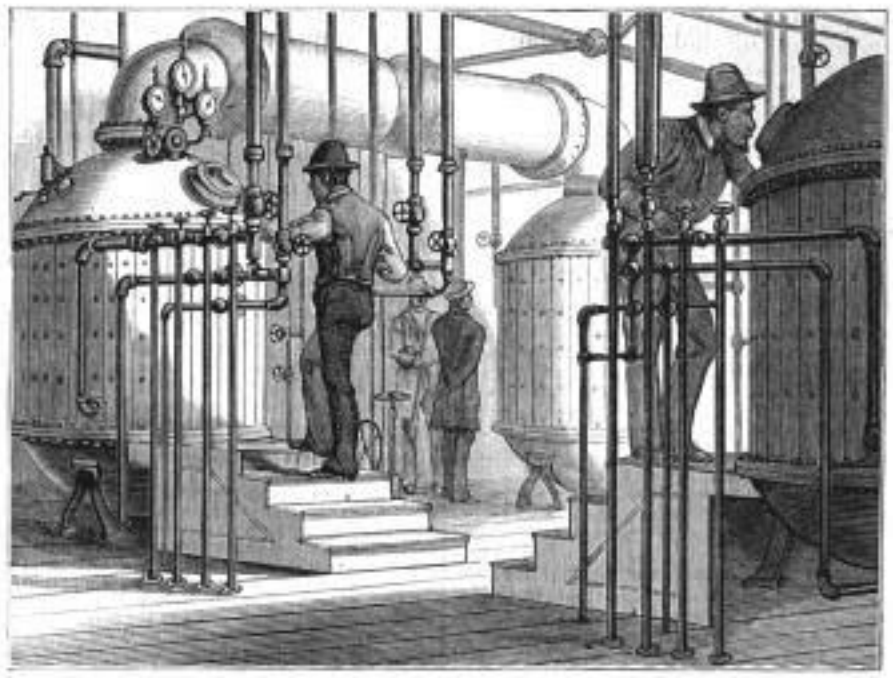
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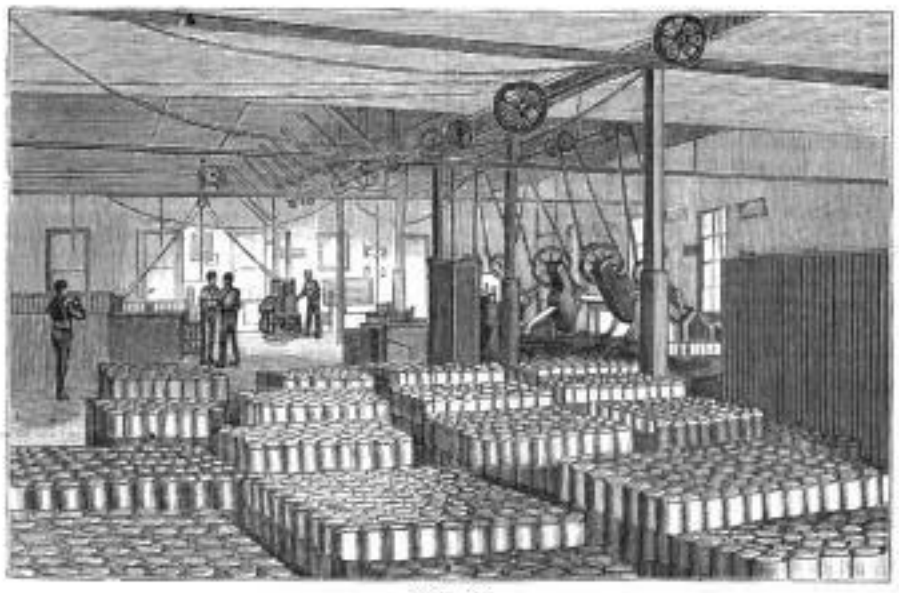
EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE FACTORY OF THE BORDEN CONDENSED MILK COMPANY.



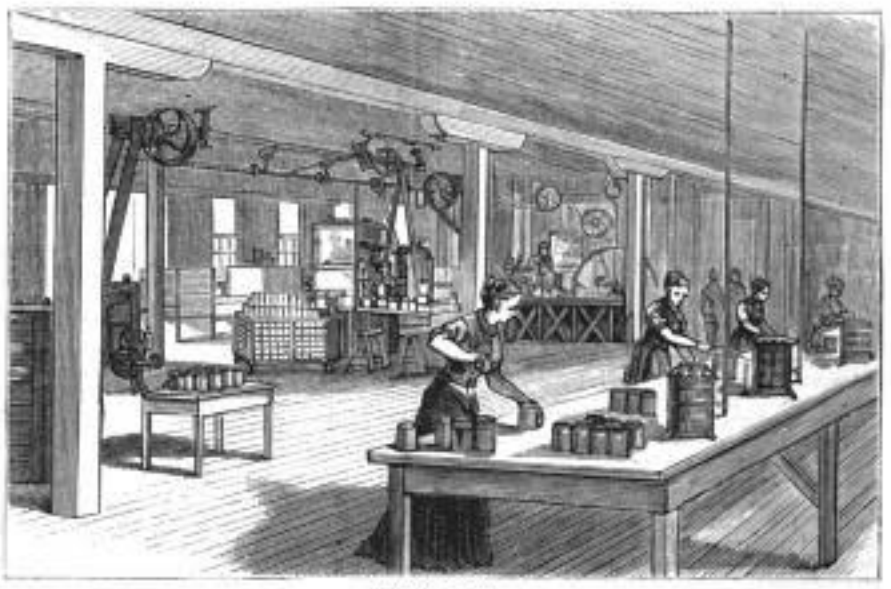
ENGINE-ROOM.



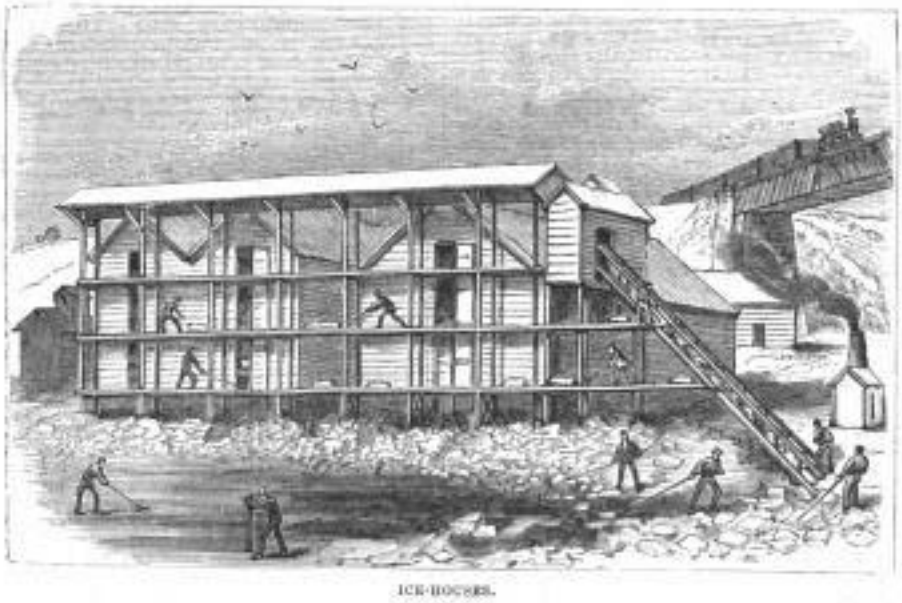
PAN-ROOM.



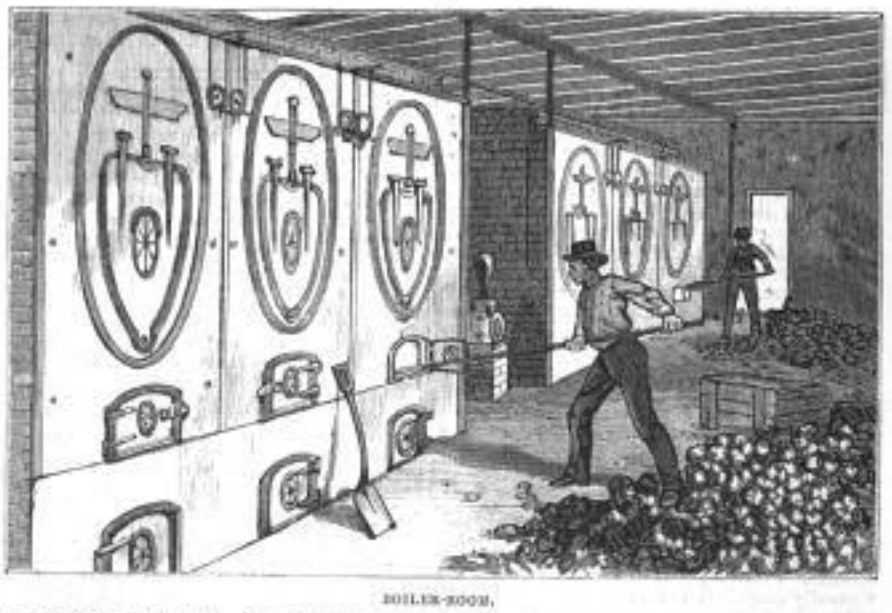
TIN-SHOP.



SEALING-ROOM.



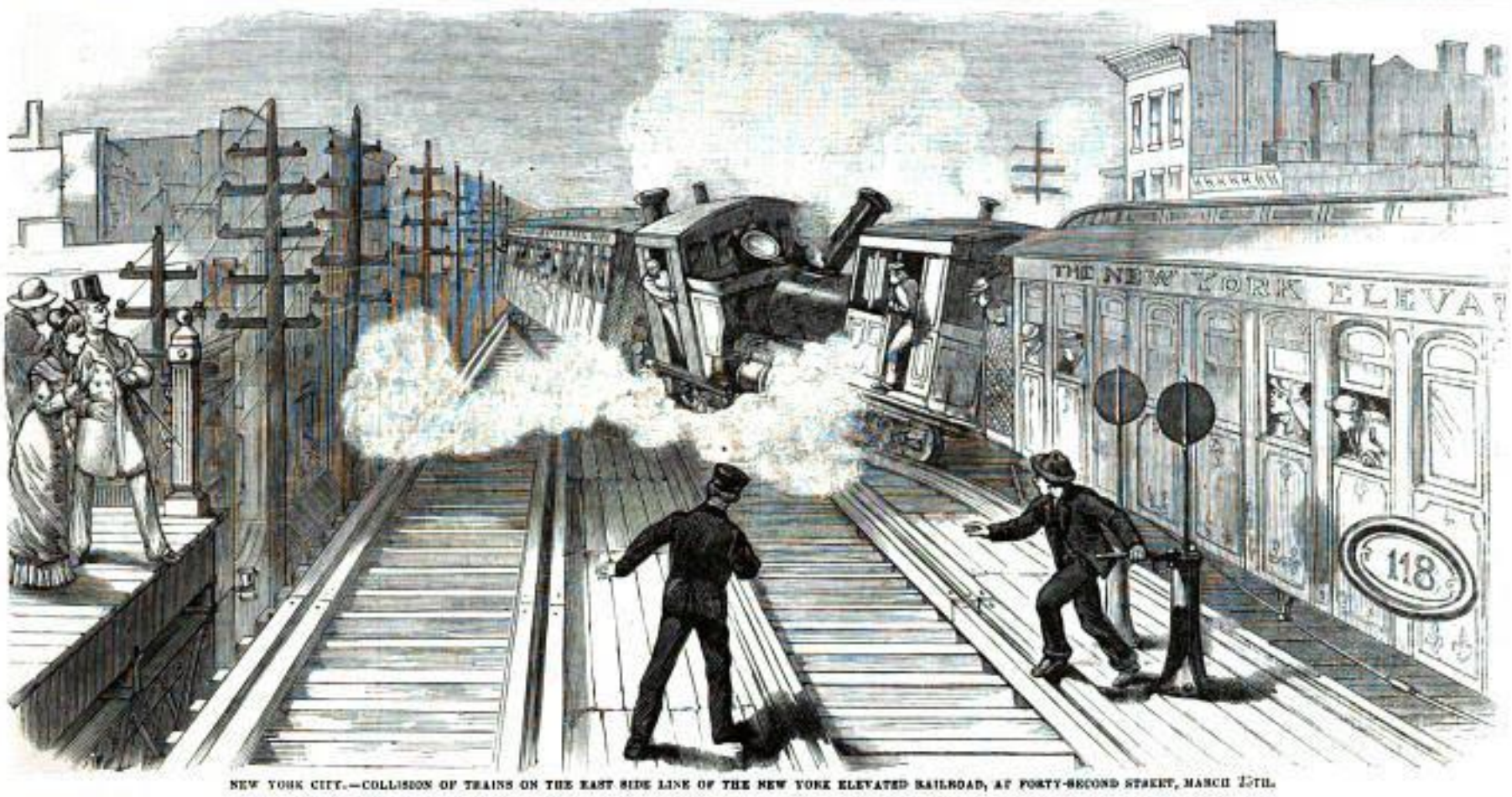
ICE-HOUSES.



BOILER-ROOM.

CONDENSED MILK — WHAT IT IS, WHERE AND HOW MADE.—A VISIT TO BORDEN'S FACTORY AT BREWSTER STATION, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 91.

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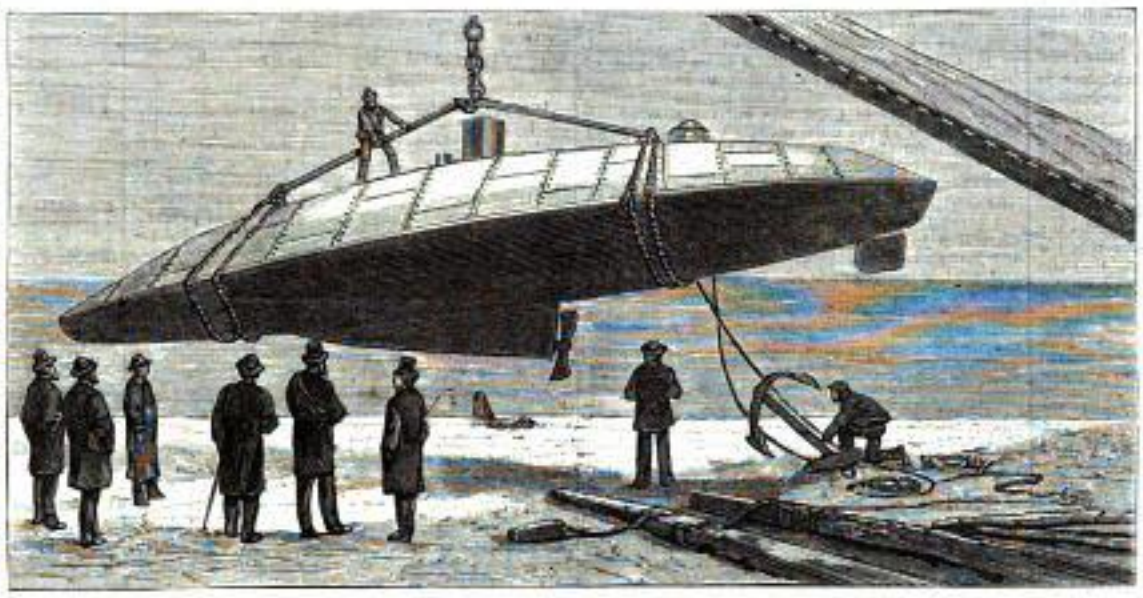


NEW YORK CITY.—COLLISION OF TRAINS ON THE EAST SIDE LINE OF THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD, AT FORTY-SECOND STREET, MARCH 25TH.

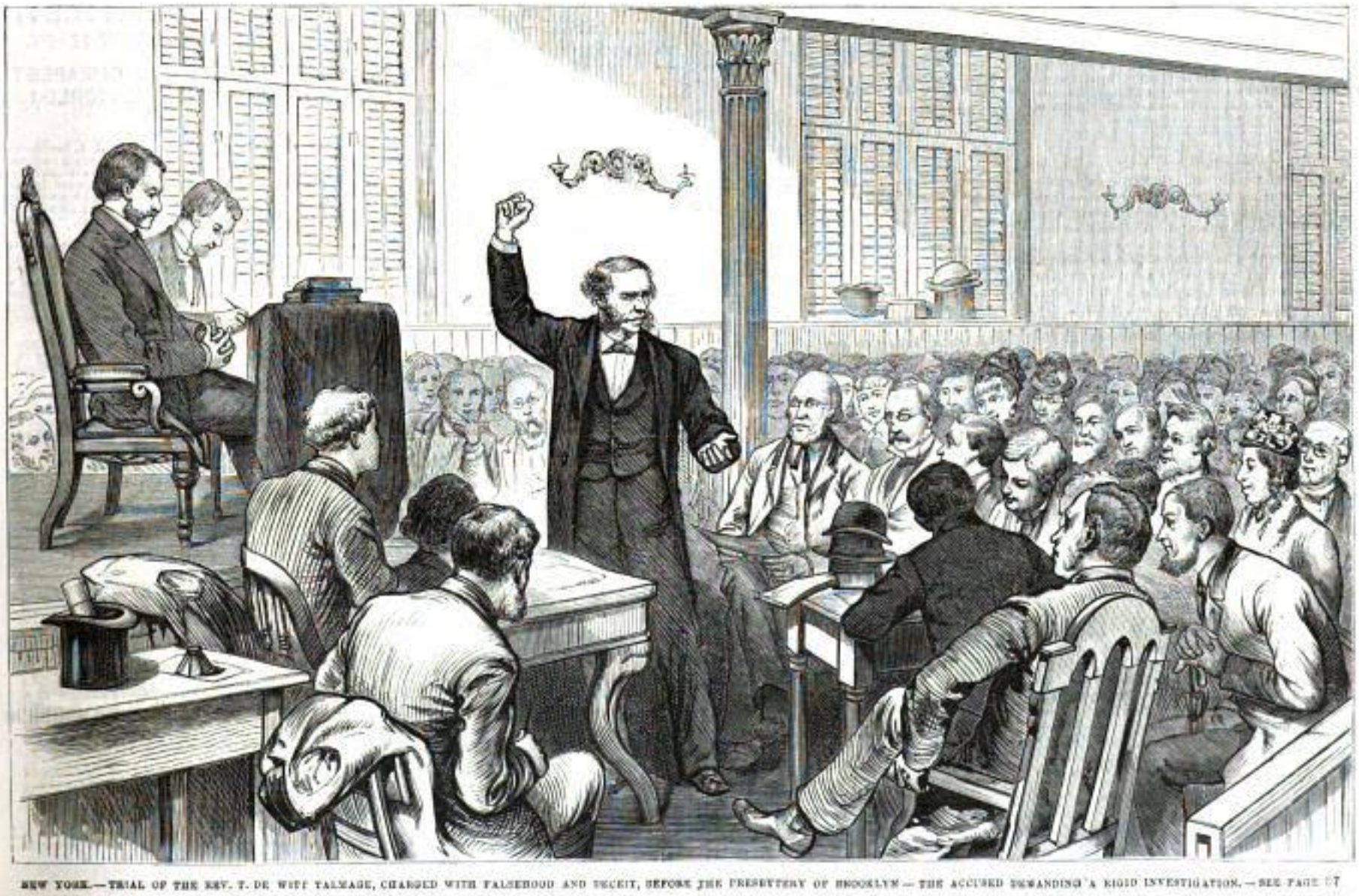
ACCIDENT ON THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.

A COLLISION of trains on the east-side line of the New York Elevated Railroad occurred on March 25th, at the Forty-second Street station, which produced a profound sensation throughout the city. The collision was caused by the misplacing of a switch. Seven persons were injured, two of them seriously and the others slightly. One of the locomotives was damaged to a considerable extent. The other motor was not so disabled that it could not be run to the repair-shops. The front of one car was smashed in, and the trusses over which the accident occurred received a severe strain. In consequence of the accident all trains were stopped one hour and twenty minutes.

The collision affords a striking illustration of the great peril of constructing elevated railways in such a manner as to admit of the junctions and crossings tolerated on surface roads, and of depending upon the vigilance of employés to prevent accident with trains passing once every twenty seconds. Both the trains concerned in the collision were through trains, and both were due at Forty-second Street at the same hour and minute, the two trains passing each other on the east and west tracks at that point. The train from South Ferry to the Grand Central Depot, in Forty-second Street, leaves the most easterly through track about 150 feet south of the station, runs the few feet intervening between the two main tracks in a diagonal direction, and crosses the westerly (or main down-town) track about 100 feet to the south of the station for down-town passengers. Up trains for the Grand Central Depot are run once every six minutes, and the switch by means of which they are turned off the main route has to be opened and closed once in every such interval from 6:30 o'clock in the morning until about midnight. The Grand Central train passed about three minutes before the accident occurred, and, either from inattention on the part of the switch-tender or from some defect in the lock, which is a drop of the ordinary self-acting type, the switch was left open. The result was one unavoidable under the circumstances; the two trains going in different directions at the rate of about seven miles an hour met midway between the two main tracks on the cross track appropriated to the



HERRESHOFF TORPEDO LAUNCH.—SEE PAGE 94.



NEW YORK.—TRIAL OF THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, CHARGED WITH FALSEHOOD AND DECEIT, BEFORE THE PRESBYTERY OF BROOKLYN.—THE ACCUSED DEMANDING A RIGID INVESTIGATION.—SEE PAGE 97

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Grand Central train, crashing together with a momentum that lifted the two engines into the air, and tore off masses of the heavy wooden guard-rail for the space of about twenty feet. The latter, happily, being of new timber, withstood the shock, and the engines settled back into place without dropping to the street. Fortunately, the collision did not occur at an hour when travel is heavy, or in the tumult that instantly supervened, and the wild rush to escape, the passengers must have trampled upon each other, and some have fallen to the street in disembarking upon the open roadway. The three cars going south contained, according to the statement of the station-agent, not more than thirty to fifty persons, and the number on board the train bound for Harlem was even less, being stated by eye-witnesses of the collision at possibly thirty. All of them sadly shaken, and some of them bruised and apparently bewildered, most of the passengers escaped from the two trains and picked their way along the track to the station-platforms a few feet distant, a few, with more presence of mind than their fellows, remaining to care for several ladies who had fainted at the moment of the shock, but were safely removed after the cars had been towed into the floored lay-off between the stations. With a single exception, all the passengers left the station-house without assistance. The conductor of one of the trains, a brakeman, and the switch-tender, sustained slight injuries. The switchman, conductor and a fireman were subsequently dismissed from the company's service.

Warned by this catastrophe of the perils attending the old system of switches and crossing, the Directors of the New York Elevated Road, at a meeting held March 22th, resolved that hereafter trains shall be run only upon the main line, and all branches shall be operated independently. The Purchasing Committee, with the chief engineer and consulting engineer, are directed to provide, as soon as possible, at junction points, suitable platforms and conveniences for the transfer of passengers between the main line and junction trains, and until such arrangements for transfer are made the operation of such branches will be suspended.

THE HERRESHOFF TORPEDO LAUNCH.

THIS novel vessel, which now belongs to the British Navy, was built, in fulfillment of an order from the Lords of the Admiralty, in Bristol, and it arrived in the Thames on New Year's Day, having crossed the Atlantic on the deck of the National Line steamer *Denmark*. The boat is 59 feet 6 inches long, with 7 feet 6 inches beam, and has a composite hull of wood and steel. She is propelled by an engine of the compound condensing type, the boiler, patented by Messrs. Herreshoff, consisting of a coil of wrought-iron piping, two inches in diameter, and about 300 feet long. The screw is placed beneath the centre of the boat, and is worked by a steeply inclined shaft. The balanced rudder is also below the bottom of the boat, and the steering wheel is situated immediately beneath a small conning tower which rises from the roof. One condition of the contract was that the hull should be strong enough to be slung from a ship's davits without bending or "springing," and our engraving represents the vessel being lifted by the big crane at the Victualing Yard, Deptford, fully manned and equipped, her weight in that condition being about eight tons. The First Lord of the Admiralty was present, accompanied by Admirals Hood, Wellesley, and Sir Houston Stewart, the Comptroller of the Navy, and Mr. Barnaby, the Chief Constructor. The vessel was then lowered into the water, and steam got up, in five minutes after lighting the fire. The great handiness of the boat, and her powers of rapid stopping, starting and turning were next shown. She was stopped from full speed in a distance of one-third her length, and immediately went astern at a rate nearly equal to her forward speed. She then, at full speed, turned in complete circles of a diameter of three times her length, and this either going ahead or astern. Her guaranteed speed is sixteen knots an hour, and this, it is stated, she attained, with two tons of coal on board, on the occasion of her official trial over the two-knot course in Long Reach. Altogether the Herreshoff torpedo launch promises, from its powers of manœuvring and the great rapidity with which it can be got ready for sea, to form an important addition to British naval resources, while its numerous special features give it particular interest from a mechanical point of view.

Cremation in Germany.

AT the cremation chapel in Gotha, the only public place for cremation in Germany, the remains of one Stier were burned on December 10th, in accordance with his last will and testament. The burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was performed, as prescribed by the Church authorities in Gotha. The body was first conveyed to a sort of chapel or hall and placed over a particular spot. A hymn was then sung, a sermon preached, and a chorale chanted by a choir of boys, after which the body was lowered into the furnace to slow music, the clergyman pronouncing a blessing. "Earth to earth," was, of course, not recited. Friends of the deceased were allowed to make speeches. The vault, a low and narrow apartment, filled with gas previously ignited, was heated to an extraordinary degree. In an hour and a half the coffin and body were consumed. In another two hours the vault had sufficiently cooled down to allow of the mourners entering and collecting the ashes in urns, which were deposited in an adjoining columbarium. In the funeral sermon the clergyman declared that there could be no objections to cremation on the part of the Protestant Church, although it was true that the custom ceased and burial took its place when Christianity began to prevail, about a thousand years ago.

The Plant-producing Caterpillar of New Zealand.

AMONG the many curious forms of animal and vegetable life at the Antipodes perhaps none is more remarkable than the Aweto, or vegetable caterpillar, which is found in considerable numbers in certain parts of New Zealand, and less frequently, in a somewhat different shape, in New South Wales. In the body of this caterpillar literally grows the root of a species of rush or reed, whose stem, growing upwards in the ordinary manner above ground, is the perfect stem of a leafless vegetable with a head somewhat resembling the head of a bulrush. The heads, or seed vessels of the plants, are eaten by the Maoris, and, when burnt, are employed as a coloring matter; the plant, when roasted, emits a strong animal smell. The natural history of this curious organism is briefly as follows: The caterpillar known as the "Aweto," or *Hipialus virescens*, when burrowing underground previous to its metamorphosis to the chrysalis state, collects one or more of the seeds of a parasitic fungus (*Sphæria Robertsii*) in the joints of its neck, where, nurtured by the warmth of the body, they quickly germinate, the roots pressing downwards and completely filling the skin of the caterpillar's body, and the stem springing upwards through the light, rich soil till it attains a height of some eight or ten inches. The caterpillars seldom or never exceed three to four inches in length, and the root of the plant appears invariably to confine itself to the shell of the insect, which preserves its outward form intact, the feet, eyes and scales appearing perfect. Wherever the club-shaped heads of the plant are seen, its caterpillar-root may easily be found by digging carefully downwards to a distance of several inches. This remarkable instance of a caterpillar, naturally destined to develop into a gaudy butterfly, transforming itself into an integral and radical portion of an insignificant plant, seems like a protest against the ravages which these larvæ usually commit on the produce of the vegetable kingdom.

Sailors' Superstitions.

SAILORS have always had their prejudices with regard to certain days of the week. As everybody knows, Friday was, and is still considered by some mariners, a blank day for sailing. The *Wellesley*, bearing the flag of the Earl of Dundonald, on leaving Plymouth for the West Indies, got under way on Friday, March 24th, 1848, and after she had got outside the breakwater she was recalled by the port admiral, and did not leave again until the following day. The object of this delay was to send the mail-bags; but the seamen firmly believed that the gallant admiral left something behind, purposely to avoid going to sea on Friday. A Cornish saying places Candlemas Day as ill-omened for sailing. Bishop Hall, speaking of a superstitious man, says: "He will never set to sea except on Sunday." At Preston Pans the clergyman of the town was said to have preached against the fishermen for casting their nets on the Sabbath; and they, to prevent any ill befalling them in consequence, made a small image of rags and burnt it on the top of their chimneys. In his discovery of a new world, Columbus had fearful conflicts with the elements. In one particular instance, on his return to Europe, he was exposed to a tremendous storm. Seeing all human skill baffled and confounded, he endeavored to propitiate heaven by solemn vows and acts of penance. By his orders a number of beans, equal to the number of persons on board, were put into a cap, and on one of these was cut the sign of the cross. Each of the crew made a vow that, should he draw forth the marked bean, he would make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Santa Maria di Guadalupe, bearing a WAX taper of five pounds weight. The admiral was the first to put in his hand, and the lot fell upon him. From that moment he considered himself a pilgrim bound to perform a vow. The tempest still raging, the admiral and sailors made a vow that, if spared, wherever they first landed, they would go in procession, barefooted, and in their shirts, to offer up thanks and prayers in some chapel dedicated to the Virgin. In another danger the whole crew made a vow, in case their lives were spared, to fast upon bread and water for a few days.

FUN.

WEATHER report—Thunder.

BABY mine—A foundling hospital.

"COME, gentle Spring; diphtherial mildness come."

You can't expect a witticism from a man unless the wit is in him.

SMALL boys know by instinct when a watermelon is ripe enough to steal.

A YEAR has only one Fall, while a banana-skin is good for at least a dozen.

A GENTLEMAN addresses another gentleman, whom he doesn't know, at a party: "This affair is awfully stupid—let's go out and take a drink." "I would like to do it," was the reply, "but I can't leave very well." "Why not?" "Why, you see, I am the one that is giving the party."

TWO LADIES, both of them a little dull in the hearing, were in church one day, when the minister had for his text, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." They listened patiently enough, but when they got out the one said to the other: "Jenet, wasna you an awfu' text the minister had the day?—'Except we pay our rent, we're a' to be putten out o' the parish.'"

IT is singular how easy some people "dash off" an item for the paper; let them tell it. The fact is, they lock themselves up in a quiet room, gather their senses together, and with one eye on the dictionary and the other on the main chance of making the item grammatical, sweat over it for an hour. Then, after the editor has knocked out the superfluous adjectives, and braced up his limping punctuation, the writer is universally pleased with the "exactness with which his copy has been followed."

A GENUINE Yankee in San Francisco, having bored a new-comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family. "Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children and I never saw one of them." After this reply, the couple sat a few minutes in silence; then the interrogator again commenced: "Was you ever blind, sir?" "No, sir." "Did you marry a widow, sir?" "No, sir." Another interval of silence. "Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?" "Yes, sir, I so stated it." Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired: "How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?" "Why," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left."

TWO rival land-agents were staying at the same hotel in a village where they were disposing of "locations" for their respective companies. One of them, from Colorado, had publicly run down the quality of the land vended by the other, who was from Kansas. He related how a friend and he were out prospecting once in a "putty tough" bit of country, and how they came across a man who comported himself like an escaped lunatic. This man was described to be "as lean as a Spring bear," and as preoccupied as "a team of oxen turned loose on buffalo-grass." Not noticing the travelers, he went on loading and discharging a double-barreled gun, always aiming at some crevice or opening in the rocks, which lay in great profusion around. Firmly convinced that he was a lunatic, the travelers determined to treat him as such—and that was "mighty civil." "Good-day, stranger," they said. The man looked up, but said nothing. "Plenty o' shootin' round here, I s'pose?" Still no answer. "Why, what d'ye find to kill there?" was asked, as the man let off another shot. "Kill be blowed!" said the man. "I'm plantin' wheat. Don't ye see that all the silk in this section is between the cracks o' the rocks, and I hev to shoot in the seed!"

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

A WORD TO DOUBTERS.

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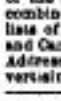
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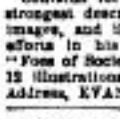
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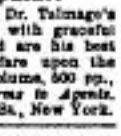
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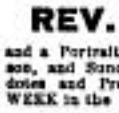
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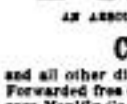
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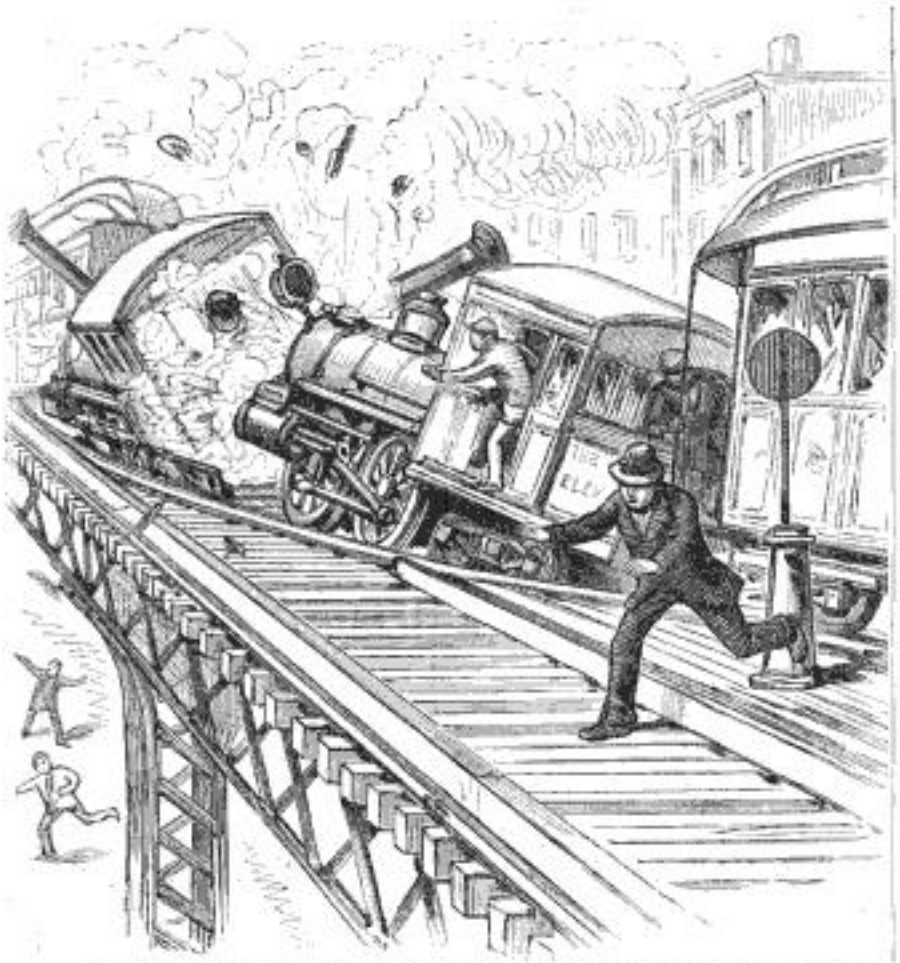
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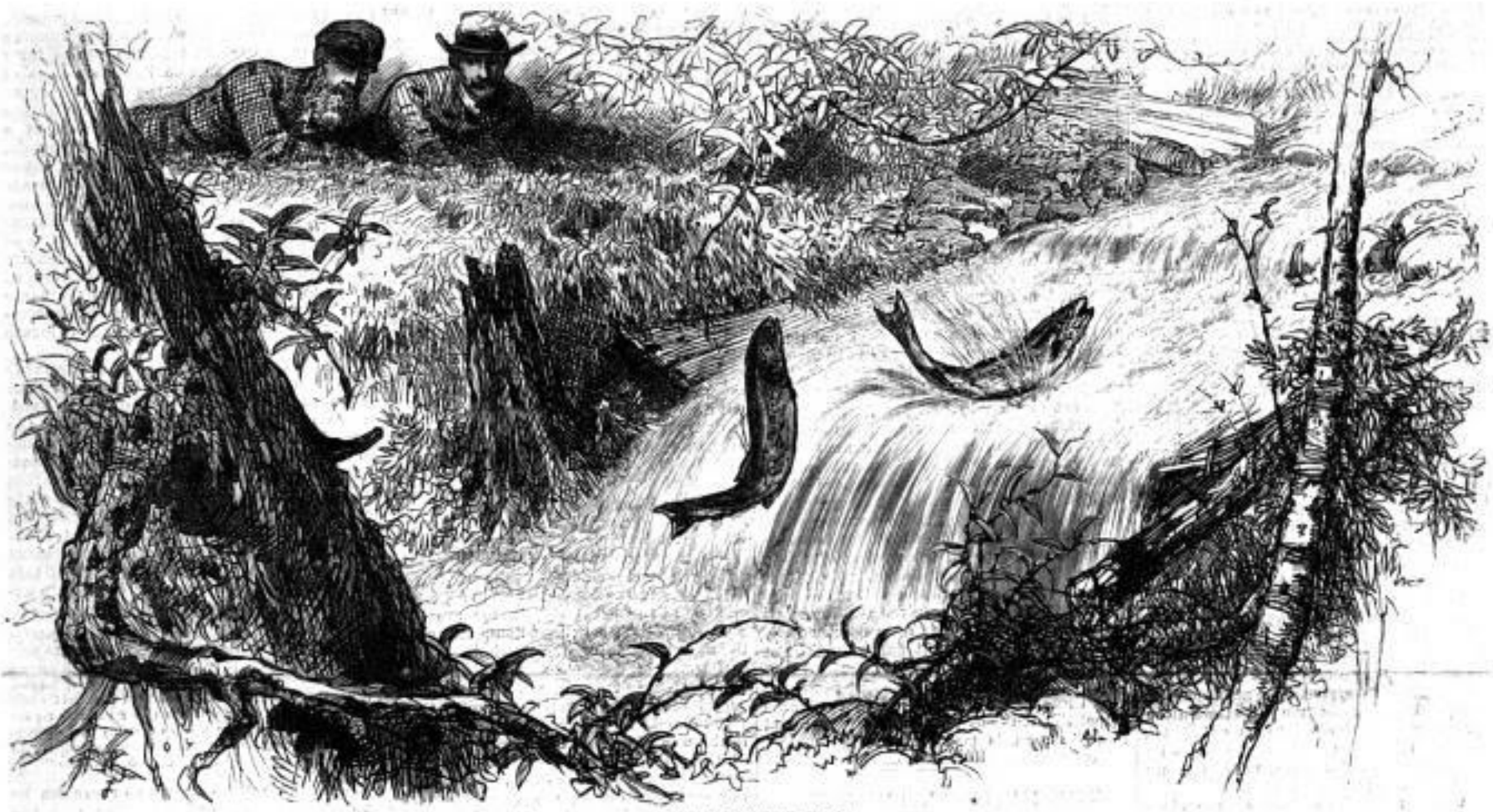
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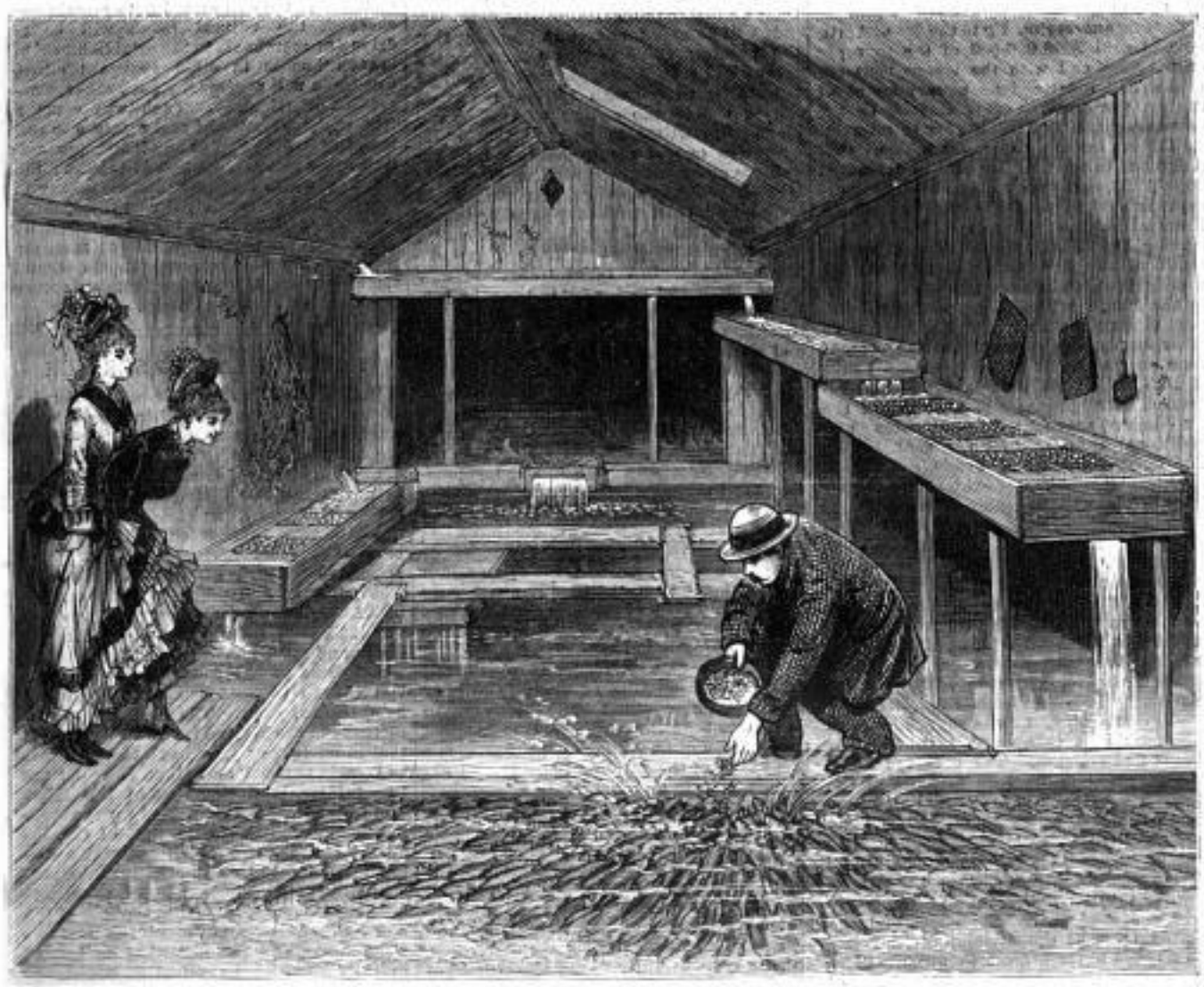
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THE POLITICAL GAME.

WHEN King Solomon wrote that "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with," he gave expression to a maxim of conduct which holds good as well in the forum of politics as in the intercourse of daily life. For the want of giving due heed to this rule of adagial wisdom, the Democratic majority in both Houses of Congress have not only been unfortunate in selecting the time and topics and mode of their pending political controversy, but have also incurred the additional misfortune of stimulating their Republican rivals into an exhibition of bad temper which might have been readily foreseen as the natural and normal result of an untoward political issue.

It will be remembered that at the close of the last session, Mr. Garfield and others in the House of Representatives offered, on behalf of their Republican associates, to unite with the Democrats in repealing the "test oath" discrimination against Southern jurymen, and in repealing the law which permits the presence of Federal soldiers at the polling-places, provided the Democrats would allow the Supervisors' Act and its kindred measures to stand as they are on the statute-book. Instead of accepting this reasonable compromise, the Democratic majority in the House and the Democratic minority in the Senate preferred to risk the failure of two Appropriation Bills and to take the chances of procuring all three of their desiderata at the extraordinary session made necessary by their persistency; and, in further indication of their set purpose, they allowed certain leaders to announce that they would block the wheels of government if the President should interpose a veto in obstruction of their designs.

Though it is perfectly natural, it is none the less a matter of regret that this exacting course of the Democrats at the last session should have had an exasperating effect on the temper of the Republicans at the present session. At the threshold of the latter, Mr. Conger announced, on behalf of his Republican allies, that they would not allow any one of the proposed measures to be brought forward in separate Bills, but would insist that the legislation of the extraordinary session should be confined to the perfection and passage of the two Appropriation Bills which had lapsed in the last Congress. As the rules of the House of Representatives enable a determined minority to resist the introduction of new business beyond the said Appropriation Bills, the Democrats were compelled, by this contumacious attitude of their opponents, to entrench themselves in the position they had taken at the late session—that of carrying all three of their points as "riders" on the Appropriation Bills. And in further exhibition of the intractable temper into which they had been brought by the inopportune beginning of the Democratic strife at the last session, the Republicans proceeded to take a hostile attitude even on those measures to which they had yielded assent as a matter of public justice and of political compromise.

This latter decision having been taken in obedience to the mandate of a "Republican Caucus," we can well understand that, as the New York *Tribune* correspondent has phrased it, "the Republicans are a little embarrassed by the fact that they expressed a willingness at the last session to concede the legislation now under consideration." The fact is a "little embarrassing" if measures of public policy are to be approved or rejected on grounds of public right and of public utility irrespective of partisan advantages and of partisan competitions. But if the pending legislation in Congress is a mere "game in politics," we can understand why the Republicans of the present Congress should play "a different hand" from that which they held to be eligible and proper at the previous session.

To those who look beneath the masks behind which the two parties in Congress are now masquerading before the country, it is plain that they are both engaged at playing a game of politics under the guise of passing laws or preventing the passage of laws in the public interest. The occasion seized by the Democrats for precipitating a needless issue, and the revolutionary intemperance with which some of the Democratic leaders professed a willingness to pursue that issue, have combined to prove that "politics" and not public duty was at the bottom of their untimely agitation. With just as little reason can we defend the attitude now assumed by the Republicans in making a hard bed for themselves to lie on because they wish to spite their adversaries. In so acting they do more despite to themselves than to the enemy whom they seek to embarrass, for political consistency is not a jewel to be contemptuously tossed away in the strife of public debate. It does not lie in the mouths of Republican orators to inveigh against the tacking of "riders" on Appropriation Bills, seeing that they have heretofore set some very bad precedents in this direction. Even in the matter of the Army Appropriation Bill the country cannot forget that it was by a "rider" on such a Bill that President Johnson was stripped of his constitutional command of the army of the United States, and that he was coerced into signing a measure which he honestly disapproved, but which he preferred to sign rather than, as he explained, "to defeat the necessary appropriations" for the support of the army. Where the public record of a party, on the score of consistency, is so defective as this, that party should not aggravate the public sensibilities by opposing to-day what it was willing to accept only three weeks ago. Even in the game of politics it is not wise to play "fast and loose" after this fashion.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S administration of the national finances is proving eminently successful. Up to the 1st of April, he had sold $350,000,000 of the four per cent. bonds, and with the means thus obtained had redeemed an equal amount of the six per cents., saving thereby to the Government $7,000,000 a year in interest. On the 4th instant, the miscellaneous subscriptions to the four per cents. aggregated $6,502,750, and were followed by the enormous subscription of $40,000,000 from the National Bank of Commerce of New York, leaving but $13,000,000 to be sold on account of the five-twenty consols of 1867 and 1868. This balance was at once taken by the First National Bank of New York, thus closing out the two series, leaving no other bonds subject to call at the present time except the 10-40 five per cent. bonds of 1864, which will next be called and redeemed in the proceeds of the sales of the ten-dollar redemption certificates and additional sales of four per cent. bonds. The outstanding 10-40 bonds amount to $194,566,300. About $264,000,000 six per cent. bonds will be subject to call June 30th, 1881. The 10-40s, amounting to $194,566,300, will doubtless be refunded in the interim.

The amount of work performed by the Treasury Department in connection with the four per cent. loan is very great. In the payment of the April interest alone, 35,000 checks have been drawn by the United States Treasurer and transmitted by him to the payees. With each holder of registered certificates, now about 73,000, a ledger account is opened, requiring now twenty-five volumes. The dividend schedule prepared in the loan division of the Register's office is an abstract of these credit balances which in aggregate must agree with the amount outstanding. The present schedule contains about 1,700 closely printed pages. Since the 1st of January the daily subscriptions for bonds have averaged nearly $5,000,000, and the limited force of the division of issue has been taxed to its utmost in filling orders and the posting of over 1,000 pages of journal entries, the latter requiring four relays working the entire day and night.

As to the financial outlook, Secretary Sherman expresses himself with a good deal of confidence. In a recent interview he said:

"The appropriations somewhat exceed the revenue, but that can be met by spending only what is received. Our revenues are increasing now, and after this month, I believe, will be sufficient to meet every proper demand. If the present financial laws are undisturbed by Congress I feel absolutely sure that, with the usual crop, we will have a marked revival of business, when every man willing to work can get employment. There are two questions which must come up upon which honest men may fairly differ. These are the silver question and the national bank question, and these, I believe, are capable of a fair adjustment. If our silver dollar was made equal to the gold dollar we could safely coin twice fifty millions, or more, and there is now a better hope for an international ratio than ever before. As for the national banks, they should be left alone until 1883, when the first bank charter expires, and when public opinion will settle the question of their continuance."

Mr. Sherman's confidence as to "a fair adjustment" of the "silver question," may not be altogether justified by the result, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the great ability he has displayed in his management of the grave matter of resumption, and in history his administration will deservedly rank with that of our foremost Ministers of Finance.

METROPOLITAN HINDRANCES.

ACCORDING to the Federal census, the population of this city grew from 515,547 souls in 1850 to 805,651 in 1860, a gain of 56.27 per cent. during the decade. Could this ratio of increase have been kept up during the past and present decades, the population of New York would now be crowding hard upon two millions of inhabitants. But it is officially shown that the rate of increase from 1860 to 1870 was only 16.96 per cent., the population in the latter year being returned as 942,292. The State census of 1875 gave this metropolis a resident population of 1,046,037, but this included the annexed portion of Westchester County, with about 20,000 people. The whole gain from 1870 to 1875, the latter year inclusive, was only 11 per cent., being an average of 2 1-5 per cent. per annum. If it be assumed that the yearly increase since 1875 has been at this latter rate, then the present population, all told, cannot be in excess of 1,077,160.

When it is considered that New York enjoys natural advantages possessed by no other city in the Union; that her port, by choice, is the great *entrepôt* for the commerce of all nations; that financially she is the grand regulator of the whole country, and that her business men are second to none in point of ability and public spirit, it would seem that a period of quite thirty years should have produced larger results in the way of growth than a mere doubling of the number of inhabitants. Why New York should have made such giant strides in population during the ten years ending with 1860, and such extremely slow progress since that date, is worthy of more than a passing thought.

It will be urged, and quite properly, that the peculiar conformation of Manhattan Island and a want of rapid transit has had something to do with retarding growth during the decade ending with 1870, and since. It will also be said that other operative causes are to be found in expensive government and high rates of taxation—that such causes enhance the cost of living, and that prudent people flee from taxation equaling thirty dollars per capita per annum as they would from a prevailing epidemic. But rapid transit is now an accomplished fact, and, in time, by persistent action, our people may secure the blessings of economical public expenditure and moderate taxation.

It should be understood, however, that while rapid transit is needed as a convenience to the individual citizen, and the public good can best be promoted by a wise administration of the city's finances, the growth of New York in wealth and population, after all, is contingent upon her ability to be and remain the great trade distributor of the country. Her road to greatness lies through her trade. As that increases or decreases, so will her fortunes rise or fall. The business men of this city are keenly alive to this view of the case. Ask a New York merchant why the city has not made the same progress since 1860 as before, and he will reply that the reason is to be found in the discrimination of gigantic railway monopolies against our trade interests. In this, more than anything else, is to be found the solution of our sluggish growth. The great bulk of the national imports and exports passes in and out of this port, but, mainly owing to the impositions of the trunk lines of railway, our merchants do not profit thereby. Prior to 1860 the foreign trade of the country was largely in the hands of New York's merchant princes. Since the war it has passed under the control of railway capitalists who use and abuse the acquired right without acknowledging responsibility to any one outside of their own organizations. As a result of this change, west-bound freights are carried cheaper from this point for citizens of foreign countries than for citizens of this city and State. Thus, an English merchant is given a rate from Liverpool to Chicago somewhat less than the combined ocean rate to New York and the rail rate to Chicago, and there have been times when freight has actually been carried from Liverpool to inland points in this country, one thousand miles distant from New York, at a cheaper rate than the same ocean lines would deliver it on the wharves of this city, the railways accepting their *pro rata* share of the through charge. From this it will be seen that the railways undertake to haul a car-load from a foreign vessel at a less cost to the owners of the merchandise than they will grant when the same class of goods are taken from the drays of a New York merchant. This is the sort of warfare which is being waged against the growth of this metropolis.

Again, the trunk lines make an enormous difference between the charges on through freights eastward and those westward-bound. With a full traffic the charge on fourth-class goods from Chicago to New York is now eighteen cents per 100 pounds, while with two-thirds of the cars running empty on the return trip, the rate is forty cents per 100 pounds on the same class of goods, which is practically prohibitory as against New York. Once more: Chicago shippers send grain to New York at a charge of eighteen cents per 100 pounds, and, in special instances, at even a lower rate, while the farmers of this State are charged high rates for one-third to one-quarter the distance, amounting, when measured by length of transportation, to five or six times as much as the Western men are required to pay. The manufacturers of this State also are subjected to the same rank injustice, and, without a speedy remedy, will find it to their advantage to locate in States further West.

The policy of the trunk lines towards this city has already led to enormous changes in the drygoods, grocery, hardware and other leading trades. At the present time the majority of New York jobbing houses are doing business on unsatisfactory margins. The discrimination against them in freights compels this state of affairs. In a recent address presented by a Committee of the Chamber of Commerce to a Legislative Committee appointed to investigate the railway service of this State, we find the following deliberate expression of opinion:

"The railroads apparently care nothing for the jobbing trade of New York, so long as they can secure the large export and import trade, and also charge the present enormous local rates to the people of this State; but this policy is most detrimental to New York City, and the lack of prosperity for this city means a poorer market for the producers of this State, and an inability on its part to contribute $1,000,000 per annum more than its *pro rata* share to maintain the public schools of this State."

With these facts before us there can be no difficulty in understanding why the rapid growth of New York has been arrested. If the evil stated is to remain unchecked, the natural result will be to drive our merchants to the establishment of branch houses in other seaboard cities. Our trade will necessarily seek other channels of distribution. Then will come a further depreciation of real estate, a lowering of rentals to a point less than remunerative, and a forced reduction in taxation, the effect of which may be to impair ability to pay interest on municipal securities, large amounts of which have been purchased by savings banks with the funds of their depositors. The people *en masse* should second the endeavors of our merchants to secure justice to this city and State.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE United States Life-saving Service now has upon the seaboard and lakes a total of 148 stations, of which thirty-nine are on the coast of New Jersey, and thirty-six on the coasts of Long Island and Block Island, these two districts being deemed the most dangerous and important. During the last year there were in the districts covered by the service 171 disasters to vessels, on board of which there were 1,557 persons and property to the amount of $2,624,735. The number of lives lost was 226, 183 of which perished in the *Huron* and *Metropolis* disasters, nearly all of whom could probably have been saved had there been a lifeboat near at hand, manned by a trained crew. The necessity for an increase in the service is shown by the fact that in no former year have the disasters to vessels reached more than 134. Of the two principal wrecks, that of the *Huron* occurred before the time fixed for the opening of the stations, and that of the *Metropolis* between two stations at such a distance from either as to greatly embarrass successful operations. There were also four other wrecks, involving the loss of ten lives, which occurred when the stations were closed, and one, involving the loss of four lives, which happened at a distance from the station which made prompt assistance impossible. There can be no doubt that the stations should be nearer together, and in exposed positions, such as the whole

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coasts of New Jersey and Long Island, should be kept open and supplied with competent crews the whole year round. When it is understood that on some parts of the coast the distance between the stations is from ten to sixteen miles, it can only excite surprise that the service is as efficient as it has proved to be. The entire cost of the service is $200,000 a year. In view of the vast interests with which it has to do, this sum can only be considered as ridiculously meagre; and it would seem that if Congress can afford to waste millions in "improving" trout-streams and creeks and rivers on which a vessel will never float, it ought to be able to deal a little more generously with a service which every year saves millions of property and hundreds of lives. It is to the credit of the recent Congress that it took a step in the right direction by providing for thirty-seven new stations and considerably extending the district embraced by the service.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE Nihilists in Russia continue their war upon the Government, and there are some indications of a growing popular sympathy with their views. Within the last fortnight great excitement and indignation have been produced by the announcement that during a period of four months two hundred out of four hundred prisoners, confined in a Government prison on suspicion of being identified with the revolutionary movement, have died — many, as is intimated, as the result of revolting cruelty.

Recent disclosures show that among the Nihilist conspirators are large numbers of gentlemen and ladies of high rank. Among those arrested within the last few days is the great-granddaughter of Count Panin, who was Chancellor to Empress Catharine. Another is a daughter of a well-known Senator, who is a personal favorite of the Czar; and still another, a niece of a famous general in the army. In connection with this subject the following from the *Whitehall Review* has a curious interest:

"It is said that the Czarowitch is so popular with the Revolutionary Party in Russia that he never receives any of the warnings or menaces with which the Emperor and his Ministers are inundated. The Revolutionary chiefs supply him regularly with all their newspapers, pamphlets, proclamations and publications, and to the fact that the Czarowitch reads these and takes an interest in them may be traced the unpleasantness which exists between him and the Czar. So liberal is the heir-apparent in his opinions that we are assured that his succession to the throne would be followed by the immediate suppression of the tyrannical Third Department and the possible exile of General Drenteln to Siberia. Between the Grand Duke and the chief of the political gendarmerie the bitterest hatred exists, partly because the Prince disapproves of his despotic proceedings, and also because Drenteln keeps his eye upon the intercourse between the heir-apparent and the Revolutionary chiefs. The latter hold a higher position in society than is generally imagined, and there are very strong reasons for believing that one of the closest companions of the Czarowitch was concerned in the Mezentzoff murder."

Beaconsfield has again, in the Budget, submitted to the House of Commons on the 3d instant, given the people of Great Britain a surprise. The public generally had anticipated a heavy deficit and an increase in taxation, which, in the depressed condition of the trade and industries of the Kingdom, would be extremely onerous, and the pressure of which would cause a serious exasperation against the Administration, and probably the return of the Liberals to power. When, therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that last year, despite all the adverse circumstances, the expenditures exceeded the revenue by only £2,241,000, and that no considerable increase of taxation would be necessary, the satisfaction was profound and universal. The estimated expenditures for the coming year will be £81,153,573, and the estimated revenue will be £83,055,000, leaving an excess of £2,901,427, which can be applied to the expenses of the Zulu war and the redemption of the outstanding exchequer bills. The only article upon which increased taxation is recommended is one of luxury, and that recommendation was at once adopted, the duty on cigars being increased four cents per pound. The Government has evidently by this stroke of policy recovered all the prestige which it lost by the vote in the House of Commons on Sir Charles Dilke's motion of censure as to the Zulu war. This vote, which stood 306 to 246, while numerically favorable to the Government, was regarded generally as a moral defeat, and but for the subsequent surprise in the announcement of a satisfactory fiscal policy, Beaconsfield would have been in some danger of losing his hold on the country.

British laborers begin to see that strikes are inopportune. The statement at a recent meeting of Blackburn cotton operatives that half of them were starving is an effective eye-opener. After long opposition the Blackburn operatives have unconditionally accepted a reduction in wages. They will, very properly, ask for an increase when trade improves. According to cotton-brokers in Liverpool, the visible supply of cotton is 350,000 bales below that of last year. Whether there will be a reduction in consumption will depend on the action of the Government upon silver and Eastern exchange. English monetary troubles seem to be thickening. They have been aggravated by the misfortunes of the directors of the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London and China, closely following those of the Oriental Bank Corporation. The large balance of American trade against England was pointed out the other night by Lord Cotterioe, in moving, in the House of Lords, for an official return of the British trade with the United States. Mr. David McIver, one of the proprietors of the Cunard Line of steamships, and Member of Parliament from Birkenhead, has written to the London *Times*, declaring that from his personal experience as a carrier he does not know of any nation whose trade prospects at present are so gloomy as Great Britain's. He says that the depression in the United States and elsewhere does not at all approach the depression in England. But, notwithstanding all this financial and industrial gloom, stout-hearted old England is very far from being bankrupt. She looks confidently forward to a happy issue out of her present temporary difficulties. And, perhaps, after having demonstrated for the hundredth time her prodigious recuperative powers, she may yet learn not only how to create wealth, to a degree unsurpassed by any other nation, but also how to use her surplus capital more wisely than ever.

The British troops have won decisive victories over the Zulus, and their wily king Cetewayo is now suing for peace and his army is said to have been disbanded. In London, public interest seems to be divided between the suspected murderers of Mrs. Thomas, whose mutilated remains, wrapped up in paper, were found floating on the Thames about a month ago, and the competing crews of the University boat-race of the 5th instant. Queen Victoria has received a half-hour's visit at Baveno from Prince Amadeus of Italy, and it is said that General Garibaldi will also pay Her Majesty a visit there. The Italian Government was informed by an anonymous letter that a plan had been formed to assassinate the British Queen between the frontier and Turin. It is likely that the only object was to embarrass the Government, but all precautions were taken against so diabolical an attempt. Queen Victoria will return to London for the purpose of holding two drawing-rooms in the month of May. American ladies ambitious of being presented at the British Court need not leave New York for the purpose before the latter part of April.

Matters in Afghanistan remain without essential change. Intelligence, by way of Turkestan, is to the effect that Yakoob Khan has decided to carry out the intentions of his father, and will prosecute the war against the English to the last extremity. But, on the other hand, it was announced in the British Parliament, April 4th, that negotiations with the Ameer are still in progress, with the hope of a favorable issue.

It is now denied that the Emperors of Russia, Germany and Austria are to meet at the golden wedding of Kaiser William, in June, at Berlin. The birthday of Prince Bismarck, April 1st, brought to the grim old Chancellor an unexpected number of congratulations, some even from the Liberal press. At the banquet in Cologne on occasion of the inauguration of Bismarck's statue, 30,000 marks were collected for a statue of Count Moltke. The German Reichstag has adjourned to April 28th. The French Chambers have postponed until after the Easter recess the debate on holding their sessions at Paris instead of Versailles. The elections of the 6th of April, were rendered necessary in five of the twenty-one districts by the death of their representatives; in fourteen, to replace deputies of the Left elected Senators; in one, on account of M. Andrieux's nomination as Prefect of Police; and, finally, in another, on account of the elevation of M. Grévy to the Presidency of the Republic. The conflict was no longer between friends and foes of the Republic, but simply between men who all respect the form of the present Government although they differ as to the consequences that should result from the great Liberal victory. Princess Christina, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, is recovering. Couture, the painter of that famous picture, the "Décadence des Romains," is dead. Some of his American pupils will remember how angry poor Couture once got with Huntington, and how hard it was to explain to his satisfaction why the future President of the National Academy of Design was conscientiously opposed to fighting a duel with him or with anybody else.

The Pope has summoned to the Vatican several ecclesiastics who had been punished in Germany for infractions of the May laws. The object of His Holiness is, by minute inquiries into the various cases, to find a line of conduct by which a conflict with the laws may be avoided. A contribution of 20,000 francs has been made to Peter's Pence by the Count and Countess of Chambord. The brother of the Pope will be created a Cardinal at the next Consistory. The King of Italy, accompanied by the Duke d'Aosta and General Medici, honored with his presence the races especially organized in Count Telfener's park, outside the Salara Gate, on the occasion of the count's recent marriage with Miss Ada Hungerford, sister of the Bonanza Queen, Mrs. Mackay.

It is both affirmed and denied that the Porte has accepted the mixed occupation of Roumelia, subject to certain reservations, and that the scheme will now be carried out by the Powers. It is feared that the presence of Turkish troops, as part of the corps of occupation, will lead to disturbances, and it is possible that the scheme will be modified if not wholly reconsidered. There are intimations that a Reform Ministry in Turkey may be the outcome of intrigues now in progress.

Official reports show that 10,000 persons have perished from the famine in Upper Egypt. An Egyptian force sent to break up the slave-depots in the province of Kordofan, late in December, routed and dispersed an army of 11,000 men, led by Suleiman, one of the chief slave-traders.

THE movement in this city for the relief of the sufferers by the inundation of Szegedin, in Hungary, appeals to the sympathies of all humane citizens, and the contributions will no doubt be worthy of the metropolis which has always been foremost in assisting the unfortunate and necessitous. If all give who can afford to do so, the aggregate will be a contribution which will go very far towards satisfactorily relieving the distress.

THE charge of Judge Cartter to the jury in the Oliver-Cameron breach of promise case was one of the briefest recorded in judicial annals. It was in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, take this case and dispose of it. Mr. Clerk, pass the papers to the foreman." The jury promptly complied with the judge's instructions, and in two hours and a half returned a verdict for the defendant. There will be little if any difference of opinion among right-thinking people as to the propriety of this verdict.

THE annual report of the Bureau of Statistics shows that the excess of imports of merchandise into this country over exports of merchandise from it amounted, from 1860 to 1873 inclusive, to $1,117,000,000. In 1873 and 1874 the imports and exports of merchandise are about equal. From 1875 to 1878 inclusive the exports exceeded the imports by $489,000,000; and during the whole nineteen years, from 1860 to 1878, the exports of specie exceeded the imports by $895,000,000. By these figures it appears that this country has paid off all its foreign debts contracted since 1860, and $209,000,000 on account of the debts previously existing.

THE work of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has attained a scope and proportions greatly exceeding the general estimate. Thus the society investigated 3,660 cases of cruelty during last year, securing 882 convictions, making 16,857 cases since its organization thirteen years ago. The work of the society has been prosecuted in the face of obstacles and discouragements which nothing but the most inflexible resolution, based on lofty conscientiousness of purpose, could have overcome. Mr. Bergh for a long period carried on the struggle with the prejudices, the selfishness and brutality of the vicious and depraved classes, absolutely single-handed, and even now, when all right-thinking men are rallied to his side, his energy and zeal constitute the main impulse of the society's varied operations. He has not labored for applause, but he is sure of a higher place in the esteem of posterity than thousands who have struggled and hungered for the world's acclaim. A significant proof of the growing popular sympathy with the work of the society is furnished in the fact that it has received in bequests over one million of dollars.

MR. BENNETT'S expedition in search of the Northeast Passage will sail from San Francisco for Behring Straits about the 1st of June. Of 350 men who have volunteered for the expedition, the commander has selected those of the most experience in the Polar regions and greatest capacity for endurance, having an eye also to general intelligence and accomplishments in the seaman's line. Supplies will be carried for a three years' cruise, with all the necessary equipments for Arctic exploration. It is understood that Mr. Bennett will accompany the vessel as far as Alaska. He will pay the entire expenses of the expedition; but in order to increase the discipline, and give the exploration a national character, as well as to secure the services of responsible officers and seamen from the United States Navy, Congress has authorized the vessel to be placed under the control of Secretary Thompson, and he is permitted to detail officers and seamen to man her. The Government will be at no expense, except to pay the salaries of about thirty-five men, who would be carried on the naval pay-roll all the same whether engaged on this or any other service.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE New York Elevated Railroad has declared a dividend of five per cent.

THE State Senate has killed the Bills reducing the salaries of State officers.

THE Iowa Democratic State Convention will be held at Council Bluffs on May 21st.

THE Democrats and Nationals of Cleveland have combined and nominated a city ticket.

ROWELL, the pedestrian, sailed for Europe on the 2d instant with the Astley belt and $20,000.

ON the night of April 3d a heavy frost in South Carolina and Georgia greatly injured the early vegetable crops.

THE House of Representatives was occupied during the whole of last week in the discussion of the Army Bill.

OVER five hundred Canadian emigrants, with their baggage, filling forty-eight cars, have just left Ontario for Manitoba.

THE last of the suits against Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, in the matter of his father's estate, was discontinued on April 4th.

AT the State election in Rhode Island, April 2d, the Republican ticket for State officers was elected by an average majority of 4,000.

CORRESPONDENCE just published show that the German Mission was, in December last, offered to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and declined.

A NUMBER of houses in Brown's Summit, N.C., were blown down by a tornado on April 3d. One person was killed and a number seriously injured.

GOVERNOR MARKS has signed the Bill providing for the settlement of the Tennessee State debt at fifty cents on the dollar and four per cent. interest.

THE Greenback members of the House of Representatives have resolved to resist the introduction of political legislation into the Appropriation Bills.

FEDERAL officials have captured in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky during the past two weeks fourteen moonshiners, and destroyed a number of stills.

LEXINGTON, Ky., celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its founding, April 2d. Governor McCreary, Leslie Coombs and William Breckenridge were the orators.

THE Senate has confirmed Hon. Andrew D. White as Minister to Germany, Cornelius A. Logan as Minister to Central America, and Francis A. Walker as Director of the Census.

THE April elections in Wisconsin show large Republican gains. In Chicago ex-Congressman Carter Harrison, Democrat, has been elected Mayor by 4,900 plurality. The Democrats elected their ticket in St. Louis.

THE season of the Maplesons opera troupe in this city closed by a benefit to Colonel Mapleson on April 5th, and the following day eighty of the singers sailed for England. Colonel Mapleson has leased the Academy of Music for three years.

THE trial of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage by the Brooklyn Presbytery was continued during last week. A number of witnesses testified as to the charges of falsehood and deception. The proceedings have been marked by a good deal of contention and disorder.

AT the women's walking match at Gilmore's Garden, which terminated April 3d, Miss Bertha von Berg, of Rochester, N. Y., was the winner of the belt and first prize of $1,000. Miss "Belle" Kilbury, of Hoboken, won the second prize of $500, and Mrs. Ada Wallace, of this city, the third prize of $250.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill appropriating $200,000 for fitting up a steel refrigerator ship to be used for the disinfection of vessels and cargoes in times of yellow fever and other epidemics. The Legislative Appropriation Bill, appropriating between $15,000,000 and $16,000,000 as reported to the House of Representatives, repeals several parts of the Revised Statutes relating to elections, and provides new methods for drawing jurors.

Foreign.

GENERAL GRANT and party have sailed from Singapore for Siam and Hong Kong.

THE rinderpest has spread to a hundred villages in Bohemia. The infected points have been surrounded by military forces.

IT is announced that Austria, England, Russia, Turkey and Italy have agreed to take part in the mixed occupation of Eastern Roumelia.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has been elected member of the British House of Commons for the County of Longford by the Home Rulers, without opposition.

TWO THOUSAND French Communists will return from New Caledonia, while probably fifteen hundred, who were condemned in contumaciam, will be amnestied.

THE thirty-sixth race between the eight-oared crews from Oxford and Cambridge, rowed on the Thames on April 5th, was won by the Cambridge crew by two lengths.

IT is reported that a great Catholic bank, with a directorate in London and Paris, is to be established which shall unite in financial matters Catholics all over the world.

THE French Cabinet has decided to retain the façade of the main building of the Exhibition facing the river. The remainder of the site will again become a military drill ground.

A MADRID dispatch announces that the coalition for the electoral campaign of the Constitutionalists, Progressists and Republicans, professing the views of Señor Castelar, is an accomplished fact.

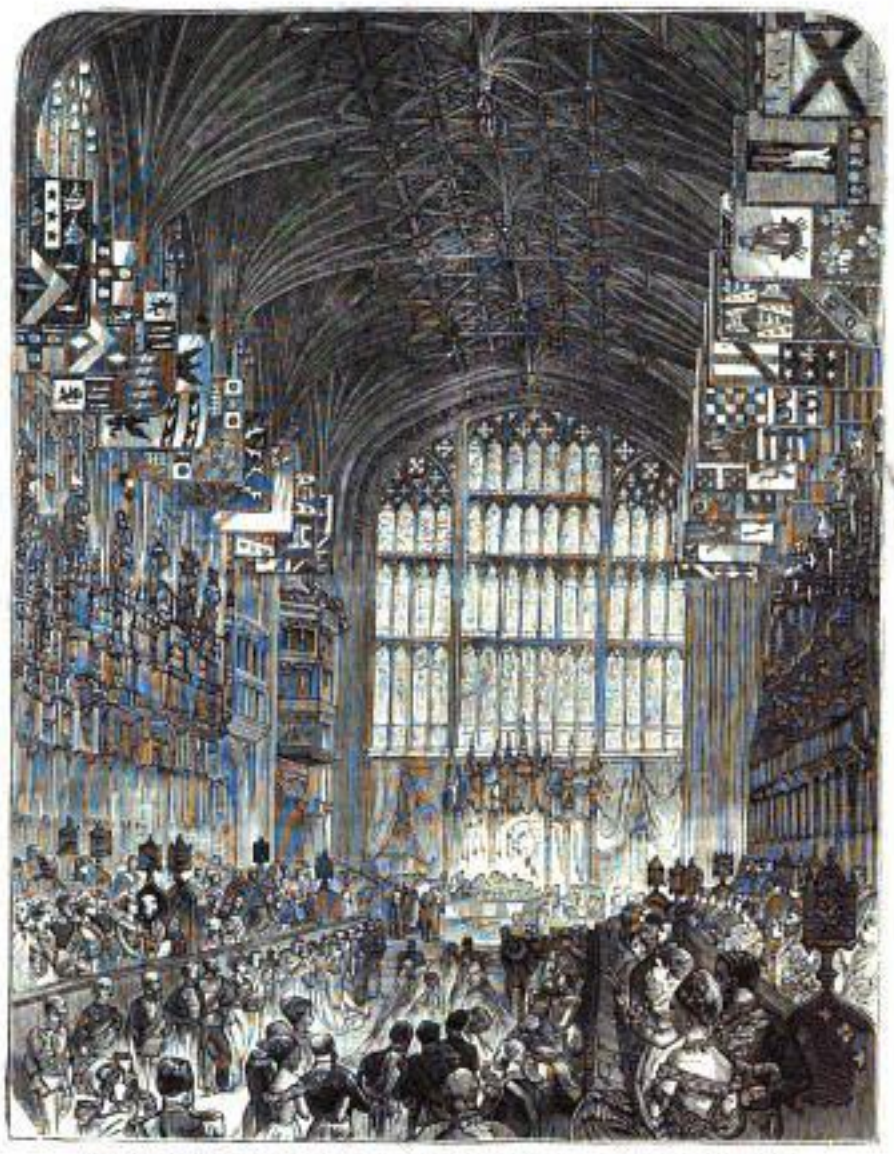
MANY members of a revolutionary committee have been arrested at Warsaw. The prisoners had revolvers in their possession when taken. Other arrests have been made elsewhere, making in all 300.

THE Haytian City of Miragoane, with a population of 6,000, was destroyed by fire on the 16th of March. The loss is put at over $1,000,000. Among the merchandise destroyed was between 2,000 and 3,000 bags of coffee and 1,500,000 pounds of logwood.

THE petty dispute between Chili and Bolivia in regard to the confiscation of certain nitrate works owned by a Chilian company has assumed grave proportions, inasmuch as Peru has concluded an alliance with Bolivia, and both nations have declared war against Chili.

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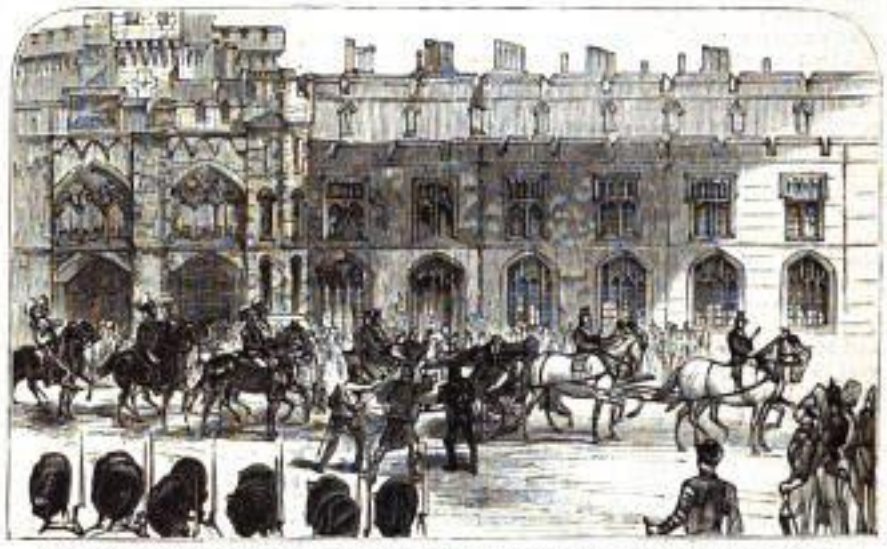
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 103.



ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL WEDDING—THE BRIDAL PROCESSION IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



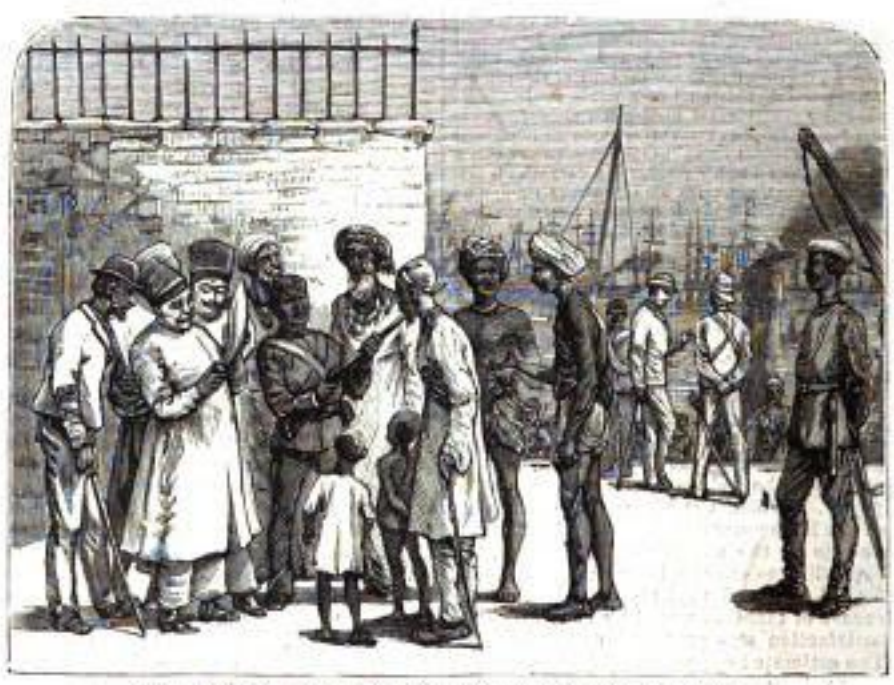
ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL WEDDING—THE SERVICE BEFORE THE ALTAR.



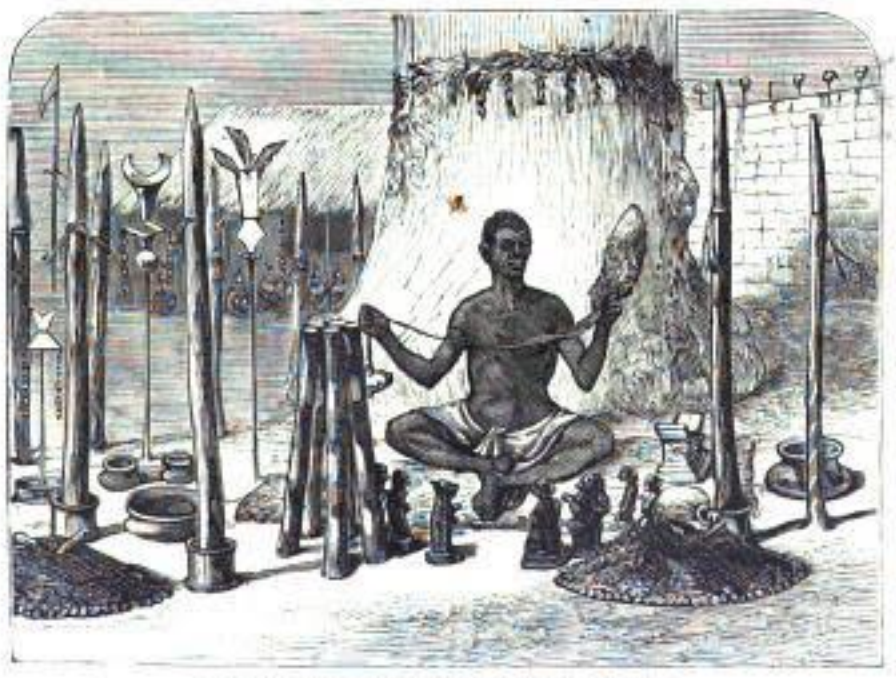
ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL WEDDING—DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM FOR CLAREMONT.



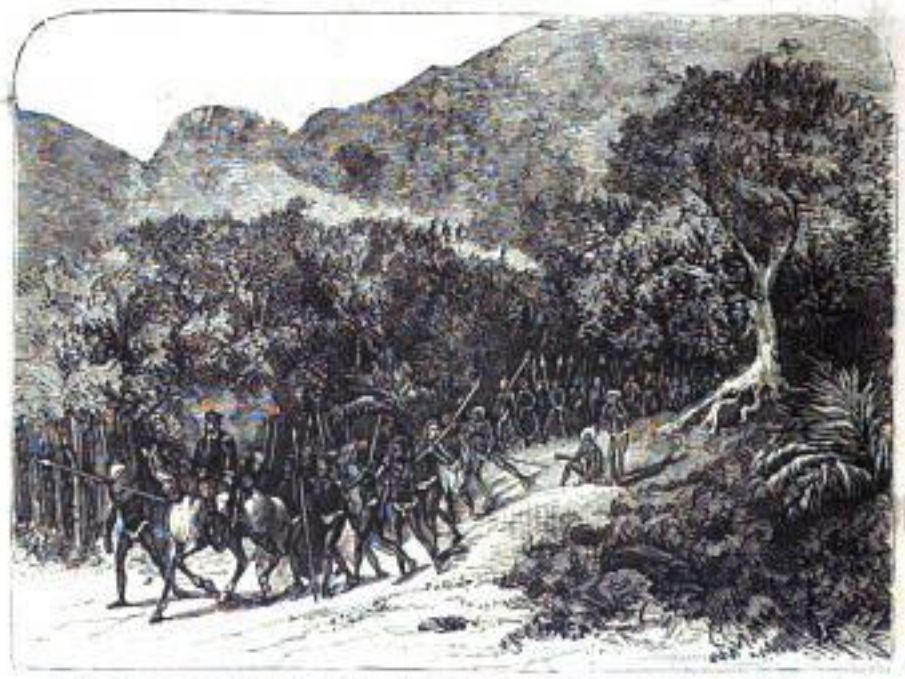
RUSSIA.—PRIESTS ADMINISTERING THE LAST SACRAMENT TO VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE.



INDIA.—"THE WARRIOR'S RETURN" TO BOMBAY FROM AFGHAN SERVICE.



AFRICA.—A DAHOMEY PRIEST SPINNING SACRED COTTON.



NEW CALEDONIA.—LIEUTENANT SERVAN MUSTERING NATIVE WARRIORS TO QUELL THE REVOLT.

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HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.

PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, whose appointment as United States Minister to Germany was confirmed by the Senate in executive session on April 2d, is a son of Horace White, of Syracuse, and was born at Homer, N. Y., November 7th, 1832. He was graduated from Yale College in 1853, being the valedictorian of his class. The few following years he spent in Europe. While there he was, for several months, an *attaché* of the United States Legation in Russia, and in the season of 1854-55 he studied at the University of Berlin. Returning home, he became in 1857 professor of history and of English literature in the University of Michigan. He remained five years in Ann Arbor, and in 1863 visited Europe again, but only for a brief period.

In the Fall of 1863 Mr. White was elected from the Syracuse District to the State Senate, and there met the late Ezra Cornell, who afterwards founded the University which bears his name. The acquaintance grew out of Senator White's interest in educational matters and Senator Cornell's desire to found a collegiate institution where, to use his own words, "Any person can find instruction in any study." Mr. White had introduced the Bill which codified the school laws and that which created the new system of normal schools. His advocacy of these measures led Mr. Cornell to disclose to him his plan for a liberal institution of learning, and in 1865 Mr. White introduced the Bill which incorporated Cornell University. In 1866 he was chosen first president of the University, and soon afterwards he visited Europe to study modern educational methods and to purchase for it books and apparatus. After its founder, the University has been indebted to no one so much as to President White, who, to a very large degree, has formed and directed its system and character. From his own private fortune he has constantly given to it books, objects of art and sums of money. The handsome residence for the president of the University, on the University grounds, was built by him. The total amount of his gifts would probably reach fully $100,000. Besides his work as president, he has filled the chair of modern history, and his lectures on the history of France—especially the period of the great Revolution—has always been one of the most popular courses in the curriculum.

President White was a warm supporter of President Grant, and in 1871 he went to Santo Domingo as one of the commissioners sent to report on the question of annexation. In 1872 he was a delegate to the State Convention which met at Syracuse, and was made by the Conkling influence in it both temporary and permanent president. Two years ago he visited Europe for his health, and was appointed by President Hayes one of the Commissioners to the Paris Exhibition, and as such received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. President White's private library is one of the finest in the country, being especially rich in works pertaining to French history. He has published several addresses, essays and reports, and a volume of lectures on medieval and modern history. The new Minister speaks German and French fluently.



HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

A SANITARY RAID UPON THE FRATERNITY OF TRAMPS.

THE month of March is a particularly busy one for the vaccinating corps of the New York Board of Health, as it is then that the greatest precautions are taken to prevent an epidemic of small-pox. Believing that many of the diseases that break out in various parts of the country are occasioned by the presence of tramps who carry the germs in their toes and filthy clothing, and knowing that early in the Spring the fraternity start out upon their nomadic career, the authorities wisely concluded that all tramps who could be caught in the city should be vaccinated. Accordingly, the assistant sanitary inspectors were detailed to precinct work all over the city, and on the 27th ult. made a simultaneous attack upon the arms of all tramps who had sought shelter in the police stations. Seizing an arm, the physicians made light cuts with their lancets, just drawing the blood. Then a point was rubbed over the little wound until the blood had washed off the vaccine matter, and the job was done. One point was used on each arm. The lancet was carefully wiped after each operation. Nearly two hundred males and females were vaccinated that night, and the visits of the physicians were continued night after night until more than one thousand had been treated. In some instances, notably among the women, vigorous objection was raised to the operation; but in the majority of cases the tramps submitted good-naturedly.

THE GRAY MATTER OF THE BRAIN.

A FRAGMENT of the gray substance of the brain, not larger than the head of a very small pin, contains parts of many thousands of commingled globules and fibres. Of ganglion-globules alone, according to the estimate of the physiologist Meynert, there cannot be less than 600,000,000 in the convolutions of a human brain. They are, indeed, in such infinite numbers that possibly only a small portion of the globules provided are ever turned to account in even the most energetic brains. In one particular passage of his book, Dr. Maudsley finds occasion to contrast the 15,000 words which Shakespeare employs for the expression of his ideas with the hundreds of millions of brain globules that must have been concerned in the production of this intellectual harvest.



NEW YORK CITY.—SANITARY PRECAUTIONS AGAINST A SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC—AN INSPECTOR OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH VACCINATING TRAMPS IN A STATION-HOUSE.

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BARB'S SECRET.

THE crape had not been removed from the door of the Lindens, and the will had not been read. It was only that morning that the body of the mistress had been laid in the tomb. Now a large party had returned to the house to dine, and, with a few exceptions, were decorously enjoying the choice repast prepared by Mrs. Northrup's old servants—or "Virginia's servants," some said. Since she was an only child she would inherit the Lindens, of course.

She sat at the head of the table now, a strikingly handsome girl, though but sixteen. Barbara Carr sat at the foot, white as marble. Virginia's face was suffused from violent weeping, but Barbara had not been seen to shed a tear.

"Strange," more than one of the company remarked. "One would expect her to show some feeling at the death of Mrs. Northrup, who was her best friend; adopted her from a foundling asylum when a child, and has always given her a good home, treating her as one of the family. But Barbara has always been a strange girl."

She was not pretty like Virginia, who resembled her father, the general, with her handsome eyes of cobalt-blue and fluffy golden hair. Barbara was slight and plain, with a thick white skin like a magnolia leaf and purple-black hair, always bound tightly away from her temples. She was the same type of woman as Mrs. Northrup—quick, proud, resolute. You could not say wherein exactly her charm lay, but she always impressed you with her individuality.

A move was made at last to rise from the table. There was no need for Allan Neale to speak to the company. "My friends, we will assemble in the drawing-room and hear the will read." Most of the company, having satisfied their appetites, were ready and eager for the event.

The drawing-room, with its frescoed ceiling, black velvet sofas and gilded chairs, was elegant and costly, like the rest of the mansion. It was said that Mrs. Northrup had brought the general the money with which it had been purchased. The present guests soon settled themselves and subsided into silence as Mr. Allan Neale rose to read the will.

It chanced that he stood between the two girls, as fine-looking a young man as ever did credit to the best of advantages. Of fine scholarship, good family, handsome personal presence, he had, from a boy, been a friend of Mrs. Northrup, and during the past five years had been her lawyer. Some said that he was engaged to Barbara Carr. Certain it was that he made no disguise of loving her.

His cultured enunciation broke the silence as he began to read the will. After making bequests to old servants and personal friends and dependants, the estate of the Lindens and all remaining property was bequeathed to Virginia, with the exception of fifteen hundred dollars bequeathed to Barbara, with a proviso that she was always to have a home at the Lindens.

There was a murmur of approval through the room. But Allan Neale, who had seemed to read with difficulty, after a little put the paper from him upon a table.

"I have reason to know," he said, "that there was another will than this."

There was a breathless silence in the room.

"I have known Mrs. Northrup long," continued Allan Neale, "and I do not think that this was her final decision in regard to her property."

As he finished speaking, he turned and looked sharply down upon Barbara, but she sat unresponsive to his questioning glance.

"In case I am mistaken," he said, evidently making an effort to control his impulsive nature, "I must congratulate Miss Virginia upon her ample fortune."

The young girl blushed vividly as he took her hand, and then turned with quickened breathing to receive the congratulations of her other friends. After a moment, Allan Neale stepped back and looked again at Barbara. She appeared conscious of his gaze, yet would not meet it. Rising at last, she left the drawing-room by the lower door. Passing quickly forward, he emerged from the door at the foot of the front stairs and confronted her.

Proud as a princess, she seemed to shrink and tremble before him.

"Barb," he said, reproachfully. "Stop," he added, as she put her slim white hand on the carven post, and essayed to pass him. "What does this mean?"

"What is wrong?" she asked, faltering. "Virginia is Mrs. Northrup's daughter——"

His eyes seemed to pierce her through.

"You are bound to keep your secret," he said, then; "but remember that it is no secret to me. I talked with Mrs. Northrup a long evening before she was sick, and she made a confession to me. I was her legal adviser; she knew she had not long to live, and she was in such trouble regarding the final disposition of her wealth, she told me of this will which I have read to-day; but a month later she pointed to her writing-desk, and said, 'You will find my will there when I am gone.' I have every reason to believe that she made another and far different one. You know why she should, Barb."

His words, voice and act seemed to plead with her, as he took her hands, and would have drawn her to his breast.

"I know why I should keep another's fame fair," she answered.

Saying this, she eluded him, and ran quickly up the stair

She gladly escaped from an observation to which he was indifferent, for people were passing in and out of the hall. He drew a deep breath, and turned to look for his hat and cane.

Henceforth, a slight defiance mingled in Barb's air towards him. Sometimes his glance reproached her. But he came and went, henceforth, silent on the subject; and Virginia trembled like a leaf at his approach.

At length Allan Neale asked Barb to see her alone. It was late in the Fall. The roseberries were red in the garden.

"Will you fix our wedding-day, Barb? Long ago you promised me that some time you would be my wife."

"You wished it, knowing all, Allan?"

"I wished it, knowing all, Barb."

"And I consented," she added, absently.

"Yes," regarding her downcast face with a sudden alarm.

She looked up at last.

"I promised you then, Allan. I consented to be your wife, after long talk, you remember. But——"

"But what, Barb?"

"There is a bar between us now, and we had better not marry. You would never be satisfied."

"Dear Barb, I do not care for the money."

"But you think me wrong. You would always think so. Oh, it is hard!" and she broke out crying.

He walked the floor in great agitation.

Barb grew calm.

"A thousand times it would come up in the future, in a thousand ways, and I might give way," her voice breaking again.

He came and stood before her.

"Barb, I love you. No other woman could ever be to me what you are. Because you are so true and noble in yourself, I can overlook——"

"Yes," she interrupted, with tightening lips.

"I can overlook freely," he continued, hastily, "a fact which you made a bugbear, secretly, for a long time, denying me hope. You were morbid, dear; you did yourself injustice," hurriedly finishing the subject. "I say again, I love you, Barb, and here I promise, if you will become my wife now, to keep silent on this subject for ever more."

He paused.

"That would effect nothing," she said, sadly. "It would have its weight, its bearing on our lives just the same. No, we had better remain apart. I can bear my burdens alone."

She was not unwise, for Allan Neale showed himself not perfect. A spirit of resentment took possession of him.

"I shall plead with you no more," he said, at last, in anger—took his hat and departed.

In two days Barb had gone South for the Winter.

Still Allan Neale came and went at the Lindens, occupied in settling the late Mrs. Northrup's affairs. Before Christmas he discovered a change in Virginia. She had lost the infantile roundness of cheek, the timid air of girlhood. More, she was ill; the blue eyes and the blue-veined temples were hollow. Her manner was languid and weary; yet, when he came to know the truth, he never dreamed what anguish the passionate, indulged girl suffered.

"You live like a nun," he said to her, "away from all the occupations and pleasures of youth. Do you care for none of these?"

"For none of these."

"Why are you so melancholy? What do you wish for, Virginia?"

"For you," she confessed. "I have worshiped you from a child. I hoped you would come to love me; but you are to marry Barb."

For an hour the man was tempted. Here was youth, beauty, wealth; why long for that proud white face he had banished? But Allan Neale was essentially noble, therefore he conquered.

"I do not love you, Virginia, as one should love the woman he marries. Years ago I gave my heart to Barb; she has it."

A few weeks later he telegraphed to Barb:

"Will you come home to Virginia? She is ill—dying."

Barbara immediately terminated her visit. She was ten years older than the young girl, and had always been kind and sisterly. She came to the Lindens, and had an early interview with the family physician.

"A tendency to consumption," said Dr. Thorp. "But she could throw it off if she would. She will not try."

No, Virginia would not try to get well. All her young sky was darkened, and she could not see beyond it. She had no depth of charter with which to combat such a disappointment, and so she died.

People said, "Barbara was a strange girl, she wept so bitterly. The Lindens were hers now; and, besides, Virginia was not her sister."

Allan Neale kept aloof from both. At last, when Barb was all alone, he came back.

"I have behaved very badly," he said, penitently.

"I tried you too hard, Allan, but I will marry you now since I may be mistress of the Lindens without revealing to a censorious and curious world that I, too, am Mrs. Northrup's daughter."

DIAZ AT HOME.

PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL LIFE OF THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT DIAZ honored us—the artist and myself—with an invitation to visit him at his private residence, naming 8 A. M. for early breakfast, the habit in Mexico being to take chocolate or coffee, with oranges, eggs and sweet rolls, between seven and eight o'clock. At noon comes *almuerzo*, an elaborate *déjeuner à la fourchette*, consisting of seven or eight courses, heading off with soup, and winding up with black Cordoba coffee. Fruit is eaten in quantities at this meal, especially the *granadita*—lemon-sized, lemon-shaped, hard-shelled, the interior full of sweet seeds in a thick, gummy liquid, unpleasantly reminding of frogs' spawn. This fruit is considered especially wholesome, and is "operated" by means of a spoon, the shell being cracked like that of an egg. At half-past six o'clock *comida*, or dinner, is served. This is the great event of the day; the removes mount up to fifteen or sixteen, the *frijoles*, or black beans, making their appearance rather far down on the list. At a very elegant *petit dîner* given by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Allen, of St. Louis, at the Café de Paris, the courses numbered eighteen, including the muchly-vaunted and muchly-coveted "La Mancha" oysters. This bivalve is very small, very black, very snail-like and repulsive-looking. It inhabits a dingy, dinted, ragged shell, but its flavor, although delicate, is exceedingly attractive. While on the subject of "the dine," I submit the bill of fare of a small dinner given in honor of a very select few of the deputationists by Señor Riva Palacio, Minister of Public Works, at his palatial residence, Calle Marascala:

POTAGES.
Rabioles à la Mexicaine, Arroz à la Paisana.

RELEVES.
Filete à la Criolla, Hauchinango à la Holandesa
Bacalao à la Vizcaina, Camarones Frescos.

ENTREES.
Volovants à la Financière,
Codornices à la Provençal, Foies Gras,
Patas à la Veracruzana, Croquetas à la Duquesa,
Punch à la Romaine.

LEGUMES.
Esparrajos.

ROTIS.
Roast Beef, Ensalada,

ENTREMETS.
Jelatinas, Pudding, Cremas, Helados.

DESSERT.
Quesos, Frutas, Pastelas,
Dulces Surtidos à la Mexicaine,
Café de Cirnapan, Te.

At the Fonda del Gillow we indulged in a Mexican dinner, pure and simple. Every dish was at white heat with chili, and, when all was over, our throats felt as though torch-light processions had passed down them. The fish never follows the soup; it appears at a portion of the dinner when, according to our ideas of set dinners, its presence is by no means desirable. They have red mullet in perfection, and a white lake-fish, small and flat, possessing a delicious flavor—a cross between that of whiting and black sole.

To return to our visit to the President. The hour of eight was booming from out the clock in the tower of the grand old Cathedral as we crossed the Plaza Mayor, and at two minutes past, we found ourselves opposite a huge gateway in the western wing of the palace. Passing beneath an archway, we stepped into a small courtyard, a blaze of sunlight, and glowing with flowers. A soldier, minus his Remington, was sitting upon the balustrade of the stone steps leading to the President's apartments, and as he smoked his cigarette he gossiped with a retainer, engaged in washing a very elegantly appointed double brougham. A sort of major-domo, in plain clothes, made his appearance, who begged of us to follow him; and ascending the steps, we passed along the gallery into an extensive low-ceilinged apartment—a drawing-room—furnished—well, *not* after the fashion of a "symphony" in sage-greens, or an "arrangement" in steel-grays. Leaning against the wall was a life-size portrait in oil of the President's only son, a boy of five years, seated upon a sinewy little pony, gorgeous in filigree leopard-skin housings and those picturesque trappings without which no *caballero* appears upon the Paseo. This portrait has been presented to General Diaz by the Army, and it is a gift of which he is intensely proud.

While we are "in waiting" I shall say a few words about our august host. Porfirio Diaz is forty-seven years of age. He was born at Oaxaca and was a soldier from his cradle. In 1854, when but two-and-twenty, he took a very active part in the Revolution in favor of reform. He was severely wounded at Ixcapa, being then—1856—a captain in the National Guards, and at Oaxaca he carried by assault a trench that was defended to desperation. In 1858, as military commander of the Department of Tehuantepec, he, with a very insignificant force, routed the enemy and succeeded in establishing peace. This victory gained for him his lieutenant-colonelship. During the year 1859 he was perpetually in the field. In 1861 he became Deputy in the National Congress, when Leonardo Marquez attempted to take possession of the capital. Putting himself at the head of a company of troops from his native town Oaxaca, he drove Marquez from the city, thereby winning his major-generalship. When the French broke the compact of Soledad, General Diaz, with a small army, flung himself between the legions of the Gaul and the retiring forces of Zaragoza. On the 5th of May, 1862, he covered himself with glory by the admirable manner in which he conducted the pursuit of the French, and again at the siege of Puebla, where he fought with pre-eminent valor. Later on, he endeavored to defend Oaxaca without siege-guns against several thousand French troops, and was compelled to surrender. He was made prisoner and sent to Puebla, from whence he contrived to effect his escape. He afterwards campaigned in the States of Guerrero and Oaxaca, and on the 15th of October, 1866, fought and won the famous battle of Carbonera, where he took five hundred Austrian prisoners, all the Austrian artillery, together with seven hundred rifles. He then marched on the city of Puebla, assaulted and captured it, turning to give battle to Marquez who was in pursuit of him, and to besiege and finally capture Mexico. In the revolutions which he led in 1872 and in 1876, his abiding desire was the establishment of the principles of no re-election to the Presidency, a system which has been found to work so well, that General Diaz may be safely congratulated upon having achieved his purpose. This valiant warrior was proclaimed Constitutional President of the Republic of Mexico on the 5th of May, 1877, to continue in office until the 30th of March, 1880.

The President received us with a quiet cordiality that instantly placed us at our ease. He was pleased to see us, and his manner betrayed his gratification. Brusque but gentle, outspoken but cautious, he gives one the idea of possessing an inexhaustible fund of bodily and mental energy. When excited, his dark-brown eyes literally flash, but when in repose they are soft, and gentle, and appealing, as those of a hind's. "Come into my sanctum," he said; "you may find something there that will amuse you."

This apartment bespeaks the soldier. It bristles with insignia of the "pomp and circumstance of war." Deadly implements meet you at every turn. On the left is a stand from which hang suspended half a dozen swords, conspicuously, that presented to him by the army, hilted with diamonds, and the sword, the gift of the City of Mexico, hilted with emeralds. His own trusty blade, service-worn and bearing "dent of bloody field," modestly hangs in the background. Proudly enfolding the sabres is the flag of the regiment of Oaxaca, the corps in which he won his spurs, and in which he still feels the deepest interest. A water-color drawing upon one of the walls represents a soldier of the Oaxaca in a semi-kneeling posture engaged in adjusting his *guaraches*, or sandals, and the pleased expression on the President's face, as he explained the different points in the soldier's uniform—differing as it does in some particulars from that of the remainder of the army—revealed his earnest satisfaction with the theme. A magnificent flag, bearing the words "The 5th of May" upon it, also decorates the sword-stand. On a round table in the centre of the apartment is a stand of arms in miniature—but all made to scale, from the old flint musket to the latest improvement in Peabody-Martini. The merits of these toy guns were collectively and individually explained to us by the President, who handled each Lilliputian weapon with the touch of an expert. General Diaz swears by the Remington. "After ten years' experience, I have only had ten per cent. rendered unfit for use," he said, "against ninety per cent. of other makers."

On the centre table are miniature cannon made to scale by his own hands.

"I am rather proud of this," he exclaimed, banging the standing desk with his clinched right hand. "I made this desk, and a bed for my wife, while I was waiting for a decision about the lease of a sugar-plantation;" adding, with a smile, "I was very near exchanging the sword for the hoe."

"But had you done so, Cincinnatus-like, you would have returned from the plow."

"I suppose the trumpet *would* have spoiled the sugar-cane," he laughed.

A very fine map of the battle-field of Puebla adorns one of the walls, and it was intensely interesting to go over it with the man who waded every inch "fetlock high in blood." General Diaz was good enough, for my edification, to fight his battle o'er again, and as each remembered incident sped across his memory, his eye flashed, his nostrils expanded, and he looked as though the very blast of war was being sounded in his ears.

On the desk lay a copy of the Chicago *Western Watchman*, "done" into Spanish; and the manner in which this commercial periodical was gotten up must, of a surety, have given the Mexicans a pleasing idea of the enterprise of American journalism. I encountered Mr. Coyne's publication everywhere, from the sanctum of Señor Riva Palacio to the impenetralia of the Mexican Mint, and everywhere were its pages thoroughly dogs-eared, so anxious do the Mexicans appear to be, to investigate the inner life of American commerce.

A picture of the steamship *City of Havana* hangs in bold relief. It was from a stateroom-window of this vessel that Diaz plunged into the Gulf of Mexico to swim for liberty and life, the purser, who was in his confidence, spreading the intelligence that the plunge meant suicide. When Diaz came into power he did not forget the man who stood so loyally by him at such a momentous crisis in his destiny.

The President is an accomplished numismatist and a skilled conchologist. The facile manner in which he pronounced the jaw-breakers appertaining to the nomenclature of his collection of shells impressed me with a feeling akin to awe. His collection of coins is a very valuable one, whilst its arrangement would do honor to the Society.

On a small table lies the hammer with which he drove in the first nail of the railroad between the City of Mexico and Toluca, with a piece of the rail burnished bright as silver. A model of a Mexican house and Anciendo, constructed by his own hands, also forms a prominent feature in the apartment.

"This is an article that I value very much," he observed, as he handed me for inspection a very stout walking-cane of, to me, unknown wood, surmounted by a gold knob. "It is the cane used by General Antonio Leon, who was shot at the battle of Molino del Rey."

A bookcase, containing a small military library, occupies one wall. I glanced at the books. They all breathed of grim-visaged war, from Julius Cæsar's invasion of Gaul to the latest edition of Fritz's *kriegspiel*.

A Mexican saddle is a thing of beauty, mounted as it is with elaborate silver ornaments, silver embroidery, silver braid and leopard-skin, with silver-tipped girths and silver stirrups. The President has a different saddle for every special occasion, some of these "leathern conveniencies" being of considerable value. He keeps his state saddles, numbering about a dozen, in a small ante-chamber adjoining his study. Here, also is a case containing a collection of marbles from his beloved valley of Oaxaca, and a model of the Cathedral, executed with Chinese faithfulness, in cork-wood.

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After having courteously conducted us all through his house, and, Mexican fashion, requested us to make it our own, we were duly presented to Señora Diaz, a lady whose beauty, grace and dignity reflect lustre upon the exalted position won for her through the sterling honesty, the signal valor, and recognized ability of a husband whose name is a talisman through the length and breadth of the land. With Thackeray I hold the mahogany to be inviolable, but one little incident that occurred during breakfast craves narration. An obstinate cork refused to be coaxed from the neck of a bottle containing a precious vintage. One servant tried it, then another, and yet a third. The corkscrew was a patent one, and this may explain the difficulty. The President sprang from his chair, the spirit of the mechanic strong within him, and that which these experts failed to do, he achieved after one careful glance at the mechanism of the corkscrew. I should mention that Señor Davis, a most accomplished English scholar, was also a guest of the President upon this occasion. General Diaz rises at 5 o'clock, rides on horseback to Chapultepec, six miles, takes a bath, returns for early breakfast; reads from 9 to 10:30, meets the Cabinet from 10:30 to 12:30; then comes *almuerzo*, after which he receives till 6 o'clock, at which hour he accompanies La Señora in a carriage ride on the Paseo till dinner, and from 8 to 10 he is "at home" for society visitors. Verily, Porfirio Diaz encompasseth a long day's work. Before taking leave, General Diaz begged of me to express to Mr. Leslie the debt of gratitude that he, as the representative of the entire Mexican nation, and as speaking the sentiments of his people, felt under for Mr. Leslie's special recognition of Mexico, in sending two of his staff to illustrate the proceedings of the American Industrial Deputation.

"I know your journals well," he said, "and the United States has just reason to be proud of an institution such as that of which Mr. Leslie is proprietor."

Upon the following morning we paid a visit, by the President's invitation, to the palace. When we arrived, he was attending a meeting of the Cabinet, and by grace especial we got a peep behind the scenes. The Ministers were seated around a large oval table, covered with a scarlet cloth, each Minister having his portfolio placed opposite to him. The President sat at the right-hand middle, his Cabinet in the following order: Foreign Affairs, Finance, Home, War, Justice, Public Works. The President's portfolio is of Russia leather, with his monogram gilt in relief. The chairs are of carved oak with high backs and cane bottoms. The carpet and curtains are crimson. Blue books lay about in hopeless confusion, and in ebony bookcases stood a set of the national decrees. A great red silken cord hung dangling from the roof, this to call the guard.

From the apartment containing these potent grave and reverend seigneurs we passed to the President's official bureau. This chamber is oaken-roofed, the beams being gilt, and it is lighted by two windows. The furniture is rosewood, upholstered in green silk, the curtains of crimson silk, and the Turkey carpet of every color in the rainbow. It boasts two shabby mirrors, a rare Louis XIV. clock, and a silver flower-stand. Against the northern wall stands the President's desk of ebony, quaintly carved, beside it a telephone, and beside the telephone a bell-rope communicating with the guard.

During our visit to the palace the President showed us two very remarkable chairs of the Cortez period, the frames of carved oak, black as ebony from age, the upholstery of a rich brocade, such as Isabella the Catholic might have worn in her royal train. A pair of Venetian mirrors of the same date are also amongst the curio of the palace.

TROUT-FARMING ON LONG ISLAND.

IT was the 1st of April—the opening day—and enthusiastic trout-fishers, rod and basket in hand, thronged the cars of the Long Island Railroad *en route* to the happy fishing-grounds for which the island, thanks to the science of pisciculture, is now so rapidly becoming famous. I did not join these expectant disciples of Izaak Walton, having no ambition to prove an April fool at one end of the rod, but, diverging a little from the beaten track, alighted at Roslyn, and, trudging past the picturesque home with a letter of introduction from the eminent pisciculturist, Mr. Eugene Blackford, of Fulton Market, whose exhibition of trout, on the 1st, proved so startling a success, the artist and writer were received by Mr. Clapham *con amore*.

We found him in his hatching-house, a long, low wooden building, built over a crystal brook, lined with golden sand. Great bars of sunlight flung themselves on the rippling water through chinks and crannies, to reveal, swimming in twelve inches of water, and thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, hundreds of trout aged eighteen months, and weighing about half a pound each.

"I raise my trout in these troughs," laying his hand upon a long, shallow, gravel-lined trough. "I first take the fish, male and female, and, squeezing their spawn and smelt respectively into a tin dish, add water and gently shake till impregnation takes place. No fish, comparatively speaking, has larger spawn than the trout. The eggs are about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and resemble amber beads. The spawning time is from the 18th of October to the 1st of January, but, strange to say, one of my boys caught a trout yesterday in the brook, full of spawn. After washing and impregnation I place the eggs in this screen"—a small, gauze-wire screen, 12 inches long by 8 broad—"and lay the screen in this trough. You will perceive that about a quarter of an inch of water is perpetually passing over the eggs. I leave the spawn in the seine from 35 to 45 days, according to certain conditions of the temperature, and until the yolk-sack is absorbed. Then I turn out the fry by degrees, and place them in small ponds, an operation I shall have the pleasure of showing you presently."

"What percentage of the eggs do you lose?" I asked.

"About ten per cent. I feed my trout—I mean the larger fish—after a fashion of my own," he continued. "For six months I give them boiled clams. At first they refused the food, but having acquired the taste, they became crazy over it. Trout as a rule is somewhat insipid in flavor, and needs strengthening. This food imparts a sea flavor much prized by *gourmets*. I also grow cress at the upper end of the brook, both in the open and under glass. Cress breeds a peculiar description of animalculæ that the trout feed on. I use salt-water minnows in large quantities for feeding purposes. Seventy-five cents per pound for trout all the year round is Long Island price, but some farmers have received as high as a dollar-twenty-five."

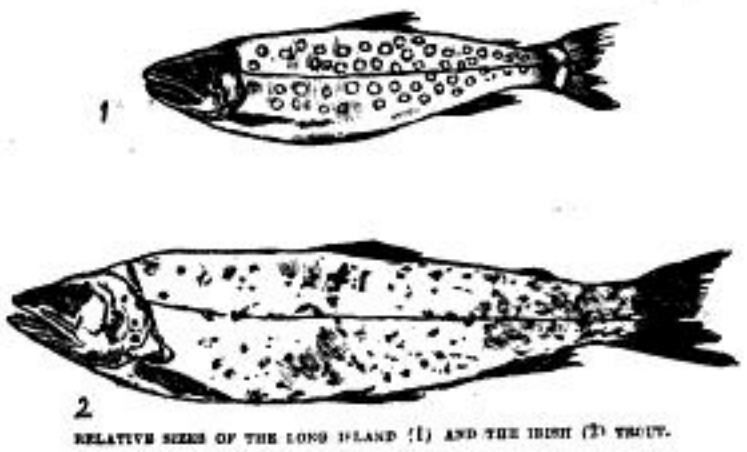
From the nursery, the artist and I accompanied Mr. Clapham to a point in the brook where he dexterously launched a few thousand fry into freedom, there to grow, and fatten and batten until deemed worthy of transfer to a large pond, and from thence to the table.

Mr. Clapham experiences some difficulty in keeping his one-pound trout in bounds, as they will jump anything under two feet high. To behold them flinging themselves up a miniature waterfall that spans the brook is one of the sights of Troutbeck. Mr. Clapham is about to extend his operations in trout-farming. May his efforts be crowned with success.

General Grant in India.

THE accounts from Calcutta represent that extraordinary attentions and honors were paid to General Grant on his arrival there. On his landing at the port, which extends ten miles along the Hooghly, and which was crowded with men-of-war and merchant-ships, he was received by the representative of the Viceroy and conducted to the official residence. Every attention that could be paid a crowned head or a most distinguished statesman was extended to the general. After being entertained at dinner in the Government House, and having a night's rest, he was escorted through the city and shown the memorable historical sights, as well as the present commercial and governmental institutions of the Indian capital. The eminent native Indian citizens, as well as the English officials and prominent citizens, vied with each other in doing honor to the American general.

At Bombay, General Grant resided at the Government House, which is thus described: "The house is a group of houses. As you drive in the grounds through stone gates that remind you of the porter's lodges at some stately English mansions, you pass through an avenue of mango-trees, past beds of flowers throwing out their delicate fragrance on the warm morning air. You come to a one-storied house surrounded with spacious verandas. There is a wide state entrance covered with red cloth. A guard is at the foot—a native guard wearing the English scarlet, on his shoulders the number indicating the regiment. You pass up the stairs, a line of servants on either side. The servants are all Mohammedans; they wear long scarlet gowns, with white turbans; on the breast is a belt with an imperial crown for an escutcheon. They salute you with the grave, submissive grace of the East, touching the forehead and bending low the head, in token of welcome and duty. You enter a hall and pass between two rooms—large, high, decorated in blue and white, and look out upon the gardens below, the sea beyond and the towers of Bombay. One of these rooms is the state dining-room, large enough to dine fifty people. The other is the state drawing-room. This house is only used for ceremonies, for meals and receptions. You pass for one hundred paces under a covered way over a path made of cement and stone, through flower-beds and palm-trees, and come to another house. Here are the principal bedrooms and private chambers. This also is one story high and runs down to the sea, so that you can stand on a balcony and throw a biscuit into the white surf as it combs the shore. These are the apartments assigned to General Grant and his wife. There are drawing-rooms, ante-rooms, chambers, the walls high, the floors covered with rugs and cool matting. As you pass in, servants, who are sitting crouched around on the floors, rise up and bend the head. You note a little group of shoes at the door, and learn that in the East custom requires those in service to unslipper themselves before entering the house of a master. Another hundred paces and you come to another house, with wide verandas, somewhat larger than the general's. These are the guest-chambers, and here a part of our party reside."



RELATIVE SIZES OF THE LONG ISLAND (1) AND THE IRISH (2) TROUT.

that is to know William Cullen Bryant never again, found myself after a brisk "three miler" at Troutbeck, the trout farm of Mr. Thomas Clapham.

"If shad," quoth I, "has been transferred from the table of Dives to the board of Lazarus through the instrumentality of pisciculture, why not trout, especially as the artificial fecundation of the eggs of the latter can be so easily effected?"

Troutbeck is a charming nook—all trees, and flowers, and dells, and brooklets, with a distant glimpse of the blue waters of the Sound, and a lordly dwelling-house perched high upon a headland, of which Mr. Clapham is also the proprietor. Armed

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Last Royal Wedding.

Our present illustrations give further views of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught to the Prussian Princess Louise Margaret in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 13th, of which we have given a full description. The new residence of the royal couple at Bagshot Park, Surrey, is built in the Tudor style, freely adapted to the requirements of the present day. The principal materials used are red brick facings from Bracknell and Portland stone dressings; the roofs are covered with Delabole slates, of a pleasing gray color. The front, facing north, has a tower covered with a pyramidal roof rising behind an embattled parapet, and there is an oriel window over the principal entrance doorway. As the bedrooms on the second floor of the mansion are contrived in the roof, this has necessitated the introducing dormer windows of lofty proportions. On the south side, on the first floor, is the Duchess's boudoir, with a projecting oriel window, forming a picturesque feature on that front. The large window lighting the principal staircase, on the west side of the building, is the only one which is traceried; this will be filled with glass displaying heraldic devices and other ornaments. But the windows in general are square-headed, with stone mullions and transoms, glazed with plate-glass. In plan, the main part of the house may broadly be described as consisting of a vestibule, in the lower part of the tower, with the master of the household's room at the side; and a large central saloon, lighted by a lantern, out of which the principal rooms on ground and first floor open. The staircase-hall adjoins this, and extends to the height of two stories of the building. The oak staircase and saloon walls will have a wainscot dado, and, when complete, will be very effective. The servants' offices are in a wing on the east side of the mansion, the kitchen having a lofty open timber roof, with a lantern. Owing to the considerable fall of the ground on the site, a high terrace on the south side has been formed, and advantage taken to have an extensive vaulted basement for cellarage. The terrace will be hereafter prolonged, and, when completed with their balustrades and steps, will have a good effect.

The Plague in Russia.

That the plague has raged in Astrakhan there is no doubt, for Count Loris Melikoff would not have been sent to the province, armed with unlimited powers, had the danger not been very great. We are now told that the plague has been in reality stamped out, but that it is not improbable that it may again appear in the infected districts. The suspected houses were isolated from the others by a cordon of soldiers, who only allowed the priests to pass. At such times, when all intercourse with the deceased was prohibited, the last sacrament was administered by means of a rod, which the priest held out to the communicant. The wretched creatures who act as croque-morts, or burial-men, were recruited from amongst the convicts, those who survive being granted their liberty at the expiration of the plague. These men naturally avoided contact with the corpses as much as possible, and employed cords and hooks for removing the victims; also they were expected to reside at a distance from other people, and to avoid meeting persons in the streets. The destruction of rookeries in large cities and towns cannot fail to be of great advantage, especially as being likely to diminish the prevalence of epidemic disorders. It is impossible to say how many people have fallen victims to this dreadful disease, the Russian official journal giving the number as 208, and other informers stating it to be 2,000.

The Revolt in New Caledonia.

Every nation that has to deal with wild tribes, whether on this continent, Africa, or the islands of the Pacific, finds the task a difficult one. The French in New Caledonia have been as much troubled as the English with the Zulus or we ourselves with the Cheyennes. All resort to one plan, and that is to use native against native, wisely or unwisely. Our illustration shows Lieutenant Serran, of the French Navy, leading over the mountain ridge of the island a war party of two hundred warriors of the Canala tribe, commanded by their chiefs, Kake and Gelima. The fellows may be all faithful for the time, but it required some nerve for a man to commit himself alone into their hands as commander.

Dahomey Priest Spinning Sacred Cotton.

It may seem strange to those persons who connect priestcraft with idleness and ignorance that a Dahomey priest should know how to spin cotton or do anything useful; but in that land of the fetich, the skull and the human sacrifice, it does not necessarily follow that a priest should not always be a tradesman. The Dahomey priest can work for his own living with his own hands. Among the gods of Dahomey, a high place is assigned to lofty and beautiful trees, among which the silk cotton is the most revered. The ordinary way of gathering and spinning it is thus described: It is gathered and picked and spread out on mats to dry in the sun; when wanted it is placed in little heaps, and a small bow is used to separate the fibres and give it a fluffy appearance. It is then fastened to a stick about a foot long and is ready for spinning. The instrument for this purpose is a thin slip of bamboo, stuck through a heavy round piece of clay, which acts as a fly, and the whole is then twisted by the fingers, the weight of the fly generating sufficient momentum to keep it in motion for a considerable time. The end of the thread twisted from the bundle of cotton to the distaff is attached to this, and as it twists round, the cotton is disengaged with the right hand, and when a thread of sufficient length to allow the spinner to touch the ground has been spun off, it is wound round the spindle stick, hitched over its top, and the operation is continued.

The Warrior's Return.

The subject of this sketch is the return of a Ghoorkha warrior to his native land. True, he has no wounds to show, no medals decorate his sturdy breast, no spoils has he of the defeated enemy. Still, if fortune had given him the chance, there is no doubt that the possession of all these would have been his. He is surrounded once more by the natives of his own land. He explains, with much satisfaction to himself and his hearers, the new rifle with which he is armed. A Parsee examines the "kookerie," thinking with horror what execution it would effect on his stout person if engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with its owner. The Bombay policeman stands aloof, smiling complacently on a scene which he, from his military position, patronizes with some condescension.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE receipts from internal revenue for March were $7,305,130, and from customs, $12,899,902.

—THE question of re-establishing capital punishment in Switzerland must be referred to a popular vote.

—THERE is talk in New Orleans of establishing a line of cattle-carrying steamers from that port to Liverpool.

—BIRMINGHAM, England, is importing hay-forks, clocks, apple-parers and clothes-pins from Philadelphia.

—A RECENT census shows that Portland, Oregon, has 17,225 inhabitants, and that 1,832 of them are Chinese.

—THERE are 240 acres of strawberries in and around Charleston, S. C. The yield, it is estimated, will be over 700,000 quarts.

—THE Canadian lumbermen say the past Winter has been one of the most favorable on record for getting out timber and saw logs.

—BEFORE leaving Adrianople General Skobeleff exhorted the Bulgarians to obey the Sultan, and is stated to have departed amid cheering.

—KING HUMBERT of Italy has commuted the death sentence of Giovanni Passannante, who attempted to assassinate him, to penal servitude for life.

—MOST of the carragreen or Irish moss used for cooking purposes in this country is gathered at Scituate, Mass., where about 150 families are engaged in that labor.

—THE Tennessee Legislature has passed a Bill authorizing the State Board of Health to establish quarantine whenever and wherever it may deem it advisable to do so.

—THE French have an ingenious air-meter by which the amount of air a person breathes can be accurately measured. The average amount of air required by an adult is 185 cubic inches per minute.

—THE greatest depth yet discovered in the Atlantic is 3,875 fathoms, at a point north of the Virgin Islands, between St. Thomas and the Bermudas. The mean depth of the Atlantic is a little over 2,000 fathoms.

—THE German Department of Public Health has declared its opinion that since the plague in Russia is non-contagious the removal of the prohibition against the importation of many articles except rags is permissible.

—THE Tennessee State Senate has concurred in the House Amendment to the Bill to compromise the State debt at fifty cents with four per cent. interest, to be submitted to the people for ratification, if the bondholders accept the proposition.

—THE German Protectionist Party are now assailing the present coinage system. They condemn the pure gold standard as hurtful to the interests of Germany, and recommend a return to the small-notes system and the issue of plenty of paper money.

—M. WADDINGTON, President of the French Council, is preparing a dispatch to the Powers in support of the demands of Greece concerning the rectification of the Turko-Grecian frontier in accordance with the thirteenth protocol of the Congress of Berlin.

—THE sugar crop of Louisiana will amount this season to 225,000 hogsheads, or 250,000,000 pounds, worth $14,625,000, and the yield of molasses to 300,000 barrels, worth $3,000,000. Last year the production of sugar was less than 150,000,000 pounds, and that of molasses in proportion.

—A MEMBER of the Chinese Educational Commission at Hartford, Kwong Ki Chin, writes that nine-tenths of the Chinese who have come to this country came from the province of Canton, and the remainder from the province of Fookin. The people of the other provinces of China have always showed an unwillingness to go to foreign countries.

—THE Appalachian Mountain Club, in three years, had marked eight or ten miles of new paths among the White Mountains, including those of Mount Adams and Carter Dome, and has established signals and guide-boards at many points. This year the members hope to cut a new bridle-path from Waterville to Crawford Notch, and a path from Baker River Valley to Profile Notch.

—THE total receipts from the various sources of revenue of the United Kingdom for the financial year now closed were £82,116,972, which amount is £114,028 below the estimate. The receipts from customs show a deficiency of £184,000; from excise, £200,000, and from stamps, £200,000. The other branches of revenue show an increase of receipts. The net increase of revenue as compared with the last financial year is £3,352,673.

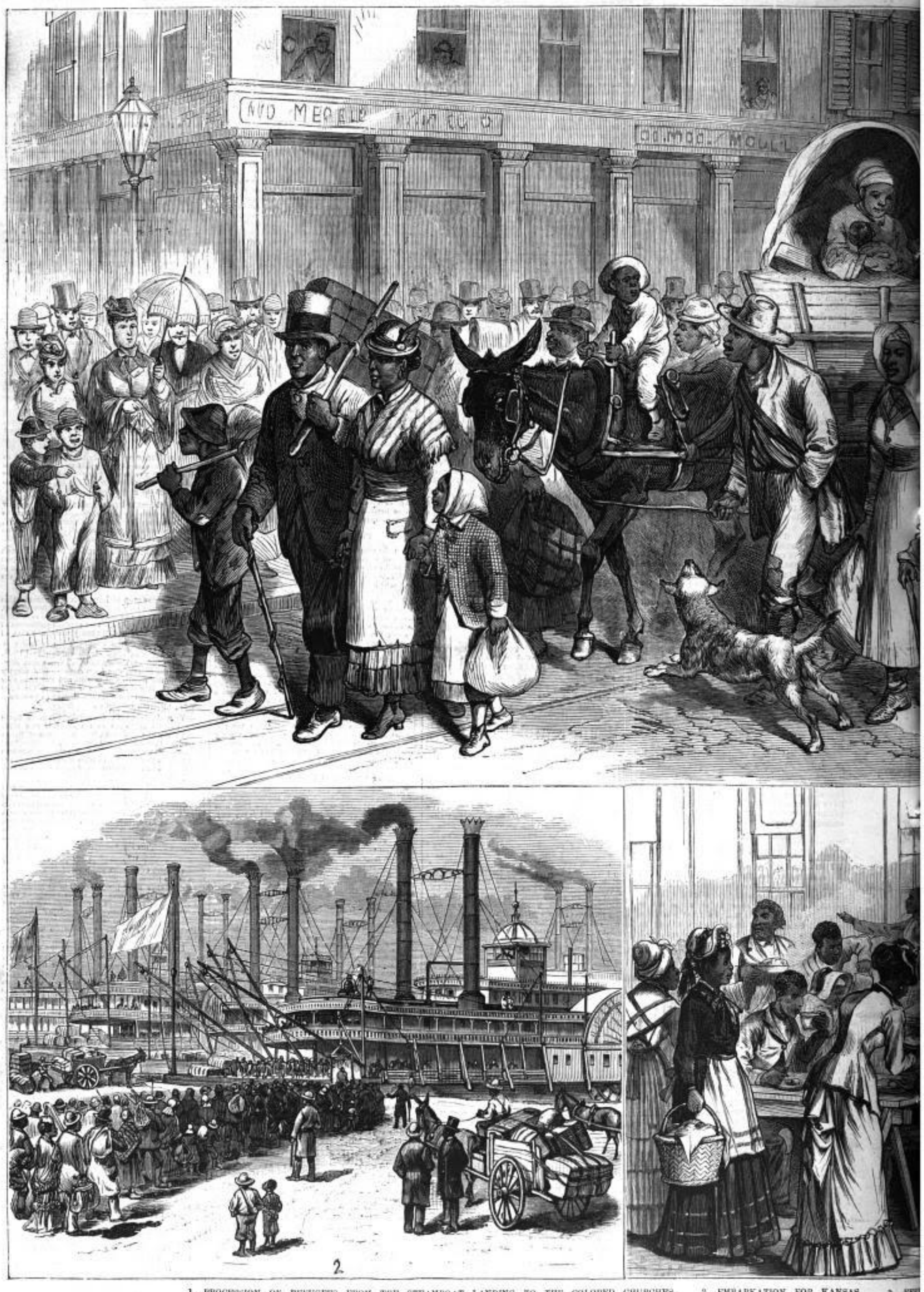
—THE so-called "Horse Communities" of Russia flourish in all cities where there are universities. Most of the poorer students, who are free from prejudices, live upon horse-flesh, which can be procured at one-fifth the price of beef. It is the custom of such students to board in parties of from five to twenty, and hence the name of "Horse Communities." So many Nihilists have been found in these communities that the horse-meat eaters are liable to prosecution by the Government.

—LITTLE pigs in gold and silver are now worn by everybody in Vienna as jewelry. Pins, charms, bracelets, stick-handles—everything is for the moment porcine. The Court began, and the rest of the world naturally followed the lead. The fashion has come from Germany, and was introduced to commemorate the happy escape of the Emperor William from all the risks and dangers he has lately run, and his "Schweins' gluck," or pig's luck—meaning splendid luck—as the German phrase goes, in coming out of it all so well.

—DURING a terrific storm at Venice recently, the square of St. Mark's, the piazetta, and principal streets were completely inundated by the high tide. A large number of people were held captive in restaurants and in small by-streets, so elevated as not to be covered by water, while in the flooded parts masked revelers wading about bare-legged, noisy urchins and porters conveying on their back women fresh from balls, and dressed in all sorts of finery and toggery, presented an amusing spectacle. Travel on the canals was suspended, as the gondolas could not pass under the bridges, and considerable damage was caused on all sides.

—THE Cherokees, with a population of 19,000, support two seminaries, male and female respectively, an orphan asylum, a deaf and dumb asylum, and seventy-four common schools, having in all 3,000 pupils. They annually expend for purposes of education $79,020. The seminaries and asylums are in brick buildings, with three stories and a basement, and are quite handsome and commodious. They were erected at a cost of $40,000 each. The Creeks number 14,200, have twenty-eight public schools and two mission schools, with 1,200 pupils, costing $21,000. The Choctaws, numbering 16,000, have fifty-five schools and one academy, costing $29,000, with 1,200 pupils. The Chickasaws, numbering 5,800, have twelve public schools and one academy, costing $21,000, with 400 pupils. The Seminoles have five schools, with an attendance of 180, for which they pay annually $2,810.

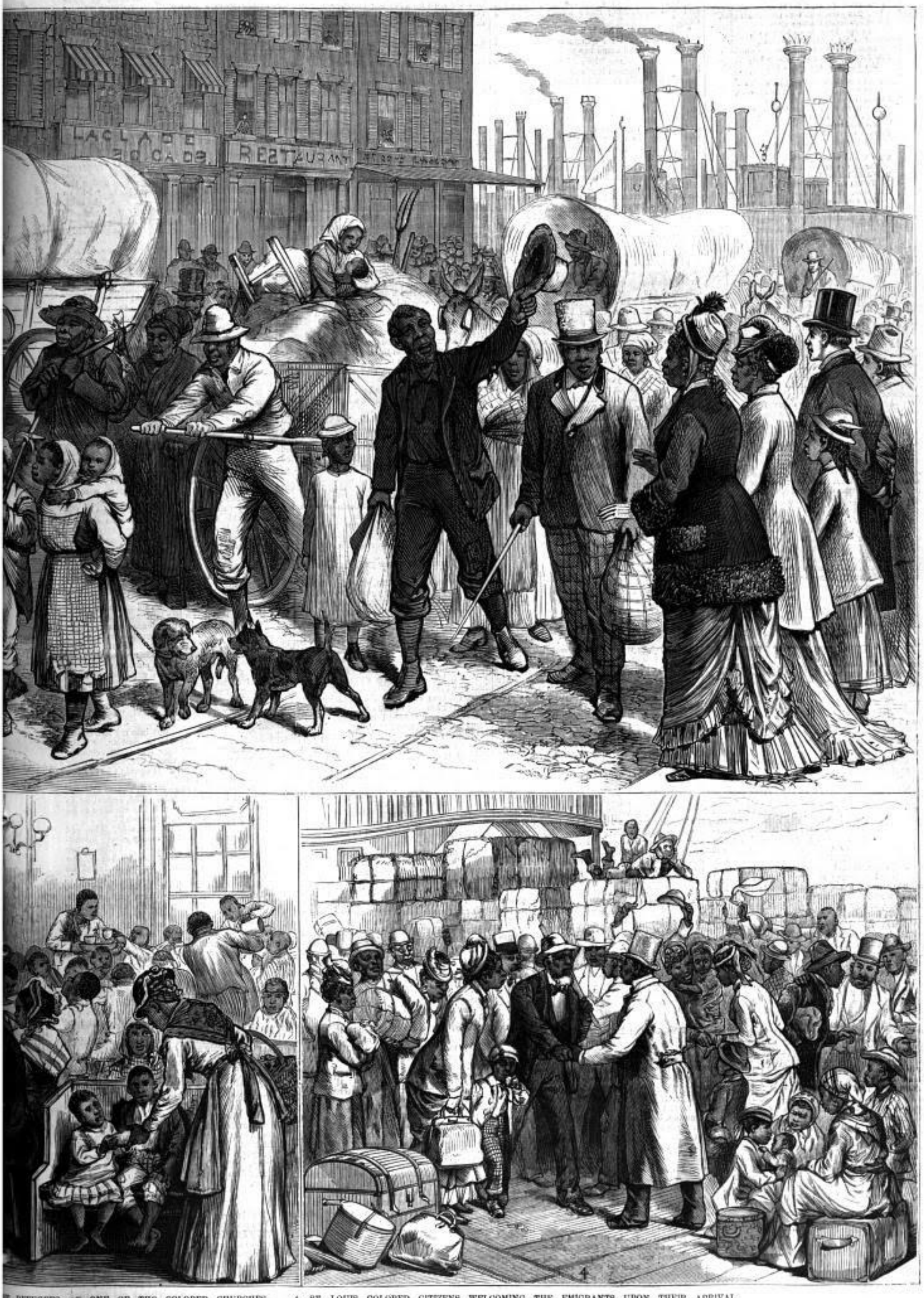
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1. PROCESSION OF REFUGEES FROM THE STEAMBOAT LANDING TO THE COLORED CHURCHES. 2. EMBARKATION FOR KANSAS. 3. FEE

MISSOURI.—REMARKABLE EXODUS OF NEGROES FROM LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI—INCIDENTS OF THE AR

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E REFUGEES AT ONE OF THE COLORED CHURCHES. 4. ST. LOUIS COLORED CITIZENS WELCOMING THE EMIGRANTS UPON THEIR ARRIVAL.

L. SUPPORT AND DEPARTURE OF THE REFUGEES AT ST. LOUIS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.

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A WOMAN'S GLOVE.

A LITTLE, flimsy, faded thing,
Half worn, with both the buttons gone,
A woman's scented, silken glove—
This was the prize we lighted on,
Stowed in his musty office drawer,
Among his blanks and bills and checks—
Poor Jack, who long was famous for
His hatred of the gentle sex.

We did not laugh—we scarcely smiled—
The tears came crowding to my eyes,
I thought how little do we guess
Where tender romance hidden lies;
Beneath the rust and dross of life,
Yet making sweet its common place—
Even as the little fragrant glove
Had perfumed all that dusty space.

What use to wonder, or to guess?
For in the darkened room above
Dear Jack lay dead, and on his breast
We hid the little scented glove,
Half worn, with both the buttons gone;
And somehow, o'er his quiet face
There seemed to steal a friendly smile,
As if he thanked us for the grace.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THREE dozen oysters, bread-and-butter, and bottled stout; a private room and a good fire." Issuing these instructions on his arrival at the tavern, Jervy was surprised by a sudden act of interference on the part of his venerable guest. Mrs. Sowler actually took it on herself to order her own supper!

"Nothing cold to eat or drink for me," she said. "Morning and night, waking and sleeping, I can't keep myself warm. See for yourself, Jervy, how I've lost flesh since you first knew me! A steak, broiling hot from the gridiron, and gin-and-water, hotter still—that's the supper for me."

"Take the order, waiter," said Jervy, resignedly; "and let us see the private room."

The tavern was of the old-fashioned English sort, which scorns to learn a lesson of brightness and elegance from France. The private room can only be described as a museum for the exhibition of dirt in all its varieties. Behind the bars of the rusty little grate a dying fire was drawing its last breath. Mrs. Sowler clamored for wood and coals, revived the fire with her own hands, and seated herself shivering as close to the fender as the chair would go. After a while the composing effect of the heat began to make its influence felt; the head of the half-starved wretch sank; a species of stupor overcame her—half-faintness and half-sleep.

Phœbe and her sweetheart sat together, waiting the appearance of the supper, on a little sofa at the other end of the room. Having certain objects to gain, Jervy put his arm round her waist, and looked and spoke in his most insinuating manner.

"Try and put up with Mother Sowler for an hour or two," he said. "My sweet girl! I know she isn't fit company for you—but how can I turn my back on an old friend?"

"That's just what surprises me," Phœbe answered. "I don't understand such a person being a friend of yours."

Always ready with the necessary lie, whenever the occasion called for it, Jervy invented a pathetic little story, in two short parts. First part: Mrs. Sowler, rich and respected; a widow inhabiting a villa-residence, and riding in her carriage. Second part: a villainous lawyer; misplaced confidence; reckless investments; death of the villain; ruin of Mrs. Sowler. "Don't talk about her misfortunes when she wakes," Jervy concluded, "or she'll burst out crying to a dead certainty. Only tell me, dear Phœbe, would you turn your back on a forlorn old creature because she has outlived all her other friends, and hasn't a farthing left in the world? Poor as I am, I can help her to a supper, at any rate."

Phœbe expressed her admiration of these noble sentiments by an inexpensive ebullition of tenderness, which failed to fulfill Jervy's private anticipations. He had aimed straight at her purse—and he had only hit her heart! He tried a broad hint next. "I wonder whether I shall have a shilling or two left to give Mrs. Sowler, when I have paid for the supper?" He sighed, and pulled out some small change and looked at it in eloquent silence. Phœbe was hit in the right place at last. She handed him her purse. "What is mine will be yours when we are married," she said; "why not now?" Jervy expressed his sense of obligation with the promptitude of a grateful man; he repeated those precious words, "My sweet girl!" Phœbe laid her head on his shoulder—and let him kiss her, and enjoyed it in silent ecstasy with half-closed eyes. The scoundrel waited and watched her, until she was completely under his influence. Then, and not till then, he risked the gradual revelation of the purpose which had induced him to withdraw from the ball before the proceedings of the evening had reached their end.

"Did you hear what Mrs. Sowler said to me just before we left the lecture?" he asked.

"No, dear."

"You remember that she asked me to tell her Farnaby's address?"

"Oh, yes! And she wanted to know if he had ever gone by the name of Morgan. Ridiculous—wasn't it?"

"I'm not so sure of that, my dear. She told me, in so many words, that Farnaby owed her money. He didn't make his fortune all at once, I suppose. How do we know what he might have done in his young days, or how he might have humbugged a feeble woman. Wait till our friend there at the fire has warmed her old bones with some hot grog—and I'll find out something more about Farnaby's debt."

"Why, dear? What is it to you?"

Jervy reflected for a moment, and decided that the time had come to speak more plainly.

"In the first place," he said, "it would only be an act of common humanity, on my part, to help Mrs. Sowler to get her money. You see that, don't you? Very well. Now, I am no Socialist, as you are aware; quite the contrary. At the same time I am a remarkably just man, and I own I was struck by what Mr. Goldenheart said about the uses to which wealthy people are put by the rules of Tadmor. 'The man who has got the money is bound, by the express law of Christian morality, to use it in assisting the man who has got none.' Those were his words, as nearly as I can remember them. He put it still more strongly afterwards; he said, 'A man who hoards up a large fortune, from a purely selfish motive—either because he is a miser, or because he looks only to the aggrandizement of his own family after his death—is, in either case, an essentially un-Christian person, who stands in manifest need of enlightenment and control by Christian law.' And then, if you remember, some of the people murmured; and Mr. Goldenheart stopped them by reading a line from the New Testament, which said exactly what he had been saying—only in fewer words. Now, my dear girl, Farnaby seems to me to be one of the many people pointed at in this young gentleman's lecture. Judging by looks, I should say he was a hard man."

"That's just what he is—hard as iron! Looks at his servants as if they were dirt under his feet, and never speaks a kind word to them from one year's end to another."

"Suppose I guess again? He's not particularly free-handed with his money—is he?"

"He? He will spend anything on himself and his grandeur, but he never gave away a halfpenny in his life."

Jervy pointed to the fireplace, with a burst of virtuous indignation. "And there's that poor old soul starving for want of the money he owes her! Damn it, I agree with the Socialists; it's a virtue to make that sort of man bleed. Look at you and me! We are the very people he ought to help—we might be married at once, if we only knew where to find a little money. I've seen a deal of the world, Phœbe, and my experience tells me there's something about that debt of Farnaby's which he doesn't want to have known. Why shouldn't we screw a few five-pound notes for ourselves out of the rich miser's fears?"

Phœbe was cautious. "It's against the law—ain't it?" she said.

"Trust me to keep clear of the law," Jervy answered. "I won't stir in the matter till I know for certain that he daren't take the police into his confidence. It will be all easy enough when we are once sure of that. You have been long enough in the family to find out Farnaby's weak side. Wouldn't it do, if we got at him, to begin with, through his wife?"

Phœbe suddenly reddened to the roots of her hair. "Don't talk to me about his wife!" she broke out fiercely; "I've got a day of reckoning to come with that lady." She looked at Jervy and checked herself. He was watching her with eager curiosity, which not even his ready cunning was quick enough to conceal.

"I wouldn't intrude on your little secrets, darling, for the world!" he said, in his most persuasive voice. "But, if you want advice, you know that I am heart and soul at your service."

Phœbe looked across the room to Mrs. Sowler, still nodding over the fire.

"Never mind now," she said; "I don't think it's a matter for a man to advise about—it's between Mrs. Farnaby and me. Do what you like with her husband; I don't care; he's a brute, and I hate him. But there's one thing I insist on—I won't have Miss Regina frightened or annoyed; mind that! She's a good creature. There, read the letter she wrote to me yesterday, and judge for yourself."

Jervy looked at the letter. It was not very long. He resignedly took upon himself the burden of reading it.

"DEAR PHŒBE—Don't be down-hearted. I am your friend always, and I will help you to get another place. I am sorry to say that it was indeed Mrs. Ormond who found us out that day. She had her suspicions, and she watched us, and told my aunt. This she owned to me with her own lips. She said, 'I would do anything, my dear, to save you from an ill-assorted marriage.' I am very wretched about it, because I can never look on her as my friend again. My aunt, as you know, is of Mrs. Ormond's way of thinking. You must make allowances for her hot temper. Remember, out of your kindness towards me, you had been secretly helping forward the very thing which she was most eager to prevent. That made her very angry—but, never fear, she will come round in time. If you don't want to spend your little savings, while you are waiting for another situation, let me know. A share of my pocket-money is always at your service. Your friend, REGINA."

"Very nice, indeed," said Jervy, handing the letter back, and yawning as he did it. "And convenient, too, if we run short of money. Ah, here's the waiter with the supper, at last! Now, Mrs. Sowler, there's a time for everything—it's time to wake up."

He lifted the old woman off her chair, and settled her before the table, like a child. The sight of the hot food and drink roused her to a tigerish activity. She devoured the meat with her eyes as well as her teeth; she drank the hot gin-and-water in fierce gulps, and set down the glass with audible gasps of relief. "Another one," she cried, "and I shall begin to feel warm again!"

Jervy, watching her from the opposite side of the table, with Phœbe close by him as usual, had his own motives for encouraging her to talk, by the easy means of encouraging her to drink. He sent for another glass of the hot grog. Phœbe, daintily picking up her oysters with her fork, affected to be shocked at Mrs. Sowler's coarse method of eating and drinking. She kept her eyes on her plate, and only consented to taste malt liquor under modest protest. When Jervy lit a cigar, after finishing his supper, she reminded him, in an impressively genteel manner, of the consideration which he owed to the presence of an elderly lady. "I like it myself, dear," she said, mincingly; "but perhaps Mrs. Sowler objects to the smell?"

Mrs. Sowler burst into a hoarse laugh. "Do I look as if I was likely to be squeamish about smells?" she asked, with the savage contempt for her own poverty which was one of the dangerous elements in her character. "See the place I live in, young woman, and then talk about smells if you like!"

This was indelicate. Phœbe picked a last oyster out of its shell, and kept her eyes fixed modestly on her plate. Observing that the second glass of gin-and-water was fast becoming empty, Jervy risked the first advances on his way to Mrs. Sowler's confidence.

"About that debt of Farnaby's?" he began. "Is it a debt of long standing?"

Mrs. Sowler was on her guard. In other words, Mrs. Sowler's head was only assailable by hot grog, when hot grog was administered in large quantities. She said it was a debt of long standing, and she said no more.

"Has it been standing seven years?"

Mrs. Sowler emptied her glass, and looked hard at Jervy across the table. "My memory isn't good for much at my time of life." She gave him that answer, and she gave him no more.

Jervy yielded with his best grace. "Try a third glass," he said; "there's luck, you know, in odd numbers."

Mrs. Sowler met this advance in the spirit in which it was made. She was obliging enough to consult her memory, even before the third glass made its appearance. "Seven years, did you say?" she repeated. "More than twice seven years, Jervy! What do you think of that?"

Jervy wasted no time in thinking. He went on with his questions.

"Are you quite sure that the man I pointed out to you at the lecture is the same man who went by the name of Morgan, and had his letters addressed to the public-house?"

"Quite sure. I'd swear to him anywhere—only by his eyes."

"And you have never yet asked him to pay the debt?"

"How could I ask him, when I never knew what his name was till you told me to-night?"

"What amount of money does he owe you?"

Whether Mrs. Sowler had her mind prophetically fixed on a fourth glass of grog, or whether she thought it time to begin asking questions on her own account, is not easy to say. Whatever her motive might be, she slyly shook her head, and winked at Jervy. "The money's my business," she remarked. "You tell me where he lives, and I'll make him pay me."

Jervy was equal to the occasion. "You won't do anything of the sort," he said.

Mrs. Sowler laughed defiantly. "So you think, my fine fellow!"

"I don't think at all, old lady—I'm certain. In the first place, Farnaby don't owe you the debt by law, after seven years. In the second place, just look at yourself in the glass there. Do you think the servants will let you in when you knock at Farnaby's door? You want a clever fellow to help you—or you'll never recover that debt."

Mrs. Sowler was accessible to reason (even half way through her third glass of grog), when reason was presented to her in convincing terms. She came to the point at once. "How much do you want?" she asked.

"Nothing," Jervy answered; "I don't look to you to pay my commission."

Mrs. Sowler reflected a little—and understood him. "Say that again," she insisted, "in the presence of your young woman as witness."

Jervy touched his young woman's hand under the table, warning her to make no objection, and to leave it to him. Having declared for the second time that he would not take a farthing from Mrs. Sowler, he went on with his inquiries.

"I'm acting in your interests, Mother Sowler," he said; "and you will be the loser if you don't answer my questions patiently, and tell me the truth. I want to go back to the debt. What is it for?"

"For six weeks' keep of a child, at ten shillings a week."

Phœbe looked up from her plate.

"Whose child?" Jervy asked, noticing the sudden movement.

"Morgan's child—the same man you said was Farnaby."

"Do you know who the mother was?"

"I wish I did! I should have got the money out of her long ago."

Jervy stole a look at Phœbe. She had turned pale; she was listening, with her eyes riveted on Mrs. Sowler's ugly face.

"How long ago was it?" Jervy went on.

"Better than sixteen years."

"Did Farnaby himself give you the child?"

"With his own hands, over the garden-paling of a house at Ramsgate. He saw me and the child into the train for London. I had ten pounds from him, and no more. He promised to see me, and settle everything, in a month's time. I have never set eyes on him from that day, till I saw him paying his money this evening at the door of the hall."

Jervy stole another look at Phœbe. She was still perfectly unconscious that he was observing her. Her attention was completely absorbed by Mrs. Sowler's replies. Speculating on the possible result, Jervy abandoned the question of the debt, and devoted his next inquiries to the subject of the child.

"I promise you every farthing of your money, Mother Sowler," he said, "with interest added to it. How old was the child when Farnaby gave it to you?"

"Old! Not a week old, I should say!"

"Not a week old!" Jervy repeated, with his eye on Phœbe. "Dear, dear me, a new-born baby, one may say."

The girl's excitement was fast getting beyond her control. She leaned across the table, in her eagerness to hear more.

"And how long was this poor child under your care?" Jervy went on.

"How can I tell you at this distance of time? For some months, I should say. This I'm certain of—I kept it for six good weeks, after the ten pounds he gave me was spent. And then I——" she stopped, and looked at Phœbe.

"And then you got rid of it?"

Mrs. Sowler felt for Jervy's foot under the table, and gave it a significant kick. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of, miss," she said, addressing her answer defiantly to Phœbe.

"Being too poor to keep the little dear myself, I placed it under the care of a good lady, who adopted it."

Phœbe could restrain herself no longer. She burst out with the next question, before Jervy could open his lips.

"Do you know where the lady is now?"

"No," said Mrs. Sowler, shortly; "I don't."

"Do you know where to find the child?"

Mrs. Sowler slowly stirred up the remains of her grog. "I know no more than you do. Any more questions, miss?"

Phœbe's excitement completely blinded her to the evident signs of a change in Mrs. Sowler's temper for the worse. She went on headlong.

"Have you never seen the child since you gave her to the lady?"

Mrs. Sowler set down her glass, just as she was raising it to her lips. Jervy paused, thunderstruck, in the act of lighting a second cigar.

"*Her*?" Mrs. Sowler repeated slowly; her eyes fixed on Phœbe with a lowering expression of suspicion and surprise. "HER?" She turned to Jervy. "Did you ask me if the child was a girl or a boy?"

"I never even thought of it," Jervy replied. "Did I happen to say it myself, without being asked?"

Jervy deliberately abandoned Phœbe to the implacable old wretch, before whom she had betrayed herself. It was the one likely way of forcing the girl to confess everything. "No," he answered; "you never said it without being asked."

Mrs. Sowler turned once more to Phœbe. "How do you know the child was a girl?" she inquired.

Phœbe trembled and said nothing. She sat with her head down, and her hands, fast clasped together, resting on her lap.

"Might I ask, if you please," Mrs. Sowler proceeded, with a ferocious assumption of courtesy, "how old you are, miss? You're young enough and pretty enough not to mind answering to your age, I'm sure."

Even Jervy's villainous experience of the world failed to forewarn him of what was coming. Phœbe, it is needless to say, instantly fell into the trap.

"Twenty four," she replied, "next birthday."

"And the child was put into my hands sixteen years ago," said Mrs. Sowler. "Take sixteen from twenty-four, and eight remains. I'm more surprised than ever, miss, at your knowing it to be a girl. It couldn't have been your child—could it?"

Phœbe started to her feet, in a state of fury. "Do you hear that?" she cried, appealing to Jervy. "How dare you bring me here to be insulted by that drunken wretch?"

Mrs. Sowler rose, on her side. The old savage snatched up her empty glass—intending to throw it at Phœbe. At the same moment, the ready Jervy caught her by the arm, dragged her out of the room, and shut the door behind them.

There was a bench on the landing outside. He pushed Mrs. Sowler down on the bench with one hand, and took Phœbe's purse out of his pocket with the other. "Here's a pound!" he said, "towards the recovery of that debt of yours. Go home quietly, and meet me at the door of this house to-morrow evening at six."

Mrs. Sowler, opening her lips to protest, suddenly closed them again, fascinated by the sight of the gold. She clutched the coin, and became friendly and familiar in a moment. "Help me down-stairs, deary," she said, "and put me into a cab. I'm afraid of the night air."

"One word more before I put you into the cab," said Jervy. "What did you really do with the child?"

Mrs. Sowler grinned hideously, and whispered her reply in the strictest confidence.

"Sold her to Moll Davis, for five-and-sixpence."

"Who was Moll Davis?"

"A cadger."

"And you really know nothing now of Moll Davis or the child?"

"Should I want you to help me if I did?" Mrs. Sowler asked, contemptuously. "They may both be dead and blind, for all I know to the contrary."

Jervy put her into a cab, without further delay. "Now for the other one!" he said to himself, as he hurried back to the private room.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME men would have found it no easy task to console Phœbe, under the circumstances. Jervy had the immense advantage of not feeling the slightest sympathy for her; he was in full command of his large resources of fluent assurance and ready flattery. In less than five minutes, Phœbe's tears were dried, and her lover had his arm round her waist again, in the character of a cherished and forgiven man.

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"Now, my angel!" he said (Phœbe sighed tenderly; he had never called her his angel before), "tell me all about it, in confidence. Only let me know the facts, and I shall see my way to protecting you against any annoyance from Mrs. Sowler in the future. You have made a very extraordinary discovery. Come closer to me, my dear girl. How did it happen?"

"I heard it in the kitchen," said Phœbe.

Jervy started. "Did any one else hear it?" he asked.

"No. They were all in the housekeeper's room, looking at the Indian curiosities which her son in Canada had sent to her. I had left my bird on the dresser—and I ran into the kitchen to put the cage in a safer place, being afraid of the cat. One of the swinging windows in the skylight was open; and I heard voices in the back room above, which is Mrs. Farnaby's room."

"Whose voices did you hear?"

"Mrs. Farnaby's voice and Mr. Goldenheart's."

"Mrs. Farnaby?" Jervy repeated, in surprise. "Are you sure it was *Mrs?*"

"Of course I am! Do you think I don't know that horrid woman's voice? She was saying a most extraordinary thing when I first heard her—she was asking if there was anything wrong in showing her naked foot. And a man answered, and the voice was Mr. Goldenheart's. You would have felt curious to have heard more, if you had been in my place, wouldn't you? I opened the second window in the kitchen, so as to make sure of not missing anything. And what do you think I heard her say?"

"You mean Mrs. Farnaby?"

"Yes. I heard her say, 'Look at my right foot—you see there's nothing the matter with it.' And then, after a while, she said, 'Look at my left foot—look between the third toe and the fourth.' Did you ever hear of such an audacious thing for a married woman to say to a young man?"

"Go on! go on! What did *he* say?"

"Nothing; I suppose he was looking at her foot."

"Her left foot?"

"Yes. Her left foot was nothing to be proud of, I can tell you! By her own account she had some horrid deformity in it, between the third toe and the fourth. No; I didn't hear her say what the deformity was. I only heard her call it so—and she said her 'poor darling' was born with the same fault, and that was her defense against being imposed upon by rogues—I remember the very words—'in the past days when I employed people to find her.' Yes! she said '*her*.' I heard it plainly. And she talked afterwards of her 'poor lost daughter,' who might be still living somewhere, and wondering who her mother was. Naturally enough, when I heard that hateful old drunkard talking about a child given to her by Mr. Farnaby, I put two and two together—— Dear me, how strangely you look! What's wrong with you?"

"I'm only very much interested—that's all. But there's one thing I don't understand. What had Mr. Goldenheart to do with all this?"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No."

"Well, then, I tell you now. Mrs. Farnaby is not only a heartless wretch, who turns a poor girl out of her situation, and refuses to give her a character—she's a fool besides. That precious exhibition of her nasty foot was to inform Mr. Goldenheart of something she wanted him to know. If he happened to meet with a girl, in his walks or his travels, and if he found that she had the same deformity in the same foot, then he might know for certain——"

"All right! I understand. But why Mr. Goldenheart?"

"Because she had a dream that Mr. Goldenheart had found the lost girl, and because she thought there was one chance in a hundred that her dream might come true! Did you ever hear of such a fool before? From what I could make out, I believe she actually cried about it. And that same woman turns me into the street to be ruined, for all she knows or cares. Mind this! I would have kept her secret—it was no business of mine, after all—if she had behaved decently to me. As it is, I mean to be even with her; and what I heard down in the kitchen is more than enough to help me to it. I'll expose her somehow—I don't quite know how, but that will come with time. You will keep the secret, dear, I'm sure. We are soon to have all our secrets in common, when we are man and wife, ain't we? Why, you are not listening to me. What *is* the matter with you?"

Jervy suddenly looked up; his soft insinuating manner had vanished; he spoke roughly and impatiently.

"I want to know something. Has Farnaby's wife got money of her own?"

Phœbe's mind was still disturbed by the change in her lover. "You speak as if you were angry with me," she said.

Jervy recovered his insinuating tones with some difficulty. "My dear girl, I love you! How can I be angry with you? You've set me thinking—and it bothers me a little, that's all. Do you happen to know if Mrs. Farnaby has got money of her own?"

Phœbe answered this time. "I've heard Miss Regina say that Mrs. Farnaby's father was a rich man," she said.

"What was his name?"

"Ronald."

"Do you know when he died?"

"No."

Jervy fell into thought again, biting his nails in great perplexity. After a moment or two an idea came to him. "The tombstone will tell me," he exclaimed, speaking to himself. He turned to Phœbe, before she could express her surprise, and asked if she knew where Mr. Ronald was buried.

"Yes," said Phœbe, "I've heard that. In Highgate Cemetery. But why do you want to know?"

Jervy looked at his watch. "It's getting late," he said; "I'll see you safe home."

"But I want to know——"

"Put on your bonnet; and wait till we are out in the street."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE SOUTH TO THE WEST.

ATTENTION was called in an editorial column last week to the large migration of colored people from the Southern States, particularly from Mississippi, to the new regions of the West and North, which has recently been going on. The movement, within the last fortnight, has attained remarkable and unexpected proportions, and may now be said to amount to a genuine exodus, it being estimated that up to this writing at least 5,000 blacks have left nine parishes in Louisiana and Mississippi. At present the most marked features of the movement are seen in these two States and South Carolina, but letters from the Southern and Western counties of Tennessee show that it is making rapid progress there also. In South Carolina there is a strongly organized movement on foot among the better classes of the colored people. For the last four years there has been a marked desire among the most enterprising negroes in the black counties of Georgia to get away to Texas. So extensive has this been, that the Georgia Legislature has prohibited agents from inducing laborers to leave the State. In South Carolina Messrs. Rainey, Cain, Smalls, Nash, and most of the prominent colored leaders, are in sympathy with the emigration scheme. In Louisiana, Pinchback, Menard and others, support it. Senator Bruce lends it his countenance in Mississippi.

The first appearance of the negroes at St. Louis, which was made the general rendezvous, was on Sunday, March 20th, when a steamboat-load was landed. The news of their arrival and miserable condition having been made known at the different colored churches, it was decided to invite these wretched refugees to a shelter in the basements of three large churches in the lower part of the city. The pastors of the churches, accompanied by others, went down to the wharf, extended the invitation, and soon a motley procession was filing through the streets, following these truly Christian leaders.

In the basements of these churches all who arrived during the ensuing week, numbering over 2,500, were temporarily accommodated. Beds were made in the pews and on the floor, and conveniences for cooking were improvised. Here they were visited by a very few white people and by hundreds of their colored brethren from the city. In appearance they looked like any ordinary congregation of colored people, with the exception that they were most wretchedly clad, especially the men, and that there was a large proportion of small children and very old people.

They said they heard that there was Government land in Kansas, and they thought it would be better to go there and get it than to pay $10 an acre where they were. Every suggestion of returning to the South was indignantly rejected. They were informed that the Anchor Line of steamboats would take them back free, but they spurned the idea. They seemed afraid, also, of any other place than Kansas. Word was received from Iowa that several hundred could get employment as railroad hands in building a new road, but they were afraid Iowa was down South. Kansas they knew was the friend of the colored people. Most of them were very ignorant, very few being able to read. Hundreds had not a cent of money, and when asked what they were going to do, generally replied "Donno."

James T. Smith, a prominent and highly respected colored citizen of St. Louis, said to an inquirer, "You can tell in a moment every colored man or woman who belongs to St. Louis from those who have come from the South, just by their appearance. It is certainly proof to my mind that the colored people are much worse off down South than those who have come North; therefore they are justified in seeking to better themselves."

Saturday, March 29th, was a busy one on the levee among the colored emigrants. Early in the morning those who were making their quarters at St. Paul's Chapel, Eleventh and Christy Avenue, were busily at work getting their plunder together and loading it into the furniture-vans and baggage-wagons to be taken to the foot of Olive Street. About four o'clock in the afternoon the emigrants were ordered to go on to the sidewalk. There they were formed into procession by the committees and Rev. John Turner. The command to march was given by a score or more of self-constituted leaders and the crowd started off. It was a large crowd—a dirty, a motley and a curious crowd; there were in it men, women and children, of all sizes, ages and colors; some were nearly white, some coal-black, some interesting and others repulsive. All were not very clean, and as they marched along few persons cared to come in contact with them. All this was not their fault, but their misfortune. There were just 155 adults in the crowd, and probably there were two-thirds as many more children. As they proceeded to the levee they attracted no little attention. When they arrived close to the Anchor Line wharfboat they cheered—harsh, shrill, weak, strong and every other known kind of a voice lending its strength to the common cause. They were answered but faintly by about 250 emigrants already on the wharfboat, and with whom they were soon mingled. Some of these latter, about 100, had been on the wharfboat for two or three days. They had come up on the *Belle of Memphis* or other boats, and after making inquiries had concluded to remain near the river until the arrival of the steamer *E. H. Durfee*, which touched post Saturday morning, the officials of the Anchor Line kindly permitting them to do as they wished. But there were 150 persons crowded on the wharfboat whose coming had not been expected. They arrived at ten o'clock in the morning on the steamer *John A. Scudder*. Forty of them boarded the boat at Point Pleasant, Miss., and sixty at Chism's Landing, Miss., both of which places are a short distance north of Vicksburg. Few of them left their home with more than sufficient money to defray their expense in coming to St. Louis.

On Sunday, as the church bells were ringing over the metropolis, the *Grand Tower* proclaimed its arrival by three long, successive snorts, and by half-past ten o'clock the elegant steamer ran alongside her wharf, discharging 300 families of colored emigrants, *en route* for Kansas. It was a strange but a pitiable sight presented on the levee, at the foot of Chestnut Street—300 families, with all their worldly goods and chattels, a bedstead, some little bedding and a bundle of clothing, strewn along the shore, gathering at fitful intervals the full benefit of a St. Louis sirocco, a sun-bath with all the blinding and smothering properties of superior lime-dust.

St. Paul's A. M. E. Church, or Chapel, as it is best known, has been impoverished almost by reason of old debt and those contracted to aid the emigrants who have been living there. In order to aid the congregation in its present struggle to save the church property, a grand Methodist reunion presentation, concert and festival was tendered by prominent citizens of both colors, and took place on April 3d. Four colored clergymen of St. Louis, with J. Milton Turner, ex-Minister to Liberia, have issued an appeal for contributions of money and clothing in aid of the destitute negroes who are flocking from the South to seek homes in Kansas.

What the outcome of this hegira will be, time only can determine. In Kansas, there is scarcely a field for the employment of all the labor now seeking that State, but it is said that some 2,000 men will be at once employed on the Utah Central and the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads, and it is thought that Arizona will furnish work for several thousand more to replace the Chinese. The Indian Territory, if open to settlement, would afford available homes for thousands. There are nearly 12,000 people of color, formerly their slaves, citizens of or residents in the various Indian nations. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad has also indicated a purpose to employ in New Mexico a large force of colored laborers. Cheap rates of fare are announced on the Pacific roads for the benefit of all colored emigrants bound for either Southern California or Arizona.

As to the effect of the emigration upon the South, it is safe to say, that should it continue, it will prove very disastrous to the planting interests. Laborers and agriculturists for years have been in high request in Louisiana—there was an ever-present need for them; but white men, as a rule, shunned the country. As the normal laboring force in the country is necessary to a respectable yield on the plantations, it will be apparent that any emigration of this class must be a public misfortune. The New Orleans *Times* says, in illustration of this fact:

"The trouble will not be confined to one or two plantations, but threatens to affect the whole State, and the sugar region must suffer when the cotton region is overgrown with cottonwood-trees and weeds. Not a week ago came an extensive planter to this city to arrange for advances on his coming crop. He made satisfactory arrangements, and was on the point of returning home, when there arrived a telegram telling him his hands had left. In consequence, his arrangements had to be canceled and he is a ruined man. Every day the same scene is enacted in this city. The cotton-planter wishes advances; the commission merchants ask what are his prospects. What, indeed, are his prospects under the present condition of things? As a last recourse, something must be done to persuade the negroes to move into the sugar region, where tranquility reigns and the laborer not only gains but receives his hire. It is understood that an organization is being made for this purpose, and that everything will be tried to keep the negroes from entirely quitting the State. For it is conceded by the wise that the negroes are the best field-workers in existence, and that this State will go to the dogs without them. This is the truth, although it does hurt the pride of the average country politician to admit it. This great change in the population of this State is going on now, and there is no time to lose if a good result is to be obtained. The danger is one of the present moment, and the remedy must be applied at once or not at all."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Argout, long resident in Egypt, has taken paper impressions of the whole of the tomb of Seti I. at Thebes.

A Test for Free Acid.—The yellow color of acetate of iron is immediately removed in any liquid in which a free acid is present.

M. Stephan has been elected a Corresponding Member in the Astronomical Society of the Paris Academy, in place of the late Dr. Hansen, of Gotha.

Atomic Weight of Iridium.—G. Seubert, after having prepared and analyzed a great number of iridium compounds, comes to the conclusion that the atomic weight of the metal is 192·7.

A Committee has been organized to obtain subscriptions for erecting a statue to Nicephore Niepce, the inventor of photography. A circular has been published and will be sent to all scientific societies over the world.

Use of Refuse Cacao.—The refuse is digested in water for several days, then treated with a 35 per cent. soda lye and finally boiled. From the filtered liquid a beautiful brown precipitate falls, on addition of an acid, which is admirably adapted for a pigment.

The British Naval Authorities have been making experiments for some time, with the view of testing the power of resistance to heavy shells of coals in the bunkers of men-of-war. The latest tests at Portsmouth seem to indicate that loose coal is the most effective means of protection yet discovered.

Recent Explorations of the lake dwellings of the Lake of Geneva prove that they were destroyed by fire during a Spring, when the waters of the lake stood at the same level as now. A layer of charcoal from the burnt dwellings is to be found along the whole coast, beneath a layer of sand and gravel.

Zinc-white.—If the precipitate produced from the sulphate or chloride of zinc by the sulphides of calcium, barium or sodium, be heated to redness in a current of air, a white color results, which, when mixed with oil, proves to be equal to the best zinc-white. It is a mixture of sulphide of zinc with the oxide.

A Quicksilver Motor.—Th. A. Shinn proposes to drive the vapors of mercury into an upper chamber from which, after condensation, it can flow over a wheel and thus drive machinery. This is very much like pumping water with a steam engine in order to propel a water-wheel. It can be done, but the economy of the operation may be brought in question.

Faraday has recorded a curious experiment on the resonance of flames. A tuning-fork struck upon the table, and then held till its sound was inaudible, was placed in the tip of the flame of a Bunsen burner. The sound came out again loud enough to be heard at some distance. The flame acts as a resonator, owing to the difference in the density of the gases which it contains.

Remains of Lake Dwellings of the highest scientific interest have been discovered by members of the Donaueschingen Historical Society under the guidance of Dr. B. Spuren. The dwellings are situated in the so-called Pfohreser Ried, near Donaueschingen. Numerous objects have been brought to light, such as remains of textures and implements dating from the stone, bronze, and iron ages.

A New Book about Thibet.—This mighty upland still belongs to the least-known portion of our globe, and the little that has appeared about it is so rarely seen that new works were strongly demanded. The want has been supplied by Dr. Gansenmüller, of Stuttgart, who has collected and edited in an agreeable form all that has been hitherto published in reference to Thibet. The work treats of the physical and political geography of the land, its climate, products, transportation, commerce, as well as its population in ethnographical and historical relation, including a brief history of the nation. The value of the work is increased by a critical and suggestive introduction from the pen of the celebrated traveler, Herman von Schlagintweit.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. DANIEL P. STONE of Malden, Mass., has given $50,000 to Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn.

THE Pope has sent a circular to the Spanish Bishops warmly advocating allegiance to King Alfonso.

M. LÉON SAY, the French Minister of Finance, has been nominated to the first class of the Order of the Crown of Prussia.

PASSANANTE, the would-be assassin of King Humbert, who has had his sentence commuted, has been exiled to the Island of Elba for life.

KING KALAKAUA of Hawaii has knighted Claus Spreckles, of San Francisco City, for his services in developing the resources of the Hawaiian Islands.

SURGEONS have succeeded in painlessly extracting a grain of powder which had remained in Emperor William's head since Nobiling's attempt on his life.

THE Hon. John K. Porter has accepted the honorary Chancellorship of Union University for 1879, and will give the Chancellor's oration at Commencement.

GOVERNOR FENTON is still in Rome, having been detained there by the illness of his daughter, who at last accounts was slowly recovering from an attack of intermittent fever.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is compiling a "Dictionary of London," which aims at presenting, in a concise form, an intelligible epitome of every kind of practical information about London.

M. ERNEST RENAN was formally received as a member of the French Academy on April 3d. The foreign representatives and a distinguished company were present at the ceremonies.

UNITED STATES MINISTER NOYES has presented to President Grévy a letter from President Hayes replying to M. Grévy's letter announcing his elevation to the Presidency of the French Republic.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has embarked on a steamer at Caprera, but even his friends are unaware of his destination. There are many rumors afloat, even including a report that he has gone to Athens to organize an expedition.

THE Government of the French Republic has decided to present the Prince of Wales with a service of Sèvres china, in commemoration of the great services he rendered as President of the British section of the Exhibition of 1878.

ROBERT BROWNING has accepted the presidency of the new Shakespeare Society, which was left vacant at the time the Society was founded, and was not to be filled "till one of the greatest living poets sees that it is his duty to take it."

—His little Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitsch of Russia is, considering his age (four months), an expensive person. He has a household of fifteen people, and 18,126 roubles are allowed for His Highness's table.

RUDOLPH, future Emperor of Austria, desires to speak the language of every race he will one day have to rule over, and is now studying Turkish. He speaks ten languages already, seven or eight of which are used in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

ON April 3d the Senate confirmed Clarence King to be Director of the Geological Survey. The greater part of the executive session was devoted to the appointment, Messrs. Logan and Teller making speeches against confirmation, and Messrs. Conkling, Voorhees and Blaine supporting it.

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are reported to be indisposed. Latterly the ex-Premier has been subject to severe attacks of influenza in its worst form, accompanied with sore throat and general debility. He has been confined to bed for nearly a week and so prostrate that all his correspondence fell to the amanuensis of his daughter.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, poet and upholsterer, is now busy in practicing the art of weaving. Not only is he endeavoring to carry out practically some of his own designs, but in order to secure the tints he requires, and to be certain the colors he obtains are permanent, he has set to work to dye his own fabrics, and to study exhaustively the nature of dyes.

PROFESSOR MARK W. HARRINGTON has been appointed Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory at Michigan University, in place of Professor James C. Watson, resigned. Two years ago Mr. Harrington received the appointment of Professor of Astronomy in the Imperial University of China and Director of the Chinese Meteorological Survey, with a salary of $4,000 a year, but resigned recently on account of ill-health.

ACCORDING to the marriage treaty, the Duchess of Connaught is to have $7,500 yearly for her own sole and separate use, and if she becomes a widow, she is then to have an annual allowance of $30,000. On the other hand, she brings a dowry, guaranteed by the Emperor of Germany, of 300,000 marks. She renounces in favor of the male line of the Royal Prussian Margravine-Brandenburg family all contingent hereditary rights thereto appertaining.

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER, whose military conduct in 1863 has been completely vindicated by a special Board of Inquiry, is in Washington, the guest of Senator Randolph. Although appearing but little in public, he is being overwhelmed by congratulations in person and by mail and telegraph over the full verdict in his favor. The record of the case will be sent to Congress and the proper legislation upon it will probably be enacted at the present session.

JUDGE JAMES A. STEWART, Chief Judge of the First Judicial Circuit, and an Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, died at his residence at Cambridge, Dorchester County, on the Eastern Shore, April 3d, of cancer in the face. He was a prominent citizen of the State, and for many years in public life. He had been a member of the State Legislature, and also of the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses, and was in the seventy-second year of his age.

DR. CHARLES JEWETT, the well-known temperance lecturer, died in Norwich, Conn., April 3d, in his seventy-second year. Dr. Jewett was born in Lisbon, Conn., and began his temperance work in Rhode Island in 1829. Since then he has been almost constantly engaged in it, having held the State agencies of the temperance societies of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He has lectured in nearly every State of the North and West. His death was caused by heart disease, which had prevented him from working during the past Winter.

MADAME PATTERSON-BONAPARTE, the legitimate widow of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, died in Baltimore on April 4th, in the ninety-fifth year of her age, after an illness of several weeks. There were present at her deathbed her physician, Dr. J. S. Mackenzie; her grandsons, Colonel Jerome Napoleon and Charles Joseph Bonaparte; Mrs. George Patterson, widow of her brother, the late George Patterson, and Mrs. Clark, a relative, who has been a faithful attendant and nurse for the past ten years or more. Madame Bonaparte left an estate valued at more than $1,500,000.

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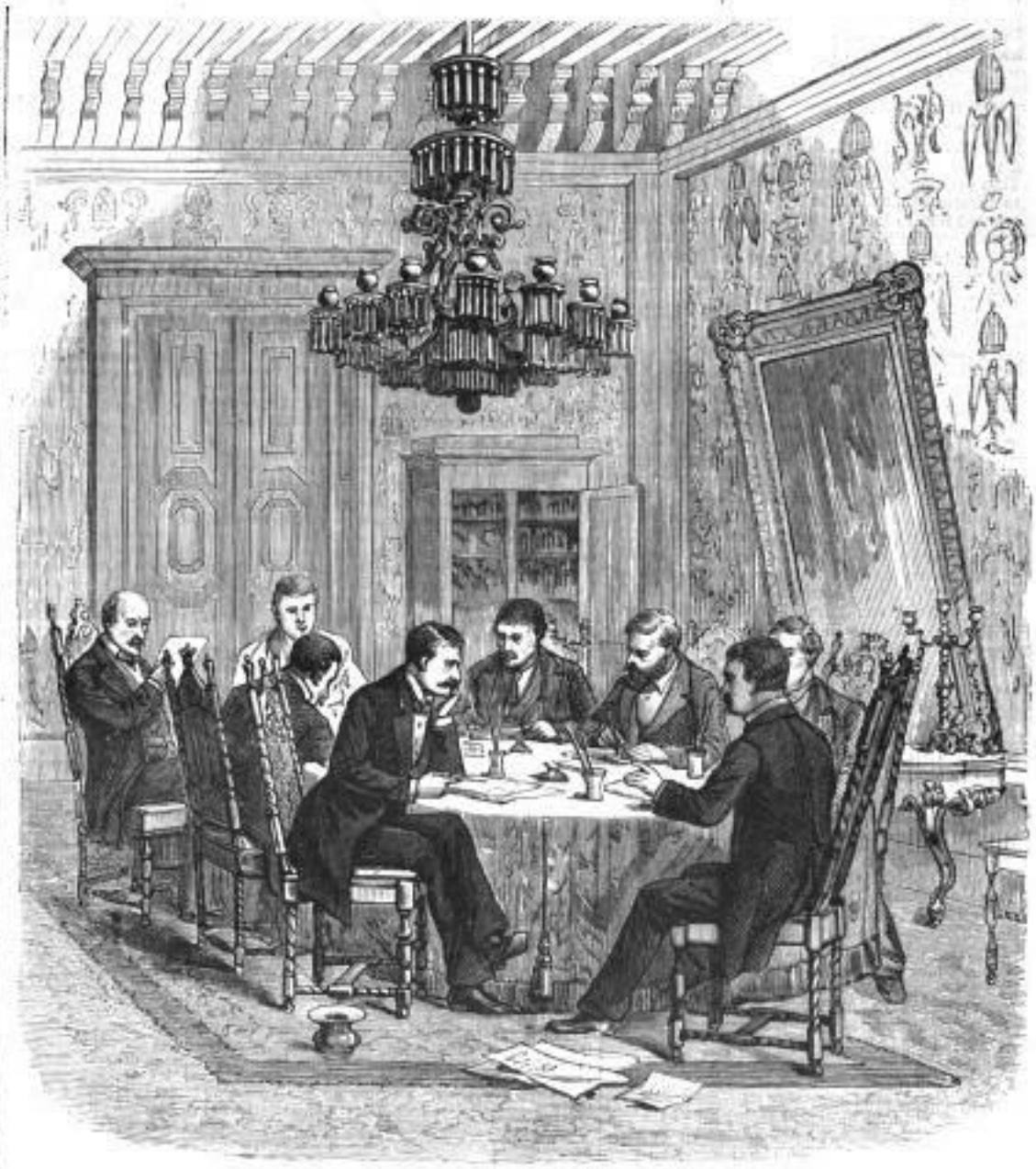
PRESIDENT DIAZ AT HOME—THE COLLECTION OF MODELS IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

GOVERNOR JOHN H. KINKEAD, OF NEVADA.

THE new Governor of the Silver State is a native of Fayette County Pa., where he was born, December 10th, 1826. Two years later his parents moved to Zanesville, Ohio, and, not realising their expectations, went to Fairfield County, in the same State. When eighteen years of age John went down the river to St. Louis and engaged in mercantile pursuits, and five years later he settled in Salt Lake City, Utah, where he remained five years, going thence to California, and investing his capital in mining operations. In 1860 he settled in Washoe County, Nevada. When the Territorial Government was organized, with J. W. Nye at its head, he was appointed Treasurer, and held the office until the formation of the State Government, serving in the meantime as a member of the Constitutional Convention. Shortly after the adoption of the Constitution he left Nevada, and spent two years in Sitka, Alaska, carrying on a successful business. He then returned to Nevada, and became a resident of Humboldt County. He was elected Governor of the State last Fall, and then took up his residence in Carson City. His early education was strictly commercial, and when not engaged in such pursuits, his chief labor has been mining and milling.



THE PRESIDENT'S DESK AT THE NATIONAL PALACE.



PRESIDENT DIAZ CONSULTING WITH HIS CABINET IN THE NATIONAL PALACE.

MEXICO.—THE PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL LIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 102.

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HON. JOHN HENRY KINKEAD, GOVERNOR OF NEVADA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. MARSTON.

J. H. HAVERLY.

THE name of Mr. J. H. Haverly has, within a few weeks, assumed an importance in metropolitan theatrical circles as marked as it is sudden. Until within a very short time he was known only in professional circles as a marvelously successful and wonderfully energetic Western manager, who had brought to the theatrical and minstrel business untiring energy and industry, coupled with novel and effective methods of arresting public attention and always satisfying his public when he had once reached them.

The announcement made a few weeks ago that Mr. Haverly would assume the risks of the provincial trip of Colonel Mapleson's Opera Company and pay the *impressario* of Her Majesty's Company the lion's share of the receipts, was at first met with incredulity by New York managers and speculators in the same field; their surprise was not less than their doubts when the result proved a magnificent pecuniary success for both manager and *impresario*, and showed that, despite hard times, Mr. Haverly's judgment of the ability and desire of the American people to pay liberally for everything good was not at fault.

Mr. Haverly is a native of Western Pennsylvania, about forty years of age; he is of medium height, slender, nervous, and very quick and active. His large auburn mustache and ready nod and smile give him the appearance of a genial good fellow. But on closer look you catch the glimpse of a keen, penetrating, gray eye and a firm, decisive mouth, and you see at once that you have before you a man of more than ordinary vigor and determination of character. He is of modest demeanor, retiring manners, and scrupulously polite, treating all persons, of whatever rank or station, in the one kind and affable manner, which is his nature. He is always accessible, at least long enough to say, personally, to please call again when he is not so busy.

In 1875 Mr. Haverly assumed the management of a comedy theatre in Chicago. He presented the very best of everything; novelty succeeded novelty, and attractive stars, new plays, accepted metropolitan successes, opera, burlesque, and minstrel shows, were all given with rapidity, and at an immense expense. With confidence, inspired by two years of heavily purchased experience, Mr. Haverly assumed control, in September, 1877, of Haverly's Theatre, Chicago. Since that date he has built up that establishment into the very first rank, and has embarked in a half-dozen or more new enterprises.

In certain sections of the country the portrayal of the eccentricities and humor of the plantation darkey is best appreciated when represented by the original darkey himself. Mr. Haverly's organization of colored minstrels, known as "The Georgia Minstrels," embraces the very best of the native talent of this description, having been carefully culled from many hundred aspirants for distinction in that line.

The theatre at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue was opened under his auspices on Monday evening, March 31st, by the Alice Oates Comic Opera Company, with the representation of Lecoq's opera of "Le Petit Duc," in the presence of an immensely fashionable audience, and scored such an immediate triumph that all doubts of the success of that enterprise are set at rest.

Mr. Haverly has just concluded an engagement with Mr. Lester Wallack to appear first at his theatre in Chicago, and subsequently in several of the principal Western cities. Another of Mr. Haverly's recent engagements is that of the Union Square Theatre Company for Haverly's Chicago Theatre. This engagement is intended to follow close upon that of Mr. Wallack, and embraces all the members of the Union Square Theatre Company of this city, who are to represent their great success, Mr. Bronson Howard's play of "The Banker's Daughter," and other pieces of the Union Square Theatre *repertoire*.

Added to these enterprises, Mr. Haverly has, in connection with Mr. Charles E. Locke, of the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, the control of nearly all the combinations which visit San Francisco and desire to play either on their way back or going West through the circuit west of the Mississippi, which embraces a number of important cities.

Mr. Haverly attributes a large share of his success to his good fortune and judgment in the selection of his assistants. He has been particularly successful in being seconded by able and experienced gentlemen who have faithfully carried out his policy and plans.



MISS LUCIA ZARATE, THE WONDERFUL MEXICAN DWARF.



J. H. HAVERLY, THEATRICAL MANAGER.

THE MIDGETS.

MISS LUCIA ZARATE was born a short distance from Vera Cruz, Mexico. Her parents are medium-sized people, her father weighing 165 and her mother 160 pounds. At her birth she was but seven inches long and weighed but eight ounces. She is now fifteen years old and weighs only four and three-quarter pounds. General Mite, her companion, was born in Chenango County, this State. His proper name is Flynn, and his parents also are of the ordinary size. His father, Mr. E. F. Flynn, is a gentleman of culture, weighs over 150 pounds, and is nearly six feet high. The General, at his birth, weighed only two pounds, and now is fourteen years of age and weighs only nine pounds. Miss Zarate is twenty-five inches high, and the General about twenty-six and a half inches. Miss Zarate's bracelet will not fit on an ordinary-sized finger, and her ring will not go on a common pencil. General Mite's foot is two inches long, and his hat just fits on a gentleman's closed hand.

They have been exhibited in several cities in this country, and always created an excitement. This is the first time they were ever exhibited in this city together. Physicians have made an examination of them, and pronounced them in all respects perfect. Their daily food is precisely like that of other people. They eat anything and everything. They take their three meals a day with the rest of the family at their hotel. So far as their health is concerned, they have never been a day sick, not even being affected with the ordinary maladies incidental to childhood. The variations of climate do not appear to affect them a particle, and in their travels, which have been very extensive, they have not at any time been sick.



TEXAS.—NEW BUILDING OF THE COTTON EXCHANGE AT GALVESTON.

THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.

THE new building of the Cotton Exchange at Galveston, Texas, was begun in July, 1877, the corner-stone being laid with Masonic ceremonies, and completed in December last. It is three stories in height, and built of Philadelphia pressed brick and Austin limestone, the exterior being elaborately ornamented with carved stone, representing solely the cotton-leaf, flower and boll. The total cost of the building, which measures 120 by 67 feet, from outside to outside, was $80,000. There are two main entrances. The front (on Mechanic Street) is protected by a stone porch, in the spandrels of which the Horn of Plenty is tastily and delicately elaborated. On the top of the porch stands a cotton bale, and surmounting the bursting bale the crown of "Cotton, *the* King." Over the entrance at either side are two shields, upon which are carved, respectively, a bull's and a bear's head—a jocose indication of the buyers and sellers. On the pilaster through which the corner room is entered is carved a composition representing cotton in marine commerce—the rudder, the anchor, the pulleys and ropes, the cotton-plant creeping in and out.

The Exchange Hall is 38 feet high, 82 feet long, and 63 feet wide, with a gallery running all round it on a level with the third floor. The floor is inlaid walnut and oak. There are four mantelpieces in the hall, two supported on bears', two on bulls' heads. The ceiling is semi-arched and elegantly relieved by brackets representing the cotton-plant in its various stages. The carvings and inside woodwork are of oak and walnut; the lustres, gilt.

It was in this fine apartment that a ball and reception were given the members of the American Industrial Deputation on their return from Mexico, on the 1st of February.

TIMOTHY C. MURPHY.

THE Treasury Department, United States Life-saving Service, has recently directed a medal to be presented to Mr. Timothy C. Murphy, of Norwich, Conn., as a recognition of his exploits in saving persons from drowning. Mr. Murphy is yet a young man, being but twenty-one years of age, and has saved by his daring no less than twelve lives. He is the younger of three brothers who gained distinction as oarsmen in several races on the Thames River (Conn.), and at Silver Lake,



TIMOTHY C. MURPHY, WHO WAS AWARDED THE GOVERNMENT MEDAL FOR SAVING LIFE.

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where he made a fine record. In many of the cases in which life was saved by him, he acted with an utter recklessness of risk and peril as to himself. A correspondent thus describes one of his feats: "On one occasion, when the steamer *City of Lawrence* was returning from an excursion with some 1,500 persons on board, a passenger was crowded off the gangplank at the landing. The night was very dark, but Murphy plunged into the water in search of the unfortunate person. In the darkness he was confused, and it was nearly an hour before he was rescued by a rope, with the man he had saved. The latter was unable to swim, and his rescue was, therefore, attended with great difficulty." All who have witnessed his exploits speak in the highest terms of his bravery and coolness, and there seems to be no room for doubt that the honor conferred by the Government has been worthily bestowed.

Are Plants and Trees Healthy?

As a proof of the humidity given to the atmosphere by trees, experiments show that the "Washington elm" at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with its 200,000 square feet of leaf surface, transpires seven and three quarter tons of watery vapor in twelve diurnal hours of clear weather. From this it is inferred that a grove, consisting of 500 trees, each with a leaf surface equal to that of the elm mentioned, would return to the atmosphere 3,875 tons of aqueous vapor in twelve hours. Indoors, transpiration is, during the day, only about one-half as active as in the open air, but at night it is about equal in the two situations; hence, the transpiration of a plant indoors is more than one-half as much in twenty-four hours as it would be outside. It follows that growing plants increase the humidity of the atmosphere in a closed room. This point is very important where rooms are heated by hot-air furnaces. In such apartments the air is drier than in apartments heated by a stove or open fireplace. In a dry atmosphere of the temperature of 65° to 68° Fahrenheit, a great demand is made upon the system to supply the air with moisture, the skin and pulmonary mucous membrane are dried, and a condition is induced which is expressed in irritability of the nervous system, paleness and susceptibility of the skin to cold, to pulmonary diseases, and, in short, deterioration of all the functions. If the presence of a certain number of thrifty plants in an occupied apartment, warmed by dry air, would have the effect of raising the proportion of aqueous vapor, it is clear that plants in rooms heated by a hot-air furnace would, in a hygienic point of view, be of very decided value, since they may become the means of obviating very distressing symptoms, or even disease itself. The absence of plants may be supplied by the introduction of the external air. That trees increase atmospheric humidity, absorb malaria, and produce a refreshing coolness, is an established fact. They are the most salubrious agents that can be introduced in densely populated cities.

Romance of a Capuchin Monk.

A CAPUCHIN monk, as one sees him walking about Rome, is an interesting and picturesque object. Few human scenes are likely to impress a stranger more deeply, especially if the monk be met in the famous cemetery of that Order. Some of these men have a history which strangers wot not of. Father Pavesi, provincial of the Capuchins in Rome, who was lately robbed of a large sum of money, has a story which is extremely pathetic. As told in the *Globe* of London, it is that he was an accomplished and handsome officer in the Papal army under Gregory XVI., and won the affections of a young Roman beauty of good family and considerable wealth. The young girl's parents permitted the intimacy to ripen into a passionate attachment, but at last formed other plans for their daughter, and directed her to break with her valiant lover, and at the same time told him they intended her for a more distinguished alliance. The lovers were astonished, and pleaded in vain. Friends interceded, but the parents would not relent. A total separation took place, and for several months they knew nothing of each other. One day Pavesi was sent for by the girl's parents. He went to their house and was shown into a darkened chamber where on a couch lay the young girl in the last stage of a fatal illness. The lovers took a last farewell, and on the following day the invalid passed away to her last sleep. Her funeral was observed with great magnificence, the wealth and fashion of Rome being present. A few weeks later Pavesi entered the Capuchin convent, forsaking the army, where a brilliant career was before him.

Habits of Ants.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has made out that ants do not recognize ants of the same nest by any sign or password, though he thinks it impossible that in the case of nests containing 100,000 each, all the ants know each other individually. The way in which he disproved the sign or password theory was exceedingly ingenious. He took pupæ from various nests, and gave to some of them attendants from their own nest, to others attendants from a different nest of the same species, so that if they were taught any sign or password, the ants thus brought up would know the sign of their nurse's nest, and not that of their own, except when the nurse had been taken from their own nest. Then he returned some of them to their own nest, and some to their nurse's nest. The result was as follows: Of pupæ brought up by friends, and returned to their own nest, none were attacked, but all welcomed. Of pupæ brought up by *strangers* (of the same species), and returned to their own nest, 37 were welcomed, and only seven were apparently attacked; but of these seven, SIR JOHN was doubtful in three cases. Of pupæ brought up by strangers of the same species, and put into the nest of those strangers, none were welcomed; all 15 were attacked. Hence, ants of the same nest do recognize each other, but not by any sign or password—probably by some smell, or other sense quite unknown to us.

Honorable Humility.

GENERAL BAUER, who commanded the Russian cavalry in Holstein, was a soldier of fortune, whose family and country were unknown to every one. When encamped near Hanau, he took a mode of discovering himself as novel as it was amiable. He invited all his field-officers and some others to dine with him, and sent his adjutant to bring a miller and his wife who lived in the neighborhood to the entertainment. The poor couple came, very much afraid of the summons, and quite confused when they appeared before the Muscovite general. Bauer seeing this, bade them be quite easy, for he only intended to show them kindness, and had sent for them to dine with him that day; at the same time, he conversed familiarly with them about the country. At dinner, the general placed the miller and his wife one on each hand, and nearest to him, and paid particular attention to them. In the course of the entertainment, he asked the miller many questions about his family and relations. The miller stated that he was the eldest son of his father, who left the mill he then possessed, and that he had two brothers and one sister.

"Have you no other brother?" asked the general.

"No," replied the miller. "I once had another brother, but he went away with the soldiers when he was very young, and must have long ago been killed in the wars."

The general observing the company much surprised at his conversation with the miller, said to them: "Brother soldiers, you have been curious to know who I was, and whence I came. I now inform you that this is the place of my nativity, and you have heard from this miller, who is my elder brother, what my family is." Then turning to the astonished miller and his wife, the general embraced them, saying that he was the brother they had supposed dead. The general then invited the whole of the company to meet him the next day at the mill, where a plentiful entertainment was provided, the general pointing out to his brothers in arms the room in which he was born, with as much evident joy as if he had been showing them the place where he had gained a victory.

Palmerston's Basket.

It appears that during Lord Palmerston's long stay at the British War Office he instituted a communication between his own room and the Registry. A basket, always at his side, could be drawn at any moment, on a given signal, into the Registry, and returned to him in the way in which it came. Whenever a visitor called on Lord Palmerston he was always desired to send in his name. The name was at once placed in the basket, whisked into the Registry, and returned with all the papers relating to the visitor's case. When Lord Palmerston had listened to his applicant's preliminary statement he used to interrupt him by saying, "Dear me, it's very remarkable, but I have your case actually before me now," and diving his hand into the basket, produced the very papers. The delighted applicant departed with the conviction that his own grievances had been engaging the Minister's attention all the morning. This anecdote furnishes a clew to the hold which this able, astute, and good-humored statesman obtained over his political friends.

FUN.

WHY don't some one write a song on the first fly of Summer?

YOU should be careful how you walk over the frozen wheel-ruts on a country road. Cart-ridges sometimes explode.

MEN who have been too feeble to bring in the fuel all Winter are now able to go up the river three or four miles and sit all day on a damp stone, fishing.

CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE (lifting a shoe from the soup-tureen): "Lal who'd a thought baby's shoe would turn up in the soup! But I know it wasn't lost. I never lose anything."

PROFESSOR: "What is a monarchy?" *Freshman*: "A people governed by a king." *Professor*: "Who would reign if the king should die?" *Freshman*: "The Queen." *Professor*: "And if the Queen should die?" *Freshman*: "The Jack."

TWO DARKIES were vaunting their courage. "I isn't 'feared of nothin', I isn't," said one. "Dan, Sam, I reckon you isn't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julius, I isn't 'feared to loan you a dollah, but I does hate to part wid an ole fren forever."

"HAVE you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister, as he took tea with a feeble old lady. "Electricity!" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon it has. I was struck by the lightning last Summer and hove out the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

A MEMBER of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation when the professor said: "Mr. ——, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner in which you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the answer, "if he was half scared to death."

AT COURT—*Eminent Counsel*: "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones who——" *The Court*: "Your client is a bachelor." *Eminent Counsel* (with reproach): "Your Honor would even deprive my unhappy client of the pure joys of home and the family. (Weeps.)

A YOUNG woman whose apartments are very nicely furnished undertakes to dazzle a gentleman whose acquaintance she has just made, and, ringing the bell, says to the servant: "I think I'll take a drive out to the Bois. Susan, tell John to harness up the horse to the phaeton." The faithful servant returns in a few moments and says: "Missus, I can't find any John, or horse or phaeton at all—shall I go and get a cab?"

A WORD TO THE CORPULENT.

INSTEAD of regarding obesity as an abnormal condition, many people have erroneously considered it as an evidence of health, and any agent that reduces fat is therefore at once suspected of being injurious. Starting to reason from the false position that fat is an evidence of health, it is not surprising that they should, very naturally, fall into the error of supposing that an agent possessing properties capable of reducing corpulency would prove injurious to the health. Reasoning, however, from the rational basis, that an undue deposition of fat, constituting obesity, is not a healthy but a morbid condition, it is quite as natural for us to arrive at the opposite conclusion, which is sustained by experience and observation, *i. e.*, that the reduction of fat in cases of corpulency is invariably followed by an improvement of strength, spirits, and physical comforts. Allan's Anti-Fat will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds a week. Sold by druggists.

THESE old people whose blood has become thin and steps feeble are praising Hop Bitters for the good they have done them.

FOR the last quarter of a century the ST. NICHOLAS has stood foremost, and unites all the traditions of old-time hospitality with a foremost place in the improved requirements of the age. The guest finds here the level of the most exacting demands, superb cuisine, and the perfection of accommodations, at the moderate price of $3.50 per day.

THE exode of the plantation hands of Mississippi and Louisiana creates almost as much stir as the running of the Underground R. R. (of which William Still gives so full an account) did in slavery times.

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GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

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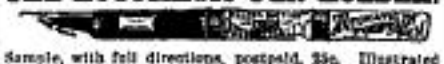
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Serial and Short Stories: "David Fleming's Forgiveness," illustrated; "My Fortune and Misfortune," illustrated; "Forecastle Jack," by Frank H. Converse, illustrated; "Brother and Sister," an Australian sketch, illustrated; "The Erard Pianette," illustrated, etc., etc.

Sketches: "Professor Joseph Henry," by Hon. S. S. Cox; "A Mother's Influence," by the late ex-Senator Pratt; "The Friends and Temperance"; "Washington and his Mother," illustrated; "Uncle John Vassar," by H. A. Seyguerz, illustrated; "My Dream," by R. N. Sledd, D.D.; "A Syrian Lawsuit," illustrated; "Beauty and the Beast," illustrated; "A Wonderful Cat," illustrated; "Jerry's Housekeeping," illustrated, etc., etc.

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SERIALS AND SHORT STORIES: "Norman Desborough's Son," by Frank Lee Benedict (conclusion), illustrated; "Gertrude's Temptation," illustrated; "A Great Peril," illustrated; "A Life's Mistake," illustrated; "Victorine's Diary," by Anne Thomas, illustrated; "Amongst Shadows," illustrated; "J. E.," illustrated; "Running the Gauntlet; Or, The Cuban Patriot's Bride," illustrated; etc., etc.

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THE LATE MADAME BONAPARTE.

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"I KNOW the most beautiful young woman in the world, whom you must marry"—this, in 1803, from a Baltimore lady to Jerome, brother of him who was destined to shatter empires by a nod. Jerome had served under General Leclerc (Pauline Bonaparte's first husband) in Santo Domingo, and, after carrying dispatches home to France, had gone to Martinique to command a frigate. He was invited to Baltimore, and there, at the house of Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he met Betsey Patterson, then eighteen. Her mind, richly stored by her tender, religious and highly cultured mother, was quick, her wit sparkling, her manners sprightly and coquettish, and her beauty simply dazzling. Patterson *père* was a frugal, thrifty, well-to-do business man, of strict integrity in business matters, but close and arbitrary in his family relations.

Miss Patterson was desirous of seeing the distinguished Frenchman, and Jerome's curiosity was piqued as the prettiest girl in Baltimore had been sent to Virginia in order to be kept out of *his* way. The young lady contrived to attend the city races, and came face to face with her fate. Miss Patterson wore a buff-colored silk dress, very scanty as to drapery, a large *fichu*, and a huge Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with pink gauze and long ostrich feather. Jerome was an ardent wooer; the maid was willing to be won, as it had been predicted that she was to wed a distinguished Frenchman, "a prince in disguise"; and on the twenty-ninth day of October, 1803, a license for their marriage was issued. A hitch occurred, however, and the marriage did not take place till Christmas Eve,



THE LATE MADAME BONAPARTE.—FROM AN OLD PAINTING

Bishop John Carroll, brother of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, tying the knot in accordance with the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. The bride wore a plain and very scanty India dress, with old lace, and a string of pearls at her throat; the groom, a rich laced and embroidered purple satin coat, the white-lined skirts of which reached his heels, knee-breeches, diamond buckles and powder. Bonaparte, who had other views anent the career of his brother, was highly incensed at the marriage. On the 20th of April he caused the French Minister of Marine to write to the French Consul at New York his resolution "that no money shall be advanced on the order of citizen Jerome," and to "prohibit all captains of French vessels from receiving on board the young person to whom the citizen Jerome has connected himself," and to insist on Jerome's return to France by the first French frigate. Such were the wishes of the First Consul, "whose inflexibility can be compared to nothing but the vastness of his conceptions."

It was not until March 31st, 1805, that Jerome embarked at Baltimore on board the *Erin*, with his wife, for Spain. They had set sail on the previous August, but had been wrecked. Madame Bonaparte's wadded *pelisse* nearly proved her destruction, as its weight kept her under water; but a sailor fished her up, and shortly afterwards, at a hospitable farmhouse, she scandalized her aunt by "enjoying roast goose and apple sauce, instead of kneeling in thanksgiving." Arrived in Spain, Jerome quitted his wife and proceeded to Paris, and on the 3d of May, 1805, the report of the annulling of the marriage reached Philadelphia. Madame Bonaparte arrived in London, where, at Camberwell, July 7th, 1805, was born her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

(Continued on page 119.)



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT BENCH-SHOW OF DOGS AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, APRIL 8TH-12TH.—THE JUDGES AWARDING THE PRIZES.—SEE PAGE 123.

"THREE STROKES"; Or, THE SECRET OF COZY DELL," it begun in No. 722 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Read De Mille's brilliant story,

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE NEGRO EXODUS.

"THE Negro Exodus" from certain States of the South into the State of Kansas has assumed proportions which give to it the significance of a public event. Where such a tidal movement has set in, we may be sure that general and not individual causes are at the bottom of it. That these causes are complex might be inferred from the complexity of all general phenomena in the figure of modern society, but the variety of considerations which have given impulse to this popular migration may still further be inferred from the conflicting opinions of the men who undertake, from different points of view, to account for its origin.

That the movement indicates a state of unrest and dissatisfaction on the part of the colored population in certain quarters of the South cannot be disputed in the presence of the facts now passing before our eyes. And the force of the pressure which has set this column of emigrants in motion cannot be duly appreciated without taking into account the natural immobility of the negro race and the strength of its local attachments. Some, indeed, of the causes impelling this movement lie upon the surface; others there are which plant their roots deeper in the social stratification that prevails at the South.

That the negro in some parts of the South finds it difficult to exercise his political franchises; that in many cases and in many respects he suffers a curtailment of his civil rights, and that he often falls a prey to fraud in his business dealings with the superior race, are charges that have been so frequently made by party politicians, in the apparent interest of a profitable political agitation, that many people had come to be wearied with their iterance on the public ear. And if the present movement at the South shall have no other effect, we may at least hope that it will lift such disputed questions as these into the higher plane of social science, and therefore above the storms and clouds of purely controversial politics.

The Southern Democrat, who may have denied the truth of the accusations brought against his political confederates by the Northern Republican, will now find a new difficulty in clearing his skirts from these imputations. But just in proportion as he recognizes the tenability of the charges laid at his door he will be piled by incentives to work for a correction of the evils he can no longer ignore; for the present hegira of the colored people in Louisiana and Mississippi has a significance which is social and economical as well as political.

The abolition of slavery as a consequence of the late war disposed of the "Slavery Question" in the United States, but left behind it a question which lies still deeper—the right disposition of an inferior race suddenly absorbed in the body politic. Questions of race lie deeper than questions of politics or questions of public economy, as the experience of all nations has shown in all ages of the world. "The Turkish Question," which will not down in Europe at the bidding of all the Great Powers, is a question of race which concerns itself with the difficult task of finding a *modus vivendi* for populations residing within the same territorial limits but having no affinity in point of national lineage. "The Indian Question" in the United States is a question of right adjustment between inferior and superior races, between higher and lower civilizations, brought into contact by the necessities of their competing geographical distribution, without having been able to discover the just and proper relations imposed on each by the laws of Nature and Providence. And in like manner "the Negro Question" in the United States is one which calls for the large handling of statesmen, rather than for the petty bickerings of small politicians at the South, trampling on the rights of the colored race without pity or remorse, and of small politicians at the North, who would fain keep the "wrongs of the negro" as a part of their political capital, without laboring for the removal of those wrongs in their causes as well as in their effects.

And, hence, it is in this view that we augur beneficent results from the pending "exodus." Whatever men may affirm or deny with regard to its political aspects and its social bearings, they cannot deny that it brings home to the business and bosoms of the Southern people an economical question which is fraught with the most immediate and vital importance. The labor system of the South is in danger of being disturbed by this popular "landslide." The expulsion of the Huguenots from France impoverished the industry of that country for a whole century, and built up arts and manufactures in England and Germany at the expense of arts and manufactures in France. Unity of religious faith, purchased at the cost of reason and justice, was found to be a dear acquisition in the days of Louis XIV., and unity of politics in the "solid South" will be found a dear acquisition if purchased to-day at a similar sacrifice. For it requires no perspicacity to perceive that a fearful depletion will be wrought in the labor system of the South if this exodus should become chronic and general; and if the politicans of that section should be insensible to the economical aspects of the movement, it still remains to say that its purely political bearings would perhaps become apparent to them if, at the next Presidential election, it should be discovered that the influx of negro voters into the North had resulted in a "solid North" for the Republican Party. It would then be perceived, though perhaps too late for repentance, that the dilemma in which the South is placed has a political as well as an economical horn on which to gore its victims.

THE NATIONAL CREDIT.

NOW that we have got down to a specie basis, our national credit is scarcely second to that of any other country in the world. Outside of England and the United States, there is no nation that can float a four per cent. at par, taking present value of their respective securities as a basis of comparison, although France can very nearly do so. Her obligations bearing five per cent., and having long time to run, are quoted at 110 and 111. The United States has no five per cents. with long time to run, but measured by the value of our other obligations a long-time five would be worth now about 114. German fours are worth 96, and it is a singular fact that in the German markets a United States four per cent. obligation rates a little higher than a German. The credit of Italy ranks high, her fives being at par, but it is below that of the other countries named. The three per cent. consols of England are now worth 96. The four and a half per cents. of Russia are worth but 76, and those of Norway 96, while those of the United States are worth 108. The threes of Spain are rated at fourteen cents on the dollar, and South American securities are for the most part little more valuable. The threes of Mexico are worth but eight cents on the dollar. With wise financial management and a stable policy, our credit in time will surpass in the money markets of the world that of every other Power.

This result, however, will not be attained if the inflationists in Congress can prevent it. The action of the House of Representatives, last week, in amending its rules so as to permit the Committees on Ways and Means, Banking and Currency and Coinage, to report at any time, is most unfortunate in this connection, since the change will enable the inflationists on the committees named to deluge the House with all sorts of Bills proposing to tinker the finances, change the tariff, and alter the coinage and weights systems of the country. It is feared that the same majority which affected this change in the rules will now proceed to pass legislation hostile to the national banks, and may try to enact a law at the earliest possible day retiring the notes of those institutions and replacing them with greenbacks. In regard to silver, an effort may be made to secure free coinage and to authorize the issue of silver bullion certificates on a basis similar to that which is now provided for gold. The hard money men in Congress should stand together, without regard to party lines, in resisting by all constitutional means the enactment of measures so full of menace to our financial security.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

IT has been a significant feature of the Winter's dramatic season that the one society play which has achieved a veritable success, holding popular interest even beyond the traditional hundred nights, has been an American play. Other American plays before "The Banker's Daughter" have been crowned with signal triumph, and won merited and prolonged success. But the plays that have achieved such distinction have been of a very different order and class from Mr. Bronson Howard's drama.

The "Banker's Daughter" may be said, indeed, to mark an epoch in the history of the American drama. It is the first attempt which has been truly successful to construct an American play upon a French model, making use, however, not of French or foreign characters and situations, but of genuine American characters, and of incidents peculiar to American society. It is in Mr. Howard's happy inspiration to seize upon and reproduce such a typical American character as *George Washington Phipps*, a character as perfect in its way as *Colonel Sellers*, and quite as genuine and original as a type, that we discern the prophecy of what may yet be achieved by American dramatists.

It has been, and is still, the reproach of our young but growing school of dramatists that their highest aim seems to be to imitate, copy, and borrow their material, as well as the secrets of the art, from the French school. Few if any American plays, fitted to be called such, have as yet been produced—plays, that is, which can be considered as genuine American plays, the motive of whose action is found in typical American situations. American plays have, with two or three notable exceptions, been mere reproductions, adaptations and imitations, with little or no attempt to portray individual types of character, or depict such traits as smacked of the soil.

The reason of such a state of things is obvious. It is by virtue of its own inherent superiority and excellence that the French drama has impressed its peculiar stamp upon the whole field of dramatic art. The inventiveness, originality, and marvelous prolific industry of the French playwrights of the past twenty-five years find no parallel except in the Elizabethan era. It is but natural and inevitable that the master-pieces of French comedy and society plays should affect the form and character of all other foreign dramatists' work and composition. It is certain our own dramatists will find no better models, unless it be in Sheridan's works, upon which to build their productions, than in the study of these French marvels. In the infancy and early growth of any art there must be the training of the artist in some school of superior excellence. The French themselves, for nearly two centuries, were but servile imitators of the Greeks. Even as late as the present century Voltaire not only copied the ancients, but openly stole from all sources—the Italian, English and Spanish schools supplying him with both material and hints for construction. It is due to this study and universal acquaintance with all forms of dramatic composition that the French school to-day owes its purity of form and its endless variety and vitality.

But study of good morals is one thing, and too close an imitation and following after them is another. While the American dramatist cannot make too close a study of the best, wherever he may find it, he must look at home for his material if he wishes his work to have any permanent or original value. It is an encouraging sign that where the American dramatist has been fortunate enough to reproduce a genuine American type of character of real merit, his success has been immediate and permanent. *Solon Shingle, Rip Van Winkle, Colonel Sellers*, the *Professor* in "Big Bonanza," and *G. Washington Phipps* have the true national and local color, and by their truth and fidelity to nature have been crowned as masterpieces. It is only when the American playwright shall seek the source of his inspiration in our national peculiarities, eccentricities and characteristics, that he can hope to produce types which will be recognized as genuine and original.

It is a curious fact that our late war, prolific as it was in romantic and tragic situations, and yielding such a wealth of heroic material suitable for the dramatist's art, has not inspired any playwright to produce a great national drama. But then the whole field of American life and action is as yet an unworked one. The conditions of American life are especially favorable to dramatic compositions. Where else do such contrasts exist as here? Where else can one find, unless it be in Russia, in one country such extremes as are seen in the extravagant ostentation and princely magnificence of New York society life, and the wild, lawless career of the Western rancher, with its racy touch of savage freedom? In the excitement, intrigues, temptations and dangers incident to a commercial career; in the spirit of adventure and speculation which infects the very air; in the exquisitely humorous traits so peculiar to the American character, and in the vicissitudes which make of most American lives either a tragedy or a failure—surely, with such materials to work upon, the American dramatist must ere long arise who will write an American drama worthy of the name.

THE CRISIS IN CANADA.

THE political situation in Canada, which is just now attracting a good deal of attention, recalls that of forty years ago, when a series of events took place threatening for a time to make an end of British authority on any part of the mainland of the American Continent. Then as now the trouble originated with the French population of the lower provinces.

The cause of the present excitement is easily explained. A little over a year ago, Mr. Letellier, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, having just occasion, as he thought, to be dissatisfied with his Cabinet, requested the resignation of its members, and, on their refusing to comply, dismissed them. The Lieutenant-Governor, at the same time, dissolved the Chambers, and appealed to the people. The dismissed Ministry, headed by Mr. De Boucherville, commanded a large majority in the dissolved Parliament. It was, therefore, very naturally expected that the Conservatives would be sent back to the House with an increased majority, and that De Boucherville would be triumphantly restored to place and power. The result was quite otherwise. The Liberals, with Mr. Joly at their head, came up with a majority of one. With this very slender majority, Mr. Joly, who had the sympathy and support of the Lieutenant-Governor, continued to hold the reins of power in the face of a united and bitterly hostile Opposition until the time of the late Tory triumph. Meanwhile the conduct of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier had become the subject of severe criticism. It was claimed by the Tories that he had acted unconstitutionally in dismissing a Ministry which was backed up by a large working majority, and which, therefore, deserved to be considered as fairly representative of the sentiments of the majority of the people. It was also claimed by them that the one member who turned the balance in favor of the Liberals in the new Parliament was secured by purchase. It has, on the other hand, all along been contended by Letellier and his friends that the De Boucherville majority in the previous Parliament had been obtained by bribery, purchase and other illegal means, and that in dismissing the Ministers and dissolving Parliament the Lieutenant-Governor was acting alike constitutionally and within the sphere of his duty. Such is the quarrel in its original features.

The later aspects of the affair are of more vital interest. During the last session of the Federal Parliament at Ottawa, an effort was made to secure the impeachment of Letellier. The Liberals, however, were yet in power, and the impeachment failed. With the advent to power of the Tories, the whole affair was revived, and the French Canadian Conservatives made the dismissal of Letellier the one condition on which Sir John Macdonald and his Cabinet could count on their support. They made good their word; for, as the matter was not taken up as promptly as they wished, they refrained from all participation in the recent debates on the tariff question. Finally, however, Sir John was forced to act; and, the question having been brought before Parliament, Letellier was censured by an overwhelming majority. It now became Sir John's duty to lay the matter before the Governor-General, and to demand the execution of the will of Parliament—the dismissal of Letellier. In the opinion of the Marquis of Lorne, the questions involved were somewhat complicated, as well as novel; and, being unwilling to take final action on his own responsibility, he decided to refer the whole matter to the Imperial Government. This course of conduct a large portion of the Canadian people, especially the French Conservatives of the Province of Quebec, resent as a violation of the rights and privileges secured them by the Act of Federation. Such is the general situation as it now presents itself.

For some few days it did seem as if there was, indeed, grave cause of alarm. The Tory newspapers blustered; seditious cries were heard in the streets and places of public resort, and resolutions almost revolutionary in their character were threatened to be submitted to Parliament. The most alarming feature of the entire situation was that, for a brief season, it seemed as if the Ministry and the Governor-General were, on this question at least, in open antagonism. While we write, the situation, has assumed a less gloomy aspect, and there is a reasonable prospect that the storm will blow over. Sir John Macdonald and his associates in office have publicly assumed equal responsibility with the Governor-General in referring the difficulty to the Imperial Government; the newspapers have assumed a somewhat milder tone, and the threatened motion, which implied a vote of censure on the Marquis of Lorne, has been wisely withheld. It is quite possible that the entire affair, which threatened to eclipse the rising reputation of the Queen's youthful son-in-law, may yet turn out greatly to his advantage. It is difficult indeed for the impartial observer to come to any other conclusion than that he has acted with becoming wisdom and caution in the premises. The Canadians are not yet prepared to come under the benignant folds of the Stars and Stripes. If they will maintain their connection with the Britis

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Empire, and enjoy the benefit of its protecting care, they must recognize the superior authority.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

ENGLAND is much disquieted by labor troubles, although the first accounts of rioting in several colliery villages of Durham on the night of April 8th happily prove to have been exaggerated. How long must it be until the practical genius of the British people shall satisfactorily solve that problem of the age—the true relations between labor and capital? Parliament has adjourned to the 17th instant. The course of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy by no means runs smoothly. Among the first fruits of it was the Anglo-French financial and administrative intervention in Egypt. But, as might have been anticipated, the Khédive has broken loose from his leading-strings, as soon as he thought he had a favorable opportunity to play off his French against his English protectors and then other unseen influences against both. The Anglo-French protectorate of Egypt has long been regarded in France as simply a device for gaining time to establish complete English domination over Syria and the Euphrates route to India. The Khédive has counted on this fact to prevent England and France from cordially co-operating with a view to compel him to abandon his present course, which threatens the interests of both. He seems, however, to have miscalculated, and his miscalculation may cost him his throne. Ismail Pasha is, after all, a vassal of the Sultan of Turkey. Were England and France to agree upon requiring the Sultan to do what he has already offered—that is, to make the Khédive "resign"—the latter could not resist such a threefold interference with his plans for governing as well as reigning in Egypt. His dismissal of Messrs. Wilson and Blignières from his Cabinet has produced a crisis, but up to the 12th instant England and France had not yet agreed "what to do about it," and Oriental politics are proverbially uncertain.

It will be comparatively easy for the two Powers to settle their little difficulty about the Island of Matacong, which the French lately seized, claiming that it was ceded to them in 1878, and of which the British claim possession since 1826. The British authorities at Sierra Leone at once sent to the French officer who took the island a formal protest by the gunboat *Boxer*, which has now been followed by the British steam-corvette *Encounter*, the largest man-of-war on the West African coast except the United States steamer *Ticonderoga*.

Cetawayo, the wily King of the Zulus, is suspected of having feigned a wish to make peace merely in order to gain time. A few days after the unconditional surrender of his brother Cham, 4,000 Zulus surprised and cut to pieces a supply convoy guard of 104 men, killing also forty wagoners and followers. Captain Pearson, of the British force shut up in Ekowe, signaled that he could hold out until the 4th instant, and subsequent news is anxiously awaited in England. Yakoob Khan, the new Ameer of Afghanistan, appears to be almost as hard to deal with as his late father was, and an outbreak of the cattle-plague has added to the difficulties of the Anglo-Indian army which is invading his dominions. The King of Burmah, whose coronation was to have taken place the Sunday before last, threatens also to be a troublesome neighbor for the Viceroy of India. By the opening in July of the Natal and Zanzibar section of cable to be laid between Natal and Aden, South Africa will be placed within a week's communication of London.

Not the least important item of London news is that orders have been issued to the police of that city to summon any person seen dropping orange-peel on a sidewalk. Another sign of advancing civilization is the declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, during the recent debate in the House of Commons on the electoral disabilities of women, that at a fitting time and under fitting circumstances he would be prepared to support the proposal to give the same rights to women as to men. Why not?

Among the notable persons who have just died is Eliza Meteyard, better known under her *nom de plume* of "Silver Pen." Miss Wordsworth, grandniece of the poet, and daughter of the Bishop of Lincoln, is to be Lady Principal of the College for Young Ladies, which it is proposed soon to establish at Oxford. The Queen of the Belgians, while in London, paid a visit to the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea. She is an enthusiastic admirer of diminutive canines, and always carries in her arms a pet specimen arrayed in a coat of the same color as that of her dress. To the coming Exhibition, Mr. Millais will send five portraits, among them those of Carlyle and Gladstone, together with a representation of a touching episode in English history—the little Princess Elizabeth in the Tower, writing her letter to the Lords and Commons. The child is dressed in black, and the artist's own daughter has posed for the face. During the opera season, which is to begin on the 26th instant, Mr. Mapleson has promised that the *prima donna* to appear shall be Mesdames Christine Nilsson and Gerster, Mademoiselles Kellogg and Hauk, Madame Vanzini, Mademoiselles Stelger, Ambre, Libia Drog, Lido and Vanzandt, and that among the operas to be produced shall be Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" and "Semiramide," Verdi's "Aida" and "Forza del Destino," Gluck's "Armida," Boito's "Mestopele," Donizetti's "Linda" and Wagner's "Rienzi." Mr. Tennyson has written for the London Lyceum a drama, in verse and five acts, that embodies, says Mr. Greene, the author of the "History of the English People," a more vivid conception of the characters of Henry II. and his Court, than that historian himself had ever arrived at, with all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century. Dr. Isaac Butt, the leader of the Home Rulers, is again dangerously sick. Great excitement prevails in Edinburgh on account of Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary candidacy for Mid-Lothian. Monsignor Capel, the original of Monsignor Catesby in "Lothair," has fallen, like good Archbishop Purcell of Ohio, into pecuniary trouble, in consequence of which he was summoned to Rome, where the case has been fully investigated. His ecclesiastical superiors have decided that it can best be settled by his honorable expatriation from England. And it is said that Cardinal Manning has promised to pay the large sum of money claimed by the ex-Rector of the English Catholic University, on the sole condition of his remaining henceforth on the Continent.

On the European Continent, the main features of the latest news are—in Italy, the Pope's letter of welcome to Queen Victoria and his still more important letter on education, the visit of Garibaldi to Rome, and King Humbert's call on the sick Hero of the Red Shirt; in Bulgaria, the well-merited tribute of the National Assembly, through the President, to the American, Eugene Schuyler, for his timely exposure of the Bulgarian atrocities; in Eastern Roumelia, the standstill, if not failure, of the scheme of a mixed military occupation; in Germany, the death of Karl Beck, the poet, the expectation that the new protective duties will yield a revenue of 100,000,000 marks, and the opposition to retaliatory duties; in France, the farmers' petition for import duties on grain, horses and beef-cattle, the probable election of the veteran and unpardoned revolutionist Blanqui as Deputy from Bordeaux, and a petty Bonapartist demonstration by "Popol" De Cassagnac and a few students at Paris; in Spain, the relapse of the Infanta Christine, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, and the completed subscription for 250,000,000 pesetas' worth of the new Spanish Treasury bonds; in Belgium, the announcement of an International Maritime Exhibition to be held at Antwerp in 1880; and, finally, in Russia, the plague at St. Petersburg, a fatal railway accident near Moscow, and the arrest of 1,040 pestilent Nihilists at Charkoff.

IT is stated that ex-Governor Seymour will not, under any circumstances, accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of this State, which many leading members of his party propose to urge upon him. He has certainly, by his eminent public services, fairly earned a discharge from the annoyances and labors of official life.

THE Spring elections in Ohio and Michigan show considerable Republican gains. In nearly every instance where the Democrats coalesced with the Greenbackers they were beaten. This was especially true in Michigan, where the Republicans, by their stand for honest money, have fully recovered the prestige lost last year. It may be said with perfect safety that the Greenback Party is no longer an important factor in our national politics.

THE statements of nineteen Western railroads show an increase of $263,306 in gross earnings during the month of March compared with the same month last year. The roads by which the emigration movement is flowing in the direction of Kansas make exceptionally favorable returns. So far as railway traffic is a barometer of the business of the country, it certainly shows a steady progress towards genuine and substantial prosperity.

INQUIRIES develop the fact that there is a gratifying outlook for the building trade in this city for the coming season. The report of the Superintendent of Buildings for the three months ending March 31st exhibits a marked increase in the number of buildings and in the amount of money which it is intended shall be spent upon the additions to the improved property in the city. The number of plans entered during the period named was 211, including 393 separate structures, of which 138 were first-class dwellings, 55 second-class, and 46 French flats—the estimated cost of the buildings being $3,137,663. Of the whole number of buildings, 293 are situated north of Fortieth Street. During the quarter 237 new buildings were begun and 247 completed, and there are now in progress 672. Since 1872 no corresponding period has shown a greater number of plans presented than is reported for the quarter just closed.

IT cannot be said that the present Congress is deficient in members who are blessed with "the gift of gab." In the House, nearly eighty members entered themselves on the Speaker's list for speeches on the Legislative Appropriation Bill before it had been reported for action! When, the other day, the old list was discarded, at least fifty members rushed at once to the Speaker's desk to have their names placed on the new list.

A LETTER from Turin announces a new singer, Signora Vanzini, daughter of Madame Vanzini. As this young lady is engaged by Mr. Mapleson for his ensuing season of Italian opera, it will interest our readers to learn that her *début* was a real success. At the rehearsal, when only connoisseurs were present, the whole orchestra were enthusiastic and rose to their feet to applaud the coming *prima donna*, and it is not probably too much to say that a rival of Madame Patti has at length appeared.

THE State of Georgia is refunding its seven per cent. bonds by the issue of coupon bonds of the denominations of five and ten dollars, bearing four per cent. interest and having six years to run. The experiment is proving quite successful, the so-called bonds, which somewhat resemble greenbacks, selling as fast as the State Treasurer needs to sell them to take up the old bonds. Possibly the experiment may be attempted in other Southern States.

THE Democracy in Congress illustrate the sincerity of their clamor for "retrenchment and reform" by increasing the appropriations for clerical and other service in the Senate some $15,000 over the amount expended by the Republicans. The present House will also, it is said, expend about $1,100 more for pay of officers, and $10,352 more for contingent expenses, than the last House. It is apparent that neither party can be trusted to use the public moneys economically when once in the majority, with no restraint upon their natural impulses.

A MOVEMENT for the establishment of a sanitary cordon across the continent from north to south, with a view of protecting the seaboard States from infection by diseased live-stock, has been started by officers of the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, and a convention to consider the subject will be held at the Canadian capital on the 17th of May. The cordon, it is thought, should be marked out by the line of the Alleghany Mountains, coming to which all cattle from the West would have to be unloaded, carefully inspected before going further eastward, and could then be placed on board such cars as had been inspected, cleaned and disinfected, if necessary, in an effective manner, under scientific direction. Another proposed precautionary measure is the appointment of a joint veterinary commission, Canadian and American, to ascertain whatever can be known of the presence, character and locality of cattle diseases. It is believed that such a measure as this would speedily put an end to any just apprehensions in England of the consequences of importing American cattle, and especially as regards Western cattle.

WHY cannot our churches and ecclesiastical bodies try offenders against their laws, and adjust difficulties as they arise, as all well-regulated families determine and settle their contentions and disputes, privately among themselves, and without intervention from without? Why must every scandal in the churches be thrust ostentatiously before the public, and the dirty linen of clericals and laymen washed in the eye of the world? Take the Talmage trial, for instance. Who does not see that the cause of religion is damaged by the bickerings, wranglings and mud-throwing which have marked its progress? The ecclesiastical court, by opening the door to all sorts of criminations and recriminations, has made itself responsible for amirching the reputations of persons who were in no way proper subjects of investigation, and the daily sessions might fitly have been denominated "public exhibitions of church scandal-mongers." How much better it would have been for all concerned had the whole matter been left to the decision of Mr. Talmage's own congregation, or that he had been tried by a jury of his peers in the seclusion and privacy of a church parlor, with the curious world altogether excluded.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has called in $10,000,000 of 10-40 bonds.

THE estate of the late Madame Bonaparte is valued at $1,100,000.

AT the monthly coal sale in this city, April 9th, there was a further decline in prices.

THE Army Bill, passed by the House of Representatives, has been reported to the Senate.

JUDGE HAMILTON W. ROBINSON of the Court of Common Pleas of this city died on the 7th instant.

THE trunk line railway presidents have determined to enforce the tariff rates on East-bound freights.

EX-SENATOR CHRISTIANCY, Minister to Peru, passed through Panama on April 26, *en route* for Lima.

EX-SENATOR HENDRICKS, of Indiana, declares that he will never accept a second place on any Presidential ticket.

JOHN P. PHAIR, after two reprieves, was hanged at Windsor, Vermont, on April 10th, for a murder committed in 1874.

THE Kentucky Republicans have nominated Walter Evans for Governor, and strongly endorsed General Grant for President.

THERE was $1,275,204 worth of gold mined in British Columbia last year. Of the 1,883 miners employed, 1,085 were Chinamen.

DISPATCHES from different places in Kansas report that copious rains have fallen throughout the State, and that the wheat crop never looked better.

GENERAL GRANT will arrive in San Francisco in the *City of Peking*, about the 1st of October, and will subsequently make a tour through the South.

GENERAL RICHARD TAYLOR, one the best known generals in the Confederate service, died on April 12th, at the residence of a friend in this city. He was 53 years of age.

A HEARING in behalf of the Police Commissioners of this city, whose removal has been certified to Governor Robinson, was given before the latter at Albany, April 9th.

THE will of Charles L. Jones, of Cambridge, Mass., left $30,000 to found six scholarships at Harvard College, and $10,000 to the Vermont Academy, which Mr. Jones founded.

THE Massachusetts General Assembly has passed a Bill giving women the right to vote for School Commissioners, and rejected a Bill to secure them the same right as to municipal affairs.

LETTERS printed in the daily papers which passed between William H. Vanderbilt and Cornelius J. Vanderbilt show that all family and pecuniary matters have been settled harmoniously and in a satisfactory manner.

THE Mormon Annual Conference was held at Salt Lake last week. John Taylor was re-elected President of the Twelve Apostles and Trustee of the Church. No President of the Church, to succeed Brigham Young, was elected.

MR. BELL, of New Hampshire, was admitted to his seat in the United States Senate, April 10th, by a vote of 35 to 28. Ten Democrats voted in favor of the claimant, and two Republicans—Carpenter and Conkling—voted against him.

A MEMORIAL, numerously signed by leading citizens of St. Louis, without distinction of party, has been sent to Congress, setting forth the facts as to the negro exodus, and urging that something should be done for the protection of the emigrants.

THE Bill known as the "Pittsburg Riot Act," making Pennsylvania liable for damages caused by the riots of 1877, and appropriating $4,000,000 for that purpose, was indefinitely postponed in the Lower House of the Legislature, April 9th, by a vote of yeas 103, nays 96.

FIVE steamships sailed from this port for Europe April 12th, with 250 cabin passengers, among whom were Chin Lan Pin, the Chinese Minister at Washington, and ten *attachés* of the Chinese Embassy; Signor and Signora Campanini, Dr. Carlo Gardini, and Mme. Gerster-Gardini.

THE House of Representatives has adopted an amendment to the Legislative Bill directing Secretary Sherman to issue the ten millions held in the Treasury for the redemption of the fractional currency, to meet the pension arrears. Speaker Randall announced his committees on April 11th. That on Ways and Means comprises many Protectionists; those on Banking and Currency and on Coinage, Weights and Measures are apparently in the interest of inflation; that on Post Offices is divided on the question of subsidies; those on the Judiciary and on Appropriations include some of the ablest men of the House.

Foreign.

FIVE hundred and thirty more French Communists have been pardoned.

THE revolution in Venezuela is ended and everything is quiet, all the States having given in their adherence to the present Government.

THE Canadian House of Commons has rejected, by a vote of 136 to 53, Mr. Mackenzie's free-trade amendment to the tariff resolutions.

IT is rumored that King Alfonso of Spain is to be married to the Archduchess Maria, daughter of the Archduke Charles of Austria, in July.

AT Charkoff, in Russia, 1,040 Nihilists have been arrested. A letter received at Charkoff says the assassin of Prince Krapotine, the Governor, has arrived in New York.

SEVENTEEN thousand persons in Szegedin, Hungary, and the neighborhood of that city, are still subsisting on charity. It has been raining for ten days. The supply of bread is becoming exhausted.

GARIBALDI'S visit to Rome has no political significance. He went there purely for the benefit of his health, which is greatly impaired. He was carried to his lodgings on a litter, being almost helpless.

IN twenty-one supplementary elections in France, on April 6th, for members of the Chamber of Deputies, thirteen Republicans and one Legitimist were elected. In several instances second ballots will be necessary. The moderate Republicans generally defeated their radical competitors.

A LETTER from the Cardinal Vicar in Rome is published, complaining bitterly of the existence in Rome of Protestant schools, supported chiefly by foreign money. It announces that the Pope has appointed a vigilance committee to increase and improve the Catholic schools, and appeals to the nobility and clergy to subscribe for their support.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 119.



THE ZULU WAR.—RETREAT OF FUGITIVES FROM ISANDLWHANA ACROSS THE BUFFALO RIVER.



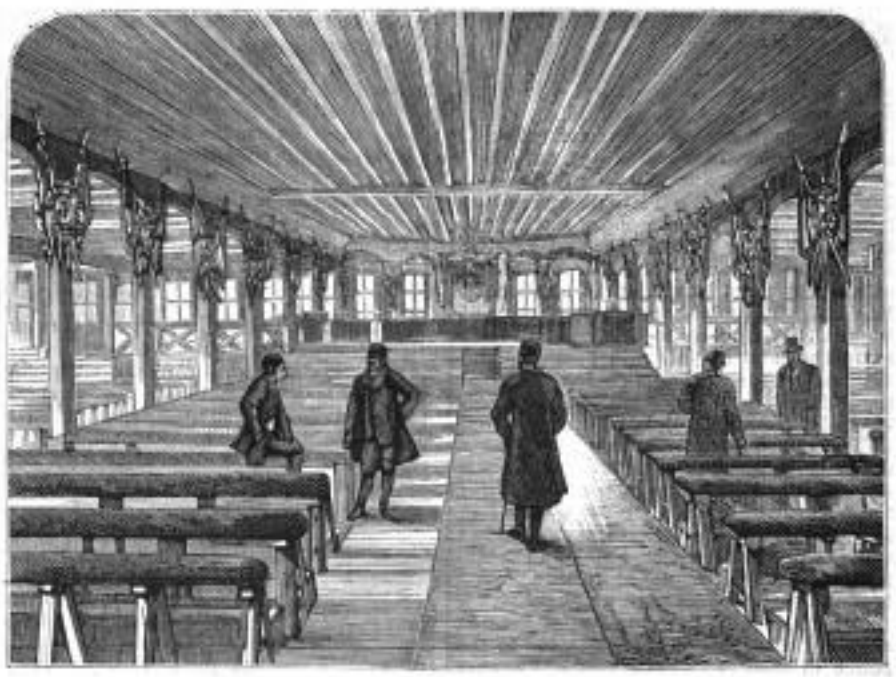
THE ZULU WAR.—THE BATTLE OF ISANDLWHANA, JANUARY 22D.



THE ZULU WAR.—LORD CHELMSFORD'S RETREAT FROM ISANDLWHANA, THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE.



THE AFGHAN WAR.—VICTORIOUS RETURN OF BRITISH TROOPS TO CAMP.



THE BULGARIAN ASSEMBLY.—INTERIOR OF THE ASSEMBLY HOUSE, TIRNOVA.



HUNGARY.—THE INUNDATIONS AT SZEGEDIN—THE INHABITANTS RETREATING TO THE LAST EMBANKMENT.



HUNGARY.—THE TOWN-HALL AT SZEGEDIN DURING THE INUNDATIONS.

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HON. HENRY G. DAVIS,

CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS.

HENRY G. DAVIS, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations in the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress, was born in Howard County, Md., November 16th, 1823. He received a country-school education, and lived and worked upon a farm until he was twenty years old. During the fourteen succeeding years he was in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Upon severing this connection he began mining coal and banking at Piedmont, West Virginia. Besides being largely interested in the mining and shipping of coal, and the handling of lumber, he is President of the Piedmont National Bank.

His political advancement dates from 1865, when he was elected to the House of Delegates of West Virginia. Three years later he was a member of the National Democratic Convention which was held in New York, and in 1872 of the one held in Baltimore. In 1868 he was elected to the State Senate, and upon concluding the term was re-elected. It was during his second term that he was chosen as a Democrat to succeed W. T. Willey, Republican, in the United States Senate. He took his seat March 4th, 1871, and in 1877 he was elected for a second term.

In the Forty-fifth Congress he was Chairman of the Select Committee to investigate the Finance Reports, Books and Accounts of the Treasury Department, and a member of the Committees on Appropriation and Agriculture, and of the Select Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard.

In the present Congress, besides being Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, he is Chairman of the Select Committee to investigate Finance Reports, Books and Accounts of the Treasury Department and a member of the Standing Committee on Agriculture, and that appointed to Audit and Control the Contingent Expenses of the Senate.



HON. HENRY G. DAVIS, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE CENTENNIAL OF LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

THE town of Lexington, Kentucky, is one of the historic towns of the country. It was settled in April, 1779, by Colonel Robert Patterson and a small band of adventurous volunteers, who erected a log fort, designed both as their castle and their home. It was the first permanent white settlement north of the Kentucky River. The then country and now State of Kentucky was the favorite hunting-grounds of some of the fiercest and most warlike tribes of the North American continent. Here, for ages past, amid the deep shades and perfect solitudes of vast forests, the Indian, with foot-tread light as the rustle of a falling leaf, had tracked his game, undisturbed by the ruthless invasion of the white man. The varied climate, the romantic and picturesque scenery, and its wealth of vegetable and animal life, made it a spot cherished by its savage occupants.

In 1780 the first school was opened in the settlement; four years later a church was organized. As early as 1798 the manufacture of hats and caps was commenced in the town, and during the first two decades of the present century Lexington supplied, in the main, Cincinnati and the whole western country with these and other goods. In 1810 there were five dry-goods stores in the town, and, with one thousand looms in operation within the city and country, they placed upon the market annually 200,000 yards of hemp, flax and cotton cloth. The sale of agricultural implements began almost with the first agricultural pursuits. Outside of the fort, at a time where now stands the Court House and Cheapside, the first field of corn was planted in 1779. In 1787 the first mill was erected, and was run by water-power.

Lexington was the first capital of Kentucky. It was there, on the 4th of June, 1792, that General Isaac Shelby took the oath of office as Governor, and there was held the first session of the Legislature of the Commonwealth. Many of the settlers of the town came from the polished circles of Virginia, North Carolina and Pennsylvania, and its population has never lost its marked and distinctive character.

On the 2d instant the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of this historic town was celebrated with great demonstrations of rejoicing. The city was gayly decorated, presenting a picture which will long be remembered by the thousands who thronged the streets. A procession, consisting of State and city officials, military and civic societies, Knights Templar, the fire department, individual organizations, Odd Fellows and Masons, etc., with several bands of music, marched through the city, pausing at several historic points, to Morrison Chapel, where the literary exercises took place. The exhibit of the fire department was especially fine, and the entire procession—over a mile in length—is described as "the grandest thing of the kind ever seen in Central Kentucky."

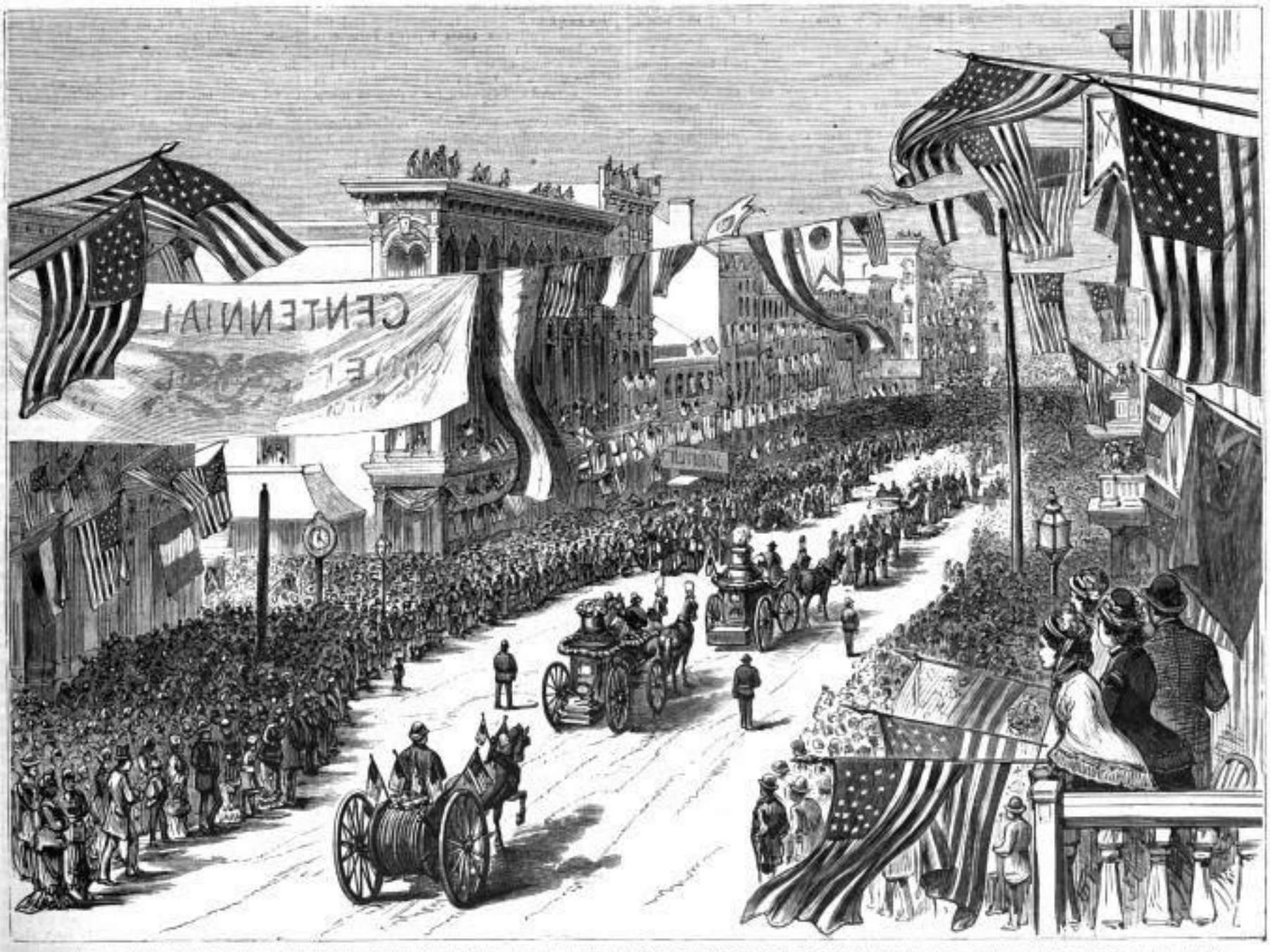
At Morrison Chapel addresses were made by Hon. B. P. Buckner, General Leslie Combs, Professor G. W. Hanck, and Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge. Colonel Buckner, in the course of his eloquent address, said of Lexington: "She became the birthplace or the home of a long line of heroes, divines, statesmen and scholars, many of whom were trained and educated within the walls of this ancient institution of learning; who have won for her renown on many a blood-stained battlefield, in the pulpit, forum and halls of legislation — both State and national." Professor Hanck said, upon the same theme, "If history, as Carlyle says, is the essence of innumerable biographies, then the Lexington of the past can claim a paragraph at least in that ever-swelling volume. The sum of the ideas and the efforts that have signalized a number of our citizens is not to be utterly despised. Dr. Samuel Brown introduced vaccination into this country. Rafinesque was probably its greatest early scientist, and Dr. B. W. Dudley astonished the surgeons of Europe with the wonders of skill. Bascom, Menifee and Thomas F. Marshall enriched the field of eloquence, and Edward West claimed, in 1793, to be the inventor of the first steamboat that ever successfully moved upon the water. Joseph M. Davies, John Pope, William T. Barry and Robert Wickliffe were peers of power in politics and at the Bar. Dr. Charles Caldwell was the first prominent champion of phrenology in the United States. Dr. Holly was one of its most brilliant scholars. George Nicholas and John Breckinridge contributed to the statesmanship of the land, and the pencil of Jouett and the chisel of Hart gave it creations on canvas and in marble that will live no brief life in the realm of art. Thomas H. Barlow invented the wonderful planetarian, and Andrew M'Callan planned that noble public charity, the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, the second institution of its kind established in the United States. John C. Breckinridge, the soldier and the beloved of the people, needs no eulogy, and Henry Clay in the greatness of his gifts and in the grandeur of his character stands alone. We can claim, I think, with some degree of confidence, that the essence of these biographies has formed a part of the history of this country."

In every respect the centennial celebration appears to have been fully worthy of Lexington and its people.

The oldest living resident of Lexington, it may be added, is Nancy Lee, colored. She was born in Virginia, August 4th, 1775, and came to Lexington in 1782, where she has lived ever since. She is to-day 104 years old.

A SINGULAR STREET-RAILROAD.

SAN FRANCISCO has one peculiar street railroad. It is a mile and a half long, and runs in California Street over steep Nob Hill, a place of handsome residences. The cost of building it was



KENTUCKY.—CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF LEXINGTON.—THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN MAIN STREET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHNS & FAUGHT.

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$800,000, and it has never paid a dividend; but the owners do not mind that, being among the wealthiest men on the Pacific Coast. The stranger is astonished to see the cars moving without any apparent motive power. Between the tracks is a continuous slit, under which moves a wire cable. An attachment of each car, operated by a lever, grips or lets go this cable as required, and the cable is moved by a powerful engine underneath the street. The plan works well, but is very costly. The cable must be coated anew with tar every two days, as a protection against the rasping of the car-clamps, and even then it wears out completely in six months. The power required is equal to that of 750 horses. The cars are luxurious, with floors only a foot from the ground, and with seats divided into spaces to prevent crowding. The roadbed, too, is not of an ordinary kind. A trench was dug, four feet wide and four feet deep, in which heavy V-shaped irons were placed, ten feet apart, and on the tops of these Vs the rails were laid and firmly bolted. The cable and its appurtenances were placed in position. Then the trench was filled with concrete, which became as hard as stone.

LUCKY GLAMORGAN—RED BEND, A. D. 1858.

WHEN he walked slowly down the trail that led over the hill to Rocky Gulch, and, dusty and ragged, stopped at Sandy Jim's hut, no one in the camp thought much of him. There was such an inexpressible idea of uselessness and despair pictured in his manner, in his dress, in the hesitating way with which his gaze wandered from one object to another, that we immediately voted him out of Red Bend as a person not suited to the climate, and, therefore, one who should be invited to travel further on.

We had just finished our breakfasts, and were about starting in for the morning's work, when his slouched hat showed above the hill and attracted the attention of Hen Ross, and we all waited to see what would come next. Then over the brow of the ridge rose his awkward figure, and we remained watching it as it descended to the slope where the camp stood. When he came in front of Sandy Jim's hut, the first at that end of the street, he stopped.

Sandy was standing in the doorway, smoking, and after the stranger had looked in that noted personage's eyes for a little time, he ventured on a low, "Good-mornin', sir."

"Good-mornin'," answered Sandy:

The stranger shifted his weight from one foot to another in a hesitating way for a few seconds, and then said, in a tone that seemed to deprecate the scorn such a remark might be expected to meet from so hale and rough looking a fellow as Sandy,

"It's tiresome travelin' over these hills, 'specially so when a chap hasn't had any food for some time."

"How long?" questioned Sandy.

"Nigh on to three days."

"Jerusalem!" whistled Sandy.

Then he shouted: "Say, you fellows, this man hasn't had any grub for three days. Just rake up some meat, for mine is all gone, and one of you bring a lot of sugar."

This said, he seized the stranger by the arm and gave him a shove through the door of the hut, an act that would have made breakfast a necessity to a well man, for Sandy was a giant, "standing six foot six in his boots," he said, and his hand was heavy when swayed by either kindness or anger.

He was a leader among us, not because we feared him, for the men who camped at Red Bend were not such as knew fear. Death had been too near, had grown too familiar, for us to dread him, and Sandy's leadership was more the result of proportion, than of anything else, for he rose head and shoulders above the tallest of us, and the short fellows looked like dwarfs when he stood near them.

What little strength remained in the man when he reached the camp was shaken completely out of him by Sandy's kind but vigorous push; and when we answered the latter's call, each one bringing a portion of his store, the result being a supply of food large enough to feed a company of soldiers, the stranger sat panting and speechless on the rough bench by the rude pine board that served as a table.

The quiet and trustful eyes he turned towards us, and the shadowy smile with which he greeted us, made us rescind the vote passed when he was coming down the trail. The smile was the most peculiar I ever saw on a human face. It was sunny and full of kindness, and seemed ready to run over into a joyous, ringing laugh, but to be held in by some repression, of trouble, or diffidence, or something of this nature. You felt, when seeing it, that the man was a warm-hearted and truthful fellow, whose merry nature had been toned down and curbed in by a strong and cruel fate.

Sandy and one or two of the other men were busy getting the new arrival's breakfast. Some of us had been inclined to question him, but Sandy immediately interfered.

"See here, boys," he said, "that man's stomach is empty; and a chap that has only got a lot of cold air to bruce him up don't feel like talking."

We acknowledged the truth of this remark, and adjourned to the street in front of Sandy's house, where, seated on rocks and heaps of earth, we smoked our pipes and discussed the new comer.

Quiet and not an over ambitious or particularly striking individual, seemed to be the general opinion, but no one spoke of his being cut. There was an interest in him manifested and a unanimous desire to hear his story that was new in the history of Red Bend. Usually we were a very reserved camp, and strangers were not welcomed with any degree of warmth.

If a man drifted in among us, he was, as our one seafaring comrade, Sailor Jack, said, "Sot on an' hoisted in," or "parted company with," according to the jury's decision. If he filled the first bill, he became one of us. If the second, the severity with which he was let alone made him feel that he was out of place, and he soon passed out from our midst and was forgotten.

The interest shown for the newcomer was, therefore exceptional, and his standing in our estimation high. This was all the more surprising from the fact that he did not possess any trait native to the turbulent men so patiently waiting his appearance. True, quarrels in Red Bend were of rare occurrence, for a code of laws had been promulgated that made quarreling and banishment synonymous.

In about a quarter of an hour he came out, accompanied by Sandy and the men who had helped prepare his breakfast. We all gathered about him, and Sandy led him to the most comfortable-looking rock in the vicinity, and said, "Now, spout away."

The man looked in the rough faces gathered about him, and seeing nothing but kindliness and sympathy there, his eyes grew moist and his lips trembled. He steadied up in a little time, and though there was a tremor of feeling in his voice, it was clear and brave.

"There's not much to tell, boys. I've been an unlucky stick ever since I was born; was always tumbling on the stove or down stairs when a baby, and my parents died while I was a little fellow. Next I lost my money, and then I fell in love with a girl who didn't care for me. I was a fool, but you can't rule your heart any more than you can make these rocks gold."

"That's so," said Sailor Jack. "If we could, I never would have got spliced to one girl in Liverpool and to another in New York. It was mighty convenient, though, to have a sweetheart each side of the ocean, and I couldn't tell which I loved best, 'specially when I was with one or the other; but that didn't prevent them swearing bigamy against me, bless the dears."

We could all vouch for the impartiality of Jack's love, as it was a solid fact that when he sent money home, which he often did, he sent both of his wives an equal amount.

"How did you hit on our camp?" questioned Hen Ross, "and how did you get to California?"

"I worked my way out, driving a team across the plains. Our train was stampeded just the other side of the mountains, and I was captured by the Comanches. They treated me well, though they told me I would be scalped if I tried to escape, but I only staid with them a month."

"How did you get clear?" questioned Sandy, for the stranger stopped when he made the statement of his escape.

"I was with a party that had a Shoshone girl captive. She was a bright and pleasant thing, and could talk a little English. Our being captives made us sympathize with each other, and I asked her if she should like to escape, and whether she knew the route she should take to reach her people. She answered that she did, and that to escape was her dearest wish. She also said that her place was a little north of the great mining-grounds. I told her to appear to be content, and we would lull their suspicions, and make them careless in their watch; and so it proved. We were Jacks-of-all-work, and one day, when camped in a large valley, were set at pounding corn; while busy at this, she pointed north and said, 'My home lies there,' and the longing in her voice made me resolve to rescue her. The men had been off on a long hunt, and their horses were tired, but there were two fresh ones that had strayed into camp. I had to look out for the cattle, and so I could visit them without arousing suspicion. Then, too, our being so quiet had made them less watchful, and there were other things that favored us. The hunt had been successful, and in honor of it, the Comanches had made a grand feast. This had lasted long into the previous night, and the warriors were still stupid from the effects of their excess. I said nothing to the girl, but, watching my chance, smuggled two bridles away to the horses, and got the fresh animals ready for a start. Then I came back, and asked the girl if she thought she could smuggle a rifle out from one of the tents. She wore a long blanket, and this would help. She said yes, and went in, and I sauntered down to the corral. There was an Indian stationed to watch this, but he was half-asleep, and did not notice me. I busied myself near the animals I had got ready, and soon the girl came to me, bringing a rifle. I whispered, 'Be steady, and keep on, no matter what becomes of me'; then threw her up on the horse that seemed the freshest, and gave it a blow that sent it racing north. Seizing my rifle, I sprang on the other and followed. A bullet whistled by me as I came out from the corral, and a loud whoop told me that it was only hard riding that would save us. The girl was ahead, and I soon saw that she was holding up for me to overtake her. 'Go on, go on!' I shouted, but she shook her head, and when I came alongside of her, said, as we went speeding on, 'Do you think I would leave you to die alone, you who have been more than a brother to me?'"

"She was a trump," said Sailor Jack.

"We went rushing on, and soon heard the shouting of our pursuers. They were bent on our destruction, and urged their horses to the extent of their speed; but our steeds were fresh, and I saw that we were drawing away from them all the time. I reined in a little and let our animals go on at a long, swinging and steady gate, and told the girl to lead, as I knew nothing of the way. Before noon came we had left our foes out of sight and then struck into a broad trail running up an ascending pass. There were fresh tracks in this, and just before sundown we overtook a party of hunters who gave us provisions and with whom we camped that night. We kept with them three days, and then the girl said her way was more to the westward; so we said good by and left them. They supplied us with food for our journey, and in less than a week we reached the main trail for the mines. Here we met some of the girl's people and she went with them, while I came on this way. I was robbed of my horse and rifle two days after parting with the girl, and have walked the remainder of the distance. When I got into the mines no one seemed to think me worth helping, and as I had no money I could do nothing, and food has been mighty scarce with me, for if the men in a camp shunned me I would travel on, and that is how I came here."

"By old Nep! but that girl was true grit," said Sailor Jack, whose soft spot was women. "I'd like to see her."

"She said we would meet again," said the stranger; "but I don't think we will."

"What do you intend doing?" said Sandy.

"I should like to mine if I could get started."

"How do you like us?"

"You have been very kind to me—more so than others have thought me worthy of being treated; but I don't want to cause you too much trouble."

"That's not answering my question."

"I should like to stay here, for I like you," said the stranger.

"All right. I have no chum and want one—so that is settled. Boys, let's put up a bunk, and if any of you has a spare blanket chip it in. We can get leaves and grass up the gulch, and that bandy-legged gambler from 'Frisco left the outfit he brought here to fool us. If he comes back we can pay for it. Now, stranger, what's your name?"

"Glamorgan—Royal Glamorgan."

"Aristocratic, by old Nep!" said Sailor Jack.

"Well, what if it is?" answered Sandy. "They have got a Perceval De Mortimer in Rocky Gulch, and a Maurice Montgomery at Sandy Flats. It's time Red Bend had something different from Jack and Hen and Jim, or we'll be looked down on and lose caste."

"I agree," said Sailor Jack; "and my remark was a compliment, and not a disparagement. Glamorgan is what we want, what the camp wants, to tone it up. However, this will not build the bunk, so let's set to work."

Jack's advice was followed, and a couple of blankets were chipped in, and the spare outfit brought forth from its seclusion under Hen Ross's bunk. Sandy took the stranger with him, and all went on as though Red Bend had not gained a new inhabitant.

Of course he could not remain without a nickname, and his good fortune soon supplied it. It was a wonder to all the old hands to see him rake in the gold. He soon picked up a fine knowledge of the business, and he never failed to show a good pan. Places that many of us had passed by as uninviting, or had left because our labor was unrepaid by any result, would yield him a rich harvest.

Sailor Jack avowed that Glamorgan could smell gold, and that he was the luckiest man in the mines, and from that time he was known as Lucky—Lucky Glamorgan.

He came to Red Bend in the Spring, and the following Fall the most terrific rainstorm ever known in the mines swept down the western slopes of the Sierras, and filled the valleys with a turbulent and muddy flood, in which surged and clashed the wreck of many camps.

Red Bend was situated about midway down a long range of valley, and the camp ran up towards the high ground. There were two or three camps above ours, and several below. Of course, being on the ridge, we did not think the rain could hurt us, even though the usually sluggish creek that flowed, red with the refuse of earth-washings, through the hollow, soon grew rapid and noisy, and each moment encroached on the level that lay on either side of it. This was quickly submerged, and the rush and roar of the water grew stronger all the time. Wrecks from the upper camps began to drift by, and in the afternoon of the second day we saw the lower huts of our settlement borne away.

Sandy's claim was the one highest up the run, and near the rough and pine-crowned hill, around which the valley wound, and whose reddish color and long, regular curve, had given the camp its name. As we stood watching the flood, he suddenly cried out, "By Jove! I left my pan up at the claim, and it had two or three ounces of dust in it;" and before we could say or do anything to stop him, he had rushed off through the storm towards the hill.

There was a hollow between the camp and his claim, and in this we lost sight of him. Then there came a roar as though some great mass had broken loose, and high among its chilling tumult rose the cry of human distress.

"It is Sandy," said Sailor Jack, "I shouldn't wonder but that there was a jam up by the hill, and it has got adrift, and the water has caught him in the hollow."

The sudden increase of the surging flood below told that he was right, and then Glamorgan's movements caused our gaze to turn to him. His face was stern and white. All of the diffidence that had been so familiar there was gone, and the determined light in his eyes made them shine as though they were lit by a brilliant fire. He had thrown off his coat, and his boots soon followed.

"Where are you going, man?" asked Hen Ross.

"If Sandy is in that flood, I shall try to get him out," he said, in a tone of voice that made us start, it was so firm and so different from what we had known.

"Nonsense, you'll only die with him."

"All right, but I will die in trying to save him," and he was running down to the water's edge, our astonishment preventing us from detaining him.

We followed in a moment, to see him spring into the surging flood and go, battling with floating drift, out towards the strongest current.

Following his course we saw a human form tossing helplessly among the wreck, and recognized it as Sandy's. Glamorgan was a good swimmer, and his actions showed that he was a cool and steady hand. As for Sandy, he appeared to be stunned and went swiftly on, making no effort to save himself.

"He is hurt, and hurt bad," said Sailor Jack. "Sandy is not the man to give up easily."

Glamorgan was steadily nearing Sandy, but the struggle was a fearful one, and we wondered, seeing this, how he would manage when he was incumbered with a helpless form. With anxious hearts we ran down the banks of the stream, keeping even with the men in the water, who seemed to be held up by the force of the flood.

At last we saw Glamorgan grasp Sandy, and rapidly swing round to face the current. Then he began to edge slowly for the shore, making but little effort to stem the tide, but exerting all of his strength to keep Sandy's head up. The latter had grown senseless, and was, of course, a dead weight. More than once did we stop, and feel our hearts grow cold, as a mass of water would surge over the two forms and hide them from sight. Often would our pulses grow still, as we saw some heavy drift whirled down towards them, but with a clear brain and a calm eye Glamorgan avoided them, and some four miles below the camp, where the valley broadened out and lessened the force of the flood, Sailor Jack rushed in and helped to drag Sandy on shore. A rude litter was formed, and while some of us carried him carefully back to the camp, Hen Ross ran over the ridge and down the east slope to the gulch to bring the doctor who had located there.

He borrowed the horse of the storekeeper, the only one in the neighborhood, and sent the doctor over on him, so that we had but just laid Sandy in his bunk when the clatter of hoofs told that help was near. Some restoratives soon brought back consciousness, and an examination showed that Sandy's right arm was broken and that there were several other severe bruises.

Glamorgan had got inside of a dry suit, and was helping the doctor. He was pretty near tired out, but the real character of the man showed forth now. Back of his diffidence and quietness was a store of pluck and endurance that was really wonderful, and he had passed from being held as a lucky but rather slow sort of man to the position of a hero.

When the doctor had set Sandy's arm and made him as comfortable as possible he said: "Now, all that remains to do is to watch him carefully and give him the medicine regular, to keep the fever down."

"I will see to that," said Glamorgan; and when the doctor heard him say it he knew that he would keep his word.

"I will be over to-morrow," he said, as he mounted his horse to ride back to the Gulch. "Quiet is what he needs most, boys, and you had best let his friend be alone with him. If he needs help he will call for it."

We obeyed, one of us keeping awake to be ready should Glamorgan call. He did not need us, however. The storm cleared away during the night, and when the doctor came the next day he said that Sandy was getting on all right, but that he would have to keep quiet for some time. Glamorgan cared for him as tenderly as if he had been his brother, never tiring, though Winter was gone and the grass on the ridge showing its Spring freshness before Sandy could get around.

Of course Glamorgan became one of our notables, for a man who will face danger as he did, simply for friendship's sake, will always command his fellows' admiration and respect. The camp prospered, though there were one or two of those lawless incidents that mark the footsteps of civilization not necessary to mention here.

The following Spring Glamorgan began to get restless. He would watch the trail and the crests of the hills that shut in the bend with a faithfulness that betokened expectation. Sandy averred that something troubled him, for he was tossing and dreaming all night, and Sailor Jack advanced the opinion that he was in love.

But who with? And did he expect her to come to the camp?

No one cared to intrude on his feelings, and so the time went on till May came. Glamorgan and Sandy had struck a new lead and were doing splendidly. Their claim was further towards the eastern hills than any other, and beyond it was a stretch of level ground flanked by a ridge.

It was about the middle of May, and early in the forenoon of a delicious day, when we were startled by a confused sound as of rushing horses and the shouts of pursuit. We all stopped work and looked towards the ridge beyond Sandy's and Glamorgan's claim, as the noise came from that direction.

Then, with hair and garments flying wildly in the wind, a woman came rushing over the ridge, her horse wet and foaming. A glance showed that she was an Indian and young, and the next instant Glamorgan had drawn his pistol, and was running towards her, while a dozen or more half-breeds and Spaniards appeared on the ridge in her trail, when Glamorgan made his demonstration. We had all dropped our pans and shovels, and got ready for other work, but he was the only one who acted quickly. The suddenness of the affair and our surprise left him alone some hundreds of yards away. Just as he met the flying girl her horse stumbled and fell, but she sprang to the ground unhurt, and the next moment was clinging to Glamorgan.

Seeing that he was alone, the girl's pursuers gave a shout of triumph, and came rushing down the ridge towards them. Then we were called to a knowledge of our duty by a shout from Sandy, who was speeding towards Glamorgan. We hastened to respond, but long before we reached him there was a rapid

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succession of pistol shots, and we saw Glamorgan and one of his assailants fall. Then came another shot, and Sandy's pistol did its work, while the girl, seizing Glamorgan's shooter, took part in the fight.

Our near approach scared the remainder of the horsemen, and they turned and fled, a rattling volley giving zest to their flight.

When we came up, the girl was holding Glamorgan's head against her breast, and was crying and kissing his lips in a wild passion of grief.

We thought he was dead, but as we stood watching, he opened his eyes and gazed around in a dazed sort of way. Then his glance grew brighter and steadier, and when he saw the face that bent above him, he gave a glad cry and struggled to his feet. The bullet had grazed his head and stunned him, and that was all.

The girl's joy was as great as her sorrow had been deep, and she clung to him fondly, while he returned her caresses with others as warm. Then the sense of our presence seemed to come to them, and, seeing this, Sandy led us to look at the men we had shot. Luckily they were only wounded, and so we carried them to a vacant hut, and sent to the Gulch for the doctor.

Glamorgan had led the girl to his home, and shortly after this joined us. We had corraled the horses, and secured the arms of our prisoners, and were standing in front of Sailor Jack's hut, talking over the incidents that had enlivened the forenoon, when he came up to us. We stopped talking and looked at him.

"Well, boys," he said, seeing our look of expectation, "it is my Shoshone girl. She has come for me."

"Come for you? Why?" asked Sandy.

"Well, because she loves me."

"And you?" said Sailor Jack, eagerly.

"Why, I love her."

Sailor Jack danced about in great glee.

"Just as it should be, just as it should be," he cried. "Mutual love and a wedding."

"Yes, a wedding as soon as we can get a parson," said Glamorgan.

"There's been one holding meetings over at the bar, and he can be here by eight o'clock, if some one goes for him now," said Ross. "Why not go for him?"

"Will you?" asked Glamorgan.

"Of course," and Ross was gone, taking one of the Spaniard's horses to carry him and leading one for the parson.

"I thought you said you never expected to see the girl again," said Sandy.

"So I did, but I loved her and wanted to see her, and would have gone to look for her," said Glamorgan.

"Was that why you have been so restless?"

"Yes."

"I told you so," said Sailor Jack triumphantly.

The doctor's arrival stopped further talk. He dressed the wounds of our prisoners, and staid to the wedding. Sandy gave the bride away, and a prouder, happier or prettier bride than the graceful and dusky Lita is seldom seen.

The parson found his fee a heavy one, for Glamorgan was able to give, and did so. As for the camp, I believe we all thought we were getting married, and Sailor Jack was in a perfect gale of nuptial excitement.

He had recently heard that his Liverpool wife had obtained a divorce, and gone back to her home, while his New York bride still clung to him. The next day the excitement became too strong for his staying with us. He put his claim in charge of the boys and started for the East, carrying his gold along. I might as well finish up with him now. When he reached New York he had thirty thousand dollars. He found his American wife willing to be reconciled, now that the other lady had given up her claim. Sailor Jack insisted on being married over again, then he sent half of his money to his English wife that was, and staid long enough to have a good time, and receive a letter containing a receipt for the money and her forgiveness. Then he came back to us, bringing his wife along, and yonder is their home, that white house among the pines, for Jack has been lucky ever since.

As for Glamorgan, he is the same quiet but determined fellow. We sent him to Sacramento last year, and he has made his mark. His wife is one of the best and cheeriest women in the State, as bright and beautiful as a June morning, and sweeter than the roses in bloom then. And smart! She goes right ahead of her husband in learning, knows French and Spanish, and two or three other languages. Glamorgan taught her all he knew, and then they studied together. They have been East twenty months, and spent one year in Europe, and they say she just did honor to California. She is the most handsome and graceful Indian woman I ever saw, and it was a lucky day when he ran her off from the Comanches. The old hands are always sure of a welcome at her home, and Glamorgan will never forget the morning we took him into the camp. Sandy lives with him, and if you wish a good time, why, call at that house just showing around the bend, and you'll have it."

THE LATE MADAME BONAPARTE.

(*Continued from front page.*)

In September Robert Patterson was made acquainted with Napoleon's terms—a pension for life of 60,000 francs a year if Miss Patterson would return to America, and not take the name of Bonaparte. On the 12th of August, 1807, Jerome, who had been spurned by the Queen of Etruria, was married to the Princess Frederica Catherine of Wurtemburg.

Only once afterwards did he ever meet his American wife—in the gallery of the Pitti Palace at Florence in 1821. The princess was leaning on his arm; he started violently, whispered hoarsely, "That lady is my former wife," and hurriedly quitted the gallery and the city.

Mr. Patterson behaved very hardly to his daughter, and in dying bequeathed her some houses and his cellar of wine. Jerome sent her a thousand guineas on the birth of their son; he subsequently offered her, after his second marriage, the Principality of Smalcald, with $40,000 a year—an offer declined in the words, "Though Westphalia may be a considerable kingdom, it is not large enough to hold two queens." Napoleon was so pleased with this answer that he offered to befriend her. She asked to be created a duchess, which was promised, but the promise was never carried out. He forwarded her $20,000 in cash, and allowed her an annuity of $12,000 till he abdicated, permitting her to sign receipts "Elizabeth Bonaparte." Jerome taunted her with accepting money from his brother, but she retorted that she preferred shelter under the wing of an eagle to shelter under the wing of a goose. She refused to "pose as a victim of imperial tyranny" at the Court of Louis XVIII., and under the Restoration was one of the reigning beauties of Paris. She had "a spirited head, crowned with waving brown hair; large, lustrous, liquid, hazel eyes, promising a tender sensibility that did not exist; a nose of delicate Greek outline, mouth and rounded chin, nests for Cupid; arms, bust and shoulders to satisfy a sculptor."

Talleyrand said: "If she were a queen, with what grace she would reign"; Gortschakoff, then a diplomatic *débutant*, observed that if she had been "near the throne, the Allies would have found it more difficult to depose Napoleon"; and Prince Jerome Napoleon, who was not at all her friend, has characterized her as "ambitious, with an untamable spirit and a stainless reputation." Napoleon III. allowed her son an annuity of $14,000, discontinued, however, when she contested the ex-King of Westphalia's will, in which Jerome ignored his son; still the Emperor recognized his cousin at Court, and granted to Madame Bonaparte-Patterson's grandson a pension of $6,000, that only ceased with the Second Empire.

Her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was graduated at Harvard in 1826 and studied law, but never practiced. He married the daughter of a wealthy resident of Roxbury, Mass., Miss Susan Mary Williams, who bore him two sons—Jerome Napoleon, born in 1832, and Charles Joseph, born in 1852. The elder was graduated at West Point, but soon after resigned his commission and entered the French Army, serving with distinction in the Crimea.

Madame Bonaparte of late years lived a secluded life. She was a woman of intense vitality, and, though several times, notably in 1838, her life was despaired of, she recovered to repeat her favorite prediction that she would live to be a hundred years old. She died on April 4th, at the ripe age of ninety-four years.

A PIG-PEDDLER ON HIS ROUNDS.

IT is the habit of dealers in "boneens," or little pigs, to start upon a sled, and rove through the mining districts of Pennsylvania. The advent of these peripatetic venders is eagerly looked forward to by the wives of the miners, who pay for the coveted squealer in meal or in malt, i. e., through the medium of money or exchange. The pig-peddler, with his squeaking load behind him, jogs steadily onward, as unmindful of the piggies as though he were engaged in carrying a cage full of turtle doves in full coo. He fixes his price according to the condition of the surroundings, and the "suppleness" of the pig, the sum demanded being usually in the ratio of double what he intends to take. Our illustration represents a pig-peddler on "high 'change." He has just disposed of one of his precious porkers to an elderly Irish lady, who, by a dexterity acquired in the old country, has succeeded in capturing her slippery charge, and, what is considerably of more importance, in securing the struggling, squirming squealer in her brawny arms. The peddler is engaged in huckstering with other ladies of that ilk—ladies who know the points of a pig as well the dealer himself. It is a regular case of nip and tuck, and his profit is likely to be but small if he listens to the forcible arguments of the elderly would-be buyer. It is a picture drawn from real life, and one that tells its own story in its own way.

Presidential Candidates in 1880.

THE New York *Times* has collected reports from the country at large showing the state and tendency of public opinion in reference to the choice of candidates for the Presidency by the Republican and Democratic Parties in 1880. The *Times* says: "Out of 157 points from which advices have been received, General Grant is the expressed choice of 130, Senator Blaine 10, and Messrs. Washburne, Garfield, Sherman, Conkling, Edmunds, and Chandler follow in the order named. The Democrats in 98 of the 157 districts prefer Tilden; Thurman comes next with 23 districts, Bayard with 11, and Hendricks and Hancock bring up the rear. Mr. Tilden, if the Democratic Convention were held to-morrow, seems sure of the votes of not less than 21 of the 38 States."

The Population of France.

IT appears from the French population tables, drawn up from the return of the census of December, 1876, the general results of which have already been given in the *Times*, that the foreigners resident in France numbered 801,700 persons, thus forming 2.17 per cent. of the total population. In 1851 the proportion was 1.06 per cent., and in 1861 1.33 per cent. Of these 801,700 foreigners, 374,500 were Belgians, 66,500 Germans, 165,000 Italians, 62,500 Spaniards, 50,000 Swiss, and 30,000 English. The most striking fact shown by the tables is, of course, the relatively very great number of adults in France and the small number of children. Whereas in England children—that is, persons under 15 years of age—form about 36 per cent of the population, and persons above 15 years 63 per cent., in France the former number only 29 per cent., and the latter 71 per cent. The figures are as follows: Under 15 years, 10,008,000; from 15 to 60, 22,527,000, and over 60, 4,361,000. As regards the occupations of the French people, 18,908,000, or 53 per cent., are engaged in agriculture; 9,274,000, or 26 per cent., in manufacturing and similar industries; 3,837,000, or 14 per cent., in trades, and 1,231,000, or 4 per cent., in liberal professions; 2,150,000 being of no occupation. Of the agricultural population, 10,620,000 cultivate their own property, 5,708,000 are farmers (*métayers*), and 2,620,000 are laborers and gardeners. Of those engaged in industries, 3,133,000 are attached to manufacturing. The numbers of those engaged in liberal professions are as follows: Religion, 229,600; police, 567,500; public instruction, 121,600; law, 148,900; medicine, 141,800; art and science, 90,600.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Zulu War.

In the disastrous battle of Isandlwhana, fought on the 22d of January, the British force numbered 700 European and 600 natives, and the Zulus some 20,000. The attack was begun by the Zulus, and was immediately met by Colonel Durnford's mounted men, who, however, were soon compelled to retreat, closely followed by the Zulus, who were described as swarming over the ridge in front like bees. Meanwhile the Zulu left was being rapidly pushed forward, driving everything before them in spite of the heavy artillery fire which was opened on it, and on the more slowly advancing centre. The infantry soon came into action all along the line, and from every account their fire was said to be steady and rapid; the enemy fell in hundreds, mowed down by the "Martini-Henry," but still came on in apparently undiminished numbers. Nothing seems to have deterred them; as rank after rank of the foremost fell, others pressed forward steadily and quickly. They do not appear to have made much use of their guns, but to have depended on their numbers to bring them at last to within such distance of the British that they could use their assegais. Young and old, regulars and volunteers, alike fought as gallantly as ever British soldiers did, side by side, but the overwhelming numbers were too many for them, and they died like heroes, sticking to their posts to the very last. Out of the whole number of men engaged in the affair, only nine escaped, who themselves looked upon their escape as miraculous. As soon as the fatal news had been communicated to Lord Chelmsford by Commandant Lonsdale, "The camp is in the possession of the enemy, sir!" the General resolved at all hazards to retake it. An officer sent forward to reconnoitre reported that the entire camp was swarming with Zulus like a disturbed ant-heap with ants. Many of the tents were burning, and 1,000 men were holding the road—the only outlet to Natal. After all, however, the Zulus did not wait for the advance of the British, they abandoned the camp, of which Lord Chelmsford took possession without resistance about 9 P. M. The troops bivouacked in the Isandlwhana neck. The position was far from a pleasant one. The ground was strewed with the dead and disemboweled bodies of their comrades, with dead oxen and horses, and the débris from plundered wagons. All around were the enemy's forces, whose bright watch-fires and the flames of the burning Mission House at Rorke's Drift were visible. Had the enemy ventured on an attack, it would have gone hard with the troops, who were exhausted by want of food and continuous marching, and had only some sixty rounds of ammunition per man. But nothing took place, and, as soon as daylight dawned on the morning of January 23d, the troops were again in motion, and performed the march to Rorke's Drift without incident.

Returning Victorious to Camp.

Recently a detachment of British troops made a very successful raid upon the village of Ragha Mighana, in Afghanistan—the village consisting merely of a number of cave dwellings hewn out of the rocky sides of a Nullah, or precipitous watercourse—and the crime of its inhabitants being numerous liftings of British cattle, accompanied by the murders of several grass-cutters. The detachment, consisting of infantry and cavalry, had instructions to surprise the robbers' village, capture the chiefs, and burn whatever dwellings existed. After a long march the Guides announced that the "village lay over there," i. e., on the other side of a steep hill, up which the troops crawled on their stomachs, and the officers, doffing their headgear, peeped over the ridge upon the scene beneath. There they waited patiently until the cavalry had been so placed as to cut off the retreat of the fugitives, and this done, the village was at once attacked, the inhabitants being far too startled to offer any resistance, and only thinking of escape. The troops advancing upon the village seized whatever loot they could, and after securing a large number of cattle and sheep, and placing the women and children in a place of safety, the village was fired and the troops started on their return, entering Jamrood in triumph with the captured flocks and herds and seventy-three prisoners.

The New Bulgarian Assembly.

The little Parliament of Bulgaria, after various postponements, met for the first time at Tirnova, on the 22d of February, being inaugurated by Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff with a brief speech congratulating his hearers on the opening of the "First National Assembly of their emancipated country, which is to establish a firm foundation for a State Government of the new Principality." The meeting-place of the Assembly is the old Turkish Konak, or Government House, the hall of which on that occasion was bountifully decked out with flags—the new Bulgarian colors, white, green, and red, being naturally the most prominent. The Deputies are already divided into two parties, the Moderates, who advise submission to the Powers, and the extreme faction or Irreconcilables, who clamor for immediate union with Eastern Roumelia. The latest reports show that the Assembly has passed forty-four Articles of the Constitution, including amendments in favor of triennial Parliaments, universal manhood suffrage, and equal electoral districts. It has resolved that there shall be no censorship of the press. Even religious publications are to be free, though a censorship therefor was demanded by some clerical deputies.

The Floods at Szegedin.

It is difficult for any but those who have actually witnessed such a calamity to form an adequate conception of the dreadful nature or the extent of the terrible disaster which recently happened in Hungary. Szegedin, the capital of Csongrad, is situated on a marshy plain, and was divided into the town proper, and the upper and lower suburbs. There were numerous churches, convents, schools and hospitals, a theatre, and an old Turkish fortress. The population numbered about 75,000, and it was a busy and prosperous commercial city. Standing upon ground below the general level of the rivers Theiss and Maros, it was only protected from inundation by a series of dikes or embankments, which frequently gave way when the rivers were swollen by melted snows from the mountains, or by heavy rains. There were three of these dikes—the first, which was some twelve miles from the city, gave way on the 4th of March; the second collapsed some days afterwards, in spite of the constant efforts of the people to maintain it, but on Sunday, the 9th, there was some abatement of the flood, and it was hoped that the danger was over. On the following Tuesday, however, a gale sprang up and drove the water furiously against the dike, rendering the work of repairing it so dangerous that the laborers were only kept to it by the military. By midnight the soldiers themselves saw that further effort was in vain. The general in command gave the word to abandon the work, and the order was announced in the city by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns. The waters, no longer resisted, leaped through and over the last embankment, and in an hour and a half the whole town was submerged. The destruction was instant and enormous. Most of the poorer houses, being built of sun-dried bricks, melted away at the first touch of the inundation, and out of the 2,700 houses about 1,200 were destroyed. Barges, boats and steam-vessels were at once employed to rescue those who still clung to the ruins of their houses, or who had taken refuge in the upper branches of trees, or upon the few high places which still remained above water. At least 74,000 persons were made homeless and completely ruined, and the loss of life was very great.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Boston School Committee has abolished the kindergarten school.

—PRINCE BISMARCK intends to impose extra dues upon ships carrying foreign flags.

—THE sea has thrown up the sponge at Cedar Keys, Fla., to the value of $76,500 since January 1st.

—THE French Senate has adjourned until the 8th of May and the Chamber of Deputies until the 15th of May.

—A ONE-ARMED street singer was lately assassinated in Paris, and his body was followed to the grave by 300 beggars.

—NORTH CAROLINA has fifty-four cotton and woolen mills in operation. The capital invested amounts to $1,838,000.

—AN Alamo Monument Association has been formed in San Antonio, Texas, to erect a monument to the heroes who fell on that memorable spot.

—THE industrial authorities and tradesmen of the city of Berlin have arranged for an exhibition to be given on the 1st of May next in a prominent part of Berlin.

—NINETEEN hundred men are employed at one establishment in Philadelphia in manufacturing twenty-six locomotive engines for Government railroads in Australia.

—THE poultrymen of Long Island shipped last year to New York and Brooklyn eggs to the value of $122,000. The value of the Long Island poultry sold was $103,000.

—THERE is said to be much dissatisfaction among the cardinals resident at Rome on account of the number of foreign cardinals proposed to be made at the Consistory on the 20th of May.

—THIS year's congress of the British Social Science Association, to be held in Manchester, promises to be one of the most successful and popular gatherings which has been held for many years.

—KINGLAKE, the historian of the Crimean War, casts his eyes down when his photograph is taken, and this gives him a mild and retiring appearance. People will scarcely believe that he is sixty-eight years old.

—THE rinderpest is becoming increasingly formidable in Bohemia. Several hundred places are now affected. Agriculture in many places is at a standstill, draught cattle being locked up wherever the disease occurs.

—THE Spanish Government has ordered that the General Post Office Administration of the Island of Cuba be conducted from April 1st in accordance with the convention of the International Postal Union signed at Paris, June 1st, 1878.

—A CALL has been issued, signed by many prominent clergymen, teachers and social directors of the colored people of Louisiana, for a convention to meet in New Orleans on April 17th, to consider the condition of their race in that State.

—A SELECT committee of the British House of Lords, appointed in 1876, to investigate the subject of intemperance, is just ready to submit its report, which fills four blue-books and contains over 1,700 folio pages of the evidence collected.

—A BANK official in a Pennsylvania town has proved a defaulter from excessive and ruinous expenditures in the breeding of pigs. He was a man of honor and integrity, but Berkshire pigs, at the rate of $2,500 apiece, was too much for him.

—THE Russian Government is stated to have under consideration a proposal for the organization of a wholesale trade between Western Siberia and China, in pursuance of which trading depots would be established in the southeastern portion of the district of Semipalatinsk, near the Chinese frontier.

—GORDON PASHA, Governor-General of Southern Egypt, reports that the capture of all the slave depots is considered certain. The Egyptians, he says, killed ten chiefs and 2,000 men while following up a victory they had gained over the slave-traders.

—THE Finance Committee of the Municipality of Paris having a surplus in hand of twelve millions of francs. Four millions are to be devoted to the schools; four millions to the construction of new sewers; and four millions to the improvement of the roads and streets of the city.

—THE Khédive of Egypt, without consulting his Ministers, has drafted a budget in opposition to that submitted by Minister Rivers-Wilson. Seventy Pashas and ninety civil officers have signed this document, which pledges the Government henceforth to pay the interest on the funded debt in full, punctually.

—THERE is a strong probability that an embassy will be dispatched from Siam to the United States for the purpose of arranging for the appointment of consuls and regulating future commercial relations, which are expected to be large. The embassy, if sent, will leave in January for San Francisco *via* Hong Kong.

—THE total amount of salt sold in the United States during 1878 was 7,662,658 barrels, of which 3,075,533 were imported. About 1,554,000 were made in the Saginaw district of Michigan, about 1,434,000 in the Syracuse district of New York, 850,000 in Ohio and Virginia, and the rest at other points. The imported salt chiefly comes from Liverpool, but Trapani in Sicily, Cadiz in Spain, Hyeres in France, and Turk's Island and Curaçoa in the West Indies, furnish a large quantity. As the domestic manufacture yearly increases, the imports naturally decrease.

—THE Prussian Minister of Public Instruction has laid a plan before the Society of Medicine, according to which the regulation of doctors' fees is to be done away with. There is to be a tariff by which a Judge can decide when applications are made in court; but in general doctors are to demand what they like. The tariff in question is two marks, or fifty cents, for a first visit, and one mark for every successive visit. When consultations are held, every doctor is to get five marks for the first time, and three marks for the succeeding. In the physician's house thirty-seven and one-half cents is the charge for the first consultation, and eighteen cents for every succeeding one.

—AT Monte Carlo, when the bank is broken, or, rather, when the amount of money set apart to be staked in one day is won from it, the croupiers rise, the servants cover the table with a black cloth, and business is over until next morning. This does not often occur, as the chances in favor of the bank are very many. Recently, however, play has been very desperate at Monte Carlo, and the bank was broken by a Brother Jonathan. In glorious Nice, just opposite Monaco and Monte Carlo, there are no public gambling-rooms, but you need not leave the town to hunt the tiger. There is a large club—the Mediterranée—in Nice, where they are excessively glad to welcome strangers, and will give you every accommodation.

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GUARDING THE MINE.



INTERIOR OF A STAGE-COACH — PASSENGERS COMPARING WATCHES.

THE NEW EL DORADO.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

THE social aspects of Leadville, the new mining centre, are what might be expected in a mining camp. There are three daily newspapers, a school-house, two churches and sunday-schools—though there are five church organizations—and a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. On the other hand, there are large gambling-houses, whose doors stand wide open, in which every kind of "skin" game is being played openly. There are two or three low variety theatres doing a driving trade. The income of one of them is said to be better than that of any mine save a few of the most successful ones. The gambling-houses recognize no artificial discriminations. Negroes gamble at the same table and drink at the same counter with white men. Nearly all carry arms, some having their belts full of weapons. Our illustration, from sketches taken on the spot, gives a striking picture of the inner life of these resorts. There is a large element of the roughest of characters, and accordingly an occasional affray and shooting; but the majority of the inhabitants are too eager fortune-hunters to indulge in such pastime. The law-loving people, aided by an efficient police force, keep the hoodlums and camp-followers in check, and any one can walk the streets in perfect safety.

The *Reveille* is the oldest of the newspapers. The office from which it is published does not possess the advantages of city establishments, but it is quite in keeping with the best of the earlier architectural achievements of the settlement.

The difficulties of travel in this newly populated region have been referred to in a previous issue. The accommodations for "man and beast" are of the rudest sort, and the adventurous explorer, in his journey from civilization to the new El Dorado, is often compelled to accept of shelter and fare which he would spurn under other circumstances. The staging from Carson City, the railroad terminus, is through magnificent scenery, but it is a process lasting two days of twelve hours each, and in Winter is really dangerous. The road winds along the edge of the mountains, around precipitous curves, with the incline invariably towards the chasm, and accidents are frequent. About the only diversion in which stage travelers can engage is that of "comparing watches," and as a stage-load frequently includes persons from New York, Chicago, Denver, and half-a-dozen other remote parts, each of whom insists that he has "just the right time," comparisons quite often give way to contentions that become serious.



OFFICE OF THE "REVEILLE" NEWSPAPER.



THE "NINE-MILE HOUSE."



A GAMBLING SALOON ON ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF LEADVILLE.

COLORADO.—OUR WONDERFUL MINERAL PRODUCTIONS—SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE NEW CITY OF LEADVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. JUMP.

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PENNSYLVANIA—LIFE AMONG THE MINERS—A PIG-PEDDLER MAKING THE TOUR OF THE COLLIERY REGION IN SCHUYLKILL COUNTY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 113.

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AN EPISODE OF WATERLOO

THE battle was waning, the sun had set
Through clouds of smoke on the shrieking plain,
And the shattered bodies of men lay wet
In great pools of blood and great pools of rain.

The thunders of cannon still rent the air,
And the crimson field had been scarcely won,
While echoes of anguish drowned the blare,
And greeted the answer of brave Cambronne.

Thro' the dusk and gloom from the north advanced,
With helmeted heads and vigorous breath,
The dragoons of Blucher, equipped and lanced,
To swell the tide of the river Death!

And the Emperor stood on the gory field,
With his large, calm eyes as in utter rest;
But his forehead's marble ne'er revealed
All the anguish held in his tortured breast.

It was o'er; and the conquerors' maddening cry
Rose up in the night, while the piercing groans
Of thousands of warriors left to die
Blent shrill with the cannons' monotones.

Thro' the heat of fires, thro' the bullets' rain,
Thro' the sea of battle that stormed and raved,
That man on the proud white horse again
Led his legions on, for France might be saved.

And, though all was lost, he was still adored
By those hearts of gold that knew naught of fear;
And the wounded and dying with limbs begored,
As he hurried by would arise and cheer!

* * * * *

There was one poor soldier who lay between
Five mangled Prussians, and heard him pass.
He surmised it all, though he had not seen,
And he struggled to rise from the bloody grass.

He had left his mother in far Touraine,
His sister Jeanne, and his father blind,
But remembered naught of that love again,
When the thought of his Emperor passed his mind.

He mused as he wallowed in clotted gore,
Of the sweetheart he quitted against her will,
And the dear old home he would see no more;
But the Emperor held his heart's love still.

His left arm had been shattered by grape and shell,
And hung to the bone by a single shred,
But he heard his Emperor's voice, and well,
"I will give one last proof of my love," he said.

For he felt that his darling chief was nigh,
And wrenched the dead arm from his shoulder-blade,
And cried, with his weak, poor, feeble cry,
"It has served thee well, and for thee 'twas made!"

And he waved it high in his frantic might,
When Napoleon passed with a flash and whirr;
And his last words rang thro' the awful night,
"Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!"

F. S. SALTERN.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED).

JERVY paid the bill, with all needful remembrance of the waiter. He was generous, he was polite; but he was apparently in no flurry to favor Phœbe with the explanation that he had promised. They had left the tavern for some minutes, and he was still rude enough to remain absorbed in his own reflections. Phœbe's patience gave way.

"I have told you everything," she said, reproachfully; "I don't call it fair dealing to keep me in the dark after that."

He roused himself directly. "My dear girl, you entirely mistake me!"

The reply was as ready as usual; but it was spoken rather absently. Only that moment, he had decided on informing Phœbe (to some extent, at least) of the purpose which he was then meditating. He would infinitely have preferred using Mrs. Sowler as his sole accomplice. But he knew the girl too well to run that risk. If he refused to satisfy her curiosity, she would be deterred by no scruples of delicacy from privately watching him; and she might say something (either by word of mouth or by writing) to the kind young mistress who was in correspondence with her, which might lead to disastrous results. It was of the last importance to him so far to associate Phœbe with his projected enterprise as to give her an interest of her own in keeping his secrets.

"I have not the least wish," he resumed, "to conceal anything from you. So far as I can see my way at present, you shall see it, too." Reserving in this dexterous manner the freedom of lying, whenever he found it necessary to depart from the truth, he smiled encouragingly, and waited to be questioned.

Phœbe repeated the inquiry she had made at the tavern. "Why do you want to know where Mr. Ronald is buried?" she asked, bluntly.

"Mr. Ronald's tombstone, my dear, will tell me the date of Mr. Ronald's death," Jervy rejoined. "When I have got the date, I shall go to a place near St. Paul's, called Doctors' Commons; I shall pay a shilling fee, and I shall have the privilege of looking at Mr. Ronald's will."

"And what good will that do you?"

"Very properly put, Phœbe! Even shillings are not to be wasted in our position. But my shilling will buy two sixpennys' worth of information. I shall find out what sum of money Mr. Ronald has left to his daughter, and I shall know for certain whether Mrs. Farnaby's husband has any power over it or not."

"Well," said Phœbe, not much interested so far—"and what then?"

Jervy looked about him. They were in a crowded thoroughfare at the time. He preserved a discreet silence until they had arrived at the first turning which led down a quiet street.

"What I have to tell you," he said, "must not be accidentally heard by anybody. Here, my dear, we are all but out of the world, and here I can speak to you safely. I promise you two good things. You shall bring Mrs. Farnaby to that day of reckoning; and we will find money enough to marry on comfortably as soon as you like."

Phœbe's languid interest in the subject began to revive; she insisted on having a clearer explanation than this. "Do you mean to get the money out of Mr. Farnaby?" she inquired.

"I will have nothing to do with Mr. Farnaby, unless I find that his wife's money is not at her own disposal. What you heard in the kitchen has altered all my plans. Wait a minute, and you'll see what I am driving at. How much do you think Mrs. Farnaby would give me if I found that lost daughter of hers?"

Phœbe suddenly stood still, and looked at the sordid scoundrel who was tempting her in blank amazement.

"But nobody knows where the daughter is," she objected.

"You and I know that the daughter has a deformity in her left foot," Jervy replied; "and you and I know exactly in what part of the foot it is. There's not only money to be made out of that knowledge, but money made easily, without the slightest risk. Suppose I managed the matter by correspondence, without appearing in it personally? Don't you think Mrs. Farnaby would open her purse beforehand if I mentioned the exact position of that little deformity as a proof that I was to be depended on?"

Phœbe was unable, or unwilling, to draw the obvious conclusion, even now.

"But what would you do," she said, "when Mrs. Farnaby insisted on seeing her daughter?"

There was something in the girl's tone—half-fearful, half-suspicious—which warned Jervy that he was treading on dangerous ground. He knew perfectly well what he proposed to do in the case that had been so plainly put to him. It was the simplest thing in the world. He had only to make an appointment with Mrs. Farnaby for a meeting on a future day, and to take to flight in the interval; leaving a polite note behind him to say that it was all a mistake, and that he regretted being too poor to return the money. Thus far, the truth had flowed from him in an uninterrupted stream. The time had evidently come to check the flow. Phœbe was vain, Phœbe was vindictive; and, more promising still, Phœbe was a fool. But she was not yet capable of consenting to an act of the vilest infamy in cold blood. Jervy looked at her, and saw that the foreseen necessity for lying had come at last.

"That's just the difficulty," he said; "that's just where I don't see my way plainly yet. Can you advise me?"

Phœbe started, and drew back from him. "*I* advise you!" she exclaimed. "It frightens me to think of it. If you make her believe she is going to see her daughter, and if she finds out that you have robbed and deceived her, I can tell you this—with her furious temper, you would drive her mad."

Jervy's reply was a model of well-acted indignation. "Don't talk of anything so horrible," he exclaimed. "If you believe me capable of such cruelty as that, go to Mrs. Farnaby and warn her at once!"

"It's too bad to speak to me in that way!" Phœbe rejoined, with the frank impetuosity of an offended woman. "You know I would die rather than get you into trouble. Beg my pardon directly, or I won't walk another step with you!"

Jervy made the necessary apologies with all possible humility. He had gained his end—he could now postpone any further discussion of the subject, without arousing Phœbe's distrust. "Let us say no more about it for the present," he suggested; "we will think it over, and talk of pleasanter things in the meantime. Kiss me, my dear girl; there's nobody looking."

So he made peace with his sweetheart, and secured to himself, at the same time, the full liberty of future action of which he stood in need. If Phœbe asked any more questions the necessary answer was obvious to the meanest capacity. He had merely to say, "The matter is beset with difficulties which I didn't see at first—I have given it up."

Their nearest way back to Phœbe's lodgings took them through the street which led to the Hampden Institution. Passing along the opposite side of the way, they saw the private door opened. Two men stepped out. A third man, inside, called after one of them, "Mr. Goldenheart, you have left the statement of receipts in the waiting-room." "Never mind," Amelius answered; "the night's receipts are so small that I would rather not be reminded of them again." "In my country," a third voice remarked, "if he had lectured as he has lectured to-night, I reckon I'd have given him three hundred dollars, gold (sixty pounds, English currency), and have made my own profit by the transaction. The British nation has lost its taste, sir, for intellectual recreation. I wish you good evening."

Jervy hurried Phœbe out of the way, just as the two gentlemen were crossing the street. He had not forgotten events at Tadmor, and he was by no means eager to renew his former acquaintance with Amelius.

CHAPTER XXI.

RUFUS and his young friend walked together silently as far as a large square. Here they stopped, having reached the point at which it was necessary to take different directions on their way home.

"I've a word of advice, my son, for your private ear," said the New Englander. "The barometer behind your waistcoat points to a downhearted state of the moral atmosphere. Come along to home with me—you want a whisky-cocktail badly."

"No, thank you, my dear fellow," Amelius answered a little sadly. "I own I'm downhearted, as you say. You see, I expected this lecture to be a new opening for me. Purposely, as you know, I don't care two straws about money. But my marriage depends on my adding to my income, and the first attempt I've made to do that has ended in a total failure. I'm all abroad again when I look to the future—and I'm afraid I'm fool enough to let it weigh on my spirits. No, the cocktail isn't the right remedy for me. I don't get the exercise and fresh air here that I used to get at Tadmor. My head burns after all that talking to-night. A good long walk will put me right, and nothing else will."

Rufus at once offered to accompany him. Amelius shook his head. "Did you ever walk a mile in your life when you could ride?" he asked, good humoredly. "I mean to be on my legs for four or five hours; I should only have to send you home in a cab. Thank you, old fellow, for the brotherly interest you take in me. I'll breakfast with you to-morrow, at your hotel. Good-night."

Some curious prevision of evil seemed to trouble the mind of the good New Englander. He held Amelius fast by the hand; he said, very earnestly, "It goes against the grit with me to see you wandering off by yourself at this time of night—it does, I tell you! Do me a favor for once, my bright boy—go right away to bed."

Amelius laughed and released his hand. "I shouldn't sleep if I did go to bed. Breakfast to-morrow at ten o'clock. Good-night, again."

He started on his walk at a pace which set pursuit on the part of Rufus at defiance. The American stood watching him until he was lost to sight in the darkness. "What a grip that young fellow has got on me, in no more than a few months," Rufus thought, as he slowly turned away in the direction of his hotel. "Lord send the poor boy may keep clear of mischief this night!"

Meanwhile Amelius walked on swiftly, straight before him, careless in what direction he turned his steps, so long as he felt the cool air and kept moving.

His thoughts were not at first occupied with the doubtful question of his marriage. The lecture was still the uppermost subject in his mind. He had reserved for the conclusion of his address the justification of his view of the future afforded by the widespread and frightful poverty among the millions of the population of London alone. On this melancholy theme he had spoken with the eloquence of true feeling, and had produced a strong impression, even on those members of the audience who were most resolutely opposed to the opinions which he advocated. Without any undue exercise of self-esteem, he could look back on the close of his address with the conviction that he had really done justice to himself and to his cause. The retrospect of the public discussion that had followed failed to give him the same pleasure. His warm temper, his vehemently sincere belief in the truth of his own convictions, placed him at a serious disadvantage towards the more self-restrained speakers (all older than himself) who rose, one after another, to combat his views. More than once he had lost his temper and had been obliged to make his apologies. More than once he had been indebted to the ready help of Rufus, who had taken part in the battle of words, with the generous purpose of covering his retreat. "No," he thought to himself, with bitter humility, "I'm not fit for public discussions. If they put me into Parliament to-morrow I should only get called to order, and do nothing."

He reached the bank of the Thames, at the eastward end of the Strand.

Walking straight on, as absently as ever, he crossed Waterloo Bridge, and followed the broad street that lay before him on the other side. He was thinking of the future again; Regina was in his mind now. The one prospect that he could see of a tranquil and happy life—with duties as well as pleasures; duties that might rouse him to find the vocation for which he was fit—was the prospect of his marriage. What was the obstacle that stood in his way? The vile obstacle of money; the contemptible spirit of ostentation which forbade him to live humbly on his own sufficient little income, and insisted that he should purchase domestic happiness at the price of a tawdry splendor of a rich tradesman and his friends. And Regina, who was free to follow her own better impulses—Regina, whose heart acknowledged him as its master—bowed before the golden image which was the tutelary deity of her uncle's household, and said resignedly, "Love must wait!"

Still walking blindly on, he was roused on a sudden to a sense of passing events. Crossing a side-street at the moment, a man caught him roughly by the arm, and saved him from being run over. The man had a broom in his hand; he was a crossing-sweeper. "I think I've earned my penny, sir," he said.

Amelius gave him a half-crown. The man shouldered his broom, and tossed up the money, in a transport of delight. "Here's something to go home with!" he cried, as he caught the half-crown again.

"Have you got a family at home?" Amelius asked.

"Only one, sir," said the man. "The others are all dead. She's as good a girl and as pretty a girl as ever put on a petticoat—though I say it that shouldn't. Thank you kindly, sir. Good-night!"

Amelius looked after the poor fellow, happy at least for that night! "If I had only been lucky enough to fall in love with the crossing-sweeper's daughter," he thought, bitterly, "she would have married me when I asked her."

He looked along the street. It curved away in the distance, with no visible limit to it. Arrived at the next side-street on his left, Amelius turned down it, weary of walking longer in the same direction. Whither it might lead him he neither knew nor cared. In his present humor, it was a pleasurable sensation to feel himself lost in London.

The short street suddenly widened: a blaze of flaring gaslight dazzled his eyes; he heard all around him the shouting of innumerable voices. For the first time since he had been in London, he found himself in one of the street-markets of the poor.

On either side of the roadway, the barrows of the costermongers—the wandering tradesmen of the highway—were drawn up in rows; and every man was advertising his wares, by means of the cheap publicity of his own voice. Fish and vegetables, pottery and writing-paper, looking-glasses, saucepans and colored prints—all appealed together to the scantily-filled purses of the crowds who thronged the pavement. One lusty vagabond stood up in a rickety donkey-cart, knee-deep in apples, selling a great wooden measure full for a penny, and yelling louder than all the rest. "Never was such apples sold in the public streets before! Sweet as flowers and sound as a bell. Who says the poor ain't looked after," cried the fellow, with ferocious irony, "when they can have such apple-sauce as this to their loin of pork! Here's nobby apples; here's a penn'orth for your money. Sold again! Hullo, you! you look hungry. Catch! There's an apple for nothing, just to taste. Be in time, be in time before they're all sold!" Amelius moved forward a few steps, and was half deafened by rival butchers, shouting, "Buy, buy, buy!" to audiences of ragged women, who fingered the meat doubtfully, with longing eyes. A little further, and there was a blind man selling shoe-laces, and singing a psalm; and, beyond him again, a broken down soldier playing "God save the Queen" on a tin flageolet. The one silent person in this sordid carnival was a Lascar beggar, with a printed placard round his neck, addressed to "The Charitable Public." He held a tallow-candle to illuminate the copious narrative of his misfortunes; and the one reader he obtained was a fat man, who scratched his head, and remarked to Amelius that he didn't like foreigners. Starving boys and girls lurked among the costermongers' barrows, and begged piteously on pretense of selling cigar-lights and comic songs. Furious women stood at the doors of public houses, and railed on their drunken husbands for spending the house-money in gin. A thicker crowd, towards the middle of the street, poured in and out at the door of a cookshop. Here the people presented a less terrible spectacle—they were even touching to see. These were the patient poor, who bought hot morsels of sheep's heart and liver at a penny an ounce, with lamentable little mouthsful of peas-pudding, greens and potatoes, at a halfpenny each. Pale children in corners supped on penny basins of soup, and looked with hungry admiration at their enviable neighbors who could afford to buy stewed eels for twopence. Everywhere there was the same noble resignation to their hard fate, in old and young alike. No impatience, no complaints. In this wretched place the language of true gratitude was still to be heard, thanking the good-natured cook for a little spoonful of gravy thrown in for nothing—and here, humble mercy that had its one superfluous halfpenny to spare gave that halfpenny to utter destitution, and gave it with right good-will. Amelius spent all his shillings and sixpences in doubling and trebling the poor little pennyworths of food, and left the place with tears in his eyes.

He was near the end of the street by this time. The sight of the misery about him, and the sense of his own utter inability to remedy it, weighed heavily on his spirits. He thought of the peaceful and prosperous life at Tadmor. Were his happy brethren of the Community and these miserable people about him creatures of the same all-merciful God? The terrible doubts which come to all thinking men—the doubts which are not to be stifled by crying "Oh, fie!" in a pulpit—rose darkly in his mind. He quickened his pace. "Let me get out of it," he said to himself; "let me get out of it!"

It was not easy to pass quickly through the people loitering and gossiping about him. There was greater freedom for a rapid walker in the road. He was on the point of stepping off the pavement, when a voice behind him—a sweet, soft voice, though it spoke very faintly—said: "Are you good-natured, sir?"

He turned, and found himself face to face with one of the saddest sisterhood on earth—the sisterhood of the streets.

His heart ached as he looked at her, she was so poor and so young. The lost creature had, to all appearance, barely passed the boundary between childhood and girlhood—she could scarcely be more than fifteen or sixteen years old. Her eyes, of the purest and loveliest blue, rested on Amelius with a vacantly patient look, like the eyes of a suffering child. The soft oval outline of her face would have been perfect if the cheeks had been filled out; they were wasted and hollow, and sadly pale. Her delicate lips had none of the rosy color of youth, and her finely-modeled chin was disfigured by a piece of plaster covering some injury. She was little and thin, her worn and scanty clothing showed her frail, youthful figure still waiting for its perfection of growth. Her pretty little hands were reddened by the raw night air. She trembled as Amelius looked at her in silence, with compassionate wonder. But for the words in which she had accosted him, it would have been impossible to associate her with the lamentable life that she led. The appearance of the girl was artlessly virginal and innocent; she looked as if she had passed through the contamination of the streets, without being touched by it, without fearing it, or feeling it, or understanding it. Robed in pure white, with her gentle blue eyes raised to heaven, a

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painter might have shown her on his canvas as a saint or an angel, and the critical world would have said: Here is the true ideal—Raphael himself might have painted this!

"You look very pale," said Amelius. "Are you ill?"

"No, sir—only hungry."

Her eyes half-closed; she reeled as she said the words. Amelius held her up, and looked round him. They were close to a stall at which coffee and slices of bread-and-butter were sold. He ordered some coffee to be poured out, and offered her the food. She thanked him and tried to eat. "I can't help it, sir," she said, faintly. The bread dropped from her hand; her weary head sank on his shoulder.

Two young women—older members of the sad sisterhood—were passing at the moment. "She's too far gone, sir, to eat," said one of them. "I know what would do her good, if you don't mind going into a public-house."

"Where is it?" said Amelius. "Be quick!"

One of the women led the way. The other helped Amelius to support the girl. They entered the crowded public-house. In less than a minute, the first woman had forced her way through the drunken customers at the bar, and had returned with a glass of port-wine and cloves. The girl revived as the stimulant passed her lips. She opened her innocent blue eyes again, in vague surprise. "I sha'n't die this time," she said quietly.

A corner of the place was not occupied; a small empty cask stood there. Amelius made the poor creature sit down and rest a little. He had only gold in his purse; and, when the woman paid for the wine, he offered her some of the change. She declined to take it. "I've got a shilling or two, sir," she said; "and I can take care of myself. Give it to Simple Sally."

"You'll save her a beating, sir, for one night at least," said the other woman. "We call her Simple Sally, because she's a little soft, poor soul—hasn't grown up you know, in her mind, since she was a child. Give her some of your change, sir, and you'll be doing a kind thing."

All that is most unselfish, all that is most divinely compassionate and self-sacrificing in a woman's nature, was as beautiful and as undefiled as ever in these women—the outcasts of the hard highway!

Amelius turned to the girl. Her head had sunk on her bosom; she was half asleep. She looked up as he approached her.

"Would you have been beaten to-night," he asked, "if you had not met with me?"

"Father always beats me, sir," said Simple Sally, "if I don't bring money home. He threw a knife at me last night. It didn't hurt me much—it only cut me here," said the girl, pointing to the plaster on her chin.

One of the women touched Amelius on the shoulder, and whispered to him. "He's no more her father, sir, than I am. She's a helpless creature, and he takes advantage of her. If I only had a place to take her to, he should never set his eyes on her again. Show the gentleman your bosom, Sally."

She opened her poor threadbare little shawl. Over the lovely girlish breast, still only growing to the rounded beauty of womanhood, there was a hideous blue-black bruise. Simple Sally smiled, and said: "That did hurt me, sir. I'd rather have the knife."

Some of the nearest drinkers at the bar looked round and laughed. Amelius tenderly drew the shawl over the girl's cold bosom. "For God's sake, let us get out of this place!" he said.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DOG SHOW ÆSTHETICALLY CONSIDERED.

"My love shall hear the music of my hounds
Uncouple in the Western Valley."

SUCH is the beautiful remark of *Theseus* to *Hyppolita*, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The Duke of Athens cannot better entertain the Queen of the Amazons. Well does she answer him, the tall, straight huntress, appreciating his tastes:

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
When, in a wood of Crete, they bayed the bear;"

and *Theseus*, sure of a sympathetic listener, dashes into the famous description:

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew—
Crook-kneed and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls."

It is an old taste, this love of dogs. Indispensable to the hunter, dear to the lonely settler, always finding a *Rip Van Winkle* in even the most industrious of early settlements to bear him company in the long, purposeless ramble which is one of the conditions of a dog's life, the American dog has been a familiar but unrecognized force in the pioneer civilization. He has gone into the stiff metre of Alexander Pope, found a sculptor in Hoppin, who immortalized a dog who died on his master's grave, has been painted by Beard, and has made his appearance in the drama. Around the cities and in the thickly settled country the game so quickly disappeared that the fine pointers, setters and hounds were but imperfectly bred and nurtured, only a few sportsmen comparatively keeping up this expensive taste. *Theseus* was obliged to take his "love" indeed to a "Western Valley" to hear his hounds and to see him shoot prairie-chickens.

However, everybody has owned a dog once or twice in his life, and everybody (worth recording) loves dogs. It is, therefore, not strange that the dog fancy has now become an æsthetic taste, and that superb club kennels devote themselves to the perfecting of breeds; that now women take an interest; that Fashion smiles upon the dear doggies with that high accord which confers distinction. Dogs, as everybody knows, are quite as unlike each other in disposition as are people. They have their human traits, they can be venal, they love the hand which feeds however low it be, they are cowards sometimes, they are sometimes mean, they are treacherous. Some dogs can be depended upon, and some cannot. It is idle to say that all dogs are as good as some dogs. But the real dog, the ideal dog, is a very noble gentleman. He loves his master, male or female, with an undying, unquestioning fidelity; he is the servant, slave, friend of man. Some of them, notably the Newfoundland and the St. Bernard, have the noble instinct of saving life; others have the untamed wolf in them yet, and are savage and dangerous; but, from Bill Sykes's dog up, they generally have some one friend for whom they would willingly die. Perhaps "a dog's life" is not worth much: the old proverb would suggest as much—but he is always willing to lay it down for his friend.

It is curious to notice the rise of the dog from his lowly position in the East, where the Biblical saying, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing!" is matched by the last of all suggestions of degradation, "He is going to the dogs." Now, what more elegant or correct thing can we do than to go to the dogs?

In those hot countries, however, where a dog becomes a jackal, a scavenger, he is in his lowest estate, and yet what noble hounds Gérome has brought from the East and painted! The mountains and the chase always rescue the dog, and bring him back to his nobility.

The Irish wolf-hound has ever been a favorite type with novelists. He has a perfectly reliable temper, he is gentle to his friends, dangerous to his foes. He is an embodiment of chivalry, and likes to walk with his young mistress—a new reading of Una and her Lion. Of this famous breed was Maida, whom Sir Walter Scott so loved.

Like all good things, they are rare, and the dog show of 1879, held at Gilmore's Garden last week, with nine hundred and fifty-three dogs in all, had but one—Bevis, owned by Mr. Lester Wallack—who is as handsome and as poetically grand as was Maida. Another set of emotions assail us as we look at the familiar mastiff, so long the synonym of honesty. Breeding has improved this always fine-tempered dog, and the show has many noble specimens. This dog is only useful as a watch-dog, a friend, a companion, and an ornament to society. The Newfoundlands have beauty, worth, and an exceptional character as to being able to save the drowning. Why should they not be more commonly kept on the seashore, at the Summer watering-places, and trained to save the lives of imprudent bathers? The show is rich in Newfoundlanders—magnificent ones.

Then come the Siberian bloodhounds, red-eyed, dangerous, grand. These splendid creatures walk about our streets with their masters very tranquilly, like Tartar nobles, trying civilization calmly; so they are probably not fierce when away from business.

The large, delightful family of the collies are well represented. These sensible Scotchmen are growing favorites in this country, and bring to the imagination the poetry and romance of the Cheviot Hills behind their twinkling heels, recalling Sir Walter, the Ettrick Shepherd, Burns and Christopher North. Sir Walter declared that his dogs understood language, and it was confidently reported that when he told a story to the disadvantage of one, the dog actually blushed; he certainly turned tail and went under the table. There is scarcely any story of the sagacity of a dog which the dog-lover will not believe.

The red Irish setters, most beautiful of gentle creatures, are so much of a novelty to most of us as to be looked upon like stray scions of a nobility on a visit to the United States. The kennels of Long Island have, however, known them for some time. They are highly esteemed by the sportsman, and are delightful about a house. It is, however, urged by sportsmen that dogs intended for hunting purposes are spoiled when they become household pets.

The toy dogs have a most satisfactory exhibition. The greyhounds, beautiful, slender, aristocratic creatures, in mouse-color, fawn-color and gray, are lying in silken pavilions; and yet we say to them:

"Lady Clara Vere De Vere,
I saw your game, and I retired.
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired."

They are sensuous, selfish and ungrateful pets, caring only for warmth, good food, luxury and their own graceful selves. Is it that they are too plain a parody?

Far better as a *chien de luxe* is the black and-tan, who is so pretty to look at, so intellectual, so sympathetic. How could he be otherwise, with his large eyes and prominent brain? The only trouble with a black-and-tan is that he is too sympathetic. If his mistress has the vapors, he has them too. He takes his moral tone from the fair hand that caresses. He is a great adjunct to that fair hand; never does it look whiter, smaller, prettier than when on his back, except when buried in the black curls of a big Newfoundland.

The Skye terriers reach the *ultima thule* of petdom. They are healthy, quick-witted, funny little creatures, easily trained and most faithful in friendship. They have the grace of fidelity, and yet when pampered they sometimes show mean qualities. They are great aristocrats and prefer their mistresses when well-dressed. They scorn the *désagrémens* of travel, and believe in baths, good beds, regular meals and jeweled fingers. The prices which these dogs bring, when they have all the points, is something enormous.

Pugs, brought into fashion by the present royal family of England, it is said, have the *pas* as fashionable, much talked-of dogs. Certainly beauty is not their characteristic, although they are very *chic*. The tail curling round so peremptorily, makes a handle by which they can be lifted. Their black noses are very cunning and expressive. They must wear their skin like an overcoat, loosely-fitting and easily rubbed around.

Their fair owners love them to distraction; they are to the modern female what Mahomet's father was to the maidens of Mecca. When he married, 20,000 Arab ladies committed suicide, so beautiful was he! One pug in the exhibition is marked as worth $10,000, and enormous prices are constantly paid for these little dogs. They are constant, honest, loving dogs, and very pretty about a house. They "show breeding," it is said, more certainly than other dogs.

There was one beautiful specimen of a Blenheim spaniel, looking as if he had stepped out of the Vandyke picture, "The Children of Charles I. at the Show." These very pretty dogs have an almost humane expression in their black eyes. For beauty and picturesqueness they come next to the greyhound. No dog "draws" so well as a greyhound; no dog in a sylvan scene is so excellent in color as the red Irish setter.

Let us look at the bulldogs. Tenacity, that great moral quality, is written all over them. They are respectable for their strength, their enormous courage, their grip. Grip is an excellent thing; yet what low faces! What a "Bill Sykes" in dog-skin. How burglarious, ignoble and fierce they look, and yet their masters tell us that they are not ferocious—not dangerous—but loving and faithful. But can you ever believe any master when he talks about his dog? Certainly Viscount, Jack and Duke look as if they were splendid specimens of their race, and would die several times before they would surrender.

The St. Bernard dogs, rough-coated or smooth, are so dear to the imagination that one pauses to shake a paw with each. The vision of that traveler half-buried in the snow accompanies them. The old picture of the boy with his arms clasped round the neck of that fine old fellow, whose stuffed effigy stands to-day in the Museum at Berne, will ever make these strong, individual, courageous dogs dear to the heart. There are some beautiful specimens in the show, especially one from Albany, named Chamounix, and a superb York from the Fifth Avenue. What does he do with his unoccupied philanthropy in New York?

We should like to speak of all the champion pointers by name and pay them individual compliments, for one of this race was once a dear personal friend. He had belonged to a gentleman who used him for hunting on Western prairies, and to see him "follow his nose" was a picture! After several seasons of uselessness he was brought to a family home in the East and became a pet. How noble he was, on the piazza, extending a paw to each member of the family, as they came or went; how gracefully he curled on the parlor-rug, and rapped his tail as his master came in! How he knew his mistress, and watched her blue eyes, and how when a cowardly hand poisoned him, did he accept her ministrations with a look of gratitude which broke her heart! How, with his latest breath, did he try to lick her hand, and extended his paw for a farewell shake!

Vale, vale! Cato! there are some who cannot think of your death yet without tears. Never was Cato guilty of an ungentlemanly action; and he is now coursing a grand chase in the heavenly hunting-grounds. Of that his bereaved family are sure, quite sure. It consoles them. That is the worst side of the love which we feel for a dog. In dying they bequeath to us a human regret. Their short and much-assailed existence cannot be long counted on; they must die, and then we regret them too much. They are so curiously intelligent that we cannot make them brutes, and there is a pathos in their love. They seem to wish to speak to us. Many a *conchiste* has, after one bereavement, determined never to have another dog.

Vastly improved in dog-lot by all this æsthetic fancy, these carefully-attended kennels. The diseases of dogs are studied; they become the patients of highly scientific physicians; and yet they do not eradicate hydrophobia, the dreadful danger which accompanies the possession of a pet dog. The Spitz dogs are almost banished, from their well-known tendency to madness. Beautiful, white, fluffy snowballs that they are, how can we expect them to enjoy our climate in such an Arctic cloak as they bring down with them? They are undoubtedly heated to death, and the shocking tragedy of the death of one human being by the bite of a mad dog makes the very idea of a dog one to be put away. Three well-known actresses have died of the bite of a mad dog. One in England, Mrs. Barry; one here, Ada Clare, and one in France, whose name escapes us.

Mrs. Gore made her lapdog write a book, and it is very clever. The lapdog has great opportunities of learning the family secrets. He is not so dangerous as the parrot, for he cannot tell them, unless, as in Mrs. Gore's case, he learned the secret of authorship.

In looking over, then, the dog show from an æsthetic point of view, we cannot but believe that it is a taste which bleseth him that gives and him that takes. The dogs are better off and humanity is improved by the contact. Even the roughest man looks amiable when his dog kisses him. The pampered poodle may seem an asthmatic and ridiculous object. The affection one bestows on a dog might be given to a child. But still, how can we help respecting the innocent extravagance of a child's love for a dog? If a dog is lovable he must must be loved; and a woman who is childless, and, perhaps, yet freighted down with care, or, still worse, has nothing to do with a busy brain, she is to be envied if her little dog is a solace to her. He trots off with much of her nervousness; his freaks amuse her; his affection consoles her; she is his medium of communication with a higher race; she enjoys her office of interpreter; she sees her own character represented in his. If she is amiable, he is amiable; if she is passionate her dog snarls, he is a perpetual moral instructor, a warning! To see a party of men go forth with their dogs is to see the brightest and most healthy sight in all the world. The hunt, long an exotic here, now seems to be becoming a national institution. In New Jersey and on Long Island "poor puss" is being pursued by packs of hounds, and men and women riders are learning the art of "across country." These setters and pointers mean business. They are after birds, woodcock, snipe, partridge, duck. The hounds with

"So musical a discord, such sweet thunder,"

are piping for a fox. Let each have his outing, and realize his destiny.

Of the beauty of these improved dogs the visitor to England need not be told. Those who have seen a kennel in "Bucks or Wilts," will feel that we have much to learn. It is a significant fact of the growing dignity of the taste that a clergyman of the Church of England came over with his dogs last year to help us in our dog-dancying.

Douglas Jerrold said that dogmatism was puppyism grown to maturity. The dog has contributed to make many an epigram, perhaps none more graceful and touching than that of Arsene Houssaye, who, in describing Buffon, and the intellect, without heart, which the great naturalist brought to his work, said, "He has classified all the dogs, and described them all but one—he has left out the blind man's dog."

The show opened on April 8th and closed on the 12th. On the second day of the exhibition at least 9,000 visitors were present. The toy terriers and pugs were the best cared for. The tender feminine hand left its mark in soft couches and elaborately monogramed rugs. The dainty darlings did not herd with the common ruck of breathing automata. They had their own boxes, their own service, their own bed-clothes, while they were soothed to slumber by numerous gushing adjectives uttered by thousands of rich red lips. Who wouldn't be a Japanese spaniel! Who wouldn't be a Dandie Dinmont! Who would be a judge? The decision of Paris was as naught compared with the giving of the golden apple, yclept the first prize, in this case.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGNCE

M. Ferry, the new French Minister of Public Instruction, has visited the Sorbonne, the School of Medicine, and other buildings devoted to science, for the purpose of deciding what repairs must be done immediately.

Experiments in electric signaling and reconnoitring have been made at Mont Valérien on a large scale. Details are wanting, as the French Government think it prudent to keep secret almost all experiments relating to military matters.

Roman Antiquities have been recently discovered in the open space in front of the Votive Church at Vienna. The space is in course of transformation into a public garden. Among the objects found are some rare coins, toga-clasps, urns, as well as the remains of tombs and of a bath.

A Vacancy having occurred in the Professorship of Botany at the University of Innsbruck by the transference of Kerner to the important chair at Vienna as successor of Fenzl, Dr. Peyritsch, Director of the Botanic Garden at Vienna, has been appointed to the Professorship at Innsbruck.

Lake Garda, lying under the shadow of the Alps, is being excavated at its bottom for prehistoric relics; prior to 1866, the Austrian authorities found some and shipped them off to Vienna, and now Rome has officially undertaken the job.

Charts for Instruction in Technology.—Professor Rudolf Wagner calls attention to the admirable technological charts prepared by Lenoir & Forster in Vienna. The recent progress in sulphuric acid manufacture, the Bessemer process, condensation of muriatic acid, distillation apparatus, ammonia ice-machine, beer-brewing, etc., are all shown in large charts, which are accompanied by explanatory text in four languages.

Sulphuric Acid in Vinegar.—To test the presence of sulphuric acid in vinegar, J. H. Huber evaporates on platinum foil a few drops of molybdate of ammonia to dryness, then adds a small quantity of the vinegar to be tested, evaporates nearly to dryness, completes the desiccation by blowing over the mixture, and if the least trace of sulphuric acid be in the vinegar its presence will be announced by a delicate blue color.

A Remarkable Phenomenon is reported from Neufchatel. On February 10th the Lake of Neufchatel suddenly assumed a motion like the sea with its tides, only with the difference that the rise and fall of the water succeeded each other in much shorter intervals. The phenomenon began at noon and lasted until 2 P. M. Boys who were playing on the shore were so suddenly surprised by the rising lake that they were up to their knees in water before they had time to escape. In the evening there was a violent thunderstorm, which also visited Berne at the same time.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HEINRICH WILHELM DOVE, the celebrated meteorologist and writer, died at Berlin, aged 76 years.

THE REV. Theodore Noethen, Catholic Chaplain of the Albany Penitentiary, and author of several religious books, died in Albany, April 16th.

REV. DR. MOSES D. HOGE, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, it is understood, has received a call from a wealthy congregation in Philadelphia.

LORD DUNMORE brought out a wedding march at the Opera, London, composed in honor of the Duke of Connaught. He led the orchestra himself, and the march was pronounced a success.

A FEW days ago Professor F. H. Bradley, formerly of East Tennessee University, and Assistant Geologist of Georgia, was crushed to death by the caving of a gold mine, near Necoochie, Ga.

THE REV. John Miller, D.D., of Princeton, late Professor in the Theological Seminary at that place, was formerly deposed from the ministry for heresy, April 8th, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick.

IT has been found that the schedules for the new Canadian tariff were prepared by Dr. Young, who was, until lately, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. He is a Nova Scotian by birth.

RECENT letters from Mr. Welsh, United States Minister to Great Britain, received within a day or two in this city, show that all the rumors about his coming home are inaccurate. He has no such purpose.

IT is now expected that Rev. William Ives Budington, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., may wholly recover his health. The cancer which was cut from his face early in the Winter has shown no sign of reappearing.

BY the will of Charles L. Jones, of Cambridge, $30,000 are left to Harvard College, to be used in founding six scholarships. The Vermont Academy, which Mr. Jones founded and endowed some years ago, also gets $10,000.

DR. LOVICK PIERCE, the distinguished Methodist preacher of Georgia, was ninety-five years old on Monday, the 24th ult. He celebrated the day by baptizing eight children, five of whom were his great-grandchildren, and one great-greatgranddchild.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL has received a letter from Cardinal Simeoni, Secretary to the Pope, declining to accept the Archbishop's resignation on account of his long service to the Church. The Archbishop was instructed to select a coadjutor with the right of succession to the See of Cincinnati.

PROFESSOR DANIEL VAUGHN, who was well known throughout the United States as an astronomer, linguist and mathematician, died at the hospital in Cincinnati, April 6th. He was born in Ireland, and came to this country when quite young. For the past twenty-five years he was a resident of Cincinnati.

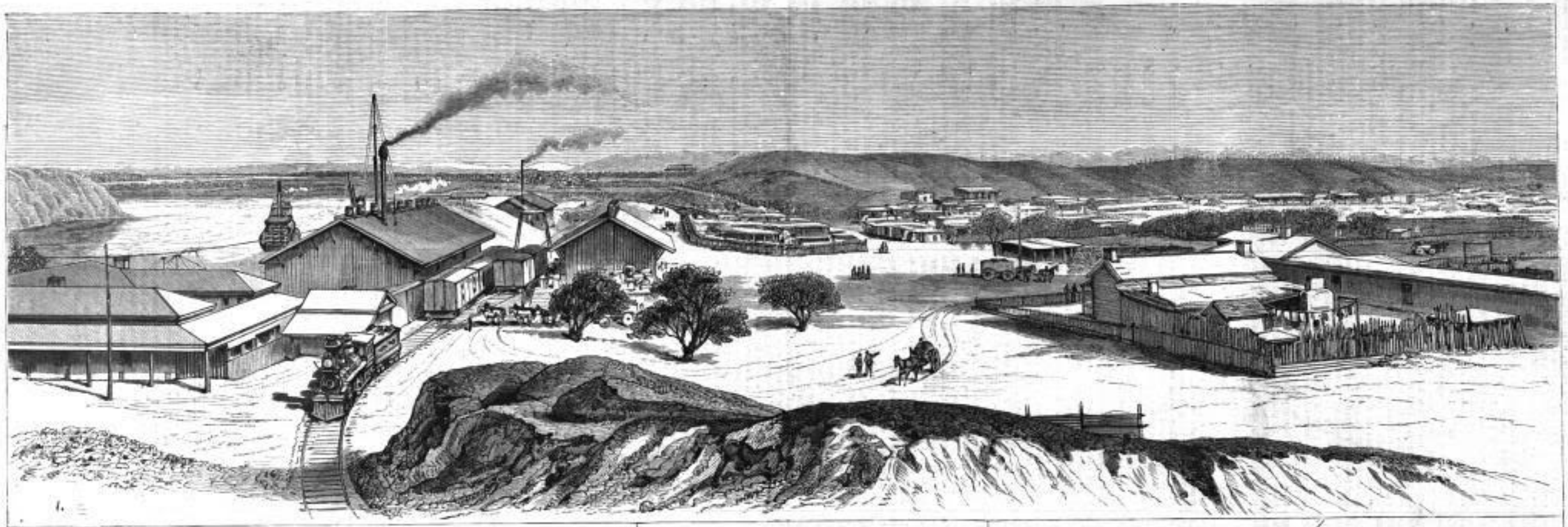
DR. THOMAS WITHERS, one of the oldest and leading physicians of Southern Virginia, died April 8th, at Petersburg, aged seventy-one years. He was a descendant of William Withers, Secretary of the Colony under Governor Dinwiddie, and was President of the Commercial National Bank till the close of that institution recently.

THOMAS HARDY, who is the only rival of William Black for the honor of being the most popular of recent English novelists, is thirty-eight years old, and was educated in a provincial village, becoming, as one might fancy from his figures of speech, the apprentice of a country architect. In London, however, he became a student under Bloomfield, and a disciple of the Gothic school. He won prizes in architecture, and studied to be an art critic. Finally he chose fiction.

A BILL for the relief of General Fitz John Porter is in course of preparation by the friends of that gentleman, and when ready it will be introduced in the Senate. There has been some indecision as to what shape the legislation for redress ought to take. When General Porter was dismissed, he was a major-general of volunteers, and a lieutenant-colonel of artillery in the regular army. Had not his misfortune happened he would, in all likelihood, be now a brigadier in the regulars. The question is, therefore, how justly he may claim appointment to this rank in the army and to what extent he is entitled to pay for services which he was prevented from rendering, however willing he might have been to give them.

THE death is announced of Sir Anthony Panizzi, formerly Librarian of the British Museum. He was an Italian gentleman, born at Frescello, in the Duchy of Modena, September 16th, 1797, and was educated at Reggio and at the University of Parma, where he graduated as Doctor in Law in 1818. He took part in the Piedmontese Revolution of 1821, was condemned to death, escaped, and made his way to England. In 1831, through the influence of Lord Brougham, he was made an assistant-librarian at the British Museum; in 1837 was made Keeper of Printed Books, and Principal Librarian in 1856, which post he resigned in 1866, but continued connected with the library until the Autumn of 1878. He was knighted in 1869, in recognition of his great services in the creation of the largest library in the world.

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1. Depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and View of a portion of Yuma. 2. Office of the "Sentinel" newspaper. 3. A witness of the approach of civilization. 4. The construction train, as used in extending the Southern Pacific Railroad.

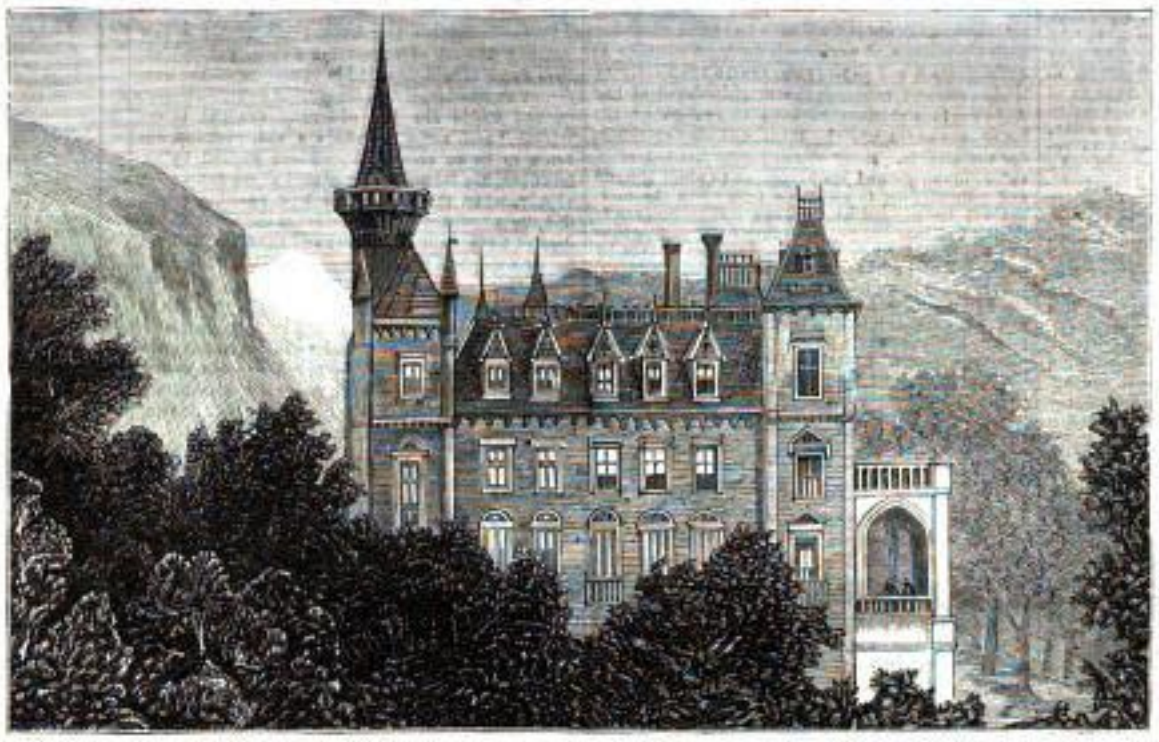
ARIZONA TERRITORY.—THE EXTENSION OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—VIEWS IN THE TOWN OF YUMA, ON THE COLORADO RIVER.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT, E. CONELIN.

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THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD OF ARIZONA.

ON the Colorado River, ninety miles from its mouth and on its east bank, is located the old city of Yuma in Arizona. This location, which has heretofore lain mute with a history that perhaps rarely extended beyond its own domain except by an occasional exploring party or an inhabitant who had fortunately made his escape from the ravages of Indians or Mexican desperadoes, has now become of considerable importance. On the 29th of September, 1877, this point became the present terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad of California, and about a year later became the initial point of the great southern trans-continental route now building eastward. For a year following the completion of the Southern Pacific the building of a second trans-continental railroad was agitated by two aspirants—the Southern Pacific and the Texas Pacific. The final presentation of the case to Congress last Summer by ex-Governor Leland Stanford and the Hon. C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific, and the able paper read by ex-Governor A. P. K. Safford, of Arizona, showing the valuable fields of wealth which would be opened by the continuation of the Southern Pacific eastward across the continent, brought an end to the controversy. The results are that a complete southern trans-continental route is stealing an existence upon us as unawares as did the first road across the continent in 1869. Yuma is now the initial point of this new road—"The Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona." When we realize the vast interests the opening of Arizona and New Mexico will offer to the geologist and historian we hail the event. It was late last Fall when the continuation of the road from Yuma was begun. It is now rapidly approaching Maricopa, a distance of 200 miles from Yuma, and by the middle of the present Summer will have penetrated the rich silver regions of the Santa Rita Mountains on its way through New Mexico, Colorado and the East.

Yuma is the new name of Arizona City, and is of strictly Mexican origin, although representatives of the ancient Yuma tribes of Indians constitute a large proportion of its present population. The town corporation was organized about 1855, under the name of Colorado City, subsequently changed to Arizona City and then to Yuma, after the Government fort across the river in California. The western bank of the Colorado is chiefly a long, low stretch of alluvial bottom land, overflowed by the great river and enriched by the detritus it has borne from the heart of the Northern Cordilleras for centuries past. Yuma itself is on a level, sandy plain, of one prevailing gray adobe tone. The principal street is broad, and fringed for nearly half a mile on either side by low, straggling adobe buildings and corrals. There are two or three side streets, ambitious in name if not in style. The sun is almost blinding, and the prevailing hue monotonous. And yet there is a wonderful feeling in the dry, ozonized atmosphere which makes you forget the heat and feel the value and pleasure of physical being. North of the main street is a low range of gravelly hills, behind which the Gila runs. On the western extremity of these hills is the new Territorial Penitentiary, and along the edge of the plateau the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph runs until it descends to the street. There are reminiscences of the Texas-Pacific in the shape of a cutting for that road, along these foothills and across on the side of the hill on which Fort Yuma is situated. Beyond and across a wide expanse of valley and mesa is the range known as the Castle Dome, between which and another one exquisitely formed, marked on the map as the "Purple Hills," the Colorado forces its turbulent and devious way. Looking across California wards, and the eye rests upon the Picache peaks to the northwest, and on the "Cargo Muchacho" to the south. Both these elevated ranges, islands rising out of the silent sea—the wide waste of sand that glistens white in the burning sun, and marks where the waves once flowed—are full of the richest gold-bearing quartz—at least it is so affirmed here, and in proof of it nuggets of gold—the indestructible "what is it" of the geologist, chemist and assayist—are shown. The southern group lies close to the railroad, and if, as is asserted, the veins are rich and the quartz easily handled, there is a find of great value. Not only does this section represent the mineral wealth of the Territory, but the wonderful discoveries recently made in the Toltec syndicates of mines in the Santa Rita Mountains, and towards which the railroad is fast pushing, suggests a glorious future for Arizona. We look for excitements from this section soon as great as those from Leadville, or the great similar discoveries at Copper City, in Northern California. The geological formation hereabouts indicates comparative newness. The bluffs of unsolidified limestone, the rich, sandy alluvium and the detrital hill and buttes, all testify to this. So also do the granite



QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO ITALY.—THE VILLA CLARA, TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO ITALY.—THE VILLA CLARA, BAVENO, AND THE ISOLA PESCATOR, FROM THE LAGO MAGGIORE.—SEE PAGE 126.

ARIZONA.—SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE COLORADO AT FORT YUMA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CONKLIN.

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rocks of the "Cargo Muchacho." The old route from San Francisco—down the coast by ocean steamers and up the Gulf of California to the mouth of the Colorado, and thence by light-draught steamboats up the broad and shallow stream to Yuma and Ehrenberg—possesses many features of interest to travelers. As soon as steamships arrive at anchorage at the mouth of the Colorado River, barges are set alongside by river-boats, to receive freight which is handled with derricks. An ordinary cargo is discharged in twelve or fifteen hours. As soon as loaded, these barges are towed into the inlet or slough leading to Port Isabel, this being to protect them from heavy seas, which may come up any time.

It is to be regretted that when Arizona was purchased from Mexico, it had not included territory far south enough to have taken in the old town of Guymas. E. Conklin, in his "Picturesque Arizona," in writing upon this subject, says, "And, save the regret that the instrument of purchase did not record a section of country as far south as Guymas, which would have given us a port on the Gulf of California—a 'Golden Gate' to Arizona—the purchase is a satisfactory one." The boats do not start up the stream until the tide is nearly full, as a rifle three feet high is made where the tide and river waters meet, which is considered dangerous to the river boats. The flow of the tide also assists the steamers to ascend the stream. At the mouth of the river the highest tide rises and falls thirty-two feet, and lowest sixteen feet. The tide water line is about forty miles up the river. The river, from its mouth to Yuma, is very wide and crooked. The depth of water in the channel is from three to eight feet. The stream is highest in June, and lowest in December. It is replenished in the Summer seasons by melting snows from the Rocky Mountains, and drains an immense country, its tributaries extending into New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. It is contemplated that the capital, which is now at Prescott, will be removed to Tucson, which point the road is expected to reach before the warm weather sets in.

THE VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO ITALY.

BAVENO, where Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice have gone to spend a month in quiet retirement, is a pretty little village of Italian Piedmont, situated almost on the confines of the frontier, and on the western shore of Lake Maggiore, at the head of a little bay, and nearly facing the well known Borromean Islands and "Isola Pescator," or Fisherman's Isle. There are some extensive quarries of granite in the neighborhood, while the snowy peaks of the Simplon range—the village being on the Simplon route—are clearly visible in the distance; but one of the attractions of the village is the ascent of Monte Motterone, which towers behind to the height of some 4,500 feet. The Villa Clara, where Her Majesty will reside during her stay, belongs to Mr. Charles Henfrey, and stands within grounds of great beauty between Baveno and Stresa, a little to the left of the village of Baveno. The building itself is of red brick, pointed and ornamented with a handsome clock-tower, and a wide loggia, or arcade. This runs the length of the house on the northeastern side, into which the sitting-rooms open, and from which there are splendid views of the lake and of the mountains which surround it. The interior is fitted up with great taste, Italian marble being quite a feature in the decoration. The chapel in the grounds was built entirely by Mr. Henfrey, for the use of the English visiting Baveno, and to which he appoints a chaplain during the Summer and Autumn months. It is built in the Lombardic style, being octagonal in shape, with an apse, the interior being rich with all that marble, stained glass, and color can give of beauty. The view from the garden of the Villa Clara looks across the lake to Tallanza and the "Isola Madre," belonging to the Borromean family, and includes the snowy peaks in the district of St. Gothard. Our illustrations give an admirable view of the place and its surroundings.

DEPARTURE OF THE MAPLESON COMPANY.

SATURDAY, the 4th instant, was a gala-day at the Inman wharf, in this city. The Mapleson operatic company were about to sail for Merrie England, and from an early hour the sweet singing-birds might be discerned sauntering leisurely towards the *City of Chester*, many of them engaged in humming snatches of those delicious arias which have so fascinated the New York public during the too brief stay of this talented troupe. As the hour for departure drew nigh, the crowd of well-wishers, desirous of saying *au revoir* and *bon voyage*, increased to an inconvenient extent; the decks of the *City of Chester* were crammed full, as were also the approaches to the gangway from the shore. Floral trophies and Brobdingnagian bouquets became thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and as the bright particular stars appeared in the firmament, cheer followed cheer, hurra rapidly closed on hurra, while quite an ovation awaited the *impresario*, who was greeted *con amore*. Never have we seen Colonel Mapleson looking better, and as she clasped hand after hand of hundreds of anxious friends, it was with a cheery smile, having little of the *adieu* and all of the *au revoir* in it. Marie Roze was there with her genial husband, and many of the notables in the sweet world of music. A tug accompanied the *City of Chester* down the bay, and as the floating palace turned towards the East, three musical cheers arose from her decks, again and yet again repeated. Colonel Mapleson returns to us in the Fall accompanied by a galaxy of talent, including Gerster, Campanini, Galassi, and that most perfect of artistes, Trebelli Bettini.

"JEEMS PIPES" IN LONDON.

STEVE MASSETT has made quite a hit in his clever entertainment at the "Steinway Hall" in London. The fashionable journal, the *Morning Post*, speaks in the following complimentary manner of him:

"MR. STEPHEN MASSETT'S ENTERTAINMENTS AT STEINWAY HALL.—This gentleman has given three of his varied and amusing recitals or monologue evenings very successfully, and to large audiences, who appeared fully to appreciate his interesting programme. It was a brief evening among the poets, wits, song-writers and authors, the humorists and story-tellers, from whom he extracted the matter of which this *olla podrida* was composed. Mr. Massett's announcement that he would take the lecture-room at the Egyptian Hall was received with great applause."

Orange-culture in California.

ORANGE-growing in California has been assuming such dimensions as to make it doubtful whether in a few years it will pay to raise the fruit at all. Every landowner and settler in the neighborhood of Los Angeles is ambitious to have an orange grove: houses are surrounded by them, and they even border the streets. Many of the longer-headed cultivators of the ground are beginning to plant almond and walnut-trees, foreseeing a time when the market will be glutted with oranges. The success in raising bananas has not been very encouraging thus far, owing to the injury done to the young trees by the occasional night frosts. It is believed, however, that harm is to be fenced from the frosts only while the banana-trees are very young, and that if they can be nursed through their infancy, they will prove hardy enough to survive. Oranges, figs, almonds, olives, bananas—these are among the fruits produced by the wonderful Golden State, as well as the choicest grapes, fit for wine and raisin-making, and all the fruits of temperate climes in the greatest profusion and of the highest excellence.

The Population of British Towns.

THE Registrar-General has made his annual calculation of the population of twenty-three large towns of the United Kingdom. London heads the list, and its population, within the registration district, is stated as increasing from 3,577,304 in the middle of the year 1878 to 3,620,868 in the middle of 1879. Glasgow stands next, with an increase from 566,940 in the middle of 1878 to 578,156 in the middle of 1879. Liverpool shows an increase from 532,681 to 538,338; Manchester from 360,514 to 361,819, and its partner Salford from 170,251 to 177,849, making a total increase in the year from 530,765 to 539,668 for Manchester and Salford. Birmingham shows an increase from 383,117 to 388,884. Dublin is credited with 314,686 in both years. The increase stated for Leeds is from 304,948 to 311,860; Sheffield, from 289,537 to 297,138; Edinburgh, from 232,371 to 236,075; Bristol, from 206,419 to 209,947; Bradford, from 185,088 to 191,046; Nottingham, from 168,267 to 169,396; Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from 144,570 to 146,948; Hull, from 143,139 to 146,347; Portsmouth, from 129,461 to 131,821; Leicester, from 121,473 to 125,622; Sunderland, from 112,459 to 114,575; Oldham, from 107,366 to 111,318; Brighton, from 103,923 to 105,608; Norwich, from 84,620 to 85,222; Wolverhampton, from 74,340 to 75,100; Plymouth, from 73,593 to 74,293. The total increase in these twenty-three towns is from 8,373,363 souls in the middle of the year 1878 to 8,502,896 in the middle of 1879. It should be borne in mind that in some of these towns there has been a further increase, but, owing to its being beyond the municipal boundaries, it is not here included.

FUN.

NOW clean up the rubbish about your premises and dispose of it by tossing it over into your neighbor's yard.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Brown, you're first at last; you used to be behind before, but I notice you have been getting early of late."

OLD LADY—"Ah, you bad boy, draggin' your little brother along like that! S'posin' you was to kill him?" *Bad Boy*—"Don't care. Got another indoors!"

GRANDDAUGHTER—"But you will go to the funeral of your old friend, grandpa?" *Octogenarian*—"Oh, I don't know. Don't talk to me o' funerals. Much as ever I shall be able to get to my own."

IN the room of a sick man: "You have suffered a good deal, my poor friend?" "I should think so. I have had pneumonia." "Why, where the deuce could that have come from?" "I looked for the word in the dictionary; it comes from the Greek."

NEW TRUSTEE: "Well, Mr. SYNTAX, you have a very fair school here." *Mr. S.*: "Yes, sir, the school's well enough, but the curriculum is defective." *New Trustee*: "What, the curriculum defective? We must see the architect at once about it, and have it raised a few feet higher."

A WESTERN boy thought his mother was praying overtime the other morning, and he said, "Oh, mother! there's a hawk over the hens." The old lady brought her devotions to a poultry standard of measurement in double-quick time, and sprang to her feet with "Amen! Out wid yees, Thomas, and save thim hins."

LADY (to French governess): "I am shocked to find that my daughter has been receiving letters in French from a young man." *Governess*—"Pardon, madame. It is only my little ruse to cheat mam'selle into study. When she would reply to an unknown lover—a Frenchman—mon Dieu, how quickly she will learn my language!"

TO ESTIMATE what a bridge will cost any city if it is done by contract: Take the highest figures presented by any engineer and multiply them by the length of the bridge in inches, point off two places, and then add enough to prosecute any one who has anything to do with handling the funds, and the result is—that the bridge is an obstruction to navigation.

AN art-critic, who has an unfortunate habit of occasionally indulging in more wine than his health demands, recently determined, one day after luncheon, to pay a professional visit to a private art collection. Arrived in the first room, he found himself opposite a large mirror. Mechanically he drew out his pocket-book and therein wrote, "No. 1—Study of a head; unnamed; an old toper. Fuddled condition excellently rendered; most likely a portrait. Seem to be acquainted with the original."

GHOSTS.

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CONTENTS OF MAY NUMBER:

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES: "The Ainos of Northern Japan," by William Elliot Griffis, 14 illustrations; "Culture," by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Brooks; "Gather the Fragments," by Rev. T. S. Adams, D.D.

SERIAL AND SHORT STORIES: "David Fleming's Forgiveness," illustrated; "My Fortune and Misfortune," illustrated; "Forecastle Jack," by Frank H. Converse, illustrated; "Brother and Sister," an Australian sketch, illustrated; "The Era of Pianette," illustrated, etc., etc.

SKETCHES: "Professor Joseph Henry," by Hon. S. S. Cox; "A Mother's Influence," by the late ex-Senator Pratt; "The Friends and Temperance"; "Washington and his Mother," illustrated; "Uncle John Vassar," by H. A. Beyguern, illustrated; "My Dream," by R. N. Stodd, D.D.; "A Syrian Lawsuit," illustrated; "Beauty and the Beast," illustrated; "A Wonderful Cat," illustrated; "Jerry's Housekeeping," illustrated, etc., etc.

HOME PULPIT: Sermon by the Editor—"Jesus, our Martyr King"; "Popular Exegesis."

POEMS: "Conquered at Last" (prize poem), by Maria L. Eve; "Always with You," by S. Gibson Foster; "Comfort," by James C. Lamb; "The Legend of the Windows," by Luther D. Bradley, illustrated; "To Will and to Do of His Good Pleasure," by Helen Marr; "The Maiden's Dream," illustrated; "Sympathy"; "Idlings with Nature," illustrated; "The Day of Rest," by James Grahame, illustrated; "Blowing Kisses," illustrated; "White Roses," by Margaret E. Sangster; "Cassie and his Courtiers" (a legend), illustrated, etc., etc.

"The Invalid's Portion, and Thoughts for the Afflicted"; "Wit and Wisdom of Childhood," etc.

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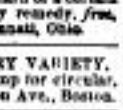
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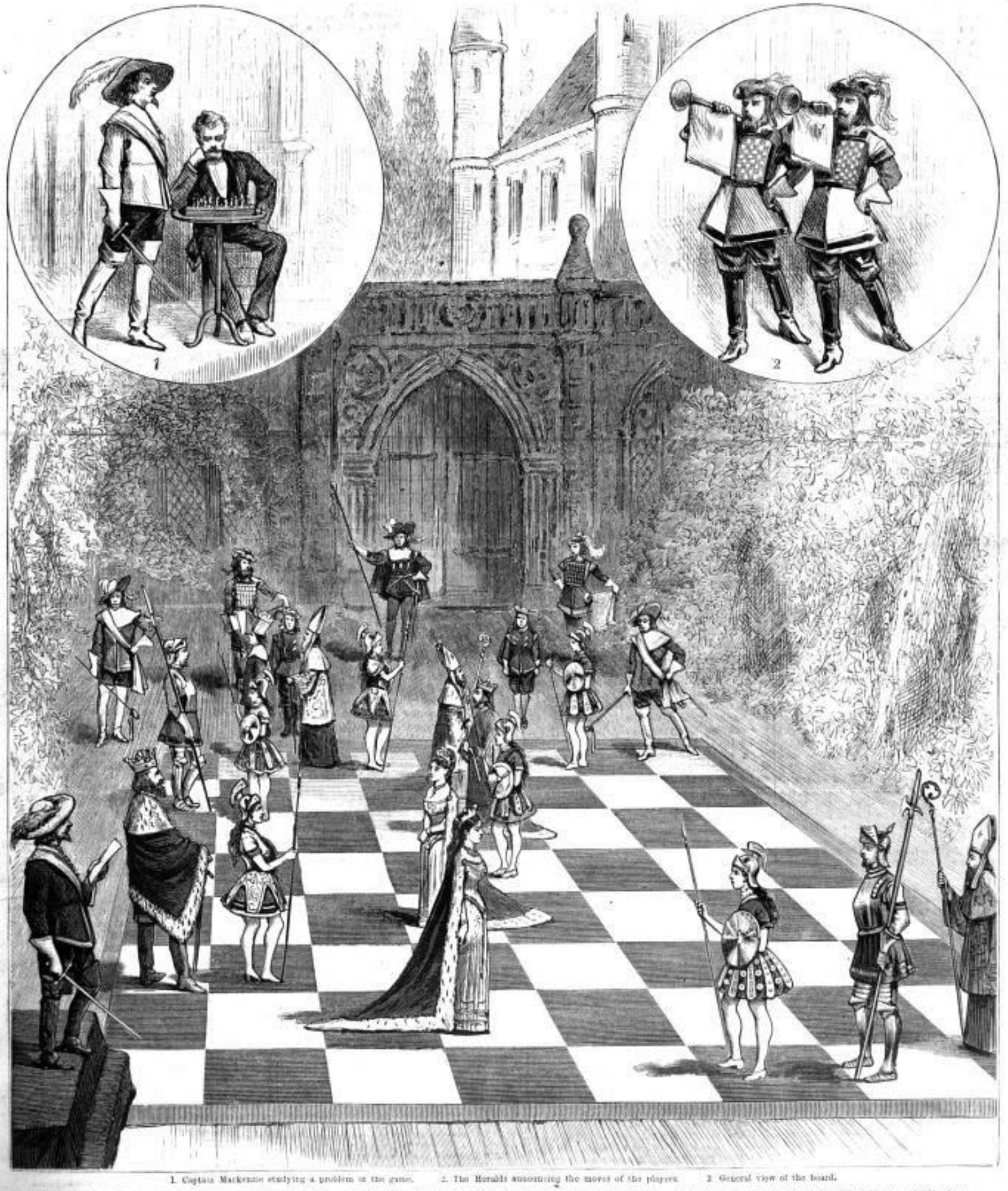
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THE VETO POWER AND ITS RELATIONS.

HOWEVER inopportune and groundless may be the motive of the present agitation in Congress, it is gratifying to observe that the occasion has been seized for the resumption of parliamentary discussion and constitutional debate. By giving a free vent to discussion on the subjects now placed at issue before the country the Democrats may be said to have "builded better than they knew" when, at the close of the last session, they threw out wide lines of circumvallation in the guise of besieging the Presidential stronghold, and of thereby coercing President Hayes into an act of capitulation to their mandates. The constitutional relations of the Legislative and Executive departments of the Government have been passed under review with a thoroughness which must have been instructive to large masses of the people, who, during the period of the late Civil War, had little taste and less opportunity for such discussions.

It is instructive, for instance, to observe that the conflicting attitude assumed respectively by the Republican and Democratic Parties on the constitutional questions now put in issue between them, is determined rather by the conceived exigencies of their present position than by the drift of the political ideas in which they have been nurtured. The Democratic Party, since the days of Jackson, has rejoiced in the Executive veto as one among the choicest flowers of the Presidential prerogative, and yet to-day the Democratic leaders are found inveighing against the possible exercise of that power in terms of opprobrium and menace borrowed from the exploded rhetoric of a past generation. The Republican Party, largely recruited as it was, at the date of its origin, from the adherents of the old Whig Party, and hence predisposed to share with the old Whigs in their hostility to the veto power, has made no secret of this hereditary hostility whenever that power has stood in the way of its wishes. A "corrupt use of the veto power" figured among the counts of the indictment formulated by the Republican majority of the House of Representatives in their impeachment of President Johnson, and the freedom with which that contumacious Executive "buried defiance" at Congress in the shape of veto messages exposed him to constant animadversion at the hands of his Republican censors. Yet to-day the Republican Party is found contending in Congress for the largest liberty on the part of President Hayes in signifying his dissent from the pending legislation of the Democratic majority. And, as if it were not enough to maintain the rightful prerogative of the President in the premises, a few of the Republican leaders have met the unseemly menace of the Democrats by importing an unseemly counter-menace into the pending debate. As some incautious Democrats have discounted their future proceedings by threatening to "withhold supplies" if the President should interpose a check on their movements, so a few incautious Republicans have discounted the future deliberations of the President by not only predicting but boldly assuming that the President can do nothing less than answer the expectations of his political friends in Congress.

We need not say that such political assumptions and presumptions are as much out of place in the balanced relations of the Executive and Legislative departments as the revolutionary threats of the Democratic zealots. The free deliberations of Congress are not to be forestalled by the shadow of a veto cast before the coming event which is held to justify it. In the whole history of our Government there has been only one occasion when the menace of a veto was openly interpolated into the proceedings of Congress as a controlling force to give shape and pressure to a particular statute. We allude to the passage of the Confiscation Act in 1862, when Senator Clark of New Hampshire was "authorized" to say that President Lincoln had constitutional objections to a particular feature of the pending Bill, and when Senators avowed on the floor that they changed their views of public policy in order to avoid a foreseen conflict with the Executive. However just and conclusive the objections of the President may have been, they were wrongly invoked in advance of their formal delivery, and Senator Preston King of New York did but speak in language worthy of a Senator when he exclaimed against such an indecorum as involving a gross derogation from the constitutional manner in which such communications should take place between independent and co-ordinate branches of the Government in the exercise of their respective powers.

It is equally violative of constitutional order and equally insulting to the just independence of the President, whether his political friends or his political opponents seek to eliminate from our civil system the honest, deliberate and unbiased opinion which the President is called by the Constitution to form on all new measures of legislation. When Senator Blaine proclaims, in the fervor of his oratory, that President Hayes, on being asked to sign the pending Appropriation Bills, with the political "riders" annexed, "should say, with all the scorn befitting his station, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'" that impulsive Republican statesman commits an indignity against the Presidential Chair and its incumbent no less gross than that of Mr. Beck, when, at the close of the last session of Congress, that impulsive Democrat threatened the Government with "starvation" if the President should presume to exercise his constitutional right in vetoing the Bills that came before him. Fortunately for President Hayes, he is known to preserve a large measure of serenity amid the smoke and stir of the political conflicts which are waged around him, and it is fortunate also for the country that he is little likely to be frightened from his propriety by the present crossfire of his friends and his adversaries in Congress.

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

NIHILISM in Russia is becoming a terribly formidable menace to the safety of the Government. It permeates all ranks, defies all restraints, and every day grows more audacious and resolute. For seventeen years—ever since 1862—all the conspiracies and political prosecutions in that country have been connected with Nihilism, which may be said to have had its origin and gathered its chief stimulus from the despotic and cruel punishments imposed upon the liberal leaders in the revolution of 1825, and the conspiracy of 1848-9. The exile and banishment of Pushkim, Lermontoff, Gogol, and other distinguished writers, only deepened the popular sympathy with their doctrines; the young men in the universities and public schools, resenting the espionage of the State, eagerly adopted the teachings of modern materialistic philosophy; and Vogt, Buchner, Fornier, Proudhon and Saint-Simon became the theological, philosophical and social idols of the more enlightened portion of the population. Since 1870 the Nihilists, or believers in nothing, have been especially aggressive. The young men have traversed the provinces, propagating the new ideas among the peasantry, presenting them with books and instigating them to revolution. Young ladies, even of the highest ranks of society, have dressed themselves as peasants and sought menial employments, that they might instruct others in their peculiar views. Tomboyskole, a wealthy princess, and moving in court circles, was discovered among peasant washerwomen, with a like object. In the schools the young girls nearly all become converts, and it may be said that, as a result of this system of proselytism, the whole body politic has been inoculated with the spirit of sedition and disaffection. The nobility and the gendarmerie, rich and poor, the humble and the distinguished, the ignorant and the learned, have one common belief, a negative one, to which they cling the more desperately because they have nothing else left to believe in. "They are absolutely convinced that the present state of things is utterly rotten; that society is marching, or rather drifting, in the wrong direction; that no reforms but revolutionary reforms can be of the slightest avail. Deprived of the ordinary European modes of political expression, without the safety-valves of free newspapers and constitutional discussion, the Nihilists live apart, a nation within a nation. Like an oppressed people under alien sway; like Greeks under Turks, or Venetians under Austrians, they are fanatically attached to their own society, and obey its dictates in the face of law and recognized morality." The late attempt to assassinate the Czar was undoubtedly the outcome, either directly or remotely, of this revolutionary tendency, just as the recent assassinations were inspired by the Nihilist organization.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Government itself is largely responsible for the prevalent unrest and discontent. Its pitiless rigor and merciless repression, in recent as in former years, have reinforced the very propaganda it has aimed to suppress. It has shown only too palpably its fears of free and enlightened discussion, and every fresh measure of severity being accepted as an indication of weakness, has loosened its hold upon the populace, while it has emboldened the active revolutionists to new deeds of violence.

The treatment received by the Nihilists in the Russian courts has been, in many cases, absolutely brutal. In the decade ending with 1877, over 1,000 Nihilists were arrested, 300 of whom were imprisoned and held for trial. Many of these perished in prison, some by suicide, others by disease, and some by insanity induced by their sufferings. Some had been in prison for six years when, finally, in 1877, the 200 who still survived were brought to trial. From the moment of their arraignment, even the commonest privileges accorded in civilized countries to men on trial for their lives were denied them. The trial was conducted with the utmost secrecy, and the accused, confronted by witnesses who were either spies or persons under intimidation, found all attempts at defense utterly useless, their conviction having been plainly determined upon in advance. So apparent was this, that only thirty of the entire number assented to even the form of a trial, the remainder refusing to recognize the court as anything better than "a shameful farce." As the result of the proceedings, thirty-seven of the prisoners were exiled to Siberia, sixty-three were ordered to preliminary imprisonment, and the remainder were permitted to go unpunished. Subsequently these sentences were increased in severity by the Emperor, who reviewed the findings of the court. This one act has probably done as much, if not more, than any other to intensify the Nihilist hostility to the Government, and to modify the popular feeling as to the assassinations which have recently signalized the progress of the revolutionary movement.

Nihilism cannot be extinguished by a policy of violent and brutal repression. The integrity of personal opinion must be respected up to the point at which it becomes positive sedition, and then it must be dealt with by just and orderly methods. No Government in this age can withstand the logic of democratic ideas or the demand for the recognition of indisputable individual rights. Let the Czar give his people a just and humane Government, lifting from their shoulders burdens too grievous to be borne, and diffusing among all classes the blessings of education and absolute protection in every personal right, and he will not only put an effectual end to conspiracy, but secure to his Empire that decisive influence in the affairs of the Eastern World which it has so long been his ambition to acquire.

A GREAT GOVERNMENT LOAN.

ON the 16th of April, Secretary Sherman issued a circular announcing that he was ready to receive bids for $150,000,000 four per cent. bonds at one-half per cent. premium and accrued interest to the date of subscription, the proceeds to be applied to the redemption of the ten-forties. On the 17th a syndicate composed of nineteen banks and banking firms of this city and Boston submitted a bid for the entire amount of four per cents. and for $40,000,000 of the funding certificates, making the total subscription $190,000,000. The bid was accepted as to the bonds, but Secretary Sherman declined to award the $40,000,000 funding certificates, which are intended for popular subscription.

This is, perhaps, the largest subscription to a Government loan ever made in one day in this or any other country, and, as affording an illustration of the confidence of our ablest and most sagacious financiers in the management and condition of the national finances, cannot but exert an important influence upon the future of our industry and trade.

The practical effect of this great subscription will be that the Treasury Department will be out of the market for the next year and a half—there remaining no other United States bonds to be funded until December 31st, 1880, between which date and June 30th, 1881, twenty millions of six per cents. will be redeemable. The annual saving of interest by the disposal of this great loan will equal $1,950,000, and it may be added that the sum saved yearly to the Government by Secretary Sherman's funding operations since September, 1877, aggregates nearly $15,000,000, or $41,000 a day. As to the general bearings of this last grand transaction, a prominent banker and a member of the syndicate expresses himself as follows:

"One of the happiest effects of this large subscription will be to advance the price of four per cent. bonds in the English market, and make them a much sought-after investment. When the price here advances to par, the English people will begin to take them. These enormous subscriptions only illustrate the great material development of wealth in the United States during the last three years, which passes the understanding not only of Europe but of our own financial men. The evidence of it is in our ability to import and pay for, with our surplus exports, practically all the $500 United States securities held abroad; so that the amount held there, which five years ago was estimated at from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, cannot now be over one-fifth and possibly one-sixth of that amount. The entire importation of bonds has taken place without any material export of gold, and has been paid for altogether in our products. The current of feeling and expectation in London a month ago was that when we came to the April settlement there would be a crash, another suspension, and a call upon England for help. They argued that the subscriptions of January were so largely speculative and fictitious that the Treasury Department would find it difficult to make collections from its subscribers. Now that one-half of April has gone without the slightest difficulty, and the new impulse exceeds the expectations even of the most sanguine experts, the English will begin to realize the greatness of this country, and our bonds will be taken in preference to any others in the world. The subscription of to-day ought to educate even the most rabid Greenbacker to see the value and economy of having the highest credit. The transactions by Secretary Sherman since January alone will save the Government $10,000,000 a year."

CONGRESS ADMONISHED.

THERE is an evident determination on the part of certain Senators and Representatives in Congress to attack and break down, if possible, the national banking system. The banks stand in the way of an unconstitutional issue of Government paper; their managers refuse to be used in furthering the silver delusion, and so they are marked for destruction.

We shall not enter into any defense of the national banking system. But before Congress attempts to lay violent hands upon the legislation under which the national banks have been organized, we desire, for its admonition, to recall certain historical facts connected with a former monetary institution and its overthrow.

The Bank of the United States received its charter from a Democratic Congress during the Democratic Administration of James Madison. It came into existence upon the recommendation of a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. The ablest, wisest, and most patriotic statesmen of that period, both Democrats and Federalists, supported the measure. The system then established widely differed from the present one, and the institution was not a national bank in the sense in which we now employ that term. By the terms of its charter Congress could incorporate no other bank. It possessed power to establish branches wherever needed, and thus enjoyed a monopoly. Under the present system the privilege of banking is open and free to all having the requisite capital.

The Bank of the United States was admirably managed. At home and abroad its issues were at par with gold. As a stable regulator of the currency it was unequaled, and inspired the people with confidence. It gave a healthful impetus to all sorts of industries, to commerce and internal trade. The people prospered and were happy. As a fiscal agent, the Government, in its operations, found the bank useful, prompt and inexpensive, while the National Treasury greatly benefited by the receipt of interest on its deposits.

But at length, when it was found that it would not prostitute its offices to partisan purposes and become an agent for the spoliation of the public, political demagogues determined upon its overthrow. By measures which need not be recapitulated here the Bank was finally persecuted out of existence; but from the time that the Government deposits were removed from its vaults and lodged in those of Jackson's "Pet Bogus Banks," as they were not inappropriately called, clouds of misfortune began to settle upon the country. Such banks began to multiply in all directions, and clamorously demanded a share in the spoils—the national revenues, degraded into the *fiscal patronage* of the Treasury, being used as partisan rewards.

What followed? Parasites of the Administration, looking for plunder, set up their "bogus banks" in every direction and flooded the country with "wildcat money." Expansion and speculation ran riot. The clouds spread and darkened, but men unheeding, recklessly plunged into all sorts of speculative schemes. By-and-by the storm burst upon the country, as in 1873. The pet banks collapsed, millions were lost to the Government, and thousands of business men sank hopelessly into the vortex of ruin. "In three weeks, in 1837," says a writer, "one thousand financiers, merchants, manufacturers, and shipowners broke down in New York, and forty thousand more throughout the country." failures which entailed a loss of private capital amounting to not less than $500,000,000. The United States Almanac enumerates five lines of business which suffered a loss of $782,000,000, while a reviewer of the period estimates the losses on cotton, wool, grain, foreign and domestic merchandise, on capital invested in stocks, bonds, city real estate, slave labor, manufactures, and the price of labor, at $5,930,000,000, a sum greatly in excess of the moneyed cost to Government of the late civil war.

Distress attendant upon universal bankruptcy filled the land. The people of the West, with abundant harvests, were unable to raise means wherewith to pay taxes. Their stock and crops were subjected to seizure and sale. Sheriffs sold the farmers' horses at prices as low as $1.50 each, cows

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at $1, sheep at twelve cents, hogs at prices varying from one cent to six cents each, and implements and crops proportionately. Such was the scarcity of money that, in various parts of the country, the people divided the bank bills obtainable into parts, and agreed to use them as currency. The wreck was complete and appalling. "In this great reversion of trade and finance," says Carroll, "the social calamity was unparalleled. The wealthy fell into penury; widows and orphans, left with a competency, were driven to want. Honest workingmen, who supported their wives and children upon their daily labor, were thrown out of employment. The savings of years were swept off at a blow, and the prospects of many were ruined for ever."

Such, in brief, is the history of the old Bank of the United States, and the disasters which attended its enforced downfall. The lesson which it teaches is full of admonition, and we commend it to the careful attention of the majority in Congress. It warns them to let the present banking system alone. That system forms a part of the warp and woof of our monetary fabric. It is identified with every industrial pursuit, and sustains the closest relations with the interests of commerce, production and labor. It has stood the test of years, and meets the wants and the approbation of the vast body of the great American public. It cannot be destroyed without entailing disaster and ruin upon every interest of the Government and people. It is a philosophic principle that like causes beget like effects; to repeat, then, an experiment fraught with direful results to a whole country is worse than folly—it is madness.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE principal event of the week in Europe was the attempted assassination of the Czar of Russia, which is elsewhere referred to. It turns out that Solovieff, the assassin, is the son of a groom in the household of the Grand Duchess Catharine, and has latterly been a schoolmaster of Torzpez in the government, or district, of Pleskov. He will be tried by the highest criminal tribunal. In replying to the congratulations of Lord Beaconsfield, the Czar expressed the belief that the maintenance of good feeling between Russia and England is essential to the best interests of Europe. This is the most important direct result of Solovieff's mad and foolish attempt, so far as it affects the foreign relations of Russia. Its effect upon the internal policy of the Czar will be, no doubt, the adoption of terribly repressive measures. That such measures had already been contemplated is manifest from the recent plan for building six "political prisons" in different parts of Russia, each capable of holding 6,000 inmates. "A nice lookout for the aspirants after liberty—36,000 political prisoners!" The Governor of Charkoff has been abducted by Nihilists, who hold him as a hostage for the treatment of the prisoners. It is reported that the heads of the secret police at St. Petersburg have offered to resign, having discovered that three-fourths of the force are in league with the Nihilists. The chief of police at Archangel has been stabbed. The chief of police at Yalta, in the Crimea, has been arrested as a revolutionist.

The attempt on the Czar's life has silenced the London gossip about his alleged demi-matrimonial alliance with a fascinating lady of his court, and overshadowed even the rumor of the plague's return to St. Petersburg, and the surrender of Kuldja to China. A shell exploded a few days ago as Prince Milan of Serbia was walking along the road in which it was buried, near Nish, wounding his aide-de-camp and starting suspicions of a plot to assassinate the Prince. Aleko Pasha, a native of Bulgaria, is to be Governor of Roumelia for five years, with the approval of the treaty powers. The Turks are fortifying the coast of Epirus. The Sultan, on receiving an envoy from the Khédive, disapproved of his conduct, but said he did not intend to dethrone him. Business is at a standstill in Cairo, where a destructive fire has just occurred. Garibaldi has held half-an hour's interview with King Humbert, in the carriage which carried the Hero of the Red Shirt to the Quirinal. A meeting of Italian Republicans is to be shortly held at Garibaldi's house in Rome, where manhood suffrage will be one of the subjects discussed.

In France, the difficulties foreseen by Gambetta as likely to accompany the triumph of the French Republic, threaten to begin with the discussion of Jules Ferry's Education Bill, Blanqui's possible election as Deputy for Bordeaux, and Dr. Clemenceau's prospects of becoming Premier in place of M. Waddington. M. Villemessant, founder of the *Figaro*, is dead, and the *Parisien*, a rival to *Galignani*, has been started. In Germany, Bismarck's protective schemes meet with stubborn opposition. General Manteuffel has declined the proffered Governorship of Alsace-Lorraine; and a new geographical expedition has been sent to Central Africa, under the direction of the great explorer Rohlfs. At Vienna, the Imperial silver wedding takes place on the 23d instant. The latest fashion there is that of "Boccacio stockings," a white silk one on the left leg and a pink silk one on the right, as worn by Fraulein Link (lately married), in the last act of Suppe's new opera. A Hungarian village has been swept by a flood, and four other towns are threatened. At Szegedin, fresh disasters are apprehended from another rise of the river Theiss.

The Queen of Portugal is pronounced out of danger, but the Infanta Christina of Spain is dying. In England, which is expecting the speedy return of Queen Victoria from Italy, Her Majesty's Ministry has been violently denounced by John Bright at Birmingham as "imbecile at home and turbulent abroad. I leave them," added the gentle Quaker, "to the judgment of their constituencies and the heavy condemnation of history." Many of the Durham colliery strikers talk of migrating to the United States. By an explosion of fire-damp in the Agrappe coal-pit, near Mons, in Belgium, the woodwork of the shaft caught fire on Thursday last. Only eighty-nine of the two hundred and forty men who were in the mine have been rescued.

The situation in Zululand remains without material change. A relieving column of 6,000 British troops is moving to the relief of Colonel Pearson's command at Ekowe, which is surrounded by a force of 20,000 Zulus. A force of British captured a quantity of Zulu cattle on March the 28th, but they were retaken the same day. A bloody battle followed the next day, in which the English loss was seventy-seven. The Zulus were defeated. The Boers have decided almost unanimously never to rest satisfied with less than their independence. It is thought they will adopt a course of passive resistance.

From Afghanistan it is reported that a bad feeling is growing against the British among all the tribes interested in the Khyber Pass. They complain that the British are acting as though they intended to keep the pass in spying out the hill fastnesses. Emissaries from Yakoob Khan doubtless have also been busy among the tribes. A correspondent at Lahore telegraphs that "unless the British conduct and intentions shall be explained and the frontier affairs placed in the hands of the most capable officials, we may have a combination against us which, at the present moment, would be most inconvenient."

There is great financial depression in Turkey. The caimie—paper money—has depreciated to an alarming extent, falling 400 per cent. in one week, the rate now standing at 900 per cent., or $10 paper for $1 of gold. The country is represented as being little better than bankrupt.

There is a possibility that England may soon have another petty war on her hands. It was announced in the House of Commons, April 18th, that the Chilian fleet in Peruvian waters had seized several British ships, and fears are expressed in the London clubs that unless the naval authorities in the Pacific are more prudent than the Viceroy of India and the Governor-General of Natal have been, another war will be made inevitable.

HON. S. S. COX, of this city, succeeds, in the reconstruction of the committees of the House of Representatives, to the Chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, a position for which he is admirably qualified, and in which he will, no doubt, earn fresh distinction.

THE total number of failures in the United States during the first quarter of the present year was 2,524, with a total liability of $43,112,655. The failures for the same period last year were 3,355, with liabilities amounting to $82,070,826. The improvement in the business situation, therefore, judged by this standard, is equal to twenty-five per cent. as to the number of failures, and to over forty per cent. in the decrease of liabilities.

IT IS mentioned in Philadelphia papers as an indication of returning prosperity and activity in commercial pursuits, that the business of that port for March was the largest ever transacted at the Custom House in one month. The only month that ever approximated it in amount of business was March, 1876, when Centennial goods were being brought in quite largely. The receipts for that month were $1,028,581, the foreign entrances 160 vessels, and the clearances 136, while for March of this year the receipts amounted to $1,077,808, the foreign entrances were 230 vessels, and the clearances 159.

THE indications now are that Congress will continue in session until the heat of Summer makes its further stay at the Capitol impossible. The majority seem determined to accomplish the repeal of the political legislation which they regard as obnoxious, while the Republicans manifest a disposition to interpose every possible obstacle in the way of the achievement of that end; and unless the President shall fall into line with the Democracy and give his prompt approval to such measures as they may pass, the contest must inevitably be prolonged beyond the middle of May. It is, indeed, by no means improbable that, should general legislation be attempted, the session will extend to the first of July.

DURING the eight months ending with the 4th of March last, the expense account of the United States Senate amounted to $632,836, of which $301,000 was for mileage and salary of Senators, $134,620 for salaries of officers, $20,469 for clerks of committees and pages, and $143,557 for contingent expenses. The Teller Investigating Committee cost $18,174; the committee to reorganize the Army cost $5,232, and the commission to consider the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department cost the Government $5,882, and was a waste. At the rate named for eight months the cost of the Senate per year is nearly one million of dollars, which, for a body of only seventy-six members, certainly seems excessive.

THE Police Commissioners have taken an important and commendable step in directing the Police Superintendent to report the number of gambling-houses in operation in this city, the number which have been closed between this date and the date of the report, the number of arrests made after this date for keeping gambling-houses or assisting therein in violation of law, together with suggestions as to what steps may be taken by him to suppress gambling-houses in the metropolis. It is well known that there are many houses of this description, especially in the upper portion of the city, which are not only not molested by the police, but appear to be under their protection, and it is high time that the authorities should employ all the means at their command for the suppression of the growing evil.

THE movement looking to a World's Fair in this city in 1883 is gathering strength. A national convention of Governors of States and Mayors of cities will be held in this city in June next, to consider measures of finance and legislation. Hon. Richard C. McCormick, who so creditably represented this country at the Paris Exposition, suggests in a published letter that at least three years should be allowed for the construction of the buildings and the adornment of the grounds, and that the administration of the Exhibition should be intrusted to a very small commission, with absolute powers, who should be well paid for their services. He thinks that the Exhibition grounds should have a water front, where heavy and bulky goods may be unloaded directly from vessels without onerous terminal charges. It is stated that the site of the Exhibition has been already selected, but the committee decline to make it known at present.

THE women suffragists of Great Britain are apparently no less resolute than those of our own country. Notwithstanding the rebuffs they have received from Parliament on the question of the franchise, the leaders of the movement are preparing themselves not only to obtain Parliamentary votes, but to take part personally in the House of Commons debates. It was recently announced that Mrs. Fawcett had been elected president of a ladies' debating association. The best debaters are those who hold their opinions strongly, and it is pretty well known that most women have notions of their own on a wide variety of subjects. Women in general do not trouble their heads much with politics; but the lady politician, as experience in many ages and countries has proved, is not quite such a *rara avis* as some ignorant people suppose. The late Miss Martineau was an able expounder of the soundest principles of political economy, and her advice was often eagerly sought for by Ministers of the Crown. And in this country some of our most distinguished statesmen have found their wisest and ablest advisers in the women of their households.

UPON the trial in Philadelphia of the suit of Mr. Weigley against Frank Leslie, Mr. Weigley having testified in the most positive manner, that the circular published under the title of "Caution," which I considered a direct attack upon my good name, was not published until some time after he had withdrawn from the firm of De Bergue & Co., and that he did not advise nor consent thereto, and as my action and comments adverse to Mr. Weigley were based upon information to the contrary, I cheerfully, in view of this exculpation, publish the following:

Com. } Court of Q.S.
vs. } Libel.
Leslie. }

April 18th, 1879.

I DESIRE to say, in vindication of Mr. Weigley, that I have done him injustice in the publication complained of in this action, and that the true facts connected with the history of our business relations, as I now understand them, do not warrant or justify any imputation upon the character or integrity of Mr. Weigley.

FRANK LESLIE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX is lying at the point of death at his residence in this city.

THE Iowa Republicans will meet in State Convention June 11th, to nominate a candidate for Governor and other State officers.

THE official returns of the recent State election in Michigan, though not complete, make certain a Republican majority of about 4,000.

THE Board of Trade of Portland, Oregon, has sent to President Hayes an address strongly condemning Chinese immigration to that State.

THE Rev. W. R. Davis has been installed pastor of the Church of the Disciples, in this city, in the place of Rev. George H. Hepworth, resigned.

CONSIDERABLE commotion has been created in railroad circles by the acceptance of the presidency of the Wabash Railroad Company by Cyrus W. Field.

STORMS of rain and snow visited Massachusetts and parts of Pennsylvania and New York last week, the snow in some places falling to a depth of six inches.

THE case of the Virginia judges indicted by Judge Rives's court, for refusing to place negroes on juries, has gone over until the October term of the Supreme Court.

THE issue of $500,000 bonds for the Brooklyn Bridge has been authorized by the New York Board of Apportionment, and work on the structure has already been resumed.

AFTER a long fight, the Pennsylvania Legislature has rejected the Bill providing for the payment of $4,000,000 by the State for damages caused by the railroad riot in Pittsburg.

IN connection with the Hazen-Stanley court-martial, an attempt will be made to bring out the alleged suppressed evidence before a committee of the Forty-third Congress in regard to post-traderships.

RESOLUTIONS have been introduced in the New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures proposing the appointment of committees to visit California and welcome General Grant on his return to this country.

THE Treasury Department has issued its ninety-eighth call for the redemption of bonds. The call is for $160,000,000, 10-40 bonds of 1864, of which $46,775,000 are coupon bonds, and $113,225,000 are registered bonds.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has approved Mayor Cooper's removal of Police Commissioner Nichols, and the Mayor has appointed Charles F. MacLean, for the past six years counsel to the Police Board, in place of Mr. Nichols.

A FIRE at Eureka, Nev., has destroyed half of the town, including the heaviest business houses, the hotels, etc. Three hundred families are destitute, and 2,000 people are without shelter. The loss is roughly estimated at $1,500,000.

THE Citizens' Relief Committee of Wyandotte, Kan., to which point the Southern colored emigrants are being despatched from St. Louis, have made an appeal for immediate financial aid. There are 1,500 destitute negroes there now to be provided for, and more thousands are on their way.

AMONG passengers sailing from this port for Europe, April 19th, were Rev. Charles Ewell Craik, Rector at the American Legation in Geneva; Miss Genevieve Ward, the actress, and John Ennis, the pedestrian, and family. Ennis will walk in the six days contest for the Astley Belt, in London, on June 5th.

THERE was a reconciliation between Mr. Talmage and Mr. Hathaway, April 17th, and the Brooklyn Presbytery spent much time in discussing a motion to drop the fourth specification in consequence, but by a vote of 15 to 16 decided not to strike it out. General disorder continued to characterize the trial.

THE six days' walking match at Gilmore's Garden, in this city, terminated on the night of April 19th. The final score of the ten men who walked the entire six days was: Patchot, 480 miles 1 lap; Merrill, 475.5; Krohn, 454; O'Brien, 435; Byrne, 427; Noden, 426; Brodie, 375; Willis, 310.5; Stanley, 279.7; Day, 242.5.

A DESPATCH from Victoria, British Columbia, says that Captain Brown, of the United States steamer *Alaska*, which arrived there from Sitka on the afternoon of April 17th, reports the Indians quiet. He does not anticipate any trouble, and attributes the excitement to fright. This judgment is challenged by residents of Sitka and the Collector of the Port, who still profess to entertain great alarm.

AMONG recent deaths are those of General Henry Brewerton of the Army Retired List, aged 78 years; Rev. Charles West Thompson, rector of St. John's Church, at York, Pa.; Charles Johnson, of Norwich, Conn., a prominent bank president, and General William S. Pierson, of Windsor, Conn., a lineal descendant of the first rector of Yale College, in his sixty-fourth year. The latter was for years a lawyer in New York.

MR. THURMAN has been elected President *pro tem.* of the United States Senate. The Committee on Privileges and Elections is considering the validity of the election of Senator Kellogg of Louisiana. Speeches on the Army Bill were made last week by Senators Blaine, Wallace, Logan, Beck, Dawes, Hoar and others. The debate will close April 24th. The House will terminate the discussion of the Legislative Appropriation Bill April 25th. Speaker Randall has decided that the Banking and Currency, Coinage, and Ways and Means Committees may make reports based upon petitions which go into the box and find their way to the committee rooms through an official channel, without being formally presented to the House. Under this ruling, a number of Bills have already been insinuated into the possession of the Committee on Coinage, including one to make subsidiary silver coin a legal tender to the amount of ten dollars, and providing for the interchange of such coins with greenbacks.

Foreign.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD'S American-bred horse Parole won the Newmarket (England) handicap, April 16th.

A PETITION has been presented in the Dominion Parliament from British Columbia, praying for repressive measures against the Chinese.

WORK has been stopped on the Mexican Exposition building, Treasurer Garcia having refused to furnish money in advance of appropriations.

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, deferring to the Czar's wish, has withdrawn his request to retire to private life, and will probably remain as Russian Ambassador at London.

ON account of the special repressive measures by Russia, it is expected that a large proportion of the 5,000 to 10,000 suspected persons now in custody will be sent in chains to the northeast.

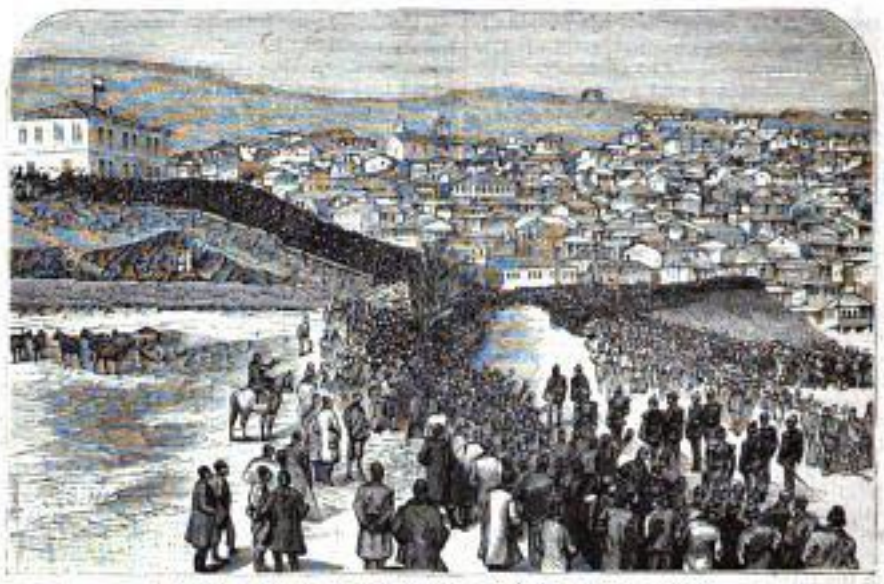
THE South Wales colliers have decided to reject all the proposals of the masters for a reduction of wages, and have submitted counter proposals. From twenty to twenty-five thousand men are affected by this movement.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 135.



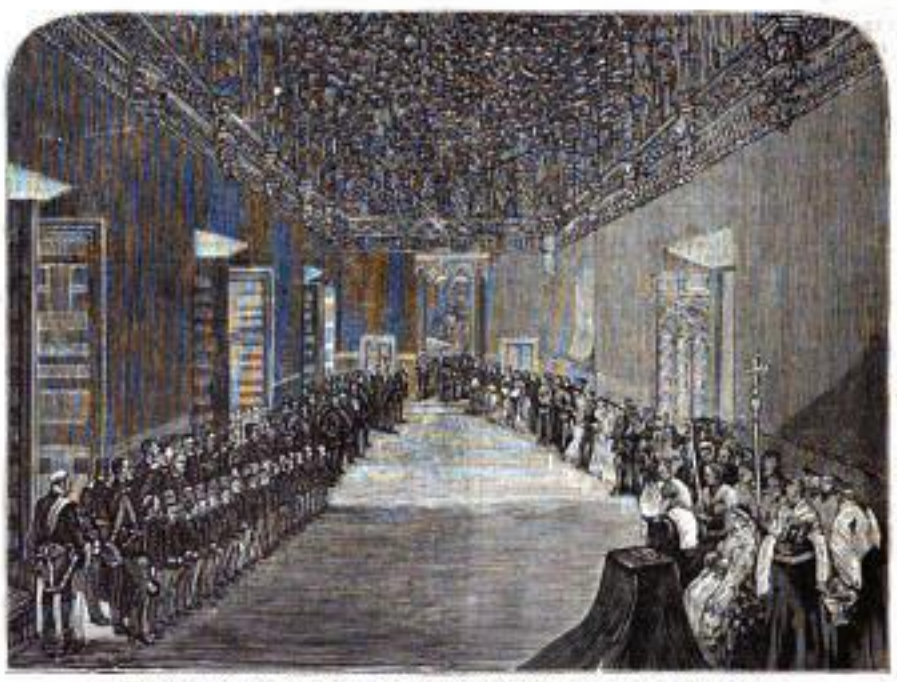
AFGHANISTAN.—SUBMISSION OF WALI MAHOMED, THE LATE AMEER'S BROTHER.



BULGARIA.—ENTRY OF THE RUSSIAN COMMISSIONER INTO TIRNOVA.



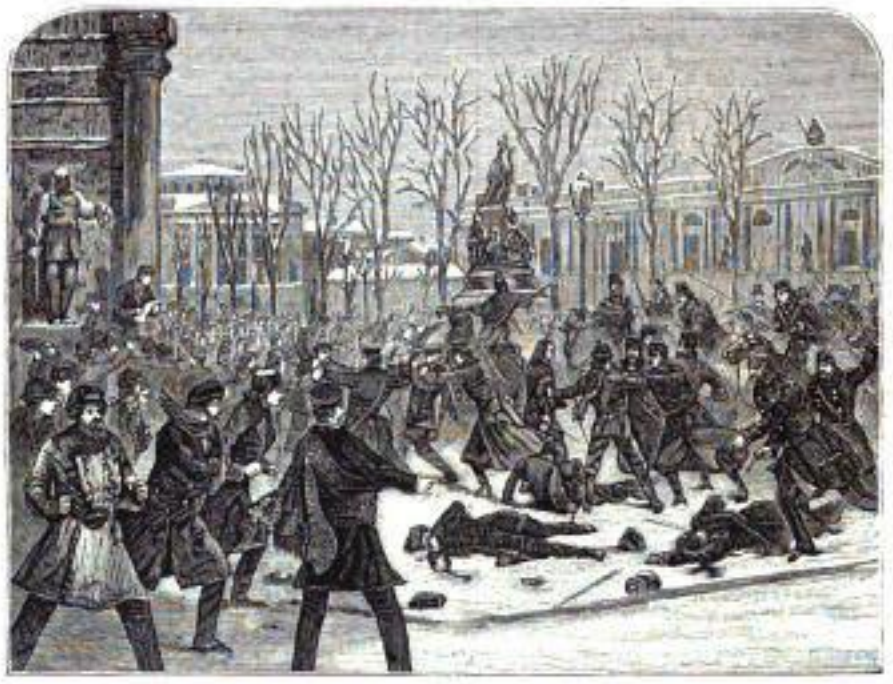
ENGLAND.—THE INTERNATIONAL HUNDLE RACE AT CROYDON.



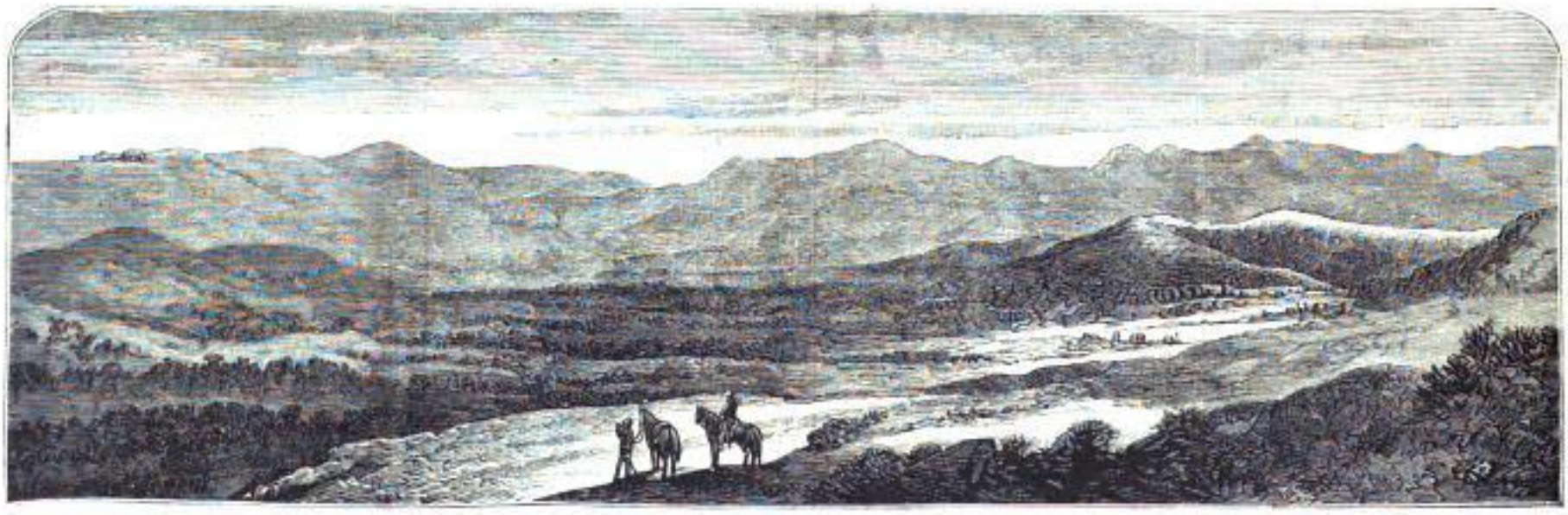
SPAIN.—THE KING INAUGURATING THE MILITARY COLLEGE AT GUADALAJARA.



HUNGARY.—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA VISITING SZEGEDIN DURING THE FLOOD

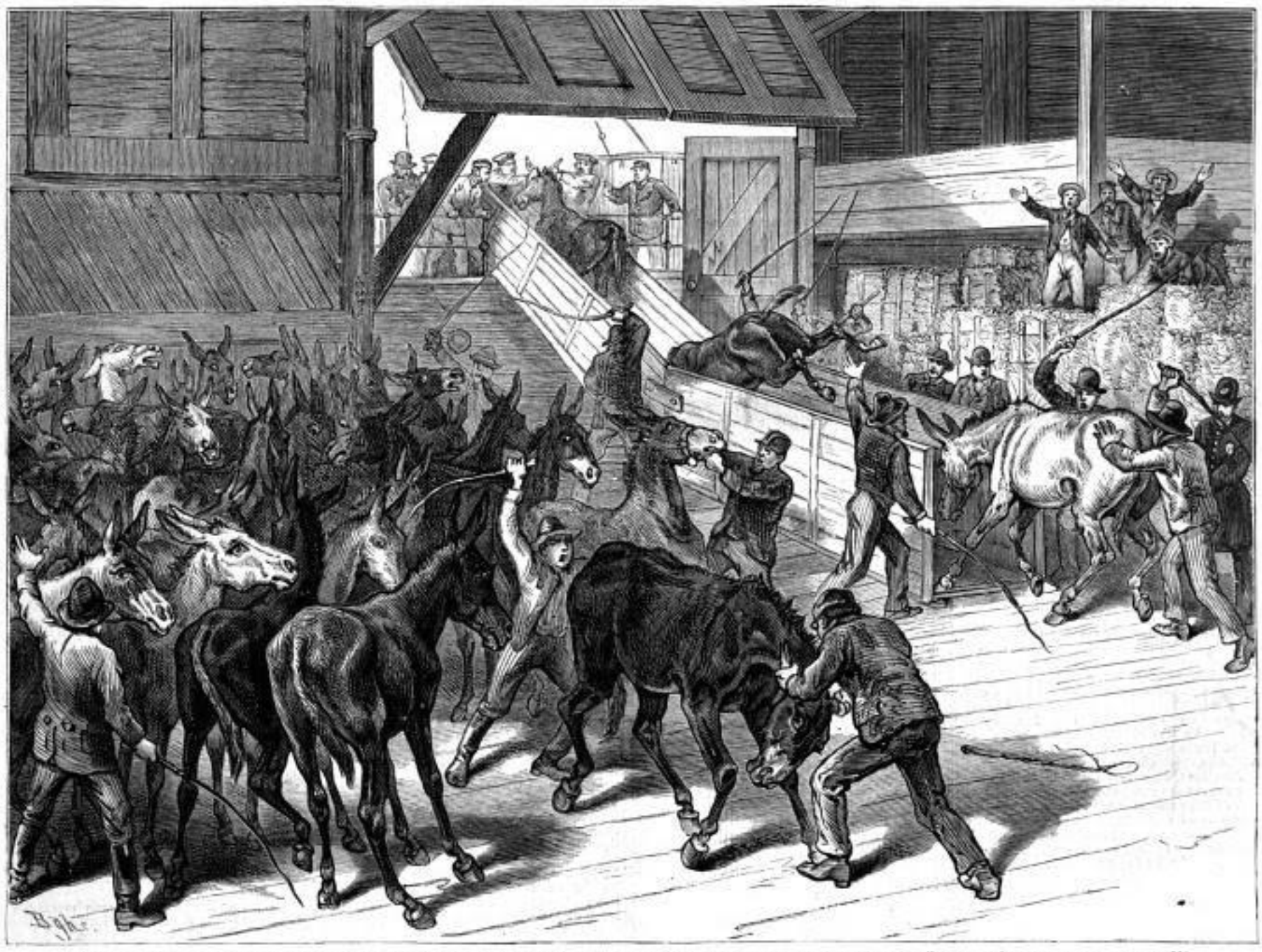


RUSSIA.—THE DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CZAROWITZ.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—COLONEL PEARSON'S ENTRENCHED POSITION AT ETOWE.

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NEW YORK CITY.—SHIPMENT OF MULES FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IN AFRICA—THE ANIMALS GOING ON BOARD THE BRITISH TRANSPORT "ONTARIO," AT PIER 44, NORTH RIVER.—SEE PAGE 135.



WINNAMMOOT, CHIEF OF THE UMATILLAS.



CHIEF MOSES, OF THE UKANOGAN INDIANS.



HOWLISHWAMP, CHIEF OF THE CAYUSES.



YOUNG CHIEF, CAYUSE INDIAN.



UMAPINE, CAYUSE INDIAN.



HOMILIE, CHIEF OF THE WALLA-WALLAS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—CHIEF MOSES AND HIS DELEGATION OF OREGON INDIANS, NOW AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.—SEE PAGE 135.

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A LOVE SONG.

KISS me, darling. Let your lips
Be a rose that breaks apart,
And I'll be the bee that sips
Honey from the rose's heart.
Ah! the scarlet leaves unclose
Of this blossom blown for me,
Happy fate to be a rose!
Happier fate to be a bee!

Kiss me, darling. Let your eyes
Be the violets on the hill;
I will be the wind that flies
Hither, thither, at its will.
When my kiss upon them lies
Then the blossoms, sweet and shy,
Must look up in swift surprise
While the laughing wind goes by.

Kiss me, darling. Let my heart
Be a warm and pleasant nest;
Come and swing its doors apart,
Enter in and be my guest.
Love stands just within the door....
Tender shall his welcome be;
There, my darling, evermore
Sing your song for him and me.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE influence of the cool night air completed Simple Sally's recovery. She was able to eat now. Amelius proposed retracing his steps to the provision-shop, and giving her the best food that the place afforded. She preferred the bread-and-butter at the coffee stall. Those thick slices, piled up on the plate, tempted her as a luxury. On trying the luxury, one slice satisfied her. "I thought I was hungry enough to eat the whole plateful," said the girl, turning away from the stall, in the vacantly-submissive manner which it saddened Amelius to see. He bought more of the bread-and-butter, on the chance that her appetite might revive. While he was wrapping it in a morsel of paper, one of her elder companions touched him and whispered, "There he is, sir!" Amelius looked at her. "The brute who calls himself her father," the woman explained, impatiently.

Amelius turned, and saw Simple Sally with her arm in the grasp of a half-drunken ruffian, one of the swarming wild-beasts of Low London, dirtied down from head to foot to the color of the street mud—the living danger and disgrace of English civilization. As Amelius eyed him, he drew the girl away a step or two. "You've got a gentleman this time," he said to her; "I shall expect gold to-night, or else——!" He finished the sentence by lifting his monstrous fist and shaking it in her face. Cautiously as he had lowered his tones in speaking, the words had reached the keenly-sensitive ears of Amelius. Urged by his hot temper, he sprang forward. In another moment he would have knocked the brute down, but for the timely interference of the arm of the law, clad in a policeman's greatcoat. "Don't get yourself into trouble, sir," said the man, good-humoredly. "Now, you Hell-fire (that's the nice name they know him by, sir, in these parts), be off with you!" The wild-beast on two legs cowered at the voice of authority, like the wild beast on four; he was lost to sight at the dark end of the street in a moment.

"I saw him threaten her with his fist," said Amelius, his eyes still aflame with indignation. "He has bruised her frightfully on the breast. Is there no protection for the poor creature?"

"Well, sir," the policeman answered, "you can summon him, if you like. I dare say he'd get a month's hard labor. But, don't you see, it would be all the worse for her when he came out of prison."

The policeman's view of the girl's position was beyond dispute. Amelius turned to her gently; she was shivering with cold or terror, perhaps with both. "Tell me," he said, "is that man really your father?"

"Lord bless you, sir!" interposed the policeman, astonished at the gentleman's simplicity, "Simple Sally hasn't got father or mother—have you, my girl?"

She paid no heed to the policeman. The sorrow and sympathy plainly visible in Amelius filled her with a childish interest and surprise. She dimly understood that it was sorrow and sympathy for *her*. The bare idea of distressing this new friend, so unimaginably kind and considerate, seemed to frighten her. "Don't fret about me, sir," she said, timidly; "I don't mind having no father nor mother; I don't mind being beaten." She appealed to the nearest of her two women-friends. "We get used to everything, don't we, Jenny?"

Amelius could bear no more. "It's enough to break one's heart to hear you and see you!" he burst out—and suddenly turned his head aside. His generous nature was touched to the quick; he could only control himself by an effort of resolution that shook him, body and soul. "I can't and won't let that unfortunate creature go back to be beaten and starved!" he said, passionately addressing himself to the policeman. "Oh, look at her! How helpless, and how young!"

The policeman stared. These were strange words to him. But all true emotion carries with it, among all true people, its own title to respect. He spoke to Amelius with marked respect.

"It's a hard case, sir, no doubt," he said. "The girl's a quiet, well-disposed creature—and the other two there are the same. They're of the sort that keep to themselves, and don't drink. They all of them do well enough, as long as they don't let the liquor overcome them. Half the time it's the men's fault when they do drink. Perhaps the workhouse might take her in for the night. What's this you've got, my girl, in your hand? Money!"

Amelius hastened to say that he had given her the money. "The workhouse!" he repeated. "The very sound of it is horrible." "Make your mind easy, sir," said the policeman; "they won't take her in at the workhouse with money in her hand."

In sheer despair, Amelius asked, helplessly, if there was no hotel near. The policeman pointed to Simple Sally's threadbare and scanty clothes, and left them to answer the question for themselves. "There's a place they call a coffee-house," he said, with the air of a man who thought he had better provoke as little further inquiry on that subject as possible.

Too completely preoccupied, or too innocent in the ways of London, to understand the man, Amelius decided on trying the coffee-house. A suspicious old woman met them at the door, and spied the policeman in the background. Without waiting for any inquiries, she said, "All full for to-night"—and shut the door in their faces.

"Is there no other place?" said Amelius.

"There's a lodging house," the policeman answered, more doubtfully than ever. "It's getting late, sir; and I'm afraid you'll find 'em packed like herrings in a barrel. Come, and see for yourself."

He led the way into a wretchedly-lighted by-street, and knocked with his foot on a trap-door in the pavement. The door was pushed open from below by a bright-eyed boy with a dirty nightcap on his head. "Any of 'em wanted to-night, sir?" asked the bright-eyed boy, the moment he saw the policeman. "What does he mean?" said Amelius. "There's a sprinkling of thieves among them, sir," the policeman explained. "Stand out of the way, Jacob, and let the gentleman look in."

He produced his lantern, and directed the light downwards, as he spoke. Amelius looked in. The policeman's figure of speech, likening the lodgers to "herrings in a barrel," accurately described the scene. On the floor of a kitchen, men, women and children lay huddled together in closely-packed rows. Ghastly faces rose terrified out of the seething obscurity, when the light of the lantern fell on them. The stench drove Amelius back, sickened and shuddering. "How's the sore place on your head, Jacob?" the policeman inquired. "This is a civil boy," he explained to Amelius, "and I like to encourage him." "Better, thank you, sir," said the bright-eyed boy. "Good-night, Jacob." "Good-night, sir." The trap-door fell, and the lodging-house disappeared like the vision of a frightful dream.

There was a moment of silence among the little group on the pavement. It was not easy to solve the question of what to do next. "There seems to be some difficulty," the policeman remarked, "about housing this girl for the night."

"Why shouldn't we take her along with us?" one of the women suggested. "She won't mind sleeping three in a bed, *I* know."

"What are you thinking of?" the other woman remonstrated. "When he finds she don't come home our place will be the first he looks for her in."

Amelius settled the difficulty in his own headlong way. "I'll take care of her for the night," he said. "Sally, will you trust yourself with me?"

She put her hand in his, with the air of a child who was ready to go home. Her wan face brightened for the first time. "Thank you, sir," she said; "I'll go anywhere along with you."

The policeman smiled. The two women looked thunderstruck. Before they had recovered themselves, Amelius forced them to take some money from him, and cordially shook hands with them. "You're good creatures," he said, in his eager, hearty way; "I'm sincerely sorry for you. Now, Mr. Policeman, show me where to find a cab—and take that for the trouble I am giving you. You're a humane man, and a credit to the force."

In five minutes more Amelius was on the way to his lodgings, with Simple Sally by his side. The act of reckless imprudence which he was committing was nothing but an act of Christian duty, to his mind. Not the slightest misgiving troubled him. "I shall provide for her in some way," he thought to himself cheerfully. He looked at her. The weary outcast was asleep already in her corner of the cab. From time to time she still shivered, even in her sleep. Amelius took off his great-coat and covered her with it. How some of his friends at the club would have laughed if they had seen him at that moment!

He was obliged to wake her when the cab stopped. His key admitted them to the house. He lit his candle in the hall and led her up the stairs. "You'll soon be asleep again, Sally," he whispered. She looked round the little sitting-room with drowsy admiration. "What a pretty place to live in!" she said. "Are you hungry again?" Amelius asked. She shook her head, and took off her shabby bonnet; her pretty light brown hair fell about her face and her shoulders. "I think I'm too tired, sir, to be hungry. Might I take the sofa-pillow and lay down on the hearthrug?"

Amelius opened the door of his bedroom. "You are to pass the night more comfortably than that," he answered. "There is a bed for you here."

She followed him in and looked round the bedroom with renewed admiration of everything that she saw. At the sight of the hair-brushes and the comb she clapped her hands in ecstasy. "Oh, how different from mine!" she exclaimed. "Is the comb tortoiseshell, sir, like one sees in the shop-windows?" The bath and the towels caught her eye next; she stood looking at them with longing eyes, completely forgetful of the wonderful comb. "I've often peeped into the ironmongers' shops," she said, "and thought I should be the happiest girl in the world if I had such a bath as that. A little pitcher is all I have got of my own, and they swear at me when I want it filled more than once. In all my life I have never had as much water as I should like." She paused and thought for a moment. The forlorn, vacant look appeared again, and dimmed the beauty of her blue eyes. "It will be hard to go back, after seeing all those pretty things," she said to herself, and sighed, with that inborn submission to her fate so melancholy to see in a creature so young.

"You shall never go back again to that dreadful life," Amelius interposed. "Never speak of it, never think of it any more. Oh, don't look at me like that!"

She listened with an expression of pain, and suddenly lifted both her hands to her head. There was something so wonderful in the idea which he had suggested to her, that her mind was not able to take it all in at once. "You make my head giddy," she said. "I'm such a poor, stupid girl—I feel out of myself, like, when a gentleman like you sets me thinking of new things. Would you mind saying it again, sir?"

"I'll say it to-morrow morning," Amelius rejoined kindly. "You are tired, Sally—go to rest."

She roused herself and looked at the bed. "Is that your bed, sir?"

"It's your bed to night," said Amelius. "I shall sleep on the sofa in the next room."

Her eyes rested on him for a moment in speechless surprise; she looked back again at the bed. "Are you going to let me sleep by myself?" she asked, wonderingly. Not the faintest suggestion of immodesty—nothing that the most profligate man living could have interpreted impurely—showed itself in her look or manner, as she said those words.

Amelius thought of what one of her women-friends had told him. "She hasn't grown up, you know, in her mind, since she was a child." There were other senses in the poor victim that were still undeveloped besides the mental sense. He was at a loss how to answer her with the respect which was due to that all-atoning ignorance. His silence amazed and frightened her. "Have I said anything to make you angry with me?" she asked.

Amelius hesitated no longer. "My poor girl," he said, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart! Sleep well, Simple Sally—sleep well." He left her hurriedly, and shut the door between them.

She followed him as far as the closed door, and stood there alone, trying to understand him, and trying all in vain. After a while she found courage enough to whisper through the door. "If you please, sir——" She stopped, startled by her own boldness. He never heard her; he was standing at the window, looking out thoughtfully at the night, feeling less confident of the future already. She still stood at the door, wretched in the firm persuasion that she had offended him. Once she lifted her hand to knock at the door, and let it drop again at her side. A second time she made the effort and desperately summoned the resolution to knock. He opened the door directly.

"I'm very sorry if I said anything wrong," she began faintly, her breath coming and going in quick, hysteric gasps. "Will you please forgive me, and say good night?" Amelius took her hand; he said it with the utmost gentleness, but still he said it sorrowfully. She was not quite comforted yet. "Would you mind, sir——?" She paused awkwardly, afraid to go on. There was something so completely childlike in the artless perplexity of her eyes that Amelius smiled. The change in his expression gave her back her courage in an instant; her pale, delicate lips reflected his smile prettily. "Would you mind giving me a kiss, sir?" she said.

Amelius kissed her. Let the man who can honestly say he would have done otherwise, blame him. He shut the door between them once more. She was quite happy now. He heard her singing to herself as she got ready for bed.

Once, in the wakeful watches of the night, she startled him. He heard a cry of pain or terror in the bedroom. "What is it?" he asked through the door, "what has frightened you?" There was no answer. After a minute or two the cry was repeated. He opened the door, and looked in. She was sleeping, and dreaming as she slept. One little thin white arm was lifted in the air, and waved restlessly to and fro over her head. "Don't kill me!" she murmured, in low moaning tones—"Oh, don't kill me!" Amelius took her arm gently, and laid it back on the coverlid of the bed. His touch seemed to exercise some calming influence over her; she sighed, and turned her head on the pillow; a faint flush rose on her wasted cheeks, and passed away again—she sank quietly into a dreamless sleep.

Amelius returned to his sofa, and fell into a broken slumber. The hours of the night passed. The sad light of the November morning dawned mistily through the uncurtained window, and woke him.

He started up and looked at the bedroom-door. "Now what was to be done?" that was his first thought, on waking; he was beginning to feel his responsibilities at last.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE landlady of the lodgings decided what was to be done.

"You will be so good, sir, as to leave my apartments immediately," she said to Amelius. "I make no claim to the week's rent, in consideration of the short notice. This is a respectable house, and it shall be kept respectable at any sacrifice."

Amelius explained and protested; he appealed to the landlady's sense of justice and sense of duty, as a Christian woman. The reasoning which would have been irresistible at Tadmor was reasoning completely thrown away in London. The landlady remained as impenetrable as the Egyptian Sphinx. "If that creature in the bedroom is not out of my house in an hour's time, I shall send for the police." Having answered her lodger's arguments in those terms, she left the room, and banged the door after her.

"Thank you, sir, for being so kind to me. I'll go away directly—and then perhaps the lady will forgive you."

Amelius looked round. Simple Sally had heard it all. She was dressed in her wretched clothes, and was standing at the open bedroom-door, crying.

"Wait a little," said Amelius, wiping her eyes with his own handkerchief; "and we will go away together. I want to get you some better clothes: and I don't exactly know how to set about it. Don't cry, my dear—don't cry."

The deaf maid-of-all-work came in, as he spoke. She too was in tears. Amelius had been good to her in many little ways—and she was the guilty person, who had led to the discovery in the bedroom. "If you had only told me, sir," she said, penitently, "I'd have kep' it secret. But, there, I went in with your 'ot water as usual, and, oh, Lor'! I was that startled I dropped the jug, and run downstairs again——!" Amelius stopped the further progress of the apology. "I don't blame you, Maria," he said; "I'm in a difficulty. Help me out of it; and you will do me a kindness." Maria partially heard him, and no more. Afraid of reaching the landlady's ears, as well as the maid's ears, if he raised his voice, he asked if she could read writing. Yes, she could read writing, if it was plain. Amelius immediately reduced the expression of his necessities to writing, in large text. Maria was delighted. She knew the nearest shop at which ready-made outer clothing for women could be obtained, and nothing was wanted, as a certain guide to an ignorant man, but two pieces of string. With one piece, she measured Simple Sally's height, and with the other she took the slender girth of the girl's waist—while Amelius opened his writing-desk, and supplied himself with the last sum of spare money that he possessed. He had just closed the desk again, when the voice of the merciless landlady was heard, calling imperatively for Maria. The maid-of-all-work handed the two indicative strings to Amelius. "They'll 'elp you at the shop," she said, and shuffled out of the room.

Amelius turned to Simple Sally. "I am going to get you some new clothes," he began.

The girl stopped him there; she was incapable of listening to a word more. Every trace of sorrow vanished from her face in an instant. She clapped her hands. "Oh!" she cried, "new clothes! clean clothes! Let me go with you."

Even Amelius saw that it was impossible to take her out in the streets with him in broad daylight, dressed as she was then. "No, no," he said, "wait here till you get your new things. I won't be half an hour gone. Lock yourself in if you are afraid, and open the door to nobody till I come back!" Sally hesitated; she began to look frightened. "Think of the new dress, and the pretty bonnet," suggested Amelius, speaking unconsciously, in the tone in which he might have promised a new toy to a child. He had taken the right way with her. Her face brightened. "I'll do anything you tell me," she said. He put the key in her hand, and was out in the street directly.

Amelius possessed one valuable moral quality which is exceedingly rare among Englishmen. He was not in the least ashamed of putting himself in a ridiculous position, when he was conscious that his own motives justified him. The smiling and tittering of the shop-women, when he stated the nature of his errand, and produced his two pieces of string, failed to annoy him in the smallest degree. He laughed too. "Funny, isn't it," he said, "a man like me buying gowns and the rest of it? She can't come herself—and you'll advise me, like good creatures, won't you?" They advised their handsome young customer to such good purpose that he was in possession of a gray walking costume, a black cloth jacket, a plain lavender-colored bonnet, a pair of black gloves, and a paper of pins, in a little more than ten minutes' time. The nearest trunk-maker supplied a traveling-box to hold all these treasures; and a passing cab took Amelius back to the lodgings, just as the half-hour was out. But one event had happened during his absence. The landlady had knocked at the door, and called through it in a terrible voice: "Half an hour more!" and had retired again without waiting for an answer.

Amelius carried the box into the bedroom. "Be as quick as you can, Sally," he said, and left her alone to enjoy the full rapture of discovering the new clothes.

When she opened the door and showed herself, the change was so wonderful that Amelius was literally unable to speak to her. Joy flushed her pale cheeks, and diffused its tender radiance over her pure blue eyes. A more charming little creature, in that momentary transfiguration of pride and delight, no man's eyes ever looked on. She ran across the room to Amelius, and threw her arms around his neck. "Let me be your servant!" she cried; "I want to live with you all my life. Jump me up! I'm wild—I want to fly through the window." She caught sight of herself in the looking-glass, and suddenly became composed and serious. "Oh," she said, with the quaintest mixture of awe and astonishment, "was there ever such another bonnet as this? Do look at it—do please look at it!"

Amelius good-naturedly approached to look at it. At the same moment the sitting-room door was opened, without any preliminary ceremony of knocking, and Rufus walked into the room. "It's half after ten," he said, "and the breakfast is spoiling as fast as it can."

Before Amelius could make his excuses for having completely forgotten his engagement,

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Rufus discovered Sally. No woman, young or old, high in rank or low in rank, ever found the New Englander unprepared with his own characteristic acknowledgment of the debt of courtesy which he owed to the sex. With his customary vast strides, he marched up to Sally and insisted on shaking hands with her. "How do you find yourself, miss? I take pleasure in making your acquaintance." The girl turned to Amelius with wide-eyed wonder and doubt. "Go into the next room, Sally, for a minute or two," he said. "This gentleman is a friend of mine, and I have something to say to him."

"That's an active little girl," said Rufus, looking after her as she ran to the friendly shelter of the bedroom. "Reminds me of one of our girls at Coolspring—she does. Well, now, and who may Sally be?"

Amelius answered the question, as usual, without the slightest reserve. Rufus waited in impenetrable silence until he had completed his narative—then took him gently by the arm, and led him to the window. With his hands in his pockets and his long legs planted wide apart on his big feet, the American carefully studied the face of his young friend under the strongest light that could fall on it. "No," said Rufus, speaking quietly to himself, "the boy is not raving mad, so far as I can see. He has every appearance on him of meaning what he says. And this is what comes of the Community at Tadmor, is it? Well, civil and religious liberty is dearly purchased sometimes in the United States—and that's a fact."

Amelius turned away to pack his portmanteau. "I don't understand you," he said.

"I don't suppose you do," Rufus remarked. "I'm at a similar loss myself to understand you. My store of sensible remarks is copious on most occasions, but I'm darned if I ain't dried up in the face of this! Might I venture to ask what that venerable Chief Christian at Tadmor would say to the predicament in which I find my young Socialist this morning?"

"What would he say?" Amelius repeated. "Just what he said when Mellicent first came among us. 'Ah, dear me! Another of the Fallen Leaves!' I wish I had the dear old man here to help me. *He* would know how to restore that poor, starved, outraged, beaten creature to the happy place on God's earth which God intended her to fill!"

Rufus abruptly took him by the hand. "You mean that?" he said.

"What else could I mean?" Amelius rejoined, sharply.

"Bring her right away to breakfast at the hotel!" cried Rufus, with every appearance of feeling infinitely relieved. "I don't say I can supply you with the venerable Chief Christian, but I can find a woman to fix you, who is as nigh to being an angel (barring the wings), as any she-creature that ever put on a petticoat." He knocked at the bedroom door, turning a deaf ear to every appeal for further information which Amelius could address to him. "Breakfast is waiting, miss!" he called out; "and I'm bound to tell you that the temper of the cook at our hotel is a long way on the wrong side of uncertain. Well, Amelius, this is the age of exhibitions. If there's ever an exhibition of ignorance in the art of packing a portmanteau, you run for the gold medal, and a unanimous jury will grant it, I reckon, to a young man from Tadmor. Clear out, will you, and leave it to me."

He pulled off his coat, and conquered the difficulties of packing in a hurry, as if he had done nothing else all his life. The landlady herself, appearing with pitiless punctuality exactly at the expiration of the hour, "smoothed her horrid front" in the polite and placable presence of Rufus. He insisted on shaking hands with her; he took pleasure in making her acquaintance; she reminded him, he did assure her, of the lady of the captain-general of the Coolspring Branch of the St. Vitus Commandery; and he would take the liberty to inquire whether they were related or not. Under cover of this fashionable conversation, Simple Sally was taken out of the room by Amelius without attracting notice. Rufus followed them, still talking to the landlady, all the way down the stairs and out to the street-door.

While Amelius was waiting for his friend outside the house, a young man driving by in a cab leaned out and looked at him. The young man was Jervy, on his way from Mr. Roscald's tombstone to Doctor's Commons.

(*To be continued.*)

AMERICAN MULES SHIPPED TO AFRICA.

DURING the past week an unusual scene was witnessed at Pier 44, North River, in the shipment on board the British transport *Ontario*, No. 19, of 500 mules for the Cape of Good Hope, to do service in the Zulu war. The steamer, a large iron vessel, was sent here from Liverpool by order of the English Government for the special purpose of transferring these mules to Africa, their purchase by an agent having been effected in Missouri and Kentucky. They were brought by rail to West Albany and there put on board of several river steamers and finally landed at Pier 44, belonging to the National Line. A space of about one hundred and fifty feet from the end of the pier was devoted to the mule emigrants, and they were driven thence on board the *Ontario* over a slightly inclined gangway in couples, and on reaching the main deck were placed in stalls on the port and starboard sides. When the main deck was filled a wide elevator was employed to lower them to the deck below or raise them to the deck above, three decks in all being devoted to their accommodation. The ship was completely fitted up for this kind of live-stock. Each mule stood in a stall, separated from his companions by a board at either hand, fitting into a cleat on the side of the ship. His head was turned to the interior of the vessel and his tail to the bulwarks. Beneath his head on the deck was a sloping trough for feed, and from the roof depended canvas-incased halter-hooks, and the beams above his back were provided to receive broad and heavy canvas bands to pass under his belly in case of stormy weather, so as to prevent him from being injured by the rolling of the ship. The steamer sailed on Saturday for the Cape of Good Hope.

OREGON INDIANS IN WASHINGTON.

WE give on page 133 the portraits of the principal members of the delegation of Nez Percé Indians, who have recently visited Washington for the purpose of conferring with the President and Secretary Schurz in reference to certain land matters in the vicinity of the Columbia River, in Oregon. The full delegation consisted of Chief Moses, of the Okanogan Indians; Homlie, chief of the Walla-Wallas; Howlishswamp, chief of the Cayuses; Winnamsmoot, chief of the Umatillas; Young Chief and Umapine, Cayuse Indians; Himminy, a Walla-Walla Indian; Jim, a nephew of Moses, and Abraham Lincoln, a Okanogan Indian. The Indians were accompanied by Major W. A. Connoyer, agent of the Umatilla reservation in Washington Territory; Major W. H. Boyle, U. S. A.; Miss M. C. Connoyer, Captain John McBan, a United States scout, who acts as interpreter, and Dr. J. A. McGowan, the party's physician. They are all fine-looking specimens of manhood. Moses is especially intelligent, as well as muscular.

On the 18th of April, Secretary Schurz completed negotiations with Chief Moses, and the President has, by an Executive order, set aside a very large reservation in Washington Territory for Moses and his people, with such Indians as may affiliate with them, and such other Indians as the Secretary of the Interior may send to the reservation. Moses's people number not more than a thousand, but his influence with the neighboring Indians is very great, and he could probably command more than a thousand warriors in the event of hostilities.

A REMARKABLE CHESS EXHIBITION.

THE entertainment provided by the Manhattan Chess Club at the Academy of Music, New York, on Wednesday evening, April 16th, embraced the most gorgeous representation of a game of chess with living pieces that has ever been seen. The first part of the programme was made up of music by the United States Marine Band, and a tableau showing Mephistopheles playing with the Prince for his soul. For the game of chess, which was played by Captain Mackenzie and Eugene Delmar, the stage was covered by alternate squares of black and white Canton flannel, the whole board being thirty-two feet square and each square four feet. A red border was tacked around the board.

Following are the names of the ladies and gentlemen who were the "living chessmen":

Piece.	*Red, Mackenzie.*	*Blue, Delmar.*
King	A. Ettlinger	Leon Block.
Queen	Rachel Barrett	Miss Muller.
Queen's Bishop	G. Wielisaky	James Wolff.
Queen's Knight	Gus. Rino	John Dempster.
Queen's Rook	Julius Benwit	A. Risner.
King's Bishop	H. W. Dinsmore	D. G. Baird.
King's Knight	Lucile Bruce	Nic. Gedalia.
King's Rook	S. Soldin	Charles Gedalia.
King's Pawn	Emma Hoffman	Stella Muller.
K. B. P.	Lena Wolff	Carrie Andersen.
K. Kt. P.	Fanny Latz	Clara Andersen.
K. R. P.	Rosa Schwatzwald	Lesh Andersen.
Queen's Pawn	Eleonora Gay	Lottie Adler.
Q. B. P.	Dora Pearlberg	Sophie Markheim.
Q. Kt. P.	Jettie Marks	Minnie Pimon.
Q. R. P.	Annie Latz	May Gay.
Queen's Page	Pauline Wolff	Esther Adler.
Crier	C. M. Saulson	Louis Conn.
Pursuivant	Charles Mahle	W. M. De Visser.

Their costumes deserve especial comment. The bishops were arrayed in ecclesiastical robes decorated with gold and silver lace. They bore mitres and crosiers, and a thorough-going churchman could not question the accuracy of their dress. Their long beards gave them a patriarchal appearance. Their step was slow and measured. The knights wore bright armor that made a dazzling sight. Heavy pikes were in their hands, and they seemed lineal descendants of the time of Henry V. Castles rested on the heads of the rooks; castles also covered their breasts.

The pawns were sixteen pretty girls in Amazonian dress. Helmets of gold or silver, and shields and spears were manfully carried by them, and, like their comrades, they wore blue or red, according to the side on which they were arrayed. Their height was uniform, and, altogether, they made a very interesting barrier of defense when marshaled in line. The costume of Charlemagne was the dress of the king. A crown of gold and a crown of silver was worn by each respectively, and over their bright and handsome robes were jewels of greater or less value. Costumes of the historical period were worn by each queen, and jeweled coronets sat on their graceful heads. A little page tastefully dressed accompanied each.

Mackenzie, and Delmar sat on raised platforms on either side of the stage, with chessboards on a table before them. Whenever a move was made the crier announced it, and the pursuivants conducted the pieces to their proper squares. Captain Mackenzie's crier first called, "Pawn to King's 4th." A dainty miss of sixteen, whose long black hair hung loose over her helmet, was led to her square, and when Mr. Delmar's crier also made the same move, the two misses, standing face to face, suspended hostilities for the nonce and exchanged smiles. The following move brought the captain's knight to the king's bishop's third square, and Delmar made a similar move with his knight to his queen's bishop's square. Delmar's fourth move was the capture of a red pawn by a bishop. Her rosy cheeks assumed a scarlet hue of mortification at being captured at such an early stage of the game, and as the pursuivant led her off the board she pouted petulantly. But the pouting was repeated on the sixth move when Delmar, who seemed to take a great fancy to the pretty pawns, plited a blue-eyed pawn against a red, and she, too, had to retire. The next move was another match of maiden against miss, and the queen's bishop's pawn of the gallant Captain was the third victim. Mackenzie's tenth move, after fine strategic manœuvres, was a capture of a blue pawn, and three moves later his bishop vanquished a stately knight. The panoplied descendant of Henry V.—twirling his mustache—sought consolation among the charming prisoners behind the wings. On his twenty-first move Delmar made a brilliant sacrifice of his bishop, which afterwards proved unfortunate. His thirtieth move gave the Captain the checkmate. The game throughout brought out very happily the merits of the various costumes.

A Destructive Tornado.

A TORNADO swept over South Carolina, April 16th, causing great destruction of life and property. In the village of Waterboro more than 100 dwellings and all the churches were swept away. Three-fourths of the inhabitants are homeless. Fifteen persons were killed, and many more wounded. At Oakley all houses occupied by colored people were leveled, and one negro was killed, and many were hurt. Similar casualties are reported from various points in the track of the tornado. At Pocahontas, Ala., twenty dwellings were destroyed by the same storm, and the crops in that State and Georgia sustained great injury. At Fernandina, in Florida, a number of houses were blown down and many damaged. Cars standing on the track were started and blown into the river, and vessels were torn from their moorings.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Submission of the Ameer's Brother to the British.

Wali Mahomed is the last prominent Afghan chieftain who has surrendered to the British. He is rather a big man and bears a great likeness in feature to his brother, the late Ameer. He dies his beard red and paints his eyelashes black. In passing through Jamrood after a durbar or conference with General Maude, he put up an umbrella to protect himself from the sun on the road to Ali-Musjid.

Reception of Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff at Tirnova.

Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff, the Russian Governor of Bulgaria, who opened the first Parliament of Bulgaria at Tirnova, on February 22d, has been spoken of more prominently than any other person as the future ruler of the principality. His moderation, thoughtfulness and congenial manners since he was appointed to his present position have made him very popular with the nobles and masses. His future will, to a great extent, depend upon his action at the present time. There are two strong parties among the delegates, holding radically different views, yet it is significant that so far all of the articles of the new Constitution that have been adopted are characterized by an extremely liberal spirit. That the Prince-Governor is very popular is shown by the demonstration on his arrival at Tirnova to open the Parliament, of which we give an illustration.

The International Hurdle Race.

The sketch of the International Hurdle Race at Croydon, England, on Wednesday, February 12th, does not include the winner of the race, for the reason that the Bear, inspired by the pint of whisky with which he had thoughtfully been provided by astute friends, and carefully humored by Marsh, was at the moment represented in the sketch some lengths to the good. Comfortable odds of 100 to 12 were always forthcoming up to the last moment, but the chances of the Bear were not highly esteemed. Singleton held the position of favorite, though Boniface and Blue Rein, on the strength of their performances in December at Sandown Park, were much fancied; and that the public were not far wrong is shown by their having finished second and third. The rumor as to there being, or having been, something wrong with the better of Captain Machell's pair—arising from reasons which those who started the report can best guess—was speedily dissipated, and although Boniface was beaten easily after Cannon had done his best, the performance must rank as a good one.

A New Spanish Military College.

This admirable establishment has been instituted at Guadalajara for the purpose of affording a first-class military education to the orphans of officers who have died while in the service. It has been founded from the proceeds of a surplus of the national subscription raised to aid the widows and orphans of the brave men who laid down their lives for their country during the late disastrous civil war. The right wing is the department for boys, the left for girls, the education of the latter being superintended by Ursuline nuns. Our illustration represents the scene of inauguration at the moment when the Archbishop of Toledo has concluded his elegant discourse and His Majesty the King is about to address the earnest and thoughtful pupils. His Majesty expressed himself much pleased with the organization, and the working details of the establishment.

The Emperor of Austria at Szegedin.

On Monday, March 17th, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria arrived at Szegedin, with the Hungarian Prime Minister, Herr Tisza. After receiving an address from the Mayor, His Majesty stepped into a pontoon, and was rowed through the ruins of the town. He stopped at some of the larger buildings which still stand, and spoke to some of the unfortunate females, telling them to bear up well in their misfortune, that help was coming, and everything possible would be done for them. After the inspection the Emperor returned direct, via Pesth, to Vienna. The Empress of Austria has quitted her fox-hunting Winter residence in Ireland, and has returned to aid in the work of affording relief to the sufferers from the inundation. The Lord Mayor of London has responded to an appeal from the Austrian Ambassador in London, and opened a subscription list at the Mansion House. Subscriptions are also being made throughout Europe and the United States for the relief of the sufferers.

Fatal Demonstration of Russian Students in St. Petersburg.

The confession of Solovieff that he had been chosen by lot to murder the Czar of Russia, and the rumor that General Zuroff, the Prefect of St. Petersburg, had resigned because of threats to assassinate him, have led to the adoption of most extreme measures in the Government's dealing with the Nihilists. Most people outside of Russia, judging from the reports in the daily papers, would believe the regulations already in force sufficiently severe to paralyze any revolutionary movement. The continued assassinations and threats of assassination, the exhibitions of mob violence, such as the students' fight before the palace of the Czarowitz, show that the Nihilists are powerful, well-organized, determined and extremely aggressive. A reign of terror certainly exists in St. Petersburg to day, but different from the historical one in Paris: it is the Imperial family and the authorities who stand in fear of a secret, insidious foe.

Attempt to Rescue Colonel Pearson at Ekowe.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war in Zululand is extremely momentous. Since January last Colonel Pearson has been invested at Ekowe, having 1,250 men, but only 500 in a condition to aid the advancing army, for whom a force of 35,000 Zulus are lying in wait. A column was started on March 28th for his relief. It is composed of 6,000 men, two Gatling guns, two cannon, several rocket tubes, 113 wagons and 56 pack mules. The wagons are escorted by two companies of mounted natives and a battalion of native foot. Major Pemberton commands the rear guard, composed of 200 men from the *Boadicea*, the Fifty-seventh Regiment, a battalion of the Sixtieth Regiment, and the mounted natives. Lord Chelmsford and staff are with the rear guard. Colonel Wood attacked Umbelini's stronghold on the 28th of March and captured a quantity of cattle. Subsequently 2,000 Zulus retook the cattle, and on the 29th attacked Colonel Wood's camp. The Zulus were repulsed after four hours' fighting, but the British loss was heavy. Seven officers and seventy men were killed, including Captain Campbell, and Piet Uys, the leader of the detachment of mounted Boers, who has several times been mentioned in dispatches for distinguished services.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are still two feet of snow in the Adirondack region.

—PRIVATE advices from St. Petersburg state that 1,140 revolutionists have been arrested in Russia within the last fortnight.

—THE St. Louis Grand Jury has indicted all owners, venders and attachés of the Missouri State Lottery, some sixty in number.

—THE municipality of Paris propose to change the names of the Rue St. Arnaud and the Rue Abbatucci to Rue Lincoln and Rue Washington respectively.

—PERSONS of the higher classes in Spain receive copies of the Gospels in paper covers through the mails. The Spanish Evangelization Society sends them.

—THE TEXAS Senate has adopted a resolution taxing commercial travelers from other States $100 a year in addition to $10 for each county visited on business.

—IT is expected that on the occasion of the German Emperor's golden wedding in June next the monarchs of Russia, Austria and Spain will be the guests of His Majesty.

—THE Ultramontane newspaper *Germania*, of Berlin, doubts the authenticity of the favorable accounts respecting an approaching amicable settlement between Germany and the Vatican.

—THE Michigan Legislature has passed a resolution asking Congress and the Canadian Parliament to authorize the construction of a bridge across the Detroit River, at or near Detroit.

—THE veteran aeronaut, Professor John Wise, insists that the proposed balloon expedition to the North Pole is entirely feasible, and that he is perfectly willing to risk his life in the enterprise.

—MINERS in the Durham (England) collieries are beginning to emigrate, mainly towards the mineral districts of this country. Immigration agents are taking an active part in the movement.

—WOODEN shoes are still in common use among the French peasantry. It is said that about four million pairs are made in France yearly. They are made of maple, and are cheap and serviceable.

—THERE are 490 vessels, aggregating 28,615.22 tons, in the Gloucester fishing fleet. The decrease the past year was 26 vessels. The loss during the past three months was 20 vessels of 1,543.12 tons.

—THE Chinese Six Companies at San Francisco are daily in receipt of applications for laborers to go to Southern States, notably Mississippi and Louisiana, to take the place of the negro labor now emigrating.

—THE latest fashion in Vienna is the so-called "Boccachio" stockings—*i. e.*, a white-silk stocking on the left leg, and a pink one on the right. The idea was taken from the charming costume which Fräulein Lind wore in the last act of Suppé's new opera.

—JOHN BROWN, JR., son of Ossawattamie Brown, publishes a letter in which he declares his intention of volunteering his services to aid the suffering colored refugees of the South. He states that in his opinion the time has come for another grand rescue of the colored race, and, although he is fifty-eight years old, he is ready to devote his remaining energies to the cause which was so dear to his father.

—LONDON has more Roman Catholics than Rome, more Jews than all Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotch than Aberdeen, more Welsh than Cardiff; its beer and gin shops, placed one after another in a line, would reach sixty-two miles, and one entire quarter of the city is inhabited by three hundred thousand of the most miserable wretches and worst thieves to be found on earth.

—THE Supreme Court of South Carolina has ordered a mandamus to issue compelling the State Treasurer to pay out of the funds now in the treasury the interest for 1879 on the recognized public debt of South Carolina. The payment has been hitherto withheld in obedience to an injunction obtained in the United States Court by holders of unrecognized bonds, the status of which is still in litigation.

—A YOUNG American of nineteen, at Christ Church, Oxford, passing the second examination there a few days ago with much credit, was publicly complimented therefor by the Dean. He also won the "Oxford University champion foils," never before won by an American. There were twelve contestants. The young man is named Edwards Pierrepont, and is the son of the late American Minister to England.

—THERE are in Milan, Italy, some hundred and fifty English and Americans of both sexes studying music and endeavoring to get fitted for the operatic career. Two or three years ago there were nearly two hundred Americans, mostly young ladies, studying in the stately Lombard capital; but for various reasons this number is reduced at the present time, or was during the Winter, to only seventy or eighty.

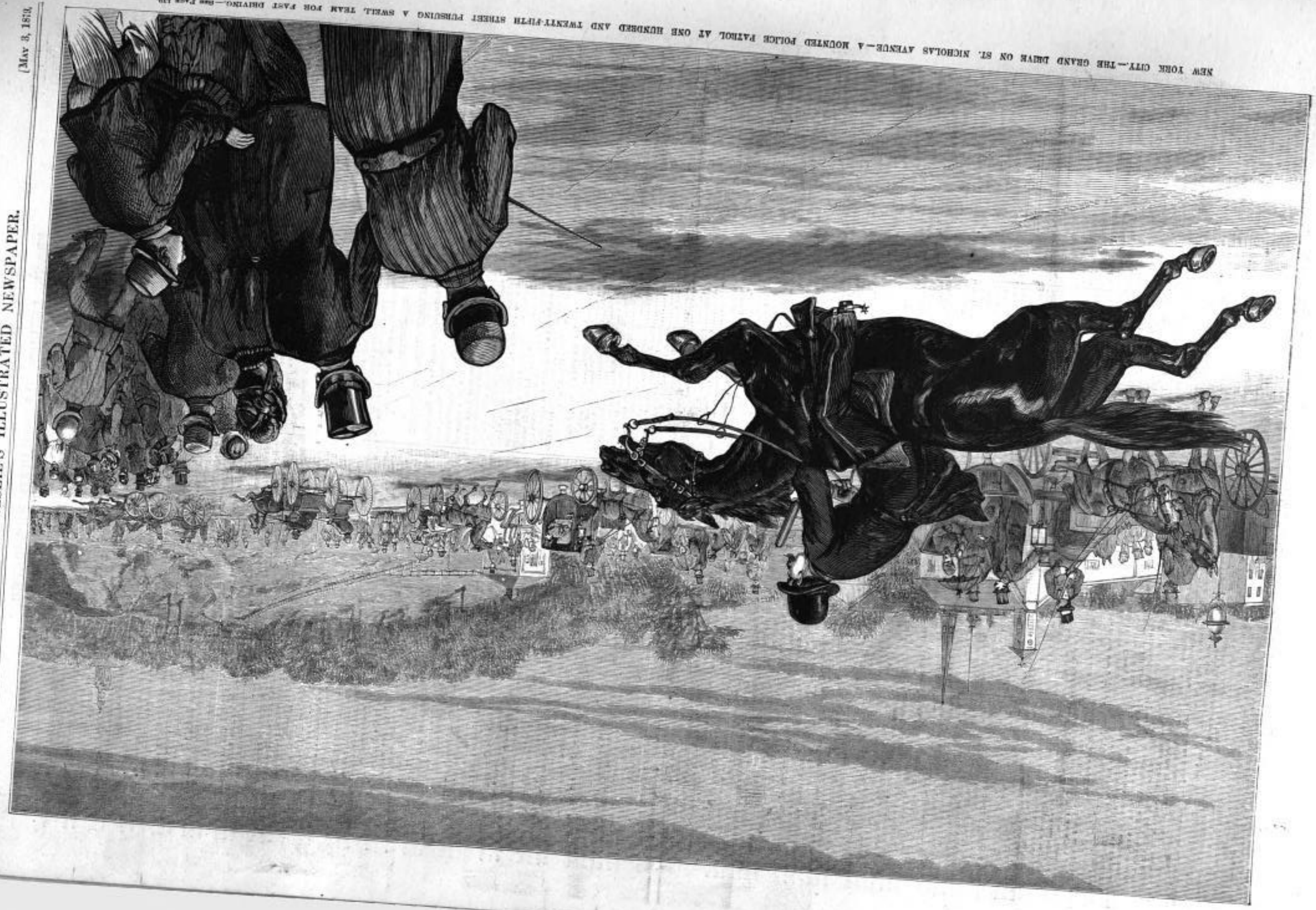
—THE Connecticut fire insurance companies' increase in gross assets for 1878 is $605,045, in surplus as regards policy-holders, $668,846, and in surplus over all liabilities, $408,847. The total gross assets of the State companies are $17,654,915; surplus as regards policy-holders, $12,702,598; liabilities, including capital, $13,153,316; surplus over all liabilities, $4,401,598. Most of the Hartford companies did a better business last year than in 1877.

—AN organization, called the St. Dominic Colonization Society of the City of New York, has been formed for the purchase of lands in Kansas, to be sold at cost price to members actually settling there. They propose erecting a large colony building on the tract, for use until families are able to provide separate shelter. They also will loan money to colonists when embarrassed through sickness or failure of crops. The whole movement is in the interest of Irish laborers, under the guidance of the Catholic Church, and is supposed to be backed by Irish capitalists.

—THE Governor-General of Canada and Princess Louise will stay for three weeks in Quebec after leaving Montreal. Lord Lorne's father, the Duke of Argyll, is expected to arrive in Quebec the second week in June for a four months' visit to his son and royal daughter-in-law. A week later they will greet Rear-Admiral His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh at Halifax, who is to succeed Admiral Inglefield in the command of the North American squadron. From Halifax the party, accompanied by a number of English notables, will proceed on a salmon fishing-expedition to the Saguenay River.

—PLANS have been submitted to Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, and the Minister of Public Works, for the construction of a bridge across the Detroit River, at a point above Windsor on the Canadian side, where Belle Isle divides the river into two channels. The bridge will extend from Hamtramck on the Michigan shore to Belle Isle, and will have a draw of 300 feet; and from the island it will extend to Walkerville on the Canadian shore, a distance of 2,500 feet. The bridge will place the Grand Trunk Railway in communication with Windsor, and give Canada an uninterrupted road to the West.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND DERBY ON ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE—A MOUNTED POLICE PATROL AT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET PURSUING A SWELL TEAM FOR FAST DRIVING.—SEE PAGE 138.

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A MESSENGER ESCORTING CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.



"CALL ME IN THE MORNING, EARLY."

THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

THE CURIOUS USES TO WHICH MESSENGER BOYS ARE PUT.

OUR modern life and customs tend more and more in the direction of economy—not so much in the mere matter of money as in what represents money's worth—time and exertion. To accomplish desired results with absolute certainty, with as much rapidity and with as little personal labor as possible, is becoming the great desideratum in the thousand and one departments of everyday existence. It is on a knowledge of this fact that the District Telegraph system, as it is called, is based.

This system, though of comparatively recent origin, has grown into proportions far beyond the original ideas of its projectors. There are now thirty-nine different District Telegraph companies in the United States, the principal and parent company being located in New York, and embracing the entire metropolis in its radius, from the Battery to the Harlem River, or 132d Street. The central office, or headquarters, of this company is on Broadway, corner of Fourth Street, and a visit to this building will give a vivid idea of the magnitude, yet minuteness, of the system. The headquarters, or central offices, occupy the whole of the second and third floors of the large building, and comprise some twenty or more rooms, large and small, which are devoted to separate, and sometimes peculiar, purposes.

Boys are the instruments, the agents, the all in all, of the District Telegraph; and it is perhaps not the least of the commendable features of this institution that it gives useful and fairly paid work to hundreds of boys, who, without it, would probably be deprived of employment, and who, through its means, are trained in habits of industry, energy and obedience.

Among the features of the headquarters building are a printing office, where the various tickets used in the operations of the system are printed; a repair shop, where the telegraphic instruments are



MESSENGER-BOYS EMPLOYED AS NURSES.



THE TRAINING-SCHOOL, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FOURTH STREET.



A NIGHT-PATROL ON DUTY.



PATROLMEN AS ESCORTS TO LADIES.



A MESSENGER TAKING HOME AN INTOXICATED PERSON.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH SYSTEM—ITS USES AND ITS PECULIARITIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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kept in order; a tailor shop, where the uniforms worn by the messengers are preserved in their integrity, and a canvassing room, where the theatre ticket and seats for the opera department are carried on. This branch of the District Telegraph transactions is becoming quite a feature. From this canvassing room a telephone is connected with the box office of the Academy of Music, so that an operator at his desk in Fourth Street can communicate directly with the operatic ticket-seller in Irving Place.

Then there is a supply room, an odd sort of curiosity shop, in which all the miscellaneous articles used in the District Telegraph operations are kept on hand in considerable quantities. In this apartment, messenger's boots, at $1.10 a pair, and messenger hats, at $8 a dozen, lie alongside of batteries and tickets; and all sorts of contrivances for recording and registering messages are displayed beside huge maps of the various districts of the metropolis, on which maps every District Telegraph instrument in the city is marked, the maps of the down-town districts, along Wall Street, presenting a series of lines crossing and recrossing so closely that only an expert can decipher the exact locality of any one particular instrument.

But the most interesting feature of the building is the large room known as the instruction or training room for boys. This is a schoolroom in which the boys who wish to become messengers are educated in the philosophy and practice of the craft. The room itself is large and airy, and presents the ordinary aspects of a schoolroom, with benches, books, pegs, an elevated desk for the instructor at one end, etc. Here the boys are designated not by name but by number, and the books are all of one kind, tariff books, time books, etc.,—books dealing only with street distances, allowances of time and rate of charges, which serve the would-be messenger-boy in lieu of geography, history, grammar and arithmetic.

From ten to eighty boys are daily instructed in this room—the roll being called at half-past eight in the morning. A boy who is five minutes late is detained after the termination of school hours at three o'clock.

At first the District Telegraph Company experienced difficulty in procuring its boys. Now its principal difficulty is to keep within reasonable limits the number of applicants. Every boy applying for a situation must give his name, address and state who and what his parents are. This statement is examined, and if found correct, and if his references for character are acceptable, he is then given what is called a "special" or transitory number, which designates him while in training-school. It was formerly the custom to send "the new boy" to accompany some regular messenger on his routine tour, but this practice is no longer followed. It is claimed by Mr. Taguer, the Superintendant of the Training School, that when a boy leaves his care he is fully qualified for any department of the messenger service, and needs not to be shown anything which properly comes under his duties. The boy is first taught the supreme importance of being on time. The value of time as a factor in transactions is known to no man living better than to the messenger boy. He must be on time or be off altogether. The boy is next instructed in the importance of obedience. Absolute, unquestioning, yet not unreasoning, obedience. He must obey implicitly, first, the general rules of the office, and second, the particular instructions of the party who requires his services. He is also taught the danger of delay and the necessity for all possible haste in the discharge of his messages. He must travel as fast as he can; he must get to and from a place as soon as possible; he must use his legs; he must also use his wits. He must be a machine, but he must not suffer his machinery to be utilized for evil purposes. He must keep his eyes and ears open. He must suspect where suspicion should be excited. He must know whether "everything is all right" or whether "something is wrong." He must know just when to invoke the aid of a policeman.

At the time of the writer's visit to the training-school a couple of bright lads, Nos. 945 and 913, were being "interviewed" in regard to certain portions of the District Telegraph catechism, for the benefit of some of the "new boys."

"What is the first thing you are to do when told by a subscriber or patron to go on a message for him?" asked the teacher of No. 948.

"I am to ask him three questions," was the boy's reply.

"What are these three questions?"

"'Am I to deliver the message to any one else if the party to whom it is addressed does not happen to be in?'—'Is there to be an answer?'—'If so, how long am I to wait?'"

"If you are stopped by any one or interfered with in the performance of your duty, what are you to do?"

"Call a policeman; or, if no policeman is at hand, do the best I can, but deliver my message as directed, at all events."

"What is the great principle which must guide you in all your messages?"

"To find the right person in the right place."

No. 948 evidently understood his business. Nor was 913 behind his companion.

"How would you find the right person in the right place," asked the teacher of No. 913, "in the business portion of the city, if there was any doubt?"

"I would consult the nearest directory."

"How would you find the right person in a hotel?"

"By going to the office and asking the clerk on duty."

"How in a store?"

"By asking the bookkeeper or floor walker, or some clerk who was on duty."

"How in a tenement-house?"

"By inquiring of a janitor, if there was one on the first floor; if not, I would look for the party on all the floors."

"Suppose a gentleman was to deliver you his carpet bag, with instructions to meet him at the Grand Central Depot at a certain time, what would you do?"

"I would take care of the carpet-bag, would be at the depot precisely on time, and give the gentleman his carpet-bag."

"Suppose some other party were to ask you to deliver to him the bag?"

"I would refuse."

"If the other party persisted in this demand?"

"I would call the aid of a policeman on duty, or any one of the officials."

"But suppose a party were to come to you and show you a note which he says is from the gentleman who gave you the bag, requesting you to deliver the bag to him?"

"I would refuse to give him the bag."

"But supposing the note was really from the gentleman—what would you do then?"

"Still I would refuse to give up the carpet bag, unless the gentleman who gave me the bag had told me at first that he might send a note for the bag, and had given me a specimen of his handwriting."

"If you are sent with a letter to a lady, would you give the letter to any other person, who claimed to be a relative, etc.?"

"No, sir, unless I had been told so; otherwise, if the party was not in, I would bring the letter back."

"Do parties to whom messages are addressed ever refuse to sign the receipt?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you do then?"

"I ask them respectfully to sign, because it is one of the rules of the office, and I tell them that if I were to deliver a message without getting a receipt for it, I would be punished."

"Then, if they still refuse to sign it?"

"I would refuse to deliver the message, and would take it back to the office. No signature, no delivery."

"Suppose the party to whom a message or package is delivered cannot write?"

"Then I would see that he made his mark, and that somebody, if possible, witnessed his making it."

"If you are delayed in getting an answer, what would you do?"

"I would tell the party delaying me the rules of the office, charge according to the time tariff for my delay, get a voucher from the party who delayed me, and collect when I delivered the answer."

"If the party addressed don't live where he is addressed, what do you do?"

"If I think there may be a mistake in the exact number, I ring four door-bells each side of the house addressed, and also inquire on the opposite side of the street."

Boy No. 948 was once more catechized.

"Suppose you were sent to deliver unaddressed circulars, what would you do?"

"I would put the circulars under the front door, push them under as far as they would go, ring the bell, and then run down the steps, and do the same way with the next house."

"How would you deliver circulars at tenement-houses?"

"I would deliver them on all the floors—to all the people I met in the halls—and I would knock at every door and hand a circular to the person answering the knock."

"How would you deliver circulars in a hotel or depot?"

"I would ask permission at the desk of the clerk, or anybody in charge, to deliver the circulars."

"If permission was refused?"

"Then I would stand by the door or entrance, and distribute my circulars to parties passing in or out."

"If you ran short of circulars, would you borrow any from another messenger?"

"No, I would not. It would be against the rules. I would return to the office and ask for more."

"If you had more circulars than were needed, would you throw them away, or hand them round indiscriminately?"

"No, sir. I would bring them back to the office and account for them. There is a punishment for wasting or destroying circulars."

So there is, under what is called "malicious mischief act;" and the boy knew all about that "act." In fact, the two boys evidently knew all about their business, and were looked upon by the rest of the boys in training with mingled awe and admiration.

A third boy, who was even further advanced in the mysteries of his craft than those just examined, was then asked by the teacher:

"What he would do in case he had to deliver stock certificates or certified checks to a certain broker or banker with whose precise business address on the street he was unacquainted?"

"Why, I would run as fast as I could to one of the two regular boys on the street, and ask him where to go, and then as soon as he told me, I would go where I was told."

"Where are these regular boys on the street stationed?"

"One boy is stationed at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, the other at the corner of Wall Street and Broad."

"What is the duty of these regular boys on the street?"

"They know by being down there all the time where every banker and broker does business, and so they are able to tell all the other messengers who want to know."

This boy was also thoroughly posted about the different kinds of tickets used in the system. The red ticket for cash, the white and yellow ticket for burglar and fire-alarm, the white or subscriber's ticket, the extra ticket to non subscribers in offices, the reporter's ticket, the green or deadhead ticket, etc. He was also familiar with all kinds of "free service," as it is called, in which subscribers are charged nothing by the company, the remuneration being obtained from the express company, or stable or telegraph office patronized.

As soon as the boy passes his examination satisfactorily in the training-school, he is given a new number on the regular force, is furnished also a hat, a uniform, and a pair of boots, rubber overalls, etc.

A record is then opened for him on the books of the company, and whenever he violates the rules or misbehaves, his misdeeds are written in this record. A system of marks is maintained to denote his average conduct, ranging from 1 (the best) to 13 or so (bad); he is fined for misconduct (either in money or overtime), and, finally, if incorrigible, he is dismissed.

As a class, the District Telegraph messengers are model boys. Toiling ten hours a day, and earning from $3 to $7 a week, they manage to be very useful, support themselves, and generally help to support others. Medals are given to the best boys in the District Telegraph service.

A gold medal was awarded to William Rooney, who, by his shrewdness, caused the ultimate capture of two noted forgers. He was but sixteen years of age, but evinced qualities which would have done credit to a man of forty. A silver medal was also awarded to E. T. Donelly for brave conduct.

It is a fact that may be mentioned in passing, that rainy days are the harvests of the District Telegraph. A wet week will increase the average receipts of the business $500. It is also a fact that the vast majority of messages sent are for short distances and for small charges—ten and fifteen cents. When great trouble or considerable time is to be taken, people seem to prefer taking it for themselves; but "the little bothers" of life seem to be delegated in the metropolis to the District Telegraph.

On particular occasions messenger-boys can be "massed" into any particular locality. In a Wall Street panic hundreds of boys, say five from each office in the city, can be thrown into the street in five minutes by "unloading" from the office nearest Wall Street, then from the next nearest office, and so on.

Many curious uses have been found in the course of years for the messenger-boys. They are used as a species of two-legged express. On and about Thanksgiving Eve hundreds of messenger boys are seen carrying a turkey or turkeys. On Christmas Eve they carry boxes and gifts—young and prosaic editions of Santa Claus. On New Year's Day they are deputed to pay their patrons calls by proxy, and leave their cards at houses where they do not choose to call in person.

Messenger boys are also in demand now to escort young children, especially young girls, to school, and to escort them home again. They are even employed to watch babies and their nurses, and to notify a policeman if any stranger approaches them.

Patrolmen in the employ of the District Telegraph Company are of late years put to a peculiar use. The more gentlemanly of the force are often sent for to escort maiden ladies and elderly ladies to the opera or theatre. In these cases the men are furnished with white gloves and even dress coats, if desired and paid for. One evening recently there were eight ladies at six different theatres, including Booth's during the Kellogg opera season, whose escorts were furnished "to order." Men, as well as women, employ escorts for various purposes. Many, in fact most of the men, too, who require the services of the messengers are strangers, who wish for guides to show them the "sights."

Cases are not unknown where a messenger has been summoned and sent in search of a missing husband, who was supposed to be at one or his favorite haunts. It is related that in one instance a messenger started out with a complete list of the places in which the truant was likely to be found, and at last discovered him. But he was unable to persuade him to come home, and so reported. It is not an uncommon thing for a messenger to be sent home with an intoxicated person. In one instance of this kind, recently, a man was labeled and sent home, and when the messenger gave him up he obtained a receipt for "one drunken man." The important application of the District Telegraph Company to the prevention of burglaries and fires can only be hinted at in the compass of this article. These departments embrace a wide-spreading system of night and day-patrols intrusted to competent men who watch and are in their turn watched, and whose movements are recorded and guarded by electric communication. An illustration of a night-patrol sending in a signal will give a general idea of the system.

A COLORADO EXPERIENCE.

ONE tempest-tossed night, weather bound at a small hotel on the stage-route from Santa Fé, we met a fellow-traveler in whom we became greatly interested. The howling gale and elemental uproar intensified the cozy cheer of our snug little parlor. The genial warmth from the heaped-up ruddy coals in the grate and spicy exhalations steaming from an earthen mug brewing in front, out of which, from time to time, we replenished our glasses, stimulated conversation, and we were soon launched upon a stream of startling adventure.

Among others, my companion, a finely-built, athletic fellow, narrated an experience of the previous season, which, he said "made every hair stand on tip-toe."

"How?" we asked. "You were in great peril?"

"One of those imminent risks that meet you at every turn. Four of us came in the stage from Santa Fé, the last of June, I think. A young lady—governess in an officer's family—her escort, a wealthy merchant, reputable, with a guarantee of honor inscribed on every line of his earnest face, and myself, were acquaintances; the other was the horseshoer of the company, bound for the stables at Denver.

"The lady—among the twenties—was so happy in the thought of going East and seeing her widowed mother—was so interested and full of life, that her joy rippled through our conversation like a merry warble.

"You'd like a personal description?

"Well, rather tall and willowy, eyes as black and full of sparkle as a frosty night, and hair commonly called *red*, but with a glint of gold in lines and dashes wherever the sunlight glanced across it. I saw it fully when she dropped her hat, and a stylish, neat affair *that* was, too—but I have not come to *that* yet.

"I'm sure you're aware of the brigandage for which that route is noted. Marvelous tales are told of the robbers. I suspect the mountain-passes of the Apennines hold no more mystery of crime than do the rocky passes of this fresh continent. Constantly facing danger, the pioneer acquires a hardihood that fits him for every fresh encounter of peril, however unusual. The periodic robbing of stages has become so much of a fact that the express company will take no more risks, and specie and treasure have to be taken East by private parties.

"As a Government expert, I was well known to the bankers of Santa Fé. They never hesitated to intrust me with large amounts of gold, and this time was no exception. So I was loaded, partly by means of an inner belt around my waist, partly by a false bottom, improvised in my valise by gumming strong wrapping paper over the precious parcels and inner lining of the bag.

"The day would have been intolerable but for the cool currents that swept down the declivities, and through the mountain ravines. Frequently during the day, up the steep ascents, we would get out and walk. It rested us and relieved the tedium of the drive. The lady was most charming, rattling her words like fine shot against our sallies of wit and wisdom, and turning into sport and jest our serious fears. She became confidential, and told us 'she expected to return a *widow*, with a military escort—if she returned at all. Her *fiancé* was a lieutenant, stationed now in the Indian Territory; but when he received his furlough—well, very soon, perhaps—then we might expect to hear of wedding bells.'

"'I would like to be a little richer,' she added, with a sigh, 'but we must take what the good God gives us, and my treasure happens to be not in gold.'

"'How much of a *do* have you?' said the practical merchant.

"She laughed merrily. 'Are you a bandit in disguise?' then added, 'the fruits of my industry amount to the heavy weight of one thousand in gold!'

"'You haven't it with you?' he inquired, so quickly and earnestly that I was surprised.

"'Come, you are accounted shrewd, just try and find out! I will answer all relevant questioning.'

"He blushed and stammered an apology, and she sat for a moment on a rock that projected from the side of the road over the mountain edge. She had gathered stray flowers on her walk, diving under bushes and behind rocks, and was fastening them on her hat and mantle. A scarlet creeper ran round the base of the rock down the side of the mountain.

"'Oh, that suits me, I must have it,' she said, rising to her feet, and dropping hat and flowers in the excitement. Just then a sudden eddy of wind came twisting round the corner of a fissure, and whirled hat and flowers round and round, lodging them beyond her power of recovery, on a narrow ledge of perpendicular rock, jutting out and inaccessible from the road.

"'How, now, what will you do?' I said, half in sport at the possibility of a bareheaded companion for the rest of the trip.

"To my surprise, she looked the image of despair and grief; the color had faded out of her rosy cheeks, even her lips were ashy and pale. Her hands were clasped in the most agonizing expression, as she mutely gazed at the slender shape below, mocking her with its airy grace of blooms.

"'Oh, my friends! can't you recover that hat for me? Do, in pity, and I will thank you to my dying day!'

"No mother, appealing for a lost child, could have been more piteous, while tears stood in her eyes. I was half angry that any woman could be so metamorphosed by the loss of a hat. The merchant whistled, looked bewildered, but evidently didn't choose to risk his life. The driver and horseshoer came to her rescue; they fastened a hook on to the end of a coil of rope, saying:

"'Don't fear miss, nor look so anxious; we'll rig something an' get yer hat!'

"The driver, stretched at full length, with only his head and an arm over the precipice, and anchored firmly by the rest of the party, threw his rope, harpoon fashion, with an unerring aim. It caught in the rim, the hat was drawn up carefully and restored to the young girl, who, with exhilarating color and sparkling eyes, thanked the men most profusely. They cut short her rhapsodies by jumping on the driver's box and telling us to 'pile in.'

"Once inside, she said:

"'As you are all my friends, I must let you into the secret of my hat. All the money I possess is hidden in the lining—quilted in—and no man, not even a *highwayman*, would ever suspect the treasure hidden in *such* a cell, now would they?'

"We, of course, praised her ingenuity.

"'A good thousand, is it?' said the merchant.

"'The very sum,' she replied.

* * * * * *

"It was about two o'clock in the morning. We were well out of the most formidable passes, driving briskly towards the Canadian fork. The full moon lightened our way, making the bushes and trees adjacent cast sharp, decided shadows across the road. I had exchanged places with the horseshoer. Inside they were dozing, but I was wakeful and alert. We beguiled the dreary hour by story-telling. Suddenly, I saw something moving in the shadow of the road on beyond us.

"'What is that?' I said.

"The driver looked, his eyes rounding like the moon.

"'Nothing but a *burro!*' referring to the pack mules that frequently strayed down the the mountain-side. It disappeared quickly in the shade, and from thence, instantly, as if by magic, jumped out into the road *two men*. They were hidden in huge slouched *sombreros* and army cloaks. The stoutest caught the bridle of leaders; the other, covering us with his rifle, shouted:

"'Don't stir, or you are dead men!'

"Advancing closer, and keeping us within the range of his muzzle, he cried out:

"'Pitch out the treasure box, quick! We are in a hurry!'

"The driver began to stammer a reply, shaking as if he had an ague-stroke, but I hushed him with a whispered:

"'Stop, stop! let me talk to these men! There is no treasure aboard to-night!' I said this coolly, at the same time swaying my body to and fro, backwards and forwards, to get out of the range of the muzzle; the man was evidently very nervous, as well as very near.

As I intended he should, he took me for an express-messenger, and, as neither driver nor messenger are supposed to possess any valuables, they are seldom molested.

"'None of your nonsense!' replied the bandit. 'Hand out the treasure, or you'll see trouble.'

"The man at the reins evidently enjoyed my endeavor to get out of range, for he squeaked in a high, falsetto voice:

"'Do them bar'ls look big?'

"'Yes,' I said, echoing the old joke current among the miners. 'Yes, I can read all the advertisements on the waddling.'

"He chuckled a rough chuckle.

"'Come, come, heave out that specie-box,' shouted the man holding the rifle.

"I insisted there was none.

"'Here, look at the way-bill; if there is any such thing aboard it will be among the items,' and I made a move to get down, holding it in my hand.

"'Stay where you are, or I'll shoot you on the spot!'

"I threw him the way bill. He dropped his rifle and picked it up, perusing the items in the moonlight. Profiting by this action, I undertook to slip my portmonnaie into my boot, and moved my hand round to get at the pocket. The driver misunderstanding the movement, whispered:

"'Have you got one?' The man at the reins noticed the conferring, and hallooed at us. The other instantly raised his gun:

"'None of that! Hands up!'

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"We threw up our hands, and he again turned to the way bill. I did manage, though, to secrete my money, slipping it into my boot.

"'You see there's no mention made of the treasure, and if it was sent it would be noted on the bill. However, you can get up and look in the box and satisfy yourself.'

"He hesitated but a moment, and then jumped up and looked in the box; in doing so he kicked my valise.

"'Open this!' said he. I did so, taking out carefully its contents and letting him look inside; the wrapping paper deceived him.

"'No,' he cried, 'there's no treasure on this stage, but we've sworn to have a hundred dollars to-night, and if we can't find it in the treasure-box, we may find it in the baggage. Who's inside?'

"'Two men and a lady. None of them rich; one is the horseshoer, going to Denver to shoe the company's horses.'

"'We'll look out for 'em. Whatever happens, don't stir, on your peril. We may find the money on them, or in the baggage.'

"I felt terribly for the young girl. The perspiration stood in great beads of agony all over my body.

"It was evident they were sleeping. The man rattled the door and roused them. Presenting his gun, he ordered them out to be searched. They obeyed, half asleep. He placed them in a row. 'Hands up!' he said. 'Now for your pockets!' The horseshoer had but two dollars in silver, the merchant's portemonnaie showed but a five, and the young lady's nothing but her papers and a little change. The girl, I was sure, looked as if she would swoon.

"'You're a mean crowd, to have so little with you,' said he, 'and I've a mind to send you to heaven this very night. A hundred dollars we must have, so we'll go for your baggage.' This was uttered with infinite disgust.

"The merchant then spoke. 'You'll find nothing of account in our baggage, but if you will ask this young lady for *her hat*, and carefully rip out the lining, you will find something worth your pains.'

"The girl turned toward him with blazing eyes, and uttered but the one word:

"'*Traitor!*'

"There was no escape; the hat was secured. After the lining was very carefully ripped out it was returned with thanks.

"'In luck, in luck!' said the highwayman. 'Jump in, all. I'm sorry for your loss, miss, but we are bound to take whatever is sent us. We have no treasure, but this will do. Drive on!'

"'I want the way-bill!' I said excitedly, for the scene we had just witnessed had increased my indignation to a fever-heat.

"He handed it to me, but it fluttered under the horses' feet, and again I demanded it. Mechanically he picked it up, mounted the wheel, and handed it to me. Then, touching his hat to the lady, said:

"'But for *this lining* you might have been lying in yonder ditch. No treasure on board! Come this way next time without it, and we'll finish *your* accounts. Drive on!'

"We gladly followed this advice, but could not find language vigorous enough to express our contempt for the meanness of the merchant. The driver swore at him in Spanish, and the young lady answered all attempts at consolation with hysterical sobs. The merchant alone preserved his cool equanimity of temper.

"Arriving at Denver, he begged very earnestly of the young lady, with me as her friend, to grant him a few moments for explanation, in a private parlor. He was so in earnest that the young girl yielded a reluctant consent.

"He closed the door and bolted it, which looked strangely.

"'Don't fear,' he said, as I fumbled for my revolver. Sitting in a chair, he pulled off his boot, and, from the toe, pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Said he, 'A few days before leaving, I was lucky enough to find an opportunity to exchange my doubloons for these. My poor child, let me make restitution. Here are two thousand in bills for the one thousand secured by the robbers'—handing her that amount—'your lining was a Godsend to me; if they had searched me further they would have secured twenty instead of one thousand. Concealed in my baggage are diamonds and precious stones, which, if they had secured, would have beggared me.' Taking a solitaire from his vest-lining, he presented that also for her acceptance. 'I should have explained in the stage, but "walls have ears," and why should I trust the others with my secrets?'

"Of course, as it turned out, I was highly pleased at the sagacity of the gentleman; the more so as I recollected the responsibility of specie I, too, had assumed.

"I need not tell you, that the lady's tears were transmuted into rare smiles, and she was sent to her home rejoicing."

FAST DRIVING ON A FASHIONABLE AVENUE.

ON the afternoon of a fine Sunday in the Spring or in the Fall, the sidewalks of the Boulevards are crowded by gaping sightseers. What do they come to see? Why are necks craned as at a racecourse? Why are excited exclamations heard upon all sides? New Yorkers of sporting proclivities turn out to have a look at the teams—and such teams! Horses, thoroughbred as Bucephalus, fleet as the wind, with coats of satin, and limbs delicate as those of the gazelle; the vehicles with wheels of gossamer, and bodies consisting chiefly of a cushion, or a shell. Characters well-known in the horsey world—and is it not growing space?—come dashingly to the front, and, as at the Olympian games, each puts his coursers to the uttermost limits of their mettle in a fierce spurt on the few hundred yards allotted to fast driving. Here Greek meets Greek; here comes the tug of war. But it often happens that when Greek meets Greek, so eager are both for the fray, so resolved are they that neither shall "collar" the other that, before arriving at the allotted trotting-ground, they burst into contest, to the imminent danger of the lives and limbs of the owners of less ambitious teams going "easy four miles" in the same direction. To prevent a practice so fraught with peril, mounted police are stationed at, or near, the boundary line, whose duty it is to see that no racing takes place until the Rubicon is passed. Our illustration represents an officer in frantic pursuit of a couple of delinquents who have broken bounds. Don't he wish he may catch them?

THE "BLACK CROOK" AT NIBLO'S.

AN Arabian Nights' Entertainment—an *ensemble* of gorgeous coloring, outvieing in sheen and splendor the glow of an Arctic sunset! A *mise en scène* worthy of the Chatelet. Costumes only to be seen in Fairyland; a dream of fair women; a vision of handsome men; music, now breathing "upon a bank of violets," now *chic*, and full of that wild abandon which Jacques Offenbach loves so well; dancing, from the dreamy motions of wavelets, to the mad whirl of La Vie Parisienne, with ballets recalling the glories of Lotier and Taglioni—in a word, a spectacle such as an artist alone could conceive, such as only a bullion-laden speculator would dare to produce. Of such is the "Black Crook," whose revival is nightly drawing thousands to Niblo's Garden. To the Kiralfy Brothers is due the triumph of producing the "Black Crook" in a manner worthy of Paris, Vienna or Naples. The vast resources of this splendid theatre have been taxed to their uttermost limits, and from the Stalactite Cave to the grand Ballet of Demons, every detail is as complete as the mounting of a comedy at the Français. From the rising of the curtain to its fall the eye is voluptuously banqueted upon glorious combinations of color. Scene follows scene, tableau follows tableau, and ballet follows ballet in bewildering succession, each outshining its predecessor in *bizarre* or gorgeous effect. The Palace of Lace is a triumph of art; the Illuminated Terrace another superb *ensemble*; while the Demon Combat and the Grand March of Amazons, 160 people being on the stage in the one scene, extract rapturous expressions of approval. The ballets are exquisitely put on, that of All Nations being charmingly conceived with regard to general effect. Such dancing as that of Mesdemoiselles de Rosa and Paglieri is seldom to be witnessed outside of Vienna or Naples. Their "steps are of light," their "home is the air," and above all, they possess that graceful elegance of movement, the veritable poetry of motion.

To place the "Black Crook" upon the stage at Niblo's has cost the Kiralfy Brothers the sum of $55,000, but as they are well aware that the public will pay for the best of everything, they have wisely resolved upon providing the best. Their menu is so rich, so delicate, and so varied, as to suit the most exhausted palate, while high art exhausts itself in wondrous and harmonious conceptions. A synopsis of the scenes and incidents in the "Black Crook" will afford but a meagre idea of the strength of the piece. In the first act we have the village, with its village festive dance and its bright chorus; a pass in the Hartz Mountains; the laboratory of the *Crook;* a wild path in the terrible Brocken, with its cascade of real water; a demon fight; a walking skeleton—a marvel of mechanism; the incantation scene and a grand tableau infernale. In the second act, in addition to other scenes, appears the Grotto of Stalacta, reminding one of the mysterious halls in the now celebrated Luray Cave. The great Demon Ballet, the music by Jacques Offenbach, is thoroughly Dantesque, and may be thus technically described: 1. Entrée Diablotins, by ladies of the ballet. 2. Entrée Diablotins, by coryphées. 3. Les Salamandres, by danseuses secondas. 4. Grand Entrée by the premières danseuses absolutes. 5. Grand Adadie. 6. Entermede Brillante, by coryphées. 7. Variations d'Art, by the premières. 8. Finale Ensemble Infernale, by the entire corps de ballet. The third act opens with the Palace of Lace, designed and modeled by Fromont of Paris. In connection with the superb tableau of a bridal festival we have dancers, equilibrists, acrobats and minstrels. And then the Ballet of All Nations designed by the Messrs. Kiralfy, consisting of Tartar, Italian and Austrian corps de ballet, with a Normandy, a British and South American dance, L'Amerique, by Mademoiselle de Rosa. In the grand *finale*, China, Japan and all nations are represented, while the ballet is enlivened by the performance of the Japanese combination in their eccentric pantomimical movements. One of the most attractive features of the entertainment, if not the most attractive, is the grand staircase of the Illuminated Terrace, designed by Irme Kiralfy, and painted by Mery. Anything to surpass the *mise en scène* it is scarcely possible to conceive, while the grand Manœuvre d'Amazon, by 120 ladies of the ballet, forms a fitting picture to so superb a frame. This scene we have selected for illustration, but its color-glories can only be realized by a visit to the theatre. The grand transformation concludes one of the most magnificent spectacles that has ever been presented to any public. In a few weeks an entire change of ballet takes place, with some other alterations, so that those who would enjoy a story from the "Arabian Nights," as told by the Brothers Kiralfy, should lose no time in visiting Niblo's Garden.

The Equine Population of the Globe.

A RECENT number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* contains information regarding the number of horses in the world. This is estimated at about 58,000,000, of which number the contingent of Russia is about 21,750,000; that of the United States, 9,504,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Germany, 3,352,000; Canada, 2,264,000; Great Britain, 2,255,000; Hungary, 2,179,000; Austria, 1,367,000; Turkey, 1,100,000; France, nearly 3,000,000, etc.

What Slipper-throwing Means.

THE ancient custom of throwing an old slipper after the bride as she leaves her home is still in many places believed to bring luck to the happy couple. But it may be questioned, whether the old shoe was thrown for luck only. It is stated in Holy Writ that "the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of rejecting or resigning it." The latter is evinced in Deuteronomy, twenty-fifth chapter, where the ceremony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by loosing his shoe from off his foot. And in Ruth we are told that "it was the custom in Israel concerning changing, that a man plucked off his shoe and delivered it to his neighbor." Hence the throwing of a shoe after a bride was a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by her father or guardian, and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Emperor of Germany has confirmed the election of Sir G. B. Airy as a foreign member of the Berlin Academy.

A Petroleum Spring, one boring of which has yielded 2,000 kilos in twenty-four hours, has been discovered at Pobar, in Austrian Poland.

Professor Edward Morse, of Tokio, announces that he has discovered undoubted evidences of the practice of cannibalism among the early inhabitants of Japan. These evidences he describes in a paper read at the Biological Society of the Tokio Dai Gaku.

Dr. Miclucho Maclay, the eminent Russian naturalist and New Guinea explorer, has been trying to rouse the Linnean Society of New South Wales and the scientific public of Sydney to the necessity of founding a zoological station, similar to that of Naples.

Russian Astronomers seem determined to outstrip their *confrères* in other countries in the matter of telescopes; we are informed that funds have been subscribed for the construction, for Pulkowa Observatory, of a refractor of thirty-two inches aperture.

In the Present Year the eighteen centuries will be complete which have elapsed since Pompeii, Herculaneum, and some neighboring cities were destroyed by a rain of ashes and torrents of lava from Mount Vesuvius. The directors of the excavations at Pompeii intend to commemorate the event in a scientific manner in November next, and have issued invitations to the most eminent Italian archæologists to participate in the celebration.

It is Stated in an Italian newspaper that the Duke of Genoa will shortly go on an exploring expedition, and will sail from Venice in the *Vettore Pisani*. The programme of the route is to be Port Said, Suez, Aden, Ceylon and Singapore, where a longer sojourn will be made. Afterwards the traveler will proceed to the Chinese and Japanese coasts; in 1880 he will visit Australia and direct his special attention to the exploration of New Guinea.

Chemical Treatment of Hemp.—Leisbure's method of removing the extractive and gummy matters from hemp and flax does away with rot-steeping, which is so noxious in flax-growing districts. The outer coating is removed by a machine. The flax is then subjected to a bath of soda, which dissolves the gum in a few hours without injury to the fibre. Flax or hemp thus treated is finer, stronger and more regular than that made from the same raw material by the putrefaction plan.

M. Ferry, the French Minister of Public Instruction, has presented a project for the reorganization of the Superior Council of Universities. According to the proposals of the minister, which are sure to be adopted by the Assembly, the bishops and other religious members are to be excluded, and the Council exclusively composed of persons belonging to the teaching profession. Moreover, it is proposed that all degrees be henceforth granted by the State, and only to those who have taken the curriculum of a recognized university.

A Scheme is on Foot to collect all the articles of value which the bed of the Tiber is supposed to contain. The golden candlesticks taken from the Temple of Jerusalem, and the gold and silver cups and ornaments which once decorated the palaces of Roman emperors, are imagined to lie beneath the Tiber's yellow mud. By means of drags it is thought all this buried wealth may be recovered and restored to form a national museum of extraordinary value. A committee of distinguished archæologists has been appointed to consider the best means of fishing up the legendary statues, coins, and other articles which for centuries have been covered by the sands of the Tiber.

The Swiss Meteorological Stations have adopted a system of weather warnings. All the territory of Switzerland will be divided for that purpose into eight regions, each of which will have its central station. The information on the state of weather in Europe, received at these stations, will be graphically represented on maps, and these maps will be exhibited between four and five P. M. at a central point of the town, under glass for public use. Besides there will be given a prognostic of weather for the following day; and this information will be sent to each commune and person who will pay monthly the sum of fifteen francs. This system is already introduced in Zurich and Berne, and the prognostics are correct in eight cases out of ten.

During Last Year the following journeys were made by Russian explorers in Central Asia: Generals Stolyetoff and Hangeroff were accompanied during their mission to Cabul by several topographers and explorers; M. Ochanin has made explorations in Korategin and Hissar; M. Maissoff in Badakshan and Eastern Afghanistan; M. Grodekoff in Western Afghanistan and Herat; M. Bykoff has explored the Amu-darya River from Kelaadan to Khiva; M. Yavarsky has traversed for the fourth time the region between Tashkend and Cabul; M. Mayeff has visited for the second time the hilly track between Karshi, Kelif (on Amu-darya), Kolaadan and Hissar; and, finally, the steamer *Samarcand* has navigated the Amu from Petro-Alexandrovsk to Khodja Sala.

A Remedy for Diphtheria.—An English surgeon, writing to the London *Times*, says that, having seen sulphur recommended in cases of diphtheria, he tried the remedy and found it to be remarkably efficacious. He mixed as much sulphur as he could with glycerine to a creamy consistence and directed that each child attacked should swallow slowly, according to age, a teaspoonful or more of the liquid three or four times a day; also that a little should be applied to the nostrils with a sponge. He states that he never lost a case when the remedy was used at the earliest stage of the infection. For infants he used the milk of sulphur and for older children and adults the stronger flowers of sulphur; and when it could not be swallowed, some of the powder was blown into the throat and nostrils through a quill.

The Manufacture of Grape Sugar Syrup.—Mr. S. H. Johnson, of London, digests the grain (rice, corn, etc.) in two per cent. muriatic acid, and then, in order to remove nitrogenous and bitter principles, washes thoroughly until there is no longer an acid reaction. The residue is again treated with one or two per cent. acid, the strength of the acid, the temperature and the time, being dependent upon the nature of the grain. The grain saturated with acid is digested under three to five atmospheres in steam in a bronze or enameled vessel, and thus converted into glucose, which with rice only requires five to fifteen minutes. The syrup thus obtained has none of the bitter taste peculiar to the glucose obtained in the usual way. It is neutralized and condensed in vacuo the same as ordinary glucose.

Prizes to Manufacturers.—The French Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures has offered the following prizes for the year 1879. An award of 2,000 francs will be made to any one who succeeds in manufacturing sulphuric acid free of arsenic from pyrites; one of 4,000 francs for the discovery of methods of forming useful organic substances such as quinine, cane sugar, etc., by chemical transformations. The manufacturer who shall discover a means of making cast iron or steel possessing special useful properties by the incorporation of a foreign metal, will receive 3,000 francs. Two prizes, one of 2,000 francs and one of 1,000 francs, are reserved for the industrial manufacture of fuming sulphuric acid; one of 1,000 francs for an economical motive power for small workshops; lastly 2,000 francs for improvements in photography.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ADELINA PATTI is said to be worth $3,000,000.

A MONUMENT to Calhoun is to be erected in Charleston, S. C.

EX-CONGRESSMAN KEIGHTLEY, of Michigan, has been nominated for Third Auditor of the Treasury.

THE Regents of the New York State University have conferred the degree of LL.D. on Thurlow Weed.

THE 136th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birthday was celebrated at Charlottesville, Va., April 14th, by a large procession.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER has taken the oath of office as Superintendent of the Census, and entered upon the preliminary work of the office.

MR. MARK TWAIN is busy writing a book in the Paris studio left to him by his friend Mr. Millet. The book, it is said, will be completed in about three months.

THE Bey of Tunis has opened an Arabic printing office, and the editor of the *Raid of Tunis*, the only newspaper printed in Tunis, has been made director of it.

THE little Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitch, youngest child of the Czarowitz, has at four months old an allowance of $16,000 for his table and a household of fifteen persons.

REV. DR. DURYEA, late of Brooklyn, will receive a salary of $4,000 as pastor of the Boston church by which he was recently called, with the privilege of two months' vacation.

THE London *Queen* says that during the visit of Lord Lorne and his wife to New York in May they will reside in twelve rooms at the Windsor Hotel specially decorated for their reception.

DR. L. COLIN, of Val de Grace, France, has received the prize of $2,000, awarded to him by the medical faculty of Paris for his investigation regarding typhoid fever and pulmonary complaints.

CONGRESS has passed a joint resolution authorizing the printing of a portrait of the late Professor Joseph Henry, to accompany the memorial volume heretofore ordered, and appropriating five hundred dollars to defray the cost.

DR. ISAAC HAYS, editor of the *American Journal of Medical Science*, died in Philadelphia, April 13th aged eighty-three years. He had been the editor of the same journal for fifty-one years and was an author of several standard medical text-books.

THE death is announced of Dr. Lawrence Edmonstone, of Unst, the most northern of the Shetland Isles. The deceased gentleman, who was in his eighty-fourth year, did good work as a naturalist, and contributed a number of papers to the Wernerian Society. He also wrote a "History of Shetland."

PRINCE BISMARCK has a decidedly princely appetite. On one occasion, when he was recovering from an attack of indisposition, the Chancellor made part of his dinner on beer, champagne, turtle soup, boar's head and raspberry jelly. He can easily dispose of a dozen hard-boiled eggs at a sitting.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch who a short time ago was expelled the Russian Army for marrying the daughter of the Policemaster at Orenburg against the wishes of the Emperor, has left the latter place for Central Asia. It is understood that occupation is to be found for him in surveying the proposed railway route from the Sea of Aral to Tashkend.

GENERAL GRANT had a taste of elephant-riding while in India. Mrs. Grant preferred to travel in a sedan-chair. The elephant ridden by one of the General's party had been sixty years in the royal stables. It is not long since there died at Calcutta the elephant which carried Warren Hastings, when Governor General of India—a century ago.

MISS MOSHER, of Chicago, one of the graduates of the Women's Hospital College, has been successful in winning, by competitive examination, a place as assistant physician to the County Insane Asylum. This is the first competitive success of a lady in securing a hospital position in this country where doctors of both sexes have met in competition.

QUEEN OLGA of Greece has been appointed by the Czar *chef* of the second equipage of the Baltic fleet, and she congratulates herself on commanding a detachment "so famous in the annals of Greece." The second equipage took a leading part in the battle of Navarino; and since its reorganization in 1863 has been under the honorary command of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, recently deceased.

SENATOR BRUCE, who has been appointed chairman of a special Senate committee to investigate the affairs of the defunct Freedmen's Bank, announces that he will begin his labors as soon as Congress adjourns, and will not stop till he finds out what has become of the missing millions. Thousands of defrauded colored men will naturally desire to see Senator Bruce make good his promises.

AT the centennial celebration of the City of Lexington, Ky., the other day, the venerable General Leslie Coombs appeared upon the stage. He referred to his extreme youth, and, supported by his huge walking-stick, six feet long, he spoke the well-known piece beginning:

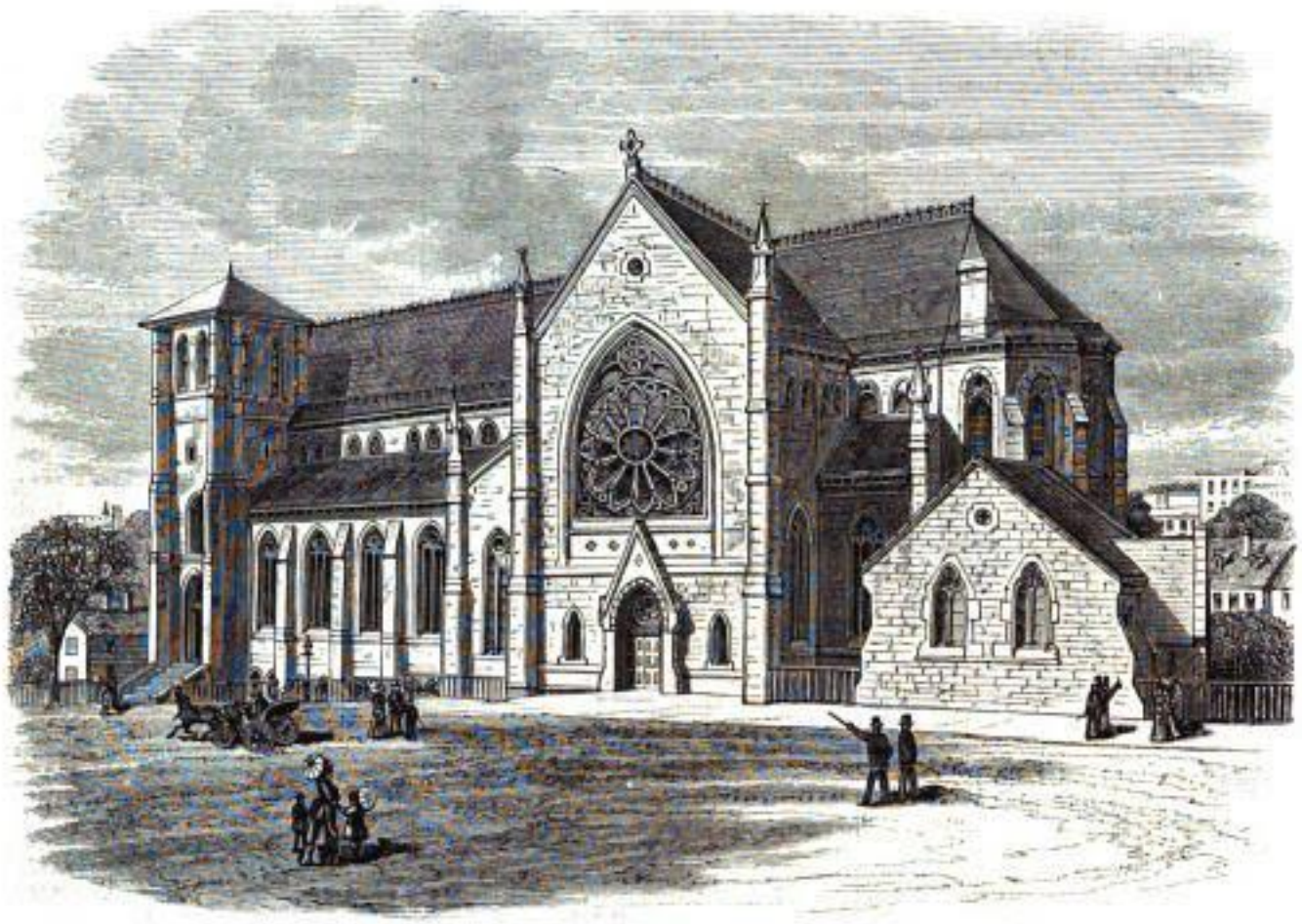
"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,"

amid roars of laughter.

THE Academy of Sciences in session at Washington, last week, elected Professor W. B. Rogers, of Boston, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, President, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor Henry. The other officers are: Professor O. C. Marsh, Vice-President; Professor J. H. C. Coffin, Home Secretary; Professor F. A. Barnard, Foreign Secretary; Mr. Fairman Rogers, Treasurer, and Professors Baird, Agassiz, Gibbs, Newcomb, Hall and General Meigs, the council.

ON the morning of April 14th, while the Emperor of Russia was taking his customary walk near the palace in St. Petersburg, a respectably dressed man, named Solovieff, wearing a military cap with a cockade, fired four shots at his Majesty's person, none of which, however, took effect. The assassin was promptly captured, but soon became insensible, having, it is supposed, taken poison. No papers were found upon him. Throughout the following night all suspected houses were searched. The previous week the revolutionary committees issued a proclamation threatening the life of the Emperor and a second St. Bartholomew. The great throng of people which had assembled enthusiastically cheered and congratulated the Emperor, who thanked them for their proofs of fidelity on such a painful occasion. He said he knew he had the support of all respectable people. He hoped God would grant that he might complete his task, which consists in promoting the welfare of Russia. The Emperor, after the foregoing speech, drove to the palace without escort. Afterwards he drove, still without escort, to the Kasan Cathedral to return thanks for the preservation of his life.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LOWELL.

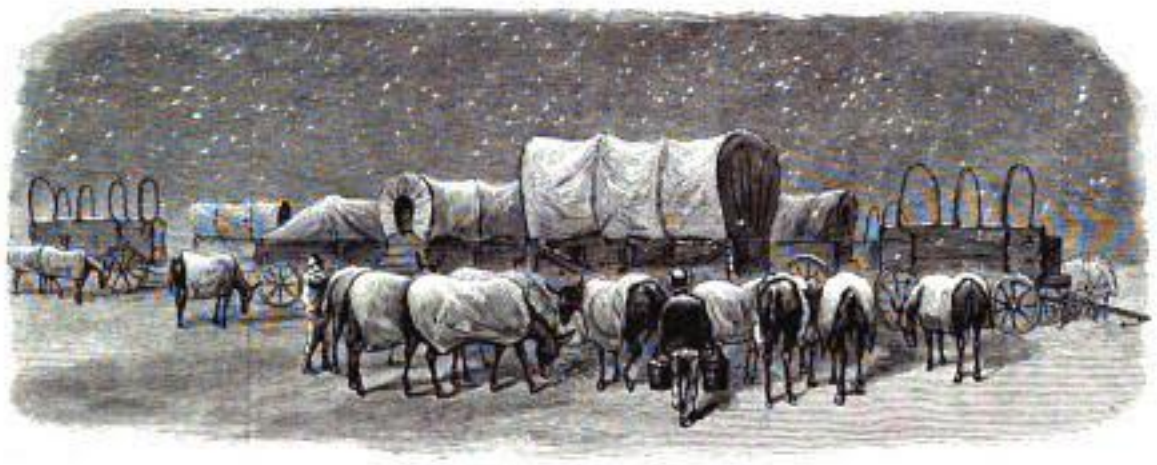


A TESTIMONIAL VASE TO D. DRAKE SMITH.

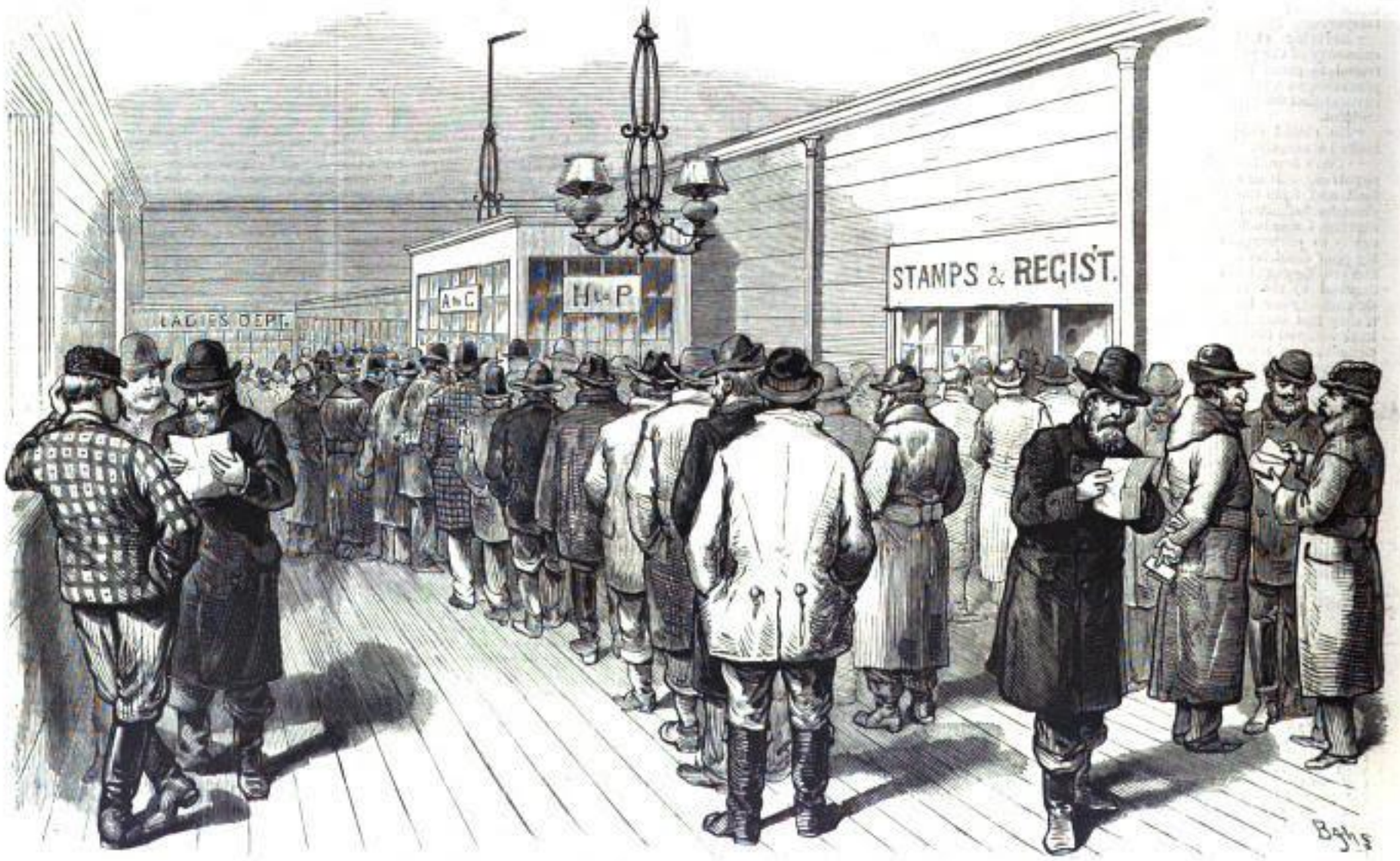
A WONDERFUL POST-OFFICE.

ONE of the conspicuous marvels of Leadville, the new mining centre of Colorado, is the post-office. No matter at what hour it may be visited, the visitor will find a line of men at each of the four delivery-windows, closely wedged and reaching out upon and turning up and down the sidewalk, each eager to reach his turn at the window to get news from home. It generally takes about two hours to get to the window. The postmaster is a very courteous, upright and pleasant gentleman; although there is a great deal of trouble and disarrangement about the mail, no one can attach any blame to him or any of his force. In fact, the business of the office has increased so rapidly that it has overwhelmed him. Six months ago two men transacted the business of the office with ease; three months ago it only required three men working during daylight to do all the work: but now it requires ten men working eighteen hours per day to distribute and deliver the mail, and the mail from necessity lies over one day undistributed. There are from three to four thousand letters sent daily, while there are about six thousand received and distributed. Besides the regular paper mail sent out, there are about one thousand transient papers mailed daily at this office.

Eight thousand people are waited upon at the general delivery daily; eleven be-sacks of papers



MINERS, EN ROUTE TO LEADVILLE, CAMPING OUT AT NIGHT.



COLORADO.—THE WONDERFUL POST-OFFICE IN THE NEW MINING CITY OF LEADVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. JUMP.

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and packages are received daily. In addition to this work at the windows of the general delivery, there are in use one thousand six hundred private boxes, with a demand for one thousand more. The money-order department runs from $1,200 to $2,400 daily. All of this business is done in a house 36x100 feet, and in an office that rates as fourth-class, and by a postmaster whose salary, including a allowance for clerk-hire, only amounts to about $3,000. The salary will not pay the expenses of the office for three months, yet he carries it on with his private means, and, withal, is not sour or crispy, but affable and pleasant. He certainly is one among a thousand, and deserves great honor. We give an illustration of this remarkable office, and another of a company of Leadville emigrants putting up for the night.

A HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL.

WE give on the opposite page an illustration of a handsome vase, presented on the evening of March 19th, by the Commercial Mutual Insurance Company, to Mr. Daniel Drake Smith, who for some forty-one years has been connected with the business of marine insurance in this city. Mr. Smith was born in New York, and began a mercantile education by entering in 1831, at an early age, as a clerk in the counting-room of a firm extensively engaged in the importation of French and other European drygoods. The great fire in 1835, which swept away the larger part of the then business portion of the city, followed by a period of speculation and inflation resulting in the financial crash of 1837, brought down, with hundreds of others, the mercantile house in which he was employed, and in January, 1838, he was transferred to the office of the old Atlantic Insurance Company, succeeded in 1842 by the present Mutual Company of that name, of which Mr. Smith subsequently became the secretary. In 1852 he organized the Commercial Mutual Insurance Company, and was elected its President, which office he continued to hold until he declined a re-election in February, 1879. Mr. Smith was also, for several years, Vice-President and President of the Board of Underwriters of New York.

The elegant dinner given in his honor at Delmonico's, on the 19th of March, preceded by the presentation of the testimonial, was a graceful compliment paid to him by his associates and friends on his retirement from office, and must have been as pleasing to him as to those who participated in it. Commerce, banking, insurance, the law and the press were ably represented among the assembled guests. The presentation was made by E. L. Hedden, Esq., on behalf of the committee, and interesting speeches were delivered by S. D. Babcock, President Chamber of Commerce; Geo. S. Coe, President American Exchange Bank; Joseph H. Choate, Esq.; C. Dennis, Vice-President Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.; Isaac H. Bailey, Esq., General Horace Porter, David M. Stone, editor *Journal of Commerce*, and others.

The presentation piece is a Roman *amphora* in bronze, and of the most beautiful proportion and embellishment. It stands about four feet in height, and is sixteen inches in its widest diameter. The most striking part of the decoration is that which encircles the upper part of the body. It represents an Autumnal procession in honor of a successful harvest. Here are the joyous husbandmen, the *amphorae* of wine, the baskets and vehicles laden with fruit and grain; beneath this is a border composed of one endless line of water-fowl and olive sprays; below this again is a wider border composed in a miscellaneous manner of musical instruments, symbols of plenty, fruit, the olive and the laurel—in fact, everything of a joyous nature. The handles are graceful, terminating in rams' heads. The ornamentation of the whole vase is as beautiful and refined as it can well be. It stands upon a rosewood base about three feet high, with a top of red marble, and has two borders of bronze matching the color of the vase—the upper one being a severely conventional representation of fire, and the other the well-known classical water border. These have reference to the marine and fire elements of insurance. On the base there is also a suspended shield with the following inscription: "Presented by the Commercial Mutual Insurance Company to Daniel Drake Smith, President, 1852 to 1879. Ability and Fidelity." The vase was furnished by Tiffany & Co.



COMMANDER A. P. COOKE, U. S. N., IN CHARGE OF THE "GENERAL WERDER," OF THE WOODRUFF EXPEDITION.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

THIS edifice, the largest of its kind in New England, except the Cathedral in Boston, was dedicated June 10th, 1877, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston, assisted by Bishops O'Reilly of Springfield and De Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt., besides a large number of prominent clergymen from all parts of New England.

Six years were occupied with the construction of the building. The chief material is black granite, the style of architecture early English gothic, and the whole edifice cruciform in construction. The basement of the structure, which is reached by a wide and lengthy stairway, will seat nearly two thousand persons, and is used chiefly for Sunday-school purposes and miscellaneous church meetings.

The entrance to the church proper is by an easy, wide and short flight of stone steps at the southerly end of the building. Two large double doorways open into the spacious vestibule, and there are three entrances to the auditorium from the vestibule, under the gallery. There is a double doorway leading directly to the auditorium, in the east transept, but it is the purpose not to use it except as a means of egress. Two winding stairways lead from the vestibule to the choir and organ gallery. All the doors swing outward.

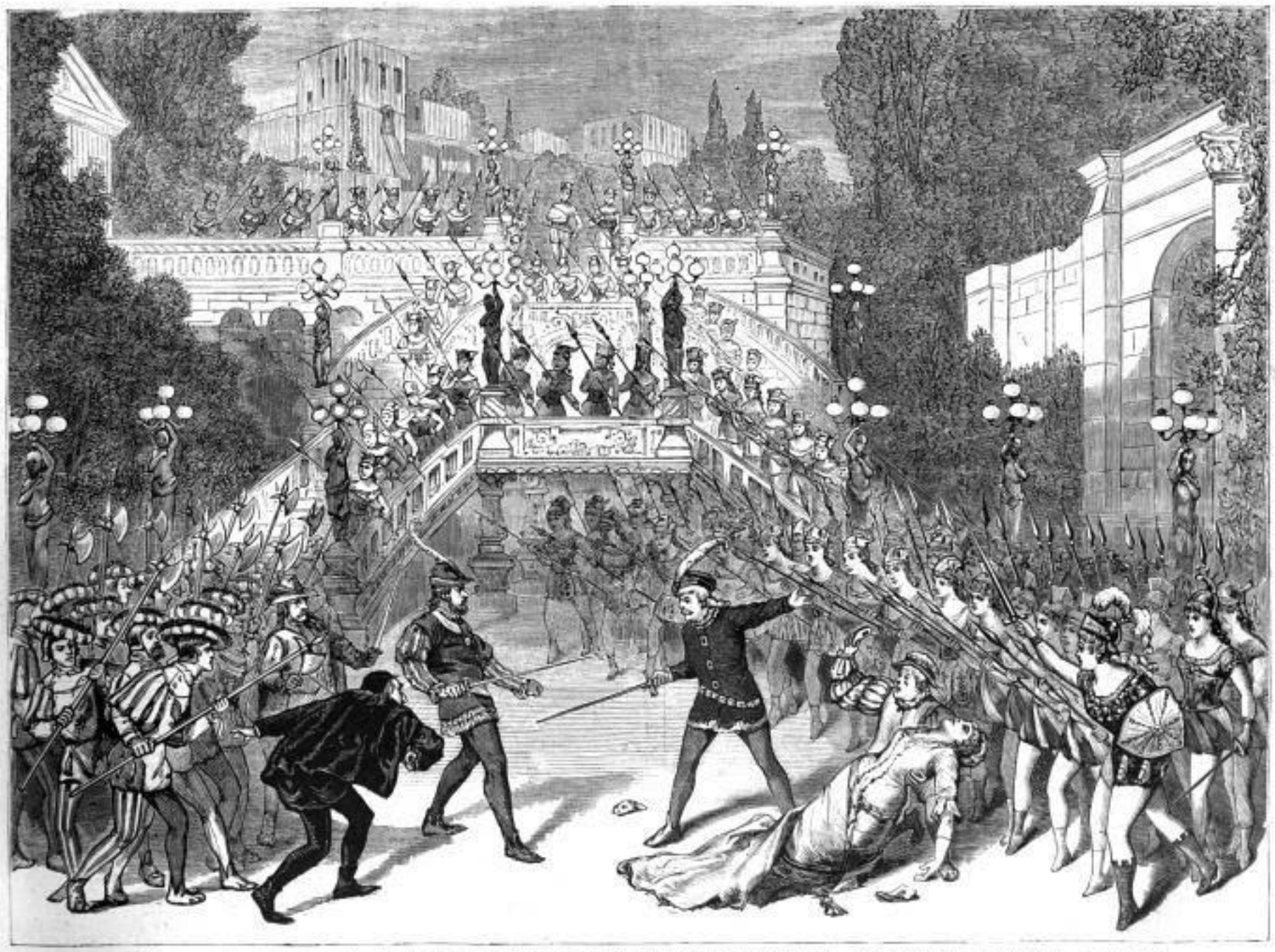
The auditorium commands the admiration of the visitor, affording, as it does, one of the most attractive views of massive architectural design and brilliant conception to be seen in the country. Its length is 192 feet, breadth in the transept 100 feet, in the nave 96 feet, and the height from floor to ceiling is 70 feet. It has three aisles running lengthwise, and contains 322 pews of six seats each—a seating capacity of 1,932 persons, aside from the large choir gallery.

The grand altar is most elaborately and attractively finished in marble, and was erected at a great expense. The varieties of marble used in it are Bardiglio, Eliotte, Sicilian, Belgian black, Irish black, Italian statuary and American fossil. It has eighteen feet frontage at the base, has a table three and a half feet wide and is eighteen feet high. The altar rail is of cherry, tastily carved, and extending along the entire altar front. The floor of the sanctuary is covered with a rich carpet. The chancel is located in an apse, in which is the high altar.

The organ is, next to that in Music Hall, Boston, the largest in New England.

COMMANDER A. P. COOKE, U. S. N.

COMMANDER COOKE, who has been detailed to the command of the iron steamship *General Werder*, which is to convey the Woodruff Scientific School on the expedition around the world, is a native of New York State, from which he was appointed to the Navy, May 27th, 1852. He was at the Naval Academy from 1852 to 1856, and on graduation served two years on the steam-frigate *Wabash*, of the home squadron. In 1859 he was promoted to Master, and in 1861 received his commission as Lieutenant, and was ordered to the steam sloop *San Jacinto*. He was on the steam-gunboat *Pocola*, of the Western Gulf Squadron, 1862-3, during which period he was commissioned as Lieutenant-commander. In 1864 he was in command of the steamer *Estrella*, of the Western Gulf Squadron. At the close of the war he was sent to the Naval Academy, which he left in 1867.



NEW YORK CITY.—KIRALFY BROTHERS' GRAND SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION OF THE "BLACK CROOK" AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—FINAL TABLEAU OF THE THIRD ACT.—SEE PAGE 139.

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for service on the steam-frigate *Franklin*, the flag-ship of the European Squadron, where, in 1868, he was transferred to the steam-sloop *Tuscarora*, of the European Squadron, returning to the Naval Academy in 1869. He was recently in command of the steam-sloop *Seminole*, in which he made an eventful cruise of over 60,000 miles. At the time of his appointment to the command of the *General Meade* he was in charge of the receiving-ship Wabash, at Philadelphia.

THE SUMNER STATUE.

THE statue of Charles Sumner, made by Ball, the sculptor, and erected near the Boylan Street Mall, in the public garden of Boston, was unveiled by Governor Rice on December 24th last, in the presence of some 3,000 persons. The work, which represents the famous Senator in his characteristic attitude while delivering a speech, faces to the north, and stands nine and a half feet high on a square pedestal of Quincy granite twelve feet high. J. Barbe Dilorne, of Paris, cast the statue, and the entire work cost the memorial committee $13,986.79, leaving a balance of $2,291 in their hands from the subscriptions.

FUN.

THE early burr catcheth the small boy's hair.

WHEN a youth is punished in the old-fashioned lap fashion, he can be easily seen through. Because he is transparent.

A TEXAS jury arose after the evidence was in, and requested that the case go to them without "any lawyers' speeches," and it did.

"MY dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," replied the wife; "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

APPALLING PROSPECT. — *First Subaltern* reads: "Lord Feeseeme recommends athletics to increase the physical strength and activity of the officers." *Second Subaltern*—"What! Athletics in addition to all our brain work! Good heavens! What is the service coming to?"

A COLORED child had a fall from a second-story window the other day, and his mother, in relating the incident at a grocery store, said: "Dere dat child was a-coming down feet fust, wid every chance of being killed, when de Lawd He turned him over, de chile struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a button flew off."

MR. —— comes to be the victim of an accident, and as they are placing him on a stretcher to carry him up-stairs from the hack, he summons the servant-girl, an honest young peasant, and tells her: "Hurry up-stairs and let my wife know about this accident to me, but don't give her a shock—put on a cheerful face while you are telling her." The faithful domestic discharges her mission with enthusiasm, and remarks in a husky voice, "My master sent me—he! he! he—to tell you that—ha! ha! ha! he had—he! he! he!—he had—(there, I've burst my stay-laces; he had—it was too funny, and I've laughed till my sides are sore—he had broken his leg—ho! ho." (Rolls over upon the carpet in ecstasies of laughter.)

A LUCKY TRIO OF PRINTERS.

THEY WIN $5,000 APIECE IN THE APRIL DRAWING OF THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

(*New York World, April 11th, 1879.*)

THE Louisiana State Lottery wheel of fortune has again smiled upon New York. It will not be forgotten that Judge Zachariah Voorhies, of Brooklyn, won only last December $50,000 in the semi-annual grand distribution, and now three humble printers have been paid $15,000 for ticket No. 65,923, which they held in common, and which drew one-half of the capital prize in Class D of the regular monthly drawing, held on April 8th at New Orleans. The names of the fortunate winners are John B. Jackson, publisher of the *Good Templars' Gem* (the official organ of the new Templar Order in this city); William J. Heaney and Patrick J. O'Brien. They all three work in the job-printing office of Macgowan & Slipper, 30 Beekman Street, of which Jackson is foreman and O'Brien has charge of the Spanish copy.

Mr. Macgowan was beaming with smiles yesterday afternoon when the *World* reporter called to verify the stroke of fortune that had befallen his three faithful employés. In the midst of the busy hum of printing presses Mr. Macgowan explained that next to securing the prize himself he could not have wished it to have been bestowed upon more deserving men. He spoke very highly of the character of the three men. Foreman Jackson was a strict temperance man, had been in his employ going on nine years, and earned a good salary. Heaney was employed on general work at $17 per week and O'Brien earned $16. He had given the men a half-holiday and they had left the office at nine yesterday morning. Mr. Macgowan referred the reporter to the men themselves to obtain a full account of their interesting experience.

Mr. John B. Jackson lives at No. 302 Rivington Street, where he occupies the two lower floors. He is about twenty-nine years of age and has been a hard-working as well as thrifty man for the past ten years. In 1875 he married and by dint of economy had already accumulated about $4,000. When the *World* reporter saw him comfortably ensconced in his neat little front parlor, with his eldest little girl playing on the hearth-rug with a box of sugar-plums which papa had bought for her, he had already calmed down from the excitement of the day. With a submissive nod of acquiescence from his amiable wife, he gave the following graphic account of how it all came about: "It was quite a novel thing for me," he began, "to buy a lottery ticket. O'Brien had made several investments before, but neither I nor Heaney had thought much about such things until we read the *World's* story of 'Uncle Bob's $30,000 prize.' The whole thing started from my friend Heaney being given to practical joking. You see, O'Brien, I regret to say, is not the steadiest man I have seen in a printing-office. He required excitement all the time to keep him at work. We first tried one thing and then another. He was first coaxed to believe that we would get up an athletic entertainment in his behalf; then again it was suggested that the *Scientific American* was about to print its entire edition in Spanish and that O'Brien would undoubtedly be chosen compositor in chief. By these innocent subterfuges we succeeded in keeping O'Brien at his post. The last dodge of giving a grand amateur dramatic entertainment and selecting O'Brien to play the principal part in 'The Stranger,' was too much for him. He became very excited, and when a friend impudently informed him that it was all a joke we had to resort to the lottery proposition on the supposition that it was a favorite investment of O'Brien. It acted like a charm. We agreed to club together $2 and Heaney was to select the tickets. Heaney and I each paid 67 cents and O'Brien 66 cents towards the pool. This odd cent was a sore point with O'Brien, and even up to the last moment he was afraid we were going to claim a larger proportion of the winnings. Well, to cut the story short, Heaney went up to the office of B. Frank Moore & Sons, the agency of the company, at No. 319 Broadway. He boldly stepped up to the window and, placing his $2 on the counter, asked for two half tickets in the next drawing. This was two weeks before the drawing was advertised to take place. One of the clerks handed Heaney an assorted package of tickets. Heaney turned his back, and pulling one from the centre and selecting the topmost one of all, folded them up in his pocket and returned to the printing-office. It was agreed that I should be holder of the precious property. Heaney and I never thought any more about it, and O'Brien appeared greatly pacified."

"Did not the tickets burn in your pocket when you learned the result of the drawing by telegraph in the morning papers, on Wednesday, April 9th?" asked the reporter.

"No, not at all. I was sitting quietly at breakfast when my brother-in-law, who also held a ticket, asked me what our numbers were. I told him, and he immediately gasped out, 'Why, 65,923 has drawn the capital prize. Good luck to you, John.' I could scarcely believe my senses, but when I went down to the office that morning my partners, Heaney and O'Brien both knew of their good fortune. The former was dazed, and O'Brien, who was 'setting up' an ordinary commercial circular, took three hours to complete his task when it ought only to have taken one. Later in the day we all got leave of absence and went up to see Mr. B. Frank Moore, at 319 Broadway, to confirm the news and inquire as to the best way to cash our ticket. Mr. Moore acknowledged that we had drawn one-half of the capital prize and straightway took us down to the National Park Bank and introduced us to its cashier, Mr. E. K. Wright. That gentleman gave us a receipt for the ticket in our joint names, and promised to forward the ticket to New Orleans for collection and notify us when the money arrived. We received the notification late Tuesday afternoon, after banking hours, and only went this morning to get our money. We again elicited the services of Mr. Moore to identify us at the bank."

The visit to the National Park Bank is best told in the language of Mr. Moore whom the *World* reporter saw earlier in the afternoon: "The three men called upon me at eleven o'clock, as previously arranged, accompanied by Mrs. O'Brien, a sprightly little woman thirty years of age, and a native of Washington. We stormed the bank in a body and were ushered into a private room by Cashier Wright. The latter said he had received the money all right from New Orleans without deduction, and asked how the $15,000 should be paid. I asked him to draw a check for that amount less the bank's commission of ½ per cent. ($75) to the order of the three owners of the ticket No. 65,923. As soon as the check was made out, Jackson, Heaney and O'Brien wrote their names on the back and I certified to the indorsements. The paying teller divided the $14,925 into three separate amounts. Jackson was given $4,975 in nine $500 bills and the remainder in smaller denominations. Heaney received also $4,975 in four $1,000 bills and small notes. O'Brien was persuaded to have the bank grant a certificate of deposit in his wife's name for $4,875, and the remainder, $100, was handed him in cash, as he was desirous of entertaining some of his friends in honor of the auspicious occasion. He kindly ceded $50 to Mrs. O'Brien, who left her certificate of deposit for $4,875 in the care of her landlord, an officer of the Shoe and Leather Bank, so that it would be out of harm's way. I have obtained regular certificates from all three gentlemen that they were paid the $15,000 in full without any deduction."

There is always some curiosity as to how a fortunate winner of a prize in the Louisiana State Lottery disposes of his winnings. The *World* reporter asked Mr. Jackson, who fully confirmed Mr. Moore's version of the manner in which the money was paid, and said: "Heaney and I had agreed to act in concert and deposit the bulk of our winnings in several savings banks. We accordingly jumped upon the Metropolitan Elevated road and rode up to the Union Dime Savings Bank where we each deposited $500 in our individual name. We visited the following banks in succession on our way down town, where we each made the same amount of deposits: At the Dry Dock Savings Bank, $500; Bleecker Street Savings Bank, $1,000; East River Bank, $300; Emigrants, $500; Seaman's $1,000, and $500 at the Bowery in our own names and $500 in the names of our wives, Mrs. Anna Heaney and Mrs. Clara Jackson. This made a total of $4,800, and the remaining $175 we retained in cash to buy certain little necessaries and add to the comfort of our homes."

Mrs. Jackson asked the reporter if he did not think she had a very dutiful husband, and he replied in the affirmative. Little Miss Clara was still keeping tight hold of her bon-bon box as the reporter patted her on the head and, reiterating his personal congratulations to the happy Jackson family as a whole, went over to 49 Sheriff Street to see Mr. William J. Heaney. The latter was puffing away at a well-seasoned meerschaum pipe and was in high glee. He is forty-four years old, but looks ten years younger. A bright, blue-eyed little girl was nursing her favorite doll in a diminutive rocking-chair, while her younger sister, a laughing brunette, played a game of marbles at her side. Mr. Heaney spoke of his good fortune without reserve, and said he was determined to make good use of his winnings. He said the interest would enable him to add to the comforts of his home, and that was all that he had to live for. Mr. Heaney showed the reporter his eight pass-books, seven in his own name and one in that of his wife, amounting in all to $4,800. He said he should be obliged to take an interest in the next monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery on May 13th, because his friends had begged him to join a pool and instructed him to buy the tickets under the impression that he might again prove fortunate. Mr. Heaney related the old saying that "lightning never struck twice in the same place" with some sarcasm, and remarked that if he did not win something back in the next drawing he should rest on his laurels with perfect satisfaction. At that moment Mrs. Heaney, with a flaxen-haired one-year-old babe, entered the room and joined with her husband in expressing their gratitude to Mr. Moore, who, in behalf of the company, had showed so much courtesy in obtaining the money so promptly for them.

Mr. Patrick J. O'Brien, the fortunate holder of one-third interest in the half-ticket No. 65,923, lives with his wife and five children at No. 1 Pike Street. The $4,975 which he received will perhaps be of greater benefit to him than his associates, as his home has not been always dotted with a silver cloud. Mrs. O'Brien said she would make every effort to retain the money for a rainy day and would not touch her certificate of deposit for $4,875 unless absolutely required. She hoped that her husband would return to his work at Macgowan & Slipper's without delay. Jackson and Heaney promised to be at their posts at 7:30 this morning sharp, and said last night that they would not fail to be on time.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

MANY hundred thousand dollars are annually expended by ladies for "artificial" appliances to hide the shrunken and wasted form, or the sallow skin, blotches, or liver spots, which are due to female weakness, dyspepsia, torpid liver, and constipation. If a small per cent. of this sum were invested in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, ladies would soon really be what they now seem to be. It really corrects those weaknesses and diseases upon which debility and emaciation depend. It cures dyspepsia by toning up the system, and when used in connection with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, speedily overcomes all irregularities of the liver and bowels. No "bloom of youth," no "beautifier of the complexion," can impart such permanent beauty of face and form as Dr. Pierce's health-giving Favorite Prescription.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

IF what is claimed for this new treatment for chronic diseases be true—and it challenges the closest investigation—then has suffering humanity reached a happy era. Drs. Starkey and Palen, of 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, have published a small treatise, which is sent free to any one who will write for it, in which they give a history of this new agent, the mode and scientific basis of its action, and a detailed account of the results which have followed its administration during the past ten years. These results are of so remarkable a character in many instances as to have created much surprise where they occurred; and their authentication is so clear that none but the most incredulous who examine the testimony can doubt. Taking the character of the cases presented, many of them of long standing and regarded as incurable, no such a series of brilliant results as are given in this little book can be found recorded in medical literature. Among the names of patients who have been treated, and whose unqualified testimonials are presented, will be found men well known to the public, and whose word cannot fail to inspire the largest confidence. This new treatment is by simple inhalation. All of its effects are said to be gentle, pervading and pleasant. As it cures by giving a larger supply of oxygen to the system, thus acting as a revitalizer, its operations are general. Consumption, neuralgia, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, rheumatism and all chronic forms of nervous and organic diseases alike yield, it is said, to its influence, because its action is upon the vital centres, and the result a new influx of life into the whole body. Claims like these certainly demand public attention. If a new element of healing has been discovered the fact cannot for the sake of suffering humanity be too widely made known.

GIGANTIC OFFERS.

YOUR attention is called to the mammoth new advertisement of Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, in this week's paper. Mr. Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs are so well known throughout the civilized world that they require no word of commendation from us. Lowest prices, superior workmanship and complete satisfaction have brought this house prominently forward until today he stands the only man in his trade who dares to ship his instruments on test trial, and if unsatisfactory refunds not only the price, but all freight paid. No fairer offer can ever be made or even suggested. His sales now amount annually to several millions of dollars, and when it is taken into consideration that a few years ago he was only a poor plow-boy, it must be evident to every reader that Mr. Beatty is the possessor of rare talent in his vocation. A saving of 5 per cent. can be made when two instruments are ordered at the same time, therefore talk over among your friends and neighbors these unparalleled offers on the celebrated Beatty Pianos and Organs, and try to secure for yourself this special discount.

MANUFACTURERS can save 25 per cent. of customary outlays by use of H. W. Johns' Asbestos Liquid Paints, which are of a higher grade than any other paints for structural purposes. Samples and price-lists sent free by mail.

YOUNG and feeble mothers with frail children will both become strong by the use of Hop Bitters.

We believe the cause of the wonderful success of our MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER may be found in the fact that the principal aim in its preparation has always been to give the simple natural *perfume of flowers*, without any chemical addition whatever, and to avoid, by all means, the great error of making a heavy, sickly, sweet perfume.

THE stranger often finds himself needing to inquire which is the best of the New York hotels. Probably nine out of ten of the answers of the connoisseurs of New York life and enjoyment would reply, "the ST. NICHOLAS." The guest here finds all the elegancies and comforts of a home provided on a lavish scale.

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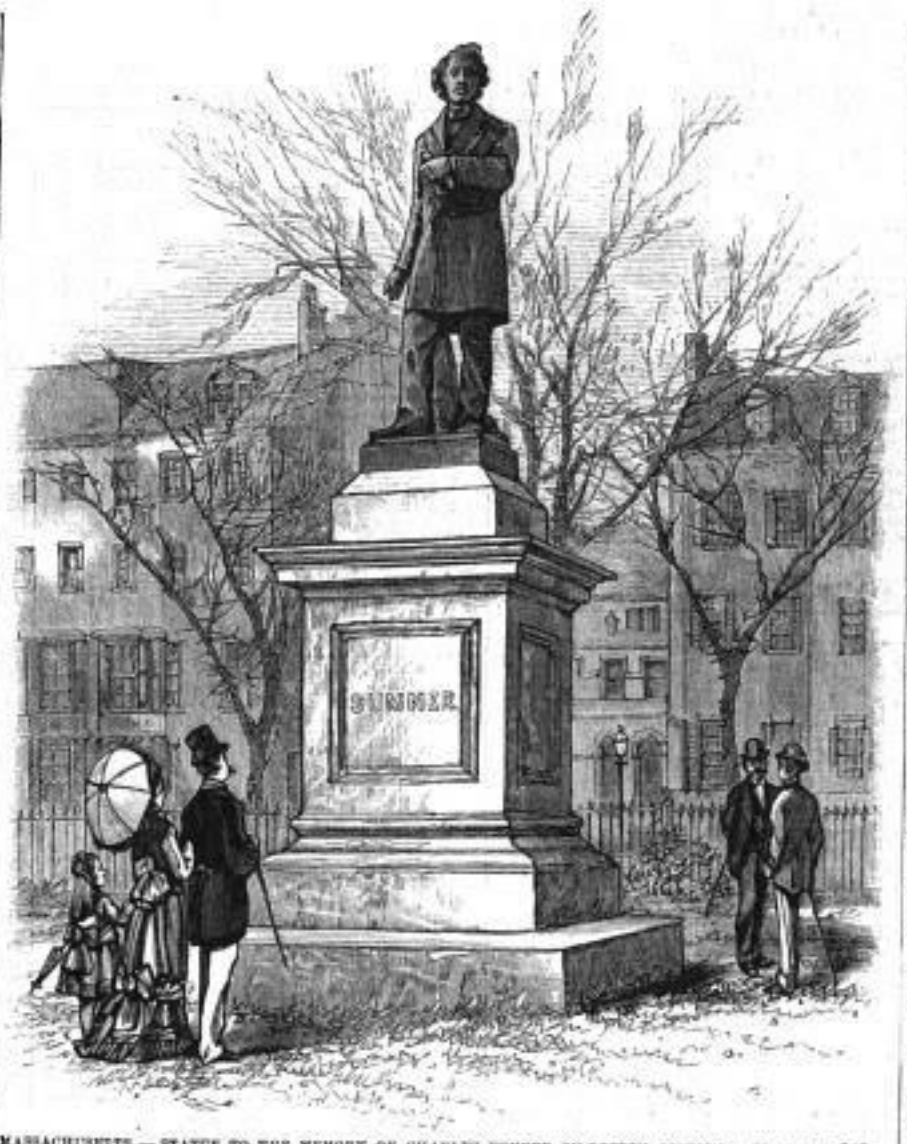
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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THE FUNDING CERTIFICATES.

THE popularity of the Ten-dollar Funding Certificates is very conclusively shown by the experience of the depositories where they are offered for sale. At the Post Office, in this city, last week, the sales amounted to from $20,000 to $45,000 daily, and they would have swollen to much larger figures but for the rule of the Treasury Department which prohibits the sale of more than $100 to any one investor. At times the Cashier's Department of the Post Office was thronged with intending purchasers. Among those who early sought an opportunity to make an investment was the venerable Thurlow Weed. The persons who seek these certificates are chiefly of the laboring class, and among the applicants are many women, who desire to place their savings in trustworthy securities capable of being converted into currency in any sudden emergency.

In other parts of the country the purchase of these certificates has been no less active than in the metropolis. They are generally recognized as a safe, desirable investment, and there is no doubt that the entire issue of $40,000,000 will be taken up by popular subscription within the next sixty days. If Congress will only abstain from interference with the national finances, and permit the natural laws of trade and finance to assert themselves without artificial restraints of any sort, we may anticipate confidently that the public credit will be established upon a basis second to that of no other country in the world in point of solidity and security.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE UNITED STATES TEN-DOLLAR FUNDING CERTIFICATE.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT POPULAR DEMAND FOR GOVERNMENT SECURITIES—INVESTORS PURCHASING THE TEN-DOLLAR FUNDING CERTIFICATES AT THE POST-OFFICE.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1879.

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in ordering our publications, should be careful to write the name of FRANK LESLIE *in full, and direct their letters to 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, from which address all our publications are issued.*

THE GREAT NEGOTIATION.

THE facility and celerity with which the Secretary of the Treasury has been able to refund the outstanding five-twenty and ten-forty six per cent. bonds of the United States into United States Consols, bearing an annual interest of four per cent., are without example in the history of national financiering. Since Mr. Sherman became Secretary of the Treasury he has sold $735,000,000 of the latter, and with the proceeds has redeemed a corresponding amount of the former—thus effecting a reduction of two per cent. on the annual interest payable on this great sum. That on one day he should have received a bid of $195,000,000 for the purpose of "clearing out" the ten-forties, and absorbing the "ten-dollar refunding certificates," is a splendid tribute at once to the credit of the National Government and to the financiering skill of the Secretary who has conducted this vast negotiation to such a successful consummation. That the Secretary should find himself compelled to put a restriction on the bids of great capitalists, in order to afford to people of small means the privilege of investing their savings, during the next two months, in the "ten-dollar certificates" and their multiples, is a gratifying incident which could have been little foreseen a few years ago. On the 17th of June next this privilege will come to an end, and the offers already made for four per cent. bonds sufficient to cover the ten-forty bonds then outstanding will be accepted by the Department. And with that transaction the great refunding process initiated by Secretary Sherman will come to an end for the want of material on which at present to operate. The next bonds upon which a reduction of interest is to be effected do not fall due until the 30th of June, 1881, and at that date the credit of the Government will have been established on such a strong and stable foundation that his successor will find the problem proposed to him not only simplified, but practically solved in advance by the successful administration of his predecessor.

As this great financial achievement marks an important epoch in the civil history of the country, we are called to consider some of the phenomena which it presents in the light of their causes and their probable consequences. Among the causes which have contributed to this successful result we may undoubtedly cite the existing depression of business, which has left a vast amount of idle capital ready to be embarked in the securities of the Government until such time as a general revival of productive industry shall offer the prospect of larger returns for business investments. The maladministration of the savings banks in some parts of the country has also so seriously shaken the confidence of depositors in them that multitudes have withdrawn their savings from those institutions and placed them in Government bonds, where the sense of security is ample if the rate of interest is small. But neither of these considerations can sufficiently account for the thoroughness and dispatch with which this refunding operation has been performed, for at the bottom of the whole movement has been a strong and growing confidence in the credit of the Government. It is this *confidence* which has made the negotiation possible, and it is the *strength* of this confidence which has made the negotiation a splendid event in the annals of finance.

The rate at which a Government is able to borrow money offers an accurate criterion by which we may gauge the estimate of the world with regard to its honesty and its resources. Indeed, the Governments of Europe are often classified according to this scale, and, tried by its standard, we have no reason to be ashamed of the rank that must hereafter be assigned to the public credit of the United States. And all who have contributed in any way to the attainment of this great end may worthily find in it a just source of congratulation as well as of national pride; for this confidence in the credit of the Government has been "a plant of slow growth." The occasions are many when it seemed in danger of being nipped in the bud, but every epoch of peril has been successfully passed, until in the end from "the nettle of danger" we have been able to "pluck the flower of safety." Such an epoch of peril was successfully passed in the year 1869, when, by the Act to strengthen the public credit, it was declared that "the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment, in coin or its equivalent, of all the obligations of the United States," including as well the United States notes as the interest-bearing debt of the Government. Such an epoch of peril was successfully passed in 1873, when the faith of the Government was publicly pledged to the resumption of specie payments at the opening of the year 1879, and the "sharp corner" of the emergency was successfully turned on the 1st of January last by the punctual fulfillment of the pledge made in 1873. The schemes of repudiation, whether openly pursued or pursued under the disguises of the Greenback Inflationists, have been visited with confusion and overthrown by the final triumph of a financial policy which has brought honor to the Government and security to the business enterprises of the people.

It would be a deplorable fact if a boon like this, so deeply concerning the welfare of the whole nation, could be said to redound wholly to the credit of any single party in the country; but candor compels the admission that if the Republican Party is to be held responsible for many of the mistakes and hesitations committed by its leaders at different stages of the march towards this grand *dénouement*, it should also receive due praise for the pre-eminent share it has had in placing this capstone on the edifice of the national credit. Hanging on the flanks of this forward movement as an obstructor and reactionary force, a large part of the Democracy, especially in the West and South, have done their utmost to embarrass the operations of the Treasury, and can, therefore, claim no legitimate share in the end which has come to crown the work. But if this be a ground of just rejoicing on the part of the Republicans, it should put to shame the senseless cry of the political leaders who are finding in the present partisan complexion of Congress a pretext for the cry of "revolutionary designs" hostile to the stability of the Government. There is nothing more timid than capital, and it is plain that the capital of the country is not at all frightened by the presence of the "Confederate brigadiers" in Congress.

OUR CHANGED COMMERCIAL RELATIONS.

THERE can scarcely be a doubt that this country has entered upon a new commercial era, and that our future will be marked by a wholesome progress and genuine prosperity. There are no shrewder, more sagacious business men than those who manage our great railway system, and all the movements made by them indicate a perception of a rising and swelling tide in our commercial affairs. Thus we find the trunk line managed by Mr. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, struggling to get a foothold on the Hudson, in order that it may enjoy the superior shipping advantages of our superb harbor. Thus we have Mr. Vanderbilt perfecting the permanent way of his line to the West, erecting elevators and making other terminal improvements in this city, and establishing an ocean freight-line to Europe. Not to be behind in the matter, we find Erie, under Mr. Jewett, reducing its gauge, perfecting its connection to the West, and making extensive preparations for such terminal improvements as will preserve to it a fair share of domestic and foreign freights.

None the less suggestive and important is the action contemplated by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The lines of this great corporation traverse eleven States of the Union and cover nearly one-twelfth of the iron highways of the country. It possesses elevators and other first-class shipping facilities in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and runs an ocean line from the latter city. The managers of the Pennsylvania are second to none in discernment, and have not failed to read in the new order of things the necessity for creating more extensive facilities for the accommodation of commerce, both domestic and foreign. Owning an extensive water-frontage at Jersey City, and having their grand terminus at that point, the company are now about to expend more than a million of dollars additional to meet the existing and future wants of transportation. The property hitherto known as the Cunard docks is to be largely improved and made available for the use of the Wilson and Red Star lines of European steamers. Plans are being considered and matured by which the transfer of freight from cars to the steamships will be made direct, and *vice versa*. At Harsimus's Cove the improvements will be on an extended scale. The so-called Union Line Pier at that point is to be wholly remodeled, and so arranged as to give increased track room for the delivery and reception of cars from floats plying between the Jersey and New York sides of the river. A new grain elevator, with a storage capacity of one and one-half millions of bushels, is to be constructed within the bulkhead line, the grain to be carried by mechanical means to vessels waiting to receive it. One hundred and eighty feet above the pier mentioned, a new two-storied pier will be built to accommodate import and export freights. This will be 1,500 feet in length, and 175 feet in breadth. On either side of this pier will be a ship-canal 1,500 feet long and 180 feet wide, both having a uniform depth of water of twenty-six feet. The arrangements will be such that steamers lying in these canals will be loaded and unloaded with great expedition without removal from their first mooring. The company contemplates other important improvements, but as they are not immediately connected with the matter under discussion they need not be mentioned here.

The movements of the trunk lines, and their preparations to ship merchandise from remote sections of the country direct to Europe, and to deliver European freights on one bill of lading to importers scattered along their several routes, are just so many evidences of our changed commercial relations. The growing export trade of the country has called for new action on their behalf. That they are taking such action, supplemented by most generous outlays of money, would seem to warrant the belief that they regard the new order of affairs as likely to be stable and permanent. Every additional million added to our exports means an enlarged market for the farmer, heavier orders to the manufacturer, and a wider field for the employment of labor.

RUSSIA'S REPRESSIVE MEASURES.

THE extraordinary severity of the repressive measures adopted by the Russian Government must very largely alienate the sympathy with the Czar in his struggle with Nihilism which has been felt in this and other countries. The proclamation of martial law in six of the great centres of population is a resort to terrorism which cannot possibly be justified. Under the terms of the ukase, the military officials in the six districts are given the right of imprisoning for an indefinite time all suspicious persons, of transporting to Siberia, without trial, as many as they choose, and of executing, in conformity with sentence passed, those they may happen to regard as especially guilty. Even ordinary offenders, not suspected of plotting against the State, are to be made subject to martial law; and, what is still worse, the decree is retrospective, the Governors-General being expressly empowered to try prisoners arrested before their appointment. Under this authority, the 8,000 or 10,000 persons who have recently been imprisoned in the disaffected districts may be disposed of at one fell swoop if such shall be the pleasure of the agents of the Government. Up to the 23d of April, 2,000 persons had already been arrested in St. Petersburg under this order, and suspected agitators in all parts of the Empire, including officers of the Army, are being taken into custody almost hourly. The well-known novelist, Turguenieff, has been expelled from the country, not, so far as appears, from any actual complicity with the revolutionists, but simply because of his liberal views. The distinguished writer and scholar, by this act of the Government, will be elevated in the affections of his enlightened countrymen to a place alongside of Pushkin and Gogol who, twenty-five years ago, were banished for the same offense of daring to express their faith in the doctrines of self-government. The latest announcement of the Government policy shows that civilians who may be arrested will be tried by court-martial without preliminary examination, and that appeals against judgment will not be permitted unless lodged within twenty-four hours, and even then the discretion of a military governor as to their acceptance will be absolute.

Such a policy as this is simply murderous barbarism, and its outcome cannot be otherwise than disastrous to the Government. Nihilism cannot be suppressed by an appeal to brute force and a suspension of all the orderly and humane methods of Government; its venom will rather be deepened and its seditious tendencies sharpened by the cruel and merciless injustice which, treating the innocent and guilty alike, denies to the citizen the commonest rights inhering in the subject of a Christian State, and ignores all the moral forces which constitute the life and soul of civilization.

COLONIZING THE UNEMPLOYED.

IN discussing the question as to what New York shall do with its unemployed poor, we have on several occasions suggested that it might be well to try the experiment of transferring them in colonies, under a system of modified guardianship, to the unoccupied lands of the South and West. We are glad to see that this method of solving a serious problem is at length receiving attention at the hands of some of our leading citizens. Recently at a private conference of gentlemen of wealth and acknowledged public spirit, an association was formed, to be known as the Co-operative Colony Aid Association, the object of which will be to further the colonization of the unemployed, and so to correct the evils now experienced from the stagnant and depressed state of labor. In outlining the plans of the Association, and illustrating the importance of the work it proposes to itself, a member of the executive committee, at a recent meeting, remarked:

"It was evident that there is at present an increase in the volume of emigration to this port—a new tide seemed to have set in this way, and the people of this city were always liable to feel its effects in the depression of labor, because a large amount of this emigrant influx remained in this city. Again, the enactment by various States and counties of stringent laws against the tramp class would have the effect of driving that class into large centres like New York, and it was time that the solution of the problem was seriously and effectively undertaken. The present condition was all traceable back to one root—to the defects in our social system. To insure the normal and most unvarying conditions of material progress there must be a full and general cultivation of the soil, for it was in this form of material production that the highest prosperity was assured. In France, about one in two of the people were engaged in cultivating the soil. It was said that there are in that country about 6,000,000 persons exercising rights of ownership over the soil, as against about 250,000 in England, and in this country it was computed that only one in five of the population was engaged in cultivating land. The rush to the professions, the commercial, mechanical, and other industrial avocations, in fact to all pursuits except agricultural pursuits, had been unprecedented and abnormal, and it had wrought its logical results by contributing largely to the present distress. The practical question was, what could be done to avert it, and it was to meet this question that those meetings had been called. The plan was to put the advantages of colonization before the people, to aid such as were willing to go if possible, and that eventually, if deemed advisable, the Association should take the form of a joint-stock concern, with a capital of say $50,000, to purchase land in the West, to induce people to colonize these lands and cultivate them, either as employés or as prospective owners by gradual methods of purchase."

The plan here outlined is almost identical with that proposed in these columns in July last, and we have the same confidence now, as then, that if vigorously and intelligently prosecuted, most beneficent results will accrue. Private enterprise having demonstrated the feasibility of this plan of relief, say to the extent of planting one or two colonies of 100 or 200 persons each, making them self-sustaining and ultimately independent, the aid of the Government might properly be demanded, at least in grants of desirable land, and thus in time a population of tens of thousands of honest, industrious, temperate persons, who are now in no sense contributors to the general prosperity, might be established in comfort and plenty and become factors in the development of the national wealth, in communities altogether free from the vices and untoward conditions which surround the metropolitan poor.

THE LATE GENERAL DIX.

IN the death of General John A. Dix one of the most conspicuous figures of American public life disappears from view. Born while Washington was still living, and dying full of honors eighty-one years afterwards, the life of the venerable publicist and patriot covered the whole period of the progress of the country from meagre beginnings to the position of a first-class and imperial State in population and influence. Starting upon his career while the nation was still governed by the men who fought the war of the Revolution, he participated for fifty years in all the great conflicts by which liberty, law and sound government were incarnated more and more distinctly in the polity of the Republic—displaying in every supreme crisis a fidelity to public trust and a courage in the support of right principles which made him a most potential factor in the formation and maintenance of sound conclusions. Such a man needs no studied eulogy, no marble shaft to commemorate his virtues. The narrative of the more salient features and events of his life, fully given elsewhere, constitutes in itself a memorial more honorable than any monument that human hands can build; and we may not doubt that the example of the upright citizen, true patriot and blameless servant of the people, deeply impressed upon the record of his times, will be scarcely less beneficent in its influence, now that he has passed to his reckoning, than it was while he yet remained upon the stage of active duty.

THE FLOODGATES OPENED.

THE floodgates of legislation have been opened in Congress in genuine earnest. On one day recently 1,385 Bills and Resolutions were introduced—the largest number, by 600, ever presented at one sitting. A majority of the Bills presented were of a private nature, to grant pensions and pay claims, and most of the public Bills introduced had failed in the last Congress. Among the measures proposed is a large number relating to the currency, embracing all the schemes upon this subject which have been occupying the attention of the Greenbackers and those who are in sympa-

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thy with them—such as the unlimited coinage of silver; the issue of Treasury notes to take the place of national bank notes; the issue of fractional currency and recoining of subsidiary silver into silver dollars; the retirement of the trade dollars, etc. Several Bills to impose a tax on incomes were included in the list, with others to provide for the distribution of the unexpended balance of the Geneva award; to enforce the eight-hour law; to provide a constitutional amendment against the payment of rebel claims, and to restrict Chinese immigration.

How far the introduction of this enormous volume of business will effect the determination of the House as to general legislation is yet to be seen. But it is obvious that the supporters of special projects now have it in their power by combinations among themselves to control, more largely than before, the policy of the House, and it will be somewhat unusual, to say the least, if they shall neglect to improve their opportunity.

EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE British forces in South Africa have at length achieved a decisive success over the Zulus, having relieved the garrison at Ekowe, after fighting a desperate battle at Gingialova, where the enemy attacked the relieving column of 6,000 men. The Zulus are represented to have had 10,000 men in the engagement, and fought with great courage and enthusiasm, advancing within thirty yards of the British intrenchments. Their loss is estimated to have amounted to 1,200 men. Ekowe was subsequently abandoned by the English, and a new post established on the coast road, with which communication can be more easily maintained. On the 28th of March, a column of British troops under Colonel Wood was surprised by a heavy force of Zulus near Luneberg, and in the engagement which ensued lost 220 men in killed and wounded, including several officers. The Zulu loss is reported at 2,500, which is, perhaps, an exaggeration.

Meanwhile, fresh complications are threatening the British authority in the Transvaal. The Boers, who have always chafed under the annexation of their territory to the British possessions, are insisting upon a restoration of their independence, and the latest reports indicate that they will take up arms unless their demands shall be complied with. Should such a policy be finally determined upon, the difficulties of the British situation would be greatly aggravated, and a temporary prostration of their power in South Africa might ensue, involving a general reconstruction of the administration of the so-called Republic. However this may be, it is quite certain that Disraeli will not be able for some time to come to announce that he has "brought peace with honor" from the bloody fields of Zululand.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE events of the week in Zululand and Russia, deserving of special mention, are referred to in another column. From Afghanistan, there is a renewal of the rumor that Yakoob Khan is disposed to treat with the British; it is also said that Mohamed Hasham, son-in-law of Shere Ali, now the only avowed claimant to the Afghan throne, is endeavoring to excite an insurrection and has opened negotiations with the invaders. The promised advance upon Cabul does not seem to have been as yet commenced, and the British Government apparently begins to realize that such a movement will be, under any circumstances, a perilous undertaking. The Manchester *Examiner* says of the situation:

"It is clear from our experience at Candahar that a British force in possession of any of those Afghan towns is in the position of a besieged garrison. It would take a large force to hold Cabul, and the possession of the town would give us no command of the surrounding country. A semi-barbarous capital is not like London, where, if an invader seized the bank, the post-office, the telegraphs and the shipping, he would paralyze the rest of the land. The seizure of Cabul would simply be like lighting a beacon blaze to tell the country where the enemy was to be found and tens of thousands of eager clansmen would rush to the fray. We are already experiencing this evil on a small scale. We have been told again and again of the friendly attitude of some of the tribes, and great hopes have been built upon the probable breaking out of intestine divisions, but every day affords proof that these hopes are imaginary. The truth is that the people are all against us, and that they are ready any day to combine in what would be called in Europe "a war of liberation."

The King of Burmah continues as obstinate in his resistance to British demands as Cetewayo himself, or the late Ameer of Afghanistan, but it is unlikely that he will be as difficult to subdue. The Khédive of Egypt is another ugly customer, but it is improbable that he will be able to extricate himself from the triple cords with which English, French and Turkish influences are binding him. The Khédive has issued a decree creating a mixed Council of State, composed equally of natives and Europeans, under a native President. There will be two European Vice-Presidents and five European and five native members, with two native lawyers. The Turkish Ministerial crisis is over. Osman Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War, has promised Serbia to send troops to the frontier to check the incursions of the Albanians. Turkish troops, it is said, had already joined the army of 8,000 Serbians sent against the Albanians, who had entered and had been devastating Serbia. The invaders have been driven from Kurshumlie. One of the atrocities alleged against them is carrying off a wounded Serbian and roasting him alive. Even more than the Albanians, the Turks dread the Garibaldians, against whose anticipated invasion they have been fortifying the coasts of Epirus.

The visit of Garibaldi to Rome has started many wild rumors of the plans of the veteran revolutionist, both as to Greece and as to Italy. The Italian Government, however, has given Austria satisfactory explanations relative to the Garibaldian agitation, and has dispatched men-of-war to prevent any landing of Garibaldians on the Albanian coast. It has also instructed the authorities of Ancona and Otranto to keep strict watch on all departures. But all these measures might easily prove ineffectual if the enthusiastic old chief has really determined to repeat in behalf of Greece his marvellous exploits in South America and Italy. It was Garibaldi who made Italy what it is to-day, and it is by no means impossible that he still cherishes, if only as a dream, his early ambition of making both Italy and Greece republics before he dies. Ordinary men might well be satisfied with the laurels which the Hero of the Red Shirt has already won; but Garibaldi is, pre-eminently, an extraordinary man. He is one of those providential men whose course in history may be wondered at and chronicled, but not predicted. At a meeting over which Garibaldi presided, in Rome, on April 21st, composed of representatives of Republican associations, it was resolved to agitate for universal suffrage in Italy, and for the abolition of the Deputies' oath of allegiance; and on the 23d, replying to a deputation of the "Italia Irredenta" Committee, Garibaldi declared, says the *Capitale*, that he would sacrifice everything to accomplish the national task. He has opened, adds the same journal, a subscription for the purchase of a million rifles to arm the nation.

While such volcanic fires are kindling in the South of Europe, in the North despotism seems to be freezing into icier forms than ever. In addition to the Government precautions against Nihilism, elsewhere noted, it is announced that the further step of increasing the Russian army by 150 battalions is in contemplation. It is said that Prince Bismarck is conferring with the Russian Ambassador on the expediency of adopting common measures against the Socialists. Meanwhile, the Czar is preparing to go to Berlin in June to attend the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

The French Republic has encountered one of the annoying "difficulties" predicted by Gambetta—the election of the convict conspirator Blanqui at Bordeaux, in flagrant defiance of both law and order. Perhaps it might have been wiser to have flanked this difficulty by first releasing Blanqui from prison, and thus extracting all poison from his fangs. Another difficulty is the agitation caused by M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill, but the Government is determined to prevent the controversy from taking the shape of political discussions in religious worship by way of pastorals to be read from the pulpit.

Queen Victoria has returned from her continental tour with Princess Beatrice, who has a new, although rather hopeless, suitor in the Duke d'Aosta, the widowed ex-King Amadeus of Spain. But the return of Her Majesty has been less of a sensation in England than the three-fold victory of Mr. Pierre Lorillard's little brown gelding, Parole, on the English turf.

The social event of the week in Europe was the celebration, on Thursday, of the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria. Religious ceremonies were held in the beautiful Votive Kirche in Vienna, the city was illuminated, and the whole population united in doing honor to the occasion. On the following Sunday the *fêtes* culminated in a grand procession of the trades, consisting of 30,000 persons and several thousands of horses, and divided into thirty historical groups, in costumes of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

THE German Government has made haste to deny, officially, the statement that it has violated the sanctity of the mails by opening and detaining letters from Americans supposed to be in sympathy with the Socialists. The alleged offense seems never to have any existence outside the imagination of a sensational newspaper correspondent.

THE Government has shown an unexpected clemency in its treatment of the 700 violators of the Internal Revenue laws arrested in Tennessee. In the cases of all the prisoners who entered pleas of guilty and paid the costs of suit, sentence was suspended during good behavior, and it is believed that the result will be in every way salutary, so far as illicit distilling in that State is concerned. Already many legal distilleries have been started in place of the illicit concerns destroyed, and there is no doubt that the public revenues, as the result of the vigorous enforcement of the law, will be sensibly increased.

COMPLAINTS are made from nearly all the fishing towns on the New England coast that our fisheries are declining. Reports and statistics are said to show that there is not one-half the number of vessels belonging to the fishing fleet hailing from the States as formerly, while, on the other hand, the Provincials have started up with renewed vigor, and have done more the year past to extend this branch of industry than for the ten years previous. The decay of this interest would be a very serious matter to our New England fishermen, but we are scarcely prepared to believe that they will permit themselves to be permanently eclipsed in enterprise in so important a field.

THE Government service absorbs the educated intellect of the country to a much greater extent than is generally supposed. A canvas of the departments at Washington shows, it is said, that there are sixty-one graduates of Yale, thirty-five of Princeton, and thirty of Dartmouth, occupying clerkships and other positions in the service, and an equally strong representation from the other leading colleges of the country. These clerkships command salaries of from $1,200 to $1,800, and it is stated that very many of the incumbents, if dismissed, would be wholly helpless. It would seem that any man with a good college education should be able to command higher prizes in life than any in the gift of the Government Bureaus at Washington.

IT will strike the country as a little remarkable that the Democrats of the Senate, while insisting that United States soldiers shall be kept away from the polls, refused to adopt an amendment to the Army Bill, making it a penal offense for any other person to "appear armed with a deadly weapon of any description, either concealed or displayed, within a mile of any polling place where a general or special election for Representatives to Congress is being held." Are we to conclude that party means to exclude from the polls only representatives of the Federal Government who may be sent there in the interest of law and order, and to impose no prohibition whatever on partisan clubs or partisan bullies who may seek, by armed violence or menace of violence, to prevent free and fair elections?

ONE of the Greenback Representatives introduced in the House, recently, a Bill providing for the issue of one billion of dollars in paper money, to aid in building canals and the construction of other internal improvements. The Bill appears to have been introduced without any examination on the part of the illustrious Greenback legislator, and no sooner was it pounced upon by the press as an enormous job and absurdity, than he hastened to repudiate his own child, and declare that he would never, never give it his sanction. It would seem from this incident that the wonderful Greenback reformers who propose to revolutionize our finance and cure all existing business disorders, are in the habit of proposing panaceas which they have never themselves analyzed and about which they personally know nothing whatever. It may be doubted whether the country will manifest much eagerness to submit itself to the treatment of quacks who do not even know the constituent qualities of their own prescriptions.

IT IS announced that Edison's labors and experiments in the matter of electric illumination have at length culminated in success, and that he has taken out letters patent covering two distinct inventions by which, it is claimed, the electric current can be so regulated and distributed as to afford a perfect light at a minimum cost to a great number of burners in one circuit. The precise points in these inventions are thus described by the *Herald*: "First, a means of regulating automatically the electric current passing through an incandescent conductor, so as to prevent the temperature of the latter from rising to a melting or fusing point. Second, by causing the heat generated by the incandescence of the conductor to expand the air or fluid filling the chamber of the lamp, and thus move a diaphragm or other yielding material, which operates so as limit the passage of the current through the conductor to a degree no more or less than will be sufficient to produce a given amount of light by the incandescence of the conductor."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

EX-JUDGE GEORGE G. BARNARD died at his residence, in this city, April 27th.

MINISTER STOUGHTON is on his way home from Russia, and his resignation is not improbable.

POLICE CAPTAIN WILLIAMS has been acquitted by the Commissioners on all charges preferred against him.

THE summing up in the Talmage case before the Brooklyn Presbytery will commence on Thursday of this week.

CHARGES against Sheriff Reilly, of New York, have been submitted to Governor Robinson by the Bar Association.

TWO FATAL cases of hydrophobia have occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., one victim dying, April 23d, the other on the 24th.

BY order of the Treasury Department 50,000 ounces of silver per week will hereafter be purchased for coinage at the New Orleans Mint.

ON account of a defect in the information, Judge Bond has ordered the jury to return a verdict of not guilty in the Barnwell (S. C.) case.

EXTENSIVE forest fires are raging in northern Michigan, and much valuable timber is being destroyed. The weather is hot and the woods dry.

THE Massachusetts Legislature has passed a Bill making liquor-sellers responsible for all damages accruing from the sale of intoxicating beverages.

THE Government has issued an order prohibiting the occupation of the Indian Territory by intending settlers, the lands not being open to settlement.

SHOULD the President veto the Army and Legislative Appropriation Bills, it is believed Congress will adjourn without voting money for the current expenses of the Government.

GENERAL PATRICK has prohibited the importation into New York State of any cows or other stock cattle from New Jersey, because of the prevalence of pleuro-pneumonia in that State.

THE Notre Dame Catholic University, near South Bend, Ind., which was enriched with gifts from the late Napoleon III., has been destroyed by fire, together with the valuable library.

THE New York Assembly has passed resolutions according General Grant a welcome on his return, and censuring Congressional obstructionists. The Legislature passed the Civil Code on April 25th.

SIX men were buried by the caving in of No. 10 colliery at Sugar Notch, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on April 23d. A large rescue force was set to work at once, but at last accounts the entombed miners had not been reached.

THE United States Senate, April 26th, rejected a resolution that no Union soldier shall be dismissed from office in the Senate Chamber without cause, and that no Confederate soldier shall take the place of a dismissed Union soldier.

THE Senate passed the Army Bill, April 26th, by a vote of 40 to 31, all amendments being rejected. The House, last week, was occupied in the debate of the Legislative Appropriation Bill, which was passed, April 26th, by a vote of 149 to 119.

THE body of Colonel Dwight, who had insurance to the amount of $250,000 on his life, has been exhumed at Binghampton, N. Y., at the instigation of the insurance companies interested for a new investigation into the cause of death.

THE council of foreign bondholders, through their New York agents, have notified Governor Holliday of Virginia of their acceptance of the plan of settlement of the Virginia State debt as provided in the Bill recently passed by the General Assembly.

A COMMITTEE of Arbitration having been selected by the Joint Executive Committee of the trunk lines and their Western connections, a decision was reached on April 24th that inland rates on all goods for export from the West should be maintained.

SEVEN hundred violators of revenue laws appeared before the United States Circuit Court in Nashville, April 21st, and 175 accepted Attorney-General Devens's amnesty. It is believed that all the others against whom suits are pending will likewise yield.

MR. AUGUST BELMONT was thrown from his carriage, April 22d, at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, by a carelessly-driven grocer's cart, and was dragged for some distance over the pavement. He was severely but not dangerously hurt. The driver of the wagon was arrested.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON refused to sign and would not veto the Apportionment Bill passed by the Legislature of New York, and it accordingly became a law on the night of April 22d, by lapse of time. In vetoing a Bill on the 25th, the Governor expressed his disapproval of representation on a party basis.

Foreign.

SIXTEEN professors in different Russian Universities have resigned.

THE widow of Walter Savage Landor, the poet, died recently in Florence.

A CONGRESS of English miners will be held in May to decide upon the question of stopping all mining for a month.

THE Kaiser Wilhelm has raised General Von Werder to the rank of Count, and permitted him to retire from active service.

FRANCE has issued a circular to the Powers recommending them to jointly take up the question of the Greek claims for settlement.

THE six days' walking match in London, terminated April 26th. The score stood: Brown, 542 miles; Corkey, 492; Hazael, 473, and Weston, 464. Brown has beaten the fastest record by 21 miles.

THE number of persons killed by the fire-damp explosion in the Agrappe coal pit, near Mons, Belgium, April 17th, is ascertained to be 117. Only forty-seven corpses have so far been recovered.

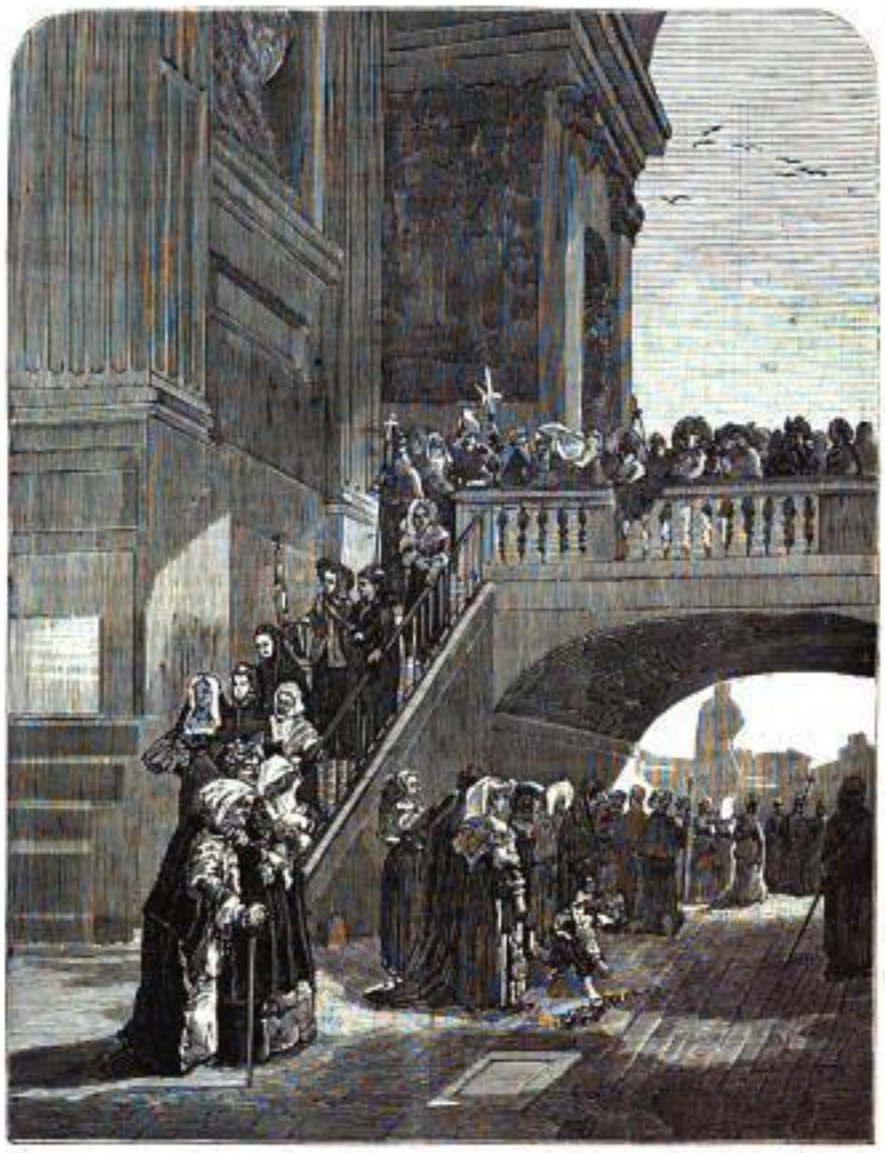
PIERRE LORILLARD'S Parole won the City and Suburban Handicap at Epsom, on April 23d, and the Great Metropolitan Stakes on the 24th. The horse is also entered for the Ascot stakes.

THE town of Pisagua, in Peru, has been bombarded by the Chilians, Iquique is still blockaded, and the business of the country is entirely disorganized. England is contemplating the advisability of declaring neutrality in the war.

THE returns from the Spanish elections show the following: Ministerialists elected, 275; Constitutionalists, 32; members of other parties, 38. Among the Deputies elect are Señors Castelar, Sagasta, Echevarrey and Martos. A great number of electors abstained from voting.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



ITALY.—PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS TO THE CHURCH OF TRINITY OF THE MOUNT, ROME.



AFGHANISTAN.—BRIDGING THE CABUL RIVER AT JELLALABAD.



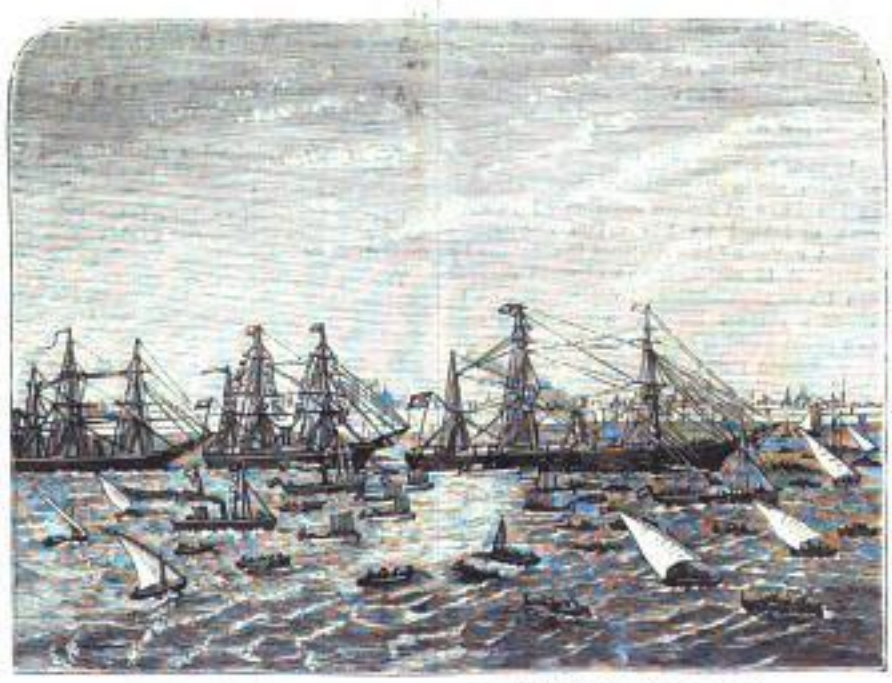
AFGHANISTAN.—THE NINETY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS CROSSING THE SAMAHN.



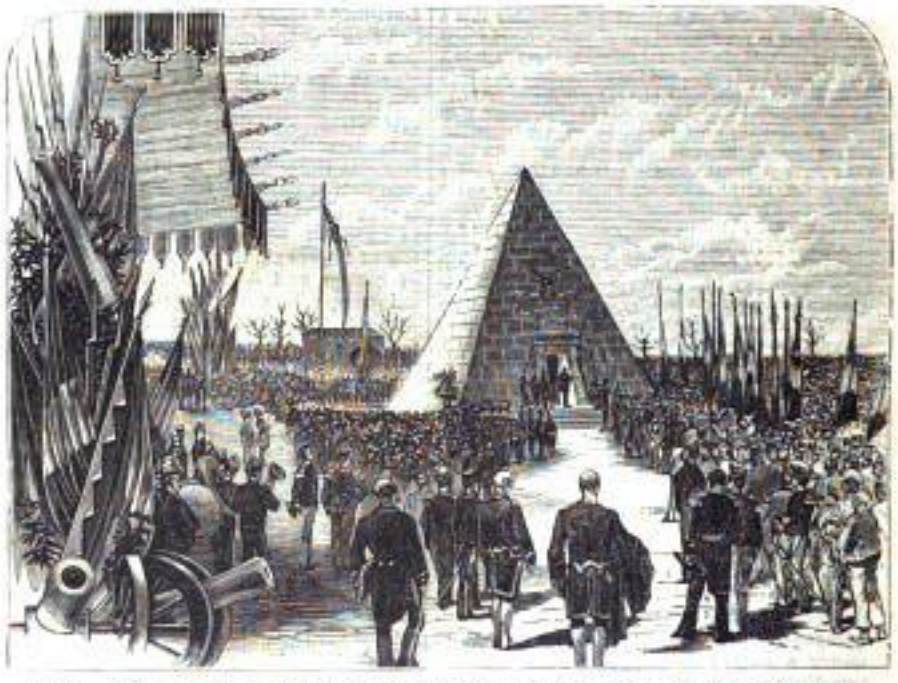
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—ZULUS CROSSING A RIVER.



SOUTH AFRICA.—COLONEL WOOD'S ADVANCE GUARD CROSSING THE BLOOD RIVER.

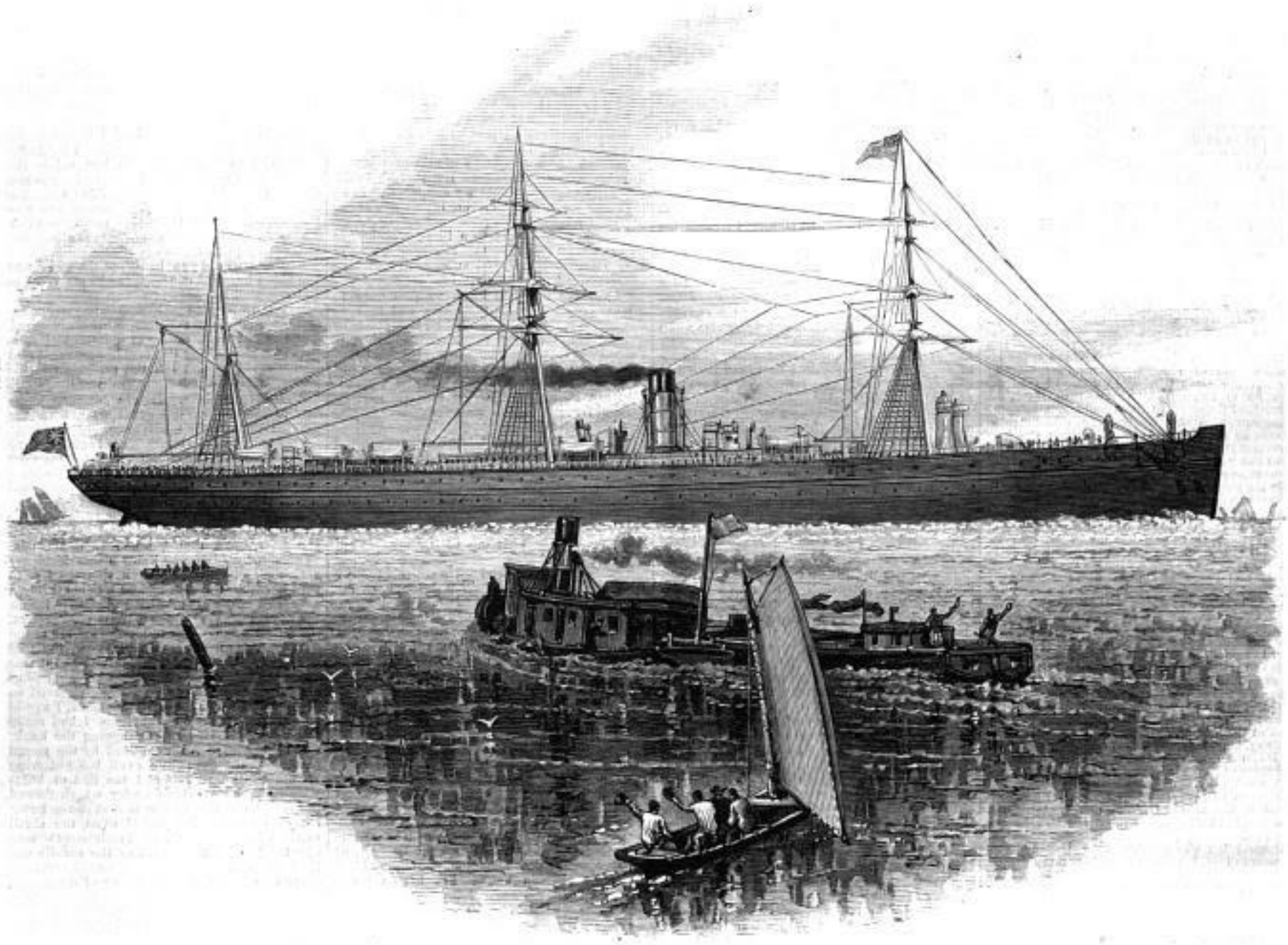


SPAIN.—ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER BEARING MARTINEZ CAMPOS AT CADIZ.



ITALY.—INAUGURATION OF THE PYRAMID TO CONTAIN BONES FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF NOVARA.

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THE STEAMSHIP "GALLIA," THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE CUNARD FLEET OF OCEAN STEAMERS.—SEE PAGE 151.

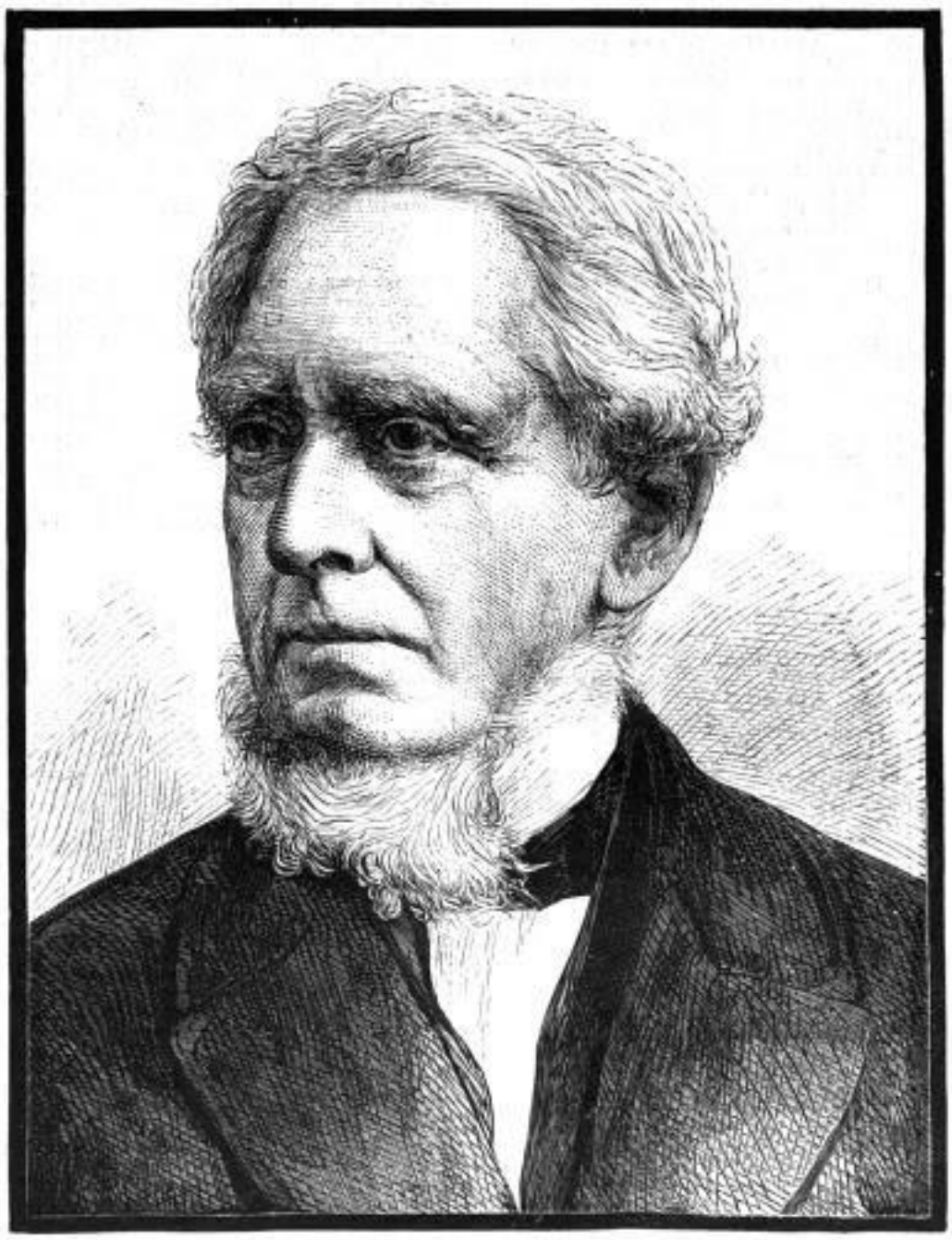
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX, who died at his residence in New York City, April 21st, was born on the 24th of July 1798, at Boscawen, N. H. His father was a soldier of the Revolution, and he afterwards commanded in the war of 1812. At an early age young John A. Dix was sent to the academy at Salisbury and afterwards to that at Exeter, where he was under the care of the well-known Dr. Abbott. In 1811, when, only thirteen years of age, he entered a college at Montreal which was under the direction of the Fathers of the Sulpician Order. His academic career was terminated by the war of 1812, and his father being placed in command at Baltimore, the son was appointed a cadet in the United States Army and joined his father's command. His duties were those of an assistant clerk, and his leisure hours he devoted to study in St. Mary's College. In history, literature and the languages he became proficient, and found much employment in later years. He made a translation of the "Dies Iræ," which many Latin scholars consider the best of the many that have been made.

In March, 1813, the Secretary of War offered young Dix, without solicitation, the choice of a scholarship at West Point or an ensigney in the Army. He chose the latter, and entered the Fourteenth Infantry, of which his father was Lieutenant-colonel, and immediately went with him to Sackett's Harbor. He was now the youngest officer in the Army. In 1813 he was appointed an adjutant in an independent battalion, with which he descended the St. Lawrence River and shared with his comrades in the perils and disasters of that unsuccessful expedition. In the same year his father died, leaving eight other children and the mother living. He remained in the Army until 1826, when he married and retired. Settling at Cooperstown, in this State, he entered into political life as a Democrat, quickly rising into prominence. He was first made Adjutant-General of the State; in 1833 he was elected Secretary of State for New York, which office then made the incumbent a Regent of the University, a member of the Board of Public Instruction, of the Canal Board, and a Commissioner of the Canal Fund. He was warmly interested in educational affairs, and by his forethought and energy school libraries were introduced into the public and district schools, and the School laws of the State were codified and systematized.

His services as a State officer had made him well-known to the people of Albany, and they elected him in 1841 and 1842 to represent that county in the Legislature. General Dix, in his Albany career, was one of the famous "Albany Regency," and not one of the least among that coterie, which included such men as Van Buren, Marcy, Croswell, Bronson, Dickinson, Wright, Flagg, Beardsley, and others of that stamp. In 1844 he was elected to the United States Senate, to fill the unexpired term of Governor Silas Wright, who had resigned his seat in order to run for Governor and by his popularity save the State to his party. He took his seat in the Senate in January, 1845; was made Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and a member of the Committee on Military Affairs. It was in these times that the slavery question came forward as the question of the day. General Dix took the Free Soil side of it, and became in the end the leader of that wing of the Democratic Party in this State; but as its nominee for Governor against Hamilton Fish, he was defeated in the Fall of 1848. His Senatorial term expired in March of the following year, and he was succeeded by Senator Seward. We next find Governor Dix taking an active part in the Presidential campaign which ended in the election of General Pierce, he being a warm supporter of that gentleman. When Pierce was elected, he tendered the office of Secretary of State to his eminent New York supporter; but General Dix's free-soil opinions were exceedingly distasteful to the Southern Democratic leaders, and they so managed matters as to force General Dix to decline the office in favor of Governor Marcy, and the appointment of Minister to France, which was subsequently offered to him, he was by the same means compelled to decline. He, however, when Pierce became President (March, 1853), accepted the position of Assistant United States Treasurer in New York; but when John Y. Mason was immediately after appointed to the French mission, he resigned the office, apparently disgusted with the insolent intolerance of the slave power.

From this time he devoted himself to the duties of his profession until 1859, when he was appointed by President Buchanan Postmaster of New York, in place of Isaac V. Fowler, who had absconded. In the latter part of 1860 Howell Cobb, of Georgia, resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury. The finances of the Government were then in a deplorable condition. It was found impossible to do anything without the aid of capitalists in New York. In a few weeks a delegation hastened to Washington from this city and insisted with President Buchanan that the Treasury Department must be placed in the hands of one in whom they had confidence, and avowed that they would not be satisfied unless the appointment fell upon Mr. Dix. In the following January Mr. Dix assumed the duties of the office. Not long after this, Major Anderson made his famous movement from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, which so excited the indignation of Secretary Floyd that he threatened to resign if Anderson was not ordered back. Thereupon Mr. Dix at once told the President that the recall of Major Anderson would



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

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be a signal for the immediate resignation of himself and Messrs. Stanton and Holt, also members of the Cabinet. This decided the wavering Executive, and Mr. Floyd left the Government.

On the inauguration of President Lincoln in March, 1861, Mr. Dix retired from the Cabinet. Not long after this the great Union Square meeting was held in this city, and organized the Union Defense Committee, with him as its chairman. From this time on for several years Mr. Dix's public services were transferred from legislation and the affairs of State to the seat of war in the South. Early in May he was appointed Major-General of Volunteers, and in the following June President Lincoln gave him a similar position in the regular Army. On July 20th he was appointed to the command of the Department of Maryland, and ordered to Baltimore, where he took up his headquarters. This was at a critical period in the breaking-out of the Rebellion, and General Dix's command made the first successful military movement of the war. He sent General Lockwood into the Counties of Accomac and Northampton, Va., known as the Eastern Shore, with orders to occupy it and drive out the few rebels that might remain.

By the mildness of General Dix's government these counties were restored to the Union, while every other part of Virginia was in arms and became desolated with war. In 1862 General Dix was transferred to Eastern Virginia, and made his headquarters at Fortress Monroe, commanding the Seventh Army Corps. In June, 1863, at the junction of Pamunky with the York River, he threatened the safety of Richmond and interrupted communications with General Lee, who was then advancing along the Peninsula. About this time President Davis wrote to General Lee that the movement had "rendered him more anxious for the city than at any former time." In July of the same year the Department of North Carolina was added to that of Virginia, and General Dix placed in command of both. He soon afterwards commanded the Department of the North, with headquarters at New York, where he remained until 1866. His command thus covered the period of the draft riots. In 1866 he resigned his office. During the stormy controversy of President Johnson with leaders of the Republican Party he supported the President. In August, 1866, he was temporary chairman of the National Union Convention which met in Philadelphia. A few months later the President nominated him for Naval Officer at New York, and soon after for Minister to France, in place of the Hon. John Bigelow, who had resigned. The latter he accepted, and was presented to the Emperor in January, 1867. In 1868 he resigned the French mission, and returned to the United States. He became president of the Pacific Railroad when it was organized, and at the time of the overthrow of the directors of the Erie Railway, in 1872, he was made provisional president. In 1872 the Republican Party nominated him for Governor of New York against Francis Kernan. He was elected by a majority of nearly 53,000, and during his two years of office instituted many reforms in the financial affairs of the State. Renominated in 1874 against Samuel J. Tilden, he was defeated.

General Dix was nominated for United States Senator in 1874, but the Legislature being Democratic, it was only as a compliment. He took an active part in the campaign of 1876, doing very effective work in the organization of "Boys in Blue." General Dix became, in the same year, the Republican candidate for Mayor of this city, but was defeated by Smith Ely.

In the last years of his life his health was well preserved, and the absorbing interest he always took in politics did not appreciably diminish with the approach of old age and its infirmities. General Dix was the author of several books, among them "Resources of the City of New York" (1827), "Decisions of the Superintendent of Common Schools of New York and Laws Relating to Common Schools" (1837), "A Winter in Madeira" (1851), "A Summer in Spain and France" (1855), and two volumes of "Speeches." In person he was of medium height, with a closely built, though not robust, frame. His bearing on military occasions was commanding and soldierly in an eminent degree.

Official notice of General Dix's death was taken by the President and by Governor Robeson of this State, the former of whom issued an Executive order commanding all proper respect to be shown to the memory of the deceased by the Government Departments with which he was formerly identified; while the latter, in a message to the Legislature, urged that body to give expression to the universal sorrow felt by the people. The courts of the State and various public bodies also took formal notice of the sad event. Mayor Cooper transmitted an appropriate message to the Common Council, in response to which appropriate action was taken. One of the first messages of condolence received by the family was from Secretary Evarts, on behalf of the President of the United States, addressed to Mrs. John A. Dix, and couched in these terms: "The President desires me to express to the family of General Dix his sincere sympathy in their bereavement and his cordial participation in the universal respect for his life and character." In addition to the official notice of the event, a message was received from the White House addressed to Mrs. Dix, and running as follows: "The President and Mrs. Hayes wish to assure you of their sincere sympathy."

The funeral of the deceased General took place on Thursday, April 24th. The services were held at Trinity Church, and were marked by the utmost simplicity, the venerable patriot having left a letter requesting that he should be buried simply as a private citizen and a member of that church. He expressly commanded that no eulogy should be delivered over his remains, and that no address whatever should be made at his funeral. The attendance embraced persons eminent in all branches of business and professional life. The pall-bearers were Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, the Hon. John Jay, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, ex-Governor E. D. Morgan, Major Cooper, John J. Cisco, Thurlow Weed, Charles O'Conor, General Cullum, Dr. Rufus H. Gilbert, A. A. Low and Cyrus W. Field. The remains were inclosed in a casket covered with black velvet and decorated with heavy silver handles. The inscription on the casket was on a very thick silver plate, and read:

JOHN A. DIX.
Born, July 24, 1798.
Died, April 21, 1879.

There was no pall over the casket. In its place was the American flag, which completely enveloped the top, and was arranged in graceful festoons at the sides. There were no flowers, the deceased having expressly requested that no floral display should be made. The chief mourners who followed the casket were the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Walsh, the two ladies being daughters of General Dix. The services were conducted by Bishop Potter, assisted by Rev. Drs. Weston and Swope. The organ selections were played by Mr. Henry Carter.

The remains were deposited in the Morgan vault in the churchyard, the sad rites terminating with brief prayers and the Episcopal benediction.

A NIGHT IN DELHI.

I HAD been detailed by the colonel commanding the post to guard, with my company of cavalry, one of the approaches to the celebrated Black Hills, with peremptory orders to turn back all whom I might find trespassing upon the forbidden ground.

I selected for my camp a beautiful little plateau, some three hundred feet above the vast plain, and as the sun disappeared in the west the smoke of the camp-fire curled and twisted through the pure atmosphere, while the men picketed their horses, impatient for the evening meal.

Giving a few words of caution to the sergeant, an old and efficient soldier, I strolled off from my quarters, leaving orders for the bugler to sound a note or two when my coffee and hardtack was ready.

It was a varied, hilly country, marked by canyons with steep sides, pleasant dells and rolling plateaus. The mighty expanse of plain like a vast sea stretched out before me, the outlines softened by distance, while the soft hue of the shadows, the shimmering glimmer of vapor, covered it with a thousand tints and changing aspects. The mirage is a common apparition to the locality, and the sheen of the air often causes glistening sheets of water to appear, as they do in the Desert of Sahara to the despairing traveler, only to disappear upon closer inspection.

With my field-glasses I was sweeping the horizon, which was barely perceptible in the soft twilight, to discover, if possible, any signs of the white-canvased wagons, well termed the "schooners" of the prairies, when a cry, sharp but tremulous, penetrated the deep, unbroken silence of that vast solitude.

In an instant I was on the *qui vive*, glasses slung and sabre drawn, as I bent forward, listening intently, my heart beating with increased rapidity as the suspense and twilight deepened around me.

Sad, almost despairing, was the cadence of the voice which echoed through the canyons and gullies. There was no mistaking that cry—it was that of a fellow-creature, a man, and he in danger.

I started off at the top of my speed, keenly on the alert, closely scanning every tree, rock and clump of shrubbery that lay scattered on either side of my path.

The steep, precipitous sides of a precipice, running at right angles to the path I was pursuing, arrested my progress, but from the misty depths below came a hoarse shout for assistance.

Did my ears deceive me, or was it possible that the voice came from the depths below?

Stretching myself at full length along the brink of the chasm, I glanced downward.

Suspended in mid-air by a lariat so fine as to be scarcely distinguished from the dark, gray sides of the canyon, was the body of a man, swaying to and fro, at the mercy of every blast which drew down through the gulch.

For an instant I must confess that my self-possession was at fault. I was incapable of moving or uttering a sound.

But my wretched indecision was but momentary.

Another instant and the horse-hair rope was firmly grasped in my hands.

"Below there! Help yourself all you can, and I'll land you on the plateau here! Look out for yourself now! Here goes!"

And with these words I planted my army boots firmly against a fallen log deeply rooted in the earth, applying all my strength to the difficult task before me.

I was counted one of the strongest men in the corps, stood six feet two in my socks, and took an especial pride in my endurance and muscle; but I never had any feat or trial of strength put me to my mettle as that did.

Slowly, inch by inch, the lariat was coiled in writhing folds at my feet, my arms ached, muscles cracked, and every cord and sinew in my body stood out like whip-cords; but I accomplished it, and had the satisfaction of landing the stranger beside me on the edge of the cliff.

No wonder he had weighed down so heavily. The poor fellow had fainted.

He was attired in the ordinary hunting garb of a frontiersman, but the long, fair side-whiskers, blonde mustache, light complexion and aristocratic features were sufficient proof that he whom I had rescued was no common miner or borderer.

Then his hands were small, symmetrical and delicate as a woman's, but lithe and sinewy, as could be readily seen, despite the bronzing they had received from exposure.

On the little finger of his right hand sparkled a ruby of such rare brilliancy and large proportions as to excite both my wonder and admiration.

Who the deuce could he be, and what brought him with his ruby to the Black Hills?

Both of my questions be answered fully and to my entire satisfaction.

He opened his eyes as the night dew fell refreshingly on his bared breast. They were blue—unmistakably so—and sharp as the point of my sabre.

"Ha! What, am I still in the land of the living? Am I saved? Ah, I see it all, now!" and the stranger passed his hand slowly across his brow, as he struggled to a sitting posture.

"Do not distress yourself—rest easy. I am happy to say you are safe," and I kicked the slippery lariat from my path with an aversion I could not repress.

"You are a soldier, sir, and to you I owe my life," exclaimed the owner of the magnificent ruby, as he rose to his feet, displaying proportions that would have driven a recruiting-officer half-wild with delight.

"Lieutenant Jack Trunnion, at your service," I replied, lifting my army-beaver involuntarily.

And I——" here he fumbled in his pocket for a card; then, as if realizing where he was, broke in with an impatient exclamation, "Pshaw! I am not in Regent Square. My name is Charles Arthur Howard, Lieutenant-colonel of Her Majesty's Tenth Hussars."

"Colonel, I am happy to make your acquaintance, still more so to have met you at such an opportune time," and I pointed significantly to the cliff.

"Gad, Trunnion, you may well say that. Perhaps you would like to learn how I got there?"

"Exactly; but suppose you give me the particulars as we walk down the plateau to my camp. I hear the signal for supper, and I can give you a soldier's welcome if you will share a soldier's fare."

"My dear fellow, spoken like a true knight of the sword;" and as the Englishman's hand grasped mine I received sufficient proof that his strength had not suffered by his mishap.

"I am on leave, you know. Came over to see my cousins across the water and look at the country. I have broiled on the plains of India during the Sepoy rebellion—in fact 'twas there I got this," and he displayed the ruby. "I have wandered over the dreary wastes of Australia, hunted in the jungles of Africa, but, 'pon my soul, I never had such a narrow escape from death as that from which you rescued me.

"I joined a party at St. Louis who organized for the purpose of prospecting these hills. I did not care for the gold, you know, but I was anxious to see the country. We got here all right, but in the excitement that followed, the greed of gain and general distrust, the party broke up, leaving me to pursue my way alone. I wished myself well out of the scrape, but here I was.

"Yesterday afternoon I fell in with six fellows who looked upon me as an interloper. They were as precious a set as ever escaped a gallows, and before I could bring my Manton to my shoulder, they had me foul, you know—they did, by gad! Well, I was robbed in the twinkling of an eye, everything was taken from me but this ring, which escaped their notice, and deuced glad I was of it, for not only do I value it for its intrinsic worth, but more especially for the reminiscences connected with it.

"But I smell the savor of your camp-kettle, and I'll cut my yarn short. Some of the fellows were for cutting my throat, others suggested blowing my brains out as the easiest method of disposing of me, but it was finally compromised by hanging me over the cliff, leaving me to dangle to and fro with the assurance that buzzards would pick my bones. But you helped me out, Trunnion, and, by gad, I'll not forget it, you know. But here we are amongst your fellows, and, hang me, but I feel as if I had a new lease of life!"

I suggested to Colonel Howard the propriety of capturing the scoundrels, and, calling the sergeant, I gave him the particulars, with orders to beat up the bush with twenty files. Five minutes afterwards the detachment left the camp.

Stretched on the bright greensward in the fitful blaze of the cheerful camp-fire, with a canteen of whisky and a brace of pipes in full blast, my friend appeared to be in his element. The wild scenery, situation and influences of the hour were in perfect keeping with his restless spirit.

"Who would exchange this life for the humdrum life of a country gentleman, or a seat in the House of Lords? Hang it, but I've a mind, you know, to resign all pretension to my title of nobility, and join the Stars and Stripes. Blood—pshaw! I for one am not a believer in it. But, Trunnion, come, fill your pipe; pass the canteen over here till I brush the cobwebs out of my throat, and I'll give you a reminiscence of the siege of Delhi, together with the history attached to this ring."

Unbuttoning my uniform jacket and casting my sabre to one side, I assumed an easy attitude, while Sir Charles, after running his fingers through his luxuriant whiskers as if refreshing his memory, began as follows:

"I was captain in the Queen's Dragoon Guards, which was attached to the army under General Sir Henry Barnard, who had invested the city of Delhi, which was full of the cruel mutineers of Bareilly, Moradabad and Shahjehanpore.

"For weeks and months the siege went on, the men suffering from the terrible heat, sunstrokes, cholera, jungle fever and wounds. But by night and by day the incessant boom of cannon was heard, the sharp crack of Enfield rifles resounded from broken walls, ruined villas and detached tombs, while Delhi, with its marble domes and minarets, glowed in the scorching sun by day, and shimmered in the moonlight by night. By Jove, it makes me dry even now to think of what we endured, with the atmosphere like the air of a furnace, the clouds of whirling white dust, and musquitoes thick as sand on the sea shore. Ah, thank you, Trunnion, I prefer this to all the sparkling wines ever made, you know. But to resume. Our uniforms soon vanished, and I found myself rigged out in a loose, white, cotton blouse, a pair of red, baggy pants, long buff Cawnpore boots, and a cork solar topee, ornamented with a silk scarf of crimson hue. It was a curious-looking army, but we looked more uniform when the scarlet of fresh European regiments, together with the fancy dresses of the Sikhs and Rampore cavalry, who still remained loyal, joined us. I occupied an old deserted temple to the extreme left of the main army, and my company, dismounted, performed picket duty in good rifle distance from the outer walls of Delhi.

"One night, near the middle of September, as I sat beside a broken pillar watching the lofty peepul-trees and date-palms waving in the breeze, I was startled by the hoarse challenge of the vidette, followed by the ominous rattle of his accoutrements as he brought his musket to a charge. By gad, it startled me, so much so that I drew my sabre, but sheathed it again when I found myself confronted by a slender Hindoo girl whom the sentry had detected stealing towards the outposts from the city.

"'Who and what are you?' I demanded, 'and what do you want here at this hour?'

"'Salaam, sahib,' responded the girl, meekly. 'I come from Delhi, and I am the *ayah sahyah* of Mem'r Pearl Stanly.'

"'And who may she be?' I inquired, indolently, as I leaned against the trunk of a palm.

"'She is a beautiful Feringhee, sahib, the daughter of a sahib now murdered. But she lives. I hid her from the terrible men, the Sepoys, who killed all. But to-day she was discovered, dragged to the presence of a Mahratta chief, and unless you save her she will surely perish.'

"'What would you have me do, girl?' and the blood began to course through my veins as I anticipated her answer.

"'Follow me into Delhi and save your country woman and my mistress, sahib.'

"My mind was made up in an instant—it was, by Jove!—so calling the first lieutenant, I told him my object, and left the command in his hands, despite his efforts to restrain me.

"Ten minutes afterwards I was gliding along in the shadow of the great wall, with the Hindoo girl slightly in advance.

"We halted on the banks of the Jumna, where with dexterous hands the girl dyed my face with the juice of a beetle-nut, and throwing a loose mantle over me, which completely hid my dress and weapons, she pressed her finger to her lips in token of silence, then motioned for me to enter a light shallop floating at our feet. I must confess that I felt rather nervous. Trunnion, by Jove, you know it was decidedly a ticklish adventure. But it was too late to turn back, for the next instant we shot through a narrow gateway, and I found myself inside the city, in the very midst of the cursed Sepoys. By gad, it was enough to try the nerves of the strongest. For aught that I knew, the girl might be luring me to destruction. But it was in a good cause, and if I could but aid one of my poor country women who had suffered so much from the hands of the demons, I would be satisfied with the exertions I had made and the risk I had run. Hugging the bank, the boat floated on unnoticed by the round towers of the Selinghur Fort, the glittering towers of the palace, and the line of boats which formed a bridge, under which flowed the broad river. All was still save the howling of some hungry jackal, even the shrill voice of the *chowkeydar* (watchman) was silent. A slight movement of the paddle and the bow of the shallop grated on the terraced shore of a high bank in the rear of a building surmounted by a tower, which shone with a dead white lustre in the pale starlight. The boat was carefully secured; then, keeping well in the obscurity, gliding from tree to tree, I followed my trusty little guide, my hands grasping both revolver and sabre. A click of a door-latch, and we were inside the house. I was involved in darkness. I hesitated for a moment, but a soft hand grasped mine, a low voice whispered:

"'Remember *mem* sahib.'

"'Lead on,' I replied; but, by gad, Trunnion, I would have given a month's pay for a trifle of light.

"'Let the sahib remain still until I return,' whispered the Hindoo, and before I could ask for an explanation my guide had disappeared.

"Left to my own reflections, which were none of the pleasantest, I can assure you, I thought seriously over the adventure I had so madly engaged in. The silence was oppressive, the darkness still more so. My blood began to boil with impatience, and another instant would have found me forcing my way out, revolver in hand. But it was lucky I did not act upon the impulse of the moment, you know, or I might not have been here with you to-night. As it afterwards proved, I was in the private dwelling of Koodeu Sing, a distant relative of the old King of Delhi.

"Again I felt the soft pressure of the girl's hand. In an agitated whisper, she said, 'Come, sahib, you have no time to lose.'

"We ascended several flights of steps, which I knew to be marble, from the peculiar sensation I experienced as I walked. The faint glimmer of a light, some distance in advance, greeted my eyes. A faint sob burst from the girl as she pointed towards it. 'Your duty is there, sahib,' and the next instant I was alone.

"'Cool, by gad!' I muttered, as I stole forward cautiously, with my drawn sabre ready for use.

"At the end of the passage I paused behind a pillar of stone, which served as a support to the roof above. The apartment was empty, but my keen eyes detected a pair of rose-colored curtains which were suspended from the ceiling, behind which I heard the low murmur of voices.

"The stone pillars formed a complete circle round the hall, while I stole from one to the other until I found myself close beside the heavy folds of silk. I listened, and, by gad, the soft, musical tones of a woman's voice fell upon my ear. She was pleading to one who answered in the harsh, guttural tone so common to the native of India. Cautiously I pulled the curtains aside, for I realized, you know, that I was treading on dangerous ground; and—must I confess it, Trunnion?—I felt a most uncomfortable feeling about my throat.

"Imagine, if you can, an apartment built of snow-white marble, ornamented with mosaic-work, arabesques and sculptures in relievo. A ceiling of rose-colored silk covered the roof, and the air was heavy with the perfume of attar-of-roses. Sandalwood and the sweet-scented grass of cashmere were burning in silver brackets, and the entire room was redolent with voluptuous perfumes.

"On a howdah covered with a cloth of gold reposed the form of a woman, and by the light

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from the wax tapers, I could see she was both young and handsome. I can describe a charger better than I can a female, Trunnion, so spare me on that subject.

"Before the pale girl stood a native, who instantly attracted my attention. He was tall, lithe and powerful, his muscular frame partially displayed by the fine tight-fitting shirt of muslin which he wore. His pants of crimson silk were girded by a cashmere shawl, while a snow-white turban, with this ruby and a feather of the same hue, surmounted his head, contrasting strongly with the dark, copper-colored and ferocious visage which glowed beneath the voluminous folds of his head-gear. His coal-black beard swept his breast, and, taken all together, by gad, he was no foe to be despised, especially as I had noted a fine Coorg sabre by his side.

"'Speak to me, light of my soul! Smile upon me once, and, beautiful Feringhee, I would rob the city of jewels to lay at your feet,' and he tried to insinuate his arm around her waist. But she started up with a scream of terror. A scowl of fearful import passed over the native's face as he folded his arms and fell back a pace.

"'Hear me,' he hissed, with difficulty restraining his anger. 'I have saved your life when it hung by a thread. I have honored you with an offer of my love when I might have abandoned you to the *bunnaishes* of the city, and the *kudalas* of the gutters. Too long I have trifled with you, and now Koodsu Sing claims his slave,' and the next instant the helpless girl was struggling in his powerful embrace.

"By gad, that was more than I could stand, you know; and, dashing the curtains aside, I bounded forward. But the quick ear of the prince had detected the ring of my heel on the marble flagging; he turned with the rapidity of a tiger, pistol in hand, glaring at my rig as if to satisfy himself that I was worthy of his august wrath.

"Quick as lightning his weapon was leveled, the dark tube looked me full in the face; there was a report, the ball spun the cork helmet from my head, which it cleared by a hair's breadth. 'Touch and go, you black nigger!' I shouted, as I sheathed my Sheffield in his carcass. He fell on the pavement dead. I tore the turban from his head, slipped into his red pants, and just had time to extinguish two-thirds of the candles when a Mahratta warrior drew the curtains aside.

"It was a fortunate idea of mine, by gad, in personating Koodsu Sing. The shadow of the howdah hid the body of the prince, and I haughtily waved the intruder back. With a low salaam he obeyed, and I was left alone with the unconscious girl.

"'Quick, sahib, your life and hers depend upon your haste. The palace is alarmed. In ten minutes all will be known.'

"With the girl I had rescued in my arms, I lost no time in following the footsteps of my faithful guide, who had not deserted me. She seemed to fly so great was her terror and anxiety. You may depend, Trunnion, I felt better when the cool rush of the morning breeze fanned my heated brow. We had gained the garden; at the same instant the harsh clang of an immense gong boomed through the air.

"'Hasten, hasten, by the holy Ganges, I conjure you!' almost shrieked the Hindoo, as I started on a run for the bank of the river. Another moment and the boat would be reached. Lights were flashing from every window, the shouts of men echoed on all sides, and the alarm spread like wildfire through the city. There was a commotion on the water further up the stream. I expected to be hemmed in on all sides. Suddenly a tremendous cannonade, the resounding shouts of men which I recognized as the well-known British cheer, greeted my ear. I knew what was up in a moment, and, by gad, the blood tingled in every vein. Our army had made the long-expected assault on the city. But I have already exhausted your patience, Trunnion, and talked myself hoarse, so I'll wind up short, you know. Under cover of the confusion attendant upon an assault, I effected my escape with the fair Miss Stanly, and soon after I was invalided home. Six months afterwards she became my wife. The turban I threw aside when I reached my bungalow, having entirely forgotten the ruby. But I recovered it, and it's no small relic, not only of the adventure in which I found a wife, but also of the rebellion.

"The Hindoo? What became of her? Oh, she is with my wife yet. But here comes your sergeant, and, by gad, he has the rascals, you know, who left me to dangle about, like the tuft on the top of a date-palm."

Soon after my company was relieved, and I marched to camp with my prisoners who were summarily disposed of. The English lord accompanied me, and when I bade him adieu, a tear stood in the depths of his clear blue eye.

"Farewell, Trunnion, you saved my life—by gad, you did—and Pearl will remember you in her prayers for the deed. When you get a furlough, you must come to old England. Charles Arthur Howard will stand ready to welcome you. In the meanwhile accept this little packet, but do not open it until I am gone. It will, I trust, prove a pleasant souvenir of our meeting, the dawn of our friendship, and a remembrance of the night I put in at Delhi. Farewell!"

In due time I opened the package, and before me lay the ruby.

A MAGNIFICENT OCEAN STEAMER.

THE Cunard Steamship Company has just added a new steamer to that popular line which is in every respect one of the finest, if not the very finest, ocean vessel ever built. The steamship is called the *Gallia*. At the Paris Exhibition her model received the first prize gold medal. The *Gallia* was built by Messrs. James & George Thomson, of Glasgow, who have constructed most of the vessels added to the fleet of late years. She was completed at a cost of over $500,000. She is a bark-rigged screw propeller, built something after the general design of the *Scythia* and *Bothnia*, but is longer and wider than either of these. Her length is 450 feet over all, her molded width 44 feet, and her depth of hold 36 feet, with a measurement capacity of 4,809 tons. Her machinery is of the finest description, and includes the latest improvements. She has three compound direct-acting cylinder engines, two of them being 84 inches in diameter and the third 61 inches, the piston-stroke being 60 inches, affording a nominal force of 700 horse-power, which, however, can be increased, should necessity demand, to over 3,000 horse-power.

She has stateroom accommodations for 480 first-class passengers, should an emergency call for so large a number, and has equally large accommodations for steerage passengers. The cabin-fittings and arrangements are of the first class, and the staterooms are unusually fine. The principal dining-saloon is situated on the spar-deck, and is superbly furnished, and lighted by a series of top and side lights. It is floored with oak parquetry of Belgian manufacture, and the walls are inlaid with Japanese paneling upon a ground of red jasper, with gold tracery. There are sideboards and mirrors, a piano, and a large library. The second dining-saloon (on the main-deck) is furnished with taste, and both have revolving soda-chairs at the tables. On the upper deck there is a "ladies' boudoir," and a "ladies' cabin" on the spar-deck, the latter being paneled with Brazilian onyx and richly upholstered in blue. A commodious and beautifully-fitted smoking-room for gentlemen is also on the main-deck. The state-rooms and berths are large, well-ventilated and fitted with many improvements, including stationary wash-basins and steam-heaters of new pattern. They all communicate by means of pneumatic bells with the steward's department.

The vessel has a crew of 130 men, and the following is the list of her officers: Captain, Mr. Cook; first officer, Mr. Elder; second officer, Mr. Dean; extra second officer, Mr. Inman; third officer, Mr. King; extra third officer, Mr. Croft; fourth officer, Mr. Mills. There are six engineers, of whom the chief is Mr. Watson. The surgeon is Dr. Hill, the purser Mr. Fleming, and the chief steward, Mr. Allsitter. The *Gallia*, which arrived here, April 15th, made her first voyage from this port to Liverpool, Wednesday, the 23d ultimo, having 177 first-class passengers.

MEMORIAL DAY IN ATLANTA, GA.

MEMORIAL DAY in the Southern States was pretty generally celebrated on Saturday, April 26th, by the suspension of business and military displays. At Columbus, Ga., the new Confederate monument was unveiled in the presence of 10,000 people from different sections of the State and from Alabama. State and national flags were displayed, and Governor Colquitt delivered a non-political address.

The observance at Atlanta was the most noticeable however. Several thousand visitors poured into the city early in the morning, and military from all the neighboring States met there for the exercises of Decoration Day. Six thousand Confederate soldiers were buried there, and their remains were honored as never before. The band of the Fifth Artillery, United States, played at the head of the procession, followed by military organizations from half a dozen Southern cities. The cemetery was filled with thousands of spectators, who cheered as the Government band came in at the head of the procession. General Fitzhugh Lee delivered the address, in which he extolled Southern bravery and heroism, and appealed for the perpetuation of such services as were then being conducted. Great enthusiasm followed the speech. A banquet, in honor of General Lee and the visiting military was given in the evening, at which several United States officers were present.

The leading military organizations reached the city on the 25th, when a tilt was had at Oglethorpe Park, between the Richmond Hussars, of Augusta, the Edgefield Hussars and the Burke County Hussars, in which the Edgefield men were victorious.

At Augusta, the day was observed by the suspension of business and a parade of the military. The monument was decorated with garlands, and the statues of Lee, Jackson, Cobb and Walker were crowned with laurel wreaths.

From all the accounts that have reached us the formal speeches were free from political reflections and sectional bitterness. They were replete with the liberal, conciliatory, manly ideas that are always expressed when the survivors of the war meet to honor the heroic dead of their own side or of their opponents.

Death of Bishop Ames.

BISHOP EDWARD R. AMES, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Baltimore, April 25th. He had a long illness, suffering from diabetes and pulmonary troubles. Bishop Ames was not only the best known bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but the ablest counselor in its fold, and one of the best executive officers which it was ever the good fortune of that church to possess. He was born in 1806, and entered the ministry in 1830 in Illinois. Ten years later he came prominently before his church as a delegate to the General Convention of that year from the Indiana Conference. The slavery question was agitating the church, and the General Conference having attempted to discipline one of its Southern bishops for owning slaves, the separation between the Northern and Southern churches took place. Dr. Ames worked hard to prevent the step, and never ceased to do all in his power to heal the breach, in spite of the small encouragement which he received from Southern Methodists. In the same year he was elected by the Conference as Missionary Secretary, his work lying chiefly in the West. By virtue of this office he had the supervision of the German and Indian Missions of the Church. He filled the position for four years, and traveled during that time about 25,000 miles—this, too, in the ante-railroad days, when traveling was slow and laborious. In one tour he traversed the entire frontier line, from Lake Superior to Texas, camping out most of the time. At one time during this journey, his party was so destitute of provisions that for two days the only food was a little moistened maple-sugar. He was the first man ever elected as a Chaplain by an Indian Council, having been appointed such by the General Council of the Choctaw Nation in 1842. While acting as Chaplain Mr. Ames drew up the school law of the Choctaw Nation, by request of the Committee on Education. By the provisions of that excellent Bill a larger amount for each scholar was appropriated for educational purposes than in any one of the States. He was elected Bishop in 1852, and from that time to the day of his death his labors were incessant.

Marrying Men.

HAVING once tasted the sweets of married life, men cannot, it seems, remain single. It appears that of 1,000 single men of from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, 110 or 112 marry each year. On the other hand, the corresponding number for widowers is 356, or three times as many. At other ages the difference is still greater. Widowers marry four times more than bachelors of the same age, and in the case of young men (twenty-one and under) the numbers are 230 and 4 respectively. In the case of females, M. Bertillon (who has produced folios of figures) obtains similar results, though less decided. From twenty-five to thirty years of age, when Dutch girls marry most, widows are found to marry about twice as much, and a corresponding difference appears throughout similarly in Switzerland and England. There are two exceptions to this rule, however. In Berlin widows past thirty marry almost exactly in the same proportion as spinsters, and in France they marry a little less. The state of young widowhood seems to press the same everywhere. Is the state of things in France, then, to be explained by saying that French husbands are wickeder than others? "I prefer to believe," says M. Bertillon, "that they are, on the contrary, too good, and that they leave widows absolutely inconsolable."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Procession of Pilgrims in Rome.

Rome, the Eternal City, is ever full of color, full of strange, fascinating and bizarre scenes. Our illustration represents a number of devout and pious pilgrims engaged in ascending and descending a stairway in the Vatican. Some have been to a shrine in the Church of the Trinity of the Mount, where they have poured forth their orisons; others proceed thither having a similar object in view. All are solemnly silent while within the precincts of the structure whose name implies so much.

Sketches from Afghanistan.

On Monday, March 31st, a squadron of the Tenth Hussars, following one of the Eleventh Lancers across the Cabul River, near Jellalabad, missed the ford and were carried away by the current, and presumably drowned, Sub-Lieutenant Harford and fifty men being reported missing. Nothing further has been ascertained respecting the accident, but it is supposed that a sudden spate or wave came down, as the column, 140 yards long, were simultaneously washed off the ford, which was recrossed by some men shortly afterwards without accident. Our illustration shows the Royal Engineers laying a bridge over the river near the scene of the mishap to avoid a future disaster of a similar character. The incident of the Ninety-second Highlanders crossing the Sababa happened on the march from Lawrencepur to Kohat. The Scots reached the river Sababa early in the morning, but found no bridge, and the ferry-boat lying on the shore broken. The water was from three to four feet deep, dreadfully cold, and the stream was exceedingly swift. As the troops, however, were unincumbered with trowsers, the crossing was pretty easy.

Sketches from Zululand.

Our illustration of Zulu troops crossing a river may find a suitable commentary in the following extract from the pamphlet which was lately compiled by order of Lord Chelmsford and published in Natal, giving an account of the enemy's military system: "When a Zulu army on the line of march comes to a river in flood, and the breadth of the stream which is out of their depth does not exceed from ten to fifteen yards, they plunge in in a dense mass, holding on to one another, those behind forcing them forward, and thus succeed in crossing with the loss of a few of their number." In contrast with this is the view of some men of a Native Contingent Regiment attached to the Northern Column in Zululand crossing the Blood River on January 5th, under the command of Colonel Evelyn Wood, V. C. The river is only thirty feet broad, but deep and swift, and after heavy rains impassable for days by wagons, so that everything has to be ferried over on small pontoons. All natives know how to swim, and they carry their shield with clothes aloft in one hand. Lord Chelmsford's expedition for the rescue of Colonel Pearson's forces, which had been besieged in at Ekowe since January last, has been successful. It defeated about 11,000 Zulus on the 3d instant, and next day entered Ekowe. The troops found that the garrison had plenty of food. Twenty-eight of the number had died during the investment. Ekowe has been abandoned, and a new intrenchment camp is to be formed. In the fight between Colonel Wood's command and the Zulus, on the 28th of March, the retreat of the Zulus was cut off, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. The total of the British losses in both engagements is estimated at 220 killed and wounded. The Zulus lost 2,500 men. It is rumored at Pretoria and Natal that the Boers intend investing Pretoria, and threaten to detain Sir Bartle Frere as a hostage unless their demands are complied with. It is rumored also that Sir Bartle Frere is returning to Natal.

Disembarkation of General Martinez Campos in the Bay of Cadiz.

The city of Cadiz is noted as ever being the foremost of the cities of sunny Spain in patriotic demonstrations, and, true to her reputation, she has just received General Martinez Campos, the pacificator of Cuba, as the Spaniards love to call him, with honors worthy of being tendered to a prince of the blood royal. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th of February the tower of La Viga hoisted the signal that the steamer bearing the valiant little General was in sight, and a tender, with all the notabilities of the city on board, immediately steamed out to meet him. The Captain General of Andalusia, the Mayor of Cadiz, with Generals Balon and Prendergast, and the Marquis of Santo Domingo y Guzmans, tendered to Campos the warmest expressions of welcome upon his return to his native shores—a return especially grateful to his country, since, by valor tempered with clemency, he had brought about a peace as honorable to the Cubans as it was creditable to the arms of Spain.

Italian Pyramid for the Bones of the Slain at Novara.

There has recently been inaugurated a grand pyramidal structure at Novara, in the Italian province of the same name, bordering on Switzerland, in which have been gathered the bones of the soldiers who fell in the memorable battle there in March, 1849. The engagement was between the Sardinians, under the Polish General Chrzanowski, and the Austrians, under Radetsky, and resulted in the complete rout of the former. This led to the abdication of Charles Albert, in the evening following the disastrous battle, in favor of his son, the late King Victor Emmanuel, who succeeded in obtaining from Austria terms less humiliating than those imposed on his father. The pyramid was inaugurated with great state and ceremony by King Humbert in the view of a vast concourse of military, ecclesiastics and citizens.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—ABOUT 100,000,000 logs are expected to enter the Penobscot boom this Spring.

—CHARLESTON is shipping daily by express 32,000 quarts of strawberries to New York.

—THE Germans, Italians and French are preparing for extensive exhibits at the Mexican Exhibition of 1880, with a view of interrupting the growing trade between the United States and Mexico.

—THE Swiss Council of State has appointed a committee on the proposal for introducing such modifications into the Federal Constitution as will admit of the Cantons re-establishing capital punishment.

—THE foundation-stone of a Russian monument was laid on April 14th on the summit of the Shipka Pass. This structure will be a pleasant subject for contemplation by the Turkish garrison of the Balkans.

—UNDER the law passed by the last Legislature of Mississippi all officers of a county are required to be present at the organization of a grand jury, that they may listen to the charge of the Judge and be advised.

—THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has informed such of its tenants as are engaged in the liquor business in Exchange Place, Jersey City, that after the 1st of May their leases will not be renewed for barrooms.

—THE Government of Brazil has nearly completed the negotiations with capitalists for the establishment of a great bank of loan to planters, under the law of 1875, guaranteeing interest and redemption of the bank issues.

—THE services of the late Mr. J. A. MacGahan, the American newspaper correspondent, are to be gratefully commemorated by the Bulgarian authorities, June 9th, the anniversary of his death. They will hold formal public ceremonies.

—IT is proposed to establish a permanent weather observatory on or near the top of the celebrated mountain Ben Nevis, in Scotland. The summit is the highest in Great Britain, being 4,406 feet above the level of the sea.

—ACCORDING to the official report, more than $30,000,000 are paid annually by the United States for imported fibres—flax, hemp and jute—and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that in no other country in the world can these fibres be grown so well and cheaply.

—NAPOLEON'S portable printing-press, which fell into the hands of the Russians during the retreat from Moscow, is at present in the possession of the Lehmann foundry at St. Petersburg, and is offered for sale at the price of 1,000 roubles.

—IN Mississippi there are 348,244 pupil children—158,156 white, and 190,088 colored. Of these, 103,676 whites and 104,779 colored attend school. The school fund for the past year amounted to $616,268—per capita in average daily attendance, $3.42.

—THE April returns of the Department of Agriculture show that the acreage of Winter wheat is about one and a half per cent. greater than last year. This increase is due mostly to the transfer of Spring sowings to Fall sowings in the West and Northwest.

—IT is anticipated that the peach crop on the Maryland and Delaware Peninsula will be unprecedented this year both as to quality and quantity. In all parts of the peach-growing district the most flattering prospects exist, and information from every point is favorable.

—THE committee of citizens appointed to select a site for the World's Fair in 1883 have agreed, and are preparing their report. The site selected is semi-officially stated to be a tract of 170 acres lying between Long Island Sound and the Southern Boulevard, west of Port Morris and east of Harlem Bridge.

—AN Act granting an annual pension of $75 to surviving veterans of the Mexican War from Pennsylvania who have resided in the State for more than twenty years prior to the passage of the Bill, and also to widows of deceased soldiers and sailors of said war, has passed both branches of the Legislature.

—THE Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon, was formally opened, April 23d, the 315th anniversay of the birth of the poet, with the performance of "Much Ado about Nothing." A brilliant audience was present. The town was gayly decorated with flags and crowded with visitors, notwithstanding unfavorable weather.

—THE Pennsylvania Legislature has passed a Bill to mitigate the tramp evil in that State. It provides an imprisonment of twelve months for begging to acquire money or a livelihood, and of three years for entering a dwelling against the will of the owner, for kindling fires upon the highway or upon any land without the consent of the owner, and for carrying firearms with intent unlawfully to do injury to any person. It applies to males over sixteen years old.

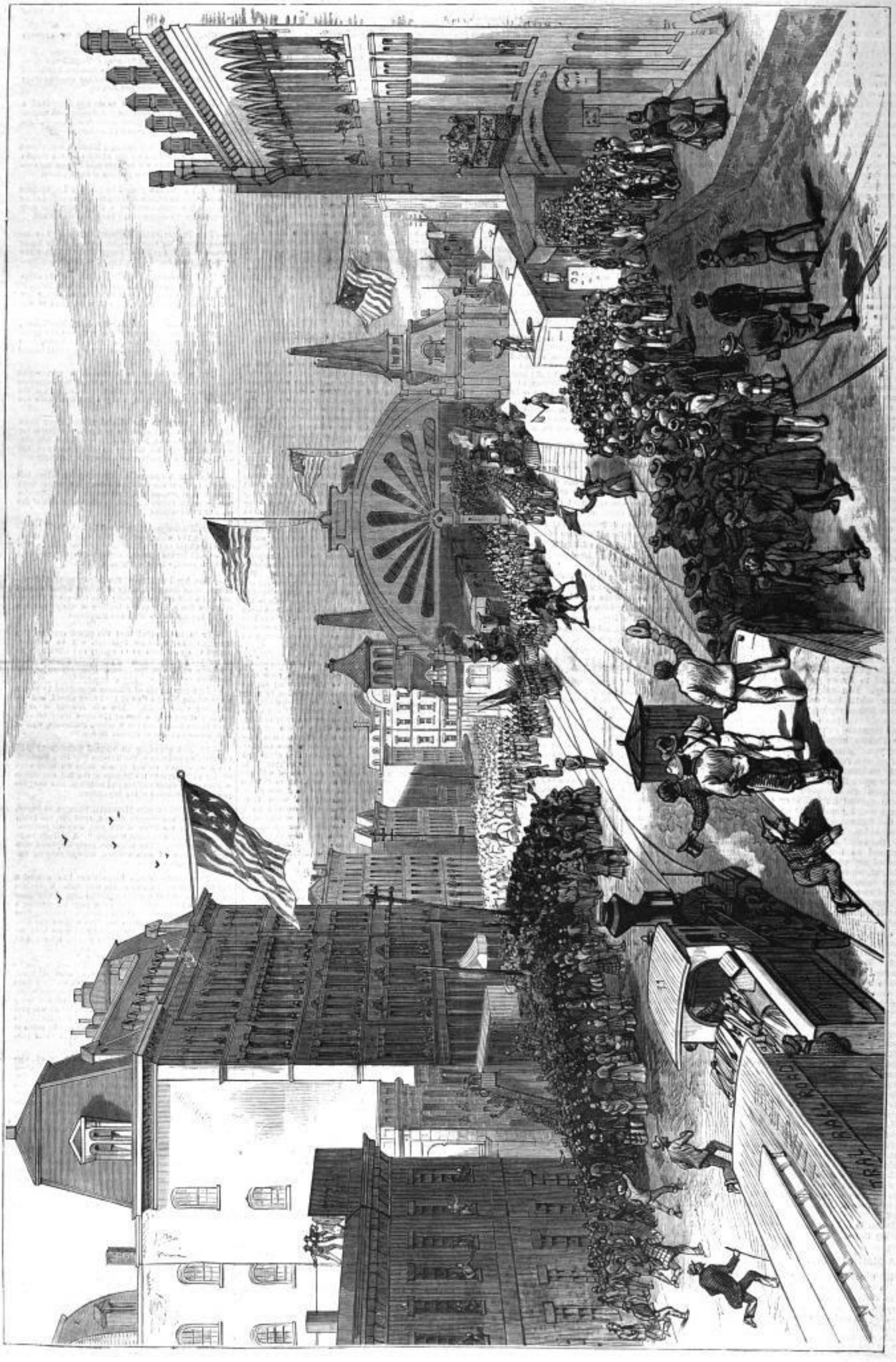
—MR. SICKLES, United States Consul at Bangkok, Siam, in a dispatch to the Department of State, announces that the project of sending an embassy from Siam to the United States has been finally agreed upon. He also describes the gorgeous style in which the letter of the Supreme King of Siam to General Grant was prepared. It contained an invitation from His Majesty to ex-President Grant to visit the kingdom as the guest of the Government. The letter was inclosed in royal purple satin.

—THE Washington and Lee University of Virginia has, through its representatives, conferred upon Mr. Beresford Hope the honorary degree of LL.D. Mr. Hope is one of the ripest scholars in England, and has represented the University of Cambridge in Parliament continuously since 1865. He is the youngest son of the late Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, Surrey, was born in 1820, and is consequently now about sixty years of age. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1841.

—A NEW project for the creation of an inland sea has been advanced and advocated by General Fremont, at present Governor of Arizona. The removal of a barrier bridge, he affirms, would admit the waters of the Gulf of California into an ancient basin, and would create a navigable inland sea 200 miles long, 50 miles broad, and 300 feet deep. This piece of engineering, he claims, would convert what is now a desert region into a commercial highway, and would greatly improve the climate of Southern Arizona and California.

—THE anniversary of the proclamation of Greek independence was celebrated in Athens on the 6th of April. The King and Queen, accompanied by the members of the diplomatic body in Athens and the principal civil and military authorities, attended a Te Deum in the cathedral. In the afternoon a number of Epirotes made a demonstration before the palace, calling upon the King to insist on the cession of Janina to Greece. A banner was carried at the head of the demonstration, inscribed with the words "Union or Death." An aide-de-camp of the King having announced that His Majesty was absent from the palace, the people dispersed quietly.

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GEORGIA.—MEMORIAL DAY IN ATLANTA.—ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF VISITING MILITIA AT THE DEPOT, APRIL 27TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.

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VIRGINIA.—A FAMILY OF NEGROES, WHO DO NOT FAVOR THE EXODUS, RETURNING FROM A PURCHASING TRIP TO NEW MARKET.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 165.

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MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

WHY is it, Paul, that you and I
Can never pass each other by?
Why is it that in crowded street,
In shop or theatre we meet?
Nor find that all our virtue shown
Can for one day the power disown
Of that mysterious, unseen czar,
Who rules our lives, whose slaves we are!

Were I to sail for Iceland's shore,
And you pluck dates at Singapore—
Did I sail east, and you sail west,
To each avoid we did our best—
Some hand our plans would complicate,
Throw open wide some Golden Gate,
And thither lead our captive feet—
Do what we would, we still should meet.

There is a reason, Paul, you know,
Why I should be as cold as snow.
You loved me once, and praised my eyes,
Spoke of their "changeful, glad surprise,"
And quoted for me that old time,
The York and Lancaster sweet rhyme—
"How the red rose placed on her breast
Grew white, from contact with the rest."

There were no words of love unsaid,
Yet 'mid their promises you fled,
And left me to a dry despair.
Now when the Spring comes, with the air
Of violets, lilacs, blossoms blest,
I suffer from some vague unrest—
All I have conquered flees away,
You spoiled for me the month of May.

I was not one to sit and pine,
Life holds too much that's rare and fine;
I stuffed my wound with stiff brocade,
And no one saw my blushes fade;
But oft at night my pillow knew
The blinding tears I shed for you.
Then came a heart that did not roam,
But folded me to him and home.

I told him all; he gayly smiled,
And many an hour the way beguiled
By stories of loves past and o'er.
"Life is an ocean, love the shore,"
Said he, "and outward go the sails,
Trusting to treacherous waves and gales",
But saying thus, he clasped my hand,
"Here is one, dear, has come to land."

You wed unhappily, I hear;
Of her great wealth you stand in fear;
You find that now you hold in fee
Houses and lands, but wanting me,
Your wine is sour, your gold alloyed,
And all your title-deeds are void—
That is your payment, that your part
Of the great blow you gave my heart.

What is the power which baffles—rules—
Which quells our will and makes us fools?
Must memory grow a monster bold
And all our energies enfold,
As Juno's serpents bind in one
The struggling group, Laocoon?
Lie still, dead love, and wholly die
Are we Fate's puppets, you and I?

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITH a rapid succession of events the morning had begun. With a rapid succession of events the day went on.

The breakfast being over, rooms at the hotel were engaged by Rufus for his "two young friends." After this, the next thing to be done was to provide Simple Sally with certain necessary, but invisible, articles of clothing which Amelius had never thought of. A note to the nearest shop produced the speedy arrival of a smart lady, accompanied by a boy and a large basket. There was some difficulty in persuading Sally to trust herself alone in her room with the stranger. She was afraid, poor soul, of everybody but Amelius. Even the good American failed to win her confidence. The distrust implanted in her feeble mind by the terrible life that she had led was the instinctive distrust of a wild animal. "Why must I go among other people?" she whispered piteously to Amelius. "I only want to be with you." It was as completely useless to reason with her as it would have been to explain the advantages of a comfortable cage to a newly-caught bird. There was but one way of inducing her to submit to the most gently-exerted interference. Amelius had only to say, "Do it, Sally, to please me." And Sally sighed, and did it.

In her absence Amelius reiterated his inquiries in relation to that unknown friend whom Rufus had enthusiastically described as an angel—barring the wings.

The lady in question (the American briefly explained) was an Englishwoman—the wife of one of his countrymen, established in London as a merchant. He had known them both intimately before their departure from the United States, and the old friendship had been cordially renewed on his arrival in England. Associated with many other charitable institutions, Mrs. Payson was one of the managing committee of a "Home for Friendless Women," especially adapted to receive poor girls in Sally's melancholy position. Rufus offered to write a note to Mrs. Payson, inquiring at what hour she could receive his friend and himself, and obtain permission for them to see the "Home." Amelius (after some hesitation) accepted the proposal. The messenger had not been long dispatched with the note before the smart person from the shop made her appearance once more, reporting that "the young lady's outfit had been perfectly arranged," and presenting the inevitable result in the shape of a bill. The last farthing of ready money in the possession of Amelius proved to be insufficient to discharge the debt. He accepted a loan from Rufus until he could give his bankers the necessary order to sell out some of his money invested in the Funds. His answer, when Rufus protested against this course, was characteristic of the teaching which he owed to the Community. "My dear fellow, I am bound to return the money you have lent to me—in the interest of our poor brethren. The next friend who borrows of you may not have the means of paying you back."

After waiting for the return of Simple Sally, and waiting in vain, Amelius sent a chambermaid to her room, with a message to her. Rufus disapproved of this hasty proceeding. "Why disturb the girl at her looking-glass?" asked the old bachelor, with his quaintly-humorous smile.

Sally came in with no bright pleasure in her eyes this time; the girl looked worn and haggard. She drew Amelius away into a corner, and whispered to him. "I get a pain sometimes where the bruise is," she said; "and I've got it bad now." She glanced, with an odd furtive jealousy, at Rufus. "I kept away from you," she explained, "because I didn't want *him* to know." She stopped, and put her hand on her bosom, and clinched her teeth fast. "Never mind," she said, cheerfully, as the pang passed away again; "I can bear it."

Amelius, with his customary impetuosity, instantly ordered the most comfortable carriage that the hotel possessed. He had heard terrible stories of the possible result of an injury to a woman's bosom. "I shall take her to the best doctor in London," he announced. Sally whispered to him again—still with her eye on Rufus. "Is *he* going with us?" she asked. "No," said Amelius; "one of us must stay here to receive a message." Rufus looked after them very gravely, as the two left the room together.

Applying for information to the mistress of the hotel, Amelius obtained the address of a consulting surgeon of great celebrity, while Sally was getting ready to go out.

"Why don't you like my good friend upstairs?" he said to the girl, as they drove away from the house. The answer came swift and straight from the heart of the daughter of Eve. "Because you like him?" Amelius changed the subject; he asked her if she was still in pain. She shook her head impatiently. Pain or no pain, the uppermost idea in her mind was still that idea of being his servant, which had already found expression in words before they left the lodgings. "Will you let me keep my beautiful new dress for going out on Sundays?" she asked. "The shabby old things will do when I am your servant. I can black your boots, and brush your clothes, and keep your room tidy—and I will try hard to learn, if you will have me taught to cook." Amelius attempted to change the subject again. He might as well have talked to her in an unknown tongue. The glorious prospect of being his servant absorbed the whole of her attention. "I'm little and I'm stupid," she went on; "but I do think I could learn to cook, if I knew I was doing it for you." She paused, and looked at him anxiously. "Do let me try!" she pleaded; "I haven't had much pleasure in my life—and I should like it so!" It was impossible to resist this. "You shall be as happy as I can make you, Sally," Amelius answered; "God knows it isn't much you ask for!"

Something in those compassionate words set her thinking in another direction. It was sad to see how slowly and painfully she realized the idea that had been suggested to her.

"I wonder whether you can make me happy?" she said. "I suppose I have been happy before this—but I don't know when. I don't remember a time when I was not hungry and cold. Wait a bit. I do think I was happy once. It was a long while ago, and it took me a weary time to do it—but I did learn at last to play a tune on the fiddle. The old man and his wife took it in turns to teach me. Somebody gave me to the old man and his wife; I don't know who it was, and I don't remember their names. They were musicians. In the fine streets they sang hymns, and in the poor streets they sang comic songs. It was cold, to be sure, standing barefoot on the pavement, but I got plenty of halfpence. The people said I was so little it was a shame to send me out, and so I got halfpence. I had bread and apples for supper, and a nice little corner under the staircase to sleep in. Do you know, I do think I did enjoy myself at that time?" she concluded, still a little doubtful whether those faint and far-off remembrances were really to be relied on.

Amelius tried to lead her to other recollections. He asked her how old she was at that time.

"I don't know," she answered; "I don't know how old I am now. I don't remember anything before the fiddle. I can't call to mind how long it was first; but there came a time when the old man and his wife got into trouble. They went to prison, and I never saw them afterwards. I ran away with the fiddle, to get the halfpence, you know, all to myself. I think I should have got a deal of money, if it hadn't been for the boys. They're so cruel, the boys are. They broke my fiddle. I tried selling pencils after that; but people didn't seem to want pencils. They found me out begging. I got took up, and brought before the what-do-you-call-him—the gentleman who sits in a high place, you know, behind a desk. Oh, but I was frightened, when they took me before the gentleman! He looked very much puzzled. He says, 'Bring her up here; she's so small I can scarcely see her.' He says, 'Good God, what am I to do with this unfortunate child?' There was plenty of people about. One of them says, 'The workhouse ought to take her.' And a lady came in, and she says, 'I'll take her, sir, if you'll let me.' And he knew her, and he let her. She took me to a place they call a Refuge—for wandering children, you know. It was very strict at the Refuge. They did give us plenty to eat, to be sure, and they taught us lessons. They told us about Our Father up in Heaven. I said a wrong thing. I said, 'I don't want him up in heaven; I want him down here.' They were very much ashamed of me when I said that. I was a bad girl; I turned ungrateful. After a time, I ran away. You see it was so strict, and I was so used to the streets. I met with a Scotchman in the streets. He wore a kilt, and played the pipes; he taught me to dance, and dressed me up like a Scotch girl. He had a curious wife, a sort of half-black woman. She used to dance, too—on a bit of carpet, you know, so as not to spoil her fine shoes. They taught me songs; he taught me a Scotch song. And one day his wife said *she* was English (I don't know how that was, being a half-black woman), and I should learn an English song. And they quarreled about it, and she had her way. She taught me 'Sally in our Alley.' That's how I come to be called Sally. I hadn't any name of my own—I always had nicknames. Sally was the last of them, and Sally has stuck to me. I hope it isn't too common a name to please you? Oh, what a fine house! Are we really going in? Will they let *me* in? How stupid I am! I forgot my beautiful clothes. You won't tell them, will you, if they take me for a lady?"

The carriage had stopped at the great surgeon's house; the waiting-room was full of patients. Some of them were trying to read the books and newspapers on the table; and some of them were looking at each other, not only without the slightest sympathy, but occasionally even with downright distrust and dislike. Amelius took up a newspaper, and gave Sally an illustrated book to amuse her, while they waited to see the surgeon in their turn.

Two long hours passed before the servant summoned Amelius to the consulting-room. Sally was wearily asleep in her chair. He left her undisturbed; having questions to put relating to the imperfectly-developed state of her mind, which could not be asked in her presence. The surgeon listened, with no ordinary interest, to the young stranger's simple and straightforward narrative of what had happened on the previous night. "You are very unlike other young men," he said; "may I ask how you have been brought up?" The reply surprised him. "This opens quite a new view of Socialism," he said. "I thought your conduct highly imprudent at first—it seems to be the natural result of your teaching now. Let me see what I can do to help you."

He was very grave and very gentle when Sally was presented to him. His opinion of the injury to her bosom relieved the anxiety of Amelius; there might be pain for some little time to come, but there were no serious consequences to fear. Having written his prescription, and having put several questions to Sally, the surgeon sent her back, with marked kindness of manner, to wait for Amelius in the patients' room.

"I have young daughters of my own," he said, when the door closed; "and I cannot but feel for that unhappy creature, when I contrast her life with theirs. So far as I can see it, the natural growth of her senses—her higher and her lower senses alike—has been stunted, like the natural growth of her body, by starvation, terror, exposure to cold, and other influences inherent in the life that she has led. With nourishing food, pure air, and above all, kind and careful treatment, I see no reason (at her age) why she should not develop into an intelligent and healthy young woman. Pardon me if I venture on giving you a word of advice. At your time of life, you will do well to place her at once under competent and proper care. You may live to regret it, if you are too confident in your own good motives in such a case as this. Come to me again, if I can be of any use to you. No," he continued, refusing to take his fee, "my help to that poor lost girl is help given freely." He shook hands with Amelius—a worthy member of the noble order to which he belonged.

The surgeon's parting advice, following on the quaint protest of Rufus, had its effect on Amelius. He was silent and thoughtful when he got into the carriage again.

Simple Sally looked at him with a vague sense of alarm. Her heart beat fast, under the perpetually recurring fear that she had done something or said something to offend him. "Was it bad behavior in me," she asked, "to fall asleep in the chair?" Reassured so far, she was still as anxious as ever to get at the truth. After long hesitation, and long previous thought, she ventured to try another question. "The gentleman sent me out of the room—did he say anything to set you against me?"

"The gentleman said everything that was kind of you," Amelius replied, "and everything to make me hope that you will live to be a happy girl."

She said nothing to that; vague assurances were no assurances to her—she only looked at him with the dumb fidelity of a dog. Suddenly she dropped on her knees in the carriage, hid her face in her hands, and cried silently. Surprised and distressed, he attempted to raise her, and console her. "No!" she said, obstinately. "Something has happened to vex you, and you won't tell me what it is. Do, do, do tell me what it is!"

"My dear child," said Amelius, "I was only thinking anxiously about you in the time to come."

She looked up at him quickly. "What! have you forgotten already?" she exclaimed. "I'm to be your servant in the time to come." She dried her eyes, and took her place again joyously by his side. "You did frighten me," she said, "and all for nothing. But you didn't mean it, did you?"

An older man might have had the courage to undeceive her; Amelius shrank from it. He tried to lead her back to the melancholy story—so common and so terrible; so pitiable in its utter absence of sentiment or romance—the story of her past life.

"No," she answered, with that quick insight where her feelings were concerned, which was the only quick insight that she possessed. "I don't like making you sorry; and you did look sorry—you did—when I talked about it before. The streets, the streets, the streets—little girl, or big girl, it's only the streets; and always being hungry and cold; and cruel men when it isn't cruel boys. I want to be happy! I want to enjoy my new clothes! You tell me about your own self. What makes you so kind? I can't make it out—try as I may, I can't make it out."

Some time elapsed before they got back to the hotel. Amelius drove as far as the city to give the necessary instructions to his bankers.

On returning to the sitting-room at last, he discovered that his American friend was not alone. A gray-haired lady with a bright, benevolent face, was talking earnestly to Rufus. The instant Sally discovered the stranger, she started back, fled to the shelter of her bedchamber, and locked herself in. Amelius, entering the room after a little hesitation, was presented to Mrs. Payson.

"There was something in my old friend's note," said the lady, smiling and turning to Rufus, "which suggested to me that I should do well to answer it personally. I am not too old yet to follow the impulse of the moment, sometimes; and I am very glad that I did so. I have heard what is—to me—a very interesting story. Mr. Goldenheart, I respect you! And I will prove it by helping you, with all my heart and soul, to save that poor little girl who has just ran away from me. Pray don't make any excuses for her: I should have run away, too, at her age. We have arranged," she continued, looking again at Rufus, "that I shall take you both to the Home this afternoon. If we can prevail on Sally to go with us, one serious obstacle in our way will be overcome. Tell me the number of her room. I want to try if I can't make friends with her. I have had some experience, and I don't despair of bringing her back here, hand-in-hand with the terrible person who has frightened her."

The two men were left together. Amelius attempted to speak.

"Keep it down," said Rufus; "no premature outbreak of opinion, if you please, yet awhile. Wait till she has fixed Sally, and shown us the Paradise of the poor girls. It is within the London postal district, and that's all I know about it. Well, now, and did you go to the doctor? Thunder! what's come to the boy? Seems as though he had left his complexion in the carriage? He looks, I do declare, as if he wanted medical tinkering himself."

Amelius explained that his past night had been a wakeful one, and that the events of the day had not allowed him any opportunities of repose. "Since the morning," he said, "things have hurried so, one on the top of the other, that I am beginning to feel a little dazed and weary." Without a word of remark, Rufus produced the remedy. The materials were ready on the sideboard—he made a cocktail.

"Another?" asked the New Englander, after a reasonable lapse of time.

Amelius declined taking another. He stretched himself on the sofa; his good friend considerately took up a newspaper. For the first time that day he had now the prospect of a quiet interval for rest and thought. In less than a minute the delusive prospect vanished. He started to his feet again, disturbed by a new anxiety. Having leisure to think, he had thought of Regina. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "she's waiting to see me—and I never remembered it till this moment!" He looked at his watch; it was five o'clock. "What am I to do?" he said, helplessly.

Rufus laid down the newspaper, and considered the new difficulty in its various aspects.

"We are bound to go with Mrs. Payson to the Home," he said; "and I tell you this, Amelius, the matter of Sally is not a matter to be played with; it's a thing that's got to be done. In your place, I should write politely to Miss Regina, and put it off till to-morrow."

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a man who took Rufus for his counselor was a man who acted wisely in every sense of the word. Events, however (of which Amelius and his friend were both ignorant alike), had so ordered it that the American's well-meant advice, in this one exceptional case, was the very worst advice that could have been given. In an hour more, Jervy and Mrs. Sowler were to meet at the tavern-door. The one last hope of protecting Mrs. Farnaby from the abominable conspiracy of which she was the destined victim rested solely on the fulfillment by Amelius of his engagement with Regina for that day. Always ready to interfere with the progress of the courtship, Mrs. Farnaby would be especially eager to seize the first opportunity of speaking to her young Socialist friend on the subject of his lecture. In the course of the talk between them, the idea of which, in the present disturbed state of his mind, had not struck him yet—the idea that the outcast of the streets might, by the barest conceivable possibility, be identified with the lost daughter—would, in one way or another, be almost infallibly suggested to Amelius; and, at the eleventh hour, the conspiracy would be foiled. If, on the other hand, the American's fatal advice was followed, the next morning's post might bring Jervy's first letter to Mrs. Farnaby, and would lead to this disastrous result. At the first words spoken by Amelius, she would inevitably destroy all further interest in the subject, on his part, by telling him that the trace of the lost girl had been found already, and found by another person.

Rufus pointed to the writing-materials on a side table, which he had himself used earlier in the day. The needful excuse was, unhappily, quite easy to find. A misunderstanding with his landlady had obliged Amelius to leave his lodgings at an hour's notice, and had occupied him in trying to find a new residence for the rest of the day. The note was written. Rufus, who was nearest to the bell, stretched

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out his hand to ring for the messenger. Amelius suddenly stopped him.

"She doesn't like me to disappoint her," he said. "I needn't stay long—I might get there and back in half an hour, in a fast cab."

His conscience was not quite easy. The sense of having forgotten Regina—no matter how naturally and excusably—oppressed him with a feeling of self-reproach. Rufus raised no objection; the hesitation of Amelius was unquestionably creditable to him. "If you must do it, my son," he said, "do it right away—and we'll wait for you."

Amelius took up his hat. The door opened as he approached it and Mrs. Payson entered the room, leading Simple Sally by the hand.

"We are all going together," said the genial old lady, "to see my large family of daughters at the Home. We can have our talk in the carriage. It's an hour's drive from this place—and I must be back again to dinner at half-past seven."

Amelius and Rufus looked at each other. Amelius thought of pleading an engagement and asking to be excused. Under the circumstances it was assuredly not a very gracious thing to do. Before he could make up his mind one way or the other, Sally stole to his side and put her hand on his arm. Mrs. Payson had done wonders in conquering the girl's inveterate distrust of strangers, and, to a certain extent, at least, winning her confidence. But no earthly influence could shake Sally's dog-like devotion to Amelius. Her jealous instinct discovered something suspicious in his sudden silence. "You must go with us," she said; "I won't go without you."

"Certainly not," Mrs. Payson added; "I promised her that, of course, beforehand."

Rufus rang the bell and dispatched the messenger to Regina. "That's the one way out of it, my son," he whispered to Amelius, as they followed Mrs. Payson and Sally down the stairs of the hotel.

* * * * * *

They had just driven up to the gates of the Home when Jervy and his accomplice met at the tavern, and entered on their consultation in a private room.

In spite of her poverty-stricken appearance Mrs. Sowler was not absolutely destitute. In various underhand and wicked ways she contrived to put a few shillings in her pocket from week to week. If she was half-starved, it was for the very ordinary reason (among persons of her vicious class) that she preferred spending her money on drink. Stating his business with her, as reservedly and as cunningly as usual, Jervy found to his astonishment that even this squalid old creature presumed to bargain with him. The two wretches were on the point of a quarrel which might have delayed the execution of the plot against Mrs. Farnaby but for the vile self-control which made Jervy one of the most formidable criminals living. He gave way on the question of money, and from that moment he had Mrs. Sowler absolutely at his disposal.

"Meet me to-morrow morning to receive your instructions," he said. "The time is ten sharp, and the place is the powder-magazine in Hyde Park. And mind this! You must be decently dressed—you know where to hire the things. If I smell you of spirits to-morrow morning I shall employ somebody else. No, not a farthing now. You will have your money to-morrow at ten."

Left by himself, Jervy sent for pen, ink and paper. Using his left hand, which was just as serviceable to him as his right, he traced these lines:

"You are informed, by an unknown friend, that a certain lost young lady is now living in a foreign country, and may be restored to her afflicted mother on receipt of a sufficient sum to pay expenses and to reward the writer of this letter, who is (undeservedly) in distressed circumstances. Are you, madam, the mother? I ask the question in the strictest confidence, knowing nothing certainly but that your husband was the person who put the young lady out to nurse in her tender infancy. I do not address your husband, because his inhuman desertion of the poor baby does not incline me to trust him. I run the risk of trusting you—to a certain extent. Shall I drop a hint which may help you to identify the child in your own mind? It would be an inexcusably foolish action, on my part, to take you into my confidence just yet. The hint must be a vague one. Suppose I use a poetical expression? Suppose I say that the young lady is enveloped in mystery from head to foot—particularly the foot. In the event of my addressing the right person, I beg to offer a suggestion for a preliminary interview. If you will take a walk on the bridge over the Serpentine River on the Kensington Gardens side at half-past ten o'clock to-morrow morning, holding a white handkerchief in your left hand, you will meet the much-injured woman, who was deceived into taking charge of the infant child at Ramsgate, and will be satisfied so far that you are giving your confidence to persons who really deserve it."

Jervy addressed this infamous letter to Mrs. Farnaby, in an ordinary envelope, marked "Private." He posted it that night with his own hand.

(To be continued.)

CONTRASTS OF THE NEGRO EXODUS.

THE exodus of the negroes from the South towards Kansas continues, and meetings to express sympathy and raise funds to relieve the distress are being held in the larger cities of the North. A relief-meeting was held in Cooper Institute on the evening of April 23d, at which speeches were made by Thurlow Weed, the Rev. Henry H. Garnet, the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, and others, while letters were read from William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Mayor Cooper and District-Attorney Phelps. The most interesting feature of the meeting was the address of C. H. Tandy, a young colored man, who has had charge of the movement in St. Louis to relieve the refugees who made that city their rallying-point. As a rule the immigrants are young and vigorous men and women who are accompanied by vast numbers of children. From St. Louis they journeyed by boat to Wyandotte, the Kansas suburb of Kansas City, on the Missouri River, and it is at this point that thousands are now camping out, awaiting the funds they firmly believe "the Lord will provide" to enable them to reach the interior of Kansas and go to work. The scene of the rendezvous is described as being extremely animated and curious. The depot is built partly on a bluff, so that one side of it, next to the river, is supported upon a platform—a style of building incomprehensible to one who has not visited Kansas City. Under this platform the "darkeys" have made themselves a sort of shelter where they can crawl in to sleep at night. Here they have deposited their household goods, hung up their blankets, and stowed most of their smallest "pickaninnies"; and such a conglomeration of old clothes and parti-colored humanity it would be hard to find elsewhere. They seem to have brought with them every rag and patch which they ever owned, and here they flutter and wave as if conscious that they had at last found an atmosphere in which they were free to wave as long as there was a thread left. Further down on the bank of the river, the people are gathered in little groups, each having for its centre a tiny fire of dry sticks, and offering many a glimpse of the picturesque as well as many touches of humor to the appreciative eye.

The most intelligent of the negroes now at Wyandotte declare that more will follow them, and this is borne out by the statements of recent travelers from New Orleans, who assert that the banks of the Mississippi are lined with colonies of them awaiting an opportunity to get away. Application has been made to the Secretary of War for issues of Government rations to accommodate the negroes, but the Secretary replied that he has no authority to order such an issue, and suggested an appeal direct to Congress from which such necessary authority emanates.

On April 22d a telegram from Governor St. John, setting forth the condition of the negroes, and urging the Government to provide tents and rations until arrangements can be made to enable them to provide for themselves, was filed as a petition by Congressman Haskell, and referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

It is pleasant to turn from such statements as these and such illustrations of the hegira as we have published from St. Louis to the spirited engraving in this number. Here we have a portion of a well-to-do colored family in Virginia, whose thrift, or "good luck," has enabled them to maintain themselves in comfort, and who, in consequence, find no occasion in their surroundings for joining in the general exodus.

Living in the vicinity of Newmarket, they are shown journeying leisurely, nay, quite luxuriantly, from a shopping tour of that place to their home. If their horses have not the speed nor the beauty of *Parole*, it matters little to the riders; they really are docile and safe for all domestic uses. Contentment beams from the old folks, and positive happiness from the son and heir. Perhaps, too, there is a shade of a feeling of superiority to the average run of the Virginia negroes, such as might be justly borne by a landed proprietor of the interior, and something also of the assumptions of aristocracy.

There can be no doubt but that they are far better off than those of their race now curled up for shelter beneath the platform of the railroad depot at Wyandotte.

Red Tape in Italy.

RED-TAPEISM is not a plant special to any country, and it thrives on Italian soil vigorously, if we are to believe the ghastly story which is just reported from Naples. A family of well-to-do merchants had made, in their own carriage, the pilgrimage of Monte Vergine, when, on coming back to town, they were hurled down into a precipice. No less than seven persons—father, mother, daughters and sons—lost their lives by the dreadful occurrence, and it was only after three days that their remains could be hauled up from the fatal spot and brought down to the city. Now, what do you think the gentry at the custom-house did under the circumstances? They alleged that, whereas there was no exception for "human meat" on the list of duties, the seven corpses could not be allowed to enter the town gates except on payment of the general duty on fresh meat! The relatives of the dead family objected, and disputed the case, but it was of no use; they had to submit, and to pay down 350 lire for gaining admittance.

Religious Statistics.

ACCORDING to Hübner's "Statistical Tables of all the Countries of the Earth," there are in the German Empire 25,800,000 Evangelical Christians, 14,900,000 Roman Catholics, 28,000 Orthodox Greek Christians, 512,000 Jews, 6,000 of all other denominations or of none. In Austria-Hungary there are 23,900,000 Roman Catholics, 3,600,000 Evangelical Christians, 7,220,000 Greek and other Christians, 1,375,000 Jews, 5,000 Mohammedans and others. In France there are 35,190,000 Roman Catholics, 600,000 Evangelical Christians, 118,000 Jews, 24,000 Mohammedans and others. In Great Britain and Ireland there are 26,000,000 Protestants of various denominations, 5,600,000 Roman Catholics, 26,000 Greeks, etc., 46,000 Jews, 6,000 Mohammedans and others. In Italy there are 26,650,500 Roman Catholics, 96,000 Evangelical Christians, 100,000 Greeks, etc., 36,000 Jews, 25 Mohammedans and others. In Spain there are 16,500,000 Roman Catholics, and 150,000 adherents of other denominations (details not given). In European Russia there are 56,100,000 Orthodox Greek Christians, etc., 2,680,000 Evangelical Christians, 7,500,000 Roman Catholics, 2,700,000 Jews, and 2,600,000 Mohammedans and others. In Belgium there are 4,920,000 Roman Catholics, 13,000 Reformed Church, 2,000 Jews, and 3,000 belonging to other denominations. In the Netherlands there are 2,601,000 members of the Reformed Church, 1,235,000 Roman Catholics, 64,000 Jews, and 4,000 of other denominations. In Sweden and Norway there are 4,162,000 members of the Evangelical Church, 4,000 Greeks and other Christians, and 2,000 Jews. The number of Roman Catholics is not officially given; it is estimated at less than 1,000. For every 10,000 inhabitants there are yearly in—

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.	Children in School.
The German Empire	466	292	90	1,500
Austria-Hungary	402	352	88	800
Great Britain and Ireland	346	220	77	800
France	267	231	86	960
Italy	360	306	80	708

Russia has the smallest proportionate number in elementary schools, about 150 per 10,000 inhabitants, and the United States of America the largest, 2,180 for every 10,000 inhabitants.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Ouless, A. R. A., has painted a fine portrait of Doctor Darwin for the next exhibition of the Academy.

The Widow of the celebrated Michael Faraday died early in January at an advanced age. She never had any children.

M. Lauth, chemist, has been appointed Manager of the National Manufactory of Sèvres, in place of M. Robert, who is placed on the retired list.

Henry St. Claire Deville, who first made the metal aluminium in quantity, was born in 1818. He is still as active as a young man of twenty-five, and is constantly engaged in chemical researches.

Herr J. M. Hildebrandt is about to start on a scientific tour through Madagascar, at the request of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. He will direct his principal attention to the botany, zoology and topography of the island.

The Geographical Society of St. Petersburg intends awarding its large gold medal this year to M. Nordenskiöld, the well-known Swedish explorer, who is at present ice-bound on board the steamer *Vega*, to the northeast of Siberia.

Electric Light on Locomotives.—An electric light has been tried on a locomotive on the Vienna Railway system. The apparatus was designed by Mr. Whitehead, the inventor of the celebrated torpedo, and is said to have worked satisfactorily.

The "Academy" hears that steps are being taken at Manchester with the view to the foundation of a Society of Commercial Geography in that city, and it expresses the hope that the good example will be followed by Liverpool and other large cities.

At a Recent Meeting of the Chemical Section of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, Mr. R. A. Tatloch announced the discovery of a magnetic iron sand in the Kyles of Bute. This contains, according to the analysis of Mr. R. Thomson, 83.52 per cent. of true magnetic oxide of iron.

History of Physics.—The late Professor Poggendorf, whose name is so closely associated with the *Journal of Physics*, of which he was for more than fifty years editor, left in a nearly completed state a history of physics. This posthumous work is shortly to be published and will contain much interesting matter collected by its author.

Improvement on the Telephone.—Mr. Gower, who accompanied Mr. Bell on a lecturing tour, has made an interesting improvement on Bell's instrument. The new telephone differs mainly in the form of the magnet, which has been calculated so precisely that the sounds can be heard at any distance from the speaker in a large room. The telephonic current is so powerful that the contact of a magnet can be worked by it, and a signal given in a central telephonic office.

Employment of Insane Patients on the Farm.—The employment of insane patients in farming operations has been found to be particularly successful at Zadrasa, in Saxony. The farm is about twenty minutes' walk from a large lunatic asylum. The stock consists of 30 milch cows, 30 to 50 pigs, 6 to 8 oxen, and 5 horses. The farm has 162 acres, and is wholly worked by the lunatics; and when they are not required at home the patients are employed as paid laborers on neighboring farms, repairing roads, etc. The cost of keeping the patients is one-third of the expense of the usual confined way. One guardian to seventeen patients is all that is required under the new system.

A New Galvanic Battery.—M. Herard has invented a new voltaic element, the exciting liquid of which is chloride of ammonium, and the depolarizing body calomel. The sal ammoniac in presence of zinc gives chloride of zinc with ammonia and hydrogen. The hydrogen reduces the calomel, giving metallic mercury, hydrochloric acid, and consequently chloride of ammonium. To prevent depositions of ammoniacal oxychloride of zinc on the zinc, the solution of sal ammonia acid is diluted one-tenth with liquid ammonia. The zinc is suspended by a coated copper plate about the middle of the liquid. The positive electrode is carbon in a canvas bag. One element after 248 days retained 0.65 of its original intensity.

The Metal Didymium.—The metal didymium appears to be a compound of two or more different substances. M. Soret has been examining it before the spectroscope, and has compared the didymium occurring in the mineral samarskite with that found in the cerite. He could not detect any appreciable difference in the rays furnished by the two spectra in the portion from the red to the green, but the identity was not continued in the blue and indigo. Two rays are here visible in the spectrum of the didymium from samarskite, while they are wanting in that from cerite. M. Delafontaine has already observed that difference, and has founded upon it a claim to the discovery of a new metal associated with didymium. M. Soret is disposed to come to a similar conclusion, as the didymium of samarskite shows in the indigo, violet and ultra violet, rays of considerable intensity which are absolutely wanting in the other. M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran is also examining the minerals, and his report on the subject is looked forward to with great interest.

A Cyclone in Switzerland.—A very violent tempest passed over a portion of Switzerland on the 20th of February last. During the day a complete calm had succeeded to a southwest wind which had been blowing steadily since the 16th. Towards evening a storm of exceptional violence broke out very suddenly, which spread itself over a width of five to ten miles, and scattered or demolished tiles and glass, blew down chimneys, tore off roofs, uprooted isolated trees or whole tracts of forests and swamped numerous boats on Lake Geneva. On the sides of the cyclone's path a relative calm prevailed. Owing to the abruptness of the outbreak peculiar facilities were afforded of testing the force of the wind. The anemometer of the Berne Observatory recorded the following rates of movement: From 5 to 6 o'clock P. M., perfect calm; from 7 to 8, a speed of 2.39 miles the hour; from 8 to 9, 33 miles; from 9 to 10, 36 miles; from 10 to 11, 38 miles; from 11 to 12, 36.4. The average rapidity of the wind was therefore from 65 to 75 feet per second, a most unusual velocity. The general direction of the storm was from the northeast.

Aniline Black.—This dye, which produces a deep and lustrous tint, is so costly that it can only be used for the very highest classes of silk goods. The reason of its high value is that it is produced by the action of vanadium (an extremely rare metal), in a solution of a salt of aniline (one of the gas tar products). To the colorless liquid in which the salt is dissolved, a small portion of some compound of vanadium is added, and a black precipitate is then formed. It is now stated that a method of producing the black dye in an economical manner by the use of salts of chromium, in presence of chlorates of potash, soda, etc., has been discovered by M. Grawitz. This chemist says that 75 grammes of chlorate of potash, 150 grammes of aniline salt, and one milligramme of neutral chromate, with a trace of ammonia, will produce an ink which remains perfectly limpid and colorless at first, but any writing with that liquid after the lapse of twenty-four hours becomes a very fine black. The advantage of this ink is that it is absolutely permanent and not acted upon by the bleaching agents which are used to remove ordinary writing fluid. The goods colored with it have a brilliant black, and the texture of the tissue is absolutely unaltered.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE estate of the late Richard Henry Dana is appraised at $118,957.20, of which $71,500 are in real estate.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S chair, in which so many of his celebrated sitters were painted, is to be presented to the Royal Academy by its President.

PROFESSOR THOMAS, the Illinois State entomologist, has just refused the position of Entomologist of the Agricultural Department at Washington.

CHARLES S. BRADLEY, ex-Chief Justice of Rhode Island and Bussey Professor of Law in the Harvard Law School for the last four years, has resigned.

A COPY of the marriage service, separately bound, was presented at the Duke of Connaught's wedding to every invited guest, to be kept as a memento of the occasion.

THE Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England has resolved to appoint the Rev. Dr. Patton, of Chicago, to the Chair of Apologetical Theology in the Presbyterian College of London.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has appointed Miles Beach, son of William A. Beach, the distinguished lawyer, as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in New York, to succeed the late Judge Robinson.

LIEUTENANT ZUBOVICS, the heroic officer who saved over one hundred persons from drowning during the inundation of Szegedin, is likely to die from an illness brought on by over-exertion on that occasion.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was so poor when he first commenced the practice of law that he had to live on $6 a month. This is said to be the secret of his assistance to poor young men, over fifty of whom he has assisted to a liberal education.

TWO PISTOL-SHOTS were fired at Edwin Booth on the evening of April 23d, while he was playing in "Richard II." in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, by a man who gave his name as Mark Gray, and asserted that he had tried for three years to kill the tragedian.

THE health of the King of Italy causes considerable anxiety to his family. The doctors have advised him to abstain from smoking, a piece of advice to which he pays little or no attention. They have also advised an operation, which, however, has so far not been decided upon.

THIS time it is reported that a marriage is arranged between His Spanish Majesty and the Archduchess Maria of Austria, daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand. The Princess was born on the 21st of July, 1858. The marriage will not take place until after midsummer.

THE late James Smith, of Philadelphia, bequeathed to the American Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association, $20,000 each; to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, $15,000; to the American Educational Society at Boston and the American Congregational Union, $2,000 each.

NILSSON is a devotee of Liebig. When she is about to appear in opera she rests, after rehearsal, the entire day on the sofa, abjures solid food, but has a cupful of her favorite essence of meat every two hours. This is her unvarying regimen, and she finds that it nerves her for the effort and triumph of successive nights.

MRS. PARNEL SIDWAY, one of Buffalo's oldest residents, has just died, aged seventy-eight years. She leaves an estate valued at $1,000,000. She was a resident of Buffalo during the burning of what was then the village of New Amsterdam by the British and Indians in 1813, her parents' house being the only one saved from destruction.

MR. GLADSTONE has received a very touching expression of gratitude from the President of the first Bulgarian Assembly. "In the darkest moments of our national life," says the message, "in the moments of suffering and neglect, all the Bulgarian nation, with joy and enthusiasm, heard from you a word of compassion, protection and consolation."

THE distinguished foreign guests who are expected to arrive in Japan during the present year, viz., General Grant and two Princes of Germany and Italy, will be intrusted especially to the care of three ex-daimios of once powerful and influential provinces. They are all young men, and thoroughly conversant with Western usages, having resided in Europe and America.

MR. PETER COOPER has received from Dr. C. W. Siemens, President of the British Iron and Steel Institute, a letter announcing that the Council of the Institute have unanimously resolved to confer upon him the Bessemer gold medal of 1879, in recognition of his prolonged and eminent services in the promotion of metallurgical science. The medal will be conferred at the annual meeting of the Institute, in May.

DR. CHARLES RAU, archæologist of the Smithsonian Institution, has recently been elected a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen. He received his diploma of membership, signed by the King of Denmark, as president of the society. Professor J. Lawrence Smith, the eminent American chemist of Louisville, Ky., has also just been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences of France.

PRESIDENT WHITE will occupy, at Berlin, the residence in which his two predecessors, Mr. Bancroft Davis and Mr. Bayard Taylor, lived. It comprises a series of commodious apartments, is situated in the Behrenstrasse, close to Unter den Linden, and has now become familiar to Berliners as the American Legation. He will be accompanied by Mrs. White and by his daughter, Miss Clara White. The new Minister has been tendered a farewell dinner by his old fellow-townsmen of Syracuse.

THE Pope has raised the Chief of the Order of Malta to the dignity of Grand Master, thus giving him the style of "serene highness" and the rank of a sovereign prince. This restoration of the historical Grand Masters of St. John of Jerusalem, or Malta, will attract much attention in Prussia, where there is an Order of St. John, which is Protestant and conferred by the King of Prussia, who holds the Grand Priory of Brandenburg, formerly belonging to the Order of St. John. The Grand Master is Count Ceschi di Santa Croce, an Italian, but an Austrian peer.

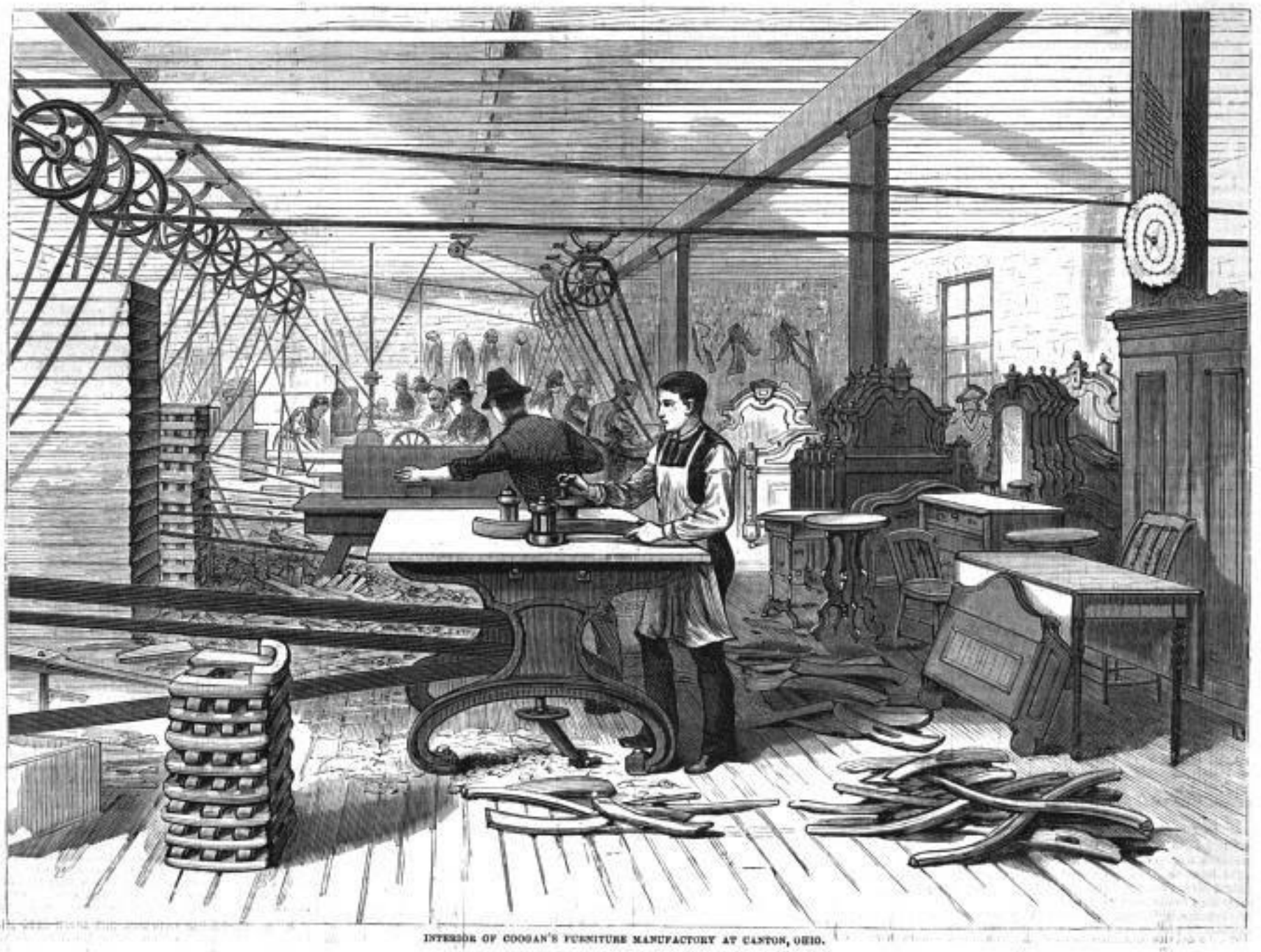
MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, American Consul at Birmingham, has received from the President of the National Bulgarian Assembly a telegram, of which the inclosed is a copy, thanking him for his services in the cause of Bulgarian freedom:

"TIRNOVA, April 4th, 1879

"At the time that European diplomacy was toying with all possible means to conceal the sufferings of the Bulgarian nation in consequence of the Turkish atrocities perpetrated two years ago, you, through your famous report, brought the truth to light and helped to remedy the evil. The free Bulgarian nation hastens to thank you heartily for your great service, and to assure you that your honored name will hold an enviable place in the history of the liberation of our nation.

"ANTHIM OF WIDIN,
"President of the National Assembly."

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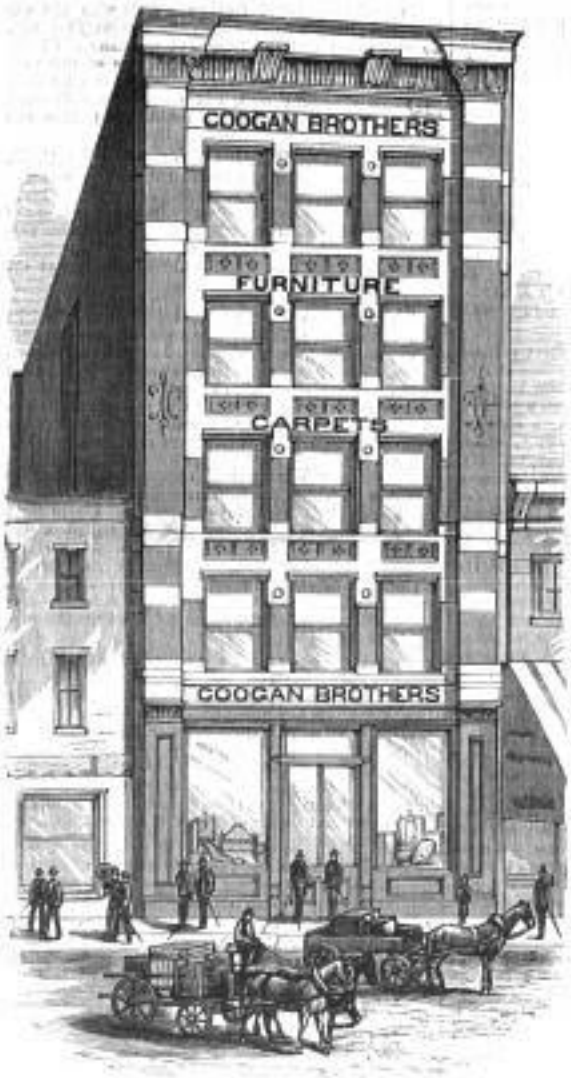


INTERIOR OF COOGAN'S FURNITURE MANUFACTORY AT CANTON, OHIO.

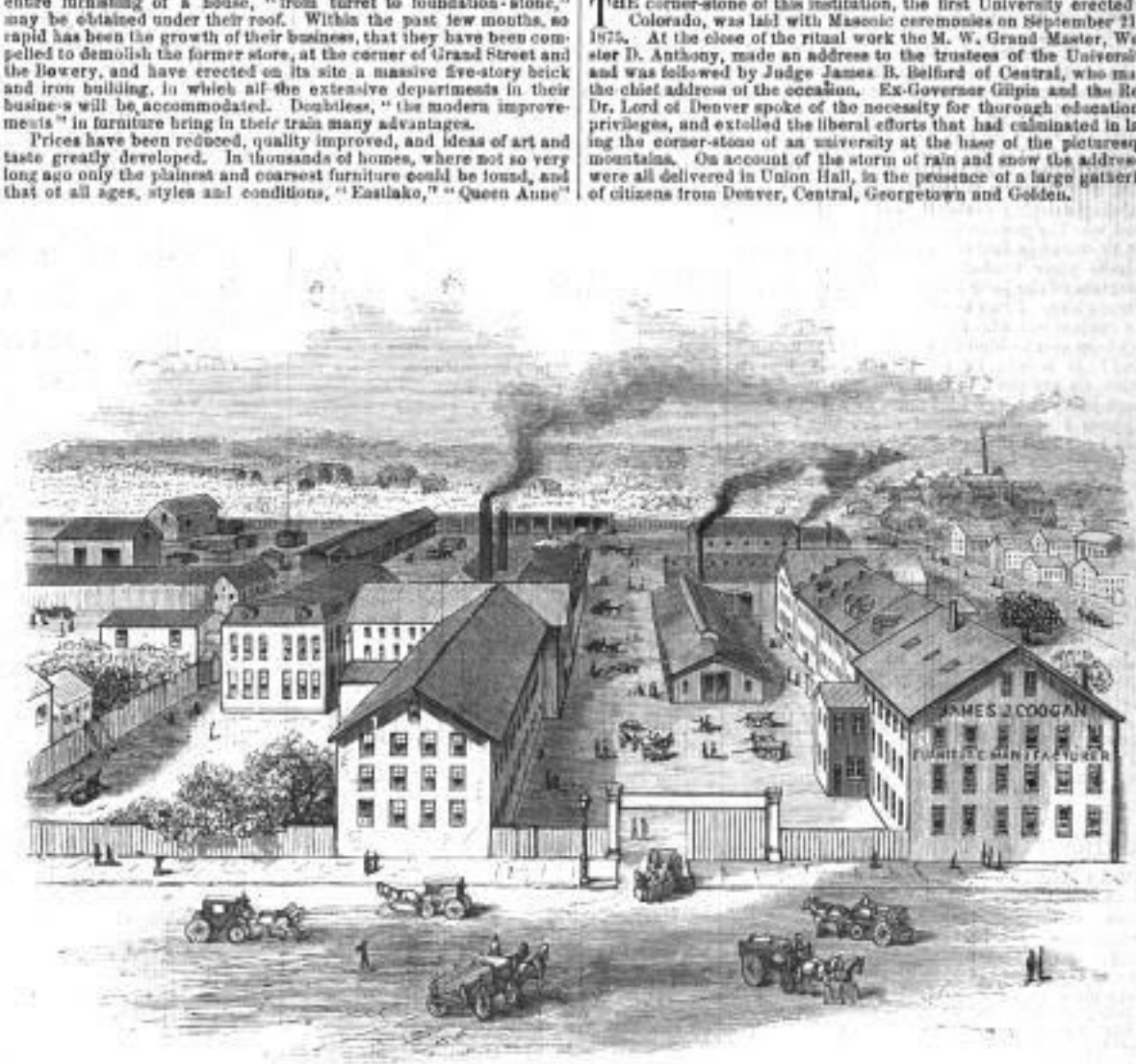
A GREAT FURNITURE MANUFACTORY.

THE manufacture of furniture by machinery has within the past few years come to be one of the most important of industries. We illustrate in this week's issue one of the leading houses engaged in this branch of business, Messrs. Coogan Brothers, of this city, employing in it a large amount of capital and a small army of workmen. The introduction of machinery has wrought in furniture manufacture and sale almost a complete revolution. Processes which formerly could be done only by hand and with tedious labor are now turned off with lightning-like rapidity, and a dozen or a score chairs or tables made in less time than one of the olden school. In the modern furniture much style and taste is shown. Rare woods from all lands are employed, and artists of exquisite skill design new forms and combinations. Much of the labor is done at manufactories distant from the city, and the furniture is merely "assembled" and finished by the dealer. Coogan Brothers, besides their large warerooms in this city, control an extensive manufactory at Canton, Ohio, and have at other points a large amount of work manufactured. Included in their business are carpet and floor-covering departments, so that almost the entire furnishing of a house, "from turret to foundation-stone," may be obtained under their roof. Within the past few months, so rapid has been the growth of their business, that they have been compelled to demolish the former store, at the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery, and have erected on its site a massive five-story brick and iron building, in which all the extensive departments in their business will be accommodated. Doubtless, "the modern improvements" in furniture bring in their train many advantages.

Prices have been reduced, quality improved, and ideas of art and taste greatly developed. In thousands of homes, where not so very long ago only the plainest and coarsest furniture could be found, and that of all ages, styles and conditions, "Eastlake," "Queen Anne" and "Louis XIII." are to-day familiar household terms. Taste and even elegance appear in the furnishing of the home, and use and beauty are brought into effective combination. In every sense the change is desirable and commendable. Homes are made more inviting, more beautiful, and the beginnings of a household which shall be permanent are brought within the reach of those of limited means.



EXTERIOR OF NEW WAREROOMS IN NEW YORK CITY.



EXTERIOR OF THE FACTORY AT CANTON, OHIO.

PROGRESS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—THE MANUFACTURE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO.

THE corner-stone of this institution, the first University erected in Colorado, was laid with Masonic ceremonies on September 21st, 1875. At the close of the ritual work the M. W. Grand Master, Webster D. Anthony, made an address to the trustees of the University, and was followed by Judge James B. Belford of Central, who made the chief address of the occasion. Ex-Governor Gilpin and the Rev. Dr. Lord of Denver spoke of the necessity for thorough educational privileges, and extolled the liberal efforts that had culminated in laying the corner-stone of an university at the base of the picturesque mountains. On account of the storm of rain and snow the addresses were all delivered in Union Hall, in the presence of a large gathering of citizens from Denver, Central, Georgetown and Golden.

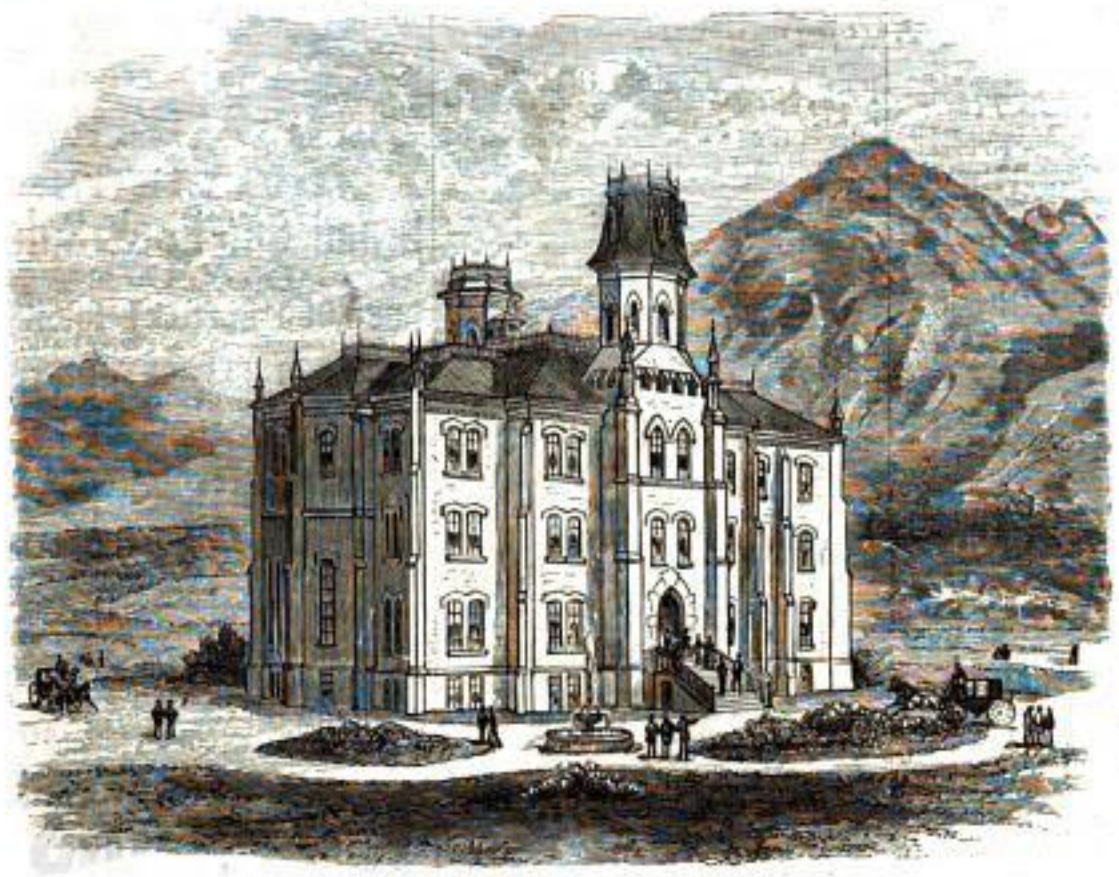
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The building is a plain but massive and substantial structure, supplied with all the requirements of a practical education of the present day; is most delightfully situated, and worthy in every respect of the rich Centennial State.

NEW CIVIL SERVICE REFORM AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

UNDER the new regulations prepared by Collector Merritt, the Civil Service Commission of the New York Custom House was organized on March 18th, by the selection of General Charles K. Graham, Surveyor of the Port, as president, and H. W. Gourley, Secretary for the Naval Office, and William H. Stillwell, Secretary for the Collector's Department. A Board of Appeals was also formed for the settlement of any misunderstandings that may arise, consisting of Collector Merritt, Naval Officer Burt and Surveyor Graham, whose place as president, when acting as a member of the Board of Appeals, shall be filled by an alternate. The examination-rooms are on the top floor of the Custom House, and are the same as were used by the Civil Service Commission of 1872. Thirty desks have been provided for the use of persons undergoing examination. Applicants for positions wishing to go through the examinations are tested regardless of vacancies, and will be rated according to their proficiency. Then, when vacancies occur, present employés are given the preference for advanced positions, while for the lowest ones, outside applicants who have obtained the required percentage will be summoned to pass a second or competitive examination. The problems are submitted on blank forms prepared at Washington. There is no set time for these examinations, as the necessity for holding them arises only when vacancies occur.

Twenty-eight candidates for two places as Storekeeper in the Custom House, at $4 per day, were examined on April 23d, under the civil service rules, in presence of Professor Hitchcock and ex-Collector Barney. The result will not be known for several days. On the following day another competition took place for two $1,200 clerkships in the Naval Office.



COLORADO.—UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF COLORADO, AT BOULDER.

HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY.

DANIEL F. BEATTY, the newly-elected Mayor of Washington, N. J., was born in Lebanon Township, Hunterdon County, August 14th, 1848, and received only the ordinary education afforded by a country school. The community which has honored him with election to its highest office is indebted to him more than to any other person for the prosperity it now enjoys, by reason of the immense piano and organ trade he has centralized there. His generous donations of orders upon the largest local stores to supply flour to the needy during the past Winter, and his liberal contributions to the various religious organizations, without regard to denomination, are indicative of but a few of the many incidents that are continually transpiring, and which have made him exceedingly popular among his fellow-citizens.

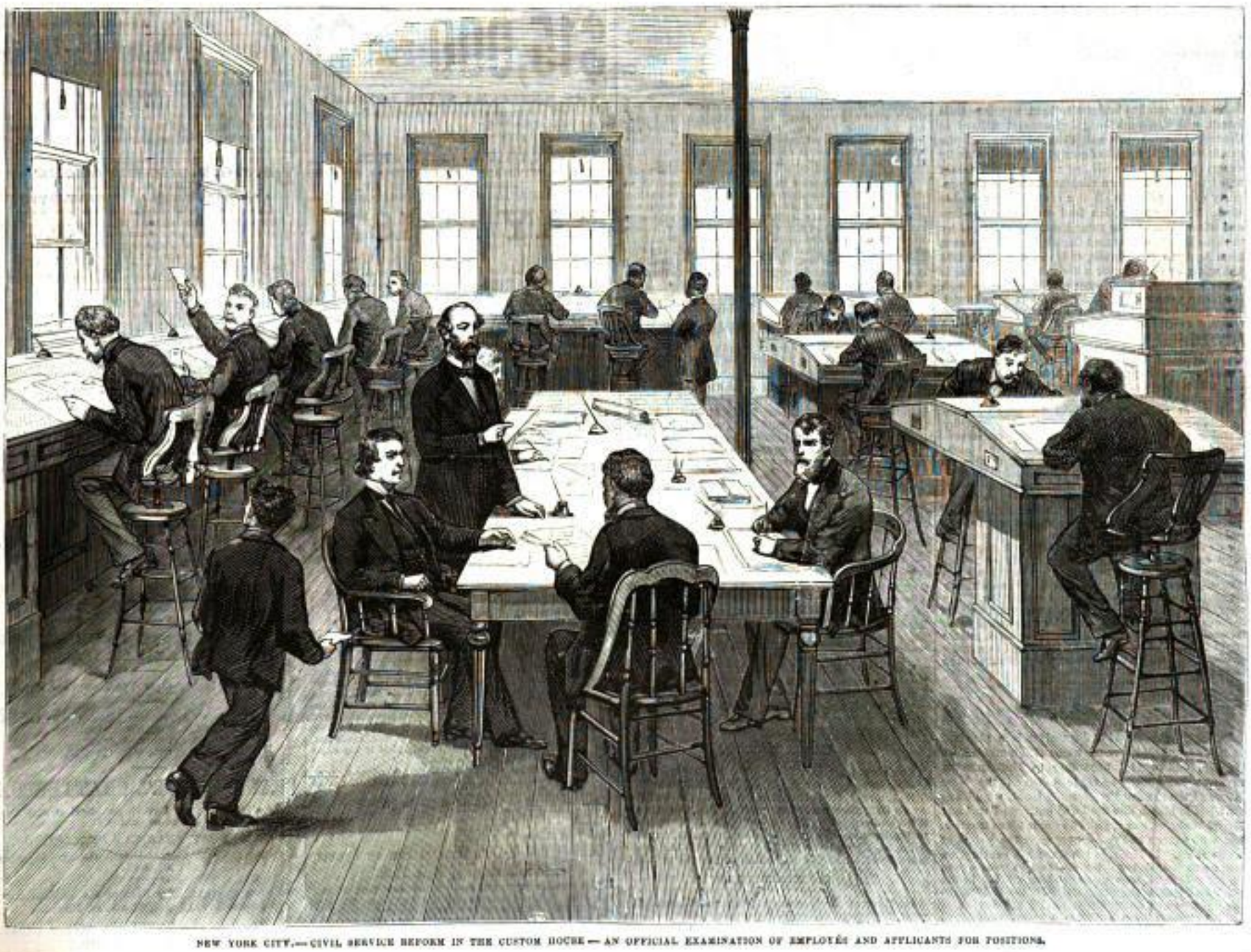
Men who have won for themselves honorable distinction in their particular avocations in life, and which we denominate as the successful self-made men of the day, are apt to possess all the qualifications necessary for the high positions of public trust, and form the nucleus from which the nation draws its best supporters. Mayor Beatty's career thus far has been marked by untiring perseverance, indomitable will, acute perception, and good, sound common sense.



HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY, MAYOR OF WASHINGTON, N. J.

BURIAL CUSTOMS IN BURMAH.

BURIAL customs in Burmah have both a serious and an absurd side. The coffin containing the deceased is carried to the place of interment or cremation, for both are practiced, to the sound of music; occasionally muskets are fired off; refreshments are freely handed about, and all relatives and friends contribute to defray the funeral expenses, and seven days after the funeral the same persons reassemble to hear "the law" expounded. Immediately after death, every fire in the house is extinguished, and when



NEW YORK CITY.—CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—AN OFFICIAL EXAMINATION OF EMPLOYÉS AND APPLICANTS FOR POSITIONS.

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the procession leaves the house every vessel is emptied of its water. An ordinary funeral differs widely from that of a ploongyee, or monk, of high reputation. In the latter case a huge pile is erected, weeks and even months after death, in the middle of a large plain, to construct which the whole country is laid under contribution. When the time comes, men and women turn out in their gayest dresses; amidst shouts and yells the coffin is dragged on a huge car by a shouting crowd to the place of cremation, and the pile is fired, not, as in India, by the loving hand of the nearest male relation, but by a discharge of rockets, some nine to twelve feet in length, scientifically arranged on batteries four or five hundred yards off. Many of the fireworks explode ineffectively halfway before they get near the pile, and some are almost dangerous, fizz backwards, or will not move at all. But at last one rocket does the work of ignition, and happy is the village that has contributed the fortunate shot when so many have failed.

JOHN DUC,

MISSING BOY OF BUENOS AYRES, S. A.

INFORMATION is wanted of the whereabouts of John Duc, aged eleven years, who disappeared from his home in Buenos Ayres, South America, about the 25th of October, 1878. About the time of his disappearance several circuses were exhibiting in the vicinity of his home, and there is reason to believe that he was either enticed away or forcibly abducted by some of the members of these troupes and brought to this country. His parents have communicated with the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose officers have sent photographs of the lad to similar societies throughout the United States, with a request that their agents endeavor to ascertain his location, that he may be returned to his grieving parents. Any information should be forwarded to the office of the New York Society, No. 50 Union Square, E. Fellows Jenkins, Secretary.

The Richest of German Cities.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, now containing a population of about 100,000, is reputed to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. If its wealth were equally divided among its inhabitants, every man, woman and child would have, it is said, 20,000 marks, or some $5,000 apiece. There are, as may be supposed, a good many poor people in the town; but the citizens are, as a whole, in unusually comfortable circumstances, more so, probably, than the citizens of any other capital in Germany or Europe. It is asserted that there are 100 Frankforters worth from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 each, and 250 who are worth $1,000,000 and upwards. The city is one of the great banking centres of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at $200,000,000, more than one-fourth of which the famous Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control. The annual transactions in bills of exchange are in excess of $100,000,000. Its general trade and manufacturing industries have greatly increased since the formation of the German Empire, to which Frankfort was originally averse, being a free city and an opponent of Prussia until coerced, in July, 1866, by General von Falckenstein, who entered it at the head of an army and imposed a fine of 31,000,000 florins for its insubordination. Frankfort is such a place for conventions and assemblies of all sorts that it is very apt to be full of strangers, and is consequently very expensive and by no means satisfactory to tarry in.

A New Article of Commerce.

AN American has brought to light a curious little insect, which, though long known and utilized in Central America, has not hitherto attracted the attention which, from its description, it undoubtedly deserves. This is the nin, or neen, a small insect allied to the well-known cochineal, having the property of producing an oil of a remarkably valuable kind. The insects, which feed on the mango-tree and other plants of the same kind, are collected by the inhabitants of Yucatan during the rainy season from April to September, and either thrown into hot water or placed over a fire, when the grease is easily collected. The insect itself is about an inch long, of a yellow color; and the fat is a yellowish brown substance, with a peculiar oily odor, in consistency resembling lard or suet according to the temperature in which it is kept. Its melting point is considerably higher than that of butter, and, when exposed to a great heat, it changes its condition, having evaporated a portion of its oil, till it becomes a tough but flexible gelatinous mass, insoluble in turpentine, and unaffected by heat or cold, which might be very valuable in mixing paints or as a lacquer or varnish. By burning this product a thick resinous oil is produced possessing remarkable adhesiveness, resembling a solution of india-rubber, which retains its semi fluidity for several days. In its natural state, when first collected, and at an ordinary temperature, the grease is easily soluble. Besides being used by the natives of Yucatan as a varnish and for similar purposes, it is said to be highly valued as a medicinal oil for outward application. The suggestions for its employment are very various. It might be used as a material for rendering paper or textile fabrics waterproof, or as a mucilage in many cases where glue or gum are unsuitable, or, as already suggested, for both painting and varnishing. The insect is said to exist in enormous numbers, and, as it feeds on plants which are of commercial value themselves, without injuring them, the neem grease ought to become as important a product as shellac or cochineal, which are produced by insects of the same genus.

Rose Legends.

In the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley, which still bears the name of Solomon's Rose Garden, and where, according to Mohammedan myth, a compact was made between the Wise Man and the genii of the Morning Land, which was writ, not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water upon the petals of white roses. In Paris, in the sixteenth century, an edict was issued requiring all Jews to wear a rose on their breasts, as a distinguishing mark. In the Catholic Tyrol, in the present day, betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses have played, and still play, an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. In Germany, young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their entrance into the world, and when, at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift, in the shape of a rose-garland, is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At Mid-Lent, the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads, whom he designs especially to honor. Martin Luther wore a rose at his girdle. In these instances the rose serves as a symbol of Ecclesiastical Wisdom. A rose was figured on the headsman's ax of the Vehmgericht. Many Orders, fraternities, and societies, have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" may be instanced.

The "Society of the Rose," of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections—the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets and the Pinks. The holy Medardus instituted in France the custom of "La Rosière," by which, in certain localities, a money-gift and a crown of roses are bestowed on the devoutest and most industrious maiden in the commune. The infamous Duke de Chartres established an "Order of the Rose," with a diametrically opposite intention, the avowed object being the undermining of female virtue. At Treviso, a curious rose-feast is or was held annually. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the best-born maidens in the city against the attacks of the young bachelors, almonds, nutmegs, roses, and squirts filled with rose-water being the ammunition freely used on both sides.

FUN.

THE first person singular—Adam.

IS THE blarney-stone the same as the sham-rock?

"WHAT is that man yelling at?" said a farmer of his boy: "he is yelling at the top of his voice."

"I DON'T like Winter," said one pickpocket to another. "Everybody has his hands in his pockets."

A MAN who bought a box of cigars, when asked what they were, replied, "Tickets for a course of lectures from my wife."

WHICH is the merriest place in the whole world?—That above the atmosphere, because there all bodies lose their gravity.

AN old miser, having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said, "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving that—I've almost a mind to beg."

CAREFUL housewife (lifting a shoe from the soup-tureen): "La, who'd a-thought baby's shoe would turn up in the soup? But I know it wasn't lost; I never lose anything!"

A HOME-RULE editor writes: "It is evident that the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst, and, unless nipped in the bud, it threatens to burst forth into a conflagration that will deluge the whole land."

A RESTAURATEUR at Berlin has devised an ingenious plan for keeping his place free from beggars, street nuisances, dead beats and other undesirable customers. He just puts a policeman's hat on a table near the door, and when the undesirable customer looks in it meets his fascinated gaze, and he closes the door gently and departs, holding his breath.

"It's bad enough," said the oldest Miss Crabapple to her seven sisters: "it's bad enough for pa to talk about marrying again at his time of life; but when he excuses himself by saying that that peet, made-up young thing will help us girls out by attracting men to the house, it's a little too outrageous to stand, so it is." And they passed a resolution to enter a nunnery in a body.

"IT seems to me your loaves are not of the same weight," muttered a fault-finding housewife to a baker, as she poised a couple of loaves from his basket: "do you suppose you can cheat me?" "I don't want to cheat you," replied the man of bread, not relishing such an insinuation; "I know the loaves were weighed, every soul of them, and one weighs just as much as t'other, by gracious! and more too, I dare say, if the truth was known!"

A COLORED minister in Georgia was brought to trial before his church on a charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the deacons retired, and soon afterwards returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledso am ackwitted of de sinuations dat he actual stole de pork, as 'twas not shode dat sumbody else mitsn't have been wearin' his close; but de brudder is heerby 'fectionately warned dat in de future he must be more keerful."

THE CULTIVATION OF ROSES.

"Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her lips."

THE best way for ladies to cultivate this rare species of roses is by studying and practicing the rules of hygiene, as taught in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," only $1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Grand Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. If suffering from those painful weaknesses incident to the female organism, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a never-failing remedy for these complaints.

A FRETFUL mother and cross child indicate ill-health, requiring only Hop Bitters to remove.

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THE "ST. NICHOLAS," the king of New York hotels, has enjoyed a pre-eminent favor during its long and prosperous existence. The most skilful cooks, most accomplished catering, and all the lavish modern conveniences, keep the "St. Nicholas" beyond rivalry among hotels.

THE Grand fair now in progress in Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, Tammany Building, East Fourteenth Street, under the patronage of the ladies of St. Ann's Church, is well worthy of public encouragement and support. The proceeds will be applied to paying the debt on the church and Parochial School. Music is furnished by the Seventh Regiment Band. The fair will close on the 9th of May.

IN MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER the most debilitated and nervous can find relief. Used freely in the water of the bath, its effect is almost marvelous, so strengthening and bracing, and withal so exquisitely agreeable.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MERIMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CARWELL, HAZARD & Co., Proprietors, New York.

A VERY FINE engraving by John Sartain, and entitled "The Iron-worker and King Solomon," has been published by Bradley & Co., of Philadelphia. It illustrates an old Rabbinical legend connected with the building of Solomon's Temple, and will be especially attractive to Masons. The engraving is executed in the highest style of the art, and the picture, in its groupings, spirit, fidelity to details and general effect, is sure to command wide admiration.

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2	Prizes of	1,000 are	2,000
10	Prizes of	500 are	5,000
50	Prizes of	100 are	5,000
100	Prizes of	50 are	5,000
200	Prizes of	25 are	5,000
500	Prizes of	10 are	5,000
1,000	Prizes of	5 are	5,000
27	Approximation Prizes amounting to		2,925
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Whole Tickets, $1.

Club rates upon application.

CERTIFICATE AS TO

Bond for Payment of Prizes.

By the conditions of this Act the managers were required to execute TO THE STATE OF KENTUCKY A BOND IN THE SUM OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, conditioned for the prompt payment of all prizes, and the faithful discharge of all duties imposed by said Act, as more by the certificate of the County Clerk, as below stated.

SIMMONS & DICKINSON, Managers.

STATE OF KENTUCKY, HENRY COUNTY, CITY OF NEWCASTLE, } ss.

I, W. W. Turner, Clerk of the County Court in and for said County and State, do hereby certify that the bond to the Commonwealth of Kentucky in the penal sum of one hundred thousand dollars, required to be filed by the Act for the benefit of the Henry Male Academy and Henry Female College, passed by the General Assembly of said Commonwealth, and approved December 9th, 1850, was duly executed, delivered, accepted and approved, and that said bond is duly filed in my office as Clerk of said Court.

Witness my official signature and seal of office at Newcastle, Henry County, Ky., this 26th day of March, A. D. 1879.

W. W. TURNER,
County Clerk,
Henry County, Ky.

{Seal}

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A list of Gifts sent to book-buyers during the past week will be published in this column next week.

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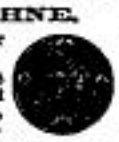
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FOR MAY.

REV. CHARLES FORCE DEEMS, D.D., LL.D., Editor.

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CONTENTS OF MAY NUMBER:

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES: "The Ainos of Northern Japan," by William Elliot Griffis, 14 illustrations; "Culture," by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Brooks; "Gather the Fragments," by Rev. T. S. Adams, D.D.

SERIAL AND SHORT STORIES: "David Fleming's Forgiveness," illustrated; "My Fortune and Misfortune," illustrated; "Forecastle Jack," by Frank H. Converse, illustrated; "Brother and Sister," an Australian sketch, illustrated; "The Erard Pianette," illustrated, etc., etc.

SKETCHES: "Professor Joseph Henry," by Hon. S. S. Cox; "A Mother's Influence," by the late ex-Senator Pratt; "The Friends and Temperance"; "Washington and his Mother," illustrated; "Uncle John Vassar," by H. A. Seyguern, illustrated; "My Dream," by R. N. Sledd, D.D.; "A Syrian Lawsuit," illustrated; "Beauty and the Beast," illustrated; "A Wonderful Cat," illustrated; "Jerry's Housekeeping," illustrated, etc., etc.

HOME PULPIT: Sermon by the Editor—"Josus, our Martyr King"; "Popular Exegesis."

POEMS: "Conquered at Last" (prize poem), by Maria L. Eve; "Always with You," by S. Gibson Foster; "Comfort," by James C. Lamb; "The Legend of the Windows," by Luther D. Bradley, illustrated; "To Will and to Do of His Good Pleasure," by Helen Marr; "The Maiden's Dream," illustrated; "Sympathy"; "Idlings with Nature," illustrated; "The Day of Rest," by James Grahame, illustrated; "Blowing Kisses," illustrated; "White Roses," by Margaret E. Sangster; "Canute and his Courtiers" (a legend), illustrated, etc., etc.

"The Invalid's Portion, and Thoughts for the Afflicted"; "Wit and Wisdom of Childhood," etc.

MISCELLANY: "Dying Prayer of King Edward VI."; "Ruskin's Bible Lessons"; "The Cross-Bearer a Negro"; "The Friends and Temperance"; "Good for Evil"; "Twelfth Day"; "The Kiosk of Ahmed, at Scrikhi, India"; "Barbara Heck and the Card-players"; "Mr. Corbet and Mrs. Dick"; "Peasants of Courland"; "A Prayer Answered"; "George and Robert Stephenson"; "Prayer of the Moslem"; "St. Cecilia"; "Tender-hearted"; "All Kiss the Baby," etc.

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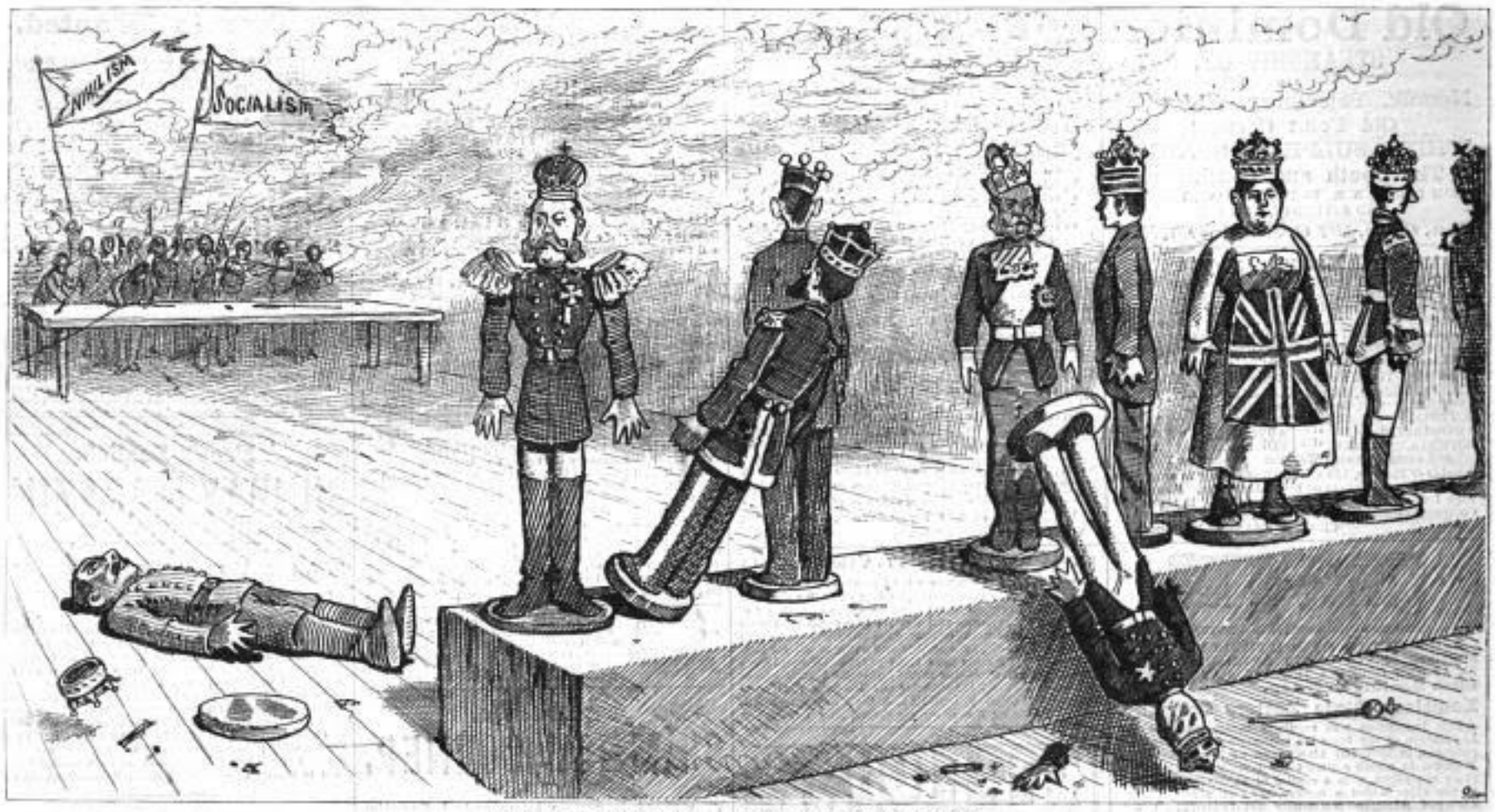
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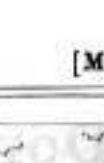
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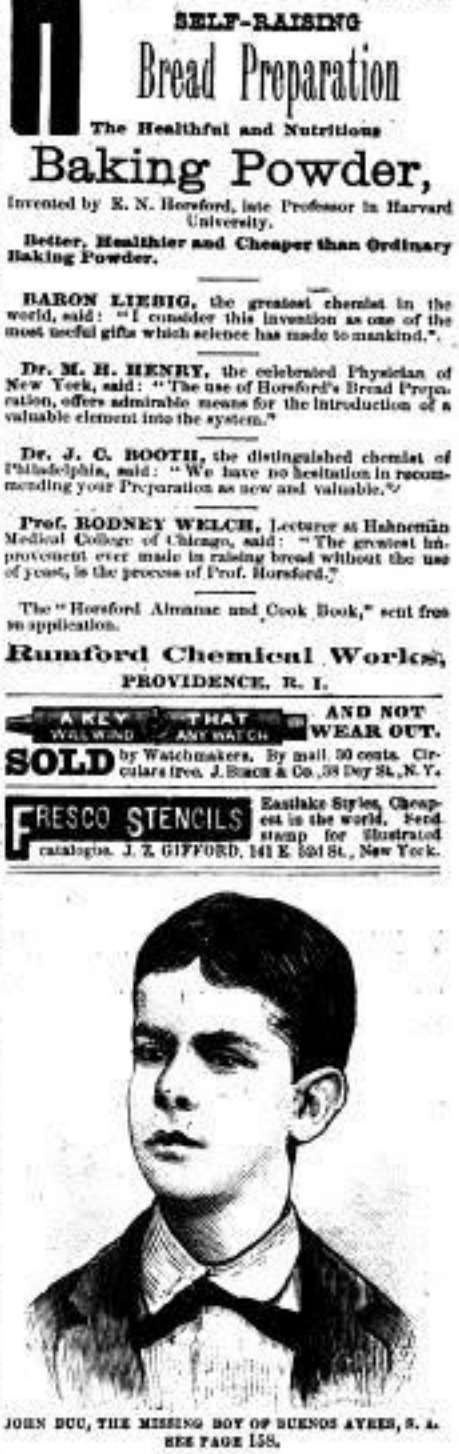
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JOHN DOU, THE MISSING BOY OF BUENOS AYRES, S. A.
SEE PAGE 158.

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SHOOTING LOGS DOWN THE SIERRA.

WE give on this page an illustration of the method of getting out logs in the mountains of Nevada—a subject which is full of interest and color. In preparing for the work, a chute is laid from a river's bank up the steep mountain to the railroad by which the logs are brought from the forests; and down this declivity they are precipitated with thunderous roar, rushing with the speed of thunderbolts let loose from the hand of Jove. A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck out by their friction with the chute-logs. A Truckee journal says that they descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly, and strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have a greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over 100 feet in a second, throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 feet per second. A sugar-pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! How the water is dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled into the air to the height of two hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld. One log having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is perhaps fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly back for a short distance, then with a crash like the reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs one hundred and fifty feet vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket falls into the pond seventy yards from the log it struck.

SUNDAY MUSIC.

IT was not so many years ago but that those now living can remember it, that the performance of any music on Sunday, except such as is represented by the tunes "Dundee," "Martyn," "China" and others of the same class, was esteemed to be among the greatest of sins. And a couple of generations ago even an instrument of music of any kind was not allowed to be opened on Sunday, the churches even having no organ or melodeon, and depending on the leader, or precentor as he is now called. There exists in the City of New York to-day a church on Fifth Avenue, filled every Sunday with a wealthy and fashionable congregation, which has no organ, never did have one, and never will, owing to the last will and testament of its founder and principal benefactor, who died long, long ago, which provided that the church should forfeit all of his bequests to it should a musical instrument of any kind ever be played in it.

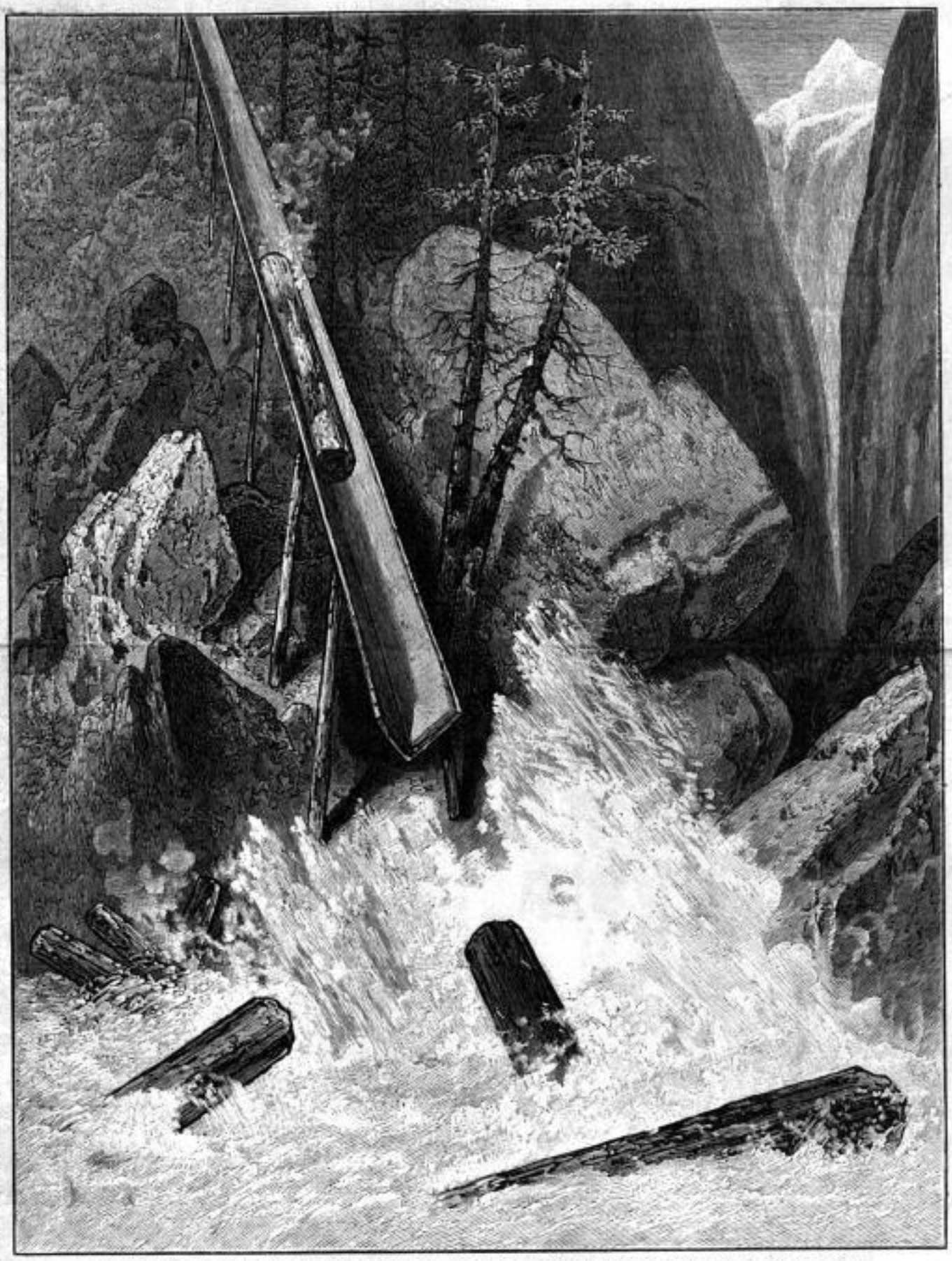
But though Galileo recanted in sackcloth and ashes his error of having taught the revolution of the earth around the sun, he muttered as he rose from his knees, "*E pur si muove*," and although this church remains without instrumental music, we very much doubt that the example will be followed by others. Religion has ceased to be gloomy and foreboding, and is daily more and more becoming bright and beautiful, and all the artistic resources are drawn upon to enhance the beauty of our churches, and the attractiveness of religious worship. In some of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, full orchestras have been employed, while in very many churches throughout the entire country, the flute, cornet, or violin, has been effectively used to aid the organ in accompanying the singers. Arbuckle's cornet is almost as much a feature of the Brooklyn Tabernacle as Talmage himself.

But outside of the church the great change in Sunday music is also noted. It would take too much space and time to here attempt to discuss the cause of this change; we can only record the fact. It may not seem in New York to be such a great thing to have Sunday concerts, for New York is a cosmopolis, where members of all nationalities bring their habits and customs; but in Boston, the home of the Puritans, and the first representative in this country of the austere and severe in religion, for a Sunday evening concert to be given there, with a programme of secular music, is indeed wonderful. And yet this has been done for several years past; nay, even further than this has been attempted, and Sunday afternoon free concerts on the historic Common have been had, sanctioned by the municipality, and recently there have been Sunday evening concerts in Parker Memorial Hall, on Berkley Street. An admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged, and programmes of a high order were executed. As a specimen, the following programme is selected from among a number:

1. Overture, "Semiramide".....*Rossini.*
2. Andante, Symphony in A No. 4.....*Mendelssohn*
3. Violin Solo, Legende.....*Wieniawski*
4. Fantasia, Mosaic.....*Riviere*
   (Introducing variations for violin, 'cello, flute, oboes, cornets, horns, trombones, clarionets, bassoon and glockenspiel.)
5. Reverie.....*Vieuxtemps.*
6. Cornet Solo, "Alexis".....*Hartmann.*
7. Overture, "Raymond".....*Thomas.*
8. Paraphrase, "How Fair Art Thou"...*Nevadba.*
9. Oboe Solo.....*De Ribas.*
   (Played by the composer.)
10. Grand Selection, "Lohengrin".....*Wagner.*

The conductor of the orchestra was Mr. John C. Mullaly; the cornet soloist, Mr. Thomas Mullaly, and the violin soloist, Mr. John O. Mullaly.

The concerts were very successful and gave much pleasure to all, and it was not noticed that the morality of the City of Boston was at all injured by them.



NEVADA.—SHOOTING LOGS DOWN THE SIERRA MOUNTAINS—THE LOGS LEAPING FROM THE MOUTH OF A CHUTE INTO THE RIVER.

GOSSIP ABOUT CARLYLE.

A CHARMING companion with his friends, he has no love of promiscuous acquaintances, and firmly holds to his famous article of belief that most men are fools—at all events most Englishmen; but he thinks at heart that most Germans are, to say the least of it, good fellows. As to his opinion of Americans, it is briefly expressed in the pithy saying that American institutions have simply produced a population of 40,000,000 bores. Frenchmen he dislikes with an unreasoning aversion. He does not believe in them, not even in M. Gambetta. He never did believe in them. Being in a Paris drawing-room on the 24th of February, 1848, a Deputy rushed in, almost wild with excitement, to announce the proclamation of the Republic. Instead of exhibiting a proper amount of awe at the tidings, Mr. Carlyle burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and almost immediately after took leave of his host, still laughing. Mr. Carlyle was singularly happy in his marriage—a fact of which he gives somewhat caste evidence in his chivalrous defense of what all other biographers have considered the greatest blunder in Johnson's life. "Marry, by all means," is Mr. Carlyle's advice to young men; "well if you can, but in any case marry." Obviously, on this reasoning, Samuel Johnson was perfectly right to marry a lady old enough to be his mother, since he could get no one else to take care of him. In his habits Mr. Carlyle is above all things regular and temperate to a degree. He has none of what are fairly enough described as "the minor vices," at least "hardly any"; for he loves a pipe, and could not, therefore, qualify for admission into that most virtuous of societies, the Anti-Tobacco League. So far from being an epicure, he rather disconcerted the company at a memorable supper-party, given by Sir William Hamilton, by refusing to take anything more than a potato. He excuses himself by saying that in those days a potato constituted an excellent supper, and regrets that potatoes, like other things, have since degenerated. We all know he is a worker; but not all men know to how severe a test his industry, patience and courage were once put. He lent his manuscript of the French Revolution to the late Mr. Mill, who in turn lent it to Mrs. Taylor. She, through some unaccountable carelessness, allowed it to drop from her hand to the floor (the lady cannot have slept over that most glowing and picturesque of narratives!) without picking it up, and the next morning a housemaid duly lighted the fire with the priceless leaves. Mill went to recount the mishap to his friend, and looked so thoroughly miserable that Carlyle, so far from uttering a syllable of reproach, was at much pains to console him. But the loss was a real calamity, for Carlyle had kept no copy, and the re-writing of the work he has described as "anguish." It was accomplished in six months.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE Prince of Wales is an excellent father, and very desirous that his sons should receive a substantial education, "and be taught to do something with their hands," as he puts it. He is also a good son, and sets the example of treating the Queen's slightest wish as a command. It is out of deference to her will that he never attends horse-races on Sundays whilst traveling abroad. He once begged by letter that this rule should be relaxed so as to enable him to accept Marshal MacMahon's invitation to see the "Grand Prix" run; but a negative answer was returned by telegraph, and the Prince did not go to the race.

Mitocra canamus. The Prince is a *bon vivant*, and very few Englishmen know so much about the philosophy of dining as their future king. He has, indeed, very great taste in this most important matter, and has labored with some success to reduce the inordinate length of modern menu. He has all the First Napoleon's horror of interminable banquets.

He is fond of late hours, but no matter how late he may go to bed, he rises early the next morning. He is a keen sportsman and a very fair shot. At whist he plays an excellent hand. And whether the occupation of the moment be whist, sport, or dancing, he enters into it with a hearty relish which contrasts strangely with the *blasé* airs of the golden youths of the day. His constitution is an excellent one. He rarely has a day's illness, and he is a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body.

His education, by-the-way, was about as serious as can be the education of a man who is born to everything worth having on this earth, who becomes a Colonel at eighteen and a General at twenty-one. The Queen made a brave effort to bring up her sons in Spartan simplicity. Their table was of the plainest kind; they were made to do a fair amount of work, and they were required to take out-door exercise every day, in wet as in sunny weather. But once at Oxford, the Prince was virtually his own master, and he certainly distinguished himself more by a universal urbanity than by too exclusive an attention to the classic authors. There is a rather ludicrous tradition at Oxford of how the Prince, when an undergraduate, went "up to town" one bright afternoon, *incognitus*, as he fondly deemed, as well as *incognito*. What was his disgust on arriving at the Great Western terminus to find an equerry in attendance and a royal carriage awaiting his orders. Whether the Prince, despairing, requested to be driven to Exeter Hall to pass a quiet afternoon, the legend relateth not.

The Prince is admirably informed on an extraordinary number of questions. Of late, too, he has shown a taste and capacity for work from which one augurs that he will scarcely be the *Roi fainéant* which certain persons have prophesied and hoped he would be.

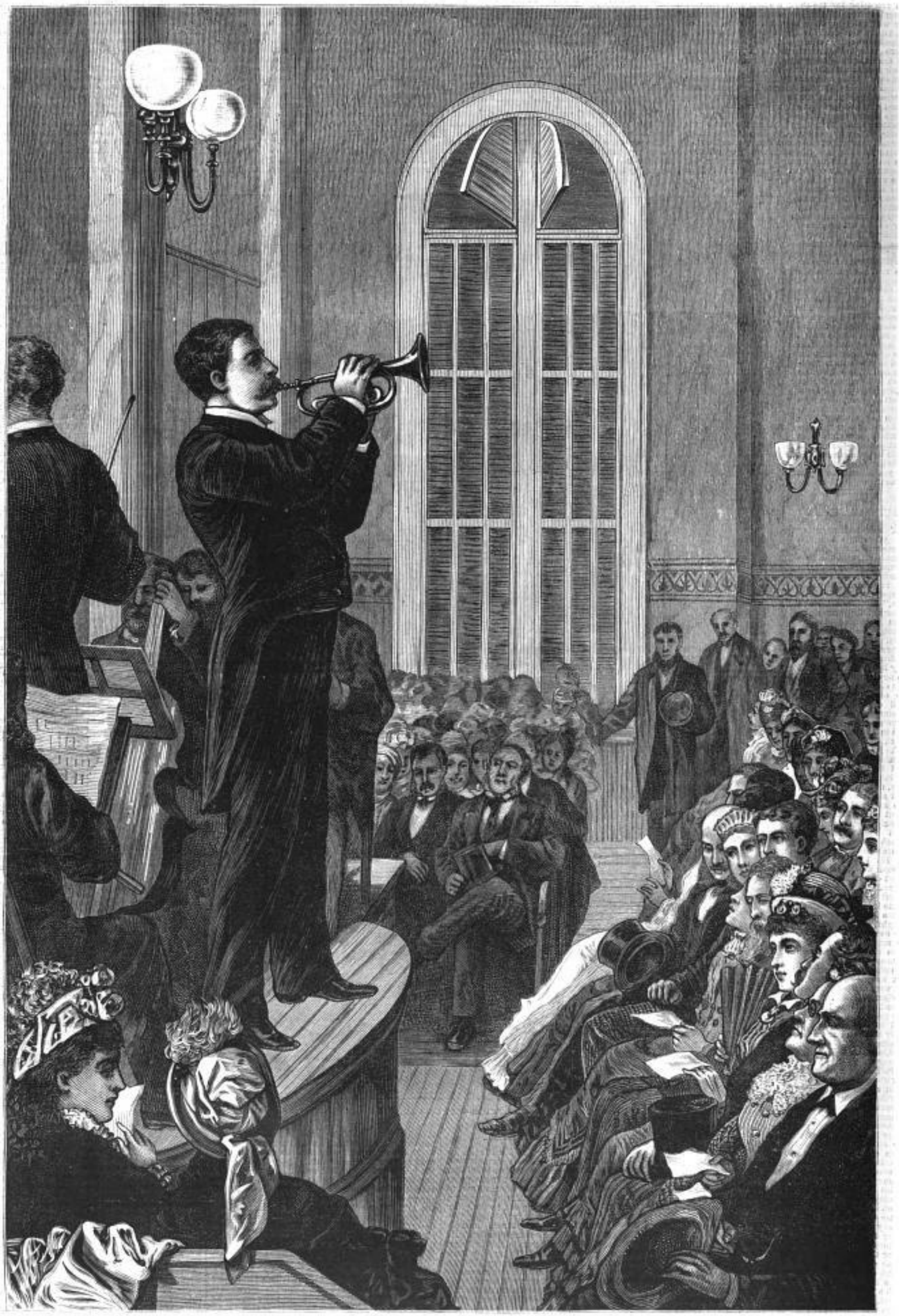
There is no doubt that on questions of foreign affairs he will insist on having a voice. His interest in them is, of course, of a twofold nature. He is a thorough Englishman, and very enthusiastic about the necessity for the maintenance of the British prestige; he is also a German prince. His German sympathies, however, did not carry him so far as to enable him to approve of the spoliation of Denmark; and he even expressed himself with unwonted bitterness on the subject. But his feeling was rather personal than political. A member of his household who spoke incautiously about the matter to the Princess received what is vulgarly called "a wigging" for his pains.

When the war of 1866 broke out, the Prince was at pains to establish a special line of telegraphic communication between Marlborough House and the seat of war. Similar arrangements were made in 1870. Nevertheless, beyond the expression of some very decided opinions, the Prince can scarcely, as yet, be said to have taken a serious part in politics.

The royal traditions of most countries exclude the heir-apparent from the active exercise of power. Like the last Prince of Wales, too, the present Prince has in vain demanded military employment. If he is a Field Marshal without ever having seen a skirmish, that is not his fault. The hereditary courage of his race he has been enabled to display in more ways than one. Every one knows how readily he plunged his hand into boiling lead the other day when Dr. Playfair told him he could do so. Another family quality he possesses is that of never forgetting a face he has once seen.

Few men have been more unscrupulously libeled than he. On one occasion he was much pained by a cartoon in a comic paper, which likened him to George IV. "I hope I'm not quite so bad as that," rather naively observed His Royal Highness, throwing over his illustrious great-uncle without any ceremony at all. When one subject of scandal began to pall on the public taste another was tried, and we were told that the Prince was head over ears in debt. As a matter of fact, the Prince has always known perfectly well what he was about. He is very generous, giving away far more than the public is aware of, and a model landlord.

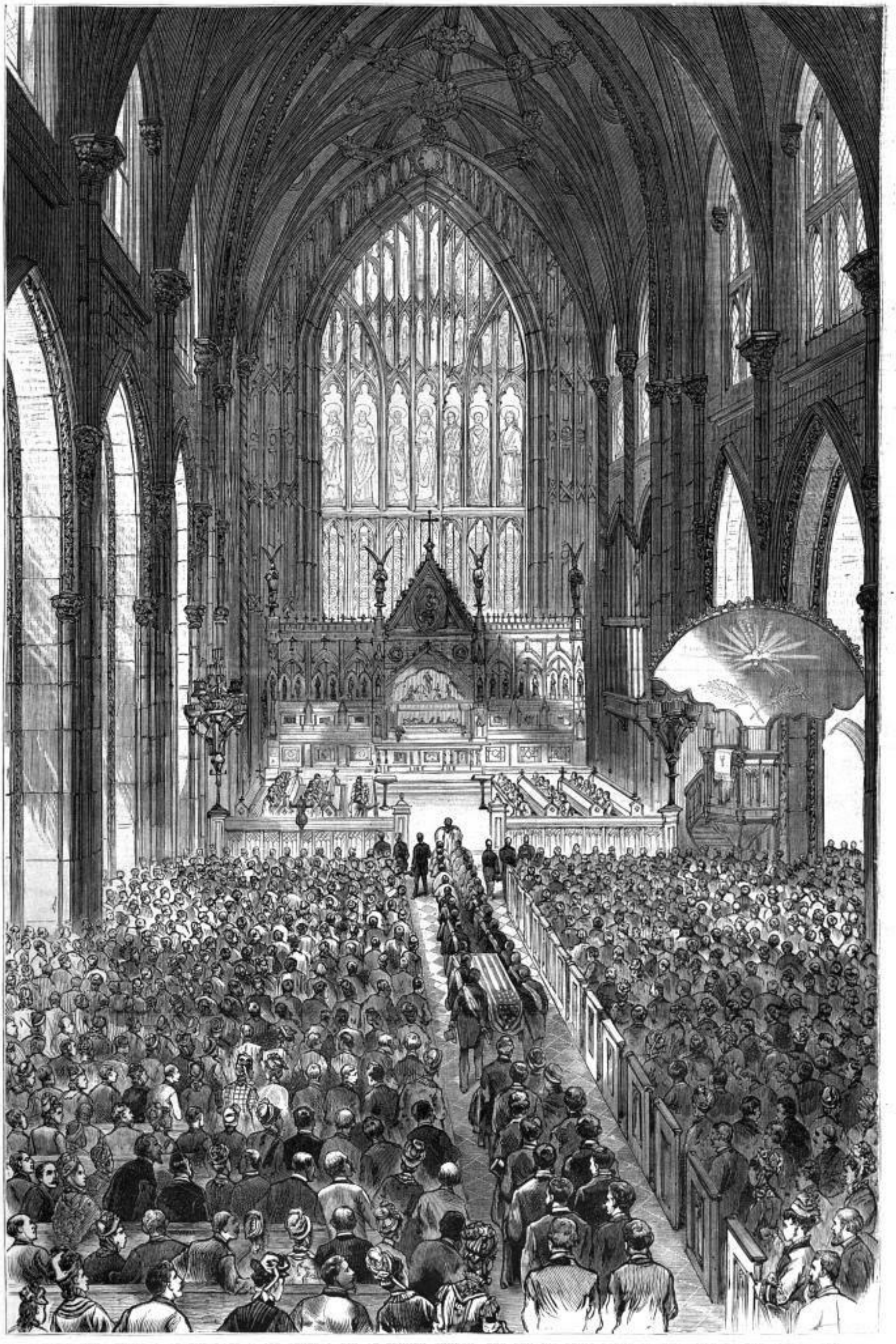
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MASSACHUSETTS.—A SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT IN THE PARKER MEMORIAL HALL, BOSTON.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 161.

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NEW YORK CITY.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, AT TRINITY CHURCH—THE REMAINS BEING BORNE UP THE AISLE TO THE ALTAR, APRIL 24TH.
SEE PAGE 170.

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HON. I. G. HARRIS,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

HON. ISHAM G. HARRIS, United States Senator from Tennessee, and Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia in the Forty-sixth Congress, was born in Franklin County, Tennessee, in 1818. He was educated at the academy at Winchendon, studied law, was admitted to the Bar and began practice at Paris, Henry County, Tenn., when twenty-three years of age. Six years later he was elected to the State Legislature as a Democrat from the Counties of Henry, Weakley, and Obion, and in 1849 was elected to Congress from the ninth district, winning a second term in 1851. After serving his second term he removed to Memphis, resuming the practice of law. In 1856 he was a Presidential elector for the State at large; in 1857 he was elected Governor of Tennessee; in 1859, and again in 1861, was re-elected. During the last three years of the war he was a volunteer aid upon the staff of the commanding general of the Confederate Army of Tennessee. He returned to the practice of law in Memphis in 1867, and while so engaged was elected to succeed the Hon. Henry Cooper in the United States Senate, and took his seat March 5th, 1877.

In the Forty-fifth Congress Senator Harris was a member of the Standing Committees on Claims and the District of Columbia, and of the Select Committee on the Levees of the Mississippi. In the present Congress, besides being advanced to the chairmanship of one of his old committees, he is a member of those on Claims and the Improvement of the Mississippi River, Chairman of the Select Committee to investigate and report the best means of preventing the introduction and spread of epidemic diseases, and a member of the Committee to make provision for taking the Tenth Census.



HON. I. G. HARRIS, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE CHICAGO AUTHORS' CARNIVAL.

THE Carnival of Authors which opened in the Exposition Building at Chicago, April 15th, was an exceptionally brilliant entertainment. It was under the patronage of many of the leading ladies of the city, who are interested in the prominent charitable associations, and embraced a grand exhibition of dazzling lights, beautiful girls, tinseled knights, portly dowagers, stately squires, armored warriors, kings, queens, princesses, pages, murderers, knights of the road, Indians, Turks, infidels and Jews, Greeks, Romans, Yankee Doodles and Hindoos. The Carnival opened with a grand reception on the part of a thousand individuals who had assumed the characters made immortal by certain of the world's greatest authors—a procession, as it were, in flesh and blood, straight from the pages of history and romance, and fiction and poetry. The procession marched around and around the building, and as it drew its endless self again and again past a given point, the full beauty of the costumes and wearers, the address of characterization and the faithfulness of impersonation, were made visible to all of the immense throng of spectators. The militia took part in the procession, their bright arms and martial equipments giving no small addition to the general effect. A band of four Highland pipers played "the air that never was sounded for retreat" in a manner that caused the closing of many a delicate ear. The marching of the procession lasted for more than an hour, to the intense satisfaction of all present.

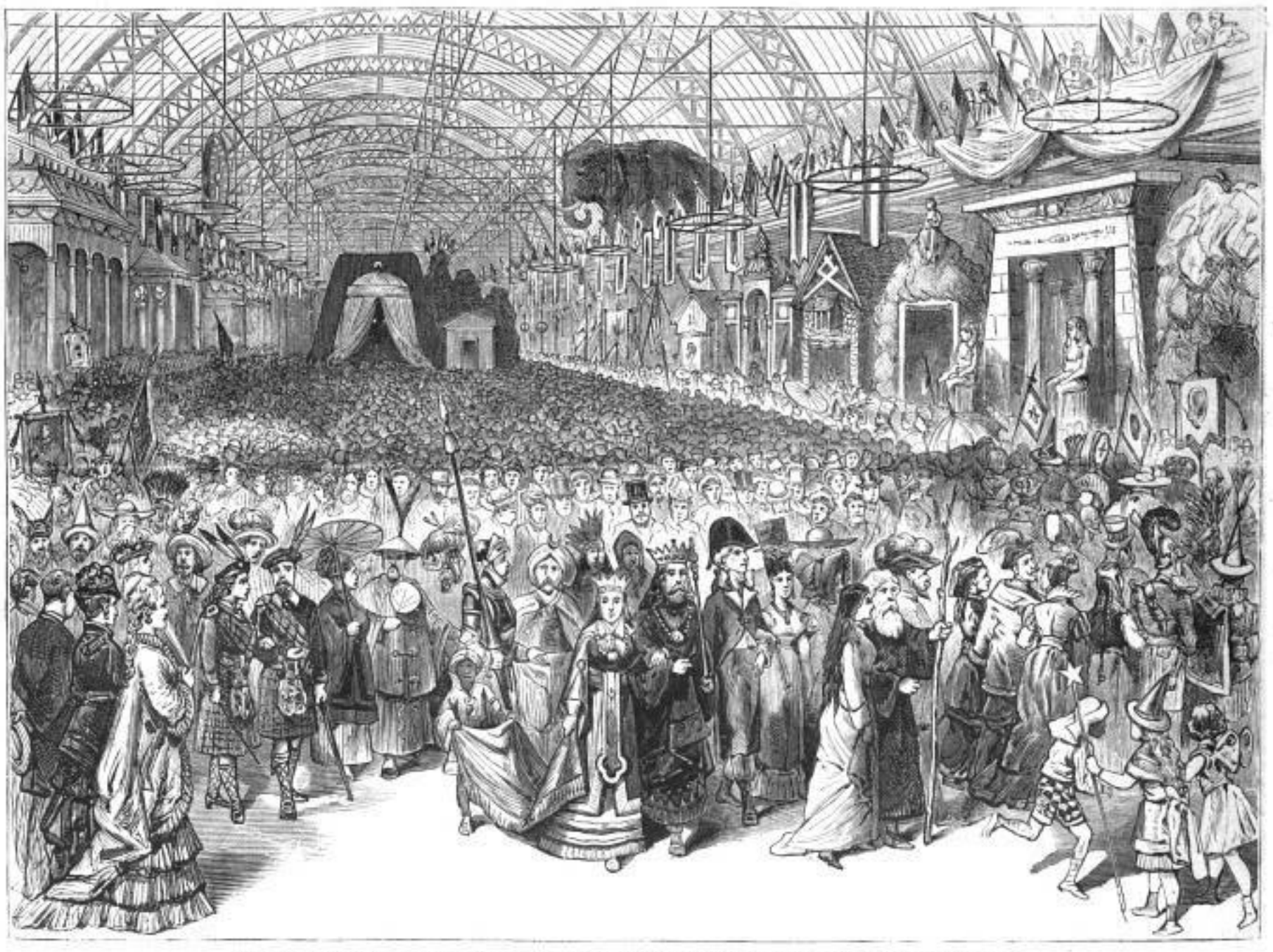
The booths represented scenes and characters of many of the standard authors, living and dead, and all were very attractive. Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" attracted more visitors and observers than any booth in the Carnival. The booth was in itself an old curiosity shop. The furnishings antedated the present century, and were as profuse as ancient. The most marked fidelity to detail was everywhere visible. There were chairs more than 250 years old, and other oddities too numerous to mention. The characters represented at the booth were not by any means all contained in the "Old Curiosity Shop." Nearly all of Dickens's works were impersonated. Little Nell and her Grandfather were admirably portrayed. Then there were the Marchioness, Quilp, Barnaby Rudge and his raven, the Artful Dodger, Fagin, Oliver Twist, Smike, the Fat Boy, Squeers, Nicholas Nickleby, Lady Deadlock, Bill Sikes, and hosts of others.

ASPECTS OF LIFE IN INDIA.

A CORRESPONDENT, who accompanied General Grant's party on its recent visit to Jeypore, India, writes:

"We remark, as we drive through Jeypore, that there are gas lamps. This is a tremendous advance in civilization. One of the first things we heard in India was that in Jeypore lived a great prince, a most enlightened prince, quite English in his ideas, who had gas lamps in his streets. Wherever we stopped this was told us, until we began to think of the Maharajah not as a prince descended from the gods, but a ruler who had gas lamps in his streets. We are told also that he has a theatre almost ready. What strikes us vividly is not the gas in the streets or the theatre, but the Indian aspect. It is all so new and strange that the gas lamps seem to be out of place. These long streets of rose-colored houses, with turrets and verandas and latticed windows, that look so warm and picturesque and glowing—this is what your fancy told you might be seen in India. The bazaars, in which dealers are crouching, the holy men and ascetics covered with ashes, the maidens with green and scarlet drapery, carrying huge water-pitchers on their heads, the beggars, the brown, naked children rolling in the earth, the calico-covered soldiers, and the odd costumes, the marks of rank and caste—from the holy Brahmin, who belongs to a sacred race, down to the water-bearers and scavengers—all this is new and strange. An attendant leads a cheetah along the street, and you shudder for a moment at the idea of a wild menagerie animal being at large, but you learn that the cheetah is quite a harmless animal when tamed, and good for hunting.

"We come to the edge of the town, which suddenly ends, and are in a valley. The hills are covered with a brown furze, which looks as if it would crackle and break under the burning sun. The roads are lined with cactus, and the fields are divided by mud-fences which would not last a week in our rainy regions. We pass gardens—walled gardens with minarets. Here the ladies of the Hindoo gentleman's house may take their recreation, but their life is seclusion. The camels pass us carrying heavy burdens, and the trees are alive with monkeys. The monkey is a sacred animal, and no Hindoo would take its life. Monkeys skip over walls and sit on the trees and watch us as we pass. I do not know what would become of India with the monkey as a sacred protected animal but for the leopard. In a short time he would swarm over the land. But the leopard and other wild beasts keep him down. Wild peacocks swarm and beautify the hard brown hills with their plumage. The peacock is also a sacred animal, and they were as plentiful on our road to Amber as sparrows on the road to Jerome Park. The hills are now and then crowned with castles, the strongholds of old chiefs who took to the cliff and the fastness for protection in the days when might made right in India—the days before the Englishman came and put his strong hand upon all these quarreling races and commanded peace. We pass a lazy pool, in which alligators are lazily swimming, and on the banks are two or three wild pigs drinking the water. The beating sun pours its rays over you, and you shrink from it under the shade of your carriage and wonder how these lithe and brown Hindoos, who run at your carriage-wheels, can fight the sun. There is no air, no motion; and now, that we are out of Jeypore and away from the cool and freshened streets, all is parched and arid and dry."



ILLINOIS.—A CARNIVAL OF AUTHORS AT CHICAGO—THE PROCESSION OF FAMILIAR CHARACTERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. BEALL.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

No. 1,233—Vol. XLVIII.] NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1879. [Price 10 Cents. $4.00 Yearly. 14 Weeks $1.00.

"PAROLE'S" HOME.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Model Stock-farm.

THE stock-farm of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, owner of the now famous "Parole," at Jobstown, N. J., covers 1,000 acres of ground and comprises every convenience and requirement of a model American farm. Our illustrations on the double-page are drawn in such a manner that by attaching the end of one to that of the other an accurate panoramic view of the entire domain may be obtained, with all the objects of interest.

The mansion is a handsome three-storied, semi-gothic building, and is used by Mr. Lorillard as a country-seat. It is magnificently furnished, and trophies of the chase, portraits of famous race-horses, and many *chefs-d'œuvre* from the hands of the most distinguished masters, adorn the walls.

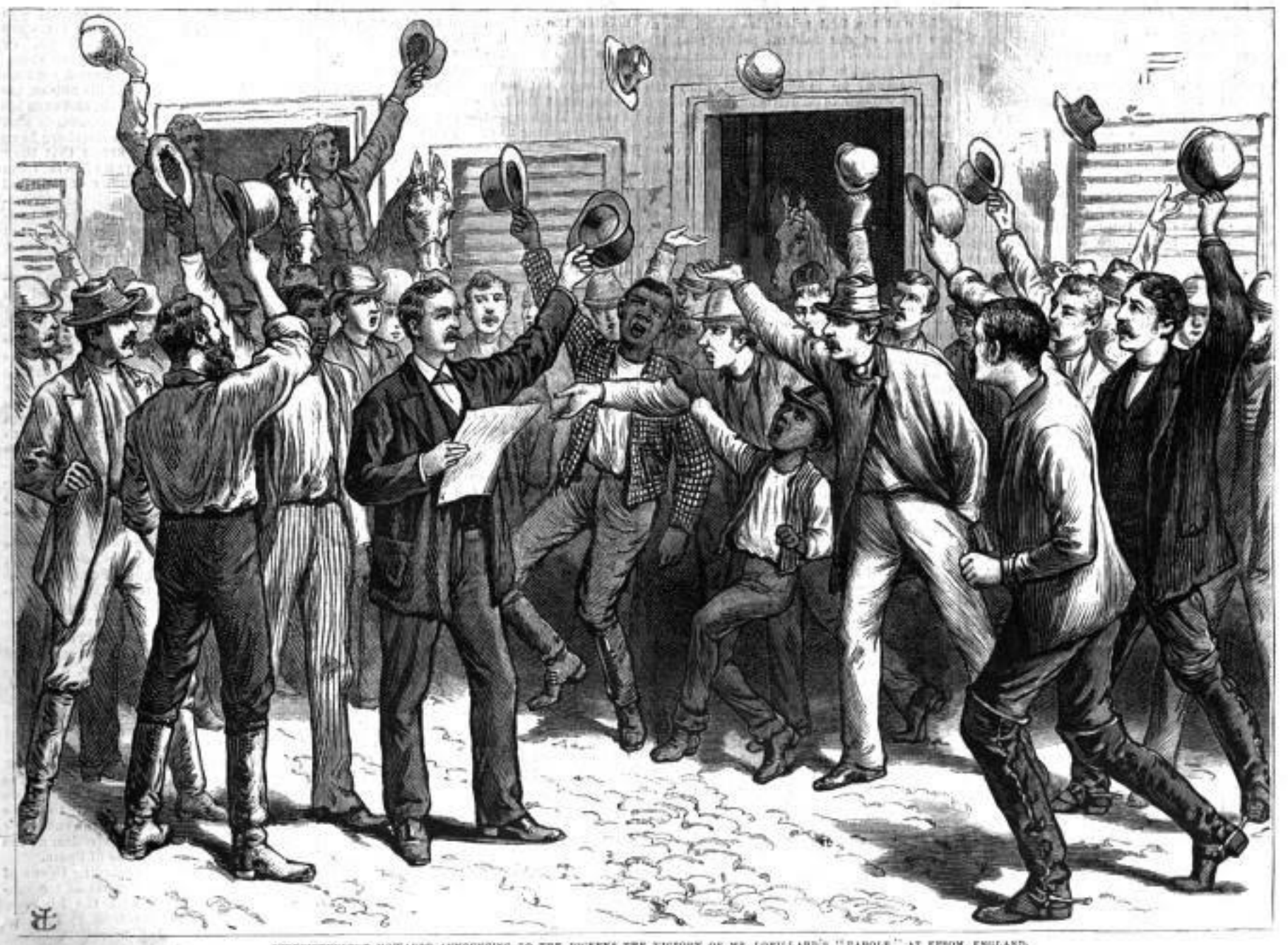
Near by is the coach-house, with accommodations for twenty-four horses, a gothic structure, now in course of erection. Adjoining the mansion is a circular wooden structure, surmounted with a large bell weighing 940 pounds, and used for calling the hands to work or sending them to their meals. In this building are kept the draught-horses and carts, wagons, etc. In the centre of the yard belonging to this establishment is an enormous food-bin with forty shoots.

A broad and well-kept road leads from this part of the estate to the farm-buildings. This is the largest department of all, over five hundred head of stock being housed in the numerous out-buildings. The feeding-room is a marvel in itself. A railroad, upon which are mounted numerous trucks, runs from this department all over the buildings, and thus affords an easy means of conveying the large quantities of food necessary to supply the cattle and pigs. Seven men are kept constantly employed mixing and preparing the various descriptions of food required. The hog-pen is one of the largest in the country, being 345 feet long, and well filled with grunters of every sort.

(Continued on Page 170.)



MR. PIERRE LORILLARD'S "PAROLE," FROM A PAINTING.



SUPERINTENDENT HOWARTH ANNOUNCING TO THE JOCKEYS THE VICTORY OF MR. LORILLARD'S "PAROLE" AT EPSOM, ENGLAND.

NEW JERSEY.—A GROWING AMERICAN INTEREST—MR. PIERRE LORILLARD'S STOCK-FARM, NEAR JOBSTOWN.—From Sketches by Albert Bierstadt.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1879.

In the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *we shall resume our pictorial history of the "Frank Leslie Transcontinental Trip," completing the series of illustrations of San Francisco, its Harbor, Racecourse, Seal Rocks, etc., with views of Chinese life and industries, and following these with sketches of the route by way of the Napa Valley to the Geysers, thence south to the mammoth trees and Southern California. The illustrations will portray the picturesque scenery with which that whole region abounds, as well as the customs and manners of the people, and, with the sketches already published, will form an admirable pictorial exhibit of all the conspicuous attractions of the Golden State.*

THE VETO MESSAGE.

THE Veto Message with which President Hayes has arrested the passage of the Army Appropriation Bill is a clear, temperate and forcible document. The President explains that his first objections attach to the sixth section of the Bill amendatory of the statute now in force, as adopted in 1865, in regard to the authority of persons in the civil, military and naval service of the United States, "at the place where any general or special election is held in any State." The President intimates that he has no objections to so much of this proposed amendment as relates to the presence of soldiers at the polling-places, but he considers it entirely needless in view of the fact that, by the Act of June 18th, 1878, already approved by him, it is made unlawful to

"Employ any part of the Army of the United States, as a posse comitatus, or otherwise, for the purpose of executing the laws, except in such cases and under such circumstances as such employment of said force may be expressly authorized by the Constitution or by Act of Congress."

The President accepts this clause, in the light of its contemporaneous exposition, as having for its object to "take away the idea that the army can be used by a general or special deputy-marshal, or any marshal, merely for election purposes," and having signed the Bill with this understanding, he holds that "under existing laws there can be no military interference with the elections."

But the President avows his invincible opposition to so much of the proposed legislation as would deprive the civil authorities of the United States of all power to keep the peace at Congressional elections. He truly says that the Congressional elections in every district are justly regarded as "a matter of political interest and concern throughout the whole country," and in this matter of national concern Congress has been charged with a rightful and obligatory jurisdiction by that clause of the Constitution which authorizes the National Legislature, with a single exception, to alter the regulations of the State Legislatures with regard to "the times, places, and manner" of holding elections for Senators and Representatives, as also by the terms of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which gives to Congress the power of protecting colored citizens of the United States from any abridgment of the right of suffrage "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

As the proposed legislation passed by the majority of both Houses in Congress has for its object to prevent the execution of the existing laws under this head, without, however, formally repealing those laws, the President takes exception both to the matter and the form of such legislation—to the *matter* of it, because he is unwilling to see the Federal Government evicted of the rightful jurisdiction with which it is clothed in the premises under the Constitution; and to the *form* of it, because the laws now in force on the subject are not repealed by the proposed enactment, but made inoperative and void by the obstructions put in the way of their execution.

The exceptions of the President, it seems to us, are well taken on both of these grounds. He who would deny to Congress its ultimate jurisdiction over the conduct of Congressional elections in all the States must have read to no purpose the debates that were had on the adoption of the Constitution in 1788. Those debates swarm with recognitions of this constitutional right. The enemies of the Constitution, especially those of the extreme "State rights" school, found in the clause which gives Congress the power of altering the State regulations under this head a ground of alarm for the freedom and independence of the States in the choice of Representatives. The friends of the Constitution frankly admitted the Federal jurisdiction which is given by the Constitution in the premises, and just as frankly defended not only its rightfulness, but its indispensable necessity in certain possible conjunctures. We might fill whole columns with citations in proof of this statement, but we must satisfy ourselves with the following words of Mr. Madison, the father of the Constitution, as spoken by him in the Virginia Convention:

"It was thought that the regulation of the time, place and manner of electing the Representatives should be uniform throughout the continent. Some States might regulate the elections on the principles of equality, and others might regulate them otherwise. This diversity would be obviously unjust. Elections are now (1788) regulated unequally in some States, particularly in South Carolina, with respect to Charleston, which is represented in the State Legislature by thirty members. Should the people of any State by any means be deprived of the right of suffrage it was *judged proper that it should be remedied by the general Government.*"—[4 *Elliot's Debates*, p. 267.]

In the presence of such testimony as to the intent of the Constitution, it cannot be doubted that the Congress has a legitimate jurisdiction over all Congressional elections, and that jurisdiction having been expressed in the shape of existing enactments, it does seem paradoxical to leave the enactments on the statute-books, but to nullify their execution by the United States civil authorities. Such crookedness in the form of legislation is more suggestive of sinister designs than of open and frank dealing with the true relations of the question; and we do not wonder that the President objects to this indirection, as well as to the substance, of the legislation by which it is sought to weaken "the power of the National Government to protect the Federal elections by the civil authorities." If the existing statutes need amendment, let them be amended by a straightforward Act in the usual way.

And this narrower question of form and substance assumes a much broader aspect when the President comes to consider the shape under which the proposed legislation is submitted to him as a mere "rider" on an Appropriation Bill, and a "rider" avowedly placed there, as some of its supporters admit, in order to wrest from the Executive an assent which expresses his submission to moral coercion rather than his submission to a sense of public duty. The President justly argues that such a theory of legislative predominance on the part of Congress is subversive of the checks and balances lodged in the Constitution for the protection of the Executive and of the Judiciary in the independence with which they are charged in the performance of their respective duties. The reasoning of the President under this head is so conclusive, and revolves so completely in the sphere of the first principles which lie at the basis of our Federal polity, that the only ground of our surprise at their statement is found in the fact that their statement should be made necessary by the blatant speech of the Democratic zealots who have so heedlessly committed their party to this untenable issue in our current politics. The sooner the party extricates itself from the *cul de sac* into which it has been driven the better it will be for its credit; and, as a clew by which to guide its steps in regaining the solid ground of wisdom and law, we commend its leaders to the following opinion, announced by Mr. Tilden in his letter accepting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency:

"In my opinion, an amendment to the Constitution ought to be devised separating into distinct Bills the appropriations for the various departments of the public service, and excluding from each Bill all appropriations for other objects, and all independent legislation. In that way alone can the revisory power of each of the two Houses and of the Executive be preserved and exempted from the moral duress which often compels assent to objectionable appropriations, rather than stop the wheels of Government."

AN UNPOPULAR WAR.

"EVERYBODY, from the general down, is tired of the war, which brings endless discomforts and little or no glory." Such is the announcement which comes from the Afghanistan correspondent of the London *Times*. There appears to be the very best of reasons for the dissatisfaction thus expressed. Dispatches report the complete break-down of the quartermaster and commissary departments of the Khyber column, now at Jellalabad, which, in consequence of the lack of transportation, is incapacitated for offensive operations, and must remain inoperative. The garrison at Candahar is in the same condition, and the indications are that, as a result of this incompetency in a most important department, the whole Indian military system must undergo a radical change. It is not to be wondered at that thoughtful Englishmen are beginning to inquire, in view of the misadventures in Afghanistan and Zululand, whether the Government is not fairly amenable to the charge recently made by John Bright, namely, that it is a Government which in five years "has done nothing whatever that is useful at home, and everything you can imagine that is mischievous abroad."

The latest information as to the attitude of Yakoob Khan represents him as still negotiating with the invaders, who have formally demanded the cession of the Khyber and Kuram Passes, and permission to maintain a Resident at Cabul. It may be doubted whether this demand will be complied with; and if it shall be rejected, the British may find the troubles of the future even greater and more serious than those which have gone before. The *Saturday Review* hints at these when it says:

"If only there were sound political reasons for attempting to occupy Cabul, the result of the enterprise might be anticipated with reasonable confidence. It may be practicable to deprive Yakoob of his capital, but not to force him to surrender, or to compel his acceptance of terms of peace. Both his father and his grandfather retired from Cabul in consequence of English invasion; and Dost Mahommed afterwards voluntarily constituted himself a prisoner, while Sheer Ali died in exile. The present Ameer may at his pleasure retire into distant parts of his territory where it will be impossible to follow him, and the English army must sooner or later evacuate Cabul. The fate of Shah Soojah and of his patrons will probably serve as a sufficient warning against any attempt to govern Afghanistan through a pretender. Any nominee of the invader would be justly hated by the people; and it would be necessary to maintain his power by a permanent occupation of the country. It is but an additional objection to the proposed movement that it will contradict Lord Beaconsfield's statement that the main object of the war was already accomplished by the rectification of the frontier."

The views here expressed are no doubt those of the educated conservative sentiment of Great Britain; and the Government, unless success shall speedily crown the British arms in the invaded territory, will scarcely be able to resist the demand for a more vigorous but less pretentious policy.

IMPORTANT TREASURY DECISION.

A DECISION recently rendered in a Georgia case by the Treasury Department virtually releases the Southern States from obligations to the General Government amounting to millions of dollars. It will be remembered that at the beginning of the civil war the Government levied an assessment of $20,000,000 upon the States for the purpose of conducting the war. The seceded States were regularly charged with their proportion, which in the case of Georgia amounted to $584,000, and about the same for Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, etc. Six per cent. interest was charged to this amount for each year from its assessment. After the war special agents were sent into the various States to collect it, and all have paid more or less on this claim—South Carolina having paid the whole amounted exacted. Some years ago the work of collection was suspended, the Government, however, still holding the States liable for the balances remaining unpaid. Whenever appropriations have been made to these States, or claims set up by them have been allowed by Congress, the amounts have been credited against the State indebtedness to the Federal Treasury—the aggregate so withheld amounting to nearly $2,000,000.

Some time since Congress made an appropriation of $72,000 to the State of Georgia in settlement of the old Creek war account. The Secretary of the Treasury ordered this amount to be credited on Georgia's indebtedness of $584,000 under the assessment levied for carrying on the civil war, with interest for eighteen years, or over $1,000,000 in all. The fiscal agent of Georgia resisted this proceeding of the Secretary, and in support of his position submitted an elaborate argument on the nature and relations of direct taxes, holding that a State could not be assessed or taxed in its sovereign capacity, but that all assessments must lie against the individual taxpayers. After a careful examination of this argument by Secretary Sherman and the legal officers of the Treasury, the previous ruling in the case was reversed, and on the 26th of April the money previously withheld was formally paid into the State treasury, the charge of over $1,000,000 against Georgia, on the war account, being at the same time marked off the Government books.

This decision will affect every Southern State which has suspended claims against the Government, and will, no doubt, exercise an important influence upon the financial condition of some of them. A large amount due to Tennessee, for instance, but hitherto withheld, will now be paid over in accordance with the new ruling, and may very properly be applied to the liquidation of obligations which the State has too long avoided. Whether the principle upon which the assessment was successfully resisted by the Georgia counsel is a sound one, or would be sustained by the courts, only a formal test will determine, and that, perhaps, will not, under the circumstances, be invited.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

RUSSIA is so vast an empire, both in territorial extent and in population, as to oppress the mind with vague ideas. In speaking of it, the temptation to exaggerate is almost irresistible. At this critical moment in the history of the Russian Empire, the Government, and its sworn enemies, the Nihilists, have alike the strongest—although entirely different—motives to represent the internal agitations of Russia in as gloomy and portentous colors as possible. The Russian Government would fain justify its extreme repressive measures. These, like the sufferings that were endured in consequence of State persecutions in Neapolitan prisons, and that provoked a successful appeal to the British Government a few years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, have led Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, to ask whether Her Majesty's Government will take any steps in the interests of humanity to mitigate the horrors and atrocities amidst which a reign of terror is now being carried on in Russia over 80,000,000 of people. On this occasion, Sir Robert Peel was decidedly snubbed by Lord Beaconsfield's Government, no Minister being present on Wednesday, April 30th, to answer the question; but on Friday night, May 2d, in answer to Sir Robert's inquiry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the Ministry declined to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia. Manifestly, Lord Beaconsfield is not ready to undertake war with the Czar, or even to dictate to Alexander II. what should be, on humanitarian principles, his domestic policy. Doubtless also, the British Prime Minister takes a cooler view of the situation in Russia than the Czar himself, and is not disposed to give full credit to the wild stories with which the Nihilists, and their affiliated sympathizers, the German Socialists—having shrewdly gained in advance the ear of the European and American press—are now filling all the newspapers. It is the avowed object of the Nihilists to excite alarm.

In St. Petersburg, since the attempt on the Czar's life, troops have been held in readiness day and night for any outbreak, and police regulations as to watch at the entrance of houses, visits and searches by night, are more stringent than ever. People are arrested at all hours by batches. The Czar no longer goes out without an escort, and most high dignitaries, having been anonymously threatened, like the porters at the doors, with assassination, also have escorts. Bill-stickers, in spite of the utmost vigilance, persevere in covering the walls with seditious placards. A peasant was arrested on the 16th ultimo with a detailed plan on his person for a revolutionary outbreak that very night, and the troops were consequently kept ready, night and day, for immediate action, until the whole story proved to be an intentional mystification.

So far as the people at large are concerned, they are by no means accomplices of the Nihilists, but they are, so far, mere apathetic spectators of the drama, or rather the tragedy, enacted before them. Yet the Czar is not without good reasons for distrusting the loyalty of his nobles, his *tchinovniks*, or civilian officials, and even his army. Two regiments of foot-guards and a brigade of artillery at St. Petersburg have lost so many officers by arrest that they have been obliged to draw officers from other regiments. The number of political prisoners throughout the empire is increasing fearfully. Four thousand seven hundred were lately removed in one night from Fort Petropaulovski to Kuzan, Saratoff, and other eastern prisons. It is said that 12,000, with their families, will be sent this Summer from Novgorod to Siberia. And an idea may be formed of the apprehensions of the Czar from the extraordinary precautions deemed indispensable during his late journey to Livadia. Sentinels were stationed the whole length of the line, traffic was stopped, and all access to the line was prohibited for twenty-four hours before the departure of the imperial train. From Livadia the Czar is expected to go direct to Berlin, where he will "assist at" the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and to reach St. Petersburg on the 18th of June. He intends to pass the Summer at Petertroff, and to return to Livadia in Autumn.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia have thanked the Assembly of Bulgarian Notables for the election of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, on the 29th of April, to the throne of Bulgaria. The new Prince, who was elected by acclamation, is the third child and second son of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and a first-cousin of the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, who married the late Princess Alice of England. He is a favorite nephew of the present Empress of Russia. A bachelor, twenty-two years of age, his name will now be added to the short list of marriageable sovereigns. The death of Princess Christina, which took place on Monday week, puts an end to the ambitious plans of her father, the Duke de Montpensier, who is supposed to have hoped that she might become the successor of her late sister, Queen Mercedes, as the second wife of King Alfonso of Spain.

France and England, according to one of the many contradictory reports on the subject of their relations with the Khédive, have addressed to that refractory Prince a joint note, threatening him with strong measures in case he does not comply with

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their demands that he shall replace Mr. Wilson and M. de Blignières with an English and a French Minister in his Cabinet, and not dismiss them in turn without the consent of those two Powers. But the Khédive declines to be bullied. *Punch* sums up the attitude of the Khédive, thus: "Ismail Khéd-ive (the Egyptian donkey-driver)—'Clar de way, you Ginours! He's a berry fine donkey when I'm 'lowed to ride him myself, and plenty stick!'"

Garibaldi's scheme to arm Italy with a million rifles having collapsed (if it ever really existed), he has founded a democratic league to obtain universal manhood suffrage by pacific means. It is announced that he will soon return to Caprera. The Pope has at last decided in favor of Catholics voting at the Italian elections. There is a prospect of a bitter conflict in France, in consequence of the determination of the French Ministry to prevent the discussion of Jules Ferry's Education Bill in the pulpit by pastoral letters from bishops and archbishops. The German Reichstag began on Friday the tariff debate, and Prince Bismarck earnestly defended protection. The British House of Commons has twice sustained Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy by decisive votes during the past week—once in relation to the increase in national expenditure, and once in relation to commercial treaties.

The situation in South Africa remains unchanged, with the indications pointing to a collapse of Cetywayo's authority. Many of the chiefs are said to have proffered submission, and Cetywayo himself is reported as being now disposed to peace. Sir Bartle Frere telegraphs that, with the exception of a small and violent minority, the Boer leaders are inclined to pursue a reasonable course.

A great fire has devastated the town of Orenburg, in Russia. Nine hundred and forty-nine dwellings were burned, together with one mosque, two churches, four mills, 292 shops, several tar, coal and firewood stores, timber-yards, the meat-market, fruit-market, woman's gymnasium, the club-house, the workhouse, police station, and justice's court, and many public buildings. The loss was enormous, and there is great suffering—more than one-half the population, or 15,000 persons, being destitute of food and shelter. In Hungary there have been fresh floods, causing great damage.

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.

THE courts in South Carolina—Federal as well as State—have a very comprehensive method of clearing their dockets. Recently a batch of alleged "bulldozers" were indicted upon charges of having interfered with and obstructed voters in the exercise of the franchise. They were placed on trial in the United States District Court, and, after protracted and embarrassing delays, two or three of the accused were convicted. At this stage, the Democratic leaders proposed to the United States District-Attorney to continue the cases until the November term of the court, promising that if he would do so the State would immediately pardon ex-Congressman Smalls and ex-Treasurer Cardozo, grant a new trial to one Samuel Lee, a colored postmaster, convicted in his absence on a trivial charge, and then enter a *nol. pros.* in his case; and further, the State would continue the case against ex-Governor Chamberlain and all the other vexatious prosecutions now pending in the State courts against Republicans, with the understanding that they would be finally dropped, the State pledging itself also never to institute any new proceedings against Republicans for any offenses alleged to have been committed while the Republican Party was in power in the State. Upon these conditions the District-Attorney actually took upon himself the responsibility of continuing the cases, and the Democratic officials at once fulfilled their part of the bargain by pardoning Cardozo and Smalls and securing a new trial for Lee.

Certainly this is, in every way, a most extraordinary proceeding. If the persons indicted for violation of the election laws were guilty, they should be punished; at any rate, being indicted, they are clearly entitled to the speediest possible trial. So as to the Republican officials, who for years have rested under the gravest charges of corruption and maladministration. These charges are either true or false. If true, the offenders should be made to suffer the penalty of the law; if innocent, they should be given a chance to show the fact and vindicate their good name. For a cabal of politicians, altogether outside of the methods known to the law, and in defiance of the authority of the courts, to enter into a bargain for the release of the accused, on condition that certain other criminals shall be suffered to go scot free (for that is the outcome intended), is an offense against decency and justice which is only equaled by that of the Federal official who humiliates the Government he represents by consenting to a compact which makes it the protector and champion of conspicuous offenders against the laws. When the execution of the penalties of the law in South Carolina or elsewhere is subordinated to the exigencies of partisanship, and the command of the party caucus is deliberately substituted for the order and authority of the courts, thus paralyzing the arm of society for its own defense, we may well begin to inquire whether our civilization is not, after all, deficient in the essential quality of reverence for law.

A MEMPHIS paper proposes a bargain in which all the profit would be on its side. It wants to trade off a few thousand Southern politicians for a few thousand New England cotton-spinners.

EX GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has formally declined to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the office of Governor of this State, for the reason that "his impaired health makes it impossible for him to perform the duties of any official position or to continue to take an active part in public affairs." Having thus decisively expressed his determination in the matter, it is to be hoped that the politicians who are seeking, for their own purposes, to drag the ex-Governor from his well-earned retirement, will show him a proper and deserved respect by abstaining from further importunity.

THERE seems to be a good deal of doubt whether General Grant would accept a nomination for the Presidency, should it be tendered him. Those who are nearest to him say that he is strongly averse to again shouldering the responsibilities of public life. It is certain that he has nothing to gain by re-entering the political field, and he will establish a fresh claim upon the popular respect by refusing to do so. There is, no doubt, a strong and influential element of the Republican Party which desires his nomination in 1880, but there is also a numerous body of thoughtful Republicans who would prefer the nomination of any other representative man of the party.

A NEW telegraph company, with a capital of ten millions of dollars, has just been incorporated under the name of the Union Telegraph Company, which will, it is said, extend its lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The nucleus of the enterprise is the Central Union Company, which has about fifty miles in actual operation. Mr. Jay Gould has subscribed for one-half of the stock, the remainder being taken by two other capitalists. The railroad companies owning lines of telegraph are expected to co-operate with the new company. There is plenty of room for an enterprise devoted to cheap telegraphy, but whether the proposed company will meet the want admits, perhaps, of doubt.

THE United States Supreme Court has just rendered a decision which practically annuls the Jurors' Test Oath Act. The point of the decision is that a juror is no more obliged than a witness to disclose on oath his guilt of any crime, or of any act which would render him infamous in order to test his qualifications as a juror. Justice Field, in a separate concurring opinion, went still further, declaring: "I do not think that the Act of Congress, which, by requiring a test oath as to past conduct, excludes a great majority of the citizens of half the country from the jury box, is valid. In my judgment, the Act is not only oppressive and odious and repugnant to the spirit of our institutions, but is clearly unconstitutional and void."

THE President has taken a step in the right direction in his proclamation warning intending settlers against the appropriation of lands in the Indian Territory. This territory is only subject to occupation by Indian tribes, officers of the Indian Department, military posts, and such persons as may be privileged to reside and trade therein under the intercourse laws of the United States; and a failure to interpose the national authority for the protection of the treaty rights of the Indians would have justly exposed the Government to severe censure. We have only too often winked at flagrant invasions of these rights in the past, and it was high time that something should be done to vindicate our good faith in the eyes of the tribes we are seeking to civilize.

THE "fiat money" doctrine has invaded the Dominion Parliament, where a discussion of the national currency system is now in progress. In the House of Commons, the other day, a speaker insisted strongly upon the issue of paper money as the best means of promoting the public prosperity, adding that a national currency, based upon the labor and public works of the Dominion, had a sounder basis than the promises to pay now in circulation, only twenty-five per cent. of which could actually be redeemed by the banks of the Dominion. These views are strongly combatted by various members, who point to the action of the United States in resuming specie payments as an evidence that the experiment of an irredeemable paper currency has proved unsatisfactory.

THE generosity of the last Congress in the matter of pensions appears to have stimulated the greed of all sorts of claimants. Already, at the present session, twenty-eight Bills relating to bounties and pensions have been introduced in the House, and the end, probably, is not yet. Of the twenty-eight Bills, ten grant pensions to soldiers of the Seminole, Black Hawk, Mexican and other wars. The familiar measure for the equalization of bounties is represented by six different Bills, and there are ten for the amendment of that section of the Revised Statutes which prohibits payments to pensioners who have been disloyal. It is about time that the sentiment of the country in denunciation of these schemes for depleting the Treasury should find forcible and decisive expression.

THE demand for the ten-dollar funding certificates grows in urgency. Last week the sales in this city reached $110,000 a day, the supply on hand being on one or two occasions exhausted by midday. With a view of preventing the absorption of the certificates for speculative purposes, Secretary Sherman has issued a circular stating that where the law is evaded, or where one person claims more than $100 for himself or others, the certificates will be refused. The authority of the designated depositary who fails to enforce this rule will be withdrawn, and commissions for sales will not be allowed him. As an illustration of the confidence of the masses in these securities, it may be mentioned that a large city clothing firm last week requested Postmaster James to send an agent to their factory to take subscriptions among their work-people, said to be 1,200 in number, who wished to invest in the certificates.

THERE is a marked increase in immigration. One steamer, which arrived last week, brought 759 immigrants—the largest number, with a single exception, arriving by any one steamer since 1869. This and other large arrivals are only drops of the coming flood. The emigrant societies having branches in Norway and Sweden report that unusual preparations are making for a Scandinavian movement in this direction. There is also expected a large influx of immigrants from Ireland and England, where thousands of mill-operatives declare that, being unable to make a living, they must emigrate. Emigration companies are forming also in Southern Germany, where much distress prevails. Thousands of Russian Mennonites are also expected to emigrate to the United States during the year, owing to the fact that a Russian edict has been promulgated which compels them to do military duty after 1880. Probably our population from foreign sources will be increased before the close of the year by at least 100,000.

THERE is one fact in connection with the negro invasion of Kansas which has not, we fear, received the attention it deserves. It is said that the bedding and furniture of many of the emigrants from Mississippi came originally from the yellow fever hospitals at Vicksburg and elsewhere, and it is by no means impossible that contagion may in this way be spread to a region never before visited by the scourge. At all events, the matter is of sufficient importance to provoke thorough investigation, and the medical authorities of the States to which the negroes are flying will be without excuse if they shall fail to set on foot at once the necessary inquiries. The exodus continues unabated; thousands of blacks are said to be preparing to follow the thousands who have gone before; and destitute as many of them are—herding together in droves without sufficient food and shelter—it is the dictate of humanity that every possible sanitary precaution should be adopted for their protection and that of the communities of which they become a part.

SECRETARY SHERMAN proposes to investigate the alleged abuses connected with the fur-seal fisheries in Alaska, where it is said that the Government has for years been defrauded by the American Trading and Fur Seal Company out of immense sums of revenue. Charges are freely made that the companies have been killing thousands of seals in excess of the limitations of their contract, that the resident and special agents representing the Government have failed to report the true condition of affairs, and that, in general, there is the utmost need of a thorough inquiry as to the fisheries and their value. This inquiry Secretary Sherman will now make, sending out a revenue-cutter with necessary officers for the purpose. If, as is alleged, the Government has been defrauded out of any portion of the revenues it is entitled to, and the contract has in any way been violated, it is proposed not only to annul the contract of the present company, but to prosecute them for whatever losses have been sustained.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE wife and daughter of General Sherman sailed for Europe May 1st.

THE Union Telegraph Company has been incorporated, with a capital of $10,000,000.

THE public debt statement for April shows an increase of $19,932 during that month.

THERE was a still further decline in prices at the monthly coal sales in this city, April 30th.

THE Lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature has resolved to extend an official welcome to General Grant on his return.

SEVERAL thousand 'longshoremen engaged on the piers along the North River, in New York City, went on a strike May 1st.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM closed a ministry of twenty years in New York on April 27th, and will take a prolonged rest in Europe.

CHARLES F. FREEMAN, in a freak of religious frenzy, murdered his daughter Edith, five years old, at Pocasset, Mass., on May 1st.

NEW charges have been preferred against Police Captain Williams, and the New York Police Commissioners have ordered another trial.

IN the Talmage trial before the Presbytery of Brooklyn, Friday and Saturday last were occupied by the summing-up of the counsel on each side.

IN consequence of the speculation by brokers in the $10 funding certificates, Secretary Sherman has issued a second circular concerning their disposal.

CYRUS W. FIELD gave a dinner on May 1st in celebration of the consolidation of the New York and Metropolitan Elevated Railroads under one management.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON sent eight vetoes to the Legislature on April 28th and one on the 29th. On the 30th the Procession Bill was passed by the Assembly over the veto.

A SUGGESTION that the World's Fair building should be located at Port Morris, N. Y., has been considered by the Executive Committee, who, however, have reached no decision.

THE Kentucky Democratic State Convention has nominated Dr. Luther P. Blackburn for Governor, James E. Cantrell for Lieutenant-Governor, and P. W. Harden for Attorney-General.

IN the House of Representatives, May 1st, the message vetoing the Army Bill was taken up, and without debate the House refused, 120 to 110, to pass the Bill—a two-thirds vote being required.

SEVEN men, imprisoned by the caving-in of a coal-mine near Wilkesbarre, Penn., were rescued April 28th, five days after the accident. They were all in good condition, having subsisted on a mule.

INTENSE excitement prevails throughout Georgia in consequence of the trial of Cox for the murder of Alston, at Atlanta. The prosecution have closed and the defense opened. There is a vast array of eminent lawyers engaged in the case.

THE President's proclamation, ordering settlers to keep out of the Indian Territory, is said to be disregarded by large numbers of people, and 1,200 troops have been placed at the disposal of the Interior Department to protect the lands.

TWO-THIRDS of Tennessee's bondholders having accepted the compromise of fifty cents on the dollar and four per cent. interest, Governor Marks has issued a proclamation calling an election by the people, August 7th, to ratify the proposition.

THE convention of American Medical Colleges met in Atlanta, Ga., May 2d, and elected Dr. Gross, of Philadelphia, President, and Dr. Loring, of Columbus, O., Secretary. A resolution fixing three courses of lectures for three separate years was passed.

A JOINT caucus committee of the Democrats in Washington has resolved to report in favor of amending the sixth section of the Army Bill, so as to permit the civil authorities to preserve the peace at the polls, and of passing the section as a separate Bill.

THE Mexican Government has appointed Colonel David V. Whiting, of Chicago, as Commissioner to the United States for the Industrial Exposition to be held in the City of Mexico next January. Colonel Whiting has also been appointed Consul at Chicago, and will furnish intending exhibitors with copies of the regulations and full particulars regarding each position.

THE English promoters of the project to oppose the leasing of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway by the Erie Railway Company announce that so many adhesions have been received that Sir Henry Tyler, Sir Charles Young and Captain Douglas Galton have already consented to act on the committee to carry out the scheme, relying on the requisite majority being secured.

Foreign.

THE latest communication from Burmah to the Indian Government is said to be very conciliatory in tone.

Mr. P. LORILLARD'S horse Papoose won the race for the First Spring Two year old Stakes at Newmarket, England, on May 1st.

AT the suit of Mr. McHenry, a temporary injunction has been issued in England against the proposed lease of the Atlantic and Great Western to the Erie.

IT is stated that Mr. Stanley will act as guide and interpreter to the Belgian exploring expedition in Africa, under M. Dutalis. The plan of operations is unknown.

THE champion sculling race between Hanlan and Hawdon at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, was won by the former on May 5th, by one length, amidst intense excitement.

THE Chilian fleet has retired from the Peruvian coast to protect Valparaiso and other Chilian ports, now threatened by the Peruvian fleet. The Peruvian Government has called the nation to arms.

AN earthquake took place in Mianeh (Persia) on the 22d of March. Twenty-one villages were totally destroyed. Nine hundred and twenty two persons, 2,660 sheep, 1,125 oxen, 124 horses and 53 camels were killed.

CHARIBERT won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket, England, on April 30th, and Wheel of Fortune, the One Thousand Guineas Stakes at the same place, on May 1st. Both horses were ridden by Fred Archer.

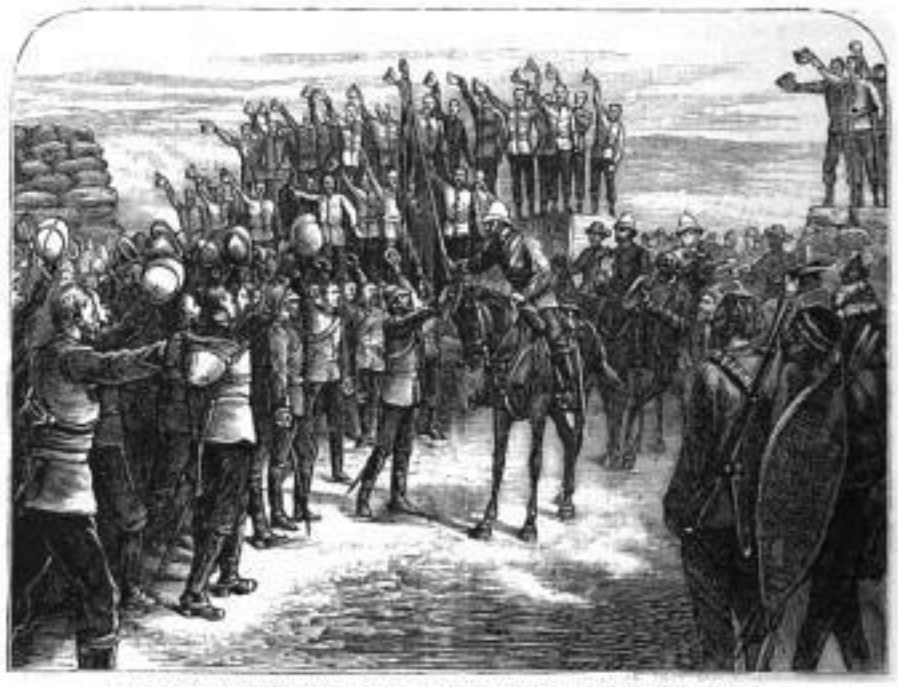
A DISPATCH from Victoria, British Columbia, says the secession difficulty has been tided over by Parliament, which was prorogued immediately upon satisfactory assurances of the intention to begin the railway this year having been received from Ottawa.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 171.



SPAIN.—RECEIVING DONATIONS FOR DECORATING THE REPOSITORY AT MADRID.



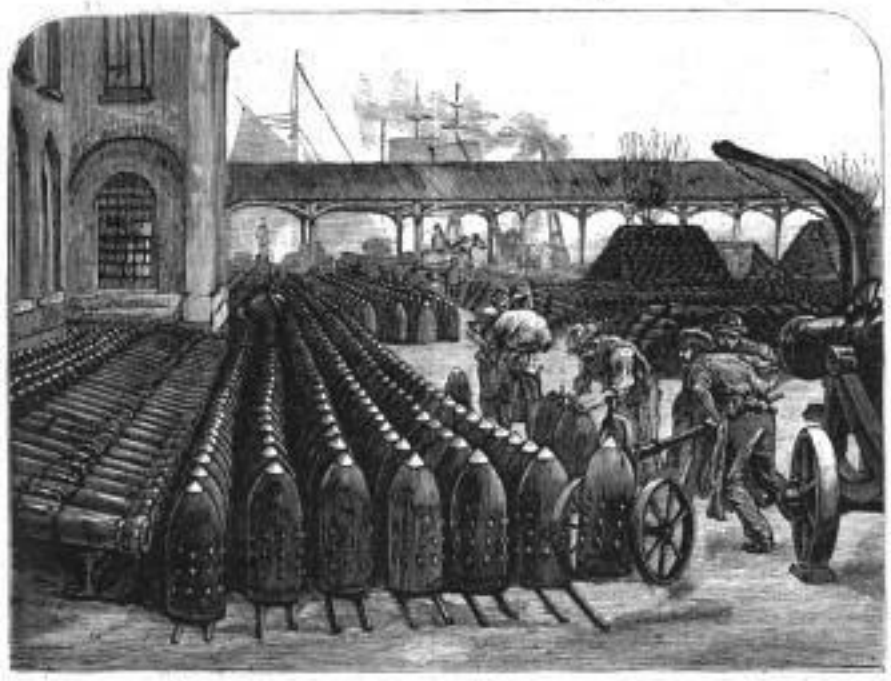
SOUTH AFRICA.—RETURN OF THE COLORS LOST AT THE FIGHT AT ISANDULA.



ITALY.—OPENING OF THE CONEGLIANO-VITTORIO RAILROAD—VIEW OF CENEDA.



AFGHANISTAN.—ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



ENGLAND.—700-POUND PALLISER SHELLS FOR THE 38-TON GUNS AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

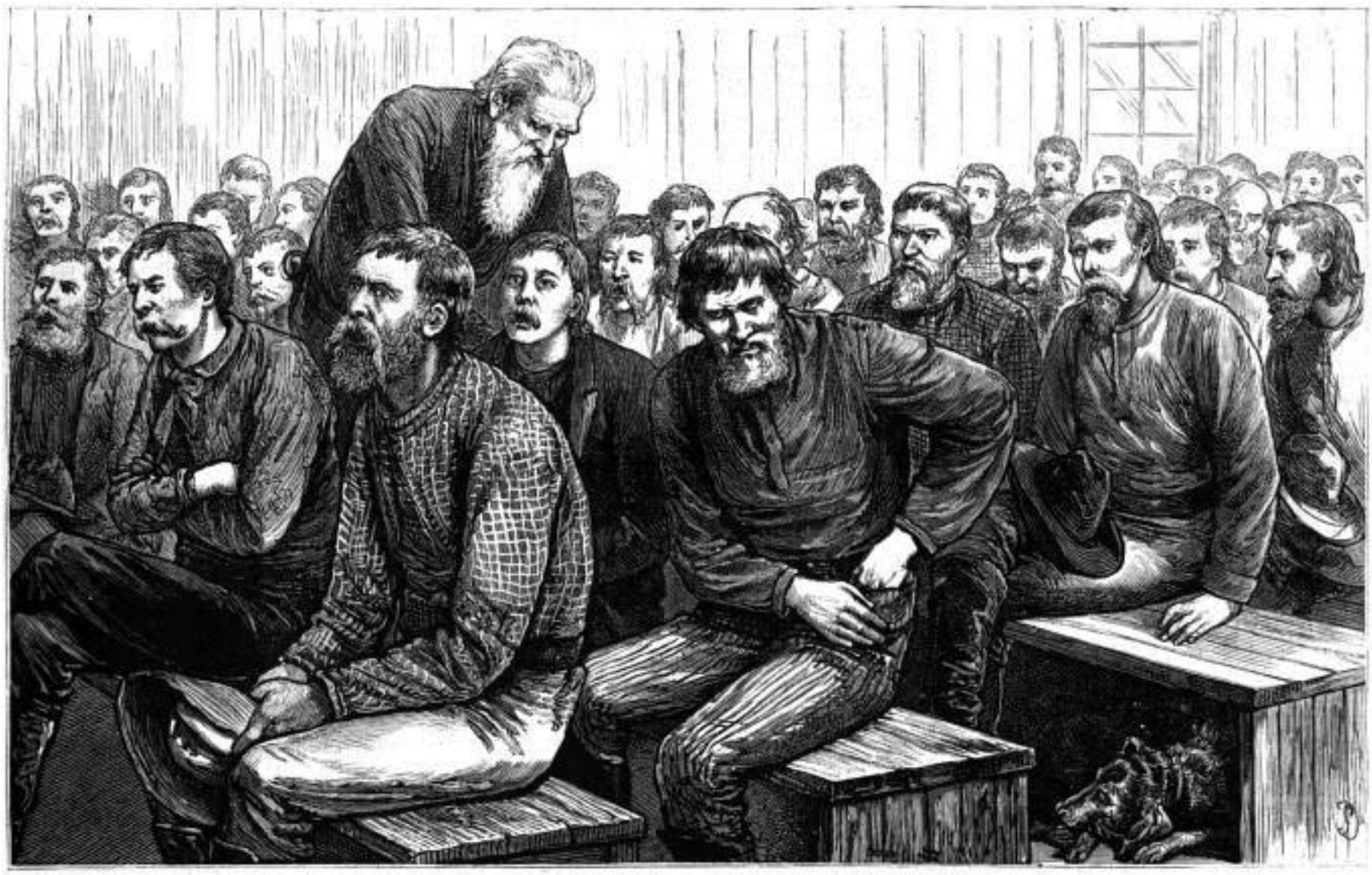


AFGHANISTAN.—AN ATTACK BY THE AFRIDIS UPON A POST ESCORT.



AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—THE LATE DISASTER AT SZEGEDIN—HOMELESS CITIZENS CAMPING ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER.

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A CONGREGATION IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.—MINERS SINGING THE OLD-TIME HYMNS.

CONTRASTS OF LIFE IN LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

ALTHOUGH Leadville is a very young town, it has already in full operation two evidences of modern civilization, generally supposed to be antagonistic in their influence—the gambling-hell and the church. The former might almost be called a distinct feature of mining centres, for drinking and gaming are the usually unvariable occupations of these men when not engaged in the mines. The north side of Chestnut Street for a block has little else but drinking-saloons, in which every foot of space not occupied by the bar is devoted to some game and its crowd of votaries. Some contain as many as four faro-tables alone, with short faro, high-ball poker, roulette, vingt-et-un, and an indefinite variety of other games thrown in to fill up corners. Other saloons give precedence to keno, on account of the space required for it, but faro, poker, and other games usually fill up the crevices, and no space that can be put to so profitable a use is long left vacant. These places are filled night and day by eager players and drinkers, and double-shifts of dealers and bar-keepers are required to meet the ceaseless demand. State Street, or two blocks of it, has the monopoly of the dance-houses, where the privilege of dancing with a worn and haggard creature is accorded for half a dollar. In addition to these, several variety theatres in the same locality furnish the intellectual entertainment required by those who are neither gamblers nor dancers, and these are open almost continuously, with long scenes, in which the lowered curtain is the chief actor, until a howl from the audience indicates that its patience has been exhausted. These long lapses are supposed to give the opportunity to the waiter-girls to supply the occupants of the box-gallery with drinks.

The gala night is Saturday night, when the tunnels, shafts, and levels of Fryer Hill, Carbonate Hill, and the other mining localities, send down their throng of miners and "timber men," with their week's wages in their pockets. Saloons, gambling-hells, variety-theatres, and dance-houses overflow, and the sidewalks are all too narrow for the crowds that stream along.

In strong contrast with these scenes are others, participated in by many of the same persons. On Sundays the churches are crowded. The Methodists, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics have buildings of their own, and a Baptist congregation hold services in the school-house during the building of their church. In the Baptist and Methodist churches, where congregational singing is practiced, the preponderance of the basso element in the music over the soprano is significant. Some philanthropic ladies are engaged in soliciting subscriptions for a hospital, which is to be under their sole charge and direction, and several thousand dollars have been collected. The Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity have already a large building well advanced towards completion, which is to be devoted mainly to the sick.

Leadville is like all our large cities in one respect—more people flock thither than can possibly find employment. Values of all kinds of goods are exorbitantly high. Men go there with money, get swamped in a few weeks, and either lead a precarious life until they can leave the place or sink down the grade of humanity until they become—to use a vulgar but most expressive definition—"common bummers." As a rule, wages are low, boarding



INTERIOR OF A DANCE-HOUSE ON STATE STREET.

COLORADO.—A NEW ELDORADO—THE WONDERFUL MINING TOWN OF LEADVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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and other necessities very high. Buildings are being constructed rapidly, and, although the population is now estimated at 11,000, a proof of the steady rush of people is found in the fact that not a half-dozen houses there can boast the possession of a spare-room.

A LIFE GRIP.

CHIEF OF POLICE MERWIN was scratching away with his pen as if his life depended on the rapidity of its advance. He was evidently in bad humor, for every time he reached a period he emitted a sound that was a sort of a compromise between a groan and a growl. One of the patrolmen lounging in the ante-room expressed the condition of affairs when he remarked, "The old man's in his tantrums this morning, and somebody's going to catch fits." The fact was, everything had gone wrong. The men were getting slovenly in dress and inattentive to duty, and the newspapers had taken their condition in hand and were making sharp criticisms. The chief was both writing and fighting mad. It was while in this mood that some one touched his arm and at the same time put upon his desk a visiting-card. The chief looked up with a frown. A short, thick-set gentleman, with long brown side-whiskers dashed with gray, and with his vest buttoned nearly to the white necktie under the chin, regarded him with a complacency that, in the chief's mood, was exasperating.

"I really ask your pardon," began the gentleman, with a sort of apologetic gesture of his hands. "I see you are very busy, but I was told outside to come and see you, and I was told inside," with a motion of his head towards the ante-room, "that I must not disturb you. I'm sorry to intrude, but really I could not wait."

The chief's red face grew a shade redder, and his heavy eyebrows had a more ominous droop over his puffy eyes, as, with a light flip of his finger, he turned the card so as to read the name, written in a bold hand, of

REV. BARTLEY HEATH.

"What is it you want, sir?" he asked, finally, after his eyes had traveled several times from the card to the visitor and back again. "My time is very much occupied."

The minister's face grew flushed at his bluff reception, and he hesitated in his speech.

"I will try to be considerate and—that is to say, brief. Old Mr. Winship of our town has been dead three months. His death was the the result of——"

"What's the name of the town, Mr. Heath?" asked Merwin, abruptly.

"San Diego."

"Ah! And was this Winship murdered?" asked the chief.

"Oh, dear, no! His death was natural, perfectly natural. I preached his funeral sermon."

"Body stolen?"

"No."

"Then why don't you tell me what you want? I haven't the patience or time to pump out your needs."

He whirled round to his desk, took his pen from behind his ear, and prepared to resume his writing.

The Rev. Heath was white with passion.

"I never heard of such brutal insolence," burst from his lips.

"If you've any business to present, present it; if not, I'm too busy to hear you talk," said Merwin, his pen beginning to race over the paper.

"Here is my business," and the divine once more spoke calmly. "Winship left a daughter Mary, and I want to find her son. Is that plain enough?"

"Plain? No!" dashing down his pen. "Who did the woman marry? What's her son's name?"

"The woman married a Joslyn, and her son's name is Samuel. Property is left the son, the mother being dead, and I'm executor of the estate."

Merwin drew towards him a city directory, and began to run over the leaves.

"I've looked there," suggested the visitor.

"Name's not there," as if to himself, and giving no attention to the minister's remark. Then he opened a thick index book at J, "Jopper, Jockey, Jones, Jonge, Josephs. Ah! Here it is! Joslyn, messenger. Don't believe he's the person you want. Officer Tuttle"—to a man lounging near the door in citizen's dress—"bring in Colonel Joslyn. This gentleman wants to interview him."

"Colonel Joslyn!" exclaimed the minister. "An officer in the army?"

"Commissioned by the people," was the reply. "How old ought your man to be, sir?"

"Thirty-six."

"This person looks as if he were fifty. There he comes!" as Officer Tuttle entered the outer room with a man whose clear, rosy complexion was in startling contrast to his gray hair and shambling gait. "Step into that little room there, if you please, where you will be undisturbed. Colonel, this gentleman wants to talk with you."

Alone in the room, and with the door closed behind them, the Rev. Bartley Heath held out both his hands, saying:

"Samuel Joslyn, I'm glad I've found you. Let me congratulate you!"

For a minute the "colonel" hesitated. His hands were behind his back and no movement was made to indicate that he would accept the proffered grasp of the minister. The flush on his face deepened in color and the lids drooped over his eyes. The attitude was pitiful.

"What!" cried the doctor, heartily, "will you not shake hands with me, an old friend of your mother's—that is, if you are the man I want?"

Joslyn opened his honest eyes and looked squarely in the face of the other.

"Ye talk good, an' ye look good," he said, deliberately, "an' ye'll not be shocked, I hope, at my misfortune," and with that he put out his arms as if to clasp hands with the minister. Mr. Heath stepped back, startled, for a second, beyond expression.

The fingers on both hands of the colonel were missing.

"Never mind, we'll shake, anyhow," cried Mr. Heath, recovering himself, grasping the colonel's wrists, and giving them a hearty swing. "Here, sit down! I've all day for my work. Smoke, colonel? Yes? These are not remarkable cigars, but they are good enough for a minister who is so weak as to use the weed. Let me light it?"

"So ye're a minister, eh?" asked Joslyn. "I'm glad of that. Didn't know but ye were a detective. The chief gets 'em after me once in a while, just for deviltry, I s'pose. Queer man, the chief! Doesn't like me because of those things," holding up his stumps. "Yes, the fingers are all gone."

"It is terrible. How did you lose 'em, Mr. Joslyn? Were they——"

"Well, they was an' they was not. To begin——" here he stopped, leaned back for a meditative smoke, closing his eyes and giving himself up to the ecstasy of his feast.

"Were they eaten off, colonel?" inquired Mr. Heath, after remaining silent as long as his dignity would permit.

"Was what eaten off?"

"The fingers, colonel?"

"No, no! They wasn't eaten off, or chopped off, or buzz-sawed off, or blown off in the army with me at the head of the column a-holdin' onto the colors. I never chopped wood, tended saw or made a tool of myself by goin' inter the army to give politicians a chance to ride inter office on my shoulders—not a bit of it. No, sir! Them fingers—are ye listening?—them fingers dropped off." He closed his eyes and began to puff again energetically at his cigar.

Rev. Bartley Heath regarded the man with a quizzical look. Here was strange calmness and indifference. Perhaps the Joslyn before him was not, after all, the Joslyn of whom he was in search. He certainly looked twenty years older than the heir he wanted. He had expected to find his man in rags, weighed down with misery, and illiterate, but really this creature exceeded his expectations. Still, he thought that he would wait and hear what the colonel had to say before he disclosed his purpose. He believed that he ran no risk in keeping silent. Besides this, he was as curious as a woman to find out how Joslyn was so mutilated.

"How old do ye think I am?" suddenly inquired the colonel, straightening up in his chair and neatly blowing the ashes from his cigar.

"Fifty."

"Thirty-six. The color of my hair was lost with my fingers. By-the-way, ye sent for me. Why?"

"I'd rather hear your story first, colonel. Mine depends on yours," was Mr. Heath's answer.

"Yours depends on mine? But, man alive, can ye tell me about that devil, Tom Merwin? Do ye know where he is?" shouted Joslyn in a sudden frenzy, springing to his feet, his eyes red hot with passion and the veins on his forehead swollen out like cords. "Let me see him once, and I'll tear him to pieces—with my teeth!" he said.

"I know of no Merwin excepting the man out there, the chief," the minister replied.

"He's Tom's brother, and just as bad. But it's Tom I want. It's him as brought these ter me," shaking his maimed hands towards heaven. "My story begins with Tom Merwin. It will end with him also, I hope."

He had been pacing up and down the room in a state of great excitement, smoking furiously as he walked. Suddenly he seated himself, panting like one who has finished a race.

"I don't like ter talk about it, this business," indicating his arms by a nod of his head, "but I'll tell ye the story. Ten years ago this Tom Merwin an' I were clerks in a large wholesale drygood house. Tom did not like me, for I cut him out when he was a courtin', and married the girl myself, an' she's always been thankful ter me for it. Then I caught the feller a-stealin' silks. I thought I was a-doin' the proprietors a service in tellin' them of it, but Merwin made them believe I was his partner, an' both of us was discharged. He laughed at me when this was done, saying, 'Joslyn, this world is too small for both of us, an' I'll crowd you out of it. Remember that!' He'd done me about all the harm I thought he could do, an' so I paid little heed to his talk.

"I could not get work after that—people seemed afraid of me—an' so I came West. I'd always had a taste for painting, an' when my savings got low, I went into the employ of a house-and-sign painter. This was the next Winter after the fire of '71 in Chicago, an' there was plenty of work in that city."

"Terribly cold Winter that! I was there for a fortnight," remarked Mr. Heath.

"S that so? Perhaps you'll remember my story 'fore I finish tellin' it; a part of it was in the papers. Remember that great building in the 'burnt district' that had Erie Railroad an' so forth on one side of it? No? Well, I painted the better part of that sign. There's scarcely a day or a night, now, that its great big letters don't rise up before my eyes like great pillars. It was a five-story brick, an' my partner an' I had got half-way down the side. One morning he didn't appear at the shop. He was sick. The work must go on, the boss said. The other men in the shop were all busy. There was a great hulking fellow loafing around the stove, a chap all whiskers an' ragged clothes, who said he could paint, an' he just showed 'em how he did it. He did so well they sent him along with me.

"The work was bein' done on a hanging scaffold, swingin' from the roof. We was workin' about forty feet below the coping. Forty feet below us was a cellar filled with ruins, such as burned brick, stones an' bits of iron. It was a mighty resky job, an' light-headed men wasn't wanted onto the platform. I said so to the new man.

"'Ye mind yer end an' I'll mind mine,' he growled. 'I hain't been a sailor for nothin'.'

"Of course, I said nothin' more. I knew what my duty was, an' was prepared ter do it. He didn't speak ter me a dozen times all the forenoon. I liked that, for I don't talk much at my best. Yet in the afternoon I caught him a-lookin' at me. Sometimes he stopped his work ter do it, other times he made pretense, I watchin' him out of the corner of my eye. It made me nervous after a little, though I couldn't say why, except one don't like ter be watched on the sly. Then, too, he got ter fumblin' with the ropes when he thought I wasn't lookin', movin' 'em quietly with his hands, an' sometimes with his foot. That I didn't like, an' I said so.

"'Don't be scared,' he said. 'I'm only a movin' 'em so I won't stumble overboard. By-the-way,' he cried, 'the boss called you Joslyn. Is that yer name?'

"'Yes.'

"'Ever live in New York?'

"'No.'

"'Boston?'

"'Yes,' I answered. 'Why?'

"'Look like it, talk like it, act like it, that's all.' Then he stopped talkin'.

"'Long about four o'clock the wind changed, an' the weather became colder and colder. It's only Chicago people who know what a 'blizzard' is an' how the mercury'll drop thirty degrees in thirty minutes. 'Twasn't long before it got so cold I couldn't handle my brush. I looked at my partner. He was a-puttin' the paint on in great dabs, half ice.

"'Stop that!' I said. 'Yer a-wastin' the stuff. Besides, we must get down or we'll freeze to death.'

"'Joslyn,' he said, pitchin' his brush into the pot, 'can yer climb?'

"'No,' I answered.

"'Joslyn,' he said, again, 'can yer say any prayers?'

"'Yes, of course, I can.'

"'Then, say 'em, Samuel Joslyn, for I'm Tom Merwin, an' have got ye where yer can't get away,' and he pulled off his shoes and stuck them inter his coat-pockets.

"I didn't know what to say or do, sir, it was all so sudden. It looked as though he was a-goin' to try an' pitch me off the scaffold; so I stepped back an' put one arm around the ropes at my end. He burst into a hard, wicked laugh when he saw this.

"'Don't be afraid, Sam: I'll not l—y a hand on ye. But ye married the girl I loved; ye got me turned out of a place, an' I'm goin' to get even with ye, here and now.'

"With that he turned and began to climb up the ropes at his end of the platform, hand-over-hand, clingin' with his knees an' mountin' as only a sailor can mount a rope. When I saw this freak I thought him crazy, sure; an' yet I couldn't help laughin' to see my old enemy goin' skyward for revenge. He heard me, an' stopped for a second.

"'Laugh!' he yelled. 'Laugh till ye split! Ye'll cry soon enough. Ye haven't seen a man along here since noon; ye'll not see another after I'm gone.'

"Then he continued to pull an' shin himself up the ropes till he reached the scantlin' to which our tackle was rigged. He sat astride of this, pulled a piece of rope from his pocket, an' in no time had tied the tackle together. Then he ran to the other block, an' before I scarcely realized what the fellow was a goin' ter do, an' had a chance to act, he had bound the other fall in the same way—an' disappeared.

"His purpose was clear enough to me now. He had left me there ter freeze ter death. The weather must have been ten below zero, an' the wind was a-blowin' a hurricane. The buildin' was aside from the usual line of foot-travel. We hadn't seen a person on the street since noon. The clouds made it dusk already. I saw the trouble before me an' tried to loosen the ropes, but not a hair's breadth would they stir. Then I tried ter climb, and went up perhaps fifteen feet, only ter grow dizzy an' ter feel that my stiffenin' fingers wouldn't hold ter the rope, an' then I came down with a rush that took a big piece of skin out of the inside of each of my hands. The situation began ter look serious then, I tell you, an' it wasn't over-pleasant ter see Merwin on the street just then, a clappin' his hands, an' ter hear him shout:

"'Sam Joslyn, you are as good as dead, an' better dead'n alive.' Then he walked away, turnin' every few feet ter clap his hands or wave his hat, until the darkness shut him out from my sight.

"What ter do I didn't know. It was death ter stand still, an' there certainly wasn't much room for exercise on a three by ten platform, swingin' forty feet from the ground, in a dark evenin', with the weather so cold as ter make the streets crack like pistols, an' not a soul within the sound of my voice. Whatever was ter be done had ter be done at once. I shouted until I couldn't make a noise above a whisper, an' I was as much lost as if I was in a great wilderness. Then I thought for the first time—for the matter hadn't really seemed so serious at first—of my wife an' little Rob a-waitin' for me at home, an' a-wonderin' why papa didn't come home, it being then long past my time for bein' there. Why, sir, a-standin' as I was, away up in the air, I could see them two around the table a-waitin an' a-wonderin' an' a-listenin'. Would I never get there except when I was a-carried in the next day—dead? That's what I wondered, an' from wonderin' began ter dream, an' ter wake up a-droopin' or a-fallin'. I knew what that sleep meant, an' roused myself ter walk back and forth. Then I caught my foot in the coil of loose rope, an' nearly went overboard. But that there angle gave me an idea.

"I could scarcely get out my knife, my hands were so numb; but I did it, an' opened a blade with my teeth. Reachin' high up I cut the loose rope on each fall, tied the ends together an' dropped the line over, after lashin' it firmly ter the stagin'. I judged it would come within a few feet, perhaps five, of the ground. Then I grabbed it an' slid over an' down, down, down, until my legs dangled below the end. I didn't dare ter drop, an' well it was I didn't, for a bit of moonlight through a cloud showed I was hangin' at least fifteen feet above a pile of brick in the cellar. I tried ter go back, but slipped down a few inches lower, for my hands were too stiff to keep hold of the line once they let go. I got a death clutch at last, though, an' prayed as I never prayed before; the wind all the while a-dashin' my body backwards and forwards, now against the buildin' an' then a-swingin' me out into the air as if I was no more than a effigy. I prayed until I forgot where I was, an' all that was dear ter me, an' then, resigned ter death, tried ter let go my hold. But I couldn't. My fingers were frozen in their grip ter that rope."

At this point in his narration Joslyn seemed overcome by his feelings, and sat silent and with his eyes closed. At length he continued:

"There isn't much more ter tell. P'r'aps I hung there ten minutes, per'aps less, in a dozin' sort of a condition, when I heard a woman sniek again an' again, an' I had just life enough left ter turn my head an' see two men with lanterns, an' a woman between 'em.

"'Are you alive, husband?' I heard her cry. But I couldn't make a noise, although I tried my hardest, an' then I went dozin' off again, not ter come back ter my natural self until a week afterwards, when I woke up in bed with my fingers gone—cut off by the doctors—an' my hair changed from black ter what it is.

"No; it wasn't so very strange, my rescue. When a half-hour after my usual time—and I was reg'lar as clock-work—for gettin' home had passed, my wife started for the shop, found the boss surprised that I hadn't got back with my pots and brushes, got him ter get help, an' started for the buildin'. The only way they could get at me was by goin' ter the top of the buildin', one man slidin' down ter the stagin', leaving another man ter cut the fastenin's made by Merwin. Then they lowered the platform. My feet was frozen stiff, but they managed ter save them, thank the Lord! Since then I've earned a livin' as a messenger, runnin' errands, an' that sort o' thing. I earn a little, an' my wife—one o' the noblest women, sir, that ever lived—works out the rest with her needle. There, now, is my story, exceptin' that Chief Merwin doesn't like me, for family reasons. So much bein' said of myself, sir, I ask what ye want of me, for, ye see, I may be losin' a job, an' every cent counts with me."

"My business with you is to ask a few questions. Is your mother alive?"

"No, sir."

"Was her name Mary?"

"No, it was Helen—Helen Trumbull."

"Had she a brother or relative named Winship, who went to California in '49?'

"I never heard of such a man."

"Do you know of any other Joslyn than yourself?'

"I don't."

"Colonel," said Mr. Heath, "it is one of the saddest things I ever said, knowing your story, to tell you that you're not the man I'm looking for. The Joslyn I want had an uncle who died awhile ago at San Diego, and left a handsome estate of which I am the executor. Now, if you were only the Sam Joslyn I'm after, you would be entitled to about $10,000. You ought to have it anyhow, colonel!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Heath. For my wife's sake I might be tempted ter wish myself rich, she is such a good, unselfish, loving an' lovable woman. If I had it, alone, I would be plundered, for fate's agin me. I must go on fightin' out my life. I'm not the man, Mr. Heath, not the man. There comes the chief. Let us go or he will drive us out," and they both moved towards the door, the minister not even giving a look at the surly police official.

On the steps, the colonel said:

"One favor I'll ask, an' that is—if ye ever come across a Tom Merwin, let me know at once."

"That I will do, colonel; but why?"

The man studied for a minute his mutilated hands, and then with a scowl, and a glare of hate in his eyes, as he faced the minister, he replied, in a deep, firm voice:

"Because, sir, I'm a-lookin', a-huntin' for that man. Good-by, sir!"

"PAROLE'S" HOME.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD'S MODEL STOCK FARM.

(Continued from front page.)

The corn-crib is about three hundred and fifty feet long, and is well stocked with material. The tool-house is crowded with the various instruments and tools used upon such a large estate, and is as complete as the rest of the buildings. The enormous hay-barn, capable of holding three hundred and fifty tons of hay is surmounted by a glass observatory.

In the brood-mares' stable, a square building, there are comfortable stalls for one hundred horses, under charge of Mr. Reilly. He has attained such familiarity with the mares and their colts that, wishing to gather them from the pasture for any purpose, he simply walks up the knoll and whistles, when the entire number run, jump and gallop from all directions towards him.

The breeding-pens, as they are called, are attached to the brood-mares' stable, and are under the personal supervision of Reilly, the stud-groom, whose house is connected with this department. The breeding-pens are comfortable, square horse-stalls, communicating with each other by a window and door. In the centre of this row of stalls is a small room, containing a stove, bedstead, etc. When a mare is about to foal, she is placed in one of the boxes nearest to the "heating-room," as the

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centre room is called, a large fire is maintained, the window of her stall is opened, and the hot air rushing in furnishes her with a warm temperature, which can be regulated at will. After a few days in this box, she is shifted into the adjoining room, having a cooler temperature, by reason of its being farther from the heating-room, and in this manner is shifted from room to room, until, reaching the last one, she and her foal are turned into the paddock. The stallions are kept in separate stalls of this building, and the noble animals look the picture of everything beautiful in the shape of horseflesh.

In addition to these buildings there are shown in our illustrations the employés' dwellings, the yearling and half-breed stables, the blacksmith-shop, the private track for racing, having a three-quarter mile course, and the racing stable, a circular building capable of housing fifty horses. It is here that the horses in training are kept, and here also are the quarters of the jockeys, their sleeping and saddle-rooms, and a well-appointed school-room. Fifty-one miles of under-drainage and nine miles of open ditch are necessary to carry off the refuse. Well-kept roads, bordered by good fences painted white, lead to the different departments. Studding the green paddock are dozens of octagonal boxes containing stalls for eight horses, and among these buildings is one apart from the rest, called the hospital. If a horse is very sick it is immediately removed to the hospital, and, secluded from his companions, is tended in the most careful manner.

The days from the 22d to the 26th of April were intensely exciting ones on the farm. Every employé shared in the hope that "Parole" would come out victor in the great races in England. When intelligence of his success in the Newmarket, the City and Suburban Handicap and the great Metropolitan Stakes contests was received after each event, the news was given the jockeys, grooms and workmen, who cheered the favorite most enthusiastically.

This proceeding was repeated on May 1st, when a telegram was received to the effect that "Parole's" sister "Papoose" had won the race for the First Spring Two-year Old Stakes at the Newmarket first Spring meeting.

Our engraving of "Parole" is taken from a painting which hangs in the dining-room of the mansion.

The Russian Reign of Terror.

A ST. PETERSBURG correspondent writes under date of April 28th: "The police are openly arresting people by batches at all hours of the day, whereas apprehensions were hitherto made at night. On the slightest suspicion against any person, his whole family are arrested, and domiciliary visits are paid to all their acquaintances, these leading to further apprehensions on the most frivolous grounds. Eighty-three furnished-lodging keepers are in prison for not reporting within twenty-four hours the latest arrivals.

"M. Jackevieff, a prominent official living in the Winter Palace, and his son, an officer in the Guards, are among the persons in custody. Baron Bistrom, Deputy Commandant of the St. Petersburg garrison, and General Gildenstube, Commandant of the Moscow garrison, have been superseded for insufficient enthusiasm toward the new order of things. There are few predestrians or carriages in the streets, but an endless line of porters are seated on stools at every door with stout sticks. Covered prison-vans frequently pass, with a police officer mounted beside the driver, and General Gourko drives round in an open dhrosky, escorted by Cossacks, cracking their whips. The inhabitants are not accomplices of the Nihilists, but apathetic spectators."

Intemperance in Great Britain.

THE report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the prevalence of habits of intemperance in England, which has just been issued in the form of a document covering nearly fifty pages, will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the total abstinence party in that country. The evidence taken before the committee proves, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that, notwithstanding the hard times and consequent scarcity of the circulating medium, the vice of drunkenness is on the increase in the old country. In 1860 the amount expended on intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom averaged $14.63 for every man, woman and child, while in 1876 these figures had increased to $22 25; this, too, in the face of the fact that the temperance agitation carried on between 1868 and 1876 was the most active ever known in the history of the country. Social efforts to correct the evil having failed, the committee has arrived at the conclusion that the existing legislation affecting the drink traffic must be made more stringent. In this spirit they recommend the enforcement of what is known as the Gothenburg system, under which the municipality transfers the traffic to a public company, which undertakes not to derive any profit from the business, but to pay into the city treasury the whole profits beyond the ordinary rate of interest on the paid-up capital. This scheme is now in operation in fifty towns in Sweden, the profits in one of which average two hundred thousand dollars annually. A minority of the committee, however, favor doing away with the company feature and placing the control of the traffic directly in the hands of the City Council. Both of these ideas are worth experimenting with, but it is questionable whether the Conservative party is prepared to father any measure which will lose them the support of the beer-selling fraternity. The Church and the liquor-dealers are the two strong columns of the Tory army.

Progress of Meteorological Science.

THE permanent committee of the Vienna Meteorological Congress has recommended that a proposed second congress shall adopt throughout the world a plan for exchanges of data for simultaneous weather maps, or other purposes similar to the one first organized for the United States by the Chief Signal Officer in 1873, and which has been continuously pursued by the Signal Service to this day. The features of this exchange as set on foot by the United States are as follows: (1.) The Signal Office of the United States asks all countries to make and record daily on land and sea one simultaneous weather observation at the same exact instant of time. (2.) The United States then exchanges with each country, separately making an especial request of each to establish such exchange. (3.) Each country sends to the United States every fifteen days its own observations; all are thus received by the United States. (4.) The Signal Office of the United States then collates and prints all these reports, its own coincident observations included, and returns in this shape to every regular observer who has sent continuously a single report the records gathered from almost the whole Northern Hemisphere. For one report sent regularly by any regular observer anywhere, on ship or shore, he receives 500, and these 500 surround and cover nearly the entire Northern Hemisphere. For nearly six years this exchange, originated and conducted by the Signal Service of the United States, has been perfectly successful, almost every civilized nation north of the equator having taken part in it. It has made possible for the first time in the history of the world the preparation of a daily simultaneous map of the Northern Hemisphere at Washington (this is also sent to each observer), and has probably advanced the study of practical meteorology as far as any one undertaking in the last century.

The Negro Moses.

"PAP" SINGLETON, who is described as the Moses of the negro exodus, lives at Topeka, Kan. He is a little old man—a mulatto—over seventy years of age, with wavy, iron-gray hair, square jaws, full, quick eyes, and a general expression of honesty, courage and modesty. His name is Benjamin Singleton, and he is known among his black friends and followers as "Pap Singleton." He was born and raised in Nashville, Tenn., where he worked in early manhood at cabinet-making, and from whence he was sold a dozen times or more, and went to the Gulf States, always escaping and coming back to Tennessee. Finally, he determined to flee to Canada, and only succeeded after three attempts and through perils and sufferings that only a man with supreme passion for liberty could have surmounted. After reaching Canada in safety he soon returned to Detroit, and remained there through the war, laboring as a scavenger, and keeping a sort of boarding-house where fugitive slaves were fed, hidden and helped on their way. As soon as the war closed he went back to Tennessee, poor as he had left, save that now he was a free man, and entered upon what he calls his "mission."

"I had studied it all out," he says, "and it was cl'ar as day to me. I dunno how it come to me; but I 'spect it was God's doin's. Anyhow, I knowed my people couldn't live thar. It was ag'in nature for the masters and the slaves to jine hands and work together. Nuthin' but de millimium could bring that around. The whites had the lands and the sense, an' the blacks had nothin' but their freedom—an' it was just like a dream to 'em. Bime-by the fifteenth amendment came along, and the carpet-baggers and my poor people thought they was goin' to have Canaan right off. But I knowed better; I knowed better, an' I told 'em so. I said to 'em: 'Hyar you is a-potterin' round in politics, and tryin' to git into offices that you ain't fit for, and you can't see that these white tramps from the North is simply usin' you for to line their pockets, and when they get through they'll drop you, and the rebels will come into power—and then where will you be?'"

It was not until 1869-70 that Singleton could induce his colored brethren to "get it onto their minds," as he expressed it, that they ought to be trying to get homes of their own, lands of their own, instead of depending upon renting from their former masters, or subsisting by days' work. And even then they were averse to leaving the South. Some efforts were made to buy lands in Tennessee, but the landowners laughed at the idea, and refused to sell at any but exorbitant prices. Then it was, in 1872, that an exploring committee was sent to Kansas, and made a favorable report, and several families came out. The next year Singleton himself made a trip to Kansas as President of the "Tennessee Real Estate and Homestead Association" which he had organized, and was so well pleased that he went back to Tennessee and gathered up two hundred or three hundred people, whom he took out and located in Cherokee County, the settlement being called Singleton Colony.

This was the first colonization movement among the negroes, and the forerunner of the present extraordinary exodus. Those who went in 1873 did well, and sent back favorable reports, and others followed. Soon the railroad companies began offering special inducements, and during the last three years there has been a steady immigration to Kansas. Singleton has brought nearly eight thousand of them, all from Tennessee, and several colonies have come from Kentucky, an association similar to Singleton's having been organized in that State. The total number, so far arrived, may safely be estimated at not less than fifteen thousand, and they are coming by hundreds now every week.

The Singleton Colony, in Cherokee County, and one of the same name in Morris County, are the principal colored settlements, though the Kentuckians have quite a colony in Graham County, called Nicodemus, and there are various smaller settlements in Barton and Hodgeman Counties. These colored settlers are industrious and well-behaved, and seem to be getting along as well as white people in corresponding circumstances. Most of them are poor, and all pay their own way to Kansas. Some of them have means enough to buy little tracts of cheap railroad lands; others enter homesteads on the public domain, and still others work by the day for farmers in their neighborhood, or rent small p'ats and farm them "on shares," until they can buy and improve places of their own. Very few of them stop in the towns; Singleton constantly advises against it, and also does his best to keep those from coming who have not a little something to start with. "But, Lord bless you," he says, "you can't keep 'em back now. The movin' fever has got hold of 'em all over the South."

He insists, this quaint old patriarch, that there are thousands of good people among the Southern whites who wish the blacks well, and would be glad to give them a chance, but that the bulldozers are in the majority, and that it is no longer safe for a white man to assist a negro, or show him any special kindness. The ruling class in the South, he says, are plainly determined to reduce the ex-slaves to a sort of helpless and hopeless serfdom, and the negroes understand it, and common sense tells them that their only chance is to quit the country. "Just as I told 'em years ago," he exclaimed; "and now they say Old Pap was right. Of course I was right. De leopard can't change his spots. De men who used to flog their slaves ain't agoin' to ever treat 'em fair, now that they're free. Mebbe it'll be different a hundred years from now, when all the present generation's dead and gone, but not afore, sir, not afore; and what's agoin' to be a hundred years from now ain't much account to us in this present year o' de Lord. It's what is, and not what may be, that I'm thinkin' of. I don't waste no time botherin' about what'll happen when I'm in my grave."

Singleton is in no sense a politician, and lays but little stress upon the political aspect of affairs in the South; his views are wholly of an industrial turn, and his idea of emigration is the finding of homes and the accumulation of property. Upon the whole, he attaches prime importance to the plain, practical business of making a living and securing a home. The old man doubts if the franchise has been more of a blessing than a disadvantage to his brethren.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Feature of Holy Week in Spain.

During the week preceding Easter Sunday, in Catholic churches, Thursday is set apart for the commemoration of the institution of the Eucharist. On that day the consecrated Host is removed from the main altar to a special one called the Repository, which is decorated with lights, flowers, lace and tapestry, and here it is visited by the devout from morning till night. The adornment of these Repositories, or, as they were called in English countries, Sepulchres, is, of course, the work of the "devout female sex." In Spain and France a table is generally set out by the door, where ladies or little girls collect alms from the faithful to bear the expense, which is often very great, as no church wishes to be surpassed in splendor by any other, and the comparison is easily made, the pious generally making a round of all, or at least many, of the churches in the town. Our illustration shows the Maundy Thursday Alms-table in a church in Madrid.

The Lost Colors of Isandula.

When the Zulus made their final charge at the battle of Isandula, on the 22d of January, 1879, a desperate attempt at escape was made by some of the mounted officers and men towards the Buffalo River. Lieutenant Teignmouth Melville, Adjutant of the 1-24th Regiment, seized the colors, galloped off, reached the river, plunged in and struggled to get across. His horse reared and plunged amidst the rocks, and, hampered with the colors, he was thrown. Lieutenant Coghill, A.D.C., also of the 1-24th Regiment, who had ridden safely across, went in to assist his comrade. His horse was shot dead before he could reach him. The officers got out, however, and, terribly exhausted, began to climb the steep bank. Here they were either shot or assegaied. On the 4th of February, thirteen days afterwards, Major Black, of the 2-24th Regiment, with a small party of volunteers, went from Rorke's Drift, and buried the bodies where they fell. Five hundred yards below the crossing-place they found first the color-case and then the colors in rags lying in the water. Major Black rode back in triumph with them to the Laager at Rorke's Drift, where they were received with cheer after cheer by the men of the Second Battalion, who lined the walls, made of biscuit-boxes and mealie-sacks.

View of Canada, Italy.

Railroads in all parts of the Old World are bringing before us places of the past long-buried in obscurity. "Passengers for Jerusalem," or "Check your baggage for Soudan" will soon be familiar sounds. A new Italian railroad, the Conegliano-Vittorio, brings into prominence Ceneda, the birthplace of a somewhat remarkable man, well known to old New Yorkers, Lorenzo da Ponte, the founder of Italian Opera in America. He was born in Ceneda and entered the theological seminary in that city, but threw aside the cassock and became a votary of music. He wrote the libretto of "Don Giovanni," and succeeded Metastasio as court poet at Vienna; came to America, and, like many a foreigner, got swindled out of everything; became a teacher of Italian, bookseller, professor of modern languages in Columbia College, wrote poetry, a history of Florence, very amusing memoirs, inspired a taste for the language, music and poetry of Italy, and first introduced to our fashionable world the Italian Opera. Ceneda is an ancient city—in a valley dotted with ruins of the past, churches, factories—not far from a similar city, Serravalle, between which has sprung up, with American promptness, a new city, Vittorio, which, with its broad streets and fine edifices, is likely to absorb the two older towns.

With the British in Afghanistan.

During the short occupation of the Bazar Valley by the division of General Maude, it was necessary to send a strong escort to meet a convoy expected from Ali Musjid, at a part of the road where the Afridis were likely to attack. As fully expected, the Afridis collected in large numbers and tried to intercept the convoy, and so the rearguard began to withdraw flanking detachments from the heights. After the passage of the convoy Captain Steadman and Major Thicklewaite, and a detachment of the Fifth, had returned to take up a fresh position, the high cliffs to the right being covered with Afridis firing long shots, when suddenly four sowars, escorting a post-wallah, appeared running the gauntlet of a hot fire in the nullah, a half-mile in the rear. One fell, horse and man, in the distance. A swarm of Afridis, with their chuggs flashing, instantaneously rushed on the fallen man. Fortunately, by doubling down the small party of the Fifth to point-blank, some most effective volleys not only cleared the river bed, but swept back the Afridis two hundred yards from the exposed position, to which Captains Steadman and Hart ran, and, aided by the cover afforded by some grass in the river bed, succeeded in at last rescuing the body of the sowar, who was frightfully mutilated. In the neighborhood of the Pheel Khana Tope, as well as near Jellalabad, there is a large number of caves and bits of rock containing sculptures of rare interest to archæologists. The caves are perfectly safe for investigation, but not so the rocks in the interior, as may be seen in the engraving, where a hostile native is firing upon a party thoroughly absorbed in the study of some symbolic carvings on a distant spur. When the region is restored to a peaceful status—if it ever is—the specimens here and there discovered by the British troops of archæological treasures will undoubtedly prove an incentive to students.

War Manufactures in Woolwich Arsenal.

The construction of great guns for land and sea warlike service have been described on former occasions. Our illustration this week shows the finishing of big shells to fit some of the largest ordnance for ships or permanent batteries and forts. The casting of the great Palliser shell draws most attention. They are making shells for the 25-ton, the 35-ton, and the 80-ton guns in this foundry. In the next building finished work is stored—rows, piles, heaps of shells of every size, wide mouthed, gaping for their lose, wickedly pointed, lying flat, stacked in rows, and suspended with chains in air.

The Szegedin Disaster.

Great distress still prevails among the survivors of the frightful disaster at Szegedin, Hungary. Relief is pouring into the city from all parts of the world, and contractors are employing large numbers of men in repairing the damages of the flood. It is the poor, of course, who suffer most severely, and for a long time hundreds of families will be unable to acquire comfortable dwellings. Of the illustrations already published none gives as clear an idea of the abject poverty of the humble classes as the one reproduced in this number—of the hivouac of homeless citizens along the railroad track on the bank of the river. It is a mere temporary resting-place, yet for a time it is the home of many families, the location of all the worldly effects spared by the angry, rushing waters. Were it not for the presence of women and children, the scene would resemble an encampment of a body of troops in time of war, relieved by all the makeshifts for comfort and protection from the weather that the material in the neighborhood would permit. A violent hurricane in Szegedin on April 20th destroyed the works prepared for restoring the railroad and filling the breaches in the dams. The barges, filled with building material and earth, were mostly sunk. The storm caused extensive fresh breaches in the railway embankment, and the laborers were in great danger. Relief has been sent to them.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are two hundred convicts for life in the Mississippi Penitentiary.

—THE contributions for the families of Gloucester's lost seamen aggregate $20,000.

—THE only country in Europe where Good Friday is not a legal holiday is France.

—THE Texas Legislature has adjourned without passing the necessary Appropriation Bills.

—THE population of Atlanta, Ga., is said to be increasing at the rate of six thousand a year.

—THIRTY-EIGHT ladies have already received degrees in France as doctors and bachelors of art.

—THE second General Industrial Exposition in Tokio, Japan, is announced for 1881. The last census gives Tokio a population of 1,042,000.

—HOUSTON, Texas, has voted to place herself practically under the control of the Galveston Board of Health, so far as matters of quarantine are concerned.

—THERE are rejoicings in French engineering circles over the fact that the only bridge at Szegedin which resisted the floods was an entirely French work.

—THE different systems of electric lighting are to be exhibited for competition in the Albert Hall, London, next month. The Prince of Wales has promised to attend.

—MISSISSIPPI is to have a convention at Vicksburg in May to take into consideration the present agitation of the labor question. The planters hope to stop the emigration of the darkeys North, and call upon the colored people to send delegates.

—THE Mexican Congress is discussing a Bill abolishing duties on exportations of the produce of the country, including gold and silver. There is considerable opposition to the proposed removal of duties from bullion.

—A PORTION of Newfoundland's share of the Halifax fishery award is to be paid into the Treasury to meet a deficiency in the revenue, and the interest of the remainder is to be used to aid a number of internal improvement schemes.

—THE cultivation of sugar is rapidly extending in New South Wales, Queensland, Western Australia and the northern part of Southern Australia, and the production has increased this year by nearly two-thirds over the production of last year.

—GERMANY and Hanover, to the infinite satisfaction of England, are coming nearer to reconciliation. Prince Bismarck has promised that the annual interest on the private fortune of the Queen and the two Princesses of Hanover shall be paid.

—THE lumbermen have begun rolling in logs about Colebrook, N. H. Some 50,000,000 feet go into the Connecticut River, and 20,000,000 into the Androscoggin this season, which is a larger year's work than was ever done before in this county.

—THE fires in the United States and Canada during March numbered 1,299, the losses being $7,273,200, and the insurance loss $5,728,500. For the three months ending March 31st, the fires numbered 3,537, with an aggregate loss of $25,838,500, and an insurance loss of $16,467,100.

—INDIA pays annually to England 15,000,000 sovereigns for interest on debt, pensions, salaries and other charges. But she has no sovereigns. The coin she possesses, provided by her Government, is in silver rupees. To pay these sovereigns she must buy them in London with her silver rupees. She does this at an annual loss of 3,000,000 sovereigns.

—MANY wealthy Japanese have, for a considerable period, furnished their houses largely in the European style, and have imported furniture from abroad. The Japanese have now decided to make all furniture at home, after imported models, but will still be indebted to foreign countries for the various woods, as well as for carpetings, paperings and tapestries.

—THE Cremation Society of England, a joint stock affair, has received a check. Secretary Cross of the Home Office recently announced in the House of Commons that he will not sanction the proceedings of the company until they are approved by Parliament. English medical and legal circles object to cremation because it destroys evidence of the cause of death.

—RUSSIA has had a great bank-embezzlement case. Mr. Tschestnoff, cashier of the Landed Bank of Mutual Credit, has been sentenced to Siberia for plundering his institution for four years of millions of roubles, which he spent in magnificent living. Like T'Kindt, of Belgium, he went on in his career of theft and extravagance without exciting the suspicions of the Directors of the bank.

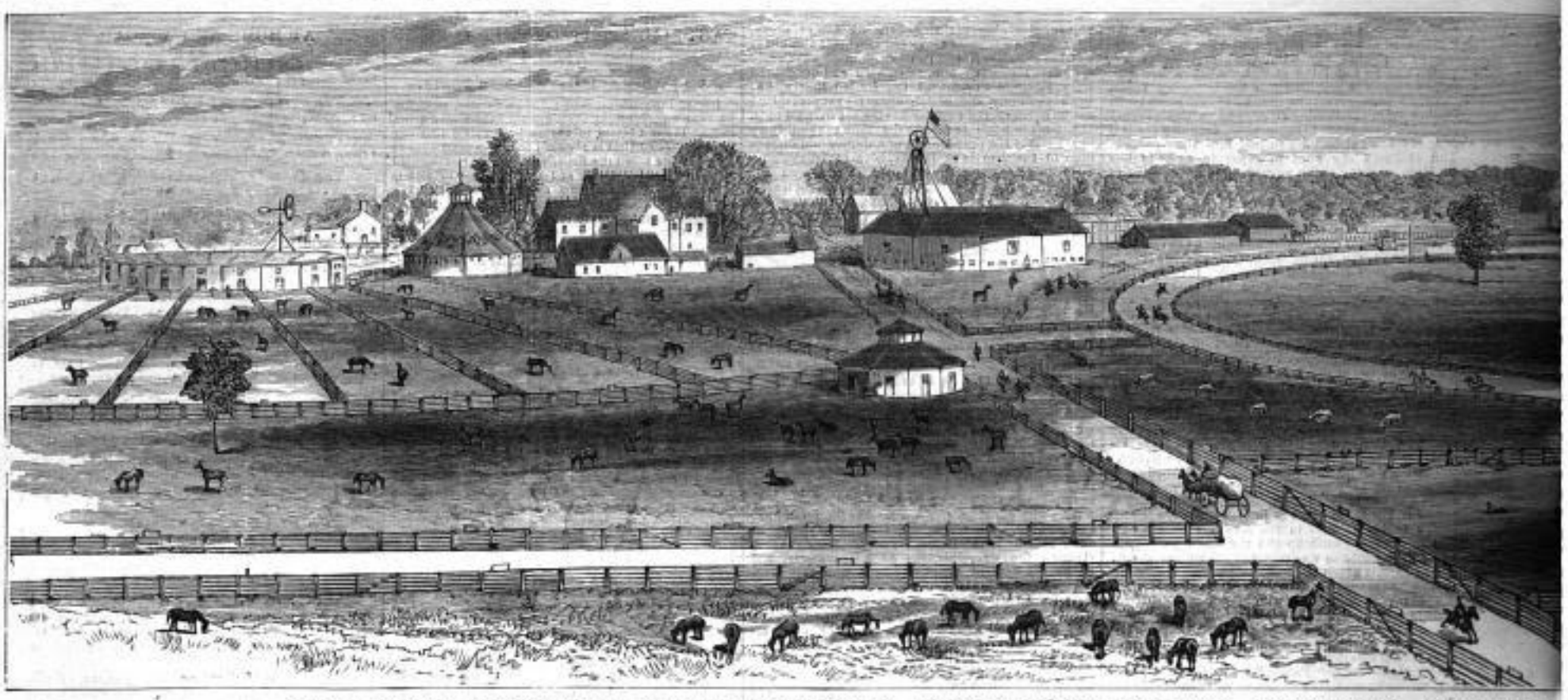
—THE excess of exports over imports of merchandise for the month ending March 31st, 1879, was $24,198,963, and for the twelve months ending March 31st, 1879, $283,831,122. The excess of the exports of gold and silver coin and bullion for the month ending March 31st, 1879, was $1,310,240, and for the twelve months ending March 31st, 1879, the excess of exports was $497,121.

—THE balance-sheet of the Paris Exposition shows a deficit of five millions of dollars—about double what the originators expected. The expenditure was considerably larger than the estimates, and amounted to $11,000,000. The deficit, however, is not a very serious matter, as the loss falls upon the country, and it is calculated that the Exhibition has been the cause of an actual increase in the national revenue of close upon fifteen millions of dollars. The increase in the Paris octrois must also have been very great, and have far exceeded the subvention given by the City of Paris.

—IN CHINA, where the opium habit ruins and destroys many men annually, the efforts of the Government to abolish or diminish the use of opium have recently been more energetic than ever. All these efforts have been in vain, as were those of many previous years. The Pekin Government have at last determined to take the final steps in the business, and an edict has been issued, which goes into effect next year, making the use or sale of opium punishable by death. It is hard to say how the edict will be met by the ten million opium victims of the Celestial Empire, or what proportion of them will come to this country to enjoy their fascinating custom.

—M. SIBIRIAKOFF, the wealthy promoter of Professor Nordenskiöld's Arctic voyage, will send two vessels this Spring to render the professor assistance, and extricate him, if necessary, from his present position. One the *Nordenskiöld*, a steamer constructed specially for Arctic navigation, will sail from Sweden by way of the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean to Behring's Straits; and the other, the *Lena*, which acted as tender last year to the *Vega*, Professor Nordenskiöld's vessel, will descend the Lena from Irkutsk in the same direction. M. Sibiriakoff has generously invited the Imperial Russian Geographical Society and the sister society at Bremen to send scientific delegates, who will be accommodated free of charge.

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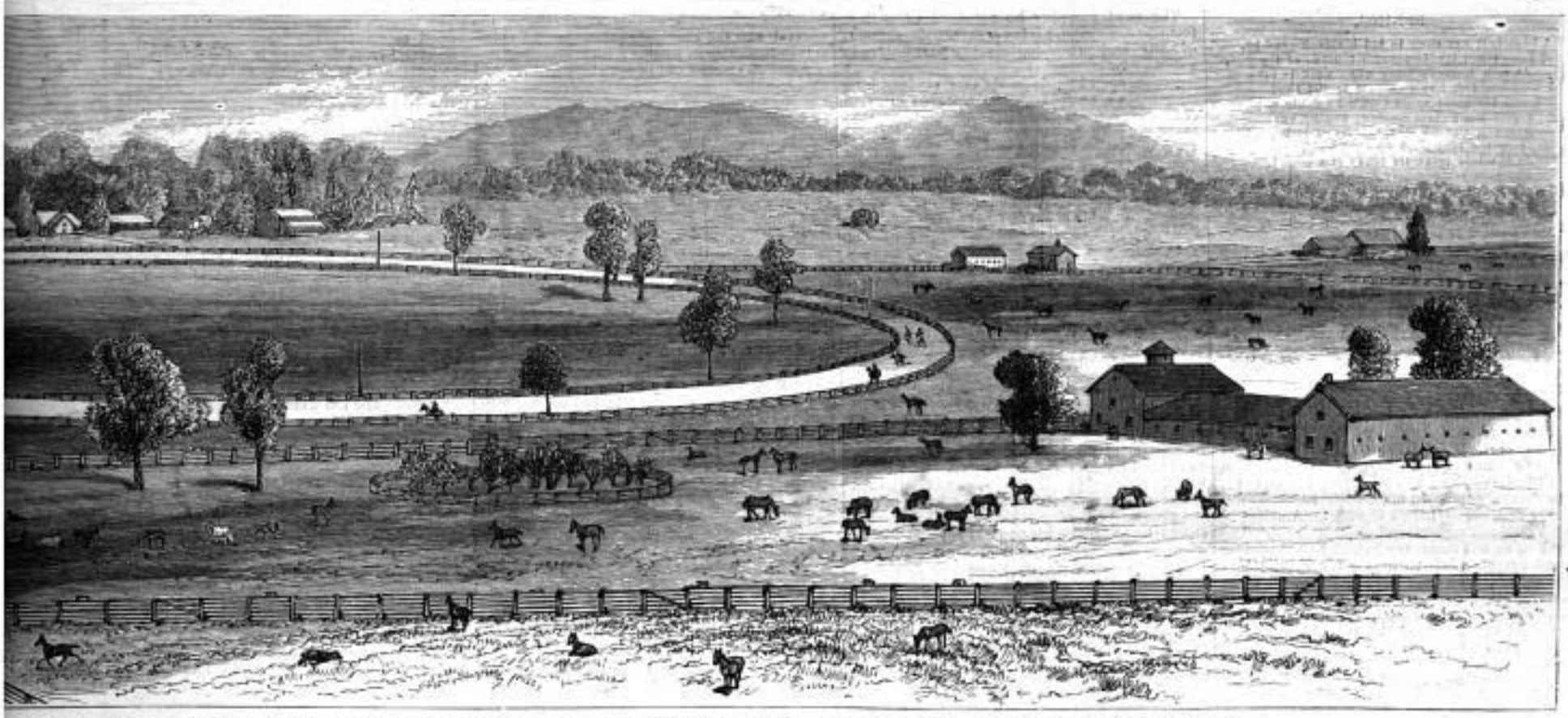
VIEW OF THE RACE-STABLES, RACE-COURSE, MANSION, WORK-HORSE STABLES WITH CLOCK-TOWER, EMPLOYES' D



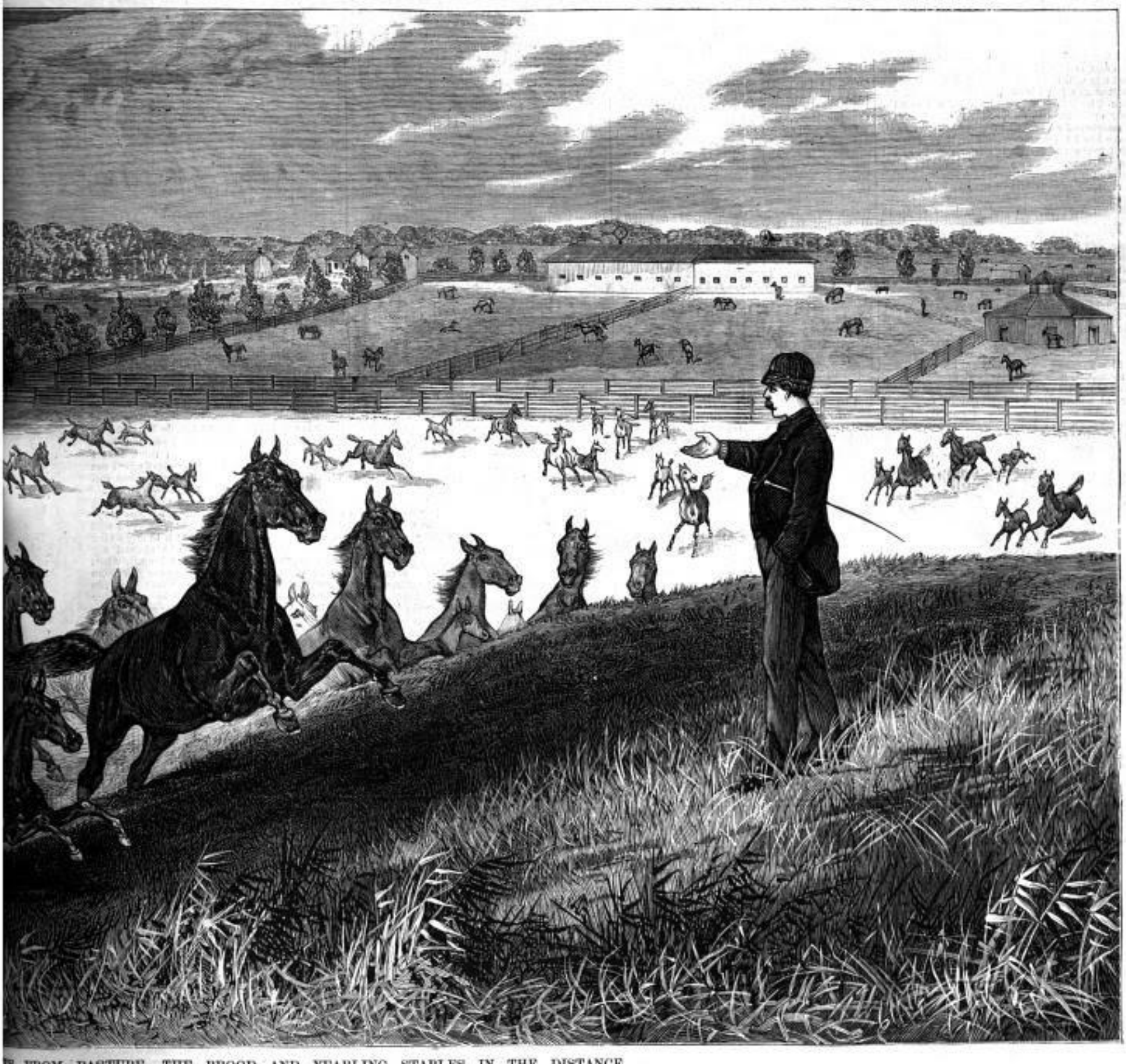
SUPERINTENDENT REILLY OF THE BROOD STABLE CALLING UP THE MARES AN

NEW JERSEY.—A GROWING AMERICAN INTEREST—THE BREEDING, RAISING AND TRAINING OF HORSES FOR TH

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, HOT-HOUSES AND SMITHY, WITH JOBSTOWN IN THE DISTANCE AND HALF-BREED STABLES AT THE RIGHT.



S FROM PASTURE—THE BROOD AND YEARLING STABLES IN THE DISTANCE.

CE-COURSE—MR. PIERRE LORILLARD'S STOCK-FARM NEAR JOBSTOWN.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

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SPRING.

WINTER has risen to bid his graff good-by.
I feel the first warm touches of the Sun,
As of a mother's hand when work is done.
I hear the first lark's anthem to the sky;
I watch the great white clouds go flying by;
I note the flowers awaking one by one;
And soft airs whisper, "Summer is begun!"
Oh, how the soul leaps up exultingly,
As it would break its heavy prison-bar!
And man seems dearer, God seems nearer, far,
For this is truth, deny it how we may,
That light and darkness make us what we are.
We are the creatures of our moods, and they
Are creatures of the clear or cloudy day.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXV.

"RUFUS! I don't quite like the way you look at me. You seem to think——"

"Give it tongue, my son. What do I seem to think?"

"You think I'm forgetting Regina. You don't believe I'm just as fond of her as ever. The fact is, you're an old bachelor."

"That is so. Where's the harm, Amelius?"

"You don't understand——"

"You're out there, my bright boy. I reckon I understand more than you think for. The wisest thing you ever did in your life is what you did this evening, when you committed Sally to the care of those ladies at the Home."

"Good-night, Rufus. We shall quarrel if I stay here any longer."

"Good-night, Amelius. We sha'n't quarrel, stay here as long as you like."

The good deed had been done; the sacrifice—already a painful sacrifice—had been made. Mrs. Payson was old enough to speak plainly, as well as seriously, to Amelius of the absolute necessity of separating himself from Simple Sally, without any needless delay. "You have seen for yourself," she said, "that the plan on which this little household is ruled is the unvarying plan of patience and kindness. So far as Sally is concerned, you can be quite sure that she will never hear a harsh word, never meet with a hard look, while she is under our care. The lamentable neglect under which the poor creature has suffered will be tenderly remembered and atoned for here. If we can't make her happy among us, I promise that she shall leave the Home, if she wishes it, in six weeks' time. As to yourself, consider your position if you persist in taking her back with you. Our good friend Rufus has told me that you are engaged to be married. Think of the misinterpretations, to say the least of it, to which you would subject yourself—think of the reports which would sooner or later find their way to the young lady's ears, and of the deplorable consequences that would follow. I believe implicitly in the purity of your motives. But remember Who taught us to pray that we may not be led into temptation—and complete the good work that you have begun by leaving Sally among friends and sisters in this house."

To any honorable man, these were unanswerable words. Coming after what Rufus and the surgeon had already said to him, they left Amelius no alternative but to yield. He pleaded for leave to write to Sally, and to see her, at a later interval, when she might be reconciled to her new life. Mrs. Payson had just consented to both requests; Rufus had just heartily congratulated him on his decision—when the door was thrown violently open. Simple Sally ran into the room, followed by one of the women-attendants in a state of breathless surprise.

"She showed me a bedroom," cried Sally, pointing indignantly to the woman; "and she asked if I should like to sleep there." She turned to Amelius, and caught him by the hand to lead him away. The ineradicable instinct of distrust had been once more roused in her by the too-zealous attendant. "I'm not going to stay here," she said; "I'm going away with you!"

Amelius glanced at Mrs. Payson. Sally tried to drag him to the door. He did his best to reassure her by a smile; he spoke confusedly some composing words. But his honest face, always accustomed to tell the truth, told the truth now. The poor lost creature, whose feeble intelligence was so slow to discern, so inapt to reflect, looked at him with the heart's instantaneous perception, and saw her doom. She let go of his hand. Her head sank. Without word or cry, she dropped on the floor at his feet.

The attendant instantly raised her, and placed her on a sofa. Mrs. Payson saw how patiently Amelius struggled to control himself, and felt for him with all her heart. Turning aside for a moment, she hastily wrote a few lines, and returned to him. "Go, before we revive her," she whispered; "and give what I have written to the coachman. You shall suffer no anxiety that I can spare you," said the excellent woman; "I will stay here myself to-night, and reconcile her to the new life."

She held out her hand; Amelius kissed it in silence. Rufus led him out. Not a word dropped from his lips on the long drive back to London.

His mind was disturbed by other subjects besides the subject of Sally. He thought of his future, darkened by the doubtful marriage-engagement that was before him. Alone with Rufus for the rest of the evening, he petulantly misunderstood the sympathy with which the kindly American regarded him. Their bedrooms were next to each other. Rufus heard him walking restlessly to and fro, and now and then talking to himself. After a while these sounds ceased. He was evidently worn out, and was getting the rest that he needed at last.

The next morning he received a few lines from Mrs. Payson, giving a favorable account of Sally, and promising further particulars in a day or two.

Encouraged by this good news, revived by a long night's sleep, he went towards noon to pay his postponed visit to Regina. At that early hour he could feel sure that his interview with her would not be interrupted by visitors. She received him quietly and seriously, pressing his hand with a warmer fondness than usual. He had anticipated some complaint of his absence on the previous day and some severe allusion to his appearance in the capacity of a Socialist lecturer. Regina's indulgence, or Regina's interest in circumstances of more pressing importance, preserved a merciful silence on both subjects.

"It is a comfort to me to see you, Amelius," she said; "I am in trouble about my uncle, and I am weary of my own anxious thoughts. Something unpleasant has happened in Mr. Farnaby's business. He goes to the city earlier and he returns much later than usual. When he does come back he doesn't speak to me—he locks himself into his room, and he looks worn and haggard when I make his breakfast for him in the morning. You know that he is one of the directors of the new bank? There was something about the bank in the newspaper yesterday which upset him dreadfully; he put down his cup of coffee, and went away to the city without eating his breakfast. I don't like to worry you about it, Amelius; but my aunt seems to take no interest in her husband's affairs—and it is really a relief to me to talk of my troubles to you. I have kept the newspaper; do look at what it says about the bank, and tell me if you understand it."

Amelius read the passage pointed out to him. He knew as little of banking-business as Regina. "So far as I can make it out," he said, "they're paying away money to their shareholders which they haven't earned. How do they do that, I wonder?"

Regina changed the subject in despair. She asked Amelius if he had found new lodgings. Hearing that he had not yet succeeded in the search for a residence, she opened a drawer of her work-table, and took out a card.

"The brother of one of my schoolfellows is going to be married," she said. "He has a pretty bachelor cottage in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park, and he wants to sell it, with the furniture, just as it is. I don't know whether you care to encumber yourself with a little house of your own. His sister has asked me to distribute some of his cards, with the address and particulars. It might be worth your while perhaps to look at the cottage when you pass that way."

Amelius took the card. The small feminine restraints and gentlenesses of Regina, her quiet even voice, her serene grace of movement, had a pleasantly soothing effect on his mind after the anxieties of the last four-and-twenty hours. He looked at her bending over her embroidery, deftly and gracefully industrious, and drew his chair closer to her. She smiled softly over her work, conscious that he was admiring her, and placidly pleased to receive the tribute.

"I would buy the cottage at once," said Amelius, "if I thought you would come and live in it with me."

She looked up gravely, with her needle suspended in her hand.

"Don't let us return to that," she answered, and went on again with her embroidery.

"Why not?" Amelius asked.

She persisted in working as industriously as if she had been a poor needlewoman, with serious reasons for being eager to get her money. "It is useless," she replied, "to speak of what cannot be for some time to come."

Amelius stopped the progress of the embroidery by taking her hand. Her devotion to her work irritated him.

"Look at me, Regina," he said, steadily controlling himself. "I want to propose that we shall give way a little on both sides. I won't hurry you; I will wait a reasonable time. If I promise that, surely you may yield a little in return. Money seems to be a hard task-master, my darling, after what you have told me about your uncle. See how he suffers because he is bent on being rich, and ask yourself if it isn't a warning to us not to follow his example. Would you like to see me too wretched to speak to you or to eat my breakfast—and all for the sake of a little outward show? Come, come! let us think of ourselves. Why should we waste the best days of our lives apart, when we are both free to be happy together? I have another good friend besides Rufus—the good friend of my father before me. He knows all sorts of great people, and he will help me to some employment. In six months' time I might have a little salary to add to my income. Say the sweetest words, my darling, that ever fell from your lips—say you will marry me in six months!"

It was not in a woman's nature to be insensible to such pleading as this. She all but yielded. "I should like to say it, dear!" she answered, with a little fluttering sigh.

"Say it, then!" Amelius suggested tenderly.

She took refuge again in her embroidery. "If you would only give me a little time," she suggested, "I might say it."

"Time for what, my own love?"

"Time to wait, dear, until my uncle is not quite so anxious as he is now."

"Don't talk of your uncle, Regina! You know as well as I do what he would say. Good heavens! why can't you decide for yourself? No! I don't want to hear over again about what you owe to Mr. Farnaby—I heard enough of it on that day in the shrubbery. Oh, my dear girl, do have some feeling for me!—do for once have a will of your own!"

Those last words were an offense to her self-esteem. "I think it's very rude to tell me I have no will of my own," she said, "and very hard to press me in this way when you know I am in trouble." The inevitable handkerchief appeared, adding emphasis to the protest, and the becoming tears showed themselves modestly in Regina's magnificent eyes.

Amelius started out of his chair and walked away to the window. That last reference to Mr. Farnaby's pecuniary cares was more than he had patience to endure. "She can't even forget her uncle and his bank," he thought, "when I am speaking to her of our marriage."

He changed color as that bitter reflection occurred to him. By some subtle process of association which he was unable to trace, the image of Simple Sally rose in his mind. An irresistible influence forced him to think of her—not as the poor, starved, degraded, half-witted creature of the streets, but as the grateful girl who had asked for no happier future than to be his servant, who had dropped senseless at his feet at the bare prospect of parting with him. His sense of self-respect, his loyalty to his betrothed wife, resolutely resisted the unworthy conclusion to which his own thoughts were leading him. He turned back again to Regina; he spoke so loudly and so vehemently that the gathering flow of her tears was suspended in surprise. "You're right, you're quite right, my dear! I ought to give you time, of course. I try to control my hasty temper, but I don't always succeed—just at first. Pray forgive me, it shall be exactly as you wish."

Regina forgave him, with a gentle and ladylike astonishment at the excitable manner in which he made his excuses. She even neglected her embroidery, and put her face up to him to be kissed. "You are so nice, dear," she said, "when you are not violent and unreasonable. It is such a pity you were brought up in America. Won't you stay to lunch?"

Happily for Amelius, the footman appeared at this critical moment with a message: "My mistress wishes particularly to see you, sir, before you go."

This was the first occasion, in the experience of the lovers, on which Mrs. Farnaby had expressed her wishes through the medium of a servant, instead of appearing personally. The curiosity of Regina was mildly excited. "What a very odd message!" she said; "what does it mean? My aunt went out earlier than usual this morning, and I have not seen her since. I wonder whether she is going to consult you about my uncle's affairs?"

"I'll go and see," said Amelius.

"And stay to lunch?" Regina reiterated.

"Not to-day, my dear."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, to-morrow." So he escaped. As he opened the door, he looked back, and kissed his hand. Regina raised her head for a moment, and smiled charmingly. She was hard at work again over her embroidery.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE door of Mrs. Farnaby's ground-floor room, at the back of the house, was partially open. She was on the watch for Amelius.

"Come in!" she cried, the moment he appeared in the hall. She pulled him into the room, and shut the door with a bang. Her face was flushed, her eyes were wild. "I have something to tell you, you dear good fellow," she burst out, excitedly—"something in confidence, between you and me!" She paused and looked at him with sudden anxiety and alarm. "What's the matter with you," she asked.

The sight of the room, the reference to a secret, the prospect of another private conference, forced back the mind of Amelius, in one breathless instant, to his first memorable interview with Mrs. Farnaby. The mother's piteously-hopeful words, in speaking of her lost daughter, rang in his ears again as if they had just fallen from her lips. "She may be lost in the labyrinth of London. * * * To-morrow, or ten years hence, you *might* meet with her." There were a hundred chances against it—a thousand, ten thousand chances against it. The startling possibility flashed across his brain, nevertheless, like a sudden flow of daylight across the dark. "*Have* I met with her at the first chance?"

"Don't deceive yourself with vain hopes!" he answered, warming into sudden excitement on his side. "Promise me that before I speak."

She waved her hand derisively. "Hopes!" she repeated. "I have done with hopes, I have done with fears—I have got to certainties at last!"

He was too eager to heed anything that she said to him; his whole soul was absorbed in the coming disclosure. "Two nights since," he went on, "I was wandering about London, and I met——"

She burst out laughing. "Go on!" she cried, with a wild, derisive gayety.

Amelius stopped, perplexed and startled. "What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"Go on!" she repeated. "I defy you to surprise me. Out with it! Whom did you meet?"

Amelius proceeded doubtfully by a word at a time: "I met a poor girl in the streets," he said, steadily watching her.

She changed completely at those words; she looked at him with an aspect of stern reproach. "No more of it," she said; "I have not waited all these miserable years for such a horrible end as that." Her face suddenly brightened, a radiant effusion of tenderness and triumph flowed over it, and made it young and happy again. "Amelius!" she said, "listen to this. My dream has come true—my girl is living!—my own darling is found, thanks to you!"

Amelius looked at her. Was she speaking of something that had really happened, or had she been dreaming again?

Absorbed in her own happiness, she made no remark on his silence. "I have seen the woman," she went on. "This bright blessed morning I have seen the woman who took her away in the first days of her poor little life. The wretch swears she was not to blame. I tried to forgive her. Perhaps, I almost did forgive her, in the joy of hearing what she had to tell me. I should never have heard it, Amelius, if you had not given that glorious lecture. The woman was one of your audience. She would never have spoken of those past days; she would never have thought of me——"

At those words, Mrs. Farnaby abruptly stopped, and turned her face away from Amelius. After waiting a little, finding her still silent, still immovable, he ventured on asking a question.

"Are you sure you are not deceived?" he asked. "I remember you told me that rogues had tried to impose on you, in past times, when you employed people to find her."

"I have proof that I am not being imposed upon," Mrs. Farnaby answered, still keeping her face hidden from him. "One of them knows of the fault in her foot."

"One of them?" Amelius repeated. "How many of them are there?"

"Two. The old woman, and a young man."

"What are their names?"

"They won't tell me their names yet."

"Isn't that a little suspicious?"

"One of them knows," Mrs. Farnaby reiterated, "of the fault in her foot."

"May I ask which one of them knows? The old woman, I suppose?"

"No, the young man."

"That's strange, isn't it? Have you seen the young man?"

"I know nothing of him, except the little that the woman told me. He has written me a letter."

"May I look at it?"

"I daren't let you look at it."

Amelius said no more. If he had felt the smallest suspicion that the disclosure volunteered by Mrs. Farnaby at their first interview had been overheard by the unknown person who had opened the swinging window in the kitchen he might have recalled Phœbe's vindictive language at his lodgings, and might perhaps have suspected the girl and the vagabond sweetheart who was waiting for her in the street. As it was, he was simply puzzled. The one plain conclusion to his mind was, unhappily, the natural conclusion (after what he had heard) that Mrs. Farnaby had no sort of interest in the discovery of Simple Sally, and that he need trouble himself with no further anxiety in that matter. Strange as Mrs. Farnaby's mysterious revelation seemed, her correspondent's knowledge of the fault in the foot was a circumstance in his favor beyond dispute. Amelius still wondered inwardly how it was that the woman who had taken charge of the child had failed to discover what appeared to be known to another person. If he had been aware that Mrs. Sowler's occupation at the time was the occupation of a "baby-farmer," and that she had many other deserted children pining under her charge, he might have easily understood that she was the last person in the world to trouble herself with a minute examination of any one of the unfortunate little creatures abandoned to her drunken and merciless neglect. Jervy had satisfied himself, before he trusted her with his instructions, that she knew no more than the veriest stranger of any peculiarity in one or the other of the child's feet.

Interpreting Mrs. Farnaby's last reply to him as an intimation that their interview was at an end, Amelius took up his hat to go.

"I hope, with all my heart," he said, "that what has begun so well will end well. If there is any service that I can do for you——"

She drew nearer to him, and put her hand gently on his shoulder. "Don't think that I distrust you," she said, very earnestly; "I am unwilling to shock you—that is all. Even this great joy has a dark side to it; my miserable married life casts its shadow on everything that happens to me. Keep secret from everybody the little that I have told you—you will ruin me if you say one word of it to any living creature. I ought not to have opened my heart to you—but how could I help it, when the happiness that is coming to me has come through you? When you say Good-by to me to-day, Amelius, you say Good-by to me for the last time in this house. I am going away. Don't ask me why, that is one more among the things which I daren't tell you! You shall hear from me or see me—I promise that. Give me some safe address to write to—some place where there are no inquisitive women who may open my letter in your absence."

She handed him her pocket-book. Amelius wrote down in it the address of his club.

She took his hand. "Think of me kindly," she said. "And, once more, don't be afraid of my being deceived. There is a hard part of me still left which keeps me on my guard. The old woman tried, this morning, to make me talk to her about that little fault we know of in my child's foot. But I thought to myself, 'If you had taken a proper interest in my poor baby while she was with you, you must sooner or later have found it out.' Not a word passed my lips. No, no, don't be anxious when you think of me. I am as sharp as they are; I mean to find out how the man who wrote to me discovered what he knows; he shall satisfy me, I promise you, when I see him or hear from him next. All this is between ourselves—strictly, sacredly between ourselves. Say nothing—I know I can trust you. Good-by, and forgive me for having been so often in your way with Regina. I shall never be in your way again. Marry her, if you think she is good enough for you; I have no more interest now in your being a roving bachelor, meeting with girls here, there and everywhere. You shall know how it goes on. Oh, I am so happy!"

She burst into tears, and signed to Amelius with a wild gesture of entreaty to leave her.

He pressed her hand in silence and went out.

Almost as the door closed on him the variable woman changed again. For a while, she walked rapidly to and fro, talking to herself

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The course of her tears ceased. Her lips closed firmly; her eyes assumed an expression of savage resolve. She sat down at the table and opened her desk. "I'll read it once more," she said, to herself, "before I seal it up."

She took from her desk a letter of her own writing, and spread it out before her. With her elbows on the table, and her hands clasped fiercely in her hair, she read those lines, addressed to her husband:

"JOHN FARNABY—I have always suspected that you had something to do with the disappearance of our child. I know for certain now that you deliberately cast your infant daughter on the mercy of the world, and condemned your wife to a life of wretchedness.

"I know what I am writing about. I have spoken with the woman who waited by the garden-paling at Ramsgate, and who took the child from your hands. She saw you with me at the lecture; and she is absolutely sure that you are the man.

"Thanks to the meeting at the lecture-hall, I am at last on the trace of my lost daughter. This morning I have heard the woman's story. She kept the child, on the chance of its being reclaimed, until she could afford to keep it no longer. She met with a person who was willing to adopt it, and who took it away with her to a foreign country, not mentioned to me yet. In that country my daughter is still living, and will be restored to me on conditions which will be communicated in a few days' time.

"Some of this story may be true, and some of it may be false; the woman may be lying to serve her own interests with me. Of two things I am sure—that my girl is identified by means known to me of which there can be no doubt; and that she is still living, because the interest of the persons treating with me is an interest in her life.

"When you receive this letter, on your return from business to-night, I shall have left you, and left you for ever. The bare thought of even looking at you again fills me with horror. I have my own income and I mean to take my own way. In your best interests, I warn you, make no attempt to trace me. I declare solemnly that, rather than let your deserted daughter be polluted by the sight of you, I would kill you with my own hand, and die for it on the scaffold. If she ever asks for her father I will do you one service. For the honor of human nature, I will tell her that her father is dead. It will not be all a falsehood. I repudiate you and your name—you are dead to me from this time forth.

"I sign myself by my father's name,

"EMMA RONALD."

She had said herself that she was unwilling to shock Amelius. This was the reason.

After thinking a little she sealed and directed the letter. This done, she unlocked the wooden press which had once contained the baby's frock and cap, and those other memorials of the past which she called her "dead consolations." After satisfying herself that the press was empty she wrote on a card, "To be called for by a messenger from my bankers," and tied the card to a tin box in a corner, secured by a padlock. She lifted the box and placed it in front of the press, so that it might be easily visible to any one entering the room. The safe-keeping of her treasures provided for, she took the sealed letter, and, ascending the stairs, placed it on the table in her husband's dressing-room. She hurried out again, the instant after, as if the sight of the place were intolerable to her.

Passing to the other end of the corridor, she entered her own bedchamber, and put on her bonnet and cloak. A leather handbag was on the bed. She took it up, and looked round the large, luxurious room with a shudder of disgust. What she had suffered within these four walls no human creature knew but herself. She hurried out, as she had hurried out of her husband's dressing-room.

Regina was still in the drawing-room. As she reached the door, she hesitated and stopped. The girl was a good girl in her own dull placid way—and her sister's daughter, too. A little act of kindness would perhaps be a welcome act to remember. She opened the door so suddenly that Regina started, with a small cry of alarm. "Oh, aunt, how you frighten one! Are you going out?" "Yes; I'm going out," was the short answer. "Come here. Give me a kiss." Regina looked up in wide-eyed astonishment. Mrs. Farnaby stamping impatiently on the floor. Regina rose, gracefully bewildered. "My dear aunt, how very odd!" she said—and gave the kiss demanded, with a serenely-surprised elevation of her finely-shaped eyebrows. "Yes," said Mrs. Farnaby; "that's it—one of my oddities. Go back to your work. Good-by."

She left the room, as abruptly as she had entered it. With her firm, heavy step she descended to the hall, passed out at the house-door, and closed it behind her—never to enter it again.

(To be continued.)

GATHERING NAMES FOR A CITY DIRECTORY.

AN EPISODE OF EARLY MAY.

A DIRECTORY of the name, occupation and residence of each inhabitant is now regarded as an indispensable annual for every city of importance. In the Western States these works possess more value than attaches to an ordinary volume of reference. They are treated by the press at least as compilations of much historical interest; and there are editors in Chicago and St. Louis, who, jealous of the increase of population in their respective cities, actually find much that is humorous, sarcastic and romantic in their pages. It is claimed in each city that the other, in order to show a larger number of inhabitants, positively give the names and occupations of the long-forgotten dwellers in cemeteries, and reinstates them in the tenements and hovels that abound. Each regards the assertions made in the other as so many slanders; but neither is willing to admit a decrease or numerical inf riority in population.

With these specimens of municipal rivalry and Western humor we have nothing to do, save, perhaps, to question the authenticity of the returns shown in the directories. It is true we have a great diversity of opinion about the directories that are compiled in New York. Some critics even assert that certain compilations made last year contain the same lines exactly as those published five years ago, the only change being the substitution of the year on the back of the volume. But whatever may be the method of composing these elaborate works, the fact of their great utility remains. To citizens anxious to escape jury duty, the payment of taxes, and the visits of creditors, the city directory is a thorough nuisance, and hundreds refuse to give their names to the canvassers in order to preserve a greater degree of "independence."

The canvassing for names begins directly the annual moving season is over. While you are driving carpet-tacks through your fingers, and emptying the soot from refractory stove-pipes all over you, the man with book and pencil rings the bell and demands the name of every occupant of the house, and the occupation of the males and spin-sters. You may or may not give the information as you please, but if you refuse the canvasser will resort to various devices to obtain it, and generally succeeds.

A canvasser among the tenements in the lower wards has certainly anything but an easy, pleasant time in gathering the names. Both men and women detest the men who serve tax-lists, summons to jury duty, installment bills of furniture-dealers—in fact, bills of any kind; and to remove the chances of being found will offer every possible obstacle to the directory-canvasser. In a public sense, the benefits and annoyances of a city directory are about even. In referring to them, one little thinks of the dangers to which the gatherers of names are subjected.

Do Pearls Breed?

DO PEARLS breed? This question (says the London *World*) is exciting no small interest to the scientific mind at the present moment. Mr. Frank Buckland has had some specimens of breeding pearls sent to him from Borneo, and confesses himself fairly puzzled. The pearls resemble the common seed pearls, and are kept in a glass tube with some grains of rice to feed upon. Three or four months have now elapsed since they were dispatched on their journey, and the rice has all the appearance of having been partially eaten. A curious speck in the grain of rice almost suggests that the germ—whatever it may be—is deposited in the rice.

The Polish Language.

THE noblesse of the Polish province of Kovna have addressed a petition to the Czar, begging to be allowed to speak their own language in public. In this the petitioners state that the order forbidding the use of the Polish language in public, issued by Count Mouravieff in 1864, is still rigorously enforced by the authorities, and that at the Kovna clubs and entertainments many peop e are compelled to observe a rigid and painful silence on account of their inability to converse in Russian. Some young nobles at Kovna, who persisted in speaking Polish because they did not know a word of any other language, were recently arrested by the police, and criminal proceedings are now being instituted against them. As the Poles have resigned all hopes of a nationality of their own, the order seems unnecessarily cruel and vindictive.

The Two-headed Eagle.

THE origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted various other figures on the camp standard; but Marius (B. C. 102) made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. After the division, the emperors of the western Roman Empire used a black eagle; those of the east a golden one. The sign of the golden eagle is in allusion to the emperors of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of empire has taken the eagle for its ensign. Austria, Russia, Prussia, Poland and France all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The emperors of Austria, who claimed to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, used the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern emperors, and that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire" of which the original emperors of Germany (now merged in the house of Austria) considered themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it, for, when he became master of the whole of the German Empire, he added the second head to the eagle (A. D. 802). The United States adopted the eagle both as a symbol of empire and as a native to the country.

Keats's "Endymion."

ONE day Shelley and Keats grew warm over a discussion on poetry. The end of it was that they agreed each to write a poem and to try which could finish first. In order that he might dedicate himself exclusively to his work, Keats retired to the Isle of Wight, and there, with soft airs breathing round him, amid the scent of flowers and the song of birds, he wrote his "Endymion." Keats completed his work in a rough form in six months. It was, however, much longer than that before he gave it to the world. He lingered over the offspring of his fancy with the anxious fondness of true genius, deepening the coloring here and softening it there. At length "Endymion" was published. It was too marked a work to be passed over by the reviewers as his first little volume had been. Unless it had fallen into the kindly hands of some delicate, discerning critic, who would have pointed out to the young author the faults which were scattered so abundantly among the real beauties of the poem, it was a book which was sure to excite either excessive praise or excessive censure. This latter was its fate. Gifford, a Quarterly Reviewer, a man with about as much poetry in him as a steam-engine, finding that he could not understand Keats's genius, thought that the best thing he could do for his own dignity, and indeed for the world in general, was to laugh at and cut to pieces "Endymion." The lesser reviews echoed the bray of the great Quarterly donkey, and the Press spoke scarcely a good word for Keats's poem. They could not, however, kill what was immortal; "Endymion" found even then many sympathetic readers, and since that time it has found thousands upon thousands more.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Conference on interoceanic canals is to be held in Paris on May 15th.

M. Baillaud, Professor of Astronomy to the Faculty of Sciences of Toulouse, has been appointed director for five years of the observatory of that city.

A Special Congress on the means of creating an interoceanic canal across the Darien Isthmus will be opened shortly by the Society of Commercial Geography of Paris.

The Copernican Society at Thorn has resolved to begin an international collection of funds for the erection of an observatory in that town, as a lasting monument to the great reformer of astronomy.

Technical Studies in England.—It appears likely, says the *Athenæum*, that technical studies will have a chance of development at Cambridge, if the newly proposed scheme for remodeling the examination in Applied Science for the ordinary B. A. degree should be carried.

A Telegram addressed by Gordon Pasha from Abujered, on the White Nile, to the President of the Italian Geographical Society, announces that Signor Matteucci, the leader of the Italian scientific expedition, having received permission to enter Abyssinia, had started from Adowa and landed at Massowah.

Monsignor Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, has informed *Les Missions Catholiques* that it is in contemplation to increase the staff of the French Algerian Missionary expedition in Central Africa to ten priests, one of whom is to found a depot in the neighborhood of Zanzibar for the missions of the interior.

At the Last Meeting of the Société Commerciale de Géographie at Paris, Dr. Raffray gave some particulars respecting his recent explorations in New Guinea, and called attention to the fact that that country offered a vast field for discovery and study to the traveler, especially from an ornithological and entomological point of view.

The Number of Lights for electric light-houses in France is to be increased by two important constructions, one on Planier Isle, off Marseilles, and the other at the mouth of the Gironde. There are at present in existence in France only three, one at Cape Grisnez, and two at Cape La Heve, off Havre. These lighthouses are supplied with Alliance electro magnetic engines.

The Banana as an Article of Food.—The banana-tree keeps the ground moist around it, and this property is utilized in Venezuela to help the coffee plant in dry weather; but as only a little of the fruit is there used as an article of food, it has, therefore, been proposed to export it, as the flour and alcohol obtainable from it are valuable. The flour is a food essentially feculent and is highly nourishing. Considering the vast amount of banana fruit that is allowed to go to waste, it would appear quite worth while to study some method of economizing it.

The Steam Traffic in the Indian Archipelago has so largely increased since the opening of the Suez Canal that the roads of Batavia are found insufficient for the accommodation of the vessels, and the Netherlands Government have accordingly found it necessary to undertake the construction of a new port. This is situated in Cape Tanjong Priok, to the east of Batavia, and is to have communication with that city by means of a canal and a railway. The work of construction was commenced in 1877, and 3,000 men are at present employed on it. The new port, which is to be named after Prince Henry, will, it is expected, be finished in 1885.

Oxygen Gas as a Remedy for Hydrophobia.—A few months since a mad dog bit the head of a child, tearing the skin. The wound was immediately cauterized with nitrate of silver, and healed perfectly in the course of eight days, but after the lapse of nine days all the signs of hydrophobia appeared in their worst form. The physician, Dr. Schmidt (the event occurred in Russia) caused the child to respire oxygen gas for two hours and a half, at the expiration of which time all the symptoms of hydrophobia disappeared, and the patient was perfectly calm. Two days later the difficulty of respiration and convulsions returned, and inhalation of oxygen was repeated, but after forty-five minutes the spasms ceased, and the patient gradually recovered after treatment with monobromide of camphor and the usual tonics.

Some Questions by Professor Asa Gray.—Professor Asa Gray asks why the Pacific forest region, which is rich and in some respects unique in coniferous trees, should be so poor in deciduous trees? And how came California to have the monopoly of the two Big-trees, *sequoiæ*, which have no near relatives anywhere? Why should trees of six related genera, which will all thrive in Europe, be restricted naturally, one to the eastern side of the American Continent, one genus to the western side, and the rest to a small portion of the eastern border of Asia? Why should the northeastern region of Asia have a larger number of trees than any other part of the northern temperate zone? In other words, why should the Pacific and the European forests be so poor in comparison, and why the Pacific poorest of all in deciduous, yet rich in coniferous trees? All answers should be addressed to Professor Gray, at Cambridge, Mass.

The New Writing Telegraph.—At the March meeting of the English Society of Telegraph Engineers, Mr. Cowper read a paper on his newly-invented writing telegraph—a real telegraph, according to the etymology of the word. The writing is done by the operator at one end with a pencil on a paper ribbon which runs on from under his hand as he writes, and the *fac simile* is reproduced at the other end of the wire by a machine which repeats every line and curve, on a somewhat reduced scale, on a similar ribbon. The record at the receiving station is accomplished by a pen known as Bradley's syphon pen, and is a close reproduction of the handwriting of the operator. The pencil is placed in a holder which is connected with two rods, one moving perpendicularly and the other horizontally. The end of each rod passes over an electric resistance arrangement, so that the current is reduced or increased according to its movement. This movement is thus reproduced at the other end of the wire, and corresponding rods are in this way made to move the pen. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand.

The King Vulture in South America.—The deference of the common vulture for their king is mentioned in many works on ornithology, but has been seen by few travelers. The experience of M. Ed. André, who is now making a scientific voyage at the expense of the French nation, is therefore quite worthy of mention. Walking one day in the environs of Cartago, he climbed a high hill to enjoy the fine prospect, and at that time this view included the carcass of a cow, which was covered with vultures who were rapidly tearing it to pieces in their voracious way. Suddenly there was a shrill cry; all ceased and turned their heads towards the sky where M. André observed a bird approaching under full flight. The great company of vultures quitted their feast and took up a post of observation on an adjacent hill. Soon the king vulture descended and began to commandine in true regal fashion. It was an hour before his appetite was appeased, and after this interval he sailed slowly away, and the eager crowd of hungry plebeians returned to their feast. The royal bird is larger and has certain white feathers to distinguish him from the common herd.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL GRANT has arrived at Hong Kong in good health.

THE Countess Florini Mazzanti, the celebrated Italian botanist, is dead.

THE Baroness Burdett Coutts lately gave $15,000 to the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage in London.

THE CZAR no longer goes out without a military escort, and many high dignitaries who have been threatened also have escorts.

AFTER an illness of several months, Mrs. Sarah J. B. Hale, the popular author and editor, died at her home in Philadelphia on April 30th, at the age of 91.

GENERAL JAMES P. BROWNLOW, late a cavalry officer in the United States Army, and son of ex Senator Brownlow, died at his mother's residence in Knoxville, on April 26th.

PROFESSOR LEWIS SWIFT, of Rochester, N. Y., has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, as a token of appreciation of his astronomical discoveries.

A DISPATCH from Berlin reports that the wife of Professor Botkin has been imprisoned in St. Petersburg on suspicion of Nihilism. The wife of the Chief Military Prosecutor has also been accused of Nihilism.

A SOMEWHAT prominent native of Japan, at Yokohama, Matsumoto Bunkicht by name, has been condemned to ten years' penal servitude for the offense of leading a room to Chinamen for the purpose of smoking opium therein.

COUNT HENRI DE GREFFULHE, a French life Senator, who died recently, was immensely rich, and famous alike for his generous charity and his liberal patronage of the turf. He was an Orleanist, and the Right loses one in the Senate.

DR. WEIDE, of Zurich, editor of the *New Gesellschaft*, was arrested a few days ago in Milan, on an accusation of engaging in a plot to assassinate the Queen of England and the King and Queen of Italy. His friends declare him incapable of such a design.

DON CARLOS and his wife have arrived at Rome, whence they will proceed to visit Archduchess Beatrice, his mother, and the Comte de Chambord. The Pope has consented personally to confirm the pretender's children, whom he has brought for that purpose to Rome.

PROFESSOR ANDREA CRESTADORO, of the Turin University, and Chief Librarian of the Manchester Free Libraries, died lately in his seventy-first year. He was the author of various works on indexing and cataloguing, in which he introduced many valuable improvements.

GENERAL ALFRED T. SULLY died at Fort Vancouver, W. T., on April 26th. He was a native of Philadelphia and was the son of Thomas Sully, the famous portrait painter. Young Sully graduated at West Point in 1841, and served in the Florida war, the Mexican war and during the Rebellion.

SENATOR GORDON'S sheep ranche is at Ty-Ty Station, Ga. It comprises 40,000 acres of good land. The Senator's son, Hugh H. Gordon, is the manager of the ranche in his father's absence. He is an enthusiastic sheep farmer, and is just starting with a flock of 1,700. Seven miles of wall have been put up.

AT a meeting of priests and bishops held at the archiepiscopal residence in Cincinnati, the names of Father Spaulding of Peoria, Bishop Chatard of Vincennes and Father Quinn, vicar-general to the Cardinal Archbishop, were recommended to the Pope as coadjutor to Archbishop Purcell, with the right of succession at his death.

THE Emperor William will return to Berlin on the 8th of May. The Emperor of Russia will go to Berlin to attend the Emperor William's golden wedding direct from Livadia by the way of Warsaw. He will return to St. Petersburg on the 18th of June. He will pass the Summer at Peterhof, the imperial residence, and return to Livadia in the Autumn.

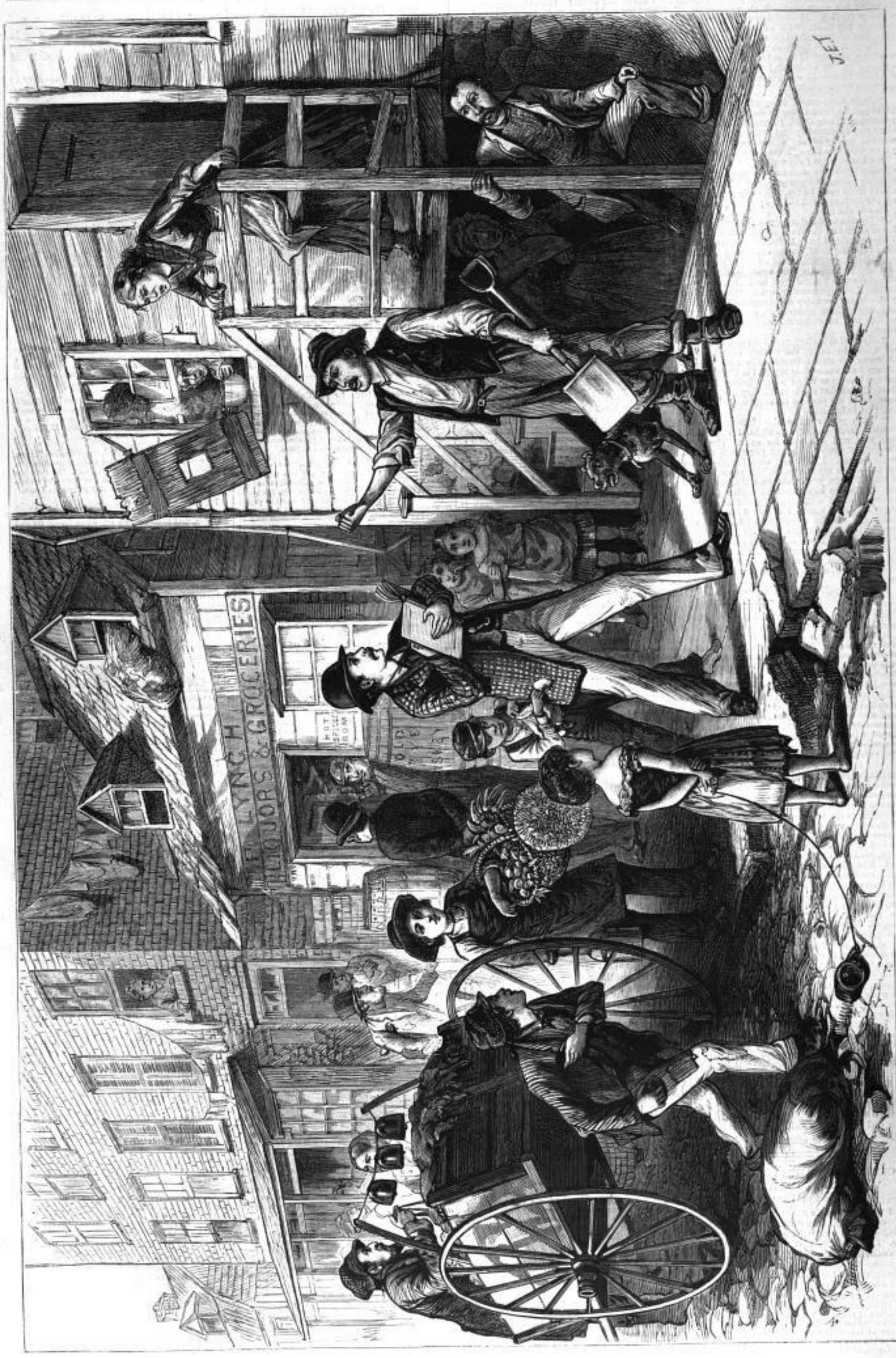
THE Princess Christina, the second daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, and an elder sister by eight years of the late Queen of Spain, died at Seville, April 23th. The Princess, who was born in 1832, has been lying at the point of death for some weeks past. Her death leaves only two of the children of the Duke of Montpensier living—Isabella, married to her cousin, the Count of Paris, and Antoine, a boy of thirteen.

CONGRESSMAN RUSH CLARK, of Iowa, died suddenly at his quarters in Washington April 28th, after an illness of only a few hours' duration, of congestive chill. He was born in Schellsburg, Pa., in 1834, was graduated at Jefferson College in 1853, and became a lawyer in Iowa City. He was a member of the Iowa Legislature for several terms, serving twice as Speaker of that body. His first term in Congress was as a member of the last House.

THE last official act of Sir George Bowen, ex-Governor of Victoria, Australia, previous to turning over the affairs of the Colony to his successor, the Marquis of Normanby, was the laying of the foundation stone of the International Exhibition Buildings in the Carlton Gardens, on the 19th of February last. This exhibition is to be held next year. Lady Bowen held her farewell reception at Government House on the 20th, when, among other souvenirs, she was presented with an elegant diamond tiara and a pearl-studded locket. She was very affected at parting with her host of friends. Sir George and Lady Bowen took their departure from Melbourne on the 22d.

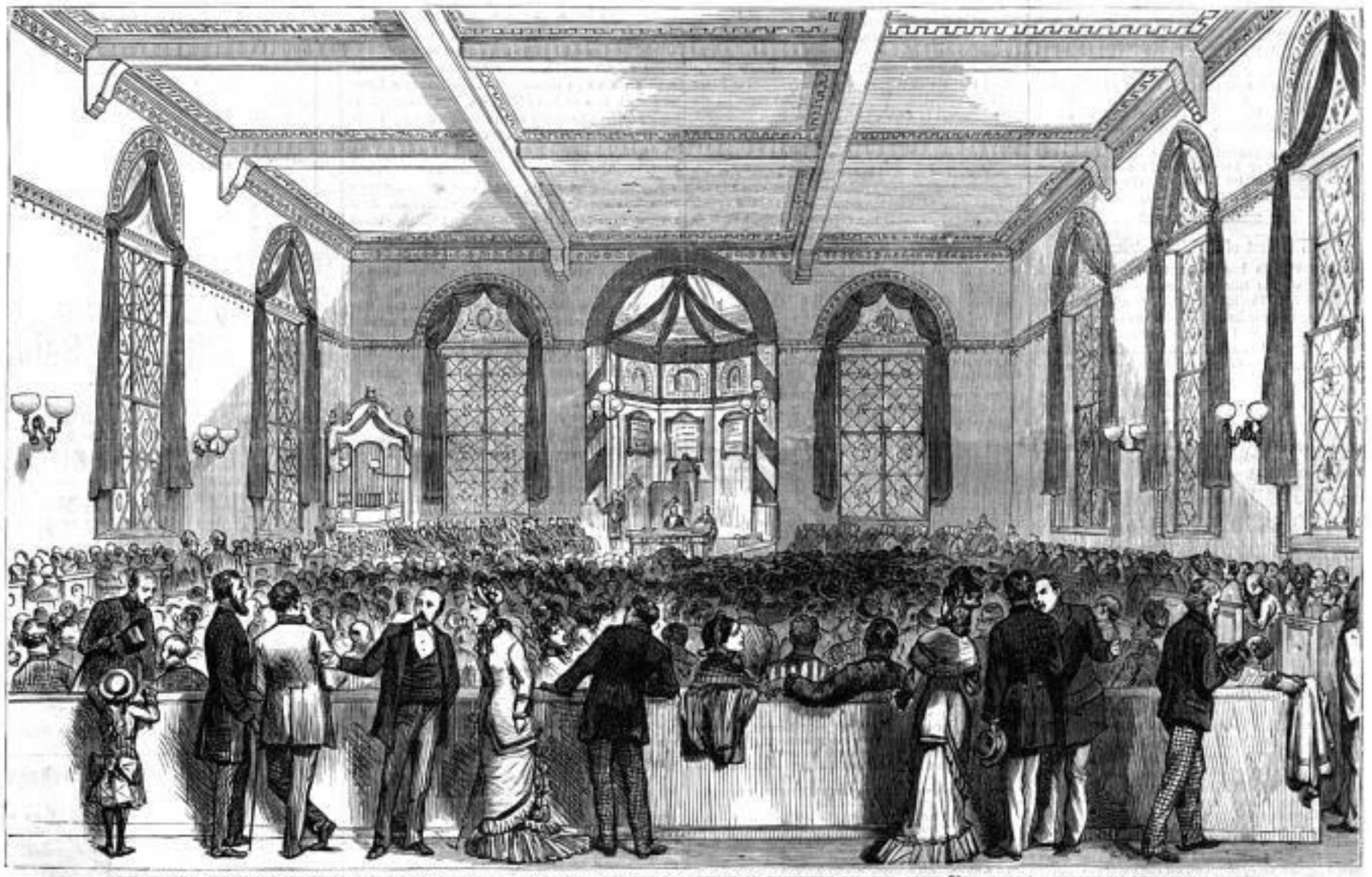
THE Bulgarian Assembly of Notables unanimously elected Prince Alexander of Battenberg to the throne of Bulgaria, with the title of Alexander I., on April 29th. Prince Alexander, who is to rule the Bulgarians, is a Hessian. He is the second son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and the Countess Haucke, the daughter of a former Polish Minister of War. Their children, four sons and one daughter, are known as Princes and Princesses of Battenberg. Prince Alexander, the choice of the Bulgarians, was born April 5th, 1857. He received a military education, and at the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War received permission from the Czar to join the staff of the Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief. He was one of the first to cross the Danube, and continued on active duty throughout the campaign. He took part in the defense of the Shipka Pass, the investment of Plevna, and the victorious advance on Constantinople. After the war he returned home to Darmstadt, and in a short time was transferred to the Prussian Garde du Corps, the Emperor William's body-guard. The Prince is likely to be regarded with favor by the reigning houses of Europe. His father, Prince Alexander, is on intimate terms with the sovereigns of Great Britain, Austro-Hungary and Russia. He is a general in both the Russian and Austrian armies, and has some reputation as a diplomatist. His aunt is Empress of Russia, and his cousin, Ludwig IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, was the husband of the late Princess Alice of England. Finally, he is an officer in the Prussian service, and as such must be more or less in sympathy with the imperial house of Germany.

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NEW YORK CITY.—AN INCIDENT OF SPRING-TIME.—A CANVASSER FOR A CITY DIRECTORY COLLECTING NAMES IN THE FOURTH WARD.—SEE PAGE 175.

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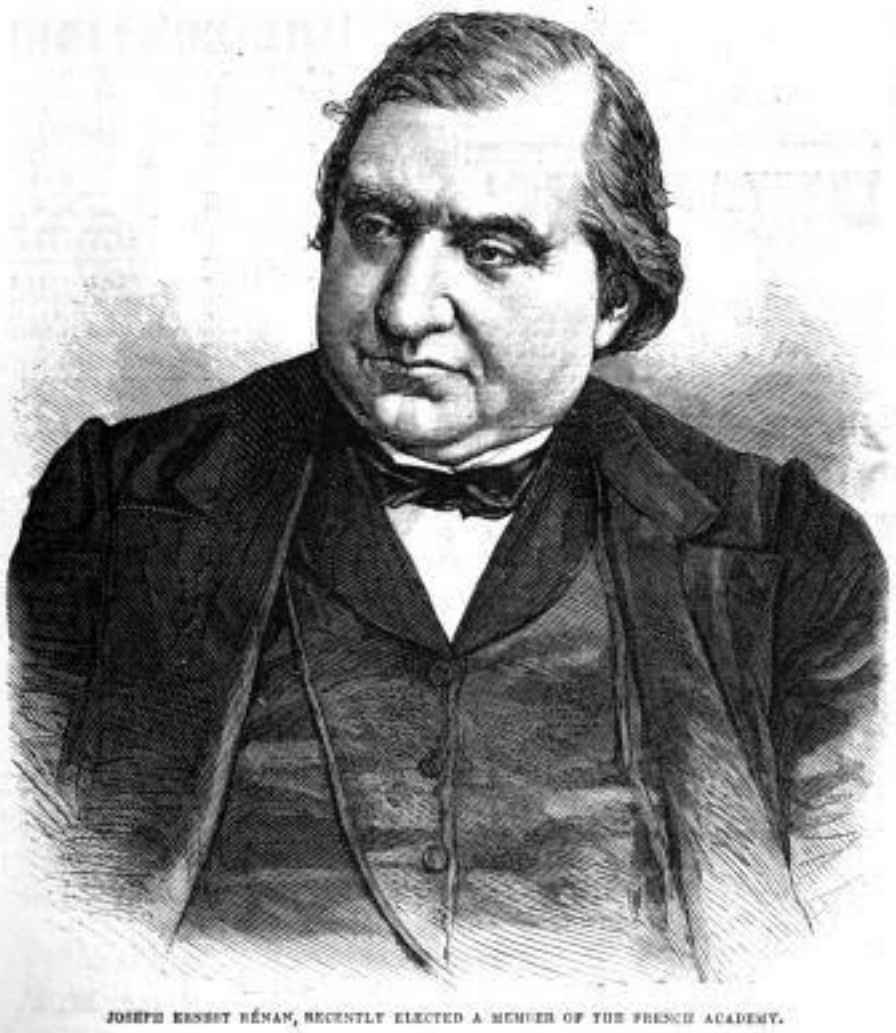


NEW JERSEY.—UNVAILING MEMORIAL TABLETS TO THE MEMORY OF THE SIX PIONEER PROFESSORS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, APRIL 29TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

M. RENAN.

JOSEPH ERNEST RÉNAN, who was received on April 3d last as a member of the French Academy—one of the forty immortals—was born at Trégnier, Côtes-du-Nord, February 27th, 1823. At the termination of his classical studies for the ecclesiastical profession, he was chosen to follow the course of theology at the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, but, developing a marked taste for philological study and finding his independence of mind inconsistent with the qualifications necessary for the priesthood, he abandoned the seminary, and devoted himself exclusively to philology and literature. In 1845 his work on the study of Greek in the Middle Ages was crowned by the Institute of France. The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Letters sent him on a literary mission to Italy in 1849, and in 1851 he was attached to the manuscript department in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In 1856 he was elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions. His appointment to the professorship of Hebrew in 1862 was followed by the publication of his famous "Life of Jesus," that so excited the bishops and clergy that he was dismissed from the position.

In June, 1878, he was elected a member of the French Academy to fill the seat of the late Claude Bernard, and in September of the same year he was selected as a delegate to the Congress of Orientalists held in Florence. M. Rénan has been a very prolific writer, and since 1860 has worn the decoration of the Legion of Honor.



JOSEPH ERNEST RÉNAN, RECENTLY ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

UNVAILING MEMORIAL TABLETS AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

THE Commencement of Princeton Theological Seminary, on April 29th, at which thirty-two new candidates for the ministry were graduated, was supplemented by the interesting ceremony of unvailing and dedicating memorial tablets to the memory of the six pioneer Professors of the institution. The occasion brought together a large number of distinguished clergymen from New York, Philadelphia, and neighboring cities. The tablets were erected in the seminary chapel, a brick building painted white, that has stood where it now stands for as many years, almost, as the memory of the oldest living clergyman can reach. The interior of the chapel is still in deep mourning for Professor Hodge, who died nearly a year ago, and the tablets were covered with black cloth. The centre one, which is nearly double the size of the others, is devoted entirely to the Alexander family, a name inseparable from the history of the Princeton Seminary. The dedications were as follows:

On the centre tablet:

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D., Born April 17, 1772.
Elected Professor A.D. 1812.
Died Oct. 22, 1851.

JAMES WADDEL ALEXANDER, D.D., Born March 13, 1804.
Elected Professor A.D. 1840.
Resigned A.D. 1851.
Died July 31, 1859.

JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D., Born April 24, 1809.
Elected Professor A.D. 1835.
Died Jan. 28, 1860.

On the left-hand tablet:

SAMUEL MILLER, D.D., Born Oct. 31, 1769.
Elected Professor A.D. 1813.
Died Jan. 7, 1850.

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE, D.D., Born July 4, 1797.
Elected Professor A.D. 1835.
Resigned A.D. 1838.
Died Aug. 4, 1841.

On the right-hand tablet:

CHARLES HODGE, D.D., LL.D., Born Dec. 28, 1797.
Elected Professor A.D. 1822.
Died June 19, 1878.

The panegyric on Archibald Alexander was delivered by Rev. William M. Paxton, D.D.; Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler gave a brief account of the life and public services of James Waddel Alexander, D.D.; the Rev. William C. Cattell, of Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D.; the Rev. J. J. Bullock, of John Breckinridge, D.D.; and the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, of Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime spoke very felicitously of Professor Samuel Miller. The occasion was one of profound interest to all in attendance.

The necrological report for the last year contains the names of forty-four graduates of the seminary who have died within that period.

INTERESTING MEDALS.

MESSRS. TIFFANY & CO. now have on exhibition a collection of seventy-two medals, which they have just completed on an order from a celebrated firm of English salt manufacturers, Messrs. Thomas Higgin & Co., of Cheshire and Liverpool.

These medals are to be presented to American dairymen, through the Agricultural Societies of the principal dairy States, and are designed primarily to attract the attention of American dairymen to an improved quality of salt, manufactured by Messrs. Higgin, and for the process of manufacture of which the English Government has



HIGGIN MEDAL FOR AMERICAN DAIRY PRODUCTS.

recently granted a patent. It is also thought that the general use of this salt will contribute greatly to improve the excellence of American dairy products, and to the health of consumers of salt



THOMAS HIGGIN, THE GREAT ENGLISH SALT MANUFACTURER.

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generally, it being equally valuable for household purposes.

The medals are executed in the artistic style for which Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are noted. On one side is a farm scene, showing specimens of choice blooded stock, in connection with the words, "The Higgin Medal for the Improvement of American Dairy Products." On the reverse side are the words, "Presented by H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., New York, at the Fair," etc.

Twenty-four of the medals are of gold, twenty-four of silver and twenty-four of bronze—the intention being to offer them in sets of three medals for first, second and third best specimens of butter and cheese, made in the principal dairy States.

The Feet of Parisian Actresses.

A FUNNY squib has just got into circulation in Paris under the title of "Les Indiscrétions d'un Cordonnier." The indiscreet bootmaker, amongst other interesting indiscretions, makes us acquainted with the measures of the feet of several of the best-known *folles actrices de Paris*. The length of Parisian *chaussures* is reckoned by points, on the same system as gloves are measured. It is believed that the discovery has been made of the unity of a point for a lady's *bottine*, so that the following return of the exact dimensions of the length of a number of pedal ornaments very often seen on the Parisian stages may be looked upon as approximatively accurate. Zulmar Bouffar and Paola Marié, "point" 34, or 9¾ inches; Théo Montaland, Donvé, B. Méry, Prelly and Pierson, 35, or 9¼ inches; Thérésa, Judic, Peschard, Gabrielle, Gontaier, Desclausas, Parguel and Masson, 36, or 9⅝ inches; Granier and Léonide Leblanc, 37, or 9¾ inches, while Mlle. Rosine Bloch stands alone on the cordonnier's list on 38 points, or 9⅞ inches.

A Municipal Golgotha.

A NEW ORLEANS paper says: The Locust Grove cemeteries—numbers one and two—occupy two squares of ground in a comparatively thickly settled neighborhood. From these cemeteries there constantly arises an abominable stench which pervades the atmosphere, forces itself into the dwellings near at hand, and, in addition, attracts swarms of flies, which, after feasting in the graveyard, come into the sleeping and dining-rooms of the houses. These cemeteries are the burial-ground of several distinct classes of people; the dead from the parish prison are buried there, the dead from the boys' house of refuge, from the city insane asylum, from the home for the aged and infirm, from the small pox hospital, and from two or three institutions for the colored people; all the pauper dead of the city, all the dead buried by the two coroners, all the coroners' cases and indigent dead from Algiers, and all poor non-Catholic white and colored people whose friends cannot pay for a better place, are there rammed and jammed up together, until not an inch of the ground is unoccupied. Thus, it is seen, these two small graveyards are the only places of interment open to the dead of about 60,000 persons, among whom, for several causes, the mortality is great. Yet, although the two yards are filled to the very gates, the interments continue as rapidly as ever. To make room for the new corpses, the oldest denizens of this city of the dead must be dug up and used to assist in covering others in turn. It is calculated that, in eight or nine months at the furthest, both cemeteries are completely renewed. Accordingly, now the time has come for the resurrection of the victims of the late epidemic.

OUR PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

A THEATRE organized in such a manner as to represent the interests of the dramatist equally with those of the manager bespeaks the rosy dawn of a new era in affairs theatrical. Mr. Steele Mackay has undertaken this task at the Madison Square, and bids fair to do his spiriting gently. He is thoroughly in accord with the atmosphere of æstheticism abroad under the material veil of the "best thing in the market"; and, while he will serve up a menu possessing in every sense a charm for the palate, will never introduce a dish tending in the slightest degree to cloy. Authors will cull the brightest and purest flowers from the gardens of their fancies at his behest, in the assured knowledge that their offerings will be placed in the hands of artists "thorough" in the best sense of the term—artists who go into art rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, scorning nothing. Why New York should not boast a home for the drama in every detail of management as perfect as the Français has been a matter of earnest comment, and it may not be too much to hope that under Mr. Steele Mackay's *régime* the bijou Madison Square Theatre may, in good time, go from bud to blossom, from blossom to flower, from flower to fruit. Already has Mr. Mackay fulfilled a promise, and fulfilled it well, in the production of "Won at Last," though he has not presented the piece as any indication of what he means to do in the near future. The public should sustain Mr. Mackay in an effort that is eventually certain to raise the standard of the drama and to bring honor to the country in the production of the conceptions of native genius.

"Patinitza" draws at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is a genuine operatic success.

At the Union Square "The Lost Children" will continue to be performed to the close of the season, May 17th.

The last three weeks of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's. Those who love spectacle at its best should visit Niblo's.

"Pinafore" at the Globe by a colored troupe! What next? "Pinafore" by prisoners taken by Lord Chelmsford at Rorke's Drift!

At Haverly's Lyceum Theatre the New York Children's Miniature Pinafore Opera Company is likely to prove a brilliant attraction, and should the piece prove a phenomenal success, it is not unlikely that the children may become too big for pinafores ere it is withdrawn.

Wallack's, despite the sweet, seraphic Spring-time, insists upon recalling us to Winter by "The Snowball." This comedy is bright, piquante, and acted à ravir. Mr. Coghlan is seen to considerable advantage in his new rôle. Lilliputian "Pinafore" matinées are announced.

Mlle. Aimée makes her *rentrée* in the *chic rôle* of "Le Petit Duc" at the Park Theatre. Her acting in the second act, when, disguised somewhat after the fashion of a bumboat-woman, she, as the *Little Duke*, enters the young ladies' academy, is just a bit of realization that should be witnessed in order to be appreciated. The kiss snatched through the picture-frame is Aimée to the finger tips.

"The Assommoir," as produced at the Olympic, needs certain radical alterations to render it even bearable. The subject is revolting, the details are revolting, and English veneer, however well laid on, can scarcely conceal the repulsiveness of the action of the piece. That it is a sermon is true, but it is preached in too Hogarthian a manner to suit the sensitiveness of the fag-end of the nineteenth century.

FUN.

HOW to acquire a short-hand—Feel around a buzz saw.

AND now we want to know at what college our thermometers are graduated.

THE circus is on the way, and the small boy and white-haired man are overjoyed.

NOW the ingenious youth whittles the handle of his snow-shovel into a baseball bat.

THE Canadians did not yell for "protection" until they learned that their new Governor-General Lorne wrote Spring poetry.

A LITTLE Hackensack boy, who was looking up at the stars the other evening, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, mamma, who's a-pinchin' them stars?"

THOUGH the average small boy may steal away and eat a watermelon all by himself, he never refuses to divide his medicine with his little sister.

PHOTOGRAPHER—"You look sober; smile a little." He smiles, and the photographer says: "Not so much, sir; my instrument is too small to encompass the opening."

THE Congressional Committee on Weights and Measures, in giving the chairmanship to Alexander H. Stephens, showed that they knew enough in loading up their wagon to put the lightest weight at the top.

A LITTLE Connecticut girl said her prayers as usual, but happening to remember that there was another girl of the same name in town, added her own street and number, so that no mistake should be made.

WHEN a young smoker, who boasted that his father used the weed up to the day of his death, was asked if he didn't think it shortened his days, he replied, "Not at all. Each one of his days was twenty-four hours long, just the same as if he had not used tobacco."

IN a suburban school, where an examination was conducted on the basis of general intelligence rather than book lessons, the question was asked for what was Prince Bismarck best known, when the ubiquitous "small boy" vehemently declared, "For keeping a big black dog!"

SONG OF THE TRAMP.

"HERE,
With my beer,
I sit,
While the golden moments flit.
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by,
And as they fly,
I, being dry,
Sit idly sipping here—
My beer."

MR. T. B. REID'S portrait group of Mr. Longfellow's daughter, it will be remembered, was so arranged that the arms of one of the young girls were concealed by those of her sisters, and this gave rise to an absurd story that she had no arms at all. Mr. Longfellow relates that his friend Lowell, while riding past his house one day, heard a lady informing friends in the car that "Longfellow's second daughter had no arms." He at once said, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I am well acquainted with the family and know that such is not the case." "Beg your pardon, sir," said the lady, loftily, "but I live in Boston, and have it on the best authority."

A GENTLEMAN, passing a couple of youngsters who were sitting on a doorstep with slates on their laps, overheard in their colloquy a strange bit of rhetoric brought to bear on the problem: "Take two from one and one remains." The gentleman, not having thoroughly understood the argument, yet convinced of its fallacy, offered something short of a shilling to him who could prove, either rhetorically or mathematically, the solubility of the problem; whereupon they offered him ocular demonstration, and led him through to their mother, who sat in the kitchen with her twins in her arms. Having each deprived her of an infant, they pointed to her who remained to prove that "If you take two from one, one remains!"

CAUGHT AT LAST.

THE notorious depredator Kate-Arrh, who has for so many years eluded the most accomplished and skilful detectives, has been caught at last in Buffalo, N. Y. For further particulars, ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, admitted to be the best remedy for catarrh yet compounded.

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We pack these Syrups in cases of one dozen each, Quarts or Pints as desired, assorted flavors, as follows:

Assortment No. 1 contains		Assortment No. 2 contains	
3	Bottles Raspberry,	1	Bottle Blackberry,
2	" Strawberry,	1	" Grape,
1	" Pineapple,	1	" Sarsaparilla,
3	" Lemon,	1	" Orange,
2	" Vanilla,	1	" Orgeat,
1	" Ginger.	1	" Sherbet,
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BOTHNIA, "	21	"	ABYSSINIA, "	18	"
GALLIA, "	28	"	BOTHNIA, "	25	"

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And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 200 Florins. (One FLORIN is equal to 45 cts. Gold.)

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1 Prize of	4,000 is		4,000
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4 Prizes of	1,000 are		4,000
10 Prizes of	500 are		5,000
50 Prizes of	100 are		5,000
100 Prizes of	50 are		5,000
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27 Approximation Prizes amounting to			2,925
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Tickets, $1.
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Witness my official signature and seal of office at Newcastle, Henry County, Ky., this 25th day of March, A.D. 1879.

(Seal) W. W. TURNER,
County Clerk,
Henry County, Ky.

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Or to our General Eastern Agents,
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SERIAL AND SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.—"Helter Skelter Creek," by Mrs. Zadel B. Gonzalez, illustrated; "David Fleming's Forgiveness" (continued), illustrated; "Settling a Difficult Question," by Mrs. Hope, illustrated: "Two Calls," by Helen W. Pierson, illustrated; "Nell's Promise"; "Don't Live Beyond your Means"; "Gotham Court," illustrated; "John Colby; Or, Webster's Unanswerable Argument"; "A Visit to a Famous Organ"; "A Thrilling Incident"; "King Alfred and the Orphan," illustrated; "Corinth," by Alfred H. Guernsey, illustrated; "The History of a Hymn," etc., etc.

POEMS: "Hours with English Sacred Poets—Jeremy Taylor, Abraham Cowley"; "Israel in the Wilderness," by Frank J. Ostrom; "Grace Before Meat," by Alfreton Harvey; "Christ's Coming to Jerusalem," by Jeremy Taylor; "The Children's Hymn," illustrated; "The Cottage Home," illustrated; "At Rest," by M. C. Bevier; "A Character," by George Burgoyne; "Brightness Beyond," by Paul Pastnor; "The Token of Release," by Sarah H. Webb, illustrated; "The Glories of the Sky," by Mary Earle Hardy; etc., etc.

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MISCELLANY: "Dr. Chalmers on Keeping the Sabbath"; "Anecdote of Hon. Hugh L. White," by Rev. James Gallagher; "The Mother's Remorse"; "Value of Spare Minutes"; "We Want a Grave-board for Ma"; "A Child's Romance"; "Whitefield's Eloquence"; "To Active to Freeze"; "All Things Wait for Thee"; "A Japanese Religious Procession," illustrated; "St. Paul in Jerusalem," illustrated; "Barnacle Architecture," illustrated; "The Moral Use of Triumph"; "Aqueducts of Ancient Rome," illustrated; "Curious Epitaphs"; "Cromwell's Ironsides"; etc., etc.

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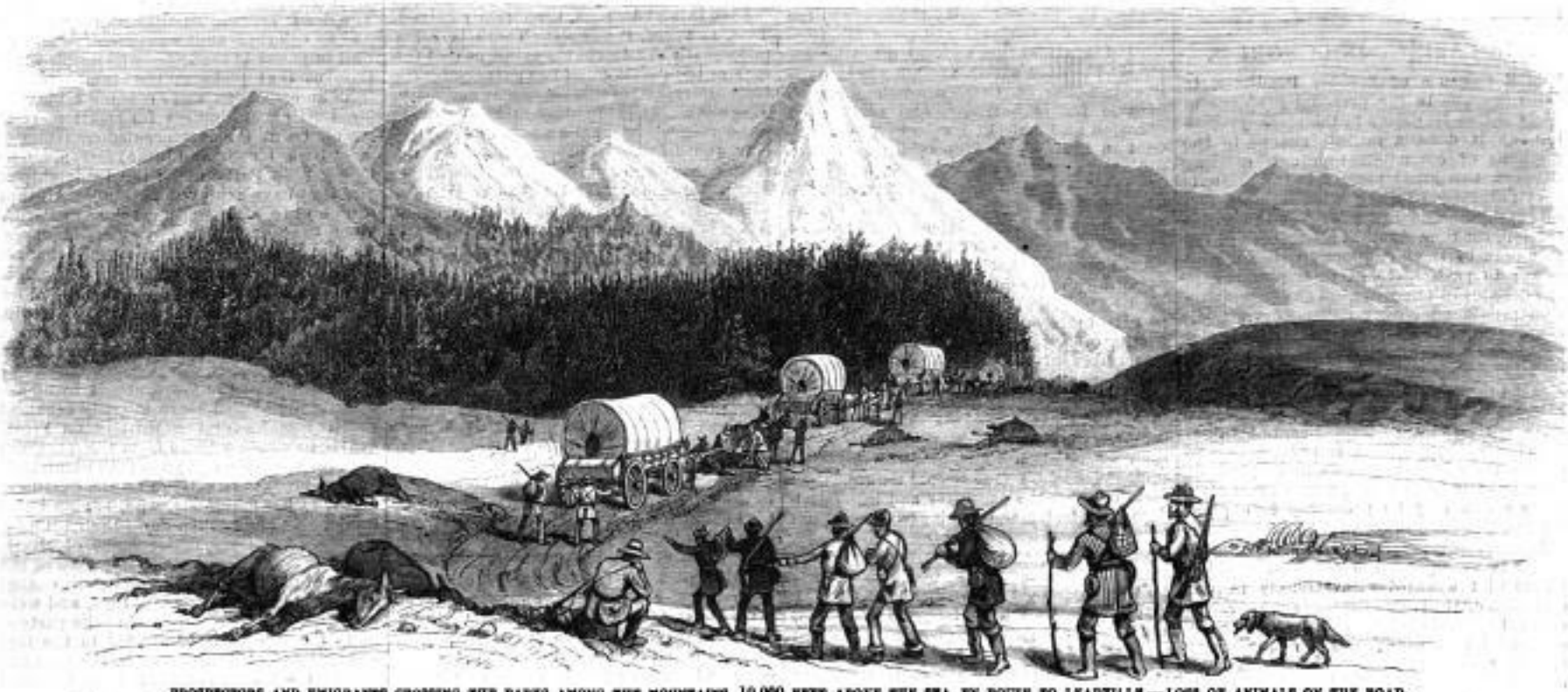
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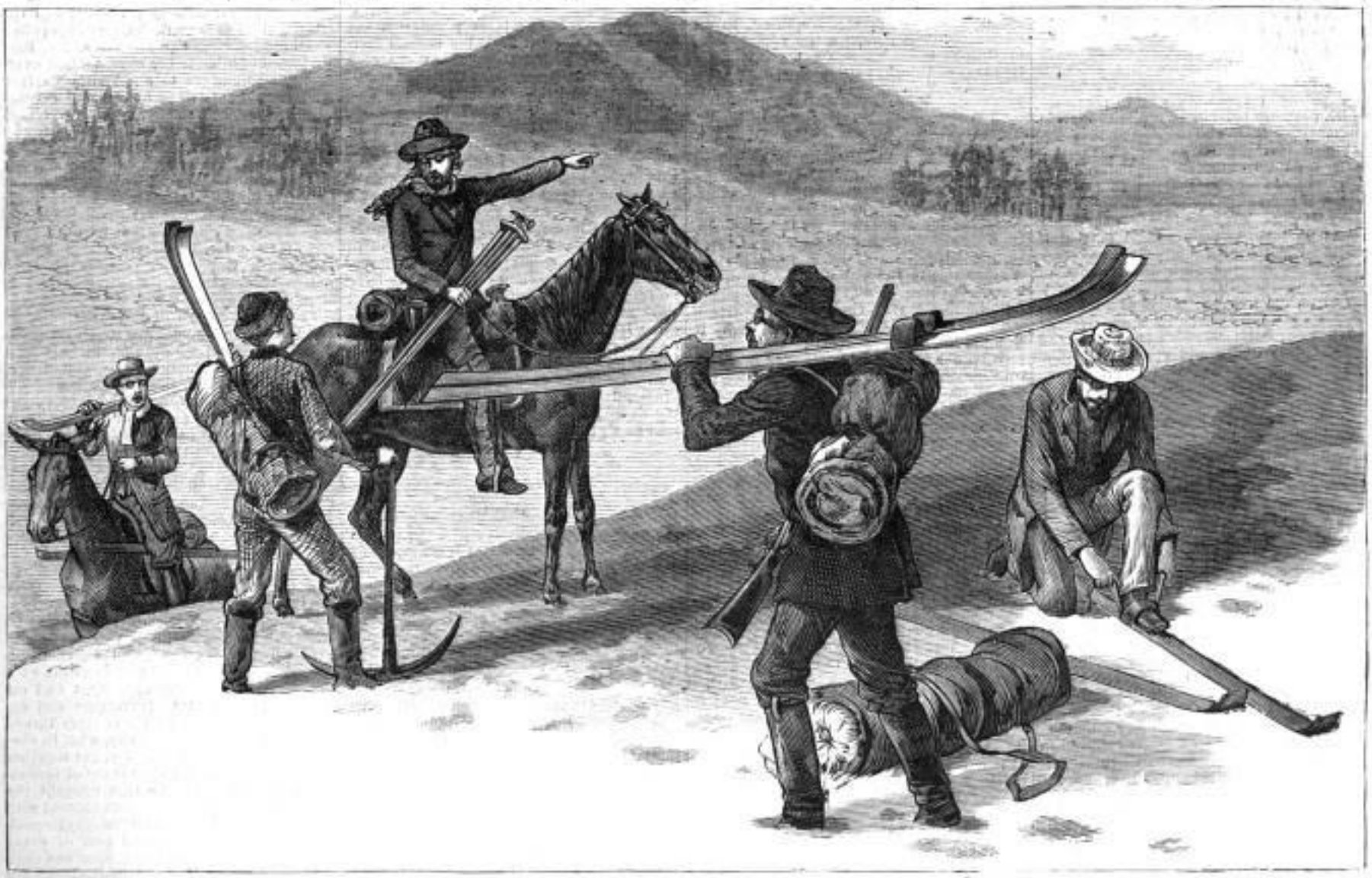
NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINES.

THE thirst of gold is still being slaked at the flowing mines of Leadville. Thousands and tens of thousands eagerly press onwards, parched by the hot breath of the lust of gain. The discovery of every new lode causes the blood to leap, while the stories of fabulous wealth achieved by a single stroke of pick or shovel set the soul aflame. Hope springing eternal in the human breast is bright as the white radiance of eternity, and gold is King—Emperor—God! Across the broad prairies, the track marked by white and bleaching skeletons, through the silent valleys, over flowing rivers, up precipitous mountains, con e the wagons of the madly anxious miners—all pressing forward to drink of the Pierian Spring. Every moment's delay may cost a million.—

(Continued on page 166.)



PROSPECTORS AND EMIGRANTS CROSSING THE PARKS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS, 10,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA, EN ROUTE TO LEADVILLE—LOSS OF ANIMALS ON THE ROAD.



THE BEST-PAYING BUSINESS AND BUSIEST PEOPLE IN THE MINING REGIONS—SURVEYORS STARTING ON AN EXPEDITION TO FIX THE BOUNDARIES OF CLAIMS.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MINES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—From Sketches by E. Jump.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1879.

"FRANK LESLIE, JR."

A notice having appeared in print that a person assuming the name of "Frank Leslie, Jr.," participated in certain private theatricals at the Union League Theatre, on the night of Saturday, May 3d, it is proper to say that I have but two sons, named respectively Henry Leslie and Alfred Leslie, and that I have never authorized any person whatever to assume or bear the name of "Frank Leslie, Jr."

FRANK LESLIE.

THE CABINET IN CONGRESS.

THE measure of Senator Pendleton in reference to the personal presence of Cabinet Ministers in Congress, proposing, as it does, a radical change in the methods of communication now existing between two great powers in the State, is very naturally eliciting wide interest and discussion. The Bill provides, in its first section, for the voluntary attendance of the members of the President's Cabinet, with power to participate, at their pleasure, in the debates of Congress. The second section provides for their compulsory attendance in order to give information on topics of which they shall have been duly notified by an entry made in the "notice book" of either branch of Congress. No question of this kind is to be called up until after three days' notice to the Secretaries, and in answering such questions it is forbidden to debate the matter that may be in hand, or even to state facts and opinions other than those which may be necessary to explain the answer.

It is not to be denied that the current of usage in nearly all the civilized Governments of the world sets strongly in the direction of the parliamentary change advocated by Mr. Pendleton. The custom is supported by the practice of empires like Germany and Austria; of constitutional monarchies like England and Holland, Denmark and Sweden, Spain and Belgium, Italy and Brazil; and, we may add, of republics like France and Switzerland, of Mexico and the other Hispano-American States. It may seem, too, as Judge Story argues in his commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, that the "open and public responsibility for measures which properly belongs to the Executive in all Governments, and especially in a republican Government, as its greatest security and strength, is completely done away" by our present practice in the premises. It may be admitted, besides, as Judge Story further argues, that "one other reason in favor of such a right is, that it would compel the Executive to make appointments for the high departments of Government, not from personal and party favorites, but from statesmen of high public character, talent, experience and devoted services—from statesmen who had earned public favor and could command public confidence"; while at present "gross incapacity may be concealed under official forms, and ignorance silently escape by shifting the labors upon more intelligent subordinates in office."

And that the present usage is not inherent in the organism of our Federal polity, but is simply the creature of "customary law," would seem inferable from the fact that in the early days of the Government it was not an uncommon occurrence that Secretaries should be called to appear in the presence of the Senate, not only for the purpose of "giving information," but of sharing in the deliberations of that body on topics of executive business. Much stress is also laid by Mr. Pendleton on the fact that by the Act of 1789, organizing the Treasury Department, it is provided that the Secretary "may make report and give information to either branch of the Legislature *in person* or in writing, as may be required, respecting all matters referred to him by the Senate or House of Representatives, or which shall appertain to his office."

And yet, after frankly conceding all due weight to the theoretical considerations which argue in favor of the proposed modification, and after giving due place to the precedents, few and partial, which may be found for it in the early history of the country, we are none the less confronted by the stubborn fact that the almost unbroken usage of our Government has settled the official intercourse between the legislative and the executive departments on its present foundation. The very weight of the considerations adduced by Mr. Pendleton, and the force of the early precedents which he cites, would rather seem to suggest that there must be powerful countervailing arguments in favor of a contrary practice which has been established by the method of "natural selection," and which has been confirmed by the experience of the country. And the secret of the "natural selection" which has established, and of the experience which has confirmed, the existing custom, is not far to seek. It results from the very theory of our executive administration. In countries where the ministry participate in the deliberations of the national legislature it will be found that the members of the ministry are either integral parts of the legislature before the date of their appointment, or are appointed by the Executive to serve as recognized mediators between the executive and legislative departments of the Government. In the first case, their right to participate in parliamentary discussions results from their legislative rather than their ministerial functions. In the second case, the right is a necessary incident of the mediatorial office which they hold between the two powers of the State. But in our country the heads of the executive departments are mere administrative functionaries, appointed to transact public business within certain spheres defined by Congress. Created for the dispatch of this public business, and serving on occasion as hands and eyes to the President in the performance of his executive duties, they are in no sense integral parts of Congress, and in no sense intermediaries appointed to conciliate a difference of opinion and policy between the legislative and executive branches of the Government. They are simple business agents, required, as such, to give information to Congress for its guidance in legislative matters, and to give their opinions to the President in writing or by word of mouth, for his guidance in matters of administration. Participation in public debate on the floor of Congress would rather embarrass than facilitate the performance of their specific duties. It would, in a measure, change their duties without changing the theory of their office or the mode of its tenure. Conflicts between the executive and legislative departments, instead of being pacified, would be intensified, by making the Secretaries a party to them, and by providing a public arena for the combat. Conflicts of this kind are appeased, according to the theory of our Constitution, by frequent elections, and not by compromises of opinion effected through the mediation of Cabinet officers. It may be that our particular policy under this head is not the wisest that could be devised by the wit of man, but that our present practice is in conformity with that policy will be apparent, we think, to all who attentively consider the comparative conditions under which the contrary practice is seen to originate in other countries.

SOME NEW YORK NECESSITIES.

NEW YORK is destined to be the great city of the future—the grand emporium of the world's commerce and enterprise. Already, in some of its external features—in its almost unrivaled Broadway, its wide and extended avenues, its elevated railroads, its Central Park, its churches, its theatres, in the palatial homes of its merchant princes, and in some of its public buildings—it may challenge comparison with any city, at least, on this continent. It is, however, as yet far from perfect. In our streets, our tenement-houses, and in many other features which immediately catch the eye of the stranger, we are really far behind; at all events, there is much of which we have reason to be ashamed. Our water-front, which is the most prominent feature of the city, and which ought to be one of its greatest ornaments, is really a disfigurement and a disgrace. We are not forgetful of the fact that in this direction real, solid improvement is being made, and that the present Commissioners of the Dock Department are gradually giving us specimens of work which may be regarded as foretastes of even better things yet to come. But we write of things generally as they are; and while we admit that there are signs of improvement along our water-front, it must also be conceded that the face which we first present to the stranger is as yet far from attractive—far, indeed, from what it ought to be.

All the matters here referred to are undoubtedly of the very highest importance. It is not, therefore, because we in any way underestimate them that we desire to lay special stress upon another great necessity of the rapidly-growing city. Improved dwellings for the poorer classes, better ordered streets, a beautiful water-front—all these are necessities. But in addition to these, if not above and beyond these, New York, to be worthy of herself, and to be prepared for the great future which is in store for her, must have a larger and more rapidly increasing number of parks and squares—breathing-places for the general community. In this particular this city never had much cause for boasting. It was in many respects better off, in this regard, in the olden time, when the entire city lay to the south of Canal Street, than it is to-day. Central Park, of course, was unknown; but there were the open grounds at the Battery, Bowling Green, City Hall Park, St. John's Park and other close spaces no longer visible. With the growth of the city we have acquired new parks and squares, but not by any means in the proportion needed; and it is a singular and somewhat deplorable fact that, in proportion as the city has extended to the north, a spirit of vandalism has been let loose on the people's property in the lower wards. It is impossible, on any just principle, to justify the policy which robbed the city of St. John's Park, which ruthlessly encroached on that of the City Hall, and which recently, but happily in vain, sought to take from the people and to convert to business purposes the beautiful and health-giving grounds at Washington Park. It is really matter for gratulation that this last movement was successfully thwarted; and it may now, we think, be taken for granted that not for some time to come will there be any further attempts at spoliation.

Something has thus been really gained. This, however, is not all. There is other and equally unmistakable evidence that the tone of the public mind has changed for the better in regard to this particular necessity. There is a noticeable disposition to provide more adequately for the wants of the present, and to make preparations for the future. Three new parks—Riverside Drive, Morningside Park and East Side Park—will soon be added to those already existing. When these are completed, they will prove an ornament as well as a source of health to the city. The different parks and squares, including these just mentioned, with those of the Battery, City Hall, Stuyvesant, Tompkins, Washington, Union, Madison, Reservoir, Central, Manhattan, Mount Morris, High Bridge, will then cover a total area of one thousand one hundred acres. It is, it must be admitted, a respectable figure. But this city grows apace, and the changes introduced by rapid transit render it impossible for us to calculate the rapidity with which it will develop itself in the immediate future. As it is, we are far behind London, which, not to speak of the Crown lands and other property which are thrown open to the public, can boast of two thousand six hundred acres of parks and squares and gardens; and even further behind Paris, which, in addition to other accorded privileges, even in excess of that of London, claims as its own, in the shape of such breathing-places, some four thousand five hundred acres. It is necessary, therefore, for us to be continuously and increasingly active in this one direction. We shall soon have a large population not only beyond Central Park, but beyond Harlem and McComb's Dam. In these new centres, we shall have need of fresh breathing-places; and if we would have the new portions of the city worthy of the city's magnitude and importance—if we wish to compare at all favorably with such cities as London, Paris and Vienna—we must take time by the forelock, and mark out, in advance, the ground which is to be reserved for parks and gardens and squares.

With the interest which is now taken in these matters, and with the good taste which is being displayed in the improvements at Riverside and elsewhere, we have no reason to be dissatisfied. Let the good work go on. Let the new parks be multiplied, let Tompkin's Square be restored, and let the down-town grounds be adequately cared for, rendered scenes of beauty as well as sources of health, and some progress will have been made towards rendering New York a beautiful and attractive, as well as a great and prosperous, city.

CALIFORNIA'S CONSTITUTION.

THE Kearneyites of California have triumphed over the sober sense of the enlightened and substantial classes. The new Constitution, which legalizes the worst theories of Communism, has been adopted by a popular majority of over 10,000, all the agricultural districts and many of the towns declaring largely in its favor. The result is as surprising as it is discreditable. It is true that the new instrument contains some excellent features, but its dominant provisions are simply execrable. It places Chinamen, for instance, alongside of "idiots, insane persons, and persons convicted of infamous crimes," denies them the right of suffrage, provides that no corporation shall employ them in any capacity whatever, and then, having made them Pariahs, brands them as "dangerous," fit only to be hunted down by the minions of authority and the ruffianism of the "sand-lots." It seizes capital by the throat, taxes the producing power of the State almost to the limit of confiscation, imposes restrictions of every sort upon corporations and institutions, and, as to railroads especially, sanctions a policy of spoliation. The best provisions are those which protect the public against stock-gambling and the exactions of transportation companies, and define the responsibility of officers and managers of financial institutions. There can scarcely be a doubt that the banking and mining interests of the State will be seriously affected by the adoption of this remarkable instrument; and it can hardly be otherwise than that, as the result of this election, the confidence of the country in the wisdom and sagacity of the Pacific commonwealth will suffer a shock from which recovery will be both slow and difficult.

ISAAC BUTT AND HOME RULE.

THOSE who are of opinion that the cause of Home Rule in Ireland has received its death-knell through the removal of its leader, Mr. Isaac Butt, by the arrest of the "grim sergeant," will find themselves not a little out of their reckoning. With Mr. Butt at the helm, there was every probability of the wreckage of the good ship on the shoals surrounding the Treasury benches—those fatal quicksands upon which so many an Irish bark has before now gone down to its doom, lured to destruction by the false light of deceitful Treasury smiles. The dead Tribune's policy of conciliation was as colorless as it was dangerous. John Bull in power is the Dives who despises the Lazarus that picks up the crumbs falling from an overladen and groaning table, and Mr. Butt's thankfulness for small mercies merely begat the unconcealed contempt of the "base, bloody and brutal Saxon." The Home Rule Party under the leadership of Mr. Butt have achieved nothing. All they can point to, after seven sessions of Parliament, during which many splendid opportunities were lost, many crying chances utterly and palpably ignored, is a division, in which they were within thirteen of defeating the Government—this, be it said, in a thin House and upon a collateral issue.

The party is composed of three distinct and separate sections. The "Swells," who will not offend the Government by an adverse vote, and who are heartily ashamed of their *confrères;* the Waiters on Providence, to whom a smile from the Treasury benches is ample repayment for unfaithfulness to pledges registered on the hustings; and the Obstructionists, who, having burnt their boats and broken down their bridges, defiantly court the malevolence of Ministers and the martyr-crowning offices of the Usher of the Black Rod. The Swells chafed under the leadership of Mr. Butt, and were independent both of him and of the party—in fact they somewhat gloried in the fact of being occasionally found in the opposite lobby; the Waiters on Providence followed him like sheep, inasmuch as his kowtow to the powers that be suited their parliamentary programme to a nicety; and the Obstructionists flouted him, since his policy was both boneless and bloodless. Mr. Butt preferred fighting in the open against overwhelming numbers to a guerrilla warfare which could not fail to harass and eventually cripple his enemy, and, as a consequence, was miserably beaten in each and every campaign. The Chard and Bromhead of the Home Rule Party, Messrs. Parnell and Biggar, were denounced by their chief, but being enthusiastically supported by their constituents, a more active policy was determined upon—a policy that bore the Dead Sea apple of Mr. Butt's vote for the Government, a vote which caused the Irish nation to stand aghast and to breathlessly inquire, "What next?"

Scarcely one-third of the Irish party in the House of Commons are Home Rulers at heart. Home Rule sprang, Phœnix-like, into existence from the ashes, not of one, but of several Irish fires. The law of defeat separates the vanquished into two or three well-defined parties or sections—one party more bitter in opposition than ever, one party put quietly out of the way, who retire upon their shields, and a little party who recognize no defeat. This is just the outcome in Ireland of '48-'49. The "Young Ireland" movement in '48 was never national in extent or acceptance—the party seceded from O'Connell on the point of the celebrated test resolutions, which declared it would not be lawful to take up arms for the recovery of national rights. The non-acceptance of this declaration led to the Irish Confederation. Smith O'Brien wanted a rose-water revolution, and Mitchel was accused of being a Red, and desirous of a *Jacquerie*. After the '48 movement had exhausted itself in transportations and expatriations, the gaze of the country turned towards Charles Gavan Duffy, who, in obedience to the call of the nation, got together an organization under the banner of tenant-right. This was a move that brought the Presbyterians of Ulster to take counsel with the Catholics of Munster; it brought Repealers and Anti-Repealers, and men of every shade of politics and religion, upon one common platform, but the representatives they sent to Parliament used the new shibboleth to suit their own ends, and the party was

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almost immediately bought up through its leaders, Sadlier and Keogh. A cohort of the exasperated section of the '48 irreconcilables now leaped to the front, who, seeing the utter and shameful defeat of the Gavan Duffy following, raised their voices for war to the knife, war to the bitter end, till out of their burning cry rose the Fenian movement. The Tory party swung into power during the Fenian scare, and they went to their work in a spirit that would have shamed even Oliver Cromwell. With the war-whoop of "Down with the Irish Church!" Mr. Gladstone bounded into office at the head of a majority only equaled by that of Sir Robert Peel in '41, and, with the faculty of persuading himself into a fervid conscientiousness upon any subject he likes, he flung himself body and soul into the disestablishment of the church established in Ireland. The Protestants, in a craze of indignation, eagerly sought a vent for their feelings of revenge, and at this particular crisis Mr. Isaac Butt came to the front, called from an obscurity into which a wild recklessness had incontinently hurled him. The Protestants, who now chafed under the disestablishment, were many of them Mr. Butt's old comrades and political associates, and to these he turned, urging them no longer to act the secondary *rôle* of an English garrison. The cry of Home Rule was raised, and the pulse of Ireland has ever since beat hot and high. Bitter has been her disappointment, bitter her mortification. Had Mr. Butt's policy of conciliation been one of aggression, it would have at least shown the English nation that Ireland was in earnest; but the Home Rule movement up to the present hour has been, to use the well-known words of Lord Denman, nothing short of "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE reports that the Ameer of Afghanistan, who last week proceeded to the British camp, had accepted the proposals of peace tendered him, are not sustained by late dispatches. The negotiations so far have been only preliminary. The British will demand an advance of the Indian frontier-line so as to give them control of the more important passes, and with the right also of maintaining a resident agent at Cabul or Candahar.

The wretched state of affairs in Russia continues. Arrests are frequent and numerous, and the terrorism complete. The Executive Committee of the Nihilists has addressed a circular to the army, imploring officers and soldiers not to become executioners. A Nihilist printing-press is said to have been discovered at the office of the Ministry of Public Communications in St. Petersburg, eight officials being arrested. A well-informed correspondent of the London *Times* represents that the tendency of the so-called repressive measures is towards revolution rather than peace. General Todleben—what an ominous name he bears, death in life—has arrived at Odessa, and assumed command of that Governorship and the Crimea, and the greater part of South Russia under the Czar's ukase establishing martial law. Russian Adjutant-General Obrutschoff, who has arrived at Philippopolis, has published the Czar's proclamation promising strict compliance with the treaty. It is officially announced that Russia has finally agreed to surrender Kuldja to China in return for a revision of the treaties relative to the Russo-Chinese frontier.

The Egyptian crisis is not yet ended, but it is asserted that a compromise has been effected between refractory Ismail and France and England. The intentions of the ministers of the King of Burmah are reported as pacific, and both king and people in that country seem bent upon adding a third war to the wars which England already has on hand. The attempt of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry at imperial aggrandizement in Zululand has been less fortunate than that in Afghanistan. Indeed, the Cape Town correspondent of the London *News* writes as if he had reason to believe that the English campaign against King Cetawayo were going all amiss, and that another campaign is inevitable. This conflicts, however, with the general tenor of the reports from the Cape, and it must be remembered that the *News* is very hostile to Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford. The French Prince Imperial (so-called) is suffering from a sharp attack of fever.

The recent anti-Protestant demonstration at Rome indicates, no doubt, a wish that is father to the thought of reviving the temporal powers of the Pope, in order, with other objects, to secure for His Holiness full control of education within the former "States of the Church." Pope Leo XIII. has been induced, by the astonishing progress of Catholicism in the United States, to arrange a complete organization of the American hierarchy with a view to its more intimate union with Rome. New bishoprics will shortly be created, and the establishments of the Society of Jesus will be more satisfactorily regulated.

The Italian Government, in consequence of the undue importance attached to General Garibaldi's late manifesto, has sent a circular to the other Governments, declaring that it will vigorously repress any attempts to disturb the harmony existing between Italy and other nations. Garibaldi has decided to fix his residence on the mainland, abandoning, for the present at least, his island-home on Caprera. He suffers greatly from gouty pains in the stomach. The American sculptor Story has completed, at Rome, his clay model for a statue of Sardanapalus.

The Spanish Senatorial elections have resulted in a large majority for the Government. Señora de Mantilla, the wife of the Spanish Minister at Constantinople, has made a sensation in the fashionable world throughout Europe and America—perhaps a revolution—by wearing at a ball given to the Crown Prince of Sweden a *fac-simile* of an elegant dress which is still remembered as having been worn by her at Washington. It was so greatly admired in this country that Señora de Mantilla, on reaching Paris, took it to Worth's to be copied, and, notwithstanding the decree of that autocratic artist that a dress made over a year ago should not be duplicated, prevailed upon him to have a copy of it made for her. A Spanish event of greater interest to mankind at large than even a lady's dress, is the conclusion by the Spaniards of a convention with the King of Anam (Cochin China) for the purpose of supplying Cuba with Anamite laborers. Mr. George Errington, Liberal and Home Rule member of the British House of Commons for Longford County, Ireland, proposes to ask Mr. Bourke, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whether he knows of such a treaty and whether he will ascertain what provision has been made for its proper treatment. So the philanthropists and Kearney's anti-Chinese hoodlums will have a new phase of the coolie trade to study and declaim about. A more immediate question for the Spaniards themselves is a bread famine in Madrid.

In Germany, Prince Bismarck has lost his temper again in a wordy conflict in the Reichstag with the Socialist Deputy, Herr Laskar, who had accused the doughty Chancellor of fomenting agrarian agitation. The angry Prince quit the House in high dudgeon. Fifty thousand dollars have been appropriated for the German share in the Australian International Exhibition.

In France, the illegal election of Blanqui, the arch-conspirator against all forms of Government, the prosecution of the Archbishop of Aix, the determination and unanimity of the French Cabinet in sustaining Minister Jules Ferry's Education Bill, a new Bill in preparation against press offenses, and the great billiard tournament at the Grand Hotel, in Paris, are the main topics of interest.

In England, the War Office is enlisting volunteers for South Africa.

THE troubles in the central and northern States of Mexico have been suppressed, and there, as well as in other States, the outlook is favorable for continued peace. In some of them steps are being taken for the introduction of important public improvements. The Bill appropriating $500,000 towards the expenses of the proposed Exposition has passed two readings in the National Congress, and no doubt is entertained of its final success. All these indications are gratifying as pointing to a possible establishment of real prosperity and stable government in the republic.

THERE are evidences of improvement in the iron trade. The report of the American Iron and Steel Association shows that the production of pig metal in 1878 was greater than in any previous year since 1874, and indicates that the output for 1879 will equal that of the exceptionally productive years of 1872 and 1873. This gratifying improvement is accounted for by the increasing business of the foundries and machine-shops, and the great growth of the Bessemer steel industry. The production of rails of all kinds in 1878 was 882,685 net tons, which was 117,976 tons greater than in 1877.

THERE are indications of an abatement of the excitement on the Chinese question on the Pacific coast. The more responsible and substantial class of citizens begin to realize that Legislative interference with the provisions of the existing treaty might be regarded by the Chinese Government as a just cause for retaliatory action, which would disastrously affect the commerce of the Pacific slope, and this consideration is moderating the feeling which, for a time, swept everything before it. Another consideration which is influencing the opinion of the more intelligent voters is the conviction that, if restrictions to immigration are necessary or desirable, they can all be as readily accomplished through the enforcement of existing statutes, and by proper instructions to consular officers, as by the more radical method proposed by the Kearneyites. How far the provisions of the new California constitution, in their descrimination against the Chinese, may operate to the prejudice of the trade relations of the State, is yet to be seen.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has sustained the constitutionality of the Thurman Act, which requires that twenty-five per cent. of the net earnings of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads shall be annually paid into the Federal Treasury to be applied to the payment of interest on the bonds issued by the Government, and to the establishment of a sinking fund for their redemption at maturity. The decision will afford very general satisfaction, since it will defeat the purpose manifestly entertained by these companies of evading the payment of the bonds issued to them by the Government, and secure to the latter a lien on their property for the satisfaction of its claims, after the holders of the first mortgage bonds have been paid.

THE list of usages to which paper is subjected at the present time has grown to be a very long one. Boxes, bricks, wheels, chimneys, roofs, collars, clothing and napkins, are a few of the articles recently exhibited in Berlin. Professor Greene, of Troy, has contributed an important addition in the form of a dome for the astronomical observatory of the Rensselaer Institute. Having occasion to construct a dome thirty feet in diameter, he discovered that the weight would be five or six tons, under ordinary conditions. Such a weight would involve complicated machinery to turn it, and strong foundations to hold it, each involving great expense. He bethought himself of paper, and succeeded in accomplishing his object at a trifling cost and with a weight of scarcely a ton. It is in Troy that the celebrated paper-boats are made, and the vicinity of the factory contributed to the success of Professor Greene's experiment.

AN effort is making in Great Britain to elevate the character of the profession of teaching in the schools. A Bill introduced in Parliament proposes to create a register of the teachers in intermediate schools, on which all teachers employed in intermediate schools at the date of the passing of the Bill may claim to be enrolled. For the future, however, a new teacher in an intermediate school is not to obtain his or her place on the register without gaining a degree, or some other certificate of competence, and teachers not on the register are to lose all legal claim for the recovery of arrears of pay. The adoption of the system here proposed is opposed by some of the journals as premature, but the schools can never be made what they should be until something is done by law, as has been done in this country, to establish a standard of competency to which all teachers must conform.

THE Prince of Wales has produced a genuine sensation in a new direction. It appears that the Prince, who has a seat as a member of the House of Lords, has heretofore abstained from an actual participation in its proceedings. On the 6th instant, however, he startled the House by presenting a petition in favor of the Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and causing it to be understood that he was in favor of the Bill. Marriages of this sort possessed a quasi-legality in England up to 1835, when they were forbidden by an Act of Parliament, which, spite of efforts renewed every year for its repeal, and successful on some occasions in the House of Commons, has tenaciously held its place on the statute-books. It had been supposed that the personal influence of the Prince of Wales would overcome the opposition of the Lords, and secure the passage of the repealing enactment, but a motion to proceed to a second reading of the Bill was promptly resisted by the Government, and was thereupon rejected by a vote of 101 to 81, the Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Bishop of Ripon voting with the minority, and fourteen of the bishops with the majority.

THE reports that large bodies of emigrants were swarming into the Indian Territory, in defiance of the President's prohibition, appear to have been greatly exaggerated. Under instructions from the Government, General Sheridan has made all necessary dispositions of troops for the prevention of further invasion of the territory and the removal of such unauthorized settlers as may have already crossed the frontier; and, while there may be some difficulty in performing the latter service, it is to be presumed that the Executive order will be faithfully carried out. Every dictate of honesty requires that our pledges must be kept, and that, putting aside all questions of expediency as to the speedy settlement of Western territory, the land set apart for Indian reservations in the Indian Territory must be held inviolate by the Government. Any other course would have a bad effect upon the Indian tribes, and provoke additional trouble for the Interior and War Departments in protecting the Indians in their ceded rights.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FORTY students were graduated from the Union Theological Seminary, May 5th.

THE recent elections in the towns and cities of Indiana show Republican gains.

A PASSAGE through the ice at Buffalo was forced on May 6th, and navigation fully opened.

THE annual meeting of the National Women's Suffrage Association was held in St. Louis, May 7th.

IN the inter-collegiate athletic games, held May 9th, Columbia secured seven prizes and Princeton four.

A BANQUET was given at Syracuse, N. Y., May 8th, to Hon. Andrew D. White, United States Minister to Berlin.

IN the Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Philadelphia, May 6th, a resolution condemning ritualism was adopted by a majority of 125 votes.

ANOTHER coroner's jury in the case of Colonel Dwight, of Binghamton, N. Y., whose life was heavily insured, has decided that he did not commit suicide.

AFTER pronouncing decisions in mining claim, Pacific Railroad, and many other cases, the United States Supreme Court adjourned for the term on May 5th.

No action has been taken on Mayor Cooper's nominations by the New York Board of Aldermen, two adjournments having been had since the nominations were sent in.

THE single-scull race on Lake Quinsigamond, between W. N. Goddard, of Harvard, and E. F. Livingston, of Yale, on May 9th, was won by the former by six lengths.

THE firm of Whittemore, Peet, Post & Co., one of the oldest firms in the drygoods and woolen commission trade in New York, has failed, with liabilities of $1,000,000.

THE Pope has named the Very Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, V. G., of Providence, to be Bishop of Hartford, and the Rev. John Vertin, of Negaunee, Mich., to be Bishop of Marquette.

THE fortieth anniversary of the foundation of the Beta (Yale) Chapter of the Psi Upsilon Society, and the forty-sixth convention of the fraternity, were held at New Haven, May 6th and 6th.

THE "Woodruff Scientific Expedition Around the World" is abandoned, and those who have paid their booking fee to Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., may withdraw their money on application.

IN the United States Senate, on May 8th, the House Bill to enlist 750 boys in the navy annually was passed, and in the House the Bill to enforce the eight-hour law was killed by a vote of 52 to 103.

AN international cricket match between an English and an American team was played on the St. George's Grounds, Hoboken, May 7th and 8th, and resulted in a victory for the former by one inning and 114 runs.

SENATOR HOUSTON and other Alabamians have asked that the prosecution of persons who have violated the election laws in Alabama be suspended at present, on account of farm work; but the Attorney-General refuses.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON'S vetoes of the Code and Processions Bills have been sustained in the New York Legislature, through the failure of the opponents to muster a two-third vote. Six more vetoes were sent in on May 9th.

REAR-ADMIRAL ENOCH G. PARROTT died suddenly at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, May 16th, of heart disease. He was sixty-four years of age, and for thirty-three years had been identified conspicuously with the naval service.

A CONVENTION of colored men, with representatives from fifteen States, was held in Nashville, Tenn., May 6th. Resolutions were adopted favoring compulsory education and emigration. It is proposed to organize a permanent society for the protection of the colored men.

DESTRUCTIVE forest fires are raging in the mountains in the northern and western parts of Pike County, Pa., and vast quantities of valuable timber, bark, railroad ties, and other property are being destroyed. Several settlements are threatened with destruction.

AT the close of the anniversary exercises of the Hartford Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn., on May 8th, there were interesting ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of Hosmer Hall, a new seminary building which is being erected, the expense being defrayed by a gift of $100,000 from the late James B. Hosmer.

THE exercises of Anniversary week in New York were opened on May 4th, with the Rev. Dr. Withrow's sermon before the American Home Missionary Society. On the 5th were held the services of the American Seamen's Friend and the Women's Union Missionary Societies, and on the 6th those of the American Sunday-school Union.

A BILL prohibiting the use of troops on election days has passed both Houses of Congress. The President will veto it, because it repeals, upon days of general and special elections, all laws which make it the duty of the President to employ the Army and Navy, if necessary, to collect the revenues, preserve neutrality with other nations, enforce quarantine regulations, etc.

Foreign.

THE cholera is increasing in India.

DISCORD has again risen in the French Cabinet.

A CHINESE Legation is to be established at Madrid.

EDISON'S second patent for electric candles has been filed in London.

MR. WHISTLER, the American artist, has been declared a bankrupt. His liabilities are $22,500.

IT is announced that the British Government has no intention of dissolving Parliament this year.

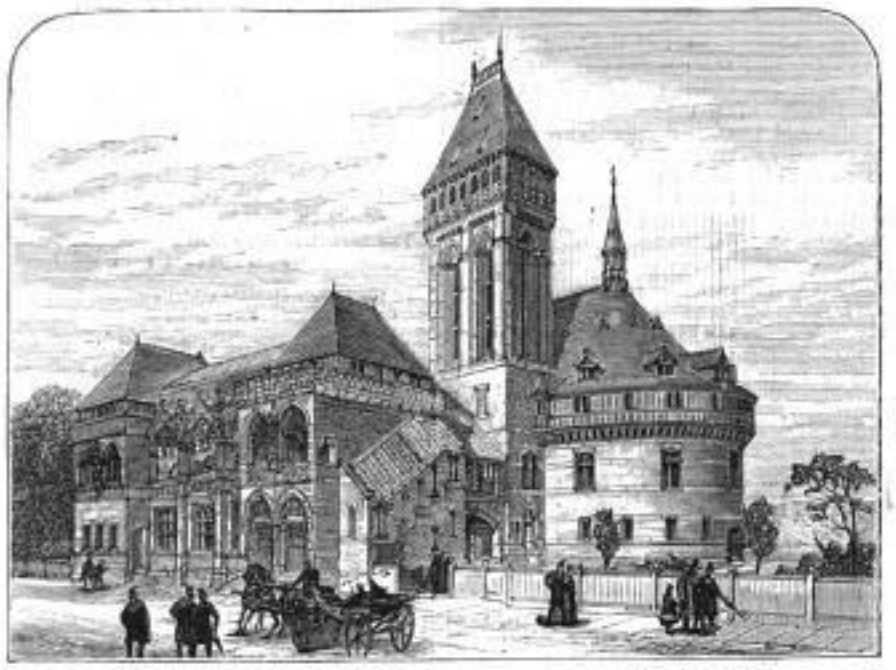
PERE HYACINTHE has petitioned for the recognition of his sect by the State equally with other denominations.

GERMANY will be represented officially in the Australian International Exhibition, which, it is thought, will be visited by the Prince of Wales.

AT the annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, at London, last week, the Bessemer Medal was awarded to Peter Cooper, of New York.

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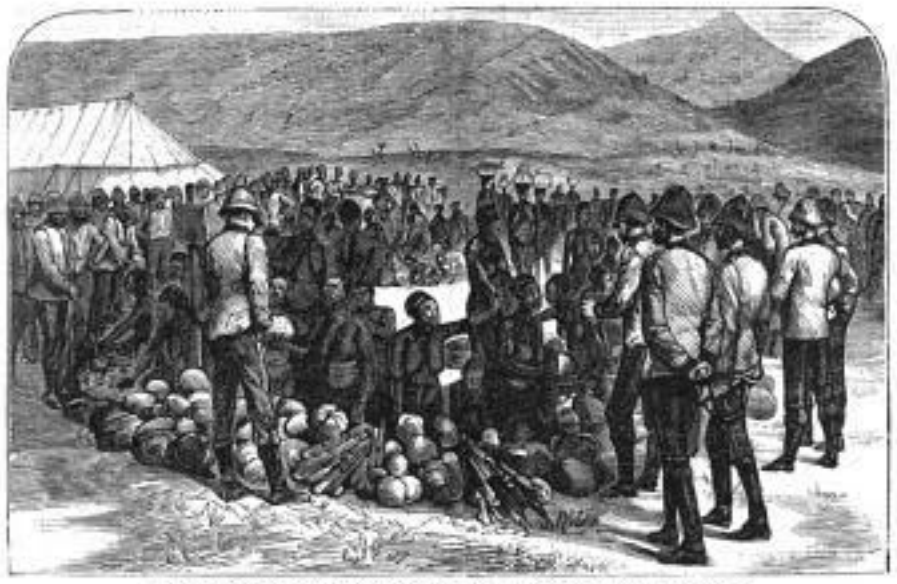
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 187.



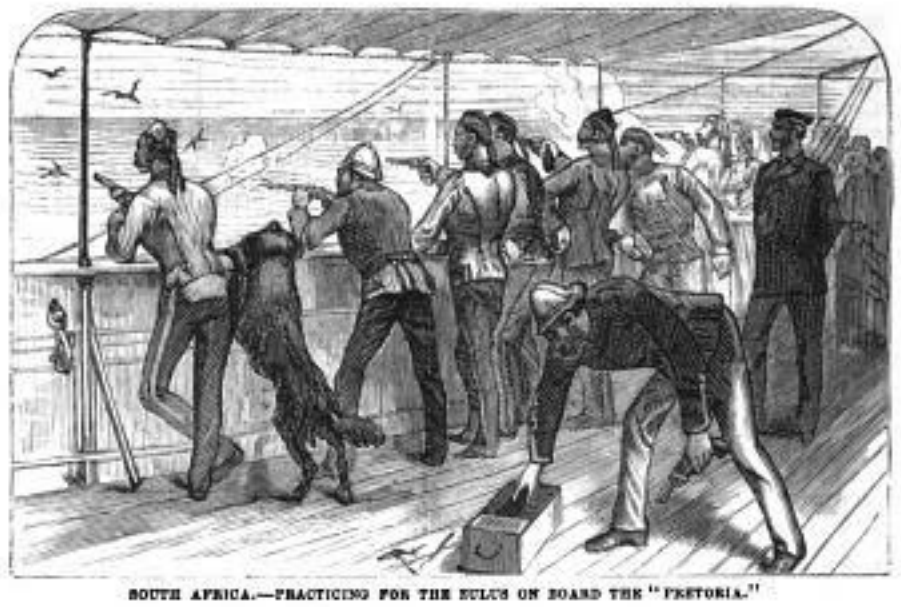
ENGLAND.—THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



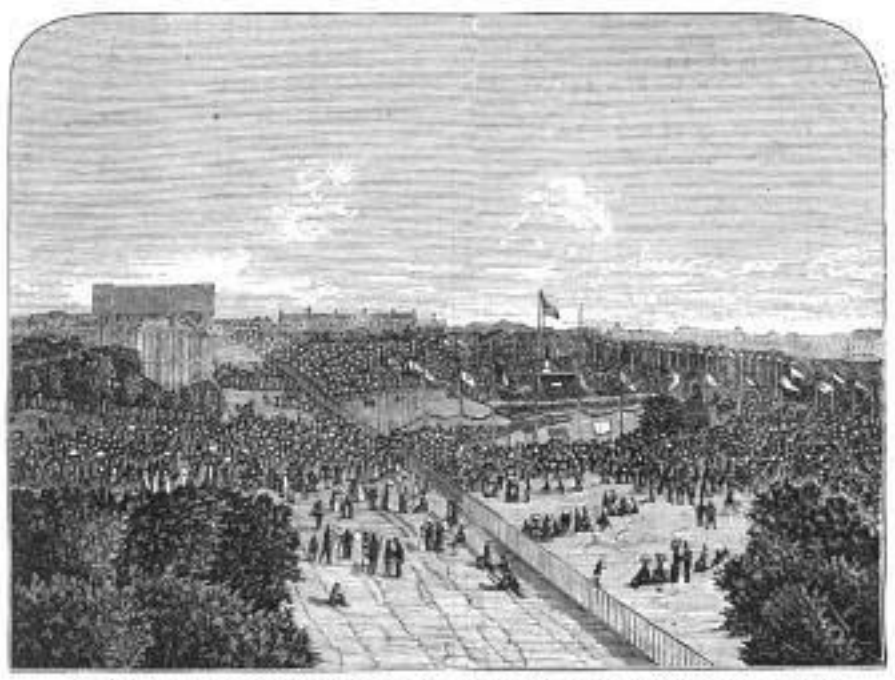
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—NATIVE METHOD OF ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE CAMP BAZAAR—CAFFRE WOMEN AS MERCHANTS.



SOUTH AFRICA.—PRACTICING FOR THE ZULUS ON BOARD THE "PRETORIA."



AUSTRALIA.—UNVEILING THE STATUE OF CAPTAIN COOK AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

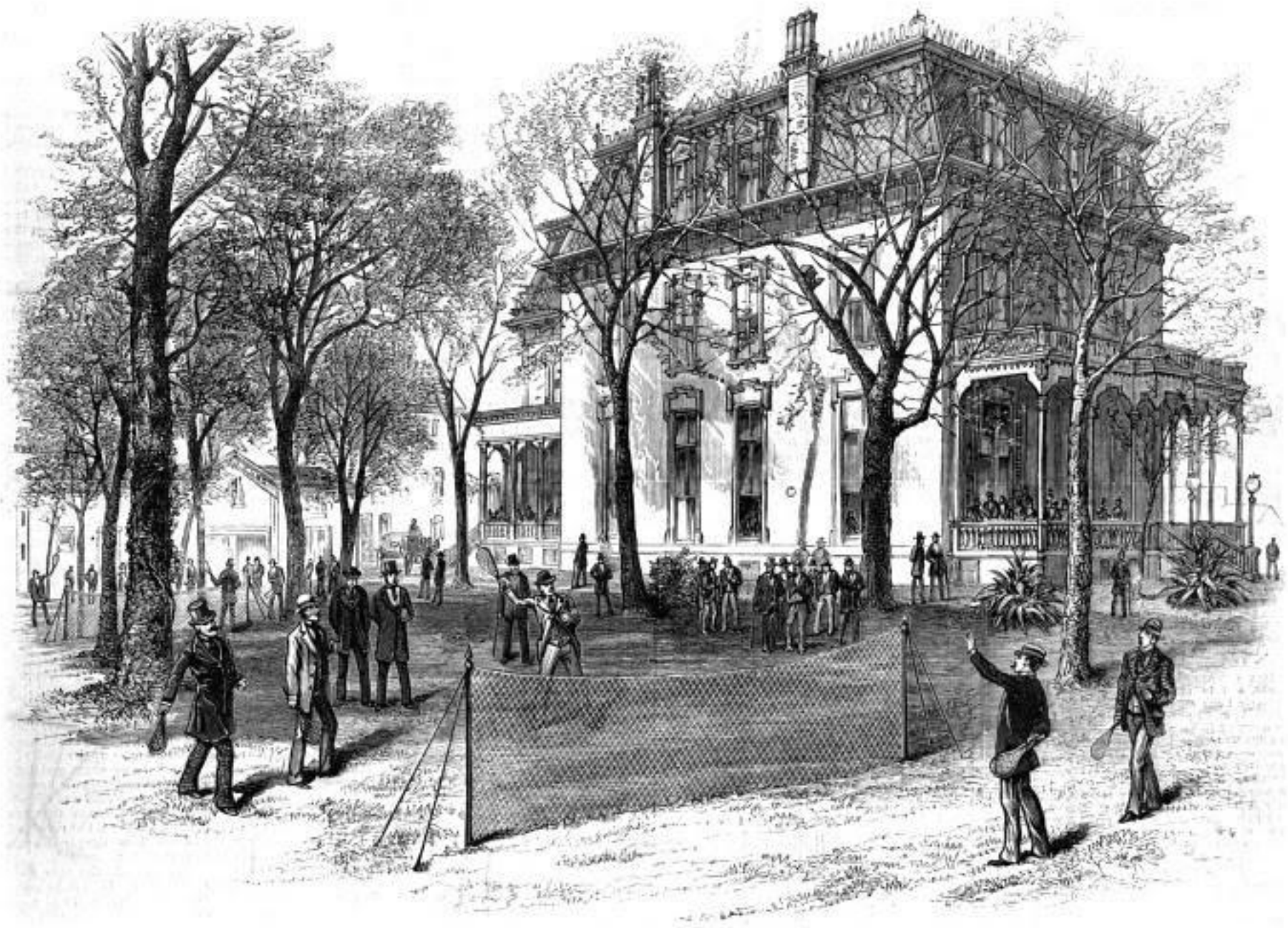


AFGHANISTAN.—DECORATING A NATIVE SOLDIER WITH A BRITISH ORDER.



AUSTRALIA.—THE NEW LAW COURTS AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

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ILLINOIS.—HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNION CLUB, LAFAYETTE PLACE AND DEARBORN AVENUE, CHICAGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. R. BEALE.

THE UNION CLUB OF CHICAGO.

THE club-house of the Union Club of Chicago, at which the first formal reception was given on April 24th, is admirably adapted to the uses for which it is designed. It was formerly known as the "Ogden Mansion," and thus resembles in its exterior a palatial private residence rather than a club resort. On the first floor there are commodious reception and reading rooms, also a chess-room, card-rooms, billiard-room, and pool-room. On the second floor there are five rooms for general purposes, and on the third floor, there is a magnificent ballroom about fifty by seventy feet, with fourteen feet ceiling, which is used also for theatrical purposes. All the rooms are handsomely furnished and finely decorated.

The Union Club was organized in February, 1878 and already numbers two hundred and twenty-five members, representing the very best elements—social, professional, and business—of the city's population. The officers are as follows: President, Henry W. Bishop; Vice-President, Henry W. Raymond; Treasurer, Albert W. Cobb; Secretary, W. P. Conger; Directors, George L. Dunlap, John T. Noyes, Alfred B. Mason, Frank S. Wheeler, Thomas C. Edwards, John De Koven, R. Hall McCormick, V. C. Turner, James J. Hoyt. Among the honorary members are Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, Lieutenant-General Phil. H. Sheridan, the Rev. Robert Collyer, and Professor David Swing.

At the opening reception of the club, between six and seven hundred persons were present. The reception-rooms on each side of the main hall were arranged for the dancers, while the billiard-room in the rear was improvised into a banqueting-room for the occasion. The scene from the grounds was one of great brilliancy.

HON. MILES BEACH.

HON. MILES BEACH, recently nominated by Governor Robinson to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Robinson, of the Court of Common Pleas, comes of an honorable stock, being the son of William A. Beach, the well-known and distinguished lawyer. He was born at Saratoga Springs in 1833, and is thus in the very summer of his years and the prime of his intellectual and physical strength. After a course of study in other institutions, he entered the Sophomore Class of Union College in 1851, graduating with honor three years later. Subsequently, having determined upon a legal career, he entered the Albany Law School, having in his studies the benefit of his father's ripe experience. In 1860 he located in Troy and commenced the practice of law, associated with his father and Levi Smith. He served terms as Alderman and School Commissioner, and was twice elected Mayor. The second time he polled a unanimous vote. He came to New York in the Winter of 1870, and since then has been a member of the firm of Beach & Brown. Loving his profession, he has confined himself to his practice, and given only slight attention to politics. He is a member of the Union and Manhattan Clubs, and well known to the better circles of the city, public and private. Mr. Beach is stout and healthy, has clean-cut features, and wears an iron-gray mustache. His manners are genial and affable, and on the bench he will, no doubt, prove himself, as he has done in all other relations, the true gentleman. As a sound lawyer and upright citizen his appointment is matter for public congratulation, and we may predict with entire safety that all the confident expectations as to his career which are entertained by those who know him best will be amply justified



NEW YORK.—HON. MILES BEACH, NEWLY-APPOINTED JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.

CUSTOM OF CHRISTENING SHIPS.

THE present custom of "christening" ships may be considered a relic of the ancient libation practiced when they were launched. The action of "blessing" ships is alluded to by the monks of St. Denys. In July, 1418, the Bishop of Bangor was sent to Southampton to "bless" the King's ship, the *Grace Dieu*, and received five pounds for his expenses. In the fleet commanded by John de Outremarins against the Tunisians, according to ancient custom, and to insure success, the ships were blessed by the priests; and being afterwards exposed to storms, the captains desired the soldiers and sailors to invoke the Lord, and while they were at prayer the wind became suddenly favorable.

In 1242, when Henry the Third was at war with France, a fleet was prepared in which that monarch embarked, after visiting the shrines of many saints, to propitiate their influence against storms, and to insure success to his arms.

Before the Reformation, it was usual for the priests at Yarmouth to give a blessing to the fishing-vessels yearly, and it was afterwards customary for the minister of the parish to preach a "fishing" sermon.

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NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINES.

(Continued from front page.)

Every hour on the road means a fortune gone forever. It is a feverish race, a frantic struggle to be first at the winning-post. A roadway up through a gulch is thronged with pilgrims to this Mecca of gold—some on foot, some on horseback, some in wagons. Like ants to a trysting-place toil the seekers for wealth, many of them accompanied by wife, children and household gods. Rough enough are some of these embryo miners, hard, stern, lawless men, who go forth with their lives in their hands, while others are soft and gentle and white-skinned. No man looks back. Every face is set to Leadville as true as needle to the pole. When a wagon upsets, or is hurled with its occupants over the sheer precipice, but few will stop to aid in the rescue. Life is too short now; life has been compressed into a few working hours—and then wealth, dazzle, rapture! The hills are honeycombed with mines, and every hour finds mining experts, laden with the instruments of their craft, paddling about on snow-shoes, who are paid fabulous fees, exploring the country for "finds." A prospector locates his claim and sinks his shaft. As soon as he finds mineral in the place—that is, adhering to the sides or bottom of the shaft—no matter of what nature or quality, he has an assay made, after which he employs a Government surveyor to survey his claim. The latter fact is placed on record, and his title is established. A search for the carbonate treasure now commences, which he may find at the depth of a few feet, or at several hundred. A small streak of dark-reddish earth of less than an inch wide is his road to Aladdin's cave.

A carbonate vein is found in what is called the "contact" between porphyry rock and limestone. In the California days, miners called their log-cabins with what they supposed was mud, but which was really carbonate, worth $400 a ton. In January last there were twenty paying mines in Leadville. At the end of April there were forty-nine. In the Judge Pendry Mine, 360 feet below surface, a second layer of carbonate has just been discovered, parts of which assayed in the fabulous proportion of 14,000 ounces of silver to the ton.

The silver product in this region is estimated for 1879 at $30,000,000 against $2,700,000 in 1878; fifteen per cent. only of prospectors tap ore, while eighty-five fail. Three lines of railroad are aiming at Leadville—the Colorado Central from Georgetown, the Denver and South Park from Webster, and the Atchison and Santa Fé from Cañon. Each of these companies expects to blast its way to El Dorado, and to arrive there during the coming Summer. Each employs its thousands of navvies at from $2 to $3 per head per diem. Leadville is now a city; how soon it is to be "petered out," to use a mining phrase, is a question of time; but, with its enormous number of claims, many a long Summer day is likely to pass ere it becomes enrolled amongst the "things that were."

A warm bath in the mining-camp is a luxury but rarely indulged in. Cold water, as a rule, is not freely patronized, and, save for potable purposes, hot water is unknown. Our illustration represents a miner who has borne the heat and burden of the day, and who is anxious to divest himself of the clinging brown clay which, while it is the road to fortune, is also an enemy to personal cleanliness. The miner, seating himself in a caldron used for smelting purposes, his chum, from the boiling kettle, pours the scalding liquid that is knife-like to cut away the clay armor in which the bather's body is incased; and, despite the yells, expostulations, and curses loud and deep of the parboiled individual, the scalding liquid does its grim and stern duty to the letter. This is a marked man in Leadville next day. Everybody knows that he has been indulging in the emasculating luxury of a warm bath.

TWO STRATAGEMS.

CHAPTER I.

"IT'S no go, Clara! Our Irving of the intermediate won't favor us."

"I wish *I* could talk to him," said the young lady, regretfully, as she took her cousin's proffered arm and paced the deck with him again.

"Never mind, cox. Sing one extra song yourself, and no one will regret our Irving's heroics. Shall we take a look at the sunset?"

"If you will get me my shawl, Charlie; the wind is really bitter. Who would think we are making a Summer passage?"

Charlie Belmont handed his fair cousin to a ship chair, and dived into the saloon entrance, where he soon found the desired object, enfolding the feet of his young wife. She was lying, pale and languid, in the companionway.

The Belmonts were well-to-do English people, on a Summer trip to the New World, to that part of it which is dominated by the Stars and Stripes; and Clara Syndon, Mrs. Belmont's cousin, was traveling with them. She was an orphan, and free to come and go. Plump and blooming was Clara, with frank blue eyes, a sweet mouth and firm dimpled chin. Just now, her pretty head was quite full of two kindred subjects—the contemplated entertainment in the saloon, and the young actor who would take no part therein.

Presently Mr. Belmont reappeared, his stalwart figure shrouded in a very comprehensive ulster, and the two young people were soon leaning over the railing with faces turned westward.

"Now, Charlie, tell me all about your interview. What is he like and what did he say?"

"Irving?"

"Nonsense! That's not his name."

"Well, no, it is not. His name is Melville Brandon, and his line appears to be the juvenile-tragic. I fear what's-his-manse—Melpomene—has not favored her votary. He is handsome enough—that slender, dark, Italian sort of beauty—but he looks half starved, and coughs ominously. Such a threadbare coat, Clara."

"I dare say all these cold winds have affected his lungs. *He* has no ulster." And the blue eyes glanced almost reproachfully at the one beside them.

"Then you can see the poor devil is so proud and sensitive," Belmont went on, compassionately. "I opened my business in all due form; told him a ten days' voyage was a tedious thing; that we in the saloon were suffering terribly from boredom, and that we proposed breaking the dullness of life by a small entertainment to-morrow night—a sort of Penny Readings; that we had heard of his professional abilities, etc., and should feel deeply indebted if he would come and help the thing along. It would be a favor—a real boon."

As her cousin talked comfortably on, Clara's lip curled somewhat scornfully. Belmont's tone and manner were making clear to her the reason of his failure.

"But it was wasted breath, Clara. He told me, had he a legitimate—no, that was not the word—a *pecuniary* right to be in the saloon, he would gladly contribute his humble share to our amusement; but, as things were, he must decline the honor. Then I said that the barkeeper was coming in by the captain's permission (have you noticed him, Clara, a very fine-looking man, and plays the piano capitally). But he would not budge, and his dark eyes began to look rather venomous. Pride and poverty, you see, with conceit added on. He thinks he is Henry Irving."

The sunset had nearly faded, and the cousins resumed their walk. As they approached the rail separating the saloon passengers' region from the steerage and intermediate, a young man came strolling up to the slender barrier, with eyes bent on a small book.

"Clary," whispered Belmont, "speak of the — you know the rest! Here comes our willful genius."

The young girl scanned the approaching figure eagerly; in fact, she looked one moment too long, for, when but a few paces separated them, the actor glanced up and met her curious gaze. What dark, distinctive eyes! They illumined the pinched face; they gave it life and individuality.

Mr. Melville Brandon bestowed upon the cousins a cursory regard of very slight interest, then turned on his heel and resumed the study of Constable's "British Drama."

"I'm tired; take me to a seat."

Her tone was sharp, her voice had a strange quiver in it. Charlie Belmont looked astonished.

"Tired already! Well," as he piloted her to the nearest ship chair, "what do you think of Ir——"

The young lady interrupted him, that irritable accent more pronounced.

"You wear your jokes threadbare, Charlie, I think—I think he looks half-starved. And now we will talk of something else."

Belmont colored, and suddenly remembered his wife must be feeling lonely. So he lifted his cap and departed with a brief word or two of explanation and good-night. And as he went he decided that Miss Clara was not quite so sweet-tempered as she looked, or as he had deemed her hitherto.

But she sat on in the thickening twilight, pale and trembling. She had recognized the eyes that glanced at her so carelessly. She continued to watch their owner, and the first keen conviction strengthened into a settled certainty. How frail and worn he looked! Her heart ached, her eyes filled; but the last bitter words he had given her, five long years ago, effectually kept her silent.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years before Clara Syndon was no orphan, but keeping her father's house to admiration—a solid, dingy red brick mansion, standing back from the market-place of Barton, one of the loveliest little townlets in the North of England. Being the only lawyer in the place, Mr. Syndon, of course, knew everybody worth knowing, and all were unanimous in Clara's praise. She had been back from school only six months, yet already proved herself a good housewife and pleasant little hostess. Much more enthusiastic was young Harry Ludlow, her father's ward and articled clerk, the only son of Mr. Syndon's oldest and dearest friend, who had lived under his roof ever since that friend's death in Harry's tenth year.

He was now just twenty, and a slender, graceful young fellow; very romantic, rather reserved, and more than rather conceited.

That Winter a company of strolling players found their way across the moors to Barton, unharnessed the lean horses from their caravans just outside the town, and set up their canvas theatre. The opening night was one of pouring rain, and the curtain rose on "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," before nearly empty benches. But one deeply-interested spectator was there, placed honorably in the front row. No weather could keep young Ludlow away.

The manager, a stout, sallow man, by no means young, personated the fair-haired Danish prince, in a scant wig of glossy black curls, considerably worn at the crown. *Ophelia's* voice was shrill and nasal, and her h's at times misplaced; while the murdered king's ghost wore ancient breeches of dingy brown leather, and flourished a truncheon of rolled-up paper. Yet Harry, seeing these defects, sat entranced; came the next night, and the next; sought the actors in the idle day hours—in short, was completely stage-struck.

The manager, despite his bloated figure and sallow, unwholesome face, was a really good tragic actor. Causes other than the lack of ability had kept him so low in the profession. He remembered old Kean, and loved to tell about a certain evening at Drury Lane, many years ago—his first within its famous walls. How, while seated quietly in the pit, a murmur came thrilling to his ears, first low, then louder, like the sound of rushing waters. He stared around; the whole house was rising to its feet. Before them stood a slight and graceful figure, a small unit indeed on that vast stage, bowing profoundly with most gracious reverence to the public, while the whispered "Kean! Kean!" from many thousand voices explained the mystery.

"That was the first time I saw him as *Sir Giles Overreach*," added the manager. "A great actor, sir—sublime! Rather your style of face and figure."

The company staid a fortnight at Barton, and then the last performance was announced—"positively the last." About eleven o'clock that night, Clara Syndon sat by the fire in her father's study, half-asleep. She occupied his own armchair, for Mr. Syndon was on a business visit to London; she was waiting up for Harry Ludlow. At seventeen her face was much paler and thinner than at twenty-two, for hers had been a delicate childhood; it was framed, too, by abundant curls of fair hair.

"Oh dear!" sighed Clara, "I wish papa was here to keep Harry at home. It's very bad for him to sit in that damp booth, night after night, and he only gets cross if I tell him so. Puss, wake up and keep me company."

But puss only blinked one eye, and her mistress was stooping to lift her bodily from the hearth-rug, when the front door closed and hasty steps approached the study.

"He has not put up the bar," was Clara's mental comment. "What a good thing I waited for him."

"So you are here still, Clara; I am very glad." The young man's face was flushed, his dark eyes were glowing with excitement. Clara looked at him in utter astonishment, and for a moment puss was poised unheeded in mid-air.

"I am glad you are here," he went on, "because this night is a turning-point in my life;"—her face sobered into anxious gravity—"so sit down and hear me out."

Clara was beginning to tremble nervously. She obeyed without a word, her fair face lifted in expectation. Harry stood before her, leaning one elbow on the mantel-piece, with downcast eyes. He seemed to be trying to frame some sentence.

"My darling," he said, suddenly, his voice tender and musical, "have you never guessed it? Don't you know that I love you?"

Instead of blushing, the young girl grew pale. Then, with that maidenly instinct which will not believe the first declaration of passion unless very clearly expressed, she answered quietly:

"Why, of course, Harry. We are just like brother and sister."

"What if we were even more than that, some future day, when I am rich? Would the thought be pleasant to you, Clara?"

Her eyelids were drooping now, and the blush that had been long in coming suffused all her face.

"My darling, tell me."

"I never thought of such a thing," very shyly.

"But now that you do think?" persisted her lover, and she looked up at him to reply. The blue eyes were tearful, but a happy smile flickered round her mouth. Lips and eyes together gave an answer without words, and Harry sealed it with a kiss.

"You had better sit down, Harry," said Clara demurely; "it's tiring to stand so long."

So he sat down beside her, and again seemed plunged in anxious thought. She was quick to see there was something still untold.

"What made you say all this to-night?" she asked.

Allow me to remark, *en passant*, that the little maiden's "all this?" was a very significant expression. If ever lover told his tale concisely, surely had hers; yet to Clara's apprehension the beginning of their conversation was already far away. It is always thus when great excitement or strong emotion divides our lives.

"Because by this time to-morrow," said the young man slowly, "I shall be far away from dull old Barton and my desk in your father's office. Clara, I hate the law. I am going to achieve fame and fortune by a grander profession—I am going to be a great tragedian."

"What do you mean, Harry? How can you go and be an actor when you are articled to papa? and how can you act at all when you don't know how to? Surely, you remember our private theatricals last Christmas?"

"I understand what you mean," said Ludlow, with a slight flush. "I *did* murder my part, but then it was a comic one. Genteel comedy is not my line, nor low comedy either, but tragedy, tragedy, my darling! As for my articles, when the cat's away the mice will play. Your father is not here to keep me back, and I shall change my name while I am merely strolling in the provinces. He won't be able to track me out. You keep true to me, dearest girl; he will forgive me fast enough when I am rich and famous."

Clara felt bewildered. This strange, sudden resolve threw an air of unreality over their whole conversation.

"What is it you mean to do?" she asked, "and what has put such a notion into your mind. Oh, Harry, it seems so strange and miserable!"

"Don't cry, darling!" and he carried one little hand to his lips. "I have not come to this resolve without much thought and many consultations with my friend, the manager. He says I have all the materials of a first-class tragic actor; that in me London will recognize a second Edmund Kean. Of course there will be plenty of drudgery, but he knows that at last I shall succeed—perhaps in five years, perhaps in less. He pledges his honor to it."

His enthusiasm woke no echo in Clara, for she had frequently passed Mr. Aubrey St. Aldegonde (this was the stout manager's euphonious cognomen), and had always experienced no pleasant sensation from the sight of him. His face, walk and whole manner were peculiarly disagreeable to her.

"But, Harry," she said, pleadingly, "it can't be right for you to take such a step without papa's knowledge, can it?"

"'Circumstances alter cases,'" replied the young man loftily. "Don't you know that is true in law? Your father would never let me break my articles, and I should lose precious time dawdling on in that hateful office. The sooner I go the sooner I can return to claim you; remember that, dearest."

Observant of the change in his tone, Clara ceased to argue. She let him talk on and unfold his hopes (of his exact plans he was reticent) till the market-house clock chimed the quarter to twelve.

"I must start very early in the morning," said Harry, as she rose. "When shall we meet again?"

"When you are famous!" rejoined the girl, her voice low and nervous; and then they parted in lover-like fashion. Harry went to pack his valise and Clara sought her own room. She closed the door with considerable force.

Five minutes later that same door opened and closed again, very softly this time. Wrapped in a perfectly plain waterproof cloak, and with a thick vail twined round her simplest and oldest hat, Clara stole down the stairs and gained the hall. Some heavy drops of Autumn rain came splashing against the glass over the front door. She took one of her father's umbrellas from the stand and quietly let herself out of the house.

It was a model English November night. Fog and rain had it pretty nearly to themselves in Barton market-place. A few oil-lamps glimmered faintly round the circle of quaint houses, like signal-lights that hint at the shore-line of some misty bay. Not a soul was about to speculate why Miss Syndon was hurrying down to the railway-station at that time of night.

Arrived there she put up her vail and went composedly to the telegraph office. The sleepy clerk in charge brightened considerably at sight of the young lady. Was he about to be the medium of arranging an elopement? Alas, no. The telegram ran as follows:

"*Clara Syndon to John Syndon, 18 Haverstock Hill, London, N. W.*

"Come home at once, but do not be alarmed. I am well, but want you. Wire reply."

"Shall I send the answer up, miss?" asked the clerk.

No. Miss Syndon would wait for it. In due time it came:

"By next train."

"By Jove!" mused the clerk, as he watched her out of the office, "old Syndon must be pretty completely under his daughter's thumb to come hopping out of bed in the small hours without a reason given. What's up, I wonder?"

Clara got quietly back home again and into her own room. Once there, she threw herself on the bed, sobbing bitterly. She was dreading lest her lover should discover that his guardian's sudden return was not the result of accident, for she knew how deeply Harry would resent her interference.

"He must not know," thought the poor girl, "and he need not. Of course he will be gone long before papa's train comes in, for he said he must start very early—with that manager, of course! Papa will be here about eleven o'clock. I will meet him at the station and explain things, and he will follow them directly. But then I shall warn him to say nothing about the telegram, and Harry will never think of it himself, for he knows papa's movements are always very uncertain."

Thus she tried to reassure herself, yet without entire success, and that night was the first sleepless one in the little maiden's life. About five o'clock in the gray dismal dawn, she heard the front door close, and going quickly to the window got a good view of the would-be Kean's departing figure, as he trudged briskly away, valise in hand.

At the actor's temporary location Harry found a disappointment awaiting him. The booth stood untouched, the attenuated horses were browsing languidly, and no member of the dramatic corps was visible save Mr. St. Aldegonde himself, who sat tranquilly smoking a cigar, on the second step of his own special house on wheels, and yet an early hour had been fixed for departure. But a few words explained this change of plan, and Harry learnt that last night's crowded house had convinced Mr. St. Aldegonde that Barton would support another "last performance."

* * * * * *

The first train from London got in punctually, bringing within it a somewhat anxious old gentleman, in the person of Mr. Syndon. One of the first objects that met his eyes on the home platform was his own clerk lounging at the book-stall intent on an illustrated paper. Finding his departure delayed for a day, and disdaining to set foot again within the detested office, Harry had strolled down to the station to amuse himself with the *Dramatic News*. In three seconds the lawyer was beside him, eagerly asking an explanation of Clara's extraordinary telegram, while she, poor child, came up at the very same moment.

There was no help for her, she had to explain. Mr. Syndon pooh-poohed the whole scheme, and reminded Harry in no gentle terms of his condition of legal infancy as well as of his obligations as an articled clerk. The conversation took place in the library at home, if conversation it deserved to be called, for Harry said very little; it was his way to be quiet in strong excitement. But Clara noticed the slight tremble of his hands, and the steady, passionate light that burned in his dark eyes. At length the announcement of dinner terminated the lecture, for Mr. Syndon would never discuss unpleasant subjects at meals. Later, he resumed his reasonings, and, as Harry now seemed quite calm and listened respectfully, the old gentleman went to bed that night quite hoarse indeed with so much talking, yet sure that his ward was coming round to reason. But next morning, when the house-maid tapped at Harry's door, she got no answer; he had settled the mooted point by running away, and Mr. Syndon would take no steps to follow him.

"There is no need whatever to make a fuss," he said, decidedly; "the foolish boy will come home again when he has experienced something of the realities of country strolling."

But Spring and Summer came and went, and

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the prediction remained unfulfilled. One frosty Winter's day during the Quarter Sessions, Mr. Syndon sat something too long over his fine old port, hurried down to the magistrate's office nearly on a run, and was brought home in a fit of apoplexy from which he never recovered. And thus it happened that Clara went to live with the Belmonts.

Now Harry had written no word of farewell to his guardian. The only note discovered on his dressing-table was directed to Miss Syndon.

"I never knew before what it is to despise a woman. You have now given me that mental experience. HENRY LUDLOW."

Crude, brutal and inflated as the words were, they had positively scorched poor little Clara as she read. Even now, as she sat in the twilight aboard the *Kentucky*, and watched their writer, they returned again. Thrice, as he approached, her lips parted to speak; then she hesitated, afraid to venture. At last he went below, and the opportunity was lost for ever.

CHAPTER III.

THE much-talked-of Penny Readings never took place. At the hour it was to have begun, the *Kentucky* was staggering over mountainous billows through the very thickest of a storm whose area stretched right across the northern Atlantic. The hatches were, of course, fastened down, and nearly all the frightened passengers clustered in the saloon, where most of the lamps were broken, the piano lay prostrate, and both tables and floor were strewn with fragments of glass—blue, red and white—poor *débris* of the cruets and wine-glasses usually swinging blithely above.

Clara was in the ladies' room with her cousins, trying to soothe Mrs. Belmont and avert hysterics. Charlie looked pale, but was composed, and he noticed a strangely absent manner about Clara. Her thoughts were evidently elsewhere, and, directly his wife grew a little calmer, she dropped her hand, and walked out into the passage, straight towards the stairs leading up on deck. Just as she reached them the purser rushed down.

"On deck all of you. To the boats!"

"Clara!" shouted Belmont, as she vanished up the steps. "Clara, keep with us!"

But the girl was gone, and his wife's hysterical cries and clinging arms reminded him of a nearer claim.

How Clara crossed the rolling deck in the gray stormy twilight it would be difficult to tell. But it was done, and quickly too. Several of the boats had been washed away; the rest were being launched, each one watched by an eager crowd. At the steerage end no efforts of the officers could preserve entire order. In each group the strongest stood foremost, and Clara found the object of her search quite to the back of one of them.

"Harry!"

The actor looked up with a cry; then each was clasped to the other's heart.

"Have you forgiven me?" she whispered presently, when the convulsive tightness of his grasp relaxed.

"Forgiven? your dear little stratagem? Oh, Clara, *Clara!* if it could have been successful! But how come you here, darling girl? Am I to see you die, too?"

His voice was feebler than of old, but to Clara just as musical.

"Nothing of the sort," she answered cheerily, raising her head from his shoulder and actually smiling into his eyes. "This line of steamers is generously provided with boats, and I am sure there are enough left to hold us all."

Then her face saddened, and the golden head went down again.

"Harry, if you should be saved without me, will you give up the stage and do something better with your life?"

"I never *shall* be saved without you; do you think I will lose you again?"

By this time the boat was got fairly afloat.

"The women first!" shouted an old sailor.

Clara separated herself from her lover and moved to the other side of a huge cask. Clinging to this, she stood with eyes fastened on the boat. She was trying to calculate its capacity—no easy task in the thick-coming darkness.

"Now, miss!" and a seaman's hand was laid on her shoulder. She looked up imploringly into its owner's weather-beaten face.

"Is there room for all?"

The sailor shook his head doubtfully.

"Then I will wait."

"No time to argify," said the man, shortly, and turned to another woman.

As he turned, Clara sank on her knees behind the cask; and Harry, confused by the dim light and crowding figures, thought she had been passed overboard. The boat filled rapidly; women, children, then a rush of men. The poor actor was hustled back, and at last stood apparently alone on the deck. The boat seemed full.

"Room for one more!"

He leaped in; the heavily laden boat moved off, being, as it happened, the last in getting clear; and Clara, still kneeling, hid her face that she might not see the water, and thanked God that her second stratagem had been successful.

Queen Victoria.

THE Queen of England has a very nice dairy farm, which is thus described by one who has examined it. It is a mile from Windsor Castle: The dairy is a beautiful cottage, with a marble-paved and frescoed vestibule. The interior is a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly-carved capitals. The floors are of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with hawthorn-blossoms, dahlias, buttercups and primroses. The floors are lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort, and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the royal family and bas-reliefs of agricultural designs, representing the seasons, complete the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All around the walls runs a marble table, and through the centre two long ones, supported by marble posts, resting on basins, through which runs a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the slabs of tables are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white-and-gilt china milk and butter dishes, resting on the tables, are never placed in water. The delicious milk is brought into the room in bright metal buckets, lined with porcelain, the Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter is made, milk skimmed and strained, the eyes may be feasted on the rows of metallic, porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family, even as far as Scotland, or wherever they may chance to be, so they always have good milk and butter. The churn is of metal also, lined with porcelain, and made into two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder can have warm or cold water poured in to regulate the temperature. The lid is screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole is turned makes the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked, and as many more are out grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners growl that the overplus is sold, and the money pocketed by their money-making sovereign.

German Books.

THE official list of German books published during last year has just been issued by the Leipsic Booksellers' Association. The total number of novelties, together with new editions, was 13,912, against 13,925 in the preceding year. In 1868 the number began to exceed 10,000, and since then there has been a steady increase. The class entitled "pedagogic works" stands first. Of these there were in 1878 no fewer than 1,775. Second come law, politics, statistics and social questions, with 1,319. These are followed by theology, with 1,246; *belles lettres*, with 1,181; chemistry and pharmacy, with 793; medicine and veterinary surgery, with 789; popular publications and calendars, with 715; history, biography, memoirs, with 699; art, with 571; trade and industrial subjects, with 577; and classical and Oriental languages, with 500. Among the remaining categories, philosophy figures with 164.

Chinese Schools.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper says: "A remarkable example of the eccentricity of the Chinese turn of mind is noticeable in their schools, where, instead of silence being inculcated, as might naturally be considered so essential, every child is expected to bawl out the lesson that he is committing to memory at the top of his voice; and the babel which is the result may be more easily imagined than described. When a Chinese boy goes up to repeat his lesson, he does not stand facing his tutor, but turns his back upon him, and hence repeating a lesson goes by the familiar name of "backing" it. This method of recitation has an excellent effect in keeping the boy on the *qui vive* to avoid mistakes, for no sooner does he commit one than he is called to recollection by a smart tap on the closely shaven pate, from the metal of the long tobacco-pipe which every pedagogue carries about him."

The Paris Periodical Press.

ACCORDING to the catalogue published by the firm Brunox (Déffis), 1,190 daily, weekly and other periodical journals are published at Paris. Of these journals 71 are religious, 104 legal and administrative, 153 commercial and financial, 23 geographical and historical, 139 of light literature, 31 generally amusing, 90 literary, philological and biographical, 15 of fine arts, 1 photographical, 8 architectural, 15 musical, 17 theatrical, 7 of the fashions (3 of them devoted to hair-dressing), 134 technological and industrial, 50 medical, 48 scientific, 29 military and naval, 38 agricultural, 23 sporting, and 27 journals of various sorts. The number of daily political journals is 49, and that of political reviews 14. Eleven periodical publications appeared last year in connection with the Exhibition.

A Horse Census.

THE *Débats* has recently given statistics respecting the number of horses possessed by different countries. Throughout the whole of the Turkish dominions there are estimated to be only 1,000,000 horses, while the Russian provinces are credited with the possession of no less than 21,570,000. Austro-Hungary has a total of about 3,500,000, and Germany 3,352,000. France, which had considerably more than 3,000,000 a few years ago, is returned now with rather less than that number, and the United Kingdom stands only fourth on the list with 2,255,000. Amongst the American powers the United States heads the list with 9,500,000 and Canada surpasses the Mother Country by 70,000 or thereabouts. The Argentine Republic is credited with no less than 4,000,000, and Uruguay with 1,600,000.

Poor Carlotta's New Home.

SOME interesting historical recollections are associated with the château of Bouchout, near Grimberghe, lately purchased from Count de Beaufort by the King of the Belgians as a residence for the unhappy Empress Charlotte. Bouknote, as it should be pronounced, dates from the twelfth century. At that time it was a castle, strongly fortified by the Dukes de Brabant to defend themselves against the Counts of Grimberghe. About 1336, Count Louis de Male, who had difficulties not only with the English, but with the French, took refuge there. Recently the remnants of arrows and lances have been found on the estate, and they probably date from that period. Later, the castle was occupied by Everard de la Mark, brother of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, from whose hands it passed to the family of Aremberg. In 1590 the Hautevilles bought it, and the Beauforts, who have just sold it to King Leopold, have only owned it since 1830. It was formerly a very strong fortress, surrounded by five moats, which protected each other, and were crossed by a bridge of extraordinary length. In 1660 the castle was still a large square, flanked by five towers; but the latter, with the moats, have now disappeared. The most ancient part of the structure is the donjon, which dates from the twelfth century. It is three stories in height, each being occupied by only one apartment. The adjacent wing was constructed to harmonize with the rest of the building. The interior is a veritable museum, which will remain in its present state. In the dining room the chimney-piece, which is very large, is surmounted by statues of Godfrey of Bouillon, Philip the Good, the Duke of Burgundy, and Godfrey the Bearded, who is supposed to have founded the manor. Near the principal drawing-room is a small chapel dedicated to St. George. The stained-glass windows represent the Dukes of Burgundy, the Emperor Maximilian I., Charles V., Philip II., Albert and Isabella. The park contains over 300 acres. The works to prepare the château to receive the Princess are being pushed forward rapidly, and she will take up her residence there immediately after the return of the King and Queen from England.

Marriage in Great Britain.

ONE of the curious facts which come out in the British marriage returns for a period of years is the gradual decrease in the proportion of marriages solemnized according to the rites of the Established Church, while at the same time the proportion of civil marriages is steadily increasing. In 1861 the number of the former marriages formed almost 80 per cent. of the whole; in 1868 the proportion was 76.8 per cent.; and in 1876, 73.7 per cent. On the other hand, the number of civil marriages at the offices of Superintendent-Registrars in 1861 was 7.16 per cent. of the total number; in 1868 just 9 per cent.; while in 1876 the proportion had increased to 10.7 per cent. The total number of marriages not solemnized by the Established Church also shows an increase—the proportion to the total number in the years 1861, 1868 and 1876, being 20.1, 22.1 and 24.2 per cent. respectively.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon was opened with a ten days' festival, beginning on Wednesday, April 23d. This edifice is the first instalment of the work done by the "Shakespeare Memorial Association," issuing from the Tercentenary Festival of 1864. The theatre is built on the most approved plans of the present day. There is yet to be added a gallery where art may lend its aid to illustrate and embody Shakespearean ideas, thoughts and expressions. It is hoped that the Memorial will form the nucleus of a Shakespearean activity which shall, by lectures, anniversary and other performances, essay prizes, and other means, encourage the true exposition of Shakespeare's dramas; and that it may aid generally in restoring a brightened national drama to its old position as a valued moral educator of the people. A school of acting and a beneficiary fund for the acting profession are supplementary proposals for the future. It may be remarked that the estimated first cost of these Memorial Buildings is £20,000. Of this, £12,000 is already in hand; more is promised; and Mr. Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon, who has already done so much in furtherance of the undertaking, now makes the generous offer of subscribing £1,500 for every £1,000 the public subscribe, until the requisite £20,000 is all in hand.

Sketches of the Zulu War.

The Zulu and his shield appear to be inseparable. He uses it to convey his firearms, weapons of war and spare clothing when crossing water, and as a protection against the sun or a storm. In attacking order it plays a prominent part, being borne on one arm so as to cover the vital parts of the body, while the other holds the deadly weapons. With the tufts of light-colored hair dangling from below the knee and the large ones hung about the neck, a column massed either for offensive or defensive movements on an open tract presents a very singular appearance. As recent events show, the Zulus carry on their aggressive measures in strong columns, evidently believing that success depends greatly upon surprise and overwhelming numbers. Dr. Glanville, who furnished the sketch of the Camp Bazaar, writes that while the troops were at a standstill waiting for reinforcements, the market became a familiar sight. Every morning troops of Caffre women came into the camps from the neighboring kraals, bringing with them milk, mast (milk curded in a calabash), sugar-cake, pumpkins, melons and other vegetables. The business is conducted in a most orderly manner, the saleswomen occupying the centre of an inclosure, while the buyers take their places outside. The merchandise is then disposed of according to a fixed tariff laid down by order. "Practicing for the Zulus" is an incident that occurred on the steamer *Pretoria* during the passage of that troopship round from Capetown to Durban with the Ninety-first Highlanders, named after the Princess Louise, on board. Both officers and men amused themselves by firing into the numerous flocks of seafowl that crossed the path of the steamer.

Unveiling the Cook Statue at Sydney.

The statue of Captain Cook, at Sydney, New South Wales, was unveiled in the presence of an assemblage of troops, sailors, public functionaries and citizens, estimated as numbering nearly 100,000. Music was furnished by the band of H. M. S. Wolverine. Seven war-vessels in the harbor contributed a force of some 500 sailors and marines. A lengthy procession was made up, representing all manner of national, civic and social organizations. Hyde Park, Cook Park, and all the approaches, were densely packed. A space of three acres was inclosed for the occasion, the boundary line being marked by seventy staffs, from which all the national ensigns were flying. Sir Hercules Robinson made a suitable address, and then the British flag which enveloped the statue was drawn aside by a party of two seamen from the Naval Brigade, two Royal Marines, and two seamen of the Royal Navy.

Decorating a Native Afghan Soldier for Gallantry.

The town of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, located eighty-nine miles northeast of Candahar, on the road to Cabul, was occupied by the British on the 20th of February last. It has great natural strength, and enables the British to control the frontiers of a powerful confederacy. Shortly after the occupation General Donald Stewart had the regular and native troops mustered, and in their presence invested Mattadeen Dorbar, Subadar-Major of the Twelfth Khelat-i-Ghilzais, with the Order of British India, first-class, as a reward of distinguished gallantry. This officer had previously been honored with a number of decorations for valor.

New Law Courts at Sydney, N.S.W.

The new palace for the abode of the law, to be built on King Street, overlooking Hyde Park, the Domain and the harbor at Sydney, New South Wales, will be upwards of 560 feet long, 270 feet wide, 70 feet high, rising in the centre to 100 feet. Accommodations will be furnished for six courts, viz.: Banco, Jury, Equity, Divorce, Insolvency and District Courts; a law library and chamber, with all the conveniences for judges, barristers, jurors, witnesses, etc., together with the retiring and refreshment rooms, offices for the Minister of Justice and Public Instruction, Attorney-General and law officers, as well as the Department of Education. Roman architecture is the style chosen. This plan was prepared fourteen years ago, but ministerial changes and other causes have led to the delay, till now, when great prosperity and general activity have stimulated the Government to take steps to begin the much needed work.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE colored Baptists of Atlanta are organizing a seminary.

—THE Paris Opera now, including rent, costs the country altogether $800,000 a year.

—A FIRST-CLASS club, the Parthenon, is to be started in London, in which no liquors will be allowed.

—WORK has been resumed on Strasburg Cathedral and the restoration may be completed this year.

—THE tramps are fleeing Texas, having got the idea that a Bill to put them to work had passed the State Legislature.

—THE Emperor Francis Joseph has celebrated his silver wedding by granting forty stipends of $197 each for students of the Austrian Universities.

—A BILL making women eligible to the offices of Superintendent of Schools and School Inspector has been passed by the Michigan House of Representatives.

—GERMAN agriculturists are getting up a petition, praying their Government to absolutely prohibit the importation of American cattle, from fear of contagion.

—THE scaffolding that has remained for fifty-six years around the tower of Rouen Cathedral, in France, was removed a few days ago, the lantern having at length been completely restored.

—THE wages of male and female teachers come nearer to being equal in Colorado than in any other State in the Union. Men average $69.90 per month pay, women $46.95, less than $3 difference.

—AN official report to the Persian Government of the earthquake at Miandi on the 22d of March, says that twenty-one villages were totally destroyed, and 922 persons, 2,600 sheep, 1,125 oxen, 124 horses and 55 camels were killed.

—THE Stone estate at Malden has offered Andover Theological Seminary $100,000 and Phillips Academy $25,000, provided that $45,000 is raised from other sources, and the friends of the institutions are trying to raise the money.

—ACCORDING to the St. Petersburg *Golos*, the Russian Government will hereafter compel the proprietors of all factories to provide free hospitals and medical attendance for those of their employés who contract disease or suffer injuries in the factories.

—CARDINAL-ELECT NEWMAN reached Rome in safety, but in feebleness so great that the Pope, in thoughtful consideration of his age and weakness, forbade him from fulfilling immediately the customary formality of a visit to the Vatican, saying that he should not expect to see him there for some days.

—THE Mikado of Japan, who has reduced his own expenses, lately entertained his Ministers at dinner, and seized the occasion to reprehend their luxury and extravagance. The Prime Minister has, in consequence, issued an order enjoining strict economy in departments, and stopping further expenditure on public works.

—AN ancient burial crypt under New Haven's old Centre Church has been rejoined and will soon be opened for inspection. In it there are one hundred and seventy skins and thirteen tablets, one bearing the date 1687, while others have the names of Mrs. Rebecca Hayes, President Hayes's great-great-grandmother, and Margarette, Benedict Arnold's beautiful first wife.

—THE new monument to Edward Everett at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston, is composed of red polished granite from the Bay of Fundy. The shape is modeled on that of an ancient altar. A Greek fret is incised around the base. The frieze is of white marble, ornamented with classical festoons, while in the faces panels of white marble are inserted, bearing the inscriptions.

—A BRITISH cavalryman suggests that the art of swimming on horseback be regularly practiced, whenever possible, by the British cavalry, and urges as a reason the recent loss of an entire squadron of the Tenth Hussars while attempting to ford the River Cabul. He mentions that last Summer he saw a French cavalry regiment practice "mounted swimming" in the Seine. If either men or horses exhibited signs of nervousness the practice was repeated until confidence had been obtained.

—TOBACCO is largely cultivated in Russia, and the seed used on the plantations is from the United States and from Turkey. According to the official report for the year 1877, there were raised in twelve southern provinces about 3,000,000 poods (or 120,000,000 pounds); in Caucasus, 75,000 poods (or 3,000,000 pounds); and in Siberia 27,000 poods (1,080,000 pounds); or, altogether, about 3,102,000 poods. At the rate of two roubles per pood, the revenue from tobacco is over $6,000,000 a year. All the Russian tobacco is consumed by Russians.

—THE Permanent Exposition building at Cincinnati, for which contracts have just been given out, according to description, will be a substantial and ample building of brick and stone. It is anticipated that it will be so far finished as to be ready for the reception of goods by the 20th of August next, and opened to the public on the 10th of September. The new structure, it is understood, will be used for the holding of annual exhibitions of American manufactures on the general plan of the very successful competitive displays that have been held there for a number of years.

—LONDON is spread over about 7,000 square miles. There is one death there every six minutes, and one birth every four. The growth of the population is at the rate of 75,000 a year, or 205 each day. The total length of streets in London is about 7,000 miles; there are built every year about 9,000 new houses, by which the length of the streets is increased by twenty-eight miles. In the jails there is an average of 75,000 prisoners. The foreign-born residents of London number about 100,000, but thirty-seven per cent. of the whole population were born out of the city.

—MR. WITT, the Swedish missionary, speaks highly of the Zulus, and says that they are brave, generous and hospitable. They believe in the transmigration of souls after death into the bodies of serpents. Consequently every family has its pet serpent, and if this reptile goes away or dies, the circumstance is regarded as a presage of ill, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Mr. Witt regards the Zulu hostility as the outgrowth of misconduct on the part of the European settlers, but says that now that they have begun fighting they will, so long, at least, as the present king lives, fight to the death.

—THE recent arrest and detention of Captain R. B. Wilber, of the schooner *Fellow Pine*, by the Government authorities of Nassau, on a charge of smuggling, is to be investigated by Secretary Evarts. The offense of the captain consisted in selling about one hundred pounds of butter, prepared by a new process, to Nassau merchants. The purchasers entered the butter at the Custom House, the duty was paid, and yet Captain Wilber was arrested on a charge of smuggling, his crew were put under restraint, and he was fined $500. Great indignation was caused among the Americans at Nassau by the arbitrary proceedings of the customs authorities.

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THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MINES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—EMIGRANTS CLIMBING THE PERILOUS AND DIFFICULT CORDUROY ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAINS, 13,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL, INTO LEADVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

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AMONG THE LILIES.

DEEP in the heart of the wood's green shade
Sunbeams quiver, as half-afraid;
And south wind, whispering low through the trees,
Wooes the lilies to perfume the breeze.
Odorous lilies! Like fays afloat,
Each in her own broad leafy boat,
That sways and swings as the wavelets flow—
Swings and sways as the soft winds blow—
White and cool!—white and cool!
Pond-lilies float on the silent pool.

The timid rabbit comes here to drink,
And rest a while at the water's brink;
Save by the note of some sweet wild bird,
Scarce is the silvern silence stirred.
The nightingale calls to his tender mate—
The moon shines down on the lilies' state.
Proud queen lilies! The fair white flowers!
What is it they watch through the lonely hours?
Cold and white!—cold and white!
Floating, so still, on the waves to-night!

They watch a form that has gone to its rest,
And lies asleep on the pond's dark breast.
Frantic with shame and despair, Love's fool
Has found her grave in the silent pool,
And swings and sways as the waters flow—
Sways and swings as the sad winds blow—
Oh, maid too frail! Oh, maid too fond!
Oh, strange white lily afloat on the pond!
Swift and free!—swift and free!
Both pond and river roll down to the sea.

Kissing thine eyes in their last long sleep,
Sweet pond-lilies thy secret keep;
Clustering close round thy cold, dead face,
Kind pond-lilies thy form embrace.
Tangled with lilies thy golden hair,
White as the lilies thy features fair.
Purer now than e'en lilies can be,
Float out with the lilies to river and sea.
Float out! oh, thou lily-blossom of pain,
Where none but the angels shall find thee again.

CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AMELIUS left Mrs. Farnaby troubled by emotions of confusion and alarm, which he was the last man living to endure patiently. Her extraordinary story of the discovered daughter, the still more startling assertion of her resolution to leave the house—the absence of any plain explanation, the burden of secrecy imposed on him—all combined together to irritate his sensitive nerves. "I hate mysteries," he thought; "and ever since I landed in England I seem fated to be mixed up in them. Does she really mean to leave her husband and her niece? What will Farnaby do? What will become of Regina?"

To think of Regina was to think of the new repulse of which he had been made the subject. Again he had appealed to her love for him, and again she had refused to marry him at his own time.

He was especially perplexed and angry when he reflected on the unassailably strong influence which her uncle appeared to have over her. All Regina's sympathy was with Mr. Farnaby and his troubles. Amelius might have understood her a little better if she had told him what had passed between her uncle and herself on the night of Mr. Farnaby's return, in a state of indignation, from the lecture. In terror of the engagement being broken off, she had been forced to confess that she was too fond of Amelius to prevail on herself to part with him. If he attempted a second exposition of his Socialist principles on the platform, she owned that it might be impossible to receive him again as a suitor. But she pleaded hard for the granting of a pardon to the first offense, in the interests of her own tranquillity, if not in mercy to Amelius. Mr. Farnaby (already troubled by his commercial anxieties) had listened more amiably, and also more absently, than usual, and had granted her petition with the ready indulgence of a preoccupied man. It had been decided between them that the offense of the lecture should be passed over in discreet silence. Regina's gratitude for this concession inspired her sympathy with her uncle in his present state of suspense. She had been sorely tempted to tell Amelius what had happened. But the natural reserve of her character—fortified, in this instance, by the defensive pride which makes women unwilling (before marriage) to confess their weakness unreservedly to the man who has inspired it—had sealed her lips. "When he is a little less violent and a little more humble," she thought, "perhaps I may tell him."

So it fell out that Amelius took his way through the streets, a mystified and an angry man.

Arrived in sight of the hotel, he stopped and looked about him.

It was impossible to disguise from himself that a lurking sense of regret was making itself felt, in his present frame of mind, when he thought of Simple Sally. In all probability he would have quarreled with any man who had accused him of actually lamenting the girl's absence and wanting her back again. He happened to recollect her artless blue eyes, with their vague, patient look, and her quaint childish questions, put so openly in so sweet a voice—and that was all. Was there anything reprehensible, if you please, in an act of remembrance? Comforting himself with these considerations, he moved on again a step or two—and stopped once more. In his present humor he shrank from facing Rufus. The American read him like a book; the American would ask irritating questions. He turned his back on the hotel, and looked at his watch. As he took it out his finger and thumb touched something else in his waistcoat pocket. It was the card that Regina had given to him—the card of the cottage to let. He had nothing to do and nowhere to go. Why not look at the cottage? If it proved to be not worth seeing, the Zoological Gardens were in the neighborhood—and there are periods in a man's life when he finds the society that walks on four feet a welcome relief from the society that walks on two.

It was a fairly fine day. He turned northward towards the Regent's Park.

The cottage was in a by-road just outside the Park—a cottage in the strictest sense of the word. A sitting-room, a library and a bedroom—all of small proportions—and, under them, a kitchen and two more rooms, represented the whole of the little dwelling from top to bottom. It was simply and prettily furnished; and it was completely surrounded by its own tiny plot of garden-ground. The library especially was a perfect little retreat, looking out on the back garden, peaceful and shady, and adorned with bookcases of old carved oak.

Amelius had scarcely looked round the room before his inflammable brain was on fire with a new idea. Other idle men in trouble had found the solace and the occupation of their lives in books. Why should he not be one of them? Why not plunge into study in this delightful retirement—and perhaps, one day, astonish Regina and Mr. Farnaby by bursting on the world as the writer of a famous book? Exactly as Amelius, two days since, had seen himself in the future, a public lecturer in receipt of glorious fees—so he now saw himself the celebrated scholar and writer of a new era to come. The woman who showed the cottage happened to mention that a gentleman had already looked over it that morning, and had seemed to like it. Amelius instantly gave her a shilling, and said, "I take it on the spot." The wondering woman referred him to the house-agent's address, and kept at a safe distance from the excitable stranger as she let him out. In less than another hour Amelius had taken the cottage and had returned to the hotel with a new interest in life and a new surprise for Rufus.

As usual, in cases of emergency, the American wasted no time in talking. He went out at once to see the cottage and to make his own inquiries of the agent. The result amply proved that Amelius had not been imposed upon. If he repented of his bargain the gentleman who had first seen the cottage was ready to take it off his hands at a moment's notice.

Going back to the hotel, Rufus found Amelius resolute to move into his new abode and eager for the coming life of study and retirement. Knowing perfectly well beforehand how this latter project would end, the American tried the efficacy of a little worldly temptation. He had arranged, he said, "to have a good time of it in Paris," and he proposed that Amelius should be his companion. The suggestion produced not the slightest effect. Amelius talked as if he was a confirmed recluse, in the decline of life. "Thank you," he said, with the most amazing gravity; "I prefer the company of my books and the seclusion of my library." This declaration was followed by more selling-out of money in the Funds, and by a visit to a bookseller, which left a handsome pecuniary result inscribed on the right side of the ledger.

On the next day Amelius presented himself towards two o'clock at Mr. Farnaby's house. He was not so selfishly absorbed in his own projects as to forget Mrs. Farnaby. On the contrary he was honestly anxious for news of her.

A certain middle-aged man of business has been briefly referred to, in these pages, as one of Regina's faithful admirers, patiently submitting to the triumph of his favored young rival. This gentleman, issuing from his carriage with his card case ready in his hand, met Amelius at the door, with a face which announced plainly that a catastrophe had happened. "You have heard the sad news, no doubt?" he said, in a rich bass voice, attuned to sadly-courteous tones. The servant opened the door before Amelius could answer. After a contest of politeness, the middle-aged gentleman consented to make his inquiries first. "How is Mr. Farnaby? No better? And Miss Regina? Very poorly, eh? Dear, dear me! Say I called, if you please." He handed in two cards, with a severe enjoyment of the melancholy occasion and the rich bass sounds of his own voice. "Very sad, is it not?" he said, addressing his youthful rival with an air of paternal indulgence. "Good-morning." He bowed with melancholy grace, and got into his carriage.

Amelius looked after the prosperous merchant, as the prancing horses drew him away. "After all," he thought, bitterly, "she might be happier with that rich prig than she could be with me." He stepped into the hall, and spoke to the servant. The man had his message ready. Miss Regina would see Mr. Goldenheart, if he would be so good as to wait in the dining-room.

Regina appeared, pale and scared, her eyes inflamed with weeping. "Oh, Amelius, can you tell me what this dreadful misfortune means? Why has she left us? When she sent for you yesterday, what did she say?"

In his position, Amelius could make but one answer. "Your aunt said she thought of going away. But," he added, with perfect truth, "she refused to tell me why, or where, she was going. I am quite as much at a loss to understand her as you are. What does your uncle propose to do?"

Mr. Farnaby's conduct, as described by Regina, thickened the mystery—he proposed to do nothing.

He had been found on the hearth-rug in his dressing-room, having apparently been seized with a fit, in the act of burning some paper. The ashes were discovered close by him, just inside the fender. On his recovery, his first anxiety was to know if a letter had been burnt. Satisfied on this point, he had ordered the servants to assemble round his bed, and had peremptorily forbidden them to open the door to their mistress, if she ever returned at any future time to the house. Regina's questions and remonstrances, when she was left alone with him, were answered, once for all, in these pitiless terms: "If you wish to deserve the fatherly interest that I take in you, do as I do—forget that such a person as your aunt ever existed. We shall quarrel if you ever mention her name in my hearing again." This said, he had instantly changed the subject, instructing Regina to write an excuse to "Mr. Melton" (otherwise the middle-aged rival), with whom he had been engaged to dine that evening. Relating this latter event, Regina's ever-ready gratitude overflowed in the direction of Mr. Melton. "He was so kind! he left his guests in the evening, and came and sat with my uncle for nearly an hour." Amelius made no remark on this; he led the conversation back to the subject of Mrs. Farnaby. "She once spoke to me of her lawyers," he said. "Do *they* know nothing about her?"

The answer to this question showed that the sternly-final decision of Mr. Farnaby was matched by equal resolution on the part of his wife.

One of the partners in the legal firm had called that morning, to see Regina on a matter of business. Mrs. Farnaby had appeared at the office on the previous day, and had briefly expressed her wish to make a small annual provision for her niece, in case of future need. Declining to enter into any explanation, she had waited until the necessary document had been drawn out; had requested that Regina might be informed of the circumstance; and had then taken her departure in absolute silence. Hearing that she had left her husband, the lawyer (like every one else) was completely at a loss to understand what it meant.

"And what does the doctor say?" Amelius asked next.

"My uncle is to be kept perfectly quiet," Regina answered; "and is not to return to business for some time to come. Mr. Melton, with his usual kindness, has undertaken to look after his affairs for him. Otherwise, my uncle, in his present state of anxiety about the bank, would never have consented to obey the doctor's orders. When he can safely travel, he is recommended to go abroad for the Winter, and get well again in some warmer climate. He refuses to leave his business—and the doctor refuses to take the responsibility. There is to be a consultation of physicians to-morrow. Oh, Amelius, I was really fond of my aunt—I am heart-broken at this dreadful change!"

There was a momentary silence. If Mr. Melton had been present, he would have said a few neatly sympathetic words. Amelius knew no more than a savage of the art of conventional consolation. Tadmor had made him familiar with the social and political questions of the time, and had taught him to speak in public. But Tadmor, rich in books and newspapers, was a powerless training institution in the matter of small talk.

"Suppose Mr. Farnaby is obliged to go abroad," he suggested, after waiting a little, "what will you do?"

Regina looked at him with an air of melancholy surprise. "I shall do my duty, of course," she answered, gravely. "I shall accompany my dear uncle if he wishes it." She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. "It is time he took his medicine," she resumed; "you will excuse me, I am sure." She shook hands, not very warmly, and hastened out of the room.

Amelius left the house with a conviction which disheartened him—the conviction that he had never understood Regina, and that he was not likely to understand her in the future. He turned for relief to the consideration of Mr. Farnaby's strange conduct, under the domestic disaster which had befallen him.

Recalling what he had observed for himself, and what he had heard from Mrs. Farnaby when she had first taken him into her confidence, he inferred that the subject of the lost child had not only been a subject of estrangement between the husband and wife, but that the husband was, in some way, the person blamable for it. Assuming this theory to be the right one, there would be serious obstacles to the meeting of mother and child in the mother's home. The departure of Mrs. Farnaby was, in that case, no longer unintelligible, and Mr. Farnaby's otherwise inexplicable conduct had the light of a motive thrown on it, which might not unnaturally influence a hard-hearted man weary alike of his wife and his wife's troubles. Arriving at this conclusion by a far shorter process than is here indicated, Amelius pursued the subject no further. At the time when he had first visited the Farnabys, Rufus had advised him to withdraw from closer intercourse with them, while he had the chance. In his present mood, he was almost in danger of acknowledging to himself that Rufus had proved to be right.

He lunched with his American friend at the hotel. Before the meal was over, Mrs. Payson called, to say a few cheering words about Sally.

It was not to be denied that the girl remained persistently silent and reserved. In other respects the report was highly favorable. She was obedient to the rules of the house; she was always ready with any little services that she could render to her companions; and she was so eager to improve herself, by means of her reading-lessons and writing-lessons, that it was not easy to induce her to lay aside her book and her slate. When the teacher offered her some small reward for her good conduct, and asked her what she would like, the sad little face brightened, and the faithful creature's answer was always the same. "I should like to know what he is doing now." (Alas for Sally—"he" meant Amelius!)

"You must wait a little longer before you write to her," Mrs. Payson concluded; "and you must not think of seeing her for some time to come. I know you will help us by consenting to this—for Sally's sake."

Amelius bowed in silence. He would not have confessed what he felt, at that moment, to any living soul—it is doubtful if he even confessed it to himself. Mrs. Payson, observing him with a woman's keen sympathy, relented a little. "I might give her a message," the good lady suggested—"just to say you are glad to hear she is behaving so well."

"Will you give her this?" Amelius asked.

He took from his pocket a little photograph of the cottage, which he had noticed on the house-agent's desk, and had taken away with him. "It is my cottage now," he explained, in tones that faltered a little; "I am going to live there; Sally might like to see it."

"Sally *shall* see it," Mrs. Payson agreed—"if you will only let me take this away first?" She pointed to the address of the cottage, printed under the photograph. Past experience in the Home made her reluctant to trust Sally with the address in London at which Amelius was to be found.

Rufus produced a huge complex knife, out of the depth of which a pair of scissors burst on touching a spring. Mrs. Payson cut off the address, and placed the photograph in her pocket-book. "Now," she said, "Sally will be happy, and no harm can come of it."

"I've known you, ma'am, nigh on twenty years," Rufus remarked. "I do assure you that's the first rash observation I ever heard from your lips."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO days later, Amelius moved into his cottage. He had provided himself with a new servant, as easily as he had provided himself with a new abode. A foreign waiter at the hotel—a gray-haired Frenchman of the old school, reputed to be the most ill-tempered servant in the house—had felt the genial influence of Amelius with the receptive readiness of his race. Here was a young Englishman, who spoke to him as easily and pleasantly as if he was speaking to a friend—who heard him relate his little grievances, and never took advantage of that circumstance, to turn him into ridicule—who said kindly, "I hope you don't mind my calling you by your nickname," when he ventured to explain that his Christian name was "Théophile," and that his English fellow-servants had facetiously altered and shortened it to "Toff," to suit their insular convenience. "For the first time, sir," he had hastened to add, "I feel it an honor to be Toff, when you speak to me." Asking everybody whom he met if they could recommend a servant to him, Amelius had put the question, when Toff came in one morning with the hot water. The old Frenchman made a low bow, expressive of devotion. "I know of but one man, sir, whom I can safely recommend," he said. "Take me." Amelius was delighted; he had only one objection to make. "I don't want to keep two servants," he said, while Toff was helping him on with his dressing-gown. "Why should you keep two servants, sir?" the Frenchman inquired. Amelius answered, "I can't ask you to make the beds." "Why not?" said Toff—and made the bed, then and there, in five minutes. He ran out of the room, and came back with one of the chambermaid's brooms. "Judge for yourself, sir—can I sweep a carpet?" He placed a chair for Amelius. "Permit me to save you the trouble of shaving yourself. Are you satisfied? Very good. I am equally capable of cutting your hair, and attending to your corns (if you suffer, sir, from that inconvenience). Will you allow me to propose something which you have not yet had for your breakfast?" In half an hour or more, he brought in the new dish. "Œufs à la Tripe. An elementary specimen, sir, of what I can do for you as a cook. Be pleased to taste it." Amelius eat it all up on the spot; and Toff applied the moral, with the neatest choice of language. "Thank you, sir, for a gratifying expression of approval. One more specimen of my poor capabilities, and I have done. It is barely possible—God forbid!—that you may fall ill. Honor me by reading that document." He handed a written paper to Amelius, dated some years since in Paris, and signed in an English name. "I testify with gratitude and pleasure that Théophile Leblond has nursed me through a long illness, with an intelligence and devotion which I cannot too highly praise." "May you never employ me, sir, in that capacity," said Toff. "I have only to add that I am not so old as I look, and that my political opinions have changed, in later life, from red-republican to moderate liberal. I also confess, if necessary, that I still have an ardent admiration for the fair sex." He laid his hand on his heart, and waited to be engaged.

So the household at the cottage was modestly limited to Amelius and Toff.

Rufus remained for another week in London, to watch the new experiment. He had made careful inquiries into the Frenchman's character, and had found that the complaints of his temper really amounted to this—that "he gave himself the airs of a gentleman, and didn't understand a joke." On the questions of honesty and sobriety, the testimony of the proprietor of the hotel left Rufus nothing to desire. Greatly to his surprise, Amelius showed no disposition to grow weary of his quiet life, or to take refuge in perilous amusements from the sober society of his books. He was regular in his inquiries at Mr. Farnaby's house; he took long walks by himself; he never mentioned Sally's name; he lost his interest in going to the theatre, and he never appeared in the smoking-room of the club. Some men, observing the remarkable change which had passed over his excitable temperament, would have hailed it as a good sign for the future. The New Englander looked below the surface, and was not so easily deceived. "My bright boy's soul is discouraged and cast down," was the conclusion that he drew. "There's darkness in him where there once was light—and,

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what's worse than all, he caves in, and keeps it to himself." After vainly trying to induce Amelius to open his heart, Rufus at last went to Paris, with a mind that was ill at ease.

On the day of the American's departure the march of events was resumed, and the unnaturally quiet life of Amelius began to be disturbed again.

Making his customary inquiries in the forenoon at Mr. Farnaby's door, he found the household in a state of agitation. A second council of physicians had been held in consequence of the appearance of some alarming symptoms in the case of the patient. On this occasion the medical men told him plainly that he would sacrifice his life to his obstinacy if he persisted in remaining in London and returning to his business. By good fortune the affairs of the bank had greatly benefited, through the powerful interposition of Mr. Melton. With these improved prospects Mr. Farnaby submitted to the doctors' advice. He was to start on the first stage of his journey the next morning, and, at his own earnest desire, Regina was to go with him. "I hate strangers and foreigners, and I don't like being alone. If you don't go with me I shall stay where I am—and die." So Mr. Farnaby put it to his adopted daughter, in his rasping voice and with his hard frown.

"I am grieved, dear Amelius, to go away from you," Regina said; "but what can I do? It would have been so nice if you could have gone with us. I did hint something of the sort, but——"

Her downcast face finished the sentence. Amelius felt the bare idea of being Mr. Farnaby's traveling-companion make his blood run cold; and Mr. Farnaby, on his side, reciprocated the sentiment. "I will write constantly, dear," Regina resumed; "and you will write back, won't you? Say you love me, and promise to come to-morrow morning, before we go."

She kissed him affectionately—and, the instant after, checked the responsive outburst of tenderness in Amelius by that utter want of tact which (in spite of the popular delusion to the contrary) is so much more common in women than in men. "My uncle is so particular about packing his linen," she said, "nobody can please him but me; I must ask you to let me run up-stairs again."

Amelius went out into the street with his head down and his lips fast closed. He was not far from Mrs. Payson's house. "Why shouldn't I call?" he thought to himself. His conscience added, "and hear some news of Sally."

There was good news. The girl was brightening mentally and physically. She was in a fair way, if she only remained in the House, to be "Simple" Sally no longer. Amelius asked if she had got the photograph of the cottage. Mrs. Payson laughed. "Sleeps with it under her pillow, poor child," she said, "and looks at it fifty times a day." Thirty years since, with infinitely less experience to guide her, the worthy matron would have followed her instincts, and would have hesitated to tell Amelius quite so much about the photograph. But some of a woman's finer sensibilities do get blunted with the advance of age and the accumulation of wisdom.

Instead of pursuing the subject of Sally's progress, Amelius, to Mrs. Payson's surprise, made a clumsy excuse, and abruptly took his leave.

He felt the need of being alone; he was conscious of a vague distrust of himself, which degraded him in his own estimation. Was he, like characters he had read of in books, the victim of a fatality? The slightest circumstances conspired to heighten his interest in Sally—just at the time when Regina had once more disappointed him. He was as firmly convinced, as if he had been the strictest moralist living, that it was an insult to Regina, and an insult to his own self-respect, to set the lost creature whom he had rescued in any light of comparison with the young lady who was one day to be his wife. And yet, try as he might to drive her out, Sally kept her place in his thoughts. There was, apparently, some innate depravity in him. If a looking glass had been handed to him at that moment, he would have been afraid to look himself in the face.

After walking until he was weary, he went to his club.

The porter gave him a letter as he crossed the hall. Mrs. Farnaby had kept her promise, and had written to him. The smoking-room was deserted at that time of day. He opened his letter in solitude, looked at it, crumpled it up impatiently, and put it into his pocket. Not even Mrs. Farnaby could interest him at that critical moment. His own affairs absorbed him. The one idea in his mind, after what he had heard about Sally, was the idea of making a last effort to hasten the date of his marriage before Mr. Farnaby left England. "If I can only feel sure of Regina——"

His thoughts went no further than that. He walked up and down the empty smoking-room, anxious and irritable, dissatisfied with himself, despairing of the future. "I can but try it!" he suddenly decided, and turned at once to the table to write a letter.

Death had been busy with the members of his family in the long interval that had passed since he and his father left England. His nearest surviving relative was his uncle—his father's younger brother—who occupied a post of high importance in the Foreign Office. To this gentleman he now wrote, announcing his arrival in England, and his anxiety to qualify himself for employment in a Government office. "Be so good as to grant me an interview," he concluded; "and I hope to satisfy you that I am not unworthy of your kindness, if you will exert your influence in my favor."

He sent away his letter at once by a private messenger, instructing the man to wait for an answer.

It was not without doubt, and even pain that he had opened communications with a man whose harsh treatment of his father it was impossible for him to forget. What could the son expect? There was but one hope. Time might have softened his heart, and might incline him to make a tardy atonement to the memory of his brother, by kindness to his brother's only son.

His father's last word of caution, his own boyish promise not to claim kindred with his relations in England, were vividly present to the mind of Amelius, while he waited for the return of the messenger. His one justification was in the motives that animated him. Circumstances, which his father had never anticipated, rendered it an act of duty towards himself to make the trial at least of what his family interest could do for him. There could be no sort of doubt that a man of Mr. Farnaby's character would yield, if Amelius would announce that he had the promise of an appointment under Government—with the powerful influence of a near relation to accelerate his promotion. He sat, idly drawing lines on the blotting-paper; at one moment regretting that he had sent his letter; at another, comforting himself in the belief that, if his father had been living to advise him, his father would have approved of the course that he had taken.

The messenger returned with these lines of reply: "Under any ordinary circumstances, I would have used my influence to help you on in the world. But, when you not only hold the most abominable political opinions, but actually proclaim those opinions in public, I am amazed at your audacity in writing to me. There must be no further communication between us. While you are a Socialist, you are a stranger to me."

(To be continued.)

German Theological Students.

ONE of the most remarkable facts in German University life is the extraordinary decrease for years past in the number of the students of theology. The decrease is so great that in several States there has been an insufficiency of candidates for the pulpit. Until now Schleswig-Holstein was an extensive nursery-ground of theologians, but there also a falling off by nearly forty per cent. has recently occurred. At Kiel there are at present twenty-four, at other German Universities, twenty-eight students of theology, of Schleswig-Holstein origin—altogether fifty-two. Six years ago there were still ninety of them, whilst fifty years ago there had been no less than 168 students of theology at Kiel alone, almost all of them being Schleswig-Holsteiners! It is to be feared that the progress of Natural Science and the deciphering of Assyrian clay-tablets have wrought sad havoc in the German Theological Faculty.

Zoological Mail Bags.

GERMAN post-offices are zoological gardens on a small scale. In the course of a year as many as 40,000 live animals are sent by post, and if crabs, frogs, bees and small insects are counted, the total will be among the millions. The post-office authorities have the privilege of excluding such animals as may be deemed either dangerous or disagreeable; but within the last six months only thirty-nine packages of living animals were refused, among which were an alligator, done up in a box considered as too fragile; a lot of dogs, whose persistent barking could not be quieted, and a number of pigeons loosely tied up in a sack. On the other hand, during the same period, a crocodile, scores of birds of prey, monkeys, serpents, a leopard and four living bear cubs were transmitted by post.

Grain at the World's Fair.

THE report upon agriculture by J. J. Woodman, of Michigan, Assistant Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, contains an interesting account of the exhibit of grains. It says the finest exhibit of agricultural products from the United States was that of the Oregon State Commission. The report contains a comparative statement of the present condition of agricultural interests in the principal countries of Europe, noting especially the points in which they differ from the same industries in our own country. In France the average size of farms is sixteen and a half acres arable or thirty-three and a half acres of productive land, making 3,977,781 farms. Of these, 2,826,388, or 71 per cent., are cultivated by the owners; 831,343, or only 21 per cent., are rented at a fixed price and 8 per cent. are worked on shares. The free use of fertilizers is mentioned as the reason for the heavy crops realized from small areas. The advantage of rotation has also been fully demonstrated in France. In the English exhibit samples of Molds's new varieties of wheat were shown in the straw and attracted much attention. It was claimed that this wheat could be sown one month earlier and would require only one-half the quantity of the old varieties, and would produce 105 grains from a single stalk, and 113 bushels, from a single acre. The report shows that the average production of England per acre is greater than in any other country in Europe, if not in the world. In Austria and Hungary 92¾ per cent of the whole territory is productive, and the soil is highly favorable for agriculture. The farmers generally own the soil they cultivate.

An elaborate and comprehensive table, giving the average amount of the cereal production of the European countries which furnish a surplus for commerce, and also those which are obliged to import breadstuffs, shows that the average annual production of cereals in Europe amounts to 5,147,796,000 bushels, of which Russia produces 1,655,921,000 bushels, or nearly one-third; the whole of Germany, 765,000,000 bushels; France, 710,130,000 bushels and Hungary, 300,330,000. On the basis of an average of 15 78-100 bushels of cereals for each person for home consumption, Roumania, Denmark, Russia, Prussia, France, Hungary, Bavaria and Sweden alone raise sufficient for home consumption. A comparison of the production of cereals per capita for the whole population of Europe with that for the United States gives the former about seventeen bushels and the latter forty bushels.

The report says that many of the countries of Europe, especially Great Britain and France, are largely deficient in meat products and that they are now turning their attention to the United States for supplies. The report says that English stock-raisers, who have become alarmed at the success which has attended the importation of American beef, have recently discovered that American cattle can be imported and fed even upon American grain at present prices with considerable profit to the English importer.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Ky., has been elected by the Academy of Sciences, Paris, Correspondent in Mineralogy, in room of the late Sir Charles Lyell.

We Regret to Announce the death of Herr Ludwig Reichenbach, an eminent German botanist and zoologist. He died at Dresden on the 16th ultimo, aged eighty-six years.

Dr. Alexander Dixon, Professor in the University of Glasgow, has been elected to the Professorship of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Balfour.

Chemists Turned Astronomers.—The Chemical Society of Russia is now discussing the means of a thorough study of the surface of the moon, especially by means of spectrum analysis.

The Various German Societies for the protection of animals are now keenly discussing the vivisection question, and have arranged a congress, which will shortly meet at Gotha, and which is to fix the final resolutions.

L. Babe has announced to the Paris Geographical Society, that he proposes to explore the globe by means of an improved Montgolfier balloon, capable of storing heat in all regions and of maintaining a sufficient height for several weeks.

The Paint-mine at Reno, Nevada, comprises a ledge forty-two feet wide and of unknown depth. The material is said to mix well with oil and not to settle on standing. The mineral contains a small quantity of silver and traces of gold.

A Monument to Niepce.—A committee has been organized in France to obtain subscriptions for erecting a statue to Nicephore Niepce, the inventor of photography. A circular has been published and will be sent to all scientific societies over the world.

A University for Women will be opened shortly in Odessa. It will have three faculties—history and literature, mathematics and natural science. The programme will be the same as in the other Russian universities for male students, with slight changes. Greek will not be obligatory, but pedagogy and hygiene will be required.

The German Scientific World is much gratified at the distinction conferred upon Dr. Julius Schmidt, of Athens, by the French Academy of Sciences, which recently honored Dr. Schmidt by presenting him with the Prix Valz in recognition of his work on the Moon. This prize is only given for important astronomical work, and has not been awarded since 1870.

One of the New Industries of Germany, reported by Dr. Stutzer to be "now in a flourishing condition," is the manufacture of artificial clover-seed. Fragments of gravel are sifted until particles of a suitable size are obtained, and the substitute for the seed is then shaken up with some coloring substance until it acquires the desired hue. An ordinary pocket-microscope is quite sufficient, however, to expose the cheat.

The Eighteenth Centenial of the Destruction of Pompeii.—In the present year, the eighteen centuries will be complete which have elapsed since Pompeii was destroyed by a rain of ashes and torrents of lava from Mount Vesuvius. The directors of the excavations at Pompeii intend to commemorate the event in a scientific manner in November next. No doubt the charming letters which Pliny wrote at the time will be read on this novel occasion.

Quite a Heavy Business is done in California in shipping to China the shells of the shrimp, which are caught in such numbers on the coast, and there is almost as much profit from the sale of the shells as from the shrimps themselves. The use they are put to in China is as a manure, and as a poison to the worm which works such destruction to the tea-plant of that country. The Chinamen state that this is the only remedy at present known for the tea pest.

The Ganss Monument for the City of Brunswick is now very nearly completed, the casting taking place in the studio of Professor Howard, at Brunswick, after Herr Schaper's model, the well-known Berlin sculptor. The figure will measure nine feet in height, and the great mathematician is represented in a fur coat with a book in his left hand, bearing the inscription, "Disquisitiones," the work which rendered his name immortal. The head is said to be a masterpiece of the plastic art.

Pre-historic Dwellings on Lake Geneva.—Recent explorations of the lake-dwellings of Lake Geneva in Switzerland, prove that they were destroyed by fire during a Spring, when the waters of the lake stood at the same level as now. A layer of charcoal from the burnt dwellings is to be found along the whole coast, beneath a layer of sand and gravel. Numerous objects have been brought to light, such as remains of textures, and implements dating from the stone, bronze and iron ages.

Precipitation of Copper.—Mr. Julio Ospina, a student of the College of Mining of the University of California proposed a modification in the precipitation of copper, by means of iron, in its extraction by the wet process, to be applied when the precipitating iron is in the shape of filings or iron sponge, for the purpose of avoiding the mixing of the fine iron with the copper precipitates. The process consists in packing the iron into bags before putting it into the copper solution. It is based on the principle that the precipitation is effected in an electrolytic way. The precipitation has to be made at a high temperature, and from a solution not exceeding 12° B., in order to obtain a loose sponge that can be easily detached from the bag.

Annual Expenses of the Institute of France.—The Institute of France is composed of only five academies: the French Academy, the Academy of Belles-lettres, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Academy of Moral and Political Science, and the Academy of Sciences. The first four contain each forty members, the last sixty-eight, making in all two hundred and twenty-eight members who individually receive 1,500 francs ($300). Each of the six secretaries have 6,000 francs ($1,200). The corresponding members have each 200 francs ($60). The expenses of printing, purchase of instruments, of the library, etc., amount to 208,000 francs ($41,600). The total budget of the Institute for 1879, as voted by the Assembly, is 698,275 francs ($139,655).

The Heliotrope in Geodetic Surveys.—Professor I. M. Haupt describes, in the Journal of the Franklin Institute, the use of the heliotrope in reflecting the sun's rays to distant points, and thus facilitating the reading of angles, either horizontal or vertical, on lines of from fifteen to one hundred miles long. Its construction is so simple that it may be made by any schoolboy with a penknife. Two opaque screens are placed about eighteen inches apart upon a strip of wood forming a base, and screwed or nailed fast. A hole about one inch in diameter should be cut through each screen, the one in rear being a little larger than the other, and across each there should be drawn two fine wires or threads so as to intersect each other. About six inches in rear of the screens there should be placed a small mirror, three inches in diameter, so mounted as to have the two motions horizontal (or in azimuth) and vertical (or in altitude). The crude instrument is then ready for operation. The rays reflected from it are plainly visible to the naked eye at from thirty to fifty miles, and with telescopes have been seen at a distance of nearly one hundred miles across Lake Superior when no trace of land was visible.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Empress Augusta of Germany will visit England this month.

LORD DUFFERIN is having a beautiful American yacht built in Rhode Island.

THE late William B. Howes, of Salem, has left $150,000 to the Boston Athenæum.

THE Texas Legislature has passed a law giving 640 acres to every veteran pensioner.

DR. LOUIS A. PAYNE, of New York, has been elected President of the American Medical Association.

AT the annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in London, the Bessemer medal was awarded to Peter Cooper, of New York.

THE Crown Prince of Austria, the Archduke Rodolf, who arrived at Madrid on May 7th, was received in great state by the King and Court.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, the historian, has been made an LL.D. by McGill University at Montreal, in spite of the opposition of the press.

EX-GOVERNOR RICE, of Massachusetts, has received an elegant album from the associates of his staff containing their photographs individually and in a group.

GENERAL SHERMAN and his wife will hereafter live permanently in Washington. They have leased the residence on Fifteenth Street just vacated by Admiral Almy.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Ryan of St. Louis will deliver the sermon at the dedication of the Cathedral in New York. He is one of the most eloquent clergymen at the West.

ALL of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris's bridesmaids except two—Miss Barnes and Miss Fish—are now married. Miss Bessie Conkling was the sixth of those eight young ladies.

COLONEL T. W. HIGGINSON has a handsome Swiss villa nearly completed at West Manchester, Mass. It is well situated, and is one of the prettiest cottages on that shore.

GEORGE ELIOT'S overwhelming grief at the death of her husband is reported to have so aggravated an incurable internal malady that her health is hopelessly shattered.

THE Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Mr. R. H. Eddy, and the Rev. R. C. Waterston are three Bostonians to whom has been accorded fellowships in the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenburg dined with the Emperor William, at Wiesbaden, on May 6th. The Prince will visit the Czar at Livadia before receiving the Bulgarian deputation which is to tender him the throne of Bulgaria.

PROFESSOR COX, of Yale College, has received a call to the pulpit of the Collegiate Reformed Church of New York City, corner of Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, and it is reported, on good authority, that he has decided to accept.

SENOR CASTELAR will be in London this month, will receive from Oxford University the degree of Doctor of Laws, and will be consulted by the Evangelical Alliance respecting their future operations in spreading Protestantism in Spain.

MISS MARY HALL, a sister of the late Ezra Hall, has been appointed by Judge Beardsley a Commissioner of the Superior Court of Connecticut. The New Haven *Journal* says that this is the first appointment of a woman to an office of this kind in the State.

IT is understood that by the will of Mr. Howes, a former resident of Salem, who died recently at Aiken, S. C., the Boston Athenæum will receive $150,000, the Essex Institute $20,000, the Salem Athenæum $10,000, and Mr. George R. Jewett, of Salem, about $6,000.

THE people of Amsterdam have presented the new Queen of Holland with a superb set of diamonds, and as Amsterdam is illustrious on account of its trade in these jewels, it may be imagined that the brilliants were of the first water, and the setting simply incomparable.

AT the last meeting of the Royal Humane Society, the honorary bronze medal was awarded to Mr. Cheney R. Prouty, Collector of Customs at Indianola, Tex., for gallantry exhibited May 5th, 1878, in swimming two miles in shark-infested waters from an overturned boat to bring assistance and rescue a British subject.

GENERAL GRANT'S departure from Lucknow was exceedingly stately. A long line of big elephants were stationed along the railway track near the station, a battery fired off a royal salute, a military guard was drawn up facing the station, and a band played one of our national airs, while the British officers and civilians stood with uncovered heads.

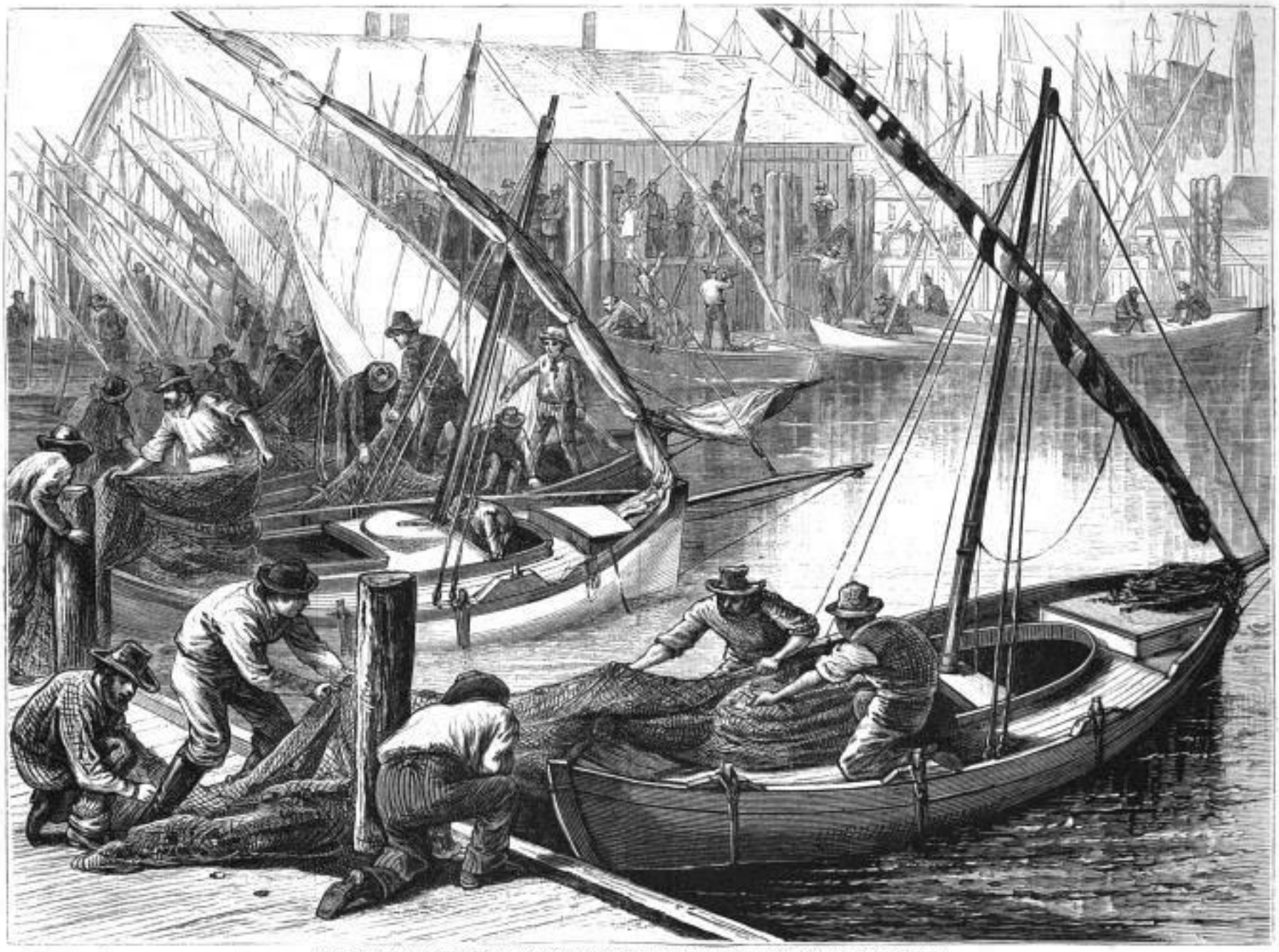
MRS. JULIA THUILLIER LANDOR, the widow of the poet, Walter Savage Landor, has just died at the Villa Landor, near Florence, in her eighty-sixth year. She was a lady of Swiss extraction, and married Mr. Landor when she was eighteen. She has lived at Florence ever since her husband's death, the eldest of their three sons, Mr. Arnold Savage Landor, residing on the family estate of Ipsley Court, Warwickshire.

MARGARET OF ITALY is fond of poetry, of novels, of Government debates and squabbles. She is even interested in archæology. She reads a little of everything, and when she is about to see literary celebrities is said to "cram" their writings in preparation for the interview. She has just received Mr. Samuel Smiles, whose works, by-the-way, are very popular, through translation, in Italy. The Queen met him very cordially, talked with him most understandingly about his books, and sent him away enchanted with her graciousness and good sense.

THE ex-Empress Carlotta has an income of $360,000. Her case is hopeless. She occupies herself with writing and painting, her correspondence being almost entirely addressed to sovereigns. She imagines constantly that she is still at her Mexican court receiving ministers, generals and ambassadors, and talks with these shadowy grandees as if they were indeed around her. She talks but little to her attendants, but enjoys exceedingly the presence of the Queen of Belgium, of whom she is very fond. The unhappy lady wears extraordinary toilets, and seems to prefer the most garish colors.

THE will of the late Robert Means Mason, of Boston, contains the following public bequests: To the trustees of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., $5,000 as a permanent fund, the income to keep in perpetual repair St. John's Memorial Church; to the same trustees $20,000, the income to be appropriated for the general purposes of the school; to the Massachusetts General Hospital $5,000, for the support of free beds; to the Church for Orphans and Destitute Children in Boston, organized by his brother Charles, $10,000, the income to be used for general purposes; to the Boston Provident Association $50,000, the income to be used for general purposes; to the Rev. H. B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, $5,000.

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ITALIAN FISHERMEN UNLOADING FISH AT THE WHOLESALE MARKET FROM A FLEET OF LATEEN-SAIL BOATS.

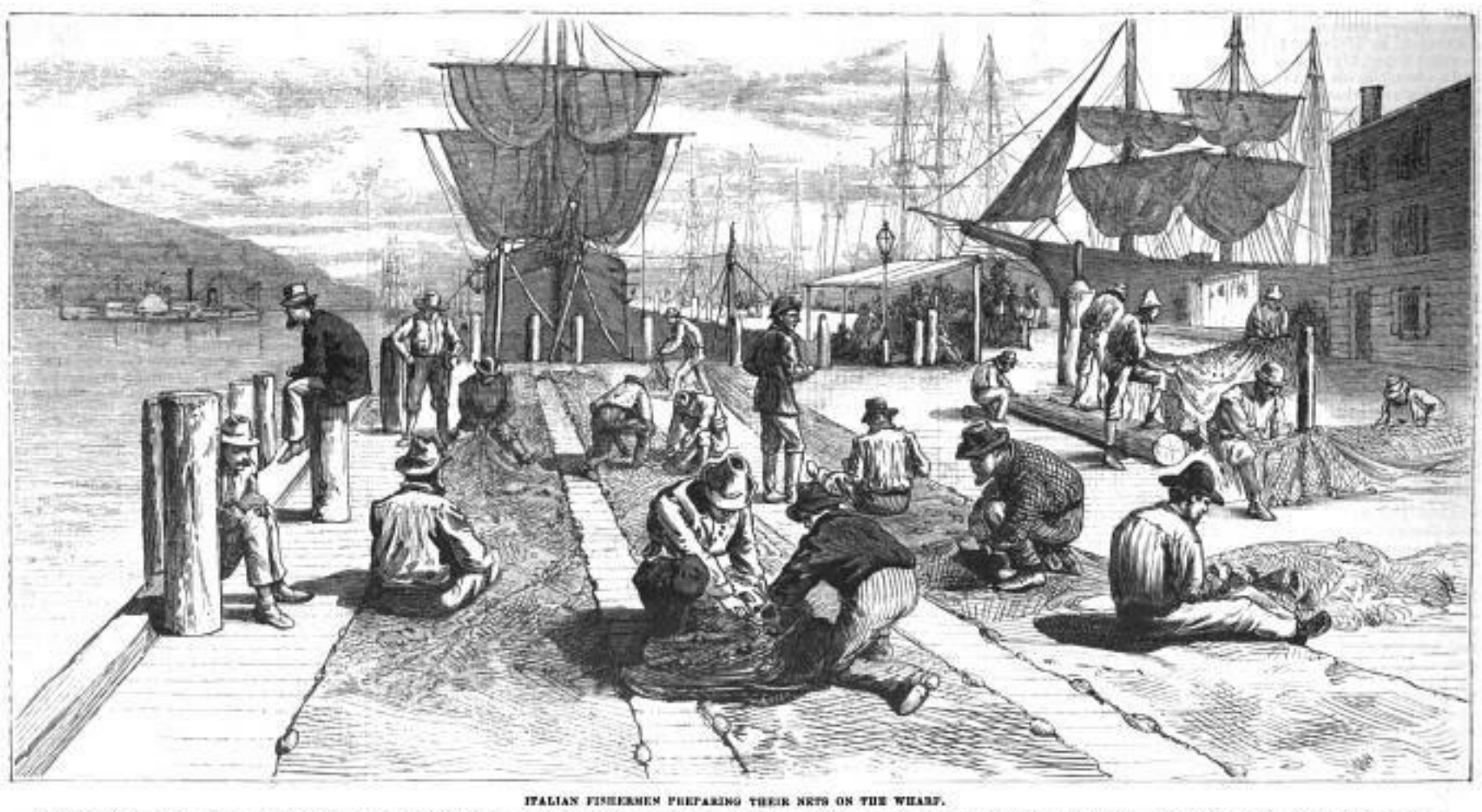
HOW SAN FRANCISCO IS SUPPLIED WITH FISH FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

FEW persons whom the pleasures of travel or the requirements of health have attracted to San Francisco have failed to note the evidences of the vast industry of catching, preparing, packing and shipping salmon that are there seen. This great game fish prefers northern or cold waters, and is found in abundance on the Pacific Coast, from San Francisco Bay to Alaska. Of the cargoes of canned salmon brought to San Francisco, the greater portion of the fish is caught in the Columbia River, Oregon, along which there are twenty-nine canneries, while the fish that is put up at the Golden Gate are taken either in the bay or along the coast.

The supply of ordinary fish for home consumption is likewise an industry of large proportions, and the business is engaged in during the months that the law prohibits taking more game species. The wholesale fish-market is located at the foot of Davis Street, where the wharves are specially arranged to accommodate the singular-shaped boats carrying lateen sails, and to facilitate the discharge of cargoes. The scenes there on an early morning are quite similar to those transpiring at the wholesale fish-market at the foot of Fulton Street on the East River, New York, excepting that a different class of men are engaged in the work. While there is a goodly sprinkling of Americans and Mexicans in the California fleets, the majority of the smacks are controlled by Italians, who have a large and peaceful colony in the city.

These men are remarkably clean and industrious, and the business rivalry between them seldom leads to passionate encounters. There is ample space upon the wharf for them to repair their nets, and make all the preparations for their cruise, while the piers are so extended that a large number of boats can be docked for the discharge of the fish at one time. In the illustration of the unloading the wholesale market looms up prominently. In New York there are large floats or tanks kept filled with water, into which the fish may be placed directly a boat comes to the dock, and from which they may be taken into the market as wanted. By this means the fish are kept fresh, because life is lengthened, and the purchaser at the market may invariably secure live fish if desired. But in San Francisco the demand is so large and constant that neither the boatmen nor the dealers would have time to use such floats if they were provided. The boats usually come in between one and two o'clock in the morning, and it frequently happens that every fish is sold within half an hour of the arrival. On Fridays the demand is so great that most of the fish is sold direct from the boats, no time being allowed to remove the catch to the stands in the market. These wharves are then as crowded as those in New York on steamer days. By noon the market, the wharves and the boats are thoroughly cleaned, the men make whatever repairs are necessary, and lounge about while awaiting the hour to get under sail for the night's work.

The location of the market at the water's edge is a wise sanitary precaution, as well as a vast convenience for the dealers. If in a particularly busy



ITALIAN FISHERMEN PREPARING THEIR NETS ON THE WHARF.

CALIFORNIA.—THE FISH INDUSTRY OF THE PACIFIC METROPOLIS—SCENES AT THE WHOLESALE FISH-MARKET, FOOT OF DAVIS STREET, SAN FRANCISCO. FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER B. YEAGER.

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season the market is too crowded for work, the fish can be cleaned on the boats or wharf, and the refuse thrown into the water. The market and boats are kept perfectly clean with ease. The narrow strip of wharf between the market and the water is shown crowded with wholesale dealers who flock thither upon the arrival of the boats, whose men they have direct relations with. Dealers throughout the city may buy their supplies for retail either dressed and cleaned or alive, as they prefer. This part of the city is always very animated and attracts many sight-seers.

The lateen-sail boats are short, broad and pointed at stem and stern, and are marvels of speed under the peculiarly shaped canvas they carry. In their leisure the men engage in sailing contests in the bay, and the spectacle of fifty or more of these boats scudding along under the one sail is intensely exciting. The speed they attain, with all their apparent clumsiness, might afford valuable suggestions to sportsmen in the East, who lavish fortunes upon yachts as large as merchant sailing vessels without securing very superior speed.

WARD'S STATUE OF GEN. THOMAS.

THE latest work of J. Q. A. Ward, the eminent sculptor of New York, bids fair to rank as the triumph of his life. He has recently placed on exhibition a model in plaster of the equestrian statue of the late General George H. Thomas, which is to be cast in bronze and set up at the national capital, under the auspices of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. The figure of the rider is nearly ten feet high, and the horse is proportionately colossal. The General, in reconnoitring the position of the enemy, has ridden his horse over the ground between, and brought him to a stand on the summit of a gently rising ridge. He holds the reins lightly in his left hand, and, warmed by the brisk exercise, has removed his hat and holds it in his right hand, the arm hanging straight at his side. His forward calm but eager gaze is directed towards the right, so that his body is gently swayed in that direction, and the horse, excited by the stop and by the new horizon, snuffs the air with uplifted head and dilated nostrils. Repose and dignity come from the solid planting of all four of the horse's feet upon the ground and from the quiet seat of the rider in his saddle, while animation and picturesqueness are gained by the upward swing of the lines in the horse's body, and the alert intelligence of his head. General Thomas was not a particularly good horseman. He took no great pleasure in riding, either as an exercise or as an amusement, and, though not careless of his beast's accoutrements, he was somewhat indifferent to their appearance. So that he had a good horse, well equipped, he was content, and, unless there was need, seldom rode faster than a trot. These facts have enabled Mr. Ward a free play of fancy. The entire work is relieved of stiffness, the attitude of the horse is novel, and the portrait of the lamented rider faultless.



NEW YORK.—PLASTER MODEL OF WARD'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE-DAME,

NEAR SOUTH BEND, IND.

THE University of Notre-Dame, located near South Bend, Ind., which was destroyed by fire on April 23d, was founded in 1842 by Very Rev. Father Sorin, now Superior-general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and was the most flourishing Catholic educational institution in the United States, the usual attendance of students being from five to seven hundred, from all parts of the United States, and many of them being from foreign countries. It was also the largest boarding institution in the United States. It was especially rich in its libraries, zoological, ornithological, etymological, numismatic, and other collections. Most of these were destroyed, together with a collection of skeletons recently purchased at a cost of $2,400. The University was six stories in height, and the Dome, built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome, was surmounted by a statue of the Blessed Virgin, over ten feet high and weighing 2,000 pounds. Adjoining the University were an Infirmary, the Music Hall, Old Men's Home and Minims' Hall, all of which were destroyed. These buildings, with the contents not saved, cost not far from $250,000. Of course there are many articles burned whose value cannot be estimated in dollars. The insurance was $60,000.

Father Sorin, the Superior-general, announces that the University will at once be rebuilt. He is confident that the new edifice will be finished by September 1st, and puts down the opening of the classes for the first Tuesday in that month.



INDIANA.—THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE-DAME, NEAR SOUTH BEND, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

SIBERIAN WHEAT.

A GREAT many people have very hazy ideas about Russia in general, and Siberia in particular. The latter vast territory, some 1,200 miles from north to south, and 3,500 from east to west, has been subjected in the minds of many persons, through the pathetic story of the "Exiles of Siberia," to influences akin to those which have molded the ideas of many Englishmen and others respecting the northern portion of North America. Photographs of snow (or salt) besprinkled entities, all fur-capped, legginged and belted in Red River capotes: a wolf or two sneaking in the foreground; a black bear lazily gamboling on a tree in the rear, with several "Injuns" on the far frosty horizon, in moccasins and snow-shoes, apparently chasing nothing in particular, are sent home plentifully to admiring country cousins, and help to foster the notion that Canada is in the main an Arctic region covered with almost perpetual snow, pervaded by enormous rivers, which, under masses of ice, pursue their course through boundless primeval forests to the distant ocean. No doubt a country of such vast extent as Siberia must be in different climates, and the soil and products must be as various. But, though the northern parts are cold and inhospitable, there are extensive fertile regions which—those watered by the great River Oby especially—will, it is said, now have their wheat and other products brought into competition with American and even with Southern Russian wheat in the British markets. The Oby is the largest river in the Russian Empire. Issuing from Lake Altyn, in the desert of Ischinska, it is navigable almost throughout to its source, affording nineteen hundred miles of smooth navigation. The necessaries of life are extremely cheap in this district, especially about Tobolsk—so cheap, indeed, that indolence and ease prevail to such an extent as to retard the commercial and industrial progress of the inhabitants. It seems strange to hear of a sea route from Siberia only now being "discovered," *via* Tobolsk, but this may be owing to a want of enterprise on the part of the residents. It appears that wheat from Siberia passing through the Gulf of Oby, probably through the Straits of Waigatz, or else north of Nova Zembla, can be sold in London, including freight, for ninety-nine cents per pood, which is an appreciable rate lower than the prices of White Russian and American wheat.

There seems to be no reason why, should this be true, Siberia should not prove a most important factor in European wheat supply. The southern part of the country is fertile, with immense plains or steppes, some, no doubt, sandy and barren, but others well watered, with open tracts between forests, generally adapted for tillage and pasture. In fact, Siberia is a country of many and varied endowments and capabilities—rich in fine furs and skins, gold, silver, iron, lead and copper; and having also coal in the northern part.

The Russian caravans travel every year through the country with their merchandise to China, passing through Tobolsk on the Oby, where also all the furs furnished by Siberia are brought into a warehouse, and thence forwarded to the Siberian chancery at Moscow. Under proper trade development the exports of Siberia ought to be very large, and greatly in excess of the imports. It affords a variety of commodities which are of great use to foreigners, and its artificers want neither tools nor materials to carry on their trade, though they are lacking in industry and push on account of the cheapness of food, and other easy conditions of life. Much fine wheat should come out of the Tobolsk district. Agriculture, cattle-feeding, fishing and hunting have indeed for ages been the chief occupations of the Russian people, though national development in other ways has been the rule since the great Peter civilized the barbarous subjects of his vast empire. Russia, in commerce, as in agriculture, now holds a rank among the nations of the world, of which human foresight could have formed no conception, and which it can assign no limits.

THE MELON TREE.

AT a recent meeting of the Maryland Academy of Science, a member read a very interesting paper, written by Mr. Otto Lugger, of the Academy, on that curiosity of the tropics, the melon-tree (*Carica papaya*), which is a native of South America, and was seen and examined by Mr Lugger during his late tour through British Guiana. This tree is of very thick growth, as in six months it will grow high enough to furnish the broad shade of an umbrella to a man six feet high. In the fourth year a height of twenty feet has been attained; when after a short maturity the tree dies. The leaf resembles that of the "ricinus" plant, or wonder-tree, being seven-fingered in shape. From its rapid growth, shade-giving and quick decay, some have drawn a close simile between this tree and the melon-tree of the prophet Jonas. As it grows higher the lower leaves drop off, only their scales remaining, thus making the trunk resemble the skin of a snake. When it reaches the height of a man, the tree produces at all seasons, amid its flowers, both green and ripe fruit, which then becomes yellow, and seems to belong to the cucumber family. The fruit surrounds the base of the tree-crown, as do the nuts of a cocoa-palm. Each fruit attains a weight of some fifteen pounds, is melon-shaped, and marked, as lemons are, with longitudinal colored stripes. The tree, being pithy, is unable to bear the weight of a man, and a boy has to climb to gather the fruit. The unripe fruit is sliced and pickled, the ripe eaten with sugar or salt and pepper. The seeds are egg-shaped, strong-flavored, and used as a spice. This tree is eagerly sought and planted in all suitable climates from South America to Mexico and the West India Islands, and its culture has spread over Egypt and other portions of Africa. It grows without any particular care in the neighborhood of



COLORADO.—A MINING BATH-HOUSE AT LEADVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

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dwellings, and produces ripe fruit before it is a year old. Its leaves furnish an excellent substitute for soap, and it thus proves a great blessing to the natives of tropical climates, who so much need its use. They have another use—that of rendering tender and eatable tough and stringy meat of any kind which is wrapped in them for a short time. This Mr. Lugger himself verified by experiment whilst in British Guiana.

Old-time Bigotry.

UP to the close of the last century bigotry was carried to such length in Spain that the burial of a Protestant was attended with all sorts of difficulties and obstructions, and at an earlier period it was almost an impossibility. When Mr. Stanhope was British Minister at Madrid, in 1691, his chaplain died, and notwithstanding that his burial took place in a field at night, and with permission of the authorities, the corpse was insulted and mutilated, and Mr. Stanhope had to re-inter it in his cellar. In 1712, Lord Lexington, while Ambassador, lost his only son, and, apprised of the fate of Mr. Stanhope's chaplain, with great difficulty conveyed the body to England, concealed in a bale of cloth. It was supposed that it was buried at a place called Averham, but in 1842, when a vault built by Lord Lexington was opened, a coffin found there without an inscription was opened, and the body within was in such perfect preservation that, although 130 years had elapsed since interment, its identity was at once determined by the resemblance the features bore to the picture of Lord Lexington's son in the family gallery.

The British Pension List.

THE Pension List is not pleasant reading for the British taxpayer. One young gentleman, who is stated to have retired from the Mint at the somewhat early age of nineteen, on the modest sum of £150 pounds per annum, has already enjoyed £4,050. The law departments are well cared for. An official of the Irish Court of Chancery, who retired at thirty-nine, has already received a pension of over £89,000 in thirty-eight years. Another retired, at the age of thirty-one, with two pensions, one of £1,381 per annum from the Court of Chancery, which he has held for thirty-six years, and another from the Court of Exchequer of £174 per annum, which he has held for forty-one years. Another gentleman, more fortunate still, retired from the Court of Chancery on his full salary, as Taxing-Master, of £4,580, thirty-six years ago, and in 1871 was further gratified with £354 16s. 11d. per annum as retired "Sworn Clerk." This gentleman has already received upwards of £167,000 of the public money. Ex-"Weigh-Master of Butter" (whatever that may mean), who is the son of a peer, has been pensioned more than forty-eight years, at a cost to the present time of about £52,000; and ex-"Chaff-wax" (quite a quizzical title), as a solatium for his duties, whatever they may be, has received a pension of £1,145 for thirty-one years. There are instances of appointments being given to gentlemen over fifty years of age, and who retire a few years afterwards from ill-health. As a rule, and in confirmation of the general belief, all these pensioners live to a good old age, in compliment to the luxurious ease provided for them by a grateful country.

Underground Telegraphs.

THE Reichstag has voted the sum of 1,830,000 marks for the further construction of subterranean telegraph wires. Germany will soon be intersected with a complete network of this invisible and inaccessible means of communication, which no thunderstorm can destroy and no roving enemy can readily cut. In 1875 it was first proposed to connect by underground cables all the chief centres of commerce and industry in the empire, all the fortresses and places of arms, the cost being reckoned at about 34,000,000 marks ($8,500,000). The first experiment of the kind was made by the sinking of a wire between Berlin and Halle, which has been subjected to the strictest scientific tests, and yielding highly satisfactory results, not a single interruption being recorded. When the whole work is ended the German Empire will be crossed by two great main cables, stretching from Konigsberg in the north, to Strasburg in the south, and from Hamburg in the northwest to Ratisbon in the southeast, intersecting at Berlin. Strasburg will also be connected with Metz. In addition, another sunken wire will curve away up from Strasburg, through Cologne to Hamburg, while Ratisbon and Konigsberg will similarly be connected. An underground wire will also bind together Berlin, Dresden, Stuttgart and Munich, communicating with a fifth main cable passing through South Germany. In three years, it is said, the whole network thus planned by Dr. Stephen, the Postmaster General, will be completed. The half is already finished. An underground cable now connects Berlin, Halle, Leipsic, Cassel, Frankfort, Mayence, Carlsruhe, Rastadt and Strasburg; another line runs from Berlin through Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Munster, Dusseldorf and Barmen-Elberfold to Cologne, while Berlin and Hamburg are also connected, throwing out branch lines to Kiel and Cuxhaven, to Bremen and Emden, thus joining the North Sea cable communication with England and America. A sum of 18,000,000 marks ($4,500,000) has already been spent on this subterranean enterprise, and the money now voted will be employed in connecting the towns and harbors along the Baltic shore for the furtherance of commerce and coast defense—a work, said the Postmaster General, which should be proceeded with as speedily as possible.

Axes in History.

THE AX has quite a history, for in Homer's time iron was used for wood-cutters' axes, etc. The ax was an ancient weapon of war, and appears to have been used from the most remote periods in warfare. The war axes varied in form, according to the races to which they belonged. The first had a single edge only, and was similar to the modern hatchet: the second had two edges, and was sometimes called the Amazonian ax, from a supposition that weapons of this kind were used by those female warriors. Axes were much employed as offensive weapons by the Celtic and Scandinavian nations. Among the Roman armies the ax was not much used; it was considered the weapon of uncivilized nations. At the siege of the Roman capital by the Gauls, Brennus is represented as being armed with a battle-ax, and Ammianus Marcellinus several centuries afterwards describes an armed body of Gauls as being all furnished with battle-axes. In the Bayeux tapestry the English are represented by using the battle-ax. The pole-ax was introduced into Britain by the Saxons and Danes; it had an edge on one side and a sharp point on the other. The Franks, in their expedition into Italy in the sixth century, made use of an ax with a large blade (much like the present broad-ax). This was termed *francisca*. The battle-ax of Childeric I. is preserved in the Louvre, in France. The battle-ax fell into disuse towards the close of the sixteenth century. In Russia, Sweden and Norway, and many parts of Germany, they cling to the old, rude, unfinished, and unwieldy ax with which they are familiar. The introduction of the American ax in those countries must be a matter of time. The expressions "to bury the hatchet," "to take up the hatchet," are taken metaphorically from the practice of the North American Indians. In 1840 an English gentleman visited the United States and took back an American ax and helve, which, from the peculiar curve of the handle and shape of the ax, proved infinitely superior to the English. His son still has the ax, which is serviceable, though of course the handle has been renewed several times, always on the model of the old one. When it was first used, carpenters and woodmen came from a distance of ten miles to inspect it, and many times the owner was offered ten times its price for it—indeed, one enthusiast tried to steal it. Nevertheless, so tenacious is habit, to this day that venerable ax is the only one of its kind in the neighborhood.

NONSENSICAL ADVERTISING.

A GREAT deal of money is wasted every year by business men through negligence or injudiciousness, or both. Some will pay a nice little sum in having "dodgers" thrown around by the thousands on the pavements and into the gutters, that nobody ever stops to read; some will stick their names up on a dozen or so of rails in the country, or on pieces of painted board stuck up among the limbs of trees and on the corners of fences; some on cards in hotel-racks, others in mere advertising sheets and others again along ledges of rock and in railway-stations. Now, these are well enough, provided the newspaper—acknowledged long since to be the best advertising medium—is not without the announcement which is intended to reach the public eye. The weight of argument, if any were needed, is so much in favor of the columns of a widely-read newspaper, as against the other methods of communication, that it really is a matter of surprise that not all business men should see it, and act accordingly. There are men who would rather spend $10 or $20 in the rail, card and board nuisances, which may be seen by a few hundred people, than to expend the same sum in their home papers, where tens of thousands of eyes would see their cards every day. This is an age of newspaper reading, and the sooner business men come to realize this fact in all its importance, the better it will be for business generally, and the better it will be for themselves. It is as natural for the cards of wide-awake merchants to appear in the newspapers as it is to look for strawberries and ice-cream in Summer time.—*Reading (Penn.) Times and Dispatch.*

FUN.

THE caves of the ocean are mostly salt rheums.

WHY is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Because it covers the belle.

THE nimble-footed mule is used as the light fantastic toe for a canal-boat.

A BOY with elbows out was asked the cause, and replied, "I laughed in my sleeves till I burst them."

IN a family in which there are two boys of the same age, it is pretty difficult to decide whose birthright it is to roll out the ash-barrel.

WOMEN have a great respect for old age. Watch a young lady seated in a 'bus between a young gentleman and an elderly one, and see how determined she is not to incommode the latter by squeezing against him.

THE present plan adopted by churches of making contributions by envelopes enables a man to drop two old-fashioned cartwheel copper cents into the basket with as much style and flourish as if they were trade dollars at par.

WILTSHIRE FARMER (who has been asked how it was that his daughters had not got married): "Well, 'ee zee, zur, zum y'ars agone them as wud ha' they, they wudn't have; and now, them as they wud have won't ha' they."

A WOMAN applied for a situation recently, with her clothes dripping like a water-spout. Being questioned as to her condition, she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils and the names of their parents at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

A NEW way of fastening on ladies' hats is to bore the tops of their ears, put in gold hoops, and have the hat strings tied through them. Thus, step by step we tread the pathway to perfection, and ere the darkness of death envelops all the world, man will have utilized his nose in holding up his pantaloons or pulling on his boots.

A FATHER said to an old acquaintance who came to condole with him on the unmanageableness of his two sons, who had committed a burglary in the next town, and had been sentenced to prison: "It is pretty rough on me to have them both go to eact, but there is one thing to it—when it comes night now you know where them boys be."

A BRIGHT little fellow of four, the son of a former pastor of a flourishing church, who attends the infant class in Sunday-school, received one Sunday morning a card on which were the words, "Pray without ceasing." After his mother had explained the text, he said, "I guess I won't show this to the minister; he prays long enough now."

A SHORT time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He pulled the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stable-man told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home his mother asked him what he thought about the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's real tame in front, but he's awful wild behind."

THE best definition of a perfect hotel is an establishment which unites the luxury of a palace with the comforts of a home. Long effort would fail to give a more concise and fitting description of the ST. NICHOLAS, of New York, for a quarter of a century known in Europe and America as pre-eminent among its rivals. Never has it stood so high as under the present management.

FOR Neuralgia, Pains and Aches in the back, kidneys or limbs—Hop Bitters.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

PARLOR SCENE: Mrs. Brown, who has spent the Summer among the White Mountains in search of health, and who seems to have searched the whole mountain side without being able to find a pair of blooming cheeks or an inch of healthful skin; Mrs. White, who has remained at home because her husband could not afford to go, but whose fresh complexion and bright eyes seem to have caught their bloom and brightness from mountain breezes.

Mrs. B.—"Dear me, Mrs. White, how well you are looking! If you will not think me impertinent, let me ask how you can keep so healthy in this dreadful city? I have been to the White Mountains, go there every Summer, in fact, and I can't keep off the doctor's list at that."

Mrs. W. (smiling)—"I'll tell you the whole secret, Mrs. Brown. You remember how poorly I was last Spring, some days even being confined to my bed. Dr. —— told Mr. White to send me to the mountains, but I knew he couldn't afford it, and I tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Its effects were so marvelous that I also tried his Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse my system. In my opinion, one bottle of the Prescription and the Discovery is better than six weeks of the White Mountains for a sick woman. I have only been out of the city a week during the whole Summer; then my husband and I went to Buffalo and stopped at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel. The baths and mechanical apparatus for treating patients were alone worth going to see. Besides, our accommodations were better than we had at Long Branch last year, and the drives and scenery are superb. Let me advise you to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and try the Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel next Summer instead of the White Mountains.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS in doctor's visits will do you less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters.

IT REMOVES WRINKLES AND SOFTENS THE SKIN.—The regular use of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER at the toilet tends to prevent and remove wrinkles, the softness of the skin produced by it taking away the natural inclination of the cuticle to form into ridges and furrows.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York.

AUBURN, N. Y., March 1st, 1878.
H. W. JOHNS' MANUFACTURING CO., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Dear Sirs: In answer to your inquiry as to how we like your Paint, we are more than entirely satisfied with it. As you are aware, we are large users of paint, and of all that we have ever used, are satisfied yours is far superior; it is put on with less labor, covers better, dows more easily, has a better body, and, as far as our experience goes, will stand the weather better than any other paint we know of. Your Roof Paint is unsurpassed; we used one coat on a tin roof, and to-day it looks as fresh, and the color is as bright, as when first applied, and there is no sign of its cracking.
Respectfully yours, JOSIAH BARBER & SONS,
Manufacturers of Woolen Goods and Carpetings.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., BOX 2,236, New York.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. All Druggists have them.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette.*
Sold only in soldered tins, labeled,
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

LABRADOR.

I propose to make my Seventh Excursion to the coast of Labrador, leaving Boston July 9th, 1879, in a first-class clipper schooner of about 150 tons, and proceed as far north as Hamilton Inlet, in latitude 54° 30'. For particulars, address
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At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HARRICH & CO., 165 & 167 Broadway.

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ORIENTAL CREAM,

Or **Magical Beautifier**, removes every blemish on beauty; it elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from tan, freckles, or moth-patches. The most popular for the skin ever invented; accept no cream of similar name. Indorsement of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM by the distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre: A lady of the Aust ion, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Oriental' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.*'" "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed." Indorsed by the fashionable world.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Proprietor,
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND FANCY GOODS DEALERS.

CLEAR HAVANA. LILIPUTIAN CIGARS, "Graduates" (3 inches), $11 per 1,000. Sample box, by mail, 50c. J. M. AGUERO, 2456th Av., N. Y.

SMOKERS, ATTENTION! 100 fine cigarettes, 60c.; 200, $1.10; 400, $2.10; 100 choice, all tobacco, $1.27½; 200, $2.45—postage paid. A. WILSON, 34st cor. 1, New York.

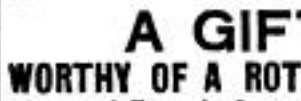
VITALIZED PHOSPHATES.
Debility and nervousness have their origin, to a great extent, in a weakened digestion. There can be but little mental activity with impoverished blood, and debility so induced leads to consumption and numerous other troubles that would never appear if the blood and nerves were nourished in a right degree. Physicians have prescribed 100,000 packages of **Vitalized Phosphates** preventing debility and nervous diseases, curing indigestion, and re-vitalizing and invigorating thousands who were sick. It is a brain and nerve food, not a medicine.
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Prepared and inserted in all first-class newspapers, at publishers' lowest rates. Address, for particulars,
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HOTELS open July 3d, 1879. Rooms can now be secured for the Summer on favorable terms.
SEA GROVE HOUSE.
Upon the shore front, 50 yards from the ocean.
CAPE HOUSE.
Every room commands a sea or bay view.
CENTENNIAL HOUSE.
Within three minutes' walk of the shore.
COTTAGES, tasteful and unique, to let or for sale, furnished and unfurnished.
RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT DIRECT TO CAPE MAY POINT.
Address,
A. WHILLDIN, 21 and 23 Letitia St., Philadelphia.

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Pitch or Tuning Pipe gives correct sound of every tone, natural, sharp or flat. Sold by all music dealers.
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.50.
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Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
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ANGOSTURA BITTERS.
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Sold by all principal druggists, grocers and liquor dealers.
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Hires' Improved Root Beer Package
25 CENTS.
Makes 5 gallons of a delicious beverage. Helps to change any morbid action of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and keep them in a healthy condition. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Genuine registered in Patent Office; all others counterfeit and infringement. Manufactured only by C. E. HIRES, Philadelphia.
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MECHANICAL ENGINEER, Consulting Inventor and Expert. Personal services rendered in perfecting crude inventions and in designing special machinery and appliances for facilities.
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A NEW IDEA.—A prominent New York lawyer will send written answers and advice on any question of CIVIL OR CRIMINAL LAW—Wills, Contracts, Real Estate, Executors, Administrators, Marriage, Divorce, Breach-of-Promise, What is Fraud in Contracting Debts. State your questions fully, inclosing One Dollar for answer, to J. MANDEVILLE, 568 Lexington Avenue, New York.

A GIFT
WORTHY OF A ROTHSCHILD.

A copy of **Brown's famous Illustrated Shakespearean Almanac for 1879,** together with a copy of his illustrated paper, the *Growing World*, will be sent free to any one who will send their address on a one-cent postal-card. Address, J. GIBSON BROWN, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey.

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Send Postal Card for my
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Which also gives a full list of **GIFTS** sent to **Book-Buyers,** and also hundreds of names of people who have received gifts like the above during the last few months.

I deal *liberally* with getters-up of **Clubs,** giving them Gold and Silver Watches according to the *number of books ordered.* For *catalogue* and full information, address **A. W. LOVERING, 336 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.** (formerly of 399 same street, where I was established for 25 years.) References as to reliability will be found in catalogue.

A list of **Gifts** sent to book-buyers during the past week will be published in this column next week.

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WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
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NOTICE.—With the view of diminishing the chances of Collision, the Steamers of this Line take a specified course for all seasons of the year. On the Outward Passage from Queenstown to New York or Boston, crossing Meridian of 50 at 43 Lat., or nothing to the north of 43. On the Homeward Passage, crossing the Meridian of 50 at 42 Lat., or nothing to the north of 42.

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ABYSSINIA,"	14 "	ALGERIA, Wednes., 4 June.	
BOTHNIA, "	21 "	SCYTHIA, "	11 "
GALLIA, "	28 "	ABYSSINIA,"	18 "
		BOTHNIA, "	25 "

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Rates of Passage, $80 and $100, according to accommodation. Return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage at very low rates. For freight or passage, apply at the Company's Office, 4 Bowling Green.
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IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
100 Florins Government Bond
ISSUED IN 1864,
Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings
FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY
Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. EVERY bond MUST draw a Prize, as there are NO BLANKS.
THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO
200,000 FLORINS,
20,000 FLORINS,
15,000 FLORINS,
And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 200 Florins. (One FLORIN is equal to 45 cts. Gold.)
The next drawing takes place on the
2d of June, 1879,
And every bond bought of us on or before the 2d of June is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.
Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing $5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
For orders, circulars, or any other information, address,
INTERNATIONAL BANK. CO.,
150 Broadway, corner of Liberty Street, N. Y. City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.
N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this advertisement in the Frank Leslie's English.


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MANUFACTURERS,
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"Guilty Without Crime,"
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Which began in No. 729 of
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HABIT CURED.
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Painless Opium Antidote is now Sold to Patients for a small margin above the cost of compounding. For full particulars send for Magazine of 100 pages, sent free.
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ROYAL HAVANA AGENTS.
TICKET OFFICE, 102 NASSAU ST. N.Y.
Next Drawing, MAY 27, 1879. First Prize, $300,000. Tickets, $40; halves, $20; quarters, $10; fortieths, $1.
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Drawing under the personal supervision of prominent and responsible citizens of the State of Kentucky.
Read the List of Prizes for the Ninth Popular Drawing.

1 Capital Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes	$100 ea.	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes	50 ea.	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes	20 ea.	12,000
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20 Prizes $500 each	10,000			
9 Prizes $300 each, Approximation Prizes				$2,700
9 Prizes 200 each	"	"		1,800
9 Prizes 100 each	"	"		900
1,960 Prizes				$112,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Halves, $1. 27 Tickets, $50.
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Tickets for sale by all authorized agents, and mailed to any part of the country on receipt of the amount. Remit by Mail, Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, Bank Draft, or Express. To insure against mistakes and delays, correspondents will please write their names and places of residence plainly, giving No. of Post-office Box, or street, and Town, County and State. All communications connected with the Distribution, and orders for tickets, should be addressed to COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.; or, T. J. CONNERSON, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.; or, R. H. PORTER & Co., Eastern Agents, 1227 Broadway, N. Y.

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Made from **Wamsutta Muslin.** Bosoms 3-ply Linen. The very best.
Keep's Patent Partly-made Shirts, 6 for $7. Only plain seams to finish.
Keep's Custom Shirts, very best, to measure, 6 for $9. Fit guaranteed.
An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated Buttons presented to purchasers of 6 shirts.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR.
White Cashmere Undershirts, 50 cents each.
White India Gauze, whole or half sleeves, 50 cents each.
White Pepperill Jean Drawers, 50 cts. each.
KEEP'S COLLARS, CUFFS, etc.
Four-ply Linen **COLLARS,** very best, 6 for 75 cts.
Four-ply Linen **CUFFS,** very best, $1.50 half-dozen.
English half **HOSE,** very best, $1.50 half-dozen.
Black Silk Ties, Scarfs, and Suspenders, in all styles.
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS.
Best Gingham, Patent Protected Rods, $1 each.
Regina and Silk Umbrellas in all styles.
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OUR OWN MAKE, THE VERY BEST.
Plain or Embroidered 1-button, $1 per pair.
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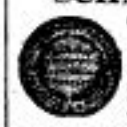
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EASY THREADING NEEDLE
For all sewing-machines. Can be threaded a hundred times a minute in the dark, by drawing the thread down the side of the needle until it slides into the eye. In sewing on the old style needle, and will do the same work. Neither hands, breaks easily, unthreads, nor cuts the goods. Sample, postpaid, 60c. An elegant needle-case, by mail, 60c. SUPLEE NEEDLE CO., 622 Arch St., Phila.

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AN AGENT WANTED in every town and city in U. S. and Canada. Send stamp for circular. Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.
$2 OUTFIT FREE. For salesmen and Canvassers. The latest and best thing on earth. Will prove it or forfeit $100. Address CHIDESTER & CO., 107 Fourth ave., N. Y.
$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—$6 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free*. Address, J. BROOKS, Detroit, Mich.
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AGENTS READ THIS.
We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

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We will insert a seven-line advertisement one week in a list of 269 weekly newspapers, or four lines in a different list of 337 papers, or ten lines two weeks in a choice of either of four separate and distinct lists containing from 70 to 100 papers each, or four lines one week in all four of the small lists, or one line one week in all six lists combined, being more than 1,000 papers. We also have lists of papers by States throughout the United States and Canada. Send 10 cents for our 100-page pamphlet. Address GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.


Imitation Gold Watches.
$5, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each; Chains $2 to $12 to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C.O.D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, N. Y. Box, 3696.

BOHEMIAN BIER.
SCHMITT & KOEHNE.

Central Park Lager Bier Brewery,
Brewery & Office, 150-155 E. 56th St. Ice-house and Rockvaults, 56 57th Street, Ave. A, and East River, N.Y.

We guarantee "BOHEMIAN BIER" to equal Imported Bier in all respects, and to Excel Domestic and Western Biers in Taste, Color and Substance, thus making it the
"BEST SHIPPING BIER."
Sold cheaper than Western Bier.

SUFFERERS from NERVOUS DEBILITY, etc., can learn of a certain and speedy remedy, *free*. Address, Dr. JAQUES & CO., 50 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

TRANSPARENT CARDS containing 40 designs, very unique. Your name on 40 in neat case, 10c. HILL BROS., Ashland Mass.

52 Perfumed, Snowflake, Chromo, etc., Cards, in case, name in gold and jet, 10c. Dime Co., Clintonville, Ct.
52 *Perfumed, Ocean Gem, and Gilt Edge assorted Cards*, name in gold, 10c. RAY & Co., E. Wallingford, Ct.
$777 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & Co., AUGUSTA, MAINE.
25 of the Prettiest Cards you ever saw, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & Co., NASSAU, N. Y.
20 of our *Prettiest Motto Chromo Cards*, or 25 *Illuminated Chromos*, 10c. NASSAU CARD CO., NASSAU, N.Y.
50 Perfumed, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, name in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. Spring, E. Wallingford, Ct.
50 Perfumed Beveled & Gilt edge assort'd Cards, name in gold & jet, 10c. Franklin Print'g Co., W. Haven, Ct.
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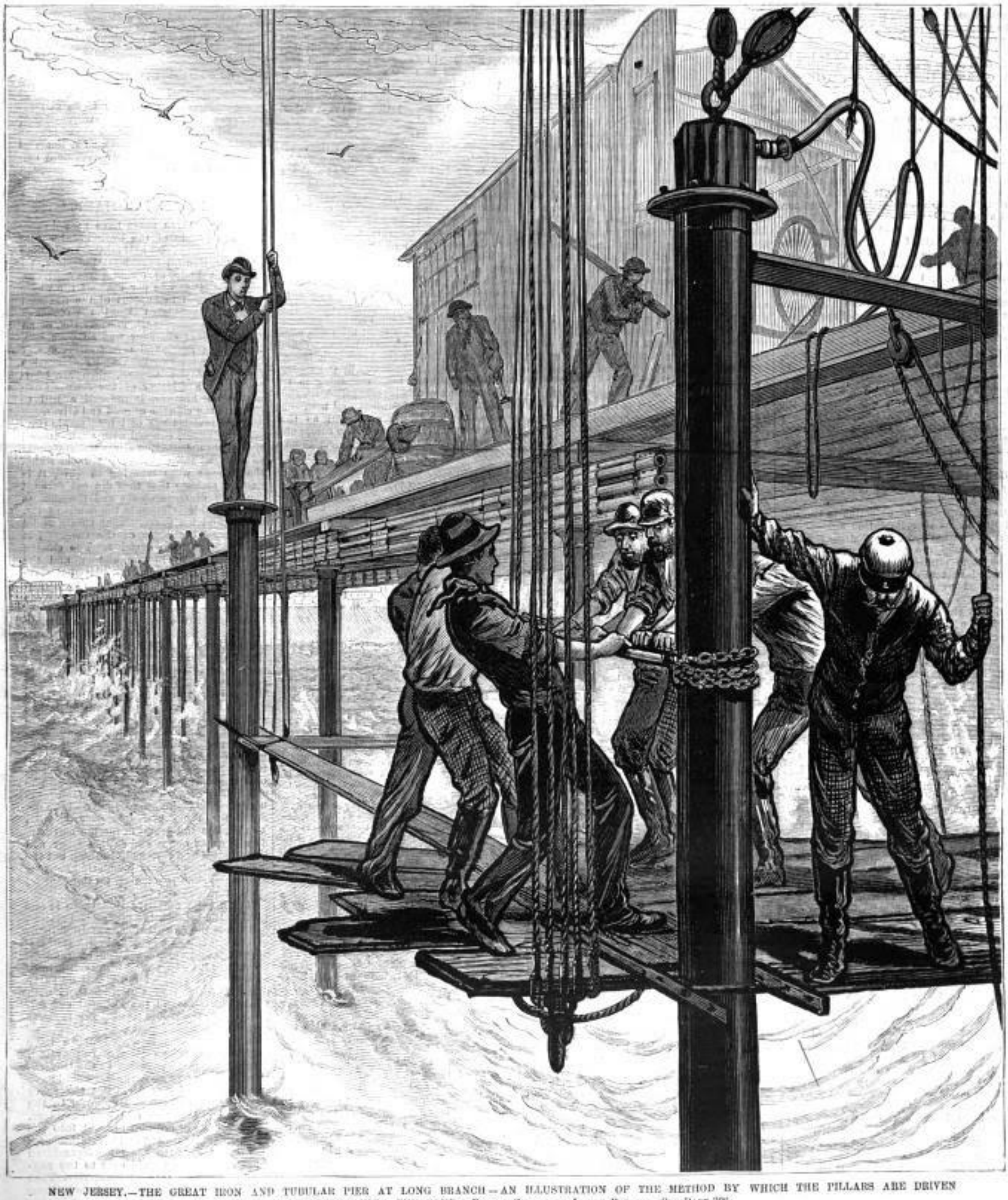
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NEW JERSEY.—THE GREAT IRON AND TUBULAR PIER AT LONG BRANCH—AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE METHOD BY WHICH THE PILLARS ARE DRIVEN AND DRILLED INTO THE SAND.—From a Sketch by Joseph Becker.—See Page 292.

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THE NEW VETO.

PRESIDENT HAYES has refused to sign the Bill entitled "An Act to Prohibit Military Interference at Elections," as recently passed by both Houses of Congress. The vetoed Bill is conceived in the following terms:

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring in, or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State, any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce section four, article four, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed."

Reaffirming his opinion that the existing statutes are ample to prohibit all military interference on the part of the Federal Government with the freedom of elections, and avowing the opinion that "any military interference whatever at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions," the President objects that the foregoing Bill, by reason of its loose phraseology, would have for effect, if adopted, to nullify, on election days and at polling-places, the ancient and fundamental laws which, since the year 1792, have empowered the Executive to employ the land and naval forces of the United States, wherever and whenever, "by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons, or rebellion against the authority of the Government of the United States, it shall become impracticable, in the judgment of the President, to enforce, by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States within any State or Territory." Other important enactments, he urges, are liable to be suspended or annulled at the times and places of holding elections, if the proposed measure should become a law.

A second ground of objection to the Bill is found in its discrimination against the right and authority of the Federal Government to keep the peace at elections in which it is vitally interested, while it is conceded that the army and navy may be summoned by the States to protect the peace at elections, whenever, and only whenever, they shall be so disposed. This substitution of the discretion of the State Governments for the discretion of the Government of the United States, in a matter where the latter is charged with important rights and duties of its own, seems to the President "an abandonment of its obligations by the National Government—a subordination of National authority, and an intrusion of State supervision over National duties, which amounts, in spirit and tendency, to State supremacy."

That in matters extrinsic to the conduct of elections it was the purpose of the men who framed the proposed Bill to strip the President of the general power and duty with which he is charged in the presence of "combinations" and "insurrections" too powerful to be resisted by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, may perhaps be reasonably questioned, but that the text of the statute, as actually drawn, is so vague as to be open to the President's criticism, can scarcely be disputed. If the body of the Bill had contained a pure and simple clause, declaring that it "shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State, any part of the army or navy *for the purpose of interfering with the free and peaceable conduct of the election*," it is probable that the President would have signed the Bill, though in doing so he might have explained that he would not regard as such "interference" the presence and employment of Federal troops at an election for members of Congress, wherever and whenever their presence and employment should be judged necessary *by the civil authorities of the United States for the sake of keeping the peace.*

The lines between the two parties at variance on this subject are coming to be distinctly drawn in the course of the present discussion. It is the purpose of the Democrats to exclude the Federal Government from all jurisdiction and control in the conduct of elections, both general and special, on the ground that such Federal intervention is a novelty in our history, that it has been grossly abused, and is always liable to abuse in the hands of a partisan President. On the other hand, it is the purpose of the Republicans to vindicate for the Federal authority the jurisdiction with which it is now charged over the conduct of elections affecting the composition of Congress, and over the right of suffrage as protected by the terms of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Between these two points of antagonism there is room for much oscillation of public opinion, according to the maxim that "circumstances alter cases." The Democrats are right when they allege that Federal intervention in the conduct of elections was wholly unknown for the first three-quarters of the century that marked the national existence; that it has often been grossly abused by partisans of the "carpet-bagger" stamp, and is always liable to abuse in the hands of an unscrupulous executive. The Republicans are right when they allege that, under the Constitution of the United States, it is competent for Congress to regulate the conduct of Congressional elections; that this regulation, when exercised, must be paramount whether a State regulation exists at the time or not; and that the expediency of exercising this paramount authority must depend upon the conceived exigencies of the public welfare at any given epoch. They are right, too, when they hold that the exclusive control of Congressional elections by the States has often been grossly abused, and is always liable to abuse in the hands of the dominant party in each State. Mr. Madison explains in his minutes of the Federal Convention that the power of Congress to make regulations under this head was supplied in order to enable it to regulate the elections if the States should fail or refuse to do so; and while admitting the full discretion vested by the Constitution in Congress, he expressed the opinion, in the Virginia Convention held on the adoption of the Constitution, that "if the elections were regulated *properly* by the State Legislatures, the Congressional control would very probably never be exercised." In point of fact, it never was exercised until the year 1865, and later, when the Federal Government began to assume jurisdiction in the premises. And this jurisdiction was avowedly based on the ground of the new exigencies and necessities which, under the altered conditions created by the war, had come, in the estimation of Congress, to justify the exercise of a hitherto dormant power lodged in the Constitution.

Whether the Federal Government should continue to exercise the jurisdiction which it has lawfully assumed in these latter days, or whether, as before the war, it should remit the control of all elections to the conduct of the States, is a question on which men will differ according to their political outlook. Those who believe that the normal relations between the States and the Federal Government are fully restored may consistently advocate a recurrence to the practice which obtained before the war, and it was in this sense, and under this persuasion, that such an enlightened Republican as Mr. Garfield avowed his willingness, at the close of the late Congress, to "muster out" so much of the recent extraordinary legislation, born of the war, as prescribes a test oath for jurors at the South, and as authorizes the presence of troops at the polls "to keep the peace." To this effect he said:

"For myself, I see no serious practical objection to letting these sections go through. I do not quite see how anybody can say that while a State may call out its own militia to keep the peace at its own polls, and nobody calls that tyranny, nobody calls that wickedness, injustice, and a menace to civil liberty, a nation, when it has its own elections, which its own Constitution says it may regulate as to the time, place and manner of holding them, may not with great propriety use its own military force to keep the peace at its own personal polls. That is all there is in these two sections that any gentleman has complained of. Now, I believe, as a matter of fact, no one will say that any citizen, during the thirteen years and more that this law has stood on our statute-book, has been denied the full and free exercise of the elective franchise in consequence of the presence of armed soldiers of the United States near the polls. If there has been such a case I will join with any man of any party in deprecating it, in deploring it, in doing what I can to prevent its recurrence. But, lest it should be a rock of offense and a stone of stumbling to any man in this country, I for one would be willing to let it go out of the law rather than even appear to sin against the liberty of the citizen."

In the presence of such a frank statement, doing full justice to the real grounds of the Democratic contention, it is greatly to be deplored that the insensate folly of the Democratic leaders, in needlessly provoking an extra session of Congress, and in raising extraneous issues of deeper import, should have now sharpened and intensified the sectional antagonisms which even their opponents were not unwilling to allay a few months ago.

THE DWIGHT INSURANCE CASE.

FROM present appearances, we are not likely soon to see the last of the proceedings in this more than ordinarily scandalous case. It was believed that the failure in the recent examination of the remains of the deceased would have the effect of making an end of the opposition of the insurance companies, and that they would promptly and without further cavil honor the claims of the heirs. Such, however, is not to be the case. A majority of the companies still resist, and efforts are being made to form a combination which shall be strong enough to prolong the struggle indefinitely. It is difficult, of course, to predict what would be the result if such a combination should be consummated; but it is certain that, as the case now stands, public sentiment is decidedly with the heirs of the deceased, and against the companies who refuse to honor their claims; and, whatever the final judgment may be, the public sentiment is but little likely to change. And, so far as facts warrant us to form any opinion, we think public sentiment, in this instance, is fairly on the side of truth and justice. There is nothing in the history of the deceased, peculiar as he was, nothing in the circumstances of his death, nothing in the facts brought to light at the original autopsy, nothing in the evidence obtained at the recent investigation, which can be regarded as sufficient to justify even a remote suspicion that he made away with himself. A slight mark on the neck, which, it is admitted, might have been produced by various causes, and which was allowed to pass unchallenged at the original autopsy, is the only basis on which is made to rest the charge that death was produced by strangulation, and that Colonel Dwight was a suicide. The theory is obviously an after-thought, and is altogether inadequate as a justification for the course pursued.

If there had been no money at stake, or if the money at stake had been less than it really is, we should probably never have heard of this now celebrated case; and, however unjust it may be, the public will not be diverted from suspicions of corruption on the part of those who, by their expressed opinions, have encouraged the conduct of the resisting companies. As to the latter, we must regard their conduct as at once unjust and suicidal—unjust, because without any satisfactory cause it is a refusal to honor just claims; suicidal, because it will have a most injurious effect on the companies immediately concerned, and because, but for the honorable, though exceptional, course followed by the Equitable, it would have been damaging to the entire system of life insurance. With such slender prospects of success, and with such a condition of public sentiment as that which now exists, the insurance companies will do well to halt in what seems to us a ruinous career.

THE TRADE OF 1878.

THE twenty-first annual report of the New York Chamber of Commerce furnishes an exhibit of the present state of trade and the indications of the future, which is in the main encouraging and satisfactory. Careful comparisons of the results of the past year with those of preceding years show that the last point of decline has been reached, and that in nearly all the more important branches of trade there is a positively upward tendency. Some of the results of 1878 are thus summarized:

"The receipts of sugar of all kinds, at the principal markets for consumption, were larger in 1878 than in many years preceding. The receipts at this port were nearly 4 per cent., and the consumption ranged nearly 3 per cent. in excess of 1877, and prices ranged about 1¾ cents per pound lower. The share of New York in the total sugar trade of the United States was, for the year, 64¾ per cent. The coffee trade shows the same general movement; steadily declining prices and a large increase of consumption. The receipts at New York show a gain of nearly 11 per cent., and deliveries of nearly 9¾ per cent. in 1878, over those in 1877. Of the whole trade, her share was 64¾ per cent.; the average prices were about 3 cents below those of last year. The gradual transfer of the tea trade from coastwise to interior ports has been arrested. This movement will restore to New York its supremacy in the trade. The receipts of the whole country for 1878 (with the exception of the imports at San Francisco, designed for consumption on the Pacific Slope), exceeded 60,000,000 of pounds, the deliveries for consumption, 53,000,000 of pounds—a decrease of 1,000,000 of pounds from those of 1877. Of this, nearly 75 per cent. came direct to New York, and 12 per cent. via San Francisco. The decline varied with the quality of the teas, ranging from 5 to 13 cents per pound.

The movement of export of American products shows a steady increase. The American cotton-crop for the year ending with September last reached 4,811,265 bales, of which 3,346,640 bales were exported, and 1,546,298 bales were taken for our own spinners. The exports exceeded those of 1877 by 297,143 bales. The exports of salt beef from New York amounted to 27,000,000, and of fresh beef to 44,000,000 pounds, valued at $6,000,000, being three-quarters of the entire export. The shipments of bacon and hams from New York reached 379,000,000 pounds, valued at $32,000,000, being two-fifths of the entire trade, which reached $52,000,000. There has been a rapid increase in the export of live animals, of which between 34,000 and 35,000 were shipped from New York, valued at over $2,000,000, this export from all the ports reaching nearly $6,000,000. The export of breadstuffs has again risen to large figures. The total exports of wheat and wheat flour from the United States reached the sum of $122,000,000, of which we sent from New York nearly $67,000,000, or 55 per cent. Of other grain exported, valued at $57,000,000, New York sent $24,000,000, or 42 per cent.

Summarizing the whole matter, the report presents these aggregates:

"The total foreign imports into the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1878, amounted in value to $446,872,846, of which New York received $213,179,649, or 47 per cent. The total domestic exports of the United States, including specie and bullion, amounted to $722,811,815, of which New York sent $338,992,746, or 47½ per cent. Of the total foreign trade, imports and exports (with foreign exports added, $20,824,736), amounting to $1,210,510,399, New York had $664,986,263, or 55 per cent.

"The total exports, domestic and foreign, for 1878 were $737,155,611 against $620,302,412 in 1877, showing an increase in 1878 of $116,853,199. The total foreign trade of the United States, exports and imports, exclusive of specie and bullion, for 1878, was $1,168,968,194, against $1,109,548,712 in 1877, an increase of $58,419,482. The total imports into the port of New York, including specie and bullion, for the calendar year 1878, reached $393,156,867, against $329,088,888 in 1877, and the total export $362,022,088, against $323,433,140 in 1877; a total of trade for 1878 of $665,708,955, against $655,520,028 in 1877, an increase of $10,188,947.

"The aggregate value of exports over imports for the calendar year 1878, exclusive of specie and bullion, was in favor of the United States, as shown by the following:

Exports, calendar year 1878.....	$737,155,611
Imports, calendar year 1878.....	431,812,583
Balance of trade, 1878.....	$305,343,028

These statistics furnish solid proofs of a substantial revival of our trade and industry. They show, too, that New York, with all the sharp competition to which she has been subjected, maintains her imperial pre-eminence as the great commercial emporium of the country.

THE FINANCIAL MARPLOTS.

LESS than three years have passed since the people of the United States cast nearly eight and one-half millions of ballots at an election for Presidential electors. Of this vast body of electors only 81,740, being less than one per cent. of the whole number, voted in support of the financial vagaries enunciated by the Greenback school of politicians. The question of an inflated paper currency was an open one, while the coinage and use of silver money by the country had been under discussion from January 6th, 1868, when Mr. Sherman, then a member of the Senate Committee on Finance, introduced a Bill to regulate the coinage of gold and silver.

If the lavish issue of irredeemable Government paper, coupled with an unlimited coinage of depreciated silver dollars, could have cured the financial ills under which the masses were laboring in 1876, it is passing strange that they did not commit the care of Government and the powers of national legislation to the hands of Mr. Cooper and his party. That surely would have been the logic of the case. But such was not their decision. The closing of that chapter in our history and the opening of a new one introduced the resumption of specie payments, one money alike for the bondholder and laborer, an excess of domestic exports over foreign imports, a revival of manufactures and home trade, an increase of business to transporters, and, with it all, a degree of national credit which even the most favored nations may regard with envy. All this came through the rejection of financial theories and plans which, when tried, have never failed to produce national bankruptcy and individual suffering. The country today stands on the threshold of a prosperous future. So long as European Governments continue to support vast armaments there will be a foreign market for the surplus raised by our farming population. The superiority of many of our manufactures is becoming better known abroad, and the demand for them increases year by year. As that demand grows in foreign markets, as well as at home, our skilled labor will be benefited and enriched. Nothing but the most egregious folly or blundering can now arrest the country's march to the highest state of wealth and power.

It must be admitted that there is one peril to the brightening prospect. Partisan politics is the one great bane and dominant evil of our life as a people. Political demagogues, intent only on personal aggrandizement, build their policies in conformity with the demands of individual or party interest, instead of squaring them with vital principles and the national necessities. Thus the public tranquillity is never entirely free from menace.

In support of this statement we have only to refer to the matter of resumption. A return to specie payment by the Government immediately after the war would have averted years of disaster. But the party intrusted with legislation deferred to the wishes of speculators and gold-gamblers. The hundreds of millions brought into the Treasury through a tax on importations, instead of being used to redeem the depreciated greenbacks, were turned over to the payment of a debt far from its maturity. That act of partisan folly cost the people billions of dollars through a lack of full purchasing

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power in the paper currency of the Government and banks. During all this period the party in opposition rallingly accused the Government of maintaining one kind of money for the "bloated bond-holders," and another for the people and the poor pensioners of the nation.

The crash of 1873 and the distress which followed brought a Republican Congress to its senses. An Act was passed in the Winter of 1874-5, fixing a specific date when the Government would resume the payment of specie. The Democratic National Convention of 1876 antagonized this measure, and the demagogues of that party who had been declaiming against "gold for the bondholders and depreciated paper for the people" clamored for its repeal. In pursuance of this declared hostility, a Democratic House, on the 23d of November, 1877, passed a repealing Act. Why this change? Not, most certainly, because resumption was not proper and just in itself. Was it, then, because scheming partisans foresaw that successful resumption and a return to good times would give their opponents a claim upon the consideration, if not the lasting gratitude, of the country?

But at last resumption is an accomplished fact; it has brought reviving prosperity in its train; yet the intriguing politician does not stay his hand. To retrieve past losses and secure prospective gains the country needs entire rest from financial agitation. The need is met by the introduction into Congress of all manner of disturbing schemes. Some call for the issue of billions of irredeemable paper currency, others for the unlimited coinage of silver dollars of the value of eighty-five cents, the same to be legal-tender for one hundred cents. All are disturbing, uncalled-for, and pernicious. The country has not asked for financial legislation at the hands of Congress. On the contrary, the representatives of our great industrial and trade interests, being well satisfied with the good results flowing from resumption, imperatively demand exemption from legislative interference. These interests are of paramount importance. The prosperity and happiness of the people depend mainly upon their success. The party attempting their destruction, or the partisan seeking to profit by their ruin, should be, and will be, held to a stern accountability at the bar of public opinion.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

NO little excitement has been caused in England by Mr. Dillwyn's motion in the House of Commons, imputing certain unconstitutional acts to the Queen, and by Sir Robert Peel's rather savage onslaught on the Royal Family, on account of an intimation in *Vanity Fair*, by Mr. Bowles, a "friend" or toady of the Prince of Wales, that the Royal Family intended to cut Sir Robert, because, as the latter expresses it, "a member of the House of Commons dares to express his opinion in his place in Parliament, and to quote Thackeray and history in support of that opinion." The Prince of Wales caused Sir Robert to be informed that he had never authorized Mr. Bowles's statement, and Mr. Dillwyn's motion, so far as it reflected on the motives and disposition of the Queen, was promptly disavowed by both Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Hartington, the actual and the titular leaders of the Liberal Party. The breeze over these two "incidents" will die away, of course, but it is none the less significant of the drift of British sentiment and opinion as to Lord Beaconsfield's policy of putting forward the Sovereign and the Court as active factors in British politics.

It is significant also of the great changes which are going on in British thought and feeling, that something like national exultation should be manifested over the fact that, at the last Consistory in Rome, the Pope made a Cardinal of the gifted and learned John Newman, the descendant of an English Puritan and a French Huguenot; and that Exeter Hall should not break into a volcanic eruption over the introduction in the House of Commons of the O'Connor Don's Bill, to establish a Roman Catholic University in Ireland.

The political situation in France may be briefly stated as showing a difficulty in the Ministry, but not yet a crisis. After the 6th of June, when the time of partial amnesty expires, M. Waddington will resign the Premiership to M. Le Royer, who will also take the place of M. Lepère, Minister of the Interior. M. Waddington will remain Minister of Foreign Affairs. Gambetta has no expectation of trouble on any crucial question to arise before the Chambers, which met on the 15th of May, at Versailles. At a private conference, M. Clemenceau, the Radical leader, has presented the outlines of a programme which includes liberty of the press, the right of public meeting, income tax, free trade, secular education, separation of Church and State, and abolition of the exemption of clerical students from conscription. He declared, very reasonably, that the time had arrived to inaugurate a true Republican policy. And, bugbear as Clemenceau is in many French eyes on account of certain views held by him, his notion of "a true Republican policy" was partly formed from a careful study of its theory and practice in the United States, and differs little, in main features, from that of any enlightened American statesman. Yet, naturally enough, he wants a French republic and not altogether an American one for France. Not a few Americans betray both ignorance and silliness in wondering that the French people, with all their inherited differences of race and development, do not adopt our system in full, ready cut and dried. The International Canal Congress met at Paris May 15th. M. de Lesseps was elected its President, Admiral Ammen, United States Navy, Vice-President, and Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, Chairman of the Committee on the Economic and Commercial Aspects of the project. It is not probable that the fair promoters, American and foreign, of Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse's scheme for an interoceanic canal will reap, so soon as they expect, a harvest from it; but the Congress will not have been held in vain if its discussions impress the world with the vast importance of deciding upon and executing the best possible scheme for accomplishing the purpose in view.

Germany has sent vessels to look after her South American interests during the war between Chili and Bolivia. She has also concluded a favorable treaty with Samoa. The Reichstag, by a vote of 218 to 88, has adopted the Government's proposal relative to duties on raw and broken iron. The tariff majority in the Reichstag, it is expected, may lead to the disruption of the National-Liberal Party. Autonomy has been granted to Alsace-Lorraine. By the birth of a daughter to Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the Emperor of Germany has become a great-grandfather and the Queen of England and Empress of India a great-grandmother. Dr. Döllinger, of the Old Catholic Church, appears anxious to submit to Rome, but is averse to the conditions required.

The rumor that King Alfonso will be married in October to an Austrian Princess is well received in Spain. The Duke of Medina Coeli, while out shooting on his estates, accompanied by his wife, accidentally shot himself the other day. He had more titles than any other Spanish grandee, and he was the richest landowner in the country.

Italy has forgotten Garibaldi's wild revolutionary schemes already, and is thinking only of the creation by the Pope of eight new Princes of the Church, English Dr. Newman among them. Garibaldi has quietly settled down in Rome.

Russia is still under a reign of terror. Although St. Petersburg is apparently quiet, the Nihilists have added incendiarism as well as assassination to the crimes committed by them in the name of liberty. Seventy arrests have been made in connection with the two fires inflicted upon Orenburg since its great conflagration.

WHILE the Southern planters have been devising methods to arrest the negro exodus, it is gratifying to note that at the other end of the line, in Kansas, a State organization has been formed, headed by the Governor and State officers, for the purpose of furnishing assistance to the emigrants in procuring work and finding homes, and relieving the wants and necessities of the destitute. The number of emigrants who have so far left Louisiana is stated at 25,000, but this is probably an exaggeration.

A STEP in the right direction is proposed by the French Minister of the Interior. He is preparing a Bill which, while it will maintain severe punishments for defamation of character, will abolish nearly all the penalties for Press offenses. The French Government cannot better illustrate its sympathy with the spirit of the age than by removing the restrictions so long imposed upon the freedom of the Press. The Empire lived by strangling free discussion; the Republic could not permanently endure were it to copy the bad example.

CONGRESS has set a bad precedent in incorporating in the Legislative Appropriation Bill a clause directing the Secretary of the Treasury to use immediately the $10,000,000 now held for the redemption of fractional currency in the payment of arrears of pensions. The objection to this provision is that it opens a door for attacking the reserves in the Treasury which may be utilized by the inflationists to defeat specie resumption by making further appropriations similar in character to the Arrears of Pensions Act without devising corresponding measures for meeting such appropriations.

ANOTHER vessel with a cargo of exhibits for the Australian Exposition sailed from this port last week. A feature of the cargo were four motors and six cars of a style used in the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia. These are to be used in Sydney in transporting passengers from the railroad terminus to the Exhibition grounds. Among the other exhibits in the cargo are a display of silverware valued at $12,000, handsome showcases, agricultural machines, glassware, chandeliers, books, paints and toys. Three cargoes of exhibits in all have now been sent from this country to Sydney, and very substantial benefits to our manufacturing industries will no doubt accrue.

UNDER a decision of a United States Judge at Omaha, last week, certain Ponca Indians who were being returned to the Indian Territory by military force, were ordered to be released—the Judge holding that Indians are citizens and possess the same rights of expatriation as the more fortunate white race, and the inalienable right to "life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness" so long as they obey the laws and do not trespass on forbidden ground. This decision is regarded by the Government as a severe blow to the Indian system. "If the power of the Government to hold the Indians upon their reservations or to return them when they escape is denied," so it is stated by a Cabinet Minister, "the Indians become a body of tramps, moving without restraint wherever they please and exposed to attacks of frontiersmen without redress from the Government." The District-Attorney at Omaha has been instructed to carry the question to a higher court.

THE Internal Revenue authorities have exhibited commendable and somewhat unusual vigor, during the last two or three years, in the enforcement of the laws. A report just laid before Congress shows that since July, 1876, in the States where the laws have been principally violated, 2,638 stills have been seized and 5,422 persons have been arrested for illicit distilling, and that nineteen persons have been killed and thirty-five wounded while engaged in suppressing the illegal trade. Of the whole number of seizures, 2,283, and of the total arrests, 4,915, were made in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. In five of these States, pleas of guilty with suspension of sentence were allowed in the cases of 2,080 offenders who expressed an earnest desire to abandon their fraudulent practices. There is no branch of the public service where energy and integrity are more important than in that charged with the enforcement of the laws relating to the revenue, and it is matter for congratulation that the heads of the Department recognize fully the responsibilities of their position.

THE politicians of Ohio are actively skirmishing for position preliminary to the grand Presidential struggle of 1880. On the side of the Republicans, Secretary Sherman seems to be looming up as a candidate for Governor, but he does not appear to be anxious for the nomination, though he would, no doubt, accept it if he supposed he could thereby advance his chances for the Presidency. The Democracy appear to be somewhat demoralized, some of their leaders favoring the renomination of Governor Bishop, while others are urging the selection of General Ewing, and others still think the right thing to do is to nominate Senator Thurman. The latter, however, apparently has some doubts as to the result of his candidacy, and prefers, not unnaturally, not to hazard his Presidential claims by risking a defeat for the smaller office. Should he be nominated and elected as Governor, he would certainly be strengthened in his struggle for his party nomination for President. Mr. Sherman's recent visit to Ohio seems to have occasioned a good deal of excitement in political circles, it being generally supposed that the object of his visit was to set on foot some deep political intrigue, but as he himself says he only went to look after the repair of the fences of his farm, it would appear that all fears of a *coup d'état* of any sort may be safely dismissed.

THE city of New York is fortunate in numbering among her Representatives in Congress a gentleman so well able to speak effectively for her great interests as Hon. Levi P. Morton. Among all the speeches in opposition to the pernicious Warner Silver Bill, none has presented more compactly and clearly the objections to that financial monstrosity than that—only five minutes in length—of this eminent financier. The Bill proposes, in effect, to compel the Government to buy all the silver, American or foreign, offered to it by private owners, issuing certificates therefor good for duties and taxes. Of its inevitable effect, Mr. Morton said:

"If this Bill is to become law, the German Government and all who have silver bullion the world over will pour it into our mints to receive for every 84 cents a legal-tender silver dollar. They will make by this simple process nearly 20 per cent., and our own people, who will be obliged to receive the coin as legal tenders, will be the losers. Coinage by the Government is properly only an official attestation of the weight and fineness of the metal stamped or coined. A silver dollar thus attested to-day should contain 484 45-100 grains as the equivalent of a gold dollar. If this Bill is to become the law of the land, its title should be changed to read, 'An Act for the Relief of the Owners of Silver Mines,' and an appropriation made for the purpose of erecting elevators and warehouses for the storage of silver coin and bullion. If the owners of silver bullion can have their property carried by the Government, as this Bill proposes, and can have certificates of its deposit made a legal tender for all dues to the United States, including Custom House duties, why not clothe bonded warehouse receipts and all other representatives of property with the same functions of money? My constituents are not the owners of silver mines, but they are largely interested in cotton, wheat, corn, flour, iron and copper. Why should not the Government receive all these and other productions of the earth on storage, issue certificates, and make them also a legal tender? And if the supply of money should still be insufficient to satisfy the honorable gentleman from Ohio, receive also titles of real estate, issue money certificates, and so continue until every species of property becomes a part of the currency of the country!"

It is scarcely necessary to add that none of the astute Silverites attempted to answer these direct and pertinent inquiries.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Cabinet has decided upon opening negotiations with foreign Governments on the subject of restoring the bi-metallic standard.

THE House of Representatives has ordered the appointment of a committee to consider all measures in reference to alcoholic liquors.

BURGLARY in North Carolina being punishable with death, three persons guilty of that crime were hanged at Hillsboro, May 16th.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the United States Senate for the appointment of a commission to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with France.

IN Brooklyn, Messrs. Flaherty and Bennett, Commissioners of City Works, were convicted of malfeasance in office, and Commissioner Milne was acquitted, May 16th.

IN the Law School of Columbia College, 169 students were graduated on May 14th, and in the Law Department of the University of the City of New York, 39 were graduated.

GREAT forest fires last week destroyed a vast deal of timber near Fryeburg, Me., North Conway and Bartlett, N. H. The heavy rains have extinguished the forest fires in the neighborhood of Port Jervis.

MORE testimony showing wholesale attempts at bribery has been taken before the Committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature investigating charges of corruption in the passage of the Riot Indemnity Bill.

JUDGE ASA PACKER, President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, ex-Member of Congress, and founder of the Lehigh University at South Bethlehem, Pa., died in Philadelphia, May 17th, in the 74th year of his age.

THROUGHOUT Minnesota, Northern Iowa and Northwestern Wisconsin, a region which annually sends 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 bushels of wheat to market, the weather for two weeks past has been peculiarly favorable to the growth of the wheat crop.

IT is now said that at least 5,000 whites have invaded the Indian Territory, and that hundreds are moving forward from the southern counties of Kansas. Over 150 wagons, it is represented, passed into the Territory southwest of Independence in one day recently.

GROUND was broken in Brooklyn for the elevated railroad on May 12th, and the president of the company, the contractor and sixteen workmen were arrested. A second attempt was made to prosecute the work later in the week, but the police interfered and the project was abandoned pending a decision in the court.

MR. PENDLETON has introduced in the United States Senate a Bill authorizing the Secretary of War to set aside any vacant posts or barracks for use in the establishment of normal and industrial training schools for Indian youth from the nomadic tribes having educational treaty claims upon the United States.

THE United States Senate was mainly occupied last week in the discussion of the Legislative Appropriation Bill. The House failed to pass the so-called Election Bill over the President's veto, the vote being 127 to 97, not the necessary two-thirds. Ten of the Nationals voted with the Democrats, and three did not vote. The Democratic members of the House have not yet decided what course to pursue as to the Army Bill.

THE eighty-ninth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Massachusetts was held in Boston last week. The Presbyterian General Assembly met in annual session at Saratoga, May 15th. Rev. Henry H. Jessup, of the Syrian Mission, was chosen Moderator. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, began its annual session at Louisville on the same day. The General Assembly of Congregational Preachers of the West met at Terre Haute, Ind., May 14th.

THE New York State Assembly passed a Bill to protect Nassau Street and Broadway from the elevated railroads, and a Bill to establish five cent fares at all hours on the elevated roads was favorably reported from the Committee of the Whole, on May 13th. On the 14th the Assembly passed the Five Cent Fares Bill, on the 15th the Excise Bill was defeated in the Assembly, while in the Senate a favorable report was made on the Bill to protect Nassau Street and Broadway; and on the 16th, the Assembly passed the Bill reducing the legal rate of interest to six per cent., amended the Street Protection Bill in the interests of the elevated railroads, and passed a Bill providing for a commission to revise the tax laws, consisting of Charles H. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, George Dawson, of Albany, and John Wheeler, President of the Tax Commission of New York City. It was decided to adjourn to May 22d.

Foreign.

TURKEY'S negotiations for a loan of $100,000,000 have fallen through.

THE Boers in South Africa have petitioned England for independence.

TWO ROTTERDAM trading companies have failed, with liabilities of $3,750,000.

ANOTHER deadly plague, which proves fatal in twenty-four hours, has broken out in the Caucasus.

THE greater part of Lublin, a city of 20,000 inhabitants in Russian Poland, has been destroyed by fire.

THE O'Conor Don has presented in the House of Commons a Bill to establish a Catholic University in Ireland.

BOLIVIAN troops have recaptured Atacama from the Chilians; 15,000 Bolivians are marching to attack the Chilian border.

THE English negotiations with the Afghan Ameer are not making satisfactory progress, the Ameer having made fresh demands.

A LARGE fire at Poonah, an important Government and military centre, eighty miles from Bombay, has destroyed five public buildings and fifty private houses.

THE communal elections throughout Spain largely favor the Government. Señor Martinez, leader of the Centralists, has announced his intention to support the Government.

TIDINGS have been received down to September 25th, 1878, of the Nordenskjöld Polar Expedition, which is wintering on the north coast of Eastern Siberia. All were well, and evidently waiting for the ice to break up in order to sail eastward.

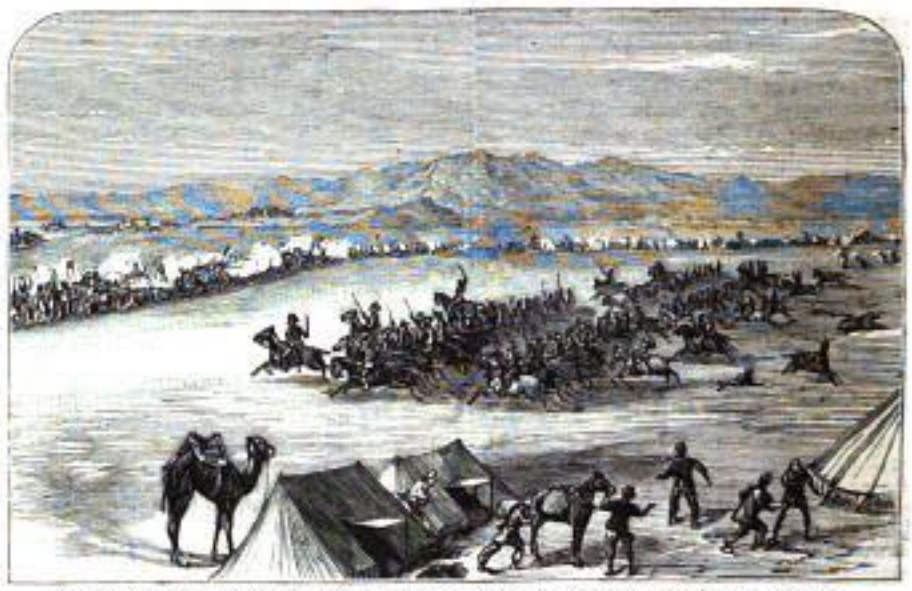
TWO Chilian vessels have destroyed the great railway works at Molleudo, destroyed Pisagua and bombarded Iquique, all three important ports of Peru. During the bombardment of Pisagua Admiral Rogers, of the *Pensacola*, had a narrow escape while on his way to his vessel in a small boat.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 203.



RUSSIA.—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR AT ST. PETERSBURG.



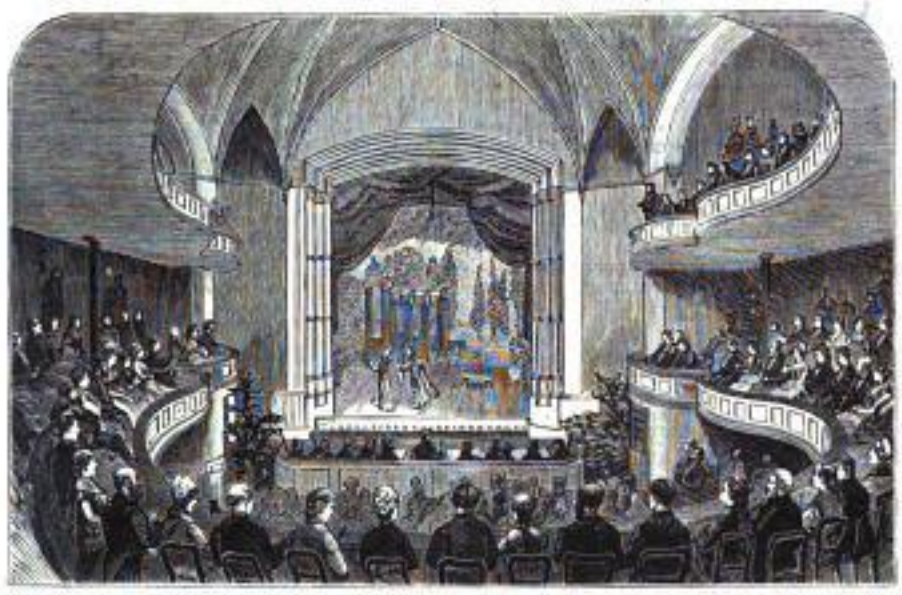
AFGHANISTAN.—CAVALRY CHARGE DURING THE ATTACK ON GEN. BIDDULPH'S REAR GUARD.



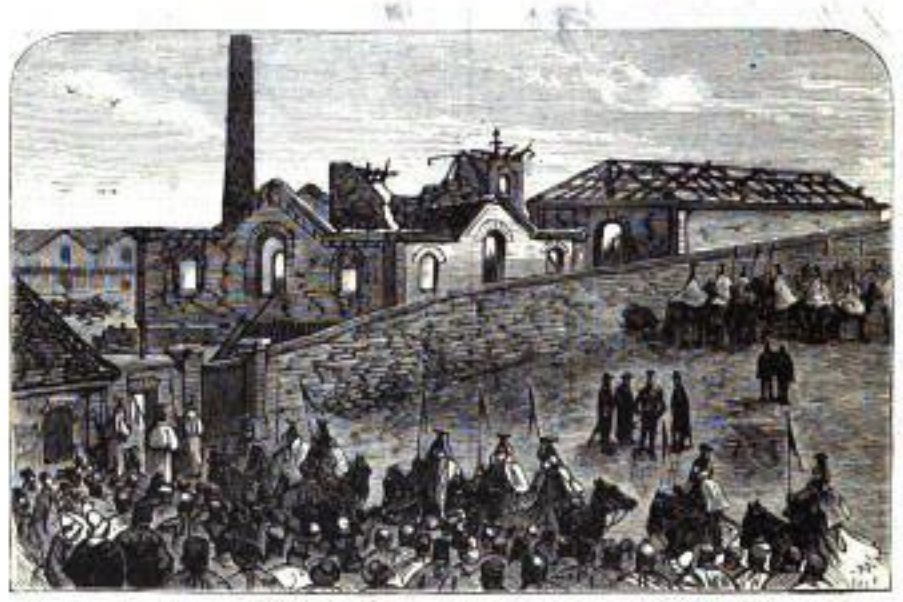
RUSSIA.—EASTER MASS IN THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.



AFGHANISTAN.—A VISIT TO THE CAVES ON THE CABUL RIVER.



ENGLAND.—OPENING PERFORMANCE IN THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

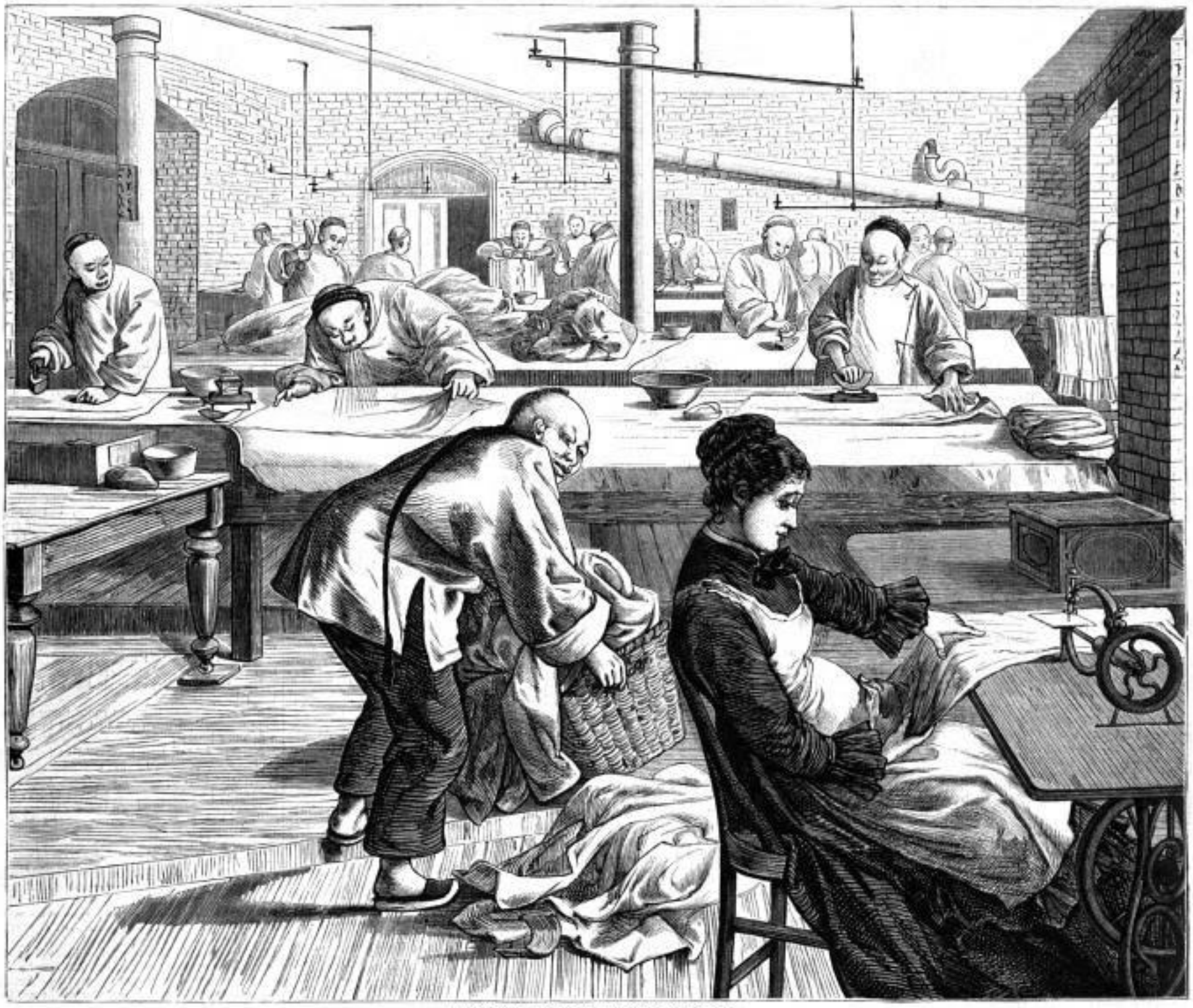


BELGIUM.—ENTRANCE TO THE FLAMERIES COAL MINES AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



CYPRUS.—INTRODUCTION OF BRITISH SPORTS TO THE ISLAND—PONY RACE BY NATIVE POLICE AT LARNAKA.

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CHINAMEN SPRINKLING AND IRONING HOTEL LINEN.

THE LAUNDRY IN THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

IN view of the great antagonism displayed throughout California towards the Chinese, it seems hard to believe that but a few years ago, Mongols who were experienced in the laundry business were heartily welcomed to the land. The encouragement offered by the hotels, public institutions and private families, have attracted so many of this class, that to-day more Chinamen are employed in laundry-work in San Francisco than in any other kind of labor. Their wash-houses are to be found in all parts of the city, every square block containing from four to six such establishments. From San Francisco they spread to Sacramento; then to the mining centres; then, journeying Eastward, they located in the leading cities as far as Boston, or were colonized for work on the largest scale, as at North Belleville, N.J. As a rule, Chinese laundrymen are better ironers than washers. They have a novel method of sprinkling clothing when getting it ready for the ironing-table, as shown in one of our present illustrations. Filling the mouth with water, it is ejected upon the garment or linen in the form of spray, being more evenly distributed by this process than by the usual hand-sprinkling. The prices charged by these laundrymen are of course much less than those formerly fixed by the American and French, but through the dispersion of the Chinamen throughout the United States, the latter have been forced to reduce their rates.

In the private wash-houses all the work is done by hand, the average Chinaman not caring to meddle with the mysteries of steam or complicated machinery, and not having the means to purchase the necessary apparatus. In San Francisco it is broadly asserted that the majority of the private laundrymen are agents for the different lottery schemes maintained by the Chinese, deriving a small percentage on all sales of tickets.

In the case of hotels and public institutions, steam and machinery have been adopted to do the greater part of the work; and in no place is the operation so thorough and extensive as in the laundry in the basement of the immense Palace Hotel at San Francisco, the model caravanserai of the world. All the linen and wearing apparel that requires washing is collected from the 775 rooms for guests, and, with the immense quantity of articles that belong to the hotel proper, taken to the basement. Women employés carefully examine every piece, and make such repairs as are necessary, and then the mass is turned over to the Chinamen for washing and ironing. Although the place of chamber-maids is filled throughout the building by Chinamen, with the force on each floor in charge of an American woman, who gives all her orders in "pigeon-English," the laundrymen do not live in the place, but work during regular daily hours.

The clothing is washed in huge tubs by means



WASHING PERFORMED BY MACHINERY.

CALIFORNIA.—THE IMMENSE LAUNDRY IN THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

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of steam, the pieces being agitated by mechanical appliances, so that the Chinamen have simply to keep the tubs supplied with clothing and other articles. All articles are then passed through a steam wringer, and then taken into the drying-room where hot air is applied. In the ironing-room there are from thirty to fifty men employed, who first sprinkle the articles as above described, and then iron them. For ironing collars and cuffs, a small cylinder covered with cloth, and operated by a crank, is used. A piece of hot iron is placed in a metal cup wide enough to cover the broadest cuff, and by means of a lever, after the collar or cuff is laid over the cylinder, the cuff is pressed down upon it, when by an alternate forward and backward motion of the crank, the article is easily ironed.

As may be imagined from the size of the Palace Hotel, the work is there done with the best mechanical appliances, and their laundry may be justly considered the most extensive and complete in the world.

MARRYING AN AMAZON.

"WELL, Fred, I gather from your description that your sister can swim like a fish, pull an oar with a university graduate, ride like a trooper, and shoot a bird on the wing. No, I thank you, my dear fellow; when I do give up my bachelor freedom it will not be for the sake of an amazon. I never did like the species. I beg your pardon. You look annoyed. If I have said anything to offend——"

"Not in the least, Arnold, I assure you. Although you refuse to compete for her hand, I fancy my bonnie Kate will not go a-begging for suitors. I wonder what the high-spirited puss would say if she knew that I had been trying to arrange an alliance for her. Annihilate me with one glance of her big black eyes, I fear. It was only my fondness for you both that suggested the arrangement to my mind."

"I am sorry that I cannot comply with your wishes, but the ideal of what my future wife is to be is in the way."

"Ah, yes," laughed Fred; "methinks I see the fair creature who will one day lead you captive—a languid, blue-eyed divinity, stereotyped after the fashionable pattern, with no apparent will of her own before marriage, but afterwards she will develop a thousand ailments and make you a very slave to her whims. In fancy I see you tied to her *chatelaine*, carrying her sofa-pillow, her smelling-bottle, her drops—my dear Arnold, I pity you."

"Keep your pity until I need it," replied Arnold, good-humoredly.

"Hark, I hear wheels. It must be Rosa and Kate returning from their drive. Let us hasten to the house—I long to have my wife see and know you."

"And I long to know her," responded Arnold, as the two friends walked away. "It seems strange to think that while I have been roaming over Europe you have taken to yourself a wife and settled down into a veritable *pater familias*."

The sound of their voices and the odor of their cigars came fainter and fainter to the senses of a young girl who had been an inmate of the old-fashioned summer-house, on the steps of which the foregoing conversation took place.

As soon as escape was possible, she bounded from her place of concealment, crossed the lawn and gained her own room without discovery.

Bolting the door to guard against intrusion, she began to pace the room with hurried steps.

A weaker woman would have thrown herself on the bed and indulged in a flood of tears, but Kate Escott was made of sterner stuff, and her indignation and wounded pride were shown by her flushed cheeks and blazing eyes.

"What could have induced Fred to offer my hand to a man who has never seen me, or to any man at all, for that matter? It was insulting to me! How coolly my lord refused the proposal. 'Did not desire to marry an amazon.' I wonder if my fondness for riding and rowing makes me unmaidenly? No one ever suggested such a thing before, and I have always prided myself upon my skill in these sports. I wish my good guardian had not taught me to love them. I have half a mind never to touch oar or gun again. But, pshaw! What do I care for the opinion of this namby-pamby fellow, who is probably too timid to either hunt or ride! No; I will show him that one woman at least is indifferent to his approval."

These were some of the thoughts which followed each other in rapid succession through the young lady's mind. At last, with a mental resolve to ride, row, hunt, etc., to the utmost extent of her ability during Mr. Jeffrie's stay, she began to make her toilet for dinner.

Kate Escott had been left an orphan at a very early age. Having no near relatives she was adopted into the family of her guardian, Mr. Daymond, who was a widower with four boys. In his pleasant home on the banks of Broad River, the little girl grew up, the idol of the household. She had been a delicate child at the time of her parents' death, but by sharing the sports of the boys and living an out-door life, she grew strong and robust, and developed into a young woman of perfect health.

Her proficiency with the gun and oar had been a great delight to her guardian, and she herself took a greater pride in these amusements than in her fine education and literary and musical accomplishments.

Mr. Daymond died at a ripe old age. His three youngest sons were well established in business; to Fred, the eldest, had descended Haredell, the family seat, and with him Kate made her home, loved as a sister by his warm-hearted wife and himself.

Arnold Jeffries and Fred Daymond were old college chums. A young man of independent means, Arnold had been traveling in Europe since his graduation, and at the time of my story had just returned to his native land. Through some misunderstanding he had arrived at Haredell a day sooner than was anticipated, taking his host by surprise, and finding his hostess away from home.

"I thought Kate went to drive with you, Rosa," said Fred, after the formalities of the introduction were over and the three had settled for a chat.

"No. She complained of a headache and said she should pass the afternoon in the old summer-house, where the breezes from the river would refresh her."

"The summer-house!" exclaimed Fred, starting, while a look of consternation passed between himself and Arnold.

"Why, what is the matter? I am sure there is no occasion for surprise at Kate's place of retreat; you know it is her favorite resort."

"Yes, of course," Fred hastened to say, "I was only thinking how odd it was that Arnold and I were roaming in the garden all the afternoon, and even sitting on the summer-house steps waiting for you ladies to make your appearance, and one of you were so near all the time."

At this moment came the summons to dinner.

"Ah," said Fred, as the party entered the dining-room, "here is Kate! This is my friend Jeffries, Kate, about whom you have heard so much."

Mr. Jeffries looked at Kate with considerable interest. Expecting to see a woman of the grenadier order, with a loud voice and masculine manners, he was agreeably surprised by the totally opposite style of his friend's sister.

Kate unconsciously made a beautiful picture as she stood against the background of the deep bay window. A light Summer dress with the multitudinous bows and frills of the present fashion set off her full round form to perfection. Her face was like a tropical flower with the rich bloom on the cheeks and lips, the large, soft black eyes, and dusky hair.

She received Arnold with calm, easy grace, showing nothing of the storm which had so lately ruffled her serenity.

Dinner passed off pleasantly. Arnold was charmed with his friend's family and made a favorable impression himself on Mrs. Daymond. Kate treated him with a charming frankness and discoursed in a most ladylike way on all the topics introduced, but at the same time she made many mental reservations, for, of course, she was prejudiced against him.

"By Jove, Arnold," was Fred's confidential remark, as the two gentlemen were pacing up and down the terrace, enjoying their after-dinner cigars, "I must confess that I was startled when Rosa said Kate was in the summer-house this afternoon."

"Yes! I was prompted to call for my luggage and leave at once, for I felt as if I could never face Miss Escott if she heard our conversation."

"She must have fallen asleep or else left the summer-house before we took possession of the steps, for her manner at dinner betrayed no knowledge of the affair. But what do you think of her?"

"Think of her? What could a man think, except that she is lovely, charming!"

"Ah! 'Sets the wind in that quarter?' Not so much of an amazon as she was, eh?"

"It was altogether the fault of your description, Fred. What was I to suppose from it but that she was one of the masculine women who are an abomination to me?"

The next morning, hearing merry voices, Mr. Jeffries looked from his window, and saw beneath it a pretty picture.

Kate was playing on the gravel walk with a little child and a huge dog. He watched her toss the little one in her strong, young arms, kiss the soft lips with loving fondness, and thought, "Why, she is the very essence of womanliness! How absurd was my conception of her!"

The succeeding days but deepened his fancy for her. Everything that she did seemed invested with a charm in his eyes, even though they were the same occupations which he had so violently condemned in his conversation with Fred.

He rode by her side on horseback and admired her graceful and firm seat in the saddle.

She passed him in her trim boat one day, as he was roaming along the river bank. Her boating dress was of blue flannel, the short sleeves showing her well-rounded arms, with the muscles in full play as she shot past him. He hastened to the landing-place, but before he could reach it, she had pulled in with long, steady strokes, stepped out and made her boat fast in the most independent manner.

He witnessed her skill in shooting at a mark, but all was done in such a ladylike manner that he had no thought but of admiration.

Fred looked on with delight, pleased to see his friend become entangled in the meshes of Love's net.

"I have lost my friend, but I may gain a brother," he soliloquized, as he smoked his cigar in solitude, for Arnold now devoted the twilight to sauntering by the side of Kate up and down the broad terrace, conversing in low, soft tones upon topics suggested by the tender beauty of the hour.

Yes. Arnold Jeffries was in love; with all the strength of his ardent, passionate nature. He waited but for a fitting opportunity to declare himself.

"To-morrow — and to-morrow," was his nightly resolve, as he indulged in dreamy reveries by his vine-shaded window before he retired, while the strains of her sweet songs lingered on his ear, and he seemed still to feel the pressure of her soft warm hand.

At last there came what seemed to contain a possibility. A ride had been planned for the morrow, but at dinner a note was received which urgently summoned Mr. and Mrs. Daymond to a neighboring city.

"Oh, dear, we shall have to give up our ride, and I am sure that to-morrow will be just the day to see Pleasant Valley in all its beauty," exclaimed Kate, with just a perceptible pout of her scarlet lips.

"It is too bad that you should be disappointed, and I confess that I had set my heart upon the excursion; so if you will accept my escort it need not be given up," said Arnold, quickly, seeing in the enforced *tête-à-tête* of the ride the long-sought opportunity.

"Just the thing," broke in Fred, "you two can have a pleasant day to yourselves, and Rosa and I will be at home in time for dinner. What say you, Kate?"

"Anything is better than not going at all," was Kate's saucy reply.

"To-morrow!" was Arnold's last waking thought.

"To-morrow!" also said Kate, in the solitude of her chamber. "How shall I get through the day? I am sure that Mr. Jeffries means to propose to me—ha, ha! I have made quite a conquest for an amazon, and to-morrow I will have my revenge for the summer-house scene. I suppose Fred will be angry with me if I refuse his friend, but it will serve them both right for talking of me so freely. Let me see—to-morrow I will ride Caper, and if his pranks do not interfere with my lord's love-making and give me a chance to show my amazonian qualifications, then I have no claim to belong to the warlike sisterhood."

The family breakfasted early the next morning, and Rosa and Fred set off at once.

But early as it was Kate had had time to visit the stables and summon Mike to her aid.

"How is Caper this morning, Mike?"

"Fresh, miss. Won't stand on more than two feet at a time."

"Good. I shall ride him to-day. I suppose our horses have been ordered early?"

"Yes, miss, but Caper feels his oats to-day, and——"

"Why, you don't think him too lively for me, do you, Mike? You used to say that I could ride anything."

"Yes, miss, she's a cute one, she is. She ain't goin' to drop into that feller's mouth just as soon as he opens it, I tell you. She and Caper 'll lead him a dance to-day, sure," was the groom's comment, as he proceeded to make the morning toilet of the horses. He had lived on the place as boy and man, and felt a pride in his young lady's achievements as well as an interest in her settlement in life.

Kate looked particularly handsome when she appeared on the piazza where Arnold awaited her. Her tight-fitting habit showed her perfect form to advantage—the round, white throat, swelling bust, and taper but not too slender waist. Her abundant hair was arranged compactly beneath the drooping plumes of her hat. A spirit of mischief lurked in her bright eyes and twitched her full scarlet lips, but Arnold detected it not, ascribing (with the usual conceit of a man) the brilliance of her manner to the anticipated pleasure of his companionship.

They walked around to the mounting-block at the south porch. The two horses were already there, Caper showing by his actions that his was no misnomer.

"Why, how is this, Miss Kate? This is not the horse you usually ride?" Arnold exclaimed, in surprise.

"No! I have taken a fancy to ride Caper this morning. Is he not a beauty?" she continued, going up to the spirited creature and patting his neck.

"But is it safe for you to ride him?" he asked, with some anxiety. "If I were your brother, or had any other claim to authority over you, I would not suffer you to risk your life on what seems to me a dangerous animal."

"Ah, but you haven't any authority, Mr. Jeffries," flashing him a saucy look. Then, finding his eyes dangerous, she said, quickly, "It is time to mount. Here, Caper, eat this and be quiet," giving him a lump of sugar. "Now, Mike, hold his head a moment," and, putting her foot in Arnold's hand, she sprang lightly to her saddle. Caper jumped to one side, reared, kicked, but all to no purpose. Kate's seat was firm, her hand strong, and she soon brought him to comparative quietude.

Arnold had looked anxiously on, and, when Caper was at last induced to stand still for a moment, walked to Kate's side to arrange the folds of her skirt, saying, in a low tone, "Will you not give up this horse for my sake, Kate? I cannot consent to your risking your precious life in this way."

Kate blushed, but answered, "A willful woman must have her way, you know, Mr. Jeffries, and I cannot give up my victory. To horse! to horse!" she continued, merrily, never heeding the reproach of Arnold's blue eyes.

Without another word he mounted, and the two rode rapidly away. Kate had Caper under good control, but at every approach to sentiment on the part of Arnold, the horse would in some unaccountable manner begin to prance and curvet requiring all of Kate's attention.

Thus the proposal was staved off for a time, but it was bound to come at last.

They had a charming ride to and through Pleasant Valley, and about noon turned their faces homewards.

Kate was bright, beautiful, bewitching. Arnold, though vexed at her evident purpose of preventing all serious questions, grew more madly in love with her each moment. At last, as they mounted a hill from which Haredell could be discerned, he resolved to trifle no longer.

Suddenly he laid his hand upon Kate's, and uttered her name softly; the very tone was a caress, and Kate took alarm at once.

"Nay, Kate, we have had enough of that," said Arnold, firmly, as she essayed to strike Caper a light blow with her whip. "I must and will speak and you must listen. I love you deeply, passionately." A little pause during which Kate still kept her eyes demurely fixed upon her horse's mane. "Have you no answer for me?"

"I am sorry that you have spoken, Mr. Jeffries."

"And is that all, Kate? Have you no love to give me in return? Has all my wooing been in vain?"

His eager, impassioned tones, his firm hand upon her own, his glowing eyes had their effect upon Kate. Her heart beat in response to his love; she seemed drawn nearer to him; he pressed her hand to his lips, his heart; apparently she was about to yield, but pride, wounded pride, came to her rescue.

Summoning all her resolution, she raised her eyes calmly to his face, and said: "Mr. Jeffries, how can you love me? Hush, it is my turn to speak now. I ride like a trooper, swim like a fish, row, hunt, and am, in short, an amazon, a kind of woman you despise."

"Kate, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Mr. Jeffries, that I was in the summer-house while you and Fred held an interesting conversation on the steps, and heard you refuse my hand, which to my great consternation and distress was offered you."

"Ah, Kate, you surely will not lay up those idle words against me. Recollect, I had not seen you then. If a life-time of devotion will atone——"

"It will not," was the calm reply, for Kate had worked herself up to such a pitch that she was living over again the feelings which she had experienced at the time of the conversation. "A woman's wounded pride is never healed. The amazon cannot be so easily appeased."

She urged her horse at his highest speed and entered the gates in advance of Arnold, intending to dismount unaided, but Arnold spurred his horse on, and flung himself from the saddle just in time to receive her in his arms as she hastily endeavored to spring to the ground.

Her soft form was in his embrace, her warm lips near his own. Pride, anger, wounded love were all forgotten. He strained her passionately to his heart, pressed an eager kiss upon her lips, and said, imploringly, "Kate, darling, forgive?"

Kate's eyes flashed angrily. "Release me, sir! I have already answered you."

He set her down at once, bowed low, and turned away.

She hastened to her own room, flung herself face downward upon the bed, and burst into a flood of bitter tears.

Neither of the two appeared at lunch, but an hour after, Kate having changed her dress and effaced all traces of her tears, rang for a servant. She gave some trifling order, then asked, carelessly, "Where is Mr. Jeffries?"

"He has gone rowing, miss; he started soon after you got back."

"Very well, he will probably be at home in time for dinner."

A desire to see him, unseen herself, took possession of her. She ascended the high turret stairs, to a little room where a glass was mounted, through which the surrounding country and the winding course of the river could be seen.

At intervals she swept the river, but for some time was unsuccessful. At last she discerned a tiny speck upon the waters. Waiting until it approached nearer, she again applied her eye to the glass. She started, wiped the lense, looked again. What did she see to startle her? A boat containing a prostrate human figure, drifting with the current! Could she be mistaken? No: it was Arnold, and the falls only a mile below!

She flew rather than ran down the stairs, through the house, across the lawn, to the landing-place, where her own little boat lay safely moored. Now God be praised that she had been trained to manage a boat, that her arms were strong, her nerves steady!

The drifting boat was rapidly approaching, borne upon the swift current. It passed her. She saw the white face of Arnold Jeffries, the eyes closed.

With skillful fingers she untied her boat, sprang in, and pulled with long, steady strokes in pursuit.

With teeth set she rowed steadily on, occasionally looking over her shoulder at the boat ahead.

She was gaining on it, and just as the roar of the falls broke on her anxious ears, she reached it, made it fast to her own, and rowed swiftly to the shore, here quiet and secluded.

She made her own boat fast, then sprang into the other, raised the white face of the unconscious man to her breast, and dipped from the river a handful of water which she flung into his face.

"My love, my love! Wake! speak to me, Arnold!" Kisses and tears fell upon the brow, the eyes, the lips. All the passion which she had that day repressed broke from its bonds and was lavished upon the unconscious form.

"Will he never wake to hear me say I love him? Arnold, I love you!" The eyelids fluttered under the warm kisses, lifted, and the blue eyes looked feebly around.

"Thank God! Arnold, you are safe!"

"Kate, is it you? Kiss me!"

She kissed his pale lips passionately. He smiled with content, then said, "I shall be better in a moment." Presently, "You have saved my life, Kate; will you accept it?"

"I will."

Then Arnold told how he came to be helpless in the boat. "I was angry and heated; I had eaten no lunch, and, after a fierce row up the river, a dizziness came over me, the oars fell from my hands, I lost consciousness. I think your kisses woke me to life, and if you had not known how to manage a boat my chances of escape from the falls would have been small."

"Yes, Arnold; had I not been an amazon my efforts would have been useless."

Fred and Rosa had returned. To them the whole story had to be related. Kate was praised, kissed, and congratulated, for both saw how matters stood between the lovers.

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In the twilight Arnold was resting upon a couch in the dim parlor. Rosa had gone to see her little one safely bestowed for the night; Fred was smoking his cigar on the veranda.

"Kate!" called Arnold, softly, to the quiet figure in the large chair by the window.

She went obediently and sat down upon the ottoman by his side.

He took her passive hands. "What is it, Kate?"

"I fear you thought me unmaidenly this afternoon, Arnold," was the faltering reply.

"Because you caressed me, my dear child?" was the fond reply, raising the bowed head. "You showed yourself a true woman, my amazon, my precious, brave preserver!"

A BICYCLE "MEET" IN BOSTON.

THE bicycle season in Boston was opened in handsome style on Saturday, May 10th. The "meet" was in Chestnut Hill Reservoir, and the contest was given under the auspices of the Suffolk Bicycle Club. Considering the disadvantage of a strong head-wind for half the distance, the time made by the contestants is regarded as quite remarkable. Gold and silver medals were offered as prizes by Amos A. Lawrence, who, after the races, entertained the club at his dwelling close by. The following is a summary of the contests:

QUARTER-MILE RACE.

	Heats. First.	Second.	Third.
Russel S. Codman	3	1	1
George R. Agassiz	4	2	2
John C. Sharp, Jr.	2	3	dr
G. Tappan Francis	1	dr	dr
F. E. Abbott	5	dr	dr

Time—38⅝s; 39½s; 42s.
First Prize—Russel S. Codman.
Second Prize—George R. Agassiz.

ONE-MILE RACE.

	Heats. First.	Second.
Russel S. Codman	1	1
Edward P. Sharp	2	2
Frederick S. Whitwell	3	dr
George W. Beale	4	dr

Time—3m 32⅛s; 3m 29⅝s.
First Prize—Russel S. Codman.
Second Prize—Edward P. Sharp.

FIVE-MILE RACE.

G. Tappan Francis	1
Philip Little	dr
John C. Sharp	dr

Time—18m 4⅘s.
First Prize—G. Tappan Francis.
Second Prize—Not awarded.

A very great and quite extensive interest in bicycling, both as a pleasure and as a means of healthful, invigorating exercise, was manifested in the Eastern and Middle States in 1868-69. Courses were established for contests, the streets were crowded with the two-wheeled velocles, and it was even proposed to provide them in the post-office department to facilitate the collection and delivery of letters. Bicyclists, having no show on the streets, took possession of the sidewalks, and in a few weeks pedestrians had little show there. In New York the novelty was so overdone that it soon ran its course, and of late years but few bicycles have been seen save in pawn-shops and junk-stores. In Boston, however, the vehicle has remained popular. With over 400 in use there, it has not been difficult to organize and maintain clubs, and these clubs, by their Summer contests, have greatly increased the interest in the "bone-shakers."

The best mile yet made in this country was by Mr. Agassiz, of Cambridge, last Autumn, in the race of the Boston Bicycle Club at the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, in 3m. 21¾s. The quickest 40-mile ride yet made here was by Mr. H. E. Parkhurst in November last, from Boston to South Framingham and return, just forty miles, in 3h. 36m., and the best 20-mile run on the same gentleman's return trip from South Framingham on the same occasion, in 1h. 36m. The entire run was made without a single rest, and with only one dismount. A 100-mile run has been made by the Jacquith Brothers, of Brookline, within the suburbs of Boston, in 11¾h. Of course, all these runs have been outdone in England, where the roads are in better condition, while the riders have had several years' experience, whereas most of our riders have practiced the art only from six to eight months, and not more than one or two professionally. Probably the best rider in all respects in this country, as regards endurance, gracefulness of motion, and skill in "fancy riding," is Mr. William R. Pitman, of Boston.

In the six days' professional race at Agricultural Hall, London, which began April 28th, Mr. G. Waller rode 253 miles the first day, and at the end of the second day had covered 457 miles. Mr. T. Andrews rode 220 miles on the first day without a dismount. These are the best records ever made, and are perfectly marvelous. In this race they were not allowed to ride over eighteen hours per day.

The experience of ages has demonstrated that exercise is as essential to good health as proper food. Any one acquainted with physiology and the laws of health will see at a glance that riding the bicycle must be not only pleasant and exhilarating, but highly conducive to health. In this sense bicycling is a hopeful sign of progress. If that man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, he should come in for a share of praise who teaches a man to go ten miles as easily and as quickly as he previously went four. "Time is money," and whatever of it is saved is often so much cash. As the bicycle serves its purpose in this direction, it may be regarded as a good savings institution. Riding the bicycle affords pleasurable excitement, which is what most men drink liquor for, and it leaves no sting behind. It takes men out into the pure air, into God's light and sunshine, and braces their lungs with the very breath of heaven. It is an inducement to young men who work in close apartments to spend more time in the open air, and furnishes them with a means of healthful, invigorating, and at the same pleasant, exercise, such as nothing else can possibly afford.

The bicycler in New England has now his club, his course, and definitely outlined routes for suburban excursions, and his literature, a capital brochure by Charles E. Pratt, A.M., having been issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston. There is no reason why, with the excellent roads in and about New York City, there should not be a multitude of clubs finding amusement, excitement and health in this exercise.

A seventy-two hours' tournament was opened in the American Institute Building, New York City, on Wednesday night, May 14th, with eight contestants, William De Noille, "champion of America," the present favorite in the race; William E. Harding, an ex-champion of New York; Professor William C. McClellan, another ex-champion; A. P. Messenger, of Troy, "long-distance champion"; Charles H. De Noille, son of the favorite; William Rutland, "champion of England"; Daniel Belard, "champion of France"; and Thomas Walsh and W. H. Darling, both of New York, but not "champions."

Following is the complete score at 10:07 P. M., May 16th, just forty-eight hours from the start:

	Miles.	Laps.		Miles.	Laps.
De Noille, Sr.	378	2	Darling	108	7
De Noille, Jr.	348	5	Harding	165	1
Rutland	325	1	Walsh	146	2
Belard	275	1	Messenger	136	5

Both of the De Noilles expected to make over 500 miles within the seventy-two hours.

THE McDOWELL MONUMENT, AT DANVILLE, KY.

THE dedication of the monument erected to the memory of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Kentucky—the father of ovariatomy—took place at Danville, Ky., on the 14th of May, under the auspices of the Kentucky State Medical Society, which was in session at that time, and was attended with unusually interesting and imposing ceremonies. The dedicatory address was delivered in the evening by S. D. Gross, M. D., LL.D., D. C. L. Oxon, of Philadelphia, Pa., in the Second Presbyterian Church, to an overflowing house, which contained some of the most eminent medical men in the United States, who had come to hear the "Father of American Surgery" tell of the life of Kentucky's great surgeon. Letters were read from Mr. Spencer Wells—England's great ovariatomist—Drs. T. Gaillard Thomas, of this city, Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, and various others, expressing their sympathy and interest in the event.

To Dr. Gross is due the credit of having successfully established the claims of Dr. McDowell as the originator of the operation known as ovariatomy, which had been resisted so long by the medical profession abroad. It was, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that he should have been selected to pay this last tribute to the memory of a man who had rendered such inestimable services to mankind—or, more properly, to womankind, since the operation is only applicable to women—as to justly entitle him to be ranked among the great benefactors of his race. In a memoir of McDowell—who was singularly careless and indifferent as to his own gain—published by him in 1861, the proofs brought forward in support of McDowell's claims as the originator of ovariatomy were so overwhelming and unassailable as to for ever silence all other claimants, from Italy to England, and he is everywhere now throughout the civilized world acknowledged to be the first to have performed this operation. The idea of suitably marking the resting-place of McDowell first originated with the late Dr. John D. Jackson, of Danville, and was brought up by him before his county—Boyle—Medical Society, and from there to the American Medical Association. This was at the beginning of the present decade. Over ten thousand dollars were raised for this purpose, but at the meeting of the Association in Louisville, Ky., in 1875, this money was, by resolution, diverted by the Association who had the matter in charge, from its original purpose of a monument, into a fund to be known as the "McDowell Fund," the interest of which is to be devoted solely in paying every year for prize essays on Diseases of Women. A resolution was furthermore adopted at the same meeting, leaving it to the State of Kentucky to provide a "local memorial to the memory of Dr. McDowell." The physicians of that State were thus called upon a second time to contribute for a monument to McDowell, and the whole amount, with an insignificant exception, thus raised came from the profession. The death of Dr. Jackson occurring soon after, the State Society confided the completion of the work to his pupil and friend, Dr. L. S. McMurtry, of Danville, to whose energy and perseverance, under many depressing circumstances, the success of the undertaking is attributable.

The monument is made from Virginia granite. Midway on the shaft is the likeness of McDowell in bronze, under which is his monogram, with "Honor to whom honor is due," and beneath is this inscription, encircled with a wreath of laurel: "A Grateful Profession Reveres his Memory and Treasures his Example." On the opposite side of the shaft is inscribed, "Erected by the Kentucky State Medical Society, 1879," and on the western face, encircled by a serpent, "Born in Rockbridge County, Va., 1771; attended the University of Edinburgh, 1793; located in Danville, Ky., 1795; performed the first Ovariatomy, 1809; Died, 1830." On the eastern face is this inscription: "Beneath this shaft rests Ephraim McDowell, M.D., the father of Ovariatomy, who, by originating a great surgical operation, became a benefactor of his race, known and honored throughout the civilized world." The monument is beautifully located near the centre of the town, in a lot of several acres, formerly a burying-place, which has been beautified and made suitable for his remains.

McDowell was scarcely two years old when he was brought by his parents from Virginia to Kentucky. He remained two years abroad in pursuit of his medical education. In 1802 he married Miss Susan Shelby, daughter of Governor Isaac Shelby, the first Governor and one of the most distinguished citizens of Kentucky. He attained great success as a surgeon, patients coming to him from the adjoining States. He performed the operation of lithiatomy on Mr—afterwards President—James K. Polk, who, after he became Chief Magistrate, evinced his gratitude to McDowell, then dead, by an offer of office to his son, which was declined. McDowell made no record of his ovariatomies, and it is therefore not certainly known how many he made. Of the thirteen of which there is reliable authority, he had eight to recover, which is an unusual low death rate, taking into consideration that these operations were performed before the day of anæsthetics. Dr. McDowell was buried in the family burying-ground at "Traveler's Rest," some six miles south of Danville, the home of Governor Shelby. He was an Episcopalian in religion, and the ground on which Trinity Church, Danville, is built, was given by him.

JOURNALISTIC NOTES.

IN these days of æstheticism, when art is gradually entering our lives and when an inner voice fiercely yearns for "arrangements" in color, symphonies in design; when Eastlake and Chippendale and good Queen Anne, of whom it is said that she is dead, and chronological surroundings as they were in Pompeii A. D. 79, or at Hampton Court when Ramillies was fought and won, are as necessities to our existence, and when anachronism would be worse than death, it behooves us, if not exactly to "cram," to at least read up the all-important subject; and for the sake of all of those whom it may concern, gladly do we welcome the *Art Amateur*, the first number of which now lies open before us. It is admirably "done," whether as regards matter, illustrations and general get up, while with the names of such contributors as Clarence Cook, Edgar Fawcett, and others equally known to fame, and with Mr. Montague Marks in the editorial chair, there can be but little question as to its future success.

THE *Eve* of this city has been purchased by Mr. Frank H. Norton, formerly on the editorial staff of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* and other city papers, and for many years an assistant librarian in the Astor Library. Mr. Norton designs making the *Eve* a first-class weekly newspaper, and his journalistic experience will be valuable to that end. The paper is handsomely printed in eight pages, and has a large country and local circulation. Its leading feature is a very full condensation of the news of the world. It will be independent in politics.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Easter at the Czar's Palace.

In Eastern countries special attention is given to the celebration of Easter, and as that is the leading religious event of the year the observances are made as grand as possible by all churches. Russia rejoiced particularly for her victory over the Turks, and her Czar, always in dread of assassination, and this year more alarmed than ever, held a most showy service in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The highest dignitary of the Orthodox Greek Church celebrated Mass before an audience composed of the imperial family, the nobles of the land, and the diplomatic representatives of the world. The service was unusually impressive because of the growing Nihilist troubles, and the Czar was greatly affected while bestowing the kiss that the ancient service requires.

Sketches of the Afghan War.

The rear-guard of Major-General Biddulph's column, in retiring from Girishk to Candahar, was attacked by a large force of Alizais and others, at a place named Khushk-i-Nakhud. The enemy actually engaged are reckoned at more than a thousand, who were opposed on the British side by about three hundred, including two squadrons of the Third Sind Horse, under Major W. Reynolds and Captain Maitland, and a hundred men of the Second Beloech Regiment (Twenty-ninth Bombay Native Infantry), under Lieutenant-Colonel Tanner. The whole force was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolmson, commanding the Third Sind Horse. An attempt of the enemy to get round the left flank of the British force, which had been hastily drawn up in front of the camp, was frustrated by a charge of the Sind Horse, as shown in our illustration. The remainder of the enemy were held at bay in the meantime by the Beloochee infantry of Colonel Tanner, and presently retired, with some loss, upon seeing the defeat of their right wing. An artist, at the headquarters of General Sir Samuel Browne's division on the Cabul River, sends a sketch of a party embarked on a raft of inflated bullock-skins for a short voyage across that stream to visit the cavern-temple of Chicknour, which have claimed the attention of gentlemen endowed with antiquarian tastes who have accompanied the present military expedition. This mode of aquatic conveyance is perfectly safe, and as convenient on those waters as any other kind of boating.

The Shakespeare Festival.

The festivities in connection with the opening of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon began on Wednesday, April 23d, with the annual meeting of the Council of the Association, under the presidency of the Mayor, the donor of the site. This was followed by a luncheon in the Town Hall, at which the chief toast drank was —"The Memory of Shakespeare." In the evening "Much Ado About Nothing" was played in the theatre, a handsome and commodious building, capable of seating about 1,000 persons, erected at a cost of £20,000 from designs by Messrs. Dodgshon & Unsworth, of Westminster. The cast included Miss Helen Faucit (*Beatrice*), Miss Wallis (*Hero*), Mr. Barry Sullivan (*Benedick*), and Mr. W. H. Cummings (*Balthasar*), and at the fall of the curtain a dedicatory address in verse, by Dr. Westland Marston, was read by Miss Kate Field. The interior decorations are not yet finished, but there is a fine drop-scene, painted by Mr. Beverley, which represents a visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Globe Theatre at Bankside, in her state carriage, with the Earls of Essex and Southampton on horseback, and Alleyn, the actor, manuscript in hand, receiving them at the door.

Attempted Assassination of the Czar.

On the morning of April 14th, while the Emperor of Russia was taking his customary walk near the palace in St. Petersburg, a respectably dressed man, named Solowjeff, wearing a military cap with a cockade, fired four shots at his Majesty's person, none of which, however, took effect. The assassin was promptly captured, but soon became insensible, having, it is supposed, taken poison. No papers were found upon him. Throughout the following night all suspected houses were searched. The previous week the revolutionary committees issued a proclamation threatening the life of the Emperor and a second St. Bartholomew. The great throng of people which had assembled enthusiastically cheered and congratulated the Emperor, who thanked them for their proofs of fidelity on such a painful occasion. He said he knew he had the support of all respectable people. He hoped God would grant that he might complete his task, which consists in promoting the welfare of Russia. The Emperor, after the foregoing speech, drove to the palace without escort.

The Colliery Explosion in Belgium.

A terrible explosion from fire-damp occurred on the 17th of April in the Agrappe coalpit at Frameries, near Mons. There were in the pit at the time no less than 260 men, and the force of the explosion was so great that many of the miners at the top of the pits were killed, the mine was set on fire, and the flames rushed up the shafts destroying the woodwork and the cages in a short time, so that it was impossible at first to reach the imprisoned men; but by almost superhuman exertions, over a hundred men were brought up alive, many of whom were dreadfully burned and scarred. A similar explosion happened in the same mine in 1875, when 122 colliers were killed. Our illustration represents the scene at the entrance to the works, shortly after the arrival of a body of dragoons called out to preserve order.

British Sports in Cyprus.

Early in the present year a large field near Larnaka was plowed up and a good-sized racecourse constructed for exhibitions of this great British sport. On the first day there were nine races, and the event proved successful beyond anticipation. The most amusing of all the races was that in which only the Zaptiehs (native police, generally mounted) were allowed to enter their own ponies. These jockeys showed a variety of dress and saddle most picturesque, while the ponies' heads were well adorned with crimson tassels. The start was very good, and they went off at the top of their speed, and for the first hundred yards they retained their position, being in two rows of five and four. The course was a mile, so that they had to pass the winning post twice. The first time of passing the winning post is that shown in our sketch. The dome of the Roman Catholic Church, the minaret of the mosque, and the other towers of Old Larnaka, are seen in the background. The foreground is composed of the motley crowd of Greeks, Turks, etc. An old Turk is selling lemonade in front, while a Greek priest is shown in the centre. There are no lack of these last in most of the resorts of harmless pleasure. The Englishman, Greek merchant, negro policeman, and others, will be easily recognized. Only two kept to the course, and bore off the honors.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE will be a chorus of 2,000 voices at the forthcoming Saengerfest in Cincinnati.

—RUMORS from Tiflis say that high Russian officers are engaged in Persia organizing the Shah's forces.

—THERE are now 1,300 cases before the Supreme Court of Tennessee, representing $5,000,000, and 20,000 litigants.

—THERE are at present 54,847 persons employed in the United States Post Office Department, including all branches.

—THE whole sea coast of TEXAS is now quarantined against vessels hailing from points south of latitude twenty-five degrees.

—FIFTY-TWO practicing lawyers, seven ex-editors, six merchants and nearly a dozen farmers, are members of the present United States Senate.

—THE collection of statues in Westminster Abbey is to be enlarged by the erection of a magnificent figure of Sir James Y. Simpson, of chloroform fame.

—THE commune of Lozio, Italy, has been brought into notoriety by an enormous avalanche from the summit of the Comarena, devastating the country for several miles.

—A SITE has been selected on Mount ETNA, at an elevation of 9,652 feet above the level of the sea, for an observatory, the erection of which will be hastened during the Summer.

—THE most prominent men and women of New Orleans signed a petition to the Louisiana Constitutional Convention asking that equal political rights be conferred on women.

—THE Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, have refused permission for the erection of a statue of Lord Byron in St. James Street, on the ground that Byron wrote immoral poetry.

—HALAS, a town of Hungary, has been inundated in consequence of continuous rains, and floods have destroyed 300 houses in Kottori, besides ruining the harvest prospects in that district.

—GERMAN exhibitors have arranged for a space of 41,000 square feet at the Sydney Exhibition; England will occupy five times as much room, France half as much again, and Belgium about the same.

—POPE LEO has just founded the first archconfraternity of the Roman Catholic Church known to have been established in England. It is attached to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, at Bayswater.

—NORTH CAROLINA has now about 1,200 convicts subject to penitentiary discipline, two-thirds of whom are employed with profit to the State on the several lines of railroads in course of construction.

—THE three tallest trees in the world are believed to be a sequoia near Stockton, California, which is 325 feet high, and two eucalypti in Victoria, Australia, estimated to be 435 and 450 feet high respectively.

—THE expedition fitted out under the direction of Captain Sengstacke, commander of the last German Polar cruise, for the relief of the Swedish navigator Professor Nordenskjold, will sail about June 1st from Sweden.

—ON opening the will of William Marshall, of Glasgow, Scotland, who died May 3d, it was found that he had left a legacy of $1,000,000 to found a charitable institution of the character most needed in the city, to bear his name.

—IN order to reach and utilize the large deposit of bernard guano which has been discovered there, and which can be secured only by a navigable cutting, it is proposed to run a canal through the swamp land of St. James Parish, LA.

—IN Mississippi there are 318,244 pupil children —158,156 white, and 160,088 colored. Of these 100,676 white and 106,179 colored are in school. The school fund for the past year, $202,258, allowed a per capita in average daily attendance of $2.42.

—PORTABLE gas is sold and delivered in England like milk. People in the country and in villages receive it in copper vessels from large cities. This method is additionally popular from the fact that it dispenses with the erratic and depraved meter.

—NEXT year the Belgians will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their independence with an exhibition of industry, agriculture and horticulture, in a building to be erected on the Champs des Manœuvres, Brussels, and opened June 15th. Antwerp will have a maritime exhibition, while art and music will have their day at Ghent and Liege.

—LONDON *Truth*, commenting on the meat question, asserts the belief that fully one-half of the beef sold as English, Scotch and Irish in England is in reality American, and is positive that if Americans would themselves establish large retail depots for the sale of their beef and pork and bacon they would benefit themselves and benefit the English into the bargain.

—ANNOUNCEMENT was made in the German Parliament on May 14th that Austria and Russia had consented to become parties to the Anglo-German treaty for the prevention of the slave trade on the African coast, but that France and the United States, though asked to do so, were scarcely expected to join, as they were unwilling to admit the mutual right of search.

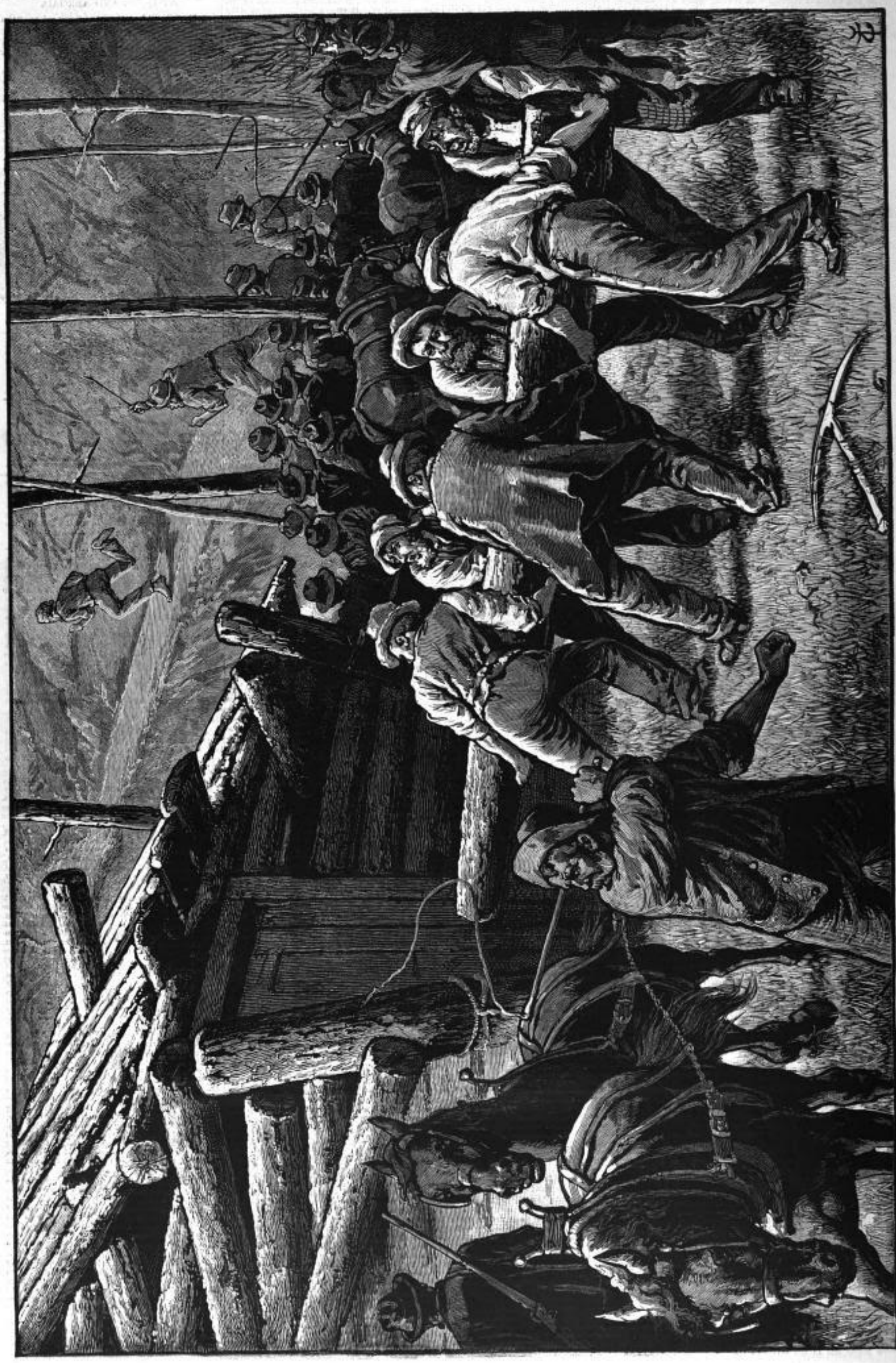
—A VERY notable committee is now in session in London, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Lyon Playfair. The object is to make a long and thorough examination of the subject of the electric light. The first witness to be examined is Professor Tyndall, and a long list has been made out of well-known scientists and experts, and of representatives of various gas companies, to follow him.

—TO PROVE that Philadelphia is a church-going place a local paper took the census of 150 churches, counting 47,907 men, 57,299 women, and 25,587 children, a total of 124,793. There are 552 churches in the city, and, estimating from the above average, the number of people who there attend church is 551,159, of all denominations and creeds, out of a population of about 1,000,000.

—EARNEST work is being performed by the Auxiliary Sanitary Association of New Orleans to prevent another epidemic. Its men have abated the nuisance of Locust Grove Cemetery (Potter's Field) by a covering of two feet of earth sown with grain and grass. All interments are now made in the new cemetery, three and a half miles from the city. The dumping grounds have been covered with a coating of lime a foot deep.

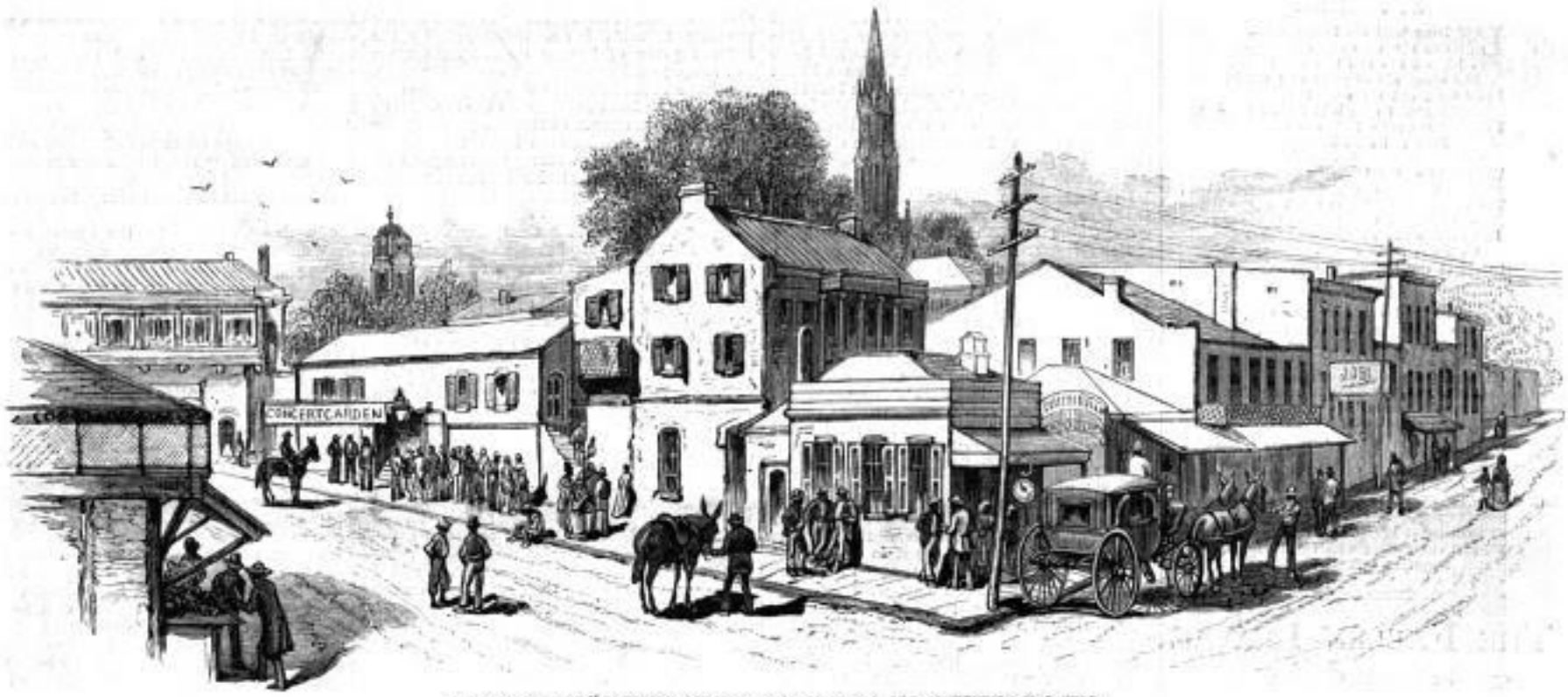
—THE only house in the United States built by a reigning sovereign has once more escaped destruction by fire. It is the President's house at William and Mary College in Virginia. It was built in 1732, and was accidentally burned by the French troops under Lafayette, while on their way to the Battle of Yorktown in 1781. Louis XVI. rebuilt it out of his own private funds, and the structure has survived the fires which have since then so often destroyed the college. The last fire broke out a few days ago, but was fortunately extinguished before much damage was done.

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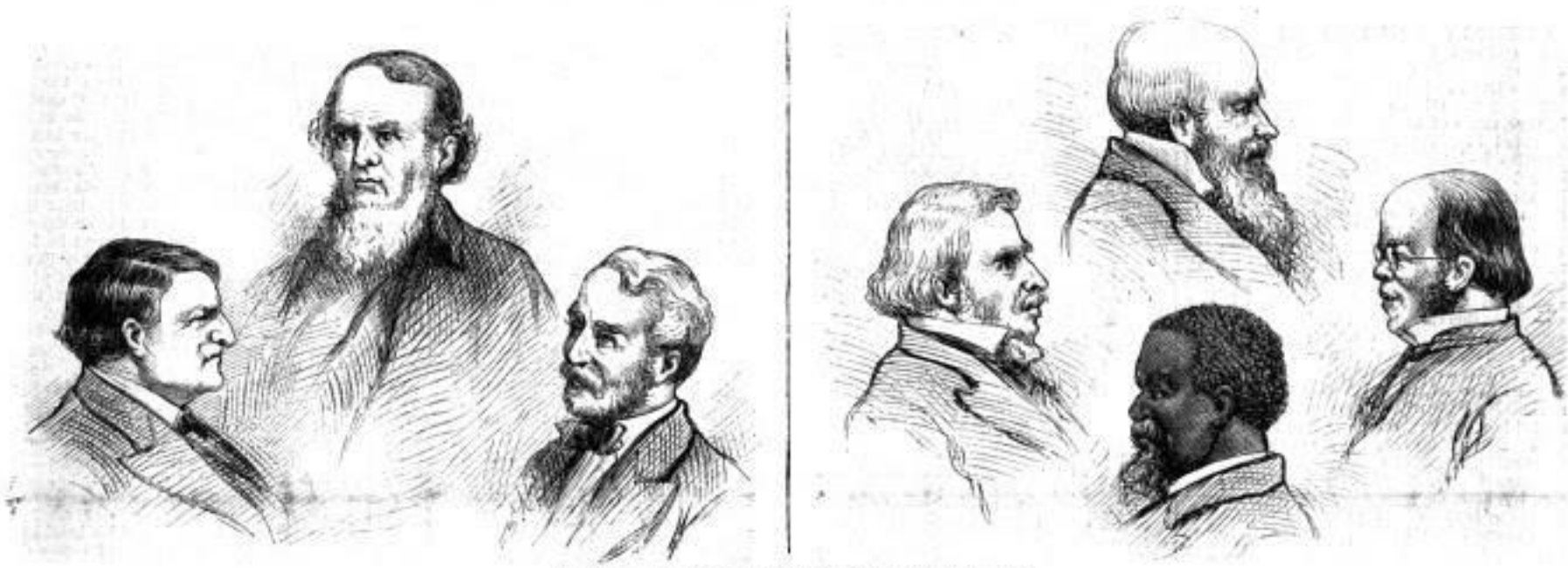


THE NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINES.—SCENES IN AND ABOUT LEADVILLE—MINERS DEMOLISHING THE CABIN OF A "SQUATTER."—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 213.

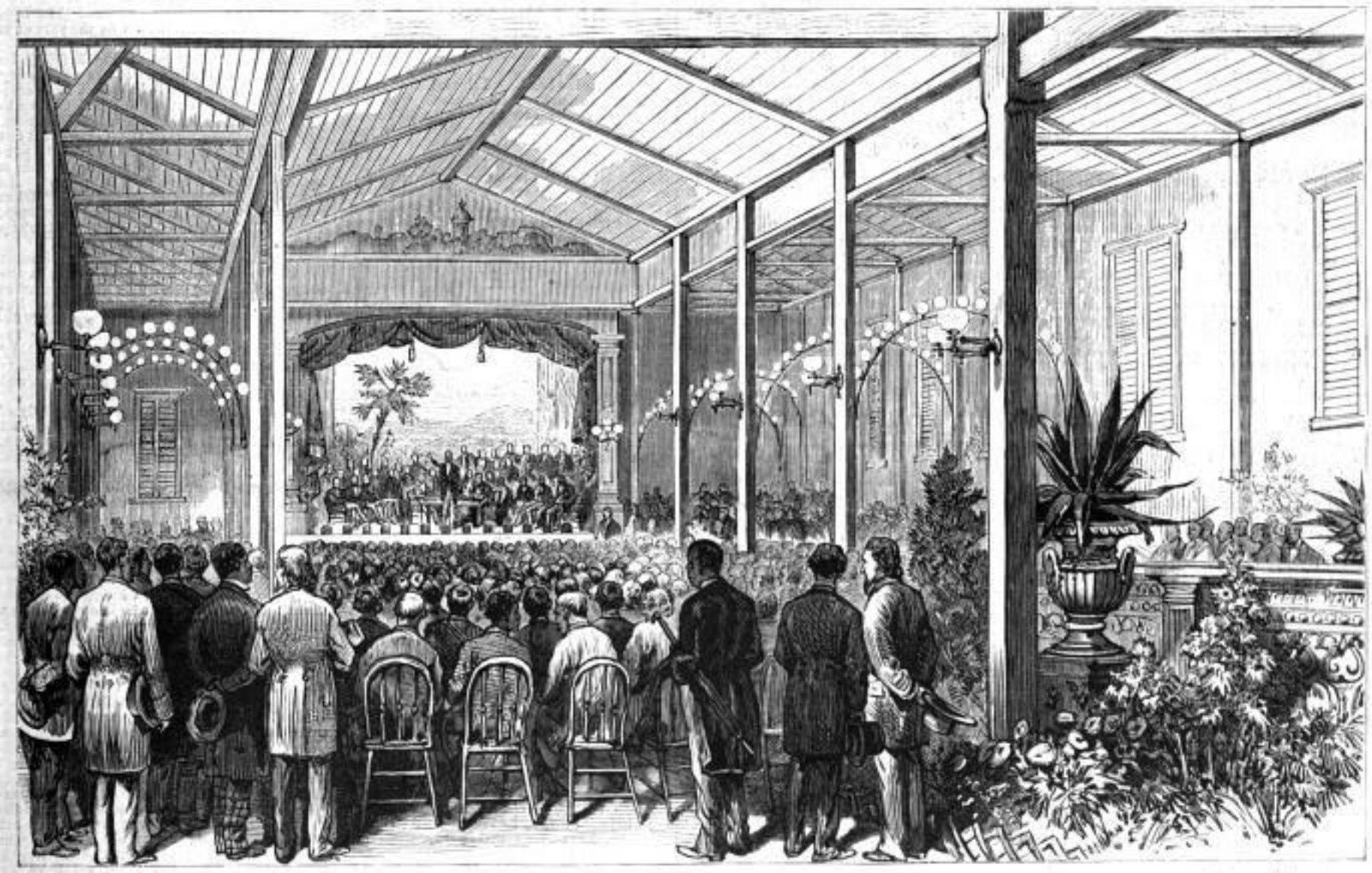
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EXTERIOR OF THE "SOUTHERN CONCERT GARDEN," WHERE THE CONVENTION WAS HELD.



PORTRAITS OF SOME LEADING CHARACTERS OF THE CONVENTION.



INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING, WITH THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

MISSISSIPPI.—THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY LABOR CONVENTION, HELD AT VICKSBURG, MAY 5TH AND 6TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. H. MOSER.—SEE PAGE 207.

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AT PARTING.

LOW lying 'mid the lilies there—
White lily buds and daffodils—
With languid lips and loosened hair,
And every gift of grace that thrills,
I saw thee, and thy raven lace,
And charmed eyes held me for my ban,
I deemed me for a little space
More god than man.

The pillars of thy bower-house
Were wrought in quaint and strange device;
The white-rose beauty of thy brows
Was crowned with poppies to entice;
Soft dreams and sweet forgetfulness
Were girt about thee, and desire
Ceased at thy bidding to distress,
To vex and tire.

I have no hard words for thee now,
No curses cling about thy feet;
Then wert as I, and I as thou,
Weary of life and termoil sweet.
Since mutual ills on both alight,
And mutual (if there be such) shame,
Therefore let buried be in night
All mutual blame.

Here, where our heavy, heated heads
That never may come close again
Feel, even through tangled greens and reds
Of flower and leaf, the thick, chill rain;
Here, in forgetfulness of wrong,
In mind of brief and barren bliss,
We send our parting with one long
Forgiving kiss.

JOHN MORAN.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED).

AMELIUS accepted this new rebuff with ominous composure. He sat quietly smoking in the deserted room with his uncle's letter in his hand.

Among the other disastrous results of the lecture, some of the newspapers had briefly reported it. Preoccupied by his anxieties, Amelius had forgotten this when he wrote to his relative. "Just like me!" he thought, as he threw the letter into the fire. His last hopes floated up the chimney with the tiny puff of smoke from the burnt paper. There was now no other chance of shortening the marriage-engagement left to try. He had already applied to the good friend whom he had mentioned to Regina. The answer, kindly written in this case, had not been very encouraging. "I have other claims to consider. All that I can do I will do. Don't be discouraged—I only ask you to wait."

Amelius rose to go home—and sat down again. His natural energy seemed to have deserted him—it required an effort to leave the club. He took up the newspapers and threw them aside, one after another. Not one of the unfortunate writers and reporters could please him on that inauspicious day. It was only while he was lighting his second cigar that he remembered Mrs. Farnaby's unread letter to him. By this time he was more than weary of his own affairs. He read the letter.

"I find the people who have my happiness at their mercy both dilatory and greedy" (Mrs. Farnaby wrote); "but the little that I can persuade them to tell me is very favorable to my hopes. I am still, to my annoyance, only in personal communication with the hateful old woman. The young man either sends messages or writes to me through the post. By this latter means he has accurately described, not only in which of my child's feet the fault exists, but the exact position which it occupies. Here, you will agree with me, is positive evidence that he is speaking the truth, whoever he is.

"But for this reassuring circumstance, I should feel inclined to be suspicious of some things—of the obstinate manner, for instance, in which the young man keeps himself concealed; also, of his privately warning me not to trust the woman who is his own messenger, and not to tell her on any account of the information which his letters convey to me. I feel that I ought to be cautious with him on the question of money—and yet, in my eagerness to see my darling, I am ready to give him all that he asks for. In this uncertain state of mind, I am restrained, strangely enough, by the old woman herself. She warns me that he is the sort of man, if he once gets the money, to spare himself the trouble of earning it. It is the one hold I have over him (she said), so I control the burning impatience that consumes me as well as I can.

"No! I must not attempt to describe my own state of mind. When I tell you that I am actually afraid of dying before I can give my sweet love the first kiss, you will understand and pity me. When night comes I feel sometimes half mad.

"I send you my present address in the hope that you will write and cheer me a little. I must not ask you to come and see me yet. I am not fit for it, and besides I am under a promise, in the present state of the negotiation, to shut the door on my friends. It is easy enough to do that; I have no friend, Amelius, but you.

"Try to feel compassionately towards me, my kind-hearted boy. For so many long years my heart has had nothing to feel on but the one hope that is now being realized at last. No sympathy between my husband and me (on the contrary, a horrid, unacknowledged enmity, which has always kept us apart); my father and mother, in their time, both wretched about my marriage, and with good reason; my only sister dying in poverty—what a life for a childless woman! Don't let us dwell on it any longer.

"Good-by for the present, Amelius. I beg you will not think I am always wretched. When I want to be happy I look to the coming time."

This melancholy letter added to the depression that weighed on the spirits of Amelius. It inspired him with vague fears for Mrs. Farnaby. In her own interests he would have felt himself tempted to consult Rufus (without mentioning names), if the American had been in London. As things were, he put the letter back in his pocket with a sigh. Even Mrs. Farnaby, in her sad moments, had a consoling prospect to contemplate. "Everybody but me," Amelius thought.

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of an idle young member of the club with whom he was acquainted. The newcomer remarked that he looked out of spirits, and suggested that they should dine together and amuse themselves somewhere in the evening. Amelius accepted the proposal; any man who offered him a refuge from himself was a friend to him on that day. Departing from his temperate habits, he deliberately drank more than usual. The wine excited him for the time, and then left him more depressed than ever, and the amusements of the evening produced the same result. He returned to his cottage so completely disheartened that he regretted the day when he had left Tadmor.

But he kept his appointment the next morning to take leave of Regina.

The carriage was at the door, with a luggage laden cab waiting behind it. Mr. Farnaby's ill-temper vented itself in predictions that they would be too late to catch the train. His harsh voice, alternating with Regina's meek remonstrances, reached the ears of Amelius from the back dining-room. "I'm not going to wait for the gentleman-Socialist," Mr. Farnaby announced, with his hardest sarcasm of tone. "Dear uncle, we have a quarter of an hour to spare!" "We have nothing of the sort; we want all that time to register the luggage." The servant's voice was heard next. "Mr. Goldenheart, miss." Mr. Farnaby instantly stepped into the hall. "Good-by!" he called to Amelius through the open door of the front room, and passed straight on to the carriage. "I shan't wait, Regina!" he shouted from the door-step. "Let him go by himself," said Amelius indignantly, as Regina hurried into the room. "Oh, hush, hush, dear! Suppose he heard you? No week shall pass without my writing to you; promise you will write back, Amelius. One more kiss! Oh, my dear——!" The servant interposed, keeping discreetly out of sight. "I beg your pardon, miss, my master wishes to know whether you are going with him or not." Regina waited to hear no more. She gave her lover a farewell look to remember her by, and ran out.

That innate depravity which Amelius had lately discovered in his own nature let the forbidden thoughts loose in him again as he watched the departing carriage from the door. "If poor little Sally had been in her place——" He made an effort of virtuous resolution, and stopped there. "What a blackguard a man may be," he penitently reflected, "without suspecting it himself."

He descended the house-steps. The discreet servant wished him good-morning, with a certain cheery aspect—the man was delighted to have seen the last of his hard master for some months to come. Amelius stopped and turned round, smiling grimly. He was in such a reckless humor, that he was even ready to divert his mind by astonishing a footman. "Richard," he said, "are you engaged to be married?" Richard stared in blank surprise at the strange question—and modestly admitted that he was engaged to marry the housemaid next door. "Soon?" asked Amelius, swinging his stick. "As soon as I have saved a little more money, sir." "Damn the money!" cried Amelius—and struck his stick on the pavement, and walked away with a last look at the house as if he hated the sight of it. Richard watched the departing young gentleman, and shook his head ominously as he shut the door.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AMELIUS went straight back to the cottage, with the one desperate purpose of reverting to the old plan, and burying himself in his books. Surveying his well-filled shelves with an impatience unworthy of a scholar, Hume's "History of England" unhappily caught his eye. He took down the first volume. In less than half an hour, he discovered that Hume could do nothing for him. Wisely inspired, he turned to the truer history next, which men call fiction. The writings of the one supreme genius, who soars above all other novelists as Shakespeare soars above all other dramatists—the writings of Sir Walter Scott—had their place of honor in his library. The collection of the Waverly Novels at Tadmor had not been complete. Enviable Amelius had still to read "Rob Roy." He opened the book. For the rest of the day he was in love with "Diana Vernon"; and when he looked out once or twice at the garden to rest his eyes, he saw "Andrew Fairservice" busy over the flower-beds.

He closed the last page of the noble story as Toff came in to lay the cloth for dinner.

The master at the table and servant behind his chair were accustomed to gossip pleasantly during meals. Amelius did his best to carry on the talk as usual. But he was no longer in the delighted world of illusion which Scott had opened to him. The hard realities of his own everyday life had gathered round him again. Observing him with unobtrusive attention, the Frenchman soon perceived the absence of the easy humor and the excellent appetite which distinguished his master at other times.

"May I venture to make a remark, sir?" Toff inquired, after a long pause in the conversation.

"Certainly."

"And may I take the liberty of expressing my sentiments freely?"

"Of course, you may."

"Dear sir, you have a pretty little simple dinner to-day," Toff began. "Forgive me for praising myself; I am influenced by the natural pride of having cooked the dinner. For soup, you have Croûte au pot; for meat, you have Tourne-dos à la sauce poivrade; for pudding, you have Pommes au beurre. All so nice—and you scarcely eat anything, and your amiable conversation falls into a melancholy silence which fills me with regret. Is it you who are to blame for this? No, sir! it is the life you lead. I call it the life of a monk; I call it the life of a hermit—I say it boldly it is the life of all others which is most unsympathetic to a young man like you. Pardon the warmth of my expressions; I am eager to make my language the language of utmost delicacy. May I quote a little song? It is in an old, old, old French piece, long since forgotten, called 'Les Maris Garçons.' There are two lines in that song (I have often heard my good father sing them), which I will venture to apply to your case: 'Amour, délicatesse, et gaité, d'un bon Française c'est la devise!' Sir, you have naturally délicatesse and gaité—but the last has, for some days, been under a cloud. What is wanted to remove that cloud? L'Amour! Love, as you say in English. Where is the charming woman, who is the only ornament wanting in this sweet cottage? Why is she still invisible? Remedy that unhappy oversight, sir. You are here in a suburban paradise. I consult my long experience, and I implore you to invite Eve. Ha! you smile; your lost gayety returns, and you feel as I do. Might I propose another glass of claret, and the reappearance on the table of the Tourne-dos à la poivrade?"

It was impossible to be melancholy in this man's company. Amelius sanctioned the return of the Tourne-dos, and tried the other glass of claret. "My good friend," he said, with something like a return of his old easy way, "you talk about charming woman, and your long experience. Let's hear what your experience has been."

For the first time Toff began to look a little confused.

"You have honored me, sir, by calling me your good friend," he said. "After that, I am sure you will not send me away if I own the truth. No! My heart tells me I shall not appeal to your indulgence in vain. Dear sir, in the holidays which you kindly give me, I provide competent persons to take care of the house in my absence, don't I? One person, if you remember, was a handsome engaging young man. He is, if you please, my son by my first wife—now an angel in heaven. Another person, who took care of the house, on the next occasion, was a little black-eyed boy; a miracle of discretion for his age. He is my son by my second wife—now an angel in heaven. Forgive me, I have not done yet. Some few days since, you thought you heard an infant crying down-stairs. Like a miserable wretch, I lied; I declared it was the infant in the next house. Ah, sir, it was my own cherubim-baby by my third wife—an angel close by in the Edgeware-road, established in a small milliner-shop, which will expand to great things by-and-by. The intervals between my marriages are not worthy of your notice. Fugitive caprices, sir—fugitive caprices! To sum it all up (as you say in England), it is not in me to resist the enchanting sex. If my third angel dies, I shall tear my hair—but I shall none the less take a fourth."

"Take a dozen if you like," said Amelius. "Why should you have kept all this from my knowledge?"

Toff hung his head. "I think it was one of my foreign mistakes," he pleaded. "The servants' advertisements in your English newspapers frighten me. How does the most meritorious man-servant announce himself when he wants the best possible place? He says he is 'without incumbrances.' Gracious heaven, what a dreadful word to describe the poor, pretty, harmless children! I was afraid, sir, you might have some English objection to my 'incumbrances.' A young man, a boy, and a cherubim-baby; not to speak of the sacred memories of two women, and the charming occasional society of a third; all inextricably enveloped in the life of one amorous-meritorious French person—surely there was reason for hesitation here? No matter; I bless my stars I know better now, and I withdraw myself from further notice. Permit me to recall your attention to the Roquefort cheese, and a mouthful of potato-salad to correct the richness of him."

* * * * * *

The dinner was over at last; and Amelius was alone again.

It was a still evening. Not a breath of wind stirred among the trees in the garden; no vehicles passed along the by-road in which the cottage stood. Now and then Toff was audible down-stairs, singing French songs in a high cracked voice, while he washed the plates and dishes, and set everything in order for the night. Amelius looked at his book shelves—and felt that, after "Rob Roy," there was no more reading for him that evening. The slow minutes followed one another wearily; the deadly depression of the early hours of the day was stealthily fastening its hold on him again. How might he best resist it? His healthy out-of-door habits at Tadmor suggested the only remedy that he could think of. Be his troubles what they might, his one simple method of resisting them, at all other times, was his simple method now. He went out for a walk.

For two hours he rambled about the great north-western suburb of London. Perhaps he felt the heavy, oppressive weather, or perhaps his good dinner had not agreed with him. Anyway, he was so thoroughly worn out, that he was obliged to return to the cottage in a cab.

Toff opened the door—but not with his customary alacrity. Amelius was too completely fatigued to notice any hidden circumstance. Otherwise, he would certainly have perceived something odd in the old Frenchman's withered face. He looked at his master, as he relieved him of his hat and coat, with the strangest expression of interest and anxiety; modified by a certain sardonic sense of amusement underlying the more serious emotions. "A nasty dull evening," Amelius said, wearily. And Toff, always eager to talk at other times, only answered, "Yes, sir," and retreated at once to the kitchen regions.

Amelius went into the library, to rest in his comfortable armchair.

The fire was bright; the curtains were drawn; the reading-lamp, with its ample green shade, was on the table—a more comfortable room no man could have found to receive him after a long walk. Reclining at his ease in his chair, Amelius thought of ringing for some restorative brandy-and-water. While he was thinking he fell asleep; and, while he slept, he dreamed.

Was it a dream?

He certainly saw the library—not fantastically transformed, but just like what the room really was. So far, he might have been wide awake, looking at the familiar objects round him. But, after a while, an event happened which set the laws of reality at defiance. Simple Sally, miles away in the Home, made her appearance in the library nevertheless. He saw the drawn curtains over the window parted from behind; he saw the girl step out from them, and stop, looking at him timidly. She was clothed in the plain dress that he had bought for her; and she looked more charmingly in it than ever. The beauty of health claimed kindred now, in her pretty face, with the beauty of youth; the wan cheeks had begun to fill out, and the pale lips were delicately suffused with their natural rosy red. Little by little her first fears seemed to subside. She smiled, and softly crossed the room, and stood at his side. After looking at him with a rapt expression of tenderness and delight, she laid her hands on the arms of the chair, and said, in the quaintly-quiet way which he remembered so well, "I want to kiss you." She bent over him, and kissed him with the innocent freedom of a child. Then she raised herself again, and looked backwards and forwards between Amelius and the lamp. "The firelight is the best," she said. Darkness fell over the room as she spoke; he saw her no more; he heard her no more. A blank interval followed; there flowed over him the oblivion of perfect sleep. His next conscious sensation was a feeling of cold—he shivered, and woke.

The impression of the dream was in his mind at the moment of waking. He started as he raised himself in the chair. Was he dreaming still? No; he was certainly awake. And as certainly the room was dark!

He looked and looked. It was not to be denied or explained away. There was the fire burning low, and leaving the room chilly—and there, just visible on the table, in the flicker of the dying flame, was the extinguished lamp!

He mended the fire, and put his hand on the bell to ring for Toff, and thought better of it. What need had he of the lamplight? He was too weary for reading; he preferred going to sleep again, and dreaming again of Sally. Where was the harm in dreaming of the poor little soul, so far away from him? The happiest part of his life now was the part of it that was passed in sleep.

As the fresh coals began to kindle feebly, he looked again at the lamp. It was odd, to say the least of it, that the light should have accidentally gone out, exactly at the right time to realize the fanciful extinction of it in his dream. How was it there was no smell of a burnt-out lamp? He was too lazy, or too tired, to pursue the question. Let the mystery remain a mystery—and let him rest in peace! He settled himself fretfully in his chair. What a fool he was to bother his head about a lamp, instead of closing his eyes and going to sleep again!

The room began to recover its pleasant temperature. He shifted the cushion in the chair, so that it supported his head in perfect comfort, and composed himself to rest. But the capricious influences of sleep had deserted him; he tried one position after another, and all in vain. It was a mere mockery even to shut his eyes. He resigned himself to circumstances, and stretched out his legs, and looked at the companionable fire.

Of late, he had thought more frequently of his past days in the Community. His mind went back again now to that bygone time. The clock on the mantel-piece struck nine. They were all at supper at Tadmor, talking over the events of the day. He saw himself again at the long wooden table, with shy little Mellicent in the chair next to him, and his favorite dog at his feet waiting to be fed. Where was Mellicent now? It was a sad letter that she had written to him, with the strange, fixed idea that he was to return to her one day. There was something very winning and lovable about the poor creature who had lived such a hard life at home, and had suffered so keenly. It was a comfort to think that she would go back to the Community. What happier destiny could she hope for? Would she take care of his dog for him when she went back? They had all promised to be kind to his pet animals in his absence; but the dog was fond of Mellicent; he would be happier with Mellicent than with the rest of them. And his little tame fawn, and his birds—how were they doing? He had not even written to inquire after them; he had been cruelly forgetful of those harmless, dumb, loving friends. In his present solitude, in his dreary doubts of the future, what would he not give to feel the dog nestling in his bosom, and the fawn's little rough tongue licking his hand! His heart ached as he thought of it; a choking hysterical sensation oppressed his breathing. He tried to rise, and ring for lights, and rouse his manhood to en-

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dure and resist. It was not to be done—where was his courage? where was the cheerfulness which had never failed him at other times?—he sank back in the chair, and hid his face in his hands for shame at his own weakness, and burst out crying.

The touch of soft persuasive fingers suddenly thrilled through him.

His hands were gently drawn away from his face; a familiar voice, sweet and low, said, "Oh, don't cry!" Dimly through his tears he saw the well-remembered little figure standing between him and the fire. In his unendurable loneliness, he had longed for his dog, he had longed for his fawn. There was the martyred creature from the streets whom he had rescued from nameless horror, waiting to be his companion, servant, friend! There was the child-victim of cold and hunger and fear, still only beginning to feel her way to womanhood; innocent of all other aspirations, so long as she might fill the place which had once been occupied by the dog and the fawn!

Amelius looked at her with a momentary doubt whether he was waking or sleeping. "Good God!" he cried, "am I dreaming again?"

"No," she said, simply. "You are awake this time. Let me dry your eyes; I know where you put your handkerchief." She perched on his knee, and wiped away the tears, and smoothed his hair over his forehead. "I was frightened to show myself till I heard you crying," she confessed. "Then I thought, 'Come! he can't be angry with me now'—and I crept out from behind the curtains there. The old man let me in. I can't live without seeing you; I've tried, till I could try no longer. I owned it to the old man, when he opened the door. I said, 'I only want to look at him; won't you let me in?' And he said: 'God bless me, here's Eve come already!' I don't know what he meant. He let me in; that's all I care about. He's a funny old foreigner. Send him away, and let me be your servant. Why were you crying? I've cried often enough about you. No; that can't be—I can't expect you to cry about me; I can only expect you to scold me. I know I'm a bad girl."

She cast one doubtful look at him, and hung her head—waiting to be scolded. Amelius lost all control over himself. He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. "You are a dear, good, grateful little creature!" he burst out—and suddenly stopped, aware too late of the act of imprudence which he had committed. He put her away from him; he tried to ask severe questions, and to administer merited reproof. Even if he had succeeded, Sally was too happy to listen to him. "It's all right now!" she cried. "I'm never, never, never to go back to the Home! Oh, I'm so happy! Let's light the lamp again!"

She found the matches on the chimney-piece. In a minute more the room was bright. Amelius sat looking at her, perfectly incapable of deciding what he ought to say or do next. To complete the bewilderment, the voice of the attentive old Frenchman made itself heard through the door in discreetly confidential tones.

"I have prepared an appetizing little supper, sir," said Toff. "Be pleased to ring when you and the young lady are ready."

(To be continued.)

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY LABOR CONVENTION.

THE Mississippi Valley Labor Convention held at Vicksburg, May 5th and 6th, numbered in all some four hundred persons, representing nearly every county and parish between Helena, Arkansas, and New Orleans. General W. R. Miles, of Mississippi, was made temporary chairman, and in a brief address stated the object of the Convention to be to secure a better understanding between capitalists, landowners, and laborers of the South. It was the old question which has disturbed the world ever since industry had been organized—capital and labor. He was followed by Ex-Governor Henry S. Foote, who was present at the earnest request of the Cotton Exchange of New Orleans to lend what power and influence he possessed towards harmonizing the conflicting interests of the great Mississippi Valley. He urged all, both white and colored, to shut their eyes to the past, and hand in hand work together for the future prosperity of their native land. Subsequently the Convention was permanently organized as follows: President—General W. R. Miles, of Holmes County, Miss.; Vice-Presidents—T. F. Cassel, Memphis, Tenn.; James Hill Jackson, Miss.; H. B. Robinson, Helena, Ark.; David Young, Concordia, La. All the vice-presidents were colored. Secretary—A. W. Crandall, Madison Parish, La.

The first day of the Convention was mainly occupied in discussions and the appointment of committees. On the 6th, the Committee on Resolutions presented a report which, after some debate, was adopted with practical unanimity. This report recognizes as among the chief causes of the recent migration of the blacks, a fear of persecution, the high rent of land, the unfair contract system maintained by employers, and the vicious system of credit fostered by laws permitting laborers and tenants to mortgage crops before they are grown or even planted. The resolutions further pledged the members of the Convention to maintain, to the extent of their ability, the absolute legal equality of the blacks; to protect them "against fraud, intimidation or bulldozing on the part of the whites"; and to seek the repeal of all laws authorizing liens on crops or advances of articles other than those of prime necessity. On the adoption of the resolutions only the whites voted, but the blacks appear to have been satisfied with the general results of the conference. The spirit of the Convention is fairly exhibited in the following closing resolution:

"*Resolved*, That it is the constitutional right of the colored people to emigrate where they please, and to whatever State they may select for their residence; but this Convention urges them to proceed on their movements towards emigration as reasonable human beings, providing in advance, by economy and effective labor, the means for transportation and settlement, and sustaining their reputation for honesty and fair dealing by preserving intact, until completion, the contracts for labor and leasing which they have made. If, when they have done this, they still desire to leave, all obstacles to their departure be removed; all practicable assistance will be afforded to them, and their places will be supplied with other and contented labor."

How far the action of the planters who directed the Convention will be sustained by the great body of employers in the States affected by the exodus is yet to be seen. The Vicksburg *Herald*, commenting on the results arrived at, says: "The action taken is a long step in the right direction, but it is only a step. A drawing of a house is a necessary prerequisite to its building, but there will be no house if nothing is done beyond making a drawing of it. The drawing must be utilized by the actual construction of the building. We are firmly convinced that the Convention completed a good draught for future action, but that is all. It yet remains for both races to see that the resolutions adopted by the Convention are carried out. On each race rests a responsibility, implied if not direct, in this matter; that of the white race is the greater. That race was appealed to as the stronger, the wiser and the wealthier for protection and assistance. We firmly believe the appeal was not made in vain. We firmly believe the white race of the South, as a whole, will prove a good friend to the colored race, and will aid it to reach a stage of civilization and enlightenment commensurate with its capacities. The boldness, the chivalry, the philanthropy of Southern white people are a guarantee of this fact. If any people on the face of the earth can get along well with the negroes of the South, the white people here will do it. But the negroes must know their rights carry with them duties. They are free. They are the political equals of all American citizens. But even these great boons will not give them prosperity and advancement, if they do not perform the duties allied to citizenship."

THE MUSIC TRADES.

MANUFACTURE OF ORGANS AND PIANOS AT CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

FEW of our readers, perhaps, are aware of the extent to which the manufacture of musical instruments is carried in this country, and what an important branch of industry it is, not only in regard to the unusual numbers required for home use, but for export or shipment abroad. It is not possible, of course, to fix the exact number of instruments manufactured yearly in the United States; but the best authorities estimate the number of pianos at about 17,000, of which some 1,500 are probably exported, and the number of parlor organs at 40,000, of which number full 5,000 are expected.

The demand from abroad for American-made instruments, and the reputation they have acquired among foreign musicians and purchasers, is not the least gratifying of the many indications that are now so apparent of our being fully able to cope with, if not to surpass, our European friends in most branches of the mechanical arts. That this demand is primarily the result of the intrinsic merits of the goods there can be no doubt, as they are sold at prices fully equal to those obtained for the best European-made instruments. It has been but a few years since the first American organs and pianos were sold in Europe, but now most of the leading instruments can be purchased in the principal European cities, and are in great request among the better classes of buyers.

The amount of capital invested in the different branches of the business must necessarily be very large, owing to the extensive quantities of high-priced material that have to be carried, as well as to the character of labor employed, which is of the highest order of skill and intelligence, the prices paid in most branches of the business being higher than in any other branch of manufacture.

We have devoted a page to the illustration of the more prominent and interesting features of the business, which will be entertaining and instructive to most of our readers. We have selected for this purpose the extensive establishment of Geo. Woods & Co., of Cambridgeport (near Boston), Mass., not only on account of the high character of the work produced there, but for the reason of its great variety, this house not only being manufacturers of reed and pipe organs, but also of pianos.

Their establishment consists of four large buildings, arranged in the form of a hollow square (three only of the buildings being visible in our engraving), most pleasantly located on the main street, but two miles from the business centre of Boston, and is replete with ingenious mechanical appliances and labor-saving machinery. In the construction of musical instruments, the greatest care is necessary in the proper seasoning of the material, and our first illustration shows the "Dry Room," in which is used the "condensing process," which is the invention of the senior member of the house, and which is of the greatest importance, in not only insuring rapid drying, but at the same time preventing the material from warping and checking. This invention, which is patented, is being rapidly introduced into other branches of business.

Other illustrations show the "Mill or Machine Room," in which the intelligence of our American machinery is shown to excellent advantage. The "Case Room" or "cabinet-shop," where the elaborate case or cabinet work is produced; the separate Organ and Piano Rooms, where the actions are made and finished; the Piano and Organ-regulating Rooms, where the finished instruments are carefully examined and regulated. The "Machinist Shop," where all the iron and metal work is made, and the "Tuning Room," where are shown the different processes of tuning reeds, pipes and pianos; these processes, the essential principles of which are different in the three instruments, are exceedingly interesting. We will here mention the instrument made a specialty of by Messrs. Woods & Co., of a reed and pipe organ combined, the pipes being by a very ingenious and simple tuning arrangement most readily kept in tune with the reeds. This combination is one that has been long sought after by organ-makers, and the instruments are having a very extensive sale.

The pianos here made are all of the upright pattern (which are now fast supplanting the squares in this country, as they have long since in all others), and are all constructed upon a new method, also the invention of Mr. Woods, which secures a greater degree of strength and solidity, combined with a more musical quality of tone, than has hitherto been attained.

The warerooms of George Woods & Co. are at 608 Washington Street, Boston; 72 Adams Street, Chicago; 54 East Tenth Street, New York; and they are represented in England by the well-known house of Boosey & Co., London.

"MEMORIAL DAY" AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE Ladies' Memorial Association of Wilmington, N. C., was permanently organized on the 20th of July, 1866. The first decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead buried in Oakdale Cemetery was on the day following. These graves were so scattered over the cemetery that the association decided to remove all that were not claimed by their friends to a beautiful lot on the crest of a gently sloping hill which faces the main entrance of the cemetery. This lot was inclosed with an iron railing, having a hedge of evergreen along the boundary line. In the centre stands a monument having a base of granite, on two faces of which are medallion likenesses, in bronze, of Lee and Jackson, the only inscription being, "To the Confederate Dead." The base is surmounted with a statue of heroic size, in bronze, of a Confederate soldier on guard—which has been pronounced a very superior work of art.

The 10th day of May, the anniversary of the death of Stonewall Jackson, was adopted by this association as Memorial Day, and has been so observed since 1867. Every return of the day is observed by a procession to the cemetery, where prayer is offered, appropriate odes and dirges sung, and an oration delivered—all closing with the distribution about the mound, which is beneath the monument, floral tributes to the "unknown dead" and all Confederates who lie without the inclosure. The graves of all within the cemetery are then decorated by loving hands.

We give in this issue a sketch of the scene as it appeared on Memorial Day of this year at the time of delivering the oration—Captain John N. Maffitt being the orator, and delivering an address which gave account of the heroic deeds of those who fell in the "lost cause," and showing that a return to the harmony which existed before the war was desired by the people of the South.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An Exploring Expedition to New Guinea is being organized at Wellington, New Zealand, on a large scale.

News has been received from Queensland that the remains of the two Prezis, well-known explorers, have at length been discovered, so that the question of their fate is now finally set at rest.

A Number of Prehistoric Bronzes, found in ancient Siberian graves, and collected by Sosbohm and Wiggins during their explorations of Arctic Siberia, are thought to be from 4,000 to 5,000 years old.

The Second Session of the Congress of Commercial Geography, inaugurated at Paris last year, will be held at Brussels in September, under the Presidency of M. Banps, and arrangements for the meeting have already been commenced.

A New African Expedition is being organized at Lisbon, under the direction of Captain Paiva d'Andrada. Its object is the exploration of the Zambesi and the foundation of commercial and agricultural colonies in the territories of Feis and Zoumbo.

The Danish Government has appointed Lieutenant Jensen to explore all the fjords in Greenland from Holsteinborg to the coast facing Disco. The explorations will bear on the moving ice-fields which send so many icebergs into the Polar Ocean.

Only One-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing 120 pounds was dried in an oven until all moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to twelve pounds. Egyptian mummies' bodies are thoroughly dried. They usually weigh about seven pounds.

At a Late Meeting of the Paris Academy, M. de Lesseps announced that in a letter of April 15th, Captain Roudaire states that the sounding operations were being pursued with vigor and success, and that so far they justified the expectation of being able to create an interior Algerian Sea.

Lord Dufferin, who had accepted the presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, having been compelled to relinquish that office on his appointment to the Embassy at St. Petersburg, Professor Max Müller was communicated with by the Council, and has signified his acceptance of the post.

Phenic Acid, which is used to some extent as an antiseptic dressing by surgeons, does not appear to be quite safe. Koester has traced twenty-six cases of more or less severe poisoning to its employment, and recommends instead of this acid a careful application of thymol, salicylic acid, or dilute solution of zinc chloride.

There are Thirty-seven Mines in the Lake Superior copper regions, producing 20,000 tons of copper in excess of the productions of former years. The Hecla Mining Company employs 2,000 men, producing last year 12,500 tons of refined copper, worth $4,000,000. This company has divided nearly $15,000,000 in dividends since it was formed.

The Telegraph in Tunis.—The French telegraphic system crosses Tunis and extends to Tripoli. The Arabs having remarked that the camels travel faster when following the line of the telegraph, respect religiously the wires and posts. It is thought that Æolian music produced by the wires is agreeable to the ears of the camels and excites them to more active exertion.

The Collection of Funds instituted by the Dutch Central Committee for Arctic Exploration for the renewed outfitting of the *Willem Barents*, which vessel is shortly to start on another expedition of some eighteen months' duration, is progressing so favorably that it may be reasonably expected that the 60,000 florins which are required for the expedition will soon be completely subscribed.

Decrefet's Electric Lamp.—The peculiarity of this lamp consists in the employment of a tube filled with mercury in which are placed several carbon pencils. The difference of density is the only propelling force. As fast as the point of the pencil is consumed it rises of itself in a manner analogous to that effected in the Werdermann lamp. A battery of six to ten Bunsen cups gives a very brilliant light.

A Patent has just been issued to Miss Harriet G. Hosmer by the United States Patent Office for her process of making artificial marble, regarding which so much has been said. The claims set forth that limestone, or other like substance, including alabaster stone, may be given the appearance and uniform hardness throughout of natural marble in its various colors by the application of moist heat or heat in the form of steam, in combination with a bath of alum and water, or with various baths composed of different chemicals and coloring materials.

The April Number of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* states that letters have been received from the missionary reinforcements who are traveling up the Nile to join the Nyanza expedition. They only reached Lado, opposite Gondokoro, on October 16th; after three weeks' stay at the Egyptian station they reached Regiaf on November 7th. The cause of delay, we are told, has been that the Nile has been unusually high, and the immense quantity of water loosened great masses of reeds and papyrus which formed floating islands and blocked up the river, besides which, owing to a deficiency of fuel between Khartoum and Lado, they remained fast bound during the whole month of September some distance south of Sobat, and the missionaries saw no living beings (besides the men on board) but "pelicans, fishes, and a white headed eagle or two."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is lying in a very critical condition at the house of his son-in-law, in New York City.

MESSRS. LONGFELLOW, Emerson and Holmes are to write poems for the Moore Centenary celebration at Boston this month.

LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS, late British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, leaves England this month to take up the Governor-Generalship of New South Wales.

THE Nihilists in Russia have warned eight governors of provinces, twelve colonels of gendarmerie, and four generals, that they are to be the next victims of the Executive Committee.

AT the festivities of the recent Austrian silver wedding Prince Potocki, son of the Governor of Galicia, appeared in a Magyar dress, three of his diamond buttons being alone worth $200,000.

SENOR ZORILLA, the Spanish Premier under King Amadeus, has been permitted to return to France, from which country he was expelled in 1877 by M. de Fourton, and in 1876 by M. Dufaure.

BARON ERNST VON MAYR, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Austria-Hungary, was, on May 13th, presented to the President. The usual ceremonies were observed on the occasion.

THE Empress Augusta of Germany arrived at Windsor Castle May 14th, on a visit to the Queen. Lord and Lady Dufferin reached London the same night from St. Petersburg, and expect to remain for a month.

ON May 15th the Pope nominated the Rev. John Vertes to be Bishop of Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie, and the Very Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, Vicar-General of Providence, to be Bishop of Hartford.

SANTA MONICA is this year to be the fashionable seaside resort of California. Senator Jones owns it. He bought 36,000 acres there in 1874 for $250,000, and has ever since been preparing it for Summer visitors.

THE Emperor of Austria has consented to arbitrate between Great Britain and Nicaragua respecting the differences arising out of the Treaty of Friendship, Commerce and Navigation between those countries in 1860.

IT IS now likely that Chief Moses will have a home of his own shortly. General Howard is about to establish a new military post between the white settlements and the district on the Upper Columbia River where the new Indian reservation is to be located.

THE Emperor of Germany is getting much better in health at Wiesbaden. His celebration of his golden wedding will be very quiet. Of all the European potentates, only the Czar, the Emperor's nephew, and Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, his brother-in-law, will be present.

THE Crown Prince of Austria takes with him on his Spanish tour the naturalist, Dr. Brehm, which seems to indicate that it is not intended to be a mere pleasure trip. The Crown Prince is already author of a spirited volume describing his sports along the Danube, in Hungary and Slavonia.

THE Princess Louise is occupying herself at present in designing and inlaying a mantel-piece of different sorts of wood. She goes out very little now; the Governor-General appears at church and elsewhere accompanied only by members of his suite, or by the Misses Montalto, who are visiting their friend the Princess.

JACOB STAEMPFLI, a well-known Swiss politician, and in 1861 President of the Swiss Confederation, and subsequently a member of the Geneva Court of Arbitration on the Alabama claims, is dead, in his sixtieth year. He was one of the chiefs of the Radical Party, and at one time editor of the *Berne Gazette*. He retired from public life in 1866.

AS an incident of the celebration of the silver wedding of the Emperor of Austria, 317 prisoners whose offenses were committed through indiscretion or poverty were pardoned, and ten university donations were made by the Emperor, amounting to 300,000 florins, and providing yearly forty purses of 300 florins each for poor students, and twenty free places in schools for officers' daughters.

AMONG the journalists who are members of the British House of Commons are Mr. Courtney, a leader-writer for the *Times*; Mr. O'Donnell, a leader-writer for the *Morning Post*; Dr. Cameron, editor and proprietor of the Glasgow *Mail*; Mr. Gray, editor and owner of the *Freeman's Journal*; and Mr. Justin McCarthy, who writes articles on a wide range of topics, and at hand-some prices.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S granddaughter, the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia, was married in February, 1878, to Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen, and on May 12th she was delivered of a daughter. The little princess is the first great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, and its coming into the world also makes the venerable Emperor William a great-grandfather for the first time.

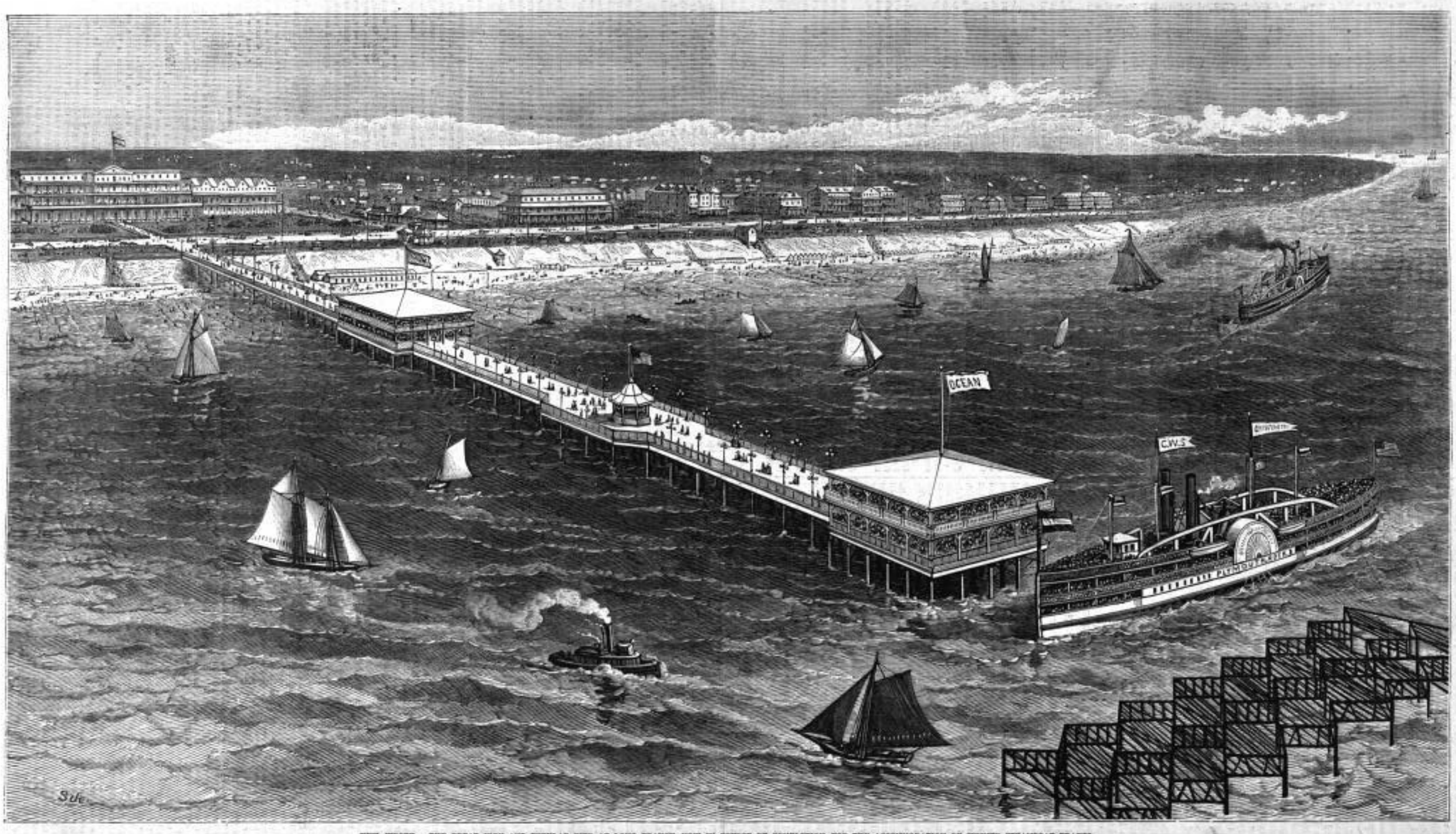
THE Mrs. John Sherwood, whose name as a writer is known to the public as "M. E. W. S." is not the translator of any of the novels of Henry Greville, nor has she translated the novels of Daudet, Zola, or any of the modern French novels, with the single exception of one by Madame Charles Reybaud, lately published by the Appletons, called "The Goldsmith's Wife," which, under its French title, "Mlle Irza," appeared several years ago.

MR. WINANS, the American millionaire, is building in the Clyde a monster cigar-ship at a cost of close on £200,000. She is to be of 4,000 or 5,000 tons burden, and it is believed by her owner that she will be able to cross the Atlantic in five days. This will be the third vessel of the same type that Mr. Winans has built. The other two are much smaller and are well known to all who frequent the Solent in the Summer. It is understood that the three vessels, from first to last, will have cost over £400,000.

AMONG the large number of bequests by the late Gardner Colby, most of which are to local charities, are the following public bequests: To the Newton Theological Institution, $60,000; Colby University, Waterville, Me., $120,000; Brown University, Providence, R. I., $50,000; American Baptist Missionary Union, $30,000; American Baptist Home Missionary Society, $50,000; to a society to be incorporated for the relief of aged and indigent Baptist Ministers and male Missionaries, under certain conditions, $25,000. The estate is valued at $1,500,000.

MR. STEVENS, United States Chargé in Japan, informs the Department of State that extensive preparations are being made by the Japanese Government to receive and entertain General Grant. The Japanese Consul at Hong Kong will tender to the ex-President the hospitable invitation of the Government. Should he accept, the fine building used as the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh and of the Grand Duke Alexis will be set apart for the use of General Grant and his party. A commission of Daimios, including Mr. Yoshida, has been appointed to attend to the details of the visit.

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NEW JERSEY.—THE GREAT IRON AND TUBULAR PIER AT LONG BRANCH, NOW IN COURSE OF COMPLETION, FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SUMMER STEAMBOAT TRAVEL.

OPENING OF THE EXCURSION SEASON.

THE NEW PIER AND BREAKWATER AT LONG BRANCH.

THIS wrought-iron tubular pier and breakwater, in front of Leland's popular Ocean Hotel, now completed as far as the 500-feet span, was designed and originated by Mr. Job Johnson, of Brooklyn, who has given great attention to the subject of piers and the study of iron. Soundings and profiles of the Atlantic coast demonstrated the superiority of the present location of the structure at Long Branch. The great difficulties in the way of building such a bridge, and the numerous obstacles encountered in the course of construction, have all been surmounted, and a fine promenade-deck, with a most enlarged view of the whole coast, now extends beyond the surf breaking on the shore.

Mr. Johnson's theory that tubular piles were best adapted for the foundations, and that their frictional surface opposed to the force of the sea was a minimum, has been successfully proved in the present pier. No one now entertains any doubts about the stability of the structure, as it has withstood numerous heavy seas and severe storms without even the slightest vibration of the deck or flooring. In October, 1878, the company was formed for building the pier, of which Mr. Johnson is a large stockholder, as well as contractor, the work to be finished by June 1st, 1879. As fast as material was delivered, Mr. Henry Case has been engaged in putting the work together, sinking piles, framing deck, etc.

Many people have visited this pier since its commencement, and few have failed being impressed with the boldness of design, and beauty of the parts. The National Tube Company have furnished the materials, which has been found most satisfactory and of excellent quality.

The practical working of this pier will soon be tested by the running of boats, and the expectations formed of the pecuniary success of the enterprise are very great. Its prospects of advantage are large to all parties concerned. In the adjacent district, for some miles, are over 300 farms of 50 acres each, now distant by land roads from 40 to 50 miles from New York markets, but which will be brought within 25 by sea and the pier. The water at the end of the pier will be from 20 to 25 feet deep. There are from 15 to 18 feet of water 250 feet from the shore.

The piles are driven by hydraulic power. The iron girders of the pier, composed of three wrought-iron tubes, securely clamped together at intervals, rest upon the masonry of the sea-wall, from which the construction extends 600 feet into the ocean, surmounting the breaking billows, and terminating 400 feet beyond. Owing to the sea-bottom being sand, resting on a bed of clay, the work of driving the wrought-iron tubular piling is not a difficult one. A hose runs through the tubular pile, its nozzle protruding from the teat. This hose is fastened to a hollow iron tube which leads out beyond the breakers. The water is sent through the hose by a steam force pump. It gushes into the sand through the teat, thus forming a little well, into

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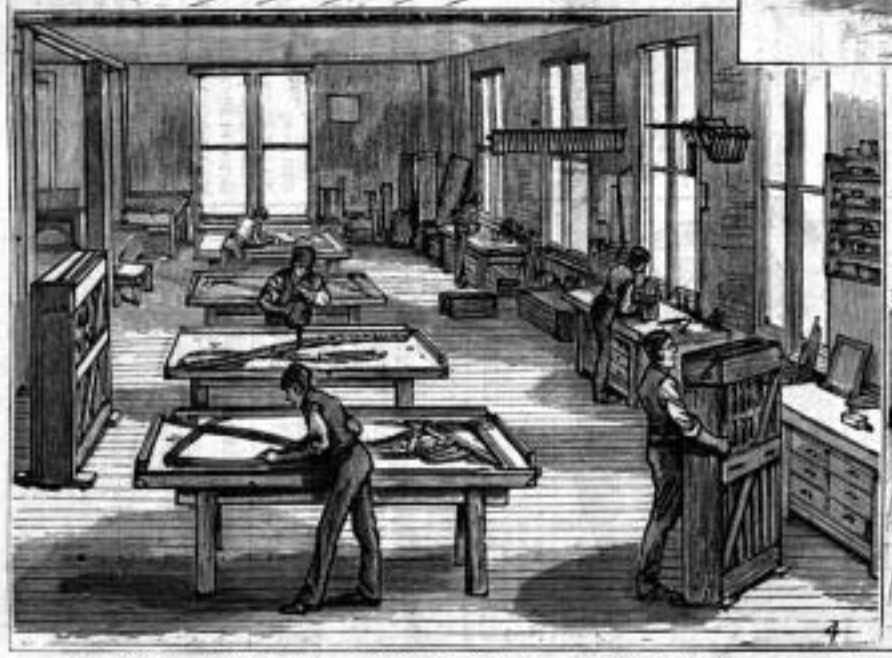








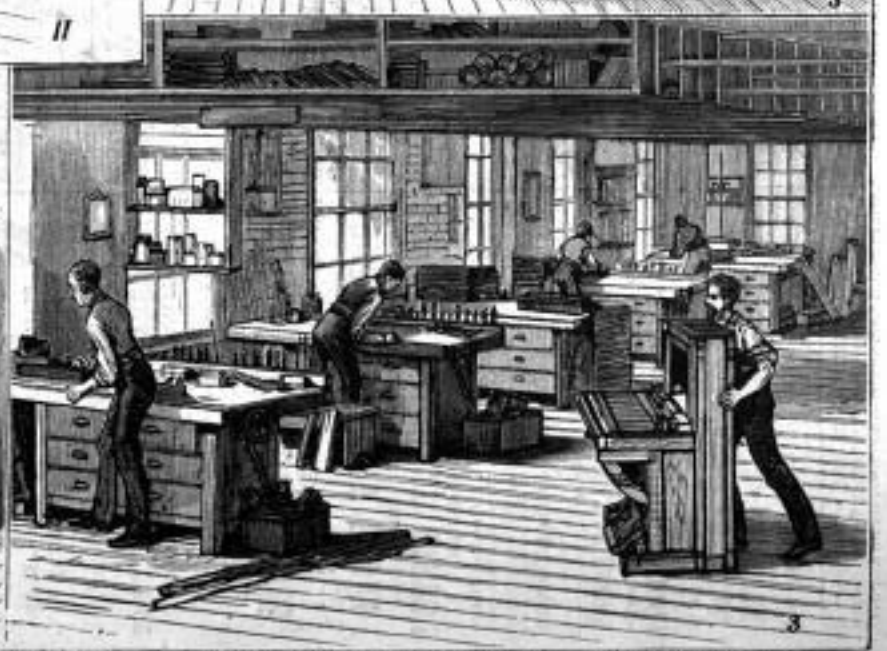










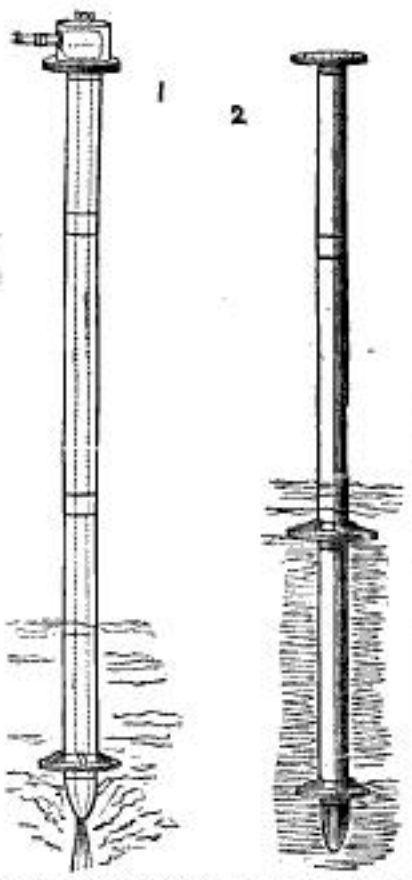


1. Dry Room. 2. Case Room. 3. Organ-action Room. 4. Piano-action Room. 5. Piano-regulating Room. 6. Organ-regulating Room. 7. Machinist Shop. 8. Reed-tuning. 9. Pipe-tuning. 10. Piano-tuning. 11. Geo. Woods & Co.'s Organ and Piano Factory. 12. Mill or Machine Room.

MASSACHUSETTS.—LEADING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—THE MANUFACTURE OF CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS—VIEW OF THE FACTORY OF GEORGE WOODS & CO., AT CAMBRIDGEPORT.—SEE PAGE 207.

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which the iron pile gradually sinks. After each tube is driven to the required depth, a bell-shaped collar from four to five feet in diameter descends along the column, resting upon the sand, with its excavated surface presented downwards, thus preventing the tendency of eddies created by water flowing around the piles to wash away the sand that holds them in position. It requires in all 138 of these tubular piles to sustain the deck of the pier, which will be at an elevation of 18 feet above low water and 14½ feet above high water.



1. THE PROCESS OF FORCING THE AIR THROUGH THE PILLAR INTO THE SAND. 2. THE PILLAR AS IT APPEARS WHEN FIXED IN POSITION.

At the pier-head the Lighthouse Board will construct a revolving light, surmounting a light, elegant structure, two stories high, with an observatory deck above, and 70 feet long by 50 feet broad, resting upon thirty of these tubular columns. After this structure a long railroad avenue will intervene for 140 feet, the pier-deck in some places being 50 feet broad and in others 28 feet. Then comes the music pavilion, two stories high, and 60 by 50 feet, the upper room of which will be used as a *café*, the lower floor being capable of accommodating 100 pieces of music. Further inshore will stand the fishing pavilion. This will be 140 feet long, with balconies overlooking the sea. From the fishing pavilion to the sea-wall will be 260 feet, beyond which will jut a dining-room pavilion, on either side of the entrance-gate of the pier, 700 feet long and 35 feet wide. Beneath this, occupying a space of 24,500 square feet, will be the 1,000 bathing-rooms.

The piles are arranged in three rows, and are braced both transversely and diagonally inward, so that any shock received by one of them is distributed along the central row from the pier-head to the shore, each column sustaining its share of the shock. The tubular columns are connected throughout with huge T bars of wrought-iron girders, and will vary in length from 20 to 48 feet, being 20 feet apart longitudinally and 12 transversely. The breakwater will stand parallel with the sea-wall, 885 feet from the shore, and will be 225 feet long and 28 feet broad. There will be a space of 200 feet between it and the pierhead, and will be made of thirty-nine iron piles, set in three zigzag rows of thirteen each, presenting six cutting surfaces to the billows. This will be interlaced with swinging cables, so as to form a sieve, through which the first breakers are expected to pass, losing thereby their force and power to damage boats anchored at the pier. The erection of the lighthouse, observatory, music and dancing pavilions are embraced in another contract, the $65,000 being the estimate for the pier without any embellishments.

It is confidently believed by the contractor that the pier will be in complete working order on the first day of June, and that the breakwater will be finished a month later. The managers of the hotels report that more rooms have already been let for the season than were let up to June 15th last year. This is especially true of the Ocean Hotel, managed by the well-known and popular Lelands. Hack-drivers' prices will be lower than last season, as at the recent election the "prohibitory" ticket, which intended the placing of high taxes on coaches, hacks, wagons, and liveried drivers from New York, was defeated.

A line of steamboats will be run on hourly trips between New York and the pier, at a low rate of fare. Besides the usual Long Branch steamers, there will be many new ones, which fact alone demonstrates the value and popularity of the enterprise. The elegant *Plymouth Rock*, fresh from Government inspection, thoroughly renovated and liberally supplied with improvements and new conveniences, will be on the passage within a few days, being the first of the mammoth floating palaces, and resume its popular excursions.

The President of the company which has constructed this great work is Hon. John Fitch, and the Treasurer Mr. William Ottman. In a recent address at a meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. Fitch warmly complimented the energy of the Lelands, to whom much of the prosperity of Long Branch is due. "This pier was projected by the Lelands, and New York men and New York money were backing them. The effect was instantaneous. Real estate at the Branch was already rising, and it would soon be much higher. The company would strain every nerve to attract public patronage. They would establish a regular ferry between New York and Long Branch. They would run boats every half-hour during the day, and keep them running all night at hourly intervals. For sixty cents, or seventy, at the utmost, a person could buy a ticket at any station on the elevated railroad that would take him to the Branch and back. It now costs $2. There could be no more cool and delightful Summer excursion. It would include a sail of over fifty miles for about a cent a mile. Vessels would be built that would insure speed and safety, and unsafe boats would not be allowed to land passengers. But this was not all. Freight from New York would be brought through in two hours and at a quarter the rates now charged. All freight would be landed at night, and during the day the pier should be given up to the people free from the annoyance of freight or baggage. Ice would be brought to the pier direct from Maine, and the Southern steamers could land when coming up or going down the coast. The building of the breakwater would make a virtual harbor of Long Branch. Vessels could lie inside with perfect safety, and yachts could ride out any storm. It would be about the only harbor between New York and Cape May. The depth of water was so great that a European steamer might lie inside the breakwater. The Branch might become a regular resort for yachting squadrons. Fishermen could lie at the mole in peace, and the pier might open an outlet for the crop of the farmers. Regular lines of steamers might run from the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. The arrangements for landing would be so complete that no captain could have cause for complaint. It was the pioneer ocean pier on the Atlantic coast, and, if successful, similar harbors would spring up at different points."

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

AT Wallack's, the regular season closed on Saturday night with "The Snowball" and "Delicate Ground." The public has every reason to be pleased with the *menu* so carefully prepared for its palate *ab ovo usque ad mala*. At Wallack's they seem to possess the knack of doing the right thing and of doing it well. Miss Ada Cavendish opened on Monday night with *Rosalind*. Her conception of this charming but difficult rôle is most excellently "true F faith." We anticipate a series of histrionic triumphs for this gifted *artiste*.

"Pinafore," by the Philadelphia Children's Company, is the great material success.

"Lost Children" concluded the regular season at Union Square, and "Rice's Surprise Party" are now performing in "The Babes in the Wood."

Mr. Dion Boucicault is as fresh as when he first appeared in the rôle of *Myles-na-Coppaleen*. "Arrah-na-Pogue," at the Grand Opera House, is a veritable treat.

Haverly's Theatre gives "Pinafore" by the New-York Children's Company every afternoon, and by the Great English Opera Company every evening. This is "Pinafore" with a vengeance. Both performances are admirable.

"Fatinitza" at the Fifth Avenue is a success. The libretto sparkles, the music sparkles, the ensemble sparkles.

The Standard still flaunts the saucy flag of "H.M.S. Pinafore," with the introductory "Box and Cox."

The Philadelphia Church Choir have returned to the Broadway, and to the main deck of the good ship "Pinafore."

The welcome tidings come to us from the Golden State that Madame Marie Rose Mapleson has taken San Francisco by storm. The sweet song-bird is not only a supreme success, but a *furore*. The crush to hear her savors of the celebrated Lind nights. If her glorious voice and superb dramatic powers have gained the enthusiastic approbation of the critics, her beauty and winsome grace have struck deeper chords, and already is Marie Rose a household word on the Pacific Slope.

FUN.

A WIDOW'S little child received a reward of merit at school, and ran eagerly to her mother, saying: "I held it up to the sky all the way home, that papa might see what a good girl I had been."

LIKE A BIRD.—*Charlie:* "Where did the parrot come from, mamma?" *Mamma:* "From Africa, my dear." *Charlie:* "Then, when it knows how to talk, will it tell us all about the Zulus?"

"DOIN' IT 'ANDSOME."—*Flower Feader:* "Buy a bunch of violets for a penny?" *Crusty Old Gent:* "No, no; get away; I want no violets." *Flower Feader:* "Then p'raps yer'd 'low me to present yer wi' one for yur 'andsome civility?"

A GENTLEMAN travelling on a Hudson River steamer one day at dinner was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he: "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

A CORRESPONDENT at Portland, Oregon, furnishes this of the "Heathen Chinee." "John" had bought a watch at our jeweler's, but as it ran too slow, he took it back saying: "Watchee no good." "What is the matter with it?" asked the jeweler. "Oh," said John, "watchee too much by-'m-by."

PHYSICIAN (who has just examined an Irishman's lungs).—"There seems to be some trouble here—pneumonia, or something of that sort; have you ever expectorated blood?" *Irishman:* "Och, yes, sir!" *Physician:* "How long ago?" *Irishman:* "About eight years." *Physician:* "Did you feel sick?" *Irishman:* "Och, I did that!" *Physician:* "What was the matter?" *Irishman:* "I had a tooth pulled."

SCARCELY any better retort is on record than one made to Professor Bonamy Price of Oxford University on his late visit to this country. He was not remarkable for his geniality, and at a dinner-party, at which popular ideas of heaven happened to be under discussion, he turned to Dr. H. W. Bellows and said: "We would like to have your opinion of heaven, Dr. Bellows, as that of one who stands outside the pale of civilized religions." Dr. Bellows replied: "My idea of heaven is that of a great dinner-party where we can have everything we want without money and without Price." All but one joined in the laugh.

"PRACTICAL SCIENCE."

UNDER the above heading, the *St. Croix Courier*, of St. Stephen, N. B., in referring to the analysis of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Sage's Catarrh Remedy, recently made by Prof. Chandler, of New York, and others, says: "Nothing was discovered which we think objectionable, and the published analysis should increase, rather than retard, their sale. To us, it seems a little unjust to call a man a quack, simply because he seeks to reap as much pecuniary reward as other classes of inventors." The English Press is conservative, yet, after a careful examination of all the evidence, it not only endorses but recommends the Family Medicines manufactured by Dr. Pierce. No remedies ever offered the afflicted give such perfect satisfaction as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome, than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.

MR. STOCKTON STOKES, of No. 43 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, is one of our best photographers. In no gallery is there to be found the likenesses of more distinguished persons than are found in his—many taken from life. His parlors are well worth a visit of inspection, and any one will be repaid by so doing. Photographs, portraits in oil, crayon drawings, and photographs in india ink, in fact, all the late improvements in his art are to be found in his gallery. Friends out or in the city who desire copies of photographs or copies of daguerreotypes can have them done in his gallery in the best manner.—*Com.*

THE OLD RELIABLE—NINTH DRAWING, COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., AT LOUISVILLE, KY., MAY 31ST.—One merit of these drawings is their regularity. Every sixty days WITHOUT FAIL. All prizes for the eighth drawing were duly paid. Outside of the capital and larger prizes already published we have obtained the consent to publish the names and addresses of the following parties, who, with hosts of others, have drawn smaller prizes, viz.: Carl Valeriens, 434 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.; James G. Meninger, Manor Hill, Pa.; Wm. J. Davies, 341 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.; James Christ, care Burnham & Co., Deadwood, D. T.; Wm. Kaile, Staunton, Clay County, Ind.; H. Mayer, Vicksburg, Miss.; G. H. Carder, Kalamazoo, Mich.; James H. Kinsey, Troy, New York. Next drawing May 31st.

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THE highest chemical authority has publicly and frequently testified to the purity and healthfulness of the "American" Extra Dry Champagne of A. Werner & Co., of 598 Broadway, New York. The pure juice of the California grape only is employed in this champagne, and repeated analyses have failed to detect any harmful or improper ingredient. It is a wine often recommended and always beneficial to invalids, while for the thirsty multitude who are looking for a safe and satisfying Summer drink, nothing can be found superior to a glass of Werner's "Extra Dry."

THOUGH New York has pushed its extremities far up in the island of Manhattan, still its heart beats in the old centre, where is the ST. NICHOLAS hotel, enshrined in the hearts of myriads as the source of an elegant and boundless hospitality. No efforts are neglected to make this hotel a synonym for all that is attractive in a house of public entertainment.

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DROWSINESS, biliousness, pains and aches, and ague, Hop Bitters always cures.

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A list of Gifts sent to book-buyers during the past week will be published in this column next week.

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ALGERIA, Wednesday, June 4th, 3 P.M.
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MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA,

Will be begun in **No. 650, issued May 26th.**

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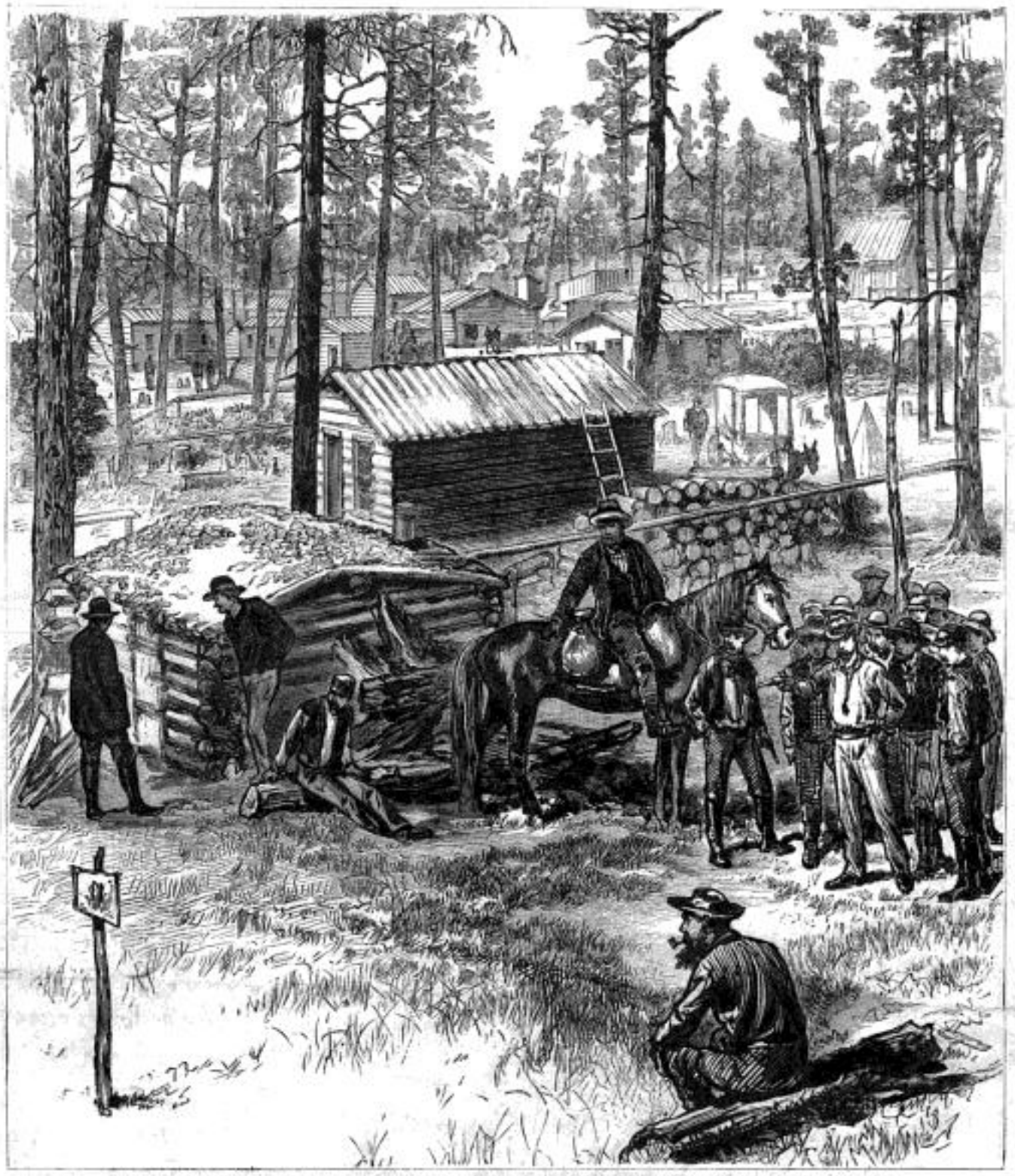
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THE NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINES.

THERE is but scant courtesy in Leadville. It would suit Mercutio, who liked "a word and a blow." There is no time for conventionalities. Grim earnestness dallies not, and no bows are made save to King Gold. Squatters fare roughly. If they squat where a prospector has "set up" a claim, the sooner "they git" the better, out they go. Eviction is carried on after the fashion of the Crowbar Brigade in Ireland, save that in this case the clinging tenant has to deal with several landlords. He is told to go, and in ten minutes from this freebooter's notice his house is absolutely down about his ears. Fastening ropes or chains to the principal supports, horses or mules or oxen are attached to the other end, and then comes the cracking of whips, a series of wild whoops, and crackle, crackle, crash! and down comes that which was once the squatter's home. Tenant-right has been wittily defined as a "lease for ever and no rent," but tenant-right in squatter form is not recognized in Leadville. Miles of territory east and south of Leadville are covered with the cabins of the adventurous miners, and if every Englishman's house is his castle, woe to the rash intruder who would venture to touch a stone of a genuine digger's fortress. The town is spreading itself on all sides, and buildings spring up as if by magic. Lots run all the way from $50 to $10,000 each, and real estate, to use a Western phrase, is "booming."

Take out the ringing of the church bells, and the small per centage that attend church, and there is no Sabbath in Leadville. The sawmills turn out just as much lumber, the blacksmiths' fires are just as hot, as much and more money is won and lost at gaming, as many goods are sold by markets on the Lord's day as on any week day. In passing through the town on the seventh day, if the street leading to the churches be not taken, no imagination could conjure up the Sabbath.



THE NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINES.—THE SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS OF MINERS AT TENDER-FOOT TOWN, LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

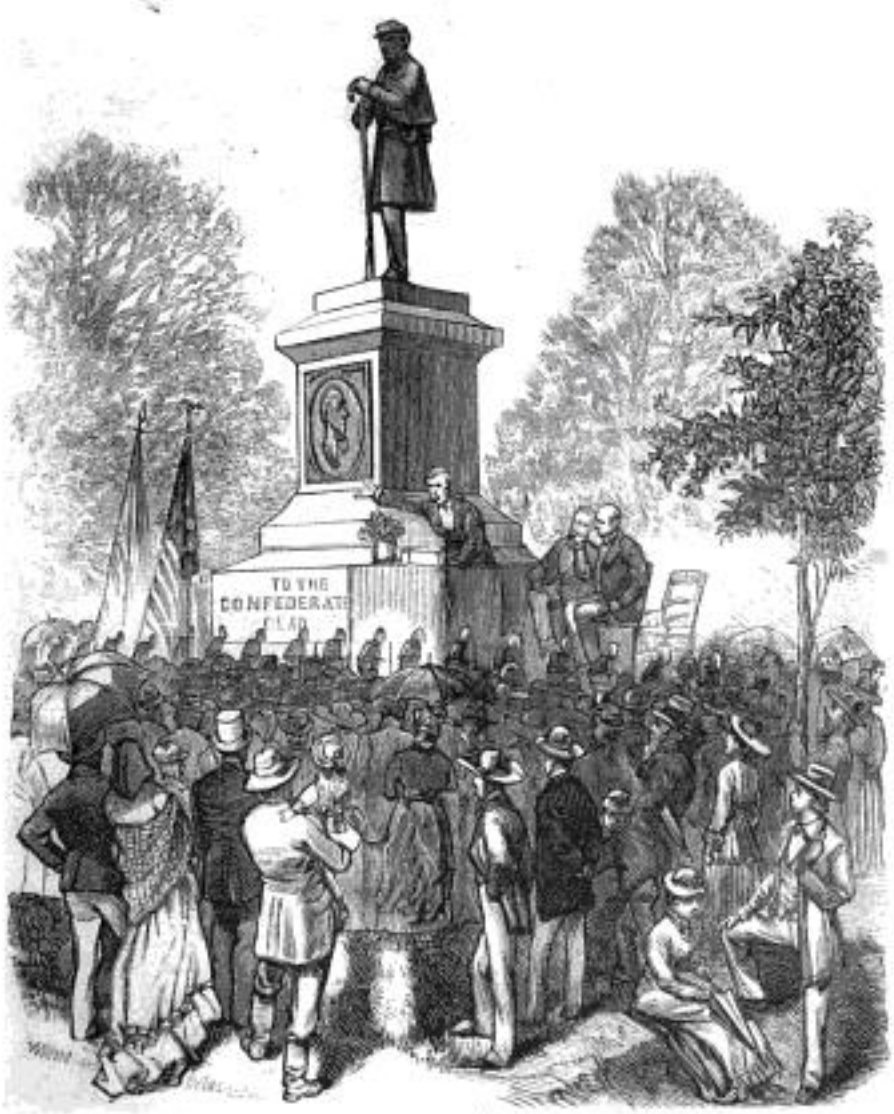
There is the same whirr and buzz as on other days, and Sunday is the day selected by many of the miners for coming in from their claims to do their week's marketing. Occasionally one stumbles on a gang of miners who recognize the day by loafing, by card-playing and shooting at targets with the pistol. Such a sight is eminently picturesque. The great, brawny, hairy men, their open necks, their red sashes, their uncompromising boots and semi-Spanish hats, lounging, leaning, lying in every conceivable attitude, like a parcel of brigands in wait for a richly-laden mail-coach. Some crack shots are to be found amongst these men, and many handsful of the "dimmy" change hands over the scores on the target.

SALT LAKE CITY.

THE GREAT MORMON DEMONSTRATION.

SALT LAKE CITY was recently the scene of a demonstration which illustrates at once the unity and the fidelity of the Mormons in supporting their peculiar doctrines. The occasion had its origin in the following facts: In the trial of one Miles, in the United States Court, for polygamy, Daniel H. Wells, First Counselor to the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church, and a witness for the prosecution, refused to answer certain questions relative to polygamous marriages in the Endowment House, said to have been performed by him, and to the garments worn. For this refusal, he was held to be guilty of contempt, and on the 3rd instant was sentenced by Judge Emerson to pay a fine of $100, with two days' imprisonment. This action of the Court produced a profound excitement among the Mormon population, and it was resolved to honor the contumacious witness on his release with an ovation which would amount to an overwhelming rebuke to the Federal authorities. Accordingly, on the morning of the 6th, Wells was escorted by a procession from the jail to his residence.

The procession formed south of the city, and

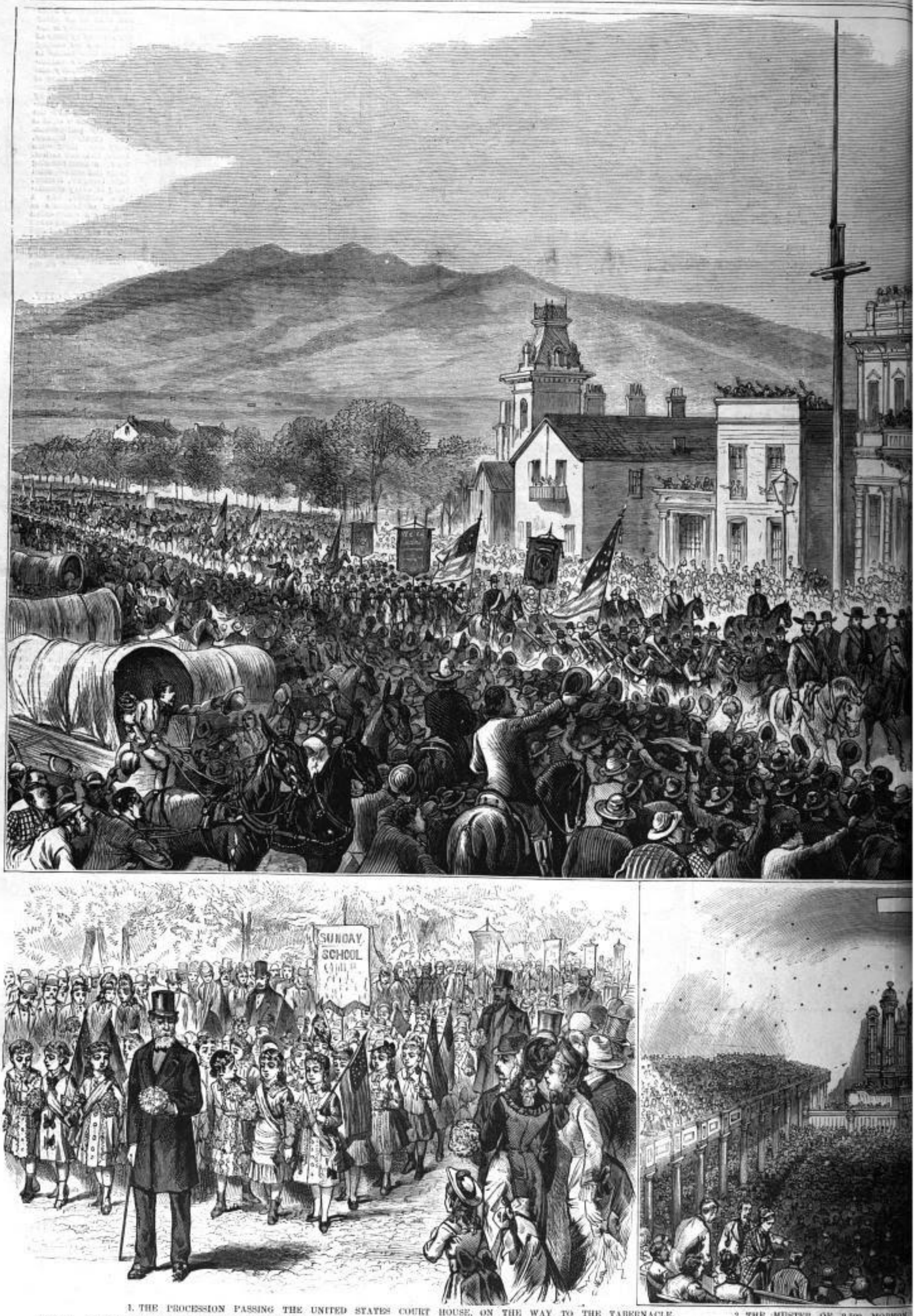


NORTH CAROLINA.—OBSERVANCE OF "MEMORIAL DAY" BY THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF WILMINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY YATES & ORR.—SEE PAGE 207



KENTUCKY.—MONUMENT IN HONOR OF DR. EPHRAIM M'DOWELL, "THE FATHER OF OVARIATOMY," AT DANVILLE, DEDICATED MAY 14TH.—FROM A PHOTO. BY EDWARD H. FOX.—SEE PAGE 203.

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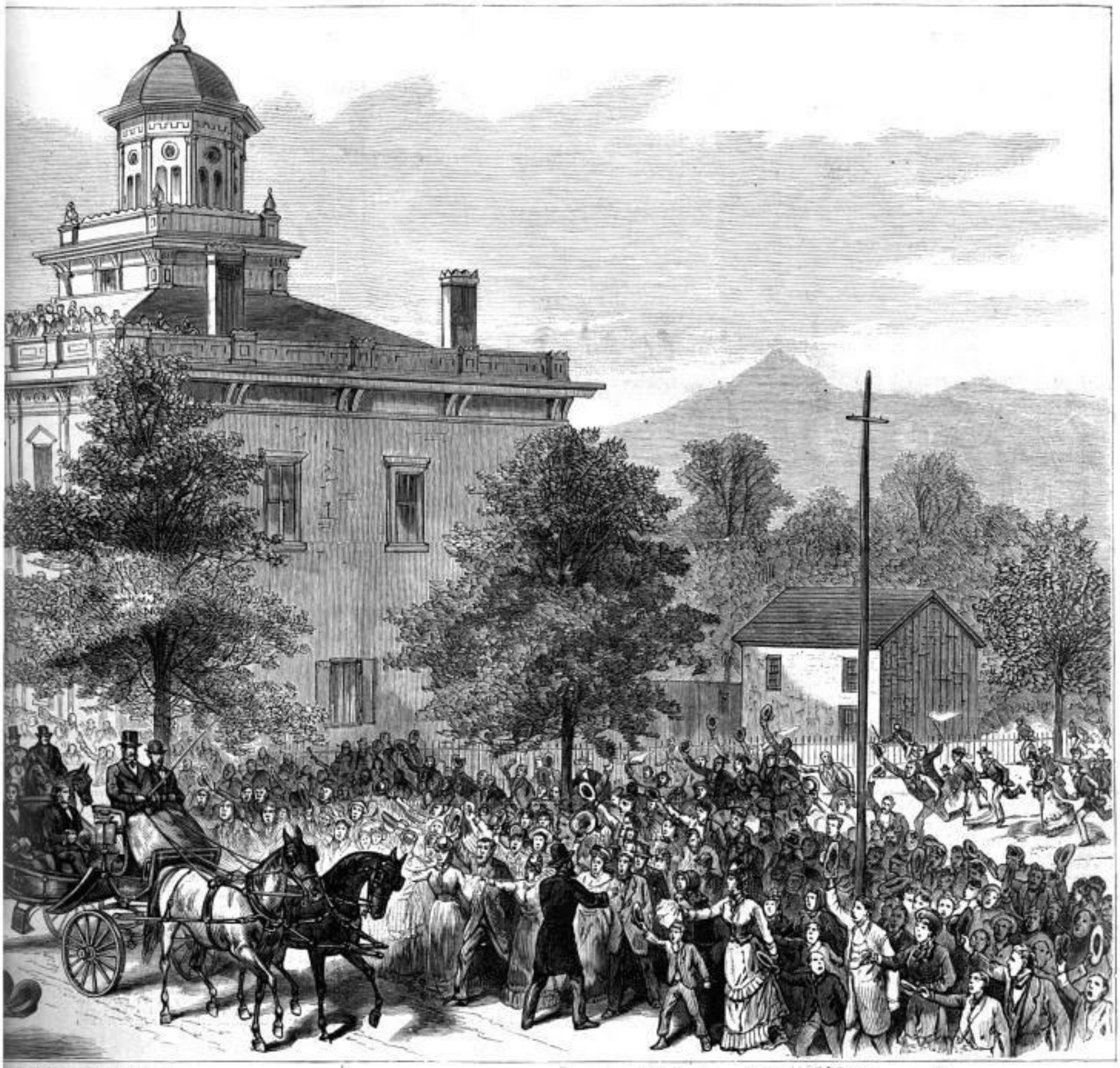


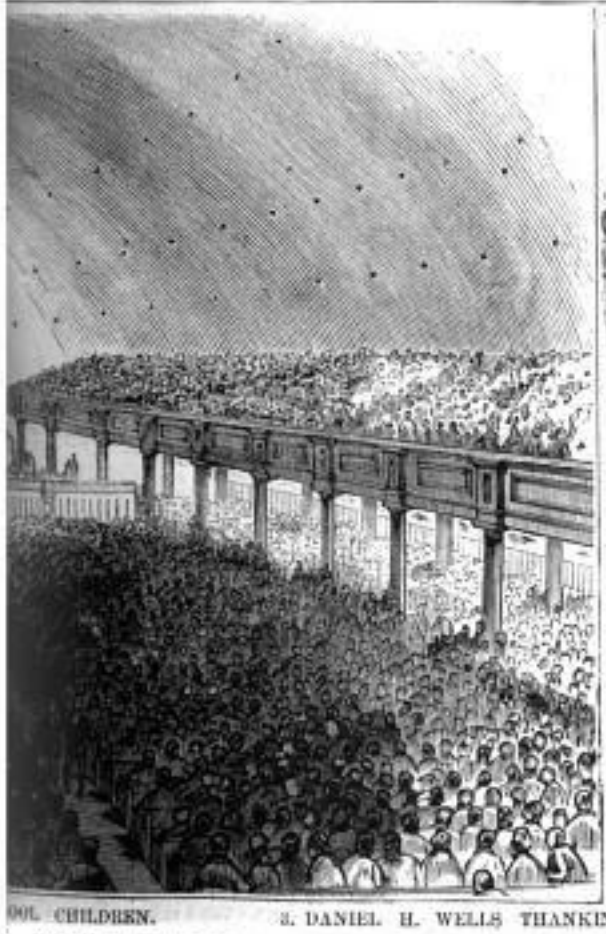
1. THE PROCESSION PASSING THE UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE, ON THE WAY TO THE TABERNACLE. 2. THE MUSTER OF 3,500 MORMON

UTAH.—GREAT MORMON DEMONSTRATION IN SALT LAKE CITY, IN HONOR OF DANIEL H. WELLS, FIRST COUNS

FROM SKETCHES BY

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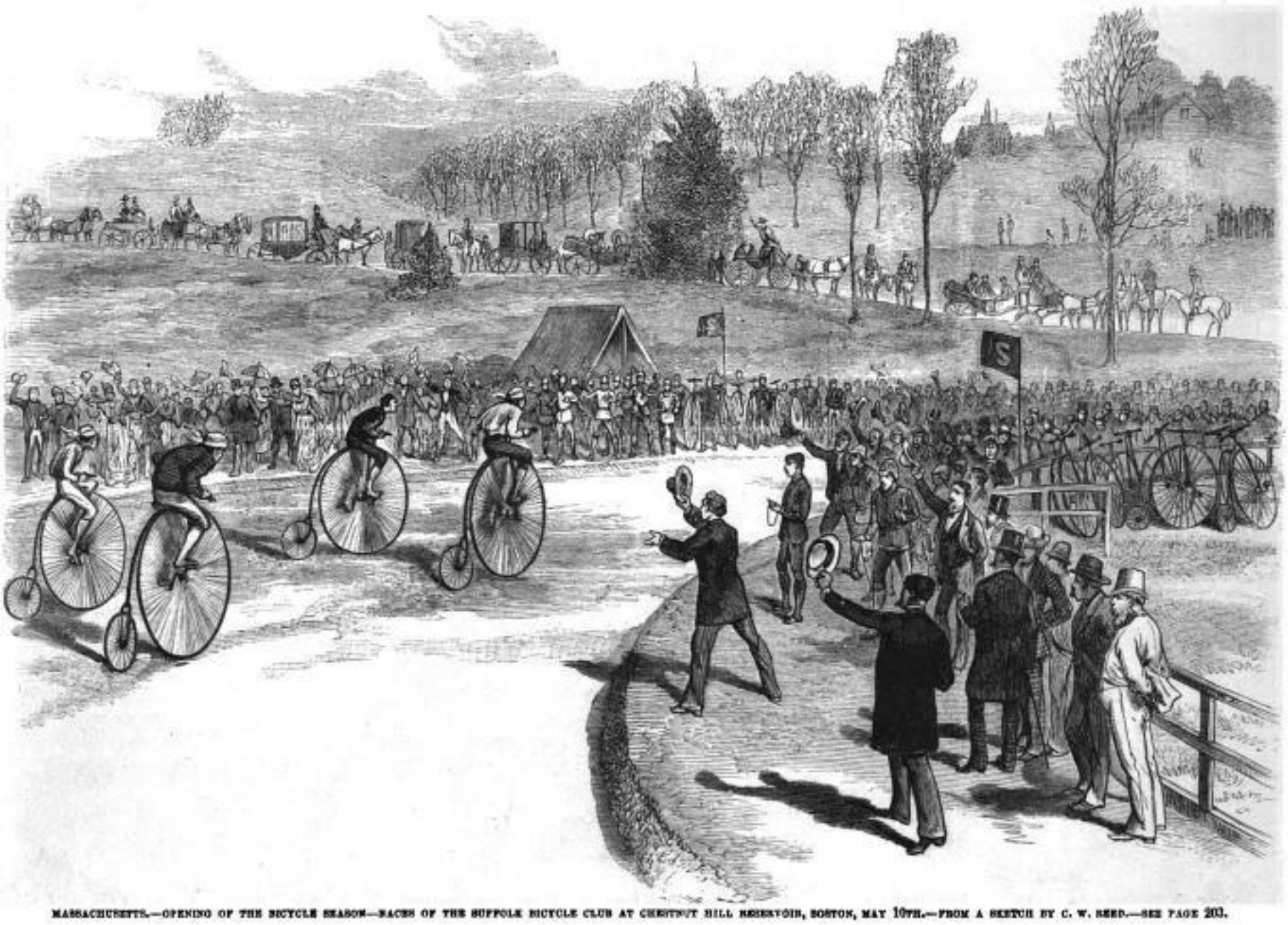




OOL CHILDREN. 3. DANIEL H. WELLS THANKING THE MULTITUDE IN THE TABERNACLE. 4. DETACHMENT OF 400 MORMON WOMEN.

) THE TWELVE APOSTLES, FOR HIS REFUSAL TO REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE, MAY 6TH.
ING.—See Page 213.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—OPENING OF THE BICYCLE SEASON—RACES OF THE SUFFOLK BICYCLE CLUB AT CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIR, BOSTON, MAY 10TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. REED.—SEE PAGE 203.

contained not less than ten thousand people in carriages and on foot, among them four hundred elderly matrons who marched through the dust, carrying American flags and banners bearing such mottoes as "Women in favor of polygamy," "We care less for the cut of our aprons than the loss of our rights." Some three thousand Sunday-school children also marched in the line. The sidewalks were literally blocked by people for three miles, and, as the procession proceeded, headed by Wells and John Taylor—the Mormon President—riding uncovered in an open barouche, peal upon peal of cheers saluted it at every step. When it passed the Federal Court building the shouts were especially deafening, as if in defiance of Judge Emerson and the officers of the court, who witnessed the demonstration from the balcony. The procession marched to the great Tabernacle, which was unable to hold more than half of the 25,000 people who, it is estimated, tried to gain admittance. Wells, from the stand, simply thanked the multitude for the demonstration of respect for one who stood faithful to his religious integrity in refusing to divulge a Church secret. Mr. Taylor made a short speech, full of expressions of loyalty to the Government and Constitution, but protesting against interference with his religious belief and practices. The multitude was orderly and undemonstrative, but expressions of individuals told that the fanatical masses felt their power.

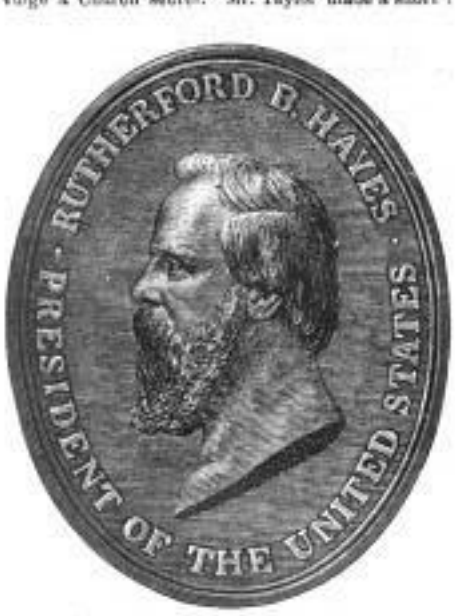
Probably Salt Lake City has never witnessed a more remarkable display. A correspondent writes: "The demonstration was concerted, arranged and consummated within thirty hours, people coming from hundreds of miles north and as far south. Ten Mayors of cities were in the procession, as many bands of music, all the Church dignitaries, and Territory, county and town civil officials within the reach of railroads. There were one hundred and twenty-five banners bearing mottoes. The city was fairly ablaze with Stars and Stripes, and the Mormons directing the jubilee protest against what they call interference of law officers with religious liberty. Those who think Mormonism weakening are mistaken. In Brigham Young's palmiest days he could have done no more than has been done on this occasion.

HON. JOHN FITCH,

PRESIDENT OF THE LONG BRANCH OCEAN PIER COMPANY.

JUDGE JOHN FITCH, who is the President of the Long Branch Ocean Pier Company, was born in Schoolack, Rensselaer County, New York. He is of the Norwalk branch of the Fitch family of Connecticut, being fifth in line from Governor Thomas Fitch of that State. Judge Fitch graduated from Union College, and subsequently studied law with Judge Buell, of Troy, N. Y. For more than twenty years past he has resided in this city, and is still actively engaged in the practice of his profession. He has earned, during his professional life, the high esteem of his associates for his ability as well as other qualities. He is a member of the Bar Association, in which he takes great interest. He is also a member of the St. Nicholas Society, the New England Society, the New York Historical Society, the Society of the Cincinnati, the New York Yacht Club and the St. Nicholas Club.

Judge Fitch is a man of indomitable perseverance and iron will, and has a large personal acquaintance and a great number of friends. He undertook the management of the Long Branch Ocean Pier Company solely on account of his personal friendship for the Lelands. The stockholders of the company may be assured that if any one can make the enterprise a financial success, he is the man.



THE NEW INDIAN PEACE MEDAL—OBVERSE.



HON. JOHN FITCH, PRESIDENT OF THE LONG BRANCH OCEAN PIER COMPANY.



THE NEW INDIAN PEACE MEDAL—REVERSE.

THE INDIAN PEACE MEDALS.

IT has long been the custom of the United States Government to signalize the conclusion of amicable adjustments with representative Indians visiting Washington by presenting to them medals bearing appropriate inscriptions and the head of the President for the time being. This rule was somewhat varied during the earlier part of President Hayes's term, when, no new medals having yet been struck, a number of Indian chiefs were presented with the medals prepared during the administration of Gen. Grant, and which were highly valued by the recipients. Recently a new medal has been prepared at the Government Mint, a *fac-simile* of which we illustrate, and this medal will hereafter, during the present Administration, be used in the distribution of favors of this sort among the red men.

FOOD FOR THE WORLD.

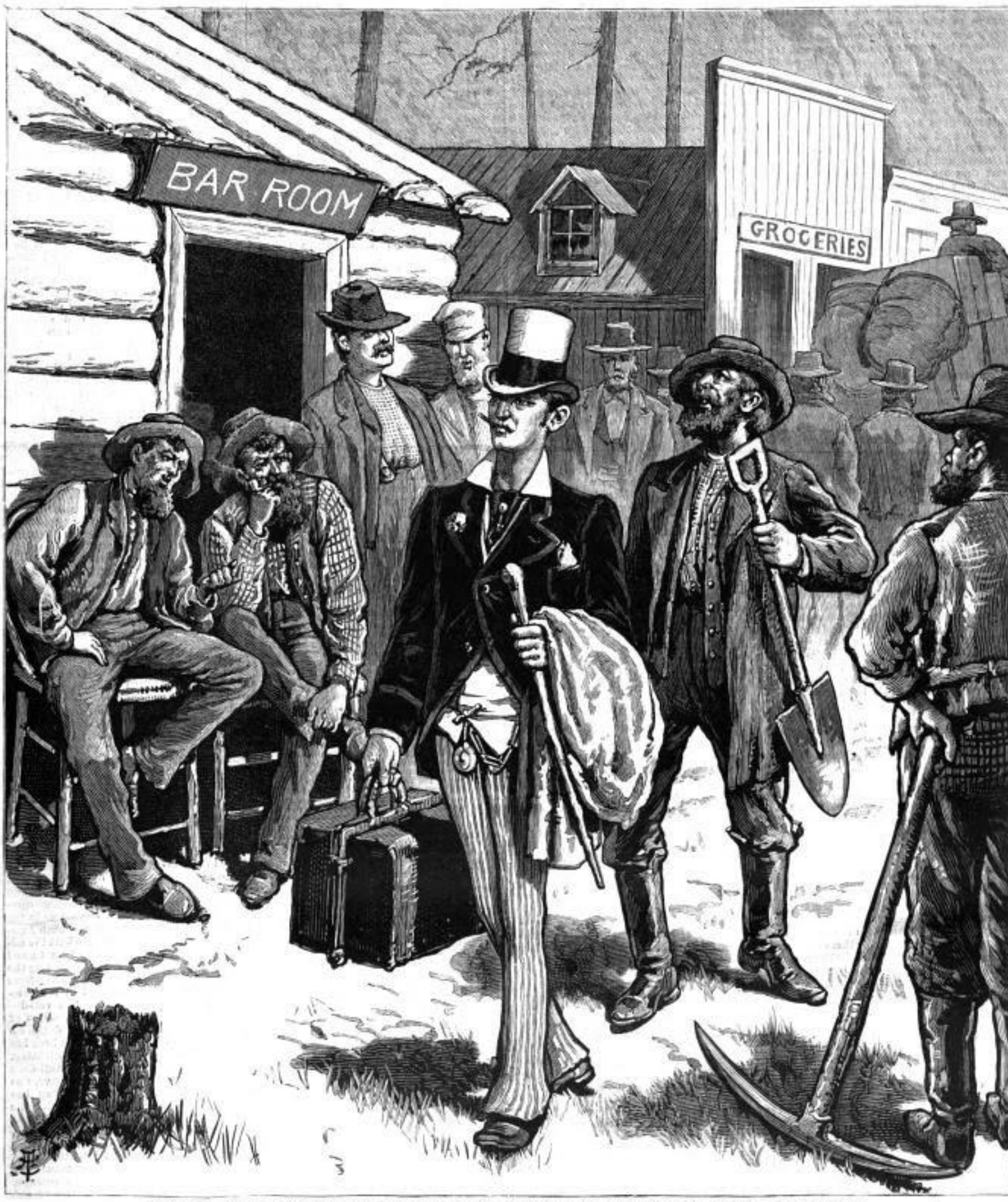
THE total exports of bacon and hams from the United States for the month of April last were 57,321,524 pounds, valued at $3,762,366; fresh beef, 5,384,687 pounds, valued at $477,881; beef, salted or corned, 3,130,231 pounds, valued at $205,429; pork, 8,871,888 pounds, valued at $525,753; lard, 35,907,691 pounds, valued at $2,490,101; butter, 1,860,156 pounds, valued at $244,130; cheese, 4,479,587 pounds, valued at $370,747; tallow, 7,413,009 pounds, valued at $525,310. Total value, $8,021,716, against $10,696,747 for April, 1878.

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COLORADO.—CONTRASTS OF LIFE IN THE NEW MINING DISTRICT—THE FIRST "SWELL" ARRIVAL AT LEADVILLE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 223.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE NEW "SILVER AGITATION."

THE current debate in the House of Representatives on the so-called "Warner Silver Bill," proposing the unlimited coinage of silver dollars, weighing each 412½ grains, and further proposing that the difference between the market-price and the "coinage value" of a silver dollar shall inure to the advantage of silver dealers, and not to the Government, has disclosed either a profound ignorance or a willful disregard of the fundamental principles which lie at the basis of a bi-metallic currency composed of gold and silver. The men who advocate this measure profess to do so in the name and in the interest of bi-metallism; they are lavish in the denunciations which they launch at the heads of those who advocate a single gold standard of value, and argue with much vehemence of speech that to attach the quality of a "standard" and of "legal tender" to either gold or silver exclusively is to diminish the quantity of the circulating medium, and thereby work a contraction injurious to debtors, and also be obstructive of the public prosperity.

In point of fact, the men who clamor for the unlimited coinage of silver, on the terms we have indicated, are monometallists of the most determined type. All experience and all theory combine to prove that the contemporaneous circulation of gold and silver coins, as respectively the common units of value, must everywhere and always depend on so fixing the ratio between the said gold and silver coins that their coinage value shall be, for all practical purposes and as far as possible, the precise equivalent of their commercial value. This proposition is the fundamental basis—the *sine qua non*—of all bi-metallism. Every nation which has ever attempted to institute a bi-metallic currency has laid the foundation for its coinage in a legal ascertainment of the monetary equivalency between gold and silver, and this monetary equivalency has been made to depend on the assumed relative market value of each at the time when the proportion between them was fixed. It is of the very essence of bi-metallism that this proportion should be a fact and not a pigment. The truth of this statement is written in all history and in all political economy. Why was the mint ratio between gold and silver fixed by the Congress of the United States at 1.15 in the year 1792? Because this legal proportion was supposed to express the true state of the gold and silver market at that time. Why was this mint ratio fixed by France at 1.15½ in 1802? Because this ratio was then and there supposed to represent the actual facts of the gold and silver market. Why was this mint ratio changed by the United States from 1.15 to 1.16 in the year 1834? Because it was supposed that the commercial value of gold and silver had changed from 1.15 to 1.16 at that epoch. Every time that this mint ratio has been fixed, and every time that it has been changed, there has been a recognition of the primal, fundamental truth that bi-metallism lives and moves and has its being in the just and accurate ascertainment of the real commercial value of gold and silver in the markets of the world. Any attempt to fix this ratio otherwise than in accordance with the facts of the case at the time being is seen to be futile wherever men propose to establish a gold and silver coinage having equal currency, and having an equally honest quality of legal tender. Hence, when the commercial ratio between gold and silver undergoes a change, there must be a corresponding change in the mint ratio of gold and silver coins, if these coins are to be retained in circulation as equally and alike the measures of value according to the money units respectively represented by them. According to the money unit of the United States, a dollar in gold and a dollar in silver must be of equal value in fact before they can practically be made to circulate together, and before they can honestly be used alike in the payment of all debts.

And it is this consideration which cuts up by the roots the sophistical argument used by the "silver inflationists" when they exclaim that to alter the silver dollar so as to make it the equivalent of the gold dollar would be to favor the "bloated bondholders" and "coupon clippers" of the public debt. This debt, they say, is redeemable, according to the contract, "in coin of the standard value" fixed in 1834, and to provide that the ratio between gold and silver shall *now* be increased would work an increase in the public debt. This statement is not true. To readjust the silver coins of the United States so that they should be monetary units of value as truly and really as gold coins, would be simply to say that the debt of the United States should be the same when measured in silver as when measured in gold. The Acts creating the United States bonds were passed at a time when the words "standard coin of the United States" were understood to refer to gold, because the mint ratio fixed in 1834 had practically suspended the coinage of silver. And since our Government has twice fixed the mint ratio between gold and silver, with the view of conforming to the commercial value of each metal at the time, it follows that our country is committed to the doctrine that equivalency in the circulation of gold and silver coins depends on the equivalency of their relative values, and that equivalency in their legal tender quality depends, if honestly used, on the same fundamental consideration.

But in fact the "bondholder argument" has no rightful place in the present agitation for unlimited coinage of silver dollars worth eighty-five cents each. Nobody proposes to pay the public debt just now, or within the next twenty years, and least of all men the "silver inflationists" and the comparative "repudiationists." The demand of the hour is for honest money—for money that does not fluctuate one, two, or five per cent. a day, and which will afford a stable basis for business enterprises and productive industry. Whether it be possible to establish and maintain a bi-metallic currency of gold and silver we forbear to discuss at this time; but we venture to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that it is impossible to establish and maintain such a currency without the concurrence of the leading commercial nations of the world, and without providing for a periodical revision of the mint ratio fixed by law between the two metals. Any attempt to escape these irreversible conditions is an ignorant attempt to fight against the laws of nature, while any attempt to evade these conditions is an unscrupulous attempt to frame mischief by law and to devise unrighteousness by statute. And it is the blended ignorance and moral obtuseness brought to light by the current discussion of the silver question which furnish the chief grounds of alarm for the future. The particular measure now pending will be brought to confusion, if not by the wisdom of Congress, then by the wholesome interposition of the Executive veto. But while such schemes are hatched, and while such "lunacy" is in the air, what man of ordinary prudence can be expected to risk his money in enterprises which the breath of a future Congress may blast? Though impotent to pass their inflation Bills, the inflationists of both the Greenback and the Silver persuasion are unhappily not impotent to arrest the return of business confidence by their wild and reckless agitation.

THE EMULATION OF THE NATIONS.

IT seems to be definitely settled that there is to be another great World's Fair in the United States at as early a date as is practicable. Some of its friends put it as far off as 1889—the centennial anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution and the elevation of Washington to the Presidency; but ten years seems too long a period for mere preparatory work. The other prominent date mentioned is 1883, rendered memorable as a centennial anniversary by the close of the Revolutionary War and the evacuation of New York by the British. But perhaps neither date will be selected. There is a prevalent notion that the "centennial" whimsey has been worked out, and it is quite possible that an intermediate date, like 1885 or 1886, may be chosen at last.

Only one thing is definitely settled—that the Exposition is to be held at New York City. At the present date four committees are at work trying to facilitate matters—a Board of Trade Committee, a Citizens' Committee, a Brooklyn Committee, and a West Side Committee, and they pull this way and that in favor of various locations, with considerable celerity and strength; but as none of them has any authority whatever to do anything more than talk, it is pretty certain that the questions of date and site will be settled by Congress under the Bill which Mr. Hewitt, of the Citizens' Committee, has had introduced for that purpose.

The location, Congress will please to remember, is a matter of grave consequence. It should combine advantages which may be enumerated as follows: 1, spaciousness; 2, healthfulness; 3, accessibility; 4, capability of landscape adornment; 5, economy. As to spaciousness, the grounds where the exhibition is held should contain not less than 200 acres, and more if possible. As to healthfulness, the situation should admit of perfect drainage, and should be sightly and salubrious. As to accessibility, the site should be as near as possible to Union Square, New York, and so placed that 50,000 people can be delivered there within one hour, and so that heavy freights can be easily handled. Concerning these first three conditions, the Central Park of this city and the Prospect Park of Brooklyn offer every imaginable inducement, except as to the delivery of heavy machinery by sea, to which Port Morris, just above the Harlem River, on the east side, can claim pre-eminence. Manhattan Park and eight or ten unoccupied squares immediately adjoining, are also much spoken of. These lie directly on Central Park, which they face upon the west, and if they shall ultimately be chosen for the site, the park fence might be removed at this point, making the exhibition grounds seem to include the whole of this vast garden of 850 acres, of which New York and the country are now so justly proud.

There is a well-defined and earnest remonstrance against tearing up and mutilating Central Park for the purpose of this great international show. It would ruin a large part of this superb resting-place and pleasure-ground for many years, and the desecration should be prevented if any other acceptable place can be found. Perhaps this hundred or two unoccupied acres lying directly on the Park will answer the requirements. They are as healthful and as accessible as the Park, and they can be rendered as beautiful at an expense smaller than that required to destroy the loveliness already created, and then to renew it when the exhibition is finished. It seems a wanton wastefulness to destroy for a six months' occupation what cannot be restored in many years.

Of the good to the country which the exhibition would do commercially, it is not necessary to speak. It would certainly be a success far beyond the Philadelphia experiment. Several million people would avail themselves of the chance to visit the metropolis, and American skill and ingenuity would make a profitable acquaintance with all the world.

TENEMENT-HOUSE REFORM.

AMONG the commendable acts of the State Legislature, which adjourned on Thursday last, was the passage of the Bill for the regulation of tenement and lodging-houses in New York and Brooklyn. This Bill, if honestly carried out, will prevent the erection or adaptation of tenement or lodging-houses which will occupy more than 65 per cent. of any ordinary city lot, and will secure uniformity in the construction of all buildings of this sort, so far as relates to heights of ceilings, means of ventilation, number of occupants, etc. The more important provisions of the Act are thus summarized:

"Every room in a tenement-house hereafter erected or converted, except rooms in the attic, must be not less than eight feet in height from the floor to the ceiling; and every habitable room in the attic of such building must be at least eight feet in height throughout not less than one-half the area of such room. Every such room must have a window opening to the outer air, or over the door a perfectly constructed ventilator communicating with a room that has communication with the outer air; the area of a window must be at least one-tenth of the superficial area of the room; the top of the window must not be less than seven feet six inches above the floor, and the upper half must be made so as to open the full width. Every habitable room of a less area than 100 superficial feet, if it does not communicate directly with the external air, and is without an open fireplace, must have an air shaft extending to the roof, or otherwise, as the Board of Health may prescribe. But in all houses hereafter erected in the City of New York, which shall be used, occupied, leased, or rented for a tenement or lodging-house, every habitable room must have at least one window, with a movable sash, having an opening of not less than ten square feet, admitting light and air directly from the public street or the yard of said house.

"Whenever the Sanitary Superintendent shall certify that any tenement-house or room therein is so overcrowded that there shall be afforded less than 600 cubic feet of air to each occupant of such building or room, the Board of Health may issue an order requiring the number of occupants of such building or room to be reduced so that the inmates may not exceed one person to 600 cubic feet of air. The reduction must be made within ten days after notice to the landlord, agent, or occupant. In no case must there be more persons occupying a tenement than at the rate of one person to every thirty square feet of the tenement-house lot. Whenever there are more than ten families in a tenement-house there must be a janitor or housekeeper, if the Board of Health so require.

"The Board of Health must collect a license fee of $5 annually for every tenement-house let, hired, or occupied in the City of New York. The money is to be known as the "Tenement House Fund," and is to be used for the support of the sanitary police, and the surplus for the inspection of tenements, and the better security and protection of the life and health of persons living in such buildings."

It is provided that every owner or other person who may violate this Act shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for every day the violation continues. It is to be presumed that the benefits of this timely Act will be immediate, since the provisions relating to the amount of air and space to be allowed to each occupant of a tenement-house, and the number of occupants to be allowed in such structures, apply as well to tenement-houses already in existence as to those hereafter erected or converted. With anything like a thorough and vigorous performance, by the corps of inspectors, of the work assigned them, there should be a very sensible diminution of tenement-house mortality during the hot season upon which we are soon to enter.

THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

THE International Congress, which is now in session in Paris for the purpose of considering and choosing a route for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama seems to be making satisfactory progress. Originally there were no less than seven different projects. These, however, were in time reduced to four—the Nicaragua, the San Blas, the Atrato-Napipi, and the route recommended by Lieutenant Wyse. This officer made two separate surveys, between the years 1876 and 1879, both by way of the Gulf of San Miguel and the Tuyra River to the Atlantic. One of these followed the valley of the Tuyra and one of its branches, thence over the divide to the River Caguini, which empties into the Atrato. The other commences at the same point on the Pacific, some twenty miles from the Gulf of San Miguel, thence east to the junction of the Tupisa with the Chucunague, and then makes a nearly straight line to Acanti on the Atlantic, where it will be necessary to build a harbor. This last survey was the most satisfactory, and it is the route which Wyse recommends. The total length of the route would be 125 kilometres, of which 75 kilometers would have to be excavated. It would imply the removal of 70,000,000 cubic metres of earth and stone, and the construction of a tunnel of seventeen kilometres in length. It could not be constructed in less than ten years, and it would cost one hundred and twenty millions of dollars.

These figures indicate clearly the formidable nature of the difficulties which lie in the way of a ship canal across the Isthmus. On some of the routes proposed the canal could be constructed at a less cost; but one hundred million dollars is about the lowest estimate. According to latest reports, the Wyse scheme, and all those plans, indeed, which imply the construction of a tunnel, have been abandoned. The choice, it appears, now lies between the Nicaragua route and that which connects Simon Bay with the Port of Panama. There is a strong presumption now that the former will be preferred. The Panama route has, no doubt, much to recommend it, but the harbors are poor and the country along the Chagres River is extremely unhealthy. The Nicaraguan route will utilize the San Juan River and the Lake of Nicaragua. It will be about one hundred and eighty miles from ocean to ocean. On the San Juan River it will be necessary to construct a series of dams, and between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, a distance of sixteen miles, there will be needed not fewer than ten locks, which will involve heavy and expensive cutting.

On the whole, there seems a reasonable prospect that the Congress will accomplish its intended task, and that, as the result of the deliberations of its members, the isthmus will at length be pierced from ocean to ocean. M. Lesseps has given his word for it that as soon as a route is agreed upon, the needed funds, to the amount at least of one hundred millions of dollars, will be promptly produced. It is a mighty undertaking; but it is a necessary step in the onward march of progress. Hitherto the isthmus has been a barrier to human enterprise. It must not be permitted to remain a perpetual obstruction to the commerce of the world.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

GERMANY, by concluding a treaty with Samoa, has shown in behalf of her interests in the Pacific a foresight that the United States Government ought long ago to have shown on behalf of its own. Not only Germany, but England, France, and even Italy, have the start of American commerce in yonder latitudes, as well as in the West Indies and in Central and South America. Bismarck's war at home with the advocates of free-trade seems to have turned decidedly in his favor, notwithstanding the fact that a congress of representatives from seventy-two towns, convened by the communal authorities of Berlin, has voted—68 towns for and 4 opposed—a series of resolutions against the proposed duties on corn and cattle. Herr Von Forbenbeck has resigned the Presidency of the Reichstag, and is to become President of an Anti-Corn League; Herr Seydewitz, conservative, was elected in his place. The Reichstag has approved the Anglo-German treaty for the prevention of the slave trade on the African coast. The German Government has decided to restrict, temporarily, the sales of silver, and may possibly suspend them altogether. This indicates, it is thought, a disposition to increase the silver coinage. It is expected that a proclamation of clemency relative to the Falk laws will be issued on the occasion of the Emperor William's golden wedding.

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The Austrian Reichsrath was closed last Saturday with a speech by Emperor Francis Joseph. The Danube is very high, and threatens great damage to the crops. Nearly all the Austrian villages between Pesth and Bazias have water in the streets. At Belgrade, the river is twenty miles wide. The Sultan of Turkey has issued an Irade sanctioning the Eastern Roumelian constitution. The Russian evacuation of Eastern Roumelia will probably be completed before the appointed time. A dispatch from Constantinople announces that Kaireddin Pasha, the Grand Vizier, has tendered his resignation; if it is accepted, the change will doubtless have a far-reaching effect. Germany and France are said to be co-operating heartily on the Greek question. Greece is mobilizing 30,000 men, and, it is said, has sent an agent to the United States to buy ironclads. The Porte has communicated to its representatives abroad almost incredible stories of atrocities committed by "Greek brigands" on Turkish soldiers ambuscaded in a forest in the district of Trikala. The Italian Chamber of Deputies has passed a Bill making the performance of civil marriage before the religious ceremony obligatory.

Russia continues to be terrorized by incendiary fires, the suspected fire-bugs being Nihilists, of course. A fresh outbreak of the fire at Nimiuralsk destroyed several Government buildings. Another fire at Orenburg swept away a large part of the suburb which had previously been spared. At Irbit eighty houses were burned. The Czar has determined to shorten the period of military service in the line by three years; this will permit a vast increase in the number of recruits. The assailant of General Dreutelm has been arrested at Kieff, where also two Nihilists have just been condemned to be shot.

In France, the death of Roch, the executioner, at the age of fifty-six, left a vacancy which, strange to say, no less than 568 applicants immediately sought to fill. Among them were twenty-one hackmen and eighty-seven doctors. Roch had made several improvements in the apparatus of his hideous calling, notably the noiseless putting together of the parts of the guillotine with wooden screws, the lowering of the platform almost to the level of the ground, and the shielding of the ax with a wooden screen to prevent the glitter of the steel from catching the eye of the condemned man on his coming out from prison. These improvements were all prompted by the same merciful motive which led the benevolent Dr. Guillotine to invent the machine (so accurately described by the late Dr. Gardner) which gave the inventor an unenviable immortality by cutting off his own head and the heads of thousands of other victims. Roch also enlarged the basket so that, if necessary, it could hold four heads at a time. He was himself a plump, placid, phlegmatic, bourgeois-looking man, a regular attendant at the Church of St. Ambroise, fond of music and flowers, and the Lord Bountiful of the ducks and birds in the parks and squares.

England is rejoicing that her apprehensions of a fresh Indian mutiny in the Deccan have been quieted; that Yakoob Khan's acceptance of satisfactory terms of submission virtually ends the Afghanistan War and provides the British Empire in India with "a scientific frontier"; and that even Mr. Gladstone has found reason to congratulate the Hon. Mr. Stanhope, Under-Secretary of State for India, on his presentment of the financial condition of India. The Duke of Argyll has left London on his way to Canada, where he intends to pass four months. The Council of the English Royal Agricultural Society have been recommended to obtain and publish reports on the corn and wheat-raising capabilities of the United States, Canada, Russia, India and Australia, with reference to the probable food supply for the English market. After all, the bread question is at the bottom of all European questions.

THERE is to be no tinkering with the tariff at the present session of Congress, the Ways and Means Committee of the House having voted to lay over until the regular session all Bills or joint resolutions affecting the revenues. The country will be grateful for even so brief a respite.

MAUD MILLER, the actress, who has been arrested on a charge of abduction, and whom some of our contemporaries refer to as the daughter of Joaquin Miller, is in no wise related to the poet. His only daughter, Maud Miller, a child of ten or twelve years, will shortly return from the West, with her father, to complete her education at the Manhattanville Convent of the Sacred Heart.

WHILE the new California Constitution is, no doubt, in many respects, pernicious in its tendencies, the means employed by some of its opponents to compass its defeat seem to have been altogether indefensible. Many of the great corporations resorted to coercion and bulldozing of the most obnoxious form in their efforts to control their employés, and, failing in their purpose, are now, it is said, discharging all who refused to obey their behests. One of the railroad companies organized a thorough system of compulsion and detection, and men who went to the polls firmly convinced that their employers did not know how they were going to vote, found, on their return to work, that their services were no longer needed. This ostracism of voters for opinion's sake puts those who are guilty of it on a level with the demagogues of the "sand-lots," and, if persisted in, will be sure to produce a reaction in favor of those who suffer from corporation tyranny, as well as the cause which they represent.

WE referred some time since to the new cental system which it was proposed to introduce in this country. The system has now received the approval, by formal vote, of the Produce Exchange of this city, and it is believed that a date will soon be fixed, after which all transactions shall be made in hundred pounds, or the multiple thereof. This will introduce a new standard for the sale of flour, grain, petroleum and produce, and will do away with the annoying diversity of methods heretofore pursued.

IN a communication to the Senate, Secretary Sherman states that since the first of January last legal-tender notes to the amount of $4,133,513 have been redeemed in coin. The coin reserve of the Treasury for the purpose of maintaining resumption of specie payments has been increased to $138,000,000, that being about forty per centum of the notes outstanding to be redeemed, and believed to be the smallest reserve upon which resumption could be prudently begun and successfully maintained.

THE work of erecting the buildings for the Mexican Exposition has been commenced, and will be prosecuted to completion with all possible dispatch. An agent of the Government who is now in this city for the purpose of supervising the construction of the iron-work necessary for the buildings, expresses entire confidence that the Exposition will be opened, in complete order, at the time appointed—the first of January next. This Exhibition will afford American manufacturers an excellent opportunity to extend their conquest of Mexico, and they should not fail to improve it.

SECRETARY SHERMAN, in a letter to the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, declares that he cannot under any circumstances accept the party nomination for Governor of Ohio. "I am now engaged," he says, "in a public duty which demands my constant attention, and which can clearly be better completed by me than by any one coming freshly into the office. To now accept the nomination for Governor—though it is an honor I would otherwise highly prize and feel grateful for—would be justly regarded as an abandonment of a trust which is important to the whole country to promote my personal advancement." This decision is eminently creditable to the Secretary.

INTELLIGENCE from China shows that the Government would have resorted to retaliatory measures against Americans had the anti-Chinese Bill passed by Congress received the approval of the President. The official class in China are strongly opposed to the growth of foreign influence in the country, and they would welcome any excuse for initiating a vigorous anti-foreign policy, and re-establishing the barriers which the progress of recent years has, to some extent, broken down. The folly which imagines that this can be done is only equaled by the folly which supposes that we can suspend in the case of Chinamen the natural laws which govern the movement of populations the world over.

THE Committee on Manufactures of the House of Representatives has taken up the subject of the adulteration of food, and proposes to make a thorough and critical inquiry, with the aid of experts in chemistry, as to the whole range of articles in which adulterants are employed. Such an investigation must result in the accumulation of a mass of valuable information, and it can scarcely be otherwise than that the necessity of legislation will be made so apparent as to compel the speedy enactment of laws for the protection of the public against a steadily growing evil. A Bill already introduced imposes a fine and imprisonment upon persons manufacturing, selling or bartering any article of food or drink containing any injurious ingredient or material.

IT is a wholesome sign, as indicative of a steady growth and development of our agricultural interests, that the demand for land in the West is constantly increasing in volume and urgency. In one week, recently, applications were received for 192,000 acres of land for settlement in Dakota, and during the same week applications were received in Minnesota for 500,000 acres. Of the ninety-six registers of the Land Office, over half are reporting immense increase in the settlement of the public lands in the West. The General Land Office is running behind because of the increased business of the department, which during the past two years has more than trebled. Not only our material prosperity, but the stability of our institutions, is augmented by the multiplication of landowners, and the present tendency towards the occupation of our vast territorial area is, therefore, a most encouraging phase of our national life.

THE advocates of the abolition of capital punishment will find small ground for encouragement in the recent action of the Swiss Republic. Thirty-one years ago the death penalty for capital offenses was abolished in that Republic, and twenty-six years later, in 1874, a Federal penal code was adopted which prohibited capital punishment altogether in all of the cantons. The punishment of capital crimes by imprisonment for life has therefore had five years of unquestioned trial, while as to certain other offenses, the new system had enjoyed a test six times as long. Instead of crime diminishing as was expected, it has alarmingly increased, infanticide, assassination, and other offenses having become more common than at any previous period. The people have now by a vote of 191,197 to 177,263 voted to restore the death penalty, and the world will accept their verdict as a proof that the substitution of the prison for the scaffold is a failure as a restraining and correctionary measure in preventing and dealing with the more heinous forms of crime.

THE Southern Representatives in Congress have an opportunity to silence the complaints of the "stalwarts," which, it is to be regretted, they do not care, apparently, to improve. They protest earnestly, when charged with playing the *rôle* of obstructionists, that their motives are misconstrued, but it is their own fault that it is so. The Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, who is by no means an unfriendly critic, says truly of the course of these Southern Representatives

"They have a majority of their party in both Houses; they could count upon the co-operation of a number of sensible Northern men in any moderate and just measures and in resisting the extremists, but they choose not to act. They have, in fact, sacrificed their own people and brought the whole South into suspicion, and unless they act quickly and decisively their best friends will begin to believe that the reports of their secret intentions are true. They can, if they will, pass the Appropriation Bills and adjourn Congress on or before the 1st of June, and if this is not done the blame will justly lie at their door. Does the South really mean to starve the army and keep the country in turmoil? That is the question they must answer by acts, and not by private and barren professions."

A SIGNIFICANT proof of the growing moderation of feeling in France is furnished in the disposition of the question of the restoration to the Legion of Honor of the Communists who were members of the Order before their condemnation. It has not only been decided to give them back their decorations, but it is proposed that a sum shall be added to the vote of credit for the Legion sufficient to pay them all arrears of their pensions which have accumulated during the time they have been erased from the list. There are about forty who will receive the Legion and forty-five the military medals, and if this proposition shall prevail, an unexpected windfall will await them on their return to France. The London *Examiner*, commenting on these facts, says pertinently that "decorations in general, and the institution of the Legion of Honor in particular, having always been bitterly attacked by the extreme Republicans as being symbols of aristocracy and inventions of despotism, it is, to say the least, curious to witness all the efforts they are making to get the ribbon of the Legion and the Military Medal restored to their friends and *protégés*."

WE publish elsewhere the last circular of Fisk & Hatch, who have sustained so important a part in marketing the four per cent. loan, setting forth the advantages of these bonds, and their desirableness as a permanent investment. The circulars of this eminent firm have contributed very largely to the popular information as to the value of our national securities, the effects of refunding, etc., while they have at the same time combated erroneous views and inculcated sound financial doctrines with a vigor and effectiveness which entitle them to the heartiest commendation. One of their recent circulars embodied these propositions, which, to say the least of them, will not be disputed by any friend of honest finance:

"No country or nation ever became great and prosperous that permanently paid a large rate of interest on its public debt.

"A dishonest country or nation pays no interest at all.

"A country or nation in bad credit pays the highest rates.

"A country or nation honest, upright and jealous of its credit, borrows money on its own terms. Capital and enterprise seek that land and its securities.

"The reduction of the rate of interest on our public debt to three and a half and four per cent. is a permanent benefit to every person and enterprise in the country, and is the surest sign of returning national wealth and sound prosperity."

A BILL relating to the manner of counting the Presidential electoral vote has finally been matured by the House Committee on that subject. It provides, first, that disputes as to electoral votes in any State shall be decided by the highest judicial tribunal of such State. Then it is provided that the two Houses of Congress shall meet on the second Monday in February after the election, and proceed to count the votes in the alphabetical order of the States; if there be a controversy in any State, and a certified decision of it by its highest judicial tribunal, the electoral votes of that State shall be counted in accordance therewith, unless the decision be reversed by both Houses. If there be a controversy and no such judicial decision, the contested votes shall not be counted unless both Houses concur therein. If there be conflicting judicial decisions, or conflicting certificates, the decision or certificate held by both Houses to be given by proper authority shall not be conclusive unless approved by both Houses. These provisions, it will be observed, practically put the control of the whole Presidential question in the hands of the party having control of both Houses of Congress. These are very dangerous provisions. It is an extremely easy matter to get up a contest in any State, or in every State, and the inducement held out in this Bill to institute such contests in order to throw the whole matter into Congress would be almost certain to provoke the more desperate class of politicians to seize the opportunity offered for the achievement of partisan ends.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

OVER 1,400 immigrants arrived at this port, May 24th.

EMIGRANTS are crowding into Minnesota in unprecedented numbers.

GENERAL GRANT is expected to arrive at San Francisco about July 20th.

THE steamers sailing from this port on Saturday last carried 350 passengers and heavy cargoes of merchandise.

A FIRE in Brooklyn, on the night of May 23rd, destroyed a linseed oil mill and stores, valued at $700,000.

TEN young ladies graduated at the tenth annual commencement of the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, May 22d.

THE International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces was held in Baltimore last week.

CONGRESS will authorize the appointment of a commission to represent the United States at the International Exposition to be held in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia.

A BILL has been introduced in the Senate forbidding Chinamen to engage in any other business than commerce, or to acquire any real property except for a residence.

EX-POLICE COMMISSIONER NICHOLS of this city has commenced proceedings against Governor Robinson and Mayor Cooper for what he claims his wrongful removal.

HORACE CAPRON, Ex-Commissioner of Agriculture, has recently made a purchase of sheep in Avon, N. Y., for the Japanese Government, of which he is an accredited agent.

THE House of Representatives remained in session during the whole of Friday and Friday night last in a struggle over the Silver Bill. The Bill was passed by a vote of 114 to 97.

A REPORT to the Pennsylvania Senate from the State Treasurer shows that there will be a deficit on November 30th, 1880, of over $1,700,000. It is proposed to increase taxation.

THE Democrats of Iowa nominated a State ticket headed by Judge Trimble, on May 21st, and adopted a platform indorsing the conduct of the Democratic members of Congress.

THE Legislative Appropriation Bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and been sent to the President, who is expected to veto it. The Senate has passed the Bill to prevent the introduction of contagious diseases.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN of Kansas says that the people of that State will be able to provide for the negro emigrants from the South, whom he represents to be sober, industrious, and willing to face the difficulties in their way.

THE House Committee on Appropriations, by a majority vote, has authorized a favorable report to be made to the House on Representative Conger's Bill making additional appropriations for the pay of letter-carriers. The Bill appropriates $131,000 for the fiscal year of 1880, and $55,000 to meet the deficiency for 1879.

AN agreement has been arrived at by the managers of the elevated railroad companies of this city, by which all the roads will be controlled and operated by the Manhattan Company, which assumes the payment of the interest on the bonded debt, and guarantees an annual dividend of ten per cent. on the combined stock of the two companies.

THE assignees of Archbishop Purcell have filed a schedule of the assets and liabilities of the Archbishop and his brother, Edward Purcell. The total amount of claims presented is $3,097,651.49, and the total assets are $1,181,562.47, of which amount $418,536.25 is classed as doubtful. The Archbishop will begin soliciting aid from the churches of New York in a few days, with the consent of the Cardinal.

BY a fusion of the Republican and Tammany members of the New York Board of Aldermen, Mayor Cooper's nominations of Stephen B. French for Police Commissioner, Cornelius Van Cott for Fire Commissioner, and Jacob Hess for Commissioner of Charities and Correction, were confirmed; and those of John N. Hayward for President of the TAX Board, and James Daly for Dock Commissioner, were rejected.

THE Louisiana Constitutional Convention has adopted articles prohibiting the Legislature from passing any law fixing the price of manual labor, appropriating money in aid of any church or priest, preacher or minister, giving preference or discriminating against any religious creed and prohibiting appropriations for private or benevolent purposes to individuals or communities, excepting public institutions of the State; also, imprisonment for debt.

Foreign.

ALL the striking Durham coal-miners have returned to work.

A RECURRENCE of the drouth in the province of Ceara, Brazil, is feared.

THE Home Rulers in the House of Commons have chosen as their leader William Shaw, Member for County Cork, in the place of Dr. Isaac Butt, deceased.

THE Brazilian Government has declared that it will not interfere in the Chile and Bolivia-Peruvian war, though willing to offer mediation whenever asked to do so.

THE hostility of the Greeks towards the Turks has resulted in a battle at Perlazia, Thessaly, in which the Turkish forces lost 450 men. The insurgents lost only seventy men, but that number includes their leaders.

BAD tidings come from British India. In Cashmere there is a severe famine, for which the incompetent officials are unable to provide a remedy. In the Deccan lawless bands are engaged in plunder and incendiarism.

THE French Government has decided not to grant amnesty to members of the Commune, but simply to pardon them after the 6th of June. Rochefort, Vallès and Blanqui will be thus pardoned, but a simple pardon does not include the restoration of civil rights.

IT was expected that the treaty with Yakoob Khan would be signed May 26th. According to its provisions, Great Britain will treat the Kuram, Sibi, and Pishin Valleys as assigned, not annexed, territory, and will hand the surplus revenues over to Yakoob Khan, who will also be guaranteed a subsidy of £120,000 yearly.

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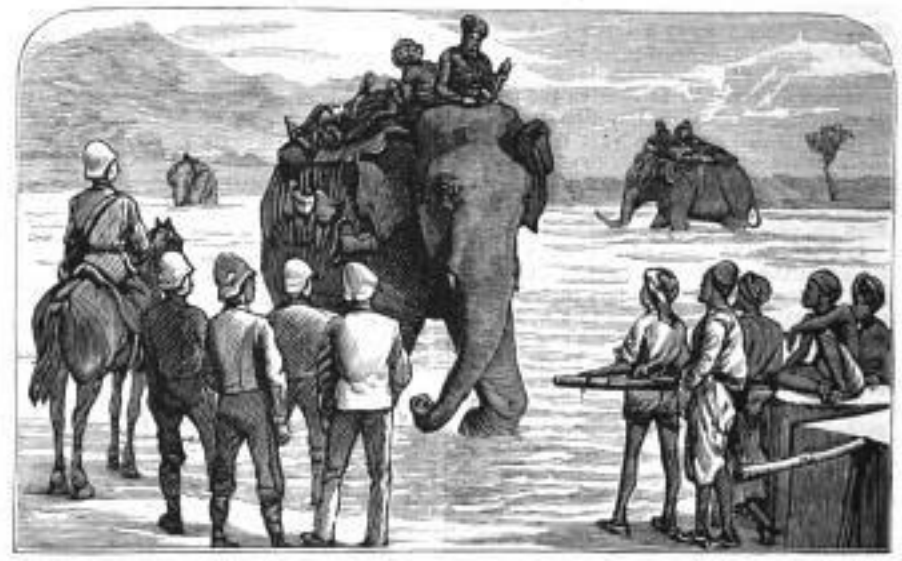
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 223.



SOUTH AFRICA.—ZULU ATTACK ON THE EIGHTIETH REGIMENT AT INTOMBI RIVER.



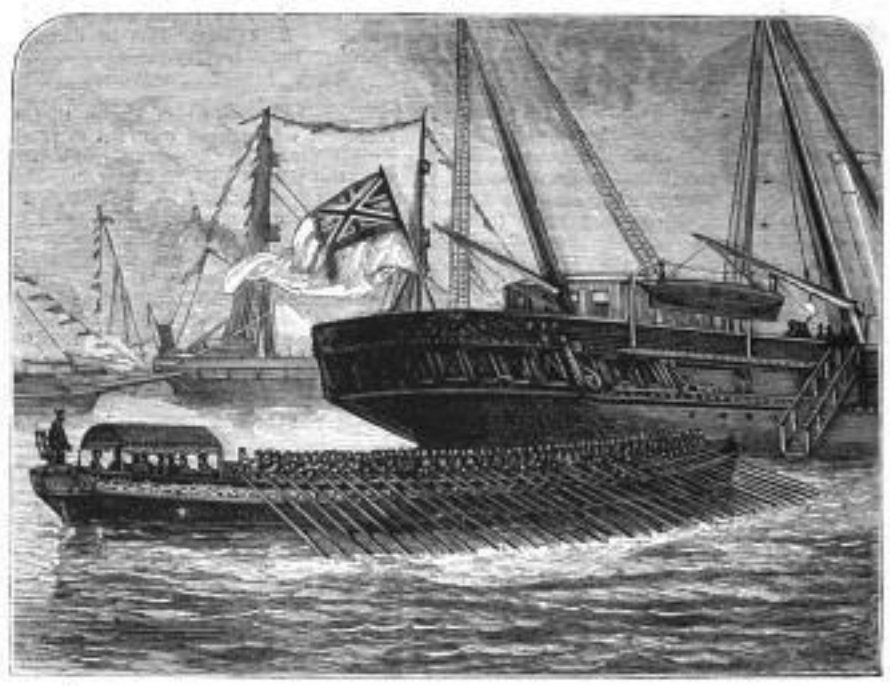
ENGLAND.—THE STRIKE AT DURHAM—SUMMONING COLLIERS' WIVES TO A MASS MEETING.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE DISASTER TO THE TENTH HUSSARS—BRINGING IN THE DEAD.



RUSSIA.—ARRIVAL OF THE CZAR AT CHURCH, AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE.



PORTUGAL.—VISIT OF THE KING TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT LISBON.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE DISASTER TO THE TENTH HUSSARS—"THE MESSENGERS OF DEATH."

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THE FIRST PLACE M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMONG the many ecclesiastical edifices in the "City of Churches," the First Place Methodist Episcopal Church of South Brooklyn holds a prominent place. It is a fine, large and imposing structure, standing at the head of First Place, on the corner of Summit and Henry Streets. Although the present edifice was erected in 1855, the church society has an older existence. It originated about 1852, and the first building used for worship was in Summit Street, only about half a block from the present location. This building belonged to Mr. Charles Bridges, now deceased, and is at present occupied as a dwelling-house. The project of erecting the present church edifice was started by Mr. Samuel Carter and Mr. M. W. Barber. These gentlemen were much assisted by Mr. Isaac Henderson, and in 1855 the corner-stone was laid. The edifice was dedicated in the following year, the Rev. Mr. Birch being at the time the pastor. Mr. Birch was succeeded by the Rev. Abel Stevens and the Rev. J. H. Rylance in conjunction; Mr. Rylance preaching in the morning and being the nominal pastor, and Mr. Stevens officiating in the evening. Mr. Rylance has since joined the Episcopal communion, and is now the rector of St. Mark's Church, in Stuyvesant Place, New York City.

The church was under a debt of $17,000 until it was liquidated by the efforts of the Rev. Dr. A. S. Hunt, the then pastor, in 1864, since which time it has been free from such a paralyzing burden. About three years ago it was deemed advisable to redecorate and refurnish the parsonage, which was done, and a mortgage of $1,600 was put on the parsonage. To pay this, however, the money is nearly all raised, and the mortgage will be lifted during the coming Summer. The disposition of religious bodies to emancipate themselves from debt is one of the most wholesome of the many indications of a growing vigor of Christian feeling in this country.

The present pastor is the Rev. W. W. Bowdish, who has been stationed there for two years, and, in accordance with the itinerancy rules of the Methodist denomination, has still one year to stay, being a married man. The church has been very prosperous under his ministrations, and is increasing in membership continually. A revival was held last Winter, and one the Winter before, at each of which many new converts connected themselves with the church.



THE NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINES.—PARK CITY, NEAR LEADVILLE—SISTERS OF MERCY COLLECTING FUNDS FOR A NEW HOSPITAL.—SEE PAGE 223.

THE COURT HOUSE AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

THE City of Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the east bank of the Missouri River, opposite Omaha, enjoys advantages in point of situation which must secure for it a high degree of prosperity. It has not been slow to utilize its opportunities. In the character of its buildings, its business enterprises, and the variety and liberality of its provision of the conveniences and comforts of life, it is already eminent among Western towns. Its principal edifices are of brick, and among the most important are the County Court House, the City Hall, two public halls, a high-school building and six public schoolhouses. The Court House, of which we give an illustration, was built in 1867, at a cost of $50,000, and is admirably adapted for the uses for which it was designed. Council Bluffs is well supplied with churches, has a library and reading-room, two or three banks, and five newspapers—two of which are dailies.



NEW YORK.—FIRST PLACE M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

EMBASSIES IN LONDON.

GERMANY and Russia nowadays maintain the two most splendid embassies in London. It is part of the pronounced policy of Prince Bismarck to maintain representation abroad on a magnificent scale. The German Embassy is a corner house on Carlton House Terrace—the finest site in London—and was occupied by Baron Bunsen during the latter part of his tenure of office as Prussian Minister in London. It is always called Prussian House. One side looks over St. James's Park, the other over the garden which separates it from the line of clubs in Pall Mall. The ground-floor rooms open on the park side upon a spacious terrace. The present German Ambassador, Count Munster, is married to a sister of the Earl of Rosslyn, and, inasmuch as she has written an excellent cookery book—"Dainty Dishes"—the dinners are, no doubt, all that can be desired. Germany has only been represented by an Ambassador (as contrasted with a Minister) during the past few years. His salary is about $45,000 a year, with a house. The Russian Embassy, known as Chesham House, is in Belgravia. A great establishment is maintained, and the entertainments are always on prince. Russia kept the same Minister in London—the late Baron Brunow—for thirty years, and Baron Van de Weyer represented Belgium in England as long. The Marquis d'Azello was at the same time for years the representative of Victor Emmanuel. The United States and France are the countries which change their representatives most often, so far as England is concerned. France is, albeit a Republic, still represented by an Ambassador. The difference between an Ambassador and a Minister is that, while the former represents the sovereign personally, the latter represents the Government. The Ambassador can claim personal communication with the sovereign, the Minister cannot. The French Embassy has for years been housed in the vast mansion on the south side of Hyde Park, which witnessed the triumphs and the reverses of Hudson, the railroad king. The Embassy of the Walewskis, under the Second Empire, was exceptionally brilliant. In Louis Philippe's time the French Embassy occupied Hertford House, in Manchester Square—the Gaunt House of "Vanity Fair." This has now been splendidly rehabilitated, after long desertion, by Sir Richard Wallace, and contains a large proportion of the Hertford collection. Probably the contents of Hertford House are worth $5,000,000. The Austrian Embassy is now in Belgrave Square, where Count Beust gives a great many splendid dinners, but it is scarcely maintained on the same scale of splendor as that of the representative of the Czar and the Emperor of Germany.

THE DEEPEST MINE.

THE deepest mine in the world now worked is said to be the Adalbert lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,289 feet deep. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,847 feet. It was sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridge in the same locality, 2,458 feet. The deepest mine in this country is the Yellow Jacket of the Comstock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface at the mouth of the main shaft, and 2,933 feet below the Gould and Curry croppings.

SHEEP-RAISING IN COLORADO.

SHEEP-RAISING is, as is well known, one of the most active industries of Colorado, and steadily growing in importance. The best information obtainable shows the number of sheep in that State to be about 2,000,000, valued on an average at $2.25 a head, or $4,500,000 in totality. Last year's wool clip was some 5,000,000 pounds, worth at an estimate of 17½ cents, $875,000, to which should be added 500,000 lambs, valued at $1.50 a head, or $750,000, making $1,625,000. During 1878, 30,000 head of sheep were driven in from California and 15,000 from New Mexico. The shipment of wool the coming season will be about 7,000,000 pounds, amounting, at last year's figures, to $1,225,000, exclusive of 750,000 lambs, which would bring about $1,125,000, creating an income of $2,350,000 from sheep alone. In consequence of the long distance and the want of double-decked cars, railway rates on sheep to the East have been so high that mutton cannot be shipped to any extent with profit. Thus far, sheep-raising has been very remunerative, and it will probably be more so when conducted with ampler capital and experience. Men who embarked in the business eight or ten years ago lost money from their lack of practical knowledge, but they have since repaired their errors, and are now doing well. The failures from inexperience have been many; but those who understand sheep-raising and are industrious and energetic have almost always made money.

A SHAKESPEARE PORTRAIT.

A PORTRAIT, said to be of Shakespeare, has been discovered at Sydney. It has been insured for £5,000, and has been packed and shipped for England. Moreover, it is said to be the missing portrait, and has upon it Jun, Jan, or, Jon, 1611. A photo from the portrait exhibits a bright and intellectual look. It must be in good preservation. The picture will, however, have to run the gauntlet of criticism on its arrival.

A COSTLY WINE.

THE most famous Madeira ever known was the "1814 pipe." It was fished up from the bottom of the Scheldt, a short distance above Flushing, in 1814, having remained there since 1778 in the timbers of a ship which had been wrecked at the mouth of the river in that year. It was sold by auction at Antwerp, the greater portion being secured for Louis XVIII., who dispatched an agent with instructions to secure it regardless of expense. The King (or the agent) presented the French Consul at Antwerp with several dozens, which he sold to the Duc de Raguse. In 1838, after the death of the Duchesse de Raguse, four dozens remained in her cellars, and they were sold for something over their weight in gold to Baron Rothschild. On the occasion when the Duchess entertained Taglioni at dinner, several bottles were produced, the hostess rightly considering that to be thought worthy of the precious liquor was the greatest and most becoming honor that could be paid to anybody.

INFANT MORTALITY IN RUSSIA.

THERE is scarcely a country in the world where infant mortality assumes more appalling dimensions than in Russia. This may be explained by the method in which newborn infants are commonly treated, so that it is a wonder how children survive. After birth, the baby is wrapped up in towels and left for several hours on the bed, till the bathroom has been thoroughly heated. (No cottage, be it ever so poor and miserable, is ever built without a bathroom, which is generally a draughty,



IOWA.—THE COURT HOUSE AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.

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miserable place.) Here the child is at last bathed in a most primitive way, and often either dies from cold or is scalded by the hot water. It is then brought back into the house, laid upon the stove (a large stove with a broad top is at once the bed and bedroom of the whole family), and immediately a dirty rag, containing brown bread which has previously been chewed by the mother, is put into the child's mouth to be sucked. This bread being very sour, the acidity causes the mucous membrane of the child's mouth to ulcerate, and produces microscopic fungi. This is considered as being quite normal by the relatives, who say simply, "The child is blooming;" and it is not put to the breast till this period of "blooming" is over. The screams of the infant are not attributed to pain, but to hunger; and accordingly its mouth is either stuffed with some porridge made of dried oatmeal, or a few drops of water are simply poured down its throat. If the child has survived this treatment it is put to the breast; but if it should not be able, either from too great bodily weakness or from the state of its buccal mucous membrane, to seize the nipple, it is taken away, and again the dirty rag or a horn is put into its mouth. This last primitive feeding-bottle consists of a cow's horn, over the pointed end of which is drawn a piece of the udder. This mouthpiece is generally changed twice a month. The milk (skimmed-milk generally) is poured into the open end of the horn. It will be easily understood how tasteful this beverage is, if we add that the milk often turns sour, the udder decays, and flies fall into the horn. If the child persists in screaming, more oatmeal-porridge is stuffed into its mouth. This sad state of things is not only found among the poorer class, where it might be excused, but even among the wealthier classes.—*e.g.* merchants—where dirt and ignorance prevail to an almost incredible degree.

MEMORIAL DAY—1879.

FROM mast and dome and fortress crag
Our country's mourning emblems fly;
Columbia 'neath her drooping flag
Casts to the earth her tear-filled eye,
Where calm in hallowed rest her warriors lie.

The banners droop, the muffled beat
Falls from the heart of throbbing drum,
And low with minor cadence sweet,
To make all baser music dumb,
The sadder thrills of funeral marches come.

And men with slow and measured pace
Surround the graves where sleep the dead,
With reverence for the resting-place
Where blooms are laid, where prayers are said,
And Honor's roll of treasured names is read.

Oh, silent grave, 'tis yours so tell
How well these sleepers bore their parts;
How, where the hail of battle fell,
And Death let fly his cruel darts,
They stood and died with unblanched, fearless hearts.

Maybap some bosoms torn with throes
More fierce than deadly bayonet-thrust,
Will covet what this day bestows,
And what the future holds in trust
To lay with lavish hand upon this dust.

Let sculpture its chill tribute pay,
And marbled shafts rise o'er each mound;
We hail this bright Memorial Day,
When garlands, by fair fingers wound,
In rich profusion deck the sacred ground:

When pillared domes and mountain peaks
A grateful country's flag unroll;
And Fame the world's applause bespeaks
For each bright name upon her scroll,
While music sobs and muffled bellfries toll.

HENRY D. RIDGELY.

COURTSHIP BY PROXY.

I WAS sitting one Summer evening at the open window of my snug bachelor apartments on Kay Street, reflectively smoking my post-prandial Partaga, and wondering whether I would not be about as comfortable during the next two months in the city as out of it, when the door was flung open, and Tom Kiddoo burst in, in a state of mingled excitement and dejection.

"My dear fellow," I said, knocking the ashes from my cigar, "what is the matter with you?"

"Matter enough," he said, flinging himself into a chair. "Did you ever have any money left to you?"

"Alas, no! I never did," I replied, with a sigh.

"Then you don't know what it is to fall heir to a lot of property only on condition that you marry somebody you don't like, when you are madly in love with somebody else, and your governor is insisting on your tying yourself for life to the woman you don't want, and having nothing whatever to do with the woman you do want."

I swung round in my chair and looked at him. "This is very interesting," I said. "You don't mean that you are in a scrape of that kind?"

"Yes, I do. The whole thing is just this. When I was a boy, my uncle Oliver died, and meanly taking advantage of my youth and helplessness, left his whole fortune to my cousin, Rebecca Mudge—(think of that for a name!)—and me, on condition that we marry each other. If we don't, the money is to go to some charitable institution. Mudge lives with her family at Oldport, and her governor is as eager for the match as my governor is. Now, my governor has taken it into his head that we are old enough to consummate the infernal compact, and as he is pretty hard pressed just now for money, he insists on my going down to Oldport day after to-morrow, getting acquainted with Mudge, and arranging the preliminaries for our marriage in the Fall."

"Well," said I, "what possible objection can you have to doing it?"

"The greatest of all objections," he replied, excitedly. "I love another—an angel who left a vacant place in heaven when she was born on earth—and I cannot leave her. When I am here, I can see my darling almost daily. If I am compelled to go to Oldport, the separation would kill me in a week."

"Have you ever seen—Mudge?"

"Never in my life."

"Perhaps you would learn to love her even better than the angel."

"Great heavens! You don't know what you are talking about," exclaimed Tom, jumping up, and commencing to pace the floor.

"Then think of the fortune."

"What do you take me for?" exclaimed Tom, excitedly. "Am I a man to sell my soul for filthy lucre?"

"Does your angel reciprocate your passion?"

"I don't know. I've never asked her. With this odious will hanging over me, how could I? If I had told her the facts, she would have refused me instantly, out of pure generosity."

"Then, my dear fellow," I said, laughing, "there's only one course to adopt, and that is to brave your father's displeasure and refuse to carry out the compact."

"I don't dare to," he said, gloomily. "The governor would turn me out of the house. I am deeply in debt and have already exceeded my allowance. I can't brave the governor at this time. I must have a chance to turn about first."

"I don't see that I can help you, then," I said.

"Yes, you can," he replied, quickly. "That's just what I came here for. I've got a plan that will work to a charm, and will give me a good three months' delay, and save me a long separation from my darling into the bargain."

I looked at him inquiringly, and he proceeded with great eagerness.

"Look here! I never saw Mudge or a single individual of the Oldport family in my life. They wouldn't know me from a hill of beans. I will stay here in town and keep out of the governor's way, while you go down to Oldport and introduce yourself as Mr. Tom Kiddoo."

I was so amazed at the audacity of this proposal that my cigar fell from my fingers and my jaw dropped.

"You are mad!" I said.

"Nothing could be easier," continued Tom; "and it would help me out wonderfully. You could make love to Mudge for a couple of months or so, and in the meantime I could arrange matters here; then, when all was ready, I could announce my resolution to the governor and go to my dear girl with my heart in my hand, telling her of the sacrifice I had made, and ask for hers in return."

"And I could go to jail!" I said.

"Nonsense! You wouldn't do anything of the kind; and, besides being a lasting favor to me, it would be a splendid lark for you."

I reflected. As Tom said, it would be a beautiful lark. Perhaps Rebecca Mudge was an angel, too. It could do no great harm, for she had never seen Tom, and, of course, had formed no attachment for him. As for me, it was probable that she had as strong an aversion to the match as Tom had, and would therefore naturally detest me, so there would be no danger of a broken heart, no matter how violent my love-making might be. Under such circumstances I had no compunctions in acting upon Tom's idea.

"I'll do it," I said, after a pause. Tom grasped my hand with the greatest fervor.

"I knew you would, old man," he said. "I knew you would. God bless you! And if you can only behave down there so as to make the whole family hate the sight of you, the thing will be brought about so much the easier."

We settled the details next day. Tom procured me a letter of introduction from his father to Mr. Jonas Mudge. He also gave me a pack of his visiting-cards, some stationery with his monogram, and a seal-ring with his initials, T. K., on the stone. I had his name painted on the end of my trunk, and carefully discarded everything that could possibly lead to my identification. Tom then took an affectionate farewell of his father, and went to a boarding-house three blocks distant, assuming my own name of Ned Rushmore for the occasion, while I embarked on the five P. M. boat for Oldport, not without some misgivings as to the result.

I reached the Mudge mansion about breakfast-time next morning, and was warmly welcomed by the entire family.

"I'm glad to see you, my boy," said the paternal Mudge, shaking me cordially by the hand. "My stars! How much you do look like your father!"

I found Miss Rebecca Mudge to be a young lady of about twenty—a listless, washed-out blonde, with a face betokening amiability without character; a docile enough person, but one in regard to whom it would be difficult to feel any sort of interest whatever. She regarded me with perfect indifference, apparently accepting her marriage to Mr. Tom Kiddoo as one of the foregone conclusions of her colorless life. Nevertheless, I found her companionable enough, and I soon installed myself in her father's good graces by paying her every attention consistent with my assumed character. This was not difficult, for she was by no means bad-looking, and dressed well; so that I had no aversion to driving her about Oldport, to strolling with her on moonlight evenings, or to mingling freely, as her attendant, with her little circle of society. In fact, I might, perhaps, have ended by actually becoming interested in her, had she shown the slightest spark of interest in me, and had not my "beautiful lark" been brought to a sudden conclusion by an occurrence that had never once entered into my calculations.

One morning, about three weeks after my arrival, Miss Mudge came into the breakfast-room, where I sat reading the paper.

"Who do you think is coming, Mr. Kiddoo?" she said, smiling. "An old and very dear friend of yours. Now guess who it is."

My cheek blanched; my knees smote together; the paper fell from my grasp, and I really believe my heart stopped beating.

"I—I can't," I gasped, feebly.

"Hilda Duryea," she exclaimed, triumphantly holding up a letter before me.

I was on the point of saying, "And who the deuce is Hilda Duryea?" but recollected myself, and faintly ejaculated, "You don't say so!"

"Yes, indeed. She'll be here early to-morrow morning, on the New York boat, and is going to stay all the rest of the Summer. Oh, won't we have a splendid time!"

"Yes, no doubt," I replied.

"Why, you don't seem pleased a bit," said Rebecca, returning the letter to the envelope.

"Oh, yes, I am," I returned, jumping up. "I'm tickled half to death. We'll have lots of fun—lots of—fun. I'm quite too awfully delighted!"

Miss Mudge looked at me somewhat doubtfully. My face must have been a perfect picture of despair, but I capered about the room in a ghastly attempt to express my rapture. Her mother called her, however, before she had a chance to inflict any fresh torture, and I rushed out doors to think it over.

There was little use in thinking of the matter, for, of course, my only chance of safety was in immediate flight. The only thing to consider was how to accomplish this with the least ignominy. Whatever excuse I might make for a sudden departure would be immediately connected by the family with the visit of Miss Duryea. I would be questioned about it, which would be unpleasant, and the plot might be discovered, or at least suspected, before I could make myself scarce. The only alternative that seemed open to me was to fly by night. This would not be difficult. The room which I occupied was a front one, facing the street. The windows opened upon the roof of a piazza, and escape to the ground, with the aid of the vines and the darkness, would be easy. It would be a miserable, contemptible ending to my "lark," but I had no desire to view the interior of Oldport jail. Having arrived at this conclusion, I packed my carpet-bag and prepared for a surreptitious departure as soon as the family should have retired to bed.

At the supper-table that evening, Rebecca, whose head had been full of her expected visitor all day, suddenly exclaimed:

"Mr. Kiddoo, I've a splendid idea. The New York boat will be in about three o'clock in the morning, you know. What do you say to getting up early and driving with me down to the wharf to meet her? Wouldn't it be jolly?"

I was about to exhibit some extravagant demonstration of delight when there was a sound of wheels without, the quick bang of a carriage-door, and a brisk ring of the bell. Rebecca jumped up from the table; the entire Mudge family rose to their feet; there was a chatter of voices in the hall; the door of the supper-room was thrown quickly open, and on the threshold appeared, flushed, laughing and dimpled, the most beautiful being I had ever beheld in my life.

"Hilda!" exclaimed Rebecca, springing forward, and in an instant there was a Babel of voices, in which, in my dazed and collapsed condition, I could only distinguish "darling," "you dear girl," "surprise," "came by day train," "so glad," etc., etc. I looked about for a chance to escape, but the excited group blocked up the doorway. A chill of horror such as I shall never forget to my dying day, froze my blood as Rebecca Mudge turned around and said:

"But here is some one that you didn't expect to see. I believe, Hilda, that you and Mr. Tom Kiddoo are old friends."

I smiled a ghastly smile and held out my hand.

"A pleasant surprise indeed," I said.

The beautiful brown eyes opened to their widest extent, and a startled look came into them as they met mine. I gave myself up for lost, and darted towards her a look of imploring helplessness. She looked at me earnestly for an instant, with the slightest possible shrinking back, as though trying to comprehend the mystery. Then with a face which all the color had suddenly left, she placed a trembling hand in mine, and instantly withdrew it.

I could have fallen down upon my knees and worshiped her. Contemptible impostor as I was, and as she knew me to be, she yet was merciful enough to refrain from denouncing me without an opportunity for explanation. Few women could have resisted so natural an impulse, and from that moment I was her slave.

When I retired to my chamber that night I unpacked my bag, and resolved to remain in the house at all hazards until I could see Miss Duryea alone. I passed a sleepless night, and descended the stairs next morning, haggard, feverish, and utterly dejected and miserable. My good star was in the ascendant, however, for Miss Duryea was on the front piazza and alone. I sought her side immediately, thinking as I approached her, what a lovely picture she made in her white muslin dress, and with her luxuriant hair braided in two simple braids that fell below her waist. Framed as she was in a circle of climbing vines, she was a study for the best of *genre* painters. As she saw me she turned her back towards me, but I would not be rebuffed.

"I know not how to thank you, Miss Duryea," I said, humbly, "for your consideration to me last night. I had no right to expect anything but the shame of exposure, and I am very grateful."

She turned her dark eyes full upon me with a scornful curl of her lips, but made no answer.

"Whatever you may think of me," I continued, "I am neither a thief nor a villain. I can scarcely expect you to believe me, but I am most painfully situated. I admit that I am an impostor, but I am not a scoundrel."

"Then why are you here," she said, "under a name that is not your own? What end have you in view? Who are you?"

"A fool," I replied, "who, to oblige a friend, has placed himself in a most ridiculous position." And then I unburdened to her the whole story, revealing my name, Tom Kiddoo's infatuation with the young lady in New York, his repugnance to the proposed marriage with Rebecca, his request for me to personate him for a time, and my good-natured compliance. I ended by expressing my contrition for the course I had taken, and imploring her in extravagant terms, for Tom's sake, for my sake, for the sake of her own Summer's pleasure, to keep my secret and to treat me as Kiddoo.

She regarded me intently during my narration, and her mouth showed a slight tendency to smile as I came to the end. Her face became grave for a moment when I ceased, and she said, at last, quietly:

"I will not betray your confidence, sir, unless you prove unworthy of mine."

She turned away and entered the house, leaving me standing among the vines, gazing after her with a grateful heart, and a mind quite dazed with her beauty and her manner. For as I stood before her I had had an opportunity of watching every expression of her mobile features. I had gazed into the depths of her lovely brown eyes; I had seen the tremor of her red lips and the faint shadows of the smiles that suggested themselves about the sensitive mouth. I had watched the dimples spring into her cheeks and the merry light come into her eyes, and I had seen her color come and go, and her whole face relapse into thoughtfulness when I implored her to keep my secret. I was lost, and I knew it. In those few moments she had woven about me a spell more potent than any invoked by conjurer, and as I watched her retreating figure, with the soft tones of her voice still ringing in my ears, I knew that I was in love and beyond the reach of all argument or reason.

In the weeks that followed I scarcely knew whether to consider myself happy or wretched. I was happy in being with her, in listening to her, in gazing at her whenever I could do so unobtrusively. I was wretched when I thought of the contemptible light in which I must appear in her eyes, and of the necessity of playing out the miserable comedy to the end. And what the end would be I could not conceive, except that, whatever it was, it could scarcely fail to be productive of wretchedness for me. I did not obtrude myself upon her society, but there were many times when, together with Rebecca, I was unavoidably with her for hours at a time. She always treated me politely, and sometimes turned and addressed herself to me with the most perfect familiarity and frankness; but I realized that at these times I was, to her, Tom Kiddoo, and not my proper self. On several occasions, on looking suddenly up, I detected her eyes fixed stealthily upon me and regarding me with a look of intense interest. Then she would turn quickly away with a blush of confusion, and I would hang my head and feel, if possible, more contemptible than before.

This could not go on for ever, for I was going mad. I had letters from Tom only at rare intervals. They were generally despondent, and I assumed from their tone either that his *inamorata* had rejected him, or that he was not getting rid of his debts. The Summer waned. Rebecca's father began to hint about the wedding outfit; and Miss Duryea began to talk of going home. It was plain that matters had about reached a crisis, and that the farce could not be carried on much longer.

One afternoon, to get rid for an hour of the racking perplexity of brain which was constant with me when these two women were near, I went for a stroll along the cliffs overlooking the sea. It was near the close of a lovely day. The long, level line of sleepy blue water was broken only here and there by a loitering sail; the surf broke against the foot of the rocks lazily, and the idle breeze was warm to my face as I sauntered along the unfrequented path. In a sunny nook in the rocks I came unexpectedly upon Miss Duryea with a book in her lap which she was not reading, but was apparently only musing over. I hesitated and was about to turn back, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Rushmore, is it you?"

"I—I did not expect to meet you here," I said. "I supposed you were at home."

"Rebecca and I started together to come here," she replied, "but she was seized with a headache and went back. Isn't it a beautiful spot?"

She made room for me on the rock beside her, and I took the seat with a feeling of happiness that I cannot describe.

"Why are you afraid of me?" she asked. "There should be some friendship between rogues. I have helped you to carry out your imposition, and so I am just as bad as you."

"I'm not afraid of you," I answered, "but I am ashamed of myself, and feel that you despise me."

"But I don't despise you."

"You do—you *must!*" I persisted. "You may not admit it, even to yourself, but no woman can regard a man whom she knows as an actor, a fraud, a lie, otherwise than with a feeling of contempt."

She pushed a little stone away with her foot, and waited until it struck the water below, before she replied, softly:

"You do not know how I regard you."

There was something in her voice that made me look at her quickly, and caused my pulse to beat faster. The tone in which she spoke seemed to hint that her feeling towards me was one very different from contempt or aversion.

"I would give all I possess," I exclaimed fervently, "to earn your respect and good opinion. The belief that I had lost it has caused me a Summer more full of bitterness than I can ever tell."

Her eyes fell, and she began to nervously tug at the roots of grass that covered the rock at her side.

"Why?" she asked simply.

"Because I love you!"

It was out now. I had made the plunge, and nerved myself for the worst. As I spoke I had seized her hand. It trembled slightly in my

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own, but she did not withdraw it, and sat with her face averted, idly pushing at the loose gravel with the point of her parasol. Another pebble was pushed to the edge and fell into the sea, and another, and yet another. Still she made me no reply, and I held her hand with fast beating heart, and waited.

"Hilda," I said, "will you be my wife?"

Suddenly she turned to me, and a light came into her beautiful eyes which I had never seen there before. Both her hands sought mine, and her head nestled upon my breast.

But if the reader thinks I am going to let him into the secrets of the half-hour that followed, he is mistaken.

The sun was sinking in the west before we arose to go. As we took the path homeward, arm in arm, Hilda said:

"But Ned, how can you arrange matters with Tom and Rebecca?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I have done for Tom all I agreed to do. When I get back to New York he must arrange affairs with Rebecca and his angel to suit himself."

She looked up at me demurely.

"I am afraid I am his angel," she said, softly.

I stopped in the path and gazed at her in astonishment. "You!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I came down here to get rid of him, and—and to worry you."

"Then you knew——" I began.

"Yes," she said, "Tom told me the whole story before I came. I didn't want to undergo the pain of a proposal from him, and I thought I could have some good fun by coming down here and plaguing you. I—I told you I was as great a rogue as you were, but—I didn't expect to fall in love with you."

The only reply I could make was a long whistle.

"But your astonishment when you first met me," I said, at last; "your changing color, your——"

"I was excited," she replied, "and you were too frightened to be able to read my thoughts."

I had evidently put my foot into Tom's kettle deeper than I had supposed. However, I was satisfied if Tom was. That night I wrote him a long letter, and the next morning but one I found him awaiting me in the parlor. He was raging around the room, and held my letter in his hand.

"What does this mean?" he asked, as soon as he could find utterance.

"My dear Tom," I said, "calm yourself. I couldn't help it. I didn't know you had a claim upon her until two days ago, and, besides, she would have refused you anyhow, for she ran away to avoid you."

"If I had known where she was, I would have followed her," he said, hoarsely.

"That was why she concealed her address from you. Then you would have spoiled your chances with Rebecca. Now you can step into my place, marry Rebecca, who is apparently indifferent as to whom she has for a husband, and receive your uncle's legacy. Come Tom, it's not so bad. Make the best of it, my boy."

As there seemed no help for it, he wisely concluded, after considerable argument, to adopt my advice. We called in Rebecca and her parents, and explained the entire matter to them, and Hilda besought their forgiveness for her sake. The old gentleman seemed to regard the affair as a rather good joke, and Rebecca readily agreed to install Tom in my place in her affections. When matters had been thus satisfactorily arranged, I restored to Tom his personal property, and tucking Hilda under my arm, took the first train to New York. Hilda and I are married now, and so is Tom; but though he is very happy, he still declares that if he were to live over his life again, he would not do his courtship by proxy.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

A FEW days since I was intensely amused by the sensation created by a full-blown white-shirted swell—the miners always "go" for a white shirt—who strutted through the streets of Leadville as though he were the owner of the Prospect Mine itself. This "nice young man" was attired after the most approved style of the "masher," and carried his valise in so gingerly a manner as to beget the open derision of such miners as happened to be around at the time. Every eye turned upon the new comer, and remarks highly the reverse of complimentary were hurled at his stove-pipe, his shirt-collar, and the peculiar cut of his nether garments. One droll son of toil, shouldering a pick, proceeded to march in the footsteps of the swell, with the mincing gait of a miss of fifteen in a pair of brand-new high-heeled shoes. This burlesque movement was hailed with rapturous delight to the evident dismay of "Sir White Shirt," who accelerated his pace without daring to cast a look behind, and inwardly condemning the folly that caused him to come to a region where the pants are invariably thrust inside the boots, and where shirt-collars are unknown quantities.

In contradistinction to this it is touching to see the gentle Sisters of Charity proceeding on their errands of mercy, respected and revered by rough, rude men, in whom the animal holds its own with brutal tenacity. I have beheld the Sisters approach a body of miners, and at their coming the ribald jest and unseemly song have ceased, while not a few of these men have doffed their hats, and when solicited for alms in the name of the Creator have given freely. Our illustration represents such a scene, and the dollars that ere many moments would be rolled into the faro bank, or into some sink of seething vice, are being cheerfully extended in the cause of Samaritanism.

To peep into windows o' nights would repay "Le Diable Boiteux." Beds being at a discount, new-comers put up as best they can, till the floor of a billiard-room becomes an object of interest, while the table itself rises to the dignity of a luxury. The attitudes of the sleepers are rich in contortion, the expressions upon their faces the reverse of amiable. Each man reposes upon a pillow composed of all his worldly belongings, and dreams, no doubt, that ere many moons roll over, his bolster will be of down, his coverlet broidered in gold.

The Holiest of Russian Shrines.

THE great monastery at Kiev is the richest and most holy of the Russian shrines. The tombs of the saints are in catacombs cut in the rocks overhanging the Dnieper, on which the monastery stands. Over 100,000 pilgrims, chiefly from the provinces of Great Russia, arrive here during the course of the year, and their donations are a great source of wealth. All day long the entrance is lined by rows of beggars, to whom the piety of the Russian pilgrim compels him to extend his charity. These persons have bought from the monks the privilege of occupying the profitable stations where they pass the day, and it is said that some of these posts are valued as high as 2,000 roubles a year. The Government is perfectly aware of the abuses of the whole system, but in face of the superstition of the people and the firm attitude of the clergy, it is powerless. A good story is told of the Emperor Nicholas: At the time of the great wars with Napoleon, Alexander I. worked sufficiently on the patriotism of the monks to induce them to make a loan of 1,000,000 roubles to the Government, for which the Emperor gave his personal bond. When Nicholas, shortly after his accession, visited Kiev, the monks presented this bond to him. Nicholas was affected to tears, congratulated them on the possession of so valuable a souvenir of his revered father, and earnestly begged them to preserve it with the greatest care.

The New Cardinals.

OF the new Cardinals created by Pope Leo, on May 12th, four, at least, are men of distinction, namely, Dr. Newman, Monsignor Deprez, Monsignor Pie, and Professor Hergenrother. The life and labors of the English Doctor of Divinity are generally known, but the other three mentioned are not so familiar. Monsignor Julien Florian Deprez was born at Ostricourt, in the Archdiocese of Cambray, on the 14th of April, 1807. When in his forty-ninth year he was promoted to the Bishopric of Hèmiron, was thence translated to Limoges, and thirty months thereafter was preconized Archbishop of Toulouse. His Ultramontane antecedents are above suspicion, and he has already been dubbed by the *Unita Cattolica*, the organ of the Jesuits in Italy, "the Cardinal of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

Monsignor Louis François Desire Edouard Pie was born at Pontgoin, in the Diocese of Chartres, in 1815, and was created Bishop of Poitiers, December 26th, 1849. In him we have another Cardinal bearing the genuine Ultramontane headmark. Dr. Joseph Hergenrother, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Wurzburg, is in high repute as a theologian, and, according to the *Unita Cattolica*, has "proved more than a match, in more than one controversy, for the famous Döllinger and his sectaries." Through him, continues the organ of the Italian Ultramontanes, "the schism of the Old Catholics was from the beginning covered with shame and convicted of error and falsehood in the eyes of the German faithful and of the German Protestants alike." It was on account of his learning and controversial skill that, early in 1869, the late Pius IX. summoned Dr. Hergenrother from Wurzburg to Rome to take part in the preliminary labors of the Œcumenical Council. Far different from Cardinal Hergenrother is his countryman, Cardinal Hohenlohe, who has just been appointed by the Pope to the Bishopric of Albano.

Until May 12th the 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 Catholics of the German Empire were represented in the Sacred College alone by Prince Gustavus Adolphus Hohenlohe. He was created a Cardinal Priest in 1866, and was intended to be a resident at the Vatican Court, but ranged himself among the stanchest opponents of the dogma of infallibility at the Œcumenical Council, and at its close went to Germany, whence Prince Bismarck proposed to send him back as German Ambassador to the Vatican, a priest seeming to him the fittest person to be accredited to a priestly court. Upon the late Pope refusing to receive Hohenlohe in that capacity, the Cardinal tarried in Germany till actually summoned to his post by a threat of punishment that he dare not ignore. His appointment to the bishopric is, of course, a promotion from Cardinal Priest to that of Cardinal Bishop, but this act of the Pope loses all significance in view of Dr. Hergenrother's elevation to the purple.

On the 14th instant a numerous assemblage of British and American residents and sojourners gathered at the English College in Rome to present their congratulations to Cardinal Newman on his elevation to the cardinalate, together with a rich suit of vestments and a complete set of beautifully wrought sacred vessels for use on the altar, subscribed for by Catholics of Great Britain. The gathering at the College consisted chiefly of Catholics, though other sects were not unrepresented. The Italian journals contain many flattering remarks on the grand character and high standing of the new English Cardinal, and long accounts of his life, his conversion and his labors in the cause of the Church.

New Facts in Regard to Mary Stuart.

IF any historical subject could be regarded as thoroughly exhausted so far as old sources of information are concerned, one would say it was the life and adventures of Mary Stuart. And yet in the very best known and most accessible of all manuscript collections—the Cottonian Library—the Rev. Joseph Stevenson has discovered some new particulars of very considerable interest connected with the murder of Rizzio, which any reader in the British Museum might have found out ages ago by merely bestowing a little patience on some rather cramped and difficult handwriting. The manuscript, which is imperfect at the beginning, is supposed to have been dictated by Mary Stuart herself, or written directly from information supplied by her own mouth to her French Secretary, Nau, during her confinement at Chartley. The story begins, however, not with the Queen, but with the confederate lords, just after the murder, discussing what is to be done next. Darnley is terrified at their proposals, and endeavors that night to enter the Queen's bedroom by a private stair. But the Queen had locked the door, and resisted firmly till next morning his petition to open it, notwithstanding his assurance that he had something to tell which concerned their common safety. When at length he gained admittance to her presence, his first act was to throw himself on his knees before her, implore her pardon, and show her the secret articles between himself and his accomplices. The Queen told him frankly he had lost her confidence, she believed for ever; but that he must now devise means to extricate both himself and her from imminent danger. Darnley advised her, if desired, to pardon the conspirators, and said he would endeavor to arrange a compromise. Mary refused to pledge herself to any such thing, but declared her husband might promise what he pleased in her name. Darnley, however, persevered, and first brought his father singly to visit her, to whom she spoke coldly. Afterwards he brought the other lords of the same faction to the Queen's presence, and Morton, as spokesman for the rest, besought her pardon, kneeling on the very spot which was still red with the blood of Rizzio. Morton endeavored to palliate their conduct as being prompted not by enmity to the Queen, but by fear of the Parliament. Moray protested his own entire innocence, and interceded for the others. The Queen, being closely pressed by their solicitation, feigned sudden illness, and required the immediate attendance of the midwife, leaving it to Darnley to tell the lords what she would do. The device succeeded. In spite of the suspicions of the conspirators, a midwife, appointed by themselves, reported that her life was in danger from premature pains of labor, and the lords were obliged to defer further solicitations till next day. But by this time Mary's plan of escape had been secretly arranged, and before daybreak next morning she and Darnley were already far on the road to Dunbar. Such is the curious revelation now made from a manuscript which has always been perfectly accessible to literary men, but which no one but Mr. Stevenson seems to have troubled himself to read through.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Zulu Attack upon the Eightieth Regiment.

An engagement took place on April 10th on the Intombi River, between Luneberg and Derby, on the Transvaal frontier, north of Zululand, resulting from an attack by an overpowering force of Zulus upon a convoy of the Eightieth Regiment, a portion being on each side of the river. An officer writes: "The morning on which our men were attacked was misty, enabling the enemy to approach and take up their position without being seen. When the mist lifted, the sentry on this side of the river gave the alarm, as he saw the enemy close to the "hanger" on the opposite side. However, this was of very little use, as the Zulus, on gaining the rise, fired a volley, then, dropping their rifles, rushed by thousands on our men, and in a few minutes surrounded the camp. Some of our men attempted to cross, but they were nearly all smeared in the water. The men on this side poured in volley after volley, by that means enabling a few of their comrades to join them; but they had to make their retreat, as the enemy were crossing in great numbers. Directly the news was brought into camp, Major Tucker, commanding the Eightieth Regiment at Luneberg, accompanied by Lieutenants Johnson and Sherrard, Doctor Wardrop, and myself, with two mounted orderlies, proceeded to the scene of the attack, which is about five miles distant from Luneberg. On approaching the river, we saw an immense swarm of the enemy, estimated at between 6,000 and 7,000, retiring in a dense column about two miles away. It may well be imagined with what rage and chagrin our men saw the enemy almost within range, while at the same time, for want of cavalry, we had to allow them to retire unmolested.

The Durham Collieries Strike.

The strike of the colliers employed in the mines at and in the neighborhood of Durham, England, has been a most determined one. A leading feature of the various demonstrations was the earnest participation of women related to the miners. There was a mass-meeting of women, colliers' wives and other female relatives, in a field near the villages of East and West Boldon, not far from Sunderland. A messenger with a watchman's rattle was sent through the villages and neighboring hamlets to summon the women to this meeting, and his method is the subject of our sketch. The meeting, which took place immediately after the distribution of soup from the colliers' strike relief fund, at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, was attended by some fifteen hundred persons, of whom about half were females, many of them carrying children in their arms, or followed by children. A rude temporary platform, with a couple of chairs upon it, had been set up in the field, and the speakers, both women and men, with a "Mrs. Warrior," who presided, held forth in an energetic style of eloquence, protesting against the injustice of lowering wages.

The Emperor of Russia in his Capital.

There can be no doubt, despite the contrary teaching of the events of the past few weeks, that the Russians are ardent believers in the "divinity that doth hedge in a king." That they absolutely worship their monarch may be saying a little too much, but that they hold him in the greatest veneration, despite the oppressive form of government which he permits, if not directs, is true to the very letter; and though the conspiracy, ramifications of which extend through all classes of society, aims at the removal of obnoxious Ministers and Governors by the assassin's hand, it has hitherto refrained from touching the monarch—if we except the recent attempt of Solovieff. The enthusiasm of the people when the monarch rode through the streets of St. Petersburg to attend the *Te Deum* given in thanksgiving of his escape knew no bounds. Every head was bared, hurrahs followed him in his course, and for the time being Nihilism certainly was at a discount before the one sentiment of thankfulness that their "Father," the Czar of all the Russias, has again escaped the murderer's bullet.

Bridal Trip of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

A complete list of the places visited by their Royal Highnesses during their honeymoon cruise in the royal yacht *Osborne* has appeared in the pages of the daily press. Everywhere they were received with distinguished honors, the demonstrations by British subjects being, of course, particularly hearty. On April 24, the *Osborne* cast anchor at Lisbon, and remained there three days. The Duke and Duchess dined at the Ajuda Palace, and subsequently gave a banquet to the King of Portugal on board the yacht, which was illuminated in honor of the occasion. Our sketch shows the Duke and his suite at the gangway of the *Osborne* watching the approach of King Luis in his state barge, which was propelled by no less than eighty rowers.

The Disaster to the Tenth Hussars.

On the night of the 29th of March, about midnight, the quiet at the British camp at Jellalabad was suddenly broken by the distant sound of horses galloping, and in a few moments, by the light of the moon, riderless steeds to the number of twenty-five or more could be seen rushing into the camp, bespattered with mud and foam, coming evidently from the direction of the Cabul River. There had been no shots heard in that direction, and the men were at a loss to guess what dire news these messengers of death and disaster were bringing. Soon some men toiling across the fields from the direction of the roaring torrent were seen approaching. They were dripping with wet. The story of the disaster was soon told. The Tenth Hussars had tried to cross the river, missed the ford, and the whole squadron had been immersed. Search for the bodies was immediately instituted, but by the following night only nineteen bodies were recovered. These were placed on the backs of elephants and conveyed into camp. At half-past seven the next morning the burial took place in the little cemetery which has been made a short distance from the camp. Every one who could possibly leave their duties followed in the wake of the ghoulies carrying the bodies; and many a heart swelled as the strains of that exquisite march of Schauppmann's played the poor fellows to their last resting-place. The scene at the cemetery was singularly impressive, the General and his Staff and all officers in camp being present. The Rev. Mr. Mole, the Wesleyan clergyman, read the burial service.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect a monument to Abraham Lincoln in Allegheny Park, Pittsburg, Pa.

—THE United States steamer *Adams* is ordered to hasten from Panama for the scene of the Peru-Chili war.

—ALTHOUGH established only a year ago, the English Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund is increasing at the rate of $20,000 a week.

—A LATE report that from 20,000 to 30,000 persons died from cholera while returning from a religious fair in India is repeated.

—A BILL making the performance of civil marriage before the religious ceremony obligatory has been passed in the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

—A RETURNED South Carolina emigrant reports that one-half the negroes who went to Liberia are dead, and the remainder are anxious to get back.

—IT is believed that the British Government has arranged with Yakoob Khan a satisfactory basis of negotiations, favorable mainly to the British policy.

—IN the Constitutional Convention of Louisiana, an article has been adopted which provides for leaving the present apportionment of the Senate undisturbed.

—THE American Board of Foreign Missions have decided to use $125,000 of the Otis legacy to establishing a mission in the Nyanza region of Central Africa.

—ONLY $190 is now wanted towards the $60,000 required for the endowment of the Celtic Chair at the University of Edinburgh, so the enterprise may be regarded as a success.

—ACCORDING to latest dispatches, the popular vote in Switzerland on the question of re-establishing capital punishment stands 166,834 for and 138,692 against the proposition.

—IT has been decided in the British War Office to grant six months' pay to all ranks serving in South Africa on the close of the war, to compensate for the losses sustained in active service.

—TWENTY Roman Catholic Bishops in Canada have united in a petition to the Queen, praying that Her Majesty will aid the movement for the establishment of a Catholic University in Dublin.

—THE new liquor law for Illinois has special clauses for towns and large cities. In the former all persons, male and female, are permitted to vote on the question whether licenses shall be granted.

—IN Zululand the atmosphere is so clear that objects are distinctly visible at as great a distance as seven miles when the moon is at the full, and one can see to read print with ease by starlight only.

—A CENSUS compiled by order of the Dutch Government gives the population of the Kingdom of the Netherlands on January 1st, 1879, as 3,975,001 souls, of whom 1,970,607 were males and 2,007,394 females.

—THE British Government has purchased of a poor Hungarian for $8,000 one of the three black pearls, which, more than 150 years ago, were stolen from the English crown, and were long supposed to be the only black pearls in existence.

—FROM the beginning of next year the Imperial Medico-Chirurgical Academy of St. Petersburg will be wholly devoted to the training of physicians and surgeons for the Russian Army, and will be known as the Imperial Military Academy of Medicine.

—A good evidence of the financial recuperation of the French Republic is shown in the fact that the Government has recently paid the last instalment of its debt of 1,500,000,000 francs to the Bank of France, incurred at the time of the war with Germany.

—THE South Kensington Museum, London, has just come into possession of a marble sarcophagus elegantly sculptured on the outside, the work of the famous Donatello. It was exhumed at Padua, Italy, and is supposed to have been cut some time prior to 1456.

—AT a convention of colored people in Richmond, Va., May 19th, resolutions were adopted recommending the formation of societies to facilitate emigration from the States, providing the authorities do not take immediate steps to better the condition of the negroes.

—GERMANY has now no commercial treaty with any nation; still, according to an article of the Treaty of Frankfort, German goods must be admitted into France on the basis of the most favored nation clause. This section is causing a great outcry among the French protectionists.

—THERE is great rejoicing among the police of New York in consequence of a decision by the Court of Appeals. The decision previously rendered that the salaries of the force are not to be reduced twenty per cent. by reason of a return to specie payments is affirmed; hence there will be no reduction.

—IT is asserted that there is not to-day in the Union a State, Territory, or city, where Sunday laws are so stringent, so rigidly enforced, or so generally obeyed as in New Mexico. The week, so far as business, pleasure and social intercourse are concerned, ends Saturday night, and has no beginning again until Monday morning.

—THERE are now in Paris, for the relief of persons who may meet with street accidents, eighty-four surgical depots. There is also provided fumigating apparatus for the relief of suffocated persons in the watch-houses of the cemeteries, and along the banks of the Seine and the canals, which are further provided with buoys and boat-hooks.

—AT the close of the Franco-Prussian war, both Governments entered into an engagement to take care of the graves of soldiers buried in their respective territories. A report has just been made by which it appears that the French Government has taken action in 1,438 communes, situated in 36 departments, and containing the remains of 87,296 victims of the war; 27,859 French and 21,876 German soldiers have separate sepulture, while 27,661 bodies, whose nationality could not be positively distinguished, have common graves. Municipalities and private committees have erected 349 monuments, families 58 and Germany 60. The French Government has constructed 25 large cemeteries, with imposing ornaments, at an expense of 782,477 francs. The total outlay has been 2,287,896 francs, and there will be an annual vote for the conservation of the graves and memorials.

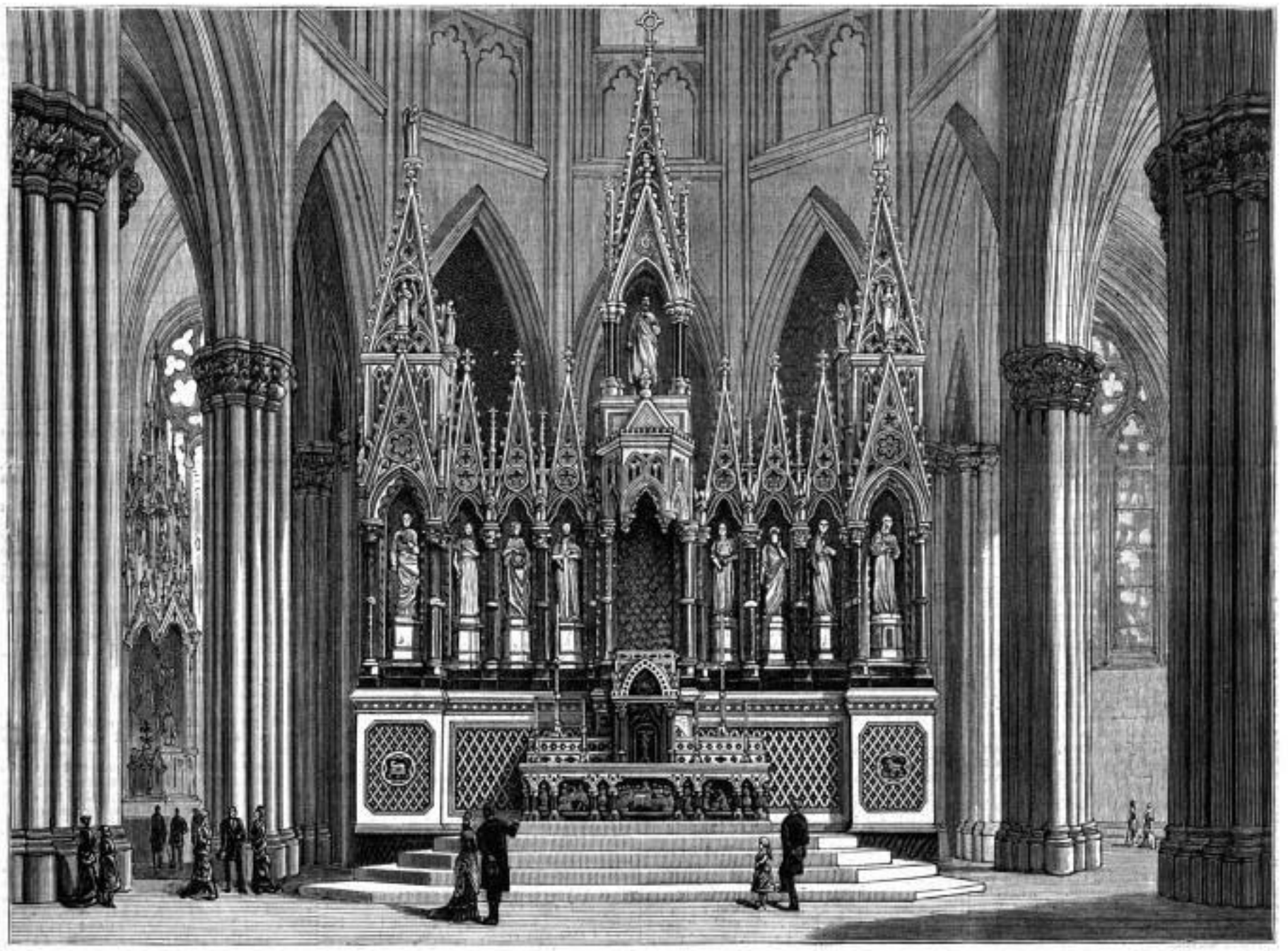
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THE PROCESSION OF ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS AND PRIESTS, WITH THE CARDINAL, EMERGING FROM THE GRAND ENTRANCE, PRIOR TO THE SPRINKLING OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE WALLS.

NEW YORK CITY.—DEDICATION OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AT FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTIETH AND FIFTY-FIRST STREETS, SUNDAY, MAY 25TH.

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THE GRAND ALTAR IN THE CHANCEL OF THE EDIFICE.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

DEDICATION OF THE MAGNIFICENT EDIFICE.

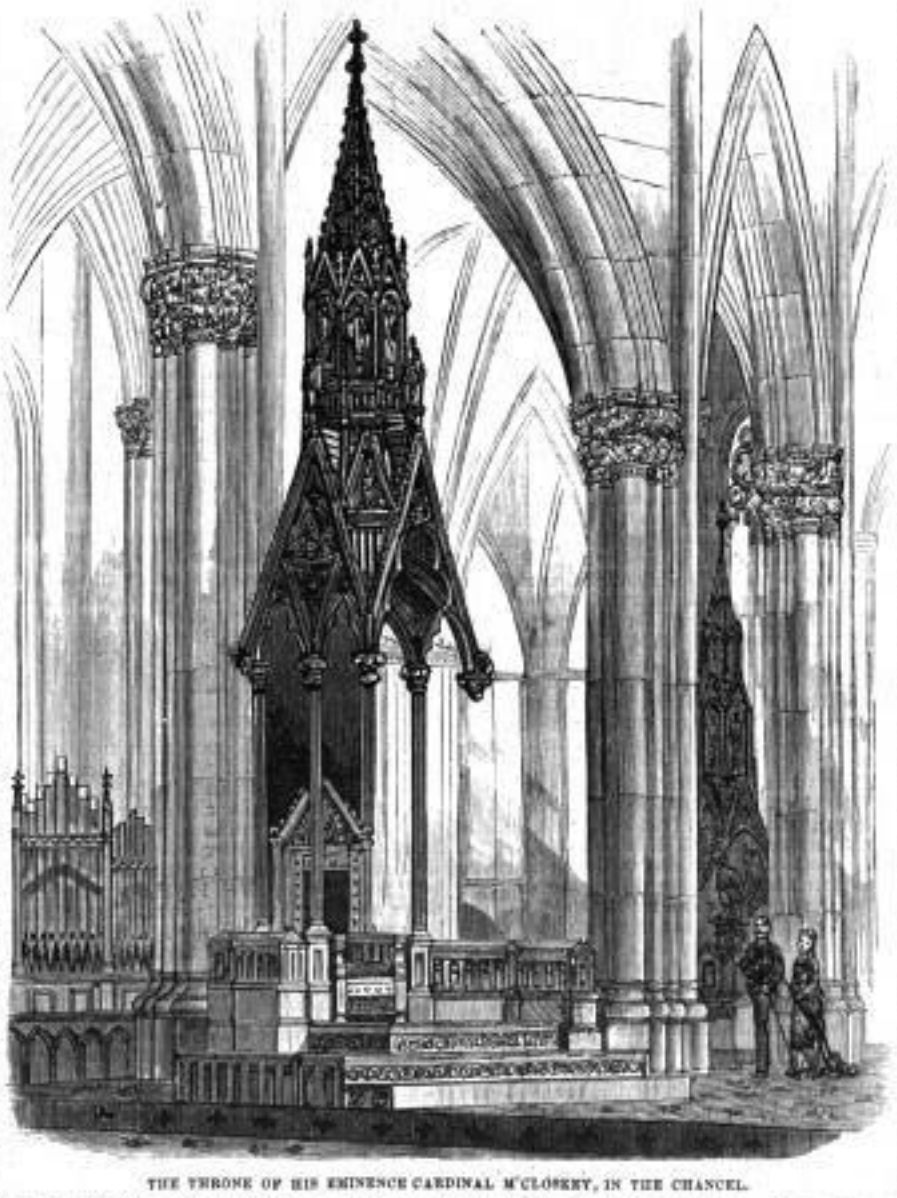
THE ceremonial opening and dedication of the new St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Fifth and Madison Avenues and Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, took place on Sunday morning, May 25th, the services beginning at 10 o'clock A. M., and closing about 2 P. M.

The grand procession was formed in the sacristy, and was led by a priest in full robes, carrying a large golden cross, and attended by two acolytes bearing candles. These were followed by some thirty altar-boys in red cassocks and white surplices; the sanctuary choir of one hundred and twenty young men, and a number of clergymen, bishops and archbishops, in full dress. Last of all was His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, dressed in his richest robes, followed by train-bearers, a cross bearer and youthful attendants, and assisted by Vicar-General Quinn, first deacon of honor; the Rev. A. J. Donnelly, of St. Michael's Church, second deacon of honor, and Vicar-General Preston, assistant priest. Among the prelates in the procession were the following archbishops: James Gibbons, of Baltimore; John J. Williams, Boston; John E. Purcell, Cincinnati; James F. Wood, Philadelphia; J. J. Lynch, Toronto, Canada; Michael Hannon, Halifax; Alexander Taché, St. Boniface, Canada. Some of the bishops were—Becker, Wilmington; Chatard, Indianapolis; Corrigan, Newark; Conroy, Albany; De Goesbriand, Burlington; Healy, Portland; Gross, Savannah; Hendricken, Providence; Kain, Wheeling; Loughlin, Brooklyn; McNeirney, Albany; McQuaid, Rochester; O'Hara, Scranton; O'Reilly, Springfield; Quinlan, Mobile; Ryan, St. Louis; Ryan, Buffalo; Shanahan, Harrisburg; Spalding, Peoria; Tuigg, Pittsburg; Wadhams, Ogdensburg; Lynch, Charleston; Gilmour, Cleveland, and Kean, Richmond.

The procession moved down the central aisle of the building, in full view of the congregation, while six priests intoned the "Psalms of the Blessing." When the Fifth Avenue entrance was reached, the procession passed out into the street, and turned down the avenue to Fiftieth Street. As the Cardinal reached the front entrance, he sprinkled it with holy water and performed the blessing ceremony. While the priests and choir chanted the "Miserere," the procession advanced through Fiftieth Street, then through Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street, until the main entrance was again reached. During this time the Cardinal sprinkled the walls with holy water. As the procession again entered the church, the choristers chanted the "Litany of the Saints," until all the clergy were within the sanctuary. The Cardinal and his attendants advanced to the bottom marble step of the grand altar and knelt until the litanies were finished. At the conclusion of this ceremony, all the acolytes, choristers, priests and prelates formed for another procession, and passed around the side aisles of the Cathedral, while the Cardinal sprinkled the walls with the holy water, when the procession returned to the sanctuary, and the dedicatory services ended.

A Pontifical High Mass was then sung, Cardinal McCloskey being the celebrant, Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephen's Church, deacon, and Father McGean, of the Church of the Transfiguration, sub-deacon, Father Farley, the Cardinal's secretary, and the Rev. John F. Kearney, of the old Cathedral, in Mott Street, were Masters of Ceremonies. The Mass proceeded as usual to the Gospel, when Bishop Ryan of St. Louis delivered the sermon. The music of the Mass was under the direction of W. F. Pecher, the organist of the new Cathedral. Hayden's Sixteenth Mass in B flat was sung by a double quartet and a chorus of one hundred male and female voices. The first quartet and solo parts were taken by Miss Amanda Starritt, soprano; Miss Alama Martine, alto; Mr. Fritsch, tenor; and Mr. Steinbuch, baritone. The introit, gradual, and some of the responses were given by the male sanctuary choir to the Gregorian chant. At the close of the Mass a grand Gregorian Te Deum was given by both organs and both choirs in unison.

In the evening the whole building was illuminated, and the sanctuary blazed with hundreds of lights. Solemn Pontifical Vespers were celebrated by Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, assisted by the Rev. John J. Kean and the Rev. Michael J. Farrell. On the episcopal throne was seated the Cardinal, attended by his assistant priests. Boys scattering incense from richly wrought censers; numerous acolytes, bearing burning torches, six chanters, dressed in costly copes, singing the psalms, and the presence of many prelates in full robes added much to the effect of the sanctuary. The chancel choir sang the Psalms "Dixit Dominus," "Confitebor Tibi, Domine," "Beatus Vir," "Laudate Pueri" and "In Exitu Israel." The gallery choir sang the "Magnificat" by Emerich. The vespers closed by the singing of Rossini's "Benedictus" and the "Tantum Ergo" for solo and full chorus. Bishop Kean of Richmond preached the sermon.



THE THRONE OF HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL M'CLOSKEY, IN THE CHANCEL.

The high altar of the Cathedral was consecrated on Thursday morning, May 22d, by Bishop Conroy of Albany, New York, with closed doors, no persons save the necessary number of priests and acolytes being present. Bishop Conroy was assisted by Vicar-General Quinn, Fathers Kearney and Hogan, of St. Patrick's Church, Mott Street, and Father Callaghan, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist. The "Seven Penitential Psalms" were first recited, and while the priests were reading the fiftieth psalm, "Miserere," the officiating Bishop walked seven times around the altar, reaching the front at the end of every third verse. Then the "Litany of the Saints" was recited, after which the Bishop blessed the ashes, salt and wine, and when he had mixed them, sprinkled the altar therewith. He then marked each of the crosses at the four corners and the centre of the altar, and blessed the cement with which, after placing the sacred relics in the centre cavity, he sealed the small stone which covered it and filled up the space on a level with the altar slab, using meanwhile holy oil or chrism on each of the five crosses. Incense was offered at intervals during this solemn rite, and five small tapers were set in incense on each of the five crosses, lighted and allowed to burn down. The candles borne into the chancel by the acolytes were placed at one side of the altar, and at no time placed on the altar itself.

The high altar is placed about thirteen feet from the eastern wall of the choir. The table of the altar is of white marble, divided into niches and panels on its sides, the former containing statues and the latter bas-reliefs, both representing the Divine Passion. The tabernacle over the altar is a blaze of mosaics and precious stones, and has a door of bronze, richly gilt. The base of the screen behind the altar is nine feet in height, of white marble, with base moldings of *bleu bélge* marble, and inlaid with diaper-work of alabaster. The screen above the base has a central tower, built with colored columns, a tabernacle, statues and rich foliage, above which rises a spire pierced with open tracery, surmounted by a gilt cross. The two flanking towers of the screen have niches containing the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. The spaces between the central towers and those at the corners are divided into six niches, containing figures of seraphim, bearing shields with the emblems of the Passion. The reredos is thirty-two feet wide and fifty feet high. The shrine of the Virgin, though of inferior splendor, is exceedingly beautiful and costly. The altar, so exquisite in material, design and artistic beauty, is forty-eight feet in height from the base to the apex of the cross surmounting the tabernacle.

(Continued on page 227.)

NEW YORK CITY.—DEDICATION OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AT FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTIETH AND FIFTY-FIRST STREETS, SUNDAY, MAY 25TH.

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EMBRYO.

I FEEL a poem in my heart to-night,
A still thing growing;
As if the darkness to the outer light
A song were owing.
'Tis something vague, and very sweet and sad;
Fair, fragile, slender;
Not tearful, yet not daring to be glad,
And oh, so tender!

It may not reach the outer world at all,
Despite its growing;
Upon a poet-flower such cold winds fall
To blight its blowing.
But oh! whatever may the thing betide,
Freedom or fetter,
My heart, just to have held it still is dead,
Will be the better!

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXX.

TOFF'S interference proved to have its use. The announcement of the little supper—plainly implying Simple Sally's reception at the cottage—reminded Amelius of his responsibilities. He at once stepped out into the passage, and closed the door behind him.

The old Frenchman was waiting to be reprimanded or thanked, as the case might be, with his head down, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, and the palms of his hands spread out appealingly on either side of him—a model of mute resignation to circumstances.

"Do you know that you have put me in a very awkward position?" Amelius began.

Toff lifted one of his hands to his heart. "You are aware of my weakness, sir. When that charming little creature presented herself at the door, sinking with fatigue, I could no more resist her than I could take a hop-skip-and-jump over the roof of this cottage. If I have done wrong, take no account of the proud fidelity with which I have served you, tell me to pack up and go; but don't ask me to assume a position of severity towards that enchanting miss. It is not in my heart to do it," said Toff, lifting his eyes with tearful solemnity to an imaginary heaven. "On my sacred word of honor as a Frenchman, I would die rather than do it!"

"Don't talk nonsense," Amelius rejoined, a little impatiently. "I don't blame you—but you have got me into a scrape for all that. If I did my duty, I should send for a cab and take her back."

Toff opened his twinkling old eyes in a perfect transport of astonishment. "What!" he cried, "take her back? Without rest, without supper? And you call that duty? How inconceivably ugly does duty look when it assumes an inhospitable aspect towards a woman! Pardon me, sir; I must express my sentiments or I shall burst. You will say, perhaps, that I have no conception of duty! Pardon me again—my conception of duty is *here!*"

He threw open the door of the sitting-room. In spite of his anxiety, Amelius burst out laughing. The Frenchman's inexhaustible contrivances had transformed the sitting-room into a bedroom for Sally. The sofa had become a snug little white bed; a hairbrush and comb, and a bottle of eau-de-cologne were on the table; a bath stood near the fire, with cans of hot and cold water, and a railway-rug placed under them to save the carpet. "I dare not presume to contradict you, sir," said Toff; but there is *my* conception of duty! In the kitchen, I have another conception, keeping warm; you can smell it up the stairs. Salmi of partridge, with the littlest possible dash of garlic in the sauce. Oh, sir, let that angel rest and refresh herself! Virtuous severity, believe me, is a most horribly unbecoming virtue at your age!" He spoke quite seriously, with the air of a profound moralist, asserting principles that did equal honor to his head and his heart.

Amelius went back to the library.

Sally was resting in the easy-chair; her position showed plainly that she was suffering from fatigue. "I have had a long, long walk," she said; "and I don't know which aches worse, my back or my feet. I don't care—I'm quite happy now I'm here." She nestled herself comfortably in the chair. "Do you mind my looking at you?" she asked. "Oh, it's so long since I saw you!"

There was a new undertone of tenderness in her voice—innocent tenderness that openly avowed itself. The reviving influences of life at the Home had done much—had much yet left to do. Her wasted face and figure were filling out, her cheeks and lips were regaining their lovely natural color, as Amelius had seen in his dream. But her eyes, in repose, still resumed their vacantly-patient look; and her manner, with a perceptible increase of composure and confidence, had not lost its quaint, childish charm. Her growth from girl to woman was a growth of fine gradations, guided by the unerring deliberation of nature and time.

"Do you think they will follow you here from the Home?" Amelius asked.

She looked at the clock. "I don't think so," she said, quietly. "It's hours since I slipped out by the back door. They have very strict rules about runaway girls—even when their friends bring them back. If you send me back —" she stopped, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"What will you do, if I send you back?"

"What one of our girls did, before they took her in at the Home. She jumped into the river. 'Made a hole in the water'; that's how she calls it. She's a big, strong girl; and they got her out, and saved her. She says it wasn't painful till they brought her to again. I'm little and weak—I don't think they could bring me to life, if they tried."

Amelius made a futile attempt to reason with her. He even got so far as to tell her that she had done very wrong to leave the Home. Sally's answer set all further expostulation at defiance. Instead of attempting to defend herself, she sighed wearily, and said: "I had no money; I walked all the way here."

The well-intended remonstrances of Amelius were lost in compassionate surprise. "You poor little soul!" he exclaimed, "it must be seven or eight miles at least!"

"I dare say," said Sally. "It don't matter, now I've found you."

"But how did you find me? Who told you where I lived?"

She smiled, and took from her bosom the photograph of the cottage.

"But Mrs. Payson cut off the address!" cried Amelius, bursting out with the truth in the impulse of the moment.

Sally turned over the photograph and pointed to the back of the card, on which the photographer's name and address were printed. "Mrs. Payson didn't think of this," she said slyly.

"Did you think of it?" Amelius asked.

Sally shook her head. "I'm too stupid," she replied. "The girl who made the hole in the water put me up to it. 'Have you made up your mind to run away?' she says. And I said, 'Yes.' 'You go to the man who did the picture,' she says; 'he knows where the place is, I'll be bound.' And I asked my way till I found him. And he did know. And he told me. He was a good sort; he gave me a glass of wine, he said I looked so tired. I said we'd go and have our portraits taken some day—you and your servant. May I tell the funny old foreigner that he is to go away now I have come to you?" The complete simplicity with which she betrayed her jealousy of Toff made Amelius smile. Sally, watching every change in his face, instantly drew her own conclusion. "Ah!" she said cheerfully, "I'll keep your room cleaner than *he* keeps it. I smelt dust on the curtains when I was hiding from you."

Amelius thought of his dream. "Did you come out while I was asleep?" he asked.

"Yes; I wasn't frightened of you when you were asleep. I had a good look at you. And I gave you a kiss." She made that confession without the slightest sign of confusion; her calm blue eyes looked him straight in the face. "You got restless," she went on, "and I got frightened again. I put out the lamp. I says to myself, 'If he does scold me I can bear it better in the dark.'"

Amelius listened, wondering. Had he seen drowsily what he thought he had dreamed, or was there some mysterious sympathy between Sally and himself? These occult speculations were interrupted by Sally. "Won't you let me stay and rest a little?" she said. "May I take off my bonnet, and make myself tidy?" Some men might have said, "No." Amelius was not one of them.

The library possessed a door of communication with the sitting-room, the bedchamber occupied by Amelius being on the other side of the cottage. When Sally saw Toff's reconstructed room, she stood at the door in speechless admiration of the vision of luxury revealed to her. From time to time Amelius, alone in the library, heard her dabbling in her bath, and humming the artless old English song from which she had taken her name. Once she knocked at the closed door, and made request through it, "There is scent on the table; may I have some?" And once Toff knocked at the other door, opening into the passage, and asked when "pretty young miss" would be ready for supper. Events went on in the little household as if Sally had become an integral part of it already. "What *am* I to do?" Amelius asked himself. And Toff, entering at the moment to lay the cloth, answered respectfully, "Hurry up the young person, sir, or the salmi will be spoilt."

She came out from her room, walking delicately on her sore feet—so fresh and charming, that Toff, absorbed in admiration, made a mistake in folding a napkin for the first time in his life. "Champagne, of course, sir?" he said, in confidence to Amelius. The salmi of patridge appeared; the inspiriting wine sparkled in the glasses; Toff surpassed himself in all the qualities which make a servant valuable at a supper-table; Sally forgot the Home, forgot the cruel streets, and laughed and chatted as gayly as the happiest girl living. Amelius, expanding in the joyous atmosphere of youth and good spirits, shook off his sense of responsibility, and became once more the delightful companion who won everybody's love. The effervescent gayety of the evening was at its climax; the awful forms of duty, propriety, and good sense had been long since laughed out of the room—when Nemesis, a goddess of retribution, announced her arrival outside, by a crashing of carriage-wheels and a peremptory ring at the cottage-bell.

There was a dead silence; Amelius and Sally looked at each other. The experienced Toff at once guessed what had happened. "Is it her father or mother?" he asked of Amelius, a little anxiously. Hearing that she had never even seen her father or mother, he snapped his fingers joyously, and led the way on tiptoe into the hall. "I have my idea," he whispered. "Let us listen."

A woman's voice, high, clear and resolute (speaking apparently to the coachman), was the next audible sound. "Say I come from Mrs. Payson, and must see Mr. Goldenheart directly." Sally trembled and turned pale. "The matron," she said, faintly. "Oh, don't let her in!" Amelius took the terrified girl back to the library. Toff followed them, respectfully asking to be told what a "matron" was. Receiving the necessary explanation, he expressed his contempt for matrons bent on carrying charming persons into captivity by opening the library-door and spitting into the hall. Having relieved his mind in this way he returned to his master, and laid a lank, skinny forefinger cunningly along the side of his nose. "I suppose, sir, you don't want to see this furious woman?" he said. Before it was possible to say anything in reply, another ring at the bell announced that the furious woman wanted to see Amelius. Toff read his master's wishes in his master's face. Not even this emergency could find him unprepared; he was as ready to circumvent a matron as to cook a dinner. "The shutters are up and the curtains are drawn," he reminded Amelius. "Not a morsel of light is visible outside. Let them ring—we have all gone to bed." He turned to Sally, grinning with impish enjoyment of his own stratagem. "Ha, miss! what do you think of that?" There was a third pull at the bell as he spoke. "Ring away, Misses Matrone!" he cried. "We are fast asleep—wake us if you can." The fourth ring was the last. A sharp crack revealed the breaking of the bell-wire, and was followed by the shrill fall of the iron handle on the pavement before the garden-gate. The gate, like the palings, was protected at the top from invading cats. "Compose yourself, miss," said Toff; "if she tries to get over the gate she will stick on the spikes." In another moment the sound of retiring carriage-wheels announced the defeat of the matron, and settled the serious question of receiving Sally for the night.

She sat silent by the window when Toff had left the room, holding back the curtains and looking out at the murky sky. "What are you looking for?" Amelius asked.

"I was looking for the stars."

Amelius joined her at the window. "There are no stars to be seen to-night."

She let the curtain fall to again. "I was thinking of night-time at the Home," she said. "You see I got on pretty well in the day, with my reading and writing. I wanted so to improve myself. My mind was troubled with the fear of your despising such an ignorant creature as I am; so I kept on at my lessons. I thought I might surprise you by writing you a pretty letter some day. One of the teachers (she's gone away, ill), was very good to me. I used to talk to her; and, when I said a wrong word, she took me up, and told me the right one. She said you would think better of me, when you heard me speak properly—and I do speak better, don't I? All this was in the day. It was the night that was the hard time to get through—when the other girls were all asleep, and I had nothing to think of but how far away I was from you. I used to get up and put the counterpane round me, and stand at the window. On fine nights the stars were company to me. There were two stars, near together, that I got to know. Don't laugh at me—I used to think one of them was you, and one of them me. I wondered whether you would die, or I should die, before I saw you again. And, most always, it was my star that went out first. Lord, how I used to cry! It got into my poor, stupid head that I should never see you again. I do believe I ran away because of that. You won't tell anybody, will you? It was so foolish. I am ashamed of it now. I wanted to see your star and my star to-night. I don't know why. Oh, I'm so fond of you!" She dropped on her knees and took his hand, and put it on her head. "It's burning hot," she said, "and your kind hand cools it."

Amelius raised her gently, and led her to the door of her room. "My poor Sally, you are quite worn out. You want rest and sleep. Let us say good-night."

"I will do anything you tell me," she answered. "If Mrs. Payson comes to-morrow, you won't let her take me away? Thank you. Good-night." She put her hands on his shoulders, with innocent familiarity, and lifted herself to him on tiptoe, and kissed him as a sister might have kissed him.

Long after Sally was asleep in her bed, Amelius sat by the library fire, thinking.

The revival of the crushed feeling and fancy in the girl's nature, so artlessly revealed in her sad little story of the stars that were "company to her," not only touched and interested him, but clouded his view of the future with doubts and anxieties which had never troubled him until that moment. The mysterious influences under which the girl's development was advancing were working morally and physically together. Weeks might pass harmlessly, months might pass harmlessly—but the time must come, when the innocent relations between them would be beset by peril. Unable, as yet, fully to realize these truths, Amelius nevertheless felt them vaguely. His face was troubled as he lit the candle at last to go to his bed. "I don't see my way as clearly as I could wish," he reflected. "How will it end?"

How indeed!

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT eight o'clock the next morning, Amelius was awakened by Toff. A letter had arrived, marked "Immediate," and the messenger was waiting for an answer.

The letter was from Mrs. Payson. She wrote briefly, and in formal terms. After referring to the matron's fruitless visit to the cottage on the previous night, Mrs. Payson proceeded in these words: "I request you will immediately let me know whether Sally has taken refuge with you, and has passed the night under your roof. If I am right in believing that she has done so, I have only to inform you that the doors of the Home are henceforth closed to her, in conformity with our rules. If I am wrong, it will be my painful duty to lose no time in placing the matter in the hands of the police."

Amelius began his reply, acting on impulse as usual. He wrote, vehemently remonstrating with Mrs. Payson on the unforgiving and unchristian nature of the rules at the Home. Before he was half way through his composition, the person who had brought the letter sent a message to say that he was expected back immediately, and that he hoped Mr. Goldenheart would not get a poor man into trouble by keeping him much longer. Checked in the full flow of his eloquence, Amelius angrily tore up the unfinished remonstrance, and matched Mrs. Payson's briefly business-like language by an answer in one line: "I beg to inform you that you are quite right." On reflection, he felt that the second letter was not only discourteous as a reply to a lady, but also ungrateful as addressed to Mrs. Payson personally. At the third attempt, he wrote becomingly as well as briefly. "Sally has passed the night here as my guest. She was suffering from severe fatigue; it would have been an act of downright inhumanity to send her away. I regret your decision, but of course I submit to it. You once said you believed implicitly in the purity of my motives. Do me the justice, however you may blame my conduct, to believe in me still."

Having dispatched these lines, the mind of Amelius was at ease again. He went into the library, and listened to hear if Sally was moving. The perfect silence on the other side of the door informed him that the weary girl was still fast asleep. He gave directions that she was on no account to be disturbed, and sat down to breakfast by himself.

While he was still at table, Toff appeared with profound mystery in his manner, and discreet confidence in the tones of his voice. "Here's another one, sir!" the Frenchman announced, in his master's ear.

"Another one?" Amelius repeated. "What do you mean?"

"She is not like the sweet little sleeping miss," Toff explained. "This time, sir, it's the beauty of the devil himself, as we say in France. She refuses to confide in me; and she appears to be agitated—both bad signs. Shall I get rid of her before the other miss awakes?"

"Hasn't she got a name?" Amelius asked.

Toff answered in his foreign accent, "One name only—Faybay."

"Do you mean Phœbe?"

"Have I not said it, sir?"

"Show her in directly."

Toff glanced at the door of Sally's room, shrugged his shoulders, and obeyed his instructions.

Phœbe appeared, looking pale and anxious. Her customary assurance of manner had completely deserted her; she stopped in the doorway, as if she was afraid to enter the room.

"Come in and sit down," said Amelius. "What's the matter?"

"I'm troubled in my mind, sir," Phœbe answered. "I know it's taking a liberty to come to you. But I went yesterday to ask Miss Regina's advice, and found she had gone abroad with her uncle. I have something to say about Mrs. Farnaby, sir; and I'm afraid there's no time to be lost in saying it. I know of nobody but you that I can speak to, now Miss Regina is away. The footman told me where you lived."

She stopped, evidently in the greatest embarrassment. Amelius tried to encourage her. "If I can be of any use to Mrs. Farnaby," he said, "tell me at once what to do."

Phœbe's eyes dropped before his straightforward look as he spoke to her.

"I must ask you to please excuse my mentioning names, sir," she resumed, confusedly. "There's a person I'm interested in, whom I wouldn't get into trouble for the whole world. He's been misled—I'm sure he's been misled by another person—a wicked, drunken, old woman, who ought to be in prison if she had her deserts. I'm not free from blame myself—I know I'm not. I listened, sir, to what I oughtn't to have heard; and I told it again (I'm sure in the strictest confidence, and not meaning anything wrong), to the person I've mentioned. Not the old woman—I mean the person I'm interested in. I hope you understand me, sir? I wish to speak openly (excepting the names) on account of Mrs. Farnaby."

Amelius thought of Phœbe's vindictive language the last time he had seen her. He looked towards a cabinet in a corner of the room, in which he had placed Mrs. Farnaby's letter. An instinctive distrust of his visitor began to rise in his mind. His manner altered—he turned to his plate, and went on with his breakfast. "Can't you speak to me plainly?" he said. "Is Mrs. Farnaby in any trouble?"

"Yes, sir."

"And can I do anything to help her out of it?"

"I'm sure you can, sir—if you only know where to find her."

"I do know where to find her. She has written to tell me. The last time I saw you, you expressed yourself very improperly about Mrs. Farnaby—you spoke as if you meant some harm to her."

"I mean nothing but good to her now, sir."

"Very well, then. Can't you go and speak to her yourself, if I give you the address?"

Phœbe's pale face flushed a little. "I couldn't do that, sir," she answered, "after the way Mrs. Farnaby has treated me. Besides, if she knew that I had listened to what passed between her and you——" She stopped again, more painfully embarrassed than ever.

Amelius laid down his knife and fork. "Look here!" he said; "this sort of thing is not in my way. If you can't make a clean breast of it, let's talk of something else. I'm very much afraid," he went on, with his customary absence of all concealment, "you're not the harmless sort of girl I once took you for. What do you mean by 'what passed between Mrs. Farnaby and me?'"

Phœbe put her handkerchief to her eyes. "It's very hard to speak harshly to me," she said, "when I'm sorry for what I've done and am only anxious to prevent harm coming of it."

"*What* have you done?" cried honest Amelius, weary of the woman's inveterately indirect way of explaining herself to him.

The flash of his quick temper in his eyes, as he put that straightforward question, aroused

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a responsive temper in Phœbe which stung her into speaking openly at last. She told Amelius what she had heard in the kitchen as plainly as she had told it to Jervy—with this one difference, that she spoke without insolence when she referred to Mrs. Farnaby.

Listening in silence until she had done, Amelius started to his feet, and, opening the cabinet, took from it Mrs. Farnaby's letter. He read the letter, keeping his back towards Phœbe—waited a moment thinking—and suddenly turned on the woman with a look that made her shrink in her chair. "You wretch!" he said. "You heartless, detestable wretch!"

In the terror of the moment, Phœbe attempted to run out of the room. Amelius stopped her instantly. "Sit down again," he said; "I mean to have the whole truth out of you, now."

Phœbe recovered her courage. "You have had the whole truth, sir; I could tell you no more if I was on my deathbed."

Amelius held up Mrs. Farnaby's letter, and shook it at her threateningly. "Do you mean to tell me you are not in this abominable conspiracy?" he asked.

"So help me God, sir, I never even heard of it till yesterday!"

The tone in which she spoke shook the conviction of Amelius; the indescribable ring of truth was in it.

"There are two people who are cruelly deluding and plundering this poor lady," he went on. "Who are they?"

"I told you, if you remember, that I couldn't mention names, sir."

Amelius looked again at the letter. After what he had heard there was no difficulty in identifying the invisible "young man," alluded to by Mrs. Farnaby, with the unnamed "person" in whom Phœbe was interested. Who was he? As the question passed through his mind, Amelius remembered the vagabond whom he had recognized with Phœbe in the street. There was no doubt of it now—the man who was directing the conspiracy in the dark was Jervy! Amelius would unquestionably have been rash enough to reveal this discovery, if Phœbe had not stopped him. His renewed reference to Mrs. Farnaby's letter and his sudden silence after looking at it roused the woman's suspicions. "If you're planning to get my friend into trouble," she burst out, "not another word shall pass my lips!"

Even Amelius profited by the warning which that threat unintentionally conveyed to him.

"Keep your own secrets," he said; "I only want to spare Mrs. Farnaby a dreadful disappointment. But I must know what I am talking about when I go to her. Can't you tell me how you found out this abominable swindle?"

Phœbe was perfectly willing to tell him. Interpreting her long, involved narrative into plain English, with the names of the persons added, these were the facts related: Mrs. Sowler (bearing in mind some talk which had passed between them on the occasion of a certain supper) had called at her lodgings on the previous day, and had tried to entrap her into communicating what she knew of Mrs. Farnaby's secrets. The trap failing, Mrs. Sowler had tried bribery next; had promised Phœbe a large sum of money, to be equally divided between them, if she would only speak; had declared that Jervy was perfectly capable of breaking his promise of marriage, and "leaving them both in the lurch, if he once got the money into his own pocket"; and had thus informed Phœbe that the conspiracy which she supposed to have been abandoned was really in full progress, without her knowledge. She had temporized with Mrs. Sowler, being afraid to set such a person openly at defiance, and had hurried away at once to have an explanation with Jervy. He was reported to be "not at home." Her fruitless visit to Regina had followed—and there, so far as facts were concerned, was an end of the story.

Amelius asked her no questions, and spoke as briefly as possible when she had done. "I will go to Mrs. Farnaby this morning," was all he said.

"Would you please let me hear how it ends?" Phœbe asked.

Amelius pushed his pocketbook and pencil across the table to her, pointing to a blank leaf on which she could write her address. While she was thus employed, the attentive Toff came in, and (with his eyes on Phœbe) whispered in his master's ear. He had heard Sally moving about. Would it be more convenient, under the circumstances, if she had her breakfast in her own room? Toff's astonishment was a sight to see, when Amelius answered, "Certainly not. Let her breakfast here."

Phœbe rose to go. Her parting words revealed the double-sided nature that was in her; the good and evil in perpetual conflict which should be uppermost.

"Please don't mention me, sir, to Mrs. Farnaby," she said. "I don't forgive her for what she's done to me; I don't say I won't be even with her yet. But not in *that* way! I won't have her death laid at my door. Oh, but I know her temper—and I say it's as likely as not to kill her or drive her mad, if she isn't warned about it in time. Never mind her losing her money. If it's lost, it's lost, and she's got plenty more. She may be robbed a dozen times over for all I care. But don't let her set her heart on seeing her child, and then find it's all a swindle. I hate her; but I can't and won't let *that* go on. Good-morning, sir."

Amelius was relieved by her departure. For a minute or two he sat absently stirring his coffee, and considering how he might most safely perform the terrible duty of putting Mrs. Farnaby on her guard. Toff interrupted his meditations by preparing the table for Sally's breakfast; and, almost at the same moment, Sally herself, fresh and rosy, opened her door a little way, and looked in.

"You have had a fine long sleep," said Amelius. "Have you quite got over your walk yesterday?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, gayly; "only I feel my long walk now in my feet. It hurts me to put my boots on. Can you lend me a pair of slippers?"

"A pair of my slippers! Why, Sally, you would be lost in them! What's the matter with your feet?"

"They're both sore. And I think one of them has got a blister on it."

"Come in, and let's have a look at it?"

She came limping in, with her feet bare. "Don't scold me," she pleaded. "I couldn't put my stockings on again, without washing them; and they're not dry yet."

"I'll get you new stockings and slippers," said Amelius. "Which is the foot with the blister?"

"The left foot," she said, pointing to it.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

DEDICATION OF THE MAGNIFICENT EDIFICE.

(*Continued from page 225.*)

The episcopal throne is placed on the north side of the sanctuary, is approached by three steps, and is an imposing and beautiful object of art. It is over sixty feet high, and is composed of oak, elaborately carved and gilded. The upholstery is of crimson velvet, and the whole is surmounted by a canopy.

The baptismal font is of Caen stone, and stands about four and a half feet high. It consists of an octagonal basin of some three feet diameter, supported on a carved pedestal. The eight sides are formed into panels about a foot deep, on which are graven, in high relief, appropriate Scriptural incidents, such as the Baptism in the Jordan of Christ and the children. Its position is on the north side, not far from the altar of the Blessed Virgin.

The marble altars are so exquisite in design and in finish that the eye never tires in viewing them, and in the varied and beautiful stained glass windows there is an ever-changing relief from the vast space of the edifice. Four altars have been already erected, and there are spaces in the walls on either side of the building for ten more. The four altars already erected cost over $100,000. There are in all seventy windows, of which thirty-seven are figured, representing scenes from Scripture and from the lives of the Saints, and twenty have cathedral-stained glass, the figures being only geometrical. The remaining windows are filled with white glass, these being needed for the lighting of the building. The six-bayed window over the south transept door is what is called a storied-window, as it tells the story of a life in the scenes it pictures. It is the titular window of the Cathedral, and represents eighteen scenes in the life of St. Patrick. In the centre of the tracery is the scene of St. Patrick's coronation in heaven—a beautifully executed piece of work. Each of the figured windows is the gift of some church in the diocese, the name of which is inscribed at the base.

The grand organ of the Cathedral, built by George Jardine & Son, is one of the largest, and one of the most powerful, organs in the world, and really consists of *five* large organs all combined, forming one immense instrument, any one of which would be ample enough to fill a large church. The "great" organ contains many new stops (among which are the "Doppel flute" and "English horn," sixteen feet tone), and forms the groundwork of the immense superstructure of chorus and solo stops by its mighty diapasons, which are the finest ever made. The "choir" organ contains solo stops of a sweet character, among which is the new and really beautiful "saxophone." The "swell" organ is particularly fine in its effective diminuendo and crescendo, and contains the wonderful "Vox Humana," also a chime of thirty-two bells. The "pedal" organ furnishes the deep bass of the whole work, and pervades the Cathedral with its thunder-tones. The "Orchestral," or *fifth* organ, is the new and most wonderful feature, containing the "tuba mirabilies," "trombone," "flute à pavillon," "French horn," all of eight feet tone, and a "Bombarde and Pasaune" of sixteen feet tone, making in all seventy stops and combinations, and five thousand pipes. The touch is made easy by "Jardine's Patent Pallet." The value of the organ is $30,000.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.

HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY, Queen Victoria, closed the sixtieth year of her age on Saturday, May 24th, and the event was appropriately commemorated wherever in Christendom a loyal Briton was located. In Canada the celebration was particularly imposing, additional zest being given the usual programme by the participation in the rejoicings of a dearly beloved member of Her Majesty's personal family. The demonstrations in Montreal had a special interest to Americans because of the part borne in a sham battle by a representative body of our citizen soldiery—the Thirteenth Regiment of the National Guard, State of New York, located at Brooklyn.

The regiment—537 strong—left its armory on the night of Thursday, May 22d, and, proceeded direct to Lachine, where a boat was waiting, with a suitable military escort, to take the regiment down the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Sailing down the river under the Victoria Bridge, the regiment came in view of ten thousand persons awaiting their arrival in front of the ancient Bonsecours Market. The Canada militia were drawn up in a line on the pier, and as the regiment's band played "God Save the Queen" the Canadians uncovered their heads, and when the tune was played sent up loud cheers. The shipping streamed with flags, and the Stars and Stripes were everywhere in the ascendant. The Thirteenth formed line upon the wharf, and when the staff officers were called from their position on the right to the front and centre, Chaplain Beecher, with his sword drawn, marched to a central position with the rest of the staff. Then Mayor Rivard of Montreal advanced to the front of the Thirteenth and presented to that regiment a beautiful silk flag made by the nuns of the Hochelaga Convent, on one side of which were the Stars and Stripes, and on the other the Dominion flag, richly embroidered. The Mayor read an address, welcoming the regiment, to which Chaplain Beecher responded. The regiment was then escorted to its quarters, the Victoria Skating Rink, in the rear of the Windsor Hotel, where the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise had taken apartments for the celebration. Early on Saturday morning the regiment left its quarters to participate in the grand review and the sham-battle, in which, by pre-arranged courtesy, they successfully attacked the position of the Canadian troops, drove the militia away, and occupied their works. The sham-fight over, English roast beef was served to the conquering Americans, and 3,500 persons joined in the meal, which was presided over by the Mayor of Montreal. On Sunday Chaplain Beecher preached a sermon before the troops and an immense audience. In the evening the regiment started for home, making a parade in Hartford, under the escort of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Connecticut; in New York, accompanied by the Ninth Regiment and separate troop of calvary, and in Brooklyn with the Fourteenth and Twenty-Third Regiments.

Our illustration shows the Thirteenth Regiment passing along St. James Street, in front of the Notre Dame Cathedral, on the 23d.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Respirator for the use of men employed in white-lead works has been found to diminish the number and the severity of cases of lead poisoning.

The So-called "Parallel Roads" found in many parts of the world, but which are especially characteristic of Scandinavian coast scenery, are said by Dr. Lehmann to be due exclusively to breaker action.

The Small Bronze Turbines used in the St. Gothard tunnel, which make 155,000,000 turns per annum, after four or five years' service, require but slight repairs. Turbines of iron and steel, under the same pressure, do not last over a year.

During the Past Year, 1878, Herr Fuchs states that the number of volcanic eruptions over the world reached the unusually high number of twelve; that they were at places far apart, and were mostly from little known and inaccessible volcanoes.

Several of the Conseils Generaux of the surrounding departments have voted funds for the erection of an observatory on the top of Mont Ventoux, in Vaucluse. It will be the third high meteorological station in France, and very likely not the last. M. Ferry, the Minister of Public Instruction, is favorable to the erection.

The Death of the Ape named Maioka, in the Dresden Zoological Gardens, has enabled the German naturalists to settle the vexed question of its true character. Many zoologists expressed the opinion that it was a gorilla, but an examination of the structure of the skeleton leaves no doubt that Dr. A. B. Meyer was right in regarding it as a chimpanzee.

M. Delbœuf has found that if a person afflicted with Daltonism (color-blindness) looks through a layer of rosoline in solution his infirmity disappears. A practical application of this discovery has been made by M. Javal, by interposing between two glasses a thin layer of gelatine previously tinted with rosoline. By looking at objects through such a medium all the difficulties of color-blindness are said to be corrected.

The Council of the British Society of Arts have awarded to Sir William George Armstrong, C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., the Albert Medal, "because of his distinction as an engineer and as a scientific man, and because by the development of the transmission of power, hydraulically, due to his constant efforts, extending over many years, the manufactures of England have been greatly aided and mechanical power beneficially substituted for most laborious and injurious manual labor."

Last May the phenomenon called "blood rain" occurred in the Jebel Sekra, a summit of the Rif, at the western extremity of the Atlas range in Morocco. Professor Brun, of Geneva, has given an account of his observations of the wonder-producing circumstance. The "rain" appeared on the rocks in the form of bright red spots. It consisted of a mixture of siliceous sand and very fine lime, with abundance of unicellular algæ of the species *protococcus fluviatilis*, and containing a large proportion of peroxide of iron.

The Source of Camphor.—Camphor is the solid fat of a volatile oil, and is found in Formosa, Japan, and some parts of the Malay Archipelago. The tree from which it is obtained is said not to be known on the mainland of China. The camphor-producing tree of the Malay Archipelago differs from that growing in Formosa and Japan, and, in addition to the crude camphor, produces a valuable medicinal gum, known to merchants as camphor baroos. The Formosa tree, on the contrary, does not produce this gum.

Attention has been lately directed to a much-neglected timber-tree—the ailanthus. Experiments made in Toulon in the French dockyard showed that in an average of seven tensile tests the ailanthus broke with a weight of 12,136 pounds; the elm yielded to 84,707 pounds, and the oak broke under a weight of 43,434 pounds. The wood is at first of a pale straw color, but grows somewhat darker with age, and takes a high polish. For cabinet-making and indoor work its silver grain and satiny lustre are very pleasing; as regards freedom from warping and shrinking, it is said to be superior to walnut, and fully equal to mahogany.

Experiments on Catalepsy.—In a recent series of demonstrations at the Retreat for the Insane in Paris, Professor Charcot has shown that it is possible to produce in one subject a state of catalepsy on one side of the body and a simultaneous state of lethargy on the other. The patient is first thrown into catalepsy by looking at the electric light (in this state the limbs are supple and will retain any position one chooses to give them). To produce the state of lethargy or somnambulism on one side, it is sufficient to close the corresponding eye, or shut off the light with a screen; the two states are then co-existent on the two sides of the body.

Briar-Root Pipes.—Much of the wood used for making the so-called briar-root pipes is derived, it appears, from Corsica. The white heath, or *bruyère*—of which "briar" is a corruption—grows in great luxuriance and very abundantly among the trees and shrubs which form what is called the "maquis" covering the mountain sides. In the course of the last few years, since briar-wood pipes have become such a large article of trade, the heath-trees have formed a source of lucrative industry. The roots are dug up and cut into rough forms of tobacco-pipes by circular saws worked by the water-power of the mountain streams. The pieces, when cut up, are sent abroad in sacks, to be eventually manufactured into briar-root pipes.

At a Recent congress of physicians who make a specialty of complaints of children, held in Berlin, Dr. Winckel described a new and mysterious disease which has broken out in Dresden, and which is so fatal that out of twenty-three cases treated nineteen died. The first symptoms are difficult respiration and froth on the lips, and the most singular feature of the complaint is an extraordinary change in the blood, which becomes of a dark brown color and of a syrup-like consistence, and will only flow from a wound under strong pressure. Convulsions soon set in, and the child dies in about thirty-two hours from the beginning of the attack. Dr. Winckel proposed to call the complaint "Cyanosis sfebrilis isterica perniciosa cum hæmoglobinæmia," but the president of the congress suggested the shorter and more sensible title of Winckel's Disease.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENOR CASTELAR goes to London this month to receive from Oxford University the degree of Doctor of Laws.

J. B. KIMBALL, Chief Engineer United States Navy, died at the Pensacola Navy Yard, May 18th, of peritonitis.

M. HESSIADETZKI, the German physician, has suggested that it be officially declared that the plague has completely ceased in Russia.

THE Empress of Germany has, through Professor Langenbeck, offered a prize for the best treatise on diphtheria that shall be published within a year.

THE Rev. Dr. Brown, of Hamilton College, has been chosen a delegate from this country to the Evangelical Alliance Meeting at Basle in August.

IT is reported in London that Monsignor Capel is coming to the United States on a lecturing tour, during which he will "preach in aid of his pet scheme of higher Catholic education."

JAMES B. NICHOLSON, formerly Harbor Master of New York, a Commissioner of the Board of Charities and Correction, and a trustee of Bellevue Medical College, died on May 17th, after a lingering illness.

THE death is announced, at the age of seventy-four, of the Rev. Professor Isaacs, long minister of a Manchester synagogue, and said to have been the first Jewish preacher in England who preached in English.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh is visiting all the London Theatres and makes herself very gay and gracious in society, by way of atoning for the cold and haughty manner she at first exhibited in England, to her great loss of popularity.

PIO NONO'S two nephews have summoned Cardinals Monaco Lavalletta, Martel and Simeoni before the tribunals to render an account of the inheritance, the efforts of Leo XIII. to avoid scandal and bring about a compromise having failed.

MISS MONELER, of Chicago, has won a position as assistant physician in the County Insane Asylum, by her success in a competitive examination. This is the first case in which a woman has obtained a hospital position where both sexes have entered into competition.

M. HENRI MARTIN will be formally received into the French Academy on the 29th inst., when M. Emile Olivier will reply to his eulogy of Thiers. Jules Barbier, the author of the libretto "Faust," is a candidate for the *fauteuil* rendered vacant by the death of M. Saint Rene Taillandier.

FATHER GIOVANNI, the famous Italian tenor, has become immensely fat, and continues to draw wonderful crowds to the Roman churches whenever he sings. To keep him in the church and from accepting the offers of operatic managers, it is said that he has been given a more than princely salary.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided a second suit sustaining the position of the Rev. George H. Stewart, who was suspended by the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church for hymn-singing and communing with other Evangelical churches, and condemned the action of the Synod.

ON the occasion of the golden wedding of the German Emperor there will be an amnesty granted to about one thousand non-political prisoners. Political prisoners, on the other hand, will not be pardoned in any single instance. This excludes Count Harry von Arnim and the fugitive bishops from the benefits of the amnesty.

MR. J. G. HILL, Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, who has been suspended since December 5th last, on account of charges in connection with the construction of the Chicago Custom House, and who was recently acquitted by the court of that city, returned to Washington on May 22d, and was at once restored to duty by the Secretary of the Treasury.

MR. WILLIAM HUNTER, Second Assistant Secretary of State, celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the service of the Government as an employé of the State Department on May 22d. As a mark of respect from his associates in the department, his desk was handsomely decorated in the morning and a banquet was given in his honor at night. The President and many foreign representatives and public officers called upon him during the day.

A CURIOUS London benevolent society is the Kyrle, of which the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold are president and vice-president. The object is an exceedingly simple one. The members are principally tourists, who pledge themselves to send to the treasurer, Miss Octavia Hill, all small objects of interest they may collect on their travels. These articles are distributed in the hospitals, workhouses and public schools.

REV. JAMES EELLS, D.D., of California, who was Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1877, has been elected to the chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, the chair left vacant by the death of Dr. Henry Smith. Dr. Eells is a graduate of Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Seminary. He was pastor of a church in Brooklyn for some years, beginning in 1859.

THE Victoria Crosses awarded in Zululand are to Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, and to Privates John Williams, Henry Hook, William Jones, Robert Jones and Frederick Hitch and Corporal William Allen, for saving the sick and wounded in the burning hospital. Williams and Hook, in particular, after the Zulus had broken in, smashed holes in four partitions and dragged through these and out of a small window eight invalids, one man working while the other with the bayonet kept off the savages.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has had some pretty things from Turkey. The Sultan has sent her two antique vases, a magnificent Turkey carpet, and the new Order of "Charity," which he has instituted to acknowledge the great services rendered by English and Turkish ladies to the multitudes of homeless wanderers who would have perished but for a little aid. The Order is an exceedingly artistic decoration set with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. An autograph letter accompanied it, both being brought to the Baroness by the Turkish Ambassador.

THE Archduchess Marie Christine Désirée Henriette Félicité Rénière of Austria, who is to be the second queen of Alfonso XII. of Spain, is the only daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria (who died the 20th of November, 1874), by his marriage with the Archduchess Elizabeth, the widow of Archduke Ferdinand Charles Victor of Modena. She was born on the 21st of July, 1858, and is consequently in her twenty-first year. The alliance does not seem to have been seriously entertained at Madrid until the condition of the Infanta Marie Christine had been pronounced hopeless; but from more than one point of view it must be considered a far more suitable match for the king than the one with his deceased wife's sister. The Austrian Princess is a few months younger than the king, whereas the Duc de Montpensier's second daughter was more than five years his senior, having been born on the 29th of October, 1852. Her death has now left the Montpensier family without a marriageable daughter.

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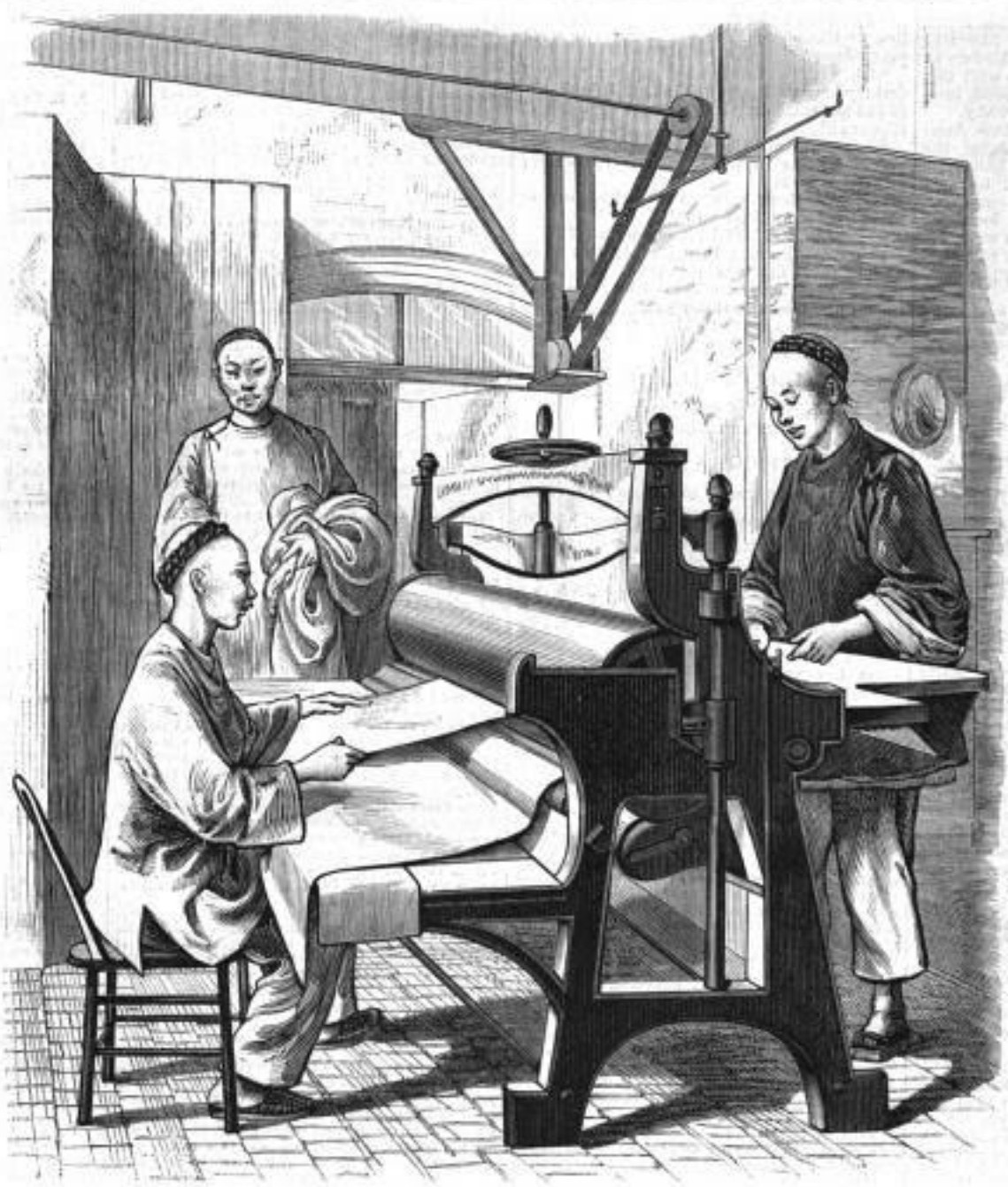
THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

IN our last issue we published illustrations of the laundry at the Palace Hotel at San Francisco, and spoke of the large number of Chinamen engaged in this kind of work. This week we conclude this series, and introduce another feature of the "cheap labor" of the Mongolians.

If more Chinamen are employed in the laundry business than in any other in this country, the next largest class are found operating barber-shops. In San Francisco, on Dupont Street, between Sacramento and Clay Streets, there are fifty basement apartments devoted to shaving and hair-cutting. At first thought the wonder arises why so many such establishments are required, but when the heads of the passing Chinamen are counted, and it is remembered that each head has to be shaved at stated intervals, the mystery is dispelled. All the barber-shops of the Chinese have a peculiar sign at the doorway indicative of the business. It is a four-legged frame, with the legs painted green and the top-knots red. On all the streets in Chinatown these signs are seen every few steps.

Among the Chinese no toilet is considered complete which does not involve the shaving of a greater portion of the head and neck, a thorough cleansing of the eyes, ears and nostrils, and, in the case of fastidious natives, a trimming and pencilling of the eyebrows and lashes. Razors, probes and lances of peculiar construction are among the instruments used in the work. The process of shaving and cleansing is necessarily a long one, and the combing and braiding of the queue consumes no little time.

Besides the mere shaving and scrubbing of the head and neck, the high-toned Chinaman demands that the closely-shaven head shall also be scraped, giving it the appearance of having been sand-papered, to use a Western expression. It will thus be seen that such slow and elaborate work, necessary to many thousand persons, requires a large number of shops and skilled operatives.



CHINESE LAUNDRY-WORK IN THE PALACE HOTEL—THE STEAM MANGLE.

KENTUCKY'S CAVE REGION.

THE GRAND CRYSTAL AVENUE CAVE.

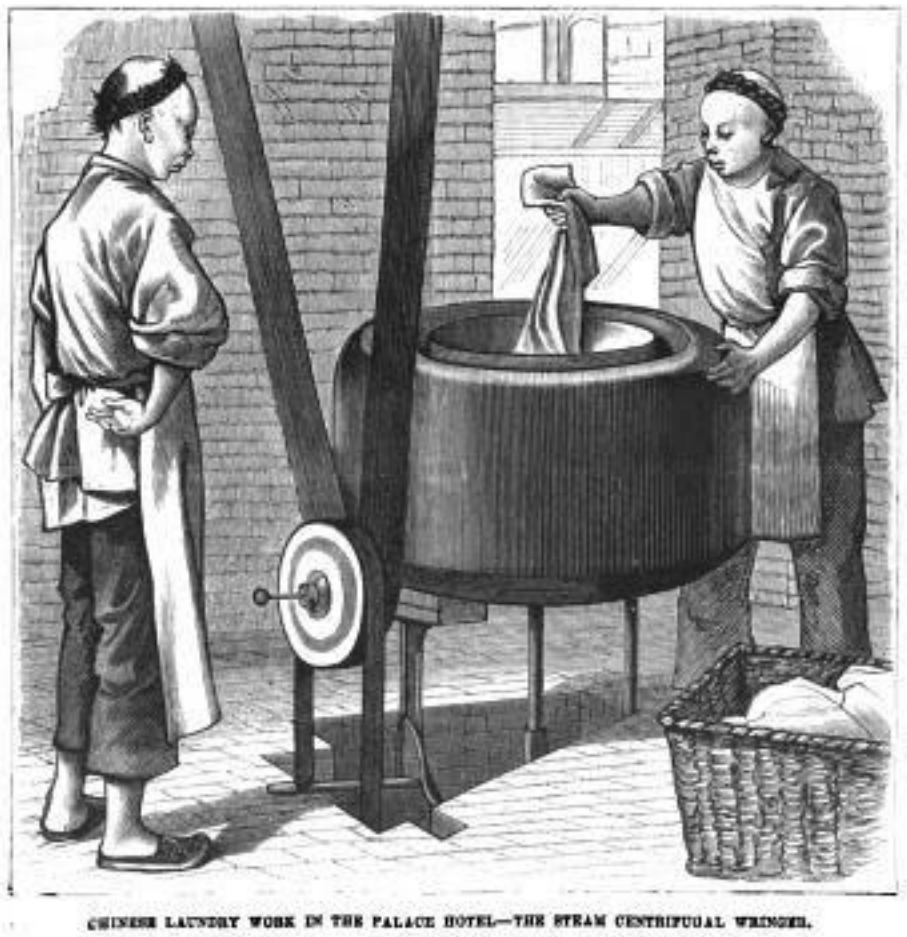
THE wonderful caves of Kentucky—as famous as the Pyramids of Egypt—are all located in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow Junction, Barren County, ninety miles south of Louisville, on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. There are, in all, thirty-six caves. Many of them, of course, are very small and uninteresting compared with others of greater note, but it is a significant fact that they are all in the same locality, and that nowhere else in Kentucky or in the United States, except perhaps in Virginia, are any such wonderful caves to be found. There are hundreds of theories as to their origin—they are theories only, mere speculations. There is every appearance, however, that the country in the vicinity of Glasgow Junction was at a remote period the scene of volcanic eruptions and violent upheavals of the earth. The topographical features of the country are remarkable in the extreme. There are no running streams on the earth's surface. The waters pass into great circular depressions, evidently craters of extinct volcanoes, and are lost for ever. The earth's surface is but a series of these wonderful craters, around which great, loose rocks are to be seen, just as they were thrown out by the great forces below, and the yawning chasms and bottomless pits of these basins tell the tale of upheaval. Great loose rocks encircle all of them. The region is one of utter hollowness. It is impossible to procure spring water or running water of any kind; cistern water is used exclusively, except in some cases where these basins are cemented that water may be collected for cattle.

Edmonson County, in which all the caves are located, is wild in the extreme. Glasgow Junction is just over the line in Barren County. Brownsville, the county seat of Edmonson County, is sixteen miles from the railroad at Glasgow Junction, and the extreme wildness of the region may be inferred when we state that there is only one small country store in Brownsville—the county seat—and the Court House, with one or two dwelling-houses. The people are isolated almost entirely from the world, and live in a little wild world of their own. Glasgow Junction—the town nearest the caves—is but a long, straggling village, with two general stores, a drug-store, shoe-shop, saddler-shop, two barrooms and a first-class hotel.

The newly-discovered Grand Crystal Avenue Cave is located in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow Junction. It was known as a small cave as early as 1806, when it was used by manufacturers of saltpetre. The remains of the old hoppers used in dripping the clay can still be seen near the mouth of the cave, about which spot, in the year 1815, workmen found the mummy now in the rooms of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass. Owing to obstructions in the shape of huge rocks the cave was explored but a short distance until June, 1878, when Mr. J. R. Puckett and a few other daring explorers penetrated its mysteries by crawling several hundred yards between fallen rocks and then emerging in an avenue at least sixty feet wide. Following it for about a mile, they discovered an immense room, in dimensions about one hundred yards in width by about one hundred feet in height, and tapering out in length into an avenue, a continuation of the one they had been traversing. The beauties of this chamber are simply indescribable. It is called the Crystal Chamber, and is well named. The most beautiful and fantastic formations imaginable are here to be seen, all in clusters of crystal. At a distance of about three miles, in a very picturesque spot, six mummies were found on a ledge of rocks. They were reposing in stone coffins rudely constructed, and presented every appearance of the Egyptian mummies. Three of the mummies were male and three of them female. Mr. W. Edwin Mortimer, who resides at No. 209 Floyd Street, Louisville, Ky., purchased two of them; Mr. J. R. Puckett, a capitalist of Glasgow Junction, purchased two, and Joseph Mulbastan the remaining two. Our illustrations are furnished by the latter gentleman.

Continuing their explorations a few days afterwards, the party came to a wide, deep river, about four miles from the orifice of the cave. Returning, they enlarged the entrance by blasting and removing the huge rocks, and were, a few days later, enabled to carry two boats to the newly-discovered river. Measuring the distance subsequently, it was found that they could navigate the main river—named Wonder River—for a distance of six miles, and two other rivers for a distance of eight miles, making, in all, fourteen miles of navigable river in the cave.

The scenery along the river beggars description. It is but a series of the most beautiful forma-



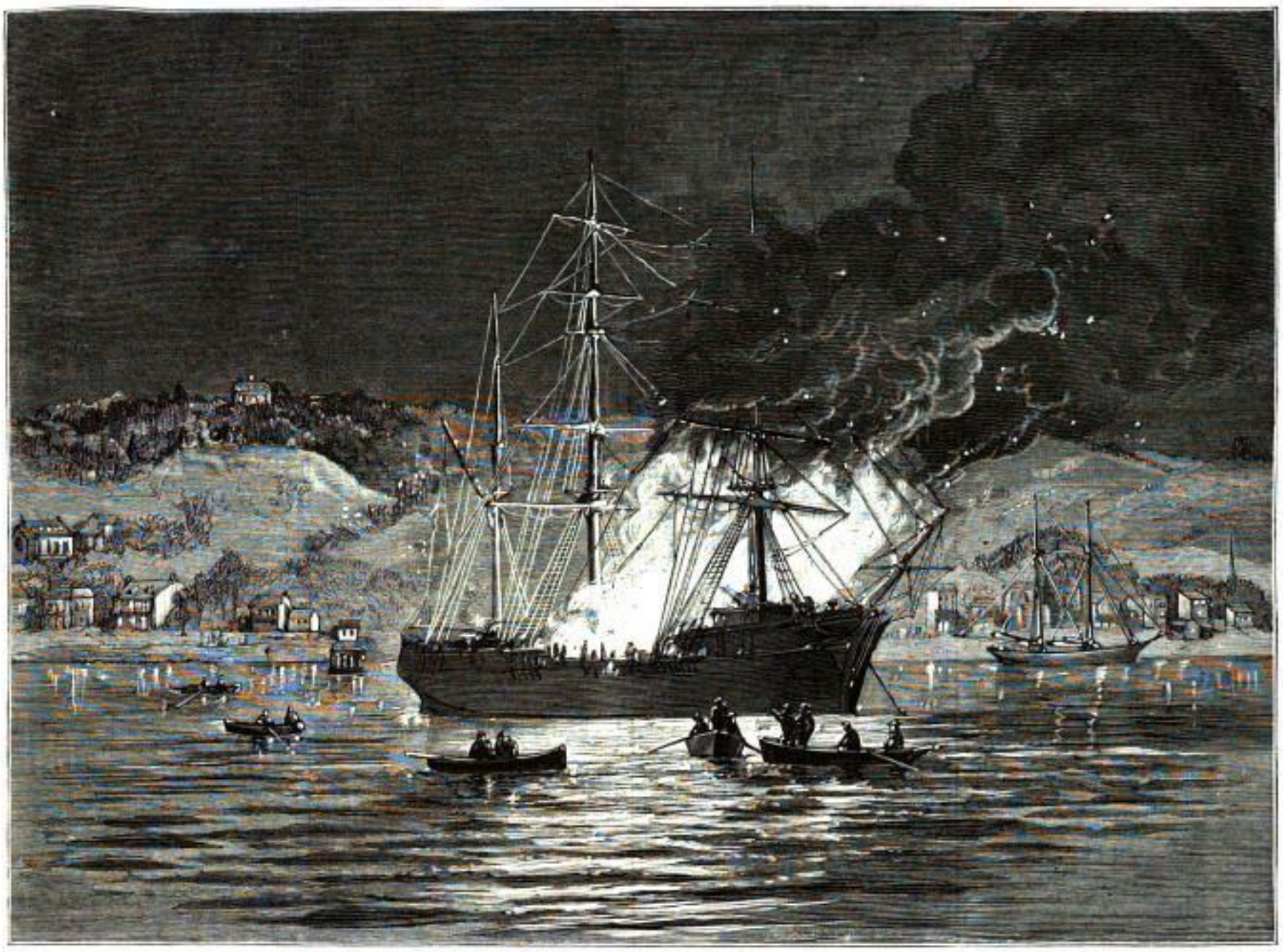
CHINESE LAUNDRY WORK IN THE PALACE HOTEL—THE STEAM CENTRIFUGAL WRINGER.



SHAVING, CLEANSING AND SCRAPING HEADS IN A BASEMENT BARBER-SHOP.

CALIFORNIA.—PHASES OF CHINESE LABOR IN SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

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STATEN ISLAND.—EXPLOSION OF PETROLEUM ON BOARD THE BARK "AMALFI," OFF TOMPKINSVILLE, MAY 20TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. B. COZZENS.

tions — sparkling like diamonds; pillars of pure alabaster, walls on either side averaging in height about one hundred feet. In width the river is about sixty feet, and in depth about sixteen feet. Mr. Puckett is now engaged in building a small steamboat to navigate these wonderful subterranean rivers. This is practicable, but it will be necessary to construct the boat in the cave four miles from its mouth, on the banks of Wonder River, there being no way of egress to the outer world by the rivers. They flow, no one yet knows where. Visitors to the cave will be obliged to walk four miles underground, amidst the most wonderful scenery imaginable, before they can embark on one of the most wonderful voyages of the age.

This newly discovered cave undoubtedly far surpasses in grandeur the Mammoth Cave, or any cave heretofore discovered, and is worthy the attention of scientists all over the world. The discovery of the mummies is certainly very important, as they evidently belong to a pre-historic race of intelligent and well-developed human beings. The features of the female, especially, have a fine, intelligent, refined cast, beautiful even thousands of years after the visit of the destroying angel.

Mr. Larkin J. Proctor, of Glasgow Junction, is the fortunate owner of the cave, and he may, from its sale, some day realize a large sum. As it is now, visitors are entirely welcome to inspect its wonders, no cave fees being charged as in the Mammoth Cave. A great camp-meeting of the Southern Methodist brethren will be held this Summer in and about the caves.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

Of a Vessel Laden with Petroleum — The Crew Saved by a Pet Dog.

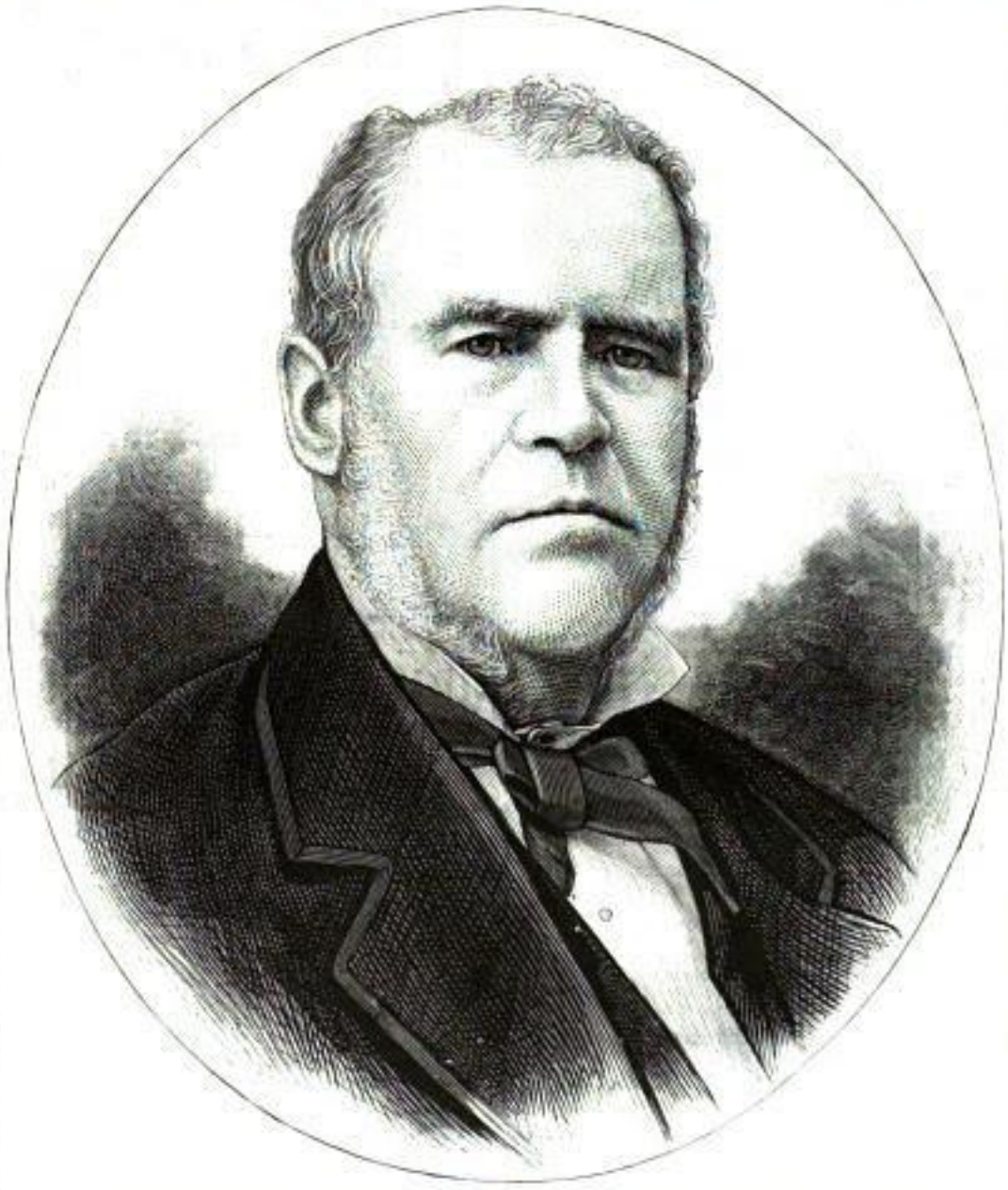
THE Italian bark *Amalfi*, 400 tons burden, loaded with 2,200 barrels of refined petroleum, was burned to the water's edge off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, early on the morning of May 20th. When the fire broke out the crew were asleep, but the captain was awakened by a pet dog, and as speedily as possible gave the alarm to the crew, who, almost naked, leaped into a boat and rowed hastily for the shore. They had barely rowed a furlong when a terrific explosion occurred. The decks were shattered, but the masts stood, and the hull was comparatively unbroken. At that time in the morning the clouds overhead were of an inky blackness, and the light of the burning ship made a grand display.

Nearly everybody in the village of Tompkinsville, and on the shores for many miles, was watching it. A correspondent says of the explosion itself: "A volume of red flame shot up from the hold of the vessel, carrying with it portions of the decks, implements, and lower rigging. It mounted higher than the topmast, and scattered burning fragments in all directions. These were mirrored in the water as they were falling. The flames leaped from rope to rope in the rigging, and in an instant almost the entire rigging was afire. The small ropes looked like threads of flame. The cords with which the furled sails had been made fast were burned off, and the sails unfurled themselves. Then the flames caught them and burned them till they rose on the heated air and were broken into charred fragments. These floated away on the wind like dry leaves over a forest fire.

"All of this—the volume of flame bursting from the vessel's hold, the burning rigging and the flying cinders—was mirrored in the black water, forming such a picture as is never seen except when a full-rigged vessel burns on the water at night. The spars and ropes of the ships lying near seemed to be gilded by the light from the burning bark. You could see the men leaning on the rails of those ships and watching the flames. The light was so brilliant that one could see to read a newspaper on the landing. The faces of the crowds along the shore were as clearly discernible as they would have been by day.

"The smaller portions of the rigging were quickly consumed, and only the thicker were left. The foremast was the last to fall. Something about the truck seemed to prevent the flames from climbing over it; but at last they caught above, and soon the mast went over. The burning sides of the vessel curled up in brands and dropped into the water, and then floated away on the tide. The vessel burned down to the water-mark."

The dog that warned the captain and crew just in time to enable them to escape being blown into the air by the explosion was himself hoisted to an unpleasant height when she blew up. He came to the surface after he fell, and climbed on some planks that were floating near him. He drifted close to another craft and was taken on board. Subsequently the captain recovered him. The ship's crew saved only the garments in which they had been sleeping. The origin of the fire is unknown. The estimated value of the cargo is something over $10,000, for which sum it was insured.



HON. WILLIAM HUNTER, SECOND ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE HON. WILLIAM HUNTER.

ON Thursday, May 22d, this venerable public official celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Department of State at the national capital. His first service in our Foreign Office was as translator, beginning in 1829. Since then he has remained in various positions under the different Secretaries, starting under Martin Van Buren, in that year, following John Forsythe; Daniel Webster, in 1841; James Buchanan, in 1845; John M. Clayton, in 1849; William L. Marcy, in 1853; Lewis Cass, in 1857; William H. Seward, in 1861; Hamilton Fish, in 1869, and William M. Evarts, in 1877, until now he is the Senior Assistant Secretary of State. All the Secretaries of State under whom he was a subordinate have passed away, with the exception of Hamilton Fish, Elihu B. Washburne, Jeremiah S. Black and William M. Evarts. Mr. Hunter has had intimate relations with such British Ministers as Hon. Charles Richard Vaughan, who succeeded Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards the eminent British Minister at Constantinople, who came to Washington in 1820, and left in 1823. Mr. Vaughan remained until 1839,

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and was followed by Henry Stephen Fox, who remained as British Plenipotentiary from 1836 to 1844, and was in turn succeeded by Lord Ashburton, Right Hon. Richard Pakenham, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Crampton, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Lord Napier, Lord Lyons, Sir Frederick Bruce, the present Sir Edward Thornton, and the great English statesman, Earl De Grey and Ripon, Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Sir John A. McDonald, Montague Bernard, Lord Tenterden, of the High Joint British Commission, who, in February of 1871, came to the country to settle the differences between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Hunter, who is a fine linguist, speaking French, German, Spanish and Italian, with equal facility, met the French plenipotentiaries of his day and time, and the Spanish, including the celebrated Calderon de la Barca and his accomplished wife; and the Prussians or Germans, including the old dean of the foreign legations, Baron Gerolt, who spent altogether nearly twenty-four years as minister resident and minister plenipotentiary of his country at the American capital; also, the Russian notabilities, including Bodisco and Stoeckl and Catacazy. Mr. Hunter was seventy-three years old last November.

A Lucky Russian Hatter.

In connection with the attempt made the other day upon the life of the Czar, it may not be uninteresting to call to mind a rather absurd *mal entendu* which took place years ago. In April, 1866, a student, by name Karakosoff, fired on His Majesty in the Summer Gardens. It was supposed—how the story got about nobody ever really knew—that a certain hatter, named Komissaroff, had saved the Imperial life, whereas, as a matter of fact, chancing to be near the sovereign at the moment the attempt was made, he had simply fainted from sheer fright. General Todleben happened to be in the Gardens at the same time, and hearing that the man lying insensible in the path had saved the Czar's life, he gave orders to have him taken care of and most preciously looked after. General Souwaroff, Governor-General of St. Petersburg, then heard of this worthy and sent for him. The poor man, still dazed with fright, of course answered the summons; but imagine his astonishment when he was presented to the sovereign, who stood in one of the reception rooms of the Winter Palace surrounded by a group of officers and noblemen all in brilliant uniform, and when the Czar stepped forward, took him in his arms, kissed him on both cheeks, and said, "I create you a gentleman, Ossif Komissaroff. Conduct yourself according to your new rank!" Then, turning to his *entourage*, the Czar asked, "What think you?" A hearty cheer was the reply, and from that moment the poor hatter became the idol of St. Petersburg. In vain on several occasions the poor man endeavored to explain the mistake and to prove that he had done absolutely nothing to save the life of his sovereign. No one would listen to him. He and his heirs were invested with a title of nobility, and an official announcement appeared that he had become "Komisarof-Kostromskoi." Large sums of money were collected for him, and he was gazetted sub-lieutenant in a hussar regiment. Tutors were appointed to teach him how to read and write, and his father, a convict, was released from Siberia. It was by a lucky accident that the poor hatter happened to be in the Summer Gardens on that April day, was it not?

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,

NO. 5 NASSAU STREET.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1879.

FOUR PER CENT. CIRCULAR, No. 6.

THE demand for our circulars almost equals the demand for the four per cent. bonds, so universal is the interest in the subject of investment in Government bonds. Of each one we have been compelled to order and issue from five to ten thousand to satisfy the eager inquiries from investors, and although only three days have elapsed since the issue of the last, we are so besieged for the latest information, and so many new questions are daily arising, that we are compelled to issue another in order to save time and satisfy inquiries. From friends, investors, and the public generally, constantly come the queries—Are not the four per cents too high? Won't they decline after a while? Shall we not do better by waiting? Will not business revive and make money scarce? Will not something happen for us who have waited to invest our money in "fours" or to exchange our called bonds, to put down the market price to our figure? May not some miracle happen whereby we, the holders of $200,000,000 called bonds, can all supply ourselves out of $25,000,000 "fours," without raising their market price? Won't the great European markets and investors, with cash in their hands, wait a while, hoping to buy on more favorable terms? What are we, the National Banks, going to do with our $40,000,000 of called bonds still in the Banking Department? Can we afford to wait until our called bonds mature, and then pay three, four or five per cent. difference, or retire our circulation and lose the interest on the four per cents, which as a basis for circulation would be almost clear profit? How high will the four per cents go? Do you really think our credit has reached the basis of a three and a half per cent. bond at par? What does London want of our long four per cents at a premium when they can get their own three per cent. consols at a little under par? To what price must our four per cents advance before the income will be reduced to the income received from British consols? Can we not do better next week, or next month, or next Fall, or next year? All these questions, and hundreds of others, are asked over and over every day.

One answer is certain, and that is, that if "fours" were not wanted, all these questions would not be asked; and another is, if the supply of "fours" was unlimited, no such intense anxiety would exist. Since 1870 the Government has had its hundreds of millions of bonds for all comers. Now they are all out, and investors have only to feed on each other. This simple fact tells the whole story. Every year produces its surplus income of hundreds of millions; the Government itself is paying out for interest on its bonds an average of nearly two millions a week, the national banks as much more, the railroads as much more; the savings banks, insurance and trust companies, as much more; States, counties, town and villages, as much more; the products of the land, of the forests, of the mines, double and treble this amount, while all the varied industries of the land are swelling the grand total. All this national wealth underlies the credit of the Government, which issues its bonds running a generation and a half, free of all taxation, and pays four per cent. per annum interest, returning the principal at maturity.

With all this competition for the bonds and no more supply, can they remain at one fixed price, and if not, will they go up or down? In reply to the questions put to us, we would say, first—we do not think the four per cents too high until their income is reduced below three and a half per cent., and this figure is, with present amount of accrued interest, 109.35; and, second—we do not think investors will do better by waiting. We do not think holders of called bonds will gain anything but experience by waiting. We think the European markets and cash customers will soon hold all the remaining supply. We know that every family North, East, South and West must and will put part of their savings into four per cents for safety from the thousand and one perils that beset investments in every other direction. We know that the four per cents are equal in income to the British consols until they advance to over eighteen per cent. premium. We know that the large amounts recently bought of the Government by the National Bank of Commerce and the First National Bank and their associates are nearly all exhausted. We believe if the price of the balance was advanced to five per cent. premium it would make little difference in the demand.

We do not forget that a few months ago we placed the fives and sixes of 1881 at the top of the list; neither do we forget that the Government has since knocked away the barrier between them and danger of redemption at maturity, by doing in four months what it then appeared would be good work for as many years.

As this may be the last circular we shall issue before the four per cents are all gone, we would take this occasion to thank the press and many friends for their cordial words of cheer in this undertaking to market the "last of the four per cents."

Respectfully, FISK & HATCH.

FUN.

WHAT was it that Barnegat?

BRICKMAKERS would make good soldiers; they are kiln fellows.

IT was a wag of a lawyer who said he went into the Supreme Court-room in Washington "to see the bench show."

YOU may talk about Communists, but the person who chiefly desires that the ruler be done away with is the schoolboy.

THE Southern press have adopted the right plan at last to check the Negro exodus. They are publishing reports to the effect that the watermelon crop in the South this year will be the largest ever known, and that growers will be compelled to give them away to get rid of them. Circulate this fact among the colored refugees in Kansas, and they will return home in the next boat.

CONCERNING Thomas Carlyle Mrs. Hooper tells this story: An American gentleman once called to see him, and was greeted in the following manner: "Weel, sir, and so ye come frae that big country where the vote of the grandest scoondrel on airth is equal to that of Jesus Christ. And ye think much o' Jarge Washington; but he was no a great mon—he was a good surveyor, maybe, but he was no a great mon."

"YES, your Honor," says the prisoner, "I admit that I broke into his house to rob it, but I did not intend to add violence to my crime." "You did not intend—of course you didn't. But if the witness had heard you, had called out 'Who's there?' had——" "Oh, of course, if he'd begun it I should have had to defend myself, and so would you if any man attacked you while you were peaceably going through his house." (Held in $10,000.)

THE Count de V., in the mildest tone, to his servant: "Joseph, you have been drinking my rum again, and you have put water in it to make up the deficiency." "I admit it, sir; but I swear I will drink no more of it." The Count de V., slightly elevating his shoulders: "You always exaggerate! I did not ask you not to drink it. I only ask you not to put water in what's left. For, really, it isn't fair that you should drink rum pure and that I should drink rum and water."

A GENTLEMAN, passing a couple of youngsters who were sitting on a doorstep with slates on their laps, overheard in their colloquy a strange bit of rhetoric brought to bear on the problem: "Take two from one and one remains." The gentleman, not having thoroughly understood the argument, yet convinced of its fallacy, offered something short of a shilling to him who could prove, either rhetorically or mathematically, the solubility of the problem; whereupon they offered him ocular demonstration, and led him through to their mother, who sat in the kitchen with her twins in her arms. Having each deprived her of an infant, they pointed to her who remained to prove that "if you take two from one, one remains!"

THE FORGETFULNESS OF PEOPLE.

THE Oxford Professor who, to avoid the wind when taking snuff, turned around, but forgot to turn back, and walked six miles into the country, was no more forgetful than those who still use the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, forgetting that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, are a positive and reliable cathartic, readily correcting all irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

THE desire to go out and in among men neatly attired betokens refinement, and is an evidence of self-respect to be encouraged. The privilege of wearing genteel clothing is no longer confined to men of large means, whose wardrobes are made to order, for now leading manufacturers of gentlemen's ready-made clothing keep abreast of freshest fashions, drawing to them buyers otherwise inaccessible, and competition has made prices markedly in favor of consumers. One of New York's leading houses in Clothing for Men, Boys and Children—ROGERS, PEET & Co., 487 Broadway, corner Broome Street—invite an inspection of their display by our city and suburban readers. To buyers remote from New York they supply samples of goods, rules for self-measurement, and fashion-plates; and goods sent by express may be examined before payment is made.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The most delicate invalids, the greatest sufferers with seasickness, and those whose nervous systems are most sensitive, prefer it before all others, and use it to the exclusion of all others, not for a time only, but always and continuously. The sense of smell never tires of its soft, refreshing odor.

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THERE are certain diseases which defy medical treatment even when administered by the most skilled practitioners and specialists. Among these may be classed Consumption, Catarrh, and Neuralgia, the first carrying off its tens of thousands of victims annually, and the others dooming to a life of misery and torture quite as many more. The best men in the profession are able to do but little for the relief of these unhappy sufferers, too many of whom resort, in the vain hope of relief, to the use of patent nostrums which in most cases do more harm than good. Now, it should be known that there is a new treatment for these and many other chronic ailments, the effect of which is claimed to be little less than miraculous. It is called "The Compound Oxygen Treatment," and is said to be entirely free from drugs or anything that can produce the slightest injurious effect upon the most delicate organism. If the half be true that is claimed for this new treatment, then the invalid's millenium has come. The evidence submitted is certainly very strong. All information in regard to this new cure will be found in a small treatise on Compound Oxygen, which is sent free by Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1,112 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

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THE report of the New York Produce Exchange for the year 1878 is a volume of great interest and value. It includes a vast amount of statistics, exhibiting the features and extent of our metropolitan and national commerce, and has a chapter on "Trade and Transportation" which is of peculiar interest.

THE annual report of the Board of Police Justices of this city, for 1878, furnishes an interesting exhibit of the business of these courts and the grades of crime with which they have to deal. The total number of cases disposed of last year was 78,533.

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A list of Gifts sent to book-buyers during the past week will be published in this column next week.

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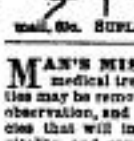
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CONTENTS OF JUNE NUMBER.

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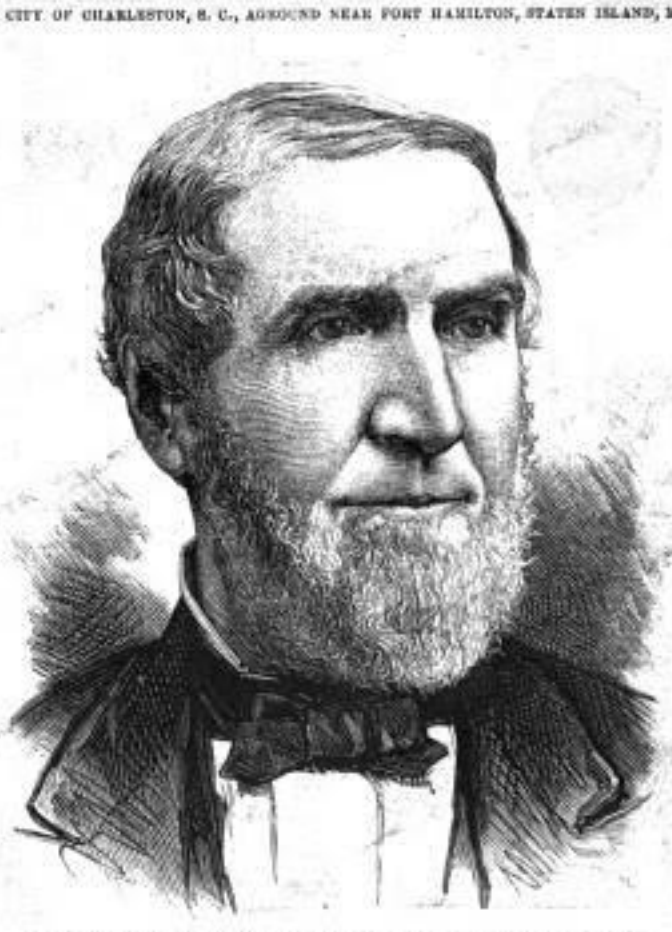
NEW YORK.—THE STEAMER "CHARLESTON," OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AGROUND NEAR FORT HAMILTON, STATEN ISLAND, MAY 18TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. S. COZZENS.

THE STEAMER "CHARLESTON" AGROUND IN A FOG.

ON the night of May 17th a fog of unusual density settled upon the Bay and Harbor of New York, and as a result nearly all the outgoing steamers were compelled to anchor near Sandy Hook, where they remained during the whole of the following day. Incoming steamers experienced great difficulty in making the harbor, some temporarily abandoning all attempts to do so. At five o'clock on the morning of the 18th the steamer *Charleston*, from the city of Charleston, S. C., went aground in the fog, between Forts Hamilton and Lafayette, but was got off after some hours' delay, without serious injury. We illustrate the incident on this page.

THE LATE ASA PACKER.

JUDGE ASA PACKER, who died in Philadelphia, May 17th, was, in the broadest sense, a representative American. From the lowest and humblest station in life he climbed, by his own inherent qualities, to eminence and power, winning honors and wealth, and making a deep impression on the annals of his time. He was born at Groton, Conn., December 29th, 1805, and without any education other than he had gained in a few months' "schooling," was permitted, at the age of seventeen, to shift for himself, which he did by shouldering his knapsack and removing to Susquehanna County, Pa., then an undeveloped country, and learning the carpenter's trade. Six years later, in 1828, having saved a little money, cleared a little land of woods, and built a log cabin of his own, similar to those he had built for his neighbors, he married and settled in life, doing odd jobs at his trade for the neighbors, and taking his pay in the services or goods of his customers. In 1833 he moved to Mauch Chunk, then a canal town, where he turned his trade to account in building a canal-boat to ply between that place and Philadelphia. He was captain and freight and passenger agent for his own boat, and here, by slow degrees, laid the foundation of his magnificent fortune. It had taken him several years of spare times, working at his trade in the Winter, and earning a little money on the canal in the Summer, to fight his way to this start in life. Three years later he was the owner or part owner of several other canal-boats, and had founded the firm of Packer Brothers, so long well known in the valley. Mauch Chunk was then a growing town. The coal interest was yet undeveloped, and the railroad interests of Pennsylvania were still in the speculative stage. The Packer Brothers embarked in business presently as contractors, building dams and locks, and performing feats of engineering that were the wonder of their primitive community.



THE LATE JUDGE ASA PACKER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTEKUNST.

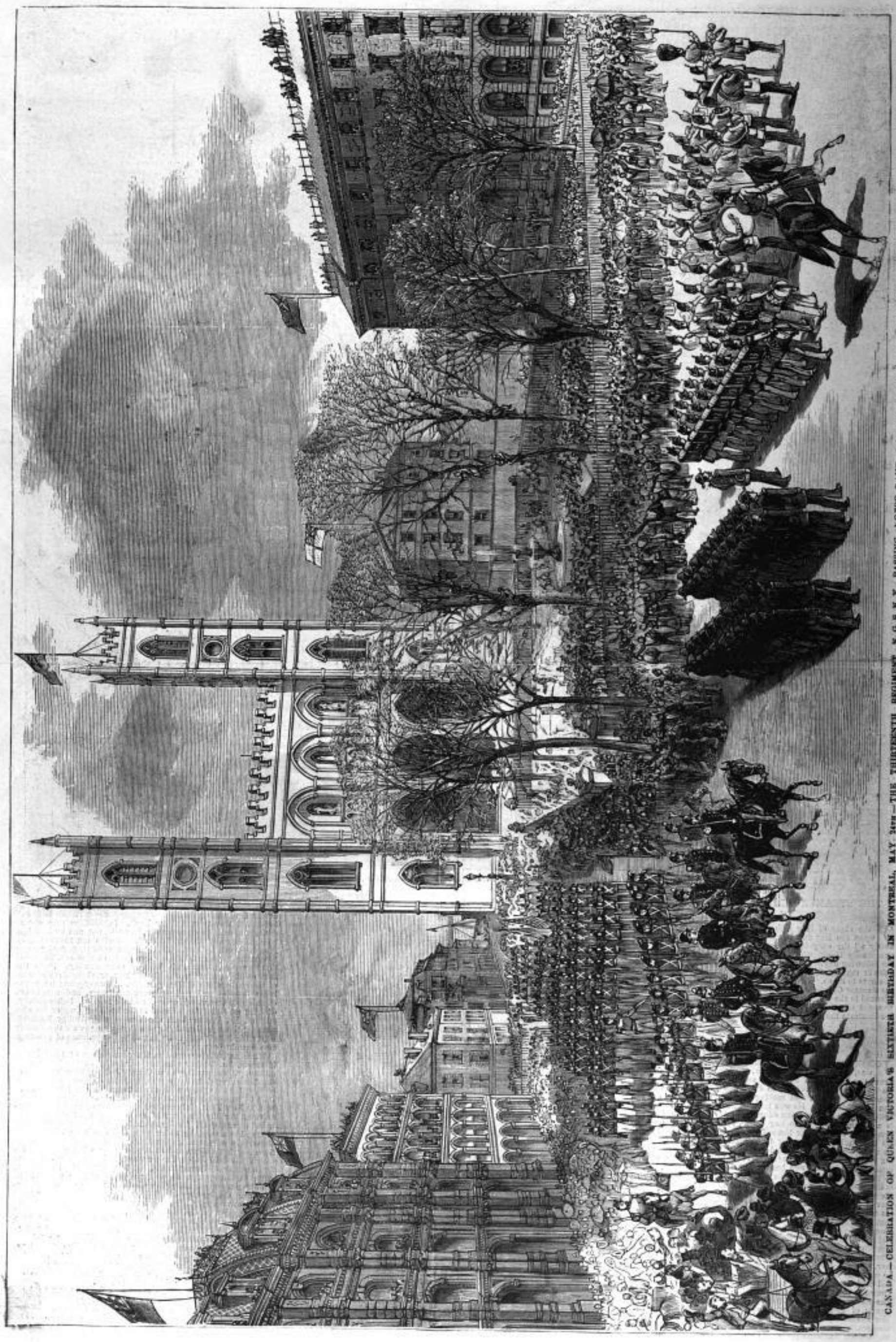
Asa Packer went further, bought coal lands whenever he found them in the market, worked his own mines, and was among the first to open the now tremendous coal traffic between Schuylkill County and New York. In 1852, relying almost entirely upon his own resources, he projected, and by 1855 had built, the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and also the railroad from Mauch Chunk to Erie. He met with serious pecuniary embarrassments in completing these great enterprises, but tided them over and ultimately became very wealthy. From the first of these great works dates the marvelous development of the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Towns sprang up, population doubled and trebled every ten years, and a network of railroads was woven over the whole region. Subsequently, desiring an outlet for his coal to the seaboard, under his own control, Mr. Packer built the Easton and Amboy Railroad, running through New Jersey to Perth Amboy on the Raritan Bay, and which is said to be, in point of excellence of construction, equal to any road in the country.

While actively engaged in the prosecution of his business interests, Mr. Packer was not unmindful of his duties as a citizen. After serving as a County Judge and a member of the State Legislature, he was, in 1853, elected to Congress, serving for four years with credit to his State and himself. In 1868 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention held in New York, and received the twenty-six votes of Pennsylvania for the Presidential nomination until the fifteenth ballot was reached. During the balloting, before the delegation changed its vote, he twice received one vote from North Carolina, once one vote from California, at one time a half-vote from North Carolina, and at another time a half-vote from Indiana. In 1869 Judge Packer was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, but lacked 4,500 of an election. After that campaign he took no active part in politics. In 1875 he was appointed a Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition. On January 23d, 1878, Judge and Mrs. Packer (still living) celebrated their golden wedding, with 1,000 guests, at the family mansion in Mauch Chunk.

Judge Packer was the founder and benefactor of the Lehigh University at South Bethlehem, Pa., which was chartered in 1865 under Protestant Episcopal control. For the establishment of this institution, tuition in which was made entirely free, Judge Packer gave $500,000 and suitable grounds. Lehigh University was originally designed to give a purely scientific education, and the school of general literature—similar to the ordinary college—was subsequently added.

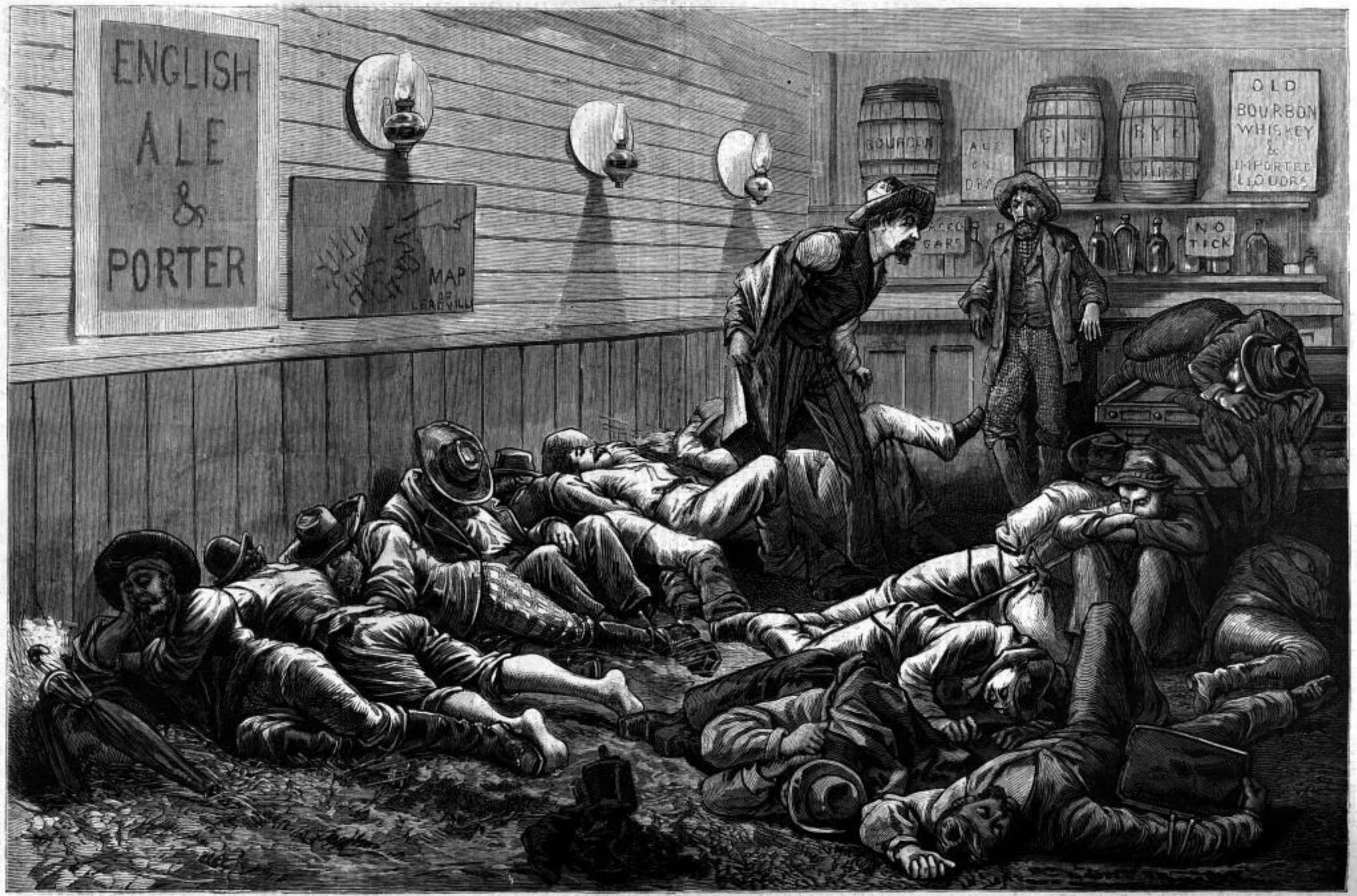
The will of Judge Packer bequeaths for the permanent endowment of Lehigh University, $1,500,000; for a library for the University, $500,000; St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, $300,000; St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Mauch Chunk, $30,000. There are several bequests which are kept private for the present.

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CANADA.—CELEBRATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL, MAY 23D.—THE TERRITORIAL REGIMENT, M. G. S. M. V., PASSING NOTRE-DAME ON THE EVENING OF MAY 22D.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 227.

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COLORADO.—SCENES IN THE NEW MINING TOWN OF LEADVILLE—MINERS AND EMIGRANTS ENJOYING A SAW-DUST SLEEP IN A BILLIARD SALOON AT "TWO BITS" A NIGHT.—From a Sketch by E. Jump.—See Page 223.

Supplement, June 7, 1879.]

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WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ONE of the earliest, strongest, and most consistent of American abolitionists died, May 24th, in the fullness of years and honor at the residence of his son-in-law in New York City. William Lloyd Garrison was born at Newburyport, Mass., December 12th, 1804, his parents being natives of the province of New Brunswick. After a trial of the trades of shoemaker and printer, he, through various degrees, at last became an editor. As early as at eighteen years of age he began to write for the Newburyport *Herald*, then for the Salem *Gazette*. His articles were on political topics. Those for the *Herald* were unsigned, those for the *Gazette* were over the name of "Aristides." He became editor and owner of the Newburyport *Free Press* in 1826, but the paper failed, and in the following year he took editoral charge of the *National Philanthropist*, of Boston, an advocate of total abstinence. But his great life-work was begun in 1829, when he, in conjunction with Benjamin Lundy, edited the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, a journal published in Boston devoted to the abolition of slavery. Lundy was in favor of a gradual emancipation of the negroes, while Garrison advocated striking off their shackles immediately and at one blow. The journal was bold and uncompromising in its tone, and created strong friends and bitter enemies. Garrison knew no fear. He denounced slavery and the slave-trade with that sublime courage that comes of honesty and integrity. The ship *Francis*, owned by Francis Todd, of Newburyport, having taken a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, Garrison denounced the act as "a domestic piracy," and declared his purpose "to cover with thick infamy" all who were connected with it. He was indicted and held for libel for this, and sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs, and Mr. Todd, in a civil suit against him, obtained a judgment of $1,000. As he could not pay the fine he was sent to jail, where he remained for two months, until Arthur Tappan, of New York, paid the fine for him. Nothing daunted, however, he began, in January, 1831, the publication of the *Liberator*, which lasted for thirty-four years. The Legislature of Georgia offered a reward of $5,000 for his arrest.

In 1832 he organized the New England (afterwards the Massachusetts) Anti-Slavery Society. He visited England in 1833, and on his return organized the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which he became president.

His work grew and his friends increased, and in 1865, when he resigned the presidency of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and discontinued the publication of the *Liberator*, he saw the fruition of all his hopes, and his native country held not a single slave throughout its borders. He was presented with $30,000 by his admirers in token of his unremitting labors in behalf of freedom. In 1867 he again visited England, where he was received with honor. A volume of his poems was published in 1843, and a selection of his speeches and writings in 1852.



THE LATE WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HARDY.

WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS SUMMER?

"WHERE we shall go?" That curious hegira which possesses all inhabitants of North America during the reign of the Dog Star depends very much on who we are.

If we are young married people, with several children, we shall seek some cool, quiet, retired spot, where we can be moderately amused ourselves, and where the children will be presumably well and comfortable. If we are so unfortunate as to own a country place, we shall go there. If we are free as air, and very rich and well clothed, we shall go to Saratoga or Newport. If we are lucky, we shall go to Europe.

In any contingency, we shall go *somewhere*. It is written on the lintels of all the inhabitants of the "States" that they shall be peripatetic in Summer. The local aristocracy of the inland towns would be lost and miserable without Saratoga. It is the place where one sees the fashions, hears the last and best *mot*, meets the untrammeled beau, drinks the waters, drives through the softest and most perfect Summer air, fragrant with balsamic pine, and hears the best music and sees the best second-rate racing. It is equally agreeable to the Cit and the countryman to meet at Saratoga. The hotels are peerless, especially the "United States," which is Versailles on a small scale.

Then, Newport—to those that love the sea,



KENTUCKY.—MALE MUMMY FOUND IN THE GRAND CRYSTAL AVENUE CAVE.—SEE PAGE 228.

Newport is wonderfully fine. There is no such place in the world as Newport, no such houses built for a three months' occupancy. It is the Summer Washington—our Biarritz. The court meets there. If it has a fault, it is that it is too clique-loving—too much a *villegiature* of New York, too fashionable, too expensive, and too exclusive for the general visitor.

Some one said that to be eligible for Newport one must have a villa, a view, a vehicle, and a visiting list. Perhaps the four v's are necessary to the perfection of a Newport experience, but not indispensable. The ocean and a friend make Newport tolerable, although the villa life, as affording an immediate reproach to your own nomad hotel existence, is sometimes very envy-inspiring.

Newport having such a reputation, of course draws to itself all the *diplomats* and our wandering princes and lords. It is the most perfect of seaside climates to those who like a soft, Devonshire, Gulf-stream, damp mildness. It is death on ostrich feathers and all thin dresses. But for a Summer morning drive in a pony-phaeton, a lawn-party, or a tea-dinner after the drive—and what is equal in splendor to that ocean drive, or to a morning *musicale!*—all the women in Paris dresses—what can be more elegant and more luxurious? That it is hard work, and as gay as the London season, is too true. It is not the relaxation which a woman needs after a season in town, nor is it "easy" to a newcomer.

One needs the four v's, and perhaps another v—vigilance—to keep up with the gay leaders of Newport.

Saratoga needs but one luxury—a handsome toilet—and that is not indispensable. But most women are unhappy unless as well dressed as their neighbors, and people do wear fine clothes at Saratoga. There the life is all hotel life. It is a gay, public, real watering-place existence. There are comparatively few villas near the great caravanseries—the opulent few are in the minority. It is what every great watering-place should be, a democracy. No charm is wanting at Saratoga except a greater quantity of outside attraction in the way of places to go to. There is but one excitement possible—a dinner at the lake, away from the hotel.

Sharon opens its healthful season in July. There sulphur baths add to the reason for going, and the hotel, which is all piazza, presents the most noble view in America.

Richfield has great attractions of lake and drive, and houses where one can drive for a dinner. The sulphur baths are most efficacious, and the hotels wonderfully fine. It is not so fashionable or so *exigeant* as Sharon, but it is more amusing.

Then come the White Mountains, with their large and growing audience, the Profile House being almost as fashionable, in its way, as Newport. No fine dressing, but much mountaineering, riding on a buckboard, and such primitive sport. There, fine views, excursions, and all sorts of out-of-door life, remind the visitor of Switzerland.

There is no drawback to the healthfulness of this life, except to those to whom mountains are unhealthy, and who get headaches in the highly rarified air. Many cannot stand it, but it is Paradise to the afflicted noses of the sufferers from hay fever.

Watkins Glen and the Delaware Water Gap offer much attraction in the way of the picturesque. Mauch Chunk, in Pennsylvania, only five hours from New York by the prettiest railroad journey possible, along the banks of the Lehigh, is a most wonderful romantic spot. Here the Lehigh looks like the black Leutchine in Switzerland, and is as well worth seeing. Mauch Chunk has all the charm of Lauterbrunnen except the Jung Frau.

These last mentioned resorts are cheap, comparatively, and need no fine clothes.

Then come the lakes. The ever serene Lake George, with fine hotels; and Lake Champlain more retired in its little watering-places. Lake Mohunk, near the old settlement of New Pals, a most fascinating place; wild and noble scenery, and very near to the Hudson River. Lake Dunmore, and a dozen others where there is boating and scenery, not to speak of Otsego Lake, at Cooperstown, famous for legend and romantic association.

Then come the farm-houses; but here this faithful chronicler stops, for the sufferings in farm-houses—however, let those who take them go to them!

The seaside comes next; and towering high stands Mount Desert, the remarkable combination of mountain and sea. This place has now an annual visiting of many thousands. It is not comfortable to the luxurious. It is somewhat primitive as yet, but it is gloriously beautiful, and it exercises over those who love it a spell such as that which Rome casts over her constant lovers.

Then all the coast, everywhere. Noble, remote, exclusive Nahant, most peerless of all spots, where Earth juts out into Sea, and throws up her frowning fortress; wild Cohasset, sober Manchester, beloved by theatrical artists; our own Long Branch, "so near and yet so far."

Then come the beautiful suburban places—Orange, Morristown, Summit, the Palisade Hotel—most romantic—with a road which is as great a wonder of engineering as the great Swiss road over the Devil's Bridge, on the way to Anderott. What a view! What a delightful spot is the Palisade Hotel, back of Englewood, and only an hour from New York.

Niagara is a charming watering-place, if not too far. It is wonderful how the beauty and grandeur and music of that great spectacle of nature grows upon one. A season of three months there, said the artist Church, left him unwilling to leave it—he was astonished every day at new beauties. It has comforts, too—excellent hotels, and the finest of drives. A little exorbitant, but not demanding much in the way of dress.

The little watering-places along the St. Lawrence are very picturesque and very cheap. One meets at them always some pleasant English and Canadian people. Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada, speaks with high commendation of these retreats. They are, too, to the wearied and jaded watering-place sufferer, something new under the sun. For there is a dreadful weariness settling down on the watering-places. Men will not go much, and the bore thrives at them. Women tire of the round of visiting, dressing, pleasure-seeking, and irresponsible life. We want to go away and hitch our pony-phaeton to a star. It is strange how some pleasure wearies! It looks so bright at first; but we suspect we have all echoed the voice of a gentleman at Saratoga last year, who said, "I don't want to eat, and I don't want to drink. I don't want to see anybody—man, woman or child. I don't want to hear any music, and I don't know what to do!"

In such a mood, the neighboring solitudes of the Adirondacks, with their eternal silence, their vast and illimitable forests, and their gentle lakes, offer intense compensation to the wearied society-lounger. Nature never fails. There are short and comfortable trips possible now in the entrances to the Adirondacks, where one can be comfortably lodged, and cheapness, health and quiet dressing go together.

As for country-house life in America, it is beset with difficulties. Servants, that great unsolved problem—that sum which refuses like Dora's, to add up—servants are terrible at country places. It requires a woman to be at once a general, an emperor, and a genius, a wit, and a lightning calculator, to keep house in the country; for she may have invited Lord Lay and Leal to dinner, and, looking out of her window, may see the cook, bag and baggage, driving off to return no more. The utter and proud irresponsibilty of our servants, their prosperity, political supremacy, and general disdain of a "character," all place the poor "mistresses" in a perpetual dilemma. Still, some women are great enough to conquer their fate, and then the country house is delightful—perhaps a little lonely, for we are not quite civilized enough for country life in this our young and crude land. We have no "resident gentry" as yet, and no "leisure class," except on the Hudson River, and there it is very, very warm.

There is no doubt but that one can go to Europe, and pass six months for less money and with more enjoyment than to stay at any of our larger watering-places.

The watering-place life of America is, then, a very decided thing: it is one of the phases of our civilization; it is the most eminent form of our gregariousness.

The quiet amusements which grow up at a small watering-place, the evening games and the morning walks, the intimacy of lawn-tennis and of croquet, often lead to that great and important game played by two and called matrimony. It used to be said that all matches made at Saratoga turned out happily, and one enterprising owner of a Spring went so far as to say, "particularly between those who drank exclusively of the Congress Spring." Whether this celebrated fountain had the virtues of the Well of St. Keyne or not it is impossible to say. Let the fortunate respond:

"If the husband at this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first—
God help the husband then!
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again."

The millions who rushed to Coney Island last Summer testified to the fact that New York is in itself a very distinguished Summer resort. Some very luxurious bachelors declare that it is the best. To be sure, with Delmonico's and the Hotel Brunswick, with their plashing fountains and flowers, and the exquisite luxuries of the table, and the whole of an empty house covered, as to floors, with clean matting, and with hot and cold baths, *à discretion*, a man may thus be more comfortable than in a stuffy room at Long Branch, or indeed elsewhere, especially if he can go down and breathe the salt air and bathe at Coney Island, when he feels the need of a few saline particulars in his body politic; and can also make a few other agreeable excursions to the Palisades and the mountains of New Jersey. Our men are obliged (or think they are) to stay in the city much of the Summer, and it is fortunate for them that they can enjoy it, and that the neighborhood offers them facilities for fresh air.

Detestable as New York streets become in July, from the dirt, the smells, and the cats, the hand-organs and the desolation; dry and nerveless as are the mornings and evenings, there still does come to it in August a sort of charm. It is cooler then, and has a sort of watering-place air; the musquitoes reserve themselves for September, and August is comparatively clear of nuisances. A great rain has cleaned the streets; the men look like East Indians in their white clothes; the matting has an Oriental suggestion; and to the lady who flits through town then from Newport to the mountains, or, dallying with her shopping a little, stops to make a necessary purchase and to pay a visit to her town-loving husband, the city seems a foreign place, her



KENTUCKY.—FEMALE MUMMY FOUND IN THE GRAND CRYSTAL AVENUE CAVE.—SEE PAGE 228.

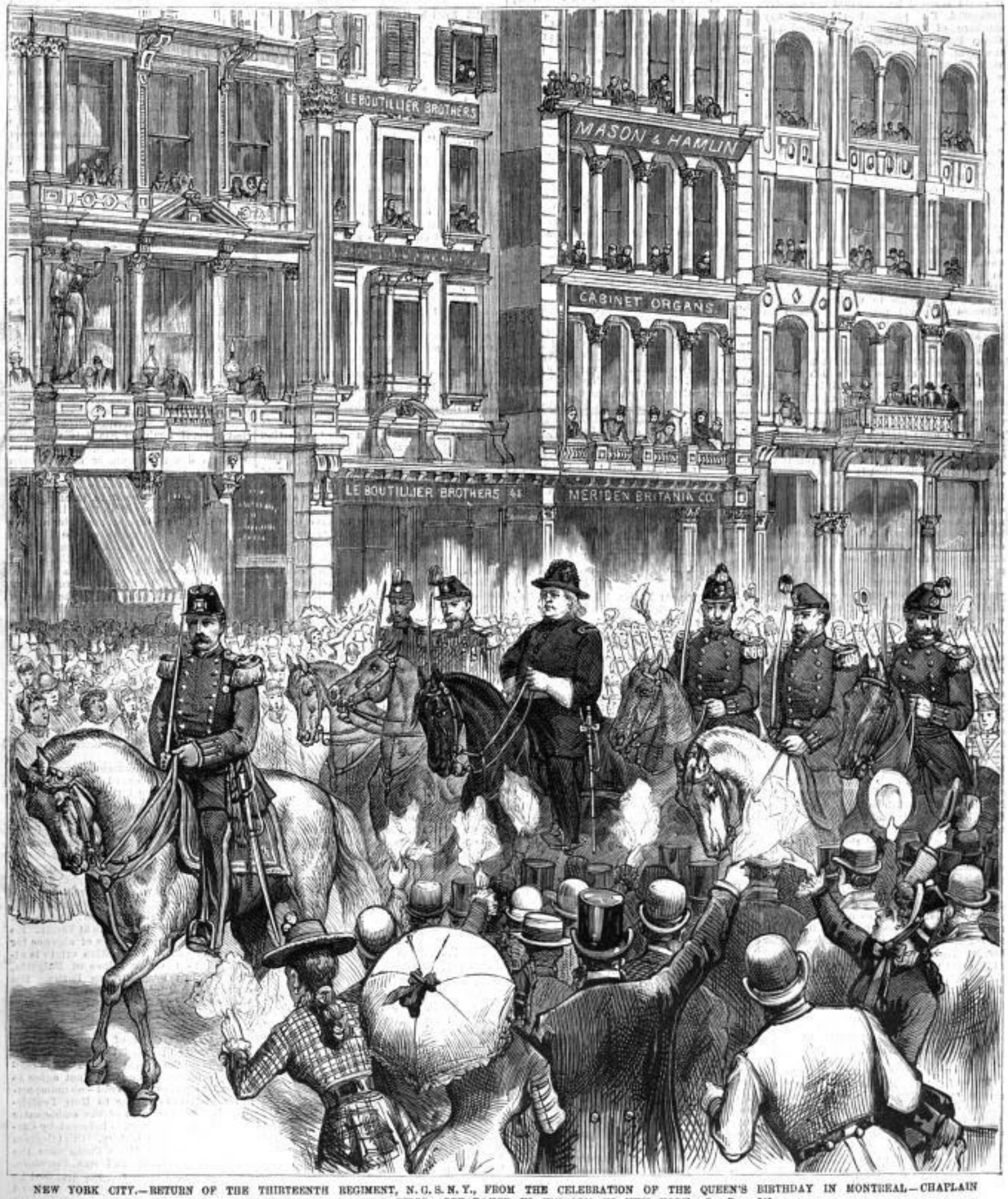
own street an unfamiliar locality. She goes to dine at the restaurant, and to a Summer theatre, and drives with him in the now deserted Park. It all reminds her a little of the wedding-journey in Europe, and how they found each other the best company everywhere, and she is rather inclined to give up even West Point, most perfect spot for June and September, until a very hot day comes to alter her resolution and she flies the city—not quite agreeing with her bachelor friend that it is "the best watering place in the country."

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—RETURN OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., FROM THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.—CHAPLAIN HENRY WARD BEECHER'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN UNIFORM IN NEW YORK.—See Page 343.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1879.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

IN commenting on the evils produced by the bad state of the English currency in the latter part of the seventeenth century, Macaulay justly remarks that it "may well be doubted whether all the misery which had been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad Kings, bad Ministers, bad Parliaments and bad Judges, was equal to the misery caused in a single year by bad crowns and bad shillings." In so writing he refers to the spurious and clipped coins which at that date had driven all honest money out of England, until, at length, in the year 1695, it could scarcely be said that the country possessed, for practical purposes, any measure of the value of commodities. When Parliament met in the Autumn of that year, all its members, adds Macaulay, were thinking of the state of the coin; all were saying that something must be done; and all acknowledged that they did not know what could be done. "I am afraid," said a member, "that the nation can bear neither the disease nor the cure."

Though the monetary condition of our country is far from being in anything like the desperate condition of the English currency in 1695, we have yet been often reminded, by current discussions in Congress at its present and former sessions, of the sagacious remark dropped by this radical reformer, who saw that financial palliatives would not cure the monetary gangrene from which England was then suffering, and who saw, too, that there was not courage enough in the patient to support the surgeon in laying a knife at the root of the cancerous growth. It seems to us that the wild schemes with which Congress has been flooded at its present session, by inflationists of both the greenback and silver stamp, are but the surface indications of a deeper disease which the nation cannot bear, and the only radical cure for which it has shown, thus far, very little willingness to endure. Bidding a truce to metaphorical speech, we venture to aver, with all positiveness and directness of language, that it is vain to hope for the disappearance of financial vagaries so long as the Federal Treasury continues to perform the functions of a bank of issue—that is, so long as it is required to maintain in circulation the existing volume of the legal-tender notes. In order that the political effect of this policy may be clearly apprehended by the reader, let us briefly review the steps by which the country has been conducted to its present attitude with regard to the United States notes.

When these notes were first issued, in the years 1862 and 1863, it was explained by the Secretary of the Treasury that they were issued only to meet the extraordinary emergencies imposed on the country by the war, and that, as soon as possible after the close of the war, they would be called in, redeemed in coin, *and cancelled by the Government.* We have before us, as we write, the annual report of Secretary Chase for the year 1863, in which he holds the following explicit language: "Just as soon as victory shall restore peace, the ample revenue, already secured by wise legislation, will enable the Government, through advantageous purchases of specie, *to replace at once large amounts, and, at no distant day, the whole of this circulation, by coin,* without detriment to any interest, but, on the contrary, with great and manifest benefit to all interests."

Soon after the close of the war Congress entered boldly and wisely on a process of contraction, which was the first condition precedent to the pledged resumption of specie payments, by the redemption of the greenbacks in coin. The reduction of the paper circulation was at first limited by the legislation of Congress to $10,000,000 for six months ending on the 12th of October, 1866, and was to proceed at the rate of $4,000,000 per month thereafter. The paper circulation of the country on the 1st of December, 1866, was as follows:

United States Notes, legal tender	$385,441,849
Fractional Currency	28,820,249
National Bank Notes	292,671,753
State Bank Notes	46,533,060
Gold Certificates of Deposit	25,638,500
Compound Interest Notes	147,387,140
Total	$920,292,551

We will not comment on the disastrous results produced by the change of financial policy adopted by Mr. Secretary Boutwell, who devoted his chief attention, not to the redemption of the paper currency, but to the payment of the public debt at a high premium and in advance of its maturity, thus crippling the productive industry of the country by laying upon it an intolerable burden of taxation (amounting in a short period to over $100,000,000) and at the same time leaving the currency in an unsettled condition while working contraction by the hard process of taxes levied to pay the bondholder before his time. Nor will we comment on the continuation of the financial woes that may be said to have sprung from the reversal by the Supreme Court in 1871, of the decision by which it had, in 1869, put the legal tender notes of the United States under ban of unconstitutionality for debts contracted prior to their issue. No laches on the part of Secretaries or of Courts can excuse Congress from its paramount responsibility in the premises, and, having pledged the country again and again to the earliest possible redemption of the legal tender notes and their retirement, it was the duty of Congress to take no step backwards until this end was attained.

Unhappily, the Act of 1875, pledging the United States to a resumption of specie payments on the 1st of January, 1879, was not explicit on the point in question. The supporters of that measure refused to say whether, under its operation, the United States notes, as they should be called in, were to be cancelled or not. Senators Schurz and Bayard, as consistent hard-money men and honest financiers, pressed for a frank and straightforward policy under this head, but they could not carry their point. The Republican caucus which matured the Resumption Act of 1875 had wisdom enough to see that the evils under which the country was then laboring could not be endured, but they had not quite wisdom enough to endure a permanent cure of the evils by providing for a withdrawal of the legal-tender notes, as well as for their redemption in specie. And, profiting by this weakness, the inflationists of the last Congress were able to carry through both Houses the Act of 1878, by which the Secretary of the Treasury is compelled to reissue the legal-tender notes as fast as they come in for coin redemption.

Now, while this state of things endures the inflationists have, in this "Congress-made money," a constant nest-egg for the hatching of their "flat-money" projects. Hence the crazy scheme of Weaver, proposing to issue $500,000,000 of new legal-tender paper, "to be used for such purposes as Congress by law shall direct"; of De La Matyr, calling for $1,000,000,000 greenbacks to be divided among various corporations; of Muldrow, asking for $500,000,000 in legal-tenders, and insisting that the present specie reserve of the Treasury shall be used up in redeeming the bonds of the Government, as far as it will go.

If we are to have an end of such assaults on the public credit and on the revival of prosperity, the Government must withdraw altogether from the banking business, for it is as true now as it was in the days when Aristophanes made it the topic of satire in one of his comedies, that bad money is the nurse of demagogues like Cleon and Hyperbolus.

THE DEAD OF THE WAR.

ONCE more our National Decoration Day has been celebrated. The army of the dead has again passed in review under the respectful salute of millions. Again the long muster-roll of honor has been called, and new flowers have been laid upon old graves, and tears have bedewed the flowers.

There is no more ennobling sentiment in human nature than that which impels the living to tender memorial tributes to the dead — to decorate their resting-places, to recall the virtues of their lives, and throw upon the unresponsive sod an evergreen suggestive of a life to come. Especially is this elevating and purifying when those who are honored have given their lives for others—have died for an idea, crowning their earthly hours with a high self-sacrifice. From this point of view, the mounds of all soldiers who have fought for a cause are holy, and worthy of being remembered by all who admire courage and devotion. From this point of view the passer-by would do a worthy thing to honor both the Blue and the Gray, and drop a wreath of flowers upon every soldier's mound:

"—— that low green tent
Whose curtain ever outward swings."

For he is dead; he died for what he fancied to be the welfare of others; and he found his muster-out at the front.

But there is even a higher point of view than this, which will commend itself to all except mere sentimentalists. That is, that the deserts of a dead soldier will ever be held to depend somewhat on the outcome of the fight in which he lost his life. If the world in the future shall deem that cause to be just, he will be doubly honored; if it shall hold the cause to have been unworthy, or ignoble, or even, on the whole, unnecessary, his grave will grow to weeds which the love of man will never turn to flowers. So, while the graves of both the Blue and the Gray will be decorated, for high personal qualities possessed or imputed, and while Pity will strew some roses of tender sympathy on the grave of him who gave his brave young life for a Lost Cause, the meed of honor will still be given to the hero who died that the Nation might live, because it is widely felt that his judgment justified his courage, and that he actually died for the establishment of a principle worth the sacrifice. For this supreme reason, the 30th of May must ever be more and more widely remembered, at least for another generation, while the day set apart for Confederate decoration will gradually be forgotten except for the personal expression to which it gives opportunity, and the celebration as a public rite will fall into disuse.

The celebration of Decoration Day by the North was this year uncommonly earnest and enthusiastic. No recent May has witnessed such an attestation of devotion to the soldier-dead. The fact embodies a solid ground of encouragement for the future, since it shows that the popular appreciation of the principles for which our soldiers suffered and died deepens and broadens with the passing years.

ENGLAND'S WARS.

THE British Government has been at length compelled to admit the failure of its plans for the subjugation of the Zulus. Not only was the task to which it addressed itself more formidable than was anticipated at the outset, but the agents employed for its accomplishment have proved conspicuously incapable and inefficient. To retrieve the disasters which have overtaken the British arms and secure the speediest possible termination of the campaign, the Government has now placed General Sir Garnet Wolseley in supreme command on the Zulu frontier, thus removing Lord Chelmsford, whose recall has been so loudly demanded; and should the Zulus continue to maintain their defiant attitude, hostilities will speedily be renewed on a scale and with a vigor which can scarcely fail, ultimately, to command decisive success. At the last accounts, two principal columns, operating from bases widely apart, were preparing to move upon Cetewayo's stronghold, but possibly this plan of campaign will now be temporarily suspended, awaiting the arrival of the new commander-in-chief. It is significant that, prior to the appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley, military authorities in South Africa very generally regarded the war as likely to be prolonged over two campaigns. Another significant circumstance is that the Boers of the Transvaal still display an uneasiness which amounts almost to menace, and that, as a result, a portion of the British cavalry will be sent to guard the border and prevent an outbreak.

Meanwhile, in Afghanistan, Beaconsfield secures his "scientific frontier" with other concessions which make the Ameer a mere vassal of the British Government. The Ameer, however, appears to have secured very important pecuniary advantages before coming to terms, it being understood that he is to be paid a subsidy of $290,400 annually. The treaty also provides that British sympathizers in Afghanistan shall be amnestied; that the Ameer shall be supported against foreign aggression; that the British Resident at Cabul shall be provided with a proper escort; that he shall have power to depute British agents to the Afghan frontier on special occasions, and that the Ameer shall be permitted to send agents to India. It does not follow, of course, that because Yakoob Khan thus capitulates, either his people or the various claimants to his throne will submit in good faith to the new *régime*, but no resistance can long withstand the British advance, and the contest may therefore be regarded as practically over.

Terminating thus, with the acquisition of commercial and political advantages of the very highest importance, involving the effectual overthrow of Russian influence in the Afghan territory, the war, which for a time provoked vigorous condemnation at the hands of a portion of the British public, will be generally accepted as only another demonstration of the wonderful sagacity of a Prime Minister who, had he never won any other title, would have fairly deserved that of Fortunate.

STREET-CLEANING METHODS.

THE City of Boston enjoys a happy eminence in the cleanliness of its streets, as in many other matters, æsthetic, social and material. The system of cleaning is conducted altogether on business principles, with reference to sanitary rather than political ends, and is in every respect as practical and thorough as it can be made. Some 450 men are constantly employed in the work, 82 of whom are hand-sweepers, and there are 30 street-teams, 9 sweeping-machines, 6 water-carts—for laying the dust for the sweepers—57 ash-wagons, 41 offal-wagons and 12 cesspool-wagons. The force is divided into four sections, and each week 180 miles of streets are cleaned. As to the details of the work, a correspondent supplies these facts:

"The street-sweeping begins as a steady work April 1st, and continues to December 16th. Occasionally, during the Winter months, during dry weather, the streets are also thoroughly swept; and they are kept in as good condition as possible when snow and ice are packed into them, and the crossing-sweepers are employed steadily. The work of cleaning the business streets begins at 5 A. M., and is done entirely in the daytime. The principal business and residence streets are cleaned and swept thoroughly every day during the sweeping season, mostly early in the morning, before the street traffic begins, the other paved streets twice a week, and the gutters of macadamized streets once every two or three weeks. Ashes are collected once a week from dwelling-houses and from hotels three times a week, and offal from hotels, restaurants, boarding-houses and markets daily, and from dwelling-houses three times a week in Summer and twice a week in other seasons. The collectors go into the yards, bring out the vessels, empty them, and return them to their proper places. This is done, it is said, in no other city. In most cities the householder is obliged to set his vessels on the walk, and when they are emptied by the collectors they are left where found. The swill is conveyed to the depots, and there disposed of to farmers who come in from the suburbs and country towns round about the city, by whom it is removed every day. From these sales last year $30,000 was realized. The bulk of the ashes collected is at the present time dumped into the territory of flats upon which is to grow the beautiful Back Bay Park, about which so much has been said in the local press, and for which most elaborate and tasteful plans have been drawn."

These details show that the work of cleaning is done thoroughly and vigorously. The cost is not excessive, having last year amounted to $322,000. Is there any reason why the work of cleaning the streets in this city should not be done just as satisfactorily and effectively as in Boston? Why should a matter of such supreme importance to the health of the citizen be eternally subordinate to the interests of political "rings," and the appropriations made for preserving the cleanliness of the streets be treated as the legitimate plunder of partisan spoilsmen who are able to "run" ward primaries and control masses of voters in the interest of the dominant faction? Our authorities cannot better illustrate their desire to earn the applause of our people than by taking a leaf out of the record of the Boston Street-cleaning Department, and adopting the methods which have secured for it deserved and conspicuous success.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

ANOTHER great fire has flamed forth in Russia—this time in a village of the Upa Government. One hundred and eighty-six houses were burned. The suspected incendiaries have been arrested. Of the Nihilists recently court-martialed at Kieff, two were sentenced to be shot and ten to various term of penal servitude. Among the latter were three women, who were sentenced to fifteen years each. Two women were acquitted. A Berlin journal reports that several feminine Nihilists will soon be executed at Kieff. But, although the Nihilists doubtless number many women and girls among their most zealous and dangerous partisans, and the Russian Government would not hesitate, in case of necessity, to act promptly in the full spirit of General Butler's memorable order at New Orleans, yet the reports of the German newspapers on this point, and on the general condition of things in Russia, should be taken with several grains of allowance. A sensible and, in the main, trustworthy letter from St. Petersburg to the London *Times* depicts the actual situation in Russia as being neither a reign of terror nor a state of siege. "It is only a state of military law, where one-half of the population is set to watch the other." It is significant that little confidence is felt by the Government in the army. But the army of 30,000 *dvorniks*, or house-door porters, is fast becoming so useless and even ridiculous a burden that it is now proposed either to abolish the system or to reduce it to normal limits, in favor of an increased police force.

The Emperor of Germany proposes, it is said, to present a sword of honor to the Czar on the coming fiftieth anniversary of the latter's acting as colonel of a Prussian regiment of Uhlans. Hans Breitmann should write a special ode on the occasion. The election of Herr von Frankenstein, Ultramontanist, as Vice-President of the Reichstag, indicates a better understanding between the German Government and the clerical party. Prince Bismarck, after the victorious termination of his contest with the free-traders, seeks repose: he has left Berlin and gone to his estate at Varzin. He asked of the Emperor leave of absence for several months. An Alsatian origin is attributed to the new Prince of Bulgaria, who has just been visiting Berlin. His mother, the Princess de Battenberg, was great-granddaughter of Henri Guillaume Schweppenhauser, a Protestant pastor at Rechtenbach.

The new Governor of Roumelia, Aleko Pasha, made his official entry into Philippopolis on the 28th ultimo. But the telegrams announcing the fact do not agree as to what he wore on his head—no unimportant a matter, according to Herr Teufelsdröckh, whose opinion of the emblematic character of all clothes is indorsed by Carlyle and verified by history. One telegram says that Governor Aleko Pasha wore the Bulgarian headgear, and was, therefore, enthusiastically received; another, that he complied with the Sultan's express wish and wore the red fez, the symbol of Turkish authority, to the disgust of the Panslavists, and that his reception was more marked by

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curiosity than by enthusiasm. The Sultan, by-the-by, has been won over at last by the Khédive of Egypt, whose desperate cause in opposition to England and France he has somewhat rashly promised to favor. Gordon Pasha is said to have resigned the dignities bestowed on him by the Khédive. The marriage of Hobart Pasha, the Admiral of the Sultan's navy (and well-known at Wilmington as a blockade-runner during our late civil war), to Miss Rosa Horn, of Wellington, England, has been announced in the journals of Vienna. That city, like, indeed, all other European cities, is looking forward with great interest to the speedy publication, simultaneously, in Vienna, Paris and London, of a German, a French and an English edition of the long-delayed "Memoirs of Prince Metternich." These "Memoirs" cannot fail to shed much light on a long and eventful period of modern history.

The eruption of Mount Etna is increasing in force and brilliancy. Rome is full of gossip about the lawsuit over the contested will of the late Pio Nono—not so scandalous a lawsuit, by any means, as that over the will of the late Cardinal Antonelli. Pope Leo XIII. is suffering from a slight indisposition. Cardinal Newman is recovering from his attack of pneumonia. Garibaldi has formally, by notarial act, renounced his domicile on the Island of Caprera and permanently fixed it in Rome; he would be glad also to sign away his rheumatism. The sanitary condition of Rome has at length awakened the attention of the Italian authorities and public to the urgent necessity of taking steps to improve it. The death rate there is from thirty-five to thirty-six in the thousand, to twenty-two in London. The population of Rome, which was 248,000 in 1874, is now 270,000.

It is expected that the wedding of King Alphonso of Spain and the Archduchess Christina of Austria will be celebrated in October. The Spanish Premier, Campos, intends to introduce in the Cortes a Bill for the Abolition of Slavery in Cuba, and to provide for free Chinese labor. The Royal message, it is said, will declare that the Cabinet leaves questions of reform to the Cortes, but insists upon the emancipation of the slaves.

The French Republic has again disappointed both its enemies, the Reactionists and its mistaken friends, the Radicals. The Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 272 against 171, has refused "urgency" for the motion of M. Clemenceau demanding the tempory release of Blanqui. It is probable, however, that this old arch-conspirator will soon be pardoned. For an American it is difficult to see why he should not already have been released; but Blanqui and his countrymen of all parties well know the reasons. Emile Zola, the author of "L'Assommoir," has presumed to make a set attack upon Victor Hugo—as if a mud-scow were to attack a man-of-war. H. Lacosta, a Frenchman, who was naturalized in the United States some years ago, has been expelled from France for renouncing his nationality without performing his military duty to his native country.

THE FUTURE OF CAPITAL.

THE cheapness of money in all commercial countries is very naturally attracting attention and discussion. The cause of this state of things is found, of course, in the depression of trade which began with the Vienna panic nearly six years ago, and which has lessened the demand for money in a great variety of channels. It is plain that the period of great profits, high rates of interest, and extraordinary accumulation of wealth, has come to an end, and that hereafter capitalists must be satisfied with smaller returns, and industrial progress will be compelled to move with a slower and more gradual pace. But it would be a mistake to conclude, as some insist, that the capital now lying idle or unremunerative will not find profitable investment. The world is not yet, by any means, finished. The organization of industry is not yet complete, nor is the commerce of any country supplied with all the equipment needed for the proper development of trade. The *Saturday Review*, in a thoughtful discussion of this whole subject, shows very clearly the possibilities of the future in the utilization of capital, as follows:

"The United States have a vast railway system, if we think only of the absolute mileage; but if we compare it with their requirements, we shall see that it is entirely inadequate. When the present depression passes away, the work which it interrupted will be resumed, we may be very sure, and pushed actively forward. Russia is in a somewhat similar position. Political troubles and financial discredit may interpose delays, but if progress is not to be arrested altogether, material development must be recommenced. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy, Italy and Spain have only just begun the public works necessary to enable them to take the place in the world to which they aspire. And if we look further—to Turkey, China, Japan, South America, and Africa—we come upon boundless regions that are yet untouched. All these countries need capital, and though the credit of few of them stands very high, it would be a bold thing to say that they will not obtain what they need. Again, as respects the revolution in naval construction, a study of the returns relating to the mercantile marine of the world will show that Great Britain is the only nation which has fully recognized the value of steam and got rid of obsolete sailing vessels. The substitution of iron for wood is not complete even with us; abroad it has yet to be begun, while the adaptability of steel is but just coming up for consideration. Without venturing on predictions as to future inventions, or discussing the probability of electricity being largely used for lighting purposes, we may therefore safely conclude that the industrial transformation is still far from complete, and that ample scope may yet be found for the profitable employment of capital on a large scale."

A READER of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, who became interested in Michael Dunn's Home for Convicts, in Water Street, through the illustrations published by us, has forwarded a contribution of $5 in aid of that work. The money has been paid over to Mr. Dunn.

THE vote on the Warner Silver Bill in the House of Representatives is very significant as showing the tendencies of the two great political parties. Including the pairs, the supporters of the Bill included 129 Democrats, ten Nationals and five Republicans; while in opposition to the Bill, there were 115 Republicans, one National and eleven Democrats. In the face of such a record, how can any sane man doubt as to where the country must look for the maintenance of an honest financial policy and the defeat of the schemes of jobbers and repudiationists?

THE overseers of Harvard, who have been wrestling with the question of admitting women to the Medical School, have decided that it is "inexpedient" to permit such an innovation, except under certain restrictions. These restrictions are that women shall be instructed separate from the men in all exercises in which students take an active part, such as laboratory work and recitations, and in lectures on women's diseases, anatomy and the like. There can be no doubt as to the reasonableness of the desire for greater opportunities than are now afforded for the higher education of women in medicine as well as in other branches of knowledge, and it is to be hoped that some plan may be arrived at by which, at Harvard and elsewhere, the highest advantages of medical instruction may be secured to females as well as males.

THE sale of the ten-dollar refunding certificates, in the large sales, has been stopped by Secretary Sherman, for the reason, first, that they were being bought up in large numbers by banks and speculators to the exclusion of the class for whose special benefit the issue of the certificates was authorized; and, secondly, because the enormous sales in the cities were making serious inroads upon the reserve funds of the banks, and transferring them to the Treasury, where they must remain in idleness until needed to redeem called bonds. The sales of certificates will be continued from Post Offices in rural districts, and efforts will be made so to regulate them that the certificates will fall into the hands of the class for which they were intended. It is to be regretted that this action was not taken before, there being now only $15,000,000 of the certificates to be disposed of.

IN the nomination of Hon. Charles Foster as their candidate for Governor, the Republicans of Ohio have shown conspicuous sagacity and good sense. Mr. Foster is not a great man, but he is an eminently safe man—courageous, upright, clear-headed, and conservative, and is, withal, the best political organizer, perhaps, in the State, having in every campaign in which he has appeared before the people carried a great deal more than his party strength. In four successive campaigns he was elected to Congress from a Democratic District, and his course as a representative always justified, by its candor, manliness, and independence, the confidence reposed in him by his constituency. It is creditable to his party that it has chosen him as its candidate over the non-radical and aggressive elements of its ranks; for, by that act, it has not only shown its appreciation of brave character and honest service, but has assured a canvass on its part free from the scandals and disreputable personalities which too often, owing to unworthy nominations, characterize our political campaigns.

THE "friends" of General Grant, who are organizing a "grand excursion" across the Continent to welcome him on his arrival at San Francisco, mistake the public temper if they suppose that they can, in this way, advance their scheme to compel the nomination of the ex-President as the Republican candidate in 1880. Men of all parties have been gratified at the reception extended to General Grant everywhere abroad, and will greet him with cordial welcome on his return to the country he has so signally served; but any attempt to turn to mere partisan advantage this spontaneous feeling of admiration and satisfaction will be sure to provoke the condemnation of the great body of our population. Surely the great soldier of the age does not need any blaring of trumpets or brawling applauses of scheming politicians to secure for him at home the same recognition he has received elsewhere in the world. General Grant has declared emphatically that he wishes to avoid a return to the anxieties of public life, and his over-zealous "friends" will best illustrate their regard by permitting him to have his way in a matter which primarily and chiefly concerns himself.

THE reports of the several departments of Christian effort employed by the Presbyterian Church, presented to the General Assembly at Saratoga, show that this great denomination is not abating in the least its vigor or aggressiveness. Presbyterianism, however exaggerated may be its conservatism on some social and moral questions, is always on the side of culture and intellectual development, and the service it has rendered this and other countries in elevating the character and tone of the pulpit, and so promoting a sound public opinion, can scarcely be over-estimated. The work it is now doing in this direction in the United States, is shown by the facts that the General Assembly has under its care thirteen seminaries, in which there were last year 534 students; that the standard of scholarship is being constantly raised, and that every effort is making to command for the church the highest talent and loftiest personal character. It may be said, indeed, that there is among all religious denominations a growing disposition to elevate the standard of qualifications among the clergy, and to recognize the demands of the pews for the enlightened discussion—in the light of the revelations of science, the lessons of philosophy, and the claims of modern progress—of the solemn problems with which the pulpit has to do.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S veto of the Legislative Appropriation Bill states, with great force and clearness, the objections to the repeal of certain portions of the election law which that Bill proposes, and asserts, very effectively, the right of the nation to protect the purity of the ballot. We quote a single paragraph:

"This Bill recognizes the authority and duty of the United States to appoint supervisors to guard and scrutinize Congressional elections, but it denies to the Government of the United States all power to make the supervision effectual. The great body of the people of all parties want free and fair elections. They do not think that a free election means freedom from the wholesome restraints of law, or that the place of an election should be a sanctuary for lawlessness and crime. On the day of an election peace and good order are more necessary than on any other day of the year. On that day the humblest and feeblest citizens, the aged and the infirm, should be and should have reason to feel that they are safe in the exercise of their most responsible duty and their most sacred right as members of society—their duty and their right to vote.

"The Constitutional authority to regulate the Congressional elections which belongs to the Government of the United States, and which it is necessary to exert to secure the right to vote to every citizen possessing the requisite qualifications, ought to be enforced by appropriate legislation. So far from public opinion in any part of the country favoring any relaxation of the authority of the Government in the protection of elections from violence and corruption, I believe it demands greater vigor, both in the enactment and in the execution of laws framed for that purpose."

THE Bill to establish a National Board of Health for enforcing quarantine regulations, and to prevent the introduction of contagious or infectious diseases, has passed both Houses of Congress, and received the approval of the President. The discussion of the bill involved some curious inconsistencies on the part of a portion of its supporters. Thus, while denying the right of Congress to control or regulate the time, place and manner of holding Federal elections, claiming that for it to do so was an invasion of State rights, they insisted that the Federal Government can enforce sanitary regulations in any State for the protection of the public health—thus absolutely subordinating the rights of the States, so called, to the authority of the nation, and surrendering the whole theory of State sovereignty. It is to be hoped that the friends of the Bill may not be disappointed in their expectations that its enforcement will be attended with beneficent results. The power it confers is certainly ample. It authorizes the National Board of Health to superintend the execution of all regulations enacted for the prevention of the introduction of infectious or contagious diseases at any port; to alter such regulations and supplement them with others, whenever deemed inefficient, and, generally, to secure unity and coherency, so far as possible, in the quarantine system and methods of the country.

THE law-abiding citizens of Lincoln and adjoining counties, in Mississippi, have taken a step which must afford sincere satisfaction to all friends of law and order. For ten years past gangs of desperadoes in these counties have perpetuated, unrebuked, all manner of lawless acts, raiding up and down the country in the dead of night, whipping and otherwise ill-treating colored citizens, burning their crops and destroying their homes. Recently, one of these gangs capped the climax of its enormities by deliberately assassinating an unoffending black; and, thereupon, unable longer to tolerate the reign of terror, the citizens, assembling in mass meeting, spoke out in rebuke of the bulldozers with an emphasis not to be mistaken. The state of society in that part of the South is shown by the fact that the Regulators, hearing of the proposed demonstration, posted a warning to those engaged in the movement that they "would be held to a strict accountability for all the measures of defense adopted by them—the notice closing with these words:

"At present you may be doing well, living peaceably and quietly, and in a prosperous condition; but we cannot warrant your future prosperity if you continue to interfere with the business of other people. If you are determined to carry out your undertaking, all well and good; all we have to say is, you must abide by the future consequences, let them be what they may. Advance one or two more steps, either by word or by act, and you will reach the dagger's point on which hangs the reality of our doctrine."

A community in which the menace of assassination is thus openly held over the head of every man who dares to rebuke lawlessness and crime certainly challenges the sympathy of all right thinking citizens. That the better class of Mississippians are, at length, organizing for the resistance and overthrow of the bulldozing despotism is at once creditable to their courage, and one of the most hopeful of recent indications that Southern feeling is tending more and more positively in the right direction.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE public debt statement shows the increase of debt for May to be $62,250.

DREXEL, MORGAN & Co. have offered to take all of the new $10,400,000 loan of Philadelphia.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, late United States Senator from Missouri, died suddenly on June 1st.

THE New York Elevated Railroad Company has been sold under foreclosure of a mortgage of $2,500,000 given by the Greenwich Street road.

SIX persons were burned to death, and thirty-five others injured by the burning of the Washington House at Hagerstown, Md., May 29th.

A PARTY of 300 Sunday-school officers and teachers started from Chicago, May 17th, for California, intending to visit the Yosemite Valley.

FIFTY-TWO pews in the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city, were sold, May 30th, at premiums amounting to $12,410 in addition to the rentals.

DANIEL CAMPBELL has received the Gubernatorial nomination of the Greenback party of Iowa, on a platform hostile to a coalition with the Democrats.

SIXTEEN Brooklyn Aldermen have been declared in contempt of court for refusing to order a special election for a successor to ex-Alderman and Congressman O'Reilly.

THE details of the robbery of the Manhattan Savings Bank of New York City have been disclosed by the arrest and confession of Patrick Slevin, one of the watchmen.

A NEW Board of Trustees of the Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, having discovered a deficiency of $600,000, have petitioned for the appointment of a receiver.

THE Bribery Committee of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives has reported three members of that body as guilty of having corruptly solicited votes for the Pittsburg Riot Bill.

TWENTY-SEVEN children were poisoned, last week, at Newark, Vermont, by drinking water from a brook into which refuse matter had been thrown. Eleven of the children died.

A COUNCIL of Cherokees and six other Indian tribes, held last week in the Indian Territory, adopted an address thanking the President for his proclamation warning of intruding settlers from that Territory.

THE Catholic Archbishops and Bishops have issued an address in relation to Archbishop Purcell's debts, describing a plan for his relief and giving a statement of the assets and liabilities and the beginning of a subscription list.

A CYCLONE passed over Northern Kansas and Southern Nebraska on Friday evening, May 30th, killed forty persons, wounded many more, leveled sixty buildings, including several churches, and destroyed a belt of crops thirty miles in length.

THE Michigan Senate has passed a joint resolution amending the constitution authorizing the City of Detroit to raise money to construct a bridge or tunnel across the river at Detroit, the amount not to exceed one per cent. of the tax valuation.

A COMMITTEE of three has been appointed to draft an ordinance to be submitted to the Louisiana Constitutional Convention, advising that only about $5,000,000 of the present State debt be paid, the remainder to be declared invalid.

PRESIDENT HAYES, on May 29th, vetoed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, on the ground that it repealed the Supervisors' law, and denied to the Government of the United States the control of Federal elections. The House, by a vote of 135 to 91, refused to pass the Bill over the veto.

THE Republican State Ticket in Ohio, nominated May 28th, is as follows: For Governor, Charles Foster, of Seneca; for Lieutenant-Governor, Andrew Hickenlooper, of Hamilton; for Judge, W. W. Johnson, of Lawrence; for Attorney-General, George K. Nash, of Franklin; for Auditor, John F. Ogleree, of Clark; for Treasurer, A. E. Turney, of Cuyahoga; for Commissioner of Public Works, James Pellington. The platform condemns the course of the Democrats in Congress, approves the financial policy of the Government, and rebukes the agitation of industrial and financial questions as unwise and injurious.

Foreign.

THE American horse Parole won the Epsom Gold Cup, May 30th.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria has been invited by Queen Victoria to visit Balmoral.

MOORE centenary celebrations were held, May 28th, at Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool and various Irish towns.

THE English Parliament has adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays, and will meet again on the 9th of June. The German Reichstag has adjourned to the same date.

THE English Derby, May 28th, was won by Sir Nathaniel Mayer de Rothschild's Sir Bevys, the second and third places being taken by Palmbearer and Lord Rosebery's Visconti.

THE deaths from cholera in the city of Morocco have been as many as 200 per day. Europeans suffer alike with the natives. A number of consuls and vice-consuls have died. The Ministers of France, England and Spain have raised a "famine relief fund."

OFFICIAL intelligence has been received at Athens that the Turkish troops, pursuing the Thessalian insurgents, crossed the Greek frontier and came in collision with some Greek troops. Fighting ensued, in which several Turks were killed. The remainder retired into Thessaly.

THE second naval battle in the war now waging between Peru, Bolivia and Chili, has been fought off Iquique, between the Peruvian iron-clads *Independencia* and *Huascar* and the Chilian wooden vessels *Esmeralda* and *Covadonga*. The *Huascar* alone came out of the fight. The others were sunk.

THE Zulus have taken to fighting among themselves and a great battle took place on May 11th, when Cetewayo completely routed, with terrific slaughter, a subordinate chief who, with some thousands of his followers, had determined to join the English. The latest advices indicated that the King with his entire forces was awaiting Lord Chelmsford.

THE Lords-Justices of Appeal have reversed the decision of the British Chancery Court, in the suit between the bondholders of the National Bolivian Navigation Company of the United States, and the Messrs. Collins, of Philadelphia, contractors for building the Madeira and Mamore Railway, involving the sum of £800,000. The respondents will carry the case to the House of Lords.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 243.



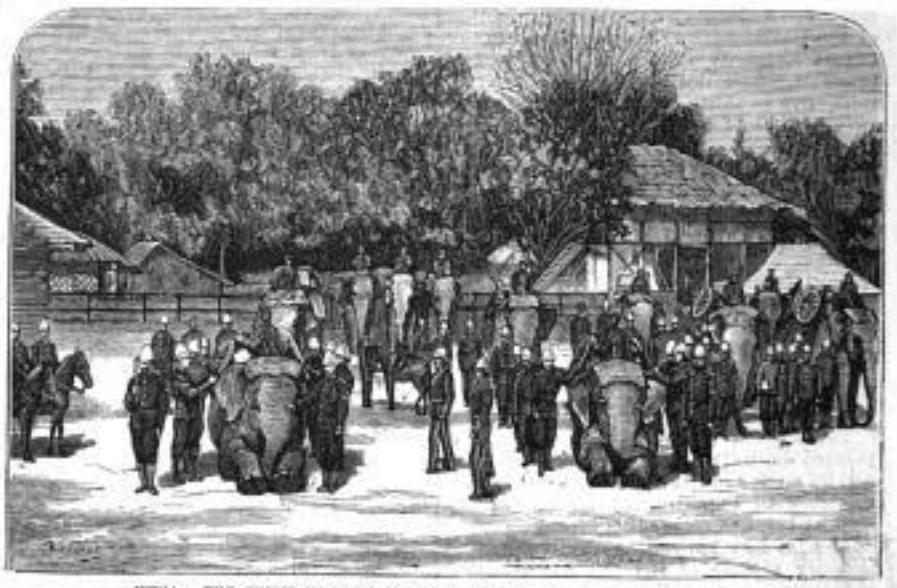
AFGHANISTAN.—A LYRIC THEATRE IN THE CAMP AT JELLALABAD.



AFGHANISTAN.—A FOOTBALL MATCH BY THE FIFTY-NINTH REGIMENT, AT KELAT-I-GHILZAI.



AUSTRALIA.—CITIZENS OF ADELAIDE SEEKING FEMALE HELP, ON THE ARRIVAL OF AN IMMIGRANT STEAMER.



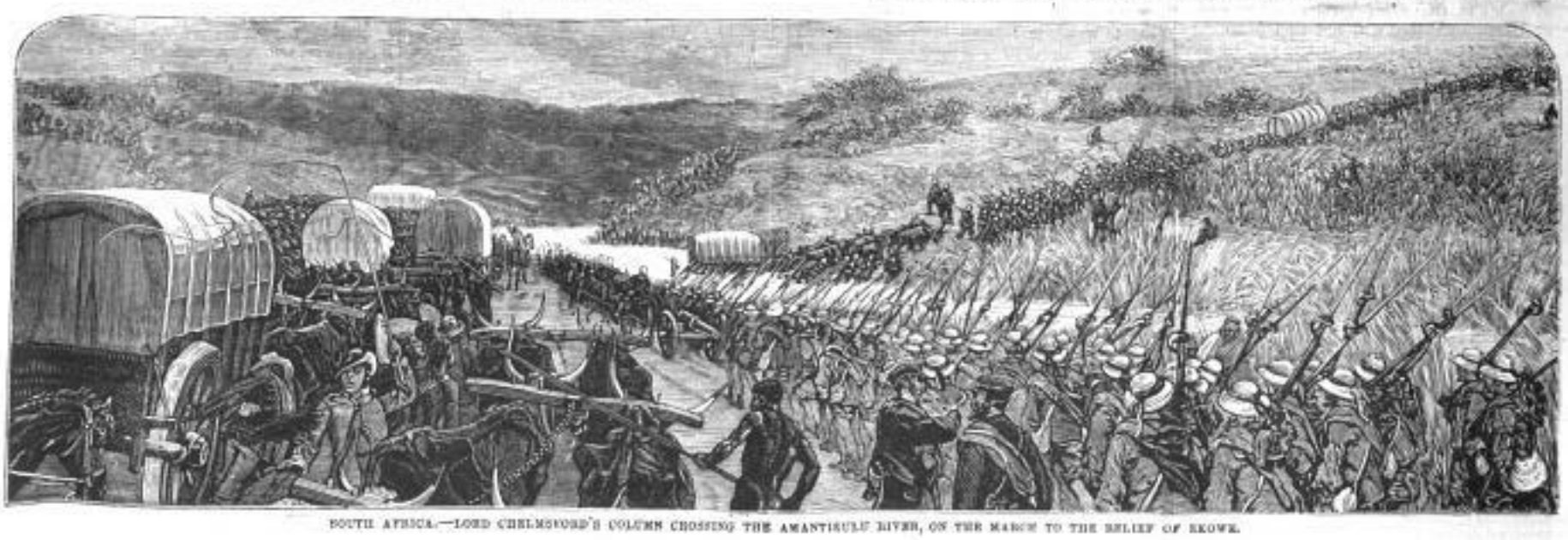
INDIA.—THE CRISIS IN BURMAH—MOUNTED BATTERY READY FOR ACTION.



ATLANTIC OCEAN.—A WHITSUNTIDE PROCESSION AT TERCEIRA, AZORES.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE RELIEF COLUMN CROSSING A DRIFT ON THE WAY TO EKOWE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—LORD CHELMSFORD'S COLUMN CROSSING THE AMANTIKULU RIVER, ON THE MARCH TO THE RELIEF OF EKOWE.

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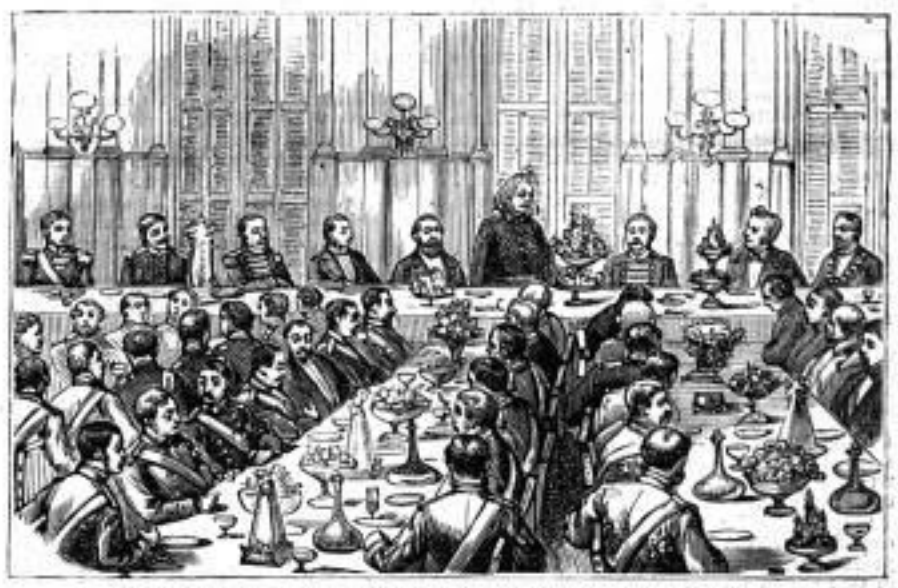


1. "Bob" and the Proprietor. 2. The Feed. 3. Cupid and the President. 4. "Are they Done?" 5. Finished. 6. Frantic Waiters.

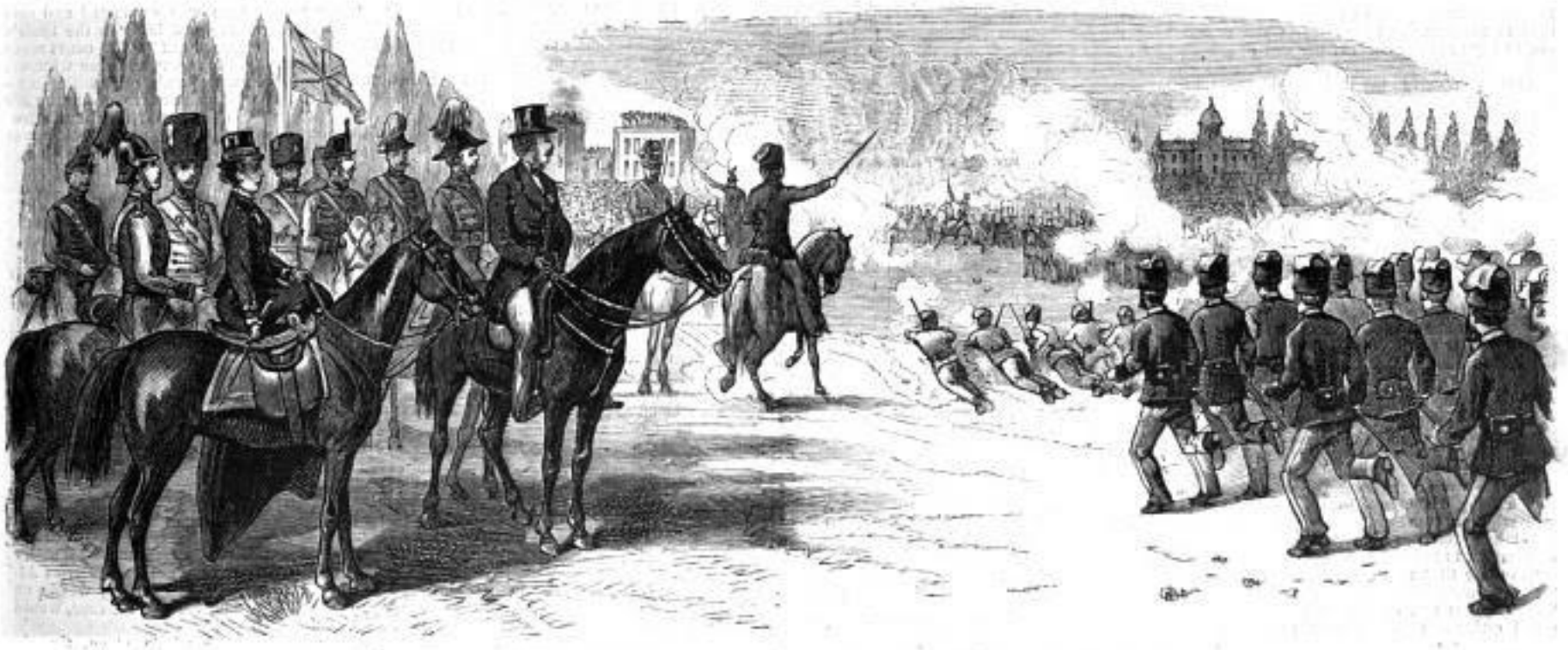
NEW YORK.—FIRST RECEPTION AND DINNER OF THE SEASON OF THE RHODE ISLAND CLAMBAKE CLUB, AT M'COMB'S DAM, MAY 27TH.—SEE PAGE 247.



MAYOR RIVARD OF MONTREAL PRESENTING THE BROOKLYN REGIMENT A SOUVENIR FLAG.



CHAPLAIN BEECHER ADDRESSING THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT THE BANQUET.



THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., RESISTING THE CHARGE OF THE SIXTH DUMLINGS IN THE SHAM BATTLE.

CANADA.—CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL, MAY 24TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 248.

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TWO SONNETS.

I.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

STROLLING hephazard as the whim may please,
In city squares I mark sweet baby-girls,
With great soft eyes and clustering silken curls,
All dimpled daintiness, who, with each breeze
Of quickening Summer, learn low, happy glees
From fountains arching in cool shimmering whirls,
While each sap-bursting bough o'erhead unfurls
Green pennons amid these casual ease.

And, seeing the innocent freshness of each face,
I marvel why such virgin flowers of flesh
Should bloom for soil of shame or blight's sad goal;
Since one may rail, beneath this prescient grace,
The spirit of Messalina born afresh,
One, Marie Antoinette's pure, martyred soul!

II.

A WINTER PICTURE.

Wrapt in soft furs, more soft and warm than they,
My brightest love-bird, my embodied song,
Through snow-girt country lanes, or 'mid the throng
That crowds the frost-bound city, threads her way,
Her gold hair half escaping from the sway
Of band or veil; the keen breeze, rough and strong,
Heightening the fluctuant color all along
Her sweet mouth's curve, her cheeks where rose-tints play.

And, as the passers catch her fragrant grace,
Her willowy motion and her beauty's glow,
And, at the sight, forget grief, want and crime,
I liken her, while proud love lights my face,
To rosebuds left belated in the snow,
Or apple-blossoms born before their time.

JOHN MORAN.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

BY

RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC.

IT was on the 16th day of December, 1878, that I visited the Court of the Oyer and Terminer of the City of New York, and took my seat within the bar. I was attracted to the spot by an interesting trial which was set down, as I was informed, for that morning. While waiting for the case to be brought on, there came a sudden surge through the court-room. This surge was occasioned by a score of deputy sheriffs and police officers who were hurrying a man along the passageway into the room. These were succeeded by a crowd of roughs—eager, expectant, menacing. After them came other policemen, detectives, supernumeraries, and so forth. A crowd of spectators, gossip-mongers and idlers brought up the rear.

The judge was already on the bench. The counsel for the people, and the counsel for the man who had been so unceremoniously hurled upon the scene, were present in full array. This completes the tableau. No, it does not quite complete it; for there remains still the picture of the individual man who was now seated near his counsel, between two officers of justice. I looked at him with some degree of scrutiny. He was a large, deep-chested fellow, of prodigious strength, with features the reverse of repulsive. He exhibited an air of good-natured indifference to the surroundings. His thick hair was cut short. Its color was red. In fact, the man was "Red" Leary himself.

As his case had preference over the one I came to witness, and seemed likely to consume the day, I accepted the invitation of an old friend who sat near me, to lunch with him. The conversation naturally turned on the extradition motion, by which "Red" Leary was sought to be sent to an adjoining State for trial. From this it went to criminals of that class generally.

"You know," said my friend, "before I came to New York to reside, I was for several years District Attorney of ——— County, and in that period I tried a good many desperate men. I learned not to trust to appearances in forming any judgment about them. Indeed, the most dangerous and desperate have been those who were quiet in their ways and amiable in manner. It may interest you to give one of my experiences arising out of my office of prosecutor for the people—one which has always dwelt in my memory, and which I cannot shake off if I would."

I expressed a desire to hear his narrative, and my friend proceeded:

"It was before I came to the city to reside that I broke down completely from overwork. My friends thought I was in a 'decline.' My physician said I only needed a change of scene with plenty of physical exercise. The result was, I determined to visit Northern and Western Texas, and, once there, spend a couple of months in the saddle. It was the year before the breaking out of our war. Starting from Waco early in the month of April, I struck westward, having no particular plan for my journey, and no special point to reach, but governed only by the whim of the moment.

"Sometimes I made but twenty miles a day, sometimes thirty, sometimes even more. I had secured a good horse, a first-class Mexican saddle, in the holsters of which were placed a brace of revolvers, a couple of honest blankets, with the all-essential 'Texas stable'—to wit, a long rope, coiled to the saddle-bow, with which to stake out my steed, should night overtake me on the prairie, or in case I should be tempted to indulge in a *siesta* at midday.

"For the first three or four days, my route took me through many finely cultivated farms, where cotton and corn were raised in about equal quantities. After that I entered the stock-raising district, and would travel for hours without encountering a human face or sign of human habitation. The clear, dry exhilarating atmosphere soon raised my spirits to their natural tone. I felt in no sense lonely in those grand solitudes. The prairie was covered with Spring blossoms, and the waving grass looked like the sea under the force of a mild breeze.

"There were no taverns to be met with, but every house or hut I reached served my wants with alacrity, for which sometimes the offered compensation was accepted, but oftener declined. At each house it was my habit to take information for my next resting-place. In this way I was relieved from anxiety, and left free to idle away the time or push on briskly at discretion. As I advanced, the roads, if, indeed, they could be called roads, ceased altogether, and were substituted by 'trails.' This change required me to keep more on the alert as to my bearings, and to particularly notice my directions, especially where trails intersected or branched off.

"I think I had been a week on my journeying, and was beginning to find the stopping-places so few and far between, that I decided, after another day's travel, to turn more to the southward, and thence, after a while, to strike a northeasterly course, which would bring me back to Waco, my starting-point. At noon of that day, I stopped at a miserable hut, whose occupant, as he told me, was in the employ of the owner of a small sheep ranch which I had noticed some distance back. He seemed to be wretchedly poor, but his welcome was hearty; he gave my horse some corn, and I was invited to sit down to the inevitable repast of 'hog and hominy,' which in this case was not accompanied by the usual cup of coffee, and for the lack of which the wife profusely apologized. After we had finished, I asked the man where I would be likely to find a place to stop for the night. He told me if I could make twenty miles before it got to be too dark to see the trail, I should find a very comfortable spot, with plenty of corn for my horse and 'chicken fixens' for myself. I took the directions very carefully, with the added precaution of putting them on paper, for my man warned me if I failed to reach the place I should have to 'stake out' for the night. There was a ranch, he added, four or five miles nearer, about a mile to one side, but he would not advise me to stop there, not that he had anything to say against the man—nobody knew anything against him—he was queer, that was all—did not meddle or make with anybody—had a nice *section*—was raising the best sort of horses.

"I took my departure. It was nearly two o'clock. I had at least five hours, as I reckoned. I assured my good-natured entertainer that I could make the distance easily. He warned me to be careful not to lose the trail, and, in case of doubt, to always bear to the northward. Thus cautioned, I set forward. I scarcely know why, but not since I started on my journey did I feel so little inclined to push on industriously.

"I had entered a specially beautiful region. Along my path the prairie was dotted with magnificent live oak, which ornamented the landscape with such regularity that it was difficult to make myself believe the trees had not been planted there by the hand of man. To hasten over such a lovely country, when I was traveling for recreation and enjoyment, was preposterous. I had only to put my horse to his mettle for an hour and make up for lost time.

"Thus resolved, I proceeded at my leisure till, emerging from the neighborhood of the live oak, I was called at once to decide between two trails. One turned, as it appeared to me, abruptly north, the other pursued apparently, almost the line of my journey. True I had the plain direction to take a north-bearing trail in case of doubt, but in this case there could be no doubt, and I pursued what appeared plainly to be my course. I was a good deal taken aback by finding the trail bending gradually to the south; but as luck would have it, I encountered another of the sheepmen, who turned me square about and put me on the true course—to wit, the one I had purposely rejected.

"A full hour was lost by this blunder, and nothing remained for me but to push on with all the expedition possible. I now carefully scrutinized conflicting trails, and while following my instructions, felt all the time a disagreeable incertitude as to the course and the progress I was making. Sunset would soon overtake me and I knew in that latitude there was little or no twilight.

"At this juncture, reaching the summit of a swell of the prairie, I descried far off on the next summit a person, who, as I soon discovered, was riding towards me. It is a curious feeling with which we wait the approach of a traveler on the open prairie, after riding perhaps half a day without encountering a soul. Sometimes the person stops to greet you, and then follows an interchange of salutations. Sometimes there is only a slight nod and a brief good-day; sometimes—mutually suspicious—you pass your man and he passes you without the slightest sign of recognition. In this instance I awaited the meeting with the stranger with eagerness. I certainly could get some information from him about my way, so I resolved to hail him under any circumstances.

"While we descended from the summit and passed along the plain towards each other, I had an opportunity for careful inspection. As he came near I discovered a man in the prime of life, large and very strongly built, with long light hair, which was plainly visible under his wide *sombrero*. He rode a magnificent dark bay stallion, seventeen hands high, I should say. His accoutrements were in the usual style of the country. Besides his revolvers, a rifle was swung in a leathern yoke across the saddle-bow.

"By the time I had finished my inspection, and decided that there was nothing unfriendly in the appearance of the stranger, he was upon me. To my surprise, I saw he was about to pass without speaking or, indeed, noticing me in any way. I brought my horse to a sudden halt—you must know that a horseman's pace across the prairie is a walk—and speaking with some energy, I said:

"'I wish to inquire the way to Miller's ranch; am I far from it?'

"He stopped on being thus appealed to, and answered quietly, scarcely looking at me the while:

"'You are on the right track; the distance is about six miles.'

"He had already started to go on, when I exclaimed:

"'Excuse me. Is the route at all intricate? If so, will you give me some information about it?'

"He answered at once:

"'Follow this trail for a mile; you will then cross a trail bearing a little to the north; take that for two miles, when you strike a dim trail on your right; follow that for about two miles and you will come to an open trail which, in ten minutes, will bring you to the ranch.'

"With that he pushed forward without further speech, and left me to pursue my path.

"'A mile on this, another trail for two miles, and then a dim trail, then an open one, the sun just going down, and a twilight not worth a rushlight.'

"That is what I said to myself. I put my horse into a gallop and watched for the first trail and found it. Then two miles as rapidly as possible; but the night was on me. It was clear, but no moon. With the utmost caution I looked for the dim trail. It turned out that I found it and went on the right track, though I did not know it at the time. And now came the trial of patience. First, I was not certain I was on the right track; next, my progress was very slow in holding to the trail I had. Before I had gone a mile it seemed as if I had traveled three miles, and I was already on the lookout for the open trail that was to take me to the wished-for spot. At last I found one. I followed it for half a mile till I saw a bright light in the distance. Coming nearer, I was set upon by a number of dogs, whose ferocious barking at any other time might have greatly disturbed me; but believing myself at the destined haven, I pushed on to the house, when a stout negro man came out and asked me what I wanted. His tone was decent and respectful, but in no way indicative of hospitality. I asked if this was Miller's ranch. He answered promptly in the negative, and said I must go back to where I turned off; from there it was about two miles and a half. It was now dark. I rode back, picking my way as well as I could, but I knew I had missed the trail, and felt that it would be foolish to beat about the prairie. I was on the point of making for some timber near by, where I would pass the night, when I heard the tread of horse's feet, and in another moment the stranger whom I had passed some time before rode up to me.

"Checking his horse, he said:

"'You have lost your way, I see. You may as well come to my ranch for the night. I am not in the habit of taking in strangers, but I will make you welcome.'

"There was something genuine in the tone of his voice, and I accepted his offer without hesitation, and in a few minutes we were at the door of the ranch where I had previously brought up. As we dismounted, the dogs, which had assailed me so savagely, and which had not disturbed us even by a growl, rushed forward to welcome their master, snuffing suspiciously at me, but refraining from any menacing exhibitions. The stout negro man took our horses, and I was ushered into the house. It was of logs, and consisted of one large room, in which were placed, at opposite corners, two comfortable beds. Around the room were hung saddles and bridles; two or three shot-guns, some stag's horns, and various articles of a sportsman's life. In the middle of the room a table was already spread with clean linen and nice crockery.

"The owner stepped from the door to an adjoining building, where the kitchen was located, and in a few minutes an old negress, good-natured and motherly in appearance, with a bright bandana handkerchief around her head, came in with a dish of fricasseed chicken, which was accompanied by flour biscuit and griddle cakes, and strong coffee, with sugar and real cream, to which I must add fresh butter.

"I confess I ate voraciously, and I certainly had the opportunity, for my host seemed utterly averse to conversation. He did not address a word to me, except to offer the ordinary civilities of the table, and to any attempt of mine to draw him out, he answered in the briefest manner. When supper was finished, he pointed to one of the beds. 'You are, no doubt, tired and want to turn in. Take that bed, if you please. We have to rise early.' With that he went out at the open door, and I could hear him give one of his men some orders about the horses. Taking my host at his word, I undressed quickly and went to bed.

"It was then for the first time the stranger's face began to haunt me. Where had I seen it before? I *had* seen it before—of this I now felt certain—but where, when, under what circumstances? By degrees a painful feeling began to connect me with the man. Further than this memory would not aid me, and while endeavoring to force her to do her office, I fell asleep.

"I was awakened by a not unfriendly hand on my shoulder, and, opening my eyes, found it was broad daylight, and saw my host standing over me. He said breakfast was nearly ready, and told me I would find water and towels in the washroom near by. So saying, he left me. Again I tried to recall the face, and failed to do so. Again I felt a painful idea which connected me with the stranger. I lost no time in preparing for breakfast, and found my appetite not a whit weakened by the hearty supper of the night previous.

"We sat down to antelope steaks, fried sweet potatoes, biscuits, griddle cakes, and various etceteras. My host seemed completely to have changed from the individual of the previous evening. He was ready to converse on any topic—in fact, I found him exceedingly agreeable. Only there still remained associated with him the painful idea. I took occasion in the daylight, when he would not notice it, to look at him with a more careful scrutiny. He had a frank, open face, but there were lines about the mouth and across the forehead which, when he spoke with emphasis, hardened into a repulsive expression.

"We talked about Texas and its capabilities; then about his own occupation—of horse-raiser—which, he said, if properly managed, was very profitable. I told him I marveled at finding such good cheer in his ranch, and he replied that in no country was it so easy and so cheap to live well, and in no country did folks live so miserably as in Texas. 'Had you struck a stock-raiser you would have been regaled on boiled beef a good deal the worse for wear, or hog and hominy, no milk, no butter, for, though the fellow might have a thousand head of cattle on the prairie, he would be too lazy to tie up two or three cows with their calves for the sake of having either.'

"Naturally it followed to speak of my journey, which I said was undertaken to recruit my health, somewhat broken by overwork in my profession. A strange expression crossed his countenance—bitter, hard, repulsive.

"'You are from the North,' he said.

"'Yes; from the State of New York.'

"'——— County,' he added.

"'You are right,' I answered, much surprised; but how did you know that?'

"'Is not your name E—— F——?' (giving it in full), he continued, in the same hard tone.

"'Right again,' was my reply, 'and now tell me where we have met?'

"'You think, then, we have met before?' asked my host, coldly.

"'I begin to feel sure of it,' I said; 'from the first I thought your face one I had seen before.'

"'Indeed?'

"Such was the brief colloquy which had become, on his part, sharp and cold. We both rose from the table, I trying again to place the stranger. It was in vain.

"'Come,' said the other, 'I want to show you a few horses which are in the yard; then we will take a ride over the prairie, and inspect the drove.'

"We passed out towards his stables, and I had an opportunity to look at the surroundings. Everything was in good keeping and in perfect order. We examined some fine yearling colts and half a dozen horses just brought in to deliver to a purchaser. Next I admired the vegetable garden and the poultry yard. We walked down a slope towards a stream of respectable size, across which was a foot-bridge. Crossing it, my host seated himself on the trunk of an immense cottonwood tree which appeared to have been uprooted by a storm. Mechanically I sat down by him.

"He took off his hat, and, turning squarely towards me, he said:

"'Tell me, on your honor, do you not recognize me?'

"'On my honor I do not.'

"'Look again,' he said, pushing back his hair with both hands.

"'Charles F——?' I exclaimed, with sudden recollection. It was an imprudent avowal.

"The first case of importance which I was called on to try after being appointed District Attorney, was one for burglary, an aggravated affair, by a very young man, of good connections and education. I was but twenty-five, ambitious, and untiring. The prisoner was defended by able counsel, and I devoted all my energies and my talents to secure a conviction.

"I learned as I grew older that the office of public prosecutor, while it should be employed to bring the criminal to justice, should never be used to gratify the craving for success.

"The young man was convicted and sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the State's Prison. As he passed out of the court-room in custody, he said to me, in a hoarse whisper, 'I will get even with you.' Such little pleasantries are of frequent occurrence in the life of a prosecuting officer, and I paid no attention to it. In a few days the young fellow was put on board the train for Auburn, in charge of two deputies. His manner was so subdued, and he appeared so entirely resigned to his fate, that he was not handcuffed or shackled. The result was he managed to jump from the train while at full speed, as it was passing through a dense wood, and that was the last ever heard of him, until fifteen years later I found myself sitting on the same log with him on his Texas ranch, and made impulsively what I have called an imprudent avowal. It did not prove to be so, however. He heard it without any perceptible emotion.

"'It is best so,' he said. 'Had you left me while still unable to recall my face, it would probably have flashed on you at one time or another, and you might have felt it to be your duty to give information about me. I have led this life, as you now see me, honestly pursuing my way for nearly fourteen years, and I ask you to promise that you will never mention this meeting to human being.'

"'I most freely make you the promise,' I replied. 'I should not have mentioned it under any circumstances. I am not now District Attorney, so no sense of official duty weighs on me. Indeed, under no view of the case, would I seek to disturb you.'

"'I must tell the whole story, though. I shall not be satisfied unless I do,' he continued.'

"'As you like,' was my answer; 'but it is not necessary in order to strengthen my pledge to you.'

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"My host, without noticing my remark, proceeded as follows:

"'I am, as you are aware, of respectable family, and was well educated in English studies. I was an only child and lost my mother early. At nineteen my father died. A very considerable property was intrusted to the care of a friend of my father's, who was executor and trustee under the will, in which all his property was left to me. This man was a rich man—he did not require my patrimony for his needs. There was no temptation of poverty pressing him, but he robbed me of the whole of it—robbed me without violating a sentence of the statute. I can see his smooth, hypocritical, oily face now as he came in to have his accounts passed in the Surrogate's office, and they were passed, leaving me, at the age of one-and-twenty, with nothing but the clothes I stood in.

"'I must tell you I was not fond of work, and leaving school after my father's death I did little toward seeking a permanent situation. The belief that I had a moderate competence was, no doubt, an injury. My habits were good, my instincts correct, but my nature was unsteady, my temper violent, at times ungovernable.

"'I felt intense hatred of the sanctimonious wretch who had devoured my heritage, which hatred ripened into bitterness toward every human being, without distinction, who was rich. Indulging in such sentiments, it was natural I should gravitate toward those who held similar views. You readily comprehend what class it was. I found there existed a set of desperate people who scouted all obligations of society, who declared that laws were made to protect the rich and oppress the poor, with jargon of that sort. It was not long before I had associated myself with some young men with the avowed object of setting all laws at defiance, and regulating, as far as we could, the inequalities between rich and poor by the strong hand. We indulged in the usual Quixotism of the 'gentlemanly' highwayman and robber. We were to despoil the rich, and in this way assist the poor. Our work should be judiciously planned, and everything done under strict system and discipline.

"'Our very first attempt proved disastrous. I was arrested while in possession of the whole booty, which my counsel, as you remember, endeavored to prove had been maliciously deposited in my quarters by an enemy. You know what followed. I was convicted, sentenced, and got away by jumping from the train. My escape had been arranged by my two coadjutors, who were not arrested. They were untiring in their efforts to secure my liberty, and everything worked exactly as it had been planned. It was in the night, and before the train could run back and put men in search of me, and then reach a telegraph station, I was twenty miles away in safe hiding.

"'You may think this catastrophe cured me of any further thought of leading a life of violence. Quite the contrary. I was all the more fascinated by it. The devotion of my associates I regarded as one of the strongest evidences of the correctness of our principles, since all were willing to peril life and liberty in behalf of them and of each other. I remained in my hiding-place several weeks, and then ventured, after proper disguises, to transfer myself to a distant locality, were I was joined by one of my confederates, the other undertaking soon to be with us.

"'It was but a few days before we planned what promised to be a very easy affair. A respectable man, connected with a railroad company, was in the habit of bringing to his house considerable sums of money when the packages arrived too late to place them in the large safe at the office. These packages he would put in his writing-desk, of which he kept the key, instead of carrying them on his person. The man was a widower with an only child, a daughter, a little girl twelve years old, far gone with consumption. It was a servant in the house who gave all the necessary information and kept us fully posted. At this time money packages would be brought home by the man at least twice a week, and it was the part of the woman who had charge of the chambers to tell us when, and to indicate a favorable opportunity for the attempt. It came at last. Two packages had been brought in and locked up in the writing-desk. The man had to go away after tea, and would not be home till late; the cook was to have her 'evening out,' and the remaining servant, who was in league with us, would take care to be in the kitchen for the short time required for our operations.

"'It was a little past nine when I entered the house and made my way up-stairs. My confederate watched outside to give any necessary warning. I walked quietly into the chamber, where I knew from a glance from the street that a light was burning. To my surprise I found it occupied. On a cot placed near the large bed, lay the little girl. She was awake, and before I was fairly in the room I heard her say 'Pa.' When she saw me she opened her eyes wide, but she did not utter a word. How could I rush up to that pale, delicate child and threaten her if she made any noise? Something I did do—I raised my finger in a way scarcely menacing, but as if I would say 'Hush!' and proceeded quietly to unlock the writing-desk and abstract the two packages, which I thrust into my breast pocket; then I locked the desk and turned and left the room.

"'This occupied a couple of minutes, but the child never took her eyes off me—and with such a look! Her long illness had given to her young, pale, thin, wasted face a matured expression of the utmost softness and refinement—angelic I must call it. The large black eyes—unnaturally large and black by contrast—followed every movement of my hands till I had secured the money. Then they regarded me with a look so sorrowful, so pitiful, so compassionate, that I felt myself to be in the presence of a superior being who knew just my state and was judging me in mercy. No being can picture how I felt.

"'I divided the booty and quitted the place before a hue and cry was raised. My confederate and I agreed to separate, each to look out for himself. I had already decided—had decided as I closed the door of that chamber and saw those eyes fixed on me in a last look.

"'The particulars of my escape would not interest you. I reached the interior of Texas, and, pushing beyond any settlement, I located on this spot, a 640-acre claim. It cost me but a hundred dollars. I undertook the business of raising horses. It was more to my taste than stock or sheep-raising. I was scarcely twenty-three when I began; I am now thirty-seven. Two years ago I sent back the last instalment, with interest, of the stolen ten thousand dollars of which my confederate had received the half.

"'Perhaps you may say it was my duty, under the new light which seemed to dawn in me, to have returned the packages and given myself up to justice. I cannot agree with you. I do not know that I can call myself a repentant man. I admit that I was a mistaken man, and that my plans for setting matters right between the rich and the poverty-stricken, by robbery and violence, were impracticable and wicked. But my views have not changed in regard to rich people. Tell me what all the denunciations of Scripture mean? Do they mean anything? 'Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl!' Does that mean anything? 'How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' What are we to understand by that? Are we to make any practical application of the story of Lazarus and Dives? I tell you I believe it to be a heinous sin for a man who possesses the faculty of accumulation to increase his wealth beyond a certain amount. He should employ it to aid those struggling to live and to earn food and clothing. I do not say that I know of a way out of these evils; but I do say that the coldness, the heartlessness, the indifference of the rich as to the existing state of things, and their merciless course towards the poor and suffering, are producing a class of desperate men—robbers and burglars and thieves. Further, such a course gives birth to numerous organizations which conservative people call subversive of society, and sooner or later it will provoke a great uprising on the earth. Recollect what I say.

"'For me, I live the life of a banished man. I knew you the moment you came within hailing distance. I saw you did not recognize me, and I desired to pass you unnoticed. When I encountered you again I thought I perceived a trace of recognition in your face, and I preferred to secure your confidence than run the risk of circumstances. You know—you must know—that all these years I have felt my arrest possible at any time. I have lived and do live with the sword suspended over me. I have one ever-present and prevailing consolation—the memory of the dying girl and what I feel was her compassionate judgment of me.'

"We were both silent for a few minutes. Then my host rose. I followed him mechanically. We found the horses already saddled. Mounting, we rode in the direction of the cavvard. I expressed my admiration of the drove; then he put me on the right trail and we parted.

"I did not look back till I was about to descend the next roll of the prairie. Then I turned and saw him sitting on his horse just where I had left him. He seemed to be looking wistfully towards me, but he made no sign and I rode forward."

DECORATION DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.

FRIDAY, May 30th, was distinguished by the finest weather that could be desired for the observances of the annual tribute to the memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the late rebellion, in New York City and vicinity. The occasion partook more fully than usual of the features of a holiday, while the soldiery in the streets and cemeteries was certainly far in advance of previous demonstrations.

Much of the ceremonies was of a routine or settled character. Lincoln Post, No. 13, G. A. R., decorated the Lincoln statue and held appropriate services there, and the like honor was paid to Washington by the butchers of Washington Market; to Lafayette by the French Benevolent Society and the Lafayette Guard, and to General Worth by the Mexican War Veterans. Kearney Post, G. A. R. decorated the grave of their late commander in Trinity Churchyard; the officers and employés of the Post Office, nearly 800 in number, placed a floral monument by the grave of General Dix, formerly Postmaster of this city, and the monuments and graves of other prominent men were visited by organizations named after them.

While much popular interest was exhibited in the services at the monuments, statues and graves in the city, the greatest attention was paid to the grand procession. A little before ten o'clock in the morning the column began to move down Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street. Passing through that street it marched around the Lincoln statue, then up Broadway to Seventeenth, thence to Fourth Avenue; down that to Broadway, passing between the Washington and Lafayette statues, and down Broadway to Murray, where the military escort halted, while the Grand Army Posts continued their march to the churchyards and suburban cemeteries to decorate the graves under their special charge.

The entire procession was under the command of General Charles K. Graham, Grand Marshal, who merits high credit for the punctuality and regularity with which he carried out the formal programme.

The procession organized in nine divisions with an escort. The First Division of the National Guard, under command of Major-General Shaler, acted as the escort. It consisted of separate Troop A, Captain Karl Klein commanding; separate Troop B, Captain L. T. Baker commanding; the Fifth Regiment, Colonel Charles S. Spencer commanding; Seventh Regiment, Colonel Emmons Clark commanding; Eighth Regiment, Colonel George D. Scott commanding; Ninth Regiment, Colonel S. Oscar Ryder commanding; Eleventh Regiment, Colonel Frederick Unbekent commanding; Twelfth Regiment, Colonel S. V. R. Cruger commanding; Twenty-second Regiment, Colonel Josiah Porter commanding; Sixty-ninth Regiment, Colonel James Cavanagh commanding; Seventy-first Regiment, Colonel Richard Vose commanding; Battery B, Captain John Keim commanding; Battery K, Captain Augustus Hoebzle commanding, and the Third Cavalry, Colonel John H. Bodine commanding. Then followed the Grand Army of the Republic with Major-General Charles K. Graham as Grand Marshal. The first separate troop of cavalry, Captain J. M. Jarvis commanding, formed the headquarters guard, and immediately in their rear came the carriages containing guests. The guests were Major-General Hancock and staff, Admiral S. D. Trenchard, Commodore Nicholson, Captain S. B. Lucy, and other naval officers; Captain John Faunce, General Daniel E. Sickles, John S. Corse, Abner Doubleday, Horace Porter, John Cochrane, Martin T. McMahon, E. Merrit, Silas S. Burt, Lloyd Aspinwall, John C. Robinson, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; James McQuade, George B. Woodward, Jefferson C. Davis, Henry A. Barnum, and Silas B. Dutcher. Then came the first division of the parade proper, under General T. F. Rodenbough. It was composed of the United States Marines, a naval battalion of sailors from the *Minnesota*, Battery C, of Third United States Artillery, Mexican War Veterans, and the military Order, Loyal Legion of the United States. The Second Division, with Jno. H. Davis and Samuel G. Hayter as aides-de-camps, was made up of Phil Kearney Post No. 8, G. A. R., uniformed officers of United States Customs of the Port of New York, with color-guard of sailors from the revenue cutter Grant, the Veteran Corps Sixty-ninth Regiment, Tenth New York Volunteer Association, Fifth New York Volunteer Veteran Association, and Sumner Post No. 14, G. A. R. The Third Division, under command of George A. Travers, followed. It comprised the Turner cadets, Koltes Post No. 32, G. A. R., Veteran Singing Society, and the Thirty-ninth, Forty-first, Forty-fifth and Sixty-eighth New York Volunteer Veteran Associations. The Fourth Division, under Louis Schlamp, Jr., consisted of the Andersen Zouaves, J. Lafayette Riker Post No. 62, G. A. R., Blenker Verein Veterans, Oesterreich Singing Society, New Yorker Leidertafel, Bohemian Schützen Corps, Company H, Eleventh Regiment, Veteran Society, Pioneer Corps, Yager Company, Jackson Company 39, G. S. R., Washington Rifles. The Fifth Division, D. Sullivan, marshal, was composed of the Veteran Zouave Association, Dahlgreen Post No. 113, G. A. R., Sullivan's Battery, Cameron Post No. 79, G. A. R., George G. Meade Post No. 28, G. A. R., and the Veteran Guards. The sixth division included the Fire Department, and was under command of Charles O. Shay. The division was made of Engine Companies Nos. 1, 3, 4, 13, 15, 18, 28, and 39, and Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 2 and 12. The American District Telegraph Company, patrol detail, and fire extinguishing apparatus, with the officials of the company, were also in this division. The Seventh division, under command of James B. Homer, was composed of Reno Post, No. 44, G. A. R., E. A. Kimball Post, No. 109, G. A. R., the Ninth New York Volunteers, Veteran Association, Veteran Association Forty-second Regiment, and W. D. Kennedy Post, No. 42, G. A. R. The eighth division, under command of Abram Duryea, comprised Batalion des Guarde Lafayette, Associazione Italiano, Guardia Colombo, Veterans of the War of 1812, Washington Continental Guard, Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, G. A. R., Kitching Post, No. 60, G. A. R., of Yonkers; Oliver Tilden; Post, No. 90, G. A. R., and the Skidmore Guards. The ninth division, under command of James H. Donovan, was made up of Wadsworth Post, No. 77, G. A. R., Robert Anderson Post, No. 58, G. A. R., James C. Rice Post, No. 29, G. A. R., Ellsworth Post, No. 80, G. A. R., and Farragut Post, No. 75, G. A. R.

Special memorial services were held in Trinity Church at noon, and in the Academy of Music in the evening.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Military Sports in Afghanistan.

The amusements of the British officers and soldiers during the Afghan truce are many and novel. At the camp near Jellalabad the troops have erected an amphitheatre, simply constructed by digging a few trenches in a horse-shoe form in front of a mud platform which has a low, mud wall at the back of it. The audience sit on the ledges of earth formed by the trenches. Three fires of wood burning in front of the stage answer for the footlights. This "lyric theatre" is within the artillery lines. The football match was played by the Fifty-ninth Regiment, at Khelat-i-Ghilzais, and was the first occasion on which the game has ever been attempted in Afghanistan. Every one turned out to see the fun, and even the native "Ghilzais" sent representatives, who seemed to enjoy the game as well as the music of the band in the apathetic sort of way which apparently is natural to them.

Engaging Female Servants at Adelaide, Australia.

Usually on the arrival of a ship from England at Adelaide, Australia, the single female immigrants are at once landed and conveyed to the Servants' Home in Flinders Street, at the expense of the colony. Employers of labor are then notified by advertisement in the newspapers at what time the girls will be ready to be seen and engaged. Ten o'clock A. M. is the hour fixed, but long before carriages, wagons, cabs, and other vehicles have conveyed quite a host of employers to the Home, while many others flock thither on foot. On the morning this sketch was taken thirty-two girls were engaged within the space of ten minutes. The demand is always greater than the supply.

Lord Chelmsford's Relief of Ekowe.

On March 30th much delay was occasioned at first starting by the difficulty of getting over a small watercourse which lay between a steep descent and an equally steep ascent. Wagon after wagon plunged into the slough, and stopped dead. Extra spans were harnessed on, and after a prolonged scene of confusion, during which the sun rose high in the heavens, the sprint, or watercourse, was at length overcome. Owing to this delay the advance guard did not arrive within a mile of the Amantikulu until 2 P. M. After a short visit to the drift, Lord Chelmsford decided to encamp where he was—that is, on the right bank of the Amantikulu—as the water was high, and crossing would have occupied the troops until a late hour in the night. The whole of the following day was occupied in crossing the Amantikulu. The river was high, and the stream rapid; it was consequently necessary to harness sixteen spans on to each vehicle, and in many cases twenty or twenty-five couple of oxen were attached to one wagon, around which also swarmed natives working hard, up to their waists in water. After the crossing had been accomplished, the bulk of the troops—a body of mounted infantry excepted who had been detached to burn some native kraals—halted on the side of a hill, and there remained for the rest of the day. The heat was very great. By the time the last wagon had crossed it was too late in the day to proceed further, so a laager was constructed, and the troops outspanned for the night.

The Crisis in Burmah.

Toungboo, which has been a British frontier station since 1852, is situated on the bank of the river Sittang, and is the chief town of the territory of Pegu. The ancient city was one of very great magnificence, but when it first came into British possession it consisted mainly of a few ruined pagodas, scattered over a vast quadrangle, inclosed by a massive wall and deep ditch. Since that time, however, great improvements have been made, and the wealth and importance of the place have much increased. It was to Toungboo that the ex King of Delhi was banished in 1858. The battery which has been ordered to Mandalay to act against the troops of the King of Burmah is quite unique in its equipment, being the only one of its kind in the service. The guns, small steel seven-pounders, are mounted with their carriages and wheels on the backs of elephants. The ammunition is carried in small boxes on other elephants, there being four ammunition elephants to each gun. The gun, carriage and wheels, may be carried separately by the men, in places where the jungle is dense, or when under the enemy's fire, where the elephants would be unsteady. The whole of the men may be carried on the elephants in case of a river to be forded, or a rapid movement being required, so that the battery is then almost equal to a horse-artillery battery in mobility. The guns fire a double shell, which is very effective when it bursts.

The Whitsuntide Procession at Angra, in the Island of Terceira, one of the Azores.

The Azores are, next to the Madeiras, the finest islands yet possessed by Portugal, of all her once magnificent foreign possessions. They were discovered in the fifteenth century and consist of nine islands, Terceira being the largest. The capital, Angra, is a Bishop's See and the residence of the commander of the military division of the Azores and seat of the highest court. Its population is some 12,000. On Whitsunday a peculiar procession is to be seen here, of which our illustration gives some idea. It originated in Germany in the reign of one of the Othos. A terrible famine desolated many parts of the empire, and, to draw down the mercy of God, Otho, besides assisting the needy, ordered general prayers and devotions to the Holy Ghost. These were opened with great solemnity, and the relief granted to these prayers caused the devotion to be perpetuated by annual processions in honor of the Holy Ghost, on Whitsunday. The custom extended even to these Portuguese islands off the coast of Africa, and is continued to this day. The procession commemorates its origin and object by the articles of the fruits of the earth borne by the confraternities and by the insignia of the old German Empire.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—AT present there are 6,000 Chinamen at work on the Texas Pacific Railroad.

—A COLLEGE for colored males is in course of erection at Meridian, Miss.

—SAVANNAH will celebrated the 100th anniversary of its siege on October 9th.

—THE third General Convention of State Railroad Commissioners will be opened at Saratoga, June 10th.

—MASSACHUSETTS spends yearly $5,000,000 for 3,130 public schools, with 310,000 pupils and 8,500 teachers.

—ON May 21st, 40,000,000 feet of logs left Connecticut Lake, Vt., the largest drive by one-half ever taken down the Connecticut River.

—IT is roughly estimated that 500,000 seals have been taken in the Newfoundland fisheries this season, giving some 100,000 cwts. of oil.

—DIPLOMACY will be well represented at Newport this Summer as the French, Austrian, Turkish and Spanish Ambassadors have rented cottages there.

—THE Emperor of Austria has consented to act as arbitrator in the dispute between Great Britain and Nicaragua, concerning some provisions in the Treaty of 1860.

—IT is the boast of Lutherans that their denomination has erected more orphan asylums in proportion to the membership than any other of the Protestant sects.

—THE next walking-match for the championship of the world will begin June 16th, in London, with Rowell, Ennis, Brown, Harding, and possibly Weston, as competitors.

—IN Ireland there are 16,000 landlords, of whom 1,242 own two-thirds of the whole country. The land is cultivated by 600,000 tenants, who occupy an average of thirty-two acres each.

—AN extra session of the Texas Legislature is called for June 10th to provide funds for the payment of the State debt and for the maintenance of the public schools. The State now owes $7,000,000.

—THE gross receipts in aid of the widows and children of the Gloucester, Mass., fishermen lost during the past Winter, now amount to $27,826, a sum adequate to meet all present necessities and provide a moderate reserve for next Winter.

—A SINGULAR proposition has been made in the Legislature of Missouri. It is to provide that legal voters who stay away from the polls three elections in succession shall be punished with forfeiture of their right to hold any public office in the State.

—THE next journey towards the North Pole, excepting that of Bennett's *Jeannette*, which will soon sail from San Francisco, is to be made in the yacht *Ya-bjorn*, which has been hired for the purpose by Sir Henry Gore. The vessel is well equipped for her adventurous cruise, and is manned by a Norwegian crew.

—THERE is no trade in Great Britain which furnishes such a curious assemblage of statistics regarding the population as that of nail-making, and particularly in the counties of Worcester and Stafford. It is shown that in the former county, while the number of men employed in the trade was 5,258, the women and girls amounted to 5,897; and that in the latter the men were 2,601, and the women 7,206. This disparity would be singular enough in any occupation which embraced both sexes; but when we think of what an occupation nail-making is these figures are really astonishing.

—JOSEPH NIMMO, JR., Chief of Statistics, announces that the excess of exports over imports during the month of April was $12,171,999, it having been in April, 1878, $25,927,386. For the ten months ended April 30th, 1879, the balance of trade was large—$241,442,823, compared with $227,042,087 in 1878. For the year ended April 30th, 1879, the balance was $272,215,770, against $221,680,013 in the year ended April 30th, 1878. A comparison of the exports and imports of gold and silver coin and bullion exhibits the following: Month ended April 30th, 1879, excess of exports, $3,450,631; month ended April 30th, 1878, excess of imports, $2,355,025. For the twelve months ended April 30th, 1879, there was an excess of exports of $5,269,623, compared with $19,331,134 in 1877-78.

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NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE PATRIOTIC DEAD OF THE WAR—THE PROCESSION O
WITH THE STATE MILITIA, UNDER GENERAL SHALER, RESTIN

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MILITARY AND SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS, HEADED BY GRAND MARSHAL GRAHAM AND STAFF, PASSING DOWN BROADWAY, MURRAY STREET, ON DECORATION DAY, MAY 30TH.—SEE PAGE 243.

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THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"LET me see the blister," said Amelius. Sally looked longingly at the fire. "May I warm my feet first?" she asked; "they are so cold."

In those words, she innocently deferred the discovery which, if it had been made at the moment, might have altered the whole after-course of events. Amelius only thought now of preventing her from catching cold. He sent Toff for a pair of the warmest socks that he possessed, and asked if he should put them on for her. She smiled, and shook her head, and put them on for herself.

When they had done laughing at the absurd appearance of the little feet in the large socks, they only drifted further and further away from the subject of the blistered foot. Sally remembered the terrible matron, and asked if anything had been heard of her that morning. Being told that Mrs. Payson had written, and that the doors of the institution were closed to her, she recovered her spirits, and began to wonder whether the offended authorities would let her have her clothes. Toff offered to go and make the inquiry, later in the day, suggesting the purchase of slippers and stockings, in the meantime, while Sally was having her breakfast. Amelius approved of the suggestion; and Toff set off on his errand, with one of Sally's boots for a pattern.

The morning had, by that time, advanced to ten o'clock.

Amelius stood before the fire talking, while Sally had her breakfast. Having first explained the reasons which made it impossible that she should live at the cottage in the capacity of his servant, he astonished her by announcing that he meant to undertake the superintendence of her education himself. They were to be master and pupil, while the lessons were in progress; and brother and sister at other times—and they were to see how they got on together, on this plan, without indulging in any needless anxiety about the future. Amelius believed with perfect sincerity that he had hit on the only sensible arrangement, under the circumstances; and Sally cried joyously, "Oh, how good you are to me; the happy life has come at last!"

* * * * * *

At the hour when those words passed the daughter's lips, the discovery of the conspiracy burst upon the mother in all its baseness and in all its horror.

The suspicion of her infamous employer, which had induced Mrs. Sowler to attempt to intrude herself into Phœbe's confidence, led her to make a visit of investigation at Jervy's lodgings later in the day. Informed (as Phœbe had been informed) that he was not at home, she called again some hours afterwards. By that time the landlord had discovered that Jervy's luggage had been secretly conveyed away, and that his tenant had left him, in debt for rent of the two best rooms in the house.

No longer in any doubt of what had happened, Mrs. Sowler employed the remaining hours of the evening in making inquiries after the missing man. Not a trace of him had been discovered up to eight o'clock on the next morning.

Shortly after nine o'clock—that is to say, towards the hour at which Phœbe paid her visit to Amelius—Mrs. Sowler, resolute to know the worst, made her appearance at the apartments occupied by Mrs. Farnaby.

"I wish to speak to you," she began, abruptly, "about that young man we both know of. Have you seen anything of him lately?"

Mrs. Farnaby, steadily on her guard, deferred answering the question. "Why do you want to know?" she said.

The reply was instantly ready. "Because I have reason to believe that he has bolted, with your money in his pocket."

"He has done nothing of the sort," Mrs. Farnaby rejoined.

"Has he got your money?" Mrs. Sowler persisted. "Tell me the truth, and I'll do the same by you. He has cheated me. If you're cheated, too, it's your own interest to lose no time in finding him. The police may catch him yet. *Has* he got your money?"

The woman was in earnest—in terrible earnest—her eyes and her voice both bore witness to it. She stood there the living impersonation of those doubts and fears which Mrs. Farnaby had described in her letter to Amelius. Her position, at that moment, was essentially a position of power. Mrs. Farnaby felt it in spite of herself. She acknowledged that Jervy had got the money.

"Did you send it to him, or give it to him?" Mrs. Sowler asked.

"I gave it to him."

"When?"

"Yesterday evening."

Mrs. Sowler clinched her fists, and shook them in impotent rage. "He's the biggest scoundrel living," she exclaimed, furiously; "and you're the biggest fool! Put on your bonnet and come to the police. If you get your money back again before he's spent it all don't forget it was through me."

The audacity of the woman's language roused Mrs. Farnaby. She pointed to the door. "You are an insolent creature," she said; "I have nothing more to do with you."

"You have nothing more to do with me?" Mrs. Sowler repeated. "You and the young man have settled it all between you, I suppose." She laughed scornfully. "I dare say now you expect to see him again?"

Mrs. Farnaby was irritated into answering this. "I expect to see him this morning," she said, "at ten o'clock."

"And the lost young lady with him?"

"Say nothing about my lost daughter; I won't even hear you speak of her."

Mrs. Sowler sat down. "Look at your watch," she said. "It must be nigh on ten o'clock by this time. You'll make a disturbance in the house if you try to turn me out. I mean to wait here till ten o'clock."

On the point of answering angrily, Mrs. Farnaby restrained herself. "You are trying to force a quarrel on me," she said; "you sha'n't spoil the happiest morning in my life. Wait here by yourself."

She opened the door that led into her bedchamber, and shut herself in. Perfectly impenetrable to any repulse that could be offered to her, Mrs. Sowler looked at the closed door with a sardonic smile, and waited.

The clock in the hall struck ten. Mrs. Farnaby returned again to the sitting-room, walked straight to the window and looked out.

"Any signs of him?" said Mrs. Sowler.

There were no signs of him. Mrs. Farnaby drew a chair to the window, and sat down. Her hands turned icy cold. She still looked out into the street.

"I'm going to guess what's happened," Mrs. Sowler resumed. "I'm a sociable creature, you know, and I must talk about something. About the money, now? Has the young man had his traveling expenses of you? To go to foreign parts and bring your girl back with him, eh? I guess that's how it was. You see I know him so well. And what happened, if you please, yesterday evening? Did he tell you he'd brought her back, and got her at his own place? And did he say he wouldn't let you see her till you'd paid him his reward as well as his traveling expenses? And did you forget my warning to you not to trust him? I'm a good one at guessing when I try. I see you think so yourself. Any signs of him yet?"

Mrs. Farnaby looked round from the window. Her manner was completely changed; she was nervously civil to the wretch who was torturing her. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I have offended you," she said faintly. "I am a little upset—I am so anxious about my poor child. Perhaps you are a mother yourself. You oughtn't to frighten me; you ought to feel for me." She paused, and put her hand to her head. "He told me yesterday evening," she went on, slowly and vacantly, "that my poor darling was at his lodgings; he said she was so worn out with the long journey from abroad that she must have a night's rest before she could come to me. I asked him to tell me where he lived and let me go to her. He said she was asleep and must not be disturbed. I promised to go in on tiptoe and only look at her; I offered him more money, double the money, to tell me where she was. He was very hard on me. He only said, wait till ten to-morrow morning—and wished me good-night. I ran out to follow him, and fell on the stairs and hurt myself. The people of the house were very kind to me." She turned her head back towards the window and looked out into the street again. "I must be patient," she said; "he's only a little late."

Mrs. Sowler rose and tapped her smartly on the shoulder. "Lies!" she burst out. "He knows no more where your daughter is than I do—and he's off with your money!"

The woman's hateful touch struck out a spark of the old fire in Mrs. Farnaby. Her natural force of character asserted itself once more. "You lie!" she rejoined. "Leave the room!"

The door was opened while she spoke. A respectable woman-servant came in with a letter. Mrs. Farnaby took it mechanically and looked at the address. Jervy's feigned handwriting was familiar to her. In the instant when she recognized it the life seemed to go out of her like an extinguished light. She stood pale and still and silent, with the unopened letter in her hand.

Watching her with malicious curiosity, Mrs. Sowler coolly possessed herself of the letter, looked at it, and recognized the writing in her turn. "Stop!" she cried, as the servant was on the point of going out. "There's no stamp on this letter. Was it brought by hand? Is the messenger waiting?"

The respectable servant showed her opinion of Mrs. Sowler plainly in her face. She replied as briefly and as ungraciously as possible: "No!"

"Man or woman?" was the next question.

"Am I to answer this person, ma'am?" said the servant, looking at Mrs. Farnaby.

"Answer me instantly," Mrs. Sowler interposed, "in Mrs. Farnaby's own interests. Don't you see she can't speak to you herself?"

"Well, then," said the servant, "it was a man."

"A man with a squint?"

"Yes."

"Which way did he go?"

"Towards the square."

Mrs. Sowler tossed the letter on the table and hurried out of the room. The servant approached Mrs. Farnaby. "You haven't opened your letter yet, ma'am," she said.

"No," said Mrs. Farnaby vacantly, "I haven't opened it yet."

"I'm afraid it's bad news, ma'am."

"Yes; I think it's bad news."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you. Yes; one thing. Open my letter for me please."

It was a strange request to make. The servant wondered, and obeyed. She was a kind-hearted woman; she really felt for the poor lady; but the familiar household devil, whose name is Curiosity, and whose opportunities are innumerable, prompted her next words when she had taken the letter out of the envelope: "Shall I read it to you, ma'am?"

"No. Put it down on the table, please. I'll ring when I want you."

* * * * * *

The mother was alone—alone, with her death-warrant waiting for her on the table.

The clock down-stairs struck the half-hour after ten. She moved, for the first time since she had received the letter. Once more she went to the window and looked out. It was only for a moment. She turned away again, with a sudden contempt for herself. "What a fool I am!" she said—and took up the open letter.

She looked at it, and put it down again. "Why should I read it," she asked herself, "when I know what is in it without reading?"

Some framed woodcuts from the illustrated newspapers were hung on the walls. One of them represented a scene of rescue from shipwreck. A mother embracing her daughter, saved by the lifeboat, was among the foreground groups. The print was entitled "The Mercy of Providence." Mrs. Farnaby looked at it with a moment's steady attention. "Providence has its favorites," she said; "I am not one of them."

After thinking a little she went into her bedroom and took two papers out of her dressing-case. They were medical prescriptions.

She turned next to the chimney-piece. Two medicine-bottles were placed on it. She took one of them down—a bottle of the ordinary size, known among chemists as a six-ounce bottle. It contained a colorless liquid. The label stated the dose to be "two tablespoonsful," and bore, as usual, a number corresponding with a number placed on the prescription. She took up the prescription. It was a mixture of bi-carbonate of soda and prussic acid, intended for the relief of indigestion. She looked at the date, and was at once reminded of one of the very rare occasions on which she had required the services of a medical man. There had been a serious accident at a dinner-party given by some old friends. She had eaten sparingly of a certain dish, from which some of the other guests had suffered severely. It was discovered that the food had been cooked in an old copper saucepan. In her case the trifling result had been a disturbance of digestion, and nothing more. The doctor had prescribed accordingly. She had taken but one dose; with her healthy constitution, she despised physic. The remainder of the mixture was still in the bottle.

She considered again with herself for some minutes—then went back to the chimney-piece, and took down the second bottle.

It contained a colorless liquid also; but it was only half the size of the first bottle, and not a drop had been taken. She waited, observing the difference between the two bottles with extraordinary attention. In this case also the prescription was in her possession—but it was not the original. A line at the top stated that it was a copy made by the chemist, at the request of a customer. It bore the date of more than three years since. A morsel of paper was pinned to the prescription, containing some lines in a woman's handwriting—"With your enviable health and strength, my dear, I should have thought you were the last person in the world to want a tonic. However, here is my prescription, if you must have it. Be very careful to take the right dose, because there's poison in it." The prescription contained three ingredients, strychnine, quinine, and nitro-hydrochloric acid; and the dose was fifteen drops in water. Mrs. Farnaby lit a match, and burned the lines of her friend's writing. "As long ago as that," she reflected, watching the destruction of the paper, "I thought of killing myself. Why didn't I do it?"

The paper having been destroyed, she put back the prescription for indigestion in her dressing-case; hesitated for a moment, and opened the bedroom-window. It looked into a lonely little courtyard. She threw the dangerous contents of the second and smaller bottle out into the yard, and then put it back empty on the chimney-piece. After another moment of hesitation, she returned to the sitting-room, with the bottle of mixture, and the copied prescription for the tonic strychnine drops in her hand.

She put the bottle on the table, and advanced to the fireplace to ring the bell. Warm as the room was, she began to shiver. Did the eager life in her feel the fatal purpose that she was meditating, and shrink from it? Instead of ringing the bell, she bent over the fire, trying to warm herself.

"Other women would get relief in crying," she thought. "I wish I was like other women!"

The whole sad truth about herself was in that melancholy aspiration. No relief in tears, no merciful oblivion in a fainting-fit, for her. The terrible strength of the vital organization in this woman knew no yielding to the unutterable misery that wrung her to the soul. It roused its glorious forces to resist; it held her in a stony quiet, with a grip of iron.

She turned away from the fire, wondering at herself. "What baseness is there in me that fears death? What have I got to live for now?" The open letter on the table caught her eye. "This will do it!" she said—and snatched it up, and read it at last.

"The least I can do for you is to act like a gentleman, and spare you unnecessary suspense. You will not see me this morning at ten, for the simple reason that I really don't know (and never did know) where to find your daughter. I wish I was rich enough to return the money. Not being able to do that, I will give you a word of advice instead. The next time you confide any secrets of yours to Mr. Goldenheart, take better care that no third person hears you."

She read those atrocious lines, without any visible disturbance of the dreadful composure that possessed her. Her mind made no effort to discover the person who had listened and betrayed her. To all ordinary curiosity, to all ordinary emotions, she was morally dead already.

The one thought in her was a thought that might have occurred to a man. "If I only had my hands on his throat, how I could wring the life out of him! As it is——" Instead of pursuing the reflection, she threw the letter into the fire, and rang the bell.

"Take this at once to the nearest chemist's," she said, giving the strychnine prescription to the servant; "and, wait, please, and bring it back with you."

She opened her desk, when she was alone, and tore up the letters and papers in it. This done, she took her pen, and wrote a letter. It was addressed to Amelius.

When the servant entered the room again, bringing with her the prescription made up, the clock down-stairs struck eleven.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOFF returned to the cottage with the slippers and the stockings.

"What a time you have been gone!" said Amelius.

"It is not my fault, sir," Toff explained. "The stockings I obtained without difficulty. But the nearest shoe-shops in this neighborhood sold only coarse manufactures, and all too large. I had to go to my wife, and get her to take me to the right place. See!" he exclaimed, producing a pair of quilted silk slippers with blue rosettes, "here is a design that is really worthy of pretty feet. Try them on, miss."

Sally's eyes sparkled at the sight of the slippers. She rose at once, and limped away to her room. Amelius, observing that she still walked in pain, called her back. "I had forgotten the blister," he said. "Before you put on the new stockings, Sally, let me see your foot." He turned to Toff. "You're always ready with everything," he went on; "I wonder whether you have got a needle and a bit of worsted thread?"

The old Frenchman answered with an air of respectful reproach. "Knowing me, sir, as you do," he said, "could you doubt for a moment that I mend my own clothes and darn my own stockings?" He withdrew to his bedroom below, and returned with a leather roll. "When you are ready, sir!" he said, opening the roll at the table, and threading the needle, while Sally removed the sock from her left foot.

She took a chair near the window, at the suggestion of Amelius. He knelt down so as to raise her foot to his knee. "Turn a little more towards the light," he said. He took the foot in his hand, lifted it, looked at it—and suddenly let it drop back on the floor.

A cry of alarm from Sally instantly brought Toff to the window. "Oh, look!" she cried; "he's ill!" Toff lifted Amelius to a chair. "For God's sake, sir," cried the terrified old man, "what's the matter?" Amelius had turned to the strange ashy paleness which is only seen in men of his florid complexion, overwhelmed by sudden emotion. He stammered when he tried to speak. "Fetch the brandy!" said Toff, pointing to the liquor-case on the sideboard. Sally brought it instantly; the strong stimulant steadied Amelius.

"I'm sorry to have frightened you," he said, faintly. "Sally!—dear, dear little Sally, go in, and get your things on directly. You must come out with me; I'll tell you why afterwards. My God! why didn't I find this out before?" He noticed Toff, wondering and trembling. "Good old fellow! don't alarm yourself—you shall know about it, too. Go! run! get the first cab you can find!"

Left alone for a few minutes, he had time to compose himself. He did his best to take advantage of the time; he tried to prepare his mind for the coming interview with Mrs. Farnaby. "I must be careful of what I do," he thought, conscious of the overwhelming effect of the discovery on himself; "she doesn't expect *me* to bring her daughter to her."

Sally returned to him, ready to go out. She seemed to be afraid of him, when he approached her and took her hand. "Have I done anything wrong?" she asked, in her childish way. "Are you going to take me to some other Home?" The tone and look with which she put the question burst through the restraints which Amelius had imposed on himself for her sake. "My dear, dear child!" he said, "can you bear a great surprise? I'm dying to tell you the truth—and I scarcely dare do it." He took her in his arms. She trembled piteously. Instead of answering him, she reiterated her question, "Are you going to take me to some other Home?" He could endure it no longer. "This is the happiest day of your life, Sally!" he cried; "I am going to take you to your mother."

He held her close to him, and looked at her in dread of having spoken too plainly. She lifted her eyes to him slowly, in vacant fear and surprise; she burst into no expression of delight; no overwhelming emotion made her sink fainting in his arms. The sacred associations which gather round the mere name of Mother were associations unknown to her; the man who held her to him so tenderly, the hero who had pitied and saved her, was father and mother both to her simple mind. She dropped her head on his breast; her faltering voice told him that she was crying. "Will my mother take me away from you?" she asked. "Oh, do promise to bring me back with you to the cottage!"

For the moment, and the moment only, Amelius was disappointed in her. The generous sympathies in his nature guided him unerringly to the truer view. He remembered what her life had been. Inexpressible pity for her filled his heart. "Oh, my poor Sally, the time is coming when you will not think as you think now! I will do nothing to distress you. You mustn't cry—you must be happy, and loving and true to your mother." She dried her eyes. "I'll do anything you tell me," she said, "as long as you bring me back with you."

Amelius sighed, and said no more. He took her out with him gravely and silently, when the cab was announced to be ready. "Double

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your fare," he said, when he gave the driver his instructions, "if you get there in a quarter of an hour." It wanted twenty-five minutes to twelve when the cab left the cottage.

At that moment, the contrast of feeling between the two could scarcely have been more strongly marked. In proportion as Amelius became more and more agitated, so Sally recovered the composure and confidence that she had lost. The first question she put to him did not relate to her mother, but to his strange behavior, when he had knelt down to look at her foot. He answered, explaining to her briefly and plainly what his conduct meant. The description of what had passed between her mother and Amelius interested and yet perplexed her. "How can she be so fond of me, without knowing anything about me for all those years?" she said. "Is my mother a lady? Don't tell her where you found me; she might be ashamed of me." She paused, and looked at Amelius anxiously. "Are you vexed about something?" she asked. "May I take hold of your hand?" Amelius gave her his hand, and Sally was satisfied.

As the cab drew up at the house, the door was opened from within. A gentleman, dressed in black, hurriedly came out, looked at Amelius, and spoke to him as he stepped from the cab to the pavement.

"I beg your pardon, sir. May I ask if you are any relative of the lady who lives in this house?"

"No relative," Amelius answered. "Only a friend, who brings good news to her."

The stranger's grave face suddenly became compassionate as well as grave. "I must speak with you before you go up-stairs," he said, lowering his voice as he looked at Sally, still seated in the cab. "You will perhaps excuse the liberty I am taking, when I tell you that I am a medical man. Come into the hall for a moment—and don't bring the young lady with you."

Amelius told Sally to wait in the cab. She saw his altered looks, and entreated him not to leave her. He promised to keep the house-door open so that she could see him, and followed the doctor into the hall.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CLAMBAKE SEASON.

THE grove attached to "Gabe" Case's well-known hostelry on Central Avenue presented a scene of unwonted animation upon the afternoon of Tuesday, the 27th ult.; an animation that attracted the unwashed of the district to the "line of rail," and caused fast trotters, 2:17's, to be jerked suddenly on their haunches to enable their respective owners to take a passing glance at what was going on under the umbrageous foliage of the limes, the elms, and—though last, not least—the shade of the wooden bower sacred to the hospitalities of the Hoboken Turtle Club. "It ain't turtle," observed an ebon-colored youth to one of a lighter shade perched on the rail; "I guess it's clams."

The ebon-colored youth's conjecture was correct. Clams were to the fore, and gallantly, for the Rhode Island Clambake Club were holding annual festival. Beneath the trees, carriages that would have excited admiring comment in Rotten Row or the Bois de Boulogne were drawn up in line, while their respective owners chatted in groups of twos and threes on the sloping sward, or solemnly repaired to Gabe's for a pre-prandial cocktail. Invisible buggies, on cobweb wheels, were packed close as sardines in a box, while one or two vehicles that might have attended the Declaration of Independence seemed to protest against the pert invasion of their lighter and showier brethren.

Tables, whose snowy napery shone super-white against the green grass, were spread under protecting branches; colored waiters, in attitudes expressive of their hands and feet being too much for them, reclined at angles of forty-five; a band discussed "Pinafore" to much amateur chorus, and hither and thither, in picturesque profusion, lay empty champagne-baskets, brandy-cases and rotund demijohns. In one favored spot in the sacred grove was raised a sort of sacrificial altar, over which presided a gentleman of Druidical aspect, attired in a blue blouse, and holding a magician's wand in the shape of a long rake. This was W. R. Babcock, the proud inventor of the Babcock sauce, the prince of clam-bakers, whose fee for cooking a bake is one hundred dollars, and, let us say, cheap at the price. The movements of this artist were watched with the deepest interest by those assembled. They stood by in solemn silence while he laid the foundation-stones and built his fire. The company consulted watches when he started it. They noted with lively satisfaction that he emptied twenty-five bushels of clams upon the red-hot hearth, followed by four bushels of oysters.

"Are they soft-shells, Bab?" demanded a gentleman of 350 lbs., in the voice of a weak fat boy.

"They ain't," was Mr. Babcock's reply; "I've been disappointed in softs; the shaft of the steamer that was bringing 'em broke down at Fort Schuyler, so I substituted hards."

"That's bad," softly sighed the 350-pounder.

The mystic ceremony proceeded amidst a breathless silence; 300 pounds of sheepshead were affectionately placed upon the oysters, together with 100 pounds of sea-bass, carefully prepared in linen cloths; then fifty pounds of tripe were added; on the top of the tripe the high priest rolled the contents of a barrel of Bermuda potatoes, mixed with a bushel of sweet potatoes. The suppressed excitement grew stronger as 100 pairs of chickens were delicately adjusted on the pyre, decorated here and there with tufts of asparagus, fifty bunches being used for the purpose, and a murmur of approbation made itself heard when three barrels containing lobsters were emptied with something akin to a crash. But the culminating point had not as yet arrived.

Six men stood by, firmly grasping the edges of a great sail-cloth, in readiness to draw it over the succulent mound, and, at this instant, four darkies approached bearing four baskets, from which they emptied, with a cheer, about three thousand wriggling, squirming, sprawling, struggling, plunging, sputtering crabs, while loud cries rent the air as the quilt was drawn, and the bake "put to bed." An expert armed with a pitchfork now approached, and with the dexterity of a haymaker of the olden time, tossed rock-weed over the *tumulus* till it stood a foot deep on the savory viands beneath.

"In fifty minutes, gentlemen," observed Mr. Babcock, as he commenced to prepare forty gallons of the sauce that bears his name. "Cupid," a well-known fish merchant of Fulton Market, attired in a snow-white blouse, now went in for his innings, and never did anxious mother watch by the slumber of a delicate infant with more eager watchfulness, more tender care. How delicately he turned up the coverlet now and then to discover how his darlings were progressing, how anxiously he felt their pulse, and tucked in the bedclothes when they indicated disarrangement. He became the observed of all observers, and when, at the expiration of the time named by Mr. Babcock, he lifted the edge of the sail-cloth and jerked one brand from the burning, in the shape of a stick of asparagus, the very heart-beats of the club and its numerous guests could have been heard high above "I'm called Little Buttercup," vainly performed by the band in the hope of diverting attention from the subject that engrossed every thought with the tenacious grasp of the octopus.

When "Cupid" declared with a grunt of satisfaction that everything was Q. Q., alias quite correct, the rush for seats became frantic. Amongst those who plunged, with whoops that would have astonished Sitting Bull, were Henry A. Gumbleton, "Falstaff" Thompson, Shed Shook, Hon. John Fox, Benson C. King, Fire Commissioner; J. Hamlin, Deputy Commissioner Public Works; Sol Hayes, J. McDermott, Dan Patterson, W. C. Conner, J. J. Kelso, Major Quincy, W. H. Van Tassel, Alderman James A. Carroll, champion crab-eater; Martin Brown, city printer; Ed Gilmore, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

"For a long hour by Shrewsbury clock," did clams, and sheepshead, and asparagus, and chickens, and lobsters, and crabs disappear, washed down by the sparkling vintage of champagne. "Falstaff" Thompson's clams opened of their own accord, and were it not that Martin Brown had partaken of luncheon in the city, he would have made a better score. Isaak Eyland accounted for 165 clams, half a sheepshead, a lobster, five crabs, and et ceteras to no end. In the unavoidable absence of the President, Mr. Sheppard F. Knapp, Mr. Hosea Perkins called the club to order, and in playful terms demanded a speech from Captain Rynders. The gallant captain responded, but the cracking of lobster shells, the opening of clams, and the popping of champagne corks completely snuffed out the light of his eloquence, while two or three gentlemen who followed were equally offered up as victims. The feast was worthy of Lucullus, and when came the breaking-up there was considerable heaviness at parting.

The Late Massacre in Burmah.

IT appears that feminine intrigue is at the root of the dreadful doings in Burmah of late. The late King named as his successor Nyoung Yan; but the daughter of the chief Queen was engaged to be married to Theebau, now only about 21, and the Queen, resolving that her son-in-law should succeed, bought over the Ministers. The King's death was, through her means, kept secret until a strong following had been secured to Theebau, who, soon after he ascended the throne (his brothers and their families were thrown into prison), took to drinking, and showed signs of hereditary madness. Fear of British interference prevented his killing his brothers, but as soon as news arrived of the reverses in Zulu, he thought his opportunity for fratricide on a large scale had come, and went to work. At first the massacre was on the old Burmese plan, head tied to ankles and a heavy blow on the back; but when Thongzai was brought to do reverence to the King, his younger brother, and professed an utter scorn for what could be done to him, he was promptly flogged to death. Henry Oke, formerly Governor of Rangoon, had his nose and mouth filled with gunpowder, a light was applied, and then he was flung into a trench to be stifled by the bodies of the succeeding victims. The daughter, aged sixteen, of Nyoung Yan (who ought to have been King) was handed over to the guard, to be subsequently pitched insensible into the trench with the others. About ninety were killed altogether.

Beaconsfield's Laural Wreath.

THE gold laural wreath intended for presentation to Lord Beaconsfield as the people's tribute to the Premier is now completed and on exhibition in London. Contributions for this purpose were limited to one penny; and as the wreath, which has been executed at cost price, is valued at £120, it represents the contributions of 58,500 persons. Four branchlets of bay, twisted in pairs, are fastened at the thicker ends by a golden tie. Every leaf, stem, stalk and berry is a carefully studied imitation of the part it represents, and the faces and under sides of the leaves being veined and worked over with a fine-pointed tool, so as to produce the appearance of the pores, the play of light and shade on surfaces so varied is very great. The models were specimens of the *Laurus nobilis*, the[] sweet-smelling bay used by the Romans for the Corona laurea. The wreath weighs rather more than twenty ounces, and the gold used is twenty-two caret—of the same fineness as a sovereign, only the alloy in the wreath is silver instead of copper. There are forty-six leaves, and on the back of each may be seen, on turning over the wreath, the names, one, two or three on each leaf, of the eighty towns in the United Kingdom that have sent contributions. As subscriptions are still coming in, it is proposed to add a stand for the wreath, an oaken casket and an illuminated address.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

There was Another Eruption of Mount Etna on Sunday evening, May 25th.

The Baly Medal of the Royal College of Physicians of London has been awarded to Mr. Charles Darwin, F.R.S.

The Congress of the Social Science Association at Manchester has been fixed to take place from October 1st to 8th.

The News of the Death of the Marquis Antinori, the leader of the Italian Expedition to Central Africa, is contradicted.

A Late Dispatch from Alexandria states that two companions of the Italian explorer, the Marquis Antinori, have been made prisoners by the natives near Shoa.

One Person in 450 in Prussia is affected with insanity. A Berlin professor attributes the result largely to intemperance among the lower class, and too much forcing of early education among others.

The Carpi Prize of the Reale Academie de Lincei for 1880 (value 500 lire) will be awarded to the author of the best monograph "On the Organs and Vital Functions of Plants." Memoirs to be sent in before December 31st, 1880. The conditions are the same as in 1878.

"Akhbar," the most influential French paper in Algeria, is devoting many interesting articles to the construction of the Trans-Saharan railway from Laghouat to Timbuktu through Touat. The preliminary surveys have been executed from the Algiers-Oran line to Laghouat.

The Death is Announced of Professor Grisebach, the well-known botanist and geographer. He was born in 1814, at Hanover, and in 1841 was called as Professor of Botany to Göttingen, where he was still officiating up to his death. He contracted his illness while on a visit with his family to Italy.

A German Inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz-sand, which is spread on the thin leather sole employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.

The Governor of Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, has received intelligence from Professor Nordenskjöld, of the Arctic expedition, to May 2d. The Professor announced that he intended to start in the Vega for Europe by way of Behrings Straits and the Suez Canal. A telegraphic dispatch from Irkutsk reports that the Vega has since arrived in Behrings Straits.

Admiral Mackillop, who died recently in Egypt, had for eleven years held the position of Comptroller-General of Ports and Light-houses in that country, and stood high in favor with the Khédive and his people, as well as with foreigners. He made Alexandria one of the best managed harbors in the world. He had previously served in the British Navy thirty years with honor.

News from Leipzig states that the president of the Meteorological Office of that city, Baron A. von Danckelmann, has been invited by M. Sibiriakoff to take part in the expedition to the Siberian Arctic Sea, and that he has accepted the invitation, the necessary permission having been readily granted to him by the Saxon Government. The expedition was to sail on May 14th.

A New Form of Disease has become apparent in the heart of a very crowded portion of London. It is a new form of Cyprus fever, and a diagnosis of a recent malignant case shows the patient to be suffering from hallucinations and lowered vitality. The Faculty ascribe the disease to impure water, and have given it the name of dotephobia, and though it is seldom fatal, the sufferer remains but a shadow of his former self.

On Professor Pettenkofer's Advice, the German Empire has decided upon sulphurous acid as the best means of disinfection of clothing and other articles exposed to the plague. This is the ordinary gas formed by the burning of sulphur, and purifies by combining with the noxious substances and forming new compounds which are harmless. It may be doubted whether it would sufficiently penetrate heavy cloth so as to kill all germs.

The Experimental Labors in connection with the proposed tunnel under the English Channel are being continued at Sangatte, on the French side. A boring commenced last year at that point has now reached a depth of 853½ metres, or 8m. 67c. beneath the low water level of Spring tides. At this point the quantity of water amounts to 1,300 liters per minute, and the machines for pumping it out having become insufficient, they are about to be replaced by more powerful ones.

Mr. Matthews, United States Consul at Tangiers, reports a fearful account of the ravages of the typhus fever in Morocco. The deaths in the city of Morocco have been as many as 300 per day. Europeans suffer alike with the natives. A number of consuls and vice consuls have died. In former epidemics foreigners have escaped attack. The Ministers of France, England and Spain have raised a "famine relief fund." The United States Consul at Tangiers made personally a contribution of 1,200 pounds of bread.

In Making Some Excavations to widen the bed of the Tiber, the discovery has been made, in the garden of the Farnesina Palace, of an extremely elegant chamber which once formed part of a sumptuous habitation of the early times of Imperial Rome. The ceiling is of the most beautiful stucco, with figures and ornaments in relief in an excellent state of preservation. The walls are painted in the Pompeiian style. Some of the figures have very graceful features and profiles, resembling by their delicacy the celebrated *bilithes* of Attica. In the diggings in the Forum the bases of statues with inscriptions of the imperial epoch have been found.

An Unusually Warm Summer is predicted by Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland. He bases his predictions on the records of the temperature at Edinburgh as recorded during the last forty years by the earth thermometers at the Observatory of that city. These observations show, he says, that a great heat-wave comes upon the earth from without, presumably from the sun, about every eleven years, and it appears that the next heat-wave of this sort may be expected in the Summer and Autumn of this year. Professor Smyth thinks these seasons are likely to be glowingly hot, and the following Winter exceptionally mild.

Lord Carnarvon, in his recent address to the Society of Antiquaries, suggested the following undertakings as being requisite: (1) An archæological survey of Great Britain, than which nothing, he thought, could more effectually promote the preservation of prehistoric monuments, or facilitate the working of Sir John Lubbock's Bill; (2) A National Codex Diplomaticus of Charters, etc.; (3) A new edition of Dugdale's "Monasticon," or at least a complete series of the chartularies of the various abbeys, which would be a most useful work, containing as they did a mine of information on the social and economic history of Great Britain, and which, if printed *in extenso*, would be put beyond the risk of destruction by fire.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HOBART PASHA, Admiral of the Turkish Navy, was married in Vienna, May 10th, to Miss Rose Hore, an English girl.

QUEEN VICTORIA has already had a granite cross ten feet high erected at Balmoral Castle to the memory of the late Princess Alice.

MR. JAMES CARRIE, of the Royal Scottish Academy, and a landscape and marine painter of considerable note, died recently in Edinburgh.

GENERAL GRANT leaves Yokohama by the next steamer, about the last of June, and will reach San Francisco in the neighborhood of July 20th.

MR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON, M. P., the famous Irish Orangeman, is coming over to take part in the proceedings of the triennial council of the Canadian Orangemen in July.

IT is said in diplomatic circles in Constantinople that the Sultan has become decidedly well-disposed towards the Khedive, who now, therefore, receives encouragement from the Porte.

MR. HENRY, the inventor of the barrel and the ammunition of the famous Martini-Henry rifle, is, after the lapse of ten years, vainly seeking for adequate remuneration from the British War Office.

THE murderer of General Menzentseff, late Chief of the Russian Secret Police, is said to have been discovered in M. Turkoff, a Russian nobleman residing in Geneva. Efforts have been made to secure his extradition.

FATHER GIOVANNI, the wonderful Roman tenor, is reported to be growing wealthy through his voice. He gets a very large salary for his musical services, and sings also in society. He is getting enormously fat, and his voice appears to grow in proportion.

THE Marquis of Lorne is having two beautiful cars built for him in Troy at a cost of $15,000. One is to be used as a sitting-room, the other for smoking. Their fittings are luxurious, and they are made to run on any road. They will bring the marquis and the princess to this country.

SIGNOR PIETRO GUENTELE, who is director of the Vatican tapestries, at Rome, is about to publish in paris a work on tapestries, to appear in monthly instalments, each having eight or ten engravings and descriptive letter-press in the Italian, English, French, Spanish or German language.

MR. RASSAM, who is carrying on the work begun by the late Mr. George Smith, has just discovered at Babylon an octagonal cylinder, on the sides of which are engraved a history of the campaigns of Sennacherib against King Hezekiah. This important find is to be sent to London for safe keeping in the British Museum.

MADAME THIERS is about to present the public library at Marseilles with a splendid edition of the "Chinese Encyclopedia of the Emperor Kien Long," a work which is extremely rare, and which is only to be found in Europe at the British Museum and at the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. It contains fourteen volumes, with numerous illustrations.

THE Hon. George Brown, editor and proprietor of the Toronto *Globe*, who was included among the gentlemen to whom the distinction of knighthood was tendered on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, has waited on the Marquis of Lorne to express his appreciation of the high honor proposed to be conferred upon him, and asked to be excused from its acceptance.

THE International Copyright Conference will open in London on the 9th of June. Victor Hugo is expected to make the opening speech, and among the other eminent foreigners expected to be present are Señor Castelar, Turgenieff, Jules Simon, and Edmund About. The English Reception Committee consists of Mr. Froude, Mr. Trollope, Edward Jennings, M. P., and Mr. Vizetelly.

O'CONOR DON, who has introduced the Irish Education measure into the House of Commons, is forty-one years old, and member of Parliament for Roscommon County, Ireland, as was his father, who was a favorite in London fashionable society, and Lord of the Treasury under Lord John Russell's administration of 1846-51. He is a cousin of Charles O'Conor, the lawyer, of this city, whom he visited a few years ago.

THE British peers who are at present owners of race-horses, and who take an active interest in horse-racing, are the Dukes of Westminster and Hamilton, the Marquis of Hartington, the Earls of Falmouth, Rosebery, Wilton, Rosslyn, Cork, Fitzwilliam, Sefton, Strathmore, Viscount Dupplin and Lord Vivian. In 1864 the Jockey Club had as members twenty Privy Councilors, of whom seven were Cabinet Ministers, and two had been twice Prime Ministers—Derby and Palmerston.

COLONELS WOOD AND BULLER, who seem to be reaping the laurels of the Zulu campaign, are about forty. Colonel Wood is a son of the late Sir John Wood, baronet, and nephew of ex-Lord Chancellor Hatherly, better known as Vice Chancellor Sir William Page Wood. His sister, Lady Barrett-Lennard, has written some excellent novels. Colonel Buller is head of a very influential and ancient West Country family, which some thirty years ago returned five or six members to Parliament. Colonel Buller has extensive property in Devon and Cornwall.

MRS. BUTLER (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) has in the Royal Academy this year a pathetic picture of the arrival at Jellalabad of the one faint and worn survivor of an army of 16,000 men sent out to fight the Afghans in 1842. The artist says that she had had this tragic event in her mind for many years. When she was a little child she heard her father say, "There is a subject for a painter—one of the most tragic incidents in all history—and the artist who has the power to grasp it will be *the* artist of his time." And a very remarkable picture his daughter has made of it.

VICTOR HUGO, Edmund About, Alexandre Dumas, Ivan Tourgueneff, Castelar, Heiot, Zola, Mendes Leal, together with upwards of two hundred known men of letters from France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, Belgium, even from the Brazils and San Salvador, are to hold a Congress on authors' rights, in London, (Eng.), this month. A strong reception committee of English men of letters has been formed to give their foreign *confrères* a hearty welcome, and make their week in London a pleasant one. Already Mr. Flower, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, has offered to receive and entertain the Congress in Shakespeare's birthplace.

THE decoration conferred by the Sultan upon Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in recognition of her efforts to relieve the sick and wounded, is the grand cordon of the "Chafakat," or Turkish Order of Mercy—a female Order of Knighthood—a broad white ribbon with edging of crimson and green, like the Medjidie. The Chafakat collar is a necklace of curious workmanship, with a star set in diamonds and emeralds—not embroidered, but real. Lady Layard is the only other Englishwoman who has received this handsome tribute of Turkish gratitude. In addition to the Chafakat, "A. Hamid," who writes a big, round hand, has presented Lady Burdett Coutts with a pair of remarkable vases and a carpet which made the calm and generally impassible Turkish Ambassador open his eyes with amazement.

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COOKS PREPARING SUPPER FOR THE ACTORS IN THE ROYAL CHINESE THEATRE, ON WASHINGTON STREET.

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

HOW THEY COOK AND EAT IN THEIR THEATRES.

GLANCING over the interesting subject of Chinese industries in California, we took a birds'-eye view last week of the laundry system in force at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. From the Palace, on Market Street, to the basements and alleys of Chinatown is but a stone's-throw, measured by actual distance, and in Chinatown we find ourselves to-day, in the very heart of Chinese institutions, and taking in with every breath of American air the full flavor of the Orient.

There are said to be two sides to every subject, and whoever would speak intelligently on the subject of Chinese cooks and cookery must not study the subject only in a Caucasian kitchen. There the patient "China boy" moves with feline softness among the pots and pans, his white shirt shining with starch and cleanliness, his white linen stockings speckless and immaculate, and his glossy pigtail twisted up in serpentine black coils; the washing of hands is observed like a religious rite, and every culinary vessel glitters with repeated scrubbings. One eats with a serener satisfaction, who has previously looked into the kitchen where such a deity presides; but to see the reverse side of the medal, let any visitor glance behind the scenes of some native restaurant. Here, in the Royal China Theatre, is to be found such a scene as our artist presents, and here the cook is seen in his glory—mixing strange messes, stirring broth, whose unholy odors suggest the ingredients of the Shakespearean witches' cauldron, hacking at great chunks of pork and mangling the corpses of chickens—greasy, dirty, unshaven, and most horribly unsavory to every sense. All day and almost all night the business of the kitchen goes on—for there is a daily *soufflée* at every Chinese theatre, and the evening performance lasts from eight P. M. until four in the morning, and so long as the actors are busy overhead, so long the cooks in their subterranean den are preparing the feast that is always spread in the green-room. The smell of pork and rancid lard, so dear to the nostrils of the Chinaman, hangs in a visible vapor over this department, and through the gloom and the clouds of unctuous steam may be seen the forms of the presiding genii, with bristling heads, bare arms, and shirts and aprons of a complexion as dim as ever was worn by an Irish handmaiden. The restaurant is the invariable appendage to every Chinese theatre, and in the new one recently opened in Washington Street—the third which Chinatown boasts—the company is advertised to consist of ninety-two actors and six cooks.

Rats and rice, according to the prevalent notions, are the staples of a Chinaman's diet; but the principal stock in trade of the provision-dealers are skinny, dried-up chickens, ducks pressed and cured in oil, and the historic roast pig; while mysterious confections, nameless to Europeans, crowd the counters and shelves, and contribute, each one its own peculiar flavor, to the general atmosphere of Chinatown. Great jars of blue-and-white pottery, suggestive of ginger and other pungent native sweetmeats, and cases of straw matting, fresh from the flowery kingdom, and packed with unknown native delicacies, are crowded about the markets and restaurants, while a common street-sight is the aerial ascent of a score of these, by means of bamboo slings and pullies, to the upper stories of the "Hang Heong," or the "Hang Fa Low," or others of the countless eating-houses on Washington and Jackson streets.



CHINESE METHOD OF HOISTING FOOD AND OTHER ARTICLES FROM THE STREET TO THE UPPER FLOORS OF DWELLINGS.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

THE CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.—RETURN OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

THE visit of the Thirteenth Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., to Montreal, Canada, on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of Queen Victoria, May 24th, was an event of a good deal of interest. The reception of the regiment was characterized by the greatest heartiness and good-will; in fact, it received an ovation from the populace at every appearance. The military part of the celebration took place on Mount Royal, a mile from the city, and included a review by the Marquis and the Princess of Lorne, and a sham fight, which was witnessed by nearly the whole city population. When the Governor-General, in his tour of inspection along the line, reached the front of the Thirteenth Regiment, he made a brief speech of welcome, which was cordially received, and subsequently the Princess personally thanked Colonel Austin for bringing his regiment to participate in the celebration. In the sham fight, the Thirteenth bore a conspicuous part. One of the features of the day was the firing of the *feu de joie*. Seven cannon were fired, and the front rank of the men began firing from left to right in such rapid succession that it took only a few seconds for the line of smoke to go the half-mile of the front rank and down the half-mile again in the rear rank, to the starting-point, no two rifles being fired at once. The Thirteenth did finely in this—a manœuvre with which its members are not familiar. This having been repeated three times, the entire line gave three cheers for the Queen, and the organization marched in review past the grand stand and the Princess, who still remained on horseback.

In the evening a grand banquet was given to the officers of the Brooklyn Regiment, the Governor-General presiding. The principal speech was made by Henry Ward Beecher, the chaplain of the regiment, who spoke of the natural sympathies and ties existing between this country and Great Britain, and expressed the hope that the present amicable relations would always continue.

On Sunday Mr. Beecher preached at St. James's Street Church to an immense audience, and in the evening the regiment started on its homeward trip, receiving a most enthusiastic send-off from the populace. On reaching Hartford, Conn., on Monday, the regiment, under the escort of the First Regiment Connecticut National Guard, paraded the streets and was reviewed by Governor Andrews. It arrived in this city at nine o'clock in the evening, being received at the Grand Central Depot, where a vast crowd had assembled, by a troop of cavalry from Brooklyn and the Ninth Regiment of this city. As the regiment passed Fifth Avenue and along Broadway it was everywhere greeted with demonstrations of enthusiasm. Chaplain Beecher, who sat on his horse like a veteran, was the central figure of attraction. All the way down Fifth Avenue the sidewalks, stoops and balconies were thronged with spectators, and everybody applauded him as he rode past in his military uniform, with the white emblem of the cross showing prominently on the side of his black hat. A squad of mounted police went in advance to see that the way was perfectly clear. Then came the troop of cavalry, and following that the Ninth and Thirteenth Regiments with their splendid bands. The line of march was straight down Fifth Avenue to Fifteenth Street and thence to Broadway. Mr. Beecher took all the honors of the occasion. A great crowd followed him on each side, and, although he seldom looked to the right or the left, the applause was at times so great that he felt constrained to return the compliment either by bowing or raising his hat.

The Thirteenth Regiment, tired and footsore though its members were, looked fresh and gay as if it had just marched out of its armory for a Fourth-of-July parade. All the members of the Regiment wore badges presented to them in Montreal, consisting of a simple plaid ribbon, with the portraits of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise attached. As the red-coated band of the Thirteenth turned out of Forty-second Street into Fifth Avenue they played "God Save the Queen." A banner presented to the regiment in Montreal, with the Stars and Stripes on one side and the Union Jack on the other, was borne along with the regimental colors. On reaching Brooklyn the regiment was met at the ferry by the Twenty-third Regiment and escorted to its armory on Flatbush Avenue.

THE JOUETT-HOFF SAFETY BUOY.

THE safety-buoy invented by Captain James E. Jouett and Lieutenant-Commander William Rainbridge Hoff, of the United States Navy, is considered a very important addition to the various apparatus now in use for saving human life. It is designed particularly for the purpose of establishing communication between the ship in distress and shore of safety, when it is impracticable to reach the vessel from the shore by any of the means employed at present at the stations of the United States Life-saving Service.

The buoy consists of two water-tight compartments, seventeen inches square, connected by a strong iron frame which contains a reel on which the line is stowed. Against the forward end a strong sheet of heavy boiler iron, measuring three feet square, is securely fixed so that its corners will act as anchors and force themselves firmly in the ground on reaching the beach. When thrown overboard the buoy is driven ashore by the combined action of the wind and sea paying out a line from a reel located between the two compartments, through a sleeve in the after air-chamber.

It is expected that when a sea is too high to permit a lifeboat to be launched, or when a crew on shore are unable to get a line to a vessel in distress, this buoy will successfully make the transit; and the moment it strikes the beach it will sink deep enough in the sand to secure a good purchase when an effective communication will have been established. The line has a breaking strain of 1,000, so that the crew of a stranded vessel may reach the shore in safety by it. The buoy, stood on end, is about five feet high, and will weigh with its

CALIFORNIA.—PHASES OF CHINESE LIFE AND LABOR IN SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN AND WALTER YEAGER.

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6,000 feet of line 250 pounds. It floats half submerged, and is a prominent object in the water, being painted white with a large red cross on the end. A chemical light is attached, which ignites and burns brilliantly for twenty minutes by the action of the water alone.

This invention was tested last January by a special board of naval officers, who spoke in their report in hearty praise of the apparatus.

HON. CHARLES FOSTER,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

HON. CHARLES FOSTER, nominated on May 28th as the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is a representative of the best element of his party. He is honest, pure, and able. Born in Seneca County, Ohio, April 12th, 1828, and receiving an academic education, he entered upon a business life, making his first appearance as a politician in 1863, when he was elected as State Senator, but failed to obtain his seat owing to the rejection of the soldier-vote. He was elected to Congress in 1870, and re-elected in 1872. During his second term he came into notice in a wordy encounter with General Butler, getting the advantage of that combative member. Later he obtained a reputation for candor and independence by joining with William Walter Phelps in a report upon the Louisiana carpet-baggers' administration of affairs. In 1874 he again carried his district, and in 1876 he won his fourth victory. In each of these four contests the Democrats carried the district by majorities ranging from 300 to 2,000, but they were unable to defeat Mr. Foster. Under the Democratic readjustment of districts last year Mr. Foster's county was thrown into a stronger Democratic district. The Republicans of the Seventh District nominated him, but he declined, preferring to make the fight in his own district, the Eighth. He was defeated by only 1,255 plurality and less than 400 majority, although the district had given Tilden 3,740 plurality in 1876. Mr. Foster was for a long time a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and, during the excitement which resulted in seating President Hayes, occupied a prominent place and exerted a controlling influence in the councils of his party.



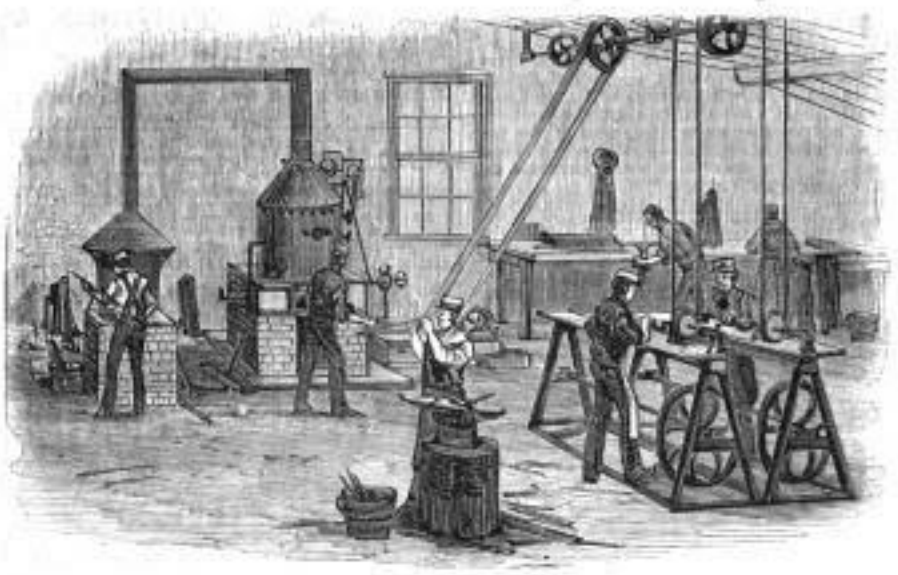
OHIO.—HON. CHARLES FOSTER, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.—FROM A PHOTO. BY HOTT.

LEADVILLE.

A VERY remarkable sight is Chestnut Street, Leadville, during the prevalence of a thaw. The sidewalks are thronged till locomotion save at a snail's pace is rendered impossible, since the sidewalk with its irregular planks is a sort of raft, floating high above the yellow-brown ooze—of the color and consistency of thick pea-soup—that, eighteen inches deep, incumbers the roadway. Hardy miners who will spring, like deer, from dizzy projecting rocks, recoil before this glairy, adhesive paste, and may be seen picking their steps along the jagged planks in as gingerly a manner as though they were newly-fledged belles in the loftiest of Pompadour heels. Wagons come plashing through this mixture of snow and ochre and size, the mules, for once, declining to kick up, the horses moving as if their legs were spanceled. A splash sometimes takes place—and what a scattering ensues! Men who have faced the grim red front of battle ere now fly as before a live shell, while women, uttering howls of distress, plunge into the nearest open door to avoid the utter annihilation of their finery, for be it known that the daughters of Eve bloom glowingly up here, sporting toilets copied from plates in *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*. At times, desperate emergencies drive desperate people across the saffron-hued marsh, as witness the illustration. A miner, his hands in the pockets of his pilot coat, espies a bar-room, and, regardless of the treacherous marsh in front of him, plunges, Quintus Curtius-like, into the gulf and heads gallantly for the lurid light that beckons him onward. His wife, her household goods beneath her right arm, needs must follow, and clinging to her skirts their son, a youth whose pants would seem about to engulf him bodily. Poor lady! What rubbing and scrubbing, and cutting and scraping, and washing and ironing, this unhappy transit is likely to cost her! Again, two recent arrivals, reckless of consequences, make a rush for a house whereon the words "Board and Lodging" are temptingly displayed. These men have had no sleep for nights, and the idea of a bed and pillow would draw them through fire. A pair of mules have become unmanageable under a wagon laden with furniture, and in a few seconds the splashing will commence that is bound to clear an open space at each side of the street. The slush in Leadville is a specialty, and is quite on a par with the many peculiarities of this region of silver and slush.

A RELIGIOUS IMPOSTOR IN RUSSIA.

THERE has been a curious trial in the Government of Saratoff, in Russia. Two peasants, named Tokareff and Kotchetkoff, were accused of obtaining money under false pretenses. Tokareff had gone from village to village stating that he was "The earthly Christ," and that Kotchetkoff was "Sabaoth"; that he (Tokareff) was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and that God had given him the power of sentencing and punishing all men on the day of judgment. His white face, surrounded by coal-black locks, his glittering black eyes, thin compressed lips, humble look, and low, harmonious manner of speaking, are stated to have produced an extraordinary impression on the villagers, who readily gave him anything he asked for to procure exemption from punishment after death. He usually demanded a horse and a load of wheat, or one hundred roubles, declaring that those who made such an "offering" to him thereby made for themselves "a ladder by which to attain eternal life and the pardon of all their sins." One of the witnesses, a wealthy peasant named Lochoff, said that Tokareff had told him his soul could not be saved unless he would sell his house, fast for nine days, and then bring him the purchase-money as an "offering." Lochoff did as he was instructed, and placed two hundred and fifty roubles, the amount of the purchase-money, on a table in front of a picture of the Virgin. Tokareff took the money, but soon afterward told Lochoff it was not sufficient, and not only induced him to make more "offerings," but even to give up his wife to be employed by Tokareff as a servant. It also appeared that three women lived with Tokareff, whom he called his "spiritual wives" and "mothers of God"; and an iron chain with the inscription, "Lord of Glory," was produced, which Tokareff said he had obtained "from an unknown person." The court acquitted Kotchetkoff, and sentenced Tokareff to repay to his dupes the money he had received from them, and to serve for fifteen months in the criminal companies of the Russian Army.



MASSACHUSETTS.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—MANUFACTURING THE "TRIUMPH" SHOT-GUN CANE AT BOSTON.

THE PUBLIC DEBT OF AUSTRALIA.

THE seven Australian colonies are plunging head long into debt. Their total debt now amounts to $725,000,000, which is almost four and a half times the revenue, including in it the land sales. Per head of the population, it amounts to $145. The *Saturday Review* estimates if the debt of the United Kingdom bore the same proportion to the population, it would nearly reach $5,000,000,000; in other words, it would exceed its present amount about forty per cent. Although the accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom is incomparably greater than that of the colonies, yet a debt of $5,000,000,000 would be thought enormous. New South Wales, with a population of 630,000 has a debt of $60,000,000; Victoria, with 860,000, has a debt of $100,000,000, and New Zealand—400,000—has a debt of $120,000,000. These debts have run up with startling rapidity. In 1872, the debt of the seven colonies only amounted in the aggregate to $205,000,000; now they are nearly $365,000,000. In seven years, therefore, they have increased nearly eighty per cent. This is a rate of growth far more rapid than that of either population or wealth, and, if continued, must end in serious embarrassment.

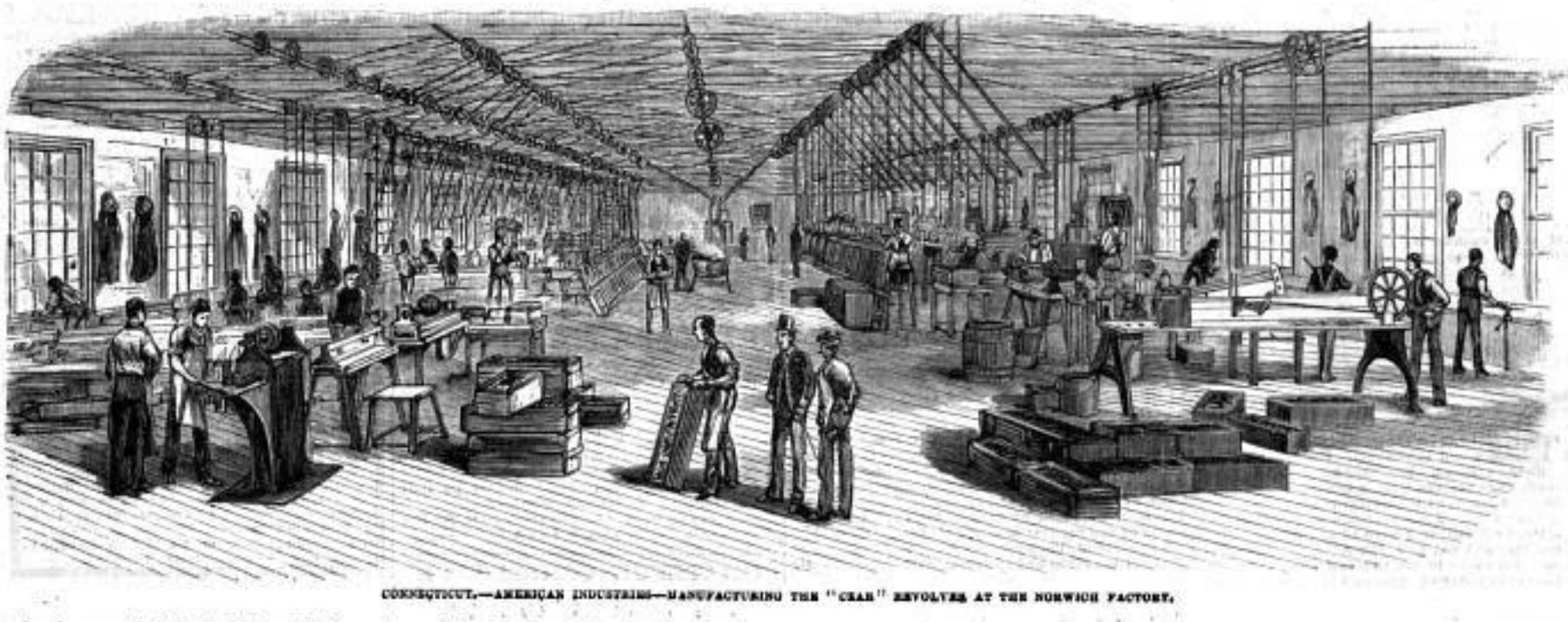
THE MANUFACTURE OF FIREARMS.

THE manufacture of firearms deservedly ranks among the most important of our American industries. From the day when the Colt revolver, with its great improvements upon antiquated devices, gained the highest award at the great London Exhibition of 1851, there has been a steady advance in the extent of this great department of business, in which the United States, by common consent, holds the pre-eminence. Among the many establishments which in this country are largely engaged in the manufacture and sale of firearms of every description, and stand as representatives of all that is best in achievement and enterprise, is the house of G. W. Turner & Ross, of Boston, Mass. The house has one of the most central and convenient—and, therefore, one of the best—locations in the "Modern Athens," namely, Dock Square, into which the tide of travel and business surges from all quarters, through the main thoroughfares of the city. One of the largest of gun-stores in New England, this establishment covers, in its various departments, many thousand square feet, and there cannot but be a general interest felt in the growth and success of such a business house.

That the firm has been able to thus attain and keep, without fear of any rival, a leading rank in the business, is due, in no small degree, to the fact that they do yearly the *heaviest advertising in the trade*, and indeed, have the reputation of being the heaviest advertisers in the United States. But, while Messrs. G. W. Turner & Ross enjoy a line of trade which carries their manufactures and their specialties into every State from Maine to California, they have not been content with American patronage alone. Their correspondents and patrons are to be found in South America as well as in Europe; and even the South Sea Islands lay levy on this firm for its manufactures, which are as unexcelled in variety as in finish and care of workmanship.

THE MANUFACTURE OF THE "CZAR" REVOLVER,

that marvelously cheap and yet extremely elegant specialty, which is sure to gain the greatest popularity, is carried on at the Norwich factory, and the accompanying view brings to the eye very vividly the busy scene in which its manufacture is conducted from stage to stage. It is only the great sale of this weapon which enables the firm to offer it at so low a figure as $2.75, for the machinery required for its production is extremely delicate and costly, and in this as in other manufactures of the kind, the expense of the purchase and maintenance of the necessary machinery is a very important factor in the total outlay. None of the revolvers ordinarily sold for $10 or $12 cost more than $3, so far as material in construction is concerned; it is the proportionate cost of machinery which makes the price so much higher. Messrs. G. W. Turner & Ross have been fortunate enough to secure the machinery necessary to produce this revolver at a merely nominal sum, not one-twentieth part of its cost; and it is because of this fact that the main expense in the manufacture of a revolver can be ignored, and so attractive a bargain as this offered to the general public at one-quarter's part of its retail price under ordinary circumstances. The "Czar" is a genuine gold-mounted revolver, made after the most approved Russian model, beautifully chased and finished; in every detail of its construction the finest material is used, and that only, while the mechanism is as



CONNECTICUT.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—MANUFACTURING THE "CZAR" REVOLVER AT THE NORWICH FACTORY.

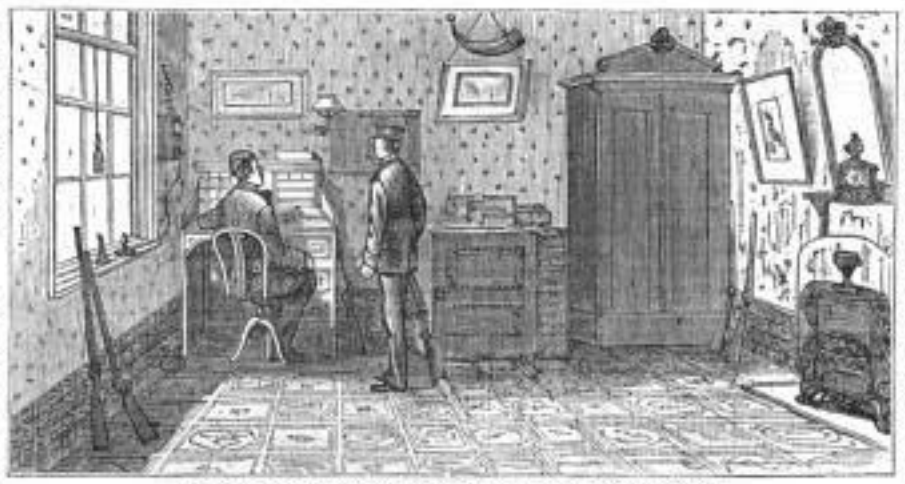
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delicately adjusted as in the most elegant watch. Of course the representation of the "Czar" which is given, shows only an outline view of this beautiful weapon, to which no mere description can do justice. The "Czar" must, emphatically, be seen to be appreciated. The reputation of the "Czar" has spread far and wide. Only recently Messrs. G. W. Turner & Ross received orders from two foreign houses, calling for 10,000 of these revolvers; while, within a few days, the firm has been compelled to decline several offers to purchase large amounts for export for the reason that the domestic orders which continually come in from all parts of the country could not be filled on time.

THE "TRIUMPH" SHOT-GUN CANE.

The principal manufactory of firearms by this firm is at Norwich, though there are adjunct establishments at Worcester and Rochester, N. Y. Some of the finest work of the firm, however, is done at home, in the immense repairing department at Boston, in Dock Square. Here is manufactured the famous "Triumph" shot-gun cane—the only device of its kind in the world—and prized at its true value by taxidermists the world over. This is an ordinary looking cane to outward appearance, but at the will of the owner is transformed in a moment into a breech-loading rifle or shot-gun. That it should be appreciated by the highest classes abroad—where taxidermy is much more of a fashionable pursuit than here, though it is growing constantly in popularity in America—is not at all to be wondered about. The view represents that part of the repairing department where the "Triumph" shot-gun cane is made. The firm gives employment at present to over 300 skilled workmen, often running work night and day to meet the demand for their "Czar" revolver.

Another specialty which has been popularized by this firm, and is a product of its repairing and manufacturing rooms, is the "choke-boring" of guns,



MASSACHUSETTS.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—THE COUNTING-ROOM.

which is itself almost a science, and which is properly done by but few firms in the world.

The great advantages of machinery can never be more conclusively shown than in the facility with which, by its agency, the most delicate and beautifully wrought of firearms are manufactured. By means of their control of the most complex and expensive gun-making machinery, the firm of G. W. Turner & Ross are able to offer to the public many most attractive novelties, which but for the tireless labor-saver could only be purchased by the rich, but now are within the reach of all.

THE MAIN SALESROOM OF THE ESTABLISHMENT is carefully represented by the accompanying sketch. There is in all more than 5,000 square feet of flooring in the salesrooms, which may be said to form an armory of the most complete and interesting description. Here is an exhibition of one of the finest lines of firearms ever shown in this country. Indeed it contains everything in the line of sporting goods, from the superbly ornamented "Scott" gun, valued at $500, down to the $25 "Prairie Queen" which has attained such well-merited popularity.

Every conceivable invention and device in the shot-gun line and in military accoutrements find a representation in this magnificent stock—from the old-fashioned flint-lock furnished to the South Sea traders, up to that triumph of modern art, the Peabody-Martini rifle.

On the second floor of their establishment there is a bijou private office, fitted up with every convenience, connected by speaking-tubes with all parts of the establishment and by telephonic communication with many of the business houses of Boston. In fact, all available means have been employed for the rapid and perfect transaction of business.

It would, of course, be impossible, within the limits of an article like this, to enumerate even the most popular specialties manufactured and sold by the firm of G. W. Turner & Ross. One of the most noteworthy of their recent bargains is the "Phœnix Creedmoor" rifle—the new model—which, though sold at a merely nominal figure—$15—is quite equal, in every respect, to the most expensive "Sharp's" rifle. Its admirable workmanship, the sterling quality of steel and other material used in its manufacture, no doubt, account for the popular success which the "Phœnix Creedmoor" has obtained, and thus helped to give the firm a more extended patronage than any other house in a similar line of business.

The Western and Southern trade of this house—a trade to which it may be said, perhaps, to cater especially—is very extensive. Indeed, the orders which come in from far-off California are quite as numerous as those which are sent from Massachusetts; and, in the busy season, the line of express teams in waiting to receive the shipment destined for every State in the Union, fairly block the street



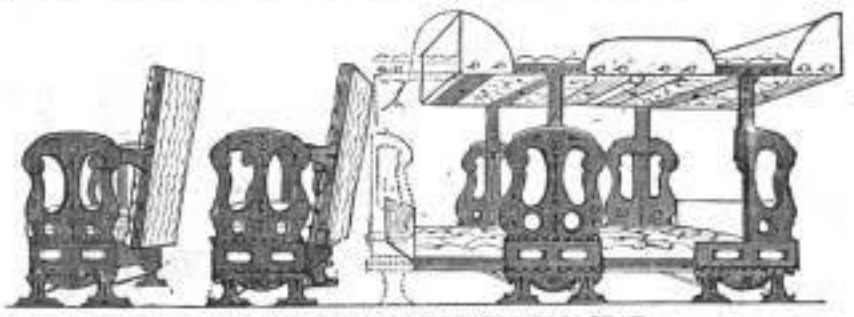
THE "CZAR."

in front of the main store. With such an extended constituency, the business of the firm is carried on principally through the mails; indeed, the number of letters received daily by this house is scarcely exceeded in any business house in the United States, and the services of three book-keepers are constantly employed in opening the letters and noting their contents. The firm's extensive business correspondence makes it necessary also to engage the services of specially-employed short-hand writers, to whom nearly all letters are dictated by members of the firm.

The most complete catalogue of firearms in the world is that issued by Messrs. G. W. Turner & Ross. It is as familiar in many Western and Southern localities as the local paper, and relied upon as one of the best of authorities in sporting matters. Several editions are published in a year—lithographed pages being used whenever the public can thereby gain a better idea of the articles offered—and hundreds of thousands of copies are circulated. The catalogue is sent free by mail to all who ask for it, and should be in the hands of every sportsman.—COM.



MASSACHUSETTS.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—THE MAIN SALESROOM.



THE REVERSIBLE SLEEPING-CAR SEAT.

(Patented June 11th, 1878.)

THIS seat can be converted into sleeping-berths in less time than any other in use. It is simple, neat, strong and substantial. For comfort it is excelled by none. It occupies no more space than any ordinary car-seat. The passenger can sit upright in upper or lower berth. The distance of the lower berth from the car floor is ten inches; of the upper, four feet only. The cars will, therefore, keep a better balance, as the weight is nearer the track. The day-seat is neat, and especially comfortable for leaning back. The Reversible Sleeping-car Seat has been examined by some of the most prominent railway officials, who have all pronounced it far superior to any car-seat or sleeping-car ever seen. The inventor and patentee, Mr. A. M. Smith, 72 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, offers, to introduce the patent, to give to the two first companies that will build the seats, and run them, within a reasonable time (as he may designate), a royalty for six cars free.

PURE FRUIT SYRUPS.

During the last few years we have noticed a large and increasing demand for Fruit Syrups, out which refreshing drink could be prepared at short notice. American fruits are proverbial for fine flavor, but the flavors of many brands of syrup heretofore manufactured have been produced by essences and ethers, which are far inferior to the flavors obtained direct from the fruits. Having last season made an arrangement for a full supply of juices, we are now in a position to offer syrups of a very superior quality, prepared in our own laboratory from these and the best steam refined white sugar. They are put up in full-sized honest-bottomed bottles, each of which has our name blown in the glass, and bears a handsome label, the general style being very attractive, while the intrinsic merit of the syrups insures a permanent demand from the consumers. Our syrups will keep in any climate, and dealers only need try them to be convinced that they are the most attractive and saleable goods which they can put on their shelves.

We pack these Syrups in cases of one dozen each, Quarts or Pints as desired, assorted flavors, as follows:

Assortment No. 1 contains		Assortment No. 2 contains	
3	Bottles Raspberry,	1	Bottle Blackberry,
2	" Strawberry,	1	" Grape,
1	" Pineapple,	1	" Sarsaparilla,
3	" Lemon,	1	" Orange,
2	" Vanilla,	1	" Orgeat,
1	" Ginger,	1	" Sherbet,
		1	" Raspberry,
		1	" Strawberry,
		1	" Pineapple,
		1	" Lemon,
		1	" Vanilla,
		1	" Ginger.

Consumers who are particular about the quality of the Fruit Syrups they use will do well to note the variety of flavors we offer, and get a case to order from any first-class retail grocer. Be sure and ask for Thurber's Syrups.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., Mfrs., New York.

THAT the phonograph can "bottle up" the voice and pass it down to future ages is indeed a wonder, but is not the restoration of a lost voice more wonderful? And yet Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery speedily restores a lost voice, cures hoarseness, sore throat, bronchitis and consumption. Many ministers who had abandoned the pulpit, by reason of sore throat and general debility, have, by the use of the Discovery, been restored to perfect health and strength. Sold by druggists.

THE Vicksburg *Herald*, of May 25th, says: "The last number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER contains a full page of illustrations of the late Labor Convention. One sketch gives an exterior, and another an interior, view of the Garden where the convention assembled, with the body in session. The sketches are very accurate and would be recognized at once."

USE Hop Bitters once and you will use no other medicine. Test it.

THE popularity and success of the "America" Extra Dry Champagne, introduced in this market a few years ago by Messrs. A. Werner & Co., of 308 Broadway, are something remarkable. Overcoming the objections of rivals and surviving the competition of imitators, "America" Extra Dry is now firmly established as one of the standard champagnes. The causes of this result are not far to seek. Merit wins, says the proverb, and "America" Extra Dry wins on its merits, repeatedly tested. Purity, uniform excellence and cheapness are qualities which could not fail to commend and confirm the public approval.

ALL your own fault if you remain sick or out of health, when you can get Hop Bitters.

NO HOTELS in the world can equal the leading ones in the United States. To this flattering reputation the ST. NICHOLAS of New York has largely contributed by its palatial elegance and superior skill of cuisine. Result, a house which unites the proudest traditions of the past with the most fastidious attention to the demands of the present.

OTHER odorous waters undergo many variations of aroma as they fade into insipidity, but MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER passes through no such gradations. As it is when sprinkled upon the handkerchief or the garment, so it remains—delicate, refreshing, and delightful to the last.

CAUTION.—All genuine Asbestos Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Fireproof Sheathings, Coatings, Cements, etc., bear the name of H. W. JOHNS, and are manufactured only by the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York, who will supply samples and descriptive price list free by mail.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. All Druggists have them.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to BATES & CO., Box 2,236, New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in colored tins, labeled,

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

$10 to $1,000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HARNICH & CO., 165 & 167 Broadway.



The Purest Champagne Imported in the United States.

L. DE VENOCE, General Agent, 37 South William Street, New York.

VITALIZED PHOSPHATES.

A brain and nerve food, differs from all other tonics, as it is composed of the vital or nerve giving principles of the ox brain and wheat germ, being similar to that which sustains the human brain and nerves. They restore all weaknesses of mind or body; relieve debility and nervousness; give vitality in the insufficient growth of children; strengthen digestion; cure neuralgia and prevent consumption. Physicians have prescribed 160,000 packages.

F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations

BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel Complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever, Ague, etc. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure; it is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, etc. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Agent, No. 78 John Street, New York. P. O. Box. 1029.

CAPE MAY POINT, N. J.

HOTELS open July 3d, 1879. Rooms can now be secured for the Summer on favorable terms.

SEA GROVE HOUSE.
Upon the shore front, 50 yards from the ocean.

CAPE HOUSE.
Every room commands a sea or bay view.

CENTENNIAL HOUSE.
Within three minutes' walk of the shore.

COTTAGES, tasteful and unique, to let or for sale, furnished and unfurnished.

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT DIRECT TO CAPE MAY POINT.

Address,

A. WHILLDIN, 21 and 23 Letitia St., Philadelphia.



PIANOS $140 to $400—factory prices—highest honors—Mathushek's scale for squares—finest uprights in America—12,000 in use—Pianos sent on trial—Catalogue free. MATHUSHEK PIANO CO., 21 E. 16th Street, N. Y.

NO MORE **RHEUMATISM**

Gout, Gravel, or Diabetes.

Schlumberger's harmless, infallible French Salicylates relieve within 12 hours, cure within 4 days. Box $1, postage free. Only depot in New York at 284 Sixth Ave. L. A. PARIS & CO., General Agents for U. S.

Caution—Other so-called agents for these medicines sell either dangerous or worthless home made counterfeits.

English Archery---Lawn Tennis

C. F. A. HINRICHS,

New York.

CLEAR HAVANA. LILIPUTIAN CIGARS, "Graduates" (3 inches), $11 per 1,000. Sample box, by mail, 30c. J. M. AGUERO, 240 6th Av., N. Y.

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STEAMSHIP CO.,
FOR
Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond,
Old Point Comfort,
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
The South and Southwest.
FROM PIER 37, N. R., EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 3 P.M.
Gen. Office, 197 Greenwich St., N.Y.

CUNARD LINE.

NOTICE.—With the view of diminishing the chances of Collision, the Steamers of this Line take a specified course for all seasons of the year. On the Outward Passage from Queenstown to New York or Boston, crossing Meridian of 50 at 42 Lat., or nothing to the north of 42. On the Homeward Passage, crossing the Meridian of 50 at 42 Lat., or nothing to the north of 42.

From NEW YORK (Pier 40, N. R.) for LIVERPOOL and QUEENSTOWN.

ALGERIA, Wednesday, June 4th, 3 P.M.
SCYTHIA, Wednesday, June 11th, 10 A.M.
ABYSSINIA, Wednesday, June 18th, 3 P.M.
BOTHNIA, Wednesday, June 25th, 9 A.M.

And every following Wednesday, from New York.

Rates of Passage, $80 and $107, according to accommodation. Return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage at very low rates. For freight or passage, apply at the Company's Office, 4 Bowling Green.

CHAS. G. FRANCKLYN, AGENT.

WITH $5 You can buy a whole
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
100 Florins Vienna City Gov't Bond,

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY

Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. EVERY bond MUST draw a Prize, as there are NO BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO
200,000 FLORINS,
50,000 FLORINS,
30,000 FLORINS,

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 130 Florins.

The next drawing takes place on the
1st of July, 1879,

And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of July is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and inclosing $5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address,

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
150 Broadway, N. Y. City.
ESTABLISHED SINCE 1874.

N. B.—In writing, please state you saw this in the English Frank Leslie.



JOHN HOLLAND'S Patent Record GOLD PEN
Patented Oct. 2, 1872.

Is the highest achievement in the manufacture of Gold Pens and the result of experiments for more than twenty years. The "RECORD" Pen is produced by a skillful combination of the two precious and non-corrosive metals; *16 kr. Gold* and *Platinum*, while the ordinary gold pen contains an alloy of copper, reducing its fineness without yielding that elasticity, density and steel like temper which the costly *Platinum* supplies. The "RECORD" Gold Pen *Points* are of the best *Iridium*, (Diamonds,) indestructible with fair treatment, and polished to glass like smoothness.

Steel pen writers have now every objection to gold fairly overcome, and every requirement in a Pen which will endure and not oxidize, squarely met. The "RECORD" Gold Pen is guaranteed to possess Durability, Permanency of Spring and Perfection of Point. Price, $2.50, sold by all Jewelers and Stationers in the United States. If not found order direct from *JOHN HOLLAND, Manufacturer, 19 W. 4th St., Cincinnati.*

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FLEETWOOD'S
LIFE OF CHRIST.
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We guarantee "BOHEMIAN BIER" to equal Imported Bier in all respects, and to Excel Domestic and Western Biers in Taste, Color and Substance, thus making it the
"BEST SHIPPING BIER."
Sold cheaper than Western Bier.

622 ARCH STREET.
THE SUPLEE PATENT OPEN-EYE
EASYTHREADING NEEDLE
For all sewing-machines. Can be threaded a hundred times a minute in the dark, by drawing the thread down the side of the needle until it slides into the eye. Is as strong as the old style needle and will do the same work. Neither bends, breaks easily, unthreads, nor cuts the goods. Sample doz. in an elegant needle-case, by mail, 60c. SUPLEE NEEDLE CO., 622 Arch St., Phila.

WOOD MANTELS IN EVERY VARIETY. Send stamp for circular. EDWARD G. CALDWELL & Co., 75 Harrison Ave., Boston.

Ladies Can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address, ELLIS MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

25 Elegant Gilt-edge Cards, with name, 15c. Gold which free to agents. Agents' Card Co., Arcade, N.Y.

H.W.JOHNS' ASBESTOS
Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings,
Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

WEST END HOTEL, Long Branch,
PRESBURY & HILDRETH, Proprietors,
WILL OPEN JUNE 19.
THE ONLY HOTEL AT THE BRANCH WITH HOT AND COLD SEA-WATER BATHS AND PASSENGER ELEVATOR.
CITY OFFICE, 52 BROADWAY, ROOM No. 48.

KEEP'S SHIRTS
ARE THE VERY BEST.

Made from Wamsutta muslin. Bosoms, 3-ply Linen. The very best.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for $7. Only plain seams to finish.

KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS, very best. TO MEASURE, 6 for $9. Fit guaranteed.

NIGHT SHIRTS, all styles, extra long, $1 each.

BOYS' COMPLETE SHIRTS, $1 each.

An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated Buttons presented to purchasers of six shirts.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR.

White Cashmere Shirts.....50c. each
Summer Merino Shirts (whole or half sleeves)..60c. each
Scarlet Gouze (anti-rheumatic).....$1 50 each
Canton Flannel Shirts and Drawers.....75c. each
Best Peppercil Jean Drawers.....50c. each

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS.

BEST GINGHAM. Patent Protected Ribs, $1 each. Fifty per cent. stronger than any other umbrellas.
REGINA and TWILLED SILKS in all styles.
Novelties in LADIES' SUN and RAIN UMBRELLAS.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES

for Gents, the very best, plain or embroidered, $1 a pair. Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Ties, &c. All goods warranted. Samples and circulars mailed free.

Shirts only delivered free.

Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars on application, as we furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.

Samples and Circulars mailed free on application.

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY
631, 633, 635 & 637 Broadway, New York.

PATENT RULE GAUGE



For Carpenters and Mechanics, or all persons using a rule and gauge. The inventor, who is a carpenter by trade, used one for several years in his own business, saving time and sore fingers. Samples by mail, prepaid, 25 cts. Send stamp. State, county, city and town rights for sale. Agents wanted. Send for descriptive circular.
M. N. DUBOIS, Inventor,
831 Cherry St., Phila., Pa.

KEPPICH & CO.
ROYAL HAVANA AGENTS.
TICKET OFFICE, 102 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

Next Drawing, JUNE 11th, 1879. Capital, $200,000. Tickets, $40; 1-2, $20; 1-4, $10; 1-20, $8; 1-40, $1.
Louisiana State Extraordinary, June 17th.
Capital, $100,000. Tickets, $10; halves, $5; 1-10, $1.
Kentucky State Drawing, June 14th.
Capital, $15,000. Whole Tickets, $1.
All German State Lotteries.
In writing please mention FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—A medical essay, comprising a series of lectures delivered at Kahn's Museum of Anatomy, on the cause and cure of premature decline, showing indisputably how lost health may be regained, affording a clear synopsis of impediments to marriage, and the treatment of nervous and physical debility, being the result of twenty years' experience. By mail, 25 cts., currency or postage-stamps. Address, SEC'Y, Kahn's Museum, 688 Broadway, New York.

SUFFERERS from NERVOUS DEBILITY, etc., can learn of a certain and speedy remedy, *free*. Address, DR. JAQUES & Co., 130 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

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UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1868, **for the term of Twenty-five Years**, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of $1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of $350,000. **Its Grand Single Number Drawings** will take place monthly. *It never scales nor postpones.* Look at the following Distribution:

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, during which will take place the **100th GRAND MONTHLY** and the **Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing**, at New Orleans, Tuesday, June 17th, 1879, under the personal supervision and management of GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and GEN. J. A. EARLY, of Virginia.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $100,000.

☞ *NOTICE.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.*

LIST OF PRIZES:

1	CAPITAL PRIZE of	$100,000	$100,000
1	GRAND PRIZE of	50,000	50,000
1	GRAND PRIZE of	25,000	20,000
2	LARGE PRIZES of	10,000	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES of	5,000	20,000
20	PRIZES of	1,000	20,000
50	"	500	25,000
100	"	300	30,000
200	"	200	40,000
600	"	100	60,000
10,000	"	10	100,000
APPROXIMATING PRIZES.			
100	Approximation Prizes of	$200	$20,000
100	do. "	100	10,000
100	do. "	75	7,500
11,279	Prizes, amounting to		$422,500

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DR. J. A. SHERMAN is now at his branch office, 5 South FIFTH St., St. Louis, Mo., where his patients and those wishing his treatment may consult him during the months of May and June. His book, with photographs of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents. Will be at principal office 251 Broadway, N.Y., July and August.

YOUNG MEN Prepared for business in the Rochester Business University. ☞ Circulars free.



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$5, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each; Chains $2 to $12 to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 338 Broadway, N.Y. Box, 3026.

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THIS PICTURE IS AN Exact Representation.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S REVOLVER. The most elegant Revolver in design, shape, and finish, ever seen in the United States. The above picture can give but a faint idea of this beautiful weapon. It is made of the finest **English Steel**, positive stop Rated Cylinder (taking extra long rifle cartridges), and having an **extra long barrel.** *THE BARREL IS SIX TIMES AS LONG AS THE CYLINDER*, and is rifled as carefully and finely as a Creedmoor Rifle. **The Czar has both front and rear sights,** the front sight being shaped like the famous "Californian Sights made right," the finest muzzle sight made. **The Czar** will kill further than an ordinary Revolver will shoot; it will bring down a squirrel from out of the tallest tree; it is a dead shot at 100 yards. The Czar has a similar shaped stock to the Smith & Wesson 38 caliber, which gives the finest "GRIP" obtainable. The stock is hard rubber, finely chased and engraved. The frame and barrel are triple nickel silver plated, and the cylinder and base pin are heavily **gold plated.** It is engraved throughout by hand in the most exquisite manner; the work on the frame being so fine as to resemble **frosted silver.** The effect of the gold and silver plate and the dark engraved rubber stock is beautiful beyond description. **The Czar** is in every respect the most superb revolver that has ever been made; and there is not a gold-mounted revolver in the market for $10 that will in any way compare with it. WE GUARANTEE IT EQUAL TO A COLT OR SMITH & WESSON IN WORKMANSHIP, MATERIAL AND ACTION. Every one will remember seeing our advertisement of the Alexis Revolver, last fall. The Alexis had the most remarkable sale of any Revolver ever sold in this country—over 30,000 in three months; and at times it was a perfect impossibility to fill our orders on time. The Alexis was a bargain, but the **gold-mounted Czar** is as much finer and better everyway than the Alexis as a Winchester Rifle is better than a common Musket. The Alexis was made for a large Russian firm, who were unable to pay for them. The Czar Revolvers were a part of the same order, but were barreled for an **officer's pocket Revolver** at a much higher price. The actual retail price of the Czar Revolver was to be over ten dollars, and we offer it for $2.75. **It is the biggest bargain as well as the handsomest Revolver ever seen in America,** and we guarantee perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

PRICES. CZAR REVOLVER, rubber stock, full nickel silver plate, GOLD-MOUNTED, **$2.75;** with ivory stock, **$3.75;** with pearl stock, **$4.50.** On receipt of cash with order, we give **FREE** a box of cartridges with each Revolver. The cartridges WILL NOT be given free when the Revolver is sent C. O. D. Uses regular metallic cartridges sold everywhere. To those not living near an express office we will send the Czar Revolver by registered mail, prepaid, for 50 cents extra; when sent by mail cash in full must come with order, as we cannot send C. O. D. by mail. We will furnish, for **50 cents extra,** 40 extra cylinder; on this they have 14 shots ready for use; the cylinders can be changed in an instant. For **$1 extra,** an extra barrel, 8 inches long, elegantly rifled, for target shooting. The barrels can be changed in a few seconds, and with an 8-in. barrel the Czar is almost as good as a Rifle. The Czar loads and clips cartridges without removing the cylinder.

READ THIS CAREFULLY. *With two-cent, the same as with twenty machines or workers, the price depends.* **1st,** upon the *quantity made* (if in shipment they POSSIBLY can be made at one-half the proportionate cost of 1,000 and **2nd,** upon the *use of the machinery necessary to produce them.* It is often the case that the producing machinery of a new Revolver costs $10,000; now if only 5,000 of these Revolvers were made, $2 apiece would have to be added to the **real cost** of each Revolver to get back the cost of the machinery. There is scarcely a $10 Revolver in the market that really costs over $7, or that couldn't be sold for that sum if the cost of the machinery, patterns, &c., &c., necessary to produce it was not taken into consideration; but this of course must be, and each Revolver is taxed for its proportionate part, which is often much more than all the rest. The machinery used in the manufacture of the Czar bodies and clips cartridges without removing the cylinder. **Czar Revolver cost over $30,000,** and for the use of this machinery we pay absolutely nothing, the Revolver costing us simply for material and labor. There are about 30,000 of them all made, with the exception of the rubber stock, which we make ourselves, stamped with our own initials. This number will not last long at very short time, as it is the most tremendous bargain ever heard of in the Revolver line; a veritable **$10 Revolver** sold as stated, for **$2.75.** After this lot is exhausted, we shall continue making them to meet the demand, though the profit will be very small. WE DO NOT ASK ANYONE TO TAKE OUR WORD IN THIS MATTER; we will, when the purchaser requires it, send a Czar Revolver, C. O. D., with privilege of examination at express office, before paying bill, WITHOUT ANY MONEY IN ADVANCE. This offer places our statement **absolutely beyond disbelief.** If you doubt our assertion **then we will prove them to you,** without any risk on your part. This is neither a swindling or deceptive advertisement. If you wish to purchase a Czar Revolver and decide to send the money in advance then deposit it with your express agent and get him to write us, *guaranteeing to return the Revolver to us within three days, if not taken, free of expense to us and in as good condition as when received,* and we will forward the Revolver; of course such orders will always be filled before those sent C. O. D., which may have to wait several days, and the purchaser will have to pay the return charges on the money, which are often very heavy, and he will not get the box of cartridges which we give free when the Revolver is paid for in advance. We offer to send them C. O. D. simply to prove beyond doubt that we claim no more than the Revolver itself will have up. Out of ten thousand sent C. O. D., not one would come back, but the extra trouble to us of a purchaser sent C. O. D. is very great and we try to make it an object to send cash in advance. IF THE REVOLVER IS NOT AS REPRESENTED WE WILL REFUND THE MONEY AT ANY TIME. *Send by registered letter, Post Office money order, or bank draft, or send your money by your express agent, with which and get the Revolver and deliver it to you.* Address **G. W. TURNER & ROSS, Importers, M'f'rs, and Dealers in Fire-arms,** 15 & 17 Cook Street, Boston, Mass.

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UNCLE SAM AND THE FINANCIAL QUACKS—HOW REPRESENTATIVE WOOD PROPOSES TO TREAT THEM.

"MR. FERNANDO WOOD pronounces the Warner Silver Bill a nuisance: 'What the country needs is rest. It is,' he said, 'in the condition of a convalescent patient with a vigorous constitution; when a doctor comes meddling and trying to dose such a patient, he ought to be driven out with a horsewhip.' Mr. Wood intimated that the financial quacks who are trying to dose the country with their remedies ought to be subjected to the same kind of discipline."—*Washington Dispatch to the New York Tribune.*

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Inflammation cannot exist where it is applied.

Never fails to relieve pain, from whatever cause.

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Removes all soreness from Bunions, Chilblains and Corns, curing them.

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Manhattan Beach Railway

Commencing THURSDAY, May 29.—Trains will be run as follows:

GREENPOINT DIVISION.

Leave foot of 23d St., East River, by steamer Sylvan Grove—8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45 A.M.; 12:45, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:45 for Manhattan Beach.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach—7:35, 10:00, 11:05 A.M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30 P.M.

BAY RIDGE DIVISION.

Leave North River, steamers Thos. Colyer and Twilight, 22d Street—9, 10, 10:25, 11:25, A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25 P.M.

Lorry Street—9:35, 10:35, 11:35 A.M.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M.

Pier 8—9:55, 10:55, 11:55 A.M.; 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55 P.M.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach—8:10, 11 A.M.; 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 P.M.

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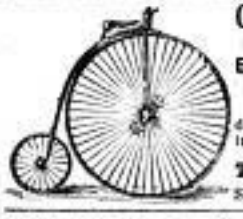
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R. & J. BECK, Philadelphia.

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THE NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL.

RECEPTION AT THE COUNTRY BRANCH AT WEST BRIGHTON, S. I.

THE annual reception of the Country Branch of the Nursery and Child's Hotel at Lexington Avenue and Fifty-first Street, in this city, held on May 27th, at West Brighton, S. I., was an occasion of great interest to the friends of this worthy institution. The hospital buildings, comprising a main house and a dozen or fifteen one and two-story cottages, stand on the old Dr. Watson estate, about two miles from the West Brighton Landing. The ground is high, and commands a fine view of Newark Bay and the distant hills of New Jersey. The little cottages, many of them named after those who have given money to the charity, are scattered about among the trees, and give the place the appearance of a picturesque little village. The grounds are neatly kept, and the buildings are models of tidiness. The healthfulness of the locality is shown by the fact that the mortality at the Branch is 5¾ per cent., while at the city hospital it is 15 per cent.

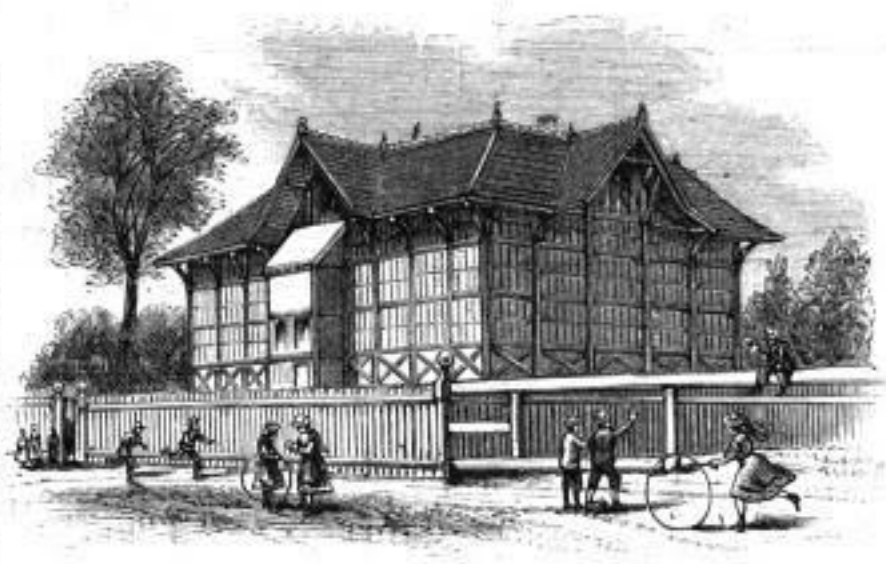
The Nursery and Hospital at Fifty-first Street was founded twenty-five years ago, and has justly ranked as one of the most deserving of our city charities. The Country Branch was established nine years ago, and has proved a most valuable auxiliary of the parent institution.

The reception on the 27th ultimo drew together a large number of managers and friends of the institution, among whom were Mrs. A. S. Sullivan, Mrs. Erastus Brooks, Mrs. D. G. Croly, Mrs. William M. Kingsland, Miss R. B. Hunter, Mrs. C. P. Burdett, Mrs. T. A. Craven, Mrs. B. W. Neftel, Mrs. George Ogden, Mrs. J. Riley, Miss M. R. Smith, Mrs. E. G. Tinker, Mrs. E. H. L. Townsend, Mrs. W. H. Wells, Mrs. J. H. Wright, Mrs. C. T. White, Mrs. Leonard D. White and Mrs. S. O. Vanderpoel, wife of the Health Officer of the port. The Advisory Committee was represented by Mr. Cornelius Du Bois and Hon. Erastus Brooks.

A pleasant programme had been arranged for the entertainment of the visitors. The opening exercises were held at the Home, where the Kindergarten class of sixteen girls between the ages of three and seven years gave illustrations of the Kindergarten method, after which a class of thirty older girls sang a number of pieces very sweetly, and gave recitations and readings which were warmly appreciated. Thence the visitors proceeded to the chapel, where, after further singing by the children, Hon. Erastus Brooks made a short address, congratulating the managers of the Branch on its healthfulness and its freedom from debt. He said there were on the nursery-grounds 115 adults, 22 officers and employés, and 183 children. There were also 217 children boarded out, who were under the charge of the hospital, making a total of 537 connected with the institution. Of the children, seventy-nine were under two years of age.

Every portion of the Sanitarium, as the Country Branch is called, was examined by the guests, and the fine location, the care of the children, and the vast improvement physically and morally they are there attaining, were highly commended.

The reception terminated with a lunch, and the company separated with a deepened feeling of interest in this model charity and its work.



EXTERIOR OF THE SANITARIUM.



EXERCISES OF THE CHILDREN IN THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS.



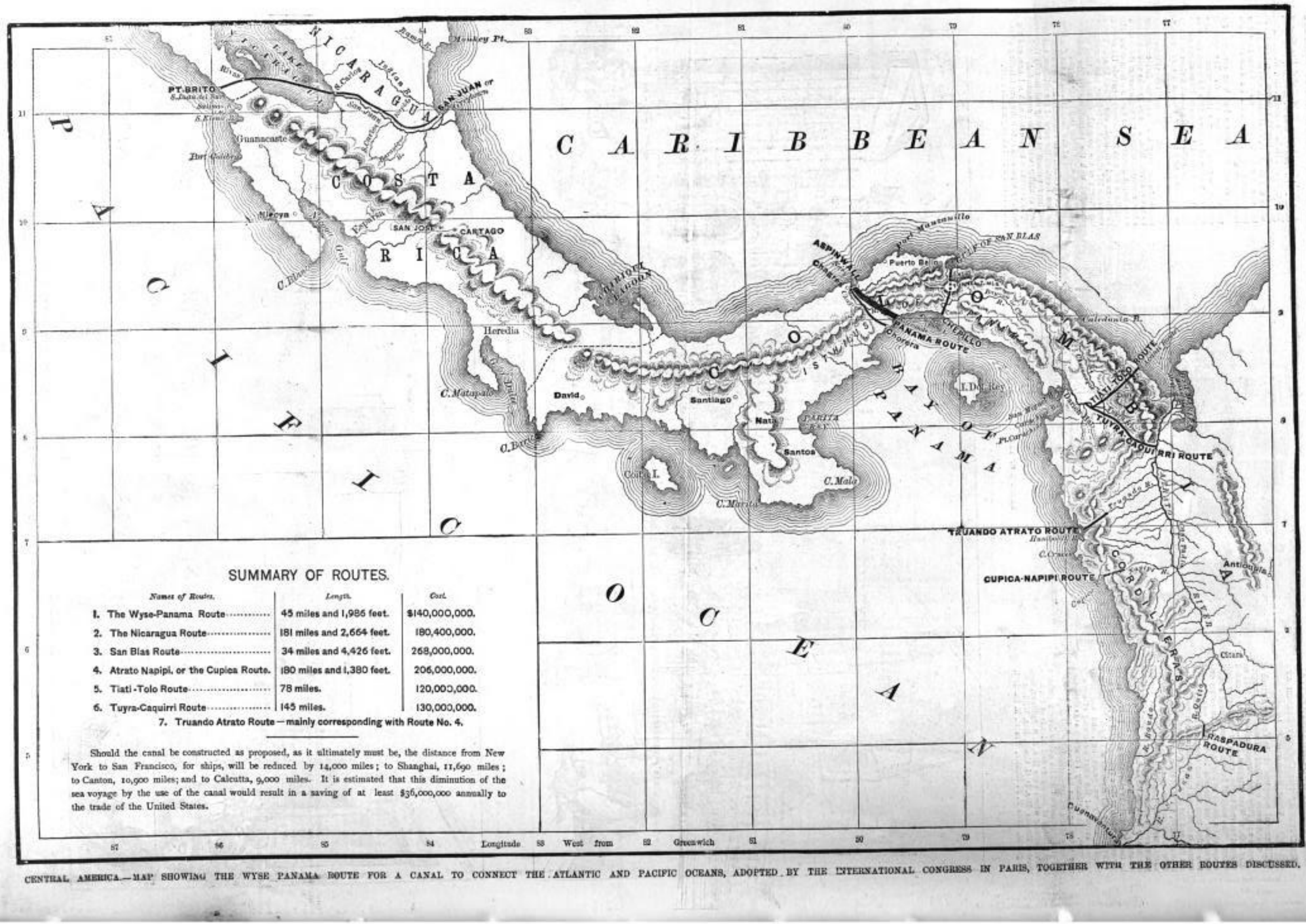
GENERAL SCHOOLROOM OF THE SANITARIUM.



CHILDREN SINGING IN THE CHAPEL BEFORE THE OFFICERS AND GUESTS.

NEW YORK.—ANNUAL RECEPTION AT THE COUNTRY BRANCH OF THE NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL, AT WEST BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, MAY 27TH.

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SUMMARY OF ROUTES.

Names of Routes.	Length.	Cost.
1. The Wyse-Panama Route	45 miles and 1,986 feet.	$140,000,000.
2. The Nicaragua Route	181 miles and 2,664 feet.	180,400,000.
3. San Blas Route	34 miles and 4,426 feet.	268,000,000.
4. Atrato Napipi, or the Cupica Route.	180 miles and 1,380 feet.	206,000,000.
5. Tiati-Tolo Route	78 miles.	120,000,000.
6. Tuyra-Caquirri Route	145 miles.	130,000,000.

7. Truando Atrato Route—mainly corresponding with Route No. 4.

Should the canal be constructed as proposed, as it ultimately must be, the distance from New York to San Francisco, for ships, will be reduced by 14,000 miles; to Shanghai, 11,690 miles; to Canton, 10,900 miles; and to Calcutta, 9,000 miles. It is estimated that this diminution of the sea voyage by the use of the canal would result in a saving of at least $36,000,000 annually to the trade of the United States.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—MAP SHOWING THE WYSE PANAMA ROUTE FOR A CANAL TO CONNECT THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS, ADOPTED BY THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS IN PARIS, TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER ROUTES DISCUSSED.

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COLORADO,—GLIMPSES OF STREET LIFE IN THE MINING TOWN OF LEADVILLE — A VIEW OF CHESTNUT STREET, AFTER A SNOWSTORM.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. JUMP.—SEE PAGE 249.

M. MENIER.

EMILE-JUSTIN MENIER, at present in his fifty-third year, has recently become best known to the American public in his position of president of the committee having in charge the prosecution of the Franco-American Treaty of Commerce, of which M. Léon Chotteau is the distinguished advocate in this country. M. Menier was born in Paris, and in early life devoted himself to scientific studies under the tuition of such *savans* as Orfila, Dumas and Pelouze, from whom he gained his comprehensive knowledge of chemistry. Afterwards he established large laboratories at St. Denis, which he freely opened for the use of students and scientific men. In 1859 he founded an annual prize of 500 francs for researches concerning medicinal drugs, and in 1864 organized a school of practical chemistry, devoting the sum of 10,000 francs to establishing courses of lectures on this subject. In the town of Noisiel, where he was brought up, M. Menier built at his own expense model schools for the entire population, and in 1875 he gave 10,000 francs to be distributed among the schoolteachers in the different departments of France who reported the largest attendance of scholars. At one time he was at the head of the most important wholesale drug and chemical business in France, located in the old Quartier du Temple, in Paris. Retiring from this, after a time, he undertook the enormous manufacture of chocolate which has given his name worldwide prominence, and which has been the source of the colossal wealth which he so generously employs. He founded his great factories, which now do a business of $5,000,000 per annum, at Noisiel, where was speedily located a thriving settlement, its pretty and convenient houses, schools, hospital, baths and other institutions having been erected by M. Menier. In 1870 he entered political life, being elected a member of the Conseil-Général of Seine-et-Marne, and recently he was returned to the Chamber of Deputies, a position which he still holds. M. Menier is a free-trader, and one of the few Frenchmen who have been nominated to membership of the celebrated Cobden Club.

M. Menier also founded a semi-monthly review, called *La Réforme Economique*, to which he has contributed articles on free-trade and taxation which have gained great celebrity. At the London Exhibition of 1862, M. Menier was Chairman on one of the International Juries; and at the Paris Exposition of 1867 he was Commissioner for the Republics of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, occupying also other honorary positions. During the Franco-Prussian War, he organized an ambulance corps, and was present during several battles, caring personally for the wounded.

M. Menier is one of the wealthiest of Frenchmen, residing in a palatial dwelling in the Parc Monceaux, in Paris, surrounded by objects of art and *curia*, of which he is a great admirer and connoisseur. Quite recently he has purchased the chateau of Noisiel for two million dollars. Besides his property in France, M. Menier owns a piece of territory in Nicaragua twenty-five miles square, and also another tract of six thousand acres on Lake Nicaragua. So admirably are his tropical estates managed by the proprietor, and so advantageous is this considered to the country where they are, that M. Menier was recently offered the post of Minister Plenipotentiary from Nicaragua to the French Republic, an honor he felt compelled to decline.

This brief sketch does its distinguished subject slight justice, though presenting him in the three-fold capacity of scientist, political economist, and public benefactor. He is a clear-headed business man, patriotic though cosmopolitan, and employs much of his immense fortune in the performance of acts of the most liberal and charitable generosity. A modern Lorenzo di Medici, he is noted for the lavish aid he dispenses to advance the progress of art and culture, while his tastes are not so lofty that he cannot also recognize the necessities of the poorer classes, and extend his munificence in their direction. The progress which has been thus far accomplished in popularizing the ideas embodied in the proposed Franco-American treaty are mainly due to the enterprise and the liberality of M. Menier, and to him chiefly will be owing the promised success of this movement, which is certain to become of such vast importance to the mercantile and manufacturing interests of these two great countries.



M. MENIER, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY, AND PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE FRANCO-AMERICAN TREATY OF COMMERCE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY.

PIERCING CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE International Congress, called to discuss a variety of projects for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, met in Paris, on Thursday, May 15th, under the presidency of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame. Committees were designated to facilitate the discussion by considering specific points in the problem, and were organized with the following gentlemen as presidents: On *Statistics*, M. Levasseur, France; on *Economical and Commercial Relations*, Mr. Nathan Appleton, United States; on *Navigation*, M. Brock, Norway; on *Scientific Questions*, M. Daubree, France; on *Ways and Means*, M. Cerisole, Switzerland. After the election of officers, Commander Selfridge, who commanded the late United States Darien Surveying Expedition, made a three hours' speech on the results of his observations, dealing particularly with the Napipi route. An adjournment was then taken to enable the presidents of the committees to confer with their members and prepare reports on the topics assigned them. On May 17th, Admiral Le Noury, President of the Geographical Society of Paris, gave a dinner to the leading members of the Congress, when M. de Lesseps, making the principal speech, dwelt upon the five hours' discourse of Mr. Menocal in the committee while presenting the merits of the Nicaragua route

On May 19th, the second general meeting was held, when M. Fontaine read the report of the Committee on Statistics, in which he condemned all plans involving the construction of locks. He was followed by Mr. Appleton, of the Committee on Economical and Commercial Relations, who briefly reported the results of the labor of his committee, and by MM. Cerisole and Simonin. M. Reglos, a collaborateur of Lieutenant Wyse, who was indisposed, made an elaborate statement in support of the Wyse Panama route, declaring the system that distinguished it the only one favorable to maritime navigation.

Commander Selfridge was again heard on the Napipi route on the 20th, estimating the cost of cutting the canal there at $29,966,000. He was followed by Chief-Engineer Menocal, who presented plans and estimates for a ship-canal across the Isthmus by what he called the Chagres route, the work to cost $38,000,000. M. Gray, the Mexican delegate, was then heard in behalf of the Tehuantepec route. An attack being made on the estimates of the Wyse Panama scheme, a sub-committee was appointed to report upon the approximate costs of the necessary locks and tunnels.

On the 21st, this sub-committee reported that it would cost $160,000,000 to construct the canal at sea-level, with a tunnel through the mountains, but without the use of locks, exclusive of salaries. The chief address of the day was by Sir John Hawkshaw, an English engineer, who dwelt largely upon the disadvantages and positive objections to the Wyse route. In the afternoon the Committee on Technical Questions abandoned all projects except that for a canal via Nicaragua, with locks, and that for a canal to connect Simon Bay with the port of Panama.

Thursday's session was occupied by the reports of the sub-committees on Tunneling and Profile, by

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ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG, NEWLY ELECTED RULER OF BULGARIA.

an address by Mr. Appleton upon the merits of the San Blas route, by a further explanation of the Napipi route by Commander Selfridge, and an earnest speech by M. Simonin in advocacy of prompt action.

M. de Lesseps presided over the meeting of the Committee on Technique on Friday, and maintained that in the discussions preference should be given to a tide-water or level canal over all others.

No session of the Congress was held on the 24th, but several of the committees held meetings. The sub-committee on Technique having called for modifications in the plans of the Napipi and the Nicaragua routes, Commander Selfridge and Chief-Engineer Menocal were designated to prepare other plans.

At the meeting of the Committee on Technique on May 26th, the final reports of the sub-committees on Construction and Estimate for the different routes, adding to the original calculations of the engineers the cost of the modifications suggested by the several committees, were re-read.

These figures are as follows:

The Tehuantepec Route—Length, 240 kilometres (149 miles and 960 feet). Number of locks, 120. Total cost not estimated. Time occupied by a ship in passing through, 12 days.

The Nicaragua Routes—Menocal's plan: Length, 292 kilometres (181 miles and 2,664 feet.) Number of locks, 17. Expense of construction, 842,000,000 francs ($168,400,000). Time required to make the passage, 4¾ days. Blanchet's Plan: Length the same; cost of construction, 411,000,000 francs ($82,200,000).

The Panama routes—Wyse's plan (modified): Length, 73 kilometres (45 miles and 1,986 feet). Number of locks, 12. Total cost, 1,103,000,000 francs ($220,600,000). Time required for the passage, 1½ days. Kelly's San Blas route: Length, 53 kilometres (34 miles and 4,426 feet). Total cost (tunnel carefully calculated), 1,340,000,000 francs ($268,000,000). Time required for passage, one day.

The Darien route—The Atrato-Napipi: Length, 290 kilometres (180 miles and 1,380 feet). Two locks required. Total cost, 1,000,000,000 francs ($200,000,000). Time of passage, three days.

On the 27th, reports were presented by the Committees on Statistics through M. Levasseur, and on Ways and Means through M. Cerisole, both documents being of a very elaborate and valuable character.

The Committee on Technique adopted the Wyse Panama sea-level route on the 28th, after the Sub-Committee on Construction had reported the following revised estimates of the total cost: Lieutenant Wyse's modified Panama plan, with locks, 700,000,000 francs ($140,000,000); Menocal's Nicaragua plan, 900,000,000 francs ($180,000,000); The Atrato route, 1,130,000,000 francs ($200,000,000).

On May 29th, the full Congress met to take decisive action, and after disposing of several committee reports, adopted a resolution favoring the construction of the proposed canal from the Gulf of Limon to the Bay of Panama, by a vote of 17 to 8, with 16 absentees. After this action the Congress was formally closed.

By the Panama route the line of canal would commence at Navy Bay, on the Atlantic side, and, following the course of the Chagres River as far as Matachin, a distance of about twenty-six miles, whence the Obispo River would be utilized to near Paraiso, a connection would be made by means of an artificial channel between the Rio Obispo and the Rio Grande, that flows into the Pacific. There have been two plans submitted for this canal, their only difference being a slight change of direction at the western or Pacific end. The summit or highest point to be cut through on this line would be only 262 feet.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG,

THE ELECTED RULER OF BULGARIA.

ON the 29th of April the Bulgarian Assembly, composed of 250 deputies, with twenty Mohammedans amongst them, elected their new ruler at Tirnova. Three princes had been prominently brought forward as candidates for the throne of Bulgaria—Prince Waldemar of Denmark, Prince Reuss, and Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The election of the first, although supported by England, was opposed by some of the great Continental powers; the second, a man of capacity, was considered as too advanced in years. The president, Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, therefore declared for Prince Battenberg.

Prince Battenberg is the second son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother of the Empress of Russia, and was born on April 5th, 1857. His mother is the daughter of the late Count von Hauke, former Minister of War in Poland, and was created Countess of Battenberg on the occasion of her morganatic union with Prince Alexander in 1851.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg received his professional education at the Military Academy of Saxony, and entered the Hessian service as Sub-lieutenant of Dragoons in 1875. He served as volunteer with the Russian army during the late war—first in the ranks of the Eighth Regiment of Uhlans, whose honorary colonel his father is; afterwards as orderly officer in the staff of Prince Charles of Roumania during the siege of Plevna. He crossed the Balkans with General Gourko, and on all occasions showed himself a dashing, fearless, and talented cavalry officer. Soon after his return to Germany from the Russian-Turkish War, he was transferred from the Hessian Regiment of Dragoons to the Prussian Life Guards, and has ever since done garrison duty in Potsdam.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, who has been administrator of the Island of Cyprus ever since the Treaty of Berlin was signed, nearly a twelvemonth ago, has been called back to England to take the principal command, military and civil, in Natal and the Transvaal. He will virtually supersede Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford, and his instructions are to make an early and honorable peace with Cetewayo, head of the warlike Zulu nation, and not to seek to extend the British colony at the Cape of Good Hope. He is to offer terms of peace if the enemy does not propose a termination of the strife.

Wolseley, like Wellington, is a native of Ireland, having been born in Dublin, in June, 1833. He has risen to his present high rank (Lieutenant-General) solely by service and merit. He won a medal of honor in the Burmese War of 1852–53, when he was only a subaltern; and subsequently achieved distinction in the Crimean War; at the siege and capture of Lucknow; in the Chinese campaign; in Canada; and in 1873-4 in the Ashantee War on the Gold Coast. Early in 1874 he was sent to Natal to administer the government of that colony and to advise upon several important points connected with the management of native affairs and the best form of defensive administration. He has the advantage, therefore, of previous knowledge—political, military and personal—of the country in which he is to hold command, probably as absolute as that of Wellington in the Peninsular War.



GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

STRENGTH OF ENGLISH ROMANISTS.

EVERY little while there is a great ado raised in England over the portentous increase of Romanism. The facts do not seem to confirm these fears. The *Catholic Directory*, for 1879, states that there are in Great Britain 21 archbishops and bishops, 2,175 priests and 1,388 churches. The number of communicants is not given, but, assuming that there are 200 to a church—a good estimate—there are a little more than 2,500,000. Out of a population of 30,000,000 or more, this is not a frightful number. Of the members above given, 6 bishops, 272 priests and 264 churches are in Scotland, where the Roman Catholic hierarchy has recently received permission to be re-established.



THE JOUETT-HOUP LIFE-SAVING BUOY—THE APPARATUS, IMPELLED BY THE WIND AND SEA, CARRYING A LINE FROM A STRANDED VESSEL TO THE SHORE.—SEE PAGE 248.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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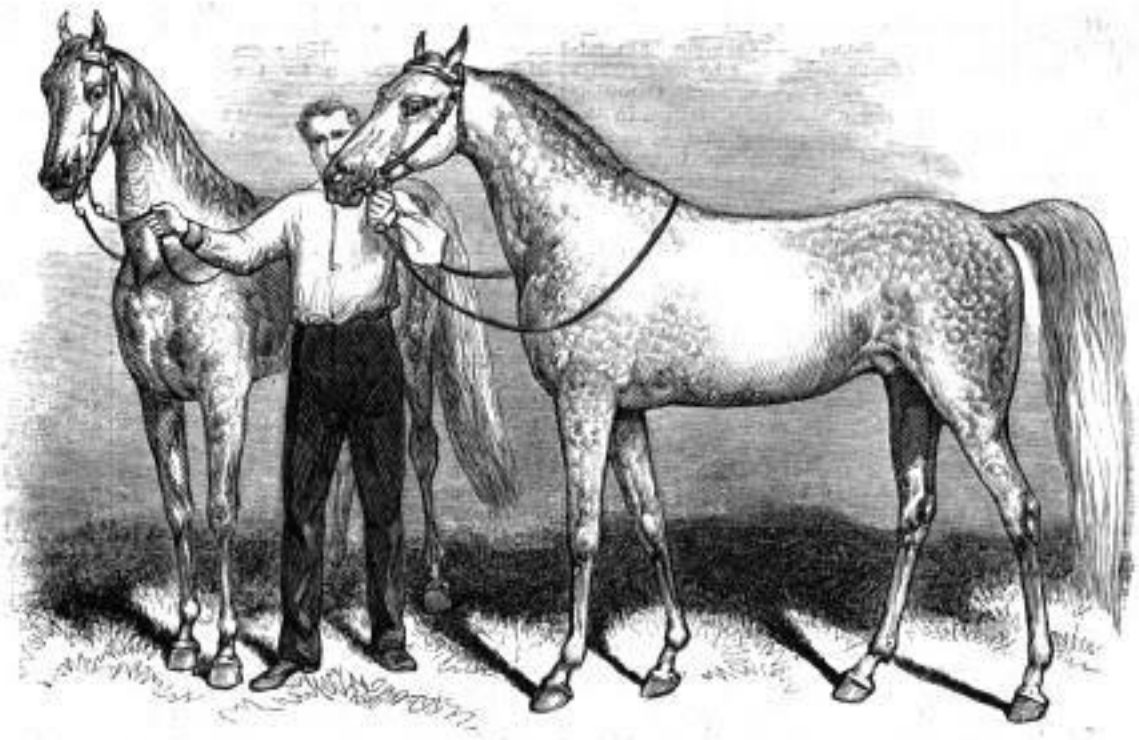
No. 1,238—Vol. XLVIII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1879. [Price 10 Cents. $4.00 Yearly, 13 Weeks, $1.00.

THE SULTAN'S GIFT TO GENERAL GRANT.

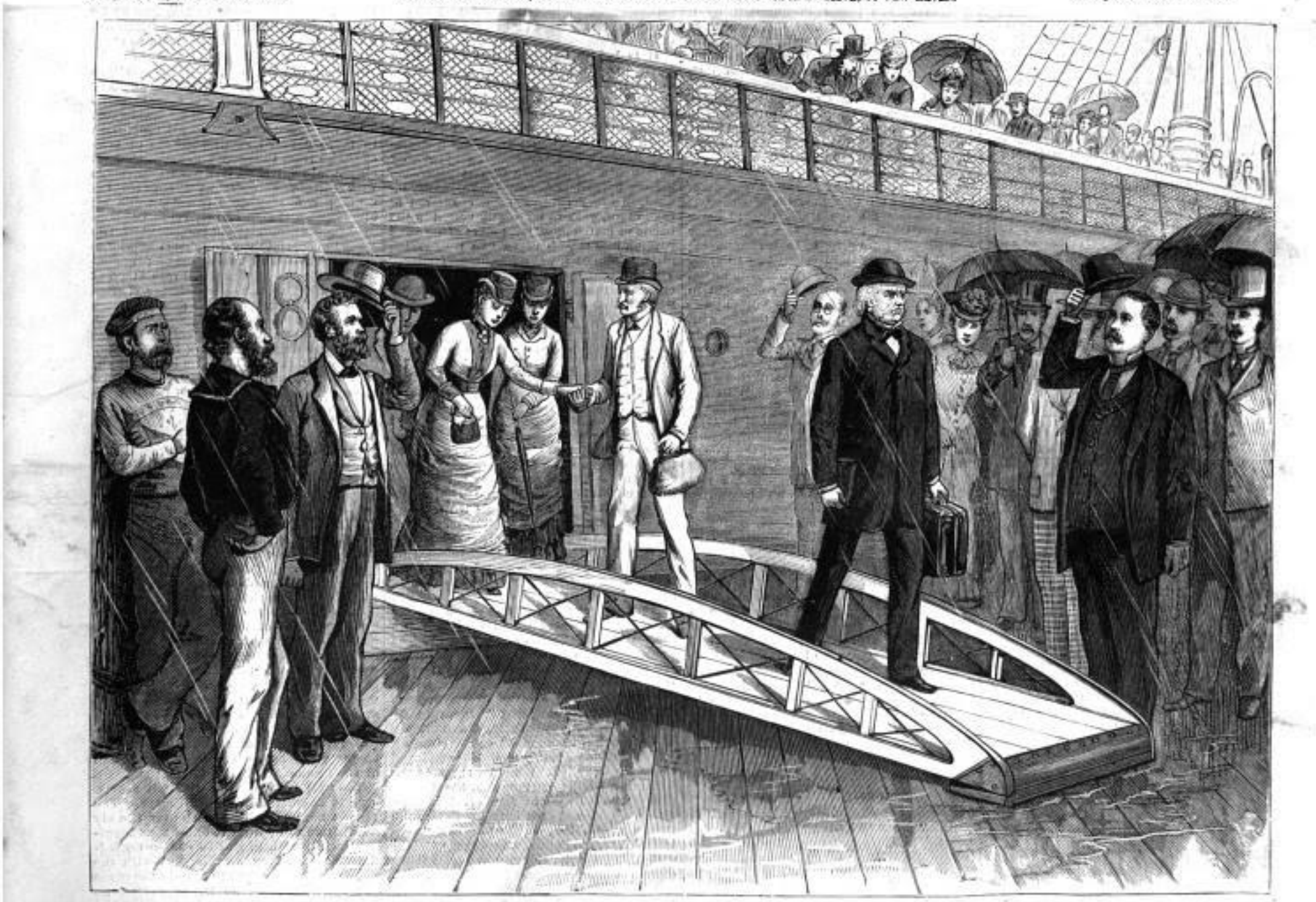
WHEN General Grant called upon the Sultan at Constantinople he was invited to inspect the great stud of horses in the imperial stables, and, from his well-known fondness for fine horse-flesh, it may be imagined with what interest the ex-President examined the "points" of the 1,600 pure Arab steeds. Appreciating the attention, and sympathizing with the delight, of the General, the Sultan ordered that two of the best horses should be selected from the stud as a present to his guest. The horses chosen, beautiful dapple-grays, of the Saktan race, found only in and near Bagdad, were shipped on board the British steamer *Norman Monarch* by the officers of the American Legation, and reached Canal Dock, New Haven, on Wednesday, May 28th. They are named "Djeytan" (the Panther) and "Missirli" (the One from Cairo).

The horses are consigned to General Beale, formerly United States Minister to Austria, and now of Chester, Pa., who sent Major John Lovett to New Haven to transfer them to temporary quarters in Suffolk Park, Philadelphia. During the three-days' trotting meeting there last week the horses were led out on the track by two attendants dressed in Oriental costume, and, as the animals marched past the grand stand, the large audience gave vent to lusty cheers. At the close of the races the horses were taken to General Beale's farm, near Chester. It is not yet announced whether they will remain there until General Grant's return from Europe, or be sent at once to his stables at Galena, Ill., although, as his cottage at Long Branch is being hurriedly prepared for his reception, it is quite probable the Arabians will be taken thither, for the latter part of the season at least.

They are six and seven years old, of an even height, fifteen hands high, with a coat that is singularly delicate and as soft as velvet; white, silken tail reaching to the ground; and a mane that is wavy but not long. The heads are rather small, but the faces have an intelligent expression. They have large, soft and lustrous black eyes; small, well-set, restless ears; and in the distended nostrils the finest Arabian blood is shown. They have a gentle disposition, and can be approached and petted like children.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE ARAB HORSES "DJEYTAN" AND "MISSIRLI," PRESENTED BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY TO GENERAL GRANT, NOW AT SUFFOLK PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. M. DE SILVA, OF NEW HAVEN.



NEW YORK CITY.—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY LANDING FROM THE CUNARD STEAMER "SCYTHIA," JUNE 3D.—SEE PAGE 263.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1879.

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THE PENDING POLITICAL ISSUE.

IT is announced that the caucus committee of the Democratic majority in Congress, in seeking an exit from the pending political *impasse*, have determined, if possible, to turn the strategic positions which they have thus far been unable to capture from a recalcitrant President. It is proposed to pass an Army Appropriation Bill prohibiting any expenditures for the subsistence or transportation of troops "to be used as a police-force to keep the peace at the polls"; a Bill extending the chief Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriations of 1878 for one year from the 30th instant (with a provision for the payment of arrearages of pensions out of the $10,000,000 held for the redemption of the fractional currency); and a supplemental Judicial Bill which makes appropriations for the expenses of the United States Courts, which repeals the "test-oath," and which not only omits to make appropriations for supervisors, marshals and deputy-marshals to guard and scrutinize Congressional elections, but carefully provides that there shall be no diversion of other appropriations, or liabilities contracted, with a view to the compensation of such officers.

Supposing these Bills to be passed in the shape above indicated, and supposing them to receive the President's signature, we may say that the resulting situation will be as follows: The laws of Congress regulating elections would remain on the statute-book, but their execution would be nullified so far as relates to the "supervision" of the polls by Federal officers. We incline to think that the prohibition of troops to be employed as a "police-force," for the purpose of keeping the peace at the polls, will not encounter the objections of the President, as there is a well-recognized distinction between the use of troops to perform "police duty" and to suppress "insurrections" or rebellions"—with which latter duty the proposed Bill does not interfere. But if the effect of the caucus measures shall be to remove "the military issue" out of the pending political campaign, it is only just to say that they will accentuate and emphasize the points of difference between the two parties with regard to the supervision of national elections. The Democrats will go before the people declaring that there shall be no *paid* supervision of such elections, even when the laws provide for it. The Republicans will go before the people declaring that such supervision is not only constitutional, but that it is necessary; and that the Democrats, in evading the obligations imposed by existing statutes, have worked a partial nullification of the statutes which they were unable to repeal, and which they refuse to amend in a satisfactory manner. It seems, therefore, an appropriate occasion to review the history of opinion on a topic which, in any event, is likely to play an important part in the future politics of the country.

That omitting the question of the *power* of Congress under the Constitution to make regulations of its own and to alter those made by the States as to the conduct of Congressional elections, and confining our view to the question of *expediency* raised as to the mode and degree of its exercise, "a great deal may be said on both sides," will be apparent to the candid reader who studies the progress of thought on this subject. In this light it will be seen that it is equally idle to deny the constitutional power of the Federal Government on the conduct of Congressional elections, and to deny that the proper exercise of this power is a matter of just sensibility to the States and the people. When the Constitution was pending before the States on the question of its adoption, the conceded existence of this power was made the ground of a vehement and concerted opposition to its ratification. The enemies of the Constitution predicted that under the power of "regulating" elections for members of Congress, the Federal Government would speedily pave a way for the extinction of State independence, and for the establishment of a national consolidated Government on the ruins of "State sovereignty." The friends of the Constitution held that the allowance of this power was necessary in order to assure the perpetuity of the Government, if against nothing else, at least against the inaction of the State Legislatures, which, if this matter were remitted to their exclusive control, might doom the Federal Government to destruction by simply refusing or neglecting to choose Senators or to provide for the election of Representatives. It was admitted, however, by Madison and others, that Congress would, in all probability, never exercise this jurisdiction unless the States should make it necessary by their laches in the premises.

But not satisfied with this disclaimer, a majority of the States ratified the Constitution with an express recommendation that the Constitution should be so amended as to provide that Congress should not exercise the power of "regulating" Congressional elections except "in cases where a State shall neglect or refuse to make the regulations mentioned in the fourth section of the first article, or shall make regulations subversive of the rights of the people to a free and equal representation in Congress." It may surprise some readers to learn that Massachusetts led the way in this declaration against Federal authority over Congressional elections, and that it was in simple pursuance of her example that similar declarations were made by New Hampshire, New York, Virginia, South Carolina, Rhode Island and North Carolina, in the recommendations with which they accompanied their ratifying Acts. In point of fact, however, no such restrictive amendment was ever proposed by Congress or adopted by the States under this head; and seeing, as we do, that a majority of the States, comprising the most populous and influential in the number, had formally placed themselves on record, at the origin of the Government, against the primary exercise of this contingent power by Congress, it may have been judged that no constitutional prohibition was necessary to guard against the assumption of Federal control over Congressional elections. This seems to have been the view of Judge Story in accounting for the abstinence of Congress in the premises.

But, whatever may be the explanation, it is certain that Congress forbore to exercise this power down to the present decade in our history. And in the presence of such forbearance, and of the grounds on which it was practiced in deference to the original sensibilities of Massachusetts and her sister States, it would seem as legitimate for Democrats in 1879 to be jealous of undue Federal intrusion in National elections, as it was for Massachusetts in 1787. As it cannot be denied that the Constitution gives the power in question, so it should not be denied that the practice of the Government, down to a late day, proves that the propriety of exercising the power, or of not exercising it, is a question of time, place and circumstance.

The Democrats now propose to recur to the unbroken practice which, prior to 1870, left the regulation of Congressional elections to the exclusive control of the States. The Republicans propose, in the words of President Hayes, to demand "greater vigor both in the enactment and enforcement of laws framed for that purpose." Hence, it only remains for the Democrats to show that the Federal laws are as unnecessary now as they were prior to their enactment; and it will be for the Republicans to show that their enactment has become both necessary and proper. That it is competent to criticise the existing statutes without exposure to the charge of sympathizing with the heresy of "State supremacy," is made plain by the remark of President Hayes when he says, in his veto message, that "any oppression, any partisan partiality which experience may have shown in the working of existing laws may well engage the attention of Congress," and if instead of seeking to repeal these laws, or practically to nullify them altogether, the Democrats had proposed to amend them where they work inequality and injustice, a fair ground might have been laid for an effective contention. It *is* an abuse that under existing laws the marshals and deputy-marshals may all be of one party, and that under the administration of the laws they have sometimes been selected from partisan "strikers" and "fugiemen." If, instead of breaking their forces against the principle of all or any Federal supervision over Congressional elections, the Democrats had leveled their blows against the "oppression" and "partisan partiality" of the present statutes, they might have had some chance of carrying the country with them, provided the Republicans had been weak enough to defend what is indefensible in the unequal working of these regulations.

WHAT MANIA IS THIS?

THE trial of Miss Lilian Duer for shooting and killing Miss Ella Hearn, in the quaint and quiet little neighborhood of Pokomoke, Maryland, is exciting the attention of the whole country. And well it may, for the crime which the prisoner seems to have committed is so strange as to be really unique in the annals of jurisprudence.

The outward and obvious facts are now pretty well known; it is the facts that have been thus far concealed for which the public is on the *qui vive*. This is the way the case looks superficially: The two girls were not merely intimate friends, but inseparable companions. Miss Duer, when the shooting was done last November, was twenty-one; Miss Hearn was seventeen. A younger sister of the victim swears that the two were in each other's society every day for three years previous. Suddenly Miss Hearn evinced a disinclination to go out walking alone with her friend, and the latter was seriously angered. Next day she called on Ella and repeated her urgent request that she would accompany her to "the woods." She refused. "Do you love any man?" asked Lilian, resentfully. Ella declined to answer. Lilian renewed her urgent invitation to "go walking," but Ella declined. Then the former drew a revolver, coolly cocked it, and amid the supplications of Ella upon her knees, shot her through the head, inflicting a wound from which she died a month later. Before her death, Ella Hearn carefully stated that Lilian shot her on purpose, repeating the allegation in every form, even in presence of Lilian. On the other hand, she still showed affection for the homicide, kissing her and pulling her down over the bed, where she lay dying, and whispering to her. Lilian said at first that she "didn't know how she came to do it," but afterwards declared that it was accidental, to which plea she still clings.

Here it must be stated that Ella was rather fragile and *petite*, while her companion was large and strong, and that the latter assumed mannish airs and ways, smoking cigars, wearing clothes of peculiar pattern, tipping her hat to friends, despising feminine weaknesses and dependence, playing baseball, and jumping and exhibiting boyish ways. These characteristics have excited much comment and inquiry since the homicide.

Meantime, other elements have entered into this celebrated case. There seems to have been half-a-dozen girls in the circle of affection of which Ella and Lilian were members. These are to be called as witnesses to tell their story of this dangerous platonic attachment. One of these, a Miss Webb, has received an offer of money if she would run away or absent herself from court and refuse to testify. Scorning to be bribed, she told of the overture to Mr. Hearn, the father of the murdered girl, who met the person making the offer and would have slain him had it not been for the interference of bystanders. What is it that this girl is expected to tell? What story can be worth an attempt at bribery and a risk of death?

It is but to be added that Lilian Duer seems to show poignant grief at the death of her friend—the same grief that is usually shown over the loss of one slain, by a man or woman, on account of jealousy. Every day now the trial goes on down the east shore of Maryland, and every day the mystery deepens and the solution apparently approaches. The crime is a strange one, almost beyond parallel. Occasionally, indeed, in every land, women, enamored of each other, seek to be legally united in the bonds of matrimony, but an act of frenzied passion like this, between two respectable girls, is almost if not quite unprecedented. The question now is whether it is a new crime calling for new classification, or whether it is an old and familiar crime in masquerade.

RAILWAY DISCRIMINATIONS.

THE policy of the great railway corporations of the country, affecting as it does every public interest, is fairly a subject of criticism. Now, more than ever before, these corporations control the internal commerce of the country. They put transportation rates up and down at pleasure, and, except at competing points, burden productions by severe and discriminating charges at their own sweet wills. The volume of business, in fact, is made contingent upon the cost of transporting commodities from and to localities. This element of cost enters into the calculation of every producer from the soil, of every manufacturer, and of every man engaged in commercial pursuits. Looking to success in undertakings requiring the use of both labor and capital, each and all require that there shall be a reasonable stability in the maintenance of transportation rates, as well as a fairness in their adjustment. But under the existing state of affairs no man can be safe. Railway managers constantly interfere with his calculations, and oftener bring him evil than good.

Illustrations of the methods employed are easily supplied. Consider this: At the beginning of the past month, the freight charge on flour from St. Louis to New York was forty-six cents per barrel. Before the month closed the charge per barrel, between the same points, was down to eight cents. This latter rate resulted from sharp competition and, as may well be presumed, fell short of bringing gain to the companies engaged in the movement. But while the shippers at St. Louis profited by the cutting of rates, those of other localities sustained a corresponding injury. It cannot be otherwise than that favoritism to a few business points must prove detrimental to the interests of other trade centres. And it is equally plain that discrimination of this sort must affect the stability of business generally, and, as a consequence, impair the public prosperity.

But whatever losses the great trunk lines may incur by warring with each other at competing points, their managers take excellent care to repair such losses by exaction of heavy tribute upon the trade of other localities. They never go to war at their own expense, and, if St. Louis and Chicago become favored points, the business men of New York and other cities are obliged to make good any resulting deficit to the corporation treasuries. We are indebted to a commercial contemporary for a vast array of facts touching this very point, and affecting peculiarly the people of New York State.

The City of Rochester, on the line of the New York Central road, is a competing point. Its distance from this city, by rail, is 372 miles. While the freight-rate between Rochester and New York is 12 cents per 100 pounds, shippers at Fairport, distance 362 miles, and those at Little Falls, distance 217 miles from this city, are taxed from 21 to 28 cents per 100 pounds. Canandaigua is twenty-eight miles nearer to this city than Rochester. A Canandaigua merchant pays eight cents per 100 pounds for sugar from Rochester and 28 cents from New York. But this same sugar, be it remarked, is carried from this city to Rochester for 12 cents per 100 pounds. He can purchase his sugar in Rochester at a very small advance on New York prices, and have it carried home at a saving of quite one-quarter of the freight charge, provided the sugar had been purchased here and shipped direct to Canandaigua.

Again, the freight-rate for cheese from Elgin, in the State of Illinois, to New York, a distance of more than one thousand miles, is 30 cents per 100 pounds, but the dairymen of Delaware County, in New York State, are charged 65 cents per hundred for a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles.

The distance from Chicago to New York *via* the Erie Railroad is nine hundred and sixty-one miles. While that corporation carried freight the whole distance from Chicago at a charge of fifteen cents per one hundred pounds, shippers of milk only fifty or sixty miles from New York, were forced to pay fifty-five cents per hundred pounds. The freight-charge equaled fully one-half the value of the milk, and, computed by distance, it cost more than fifty times as much to get it to market as it did to carry products from Chicago to New York.

The unjust policy of railway corporations is made manifest by other methods equally injurious to business. One of these methods is to discriminate in favor of large shippers. They are given rates out of all proportion to those charged small shippers of merchandise from the same localities. For instance, special contracts have been made with certain shippers at Utica for ten cents per one hundred pounds, while all others pay a charge of fifty cents per hundred on the same class of goods. At Little Falls the special rates to jobbers and large dealers have been twenty cents per hundred, while the regular table rate stood at forty-six cents. Evidence of like character against the corporations might be supplied almost *ad infinitum*.

On a recent occasion we referred to the injury accruing to New York from railway discrimination against its trade. Is it not time that the press of the metropolis should raise a united protest against the impositions constantly practiced by corporations created as common carriers, but whose managers seem to have forgotten the duties they owe to the public as its servants.

EVENTS ABROAD.

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield came into power, five years ago, the word went round that now England would have a "spirited foreign policy." Considering Beaconsfield's past, and character and party, it was an easy prediction to make, and has been fulfilled to the heart's content of the bellicose class of Britons. Beaconfield's policy has been nothing if not "foreign"; and, for the most part, it has been very expensively "spirited." No sooner has he patched up a pretty satisfactory peace with the Afghans, and retrieved, to some degree at least, the early disasters in Zululand, than a cloud-speck of quarrel arises between the two powers which, for some twenty years, have posed in the characters of the Damon and Pythias of nations.

The "foreign policy" extends, it seems, even to an embroilment with France. The French have grumbled much over the sly acquisition of Cyprus, and now are exceedingly wroth with England's course regarding Egypt, and scarcely less so with the refusal of Beaconsfield to sustain the cause of the Greeks. There is, of course, no very near prospect of war between the two

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countries; but the present unpleasantness is significant as the first interruption of relations which have been, ever since the Free Trade Treaty, of the closest and friendliest nature.

A notable figure in English politics passes out of sight in Baron Lionel Rothschild, who, at the time of his death, was the head of the famous banking-house in England. Baron Lionel was the first Jew who was admitted to a seat in Parliament, which event occurred somewhat more than twenty years ago, he having been chosen by the City of London. He was a quiet, rather imposing old gentleman, a stanch Liberal, who seldom troubled the House with speeches, but won everybody's respect by his good sense and breadth of view. One of his daughters not long ago married the Earl of Rosebery, one of the most promising young statesmen and one of the most ardent sportsmen in England.

Almost simultaneously with the disappearance of Baron Lionel from the House, a still more romantic figure entered it. This was The O'Gorman Mahon, now rather elderly, but still an interesting type of the old-fashioned, pugnacious, adventurous Celtic chief. He began life as one of O'Connell's "fighting brigade," fifty years ago, and regularly shot his man at fifteen paces, on occasion. The O'Gorman Mahon was not sated by his exploits in the Old World, but came to the New, where his warlike traits won him, first, the command in chief of the Peruvian army, and then Lord High Admiral of the Chilian fleet. He is returned to Parliament by County Clare, in time to join briskly in the Home Rule fight, in which he is sure to be conspicuous.

That inveterate old revolutionist, Blanqui, is not in favor, it seems, even with the out-and-out Republican powers that now rule France. Though past seventy, the fiery old agitator is serving a term of imprisonment for active participation in the Commune eight years ago. Meanwhile, the radical electors of Bordeaux had chosen him a Deputy. Of course the radicals in the Chamber took up his cause, insisted that he should be amnestied and admitted to his seat, and threatened the Cabinet with secession unless they yielded to these demands. But M. Waddington and his colleagues stood firm, and after a hot, wordy contest, Blanqui's election as Deputy for Bordeaux was annulled by a vote of 372 to 33. The Cabinet, since this victory, has decided to be magnanimous, and will pardon the restless old man; but the amnesty law having expired, a pardon will not restore his political rights. He will never be quiet, however, until he is quieted by death.

The usually serene atmosphere of the French Academy has for some time been disturbed by a political squabble, which has much ruffled the philosophic temper of the Forty Immortals. Henri Martin, the foremost of living French historians, was chosen as the successor of M. Thiers in the Academy, and when the time came to receive him, with the usual Academic state and ceremony, it so happened that Emile Ollivier, as "director" for the year, was intrusted with the usual duty of delivering the reception address. It is the custom for the new Academician to pronounce an essay on his predecessor, and for the "director," in receiving him, to reply to it. These essays are submitted to a committee before being delivered. In the present instance, M. Martin took occasion, in his address, to inveigh severely against the Second Empire; whereupon M. Ollivier, who is not yet forgotten as the Prime Minister of Napoleon III., who tried to be "constitutional," and who went to war with Prussia with "a light heart," retorted in an indignant defense of his quondam Imperial master. The committee objected to both productions, as tending to turn the august Academy into a political bear-garden. M. Martin then agreed to strike out some passages, but Ollivier would not budge an inch, and the Academy has finally designated M. Marmier as the orator. The historian will now be formally received into the "fauteuil" vacated by the Liberator of the Territory.

In the East, matters are going as smoothly as can be expected. Prince Battenberg will soon assume the sovereignty of Bulgaria, which province is apparently growing quiet and contented; the Czar has issued a proclamation of a fatherly sort to the newly-liberated Christians of Turkey; the Russian army has begun to evacuate the territories south of the Danube; Montenegro is pleased with her acquisitions; Greece alone is discontented, continues to demand Epirus as the price of her abstention from attacking Turkey when Turkey was down, and now threatens to reopen the Eastern Question by making war on her old tyrant and foe. The Ameer of Afghanistan has gone to Cabul. After a tour of inspection throughout his kingdom he will visit the Viceroy of India.

A "very pretty scandal," as old Pepys would say, is going the rounds about Don Carlos, whilom pretender to the Spanish crown. Some time ago, one of his aides, General Boet, was charged with stealing from the Prince his most valuable jewels. General Boet is evidently no chicken-heart; he now comes out with the "true story" of the jewels, which is to the effect that Don Carlos sent him into Spain with them to sell. The General goes on to paint a portrait of Don Carlos which certainly presents him to the world in a new light. The world has hitherto thought him a devotee, a man in dead earnest, with no time or taste for mundane frivolities and seductions. But General Boet declares that Don Carlos is a rake, and that his intrigues and adventures with the fair absorb a large portion of his time. He hates his uncle Chambord, it appears, who sets spies on him; beats his wife, who was surprised to find, when he returned from America, that he had not turned Mormon; and is, in general, a disagreeable, selfish, narrow-minded scion of the Bourbons.

It is the height of the London season, and the famous "coaching clubs" are having their meets in Hyde Park and Piccadilly, with their gay and handsome turn-outs, their high-blooded horses and their noble coaching-men. The Four-in-hand Club, despite the absence in this country of its president, the genial Duke of Beaufort, made a fine display as, in presence of the Empress of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other royalties, they set out in procession from Hyde Park on a recent sunny morning. The first night in London of the *Théâtre Français* company, Got and the marvelous Sarah Bernhardt included, was the most brilliant first night that *le pays de Shakespeare* has ever witnessed.

Victor Hugo had a fine chance to indulge his powers of sparkling and epigrammatic eloquence at the dinner in Paris to celebrate the abolition of slavery in the French colonies. He made the most of the occasion; it is wonderful how, at past three score and fifteen, this great genius preserves its fire of enthusiasm and vigor of thought. "In the nineteenth century," said he, "the white has made the black a man; in the twentieth, Europe will make of Africa a world." The poet is hale, hearty, rosy, rich and active in his old age. Almost twenty-five hundred French Communists have been amnestied, and it is said that only five hundred of the leading spirits of the revolt of 1871 will be excluded from this boon.

THE LONG BRANCH PIER.

THE great iron tubular pier at Long Branch, the first ever built on the Atlantic coast, rapidly approaches completion. The pier now projects 600 feet into the ocean, that being the length provided for in the original contract; but so well satisfied are the owners with the character of the work and the prospects of the enterprise, that they propose to extend it 200 feet beyond the point at first contemplated. The additional work will be pushed with the utmost possible dispatch. Meanwhile, heavy oak spiles have been driven along the sides of the pier for the protection of steamers in their landings, and perfect confidence is felt that these can be made with entire safety and ease. On Sunday next three steamers will carry passengers to and land them at the pier. Settees are being placed for the accommodation of visitors, who, from the elevation of the pier, and several hundred feet from the shore, can enjoy the ocean breeze and indulge in fishing, reading, or dreaming, with the most exquisite sense of exhilaration. Schools of blue fish are constantly passing under the pier; the writer, on Monday last, saw one of these schools, numbering thousands of fish, sweeping by in a great procession only three or four hundred feet from the shore—the passage occupying nearly twenty minutes. Iron stairways will be arranged for the use of excursion parties, who will thus be able to land from yachts or ordinary sailboats without the slightest inconvenience.

THE Finance Committee of the Senate is entitled to the thanks of the country for voting to postpone the consideration of the Warner Silver Bill until the regular session of Congress. By that time it is to be hoped that, through the growth of sound financial ideas, the possibility of its passage will have disappeared.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature has refused to expel the members who were reported by a select committee to have been guilty of attempted bribery, but has authorized the appointment of a committee to institute proceedings against certain outsiders who were guilty of the same offense. The consistency of this action will admit of question.

THE United States will be represented officially as well as industrially at the International Exhibitions at Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, in 1879 and 1880, Congress having passed a joint resolution providing for the appointment of Commissioners. Representative S. S. Cox, of this city, is entitled to the chief credit for securing this timely action, which is sure to be warmly appreciated by the Australians.

THE President has nominated ex-Senator Simon B. Conover as Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Florida. The appointment is only a meagre recognition of Mr. Conover's fidelity in the support of the Administration policy in the face of enormous pressure from the "stalwarts"; but it is understood to be in accord with the preferences of the ex-Senator, whose interests in the State of his adoption are too important to justify his acceptance of any appointment which would call him elsewhere.

IN point of ability and personal character, General Thomas Ewing, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio, is fully the equal of the Republican candidate. But he represents financial theories at once indefensible and unsafe, and has, moreover, been conspicuous in the reactionary movements of his party in Congress; and, for these reasons, it may be assumed that he will not be able to command the support of those Democrats who favor honest money and an upright financial policy. At the same time his nomination will invigorate the canvass on the part of the younger element of the party, with whom General Ewing is especially popular, and the issue, owing to the action of the Greenbackers in nominating a straight ticket, is made so far doubtful as to provoke from the country at large the liveliest interest in the progress of the struggle.

THE promoters of the Panama Canal project, which was rushed through the recent Congress at Paris, evidently mean to make the most of their opportunity. A company has already been organized, and subscriptions to the amount of 400,000,000 francs are invited to aid in the prosecution of the enterprise. It is stated that the company which obtained the concession from the Government of Colombia and made arrangements with the Panama Railroad will turn over their charters to the new organization. Work will begin, if M. de Lesseps carries out his present purpose, on the first of January next. It is doubtful whether the subscriptions to the stock of the company will be as liberal outside of France as they would have been had the Nicaragua route been selected. No doubt, had the Congress voted independently, that route would have been chosen.

IN the statistics presented to the nineteenth annual convention of American Brewers, recently held at St. Louis, are to be depended upon, the consumption of malt liquors is certainly increasing. The sales in this country last year, according to these figures, amounted to 9,473,361 barrels; being 313,685 barrels in excess of the highest amount ever before sold. Of the entire production, this State is credited with 3,285,498 barrels. The total number of brewers in the United States at this date is 2,830, New York having 405, and paying one-third of the total tax derived by the Government from malt liquors. Owing to the rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law in Maine, the production of these liquors in that State amounted last year to only seven barrels, but the consumption was by no means confined to this minimum quantity, the demand having been supplied from without. The total amount of capital invested in the brewing industry in the country at large is stated at $300,000,000.

AMONG other bequests of the late William Sloane, of this city, amounting to $140,000, was one of $33,500 to a number of the older employés of the house with which he was long identified—the sums varying from $1,000 to $5,000, according to the period of service of the different persons named. In making these bequests, Mr. Sloane takes occasion to declare, with a candor and conscientiousness as rare as they are beautiful, that his success in life was due quite as largely to the fidelity, well-directed efforts and intelligent interest in his business of the men who had been in his employ, as to any personal sagacity or enterprise; and we cannot doubt that this generous recognition of faithful service will be no less acceptable to those concerned than the pecuniary gifts bestowed upon them. If employers and employed could always maintain the relation of mutual interest and concern in and for one another which is here so honorably revealed, how vast would be the gain to each and to society at large!

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON has set the extremists of the Senate an example of moderation which they would do well to emulate. In a speech on Thursday last he declared that, while earnestly in favor of the repeal of the legislation put as riders upon the Appropriation Bills, he would not in any event consent to withholding appropriations for the support of the Army, or of any of the departments of the Government. He paid a high tribute to the valor and patriotism of the Army, which was alike the Army of the South and the North, and declared that he would never aid to disband or to impair its efficiency. Neither would he aid to degrade the Army from its high rank by assisting to pass legislation which would tend to make it an instrument of tyranny in the hands of any party or any Executive. He concluded by eulogizing President Hayes for withdrawing the Federal troops from South Carolina and Louisiana during the exciting days of 1877. The speech, while embodying the peculiar views of Southern men as to the rights of the States, the control of elections, etc., was in admirable temper throughout, and had it been made earlier in the pending struggle, would no doubt have exerted an important influence upon the result.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE United States Senate has passed a Bill to repeal the test oath law.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill to increase the pay of letter-carriers.

REV. SAMUEL HARRIS, of Chicago, has been elected as P. E. Bishop of Michigan, in place of Bishop M'Coskry.

THE Governor of Colorado called out the State troops on June 9th, to preserve the peace between the belligerent railroad companies.

MRS. JENNIE R. SMITH and Covert D. Bennett were sentenced to death on June 9th, in Jersey City, for the murder of police officer Richard H. Smith.

ON June 9th, under a suspension of the rules, the House passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill by a vote of 188 to 22, all the negative votes being Democratic.

THE New Orleans Council has unanimously adopted a protest against the passage of the majority report on the State debt as destructive to the public credit.

THE Workingmen's Party in California have nominated a full ticket, headed by F. White, a farmer, for State officers. Denis Kearney has been re-elected President of the "party."

THE Rev. Frederick W. Geissenhainer, D.D., Lutheran, the oldest active minister in New York, died on June 2d, after a continuous pastorate of sixty-two years, aged eighty-two.

A MEETING in favor of the proposed colonization of Irish Catholics in Minnesota, was held in New York on June 4th, and a large number of subscriptions to the capital fund were received.

THE Supreme Court of Iowa has decided as valid the law prohibiting the sale of wine and beer within two miles of any municipality, where such sale has been prohibited by a vote of the people.

THE papers in the Fitz John Porter case have been sent to Congress, and a Bill restoring General Porter to his rank in the army, with pay from the date of dismissal, will probably be reported to the Senate.

TWO monuments erected to the memory of the Confederate dead at Winchester, Va., were unveiled June 6th. There was a great demonstration, United States Senator Morgan, of Alabama, being the orator of the day.

THE great lease of the elevated railroads to the Manhattan Company has been formally ratified by the managers of the latter corporation, and the work of extending the various lines will be pushed with all practicable speed.

IN the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, held in Newark, N. J., last week, a motion to consolidate the organic boards of the church was defeated June 6th. On Saturday the members visited Coney Island in a body.

PARDEE HALL, the beautiful structure connected with Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa., was destroyed by fire on June 4th; and on the 6th, at a special meeting of the citizens, it was resolved to rebuild the Hall at once, the city contributing handsomely to the fund.

THE occupants of Fulton Market, New York, have offered to erect a large, healthful, and appropriately ornate building, to cost $300,000, at their own expense, if the Sinking Fund Commissioners will grant them a long lease of the present site on favorable terms, and joint conferences are being held.

THE ninety-eighth annual session of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., of the State of New York, was held last week in the Masonic Temple. General Charles Roome was unanimously elected Grand Master for the ensuing year, and James M. Austin Grand Secretary, for the twenty-seventh consecutive term, on June 5th.

THE Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections are investigating the charges of Judge Spofford, contestant of the seat of Senator Kellogg of Louisiana. One witness has testified that he personated members of the Legislature who were absent, and when their names were called, voted for Mr. Kellogg. The latter denies the truth of the statement.

DR. ALFRED C. POPE, of London, one of the most prominent homeopathic physicians of England, president of the British Homeopathic Congress, vice-president of the British Homeopathic Society and editor of the *British Monthly Homeopathic Review*, who comes to this country as a delegate to the American Homeopathic Institute to be held at Lake George, was tendered a reception by the Boston Homeopathic Medical Society and the homeopathic physicians of Massachusetts, at Boston, June 5th.

Foreign.

RUSSIA has refused to join Germany in acting on the Egyptian question.

SOLOVIEFF was hanged June 9th, for attempting to shoot the Czar of Russia.

THE elections in the Province of Ontario, May 5th, resulted in favor of the reformers.

CETYWAYO has again sought to make peace with the British, but his overtures have been rejected.

GERMANY will protest against the inhuman manner in which the war in South America is carried on.

THE Australian and European Bank of Melbourne, Australia, with £500,000 of deposits, has failed.

UNITED STATES MINISTER WHITE, who has arrived at Berlin, received a cordial welcome from the German press.

THE losses to the Russian fire insurance companies by the great fires in the city of Orenburg last month amount to $1,500,000.

FRANCE and England have agreed to refrain from further active interference in Egypt, but will hold the Khedive responsible for his acts.

IN France the merchants and manufacturers are about to urge the Government to meet this country half way in promoting a Franco-American treaty.

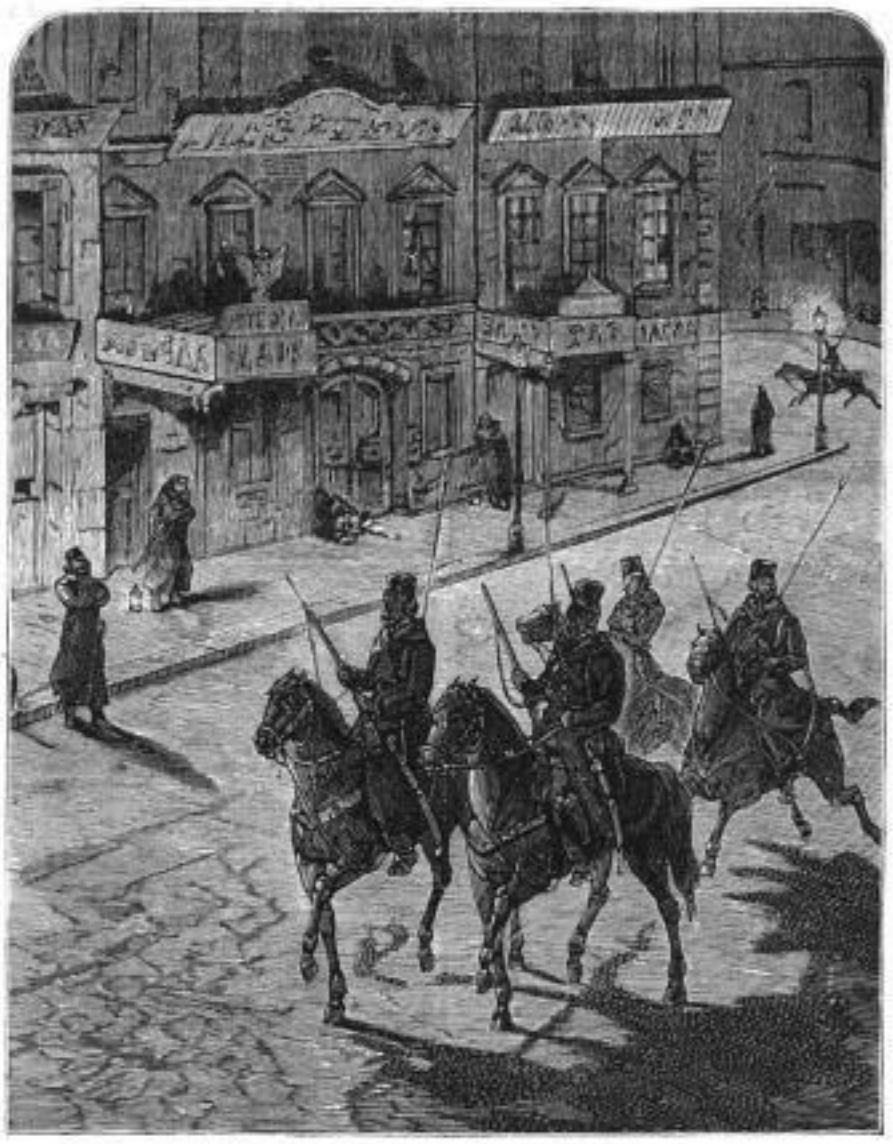
SPAIN has demanded satisfaction from San Domingo for the shooting of two Generals at Puerto Plata who had sought the protection of the Spanish Representative.

THE swollen rivers in Italy are subsiding; the eruption at Mount Etna has likewise diminished. The sum of 500,000 francs for the relief of the sufferers by the eruption, has been voted by the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

THE Italian Internationalists who threw bombs among the crowd during a popular demonstration on the occasion of King Humbert's birthday, last November, have been sentenced, one to imprisonment for life, two for twenty, and four for nineteen years.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 263.



RUSSIA.—APPEARANCE OF THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG DURING A NIGHT PATROL.



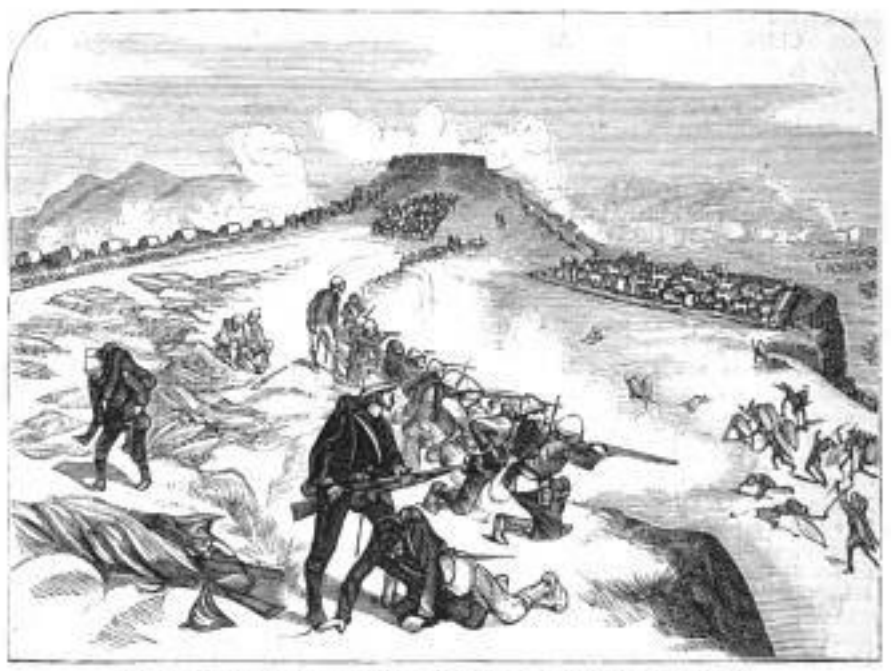
ITALY.—GARIBALDI'S PRESENT RESIDENCE, LE LIEUE VILLA, AT ALBANO.



ITALY.—VISIT OF GARIBALDI TO THE KING, IN THE QUIRINAL GARDENS, ROME.



SOUTH AFRICA.—WITHIN THE LAAGER AT GINGHILOVO DURING THE ZULU ATTACK.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA HILL, ZULULAND, MARCH 29TH.



AFGHANISTAN.—END OF THE WAR—GUNDAMUK, WHERE THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS WERE HELD.



AFGHANISTAN.—END OF THE WAR—RECEPTION OF THE AMEER'S HALF-BROTHER BY SIR SAMUEL BROWNE.

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LOUISIANA.—ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB, ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN, NEW ORLEANS, MAY 26TH—THE START OF THE YACHTS FROM THE NEW CLUB HOUSE.—FROM SKETCHES BY S. W. SENNETT.

REGATTA OF THE SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE annual regatta of the Southern Yacht Club, which now numbers over five hundred members, took place on Monday, May 26th, on Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans. Out of the twenty-nine yachts belonging to the club, twenty-three were entered. Two became disabled, leaving twenty-one to take the wind as the signal-gun was fired. The course was the usual triangular one, and the distance fifteen miles—differing from the previous races only in that the course was three times around the stakes (instead of twice, as formerly), which were placed one and two-thirds miles apart—the home stake in front of the boat-house, the second to the westward, and the third to the eastward.

When the race was over and all the white-winged flyers of the lake had come home, the real fun began. A fine orchestra started first the slow music of the graceful promenade, under the influence of which the invited guests partook of the hospitalities of the Southern Yacht Club, which comprised everything that was palatable in the way of ice-creams, biscuits, glaces and cakes; in fact, all those ideal gems of fancy cookery which seduce the palate without filling the stomach.

At the height of music and dancing and revelry, Commodore Emile O'Brien called the assembly to order, announcing that the distribution of prizes would be made, and introduced Captain J. O. Nixon.

COLORADO.—ON THE ROAD TO THE LEADVILLE MINES—WEBSTER STATION, ON THE DENVER, SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE PAGE 270.

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Jr., as the orator of the day, who had been persuaded to undertake the difficult task of distributing the prizes, with appropriate remarks, to the victors.

The first-class prize is a massive piece of plate, about one foot and one-half high and as much wide. The centre piece is a pillar of chased silver, from which project two branches supporting fruit dishes of silver, lined with gold. The pillar is surmounted by a first-class yacht, in full sail, and under an easy breeze. The yacht is of silver, plated with gold, while the sails are of frosted silver.

The second-class prize is a large flower-vase of silver, the bowl being frosted and the neck polished. Around the base and brim of the neck are bands of medallions in relief, while the handles are formed by oars and anchors oxidized.

The third-class prize is a large bowl flower-stand resting upon an elaborately-chased pedestal. The sides of the bowl are ornamented with spikes, anchors and oars, and the lining of the bowl is of gold.

The fourth-class prize, although but a small cup, is so perfect in finish as to bid fair to rival the chief prize. The circumference shows an ocean ruffled by the wind. A schooner-yacht race is taking place, one of the swift sailors having just turned the buoy, while another, the main attraction, is coming up before the wind. All the details of the picture are faithfully portrayed, even to the ocean steamer on the horizon.

Commodore E. J. O'Brien, who sailed the *Susie S.*, received the first prize; H. T. Howard, of the *Xiphias*, the second; "Joe" McNeil, captain of the *Juanita*, the third; and Samuel Gardner, of the *Olivia*, the fourth. R. Brewster, who sailed the *No-Name*, received the special prize for the class known as cabin boats.

"OMNIA VINCIT AMOR."

SPLASHED with the mud and rain of the street, Maurice stepped in quickly, as the servant opened the door, and made his way to the long drawing-room.

"Miss Vincens will be down directly, sir," said the liveried servant, politely. In spite of his shabby coat, all the servants of the house were polite to Maurice.

"I sincerely hope so!" muttered the young man to himself. "I've no time to waste on her whims to-day."

Steeping in warmth and perfume lay the room—empty, sumptuous, glimmering with bronze and gold tints, black Parisian cabinets, deep-toned velvets.

At its far end the door of a conservatory stood open. Maurice could hear water bubbling, and see walls draped and darkened by viny bloom.

The luxury of the place thrust itself on his senses to-day as it had never done before. The contrast between the world without—the world of storm and darkness and poverty—and this world within, all languor and ease and sweetness, struck him like a blow.

The black-walnut door swung back.

Miss Worth, Miss Vincens's aunt, a self-established duenna, entered first—an animated lay-figure to look after the proprieties.

Then Miss Vincens herself rustled in.

She was no beauty, heiress of wealth though she was. Maurice inwardly compared her to one of Mrs. Jarley's wax figures with the face-coloring washed off, with the nose depressed by accident—yes, verily, with a nonentity of expression, lack of color and regular facial lines. Miss Lena Vincens could be called decidedly an ugly woman.

"Did you come on foot this dreadful day?" she stammered, turning red at sight of Maurice. "I would have sent the carriage for you, only I feared you might think me—well—bold."

Maurice looked at her in a dreary, critical way.

Time and familiarity will reconcile a man with almost anything. Would they, he vaguely wondered, make the sight of Miss Vincens bearable three hundred and sixty-five days in the year? She wore a dress of stiff, lustrous silk; its rustle rasped the ears like a file. The pearls on her hands and at her throat made her look still more unfavorable by contrast. In her bosom was pinned a bunch of heliotrope; from that hour the odor of the flower was hateful to him.

"You are too kind," answered Maurice; "but I am used to long tramps, and to all sorts of weather. Have you practiced this octave?"

He took a sheet of music from a music-rack and placed it on the piano.

They were teacher and pupil.

She seated herself at the instrument, and ran her fingers over the keys.

Tum—tum—tum—she banged and blundered through the piece with difficulty. Maurice was tempted to clasp his hands to his ears to shut out the discordancy.

At sight of his contracting brows she began to pout.

"You think me very stupid, I dare say."

"True," he longed to answer; but checked himself, and said, instead, "You are very careless. You have not given the piece sufficient practice. Give it more time and attention before your next lesson."

She lifted her eyes in a slow, deprecatory way. All her movements were slow and heavy.

He was no conceited fool, this poor musician, with his shabby coat and his handsome Greek profile; but no man in his senses could see the passion in that upturned look and not understand it.

"Don't be cross with me," she murmured. "I never cared for music till you taught me. Indeed, indeed, I try very hard to please you!"

He made haste to draw her attention back to the lesson. For a mortal hour it dragged its slow length along. Aunt Worth dozed in her velvet chair. The hot air of the room, the sultry scents from the adjoining conservatory, choked and oppressed Maurice.

That woman at the piano, in her flashing dress and her dismal ugliness, filled him with a strange and peculiar fascination. He could not keep his eyes off her, and yet, from his heart, he hated to look.

"How grave you are to-day," she said at last, letting her jeweled hands slip off the keys. "I hope nothing has happened? I trust Miss Santley is well?"

"Oh, yes, quite well," he answered, starting out of an ugly reverie.

"You seem to love that sister of yours very much," rejoined Miss Vincens, in a piqued tone. "I never hear you speak of any other woman."

"I know very few others," he replied, "and none like her."

Miss Vincens rose, with a great rustle, from the piano.

"Will you come into the conservatory a moment?" she said, in her slow, monotonous way. "I've something to tell you, Mr. Santley; something that I asked papa, particularly, to let me tell you. I hope you will think it good news."

He followed her, wondering.

They passed through the glass door, entered among the odors and bloom beyond.

Twilight was already gathering. Overhead, some strange creeping plant, in a gnarled cup of twisted vine, held a fiery-red blossom, suspended like a great star.

Bronzed urns, aflame with passion-flowers, or ghostly with white lilies, made blotches of light here and there in the dusk.

The thought of a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Vincens in such a place was scarcely pleasant to Maurice; nevertheless, he followed her to the fountain, which dropped its diamond spray over a bank of violets.

She bent in her stiff, shining dress, and plucked at the purple blossoms as she talked. "Are you very, very fond of teaching music, Mr. Santley?"

"Fond? Well, not particularly," he answered, grimly.

"I am sure it must be a hard life. Have you many pupils? They are not always easy to find, where a teacher has no influence. Papa thinks he might give you a place at the works—that is, if you would accept it."

He stood like a statue, waiting for her to go on. She kept her dark face bent low over the violets.

"The superintendent is going away. You can have his situation, with increased salary—$2,000 a year, I think papa said—and—perhaps—who knows?—a future partnership. I am sure this would be better than teaching music."

Curious changes came and went in Maurice's countenance. He looked as he felt—scarcely able to believe his senses.

Why, he had never spoken a dozen words with old Vincens in his life!

"Is it possible that I understand you aright?" he said, at last, in a dazed way. "Two thousand a year—a—a future partnership?"

"Yes. I thought, for—your sister's sake, if for nothing else, you would be glad."

The blood was burning in her usually pale face. With eyes full of love she looked eagerly up at this poor musician, with his averted gaze and his perfect Greek profile—this man whom she could never hope to reach save through his poverty.

Breathless she waited for his answer.

Did he understand the full meaning of this offer—all that its acceptance would involve?

"I must ask for time to think over the matter," he said, at last, in a constrained voice.

He was looking steadfastly away from his pupil kneeling there among the violets, as if in supplication.

"Certainly," she answered, with some relief. Perhaps she had feared that he might refuse to entertain the proposition at all. "When you have decided you can tell papa—or—me," she presently said.

"A thousand thanks," said Maurice, with a labored politeness. "You are kind—most kind!"

He moved towards the door. She rustled after him, her hands full of the purple bloom she had plucked beside the fountain.

"Take these," she stammered, "will you not? For your sister; and don't think ill of me, please, and don't hate me! I try hard, very hard, to please you; but, somehow, I never succeed."

A tremendous temptation tugged at Maurice's heart.

He took the flowers, muttered a hurried good night, and, as if not daring to trust himself further, turned his back on the luxury, the odor, the splashing fountain, the dark woman with the ugly face, and out of the splendid mansion of Vincens, the great coal merchant, he rushed into the street.

Night was gathering.

The mist and smoke lay thick together over the crowded, noisy town. The streets were deep in mud and wet, and at the very first crossing Maurice unwittingly dropped Miss Vincens's violets, and trampled them into the mire.

With feverish haste he strode away from the upper and aristocratic portion of the town, and went towards its humbler districts.

"There's a great deal said and written about women marrying for money," he said to himself, as he plunged on through the foul dark streets, "but plenty of men do the same thing, I fancy. Goodness me! why was that woman made so irredeemably ugly—or, rather, why has she put this temptation before me?" He went straight on, turning over in his mind the words she had said to him in the dusk of the conservatory—thinking of her and of her father, the great coal merchant, and his fabulous wealth.

Far and wide through the great town the name of Vincens was omnipotent.

Why, the very street through which this shabby young musician was passing belonged entirely to John Vincens; and not this one only, but others.

The black cloud hanging low upon the near horizon was the smoke of the "works" where thousands and thousands of tons of black coal were stored, where hundreds of souls toiled year in and year out, and took their bread, as it were, from his hands.

Maurice stepped upon the bridge which spanned the sluggish canal.

Even that clumsy boat creeping towards him through the dark bore the same all-powerful name upon its stern. And to all his wealth he had but one heir, Lena—Lena Vincens—his only child.

Maurice leaned over the parapet of the bridge, and stared down into the inky depths below.

The reflection of the lights above floated there like under-world fires.

"Why not?" he muttered, moodily; "why not accept old Vincens's offer? Yes, and marry his daughter, whose face, contrary to the old rhyme, is not her fortune. It is plain that it must come to that if I take the situation. Well, a man might do worse, I suppose."

The canal-boat reached the bridge and passed through.

Night was creeping on space.

Presently Maurice heard a tramping on the bridge, a rattle of wheels, and, lo! a pair of thoroughbred horses, with heads held high, and quivering chests flaked with froth, and a carriage, bright with plate glass and French varnish, flashed by.

One glimpse Maurice caught of its occupant—a heavy, dark man, with a nose fearfully and wonderfully hooked, and an iron-gray beard.

"Old Vincens himself, by Jove!" muttered Maurice, staring after the equipage as it whirled away.

And he picked up his wits and started homeward.

Leaving the bridge and black canal behind him, he hurried through divers secluded byways, and came, at last, to a little cottage surrounded by a garden and a high wall.

Up a winding walk he groped his way, and entered without ceremony.

"Is that you, Maurie?" called from some unknown quarter a woman's voice, as sweet as a wren's.

"Who else could it be, little woman?" he answered, and tossed off hat and coat, and burst, like a king, into the little parlor where Lucille and tea awaited him together.

It was a delightful room in spite of its threadbare carpet and old-fashioned furniture. A nice, ruddy fire glowed in the grate.

In one corner stood a piano and a music-rack, against which leaned a violin in its case.

A tea-table, spread for two, occupied the centre of the room, and about it a small figure, supported by a crutch, was fluttering like some broken-winged bird.

"Oh, you bad boy!" she cried, at sight of Maurice; "how late you are! I dare say the tea is quite spoiled."

She was a slender, deformed creature, this sister of Maurice's, scarcely taller than a child, although she was his senior. She had little transparent hands, and a small, wan face, pinched and sharpened by physical suffering, and beautiful braids of ashy-gold hair.

"Have you just come from Miss Vincens, Maurie dear?" she asked, hanging on his arm and gazing up at him with her keen, clear eyes. "She always keeps you beyond the usual hour, I notice. How gloomy you look! You haven't commenced to despair or forgotten grandpa's motto, 'Labor omnia vincit'?"

"One minute, Lu, one question at a time," he interrupted. "I have just come from the Vincens, and have not commenced to despair, but I think I have a better motto than grandpa's."

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Instead of labor conquering all things, I have Love to conquer all things for me," he replied, gayly, and reaching down he kissed his sister's forehead, murmuring, "Omnia vincit amor."

A jolly little servant brought in the cold ham and the toast; and in the cheerful, firelight the brother and sister sat down together.

Lucille watched her big, fair-haired darling furtively.

"You bad boy," she burst out, "you eat nothing. Don't you like the toast? I browned it myself most beautifully; or has Miss Vincens been unkind to you to-day?"

He looked a little queer. He loved her with all his heart, this deformed sister. She was the one only dear and precious thing to him in the wide world. He worked for her, lived for her, pinched himself in a hundred ways to clothe her in fine garments, and give her delicate fare. And Lucille, in return, simply idolized him. He had no thought of making a confidant of Lucille; indeed, he never worried her with anything.

"Oh, no! Miss Vincens is always kind enough," he answered, dryly.

Lucille began to draw patterns on the cloth with her spoon.

"Annie was telling me some odd things about John Vincens, Maurie—things that happened before you and I ever came to this place, you know."

"Indeed!" said Maurice.

"Yes. Annie's people worked in the coal districts for years, and, of course, know all about their master's affairs."

"What can they know?"

"'Tis said that John Vincens took advantage of his brother's credulity in his faith, robbed him of his share of their father's love and respect, and, by falsehoods, induced his dying father to omit his eldest son's name entirely from the will."

He looked half-whimsical, half-pained.

"His brother—Henry Vincens—died in destitution in Italy. Two years after, and during a fit of remorse, John Vincens went there and erected a very handsome monument to his memory. When you grow famous, dear Maurie, and take me to Italy, I shall go and see this grave."

"When I grow famous? A very remote contingency, I'm afraid, little woman."

She shook her head lightly.

"Of course, it is hard for you just now, with me a dead weight on your hands——"

"That will do, Lu!"

"But fame and wealth are often mere accidents, Maurie, as likely to happen to you as another. Miss Vincens's wealth is only by accident of her birth—and she will marry some day, no doubt. Dear me! how immensely lucky the person will be on whom, as Tennyson says, her favors fall. She'll make some man happy with her wealth—some poor man, I dare say, for her father, Annie says, never crosses her will in anything. Maurie, I have a singular fancy—don't be angry—it is that Miss Vincens is—well—fond of you."

Though she regarded him keenly she could detect no change in his features. He looked very much bored with this gossip concerning the Vincens, but nothing more.

"You have a great many fancies, little woman. Did Annie put that, also, into your head?"

"Certainly not," answered Lucille; "only it seems so very likely. I find you nice; why shouldn't Miss Vincens?"

He rose abruptly from the table.

"Poor logic, Lu! Nothing more improbable. Bosh!" he burst out, roughly. "What are these Vincens to us or we to them? Talk of something else, darling, do."

He brought his violin from the corner of the room, and prepared once more to go out.

With the closing-in of night the storm had greatly increased. The sleet was lashing the windows, the wind sighing mournfully through the garden which surrounded the cottage.

Maurice struggled into a heavy overcoat.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lucille, hopping about him on her velvet-cushioned crutch. "How dreadful that you must go out in such weather. I will wait up for you, dear, and keep the tea hot."

He kissed her, and stepped out into the night.

Maurice Santley played first violin in the orchestra of the theatre.

The gale, shrieking in and out of alleys and byways and round old echoing corners, seemed like a human voice calling to him.

So strong was the delusion that he actually stopped and listened more than once before reaching his destination.

"What ails me to-night?" muttered Maurice. "I am as full of fancies as a woman."

A combination of bright particular "stars" graced the bills, and, in spite of wind and wet, the theatre was crowded.

From his seat down there by the footlights Maurice's gaze, drawn by a magnetism which he could not withstand, wandered to the Vincens' box.

Yes, there she sat, with a magnificent opera-cloak slipping down her shoulders, and her dark arms bound by massive bracelets of dull gold.

She was leaning forward, her eyes fixed on the young musician—those passionate, tell-tale eyes—and by her side was the man of coal, the modern King Midas, John Vincens, with his gray beard and his hooked nose, his glass also leveled at the orchestra.

Father and daughter! In truth they were an ugly pair!

Two thousand a year! What a fortune it seemed to Maurice, in his poverty. Could he, ought he, to reject it? Lucille's bit of gossip rushed back to his memory.

He wished, with a hot, shamed flush, that Henry Vincens had been less confiding in his brother's integrity, for then this miserable temptation might never have assailed him.

As his uplifted gaze met Miss Vincens's a fierce heat flushed over her face. She sank back behind the curtains of the box. Maurice lowered his gaze and fixed it on his violin.

The play went on; the evening passed,—how he scarcely knew. The curtain fell on the last act. The crowd streamed out, and all was done.

As Maurice gained the street the sleet was rushing by in clouds; stabbing, too, sharp as a knife.

The pavement was coated with ice; the northeast wind cut through marrow and bone.

Maurice finally reached home. Through his dismal journey he tried to determine whether he would accept Miss Vincens's offer and all it implied, or not; but even the storm did not prevail upon his decision; he would accept his own freedom and nothing more.

The following afternoon Maurice Santley presented himself in the Vincens' drawing-room to give the heiress her usual lesson.

But now he noticed none of the sumptuous elegance of the room, made no inward contrasts between the wealth therein displayed and the poverty of his own surroundings.

The world had all changed to Maurice. He no longer envied the wealth around him, now he knew, as he supposed, how that wealth came to its possessor.

Miss Vincens entered, carelessly dressed and with dark circles round her eyes, and a general restless, anxious look; but even this he did not see.

"You must not scold me," she stammered, "if I do blunder to-day. I have passed a restless night."

"Ah! Nothing serious in the attack, I hope?" said Maurice, blind to the yearning looks with which the ugly dark heiress was regarding him.

When the lesson was done she started up from the piano, and stood catching her breath in a curious way.

"Have you thought of—of—of——?"

She could not go on. Maurice rushed to the rescue.

"Of what you said to me in the conservatory yonder—of Mr. Vincens's very kind offer? Yes."

"Well?" she cried, in a voice sharp with impatience.

"I thank him a thousand times for his generosity. I decline to take advantage of it."

She had not anticipated this answer.

She stared at him blankly.

"Decline?"

"I must, indeed. Don't think me ungrateful. It is a position for which I am altogether unfitted."

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Her pale face became still whiter.

"You will take nothing from us, then—from me?" and she stuttered in her rapid speech. "You will not become my debtor because—because you hate me!"

Woefully embarrassed, Maurice could only mutter, "Hate you? Certainly not!"

"Then take the position I offer you!" the last barrier of pride giving way before the strong tide of her unhappy passion.

"Pardon me, Miss Vincens, if I cannot reconcile my judgment to such an important step!"

She stretched out her dark, ringed hands. "Not when you know my peace depends on it—my happiness? Not when I tell you that I have forgotten our relative positions—forgotten that a woman may not sue to a man, even if her heart is breaking? Not if I say——"

"Stop, Miss Vincens! Don't go on in this way! Say nothing that you will regret!" And then, anxious to cover her mortification, he added, quickly, "You are jesting. I see, at my expense. I forgive you. Let us both forget it. And now, farewell!"

He started for the door.

She rushed after him.

"Jesting!" she cried, impulsively; "no, for I love you!" The words were fairly out. She had humbled herself in vain, for the astonishment and aversion that came over Maurice Santley's handsome face were not to be mistaken.

"Miss Vincens," he answered, "from my soul I am sorry for this!"

She sank, with a mournful cry into a chair, as he passed out of the room.

Passing John Vincens in the ante-chamber, he knew from the wave of the hand as he silently bowed him out, that the father knew all.

* * * * * *

Another year, another town, another season. Instead of prosperity, despair; instead of health, disease and death everywhere; shops all closed, business completely suspended; streets and avenues entirely deserted, save here and there the hurrying of a physician to a new patient, or a messenger to the apothecary's or the undertaker's. The scourge of a warm climate had fallen with a terrible fury upon the land, hundreds were dying for want of simple attendance at the crisis of the attack, and not a few, who had everything money could procure, were passing their last hour upon mother earth.

In a secluded street, in a high four-story tenement, in a small room on the top floor, lay the strong, massive frame of a young man; at last he had succumbed to the terrible malady; in the first delirium of its attack, the woman bending over and cooling his fevered brow with a tender, caressing motion, could distinctly hear the notes of love in "Lu, darling, I'll soon come back; I'll bring wealth to keep you in ease all your life—have patience, Lu, Maurie will soon return." And then again the accents of scorn were plainly visible in the words: "Marry her—no, Lu, not to give you ease and comfort all your life—marry for gold!—ah! ah!—not one redeeming feature—not one acceptable trait, nothing save her inordinate selfishness!"

The woman started violently and murmured under her breath: "How he loves her—how he despises me—if he only knew all, he might forgive!"

The third day dawned, the delirium had fled, and the patient was conscious of renewed vitality and gaining strength; he was also conscious that a tender angel ministered to his wants.

As his sight grew strong, he saw that this angel of mercy was merely a wreck of a better self; that the whirlwind of contagion had set its indelible mark upon her countenance, had softened an insipid expression into one of tenderness and pity, and made those wondrous orbs of chestnut hue look worlds of possible love.

"To whom am I indebted for this untiring devotion to one so friendless and far from home?" he finally asked, in a somewhat feeble voice.

"The district physician said you must not talk lest the harmony of your present condition may be disturbed," she answered, evasively.

"That is not answering my question and excites my curiosity to an uncontrollable degree," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile; "tell me all about it and I promise you I will remain docile for the rest of the day."

"You may call me Watson," she answered, shortly.

"Well, Miss Watson, will you favor me with the other particulars, please?"

"I was taken sick myself in this house, and, after a successful battle, Providence permitted me to again enter the world of the living; preparatory to my return home I made a tour of inspection. I found no one save you, and you alone—even the physician that attended the house thought that I was the last patient left. I could not leave a fellow-being so helpless, after I myself had been saved, and I remained to perform the duties that your delirium told me there was no one to fulfill."

Day followed day, the streets gradually resumed their former activity; subscriptions flowed in from every town and village in the Union; the terrible scourge was within the control of the living, and now it was only a question of funds and nourishment to fully reclaim the surviving patients.

Maurice Santley could move from room to room, and his nurse had left the house, not for good, but owing to his earnest entreaties, to return every day for a little while to relieve the monotony of his convalescence.

He was inditing a letter to Lu, telling her for the first time of his wonderful escape and to whom he owed his preservation from a terrible and lonely death, as she entered flushed with her animated exercise.

"I was just writing to my sister, Lucille, Miss Watson. I shall endeavor to return to-morrow. Before finishing my letter I have a favor to ask you. Will you allow me to take you to Lucille, that she may thank you herself for my preservation, for which I myself have not been able to full express my gratitude?"

Now, in the supreme hour of her content, Miss Watson became strangely cold. He had asked of her a favor; it mattered not by what means that asking had been brought about, it was sufficient that he had asked it and she had the power to refuse.

"I should dearly love to see your sister, Mr. Santley, but I have delayed my own return home far beyond the necessities of the occasion, owing to your solicitations. I can scarcely see how it is possible to grant you your favor."

"Let me put it another way before you finally decide," he answered gravely, while a great tenderness and gratitude filled his manner as he continued; "Miss Watson, will you, as my wife, return and share my humble home and my sister's love? Do not turn away so coldly; that I truly love you, you must certainly have divined ere this. How else could I repay my debt except by a life-long devotion?"

"Your gratitude, however great, should not lead you into a possible repentance of such a step before half that life has passed," she falteringly answered.

"My gratitude taught me to love you, I will admit; but that gratitude might die, while my love shall always remain as it is now. You must admit, from your answer, that I am not wholly a stranger to your heart." He noticed her start at this, and, moving to see her face, found it wet with tears, and those not of regret. He clasped her tenderly to him, but she tore herself away.

"You know not who I am, what I am, yet you say you want me to marry you?" she cried, impatiently.

"Yes!" he firmly replied.

"My name is Lena Watson Vincens—you know the rest," she cried, hiding her face in her hands.

"*Love conquers all things*," he answered. "Will you be my wife, Lena Watson Vincens?"

"If Lucille says yes!" she answered in his arms.

There was no doubt that Lucille would be very happy with the pair, under the circumstances, and, although the most of John Vincens's fabulous wealth had taken wings and vanished just before his death, some six months previous, there was sufficient left to keep the three in comfort, by the aid of Maurice Santley's new position, as the director of the new Academy of Music, for which he had braved the Southern scourge to obtain.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY IN NEW YORK.

THERE was no steamer wearing a gala attire of bunting and crowded with personal friends, no screeching tug, no discordant band of music, no congregation of distinguished citizens, no fuss, parade nor ceremony, to greet the arrival on our shores of one dear to every Scotchman's heart, one whom even the *Spectator* has denominated "the greatest orator in the House of Lords." With all the air of plain travelers, whose coming and going could effect no interest, in a manner far more common-place than Americans have been accustomed to observe of late, His Grace the Duke of Argyll, his son Lord Walter Campbell, and his daughters, Lady Elizabeth Campbell and Lady Mary Campbell, each accompanied by a servant and with satchels in hand, stepped ashore from the Cunard steamer *Scythia*, at her dock, in the midst of the rain, on Tuesday afternoon, June 3rd, took a carriage and were driven direct to the Windsor Hotel. The only demonstration reported was a "hooray" from a Scotchman, so hearty that even he seemed frightened with the detonation of his voice.

As the Duke and the members of his family who accompany him stop in the United States merely for a rest on their way to and from a visit to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, at Quebec, no public reception was arranged, and it is doubtful if the Duke finds time enough to gratify an old desire to "examine our institutions."

The passengers and baggage were landed from the main deck of the steamer on account of the high tide, the Duke leading in the debarkation of his party, as shown in the illustration. At the Windsor the apartments occupied by the Emperor and Empress of Brazil during their sojourn here in 1876, a suite on the first floor consisting of two drawing-rooms and four sleeping-rooms, had been reserved for the travelers, and on their arrival were found to be simply but tastefully decorated with flowers, hanging baskets and bouquets.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning the ducal party were driven over portions of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and then took the 10:30 A. M. train from the Grand Central Depot for Niagara Falls, by way of the Hudson River and Central Railroad.

Just before their arrival at the Clifton House a heavy thunder-storm broke, and as they were crossing the new suspension bridge, there were continual vivid flashes of lightning which were rendered more intense by the short intervals of darkness. During the passage across the river the members of the party silently looked out into the storm and got such glimpses of the scene as the blinding lightning would allow, but when they reached the Clifton House they expressed their admiration of the wonders of which they had been witnesses. After breakfast the Duke and his family were driven across the bridge to this side of the river and visited the whirlpool. They were then driven around Goat Island and through Prospect Park, and took every variety of views of the Falls. In the afternoon they were driven over the Clark Hill Islands to the Burning Springs, crossing the two new suspension bridges, and were delighted with the scenery. The ducal party gave up the idea of descending the river, and left Niagara Falls at 4:30 P. M., Friday, in a special train on the Great Western Railway for Montreal, where they remained until Monday. Lord Walter Campbell left for New York on that day in order to sail for Europe on Wednesday. Then the remainder of the party went direct to Quebec, where apartments have been prepared for them in the Citadel, the temporary quarters of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. They will remain the guests of the viceroy until July, and will set sail for England, at New York, on the 10th.

A Famous London Solicitor.

THE London papers record the death of a man who, probably, was the repository of more dark secrets than any man in England, save his own son. He was head of the famous Hebrew firm of solicitors, Lewis & Lewis, of Ely Place. If any one in the British Dominions can "pull a fellow through," they are the men; and albeit they take cases of the darkest complexion, they have always maintained a character for personal integrity and respectability. The gains of this firm are believed to have been, during the past twenty years, as large as those of any attorneys in London, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two firms who receive immense sums as advisers of great commercial houses and companies.

As a sample of the cases sometimes dealt with by the Messrs. Lewis, we may mention one which came within their ken some twenty-five years ago. A young Guardsman, of high aristocratic connections, was charged with a most serious offense. The family "Talkinghorn" at once saw that Lewis & Lewis were, under the circumstances, the only loophole of escape. The young man appeared before Sir Thomas Henry, then chief magistrate, under an assumed name, and Mr. George Lewis begged that the magistrate would deal summarily with the case. "If you talk all night, Mr. Lewis," said the magistrate, "it will make no difference. I shall still commit the prisoner for trial at the Central Criminal Court." He was accordingly committed. But when the case came on, not a witness was forthcoming. Messrs. Lewis's fee was $5,250. The record book of their office would, if published, convulse society.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Night Patrol of St. Petersburg.

The riots and assassinations in Russia, which culminated in the attempt on the life of the Czar, have been met by reprisals by the authorities. General Gourko, being appointed Governor of St. Petersburg, issued an order that every householder should engage a man to act as porter to guard each house during the night, so that no seditious placards might be placed upon the walls. But this order very soon became a dead-letter, for it was found that men refused to act as porters, being deterred therefrom by the threats of the Nihilists, who even defied the police, and, it is rumored, pasted their placards, on one or two occasions, on the backs of these astute officials. This order was followed by a second forbidding internal movement without permits, and a third directing all citizens to be at home by nine o'clock. The city wears the aspect of a brick camp which expects attack, the streets occupied by the porter-sentries, the inhabitants shrinking into their houses, the soldiers under arms and ready for immediate action. Certainly the organization of the conspirators seems singularly complete. Their pamphlets, placards and threats find their way to their proper destination in the most remarkable manner. They have been discovered even in official documents and Ministers' portfolios.

General Garibaldi in Italy.

General Garibaldi, having left the Island of Caprera, in consequence of continued illness, has taken up his residence in the Villa Le Lieur, at Albano, a picturesque and peaceful spot, well calculated to charm the latter days of the red-shirted hero. Upon his arrival at Rome, Garibaldi, accompanied by his son Menotti, paid a visit to King Humbert at the Royal Palace of the Quirinal. His Majesty, not wishing to subject the old soldier to the fatigue of climbing the stairs, went out into the gardens and received the caller in his carriage, General Medici appearing as escort. During the interview, Menotti Garibaldi stood uncovered beside the carriage.

The Zulu War.

On March 20th an important battle was fought by Brigadier-General Evelyn Wood, V. C., C. B., in defending his fortified camp at Kambula Hill, on the Transvaal frontier of Zululand, against a very large attacking force. This was two days after the disaster which a portion of his force, chiefly their regular cavalry, had experienced on the Ziobane Mountain. On the 29th, which was the very next day, Brigadier Wood received information that he was about to be attacked, and accordingly took steps to insure the safety of his camp, which consisted of a square wagon laager surrounded by an intrenchment of a strong profile, thus giving a double tier of fire on all sides. A short distance above, to the northwest, a small redoubt had been thrown up, in which two mountain-guns were placed. At 1:30 P. M. on the 30th the attack commenced, and was continued with great pertinacity until 5:30, when the enemy fell back in confusion. The fighting at Ginghilovo on April 2d was distinguished by the bold participation of the Naval Brigade. In fact, the seamen of H. M. S. *Boadicea*, with the Marines of H. M. S. *Shah*, with the Sixtieth Rifles, were the first engaged, opening a steady fire on the enemy as soon as they were well within range. Later on in the engagement the *Boadicea's* Gatling gun did great execution. Six Zulu warriors were found dead in a cluster thirty yards from it. Next to the Sixtieth, another party of the *Shah's* men, with one rocket tube and the Ninety-ninth Regiment facing due west, were called upon to use their rifles. It was from this front and bearing to its left (where the *Tonedee* Blue-jackets were intrenched) that the hottest attack developed itself. Ginghilovo was a camp that Lord Chelmsford had intrenched while on his march to the relief of Colonel Pearson at Ekowe.

End of the Afghan War.

The first conference between Yakoob Khan, son of the late Ameer, and Major Cavagnari, the Political Agent for the Indian Government, attached to General Sir Samuel Browne's headquarters for the arrangement of terms of peace, took place at Gundamuk, thirty or forty miles west of Jellalabad, on the road to Cabul. Our view of Gundamuk looks towards the Jugdullek Pass, from the high ground over the Morki Kheyl, with the village of Asbam Kheyl among the trees, and the bridge of the Chismeh, or spring. The rocky ridge that rises highest to the right hand is a prolongation of the Siah Koh range, which begins at Darunta, in the Jellalabad valley, and is continued to a dip where the road turns towards Jugdullek; to the left of that dip is a range connected with the Safed Koh Mountains, and beyond this range lies the plain of Cabul. From Gundamuk, Yakoob Khan advanced to Jellalabad, where he was received with signal courtesy by Sir Samuel Browne and Major Cavagnari, and the negotiations proceeded with a successful result. The half-brother of Shere Ali—namely, the Sirdar Wali Mohammed—was considered an important personage, in view of the possibility of the British not being able to come to terms with Yakoob Khan, or in the event of Yakoob Khan failing to secure his position as ruler of Afghanistan. At an interview between Wali Mohammed and Sir Samuel Browne, the General is seen seated in the armchair, listening attentively to his Afghan visitor, who is said to be a garrulous talker, but genial and pleasant; the interpreter between them is Major E. R. Conolly, of the Staff Corps, who sits on the left hand of the Sirdar, with one of the Afghans in attendance on Wali Mohammed. This uncle of Yakoob Khan is a man of fifty-five years of age, and has been much versed in political business, but has not shown any great ability or force of character.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—GEORGIA will issue another series of four per cent. bonds, amounting to $200,000, next Spring.

—IN CHICAGO, the Common Council has resolved not to attempt to stop the liquor traffic on Sundays.

—TWO-THIRDS of North Carolina's 1,100 convicts are leased out for work upon the railroads in the State.

—NEARLY 5,000 more persons emigrated from Germany last year than in the preceding one, the total being 46,286.

—NEVADA prohibits opium-smoking, and provides a penalty of $1,000, or an imprisonment for two years, for each offense.

—THE Swiss Federal Council desire the Chambers to impose additional duties on cigars, tobacco, coffee, chicory and spices.

—THE municipal council of Paris, considering the question of cremation, have agreed that experiments may be made at Père-la-Chaise.

—OVER $40,000 worth of imported live stock—horses, cattle, sheep and hogs—have been disposed of at the recent Spring sales in Tennessee.

—A BILL is being prepared for the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies to authorize the reduction of the term of compulsory service in the army to three years.

—THE famine in Cashmere has become so serious that the authorities are compelled to send assistance to the sufferers. Many towns and villages have already been depopulated.

—THE offensive working of the new trades-license tax, an impost which falls most harshly on the poorer classes, is leading to a general strike amongst the native workmen of Calcutta.

—THE value of articles manufactured in New Hampshire last year aggregated $96,000,000, among them being $30,568,500 worth of cotton goods, $11,709,600 of boots and shoes, and $9,222,030 of woolens.

—CAMELS have suffered severely in the Afghan campaign. Thousands have died from overwork and bad forage, and for many years the trade between India and Central Asia will be greatly crippled for want of this means of carriage.

—TEN thousand peasants from all parts of Poland attended the centenary of St. Stanislaus at Cracow a few days ago. The speakers—deputies, professors, priests, and peasants—represented Socialist and revolutionary doctrines.

—A NEW Anglo-Portuguese treaty has been concluded for the development of freedom, commerce, and civilization in Africa, and a British man-of-war has been sent to Mozambique to co-operate with the Portuguese for the suppression of the slave trade.

—BY reason of a heavy flood, the River Po, in Italy, burst its banks on June 4th, between the towns of Sermide and Revere, near Mantua, occasioning great damage. A Bill granting aid to the sufferers was immediately introduced in the Chamber of Deputies.

—STRONG pressure is being brought to induce the Indian Government to prohibit the great religious fairs, on the ground that they almost invariably form centres whence pestilence spreads throughout the country, and that an effective sanitary control of the masses of pilgrims assembled is almost impossible.

—TIME'S changes have seldom been as touchingly illustrated as in the cases of Laura Mitchell and Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers. The former was the slave of the latter, and, after supporting her mistress for fourteen years, paid all the expenses of the funeral when she died in Columbus, Ga., a few days ago, at the age of seventy-three.

—THE colored people of Collin County, Texas, are just now greatly exercised over an alleged wonderful apparition in the heavens. They claim to see nightly one black and two white horses coursing athwart the sky, and claim that the black one presages death to their race, and that the white ones are to furnish transportation to the home of the angels.

—IT has been decided to admit women to the privileges of students in the Harvard Medical School under certain restrictions, which are understood to be that women shall be instructed separate from men in all exercises in which students take an active part, such as laboratory work and recitations, and in lectures on women's diseases, anatomy and the like.

—THE latest charitable organization in London is known as the Sea-shell Mission, the active members being the boys and girls of parents able to indulge in Summer trips to the seaside. The shells are collected, labeled, done up in boxes of 200, and sent to the Homes and hospitals in London for the little sufferers who never have an opportunity for scanning across the blue waters.

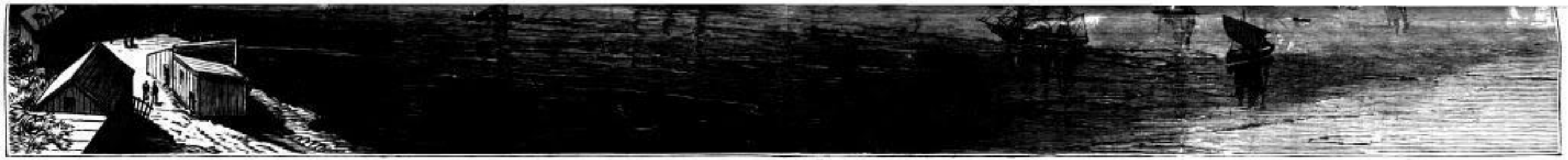
—LATE intelligence from Mandalay is of a serious character. It is said that numbers of Burmese troops are going down the river. The forts near that place are being garrisoned, and much alarm is felt. An unpleasant rumor says certain females of the royal family, for whose safety the British Government stipulated, have been placed in irons and will probably be starved.

—A PROPOSITION has been submitted to the Santo Domingo Congress by President Guillermo to establish free trade with the United States, on account of the excitement that prevails because of the increase of the duty on tobacco in Germany. It is proposed to admit into Santo Domingo, duty free, all American produce, provided the United States will grant the same privilege to Santo Domingo produce.

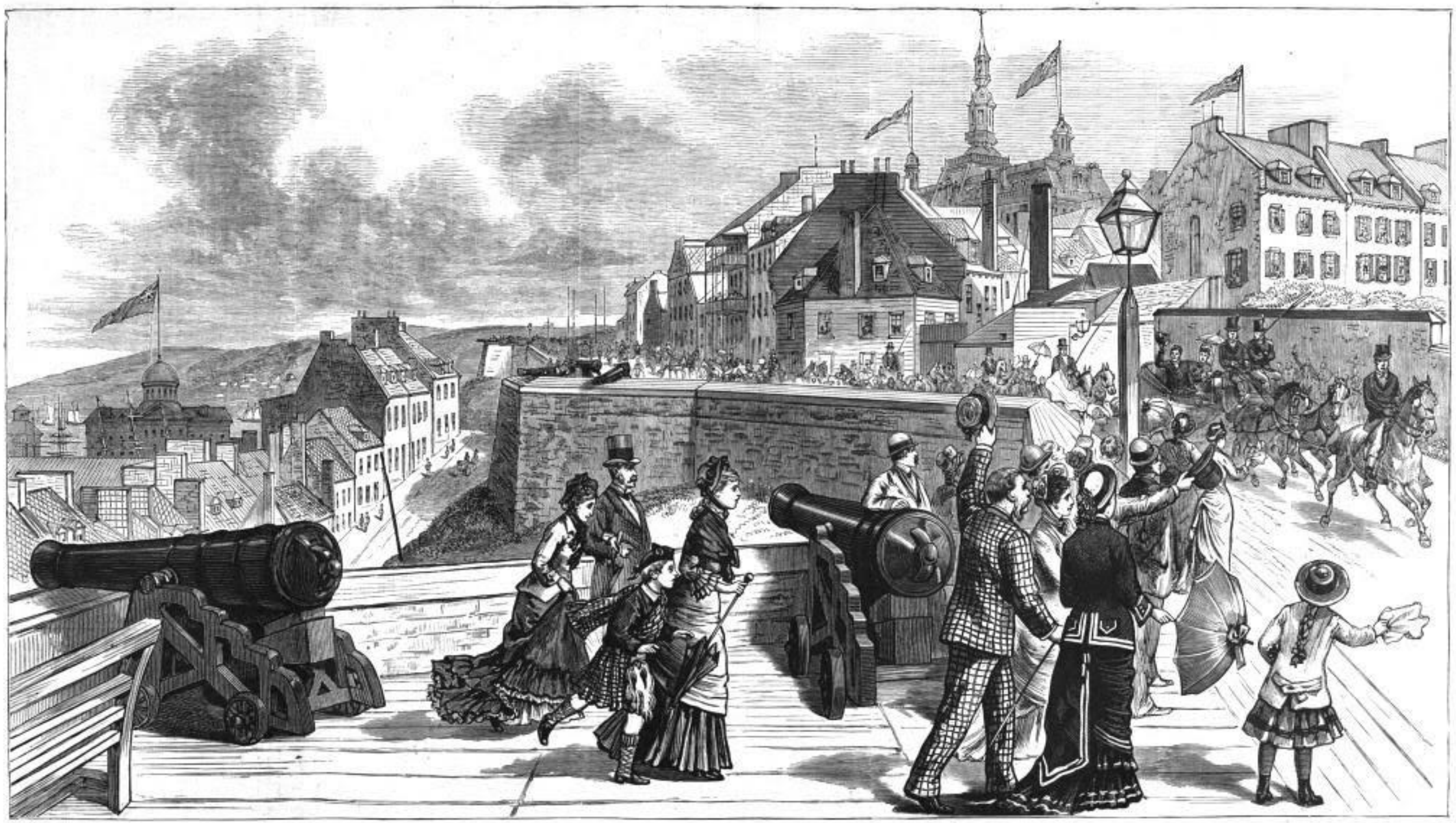
—FRANCE is preparing for a grand military display in September, when the new flags will be distributed to her army at Vincennes. All the regiments of the active army, horse and foot, and the 145 corps of the territorial army, will be represented at the review. The number of flags originally ordered was 504, and 119 standards, but was afterwards increased by eight more for the Republican Guard, the gendarmerie, the pompiers and the marine infantry.

—ON June 4th, the Democrats of Ohio made the following nominations for State officers: For Governor—Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster County; for Lieutenant-Governor—Americus V. Rice, of Putnam County; for Treasurer—Anthony Howells, of Stark County; for Auditor—Charles Reemelin, of Hamilton County; for Judge of the Supreme Court—W. J. Gilmore, of Preble County; for Attorney-General—Isaiah Pillars, of Allen County; for Member of the Board of Public Works—Patrick O'Marah, of Cuyahoga County. The Greenbackers, on the same day, nominated for Governor—A. Saunders Pratt, of Logan County; for Lieutenant-Governor—Hugo Preyer, of Stark County; for Auditor—Andrew Ray, of Jackson County; for Treasurer—Charles Jenkins, of Mahoning County; for Supreme Judge—A. M. Jackson, of Cuyahoga County; for Attorney-General—James C. Crogan, of Hocking County; for Member of the Board of Public Works—George W. Pratt, of Hamilton County.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND FORTIFICATIONS OF QUEBEC, TAKEN AT POINT LEVI.

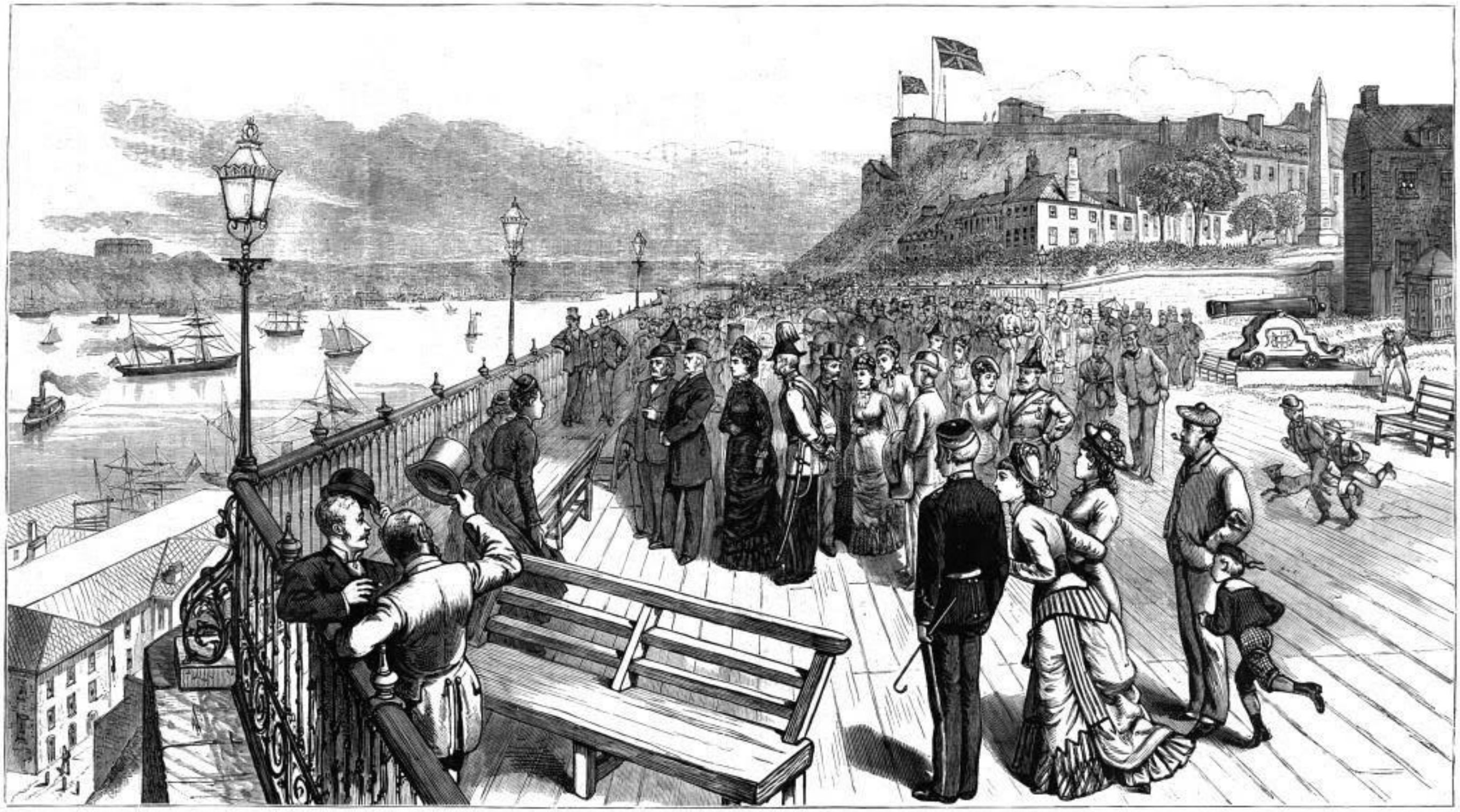


ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND SUITE AT QUEBEC—THE DRIVE ON THE RAMPARTS, SHOWING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE ON THE LEFT AND LAVALLE UNIVERSITY IN THE DISTANCE.

CANADA.—FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE TO QUEBEC.

From Sketches by our Special Artist.—See Page 267.

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THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND SUITE, WITH THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY, TAKING A PROMENADE ON THE DUFFERIN TERRACE.



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SEVILLE BY MOONLIGHT.

THE blue and languorous midnight falls
Upon Giralda's roseate tower,
Down on the wide, white marble halls,
Silent and slumbrous as the hour.

The air a scent of orange bides,
The alamedas bloom with balm;
Where, like a thread of silver glides
The limpid Guadalquivir's calm.

The grand cathedral prays and dreams
In moonlit quiet, grave and still;
And every solemn portal teems
With memories of the Moorish skill

Near, on the plaza, white with stars,
The indolent majos find repose;
Around them music of guitars
Blends with the fragrance of the rose.

A swart gitano loiters by;
Within his sash the knife sleeps yet—
Bright as the lustre of his eyes
Sparkles his twisted cigarette.

A whirr of fans half stills a laugh,
The velvet flash of orbs divine
Reveals fair manolas who quaff
The golden, rich Montilla wine.

While all the merry groups around,
Living to love and to forget,
Sing some mad bacchanal of sound,
Timed by the clicking castanet.

Within the steep and narrow lanes,
There in the soft and shifting shade,
Float on a song, the loves, the pains
The languors of the serenade!

And till the warm, sweet night hath flown,
The duenas doze, and gallants hope;
While from quaint balconies of stone
Dangles the tell-tale, silken rope.

Hark! through the favoring gloom I hear
The cautious tread of men that lurk—
An oath of anger shocks the ear,
I see the glitter of a dirk.

Waiting above move satined feet—
Two eyes read passion in two eyes;
There, in delicious rapture sweet,
Beauty and youth taste Paradise.

'Tis o'er—I did not care to wait
And feel the crimson rain of blood;
The clash of steel, the groans of hate
Were long since silenced by the flood

Of song and laughter, clear and loud,
From gypsies gay, who hand in hand,
A weird, grotesque and brawling crowd,
Danced a delicious saraband,

Until the moon began to wane,
And, with its suite of dreamy stars,
Sank into nothingness again,
Behind the gloom of Alcazars!

F. S. SALTERN.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED).

"I AM sorry to say I have bad, very bad news for you," the doctor began. "Time is of serious importance—I must speak plainly. You have heard of mistakes made by taking the wrong bottle of medicine? The poor lady up-stairs is, I fear, in a dying state from an accident of that sort. Try to compose yourself. You may really be of use to me, if you are firm enough to take my place while I am away."

Amelius steadied himself instantly. "What I can do I will do," he answered.

The doctor looked at him. "I believe you," he said. "Now listen. In this case, a dose limited to fifteen drops has been contounded with a dose of two tablespoonsful; and the drug taken by mistake is strychnine. One grain of the poison has been known to prove fatal—she has taken three. The convulsion fits have begun. Antidotes are out of the question—the poor creature can swallow nothing. I have heard of opium as a possible means of relief, and I am going to get the instrument for injecting it under the skin. Not that I have much belief in the remedy; but I must try something. Have you courage enough to hold her if another of the convulsions comes on in my absence?"

"Will it relieve her, if I hold her?" Amelius asked.

"Certainly."

"Then I promise to do it."

"Mind! you must do it thoroughly. There are only two women up-stairs, both perfectly useless in this emergency. If she shrieks to you to be held, exert your strength—take her with a firm grasp. If you only touch her (I can't explain it, but it is so), you will make matters worse."

The servant ran down-stairs while he was speaking. "Don't leave us, sir—I'm afraid it's coming on again."

"This gentleman will help you while I am away," said the doctor. "One word more," he went on, addressing Amelius. "In the intervals between the fits she is perfectly conscious, able to listen, and even to speak. If she has any last wishes to communicate, make good use of the time. She may die of exhaustion at any moment. I will be back directly."

He hurried to the door.

"Take my cab," said Amelius, "and save time."

"But the young lady——"

"Leave her to me." He opened the cab-door and gave his hand to Sally. It was done in a moment. The doctor drove off.

Amelius saw the servant waiting for them in the hall. He spoke to Sally, telling her, considerately and gently, what he had heard, before he took her into the house. "I had such good hope for you," he said; "and it has come to this dreadful end. Have you courage to go through with it, if I take you to her bedside? You will be glad one day, my dear, to remember that you cheered your mother's last moments on earth."

Sally put her hand in his. "I will go anywhere," she said softly, "with you."

Amelius led her into the house. The servant, in pity for her youth, ventured on a word of remonstrance. "Oh, sir, you're not going to let the poor young lady see that dreadful sight up-stairs!"

"You mean well," Amelius answered, "and I thank you. If you know what I know, you would take her up-stairs, too. Show the way."

Sally looked at him in silent awe as they followed the servant together. He was not like the same man. His brows were knit; his lips were fast set; he held the girl's hand in a grip that hurt her. The latent strength of will in him—that reserved resolution so finely and firmly entwined in the natures of sensitively-organized men—was rousing itself to meet the coming trial. The doctor would have doubly believed in him, if the doctor had seen him at that moment.

They reached the first-floor landing.

Before the servant could open the drawing-room door, a shriek rang frightfully through the silence in the house. The servant drew back, and crouched trembling on the upper stairs. At the same moment the door was flung open, and another woman ran out, wild with terror. "I can't bear it!" she cried, and rushed up the stairs, blind to the presence of strangers in the panic that possessed her. Amelius entered the drawing-room with his arm round Sally, holding her up. As he placed her in a chair, the dreadful cry was renewed. He only waited to rouse and encourage her by a word and a look—and ran into the bedroom.

For an instant, and an instant only, he stood horror-struck in the presence of the poisoned woman.

The fell action of the strychnine wrung every muscle in her with the torture of convulsion. Her hands were fast clinched; her head was bent back; her body, rigid as a bar of iron, was arched upwards from the bed, resting on the two extremities of the head and the heels; the staring eyes, the dusky face, the twisted lips, the clinched teeth, were frightful to see. He faced it. After the one instant of hesitation, he faced it.

Before she could cry out again his hands were on her. The whole exertion of his strength was barely enough to keep the frenzied throbs of the convulsion, as it reached its climax, from throwing her off the bed. Through the worst of it he was still equal to the trust that had been placed in him—still faithful to the work of mercy. Little by little he felt the lessening resistance of the rigid body, as the paroxysm began to subside. He saw the ghastly stare die out of her eyes and the twisted lips relax from their dreadful grin. The tortured body sank and rested; the perspiration broke out on her face; her languid hands fell gently over on the bed. For a while the heavy eyelids closed, then opened again feebly. She looked at him. "Do you know me?" he asked, bending over her. And she answered, in a faint whisper, "Amelius!"

He knelt down by her, and kissed her hand. "Can you listen, if I tell you something?"

She breathed heavily; her bosom heaved under the suffocating oppression that weighed upon it. As he took her in his arms to raise her in the bed, Sally's voice reached him in low, imploring tones from the next room. "Oh, let me come to you! I'm so frightened here by myself."

He waited before he told her to come in, looking for a moment at the face that was resting on his breast. A gray shadow was stealing over it; a cold and clammy moisture struck a chill through him as he put his hand on her forehead. He turned towards the next room. The girl had ventured as far as the door; he beckoned to her. She came in timidly and stood by him, and looked at her mother. Amelius signed to her to take his place. "Put your arms round her," he whispered. "Oh, Sally, tell her who you are in a kiss!" The girl's tears fell fast as she pressed her lips on her mother's cheek. The dying woman looked up at her with a glance of helpless inquiry—then looked at Amelius. There was a doubt in her eyes that made his heart ache. Arranging the pillows so that she could keep her raised position in the bed, he signed to Sally to approach him, and removed the slipper from her left foot. As he took it off he looked again at the bed—looked and shuddered. In a moment more it might be too late. With his knife he ripped up the stocking, and, lifting her on the bed, put her bare foot on her mother's lap. "Your child! your child!" he cried; "I've found your own darling! For God's sake, rouse yourself! Look!"

She heard him. She lifted her feebly-declining head. She looked. She knew.

For one awful moment, the sinking, vital forces rallied, and hurled back the hold of Death. Her eyes shone radiant with the divine light of maternal love; an exulting cry of rapture burst from her. Slowly, very slowly, she bent forward, until her face rested on her daughter's foot. With a faint sigh of ecstasy she kissed it. The moments passed—and the bent head was raised no more. The last beat of the heart was a beat of joy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day had advanced to evening. A few hours of repose and solitude at the cottage had helped Amelius, in some degree, to recover his tranquillity. He was sitting in the library, with Sally for his only companion. The silence in the room was uninterrupted. On the open desk at his side lay the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him on the morning of her death.

He had found the letter—with the envelope unfastened—on the floor of the bedchamber, and had fortunately secured it before the landlady and the servant had ventured back to the room. The doctor, returning a few minutes afterwards, had warned the two women that a coroner's inquest would be held in the house, and had vainly cautioned them to be careful of what they said or did in the interval. Not only the subject of the death, but a discovery which had followed, revealing the name of the ill-fated woman marked on her linen, and showing that she had used an assumed name in taking the lodgings as Mrs. Ronald, became the gossip of the neighborhood in a few hours. Under these circumstances, the catastrophe was made the subject of a paragraph in the evening journals, the name being added for the information of any surviving relatives who might be ignorant of the sad event. If the landlady had found the letter, that circumstance also would, in all probability, have formed part of the statement in the newspapers, and the secret of Mrs. Farnaby's life and death would have been revealed to the public view.

"I can trust you, and you only," she wrote to Amelius, "to fulfill the last wishes of a dying woman. You know me, and you know how I looked forward to the prospect of a happy life in retirement with my child. The one hope that I lived for has proved to be a cruel delusion. I have only this morning discovered, beyond the possibility of doubt, that I have been made the victim of wretches who have deliberately lied to me from first to last. If I had been a happier woman, I might have had other interests to sustain me under this frightful disaster. Such as I am, death is my one refuge left.

"My suicide will be known to no creature but yourself. Some years since, the idea of self-destruction—concealed under the disguise of a common mistake—presented itself to my mind. I kept the means (very simple means) by me, thinking I might end in that way after all. When you read this, I shall be at rest for ever. You will do what I have yet to ask of you, in merciful remembrance of me—I am sure of that.

"You have a long life before you, Amelius. My foolish fancy about you and my lost girl still lingers in my mind; I still think it may be just possible that you may meet with her in the course of years.

"If this does happen, I implore you, by the tenderness and pity that you once felt for me, to tell no human creature that she is my daughter; and, if John Farnaby is living at the time, I forbid you, with the authority of a dying friend, to let her see him, or to let her know even that such a person exists. Are you at a loss to account for my motives? I may make the shameful confession which will enlighten you, now I know that we shall never meet again. My child was born before my marriage; and the man who afterwards became my husband—a man of low origin, I should tell you—was the father. He had calculated on this disgraceful circumstance to force my parents to make his fortune by making me his wife. I now know (what I only vaguely suspected before), that he deliberately abandoned his child, as a likely cause of hindrance and scandal in the way of his prosperous career in life. Do you now think I am asking too much when I entreat you to never even speak to my lost darling of this unnatural wretch? As for my own fair fame, I am not thinking of myself. With Death close at my side, I think of my poor mother, and of all that she suffered and sacrificed to save me from the disgrace that I had deserved. For her sake, not for mine, keep silence to friends and enemies alike if they ask you who my girl is—with the one exception of my lawyer. Years since, I left in his care the means of making a small provision for my child, on the chance that she might live to claim it. You can show him this letter as your authority, in case of need.

"Try not to forget me, Amelius—but don't grieve about me. I go to my death as you go to your sleep when you are tired. I leave you my grateful love—you have always been good to me. There is no more to write; I hear the servant returning from the chemist's, bringing with her my release from the hard burden of life without hope. May you be happier than I have been! Good-by!"

So she parted from him for ever. But the fatal association of the unhappy woman's sorrows with the life and fortunes of Amelius was not at an end yet.

He had neither hesitation nor misgiving in resolving to show a natural respect to the wishes of the dead. Now that the miserable story of the past had been unreservedly disclosed to him, he would have felt himself bound in honor (even without instructions to guide him) to keep the discovery of the daughter a secret, for the mother's sake. With that conviction he had read the distressing letter. With that conviction he now rose to provide for the safe keeping of it under lock and key.

* * * * * *

Just as he had secured the letter in a private drawer of his desk, Toff came in with a card, and announced that a gentleman wished to see him. Amelius, looking at the card, was surprised to find on it the name of "Mr. Melton." Some lines were written on it in pencil: "I have called to speak with you on a matter of serious importance." Wondering what his middle-aged rival could want with him, Amelius instructed Toff to admit the visitor.

Sally started to her feet, with her customary distrust of strangers. "May I run away before he comes in?" she asked. "If you like," Amelius answered, quietly. She ran to the door of her room, at the moment when Toff appeared again, announcing the visitor. Mr. Melton entered just before she disappeared; he saw the flutter of her dress as the door closed behind her.

"I fear I am disturbing you?" he said, looking hard at the door.

He was perfectly dressed; his hat and gloves were models of what such things ought to be; he was melancholy and courteous; blandly distrustful of the flying skirts which he had seen at the door. When Amelius offered him a chair, he took it with a mysterious sigh; mournfully resigned to the necessity of sitting down. "I won't prolong my intrusion on you," he resumed. "You have no doubt seen the melancholy news in the evening papers?"

"I haven't seen the evening papers," Amelius answered; "what news do you mean?"

Mr. Melton leaned back in his chair, and expressed emotions of sorrow and surprise, in a perfect state of training, by gently raising his eyebrows.

"Oh dear, dear! this is very sad. I had hoped to find you in full possession of the particulars—reconciled, as we must all be, to the inscrutable ways of Providence. Permit me to break it to you as gently as possible. I came here to inquire if you had heard yet from Miss Regina. Understand my motive! there must be no misapprehension between us on *that* subject. There is a very serious necessity—pray follow me carefully—I say, a very serious necessity for my communicating immediately with Miss Regina's uncle; and I know of nobody who is likely to hear from the travelers, so soon after their departure, as yourself. You are (in a certain sense) a member of the family——"

"Stop a minute," said Amelius.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Melton, politely, at a loss to understand the interruption.

"I didn't at first know what you meant," Amelius explained. "You put it, if you will forgive me for saying so, in rather a roundabout way. If you are alluding, all this time, to Mrs. Farnaby's death, I must honestly tell you that I know of it already."

The bland self-possession of Mr. Melton's face began to show signs of being ruffled. He had been in a manner deluded into exhibiting his conventionally-fluent eloquence, in the choicest modulations of his sonorous voice—and it wounded his self-esteem to be placed in a ridiculous position. "I understood you to say," he remarked, stiffly, "that you had not seen the evening newspapers."

"You are quite right," Amelius rejoined; "I have not seen them."

"Then may I inquire," Mr. Melton proceeded, "how you became informed of Mrs. Farnaby's death?"

Amelius replied with his customary frankness. "I went to call on the poor lady this morning," he said, "knowing nothing of what had happened; I met the doctor at the door; and I was present at her death."

Even Mr. Melton's carefully-trained composure was not proof against the revelation that now opened before him. He burst out with an exclamation of astonishment, like an ordinary man.

"Good heavens, what does this mean?"

Amelius took it as a question addressed to himself. "I'm sure I don't know," he said, quietly.

Mr. Melton, misunderstanding Amelius, on his side, interpreted those innocent words as an outbreak of vulgar interruption. "Pardon me," he said, coldly. "I was about to explain myself. You will presently understand my surprise. After seeing the evening paper, I went at once to make inquiries at the address mentioned. In Mr. Farnaby's absence, I felt bound to do this as his old friend. I saw the landlady, and (with her assistance) the doctor also. Both these persons spoke of a gentleman who had called that morning, accompanied by a young lady, and who had insisted on taking the young lady up-stairs with him. Until you mentioned just now that you were present at the death, I had no suspicion that you were 'the gentleman.' Surprise on my part was, I think, only natural. I could scarcely be expected to know that you were in Mrs. Farnaby's confidence about the place of her retreat. And with regard to the young lady, I am quite at a loss to understand——"

"If you understand that the people at the house told you the truth, so far as I am concerned," Amelius interposed, "I hope that will be enough. With regard to the young lady, I must beg you to excuse me for speaking plainly. I have nothing to say about her to you or to anybody."

Mr. Melton rose with the utmost dignity and the fullest possession of his vocal resources.

"Permit me to assure you," he said, with frigidly fluent politeness, "that I have no wish to force myself into your confidence. One remark I will venture to make. It is easy enough, no doubt, to keep your own secrets when you are speaking to me. You will find some difficulty, I fear, in pursuing the same course, when you are called upon to give evidence before the coroner. I presume you know that you will be summoned as a witness at the inquest?"

"I left my name and address with the doctor for that purpose," Amelius rejoined, as composedly as ever; "and I am ready to bear witness to what I saw at poor Mrs. Farnaby's bedside. But if all the coroners in England questioned me about anything else, I should say to them just what I have said to you."

Mr. Melton smiled with well-bred irony. "We shall see," he said. "In the meantime, I presume I may ask you (in the interests of the family) to send me the address on the letter as soon as you hear from Miss Regina. I have no other means of communicating with Mr. Farnaby. In respect to the melancholy event, I may add that I have undertaken to provide for the funeral, and to pay any little outstanding debts, and so forth. As Mr. Farnaby's old friend and representative——"

The conclusion of the sentence was interrupted by the appearance of Toff, with a note. "I beg your pardon, sir, the person is waiting," he said, giving the note to his master. "She says it's only a receipt to sign; the box is in the hall."

Amelius examined the inclosure. It was a

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formal document, acknowledging the receipt of Sally's clothes, returned to her by the authorities at the Home. With a glance at the door of Sally's room, Amelius took a pen to sign the receipt. Mr. Melton, observing him, prepared to retire. "I am only interrupting you," he said. "You have my address on your card. Good-evening."

He passed an elderly woman, waiting in the hall. Toff, hastening before him to open the garden gate, was saluted by the gruff voice of a cabman outside. The person whom the cabman had driven to the cottage had not paid him his right fare; he wanted his money, or the person's name and address. Quietly crossing the road, Mr. Melton heard the woman's voice next; she had got her receipt, and had followed him out. In the dispute about fares and distances that ensued he heard, more than once mentioned, the name of the Home and of the locality in which it was situated.

Later in the evening, he looked in at his club; consulted a directory; and drew the obvious conclusion that he had discovered an inmate of an asylum for lost women, in the house of the man to whom Regina was engaged to be married.

The next morning's post brought to Amelius a letter from Regina. It was dated from an hotel in Paris. Her "dear uncle" had overestimated his strength. He had refused to stay and rest for the night at Calais; and he suffered so severely from the fatigue of the long journey that he had been confined to his bed since his arrival. The English physician consulted had declined to say when he would be strong enough to travel again; the constitution of the patient must have received some serious shock; he was brought very low. Having carefully reported the new medical opinion, Regina was at liberty to indulge herself, next, in expressions of affection, and to assure Amelius of her anxiety to hear from him as soon as possible. But in this case again, the "dear uncle's" convenience was still the first consideration. She reverted to Mr. Farnaby in making her excuses for a hurriedly-written letter. The poor invalid suffered from depression of spirits; his great consolation in his illness was to hear his niece read to him; he was calling for her, indeed, at that moment. The inevitable postscript warmed into a mild effusion of fondness. "How I wish you could be with us. But, alas, it cannot be!"

Amelius copied the address on the letter, and sent it to Mr. Melton immediately.

It was then the twenty-fourth day of the month. The tidal train did not leave London early on that morning, and the inquest was deferred, to suit other pressing engagements of the coroner, until the twenty-sixth. Mr. Melton decided (after his interview with Amelius) that the emergency was sufficiently serious to justify him in following his telegram to Paris. It was clearly his duty, as an old friend, to mention to Mr. Farnaby what he had discovered at the cottage, as well as what he had heard from the landlady at the lodgings; leaving the uncle to act as he thought right in the interests of the niece. Whether that course of action might not also serve the interests of Mr. Melton himself (in the character of an unsuccessful suitor for Regina's hand), Mr. Melton did not stop to inquire. Beyond his duty, it was, for the present at least, not his business to look.

That night, the two gentlemen held a private consultation at Paris; the doctor having previously certified that his patient was incapable of supporting the journey back to London, under any circumstances.

The question of the formal proceedings rendered necessary by Mrs. Farnaby's death having been discussed and disposed of, Mr. Melton next entered on the narrative which the obligations of friendship imperatively demanded from him. To his astonishment and alarm, Mr. Farnaby started up in the bed like a man panic-stricken. "Did you say," he stammered, as soon as he could speak, "you meant to make inquiries about that—that girl?"

"I certainly thought it desirable, bearing in mind Mr. Goldenheart's position in your family."

"Do nothing of the sort! Say nothing to Regina or to any living creature. Wait till I get well again—and leave me to deal with it. I am the proper person to take it in hand. Don't you see that for yourself? And, look here! there may be questions asked at the inquest. Some impudent scoundrel on the jury may want to pry into what doesn't concern him. The moment you're back in London, get a lawyer to represent us—the sharpest fellow that can be had for money. Tell him to stop all prying questions. Who the girl is, and what made that cursed young Socialist Goldenheart take her up-stairs with him—all that sort of thing has nothing to do with the manner in which my wife met her death. You understand? I look to you, Melton, to see yourself that this is done. The less said at the infernal inquest the better. In my position, it's an exposure that my enemies will make the most of, as it is. I'm too ill to go into the thing any further. No; I don't want Regina. Go to her in the sitting-room, and tell the courier to get you something to eat and drink. And, I say! for God's sake, don't be late for the Boulogne train to-morrow morning."

Left by himself, he gave full vent to his fury; he cursed Amelius with oaths that are not to be written.

He had burnt the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him on leaving him for ever; but he had not burnt out of his memory the words which that letter contained. With his wife's language vividly present to his mind, he could arrive at but one conclusion, after what Mr. Melton had told him. Amelius was concerned in the discovery of his deserted daughter; Amelius had taken the girl to her dying mother's bedside. With his idiotic Socialist notions, he would be perfectly capable of owning the truth if inquiries were made. The unblemished reputation which John Farnaby had built up by the self-seeking hypocrisy of a lifetime was at the mercy of a visionary young fool, who believed that rich men were created for the benefit of the poor, and who proposed to regenerate society by reviving the obsolete morality of the Primitive Christians. Was it possible for him to come to terms with such a person as this? There was not an inch of common ground on which they could meet. He dropped back on his pillow in despair, and lay for a while frowning and biting his nails. Suddenly he sat up again in the bed, and wiped his moist forehead, and heaved a heavy breath of relief. Had his illness obscured his intelligence? How was it he had not seen at once the perfectly easy way out of the difficulty which was presented by the facts themselves? Here is a man engaged to marry my niece, who has been discovered keeping a girl at his cottage—who even had the audacity to take her up-stairs with him when he made a call on my wife. Charge him with it in plain words; break off the engagement publicly in the face of society; and, if the profligate scoundrel tries to defend himself by telling the truth, who will believe him—when the girl was seen running out of his room, and when he refused, on the question being put to him, to say who she was?

So, in ignorance of his wife's last instructions to Amelius—in equal ignorance of the compassionate silence which an honorable man preserves when a woman's reputation is at his mercy—the wretch needlessly plotted and planned to save his usurped reputation; seeing all things, as such men invariably do, through the foul light of his own inbred baseness and cruelty. He was troubled by no retributive emotions of shame or remorse, in contemplating this second sacrifice to his own interests of the daughter whom he had deserted in her infancy. If he felt any misgivings, they related wholly to himself. His head was throbbing, his tongue was dry; a dread of increasing his illness shook him suddenly. He drank some of the lemonade at his bedside, and lay down to compose himself to sleep.

It was not to be done; there was a burning in his eyeballs; there was a wild, irregular beating at his heart, which kept him awake. In some degree, at least, retribution was on the way to him already. Mr. Melton, delicately administering sympathy and consolation to Regina—whose affectionate nature felt keenly the calamity of her aunt's death—Mr. Melton making himself modestly useful by reading aloud certain devotional poems much prized by Regina, was called out of the room by the courier. "I have just looked in at Mr. Farnaby, sir," said the man, "and I am afraid he is worse."

The physician was sent for. He thought so seriously of the change in the patient that he obliged Regina to accept the services of a professed nurse. When Mr. Melton started on his return journey the next morning, he left his friend in a high fever.

(*To be continued.*)

THE VICE-ROYAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise reached Quebec early on the morning of Wednesday, June 4th, and made an official landing from the steamer at 10:30. Although a severe storm of rain prevailed at the time, the streets were crowded with spectators, and there was a grand display of flags and banners, not only on the shipping in the harbor, but in the city.

The Vice-royal party were received by the Mayor, and as soon as they touched the wharf, the troops forming the three guards of honor (B Battery, the Eighth Royal Rifles and the Ninth Battalion) gave a royal salute; the bands played the national anthem, and twenty-one guns were fired from the citadel. The party were immediately conveyed to the pavilion, where were assembled the City Councillors' Reception Committee and other dignitaries. The Mayor rose and read the address of welcome in behalf of the Corporation, to which the Governor-General replied in French. After this formal ceremony, the members of the Reception Committee and the City Council were then presented to His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, and the ceremony on the wharf was concluded with a presentation to the Princess, by Madame Baillargé, of a bouquet in a beautiful silver holder, the gift of the city.

At 11:30, the Vice-royal party arrived at the quarters specially prepared for them in the famous citadel which they will occupy during their visit. A guard of honor has been established at the citadel and much military activity prevails. The apartments occupied by the Marquis and the Princess have undergone but little transformation since Lord Dufferin and suite were housed there, but all the changes effected have been after plans devised by the Princess. A beautiful carpet, in one piece, which covers the drawing-room, was made in England from a painted design of Her Royal Highness. Besides the apartments reserved for the Governor-General and suite, others have been put in readiness for the father and two sisters of His Excellency—the Duke of Argyll and Lady Mary Campbell and Lady Elizabeth Campbell—who reached Quebec on Monday, June 9th, from Niagara Falls and Montreal.

The City of Quebec is composed of two towns, the lower and the upper—the lower, skirting the river, is built for the most part on piles; its quays are crowded with merchantmen and ocean steamers; the streets are narrow, close together, but lined with large, massive stores, in which are displayed the silks, velvets and fine linens, the gems, pearls and gold, of Europe and of the further East. Here, too, are the Custom Houses, the Queen's bonded warehouses and the public appraisers' offices, all of stone, and erected in the most substantial and enduring manner. The upper town is several hundred feet above the lower, is built upon a rock like the nest of an eagle, and is surrounded throughout the whole extent by a long and lofty wall bristling with cannon, and was formerly entered alone by gates. One of these, St. John's gate, is alone standing. It is the proper thing for the tourist, the moment the vessel is moored at the quay, to disembark hastily and hurry to the lofty platform of Dufferin Terrace.

The eagerness is well repaid. Behind the upper city, with its palaces and steeples, on the right hand, lie the great granite fortifications bristling with cannon; hundreds of feet below lies the lower city, its streets looking like lines of thread, its houses like the peaked tops of henroops, its carriages and horses like snails. Beyond this the great river, with its fleets of merchantmen and ocean steamers; beyond this again a broad and beautiful bay; beyond this the fair young city of Point Levi, with its domes and spires; beyond this a green-clad plain; beyond this the mountains, growing purple in the morning light. On the left the waters of the St. Charles are seen mingling with those of the St. Lawrence; further on the long and fertile valley of the St. Charles, with its cottages and mansions; the Falls of Montmorency, and the lofty heights of Beauford and the Island of Orleans; beyond this a broad and rich country, and far, far away, in the dim distance, the purple tops of the long and lofty range of the Laurentine Mountains.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Tempel, of Florence, has announced the discovery of a double nebula, observed on March 14th, near the nebula Herschel II., 32. It was at first supposed to be a faint comet.

The Farmers of Victoria, Australia, are so desirous of acquiring a knowledge of agricultural chemistry that they travel 40 or 50 miles to hear Mr. MacIvor, formerly of Anderson's College, Glasgow, Scotland, lecture on the subject.

Mr. Keith Johnson, the chief of the English expedition to Eastern Africa, has taken into his service Chuma, the old companion of Dr. Livingstone, and a man who, without doubt, will carry the explorer over many difficulties which would otherwise, perhaps, be insurmountable.

The Congress of Commercial Geography, to be held at Brussels in September, will be presided over, not by M. Hamps, but by Lieutenant-General Liagre, President of the Belgian Geographical Society and perpetual Secretary of the Belgian Academy of Sciences. M. du Fief will act as secretary.

The Italian Authorities and public are awakening to the necessity of taking steps to ameliorate the sanitary condition of Rome, where the death rate is from 35 to 36 in the 1,000 to 22 in London. Such a course is rendered the more imperative by the growing population. In 1874 it was 248,000; now it is 270,000.

News has been Received from Japan that two very rich seams of coal have just been discovered in the celebrated Takashima mines. It is estimated that they will produce fully a million tons of coal. It is also reported that active measures are being taken for throwing open to foreign commerce the ports of Tsuruga and Shimonoseki.

The New Nautical Instrument, the navisphere, has been brought to the attention of the French Academy. It indicates without calculation the names of the stars above the horizon at a given moment, with altitude and azimuth, the angle of route for going from one point to another by the arc of a great circle, and the distance between these points, etc.

A British Naval Surgeon, Dr. Beveridge, states that for foreign bodies in the throat, such as pieces of meat, etc., a simple mode of relief is to blow forcibly into the ear. This excites powerful reflex action, during which the foreign body is expelled from the trachea. The plan is so easy of execution that, if there is anything in it, it ought to be generally known and applied.

The International Congress of Americanists will be held in Brussels from September 23d to 26th, under the patronage of the King of Belgium and the presidency of the Count of Flanders. The object of the Society of Americanists is to promote a knowledge of the early history of discovery and settlement on this continent, and to collect all such facts of a prehistoric kind as may be learned from ruins of ancient structures, etc.

The Russian Grain Crops are suffering from the ravages of a small coleopterous insect which propagates with great rapidity. In 1877 a reward was offered in some localities of ten copecks for every quart of the insect collected, and 10,000,000 roubles were paid out in accordance with the proclamation. One-third of the entire wheat crop in Southern Russia is threatened. Very little is yet known of the habits or customs of the insect.

The Cricket Invasion of Algeria in 1866 cost the Government 5,000,000 francs, and 200,000 of the natives died of starvation. A single band of these animals was estimated to contain 50,000 tons of them, and the nitrogen of them to weigh 1,000. Nets have been patented in France, so that in case of another invasion this valuable manurial agent may not be lost. The crickets are caught in the angles of the nets and fall down into a pit, where they are to be treated with green vitriol.

The Latest Reports of the excavations at Olympia show that the Helot habitations to the south and southeast of the Temple of Zeus were particularly dense and extensive. Besides this, some very important additions to the sculptures of the pediment group have been found; among them the body of the centaur who steals the boy, a large portion of the recumbent old man, and an arm of one of the Lapithæ. All these are being cast in plaster, and are to be removed to Berlin shortly and fitted into their respective places.

A Leading English Paper Manufacturer is endeavoring to induce capitalists to utilize the jungles of bamboo in India and British Burmah. The young shoots of the jungle grass yield a fibre excellently adapted to paper-making, and at a cost, compared with esparto grass, in the proportion of $7.50 to $60 a ton. The latter grass comes principally from Algeria and other Barbary States, and, in addition to being unsatisfactory in quality, a sufficient quantity cannot be obtained. English paper-makers are, therefore, often driven to manufacture with wood fibre and China clay.

Herr Carl Bock, who, at the request of the late Marquis of Tweeddale, has spent eight months in exploring the highlands of Sumatra, has returned to Padang with a rich collection of natural history specimens. Among other living animals he has secured a specimen of the *Capricornis sumatrensis*, which is peculiar to the island. It is a species of mountain antelope, rarely met with, and only among the most remote and almost inaccessible peaks. Herr Bock was traveling in Lapland in the Autumn of 1877, under the 71st parallel of north latitude. The Autumn of 1878 was spent by him under the first parallel of south latitude.

Cholera has been making fearful havoc among the pilgrims returning from the Hurdwar fair, and is being spread by them through Northern India. It is asserted that between 20,000 and 30,000 hillmen from the Himalayan districts near Nynee Tal died on their homeward journey. Several cases, most of them fatal, appeared among the Fifteenth Hussars almost immediately after their arrival at Meerut from Candahar, and it is supposed that the outbreak is due to some men having traveled from Moolan in railway carriages which had been used by infected pilgrims. The disease has appeared in most cities of the Punjab, and the fear of the spread of the epidemic to Peshawur has induced the authorities to remove the greater portion of the garrison there.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GUZMAN BLANCO was installed as Provisional President of Venezuela on May 12th.

THE venerable Simon Cameron is engaged in running a tobacco farm at Lancaster, Pa.

W. B. RICHMOND is the name of Mr. Ruskin's successor as the Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford.

GENERAL F. C. LATHROP has been renominated by acclamation as the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore.

MISS BETTIE EVARTS, one of the Secretary's daughters, a graceful, blonde young lady, is engaged to marry Mr. Edward Perkins, of Boston.

JAMES ORTON WOODRUFF, the projector of the Woodruff Scientific Expedition around the world, died in New York on June 4th, of brain-fever, induced by overwork and the failure of his costly scheme. He was thirty-nine years of age.

M. WALLON, formerly the French Minister of Public Instruction, is spoken of as a candidate for a seat in the Academy. He is often called the "Father of the Constitution," and his principal literary work is the "Life of Joan of Arc."

SENOR DON EMILIO CASTELAR has requested permission to postpone his lectures on Spanish Literature, at the Taylor and Randolph Institution, until the next term, on account of ill-health and his inability to quit the Cortes while the Cuban slavery question is under discussion.

THE Rev. Olympia Brown-Willis, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd at Racine, Wis., has received a vote of thanks from the church for the manner in which she has performed her duties during the last year, and an invitation to act as pastor for another year, with an increased salary.

THE Rev. Henry L. Morehouse, pastor of the East Avenue Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted the office of corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, to which he was elected at the Saratoga meeting of the society, and entered upon his new duties.

THE ex-King of the Loo-Choo Islands, who was recently summoned to Japan, pleads illness, and has sent his eldest son, fifteen years of age, in his place. He has been received by the Mikado and ordered to await the arrival of his father in Tokio, when both will be invested with rank and title as Japanese noblemen of the highest class.

PROFESSORS GOODWIN AND GREENOUGH, of Harvard College; Professors Whitney and Carter, of Yale College; Dr. Kendrick, of Washington University; Dr. Willing, President of Columbian College, Washington, D. C.; Professor Short, of Columbia College, New York, and many others, will attend the annual session of the American Philological Association which will begin at Newport, R. I., on the 15th of June.

THE Turkish Ambassador, M. MUSURUS, is Dean of the foreign envoys accredited to London, where he has represented Turkey some forty years. He is much more an Englishman than a Turk, and one of his daughters is married to Mr. Heriot (son of an Episcopal clergyman), whose sister married Lord Wentworth, Byron's grandson. The Turkish Embassy is a very large abode in Bryanston Square, north of Hyde Park.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, late United States Senator from Missouri, died suddenly at Ottumwa, Ia., on June 1st. Throughout the day he appeared in his usual health, ate a hearty supper at six o'clock, and wrote several letters; but just before retiring he complained of a pain in the chest, and soon thereafter said to his niece that he was dying, and in thirty minutes expired sitting in his chair, remaining conscious to the last. He lectured at Ottumwa on the previous Wednesday, and had remained visiting relatives.

MAJOR CAVAGNARI, the distinguished Indian officer who negotiated the terms of peace with Yakoob Khan at Gundamuk, is an Englishman by birth, his father having been a Genoese, who came to settle in London from the north of Italy after the overthrow of the French Empire. He entered the military service of the East India Company in April, 1858. For his service on the frontier he was recommended by Lord Mayo for a Companionship in the Order of the Star of India, which decoration was conferred on him on January 1st, 1877. He was last year appointed second member of Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission to Cabul.

DR. PIERRE ADOLPHE PIORRY, the eminent French medical writer, whose death has been announced, was born at Poitiers, December 21st, 1794, and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Paris in 1816. Progressive in his views, he did much in improving medical science and practice, and attained the position of being one of the foremost physicians in France. He held several important positions in connection with the hospitals, was a member of the Academy of Medicine and an officer of the Legion of Honor. A number of valuable medical works have been produced by his pen, and he was also given to poetical composition.

THE concessions of Governor General Aleko Pasha in not hoisting the Turkish flag and not wearing the fez cap have produced a very bad effect at Constantinopel, especially on the Sultan, who seems to attach far greater importance to these matters than his ministers. The Sultan is said to be determined to insist on the hoisting of the Turkish flag. It is said that stringent instructions to that effect have already been sent to Aleko Pasha. It is also intended to lay the case before the Powers. Aleko's conduct is considered insulting, and as a first step in a movement which in the end will render the Porte's authority altogether illusory.

GOVERNOR DREW, of Florida, has a handsomely improved farm of 60,000 acres near Ellaville, and employs four hundred men in cutting logs and sawing them into lumber. His employés live in neat cottages built by him, for which he charges no rent. He is now constructing a tramway eight miles in length into the timber, and the trees of convenient access to it will be felled and the logs conveyed by it to his mill. When the trees are exhausted on this line the tramway will be removed and run out in another direction. The lumber is taken in cars to Jacksonville, and there placed in schooners for New York, twelve or fifteen of which are loading or under way all the time. The Governor is a native of New Hampshire.

THE late William Sloane, of New York, bequeathed to the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, $20,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, $30,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Domestic Missions, $20,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Church Sustenation, $10,000; to the Presbyterian Board of Church Extension, $10,000; to the Presbyterian Ministerial Relief Association, $10,000; to the Presbyterian Home for Aged Women, $5,000; to the American Sunday-school Union, $10,000; to the New York Tract Society, $5,000; to the Seamen's Society, $5,000; to St. Andrew's Society, $5,000; to the New York Bible Society, $20,000. A notable feature of the will is a bequest of about $35,000, divided among ten or fifteen persons who had been in his employ. Some of these were associated with him for nearly a quarter of a century. The bequests to this class of legatees range from $500 up to $5,000.

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THE PLANTATION ON THE SHORES OF LAKE KILLARNEY — BUYERS MEASURING THE STANDING FRUIT.

THE PINE-APPLE TRADE IN THE BAHAMAS.

By MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

DURING our recent trip to Nassau and the Bahama Islands, the artist and I spent a very enjoyable day amongst the pines—not those odoriferous trees beneath whose turpentine shades consumptive invalids ebb their life-breath away, but in the midst of fragrant pine-apples, which we visited on their native heath, criticised in the bud, admired in the stem, and tasted in the—can. Hiring a conveyance in Nassau, we drove five miles to a picturesque plantation, situated on the shores of an exquisite sheet of water, smooth as a mirror and glittering with sun-sparks, called Lake Killarney, which, from its strong family resemblance, is evidently a near relative to those celebrated lakes over the beauties of which the American tourist so fondly loves to linger. We found the plantation quite an original and peculiar sight, the leaves, blossoms, and young fruit all brilliantly colored in green, purple, pink and yellow, each pine seated royally upon its throne of sword-like leaves, and ripening in a leisurely and arrogant fashion of its own, promising maturity about midsummer.

The overseer received us most courteously, and our tour, like that of one of Cook's, was "personally conducted." With considerable prickings, not of conscience, but of the spiky and vicious thorns bristling upon the sword-like leaves, we plunged through acres of pines, admiring the coniferous plants, now stopping to "tap" a prize specimen of a glorious orange-yellow, suggestive of golden syrup; now halting to criticise a sucking youngster, still green, but promising great things. The dealers pass through plantations much as we did, making notes of area, space, size and condition of the plants. Measurements are taken, calculations are made and entered in a book kept for that purpose; estimates are rapidly conjectured as to ripening, and agreements ratified on the spot.

The overseer of this plantation estimates that he shall cut from seventy to eighty thousand dozen pines this year, and informed us that during last season fifteen cargoes of fresh fruit, and forty thousand dozen cans of preserved pine-apples were shipped by the owner of the estate.

The fruit trade of these Islands is quite large, but carried on in a desultory and uncertain fashion; oranges, lemons, bananas, pine-apples and cocoanuts are the principal exports; the softer fruits, as sapodillos, guavas, mammées, alligator pears, soursops, Jamaica apples, grape-fruits, star apples and several other varieties, being mostly consumed at home.

The most extensive orchards are on the other islands of the group known here as the Outside Islands, and trading schooners go round from island to island, collecting their cargoes piecemeal and making separate bargains with each fruit-grower.

We boarded a sloop trading in pines, and it was as good as "Pinafore" to hear that captain sing out. Surrounded by gesticulating darkeys, picturesquely attired and in animated groups, each particular darkey having pine-apples to dispose of, and each howling at the top of his or her voice: "Dar's de pine for de money," "Here's lubbly fruit," "Take dis one, cap," "Dere's juice for ye, honey," "Growed 'em myself, cap," "Dar ain't such pines as dese on d'island," "Gib dis child a chance, cap," the captain, roaring louder than the chorus, named his lowest price, and in spite of entreaties, suggestions, denunciations, howls of scorn, expressions of contempt, and other indications of popular resentment, held on to his cder; and ere we quitted the deck of his tight little craft her hold was crammed full of the selected apples. "I guess I'll lose thirty per cent. on the voyage," observed the captain, "but you see, gents, I bought at low water from those blamed niggers."

We visited the extensive canning firm of Smith & Wicks, of Baltimore, situated on Bay Street, in Nassau, which, during the year 1878, canned 700,000 pines. This firm do a very large foreign trade, especially with England and Scotland—nor is Germany at all satisfied with the quantity they are at present enabled to send her. Their brand is the "Bahama Brand," the agents for England being A. W. Latham & Co., London, and for Germany, Schmidt, Silcox & Co., Bremen. The process of canning pines is somewhat elaborate. The ripe fruit is brought in from the surrounding plantations on donkey-carts, or it is delivered at the wharf from boats coming from the Outside Islands, the natives bearing it on their shoulders in baskets to the shore, where it is somewhat unceremoniously dumped beneath a shed. No pine-apple below a certain standard is ever taken. Tables are ranged along the wharf, at which women and girls stand in readiness to receive the fruit, which is handed to each "parer" in a basket, and with it a



ARRIVAL OF A CARGO OF FRUIT AT THE SHEDS ON THE WHARF, AT NASSAU.



GIVING OUT THE PINE-APPLES TO BE PARED, SLICED AND CANNED.



NEGROES PARING THE FRUIT FOR THE SLICERS AND CANNERS.



SLICING AND CANNING THE FRUIT FOR EXPORT.

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.—THE CULTIVATION AND SHIPMENT OF PINE-APPLES FOR THE UNITED STATES—MODES OF PREPARING THE FRUIT AT NASSAU.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.

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FILLING CANS OF SLICED FRUIT WITH SYRUP.



WEIGHING THE CANS, WHEN FILLED AND SEALED.

tin check, good at the office for a certain stated amount. The "parers" operate on the tough-hided fruit with wondrous dexterity and marvelous rapidity. How they cut and slash and chop so swiftly without lopping off slices of their own flesh, is a marvel to the writer. They stand at the tables, each operator placing her pines in position, and in a few minutes the fruit is as innocent of cuticle as a billiard-ball. The ladies lighten their labors by that which is so dear to every daughter of Eve—gossip. Sometimes a song is introduced, while that peculiar laughter, so feebly imitated by even the best negro-delineators, rings and yaw-yaws, till the blue waves re-echo it to the glistening beach. In an adjoining shed, to which the pared pines are conveyed, is a long counter laden with the cans that are to travel from "Indus to the Pole." Behind this counter, and beside the cases of pared pines, stands a small regiment of "slicers," whose business it is to slice the fruit, and place it, when sliced, in the cans. This movement is one of extreme celerity, and again do we expect to see human fingers sent flying into the cans along with the yellow-white fruit disks. When the pines pass the "slicers," the cans, still open, are transferred to another department to be filled with syrup which is ladled into each by a dipper. This syrup is manufactured of pure rain-water, caught for the purpose in cisterns lined with hydraulic cement, and sugar of the very highest standard of quality. Two experts are continually employed in ladling the syrup from miniature vats into the cans. Now comes the process of sealing the tops of the cans. In a long, well-ventilated shed, several men stand opposite small charcoal furnaces. A number of cans are placed by assistants upon the shining counter, and as fast as is possible, consistent with effective work, the sealer dexterously manipulates the loosely topped cans with the fiery breath of the furnace rod which fastens on the tops, the solder doing the rest. The cans are then weighed and passed on to the boiling-room, an apartment in which we did not linger one second longer than it was absolutely necessary to the purpose of our visit. Enormous caldrons, half full of madly boiling water, stand imbedded in the floor; over each caldron tackle for lifting and lowering the iron vessel containing the cans. When the vessel is filled, it is lowered into the boiling water, where it remains until the air within each can becomes expanded—the space of four or five minutes; then the caldron is hoisted high and dry, and a hole punctured in the top of each can to permit the air to escape, this hole being instantly resoldered, when the cans are again lowered into the caldron, where they remain until the fruit is completely cooked. All these departments of labor, of course, require skill and system in execution. The labeling next takes place, after this the packing in cases, and then comes the shipment; the great house of



THE CAPTAIN OF A TRADING SLOOP BARGAINING WITH NEGROES FOR A CARGO OF PINE-APPLES, AT NASSAU.



SEALING THE CANS BEFORE SENDING THEM TO THE BOILER.



SWINGING A CRATE OF CANS INTO THE BOILER.

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.—THE CULTIVATION AND SHIPMENT OF PINE-APPLES FOR THE UNITED STATES—MODES OF PREPARING THE FRUIT AT NASSAU.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER TEAGER.

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H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., in New York, taking a considerable portion of this year's packing. Thanks to the perfect system of canning and exporting the pine-apple, it is now within easy reach of poor as well as rich, and the wooden shanty and the brown-stone mansion can store this pigment delicacy with the assured convict on that at all times a delectable morsel may be summoned to aid in the development of the frugal meal, or in that of the lordly menu of fifteen courses.

ON THE ROAD TO LEADVILLE.

WEBSTER STATION, ON THE DENVER, SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE barriers that have hitherto separated Leadville from the outer world are being rapidly removed through the agency of the iron horse, and the terrible hardships which beset the road of the earlier pilgrims to this silver shrine reduced to a minimum. No longer do seventy miles intervene between the city and the nearest railway station. No longer do the machinery for crushing mills, the wagons containing provisions, the vehicles conveying the *impedimenta* of embryo miners, toil up steep ascents indented with ruts "wide as a church door," or dare the desperate curves overhang ng startling precipices! We have changed all that, and to-day the shrill whistle of the locomotive may be heard by the thousands of toilers for wealth as they dig and delve and burrow in the bowels of the earth for that which means light and life. The station at Webster on the South Park and Pacific Railroad, which we illustrate on page 261, was the terminal point of the line, but on the 19th of May the first passenger train reached the Kenosha Summit, 10,140 feet above the sea level, the highest point yet attained by a railroad in North America. To-day the track-laying in the direction of Leadville goes on at the rate of a mile a day, and ere this journal meets the reader's eye trains conveying thousands—their hearts leaping with the greed of gold—will be puffing, snorting, and whistling into this wondrous, all-wondrous city.

Webster in its day—how easy it is to speak of the past in this rushing age—presented many *bizarre* and picturesque sights. The pine-clad bluffs, the rude station, the stages packed full as sardine-boxes, the teams, the wagons, the newly-arrived silver-seekers panting to push on at any cost and in any mode, the freight, the successful miners returning to civilization, the haggard questioners, the yelling freighters, the bustle, hurry, turmoil and excitement, and the thousand and one "bits of color."

Freighters who were charging six cents per pound from Webster to Leadville are now frozen out, and the thousands of horses and mules employed on this particular road will be transferred elsewhere. Leadville will, in the immediate future, be struck by three lines of railroad, and the experienced people say that there is silver for all who may elect to travel by them.

The Head of the Campbells.

THE Most Noble and Right Honorable George Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyll, born on the 30th of April, 1823, and the eldest son of John Douglas Henry Edward, seventh possessor of the dukedom since its creation, was but little more than twenty-three years of age when he succeeded to his long and magnificent array of titles, which include among them eight titles as baron, two as viscount, three as earl, two as marquis, and one as duke. The oldest barony, that of Campbell, dates back to 1445; the oldest earldom, that of Argyll, to 1457; the barony of Lorne dates back to 1475; but the most extraordinary accession of honors to the house of Campbell accrued in 1701, when the first of the house who wore the coronet of strawberry leaves was created at one and the same time Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenilla, and Baron Inverary, Mull, Morven and Tirey—all of the titles then and previously conferred upon the race being exclusively, however, in the peerage of Scotland. It was not until 1776 that a Duke of Argyll was enabled to take his place in the House of Lords, the duke at that time being created Baron Sundridge and Hamilton, in the peerage of Great Britain. It is as Lord Sundridge that the Duke of Argyll takes his seat in the hereditary branch of the Legislature.

The Duke of Argyll first took his seat in the Cabinet in 1852, when, as Lord Privy Seal, he became a member of the Coalition Ministry under Lord Aberdeen's premiership, and held that position until 1855, when Lord Palmerston made him Postmaster-General. He resigned with Ministers in 1858, and, upon the restoration of Lord Palmerston to power in 1859 was replaced in his former post as Lord Privy Seal, and retained it uninterruptedly until 1866. Under the premiership of Mr. Gladstone the Duke of Argyll accepted, in 1868, the office of Secretary of State for India, and held that important post until the downfall of the Liberal Government in 1874.

The Duke of Argyll is or has been a Knight of the Thistle, Privy Councilor, LL.D., F.R.S., Trustee of the British Museum, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in 1855 presided with conspicuous ability, at Glasgow, over the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Duchess of Argyll, to whom the Duke was married in 1844, was Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Leveson-Gower, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll have six daughters and five sons, of whom the eldest is the Marquis of Lorne, married to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of England on the 21st of March, 1871.

FUN.

WHAT is it the sad sea waves?

A MONARCH of the seine—the sheriff.

STRIKERS are popular in no business but base ball.

CLARA MORRIS has fallen and broken her hip. Her neck is the only thing about her now that isn't smashed up.

AN OLD SONG.—In one of the countries the other day Robert Guile and Mary Williams were married. Now is she "Mary of R. Guile"?

"YES," said Mrs. Goodington, "the place is so sequestrated that we are never annoyed by stray predestinations and people of that sort.

TIT FOR TAT.—Mamma to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "please": "You may come out now." *Hamilton:* 'Not till you say 'Please,' mother."

THE Department of the Interior has just bought for the Indian Bureau twenty-six tons of Royal Baking Powder. "Ha't raisin'" will be lively on the Plains this Summer.

IT is a beautiful sight to get up early in the morning and see the sun rise, but the wise man will continue to lie abed until the atmosphere is charged with the aroma of the breakfast coffee.

"WHAT will you take for twenty nights at San Francisco?" was the brief telegraphic query which some speculators dispatched to Sothern, the actor. "Brandy-and-water," was the prompt response.

WHEN a milliner becomes musical, she at least has the honesty to warn the public of it by a sign—"Fluting done here"; how different is the course of the young man who studies this instrument; he would play till he died—and make no sign.

ELDER sister to little one, who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbens: "Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." *Little Pet:* "I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbens were together."

IN New Zealand, as in California, the Chinaman abounds, and there too he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. It is related that in Otago, where Scotchmen are a majority of the colonists, a contract for grading a road was to be let, and the lowest bid was signed "M'Pherson." Notice was sent to the said M'Pherson to meet the board and complete the contract. In due time they met, but, behold, M'Pherson was yellow in hue and had an unmistakable pigtail! "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be M'Pherson?" "Allee lightee," cheerfully answered John; "nobody catch um contract in Otago unless the name Mac." The contract was signed.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A MAN WHO WON $15,000 IN THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY DRAWING.—SINGULAR COMBINATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

FORTUNE'S favors are not confined to any particular locality. So thought Mr. P. M. Spinelli, of Brownsville, Texas, when he invested his money in a ticket which drew $15,000 in the Louisiana Lottery. Mr. Spinelli is a lucky man, and it may interest our readers to be informed of the circumstances under which he added $15,000 to his cash account.

A representative of the *Picayune* called last evening upon this gentleman, who was found at the City Hotel. The reporter was ushered into the presence of a handsome man, with the dark hair and complexion of the Italian type, who was apparently in the prime of life, and in excellent health.

A cordial shake of the hand and pleasant greeting was the reception which the reporter encountered, which encouraged him to inquire as to the antecedents of the favorite of fortune. Mr. Spinelli stated that he was a native of Nice, and was forty-seven years of age.

Observing the reporter's particular inquiries as to his age, nativity, etc., Mr. Spinelli said: "I know what you are after; you wish to make a combination of numbers to correspond with the winning number. Well, that is simple enough. The number which drew the capital prize this month was 47,579. I am 47 years of age, and this is the 5th month of the year '79.

"There you have the figures—47, 5, 79." Continuing his narration in response to the interrogations propounded by the *Picayune* representative, Mr. Spinelli said he was a man of family, and by occupation a commission merchant.

In 1874 he went to California, returning to Brownsville five or six months ago. In California he speculated considerably, but did not strike any bonanzas like the Louisiana Lottery.

To use his own words: "Have always been a prosperous man and made some good speculations in California, but struck no such bonanzas as the Louisiana Lottery, which puts $15,000 into my cash account."

Mr. S. said that he had taken a ticket in the lottery drawing last November, and did not win anything, but he was amply repaid by his subsequent good fortune.

Being pressed to relate how he came to invest in the last drawing, he said: "I came across a two-dollar bill in Mexican currency, which is at a discount of twenty per cent. I thought I would not go to the trouble of changing it, and happening to notice in a New Orleans paper an advertisement of the drawing of the Louisiana Lottery, I wrote to the company inclosing the two-dollar bill. The mail boat having gone, I concluded to wait for the next steamer, and laid the letter on my table among a lot of papers. I had forgotten all about it until the day the steamer was about to leave.

"A gentleman who wished to send by the boat certain papers that I had, asked me if they were ready. In searching for them I noticed the letter I had written six or seven days before to the lottery company. I picked up the letter and mailed it.

"By the return steamer I did not get an answer, and, to tell you the truth, I thought the money was gobbled by some postmaster. But this turned out to be entirely incorrect.

"On May 13th, in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, a telegram was received in Brownsville, stating that a certain number had won the $30,000 prize. I remarked jocosely that I had won the prize. I was standing in front of the Post Office when the mail-wagon arrived.

"As soon as the mail was distributed I went to my box and found a letter containing two half tickets. I returned to my residence and looked at the tickets in my room, after which I put them in my pocket and went down-stairs.

"As I was leaving the house a friend of mine stopped me and said that the number telegraphed was not the correct one. He showed me No. 47,579 written on his shirt-cuff, which he said was the correct number winning the capital prize.

"I looked at my ticket, and saw I had won, but I did not let everybody know it. I kept mum, and the next morning I started for New Orleans. I arrived here yesterday, and to-day I went to the office of the Lottery Company. They gave me a check for $15,000 as soon as I presented my ticket, and to-morrow morning I return to Brownsville richer by that amount.

"As I have to get up early in the morning, I will bid you good-night, and hope that you may have as good luck as I have had."

With these words Mr. Spinelli withdrew to prepare for an early start this morning.—*New Orleans Picayune, May 23d.*

BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE.
GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, OF LOUISIANA,
GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, OF VIRGINIA,

have personally arranged all details of the extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. New Orleans, Tuesday, June 17th. 11,279 prizes, amounting to $522,500, including one Capital Prize of $100,000; one Grand Prize of $50,000; one Grand Prize of $20,000, etc. Tickets, ten dollars ($10); Halves, five dollars ($5); Fifths, two dollars ($2); Tenths, one dollar (1).

Write for circulars, or send address to M. A. DAUPHIN, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or same at 319 Broadway, New York.

LOST SEVEN POUNDS IN THREE WEEKS.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is a genuine medicine, and will reduce corpulency from two to five pounds per week. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, acting entirely on the food in the stomach, preventing the formation of fat. It is also a positive remedy for dyspepsia and rheumatism.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 11th, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—The lady alluded to lost seven pounds in three weeks, by the use of Allan's Anti-Fat.

Yours truly, SMITH, DOOLITTLE & SMITH, Wholesale Druggists.

A CLEVER contemporaneous writer instances three paramount illustrations of great executive faculty and knowledge: To lead a grand army successfully in the field; to conduct a great manufacturing establishment, and the competent management of a vast hotel. Had he descended to further detail, the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL of New York would have been singled out. No hotel in the country has a higher and better-deserved reputation.

PARENTS, do not use vile drugs or nostrums in your families, but use pure Hop Bitters.

VISITORS to the White Mountains will find pleasant reading and valuable information in *The White Mountain Echo and Tourist's Register*, a weekly Summer paper, published during the season at Bethlehem, New Hampshire. The leading features of this paper are: A complete directory of guests in the White Mountains and on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee; full information concerning hotels, boarding-houses, railroads, stages, mails, church-services, tourists' movements, social doings, etc., and local sketches, incidents of travel, and other pleasant Summery articles. The editor is a blind man, but he admirably succeeds in seeing just what the tourists want. The paper is neatly gotten up, and is newsy, bright and sparkling.

PHOTOGRAPHY can give us only the images of the flowers, but in MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, chemistry has preserved their aromatic essence. It is literally the bottled breath of the most fragrant products of the richest floral region in the world.

THE ANGOSTURA BITTERS have been upon the market nearly half a century, and the longer they are used the more firmly do they become grounded in popular estimation. They do not intoxicate, but tone up the nervous system, enabling the vital organs to perform their functions with the greatest efficiency. Many physicians prescribe the Angostura Bitters regularly.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM has been tested more than a quarter of a century by the very élite of American and continental society. While its naturalness of operation is such that the use of the cosmetic is not suspected, it is entirely certain to beautify the face and impart the evidence of refinement and culture. It meets the wants of refined ladies who require a harmless, efficient beautifier.

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Manhattan Beach Railway

DOUBLE TRACK OVER THE ENTIRE ROAD.

GREENPOINT DIVISION.

Leave foot of 23d St., East River, by steamer Sylvan Grove—8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45 A.M.; 12:45, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:45 for Manhattan Beach.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach—7:35, 10:00, 11:05 A.M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30 P.M.

BAY RIDGE DIVISION.

Leave North River, steamers Thos. Colyer and Twilight, 22d Street—9:25, 10:25, 11:25, A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25 P.M.

Leave Street—9:25, 10:25, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25 P.M.

Pier 8—9:25, 10:25, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25 P.M.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach—8:15, 11 A.M.; 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 P.M.

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"PIVOTAL" POLITICS.

THE poet Wordsworth, who was quite a notable politician in his day, never uttered a sounder maxim in prose or verse than when, writing to the Earl of Lonsdale in 1832, he held the following language: "It has ever been the habit of my mind to trust that expediency will come out of fidelity to principles, rather than to seek my principles of action in calculations of expediency." It was for want of confidence in this doctrine, that "expedience will come out of fidelity to principles," that the Democrats of Ohio, as early as the year 1868 (and largely under the lead of Senator Pendleton), began to fall away from the "hard-money" traditions which had previously been inseparable from the name of "Democracy"; but it was not until the year 1875, in the gubernatorial canvass between Mr. Allen and Mr. Hayes, that the Ohio Democrats gave in a formal adhesion to the discarded fallacies which they had hitherto made a ground of reproach against the Republican Party.

It was hoped by many that the resumption of specie payments would put an end to the mischievous agitation of schemes which look to the inflation of the currency, and it was as sharers in this hope that many Democrats, faithful to the "hard-money" principles of their party, have winked at the monetary defection of their brethren in Ohio, and in other Western and Southern States, under the persuasion that this political apostacy would be temporary in its duration, and that with the return of "hard-money" it would be easy to show that calculations of expediency combined with fidelity to principles in affirming the hereditary position of the Democracy with regard to the national currency.

The recent Democratic nominations in Ohio have sufficed to dispel this illusion, and it is for the purpose of interpreting these nominations in their relation to the politics of the future that we again bring them to the careful consideration of our readers. As party organizations are not ends in themselves, but means established for the attainment of certain ends supposed to be desired by their adherents, it follows that no mere incantation of party names can long bind together a political confederation which has ceased to retain the vital principles that previously gave it being, unity and energy.

It is the misfortune of the Democrats that they have two "pivotal" States on which their hopes in the coming Presidential canvass are suspended, and that these "pivotal" States revolve around entirely different centres and point in entirely opposite directions with regard to questions of finance and currency. One of these "pivotal" States is New York, and the other is Ohio. It is openly announced that the Democratic nominations in Ohio have been made with a view of forecasting and forestalling the Democratic Presidential platform in 1880. If Ohio shall be carried by a "sweeping majority" for General Ewing and his associates, it is said that the *entente cordiale* already concerted between the Democrats and the Greenbackers will be cemented into an organic union, and the national Democracy will see the "expediency" of trimming its sails so as to catch the same propitious breeze and ride on the same flood-tide in its effort to reach the Presidential haven where it would be. If, however, the pending campaign in Ohio shall bring defeat to the Democratic banner, it is predicted with equal frankness that New York may be installed in its ancient place as the "pivotal" State of the national Democracy, and that New York ideas on finance may extrude "the Ohio idea" from its coveted place in the Democratic platform.

The men who indulge in such computations as these seem to have forgotten that there is a moral order in the political as well as in the social and civil world, nay, that political order is an integral part of the world's social and civil order. To suppose that the great issues of a Presidential canvass can be suspended on the chances of an election in Ohio is as idle as it would be to suppose that they could be suspended on the toss of a copper. Moral considerations are not so easily eliminated from the scheme of human life, and the politicians who dream that they can juggle with moral forces, and escape the penalties attached to their violation, are as poorly versed in the teachings of history as in the maxims of moral science.

And this general truth has been emphasized by the recent political experience of the country. Weakness and disorganization have crept into the Democratic ranks precisely in proportion as the Democrats have coquetted with the Greenback and Silver fanaticisms. There was a time when this rottenness in the bones of the Republican Party made its whole head sick and its whole heart faint in the presence of the people; and it is, perhaps, more due to the fatuity of the Western and Southern Democrats, than to the robust virtue of the Republicans, that the latter have come to be comparatively sound on financial questions. The hole of this pit was dug by the Republicans, and it was not until the Democrats foolishly jumped into it that the former bethought themselves of jumping out of it by mounting on the shoulders of their rivals. It would be well for the Democrats to study a familiar fable of Æsop before they proceed to intrench themselves in the pit from which they have already helped their adversaries to escape; and it would be well for the Republicans, in surveying the hole of the pit from which they have emerged, to cleanse their skirts from all sorts and phases of the soft-money defilement. The high vantage-ground of truth and safety has not yet been occupied by the "hard-money" leaders of either party, and will not be so occupied until the enlightened statesmen of the one or the other shall open a way to the extermination of the "fiat"-money heresies in their root as well as in their branches.

WARRING UPON WOMEN.

THE Russian Government, by the severity and barbarity of its treatment of women who are suspected of participation in the Nihilist conspiracy, is rapidly alienating sympathy which it would otherwise command. Almost every mail brings accounts of the sentence of women, not infrequently of high rank, to imprisonment or death, on charges which, apparently, are investigated by the tribunals with a predetermination to convict. Certainly in the methods of trial there is a pitiless rigor which cannot be defended to our American sense of justice and fair play. In one case a lady of high rank was sentenced to be shot, and among other ladies who have been condemned to hard labor, as accomplices of a revolutionary conspiracy, are the daughters of an imperial councilor and another high official, and also of a retired staff officer, the sentence of the latter being to four years of hard labor for not having informed the police of what she knew as to the doings of certain incriminated men. Before these severe sentences were delivered, two of the accused men—one of them a German, the other a Russian subject—had been sentenced, in the same sitting, to be shot. The conduct of the accused—men and women—was, all through the trial, characterized by the utmost firmness. None of them acknowledged that they had committed anything which could be considered a crime, nor did they offer a word in palliation of their acts when called upon to do so before the judges withdrew to consider their verdict.

United States Minister Stoughton, in a recent interview with a city journalist, undertook to show that the Nihilist movement is a very inconsiderable affair, and that the Czar is a monarch of rare benevolence of disposition. We should be glad to have Mr. Stoughton explain how a ruler of humane instincts and tendencies can sanction, against ladies of refinement and culture, cruelties which the whole world would hasten to avenge if perpetrated by Cetewayo or any petty African chief. This war against women, however, is nothing new under the government of Alexander. The London *Examiner* refers to some proofs of this fact, as follows:

"The persecution under which Vjera Sassulitch suffered is one of the most terrible cases in point—unmatched, we believe, in the history of the most relentless despots of the world. As a school-girl of seventeen she had known the sister of a student who afterwards became a political exile; she was—for no other reason than having taken care of a few letters addressed to him—thrown into a bastille and kept a prisoner for two years. There was nothing to incriminate her. No attempt was made to prefer any charge against her. For a mere unfounded suspicion she had to pass one year of misery in the Litowski Prison, another in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. At last she thought she was forgotten, and might have to pass her whole life in a dungeon until the end of all troubles would come by death. Suddenly released after two years, she had scarcely returned to her broken-hearted mother when she was re-arrested and transported by gendarmes to a distant province by way of banishment. No change of dress, not even a mantle was she permitted to take with her. Had not some compassionate soul given her a fur cloak on her weary way, she might have perished from cold on the road. During nine more years she was then driven, 'moved on,' from place to place in distant provinces; the only variation in this 'infernal circle' of involuntary wanderings being an occasional re-imprisonment. The poor girl's mind was thus wrought to frenzy. Between all these sufferings of her own she heard of Trepoff's treatment of political prisoners, whom the arch-villain had knouted, whilst, with a refinement of cruelty, he enacted a pantomimic use of the instruments of torture before the female section of prisoners, as if an indiscriminate castigation of all the inmates of the dungeon were intended. The conclusion of the drama is in everybody's recollection. Trepoff fell severely wounded from a pistol-shot of Vjera Sassulitch; but twelve men good and true—almost all, without exception, titled men, public councilors, and the like—gave a verdict of 'not guilty.' For a moment, the liberated heroine was borne in triumph through the masses at St. Petersburg, then deposited in a coach so as to allow her to recover as quickly as possible, in domestic quiet, from the sufferings she had for so many years gone through. The day after she had disappeared—nobody knew whither. A secret order of the police has since been discovered, ordering her re-arrest. The judicial forms of trial were afterwards changed by an imperial ukase. Finally, trial by jury was entirely done away with for cases like those of Vjera Sassulitch, until the last possible stage in official terrorism has now been reached—namely, the establishment of courts-martial for women, to pass sentences of death on them."

THE CITY AND ITS WATER-FRONT.

DURING the closing hours of the late legislative session at Albany, a Bill was passed, entitled, "An Act relative to certain improvements in the City of New York." There is certainly nothing in this title which suggests that the Bill had a relation to the Dock Department, or to the water-front of the city, yet the measure relates to that Department and its work, and to nothing else. The remarkable fact is that it was passed without the knowledge of one at least of the Commissioners, and apparently without any understanding whatever on the part of most of those who voted for it as to its real significance and intent.

It is, perhaps, known to our readers that the Dock Commissioners are invested with power to carry on the work of dock and pier improvement along the entire water-front of the city. When the piers or the water-front do not happen to belong to the city, the Commissioners could secure such property by purchase or by process of law. It was thus contemplated that the entire water-front, when the improvements were completed, should become city property. The efforts of the Dock Commissioners have hitherto been confined chiefly to the west side of the city, and it is there alone that we are privileged to see the kind of work which is contemplated. It forms an essential part of the plan, which the Commissioners are bound to follow, that West Street should be so widened by encroaching on the river as to measure in its entire width two hundred and fifty feet. It is also an essential part of the plan that this new street or boulevard should be left free and unobstructed; that on no part of it should any building be set up. It is necessary to bear these things in mind in order to understand clearly the meaning of the proposed change. By the Bill which is now in the hands of the Governor, it is provided that any party who now owns, and can fully substantiate his claim to such ownership, on the present water-front, may, by the payment of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per running foot, secure perpetual ownership of the new wall or bulkhead in front of his former property, with fifty feet of the street extending from the water edge. It is further provided that on this fifty feet of ground he may erect sheds or stores, or any other such buildings as may be convenient or necessary. It will be seen at a glance that this introduces a radical change into the entire system and workings of the Dock Department. In some important respects it abrogates the charter under which the department exists; it certainly changes the duties of the Commissioners, and it seems, at least, to be flinging away the property of the city. Should this Bill become law, West Street will not be two hundred and fifty feet wide, free and unobstructed to the river. On the contrary, it will be only two hundred feet wide, and the new water-front will be incumbered and defaced with irregular and unseemly structures, as was the old. This, however, is not all. The entire water-front, in its improved condition, will not be the property of the city; on the contrary, large portions of it will be owned by private citizens and by certain wealthy corporations.

It might be unkind—it might be untrue—to say that the promoters of this Bill have acted from interested or selfish motives and without any regard to the welfare of the city. They have not, however, so far as we are in possession of their arguments, been able to make out a very good case for themselves. It is notorious that whatever claims the owners of the original bulkheads may have to what they call their property, they have no right to the land under water in their immediate front. That land is the property of the Dock Commissioners—a gift from the State, and it is held by them for the city. The claim set up by the original bulkhead owners to the land under water in front, and consequently to the two hundred feet which has been reclaimed from the river and filled in, has been set aside by two successive Corporation Counsels; and in the great test case, in which the Astors and the Rhinelanders and the Vanderbilts are represented, and which is still before the courts, Judge Van Brunt has already decided that "as the original grants did not provide that the present bulkhead line should always remain a water-front, the city could build in front of it." It is not wonderful, therefore, that the opponents of the Bill should denounce it as a species of wholesale robbery of the city. The ground which it is thus proposed to give away in perpetuity is worth many millions of dollars; and according to the testimony of Commissioner Vanderpoel it will be given away, if the Bill becomes law, at less than half the money which it costs to build the new bulkhead. Happily there is but little likelihood that the Governor will sign the measure. The presumption is that the matter will be allowed to drop until the next session of the Legislature. In the meantime certain reputations will suffer; and it will be strange indeed if public opinion is not so aroused as to render the enactment of so iniquitous a measure an impossibility.

EVENTS ABROAD.

FIFTY years of as happy and prosperous a wedded life as rarely falls to the lot of royal folk was celebrated with great pomp and circumstance at Berlin, on the 11th instant. The marriage of William of Prussia and Louise of Saxe-Weimar was the result of a love match; and yet, during its early years, was not without storms as well as sunshine. But time effaced the disagreements of the royal pair, and for many years now they have lived in apparently the completest conjugal harmony. What a series of great events this period has covered in the fortunes of the house of Hohenzollern! When William was but little more than a boy, the terrible disaster of Jena fell upon Germany. His proud mother then said to him, "The day will come when you will have it in your power to disperse this dark cloud and avenge the Fatherland." The time came when, sixty-five years later, at Versailles, in the palace of Germany's hereditary foes, William was proclaimed Emperor over an at last united people. The golden wedding was brilliant and imposing. Princes and princesses by the score followed in the Imperial train in the pageant which celebrated the event, and the venerable Kaiser had one more striking proof of the affection in which he is regarded by his subjects. One figure was, however, conspicuously absent. The easily-frightened Czar, who had intended to be present, was deterred by threats of assassination. He could not even honor his well-beloved uncle's *fête* for fear of losing his life. Uneasy, indeed, is the head that wears the crown of Rurick. Another untoward event was the slight put upon Bismarck by the Empress on this festal occasion. Surely it was ungracious in the Imperial lady to snub the creator of German unity on a day so auspicious, however much she may dislike him. The kind-hearted old Emperor signalized the event by granting six hundred pardons, mainly to offenders against his own person, and by giving ten thousand marks to the poor of Berlin.

Solovieff, the Nihilist who shot at the Czar, was duly hanged on the 8th, after a vain appeal for mercy. The irrepressible Blanqui, having been pardoned, made all haste to join his brother agitators in congenial Paris, and will, it is said, be re-elected Deputy by Bordeaux, in which case he will take his seat in the Assembly without opposition. It is reported that Count Andrassy will soon retire from the Chancellorship of Austro-Hungary, on account of disagreements with his colleagues and the court as to the stipulations with Turkey. Andrassy has proved himself a great statesman, and the Emperor Francis Joseph will find it difficult to replace him.

Violent scenes in the French Chamber are so frequent that the fracas between a Bonapartist and a Republican Deputy, in the debate on the prosecution of Paul de Cassagnac, which ended in downright flaticuffs, has scarcely created a ripple of sensation. Paul de Cassagnac is the perpetual marplot and *bête noir* of French politics; with his swagger, his bitter and ungoverned tongue, and his dueling propensities, he is constantly getting others and himself into a brawl. The Chamber authorized the Government to prosecute him for slandering the Republic in the *Pays*; whereupon De Cassagnac got up a "scene," and had a short passage-at-arms with Gambetta, the President. As a master of vituperation, Gambetta proved more than the insolent Bonapartist's match, and compelled him to withdraw an offensive epithet, under a threat of expulsion from the Chamber. De Cassagnac had just been disappointed in a duel on which he had set his heart, and was unusually truculent.

The "Literary Congress" opened its meeting in London on the 9th, with Victor Hugo as President. Among the English committee of reception were Blanchard Jerrold, Froude, Trollope, Leslie Stephen and Tennyson, and among those expected to be present were Turgenieff, About, Jules Simon, Leal, Belot, Mendoz, Dumas *fils*, Castelar and Malot. The Lord Mayor of London gave the congress a grand banquet at the Mansion House on the 12th, at which speeches were made by About, Frederick Thomas, Jerrold, and Ferdinand de Lesseps. Victor Hugo could not, unfortunately, be present.

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M. Naquet, the radical and hunchback Deputy for Lyons, has just made an attempt to induce the French Chamber to establish the right of divorce. There is no law of divorce at present in France, but there is a law permitting "separation de corps"—that is, a separation of husband and wife, without the right to remarry. M. Naquet made a strong speech, showing that the right of divorce did exist in France from 1792 to 1816, and that the opposition of the Church was unreasonable. It is probable that he will carry his point.

The new Prince of Bulgaria had an amusing, but rather discouraging, experience of his new subjects on the day when he first received a deputation from them. This deputation of both sexes met him at Odessa, on his return from visiting the Czar at Livadia. He was welcomed with such tearful effusion and fond embracing by a crowd of fair Bulgarian schoolgirls that he did not, until after the touching interview, perceive that his gloves and pocket-handkerchief had disappeared from his pockets. As they gushed, the maidens, with an eye to the main chance, had picked the pockets of their new sovereign so deftly that the Prince never suspected it. The death of Prince William, heir apparent of the throne of the Netherlands, is an event of little significance. The Prince was not a man of conspicuous character or virtue, and his loss will scarcely be regretted in the staid land over which, had he lived, he would have ruled. His brother Alexander, a more promising young man, now becomes the heir to the throne.

Our Minister at Constantinople, Mr. Maynard, has been pleasantly hobnobbing with the Grand Turk, under that potentate's mahogany, and pretty things were said about President Hayes's affection for Turkey, and Abdul Hamid's fondness for the United States. Hon. Andrew D. White, the American Minister to Germany, was received by the Emperor with distinguished words of consideration on the occasion of his first formal interview on the golden wedding day.

Germany threatens to coerce the Khedive unless he secures his German creditors, and it is said that Russia will support her ally. This will not be pleasant news for France, who wishes to be beforehand in the coercing and securing of Egyptian cash, and has been talking very sharply to England about her backwardness in Egyptian policy. There is trouble ahead for Europe in this Egyptian muddle. The Czar and the Pope, it appears, have come to terms. The Catholic bishops in Russia will have somewhat more liberty, and the Czar will, on the other hand, have a word to say about their appointment. The slave-trade in lower Egypt is being crushed by Captain Gessi. There is no important news from Zululand; but we may look for an energetic campaign in South Africa, when Sir Garnet Wolseley, the hero of Ashantee, arrives and takes command.

A TIMELY ACT NOBLY DONE.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT did a very handsome thing in collecting, by her personal exertions, a sufficient sum of money to secure a rehearing of the case of Mrs. Smith and Covet Bennett, convicted of murder in New Jersey. There is a very general feeling that the evidence produced at the trial of these unfortunates did not justify their conviction; in fact, it is not straining the truth to say that there was no testimony whatever, outside of a certain letter which one of the defendants was betrayed into writing, and which only circumstantially and by a forced construction pointed to the possibility of their guilt, which an unprejudiced jury could have regarded as conclusive. Whatever may be the outcome of the movement for a review of the case by the Court of Errors and Appeals, all persons of humane sympathies will heartily applaud the kindly intervention which made that review possible. But what shall be said of the New Jersey law which makes an appeal to the court of last resort, in the case of life and death, impossible to the accused, unless they can raise a sum of money which, in the nature of the case, must be beyond their reach?

Miss Abbott gives a very entertaining account of her visit to Wall Street for the purpose of raising the sum needed for her purposes. She had supposed that the Bulls and Bears would prove to be very terrible, but, on the contrary, she found them to be noble-hearted, generous gentlemen, full of sympathy with herself and the cause she came to plead. We quote a few sentences from her account:

"The very first gentleman I saw was Mr. Gould—Mr. Jay Gould. He was up to his ears in business, and surrounded by all sorts of men, bothering and interrupting him, and I feared at first that I might never get in a word. But he gave me $100 without waiting for me to scarcely ask for it. I tried to explain to him about the murder and all that, but do you believe—he hadn't read a word of it—didn't know it had happened, he was so busy. Judge Hilton put down his name for $300, and told me in the kindest way how much he was interested in the case; that it was a shame that the New Jersey laws should allow life and death to depend on a few hundred dollars, and that he hoped that I would persevere and get a new trial for Mrs. Smith. 'Don't you give it up,' he said—'stick to it'; and he encouraged me so much, saying that if the poor thing needed a lawyer he would volunteer himself. The Judge was perfectly splendid! And the brokers, too, they were so kind. Mr. Charley Osborne wouldn't let me get out of the carriage, but brought me a certified check, and handed it to me at the window, telling me how much he was interested in the poor woman's case, and how he appreciated what I was doing. Mr. John D. Townsend told me that if Mrs. Smith needed a lawyer to prepare her appeal he would gladly give his services gratis."

Evidently, Wall Street is sometimes, after all, irradiated by kindly humane sympathies, and feels and recognizes that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

REPORTS as to the cotton crop in Texas, Tennessee, Mississippi and other States present a favorable exhibit, the average increase in acreage being about three per cent. The States named have suffered less from the negro exodus than has been supposed; but in Louisiana the loss from this cause will be quite serious. The condition of the crop is generally good.

A STRIKE of 12,000 spinners in the Fall River (Mass.) mills is threatened, the employers having refused to arbitrate existing differences. The strikers include the more conservative class of operators who have hitherto uniformly resisted this method of redressing real or imaginary evils. The indications are that the struggle, if once commenced, will be marked on both sides by an absolutely uncompromising spirit.

THE appropriation of $3,000 by Congress for the erection of a monument to mark the birthplace of George Washington, is a timely act—since, with the disappearance of the house of his parents, nothing now remains to show where the Father of his Country was born. It is to be hoped that the erection of this memorial will not require as long a period as has been consumed in the non-erection of the Monument at the National Capital.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Republican Party in Massachusetts is to be celebrated on the 19th of July next with a good deal of *éclat*. If such a celebration could bring back the party to the purity and vigor of principle which characterized the earlier years of its history, it would serve a useful public purpose; but it is, perhaps, too much to expect that the decay of integrity among political parties can be arrested by antidotes supplied by the generation responsible for the disease.

THERE has been a wonderful increase in the number of Russian newspapers during the last fifteen years. Up to 1864 there were, outside of the unimportant official gazettes published in each Government, only four newspapers in the whole empire. Now there are sixty-five newspapers published in St. Petersburg alone—sixteen of which are dailies. All the journals are under more or less restraint, but a number of them exert a stimulating influence in urging and promoting internal development of the resources of the country, favoring the diffusion of education, etc.

IF it is true, as charged in the partisan newspapers, that Secretary Sherman is "figuring" for his party nomination for the Presidency, he should be taken in hand at once by Mr. Hayes. An Administration which demands of its underlings absolute abstention from partisan politics, refusing even to permit them to participate in local or other conventions, cannot afford to permit one of its Cabinet Ministers to employ his official position for the promotion of personal ambitions. The civil service is not to be "reformed" by allowing high Federal officials to manipulate State conventions, or "set up" candidates in their own rather than in the public interest.

AN effort is making by the more reputable members of the Louisiana Constitutional Convention to avert the disgrace of a formal adoption of the proposition to repudiate two-thirds (some $8,000,000) of the State debt. There have been also several popular demonstrations against it. It is gratifying to find that the people of that State are not wholly insensible to shame. Every consideration of good faith and financial integrity demands that the obligations of the State should be honestly discharged. No more disastrous blow could possibly be inflicted upon its business prosperity than to wipe out these obligations by the mere dictum of the highwayman, without any regard to law or justice.

ONE would suppose that United States Senators might find more profitable employment than indulging in indecorous personalities and spattering one another with abuse. The exhibition made last week by Senators Hill and Blaine, who seem to have nourished for years the grudge which had its origin in the House, was altogether unworthy of themselves and the body to which they belong. The country is weary of these periodical outbreaks of feuds and quarrels among individual Senators and Representatives, and, in the presence of the grave questions which await legislative consideration, it is simply an outrage upon public decency for any man to obtrude his personal animosities upon the attention of his associates.

IN a report to Congress on the Isthmus Canal project, Secretary Evarts says that "the policy of the United States on the general subject of isthmian transit is understood to have been, and to be, not to undertake the construction of a ship canal on its own account, even if the practicability of such a work at a reasonable cost were to be shown, but to secure by treaties protection to the capital of such citizens as may be disposed to embark in the enterprise." Ferdinand de Lesseps gives it as his opinion that the canal can be constructed within eight years; but however this may be, the country will doubtless reap, in the end, its full share of the untold advantages which the successful completion of the gigantic undertaking will confer on the whole world.

THE movement for the encouragement of moderation in the use of intoxicating liquors appears to be gathering strength here and elsewhere. In New York it already embraces a large number of prominent business men, and in Brooklyn it has been taken up with a good deal of enthusiasm by influential citizens. The pledges used in this movement commit the signers to abstinence from intoxicating beverages for a stipulated period, or during business hours, and prohibit the custom of "treating," which so often leads to extravagance and excess. There can be no doubt that, based as it is on common sense, and antagonizing no physical tendency, the movement will result in great good to the community—at once strengthening the sentiment against the immoderate use of intoxicants and confirming the ability of individuals to abstain altogether.

THE statement is renewed that an effort will be made by the present Congress, at the regular session, to pass a law enforcing a tax on incomes. The measure will be defended upon the ground that, on account of the Arrears of Pension Law, which will consume the surplus revenue for several years to come, it will be impossible to at all reduce the debt without increased taxation, and that the burden of general tax, raised from the people at large, being already as great as can be borne, the deficit must be made up by taxing the wealth of the country, which, in one way or another, now largely escapes taxation. It is said to be the purpose of the supporters of the scheme to make the tax a moderate one—not over two per cent—and to exempt all incomes under $2,000, it being estimated that a tax at this rate would yield $10,000,000 annually. Notwithstanding it is said that a canvass of the House shows a majority of over thirty members in favor of such a measure, we think it may be doubted whether, when the test actually comes, a sufficient number of votes can be mustered to pass a Bill so unpopular and so unnecessary.

THE scheme adopted by the Irish Catholic Colonization Society for the settlement of Irishmen in the West is based substantially upon the idea which, so far as we know, was first suggested in the columns of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The society proposes to provide land and houses for colonists, at first cost, in Nebraska, Dakota or Minnesota, wherever the most favorable offers and best natural advantages can be found—everything, so far as possible, to be prepared for the settler in advance. The object is not to aid the thriftless or absolutely destitute classes, but that large class of people who by thrift and energy have managed to save a few hundred dollars, but who are yet unable to bear the expense of purchasing land and removing their families to the West. There is no reason why the scheme should not succeed. Bishop Ireland of Minnesota, one of its promoters, has already established five settlements in that State, all of which are thriving and prosperous. One of them, with an area of 100,000 acres, contains 800 Catholic families; another has 210 families, with 35,000 acres in cultivation. With lives of independence and comfort placed within easy reach by this colonization movement, it can scarcely be doubted that thousands who are now herding in our large cities will embrace the opportunity which it offers to escape from surroundings altogether miserable.

THE statistics of the life insurance business in this State, as presented in the last annual report of the State Superintendent, are full of interest to insurers and the public at large—showing, as they do, very strikingly, the vast proportions which this interest has attained. The gross assets, on the 31st of December last, of the companies doing business in this State amounted to $404,079,144, of which splendid total our home companies possess $206,552,630. Exclusive of capital stock, the liabilities of the companies amounted to $339,585,626, the surplus as regards policy-holders being $64,493,518. The aggregate income during 1878 was $80,462,399, being $8,334,929 in excess of the expenditures. The amount paid for losses or to policy-holders, or their survivors, was $29,153,225, and for lapsed and surrendered polices, $17,095,994. Of course, the benefits resulting from the distribution of this vast sum in the channels of trade, to say nothing of the relief it afforded to bereaved and needy households, cannot be stated in simple figures. The companies doing business in this State, at the close of the year, had outstanding 612,843 policies, insuring $1,480,921,223. The business done in New York, as already reported, shows that 126,759 policies, insuring $329,882,456 were in force on the 31st of December last. With all the defects of the life insurance system, and the mismanagement of some of the companies, these statistics must convince the most skeptical as to its usefulness as one of the great organized beneficences of the age.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FIFTY colored emigrants for Liberia sailed from New York, June 14th.

THE 125th Commencement of Columbia College, New York, took place on June 11th.

HON. HENRY W. BLAIR has been nominated as United States Senator from New Hampshire.

FOREIGN drygoods to the value of $39,652,483 have been entered at this port since January 1st.

THE annual meeting of the National Cotton Exchange of America will occur in St. Louis, August 13th.

THE Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions opposing the proposed reciprocity treaty with France, June 13th.

THE bust of William Gilmore Simms was unveiled, June 11th, at Charleston, S. C., with impressive ceremonies.

SEVERAL meetings of the citizens of Elizabeth, N. J., have been held to devise means of paying the vast debts of the city.

THE Special Assembly Committee on the railroad discrimination of freight charges began its sessions in this city, June 12th.

THE House has passed the Army and Judicial Appropriation Bills. They will be opposed by the Republicans in the Senate.

AMONG passengers who sailed from New York for Europe, June 14th, were Madame Marie Roze and her husband, Colonel Mapleson.

PRESIDENT HAYES will visit Fremont, Ohio, in September, remaining in the State for a month. He will remain in Washington during July and August.

LIGHTNING struck an oil-refinery at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, June 11th, and the burning oil flowing into the Schuylkill five vessels were destroyed.

THE Greenbackers of Minnesota have nominated a full ticket for State officers, headed by Ara Barton for Governor. The Prohibitionists have also nominated a full ticket.

EDWARD PARE, who was recently tried and convicted in Philadelphia of the murder of his daughter, died, June 10th, from a dose of strychnine taken in the court-room.

THE silver men in Congress are endeavoring to compel the retirement of Senator Bayard from the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee, owing to his stubborn opposition to their schemes.

THE Iowa Republican Convention, June 11th, renominated Governor Gear, Lieutenant-Governor Campbell, and C. W. Von Coelln, Superintendent of Instruction, and adopted a hard-money platform.

REMONSTRANCES against the running of trains on Sunday on the elevated railroads of New York City, have been presented to the company by a committee representing the churches located on the routes.

AT Salt Lake City, June 14th, George B. Reynolds, a bigamist, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and $500 fine. He is the first Mormon convicted of polygamy since the passage of the Act in 1862.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER HAYT was placed on trial in Jersey City, June 11th, charged with publishing a false statement of the condition of the International Trust Company, of which he was President.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill giving free and equal rights to all corporations and individuals to land telegraph cables on our shores, subject to certain conditions and stipulations especially applicable to all.

ON June 11th the German Saengerfest at Chicago was opened with a procession of societies. Grand concerts were given in the new Music Hall in the evenings, and the fest closed with a monster picnic at Inwood Park on Sunday, June 15th.

THE Commercial Club of Chicago reached Boston, June 13th, on the invitation of the Commercial Club of that city, and after being shown the various points of interest, were entertained with a banquet at Horticultural Hall on the evening of the 14th.

POLICE OFFICER JOHN NUGENT, of the Eighteenth Precinct, New York, was arrested, June 13th, charged with complicity in the robbery of the Manhattan Savings Institution. He was attending the trial of John Hope, alleged to have been one of the burglars, at the time.

Foreign.

SERBIA has proposed to send a representative to Washington.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR LETELLIER of Quebec is not to be dismissed.

THE Russian Government has presented its flotilla on the Danube to Bulgaria.

THE French Senate has voted in favor of the removal of the Chambers to Paris.

THE King of Burmah is reported to have been slaughtering more of his kindred.

THE insurrectionists in Sicily and Algiers are reported to have been worsted by the authorities.

M. DE LESSEPS announces that 2,000,000 francs have already been subscribed towards the Darien Canal.

MR. EVARTS sent a congratulatory message to the Emperor William on the occasion of his golden wedding.

A CONSTANTINOPLE dispatch says the Sultan has determined to sanction the reforms demanded by the people of Crete.

THE new Paris *Globe* understands that the French Government has undertaken the demonetization of silver on a vast scale.

SIGNOR CANZIO, a son-in-law of General Garibaldi, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for resisting the police in March last.

IN a debate in the German Reichstag on the Samoan treaty, it was announced that the Government had no intention of establishing colonies.

THE British authorities are going to break up the old Arctic exploring ship *Resolute*, and to send souvenirs of her to the President of the United States.

LORD ODO RUSSELL, the British Ambassador to Berlin, says that it is generally believed in Germany that the Government is preparing to adopt bi-metalism.

THE sculling-match for the championship of the world was won by Edward Hanlan, of Canada, on the Tyne, on June 16th, defeating the English champion, Elliott, with ease, in 21 minutes 1 second.

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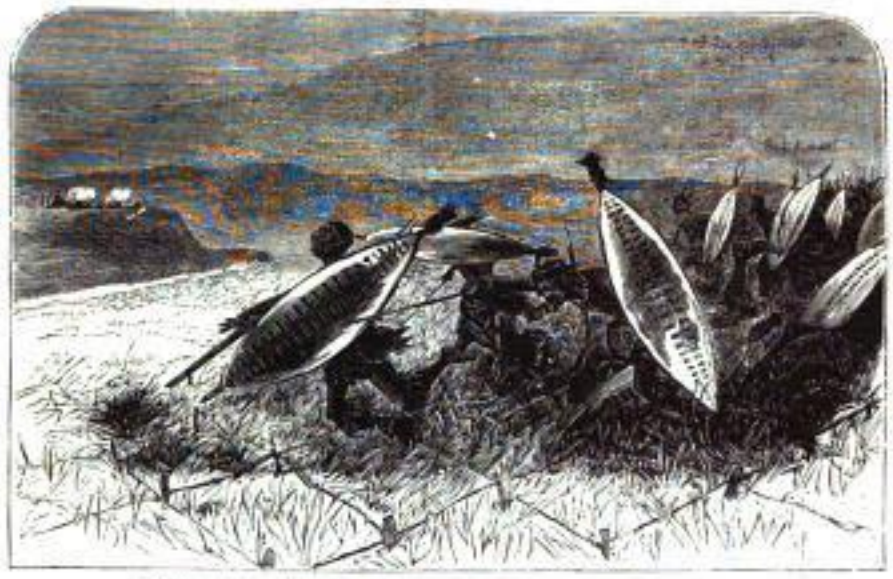
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 279.



SPAIN.—A POPULAR ELECTION IN THE PROVINCE OF HUASCA—EXTERIOR OF THE POLLS.



SPAIN.—A POPULAR ELECTION IN THE PROVINCE OF HUASCA—CITIZENS VOTING.



SOUTH AFRICA.—INSIDE EKOWE DURING THE SIEGE—STOPPING A CHARGE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—INSIDE EKOWE DURING THE SIEGE—THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.



AUSTRALIA.—THE RECENT BUSH-FIRE—OVERTAKEN BY THE FLAMES.



ENGLAND.—NEW MODEL DWELLINGS, STROUD-VALE, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

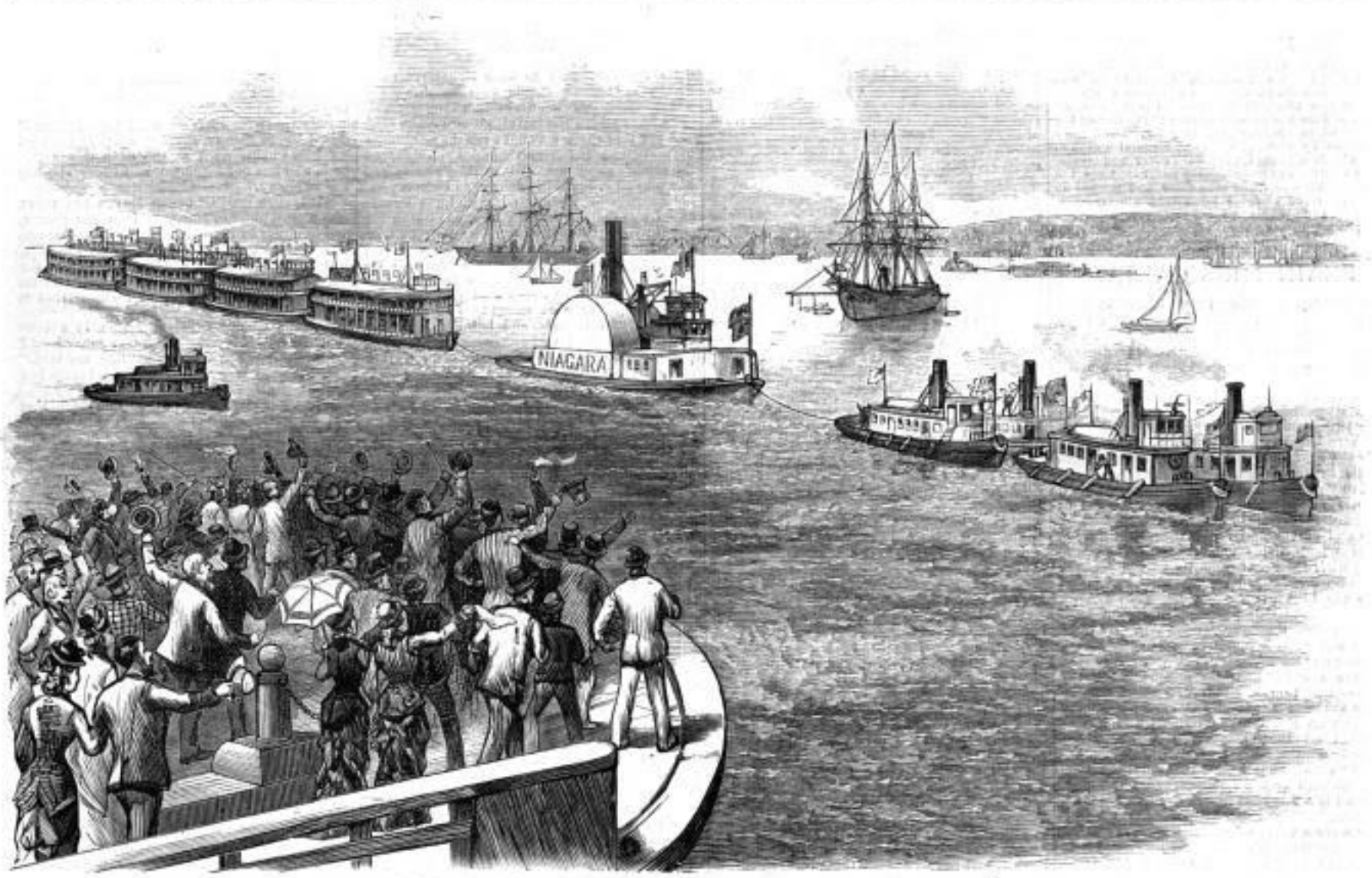


SOUTH AFRICA.—POST-CART TRAVELING IN NATAL.



FRANCE.—THE FETES AT MARSEILLES—JOUSTS IN THE OLD PORT

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NEW YORK.—MAMMOTH EXCURSION OF VETERAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE UNION ARMY TO ALPINE GROVE, ON THE HUDSON, JUNE 7TH.—THE FLOTILLA PASSING THE BATTERY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

LIEUTENANT W. P. CLARK, U. S. A., AND LITTLE WOLF.

THE recent capture of Little Wolf and his band of hostile Cheyennes on the Yellowstone River, near the mouth of Cabin's Creek, by Lieutenant W. P. Clark, Second Cavalry, and a detachment of his regiment, is in happy contrast to the operations against this tribe during last Fall and Winter. These unfortunate people, after a stern and relentless chase from Texas to Dakota, were at last forced to succumb, and were confined at Fort Robinson. They had suffered indescribable hardships, latterly from hunger and the severity of the weather, but were not deterred thereby from attempting to escape. Unable, and perhaps unwilling, to communicate with their pursuers, they made a desperate and hopeless struggle for liberty, and perished miserably in the sandhills of Northern Nebraska. The army deeply deplored and deprecated its instrumentality in this occurrence, to the consummation of which a series of unfortunate circumstances seemed to conspire. The whole country, indeed, was aroused by the story of this terrible ride and its tragic ending, which furnishes no mean theme for the grandest epic.

Little Wolf and his immediate retainers, however, eluded capture and escaped through the cordon of military posts and scouting detachments to the vicinity of the Yellowstone, in which country he has since played a part in "Indian Affairs" only second to that of the renowned Sitting Bull. Now come tidings of his surrender and subsequent submissive demeanor to Lieutenant Clark, which was effected by the energy and skill of that officer, no less than by the ability and ease with which he holds intercourse by means of the Indian sign-manual.

Graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1868, the principal subject of this sketch was assigned to the Second Cavalry, of which he speedily became adjutant; but tiring of the inactivity of staff duty, in 1876 he tendered the resignation of his regimental appointment and joined the troops operating in the field under General Terry, shortly after the Custer massacre. During the co-operation of these forces with those under General Crook, Lieutenant Clark became a great favorite with the latter, and at his request was transferred to his command. At Slim Buttes he exposed himself fearlessly, and his conduct elicited the highest praise. During the ensuing Winter's campaign he was placed in command of our Sioux and Arrapaho allies, and participated under Colonel Mackenzie in his destruction of an Indian village in the Big Horn Mountains. Upon his return he was given especial supervision of the Indians at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies and to his excellent judgment and popularity was greatly due our subsequent peaceful relations with these tribes. He was present at the surrender of Crazy Horse, and acted an important part in this affair. Later he brought the Sioux and Arrapaho chiefs to Washington, where he warmly but vainly seconded General Crook in remonstrating against their removal. In their march from the Agencies to the Missouri River, Lieutenant Clark accompanied and controlled the Sioux, remaining with them until Spring, when he applied for and obtained a "leave of absence," at the expiration of which, returning to his former station, his savage friends having moved South into the Department of the Platte, he was ordered to join his company then serving in the Department of Dakota, the scene of his latest exploit.

Lieutenant Clark is a young and very handsome officer. Of buoyant temperament and possessing strong personal magnetism, he became a great favorite with the Indians in his charge, of whom Little Wolf and his band at one time formed a part, and was familiarly known by them as "White Hat." Brigadier-General Terry, commanding the Department, has commended highly the energy, skill, perseverance and excellent judgment displayed by Lieutenant Clark while engaged in operations resulting in the capture of Little Wolf's band.



HON. NATHANIEL NILES, GOVERNMENT DIRECTOR OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LACEY.—SEE PAGE 278.

A GRAND EXCURSION OF VETERANS.

ONE of the most notable excursions ever given from this city was that of the veteran soldiers and sailors of the Union Army, and their families, to Alpine Grove, on the Hudson, June 7th, at the invitation of Hon. John H. Starin. The excursionists numbered some 5,000, for whose accommodation eight barges were provided, all gayly decorated, while the steamer *D. R. Martin* carried the more prominent guests. The *D. R. Martin* left her wharf at the foot of Courtlandt Street at eleven o'clock, followed by the tug *Black Bird*, and as soon as both vessels got into midstream, the Governor's Island Band, on board the *D. R. Martin*, struck up a stirring air, which, however, was instantly drowned in the shrill and long-continued chorus of salutes that arose from the neighboring vessels. The two vessels rounded the Battery and steamed up to and saluted the barges, which were in waiting near the Brooklyn Bridge. With banners flying, bands playing, cheers ringing from the shore, and steam-whistles screaming from innumerable vessels, the whole gayly-decked flotilla then started towards the bay under the command of General Charles K. Graham, Grand Marshal; Major John M. Cooney, Adjutant-General; Colonel Joseph Forbes, Assistant Adjutant-General, and General George Van Schaick, officer of the day. Off the Battery the barges were drawn into line two abreast, and, under the escort of several tugs, glided up the East River to the point where the United States frigate *Minnesota*, Captain S. B. Luce commanding, lay at anchor. Nearing the frigate, the *Black Bird* fired a captain's salute, and an instant later the young crew quickly manned the yards and gave three hearty cheers from their perches in the rigging, to which all the veterans on the flotilla responded with a like greeting, while the band played a national air.



LITTLE WOLF, A CHIEF OF THE HOSTILE CHEYENNES, AND HIS CAPTOR, LIEUTENANT W. P. CLARK, U.S.A.

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As the barges passed the frigate, the company on board the *D. R. Martin* retired to dinner, which was spread on the main deck. General Graham proposed the health of the generous giver of the excursion. It was drunk standing. After a delightful trip past the Palisades, Alpine Grove was reached, and the party landed and spent a pleasant hour or two, admiring the beautiful scenery of the grove and the fine prospect on the river. During the stay on shore, speeches, thanking Mr. Starin, were delivered by General Graham, General Barnum, Major Willard Ballard, Corporal Tanner, and others. After dancing and promenading under the trees, the excursionists embarked once more, and the flotilla started for the city, the homeward trip being, if possible, even pleasanter and more enjoyable than the journey to the grove.

PLAIN MISS CAREW.

I SHALL never forget that happy Summer at Harpswell, a quaint old peninsular town up the Casco Bay. I don't know just how we happened to go there, but how pleased every one was with the old-fashioned houses, and the cottages built on the banks of pretty coves, and the Atlantic booming and thundering and foaming right under our windows! Dear little cottages, with piazzas and balconies and slender chimneys, and poplars bending over the roof lovingly! And strong, more substantial farm-houses, with narrow windows and tiny panes of glass; gardens filled with poppies and dahlias, and always beautiful; perfumy lilacs, meadows fresh with buttercups and clover and tall marguerites. Deep green woods, fields and fields of corn, and everywhere a great quantity of roses. And such massive, rugged rocks, and grand views from the hills overlooking the sea; and all over the island that peculiar hoarse, musical sound, called the "rote," comes in from the ocean and adds a plaintiveness to the lovely Summer days.

There are hard, white beaches, and the waves come tumbling in, roaring and shining in the morning sun, and the surf plays mad pranks with the chips and shells and bits of seaweed on the shore. There are boats moored at the stakes, and square boxes, called "cars," float beside them, but whether for ornament or use no one seemed to know. Over all is a fair blue sky and perfect golden weather.

We were a party of seven boarders at Mrs. Sennett's cottage at the head of Lowell's Cove. It was in reality a stout old house, but some romantic wanderer had named it "Pearl Cottage," and as such we knew it. It was the most beautiful spot imaginable. Had it been a veritable Eden there could have been no safter beauty than greeted us on every hand. A wide garden brightened the space between the bank and the house and filled the air with perfume. The cove was shaded by huge willows of a hundred years' growth, and many birds sang in their branches. The soft, caressing breeze tinged our cheeks with healthy color, and a July sun added a not unbecoming brownness.

Almost unconsciously we drifted into familiar, friendly intercourse, and were happy and easily pleased. Nature, in her grand moods, shames us out of our artificiality. No one reproved a loud laugh, a leap, or even a run down the level road. We were all so happy and gay and brimming over with spirits, it was simply impossible to be dignified, and curb our unruly, boisterous natures.

We were having a delightful row one evening, and returned rather late. There was a light in the sitting-room contrary to our custom, and a trunk and bag on the piazza.

"Somebody has come," cried May Derry. "Here's a man's trunk—I can tell by the canvas—and, yes, here's a card. Oh, girls! what do you think? It is that Mr. Skidmore we saw the day we went to the Neck! Isn't it splendid?"

"So it is," said May's sister. "Come here, all of you. 'Mr. E. Skidmore.' I wonder how he ever happened to come here. Won't we have a jolly time?"

"Victoria," expostulated her mother.

"Well, well, a nice-looking young man doesn't come to Harpswell every day. You haven't seen him, Miss Carew," turning to a plain, dark-faced girl. "He is immensely wealthy, and has a real gold-brown beard, and fluffy yellow hair, and blue eyes with brown spots in them, and——"

She might have gone on for an hour had not a hearty laugh from inside the room startled her.

"I beg your pardon," said a deep voice, and a tall figure appeared in the doorway, "but the description was too amusing," and again a merry laugh broke from him, in which we all joined.

"I suppose I was very rude," said Miss Derry, "but the deed is done, and I guess we'll go in and have some lunch."

"If she would only not say, 'I guess,'" whispered her mother. "It is quite plebeian."

We found Mr. Skidmore a delightful addition to our party. Of good family, wealthy, a thorough man of the world, and handsome, he had every thing in his favor. The Derrys were, to use Victoria's phraseology, "over head and ears in love with him," and the gentlemen voted him a capital fellow. He played croquet with a steady arm and never-failing stroke, rowed well, sang delicious little songs in a tender, manly voice, read aloud when it was too hot for exercise, and made himself a most attractive companion. From the first he seemed to positively dislike plain Miss Carew. In our games he avoided her noticeably, never willingly looking at or speaking to her. Did she propose an excursion, he declined to participate; did she sing sweet, old-fashioned songs we liked so much, he left the room. One evening she had crimson rosebuds in her hair, and he said crimson rosebuds were his special aversion. Once in stepping from the boat, coming from a sail, he offered his hand to assist her, and almost flung her ashore. He seemed to have taken an unaccountable antipathy to her.

One morning I was braiding my hair when there came a rap on my door, and Miss Carew asked to come in. She was dressed in a blue flannel boating suit, and a white sundown was pulled down over her face. Knots of scarlet ribbon were on her sleeves and down the front of her dress. I noticed an unusual color in the brown cheeks, and her brown eyes were moist-looking.

"You have been crying, Miss Carew," I said; "are you unhappy?"

"Not exactly unhappy, Miss Arden," she answered, in her slow, sweet, *legato* voice. "Only troubled, and rather vexed."

"Can I help you?"

"No, thank you. You are very kind, but it is nothing, after all. I came to ask if you will be good enough to let me take your umbrella? I am going to the east shore and have been stupid enough to let Miss Derry take mine."

"Certainly," I said, "and if you——"

A loud, boyish voice interrupted me.

"Now, let me in, quick! I've something to tell you, Miss Arden!" and May Derry burst into the room. "I've found out all about Miss Carew," she said, breathlessly, "and why Mr. Skidmore hates her and all. I have just—— Oh, Miss Carew!" she cried, "I didn't see you. I beg your pardon. Dear, me! I am sure, if I had known——"

"I beg you won't feel distressed. If you have 'found out all about me,' perhaps you will have the charity to enlighten Miss Arden?"

"It's nothing at all," she blurted out; "only Miss Payne came over, and said you belonged to the Carews of Jersey, and they were a bad lot—fast men and vulgar women—and I told her I didn't believe it. And then she asked Mr. Skidmore, and he said he detested a vulgar woman, and could tell in a moment if they had good birth and breeding, and—Oh, Miss Carew, I haven't made you angry, have I? Of course, I didn't really believe her."

"It is all true," said Annie Carew, quietly. "I didn't consider it necessary to tell my affairs to every one. And now, if you will get the umbrella, Miss Arden, I will go."

When we were alone, I said: "Now, May, tell me why Mr. Skidmore dislikes Miss Carew."

"I'll tell you all he said, Miss Arden. Miss Payne said there was a mystery about Miss Carew, and hinted at something rather reflecting on her character; and Mr. Skidmore said it was her family that was ruining her. Miss Payne told me afterwards that he hated Miss Carew because she had intrapped his brother into an engagement. That was two years ago, and it is all broken off now. Mr. Skidmore would not hear of it, I believe, and wrote to Miss Carew, telling her his brother would be an outcast from his family if he married her, and asked her to set him free. It seems that she didn't really care for him, but he was wild about her, and they drifted into an engagement. The whole family thoroughly disliked her, and Miss Payne said no respectable people visited them. They live in a fast set, and Miss Carew goes all about with no *chaperone* and, I believe, gets dreadfully mixed up with gossip. Mr. Skidmore would be glad never to see her again."

She stopped for sheer lack of breath, and I said, feeling a sort of scorn for a man who could so speak of a woman: "Miss Carew may be all you say, but until I know more about it, I shall treat her as I always have. And as for Miss Payne, she is a low, gossiping woman to repeat such a tale."

She stared at me in amaze.

"I had no idea you were so fond of her," she said. "Do you know, they say she is called very fascinating? I have rather pitied her because she was so plain."

"What became of Mr. Skidmore's brother?"

"Oh, I believe he married somebody else. But I must go now. You are not offended, Miss Arden?"

"No," I said, laughing; "not with such a giddy tomboy as you are."

I was surprised greatly by what May had told me. For the first time I suspected there was another nature in Annie Carew than the indolent, careless one we saw. There might dangerous fires sleep under those soft, brown eyes. There might be hidden depths under that cold exterior. And, now I thought of it, she wasn't so very plain. She had beautiful eyes, brown and clear-looking; delicate eyebrows, full red lips, and masses of soft, dusky hair. If her face was dark and thin, it was also full of character. Certainly she was not to be pitied.

I was rather fearful as to how she would treat May, but at tea-time she came in smiling, and apologizing for being so late. There was not a trace of any unpleasantness in the smooth face. She laughed a great deal, and showed me a sketch she had made; a ridiculously long-necked bird was perched on the umbrella, and in its mouth a bit of scarlet ribbon, over which it seemed puzzled. There was real expression in the small, uncanny eyes, and I laughed heartily.

"How well you sketch, Miss Carew!" said May, who was looking over my shoulder.

"Yes; that is one of my Bohemian proclivities. One learns many things like that traveling over the world without a *chaperone*."

There was no malice in the tone. It seemed merely an explanation. Mr. Skidmore looked up quickly, and then went out of the room, abruptly. Miss Carew laughed.

"Have I shocked anybody?" she asked, lightly.

"Come out on the beach," I whispered. And when we were alone, I said. "Tell me about it, Miss Carew."

It was in substance what I had heard once before that afternoon. She cared nothing for the boyish lover, and was glad to have the engagement broken, but the insolent, unjust words of Mr. Skidmore had hurt her cruelly.

"Why," she said, "I suppose he hates me as he hates no one else in the world."

"And do you dislike him?"

"Miss Arden, I despise him."

"I am very glad to hear it, believe me," and a tall figure strode past us down the beach. Miss Carew burst into a laugh.

"I have added the last straw now," she said.

After that there was not even the semblance of politeness between them. Each ignored the other's existence. We walked and talked and played croquet indolently, as before. Mr. Skidmore was always with Victoria Derry, and I was drifting into a dangerous liking for one of our company, a man with neither money nor good looks. I think we were all moderately happy, but I was alarmingly so. All through the month we were favored with fine weather. May Derry said she was "full to bursting" of pure delight. Living was a pleasure, and life a grand holiday. Once or twice we all went to Brunswick for a drive, but for the most part of the time were lying under trees, or in the warm sand, Crusoe-like, reading or thinking. All the fishermen have high tenor voices at Harpswell, and sing songs of the sea, and wear old straw hats and look picturesque. It was pleasure enough to sit on the rocks and hear their melody rising free and unrestrained, while they mended their nets. It was beautiful, too, to watch the shadows coming over the sea, and the moon rising over the tree-tops, and the hush of night falling on all the land.

One night we were out in the boat, and Mr. Price drew in the oars and let the boat drift. It happened unfortunately that Annie Carew was placed beside Mr. Skidmore, making it uncomfortable for both. I soon forgot it, however, in watching the beauty of the beach and ocean in the mellow, softened light, and drinking in the sweet, fragrant air.

"Such a scene as this brings up sleeping memories," said Mr. Skidmore. "With the glamour of this soft beauty on a man he might be forgiven for almost any rashness. I am strangely susceptible to moonlight and the fragrant Spring air. Miss Carew, won't you favor us with a song and break the spell?"

It must have affected him indeed, to cause him to speak like that, in that half-tender voice, to Annie Carew.

"I shall be happy to oblige you if you really desire it."

"Oh, yes, do sing, Miss Carew," said several voices.

She sang a little boating song, all about "waves" and "ripples" and "the sands upon the shore," and she sang it beautifully. I felt like falling in love with her, she looked so handsome, and there was a haunting pathos in the voice. Certainly Annie Carew was not a plain girl. She was a dangerously fascinating one. I realized it fully, as she sat there in the moonlight, her splendid eyes sparkling and her clear voice touching one's heartstrings so closely. Bohemian she might be; she was more beautiful in that tender, gracious mood than any woman I had ever seen.

There was silence for a moment; then Mr. Price said:

"You sing like the sirens of old, Miss Carew, if one can judge from ideas. The tears almost came, in spite of my endeavors to be manly."

She laughed softly, and Miss Derry said in an earnest way, "I do really believe I have fallen in love with her."

That made us all laugh, and the little craft was turned homewards. Mr. Skidmore walked up to the house beside me, and I asked him if he liked Miss Carew's singing.

"Yes, I did," he answered; "and I wish I could understand her real nature."

He was more polite and friendly towards her after that, and I began to hope for an established basis of good feeling between them, when an unlucky accident set them on the old path.

I was tying up a rosebush one morning, and had nearly finished when my supply of string gave out. Mr. Skidmore put his hand in his pocket and drew out a handful of different sizes of cord, when a little ribbon fluttered to the ground.

"Oh, that's Miss Carew's bow," cried May. "Miss Carew, he has had it all the time."

A flush rose to his face, as he said, in an annoyed tone: "The very fact of its being in my possession shows that I had no idea what it was."

"Oh, but you did know, Mr. Skidmore, for I told you about it the day she made the sketch. Don't you remember the bird took it in his bill from the umbrella? Where did you find it?"

"Miss Derry, I really have no idea how the thing came in my pocket. I assure you I should not have cherished it, had I known it was—a lady's property."

"Why, it is no great harm, anyway. If you like Miss Carew——"

"But I don't like Miss Carew. That is, Miss Derry, I don't like to be teased."

His face was flushed with annoyance, and I sighed as I thought of the mischief I had done. They were really getting to see each other in quite a fair light, until now all his old dislike was revived. And Annie, too, seemed to think him more disagreeable than ever, for at dinner she scarcely noticed him. In the afternoon she came to my room for a book, saying she was going to the cave on the east shore for a while.

"I'm so sorry about that ribbon," I said.

"It shows him in his true light, Miss Arden. I am glad of it, for I was just getting foolish enough to think I had been mistaken in him."

It was a sultry, oppressive air, and I was too indolent to go out, so I took "Baddeck" and a sofa for the afternoon. I read until nearly four o'clock, and then fell asleep. When I awoke it was raining furiously and was quite dark. For a moment I was too bewildered to think. Then as a heavy peal of thunder startled me I remembered Miss Carew. I went across the passage and tapped, and looked in. The room was empty. I went hurriedly down the stairs, and into the sitting-room.

"Here comes Miss Arden, looking as if she had seen a ghost," said Mrs. Derry, smiling.

"Miss Carew is out in this storm," I said, feeling as if I should faint; "and some one must go for her."

"My God! Miss Arden, what do you mean?" asked Mr. Skidmore, turning white to the lips.

"Miss Carew went to the cave this afternoon and has not returned, and I fear she has lost her way."

"It is sure death," began May, when there was a trampling of heavy feet on the piazza, and in a moment two men were in the room, and had put poor Annie Carew on the sofa. Her long hair hung wet and tangled to the floor, and the white face was death-like in its dreadful calm. In a moment I knew what it was.

"She is dead!" said some one, in a constrained, harsh voice, "and never knew how I loved her. Oh, Annie, my darling, my love." And Mr. Skidmore fell on his knees beside her and kissed the sweet lips.

One by one we stole out of the room, and left him kneeling there. The men had found her on the shore, and thought she must have fainted from fright, and had brought her home.

"Likely the lightnin' killed her," said one. "I've known such things."

I went to my room and wept bitterly. "Poor Annie Carew!" was all I could say. Poor, unhappy girl. At the thought of Mr. Skidmore my tears flowed afresh. I was scarcely surprised that he loved her. But his pride had buried his happiness.

Later in the evening May tapped at my door. She was crying softly. "Oh, Miss Arden," she said, "she wasn't dead after all. It was only a fainting fit, and she can speak now."

"And Mr. Skidmore?"

"Is in there with her, and he has been crying. I guess it's all right between them because I saw him kissing her just now."

And all the time he had been in love with plain Miss Carew.

NEW GROUNDS OF THE WESTCHESTER POLO CLUB.

THE famous Westchester Polo Club took possession of their new quarters on the parade-ground in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, June 11th, and opened the season with the second annual match with a team of the Queen's County Hunt. The new playground embraces ten acres of land in the centre of the parade, and is furnished with capital stables for the fifty-one Texan ponies belonging to the club. Great satisfaction is expressed by the members with the admirable location and conveniences of the new grounds.

The game on Wednesday was called at 5 P. M., a very large audience being assembled to witness the inaugural contest. The Westchester Polo Club was represented by Messrs. August Belmont, Jr., captain; Carroll Bryce, Harry Oelrichs, Wm. Sandford and H. L. Herbert. Their colors were yellow and black. The Queens County Hunt pinned their faith to the red and dark blue costumes worn by Messrs. F. Gray Griswold, captain; Herman Oelrichs, Frank T. Iselin, Center Hitchcock, and Pierre Lorillard, Jr.

In the hour allotted for the game the Westchester team won the three goals that were played, and were, of course, the victors. During the season in Prospect Park the Westchester Club will play every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, an attraction to that section of Brooklyn that cannot fail to make the Boulevard to Coney Island more popular than ever. During August and September the club will be at Newport, and all the ponies will be transferred to that locality, but it is expected that a stirring Fall season will be inaugurated in Prospect Park during the first week in October. The English team of polo-players is expected to arrive at Newport in September, by which time all the members hope to be in good practice. At least twenty-five players will be ready by that time to contest the field against their English cousins. Quite a number of new members have joined since last year, and the playing members are also more numerous than they were last Summer. In addition to playing the match with the Englishmen the Westchester County Club members anticipate another tussle with the Buffaloians, who defeated the Westchesters last year. They are in perfect trim now for their old opponents, and expect to meet them at Newport before the end of the season. It is understood that the Buffalo polo-players are also ready to enter once more into a new contest with the New Yorkers.

HON. NATHANIEL NILES,

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD DIRECTOR.

HON. NATHANIEL NILES, who was recently appointed in the place of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., as director of the Union Pacific Railroad, is a native of Rhode Island, but for several years has been a citizen of New Jersey. He is a grandson of Judge Nathaniel Niles, of Vermont, and is not to be confounded with his uncle, Nathaniel Niles, who was United States Minister at the Courts of Sardinia and Austria.

Mr. Niles is a lawyer, having a large practice in New York, and is trustee for several large estates. In politics he is a Republican. As a representative of that party he has been several times elected to the lower House of the New Jersey Legislature, and during his last term of office he was Speaker, filling the duties of that position with marked ability and fidelity to the public interests. As a member of the House, he served on the important Committees on Railroads and on Education, and matured several useful laws. One of these, which was passed over the veto of the Governor, provides that all moneys received from the sales and rentals of the land under water, belonging to the State, shall be paid over to the Trustees of the School Fund, for the support of free public-schools, for investment as a permanent school fund. This Act has resulted in increasing the fund from half a million to between two and three million dollars, and last year diminished the State taxes some hundred thousand dollars. Another law drawn by him donates from the State Treasury a certain sum to each school district in which an equal additional sum shall be raised by voluntary contribution, for the formation of a free-school library, and donates a further sum annually thereafter upon the like condition. Under

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this law, some five hundred libraries are now in existence, being the only free libraries in the State.

Mr. Niles's record as a legislator was distinguished by his sturdy independence of railroad and corporation influences. On account of his exposure of certain fraudulent railroad legislation he was sued for five millions of dollars, but he was sustained by the courts and the complaint dismissed.

Mr. Niles has been an ardent advocate of the general introduction of the metric system of weights and measures, and under a law passed by the New Jersey Legislature last Winter, sets of these are furnished to every school in that State.

Mr. Niles is in the prime and maturity of his power, being now forty-three years of age. In every respect he will prove a worthy successor to Mr. Adams in the Government Directory of the great interest committed to the charge of his associates and himself. At once able, upright, inflexible in purpose, and familiar with all the intricate legislation which governs and defines the relations of the Government and the Union Pacific Road, he will jealously guard the rights of the people while doing justice in all things to the corporation which is now more than ever a most important factor in the development of transcontinental traffic. Mr. Niles proposes to give the closest attention to the duties of his position, and, being the only Government Director in the East, where the main offices of the company are located, these duties will, of course, be especially important and onerous. We learn that the Government Directors will start on July 20th on the usual Summer inspection of the Union Pacific Line, and will be absent some six weeks.

A MYSTERIOUS CRIME IN NEW YORK.

MRS. DR. HULL FOUND SUFFOCATED AND BOUND IN HER BEDROOM.

ON Wednesday afternoon, June 11th, New York was startled by the announcement that Mrs. Jane L. De F. Hull, wife of Dr. Alonzo G. Hull, and a prominent member of the Society of Sorosis, had been found dead in bed at her residence, No. 140 West Forty-second Street, under circumstances that suggested a murder of more than usual mystery. The discovery was made by the colored cook, who, at seven o'clock in the morning, went to Mrs. Hull's bedroom to obtain money to pay the baker. Hearing no response to the knocking, the cook opened the door, and was horrified at the spectacle disclosed. Lying at full length upon her back, with her hands tied tightly across the body, and the ankles tied to the sides of the bed, with a bandage over the eyes and a heap of bedclothes about the throat and face, was the cold body of Mrs. Hull. An alarm was at once given, and Captain Williams with some of his officers took possession of the premises, and summoned the coroner. Mrs. Hull was a powerful woman, weighing some two hundred pounds, and was sixty-three years of age.

Upon his arrival, Captain Williams made an examination of the body, the apartment and the house. It was found that the deceased had not been gagged. There were an empty water-pitcher and a partially empty bottle of cologne lying on the bed. Two pillows which were crushed between her head and the wall appeared to have been roughly handled. Removing the bandage from the eyes, it was seen that the lashes as well as the hair directly over the eyes had been singed. There were fragments of the common sulphur and the parlor matches lying on the carpet, some of them with the ends well chewed. The drippings of a candle, of a different color from those she was in the habit of using, were detected on one of the sleeves of the deceased's night-dress.

The police were informed that a gold watch and chain, an English enameled ring, a five-stone diamond ring, an emerald ring, and a topaz necklace of Indian pattern, with English setting, had disappeared. There were marks on the fingers of the deceased which might indicate that the rings had been torn or bitten off. An open trunk was at the side of the bed, and a quantity of trinkets were seen scattered over a sofa at the window looking into the yard.

Coroner Woltman responded to the call of Captain Williams, and, after viewing the body, impaneled the following jury: Dr. Thomas C. Finnell, of No. 132 West Houston Street; Dr. Thomas C. Knox, of No. 58 Carmine Street; Dr. S. J. Clark, of No. 148 West Houston Street; Dr. John McIntosh, of No. 43 Sixth Avenue; F. G. Reimer, artist, of No. 719 Sixth Avenue; J. D. Kellogg, teacher, of No. 709 Sixth Avenue; G. W. Thomas, daguerreotyper, of No. 706 Sixth Avenue; R. F. Haymann, furnishing goods, of No. 697 Sixth Avenue; J. G. Cary, painter, of No. 744 Sixth Avenue, and De Witt Langley, real estate, of No. 749 Sixth Avenue. The body was removed from the bedroom to the rear parlor, where the jury viewed it, and, while a preliminary examination of the inmates of the house was being conducted by the coroner, his deputy, Dr. MacWhinnie, assisted by Dr. Finnell, made an autopsy of the body. The organs were all found to be in a normal condition, excepting that the lungs and brain were considerably congested, a result of death by suffocation. There was no evidence of strangulation or particular violence.

Learning that the deceased lady had been possessed of considerable means in the form of bonds, stock certificates and other securities, and taking into consideration the details of the case as they appeared in the hasty investigation first made, a single theory seems to have been formed by the police and public alike. It was that some parties had broken into Mrs. Hull's bedroom for the purpose of robbery, and awakening her in their search after valuables, they suffocated her with the pillows, tore the rings off her fingers, and then, fearing they had committed murder, endeavored to revive her by dashing water and cologne on her face, holding a lighted candle to her eyes to see if there was any movement, and while doing so singeing the lashes and hair in their nervousness. Being assured that life was extinct, they then tore up the sheets and bound her hands and feet, piled clothing about the throat, placed the pillows beneath her head, and withdrew from the premises.

The police scout the idea that the work was done by professional thieves, as it was too bungling, and various articles of silver were not disturbed. That the binding was done after death is believed, for the reason that Mrs. Hull would have proved a match in a struggle for one or two men; there would have been greater evidences of disorder in the room and sufficient noise to attract attention, and the body would have borne marks of the violence.

At 10:30 on Friday morning, brief funeral services were held at the residence in the presence of a very few of the most particular friends, the Rev. J. W. Bonham, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, officiating, and at the close the body was taken to Plainfield, N. J., for burial.

The best detective skill in the city has been employed in the case, and a variety of theories acted upon. The drains in the house were opened and examined in the search for the missing articles, and all pawnbrokers were notified to report any attempt to dispose of them, but at the time of writing nothing gained from these steps had been reported. A conviction settled upon many of the authorities in the latter part of the week that the murder was committed either by some inmates of the dwelling or by outside parties, aided by one or more persons thoroughly familiar with the house, its apartments, etc. Arrests by the police are hourly expected, and it is thought the coroner will resume the investigation about the middle of the present week.

An American Chapel in China Sacked.

ON Sunday, the 16th of February, a mob of over a hundred persons forcibly entered the American Methodist Chapel at Yunch'on, 140 miles south of Foochow, and violently assaulted the Christians who had gathered therein for divine worship. The catechist and congregation escaped to the magistrate's yamen, leaving the mob in possession of the chapel. The rabble immediately set to work and destroyed the seats, tables, etc. Previous to this attack the people had been called upon by the gentry to subscribe $100 cash—avowedly towards the extermination of Christianity in their district. Their *modus operandi* was to tear down the chapel in the first instance, and subsequently to destroy the houses of the Christians, thus forcibly driving them out of the place. But, happily, only part of this programme was carried out. The sufferers by the riot fled to the magistrate's yamen, where they were kindly received and promised protection.

A few days later the magistrate went in person to inspect the wrecked chapel. He immediately instituted an examination into the whole affair, and required the offenders to pay all expenses attending the repair of the chapel, to furnish medical aid to the wounded men, and to find six months' security for the lives of the persons assaulted. The man who had been most severely beaten was ordered to receive $30 as compensation, but, with rare disinterestedness, he refused to receive the money, in order that the purity of his motives in becoming a Christian should not be doubted. By this prompt action of the Yunch'un magistrate, and the unselfish conduct of the native Christians, not only has peace been restored, but also a good state of feeling between the Christians and their heathen neighbors secured, the latter for once fully understanding that Christians must not be persecuted for refusing to contribute to idolatrous purposes, and also that the higher and nobler principles which they claim to have adopted are entitled to respect and legal recognition.

Yale Senior Class Statistics.

THE statistics of the Yale Class of '79 show that of the 132 members of the class, 37 are natives of Connecticut, and the same number of New York, 8 of Pennsylvania, 6 of Illinois, 4 of Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Wisconsin each; 3 of Missouri, 2 of Michigan and New Hampshire each, and 1 of Arkansas, California, Georgia, Iowa, Maryland, Ohio, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia, and the District of Columbia each. Four were born in foreign countries—1 in England, 1 in Prussia, and 2 in China; one being the son of a former American Consul at Macao. The total age of the class at Commencement Day will be 2,975 years 10 months 24 days; the average is 22 years 6 months 15 days and 19 hours. This makes it the oldest class, with the exception of '71 and '78, of which there is record. The tallest man is 6 feet 2 inches; the shortest 5 feet 2¾ inches; 5 members measure 6 feet. The average height is 5 feet 8 inches. The average weight is 148¾ pounds; the heaviest man weighs 192 pounds; the lightest 119 pounds. As far as can be ascertained, the choice for professions stands as follows: 49 law, 13 medicine, 9 ministry, 10 literary, 5 journalism, 14 business, 1 literature pure and undefiled, 1 opera-singer, 1 engineer, 1 barkeeper, 1 tramp. Those who drink number 94, and 80 smoke; only 5 chew; all but 12 play cards; 64 play billiards. The class is divided as to politics as follows: 94 are Republicans, 19 Independents, 16 Democrats, 2 hard money men, 1 Greenbacker, 1 Janesonite. Ninety are free-traders, and 25 protectionists. There are 25 congregationalists, 17 Episcopalians, 14 Presbyterians, 5 Methodists, 1 Conservative Unitarian, and 1 Jew. Twenty-seven are said to be engaged to be married. This class has spent while in New Haven $672,000.

Divorces in New England.

THE Vermont *Chronicle* has collected some interesting facts concerning divorce in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Vermont. During the last 19 years in Massachusetts the whole number of absolute divorces has been 7,225, more than half of which were procured in the last seven years. In Rhode Island, for the nine years covered by the statistics available, there have been 1,670 divorces to 21,715 marriages. The ratio of divorces to marriages for the period is 1 to 13, with a slight increase in the later years. There is 1 divorce to about every 1,200 of its inhabitants. The divorces in that State vary from year to year, probably on account of changes in the laws.

In Connecticut the statistics cover nearly 30 years. In 1849 only 91 divorces were granted. Under the new law of that date, the number was increased more than one-third in a single year. The practice grew steadily until 1864 when 426 were granted. But from that time until the close of 1877, the number, 448 annually on the average, varied but little, the ratio to marriages being about 1 to 10.4, and 1 divorce to every 1,200 inhabitants. In Connecticut there must be one divorce to every eight Protestant marriages. A comparison made from the table of the last report of the State Librarian, giving the births, marriages, deaths, and divorces for 14 years, will show, says the *Chronicle*, unless we mistake in our calculation, that there is less variation in that State from the average annual number in the divorces than in either the births, the deaths, or the marriages. If all are collected with equal care, divorce in Connecticut is more uniform, if not more certain, than death!

Including Vermont, the ratio of divorce to marriage in the four States for the last few years is as follows: Vermont, 1 to 16; Massachusetts, 1 to 23.7; Rhode Island, 1 to 13; Connecticut, 1 to 10.4.

Taking the four States together, in the year 1877 there were granted 1,331 divorces in those States. If Maine and New Hampshire have a like record of temporary marriages, not far from 1,800 divorces are granted annually in New England. The recent change for the better in the laws of Connecticut has some effect towards improvement, which is said also to be already very noticeable in the Vermont courts.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Methods of Voting in Spanish Provinces.

The scene in a voting hall in Spain is somewhat quaint. The voters are, for the most part, ignorant peasants who can merely make their mark, and to whom the process of voting requires to be explained at least half a dozen times before they can be induced to put their hands to paper. They stand in solemn awe, as though in the Tribunal of the Inquisition, not a few of them muttering a *Pater* as they turn their devout glances to the *Paso*, or representation of the Crucifixion, which adorns the walls. Outside everything is animation, for your Spaniard is a fierce politician. In the ill-paved, narrow street, white in a blaze of sunlight, on the broken steps, beneath the cool vestibule, the voters stand in gesticulating groups, their picturesque garments adding wondrously to the general effect. They hold councils of war in gloomy corners, denounce the Government and its myrmidons, hint in muffled whispers at revolution, or sing the praises of their especial candidate in that gushing language which Spaniards love so well.

Incidents of the Zulu Campaign.

Our illustrations of the Zulu campaign this week require no lengthy notice. At this writing there is no news of importance from the seat of war, and, unless the Zulus make another of their astonishing dashes, it is scarcely likely there will be until after the arrival of General Sir Garnet Wolesley, the new commander-in-chief. In the meantime we continue our pictorial chronicle of the war by giving some less sanguinary sketches than have been presented of late. One represents the mode of traveling by post-cart, with six horses driven at full gallop, between Durban or Pinetown and Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal. General Marshall and his staff reached his present headquarters by this conveyance, which does thirty-four miles in less than three hours, changing horses every eight or ten miles, and keeping up a mad speed over hill and dale throughout the journey. The sketch of "stopping a charge" shows an arrangement of wires for entangling the enemy in case they endeavor to carry the fort by storm, which was constructed within easy rifle shot of the beleaguered position, and doubtless did much towards preventing the assaults that were hourly expected, for the Zulus, skillful as they have shown themselves to be in military science, had no knowledge of such singular means of defense, and their ignorance deterred them from making a dubious effort to find out. The view of the seven-pounder, drawn by mules and stuck in a spruit, illustrates the difficulty of moving artillery in countries unprovided with roads and bridges. In his official report Colonel Pearson refers to this trouble. Although he sent out on one occasion several extra spans of oxen to assist some commissariat wagons over the hilly country, the ground was in such a state after the incessant rain that eight of these wagons had to be abandoned.

New Model Dwellings in London.

The Victoria Dwellings Association, with limited liability, established to provide healthy and comfortable dwellings for the laboring classes, have constructed and let a portion of their new buildings in Stroud-vale, Islington, near the Metropolitan Cattle Market. On May 24th, the Right Hon. R. Assheton Cross, Secretary of State for the Home Department, laid the foundation stone of an additional block of these buildings, which are henceforth named after the Prime Minister, the Earl of Beaconsfield, who in June, 1877, opened those previously completed at Batterses. We give an illustration of these Beaconsfield Buildings, which have been erected from the designs of the architect to the Victoria Dwellings Association, Mr. Charles Barry, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The two blocks already finished and occupied by tenants suffice to accommodate 1,106 persons, and that which is now begun will provide for 900 more.

Travelers Overtaken by Bush-fires in Australia.

Accounts of bush-fires outline a phase of life with which the dwellers in cities are totally unacquainted. In Australia as well as on the great prairies of our Western States, they are of frequent occurrence. In the latter section they are becoming less serious by reason of the rapid opening of the country to agricultural and stock-raising enterprises; but where settlers are still exposed to a sudden flood of flame, whether in the West or in Australia, they adopt a common method of protection for their dwellings, barns and groceries. This is done by running two or three plow-furrows around the cluster of buildings, and two or three more a short distance away, and burning the strip between. Our illustration shows the method usually pursued by Australian travelers when overtaken on the plains by the flames. When they see the fire in the distance, they select a spot and burn the grass around them for a considerable distance, taking care to stamp it out, so that it does not spread. The flames then pass them unharmed, except for the smoke and heat and rush of animals to escape from slow death.

The Fetes at Marseilles.

During the early part of the month of May, Marseilles, France, held high festival in honor of what is technically termed a "Concours Regional," or a gathering of the inhabitants from the Southern departments adjacent to the mouths of the Rhone. The *fêtes* this year were especially noteworthy from the fact that whereas on former occasions the clergy have assumed the privilege of blocking up the traffic in the streets by religious processions, and the rejoicings were organized according to the orders of the Imperial or Royal ruler of the hour, the impulsive Southerners seemed to have determined that they would have a great *fête* on their own account with popular processions, which should be wholly unconnected with any religious sect. The rejoicings accordingly began on the 3d by a general illumination of all the streets and public buildings. Next day there was a review of some 100,000 troops in the Prado. One of the most interesting features of the programme was the water tournament in the Old Port, a portion of which had been cleared of all its usual crowd of shipping, and a fourth side formed by a line of barges. In the jousts the places of the knights of old were taken by men armed with blunt lances and shields, standing on narrow planks raised about ten feet above the water, and projecting the same distance astern of the eight-oared boats which supplied the places of steeds. These boats were painted in stripes of blue and white, or red and white, and it was the duty of each steersman to bring his boat near enough to that of the adversary to enable the champions to deliver their blows. Occasionally both of the jousters were able to withstand the shock, but generally one was knocked off his perch, and occasionally both were seen falling together into the not over-fragrant water of the Old Port. The next night the Old Port was lighted up by some 40,000 lanterns, and there was a procession of boats or barges adorned with lights of various colors. The remainder of the week was taken up by the opening of an agricultural show and a Fine Art Exhibition, pigeon-matches, illuminations in the Botanical Gardens, and finally a grand cavalcade on the 11th.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Sunday liquor law is being rigidly enforced in Syracuse, N. Y.

—DURING the season at Niagara, the falls will be illumined at night by electric lights.

—UNDER its present form of Government the City of Mobile is saving $10,000 monthly.

—A STATE Convention of Prohibitionists will be held at Des Moines, Iowa, on July 4th.

—ANOTHER Russian cruiser, built at Philadelphia, the *Zabiaka*, sailed away on June 8th, ostensibly for Sitka.

—THE last census of Portugal gives the total population at 4,745,124, an increase of 401,189 in fourteen years.

—THE new dike around the Hungarian city of Szegedin is finished, and it is expected the ill-fated city will be thoroughly drained by July.

—IT is proposed in London to form an International Farmers' Union, uniting the agricultural interests of England, Ireland and Scotland.

—HEREAFTER allopathic physicians in Philadelphia will have their bills collected monthly or at the end of services in a case by a common financial agent.

—BOARDS of health are being organized extensively throughout Tennessee, and a general cleaning-up is in progress. No more yellow fever is wanted.

—UNDER the reorganization of the Russian army, just ordered by an Imperial ukase, the army will be increased by 20,000 men in time of peace, and by 130,000 in time of war.

—THE cavalry force of Germany numbers 91,000 men, that of France, 70,000. In artillery the numerical advantage is with the French, the figures being for France, 2,442 guns, and for Germany, 2,124.

—IT now appears that the schoolchildren who died so suddenly at Jacob's Mill, Va., were not poisoned by the brook, as at first supposed, but were victims of diphtheria induced by foul pools near the schoolhouse.

—ACCORDING to the new Chinese Immigration Restriction Bill, the captain of any vessel neglecting to pay $50 on each Chinese landing in the colony of New South Wales is liable to a penalty of $500 and to the forfeiture of his vessel.

—CAPTAIN WEBB, the hero of the British Channel, won the six days' swimming contest at the Lambeth Baths, London, covering a total distance of seventy-five miles. He remained in the water as long as fourteen hours at a time.

—FOR the sixth time in the last fifty years the Siberian Navy has been ordered moved. It has been located at Okhotsk, Ayan, Petropavlovsk, Nicholaevsk and Vladivostok, and is now to be established at the Bay of Olga, at an enormous expense.

—A KNOWN individual in London has got out of an action for breach-of-promise by going into liquidation, the statute giving him "a discharge of all actions of contract," and the pleading has been successfully maintained before the Court of Queen's Bench.

—THIRTY years ago the first sugar cane was planted in Natal, South Africa. At the present time there are not less than 50,000 acres under this crop in the colony, yielding sufficient sugar to enable it, after supplying its own wants, to export 150,000 cwt. annually.

—THE London *Examiner*, after asserting that "notwithstanding the rose-colored official reports and encouraging statements in Parliament, there can be no doubt that our whole police arrangements have broken down entirely," advocates the employment of women as detectives.

—THE five bridges over the Thames, from Lambeth Bridge on the east to Battersea Bridge on the west, were opened to the public free for the first time on Saturday, May 24th. The ceremony was performed by the Prince of Wales, and there was a considerable demonstration on the occasion.

—PINE straw, hitherto regarded as worthless, has suddenly become an article of export at Wilmington, N. C. It is said there is a factory in New York which will consume fifty tons per week, extracting from it a kind of spirit useful for medical purposes, and manufacturing the remains into paper-stock and a stuffing for mattresses.

—THERE have been dug up on a plantation in Lee County, Ga., three pictures, one an Indian chief, one a squaw, and the third a girl, on them strips of something resembling glass, and looking very much like photographic negatives, but the plates are not of glass. They were found, with some arrow-heads, in a very hard and strong clay pot.

—IN July, the latest of Herr Krupp's wonders, a forty-centimetre gun, weighing over seventy tons, and being the largest and heaviest piece of ordnance as yet ever constructed on the breech-loading system, is to be publicly tested at the Meppen range. Invitations to send representatives have been forwarded to every European Government.

—THERE are in Paris 20,000 Sisters of Charity belonging to 225 congregations, who receive and nurse the sick or instruct the young. There are also many congregations whose members tend invalids at their own homes, and some 200 religious organizations not recognized by the authorities, with 40,000 members, vowed to care for the poor and suffering.

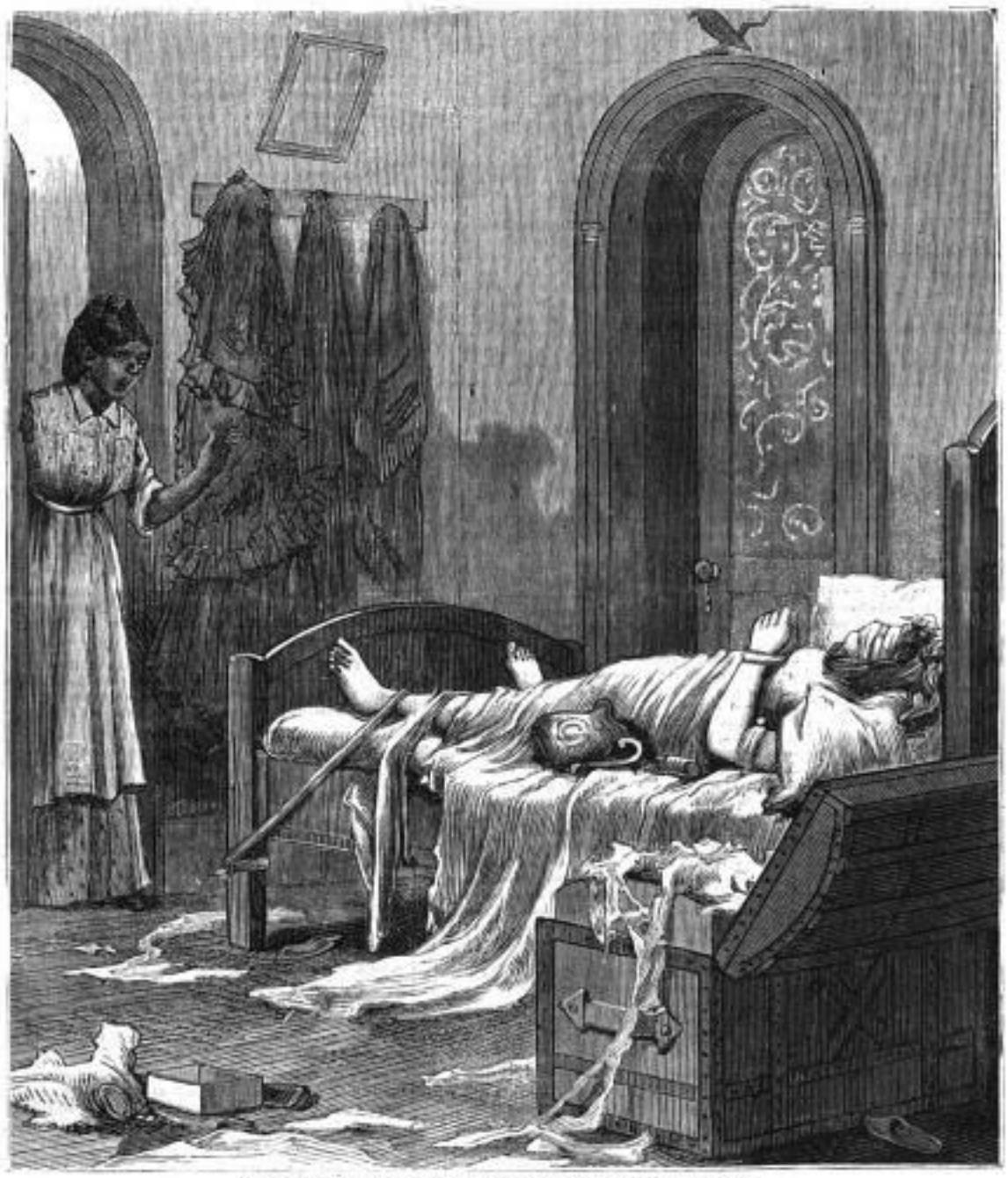
—THE shaft of the monument to General Wool, to be erected at Troy, N. Y., will be formed from the largest block of granite ever cut in the United States, it having just been taken from the quarry at Vinalhaven, Mass. It is 50 feet long, 5½ feet square at the base, and 2½ feet square at the top. It weighs from 75 to 100 tons, and cost $1,700 to blast and convey to the workshed.

—A SINGULAR legal complication has arisen in Denton, Texas, where two men, in 1878, were found guilty of murder, but at the time were serving a thirty-years' sentence in the penitentiary. The Court of Appeals having just confirmed the second finding, the question comes up whether the men shall be brought out at once and hanged, or kept there the balance of the thirty years and then executed.

—A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch, dated Sierra Leone, May 5th, contains the following: "Governor Rowe has succeeded in hoisting the British flag at Kikonkoh, on the Searcies River. He was escorted by H.M.S. *Pioneer* and his own yacht, the *Prince of Wales*, with one hundred Kroomen and fifty armed policemen. The natives look upon the occupation as a violation of their territory. The French traders are preparing to remove their goods for fear of war.

—WE receive intelligence all the way from Sheffield, England, that the American Missionary Association has decided to accept the proposition of Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, accompanied with $15,000, to occupy a district in Central Africa which lies south of Abyssinia and north of the Victoria Nyanza. It is accessible by the Nile, and steamers can be used on the Nile and its tributaries so as to facilitate communication with different tribes. The American Missionary Association is now making an appeal for $35,000 more to start the mission. About ten missionaries will be required.

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DISCOVERY, BY THE COLORED SERVANT, OF THE BODY OF MRS. HULL.



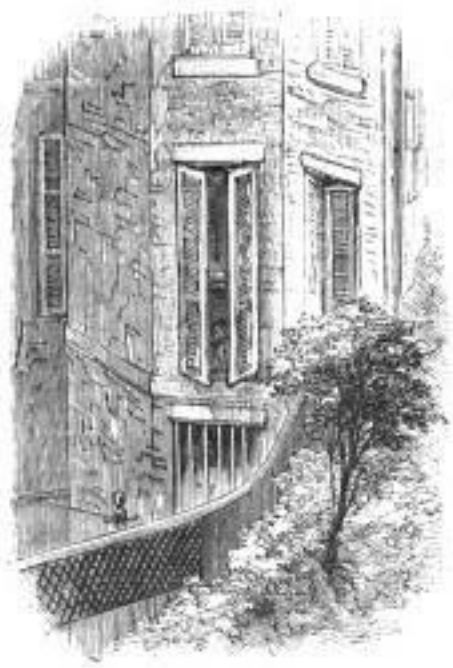
POLICE OFFICERS ON GUARD AT THE HULL RESIDENCE.



POLICE OFFICERS FINDING THE MATCHES ON THE FLOOR.



SUPERINTENDENT WALLING QUESTIONING ONE OF THE FAMILY SERVANTS.



REAR OF THE HULL RESIDENCE.



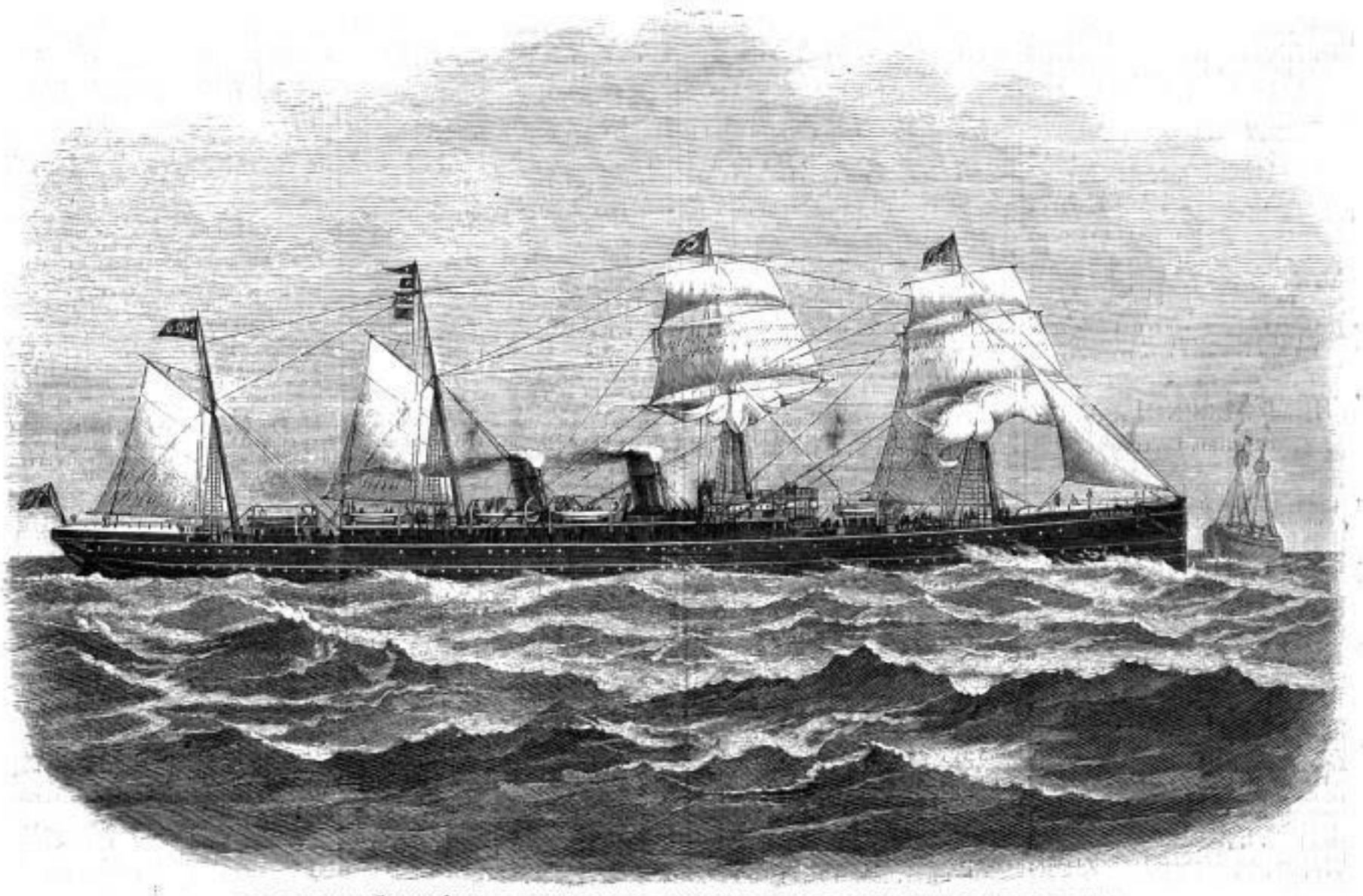
COLORED SERVANT KNOCKING AT THE BEDROOM DOOR.



SCENE IN THE PARLOR DURING THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

NEW YORK CITY.—A MYSTERIOUS CRIME AT No. 140 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET, JUNE 11TH.—SEE PAGE 273.

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THE NEW STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," OF THE WILLIAMS & GUION LIVERPOOL LINE, THE LARGEST OCEAN PASSENGER STEAMER IN THE WORLD.

A MAMMOTH OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

THE new steamship *Arizona*, of the Williams & Guion Liverpool Line, which arrived at this port June 8th, is in every respect a triumph of naval architecture. She was built by Messrs. Elder & Co., of Glasgow, and is the largest vessel that ever left the Clyde. Her model is one of the finest it is possible to imagine, her lines and clear sheer being those of a racing-yacht, and her four masts and two funnels, all of which have a slight rake, add an extra nautical feature to the generally graceful appearance of the ship. She is 465 feet in length, 46 feet beam, 37¼ feet depth of hold, and close on 6,000 tons burden. Her engines are the latest improvement on the compound principle, there being one high and two low pressure cylinders of an indicated horse-power of 7,000. She is propelled with a four-bladed screw 23 feet in diameter, with a pitch of 33 feet. The steam is generated by seven double-ended boilers, and the consumption of coal is estimated at about one hundred tons per day for full steaming purposes. There are on the main deck five powerful steam winches, with double-gearing steam capstan for working the anchor, etc. She is steered from the bridge by steam, and, in case of accident, is fitted up with the usual manual steering gear in a wheelhouse, protected by a strong iron turtle-back deck. There are also steam pumps and a powerful engine, by which any quantity of water can be brought to any part of the ship in a few seconds. The whole length of main deck affords a splendid promenade. There is a fine stretch of clear deck upwards of 400 feet, and it can be used in all kinds of weather, as it is protected overhead by the projecting sides of the spacious saloon-deck. In fine weather there is nothing whatever to interrupt the view seaward, while a long range of permanent seats on either side of the deck-houses will afford passengers an easy lounge.

The splendid entrance to the saloon leads from the main deck forward. The saloon has two separate entrances. The handsome smoking-room is fitted up with a number of circular white marble tables; the ceiling is painted a pure white, with panels bordered with gold, and are separated by columns surrounded with gilt-molded caps and scroll work. The lounges and settees are upholstered in crimson velvet, with oil-cloth to match. The ladies' boudoir is the most elegant apartment of the kind that could be wished for by the most fastidious of the fair sex; nothing can equal the comfort, combined with elegance, which pervades this room. From this room ladies have easy access to the saloon, and here, as on the main deck, a splendid promenade presents itself, the view being uninterrupted from stem to stern. The saloon occupies the entire breadth of the ship and is lit up by thirty-six silver-plated lamps; it is also furnished with revolving chairs, a splendid full-toned piano and a library.

The state-rooms, which are situated forward and aft the saloon, are fitted up with every consideration for the comfort of the passengers. Nothing appears to be left undone for voyagers' comfort, bath-rooms, barber's-shop, wash-basins, etc., being carefully supplied. Aft of the saloon is situated the intermediate accommodation. Nothing could exceed the care which has been bestowed upon the arrangements provided for this class of passengers. The ceiling is lofty and the cabin is flooded with light; the sleeping-berths are well-ventilated, lighted



CALIFORNIA.—DISCUSSING THE CHINESE QUESTION IN "THE FOUNTAIN" BEER VAULTS, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 283.

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and lofty, and combine comfort with a degree of elegance rare in intermediate accommodation; in fact, it is not many years since this cabin would have been considered an exceptionally good saloon in some of our ocean-going steamers. The "steerage" is a vast improvement on anything of the kind hitherto provided, the berths being lofty, well lighted and ventilated. The comfort of the steerage passengers appears to have entered as much into the consideration of the builders and owners of the *Arizona* as that of the more affluent and favored class of ocean travelers. She can, if necessary, accommodate 2,000 passengers, of whom 160 can dine together in the saloon. She is commanded by Captain James Price, Sr., the oldest, most trusted and most experienced officer of the Guion Company, which company, by-the-way, has not lost a single life for the last thirty years.

On her passage from Liverpool to this port, the *Arizona* proved herself exceptionally fast, her actual time being 7 days, 11 hours and 32 minutes. On one day she made 398 miles. Her engineer claims that he can make the trip in twenty hours less than the time named, and if this statement shall be realized, the *Arizona* will take rank as the fastest ocean steamer, as well as the largest, in the world. The fastest trip ever made between Queenstown and New York was 7 days, 10 hours and 53 minutes.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE inquiry into the circumstances under which Mrs. Farnaby had died was held in the forenoon of the next day.

Mr. Melton surprised Amelius by calling for him and taking him to the inquest. The carriage stopped on the way and a gentleman joined them, who was introduced as Mr. Melton's legal adviser. He spoke to Amelius about the inquest, stating, as his excuse for asking certain discreet questions, that his object was to suppress any painful disclosures. On reaching the house, Mr. Melton and his lawyer said a few words to the coroner downstairs, while the jury were assembling on the floor above.

The first witness examined was the landlady.

After deposing to the date at which the late Mrs. Farnaby had hired her lodgings, and verifying the statements which had appeared in the newspapers, she was questioned about the life and habits of the deceased. She described her late lodger as a respectable lady, punctual in her payments, and quiet and orderly in her way of life; she received letters, but saw no friends. On several occasions an old woman was admitted to speak with her, and these visits seemed to be anything but agreeable to the deceased. Asked if she knew anything of the old woman, or of what had passed at the interviews described, the witness answered both questions in the negative. When the woman called, she always told the servant to announce her as "the nurse."

Mr. Melton was next examined, to prove the identity of the deceased.

He declared that he was quite unable to explain why she had left her husband's house under an assumed name. Asked if Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby had lived together on affectionate terms, he acknowledged that he had heard, at various times, of a want of harmony between them, but was not acquainted with the cause. Mr. Farnaby's high character and position in the commercial world spoke for themselves; the restraints of a gentleman guided him in his relations with his wife. The medical certificate of his illness in Paris was then put in, and Mr. Melton's examination came to an end.

The chemist who had made up the prescription was the third witness. He knew the woman who brought it to his shop to be in the service of the first witness examined—an old customer of his, and a highly-respected resident in the neighborhood. He made up all prescriptions himself in which poisons were conspicuous ingredients, and he had affixed to the bottle a slip of paper bearing the word "Poison," printed in large letters. The bottle was produced and identified, and the directions in the prescription were shown to have been accurately copied on the label.

A general sensation of interest was excited by the appearance of the next witness—the woman-servant. It was anticipated that her evidence would explain how the fatal mistake about the medicine had occurred. After replying to the formal inquiries, she proceeded as follows:

"When I answered the bell, at the time I have mentioned, I found the deceased standing at the fireplace. There was a bottle of medicine on the table, by her writing-desk. It was a much larger bottle than that which the last witness identified, and it was more than three parts full of some colorless medicine. The deceased gave me a prescription to take to the chemist's, with instructions to wait and bring back the physic. She said, 'I don't feel at all well this morning; I thought of trying some of this medicine' (pointing to the bottle by her desk)—'but I am not sure it is the right thing for me. I think I want a tonic. The prescription I have given you is a tonic.' I went out at once to our chemist and got it. I found her writing a letter when I came back, but she finished it immediately and pushed it away from her. When I put the bottle I had brought from the chemist on the table she looked at the other larger bottle which she had by her, and she said, 'You will think me very undecided. I have been doubting, since I sent you to the chemist, whether I had not better begin with this medicine here, before I try the tonic. It's a medicine for the stomach; and I fancy it's only indigestion that's the matter with me, after all.' I said, 'You eat but a poor breakfast, ma'am, this morning. It isn't for me to advise; but, as you seem to be in doubt about yourself, wouldn't it be better to send for a doctor?' She shook her head, and said she didn't want to have a doctor if she could possibly help it. 'I'll try the medicine for indigestion first,' she says, 'and, if it doesn't relieve me, we'll see what is to be done later in the day.' While we were talking, the tonic was left in its sealed paper cover, just as I had brought it from the shop. She took up the bottle containing the stomach-medicine and read the directions on it: 'Two tablespoonsful by measure-glass twice a day.' I asked if she had a measure-glass, and she said yes, and sent me to her bedroom to look for it. I couldn't find it. While I was looking I heard her cry out, and ran back to the drawing-room to see what was the matter. 'Oh!' she says, 'how clumsy I am! I've broken the bottle.' She held up the bottle of the stomach-medicine and showed it to me, broken just below the neck. 'Go back to the bedroom,' she says, 'and see if you can find an empty bottle; I don't want to waste the medicine if I can help it.' There was only one empty bottle in the bedroom, a bottle on the chimney-piece. I took it to her immediately. She gave me the broken bottle; and, while I poured the medicine into the bottle which I had found in the bedroom, she opened the paper which covered the tonic I had brought from the chemist. When I had done, and the two bottles were together on the table—the bottle that I had filled and the bottle that I had brought from the chemist—I noticed that they were both of the same size, and that both had a label pasted on them, marked 'Poison.' I said to her, 'You must take care, ma'am, you don't make any mistake, the two bottles are so exactly alike.' 'I can easily prevent that,' she says, and dipped her pen in the ink and copied the directions on the broken bottle on to the label of the bottle that I had just filled. 'There!' she said, 'now I hope your mind's at ease!' She spoke cheerfully, as if she was joking with me. And then she said, 'But where's the measure-glass?' I went back to the bedroom to look for it, and couldn't find it again. She changed all at once, upon that—she became quite angry, and walked up and down in a fume, abusing me for my stupidity. It was very unlike her. On all other occasions she was a most considerate lady. I made allowances for her. She had been very much upset earlier in the morning, when she had received a letter which she told me herself contained bad news. Yes; another person was present at the time—the same woman that my mistress told you of. The woman looked at the address on the letter, and seemed to know who it was from. I told her a squint-eyed man had brought it to the house—and she left suddenly. I don't know where she went, or the address at which she lives, or who the messenger was who brought the letter. As I have said, I made allowances for the deceased lady. I went down-stairs, without answering, and got a tumbler and a tablespoon to serve instead of the measure-glass. When I came back with the things she was still walking about in a temper. She took no notice of me. I left the room again quietly, seeing she was not in a state to be spoken to. I saw nothing more of her until we were alarmed by hearing her scream. We found the poor lady on the floor in a kind of fit. I ran out and fetched the nearest doctor. This is the whole truth, on my oath; and this is all I know about it."

The landlady was recalled at the request of the jury, and questioned again about the old woman. She could give no information. Being asked next if any letters or papers belonging to, or written by, the deceased lady had been found, she declared that, after the strictest search, nothing had been discovered but two medical prescriptions. The writing-desk was empty.

The doctor was the next witness.

He described the state in which he found the patient, on being called to the house. The symptoms were those of poisoning by strychnine. Examination of the prescriptions and the bottles (aided by the servant's information) convinced him that a fatal mistake had been made by the deceased, the nature of which he explained to the jury as he had already explained it to Amelius. Having mentioned the meeting with Amelius at the house-door, and the events which had followed, he closed his evidence by stating the result of the post-mortem examination, proving that death was caused by the poison called strychnine.

The landlady and the servant were examined again. They were first instructed to inform the jury exactly of the time that had elapsed, from the moment when the servant had left the deceased alone in the drawing-room, to the time when the screams were first heard. Having both given the same evidence, on this point, they were next asked whether any person, besides the old woman, had visited the deceased lady, or had on any pretense obtained access to her, in the interval. Both swore positively that there had not even been a knock at the house-door in the interval, and that the area-gate was locked, and the key in the possession of the landlady. This evidence placed it beyond the possibility of doubt that the deceased had herself taken the poison. The question whether she had taken it by accident was the only question left to decide, when Amelius was called as the next witness.

The lawyer retained by Mr. Melton, to watch the case on behalf of Mr. Farnaby, had hitherto not interfered. It was observed that he paid the closest attention to the inquiry at the stage which it had now reached.

Amelius was nervous from the outset. The early training in America, which had hardened him to face an audience and speak with self-possession on social and political subjects, had not prepared him for the very different ordeal of a first appearance as a witness. Having answered the customary inquiries, he was so painfully agitated in describing Mrs. Farnaby's sufferings, that the coroner suspended the examination for a few minutes, to give him time to control himself. He failed, however, to recover his composure, until the narrative part of his evidence had come to an end. When the critical questions bearing on his relations with Mrs. Farnaby began, the audience noticed that he lifted his head, and looked and spoke, for the first time, like a man with a settled resolution in him, sure of himself.

The questions proceeded:

Was he in Mrs. Farnaby's confidence, on the subject of her domestic differences with her husband? Did those differences lead to her withdrawing herself from her husband's roof? Did Mrs. Farnaby inform him of the place of her retreat? To these three questions the witness (speaking quite readily in each case) answered Yes. Asked next what the nature of the "domestic differences" had been, whether they were likely to affect Mrs. Farnaby's mind seriously, why she had passed under an assumed name, and why she had confided the troubles of her married life to a young man like himself (only introduced to her a few months since), the witness simply declined to reply to the inquiries addressed to him. "The confidence Mrs. Farnaby placed in me," he said to the coroner, "was a confidence which I gave her my word of honor to respect. When I have said that, I hope the jury will understand that I owe it to the memory of the dead to say no more."

There was a murmur of approval among the audience, instantly checked by the coroner. The foreman of the jury rose, and remarked that scruples of honor were out of place at a serious inquiry of that sort. Hearing this, the lawyer saw his opportunity, and got on his legs. "I represent the husband of the deceased lady," he said. "Mr. Goldenheart has appealed to the law of honor to justify him in keeping silence. I am astonished that there is a man to be found in this assembly who fails to sympathize with him. But as there appears to be such a person present, I ask permission, sir, to put a question to the witness. It may, or may not, satisfy the foreman of the jury; but it will certainly assist the object of the present inquiry."

The coroner, after a glance at Mr. Melton, permitted the lawyer to put his question in these terms:

"Did your knowledge of Mrs. Farnaby's domestic troubles give you any reason to apprehend that they might urge her to commit suicide?"

"Certainly not," Amelius answered. "When I called on her, on the morning of her death, I had no apprehension whatever of her committing suicide. I went to the house as the bearer of good news; and I said so to the doctor, when he first spoke to me."

The doctor confirmed this. The foreman was silenced, if not convinced. One of his brother-jurymen, however, feeling the force of example, interrupted the proceedings, by assailing Amelius with another question: "We have heard that you were accompanied by a young lady at the time you have mentioned, and that you took her up-stairs with you. We want to know what business the young lady had in the house?"

The lawyer interfered again. "I object to that question," he said. "The purpose of the inquest is to ascertain how Mrs. Farnaby met with her death. What has the young lady to do with it? The doctor's evidence has already told us that she was not in the house, until after he had been called in, and the deadly poison had begun. I appeal, sir, to the law of evidence, and to you, as the presiding authority, to enforce it. Mr. Goldenheart, who is acquainted with the circumstances of the deceased lady's life, has declared on his oath that there was nothing in those circumstances to inspire him with any apprehension of her committing suicide. The evidence of the servant at the lodgings points plainly to the conclusion (already arrived at by the medical witness), that the death was the result of a lamentable mistake, and of that alone. Is our time to be wasted in irrelevant questions, and are the feelings of the surviving relatives to be cruelly lacerated to no purpose, to satisfy the curiosity of strangers?"

A strong expression of approval from the audience followed this. The lawyer whispered to Mr. Melton, "It's all right!"

Order being restored, the coroner ruled that the juryman's question was not admissible, and that the servant's evidence (taken with the statements of the doctor and the chemist) was the only evidence for the consideration of the jury. Summing up to this effect, he recalled Amelius (at the request of the foreman) to inquire if the witness knew anything of the old woman who had been frequently alluded to in the course of the proceedings. Amelius could answer this question as honestly as he had answered the questions preceding it. He neither knew the woman's name, nor where she was to be found. The coroner inquired (with a touch of irony) if the jury wished the inquest to be adjourned under existing circumstances.

For the sake of appearances, the jury consulted together. But the luncheon-hour was approaching; the servant's evidence was undeniably clear and conclusive; the coroner, in summing up, had requested them not to forget that the deceased had lost her temper with the servant, and that an angry woman might well make a mistake which would be unlikely in her cooler moments. All these influences led the jury irrepressibly over the obstacles of obstinacy on the way to submission. After a needless delay, they returned a verdict of "death by misadventure." The secret of Mrs. Farnaby's suicide remained inviolate; the reputation of her vile husband stood as high as ever; and the future life of Amelius was from that fatal moment turned irrevocably into a new course.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON the conclusion of the proceedings, Mr. Melton (having no further need of Amelius or the lawyer) drove away by himself. But he was too inveterately polite to omit making his excuses for leaving them in a hurry; he expected, he said, to find a telegram from Paris waiting at his house. Amelius only delayed his departure to ask the landlady if the day of the funeral was settled. Hearing that it was arranged for the next morning, he thanked her, and returned at once to the cottage.

Sally was waiting his arrival to complete some purchases of mourning for her unhappy mother, Toff's wife being in attendance to take care of her. She was anxious to hear how the inquest had ended. In answering her questions, Amelius was careful to warn her (if her companion made any inquiries) only to say that she had lost her mother under very sad circumstances. The two having left the cottage, he instructed Toff to let in the stranger, who was to call by previous appointment, and to close the door to every one else. In a few minutes, the expected person (a young man who gave the name of Morcroes) made his appearance, and sorely puzzled the old Frenchman. He was well dressed; his manner was quiet and self-possessed—and yet he did not look like a gentleman. In fact, he was a policeman of the higher order, in plain clothes.

Being introduced to the library, he spread out on the table some sheets of manuscript, in the handwriting of Amelius, with notes in red ink on the margin, made by himself.

"I understand, sir," he began, "that you have reasons for not bringing this case to trial in a court of law?"

"I am sorry to say," Amelius answered, "that I dare not consent to the exposure of a public trial, for the sake of persons living and dead. For the same reason I have written the account of the conspiracy with certain necessary reserves. I hope I have not placed any needless difficulties in your way?"

"Certainly not, sir. But I should wish to ask, what do you propose to do, in case I discover the people concerned in the conspiracy?"

Amelius owned, very reluctantly, that he could do nothing with the woman who had been the accomplice. "Unless," he added, "I can induce her to assist me in bringing the man to justice for other crimes which I believe him to have committed."

"Meaning the man named Jervy, sir, in this statement?"

"Yes. I have reason to believe that he has been obliged to leave the United States, after committing some serious offense——"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir. Is it serious enough to charge him with, under the treaty between the two countries?"

"I don't doubt it's serious enough. I have telegraphed to the persons who formerly employed him for the particulars. Mind this! I will stick at no sacrifice to make that scoundrel suffer for what he has done."

In those plain words Amelius revealed, as frankly as usual, the purpose that was in him. The terrible remembrances associated with Mrs. Farnaby's last moments had kindled, in his just and generous nature, a burning sense of the wrong inflicted on the poor heart-broken creature who had trusted and loved him. The unendurable thought that the wretch who had tortured her, robbed her and driven to her death had escaped with impunity, literally haunted him night and day. Eager to provide for Sally's future, he had followed Mrs. Farnaby's instructions, and had seen her lawyer privately, during the period that had elapsed between the death and the inquest. Hearing that there were formalities to be complied with, which would probably cause some delay, he had at once announced his determination to employ the interval in attempting the pursuit of Jervy. The lawyer—after vainly pointing out the serious objections to the course proposed—so far yielded to the irresistible earnestness and good faith of Amelius as to recommend him to a competent man, who could be trusted not to deceive him. The same day the man had received a written statement of the case; and he had now arrived to report the result of his first proceedings to his employer.

"One thing I want to know, before you tell me anything else," Amelius resumed. "Is my written description of the man plain enough to help you to find him?"

"It's so plain, sir, that some of the older men in our office have recognized him by it—under another name than the name you give him."

"Does that add to the difficulty of tracing him?"

"He has been a long time away from England, sir; and it's by no means easy to trace him on that account. I have been to the young woman, named Phœbe in your statement, to find out what she can tell me about him. She's ready enough, in the intervals of crying, to help us to lay our hands on the man who has deserted her. It's the old story of a fellow getting at a girl's secrets and a girl's money under pretense of marrying her. At one time she's furious with him, and at another she's ready to cry her eyes out. I got some information from her; it's not much, but it may help us. The name of the old woman, who has been the go-between in the business, is Mrs. Sowler—known to the police as an inveterate drunkard, and worse. I don't think there will be much difficulty in tracing Mrs. Sowler. As to Jervy, if the young woman is to be believed (and I think she is), there's little doubt that he has got the money from the person mentioned in my instructions here, and that he has bolted with the sum about him. Wait a bit, sir, I haven't done with my discoveries yet. I asked the young woman, of course, if she had his photograph. He's a sharp fellow; she had it, but he got it away from her, on pretense of giving her a better one, before he took himself off. Having missed this chance, I asked next if she knew where he lived last. She directed me to the place; and I have had a talk with the landlord. He tells me of a

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squint-eyed man, who was a good deal about the house, doing Jervy's dirty work for him. If I am not misled by the description, I think I know the man. I have my own notion of what he's capable of doing, if he gets the chance—and I propose to begin by finding our way to him, and using him as a means of tracing Jervy. It's only right to tell you that it may take some time to do this—for which reason I have to propose, in the meanwhile, trying a shorter way to the end in view. Do you object, sir, to the expense of sending a copy of your description of Jervy to every police-station in London?"

"I object to nothing which may help us to find him. Do you think the police have got him anywhere?"

"You forget, sir, that the police have no orders to take him. What I'm speculating on is the chance that he has got the money about him—say in small bank-notes, for convenience of changing them, you know."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, the people he lives among (the squint-eyed man for instance!) don't stick at trifles. If any of them have found out that Jervy's purse is worth having——"

"You mean they would rob him?"

"And murder him, too, sir, if he tried to resist."

Amelius started to his feet. "Send round to the police-stations without losing another minute," he said. "And let me hear what the answer is, the instant you receive it."

"Suppose I get the answer late at night, sir?"

"I don't care when you get it, night or day. Dead or living, I will undertake to identify him. Here's a duplicate key of the garden-gate. Come this way, and I'll show you where my bedroom is. If we are all in bed, tap at this window—and I'll be ready for you at a moment's notice."

On that understanding Morcross left the cottage.

The day when the mortal remains of Mrs. Farnaby were laid at rest was a day of heavy rain. Mr. Melton, and two or three other old friends, were the attendants at the funeral. When the coffin was borne into the damp and reeking burial-ground, a young man and woman were the only persons, besides the sexton and his assistants, who stood by the open grave. Mr. Melton, recognizing Amelius, was at a loss to understand who is companion could be. It was impossible to suppose that he would profane that solemn ceremony by bringing to it the lost woman at the cottage. The thick black vail of the person with him hid her face from view. No visible expressions of grief escaped her. When the last sublime words of the burial service had been read, those two mourners were left, after all the others had departed, still standing together by the grave. Mr. Melton decided on mentioning the subject confidentially when he wrote to his friend in Paris. Telegrams from Regina, in reply to his telegrams from London, had informed him that Mr. Farnaby had felt the benefit of the remedies employed, and was slowly but surely on the way to recovery. Under these circumstances, it seemed likely that he would be able, in no long time, to take the right course for the protection of his niece. For the enlightenment which might, or might not, come with that time, Mr. Melton was resigned to wait, with the disciplined patience to which he had been mainly indebted for his success in life.

"Always remember your mother tenderly, my child," said Amelius, as they left the burial-ground. "She was sorely tried, poor thing, in her lifetime, and she loved you very dearly."

"Do you know anything of my father?" Sally asked, timidly. "Is he still living?"

"My dear, you will never see your father. I must be all that the kindest father and mother could have been to you, now. Oh, my my poor little girl!"

She pressed his arm to her as she held it. "Why should you pity me?" she said. "Haven't I got you?"

They passed the day together quietly at the cottage. Amelius took down some of his books, and pleased Sally by giving her his first lessons.

Soon after ten o'clock, his pupil withdrew at the usual early hour to her room. He profited by the opportunity to send for Toff, intending to warn him not to be alarmed, if he heard footsteps in the garden after they had all gone to bed. The Frenchman had barely entered the library, when he was called away by the bell at the cottage gate. Amelius, looking into the hall, discovered Morcross and signed to him impatiently to come in. The young police officer closed the door cautiously behind him. He had arrived with news that Jervy had been found.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOUNTAIN VAULTS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ONE of the sights of the city by the Golden Gate is the Fountain Vaults, celebrated for the Boca beer, which flows within its shades with the velocity of a foaming, subterranean stream. This beer is greatly prized by the thirsty sons of 'Frisco, whose name is legion, and at all hours of the day and far into the night the demands for Boca are simply unceasing. The vault, or rather vaults, for there are three, lie below the level of the sidewalk—three magnificently-appointed, spacious saloons, gilded, mirrored and rockled. The fountain from which they derive their name is situated in the centre of the middle vault, and in its sparkling waters numerous goldfish gayly disport themselves. Between supporting pillars hang sweet singing birds, while rare and delicately tinted flowers swing in splendid profusion in wicker baskets. The vault is a great resort for all classes. Here will be found the "big bonanza" taking the froth off his Boca beside the aspiring broker's clerk. Here the Pacific Slope operator clinks glasses with the man who plunges on "a sweet thing in China." Bankers and clerks, brokers and sky merchants, prominent mining men and "shady" customers, politicians and free-lances, all hie to the Fountain Vaults, and, through the medium of the well-beloved Boca, set little plants destined to cause Wall Street to quiver, or to pass the speeding hours in discussing men and things. The scene in the Vaults about five o'clock in the afternoon is an excessively animated one. Every table is occupied, every waiter skipping hither and thither in compliance with impatient and thirsty calls. Luncheons may be had in private apartments, and *recherché* little suppers, cooked, not *à la Chinoise*. One of the first things a new-comer is asked is, "Have you had a Boca at the Fountain Vaults?" and not to be in a position to reply in the affirmative marks the greenhorn in 'Frisco.

THE POKOMOKE MYSTERY.

THE TRIAL OF MISS DUER FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF HER BEST FRIEND, MISS HEARN.

THE popular interest in the Duer-Hearn tragedy increases as the trial at Snow Hill, Md., progresses. So far, there has been absolutely nothing developed in the evidence to satisfy the general curiosity or to establish a motive for the shooting. The high social standing of the two families thus unhappily brought into public notice, the remarkably warm friendship existing between the Misses Duer and Hearn previous to the death of the latter, the attempts of the victim to free herself from the influence of her alleged murderess, which was of a most unaccountable nature, the long-noted eccentricities and hoydenish deportment of Miss Duer, have combined to make this case one of the most remarkable in criminal practice. The indictment on which Miss Lillie Duer is now being tried charges that, on the 5th of November last, she deliberately shot Miss Ella Hearn, in the hallway of her parents' residence, in Pokomoke, Md., from the effects of which Ella died on the 6th of December following.

At the time of the tragedy both young ladies were about twenty years of age, pretty and attractive. They had graduated with high honors but a short time previous at the same seminary, having been roommates since they entered the institution. Among the numerous peculiarities that had been noticed in Miss Duer, were her occasional habit of donning male costume, her great fondness for pistol-practice, her reckless use of the weapon, her overbearing manner towards her companions of both sexes, and her decided masculine manners, such as smoking, boxing, climbing trees, and jumping posts and fences.

Miss Hearn was of a more quiet and retiring disposition, of a rather delicate build, and possessed of such ladylike manners as to make her welcome and appreciated in every sphere.

According to the testimony at the trial, the strange intimacy began in 1875. As the girls had been schoolmates, there were no objections raised by the Hearn family. About a year after, a feeling of revulsion seems to have settled upon Miss Hearn, caused by the incessant attentions of Miss Duer, who was in the habit of calling upon her friend almost every day. She attempted to sever their relations, but Miss Duer had obtained such control over her that this was impossible. Very frequently Miss Hearn would, in the kindliest manner, tell Miss Duer to go home and not call again, and often the only answer Miss Duer gave would be to place her arms around the other's neck and kiss her, and tell her she loved her. Miss Duer would daily try to get Miss Hearn to walk with her in the woods, or remain with her alone in the parlor. And so the acquaintance went on. The one tried to break it off for ever; the other kissed, cajoled, flattered, protested and refused to heed the timidly expressed injunctions.

In October last an incident occurred which placed Miss Hearn in mortal terror. The girls left the house together one day, and took a walk in a grove not far from Pokomoke. There they remained for some time gathering tea-berries. When starting for home, Miss Hearn went ahead, and after a short time, Miss Duer, who loitered, and was walking some distance behind, called to her to wait. She did not heed this request. It is alleged that Miss Duer then raised a pistol, and fired three times at her companion. Miss Hearn waited until Miss Duer came up, still holding the pistol in her hand. She at once took the weapon away from Miss Duer, asking her if she intended to shoot her.

"No," replied Miss Duer, "I only intended to frighten you, and make you wait for me."

Miss Hearn never walked with Miss Duer in the woods after that.

This incident Miss Hearn related to her father on her deathbed, acknowledging that she had been afraid to speak of it to any one before, fearing that if she told her father he would kill her assailant.

In the chronology of the case we now come to the 4th of November last. On that day Miss Hearn received a note from Miss Duer asking her to come to her house that evening on important business. She called, in company with her younger sister. Miss Duer tried to persuade her to go into the woods with her the next day, but she refused to go. The most complete account of what followed is found in the statement which Miss Hearn made to Mrs. George Truitt before the wound was considered dangerous, and which that lady narrated in her testimony. After speaking of her refusal to accompany Miss Duer into the woods, Miss Hearn said: "Lil got awful mad, and came up to her and said, 'Before Almighty God, Ella Hearn, if you don't go into the woods with me to-morrow I'll never ask you to go anywhere else'; next day Lil came around; she (Ella) was sewing, witness thought; she said Lil got up to leave two or three times and snatched her work out of her hand; her ma told her to go to the door with Lil; Lil started to the gate and came back again once or twice; then she came in and shut the door; went up to her (Ella) and asked her if she would take back what she had said, and attempted to kiss her; she (Ella) pushed her down and then laughed; she (Lil) said I hurt her a little, for I pushed her hard; Lil got up and went up to her again and commenced talking; she (Ella) told her to go home and leave her alone; the witness thought Ella said that Lil asked her if she loved Ella Foster better than her, and she answered, 'Yes,' and that Lil stepped back and said, 'Repeat that, and I'll kill you;' witness here said to her (Ella), 'Perhaps Lil was only trying to frighten you,' and the reply was, 'You would not say that, Mrs. Truitt, if you had seen her countenance and the rage she was in;' Ella then asked, 'Did you see the place on my arm?' witness believes she said 'place'; witness said she did; Ella raised her hand this way" (witness showed with her own hand), "and said, 'If my arm had got a little higher, perhaps it would not have killed me.'"

The shooting occurred a few moments after Miss Duer arose from her fall, the ball striking Miss Hearn in the hand, inflicting a painful though not an apparently dangerous wound. Another strange phase of the case was developed after the shooting. While Miss Hearn was sick Miss Duer exhibited much sympathy for her, and on one occasion, when she was in Mr. Hearn's house, Miss Ella called her into her room, and seemed greatly pleased at seeing her. Miss Hearn was perfectly rational at the time. Upon that occasion, it is said, she asked Miss Duer what was the matter with her, and the latter answered that she was hurt. She asked who it was that did it, and Miss Duer replied that it was herself (Miss Duer). Miss Hearn is then said to have put her arms affectionately around the young lady's neck and remarked: "Then you didn't mean to do it, Lil, did you?"

It is related that on another occasion Miss Duer went into the sick-room when the invalid was delirious and knew no one, not even her parents. She recognized Miss Duer, however, and cried out in the greatest fear for her not to shoot her again, at the same time drawing the bedclothes over her head. She told Miss Duer to go away, and would not be quiet until she left the room.

As before stated, Miss Hearn died on the 6th of December, one month and a day after the shooting. Miss Duer was arrested and entered bail for $2,000 to appear in court at Snow Hill, the county seat, at the Spring term, for the trial which is now in progress. The prosecution have brought out all the salient points in the case, and, from the evidence so far produced by the defense, it seems that the "strong point" will be that Miss Hearn died, not from the effects of the pistol-shot, but from the chloral administered by the physicians after the shooting. The court-room has been densely crowded during the early days of the trial, and the leading features of the case admitted in evidence have not created more wonder and excitement there than throughout the country.

On Friday, June 13th, the prisoner, Miss Duer, took the stand to testify in her own behalf. She detailed her acquaintance with the deceased, denied positively the shooting in the woods in October, and insisted that the shot of November, in the hallway, was discharged accidentally.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Extraordinary Finds of Gold have lately occurred in the gold-fields of Dutch and French Guiana, and are causing great excitement.

A Rich Deposit of lead and silver has just been discovered near the Thames River, New Zealand. The ore is reported to contain fifty per cent. of lead, with about two pounds worth of silver, and 9 dwt. 13 grs. of gold per ton.

A New Grass, *Ilama laxaviana*, has been imported into Ceylon from Java, and is stated to be doing well, having attained a height of eight feet in three months. It is said to contain a large amount of saccharine matter, and cattle and horses eat it freely.

In the Paris Academy, Dr. Oppolzer has been elected a Corresponding Member in the Astronomical Section in place of the late Professor Argelander, and M. Alphonse Favre in place of the late Professor Leymerie in the Section of Mineralogy.

The Professors of the Museum of Paris have presented two candidates for filling the place vacated by the death of Claude Bernard, who was professor of general physiology in the establishment. The first candidate is M. Bouben, of the Institute, and the second M. Moreau.

Of Eleven Female Candidates who presented themselves for the first examination for the degrees of London University, six were placed in the division of honors, four were declared to be entitled to exhibitions, and one was second in the whole list of candidates.

The "Electrician" says that on the 25th of April, between eleven o'clock and noon, no fewer than 215 messages, averaging thirty words each, were disposed of on a single wire—London and Birmingham—by means of the quadruplex. The number is unprecedented in the history of telegraphy.

Map of Ancient Gaul.—Preparations are being made at the St. Germain Museum in Paris for the installation of a magnificent map of ancient Gaul. It has been executed by one of the most eminent engravers of the day, and advantage has been taken of modern science to indicate the sites of the principal relics of antiquity still existing in the country.

Sir William Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow, was recently examined by the select committee of the English Parliament on the subject of the electric light, and expressed the opinion that before long the light will be used everywhere, in private houses as well as in public buildings or in the open air, and in small rooms as well as in large ones.

Dr. Edouard Bornet, of Paris, eminent for his researches on the structure and reproduction of algæ, and author of other works on that order, and Professor Heinrich Gustav Reichenbach, *fils*, Director of the Botanic Gardens, Hamburg, alike distinguished for his special knowledge of, and publications on, the Orchidaceæ, have been elected Foreign Members of the Linnean Society.

The May Number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* gives the chief place to a long and careful article by M. Lindeman on the North Coast of Siberia between the mouths of the Lena and Behring Straits. Herr Lindeman traces the history of exploration in the region from 1630 to the present time, and follows this with a description of the coasts and islands. The article is accompanied by an excellent map in two sheets.

Dr. Bastian, who started on a scientific expedition in Persia, India, and the Eastern Archipelago in the early part of last Summer, has written from Calcutta to the Berlin Geographical Society, stating that he is about to leave that place with the view of pursuing his ethnological studies in Assam and Java. In the latter island, however, his work will have been in a great measure anticipated by that of M. Désiré Charney, the archæological explorer of Yucatan, Southern Mexico and Madagascar.

Petroleum in Alsace-Lorraine.—A new petroleum well of considerable volume was discovered recently in the bitumen mines of Pechelbronn, in Alsace Lorraine. The volume of oil was so great that in four days the André and Henri pits, united by a drift, were filled. In the first named it reached a height of thirty-six feet, and continues at that level, notwithstanding that immediate arrangements were made to draw it off. There are nine hundred yards of galleries filled with oil, and no signs of diminution in the supply.

Dr. Swan M. Burnett, of Washington, has recently made some examinations for the purpose of ascertaining whether the negro in the United States is affected with color-blindness to the same degree as the white race. He has examined 2,050 colored children, from six to eighteen years of age, in the public schools of the District of Columbia, of whom 1,359 were males and 1,691 females. Of these, twenty-two boys were color-blind (or 1.6 per cent.) and two girls (or 0.11 per cent.) The percentage of color-blindness among the whites in an aggregate of about 40,000 examinations is 3 per cent. for males, and 0.25 for females. The negro appears, therefore, to be less liable to this defect than the white race. The examinations were made in strict accordance with the plan proposed by Professor Holmgren, of Upsala, Sweden, and used so extensively in making similar examinations in Europe.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GIUSEPPE MANZONI has been elected Grand Master of all the Italian Masonic lodges.

COUNT BEUST of Austria, trained in early life for the pulpit, is esteemed the wittiest ambassador in Europe.

AT Professor Huxley's invitation, Mr. John Fiske has gone to London to repeat his lectures on American history, recently delivered in Boston.

MISS CATHERINE L. WOLFE, the philanthropist of New York City, with her $10,000,000, is said to be the wealthiest unmarried woman in the United States.

IN consideration of the hard times, the Prince of Wales has acquired his Cornish tenants by the announcement that he will remit twenty per cent. of their rent for three years.

PROFESSOR E. E. EDWARDS, of McKendrie College, Lebanon, Ill., has been elected president of the new agricultural college of Colorado, which it is proposed to open in September.

THE foundation-stone of the new lighthouse at Eddystone is to be laid on Saturday, June 21st, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the sons of the Prince of Wales are to be present.

LORD LYONS, British Ambassador to France, and formerly Minister to the United States, has just been appointed by Queen Victoria as a Knight Grand Cross of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

THE University of Oxford is about to confer the degree of D. C. L. on Lord Dufferin, British Ambassador to Russia; the Right Hon. William Henry Smith, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Ivan Tourgeneff, the Russian novelist.

CYRUS H. MCCORMICK, of Chicago, has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Science, to fill a vacancy in the Department of Rural Economy, in recognition of his long services in manufacturing and improving harvesting machinery

NINETY-FIVE of the French Senators and Deputies are Freemasons. This number includes three of the ministry, namely, Le Royer, Ferry and Tirard; four ex-ministers, namely, Gambetta, Jules Simon, Jules Favre and Cremieux, and also Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc.

THE Tyndale Memorial Committee, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury is chairman, has intrusted to Mr. J. Edgar Boehm the design and erection on the Thames Embankment of a statue of the martyr William Tyndale, who made and published the first English translation of the Bible from the original.

THE Marquis of Lorne's book is to be called "Travels in the Dominion," and will be published this season in London. It will be illustrated by the Princess Louise, with whom the Misses Montalba are now sojourning, in order that the art studies of these ladies and Her Royal Highness may be renewed.

THE Rev. J. Clement French, D.D., for thirteen years the pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn (Rev. Dr. Scudder's), and subsequently for five years pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of that city, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Park Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J.

DON FRANCISCO S. A. BUNTAGA, Secretary of the Chilian Legation at Washington in 1846, and Minister Plenipotentiary from 1861 to 1867, has, upon the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with this country, been appointed Minister. He reached New York on June 7th, and presented his credentials to President Hayes on the 10th.

LI-FANG-PAO, the Chinese Ambassador at Berlin, and one of the most eminent of the learned men of the Flowery Kingdom, after examining the remains of Grecian pottery of the Trojan and pre-Trojan period, has proved that the vases found in Trojan territory and buried in places lately excavated, such as those referred to by Schliemann, are really of Chinese origin.

JUDGE SHEA was conspicuous in a proscenium box at the Moore Centenary in New York, by wearing the green ribbon which accompanied the presentation to him, the Summer before last, of the freedom of the City of Cork. It is worth noting that the death of Isaac Butt, M. P., LL. D., late leader of the Irish party, leaves an American the only person living who has received the honor. Judge Shea stands alone in that respect. The dignity has been conferred only three times by that city.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL, the accomplished actress and singer, well-known in both hemispheres, died in London on June 6th. Her maiden name was Isabella Featherstone, and she was a native of Dartford, Kent, England. In addition to the character sketches in which she appeared with her husband, she has played in heavier rôles, such as *Lady Macbeth*, which she acted in Drury Lane, London, in 1869. Her last appearance in New York was at Irving Hall.

PROFESSOR ASAPH HALL, of the United States Naval Observatory, has received official notification of his election as member of the French Academy, an honor which is highly appreciated by the corps of scientists at the Observatory, and by the officers of the navy stationed at Washington. The services rendered to science by Professor Hall in his report on the transit of Venus and his celebrated discovery of the moons of Mars in 1877 are among the reasons given for his election to the Academy.

AMONG recent notable deaths are those of Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, June 10th, aged 66; the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Lawrence, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, June 10th, aged 53; Dr. John T. Darby, Professor of Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, June 9th, aged 43; the Bishop of Amiens, France, June 10th; the Prince of Orange, heir-apparent to the throne of the Netherlands, at Paris, June 11th, aged 38.

MAJOR SERPA PINTO has left Alexandria, Egypt, for Marseilles, Lisbon and London. This intrepid African explorer started from Benguela, on the Atlantic Ocean, in August, 1877, and arrived at Durban, on the Indian Ocean, in April, 1879. He brings twenty charts, numberless drawings, valuable barometric, astronomic and geologic records, large collections of insects, plants, skins, etc., six volumes in manuscript full of interesting narrative, including an account of the discovery of a river two hundred miles long, flowing into the Zambesi. He has brought over twenty-eight cannibals.

THE Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet at the Mansion House, June 12th, to the members of the International Literary Conference and the delegates to the International Telegraph Conference, now in session in that city. Toasts to the Literary Congress were responded to by Messrs. Edmond About, Frederic Thomas and Blanchard Jerrold. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, replying to a toast to the guests from abroad, expressed the hope that he would see the Panama Canal completed in eight years. Victor Hugo, President of the Congress, was unable to be present, being unavoidably detained at Paris.

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MISS LILLIE DUER, THE ALLEGED MURDERESS.



MISS ELLA HEARN, THE VICTIM OF THE TRAGEDY.



VIEW OF MARKET STREET, POKOMOKE CITY.



HOUSE IN WHICH MISS HEARN WAS SHOT.



BEDROOM IN WHICH THE VICTIM DIED.



A GROUP OF CITIZENS.



HALLWAY WHERE THE SHOOTING TOOK PLACE.



WOODS WHERE IT IS ALLEGED MISS DUER FIRST ATTEMPTED TO SHOOT MISS HEARN.



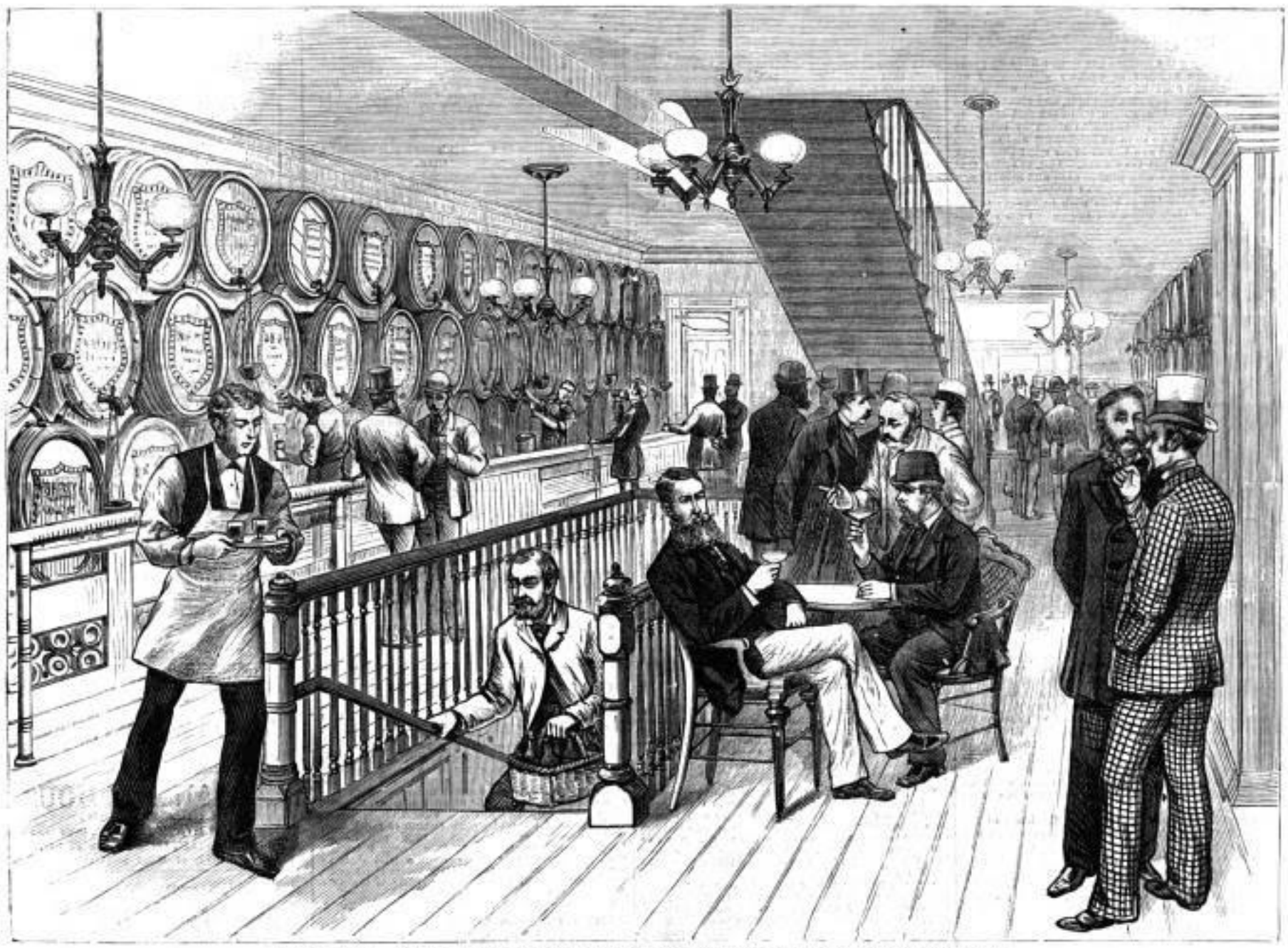
A COURT-ROOM SKETCH DURING THE TRIAL.



MISS DUER LEAVING THE COURT-ROOM.

MARYLAND.—THE MYSTERIOUS DUER-HEARN TRAGEDY AT POKOMOKE CITY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 283.

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NEW YORK CITY.—A NEW WAY OF PURCHASING WINES BY SAMPLE—THE BODEGA ESTABLISHED AT NO. 83 CEDAR STREET.

GENERAL THOMAS EWING.

GENERAL THOMAS EWING, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, comes of an honorable stock. He is the third son of the late Senator Thomas Ewing, himself a man of distinguished reputation, and is now within two months of fifty years of age, having been born at Lancaster, Ohio, in August, 1829. He received a liberal education, having graduated from Brown University in 1854, and from the Cincinnati Law School in 1855. One year later he removed to Leavenworth, Kansas, where, with one of his brothers, he began the practice of law, soon taking rank as the leading lawyer of the Territory. He also became a Republican leader, and was a member of the Peace Conference from Kansas in 1860. In 1861 and 1862 he was Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. In September, 1862, he organized the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, which regiment he commanded at the battles of Fort Wayne and Kane Hill. He subsequently rose to the command of a brigade, and for his gallant services received, in 1865, the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. In 1863 and 1864 he was, at different times, in command of Kansas and Western Missouri and the St. Louis district. His services in those States were valuable to the Federal cause, and in 1865 he received the rank of brevet major-general for his gallant conduct. The war then being practically over, he resigned, and for some time practiced law at Washington. In 1873 and 1874 he was a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention. Having left the Republican party in 1868, he was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress as a Democrat, receiving nearly 5,000 majority. He was re-elected in 1878, receiving a plurality of 434 and a majority of 213. General Ewing has taken a prominent part in Congress, and has served on several important committees, including that on Banking and Currency. In the Democratic National Convention of 1868 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President, his nomination not even being seconded by the Ohio delegation. His extreme soft money views have made him a leader of the Greenback wing of his party, but will probably alienate very many Democrats of the old school who hold to the financial doctrines of the fathers. General Ewing is a gentleman of fine address and of impressive manner as a public speaker, and in debate is a hard hitter; but with all his ability, he will scarcely be able to persuade the people of Ohio that the country can afford to reverse the financial policy to which it is now committed.

A WONDERFUL TOMB.

AMONG the points of interest visited by General Grant in India was the Taj at Agra, said to be the most striking building in that country of marvels. A correspondent, in describing this building, says: "The principle which inspires these magnificent and useless tombs is of Tartar origin. The Tartars, we are told, built their tombs in such a manner as to 'serve for places of enjoyment for themselves and their friends during their lifetime.' While the builder lives he uses the building as a house of recreation, receives his friends, gives entertainments. When he dies he is buried within the walls, and from that hour the building is abandoned. It is ever afterwards a tomb, given alone to the dead. There is something Egyptian in this idea of a house of feasting becoming a tomb; of a great prince, as he walks amid crowds of retainers and friends, knowing that the walls that resound with laughter will look down on his dust. This will account for so many of the stupendous tombs that you find in Upper India. Happily, it does not account for the Taj. If the Taj had been a Tartar idea—a house of merriment to the builder and of sorrow afterwards—it would have lost something of the poetry which adds to its beauty. The Taj is the expression of the grief of the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, who was known in her day as Mumtaz-i-Mabal, or the Exalted One of the Palace. She was herself of royal blood, with Persian ancestry intermingled. She was married in 1615 to Shah Jehan, then heir to the throne, and, having borne him seven children, died in 1629 in giving birth to the eighth child. Her life, therefore, was in the highest sense consecrated, for she gave it up in the fulfillment of a supreme and holy duty, in itself a consecration of womanhood. The husband brought the body of the wife and mother to these gardens and entombed it until the monument of his grief should be done. It was seventeen years before the work was finished. The cost is unknown, the best authorities rating it at more than two millions of dollars. Two millions of dollars in the time of Shah Jehan, with labor for the asking, would be worth as much as twenty millions in our day. For seventeen years 20,000 men worked on the Taj, and their wages was a daily portion of corn.

"The effect of the Taj as seen from the gate, looking down the avenue of trees, is grand. The dome and towers seem to rest in the air, and it would not surprise you if they became clouds and vanished into rain. The gardens are the perfection of horticulture, and you see here, as in no part of India that I have visited, the wealth and beauty of nature in Hindoostan. The landscape seems to be flushed with roses, with all varieties of the rose, and that most sunny and queenly of flowers seems to strew your path and bid you welcome as you saunter down the avenues and up the ascending slope that leads to the shrine of a husband's love and a mother's consecration. There is a row of fountains which throw out a spray and cool the air, and when you pass the trees and come to the door of the building its greatness comes upon you—its greatness and its beauty.

"As you enter you see a vast dome, every inch of which is enriched with inscriptions in Arabic, verses from the Koran, engraved marble, mosaics, decorations in agate and jasper. In the centre are two small tombs of white marble, modestly carved. These cover the resting-place of the Emperor and his wife, whose bodies are in the vault underneath. In other days the Turkish priests read the Koran from the gallery, and you can imagine how solemn must have been the effect of the words chanted in a priestly cadence by the echo that answers and again answers the chanting of some tune by one of the party. You may form an idea of the great size of the Taj from the figures of the measurement of the royal engineers. From the base to the top of the centre dome is 123½ feet; to the summit of the pinnacle, 243½ feet. It stands on the bank of the river Jumna, and it is said that Shah Jehan intended to build a counterpart in black marble in which his own ashes should rest. But misfortune came to Shah Jehan—ungrateful children, strife, deposition—and when he died his son felt that the Taj was large enough for both father and mother. One is almost glad that the black marble idea never germinated. The Taj, by itself alone, is unapproachable. A duplicate would have detracted from its peerless beauty."



GENERAL THOMAS EWING, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE BODEGA.

A NEW WAY OF PURCHASING WINES BY SAMPLE.

WE present to our readers the picture of an establishment opened a few weeks ago in this city, at 83 Cedar Street, which, from the success already achieved, proves to have been a requirement of the day, and which is a novelty, not only in New York City, but also in the United States. It is called the Bodega, a Spanish word, exclusively used in the wine trade, but meaning store or warehouse. In Spain a merchant goes to the Bodega, where all goods are stored, and where his customers and friends may try the wine from a sample cask.

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This system has been adopted by Mr. Timothy Stevens, a prominent wine importer of this city, late of Beaver Street, where for the last odd twenty years he has acted as representative for many leading European shippers.

On entering the Bodega the visitor finds on every side a large number of casks systematically arranged, each cask being duly provided with a sign giving the vintage contained in it, and also the price by the glass, bottle, gallon, half-cask and cask. In this way customers wishing to stock or replenish their cellar can do so in an intelligent and satisfactory manner, and can buy or order what they know to be exactly what they want. And, in order that this may be done with proper care and attention, a cosy little parlor and a row of tables are provided for such customers as may wish to devote to the selection of their wines the requisite time and attention.



BODEGA WINE HAMPER.

Another feature, and one which certainly is not less appreciated, is, that so-called family hampers are for sale. These are sold at merely nominal rates, and contain a full assortment of Spanish, French and other wines, a bottle of each, including sherry, port, claret, whisky and brandy. These hampers offer this advantage: that while occasion may offer when every family is glad to have such wines within immediate reach, they, too, may be tasted at home at full leisure; and whenever and as often as a particular wine meets with approbation, all that is necessary to be done is to send an order to the Bodega, specifying the number of the label attached to each bottle.

Our illustration is taken from the back of the store, leading to the extensive cellars, where the bottling is done. The vast wholesale department, the salesrooms, and offices for bookkeepers and cashiers, are situated on the second story, which is reached by the stairs in the middle of our picture, while the front part of the store is devoted to the retail business of the firm.

Raphael Diaz Albertini, the Paganini of the Future.

A youth of one-and-twenty, with dark, dreamy eyes, black sweeping lashes that paint *silhouettes* upon his pale cheeks; a mouth sweet and sad and tender as a woman's; a great white forehead surmounted by raven black hair that flows in ebon cataracts down his neck—this is Raphael Diaz Albertini, the violinist, who wrenched the first prize from twenty-three competitors at the Conservatoire in Paris in 1875; who has received golden crowns from the lovers of music, at its best, of three separate nations, and who has been decorated with the Order of Charles III. of Spain by the hands of the king. Albertini has been a musician from his birth. At four years of age he played a morceau on the violin to the accompaniment of the great *maestro* Gottschalk, although it is scarcely necessary to observe that he did not know a single note, playing exclusively by ear. At six years of age so intense was the child's love for music, and especially for the violin, that his father—himself holding first rank as an amateur violinist—had him instructed in this most difficult of all instruments; and as the years went by Raphael Albertini found a willing handmaid in genius, and a smiling mistress in art. His first success came to him in Havana, the city of his birth, when he was but ten years old, and the prediction uttered by Mr. Watson, the then musical critic of FRANK LESLIE'S LA ILUSTRACION AMERICANA, that the boy had a splendid career before him, has been wondrously verified. At the Conservatoire he was the only foreigner in a class of twenty-four, the remaining twenty-three being all French. For the crucial test he performed a "solo du 19me Concerto Kreutzer," and so superb was his handling of this intricate and almost impossible movement, that it won for him the grand prize—a distinction which can only be conferred upon those whom the gods have endowed with the divine gift of music in the soul.

Albertini practices six hours a day for pleasure, and his favorite pieces are the "Balade Polonaise," "Vieuxtemps," "Concerto, Mendelssohn," "Concerto, Beethoven," "Polonaise Wieninsky," and "Fantasie Caprice," by Vieuxtemps. He regards Vieuxtemps as the prince of violinists, and speaks of him with the burning enthusiasm of the ardent disciple. This gifted youth is now enjoying the *dolce far niente*, the luxury of doing nothing, as recommended by his physician, and the strain of intense study is for the present relaxed, but we look forward to hearing him in concert during the coming season, and we can promise those who love music at its best "a gentle hour's dalliance with sweet sound."

Too Much Sleep.

The effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled, and the sensations, and moral and intellectual manifestations are obfuscated. All the bad effects of inaction become developed; the functions are exerted with less energy; the digestion is torpid, the excretions are diminished, while, in some instances, the secretion of fat accumulates to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of hebitude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted, when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; *i. e.*, they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that over-indulgence be not permitted. Where the habit is for children to lie in bed until eight or nine in the morning, the last two hours, at least, do not bring sound, dreamless sleep, where the hour for retiring is eight or nine P. M., but are spent in "dozing," and in fact, such excess cannot fail to insure the harmful results described by the authority quoted. What is called "laziness" among children is, in very many cases, disease, and is largely due to this, as well as the other causes mentioned, that undermine the foundations of health.

FUN.

WEATHER report—Thunder.

NON-UNION MEN—Bachelors.

A COURT MARTIAL—A soldier's addresses.

WEATHER PROFIT—The gains of umbrella-sellers.

LEDGER DE MAIN—"I am not an author," said an accountant, "but I am a righter of books."

RAILWAYS are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

IT is said that when Hayes was a boy and played cards behind a haystack, instead of saying euchre, he would always yell "veto."

THIS is the time of the year when the boy who has accidentally changed shirts with a companion, while enjoying the surreptitious swim, tells his mother, when she discovers the swap, that the other boy's mother took a fancy to his shirt and borrowed it as a pattern to make some shirts from for her little boy.

THE women in Kansas vote at the school elections. At a recent election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet-fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the poll, and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot.

THE S. P. C. A. apparently has no call to go to Georgia. A colored engineer on a train in that State saw a cow on the track the other day, whereupon he stopped the train, got out with a shovel in his hand, and, striking the beast on the back, yelled, "Git off dar, d'ye heah? Git off, or I'll squirt steam all over yer!"

DR. KEATE, at one time head-master of Eton College, is said to have held that there is a vital connection between the birch and the beatitudes. After reading "Blessed are the pure in heart," it is stated that he told his pupils, "Mind that it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you."

SI STOUGHTON, though a heavy drinker, was a kind husband and father; but Si was dead now. Shortly after that sad event, the widow was visited by a Spiritualistic friend, who had come to tell the bereaved one that she had seen his spirit. She was sure it was he. "Oh, no, it is impossible," sighed the widow sadly; "it wasn't Si's spirit: he didn't leave any."

A TRAIN boy got rather taken in on the Pennsylvania Road the other day. He distributed the usual candy and cake packages through an emigrant train, but when he came back to gather them up again the foreigners had disposed of the goodies and thrown the empty boxes out of the window. They thought it was a free lunch furnished by the conductor, and could not be got to pay for it either.

AS SOME lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.—*Pat* (who has come to London with a view to emigrate): "Shure, I've come about that situation ye're advertisin' f'." *Newsender* (who has put out a bulletin about the "Situation in Egypt"): "What situation d'you mean?" *Pat* (pointing to the poster): "It's this wone in Agypt I'am after!" *Newsender*: "Pooh! that's on the state of affairs——" *Pat*: "Divil a ha'porth I care whose estate it's on! bodad, I'll take it."

A SMALL boy was seen to approach stealthily the windows of the county jail at Raymond, Miss., a few days ago, and hand in through the bars something having the appearance of an immense crowbar. The police were informed of it, and a posse of men surrounded the jail, while a couple of officers proceeded to the cell to recover the weapon from the prisoner. On reaching the cell they found the prisoner quietly sitting on his stool, devouring a yard-long Bologna sausage.

SPECULATION.

SINCE the creation it is estimated that 27,000,000,000,000,000 have lived on the earth. This sum, divided by 27,864,000, the number of square miles, gives 1,314,522,086 to a square rod, and 5 to a square foot. Suppose a square rod be divided into 11 graves, each grave would contain 100 persons. But this is speculation, and of no benefit to the 1,000,000,000 people that now exist, 500,000,000 of whom are invalids, 33,000,000 dying each year. What they most want are the facts concerning Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. For years his Golden Medical Discovery has been the standard remedy for the cure of all scrofulous, throat, and lung diseases, while for over a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been unrivaled as a positive cure for catarrh. The testimony of thousands of ladies has been published, certifying that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively cures the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women. For full information see the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages, price (postpaid) $1.50. Over 100,000 copies sold. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Trains leave foot of 23d street, East River, by steamer Sylvan Grove, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45 A.M.; 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45 P.M.
Returning, leave Manhattan Beach for Greenpoint and New York 7:35, 10, 11:05 A.M.; 12:05, 12:30, 1:10, 1:30, 2:15, 2:30, 3:15, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5:15, 5:30, 6:15, 6:30, 7:15, 7:30, 8:15, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:35 P.M.
Trains marked thus ‖ stop at East New York only—15 minutes after Greenpoint time. Trains marked thus ‡ do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.
BAY RIDGE DIVISION.
Steamers "Thomas Collyer" and "Twilight" leave New York (N. R.), connecting at Bay Ridge with trains for Manhattan Beach, as follows:
23d Street—9:10, 10:20, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25 P.M.
Leroy Street—9:30, 10:35, 11:35 A.M.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M.
Pier 8—9:55, 10:55, 11:55 A.M.; 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 6:55 P.M.
The steamer "D. R. Martin" connects with Elevated Railroads at Whitehall Street, and trains for Bay Ridge for Manhattan Beach as follows:
Leave Whitehall Street 10:25, 10:55, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25 P.M.
Trains marked thus ‡ do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.
RETURNING LEAVE
Manhattan Beach for Bay Ridge and New York as follows:
8:10, *10:20, 11:00, *11:20 A.M.; 12:00 M.; *12:20, 1:00, *1:20, 12:00, *2:20, ‡3:00, *3:20, 4:00, *4:20, 5:00, *5:20, 6:00, *6:20, 17:00, *7:20, 8:00, *8:20, 8:55, *9:20 and 10:25 P.M.
Trains marked thus * connect with steamer "D. R. MARTIN," and do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.
Trains marked thus ‡ connecting with North River boats, do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.
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LONG JIM, THE SCOUT; Or, THE DEATH VALLEY OF THE APACHES,
LONG JIM, THE SCOUT; Or, THE DEATH VALLEY OF THE APACHES,
BY
HENRY R. BRISBANE,
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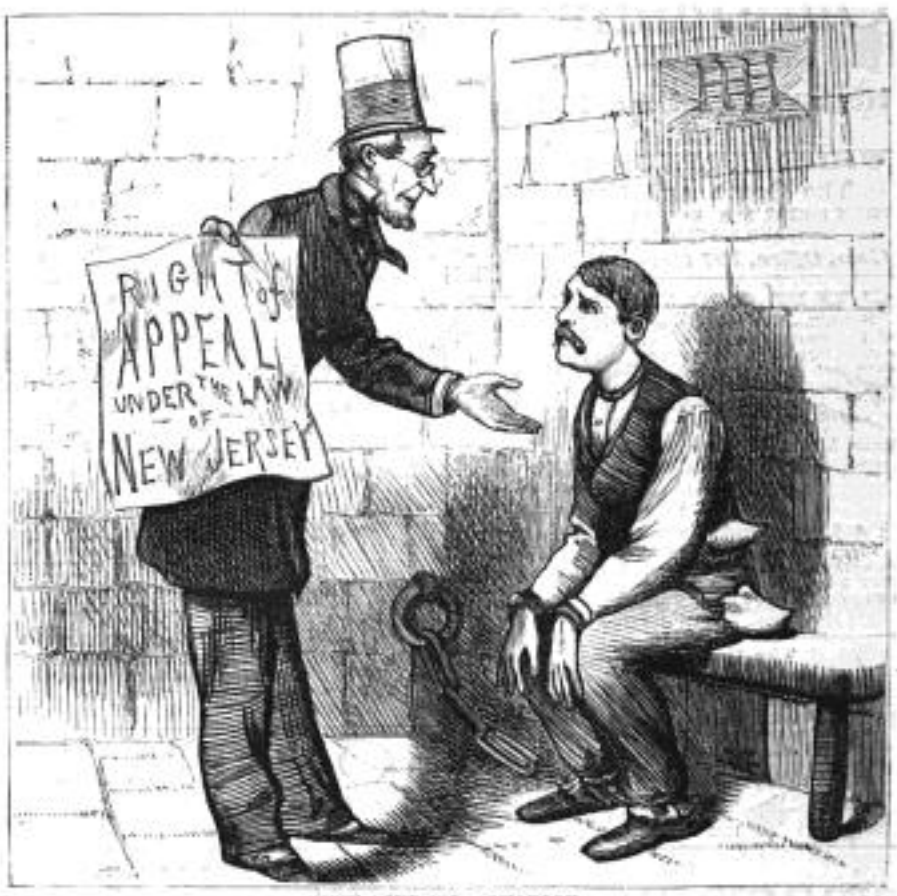
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THE LATE MRS. DR. HULL.

OPENING OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST INTO THE MYSTERY.

THE jury impaneled by Coroner Woltman for an investigation into the death of Mrs. Jane L. De F. Hull, wife of Dr. Alonzo G. Hull, whose body, dead and bound to the bed, was found at the residence No. 140 West Forty-second Street, on the morning of June 11th, viewed the remains and listened to a preliminary examination of the inmates of the house that afternoon, and were then dismissed to await the further summons of the coroner. On Wednesday, June 18th, they were again called together, and an attempt was made to resume the investigation; but the capacity of the coroner's office proving inadequate for the accommodation of the jury, witnesses, and other privileged parties, an adjournment was taken to the following day, when the inquest was regularly opened in the trial-room attached to Police Headquarters.

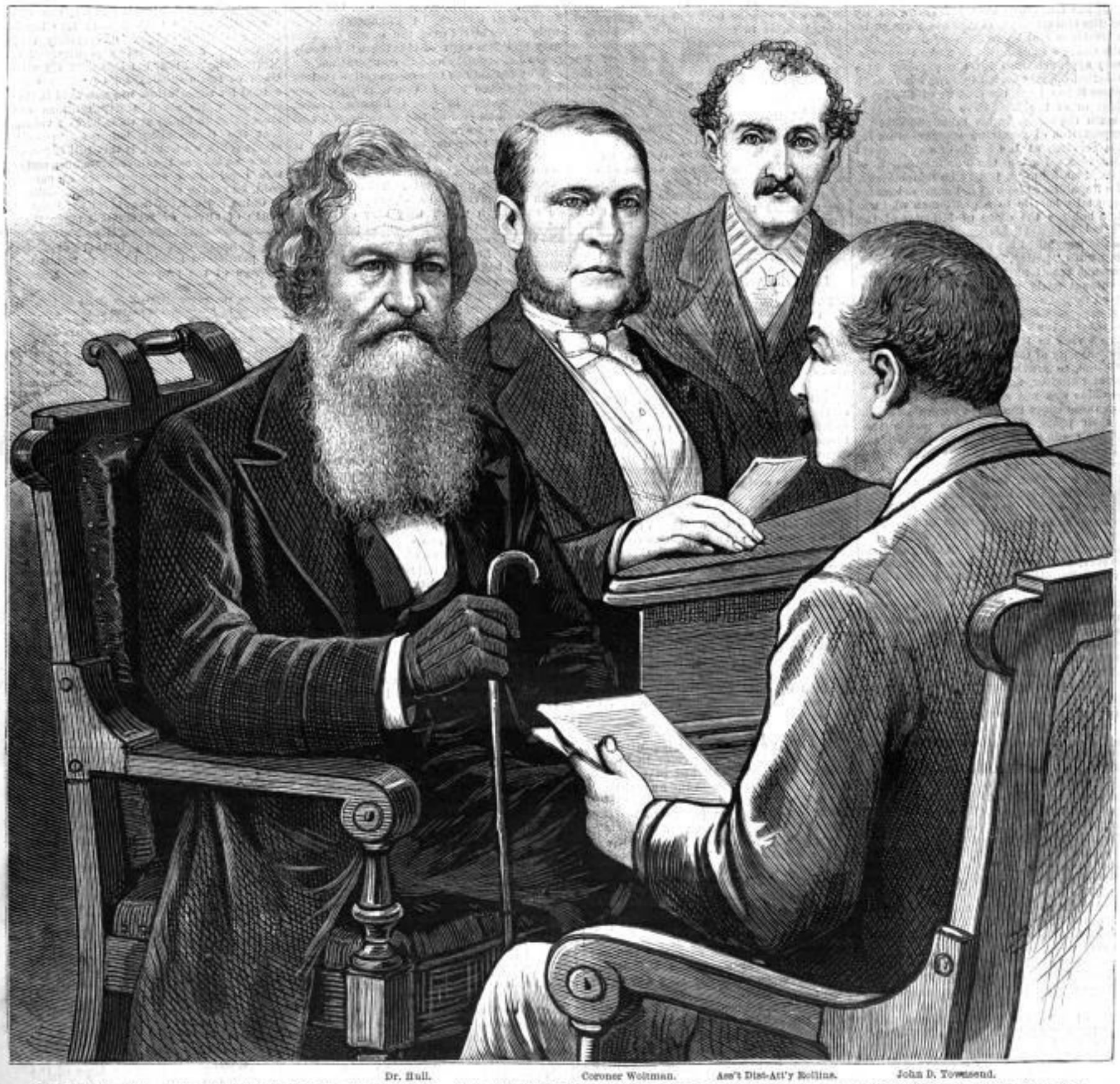
Among the host of rumors which had prevailed for several days was one to the effect that the police had discovered both the murderer and the motive, and that this person would be produced before the coroner during the inquest. This served greatly to whet the public curiosity, and the court-room, as may be imagined, was densely crowded. However active and searching the police may have been, they suffered considerably in the estimation of an exacting public through the offer of a reward of $500 for the discovery of evidence that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty person or persons, for this action was taken as a confession that the police had been completely baffled.

At 10:35 the deputy-coroner, Dr. MacWhinnie, called the roll of the jury, and after Coroner Woltman had cautioned them against the influence of newspaper criticism and conjecture, the venerable Dr. Hull was called as the first witness.

The jury sat in the inclosure near the coroner's desk, the witness-chair being placed near the foreman. On the left of Coroner Woltman sat Mr. Rollins, the Assistant District-Attorney; on his right, John D. Townsend, who had been engaged to represent Dr. Hull and the inmates of the dwelling; and a number of police officers and detectives were scattered about the room.

As Dr. Hull's name was called he walked slowly through the throng to the witness-chair. He was dressed in sober black, his hands being incased in black kid gloves. His face was pale, but his manner was self-possessed. His voice was scarcely audible to reporters or jury, and every few moments he was urged to speak louder. He would make a very brief effort to make himself heard, and would then relapse into his former indistinct utterance. His counsel, who sat immediately behind him, could not hear his testimony, and the doctor was soon asked to leave his chair and sit beside Mr. Townsend. There it was even more difficult for jury and reporters to catch what he was saying, and many of the questions had to be repeated.

(Continued on page 294.)



Dr. Hull. Coroner Woltman. Ass't Dist-Att'y Rollins. John D. Townsend.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF MRS. HULL.—HER HUSBAND, DR. ALONZO G. HULL, TESTIFYING AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST, JUNE 18TH.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JULY 5, 1879.

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THE "ISSUE" NARROWED DOWN.

AS it is the sworn duty of the President to execute and enforce the laws of the United States, and as those laws are of binding obligation upon him so long as they remain unrepealed, it is obvious that to withhold appropriations for the Federal supervision of Congressional elections, while the laws enjoining such supervision continue to stand on the statute-book, is to create a situation fraught with much embarrassment to the Executive. And in order effectually to provide for the nullification of the existing statutes under this head, the Democratic majority at Washington not only refuse all appropriations for the payment of deputy-marshals and assistant-marshals, but forbid the President to incur any "liability" for such expenditures by employing such officers in the hope of future provision for their compensation.

It has frequently occurred in the history of the Government, sometimes through inadvertence and sometimes by design, that the Congress has failed to make the necessary appropriations for the payment of a salaried officer created by law; but in such cases it has been the custom of the President or of the Executive Departments to retain the officer in his functions with the expectation of receiving compensation for his services at the hands of a subsequent Congress. During the administration of President Johnson, it may be remembered, the Republican majority in Congress became especially hostile to a gentleman who was then holding the office of Minister of the United States at Lisbon, because he had publicly signified his approval of President Johnson's "policy," and, as a punishment for such reactionary political opinions, the dominant party in Congress not only refused to make appropriations for his salary, but expressly enjoined that no unexpended balances in the Treasury should be diverted with a view to this end. In like manner the majority of Congress omitted, a year or two ago, to provide for the salary of the Naval Solicitor, under the persuasion that the office was not a necessary one; but in both these cases the officers were retained at their posts, and provision was subsequently made for their due compensation.

In view of these precedents and of the Executive usages on which they proceed, it will be seen that, in the absence of any appropriations for the payment of Federal officers, the President may continue to appoint them, or to retain them in office, so long as the laws creating the offices remain on the statute-book. It is intimated, however, that the President is averse to any Appropriation Bill which forbids him to "incur any liability" for expenses connected with the supervision of Congressional elections. It is true that prior to the next meeting of Congress an election for members of Congress will be held in the State of California alone, but it is said that to recognize the right of Congress to nullify the existing statutes with regard to that State, even as to deputy marshals, is to recognize the same right with regard to all the States, and would be pleaded as a precedent when Congress reconvenes in December next. And to recognize the right of Congress to nullify the execution of laws which it is unable to repeal and which it refuses to amend, is to introduce a new principle into the practical conduct of the Government.

The failure of Congress to make minor appropriations for the support of the Government in some of its details has frequently been winked at by the Executive, but it is no secret that President Hayes attaches great importance to the Federal supervision of Congressional elections. He expressed the opinion in one of his late veto messages that, instead of favoring a relaxation of existing laws under this head, he believed that the country demanded "greater vigor both in the enactment *and in the execution of laws framed for that purpose.*" And with this view of the Executive clearly before them, we think it is a matter of regret that the Democrats have not addressed themselves to the amendment of the laws in question. That they are not perfect in their present shape is admitted by the President when, in the same veto message already cited, he avows his readiness to concur with Congress in correcting "any oppression, any partisan partiality which experience may have shown in the working of existing laws." There is a "partisan partiality" embodied in the laws authorizing the appointment of marshals and deputy marshals to scrutinize the Congressional elections, and the administration of these laws has more than once, and in more places than one, been attended with "oppression" and scandal. The election laws should be so amended as to guard against the grievance inherent in their present state, which authorizes the appointment of certain officers belonging exclusively to a single party, while the true principle of impartiality is recognized in the case of the "supervisors" alone. The abuse of these laws in their execution redounds to the disadvantage of the Democrats, and Republicans can measure the just sensibilities of the Democrats on this score if they should suppose, for a moment, that the circumstances of the case were precisely reversed—that is, if the Democrats were in possession of the Executive authority, and had the selection of all the marshals and deputy marshals in their exclusive control. Who doubts that in this case there would be a Republican clamor against the "oppression" of these laws and the "partisan partiality" of their working?

But the Democrats forfeit the strength of their vantage-ground in the premises when, instead of seeking to amend these laws, they seek to circumvent the President in their execution—nullifying them under President Hayes, and yet leaving them on the statute-book to be enforced by a Democratic President, if haply a Democratic President should be chosen at the next Presidential election. To keep laws in a state of suspended animation, subject to revival at the will of the partisan majority who may chance to be in the control of Congress, is to change the whole character of the Government from one of *law* to one of *partisan caprice*, ruling according to the will and pleasure of a small majority in the national legislature. Since the power of the President to appoint these elective officers cannot be revoked without his consent to a repeal of the laws authorizing their appointment, and since this consent cannot be extorted from Mr. Hayes, it would seem the part of sound policy as well as of constitutional duty for the Democratic majority to propose such amendments as would at least render the laws innocuous for the purposes of evil incident to their present working and administration.

LABOR AND CO-OPERATION.

IT is amazing that the working-classes of this country persist in trying to better their condition by embarking in the service of political adventurers. They seem to be utterly incapable of learning the folly of that course. Does a designing demagogue propose to have billions of paper currency issued by national authority, or to have coined an unlimited quantity of short-weight silver dollars, or to enact laws under which Government may expend hundreds of millions in public improvements, it is the working classes only who are caught in the snare and misled to their own harm. With every passing year they are becoming more dependent upon the delusive promises of politicians and the fantasy of benefits to be secured through legislative channels.

In strong contrast with all this is the system of economics put in operation and patronized by the workingmen of England—a system which is making them self-reliant, independent, and more able to provide for themselves and families. The labor classes of that country have learned by experience that there is both power and profit in co-operation, and are pushing the system with commendable zeal. The results they have obtained by their co-operative plans are well worthy the attention of our own industrial population.

As an evidence of what may be accomplished by workingmen acting wisely in their own behalf, we may refer to the co-operative society established in Leicester, England. Two years ago the annual trade of their store was found to amount to $800,000, and the net profits to $80,000. Since 1877 the society has paid $115,000 in the shape of dividends to its members and added several thousands more to the capital stock. In addition to all this, the membership have made themselves joint proprietors of freehold property valued at more than $100,000. It is claimed on behalf of this organization that the plan pursued has enabled it to benefit many laborers, without a strike, to the extent of two and three shillings per week, and that it has alleviated more suffering than any other social organization.

According to returns made to Parliament the British co-operative societies engaged in the purchase and sale of articles of prime necessity now number 12,000. All have been highly successful, and, in a number of instances, accumulated capital varying from $50,000 to $100,000, not required for business, has been shared among the members. It was shown by these returns that sixty-five co-operative stores, possessing a paid-up capital of $780,000, and transacting an annual business of $1,250,000, had earned a yearly net profit equal to seven and one-half per cent. In addition to a large reduction on their purchases the shareholders in such societies usually receive a dividend of five per cent. on their investments.

In the Haymarket, London, there is a store belonging to the Civil Service Co-operative Society. Its business so increased as to exceed $5,000,000 per annum, and large sums of accumulated profits have been distributed among the shareholders. Although this establishment has been patronized and supported, as intended, by officers attached to the Government departments, it well serves to illustrate the benefits of co-operation. Better goods, purer articles, and cheaper rates, are among the advantages secured by the system.

The plan embraces a wholesale as well as a retail department. Two years ago the Manchester Wholesale Co-operative Society possessed a membership of 273,351. The paid-up capital amounted to $2,000,000, equal to a fraction less than $7.32 per member. This society supplies the co-operative distributing societies throughout England, maintains buyers in the several markets of the world, and transacts business in excess of $13,000,000 per annum. The net annual profit exceeds $166,000.

English co-operation is not confined to the mere supply of food and raiment to families, but extends to agriculture and manufactures, hundreds of producing societies having been formed throughout the country, particularly for the latter purpose. The results have been favorable and their success assured. Not only have they been able to maintain themselves against individual and associate competition, but they have safely weathered the financial storms which have swept over the country. This may be taken as proof that there is not only profit but security also in co-operation.

Why should not this co-operative system be introduced here? Our working classes are interested in sound finance, honest rulers and an economical government, and as to these we would not have them unmindful of their duties as citizens; but if they ever rise to a higher and more prosperous condition, materially, it must be through their own efforts. They must rely upon themselves, and co-operation opens a door through which they may enter and make themselves independent of politicians and the aggressive power of capital. They may, as in England, be their own grocers, butchers, bakers, clothiers and bankers, as well as employers, saving themselves from the extortionate charges of middlemen, and turning the profits of wholesale and retail business into their own pockets. This city needs the benefit of just such a system, and no better spot could be chosen for its introduction. Who will pioneer the way?

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

A VERY timely and sensible letter has been addressed by Governor St. John of Kansas to a colored man in Louisiana, who applied for information in reference to the advantages offered by the former State to colored emigrants. The Governor says that all representations that lands, live stock or provisions are supplied in Kansas to such emigrants are wholly unfounded; that while lands can be obtained at a very low rate, they are unimproved, and money and muscle are necessary to obtain a living from their cultivation; and that, generous as the people have shown themselves in contributing for the relief of the freedmen now in the State, "it is impossible to give aid to any very great number of destitute persons, and it is to the interest of the colored people and to the success of the movement they are engaged in now—in changing their habitation from the South to the North—to guard against flooding the country with such large numbers of those who are absolutely destitute as to render it impossible for us to provide for them." Governor St. John concludes his letter as follows:

"Impress upon your people the fact that coming to Kansas alone is not all that is necessary to success; but that here, as elsewhere, it requires industry, honesty, sobriety and the strictest economy to succeed, and that all who come here should couple with their coming a determination to demonstrate to the world that with reasonably fair opportunities the colored man cannot only sustain himself, but become prosperous and make a useful and valuable citizen. For, after all, upon the success of the colored people who are migrating North now depends to a great extent the prosperity of their race in the future. I deeply sympathize with the colored people in their present condition, as I know that they never enjoy the protection of life and property and rights of citizenship which under the Constitution and laws of our country they are justly entitled to. But I believe the time is coming that will open up a brighter day for your race."

There is one aspect of this negro exodus which has been overlooked by the Northern public, and that is the stimulus it has given to the violation of labor contracts. A letter from Mississippi to the *World* draws attention to the fact that many employers have been financially ruined by the departure of blacks who were under contract to work through the season, but who were induced by the representations of politicians, both black and white, to abandon their homes and look for fortune elsewhere.

The writer insists that none of these laborers had any cause whatever for breaking their contracts, and he adds that no one in Mississippi disputes the right of negroes to emigrate who are not under contract to stay. But he thinks that contracts should be kept by blacks as well as whites, and that the troublers and demagogues who foment discontent among the freedmen are quite as much deserving of punishment as "bulldozers" and white-leaguers. All fair-minded people will concur in the view here stated. The negro exodus, no doubt, was primarily caused by a sense of injustice and a fear of oppression among the blacks, produced by the violent intimidation of a certain class of the whites, but in its later phases it has apparently been stimulated by other than natural influences. Fortunately, however, for the labor system of the South, the emigration seems to be abating, and it is not unlikely that it will soon cease altogether. And perhaps, after all, its influence may not be wholly mischievous, especially if it shall beget among employers and employed a better understanding of their mutually dependent relations and the absolute unity of all their essential interests.

MR. MORTON ON SILVER.

REPRESENTATIVE MORTON of this city has already established a reputation as one of the ablest and most influential members of the House, especially as touching all questions of a financial or business character. His latest speech, made June 18th, was a model of compact, pitiless logic, and if it did not demolish the object at which it was aimed, namely, the Bill for recoining the trade-dollars into legal-tender dollars at par, it certainly very effectually exposed its absurdity. Mr. Morton showed that not less than six millions of trade dollars, all of which were coined for exportation, are now held in this country, while about thirty millions are circulating in China at their bullion value; that the trade-dollar being worth only ninety cents, we would, if this Bill becomes a law, so long as the Government can maintain legal-tender silver dollars at par in gold, be paying the holders of trade-dollars in China $30,000,000 in gold for $27,000,000 worth of silver, or $3,000,000 more than we can buy the same quantity of silver of our own citizens. In further exposing the pernicious results likely to follow the passage of the proposed Bill, Mr. Morton said:

"Since the remonetization of silver in 1878 the Government has coined 33,485,950 of the 'dollars of the fathers,' which it was claimed would be eagerly sought for, and how many of these dollars does the gentleman suppose were in circulation on the first day of June? One dollar for every family or party of six in the United States, a total of 7,304,915 in a country with a population of 45,000,000, leaving 26,181,045 stored in the vaults of the Treasury and carried by the Government. At the end of the next fiscal year, without any new legislation, we shall have 59,485,950 silver dollars, and, if the people have no more anxiety to secure them than heretofore, the Government will then be warehousing and carrying about 47,000,000. If the 36,000,000 of trade dollars are to be added, the appalling total on the 30th of June, 1880, will be over 80,000,000.

"Do the gentlemen who favor this measure wish to donate $3,000,000 to the holders of trade dollars in China? Do they wish, in view of the sale for gold coin since the demonetization of silver in 1873 of $1,200,000,000 of United States bonds and the reduction since 1865 of nearly $900,000,000 of principal, and $67,000,000 in the annual interest charge, to press the increased coinage of silver and hazard the credit of the Government by adding a sum to the amount of silver coin in the vaults of the Treasury which may force the Government to pay these bonds in depreciated silver or coin of less value than that which the Government received when the bonds were sold?"

Mr. Morton, in closing his admirable remarks, maintained that the true course for the Government to pursue is to stop the coinage of silver altogether and await the result of the negotiations with European Powers, for which an appropriation has been made. It is only by joint action with other nations that silver can be restored to its old steadiness of value, and a market thus provided throughout the world for our silver product. To attempt to maintain a double standard single-handed, or on any other basis than that of absolute equality, can only result in failure and disaster. The cheaper, poorer money will always drive the better out of circulation. It is to be hoped that the Senate may reject the Bill which, spite of Mr. Morton's vigorous opposition, was finally passed by the House.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

NEVER did a family pass through more startling alternations of brilliant fortune and crushing disaster than the Bonnpartes. Their career is the very essence of the romance, combining comedy and tragedy, of history. The sad death of the young Prince Imperial, in the bloom of youth, at once calls to mind the early taking-off of that other heir of the Napoleonic dynasty, the Duke of Reichstadt. The only child of the first Napoleon, the sole hope of the founder of the dynasty, he died of a decline at twenty-one. The heirship passed

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to the nephew, Napoleon III., and now his successor is barbarously slain in a not very noble conflict with South African savages. Austerlitz was balanced by Waterloo, and Solferino by Sedan. The Tuileries was exchanged in one case for St. Helena, in the other for Chiselhurst. The extinction of the direct line by Reichstadt's death is ominously repeated by that of the young Louis Napoleon. His death is a political event of the highest importance in France. It deprives the strongest party hostile to the Republic of their main staff and hope; and is not unlikely to prove absolutely fatal to its existence.

The next heir to the Bonaparte dynasty is Prince Napoleon Jerome. He is perhaps the ablest of living Bonapartes; but he is past middle age, he has become an avowed Republican, he long ago broke with the ex-Empress and the Prince Imperial, and he is heartily detested by the mass of Imperialists. They cannot accept him as their chief, and there is no other Bonaparte to take this post. The Imperialists will most probably now be split into factions. Some will accept the Republic. Others will sway over to one of the monarchical parties. A few will espouse the cause of Napoleon Jerome. But it seems certain that the death of the young Prince, who was brave, amiable, chivalric and ambitious, and thus eminently fitted to lead an unfortunate but still hopeful cause, will postpone all chance of a Napoleonic restoration for at least a generation.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Khédive of Egypt, it would appear, "must go." The English and French Consuls-general have waited upon that perfidious potentate, "in full uniform," and have told him that his abdication in favor of his son, Mohamed Perofik, is a necessity. In all probability this is done with the cooperation of Austria and Germany. The Khédive has had a troublous reign. With all his faults, however, of habits and administration, he has undoubtedly made Egypt a stronger power than she was before his accession. He is a man of education, having received a thorough French polish at Paris in his youth; but is luxurious, vacillating, indifferent to his most solemn pledges, and capricious in his dealings with men and nations. His deposition is likely to be followed by grave events. It may be the germ of another European war. The new Khédive will, no doubt, be governed by the influence of English and French agents; but Egypt now becomes a sort of spoil, over which the Powers may seriously disagree - come to the point of blows.

Meanwhile the Khédive's master, the Grand Turk, has just passed another dangerous crisis, owing to the intrigues of his court and the rival and pitiless ambition of Turkish politicians. All things foreshadow, indeed, the speedy dissolution of the Ottoman Empire. The Turks appear to have learned nothing from defeat, or from the severe schooling they have got from the high tribunal of the Powers. A revolution at Constantinople would not be surprising at any moment. It is said that the reformer, Midhat Pasha, who has been an exile for several years, will be allowed to return to the Turkish capital; but Mahmoud, the evil genius of Turkish politics, and the supposed paid agent of Russia, is, it is believed, also about to arrive there, which is an omen of the worst sort; though this last news is contradicted.

The French Parliament will, after all, desert Versailles and return to Paris. The Monarchists, when they held the power several years ago, made Versailles the political capital by an article of the Constitution. They were afraid that the Paris mob would repeat, some day, the popular invasions of the Chambers that occurred in 1792, and again in 1848 and 1870; they wished to be at a safe distance from Jacobin effusiveness and Communistic zeal. The Republicans fear these things less, and the two Chambers, meeting in Constitutional Congress, have resolved, by a majority of 549 to 262, that the real metropolis of France shall also be its political centre. Of course, the Chambers will return to the handsome Palais Bourbon, on the Quai D'Orsay. The irrepressible De Cassagnac has been making more violent scenes in the Deputies, and, after calling the Ministry "the scum of cowards and wretches," was excluded from the House for three days. Having apologized, however, he will not be prosecuted. The French are having trouble in Algiers, and are busy suppressing a revolt in that uneasy colony.

A dissolution of the English Parliament is believed to be at hand. The Ministers have been hinting this in their Whitsuntide speeches; and the approaching fulfillment of the Berlin Treaty, and the successful close of the Afghan War, seem to bring the moment near when Lord Beaconsfield may advantageously appeal to the country. The present Parliament was chosen in 1874, and is five years old—that is, venerable, as Parliaments go. The general election will be a very hard-fought one. The Liberals are tired to death of the cold shade of the Opposition benches, and Lord Beaconsfield, is naturally anxious to be indorsed by the country on his spirited foreign policy.

Henry Bessemer, the inventor, has been knighted, which is a rare tribute to industrial genius, that sort of talent having been very seldom honored in England by titular distinctions. Another new knight is Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of the penny postage, who has also been presented with the freedom of the City of London in a gold box. There are labor troubles in the mining districts of England, 170,000 miners having combined for higher wages.

The German statesmen are having lively debates over Bismarck's tariff, and over bimetalism. Bismarck declared that the Government had not considered the question of altering the gold-standard law. Minister White has been officially received by the Emperor William. The railway connecting Berlin with Metz has been completed, which adds materially to the facility with which Germany—should occasion arise—would resume war with France.

Prince Frederick Charles, the hero of two wars, and certainly one of Germany's greatest generals, is credited with a somewhat cynical view of the present army system of the Empire. He says that the recruit usually passes most of his first military year in the hospital, a victim to home-sickness; the second year he begins to forget parents, friends, sweethearts and home ties, and in the third, has become a thorough soldier, a drunkard and a brawler. The Prince has an idea that this is not the way, at least, to create good citizenship.

Mexico is once more politically volcanic, and President Diaz is threatened with another insurrection, headed by General Courdy, who is said to have left Mexico City with three thousand adherents. Congress has "disbanded," a significant term as a substitute for "adjourned." Diaz is in pursuit of Courdy. Meanwhile, the South American war drags a weary length along, with some advantage to the Chilians; who, however, have risked a collision with England by burning the British consul's house at Pisagua. Nothing seems so easy as to depose a South American President. The President of Paraguay has just met with this very common mishap at the hands of an ambitious general.

THE war between Chili and Peru is having a disastrous effect upon neutral commerce. The guano and nitrate trade has been destroyed, inflicting serious loss upon both British and American ship-owners. In Peru there has been a ruinous depreciation of the currency. It is probable that the revolution in the United States of Colombia will still further injure our commerce, and generally it may be said that our commercial relations with the Spanish-American countries are anything but encouraging or satisfactory.

MR. BENNETT'S expedition to the Arctic seas will sail from San Francisco about the first of July. The *Jeannette*, which has been fitted out in the completest manner, has a picked crew, composed in part of men who have tasted of the rigors of the Northern latitudes, and if the Pole can be reached by way of Behring Strait, Lieutenant De Long will exhaust every resource to attain that goal. Should that result be accomplished, the achievement will rank as by no means the least of the many triumphs which mark the record of American enterprise and exploration.

A GRATIFYING announcement was made by President M'Cosh at the recent commencement of Princeton College. After referring to the prosperity of the institution, the growth of the library, the enlargement of the museum, the addition of many costly instruments to the scientific school, etc., he added: "The college does not owe a single cent, and it has signed an agreement not to contract any debts hereafter." The friends of this venerable college will find peculiar cause for gratification in this statement, but it has an interest for the general public as well, and presents an example of prudence and sagacity in administration, as well as liberality in the support of the higher forms of education on the part of persons of means, from which other institutions should be able to derive very considerable profit.

ANOTHER "grab" has appeared in the House of Representatives in the shape of a Bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to repay to certain States money advanced by them to sustain the Government in the war of 1812. The Bill is opposed very properly on the ground that it will compel States which have been admitted into the Union since 1812 to reimburse the older States for expenditures with which the former had nothing to do. The amount which the Bill would take out of the Treasury is stated at seven millions of dollars—one-fifth of which would go to the State of Virginia. It is said that an effort will be made to amend the Bill so as to provide that money amounting to nearly the same sum, due from the Southern States as a direct tax during the late war, shall be held by the Secretary of the Treasury to offset the claims of those States growing out of the war of 1812.

THE bale of cotton purchased last Autumn by a fund collected in Memphis and given in charge of the Cotton Exchange of that city to be sold for the benefit of the widow and children of Lieutenant Hiram H. Benner, who died of yellow fever while in charge of the relief steamer *John M. Chambers*, on the Mississippi River, is still on its travels. It was first bought in by Memphis merchants for $520, was then re-donated and shipped to New Orleans, where it netted $1,310, and was forwarded thence to Galveston, from Galveston to Houston, from thence to St. Louis, thence to Vicksburg, thence to Mobile, and from there to Montgomery, Augusta and Savannah. Each of the places named has helped to swell the contribution, and the traveled bale has not yet filled the measure of its usefulness. New York would no doubt make a very substantial addition to the fund if opportunity should be offered.

THERE is a grim humor in some of the more audacious acts of the Nihilists which must be appreciated by everybody outside of Russia. It is said, for instance, that all the members of the Imperial family are supplied, with touching regularity, with the productions of the revolutionary press, and that no small portion of the Czar's time is spent in keeping the insidious sheets out of the hands of his younger boys. The other day, according to a London paper, the Czar, on retiring, found a batch of copies of a leading revolutionary journal under his bedclothes, and while the search was still hot against the offender, they discovered a proclamation posted up inside the Emperor's cabinet! It is apparent, from the audacity of these acts, that the Nihilists have an agent living inside the palace, and two of the cleverest detectives in the Government employ have been detailed to discover the guilty party.

THE Government of Panama has been overturned again. This time it appears to have been done very easily; one General Rafael Aizpuru, with a hundred men and boys, captured the President, run him off in a hand-car, and then installed a Provisional administration, which at last accounts was still in possession. An immense force of 230 officers and men, however, had started out in search of the revolutionists, and the latter has before this, probably, been vanquished. Indeed, the account which supplies these facts, dated June 10th, says: "Undoubtedly this attempt at revolution will cease to-morrow or the next day." The basis of this confidence is that "it lacks the sinews of war, money and beef," and this, it must be admitted, is a tolerably good ground for anticipating its failure. But a revolution which employs hand-cars as a weapon of offense is not, after all, to be laughed at.

SENATOR GORDON of Georgia did the country a real service in his speech before the Democratic Senatorial caucus, June 17th, protesting against any action on the Silver Bill that would compel Mr. Bayard to resign the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee, of which he has been a member ever since he entered the Senate ten years ago. Senator Bayard has been, during his whole public career, one of the ablest and sturdiest supporters of sound finance, and to have disbonored him at the demand of the silver maniacs would have been to put an affront upon the cause which he represents, and commit the Democratic Party to a policy full of menace to the public interests. The protest of Senator Gordon was the more notable from the fact that he is himself a believer in the silver idea. He seems to be able, however, to respect the honest convictions of men who do not agree with him, and in that respect he enjoys a happy eminence over some of his Democratic associates.

IN reply to an invitation from leading business men of this city to address them on "The decay of American commerce, and the means for promoting its revival," Senator Blaine has written a letter giving his views at considerable length on the subject named. In his opinion the way to recover our foreign trade and promote our commerce, is to lighten the burden of taxation on vessels, and, instead of granting special subsidies, to enact a general subsidy law, which would give a certain prescribed sum for mail carriage to any man who builds an iron steamship with American material, employing American mechanics, and runs that steamship from any American to any foreign port. He believes that, as a result of such a policy, "lines of American steamers would begin to sail, not only from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, our large Atlantic ports, from New Orleans on the Gulf, and from San Francisco on the Pacific, but from Portland, Oregon, as well as from Portland, Me., from Providence, New Haven, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and Galveston. Three or even four millions per annum might possibly be called for, and that would imply 25 or 30 lines of steamers running from ports of the United States to Western Europe, to the Mediterranean, and to Africa, to Asia, to Australia and to South America, to the West Indies and to Mexico." He adds:

"Such a trade as those lines would develop would give remunerative employment to idle capital, and, what is far better, would give work at good wages to idle hands. It would build up great ship-yards on the tidal rivers of the Atlantic, and would soon demonstrate to the most skeptical that we should find, as England has found, that such expenditure of money comes back to us in profit, both direct and indirect, in the saving of cost in naval outlay, in the education of the best class of American seamen, in the large and generous employment of American mechanics, in the active and honorable and profitable employment of American capital. The Athenian maxim has taught us that we do not feed hay to sheep in order to get back hay, but to get back wool. In the present case the smallest of herbage would return to us the Golden Fleece."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL GRANT will reach San Francisco about the 16th of September.

THE Republicans of Wisconsin will hold their State Convention at Madison, July 23d.

THE President has approved the Legislative and Executive Appropriation Bill, and vetoed the Judicial Bill.

SIX men were killed and seven others injured by a boiler explosion at the Ore Mines, near Emma, Pa., June 21st.

THE National Eclectic Medical Association met in Cleveland, Ohio, June 18th, and were welcomed by Mayor Herrick.

BISHOPS LATHER, Stevens and Richardson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, were consecrated in Philadelphia June 22d.

LYNN, Mass., celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement with appropriate demonstrations June 18th.

GEORGE C. PERKINS, of San Francisco, was nominated for Governor in the California State Republican Convention on June 18th.

THE nomination of Secretary McCrary to a place on the Bench has been withdrawn on account of the legal obstacles to confirmation.

THE Democratic Senatorial caucus last week abandoned the attempt to compel the Finance Committee to report the Warner Silver Bill.

MRS. A. ROLLAND, aged about twenty-five years, the wife of A. Rolland, of Liege, Belgium, was swept over Niagara Falls, June 20th, and drowned.

PATRICK O'BRIEN, of San Francisco, a brother of the late William O'Brien, the "Bonanza King" has been paid $660,000 to release all claim to the Coleman estate.

REV. ISAAC S. KALLOCH, pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church, San Francisco, received the nomination for Mayor of the city in the Workingmen's Convention, June 18th.

MR. GEORGE F. ROBINSON, of Maine, who assisted in saving Secretary Seward's life from the attack of the assassin Payne, has been been made a paymaster in the army.

A SMALL riot occurred at Chicago, June 22d, in which an armed company of Socialists fired upon a crowd of roughs and inflicted serious injuries upon several of them. The entire company was arrested.

THE trial of Indian Commissioner Hayt, Charles M. Field and Francis D. Kerr, President and Directors of the International Trust Company of Jersey City, before a struck jury, resulted in a verdict of acquittal on June 17th.

GENERAL SHERMAN, in stating the result of the recent Hazen-Stanley court-martial, admonishes both parties that they must abstain from further controversy, and that General Stanley's criticism of Hazen was indefensible.

A NEGRO, named Chastine Cox, was arrested in Boston, June 23d, for the murder of Mrs. Dr. Hall. He confesses the crime. He was detected by means of some of the jewelry of the murdered woman which he had sold in Boston.

HENRY W. BLAIR, Republican, was elected United States Senator from New Hampshire on June 17th, and the House and Senate, in joint convention, elected A. B. Thompson, of Concord, Secretary of State, and Solon A. Carter, of Keene, State Treasurer.

THE jury in the case of Miss Lilian Duer, charged with the murder of Miss Ella Beers at Pokomoke, Md., rendered a verdict of guilty of manslaughter on June 19th. The court sentenced her to pay a fine of $500. As soon as this was done she was released.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES has received orders to organize and put in motion as soon as possible a strong column for the purpose of driving back across the line of the Northern Missouri the detachments of Sitting Bull's camp that have left Canada to hunt buffalo.

DURING an all-night session of the United States Senate, June 18th, a disgraceful exchange of personalities occurred between Messrs. Lamar and Conkling. A duel was anticipated by some as a result of the collision, but nothing of the kind seems likely to occur. The Senate passed the Army Bill June 21st.

AMONG recent deaths are those of Professor Johann Rosenkranz, eminent philosopher and author at Königsberg, aged seventy-four; Hon. Franklin Corwin, ex-Member of Congress from Illinois, June 15th, aged sixty one; Hon. Frederick W. Green, ex Member of Congress from Maryland, June 18th, aged sixty-three.

A CONVENTION of delegates to discuss the World's Fair in 1883 met in this city last week, and appointed a committee to confer with Judge Hilton's committee, which represents the substantial interests of the metropolis, as to the proposed Exposition. Judge Hilton declined to convene his committee for a conference, owing to the absence of many of its members.

THE Maryland Democrats will hold a State Convention in Baltimore, August 7th, to nominate candidates for Governor, Attorney General, Comptroller and Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON of this State declines to sign the Bill providing for a commission to revise the tax laws, and the Bills relative to the criminal code and the punishment of tramps.

Foreign.

THREE French cruisers will be sent to the Pacific Ocean to protect French subjects in Chile and Peru.

THE will of Baron Lionel de Rothschild disposes of personality to the amount of £2,700,000 ($12,500,000).

PRINCE BISMARCK has intimated in the Reichstag that the adoption of the double coin standard is not contemplated by Germany.

A VIOLENT earthquake in the island of Sicily, June 17th, almost totally destroyed five villages, killing ten persons and injuring several others.

A SOCIALIST conspiracy has been discovered at San Miguel, Spain. Seven of the conspirators have been imprisoned and a list of their accomplices has been seized.

PREMIER CANOVAS has stated in the Spanish Cortes that the Government fully intends to settle the Cuban question and will pursue a conciliatory policy towards Cuba. He considered it impossible to abolish slavery immediately.

THE British forces in Zululand are preparing for a formidable advance against the large military kraals of Cetewayo.

A DISPATCH from Rome says that the Pope is endeavoring to bring about the restoration of diplomatic relations between England and Mexico.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 295.



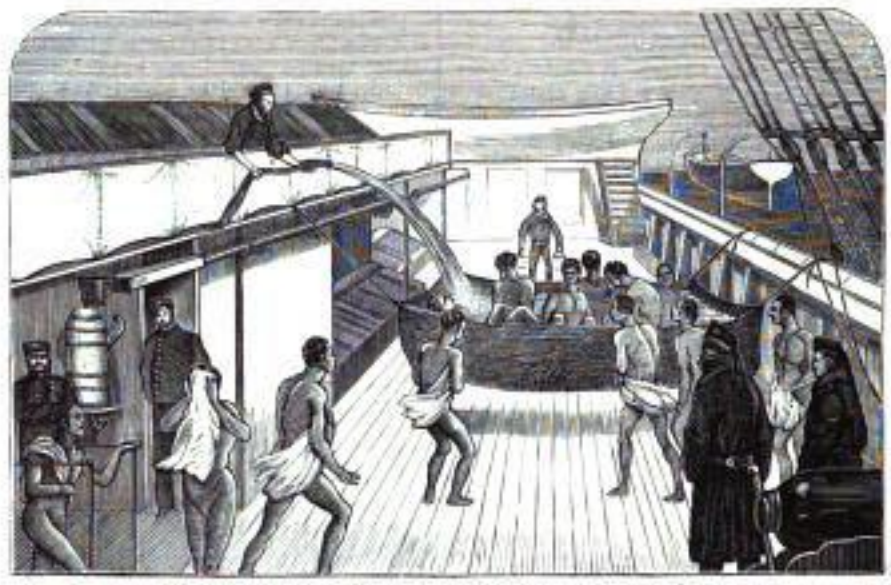
SOUTH AFRICA.—DESTRUCTION OF DABULAMANZI'S KRAAL, APRIL 4TH.



AFGHANISTAN.—CONFLICT OF PUNJAB CAVALRY AND HUSSARS WITH AFGHAN CAVALRY.



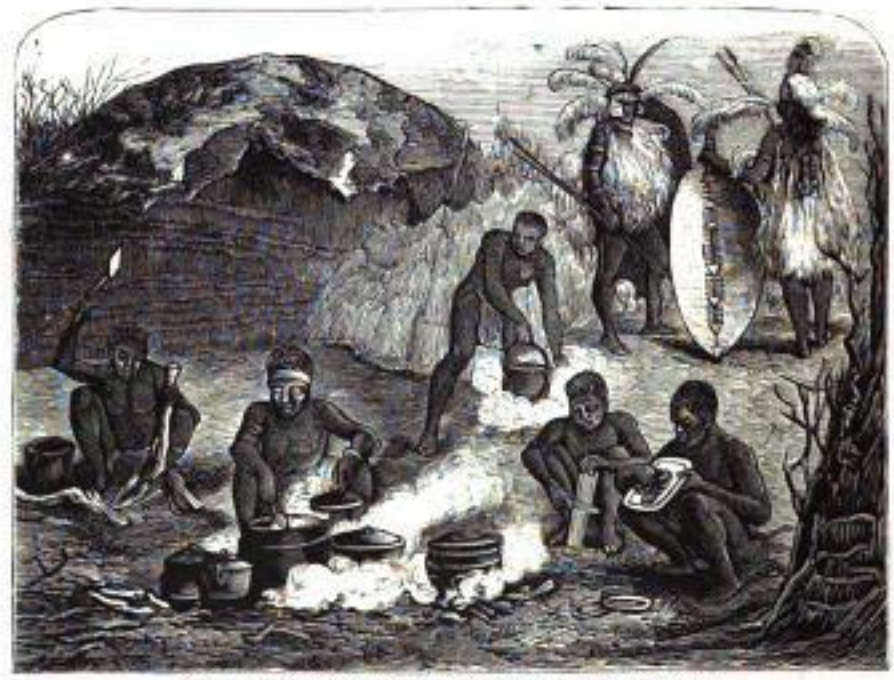
SWITZERLAND.—DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOR OF THE DEATH PENALTY AT BERNE.



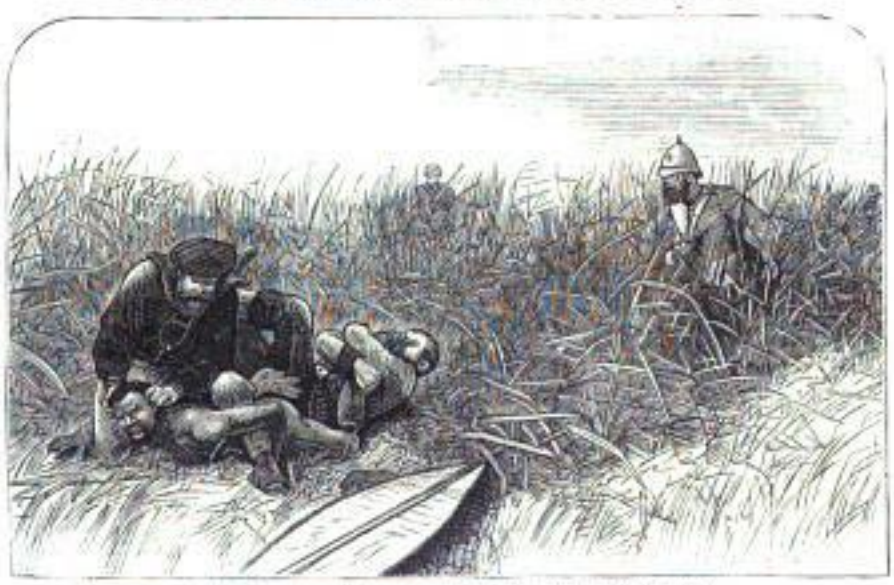
SOUTH AFRICA.—LIFE ON BOARD A TROOP-SHIP—A BATH AT 6 A.M.



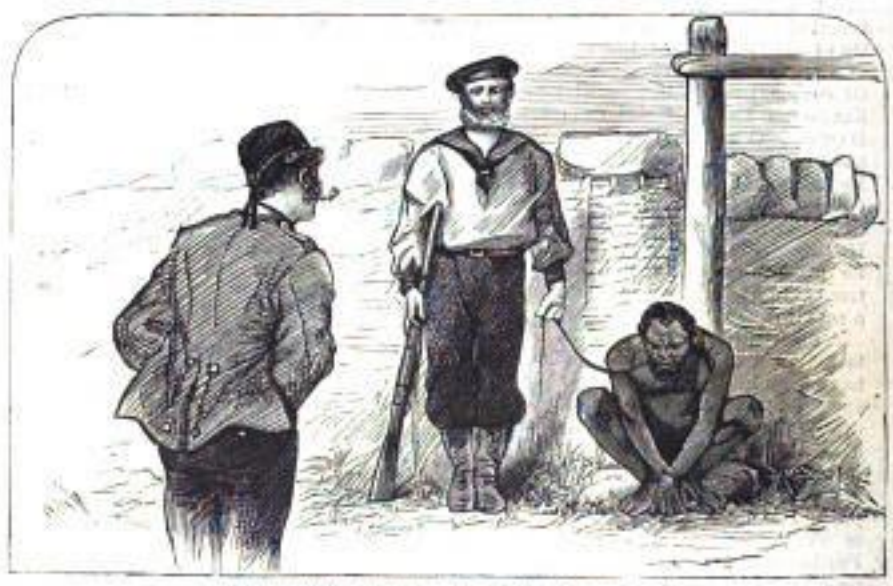
RUSSIA.—THE NIHILIST TROUBLES—BURNING OF THE CITY OF ORENBURG.



SOUTH AFRICA.—NATIVE COOKS OF THE ZULU KING CETEWAYO.



SOUTH AFRICA.—INSIDE ESHOWE—"SOMETHING TO HOLD BY."



SOUTH AFRICA.—INSIDE ESHOWE—"JACK'S CAPTIVE."

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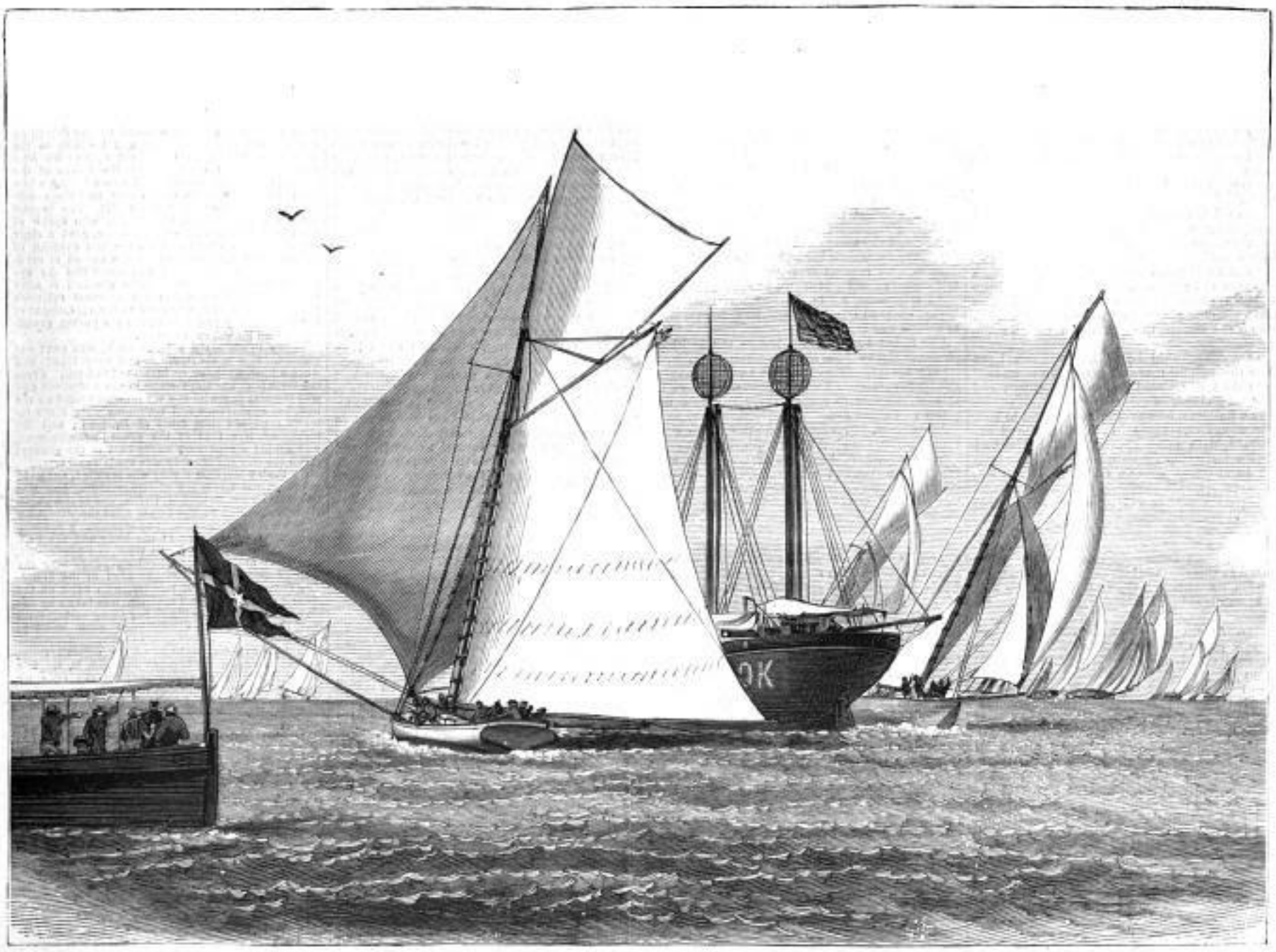
EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, SECOND AMERICAN WINNER OF THE ASTLEY BELT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.—SEE PAGE 295.



THE LATE NAPOLEON EUGENE-LOUIS, PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.
SEE PAGE 294.

ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, on Thursday, June 19th, was characterized by smooth water and light winds. Much disappointment was experienced in consequence, as the reverse of these conditions, usually prevalent, give to this contest the fullest excitement. Promptly at 11:24 the yachts got away, the sloop *Vixen* crossing the line first, followed by the *Regina*, *Rambler*, *Estelle*, *Vision*, *Nereid*, *Volante*, *Peerless*, *Psyche*, *Glance*, *Intrepid* and *Tidal Wave*. This being the maiden race of the *Intrepid*, which sailed against the *Rambler*, her movements were watched with close interest. Great interest was also manifested in the race between the *Regina* and *Vixen*, as these two boats had been entered to sail an ocean match race on June 24th, for the Bennett Cup. The course was laid direct for Southwest Spit, and before their arrival the several excursion steamers had collected there, ready to give their deadening salutes, which they did with a will. The *Rambler* was first to round the Spit, at 12:32:10, followed by the *Vixen*, *Regina*, *Intrepid*, *Tidal Wave*, *Peerless*, *Estelle*, *Vision*, *Volante*, *Psyche* and *Glance*, the difference in time between the first and last boats being only seventeen minutes. From this point to the Lightship the wind was dead ahead, and the yachts found it necessary to make long tacks. The sloops were able to sail closer to the wind than the schooners, and consequently were first at the turning-point. The *Vixen* rounded the Lightship at 2:19:57, followed by the *Regina*, *Peerless*, *Vision*, *Tidal Wave*, *Intrepid*, *Volante*, *Rambler*, *Estelle* and *Glance*.



ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 19TH—THE "VIXEN" ROUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP AND LEADING THE FLEET.

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After rounding the lightship the yachts had a free wind, and sheets were eased off, balloon jibs and staysails set. In fact, the yachts were completely enveloped in canvas. The same course was taken on the return as in going out, and while the *Intrepid* was ten minutes in advance of the *Rambler* at the Lightship, the latter soon overtook her competitor, and won the race by 4 minutes 42 seconds. The *Heylon* and *Vixen* kept well together, and although the former beat the latter by actual time 22 seconds, the *Vixen* was the winner on time allowance by 21 seconds. The other winners were the *Peerless*, *Volante*, *Tidal Wave* and *Vision*.

The steamer for the club's guests was the *Adelphi*; the judges' boat was the *William Fletcher*, and crowds of spectators were taken over the course in the steamers *Plymouth Rock*, *Columbia*, *Magenta*, *Adelaide*, *Sylvester*, *Elm City*, and in a number of tugs.

HER LANDLADY'S NEPHEW.

MRS. LAURA AUSTIN was an agreeable widow of six-and-twenty, and her friend, Miss Lynn Wode, was a lovely and blooming girl of eighteen. They had no ties to bind them to one place more than another, and so it came about one Spring day, when Laura was restless and Lynn was bored, that they proposed to do something entirely new. They took a map, and after an hour's search picked out a desirable-looking spot which they determined to explore in hope of finding a charming Summer retreat. Success attended them in a wonderful degree; for the next day, after a three hours' railway journey, they found themselves in a pretty town. Then they looked at each other in dismay.

"Can we ring a bell at random?" asked Lynn, "and say, 'Do they take boarders here?' Maybe they might answer, 'No, we don't; but Mrs. So-and-so does.'"

"That won't do," said Mrs. Austin. "The post-office would be better. We might inquire there, and perhaps get a list of places."

So they did, and the postmaster proved obliging. He mentioned several places; but said that if the ladies did not object to going a little out of town they would find the residence of Mr. William Mount the best-kept and the pleasantest. Thanking him, they started, and a fifteen minutes' walk brought them to a long, acacia hedge, already green and carefully trimmed. Looking up an English lawn through shade-trees, they saw a large, square house, built of irregular stone. Both exclaimed with delight.

"It must be the wrong place," said Lynn. "See how that croquet-lawn is kept. They will never take boarders here."

But they did. Mrs. Mount received them pleasantly. She was ladylike and quiet. She said that her husband had been unfortunate in business, and so she took boarders rather than give up the house, to which they were all attached. Terms suiting, they took communicating rooms, and moved into them the very next week.

"Just the place for a romance to happen," said Mrs. Austin, as she glanced around her apartment with satisfaction, and then looked out of the north window at the pretty hills, and after that went over to the west window and looked out over the fields, over the pretty brook with its rustic bridge, and far out to where the sunset clouds were glorious in the western sky. "Isn't it a niceplace, my dear?"

But Lynn only sank back in her rocking-chair and groaned.

"Don't you like it?" asked Mrs. Austin.

"I may, can, shall and will, Laura, but I don't."

"Why not? Is not it all that we could wish?"

"Yes, I know; it is a beautiful house, and everything seems agreeable. The table is faultless, the people nice—but oh, it is mortally dull!"

"But I tell you it is exactly the place for a romance to happen. Have you seen the little western porch beneath my window? The most enticing place it would be for lovers to watch the sunset, the new moon, or the evening star."

"My dear," said Lynn, laxily, "you have been through all that and you ought to know."

"I do know," said Laura, half sadly; and then they talked of other things."

The dullness, however, was not long to last. One day Lynn came in hurriedly, and exclaimed, with more animation than she had shown for weeks: "Laura mine, I have seen the handsomest man in the world! A king, my dear, a god, a——"

"Spare me your raptures, and tell me his name!" cried Laura.

"That can I do, *chérie*. His name is Charlie, and he is a nephew of Mrs. Mount."

"You seem intimate. Pray was he introduced as Charlie, and is Mount his last name?"

"Oh, no. I heard his aunt call him by that most captivating of names, but his last name is Stuart."

Mrs. Austin sat down before the pretty cottage piano and began to play "Charlie is my darling," laughing over her shoulder at Lynn.

But Lynn wanted to talk. "Isn't it agreeable to have the prospect of some amusement," she said. "Of course he'll be here a great deal for croquet and all that, and he will fall in love with one or both of us, and we shall have no end of pleasant times. And I have another piece of news for you. Mrs. Mount expects a houseful of Summer boarders to-morrow, and there is a tremendous tearing up and putting down going on in the bedrooms, and there are ovens full of pie and things in the kitchen. I wish it were to-morrow!"

Mrs. Austin stopped playing and sighed. "Good-by to quiet and peace," she said.

"Oh, no; good-by to the long dull days," cried Lynn. "But I must beautify," she added; "for the beau chevalier is going to drink tea here."

Lynn's beautifying was done to some purpose. Her brown braids were piled high upon her lovely head, and her long black dress was only relieved by one white rose. Two peculiarities she affected in her dress. She always wore black and white, and she always wore natural flowers. Her rare coloring needed no set-off, and the very severity of the style showed her magnificent figure to the best.

Mrs. Austin found Mr. Stuart agreeable, but not so handsome as she had expected from her friend's account. He was very tall and powerfully built, and his eyes were pretty; but his features were irregular, though pleasing. He talked well, and the tea-table was pleasanter than it had ever been.

After tea, as they went into the drawing-room, he said to Lynn: "You sing, of course."

"Not I," she replied, "I have no accomplishments whatever."

"One," he said.

"And that is——?"

"Pardon me for saying so, but you dress to perfection."

She laughed and blushed. "Well, I ought to," she answered, "for I make it my special study."

"In that you are so kind," he murmured, gallantly, "for you thereby give us so much pleasure."

She laughed as she crossed the room. "Laura, *ma fée*, sing us the sad little song that I like."

Laura rose and seated herself before the piano. There was a moment's pause, then a few loud chords, a passionate prelude, and the low, sweet tones of "Tanto Amor."

Lynn meanwhile settled herself comfortably in an easy-chair, and leaned back her head in indolent grace. Mr. Stuart sat beside her trifling with her fan; but he looked startled when Laura began to sing.

When the song was ended Mrs. Austin rose and picked up a bit of fancy-work.

Mr. Stuart said: "Mrs. Austin, the last time I heard that air it was under singular circumstances. From 'Favorita,' is not it?"

"Yes; and the sweetest air of that opera," she replied.

"It is, indeed," he said, absently.

Lynn looked impatient. "Won't you tell us where you heard it before?" she asked.

"Certainly; but you will only be amused, I fear, at what seems very strange to me. Listen: Two years ago I was traveling abroad with a friend. While at Paris he became much interested in a woman who was at that time attracting general attention by her pretensions to tell the past and predict the future. To convince my friend that there was nothing in such matters, I consented to visit the woman. She told me some things, oddly enough, about the past; but that, I concluded, was 'mind-reading.' Then she predicted a number of events for the future, which would not interest you, and which have never come true, although the time set for their accomplishment is long past. But, strange to say, she described this room, also you two ladies, and she said one of you would sing a song which would tangle itself about me in a curious way; and, with Mrs. Austin's voice and manner, she sang that air from 'Favorita'."

"Anything more?" asked Lynn, curiously.

"There was something more; but, pardon me, I cannot tell it."

"I insist," said Lynn, laughing.

"Well, then," he replied, reddening, "if you will, you must, I suppose. She said I should marry you!"

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Lynn, beginning to fan herself.

Laura Austin looked amused. "You made him tell you, Linnet," she said, "so you must not find fault with him."

Lynn rose. "I have letters to write," she said. "Mr. Stuart will excuse me, I am sure," and she swept out of the room.

"Have I offended her?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Austin. "She only felt embarrassed and wanted to get away."

"I trust——" he began, but just then Mrs. Mount entered the room, and Mrs. Austin rose to follow her friend.

She found Lynn sitting before the looking-glass. "Marry him, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Like his impudence! Have I refused seven good offers before I was eighteen to come to this wilderness to marry my landlady's nephew? I think not!"

In spite of her scorn, however, Lynn continued strangely civil to Mr. Stuart.

The houseful of boarders arrived duly, and the people proved pleasant. There was a stately papa and a handsome mamma, by name Colonel and Mrs. Vernier. Their two pretty daughters, Lucia and Helen, were lively and agreeable. Their son, Maurice, was rather good-looking and sang love-songs with a delightful tenor voice. Then a Mr. Dumont, engaged to Helen, was often of the party, so that Lynn no longer had need to complain of dullness. Croquet, archery, music and dancing occupied the long, sweet Summer days, and of late there had been a rage for picnics. Mrs. Mount was driven wild by sudden preparations and demands for impossible quantities of biscuit and hard eggs on the shortest notice.

Lucia Vernier one morning came down to breakfast looking unusually bright. Her fluffy golden hair was tied back with a blue ribbon matching her eyes, and her blue and white cambric dress was fresh as the Summer sky. "Congratulate me!" she cried; "for I have a new proposition to make. Let's play at camping, and go for a whole day to the woods and sleep all night by the blazing fire, rolled up in blankets and shawls. And let's never reveal our sufferings, but come back and amaze the villagers!"

"It would be a new thing to do," said Lynn, "but a dreadfully uncomfortable one. Little bugs pervade the 'forest primeval,' and the ant there maketh her lively home."

"Also there dwelleth the spider," added Mrs. Austin.

"And you would catch colds," suggested practical Mrs. Vernier.

"Rather a good idea of Lucia's, *I* think," said her sister Helen. "How say you, papa and Maurice, you have camped; is it feasible?"

"Nothing easier if you want to do it," replied the colonel. And from that the matter was discussed fully and determined on.

It took all day to plan and prepare, and the next morning found them starting merrily in a long wagon with straw to sit on. Mr. Stuart was of the party and had managed, as usual, to sit by Lynn. But Maurice Vernier was on the other side, and she divided her attentions between them.

Lynn had fallen into her usual place in this group. She was queen of all, admired and loved by the men, loved and imitated by the women. A rare sort of girl, for, while spoiled and exacting, she yet retained an amiable unselfishness that won all hearts to her.

After a long drive over a dusty road which would have been a punishment if they had been obliged to submit to it, but which was voted high fun since it was voluntary, they reached a cool, green forest where, in a little ravine, a pretty brook was flowing. The wagon was unloaded, and the party camped near a clear spring. The day passed as do most picnic days. Dinner was the first great event. After that some rested and some wandered off for ferns and flowers.

Mrs. Austin, who had brought a book, settled herself at a little distance from the camp-fire, under a spreading tree. Lynn said she was sleepy and lay down with her head in Laura's lap.

"You ought to save all sleep for the night, Miss Wode," said the colonel, laughing; "for I fear you will all find in the sleeping arrangements more of novelty than comfort."

"Oh, never fear for me," cried Lynn. "I can sleep anywhere and on anything. But," she added, in a low tone to Laura, "that's not the cause of my resting now. I could not shake off my two admirers in any other way. The beau *chevalier* has been regarding me in a melancholy manner, which is provoking, to say the least; and on the other hand Maurice is assuming a gay, hopeful expression, which I find quite as bad."

"But Lynn, really, don't you think you encourage Mr. Maurice too much, considering that you like the chevalier best?"

"But, who said I liked him at all? And Maurice is nothing but a college boy who imagines himself a man!"

"Well, be careful," sighed Laura. "It does not do to play fast and loose with a man like Mr. Stuart. He will drop you entirely and go, if you flirt much more with the college boy."

"Let him, then," said Lynn, carelessly, and soon the camp-fire seemed to her an immense way off, and the wind through the tree above her seemed to be singing "Tanto Amor," then she went off into dreamland.

Evening came on and still she slept. All the stragglers had gotten together again, and Maurice Vernier came over to ask Laura to help about getting tea. She raised the sleeping head and with his assistance slipped a shawl under so gently that Lynn never stirred.

"Such a chance for a pair of gloves," said the mischievous fellow, his eyes dancing with fun.

"But you must not," said Laura. "I forbid it. Miss Wode would be extremely displeased." And she left.

Maurice hesitated a moment, and then finding that he could not resist the temptation, he bent down and pressed a light kiss on the lovely mouth. Lynn opened her eyes quietly with no wonder in them, until she saw the laughing face looking into her own. Then the camp-fire, now blazing brightly, seemed near again, the picturesque figures disposed around it recalled her to herself and she started up.

"Fairly won, Miss Lynn!" cried Maurice. "My number is seven, and my favorite shade is invisible brown—please remember."

A burning blush came to her cheek. "How could you dare?" she said, angrily. "I thought you were——" she was about to add "a gentleman," when she saw Mr. Stuart standing not far away, looking at them both in wondering surprise. The glance of disapproval which he cast at her roused a bad spirit in the girl, usually so amiable. "He is acting mentor rather openly," she thought. "I must let him know that I am free as yet, in spite of his fortune-telling Frenchwoman." So changing her tone she turned to Maurice and said, lightly: "I suppose it was fair enough, since I exposed myself to danger. Number seven, dark brown, I shall remember. Give me your hand, please, to help me up."

Mr. Stuart turned away quietly, and, leaning on Maurice's arm, Lynn joined the group by the fire and began to assist with a cheerfulness that seemed perfectly natural.

While she slept the gentlemen had constructed for the ladies, with poles and shawls, a rude tent, and branches of evergreen were thrown inside to make a softer bed. Helen, Lucia and Mr. Dumont had brought back loads of ferns and wild-flowers, and had garlanded them from tree to tree over the place where the cloth was spread. The girls had thrown aside their fern-wreathed hats, and had bright flowers in their hair. They rushed up to Lynn together, with a lovely rope of flowers for her waist and a pretty bunch for her hair.

"We stood over you while you slept, *ma belle*," said Helen, "making all sorts of remarks until Mrs. Austin sent us away for fear of waking you. Doesn't Lynn mean a brook in some ancient language or other? Welsh, Anglo-Saxon, or something? Well, whether or not, I tried to get up a poetical speech about a sleeping brook, and Dumont here spoiled it by asking what like was a sleeping brook, 'Anything like a frozen one?' Lucia flew at him and said no one could say you were ever cold, and he said he didn't mean to insinuate such a thing, but merely to quash my flight of fancy, and we were getting into a regular wrangle, when Mrs. Austin dispatched us to have it out by the fire, which we should have done, if there had not been too much else to do. Tea is ready. Oh, happy hour! come!"

They sat long over the evening meal, and afterwards they sang songs and told stories, so it was late before they went to rest. But Lynn could not sleep. She turned restlessly from side to side, and finally lifted the shawl and wandered out into the night. She walked on and on until she reached the brookside, where she sat down on a mossy rock and began to sing "Tanto Amor" very softly to herself. The moon shone dimly through the trees and fantastic shadows surrounded her. Her eyes became attracted to one spot opposite, where she felt sure something moved.

Lynn had plenty of courage. "Who is there?" she called, with a steady voice.

"Only I, Miss Lynn," answered Mr. Stuart, as he sprang over to her side. "Like you, I was unable to sleep, and I have been wandering around for the last hour. I thought it was something unearthly when you began to sing, and when I recognized you I did not dare to speak for fear of startling you too much."

"I must return now," she said, rising.

He offered his hand to assist her, but she missed her footing and would have fallen forward into the stream, but for his quick, strong arm.

Bending, he whispered, "Are you hurt, my darling?"

"I have only wet my feet," she laughed. "And now I shall have to catch cold and be detected in my moonlight straying besides. I am always caught when I do anything wrong."

"As, for instance," he said, still keeping his arm about her, "this afternoon when Maurice kissed you."

"That was not my fault," she pouted, "and you looked as if you thought it was. Indeed I could not help it."

"I'll forgive you," he said, "on condition that I may do the same. Only it must be freely given. I do not wish to steal it."

She held up her lovely face, and he kissed her. What he whispered afterwards belongs to them alone.

After a while they went back to the camp. Lynn crept under the shawl again, and, forgetting her wet feet and the uncomfortable pillow, she was soon lost in happy dreams.

In the morning there was a universally expressed desire to get home as fast as possible, and luckily for them all, sensible Mrs. Mount foresaw this ending, and had a bountiful breakfast awaiting them.

Lynn made her confidences to Laura when they were again settled in their own room. "To think," said her friend, mischievously, "that you should have received seven good offers before you were eighteen, and after all to come here and accept your landlady's nephew!"

THE LATE MRS. DR. HULL.

OPENING OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST INTO THE MYSTERY.

(Continued from front page.)

Dr. Hull was subjected to a most thorough examination, and if there was any apparent line of questioning, it was to elucidate the much-talked-of "inside theory." As long as he was in the witness-chair he was closely watched by Captains Williams and Kealy, and Detectives Golden, Price, Schmittberger, and others. His narrative was in effect that which he gave at the preliminary examination, and with which the public are familiar. He described the share borne by himself and his wife in the management of their household affairs; his own nervousness and restlessness; the habits of the people residing in the house; his own feeling when informed of the death of his wife, and the condition in which he found the body. The second witness was Samuel N. Chittenden, who spoke of the Hull mansion as his social home, gave a clear account of his visit there on the last evening of Mrs. Hull's life, when the time was passed in card-playing and conversation, and described the appearance of the house when he reached it after the tragedy. He detailed his business relations with the deceased in reference to the investment of her money, and pronounced her the purest, grandest woman he had ever known.

Nancy Francis, the colored cook, was next examined. She is short, stout, and very black, and wore a linen wrapper, embroidered in front. From the facts that she slept alone in the basement and was the first one who saw the remains bound on the bed, her appearance and testimony were more intently regarded than those of Dr. Hull; and the testimony, like that of the preceding witnesses, was simply a repetition under oath of the account given the day the tragedy was made known.

On Friday morning Nancy was recalled, but gave no additional testimony of importance. She was followed by Dr. Robert M. Fuller, one of the physicians summoned to the house after the discovery of the murder. His testimony was simply descriptive of the appearance of the body and the bedroom on his arrival. Nellie West, the housemaid, was next questioned particularly concerning the kind of candles and matches used in the house. The deposition of Mrs. Boetjer, who lived on the second floor of the Hull mansion, was taken by the coroner in private, owing to her being sick. With this the inquest was adjourned until Monday, June 23d.

Bristow Francis, husband of the colored cook, was arrested on the 20th, at Bedfield, N. J. The police say that they can simplify the case by proving that he had nothing to do with the murder.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

BOTH continents were shocked on Friday morning, June 20th, by the announcement that the Prince Imperial of France had been killed while out on a reconnoissance in Zululand, where he held a staff appointment in the British army. It seems that the Prince, with Lieutenant Carey, of the Ninety-eighth Regiment, six men and one friendly Zulu, left the camp at Kelezi Mountain, seven miles beyond the Blood River, on June 1st, for a reconnoissance. The party halted and unsaddled when ten miles from camp. Just as the Prince gave the order to remount, a volley was fired from an ambush in long grass. Lieutenant Carey and four of the troopers returned to the camp and reported that the Prince and two troopers were missing. From

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their statements there could be no doubt that the Prince was killed. At daybreak on the 2d, a cavalry patrol under General Marshall left to search for the Prince and went to the kraals, ten miles further on. His body was discovered among long grass, three hundred yards from a kraal, lying on its back. There were eighteen assegai stabs in it, two of them piercing the body from the chest to the back, two in the side, and one destroying the right eye. A locket with hair medallions and a reliquary were found around the neck. The face wore a placid expression. He had evidently ineffectually tried to mount, and, the leather of the flap tearing, he ran along the path to where he was found. Two troopers lay near the body, both having been assegaied.

The body was placed on a stretcher formed of lances, and was borne by General Marshall and Officers Drury, Lour and Stewart, lancers, until they met the ambulance, on which it was brought into camp accompanied by a military escort. In the afternoon there was a military parade. Deep sorrow prevailed throughout the column. The corpse was to be sent with an escort for transportation to England.

In February last the Prince Imperial offered his services as a volunteer to go to South Africa with a body of recruits for Lord Chelmsford, who had suffered severe losses in the battles with the Zulus at Isandula and elsewhere. The Prince proposed to go with one of the columns invading the Zulu country to study the habits of the English troops in active warfare, and render service either as an aid or as a private in the ranks. His offer of service was accepted, and permission was granted him to join the staff of the Royal Artillery. He sailed with his retinue from Southampton on February 27th. Before leaving England the Prince wrote a letter to M. Rouher, announcing his purpose, and stating his reasons for enlisting in the British ranks.

"For the last eight years I have been the guest of England. My education was completed in the English Military School. I have strengthened my ties of friendship with the English Army by taking part in its annual manœuvres. The war at the Cape having assumed a more serious character, I have wished to follow the campaign. I could not refrain from sharing the dangers and fatigues of the troops among whom I have so many friends. Moreover, the time spent in witnessing this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be wasted for me."

On his arrival at the Cape the Prince Imperial was recommended to Lord Chelmsford, Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Southern Africa, as an extra aide-de-camp. He was gazetted with the local rank of captain unattached. He took part in all the movements of the forces under the immediate command of Lord Chelmsford, and was a faithful and efficient officer and a close observer of the customs of the British army in its warfare with the savages.

The news of the death of the prince reached London at a late hour on the night of the 19th. At about 1 o'clock the next morning it was circulated in the lobbies of the House of Commons, when, in reply to inquiries, Colonel Stanley, Secretary of State for War, read an official telegram. Lord Sidney, an old and tried friend of the Imperial family, was sent to Chiselhurst to break the news to the ex-Empress Eugénie. He informed her as gently as possible, and, after a cry of agony, she fainted.

London journals, while deeply deploring the prince's death, regard it as the end of Imperialism in France. Prince Napoleon, who has become the head of the line, is a Democrat in politics, and is distasteful to the entire Bonapartist following. He has two sons, aged seventeen and fifteen years, respectively. Party loyalty may fasten around the name of these sons, but for a long time Imperial counsels must be distracted, and the possibility of a return of the Empire appears more shadowy than ever.

The *Gazette de France* says that before starting for Zululand the Prince Imperial made a will appointing Prince Victor, eldest son of Prince Napoleon, his heir.

The *Standard*'s Paris correspondent hears that the ex-Empress Eugénie has summoned all the Bonapartist leaders to Chiselhurst.

Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Imperial, was the only child of Napoleon III. and Eugénie. He was born in the Tuileries, March 16th, 1856, and his age at his death was accordingly twenty-three years and three months. The Prince received a careful education, and almost in babyhood was dressed in military clothes and familiarized with the art of gunnery, and in various ways given the idea that soldiering was the chief business of an emperor. The disastrous campaign precipitated with Prussia gave the boyish Prince an unusually early opportunity for becoming familiar with the stern realities of active warfare, for his father took him to the field, and at Saarbruck, according to the Emperor's proud dispatch to Eugénie, he received his baptism of fire. The boy was carried about from battlefield to battlefield, surrounded by a guard, and kept in total ignorance of the real state of affairs, as is proved by his perpetual inquiry when the army would reach Berlin. The disastrous issue of the Emperor's campaign, his sudden fall from the throne of France, his imprisonment by the Prussians, and final release, followed by his exile with his Empress at Chiselhurst, are matters of recent history. When the military situation became critical the safety of young Louis was provided for by his being sent to Belgium, and subsequently he joined his mother in England.

The Prince joined the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich as a gentleman cadet, and pursued his studies without intermission (save for a brief period at the death of his father in February, 1873) till February, 1875, when he passed his final examination, standing seventh in a class of thirty-four, a position which would have entitled him, had he desired to enter the British Army, to elect service in the engineers or artillery.

THIRD CONTEST FOR THE ASTLEY BELT.

THE fourth contest for the long-distance championship of the world and its emblem, the belt presented by Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., of England, was opened in Agricultural Hall, London, on the morning of Monday, June 16th, and closed on the night of Saturday, 21st. The entries were "Blower" Brown, of Turnham Green, England; Edward Payson Weston, of Providence, Rhode Island; John Ennis, of Chicago, and H. Harding, of Blackwell, England. Charles Rowell, who had entered, was obliged by an injured foot to withdraw his name before the walking began; Ennis, who had strained his loin in rescuing some women during an accident, stuck to the track, with long interruptions, until Wednesday, when he gave up, short of 200 miles and Harding retired the same day, leaving Brown and Weston on the track alone. At three o'clock on Thursday morning Brown had covered 318 miles and Weston 313 and 1¼ laps. Then, to the surprise of every one, Weston began forging ahead, and by three o'clock on Friday morning he had made 330 miles and Brown 324. The excitement was increased by Weston's acceptance of a wager with Sir John Astley of $2,500 to $500, that he would not cover 550 miles. At three o'clock on Saturday morning the record stood: Weston, 473 miles; Brown, 420.

From this time the crowd of spectators increased. Weston ran and walked faster than ever, appearing to be a bundle of springs. His 501st mile was reeled off in 7m. 39s.; the 520th in 7m. 37s., the fastest during the contest. At 9:13 Weston passed Brown's previous record of 542 miles and 2 laps.

The last two miles (549th and 550th) were made in in 11m. 24s. and 11m. 21s. As Weston passed his tent for the final lap he was given the British and the American flags, which he carried around the ring, waving them amid deafening cheering and the din of the music. The band first played "Yankee Doodle" and ended with "Rule Britannia." He finished the 550 miles at 10h. 55m. 10s., when he marched to the entrance and took a cab home. Brown made 453 miles.

The winner of the champion belt and the wager with Sir John Astley, was born in Providence, R. I., March 15th, 1839. He stands five feet eight inches and weighs about 140 pounds. From early boyhood he has displayed remarkable speed in long walks. In 1874 Weston went into walking as a profession. On May 11th, 1874, he started at the rink on a six-day walk and did 430 miles. He tried it again at the Hippodrome, September 11th, making 326 miles, and again on the 5th of October, making 346 miles. In a walk beginning December 14th he made over 500 miles in twenty-five and two-third minutes less than the six days. He met O'Leary for the first time at Chicago, November 15th, 1875. O'Leary covered 503 miles and Weston 451. On March 1st, 1875, he met J. R. Judd and made 431 miles. In 1870 he visited England, and on September 3d, 1876, started on an exhibition walk at Liverpool, covering 500¼ miles in the six days. December 18-23d he met O'Leary in London and was defeated by ten miles, making 510. He gave many exhibition walks in England, and grew to be a favorite there. He entered for the first Astley-belt contest, but, when at the last moment O'Leary was admitted, was taken suddenly ill and did not walk. Last Winter he tried a long walk over English soil generally, lecturing when he stopped. Since the failure of this attempt, after a very good record, he has been keeping comparatively quiet, his last appearance being in the All-England belt match, in March last, where he came in fourth with a score of 450 miles. At that time Brown made the then best recorded score—542 miles and two laps.

A GRAND BENEFICENCE.

THE STEWART MEMORIAL SCHOOLS AT GARDEN CITY, L. I.

A SECOND step towards the end the late A. T. Stewart had in view of making Garden City, Long Island, a university town, was taken on June 18th, when some 5,000 persons assembled to witness the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Cathedral School of St. Paul. This school is designed by Mrs. Stewart as a memorial of her late husband, and is one of two which are to be erected in connection with the Cathedral. This one will be devoted expressly to the education of boys. The second, which is to be known as the Cathedral School of St. Mary, will be devoted exclusively to girls. It is expected that the St. Paul School will be completed and ready for occupancy by the 1st of September, 1880, and the Cathedral will also be finished by that time.

In preparation for the ceremonies, tents had been erected on the grounds, and on the foundations already laid was a platform on which were chairs for about 300 persons, while just outside, and with seats nearer to the corner-stone, was another platform. Nearest of all to the stone, Judge Hilton, Mrs. A. T. Stewart and John P. Cinch, Mrs. Stewart's brother, with friends and relatives who had been brought to Garden City by a special train from Hunter's Point, took seats before the throng had begun to assemble. Mrs. Stewart was dressed in black silk, plainly trimmed, and with black buttons in front. A black bonnet of Parisian make sat upon her brown hair, that curled profusely around her temples. A very thin veil that covered her face did not conceal her features. Shortly after noon a procession was formed at the tents which served as dressing-rooms for the clergy, and moved slowly to the stand, a band playing and the choristers singing:

"Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone."

The Rev. Dr. Turner, of St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, led the march, followed by the Eighth Regiment Band, Bishop Littlejohn of the Diocese of Long Island, the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, the Rev. Dr. Browne, the local Rector at Garden City, all the clergy of the Diocese of Long Island, fifty-six in number, and the trustees of the corporation. As the procession entered the inclosure, the congregation rose, and remained standing. At the conclusion of the processional hymn, the tenth selection from the Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer, was chanted by the choristers and clergy. The chant was followed by the lesson, read by Dr. Johnson, of St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Snively, of Grace Church, Brooklyn, then read the prayer for the occasion, calling upon Almighty God to bless the stone which was about to be laid, and imploring divine blessings upon her, "who, to the furtherance of this work, has faithfully offered to Thee of her substance." The Rev. Dr. T. Stafford Browne read aloud the inscription on the brown corner-stone: "Pro Christo et Ecclesia et Humanis Litteris," or, "For Christ and the Church and for Human Letters." On one end of the stone was a monogram of the Holy Name, and on the other the date of the present year. In the copper box that was laid under the stone were a Bible and prayer-book, the canons of the General Convention, a church almanac, records of the proceedings of the Diocesan Convention, History of the Church in Long Island, History of Queens County, History of Hempstead and of Garden City, the copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" that the late A. T. Stewart was fond of reading, photographs of the proposed school and of the Cathedral, etc.

Then Contractor Lyon spread cement on the foundation, and the stone was settled in its place by the lowering of the rope from the pulley overhead, and Bishop Littlejohn struck the top of it three times with a wooden mallet and made the sign of the cross, saying that he, as bishop, laid the corner-stone. Then a "Te Deum" was sung and the bishop prayed, after which an anthem was sung, "Send out Thy Light." Then Bishop Littlejohn, in an admirable address, spoke of the laying of the corner-stone of the Cathedral two years before as the first step in the development of a "great plan of Christian beneficence which has already challenged the admiration of the American people. The second step, now taken, will be followed by others. St. Mary's School will soon be begun. The Bishop's House, the Divinity House, the house for the Deaconesses of the Diocese, and the Asylum for Overworked and Worn-out Clergymen, will follow in a short time. And our patroness will complete the work that she has begun. There will be no halting and no neglect which may endanger the perpetuity of the institutions about to be reared. All will be endowed so liberally and with such precaution and business judgment, that there will be enough to preserve them for ever. Our widowed friend is raising the grandest monument ever reared to commemorate the virtues and character of an American citizen. The inscription on this stone simply explains the object and scope of the ends to be attained by the edifice which we are rearing. It is 'for Christ,' because we believe that it is only through Christ that we can get light. It is for 'knowledge,' because an educated and disciplined intellect is the foundation of all true character. We are determined that this school shall build up character and produce men who will recognize the duties as well as clamor for the rights of freemen. Before all else, this is our avowed and steadfast purpose."

In conclusion, Bishop Littlejohn paid a glowing tribute to Judge Hilton, which, he said, was required by truth, and dictated by his sense of justice. Judge Hilton's motives had been impugned in this as in other schemes, but he had already stamped the impress of his organizing genius upon this plan of beneficence. His aims and motives showed him to be worthy of the magnificent trust committed to his hands. "God grant," said the Bishop, "that he may be spared to see the completion of what he has begun, and that both he and the lady whom he represents may live to reap the harvest of gratitude which will grow up in the hearts of this people in the future."

Upon the close of the ceremonies, at two o'clock, the clergy were entertained in the chapel, the friends of Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton in the hotel, and the throng of visitors in the park. The arrangements for the pleasure and comfort of strangers was most thoughtful and complete throughout.

The School of St. Paul will be, not only in size, but in arrangement and finish as well, the most perfect building of its kind in the country, and in many features it will be original. Its frontage is nearly 300 feet, and its general shape is that of the letter E. Healthfulness has been one of the chief aims in the plans for its construction. Besides class-rooms and dormitories, there will be a chapel, library and laboratory, and a large swimming-bath, with marble dressing-rooms surrounding it, the water of which will be heated in Winter. The table will be equal to that of a first-class hotel.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

With the British in Zululand.

There is a curious point of ceremonial etiquette observed by the servants of the Zulu royal household. The royal cook may never tell the King or any of his family that the meat is cooked; he must convey the intelligence by saying that he is tired of roasting. Probably, however, the cook always takes care to do complete justice to the culinary preparation of the meat before presuming to announce his own indisposition to continue his appointed task; but it seems a whimsical and unaccountable scruple to avoid making any direct report of the condition of the meat itself. The national superstition of witchcraft is doubtless at the bottom of this and many other peculiar Zulu customs. Colonel Pearson, in his official dispatch, dated April 9th, thus describes the destruction of Dabulamanzi's kraal: "The Chief Dabulamanzi—a half-brother to Cetewayo—had a military kraal near Ekowe which I thought it would be desirable to destroy; but it being seven miles distant, and unapproachable except over country more or less covered with bush, I considered it would not be right to attempt it, except with a comparatively large force. Accordingly, on March 1st, I started at 2 A. M., with 450 men, and one gun Royal Artillery, and reached the vicinity of the kraal a little before daylight. The Zulus were completely surprised, and ran off to the neighboring hills. The military kraal, consisting of upwards of fifty huts, was completely destroyed. Returning, we were followed by the enemy, but at long distances and in no great numbers. Our casualties were nil, but, as far as I could observe, we killed or wounded about a dozen of the enemy." Our views "Inside Ekowe" are a continuation of those published last week, illustrating some of the humorous phases of life at Colonel Pearson's camp during the siege. The sketch of military life on board a troop ship has a special interest now that the British troop-ships are more than usually busy conveying soldiers to South Africa and elsewhere. It shows the morning bath, to which all have to submit, no matter what the state of the thermometer may be. At daybreak (4 A. M.) the sail-cloth tank is got out and filled with sea-water, and in obedience to the signal the men leave their snug hammocks below, and come shivering on deck to take the disagreeable plunge. There are but few "malingerers," for all who report themselves "sick" have their beer stopped for the day, an alternative by no means agreeable to the tastes of the average British soldier.

Swiss Demonstration in Favor of the Death Penalty.

Throughout Switzerland the people voted on the question of the death penalty on the 18th of May, and a large majority being in favor of its re-establishment as the extreme punishment, the Constitution of the Republic will be amended in accordance with the popular will. On the day preceding the general voting, a great demonstration was held in Berne, at which free expressions of opinion were made by eminent citizens, particular stress being laid on the assertion that the number of crimes had increased since the abolition of the punishment by death. The meeting was in favor of the return to ancient custom, and was a type of the feeling displayed by the popular vote on the day following.

Close of the Afghan War.

According to the treaty of peace with the Ameer Yakoob Khan, the Afghan chief will improve the high roads along which trade passes from and to India, and also protect these lines. For the improvement of the present system, under which taxes and transit duties are levied, the Ameer agrees to enter into a commercial treaty within the year. A full amnesty is promised to the Sirdars and to all who have had intercourse with the British authorities during the war. An annual subsidy of £60,000 is promised, and will probably be increased. Really good commercial advantages to British traders have been secured. Our illustration of the late war, thus happily concluded, represents a conflict in Khoorum Valley between combined squadrons of the First Punjab Cavalry and Fifteenth Hussars, and a party of the Afghan cavalry.

Burning of Orenburg, Russia.

The City of Orenburg, burned on the 18th of April last by supposed Nihilist agents, was the chief place in the Government of that name, and was situated on the right bank of the Oral, at the confines of Russia in Europe. It was a city of 30,000 inhabitants, and the centre of an active commerce between Asia and Europe. One mosque, two churches, four mills, 292 shops, several tar, coal and firewood stores, timber yards, the meat market, fruit market, women's gymnasium, the club house, workhouse, police-station, justice's court, and other public buildings, besides 949 dwellings, were burned. The loss was enormous, and great suffering resulted, fully one-half of the population being made destitute of food and shelter.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—MIDDLE TENNESSEE has 300 brandy distilleries in operation.

—PROHIBITION is now on trial in 140 communities in Georgia.

—NOTWITHSTANDING the prevalence of violence in Texas, the sale of liquor is strictly prohibited in many counties of that State.

—A PARIS newspaper asserts that those Egyptians who will not or can not pay taxes are hanged to palm trees, and unless they pay or are paid for, are left to die.

—IN China the Government has been obliged to issue new orders to insure a more strict enforcement of the laws against the growth of poppies, and the use of opium by the official classes.

—THE Old Colony Railroad Company have paid damages to over 600 persons injured by the Wellaston disaster, amounting to about $250,000. No dividends will be paid this year in consequence.

—THE Russian Government have hired a number of steamships to convey Nihilist exiles from Odessa to Saghalieu, and the first will depart on July 1st with 700 prisoners, of all ages and rank, and of both sexes.

—THE entire faculty of the Williamette University, Portland, Oregon, have resigned on account of the effort to rigidly enforce sectarian doctrines regarding the control of the University by the Methodist Church, which has the management of the institution.

—IT is now reported that the terrible famine in Cashmere is caused by the cruel action of the Maharajah. He prevented his subjects from saving their crops at the proper time; then collected all the grain he could lay his hands on, and, having made the corner in corn, he and his agents are taking advantage of the rise in the price of food to enrich themselves.

—ON the 20th of April last the Georgian town of Jelisawetpol, near Tiflis, was invaded by a horde of locusts, and for over a week the utmost consternation prevailed. The inhabitants, regarding the visitation as a divine punishment, refused to obey the order of the authorities to kill the pest, and it was only through the energetic measures taken by the police that the destructive nuisance was abated.

—AN international industrial exhibition was opened at Arnheim, in Holland, on the 15th of June, and will continue till the 1st of October. It comprises brick-making machinery, building materials of artificial stone, water-power engines of two and three-horse power, fire-proof safes, machines for working iron and wood, hempen cables, carriages, silver ware, water-motors, sewing machines and apparatus for electric light.

—THE Swiss watch industry has received another blow in the death at Neuchatel of M. Henry Grandjean, founder of the celebrated chronometer establishment at Locle. No one during the last thirty years has contributed so much to the development of the manufacturing of chronometers, watches, and instruments of precision as he. He has also played an important part in the politics of his country as a member of the Cantonal and Confederate Governments. He was greatly respected, and his death is looked upon as a national calamity.

—SINCE January 1st over sixty-seven companies have been incorporated in Connecticut, the majority of them being nominally located in Hartford, while the stock in most of them, over $20,000,000, is owned outside the State. Many of these corporations are of a questionable character, speculators having taken advantage of faulty State laws, but a commission appointed by the last Legislature is now investigating the matter, and it will probably be remedied. There are between two thousand and three thousand chartered stock corporations in the State.

—IN Italy, the guard and defense of the principal passages of the mountains which form the northern boundary of the kingdom are confided to a special corps known under the name of "Alpine companies." This body, exclusively recruited among the mountaineers, inured to every fatigue, and having a perfect knowledge of the country, would, doubtless, render the greatest services in time of war. The question is now under consideration in France of forming an analogous corps to be called "chasseurs de montagne," intended to serve on the Alpine and Pyrenean frontiers.

—A SILK "famine" is likely to prevail this Summer by reason of the failure of the crops in France and Italy. Already raw silks have advanced twenty to thirty per cent. The excitement and speculation in the markets of Lyons and Milan have been very great, and have not yet ceased. Manufactured goods on hand have not advanced, although orders for future delivery command prices some ten or fifteen per cent. higher than heretofore. The American Consul in Lyons says that he has never known a season so unfavorable to growing crops of all kinds, the temperature this year being very much like that of 1878.

—SIAM rejoices in a "first" King and a "second" King; these personages are respectively named Tiaou Fa Tiaoula Langkorn (who is assisted in the government by the ex-Minister Tiaou Phraya—that is, counselor of the first class)—Suri Wongsi, the Regent; and Kromamoun Bawarawichai Tiaou, son of the deceased second King. Both have reigned since October 1st, 1868. These monarchs rule over 6,300,000 persons—mostly Buddhists; the army is officered by Europeans, and in war time every male must fight; the fleet consists of seven war-ships, and Bangkok is the capital, with 500,000 inhabitants.

—THE late Legislature of Illinois enacted a law that should have the most general application. It provides that any banker or broker, or person doing a banking business, or any officer of any banking company, who shall receive a deposit when insolvent, whereby the deposit so made shall be lost to the depositor, shall be deemed guilty of embezzlement, and shall be fined in double the amount of the sum fraudulently taken, and also imprisoned in the penitentiary for not less than one nor more than three years. The failure, suspension or involuntary liquidation of the banker, broker or banking company within thirty days after receiving the deposit is to be deemed *prima facie* evidence of an intent to defraud.

—THE most costly school building in the world is probably the new Polytechnic Institute in Hanover. The late King of Hanover commenced the construction of a magnificent palace, upon which he expended several million dollars—the exact amount is not known, but it is commonly stated at about five millions. When his Government was overthrown, and the Kingdom of Hanover became a province of Prussia, the building was found in a half-finished condition. For several years the windows were boarded up and the empty rooms became the residence of bats and birds. At last the German Government resolved to alter the building and adapt it to the uses of the Polytechnic School. The work of alteration and completion has been going forward for several years and is now nearly ended. It has required more time and money to make the necessary changes than a new building would have cost, and the total outlay from first to last amounts to more millions than the architect is willing to make known. It is a magnificent pile, and is likely to attract much notice on account of the history attached to the place. A palace changed to a school may be taken as a good omen.

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SAMUEL N. CHITTENDEN, THE FAMILY BROKER.





CAPTAIN KEALY, OF THE DETECTIVE FORCE.

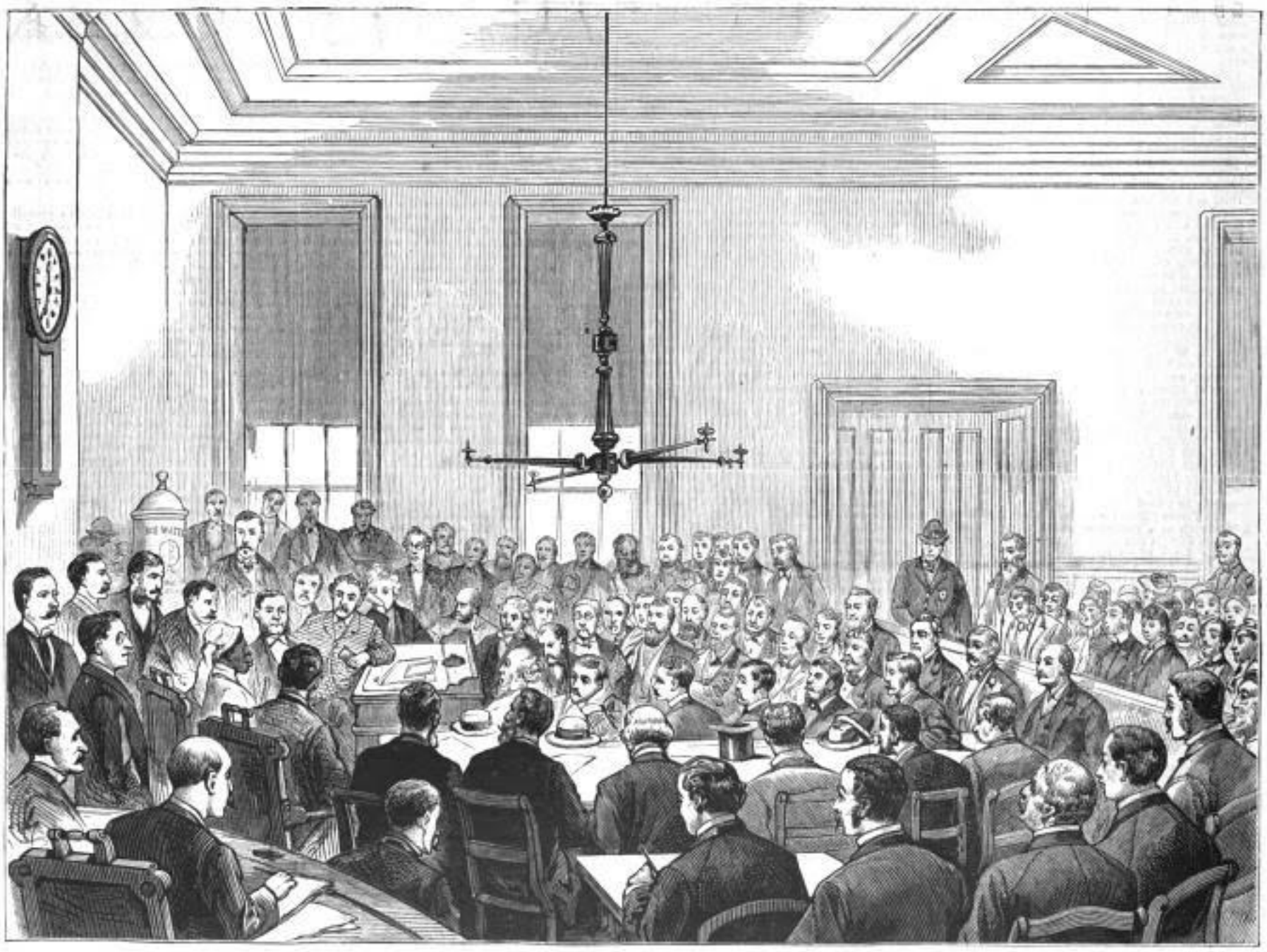


NELLY WEST, THE CHAMBERMAID.

NANCY FRANCIS, THE COLORED COOK, WHO DISCOVERED THE DEAD BODY.



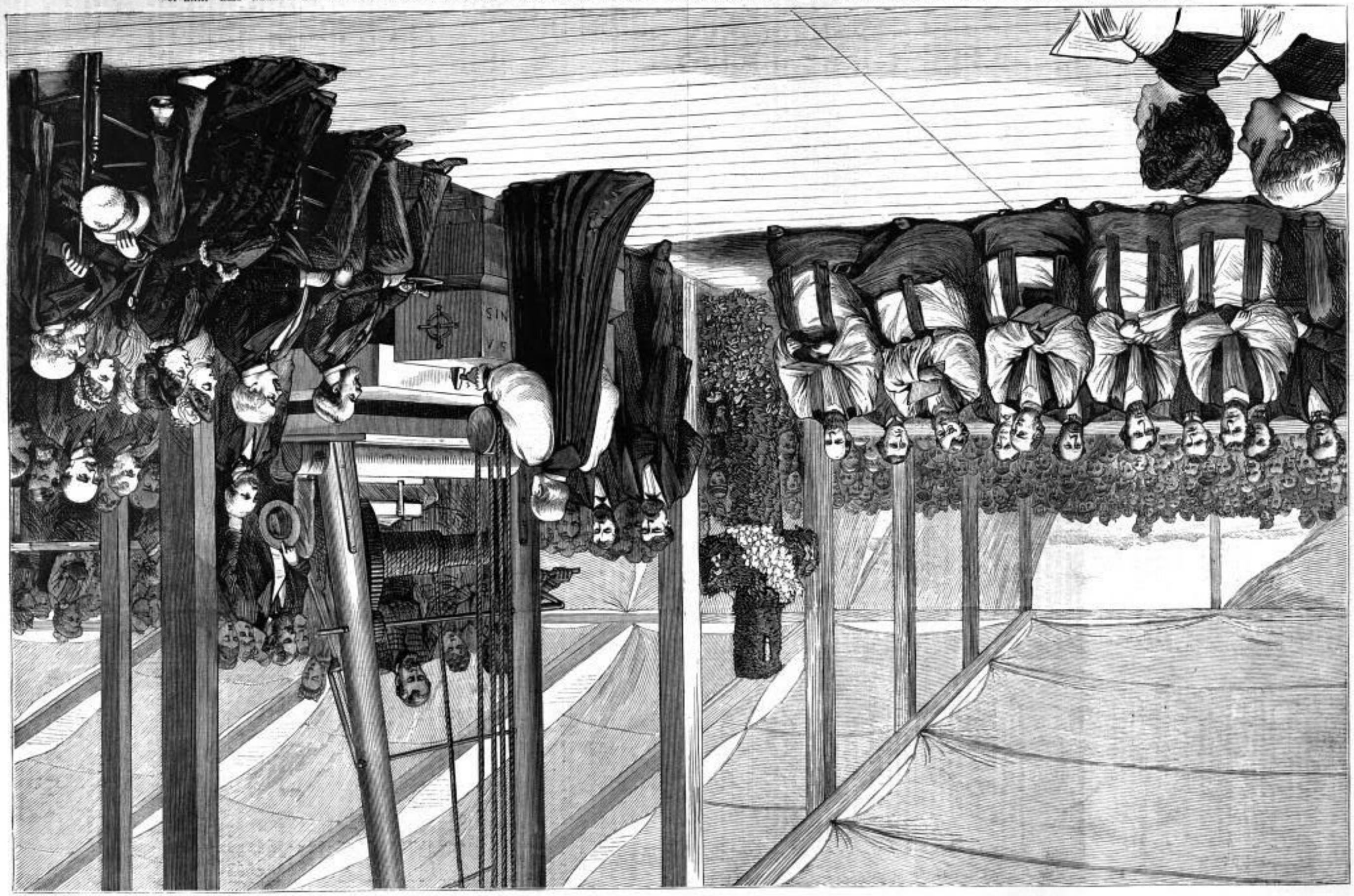
CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, 29TH POLICE PRECINCT.



SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM DURING THE EXAMINATION OF THE COLORED COOK, NANCY FRANCIS.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE CORONER'S INVESTIGATION INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF MRS. HULL, IN THE TRIAL ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

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LONG ISLAND.—THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE "CATHEDRAL SCHOOL OF ST. PAUL," ONE OF THE STEWART MEMORIAL BUILDINGS, AT GARDEN CITY, JUNE 19TH.
BISHOP LITTLEJOHN MAKING THE FORMAL DECLARATION.—See Page 296.

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A PARTING.

I.

HIS MESSAGE.

STILL love me—but leave me, and let not
Thy love give thee longing or pain;
Clasp me only in dreaming; forget not
My kisses, nor seek them again.

I loved thee indeed; but no longer
May love quicken pulses and breath.
I know that ambition is stronger
Than loving—unyielding as death.

Love courts me to lie by its fountains,
In blissful yet idle repose;
Ambition's star shines from the mountains,
From regions of crags and of snows.

Away! I must follow its leading;
It beckons me on to my fate.
Take back to thy heart its fond pleading
And keep back the tears at their gate.

Seek not to reproach or to grieve me,
Cling not in the vows of the past,
Nor think they were meant to deceive thee;
They were only—too loving to last.

It is better to part while the gladness
Of youth lights for each one a way,
Than to wait until hours of sadness
Are darkened by age and decay.

II.

HER ANSWER.

Your message lies open; its meaning
I read through the dimness of tears,
And see in a moment the ending
Of hopes that I treasured for years.

You loved me, you say; yet with scorning
You fling back the love which I gave.
True love could not cease without warning—
Even flowers, cut down in the morning,
Fade not until noon—
Love could not so soon
Have buried itself in its grave.

We will part, as you say, but forgive me
One word of reproach, and the last:
'Twas unkind of you ever to cherish
A passion so frail as to perish,
When touched by ambition's chill blast.

True love is ever the same;
It bends not to blame;
It yields not to shame;
It breaks not, nor will it be broken.
There is always remaining some token
Of love in a heart once aflame.

As gold, in the crucible mingled,
Will mellow the tones of the bell,
So love in a sad heart will soften
The pang of a bitter farewell.

A. M. ESSOK.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"WHERE has he been found?" Amelius asked, snatching up his hat.

"There's no hurry, sir." Morcross answered quietly. "When I had the honor of seeing you yesterday you said you meant to make Jervy suffer for what he had done. Somebody else has saved you the trouble. He was found this evening in the river."

"Drowned?"

"Stabbed in three places, sir; and put out of the way in the river—that's the surgeon's report. Robbed of everything he possessed—that's the police report, after searching his pockets."

Amelius was silent. It had not entered into his calculations that crime breeds crime, and that the criminal might escape him under *that* law. For the moment, he was conscious of a sense of disappointment, revealing plainly that the desire for vengeance had mingled with the higher motives which animated him. He felt uneasy and ashamed, and longed as usual to take refuge in action from his own unwelcome thoughts. "Are you sure it is the man?" he asked. "My description may have misled the police—I should like to see him myself."

"Certainly, sir. While we are about it, if you feel any curiosity to trace the stolen money, there's a chance (from what I have heard) of getting at the man with the squint. The people at our place think it's likely he may have been concerned in the robbery, if he hasn't committed the murder."

In an hour after, under the guidance of Morcross, Amelius passed through the dreary doors of a deadhouse, situated on the southern bank of the Thames, and saw the body of Jervy stretched out on a stone slab. The guardian who held the lantern, inured to such horrible sights, declared that the corpse could not have been in the water more than two days. To any one who had seen the murdered man, the face, undisfigured by injuries of any kind, was perfectly recognizable. Amelius knew him again, dead, as certainly as he had known him again, living, when he was waiting for Phœbe in the street.

"If you're satisfied, sir," said Morcross, "the inspector at the police-station is sending a sergeant to look after 'Wall-Eyes'—the name they give hereabouts to the man suspected of the robbery. We can take the sergeant with us in the cab, if you like."

Still keeping on the southern bank of the river, they drove for a quarter of an hour in a westerly direction, and stopped at a public-house. The sergeant of police went in by himself to make the first inquiries.

"We are a day too late, sir," he said to Amelius, on returning to the cab. "Wall-Eyes was here last night, and Mother Sowler with him, judging by the description. Both of them drunk—and the woman the worse of the two. The landlord knows nothing more about it; but there's a man at the bar tells me he heard of them this morning (still drinking) at the Dairy."

"The Dairy?" Amelius repeated.

Morcross interposed with the necessary explanation. "An old house, sir, which once stood by itself in the fields. It was a dairy a hundred years ago, and it has kept the name ever since, though it's nothing but a low lodging-house now."

"One of the worst places on this side of the river," the sergeant added. "The landlord's a returned convict. Sly as he is, we shall have him again yet, for receiving stolen goods. There's every sort of thief among his lodgers, from a pickpocket to a housebreaker. It's my duty to continue the inquiry, sir; but a gentleman like you will be better, I should say, out of such a place as that."

Still disquieted by the sight that he had seen in the deadhouse, and by the associations which that sight had recalled, Amelius was ready for any adventure which might relieve his mind. Even the prospect of a visit to a thieves' lodging-house was more welcome to him than the prospect of going home alone. "If there's no serious objection to it," he said, "I own I should like to see the place."

"You'll be safe enough with us," the sergeant replied. "If you don't mind filthy people and bad language—all right, sir! Cabman, drive to the Dairy."

Their direction was now towards the south, through a perfect labyrinth of mean and dirty streets. Twice the driver was obliged to ask his way. On the second occasion the sergeant, putting his head out of the window to stop the cab, cried, "Hullo, there's something up!"

They got out in front of a long, low rambling house, a complete contrast to the modern buildings about it. Late as the hour was, a mob had assembled in front of the door. The police were on the spot keeping the people in order.

Morcross and the sergeant pushed their way through the crowd, leading Amelius between them. "Something wrong, sir, in the back kitchen," said one of the policemen, answering the sergeant, while he opened the street-door. A few yards down the passage there was a second door, with a man on the watch by it. "There's a nice to-do down-stairs," the man announced, recognizing the sergeant, and unlocking the door with a key which he took from his pocket. "The landlord at the Dairy knows his lodgers, sir," Morcross whispered to Amelius; "the place is kept like a prison." As they passed through the second door, a frantic voice startled them, shouting inarticulately from below. An old man came hobbling up the kitchen-stairs, his eyes wild with fear, his long, gray hair all tumbled over his face. "Oh, Lord! have you got the tools for breaking open the door?" he asked, wringing his dirty hands in an agony of supplication. "She'll set the house on fire! she'll kill my wife and daughter!" The sergeant pushed him contemptuously out of the way, and looked round for Amelius. "It's only the landlord, sir; keep near Morcross, and follow me."

They descended the kitchen-stairs, the frantic cries below growing louder and louder at every step they took, and made their way through the thieves and vagabonds crowding together in the passage. Passing on their right hand a solid old oaken door, fast closed, they reached an open wicket-gate of iron which led into a stone-paved yard. A heavily-barred window was now visible in the back wall of the house, raised three or four feet from the pavement of the yard. The room within was illuminated by a blaze of gaslight. More policemen were here, keeping back more inquisitive lodgers. Among the spectators was a man with a hideous outward squint, holding by the window-bars in a state of drunken terror. The sergeant looked at him, and beckoned to one of the policemen. "Take him to the station; I shall have something to say to Wall-Eyes when he's sober. Now then! stand back, all of you, and let's see what's going on in the kitchen."

He took Amelius by the arm, and led him to the window. Even the sergeant started when the scene inside met his view. "By God!" he cried, "it's Mother Sowler herself!"

It was Mother Sowler. The horrible woman was trampling round and round in the middle of the kitchen, like a beast in a cage, raving in the dreadful drink-madness called delirium tremens. In the furthest corner of the room, barricaded behind the table, the landlord's wife and daughter crouched in terror of their lives. The gas, turned full on, blazed high enough to blacken the ceiling, and showed the heavy bolts shot at the top and bottom of the solid door. Nothing less than a battering-ram could have burst that door in from the outer side; an hour's work with the file would have failed to break a passage through the bars over the window. "How did she get there?" the sergeant asked. "Run down-stairs and bolted herself in, while the missus and the young 'un were cooking," was the answering cry from the people in the yard. As they spoke, another vain attempt was made to break in the door from the passage. The noise of the heavy blows redoubled the frenzy of the terrible creature in the kitchen, still trampling round and round under the blazing gaslight. Suddenly she made a dart at the window, and confronted the men looking in from the yard. Her staring eyes were bloodshot; a purple-red flush was over her face; her hair waved wildly about her, torn away in places by her own hands. "Cats!" she screamed, glaring out of the window, "millions of cats! and all their mouths wide-open spitting at me! Fire! fire to scare away the cats!" She searched furiously in her pocket and tore out a handful of loose papers. One of them escaped and fluttered downward to a wooden press under the window. Amelius was nearest, and saw it plainly as it fell. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's a bank-note!" "Wall-Eyes's money!" shouted the thieves in the yard; "she's going to burn Wall-Eyes's money!" The madwoman turned back to the middle of the kitchen, leaped up at the gas-burner, and set fire to the bank-notes. She scattered them flaming all round her on the kitchen floor. "Away with you!" she shouted, shaking her fists at the visionary multitude of cats. "Away with you, up the chimney! Away with you, out of the window!" She sprang back to the window, with her crooked fingers twisted in her hair. "The snakes!" she shrieked; "the snakes are hissing again in my hair! the beetles are crawling over my face!" She tore at her hair; she scraped her face with long black nails that lacerated the flesh. Amelius turned away, unable to endure the sight of her. Morcross took his place, eyed her steadily for a moment, and saw the way to end it. "A quartern of gin!" he shouted. "Quick! before she leaves the window!" In a minute he had the pewter measure in his hand, and tapped at the window. "Gin, Mother Sowler! Break the window and have a drop of gin!" For a moment the drunkard mastered her own dreadful visions at the sight of the liquor. She broke a pane of glass with her clinched fist. "The door!" cried Morcross to the panic-stricken women barricaded behind the table. "The door!" he reiterated, as he handed the gin in through the bars. The elder woman was too terrified to understand him; her bolder daughter crawled under the table, rushed across the kitchen and drew the bolts. As the madwoman turned to attack her the room was filled with men, headed by the sergeant. Three of them were barely enough to control the frantic wretch and bind her hand and foot. When Amelius entered the kitchen, after she had been conveyed to the hospital, a five-pound note on the press (secured by one of the police) and a few frail, black ashes scattered thinly on the kitchen floor were the only relics left of the stolen money.

* * * * *

After inquiry, patiently pursued in more than one direction, failed to throw any light on the mystery of Jervy's death. Morcross's report to Amelius, towards the close of the investigation, was little more than ingenious guess-work.

"It seems pretty clear, sir, in the first place, that Mother Sowler must have overtaken Wall-Eyes, after he had left the letter at Mrs. Farnaby's lodgings. In the second place, we are justified (as I shall show you directly) in assuming that she told him of the money in Jervy's possession, and that the two succeeded in discovering Jervy—no doubt through Wall-Eyes's superior knowledge of his master's movements. The evidence concerning the bank-notes proves this. We know, by the examination of the people at the Dairy, that Wall-Eyes took from his pocket a handful of notes, when they refused to send for liquor without having the money first. We are also informed that the breaking-out of the drink-madness in Mother Sowler showed itself in her snatching the notes out of his hand and trying to strangle him—before she ran down into the kitchen and bolted herself in. Lastly, Mrs. Farnaby's bankers have identified the note saved from the burning as one of forty five-pound notes paid to her check. So much for the tracing of the money.

"I wish I could give an equally satisfactory account of the tracing of the crime. We can make nothing of Wall-Eyes. He declares that he didn't even know Jervy was dead, till we told him; and he swears he found the money dropped in the street. It is needless to say that this last assertion is a lie. Opinions are divided among us as to whether he is answerable for the murder as well as the robbery, or whether there was a third person concerned in it. My own belief is that Jervy was drugged by the old woman (with a young woman very likely used as a decoy), in some house by the riverside, and then murdered by Wall-Eyes in cold blood. We have done our best to clear the matter up, and we have not succeeded. The doctors give us no hope of any assistance from Mother Sowler. If she gets over the attack (which is doubtful), they say she will die to a certainty of liver-disease. In short, my own fear is that this will prove to be one more of those murders which are mysteries to the police as well as the public."

The report of the case excited some interest, published in the newspapers in conspicuous type. Meddlesome readers wrote letters, offering complacently-stupid suggestions to the police. After a while, another crime attracted general attention, and the murder of Jervy disappeared from the public memory, among other forgotten murders of the bygone time.

CHAPTER XL.

THE last dreary days of November came to their end.

No longer darkened by the shadows of crime and torment and death, the life of Amelius glided insensibly into the peaceful byways of seclusion, brightened by the companionship of Sally. The Winter days followed one another in a happy uniformity of occupations and amusements. There were lessons to fill up the morning, and walks to occupy the afternoon and, in the evenings, sometimes reading, sometimes singing, sometimes nothing but the lazy luxury of talk. In the vast world of London, with its monstrous extremes of wealth and poverty, and its all-permeating malady of life at fever-heat, there was one supremely innocent and supremely happy creature, Sally had heard of Heaven, attainable on the hard condition of first paying the debt of death. "I have found a kinder Heaven," she said, one day. "It is here in the cottage; and Amelius has shown me the way to it."

Their social isolation was at this time complete; they were two friendless people, perfectly insensible to all that was perilous and pitiable in their own position. They parted with a kiss at night, and they met again with a kiss in the morning—and they were as happily free from all mistrust of the future as a pair of birds. No visitors came to the house; the few friends and acquaintances of Amelius, forgotten by him, forgot him in return. Now and then, Toff's wife came to the cottage, and exhibited the "cherubim-baby." Now and then, Toff himself (a musician among his other accomplishments) brought his fiddle up stairs, and said, modestly, "A little music helps to pass the time;" and played to the young master and mistress the cheerful tinkling tunes of the old vaudevilles of France. They were pleased with these small interruptions when they came, and they were not disappointed when the days passed, and the baby and the vaudevilles were hushed in absence and silence. So the happy Winter days went by; and the howling winds brought no rheumatism with them, and even the tax-gatherer himself, looking in at this earthly paradise, departed without a curse when he left his little paper behind him.

Now and then, at long intervals, the outer world intruded itself in the form of a letter.

Regina wrote, always with the same placid affection; always entering into the same minute narrative of the slow progress of "dear uncle's return to health." He was forbidden to exert himself in any way. His nerves were in a state of lamentable irritability. "I dare not even mention your name to him, dear Amelius; it seems, I cannot think why, to make him—oh, so unreasonably angry. I can only submit, and pray that he may soon be himself again." Amelius wrote back, always in the same considerate and gentle tone; always laying the blame of his dull letters on the studious uniformity of his life. He preserved, with a perfectly easy conscience, the most absolute silence on the subject of Sally. While he was faithful to Regina, what reason had he to reproach himself with the protection that he offered to a poor motherless girl? When he was married, he might safely confide the secret to his wife, and then Sally would live with them as his wife's sister.

One morning, the letters with the Paris post-mark were varied by a few lines from Rufus.

"Every morning, my bright boy, I get up and say to myself, 'Well! I reckon it's about time to take the route for London;' and every morning, if you'll believe me, I put it off till next day. Whether it's in the good feeding (expensive, I admit; but when your cook helps you to digest instead of hindering you, a man of my dyspeptic nation is too grateful to complain), or whether it's in the air, which reminds me, I do assure you, of our native atmosphere at Coolspring, Mass., is more than I can say, with a hard steel pen on a leaf of flimsy paper. You have heard the saying, 'When a good American dies, he goes to Paris.' Maybe, sometimes, he's smart enough to discount his own death, and rationally enjoy the future time in the present. This, you see, is a poetic flight. But, mercy be praised, the moral of my residence in Paris is plain: If I can't go to Amelius, Amelius must come to me. Note the address, Grand Hotel; and pack up, like a good boy, on receipt of this. Memorandum: The brown Miss is here. I saw her taking the air in a carriage, and raised my hat. She looked the other way. British—eminently British! But, there, I bear no malice; I am her most obedient servant, and yours affectionately, RUFUS.—Postscript: I want you to see some of our girls at this hotel. The genuine American material, sir, perfected by Worth."

Another morning brought with it a few sad lines from Phœbe. "After what had happened, she was quite unable to face her friends; she had no heart to seek employment in her own country—her present life was too dreary and too hopeless to be endured. A benevolent lady had made her an offer to accompany a party of emigrants to New Zealand, and she had accepted the proposal. Perhaps, among the new people, she might recover her self-respect and her spirits, and live to be a better woman. Meanwhile, she bade Mr. Goldenheart farewell, and asked his pardon for taking the liberty of wishing him happy with Miss Regina."

Amelius wrote a few kind lines to Phœbe, and a cordial reply to Rufus, making the pursuit of his studies his excuse for remaining in London. After this, there was no further correspondence. The mornings succeeded each other, and the postman brought no more news from the world outside.

But the lessons went on; and teacher and pupil were as inconsiderately happy as ever in each other's society. Observing with inexhaustible interest the progress of the mental development in Sally, Amelius was slow to perceive the physical development which was unobtrusively keeping pace with it. He was absolutely ignorant of the part which his own influence was taking in the gradual and delicate process of change. Ere long, the first forewarnings of the coming disturbance in their harmless relations towards each other began to show themselves. Ere long, there were signs of a troubled mind in Sally, which were mysteries to Amelius, and subjects of wonderment, sometimes even trials of temper, to the girl herself.

One day she looked in from the door of her room, in her white dressing-gown, and asked to be forgiven if she kept the lessons of the morning waiting for a little while.

"Come in," said Amelius, "and tell me why."

She hesitated. "You won't think me lazy, if you see me in my dressing-gown?"

"Of course not! Your dressing-gown, my dear, is as good as any other gown. A young girl like you looks best in white."

She came in with her work-basket, and her indoor dress over her arm.

Amelius laughed. "Why haven't you put it on?" he asked.

She sat down in a corner, and looked at her work-basket instead of looking at Amelius. "It doesn't fit me as well as it did," she answered. "I am obliged to alter it."

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Amelius looked at her—at the charming youthful figure that had filled out, at the softly-rounded outline of the face with no angles and hollows in it now. "Is it the dress-maker's fault?" he asked, slyly.

Her eyes were still on the basket. "It's my fault," she said. "You remember what a poor little skinny creature I was, when you first saw me. I—you won't like me the worse for it, will you?—I am getting fat. I don't know why. They say happy people get fat. Perhaps that's why. I'm never hungry, and never frightened, and never miserable now—" She stopped; her dress slipped from her lap to the floor. "Don't look at me!" she said—and suddenly put her hands over her face. Amelius saw the tears finding their way through the pretty plump fingers, which he remembered so shapeless and so thin. He crossed the room, and touched her gently on the shoulder. "My dear child! have I said anything to distress you?"

"Nothing."

"Then why are you crying?"

"I don't know." She hesitated, looked at him, and made a desperate effort to tell him what was in her mind. "I'm afraid you'll get tired of me. There's nothing about me to make you pity me now. You seem to be—not quite the same—no! it isn't that—I don't know what's come to me—I'm a greater fool than ever. Give me my lesson, Amelius! please give me my lesson!"

(To be continued.)

ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held at Albany, N. Y., and opened on Tuesday, June 17th, with a parade of military organizations, divided into six divisions. In the line of the procession there were delegations from nearly all the Northern States, and a vast gathering of spectators rewarded with profuse cheers the visiting veterans. The city was gayly decorated, and the weather as fine as could be desired.

The parade began promptly at eleven o'clock, the line of march being through State, Eagle, Lancaster, Dove and Knox Streets, and thence through Washington, Lexington and Clinton Avenues to North Pearl Street. The stand from which Governor Robinson, surrounded by his staff, reviewed the line was located on the north side of State Street, above Pearl. The battalion, composed of the Old Guard of New York City, attired in white coats, the Burgesses Corps of Albany, in red, and the Citizens Corps of Utica, in blue, attracted general attention; while the guard of sixteen men, each bearing a corps-flag of the late Union Army, was viewed with the greatest interest by the veterans. One of our illustrations shows this detachment passing the Kenmore Hotel.

At the close of the parade the various organizations separated for special observances. The delegates from State Encampments met in Tweddle Hall, where, after a formal welcome by Mayor Nolan, and addresses by the Grand Commander, General John C. Robinson, Attorney-General Devens and Assemblyman Knowles, the Grand Encampment went into secret session for the transaction of business. The annual meeting of the Society of the Burnside Expedition and the Ninth Army Corps was held in the afternoon. In the evening the National Encampment dined at the Martin Opera House, and the Society of the Ninth Army Corps at the Delevan House. Spirited addresses were made at each banquet in response to patriotic toasts.

Many of the visiting organizations left the city in the evening. On Wednesday the Albany Burgesses Corps, the Old Guard of New York, and the Citizens, Corps of Utica, joined in a parade to escort the Society of the Army of the Potomac to Tweddle Hall, where the annual business meeting was held, and in the evening dined in the Armory of the Albany Corps.

The Society of the Army of the James met in Tweddle Hall, Attorney-General Devens presiding. General N. M. Curtis, of New York, was elected President for the ensuing year. The Fifth Army Corps re-elected General James McQuade, President; the Sixth Army Corps elected General M. T. MacMahon; the Ninth Army Corps, General A. E. Burnside; the Cavalry Corps Association of the United States, General Mackintosh; and the Society of the Army of the Potomac, General D. E. Sickles.

The session of the National Encampment was resumed in the afternoon, when the following officers were elected: Commander-in-Chief, William Earnshaw, of Ohio; Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, John Palmer, of Albany; Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, Harrison Dingman, of Washington; Surgeon-General, William B. Jones, of Pennsylvania; Chaplain, Joseph F. Lovering, of Massachusetts. A council of administration, consisting of eighteen, was also elected. Resolutions of thanks to the State authorities, to the City of Albany, to comrades and to the military bodies present, were adopted, and it was decided to hold the next encampment at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O.

In the evening the dinner of the Army of the Potomac was served at the Delevan House, and was in all respects a most picturesque and memorable reunion of the veterans.

NEW RAPID TRANSIT ROUTES IN NEW YORK.

THE Commissioners of Rapid Transit, appointed by the Mayor in April last to lay out routes for rapid transit railways in the annexed district, recently presented a report of the result of their labors to Mayor Cooper. The board consists of Henry G. Stebbins, Henry F. Spaulding, Benjamin G. Arnold, Lewis G. Morris and Samuel B. Filley. When appointed it was generally understood that their sole duty would be to determine the routes in Westchester County, but they have laid out in addition a new and independent route through the centre of the city from the City Hall to the Forty-second Street Depot, and on to the Harlem River by the line of the New York and Harlem Railroad. This deviation from their original instructions was made in compliance with a letter addressed to them by Edwards Pierrepont, Augustus Schell and H. J. Jewett, calling attention to the great need of a rapid transit route between the two lines now established, and asking the commissioners to designate a route for the same. The following route is specified:

Beginning at the intersection of the New York and Harlem Railroad at the line of the City of New York at Bronx River; thence along the line of the New York and Harlem Railroad, and coincident with said railroad to the north shore of the Harlem River, and thence across Harlem River coincident with said New York and Harlem Railroad to the south side of Harlem River. And also commencing at a point on the northerly side of Forty-second Street, below the grade of said street; thence under, through and across Forty-second Street; and thence southerly under, through and along the easterly side of Fourth Avenue or Park



MAP OF THE PROPOSED VANDERBILT ELEVATED RAILROAD ROUTE

Avenue, and below the surface of said avenue to the south side of Thirty-fourth Street, ascending to the surface of Fourth Avenue; then by an elevated road over, through and along Fourth Avenue, southerly to a point between Eighth Street and Ninth Street; thence through the block on the west side of Fourth Avenue, across Eighth Street and Astor Place, through Lafayette Place; through the block to Bond Street, to Crosby Street, and along Crosby Street to Grand Street; thence through the block diagonally to a point in Elm Street, near Howard Street; thence across Howard Street, along Elm to Pearl Street; thence diagonally across the block to Duane Street; thence along Duane Street to Centre Street; thence along Centre Street and Park Row to a line drawn easterly and westerly across the city at the south line of the City Hall.

The magnitude of this grant will be perceived at a glance by those familiar with the city. It is through the very centre of the island, and practically runs parallel with Broadway and Fifth Avenue, through some of the richest trade districts, some of the most beautiful localities for residences, and past some of the finest churches, hotels and public buildings in the city.

It runs under ground only where the present tunnel beneath Park Avenue exists. It emerges from the ground and springs upon stilts in the air at Thirty-fourth Street, directly in front of the Park Avenue Hotel. It runs in front of the Academy of Design, the Young Men's Christian Association Building, the Astor and Mercantile Libraries, through Union Square, in the rear of the Washington Monument.

At the proposed southern terminus it will have a depot directly in front of French's Hotel, and several hundred feet south of the present depot of the Chatham Street Branch of the New York Elevated Road. There are no restrictions as to continuing it through Park Row to Broadway, and even down Broadway; and as the Chatham Square branch of the New York line was abandoned because it did not run far enough south to be profitable, it is not likely that Mr. Vanderbilt (who is at the head of the enterprise) would long delay in getting an extension to Broadway and further.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Zoological Society of New South Wales has been formed at Sydney; one of its chief objects is the acclimatization of foreign animals.

One of the New Cardinals. Haynald, Archbishop of Kalocsa in Hungary, is eminent as a botanist, and is probably the first botanist who has ever held so exalted a rank.

An Effort is being made to found in Liverpool an institution similar to Owen's College, Manchester, to be called "University College." Seventy-five thousand pounds is asked for as a fund to commence with, and an influential committee has been formed to further the object.

The Administration of the scientific exhibition, to be held at Paris from July to November next, is desirous to establish a special section of electricity if agreeable to intending exhibitors, consequently all the electricians who have subscribed already are requested to state their opinion.

The English Parliamentary Committee on electric lighting advise that municipal authorities should receive all possible help for public lighting by electricity, and that the Legislature should be willing to give all reasonable facilities for extending the use of the electric light where proper demand for it shall arise.

The Chemical Society of London has made the following grants from its research fund: £10 for investigating the constitution of Topaz; £30 for investigating the organic carbon in the air; £15 for a study of practical distillation; £20 for examining boron hydride; £15 for a research on the hydrocarbon of the nut-pine.

Dufour, Jegou and Baronnet, the three French engineers who have for six months been taking soundings with Commandant Roudaire to test the possibility of converting the Shotts of Tunis into an arm of the sea, have just returned to Marseilles. Their report is favorable, but they have suffered from the aridity of the district, where no rain has fallen for twenty-three years.

The Carrier-Pigeon Service is now in full operation in France, and has been placed under the direction of the head of aërial communication. The number of birds fed by the Government is 6,000. These pigeons are located in Paris and twelve other large fortified towns. A number of soldiers and officers have been taught the art of pigeon-breeding, and carriers are constantly sent from place to place. The Minister of Public Instruction and the Minister of Agriculture have established prizes for pigeon-races.

The Select Committee to investigate into the explosion on board Her Majesty's armor-plated turret-ship *Thunderer* propose to make their experiments in the most public manner, in order fully to establish the stability of the guns constructed on the Woolwich system under all the conditions of the service, and the liability of any gun to be destroyed by unfair means. The burst gun has been taken into the inspection department for examination, and the sister thirty-eight-ton gun will be taken to the proof-butts in the marshes to be fired.

The Paris Anthropological Society has recently awarded prizes as follows: The Godard Prize (500 francs and a silver-gilt medal) to Dr. Le Bon, for a work on the development of the cranium according to civilization, age and sex; two honorable mentions (with bronze medals) to M. Ujfalvy, for the first volume of his "Journey in Turkestan," and M. Zaborowski, for his "Manual of Prehistoric Archæology"; the prize in French Ethnology to Dr. Chervin, for his statistical works; and honorable mention to M. Rivière for his prehistoric researches.

The Long Sojourn of the Russian troops in Bulgaria and Roumelia has been fruitful of results to geographical knowledge. The Russian staff have been active in carrying out a series of astronomical and geodetic observations, so that a fairly complete network of triangulation has been accomplished, which will enable cartographers to lay down with fair accuracy a very considerable number of places in our maps. Something like 1,000 points have been thus taken, most of them geodetically, but a considerable number astronomically. The chief results are expected to be published by 1880.

A Famous Skeleton.—The historical skeleton of a whale which has been an object of wonder to generations of nurses and infants in the Garden of Plants in Paris is about to be removed. For many years past it has been much injured by the effects of the weather, and had been patched and repaired so often that M. de Quatrefages declared that it no longer resembled anything on the earth or in the waters under the earth, and he has consequently ordered it to be demolished. The fine skeleton of a whale presented to the American Museum of Natural History in New York is not likely to be so much injured, as it is kept under cover.

Investigations by Geological Experts render it probable, it would seem, that Central Russia rests upon enough phosphate of lime to supply all Europe. Around the boundary of the cretaceous basin of that country the phosphate beds, it is said, appear to be at or near the surface, but in the central regions they dip to a depth too great to permit of their being worked economically. The result of the chemical examinations of this remarkable rock shows the average quantity of phosphoric acid is about twenty per cent. (varying from twelve to thirty-three per cent.), while the proportion of lime varies from eighteen to fifty per cent. These great deposits were scarcely discovered when their development commenced. At present there are two establishments for this purpose in the Government of Kursk and one at Riga; this last receives the raw material from Smolensk, reduces it to powder, and supplies a large quantity of the article in this form to the Baltic provinces.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Edinburgh will succeed Admiral Phillimore as Admiral Superintendent of the English Naval Reserves in November.

THE will of William Lloyd Garrison, after giving $300 to each of his grandchildren, bequeaths the balance of his property to his five children to be equally divided.

RICHARD DOYLE, the painter, and a Roman Catholic, is reported by Mr. Conway to be a believer in the veritable existence of the queer, uncanny fairies, sprites and elves he paints so beautifully.

COUNT JULIEN ROCHECHOUART, French Minister to Hayti, his private secretary and first secretary of legation, have all died of yellow fever at Port au Prince. His second secretary was also attacked by the fever.

MR. PLIMSOLL, the famous Liberal Member of Parliament, has had so much trouble with his eyes of late that the doctors have advised the removal of his right eye, in the hope that by this operation the left may be cured and strengthened.

REV. FRANCIS L. PATTON has resigned his professorship in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest in Chicago, to take effect April 14th, 1880. He will then take the professorship of the Theological College of London, England.

TWO OF the companions of Count Antinori in the Italian African Expedition have been taken prisoners and placed in chains by a tribe hostile to the King of Shoa. The tribe demand a very heavy ransom. The King of Shoa declares his inability to pay it.

THE Queen of England presented to the King of Siam last year the Order of St. Michael and the Cross of St. George. An embassy is now on the way to England from the King to invest the Queen with the Order of the White Elephant in return for her compliment.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, at Nashville, has conferred upon Miss Lupton the degree of Master of Arts, "Because," the president said, "she won it in a masterly manner; she passed most satisfactorily all the examinations which the young men were subjected to, and won it fairly and squarely.

MRS. ALICE SEYMOUR ("Octavio Hensel"), who is daughter of George R. Ives, of Great Barrington, Mass., has been appointed to attend Carl Ludwig, archduke, and Maria Therèse, archduchess, of Austria. Mrs. Seymour will instruct a nephew of Francis Joseph in the English language the coming Summer.

THE much-vexed question of the reception of M. Henri Martin by the French Academy has been settled. It is decided to allow the addresses of MM. Henri Martin and Emile Ollivier to be read without insisting upon any changes. The date fixed for the formal reception of M. Martin is the 28th of next November.

THE Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, the descendant of Bernadotte, is reported to be a suitor for the hand of the German Emperor's granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Baden. The mother of the Grand Duke of Baden having been a daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus IV. of Sweden, such a marriage would unite the lines of Vasa and Bernadotte.

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ, the author of "Fatinitza," was born in Spalatro, in Dalmatia, in 1820, and is thus an Italian by birth, but an Austrian subject. He was sent to the University of Vienna in 1839, but preferring art to letters, he became a musician; has made quite a reputation by his light overtures and vaudevilles, and even has written, with distinction, music for the church, symphonies, and quartets for strings.

QUEEN VICTORIA has just instituted a new Order which is to be bestowed upon those trained female nurses who, by their skill and conduct, deserve high recognition, and they will be called, from the Order, "St. Katharine's Nurses." Each St. Katharine's Nurse will hold her appointment for three years, receiving during that time $250 a year in addition to the salary paid her by the institution to which she belongs, and she will be permitted to wear for life the Royal Badge or armlet of the Order.

WILLIAM FRANCIS WHITE, the Workingmen's candidate for Governor of California, is a native of Limerick County, Ireland, but was brought to this country when but eighteen months old. His youth was passed in Pennsylvania and New York. He went to California in 1849, was a shopkeeper in San Francisco three years, and then removed to Santa Cruz, where he has since been a farmer. He is fifty-six years old, a Democrat, and was elected to the Constitutional Convention on the Workingmen's ticket.

PRESIDENT HAYES is to be presented by the Admiralty with some ornaments and pieces of furniture made from the timbers of the ship *Resolute*, which is to be broken up. The *Resolute* was one of five ships sent out in 1850, under Sir Edward Belcher, in search of Sir John Franklin. Three of the ships were abandoned in 1853, and when the *Resolute* was found, in Davis's Strait, in 1855, she had drifted 1,200 miles. The United States Government then had her repaired and refitted, and presented her to the British Admiralty.

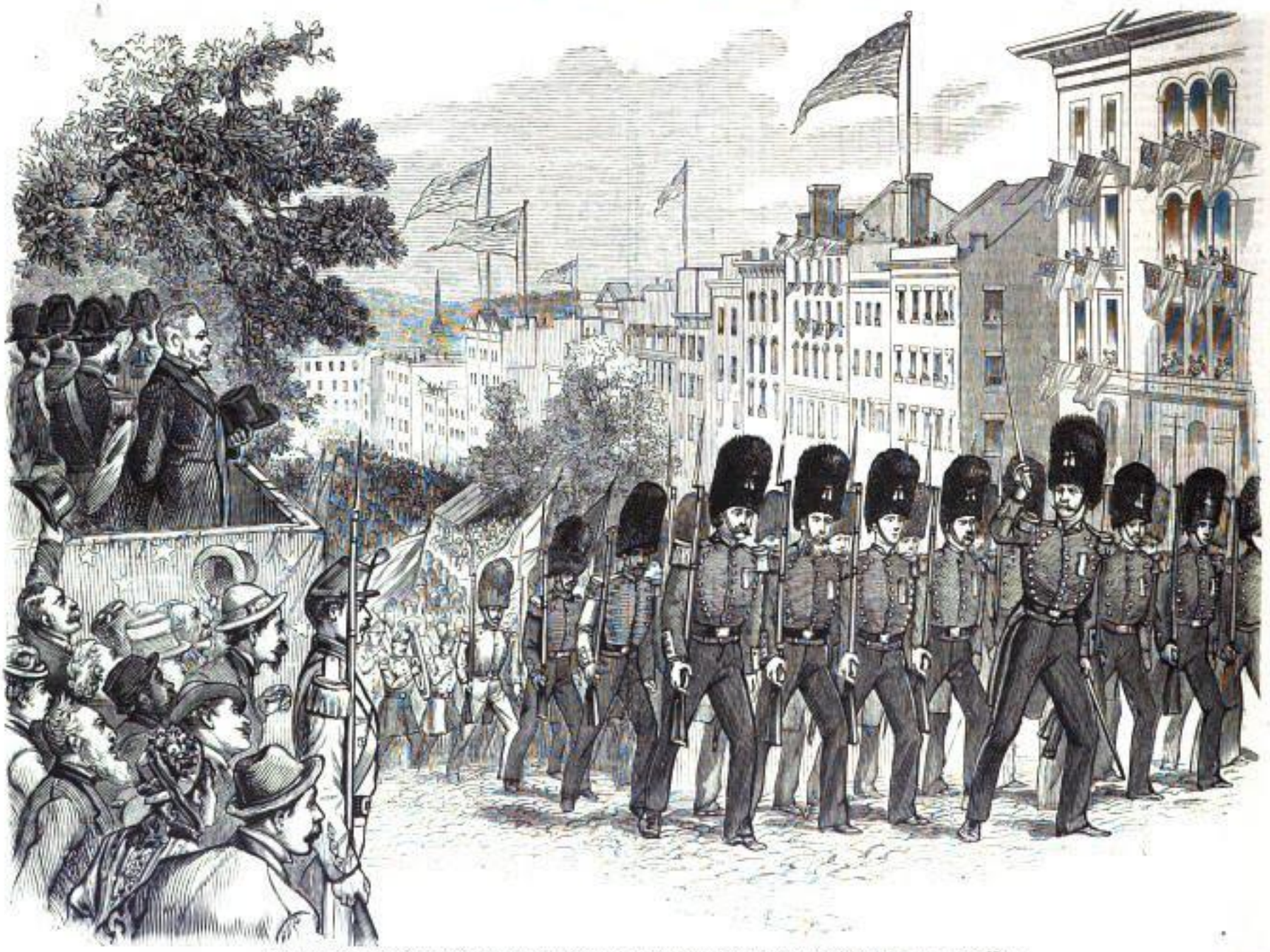
TWO YOUNG Americans, named Clark and Bacon, are making a voyage which has plenty of the spice of adventure in it without being at all foolhardy. They bought a large sailboat in London, last Winter, crossed in it to Holland, pushed their way up the Rhine to Mayence, and there, finding the canal leading to the Danube frozen, put their craft on a railway truck and had it carried to Ratisbon. In March they resumed their voyage, descending the Danube to the Black Sea, and sailing from Varna to Constantinople. Their next course will be to Greece and the Archipelago.

WHEN Prince Alexander, newly of Bulgaria, called upon the Emperor at Berlin, he naturally wore the uniform of his rank—second lieutenant in the Prussian Army. It was, of course, unreasonable that a mere second lieutenant should be cordially received by an Emperor, so that potentate dubbed the young man "major" on the spot. The Prince had guessed what the Emperor might do, and accordingly had a major's uniform ready at his hotel. He dashed out of the palace and to the hotel, changed his lieutenant's for his major's uniform, and dashed out again to finish his round of state and official calls.

OVER 500 cabin passengers sailed from New York for Europe in the steamers of Saturday, June 21st. Among the prominent pleasure and health-seekers were the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle; the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, ex-Minister to England; the Hon. George M. Robeson, ex-Secretary of the Navy; General James Grant Wilson, Mr. Clarence Seward, Professor Willard Fiske, of Cornell University; the Rev. George Z. Gray, Carl Ross, Dr. William Campbell, Professor H. P. Cornwall, of Princeton; ex-Governor Salomon, Captain Samuel Harding, Madame Melita Otto-Alvsleben, the singer; E. O. Perrin, Clerk of the Court of Appeals; Professor A. N. Prentiss, the Rev. J. G. Townsend, the Rev. Dr. P. V. Harvard, Professor L. C. Loomis, Professor Charles Babcock, the Rev. John Henry Watson, the Rev. Samuel Upjohn, the Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Reed, of Concord, Mass.; the Rev. C. H. P. Nason, the Rev. John Evans, the Rev. W. G. Starr, the Rev. R. M. Manly, the Rev. S. D. Thomas, the Rev. J. Phillip, Dr. B. Larimer, and Dr. G. L. B. Rousseville.

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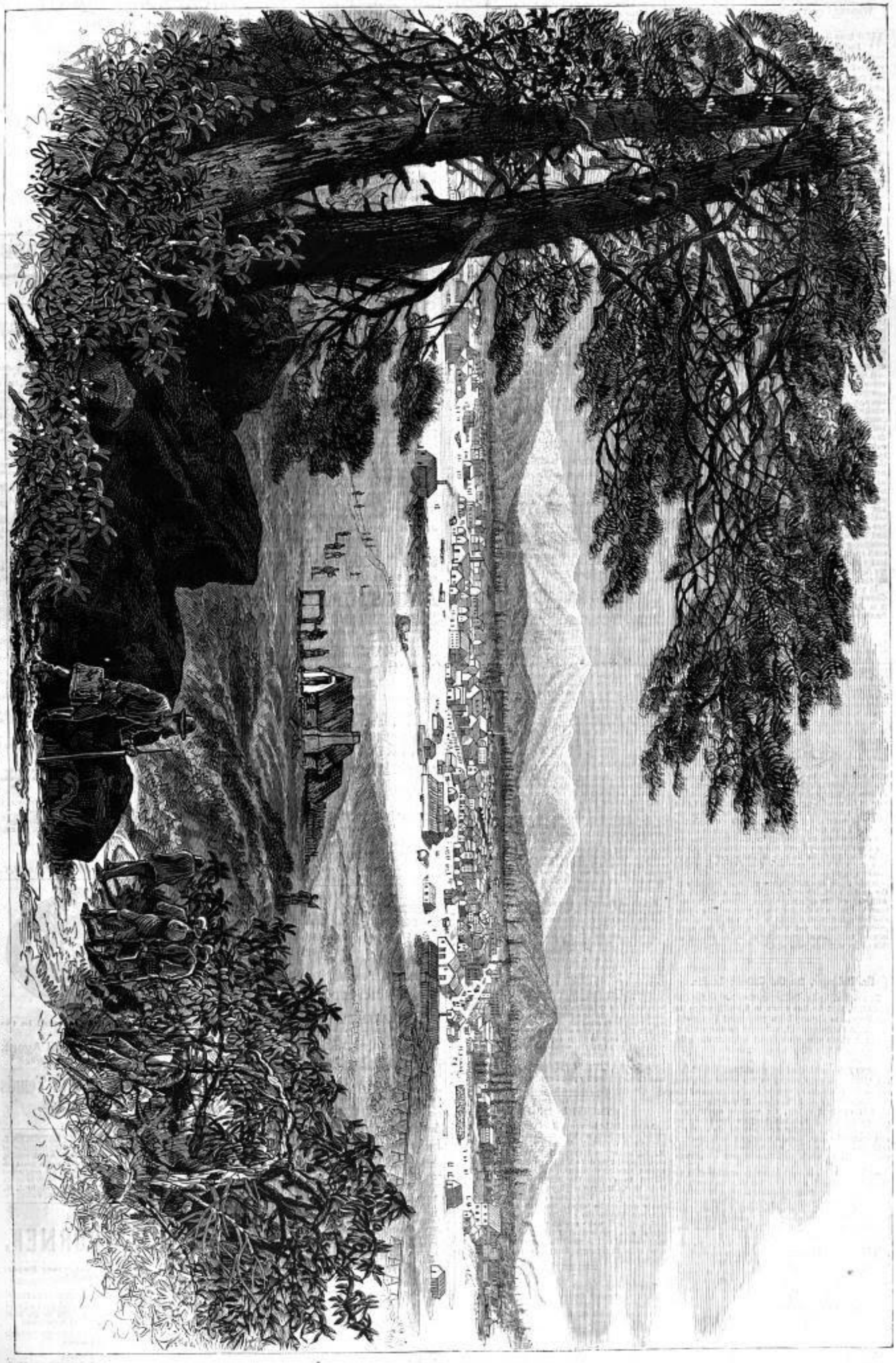
GUARD, BEARING CORPS FLAGS OF THE LATE UNION ARMY, PASSING THE KENMORE HOTEL ON NORTH PEARL STREET.



THE BURGESSES CORPS OF ALBANY PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE GOVERNOR ROBINSON AND STAFF ON STATE STREET, JUNE 17TH.

NEW YORK.—ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, AT ALBANY.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 292.

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COLORADO.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW MINING TOWN OF LEADVILLE.—FROM A DRAWING FURNISHED BY THE LEADVILLE "REVEILLE."—SEE PAGE 302.

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THE NEW MINING REGION.

WONDERS OF THE TOWN OF LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

WE have from time to time illustrated the peculiarities and incidents of life in the new mining region of Colorado. This week we give a general view of the town of Leadville, the mining centre, and the focus of all the activities of that region. In some respects Leadville is one of the most wonderful of all the wonderful places which have been developed by the spirit of adventure and the lust for gain. Never before—not even in the days of pioneer mining in California and Colorado—did a city so quickly rise in the forest depths. Fourteen months ago it was a mere hamlet: now it has 3,000 houses and 15,000 population. It has three daily papers, three banks, two theatres, hundreds of saloons, a paid police department, a volunteer fire department, a municipal form of government, and local politics—and, as an almost natural consequence, its jobberies and rings. The town is situated in a basin of the Rocky Mountains, made by the Continental Divide on one side, and the Musquito range on the other. To the west, three miles away, flows the Arkansas River, which rises not far away, and which, opposite Leadville, is scarcely more than three feet wide in Winter. Beyond the Arkansas is the main range of the Rockies, the "continental divide," the range that "divides" the continent in two. On its summits is snow which never melts and which has laid there for centuries. Town lots command from $50 to $6,000 each, and real estate, to use a Western phrase, is "booming." All along the mountain side and in the valley are hundreds of log huts and slab cabins. Wood is the prevailing building material, and is not a cheap one when green lumber sells for $90 a thousand and Chicago lumber for $150. The streets, despite their pasty condition, are as busy as Broadway.

It was about the middle of last Summer that the value of Leadville as a "carbonate camp" was discovered. California Gulch, on which the present town stands, was an old mining-camp, having been worked for gold from 1859 to 1867, the yield running down from $3,000,000 in 1860 to about $150,000 in 1866, when the diggings were abandoned. In those days, it is said, the gold miners caulked their log-cabins with what they supposed was mud, but was really carbonate, worth $400 a ton. In January last there were about twenty paying mines in this neighborhood; there are now over fifty. Last January there were ten smelters at work: there are now twenty-eight at work and under way. These establishments cost from $20,000 to $125,000. There are three lines of railroads aiming at Leadville—the Colorado Central from Georgetown, the Denver and South Park from Webster, and the Atchison and Santa Fé from Cañon. Each of these three companies expects to blast its way through miles of solid rock, to climb grades of one hundred and fifty feet and more to the mile, to surmount frightful precipices, and each of them has thousands of men at work at $2 and $3 a day.

In view of what has already been achieved in discovery and development in the Leadville region, it is difficult to conjecture what great results the future may disclose. In his address to the Legislature, the Governor of the Territory estimated the silver products of 1879 at $11,000,000, against $2,700,000 in 1878. The general estimate of miners at present is nearer $35,000,000 than $11,000,000. Up to this time the smelters have taken no account of ores which carried only forty ounces or less of silver to the ton. But when all the new smelting works are in operation it will be found pretty profitable to reduce ores which yield $40 to the ton. A correspondent, who has inspected the principal mines in company with an old mining expert, gives it as his opinion that rich deposits of mineral will be found in those that are undeveloped that will surprise the country. He says, "While there are scores of intelligent, experienced miners—men who have spent the better portions of their lives in mining camps—who express the opinion 'that Leadville has seen its best days,' there are hundreds of others, equally intelligent and experienced, who are as firm in their convictions that the new camp is only in its swaddling-clothes, so to speak, and that before six months more have passed, such developments of mineral will be made as will astonish the world. I can see no indications of failure in any of the older mines, and judging from all the surrounding circumstances, I can see no reason why Colorado should not be as rich in her silver mines as Nevada has been, nor can I see why the mines should not be as permanent and lasting."

While there are miles upon miles of territory to the east and south of Leadville that are covered with the cabins of adventurous miners, there are scores of miles to the north and west of this camp and but a few miles distant, where the foot of the prospector never yet trod, all lying in the same mineral belt, and as promising of future wealth as this camp was one year ago.

Dr. Dollinger, the Old Catholic Leader.

THE denial by Dr. Dollinger, the chief of the Old Catholics, that he has given in his adherence to the Pope, has already been mentioned in our columns. A correspondent, referring to the matter, says: "There seems no doubt but that the new Pope, moved by an impulse alike generous and politic, and natural to one in his circumstances, made guarded and confidential approaches to some leaders, looking to their return to the papal fold, and intimating that under the new administration of the Vatican, the way would be open. It was the natural instinct of good policy, for nothing could have redounded more quickly to the reputation of the new Pontiff, or given greater evidence of his strength and statesmanship, than the happy and peaceful solution of this problem, which was left him by his predecessor in such unfortunate and dangerous shape.

"I believe I am authorized in stating that to Dr. Dollinger such a proposition was made over a year ago—the messenger bearing it being a high and responsible dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, himself a German. It was promptly declined, Dollinger thanking the envoy and returning the good wishes of the Pope, but declaring that while the Pope was changed the papacy was not."

Dr. Dollinger has written a letter to the Rector of the opening church in Rome which very effectually defines his position. He says: "I have neither written nor done anything which could have given occasion to such a rumor (that he had submitted to the Vatican decrees). The circumstances which are mentioned in some papers are gratuitous inventions. I have only three weeks ago published a lecture (*Allgemeine Zeitung*, 6, 7, 8, April) in which I state in so many words that nobody possessing a scientific mind can ever accept the decrees of the Vatican Council. Having devoted, during the last nine years, my time principally to the renewed study of all the questions connected with the history of the Popes and the Councils, and I may say gone again over the whole ground of ecclesiastical history, the result is that the proofs of the falsehood of the Vatican decrees amount to demonstration. When I am told that I must swear to the truth of these doctrines my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five, and not four."

An Arithmetical Wonder.

STAFFEL has invented an arithmetical machine in which three cylinders are so arranged that they can work all the simple rules of arithmetic, carrying multiplication up to millions by millions; if the machine is required to solve an impossible sum—such as subtracting a larger number from a smaller, or dividing a smaller sum by a greater, it refuses, and rings a bell as an admonition. Colmar invented an arithmometer in which the action is rather by plates sliding in groves than by rotating cylinders: like Staffel's, it can perform addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and evolution. Wertheimer, by means of a metal plate with indexes, notches, teeth and holes, has contrived an apparatus for adding and subtracting sums of money. Baranowski's invention is for calculating wages, prices, interest, and other sums of money: it is known as the Ready Reckoner, and is worked by means of a handle which reveals figures or numerals in openings in a brass plate. Schort, Lalanne, Roget, Maurel, Roth, Slowinski and Schentz have in like manner invented machines for solving arithmetical problems. Of these, Schentz's excites great admiration among scientific men; Mr. Babbage highly extolled it, and deplored that it had found a purchaser in America instead of in England. It can compute mathematical tables, calculate to sixteen places of figures, and stamp on a plate of lead the result up to eight places, producing a matrix or mold from which a *cliché* cast in type-metal can be obtained, suitable for printing from; it does its work at the rate of twenty-five figures or numerals per minute, calculated, recorded, and stamped in metal—an error either in the calculating or in printing being almost impossible.

FUN.

WHAT the country wants—Summer boarders.

"IRONY" of the law—Sentencing a blacksmith or "forgery."

"WE cannot teach, as a revelation of science, that man descends from any other animal."—*Hume.* Has no one ever seen a man get off a horse?

THE elephant is one of the few travelers who succeeds in going through the country without getting his trunk pasted all over with hotel cards.

IRISH drill-sergeant (to a squad of militiamen): "Fe'a'nt'rms?"—(astonishing result.) "Hivens! what a 'prisint!' Just stip out here now, and look at yoursilves!"

PETE, of Memphis, was a great exhorter in camp-meeting, and always concluded his exhortation by saying that whenever the Lord called for him he was ready to go. So darkey Sam, to prove Pete's insincerity, called one night and knocked at Pete's door. "Who dat?" shouted Pete. "The Lord," responded Sam. "What de Lord want?" asked Pete. "Come for Pete," answered Sam. "Oh!" returned Pete, "dat darkey moved from Memphis nigh on free years ago."

CHAM has two successful little croquis, apropos of affairs in Russia. One of them represents an officer pointing excitedly at his shadow on the wall, while a soldier stands by: "Arrest him!" "But, general, it's your shadow!" "That makes no difference! I am sure of myself—but I'm not sure of him!" Another represents the Russian eagle with one of his heads inside the railing of a prison window, while the other, wearing a military cap, is outside the railing. Legend: The Russian eagle's present situation. One of his heads guarding the other, which has been put in prison for Nihilism!

A COMICAL trait of Russian manners is sketched in a Russian journal called the *Molos*. In some parts of Russia it is the custom to ornament wedding festivities with retired generals in full parade uniform. This custom is particularly favored by the burgoise, who like to make a display of their relations with high dignitaries. The retired generals are paid for their attendance a sum ranging from five silver roubles upward, according to the number of decorations they wear. The hired general comes early and stays late, and appears to be on terms of intimacy with the family. At the close of the *fete* he receives his fee and usually goes home in a state of advanced intoxication, if, indeed, he is able to get home at all.

SCENE—A Bavarian court. The judge orders the court-officer to send in the next witness. A moment later a man enters and advances to the bench. The judge asks, "What's your name?" "Jacob Larch." "How old are you?" "I don't know what that has to do here, your honor." "Answer me at once. How old are you?" "Thirty-three years." "Are you a Catholic or a Lutheran?" "But, your honor——" "Quick, sir, or I'll put you on bread-and-water!" "Oh, well, then," resignedly, "I'm a Lutheran!" "Are you in any way related to the prisoners?"—pointing to the three ruffians in the dock. "I related to them!"—indignantly. "What is your honor thinking about?" Amid thunderous laughter and under strenuous protest from the witness the judge administers the oath. Jacob swears to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and is then asked what he has to tell. "To tell you that the venison the colonel expected yesterday has arrived, your honor, and to present my master's compliments and ask you to join him at dinner. I got to your house too late to find you, and came to look for you here."

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

AS THE little leaven hid in the measure of meal made all leaven, so truth gradually overcomes all doubt and disbelief. When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his Favorite Prescription would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies who had uselessly undergone untold tortures at the hands of different physicians employed the Favorite Prescription, and were speedily cured. Many physicians now prescribe it in their practice. So sanguine is Dr. Pierce of its power to cure, that he now sells it through druggists under a positive guarantee.

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9 Prizes 200 each	"	"	1,800
9 Prizes 100 each	"	"	900
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Trains leave foot of 23d street, East River, by steamer Sylvan Grove, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45, [11:45 A.M.; 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45 P.M.

Returning, leave Manhattan Beach for Greenpoint and New York 7:35, 10, [11:05 A.M.; [12:05, 12:20, 1:10, 1:30, 2:15, 2:30, 3:15, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5:15, 5:30, 6:15, 6:30, 7:15, 7:20, 8:15, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:35 P.M.

Trains marked thus [stop at East New York only—15 minutes after Greenpoint time. Trains marked thus] do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

BAY RIDGE DIVISION.

Steamers "Thomas Collyer" and "Twilight" leave New York (N. R.), connecting at Bay Ridge with trains for Manhattan Beach, as follows:

23d Street—9:10, [10:25, [11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25 P.M.

Leroy Street—9:35, [10:35, [11:35 A.M.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M.

Pier 8—9:55, [10:55, [11:55 A.M.; 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 6:55 P.M.

The steamer "D. R. Martin" connects with Elevated Railroads at Whitehall Street, and trains at Bay Ridge for Manhattan Beach as follows:

Leave Whitehall Street 9:25, [10:25, [11:25 A.M.; [12:25 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25 P.M.

Trains marked thus [do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach for Bay Ridge and New York as follows:

8:10, *10:20, [11:00, *11:20 A.M.; 12:00 M.; *12:20, 1:00, *1:20, 2:00, *2:20, [3:00, *3:20, 4:00, *4:20, 5:00, *5:20, 6:00, *6:20, 7:00, *7:20, 8:00, *8:20, 8:55, *9:20 and [10:25 P.M.

Trains marked thus * connect with steamer "D. R. MARTIN," and do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

Trains marked thus [connecting with North River boats, do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

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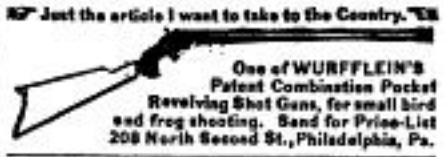
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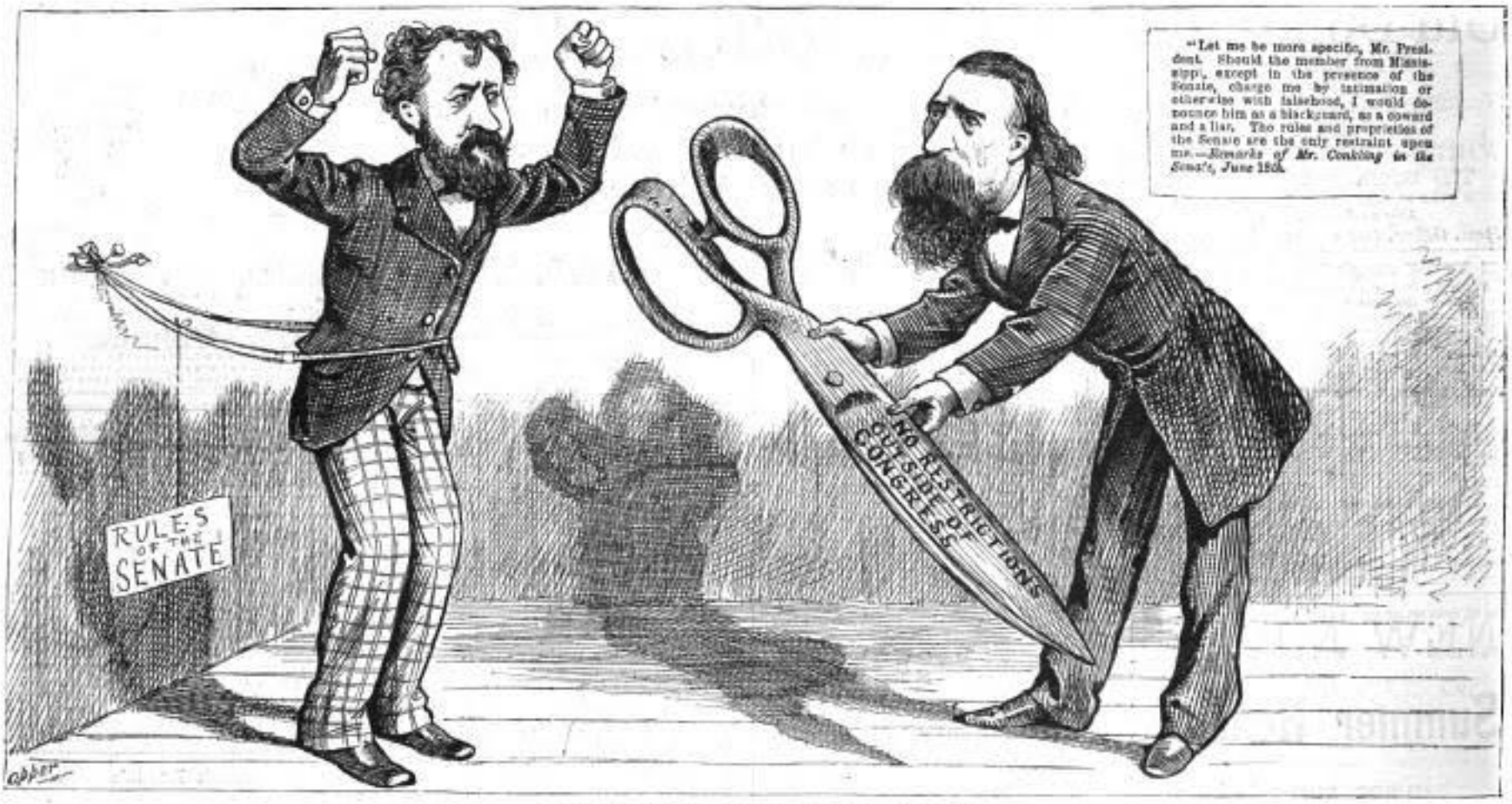
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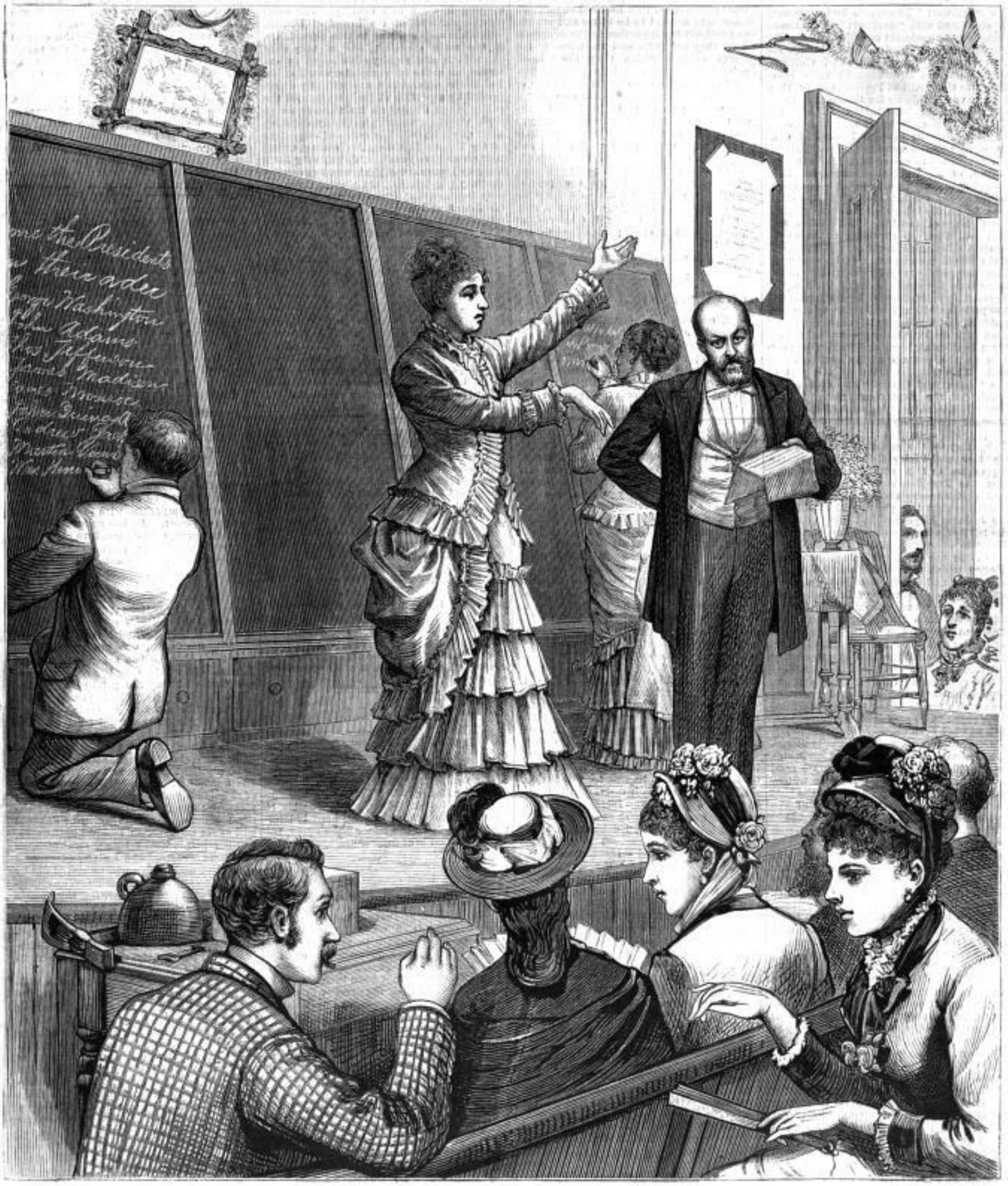
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NEW YORK.—CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, AT CARMANSVILLE, JUNE 25TH.—SEE PAGE 316.

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BREAKDOWN OF "STALWART" POLITICS.

IF "stalwart" Democrats had purposely combined with "stalwart" Republicans to erect a pedestal on which to display the superiority of moderation and calmness over partisan importunity and violence, they could not have wrought more effectively to the credit of President Hayes than they have been doing for the last fortnight and longer in Washington. When the Democrats sought by the pressure of a physical majority in both Houses of Congress, and by the menace of "withholding the supplies," to coerce him into a renunciation of his rightful prerogatives as a co-ordinate department of the Government, he redressed the balance of the Constitution by mildly interposing a veto against the passage of the Army Bill. When this Bill had been so amended as to guard against all encroachment on the Presidential office in the discharge of its executive functions, while properly prohibiting at the same time the employment of the army as an ordinary police force to keep the peace at the polls, an attempt was made by the Republicans of the Senate to coerce the President into an involuntary complicity with them in their extreme and factious opposition to the passage of the revised Army Bill. This moral coercion on the part of the "Senatorial Group" who assumed to speak for the Republican party in the premises was as insulting to the President's sense of consistency and independence as the physical coercion of the Democrats was derogatory to the constitutional place of his office; and Blaine did but give a coarse expression to this attempted domination over the President's conscience when he said that whoever should counsel the Executive to sign the pending Army Bill, or the Judicial Expenses Bill, would commit the folly of virtually counseling the President "to write himself down an ass."

Leaving the Democrats to feed on the thistles which they had prepared for his provender, and leaving Mr. Blaine and his brother harlequins to wear the asses' ears in which they had sought to make him masquerade as a "stalwart" Republican, President Hayes has justified his repute for candor and self-control by quietly affixing his signature to the Army Appropriation Bill, and has also vindicated the consistency of his position by returning the Judicial Expenses Bill to the House of Representatives with a few brief but telling objections to its passage. These latter objections are such as have been already intimated in our columns, and in view of the ample discussion we have given to the point on which the President hangs his dissent, we need not further enlarge on a topic with which, in its present belittled proportions, the people are growing weary — outside of the gladiatorial arena at Washington.

We have already avowed the conviction that the present election laws are objectionable in the partisan features which they embody and in the partisan partiality which attends their administration. This conviction seems to be shared by the President, for while reaffirming in his latest veto message that he cannot consent to their absolute and entire repeal, or approve legislation that seeks to prevent their enforcement, he again expresses a willingness to concur in suitable amendments for their improvement. It is difficult to understand why, under these circumstances, the majority in Congress did not address themselves to the task of making such a thorough revision of these statutes as the importance of the subject seems to demand. Their failure to do so will be sure to provoke widespread indignation and regret.

Considered in all its bearings, this most extraordinary session cannot be otherwise than memorable for its displays of violent partisanship and political "manœuvering." Neither party can felicitate itself upon the record it has made. Calm and moderate Republicans, in view of the intemperate language held by Republican Senators, are already beginning to fear for the advantages supposed to have been gained by their party from the untoward issue joined by the Democrats; while calm and moderate Democrats in all parts of the land are pained at the results of a session which has brought so little prestige to their party leaders. It is still fresh in the memory of the public that one of the most eminent of these leaders barely escaped degradation, within the last two weeks, from the high place he holds at the head of an important committee in the Senate, and this because he remains true to the hereditary faith of the old Democratic Party with regard to a sound and honest currency. Some malign star must surely be resting on the counsels of our public men at Washington when the political confederates of a statesman like Senator Bayard do not scruple to affront his steadfastness with the menace of a public insult in the presence of the country, and when Republican Senators like Conkling and Blaine and Carpenter seek to frighten the President from his propriety, and to convert him from the President of the whole land into the facile and pliant minister of the Republican Party, sitting on the stool prepared for him by the "Senatorial Group."

It did not escape the penetration of a political philosopher like Burke that partisan dissensions are apt to be bitter and venomous precisely in proportion to the degree in which they are petty and factitious in the objects around which they are waged. Such dissensions borrow from personal animosity and from the dogged obstinacy of political pride the semblance of an earnestness which refuses to be justified by the real nature or gravity of the issues seen to be at stake, and the parties in such a mimic contest must needs make up in sound and fury what they lack in honest and deep conviction. There *are* real, grave and vital issues now pending before the people, and issues calling imperatively for wise and statesmanly treatment; but the men who are beating political tomtoms at Washington are only publishing to the world their admitted incapacity for the handling of serious questions.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE confession of Chastine Cox of the murder of Mrs. Hull flings a lurid light over the perils of circumstantial evidence, perils so appalling that the mind involuntarily shrinks from their contemplation. The very supremity of injustice is the conviction of an innocent person for the misdoing of a guilty one; and yet, with Justice seated majestically in our midst ready to mete out punishment to the transgressor, with every engine and appliance for the detection of the true offenders at command that human ingenuity can conceive, with every form of protection for the blameless—so strangely woven are the chances of life, so mysteriously and unaccountably shaped—that at any moment circumstances may arise which may sully our name, tarnish our reputation, nay, more, bring us to the hideous and shameful death ordained by the solemn requirements of the law, while in thought, word or deed we may be as innocent of the crime imputed to us, and of its revolting surroundings, as the babe yet unborn.

The human imagination can conceive nothing more disastrous than that of a person's being accused of a crime of which he or she may be entirely, absolutely innocent. And how horrible when that crime is written on the criminal calendar in letters of blood! The murder of Mrs. Hull for the moment baffled the keenest scent of the officers of justice. Disconcerted, balked, paralyzed, they were finally brought to bay. They had followed shadows and had chased but *ignes fatui*. An indignant public clamored for a victim, and, in its lust for retaliation, seized upon the already distracted husband of the dead woman, and insinuated that he was the guilty one. Even some of our leading journals seemed determined to fix the guilt upon him alone. Theories of all sorts were set up, and evidence freely manufactured, in support of the mere suspicion, and where the facts pointed in an opposite direction they were deliberately perverted or "adapted" to suit the case. The police were put upon his track; he was shadowed, subjected to a maddening surveillance, and had it not been for the practical shrewdness of a member of the Boston press, and had Cox been more cunning and less brutal, and retained the stolen jewelry in his possession instead of pawning it, the unfortunate Dr. Hull would ere now, probably, have been arrested, and brought within the ghastly shadow of the gallows. There was not a particle of direct evidence that could have convicted him, but he had to brave the perils of circumstantial evidence before which many a man as innocent as he has before now gone down to a felon's grave.

The deed was a commonplace theft, culminating in murder. There is no special motive for the murder. It was the result of the cupidity of an ignorant negro who had no intention of shedding blood, and who came to his dark night's work wholly unprepared for the commission of the supreme horror. The robbery, if commonplace, was in the direct path to murder. A burglar risks much in his devilish greed for plunder; he will risk all sooner than be recognized or captured. Hence every midnight robber is an embryo assassin, and although his original idea is treasure, behind it lurk death and blood. The Hull murder is a terrible case in point, and one which may well cause alarm to those possessing portable securities. And it shows with unmistakable emphasis that the law should be so changed that no man can be hanged upon other than direct evidence, or, at least, that fully a year's time should elapse between the date of conviction for a capital offense upon circumstantial evidence and the final execution, in order that ample opportunity may be given the accused to establish his innocence, if that be within the range of possibility.

THE CITY HEALTH.

NEW YORK should be the cleanest city in the world. Washed on either side by a tide-water stream, high in its central ridge, sloping gradually on each side to the river, nature has afforded every facility for keeping it clean and healthy. The sanitary regulations of the Board of Health, which has ample power in this regard, are in the main excellent, and if they were carried out and rigidly adhered to or enforced, no cause for complaint would exist. But these regulations are willfully disregarded by a portion of the people, and the police often display an indifference as to their violation which practically deprives them of all force. The corps of inspectors of the Health Board can, of course, owing to their meagre numbers, do but very little to compel general compliance with necessary sanitary regulations. At present there are only fourteen inspectors in the employ of the Board, and in one week recently these inspectors were obliged to investigate more than two hundred and fifty complaints. For five or six weeks during the time of greatest heat the corps of inspectors numbers between forty and fifty, but even this force is entirely too small for the proper performance of the work required to be done. A special duty of these inspectors is to visit and explore the tenement districts of the city, in which two-thirds of the deaths of the city occur. Each inspector is assigned a district and is required personally to visit each house within its limits. He reports all evasions or infringements of sanitary laws to the board; a complaint is made out, and the owner of the premises notified to make the necessary alterations or repairs. If this is not done the attorney of the board brings suit to enforce compliance with the order. The inspectors also report all cases of sickness. Where there is no physician in attendance he prescribes for persons who are sick, and sees that the medicines are supplied.

The mortality among infants in the hot Summer months, especially during the thirtieth, thirty-first and thirty-second weeks of the year, is always peculiarly great in the tenement districts. It is to be hoped that every possible means of prevention and relief for this class may this year be supplied by public and private beneficence, and that, to the same end, the authorities will see to it that all needed sanitary laws are resolutely and sternly enforced as against all who may resist or stand in their way.

IS HOME RULE DEAD?

A VERY astute and able article entitled "Is Home Rule Dead?" appears in the current number of *Time*. It is from the pen of the versatile journalist who has recently vaulted from the Reporters' Gallery into the midst of the "Commons of England," Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and is, if we mistake not, a very pronounced bid for the leadership of the Home Rule Party, inside and outside of St. Stephen's, vacant by the death of Mr. Butt. Mr. McCarthy handles the subject in a delicate but masterful way, forcing the hand of Mr. Gladstone, who waits like a hound in the leash to leap into power at the forthcoming general election. The great Liberal Party cannot afford to throw over the Irish vote, and in order to secure it, must declare in favor of some scheme for local self-government for Ireland. A more opportune moment for launching his essay could not have been selected, and Mr. McCarthy, by the manner in which he treats the subject, places the Opposition on the horns of a dilemma.

The difficulty that hedges the Home Rule question arises from the fact that Ireland alone demands it. If Scotland and Wales were anxious for self-government, we would see a National Legislature sitting in College Green in the year 1880, and it is not easy to suggest any scheme by which Ireland shall not for the present seem to have more than her share of governing work. This was the difficulty which stood in the way of Mr. Butt's devising a perfectly satisfactory scheme some years ago, when he first laid his proposals before the House of Commons. There is in any case much difficulty in presenting a satisfactory piece of legislation of any kind except from the seat of authority. Mr. McCarthy boldly faces the lion in the path by calling on Scotch and Welsh members to join the Irish party in a demand for local self-government. He goes even further, and argues that England herself is sorely in need of local government. He advocates separate legislation for each country, and an Imperial Parliament to represent all. "We shall assuredly soon hear from some of the colonies a demand for a share in the Imperial representation," says Mr. McCarthy, "and, unless the colonies are one by one to drop away from us and set up as independent nations, something of this kind must be arranged." This is a home-thrust. The British Colonial rule is a gigantic failure, principally from the fact of endeavoring to govern from Downing Street. India is some twenty-five millions sterling to the bad in four years, and shows an increasing expenditure and a stationary revenue. Is Canada loyal? Africa is speaking for herself. Australia insists upon local government, and undutifully snaps her fingers in the face of the Mother Country. Mr. McCarthy deftly points to this alarming condition of things and asks, "Is Home Rule Dead?" The great Liberal triumphs of the past have been won by the cordial co-operation of all sections of the party. The moderate men have worked in their own way and have done excellent service; to them have usually been conceded the positions of honor. The extreme men have fought in the ranks, and are willing to fight there still. The judgment of the moderate men has always received a measure of consideration which has been, at least, equal to their strength at the polls; from the extreme men has to come the fire, the energy, without which the most prudent councils could never win a victory. There must be some combination of resources at the next election if the Liberal Party is to recover its supremacy, and to that election must the Home Rule Party look forward with a stern determination to assert itself *à outrance*. There is plenty of time for the responsible leaders to declare that the advanced members of the party must have fair play, and that concessions are not all to be on one side.

We shall be enabled to reply to Mr. McCarthy's query, "Is Home Rule Dead?" when the result of the coming general election shall be made known.

EVENTS ABROAD.

ISMAIL PASHA, Viceroy of Egypt, has reluctantly been induced to join the increasing company of monarchs out of business. With the ex-royalties of Naples, Hanover, Nassau, Tuscany and Parma, and the would-be royalties of France and Spain, he will find plenty of congenial spirits in Europe to sympathize with his loss of the sweets of power. An income of $250,000 a year, however, may do much to console so lazy and luxurious a prince, not yet fifty, and endowed, despite a long life of self-indulgence, with a strong physique. Ismail has been deposed by the Sultan, of whom it was his chief hope to become independent; but nobody will believe that he would have yielded to the Sultan's command, had not the Sultan been backed by united Europe. Indeed, the Sultan was probably coerced into the action he has taken by the Great Powers. Meanwhile, he has seized the occasion to withdraw the privileges granted to the Egyptian ruler of forty years ago, and resumes full sway as suzerain — a very shrewd stroke for the stolid Moslem. The new Khédive, Tewfik, is a rather promising young man of twenty-seven, who married and settled six years ago, and who is likely to be obedient to his new masters. Egypt has now practically become a dependency of England and France, enforcing their pleasure through the pliant medium of the Commander of the Faithful. Her finances will again be managed by an Englishman, and her public works by a Frenchman, as they were before Ismail made his recent *coup d'état*, and justice will be meted out by English wearers of the ermine. The creditors of Egypt are jubilant, for they see a prospect of getting the interest, at least, on their bonds; but we are much mistaken if the "Egyptian question" does not become one of increasing perplexity to European statesmanship, and of danger to European peace.

No dynastic party was ever more suddenly or thoroughly demoralized than the French Bonapartists as a consequence of Prince Louis Napoleon's death. The leaders, hurrying to and from Chiselhurst, are in a state of woful incoherence and confusion. They find it impossible to agree upon a new chief, with the sacred blood in his veins. There is the hated Napoleon Jerome, who has surprised and shocked them by declining to abdicate his rights, after swearing an eternal fidelity to republican sentiments; and, worse still, he will not consent to be set aside in favor of his young son, Victor, who might be an eligible candidate. As for the other Bonapartes, the descendants of Lucien alone offer a choice; but unfortunately Lucien and his family was excluded from the succession by the first Napoleon's will. Already time-serving Bonapartists are beginning to rat over to

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the Republic, Janvier de la Motte, one of the most notorious and least reputable henchmen of the Second Empire, having led off the deserters.

France is deeply stirred by the Education question, since it assumes, necessarily, a religious phase. Jules Ferry, the Minister of Public Instruction, some time ago introduced a Bill, excluding the Jesuits and certain other religious "congregations" from the right to teach. This was a fell blow at an object very dear to the French hierarchy, and the Bill was incontinently denounced by archbishops and lay champions of the Church. It will probably, however, become a law, and the effect will be to shut up some ninety colleges and *lycées*, containing two thousand clerical teachers. The Republican idea is that the congregations teach their pupils to detest the Republic; but the policy of intolerance in such a matter is a mistake for a free government. History proves that the schools of one generation do not manufacture the politics of the next. The Chambers will return to Paris, under many restrictions. The Deputies will occupy the Palais Bourbon, and the Senate the Luxembourg; but the buildings at Versailles will be kept ready for their return to the haunts of the magnificent Louis, in case they are molested on the Seine. The Chambers will meet at Paris for the first time on November 3d.

There is really some reason to fear that agrarianism is reviving in Ireland. Landlord-shooting, an ancient pastime in Erin, seems likely to be revived. The last noted instance was the assassination of the tyrannical and half-mad old Earl of Leitrim, two years ago. The authorities are busily taking precautions, and the West of Ireland is being furnished with extraordinary contingents of constables. The Irish University Bill introduced by The O'Conor Don is opposed by the Cabinet, and will be thrown out of the House of Commons.

There is a rumor, to which but scant credence need be given, that Russia is seeking an alliance with France and Turkey against England, Austria, and Germany. It might look plausible, were not Germany included among the objects of Russian hostility, for France would like nothing better than to become Russia's ally, and England and Austria are enormous stumbling-blocks in the way of the Czar's ambition. But Russia will not, because, if for no other reason, she dares not offend Germany; and this fact would make a French alliance abortive.

There is far more danger of a war between Turkey and Greece; and such a war, if it proceeded far, might easily embroil England with both France and Italy, which nations are just now actively championing the Hellenes. It is said that the Turkish forces are massing on the frontiers of Epirus and Thessaly. Anarchy is said to prevail in Southern Epirus. The Italians have been celebrating the anniversary of the only battle—that of Custozza—in which they have won signal distinction for many years. The Austrians magnanimously assisted at the festival.

The Russian Nihilists seem to have entered upon a general policy of arson. Fires are constantly breaking out in St. Petersburg, and one town on the Volga has been almost destroyed by incendiaries. Thus fire is added to the pistol and the sword as an instrument of terrorism and secret revolt. Spain proposes to spend 28,000,000 more roubles than she expects to get by revenue next year, and will perhaps justify Micawber's theory by suffering for it. The twelfth International telegraph conference has been sitting in London. It is announced that Geneva will hold, in 1881, an international exhibition, devoted exclusively to watches, jewelry, snuff-boxes and musical-boxes.

ANOTHER proposition to subsidize three lines of steamers between this country and Brazil has been introduced in Congress. The Bill provides that these lines shall ply monthly between New York and Rio Janeiro, New Orleans and Rio, and San Francisco and Valparaiso, and shall carry the mails, receiving for this service not more than twenty dollars per mile per annum, reckoning the distance one way only and by the shortest course.

IMPERIALISM in France is not by any means dead. The fact that M. Pietre, who was chamberlain of the Empress Eugénie, has been elected a Senator from Corsica over a Republican, affords a significant illustration of the strength of the Bonapartist tendency. The death of the Prince Imperial is no doubt a great disaster to the Imperial cause, but it will not abate the rancor of the partisans of the Emperor towards the Republic and the ideas it represents.

IN an interview with a San Francisco journalist, ex Secretary Boric, who has been General Grant's companion in his travels abroad, stated that the latter is fully aware of the movement looking to his nomination for the Presidency in 1880, but that he has no sympathy with it, and does not desire the nomination. If he accepts it, in the event that it shall be tendered, Mr. Boric believes that it will be at the sacrifice of his personal wishes and his personal comfort. It is yet to be seen whether, with Secretary Sherman actively in the field as a candidate for the Executive chair, and able to use the power of a great office in promoting his ambition, General Grant will have the opportunity to decline a re-election to the place which he has twice filled.

THE silver fanatics in Congress have met another rebuff. The Bill providing for the exchange of trade dollars for legal-tender silver dollars was on June 26th postponed by the Senate Finance Committee until next December, after having been amended in some important particulars. This decision was arrived at by the co-operation of the Republicans of the committee with Messrs. Bayard and Kernan, the two honest-money Democratic members of the committee who have resisted throughout the mad schemes of the silverites.

IT is given out that General Butler means to make another effort to secure the Governorship of Massachusetts. He has been quietly arranging his plans during the past six months, and it is believed that he will be able to seize, without difficulty, both the Labor and the Democratic nominations. It is quite likely, however, that he will again discover that a nomination is not equivalent to an election, though the chances are somewhat more favorable this year than last, owing to some elements of disintegration in the Republican ranks.

THE strike of the spinners in the mills at Fall River, Mass., is likely to be a very serious affair. While many of the mills are still running, only a few hands are employed, and none of them are skilled workmen. The corporations declare that they will never submit to the demands of the strikers, and as the latter seem to be equally resolute, the struggle can scarcely be otherwise than a desperate and costly one. In several instances the wives and children of spinners working in other departments have been discharged, and a number of corporations have notified tenants, who were regarded as likely to shelter the strikers, to vacate tenements. One of the corporations has taken a still more rigorous measure than this, and has discharged all of its spinners, adding that not one of them could ever get employment in the mill again. If the war shall go on in this spirit, there must soon be great distress among the operatives, and great loss to the industries of Fall River.

REVOLUTIONS in Panama are not only gotten up with so much ease that almost any person with an ounce of audacity can start one at will, but they appear to be profitable, sometimes, as mere pecuniary speculations. We referred last week to the fact that one General Aizpuru had temporarily overturned the Government by running off the President in a hand-car, and, at the head of a force of one hundred men and boys, proclaiming himself the chief of the administration. Later advices inform us that the revolt lasted six days, at the end of which period of perplexity and suspense, Aizpuru opened negotiations with Government representatives, and two days after surrendered—the Government agreeing to pay the expenses of the revolution. It is naively added that this arrangment "was a very good thing for Aizpuru"—a statement which no one will be likely to dispute. It remains to be seen whether other impecunious adventurers will not be encouraged by Aizpuru's good fortune to emulate his method of replenishing their impoverished exchequers.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is scolding again. This time his wrath is directed against the National Administration because it does not "tear down the fence," which, as he says, "Southern planters have put across the Mississippi" to prevent the negro exodus. He demands that the Government shall settle the question that the flag "does rule from the Lakes to the Gulf" by sending a vessel down the great river for the rescue of the blacks "camped houseless on its banks," and heaps all sorts of maledictions on the Republican leaders because they do not rise to the height of the great "emergency." All this is eminently characteristic, but it is none the less the baldest rodomontade. Mr. Phillips's habit of exaggeration, or, to put it mildly, his extravagance of speech, in dealing with public questions, not unfrequently injures the cause he seeks to promote; and it is quite certain that in the present case he is altogether unjust in his allusions both to the Administration and the great body of Southern employers.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS persists in the statement that the "first sod" of the Panama Canal will be turned on the first day of the year 1880. He says some 50,000 laborers will be employed in the work, which can be completed in eight years. The canal is likely to cost a great deal more money than was at first supposed. In the telegraphic report of the Paris Congress which resolved on the Panama line, the estimated cost was put at $80,000,000. But the reports thus published were incomplete and in some respects misleading. This original estimate had to undergo revision. It was pointed out to the projectors of the scheme that they had made an insufficient provision for carrying off the water-courses which must be diverted from their natural beds by the cutting of the canal. The plan is to drain away the overflow by a tunnel, but calculations were gone into which showed that the drainage to be provided for largely exceeded the capacity of the proposed tunnel. An enlargement of the tunnel and the estimated cost of the canal was the natural result of this criticism, entailing, of course, a large increase in the cost. M. de Lesseps is, however, quite confident that he will find all the money that may be needed.

WE referred last week to the success of the co-operative system in Great Britain, and pointed out the desirableness of its introduction here in the interest of the industrial classes. We find in the London *Week* the following testimony as to the growing popularity of the system in that great capital:

"As an instance of the effect which is being produced on retail traders by the co-operative store system, we may mention that a well-known mercantile house at the West End of London will close its doors on the expiration of its present lease. The carriages which used to stand thickly before it are now to be seen in the Haymarket, waiting to get near the Civil Service stores. People are always talking about the "signs of the times"—this is one of them which will bear a little thinking over. Opposition to the store system can do no good now unless it tends to supplant the system itself by offering something better. A large firm has just attempted this experiment, thus showing a true comprehension of the actual conditions under which retail business must henceforth be carried on. The firm in question sell everything at, or a trifle under, the Civil Service store prices, and send the articles home into the bargain. In this way alone can the majority of retail tradesmen hold their ground."

THE estate of Brigham Young promises to be a bone of lively contention among his heirs. A suit has already been instituted by some of the dissatisfied parties in interest, the complaint charging the executors with fraud and collusion with the new Mormon President, with a view of robbing the heirs of a portion of the property and money alleged to belong lawfully to them. The amount sued for and claimed to have been fraudulently taken from the heirs "is not less than $1,000,000." By way of restraining the executors from further performance of their functions, application was at the same time made for the appointment of receivers to take charge of the property pending the trial of the suit, and this application having been granted, the prize will be preserved intact, awaiting the final decision of the courts. A Salt Lake paper appeals to the contesting heirs to adjust their differences outside of the courts, indulging in this somewhat curious comment: "It frequently happens in *post-mortem* quarrels of this kind that actions that were all right and proper, and could be so shown were the persons alive to explain them, are, by courts and lawyers, made to look very dark when the parties and means for giving correct explanations have passed away. It is hoped that this will not prove such a case, and that no attempt will be made to throw mud or wash dirty linen for the delectation of anybody."

THE growth of municipal indebtedness in this country during the last decade and a half illustrates more strikingly than any other financial fact the extravagant and wasteful tendencies in local administrations which were induced in part by the unnatural and inflated conditions of the period of civil war. Statistics recently compiled show that the municipal debt of 130 cities in 1876 was $644,378,663, as against $221,312,009 in 1866—an increase of two hundred per cent. In the same cities, representing a population of only 8,576,249, the municipal debt alone exceeded in 1876 by over $128,000,000 the county, town and city indebtedness of the entire country in 1870. In six years the indebtedness of these cities had exceeded by over $316,000,000 the bonded and floating indebtedness of all the towns and cities (counties not included) in the United States in 1870, which, according to the census, amounted to $515,810,000. Complete returns from the States of New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri, Connecticut, Georgia, and Rhode Island show that the total aggregate local debt in 1878 was $546,285,528, while in 1870 it was $286,179,060. The assessed valuation of property in these States was $7,172,148,179 in 1870, and $9,333,696,515 in 1878. The chief increase has been in the cities rather than in the counties and towns. The increase in the cities was at the rate of two hundred per cent., and, by adding the county and town debts, the increase is less than one hundred per cent. The total local debt of the country at the close of the year 1878 was $1,051,106,112, exclusive of State debts.

THE decision of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the Thurman Act requiring all bond and land-grant railroads to report to the Auditor of Railroad Accounts everything relating to their financial condition, is likely to be followed by the unconditional surrender of the corporations which have heretofore defied the authority and claims of the Government. The books of the Central Pacific Company are now undergoing an exhaustive examination, and those of the Union Pacific will at once be subjected to the same process—neither offering any serious opposition. The exact truth as to the condition of these roads will now, in all probability, be discovered, and if the Government has been defrauded in any way or degree, a way will be opened for the correction of the abuse. It is stated in this connection that these companies propose to make an appeal to Congress for relief from the requirements imposed upon them by the Thurman Act, alleging that strict compliance with its exactions will almost certainly compel them to go into liquidation, and that in that event the Government will lose its entire interest. In can scarcely be supposed that such an appeal, should it be made, will command the serious consideration of Congress. These companies, starting with a magnificent dowry from the Government, and enjoying a monopoly of the transcontinental traffic, unquestionably have it in their power, if they choose to do so, to carry out all their contracts, and any attempt to release them from their honest obligations after they have realized the enormous benefits accruing under them, would be sure to expose the legislator engaged in it to damaging suspicions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

NEARLY 600 saloon passengers sailed from this port for Europe June 28th.

ADVICES from Hong Kong state that General Grant will probably visit Australia.

THE graduating class at Yale College this year numbered 131, including one Chinaman.

THREE hundred and three young ladies graduated from the Normal College in this city June 26th.

JAMES F. EDMUNDS, of Newton, Mass., has been arrested for forgeries amounting to about $80,000.

THE town of Cumnington, Mass., celebrated its centennial anniversary June 26th. Senator Dawes made the historical address.

HOG-CHOLERA is committing great ravages in Southern Wisconsin and part of Illinois. Whole droves of hogs are swept off by the disease.

THE Ohio Democrats will formally open the campaign early in August with speeches by Messrs. Pendleton, Thurman, Ewing, Steedman and others.

THE Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has decided to begin the Ingalls investigation in Kansas by a sub-committee of five, in September next.

FIVE persons were killed and one injured, and several buildings demolished, by the explosion of a boiler in Welt & Son's planing mill, in Philadelphia, June 27th.

THE Ninth Regiment of Massachusetts, 600 strong, visited this city and were received by the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and were reviewed by Mayor Cooper at the City Hall.

IN the college race at New London, Ct., June 27th, the Harvard boat crew beat the Yale crew with the greatest ease by one minute and forty-three seconds in a distance of four miles.

THE New York Board of Aldermen have referred the report of the Rapid Transit Commission to a committee, which is regarded as an indication of hostility to the proposed new routes.

THE President has pardoned the "first batch" of Chicago whisky men, indicted and convicted under the last Administration for defrauding the Government, and who became witnesses for the Government.

IN a preliminary examination Police Officer Nugent has been held to answer a charge of complicity in the burglary at the Manhattan Savings Bank of New York City, and John Hope has been found guilty.

MR. BURNSIDE has introduced in the United States Senate a joint resolution protesting against the establishment of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien under foreign protection and domination as a violation of the Monroe doctrine.

TWO persons were killed and four others dangerously injured by the explosion of the boiler of a tug-boat on the Missouri River, near Nebraska City, June 27th. On the same day, at Youngstown, Ohio, eight men were badly if not fatally scalded by the explosion of a boiler in an iron mill.

THE steamship *City of New York*, from this port for Havana, came into collision in a fog, on the night of June 28th, with the Scotch bark *Helen* of Dundee, about fifteen miles south of Barnegat. The *Helen* sank almost immediately, and the captain, Robert Barclay and four of the crew were lost. The *City of New York* returned to this port disabled.

AMONG the deaths announced on June 28th were those of Lord John Lawrence, formerly Viceroy and Governor-General of India, aged sixty-eight; Richard H. Anderson, formerly a Lieutenant General in the Confederate Army, aged sixty-three, and ex-Paymaster General John G. Bradford, of the United States Navy, aged sixty-four. Cyrus Curtis, President of the Washington Life Insurance Company, likewise President of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, died on the 25th, aged eighty-two.

THE supplemental Judicial Expenses Bill and a Bill relating to United States Marshals, both prepared by a Democratic caucus, passed both Houses of Congress last week. The first of these Bills provides for all judicial expenses except the pay of the marshals and their deputies, and the second makes an appropriation for the marshals, with a partisan rider forbidding the expenditure of any part of the money for services in connection with elections. The President vetoed the Marshals' Bill June 30th.

THE Republicans of Maine, June 26th, nominated D. F. Davis, a lawyer, for Governor, on a fair election, hard money and temperance platform. The Democratic State Committee of Ohio met at Columbus June 26th, and chose John G. Thompson for its chairman, and Frank McKinney for chairman of the Executive Committee, and thus manager of the campaign. The workingmen of California, or New Constitution Party, have held a convention and nominated Dr. Hugh J. Glenn, a large wheat-raiser, for Governor.

Foreign.

THE British troops in Afghanistan are suffering from the cholera.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS, the well-known English novel-writer, is dead.

QUEEN VICTORIA paid a visit of condolence to the ex-Empress Eugénie at Chiselhurst, June 23rd.

IT has been decided that Hanlan shall not be allowed to take the Challenge Cup away from England.

IT is said the officers of the French army will be compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the republic.

A PROTESTANT school-house in Connaught, Ireland, has been sacked by a mob, and the Bibles thrown into the sea.

THE will of the late Prince Imperial of France contained no political allusions. His whole property is left to his mother.

A MASS in memory of the late Prince Imperial was celebrated at the Church of St. Augustine in Paris, June 26th. The ceremonies were very imposing.

SPAIN has gone so far in her quarrel with Santo Domingo as to order two war vessels to blockade the coast of that island in case her demands are resisted.

ADVICES from Buenos Ayres to June 1st report that Chili had concluded a treaty with the Argentine States containing a clause which gives the whole of Patagonia to the Argentine Republic.

LORD CHELMSFORD has informed King Cetewayo of the terms of peace. He stipulates that the King shall not assemble an army for five years, and that a British Resident shall be permitted to remain in Zululand.

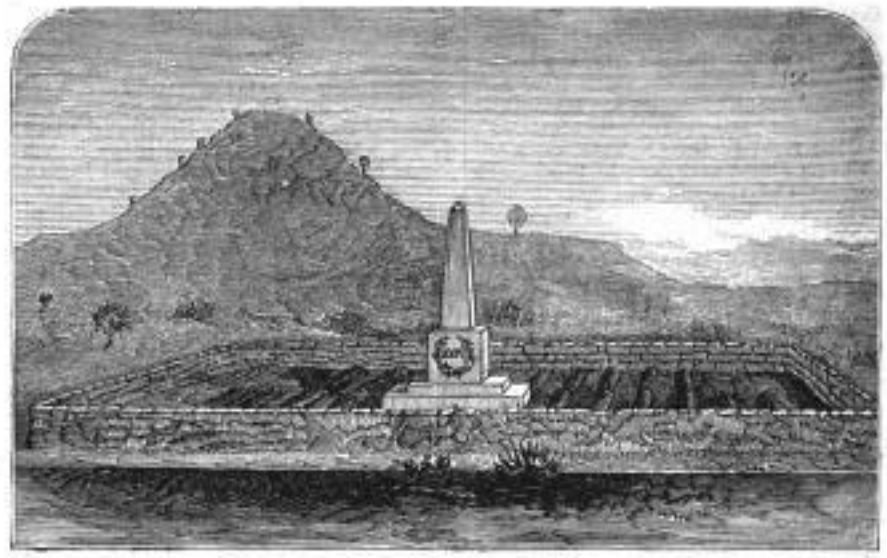
THE Turks have prepared for war with Greece in the event of the coming negotiations proving fruitless. Large numbers of irregular troops are being massed in Albania, so that they may sweep down on Epirus and Thessaly.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 311.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE AMEER MAHOMED YAKOOB KHAN, WALI OF CABUL.



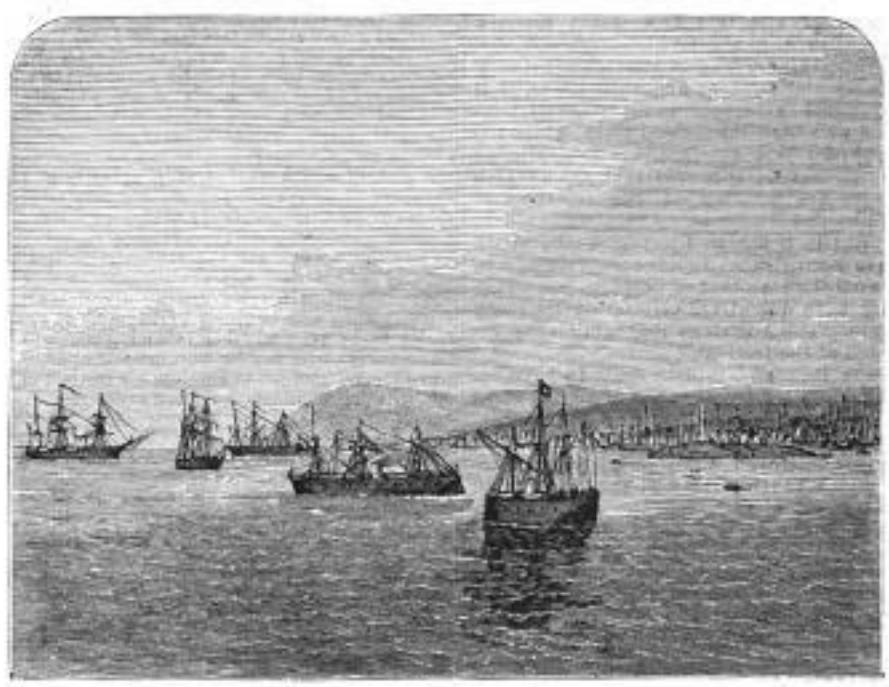
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE CEMETERY AT ROKE'S DRIFT, ZULULAND.



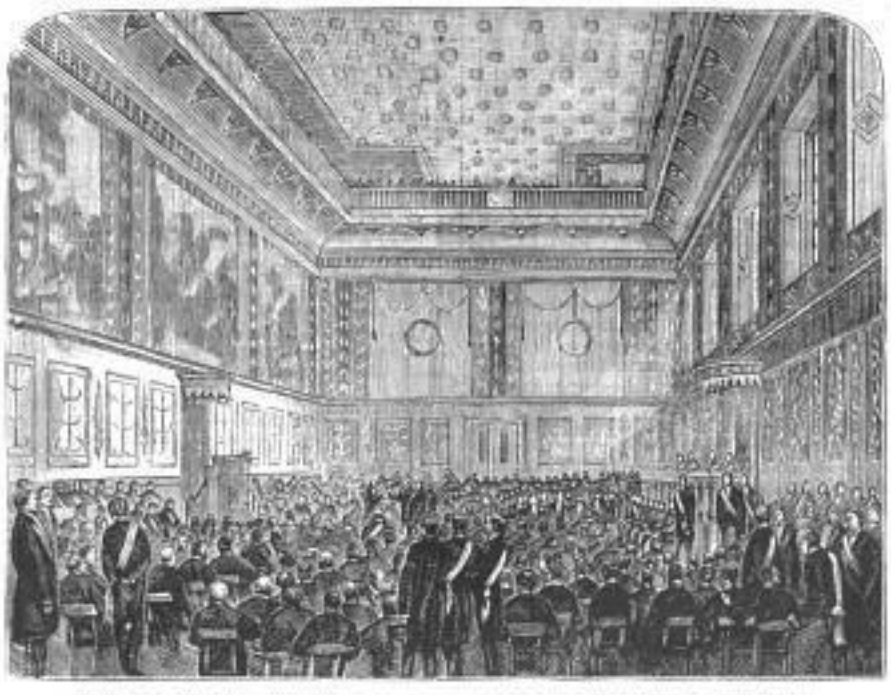
FRANCE.—THE HERTFORD BRITISH HOSPITAL AT PARIS.



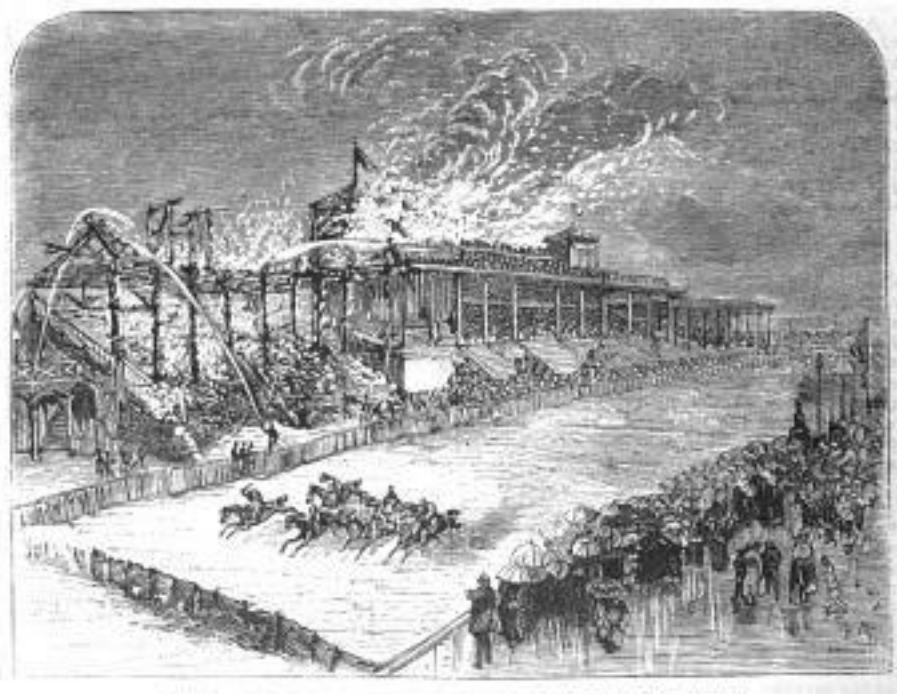
AFGHANISTAN.—ARRIVAL OF THE AMEER YAKOOB KHAN AT GUNDAMUK.



PERU.—VIEW OF THE ROADSTEAD OF IQUIQUE, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CHILIAN BLOCKADE.



DENMARK.—THE FOUR HUNDREDTH COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.



FRANCE.—BURNING OF A GRAND STAND ON THE AUTEUIL RACECOURSE.

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THE LATE ALBERT WEBER.

ALBERT WEBER, the well-known manufacturer of pianofortes, died at his residence in New York City, June 25th, in the fiftieth year of his age. He had been ill a long time, but did not give up until a few weeks before his death. He was a son of Dr. John Weber, of Heiligenstadt, Bavaria, where he was born in August, 1829. He early evinced musical talent, and at the remarkably early age of four years was able to play on the organ of the church in his native place. When only sixteen years old he came to this country, and, settling in New York, began to earn his living by playing on the violin or violoncello, or harp, or organ, or piano, as occasion served. He soon turned his attention to the trade of piano-maker, practically apprenticing himself, but with liberty while he worked in the daytime to teach music in the evening and to play the organ at church on Sundays. When he had fully learned the trade, he set up for himself in White Street as a repairer of pianos. Finally, in 1852, he began in the full business of piano-making at No. 103 West Broadway. After being there for several years, and while building up a prosperous business, his little shop was destroyed by fire, and he lost everything except some comparatively insignificant insurance money. He, however, at once recommenced business at No. 155 West Broadway, where he remained until 1865, and then moved to the corner of Broome and Crosby Streets, at which time he was making about four pianos a week. In 1869 he moved his warerooms to their present location at the corner of Sixteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, having previously established his factory at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Seventh Avenue. About 400 men are regularly employed in the factory, and the yearly product is now between 1,800 and 2,000 instruments. Mr. Weber gave his personal supervision to the manufacture of 14,500 pianos. Besides being his business headquarters, the new warerooms were also places of social gathering for musicians and singers, and several reunions were held there. Mr. Weber belonged to the Lotos, Manhattan (Arcadian, while it existed,) and Palette Clubs, and was also a member of the Liederkranz and Arion Societies.



THE LATE ALBERT WEBER.

THE VISITING FRENCH IRONCLADS.

THE French ironclad *La Galissonnière* and her consort, *La Bourdonnais*, are now lying in the harbor on a short visit to this city. These two vessels belong to the West Indian Squadron of the French Navy, under the command of Admiral Peyron. They will remain here until about July 8th, and then proceed to Newport, remaining there about eight days, thence to Halifax, thence to Quebec, and finally, when the cooler weather sets in, returning to Martinique.

The *La Galissonnière* is one of a class of vessels which has met with great favor with the French naval architects. She was begun in 1868 and launched in 1872. She is 230 feet long, 45 feet 9 inches in breadth, and 4,654 tons displacement. She is of the type described as having a central battery and two fixed turrets, with guns fired *en barbette* and a ram bow. The central battery comprises four breech-loading rifles of 24 centimetres calibre, two on each side, and each turret contains one gun of the same calibre. The weight of the shell and shot fired by them is 144 kilogrammes. In addition to these, there are four Hotchkiss revolving guns, and six small brass howitzers, the latter for firing salutes, etc. She also carries two torpedoes. Her engines were built by Mazeline, of Indret. There are two, each independent of the other. They work together up to 500 horse-power, but usually only one is worked at a time. Each engine connects with its own shaft and screw, the screws being on each side of the rudder. In case of a fight both engines are worked together. Each engine has three cylinders, and a speed of fourteen knots an hour is attained.

The engines are below the water-line, and are protected also by a cuirass of iron, 15 centimetres in thickness. The plating on her sides is 15 centimetres at the water-line, backed with about 14 inches of teak. The turrets are solid iron, 12 centimetres thick. The platform on which the guns stand revolves, but the turrets themselves are fixed. The guns can be fired ahead or astern, or at any angle between these two extremes.

The *La Galissonnière* has three masts, full ship-rigged. She is handsomely fitted up, the officers' quarters being models of excellence. The crew are well quartered, and all the different compartments of the vessel are well lighted and ventilated. The crew are every day put through gymnastic exercises, and also have to attend a school of instruction, including navigation and mathematics. Every part of the ship is kept clean and neat, as vessels of war always are. The crew number 386 men. Admiral Peyron is the commander of the fleet. The Captain is M. Delassasse. There are ten midshipmen, and the usual complement of lieutenants, engineers, etc.

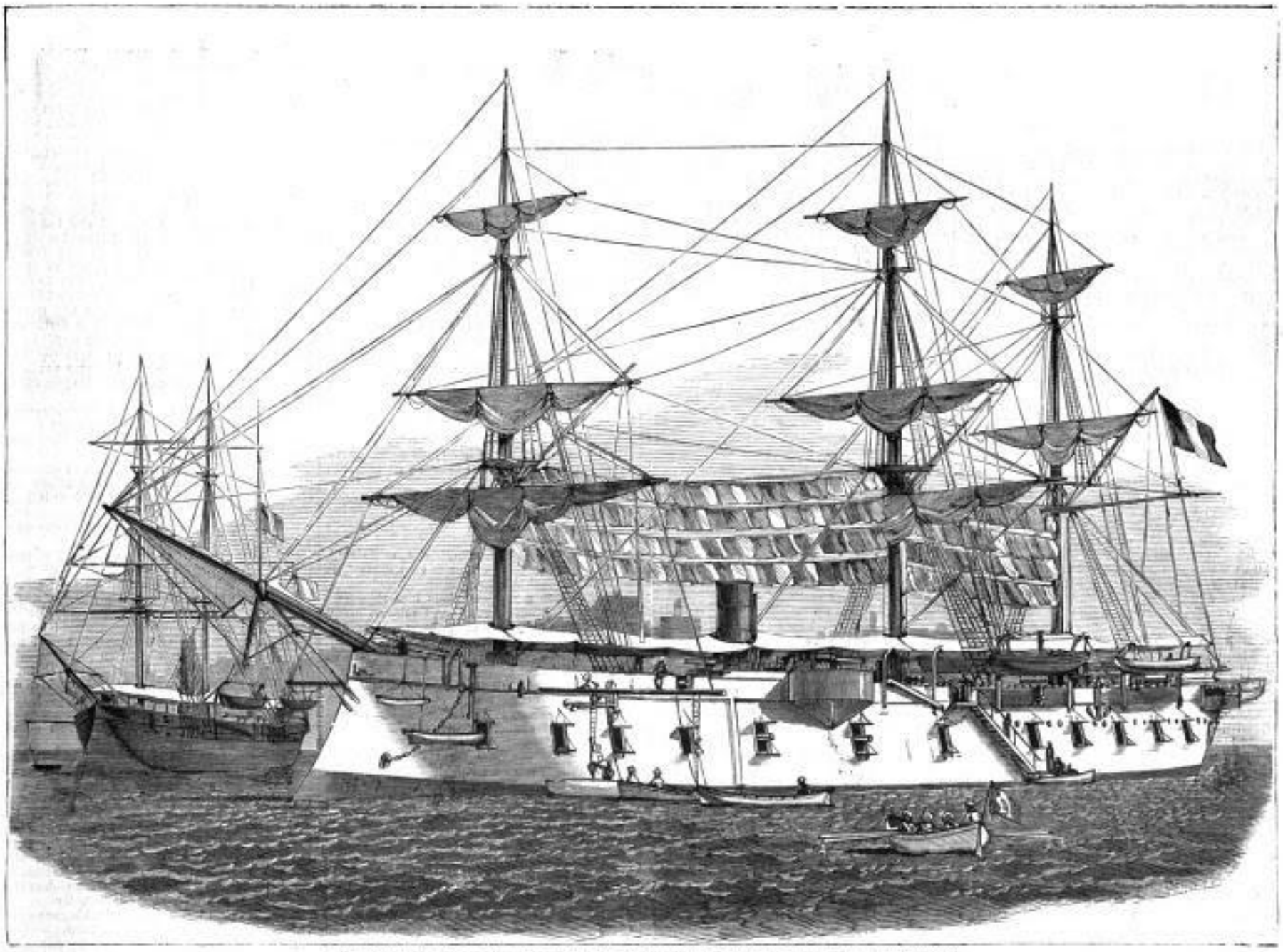
France being now at peace with all the world, there is not much occasion for the presence of an armed fleet at any especial point. These two vessels, therefore, are making a cruise in the temperate latitudes to escape the high Summer heat of the West Indies, where they are stationed.

THE NEW KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

IN accordance with the Sultan's decree, Ismail I., Khédive of Egypt, abdicated, June 26th, in favor of his eldest son, Prince Mahomet Tewfik, who promptly assumed the viceregal authority. The new Khédive held a grand reception, June 26th, which was attended by Egyptian officials and the principal Europeans in Cairo. The Sultan has issued another decree revoking the authority formerly granted the Khédive to make treaties and maintain a standing army. The Porte promises to exert its influence to put the Egyptian finances in a good condition, and reform the abuses to which the country is subject.

Mahomet Tewfik, who succeeds his father as Khédive, was born November 19th, 1852. He married (January 10th, 1873) Princess Emmely, daughter of El Hamy Pasha, who has borne him a son, Prince Abbas, now in his fifth year. The new Khédive is the sixth ruler of the dynasty of Mehemet Ali, appointed Governor of Egypt in 1806, who made himself in 1811 absolute master of the country by force of arms. His position was recognized by the Imperial decree of 1841, issued under the guarantee of the five great European Powers, which established the hereditary succession to the throne of Egypt under the same rules as those of the throne of Turkey. In 1866 the Sultan agreed to make the succession to the throne direct from father to son, instead of descending, after the Turkish law, to the eldest heir. In consideration of this favor the Khédive agreed to raise the annual tribute to the Sultan's civil list from $1,880,000 to $3,600,000.

Ismail I., who has retired from the throne, is the son of Ibrahim Pasha, and grandson of the celebrated Mehemet Ali. He was born at Cairo in 1830, educated at Paris, and returned to Egypt soon after his father's death in 1848. On the death of Said (January 18th, 1863), he succeeded him as Viceroy. In 1867 he received the title of Khédive, with important additions to his authority. In 1868-'69 he extended his sway over the Upper and White Nile, increased his army, proposed the neutralization of the Suez Canal, and conducted himself as an independent monarch. The Sultan strove to curtail his power, but by bribery in 1873 he succeeded in obtaining concessions from the Sublime Porte which rendered him virtually independent. Early in 1874 he gained a decided victory over the Sultan of Darfur, and continued to extend his authority over the barbarous tribes lying around him. Ismail owned great tracts of land in Egypt, which his subjects cultivated on terms prescribed by him. He was also largely engaged in manufacturing enterprises. He almost rebuilt Cairo, and constructed immense public works throughout his dominion. In accomplishing these projects he contracted a public and private debt amounting to about $420,000,000, the greater part of which he received from France and England. On finding, in 1878, that he could not meet the interest on this debt, he sought to satisfy his creditors by placing the finances and public works under control of English and French Ministers. Last April he revoked this arrangement, and thus occasioned the quarrels with the Powers which have resulted in his deposition.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FRENCH IRONCLAD "LA GALISSONNIÈRE" AND HER CONSORT "LA BOURDONNAIS."

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POSTPONING AND LOSING.

WE mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime droil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with binders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking quest,
And, broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on;
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

OF HIGH DEGREE.

THERE it was, spread out before her again in all its dreariness. To Margaret Janrith's tired eyes the oozy stretch of Bateman's Swamp never seemed more dank and dismal than it did this calm evening in May. The muddy highway along which she was slowly walking was bordered with slimy pools, alive with piping toads. She was in a mood to see only the ugly aspect of the scene. Her eyes were blinded to the brown alder clumps, touched with emerald sprays, on which sung red-wings, answering with their mellow whistle the noisy toads. The pale-green islets, dotted here and there over the marsh, were lit up with the last reflections of the gorgeous sunset, but she never heeded the quiet beauty.

"Bateman's Swamp," she murmured, with a curl of her red lip. "Bateman, Bateman, everything is Bateman! 'Lord Bateman was a noble lord, a noble lord of high degree.' I wonder if Mrs. Bateman thinks there is a degree higher than hers, or if Launce believes he is a direct descendant of the noble Bateman who 'sailed east and sailed west.' Well, it's one thing to be a Bateman and another to be a Janrith."

The girl's dark Spanish features and moody eyes brightened as she turned a bend in the road. Just beyond, facing the reeking slough of road and swamp, stood a faded, yellow house, huge and dilapidated. It had once been the home of the Batemans, and fronted a smiling meadow, where tall grass waved in the June sun, and bobolinks flitted to and fro with tinkling song. Once graveled walks led up to the granite steps, and bright parterres of flowers girted the way. Plump Miss Bateman gave gay entertainments, and the great house shook with music and mirth, while fat old Grandfather Bateman quaffed hard cider, told questionable stories, and guffawed loudest of all.

But that was years ago. Now the Batemans lived in a grander house, a quarter of a mile out of the valley. The back-water from the dam at the Bateman factory had flooded the green meadow. Turtles and frogs succeeded the bobolinks. Plump Miss Bateman was now a withered old crone, and the fat grandsire had slept his first half-century in the grave. When Meg Janrith went up the walk she saw an unkempt yard littered with rubbish; and a hen sheltered for the night in a barrel turned on its side in the main walk cu-r-r-d in warning to her chicks as she went by.

Margaret passed around to the back door; the front door was there, and the broad, granite steps, green with moss, were there, but it always made her shiver to even look into the great, deserted rooms given up to decay. The twilight had deepened into dusk as she stepped into what had once been the servants' kitchen.

The room was large, low-ceiled and dimly lit up by a lamp off in one corner. The yellowish gleam of the light was clouded with poor tobacco-smoke, proceeding in steady puffs from the lips of two young men tipped back in chairs, side by side, against the wall.

Meg gave a shiver of disgust as she threw off her hat and cape.

"How can you breathe here, mother? It's positively stifling!" She said this without deigning a glance at the offenders.

"Oh, I can git used to stifling. If you'd lived in smoke an' dirt for thirty year you wouldn't mind it," remarked a sallow-faced, weary-looking woman of fifty, washing dishes at the sink by a window.

One of the young men, with a slight flush, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket. The other, thick set, round-shouldered and heavy-faced, smoked on in dogged persistency.

For a few moments it was so still that the piping of the toads came clear and shrill from the marsh.

Meg drew up a chair to the window, and, leaning her shapely head on the pane, looked wistfully out into the night. The young man who had put aside his pipe so quickly, now rose to his feet, crossed the room lightly, and placed his hand on the young girl's shoulder. She looked up with dark, troubled eyes.

"What do you see, Meg?" he said, softly, in a half-deprecating way, but with a sunny smile.

"I see nothing but darkness," replied Meg, bitterly. Seward Walden's face clouded suddenly, but before he could answer, Hank Janrith broke in gruffly with: "I say, Meg, how's the ghost? Seen it agin?"

"Oh," returned Meg, quickly, "I forgot. I have seen it."

"Yer have?" answered Hank, sourly; "well, I'm glad you've seen suthin' 'sides that city swell, an' silks an' satin—they ain't good fer ye—too much on 'em."

"Perhaps yer'n Seward Walden air suthin' better," joined Mrs. Janrith, sharply, drying her hands on her apron.

"Don't think I'm any wuss fer living in the old Bateman house 'stid of the new," said Hank, roughly. "If I'd hed the backin' thet——"

"Backing!" exclaimed Mrs. Janrith, with intense disgust, "dragging, you mean. 'Twould take a steam engine to push yer ahead—or some others I know of."

Hank wriggled a trifle at this, and Walden flushed up again.

"Well," said Meg, calmly, "suppose I tell what I was going to, before we all get into ill-temper. Last night the ghost came again, just as it did the night before. I was so tired after all their grand party, and the work it brought, that I couldn't sleep a wink in the strange room, just as I was the other night. I heard the clock, away off in the kitchen, answering the one in the drawing-room every hour, and it must have been nearly daylight when, just as I did the night before, I saw something white go by my window. I was not so scared this time, but looked out, all of a shiver, to see where it went. It passed quickly out towards the stables, with something flashing and shining beside it. I went over to the end window and saw that it had stopped at the dog-kennel. The big Newfoundland never offered to touch it, but ran round and round it, and rolled over before it as it he was delighted with the visit. I saw the figure, all in white from head to foot, stoop down and look into the kennel. Then it got up and came back towards the house. When it passed the window, though my teeth were now chattering with fright, I would look at it, and I saw a white face, held up queer and fixed, as though it were dead, and gray hair streaming out from beneath a lace cap, and it it wasn't old Mrs. Bateman in her night-dress, and barefooted!"

There was a long-drawn sigh, and then a wondering exclamation from Mrs. Janrith at this outcome of Meg's story, and Hank checked the course of a small but highly-colored rivulet of tobacco-juice which had been trickling down the stubby corners of his mouth ever since Meg began.

"And," resumed Meg, quietly enjoying the sensation she had created, "I saw nothing this morning, but as I came out to-night by the kennel I looked into it, and what do you think I saw? Well, among the old bones, and boots, and straw, there glittered gold chains, rings, and bracelets, all flashing with gems; they must be worth thousands of dollars, and all lying there unprotected in the rubbish of the kennel. I ought to have gone back and told them, but I came away and have been dreaming ever since."

"Hooray!" yelled Hank, jumping and thumping with his heavy boots about the room like a madman. "Hooray!" he shouted again, hilariously. "It's ours, Meg. I'll go for it to-night. We'll show 'em a trick or two. Lemme see," he added, calming down somewhat, and trying to assume a shrewd business-like air. "How much'll there be apiece—two—four of us, Meg?"

"Why, Hank," said Mrs. Janrith, faintly, her sallow face glowing with excitement, "it ain't ours."

"Ain't ours!" echoed Hank, with a snort of contempt. "It ain't ours if we're fools enough to lose it. Who's a better right to it? There was old Bateman cheated father right and left. Here's Seward, here, what's an own nephew to the old woman, an' she won't look at him. Here's Meg, has slaved night an' day fer her, and never got the rappin' of her nail fer it, outside her wages. There she is likely to pop up an' die any day, and the hull thing'll go to that young Launce; an' he'll spend it, an' that'll be the end on't. What do you say, Seward?"

Seward was not in a hurry to reply. He did not like the look in Meg's dusky eyes, fixed with a queer expression on him, waiting for his answer. In a vague way he felt as if she had put the question instead of Hank.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "you might get more, Hank, by going into the house than you could find in the kennel, but in either place I don't see how we can lay claim to her property. She has a perfect right, I suppose, to put it where she pleases, and give it to any one she sees fit."

Hank's sodden face grew sullen.

"All right," he growled; "the fewer to divide with the more there'll be for me."

"Hank!" spoke up Meg, sharply, "don't be foolish. I shall tell Mrs. Bateman to-morrow of her sleep-walking, and where she can find her jewelry. It's no concern of ours after that."

Mrs. Janrith sighed; and feeling that the evening had turned out very uncomfortably, young Walden made his adieus, and was out along the marsh-road, when he heard a light, swift step behind him. It was Meg, and he sat down on a boulder by the roadside, and waited for her. She came up breathless. "Seward!" she cried, passionately, standing before him in the dusk with clasped hands, the sweet breath of Spring kissing her fair round throat and flushed cheeks, as it played over her regal young head and raven hair. She looked like a young tragedy queen, standing there, full of passion and fire, with the quiet stars o'er head, and the dreary swamp stretching back of all.

"Yes!" said Walden, with a feeble laugh, pulling at his blonde mustache, nervously. "I've been expecting it. You want to lecture, with 'Drunkards and Sloths' for a subject, and me for a point to your moral—a 'living illustration,' and so forth. Well?"

"Want to lecture?" said Meg, with a dash of scorn in her clear voice. "Seward, is there no man in you after all? Are you Hank with another name but the same nature, the same 'degree'? Oh, Seward! Seward!" her full tones breaking piteously; "have mercy on me if you care nothing for yourself."

He sprang to his feet, his arms open, his eyes glowing.

"No!" she said, waving him back. "never again—God helping me—till you shake off the shackles of a slave, till you stand before me a man of high degree—not in station or wealth, but in manhood. Why is it thus?" she cried, fiercely. "Is it not enough that I am a Janrith, that my father was and my brother is a sot? Why need you wallow in the mire with the rest—or why was I not like them, and content with the lowest level? Why should I dream dreams, and imagine that some day—ever so far off, but some day, I shall see the beautiful lands, and paintings, and sights I read of; that some are enjoying every day, that they—the Batemans—tell about so often. They, who don't look at me twice after they learn that I am not 'of high degree,' have all they fancy, while I am starving. Oh, Seward, why is it that 'to them that hath shall be given, and to them that hath not shall be taken away even that which they hath'? I only had you, and you are stumbling along here by the swamp, when you might be walking on the hill-tops."

Throughout her passionate burst of feeling young Walden had stood in abject silence. Though shaken in every fibre with emotion, Meg's eyes were dry, her voice husky. She seemed wailing to the powers of the night rather than talking to him.

"But it is over between us now," she went on, absently. "It might have been wholly good, and it is wholly bad. It is better to part now than later. I see what the end would be. I should seek for heaven and find hell. So, good-night, Seward—once for all, good night."

She held out her hand, not dainty and white, but fair, though it and toil were rarely strangers. There was a beauty about her now which was glorious, Seward thought. Heaw what he was giving up. What was he exchanging her for? In a strange, solemn voice, which Meg had never heard before, he said:

"So be it, Meg. But not for good. I've promised many times, but now it will be a battle to the death. Will you wait to see which side wins, darling, the beast or the man? And, if the beast is slain, will you crown the victor?"

"If the dragon is slain, not merely wounded, yes," returned Meg, tears for the first time moistening the feverish eyes.

Without another word he pressed her hand once to his lips, then turned and left her.

Just then a horse came splashing along the road at a rapid pace. The young man driving came so near to Meg in passing that the wheels of the flashing buggy spattered her with mud.

"Launce Bateman," murmured Meg. "I wonder if I had better tell him of Mrs. Bateman's freak of somnambulism. I think I would as soon trust Hank as him."

Nevertheless she disliked to confront the sharp eyes and wizened face of old Mrs. Bateman herself and explain the affair. Sometimes she had fancied that the old woman, somewhere in the shallow depths of her avaricious nature, cared for her handsome sewing-girl who was quick to heed every whim and caprice. But Mrs. Bateman was noted for keeping her affairs to herself. The mills, the tenants of the houses and farms, all acknowledged and obeyed the wrinkled old hand at the helm. When the property passed into her possession at her husband's death, many thought it would speedily go to the dogs. But in reality she had cleverly managed both husband and business for thirty years, so that the loss of one did not seriously embarrass her in her guidance of the other.

Early the following morning, Meg, tripping lightly along the valley road and drinking in the fresh, exhilarating air, felt that, after all, life was worth the living. The sweet, clear breath, sweeping over the valley from the far-off hills, brought a flush to her cheek, a sparkle to her eye, and, with unrestrained joyousness, she began trilling a gay song.

If she could always feel like this; if the atmosphere never grew thick and fetid with toil and discouragement; if her plans would never go awry, the morning never ripen into hot noontide and sink in night!

As she came out of the lowlands, looking down the rough highway, over the brow of the hill, she saw a man walking slowly towards her.

"It's Launce Bateman," she exclaimed, softly; "what brings him out so early? It isn't a fashionable hour."

"Are there many mornings like this, Miss Janrith? If there are, I shan't miss so many in the future as I have in the past. It's glorious!"

He turned as she came up, as though he had come out to meet her.

"It isn't always pleasant," replied Meg quietly, slightly taken aback at the deep, rich voice, the keen gray eyes, long, auburn mustache and tall, graceful figure of the prospective heir to the Bateman estate.

"I suppose not," he went on, cutting the yellow crown from a roadside dandelion with his dainty cane; "but I imagine the birds hereabout rarely miss seeing beauty of some sort, each morning, rain or shine."

Meg quickened her pace without replying.

"Let's walk slower, please," he said, almost stopping. "I don't want to get there too quick—I've something to tell you. It's what I came out for."

Meg looked up quickly, inquiringly. "Aunt is very ill," he pursued, hesitatingly. "You know she has been feeble for some time, and last night she discovered that some one had been robbing her—had taken from her the old family jewels and costly trinkets that have belonged to the Batemans for a century. They were abstracted from her private secretary, in her room, which only herself and—er—you will excuse me, Miss Janrith, but she accuses——"

"Me of taking them?" finished Meg.

"Yes," said he softly, looking down into the beautiful eyes, flashing and dusky. "I did my best for you, but she was dreadfully excited and talked about sending an officer after you. But I put that down."

"Thank you," said Meg, calmly, he thought. "I did not take her jewels—but I know who did."

"Ah!" said Launce, with some surprise, and Meg thought his face had grown very sallow all at once, and he did not look so handsome as he had a few moments before.

They were going up the broad walk leading to the stately mansion. Suddenly Meg stepped into a cross-path. "This way," she said to him, over her shoulder, "and I'll show you where the thief hid the plunder." There was a bitter ring to her tones, and Launce had to walk sharply to keep up with the lithe form before him as it passed swiftly out towards the stables.

When she reached the dog-kennel, Meg turned and faced him.

Young Bateman's face was twitching strangely, though one gloved hand calmly stroked his tawny mustache. Strange she had never noticed before what unpleasant eyes he had.

"There," she said, pulling open the door; "gather up the treasure and carry it to Mrs. Bateman. I'll tell her how it came here."

Launce smiled queerly; and then got down on his knees and peered into the kennel.

"I don't see any 'treasure,'" he said.

"Look sharp!" cried Meg, impatiently "Isn't it there? there among the old bones and boots?"

"The old boots are here, and the bones and a little moldy straw—but nothing else," said Launce coldly, rising to his feet.

"What!" it was almost a scream. Meg sank down with white face. The glittering rings, the chains, the necklaces, the old fashioned jewels in their antique settings—all were gone! Had *she* been walking in her sleep, and never seen them, after all? Then came a sickening rush of feeling. *Hush!* She had talked and pleaded with him, and tried to beat into his stolid brain a comprehension of the wrong of a theft such as he contemplated, and the certain failure and punishment sure to ensue if he attempted to carry out his plans. She thought she had put the idea out of his head. But he was only a Janrith. He had deceived her.

She got up, her dark eyes filled with despair.

"They were there," she said huskily. "Mrs. Bateman put them there. I saw her do it."

Jove! but this girl was not what he had thought her, Launce Bateman said to himself. She was something more than a pretty servant-maid. A few years of fashionable polish added to her beauty would make her—well—he'd do it? He looked quickly around. A hostler was drawing water for his horses by the stable; the doctor's carriage stood by the door up at the house, but he and the girl were alone. He began rapidly and clearly:

"Miss Janrith, let this pass, there's something wrong about it, but never mind it now. My aunt up yonder is very near death; when she dies her property will go to one of two persons—either you or me. Of this I am certain, but I am not certain which. If it had not been for this affair there would have been no doubt you would have been the lucky one. As it is, I am not sure how it will turn. This surprises you, but my aunt is not blind, she has seen what you were, that you had thoughts above the drudgery and fancies of a servant. It is in my power, or rather it is in yours, to place you where you belong. Either you or I in the next week will be rich; either you or I in the next week will be just where we are now—poor—and poor for good and all. A fortune is not to be had for the asking every day. I can never make a fortune, nor can you. Why should we not join hands and enter a partnership which will secure us *both*? Do you catch my meaning?"

"I think I do," answered Meg, stepping back, and paling a trifle. "You want me to enter into a compact which will secure Mrs. Bateman's wealth to us both."

"Precisely," replied Launce, earnestly. "Neither of us, as I look at it, can afford the risk of 'going it alone.' Don't look at it in a sentimental light. If, after we get the property, we find we can enjoy it better each in our own way, so be it."

"What sort of an arrangement do you propose?" asked Meg, faintly.

"There is but one that would hold," said Launce, smiling; "though it's pure business now, it might ripen into something else in time, and I don't think the time would be far away in my case. Yes, Miss Janrith, before my aunt breathes her last we two must be one. Then, whichever way the wheel of fortune turns, we can smile at its revolutions. There's nothing dishonorable about my proposal, and I am thankful I make it to one possessed of solid common sense, instead of girlish sentimentality."

Meg leaned her head on the kennel. It was all so bewildering, so unheard of. Here, at last, was the wealth she had coveted at her feet, and the enjoyments that wealth could bring could be hers; no more drudgery, no more pinching economy, but dreams realized, longings satisfied. Then there was Hank sure to be brought to punishment for his theft—she ought to save him; and how preposterous to think of handsome Launce Bateman—but she couldn't think of anything connectedly.

"Come," said Launce, eagerly, his gray eyes shining, and his white hand held out. "Shall we call it a bargain?"

"Not yet," answered Meg, in a dazed way. "We had better go up to the house now"

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"Very well," replied Launce, "only remember time is precious. It will be too late after death takes a hand in the game. If I win I shall offer nothing. If you win I shall expect nothing. But unless we join hands one only will win."

As they came up to the grand house, a distracted-looking maid met them at the door. "Oh!" she cried, in a hysterical way to Meg, "the old lady is near gone. She wants to see you, quick!"

Meg and Launce hurried to the chamber where old Mrs. Bateman lay, the rarely welcome visitor whom doors cannot shut out, who passes with the same noiseless tread into dungeons, palaces and cottages, giving to all the same ghastly greeting.

Old grizzly-faced Squire Gath sat at a little table by the bedside, with pen in hand. The doctor stood at one side dropping out a cordial, gravely.

The shriveled, yellow face of Mrs. Bateman was raised from the pillow, her small eyes glittered in their sunken caverns with their usual fire, but her voice had lost its shrill tone.

"I've been looking over my will," she said, feebly but rapidly, "because, Margaret Janrith, I think I want to alter it. I've changed it a good many times, but I never thought I should have to again. Margaret, I want to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it as you would one who in a few hours may know whether your answer was true or false. Doctor, the cordial." The physician came forward quickly. Mrs. Bateman swallowed the potion with feverish haste, and went on. "Do you know who took the Bateman jewels from the secretary yonder?" The old lady pointed with one skinny finger to a massive mahogany affair in one corner. Squire Gath ran his fingers through his scant, gray beard, and fixed his sharp eyes expectantly on the girl's face. In the midst of the oppressive silence, "Yes," said Meg, her voice trembling in spite of herself, "I do."

"Oh," cried the old lady, leaning forward eagerly, "you do! Well, who was it?"

"It was you," returned Meg, quietly.

"Me?" exclaimed Mrs. Bateman, with a shade of grim contempt. "Me! How so?"

And Meg went on and told the whole improbable story; how she had seen the jewels hidden; how she had gone and left them; how she had returned and they had been spirited away. When she finished she glanced at Launce.

He was smiling queerly at her—a smile that brought a hot flush to her cheek. The old lawyer murmured audibly, "A fair story—very fair; better than the average."

Mrs. Bateman's face grew stern.

"It's the story of a Janrith," she said, sneeringly. "I thought she was different from the rest. If she had honestly denied it or confessed, I might—bah! She may keep them; put it down, Gath, the jewels to Margaret Janrith, nothing else. She's missed more than she has gained; but let it go, the rest are no better. You can go."

Meg went out, her face burning. So that was all her word was worth. She turned in the corridor on Launce, who had followed her.

"I'm ready to plot with you now,' she said, passionately; "ready to do anything."

He laughed lightly.

"Are you?" he said, with a smile of triumph, "I'm not. The dice are thrown—you have lost, my dear; I have won. If you had agreed then, I'd have stood by you. You are no longer a possible, probable heiress. So it's too late to carry out *that* arrangement. Perhaps, though, we can form another that would suit both of us just as well."

He looked at her inquiringly, his gray eyes glowing with admiration.

"Come," he added, under his breath, his voice full of smothered passion. "It's not too late for that—I love you, Margaret." He held her by the arm for one brief moment, then, with a sudden shock, Meg came to herself.

"Mr. Bateman," she said, with superb scorn, "I'm going home. Good-morning."

And she swept by him, down the stairs, leaving him cursing his stupidity.

Within the hour Mrs. Bateman died.

* * * * * *

"What a turn things do take," sighed Mrs. Janrith, as she and Meg quietly sewed away the long Summer afternoon. "What now?" asked Meg, dropping her work and looking dreamily out over the swamp simmering greenly in the sun.

"Well," pursued her mother, "for one, there's Hank don't seem like the same boy; hain't been so stiddy for years. I know he never set eyes on them old jewels. Then there's Seward Walden, he's changed more'n Hank has. They say he works like a nigger slave over to Millville, and the new manager has took a great fancy to him. You know, Meg, he allers was rather shiftless—good-natured, but shiftless. Ain't you'n he ever going to make up? And there's old Mrs. Bateman's nephew, Launce, he's cleared out; and they say he hain't goin' to get a cent for fighting the will as he has—the seminary'll get every copper of the Bateman property. Well, well, what a queer old woman she was, and how things change. I wonder what'll come next?"

The next that came happened to be two letters for Meg.

She read them under the cool shade of the elms back of the house, alone by herself.

The first she went over quickly and then tore into fifty fragments.

It ran thusly:

"MY DEAR MISS JANRITH: I lost the game, after all. That was a nice conceit of mine, likening that little affair of ours to a game at dice; but I never reckoned, as I should, on who threw them. My premises were false, and so, of course, my conclusions came to grief. It seems that it lay between you and the seminary, and I was counted out altogether. To-day I should be penniless were it not for those precious Bateman jewels, which I found—you know where, but how I happened to run across them is of no moment. I have them, and if they don't net me a nice little sum in Europe your humble servant is very much mistaken. Thus virtue is always rewarded. The only consolation I can suggest to you is the frequent perusal of 'The Pleasures of Poverty.' Read it and be happy—if you can. By-by, LAUNCE JANRITH."

The other she tarried longer over, though it was very brief:

"MILLVILLE, August 18th.

"MARGARET: The dragon is dead. Can I come and claim the princess? SEWARD."

And Meg sent back for answer one little gladsome word. It was "Yes."

A Million of Frenchmen under Arms.

THIS year nearly 800,000 Frenchmen will actually serve the colors for a longer or shorter period. Of these 470,100 belong to the active army, 144,570 men and 2,850 officers to the reserve of the active army, and 117,600 men and 6,820 officers to the territorial army. The armed forces of the country consist of the active army, in which a man serves nominally for five years; of the reserve of the active army, into which the soldier passes on the completion of his five years' service in the active army, and in which he remains for four years; of the territorial army, into which men pass after completing their service in the reserve, and in which they serve for five years; and of the reserve of the territorial army, into which men are passed for six years after serving their five years in the territorial army. The active army, consequently, comprises five classes or yearly contingents of recruits; the reserve, four; the territorial army, five; and the reserve of the latter, six classes. Of the five classes of the active army, four are actually present with the colors; of the four classes of the reserve, the class composed of the recruits who joined the active army in 1878 will be called out for twenty-eight days' training, during which time they will take part in the annual Autumn manœuvres, while a portion of two classes of the territorial army, the classes composed of the recruits who joined the active army in 1866 and 1867, are at the present time embodied for thirteen days' training. The reserve of the territorial army is therefore the only component of the armed forces of France of which no portion will be exercised this year; and, as none of its members have ever been called out, it must for the present be regarded as a paper force only. Next year, and every year afterwards, two classes of the reserve of the active army and two classes of the territorial army will be required to temporarily rejoin the colors; so that every year nearly a million men will be actually drilled and exercised in France.

Boston's First Theatre.

THE first theatre in Boston was established in 1792, under difficulties. It was erected in Board Alley, now Hawley Street, and opened August 10th, 1792, under the management of J. Harper. The opening performance consisted of exercises on the tight rope and ballet-dancing. Later in the year a company of comedians arrived from London, under the management of Mr. Powell, and commenced a theatrical season. To evade the statute against theatrical performances, they called the plays "moral lectures"; but Hancock was governor, and was not disposed to suffer such barefaced evasions of the law. They were playing the "moral lecture of 'Richard the Third,'" one evening, and proceeded as far as "Bosworth field," when the sheriff came unceremoniously upon the stage, and made prisoner of the humpbacked tyrant. Great uproar followed, and the portrait of Hancock, that hung in front of the stage-box, was taken down and trodden under foot. The next night every man went armed with a bludgeon, but there was no more interference, and the next season the Boston Theatre in Federal Street was built, a large majority of the town being in favor of it.

The Cost of War.

THE St. Petersburg *Gazette* calculates that, in the past twenty-five years, the Crimean, Italian, Schleswig-Holstein, Prusso-Austrian, Mexican, Franco-Prussian, Russo-Turkish and the American Wars have cost 2,548,000 lives. This does not include deaths from disease, inseparable from war, nor the thousands of mangled and disabled men. Total cost in money, £2,473,000,000. Even then, says an English paper, the estimate falls under the actual figures, for the services of the millions of men engaged in these conflicts were lost to their countries and to the world while they were employed in cutting each other's throats, and, of course, the dead men produced nothing more for the benefit of their native land which put them to so bad a use. If that money so brutally wasted, and the services of these men so badly employed—*scarcely one, and at most only one, of the wars mentioned being justifiable, and some of them being open robberies*—had been utilized for the benefit of the world in some great national enterprises, what a different state of matters we might now have to record! Africa might now be surveyed as perfectly as England, and lines of railway penetrate it in every direction; the Dover submarine tunnel would have been bored, and the Panama Canal dug, and yet the two and a half thousand millions scarcely touched!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Ruler of Afghanistan.

Mahomed Yakoob Khan is about thirty-three years of age, and is the eldest surviving son of Ameer Shere Ali, by the daughter of a Momund chief. When Mahomed Ali, the eldest son of Shere Ali, was killed by his uncle, Ameer Khan, in 1864, it was generally understood in the Cabul Durbar that the Ameer had really nominated Yakoob Khan as his heir to the throne. Believing himself to be thus in favor, Yakoob fought valiantly in his father's cause. At an early age he was placed in charge of the important province of Herat, where he became a popular ruler. He succeeded in keeping Herat loyal to his father, even during the successive reigns of the rival Ameers, Afzul and Azim, and it was owing to the generalship of Yakoob Khan and his young cousin, Ishmael Khan, that Shere Ali once more regained his throne, in the year 1868. He was Governor of Cabul when his father visited India in 1869. The following year he was posted to Candahar, and afterwards to his old province, Herat, which he ruled for his father until his growing power and influence with the Afghan nation excited the worst fears of Ameer Shere Ali, who had in the meantime nominated his youngest son, Abdullah Jan, as his heir. In order to prejudice the British Government against Yakoob, the Ameer always represented him as hostile to British interests, but it is believed that such was not the case; on the contrary, he assured Captain H. Marsh, who visited him at Herat in 1872, that he cherished very friendly feelings towards England. At an early age he commenced the study of English, and his old tutor, who died in the service of the English Government, always spoke of his former pupil as exceedingly friendly to the English. In 1873 Ameer Shere Ali recalled his son Yakoob from Herat, but Yakoob refused to obey, and for about a year was in open rebellion against his father. Under the most sacred pledges of safety, Yakoob at last proceeded to Cabul and tendered his submission to his father, who cruelly consigned him to the solitary confinement from which he has lately been released. Yakoob Khan's uncle was Feroze Khan, the influential chief of Laipore, who died about three years ago.

The Heroes of Rorke's Drift.

In the little cemetery at Rorke's Drift lie the remains of the brave men who were killed in the defense of the post on January 22d and of those who have succumbed to fever or other disease. It is situated half-way between the now famous "store" and the hill at the back called "Oosenberg." The monument consists of an obelisk, standing on a massive square base, and these on two solid stone steps, all of the hardest white freestone, and is ten feet high. The whole work has been done by the men of the second battalion, Twenty-fourth Regiment, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, and is to replace a rustic wooden cross previously erected by Lieutenant Chard, R. E. The design and ornamental inscriptions, as well as the sketch, are the work of Private Mellish. On one face is a wreath of laurel, inclosing the number of the Regiment (XXIV.), who furnish the greater part of the graves; on the other side are the names of the dead, twenty-seven in number.

Close of the Afghan War.

The visit of the new Ameer to the British camp at Gundamuk, on May 8th, has been already spoken of, and this week we give a view of the procession conducting Yakoob Khan, with Sir Samuel Browne on his right hand, and Major Cavagnari on his left, from the hill above the Khoja stream at Gundamuk along the road to the camp, a distance of three miles. The two conspicuous mounted Afghans, riding close behind the Ameer and his newfound English friends, are Daood Shah, who is the Sipah Salar or Commander-in-Chief of the Afghan army, and Habib Ullah Khan, the Finance Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabul Government. Another is Mahomed Hashim Khan, a son-in-law of the late Ameer Shere Ali. The gentleman seen through the space between Sir Samuel Browne and Yakoob Khan, at the further side of the roadway, is Mr. Jenkyns, second Political Officer. The guard of honor in the rear is formed of a detachment of the Tenth Hussars, under Major Wood.

The Hertford British Hospital in Paris.

In the Rue de Villiers, five minutes' walk beyond the fortifications, where Levallois-Perret forms a junction with the well-known suburb of Neuilly, Sir Richard Wallace has erected and endowed this fine hospital to the memory of the late Marquis of Hertford, and for the service of British poor persons resident in Paris. Apart from the permanent endowment fund, Sir Richard Wallace has spent a sum exceeding £40,000 on the establishment. In the interior ample space, lofty and skillfully ventilated wards, and a variety of hygienic appliances, are provided to aid the physician in the cure of disease. Everything needful for the patients is provided, including suits of clothes to wear while in the institution. The hospital was formally inaugurated on May 16th, by Sir Richard and Lady Wallace, receiving the British Ambassador and a select number of invited guests, when, in a short speech, Sir Richard, dedicating it to the memory of the generosity and noble qualities of the late Lord Hertford, explained its origin and purpose. He said it had grown up of the necessities arising during the two sieges of Paris, when there was urgent need of help to the British sick poor, and it was to its beginning a kind of appendix to his "Ambulance Anglaise."

Four Hundredth Commencement of the University of Copenhagen.

The University of Copenhagen, Denmark, celebrated its four hundredth birthday with much ceremony, June 24th, conferring the degree of doctor on seventy-one persons in the Scandinavian Kingdoms, which is the subject of our illustration. The university was popular only with the poor for the first hundred years. At the time of the Reformation its income was less than $200 a year. Its property and various endowments amount at the present day to $2,500,000. In the siege of Copenhagen by the Swedes in 1658 and 1659, the patriotism of the students saved the city and the country. The university was destroyed in the great fire of 1728, and in the bombardment of the city by the English in 1807. The present buildings were erected in 1836. The University of Copenhagen stands high among European institutions of learning, and its influence on the life of the nation has always been strongly exerted for freedom and progress. It boasts a library of 260,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts, extensive museums and four large institutions for the free maintenance of poor students.

The South American War.

Our view of the town and harbor of Iquique, Peru, was taken on April 5th, just after the establishment of the blockade by the naval squadron of Chili. This blockade was raised for a few days in May by the hurried withdrawal of the *Cavadonga* and *Lamar*, and the destruction of the *Esmeralda*. The fight between these vessels and the Peruvian monitors *Huascar* and *Independencia* occurred on the 21st, in the harbor. The *Huascar* rammed the *Esmeralda* three times, the last taking the ship fairly amidships with such violence as to send her to the bottom in a few moments. The commander of the *Esmeralda*, Captain Prats, leaped upon the *Huascar*, followed by some of his crew, but was almost instantly killed. While the struggle between these vessels was in progress, the *Cavadonga* managed to escape from the bay and was proceeding southward at full speed when the *Independencia* started in pursuit. The latter overtook the Chilian vessel when some eleven miles south of Iquique, and began manœuvring for a ram when she struck a sunken, unknown rock, and was immediately wrecked. Then the *Huascar*, having finished the *Esmeralda*, went to the assistance of the *Independencia*, and on seeing the wrecking of that splendid ironclad frigate, started off at her highest speed after the *Cavadonga*, which escaped in the darkness, after a race of two hours.

Burning of a Grand Stand at the Auteuil Races.

The running of the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, at Auteuil, on June 2d, was signalized by an accident which will render "Wild Monarch's Year" a memorable date in the calendar of French turfites. In the Grand Race the horses have to pass the grand stand three times, and the horses were passing for the second time an alarm of fire was raised in the end tribune known as the fire-frame stand, which was crammed with spectators, men being even perched upon the roof and cornices, and as the smoke quickly rose there was at once a stampede for the various staircases. Everybody was fortunately able to make his escape. The flames rose with astonishing rapidity, and, in spite of the efforts of the firemen, consumed every particle of the woodwork. For some time the molten zinc, with the red-hot iron girders, made the stand look like the set piece of some monster display of fireworks.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—GENERAL MANTEUFFEL assumes the Governorship of Alsace-Lorraine on August 1st.

—THE corner-stone of the new custom house in Memphis, Tenn., was laid on June 26th.

—A FIFTEEN thousand dollar church is being built by the colored Baptists of Lynchburg, Va.

—AN anti-landlord agitation has sprung up in the west of Ireland, and is causing grave apprehension.

—MORMON missionaries are endeavoring to get up a huge colony in Alabama to go to Utah in October.

—IT is now expected that the piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel will be completed about the end of November.

—THE French have subdued the insurrectionists in Algeria, and captured 4,000 of the most active ones.

—IT has been decided that all judges in Germany, while administering justice, shall wear a black gown and a black cap.

—EX-JUDGE GEORGE W. BISHOP and ISAAC V. L. HEIN, of Baltimore, were convicted on the charge of forgery on June 24th.

—A FRENCH Legislative Committee, to whom a Bill on the subject was referred, have reported in favor of re-establishing divorce.

—IT is claimed in London that the English Church Association has spent $200,000 in prosecuting the Ritualists, and all to no purpose.

—A MONUMENT erected to the memory of General John B. Woodward, at Springville, N. Y., was unveiled June 26th by the Masonic fraternity.

—A PROJECT to rebuild Carthage upon the site of the ancient city has been laid before the Bey of Tunis, and is being urged by the French and German Consuls.

—LEPROSY has broken out in several parts of the Spanish province of Alicante, and is spreading so rapidly that the authorities have begun the erection of Lazar hospitals.

—MONSIGNOR CAPEL, of England, is in the same pecuniary difficulty as Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, but, unlike him, receives no aid from his superiors in the church.

—JOHN HALLIARD, ex-President of the State Fire Insurance Company, of Jersey City, has been acquitted on the charge of embezzling $6,000 worth of bonds belonging to the company.

—TWELVE sets of telephones have been sent out to Sir Garnet Wolseley for use at the seat of war in Zululand. This will be the first time the apparatus has been used as an instrument of warfare.

—MR. ALEXANDER NICOLSON, a poet, and sheriff of the County of Kirkcudbright, Scotland, is mentioned as likely to be the first occupant of the new Celtic chair in the University of Edinburgh.

—A NEW Swiss railway has been completed in time for Summer tourists. The line runs through the picturesque valley of the Linth, from Glarus to the baths of Stachelborg, at the foot of the Toedi.

—A MONUMENT was inaugurated on June 24th, on the battle field of Custozza, in memory of the slain in the battle between the Italians and the Austrians on June 24th, 1866. Representatives of both Governments were present.

—THE inter-collegiate boat-race on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, on June 24th, was won by the crew of the University of Pennsylvania, with that of Columbia College of New York second, and Princeton College of New Jersey third.

—A FEW days ago the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made their annual distribution of prizes to drivers who have taken good care of their horses or mules during the past year, in front of the City Hall, Augusta, Ga.

—THE remarkable collection of Indian portraits and curiosities painted and gathered by the late George Catlin has been presented to the United States Government by Mrs. Joseph Harrison, whose late husband bought the articles in Berlin, where they had been seized for debt some years ago.

—WHEN the Zulu war is over, not the least interesting among the statistics of the campaign will be the value of the commissions of the officers who have perished or may still be lost. No less than $67,500 were lost by eight officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment alone, who were killed at Isandula.

—THE present tour of the Comédie Française is the fourth of the kind undertaken since the formation of the society. The first took place in 1746, when the artistes went to London; the second in 1863, when they starred through the South of France, and the third was to England during the disastrous days of 1871.

—A VAST retrospective art exhibition of Tuscany is to be opened in the famous Pitti Palace, Florence, in November. It will contain as many portable art treasures as can be brought together, representing ancient Italian art, that of the middle ages and of the Renaissance down to the seventeenth century, inclusive.

—THE Ragged School Union of London expends about $650,000 a year in endeavoring to elevate the lowest and poorest classes. In its Sunday-schools there are 39,500 children, in the day-schools 5,480, and in the night-schools 9,267. Seventy-five churches, eighty-two lending libraries and seventy-five penny banks are maintained by the Union.

—THE Island of Saghalien, to which Nihilists are being deported, lies off the mouth of the Amoor, and was first occupied by Russia in 1853, Japan holding possession of a portion, which was released to Russia in 1875. The island is valuable for its vast deposits of coal, but is unsuitable for human habitation, so much so that all attempts made to colonize it have failed.

—CAPTAIN EADS, the eminent engineer who constructed the jetties at the mouths of the Mississippi, proposes to substitute for the contemplated ship canal at Panama a railroad by which the largest vessels may be conveyed across the Isthmus. He claims that this project is entirely practicable, that it would cost considerably less than a canal, and may be completed in three or four years.

—A DISPATCH from Yokohama, dated June 10th, says General Grant is en route from Tientsin to Peking. The latest advices indicate considerable change in the programme of his future movements. It is now believed probable that he may return to China after visiting Japan and proceed to Australia. His plans are subject to so many sudden alterations, however, that nothing absolutely certain is known a month in advance. Prince Henry of Germany continues to be the object of lavish hospitality and incessant festivities night and day in Japan. The most notable manifestations of respect are, however, reserved for General Grant, who will be greeted with honors never before vouchsafed to any guest of Japan.

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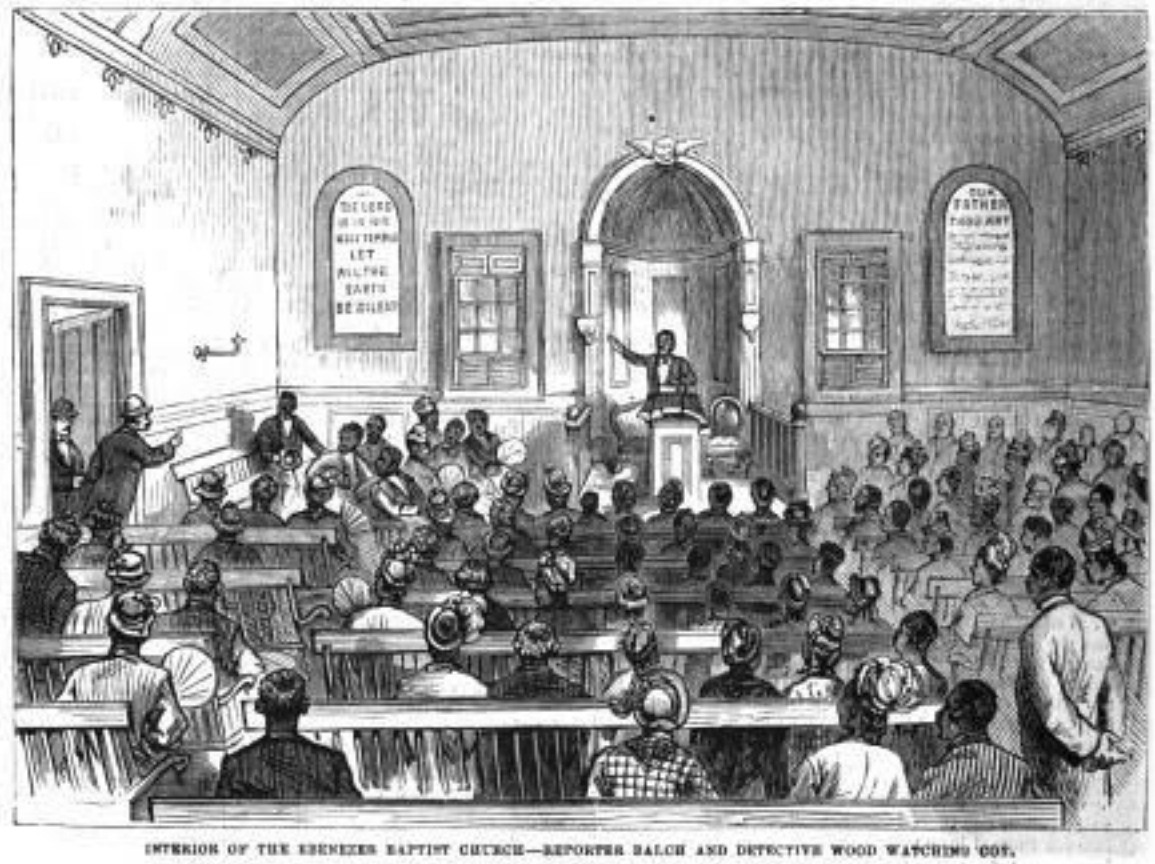
CHASTINE COX PAWNING THE STOLEN JEWELRY WITH JOHN STERNBERG, 46 MERRIMAC STREET.



THE REPORTER BALCH'S FIRST VIEW OF COX ON SHAWMUT AVENUE.



DETECTIVE WOOD LEADING THE PRISONER FROM THE EBENEZER CHURCH.



INTERIOR OF THE EBENEZER BAPTIST CHURCH—REPORTER BALCH AND DETECTIVE WOOD WATCHING COX.



EXAMINING THE STOLEN WATCH AT POLICE STATION 5.



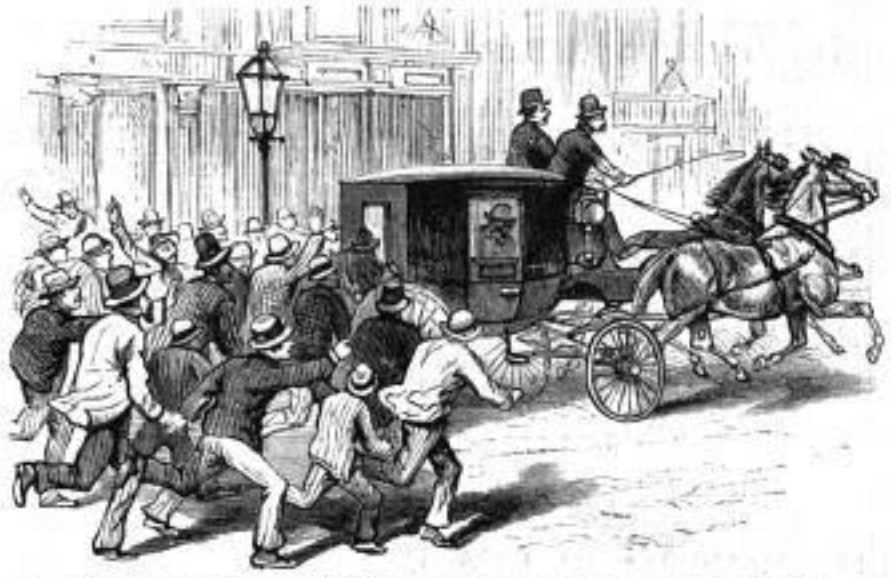
THE NEGRO CONFESSING THE MURDER IN THE PRIVATE ROOM OF POLICE STATION 5.

MASSACHUSETTS.—THE SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF MRS. DR. HULL—INCIDENTS OF THE ARREST, IN BOSTON, OF THE SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER. FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.

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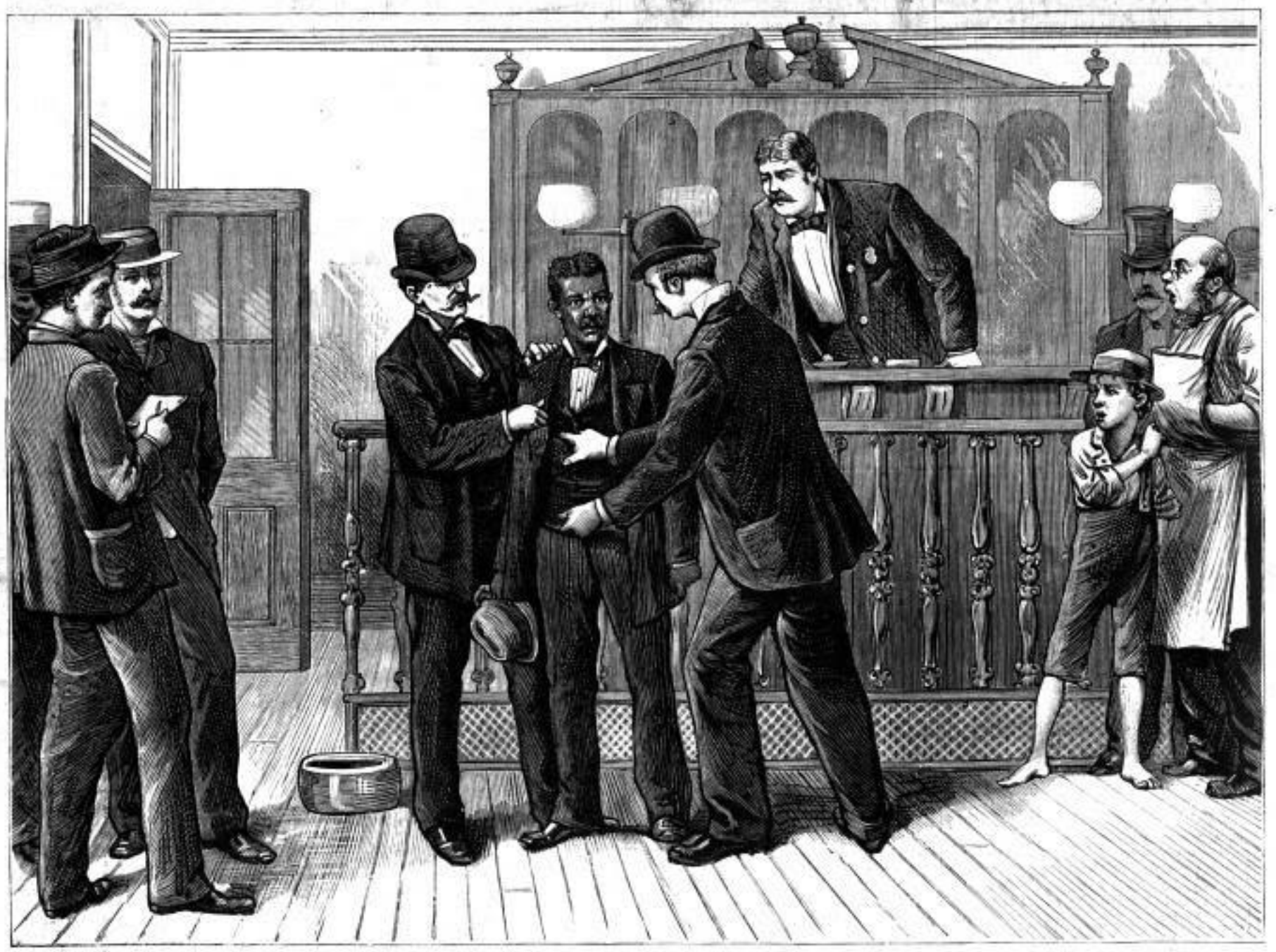
ARRIVAL OF THE PRISONER BY FALL RIVER LINE.



THE CROWD FOLLOWING THE CARRIAGE WITH THE PRISONER AND POLICE FROM THE BOAT.



CHESTINE COX, THE MURDERER.



CAPTAIN WILLIAMS AND DETECTIVE SCHMITTBERGER SEARCHING THE PRISONER AT THE TWENTY-NINTH PRECINCT STATION.

SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF MRS. DR. HULL.

ARREST AND CONFESSION OF THE MURDERER IN BOSTON.

THE illustrations which we present this week, in connection with those published in our last issue, will give our readers a complete pictorial narrative of a murder that for days was enveloped in the greatest mystery, and bid fair to become another of those



REPORTERS AT THE TWENTY-NINTH PRECINCT WAITING FOR THE PRISONER.



ARRIVAL OF COX AND THE OFFICERS AT THE STATION-HOUSE.



W. H. BALCH, REPORTER, WHOSE RECOGNITION OF COX ON SHAWMUT AVENUE LED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF MRS. DR. HULL—INCIDENTS OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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cases which have successfully baffled police investigation. While in certain quarters there was a very evident determination to fasten the guilt of Mrs. Hull's murder upon one very near to her in life, and while the various theories upon which the police and press were working were tending towards this person, a newspaper reporter in Boston recognized on the street a negro who was supposed to know considerable of the tragedy, and through a friend on the local detective force secured his arrest. The search of the prisoner, the discovery of the stolen watch upon him, and his confession of the robbery, fixed his guilt so strongly, that Coroner Woltman adjourned the inquest. Captain Williams and Detective Schmittberger went from New York to Boston, secured the prisoner, and brought him to New York, where he was examined and committed.

The solution of this mystery is due to accident, precipitated by the stupidity of the prisoner, and had this discovery not been made in Boston, an innocent person in New York would have stood a poor chance of escaping the charge of murder.

On Monday, June 23d, Mr. W. H. Balch, a reporter on the Boston *Herald*, asked permission of his friend, Detective Wood, to publish some facts that had come into his possession touching the pawning of a number of articles of jewelry with John Sternberg a few days previous by a negro. While in conversation with him, Mr. Wood gave a minute description of the man who had brought the goods to the pawnshop. About half-past seven in the evening the same reporter, after having been referred to Superintendent Adams for further information, walked up Shawmut Avenue, and while thinking of the case, suddenly ran across a tall, good-looking negro, who bore a striking resemblance to the man who had pawned the jewelry. The amateur detective passed and repassed him, took a front and profile view, examined his form and figure, and determined to find out whether he was the right man or not. The presence of another man on the scene helped the matter along, and a closer examination showed a very striking resemblance to the man who was missing from New York, and whose description Officer Wood had given. The man who had offered the cameo set for sale, and who had actually sold it, was known to have possessed a watch with the initials, "Mrs. De F. H.," and as this inscription was known to have been on the watch that was taken from Mrs. Hull's house, the case seemed to be coming very close to a conclusion.

Mr. Balch accosted him with the question, "What is the way to Monmouth Street?" to which the negro replied that he was a stranger and did not know. Mr. Balch watched until he saw him enter the Ebenezer Baptist Church and then hastened to inform the police authorities. Detective Wood and Balch went up-stairs to obtain a look at the suspected person, who, with a companion, was listening intently to a sermon on the "Horrors of Hell," and, feeling sure of the man, he was called out from the pew, and as he was passing out into the vestibule he was seized.

Wood quietly passed his arm in that of his prisoner and both walked down to the station, the newly-arrested negro offering no resistance. The party was soon increased by the Division Five Squad, and, together, all the interested parties were brought to the station-house. When the negro got in front of the desk in Station Five, the lieutenant in charge questioned him, and he was as cool as could be imagined. He was submitted to the usual search, and the contents of his pockets were laid on the table very promptly. The first article examined was the watch. It was a lady's gold watch, and he said that he had bought it of a friend. It was opened, and at either side pasted in the corner was found a little chromo, covering about half the circumference of the cover.

A letter from his mother dropped out of a pocket-book. There was a policy receipt on a life insurance in a New York company and a schedule of its premiums. Various other papers also fell out, including a letter from his mother, dated Richmond, Va. There was a five-barreled revolver, which Cox said was loaded only with blank cartridges. The memorandum-book was next examined, and here was found the entry, "161," and others, which were seen by the pawnbroker when Cox as William Francis entered the pawnshop, a week previous. The watch was next handed over for inspection. It bore the following inscription: "Henry Beguelin, maker, Locle: No. 59,857." Wood drew out the card issued by Superintendent Walling. He compared the inscription on the watch with that on the ticket and exclaimed, "It is the watch." The number was exact. The little chromo (a dog's face), that covered the case at the back, was torn off, while all the spectators stood around in breathless anxiety. The case-maker's name only was read. A still further examination found another chromo, and when that was torn off the officer read aloud the following inscription: "Mrs. De F. H., Christmas, 1878." Every eye was turned to Cox, who stood there without the slightest evidence of weakness or trepidation. His face was as calm as a Summer lake, and yet he stood apparently convicted of one of the darkest crimes ever committed.

Detective Wood looked him squarely in the face and said, "Where is the rest of Mrs. Hull's jewelry?"

"I don't know anything about Mrs. Hull's jewelry," Cox replied, without the slightest emotion.

"Don't you?"

"No."

With this denial on his lips, Cox with the detectives, the officers and the newspaper men, went into the private room of the station.

"Now," said Detective Wood, "tell us where the rest of Mrs. Hull's jewelry is."

Cox was silent a moment. He seemed to be lost in thought, and did not appear determined as to the best course to pursue. At last he spoke, and for the first time there was a tremor in his voice. A consciousness that he was at last brought to bay crept over him and he weakened. A tear stole down his cheek.

"Well, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," said the detective; "anything I can do for you I will, cheerfully."

"Well, I want my things sent for. I don't want my mother to know anything bad has happened to me. It will kill her."

"Now, about the jewelry," continued the detective, with the persistence of his tribe; "where are the diamond earrings?"

"I don't know," he replied, "they were not real diamonds. They were pawned by a girl in New York. The ring I have here," and with some difficulty he drew it from his little finger. It was a handsome ring, enamel painted, set with pearls, and having a handsome hand of red enamel around the centre medallion. "The diamond ring I pawned at a German pawnbroker's, here in the city. He gave me $10 for it. At the other pawnbroker's I sold the cameo pin and the earrings and the long chain for $1.50."

"Well, tell us about the murder," said the reporter. "I don't suppose you intended to murder Mrs. Hull?"

"No," he replied, "I don't know what made me do it. I suppose the devil must have taken hold of me."

"Well, how did you get in?"

"I went there just before twelve o'clock. I knew the house. I had worked for Mrs. Hull, washing windows, taking care of the furnace and carrying coal up-stairs for $2 a week. I worked permanently across the street. I knew the cook slightly. I did not know the people up-stairs. I did not know Mr. Coleman, but I knew a German who lived on the third floor and for whom I carried coal. Well, I went to the house and tried to get in at the front door. I had a key belonging to my other house which I thought would fit, but it would not, so I opened a window that was not bolted and stepped in. I bolted the window after me, and then listened. I could hear Mrs. Hull snoring. She snored very loud. I went up to her room and entered it, lighting a candle I had in my pocket. I saw she was fast asleep on her back. Then I tied her hands and feet and blew out the candle. She cried out, 'Who is there?' I answered, 'The doctor.' She put her hand up to feel my face, but I drew back so she could not reach it. This was before I tied her hands. As she wanted to holler, I stuffed some pieces of the sheet into her mouth. I did not kneel on her, but just bent the weight of my body over her so as to hold her down. Then I pulled the rings off and got her jewelry. I thought she had fainted, so I poured some cologne over her face, thinking to bring her to, but I could not feel her breathing."

He then said that in trying to ascertain if she was alive he held a lighted candle to her face, which caused the cologne to ignite and flash up.

Intelligence of the arrest was telegraphed to New York. Captain Williams organized an expedition of search for a girl, Bella Johnson, who was found in No. 126 Bleecker Street. She was taken to the station-house and examined. On her neck was the topaz necklace stolen from the murdered lady; in her ears glistened what had been described as the diamond rings, and which were really good imitations; and on either hand she wore one of the stolen rings. She stated that a negro, John Cox, had called on her with a friend on June 18th, and handed her the five-stone diamond ring. "I can't give you this," said he, "but I want you to keep it for me till I call for it." He then left in company with his friend (who, by-the-way, is not suspected of any knowledge of the crime committed by Cox). On the following day he returned alone, and asked her to raise some money on the ring. She knew of no pawnshop, she said, but placed it in the hands of an old colored woman, who obtained a loan of $30 on it. Bella produced a ticket on a Bleecker Street pawn-office. She added, that as soon as Cox received the money he went away, and she had not seen or heard from him since. The garnet ring had been given by her to another negro, George Taylor, who was found wearing it around his scarf. As soon as these negroes were safe in the station-house Captain Williams started for Boston. Cox, waiving his right to a warrant of extradition, agreed to accompany the officers to New York. Having been given the recovered jewelry, Captain Williams had himself handcuffed to Cox, and, accompanied by Detective Schmittberger, took the Fall River boat for New York, sleeping with his prisoner in the bridal saloon.

Upon their arrival at New York the party took a carriage and were driven at once to the Twenty-ninth Precinct Station House, where Cox was searched, asked the usual questions, and put in a cell. A half-hour later he was taken to Police Headquarters, then sent to the coroner's office and a moment later taken back, as the coroner was not in. Presently Coroner Woltman appeared at Headquarters, and committing the prisoner to the care of Superintendent Walling, that officer had him searched and then locked up in the strongest cell.

At 10:30 on Thursday morning Cox was taken to the trial room, where the inquest was resumed. The recovered articles of jewelry were identified; Bella Johnson narrated how Cox had handed her the jewelry; Captain Williams testified to the confession in Boston, and Coroner Woltman then called Cox up and interrogated him. He said: "My name is Chastine Cox; I am thirty-two years of age; I was born in Powhatan County, Virginia; I work as a waiter, cook, or do most anything. All I have to say about this matter is that I did not intend to injure a hair of the lady's head. It was my intention to go there and get what I wanted and come away. It was not my intention to do anything disorderly." He then made his mark on the record.

Brisnow Francis was then discharged, and Bella Johnson and George Taylor were removed to the House of Detention as witnesses. The jury was discharged, after announcing the following verdict: "That the said Jane L. DeForest Hull came to her death by violence, causing shock and asphyxia, at the hands of Chastine Cox, at her residence, No. 140 West Forty-second Street, on the night of June 10th or the morning of June 11th."

Cox was then removed to the Tombs and placed in cell No. 38, pending the action of the Grand Jury.

He acknowledged that he had a wife living in the South, but had no desire to hear from her.

An indictment for murder in the first degree has been ordered against him, and he has called upon Messrs. Howe & Hummel to appear as counsel in his behalf.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XL.—(CONTINUED).

AMELIUS produced the books, in some little surprise at Sally's extraordinary anxiety to begin her lessons, while the unaltered dress lay neglected on the carpet at her feet. A discreet abstract of the history of England, published for the use of young persons, happened to be at the top of the books. The system of education under Amelius recognized the laws of chance; they began with history, because it turned up first. Sally read aloud; and Sally's master explained obscure passages, and corrected occasional errors of pronunciation as she went on. On that particular morning, there was little to explain and nothing to correct. "Am I doing it well to-day?" Sally inquired, on reaching the end of her task.

"Very well, indeed."

She shut the book and looked at her teacher. "I wonder how it is," she resumed, "that I get on so much better with my lessons here than I did at the Home? And yet, it's foolish of me to wonder. I get on better, because you are teaching me, of course. But I don't feel satisfied with myself. I'm the same helpless creature—I feel your kindness, and can't make any return to you—for all my learning. I should like ——" She left the thought in her unexpressed, and opened her copy-book. "I'll do my writing now," she said, in a quiet, resigned way. "Perhaps I may improve enough, some day, to keep your accounts and write your letters for you." She chose her pen a little absently, and began to write. Amelius looked over her shoulder, and laughed; she was writing his name. He pointed to the copper-plate copy on the top line, presenting an undeniable moral maxim, in characters beyond the reach of criticism: "Change is a Law of Nature." "There, my dear, you are to copy that till you're tired of it," said the easy master; "and then we'll try overleaf, another copy beginning with letter D."

Sally laid down her pen. "I don't like 'Change is a Law of Nature,'" she said, knitting her pretty eyebrows into a frown. "I looked at those words yesterday, and they made me miserable at night. I was foolish enough to think that we should always go on together as we go on now, till I saw that copy. I hate the copy! It came to my mind when I was awake in the dark, and it seemed to tell me that we were going to change some day. That's the worst of learning—one knows too much, and then there's an end of one's happiness. Thoughts come to you when you don't want them. I thought of the young lady we saw last week in the park."

She spoke gravely and sadly. The bright contentment which had given a new charm to her eyes since she had been at the cottage died out of them as Amelius looked at her. What had become of her childish manner and her artless smile? He drew his chair nearer to her. "What young lady do you mean?" he asked.

Sally shook her head, and traced lines with her pen on the blotting-paper. "Oh, you can't have forgotten her! A young lady, riding on a grand white horse. All the people were admiring her. I wonder you cared to look at me, after that beautiful creature had gone by. Ah, she knows all sorts of things that I don't—she doesn't sound a note at a time on the piano, and as often as not the wrong one; she can say her multiplication table, and knows all the cities in the world. I dare say she's almost as learned as you are. If you had her living here with you, wouldn't you like it better than only having me?" She dropped her arms on the table, and laid her head on them wearily. "The dreadful streets!" she murmured, in low tones of despair. "Why did I think of the dreadful streets, and the night I met with you—after I had seen the young lady? Oh, Amelius, are you tired of me? Are you ashamed of me?" She lifted her head again, before he could answer, and controlled herself by a sudden effort of resolution. "I don't know what's the matter with me this morning," she said, looking at him with a pleading fear in her eyes. "Never mind my nonsense—I'll do the copy!" She began to write the unendurable assertion that Change is a law of Nature, with trembling fingers and fast-heaving breath. Amelius took the pen gently out of her hand. His voice faltered as he spoke to her.

"We will give up the lessons for to-day, Sally. You have had a bad night's rest, my dear, and you are feeling it—that's all. Do you think you are well enough to come out with me, and try if the air will revive you a little?"

She arose, and took his hand, and kissed it. "I believe if I was dying I should get well enough to go out with you! May I ask one little favor? Do you mind not going into the park to-day?"

"What has made you take a dislike to the park, Sally?"

"We might meet the beautiful young lady again," she answered, with her head down. "I don't want to do that."

"We will go wherever you like, my child. You shall decide—not I."

She gathered up her dress from the floor, and hurried away to her room—without looking back at him, as usual, when she opened the door.

Left by himself, Amelius sat at the table, mechanically turning over the lesson-books. Sally had perplexed and even distressed him. His capacity to preserve the harmless relations between them depended mainly on the mute appeal which the girl's ignorant innocence unconsciously addressed to him. He felt this vaguely, without absolutely realizing it. By some mysterious process of association which he was unable to follow, a saying of the wise Elder Brother at Tadmor revived in his memory, while he was trying to see his way through the difficulties that beset him. "You will meet with many temptations, Amelius, when you leave our Community," the old man had said at parting; "and most of them will come to you through women. Be especially on your guard, my son, if you meet with a woman who makes you feel truly sorry for her. She is on the high road to your passions, through the open door of your sympathies—and all the more certainly if she is not aware of it herself." Amelius felt the truth expressed in those words as he had never felt it yet. There had been signs of a changing nature in Sally for some time past. But they had expressed themselves too delicately to attract the attention of a man unprepared to be on the watch. Only on that morning, they had been marked enough to force themselves on his notice. Only on that morning, she had looked at him, and spoken to him, as she had never looked or spoken before. He began dimly to see the danger to which he had shut his eyes thus far. Where was the remedy? What ought he to do? Those questions came naturally into his mind—and yet, his mind shrank from pursuing them.

He got up impatiently, and busied himself in putting away the lesson-books—a small duty hitherto always left to Toff.

It was useless; his mind dwelt persistently on Sally.

While he moved about the room, he still saw the look in her eyes, he still heard the tone of her voice, when she spoke of the young lady in the park. The words of the good physician whom he had consulted about her recurred to his memory now. "The natural growth of her senses has been stunted, like the natural growth of her body, by starvation, terror, exposure to cold, and other influences inherent in the life that she had led." And then the doctor had spoken of nourishing food, pure air, and kind and careful treatment—of the life, in short, which she had led at the cottage—and had predicted she would develop into "an intelligent and healthy young woman." Again he asked himself, "What ought I to do?"

He turned aside to the window, and looked out. An idea occurred to him. How would it be if he summoned courage enough to tell her that he was engaged to be married?

No! Setting aside his natural dread of the shock that he might inflict on the poor grateful girl who had only known happiness under his care, the detestable obstacle of Mr. Farnaby stood immovably in his way. Sally would be sure to ask questions about his engagement, and would never rest until they were answered. It had been necessarily impossible to conceal her mother's name from her. The discovery of her father, if she heard of Regina and Regina's uncle, would be simply a question of time. What might such a man be not capable of doing; what new act of treachery might he not commit, if he found himself claimed by the daughter whom he had deserted? Even if the expression of Mrs. Farnaby's last wishes had not been sacred to Amelius, this consideration alone would have kept him silent for Sally's sake.

He now doubted for the first time if he had calculated wisely in planning to trust Sally's sad story, after his marriage, to the sympathies of his wife. The jealousy that she might naturally feel of a young girl, who was an object of interest to her husband, did not present the worst difficulty to contend with. She believed in her uncle's integrity as she believed in her religion. What would she say, what would she do, if the innocent witness to Farnaby's infamy was presented to her? if Amelius asked the protection for Sally which her own father had refused to her in her infancy; and if he said (as he must say): "Your uncle is the man"? And yet what prospect could he see but the prospect of making the disclosure when he looked to his own interests next, and thought of his wedding-day? Again the sinister figure of Farnaby confronted him. How could he receive the wretch whom Regina would innocently welcome to the house? There would be no longer a choice left; it would be his duty to himself to tell his wife the terrible truth. And what would be the result? He recalled the whole course of his courtship, and saw Farnaby always on a level with himself in Regina's estimation. In spite of his natural cheerfulness, in spite of his inbred courage, his heart failed him, when he thought of the time to come.

As he turned away from the window, Sally's door opened; she joined him dressed for a walk. Her spirits had rallied, assisted by the cheering influence of dressing to go out. Her charming smile brightened her face. In sheer desperation, reckless of what he did or said, Amelius held out both hands to welcome her. "That's right, Sally!" he cried. "Look pleased and pretty, my dear; let's be happy while we can—and let the future take care of itself."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE capricious influences which combine to make us happy are never so certain to be absent influences as when we are foolish enough to talk about them. Amelius had talked about them. When he and Sally left the cottage, the road which led them away from the park was also the road which led them past a church. The influence of happiness left them at the church-door.

Rows of carriages were in waiting; hundreds of idle people were assembled about the church-steps; the thunderous music of the organ rolled out through the open doors—a grand wedding, with choral service, was in course of celebration. Sally begged Amelius to take her in to see it. They tried the front entrance, and found it impossible to get through the crowd. A side entrance, and a fee to a verger, succeeded better. They obtained space enough to stand on, with a view of the altar.

The bride was a tall, buxom girl, splendidly dressed; she performed her part of the ceremony with the most unruffled composure. The bridegroom exhibited an instructive spectacle of aged nature sustained by art. His hair, his complexion, his teeth, his breast, his shoulders, and his legs, showed what the wig-maker, the dentist, the tailor, and the hosier can do for a rich old man, who wishes to present a juvenile appearance while he is buying a young wife. No less than three clergymen were present conducting the sale. The demeanor of the rich congregation was worthy of the glorious bygone days of the Golden Calf. So far as could be judged by appearances, one old lady, in a pew close to the place at which Amelius and Sally were standing, appeared to be the only person present who was not favorably impressed by the ceremony.

"I call it disgraceful," the old lady whispered to a charming young person seated next to her.

But the charming young person—being the legitimate product of the present time—had no more sympathy with questions of sentiment than a Hottentot. "How can you talk so, grandmamma?" she whispered back. "He has twenty thousand a year—and that lucky girl will be mistress of the most splendid house in London."

"I don't care," the old lady persisted, "it's not the less a disgrace to everybody concerned in it. There is many a poor friendless creature, driven by hunger to the streets, who has a

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better claim to our sympathy than that shameless girl, selling herself in the house of God! I'll wait for you in the carriage—I won't see any more of it."

Sally touched Amelius. "Take me out!" she whispered faintly.

He supposed that the heat in the church had been too much for her. "Are you better now?" he asked, when they got into the open air.

She held fast by his arm. "Let's get further away," she said. "That lady is coming after us—I don't want her to see that I am one of the creatures she talked about. Is the mark of the streets on me, after all you have done to rub it out?"

The wild misery in her words presented another development of her character which was entirely new to Amelius. "My dear child," he remonstrated, "you distress me when you talk in that way. God knows the life you were leading when I met with you was through no fault of yours. Forget it in the life you are leading now."

But Sally's mind was still full of its own acutely painful sense of what the lady had said. "I saw her," she burst out—"I saw her look at me while she spoke!"

"And she thought you better worth looking at than the bride—and quite right, too!" Amelius rejoined. "Come, come, Sally! be like yourself again. You don't want to make me unhappy about you, I am sure?"

He had taken the right way with her; she felt that simple appeal, and asked his pardon with all the old charm in her manner and her voice. For the moment she was "Simple Sally" again. They walked on in silence. When they had lost sight of the church Amelius felt her hand beginning to tremble on his arm. A mingled expression of tenderness and anxiety showed itself in her blue eyes as they looked up at him. "I am thinking of something else now," she said; "I am thinking of you. May I ask you something?"

Amelius smiled. The smile was not reflected as usual in Sally's face. "It's nothing particular," she explained, in an odd, hurried way; "the church put it into my head. You——" she hesitated, and tried it under another form. "Will you be married yourself, Amelius, one of these days?"

He did his best to evade the question. "I am not rich, Sally, like the old gentleman we have just seen."

Her eyes turned away from him; she sighed softly to herself. "You will be married some day," she said. "Will you do one kind thing more for me, Amelius, when I die? You remember my reading in the newspaper of the new invention for burning the dead, and my asking you about it. You said you thought it was better than burying, and you had a good mind to leave instructions to be burnt instead of buried, when your time came. When my time has come will you leave other directions about yourself, if I ask you?"

"My dear, you are talking in a very strange way! If you will have it that I am to be married some day, what has that to do with your death?"

"It doesn't matter, Amelius. When I have nothing left to live for, I suppose it's as likely as not I may die. Will you tell them to bury me in some quiet place, away from London, where there are very few graves? And when you leave your directions don't say you are to be burnt. Say—when you have lived a long, long life, and enjoyed all the happiness you have deserved so well—say you are to be buried, and your grave is to be near mine. I should like to think of the same trees shading us and the same flowers growing over us. No! don't tell me I am talking strangely again—I can't bear it; I want you to humor me and be kind to me about this. Do you mind going home? I'm feeling a little tired—and I know I'm poor company for you to-day."

The talk flagged at dinner-time, though Toff did his best to keep it going.

In the evening the excellent Frenchman made an effort to cheer the two dull young people. He came in confidentially with his fiddle and said he had a favor to ask. "I possess some knowledge, sir, of the delightful art of dancing. Might I teach young miss to dance? You see, if I may venture to say so, the other lessons—Oh, most useful, most important, the other lessons! but they are just a little serious. Something to relieve her mind, sir—if you will forgive me for mentioning it."

He played a few notes on the fiddle, and placed his right foot in position, and waited amiably to begin. Sally thanked him and made the excuse that she was tired. She wished Amelius good-night without waiting until they were alone together, and, for the first time, without giving him the customary kiss.

Toff waited until she had gone, and approached his master on tiptoe, with a low bow.

"May I take the liberty of expressing an opinion, sir? A young girl who rejects the remedy of the fiddle presents a case of extreme gravity. Don't despair, sir! It is my pride and pleasure to be never at a loss where your interests are concerned. This is, I think, a matter for the ministrations of a woman. If you have confidence in my wife, I venture to suggest a visit from Madame Toff."

He discreetly retired and left his master to think about it.

The time passed—and Amelius was still thinking, and still as far as ever from arriving at a conclusion, when he heard a door opened behind him. Sally crossed the room before he could rise from the chair; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright, her hair fell loose over her shoulders—she dropped at his feet and hid her face on his knees. "I'm an ungrateful wretch!" she burst out; "I never kissed you when I said good-night."

With the best intentions, Amelius took the worst possible way of composing her—he treated her trouble lightly. "Perhaps you forgot it?" he said.

She lifted her head, and looked at him with the tears in her eyes. "I'm bad enough," she answered; "but not so bad as that. Oh, don't laugh! there's nothing to laugh at. Have you done with liking me? Are you angry with me for behaving so badly all day, and bidding you good-night as if you were Toff? You sha'n't be angry with me!" She jumped up, and sat on his knee, and put her arms round his neck. "I haven't been to bed," she whispered; "I was too miserable to go to sleep. I don't know what's been the matter with me to-day. I seem to be losing the little sense I ever had. Don't you know that I would die for you, I am so fond of you—and yet I've had bitter thoughts, as if I were a burden to you, and I had done a wrong thing in coming here—and you would have told me so, only you pitied the poor wretch who had nowhere else to go." She tightened her hold round his neck, and laid her burning cheek against his face. "Oh, Amelius, my heart is sore! Kiss me, and say, Good-night, Sally!"

He was young—he was a man—for a moment he lost his self-control; he kissed her as he had never kissed her yet.

Then, he remembered; he recovered himself; he put her gently away from him, and led her to the door of her room, and closed it on her in silence. For a while he waited alone. The interval over, he rang for Toff.

"Do you think your wife would take Miss Sally as an apprentice?" he asked.

Toff looked astonished. "Whatever you wish, sir, my wife will do. Her knowledge of the art of dressmaking is——" Words failed him to express his wife's immense capacity as a dressmaker. He kissed his hand in mute enthusiasm and blew the kiss in the direction of Madame Toff's establishment. "However," he proceeded, "I ought to tell you one thing, sir, the business is small, small, very small. But we are all in the hands of Providence—the business will improve, one day." He lifted his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows, and looked perfectly satisfied with his wife's prospects.

"I will go and speak to Madame Toff myself, to-morrow morning." Amelius resumed. "It's quite possible that I may be obliged to leave London for a little while—and I must provide in some way for Miss Sally. Don't say a word about it to her yet, Toff; and don't look miserable. If I go away, I shall take you with me. Good-night."

Toff, with his handkerchief half way to his eyes, recovered his native cheerfulness. "I am invariably sick at sea, sir," he said; "but, no matter, I will attend you to the uttermost ends of the earth."

So honest Amelius planned his way of escape from the critical position in which he found himself. He went to his bed troubled by anxieties which kept him waking for many weary hours. Where was he to go to, when he left Sally? If he could have known what had happened, on that very day, on the other side of the Channel, he might have decided (in spite of the obstacle of Mr. Farnaby) on surprising Regina by a visit to Paris.

(*To be continued.*)

San Francisco's Mixed Population.

THE following is a classification of voters in San Francisco as regards nativity: Peru, 5; Jamaica, 25; Germany, 5,644; Ireland, 10,027; England, 1,436; Scotland, 479; France, 665; Austria, 292; Poland, 132; Portugal, 42; Holland, 62; Italy and Norway, 221; Sweden, 475; Denmark, 280; Australia, 153; at sea, 21; Canada, 573; Wales, 86; Russia, 196; Sandwich Islands, 13; Society Islands, 1; Central America, 7; Hayti, 1; East India, 6; British America, 4; Philippine Islands, 1; South America, 3; Buenos Ayres, 3; Prince Edward Island, 43; Cuba, 3; Van Diemen's Land, 2; China, 5; Brazil, 6; Honduras, 1; Cape of Good Hope, 1; Gibraltar, 1; St. Croix, 2; Bermuda, 1; St. Helena, 1; Corsica, 1; Surinam, 3; Tahiti, 2; Belgium, 37; Isle of Man, 7; West Indies, 34; Turkey, 2; Azores, 5; Mexico, 28; Chili, 24; Barbadoes, 5; Fayal, 1; Spain, 23; Java, 1; Greece, 6; Massachusetts, 2,591; Pennsylvania, 1,229; Maine, 1,334; Vermont, 397; Wisconsin, 147; California, 1,488; Iowa, 60; New York, 4,416; Louisiana, 318; Maryland, 448; Kentucky, 335; Delaware, 56; Connecticut, 401; Ohio, 740; Tennessee, 98; Missouri, 284; Michigan, 180; Illinois, 280; Rhode Island, 255; District of Columbia, 87; Indiana, 172; New Hampshire, 422; New Jersey, 390; South Carolina, 97; Virginia, 360; Mississippi, 61; Arkansas, 10; Minnesota, 15; Alabama, 61; North Carolina, 54; Texas, 28; Georgia, 58; Washington Territory, 7; Oregon, 21; Florida, 13.

Bird Lore.

IN the Lech Valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during June, because in that month they led the prophet Elijah. In North Germany, Swabia, and Tyrol, a superstition prevails that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled and replaced, the old raven will bring a root or stone to the nest, which he fetches from the sea. This "raven stone" is very valuable, for it confers great fortune on its owner, and has likewise the power of rendering him invisible when worn on the arm. The stone is found in the nests of magpies as well as ravens, and as it makes the nest itself invisible it must be sought with the aid of a mirror. In Pomerania and Rugen the method is somewhat different. The parent birds must have attained the age of one hundred years, and the would-be possessor of the precious "stone" must climb up and kill one of the young ravens, who must be a cock bird, and not over six weeks old. Then the aggressor descends, taking careful note of the tree. The old raven immediately returns with the stone, which he puts in his son's beak, and thereupon, both tree and nest become invisible. The man, however, feels for the tree, and on reaching the nest he carries off the stone in triumph. Rugen folks declare that this feat can only be accomplished by the help of Satan, and that the man's soul is the price paid for such assistance. The Swabian peasantry maintain that young ravens are nourished solely by the dew from heaven during the first nine days of their existence. As they are naked, and of a light color, the old birds do not believe that they are their progeny, and consequently neglect to feed them; but they occasionally cast a glance at the nest, and when the young ones begin to show a little black down on their breasts by the tenth day, the parents bring them the first carrion.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Part of the Buildings of the Universal Exhibition has been purchased by the French War Office for the use of the aeronautical school at Meudon. It will be utilized for building and inflating balloons.

A Notable Change has taken place in the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, and should be noticed by foreigners. All the galleries and houses are open every day from one to four without any ticket of admittance being required from visitors. The plant-houses only are closed on Sunday.

At a Meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute, a paper was read by Thomas Carr Callard on "The Contemporaneity of Man with the extinct mammalia (as taught by recent cavern explorations), and its bearing upon the question of man's antiquity." The author contended that the cavern evidence points to the more recent extinction of the mammalia rather than to the remote existence of man.

A New Form of Disease has become apparent in the heart of a very crowded portion of London. It is a new form of Cyprus fever, and a diagnosis of a recent malignant case shows the patient to be suffering from hallucinations and lowered vitality. The Faculty ascribe the disease to impure water, and have given it the name of dotephobia; and, though it is seldom fatal, the sufferer remains but a shadow of his former self.

A Complete History of all North Polar Expeditions from the remotest ages down to the present day is about to be published by Cotta, of Stuttgart. The title will be "Im ewigen Eis"; the author is the popular writer, Herr Friedrich von Hellwald. Numerous illustrations, maps, and plans will enhance the value of the work, which will appear in thirty parts. The well-known explorer, Julius Payer, one of the commanders of the Austrian Polar Expedition in 1874, has accepted the dedication of the work.

According to the Japan Papers, a singular innovation has lately taken place in an ancient branch of the trade of the country. Mizuden, a town in the province of Cambano-kuni, has always been famous for the manufacture of crape, the principal industry in the province. Hitherto, however, the crape has been manufactured from Japanese silk, but it has recently been discovered that the kind of silk required can be imported from Corea of better quality and much cheaper than it can be procured at home.

A Novel Feature of recent exports from the United States was the sale of 100 tons of iron on Chinese account. This is said to be the first shipment of American iron ever made to that market. China annually purchases a large amount of British iron, but until this transaction, the American commodity has never been imported, because of its higher cost. The abundance of iron in America, and the great improvements in the processes of its manufacture, seem to point to a large export trade in the course of a few years.

M. Jaubert, a scientist and optician of the first order, has obtained the authorization of the French Government to establish at the Trocadéro a collection of the numerous scientific instruments which he has invented or perfected, and which would be the beginning of a popular observatory. This observatory would have a laboratory for micrographical studies and researches; a laboratory for researches relative to the physics of the universe; a technological school for the execution of optical surfaces of large dimensions; and a laboratory for astronomical and microscopical photography. Professors, scientific men and lecturers are invited to aid the enterprise.

On an Earthenware Vase of the bronze age found at the lacustrine station on the Lake of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, Professor Forel, of Lausanne, remarked five impressions evidently made by the fingers of the operative while the clay was plastic. He took casts and then carefully examined and measured them. The nail of the thumb, the whole of which was reproduced, was a very pretty one, with a regular curve and moderately convex; it was twelve millimetres long and eleven broad. The nail of the forefinger was less perfect and was deeply convex in its width. From the dimensions and form of the fingers the vase had evidently been worked by a female. The vase is preserved in the museum at Lausanne.

The Self-registering Targets invented by Mr. C. Beard is contained within a casing in which there is an opening of the size of the disk or target to be exposed, and within the casing there is a roller. Paper or other material made in a long length is progressively wound forward by the roller, and so made to pass the opening in the casing. Immediately behind the opening, a plate is arranged, but the paper or other material passes in front of the plate. Each shot which strikes within the area of the opening thus perforates the paper or material and strikes the plate, which it forces back sufficiently to release a detent and allow the roller to turn under the influence of a weight or spring. The paper or other material is thus drawn forward for a sufficient length to change one target for another.

The Last Few Weeks have again been rich in "finds" at Olympia. Besides further portions of the pediment, many marbles have likewise been found dating from the Roman period, among them an excellently-preserved head of the elder Faustina, wife of Antoninus Pius, whose neck exactly fits a female torso found in the exedra of Herodes Atticus; a headless female draped figure, and two nude male torsos. A deeper excavation near the Leonidaion yielded three very valuable bronze inscriptions; and at the southwest corner of the Altis were found many remains indicative of the subjugation of Greece by the Romans, such as fragments of monuments, etc., with inscriptions; one a fragment of a decree concerning the holding of the Olympian games, in which mention is made of the honors that should be accorded to the Roman emperor.

Professor Cohn, of Breslau, has recently performed some interesting experiments to detect how far electric lighting effects our ability to distinguish colors as well as distant objects. He finds that letters, patches, and colors can be distinguished at much greater distances than in daylight or by gaslight. The experiments were conducted in the physical cabinet with a Gramme machine revolving 600 times in a minute, and driven by a three-horse power engine. With the electric light the ability to discern yellow was sixty times greater, red six times, green one and a half times, and the same for blue, as compared with daylight. With the Snell alphabet the ratio was 1 and 1.5 in favor of electric light, and with the Burchhardt points the same; and eyes which were weak in gas or daylight were found to be much stronger under electric illumination.

The Line from French Guiana to Para was interrupted by some large fish whose sharp teeth had left traces in the insulating envelope of the wires. The saw-fish has tried his terrible weapon upon the cables in the waters of the Antilles. Turtles destroyed the lines from Key West to Havana, and the cable in the Persian Gulf was broken by a whale which had blindly dashed against it; it became twisted in the broken end, and, being unable to rise to the surface to breathe, was drowned. When the engineers arrived at the spot to repair the break they found the monster still entangled in the toils. In some regions the cables are worn through by vibration, as they rest on rocks at a short distance from each other and are moved to and fro by the currents. At the bottom of the sea the rapacious little animals called the *teredo* or *limnoria* attack and destroy the gutta-percha envelope. These are a few of the dangers to which submarine cables are exposed.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ANOTHER royal marriage is gossiped of in Europe—that of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway and the Princess Victoria of Baden, the Emperor William's granddaughter.

GENERAL A. J. MYER, Chief of the United States Signal Service, has arrived in Paris from Rome. He goes to London to arrange matters of mutual interest with the British Meteorological Office.

THE Indian Government has received information that Abdul Rapman, the Pretender to the Afghan throne, who has hitherto lived under Russian protection, has invaded Bedakshan, and that the Afghan troops in Balkh have revolted.

MR. JAMES E. MURDOCH, it is now stated, will make in October only a fitting reappearance upon the stage. He will appear only in Philadelphia, his intention being to thus celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his coming upon the dramatic stage.

THE Pope has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius IX. on Khaireddin Pasha, Grand Vizier; Caratheodori Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Osman Pasha, Minister of War, and Said Pasha, Minister of Justice and Worship, in recognition of their share in the settlement of the Armenian schism.

PRINCE FREDERICK of the Netherlands is one of the few remaining contemporaries of the Emperor William. He was born February 28th, 1797—William was born on the 22d of the ensuing March—and was married May 24th, 1825, to the Princess Louise, daughter of William III. of Prussia, and the present Emperor's sister.

MR. S. G. WILLIAMS, a graduate of Hamilton College, and at present principal of the Cleveland (O.) High School, is to fill the chair of geology in Cornell University, formerly occupied by Professor Hartt, who died soon after being called to the directorship of the Imperial Geological Survey of Brazil. Mr. Williams will pass the next year in Europe in preparation for his new work.

A NEW professorship has been founded in the Congregational Theological Seminary of Chicago by a donation of $40,000, and Rev. G. B. Willcox, D.D., of Stamford, Conn., has been appointed to fill the new chair, which is that of pastoral theology, now taught by Professor Hyde, who is to be transferred to the professorship of Greek.

THE Rev. J. A. Lature, Bishop of the South, the Rev. G. F. Stevens, Bishop of the Colored Congregations and People of the South, and the Rev. A. S. Richardson, Bishop of England and Ireland, elected at a meeting of the General Council recently held in Chicago, were consecrated by Presiding Bishop Nicholson, assisted by Bishop Fallows, in the Second Reformed Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, June 22d.

PROFESSOR ALLEN, who has become the late Professor Hadley's successor in the Greek Chair in Yale College, was graduated from Oberlin College in 1863. After some years' study in Europe he taught in Harvard College, and later has been a Professor in the University of Cincinnati. Mr. William I. Knapp, the new Professor of Modern Languages, was graduated from Madison University in 1851. He has been an instructor in Vassar College, and has passed more than ten years in Europe.

NILSSON and Trebelli were educated in Paris, Titiens and Gerster in Paris and Pesth, Albani, Miss Kellogg and Miss Thursby in America. Studying in Italy is quite unnecessary. Nor is Milan the best place for the musical aspirant. Of the two leading teachers of singing in Milan, one is an uneducated peasant of nearly eighty, who speaks very bad Italian, and whose suggestive theory is that the breath comes, not from the lungs, but from the bones, while the other is also an octogenarian, who gives his lessons in bed.

A YOUNG American woman, aged nineteen years, named Miss Leila A. Noble, of Rome, Ga., has just distinguished herself by descending to the lowest depths of the Dolcoath tin mine in Cornwall, England, to the great admiration of the miners. She reached a depth of 2,340 feet, and in ascending she had to climb up perpendicular ladders of 1,200 rounds, reaching nearly twice as high as the top of St. Paul's. The trip up and down occupied four hours and a half, and the fair adventuress brought up a large lump of tin ore, dug with her own hands, as a trophy.

THE solemn ceremonies of consecrating the Rev. Henry Chauncey Kelley, the first Episcopal Bishop of Mexico, took place in Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., June 24th. At ten o'clock A. M. the clergy, about fifty in number, entered the church in procession. The Nicene Creed was recited by the clergy and congregation, and the consecration service followed. The bishops present were Lee of Delaware, who presided in the absence of the venerable Bishop Smith of Kentucky, who was unable to be present on account of illness; Stevens of Pennsylvania, Howe of Central Pennsylvania, Keerfoot of Pittsburg, Littlejohn of Long Island, Bedell of Ohio, and Coxe of Western New York.

GENERAL GRANT is expected to arrive at Nagasaki in the first or second week of July. He will be received there by a deputation of high Japanese officials, including Yoshida, late Minister at Washington. A Japanese ironclad will be placed at the disposal of the party. If agreeable, arrangements will be made for visiting the battlefields of the late war in Kiushiu, a southwestern island of Japan. Part of the journey to Tokio will be by land, where the party will probably arrive on the 1st of August. After a round of entertainments under the Government auspices in the capital and vicinity, General Grant will visit Yokohama and accept the hospitalities of the United States Consul-General and others.

THE following is given as the annual allowances to the Khédive and the members of his family: To his Highness the Khédive, £100,000; the Princess mother, £14,000; Chahret Hanem, first wife, £20,000; Djanyar Hanem, second wife, £20,000; Djachmet Assel Hanem, third wife, £20,000; Cheik Noor Hanem, fourth wife, £5,000; Thewfik Hanem (Madame Mansour Pasha), £20,000; to Prince Tewfik Pasha, £20,000; to Prince Hassen Pasha, £20,000; to Prince Hassan Pasha, £20,000; to Prince Ibrahim Pasha (one), £18,000; to Prince Mahmoud Bey, £12,000; Djemileh Hanem, (Madame Ahmed Bey), £10,000; to Prince Fuad Bey, £8,000; Kmineh and Nemet Hanem, £8,000; totals, ($1,800,000), £360,000.

M. DE LESSEPS is seventy-four years old, but he looks only fifty. He has a high, broad forehead, is rather thick set, with snow-white hair and mustache, and the piercing eye of an eagle. After the completion of the canal he married Mademoiselle de Bragard, a very beautiful and accomplished lady, only forty years younger than himself. By his first wife he has two sons, by his second seven children, the youngest an infant. He is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a punctual attendant at its weekly meetings. His studies are now exclusively devoted to the subject of the inter-oceanic canal on this continent. M. de Lesseps has selected a spot on the barriers of the Suez Canal for his burial place, and designated this motto to be inscribed on his tomb: "Aperium terram gentibus" (I will open the earth to the nations).

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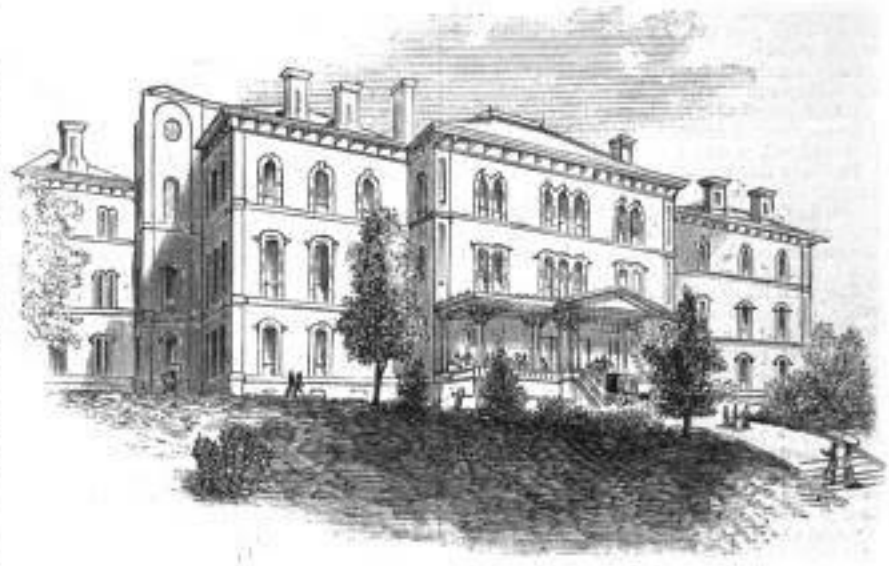


THE FIRST LESSON.

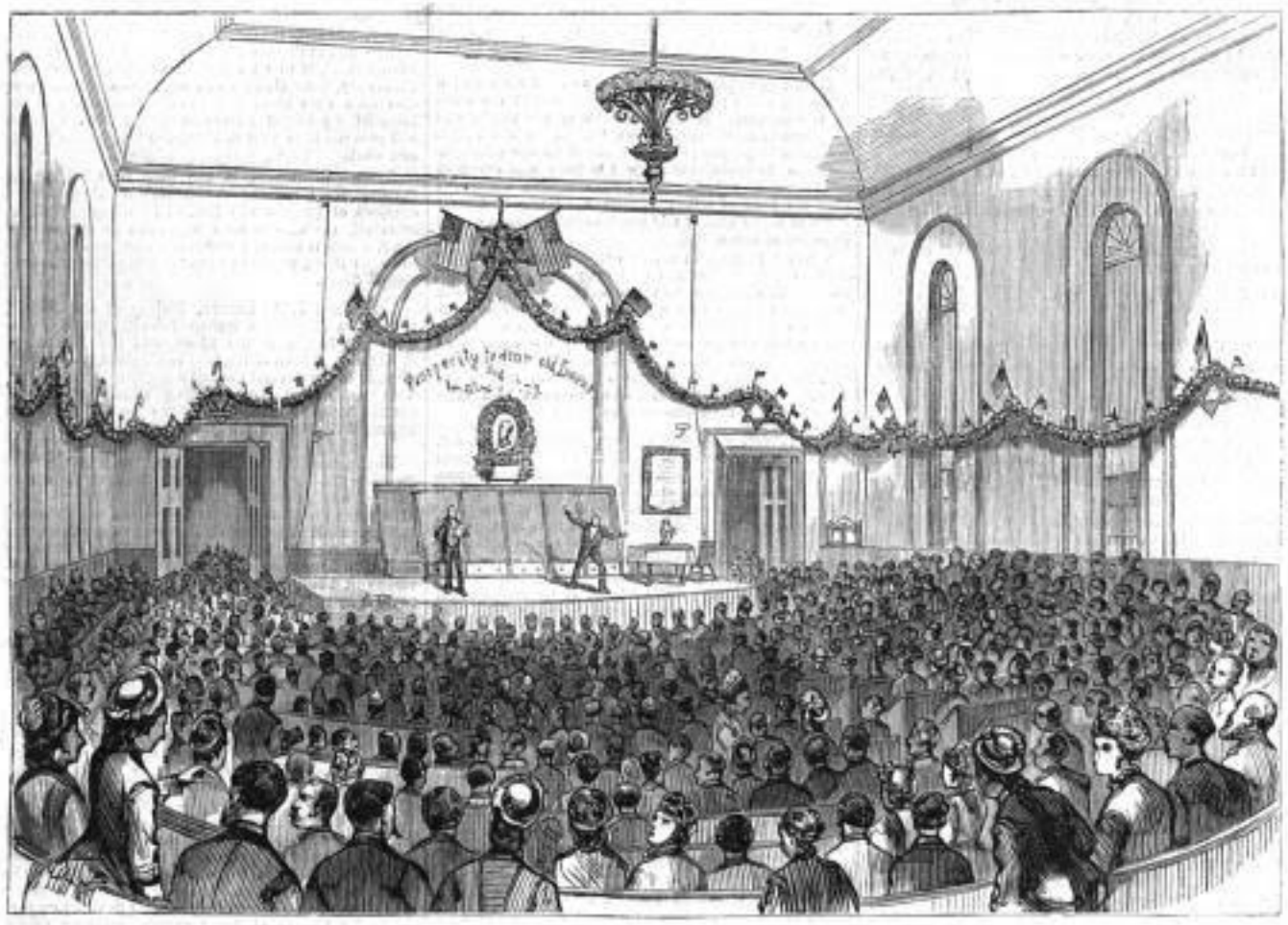
CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE NEW YORK DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

AMONG the interesting features of the college commencement season, the closing exercises for the year at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at Carmansville, on Wednesday, June 25th, were deserving of more than passing notice. This grand institution is very dear to the hearts of our benevolent and sympathetic citizens. The necessity of such an enterprise is so great, the instruction there imparted has been so thorough, and the results are so marvelous, that it is always a real pleasure to attend the exercises that mark the close of the school year.

The programme, as may be imagined, contained many novel exhibitions. These were given under the direction of Professor Isaac L. Peet, LL.D., by the pupils, and illustrated the methods of teaching, and the accomplishments attained. The first exercise was devoted to the children who had been under instruction for a period of less than one year, and by it the audience were shown how the teachers secure the confidence of the little unfortunates and establish the earliest means of communicating thoughts and wants. Next came the methods and results of instruction, not only for the deaf and dumb, but the blind deaf mutes. In the case of the latter the reading of the finger-signs is done by the blind pupil placing a hand over the hand of a deaf mute, so as to feel each movement of the fingers. Questions from the audience were then put to the graduating members of the high class, which being



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE INSTITUTION



THOMAS F. FOX DELIVERING THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS IN THE CHAPEL.

nolds, Brooklyn; W. F. Howell, Long Island; Maggie F. Barry, Canandaigua; Louisa A. Chum, New Jersey, and Charles Shattuck. To Thomas F. Fox was awarded a gold medal for excellence in all branches. He delivered the Valedictory address with rapid gestures, so that Professor Peet, who translated it, was not able to keep pace with the mute eloquence. The report of the examination of the high class was read by E. P. Griffin, and of the general examination of the pupils by the Rev. Dr. S. H. Weston. Erastus Brooks, Avery T. Brown and many prominent ladies and gentlemen were present during the exercises, which, after the distribution of certificates, diplomas and prizes, were closed with the Lord's Prayer and the Doxology, rendered by a number of little girls in concert.

Besides the graduating class, fifty other pupils leave the institution, having completed the regular course. Among these is Jesse Bunker, a son of Chang, one of the Siamese Twins. Bunker is a bright-looking young fellow. In answer to a question put through the medium of Mr. Jenkins, instructor in articulation, he said that his father, Chang, was the twin on the left-hand side. He has five sisters and one brother. One of his sisters is also a deaf mute, and is being educated in North Carolina. His family lives at Mount Airy, in that State. He has been at the New York Institution only a year, having attended a similar school in North Carolina eight years. He is now eighteen years old, and intends to become a farmer.



EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.



ILLUSTRATING THE LORD'S PRAYER WITH SIGNS.



A BLIND AND A DEAF MUTE CONVERSING.



A DIALOGUE BY SIGNS BETWEEN DEAF MUTES.



DESCRIBING ANIMALS WITH THE HANDS.

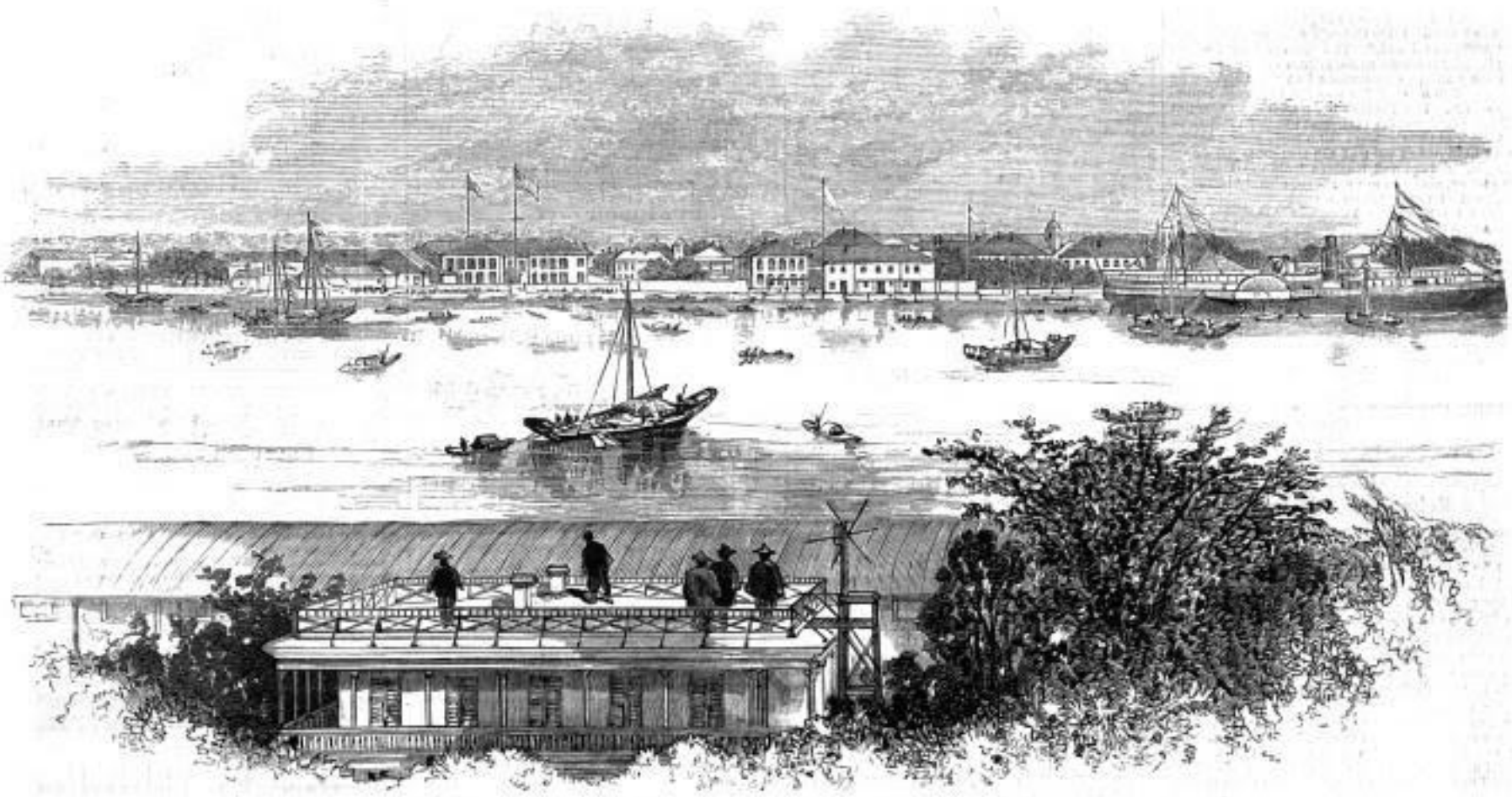
interpreted to them by the principal, they answered on the blackboard. The written answers to "What do you think of the state of the country?" "Who was the Prince Imperial, lately killed in Zululand?" "What do you know about the Weston walking match?" showed that the graduates were familiar with the passing events of the day.

The illustrations of the sign language which followed were watched with the utmost attention by the audience. The "Marseillaise Hymn" was rendered by Miss Dillingham with fingers and arms in an exceedingly clever manner — so clear, indeed, that there was no difficulty in understanding the lines. Then Miss Florence H. Jones interpreted Moore's "Parting" with equal grace, and eight little girls gave "How Sleep the Brave!" with an expression and action that elicited the heartiest applause. A patriotic dialogue followed between two deaf-mute boys.

The graduating class of 1879, having studied three years in the high class, was composed of Thomas F. Fox, John Hogan and Florence H. Jones, of New York; William B. Magill, Jersey City; James O'Neil, Whitehall, N. Y.; George L. Rey-

NEW YORK.—CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, AT CARMANSVILLE, JUNE 25TH.

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THE AMERICAN "BUND" AND UNITED STATES CONSULATE, WHERE THE EX-PRESIDENT AND PARTY WERE QUARTERED DURING THEIR VISIT.

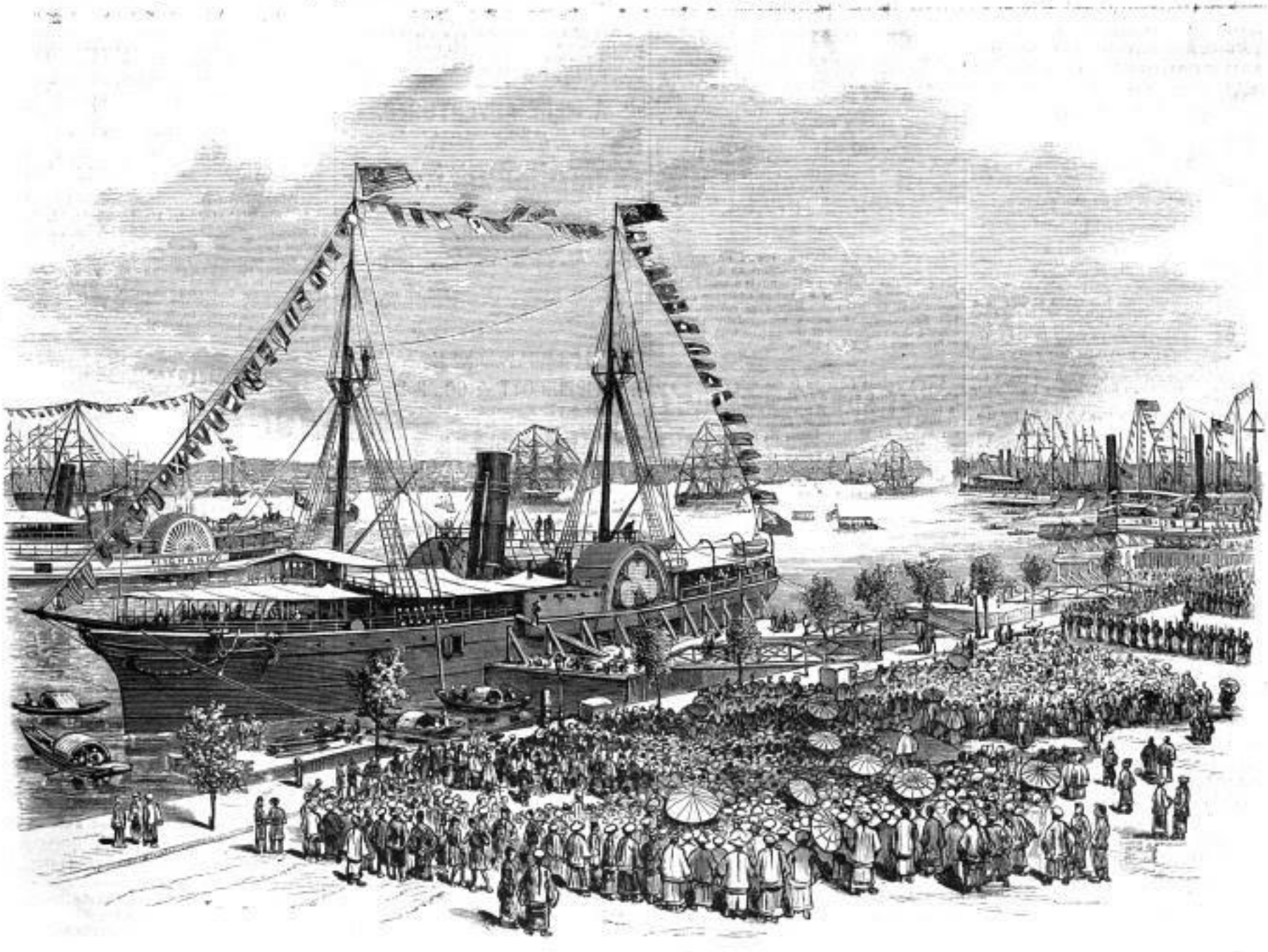
RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY AT SHANGHAI, CHINA.

THE reception accorded to General Grant and party in China was of the heartiest character, and completely eclipsed that given to the Duke of Edinburgh and the one with which the Grand Duke Alexis was honored. The United States steamer *Ashuelot*, bearing the ex-Presidential party, came in sight of the Woosung forts on the morning of May 17th, and was received with a salute of twenty-one guns. As soon as the firing of the Chinese forts ceased, the batteries of the *Iron Duke*, the flagship of the admiral commanding the British fleet in China, ran up the American flag to the fore and fired twenty-one guns. The Chinese gunboats joined in the chorus, and the *Ashuelot* returned the salutes. There was so much cannonading and so much smoke that it seemed as if a naval battle were raging. As the war-vessel came in view of the shipping the sight was very beautiful. The different men-of-war all fired salutes and manned yards, the merchantmen at anchor were dressed, and as the *Ashuelot* passed, the crews cheered. The General stood on the quarterdeck and bowed his thanks. At three o'clock the gig of the *Ashuelot* was manned, and General and Mrs. Grant, Colonel Grant, ex-Secretary Borie, D. H. Bailey, United States Consul-General, and John Russell Young, embarked, the *Ashuelot* firing a royal salute of twenty-one guns, to which responses were immediately made by several other men-of-war in the river off the French Bund.

All the shipping in the river was covered with bunting. Flags of all nations ornamented the Bund. The arrival of the United States steamer *Ashuelot*, with the municipal guest aboard, had been telegraphed from Gutzlaff, at the mouth of the Yangsti, ninety miles distant, early in the morning, so that there was plenty of time for the newspapers to issue their extras and for all the foreign residents to assemble according to programme.

The large warehouse of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company, lying just above the French Bund, had been cleared of all traffic and appropriately fitted up as a reception-room at the landing. The floor around three sides had been raised in the form of an amphitheatre, and all covered with fresh Chinese matting. Seats for 800 foreign residents and native officials were all filled. When the General reached the reception-room he was welcomed by H. W. Little, chairman of the Reception Committee, with a brief and cordial address, to which he responded with equal brevity and heartiness.

Immediately at the close of the remarks several



THE EX PRESIDENT AND PARTY BEING TRANSFERRED IN THE STEAM LAUNCH FROM THE U. S. S. "ASHUELOT" TO THE KIN LU-JUEN AT THE FRENCH "BUND.

CHINA.—ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF EX-PRESIDENT GRANT AT SHANGHAI, MAY 17TH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY W. F. RAINBRIDGE.

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high civil and military mandarins were introduced to the distinguished guest, and after a few moments of informal greetings, a procession was formed to escort the party to their headquarters while in the city, the United States Consulate, at what is called the "American Bund." The Manilla Band, which had played American national tunes while the people were waiting, was stationed at the head. The Shanghai Volunteer Rifles was the General's immediate escort. The Taotai's body-guard, a regiment of Chinese soldiers, did their best to obey the frantic commands of their officers, who were very anxious to make the native part of the reception very conspicuous. Sailors and marines from the American man-of-war, noble in appearance, cleanly in dress, and proud of the occasion, stepped promptly into line, and the Shanghai Volunteer Artillery closed the rear. Soon after starting, the General's horses became unmanageable, but, as an agreeable experience all around, and as giving another opportunity to show the real cordiality of the day, the volunteers unhitched the carriage and drew it themselves to the American Consulate. In the evening Consul-General Bailey gave his guests a dinner. On Monday there was a torchlight procession of the Fire Department, when many of the residents on the Bund illuminated their buildings, and gas-jets, with designs and words of appreciation and welcome, adorned both the Club and the Consulate. On Tuesday the Taotai, or Governor of the city, gave an official Chinese tea-party at the municipal quarters, which lasted for six hours and had sixty courses.

Madame Gerster-Gardini.

THE *rentrée* of Madame Etelka Gerster at Her Majesty's has created a *furore*, and London society, albeit so "cursedly impassible," exhibited an interested excitement slightly bordering upon the electric gush of its Parisian neighbors. Grim whispers that the diva's voice had suffered from her transatlantic triumphs were solemnly uttered, and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the crotch-and-toothpick school shook their dainty heads in token of prophetic and doleful warning. Gerster was advertised, but Gerster failed to appear, and—— It was at a matinée that Madame Gerster reappeared, and in the *rôle* of *Lucia*. She had scarcely warbled a passage or two till the critical audience *felt* her power, felt that it had increased over them, and that, instead of her trip to the United States having in any way interfered with her gift of song, it had wondrously improved her marvelous vocalism. Her *rentrée* was a succession of recalls, vases and bouquets—a veritable and absolute triumph. The managers of the Birmingham Musical Festival, the thirty-second anniversary of which takes place in August, have expressly engaged Madame Gerster as leading soprano for the morning and evening concerts. This is *the* great musical event in England, and musical England will now hear the Hungarian *prima donna* in German as well as in French and Italian music, while in the Oratorio she will sing in English. This is indeed a test, a crucial one, but an ordeal through which the gifted lady will come "brighter than flame."

FUN.

DOES a stolen hen lay ponched eggs?

PLAIN SEWING.—Planting on the prairies.

THE DOMESTIC ORDER OF MERIT.—A latchkey.

A MAN weighs more, and a fish less, by dressing.

A PEN may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

SPANGLER wants to know if too much water will make a man water-tight.

THE musquito, like the rest of the rabble, will soon make his hum by the sea.

A COUNTRY blacksmith out West put up a notice: "No horses shodded Sunday except sickness and death."

"YES," said a Texas lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."

"NO GIRL gets along well without a mother," says a moral exchange. This may be true; but hereabouts girls work harder to get mothers-in-law than they do to get mothers.

PRELIM (to tourist, who has taken shelter in a leaky shieling)—"Bad, and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gettin' wid the shramms through the roof. Come outside, sorr—it's dryur in the wet!"

A PARISHIONER of a Berkshire pastor was asked what the color of the parson's eyes was. He didn't really know, "for," he said, "when he prays his eyes are shut, and when he preaches I generally shut mine."

MY grandfather's breath was too strong for the house,
So he slept ninety years in the shed;
It was stronger by far than the old man himself,
At least that's what grandmother said.

A MEMBER of a Scotch School Board recently began an address to some children thus:—"Noo, ma bairns, wor a' like ships—some in port, some out in mid-ocean, an' some near the haven. Ye're just leavin' the port; as for me, I'm half seas over."

THE tramp's last dodge is to ask your advice about going to the next town, and when you warmly advise him to go, he says he has much confidence in your good judgment, and will emigrate further on at once. "But," he adds, "wouldn't you advise me to borrow ten cents before I start?"

A NEPHEW in Normandy, of course, assists at the reading of his uncle's will. "And to the servant who shall close my eyes I will and bequeath," reads the notary. "Does it say, 'who shall close my eyes?'" asks the heir-at-law. "It does." "Then the bequest is void. The old man only had one eye."

A WAITER was told by a countryman to "bring something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully a moment, and then broke out: "Well, I like your samples; now bring on your dinner!"

A MAN having fallen into a slough, his friend called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a bog, and wishing to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles," was the answer. "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No there's not," rejoined the first, "for he's in head first."

NOBODY except the people in the front pews, last Sunday, and only a few there who listened very intently, could hear the tenor when the choir started out on—"When I can read my title clear," singing very distinctly, with his face turned toward the leader at the other end of the organ:

"I've lost the place: I'm in a fix;
What ever shall I do?"

And then the leader, in his profoundest bass, replied in faultless tune and metre,

"The tune is on page ninety-six;
The words on forty-two."

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS.

THE fair reader shudders when she thinks of the settler's wife watching, from the door of her rude hut, the retreating form of her husband going out to his daily labor—going out perhaps to return not again, for before nightfall a savage hand may have laid him low among the prairie grasses. Or it may be a child, a bright-eyed daughter, is snatched away in an unguarded moment, to grace the next war-dance. When we read the heartrending details of these savage depredations, we are apt to blame the Government for not taking more strict precautions to insure the settler's protection. But we daily read of the depredations of that arch-fiend Consumption, with scarcely a thought of the terrible inroads it is making in human life. Tens of thousands of homes are annually desolated by consumption to one by Indian outrage. Like the Indian, consumption oftenest comes stealthily, and no danger is apprehended until the victim suddenly finds himself hopelessly ensnared, and death's fatal arrow ends the scene. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a powerful alterative, or blood-purifier and tonic, has restored thousands of consumptives who had tried every other remedy recommended to them, without obtaining any relief, and are willing to testify to its remedial powers.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

ORDERS at the scale factory indicate that a good grain crop is expected in the West this year, for nearly fifty 500-bushel hopper scales, and four railroad track scales, thirty tons capacity each, were ordered last week, all for use in new grain elevators being built in different parts of the West.—*St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledonian*, June 13th.

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Wholesale Grocer, 30 South Front Street.

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A RECENT newspaper article on the management of modern hotels shows that nearly all the profit is made from the wine-cellar; that is, that on the imported wines an advance of one or two hundred per cent. is regularly charged. The public will be interested to know that by buying A. Werner & Co.'s "America" Extra Dry, they may escape this enormous robbery and practically get just as much for their money. In all essentials of flavor, bouquet and purity, in fine, everything except price, "America" Extra Dry is fully up to the standard of any champagnes in this market, and day by day the fact is becoming more familiar to the public.

BETWEEN the old-fashioned inn of one hundred years ago—full of homely comfort as it was—and the gorgeous modern hotel there is a world of difference. Of the latter no better example can be found than in that noble New York establishment the ST. NICHOLAS, which successfully aims to couple the elegancies of the palace with the snug enjoyments of the home.

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IN one of our last issues we offered to our readers an illustration of the new establishment—the Bodega. To-day we refer to their advertisement in another column of this paper. It is just the thing for parties going to the country, while those out of town may find a lasting advantage to give a trial to the BODEGA HAMPER.

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Manhattan Beach Railway

DOUBLE TRACK OVER ENTIRE ROAD

GREENPOINT DIVISION.

Trains leave foot of 23d street, East River, by steamer Sylvan Grove, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45 A.M.; 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45 P.M.

Returning, leave Manhattan Beach for Greenpoint and New York 7:35, 10, 11:05 A.M.; 12:05, 12:30, 1:10, 1:30, 2:15, 2:30, 3:15, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5:15, 5:30, 6:15, 6:30, 7:15, 7:30, 8:15, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:35 P.M.

Trains marked thus ‖ stop at East New York only—15 minutes after Greenpoint time. Trains marked thus ‡ do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

BAY RIDGE DIVISION.

Steamers "Thomas Collyer" and "Twilight" leave New York (N. R.), connecting at Bay Ridge with trains for Manhattan Beach, as follows:

23d Street—9:10, 10:25, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25 P.M.

Leroy Street—9:35, 10:35, 11:35 A.M.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M.

Pier 8—9:55, 10:55, 11:55 A.M.; 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 6:55 P.M.

The steamer "D. R. Martin" connects with Elevated Railroads at Whitehall Street, and trains at Bay Ridge for Manhattan Beach as follows:

Leave Whitehall Street 10:25, 11:25, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25 P.M.

Trains marked thus ‡ do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach for Bay Ridge and New York as follows:

8:30, *10:20, 11:00, *11:20 A.M.; 12:00 M.; *12:20, 1:00, *1:20, 2:00, *2:20, ‡3:00, *3:20, 4:00, *4:20, 5:00, *5:20, 6:00, *6:20, 7:00, *7:20, 8:00, *8:20, 8:35, *9:20 and ‡10:25 P.M.

Trains marked thus * connect with steamer "D. R. MARTIN," and do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

Trains marked thus ‡ connecting with North River boats, do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

Excursion Tickets good to return to New York over either division, but North River and Greenpoint Tickets are not good on Elevated Railroads.

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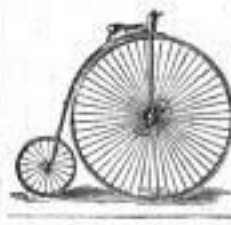
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ARCHDUCHESS MARIE CHRISTINE OF AUSTRIA.

"THE interests of the State" depending upon the results of a second marriage by Alfonso XII., the young King of Spain, the announcement has been made that early in the Fall His Majesty will be married to the Archduchess Marie Christine Désirée Henriette Félicité Ignière, the only daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria. Neither the King nor his loyal subjects have fully recovered from the sadness of the break in those five months of his wedded life, and while both parties speak feelingly of the pangs Mercedes, stern reasons of state make it obligatory that he should quench his grief and again assume the joys of a bridegroom. It was whispered shortly after the death of the young Queen that, when the proper time had elapsed, the King would wed the sister of Mercedes, the Infanta Maria; but the death of this lady in April last made it necessary to seek an alliance elsewhere.

But little is known of the Austrian Archduchess, destined to be the future Queen of Spain. She is the only daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria (who died on the 20th of November, 1874), by his marriage with the Archduchess Elizabeth, the widow of the Archduke Ferdinand Charles Victor of Modena. She was born on the 21st of July, 1858, and is consequently in her twenty-first year. The Austrian Princess is a few months younger than the King, whereas the Duc de Montpensier's second daughter, Maria, was more than five years his senior, having been born on the 29th of October, 1852. Her death has now left the Montpensier family without a marriageable daughter. Apropos of this engagement, it is reported that another Spanish marriage is on the *tapis*, being that of the Infanta Maria del Pilar, King Alfonso's sister, to the Archduke Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, who has recently made a ceremonial visit to Madrid. The Crown Prince was born, August 21st, 1858, and the Infanta Maria del Pilar, June 4th, 1861.

THE SEAL ROCKS NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.

A BREAKFAST at the Cliff House, within hearing of the roar of the surf and the clamor that eternally goes up from the populous seal rocks is one of the pleasantest episodes in a visit to San Francisco. An hour's drive westward from the city, through the Golden Gate Park, or by Lone Mountain, with its silent settlement of graves and its tall sentinel cross, brings one to the beach and the cliffs, among which is nestled down Captain Foster's quaint, comfortable hotel. Leaning from the balcony just outside the breakfast and dining rooms, you can toss a pebble into the foaming white breakers, and not ten yards beyond lies the colony of the seals—a group of five or six rocky islets, peaked like small volcanoes, and wave-beaten and worn away into all sorts of fantastic fret-work.

The shifting gray sand-hills that lie all around the city are, in the Golden Gate Park, already being made to blossom as the rose. There they are clothed with young green grass, sown with the glories of the California poppy—a flower like nothing in the world but consolidated sunshine and flame—shaded with newly-planted eucalyptus and blue gum trees, and intersected with magnificent roads, broad, hard and dustless. Leaving the confines of the park, we come out upon the wide, lonely stretch of the ocean beach; and there, beyond the white belt of sand, blown into shifting hillocks and hollows, lies the vast blue splendor of the Pacific, under a sky scarcely less blue, and a rain of sunshine such as only California knows—sunshine that in a few hours will be blotted out by the increeping sea-fog, which every day wraps San Francisco about as with a veil. Driving northward along the hard, white beach road, we come upon the cliffs, running sharply down to the surf and forming miniature capes and promontories and tiny bays, and crowned by the low, white, wooden buildings and cottages of the Cliff House. From its broad balconies we look across the narrow channel of the Golden Gate, to the shadowy blue heights of Point Lobos, rising on the right hand, with Tamalpais beyond, and the softer, green swell of the Contra Costa hills; and before us, and at our feet, the long flashing rollers come heaving in and breaking in sheets of foam against the base of the cliffs.

There is a weird fascination in the "Seal Rocks"—something so hideously uncanny in the swarm of sprawling, squirming things that roll and cling and rear themselves about among the jagged fissures, and so utterly unlike any other known voice of animate or inanimate nature is the hoarse, deep cry that goes up incessantly from all the million throats, and predominates over the thunders of the ocean itself. Every rock, from the base to the peak, is alive with shapeless things in perpetual motion, tumbling over each other, twisting, rolling, fighting in clumsy fashion with their smooth flippers, or plunging with marvelously smooth graceful curves into the boiling foam that breaks all around their rocky fortresses. Some are tawny brown or yellow, and these have had their coats dried by the sun after a few hours' basking on the rocks; but those who have just wriggled up out of the surf are a dull slaty-black, and look like animated bags of wet gutta-percha. All ages and sizes are represented, from the monarch of the colony, "Bes Butler," a gray old giant who might weigh some three thousand pounds, down to the babies who are just learning to wriggle and squirm and leap after the fashion of their mammas, and add their infant notes to the general chorus. The rocks are a sight dear to the eyes of San Franciscans, and wonderfully fascinating to their guests from the East; and notwithstanding the humane recommendation of a recent tourist of the gentler sex, that the whole colony of amphibious pets should be shot as nuisances and sold for their skins, it may be predicted that the Cliff Rocks will, for many a year to come, echo back the weird clamor of the seals.

A run down the wooden steps to the beach and a sheltered little cove among the cliffs, and some revival of old-time child's-play with shells and sand and pebbles, give an additional zest to one's appetite for Captain Foster's sumptuous breakfast, and after its various courses of fish and game and fruit, the prolonged discussion of which brings us well on towards noon, we turn our faces cityward again, full of that serene satisfaction which—to the manly constitution, at least—a thoroughly good meal never fails to impart.

WHAT THE RUSSIANS WANT.

A WRITER in *Truth*, says: I was talking the other day to a Russian about the state of affairs in Russia. He said: "The Nihilists are not numerous, but the danger lies in the covert support which they receive from many who are not their adherents, because almost all, with the exception of the *entourage* of the Emperor, are sick of the present régime." "Of what do you specifically complain, and what do you specifically want?" I asked. "The abolition of the 'third section,'" he replied. "We have now no guarantee for individual liberty. A man, without trial, may be sent off to Siberia, and nothing more is heard of him. We require some sort of *habeas corpus* which would secure to all those arrested an open trial within a short period after their arrest." "And a representative system?" I said. "Not absolutely," he replied; "but the Provincial Assemblies should be allowed to send delegates to a consultive Assembly which would meet each year at St. Petersburg. The Budget would be submitted to this Assembly, and it would convey to the Czar the views of the provinces. Little by little it would become a Parliament." "Is the army disaffected?" I asked. "Some of the regiments of the guard are devotedly attached to the Emperor, but if a popular general were to put himself at the head of a military insurrection in favor of a moderate reform, he would be supported by most of the regiments of the line." "And what of the Emperor?" "He is not quite so well-meaning as is supposed, for he is excessively vindictive; but his great failing is that he is entirely in the hands of a clique who use him for their own purposes." "And the Czarevitch?" "He has been badly educated, is an unlicked cub, and is not imbued with liberal ideas."



THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIE CHRISTINE OF AUSTRIA, BETROTHED TO ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

THE STORY OF A TOPAZ.

A ROME correspondent forwards the following curious history of a wonderful work of art: Sixty years ago Ferdinand II. of Naples ordered of the gem cutter and dealer Cairello the largest topaz known, and commissioned him to chisel upon it a subject representing our Lord breaking the eucharistic bread. The weight of this huge stone is more than two kilogrammes (seven Roman pounds); it is thirty-three centimetres in diameter and eight centimetres thick. The elder Cairello, and his son after him, worked on this stone for fifty years. They completed it just as young Francis was fleeing from Naples and Garibaldi coming in triumph in 1859-60. As the King had no money to pay Cairello's bill for the topaz and stone chiseling (230,000 francs), his Majesty gave the gem to his creditor in lieu of the claim against him. After Garibaldi entered Naples an attempt was made to sequestrate this valuable engraved stone as royal property, but Cairello showed the deed of gift the King had given in the place of the money owing to him. There was a troublesome lawsuit, which, strange to say, the gem-cutter won; for in such cases the good old rule of Rob Roy usually controls the legal decision, and

"Those do take who have the power."

But the great topaz has been a white elephant to the Cairello family ever since; so much labor, time and interest lost. They have tried over and again in vain to sell the huge gem. An object of that nature is the most difficult thing in the world to get rid of, and is valueless to a private owner; once placed in a public museum as the property of a State, it then takes its proper rank and estimation. When Mrs. Hungerford and the "silver" Mrs. Mackay of Paris were in Rome a month or so ago, attending the wedding of Miss Hungerford with Count Telfener, a hope was entertained by the agents of the topaz of selling it to one of these ladies. A person was authorized to offer it to them for 300,000 francs, but nothing was done. Now there is a plan started which needs only the sanction of His Holiness to relieve the owners of this costly gem and repay them, not for interest on their labor and capital invested, but for the simple capital itself. The stone with the engraving on it is to be photographed, and its little history, told in several languages, will surround the picture. Two millions of these are to be struck off and retailed at two francs a copy. One franc of the two will go for Peter pence, and when the sale is completed the stone will belong to the Vatican library collection of engraved gems. The other franc on each copy will be given to the owners for their indemnification, also for the expenses of the photographing, pay of agents, etc. A prominent Monsignore has engaged to take 100,000 copies of the photograph in case the plan meets with the approval of Leo XIII.

WHAT EXILE TO SIBERIA MEANS.

THE whole machinery of Siberian exile has been developed to a wonderful degree of efficiency. A regular military establishment is kept up throughout the empire for the convoy of prisoners, and by means of it convicts may be transmitted to the remotest corners of this unusually dreary region as easily as letters are conveyed. There is no pretense at remedial punishment in Siberian exile, and the unfortunate being sentenced to it may never hope to return unless he can manage to break his way through the terrible surroundings of plains and icy rivers and the wild sterility of an unexplored country. At first all grades of prisoners in Siberia are treated pretty much alike, except that the lowest and worst are compelled literally to fulfill the tasks to which they have been doomed, while, as has been said, the upper class prisoners escape the severest ordeals. Labor is gradually relaxed; at the end of two years actual imprisonment ceases, and a village is assigned to the convicts as a place of residence, within which they may be tolerably free, but beyond which they must not venture. In other three years they obtain a further privilege of living anywhere within the same government, and after a while they are permitted to choose any town in Siberia, only, having chosen their town, they must remain there, and must engage in no art or trade. Usually banishment to Siberia involves confiscation of property, but this is not invariably enforced, and some prisoners take with them into exile private means which enable them to keep up something of the style they have been accustomed to. When property is confiscated, the Government grants a small annuity. It is not all exiles to whom banishment to Siberia proves the terrible experience that it is usually represented to be, and which in many cases it undoubtedly is. The purpose of populating the land seems to have been very prominently in view with those who have had the organizing of this vast penal system, and the settlement of towns and villages of tolerably thriving and contented people has been accomplished to a wonderful extent. The exiles are formed into five distinct classes, and every one receives the treatment in the country which is considered to be proportionate to the offense to be expiated. The worst offenders—or those who have been condemned as the worst, which is often a very different thing—are sent to the silver mines of Nertchinsk, the Norfolk Island of Siberia.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S AMERICAN EXPERIENCES.

A PARIS paper says: "Sir Garnet Wolseley has done much fighting, and he has seen more. He has always made a point of going to look for it when he had the chance. In the American civil war he followed the operations for a long while on the Confederate side, as there was more experience to be gained among a minority ably officered than among a majority who at first had numbers and not much else. Sir Garnet, then Colonel, Wolseley made his way with a friend to Baltimore in 1862, just after the battle of Antietam.

"He wanted to get further south, if possible to Richmond, rightly guessing that the war was far from being at an end. To do this they had to cross the Potomac, or, as it was then called, 'run the blockade' between the two States, at a point where the river was frozen and almost as troubled in bad weather as the sea itself. The Federals kept a sharp lookout both from gun-boats and from military stations on shore. The boats carried a lime light, and if the slightest noise was heard at night they illuminated the whole expanse for a quarter of a mile from their prows.

"The population was friendly—that was the only thing in our travelers' favor; for the rest everything was against them, both land and water being in strong hostile occupation.

"At last they reached a fisherman's cottage overlooking the stream. The fisherman was afraid to house them, as his cottage was under the surveillance of a Federal patrol, but he told them to return next day; and they had to pass the night in a village, a prey to heat and musquitoes. On the following morning they stole back to the hut, and bargained for a passage across in the fishing-boat at the rather high fare of seventy dollars in gold. They were to pass the day in hiding in the hut, and to set forth in the night. They were not on any account to be seen outside the premises before that, lest their appearance should excite the suspicions of the keen watchers on the river, who, according to the fisherman, kept that part of the shore under their glasses as well as under their guns.

"They sat down to watch out the day, when, at about two in the afternoon, the fisherman in a state of great excitement announced that a Federal officer and a file of men were approaching the hut. There was no time for flight or hiding, so the pair quietly staid where they were. When the officer entered, the colonel's companion asked him if it would be possible to get permission for a little duck-shooting on the river. The astonished officer thought that it would not. 'In that case,' said the other, 'will you be good enough to tell two unlucky sportsmen how they are to get back to Washington.'

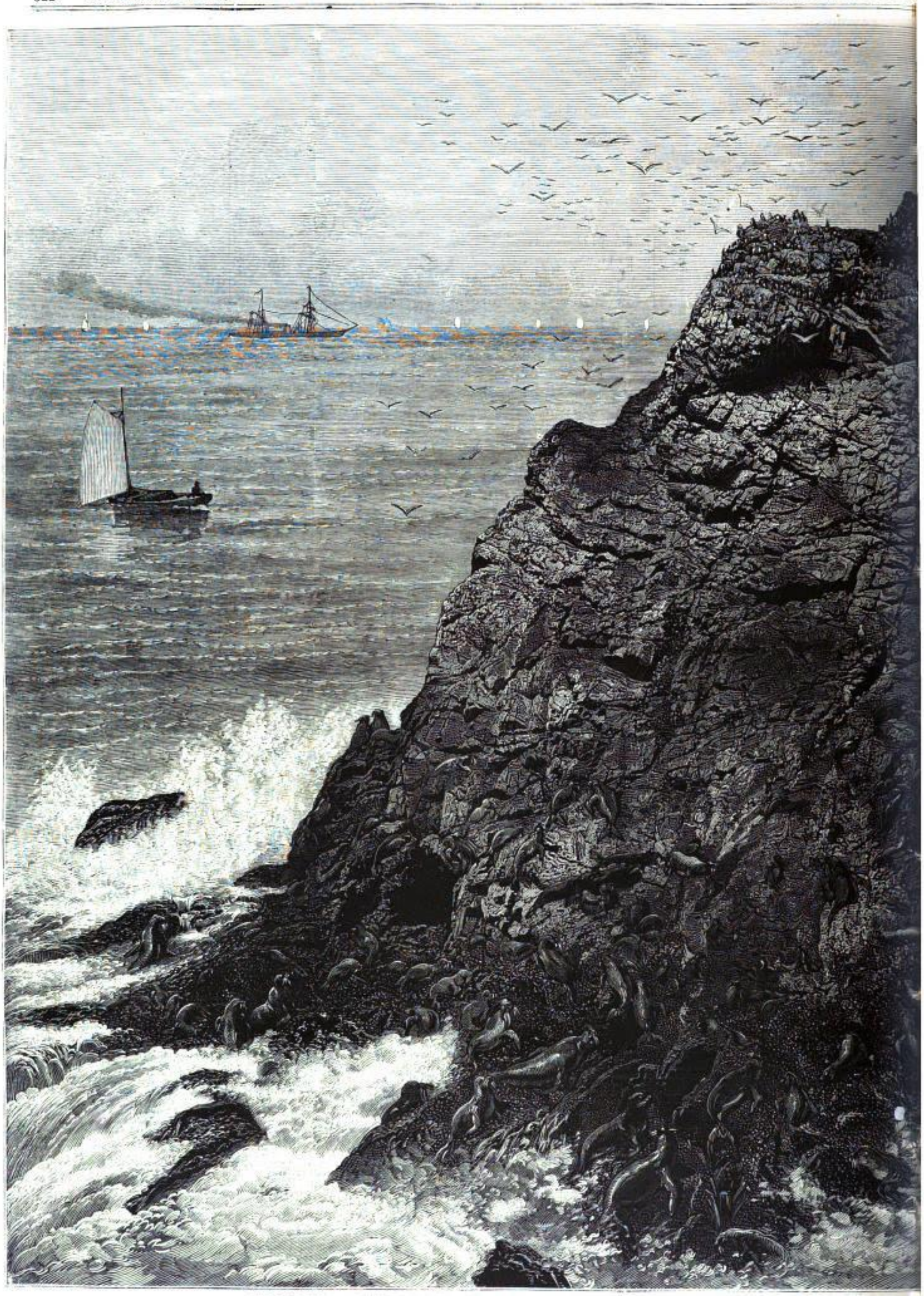
"The officer did not like the look of it, and he was just hesitating about his answer when Colonel Wolseley stepped forward, cigar-case in hand, and offered him a regalia. It was the psychological moment of decision, and he had seized it. The officer took the cigar and answered that a Washington steamer would call at about four the next morning at a neighboring wharf. Long before that time, of course, Colonel Wolseley and his friend were safely in Virginia.

"They parted with the officer on excellent terms, though a corporal who had seen, if not more of the service, at least more of the world, did not hesitate to communicate his suspicions of them to his chief. The young fellow stuck to his faith in the story of the duck-shooting, and left them to wait for the steamer. The fishing-boat duly came at nightfall, and with Wolseley and the other lying well covered in the bottom, cast its nets and tacked, under the very nose of a Federal gunboat, in the most innocent way in the world, until the master saw his way to put them ashore. They subsequently reached Lee's headquarters."

A PETRIFIED HUMAN HAND.

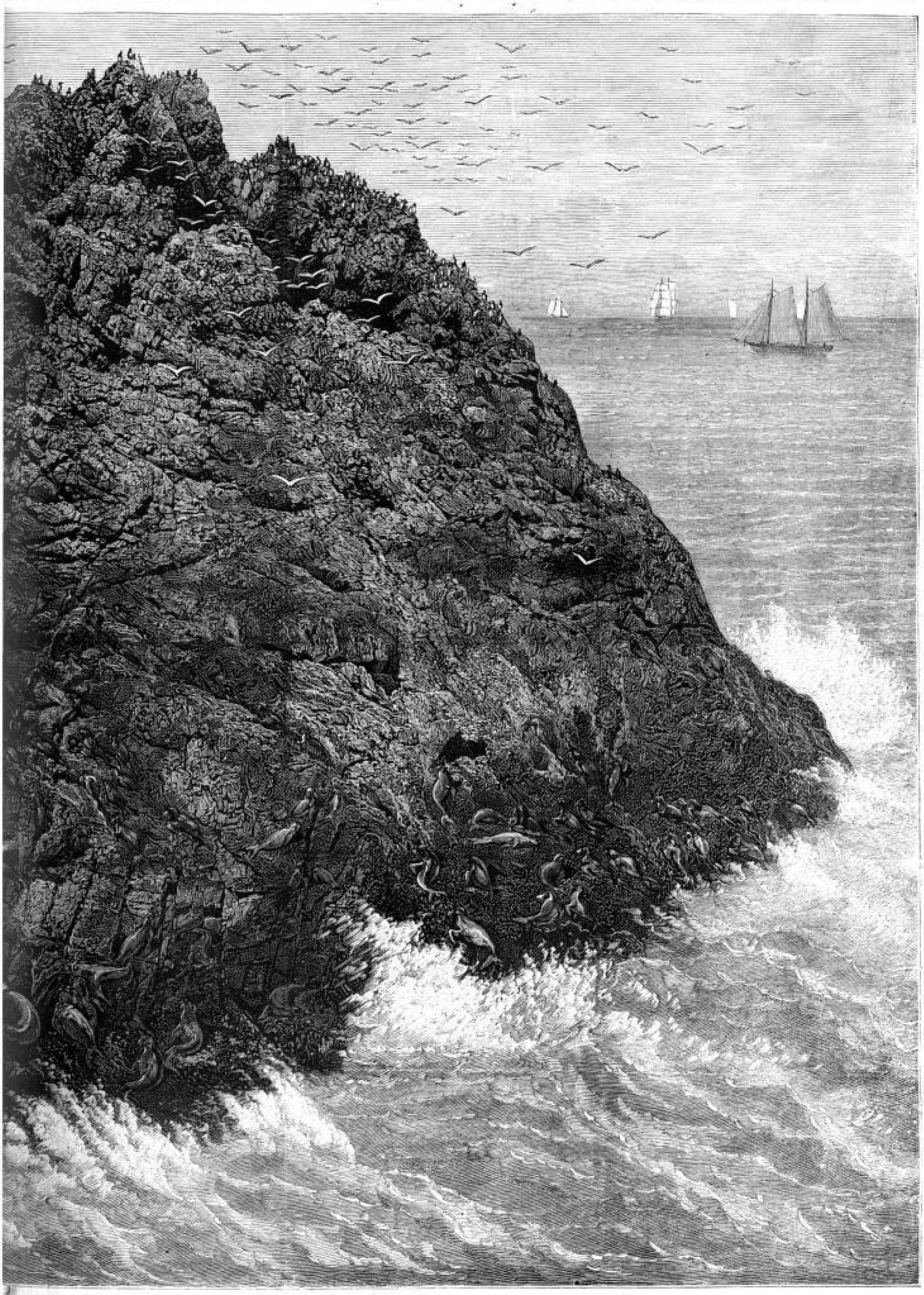
A CURIOSITY which astonishes scientists and puzzles them is now on exhibition in Gould's cabinet, at Mill City, Nevada. It is a perfectly formed hand, which apparently belonged to a boy about 14 years of age. The hand is open, the fingers being slightly bent towards the palm, on which the thumb rests. The back of the hand seems to have been crushed or decomposed before it was petrified, but the palm, thumb and fingers are perfect. It was found at the sulphur beds near Rabbit Hole by one of the men employed in shoveling crude sulphur into the refining retort, and is supposed to have been imbedded in the sulphur bank for ages. The fingers are comparatively short, a fact which indicates that it did not belong to an Indian, as the red men's fingers are generally longer than those of whites, but the thumb is longer than the average. To what race the owner of the hand belonged, and how and when it was imbedded in the sulphur, will probably ever remain unknown, unless some eminent scientists should investigate the hand and the sulphur bank where it was found, and explain these mysteries.

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CALIFORNIA.—ATTRACTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.—THE FAMO
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H

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EAL ROCKS AS SEEN FROM THE CLIFF HOUSE, FIVE MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
HER & CO.—SEE PAGE 321.

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ZULU HAIR-DRESSING.—CHIEF, WITH HIGH FRONT PEAK.

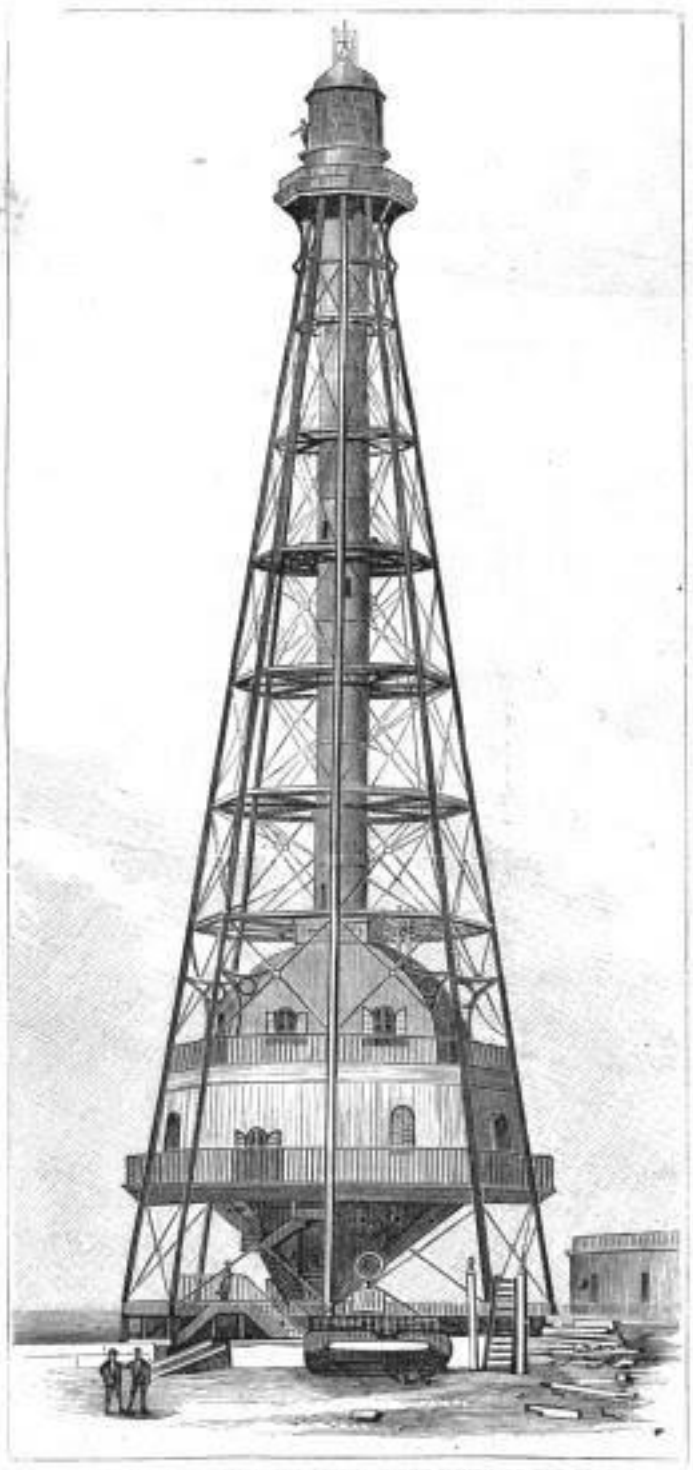
DANDIES OF ZULULAND.

WE have shown the natives of Zululand in phases of military and domestic life, and the stirring events of the campaign have only now permitted the publication of photographs of some typical "dandies" of that far-away country. These four Zulus, besides representing the flashy side of life, are not without other renown among their own people, being recognized as chiefs of powerful clans. They visited Natal recently, and, being attired in the most fashionable modes of hair-dressing peculiar to their nation, were induced to sit for photographs. The hair is stiffened with a kind of gum, which enables it to retain the shapes artistically molded according to the wearer's fancy, or prescribed as an indication of his rank in life. Married men are distinguished by having their hair formed into a circular ridge, which may or may not be developed into one or two peaks at the front or back of the head. Pieces of horn and bone, the hollow of which sometimes does duty as a snuff-box, are frequently stuck in this elaborate headgear.

When a native Zulu can obtain clothing, he does so with a vengeance. It has often been wondered where all the cast-off clothing of the British and Continental armies was disposed of, but on passing through Maritzburg, one may see numerous "Caffre stores" with the uniforms of European soldiers laid out in every form of tempting display. Once, out of curiosity, a correspondent examined a native, and found him wearing, in the middle of an African Summer, a guardsman's tunic, a lancer's tunic, and the ample cloak of a life-guardsman. The women, too, are fond of clothing, bright and gay—the brighter the better.

NEW REVOLVING LIGHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE EBRO, SPAIN.

THE Ebro, rising in the mountains on the northern border of Spain, in the province of Santander, flowing eastward between the lofty and picturesque heights separating Alava and Navarre from Old Castile, intersecting Arragon near its centre, after a course of about 400 miles, empties itself into the Mediterranean through a double embouchure at Cape Tortosa, near the southern extremity of Catalonia. At Mequinenza it passes through a defile where once was probably a barrier restraining its waters as a lake in the country of Arragon. It abounds with shoals and rapids, but boats may pass with difficulty as high as Tudela, in Navarre. A canal has been cut parallel with its bank from Tudela to Saragossa. Improvements have also been made in the bed of the river lower down, and from a point near Amposta the San Carlos Canal has been opened southerly across the delta to the harbor of Los Alfaques. But by far the most important public work in connection with this tawny river is the lighthouse recently erected, and of which we give an illustration. The workmanship is admirable. All that Science has lent to the aid of illumination has been brought to bear in the reflectors, while the edifice itself is one that from its construction may bid fair to defy the Mediterranean, even in its fiercest mood.



SPAIN.—NEW REVOLVING LIGHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE EBRO.

A CHINESE DINNER.

THE wife of an American official in China writes to her friends at home an account of a ceremonious dinner which she attended recently. The feast was given by the "deputy," and was attended by only seven persons, three American gentlemen, two American ladies and two Chinese men, besides the host. Describing the deputy as a "lovely old man," the writer of the letter proceeds as follows: He passed to me first a cup of hot wine, with a graceful bow; it was only after that that one could sit down. He made the tour of the table and gave each guest his wine, accompanied by the chin-chins (bows) from both parties. Before each guest were three plates about the size of a little girl's tea-set plate—three inches in diameter. On these plates we ate all our dinner except the soups, which were put before us in small bowls. Each one had his chop-sticks and a two-pronged silver fork. In a few moments, as Mrs. M. and I could not use them very well, we were given our own forks and knives. At each plate was a big pile of melon and apricot-seeds, and this pile was replenished constantly during the four hours we were at the table. Between the courses everybody was cracking and eating away at the melon-seeds. They were not very good, of course, yet it was amusing to nibble at them, and they came in hot from the oven, and on the whole did not taste badly. On the table when we sat down were right dishes of preserved fruit of different kinds. They were all on those small dishes, but put one on top of the other to make a kind of pyramid, and in a row along the centre of the table were other dishes larger in size and holding the more substantial things. On one, were slices of lobster and salted walnuts—very good, both of them; on another, were goose gizzards cut in thin slices; on another, shrimp salad; and on another, thin slices of chicken. These were all meant to give an appetite for the dinner which followed. I sat next to the old deputy, and he helped me from the different dishes within his reach, only a mouthful or so from each, though. When we had tried all these things the first course was brought on, and, as I suppose you imagine, it was "birds'-nest soup," and very good, too. We have nothing like it at home. After that we had stewed chickens, with young onion-sprouts. The third course was cold mutton, served with raw turnip, cut in long, thin strips.

Fourth—awfully good—was pigeon eggs in a kind of acid soup.

Fifth—Cucumbers, stuffed with chopped fish.

Sixth—Roast chicken served in very small bits, with mushrooms.

Seventh—Sharks' fins.

Eighth—Mutton dumplings.

(After that there was a little rest, and we walked about the garden, going to work again after a half-hour.)

Ninth—Pork soup.

Tenth—Stewed mussels.

Eleventh—Champigeons and spinach made together.

Twelfth—Ham in slices.

Thirteenth—Stewed pigeons and bean curd.

Fourteenth—Fish.

Fifteenth—The muscles or fibres of flowers.

Sixteenth—Sea slugs (something awful to look at, just like leeches with pimples on them.)

Seventeenth—Mushrooms and bamboo-sprouts made together.

Eighteenth—Cakes and bitter almond-sauce.

Nineteenth—An entire roast pig.

(It was brought on and then taken away and carved for us. I thought the dinner at an end when we had the cakes, and was taken aback to see this animal make its appearance. They served first the crackle or skin. It was A No. 1, and we began each to eat anew; second, they carved the lean meat; third, they served some fat, and then something else, all four from a pig.)

Twentieth—Rice with chicken soup, salted cabbage, salt bean curd, chestnuts grown in water, and I don't know what.

After that, tea; and it was over.

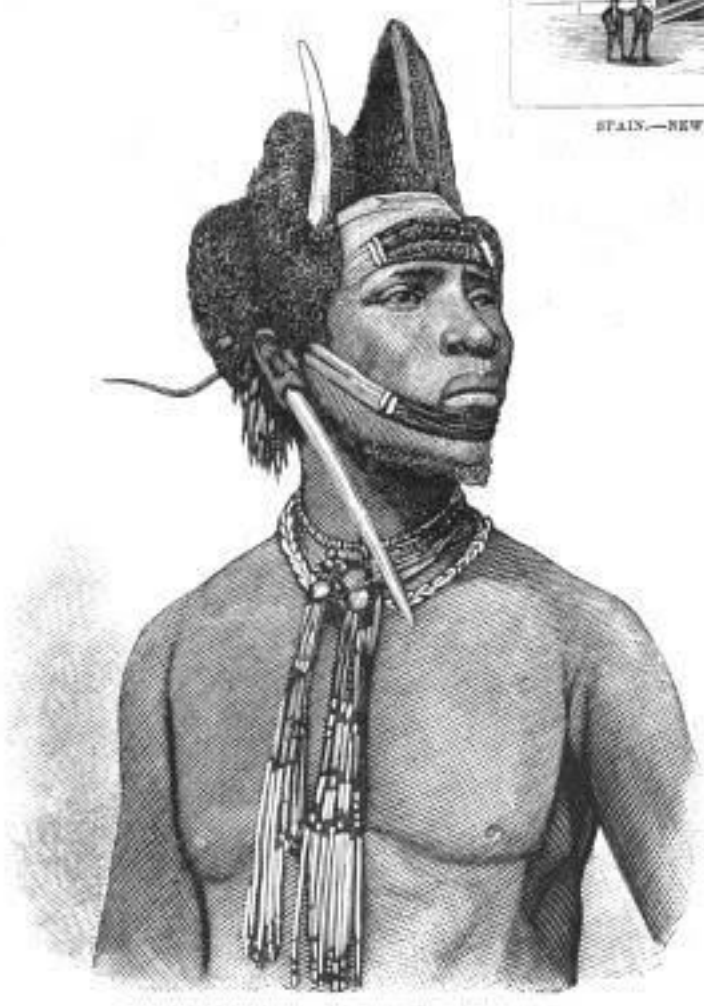
This was followed by a two days' headache.



ZULU HAIR-DRESSING.—MARRIED CHIEF, WITH DOUBLE-PEAKED RIDGE.

HUMORS OF THE LATE PROFESSOR DOVE.

THE late Professor Heinrich Wilhelm Dove, the great physicist and meteorologist, was constantly tempted to brighten his most serious expositions in lectures at the University of Berlin by episodical by-plays of humor. At one time, in a discourse on the force of water, he was much disturbed by a group of young academicians from Nassau, who sat together on the same row of seats, and made untimely jokes during the professor's exhortations. Towards the end of the lecture he introduced a long *spritze*, or fire-engine squirt, and solemnly told his hearers that this instrument would discharge water to an almost incredible distance—"as far," said he, "as from Berlin to Nassau." The word "Nassau" had no sooner escaped his mouth than he discharged a tremendous mass of cold water upon the irreverent colony of Nassau students. Professor Dove was fond to the very last of selecting quaintly out-of-the-way illustrations, which he uttered in a most quiet and innocent manner. One of the most effective, perhaps, was his sober and business-like reckoning of the height of heaven by a calculation of the exact time which was occupied by one of the "fallen angels" in his descent.



ZULU HAIR-DRESSING.—AN UNMARRIED SWELL CHIEF.



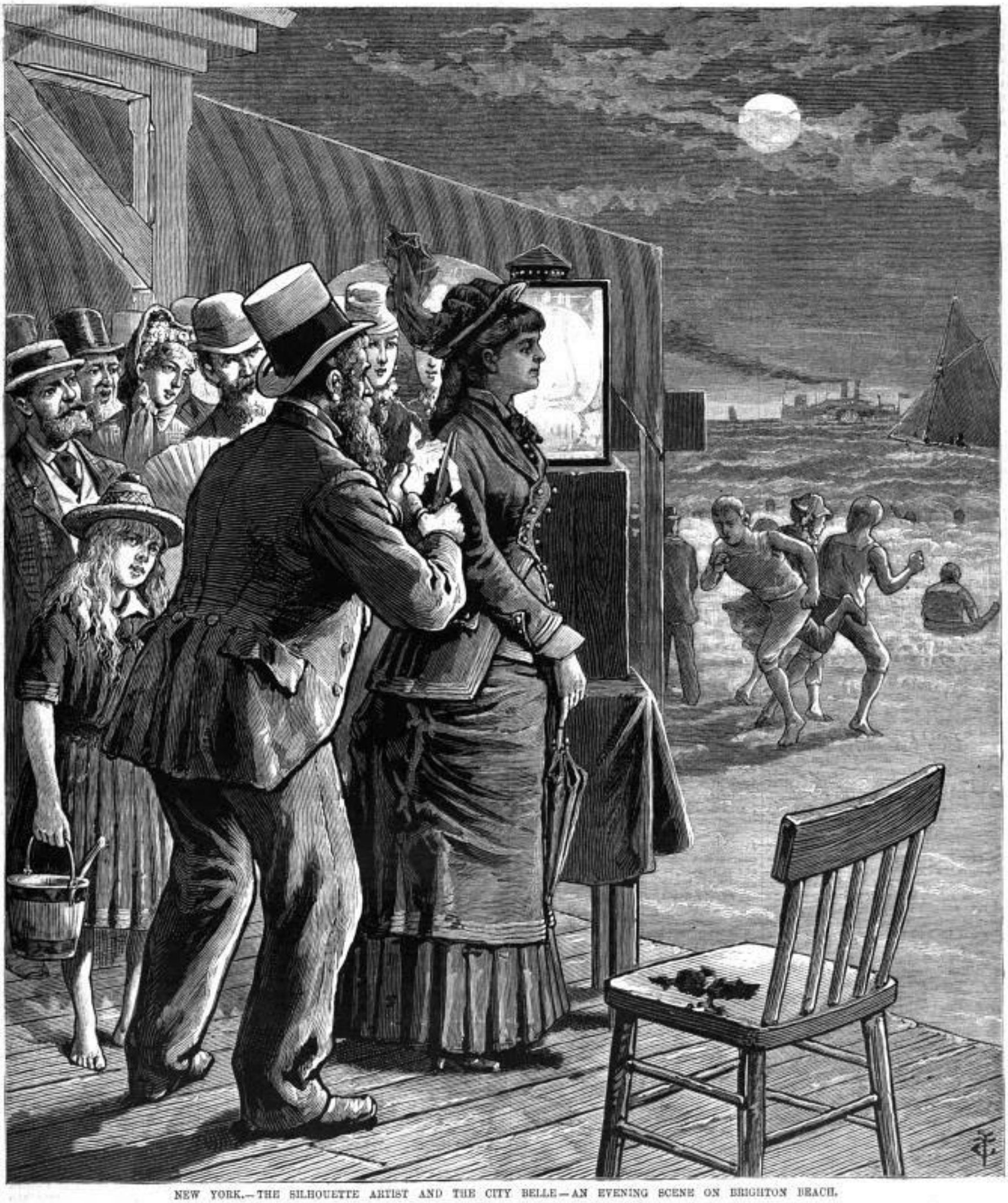
ZULU HAIR-DRESSING.—CHIEF, WITH MIRROR IN HAIR.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—THE SILHOUETTE ARTIST AND THE CITY BELLE—AN EVENING SCENE ON BRIGHTON BEACH.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 331.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1879.

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THE LATE CONGRESSIONAL STRUGGLE.

IF the Democratic extremists in the present Congress had set out with the deliberate intention of affronting the moderate sentiment of the country, and giving their political opponents a decisive advantage in the Autumn elections, they could not have accomplished their purpose more effectually than they succeeded in doing at the recent special session. From first to last their course was marked by stolid stupidity and obstinate indifference to the higher demands of statesmanship. With the country just emerging from a period of unparalleled financial prostration, and striving to adjust its industries and trade upon a fixed and permanent basis, the Democratic managers have not only sought to reverse existing statutory provisions to that end, but have, at every opportunity, introduced new elements of disintegration and discord, thus destroying public confidence, injuring the public credit, and delaying the restoration of business prosperity. Refusing to recognize the logic of the Civil War, they revived the doctrine of the supremacy of the States, undertaking to subordinate the authority of the Federal Congress to the sovereignty of individual commonwealths as to matters of vital concern to the whole people, over which, under the Constitution, Congress has rightful control, and absolutely refusing to the National Executive, except upon humiliating conditions, the means necessary for the enforcement of the laws which he is sworn to execute. Warned by the President, in the very last hours of the session, of the mischief which must follow from a failure to vote an appropriation for the support of United States Marshals, through whose agency alone the laws for the protection of the revenue, the prevention of counterfeiting and violations of the public land and postal laws, the detection of smugglers and other offenders can be enforced, they stubbornly persisted in their refusal to vote a dollar to that end, and thus the Government is left with its hands tied in the presence of the criminal classes who, even with all the machinery of justice actively employed, often successfully defy the national authority.

The Republican Party during the session just concluded was not always wise or sagacious in its action; its filibustering, for instance, in opposition to the very proper Bill prohibiting the pernicious practice of imposing political assessments on public officials was utterly indefensible, and there was an unnecessary insistment upon some exploded issues; but in the final hours of the prolonged contest it certainly recovered something of the ground it had lost by earlier follies. The President having in a special message called the attention of both Houses to the fact that all appropriations for the United States Marshals expired June 30th, and urged that such provision should be made for these officers as would enable the Federal courts to transact the public business properly, a Bill was offered in the House appropriating $600,000 for this purpose, and for this every Republican voted, while every Democrat cast his vote against it. In the House a like Bill was similarly disposed of. Thus the record of both parties was distinctly made up — the Republicans favoring and the Democrats opposing and defeating an appropriation declared by the President to be demanded by the public interest, if not, indeed, by the public safety. There can be no question at all as to the judgment of the country on the issue thus made up between the hostile parties.

As to the attitude of the President, no right-thinking citizen can regard it otherwise than with approval. He has carried himself throughout with just moderation and inflexible fidelity to the obligations of his high office. With every possible temptation to play the partisan, he has recognized only the claims of patriotism, and in everything he has done in all this hot and stubborn controversy, has placed country before party, duty before expediency. The last words addressed by him to Congress, distinguished alike for their temperate spirit and timely candor, show conspicuously the quality of the man who, so long misinterpreted, has come at last to be rightly understood. Addressing especially the recalcitrant majority, and evidently determining that the exact issue shall be considered, he says:

"Under the laws prohibiting public officers from involving the Government in contract liabilities beyond the actual appropriation, it is apparent that the means at the disposal of the Executive Department for executing the laws through the regular ministerial officers will, after to-day, be left inadequate. The suspension of the necessary functions in the ordinary administration of the first duties of the Government for the shortest period is inconsistent with the public interest, and at any moment may prove inconsistent with the public safety. It is impossible for me to look without grave concern on a state of things which leaves the public service thus unprovided for, and the public interest thus unprotected; and I earnestly urge on your attention the necessity of making immediate appropriation for the maintenance of the service of the marshals and deputy marshals for the fiscal year which commences to-morrow, July 1st."

President Hayes can well afford to go to the country upon the record he has made on this issue. But who cannot see that the men who, having failed in an attempt to strip him of his constitutional power and coerce him into compliance with partisan demands, then resented his appeal with contempt, and defied the claims of duty in a blind rage of partisan prejudice, have invited sharp condemnation at the hands of all fair-minded men of whatever party faith?

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

THE interest manifested in the recent College Commencements and the closing exercises of the public schools in our large cities exhibits very clearly the popular appreciation of the value of education. It is our happy eminence as a people that educational facilities are both varied and ample. Our public schools, if not absolutely perfect, are at least the most perfect institutions of the kind in the world, and their power for good is only limited by the disposition of our youth to embrace their advantages. Our colleges are numerous and eminently useful.

The different ecclesiastical bodies are well equipped with institutions for the education of the clergy; and, in not a few instances, these institutions have taken a wider range than that contemplated by their founders. Of late years, colleges founded on broader and more secular bases have been on the increase. The older colleges, such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton and our own Columbia, have, with the advancing years, become increasingly useful. In no State in the Union is there any great difficulty in the way of an aspiring youth obtaining a good college education—such an education, in fact, as will fit him for the practice of law or of medicine, for the important and sacred duties of the pulpit, or for the not less important duties of journalism. Nor is the higher school or college wanting for the education of women. In no other country in the world is the education of woman deemed so valuable, or more carefully encouraged. Altogether, in the matters of education and educational institutions we have reason to regard ourselves as fortunate.

It cannot be pretended, however, that as to either education or the facilities for acquiring it, we have reached perfection. Much still remains to be done. Our efforts are too scattered, and our aims are not sufficiently catholic. There is, we believe, waste of money and waste of labor. It might not be wise to say that we have too many colleges or institutions which partake largely of the character of colleges; but we may say, without the fear of contradiction, that greater unity of effort is desirable and possible, and that greater unity of effort would result in higher efficiency. In the East, it would be wiser if, in place of multiplying petty and sectional schools of learning, we sought to enrich and thus to strengthen and increase the efficiency of such institutions as Harvard and Yale and Princeton, and others of their class. In course of time, there is no reason why, if our millionaires will only follow good examples, these already ancient seats of learning should not rival in wealth, utility and efficiency the oldest, the richest and the most efficient universities of the Old World.

Concentration in the West is as desirable as it is in the East. By wise and concerted effort now, by uniting the resources of the different States, it would not be difficult to build up a university which, in a very short period of time, would be the envy of the East. A national university, endowed by the Federal Government, is not likely soon to find favor with our people. But as something like a national university is desirable, if we would have among us the means of obtaining the higher education, concentration rather than diffusion of strength is obviously essential.

There is room for improvement also in the matter of education itself. In our higher schools of learning there is still too much of the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. Latin and Greek still hold their old places. It still seems to be the theory of our teachers that the object of a college education is to make men learned, and learned especially in the two great languages of antiquity. Our view is that the object of a college education should be to make a man useful. It is not denied that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is necessary enough to those who would follow any of the three learned professions. But for all other classes, a knowledge of German, French and some other living language, with a knowledge of the sciences, and a good training in English literature, would be infinitely more useful. Latin and Greek form no part of the curriculum at West Point; and for all purposes outside of the three professions, our military men are at least equally, if not more, useful than the clergy, doctors or lawyers. It is gratifying to learn that a change is recommended at Harvard by President Eliot. A change at Harvard would lead to revolution all over the land; and we hope, therefore, that President Eliot will continue in the "courage of his opinion," so that the doors of our best seats of learning may be opened to others than those who have the taste and the time to go through the comparatively useless drudgery of acquiring a rudimentary knowledge of Greek and Latin.

We do not propose by any means the removal of these languages from the studies taught at the colleges. On the contrary, we insist on the importance of these chairs. There will always be students anxious to pursue those studies. What we urge is that the student shall have a right to select his course of study, and that the honors of the college shall not be withheld from him because he is unable to conjugate a Greek verb or scan a Latin hexameter. How many able, scholarly men of to-day would willingly part with their Latin and their Greek to be able to read and speak in some one or two of the modern tongues!

EDISON'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

MR. EDISON has just exhibited to the public another important invention—a telephone on an entirely new principle, accomplishing highly satisfactory results. It is called the chemical, to distinguish it from the magnetic telephone of Bell and the carbon telephone of Edison (which cannot be used without employing the Bell magnet at one end), and it is as novel a departure from these familiar telephonic methods as it would be for the steam locomotive to be superseded in railroading, or for a telegraph-line to be operated without electricity. In the construction of this telephone the magnet is entirely omitted, and in its place is put a spool of pressed chalk, which has been saturated with some sensitive chemical, that at present in use being caustic soda. Mr. Edison explained to his visitors that this is crystallized and polarized within the spool, and that it is thus enabled to reconvert the electrical waves into vocal waves; but his explanation is too abstruse to be comprehended by any but the scientific. This spool of precipitated and saturated chalk, and the tongue of iron passing over it which causes the vibration of the mica diaphragm, form what is called the electro-motograph, and this is now for the first time applied to purposes of communication.

The principal feature of this new chemical telephone is that it delivers the massage as loudly as it was received. In the ordinary magnet telephone there is a double loss, so that the message, which is originally spoken in a loud and clear voice, is delivered at the other end in a whisper, audible only when the listener presses the instrument close to his ear. But the chemical telephone reproduces the message in all its original volume, so that it can be heard and understood all over a large hall. Indeed, by increasing the size of the mica diaphragm at the receiving end, the voice can be greatly magnified, so that the message is delivered with twice or thrice the original volume. This would seem to be a highly important improvement of the instrument for most commercial purposes; and, certainly, to sit and hear an iron machine, that looks like a coffee-mill with a glass door, read clearly and loudly from a book that is fifty miles distant, with no connection except a thin, solid wire, is very impressive to a sensitive imagination.

Mr. Edison is still hard at work on his electric light, but he sleeps more than he did and takes life easier, for he declares that it is "virtually finished," explaining that he means that nothing remains but the mechanical construction. To forward his work, Mr. Edison has just invented a new dynamometer, or power-measurer, which consists merely of a drygoods box, with a ton of iron in it, standing upon a pair of platform-scales. The belt from the engine runs under a pulley rigged in the top of the box, so that the weight is always falling but never falls, the power of the engine lifting it as it descends. Thus the exact horse-power used is indicated on the beam of the scales.

The entire number of patents obtained by Mr. Edison up to May 29th was 254, exclusive of a large number of caveats for patents, and patents obtained in other countries. These stand for only about twenty separate inventions, as each invention is covered by several patents. It is estimated that the electric light will be defended by some thirty different patents, and the new telephone is covered by more than a dozen, one of which is for a "discovery"—the third granted to Edison out of the nine with which Americans have been credited in this century.

Although Mr. Edison seems to care nothing for money, he succeeds in bringing most of his inventions to a commercial basis, and among those from which he is now reaping a large financial reward may be mentioned the quadruplex system of telegraphy, now in use almost everywhere, the telephone, the electric pen, the stock indicator, the phonograph, and some half-dozen others. Besides these are the megaphone, the microphone, the tasimeter (to measure the heat of stars,) which are interesting and some of them valuable to science, but which do not yet yield an income.

"This," said Mr. Edison, to one of his visitors, speaking of the electric light, "I expect will be the chief of my inventions, for it seems as if it would be the most widely beneficial." Being asked what he had succeeded in accomplishing, he said, "I can produce six burners to every horse-power of my engine, equal to six gas-jets, and this at less than one-third of the first cost of those gas-jets to the manufacturers of the gas. I claim that this solves the problem—but I hope to do even twice as well as this, that is, I hope to produce twelve electric lights at the price which two similar gas-jets will cost the manufacturers of gas." If Mr. Edison shall succeed in doing this, he will settle speedily and finally the question of street and domestic illumination. "Speedily," we say, without regard to the exact time when the result will be finished, for even five or ten years are as a day in the accomplishment of a revolution affecting so many interests.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

THE fiscal year having closed with the last day of June, we are enabled to gather from the reports of Secretary Sherman some interesting facts as to our exact financial situation. The total receipts of the Government for the year, from all sources, amounted to $276,250,327. The receipts from customs aggregated $136,582,580, and the internal revenue receipts $112,902,406. The total ordinary expenditures, not including interest on the public debt, amounted to $164,598,384. The total debt (principal) at this date is $2,027,207,256, with $30,792,351 interest. The reduction of the national debt for the year is $8,579,575. The total cash in the Treasury is $353,152,577. The revenue sustained during the year a loss of about $8,000,000 by reductions on the tobacco tax, and extraordinary sums not anticipated at the beginning of the year, amounting to $18,800,000, were paid out in obedience to Acts of Congress. This aggregate included $6,500,000 paid under the Arrears of Pension Act, and $5,500,000 paid under the Halifax Fishery Award.

The amount of gold coin and bullion now in the Treasury is $135,236,474, which is only $146,165 less than the amount on hand on January 2d, the date of resumption. No more conclusive proof of the groundlessness of the alarm as to the results of resumption which was manifested by the Inflationists could possibly be furnished than is embodied in these simple figures. The total amount of standard silver dollars coined up to July 1st is $35,801,700, and the amount issued to same date is $13,359,342. The total amount returned to the Treasury is $6,518,912, and the amount now held is $28,147,351.

TENEMENTS AND HOMES.

THE evils of the tenement-house system are universally admitted. How can they be cured? A variety of remedies have been proposed, but all are based upon the theory that the reform must come from without. It seems to us that this is a mistake, and that the true cure for the wretched manner in which the mass of workingmen are now compelled to live lies in their own hands. The money expended by this class in supporting labor unions, and in maintaining periodical strikes, if rightly applied, would emancipate them from tenement-house influences by giving them homes of their own. It is within their power to become owners instead of tenants, using co-operation to that end.

At this very moment New York might have, and ought to have, a large number of building and loan associations, sustained and governed by the wages-earning class in their own interest. Such associations have, in Philadelphia, proved a grand success, and two at least in this city have proved equally useful. They have placed the workingmen of the former city beyond the reach of the squalid wretchedness which attends our tenement system. The case of the Artisans' Building and Loan Association will serve to illustrate the beneficence of co-operation in this direction. This association went into opera-

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ion in the month of March, 1873, with 143 members. The first instalment of dues amounted to $1,713. At the expiration of the first year the capital amounted to $27,468, and in March of the present year was stated to be $103,913, an increase of about 600 per cent. in six years. This capital has been loaned to members for the purchase of homes, or to attain a start in business. So long as the monthly dues and interest are paid the capital cannot be recalled, and when the association shall terminate the obligations of borrowers will be canceled.

The methods of this and similar associations are very simple. Usually the associations are made to terminate when the dues, premiums, interest on loans and fines, shall equal $200 per share. The shares of an association may consist of any given number, no member being permitted to hold more than ten. Each share pays one dollar monthly into the treasury. The money received at each meeting is put up at auction and sold to members bidding the highest rates of premium. The interest on loans is also paid monthly and sold, as are all sums received on premium account. The sales are all made in even sums of $200 to a share.

The practical working of the association is as follows: A member owning, say, five shares, and desiring to purchase a property, or to enter into business, may purchase $200 on each share, or $1,000 in all. In borrowing that sum he secures the association by bond and mortgage, and pays accrued interest in monthly instalments until the term closes, when his obligations are canceled. If he never borrows, and all members cannot become borrowers, then $1,000 cash is paid to him at the general wind-up of the institution.

It has been found that with interest at six per cent. on loans and an average of premiums amounting to as much more, and the general compounding of all moneys received, such an association will terminate in about seven years. Supposing the association to run for that period, and the owner of five shares to have been the first borrower to the extent of his stock, the following will have been his total payments:

Dues at $5 per month, 7 years	$420
Interest at $5 per month, 7 years	420
Premium, say 15 per cent on $1,000	150
Total	$990

Thus the member receives $1,000, and pays, in small sums, $990 in all. But he has his profit in the non-payment of rent and the enhanced value of property, or in the profits of business, as the case may be.

Now, compare this with the case of one not a member who borrows from an individual $1,000 for a term of seven years, and agrees to pay a like premium and interest. In the end his payments will have been as follows:

Premium on $1,000 at 15 per cent.	$150
Interest on $1,000 at 6 per cent., 7 years	420
Payment of principal	1,000
Total	$1,570

These figures thoroughly illustrate the difference between borrowing from an association and of an individual. The difference in favor of the association amounts to $580 on a $1,000 transaction.

We recommend the workingmen of this city to give the system here presented a trial, and at the same time beg to suggest to wealthy philanthropists that they may greatly assist the movement by agreeing to furnish the members of such organizations with lots at an equitable ground-rental for a long period of years, as in Philadelphia. Let the plan once be entered upon, and thousands of the wages-earning class will secure permanent homes not obtainable in any other manner. Such organizations will obviate the necessity for strikes, and blot the tenement-house system out of existence.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE German Empire is constitutional in form, but autocratic in fact. A ministerial crisis at Berlin, therefore, does not usually carry with it the same significance that such an event would bear in the really constitutional *régime* of England, France or Italy. But the troubles that have just become critical—for they have existed in a milder form some time in the Emperor William's Cabinet—indicate a somewhat grave situation. The truth seems to be that Bismarck, who, during the past year or two, has been coquetting with all parties in turn, but has mainly relied upon the support of the Liberals, has recently manifested signs of going over to the Junkers and Ultramontanes—that is, the reactionary parties in Germany. This has disaffected his liberal colleagues. The question just now at issue is a complex one of finance, revenue and religion, the special point being how to dispose of the surplus receipts of the empire. Happy Germany, to have surplus receipts at all! The Ultramontanes wish it divided among the various States; then, of course, Catholic Bavaria, Wurtemburg and Rhineland would come in for large shares. But the Liberals fiercely oppose this, and Bismarck halts between offending his new Catholic friends on the one hand, and the loss of such colleagues as Hobrecht and Falk on the other.

Austria has been holding a general election for the new Reichsrath, the prospect being of a gain for the "clerical" and "nationalist" parties. It seems strange to be reading of the people of this proud and once despotic old empire, going quietly to the polls, and freely electing representatives who are to resolve its policy. Count Andrassy, whilom Hungarian rebel, and now Chancellor of the Empire, has recovered his health and remains, after all, at his high post.

There is an under-current of intrigue *apropos* of the Eastern Question, from which the political ferrets of Europe have not as yet succeeded in withdrawing the veil. A "coolness" is reported between Russia and Germany. Gortschakoff actually passed through Berlin without calling on his bosom friend Bismarck; Russian and German diplomats have been seeking interviews with their masters, and the Czarowitz is credited with having sown seeds of discord between the Czar and the Kaiser. England and France, it seems, will not permit the Sultan to deprive the young Khédive of the right to make foreign treaties. The deposed ruler of Egypt has gone to Naples with two of his sons.

Those uneasy vassals of Russia in the East, the Uzbeg Tartars, are in revolt, and threaten trouble. England is having better fortune in South Africa, where Cetewayo has proposed serious terms of peace. Of course he will have to yield everything; for Chelmsford will stipulate for the return of hostages, the disbandment of the Zulu army, and probably for a rectification of the Zulu-Natal frontier.

Two noted Englishmen have died during the past week. Lord Lawrence, who won his fame as an officer in India, organized the conquered Punjab, and finally became the best Governor-General India has had since Viscount Canning, will no more be seen in the House of Peers, rather hotly denouncing the Oriental policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Lawrence was a man of mark, not only as a soldier and administrator, but as a conspicuous friend of popular education. He was chairman of the first London School Board after the passage of the Education Bill, and served most ably and energetically in that difficult post. We are reminded of our nearness to the time when the electric telegraph first came into use, by the death of Sir William Fothergill Cooke, who constructed the first telegraph line in England, from Paddington to West Drayton.

The literary gossips of London have been all agog with the appearance of the rugged poet, Robert Browning, on the witness stand in the Common Pleas, in the piquant case of Shepherd *vs.* the *Athenæum*. It appears that Shepherd is a literary hack, who mouses about and grubs up the forgotten or abandoned writings of famous authors, alive or dead, and publishes them for his own profit. The *Athenæum* gave him a smart critical drubbing, in which it called him "an insect," a "bookseller's hack," a "chiffonier," and other unflattering names; whereupon Shepherd brought a suit for libel. Among the discarded works he had published, were some poems written by Elizabeth Browning in her callow days, and which she had desired the world to forget.

London has found an interesting lioness to pet, in that child of the mysterious haunts of the Paris Bohemia, Mdlle. Bernhardt. Few royalties are fêted and "ovated" as this favorite and versatile actress of the "Français" has been since her arrival in England. The Londoners are in raptures over her acting, laud her sculptures and paintings to the sky, rave about her dreamy eyes, listen breathless to her poetic effusions, invite her to "at homes," garden-parties, kettledrums and stately balls; dukes, ministers, statesmen and ambassadors, poets, novelists and historians are glad to catch a smile of welcome from her fascinating lips. She is the talk of the clubs, the *coulisses*, Parliamentary lobbies and lordly drawing-rooms.

A princely marriage of thirteen years' standing has just come to grief. Princess Marie Hamilton, a ward of Napoleon III., and a relative of Queen Victoria, married against her will in 1866, the dissolute Prince of Lilliputian Monaco. She was a beautiful girl of nineteen, and he a worn out, middle-aged, rake; but her imperial guardian insisted and she was morally dragged to the altar. She has led a wretched life ever since. Subjected to violence and even to imprisonment, she at last fled to her mother, and has now secured from Rome a dissolution of the marriage, though a broken-hearted and life-embittered woman.

THE number of business failures reported in this city during the six months ending June 30th was 366, with liabilities amounting to $11,582,656, as against 514 failures for the same period last year, with liabilities of $39,630,735. The greatest number of failures—twelve—was in the produce trade. In the dry goods trade only five failures are reported, but the liabilities amounted to $1,222,977. The six months' record is, upon the whole, indicative of a solid improvement in the financial and commercial condition of the metropolis.

THE estimate of the wheat crop for 1879, indicates a total yield of 380,000,000 bushels, against 425,000,000 bushels last year. The surplus available for export is estimated at 105,250,000 bushels, or some 45,000,000 less than in 1878. The increase this year in the total area of wheat planted is about four per cent., but the present indications point to a smaller yield per acre than was realized last year.

A NOVEL financial scheme is under consideration in Connecticut. It proposes the consolidation of all the indebtedness of cities, etc., and covering it by bonds, issued and guaranteed by the State—each city to be assessed for its share of the interest, at the rate of 4.65 per cent., to be paid over to the State; the State to pay 4.50 per cent. to bondholders, and the difference to go into a sinking fund, which it is claimed will cancel the entire indebtedness in fifty years. The funded indebtedness of the counties, cities, towns and boroughs of the State in 1877 amounted to $17,151,000. The State debt is about $5,000,000, and is in process of rapid reduction. A convention is to be held to determine whether a plan of the sort proposed cannot be made acceptable to all parties concerned.

THE vote in the United States Senate, June 30th, on the resolution in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver, had a special significance in the fact that the affirmatives were all democrats and the negatives all Republicans. Only four democrats in all voted for the postponement of the resolution. The effect of the policy proposed in the resolution would be to open the mints immediately for the free coinage of silver, giving to bullion-owners the world over the immense profit which would result, and driving gold out of the country. The vote, 23 to 22, by which the matter was laid over, having been a close one, no doubt the contest will be renewed at the regular session in December.

THE extent to which the people of Great Britain and the continental countries have come to rely upon the United States for supplies of breadstuffs is shown by the comments of the London *Times* on the unfavorable crop prospects. The *Times* says: "We note that buyers mainly rely on American supplies, as the reports from the Continent are far from being uniformly favorable. Official reports of the Italian harvest say that rain and inundations have rendered the prospects in the north deplorable. Central Italy promises at least a moderately good harvest, the southwest and Sicily tolerable, and the southeast and Sardinia excellent. On the whole, the anticipations are under the average. According to Odessa newspapers, the situation of the crops in Southern Russia and the Caucasus has been scarcely ever so bad as at present. What was left by drought and hail is now, it is asserted, being annihilated by frightful swarms of grasshoppers and corn-beetles."

THE Superintendent of the Census has devised a plan for the collection of vital statistics which will no doubt yield results of great value. His plan proposes to secure the cooperation of all the practicing physicians and surgeons of the country, numbering over 60,000. These will be supplied with blank forms calling for full information as to all deaths occurring in their practice during the year ending with May, 1880, including the name, sex, race or color, age, with date of birth and occupation of the deceased, the cause or causes of death, or the symptoms where causes cannot with certainty be given, etc.; and as the statistics thus called for will be of the highest importance and value to medical science and to public hygiene, it is confidently believed that physicians generally will be careful to keep such a record of these cases as will enable them to make their information accurate and trustworthy. The American Medical Association at its recent annual meeting formally approved the plan of the Superintendent and urged the profession to give it a hearty support.

THE semi-annual disbursements in this and other cities, during the month of July, on account of dividends and interest, must make money plenty for the time being. In this city alone the amount due and payable during the month is stated at between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000. The Government interest alone on the public debt foots up, in round figures, at $16,500,000. Then the banks and insurance and trust companies are paying their dividends; a large proportion of the railways are also paying interest on their bonds, or dividends on their stock; and, later on, the savings banks will pay semi-annual dividends to their depositors, generally at the rate of five per cent. per annum. During the month the Government will, in addition to interest, pay out large sums in redemption of the public debt called in under the Funding laws. Last week, $69,502,750 of five-twenties fell due, closing out that particular issue of bonds. On the 9th, $10,000,000 of ten-forties were redeemed; on the 18th $160,000,000, and on the 21st $24,566,300 will be taken up. This will wipe out this issue also. As a further illustration of the magnitude of transfers of money at the beginning of the month, it may be added that the exchanges at the Clearing House, July 2d, amounted to $103,526,782, and the balances to $12,505,154.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE public debt was increased $24,788 during the month of June.

SEVERAL families have been poisoned in Brooklyn by drinking milk, and an investigation is being held.

THE California Democrats have nominated the candidate of the New Constitution party, Mr. Hugh J. Glenn, for Governor.

AT Morris Island, near Trenton, N. J., a wharf broke down, precipitating seventy-five passengers into the water, of whom three were drowned.

COLONEL HORATIO G. WRIGHT has been nominated and confirmed as Chief of the Engineer Corps, vice General Humphreys, retired at his own request.

GOVERNOR GARCELON was renominated at the Maine State Democratic Convention, July 1st, upon a platform indorsing the course of the Democrats in the extra session.

JAMES P. EDMUNDS, one of the most prominent residents of Newton, Mass., has been arrested on a charge of having committed forgeries to the extent of nearly $80,000.

THE routes of the Kings County Elevated Railroad (Brooklyn) have been adopted in spite the Mayor's veto, and protests against the scheme are being sent to the Board of Aldermen.

IN the monthly circular for July of the principal coal companies the prices show an advance generally of ten cents a ton over those of June, and from twenty to thirty-five cents over those of May.

BOTH branches of Congress adjourned *sine die* July 1st. No provision was made for the pay of the Marshals of the country. One of the Bills passed during the last hours of the session placed quinine on the free list.

MINNESOTA was visited by a cyclone on July 3d which played fearful havoc with property and caused the loss of many lives. The same evening the storm struck Elkhorn, D. T., Plymouth County, Iowa, and portions of Wisconsin.

THE steamer *Isaac Davis*, loaded with passengers, careened and her hurricane deck broke off, throwing scores of passengers into Lake Quinsigamond. Four persons were killed, several more or less injured, and a number are missing.

THE coroner's investigation in the case of Joseph A. Blair, of Montclair, N. J., charged with the shooting of John Armstrong, his coachman, resulted, on July 3rd, in a verdict of manslaughter, although four of the jury favored a verdict of justifiable homicide.

ON the morning of June 30th the first water from the Comstock mines was pumped into the Sutro Tunnel, completed after ten years' labor at an expense of $6,000,000. The event was celebrated on the mountain-tops with huge bonfires and discharges of giant powder.

A SUBSTITUTE for an article of the minority report has been adopted by the Louisiana Constitutional Convention, which recognizes the principal of the State debt as constituted under the Funding Act, but reduces the interest to three per cent. for fifteen years and four per cent. thereafter.

GENERAL MILES was instructed by the War Department, on July 1st, to proceed at once with sufficient force to repel the invasion of British Indians who have crossed our border in pursuit of buffalo, and are now menacing the Gros Ventres, Assiniboines and other tribes, located in the northern part of Montana.

NEARLY all the Cabinet officials are about to leave Washington. Secretary Thompson will leave shortly for an extended trip to his home in Indiana. Secretary Sherman will go to Maine, and thence to Ohio. He will make one or two speeches in each State. The President spent Independence Day at Fortress Monroe. Secretary Evarts will visit the birthplace of Washington before long, to decide upon a monument proper to mark the spot.

THE dead body of John F. Seymour, a brother-in-law of Bishop Seymour, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was found in the grounds of the General Theological Seminary, New York City, with a pistol shot wound in his left breast, early in the morning of the 4th. On the same day James Nolan fatally shot Jeremiah Murphy, at Verplank's Point, near Peekskill, N.Y.; Richard Rawlinson instantly killed George Sisk at Tompkinsville, N. Y.; Thomas O'Connell, a master mason and builder of Nyack, N. Y., was fatally stabbed by Patrick Nichols, a discharged employée, and Michael McArthur was fatally shot by Police-officer Wade, at the East River Park, New York, while he and some companions were assaulting the officer. Besides these, there were a large number of deaths by accident.

Foreign.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty lives were lost by an explosion in a coal-pit near Glasgow, Scotland, July 3d.

THE Duke of Cambridge heads a committee of British army officers to erect a memorial to the Prince Imperial.

LIEUTENANT CAREY, who is charged with leaving the Prince Imperial in the lurch among the Zulus, is to be court-martialed.

A ROYAL commission has been appointed to investigate the cause of the great agricultural distress throughout Great Britain.

THE proposition submitted by Austria and Germany for a Liquidation Commission to regulate the finances of Egypt has been approved by England and France.

CHILE has resumed the blockade of Iquique, and contemplates landing 12,000 men on the Peruvian coast, whence they are to march on Lima. There has been a general call to arms in that city.

THE remains of the Prince Imperial arrived at Madeira July 4th. The funeral will be attended by the British royal princes. The ex-Empress Eugénie will spend some months in a convent after the funeral.

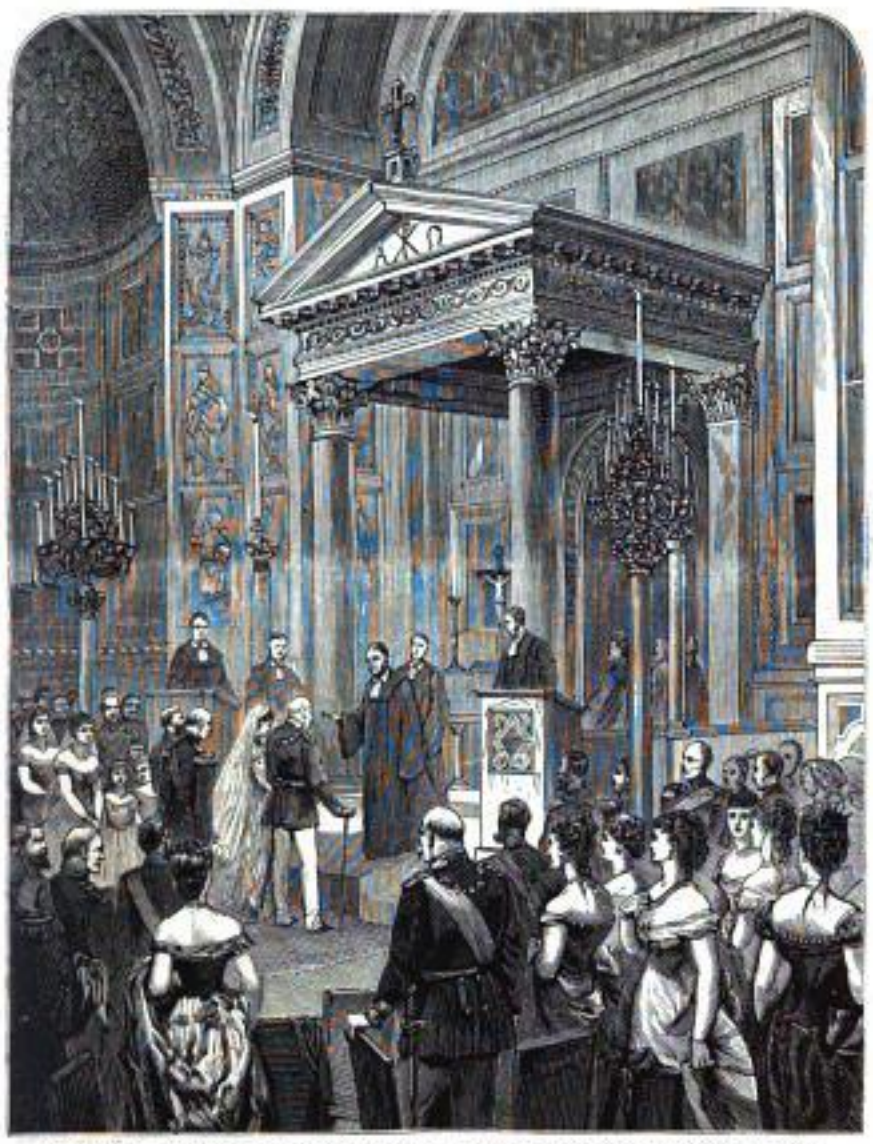
IT is said that Tewfik Pasha, the new Viceroy of Egypt, has agreed to surrender one-half of his father's civil list. The saving to Egypt would be $750,000 annually. The Prince is appointing excellent advisers.

A SPECIAL convention between Germany and the Vatican is being negotiated. The German Government is to nominate bishops subject to the approval of the Pope, and the bishops are to nominate priests subject to the approval of the Government.

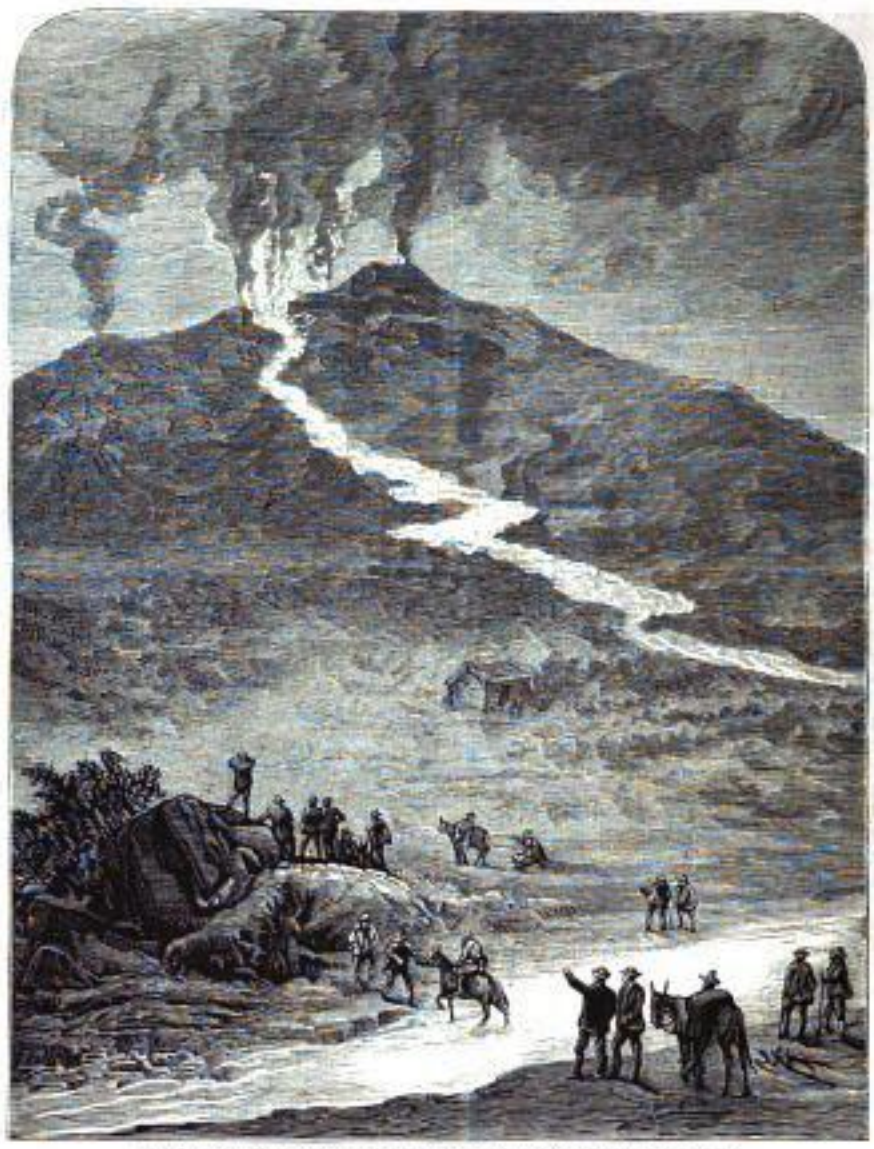
IT is said that Prince Jerome Napoleon will publish a manifesto after the funeral of the Prince Imperial, urging all Bonapartists to submit to the Republic, and that he has already assured President Grévy that he will not become a pretender to the Imperial throne.

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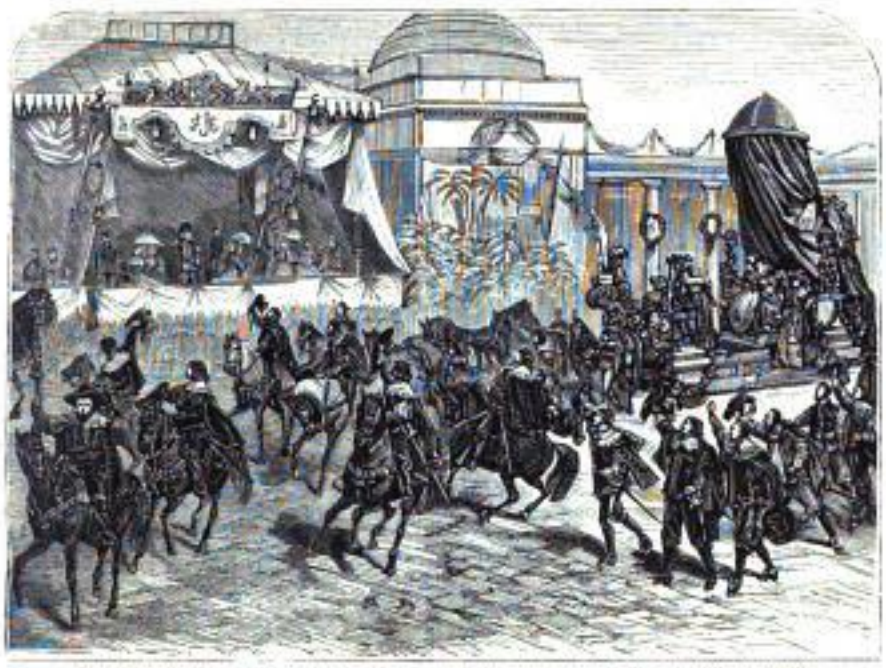
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 331.



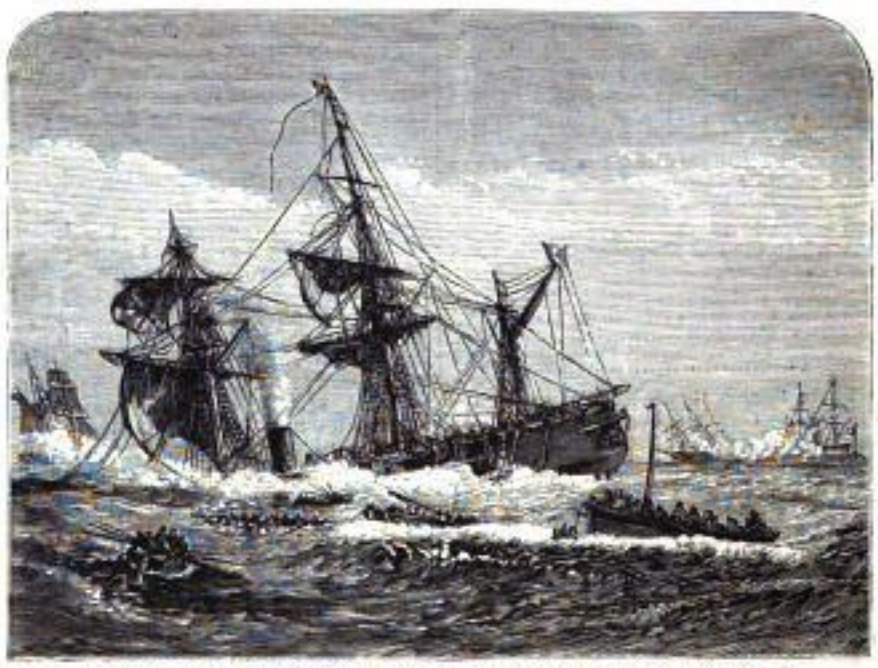
GERMANY.—THE IMPERIAL GOLDEN WEDDING—RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN THE CASTLE CHAPEL.



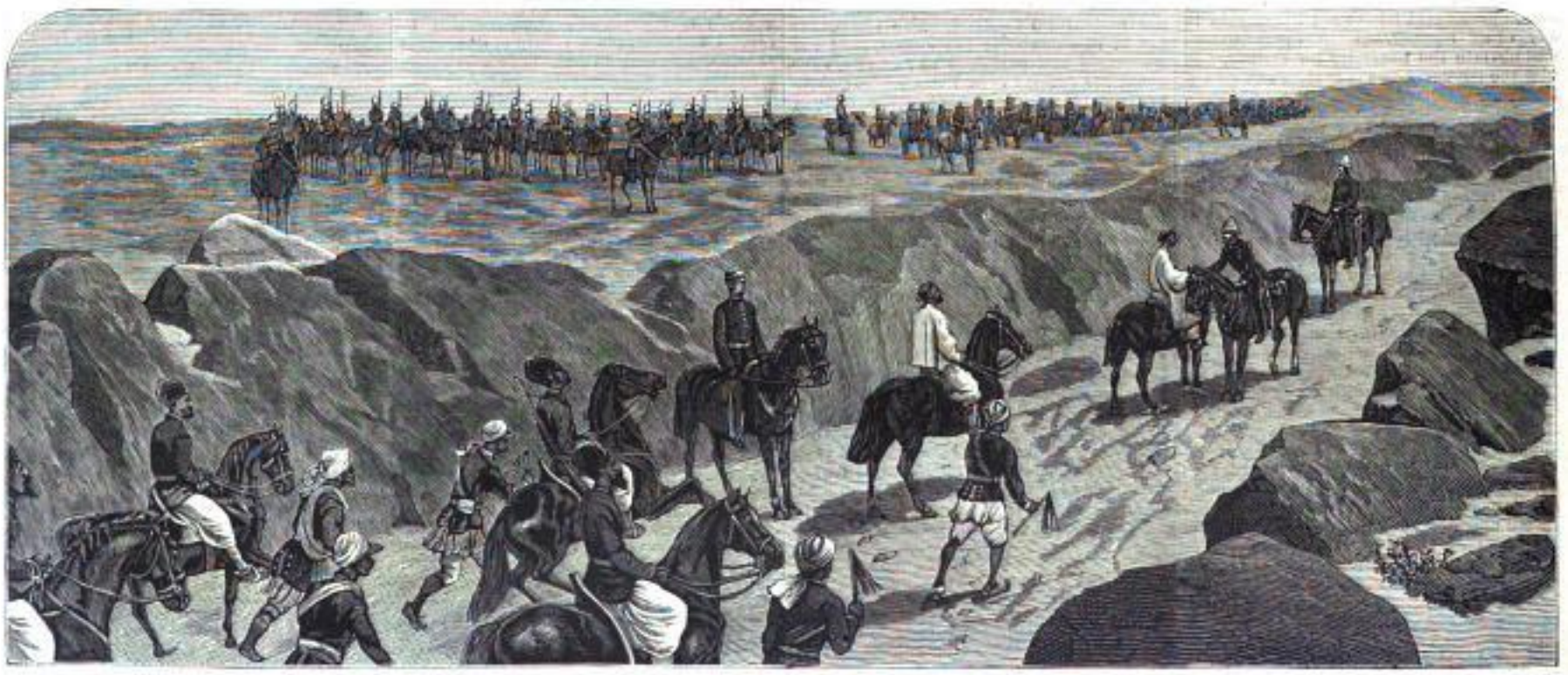
ITALY.—THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA—THE GREAT STREAM OF LAVA.



AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—THE IMPERIAL SILVER WEDDING—HISTORICAL PROCESSION AT VIENNA.

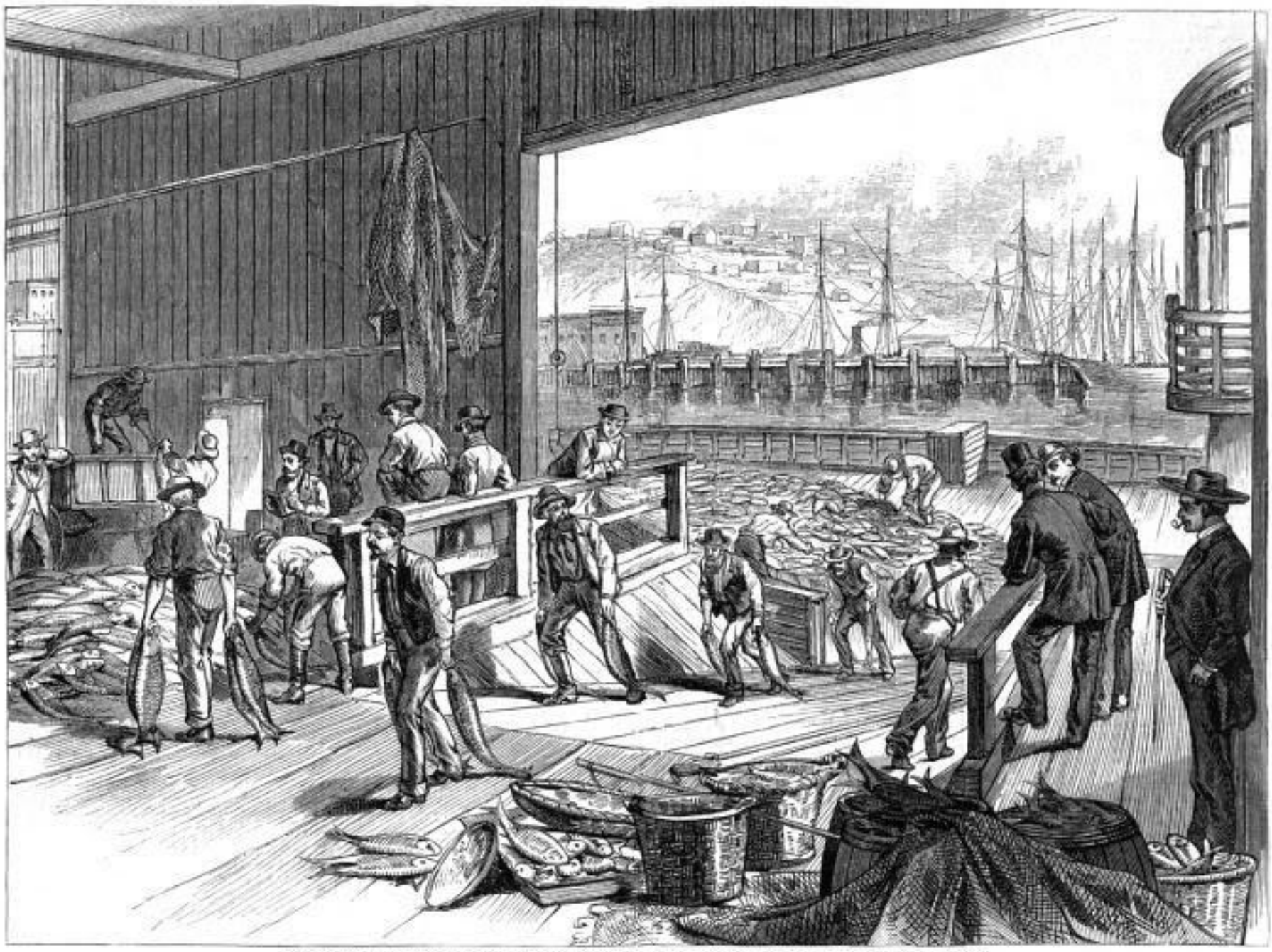


PERU.—NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF IQUIQUE, AND SINKING OF THE "INDEPENDENCIA."



AFGHANISTAN.—CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR—MEETING OF MAJOR CAVAGNARI AND THE AMEER, NEAR THE BRITISH ENCAMPMENT, GUNDAMUK.

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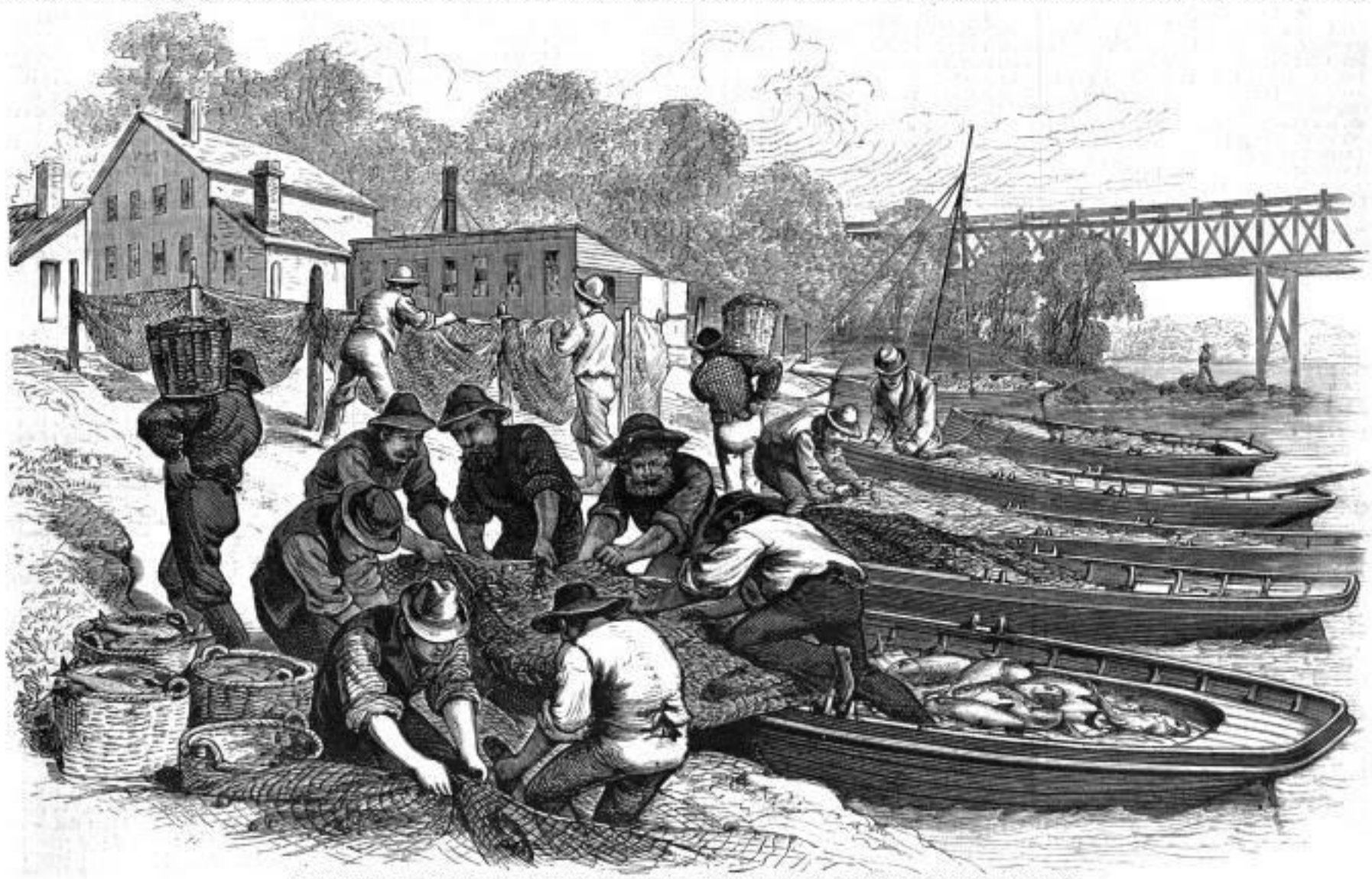


DISCHARGE OF A STEAMBOAT-LOAD OF SALMON CAUGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, AT A WHARF AT SAN FRANCISCO.

THE SALMON INDUSTRY ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

THE salmon has been known since the time of the Romans. It is one of the great game fishes of the world. It prefers northern waters, and is found in France, Ireland, Scotland, in Canadian streams, and on the Pacific Coast, from San Francisco Bay to Alaska. In Scotland it was once so plentiful that servants stipulated they should not have it for food more than twice a week. The fish at one time so abounded in New England that they were easily killed with clubs as they passed in great numbers up-stream to deposit their spawn. A few years ago they were abundant in the San Joaquin River, in California, but now they are only caught in the Sacramento and its tributaries. Though it has been taken in that State for many years, it shows no signs of diminution.

The angler, the boat-fisher, and the canner, will each tell different tales of the habits of the salmon. An expert angler states that the fish, after their return from the head-waters of the streams, linger along the coast not far from land. When the first light rains begin in Autumn, they enter the great bay of San Francisco, and remain about its shores until March. Then the snows in the mountains begin to melt, the streams are high.



SALMON-FISHERS UNLOADING THEIR CATCH AND DRYING THEIR NETS ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, OPPOSITE SACRAMENTO.

CLAIFORNIA.—THE FISH INDUSTRY OF THE PACIFIC METROPOLIS—CATCHING AND SHIPPING SALMON FOR THE DOMESTIC AND EXPORT TRADE.
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN AND WALTER YEAGER.

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and they begin to tend inland. The game preservation law forbids their being caught except between the first of April and the first of August. By the middle of April they are running rapidly upstream. Till the first of July they run freely, then diminish in number until the end of the fishing season. April, May and June are the harvest of the fishermen. About two hundred Whitehall boats are engaged in the business during the entire season, employing two men each, mostly Italians. They fish with gill-nets, taking the fish on the ebb tide, their labors extending on the Sacramento River a distance of nearly one hundred miles, or from a point a few miles from where the river debouches into the bay to the town of Sacramento. Most of them are caught in a stretch of the stream about twenty-five miles long, beginning about twenty-five miles from the river's mouth, or fifty from San Francisco. The fishermen have rules among themselves that regulate the times and spaces to be fished, setting their nets according to priority, dropping down over a portion of the stream, and withdrawing to give place to their fellows. The catch is unequal, the fish running better on quiet days, and is all the way from 120 fish per boat down to none at all. The nets are made sufficiently open to allow of the passage of all fish not weighing more than twelve or fifteen pounds.

Only one hundred boats are engaged in supplying the markets of San Francisco and the smaller towns in the interior of California. The daily consumption of fish is from 1,500 to 3,000, averaging nearly twenty pounds in weight. They are caught in the localities named, taken to the landing-places on the Sacramento River, and shipped by the steamers from Sacramento and Vallejo to San Francisco. In April and May the fish are a luxury in the hotels and restaurants of San Francisco, but they soon become so common that they pall upon the taste, and long before the end of the season the epicure sees them placed before him at table with aversion. They are sold commonly in the San Francisco markets for five and six cents a pound, and, in times of great plenty, much lower, even going as low as one and two cents. Fresh salmon are brought to New York in refrigerator-cars and sold at enormous prices. This branch of the trade is in its infancy, but may hereafter become important.

It is three hundred miles from the sea to the headwaters of the Sacramento, where the salmon leaves its spawn, and the fish are two months in traveling the distance. There they are caught in great abundance by the anglers, who during the Summer months swarm in these wild resorts. They deposit their spawn in eddies, and much of it is devoured by the mountain-trout that lie in wait. The fight among the males is ferocious; the fish are torn and lacerated, and die in immense quantities, either from starvation, exhaustion with their long journey, or from their injuries, their dead bodies lining the banks of the streams and infecting the atmosphere. Some say that the young fish remain a year before returning to the sea; others insist that they return immediately. Many assert that the females which come up to spawn, and also the males accompanying them, never return—all dying in the small streams; while others claim that most of them find their way back, but fall backwards down the current, that the water may not enter their gills and drown them. How long they remain at sea before returning is another mooted question. All these differences of opinion only show that naturalists have much yet to learn regarding the habits of this most interesting denizen of the waters.

THE CYMBAL GIRL.

I.

PRESENTIMENT, to an imaginative nature, necessarily accompanies every new life-episode. Hope of good or dread of evil marks every turn in the path of destiny. If, ascending the steps of what my friend Walford Grevor was pleased to call his "great purchase"—a villa near Rome—my heart sank, why, besides the above reasons, I was ill, nervous, depressed, and, Grevor declared, "somewhat overcome with the horrid heat." "You see I was right to persuade you to travel," added he; "change is far better than hypophosphites or any other tonic. What you want is a little novelty and excitement, and I think we shall have them here."

I turned, inquiringly, at my friend's words, but without saying that I had only accepted the invitation because I hoped to have greater quiet near Rome than at the hotel where I had staid in Florence.

"Novelty, yes," said I; "but how do you propose to get excitement here?" And I looked up at what was certainly—though I would not have said so to happy-tempered Grevor—a gloomy-looking abode.

The lawn was well enough, the fountain in its midst sparkling and tastefully decorated with aquatic plants, but—the house! Over it lay a sinister sadness of atmosphere, due, it seemed to me, to other causes than the dull color of its stone, the narrowness of its *grisaille* windows and a cold architecture strangely devoid of ornamentation.

"Same impression that I had myself," said Grevor, airily, and reading my face with the quick perception of friendship. "Looks as though some old necromancer had built it to study, undisturbed, the Black Art written on its walls. I'm not clear as to whether he isn't here yet, for, let me tell you, Penthorpe, the enchantment here is within and not without. I flatter myself that a queerer place than this could scarcely be found, and that, you see, is exactly why I bought it. If it prove *too queer*, I'll sell it, that's all! But, come in."

As we went through the lower hall, Grevor related all his difficulties in getting the villa as a purchase, and told me that the Comte del Briglio, a young Italian of great learning and a man of mark, had earnestly advised him against residing there as "not good for the soul." "The comte," said Grevor, "had not explained himself further, but was evidently a man above superstition." Grevor admitted having been somewhat influenced by his words but only for a time, and had completed his purchase, notwithstanding.

"I will show you one cause, as I take it, of the comte's remark," added my friend, and led the way to a room on the *secondo piano*; "he did not like this picture." Grevor now opened a heavy door, and I found myself in front of a life-size picture of a woman reclining upon a gorgeously decorated couch.

As a painting, the subject before me was marvelous. The ample drapery defining the magnificent limbs, the heavy shadows about the eyes, the superb hair, the contour of the features, all this belonged to a high order of artistic treatment; but how, why an artist, any artist, should have chosen to paint a countenance so expressive of the most diabolic wickedness and cruelty, the most shocking capabilities of hatred and of crime, was what I, gazing, failed to understand.

"It seems to me," said Grevor, "when I look at that face, that it is unnatural, inasmuch as it would take all the wickedness of several souls to make up that expression. Heaven would not place in one heart what would over and over again doom its possessor. Every soul has a chance to cope with its own adverse forces. This face has the eyes of many devils, the look of the utterly lost, and yet how beautiful as to outline are countenance and form! How graceful the *pose!* The draperies, how clear! The curious ornaments of the hair, how well treated! What depth of tone! What harmony of color!"

Now, I am a quiet man, an invalid for years, a student in my more thoughtful hours—being willing to devote a part of my fortune to scientific progress—and when I relate that, already adversely influenced by the picture, I declared it "frightful," "appalling," and felt an almost mad desire to leave the room where it hung, and at the same time a sort of numbness in my limbs that seemed to be gradually depriving me of the power to move from before the weird canvas, I shall, perhaps, convey some idea of its inexplicable power to terrify and to fascinate. The face seemed mockingly to gaze at me, and the glittering silver cymbals which the dancing-girl—such, I fancied, was the subject represented—held together below her breast, gave forth, I imagined, a low, tremulous, delicious sound. Beautiful devil! Weary with the dance, she had flung herself upon the couch, and, supporting herself by one snowy arm, still held herself ready to accompany—it were as though Hades had given forth the sounds fit for some demon-dance if they should suit those eyes—the rhythmic motion of unseen, perhaps ghostly, companions.

"Let us go!" I gasped, and, with a mighty effort, dragged Grevor into the hall, where, my heart beating wildly, I leaned against a deep embrasure, congratulating myself, mentally, upon having put my "fever-drops" in my trunk. Grevor remarked that I had "evidently overdone myself, and had better sup and retire."

Arrived at my sleeping-room an hour later, I sank upon the bed and fell into a heavy sleep. Never shall I be able to tell why or how I left the apartment; but certain it is that next morning my host found me, stretched, he said, upon the floor in front of the painting of the Cymbal Girl—the room it was in was a story above mine—and in a deep sleep still. I could only say that, in a dream, I had thought I beheld a dreadful dance of lost souls, and in their midst a figure of which the constant interposition of the Cymbal Girl's musical instruments prevented my seeing the face; that I had been impelled to save this unseen visitant and had become involved in the maze of phantasmagoric measure. After that I could remember nothing.

Grevor, looking gravely and apprehensively at me, demanded whether my late fever had been a brain-fever, and muttered:

"I'll lock up that room."

"Oh, do not lock her up!" exclaimed I, as though pleading for some sentient being who would suffer by confinement.

Grevor looked at me and said nothing; but later in the day I saw him talking to the Comte Del Briglio, and tapping his forehead while he pointed in the direction of my room. The comte looked very grave.

II.

WE had not been long in the villa before Comte Del Briglio had visited us again, and, in spite of the very great distance between the villa and his own abode, made us various visits. On one of these occasions I ventured to question him in my host's absence as to his having advised Grevor not to purchase the villa.

"I will tell you all that is known of its history," said the comte in reply. "I feel it, indeed, to be my duty to warn you that it is an evil abode in which to live. A few years before the death of my father, who lived till eighty, he one day sent for me to his own apartment—it was in this house—and there said to me:

"'I wish to sell the black villa—*la casa nera*,' it was thus he always designated this gloomy abode which had become a part of our property, although no portion of our family estate, nor was I who sold it to your friend. I asked my father why he wished to part with it.

"'I wish it were burned,' replied he, with that passionate speech which had outlived his youth. 'It is an accursed place. I will tell you all. Follow me.' And he led me where I will now lead you."

I rose and followed the comte. We reached the hall, and, arrived there, he pushed back a bolt that fastened what proved to be a heavy oaken door, though seeming a part of the paneling. He beckoned me to follow him and we went down a few concealed steps and found ourselves in a room dimly lighted by an octagon window. In the lower part of the room stood a statue in copper, about which it seemed as though the room might have been constructed to conceal it. I started as I looked at it. It represented, in an upright posture, the chin resting upon one hand, a figure precisely similar to that which I had named "The Cymbal Girl." The same diabolic expression marked and marred the face, and seemed to take an added intensity of expression from the darkly bright hue of the copper.

"'This,' said my father, 'represents an ancestress of that family of the Galfi from whom I purchased this villa, a woman whose cruel deeds and unholy knowledge caused her to be looked upon at once as a malefactress and a sorceress. She crowned her evil life by leaving her home to follow a bandit, the most merciless of all who infested the vicinity of Rome, and him in the after time she aided in his crimes. Captured with him, the infuriated peasantry threw her into a cauldron of boiling oil. It is from the copper of which that cauldron was cast that this statue was molded. It was intended to brand with infamy the "Donna Funesta, or Evil Woman," as the Contessa Giulietta was called, and, as you see, the statuary gave her feet which are cloven hoofs. Here are the horns he placed behind the splendid waves of her flowing hair."

"Startled," added the comte, "I looked at the head and feet of the statue and saw that it had, indeed, Satan's hoofs and horns.

"'Once set up,' continued the comte, "it was found impossible to move the statue from the place it occupied, and, at last, one of the Galfi obtained permission to build this villa and so to conceal the statue and its inscription: '*Infamia all' infamia*' (Infamy to the infamous). Do not speak of the existence of this room to Mr. Grevor," added the comte; "it is needless to make him regret the purchase of which my father, when he discovered its true history, made all haste to be rid.

"From the moment," resumed the comte, "that the villa was erected about the statue, insanity, poverty, and finally death—in some cases violent—fell upon the various members of the Galfi family who boldly attempted to reside here. The peasantry, it is handed down, resented the attempt to wipe away the shame of the deeds of the Donna Funesta by concealing the statue, and secretly set fire to other portions of the now dwindling estates. The peasants were punished, but this did not avert the fate which bore down upon the Galfi. The comtessa had been accused of sacrificing infants to the moon, of casting spells that caused madness, of causing by her influence over great personages the confiscation of property. All these calamities except the last, were features of the misfortune of the doomed family. Little by little the dust and ashes of their former greatness were whirled away by the simoon of disaster. A small estate in Palermo was all that remained at last to the last male descendant. He did not marry.

"But this is not all. I must go back in my recital. The comtessa had borne a child to the bandit, Ludovico Sconcio, and her history was well nigh as terrible as that of the mother. A dancer of infinite grace and extremely beautiful, she became a *ballerina* in a great theatre, the better to lure the victims of the band to which she belonged, that of her cruel father. None were aware that she was *La Serpe*. Young noblemen would follow her carriage, it was afterwards discovered, be waylaid, robbed, and sometimes murdered. Ignorant of all this, the dissipated Marchese Di Banza carried her off from the theatre, married her, brought her here—he had purchased this villa—caused to be painted the picture you have doubtless seen, and succeeded in concealing her from the band. It is supposed that remorse or terror caused her to fling herself from the highest window of this abode, beneath which she was found. Certain it is that the band of Sconcio obtained possession of her child, a daughter, and held her.

"Further than this, some fascination of evil dwells here still. It is wrong that the house should have been sold, and to so harmless a man as your friend. Thank heaven! *I* had nothing to do with that! Those who have lived here have always been annoyed by what some called 'spiritual manifestations,' and none have remained. I can myself assure you that lights flitting at the windows have often been seen at night, though for ten years the house has been closed. Doubtless but for its great distance from the city the cause would have been fully investigated.

"How sad," added the comte, "to think of that unfortunate girl, the last descendant of what was once a noble house! If the girl could be rescued——"

"How romantic you are!" interrupted I. "Is it to be supposed that with such blood in her veins, added to that of the famous Sconcio and with the Marchese Di Banza, the girl can be aught but a monster in human shape?"

"True," added the comte, musingly; "there was but one good Galfi, a sister of the *Strega*, or witch, whose statue you behold, and she, Benedetta, became an abbess, and died in the odor of that sanctity whose breath was never shed over that guilty house. Let the girl go; it will be one devil the less blasting the fair earth!" The comte sighed here, and, after a pause, resumed: "I have seen this girl."

"Seen her!" exclaimed I.

"Yes; a few weeks ago. It is very strange, I will add, that on the night when you came here—that before the morning on which Mr. Grevor found you, as he told me, in the room with that picture, which I believe to be the most horrible ever painted—they say poor Busetti, the artist, committed suicide after he completed it—I saw elsewhere what you told Mr. Grevor that you saw here."

I started and stared at the comte.

"At Montone, in the low gorge between the two mountains, a place where banditti lurk, I, coming hither, beheld the last descendant of the Donna Funesta. She held, as the figure in the picture holds, below her breast, silver cymbals which she faintly struck; she reclined, supported by one lovely arm, upon the green sward. Instead of the sweeping draperies of the picture she wore the graceful skirts of the Roman peasant girls. It is true," musingly added Del Briglio, "that her face, although strikingly like that of her ancestress in outline, lacks its wickedness, though not its fascination."

"To me," remarked I, "the wickedness of that pictured face prevents any possible fascination by its beauty."

The comte laughed. "Yet you rose from your sleep to return to it," said he; then continued: "I saw the robbers begin to dance with the women of the band, the girl still striking the cymbals. I watched, but was unable to discern any face but hers, on which fell the strong flare of a torch. It was a wild, strange dance."

"And such, as you said," interrupted I, "I saw in the dream that brought me back to the room with the picture. I tried in vain to save from the other dancers one whom I saw them pursuing. The face I could not see, but in the hair glittered a gorgeous serpent of jewels."

"As in the hair of the woman in the picture," replied the comte. "It was from wearing that strange ornament that La Serpe got her name. It is fortunate," added Del Briglio, "that the robbers are so far off as Montone, for our host tells me that he expects a party of English friends, who, he says, are traveling with a couple of couriers only."

"They are looked for to-day," replied I. "It is Colonel Bellsford, his daughter, her governess and a young gentleman named Parrish, the colonel's ward, and who, report says, will probably marry his daughter when their travels are over."

On the morrow the party arrived. The colonel, who had made a large fortune in India, traveled habitually with what seemed a very imprudent display of lavish jewelry. Unlike most young ladies, his daughter, a beautiful blonde, had as many dismoods as a dowager. All the appointments of the Bellsford party, except the limited number of couriers, were luxurious in the extreme; and I wondered how, traveling in Italy, they had up to that time escaped being waylaid and robbed.

III.

THE East Indian officer and his party soon spread themselves very largely over the villa, and I, finding that the proximity of my apartment to that of Miss Bellsford must be something of an annoyance to her, offered Grevor to give it up and take another. This led to his offering me the one adjoining that in which hung the picture of the Cymbal Girl. I had desired this proximity, for I wished to know whether it was in this room especially that those disturbances took place which had driven away its occupants in the by-gone time.

On the third night after my installation in the room next to that with the picture, I was startled from a light sleep by a faint sound. The room in which I lay upon a lounge was dark, but in that with the picture the moonlight fell brightly along the floor. I rose, noiselessly, shuffled off my slippers, and approached the door. Imagine my beholding the picture slide upwards from its frame and vanish into the ceiling above! In the opening thus left stood the very most beautiful girl I had ever seen, the striking semblance of the Donna Funesta, but with a face as soft and tender as hers was hard and cruel. She had scarcely appeared ere there stood beside her a man with a countenance swarthy and fierce. He wore the dress of a bandit, but was hatless, his brow being bound with a red cloth. He appeared to be threatening the girl by gesture, for neither spoke. She turned as though to fly, after apparently refusing to comply with some request which I fancied was the giving up a key held in her hand. Both figures now vanished to the left of the opening. I determined to follow, and did so. They passed along a concealed passage. The girl, obeying with reluctance the signs of the bandit, now opened a door, the last and smallest on the floor occupied by the Bellsford family. Hiding as best I might, I looked in, and, but for the deep shadows cast here and there in the hall, would have been seen by the bandit, and, beyond a doubt, instantly stabbed with a dagger of which I had noticed the pleasing and reassuring presence in that individual's belt, in company with an equally attractive pistol. The bland and engaging gentleman wearing these weapons, now opened the door, and he and the girl—and I, still unseen—looked into the room thus exposed. There, upon a table, lay the diamonds belonging to Miss Bellsford, certain studs of which the colonel was wont to give us—my host and me—the inestimable privilege of beholding the lustre in his shirt-bosom, and even the few and almost valueless trinkets of little Miss Pettigrew, the governess. The noble creature before me—I allude to the bandit—now proceeded to stow away the jewels in a bag which he formed in the twinkling of an eye by knotting up a scarf adorning his by no means unsymmetrical person, and in a moment more would have departed with his booty but there came a sound, a flash! Shot to the heart by the pistol of the plucky old colonel, fell Bruno the bandit—such we afterwards learned was the anything but lucid identification of this "rock of stumbling and stone of offense." Lights appeared. Grevor, followed by young Parrish and Miss Bellsford, entered. Then came the governess. Meantime, the girl, with no outcry at her companion's death, had vanished. I, perceiving this and guessing that she had returned to the secret passage, swiftly followed. Just as she reached the room, I caught her arm and held her firmly, despite her struggles to be free. I had in a moment more dragged her into the clear flood of moonlight. To my amazement she no longer struggled, but fell at my feet, and, with streaming eyes, entreated me to save her. She poured forth, in an incoherent torrent of impassioned language, the story of her sufferings in being held in wicked bondage by "*la bandit*," as she called the robbers, and declared that this was the first time she had ever had free speech with any but them. She would kill herself rather than return. She would never betray their haunts, but she would see them no more. Bruno had forced her to follow the governess and to betray to him the hiding-place of the jewels.

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"I have a right to live honorably for I have gentle blood. I am a Vincenza, the great granddaughter of the Marchese Di Banza and of Palma Di Galfi, his wife."

I mentally remarked that if this were not a situation I should like to know what was. Without attempting to enter upon a discussion as to the amount of pride to be derived from descent through individuals who appeared to have blended the well-known humanity of Nero "Imperator" with the graceful virtues of Cesare, the Borgia of Borgias, I told Vincenza that I would conceal her in the room adjoining my own. I suggested the secret passage in case it became necessary to fly, as it probably would, for the authorities would, of course, be notified by Colonel Bellsford, a step made the more necessary by the death of the robber.

"To avail myself of the passage would be idle. It would but take me out into the open country, and the band would find me at once. Bruno may even have been told of this passage. They may come hither."

Vincenza now approached the opening left by the sliding of the picture, and quickly adjusting two bolts attached to the frame, secured the room from entrance by the secret way. The house by this time was in a complete uproar with the exclamations of terrified servants, the departing of hastily saddled horses, the swearing of Colonel Bellsford, who, he observed, "didn't like to kill a man on the battlefield, much less within four walls." All this blended with the rich voice of Miss Bellsford, and the little squeaky outcries of Miss Pettigrew who "never was so frightened, never."

A few hours more brought convoys from the local authorities. Then came the comte.

IV.

Now it was precisely the comte I wished to see. I told him—and him alone I told—of the presence of Vincenza. He turned as pale as a corpse.

"We must save her!" cried he. "We must get her away!" Setting our wits to work, we arranged to abstract a suit of the governess's clothes in order to disguise the girl, so that if discovered by the authorities while flying she would stand some chance of safety. That night, after all was still and the searching of the house completed—no one dreamed of looking behind the picture of the Cymbal Girl—the Comte Del Briglio, accompanied by Vincenza, disguised, reached a safe refuge.

Some time after the comte requested me to accompany him to Palermo, where, at the house of a worthy old woman, he had concealed the girl, under the name of Monica Rossi. She was believed to be a coral-worker.

This seclusion lasted some months, when—and *I*, at least, was not surprised—it was rumored that the comte had married. I had watched the progress of his infatuation, and heard him talk of Vincenza Di Banza's "beautiful soul," of her aspirations to a higher life. The marriage took place at Palermo, the real name of Vincenza being known only to the good *padre* who married her to Del Briglio.

Time passed. After the marriage of the colonel's niece to Parrish, I visited several Italian cities, and had almost forgotten the comte, though not, I will admit, Vincenza, when—this was three years later—I one day encountered Grevor, who had married an English girl, and, after corresponding with me a few months, had ceased to write. The moment he saw me—we met at Naples—he exclaimed:

"You remember the villa, Penthorpe, and poor Del Briglio?"

"What about Del Briglio?"

"Gone into incurable melancholy! But I must tell you all. We discovered that, during the ten years it remained closed, the villa had served as a resort for a part of the band to which that good-for-nothing scamp whom the colonel shot, you remember, had belonged. The "spiritual manifestations" were got up to drive all tenants away. The poor comte, you will recall, married; but instead of a peasant girl as we supposed, his bride was the last of the Galfi, a dreadful family of miscreants. One fatal night during the honeymoon, he was passing through a secluded valley with his beautiful wife, when she was seized by a couple of bandits. Two more pinioned him and bound him to a tree. The morning light showed him his wife bound to a stake, gagged and stabbed to the heart. On a paper through which the dagger in her breast was driven was written, '*Traditrice*' (Traitress).

"I call that rather 'hard lines,' don't you, Penthorpe," concluded Grevor, "and the comte will end up by making away with himself some fine day or my name is not Grevor. Now, see if he don't!"

But I, though *I* had loved *Vincenza*, said to myself: "Better the death of both that fated pair than the perpetuation of the race of the Donna Funesta."

THE SILHOUETTE ARTIST AND THE CITY BELLE.

AN EVENING SCENE ON BRIGHTON BEACH.

CONEY ISLAND is an inexhaustible fund of amusement to those who are fond of witnessing *bizarre* and unusual sights—sights only to be seen on its sometimes too glaring sands. Nowhere in the world do so many curious people get together for the purpose of doing nothing, and who succeed in doing it to perfection. Bathing doesn't count, neither does clam-eating, or going up in the balloon, and for genuine, downright solid idleness Coney Island takes the palm. Here is the "masher" in his element, with rakish hat, "high-toned" suit, and any amount of brummagem jewelry. Here is *paterfamilias* in full bloom, as he sits on a piazza placidly clinking his lager beer glass with that of his wife, while the olive branches disport themselves by the sad sea waves. Here is the youthful mamma, in full particular blossom, as she parades her infant, arrayed in the daintiest of costumes, accompanied by the nurse, attired in feeble imitation of the *toilette* one beholds in the Champs-Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne. Here are lovers in their element as he orders ice-cream for the adored one, and exchanges spoons with her after the first timid sip. Here is the Wall Street man at best, as he orders dinner for a fast-looking stag-party, who toss off champagne with much display of idiotic laughter. Here is the mechanic, in good form, as he carries one young lion on his stalwart shoulder and lugs another by the hand in the direction of the picnicking saloons; his wife, in well-starched garments, following with the two oldest. Here is the giggling miss, as happy as the day is long, for she and her dearest friend can get away from the old people and have a good time on the pier with Ed and 'Arry. Here the bather lords it *al fresco*, as he disports his hideous-looking frame not in the water but on dry land.

Coney Island is the Castle of Indolence, and *dolce far niente* impregnates the very atmosphere. As night falls and the twin-lights at the Hook begin to gleam across the throbbing waters, the island presents an especially brilliant appearance. All along the beach flash lamps, white against the orange-yellow of the setting sun. The hotel piazzas seem dotted with rows of independent moons, and Jablokoff candles rival in their electric brilliancy the departed dayshine. A lime-light flings its white radiance on waters now black, revealing weird-like forms plunging in the silver sheening spray. It reveals the old, old story being told on benches and on the sands, to the murmur of the plashing waves. Music from bands, such as Strauss and Offenbach have dreamt of, steals on the cool caressing night-breeze, mingled with the occasional shriek of the locomotive announcing its departure with "the sensible people."

The artist and I were present at a very quaint eighteenth-century performance during a recent visit to the island. It was night, and a young girl stood in the blazing light of a blazing lamp, her profile, which, by-the-by, was exceedingly *piquante*, showing in strong relief. As she stood so very still, we at first imagined it might be an automaton or lay-figure, till we approached more closely, and then we perceived that she was undergoing the process of having a *silhouette* done, the operator being engaged in cutting her profile out of a piece of cardboard. A solid and curious crowd pressed around her, while her lover fended off the more energetic by the stern logic of his manly arm. The "mashers" were loud in *facetiæ* as to the girl's personal appearance, but the young lady felt all the importance of the situation, and gallantly held her own, despite the fire of "chaff" that greeted her on all sides. It was a very quaint and curious sight, and if I were a young and pretty girl, with just such a profile, I would get done en silhouette every night in the week.

The King of Bavaria and his Theatre.

ALL the world has heard of the eccentric distaste of King Ludwig of Bavaria for publicity, especially in the theatre. His passionate love of the drama, and his excellent judgment upon it and its allied arts—its poetry, scenery, and music—are equally matter of notoriety. A citizen of Munich says he has not seen the King in a theatre since 1868, when he sat alone in the royal box at the first representation of "Rheingold," and watched the sporting of the water-nymphs in the green flood of the Rhine. Since that time King Ludwig has become still more shy of society, and he now arranges for separate representations of plays and operas, at which he constitutes the whole and sole audience. On such evenings even his manager, Baron von Perfall, dares not show himself in the house, but is compelled to watch the performances from behind the scenes. Of the actors and actresses in these secret performances the King is severely critical. His favorite play, Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," is now never acted, because His Majesty cannot find any actress who renders the part of *Joan of Arc* to his satisfaction, although the decorations for the separate presentations of this drama have been produced at an enormous expense of time, talent and cost. The King himself journeyed to Rheims in order to secure that the scenery for the coronation in the Cathedral of Rheims should be accurate and faultless, and the view of the interior of the cathedral is said to be a masterpiece of decorative painting. The coronation procession also has been arranged with a rare magnificence, wealth, and fidelity to costume in the smallest detail, and yet, on account of the exacting criticism of King Ludwig, it is never placed upon the stage. He has lost none of his amiability for artists, and when a scene-painter or actor has specially pleased him he rewards them with gifts of unusual value. Such a life is a strange contrast to the active publicity of that of all the other sovereign Princes of the German Empire.

Mesmerism in China.

TO THE priests of Tao, the religion of Pure Reason, who dabbled under bygone dynasties in alchemy and in the science of attaining immortality, is due the discovery of *kung-fu*, and its application as a means of healing the sick. All complaints are held to be equally amenable to its power, though not all persons, professors of the art stating plainly that *kung-fu* can exercise no influence whatever over others than those who have faith. The modus operandi is as follows: A Taoist priest, known for his skill in the art, is requested to attend at the house of a sick person for the purpose of administering *kung-fu*; and accordingly, after arranging what is to be paid for his services and securing part of the sum in advance, he proceeds to fit up within the patient's room an altar for burning incense and joss-paper and for worship generally. Muttered incantations follow, as the priest walks slowly and with prescribed steps round and round the room. By-and-by he approaches the sick man and partly raises him, or turns him on his back or side, or lifts up a leg or an arm, or gently shampoos him, the object being all the time to bring the sick man's mind into rapport with his own. When the priest thinks he has accomplished this, he commands the patient to perspire or to become cool, or gives instructions for the regulation of pulse and heart, in each case according to what he conceives to be the exigencies of the disease. The whole scene is rendered as impressive as possible by silence, and by darkening the room, with the exception of one oil lamp, by the light of which is dimly visible the silhouette of the robed priest waving his large sleeves in the air. The imaginative faculty of the sick man is thus excited; and hence, perhaps, the reason why even in these days of prohibition Chinamen may still be found ready to declare that they (generally, however, their friends or relatives) have derived undoubted benefits from a well-timed administration of *kung-fu*. All my own attempts to be present at such a scene have hitherto proved unsuccessful; and the above account is gathered chiefly from conversation, aided by a few stray hints gleaned from Taoist pamphlets which contained allusions to the subject.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The German Golden Wedding.

Having given a summary of the solemnities at Berlin on the occasion of the Golden Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, we need only here confine ourselves to the religious ceremony in the Castle Chapel. After having been congratulated by the throng of relations and princes assembled in the White Hall, the royal couple proceeded in procession to the chapel, which was already filled with the most distinguished dignitaries of the empire. The Emperor wore a general's uniform bristling with decorations, the Empress being radiant with a tiara and necklace of brilliants, and wearing a golden-colored dress. Two seats had been placed before the altar for the Emperor and Empress, while behind were some sixty chairs for the princes and princesses attending the ceremony. Dr. Kögel offered up a short prayer, and then delivered a brief sermon on the text, "And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity." A short prayer followed, and then the royal couple rose and moved towards the altar, the Emperor steadying himself with his staff, to receive the benediction of the clergyman. The trying ceremony being over, the Crown Princess advanced and kissed the Empress's hands, the Crown Prince shaking hands heartily with his father. The Emperor and Empress then returned to the White Hall, there to receive congratulations from the diplomatic body and deputations innumerable.

The Eruption of Mount Etna.

The present eruption of Etna, which is elsewhere described at length, the most violent which has taken place since 1832, seems to be even more serious than was at first supposed. The mountain has broken out at three different points, distant from each other twelve or fifteen miles. It may be said that there are three separate eruptions going on at the same time. The most serious of the openings are those between the Monte Frumento and Monte Nero, an equal distance between Randazzo and Linguaglossa. At this spot the land is more highly cultivated. The flow of lava here seems to be immense and ever increasing in bulk. The present eruption began on May 25th, when loud bellowings were heard by the residents on the northern slope, and a great cloud of smoke was observed issuing from the side of the mountain. This cloud increased, a rain of fine black ash came on and fell for miles around, and during the night of the 27th huge fires could be seen looming through the black clouds. Next day a great stream of lava was seen from Taormina descending the mountain towards Randazzo, while from the new craters "great balls of fire were thrown high in the air, and burst into showers of fire, accompanied by thundering explosions." From that time until June 6th the eruption appears to have continued unabated; but the violence then began to diminish, although the calming down of the eruption was followed by severe earthquakes, one of which destroyed five villages.

The Austrian Silver Wedding.

The principal feature in the rejoicings in Vienna at the celebration of the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria was the procession which passed before their Majesties. The Imperial tents of dark crimson cloth, resting on columns, stood just before the Burgthor. Right and left of the Imperial tent, in the form of a semicircle, extended four pavilions, connected by an arcade on columns, while opposite rose an amphitheatre of seats, surmounted by obelisks and columns, for the accommodation of the guests of the town. The proceedings opened with an address by the Burgomaster, asking the permission of their Majesties for the passage of the civic procession. The signal was then given, and the *cortège* began to pass, taking two hours in passing. The portion in costume, with its twenty-eight carriages and 1,500 attendants, though no doubt the most brilliant, was but a small part of the procession. The University, the Polytechnic and the Agricultural School alone had as many representatives on the scene. But the great feature of the *cortège* was the costume procession, which had been designed and carried out under the eye of the artist Makart. The costumes worn were those of the sixteenth century, and were perfect in their accuracy. The interest in this really magnificent display was intense, and when in the last group of artists Herr Makart himself was recognized in his black-and-gold dress, on his milk-white steed, he received quite an ovation all along the line.

The Naval Engagement off Iquique.

In our last issue we gave a view of the blockade of the Iquique by the Chilian squadron, and spoke of the naval combat off that port. This took place on April 21st. The Peruvian turret-ship *Huascar* summoned the Chilian wooden vessel *Esmeralda* to surrender, but was answered by a broadside, whereupon the *Huascar* rammed the *Esmeralda*, which sank immediately with 150 men on board, forty of whom were saved. Captain Thomas, of the *Esmeralda*, followed by a few men, jumped on board the *Huascar*, and fell fighting on the deck of that vessel. The lieutenant of the *Huascar* was also killed in the *mêlée*. Meanwhile the Peruvian ironclad *Independencia*, in pursuing the Chilian wooden vessel *Covadonga*, ran into shallow water and struck on a reef. After the crew and part of her armament had been removed, the vessel was burned to prevent her from falling into the hands of the Chilians. The *Covadonga* succeeded in escaping, and the *Huascar* returned to Pisagua, where Peruvian reinforcements were landed.

Submission of the Afghan Ameer.

On the morning of the 8th of May, Major Cavagnari, with an escort of the Guides and Tenth Hussars, met the Ameer in a dip in the road between the Red Khotal and the bridge at Surkhab. At a little after eight the cavalry were drawn up on the right side of the road. At nine o'clock the Ameer arrived, accompanied by Daood Shah, Commander-in-Chief, Mir Hossan, and his suite. Major Cavagnari rode forward with Mr. Jenkins and shook hands with the Ameer and his Ministers, and then the whole party moved towards Gundamuk, where, on the height of the pass leading to the Valley of Surkhab, General Sir Samuel Browne and his staff were waiting at the head of the troops, who were lining the road on either side for at least three miles, stretching as far as the Gundamuk Nullah, near which was pitched the Ameer's tent. On shaking hands with the General, Yakoob and his suite, followed by Sir Samuel Browne and staff, slowly rode down the lines amid a royal salute. On nearing the river Major Wilson's forty-pounders thundered forth twenty-one rounds. Reaching his quarters at Gundamuk the Ameer retired for rest.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—NASHVILLE will celebrate her centennial April 23d, 1880.

—THEY are talking in Texas of establishing an emigration agency at Castle Gardee.

—CITIZENS of Wisconsin pay annually for liquor over $19,000,000, and for public education $2,600,310.

—WINTERHEIM, a large Icelandic colony in Western Minnesota, expects an addition of 300 from Iceland in August.

—CHINESE laundries, with opium dens attached, are numerous in Memphis. A raid upon them has been made by the police, and some dreadful sights revealed.

—THE new flag for the Transvaal has at length been approved. It is in the form of a shield, with the old Transvaal ensign on the right side, the Union Jack on the left, and a crown at the top.

—THE Hotel de Ville, in Paris, the old seat of the Municipal Government, which was destroyed in 1871, is far advanced in rebuilding, and will be completed in 1881, at a total cost of about $4,400,000.

—THE cost of the late Durham strike in England is estimated at $3,200,000. Nearly half is borne by the men. Without reckoning interest, it is computed that it will take 9¾ years to make up the sum lost.

—THE International Agricultural Show opened June 30th at Kilburn, London, England. The weather was fine and there was a large attendance. The Prince of Wales and the Lord Mayor of London were present.

—THE Massachusetts Prohibitory State Committee has adopted an address to the voters denouncing all laws that favor the liquor traffic, and urging a thorough organization in support of absolute prohibition.

—DURING the six months ending June 30th there were in the City of New York 14,145 deaths, 12,117 births and 4,044 marriages, as against 12,983 deaths, 12,209 births and 3,728 marriages for the same period last year.

—AFTER two months' debates, the Italian Chamber of Deputies has approved the Ministerial Railway Bill, which provides for the construction of 3,762 miles of railways within twenty-one years, at an annual expenditure of $12,000,000.

—THE London police now attend medical lectures, given by the St. John Ambulance Association, which, it is to be hoped, may enable them to distinguish between drunkenness and disease. It would be well if our clubbers in blue could be taught to do likewise.

—THE Paris Mint has commenced the coinage of 14,800,000 francs in gold, silver, and bronze pieces for the Servian Government. The die adopted is that of the Latin Union. Servia has no national money yet, and business has hitherto been transacted in the coins of the adjoining countries.

—THE Lord Chancellor, Lord Cairns, has introduced in the House of Lords the Government's Irish University Scheme, which proposes the dissolution of the existing Queen's University and the application of its endowment grants to a new university, on the model of the London University.

—ON July 1st the Chicago elevators contained 4,201,690 bushels of wheat, 7,581,612 bushels of corn, 398,674 bushels of oats, 31,992 bushels of rye, and 78,839 bushels of barley, making a total of 7,352,807 bushels, against 7,039,449 bushels a week previous, and 1,880,111 bushels at the same period last year. Milwaukee warehouses were stored with 1,303,690 bushels of wheat, 55,443 bushels of corn, 25,565 bushels of oats, 6,055 bushels of rye, and 92,652 bushels of barley.

—"THE Society of the Damned" is the name of a Parisian institution—damned dramatic authors—and they meet once a month, and dine at Brebant's. Their number has no fixed limit, only every member to be eligible must have been hissed. An eminent dramatist is selected as chairman, and holds the post for three months. His election generally follows close on a splendid failure. Meilhac, Dumas *fils*, Zola and Offenbach have all filled the chair, and presided at the monthly dinner.

—ABOUT 3,000 persons attended the centennial anniversary of Cummington, Hampshire County, Mass., June 26th. Senator Dawes, a native of Cummington, read a historical address, and John Bryant, of Princeton, Iowa, a brother of the late William Cullen Bryant, read a poem. The exercises were held on the grounds of William C. Bryant's old home, and several of his near relatives were present. Among others present were Governor Talbot, Charles Dudley Warner and Professor Norton, of Harvard.

—THE Interior Department has received information from Agent Lincoln, at the Gros Ventre Agency, Montana, under date of June 16th, that British Indians, in large numbers, have crossed the border; that they are destroying the buffaloes upon which the Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, etc., depend largely for their food; that skirmishes have occurred between our own and the foreign Indians, with loss of life on both sides, and that the British Indians are well armed and are driving the American Indians before them, the latter being in a panic and desiring to cross the Missouri River.

—SUBSIDIES to the following amounts are granted by the principal cities of Europe to their lyric theatres: Berlin, 750,000 francs; Stuttgart, 625,000 francs; Dresden, 400,000 francs; Naples, San Carlo, 300,000 francs; Vienna, Imperial Theatre, 300,000 francs; Rome, Apollo, 290,000 francs; Copenhagen, 250,000 francs; Carlsruhe and Weimar Theatres, 250,000 francs; Munich, 195,000 francs; Milan, La Scala, 175,000 francs; Stockholm, 150,000 francs; Palermo, Bellini, 120,000 francs; Turin, 60,000 francs; Florence, Pergola, 40,000 francs; Genoa, Carlo Felice, 10,000 francs.

—DURING the session of Congress which terminated July 1st, 727 Bills and forty-six joint resolutions were introduced in the Senate, and 2,395 Bills and 119 joint resolutions were introduced in the House of Representatives; making a total of 3,122 Bills and 165 joint resolutions. During the session there were presented in the House of Representatives 2,019 petitions, which are classified as follows: Relating to claims, 555; commerce, 253; currency, 56; liquor traffic, 36; naval affairs, 23; military affairs, 104; education and labor, 30; patents, 78; tariff and taxation, 134; pensions, 351; polygamy, 35; postal affairs, 69; miscellaneous, 293; total, 2,019.

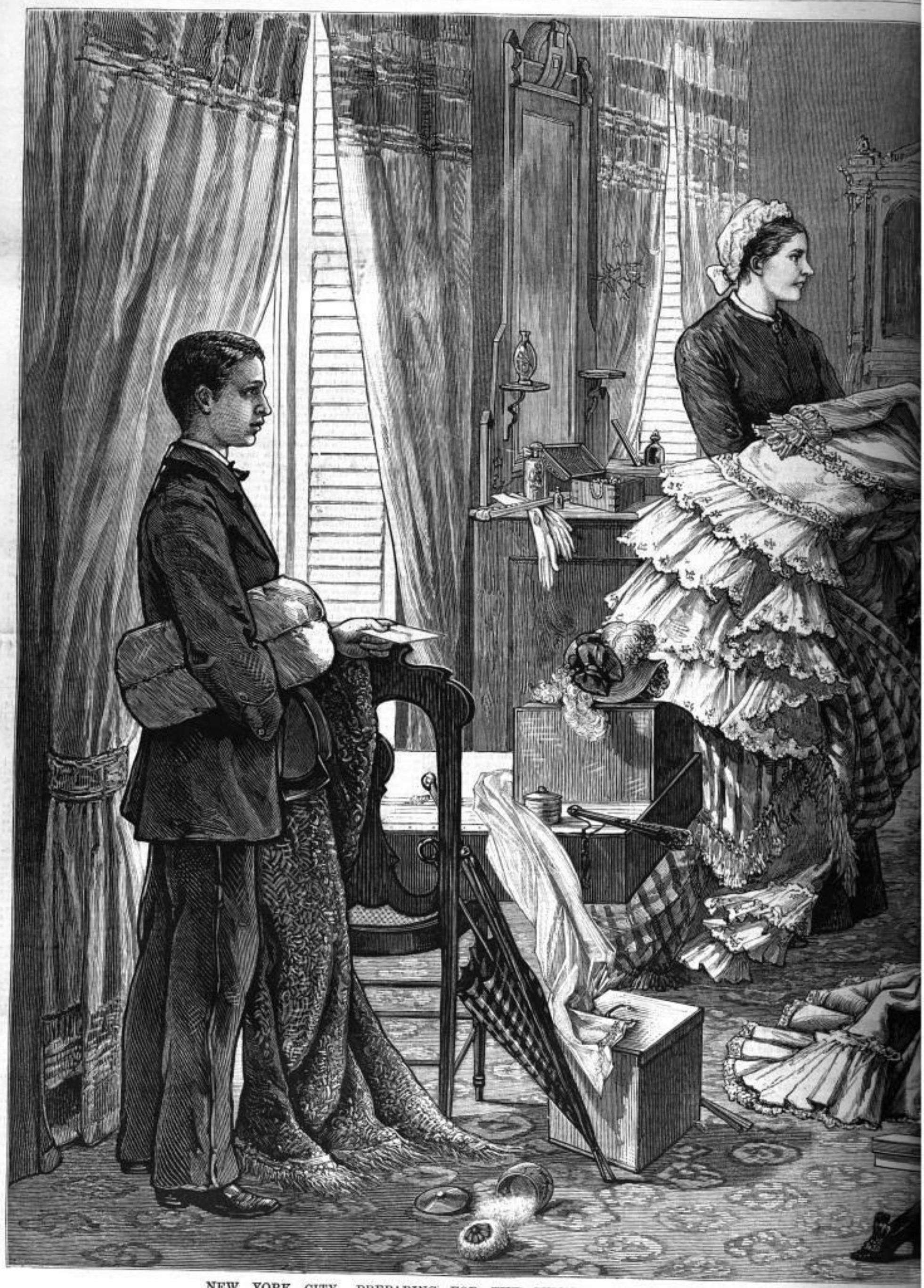
—THE coinage executed at the United States Mint for the month ending June 30th shows the following:

Denomination.	Pieces.	Value.
Gold	21,380	$ 427,600.00
Silver	1,312,200	1,312,092.50
Base	2,120,250	21,594.50
Total	3,454,330	$1,761,287.00

For the fiscal year ending same day the coinage was as follows:

Denomination.	Pieces.	Value.
Gold	936,864	$11,229,352.00
Silver	12,125,800	12,124,882.50
Base	9,620,100	97,798.00
Total	22,682,814	$23,452,032.50

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NEW YORK CITY.—PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER EXODUS—A FIFTH AVENUE BELLE SUP

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TENDING THE PACKING OF HER SARATOGA TRUNK IN HER DRESSING-ROOM.—SEE PAGE 335.

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CALM.

"Cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?"

HERE, where the uplands lie in golden spaces,
And no breeze stirs green leafage or lush grass,
I lean and dream in dim, unterrene places,
While silence hears diaphanous dryads pass.

The restful monotone of insects humming,
The drowsy plash of water in the glen,
Lull to forgetfulness of seasons coming
When discords must wax definite again.

Fern-broken and blossoms, willows gray and sedges,
Speak in blent symbols, through drooped eyelids seen,
Of some continuous calm that surely hedges
The soul's Arcadia, passionless, serene!

Even now as sun-gleams kiss the moss-grown angles,
That stem the gurgling runnel's crystal fall,
As pine and hemlock scent the wildwood tangles
My tired life feels a pledge of peace in all.

No ominous shade, no glaring sheen shall enter
That holiest mountain, owning Love for lord;
But to all lands from this celestial centre
His heralds shall proclaim supreme accord.

And then mysteriously, by sweet gradation,
Life's rugged blankness, vexed by storms and snows,
Shall softly melt in wondrous transformation
To towering valley-lands of green repose—

Till o'er an earth new-born to full fruition
Love hath spread forth his wide wings, winnowing balm,
And lifted up from death and inanition
Our souls to his illimitable calm.

* * * * *

Such, to a dreamer's fancy, is the vision
That Nature weaves around him like a spell;
When suddenly he hears, in grim derision,
The vain desires and clamorous hates of hell!

JOHN MORAN.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XLII.

ON the morning when Amelius and Sally (in London) entered the church to look at the wedding, Rufus (in Paris) went to the Champs-Elysées to take a walk.

He had advanced half way up the magnificent avenue, when he saw Regina for the second time, taking her daily drive, with an elderly woman in attendance on her. Rufus took off his hat again, perfectly impenetrable to the cold reception which he had already experienced. Greatly to his surprise, Regina not only returned his salute, but stopped the carriage and beckoned him to speak to her. Looking at her more closely, he perceived signs of suffering in her face which completely altered her expression as he remembered it. Her magnificent eyes were dim and red; she had lost her rich color; her voice trembled as she spoke to him.

"Have you a few minutes to spare?" she asked.

"The whole day, if you like, miss," Rufus answered.

She turned to the woman who accompanied her. "Wait here for me, Elizabeth; I have something to say to this gentleman."

With these words, she got out of the carriage. Rufus offered her his arm. She put her hand in it as readily as if they had been old friends. "Let us take one of the side paths," she said; "they are almost deserted at this time of day. I am afraid I surprise you very much. I can only trust to your kindness to forgive me for passing you without notice the last time we met. Perhaps it may be some excuse for me that I am in great trouble. It is just possible you may be able to relieve my mind. I believe you know I am engaged to be married?"

Rufus looked at her with a sudden expression of interest. "Is this about Amelius?" he asked.

She answered him almost inaudibly—"Yes."

Rufus still kept his eyes fixed on her. "I don't wish to say anything rude, miss," he explained; "but, if you have any complaint to make of Amelius, I should take it as a favor if you would look me straight in the face, and mention it plainly."

In the embarrassment which troubled Regina at that moment, he had preferred the two requests of all others with which it was most impossible for her to comply. She still looked obstinately on the ground; and, instead of speaking of Amelius, she diverged to the subject of Mr. Farnaby's illness."

"I am staying in Paris with my uncle," she said. "He has had a long illness; but he is strong enough now to speak to me of things that have been on his mind for some time past. He has so surprised me; he has made me so miserable about Amelius——" She paused, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Rufus said nothing to console her—he waited doggedly until she was ready to go on. "You know Amelius well," she resumed; "you are fond of him; you believe in him, don't you? Do you think he is capable of behaving basely to any person who trusts him? Is it likely, is it possible, he could be false and cruel to me?"

The mere question roused the indignation of Rufus. "Whoever said that of him, miss, told you a lie! I answer for my boy as I answer for myself."

She looked at him at last, with a sudden expression of relief. "I said so, too," she rejoined; "I said some enemy had slandered him. My uncle won't tell me who it is. He positively forbids me to write to Amelius; he tells me I must never see Amelius again—he is going to write and break off the engagement. Oh, it's too cruel! too cruel!"

Thus far they had been walking on slowly. But now Rufus stopped, determined to make her speak plainly.

"Take a word of advice from me, miss," he said. "Never trust anybody by halves. There's nothing I'm not ready to do to set this matter right; but I must know what I'm about first. What's said against Amelius? Out with it, no matter what 'tis! I am old enough to be your father; and I feel for you accordingly—I do."

The thorough sincerity of tone and manner which accompanied those words had its effect. Regina blushed and trembled—but she spoke out.

"My uncle says Amelius has disgraced himself, and insulted me; my uncle says there is a person—a girl living with him——" She stopped, with a faint cry of alarm. Her hand, still resting on the arm of Rufus, felt him start as the allusion to the girl passed her lips. "You have heard of it!" she cried. "Oh, God help me, it's true!"

"True!" Rufus repeated, with stern contempt. "What's come to you? Haven't I told you already it's a lie? I'll swear to it. Amelius is true to you. Will that do? No? You're an obstinate one, miss—that you are. Well! it's due to the boy that I should set him right with you, if words will do it. You know how he's been brought up at Tadmor? Bear that in mind—and now you shall have the truth of it, on the word of an honest man."

Without further preface, he told her how Amelius had met with Sally; insisting strongly on the motives of pure humanity by which his friend had been actuated. Regina listened with an obstinate expression of distrust which would have discouraged most men. Rufus persisted, nevertheless; and, to some extent at least, succeeded in producing the right impression. When he reached the close of the narrative—when he asserted that he had himself seen Amelius confide the girl unreservedly to the care of a lady who was a dear and valued friend of his own; and when he declared that there had been no after-meeting between them and no written correspondence—then, at last, Regina owned that he had not encouraged her to trust in the honor of Amelius without reason to justify him. But, even under these circumstances, there was a residue of suspicion still left in her mind. She asked for the name of the lady to whose benevolent assistance Amelius had been indebted. Rufus took out one of his cards, and wrote Mrs. Payson's name and address on it.

"Your nature, my dear, is not quite so confiding as I could have wished to see it," he said, quietly handing her the card. "But we can't change our natures—can we? And you're not bound to believe a man like me, without witnesses to back him. Write to Mrs. Payson, and make your mind easy. And, while we are about it, tell me where I can telegraph to you to-morrow—I'm off to London by the night mail."

"Do you mean, you are going to see Amelius?"

"That is so. I'm too fond of Amelius to let this trouble rest where 'tis now. I've been away from him, here in Paris, for some little time—and you may tell me (and quite right too) I can't answer for what may have been going on in my absence. No! now we are about it, we'll have it out. I mean to see Amelius and see Mrs. Payson, to-morrow morning. Just tell your uncle to hold his hand before he breaks off your marriage, and wait for a telegram from me. Well? and this is your address, is it? I know the hotel. A nice look-out on the Twillery Gardens—but a bad cellar of wine as I hear. I'm at the Grand Hotel myself. If there's anything else that troubles you before evening. Now I look at you again, I reckon there's something more to be said, if you'll only let it find its way to your tongue. No: it ain't thanks. We'll take the gratitude for granted, and get to what's behind it. There's your carriage—and the good lady looks tired of waiting. Well, now?"

"It's only one thing," Regina acknowledged, with her eyes on the ground again. "Perhaps, when you go to London, you may see the——"

"The girl?"

"Yes."

"It's not likely. Say I do see her—what then?"

Regina's color began to show itself again. "If you do see her," she said, "I beg and entreat you won't speak of *me* in her hearing. I should die of the shame of it, if she thought herself asked to give him up out of pity for me. Promise I am not to be brought forward; promise you won't even mention my having spoken to you about it. On your word of honor?"

Rufus gave her his promise, without showing any hesitation, or making any remark. But when she shook hands with him, on returning to the carriage, he held her hand for a moment. "Please to excuse me, miss, if I ask one question," he said, in tones too low to be heard by any other person. "Are you really fond of Amelius?"

"I am surprised you should doubt it," she answered; "I am more—much more than fond of him!"

Rufus handed her silently into the carriage. "Fond of him, are you?" he thought, as he walked away by himself. "I reckon it's a sort of fondness that don't wear well, and won't stand washing."

CHAPTER XLIII.

EARLY the next morning, Rufus rang at the cottage gate.

"Well, Mr. Frenchman, and how do you git along? And how's Amelius?"

Toff, standing before the gate, answered with the utmost respect, but showed no inclination to let the visitor in.

"Amelius has his intervals of laziness," Rufus proceeded; "I bet he's in bed?"

"My young master was up and dressed an hour ago, sir—he has just gone out."

"That is so, is it? Well, I'll wait until he comes back." He pushed by Toff, and walked into the cottage. "Your foreign ceremonies are clean thrown away on me," he said, as Toff tried to stop him in the hall. "I'm an American savage; and I'm used up with traveling all night. Here's a little order for you: whisky, bitters, lemon and ice—I'll take a cocktail in the library." Toff made a last desperate effort to get between the visitor and the door. "I beg your pardon, sir, a thousand times; I must most respectfully entreat you to wait——" Before he could explain himself, Rufus (with the most perfect good-humor) pulled the old man out of his way. "What's troubling this venerable creature's mind?" he inquired of himself; "does he think I don't know my way in?" He opened the library door—and found himself face to face with Sally.

She had risen from her chair, hearing voices outside, and hesitating whether to leave the room or not. They confronted each other, on either side of the table, in silent dismay. For once Rufus was so completely bewildered, that he took refuge in his customary form of greeting before he was aware of it himself.

"How do you find yourself, miss? I take pleasure in renewing our acquaintance—Thunder! that's not it; I reckon I'm off my head. Do me the favor, young woman, to forget every word I've said to you. If any mortal creature had told me I should find you here, I should have said 'twas a lie—and I should have been the liar. That makes a man feel bad, I can tell you. No! Don't slide off, if you please, into the next room—that won't set things right, no how. Sit down again. Now I'm here, I have something to say. I'll speak first to Mr. Frenchman. Listen to this, old sir. If I happen to want a witness standing in the doorway, I'll ring the bell; for the present, I can do without you. Bong Shewer, as we say in your country." He proceeded to shut the door on Toff and his remonstrances. "I protest, sir, against acts of violence, unworthy of a gentleman!" cried Toff, struggling to get back again. "Be as angry as you please in the kitchen," Rufus answered, persisting in closing the door; "I won't have a noise up here. If you know where your master is, go and fetch him—and the sooner the better." He turned back to Sally, and surveyed her for a while in terrible silence. She was afraid to look at him; her eyes were on the book which she had been reading when he came in. "You look to me," Rufus remarked, "as if you had been settled here for a time. Never mind your book now; you can go back to your reading after we've had a word or two, first." He reached out his long arm, and pulled the book to his own side of the table. Sally innocently silenced him for the second time. He opened the book, and discovered—The New Testament.

"It's my lesson, if you please, sir. I'm to learn it where the pencil mark is, before Amelius comes back." She offered her poor little explanation, trembling with terror. In spite of himself, Rufus began to look at her a little less sternly.

"So you call him 'Amelius,' do you?" he said. "I note that, miss, as an unfavorable sign to begin with. How long, if you please, has Amelius turned school-marm, for your young ladyship's benefit? Don't you understand? Well, you're not the only inhabitant of Great Britain who don't understand the English language. I'll put it plainer. When I last saw Amelius, you were learning your lessons at the Home. What ill-wind, miss, blew you in here? Did Amelius fetch you, or did you come of your own accord, without waiting to be whistled for?" He spoke coarsely, but not ill-humoredly. Sally's pretty downcast face was pleading with him for mercy, and (as he felt with supreme contempt for himself) was not altogether pleading in vain. "If I guessed that you ran away from the Home," he resumed, "should I guess right?"

She answered with a sudden accession of confidence. "Don't blame Amelius," she said; "I did run away. I couldn't live without him."

"You don't know how you can live, young one, till you've tried the experiment. Well, and what did they do at the Home? Did they send after you to fetch you back?"

"They wouldn't take me back—they sent my clothes here after me."

"Ah, those were the rules, I reckon. I begin to see my way to the end of it now. Amelius gave you house-room?"

She looked at him proudly. "He gave me a room of my own," she said.

His next question was the exact repetition of the question which he had put to Regina in Paris. The only variety was in the answer that he received.

"Are you fond of Amelius?"

"I would die for him!"

Rufus had hitherto spoken, standing. He now took a chair.

"If Amelius had not been brought up at Tadmor," he said, "I should take my hat, and wish you good-morning. As things are, a word more may be a word in season. Your lessons here seem to have agreed with you, miss. You're a different sort of girl to what you were when I last saw you."

She surprised him by receiving that remark in silence. The color left her face. She sighed bitterly. The sigh puzzled Rufus; he held his opinion of her in suspense until he had heard more.

"You said just now you would die for Amelius," he went on, eying her attentively. "I take that to be a woman's hysterical way of mentioning that she feels an interest in Amelius. Are you fond enough of him to leave him, if you could only be persuaded that leaving him was for his good?"

She abruptly left the table and went to the window. When her back was turned to Rufus she spoke. "Am I a disgrace to him?" she asked, in tones so faint that he could barely hear them. "I have had my fears of it before now."

If he had been less fond of Amelius his natural kindness of heart might have kept him silent. Even as it was, he made no direct reply. "You remember how you were living when Amelius first met with you," was all he said.

The sad blue eyes looked at him in patient sorrow; the low, sweet voice answered "Yes." Only a look and a word—only the influence of an instant—and, in that instant, Rufus's last doubts of her vanished!

"Don't think I say it reproachfully, my child! I know it was not your fault; I know you are to be pitied, and not blamed."

She turned her face towards him—pale, quiet and resigned. "Pitied and not blamed," she repeated; "am I to be forgiven?"

His generous nature shrank from answering her. There was silence.

"You said just now," she went on, "that I looked like a different girl since you last saw me. I am a different girl. I think of things that I never thought of before—some change, I don't know what, has come over me. Oh, my heart does hunger so to be good! I do so long to deserve what Amelius has done for me! You have got my book there—Amelius gave it to me—we read in it every day. If Christ had been on earth now, is it wrong to think that Christ would have forgiven me?"

"No, my dear; it's right to think so."

"And while I live, if I do my best to lead a good life, and if my last prayer to God is to take me to heaven, shall I be heard?"

"You will be heard, my child; I don't doubt it. But, you see, you have got the world about you to reckon with—and the world has invented a religion of its own. There's no use looking for it in this book of yours. It's a religion with the pride of property at the bottom of it, and a veneer of benevolent sympathy at the top. It will be very sorry for you, and very charitable towards you; in short, it will do everything for you except taking you back again."

She had her answer to that. "Amelius has taken me back again," she said.

"Amelius has taken you back again," Rufus agreed. "But there's one thing he's forgotten to do; he has forgotten to count the cost. It seems to be left to me to do that. Look here, my girl! I own I doubted you when I first came into this room, and I'm sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. I do believe you're a good girl—I couldn't say why if I was asked, but I do believe it for all that. I wish there was no more to be said—but there is more; and neither you nor I must shirk it. Public opinion won't deal as tenderly with you as I do; public opinion will make the worst of you and the worst of Amelius. While you're living here with him—there's no disguising it—you're innocently in the way of the boy's prospects in life. I don't know whether you understand me?"

She had turned away from him; she was looking out of the window once more.

"I understand you," she answered. "On the night when Amelius met with me he did wrong to take me away with him. He ought to have left me where I was."

"Wait a bit! that's as far from my meaning as far can be. There's a look-out for everybody; and, if you'll trust me, I'll find a look-out for you."

She paid no heed to what he said; her next words showed that she was pursuing her own train of thought.

"I am in the way of his prospects in life," she resumed. "You mean that he might be married some day, but for me?"

Rufus admitted it cautiously. "The thing might happen," was all he said.

"And his friends might come and see him," she went on, her face still turned away and her voice sinking into dull, subdued tones. "Nobody comes here now. You see I understand you. When shall I go away? I had better not say good-by, I suppose?—it would only distress him. I could slip out of the house, couldn't I?"

Rufus began to feel uneasy. He was prepared for tears—but not for such resignation as this. After a little hesitation, he joined her at the window. She never turned towards him; she still looked out straight before her; her bright young face had turned pitiably rigid and pale. He spoke to her very gently, advising her to think of what he had said, and to do nothing in a hurry. She knew the hotel at which he staid when he was in London, and she could write to him there. If she decided to begin a new life in another country, he was wholly and truly at her service. He would provide a passage for her in the same ship that took him back to America. At his age, and known as he was in his own neighborhood, there would be no scandal to fear. He could get her reputably and profitably employed in work which a young girl might undertake. "I'll be as good as a father to you, my poor child," he said. "Don't think you're going to be friendless if you leave Amelius. I'll see to that! You shall have honest people about you and innocent pleasure in your new life."

She thanked him, still with the same dull, tearless resignation. "What will the honest people say," she asked, "when they know who I am?"

"They have no business to know who you are—and they sha'n't know it."

"Ah, it comes back to the same thing," she said. "You must deceive the honest people, or you can do nothing for me. Amelius had better have left me where I was! I disgraced nobody, I was a burden to nobody. *Here*. Cold and hunger and ill-treatment can sometimes be merciful friends, in their way. If I had been left to them they would have laid me at rest by this time." She turned to Rufus before he could speak to her. "I'm not ungrateful, sir, I'll think of it, as you say; and I'll do all that a poor foolish creature can do to be worthy of the interest you take in me." She lifted her hand to her head with a momentary expression of pain. "I've got a dull kind of aching here," she said; "it reminds me of my old life, when I was sometimes beaten on the head. May I go and lie down a little, by myself?"

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Rufus took her hand and pressed it in silence. She looked back at him as she opened the door of her room. "Don't distress Amelius," she said; "I can bear everything but that."

Left alone in the library, Rufus walked restlessly to and fro, driven by a troubled mind. "I was bound to do it," he thought, "and I ought to be satisfied with myself. I'm not satisfied. The world is hard on women—and the rights of property is a damned bad reason for it."

The door from the hall was suddenly thrown open. Amelius entered the room. He looked flushed and angry—he refused to take the hand that Rufus offered to him.

"What's this I hear from Toff? It seems that you forced your way in when Sally was here. There are limits to the liberties that a man may take in his friend's house."

"That's true," said Rufus, quietly. "But when a man hasn't taken liberties there don't seem much to be said. Sally was at the Home when I last saw you—and nobody told me I should find her in this room."

"You might have left the room when you found her here. You have been talking to her. If you have said anything about Regina ——"

"I have said nothing about Miss Regina. You have a hot temper of your own, Amelius. Wait a bit, and let it cool."

"Never mind my temper. I want to know what you have been saying to Sally. Stop! I'll ask Sally herself." He crossed the room to the inner door, and knocked. "Come in here, my dear, I want to speak to you."

The answer reached him faintly through the door. "I have got a bad headache, Amelius. Please let me rest a little." He turned back to Rufus, and lowered his voice. But his eyes flashed; he was more angry than ever.

"You had better go," he said. "I can guess how you have been talking to her—I know what her headache means. Any man who distresses that dear little affectionate creature is a man whom I hold as my enemy. I spit upon all the worldly considerations which pass muster with people like you! No sweeter girl than poor Sally ever breathed the breath of life. Her happiness is more precious to me than words can say. She is sacred to me! And I have just proved it—I have just come from a good woman, who will teach her an honest way of earning her bread. Not a breath of scandal shall blow on her. If you, or any people like you, think I will consent to cast her adrift on the world, or consign her to a prison under the name of a Home, you little know my nature and my principles. Here," he snatched up the New Testament from the table, and shook it at Rufus, "here are my principles, and I'm not ashamed of them!"

Rufus took up his hat.

"There's one thing you'll be ashamed of, my son, when you're cool enough to think about it," he said—"you'll be ashamed of the words you have spoken to a friend who loves you. I'm not a bit angry myself. You remind me of that time on board the steamer, when the quartermaster was going to shoot the bird. You made it up with him—and you'll come to my hotel and make it up with me. And then we'll shake hands and talk about Sally. If it's not taking another liberty, I'll trouble you for a light." He helped himself to a match from the box on the chimney-piece, lit his cigar, and left the room.

He had not been gone half an hour, before the better nature of Amelius urged him to follow Rufus and make his apologies. But he was too anxious about Sally to leave the cottage, until he had first seen her. The tone in which she had answered him, when he knocked at her door, suggested to his sensitive apprehension, that there was something more serious the matter with her than a mere headache. For another hour he waited patiently, on the chance that he might hear her moving in her room. Nothing happened. No sound reached his ears, except the occasional roll of carriage-wheels on the road outside.

His patience began to fail him as the second hour moved on. He went to the door, and listened, and still heard nothing. A sudden dread struck him that she might have fainted. He opened the door a few inches, and spoke to her. There was no answer. He looked in. The room was empty.

He ran into the hall, and called to Toff. Was she, by any chance, down-stairs? No. Or out in the garden? No. Master and man looked at each other in silence. Sally was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER EXODUS.

SARATOGA, the Mecca of "our Daughterland?" What visions the name conjures up to the mind's eye of the charming girl who is earnestly engaged in an almost hopeless endeavor to adjust her frail and costly *impedimenta* to the limited capacity of that cavernous trunk. Visions of a boulevard as wide as that of Malesherbe and Haussman, thronged with carriages and equestrians—of lordly elms shading gay piazzas crowded with the best dressed people in the world; of hotels superb as the palace built by Aladdin for the Princess Badroulboudour; of Italian skies blue as sapphires, and golden sunlights tropical in their dazzle and sheen; of an animated crowd always in motion; of bands, of languid loungings, of excursions on the lake, of hops, of flirtations, of delightful people, of dreary bores, of tourists and toilets. Where can she show off her latest "symphony" in blue, or her "arrangement" in green, better than in the noble saloons, along the glittering piazzas, or in the wide corridors of the palaces known as hotels? Where operate on the susceptibilities of mankind to greater advantage than on the far-extending piazza when the moon is bathing mother earth in liquid pearl?

There is just a shade of perplexity on her elegant and aristocratic face, for a costume by Worth still remains to be carefully stowed away, nursed with exquisite tenderness by her maid, while an assistant from Madame Jupon's has just arrived with a box containing the sweetest thing in white, a veritable poem in muslin and lace. The Pinafore suit lies "full fathoms five" at the bottom of the trunk, the lawn-tennis costume is not far off, nor has the croquet dress been unprovided for; but where is the "willow patt rn" for garden parties? Where is that befrilled, beflounced *peignoir* to find a cosy of vantage? Where are those shoes that would have caused Madame Pompadour a fit of the spleen, to be packed? Where the hat that the dainty Skye terrier is so delightedly worrying? Where the thousand and one charming nothings which go to complete the fascination of a pretty woman's toilet? The express company's messenger awaits his instructions, and yet, within the compass of a few minutes, this perishable mound has to be reduced to the dimensions of the "leathern conveniency." *Pater familias*, who in his day has accomplished tasks little short of those given by the gods to Sisyphus, stands dismayed in the centre of the disordered apartment. Will those piles of millinery melt like snow, or are they to be compressed by some patent mechanical process nowise injurious to their crisp and cloudy appearance? Is it to be wondered at that the worthy man is considerably exercised—and yet so marvelous is the capacity, so extensive the maw of this Saratoga trunk, that room will be found for all and more—perhaps for the kitten about to be consigned, like the youthful bride in the song of the Mistletoe Bough, to a living tomb.

As she deftly arranges her finery, and finds a place for each and every article, she is wondering if Miss Van Spuyten Duyvole will be rash enough to attempt blue, or Miss Zoyder Zee dare venture on yellow; if Miss Watkins Glen has had the audacity to order a costume similar to hers; or if Miss Memphremagog will be mean enough to copy her hat *à la* Greuze, as she copied the Brétonne last season! She wonders if Mr. Richfield will visit the "Village," and if Captain Oswego remembers the promise he made at the Charity Ball. She smiles as she foretastes her triumph in the Worth "arrangement," and hopes that Charlie Benermine will be there to see, although he never seems to know, what she has on, the delightful stupid! The striped costume must be kept for the races, as Alfred Trenton is certain to attend; while for the lake she will don a semi-nautical costume, such as Black-eyed Susan should have worn when Sweet William came aboard. She has paid all her P.P.C. visits, except to those odious Newports, whom she will cut direct; and, in contemplating the satisfaction of this intended movement, she completes her packing. The marvelous trunk will be borne to the Hudson River night-boat, and the following afternoon will find her commencing the round of gayety such as a season at Saratoga can alone present to wife, widow, or maid.

THE NORTHWEST SAENGERFEST IN MILWAUKEE.

THE Northwest Saengerbund was organized in La Crosse in 1865, and has grown so steadily that there are now in Milwaukee alone 300 members. Its annual Fests, too, have increased in popularity, so that besides its own members there are always large delegations from various parts of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and adjoining States. The Fest this year was opened in the Saengerfest Hall, on the corner of Fourth and Cedar Streets, on Thursday, June 26th, and closed on Monday, 30th. Rehearsals were held in the mornings and matinées and evening concerts were given daily. On Saturday evening, after the concert, the grand ball of the Fest was held, which was as enjoyable a gathering as was witnessed in the city. The annual meeting of the Bund was held on Sunday morning, and at noon the singers and various local associations assembled and marched to the Market Square, whence the procession was made on Mason, Broadway, Huron, West Water, Reed, Florida, Clinton, South Water, East Water, Division, Chestnut, Winnebago, Eleventh, Walnut, to Quentin's Park. On Monday the visitors were treated to a steamboat excursion and carriage drives, and took hearty farewells of their liberal hosts.

REUNION OF EDITORS AT CAPE MAY.

THE annual Summer excursion of the Editorial Association of New Jersey was this year made the occasion of a delightful reunion of the Association of that State, and those of New York and Pennsylvania, at Cape May. On June 23rd and 24th, some 600 persons, representing the Press of these States, took possession of the Stockton House at Cape May, where they remained until the 27th, occupying the time in pleasures peculiar to the seaside—in excursions, fishing, bathing, etc. One of the features of the sojourn was an ocean excursion on the steamer *Republic*. Another was the annual banquet on the evening of the 25th, at which speeches were made by Messrs. A. O. Bunnell, T. S. Walter, B. Gage Berry, Colonel A. K. McClure, Major Z. K. Pangborn, Colonel M. R. Hamilton, F. G. Mather, Colonel W. L. Brown, Hon. Galusha A. Grow, and others, and a poem was read by Mr. George Wurtz. During the banquet, a toast was proposed in honor of Miss Clara Barton, of New York, the Florence Nightingale of the Civil War and of the war between France and Prussia, in both of which she devoted her labors and means to the relief of sick and wounded soldiers and the decent burial of the dead. Miss Barton, in her response, called attention to the fact that the European Government had indorsed the charitable Order of the Red Cross, and it remained for the United States Congress to do likewise in order that societies might be instituted here as in the Old World.

On the evening of June 26th a grand hop was given in honor of the guests by the proprietors of the Stockton House. Throughout, the reunion was one of great pleasure to all participants, and its influence in promoting feelings of good neighborhood among the journalists of the three States will, no doubt, be very pronounced.

The Wealthiest Roman Catholic in England.

WITH the exception of Lords Ripon and Bute, the Duke of Norfolk is almost the only very wealthy Roman Catholic in England, and had he five times the income he possesses, it would be inadequate to meet the claims made on his purse. His income is put down in the modern Doomsday Book at £219,000 a year, but, in reality, it is about £100,000, as the Doomsday is estimated at what it will be when leases at Sheffield, most of which belongs to him, fall in. He had, however, a minority of many years, and consequently a considerable sum of ready money on coming into his estate. His grandfather and father both married Protestants, for at that time the Roman Catholic Church made no difficulty about mixed marriages; but the present Duke's mother subsequently joined the ancient faith, and is intensely devout therein. Her children were all brought up in the strictest doctrine of the Church, and surrounded by ecclesiastics. The Dowager Duchess was daughter of the late eminent Admiral Lord Lyons. One of her daughters is a nun, and another a Sister of Charity. The Duke of Norfolk is small and somewhat insignificant in appearance, but a very estimable, if not particularly strong, character. He lives in great state in Arundel Castle, his famous baronial seat, in Sussex, and at Norfolk House, St. James Square, London. A more munificent and liberal peer does not exist in England. He married in 1877, but as yet has no child.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Roman Alpine Club decided to send an excursion to Etna, which was to leave Rome on July 1st.

M. Gylden has been elected a Corresponding Member in the Astronomical Section of the Paris Academy, in place of the late Father Secchi.

The Italian State Secretary for public buildings has sanctioned the plans submitted to him for the construction of an observatory on the summit of Mount Etna.

In Digging a Channel in the neighborhood of Lake Neuchâtel, a lacustrine canoe, very nearly seven metres long, has been found. It has been placed in the Cantonal Museum.

Professor Huxley has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Paris Academy of Sciences, in the section of Anatomy and Zoology, in succession to the late Professor von Baer; and M. Schiaparelli in the section of Astronomy, in place of the late M. Tinearad.

An Influential Committee has been recently formed for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to procure a portrait of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., to be presented to the University of London as a permanent memorial of his long and assiduous labors on behalf of that institution.

At St. Miguel, in the group of the Azores, the climate is very uniform, the greatest difference between heat and cold rarely exceeding ten degrees, the lowest in Winter never descending further than 58 degrees Fahrenheit, and the highest in Summer rarely exceeding 68 degrees.

A Telegram from Gordon Pasha to the Italian Geographical Society announces that Captain Martini, the leader of the Italian expedition which is going to assist the Marchese Antinori, has obtained permission to enter Abyssinia, that he had left Gdowa, and had landed at Massauah.

Queen Victoria has conferred the appointment of Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George on George Bentham, who has yielded a life-long service to botany, and has promoted Baron von Müller, Government Botanist at Victoria, to the dignity of Knight Commander of the same Order.

M. Malezieux, of Paris, recently delivered an address on the public works of the United States, in which he complimented American engineers upon their skill in building bridges of large span, and observed that other nations might borrow many useful hints from them in regard to the use of compressed air in laying foundations.

When King Victor Emmanuel took possession of Rome he left the Roman Observatory in the hands of the late Father Secchi, out of respect for his exceptionable merits. When Father Secchi died, the Pope appointed his successor, who took possession of the establishment and refused to leave the place. He has been expelled, however, *manu militari*.

M. De Lesseps has accepted the chairmanship of a committee for arranging the commemoration of the eighteenth centenary of the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79, when Pliny lost his life, and Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. According to the most trustworthy records, it was on the 23d of August that this unexpected event took place.

Professor Virchow has returned to Berlin from Asia Minor, where, as our readers are aware, he had taken part in Dr. Schliemann's excavations. The learned professor was received with great honors at Athens. The Medical Faculty of the High School of that city presented him with the honorary doctor's diploma, and the Medical Society of Athens elected him as honorary member.

Dr. Miclucho Maclay, the Russian explorer, with an Italian, Chevalier Bruno, and Captain Leeman, have sailed from Sydney for New Guinea, in the American schooner *Laddie*, chartered for a twelvemonths' cruise. Two thousand five hundred pounds has been spent on the equipment. The expedition is intended to be both scientific and commercial. New Caledonia, New Britain, and other islands, are to be visited.

The Paris Academy of Meteorological Ascents has inaugurated the series of its aërial excursions. The first took place at St. Maudes, and the second at Arcueil on the occasion of the opening of the Ecole Laplace. The ascensionists propose to take photographs from the car in order to ascertain the position of the balloons and make a verification of the laws of barometric height. The original idea of this difficult operation may be attributed to Leverrier. Each of these ascents will be followed by the publication of diagrams and scientific results obtained. They are prelaced by a lecture, given by a member of the association, on the practice of aëronautics.

In Some of the Mines in Sweden and Norway small quantities of earthy minerals are found, called gadolinite and euxenite, composed of oxides of very rare metals. Great uncertainty has long existed as to the true composition of these bodies, and M. Nilson recently undertook a series of experiments to elucidate the subject, the result being the discovery of a new metal, to which the name of scandium has been given to indicate its Scandinavian origin. The author is unable to say at present what may be the chemical properties of the new body, as the quantity of material at his disposal was insufficient to allow him to isolate the metal. Nor can he decide as to the place the new metal is to take among the older ones, but he considers that its properties differ materially from those of erbium and ytterbium, and that it shall rank between tin and thorium, as the atomic weights of these two are 118 and 234, while he calculates that of scandium at from 160 to 180.

M. Martigny, a member of the Belgium Royal Academy, has been engaged in the study of the twinkling of the stars since 1870, and his observations have extended over 602 nights. He found that his examinations were rendered inaccurate by the constant motion of the atmosphere, and he invented an instrument, which he called a scintillometer, enabling him to be much more precise in his calculations. He has clearly established the fact that the twinkling is far more evident during rainy weather than in a dry season, and, in both cases, the intensity is much more marked in Winter than in Summer. The aspect is so characteristic before a storm that an experienced observer might readily predict a change of weather. The twinkling augments regularly by degrees as the temperature diminishes and the coefficients of atmospheric retraction differ to precisely the same sense as the twinkling. The presence of water in greater or less quantity in the atmosphere exercises a most marked influence on the scintillation and modifies the characteristics according to its quantity, either when it falls to the earth in a liquid state or in the form of snow.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

REV. DR. ORMISTON has been elected Volder lecturer for 1880 by the General Synod of the Reformed Church.

MR. CHARLES L. TIFFANY, of Tiffany & Co., Union Square, has been elected President of the Metropolitan Savings Bank.

THE REV. I. T. Beckwith, of Yale, Class of '68, has been elected Professor of Greek at Trinity College, to succeed the Rev. John T. Huntington, resigned.

ADMIRAL SIR AUTLEY COOPER KEY, K.C.B., an officer well known here and in Canada, has been appointed by the Queen's first and principal Naval A. D. C.

COUNT LEOPOLD LAZANSKY of Bohemia has started an opera house of his own, in which he feeds, clothes and pays his artists, and, like the King of Bavaria, enjoys their performances in solitude.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, the heir to the throne of the Netherlands, is pale and delicate, lean and haggard-looking, with hair almost as white as an Albinoe's and weak eyes. He is a sufferer from spinal complaint.

KING THEE BAW, of Burmah, and the British Resident of Mandelay, have been having a serious diplomatic difficulty in the refusal of the latter to prostrate himself in the presence of the King, or even to leave his boots outside the door.

THE resignation of Professor J. B. Farrington as Professor of Agriculture in the Maine State College has been accepted by the trustees, and Mr. W. H. Jordan, a graduate of the State College in the Class of 1875, has been elected to that professorship.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Thomas S. Williamson, of St. Peter, Minn., at the age of eighty. He had been for forty-six years a missionary to the Indians of the Northwest, and only a few weeks ago completed a translation of the Bible into the Dakota language.

COLONEL FELIX LABAUVE, the Frenchman who died in De Soto County a few days ago, after serving in both branches of the Mississippi Legislature and filling many other offices of trust, left $10,000 to endow a scholarship in the State University for the benefit of De Soto orphans.

IVAN TURGENEFF, the Russian novelist, is a man of imposing figure. His tall form is slightly bent, his hair is silvery, his manners are delightful. It is stated that he has been obliged to naturalize himself a Frenchman to escape the vindictiveness of his own Government, which objects to his graphic novels.

M. DE VILLEBOIS, the new Governor-General of French Cochin China, was Director of the Interior in Algiers under General Chanzy. He is the author of a dictionary of all the Algerian tribes and sub-divisions of tribes. This valuable work was published some years ago at the expense of the French Government.

THE Prince of Wales is fond of Paris, and with the Princess he has been staying for a few days at the Hotel Bristol, his favorite stopping place in the French capital. Prince Alexander I. of Bulgaria has been with them, and he is supposed to be still a suitor for the hand of the youngest sister of the Prince, the Princess Beatrice.

ANOTHER Nihilist of high station has been executed in Russia. A St. Petersburg paper, in describing the execution of Nihilists at Kieff, adds that a young girl, who concealed her name despite the use of the lash, declared at the foot of the gallows that she was called Nathalie Gortschakoff, and that she was a niece of the Russian Chancellor.

MR. JABLOCHKOFF, the inventor of the electric candle, was lately presented with a gold medal, on which was this inscription: "To the worthy, from the Imperial Russian Technical Society." It was claimed that Mr. Jablochkoff, after many investigations and experiments, was the first man to find the practical solution of the question of the electric light.

MAJOR CAVAGNARI, whose name has been so prominent in the Afghan war, and who played an important part in bringing to a successful issue the negotiations with Yakoob Khan, has been knighted by the British Government as a reward for his services. Although of Italian descent, Major Cavagnari's education and feelings are wholly English.

MISS EMMA C. THURSBY has become a life member of the Society of French Musicians. After her last concert in Paris she was voted a *carte d'honneur* by the Artistic and Literary Circle of the Rue St. Arnaud, which she sent to the society expressing her desire to become a member. She received a flattering reply signed by Gounod, Victor Masse, Ambroise Thomas, Baron Taylor, and many others.

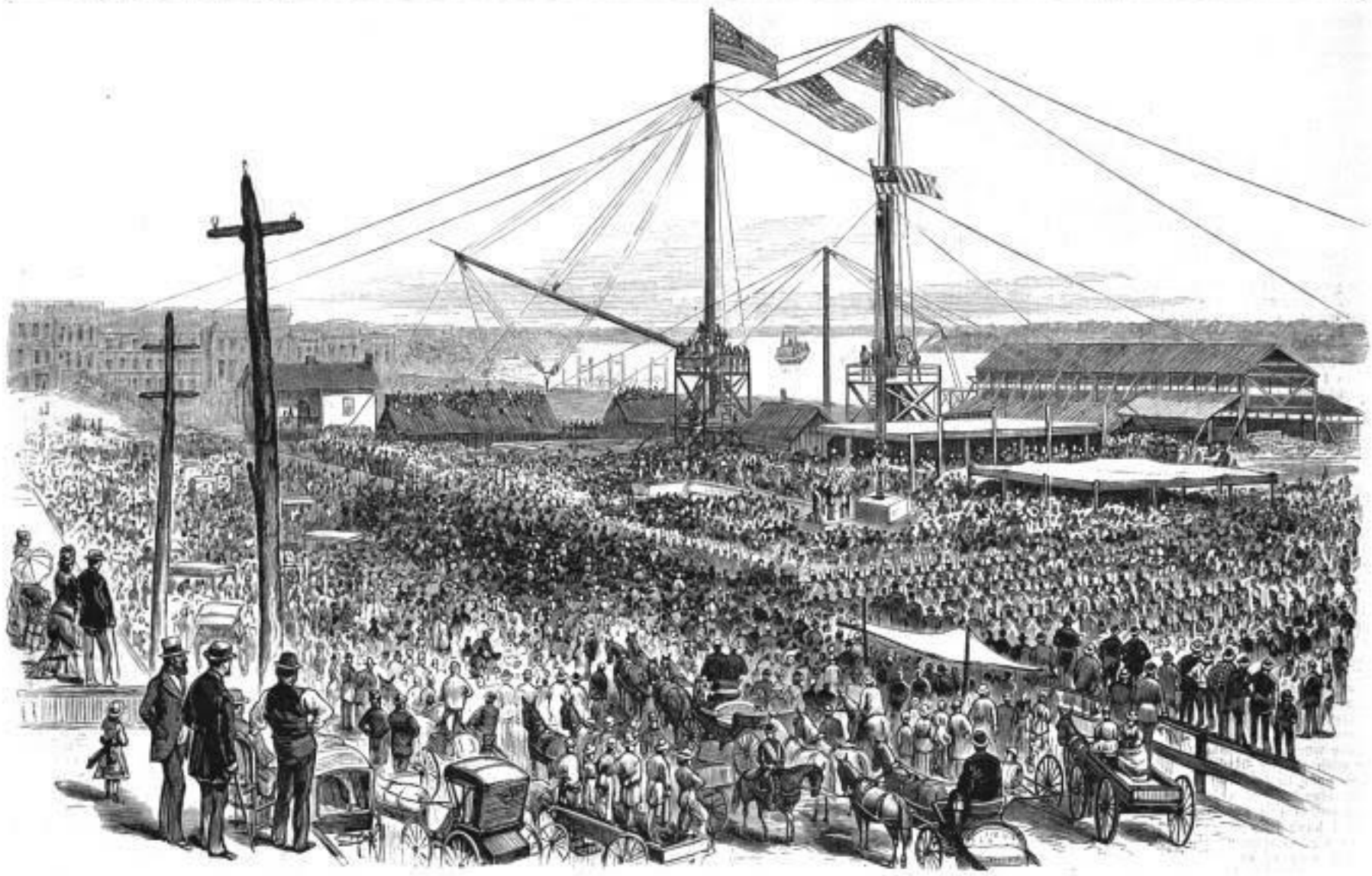
A YOUNG Indian Pandit, named Sgnamaji Krishna-Varma, who, considering his age, (scarcely 25) is remarkably well versed in grammatical and Vedic literature, has recently arrived in England, and has been admitted a member of the University of Oxford. He is the first real Indian Pandit who has ever visited England. He is a native of Kutch, a country on the western coast of India, inhabited by rather more than half a million of hardy people who have no literature, and whose local dialect is on its way to extinction.

THE Musical Festival Association of Cincinnati has offered a prize of $1,000 for the best musical composition by a native American composer, to be sung at the musical festival in 1880. Mr. Theodore Thomas was appointed by the association one of five gentlemen who are to pass on the merits of the work, and now the other four judges have been appointed and have accepted the trust. The full board is as follows: Theodore Thomas, President; Dr. Leopold Damrosch, of New York; Asger Hamerick, Baltimore; Otto Singer, Cincinnati; and Carl Zerrahn, Boston.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has a fine collection of pictures, some of which, according to the *Parisian*, were obtained in this wise: "Vollon, the painter, is an early riser, and so is Dumas. Vollon is a great billiard-player; so is Dumas. Vollon arrives at Dumas's house early, say seven o'clock in the morning. The genial Alexandre proposes a game; Vollon accepts. 'What shall we play for?' asks Dumas. 'I should like a complete set of Shakespeare,' says the painter. 'Very good, I'll play you a game of thirty points, a Shakespeare against a watercolor.' Dumas is much the stronger player of the two, but sometimes remorse seizes him and he lets Vollon win. Hence the painter enriches his library and the dramatist his picture gallery.

MRS. JENNIE R. SMITH, who is under sentence of death for murdering her husband, was baptized at the Hudson County Jail, Jersey City, June 20th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Spencer M. Rice, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Jersey City, in the presence of about fifteen persons, among whom were Jailer Allen and his family and two deputy-sheriffs. None of her counsel were present. The rite was administered in the parlor on the ground-floor of the jail. Mrs. Smith was dressed in black. She showed great emotion and was very nervous and excited, but she made the responses in a firm and quiet tone of voice, as if she had rehearsed the scene until it had become familiar to her. At the close of the ceremony Mrs Smith was taken back to her cell, where she wept violently for a long time.

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TENNESSEE.—THE MASONIC GRAND LODGE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE U. S. CUSTOM HOUSE, COURT HOUSE AND POST OFFICE, AT MEMPHIS, JUNE 24TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BINGHAM BROS.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT MEMPHIS.

ON Tuesday, June 24th, the corner-stone of the building which is destined to accommodate the United States Custom House, the United States Court House and the Post Office in Memphis, Tenn., was laid with Masonic ceremonies by Grand Master Connor. The ceremony was made the occasion for a display of military and civic organizations that has not been equaled since the war. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the home military and foreign companies assembled at their armories and repaired to the corner of Second and South Court Streets, where they reported to Major G. V. Rambaut, grand marshal of the day. The battalion wheeled into column of fours, and, headed by the police on foot, with Chief P. R. Athy, Captains H. F. Arata, William C. Davis, and Sergeants Charles Kuhnholz, George T. O'Haver, marched down Second to Madison, keeping step to the music of Arnold's brass band. The column marched out to Main and down Main to the front of the Peabody Hotel, where a line was formed, and arms presented to his Excellency Governor Marks, who appeared on the balcony of the hotel. After passing in review before the Governor, the battalion returned to the corner of Second and South Court, taking the front of the general street procession.

The line of march was taken up from Second Street to Adams, west to Main, down Main to Union, east to Second, north to Madison, and out to the Custom House grounds. On arriving there the military companies and civic societies took positions allotted to them around the corner-stone. The stand on the ground was crowded with ladies and invited guests, while many other distinguished citizens stood around the building. Outside the grounds a vast sea of faces could be seen. Every window and awning and housetop was crowded with people. Not less than twenty thousand people were in and around the grounds. When all was ready for the ceremony, Colonel Sesse, the superintending architect, formally invited Grand Master Connor to lay the corner-stone, and the exercises proceeded according to the Masonic ritual for such occasions. Speeches were made by the Grand Master and Governor Marks, and the ceremony closed with the firing of a salute by the Memphis Light Artillery on the bluff.



TENNESSEE.—U. S. CUSTOM HOUSE, COURT HOUSE AND POST OFFICE, MEMPHIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BINGHAM BROS.

The erection of the building was commenced May 7th, 1876, and the basement-story completed, in readiness for the superstructure, in January, 1877. The work was then delayed, pending the passage of the Bill providing that the building be constructed of Tennessee marble, and authorizing an additional appropriation of $85,000, passed June 20th, 1878. The work was then still further delayed by the yellow-fever epidemic of 1878. Under the arrangements as now perfected the work promises to progress steadily and satisfactorily.

The dimensions of the building are as follows: Length, 150 feet; width at the ends, 69 feet; width through the centre, 79 feet 6 inches; height from first floor to top of marble-work on towers, 102 feet 2 inches, with full three stories above the basement; height from first to second-story floor, 20 feet 2 inches; from second to third story, 11 feet 11½ inches; from third story to court-room ceiling, main cornice, 25 feet 10 inches; from third floor to roof of towers, 37 feet 2 inches, making altogether, as above stated, a total height of 102 feet 2 inches.

The white Tennessee marble is a beautiful stone, nothing in the United States approaching it for beauty; and the structure, when finished, will be the most showy and attractive public building in the Mississippi Valley.

The basement will be used for the storage of bonded goods. It contains the heating apparatus and water-closets.

On the first floor the post-office will be located. It will occupy the entire floor, with the exception



WISCONSIN.—THE NORTHWEST SÄNGERBUND AT MILWAUKEE, JUNE 26TH-30TH—SÄNGERFEST HALL, ON THE CORNER OF FOURTH AND CEDAR STREETS. FROM A SKETCH BY H. S. PACKARD.—SEE PAGE 335.

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SOUTH CAROLINA.—BRONZE BUST OF WM. GILMORE SIMMS, UNVAILED AT CHARLESTON, JUNE 11TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. N. BARNARD.

of the stair-halls leading to the upper portion of the building.

On the second floor will be located the offices of the surveyor of customs, collector of internal revenue, United States marshal, United States district attorney, United States commissioners, clerks of the United States circuit and district courts, local inspectors of steam vessels and judges' chambers.

On the third floor will be the United States circuit and district court rooms, judges' rooms of chambers, jury-rooms, district attorney, clerks of the courts, consultation room and library.

THE SIMMS MEMORIAL AT CHARLESTON.

THE bronze bust erected by the Carolina Art Association and the Simms Memorial Association to the memory of the delightful historian, novelist and poet, William Gilmore Simms, at White Point Garden, Charleston, S. C., was publicly unveiled on Wednesday, June 11th, the ninth anniversary of his death. Professor N. R. Middleton, the President of the Carolina Art Association, presided, and the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Edward R. Miles. Mr. W. D. Porter delivered the oration of the occasion, and at its close the monument was unveiled by the Misses Roach, two of the granddaughters of Mr. Simms, assisted by two young ladies from the Confederate Home.

The bust, which rests upon a pedestal of South Carolina granite, ten feet in height, is of bronze, and is the work of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, of New York. It is of heroic size, and is a strikingly faithful representation of Simms in the prime of life. The pedestal and mound surrounding it were profusely decorated with South Carolina laurel and live-oak moss, and during the ceremonies a laurel wreath, entwined by the young ladies of the Confederate Home, was placed upon the brow of the bust by Colonel James Armstrong. The large stand from which the speeches were delivered was tastefully decorated with the flags of the United States and the State of South Carolina and with laurels and flowers, and was occupied by the officers and members of the Carolina Art Association, the Simms Memorial Association, the Board of Control of the Confederate Home, members of the clergy and legal profession, and other prominent guests.

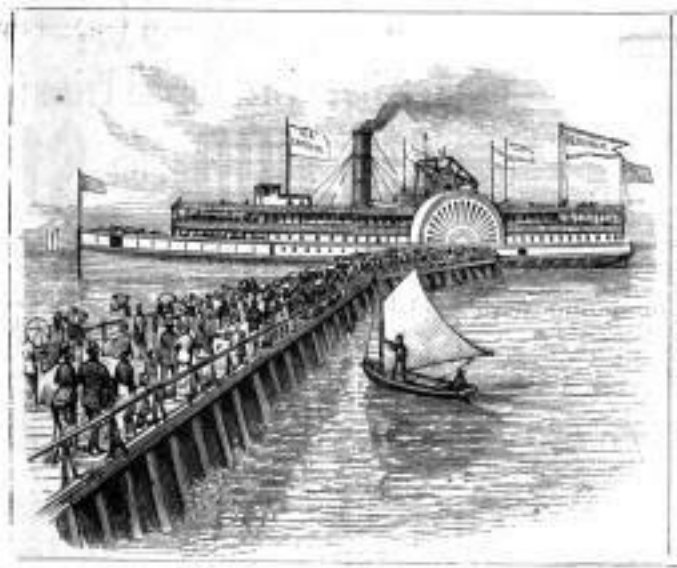
W. S. CLARK, LL.D.

WE publish on this page the portrait of W. S. Clark, LL.D., who some time since resigned his position as President of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society to take charge of the proposed Woodruff Expedition Around the World. Mr. Clark was born in 1826, and is now in the prime of his intellectual and physical powers. He is a graduate of Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., of Amherst College, and of the German University at Göttingen. His college studies seem to have taken away none of his taste or capacity for active life. When the war came he laid aside his books and took command of a regiment of volunteers, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, at whose head he served in the years 1862 and 1863. The next year his fellow-citizens called him to their civil service. He was chosen a Presidential Elector, and subsequently Secretary of the Electoral Board, and at the same election he was for the second time made a member of the General Court, in which body he served in all three years. He had become a member of the State Board of Agriculture in 1859, and has been retained in that position ever since. In 1860-1 he was President of the Hampshire County Agricultural Society, and in 1867, the last year of his service in the Legislature, he was called to the important office which he recently resigned, that of President of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College.

He was not, however, allowed to remain without interruption in the discharge of even the important duties of this responsible situation. In 1876 the Government of Japan sought and obtained his aid in the establishment of an agricultural college, whose teachings should tend to increase the capacity of that interesting empire to maintain human life and to promote human happiness. Acquainted with



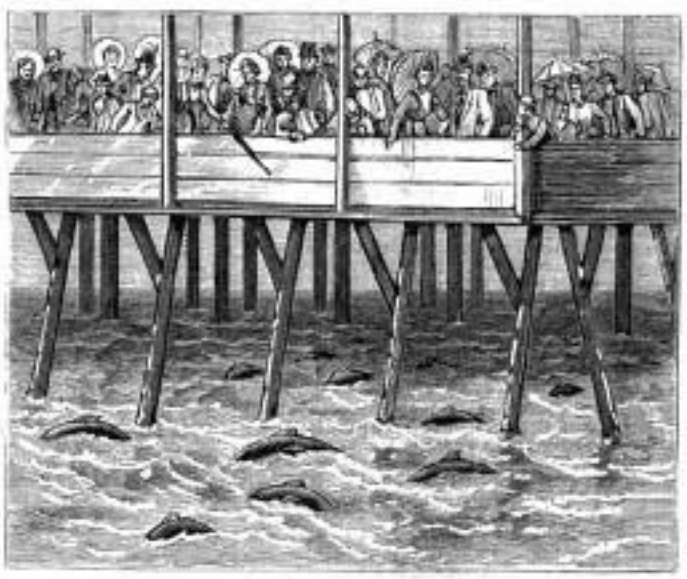
W. S. CLARK, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW WOODRUFF EXPEDITION. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. L. LOVELL.



EXCURSIONISTS EMBARKING ON THE "REPUBLIC."



MISS CLARA BARTON ADDRESSING THE EDITORS.



WATCHING PORPOISES FROM THE PIER.



A SCENE ON THE BEACH.

NEW JERSEY.—REUNION OF THE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATIONS OF NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA, AT CAPE MAY, JUNE 23D–27TH. FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 335.

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books, acquainted with men, used to exercise authority, a man of culture, of energy and of enthusiasm, one who has been uniformly intrusted with high duties at home, who has done honorable service abroad, who in peaceful times has constantly been in high peaceful employment, and in war has not held back from its rough service, he was admirably qualified to fill the place of chief of the Woodruff Scientific enterprise, which, though temporarily abandoned, will yet, as we trust, under his leadership, or that of some equally efficient manager, be carried to a successful outcome.

The Losses by Etna's Eruption.

THE full accounts of the destruction caused by the terrible eruption of Mount Etna are heartrending. Catania was one of the provinces of Italy where there was a promise of a good harvest, but now the green fields and vineyards are buried under a heavy weight of hard, gray lava. The possessions of the Sicilians living on the sides or at the foot of the mountains are destroyed, and many a proprietor who in May was rich, in June is as poor as the humblest of his servants. The story, only one of many, is told of a proprietor, the father of nine children, who saw everything he possessed, houses, barns, cabins, olive-trees, corn and wheat fields and vineyards, all destroyed. The inhabitants of the towns and country houses near the course of the lava are discouraged at the extent of their misfortunes. They remove all the household goods that can be transported, the cattle, the wine in the cellars, and even the tiles on the roofs of the houses. The roads near the advancing lava are like a battlefield, filled with wagons laden with goods, herds of cattle, crowds of weeping women and children fleeing from their homes. Innumerable strangers, on the contrary, go forward on the road and advance so near the lava that the guards are obliged to send them back. Although they can advance so near as to light a cigar at the stream of lava, it is dangerous, as the lava, which at one moment looks dark and dull, is liable at the next to burst open by its own weight and make a new path for itself where it is not expected. Regiments of soldiers are stationed all along the roads to keep order, and lines of them guard the edges of the stream.

One of the streams of lava has traveled a distance of thirteen miles from the crater; it is estimated that in less than four days more than two hundred and thirty million cubic yards of lava have been thrown out.

The spectacle of this tremendous convulsion of nature is wonderfully and fearfully beautiful. It is especially impressive at night, when the fiery current often throws up in its progress great masses of molten stone. The column of smoke and fine black sand which follows the lava reflects the red tint of the fire, and looks like an aurora borealis. From the craters on the top of the mountain rise dense columns of smoke, now very white and again densely black, and often pierced by sharp streaks of electricity. The travelers who have flocked thither view these wonders with ecstasy, but the poor contadini or the rich man reduced to beggary weep over the ruin of their homes. In the daytime the cloud of smoke and sand is so dense that the sun is invisible, and the day seems to be almost like the night. Spectacles and umbrellas are necessary protections for whoever walks out in the neighborhood of the mountain, for the fine sand covers everything with a thick, heavy coating, and blows into the eyes. The eruption is accompanied by constant rumbling noises like the booming of artillery; the earth trembles, the sky is leaden. The mass of lava is from fifteen to thirty feet high, and, according to its height or the time of day, varies in color from a bright, fiery red to a dull leaden shade. If it was not for jets of smoke which issue now and then from this mass it might be thought dead lava of half a century ago, but when it moves its waves slide over each other and emit jets of fire.

Enough superstition lingers to induce the peasants of Catania at the foot of Etna to hang images of the saints and apostles on the trees and vines in the track of the lava. They hoped in this way to save their fields and houses from destruction, but the lava would not stay its majestic course for these idols. It advanced slowly, and touched the trees and the vines, the houses and cabins and barns with its fiery finger, and they blazed up with a white heat and were destroyed. At Randazzo, a town at the foot of Etna, threatened by lava, it is related that towards evening a procession of men, women and children, with lighted candles in their hands, moved towards the advancing mass of fiery lava. They carried an image of the Madonna, and held it up before the burning flood, while they called out in anguish, "Have pity! have mercy upon us!" The lava, however, did not stop, but covered the national road, which connects that town with Messina and the sea, as well as with other towns near. Its trade is ruined by this cutting off of its communications, and the people are awe-struck and depressed.

FUN.

COULD Cicero a boat?

IF you are afraid of a sting, let the bumble be.

SONG of the retail merchant—"Sprinkle, sprinkle, little cart, how we wonder where thou art."

THE musquitoes stand watch by one's bedside while the fly snatches a little sleep, and vice versa.

HAVE you observed how short the pants of the man are who wears silk socks worth three dollars a pair?

THE man who believes he can move the world should begin by Wheeling West Virginia. If not too warm, he might try Bowling Kentucky. If not afraid of a drenching he might Carl bbean Sea.

DEPRESSION.—*First City Man* (optimist): "How's business with you? I can't help thinking things are looking bet——" *Second City Man* (pessimist): "Drifting fast to the workhouse! And what makes me doubly anxious is, I can't think who'll be left to pay the poor rate!"

A LADY, not accustomed to raising poultry, set a hen on some eggs, and in due course of time a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend, coming in four days afterwards, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply; "why, I thought the hen nursed them."

"WHAT made you quit the East?" said a man in Nevada to a new-comer. "I got into trouble by marrying two wives," was the response. "Well," said the other, "I came out here because I got into trouble by marrying only one wife." "And I," added a bystander, "came here because I got into trouble simply by promising to marry one."

IN Stanstead, Canada, a man sold 10 cent packages, "warranted sure death to potato bugs; no risk of poisoning animals as with Paris green." The packages were not to be opened until time to use them. One victim, having three, opened one and found two square blocks of wood, on one of which was written: "Place the bug on this block and press firmly with the other."

STARVING TO DEATH.

THOUSANDS of men and women are starving themselves to death. They dare not eat or drink this or that, fearing it will increase their flesh. Life depends upon continuous self-denial. The only safe and reliable remedy for this terrible condition is Allan's Anti-Fat. It is wholly vegetable and perfectly harmless. Its use insures a reduction of from two to five pounds per week. Sold by druggists.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 13th, 1878.

TO THE PROP'RS OF ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT:

Gentlemen—The following report is from the lady who used Allan's Anti-Fat: "It (the Anti-Fat) had the desired effect, reducing the fat from two to five pounds a week, until I had lost twenty-five pounds. I hope never to regain what I have lost."

Yours resp'y, POWELL & PLIMPTON,
Wholesale Druggists.

LADIES, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters.

THE New York Central and Hudson River Railroad's Summer excursion route-book offers an exceedingly attractive list of resorts to those inquiring "Where shall we go this Summer?" All the demands of Summer travel are more than met by the Central, with its extensive and superior facilities; and passengers who value safety, speed and comfort will be sure to find it whenever they strike the line of the Central, no matter what is their point of departure or destination. The excursion route-book will be sent gratuitously to all who apply at any of the company's principal ticket-offices.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER is probably the simplest and purest perfume ever made, being absolutely nothing more than the delicious fragrance of rare flowers, preserved and made permanent, and it is doubtless to this purity of composition that its immense popularity is in a great measure to be ascribed.

AMONG New York hotels the ST. NICHOLAS is pronounced by its patrons chief in excellence. *Cuisiniere*, furnishing, devotion to the interest of the guest, are all beyond cavil, and the rates have been reduced to the very moderate sum of $3.50 per day. The ST. NICHOLAS maintains the traditions of a quarter of a century in its adaptation to the most cultivated and refined wants of the traveling public.

ASTHMA.—Thousands of the worst cases of asthma have been relieved by using JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give relief.

CHICAGO, March 1st, 1878.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston:

Gentlemen—In the Fall of 1877 I used JONAS WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY, and received immediate relief. And I would most cheerfully recommend it to any person troubled with Hay Fever or Asthma. MRS. R. SHERMAN,
No. 180 Ellis Ave.

THE greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator on earth—Hop Bitters.

THE great printing establishment of Harper Brothers is now being painted with H. W. John's Asbestos Liquid Paint.

For Sale Cheap.—EXCURSION Tickets (first-class) to Liverpool and return. Address, "Tourist," Box 4,121, New York P. O.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, labeled,

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

$10 to $1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

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Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings,
Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
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Common Sense Chairs & Rockers,

A lady writes: "The only objection to your Common Sense Rocker is, **we all want it.**" Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue to F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville, N. Y.

JOIN OUR CALIFORNIA COLONY. Send to COLONY OFFICE, 14 W. Swan St., Buffalo, N. Y., for Pamphlets and Maps.

4,000 seven-shot nickel-plated revolvers at **$1** each. Discount to dealers. Gen. L. Fillan & Co., 679 Broadway, N.Y.

25 of the Prettiest Cards you ever saw, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. Shaw & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Manhattan Beach Railway

DOUBLE TRACK OVER ENTIRE ROAD.

GREENPOINT DIVISION.

Trains leave foot of 23d street, East River, by steamer Sylvan Grove, 8:45, 10.45, 10.45, 11:15, 11:45 A.M.; 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45 P.M.

Returning, leave Manhattan Beach for Greenpoint and New York 7:35, 10, 11:05 A.M.; 12:05, 12:30, 1:10, 1:30, 2:15, 2:30, 3:15, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5:15, 5:30, 6:15, 6:30, 7:15, 7:30, 8:15, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:35 P.M.

Trains marked thus ‖ stop at East New York only—15 minutes after Greenpoint time. Trains marked thus ‡ do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

BAY RIDGE DIVISION.

Steamers "Thomas Collyer" and "Twilight" leave New York (N. R.), connecting at Bay Ridge with trains for Manhattan Beach, as follows:

23d Street—9:10, 10:25, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25, 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25 P.M.

Leroy Street—9:35, 10:35, 11:35 A.M.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M.

Pier 8—9:55, 10:55, 11:55 A.M.; 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 6:55 P.M.

The steamer "D. R. Martin" connects with Elevated Railroads at Whitehall Street, and trains at Bay Ridge for Manhattan Beach as follows:

Leave Whitehall Street 10:25, 10:25, 11:25 A.M.; 12:25 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25 P.M.

Trains marked thus ‡ do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach for Bay Ridge and New York as follows:

8:10, *10:20, 11:00, *11:20 A.M.; 12:00 M.; *12:20, 1:00, *1:20, 2:00, *2:20, ‡ 3:00, *3:20, 4:00, *4:20, 5:00, *5:20, 6:00, *6:20, 7:00, *7:20, 8:00, *8:20, 8:55, *9:20 and 10:25 P.M.

Trains marked thus * connect with steamer "D. R. MARTIN," and do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

Trains marked thus ‡ connecting with North River boats, do not stop at Sheep's Head Bay.

Excursion Tickets good to return to New York over either division, but North River and Greenpoint Tickets are not good on Elevated Railroads.

Orders may be left with Dodd's Express for baggage to and from Manhattan Beach.

GRAND CONCERTS EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING BY GILMORE'S BAND AND LEVY.

Authorized by the Commonwealth of Ky.

10th

Popular Drawing of the

Commonwealth Distribution

COMPANY,
AT
MACAULEY'S THEATRE,
In the City of Louisville, on

Thursday, July 31st, 1879

On which occasion a Grand Concert will be given, holders of a ticket or part of a ticket entitled to admission free.

The Drawing will be supervised by men of undoubted character and standing, and ticket-holders, agents and clubs are respectfully requested to send on representatives with proper credentials to examine into the Drawing.

A New Era in the History of Lotteries.

Every ticket-holder can be his own supervisor.

The Management call attention to the grand opportunity presented of obtaining, for only $2, any of

THE FOLLOWING PRIZES.

1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes $100 ea.	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes 50 ea.	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes 20 ea.	12,000
10 Prizes $1,000 each	10,000	1,000 Prizes 10 ea.	10,000
20 Prizes $500 each	10,000		
9 Prizes $300 each, Approximation Prizes			$2,700
9 Prizes 200 each	" "		1,800
9 Prizes 100 each	"		900
1,960 Prizes			$112,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Tickets, $1.
27 Tickets, $50. 55 Tickets, $100.

Remit by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, bank draft, or express. Full list of drawing published in Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL and New York *Herald*, and mailed to all ticket-holders. For tickets and information address T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.; or same, No. 163 Broadway, New York. Or, R. H. PORTER & CO., Eastern Agents, No. 1227 Broadway, New York.

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The Purest Champagne imported in the United States.

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Or **Magical Beautifier,** removes every blemish on beauty; it elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from tan, freckles, or moth-patches. The most popular for the skin ever invented; accepts no cream of similar name. Indorsement of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM by the distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre: A lady of the *haut ton*, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Oriental' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.*" "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed." Indorsed by the fashionable world.

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HOTELS open July 3d, 1879. Rooms can now be secured for the Summer on favorable terms.

SEA GROVE HOUSE.
Upon the shore front, 50 yards from the ocean.

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Every room commands a sea or bay view.

CENTENNIAL HOUSE.
Within three minutes' walk of the shore.

COTTAGES, tasteful and unique, to let or for sale, furnished and unfurnished.

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT DEPOT TO CAPE MAY POINT.

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THE MANSION HOUSE,
Long Branch.
(*Next to the Great Wrought Iron Pier*), OPENS JUNE 10TH.
McINTYRE, BARRETT & CO.
H. C. BARRETT, of Hotel Brighton, New York.

BRIGHTON BEACH.

Trains on the Brooklyn, Flatbush & Coney Island Railway, until further notice, will run half hourly between

FLATBUSH AVENUE
(Long Island Depot), Brooklyn, and
BRIGHTON BEACH,
From 6:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Trains will also leave
BEDFORD
(Franklin Ave.) half hourly from 6:35 A.M. to 10:34 P.M. Last train from the Beach, 11 P.M.

The depots can be reached via South and Wall Street ferries by Atlantic and Fifth Avenue car lines, via Fulton Ferry by Flatbush Avenue and Adams and Boerum Street line, via Hamilton Ferry by South Brooklyn Central line, via Grand and Roosevelt ferries by Lee and Nostrand Avenue, Tompkins Avenue and Franklin Avenue lines.

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An excellent appetizing tonic, of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole civilized world, cures dyspepsia, diarrhœa, fever and ague, colics, and all disorders of the digestive organs.

TRY IT, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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BY STATE AUTHORITY.

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JULY 31.

The Three First Capital Prizes:

$15,000 FOR $1

$8,000 FOR $1

$5,000 FOR $1

FULL SCHEME:

1 PRIZE OF	$15,000 IS	$15,000
1 PRIZE OF	8,000 IS	8,000
1 PRIZE OF	5,000 IS	5,000
2 PRIZES OF	2,500 ARE	5,000
2 PRIZES OF	1,000 ARE	2,000
10 PRIZES OF	500 ARE	5,000
50 PRIZES OF	100 ARE	5,000
100 PRIZES OF	50 ARE	5,000
200 PRIZES OF	25 ARE	5,000
500 PRIZES OF	10 ARE	5,000
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1,894 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO		$67,925

TICKETS, $1.

THE KENTUCKY STATE LOTTERY HAS, DURING ITS EXISTENCE, PAID MORE MONEY IN PRIZES THAN ANY LOTTERY, DOMESTIC OR FOREIGN, WHOSE TICKETS ARE SOLD IN THIS COUNTRY. THE DRAWINGS HAVE TAKEN PLACE REGULARLY TWICE A MONTH, UNDER SWORN COMMISSIONERS OF THE STATE, AND ARE PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK HERALD, SUN, STAATS ZEITUNG, PHILADELPHIA RECORD, PHILADELPHIA SUNDAY DISPATCH, PITTSBURGH DISPATCH, AND LOUISVILLE COMMERCIAL, AND ALL OUT-OF-TOWN TICKET-HOLDERS MAILED A COPY OF THE OFFICIAL DRAWING. ALL PRIZES ARE CASHED, WITHOUT REDUCTION, ON PRESENTATION, AND NO ONE OUTSIDE OF THE WINNERS MADE AWARE OF THE FACT OF THEIR BEING RICHER BY THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS BUT THEMSELVES, **FOR WE NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, PUBLISH THE NAMES OF PERSONS DRAWING CAPITAL PRIZES, FOR THE PURPOSE OF DRAWING CUSTOM TO THIS LOTTERY.**

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Wanted at once, Good, Reliable Agents in Every Town. Address WILLIAMSON & CO.

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NOTICE.—With the view of diminishing the chances of Collision, the Steamers of this Line take a specified course for all seasons of the year. On the Outward Passage from Queenstown to New York or Boston, crossing Meridian of 50 at 43 Lat., or nothing to the north of 43. On the Homeward Passage, crossing the Meridian of 50 at 42 Lat., or nothing to the north of 42.

From NEW YORK (Pier 40, N. R.) for LIVERPOOL and QUEENSTOWN.

ALGERIA.....Wednesday, July 2, 8:30 A.M.
SCYTHIA.....Wednesday, July 16, 2:30 P.M.
ABYSSINIA.....Wednesday, July 23, 7:00 A.M
BOTHNIA.....Wednesday, July 30, 2:30 P.M.
GALLIA.....Wednesday, Aug. 6, 7 A.M.

And every following Wednesday, from New York.

Rates of Passage, $80 and $100, according to accommodation. Return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage at very low rates. For freight or passage, apply at the Company's Office, 4 Bowling Green.

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ARE THE VERY BEST.

Made from Wamsutta muslin. Bosoms, 3-ply Linen. The very best.
KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for $7. Only plain seams to finish.
KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS, very best. TO MEASURE, 6 for $9. Fit guaranteed.
NIGHT SHIRTS, all styles, extra long, $1 each.
BOYS' COMPLETE SHIRTS, $1 each.
An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated Buttons presented to purchasers of SIX shirts.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR.
White Cashmere Shirts.....50c. each
Summer Merino Shirts (whole or half sleeves)..60c. each
Scarlet Gauze (anti-rheumatic).....$1 25 each
Canton Flannel Shirts and Drawers.....75c. each
Best Pepperell Jean Drawers.....50c. each

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BEST GINGHAM. Patent Protected Rims, $1 each. Fifty per cent. stronger than any other umbrellas.
REGINA and TWILLED SILKS in all styles.
Novelties in LADIES' SUN and RAIN UMBRELLAS.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES
for Gents, the very best, plain or embroidered, $1 a pair. Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Ties, Ete. All goods warranted.
Samples and circulars mailed free.
Shirts only delivered free.
Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars on application, as we furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.
Samples and Circulars mailed free on application.

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY
631, 633, 635 & 637 Broadway, New York.

WITH
$5
you can buy a whole
5 per ct. Imp. Austrian 100fl. Government Bond,
Issue of 1860.

These bonds are guaranteed by the Imperial Government of Austria, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually.
They are redeemed in two drawings annually, in which 100 large premiums of
60,000, 10,000, 5,000,
etc., florins are drawn.
Every Austrian five per cent. 100-florin bond, which does not draw one of the larger premiums, must be redeemed with at least
120 Florins,
as there are no *blanks*, and every bond must draw something.
The next drawing takes place on the
1st of August, 1879,
And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of August is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day. Country orders sent in Registered Letters and inclosing $5 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
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International Banking Co.,
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NEW YORK CITY.
Established in 1874.
N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Just the article I want to take to the Country. "Ed



One of WURFFLEIN'S Patent Combination Pocket Revolving Shot Guns, for small bird and frog shooting. Send for Price-List 208 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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HABIT CURED.
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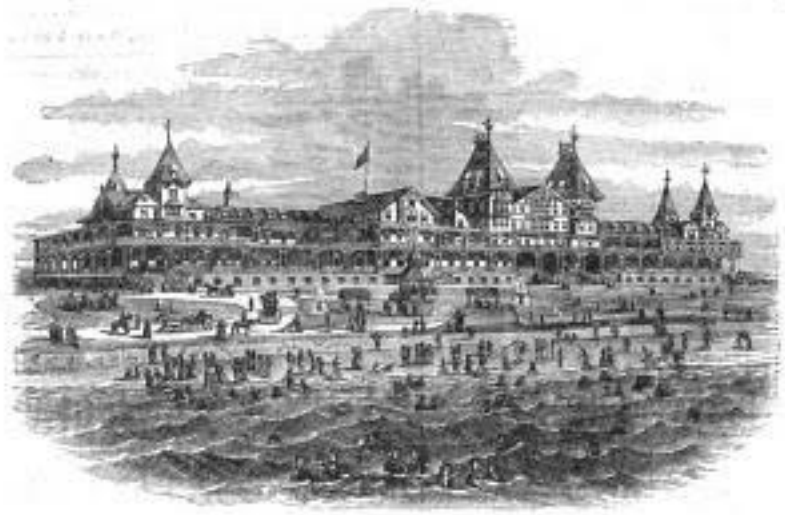


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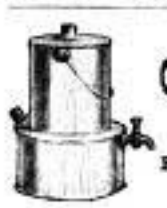
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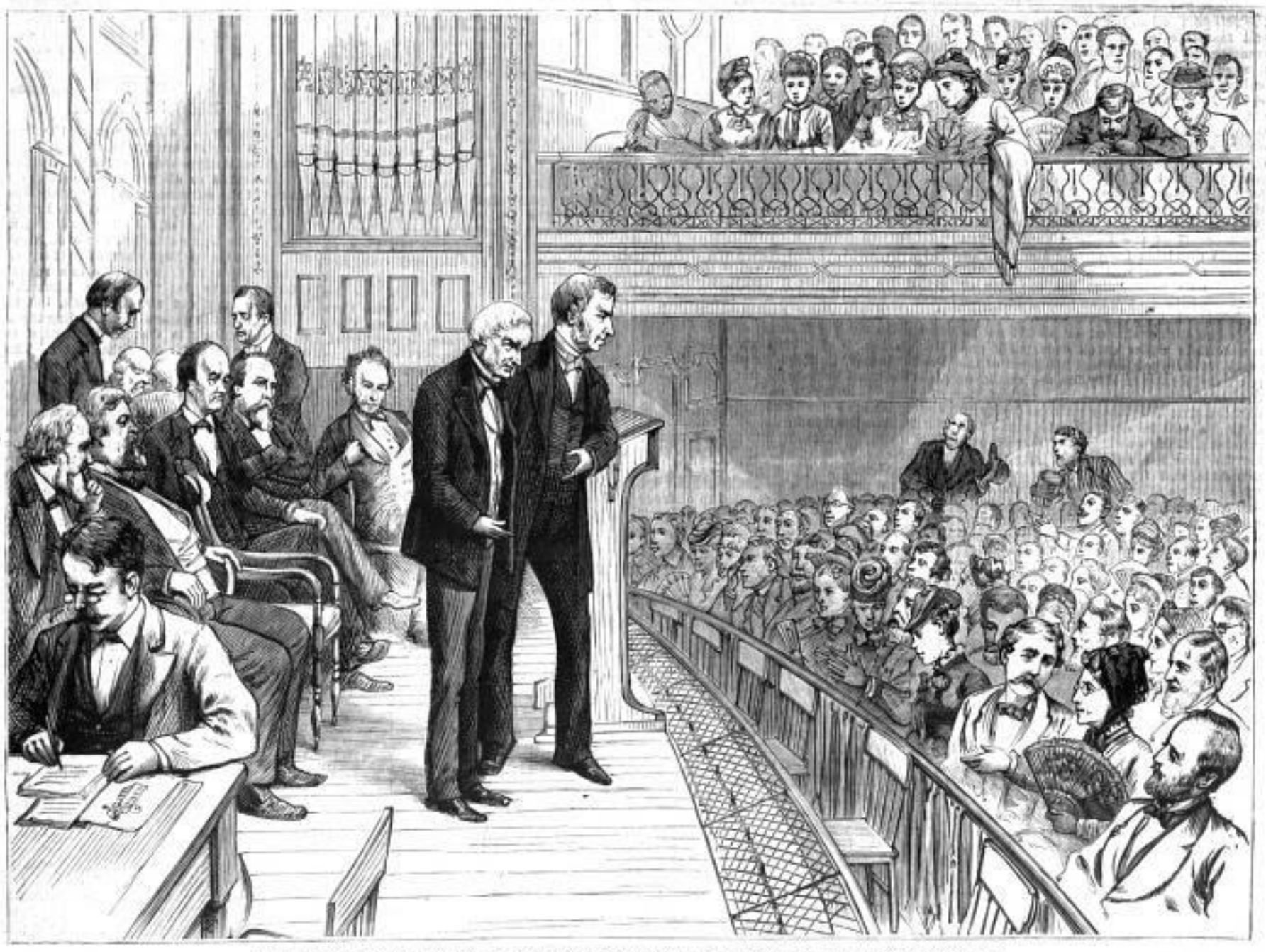
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THE AUTUMNAL ELECTIONS.

IF during the last few months it is just to say that the two leading political parties in the country, as represented at Washington, have been "manœuvring for a position" in the coming Presidential campaign, it is equally just to say that the ensuing autumnal elections are likely to prove the preliminary skirmish which is destined to test the strategic value of the positions respectively secured by each of the combatants. By finally framing a Bill, which the President signed, for the purpose of prohibiting the employment of Federal troops as an ordinary police force at the polling-places, the Democrats may be said to have spiked their own "alarm guns" as well as the artillery of their adversaries, insomuch that the "bayonet argument" may be considered as fairly eliminated from the impending struggle, whether as serving for a "good cry" to the Democrats, or as an active auxiliary to the Republicans in carrying elections. As under the mild rule of a pacific chieftain like President Hayes there has never been any real fear that he would use the army for the purpose of controlling political results or installing legislators in their seats, it is a matter of congratulation that the purity of our elections will hereafter be preserved from military interference alike by the strict letter of the law and by the integrity of its administration.

In regard to the Federal supervision of Congressional elections, the issue between the two parties has been brought to a hard and fast line of discrimination. Commencing with a threat, under the instigation of a few arrogant and impulsive leaders, that they would block the wheels of the Government if the President would not agree to the repeal or the practical nullification of the election laws, the Democrats, as is known, were finally driven to narrow down this issue to the single sharp point presented by the Appropriation Bill for the payment of the United States marshals and their deputies. The wheels of Government have not been blocked, and the precepts of the Federal Courts, even without provision for paying the salaries of the marshals, will probably continue to issue as heretofore; but the line of cleavage between the two parties has been so accentuated on this subject as to leave no room for confusion or doubt as to the attitude under which each party presents itself to the critical judgment of the people. Whatever may be the result of the impending elections, it cannot be doubted that the Democratic majority in Congress will be compelled to make due provision at the coming December session for the accrued salaries of the *regular* marshals, and for their *regular* work as the executive officers of the Federal courts; but no appropriations are likely to be made in the present Congress for the payment of marshals and deputy marshals appointed to scrutinize the Congressional elections. These officers may continue to be appointed as heretofore, but the propriety of their appointment and the justice of their claim for compensation will be submitted for final arbitrament to the decision of the people. In what direction that arbitrament shall fall we may be able to surmise at the end of the State elections about to take place, for each party will naturally strive to make the most of the "position" which it has assumed as a chosen vantage-ground, though the battle cannot be brought to the final victory which conquers peace until the issue shall be joined in the election of 1880 for a new President as well as a new Congress. If that election shall result in the choice of a Democratic House of Representatives, and if the Democrats shall maintain their ascendency in the Senate, the marshals and deputy-marshals who may have served as guardians of the polls will go without their compensation, and, whoever may be chosen as President, it is likely that this issue will die of inanition, or be overlaid and smothered by other issues of greater weight and magnitude. If, on the other hand, the elections of 1880 shall result in the choice of a Republican House of Representatives, especially if the Republicans shall regain their control of the Senate, it is certain that the marshals and deputy-marshals who shall have "watched for the purity of the Congressional elections" will receive full compensation for the services they may have rendered in the hope and prospect of such a tardy reimbursement for the time and labor spent in their transient functions.

As to the general question of the Federal supervision of elections, the great body of the people will, no doubt, divide on existing party lines. But those who hold, with us, that there is a *juste milieu* on this topic, which neither stalwart Democrats nor stalwart Republicans have been willing to occupy—that is, those who believe that the present laws lend themselves to "oppression and partisan partiality," which call for cure rather than for the total abrogation of the laws themselves, are likely to pay more heed to the calibre and quality of the man they vote for, whether he be Democrat or Republican, than to the mere political slogan under which the noisy leaders seek to lead their train-bands into a battle for the spoils.

And behind this issue there is a larger one which no party blinkers can obscure from the public eye. We refer to the *currency question*, as now pending in the almost even balance of the Congressional majority and minority, and as brought to the front in the State of Ohio. We do not conceal from our readers that the question of hard money and of honest money is, with us, a question above all parties and beyond all the shifting "manœuvres" of the passing hour. It is shrewdly suspected in some quarters that the Democrats have invented the latest issues of the extra session for the purpose of masking their divisions on this critical subject. If so, the mask is likely to be torn away in the collisions of the coming conflict; for surely we do not mistake in saying that the currency issue is a greatly more exigent one than the factitious issue raised about the supervision of Congressional elections at a time when no members of Congress are to be elected outside of California, and perhaps a single other district in which there chances to be a vacancy. The political complexion of the present Congress is decided beyond all possibility of change, but the wavering balances of the "silver agitation" may be decided by an emphatic utterance of the people in favor of a sound currency. And by such an utterance the Democratic Party might gain as much in wisdom as the country would be sure to gain in point of advantage. Whatever may be truly or falsely said of Providence, according to the familiar proverb, it is at least certain that the providence of politicians is on the side of the strongest battalions; and the Democrats, if suffered to fight a losing battle for bad money in Ohio, might learn wisdom enough to fight a winning battle for good money in the decisive struggle of 1880.

HARTINGTON AND THE LIBERALS.

"THE duck of the Dukeries," as the Marquis of Hartington has been styled by designing Belgravian mothers anxious for an alliance with the house of Cavendish for their daughters, has just received a sample of scant courtesy in the British House of Commons. Leader of the Liberal party, since Mr. Gladstone in a fit of postcard pettishness flung up the reins of office, the marquis has treated his following with so profound an apathy as to border upon the thin line marking contempt. It is his habit to lounge into the House and *droop* into his seat, his crush hat depending for support on the extreme tip of his nose, where he preserves a masterly inactivity, save when absolutely compelled to address the Speaker. This "sort of thing, yer know," has given dire offense to certain Radicals and Home Rulers, who have been anxiously awaiting an opportunity to repay contempt with scorn and the passage of the Army Discipline Bill through the House flung the much coveted chance into their very grasp. The abolition of the practice of flogging in the British Army was warmly advocated by the Liberal party as a party, the Home Rulers and Radicals successfully opposing the progress of the Army Discipline Bill on the flogging clause. This course of procedure so displeased the noble marquis that he stood up, and, in no measured terms, repudiated all responsibility in the action of his followers. Mr. Chamberlain, Member for Birmingham, one of the coming Masters of Parliament, amid Radical cheers, declared "that the Marquis of Hartington, who was formerly the leader of the Opposition, is now only the leader of a section." On the following night the "Dukeries" having made an energetic whip, the "swell" Liberals came to the rescue of the house of Cavendish, and cheered the *blasé* marquis on his rising to utter a few languid lispings. The second reading in the House of Lords of the Irish University Bill gave its opponents a peep behind the scenes. Lord Cairns, while still opposing the direct endowment of denominational institutions, dangled the University of London before the eyes of the Irish hierarchy, and not having the fear of Cardinal Cullen in his heart, glibly descanted upon the thousands of pounds annually bestowed in premiums at this model institution, which is open to all comers. His sop to Cerberus amounts to this, "Come to Parliament and ask for money for exhibitions and rewards for your Catholic University, and I venture to assert that no objection will be taken on denominational grounds, but a charter for St. Patrick's College—never!" If the Catholics are wise in their generation they will take what they can get. They have been chaffed by Lord Palmerston, bowed out by Lord Mayo, and "sat upon" by Lord Beaconsfield. The present Government being in a moribund condition, bids for the Catholic vote at the forthcoming general election, hence this veritable concession. What will Leo XIII. say? As Paul Cullen stands no longer in the gap, and the Lion of the Fold of Judah is neutral, Rome will decide the question. The Home Rulers will take their cue from Monsignor Kirby, who is the Irish Papal mouthpiece.

THE IMPOVERISHED SOUTH.

IT cannot be doubted that the business condition of many of the Southern States, whose people were drawn into the vortex of rebellion, is truly deplorable. Fourteen years of peace have succeeded the havoc and waste of war, but that terrible waste has not yet been repaired, and the evidences of that desolating havoc still exist on every side. Something, indeed, has been done in the work of restoration, but the results achieved have been inconsiderable. And now, with the native population, both white and black, seeking new homes, with no influx of immigration to take their places, with lands falling into disuse, with no friendly intervention of capital either domestic or foreign, and abandoned by all save the politicians, we may well inquire what is to be the future of the ex-Confederate States? The question comes home to the thoughtful and considerate of all sections and all parties.

As the whole human body must suffer when a single limb becomes injured or diseased, so must the whole country be affected when serious misfortune befalls a single section. The destiny of the country is one, and the fortunes of the South are interwoven with those of the North, East and West. What profits one section helps all; injury to either affects the whole. If the Southern people were as well conditioned to-day as prior to 1860 there would be no idle mills and no clamor for wages in the East, few, if any, breaking commercial houses in the North, and no lack of stimulus to Western production.

Leaving out of present view the active causes of a result so deplorably disastrous, we invite serious attention to a few facts bearing upon this supremely important topic. In 1850 the ex-Confederate States possessed real and personal property valued by the Federal Census Bureau at $2,289,029,642. During the succeeding ten years the tide of prosperity ran high, so much so that when the national census of 1860 was taken the value of their real and personal property was found to be $5,202,166,107, an increase of more than 127 per cent. Had there been no Civil War this ratio of increase, if continued, would have given them wealth amounting to $11,808,917,062 in 1870, and more than $26,808,000,000 in 1880. But the terrible contest they precipitated upon the country not only drank up rivers of blood but swept billions of treasure and property to destruction. In this, particularly as respects property, the Confederates were the greater sufferers. Five years of peace had elapsed when the census of 1870 was taken. According to the report of the Commissioner for that year there had been a loss to the ex-Confederate States in real and personal property amounting to 43.69 per cent. during the decade.

The following table will show at a glance the real and personal property owned by those States in 1860 and 1870, together with the decrease in each at the latter period:

States.	Value of Real and Personal Property.		Decrease.
	1860.	1870.	
Alabama	$466,237,078	$201,855,841	$264,381,237
Arkansas	212,206,473	156,294,691	62,861,782
Florida	72,302,500	44,163,655	28,917,845
Georgia	645,590,237	326,169,207	319,126,030
Louisiana	662,316,868	323,125,699	278,995,902
Mississippi	697,324,913	299,197,245	398,127,668
North Carolina	356,739,299	280,187,244	97,992,155
South Carolina	548,138,756	208,146,989	339,991,765
Tennessee	462,983,897	459,237,724	In. 4,253,827
Texas	395,200,614	159,042,842	236,148,672
Virginia	793,249,681	*660,238,824	133,010,857

* West Virginia included.

If the foregoing valuations be correct, the ex-Confederate States possessed real and personal property in 1870 to the extent of $2,929,340,528, and were only $640,310,886 better off than in 1850, twenty years anterior to the valuation of 1870. According to the tabulated statement, the loss in property for ten years ending with 1870 was as follows:

Gross decrease in real and personal property in above States	$2,272,190,411
Deduct increase by Tennessee	4,253,832
Net decrease	$2,272,825,579

In addition to this sweeping loss of property, the census report for 1870 shows that the people of the same States, at that period, were burdened by the following indebtedness:

State Indebtedness	$170,482,972
County Indebtedness	11,679,164
Debts of cities, towns, etc.	66,766,364
Total Indebtedness	$248,889,330

The aggregate of loss and indebtedness amounts to $2,526,008,741. Could this sum have been saved and capitalized at six per cent., it would have yielded an annual revenue of $151,560,524, a sum equal to the yearly support of 1,010,403 persons at $150 each. By dint of scaling and repudiation some of the States have succeeded in reducing their debts, but at the close of 1877 the ex-Confederate States, independent of county and municipal indebtedness, still owed the aggregate sum of $159,659,934, while nothing had been accomplished toward retrieving the losses of the past.

While holding to the opinion that no good can be accomplished by reproaching the South with the acts which have entailed only calamity and misery, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that some of the Southern leaders betray a lack of wisdom in the matter of the welfare of their own people. The future well-being and prosperity of the South cannot be subserved by political intrigue, or violent partisanship, or a loss of its self-sustaining population. We say this purely in a spirit of kindness. The South may have a brilliant future and again become rich and prosperous, but it must be achieved by methods hitherto left untried. When its educated men shall learn to respect labor and teach their sons the value of industry, when life and property shall be made secure through the enforcement of wholesome laws, when education shall become popularized as it is now to some extent, and existing resources and opportunities shall be fully utilized, then the work of resuscitation will really begin. Immigration will leap to swell its population, Northern capital will stretch forth its helping hand, intelligent labor will make the most of its streams, its minerals and its lands, and the tide of prosperity, once set in motion, will rise higher and higher with each passing decade, until at length all vestiges of the old desolation shall disappear, and wealth and comfort be everywhere assured.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

IF sympathy can alleviate grief, the Empress Eugénie must take comfort from the universal expression of condolence which is manifested in all parts and among all classes of the community at the ghastly loss she has sustained by the death of the Prince Imperial. *Apropos* of the horrible disaster, much of the blame attached to the luckless Lieutenant Carey drops short when it comes to be considered that the rule in a reconnoitring party is "each for himself." They are sent out not to attack, but to ascertain for the general commanding them what the enemy is doing. Discretion is counted by them far more than valor. The instant the foe comes in sight it is their business to make off. In the Prussian army this is much insisted upon, and the year of the invasion of France, a German officer was disgraced for having, near La Flèche, engaged in a fight with some Mobiles who surprised him and the reconnoitring squad that he headed. We have not yet had the names of the two poor fellows who, not flying, were assegaied with the Prince. They, too, may have mothers, who will be thrown into deep affliction by the tidings of their death. A characteristic rumor is current in Paris to the effect that the savages who assegaied Prince Louis Napoleon were no Zulus at all, but political agents in disguise.

The Chamber of Deputies, still sitting at Versailles, has rejected by an overwhelming vote Madier de Montjeau's amendment to Jules Ferry's Education Bill, aiming at the prohibition of all religious orders from teaching, 78 voting for the amendment, 381 against it, while the Bill ultimately passed by a majority of 193. It is a strange coincidence that the question of education should be exercising the legislative assemblies of England and France at one and the same moment. The seed of bitter dissension has been sown by Jules Ferry; it remains to be seen what Lord Beaconsfield's "apron full" will produce.

Paris brings the Comédie Française on the *tapis*, and, as a matter of course, the rose in that dramatic bouquet, saucy Sarah Bernhardt. Mademoiselle Sarah has been considerably exercising the London "upper ten." She uses them as she lists, pockets one hundred guineas a night for performing a worthless piece of trash in Belgravian drawing-rooms, entitled "Le Part d'une Grand Dame," in which she "sculps" on

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the stage, cutting it short if she wishes to dance, and retiring altogether if a window is left open through which a draft might assail her skeleton form. She has "chaffed" the Lord Mayor; disappointed Crutch-and-Toothpick, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, by riding in the Row while they patiently awaited her appearance on the boards of the Gaiety at a matinée; has written to the *Times;* has set editors of society journals by the ears, one of whom, Edmund Yates, wonders that she should be admitted into any respectable family circle, the other, Labouchère, telling E. Y. to mind his own business; and now we find her selling roses at fabulous prices at the *fête* and fancy fair held at the Royal Albert Hall for the benefit of the French hospital—a *fête* that netted some thirty odd thousand dollars. Society with the big S is commencing to yawn over Sarah and her eccentricities and longs for a new sensation—let us say Cetewayo or Yakoob Khan.

The new tariff law in Germany is expected to increase the revenues to the extent of 120,000,000 marks, about $28,800,000. But as half of this sum will be required to cover the deficit of individual States, and 22,000,000 marks for fresh supplies recently voted to the Empire, the net revenue for the States will amount to only 38,000,000 marks yearly. The tariff on flour and fats will go into force immediately; the tariff for grain and wood on the 1st of October, and for all other articles on the 1st of January, 1880. This arrangement postpones the change in the tariff on the bulk of the articles for three months. Imports from countries treating German productions unfavorably will be subjected to an increase of fifty per cent. on the duties provided by the new law. This will operate greatly to the prejudice of some American interests. Great dissatisfaction is manifested in some of the manufacturing centres with the duties imposed on woolen yarns. Statistics furnished by the bank director show the interesting fact that the total loss to the Government so far by the sale and purchase of silver is 89,487,073 marks.

The recent elections at the Royal Academy of Arts have proved cosmopolitan, Mr. Alma Tadema being a Dutchman, Mr. Herkomer a Swiss, and Mr. Boughton an American. It speaks well for the genius of Boughton that he has been able, through the sheer might of merit, to "command the line" at Burlington House.

Perfect and entire liberty of worship has just been accorded to 12,000,000 of the subjects of the Czar. A dispatch from St. Petersburg announces that dissenters from the Orthodox Church, hitherto unrecognized by the State, are to bend the knee when and where they will. Have the Nihilists achieved this? If yes, it should be placed to the credit side of their very shaky account. Leo XIII. is in high favor with the faithful. He knows where to place his red hats, and how to keep on terms with the powers that be. A direct proof of his increasing popularity has just been chronicled by the fact that the Peter's Pence for the present year are ahead of those collected in 1878 by $140,000.

The British forces in Zululand have commenced the advance for which they have been so long preparing. General Sir Garnet Wolseley, who reached Cape Town June 23rd, started immediately for the front, where he would at once assume supreme command. It is expected that Cetewayo will avoid a collision until he can choose his ground and offer battle upon the most favorable possible terms. His subjugation is, of course, only a matter of time; but it may be doubted whether the achievement of that result will add anything to the lustre of the British arms in the opinion of the civilized world.

The Liberals have sustained a very serious rebuff in the Austrian elections. So far as reported, they have lost fifty seats in the Reichsrath. The English crop prospects have been rendered still more gloomy by recent storms, which, according to an eminent authority, have "put the finishing stroke to the agricultural disaster."

THE exports of domestic produce from this port during the first six months of the present year amounted to $158,243,368, which is only six millions of dollars less than for the corresponding period of last year. A number of vessels sailing last week carried exceptionally large cargoes, one taking out 100,000 bushels of wheat, in addition to other staples.

SEVENTEEN Western railroads show an increase of gross earnings during the month of June, over the previous month, of over ten per cent. The gross earnings of twelve roads, including the Pennsylvania, Erie, Reading, and one or two of the larger companies, for the first six months of the calendar year amounted to $28,705,277, against $25,777,537 for the same period last year.

THE managers of the elevated railroad lines have taken a commendable step in deciding to extend the hours during which five cents shall be the rate of fare. After the 1st of August ten cents will be charged only between midday and 3 P. M., and 9 P. M. and midnight. Should the tide of travel from half-past seven in the morning to midday, and from seven to nine in the evening be diverted from the horse-cars in a sufficient degree to prove the experiment a success, the five-cent rate is to be made uniform as soon as the circumstances will warrant it.

AMONG the more thoughtful and valuable addresses which marked the celebration of Independence Day was that delivered by Mr. A. S. Hatch, of this city, at Woodstock, Conn. Mr. Hatch took as his subject, "The National Finances and the Public Faith," and his plea for honest money and the faithful performance by the nation of all its financial obligations was marked throughout by a vigor and clearness of statement in every way worthy of the subject and the occasion.

A NUMBER of influential Southern journals have expressed themselves in favor of the nomination of Senator Bayard as the Democratic candidate for President. Thus the New Orleans *Times* says:

"A man like Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, is the only one who occurs to us now as being the man for the emergency. Mr. Bayard has occupied a large space in the politics and history of the country, and has impressed himself upon the age as a patriot and statesmen of the purest and noblest type. He has always kept his robe of office immaculate and his manhood above reproach. He is so far beyond the reach of an unworthy motive as he is superior to the dictates of caucuses or cliques. Mr. Bayard is the man who seems to us, more than any other, fit to receive the suffrages of the nation. He is a man of which the generation can be proud."

THE framers of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution builded better than they knew. It absolutely turns out to be a shield and defense for John Chinaman. San Francisco statesmen some time ago enacted an ordinance that the queues of all Chinamen imprisoned in the county jail for petty offenses should be cut off. The point was raised that the ordinance was unconstitutional, and Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court, has just decided that the point is well taken, that the ordinance is invalid, being in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment. The pigtail, therefore, is no longer in danger of official amputation; but we may expect that the "sand-lot" orators will greet this decision of the court with a storm of indignant protest.

A PRIVATE letter from General Grant is said to have been received by a gentleman in Washington, in which he announces that he will not return to this country until after the Republican nomination is made for President. This decision has been brought about by the accounts he has received of the officious intentions of some of the individuals who fastened themselves upon his administration to get up a sort of hippodrome reception upon his arrival at San Francisco—a demonstration to which he expresses the greatest aversion. He expects that his Australian tour and possibly a voyage along the west coast of South America, the Isthmus and Mexico, will consume the period between the present and the early part of June next, by which time he expects that the excitement incident to a Presidential nomination will be over.

SOME light is thrown upon the question of the desirableness of subsidies for the encouragement of ocean steamship communication by the experience of the Hamburg-American line. This line competes directly with the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, but receives no subsidy, while the French line, on the contrary, has an annual support from Government of nearly ten million francs. Without the subsidy the French line would show a loss on its fiscal year of 6,240,000 marks. On the other hand, the Hamburg line has a profit of 1,050,000 marks. These facts would seem to show that Government subsidies are not always wise, or, rather, that economic management and enterprise can easily make up for any such exceptional support. It is to be said, however, that the Hamburg steamers touch at Havre and get a great deal of freight, if they have not full cargoes from Hamburg, while the French steamers are dependent on Havre freight alone.

M. DE LESSEPS is evidently determined that the public interest in the inter-oceanic canal project shall not be permitted to die out. Every day or so some fresh statement in reference to its prospects is flashed across the sea; and if skillful advertising can secure the capital needed for the work, it will be speedily forthcoming. M. de Lesseps's latest announcement is that the total cost of constructing the canal will not exceed $50,000,000, and that the difficulties in the way are not as formidable as those which had to be overcome in the construction of the Suez Canal, as a railway already exists along the course of the proposed Panama Canal, with a large town at each terminus. Meanwhile there is an intimation that our Government will probably consider the question raised by Senator Burnside's resolution as to whether American interests will be endangered by the establishment of the canal under foreign protection and domination.

WE learn that strong appeals have recently been made to the President and Secretary of State, by prominent and influential Mexicans, for the withdrawal of the present Minister to that Government, and the appointment of some representative who is more fully in sympathy with the idea of a closer union than now exists between the two countries. There seems to be no doubt that Minister Foster has proved an obstacle to the development of a spirit of fraternity and good-will. Some of his published statements in reference to Mexican affairs have given very great offense to all classes of the population, and members of the Government represent that it will be impossible to establish amicable trade or other relations so long as he remains the medium of communication with the United States. His usefulness as ambassador having ceased, it is certainly difficult to see why our Administration should persist in maintaining him in that capacity at a court to which he has made himself in every way obnoxious, and it is to be hoped that the representations lately made to the President by persons of the highest character and intelligence may induce him to direct a speedy change.

THE story that President Hayes proposed to abandon his civil service policy and employ the Federal patronage in Ohio for the furtherance of the interests of Republican candidates, turns out to be unfounded. There is no doubt, however, that certain Ohio and other politicians have endeavored to persuade him to displace Democrats and lukewarm Republicans who are now incumbents of Federal offices. But he has steadily refused to modify the rules laid down at the beginning of his Administration, and, by way of warning, has recently stated that if he were to take any action at all in the matter it would be to make these rules more stringent and imperative. The confidence of the country in the sincerity of the President's professions on the general question of reform in the public service will be sensibly strengthened by this decisive refusal to permit the Government patronage to be used for partisan ends, even in his own State, where his personal interest in political results is naturally greater than anywhere else.

THE number of immigrants arriving at this port during the month of May last was 18,109, against 12,213 during the same month last year. The total arrivals of immigrants during the year ending May 31st were 92,801, as against 71,691 during the corresponding period in 1878, and statistics in the Land Office show the emigration to the Western country this season to have thus far been unprecedented. As many as 1,200 entries of public lands were lately made in six days, which is said to be equivalent to the taking up of 192,000 acres of Government land. Most of this land has been entered under the Homestead Law and Timber Culture Act. This latter Act was passed to promote the growth of timber on barren land, and its provisions are that the settler shall plant not less than 2,700 trees on each acre, and that at the time of making the final proof there shall be growing at least 675 trees to each acre. In this way much that has been comparatively waste land is rapidly being improved and settled. The movement of population has been principally in the direction of Kansas, Dakota and Minnesota.

THE report of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments for 1879, places the total valuation of real estate in New York City at $918,134,380, an increase of $17,278,680 over 1868. This increase is due to new buildings and improvements, and the taxing of the elevated and surface railroads, the Fourth Avenue tunnel, masonry and tracks, from Forty-ninth Street to the Harlem River. The valuation of personal estate for 1879 is stated at $175,934,955, as against $197,532,075 in 1868—the decrease in the valuation of insurance companies alone being nearly $2,000,000. In the case of insurance and trust companies the decrease in the value of personal estate is due, for the most part, to the changing of investments in various other securities to Government bonds. Shrinkage in values is given as the cause of the decrease in the personal estate of the miscellaneous corporations. The decrease in the matter of the valuation of personal property of resident and non-resident individuals (amounting to $6,532,600) is caused by the unusually large number of people who have "sworn off" or "sworn down" their personal taxes for 1879. In the valuation of real estate by wards, the Nineteenth Ward ranks first, returning $129,281,745, and showing an increase over 1878 of $5,971,090. The Twenty-first Ward ranks next, having a total valuation of $75,664,300. Five Wards—the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Twenty-fourth—show a decreased valuation.

AT Berkley Chapel, in the heart of Belgravia, as we learn from the English papers, there occurred the other day a sweet, simple, touching, solemn and poetic ceremonial—a children's flower service. All the small men and maidens of Mayfair, accompanied by their guardian elders, came crowding to the service—whereof the Litany was expressly composed by Lord Dunmore—some of the tiny Samaritans arriving an hour before the appointed time, each being armed with a fragrant bouquet. The Princess of Wales brought her three little girls, with magnificent bouquets tied up with great pink bows, and Princess Mary her sailor boys and girls similarly equipped. There was not a child that did not carry flowers, some of them modest as the violet, others gorgeous as ducal hot-houses and the hands of ducal gardeners could make them. This Summer tribute was destined for the Children's Hospitals of London, and many a smile was brought to the wan face of sick childhood, light to heavy eyes, and joy to weary little hearts by this sympathetic and tender offering. We, too, have our children's hospitals—alas, how often too full! We, too, have our Summer flowers; and why not place bouquets in the wan little hands, why not bring Summer gladness to weary little hearts? The floral service in Berkley Chapel is an example well worthy of being followed, and we confidently trust, ere many days roll over, to find that our Samaritans—and their name is legion—will have profited by the lesson writ in roses.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

NEARLY $200,000,000 in called bonds will be redeemed by the Treasury during the present month.

A MOVEMENT for the abolition of capital punishment has been started in the New Hampshire Legislature.

EIGHT persons were killed and forty wounded by an explosion of five tons of giant powder at Bodie, Cal., July 10th.

A HEBREW council, held in this city last week, adopted resolutions looking to the establishment of agricultural colonies.

THE Government is fearful lest illicit distilling should revive in the South, now that there is no money to pay deputy-marshals.

EDWARD HANLAN, the single-scull champion, arrived at this port from England July 11th, and was warmly received by his admirers.

TWO persons were killed, a number injured, and two buildings demolished by the explosion of a boiler in a planing-mill in Baltimore, July 11th.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rejection of their report by the Board of Aldermen, Mayor Cooper's Rapid Transit Commissioners are preparing a second document.

A FIRE at Cleveland, Ohio, July 8th, destroyed buildings and other property valued at $100,000. Among the structures destroyed was the Atlantic and Great Western Freight Depot.

CAPTAIN EADS reports the final success of his great engineering work at the mouths of the Mississippi. The jetties are practically completed, and the result is approved of by the Government officer in charge.

THE Regents of the State University have conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. upon Thurlow Weed. A few months ago they conferred the same degree upon another distinguished citizen of New York—Peter Cooper.

THE Sinking Fund Commissioners of New York have voted to lease the Fulton Market property for a term of twenty-one years, and the Association of Market men will proceed at once with the plans for the new building.

THOMAS HENDERSON, a seaman, who recently arrived at Quarantine on the bark *Sipple*, from Havana, died July 10th at the hospital of yellow fever. The City Health Board has taken measures to assume control of the tenement-houses.

THE Board of Aldermen of this city have rejected the report of the Rapid Transit Commission appointed by Mayor Cooper, which laid out routes for elevated railways on Fourth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and in the annexed districts.

SEVERAL cases of yellow fever have occurred at Memphis, Tenn., and over 5,000 residents have fled the city. At New Orleans, Little Rock, Galveston, Montgomery, Vicksburg, Pine Bluff, Oxford and Holly Springs, quarantine has been established against Memphis.

JUDGE KNAPP, who tried Mrs. Smith and Mr. Bennett for the murder of Police Officer Smith, in Jersey City, while acting as a Judge of the Supreme Court, on July 11th, affirmed all his rulings on the first hearing. The case now goes to the Court of Errors and Appeals.

AMONG the deaths reported during the past week were those of Judge Abram B. Olin, of Montgomery County, Md.; Dr. A. Clark, editor of the Pittsburg *Advocate;* Captain James C. Luce, formerly commander of the lost ship *Arctic*, and ex-Governor William Allen of Ohio.

THE National Board of Health, which was created by a recent Act of Congress, with full authority to take charge of all places in the United States in which infectious and contagious diseases may appear, have issued rules and regulations to be enforced during the existence of yellow fever.

Foreign.

A FIRE in Port-au-Prince, the capital of Hayti, has destroyed blocks of buildings.

GENERAL VON MANTEUFFEL is to become Governor of Alsace-Lorraine in August.

A MEETING in Bordeaux, France, at which Blanqui, the agitator, was to speak, has been interdicted.

A BERLIN correspondent says there are marked symptoms of estrangement between Germany and Russia.

IT is announced that Prince Jerome Bonaparte has virtually assumed the leadership of the Imperialists.

THE German Government prohibits all interference by its consular representatives in the internal affairs of Samoa.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, of Bulgaria, on July 9th, took the oath of fidelity to the constitution, and afterwards dissolved the Assembly.

THE dissenters from the Orthodox Church, who have just been accorded full liberty of worship in St. Petersburg, are the sect known as "old believers." The other dissenters will remain under the existing disabilities.

IT is understood that Prince Bismarck will meet Archbishop Masella, the Papal Nuncio to Bavaria, at Kissengen this month, when it is thought a final understanding between Germany and the Vatican will be reached.

IT is reported that the negotiations between Russia and the United States relative to the fisheries near Alaska have resulted in an agreement by which vessels of the United States are allowed to fish in Russian waters in return for the payment of a money compensation.

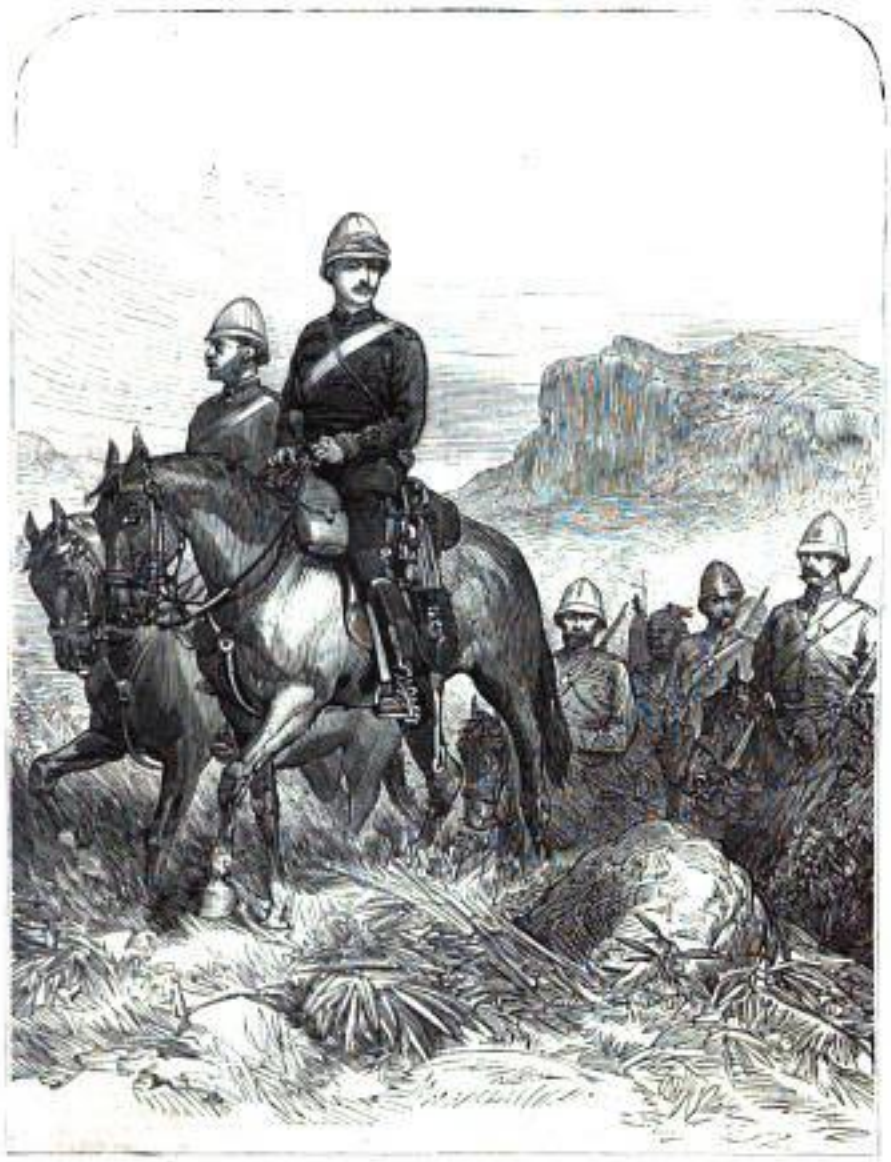
A SECOND fire at Irkutsk, in Asiatic Russia, has destroyed five churches, a convent, a Lutheran church, the Court of Justice, police offices, the telegraph office, the post-office, the excise, artillery, engineers' and medical establishments, three banks, the barracks and the Town Hall.

THE new treaty between Spain and China admits the Chinese in Cuba to all the rights conferred upon citizens of the most favored nation. They may sue in the courts, and may depart out of the dominions of Spain whenever they choose, their responsibility to criminal law alone being sufficient to detain them.

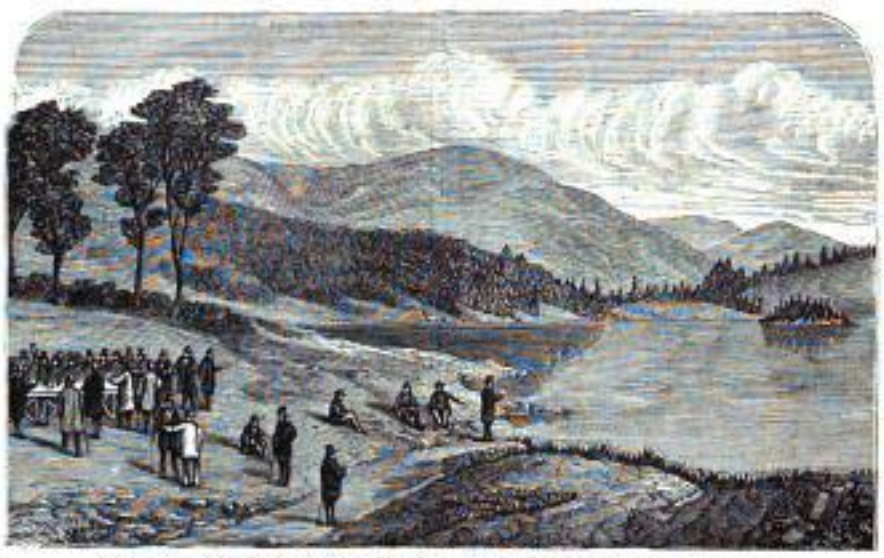
ON the third reading of the Tariff Bill in the German Reichstag, on July 11th, a motion by Herr Reichensperger, of Crefeld, for a reduction of the duties on cotton goods, was rejected. The clauses relative to cotton were adopted substantially the same as on the second reading. The motion of Herr Stumm to increase the duties on iron was adopted. The duty on flax was approved. Herr Mirbach's motion that the duty on rye be doubled was adopted. The remaining duties on corn were agreed to.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 347.



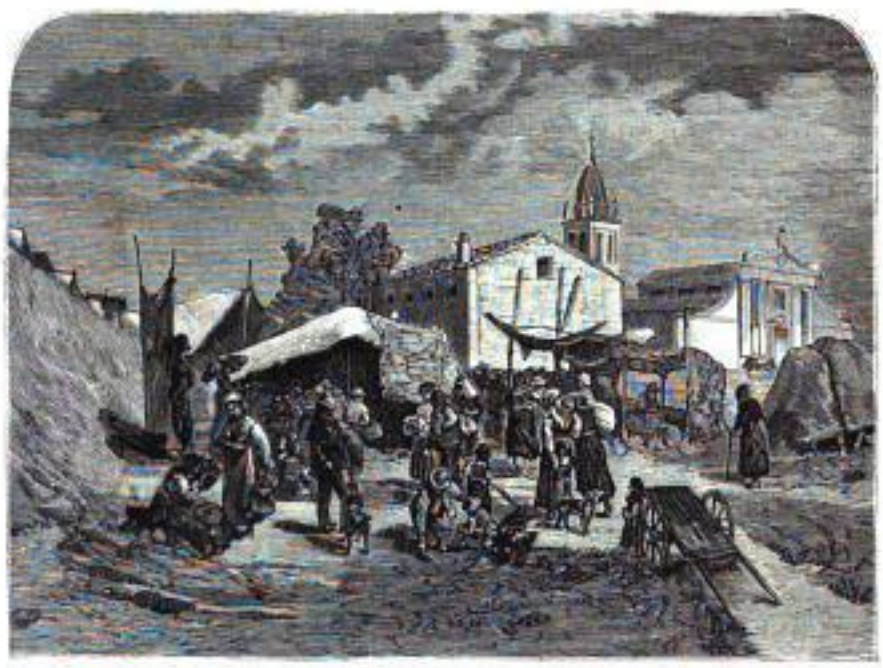
SOUTH AFRICA.—A RECONNOISSANCE WITH THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.



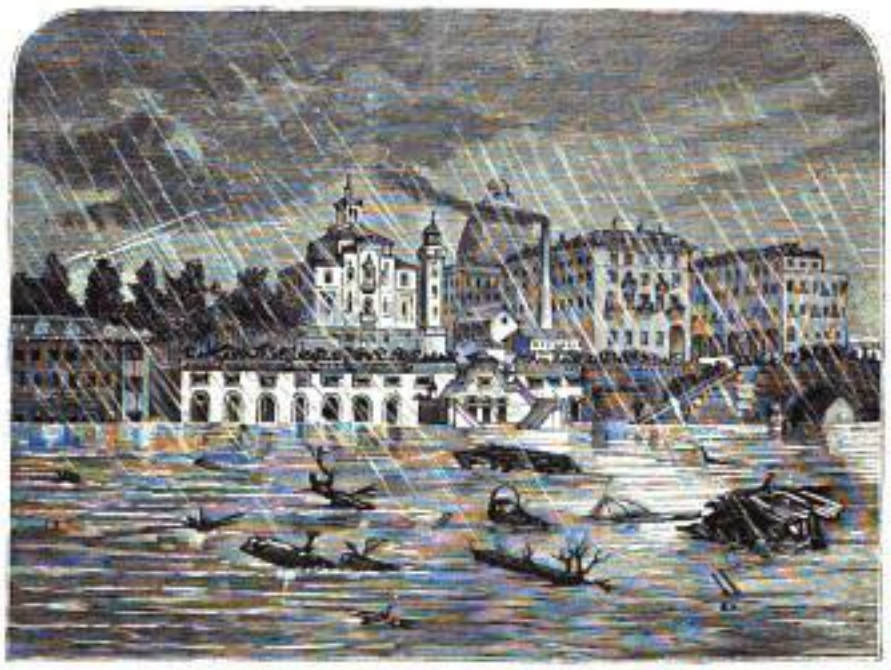
SCOTLAND.—THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH OPENING THE NEW WATER-WORKS.



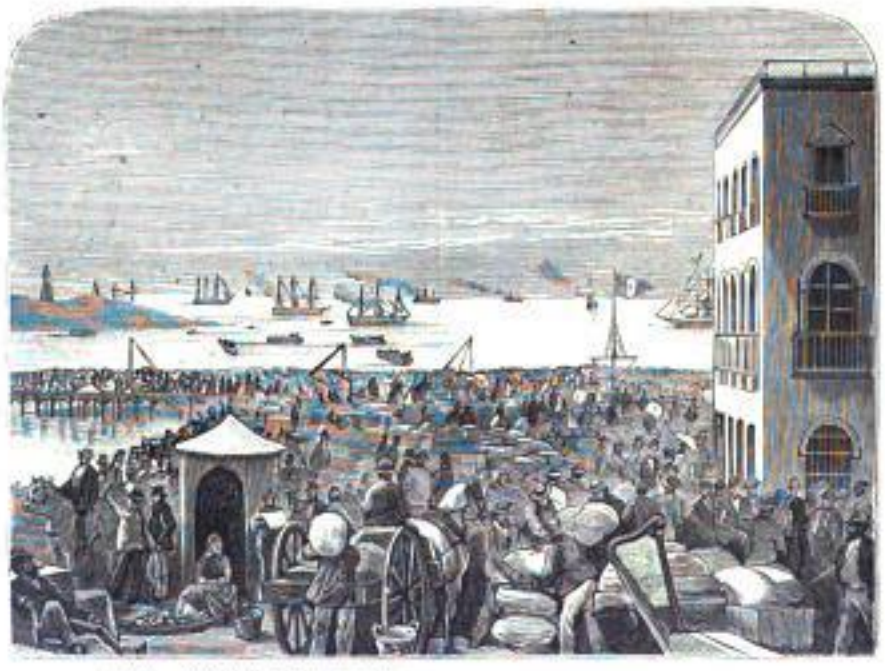
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE MAGISTRATE OF LADYSMITH COLLECTING NATIVE HUT-TAX, NATAL.



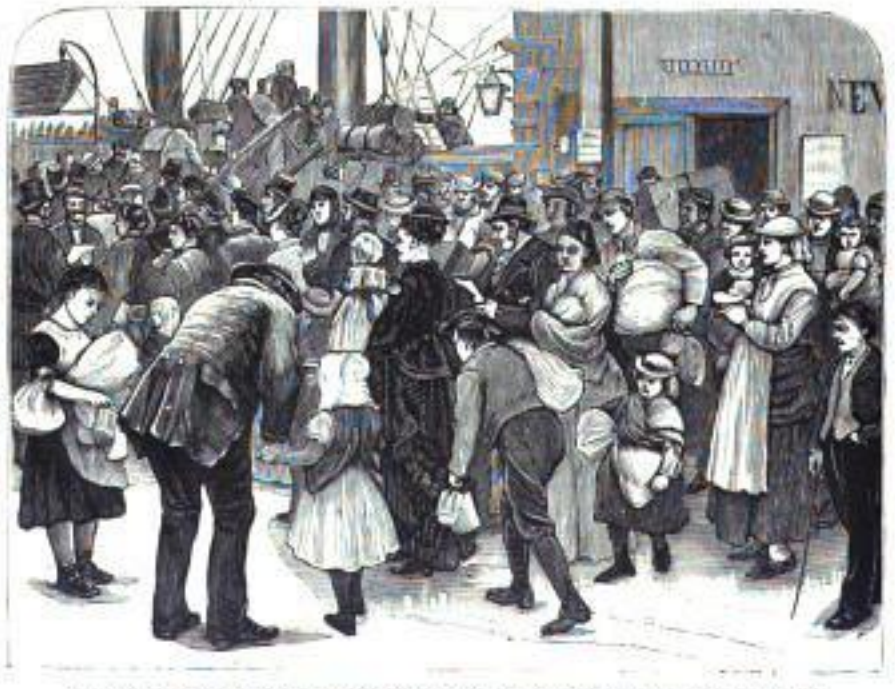
ITALY.—OVERFLOW OF THE PO—THE PROVIDENCE HOUSE AT BORGOFRANCO.



ITALY.—OVERFLOW OF THE PO—THE INUNDATION AT TURIN.



PERU.—DEPARTURE OF CHILIANS FROM IQUIQUE ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

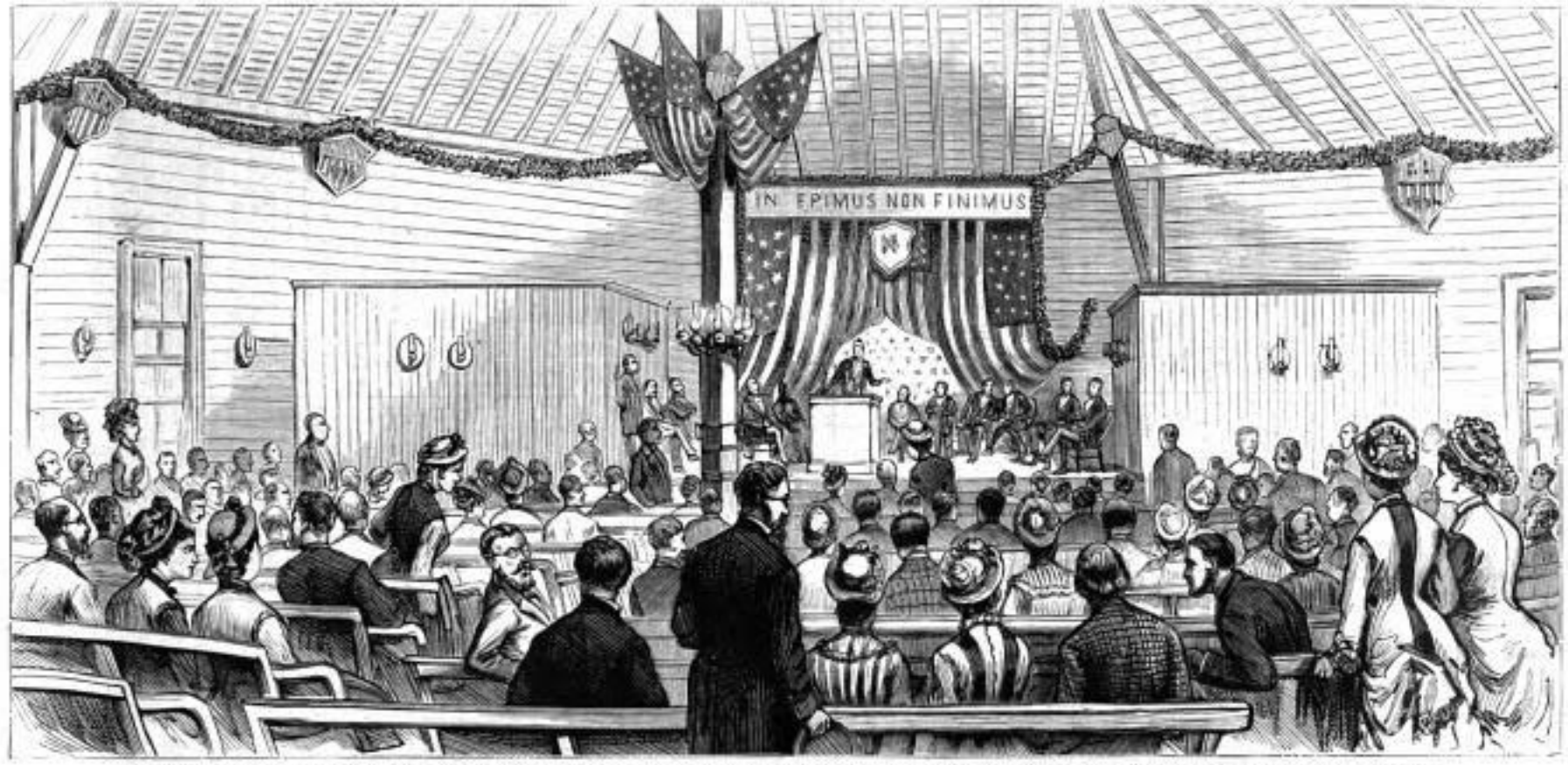


ENGLAND.—AGRICULTURAL EMIGRANTS EMBARKING AT LONDON FOR THE UNITED STATES.

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STAMPING THE TICKETS OF DELEGATES.



INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING, EXPRESSLY ERECTED FOR THE PURPOSE, IN WHICH THE SESSIONS OF THE INSTITUTE WERE HELD—DR. PICKARD, OF IOWA, ADDRESSING THE TEACHERS.



A GROUP OF FEMALE TEACHERS.



EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE INSTITUTE HELD ITS SESSIONS.



A BASKET-MAKER SELLING HIS WARES TO VISITORS.



A PARTY OF TEACHERS MAKING AN EXCURSION INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—THE FIFTIETH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION, AT FABYAN'S, WHITE-MOUNTAINS, JULY 8TH-11TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 346.

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AUNT HETTY'S SNUFFERS.

THE young people of to-day know nothing about them—very few under thirty having ever seen them—and, except in the far West or extreme North, they exist only in the memories of the fathers and mothers of the present generation.

These were plain brass, and very serviceable when they first came into my possession. I had them plated with silver and the words "Aunt Hetty" engraved upon the box-top, and always keep them in the place of honor on my mantel. I never in my life bet a penny on a horserace or any other sporting event; yet I won these snuffers on a racer, and in my house is another prize, the greatest man ever gained, won at the same time.

A good many years ago I went to spend a short vacation at my uncle's, who lived on a farm in the County L——, near the village of W——, on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Uncle Ben was not at home when I arrived there. It being court-week, he was attending court at the county-seat, fifteen miles away.

I had been expected, so uncle had said he should not be home every night, as aunt would have a protector in me.

On the second or third morning after my arrival I decided to walk to the village of W——, some five miles from the farm, to make a few trifling purchases, get the mail, and enjoy what I needed more than anything else—a little exercise.

I had closed the gate and struck out briskly, when aunt called out:

"Don't forget the snuffers, Jack. Your uncle left them there a long time ago for a new rivet, and, though he's been to town forty times since, says he never can think to call for them. And don't stay too long, for, though it is a lovely morning, it may storm like anything before night."

It was in "May, beautiful month," and a lovely morning for a walk.

I sauntered leisurely along, keenly enjoying the fresh air, the warbling of hundreds of feathered songsters—the trees were literally alive with birds—and the sight of myriads of wild-flowers by the roadside.

On the left lay beautiful green fields over which light cloud-shadows flitted, and the air was stirring just enough to cause the vast fields of young grain to wave and ripple like the gently-agitated surface of the great lake near by.

On the right was a dense forest, which extended to the cliff on the edge of the lake three miles away, and skirted the shore for many miles north and south.

Down this beautiful road I walked, not seeing a soul until I reached the crossroad which led to the village.

There a teamster was resting his horses after a hard pull through the woods. He wiped his forehead, saluted me after the fashion of his kind, and invited me to ride, but as I declined he started villagewards, while I fell to the rear away from the wagon and the dust.

I had not proceeded far when an energetic "whoa!" caused me to look up and see that my woodman was waiting for me. Within speaking distance he called out:

"I say! Nothing wrong up to the judge's, is there?"

I didn't know.

"Wal, I didn't know but you'd know. Jest as I was goin' into the wood this mornin', Kit, that's his daughter, the judge's you know, came tearing down the skirt road, that road you was walking onto—they call it the 'skirt' road Bob says, because it runs along the edge of the timber—like mad on her Major. Wal, sir, I expected to see her thrown into next week whenshe turned on to this road; but, by grief! she fetched it, for when the dust cleared away I see her feather bobbin' way down here, and the Major's heels twinkling in the sun like fireflies in a June night. She's a brick, that young woman is, and her Major's a thoroughbred, I tell you. Bob says he can jest walk away with any horse in this county 'cept his 'big brown,' but he's sich an ugly cuss and a hard mouth, nobody'll ride him, so they can't tell how fast he'll go."

I walked by the wagon's side while my loquacious friend talked horse and "Bob" till we reached the village, and "Bob says" rang in my ears as I entered the post-office, where in a few minutes I was deep in my partner's account of the doings in the business and social life of the city during my absence.

The post-office was also a tailor's shop, and the tailor was the postmaster. He sat cross-legged on a table and stitched, stitched, within reach of the case containing the township's mail matter, and handed the inquiring rural his or her letter or paper, or looked a "nothing" over his glasses, accompanied with a solemn shake of the head, without changing his Turkish position.

A little gilt sign hanging above the letter-case belied the peaceful appearance of the man, for it read: "A LAWLESS TAILOR." He was, however, a lawful postmaster, for Uncle Ben told me afterwards that he had held the office for years, and would probably continue to hold it for the remainder of his days.

Mr. Lawless's sign-painter had played a joke upon him which brought the laugh from every observer, but the old gentleman had always failed to see the point, probably owing to the fact that the painter had omitted it.

It was a quiet, pretty village. The blacksmith with his anvil was the only man to make noise enough to prove that the place was inhabited, nor was it at that time of day by many others than himself, for it was a village of farmers and all were hard at work in their fields.

After a short stroll on the solitary street, I had Aunt Hetty's snuffers safely stowed away in my pocket, when I concluded to step into the tailor's post-office and glance over the *News* before returning to Uncle Ben's.

At that time the city papers were filled with reports of corruption in police and county boards—of course now everybody is honest, judges are just, and city and county commissioners incorruptible—but there were bad men in the world then. Attorneys and judges were charged with conniving at the escape of moneyed criminals. Gamblers, banko-men, police captains, and eminent judges were said to be check by jowl. In the copy of the *News* before me was a three-page *exposé* of ring rascality in which names were given in full. It was a startling revelation. Several persons implicated had hitherto borne unblemished reputations, and among them were two or three of my personal friends.

I became so absorbed in the article that I took no note of time—did not know that black, ugly-looking clouds were rolling up from the west. A knot of villagers and farm hands, driven from their work by the approaching storm, had gathered at the door, yet I did not know it until they rushed pell mell into the office, and the rain beat furiously against the window-panes.

I was alarmed. One look out of doors sufficed to convince me that it was useless to think of walking home, for the storm looked as if possessed of staying qualities, and the roads would be terribly muddy.

But I must get home! Uncle Ben would never forgive me when on his return he learned that I had permitted his dear little wife to remain all night alone at the farm-house. No, that would never do, so I raised King Richard's cry, "a horse, a horse!" but no horse could I get for love or money; they were all hard workers thereabouts and every animal would be needed when the storm had passed.

A thought had evidently struck a half-comical, half-ugly looking Irishman in the crowd, that they might have a little "divarsion." He addressed the party in a half-undertone intended for me to hear. "I b'lave, bys, them city chaps is all good riders. Bob Granger's brown horse 'ud be nothin' to 'em—maybe our frind here's as good as the rist. It's an illegant opportunity for 'im, anyhow." Then to me, "Would ye moind the brown, sir; he's a rale divil for goin', an' av ye only kape yer sate on 'im, ye'll be home in a jiffy—say the word. The last man that rode 'im niver found any fault wid 'im, an' he wasn't much of a rider aither."

A tall, dark-browed, pompous-looking man had entered the office in time to hear a portion of the foregoing. He said to me: "If I get the drift of this conversation, and I think I do, you'll better appreciate the force of Mike's remarks when I tell you that the last man who attempted to ride my horse was dashed against the post out there and instantly killed."

The speaker, who was the oracle, Bob Granger, actually looked proud of the diabolical qualities of his horse, whom he delighted to think no man could mount and live.

I had always from my pony days been called an excellent horseman, and I secretly believed I could ride Mr. Granger's "brown," but did not at all fancy a failure for the amusement of those gaping shock-heads, so said nothing.

The rustics conversed among themselves and were merry at my expense. Rude remarks and ruder jests were freely made and loudly applauded, and they stared amusedly at me till a fresh joke brought the guffaw and a general movement.

My blood was boiling, but I kept quiet. Said one: "Such a fine corpse, and coppers on his eyes."

"Coppers? coppers is it? Twinty-dollar goold pieces, devil a liss. Shall I order the 'brown' around for ye, sir?"

Surprise was pictured in every face when I said, "If you will be so kind."

Then there was a buzz and a burr-r-r. Mr. Granger strongly objected, much as he would like his horse exercised, the risk was too great. He didn't want my death laid at his door.

I assured him that I had ridden several horses (not at one and the same time) that were as bad as his could possibly be; that I had not the slightest fear of his horse; that if he would saddle and bridle the animal and bring him to the door, I would ride him to my uncle's and return him at my earliest convenience, and, furthermore, would consider myself under many obligations to Mr. Bob Granger.

It had stopped raining, temporarily, and the mob departed to witness the preparations for my taking off, leaving me to my thoughts, which were that I would ride that horse, if they brought him around, if I died for it.

In a few minutes the gentle beings who were so willing to see me risk my neck were again assembled in front of the office, and in their midst, with two or three men at his head, pranced Mr. Granger's man-killer, a powerful brown horse, who had too long been allowed to have his own way, I thought, for I could see nothing particularly wicked-looking about him.

After several unsuccessful attempts to mount him, I was at last seated in the saddle, and proceeded to make him understand that he had "got a man on his back."

Finding that all his manœuvres short of a double somersault failed to unseat me, he started off at a break-neck pace down the very road I wished to take.

What a glorious ride it was! We sped so rapidly that I fancied we were facing a hurricane.

Telegraph poles flew past in such rapid succession as to appear like a tall picket fence. The green fields rolled back as if in anxious haste to get behind us, and the fences looked dim and indistinct streaks by the roadside.

John Gilpin would have blushed for very shame had he witnessed my ride on the "brown," and would ever after wish to be the hero, not of his ride but of mine.

Dark clouds were rolling up again—quick flashes and low rumbling thunder told that the storm would soon be renewed.

Still "Brownie" thundered on as if only warming to his work, and rapidly thickened the coat of mud which covered us.

Capping a little knoll not far in front, I saw another horse and rider flying before the storm.

I was not, it appeared, the solitary horseman of this road, and yet I was, for by the habit and plume, wet and bedraggled, which swung to the breeze, the other was a lady.

Her horse was certainly no ordinary beast, but I could see that mine gained upon him.

Huge drops of rain began to fall, and when we were scarcely three rods apart, a blinding flash and terrific crash came at the same instant, and a gnarled oak, which had withstood the storms of a hundred years, fell across the road immediately behind us, a victim at last to the terrible fury of the lightning.

At the instant of the crash, with a shudder and wild snort of fear, my horse bounded into the air and positively flew. If I before had any control over him, which I doubt, I had entirely lost it now. It was with great difficulty that I had kept my seat.

How had the lady fared? I soon saw that she had lost control of her horse, a powerful black, and realized that each of us had as clear a case of runaway on hand as heart could wish.

It suddenly occurred to me that we were rapidly nearing the "skirt" road. It was impossible to turn that corner at the speed we were then going—we should certainly be thrown and killed.

My horse would, if left to himself, probably go straight into the woods; but the other (for the young lady could be none other than Miss Kitty, the judge's daughter) would be sure to take the "skirt" road, for that led home.

No time to think of it, for there was the crossing! I was on the right side. I pulled hard on my left rein and we flew safely past and into the woods, the horses going neck-and-neck.

We were safe! The animals could not keep up that gait forever—they must stop somewhere. Were we safe? Where would they stop? We had passed the road leading to the clearing where wood had been cut and piled for the market, and the path we were in was hedged on both sides with a thick undergrowth of bush and brier, with no opening on either side. It led—great God! why had not I thought of it—to the very edge of the cliff, where it turned and continued on the cliff's edge for nearly half a mile. It was called the "cliff walk," and in no place was it more than seven feet in width. It was a runaway of death for us. My companion evidently realized our peril, for she was pale as marble.

In a spot where the roots of an upturned oak narrowed the way my horse was forced to take a position a length behind the other, and thus we flew to death!

I grew delirious, wild; fancied I could hear the angry waves dashing against the rocks at the foot of the cliff, hundreds of feet below; and they seemed eagerly calling to us, "Come!"

The distance from the "skirt" road to the lake was nearly three miles, but we were flying, and on horses mad with fright, to whom that distance was nothing. On, on we flew, with clothing torn and faces scratched and bleeding. Again, neck-and-neck, with flaming eyes, the brown and black rushed, like a very whirlwind, to sure destruction.

It is said that a drowning man sees the events of his whole life pass like a panorama before his eyes in only a moment's time. Certain it is that in a few seconds my past life moved before me. Events which had occurred in childhood and were long forgotten crowded thick upon me. Books read when a schoolboy came fresh to mind. Robinson Crusoe and Friday lived and moved again, and the Swiss Family Robinson were re-shipwrecked. Later and more important events—everything, all, my whole life—passed in review, and then—we were still flying along that narrow path, over stumps and half-sunken logs, crashing through underbrush where the path was too narrow for the free passage of two abreast. My companion sat in her saddle, pale and stern, her eyes fixed on the path before her, and making no effort to check her steed in his mad race.

My few seconds' dream was fresh in my mind, and, in some unaccountable way, the adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson took precedence of every other part of it. The elder Robinson's method of treating, or breaking, his obstinate donkeys occurred to me. It was very primitive and equally effective—he bit their ears, chewed them, I suppose, when the animal was unusually obstinate. Oh! happy thought! I screamed with delight, "I have it, I have it!" and as the white-capped waves far out in the lake appeared to view, and the roar of the breakers could be plainly heard, I hastily drew Aunt Hetty's snuffers—old brass candle-snuffers, how unromantic—from my pocket, and with one hand fastened them with a vise-like grip to an ear of my horse, at the same time catching with my other hand the bridle-rein of the black horse, and pulled and tugged at both with all my strength. The snuffers won by some twenty feet, and, when I looked from the spot over which we must surely have gone, but for them, down, far down into the boiling waters below, I thanked my stars that candles were yet used by the frugal farmer, and that Uncle Ben had so often forgotten an important part of his errands to the village.

I shall never forget to my dying day the pale face that was turned to me, nor the glance of gratitude from those beautiful eyes, as we turned our horses' heads and rode slowly back through rain and mud.

She had ridden in the morning to visit a family living near W——, and, like myself, remained too long. Resisting the entreaties of her friends to remain with them, not fearing the storm, she had started home, and would have had no trouble but for the combined effects of that terrible crash and my mad clatter behind her, which rendered her magnificent Major unmanageable.

I accompanied her home, then cantered back to Uncle Ben's, where I arrived, I am fully persuaded, as sore and lame an individual as ever possessed bones and muscles.

Hot water for feet, a huge draught of sage-tea in bed, dim visions of Aunt Hetty flitting about, a feeling that the bed was trying to throw me out, then—terrible dreams: I stood before a prodigious cliff with black feathers waving from its top, and horse's legs striking out from its face. It tried to jump over me, and I frantically struggled with a pair of snuffers to beat it back.

At times I heard a low, sweet voice, new, yet not entirely unknown to me. My hair would be gently put back, and soft hands press my forehead. That was delightful! But darkness would come again—a sensation of being roughly jolted, and of flying through the air with cold rain beating against my face—a blinding flash, a deafening roar, and again I rode that dreadful race.

When I awoke on what to me was the next morning, I was told that I had passed just a week of my vacation in bed, and that Uncle Ben, the doctor and the hired man, had had all the exercise they needed during the most of that time to keep me there.

Judge Boyd had called two or three times, and his daughter every day, bringing each time a beautiful bouquet. I could account now for the happy part of my dreams.

Bob Granger had been to see me, too, about his horse. He would leave him a few days at the farm, he said, but, before leaving, had offered to sell him to Uncle Ben. The price asked I considered moderate, and commissioned Uncle Ben on the spot to buy him for me. Before I was able to leave the house I became sole owner of Brownie. He never ran away again, nor played any ugly tricks, but was always ready to display his wonderful speed if his rider was willing.

Miss Boyd was the happy owner of a phaeton and span of ponies, and every fine day during my convalescence she took me out for a drive. She frankly told me that her papa said she might until I fully recovered.

I recovered very slowly, but our acquaintance ripened, on my part, rapidly into love, and I asked her one morning if I might talk to her papa on a subject which lay very near my heart, and if he were willing, would she be? She said not a word, but looked—the same beautiful eyes that beamed on me on the cliff's edge, full of gratitude then, now full of love.

It was not a hard matter to convince the judge that I would be a good son-in-law. I have always suspected that some one strong in his good graces had put in a good word for me, but no one has ever admitted it, so Miss Kitty and I were formally engaged, and continued our drives long after my health was fully recovered. Mounted on Brownie and Major, we several times dashed into the village to get the mail from "A Lawless Tailor," our arrival always creating an excitement in the sleepy burg, only equaled by our departure—we always ran our horses at the top of their speed from the post-office to the skirt-road. On one of these occasions, as we were about to leave the post-office I overheard, "That's the fellow that broke the brown horse and saved the judge's daughter," and "them two looks mighty well together." Kitty heard the last remark; she said he meant the horses, of course, and I don't know but he did.

In the following September Kitty and I were married (*to each other*), and a merrier wedding-party never was in forty counties.

Our wealthy friends gave us many beautiful and costly things, but from my dear little aunt came the best of all—the wedding present most highly prized by us was Aunt Hetty's Snuffers.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

ITS FIFTIETH ANNUAL MEETING AT FABYAN'S, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE fiftieth annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, held last week at Fabyan's, White Mountains, drew together a large number of persons interested in education and educational methods, the greater majority being teachers actively engaged in school work. The sessions were held in a building erected expressly for the purpose, and which was admirably adapted to the use to which it was put. The Institute commenced its session July 8th, and completed its labors on the 11th. The first day was given up to the selection of committees, and addresses by Josiah Dana, of Castleton, Vt., on "Old and New Methods of Teaching"; Hon. Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, on "Neglected and Destitute Children"; Professor Thatcher, of Yale College, on the "Great Value of Public Schools"; and John Hancock, of Ohio, on "Piece-work." On the second day a paper was read by Professor J. L. Lincoln, of Providence, R. I., on "Some of the Present Aspects of Classical Teaching and Study," and thought that physical studies narrowed scholars, while Greek and Latin made broad, cultured, and able men. Professor Louis Soldan, of St. Louis, said that the moment Europe went back to the study of classics the Reformation commenced and scholarship revived. The high school question was opened by the Hon. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, who gave the high school progress in Massachusetts. He condemned the practice of forcing scholars into classical studies unless they intended completing professional or collegiate courses. Mr. Adams, of Rhode Island, believed that high schools were necessary for the safety and the growth of the republican institution, and the best army and police force was the public school. H. P. Warren, Principal of the New Hampshire Normal School, thought that primary schools should receive more attention, and that graduates of colleges should not be placed over high schools without special training. D. P. Allen (colored), of North Carolina, gave an ac-

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count of the growth of educational interest in his State, and the organization of a normal school under his management. He asked pecuniary aid, and a committee was appointed to solicit funds. George O. Welton, agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education, illustrated the method of teaching numbers by the object and oral method. The evening session was occupied with a lecture on "Eclipses of the Sun," with stereopticon illustrations, by Professor C. A. Young, of Princeton, N. J.

On the 9th addresses were made by A. C. Perkins, Principal of Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., on "Extremists in Education"; by Hon. J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, on "Oral Teaching," and the neglect of gymnastic exercises in schools was discussed by a number of prominent instructors. All the discussions were marked by ability, and the meeting cannot fail to result advantageously to the cause of education.

While those in attendance upon the Institute gave close attention to the regular exercises, they very generally embraced the opportunity to enjoy the peculiarly attractive surroundings amid which they were placed. Many of the lady teachers occupied their spare moments in sketching and in exploring the points of interest in the mountains, to which excursions were made on foot and in wagons. Others, less adventurous, spent their leisure in chatting, singing, and lounging about the hotels and their contiguous resorts. The large concourse of visitors attracted, as usual, venders of all sorts of wares—the basket-makers, especially, reaping a golden harvest. By way of guarding against imposition upon the hotels and railways, the tickets of all regular delegates were officially stamped by the Secretary of the Institute.

A more enjoyable gathering of educationalists was perhaps never held than this which found among the White Hills of New Hampshire a fresh invigoration for the renewal of the teachers' work in the coming Autumn.

During the present season the means of approach to and of communication among the mountain resorts have been greatly improved. New railroads connecting Jefferson and the Profile House with the outside world have been opened, and all the lines from New York have increased their facilities. The Fall River Line offers excellent inducements to White Mountain travelers, and by means of its new and popular dollar line to Boston, via Newport, is securing a large share of the passenger business with the New England States.

Among the mountain hotels many improvements and enlargements have been made. The Sinclair House, at Bethlehem, has always held a very high reputation among visitors to the mountains, and its popularity under its present proprietors is said to be greater than ever before. Special attention is given to the health of guests, every sanitary precaution being observed. Southern visitors to the mountains have made this hotel one of their most favorite abiding-places. The house accommodates 350 guests.

REUNION OF THE DODGE FAMILY AT SALEM.

THURSDAY, July 10th, being the 250th anniversary of the landing of William Dodge at Salem, Mass., was celebrated by a gathering of his descendants in Mechanic Hall. Some 400 representatives of the family were present. Hon. William E. Dodge, of New York, presided, and introduced Rev. Mr. Dodge, of Sparta, Ga., who offered prayer. Vice-Presidents were announced, among them Hon. A. P. Dodge and General G. M. Dodge, of Iowa; Fred C. Dodge, U. S. A.; Francis Dodge, of Danvers; George E. Dodge, of Chicago; Robert Dodge, of New York; C. E. Dodge, of Providence, R. I.; R. P. Dodge, of the District of Columbia. Thayer Oliver and Dr. Wheatland, of Salem, were made honorary vice-presidents. Major Ben. Perley Poore and William Dodge, of Boston, were elected secretaries. The first speaker was Robert Rawson Dodge, of Sutton, Mass., and he was followed by Robert Dodge, of New York, who claimed that the family approached a million in number of descendants. Hon. Augustus Cæsar Dodge, of Iowa, gave some interesting historical incidents of the Dodges living in the border States. Senator Dodge and his father were United States Senators from Ohio, and the father and son represented the State in the United States Senate at one and the same time. Dr. Ezekiel Dodge, of Madison College, New York, spoke briefly of the branch of the family with which he was connected. William E. Dodge spoke at length of his father, and said that the American Peace Society was formed in his father's house. The chairman exhibited an ancient deed dated 1694, and signed by Richard Dodge. Brief remarks were made by Christopher Dodge, of Providence; J. Wayne Dodge, of Western New York; Temple Dodge, of Malden, Mass.; Mr. John Washington Dodge, of Richmond, Va.; John C. Dodge, of New Hampshire, and Richard Dodge; the remarks in each case being limited to ten minutes. Letters were read from John A. Dodge, of 12 Wall Street, New York; Eliza Dodge Glass, of Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Theodore A. Dodge, of the United States Army, and others. During the speeches a call was made for remarks from Dodges of eighty years old and upwards, to which four responded, taking their place on the platform and being introduced by William E. Dodge, the chairman. A committee was chosen to arrange for the publication of the genealogy of this widespread and influential family.

OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BROOKLYN REGIMENT AT NEWPORT, R. I.

ONE of the most notable and pleasant military excursions of the season was that made by the Twenty-third Brooklyn Regiment to Newport, R. I., July 4th. This regiment is one of the crack organizations of the National Guard, including among its members representatives of many of the first families of Brooklyn, and its visit to the popular watering-place of New England was, therefore, an occasion of more than mere local interest. The regiment left this city in the steamer *Old Colony* on the evening of the 3d, and reached Newport at five o'clock on the morning of the 4th, being formally received by the Newport Light Infantry, and welcomed by Mayor Burdict on behalf of the city, and by Adjutant-General Barney on behalf of the State. The regiment, after a brief march, went into camp on the cliffs, where the tents were already spread. The camp, named "Camp Robinson," was admirably located. It comprised twenty acres of ground, and was smooth and level as a floor. The tents, over 200 in number, occupied the southern end of the field, and were exceedingly comfortable. The officers' tents measured fourteen feet square, and those for the men were nine feet square. The upper part of the field was reserved as a parade-ground. Directly in front of the tents was the broad, blue Atlantic; to the north and east were Newport's famous beach, and also a line of elegant Summer homes, while as far as the eye could reach to the south were the rugged cliffs which have been immortalized in song and prose.

During the morning the regiment participated in the parade in honor of the day, winning warm encomiums from all beholders. The procession was the finest ever seen in the State. In the afternoon the Twenty-third was reviewed by Governor Van Zandt, who was attended by his full military staff. The evolutions of the regiment were watched with the greatest interest by an immense crowd of spectators, and the highest admiration was expressed at their proficiency.

On the 5th a reception was given by Mr. A. A. Low, of New York, in honor of Colonel R. C. Ward and his officers, and was, without any exception, one of the most superb affairs ever given at Newport. There were fully three hundred distinguished persons present. The brilliant party tarried on the lawn for a long time, listening to the music of the Twenty-third Regiment Band, and then proceeded to the spacious dining-room, furnished in East Indian style, where a collation was prepared. At five o'clock General Israel Vogdes, commanding the First United States Artillery, reviewed the Twenty-third Regiment on their grounds facing the cliffs. In the evening Colonel Ward and his officers entertained General Vogdes and his officers at a collation at the Ocean House.

On Sunday, the 6th, the regiment attended Divine service at Trinity (Episcopal) Church, where there was a large attendance. The galleries were reserved for the relatives and friends of the members of the regiment. The opening services were conducted by the rector, the Rev. G. I. Magill. The sermon was preached by the Rev. William A. Leonard, chaplain of the regiment.

On the 7th, Colonel Ward and the officers of the regiment visited Fort Adams upon the invitation of General Vogdes, to review Light Battery K of the First United States Artillery. Before the review there were three rifle matches between two teams, composed, the one of the officers of the First United States Artillery, and the other of officers of the Twenty-third Regiment; also a match between the enlisted men at the fort and a team composed of visitors. Each man fired five shots at 100 yards. The visitors won all the matches. A grand lunch was subsequently given to Colonel Ward and his officers by the officers of the United States steamer *Portsmouth* and those of the Torpedo Station. The officers of the regiment tendered a reception to the Mayor, City Government and citizens in general, in the Ocean House parlors in the evening.

The 8th was marked by a mock parade and review of the regiment in front of the Ocean House. The members of the regiment were dressed in the most grotesque-looking uniforms imaginable, and were headed by a local fire-engine company, and Lieutenant Adams, of the Twenty-third, who was mounted. A band was improvised for the occasion, the principal instruments being tin-whistles and drums of the same material.

The encampment terminated on the evening of the 9th, after a review by General Burnside, when the regiment embarked on the steamer *Old Colony*, a salute of thirty guns and a grand display of fireworks being given as the steamer left the dock, in the presence of some 5,000 spectators. On arriving in this city on the morning of the 10th, special boats conveyed the men to the foot of Montague Street, Brooklyn, where they were received by the Thirteenth Regiment and escorted to their Armory.

How a Russian Revolutionist Died.

THE unfortunate officer, Dubrovin, who, on May 24, was hanged at St. Petersburg, the first public victim of the state of siege, died most heroically. A company of the Wilmanstrand Infantry Regiment, to which the condemned man had formerly belonged, was ordered from Staraja Russ to be present at the execution. A square was formed about the gallows by a considerable number of troops. A man of noble presence, Lieutenant Dubrovin, clad in the black robe of the condemned, on which the word "Traitor" was inscribed, came out from prison with firm step, singing with mighty voice a kind of Russian Marseillaise, in which praise was given to the names of Rylieff, Odojerski, and other champions of freedom, who were hanged under Nicholas in 1826. This song seems to have been of Dubrovin's own composition. The beating of drums had to be resorted to in order to stifle his voice. When the death-warrant was read to him by a lieutenant of the Moscow Regiment of Guards, he contemptuously said, "Stop that silly ceremony!" When the priest offered him the cross, Dubrovin bade him go to a place which is usually not mentioned. Then he walked firmly to the scaffold, calling out, "Long live freedom!" whereupon the executioner quickly threw the cap over his head and performed his office. There is much alarm in Government circles on account of the corps of officers among whom Dubrovin had lived having never given the slightest intimation to superior authorities as to the sayings or doings of their revolutionist comrade.

The Longest Tunnel in the World.

THE Hungarian Government has, through the last ten years, again developed greater activity in this work, and at its request the Parliament has granted the yearly sum of 100,000 florins for the purpose. In the year 1874 there were still 2,326 metres to be worked out, which would under ordinary circumstances have been a task of eleven years; but in 1873 experiments were made in boring with machines, which method was tried for the first time in the Mont Cenis tunnel, with surprising success, then in the St. Gothard Railway tunnel, and lastly in the "Sutro" gallery (Nevada). After many trials, they succeeded in finding out the most convenient arrangement, and the whole work was done in three and a half years. With this method the entire tunnel could have been finished in twenty-seven years.

The length of the Mont Cenis tunnel is 12,233 metres; the length of the St. Gothard is 14,920 metres; the length of the Sutro gallery of mines is 6,147 metres; the length of the Joseph II adit is 16,538 metres. The total cost amounts to 4,500,000 florins. The importance of this tunnel is very great, firstly as regards geology. The geological and orographical literature of that country is very old; Schemnitz has been repeatedly visited by distinguished men of science from all quarters of Europe, but the difficulties and complications of its geological structure are so great that there is still much to be done. One of the greatest obstacles in the way of investigation is that the surface is very seldom exposed; dense forests and products of decomposition of the rocks cover many of the slopes. The tunnel furnishes a section more than ten miles in length, and gives not only valuable information as to the downward prolongation of the lodes known in the upper levels, but some new ones have been traversed, and the entire series of rocks, with their mutual limits as well as modifications and occasional transitions, is to be seen without interruption.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Late Prince Imperial of France.

The remains of the late Prince Imperial of France arrived at Portsmouth, England, on the morning of July 16th, having been conveyed in the troop-ship *Orontes*. They were shortly after transferred to the steamer *Enchantress*, which proceeded with them to Woolwich, all the men-of-war in the harbor flying their flags at half-mast and firing minute-guns. On Saturday morning the body was placed on a gun-carriage drawn by eight horses, and conveyed direct to Camden House, Chislehurst, escorted by the Royal Horse Artillery. After the formal identification of the corpse, it lay in state in the hall where the remains of the late Emperor were similarly exposed, until the hour for the formal religious ceremony in the Church of St. Mary. As the body was borne from the gun-carriage into the church, the cadets fired three rifle volleys. A short Mass was celebrated, and the remains were deposited in a temporary resting place until the tomb in the little chapel containing those of the Emperor can be prepared for their reception. The decision of the court-martial in the case of Lieutenant Carey, who commanded the expedition in which the Prince Imperial lost his life, has been sent to England for confirmation prior to its publication. Lieutenant Carey will go home under arrest pending the Queen's decision upon the verdict.

The New Edinburgh Waterworks.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, with the Bailies and municipal officers of that city, and the Provosts of Leith, Portobello and Dalkeith, performed on Friday, June 13th, the ceremony of opening the new waterworks at the Moorfoot hills, for the supply of Edinburgh and the neighboring towns above named. The new works, so far as completed, are Portmore Reservoir, Tweedsdale Burn aqueduct, Gladhouse Reservoir, and the aqueduct and pipe track in Alnwick Hill. Two of the filters, the store reservoir, and clear water tank at Alnwick Hill are also finished and in working order. The additional quantity of water which will now be brought in daily is 4,000,000 gallons, or say thirteen gallons to each person, and which, with the present supply of twenty-six gallons, makes thirty-nine gallons per head to a population of 298,350. The works still to be completed are two filter-beds at Alnwick Hill, Edgelaw Reservoir, and Rosebery Reservoir, and it is estimated on their completion that there will be a daily supply of fifty-two gallons to each person, which is just double the former supply. Our illustration shows the scene at the Portmore Reservoir, when the Lord Provost and his party, amongst whom was Sir James Falshaw, Bart., his predecessor in the municipal chief dignity, tasted the water of the new supply, having first inspected the embankment and the sluice.

The Hut Tax in Natal.

Our sketch in Natal represents a scene which belongs to the ordinary civil administration of the British Government in that South African province. Mr. Moody, the resident official magistrate at Ladysmith, was sitting day after day for more than a fortnight, with his clerks, at a table under a tree in front of his abode, to receive payment of the hut tax yearly due from all the Zulu and other native householders of every kraal or village in his district. The tax is fourteen shillings upon each hut, and every Zulu or Caffre husband, who possesses a number of wives, is obliged to keep each of them, with her children, in a separate hut, so that a polygamist has to pay rather heavily to the British Government for his extravagant indulgence in such multiplied matrimony.

The Inundation of the Po.

The Po, having its source in Piedmont in two springs 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, flows in a winding and irregular course for about 450 miles across the whole breadth of Northern Italy, entering the Adriatic by a delta. About fifty towns of considerable size are situated on its banks or those of its tributaries. Boats can ascend to within sixty miles of its source, but the current is so rapid as to render navigation difficult. Destructive floods are liable to happen at all seasons, and the flat country along its lower course renders artificial embankments necessary. A terrible inundation took place on the early morning of the 4th of June last, in the district between Borgoforte and Bonizzo, whereby hundreds of families have been literally washed out of their houses and homes. The river gave no warning note to the many guardians who watch by its banks, but with a sudden leap it burst its bounds, bearing desolation on the crest of its seething waters. The damage done to crops and property is estimated at a ruinous figure. One of our illustrations represents the effect of the inundation at Turin, and the other the House of Providence, or rendezvous of the people rendered homeless by the terrible catastrophe. Prompt provision was made by Parliament for the temporary relief of the sufferers.

The War in South America.

The latest intelligence concerning the war between the South American States is to the effect that for urgent political purposes Chili has ceded the whole of Patagonia to the Argentine Republic; that the latter has refused to ratify the treaty ensuing; and that the Chilian fleet has resumed the blockade of the Peruvian fort, Iquique. Almost all the actions of the belligerents up to last accounts had been confined to the naval encounters; but from the moving of the various armies it is expected that a land campaign will soon be opened with a battle in the interior. Just where this will be there can be no conjecture, because the troops of each country have invaded the territory of the other. The famous *Huascar* maintains a practical control of Peru's best port, and friendly offers of mediation have been refused by the contending Governments. Our illustration shows the gathering at Iquique of Chilians having business relations there, with their families and household goods, upon the declaration of hostilities, preparatory to taking their departure.

The Agricultural Depression in England.

In consequence of the great distress in the agricultural districts of Great Britain, the emigration to the United States and the North American colonies has increased to such an extent that it is fully anticipated the average of past years will not only be reached but passed. In 1861 the number of persons of British origin who came to the United States as emigrants amounted to 38,160; ten years later they numbered 150,768. During the last two years the exodus slackened, but for several weeks past the movement has been so general as to cause an alarm which has penetrated so far as the Parliament itself. In many instances large landholders have reduced their rents, or remitted fair per centages for the year; still the complaint in general that the small farmers can neither pay the rent nor secure enough from their ground to live upon. It is asserted that the landed proprietors, taken *en masse*, do not receive three per cent. for the use of their agricultural estates, and that thousands of acres are being daily vacated by the farmers. It is no wonder, then, that such a scene as we reproduce should be of frequent occurrence on the London docks.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Zulu war is costing England $500,000 per month.

ZULU chiefs say that the King will not submit to Lord Chelmsford's terms of peace.

—THE Greenbackers will hold a State Convention in Mississippi July 22d, at Jackson.

—NEARLY 3,000 European immigrants arrived at New York during the last week in June.

—THE "Legislative Council" in Memphis has passed an ordinance prohibiting opium-smoking.

—A LONG-EXTINCT crater on Mount Hood, Oregon, is now emitting volumes of sulphurous smoke.

—IT is admitted by the St. Petersburg *Golos* that the war with Turkey cost Russia $750,000,000 and 200,000 lives.

—THE once-powerful tribe of Seminole Indians have dwindled away to about 400 persons, located in South Florida.

—THE Kiowa Indians are at large in great numbers in Western Texas, and there is much alarm among the stock men.

—FOUR hundred Nihilists were arrested at Kiev on the night of the 26th of June, and a great store of weapons were seized.

—ON July 9th there was a gathering of 500 members of the Ely family at Holyoke, Mass., and on the 10th one of 400 representatives of the Dodge family at Salem.

—ADJUTANT-GENERAL STEELE, of TEXAS, reports that there are between 4,000 and 5,000 fugitives from justice from that State, of whom 851 are murderers.

—THE contributions of Peter's Pence for the first half of the present year have increased by $140,000, compared with the sum contributed during the same period of 1878.

—M. LEPERE, French Minister of the Interior, has officially estimated that the purchases of foreign grain rendered necessary by the bad home crops will amount to $100,000,000.

—THE permission recently given to the French General Chanzy to inspect a Russian fortress and coast defenses, which is a favor not usually granted to foreigners, has seriously offended German susceptibilities.

—THE Swiss Government has paid $600,000 to the St. Gothard Tunnel Company, which have been hitherto withheld on account of the terms of the contract not being observed. The tunnel will be completed in a few months.

—AN examination of the records of the Pension Bureau up to the 30th of June of the present year, shows that 32,890 arrears of pension cases, representing $7,220,572.44, had already been paid, or were ready for payment on that date.

—THE eminent firm of Sir William Armstrong & Co. have delivered to the Canadian Government a number of the heaviest of their breech-loading guns, manufactured specially for the defense of the principal cities of the Dominion.

—THE Argentine Republic is now shipping wheat to Europe and on a somewhat extensive scale. For twenty-five years the principal exports were hides; a few years afterwards wool, and now wheat takes the lead. That is the steady march of civilization.

—BY late investigations it has been found that the number of children under fourteen years of age employed in the tobacco manufacturing industry in Germany is not less than 6,695. This is a larger number than there is employed in any other branch of industry.

—THE central spire of St. Mary's Cathedral in Edinburgh, regarded as the most important Gothic church edifice which has been erected in Scotland since the Reformation, was completed on June 7th by placing there with ceremony the topmost stone and an iron cross.

—THIS year nearly 800,000 Frenchmen will actually serve the colors for a longer or shorter period. Of these 570,100 belong to the active army, 144,570 men and 2,850 officers to the reserve of the active army, and 117,800 men and 5,820 officers to the territorial army.

—THE University of Cambridge, England, has resolved to institute a special examination in the art and theory of teaching, for the sake of encouraging teachers in higher and secondary schools to become familiar with the literature of their profession, and the best methods of practicing it.

—IN Paris a lunatic named Verdelet, on being refused admission to the Chamber of the Council of State, July 8th, amused himself by firing with a revolver at the hats of the councilors, which were hanging on the wall in the lobby, and was arrested. He did not aim at or injure anybody.

—THE question of the destruction of the ailanthus-tree in Atlanta has been agitating the community for some time. The doctors have been called upon to decide as to the baleful effects of the tree upon the general health, and they are wide apart in their notions. Meantime the authorities are in a quandary.

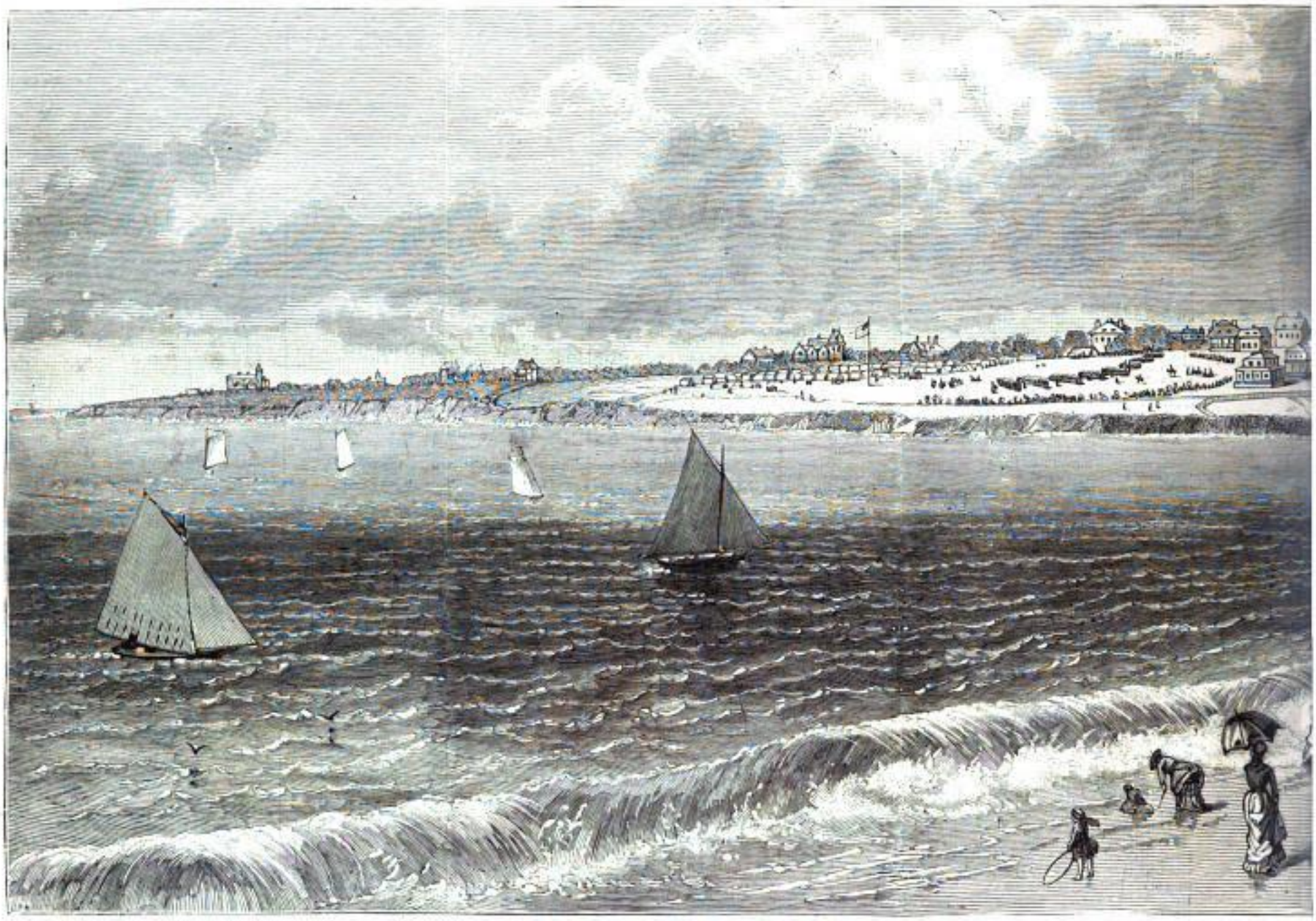
—DURING the last twenty years 120,000,000 barrels of petroleum has been produced in Pennsylvania—37,000,000 during the past five years. In 1860 it was worth $20 a barrel; the average price in 1878 was only $1.40. Philadelphia exported last year nearly 80,000,000 gallons. Quite a number of vessels were cleared with it for Japan.

—THE failures of farmers are becoming alarmingly frequent in England. In 1870 they numbered 229; in 1875, 354; in 1876, 460; in 1877, 477; in 1878, 515, and in the first half of 1879, no fewer than 614. In addition, the facts are well known that farmers in many countries are now losing their capital, that landlords find great difficulty in reletting at any price, and that the remissions of rents have only met a portion of the difficulty.

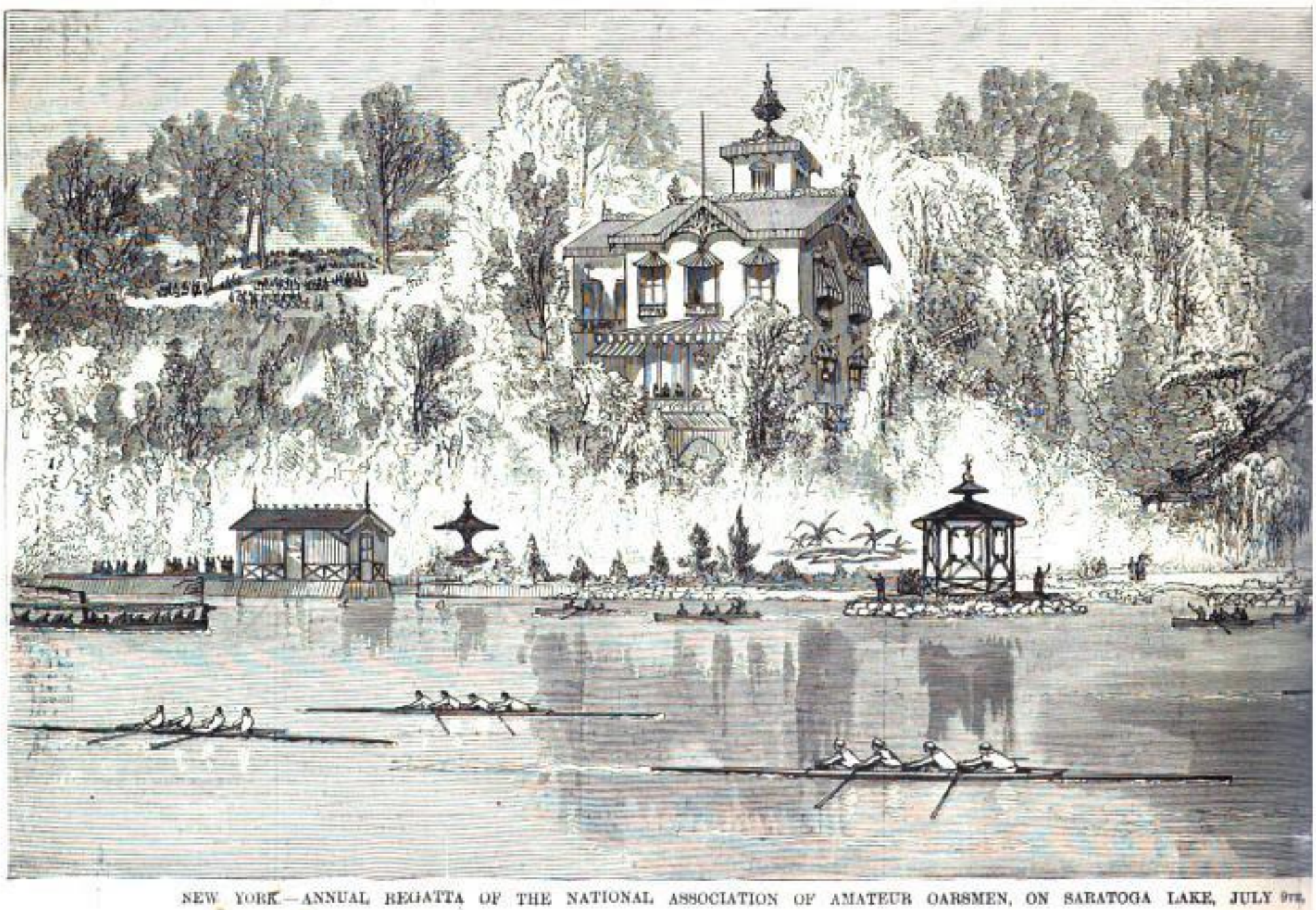
—THE tide of emigration to the Far West has greatly increased the railroad traffic, and this, with the immense movement of produce to the seaboard, have added to the earnings of the companies, and stimulated the building of new lines in different directions. Within twelve months there will be in operation another road to the Pacific below the snow line. In less than three years we shall have four trunk lines to the Pacific, and the people of Asia and Australia will be in close business relations with us.

—THE new treaty of Spain with China regarding the immigration of Chinamen to the Island of Cuba grants to the latter the full consideration due to free and civilized persons, and abolishes all the former conditions imposed upon their immigration, which made them no better than semi-slaves. The immigration of Chinamen by contract is entirely prohibited; the immigrants will go to Cuba by their own free will. Spain promises to treat the Chinese in Cuba with the same considerations as foreigners of the most favored nations.

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RHODE ISLAND.—OUR SUMMER RESORTS—VIEW OF THE CITY, BEACH AND HARBOR OF NEWPORT, DURING THE



NEW YORK—ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN, ON SARATOGA LAKE, JULY 9TH.

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IPMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., OF BROOKLYN.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 347.

17TH.—THE FINISH OF THE TRIAL-HEAT OF THE FOUR-OARED CREWS, JULY 10TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 351.

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BEES.

TRADITION'S favoring verdict would express
In you all dutcous thrift and toil extreme,
Against gray wintry dearth, while Summers beam,
Hoarding with zeal your honeyed bounteousness.
And yet in drowsy reverie I confess
That booming now where flowery vistas gleam,
Among these halcyon garden-paths, you seem
The murmurous incarnations of *silence!*

Nay, more: you are like those pages clad of old
By pampering lords in velvet and in gold,
Who bore sweet amorous writes, with cautious airs,
To delicate ladies in rich robes aglow,
Strolling down glades of shadowy Fontainebleau,
Or loitering at Versailles on marble stairs.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TOFF was the first who recovered himself. "Courage, sir!" he said. "With a little thinking we shall see the way to find her. That rude American man, who talked with her this morning, may be the person who has brought this misfortune on us."

Amelius waited to hear no more. There was the chance, at least, that something might have been said which had induced her to take refuge with Rufus. He ran back to the library to get his hat.

Toff followed his master with another suggestion. "One word more, sir, before you go. If the American man cannot help us, we must be ready to try another way. Permit me to accompany you as far as my wife's shop. I propose that she shall come back here with me and examine poor little miss's bedroom. We will wait, of course, for your return, before anything is done. In the meantime, I entreat you not to despair. It is at least possible that the means of discovery may be found in the bedroom."

They went out together, taking the first cab that passed them. Amelius proceeded alone to the hotel.

Rufus was in his room. "What's gone wrong?" he asked, the moment Amelius opened the door. "Shake hands, my son, and smother up that little trouble between us this morning in silence. Your face alarms me—it does! What of Sally?"

Amelius started at the question. "Isn't she here?" he asked.

Rufus drew back. The mere action said no, before he answered in words.

"Have you seen nothing of her—heard nothing of her?"

"Nothing. Steady, now! Meet it like a man; and tell me what has happened."

Amelius told him in two words. "Don't suppose I'm going to break out again as I did this morning," he went on; "I'm too wretched and too anxious to be angry. Only, tell me, Rufus, have you said anything to her——?"

Rufus held up his hand. "I see what you're driving at. It will be more to the purpose to tell you what she said to me. From first to last, Amelius, I spoke kindly to her, and I did her justice. Give me a minute to rummage my memory." After brief consideration, he carefully repeated the substance of what had passed between Sally and himself during the latter part of the interview between them. "Have you looked about in her room?" he inquired, when he had done. "There might be a trifling something to help you left behind her there."

Amelius told him of Toff's suggestion. They returned together at once to the cottage. Madame Toff was waiting to begin the search.

The first discovery was easily made. Sally had taken off one or two little trinkets—presents from Amelius, which she was in the habit of wearing—and had left them, wrapped up in paper, on the dressing-table. No such thing as a farewell letter was found near them. The examination of the wardrobe came next—and here a startling circumstance revealed itself. Every one of the dresses which Amelius had presented to her was hanging in its place. They were not many; and they had all, on previous occasions, been passed in review by Toff's wife. She was absolutely certain that the complete number of the dresses was there in the bedroom. Sally must have worn something, in place of her new clothes. What had she put on?

Looking round the room, Amelius noticed in a corner the box in which he had placed the first new dress that he had purchased for Sally, on the morning after they had met. He tried to open the box; it was locked—and the key was not to be found. The ever-ready Toff fetched a skewer from the kitchen and picked the lock in two minutes. On lifting the cover, the box proved to be empty.

The one person present who understood what this meant was Amelius.

He remembered that Sally had taken her old threadbare clothes away with her in the box when the angry landlady had insisted on his leaving the house. "I want to look at them sometimes," the poor girl had said, "and think how much better off I am now." In those miserable rags she had fled from the cottage, after hearing the cruel truth. "He had better have left me where I was," she had said. "Cold and hunger and ill treatment would have laid me at rest by this time." Amelius fell on his knees before the empty box, in helpless despair. The conclusion that now forced itself on his mind completely unmanned him. She had gone back, in the old dress, to die under the cold, the hunger, and the horror of the old life!

Rufus took his hand, and spoke to him kindly. He rallied, and dashed the tears from his eyes and rose to his feet. "I know where to look for her," was all he said, "and I must do it alone." He refused to enter into any explanation, or to be assisted by any companion. "This is my secret and hers," he answered. "Go back to your hotel, Rufus—and pray that I may not bring news which will make a wretched man of you for the rest of your life." With that he left them.

In another hour he stood once more on the spot on which he and Sally had met.

The wild bustle and uproar of the costermongers' night-market no longer rioted round him: the street by daylight was in a state of dreary repose. Slowly pacing up and down, from one end to another, he waited with but one hope to sustain him—the hope that she might have taken refuge with the two women who had been her only friends in the dark days of her life. Ignorant of the place in which they lived, he had no choice but to wait for the appearance of one or other of them in the street. He was quiet and resolved. For the rest of the day, and for the whole of the night if need be, his mind was made up to keep steadfastly on the watch.

When he could walk no longer, he obtained rest and refreshment in the cook-shop which he remembered so well, sitting on a stool near the window, from which he could still command a view of the street. The gas-lamps were alight, and the long Winter's night was beginning to set in, when he resumed his weary march from end to end of the pavement. As the darkness became complete, his patience was rewarded at last. Passing the door of a pawnbroker's shop, he met one of the women face to face, walking rapidly, with a little parcel under her arm.

She recognized him with a cry of joyful surprise.

"Oh, sir, how glad I am to see you, to be sure! You've come to look after Sally, haven't you? Yes, yes; she's safe in our poor place—but in such a dreadful state. Off her head!—clean off her head! Talks of nothing but you. 'I'm in the way of his prospects in life.' Over and over again, she keeps on saying that. Don't be afraid; Jenny's at home, taking care of her. She wants to go out. Hot and wild, with a kind of fever on her, she wants to go out. She asked if it rained. 'The rain may kill me in these ragged clothes,' she says; 'and then I shan't be in the way of his prospects in life.' We tried to quiet her by telling her it didn't rain—but it was no use; she was as eager as ever to go out. 'I may get another blow on the bosom,' she says; 'and maybe it will fall on the right place this time.' No, there's no fear of the brute who used to beat her—he's in prison. Don't ask to see her just yet, sir; please don't! I'm afraid you would only make her worse, if I took you to her now; I wouldn't dare to risk it. You see we can't get her to sleep; and we thought of buying something to quiet her at the chemist's. Yes, sir, it would be better to get a doctor to her. But I wasn't going to the doctor. If I must tell you, I was obliged to take the sheets off the bed to raise a little money—I was going to the pawnbroker's." She looked at the parcel under her arm, and smiled. "I may take the sheets back again, now I've met with you; and there's a good doctor lives close by—I can show you the way to him. Oh, how pale you look! Are you very much tired? It's only a little way to the doctor. I've got an arm at your service—but you mightn't like to be seen walking with such a person as me."

Mentally and physically, Amelius was completely prostrated. The woman's melancholy narrative had overwhelmed him; he could neither speak nor act. He mechanically put his purse in her hand, and went with her to the house of the nearest medical man.

The doctor was at home, mixing drugs in his little surgery. After one sharp look at Amelius, he ran into a back parlor, and returned with a glass of spirits. "Drink this, sir," he said—"unless you want to find yourself on the floor in a fainting-fit. And don't presume again on your youth and strength to treat your heart as if it was made of cast-iron." He signed to Amelius to sit down and rest himself, and turned to the woman to hear what was wanted of him. After a few questions, he said she might go; promising to follow her in a few minutes, when the gentleman would be sufficiently recovered to accompany him.

"Well, sir, are you beginning to feel like yourself again?" He was mixing a composing draught, while he addressed Amelius in those terms. "You may trust the poor wretch, who has just left us, to take care of the sick girl," he went on, in the quaintly-familiar manner which seemed to be habitual with him. "I don't ask how you got into her company—it's no business of mine. But I am pretty well acquainted with the people in my neighborhood; and I can tell you one thing, in case you're anxious. The woman who brought you here, barring the one misfortune of her life, is as good a creature as ever breathed; and the other one who lives with her is the same. When I think of what they're exposed to—well! I take to my pipe, and compose my mind in that way. My early days were all passed as a ship's surgeon. I could get them both respectable employment in New Zealand, if I only had the money to fit them out. They'll die in the hospital like the rest, if something isn't done for them. In my hopeful moments, I sometimes think of a subscription. What do you say? Will you put down a few shillings to set the example?"

"I will do more than that," Amelius answered. "I have reasons for wishing to befriend both those poor women; and I will gladly engage to find the outfit."

The familiar old doctor held out his hand over the counter. "You're a good fellow, if ever there was one yet!" he burst out. "I can show references which will satisfy you that I am not a rogue. In the mean time, let's see what is the matter with this little girl; you can tell me about her as we go along." He put his bottle of medicine in his pocket, and his arm in the arm of Amelius—and so led the way out.

When they reached the wretched lodging-house in which the women lived, he suggested that his companion would do well to wait at the door. "I'm used to sad sights; it would only distress you to see the place. I won't keep you long waiting."

He was as good as his word. In little more than ten minutes he joined Amelius again in the street.

"Don't alarm yourself," he said; "the case is not so serious as it looks. The poor child is suffering under a severe shock to the brain and nervous system, caused by that sudden and violent distress you hinted at. My medicine will give her the one thing she wants to begin with—a good night's sleep."

Amelius asked when she would be well enough to see him.

"Ah, my young friend, it's not so easy to say just yet! I could answer you to better purpose to-morrow. Won't that do? Must I venture on a rash opinion? She ought to be composed enough to see you in three or four days. And when that time comes, it's my belief you will do more than I can do to set her right again."

Amelius was relieved, but not quite satisfied yet. He inquired if it was not possible to remove her from that miserable place.

"Quite impossible—without doing her serious injury. They have got money to go on with; and I have told you already she will be well taken care of. I will look after her myself to-morrow morning. Go home, and go to bed, and eat a bit of supper first, and make your mind easy. Come to my house, at twelve o'clock, noon, and you will find me ready with my references, and my report of the patient. Surgeon Pinfold, Blackacre Buildings—there's the address. Good-night."

CHAPTER XLV.

AFTER Amelius had left him, Rufus remembered his promise to communicate with Regina by telegraph.

With his strict regard for truth, it was no easy matter to decide on what message he should send. To inspire Regina, if possible, with his own unshaken belief in the good faith of Amelius, appeared, on reflection, to be all that he could honestly do, under present circumstances. With an anxious and foreboding mind, he dispatched his telegram to Paris in these terms: "Be patient for a while, and do justice to A. He deserves it."

Having completed his business at the telegraph-office, Rufus went next to pay his visit to Mrs. Payson.

The good lady received him with a grave face and a distant manner, in startling contrast to the customary warmth of her welcome. "I used to think you were a man in a thousand," she began, abruptly; "and I find you are no better than the rest of them. If you have come to speak to me about that blackguard young Socialist, understand, if you please, that I am not so easily imposed upon as Miss Regina. I have done my duty—I have opened her eyes to the truth, poor thing. Ah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Rufus kept his temper, with his habitual self-command. "It's possible you may be right," he said quietly; "but the biggest rascal living has a claim to an explanation when a lady puzzles him. Have you any particular objection, old friend, to tell me what you mean?"

The explanation was not of a nature to set the good New Englander's mind at ease. Regina had written, by the mail train which took Rufus to England, repeating to Mrs. Payson what had passed at the interview in the Champs-Elysées, and appealing to her sympathy for information and advice. Receiving the letter that morning, Mrs. Payson had already answered it, and sent it to the post. Her experience of the unfortunate persons received at the Home was far from inclining her to believe in the innocence of a runaway girl, placed under circumstances of temptation. She inclosed to Regina the letter in which Amelius had acknowledged that Sally had passed the night under his roof. "I believe I am only telling you the shameful truth," she had written, "when I add that the girl has been an inmate of Mr. Goldenheart's cottage ever since. If you can reconcile this disgraceful state of things with Mr. Rufus Dingwell's assertion of his friend's fidelity to his marriage-engagement, I have no right, and no wish, to make any attempt to alter your opinion. But you have asked for my advice, and I must not shrink from giving it. I am bound, as an honest woman, to tell you that your uncle's resolution to break off the engagement represents the course that I should have taken myself if a daughter of my own had been placed in your painful and humiliating position."

There was still ample time to modify this strong expression of opinion by the day's post. Rufus appealed vainly to Mrs. Payson to reconsider the conclusion at which she had arrived. A more charitable and considerate woman, within the limits of her own daily routine, it would not be possible to find. But the largeness of mind which, having long and trustworthy experience of a rule, can nevertheless understand that other minds may have equal experience of the exception to the rule, was one of the qualities which had not been included in the moral composition of Mrs. Payson. She held firmly to her own narrowly-conscientious sense of her duty. The two old friends parted in coldness for the first time in their lives.

Rufus returned to his hotel, to wait there for news from Amelius.

The day passed—and the one visitor who enlivened his solitude was an American friend and correspondent, connected with the agency which managed his affairs in England. The errand of this gentleman was to give his client the soundest and speediest advice relating to the investment of money. Having indicated the safe and solid speculations, the visitor added a warning word, relating to the plausible and dangerous investments of the day. "For instance," he said, "there's that bank started by Farnaby——"

"No need to warn me against Farnaby," Rufus interposed; "I wouldn't take shares in his bank if he made me a present of them."

The American friend looked surprised. "Surely," he exclaimed, "you can't have heard the news already! They don't even know it yet on the Stock Exchange."

Rufus explained that he had only spoken under the influence of personal prejudice against Mr. Farnaby. "What's in the wind now?" he asked.

He was confidentially informed that a coming storm was in the wind; in other words, that a serious discovery had been made at the bank. Some time since, the directors had advanced a large sum of money to a man in trade, under Mr. Farnaby's own guarantee. The man had just died, and examination of his affairs showed that he had only received a few hundred pounds, on condition of holding his tongue. The bulk of the money had been traced to Mr. Farnaby himself, and had all been swallowed up by his newspaper, his patent medicine, and his other rotten speculations, apart from his own proper business. "You may not know it," the American friend concluded, "but the fact is, Farnaby rose from the dregs. His bankruptcy is only a question of time—he will drop back to the dregs; and, quite possibly, make his appearance to answer a criminal charge in a court of law. I hear that Melton, whose credit has held up the bank lately, is off to see his friend in Paris. They say Farnaby's niece is a handsome girl, and Melton is sweet on her. Awkward for Melton."

Rufus listened attentively. In signing the order for his investments, he privately decided to stir no further, for the present, in the matter of his young friend's marriage-engagement.

For the rest of the day and the evening, he still waited for Amelius, and waited in vain. It was drawing near to midnight, when Toff made his appearance with a message from his master. Amelius had discovered Sally, and had returned in such a state of fatigue that he was only fit to take some refreshment, and to go to his bed. He would be away from home again on the next morning; but he hoped to call at the hotel in the course of the day. Observing Toff's face with grave and steady scrutiny, Rufus tried to extract some further information from him. But the old Frenchman stood on his dignity, in a state of immovable reserve. "You took me by the shoulder this morning, sir, and spun me round," he said; "I do not desire to be treated a second time like a teetotum. For the rest, it is not my habit to intrude myself into my master's secrets."

"It's not my habit," Rufus coolly rejoined, "to bear malice. I beg to apologize sincerely, sir, for treating you like a teetotum; and I offer you my hand."

Toff had got as far as the door. He instantly returned, with the dignity which a Frenchman can always command in the serious emergencies of his life. "You appeal to my heart and my honor, sir," he said. "I bury the events of the morning in oblivion, and I do myself the honor of taking your hand."

He smiled with polite suavity, and left the room. As the door closed, Rufus smiled grimly. "You're not in the habit of intruding yourself into your master's secrets," he repeated to himself. "If Amelius reads your face as I read it, he'll look over his shoulder when he goes out to-morrow—and, ten to one, he'll see you behind him in the distance!"

Late on the next day, Amelius presented himself at the hotel. In speaking of Sally he was unusually reserved, merely saying that she was ill, and under medical care—and then changing the subject. Struck by the depressed and anxious expression of his face, Rufus asked if he had heard from Regina. No; a longer time than usual had passed since Regina had written to him. "I don't understand it," he said, sadly; "I suppose you didn't see anything of her in Paris?"

Rufus had kept his promise not to mention Regina's name in Sally's presence. But it was impossible for him to look at Amelius without plainly answering the question put to him, for the sake of the friend whom he loved. "I'm afraid there's trouble coming to you, my son, from that quarter." With those warning words, he described all that had passed between Regina and himself. "Some unknown enemy of yours has spoken against you to her uncle," he concluded. "I suppose you have made enemies, my poor boy, since you have been in London?"

"I know the man," Amelius answered. "He wanted to marry Regina before I met with her. His name is Melton."

Rufus started. "I heard, only yesterday, he was in Paris with Farnaby. And that's not the worst of it, Amelius. There's another of them making mischief—a good friend of mine, who has shown a twist in her temper that has taken me by surprise after twenty years' experience of her. I reckon there's a drop of malice in the composition of the best woman that ever lived—and the men only discover it when another woman steps in and stirs it up. Wait a bit," he went on, when he had related the result of his visit to Mrs. Payson. "I have telegraphed to Miss Regina to be patient and to trust you. Don't you write to defend yourself till you hear how you stand in her estimation, after my message. To-morrow's post may tell."

To-morrow's post did tell.

Two letters reached Amelius from Paris. One from Mr. Farnaby, curt and insolent, breaking off the marriage-engagement. The other, from Regina, expressed with great

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severity of language. Her weak nature, like all weak natures, ran easily into extremes, and, once forced into asserting itself, took refuge in violence, as a shy person takes refuge in audacity. Only a woman of larger and firmer mind would have written of her wrongs in a more just and more moderate tone.

Regina began without any preliminary form of address: She had no heart to upbraid Amelius, and no wish to speak of what she was suffering, to a man who had but too plainly shown that he had no respect for himself, and neither love nor pity even for her. In justice to herself, she released him from his promise, and returned his letters and his presents. Her own letters might be sent in a sealed packet, addressed to her at her uncle's place of business in London. She would pray that he might be brought to a sense of the sin that he had committed, and that he might yet live to be a worthy and a happy man. For the rest, her decision was irrevocable. His own letter to Mrs. Payson condemned him—and the testimony of an old and honored friend of her uncle proved that his wickedness was no mere act of impulse, but a deliberate course of infamy and falsehood, continued over many weeks. From the moment when her eyes were opened to the truth, he was dead to her—and she now bade him a last farewell.

"Have you written to her?" Rufus asked, when he had seen the letters.

Amelius reddened with indignation. He was not aware of it himself, but his look and manner plainly revealed that Regina had lost her last hold on him. Her letter had inflicted an insult—not a wound; he was outraged and revolted; the deeper and gentler feelings, the emotions of a grieved and humiliated lover, had been killed in him by her stern words of dismissal and farewell.

"Do you think I would allow myself to be treated in that way without a word of protest?" he said to Rufus. "I have written, refusing to take back my promise. 'I declare, on my word of honor, that I have been faithful to you and to my engagement' (that was how I put it), 'and I scorn the vile construction which your uncle and his friend have placed upon an act of Christian mercy on my part.' I wrote more tenderly, before I finished my letter, feeling for her distress, and being anxious above all things not to add to it. We shall see if she has love enough left for me to trust my faith and honor, instead of trusting false appearances. I will give her time."

Rufus considerately abstained from expressing any opinion. He waited until the morning when a reply might be expected from Paris; and then he called at the cottage.

Without a word of comment, Amelius put a letter into his friend's hand. It was his own letter to Regina returned to him. On the back of it, there was a line in Mr. Farnaby's handwriting: "If you send any more letters, they will be burned unopened." In those insolent terms, the wretch wrote, with bankruptcy and exposure hanging over his head.

Rufus took Amelius by the hand. "There's an end of it now," he said. "That girl would never have made the right wife for you, Amelius; you're well out of it. Forget that you ever knew these people; and let us talk of something else. How is Sally?"

At that ill-timed inquiry, Amelius dropped his friend's hand. He was in a state of nervous irritability which made him apt to take offense, where no offense was intended. "Oh, you needn't be alarmed!" he answered, petulantly, "there's no fear of the poor child coming back to live with me. She is still under the doctor's care."

Rufus passed over the angry reply without notice, and patted him on the shoulder. "I spoke of the girl," he said, "because I wanted to help her; and I can help her, if you will let me. Before long, my son, I shall be going back to the United States. I wish you would go with me!"

"And desert Sally!" cried Amelius.

"Nothing of the sort! Before we go, I'll see that Sally is provided for to your satisfaction. Will you think of it, to please me?"

Amelius relented. "Anything to please you," he said.

Rufus noticed his hat on the table, and considerately left him without saying more. "The trouble with Amelius," he thought, as he closed the cottage-gate, "is not over yet."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE AMATEUR REGATTA AT SARATOGA.

THE seventh annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held on Saratoga Lake on July 9th, 10th and 11th. Representatives of eleven States in the Union and of Canada were named in the entries, giving distinction to forty-one associations. There were thirty-one scullers, eighteen four-oared crews, eleven champions, and the three fastest six-oared crews in the country.

The weather and the water were as fair on Wednesday (the first day) as could be desired, and at ten o'clock the first race was called. This was a pair-oared contest between the Olympics of Albany, the Wah-wah-sums of Saginaw, Mich., and the Zephyrs of Detroit, and resulted in a victory for the former in 9 minutes 41¾ seconds, with the "Wahs" only 16 seconds behind. This race, which was greatly admired by the spectators, was followed by a walk-over for the crew of Cornell College, no other college crew putting in an appearance, much to the general surprise. With no stimulant save to make a good record, the crew pulled over the course in 9 minutes 15 seconds, and took the Eureka Cup. The third event, for the Single Scull Cup, offered by the Triton Club, was a walk-over for J. Lewis, Jr., of Cornell, who made the course alone in 11 minutes 54¼ seconds.

The best struggle for supremacy among the senior scullers was a decided relief after the disappointment of the two preceding events. In the first heat, Murray, of the Elizabeth Club, won by a length and a half, in 11 minutes 35 seconds; in the second, Rathburne, of the New York Athletic Club, won easily in 11 minutes 13½ seconds; and in the third, the most spirited of the trials, Holmes, of the Pawtucket Club, followed inch by inch by Mumford of New Orleans, won in 10 minutes 53¾ seconds.

The contests of the day closed with the six-oared race, for which the Shawmuts of Boston, the Mutuals of Albany, and the Dauntless of New York, were entered. The latter crew was heavily handicapped, for, while the other two rowed in shells, they had to row in a gig with a cockswain. This, of course, is a very serious disadvantage, but so great was the confidence of the public in this crew, and especially in its plucky little stroke, Roach, that there were plenty of people willing to back the Dauntless crew at even terms against the field. This race was started precisely on time, as were all the races, indeed, and it was one of the very pleasantest features of the regatta that every race was started just at the time announced, and that there was no delay. In this race the Shawmut got off first, pulling about forty-three strokes to the minute, with the Mutuals second, pulling about forty, and Roach's crew last. But before the quarter mile was passed the Mutuals had taken the lead, and Roach's plucky little crew had taken second place. Bad steering made the Mutual crew lose two or three lengths on the last half mile, but in spite of this they won quite easily by six or seven lengths in 8 minutes 59 seconds, with the Dauntless crew second, three or four lengths ahead of the Shawmuts.

The second day opened as favorably as the first, and brought to the stands a largely augmented audience. The first race that morning was the double-scull race, for which there were six entries, all of them starting. The Athletics of New York won in 9 minutes 8¼ seconds, with the Wah-wah-sums second, and the Minnesotas third. The race between the "Wahs" and the Minnesotas was closely contested, and was won by only a quarter of a second. The Minnesotas were ahead of the "Wahs" through nearly the whole of the race, but near the finish line the Saginaw crew made a splendid spurt and beat the Minnesota men by only a few feet. The Hartford crew was fourth, some four or five lengths behind the Minnesotas; the Quaker City crew were some distance behind the Hartfords again, and the Wyandottes were beaten badly.

The next two races were trial heats for the junior scullers. The contestants were Burt Brown, of the Union Springs; Edward Field, of the Monmouth Club; S. R. Seyfert, of the Nautilus Club, of Reading, Pa., and H. K. Leonard, of Watkins. Between Brown and Seyfert the struggle from beginning to end was superb. Brown finally winning in 10 minutes 26 seconds. Seyfert's time was 10 minutes 31 seconds. Field was third in 10 minutes 33 seconds. Leonard, who for some unknown reason had been made the favorite, was badly beaten, distanced in fact. In the second heat the starters were Harry Ball, of the Zephyrs, of Detroit; William Murray, of the Elizabeths, of Portsmouth, Va.; S. G. Jackson, of the Palisades, of Yonkers, N. Y., and William J. Gear, of the Longmeil Club, of Canada. Murray was a big favorite, and won easily in 10 minutes 27 seconds. Jackson was second, in 10 minutes 33¼ seconds, and Gear third, in 10 minutes 33½ seconds.

What was considered the great event of the regatta was the four-oared shell race, which was next on the programme. For the first heat there were six crews entered, and all of them save the Zephyrs started. The Saugerties crew got somewhat the best of the start, but about the half-mile the Mutuals, who were alongside them, drew up, and were about on even terms with them. Towards the end of the mile the Mutuals of Albany began to draw up alongside of the Saugerties men, and the Wah-wah-sums, who were pulling along away over on the West shore with splendid life and fire, were showing dangerously near the front. As they came up to the finish line, it was still uncertain who was the winner, and when the Wah-wah-sums won in 8 minutes 43½ seconds, the Mutuals were only about four seconds behind them, and the Saugerties crew was less than three seconds behind the Mutuals. The Crescents were fourth and the Hope, of New Orleans, was last.

In the second heat the Friendship crew was drawn, and the Lacidae, the Elizabeth, the Shoe-wae-cae-mette (the crew that went to Henley last year), the Olympic and the Michigan started. The "Shoes" won in the amazingly good time of 8 minutes 35¼ seconds. The "Shoes" took a stroke of about forty-five to the minute, and kept it up throughout the race. The Elizabeths were a good second, so close to the "Shoes" that from behind one could scarcely tell who had won, and the Olympics were third, the Michigan fourth, and the Montreal crew last, well behind.

In the third heat five boats started at a frightful pace on even terms and kept the same unbroken front for the first eighth of a mile. They were the Watkins of Watkins, on the west; the Atlantas next, then the Hillsdales, then the Cohoes, then the St. Johns, of New Orleans, and on the extreme outside of the line, the Wyandottes, of Michigan. The race was won by the Hillsdale crew without any great apparent trouble, in 8 minutes 41½ seconds. The Atlantas were second, the Wyandottes came in third, the Watkins crew fourth, while the Cohoes and St. John men took the last two places.

The last heats of three important races were rowed on Friday. The final heat of the junior single sculls was won by Murray, Jackson being second. In the senior single sculls decisive heat, Mumford was declared the winner. In the final heat of the four-oars, the Michigan crews rowed wildly, and another race was ordered without them. In this the Hillsdales won, making better time by three seconds than the best made on Thursday.

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

"GENERAL, I'll storm hell if you only plan it!" This fiery sentence was uttered upon the night of the 16th of July, one hundred years ago. The speaker was "Mad" Anthony Wayne; the person addressed, George Washington. The redcoats swarmed among the green trees that lined the banks of the Hudson. They had carried everything before them, and, lastly, held Stony Point, a rocky promontory, washed by the lordly river on three sides. The fort was garrisoned by 600 men, under Colonel Johnson. It bristled with cannon, while scientifically constructed earthworks defended every inch of slope leading up to it. Washington recognized its strategic importance. "Who'll storm Stony Point?" he asked, instinctively turning towards one man. "General, I'll storm hell if you will only plan it," was the reply that leaped into history.

It was a daring enterprise, and one that demanded exceptional coolness, daring and bravery. Midnight, and fixed bayonets! Words of terrible significance. The muskets were unloaded lest some over-excited soldier might fire and reveal the storming party to the enemy. One man insisted upon loading, and was grimly run through the body by his officer. The right column was formed of 150 volunteers under Colonel de Fleury, the left of 100 volunteers under Major Stewart, and each was preceded by a forlorn hope of thirty picked men commanded by Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox. The night was dark; not a sound was heard save the distant challenge of the sentinel and the dulcet plash of the river. A negro spy led the way. Two sentinels were seized and gagged, and the forlorn hope reached the outworks before its existence was recognized. Upon the discharge of the first musket the fort blazed into vitality, and a hellish fire of grape-shot belched forth upon the assailants. Upwards through sheets of flame, through a hurricane of musket-balls, through the death-dealing grape dashed the forlorn hope, seventeen out of twenty going down. The Americans used the cold steel, and the cold steel mercilessly cut its way from slope to summit. Lieutenant-Colonel de Fleury was the first to spring upon the parapet and haul down the English flag. Major Posey, shouting "The fort is ours!" leaped upon the bayonets of the still fiercely fighting foe. "Mad" Anthony Wayne, struck by a musket ball on the head, and believing it to be his death wound, heroically cried, "Carry me into the fort and let me die at the head of my column"; but he rallied to write at two o'clock on that memorable July morning, one hundred years ago: "Dear General—The fort and garrison of Colonel Johnson are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free—yours most sincerely." The number of prisoners captured was 553, including Colonel Johnson and several officers. Two flags and two standards were taken, one belonging to the garrison, the other to the Seventeenth Regiment. "Mad" Anthony Wayne received from Congress a gold medal emblematical of the glorious action, while silver ones were presented to De Fleury and Stewart. Nor were the leaders of the forlorn hope forgotten, for Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox were made captains on the field of honor. As the Summer tourist of to-day passes Stony Point, on the enchanting Hudson, let him remember "Mad" Anthony Wayne, who, upon a July night one hundred years ago, uttered the fiery words, "General, I'll storm hell if you only plan it."

The programme for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the event here described, July 16th, embraced an oration by General Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, and a sham battle by the militia, carried out according to the original plan of battle—the militia to be commanded by Lieutenants Febiger and Vogdes, of the regular army, the former a descendant of Colonel Febiger, who led in the attack one hundred years ago. From the proceeds realized from the celebration it is proposed to erect a monument to General Wayne on the spot where the battle occurred.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Municipal School has been recently established in Paris for apprenticeship in the work of wood and iron.

Professor Wurtz, the eminent French chemist, has been appointed a Member of the Council of the Legion of Honor.

In the neighborhood of Düsseldorf a woman, who had been bitten by a mad dog, has been cured by Dr. Offenberg, by an injection under the skin of a dose of twenty centigrammes of curare.

Fossil Remains of a Mastodon have just been found in Vienna on the Otakringer Strasse. Professor von Hochstetter himself undertook the excavation of the remains. With the exception of the jaw and teeth all the bones found are much decomposed, and it will be very difficult to preserve them.

The Geographical Department of the Japanese Government, which is displaying considerable activity in many directions, has commenced the publication in sheets of a large plan of the City of Yeddo, showing the various divisions, streets, bridges, etc., and giving the names in Japanese and Roman characters.

Professor Nordenskjöld, of the Swedish Arctic Exploring Expedition, writes that on September 28th he got fast in the ice in latitude 67° 7′, longitude 173° 32′, one English mile from a coast with three villages. The passage was difficult. Six hundred English miles were forced through heavy drift and ground ice.

The Mayor of Liverpool has given to the Council of the Iron and Steel Institute an invitation to visit that town in September, and a deputation from the Council of the Institute waited upon the Mayor and provisionally fixed September 24th, 25th and 26th for the meeting, which will be the first held by the Institute in that town.

The Village of Mariaweiler, near Düren (Rhenish Prussia) proves to be a great field of débris of a Roman colony. A Roman villa has just been excavated there, so that most of the apartments could be measured. An inscription in one of the rooms has not yet been deciphered. The Roman coins found at the place date down to the fourth century.

We Regret to Announce the Death of Dr. Karl Neubauer, the eminent German chemist. Dr. Neubauer died on the night of June 1-2d at Wiesbaden, where for many years he had been working in the laboratory of Dr. Fresenius. The death is also announced of Dr. Justus Ulrich, Professor of Mathematics at Göttingen University, who died on May 30th.

An Improved Torpedo of the Whitehead or fish pattern has been tested at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and been sent to Portsmouth for a course of sea-trials. It is capable of a high rate of speed, and maintains its velocity for a considerable range. It is also cheaper, and, as each torpedo costs about $1,500, this is a considerable advantage. The purchase of the secret from Mr. Whitehead cost the British Government, with the improvements, $3,750,000.

The Government Council of the canton of Berne have issued a very wise ordinance. The beautiful Alpine flower, the "edelweiss," and, it appears, almost disappeared in many mountainous districts. Its sale has been used as an excuse for beggary, and so the Council is determined to put a stop to the extinction of the beautiful plant. Persons plucking "edelweiss" up by the roots will be fined from five to fifty francs. In future only the full-blown flower may be taken.

Russian Engineers have been sent to Kazala to examine the Sea of Aral, with a view to the discovery of a new channel, or the deepening of the old one, connecting the Syr Daria with the Oxus. Steamers destined for service on the Oxus have hitherto experienced great difficulty in penetrating to Khiva from Kazala, on account of the obstacles at the mouth of the river. Captain Brookoff believes that a channel exists at the entry of the Oxus into the Sea of Aral; and, in the event of this being discovered, there would be free and easy communication between Kazala and the Afghan frontier.

Ten Years Ago the idea of a German navy only excited ridicule, while now it has become an imposing fact, which is not only recognized but respected by all the maritime States, and by means of which the German Government is beginning to take up a strong position in all parts of the world. The number of the ships of the German navy is already over seventy; some are ships of 6,000 tons burden, and the total tonnage is nearly one hundred thousand tons. These vessels have steam power of 120,000 horses, and are armed with upwards of four hundred guns. The estimate of the naval expenditure of Germany for the year 1878-79 amounts to 24,000,000 marks for ordinary and 34,000,000 marks for extraordinary expenditure.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE appointment of General Ignatieff as Provisional Governor-General of Nijnii-Novgorod is contemplated.

THERE are 600 subscribing adherents to Père Hyacinthe's church, more than he expected to win in so short a time.

THE operation of removing the right eye has been successfully performed upon Mr. Plimsoll, M.P., the sailors' friend.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL TOWNSEND has been placed in charge of the work of codifying the army regulations under the recent Act of Congress.

MR. GLADSTONE has been making a vigorous plea for the more persistent and practical study of natural history in the English schools.

MRS. LANGTRY, the "sensation beauty" of the last three London seasons, is coming to the United States, and has already engaged passage.

MRS. FAWCETT, wife of Professor Fawcett, the blind Member of Parliament, is lecturing once a week at Oxford, to an audience of ladies, on political economy.

THE British Commissioners have made strong representations to Aleko Pasha, Governor-General of Roumelia, concerning his unsatisfactory administration.

THE Right Rev. Reginald Courtenay, Bishop of Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, recently resigned, after a service of twenty-six years, and will return to England.

THE approaching marriages of Minnie Hauk to a German journalist in London, and of Carlotta Patti to M. de Munck, the violoncellist, are among the items of European gossip.

THE Stuarts of Philadelphia have presented Princeton College with a residence for its president, Dr. McCosh, which is said to be the handsomest home of any college president in the United States.

DR. LELAND, the Amherst graduate, who at the request of the Japanese Minister of Education was sent out to establish the gymnastic system in the normal school at Tokio, has been very successful in his efforts.

A FRESH placard has been found on the walls of the Palace of Justice, threatening the life of the King if he ratified the Bill which was recently passed by the Belgian Parliament, depriving the clergy of the control of elementary education.

ALANSON WORK, who was imprisoned in the Missouri Penitentiary for over three years, nearly forty years ago, on a sentence of twelve years, for trying to help slaves to freedom, died in Hartford, Conn., July 6th. He was eighty years old.

MR. KUHARA is a clever and scholarly Japanese gentleman, who is about to come to this country for the purpose of post-graduate study at Johns Hopkins University. He is a graduate of the Imperial University at Tokio, and has translated many English works into Japanese.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Holland, who is, since the death of his brother in Paris, the heir presumptive to the Dutch throne, is twenty-eight years old, in very delicate health, and of a retiring, indolent disposition. He is fond of reading and serious pursuits, and takes a lively interest in politics.

REV. DR. JOBSON, one of the most eminent English Wesleyans, has had an attack of paralysis, which, it is feared, will necessitate his retirement from the important position he has held for some years past at the Conference Office. Dr. Jobson was president of the Conference in Hull in 1869.

THE visit of Prince Henry of Germany to Japan was officially terminated with a farewell audience by the Emperor. The Prince was invested with a first-class decoration of the Japanese Order of Meriti. The captain of the corvette *Prinz Adalbert*, on which Prince Henry is a midshipman, and the German Minister to Japan, received second class decorations.

PRINCE CHARLES DE TALLEYRAND, Duke de Perigord, who died recently at the age of fifty-one, son of the great Talleyrand, has been out of public life ever since 1830, previous to which he was in high favor, a General and Peer of France, and Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles X. In recent times he has been chiefly distinguished for works of charity.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY has conferred the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor upon Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, of the United States Navy; of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor upon Commander T. O. Selfridge and Engineer Menocal, of the United States Navy, for their distinguished services during the prosecution of the surveys for the Isthmus Canal, and in recognition of the skill and thoroughness with which they presented their respective projects.

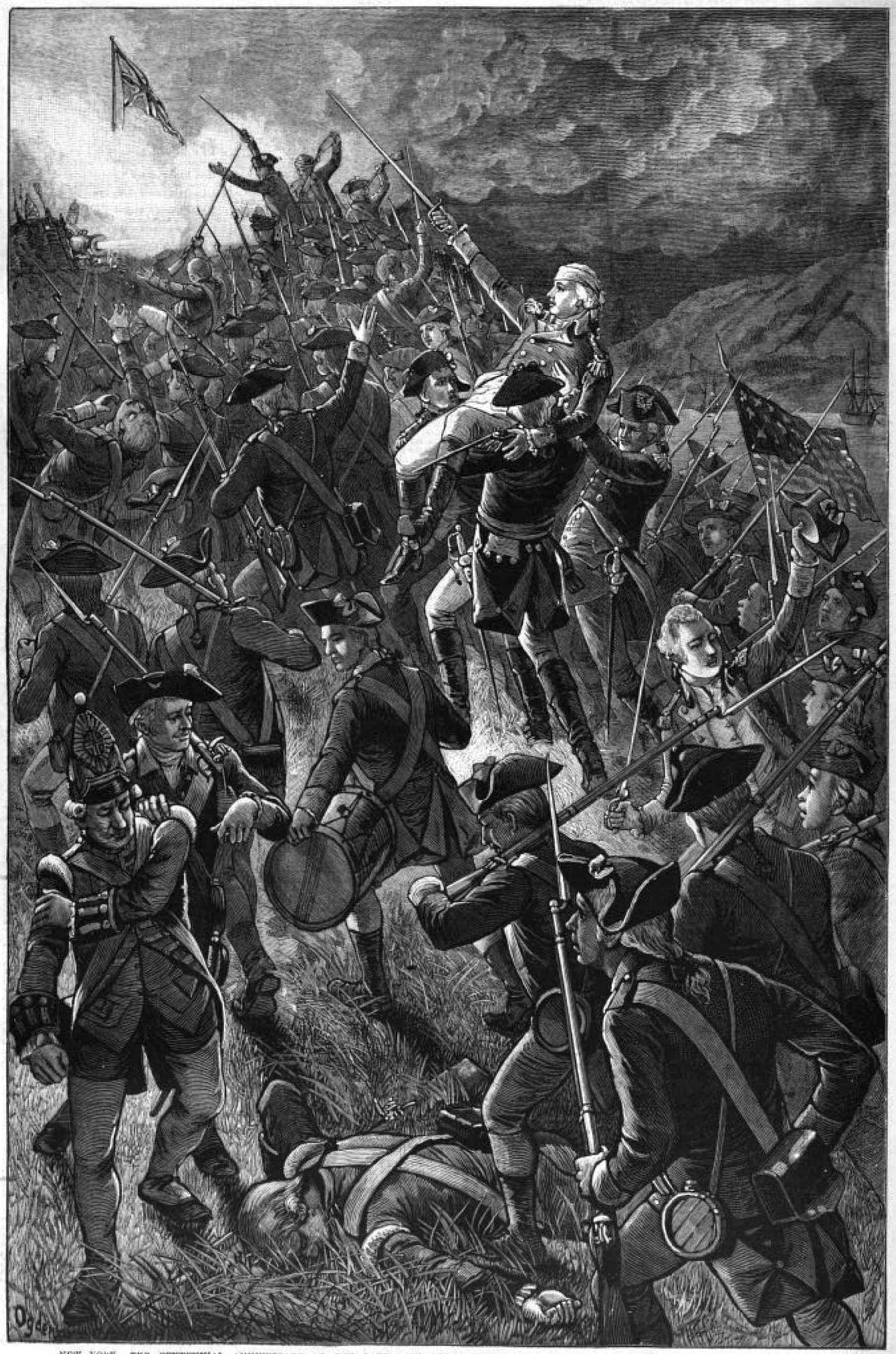
A PONTIFICAL requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the French Prince Imperial was solemnized at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Newport, July 8th, by the Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken. The altar was draped in mourning and adorned with brilliant lights and a profusion of costly lace. The church was full, notwithstanding the heavy rain. Among the attendants were Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and family, and Charles Bonaparte, of Baltimore.

FRANCE has a learned locksmith in the person of M. Adrien Maquet, of Marly-le-Roi, who hangs bells and patches locks and keys for a living and is the first living authority on all matters connected with L'Isle de France, in the Middle Age and Renaissance, especially those concerning St. Germain, Versailles and Marly. As to genealogies, arms, marriages, transfers of property, etc., he has corrected all the standard books, and this without any more knowledge of Latin than what he calls "guess-learning."

PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON, the seventeen-year-old son of Prince Jerome, and the new heir to the Bonapartist idea, is rather tall, handsome, and straight as a dart; dark in hair, cheek and eye; and in temper and temperament a true Corsican-Italian. His features are regular, his hair is trained over his brow and cropped, and he has his mother's mouth, though not the peculiar nose of the House of Savoy. He is said to be a thorough Napoleon in looks, in character and in a certain fiery impetuosity of temper.

THE new Ameer of Afghanistan has been photographed. He was dressed in European style, the coat and trowsers were of white cloth, heavily embroidered with gold, epaulets of gold, and a sash of blue, with three gold stripes through it, was worn over the left shoulder. The head-gear was a steel helmet with gold, and a plume of feathers surmounting it. Yakoob Khan parts his hair in the middle, and when the helmet was off the front view of the face presented a wonderful resemblance to the Duke of Edinburgh—this was noticed by more than one of those present. The projection of the forehead over the eyes is marked, but the brow retreats very much, the head being remarkably high and small, the height being behind and not in the front. He speaks English slowly but intelligibly, and reads it very well.

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NEW YORK.—THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF STONY POINT—THE AMERICAN FORCES UNDER "MAD" ANTHONY WAYNE STORMING THE HEIGHTS, ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 16TH, 1779.—SEE PAGE 351.

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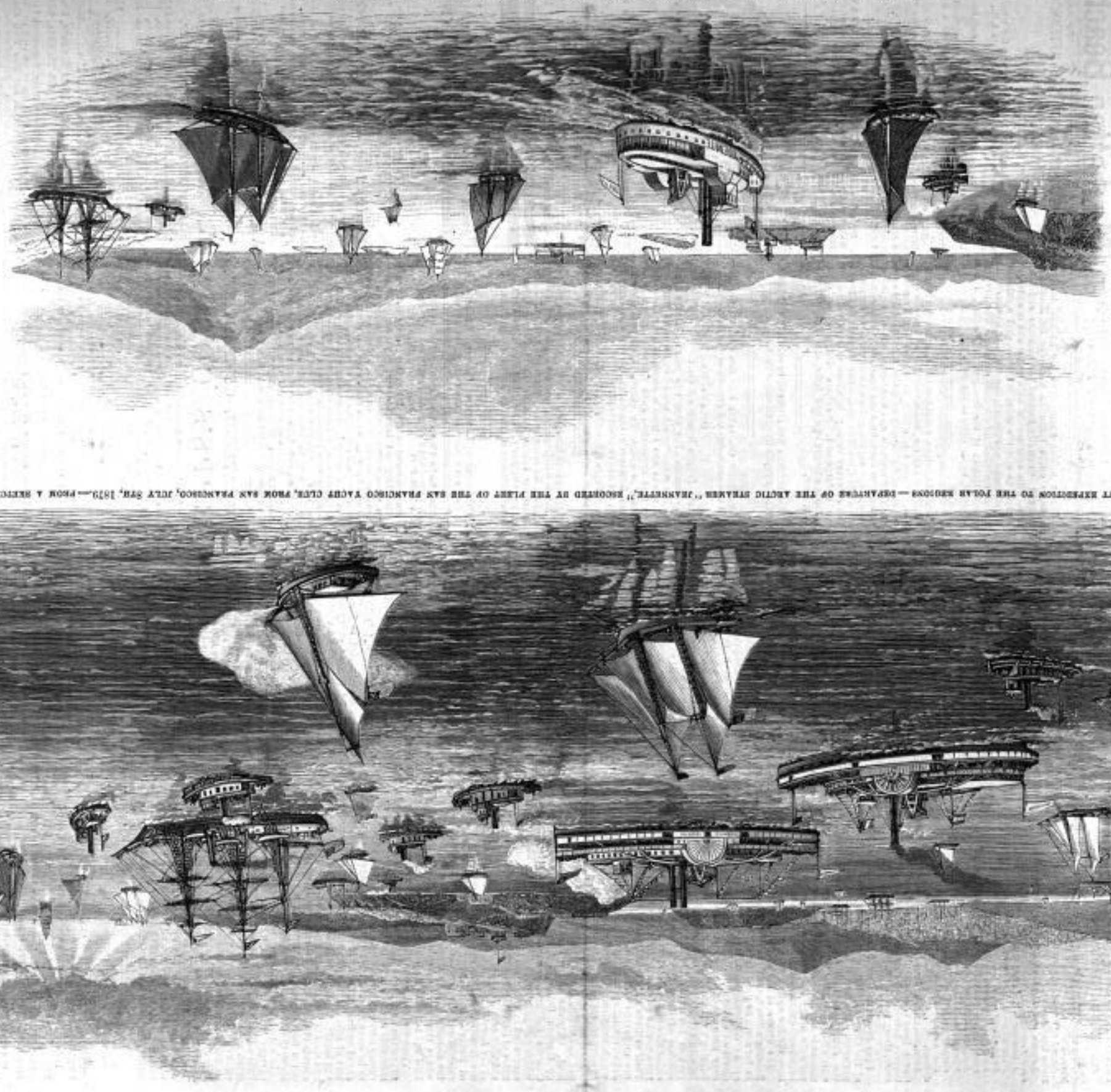
THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

DEPARTURE OF THE "JEANNETTE" FOR THE POLAR SEAS.

THE expedition organized under the patronage of Mr. James Gordon Bennett for the exploration of the Arctic seas has at length departed on its important mission. On the 8th of May, the steamer *Jeannette*, fitted out at Mr. Bennett's expense with everything that experience could suggest as likely to be of value in the voyage of discovery, and manned by a crew of picked men, weighed anchor in San Francisco Bay, passed out through the Golden Gate, and, in the light of the setting sun, sailed away for the distant world. The departure of the expedition was, as it deserved to be, an occasion of universal interest to the people of the Pacific metropolis, who flocked by thousands to the pier-heads and ships on the city front, and to the shore-slope in the vicinity, to witness the event. The bay, too, was thronged with yachts and steamers. At four o'clock in the afternoon, conveyed by the steam-tugs *Active*, *Goliath* and *Julia* and the city fire-tug *Governor Irwin*, and attended by the entire pleasure fleet, all bearing full loads of spectators, the *Jeannette* steamed slowly down the harbor amid the dipping of flags, screaming of steam whistles, and a salute of ten guns from Fort Point. Passing a moment outside the Heads, a multitude of vessels passed under the stern of the steamer, giving her hearty and tumultuous parting salutes, and then, with the benediction, so to speak, of the entire population, she steamed away.

The history of the *Jeannette* is quite generally known. She is a bark-rigged steamer of 420 tons register and 200 horse-power, local, low, and taking-location. She was built in 1857 by the British Government for a dispatch boat and tender to the Mediterranean fleet, but subsequently sold out of the navy to Sir Allan Young, who fitted her up. She was then known as the *Pandora*, and made a voyage to the Arctic seas, intending to prosecute a search for relics of the Franklin expedition. She started, however, too late in the season, and the ice being found too thick had to return to England, where last year she was purchased by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and by special Act of Congress registered as an American vessel under her present name. Lieutenant George W. De Long, United States Navy, was, with the approval of Secretary Thompson, placed in charge of her and took her out to San Francisco, where at Mare Island she was thoroughly overhauled and put in order for her Polar voyage. She has a steam launch, five strong whale boats rigged with sails and boat-covers, and a folding boat that can be used in the water or upon runners on the ice.

In the outfit are included eight Arctic tents each six feet by nine, a set of spare sails and a number of ice-saws with which ice from ten to fifteen feet in thickness can be cut. A deck-house roofed over and fastened together by mortises and screw-bolts is provided, which can be taken down and put up at will. The cabin and forecastle are padded inside with several thicknesses of felt, and the poop-deck is covered with three thicknesses of stout canvas painted over. The ship will be heated by stoves burning soft coal. Every man on board has a good hair mattress, pillow, and pair of heavy blue blankets. The clothing consists of three suits: one is of brown duck, lined with gray blanket and bordered with copper, the coat of water pattern with a number of pockets and a broad belt; another, of black cloth—pea-jacket, trowsers and sou'wester; the third, for dress parade, is the regulation blue naval uniform, with regulation cap and black neckerchief, double-breasted shirt with broad collar, and sailor-jack trowsers. Each is additions has a long loose overcoat, a number of pairs of woolen stockings reaching to the knee, and canvas stockings lined with felt. A complete outfit of fur clothing will be taken on board at St. Paul's with the Government dogs. Instead of canteens, rubber bottles, which will not break or dent, are supplied. There is a beautifully appointed surgery. Every square inch of cargo-room is taken up with provisions. With the exception of flour and fx preparations all the stores



CALIFORNIA.—VIEW OF THE LOWER PART OF SAN PABLO BAY, WITH MOUSE TAMALPAIS IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OUDEN.

CALIFORNIA.—THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEAS.—DEPARTURE OF THE ARCTIC STEAMER "JEANNETTE," RECENTLY BY THE FLEET OF THE SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB, FROM SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 8TH, 1879.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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are in the concentrated or condensed form—meats, vegetables and fruits. The *Jeannette* is provisioned for three years. About twenty tons of provisions and seventy tons of coal will be caché at St. Michael's in reserve for use on the return voyage, or in case the *Jeannette* should be lost or abandoned. All will eat the same food cooked in the same kettle; pemmican and bread will be the principal articles in the daily menu, and instead of spirits ample rations of beer, tea and coffee will be served. Every appliance and accessory that forethought and experience could suggest has been obtained without regard to cost, so that the vessel is without doubt the best equipped that ever set sail for the Arctic regions. The whole cost of the expedition is defrayed by Mr. Bennett, and will be in the neighborhood of $300,000.

In selecting the crew choice was made from 1,200 applicants, no men being accepted under twenty-five or over thirty-five, and care being taken that all were of average height, size and weight, sound in all respects and without consumptive tendency, of good character, northern born or raised and inured to cold and accustomed to the sea. The seamen receive $25 a month; the others are paid in proportion. The names of the officers and crew are as follows:

Commander—Lieutenant George W. De Long, United States Navy.
Chief Officer—Lieutenant C. W. Chipp, United States Navy.
Second Officer—Lieutenant J. W. Danenhower, United States Navy.
Surgeon and Head of Scientific Branch—Dr. J. W. Ambler.
Astronomer—S. L. Newcomb.
Naturalist—M. R. Brooks, Smithsonian Institute.
Meteorologist—J. J. Collins, New York *Herald*.
Ice-Master—William H. Dunbar.
Chief Engineer—G. W. Melville, United States Navy.
Machinist—Walter Lee.
Boatswain—William Coles.
Carpenter—William Lindemann.
Coal-passers—George W. Boyd, I. Iverson, John Landerbach.
Seamen—Adolph Dressler, Nils Erickssen, August Goertz, Peter E. Johnson, Henry Kanck, George Kuehne, Herbert Leach, Frank Munson, Louis Noros, Edward Starr, Henry D. Warren, Henry Wilson.

Four Esquimaux will be shipped in Alaska. Most of the officers and men have had some Arctic experience. Lieutenant De Long went in search of the *Polaris* in 1873 on the *Tigress*. Lieutenant Chipp has also sailed to the Arctic regions, the ice-master is an old whaler, the engineer has had experience in the Polar seas, and the carpenter has been north twice—on the *Polaris* and after escaping from the floe upon the *Tigress*.

The orders of the *Jeannette* are to go through Behring's Strait, reach a Winter harbor at a point as far north as possible, and then dispatch a party across the ice-fields with dogs and sledges in the direction of the Pole. No persistent attempt has ever been made to approach the Pole by way of Behring's Strait. The efforts of the English and Russian explorers in the last century and the early part of the present, which resulted in fixing the outlines of the American and Asiatic coasts on either side of the strait, were directed toward finding a northwest or northeast passage to the Indies. Their motives were commercial. Afterwards came the numerous expeditions sent in search of Sir John Franklin, making important discoveries, which, supplemented by the scientific expeditions of more recent years, have given us maps of the islands, bays and sounds lying north of the American Continent, and of the shore-line of the mainland. Only one of the Franklin expeditions went up through Behring's Strait. This was that of Captain McClure, commanding the *Investigator*, which passed through the Strait in 1850. McClure succeeded in taking his ship to a point within sixty miles of Barrow's Straits, but was there obliged to abandon her. The party was rescued by the crew of the *Resolute*, which, two years after the sailing of the *Investigator*, entered the Arctic ocean by way of Baffin's Bay. After the rescue, however the rescued and the rescuers were forced to abandon the *Resolute*. They then went to Beechy Island, where they were taken off by the *North Star* in 1853 and taken to England.

There are many who believe that the channel between the Arctic and Pacific oceans offers a more favorable approach to the polar regions than the routes heretofore selected. Certainly the questions to be solved by the exploration of the Arctic Circle are of sufficient importance to justify an expenditure of effort in that direction; and all Americans will indulge the hope that Mr. Bennett's enterprise and munificence, having succeeded in solving the secrets of the Nile, his representatives on this expedition may be equally successful in unlocking the mystery of the unmapped Arctic Sea.

In connection with our illustration of the departure of the *Jeannette*, we give a view of San Pablo Bay and Mount Tamalpais. This mountain is ten miles north of San Francisco, and has an elevation of 2,604 feet. The summit can be reached on horseback, and commands a fine view of San Francisco and San Pablo Bays, with many of their tributary valleys, and of the summit of the Sierra Nevada. San Pablo Bay is connected on the north with San Francisco Bay by a strait three miles wide, and is nearly round and about ten miles in diameter. At the head of this bay is Napa or Mare Island, on which is a United States Navy Yard.

FUN.

THE man newly shaven may be vile within, but he presents a clean sir face.

IT is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hair-dresser often dyes an old maid.

STATUES usually look better than the men they represent. Yes, and they behave better, too.

WHAT is the difference between carmine and a nocturnal cat carouse? One is a shade of the red and the other is a raid of the shed.

TELL us not with painted pictures
Circuses are what they seem,
For the soul sees through such mixtures,
And circus bills are but a dream.

"I SAY, Maud," says a young man to a young woman, "really, you know you ought to bounce that old woman you have to open the door and do chores. She takes snuff and talks like a magpie, and is altogether very revolsing." "I know I ought to, but then, you see, it's difficult to do it. She's my mother. However, I'll give her a talking to."

A NEWBURYPORT (Mass.) man was badly sold, recently. He had a great project on hand for boiling down bones to make "superphosphate." All the neighboring boys were engaged to collect material. The man thought, however, that he would first try the bones as a fertilizer without burning. So, having a lot of grapevines, the first lot of bones were planted around the roots of one vine. The boys saw the proceeding, so at night they went and dug them all up again. Bright and early the next morning they presented themselves with a supposed new lot. The bones were bought again and put around a second vine. The process was repeated till fourteen grapevines had been thus served and fourteen times had those identical bones been sold.

REINVESTMENTS.

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 5 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK, July 7th, 1879.

The sure place for the savings of the people, for trust funds, for estates, for all those desiring perfect security and a certain income, is in the Bonds of the Government. We buy and sell all issues of United States bonds, including the popular Four per cents. We pay especial attention to the refunding of the called Five-Twenty and Ten-Forty bonds. A complete assortment of the different denominations of the Four per cents., which are issued in 50s, 100s, 500s, 1,000s coupon form, and in addition in 5,000, 10,000, 20,000 registered, constantly on hand for immediate delivery.

We also pay especial attention to purchases of all first-class investment bonds and stocks on commission at the Stock Exchange. Our office is free to all intending investors who may desire to consult files of quotations and obtain information before making their investments.

☞ Holders of FIVE-TWENTIES of either issue, and of TEN-FORTIES, should take notice that ALL THESE BONDS HAVE BEEN CALLED IN FOR REDEMPTION, that the Five-Twenties have all ceased to draw interest, and that the interest on the last of the Ten-Forties will cease on the 21st day of the present month. As they will lose interest on their money by holding their called bonds that are past due any longer, and as those not yet due can now be disposed of as advantageously as at maturity, holders will find it to their interest to make their exchanges and reinvestments at once.

FISK & HATCH.

THE LITTLE PITTSBURG CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

THE following letter has just been made public:

NO. 206 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 10th, 1879.
D. H. Moffat, Esq., Vice-President of the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company:

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request, I beg to inform you that the decision of Mr. Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, sitting in the Circuit Court of the United States, in Denver, Col., refusing to appoint a Receiver and refusing to issue an injunction in the matter of Foss and Hunter against the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company, is clearly a decision in favor of the company.

Foss, Hunter & Bissell owned twenty-seven one-hundredths of the Little Pittsburg property, and sold it to Mr. Chaffee for a certain sum in stock, and sold the stock for a certain sum in money, to be paid before a certain day. Mr. Chaffee has delivered to the Trustee the stock and has paid to the Trustee the money, but Messrs. Foss and Hunter desire to repudiate their contract, upon the ground that there was no consideration for it, in the hope that Mr. Chaffee would pay them a much larger sum in order to avoid litigation. I have already given an opinion that the contract was fully sustained by a consideration, and, coinciding with me, Mr. Rockwell, the Trustee, executed the deed to the company. The legality of this act is fully sustained by the decision of Mr. Justice Miller, and there is no more probability of any decision in this case affecting in any way the property of the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company than there is of one affecting the property of the Bank of England.

Mr. Bissell being in accord with Mr. Chaffee, and having consented to receive his portion of the purchase money of the twenty-seven one-hundredths of the stock owned with Foss and Hunter, it leaves two-thirds of twenty-seven one-hundredths in dispute between Foss and Hunter on the one side and Mr. Chaffee on the other. Whatever the issue may be—whether Mr. Chaffee succeeds in sustaining his side of the case and forcing Foss and Hunter to take the contract price for the property, or whether the court says that Foss and Hunter are relieved from their engagement and may claim a higher price, it is simply a private suit between Foss and Hunter and Mr. Chaffee, with which your company has no concern whatever. I remain, very respectfully, yours, ROBERT SEWELL,
Of Counsel for the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company.

—*Commercial Advertiser.*

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.

WERE the question admitted to the ballot, and women were allowed to vote, every woman in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. Dr. Pierce has received hundreds of grateful testimonials of its curative power.

IOWA CITY, Iowa, March 8th, 1878.
DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription. It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure.
Yours thankfully, MRS. PAUL R. BAXTER.

PIANO PURCHASERS.

A GOOD piano at a fair price is one of the wants of the times. Most "cheap pianos" are scarcely worth the freight. An instrument that is durable, that is substantially made, and has all those qualities of tone which make a first-class piano, can be had from the MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO., 21 East Fifteenth Street, New York, from $140 to $400. For over thirty-seven years their factory has been producing pianos, and adopting every new invention which has proved itself to be valuable. They can be compared by an expert with the instruments of the highest name and fancy price, and the result is surprisingly satisfactory. The piano is warranted for five years, and no purchaser has ever made a complaint. From personal knowledge and critical examination we can recommend any one to send for a catalogue to the above-mentioned manufacturers.

A HALF or whole bottle of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER mixed with the water of the bath is of great use to invalids and all delicate or nervous persons, as it revives and braces up the failing strength and soothes the most irritable nervous system.

"DOG-DAYS"—and every dog has his day—with all their attendant evils of exhaustion, depression and general lassitude, are close upon us, a season in which a mild, healthful and bracing stimulant is greatly needed. Such a stimulant and one which completely fills the bill is the "AMERICA" EXTRA Dry Champagne of A. WERNER & Co., of this city. Composed only of the pure and unadulterated juice of the grape "AMERICA" EXTRA Dry is one of the safest and most satisfactory tonics ever offered, and is grateful and comforting alike to the delicate, the overtasked, and in fact to the whole world at large. The steady and continuous increase in its demand establishes its merits.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

THE following translation of a letter which the Messrs. Fairbanks have received from Russia is of interest to all American manufacturers:

GRAND RUSSIAN R. R. CO., NICOLAI LINE,
ST. PETERSBURG.
DIRECTORS' OFFICE, May 24, 1879.

MESSRS. FAIRBANKS & CO.:

I beg to inform you that our line is supplied with many FAIRBANKS' SCALES, of which some are already since 1857, and the rest since 1862, in constant use. Many of them are exposed to the open air the whole year round, without any protection against the bad weather. All these scales, without exception, have given entire satisfaction, and, according to the opinion of the station-masters, supersede in accuracy, easy method of weighing heavy loads, and chiefly in durability, all the other systems of scales.

Having twenty-two years' experience with the FAIRBANKS' SCALES, the Superintendent's office of the Road can unhesitatingly recommend them as especially practically adapted to railroad use.

(Signed) KOENIG, Director of the Nicolai R. R.
Engineer and Actual Counselor of State.

NOTE.—The Nicolai Line is the oldest in Russia, and was built by the Emperor Nicolas as a grand military road between Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is upwards of four hundred miles long.

WHAT nobler example of the palatial modern hostelry could there be than the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL? Centrally located for pleasure and business, with apartments, both single and in suites, of a style to suit the most luxurious, and a table of unsurpassed excellence, the traveler nowhere can find more delightful accommodations. The present administration of the hotel is fully equal, if not superior, to anything in the past.

THE American breakfast-table, never too bountiful nor attractive, has a valuable addition in MANIOCA. From this edible root from the Tropics a variety of dishes may be made, recommended especially for invalids and weaklings, but by no means harmful for the robust and healthful. Griddle-cakes, superior to anything else which ever bore the name, are made from MANIOCA, while desserts and delicacies of every variety, in which it is an ingredient, are unsurpassed. MANIOCA deserves for many reasons a larger sale and fame, and is rapidly winning both.

HOP BITTERS has restored to sobriety and health perfect wrecks from intemperance.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE kills dandruff, allays irritation and promotes the growth of the hair.

OTTAWA, ILL., April 5th, 1878.
MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:
Gentlemen—For over two years I have suffered terribly with "scald head" in its worst form. A few weeks ago I tried a bottle of your COCOAINE. The first application gave me relief, and now the disease is effectually cured. I cheerfully recommend BURNETT'S COCOAINE to any one suffering with the above complaint.
Yours respectfully, N. C. STEVENS,
Deputy Sheriff.

MANUFACTURERS and other owners or occupants of large buildings will conserve their interests by sending for samples and price-lists of H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS. H. W. JOHNS' Manufacturing Company, 87 Maiden Lane, New York, sole manufacturers of genuine Asbestos materials.

CLERGYMEN, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need HOP BITTERS daily, for nerve force.

For Sale Cheap.—Excursion Tickets (first-class) to Liverpool and return. Address, "Tourist," Box 4,121, New York P. O.

Commonwealth Distribution Co.—10th Drawing—at Louisville, Ky., July 31st.—The management, desiring to make these Drawings as attractive as possible, announce a GRAND CONCERT for the next Drawing, which takes place on July 31st. Time speeds on, and now is the time to buy tickets. Persons from all sections of the country will visit the Drawing, but the interests of those absent will be as well cared for as if they were personally present. $112,400 is a great deal of money to give away these hard times, but this amount will be certainly distributed on July 31st. Tickets are only $2, and for this amount one can draw $30,000. Address at once T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.; or T. J. COMMERFORD, No. 163 Broadway, New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, labeled,

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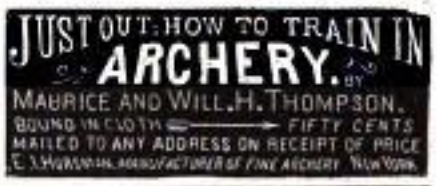
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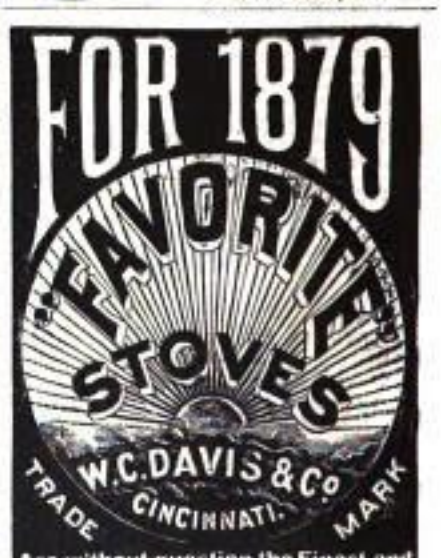
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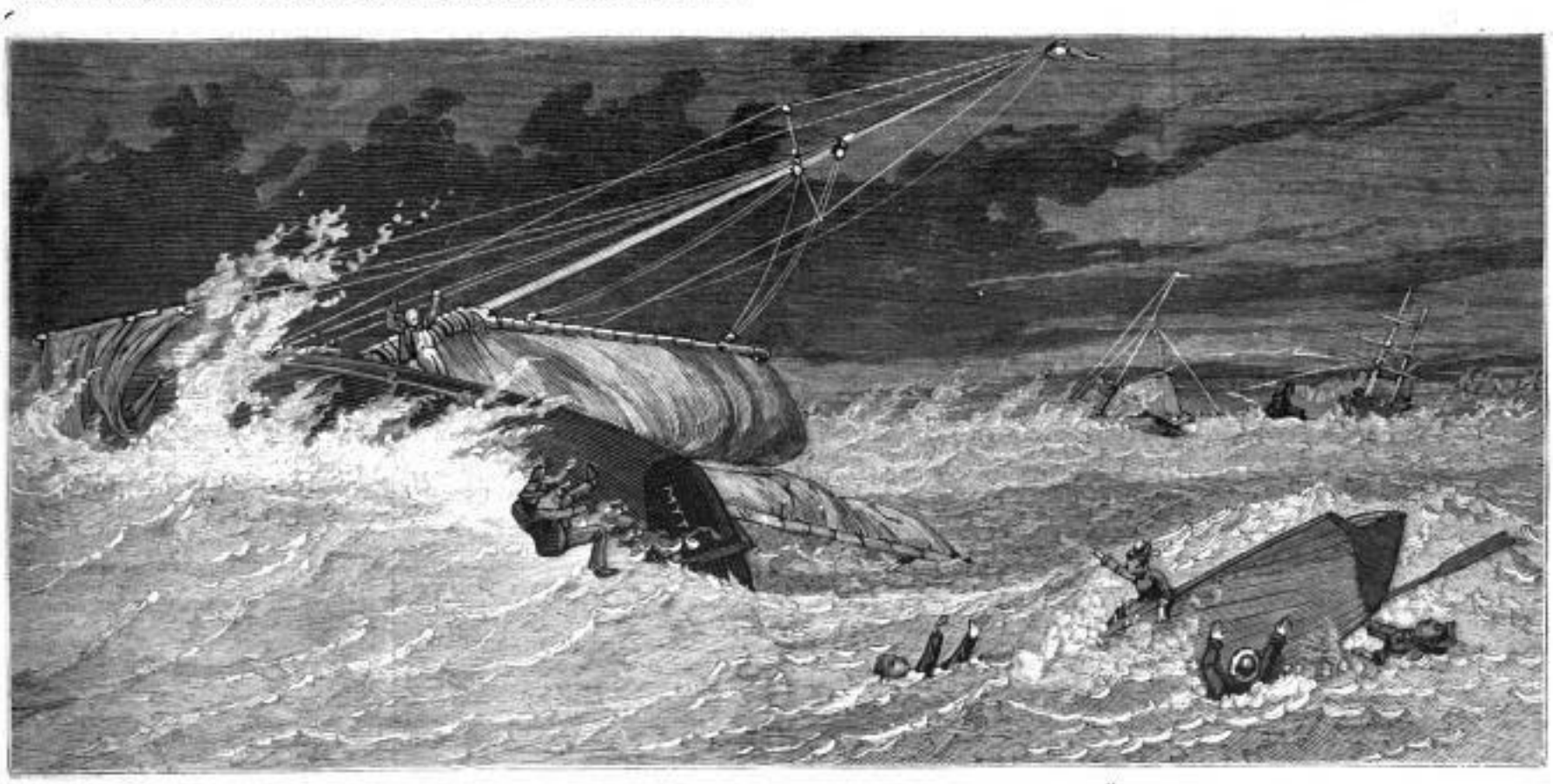
THE WIND SWEEPING DENSE CLOUDS OF SAND ACROSS REVERE BEACH, NEAR BOSTON, INTO THE BAY.



WRECKING OF VEHICLES ON THE ROAD, BETWEEN LYNN AND NAHANT.



THE TRACK OF THE STORM ON ELM STREET, NORTHAMPTON.



SAD FATE OF THE DUNDON FAMILY—THE STRUGGLE IN THE WATER, AFTER THE CAPSIZING OF THE YACHT "MYRTLE," OFF EAST BOSTON POINT.

MASSACHUSETTS.—INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT STORM OF WEDNESDAY, JULY 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 363.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1879.

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THE CURRENCY ISSUE.

IT is well known to our readers that both the leading political parties of the country, in standing "upon the order of their going," and in seeking to put their best foot foremost in the coming canvass, are plainly held, at least for the nonce, in much provisional doubt and quandary. We have more than once referred to the devices by which it is supposed that the Democratic leaders would fain hide from public view the divisions of their party on the currency question, but this state of vacillation and indecision is not confined to the Democrats alone. The Republicans, too, are not entirely agreed among themselves as to the issue which they shall make predominant in the impending campaign. Hampered as they are, in States like Ohio, with a considerable body of retainers hanging upon their flanks, who make no secret of a recent longing for the flesh-pots of inflation, and disturbed as they are, in States like Maine, by a recalcitrant set of independents who refuse to run with "the Republican machine," it has been hoped by leaders of the "stalwart" order, that a cure for all such weaknesses and defections may be found in making a fresh draught upon the surviving passions left by the war, especially since these passions have been fanned into a new flame by some fume and bluster in the recent proceedings of Congress.

Believing as we do that the "currency issue" will not down at the bidding of Democratic strategists or of Republican temporizers, we are glad to see it announced that Mr. Secretary Sherman has been selected by the Republican managers to strike the keynote of the Republican campaign in Maine as well as in Ohio, and in striking this keynote he at least will be sure to give no uncertain sound upon the question of honest money, as now placed in issue before the people. And it is not simply as the head of the Treasury Department, and as the successful financier of the present administration, that Mr. Sherman may be properly put forward as the expositor of the Republican faith in matters of currency and finance. It is through many hesitations and not a few *détours* that the Secretary has advanced to his present strong position upon these questions, and hence nobody should be more familiar than he with the captivating fallacies which still blind the minds of the Greenbackers, and which once were potent enough to obscure from his clear sight the vision of truth to which he has recently attained. If his present advanced position is a sufficient guarantee that he has left these fallacies behind him, it is none the less true that he has allowed some of them to remain in the recent publication of his financial and political speeches, as if to mark by buoys the points at which he went astray. With these buoys in his eye he should now be able to keep his party on the right tack.

For ourselves, we are free to avow the opinion that any attempt on the part of the Republican leaders to relegate the financial issue into the background will be a mistake only less capital than that of the Democratic politicians who have planted themselves on a wrong affirmative in this matter. It was a favorite maxim of Lord Bacon that "truth emerges sooner from error than confusion"—we have had occasion to quote the maxim before—and it would be a fresh illustration of the apothegm if the Republicans should weaken the financial truth that is in them by confounding it with panic cries that wake no response in the heart of the people.

The currency question, as submitted to the people of Ohio, presents a square issue which admits of no "dodging." The Democrats have not "dodged" in placing at their head such a typical exponent of the "Ohio idea" as General Ewing, a man whose "war record" is likely to make him impervious enough to all outcries inspired by the spectre of "the Solid South"—a spectre which is periodically conjured up by the "stalwart" Republicans that they may claim for themselves the monopoly of laying it.

It is a great misfortune that the "currency issue" should be embroiled in the strife of politics and be made the football of party; but since it is so embroiled, it should be the aim of good patriots and of sound financiers to extricate it from such untoward entanglements at the earliest possible day. And it can be extricated only by a successful battle fought in defense of honest money, not for Ohio alone, but for the whole land. It so happens that, for the present, the State of Ohio is the Thermopylæ of the struggle, and the issues of the coming campaign are largely suspended on the more or less resolute stand that shall there be made by the champions of sound finance. It would indeed be a crying shame, and a weakness as well, if the Republicans, after having drifted into a right position on this subject, should now be found to have something less than the courage of their opinions on a matter of such profound concern.

In so arguing we do not frame our conclusions on simple calculations of political loss and gain. We consider only the loss or gain which must accrue to the whole country from the triumph of wrong or right opinions upon this topic. A blow struck for the right is a blow struck for the welfare of the whole country, though for the time being its political advantages may inure to the benefit of the party which has been selected to wield it. The Republicans of Ohio are fighting a critical battle not for themselves alone, but for the adherents of honest money in all parties and in all parts of the land. As such representatives it should be their aim and ambition to rise to the height of their position, lest, failing in this, they should let the victory for truth and right slip through their hands by betraying to popular contempt the slack hold they take on each.

THE BONAPARTES.

WHY is it that the choice of the bewildered Bonapartists of France is confined to Jerome Napoleon, or his son Victor? To a large portion of them Jerome is hateful; and the Savoy blood that runs in Victor's veins—the blood of Victor Emmanuel, who deprived the Pope of his patrimony—alienates from him those Bonapartists who are also strong Ultramontanes. Whither have all the other heirs of the House of Bonaparte vanished, that another alternative, a third leader, cannot be found?

Charles Bonaparte, that rather impecunious and obscure Corsican noble from whom the family descends, was the father of eight children—five stalwart sons and three lovely daughters. The sons were Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis and Jerome; the daughters were Marie, Pauline and Caroline. Of these seven brothers and sisters of Napoleon, there are descendants of Lucien, Jerome, and the three sisters, still living. The lines of Joseph, Napoleon and Louis are extinct; Napoleon's by the death of the Duke of Reichstadt in 1830, and Louis's by the death of the young Prince who met his fate by the Zulu assegai. But two of the brothers of the Great Napoleon are still represented. One son, at least, of Lucien still lives; and four or five of his grandsons exist, among them Prince Charles Bonaparte and Cardinal Bonaparte. Of the stock of Jerome, Jerome Napoleon and his sons are the sole recognized male members; but a daughter, the Princess Matilda, the separated wife of the Russian Prince Demidoff, is still alive. Of all three of Napoleon's sisters, also, there exist several grandchildren.

It would seem at first sight, therefore, that there should be plenty of material from which the Bonapartists might choose a leader around whom to enthusiastically rally. Why is it, for instance, it might be asked, that Lucien's grandsons do not fill the bill? Lucien was older than Jerome, and indeed than Louis; and, failing the lines of Joseph, and of Napoleon himself, his heirs would be the natural successors to the bee-bespangled robe of the Empire. The reason why Lucien's heirs are not considered is, that Napoleon deliberately excluded his next younger brother and his children from the succession. Lucien was the ablest of his brothers; he married against Napoleon's autocratic will; he refused to repudiate his wife, as his brother Jerome had done, when so commanded by the imperious Napoleon; he became a sort of Republican, disaffected to the Empire, and so Napoleon, through his puppet Senate, deprived Lucien and his heirs of all hope of ever reaching the Imperial throne. The Bonapartists of to-day cannot go behind the action of the founder of the dynasty, hence Lucien's grandsons must still suck their thumbs in obscurity.

By the Salic law, descendants through the female line are excluded from the throne of France. This ancient law was respected by Napoleon; hence the grandchildren of his three beautiful sisters—of Marie Murat, the Princess Bajocchi and the Princess Borghese—are ineligible. Thus the choice is narrowed down to the descendants of Jerome, the youngest of Charles Bonaparte's children. It is confined, indeed, to yet closer limits; for Jerome Bonaparte has descendants of older birth than Jerome Napoleon. Of the fruit of his first marriage with Betsy Patterson, of Baltimore, there are stalwart descendants in our midst. But that marriage was annulled, and the children and grandchildren of Madame Patterson-Bonaparte are just as effectually excluded from the Imperialist succession as are those of Lucien and of Napoleon's sisters.

The cause of Imperialism seems desperate to-day, as it did after the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, for want of a head under whose lead the friends of the Napoleonic tradition may all unite. It may, like the two Napoleons' own flesh and blood, become extinct; or there may arise, in the future, another Bonaparte like the third Napoleon, a bold conspirator, a conspicuous personality, a man of ambition without scruple and of nerve without a quiver, who will revive the dormant cause, and again establish the Empire on the foundations of a third ruined Republic.

MURDER FOR LOVE.

THE emotions have always been a strong factor in the commission of crime. A very large proportion of the robberies in all countries in all times have been perpetrated in order that the thief might present money, jewelry, or other valuables or luxuries to some third party not immediately implicated in the crime; while from the earliest historic ages murders have been committed for the gratification of illicit love. Such tragedies are not at all peculiar, and there is no occasion for surprise, or even remark, in the fact that nearly half the murders of the present day have their origin and source in what is called affection.

But the criminal records of this time do disclose an increase of a class of murders which, if they are not entirely new, are at least so novel and difficult to deal with as to require careful attention and treatment. We allude to those murders which are committed on account of an alleged regard for the victim. This crime is not quite a new invention, and its chief peculiarity is that it sometimes seems a benevolent deed. Mothers have often slain their daughters to protect them from outrage and degradation, and fathers have sometimes resorted to the same tragic deliverance, like Virginius before the Roman Dictator, Appius Claudius. No parent would probably be hanged for murder for taking the life of a child in such a dire extremity; but from this the procession of emotional murders shades off rapidly into doubtful ground. A woman in Chicago who slew her daughter to prevent her from living a life of shame was sent to the penitentiary for a term of years; and a man near Liverpool who killed his wife to save her from a similar fate, and who thereupon confessed his deed and attempted to justify his action, has been hanged. Still other specimens of this class are further from the dividing line of right and wrong. In Wethersfield, Connecticut, nearly a hundred years ago, an affectionate, intelligent, hard-working man seized a razor one morning and took the lives of his wife and two beautiful young children, and then slew himself; and he left behind him a long and elaborate argument which he had drawn up in justification of the deed. He held that the family was his; that he was responsible for their happiness; that he loved them devotedly and could not see them suffer; that he was unable to lift them above want, and death would be a relief to them all. In Pocasset, Rhode Island, a man, apparently sane, recently killed his young daughter with great deliberation, because he felt that the Lord required the sacrifice for the sins of himself and his friends. A woman in Michigan—and all evidence shows that she was really a tender-hearted and loving mother—shot her little boy and killed him a short time ago, so that he would not "grow up bad." Her motives were not accepted in justification, and she is in jail. It is scarcely a week since a young man in Illinois killed a sister to whom he was devotedly attached, in order to keep her from marrying a young man of intemperate habits. The fact that the homicide immediately slew himself relieved the courts of the State from considerable embarrassment. A man in California killed his invalid wife at her own written request, "to put her out of misery," and then presented himself before the courts in tears and claimed acquittal and approval.

This sort of crime is getting too common by half. Psychology has its hands full without being called on to decide on the turpitude of persons who defend their violations of law by claiming that they kill their best friends in the interest of mercy and humanity. If A may kill B, either at B's request or otherwise, to put B out of misery, there is no limiting this violent benevolence. It certainly seems as if there were a good many people whose death would be no loss to themselves and a gain to society, but it is not yet considered safe to authorize every man to act as executioner. If real affection and a desire to preserve "the unities" shall be accepted as a justification of crime, we may as well adopt the morals and customs of the Japanese, who generally kill and bury their parents with great ceremony when they arrive at fifty or sixty years of age, and are no longer self-supporting. Then would earth be transformed to the heaven of the utilitarians; the old, the crippled and the sick could be killed off, and society could be reinforced and strengthened by "the survival of the fittest."

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

A SIGNIFICANT indication of the revival of business, and the increased confidence and activity in mercantile circles, is furnished by the large reduction in the number of failures during the last six months. The circular of Dun, Barlow & Co., just issued, shows that during the period named the failures in the United States were 4,058 in number, against 5,825 for the first six months of 1878. The liabilities, in the same period of this year, were only $65,000,000, against $130,000,000 for the first six months of last year. The difference in favor of 1879 is, therefore, a reduction of 1,969 in the number of failures, while the liabilities show a decrease of $65,000,000, one-half of what they were in 1878. The greatest number of failures in any one State was 569, in New York, and the next highest, 317, in Pennsylvania. There has been a marked reduction in the average indebtedness of each failure. Thus, the number of failures for 1876 were 9,092, representing liabilities to the amount of $191,117,786, or an average of liabilities of $21,020. In 1877, there were 8,872 failures, involving $190,699,963 in liabilities, making an average of $21,491. In 1878 the failures numbered 10,478, covering liabilities to the amount of $234,383,132, or an average of $22,369. Compared with the second quarter of 1878, the difference in favor of the last three months is most significant, showing a decrease of more than 900 failures, with a decline in liabilities of $26,000,000 in a single quarter.

Commenting upon the facts presented in these statistics, the circular of Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co., remarks:

"To show how completely reversed is the condition of trade, so far as indicated by these statistics, as compared with last year, we quote a sentence contained in our circular issued this day one year ago, referring to the failures of the first half of 1878: 'These figures of increase in failures and liabilities are of very grave import, for never before in an equal period in the history of the country have business misfortunes been so numerous, or aggregate an amount of loss by bad debts been so great.' To-day, in contradistinction to this gloomy picture, it is our great good fortune to say that never before in our experience in the compilation of these statistics has the decrease in mercantile casualties been so marked; in no previous period has the comparison of losses by bad debts been so favorable as at the present hour."

While the evidences of an improved condition of affairs in this country are thus multiplying on every side, the reports from Great Britain continue to represent a state of business depression almost without precedent. Heavy failures are reported almost daily; many manufacturing industries are at a standstill, and now a threatened partial failure of the crops is adding to the prevalent apprehensions of suffering and disaster. In consequence of the depression in Lancashire, large numbers of operatives are emigrating to America, and thousands of agriculturists would follow if they possessed the means to do so. Many Lancashire farmers, indeed, are already preparing to emigrate to Manitoba. The *Mark Lane Express*, in its last weekly review, thus states some of the depressing elements of the trade situation:

"Published statistics show that the movement for a reduction in the output is spreading in the cotton districts. In addition to the depression at Blackburn and Oldham, already reported, 450,000 spindles at Preston are stopped, out of an aggregate of 2,000,000. One-quarter of the looms at Preston are also stopped. At Accrington work is very irregular, particularly in the weaving department. Six thousand eight hundred spindles are idle in two mills, besides numerous other stoppages. In the Leigh district 120,000 spindles are working on short time, and 140,000 are stopped altogether. In the Huntington district 74,000 spindles and 1,100 looms are idle."

We may well deplore the depression of British industry, and the suffering which must inevitably follow the paralysis of so many interests, while gratefully acknowledging that kindlier Providence which has extricated us from embarrassment, and planted our feet once more on solid ground.

WHO ARE THE ZULUS?

THE British press, more especially that part of it which is hostile to Lord Beaconsfield, has from the beginning of the Zulu war indulged in sentimental denunciations of his policy, maintaining that Cetawayo was a noble king, fighting for the independence of his native land against an unjustifiable aggression. This view of the question has, more or less, been taken by our own journals. The delusion will be effectually dispelled by a work just published in London from the pen of Captain Lucas, of the British Army, and who has been for many years a resident in South Africa. He states in the preface that he has been a careful student of the rise and progress of the Zulu kingdom, and that the historical facts are briefly these.

The founder of the Zulu kingdom was a

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bloodthirsty and ambitious savage, named Chaka, who, hearing in 1813 from some shipwrecked English sailors of Napoleon the First, formed the insane design of rivaling the great Corsican conqueror. He had then just succeeded to the chieftainship of a petty tribe dwelling on the sea coast near the Tugela River, and as he subdued tribe after tribe, they were compelled to take the name of Zulu, which means in their language "heaven." That Chaka was a most remarkable savage, and had a great talent for war, is undoubted, since he invented what may be termed the Zulu Phalanx, and that peculiar method of fighting which proved so fatal to the British at Isandula. He saw with true Napoleonic instinct, that, owing to the scarcity of cover in Zululand, it was better to fight in the open ground in heavy masses. Some of these were forty deep. The attack commences at rifle range. The centre, then, is trained to give way as though in rapid retreat, the wings making off to the right and left. The enemy then naturally pushes off in pursuit. At a given signal the Zulus halt, and, wheeling, rush upon the foe with frightful yells, protecting themselves with their shields, and dealing death with their short assegais. Every soldier carries three or four throwing-assegais, but his chief reliance is the short, heavy-bladed assegais for close quarters. The officers march in the rear, and communicate their orders by swift runners trained for that purpose. In battle, the general with his staff seeks some rising ground, and keeps one of the oldest regiments as a reserve, as was the custom with Napoleon.

From 1813 to 1828 Chaka carried out his terrible policy, devastating adjacent countries, and forcing the inhabitants to acknowledge his rule. A more cruel monster never reigned even in Dahomey. His ferocity proved his ruin, for, hearing that his troops had suffered a defeat, he ordered the execution of two thousand of their wives, among whom were the wives of his two brothers, Dingana and Umlangano. These conspiring against him caused him to be murdered while he slept, on September 23d, 1828, in the fifteenth year of his reign. These two brothers then fought a duel to settle the succession, and Dingana having slain his rival, became King of the Zulus.

Dingana reigned from 1828 to 1840. He abandoned his brother Chaka's ambitious plan of conquering and annexing, but in violence and treachery he almost rivaled him. Inviting some seventy Dutch Boers to a banquet to talk over some disputed question, he ordered them to be massacred, and suddenly marching upon their settlement near Natal, murdered nearly seven hundred women, children and old men. The Dutch Boers made war upon this monster, and being joined by the tyrant's brother, Panda, with about 4,000 of the best Zulu troops, Dingana was defeated and put to death, Panda becoming king in his stead. Panda reigned thirty-two years, maintaining a peaceful policy, dying of old age in 1872, when he was succeeded by his son Cetawayo, who partakes more of his uncle's bloodthirstiness.

The Chaka family in some degree resembles that of Napoleon, whom the Zulu chief so longed to imitate, and the death of the Prince Imperial seems to give an interest to the resemblance.

EVENTS ABROAD.

IN England, the House of Lords having read the Irish University Bill the third time, it now descends to the House of Commons, where the Home Rulers will hold a Donnybrook Fair in its honor. It will be strange, indeed, if heads are not smashed over its clauses, as the Protestant Irish representatives will support it tooth and nail, while the Catholics will work every lever within Parliamentry usage to defeat it. The Bill relating to elections and corrupt practices at elections will not be considered this session. In the French Chamber, the Jesuit clauses in M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill are under fire, and we may expect volcanic eruptions that will dwarf even those of the red-hot Mount Etna.

The clause in poor "Lulu's" will in which he so gracefully thanks England for the shelter she afforded him, has caused a heart-throb all over the length and breadth of the land, and the movement to commemorate his life is assuming immense proportions. It is proposed not only that there shall be a statue in Westminster Abbey, but that some other memorial shall be built with the proceeds of the army subscription, whilst a charitable institution is also to be founded "in memoriam." The contributions of the British army will reach nearly $250,000, the battery to which he was attached while at Woolwich subscribing $5,000. Cardinal Manning preached the funeral sermon at Chiselhurst on Sunday, in the presence of the Imperial family, saving that fat sensualist of sixty, whose refusal to visit the sorrow-stricken Empress has caused the feeling of indifference towards him to change to aversion and contempt. He is the dog-in-the-manger representative of the Napoleon dynasty.

Russia has other troubles besides Nihilism. In one district cholera has made its appearance, while in another diphtheria is still committing terrible ravages, obliging the authorities to direct a universal fumigation of the dwellings and clothing of the peasantry. This epidemic is said to have raged more or less violently for a period of seven years, and to have "carried to the grave, in some districts, almost all of the rising generation." The protracted prevalence of this disease is no doubt largely due to the habits of the people and their habitual disregard of plain hygienic and sanitary laws.

In anticipation of possible dissensions among the Bonapartists, the members of the Orleans family in France are trying to arrive at an understanding as to the policy they shall pursue in order to most effectually advance their prospects. They are likely to have their labor for their pains, it scarcely being among the possibilities that any member of the Orleans family shall ever again rule in the country from which they were once banished, and to which they were permitted to return only by an act of popular complaisance.

In Central Asia the English rifle is doing deadly mischief, simply from the fact that it is English. The St. Petersburg *Gazette* repeats in circumstantial form the accusation which has been lately current in the Russian press that the Turcomans opposing General Lavaroff's expedition from the east shore of the Caspian Sea are armed with English rifles, received by the way of Herat from the British reserve supplies in Afghanistan, and the *Gazette* tauntingly asks in what light the English Government regards the traffic?

Centennials may retire for a thousand years or more, and enthusiastic committee-men hide their diminished heads before the celebration of the eighteenth Centennial of the destruction of Pompeii, to be held on the 25th of September next. A visit will be made to the principal monuments, and a special monster excavation will be "personally conducted," not by Mr. Cook, but by a noted Italian archæologist. One can fancy with what delight Mr. Alma Tadema will make sketches, and Mr. Di Cesnola grub amongst the ruins where Pliny set his sandaled feet. What if Vesuvius, alive to the importance of the thing, were to indulge in an eruption? We are in a realistic age.

Roumania is courting destruction by her persistent refusal to recognize the rights of the Jews. We are no longer in the Middle Ages, when to torture a Hebrew meant so many shekels of gold, and the extraction of a Jew's tooth yielded a fortune. Austria, Russia and Turkey will not stand by with folded arms and see Roumania stand defiantly in the path of progress. Of course any coercion put upon this bellicose little State would lead to the renewed complication of Eastern affairs, and Roumania relies upon this. In the meantime public opinion should be strong enough to right the Jews, especially if convoyed by the lips of Benjamin Disraeli.

A circular from Rome addressed to bishops throughout the Catholic world calls upon them to promote a monster clerical pilgrimage to the Holy City for the next feast of the Epiphany. Turkey shows some signs of making concessions to Greece. M. de Lesseps now says that he expects to see the Darian Canal completed in five or six years. De Lesseps, by the way, has been appointed, with a number of engineers and Government officials, on a Commission to examine the project for uniting Algeria and Senegal to the Soudan, a province of Egypt, by railway. A Senatorial committee has also pronounced in favor of France taking an active part in opening up Central Africa. The petty little quarrel between Columbia and Brazil is about to be settled by arbitration. A diplomatic agent will be appointed to the court of Rio de Janeiro, and to this personage will fall the duty of causing the disputants to shake hands. The reports from Zululand indicate a probably early termination of the war, Cetewayo having made peace proposals. Sir Garnet Wolseley has assumed command of the British forces.

THE Attorney-General of New York decides that the new six per cent. interest law will not be operative until the first day of January next, and that the same penalties against usury will remain hereafter as now exist.

REPORTS made to the Treasury Department represent that as fine cod-fishing banks as exist anywhere in the world lie along the coast of Alaska, and that the fish, in quality and size, are equal to those caught off the Banks of Newfoundland. One report says that "the whole coast of Alaska, from Portland Canal in the south to the Polar Ocean in the north, embracing, including the islands, 26,000 miles of sea frontage, is one grand reservoir of fish, sufficient to employ thousands of men in supplying the demand constantly growing, and soon to increase immensely by the peopling of Washington Territory, Oregon and California, and the embryo States now upbuilding all along the great continental highway from the West to the East, as well as the Sandwich Islands, China and Japan." If these reports are true, and there seems to be no reason to dispute them, there is certainly ample room for American enterprise in our own waters, without purchasing fishing privileges from Russia, as a cable dispatch intimates we are seeking to do.

ACCORDING to official statistics the reduction in the interest-bearing debt from the highest point, August 31st, 1865, to July 1st of this year, amounted to $583,886,594, and the reduction in the annual interest charge when the present funding operations are completed (August 1st), will be $67,203,919. The total debt has been reduced $729,224,315, and the reduction under the present Administration is $61,573,886.

AMONG other indications of the improving condition of affairs among the industrial classes, we may mention the fact that the business of savings banks in this and other States during the past six months has been unusually prosperous. In this State many of the banks show a considerable increase of deposits, and generally throughout the country it is believed that the savings of the working classes have been greater than for some years past.

TWO members of the Cabinet—Secretary Sherman and Postmaster-General Key—are spending a brief vacation in New England. The latter gentleman moves about very quietly, being apparently intent on getting as much enjoyment as possible out of his play-spell, and keeping wholly clear of politics and politicians. Mr. Sherman, however, seems to have a steady eye on the main chance, and will, perhaps, lose no fair opportunity to promote his personal ambition.

IT is wonderfully entertaining to read that, with the thermometer among the nineties, the American Philological Association listened, during its meeting at Newport last week, to the reading of papers on such lively subjects as the "Critical and Rhetorical Labors of Dionysius, of Halicarnassus," "Ideological Etymology," etc. We can conceive of nothing more refreshing in this torrid weather than this philological exercise, unless it be idling under the lee of an iceberg, or perusing, in the original, Dionysius's twenty books on "Roman Antiquities."

A JURY composed entirely of negroes was recently empaneled in Virginia for the trial of another negro who had murdered his grandmother. The evidence was conclusive, but the jury, following the example of many white juries in disregarding the testimony before them, returned a verdict of guilty of murder only in the second degree, and fixed the penalty at eighteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary. A jury of New York professionals, with all their knowledge of the niceties of criminal law, could not have done better than this.

COMPLETE returns to the Treasury show that the receipts for the last fiscal year were $274,034,916. Estimating the population of the country at 46,000,000, it appears that the General Government in effect levies within a few cents of $6 upon every man, woman and child in the land, or about $40 to each family. Deducting the "poor whites" and negroes in the South who consume little that is taxed and nothing that is imported, and it is probably safe to say that the burden which is laid upon the average well-to-do people of the country, amounts, especially in the wealthier States, to fully $8 per capita.

FIVE thousand and twenty houses in this city, visited week before last by the inspectors of the Board of Health, were found to be inhabited by 25,634 families. Many of the tenements are mere nests of fever and other diseases, and if contagious sickness should break out among them, a carnival of death would inevitably follow. The inspectors report that in many neighborhoods sanitary supervision can accomplish but little until the present buildings are removed and replaced by structures more in accordance with the requirements of public health. How long must the owners of these places be permitted to profit at the expense of the public safety?

THE yellow fever scare in Memphis has stimulated the authorities of Mississippi Valley towns and cities to the performance of a neglected duty, namely, the adoption of thorough precautions against the introduction and spread of disease. The National Board of Health is also employing all the authority at its command to secure a careful sanitary inspection of all places likely to be visited by the fever. The Board is of opinion that the disease is due to a specific, particular cause, which is capable of growth and reproduction, transportable, and may be destroyed by exposure to temperatures above 240 degrees Fahrenheit, or by chemical disinfectants of sufficient strength, if brought into immediate contact. The cases of yellow fever recently observed are considered as due to causes surviving from last year's epidemic, and not to recent importation from other countries. It follows that there is a liability to the appearance of other cases in places visited by the epidemic of last year, and that there is danger of the spread of the disease to the North and East if proper sanitary precautions shall be neglected. If the recent scare shall result in the adoption generally of such precautions, it will not have been altogether mischievous.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE crops in Virginia and Georgia are suffering greatly from drought.

THE Wisconsin Greenbackers have nominated Colonel May for Governor.

A FIRE at the Brevoort Colliery, near Pottsville, Pa., July 15th, caused a loss of $250,000.

SIX cadets of the Military Academy, West Point, have been dismissed for hazing.

HANLAN, the victorious Canadian oarsman, had a great popular welcome at Toronto, July 15th.

PITT'S Agricultural Works in Buffalo, N. Y., was destroyed by fire July 16th, involving a loss of $75,000.

A NEW JERSEY Sunday-school Assembly, attended by some 5,000 persons, was held at Ocean Grove last week.

THE convicted Mormon Elder, George Reynolds, has been transferred from the Nebraska Penitentiary to a prison near Salt Lake City.

THE New Hampshire House by a very large majority has indefinitely postponed the Bill for the abolition of capital punishment.

THE Duke of Argyll and his party, after a visit of two or three days in this city, during which they visited many points of interest, sailed for England July 16th.

PRESIDENT HAYES will spend nearly all of September at his home in Ohio, being compelled to quit the White House by the fear of malaria from the neighboring lowlands.

THE Boston Aldermen have authorized the Mayor to extend official courtesies to any members of the President's Cabinet who may visit the city during the present month.

THE Pennsylvania Democrats have nominated Mr. D. G. Barr for State Treasurer. The Greenbackers have nominated Mr. Peter Sutton, a wealthy farmer, for the same office.

THE Iowa Prohibitionists have nominated a ticket for State officers, headed by Professor G. T. Carpenter for Governor, who positively declines to accept his nomination.

THE new Bureau of Surveys has been fully organized, and intends to devote a year or two of special though not exclusive attention to the mineral lands of the United States.

THE Assembly Railroad Committee, which has been engaged in this city for some weeks in inquiring into railroad management, has adjourned to meet in Saratoga during the third week in August.

THE Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has executed a mortgage for $6,000,000 to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York as trustees. The money will be used to extend the company's lines.

MR. CHRISTIAN ANDREW ZABRISKIE, one of the millionaires of the famous New York and New Jersey family of that name, was killed by an express train, July 14th, on the New Haven road, at Central Morrisania.

THE Lake George regatta closed on July 18th with a four oared contest between crews from Columbia, Wesleyan and Cornell Colleges, which was won by the former in 8 minutes 26 seconds, considered the best time in slack water on record.

CHARTINE COX was found guilty July 17th, in the Court of General Sessions in this city, of murder in the first degree in the Hall case, and sentenced to be hanged on the 29th of August. On the 19th a writ of error and a stay of proceedings were granted on application of his counsel, the writ being returnable October 6th.

THE steamer *State of Virginia*, which left New York for Glasgow on July 10th, ran aground on a sand-bank on the south side of Sable Island, two hundred miles from Halifax, in a dense fog, on the night of the 12th. All her passengers were landed safely except four women and five children, who were lost by the capsizing of a boat near shore. It is feared that the vessel will become a total wreck. Some of the cattle on board were saved.

FIVE new cases of yellow fever were reported in Memphis, July 17th, they being all in one house. The announcement created fresh alarm, and many people left the city. On the 18th, five other cases were reported and one death took place, making up to that date sixteen cases and seven deaths. On the 19th there were seven new cases and two deaths, and on the 20th ten cases and four deaths. These cases are said to dispel the sporadic theory. The inhabitants are leaving as fast as possible, the poor being sent away by the city authorities.

Foreign.

CHINA is said to be preparing for war with Russia.

THE deficit in the German Budget for 1878–79 is 6,297,821 marks.

THE Canadian four per cent. loan has been fully subscribed in London.

GENERAL GRANT reached Nagasaki, Japan, June 21st. He was welcomed as the guest of the nation.

ALARM is manifested in Germany at the schemes which are on foot to establish biennial sessions and secure appropriations for two years.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted urgency for the Bill excluding the religious element from the Superior Council of Education.

THE Empress Eugénie has issued an address, in which she publicly thanks the English people for their sympathy at the death of the Prince Imperial.

A PARIS paper announces that the Minister of the Interior will dismiss all the officials of his department who attended the Prince Imperial's funeral.

THE Turkish authorities having (July 13th) released some officers of the United States ship Quinnebaug, the Turkish naval commander was compelled to formally apologize.

THE laws which empower the French Government to expel Jesuits from France have never been repealed, and it is believed that the Government will enforce them.

A DISPATCH from Callao says the Peruvian authorities there have forcibly removed the Chilian Envoy from on board of a British mail steamer, notwithstanding the protest of the captain.

MR. TENNANT, a Liberal, has been elected to the House of Commons from Glasgow without opposition in the place of Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, a Conservative, recently deceased.

IN accordance with a law passed by the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the Council of State, the last stronghold of the Reactionaries, has been remodeled by the appointment of twenty new members.

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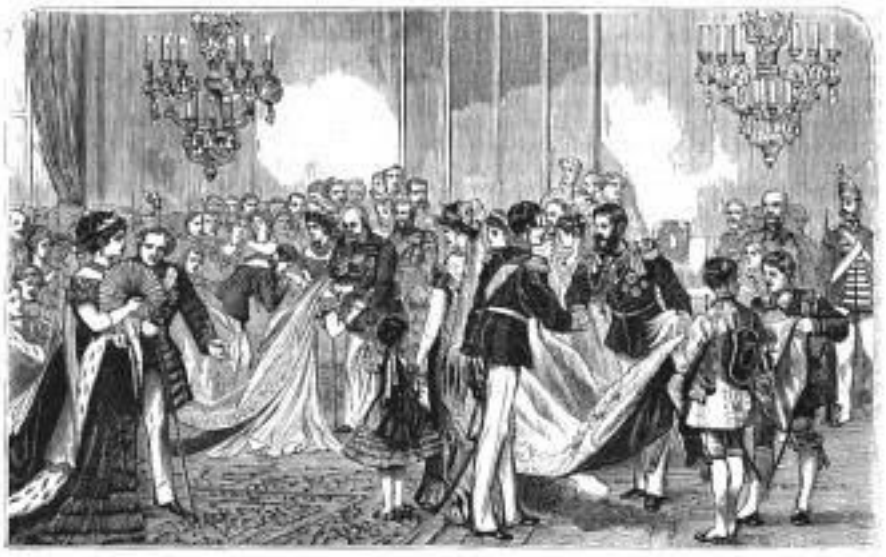
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 363.



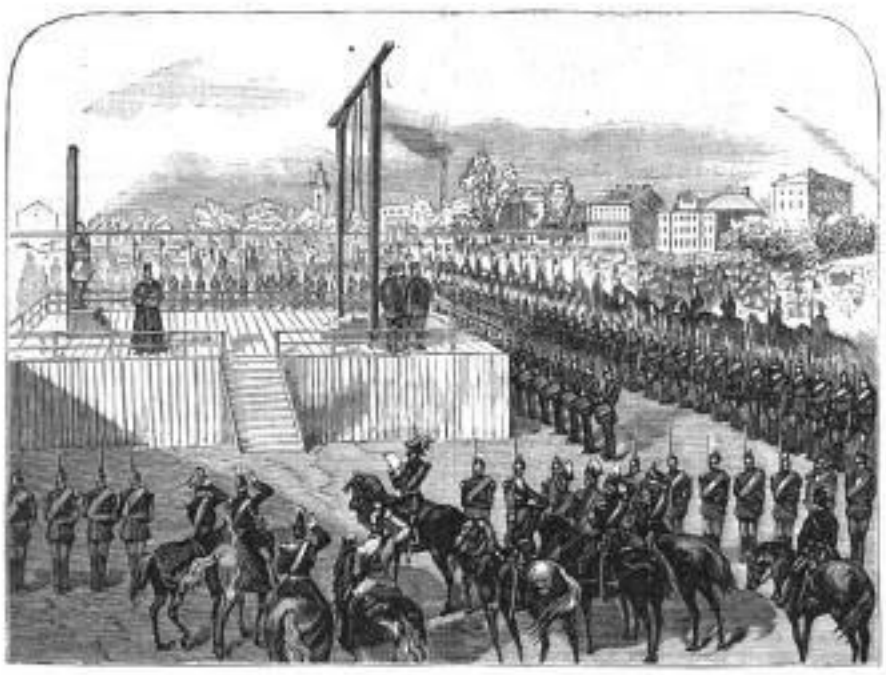
ENGLAND.—THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—A SKETCH AT THE LODGE GATE, CHISELHURST.



GERMANY.—THE GOLDEN WEDDING.—THE DRIVE FROM THE CHURCH TO THE CASTLE, BERLIN.



GERMANY.—THE GOLDEN WEDDING.—RECEPTION IN THE WHITE SALOON OF THE CASTLE, BERLIN.



RUSSIA.—EXECUTION OF SOLOVIEFF ON THE PARADE-GROUND, ST. PETERSBURG.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE AMEER SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE AT GUNDAMUK.

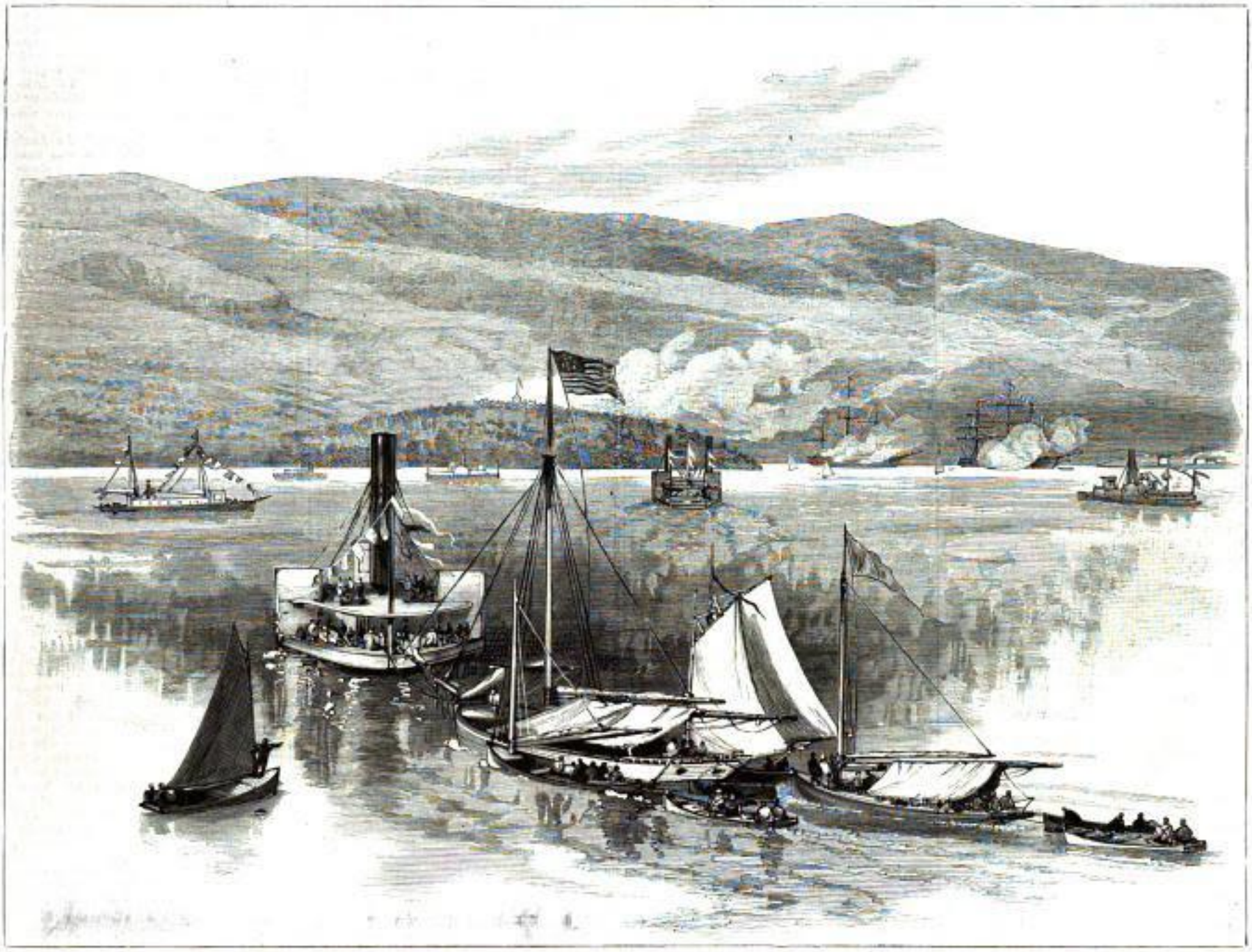


AFRICA.—INAUGURATION OF THE EAST ALGERIAN RAILWAY AT TALEBOMA.

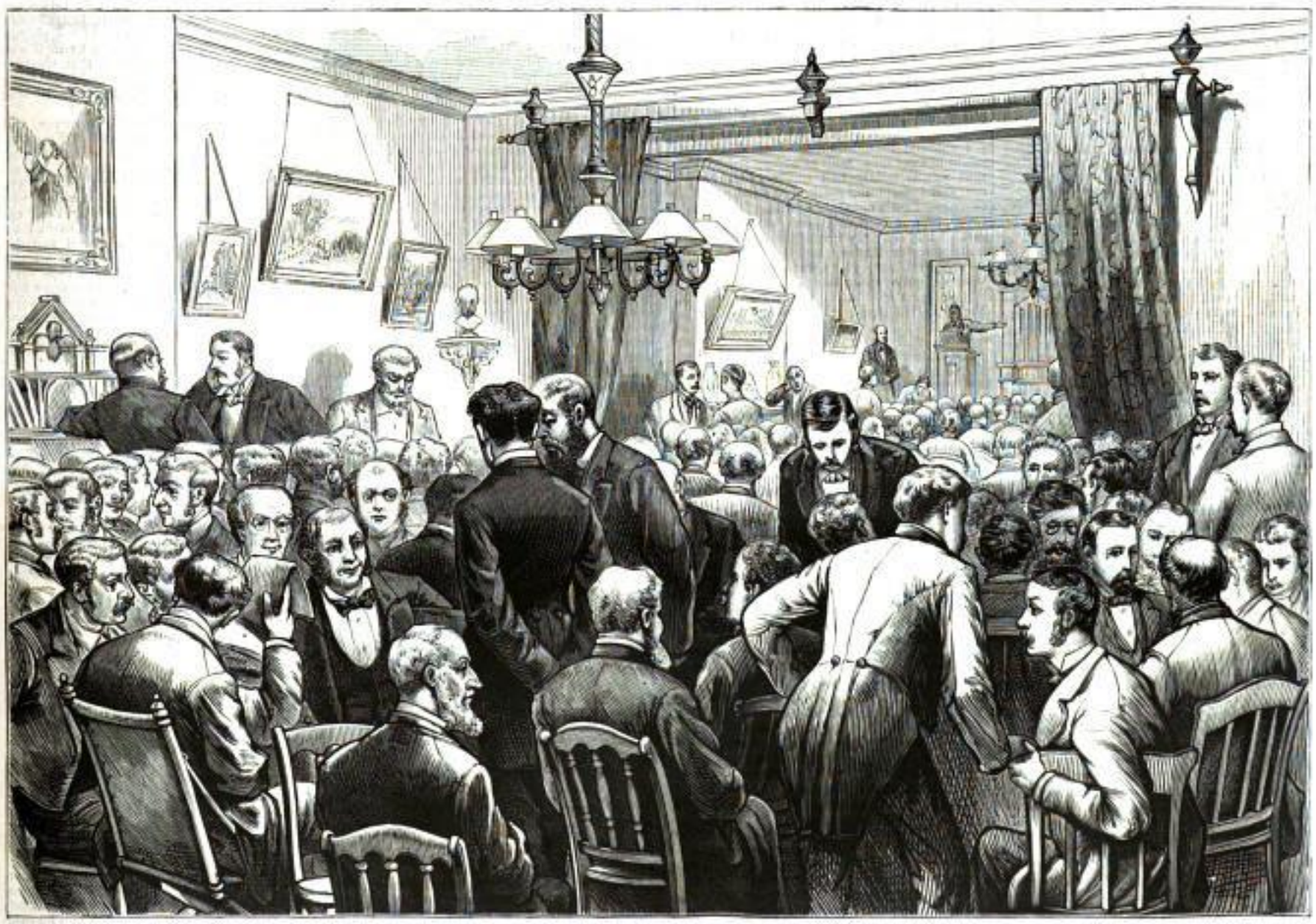


AFRICA.—CAPTURE OF THE HILL AND VILLAGE OF TOUBA, ALGERIA, BY THE FRENCH TIRAILLEURS.

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NEW YORK.—CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE STORMING OF STONY POINT—A VIEW OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE BLUFF, LOOKING UP THE RIVER—THE MEN-OF-WAR "SARATOGA" AND "MINNESOTA" FIRING A SALUTE.—SEE PAGE 363.



CALIFORNIA.—MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, DISCUSSING THE PROVISIONS OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION.—SEE PAGE 363.

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A CAST OF THE NET.

THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

ANY one who feels the slightest curiosity as to the date of my story can tell pretty nearly when its events occurred, by various incidents mentioned in it, and which the public know quite as much about as I do; but I do not feel inclined, for certain reasons of my own, to identify the precise date or to name the exact spot at which I was employed in the business.

It was a case for the police—for the detective police—and I was the detective employed. Now you must understand that I was not at this time regarded as a regular detective; I was a sergeant in what we call the "A" Division, and I did ordinary duty; but though I was not yet on the regular detective staff, somehow or another I was very often taken from my usual work and put on all sorts of jobs, sometimes fifty or a hundred miles in the country; and I was once paid a very high compliment by the chief magistrate—of course I mean at Bow Street. He said: "Nickham, you're not a regular detective, are you?"

"No, your worship," I said; "I am not."

"Well, Nickham, you're worth a dozen of them; and I have made a special note of your conduct, and shall send it on to the Commissioner.

The Commissioner was old Sir Richard Mayne then. And that's how I got to be a sergeant; but it was only because I was lucky in two or three cases which the chief magistrate happened to notice.

Well, I was one night at the section-house, for I wasn't on duty, and I was sitting in the large room by myself; for it was a fine evening, and none of the men cared much about chess or draughts or things of that kind. I was reading the paper by myself, when the door opened and one of our people looked in. It was Inspector Maffery, and I was very much surprised to see him there, as our place was quite out of his district. Seeing I was by myself, he said, "Oh!" in a tone which showed he was pleased at it, and, turning to some one outside, he said: "Come in, sir; the party is here by himself." With this a tall, stout, gray-whiskered gentleman came in.

Inspector Maffery closed the door after him, and not only did that, but shot the bolt, and then coming to me at the table, says: "Nickham, this is Mr. Byrle, the celebrated engineer that you have heard of."

Of course I had heard of him; in fact I once had a cousin who worked in his factory. So I bowed and made a civil remark.

Then Inspector Maffery went on to say: "This, Mr. Byrle, is Sergeant Nickham, one of our most active men, as I have told you, and who, I think, is just the man for you. This place is very safe; and as I have bolted the door, and the men below know I am here, there will be no interruption; and you can say anything you wish to Nickham as well here as anywhere."

So they sat down; and with a very polite speech, for he was really a gentleman, Mr Byrle told me what he wanted.

He made a long story of it; I shall not; but the public have really no idea of putting facts well together, and presenting them without any excrescences, if I may say so. However, I listened patiently, and found out what was required. It seemed that his factory had been robbed on several nights, in spite of an extra watchman being put on; and only the completely finished and most expensive engine-fittings were taken, showing that the thief, whoever he was, knew what things to take, where to find them, and where to dispose of them. The robberies were mortifying, because they proved, as all such things do, that the firm were employing a thief, and trusting some one who was deceiving them. The loss of these fittings often delayed other work seriously; and, above all, it was considered that it demoralized all the factory (where the best part of a thousand hands were employed), by showing that the firm *could* be robbed with impunity. So, although it was scarcely the sort of business which a first-rate man was required to work, yet I listened very patiently, and asked such questions as occurred to me. For a civilian, Mr. Byrle seemed pretty sharp at catching my drift; while, as an old hand and knowing what was best with the public, Inspector Maffery sat without saying a word, or one now and again at the most, leaving Mr. Byrle to settle things for himself. I then roughly sketched out a scheme, which in a few words I laid before the gentleman.

"I understand your plan entirely, Mr. Nickham," said the old gentleman; "and the sooner you begin the better, for I feel we shall be successful. Mr. Maffery assures me you can be relieved from your duty here at any time; so I trust there will be no delay. I have said money is not to stop you, and you will take this on account of expenses—when exhausted, let me know." With that he handed me a bank-note, and I thanked him, and, of course, promised to do my best.

Then Inspector Maffery said: "I will see to all the essentials, Nickham, so make your preparations as soon as you can."

Now I liked Maffery very well, and he was certainly one of our best inspectors; but all this civility, taking trouble off my hands and so forth, merely told me that Mr. Byrle was a most liberal party, and that Maffery believed he had got hold of a good thing. Mr. Byrle shook hands with me, and they went away together, leaving me to think over the business.

I must confess I was a little disappointed—although I could see I was likely to be well paid for my work—in being set at such a very commonplace job as this. After I had traced Lady Brightley's jewels, I thought I should have been selected for the most important work; and when Inspector Maffery brought Mr. Byrle in, I really hoped it was about the great Bank-paper robbery.

The reader is quite aware, I have no doubt, that Bank of England notes are printed on paper specially made for the purpose, and that no other paper has three rough edges, the only clean-cut edge being where the two notes have been separated—and this is one of the great tests of a genuine note. It will be recollected, too, how a great quantity of this paper was stolen from the mill at Alverstoke, and the Bank was in a terrible state about it, because as for engraving and all that handicraft sort of work—why, bless me! there's men by the dozen in England and on the Continent, too—*I* know some of them—who could print off a note with all the little touches on which the examiners rely as perfectly imitated as if they had worked for the Bank for years. So when the gang got hold of the genuine paper, it was a serious matter. They took the principal thief, however, and got the paper back. A desperate service it was, too, as I——, the chief man in the affair, was one of the most resolute and desperate roughs in London; and the officers that took him ran great risk, and deserved great praise.

Of course, the public rejoicing was very great, because nobody had known when the bad notes might come into circulation; but we knew, some of us, that it was all a sham, that a lot of the paper was still missing, and that if the right man got hold of it there would soon be thousands of forged notes—all fives, probably—flying about. It was pretended that all the paper was got back, or that the Bank people thought so, on purpose to make the holders of the remainder think that the hunt was given up; but it was no such thing. Two or three of the best men in the force were to continue the search, and I had hoped I should be selected; but I was told I would not do, because I could not speak any foreign language, and it was thought the men might have to go abroad after the paper. For all that, when I saw Inspector Maffery come in with Mr. Byrle, I thought, as I just said, that I was to be chosen. However, I had found out my mistake, and I was thinking over my instructions when the door opened again. I did not look up at first, supposing it was one of our men; but a cough attracting my attention, I turned round. I saw a slight-built, rather under-sized young fellow, with something of a foreign cut about him, very good-looking, though, and a most uncommonly piercing eye, and he at once said: "I am Mr. Byrle's clerk, and have been waiting for him, and he wishes to know where he is to see you?"

"To see me?" I said. "Why—does he want to see me?"

"I think what Mr. Byrle means is, that in case he wants to speak to you, where shall he find you?" replied the young fellow. "You see I don't know much of the business myself; I only know he has engaged you as a detective."

"And that's more than you ought to have known," I said; "however, Mr. Byrle knows his own business best. Tell him that of course he can always hear of me under the name agreed upon, at the Yarmouth Smack, where I shall lodge."

"Under what name, did you say?" asks the clerk.

"I didn't say any name, and I don't mean to say any name," was my answer. "If Mr. Byrle wants any more information, he had better write."

"Oh, very well," says he, quite short and sharp, for I supposed he did not like my manner, and away he goes.

I sat and thought, or tried to think, but I could not get on so well as before; the visit of that young fellow had unaccountably upset me, and I could not settle down again. Then in came first one, then another, then two or three, of our men, and so I got up and went out. I had scarcely turned the corner when I met Inspector Maffery, and it was pretty easy to see by his rosy cheeks and unsteady eye what *he* had been up to.

"Off for a meditative stroll, I suppose, Mr. Nickham," he says. "You are the boy for my money."

"I'm glad to hear it, inspector," I said. "But I don't think much of Mr. Byrle's clerk, nor of Mr. Byrle himself for his judgment in sending him to me."

"Mr. Byrle's clerk!" he says; and then repeats it: "Mr. Byrle's clerk!"

"Ah!" I said. "Mr. Byrle's clerk. He came with a message from Mr. Byrle to know where he should meet me if he wanted to see me. I had already settled with him how I would call at his manager's private house with my report, whenever I had anything to say; and he ought to have been satisfied with that."

"You are making some mistake here, Sergeant Nickham," says Inspector Maffery. "Mr. Byrle had no clerk with him; and, moreover than that, I've been with him myself till the last five minutes; till he got into the train, in fact, and can swear he never spoke to anybody but myself from the time I left you."

"Then there's a screw loose!" I said; "there's a something wrong here, inspector, and we have got to deal with uncommonly deep files. They have scored the first notch in the game, that's clear, but perhaps we can turn the tables on them all the better for it."

"If there's a man in the force as can do it, Sergeant Nickham, you are that man," says Inspector Maffery. "I'll trust it to you; for my head just now isn't up to the polishing-off of such a business. But do what you like."

"Can I have Peter Tilley for a week, inspector?" I said.

"Have half-a-dozen for a month, if you like," he answered. "Mr. Byrle is that much in earnest, Sergeant Nickham, and he is that rich and liberal, that he would buy up half a division rather than be beaten. So pick who you like, and keep them as long as you like. I will see you all right."

"Very good, inspector," I said. "Then I will have Peter to-morrow; and don't make any report of this little adventure, not even to Mr. Byrle. I think I see the little game, and I will try to spoil it."

If I had had any doubt as to the inspector having had quite enough brandy-and-water with Mr. Byrle (it was sure to be brandy-and-water, for Inspector Maffery never touched anything else; he said it was ordered for his liver)—I say if I had felt any doubt before, I should have had none after the way he wrung my hand and said: "If there's a man on the force as can do credit to the force and bring 'em through in triumph, that man is Sergeant Nickham." And so, with another squeeze of my hand, he walked away with a step so excessively solemn and stately, that it was only a little better—a very little—than staggering across the pavement, in the way of telling what was the matter with him; but Inspector Maffery was not a bad fellow, and never carried favor with those above him by worrying and spying on those below him, and so we liked the old boy.

Now this was a very awkward incident—I mean, of course, about the clerk—and showed me that my work had already begun, and was likely to be a little more intricate than I had expected. How the stranger came to know so much as he evidently did, I did not trouble myself just then to consider; he *did* know it; that was the fact I was concerned with. Why it was worth his while to take so much trouble about a small affair, I did not much care either, though this was more important, as it was evident some one had employed him, for I would swear he was no smith or fitter; and so it was clear there was a good many in the swim. I don't mean to use any slang if I can help it, but "swim" is a regular word, you know, and we can't do without it.

My mind was at once made up; I was always very quick in making up my mind, and prided myself upon it. I am bound to admit I often got wrong through it, but perhaps no oftener than people who were slower; and I took care to make a good deal of the times when I was right, and so that covered everything. Now, Peter Tilley, the officer I had asked for, was a man as much about my size and build and color of hair and eyes, as if he had been my twin-brother; and indeed he was not much unlike me in his features. Any one who knew us would not mistake us for each other, but a casual acquaintance might do so. I was wearing then rather extensive mustaches and whiskers; they gave me quite a military cut; and they were not common in the force then, though any man wears them now that chooses. I at once determined to shave them off—for I never allowed personal considerations to interfere with business—and make Tilley wear a set of false articles as much like my own as possible; and this I knew would immensely increase his resemblance to me as I appeared that day, while I should, of course, look very unlike myself. Then I would send Tilley to the Yarmouth Smack—which was a public-house at which, under some disguise, I had agreed to lodge while on my search—and he could keep his eyes open for anything going on; but he was not to trouble himself much. It was uncommonly likely, I thought, that the spies—for I didn't doubt there was more than one—would make sure that Smith or Brown or Jones, or whatever Tilley called himself, the lodger at the Yarmouth Smack, was Sergeant Nickham, and so, as long as they kept him in sight, they had the trump-card, if I may be bold enough to say so, in their hands. And if I had not met Inspector Maffery when I did, when the clerk's visit was fresh upon me, and I was rather out of temper about it, I should probably never have thought of mentioning the matter, and the detective work would have begun on the wrong side.

Byrle & Co.'s factory was close to the Thames, and had a wharf in connection with it, and one waterside public-house would do as well for me as another. In fact, as the receiver was as likely to live on the opposite bank as on their own, I might actually gain by living at some place with the river between me and the factory, for a boat could easier cross the river in the dark than a cart could drive through the narrow streets and lanes without being noticed.

I told Tilley as much of my plan as was necessary; he was delighted to help me, for he fancied I was a rising man, and it was something of an honor to work with me. He was willing enough to wear the mustache, too; indeed, this was such a common and natural sort of disguise, that it was adopted quite as a matter of course. I did *not* tell him that I wished him to be mistaken for me; I took care to choose the mustache and whiskers; but it never occurred to him why that particular style was chosen; nor did I tell him, or Inspector Maffery or Mr. Byrle, that I was going to shave. There's nothing like keeping your own counsel in these cases; and I resolved that if I had occasion to report anything to the inspector (for he was supposed to have the case in hand), I would actually wear a false mustache myself; but it was specially arranged that I should not go near any of the authorities until I thought it desirable, for Mr. Byrle was of the opinion that if the least suspicion got afloat with regard to myself, the men who were robbing him were quite fly to watching where I went. (I am afraid I have dropped into slang again; to be "fly" to a thing, means that you are up to it, or down to it, as some prefer to say.) Well, this was Mr. Byrle's opinion, and, I am bound to say, after the visit of the sham clerk, it was mine, too.

CHAPTER II.

BY ten o'clock on the following morning I had sketched out my plan, and, more than that, I was down at the water-side and looking after a lodging, for I never let the grass grow under my feet.

I was not likely to be very particular about my lodgings in one sense, though in another I was more particular than any lodger that ever came into the neighborhood; and after a little trouble I pitched upon a public-house again, chiefly because my going in and out would attract less attention there than at a private house; so I secured a small second floor back room at the Anchor and Five Mermaids, or the Anchor, as it was generally called, for shortness.

The great recommendation of the Anchor and Five Mermaids was that it was nearly opposite to Byrle & Co.'s engineering shops, a ferry existing between the two places; this ferry was reached by a narrow, dirty lane, which ran by the side of the Anchor, and I could see that numbers of the workmen came across at dinner-time. The Anchor stood at the corner, one front looking on the lane, the other upon the river; and once upon a time there had been, not exactly a tea-garden, but arbors or "boxes" in front of the house, where the customers used to sit and watch the shipping; but this was all past now, and only the miserable remains of the arbors were there; and it was as dull and cheerless a place as the tavern to which Quilp took Sampson and Sally Brass in the "Old Curiosity Shop," of which indeed it reminded me every time I looked at it.

I always had a readiness for scraping acquaintances; in fact, it is not much use of your being a detective if you can't do this. If you can't be jonnick with the biggest stranger or lowest rough, you are no use on that lay. I really must avoid slang terms; but "jonnick" means hearty and jovial; on a "lay" means being up to some game or business. Before the first dinner-time had passed, I had got quite friendly with two or three of Byrle's hands who came into the Anchor to have their beer; and I learned some particulars about the firm, and then about the gatekeeper, that helped me in my ideas.

Directly after they had all gone back, I went over, too, and the dinner-traffic having ceased, I was the only passenger. The ferryman did not like taking me alone, but he was bound to do it; and he looked as sulky as if he was going to be flogged at a cart's tail. He was a tall, bony-headed fellow, between fifty and sixty, I should say; and I noticed him particularly because of an uncommonly ugly squint in his left eye. In accordance with my plan, I began talking cheerfully to him while he was pushing off from the shore; but he didn't answer me beyond a growl. Then I offered him some splendid chewing tobacco, which a "friend just over from America had given me." Really and truly I had bought it within a quarter of a mile of the Anchor and Five Mermaids, but he wasn't to know that. *I* can't chew; I hate the idea; but I put a piece of the tobacco in my mouth, knowing how fond these waterside men are of the practice, and how friendly they get with one of the same tastes. To my surprise, he would not have it, and I was glad to pitch my plug into the river when he turned his head away. But, confound these cock-eyed men! there is never any knowing where to have them. He had not turned far enough, I suppose, or I didn't make proper allowances for his squint, for as I threw my plug away with a shudder—it had already turned me almost sick—I caught his plaguy cross-eye staring full at me. I knew it was by the expression on his face; that was my only guide, for an astronomer could not have told by his eye in which direction he was looking.

The ferryman pulled well, however, and just as we got athwart the bows of a short, thick-looking craft—it is of no use my trying to say what kind of a craft she was—I can't tell one from another—a voice hailed us. "Ay, ay," says the boatman, lifting his sculls; "do you want to go ashore, captain?" "Yes," returned a voice, and I looked up and saw a man leaning over the side of the vessel, and the boatman sending his wherry close under the ship, the stranger slid down by the rope very cleverly and got in. Though the boatman had called him "captain," and though he was very clever with the rope, he didn't look altogether like a regular sailor; he was a dark, full-faced man, with black eyes, a dark mustache, and curly, greasy-looking hair.

The stranger said a few words in a very low tone to the boatman, evidently to prevent my overhearing, and then nothing passed until we landed. The sulky ferryman took his fee without a word, and then I went straight to the wicker-gate of Byrle's factory, where, of course, I found the gatekeeper. I stated that I was in want of employment, and heard that they were taking on laborers, and had applied for a job.

"No; I don't know as we want any more hands," said the man, who was sitting down in a little sentry-box; "and we have had plenty of people here; besides, you're lame, ain't you?"

"A little," I said, limping as I moved; "not very bad, a kick from a horse some years ago."

"Ah, you won't do for us, then," he said; "but I'm sorry for you. *I'm* lame too, from a kick of a horse. I can't stand without my stick," here he rose up to let me see him; "but you see I was hurt in the service, and the firm have provided for me. I'm very sorry for you, for it's hard to be slighted because you are a cripple. Here is sixpence, old fellow, to get half a pint with, and I wish I could make it more."

I took the sixpence, and thanked him for his kindness; he deserved my thanks, because he wasn't getting more than a pound a week, and had four or five little children. I found this out afterwards.

I was satisfied at having made a friend who might prove useful, but I had one or two more questions to ask him, and was thinking how I could best bring them in, when he said hurriedly: "If you could get hold of Mr.

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Byrle by himself, he might do something for you, for he is a very good sort, and you seem strong enough in every other way, and would make a good watchman, I should think."

Yes; he did not know how good a one!

"Mr. Byrle senior or junior?" I asked, on the strength of my information from the hands at the Anchor.

"Junior! Oh, lor! that wouldn't do at all!" exclaimed he, with quite a gasp, as if the idea took his breath away. "It's a case of 'Oh, no, we never mention it,' with him. He's seldom at home, and when he is, he and the old gentleman lead the very —— Here you have it! Here's Mr. Forey, the only foreman in the place who would listen to you. Now, speak up!"

Mr. Forey, a dark-whiskered, stoutly built man, came up, glancing keenly at me as a stranger; so touching my cap, I again preferred my request to be taken on as a laborer.

"I don't like lame men," he said; "but there does not seem to be a great deal the matter with you. You say you can have a first-rate character. We shall be making changes next week, and there's no harm in your looking round on Monday morning at nine sharp. Stop! I can give you a job now. Do you know how to get to T——?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then take this letter to Mr. Byrle, and bring back an answer," said Mr. Forey. "If he is not at home, ask for Miss Doyle, who may open it. I want an answer this afternoon; so cut off! Stay! here's a shilling for your fare; it's only tenpence, you know; and I'll leave eighteenpence with Bob here at the gate for your trouble."

I took the shilling, Bob winking triumphantly at me, as if to say it was as good as done, and I left the yard.

(To be continued.)

THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF STONY POINT.

IF "Mad" Anthony Wayne had a hot time of it on the 16th of July, 1779, the artist and I, on the 16th of July, 1879, had much to complain of on the score of caloric. The boat in which we sailed up the lordly Hudson was a perfect oven, and from this oven we emerged into a heat such as flashes upon one from the open mouth of a furnace at full blast. The breeze that fanned our cheeks while on the river was such as preludes the dreaded sirocco. The sun that cast its sheening light upon us as we landed at Stony Point sought to scorch our very marrow, and the ascent to the fort was simply an ordeal by fire. The scene, as we approached the theatre of "Mad" Anthony's brilliant exploit, was intensely, marvelously picturesque. In the background rose the giant mountains of the Highlands, clad with glistening verdure to their summits, and forming a green rampart against the keen, luminous blue sky. Here and there from out the foliage peeped forth tiny white villages, timidly approaching the mirror-like waters of the placid river, while right and left wooded hills and hooded hollows stretched away in the hazy distance. On our left Stony Point stood boldly to-day as it did one hundred years ago, the ruins of the old fort that "Mad" Anthony so gallantly stormed gayly decked with the Stars and Stripes, as indeed was every available spot on the classical promontory, the red and blue in superb contrast with the sun-lighted foliage. In front of the Point and grimly confronting it, like a pair of watch dogs, lay two vessels-of-war—the *Minnesota* and the *Saratoga*—displaying bunting from topmast truck to bowsprit, the shadows clean cut in the mirrored water, their guns run out at the ports ready for action, while across the river skimmed their saucy steam pinnaces, radiant in snow-white awnings and flags that had never a breeze to wave them. All over the water were dotted pleasure craft, from the brick-carrying schooner from Haverstraw, hastily pressed into the service, to the inevitable canoe, from the palatial river steamer to the saucy steam-launch. Every deck was crowded, and the white sails and many-tinted parasols and dressings of the fairer sex threw such color into the scene as one only sees in "a bit of Fortuny." At the landing we got mixed up with elderly gentlemen, arrayed in the uniform of the Continentals, seemingly peculiarly adapted to the purposes of opera bouffe, and with members of other regiments boasting equally remarkable warlike raiment. These warriors of a hundred years ago, wiping their dripping heads in nineteenth-century pocket-handkerchiefs, used language as profane as that uttered by "Mad" Anthony to General Washington, when the latter proposed to storm the fort, and at a very early stage in the proceedings silently disappeared as though they were the ghosts of the men who formed the forlorn hope on that memorable July night in 1779. Country folk mustered strong, as did venders of a decoction facetiously termed lemonade; while excursionists, bewailing the evil destiny that cast them upon this stony gridiron, simmered, sweltered, grilled, and feebly gasped the single word "water," with tongues parched to the dryness of the old letters read out by Colonel Febiger. There was a marquee, striped like a zebra, beneath which hundreds packed themselves—not to listen to the oration, not to hear what the original Colonel Febiger wrote to his wife, not to hear how "Mad" Anthony offered to storm even a warmer place at his General's bidding, but simply to gain respite from the scorching, flaming rays of a sun that seemed to be coming up out of the earth as well as down out of the sky. General Joseph A. Hawley was the orator, and well did he acquit himself, despite difficulties such as hedged the task given by the gods to Sisyphus, and Judge Sutfern, of Rockland County, welcomed the perspiring and miserable patriots in a harangue which, at a lesser temperature, would have elicited such a storm of cheers as would have caused the craft on the river to swing again at their moorings. There was no sham battle, the struggle with King Sol being all too real, and ere the coming storm caused heaven's artillery to crash o'er Stony Point, the visitors were well homeward, uttering the common witticism, "Well, I guess it will be a hundred years before *I* am caught at Stony Point again."

THE EASTERN TORNADO OF JULY 16TH.

THE tornado which swept Massachusetts on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 16th, was unprecedented in violence for that region. It started in New York, causing much damage along the Mohawk Valley, and passing through Herkimer, Fulton, Montgomery, Schenectady, Albany and Rensselaer Counties. Shortly after two o'clock it struck the southern suburbs of Pittsfield, near the western boundary of Massachusetts, and it sped through the length of the State at the average rate of at least seventy miles an hour, reaching Boston at 4:15. In its course down from the Berkshire Hills to the sea-coast it took several swinging curves, and the whole breadth of New England, in varying degree, was included in its sweep. In the Connecticut Valley it struck Northampton and Springfield with furious force and Hartford comparatively lightly, while Fitchburg, thirty miles to the north, further on, received it heavily, and so again Needham and the towns southwest of Boston.

The damage has been literally immense in its sum total, and the loss of life terrible in the aggregate. Ruined crops, especially corn-fields and fruit-trees, in the rural regions, and roofless and chimneyless houses, with the windows battered in by hailstones, in the towns tell the story of this midsummer tempest's devastation. Had an invading army fought its way across the commonwealth its ravages could scarcely have been more extensive. Not less than twenty buildings were more or less completely demolished in Pittsfield and vicinity, to say nothing of the uprooting of hundreds of large trees, with the attendant casualties—fifteen in Northampton and two in Fitchburg. The storm in Boston was probably the severest at the Neck. Upon striking the city it seemed to split into two currents, the one striking the South End and the other spending its greatest force to the north of the city limits.

Along Revere Beach the tornado was felt with terrible violence. The immense skating pavilion at the Atlantic House was totally demolished, as were also some of the smaller buildings near at hand. At the Ocean House several trees were uprooted, sheds destroyed and general havoc made. Along the beach many of the smaller houses were overturned, and scarcely a bath-house is found intact at any point. The wind was so strong that the sand was taken up in dense clouds and carried across the beach into the bay, and in many instances windows were broken by the hailstones, which were of immense size. The storm headed towards Nahant and passed over that peninsula.

At Nahant the Cadets' marquee and cook tents were blown down, and two locomotive headlights, valued at $100, destroyed. Along the road from Lynn to Nahant a number of teams were blown over and some damage resulted. A barouche, belonging to a Nahant party, was totally wrecked. All along the streets of the town beautiful trees were prostrated, and a large number of small buildings and bathing-houses blown down along the shore.

Northampton is despoiled of its beautiful shade trees, mostly large elms, for which it is noted; there being some fifteen uprooted on Elm Street alone, through which the tornado passed with marvelous rapidity.

The greatest loss of life was on the water, and the sad fate of the Dundon family is one of the most melancholy incidents of the storm. The party, numbering six persons, and consisting of Mr. Thomas Dundon, engineer on board the lightship at Wood's Hole, his wife, two sisters, Misses Mary Ann and Susan Dundon, his niece, Miss Lizzie Dundon, and Master Arthur Beam, left Charleston about 8:30 o'clock in the yacht *Myrtle*, and passed the early portion of the day below. Seeing the approaching storm, Mr. Dundon made sail for the city, and was met by a squall on Bird's Island Flats, off East Boston Point. Finding it impossible to reach the city, Mr. Dundon placed his wife, two sisters and niece in the yacht's tender, and before the boy and himself could get on board, the tender was blown away from the yacht and swamped, the yacht meeting the same fate. Mr. Dundon was forward when the yacht went down, and he clung to the mast as long as it was out of water, and then he drifted towards the shore and was picked up in an exhausted condition by the tug *Vim*, which had a brig in tow. The bodies of Mrs. Dundon, Mr. Dundon's sister Mary Ann, aged forty-five, and his niece Lizzie, aged twelve, the daughter of Captain Dundon of the buoy-boat *Daisy*, were also recovered by the crew of the tug *Vim* at a late hour, but those of Miss Susan Dundon, aged twenty-eight, and Master Arthur Beam, aged fourteen, had not been found at last accounts.

CLUB LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE visitor to San Francisco cannot fail to be impressed with the delightful thoroughness with which the amenities of social life are observed. A city without distinctive organizations among its people would be quite a dreary waste, in spite of commercial eminence or architectural attractions. Club life, the world over, is a cosmopolitan tie, and does more than any other influence to make a traveler feel "at home," wherever he may lay down his satchel and umbrella.

In the remarkable metropolis of the Pacific, just as elsewhere, the merchant, the banker and the professional man seek quiet and recreation in the salons of the clubs. These will aggregate over 2,000 members now, and the number is increasing weekly. The "Union" Club, located in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s building, on the corner of California and Montgomery Streets, was incorporated in November, 1865. It partakes more than any other of the features of an English club, and is representative of much of the wealth of the city. The initiation fee is $200, and the monthly dues $10. The oldest club in the city is the "Pacific," which was organized in 1852, and is located on the corner of California and Webb Streets, the building of the San Francisco Savings Union. It is a decidedly exclusive corporation. With the "California" Club, on Sutter Street, these form the aristocratic organizations, having for their objects the maintaining of rooms for the convenience, comfort, amusement and general benefit of their members.

A distinctive feature of the San Francisco Turnverein, organized in 1853, is that no one can become a member unless he can speak the German language fluently. It has a theatre, gymnasium, and a school for boys and girls, besides the usual apartments required for liberal club life. The Caledonian is for the encouragement and practice of Scotch games and music, and the preservation of the manners and customs of Scotland. The Concordia is almost exclusively German, and is located on the corner of Stockton and O'Farrell Streets. The Bar Association has a club-house at Nos. 632-4 Sacramento Street, with billiard and other rooms. To become identified with it a person has to be a member of the Bar in good standing. The initiation fee is $25, and the monthly dues $5.

For absolute freedom, uninterrupted pleasure, congenial and stirring companionship, wit, snap, dash, and the true Yankee go-ahead *esprit*, the visitor should seek admission to the quarters of the Bohemian Club, on Sacramento Street, near Montgomery. This club was organized April 1st, 1872, for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music, and the drama—and as if these walks would not accommodate a sufficient number of desirable people, the range was extended so as to include those who loved or appreciated these intellectual employments, and were otherwise eligible. The badge of the club consists of a shield, upon which an owl is perched on a grinning skull bearing across the breast the motto, "Weaving spiders come not here." Once a month a "High Jinks" is held. This is an entertainment for members and their guests, during which the actor, the singer, the artist, the writer and the musician are drawn upon liberally for contributions to "a high old time." So popular is the club that the very best talent has been drawn to it, and the "Jinks" are marvels of intellectual feasts, never dull or lagging, always interesting, and in general decidedly brilliant.

The apartments, which embrace a reception, reading, smoking and card rooms, with kitchen and theatre or concert hall, are always open, and at any time in some of them groups of men eminent in the several professions may be seen gathered there, seeking recreation or amusement, or discussing questions of public interest. For many years a single word was sufficient to develop an animated debate on the Chinese question, and now that for a season the adoption of the new Constitution of the State is exciting general comment, just mention Kearney, the "Honorable Bilks," or "New Cons—" and you will open the floodgates of eloquence, vehement, invective.

Within these rooms you may learn more about California, San Francisco, leprosy, the Chinese, the hoodlums, mines and mining, the bonanza magnates, rings, corruption, the world and everything in, above and below it, in an hour, than you could acquire elsewhere in a lifetime.

It is related of Humboldt, that, being seated next to a society-lady at a supper, he was astounded at the request to give, in the fifteen minutes that must elapse between the first two courses, "a history of the entire world." In the Bohemian Club, with its representatives of all professions, countries and ladies, such a limited narrative would scarcely be impossible.

In addition to these clubs, there is the Olympic formed in 1873 by the consolidation of the San Francisco Olympic and the California Olympic Clubs. In it there are classes for exercise in gymnastics, boxing and fencing, both for the members and their lady friends. There are also in the city a number of organizations not designated as clubs, although having many features in common with them, such as the "Dashaway," a temperance association of far-famed reputation and the owner of one of the most elaborate buildings in the city. A professional club man, from whatever part of the world he may hail, certainly need not feel lonesome while stopping at the city with the Golden Gate to the ocean.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Tributes of Sympathy for the Ex-Empress.

From the moment intelligence was received in London of the death of the Prince Imperial of France, the residence of the ex-Empress, Camden Place, Chiselhurst, has been daily visited not only by large numbers of the aristocracy and upper class of society, but by working people of both England and France, who called to inquire about the health of the ex-less widow, and to leave messages of personal sympathy. While many stopped at the lodge gate, others penetrated to the lodge itself and wrote their names with appropriate sentiments in the visitors' record book kept there.

The Imperial Golden Wedding.

We give two additional engravings of the grand celebration of the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany. The first one represents the Imperial pair as they appeared in the drive through the principal streets of Berlin after the ceremony. The enthusiastic populace everywhere greeted and hailed the aged couple with hurrahs and acclamations. The second engraving represents the members of the Royal and Imperial family offering their congratulations to the Imperial pair in the grand White Saloon of the Imperial palace. Owing to the feebleness of the Emperor, he was compelled to lean upon a stout cane during the various ceremonies.

The Execution of Solovieff.

The dastardly attempt upon the life of the Czar of Russia on the 2d of April last was expiated on the 9th of June. Solovieff was hung outside the city on the parade-ground in the plain of Smolensk. At 9:50 A. M. one of the prison-carriages, drawn by a single horse, approached the spot. Solovieff sat with his back to the horse, his arms tied, and bearing upon his breast a placard inscribed: "State Criminal." He was dressed in black, wore high boots, was pale but very calm. The executioner, dressed in a red coat and black waistcoat, seized the prisoner upon the arrival of the carriage, and, assisted by a grey-bearded priest, attempted to help him up to the scaffold; but Solovieff grossly refused all assistance, and walked calmly to the pillory and placed his back against it. His death-warrant was then read, while the soldiers presented arms. Again Solovieff refused the ministrations of the priest, and calmly mounted the scaffold. The rope was placed around his neck, and, amid the roll of the drums, the steps were kicked from beneath his feet, and the Czar's would-be assassin was launched into eternity. Our sketch was made during the reading of the death-warrant.

Inauguration of the East Algerian Railway.

On May 20th, 1879, the East Algerian Railroad, extending from Constantine to Setif, in Algeria, was inaugurated by M. Albert Grévy, the newly-appointed Governor-General of that country at the Telergma Station. The Governor and suite were conducted to a large tent where a collation was spread for two hundred and fifty guests. At the left, in the plain, was a long file of Arabs, in their white burnous, standing silent and motionless, contemplating with wonder these things so new to them. In the rear of these, mounted on their horses and with their guns in hand, were the Arab horsemen of the province, the horses all highly decorated for the occasion, being covered with rich cloths, blue, violet, red and yellow, and their riders clad in their finest costumes. Upon the arrival of M. Grévy with the General Commandant of the province, M. Jarel, the delegate of the East Algeria Railroad, and M. Graux, the Prefect of Constantine, they were presented to the Arab chiefs assembled. Each in turn advanced, bowed to M. Grévy, spoke a few words which were translated by an interpreter, and then resumed his usual motionless position. The Governor-General responded, saluting them, and entered the tent followed by the invited guests.

The Signing of the Peace.

After about three weeks' personal negotiations between Major Cavagnari and the Ameer Yakoob Khan, the definitive Treaty of Peace was signed at Gundamuk on May 26th. We have already given the details of the treaty itself, of which the terms are satisfactory on both sides, the British obtaining every desired political and commercial advantage, including, of course, the "scientific frontier," which comprises the Kuram, Pishin and Sibi Valleys, together with the complete control of the Khyber and Michin Passes, the Ameer's foreign affairs being henceforward conducted directly under the supervision of the British, who moreover are to have a Political Resident at Cabul. On his side the Ameer is to receive an increase of rupees annually. Yakoob Khan is said to be exceedingly pleased with the result of his visit to the British camp, and he is very grateful to the Viceroy and Major Cavagnari for the favorable treaty granted him.

The Insurrection in Algeria.

On the 21st of May last an insurrection took place at Batna which proved the springing of a mine. Some Arabs of the tribe of Ouled-Daoud, in the mountains of Aures, in the province of Constantine, revolted against their Cadi, Si Ben-Daid. The commandant of the place immediately sent an officer, M. Corbé, with seven men to quell the insurrection, but instead of finding some twenty Arab insurgents M. Corbé was confronted by three hundred men superbly mounted and armed to the teeth, and led by a chief named Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rhaman. M. Corbé called to his aid some two hundred Arabs whom he regarded as trustworthy, but on the night of the 24 of June the insurgents pounced upon his camp, his two hundred fled without striking a blow, the seven troopers were killed or wounded, and M. Corbé alone succeeded in effecting his escape. This success caused the insurrection to spread like wildfire and until it became necessary to crush it by calling out a very considerable force. Our illustration represents the entrance to the gorge of Touba, a deep road bounded on the right and left by enormous rocks. To the right is to be seen the village of Touba, with the fourth battalion of Chasseurs in the order of assault.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—ALL the Crown possessions in Russia have been declared untaxable.

—THERE are 7,000 lakes in Minnesota, representing about 2,000,000 acres of water.

—AN evidence of the hard times in Edinburgh is found in the unprecedented number of workmen enlisting in the army.

—LIFE-SAVING stations are to be erected in Texas at Sabine Pass, Galveston Island, Pass Cavallo, Aransas and Brazos Santiago.

—PHILADELPHIA is to have an elevated railroad in the centre of the city, connecting with the Pennsylvania road by the way of Filbert Street.

—THE inauguration of the Burns monument at Kilmarnock will take place on the 9th of August. The entire cost of the work will, it is said, be about $15,000.

—FUNERAL services in Troy, N. Y., according to a recent agreement between the clergymen, will hereafter be limited to prayer, singing and scriptural readings.

—A MEDAL struck by order of the Czar, displaying a red cross surmounted by a silver wreath, has been presented to eighteen members of the German Central Committee of the societies for tending the wounded in the field, in recognition of special services rendered during the Russo-Turkish war.

—THE last Missouri Legislature passed a law making it a felony for any officer of a bank to accept deposits in the institution if he knows it to be in a failing condition, and imposing the same punishment as that for stealing money. Under this statute several St. Louis bankers are to be tried.

—REPORTS from Australia represent that the three American locomotives that were sent there a short time ago have given eminent satisfaction, and orders have been received for more. They are found to be superior to English locomotives, to require much less fuel, and to be cheaper than English engines of similar capacity.

—IOWA continues to send cheering news about her tremendous crop of wheat. Having gathered all the Fall planted crop, her farmers are now harvesting the Spring grain. The aggregate is estimated at fifty millions of bushels—a bushel for every man, woman and child in the United States for a single State. Iowa takes rank as the Empire State for wheat.

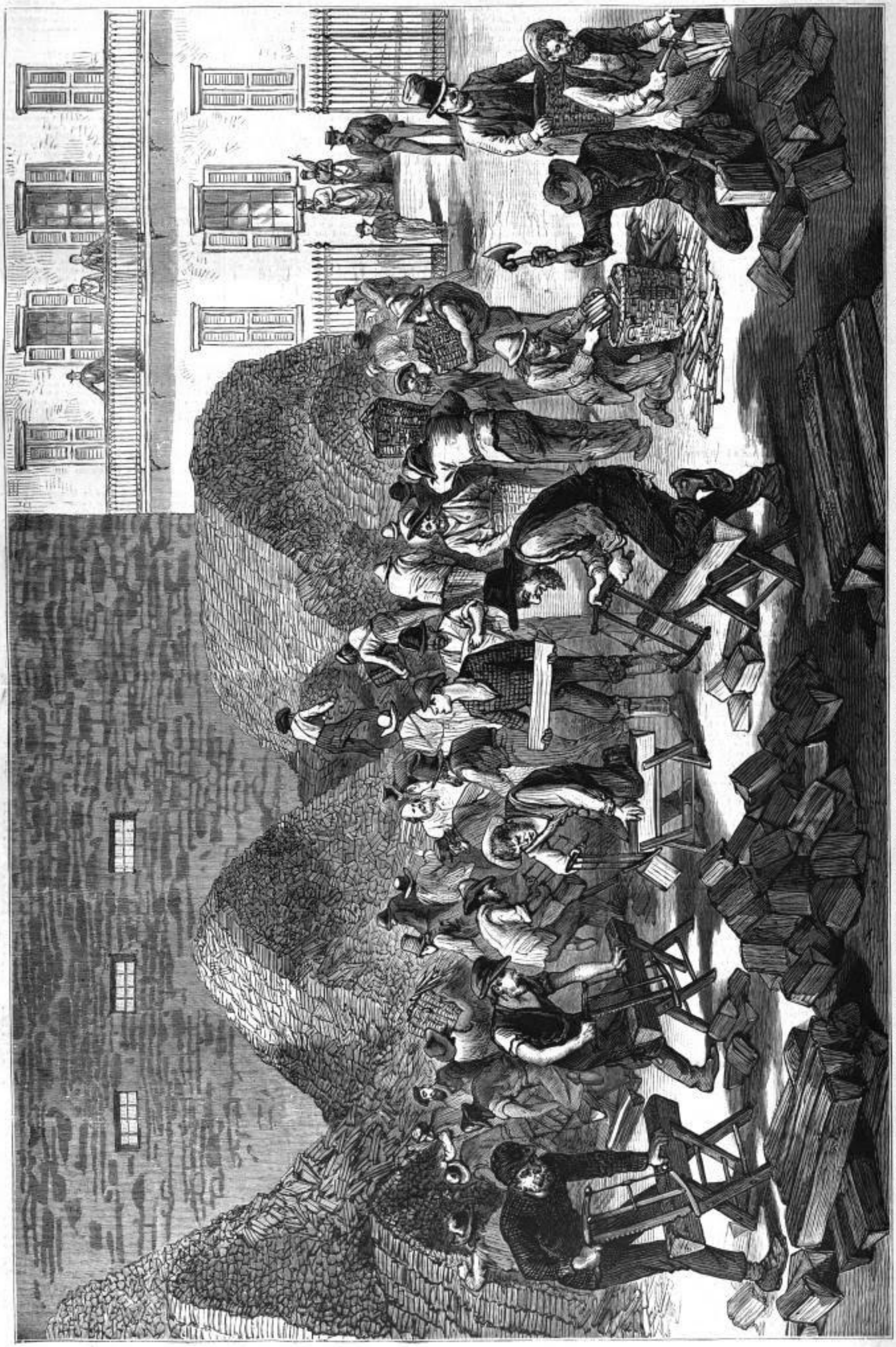
—IN 1860 the town of Gravesend, L. I., which own a portion of Coney Island, leased a piece of ground on the sea-front for ten years and received therefor the sum of $60. The lease expiring in 1870, the authorities renewed it again for ten years for $60. To-day the value of the sea-front on Coney Island, with all of its improvements, is probably not less than $15,000,000.

—THE Dominion Government intends to make military instruction a part of the high-school course in the different provinces, and will form thirty-five companies of thirty-five boys each in Ontario, twenty-five companies in Quebec and fifteen in the maritime provinces. These companies will be furnished with instructors from the military college and with Government arms.

—THE lawsuit instituted by the heir of the late Dictator Rosas against Buenos Ayres, to recover sequestrated property valued at $10,000,000, has been finally decided in favor of the plaintiff. This decision was quite unexpected, and is looked upon as creditable to the purity and independence of the bench. The suit lasted fifteen years. Mrs. Terrero, daughter of General Rosas, is the successful litigant.

—A REUNION of the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows is to be held at Long Branch, on July 29th, 30th and 31st. Besides social attractions, there will be addresses by prominent members of the Order; those on the first day being in the interest of the subordinate lodges; on the second of the lodges of the Rebekah Degree, and on the third of the Encampment. A large number of Uniformed Patriarchs will go into camp on the second day, and on the third will take part in a competitive drill for prizes. The first prize, which must be won three times by a battalion to be held, is an elegant silver cup, the bowl being supported by crossed crooks, while four Patriarchs in full uniform stand upon the pedestal. The other prizes are guidon flags of heavy purple silk, with gold bullion ornamentation. The battalions that are expected to contest for the prizes represent New York, Rochester, New Haven, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore and Newark, and during their stay at the seaside will dwell in tents pitched on the lawn near the bluff. Under the reduced rates of transportation, many thousands of people are expected to gather at the reunion.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—"THE LODGE FOR WAYFARERS," HAWKINS STREET, BOSTON.—TRAMPS SAWING WOOD FOR THEIR LODGING AND BREAKFAST.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 367.

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MASSACHUSETTS—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—A PLEASURE PARTY FISHING FOR SHARKS OFF THE COAST OF NANTUCKET.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 370.

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ASTERS AND GOLDEN-RODS.

OH, lovely in her laughing grace,
With rounded arms and rosy face,
With hair of amber glow,
Was the first Summer whose white feet
First walked the young world, gay and sweet,
Long centuries ago!

But when her joyful reign was o'er,
When bitter winds had hurt her sore,
When grief had marred her mirth,
She drooped, one evening, faint and pale,
As twilight wrapt its dusky vail
About the faded earth.

And now, with failing breath, she said:
"Ah, one by one my flowers have fled
From beauteous garden-ways!
How quickly their false love has flown,
And doomed me here to die alone,
Their Queen in happier days!

"Weak flatterers of my perished fame!
Unfaithful courtiers! go in shame,
And leave me to my woes!
Who find, of royal power bereft,
No more the lily on my left,
Nor on my right the rose!"

Then, while the dying Queen lay still,
And felt her weary heart grow chill
With death's destructive blight,
There, at brief distance from her gaze,
Two common weeds upreared their sprays
In the sad sinking light.

Two wayside weeds, that only knew
Those kind endearments that the dew,
The rain, the sunshine make;
And though they looked of differing leaves,
Yet each was fraught with fragile sheaves
Of buds that soon would break.

Then the pale Queen, in thankful pride,
Blessed these poor wildflowers ere she died,
And said to them:—"Behold,
Henceforward, while on earth I live,
To one my purple robe I give,
To one my crown of gold!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE day on which worthy old Surgeon Pinfold had predicted that Sally would be in a fair way of recovery had come and gone—and still the medical report to Amelius was the same: "You must be patient, sir; she is not well enough to see you, yet."

Toff, watching his young master anxiously, was alarmed by the steadily-progressive change in him for the worse, which showed itself at this time. Now sad and silent, and now again bitter and irritable, he had deteriorated physically as well as morally, until he really looked like the shadow of his former self. He never exchanged a word with his faithful old servant, except when he said mechanically "good-morning" or "good-night." Toff could endure it no longer. At the risk of being roughly misinterpreted, he followed his own kindly impulse, and spoke. "May I own to you, sir," he said, with perfect gentleness and respect, "that I am indeed heartily sorry to see you so ill."

Amelius looked up at him sharply. "You servants always make a fuss about trifles. I am a little out of sorts, and I want a change—that's all. Perhaps I may go to America. You won't like that; I shan't complain if you look out for another situation."

The tears came into the old man's eyes. "Never!" he answered fervently. "My last service, sir, if you send me away, shall be my dearly-loved service here."

All that was most tender in the nature of Amelius was touched to the quick. "Forgive me, Toff," he said; "I am lonely and wretched, and more anxious about Sally than words can tell. There can be no change in my life until my mind is easy about that poor little girl. But if it does end in my going to America, you shall go with me—I wouldn't lose you, my good friend, for the world."

Toff still remained in the room, as if he had something left to say. Entirely ignorant of the marriage-engagement between Amelius and Regina, and of the rupture in which it had ended, he vaguely suspected, nevertheless, that his master might have fallen into an entanglement with some lady unknown. The opportunity of putting the question was now before him. He risked it in a studiously modest form.

"Are you going to America to be married, sir?"

Amelius eyed him with a momentary suspicion. "What has put that in your head?" he asked.

"I don't know sir," Toff answered humbly—"unless it was my own vivid imagination. Would there be anything very wonderful in a gentleman of your age and appearance conducting some charming person to the altar?"

Amelius was conquered once more; he smiled faintly. "Enough of your nonsense, Toff! I shall never be married—understand that."

Toff's withered old face brightened slyly. He turned away to withdraw, hesitated, and suddenly went back to his master.

"Have you any occasion for my services, sir, for an hour or two?" he asked.

"No. Be back before I go out myself—be back at three o'clock."

"Thank you, sir. My little boy is below, if you want anything in my absence."

The little boy, dutifully attending Toff to the gate, observed with grave surprise that his father snapped his fingers gayly at starting, and hummed the first bars of the "Marseillaise." "Something is going to happen," said Toff's boy, on his way back to the house.

* * * * * *

From the Regent's Park to Blackacre Buildings is almost a journey from one end of London to the other. Assisted for part of the way by an omnibus, Toff made the journey, and arrived at the residence of Surgeon Pinfold, with the easy confidence of a man who knew thoroughly well where he was going and what he was about. The sagacity of Rufus had correctly penetrated his intentions; he had privately followed his master and had introduced himself to the notice of the surgeon—with a mixture of motives, in which pure devotion to the interests of Amelius played the chief part. His experience of the world told him that Sally's departure was only the beginning of more trouble to come. "What is the use of me to my master," he had argued," except to spare him trouble, in spite of himself?"

Surgeon Pinfold was prescribing for a row of sick people, seated before him on a bench. "You're not ill, are you?" he said, sharply, to Toff. "Very well, then, go into the parlor and wait."

The patients being dismissed, Toff attempted to explain the object of his visit. But the old naval surgeon insisted on clearing the ground by means of a plain question first. "Has your master sent you here—or is this another private visit, like the last?"

"It is all that is most private," Toff answered; "my poor master is wasting away in unrelieved wretchedness of suspense. Something must be done for him. Oh, dear and good sir, help me in this most miserable state of things!—tell me the truth about Miss Sally!"

Old Pinfold put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the parlor-wall, looking at the Frenchman with a complicated expression, in which genuine sympathy mingled oddly with a quaint sense of amusement. "You're a worthy chap," he said, "and you shall have the truth. I have been obliged to deceive your master about this troublesome young Sally—I have stuck to it that she is too ill to see him or to answer his letters. Both lies; there's nothing the matter with her now but a disease that I can't cure, the disease of a troubled mind. She's got it into her head that she has everlastingly degraded herself in his estimation by leaving him and coming here. It's no use telling her—what, mind you, is perfectly true—that she was all but out of her senses, and not in the least responsible for what she did at the time when she did it. She holds to her own opinion, nevertheless. 'What can he think of me, but that I have gone back willingly to the disgrace of my old life? I should throw myself out of window if he came into the room!' That's how she answers me, and, what makes matters worse still, she's breaking her heart about him all the time. The poor wretch is so eager for any little word of news about his health and his doings, that it's downright pitiable to see her. I don't think her fevered little brain will bear it much longer—and, hang me, if I can tell what to do next to set things right! The two women, her friends, have no sort of influence over her. When I saw her this morning she was ungrateful enough to say, 'Why didn't you let me die?' How your master got among these unfortunate people is more than I know, and is no business of mine—I only wish he had been a different sort of man. Before I knew him as well as I know him now I predicted like a fool that he would be just the person to help us in managing the girl. I have altered my opinion. He's such a glorious fellow—so impulsive and so tender-hearted—that he would be certain, in her present excited state, to do her more harm than good. Do you know if he is going to be married?"

Toff, listening thus far in silent distress, suddenly looked up.

"Why do you ask me, sir?"

"It's an idle question, I dare say," old Pinfold remarked. "Sally persists in telling us she's in the way of his prospects in life—and it's got somehow into her perverse little head that his prospects in life mean his marriage, and she's in the way of *that*. Hullo! are you going already?"

"I want to go to Miss Sally, sir. I believe I can say something to comfort her. Do you think she will see me?"

"Are you the man who has got the nickname of Toff? She sometimes talks about Toff."

"Yes, sir, yes! I am Théophile Leblond, otherwise Toff. Where can I find her?"

Surgeon Pinfold rang a bell. "My errand-boy is going past the house to deliver some medicine," he answered. "It's a poor place; but you'll find it neat and nice enough—thanks to your good master. He's helping the two women to begin life again out of this country; and, while they're waiting their turn to get a passage, they've taken an extra room and hired some decent furniture, by your master's own wish. Oh, here's the boy; he'll show you the way. One word before you go. What do you think of saying to Sally?"

"I shall tell her for one thing, sir, that my master is miserable for want of her."

Surgeon Pinfold shook his head. "That won't take you very far on the way to persuading her. You will make *her* miserable, too—and there's about all you will get by it."

Toff lifted his indicative forefinger to the side of his nose. "Suppose I tell her something else, sir? Suppose I tell her my master is not going to be married to anybody?"

"She won't believe you know anything about it."

"She will believe, for this reason," said Toff, gravely; "I put the question to my master before I came here; and I have it from his own lips that there is no young lady in the way, and that he is not—positively not—going to be married. If I tell Miss Sally this, sir, how do you say it will end? Will you bet me a shilling it has no effect on her?"

"I won't bet a farthing! Follow the boy—and tell young Sally I have sent her a better doctor than I am."

While Toff was on his way to Sally, Toff's boy was disturbing Amelius by the announcement of a visitor. The card sent in bore this inscription: "Brother Bawkwell, from Tadmor."

Amelius looked at the card, and ran into the hall to receive the visitor, with both hands held out in hearty welcome. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!" he cried; "come in, and tell me all about Tadmor."

Brother Bawkwell acknowledged the enthusiastic reception offered to him by a stare of grim surprise. He was a dry, hard old man, with a scrubby white beard, a narrow wrinkled forehead, and an obstinate lipless mouth; fitted neither by age nor temperament to be the intimate friend of any of his younger brethren in the Community. But, at that saddest time of his life, the heart of Amelius warmed to any one who reminded him of his tranquil and happy days at Tadmor. Even this frozen old Socialist now appeared to him, for the first time, under the borrowed aspect of a welcome friend.

Brother Bawkwell took the chair offered to him, and opened the proceedings, in solemn silence, by looking at his watch. "Twenty-five minutes past two," he said to himself—and put the watch back again.

"Are you pressed for time?" Amelius asked.

"Much may be done in ten minutes," Brother Bawkwell answered, in a Scotch accent which had survived the test of half a lifetime in America. "I would have you know I am in England on a mission from the Community, with a list of twenty-seven persons in all, whom I am appointed to confer with on matters of varying importance. Yours, friend Amelius, is a matter of minor importance. I can give you ten minutes."

He opened a big black pocket-book, stuffed with a mass of letters; and, placing two of them on the table before him, addressed Amelius as if he was making a speech at a public meeting.

"I have to request your attention to certain proceedings of the Council at Tadmor, bearing date the third of December last; and referring to a person under sentence of temporary separation from the Community, along with yourself——"

"Mellicent!" Amelius exclaimed.

"We have no time for interruptions," Brother Bawkwell remarked. "The person is Sister Mellicent; and the business before the Council was to consider a letter, under her signature, received December second. Said letter," he proceeded, taking up one of his papers, "is abridged as follows by the Secretary to the Council. In substance, the writer states (first): 'That the married sister under whose protection she has been living at New York is about to settle in England with her husband, appointed to manage the branch of his business established in London. (Second): That she, meaning Sister Mellicent, has serious reasons for not accompanying her relatives to England, and has no other friends to take charge of her welfare, if she remains in New York. (Third): That she appeals to the mercy of the Council, under these circumstances, to accept the expression of her sincere repentance for the offense of violating a rule, and to permit a friendless and penitent creature to return to the only home left to her, her home at Tadmor.' No, friend Amelius—we have no time for expressions of sympathy: the first half of the ten minutes has nearly expired. I have further to inform you that the question was put to the vote in this form: 'Is it consistent with the serious responsibility which rests on the Council to consider the remission of any sentence justly pronounced under the Book of Rules?' The result was very remarkable. the votes for and against being equally divided. In this event, as you know, our laws provides that the decision rests with the Elder Brother—who gave his vote thereupon for considering the remission of the sentence; and moved the next resolution that the sentence be remitted accordingly. Carried by a small majority. Whereupon Sister Mellicent was received again at Tadmor."

"Ah, the dear old Elder Brother!" cried Amelius—"always on the side of mercy!"

Brother Bawkwell held up his hand in protest. "You seem to have no idea" he said, "of the value of time. Do be quiet! As traveling representative of the Council, I am further instructed to say that the sentence pronounced against yourself stands duly remitted, in consequence of the remission of the sentence against Sister Mellicent. You likewise are free to return to Tadmor, at your own will and pleasure. But—attend to what is coming, friend Amelius!—the Council holds to its resolution that your choice between us and the world shall be absolutely unbiased. In the fear of exercising even an indirect influence, we have purposely abstained from corresponding with you. With the same motive we now say that if you do return to us, it must be with no interference on our part. We inform you of an event that has happened in your absence—and we do no more."

He paused, and looked again at his watch. Time proverbially works wonders. Time closed his lips.

Amelius replied with a heavy heart. The message from the Council had recalled him from the remembrance of Mellicent to the sense of his own position. "My experience of the world has been a very hard one," he said. "I would gladly go back to Tadmor this very day, but for one consideration——" He hesitated; the image of Sally was before him. The tears rose in his eyes; he said no more.

Brother Bawkwell, driven hard by time, got on his legs, and handed to Amelius the second of the two papers which he had taken out of his pocketbook.

"Here is a purely informal document," he said, "being a few lines from Sister Mellicent which I was charged to deliver to you. Be pleased to read it as quickly as you can, and tell me if there is any reply."

There was not much to read; "The good people here, Amelius, have forgiven me and let me return to them. I am living happily now, dear, in my remembrances of you. I take the walks that we once took together—and sometimes I go out in the boat on the lake, and think of the time when I told you my sad story. Your poor little pet creatures are under my care; the dog and the fawn, and the birds—all well, and waiting for you, with me. My belief that you will come back to me remains the same unshaken belief that it has been from the first. Once more I say it—you will find me the first to welcome you, when your spirits are sinking under the burden of life, and your heart turns again to the friends of your early days. Until that time, think of me now and then. Good-by."

"I am waiting," said Brother Bawkwell, taking his hat in his hand.

Amelius answered with an effort. "Thank her kindly in my name," he said; "that is all." His head drooped while he spoke; he fell into thought as if he had been alone in the room.

But the emissary from Tadmor, warned by the minute-hand on the watch, recalled his attention to passing events. "You would do me a kindness," said Brother Bawkwell, producing a list of names and addresses, "if you could put me in the way of finding the person named, eighth from the top. It's getting on towards twenty minutes to three."

The address thus pointed out was at no great distance, on the northern side of the Regent's Park. Amelius, still silent and thoughtful, acted willingly as a guide. "Please thank the Council for their kindness to me," he said, when they reached their destination. Brother Bawkwell looked at Friend Amelius with a calm, inquiring eye. "I think you'll end in coming back to us," he said. "I'll take the opportunity, when I see you at Tadmor, of making a few needful remarks on the value of time."

Amelius went back to the cottage to see if Toff had returned in his absence, before he paid his daily visit to Surgeon Pinfold. He called down the kitchen-stairs, "Are you there, Toff?" And Toff answered briskly, "At your service, sir."

The sky had become cloudy, and threatened rain. Not finding his umbrella in the hall, Amelius went into the library to look for it. As he closed the door behind him, Toff and his boy appeared on the kitchen-stairs; both walking on tiptoe, and both evidently on the watch for something.

Amelius found his umbrella. But it was characteristic of the melancholy change in him that he dropped languidly into the nearest chair, instead of going out at once with the easy activity of happier days. Sally was in his mind again; he was rousing his resolution to set the doctor's commands at defiance, and to insist on seeing her, come what might of it.

He suddenly looked up. A slight sound had startled him.

It was a faint, rustling sound; and it came from the sadly silent room which had once been Sally's.

He listened, and heard it again. He sprang to his feet—his heart beat wildly—he opened the door of the room.

She was there.

Her hands were clasped over her fast-heaving breast. She was powerless to look at him, powerless to speak to him, powerless to move towards him, until he opened his arms to her. Then all the love and all the sorrow in the tender little heart flowed outward to him in a low murmuring cry. She hid her blushing face on his bosom. The rosy color softly tinged her neck—the unspoken confession of all she feared, and all she hoped.

It was a time beyond words. They were silent in each other's arms.

But under them, on the floor below, the stillness in the cottage was merrily broken by an outburst of dance-music—with a rhythmical thump-thump of feet, keeping time to the cheerful tune. Toff was playing his fiddle, and Toff's boy was dancing to his father's music.

CHAPTER XLV.

AFTER waiting a day or two for news from Amelius, and hearing nothing, Rufus went to make inquiries at the cottage.

"My master has gone out of town, sir," said Toff, opening the door.

"Where?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Anybody with him?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Any news of Sally?"

"I don't know, sir."

Rufus stepped into the hall. "Look here, Mr. Frenchman, three times is enough. I have already apologized for treating you like a tee-totum, on a former occasion. I'm afraid I shall do it again, sir, if I don't get an answer to my next question—my hands are itching to be at you, they are! When is Amelius expected back?"

"Your question is positive, sir," said Toff, with dignity. "I am happy to be able to meet it with a positive reply. My master is expected back in three weeks' time."

Having obtained some information at last, Rufus debated with himself what he should do next. He decided that "the boy was worth waiting for," and that his wisest course (as a good American) would be to go back and wait in Paris.

Passing through the Garden of the Tuileries, two or three days later, and crossing to the Rue de Rivoli, the name of one of the hotels in that quarter, reminded him of Regina. He yielded to the prompting of curiosity, and inquired if Mr. Farnaby and his niece were still in Paris.

The manager of the hotel was in the porter's lodge at the time. So far as he knew, he said, Mr. Farnaby and his niece, and an English gentleman with them, were now on their travels. They had left the hotel with an appearance of mystery. The courier had been discharged, and the coachman of the hired

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carriage which took them away had been told to drive straight forward until further orders. In short, as the manager put it, the departure resembled a flight. Remembering what his American agent had told him, Rufus received this information without surprise. Even the apparently incomprehensible devotion of Mr. Melton to the interests of such a man as Farnaby failed to present itself to him as a perplexing circumstance. To his mind, Mr. Melton's conduct was plainly attributable to a reward in prospect, and the name of that reward was—Miss Regina.

At the end of the three weeks Rufus returned to London.

Once again he and Toff confronted each other on the threshold of the door. This time, the genial old man presented an appearance that was little less than dazzling. From head to foot he was arrayed in new clothes; and he exhibited an immense rosette of white ribbon in his buttonhole,

"Thunder!" cried Rufus. "Here's Mr. Frenchman going to be married!"

Toff declined to humor the joke. He stood on his dignity as stiffly as ever. "Pardon me, sir, I possess a wife and family already."

"Do you now? Well, none of your know-nothing answers this time. Has Amelius come back?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what's the news of Sally?"

"Good news, sir. Miss Sally has come back, too."

"You call that good news, do you? I'll say a word to Amelius. What are you standing there for? Let be by."

"Pardon me once more, sir. My master and Miss Sally do not receive visitors to-day."

"Your master and Miss Sally!" Rufus repeated. "Has this old creature been liquoring up a little too freely? What do you mean," he burst out, with a sudden change of tone to stern surprise—"what do you mean by putting your master and Sally together?"

Toff shot his bolt at last. "They will be together, sir, for the rest of their lives. They were married this morning."

Rufus received the blow in dead silence. He turned about, and went back to his hotel.

Reaching his room, he opened the dispatch-box in which he kept his correspondence, and picked out the long letter containing the description by Amelius of his introduction to the ladies of the Farnaby family. He took up the pen, and wrote the indorsement which has been quoted as an integral part of the letter itself, in the sixth chapter of this narrative:

"Ah, poor Amelius! He had better have gone back to Miss Mellicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age! What a bright, lovable fellow he was! Good-by to Goldenheart!"

THE END.

FISHING IN LABRADOR.

THE SUMMER EXPERIENCES OF SOTHERN AND FLORENCE.

HERE we are at last. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Rae Reid, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Florence, four servants, eight Indian canoe-men, four Indian guides, a steward, a cook, and your correspondent. We "put up" the river in three canoes, two floats or barracs, while a large scow followed in our wake conveying "victuals for the fortress, my liege." Sixteen miles of grinding, bumping, scooting and dodging brought us to our ranche, a commodious, comfortable box, with a cozy air of civilization and brandy and soda about it, albeit ten thousand miles away from everything. Imagine, or can you imagine, being utterly free from the ghoul-like newspaper that sucks the life-blood of morning and evening; from telegrams that cause the heart to beat backwards; from the post that for one ray of pleasure brings us miles of banked-up clouds of worry. Thank heaven, we can only receive letters twice a month, and these are dropped sixteen miles away at the mouth of the river by a passing schooner. At first this fasting seemed passing strange, but now we are anchorites by acclamation. Imagine if you can the glorious sensation of being disregardful of linen and unmindful of shirt-collars. Imagine if you can—and this I'll warrant me will reach the brim of your imagination if the cup run not over—good company, good wine, good 'bacey, good beds, lots of brand-new air, any amount of primeval wood, a quantity of water, and salmon rising as regularly as the beam of a Hudson steamboat. We have flung conventionality to the winds and have openly insulted Mrs. Grundy. The rod levels all ranks low, and places the ducal strawberry by the "players buskin," the masonry of the "gentle craft" recognizing as the best man the lucky individual who lands the heaviest fish with the lightest tackle. Oh, it is a splendid life this, and one well worthy the living for. Such breakfasts as are eaten! such luncheons! such dinners! such stories from Mr. Sothern and Mr. Florence! such anecdotes of tooling cracks, and of runs with the Pytchley and Quorn from the Duke of Beaufort! such tales of stalking the red deer from Sir John Rae Reid! Our artifices for coaxing the fish are as numerous as they are designing, and comprise everything from a needle to an anchor. The impudence of the seals annoys us considerably. These *gourmets* go for the best salmon, and, taking the choicest bit out of the back of the neck, leave the fish to be borne away to the ocean. We trap them, and the accompanying illustration will explain the *modus operandi*. When we fail to trap we shoot. Mr. Florence came to grief this morning. He had struck a very fine fish, and was *playing* with as much verve as if he were on the boards, when his split bamboo rod, warranted to stand the strain of a Fairlie locomotive, and for which he paid $75, snapped like a stick of sealing-wax, and this unexpected relaxement of strain threw Mr. F. from the centre of gravity, head over heels into the foaming rapids. He did not care a piastre for the wetting, but the treachery of the rod, in which he had placed so much reliance, caused him to utter full-flavored language of the most vivid character.

His Grace of Beaufort is an indefatigable fisherman, and he "wets a line" with the "flick" of a thoroughbred piscator. He, too, has been more than gaiter-deep in the river. My Lord Dundreary's attire resembles that of the time-honored old Izaak—a jerkin, baggy breeches, homespun stockings and shoes. He is waited upon by a melancholy Indian, cheaply majestic, the very counterpart of the Crushed Tragedian, or of George the Count Joannes. His lordship's felt hat is a veritable "hornets' nest," as it bristles with hooks of all sorts, shapes, sizes and dimensions. The chaff between Mr. Florence and Dundreary is as bright as a Jablochoff candle, commencing at tub-time and ending only in the wee sma' hours. Our cook, a *chef*, if not a *cordon bleu*, is put to his wits' end to serve up salmon so as to cause it to taste like anything but salmon, and the entries of Saumon à la Beaufort, à la Dundreary, à la Florence, à la Rae Reid, succeed each other with startling rapidity, though each possesses a varying flavor with just the faintest suspicion of the presence of the lordly fish. What champagne flows in the veins while living this out-of-the-world life. The Duke laughs when he thinks of the starched old peers seated in the crimson morocco-seats in the House of Lords, deliberating upon some unsavory Bill sent up from the unruly Commons, or listening to the spasmodic grumblings of Lord Granville or Lord Derby. Sir John Rae Reid laughs when he thinks of his "pals" who are "swelling" the season, riding in the Row, on their knees to Sarah Bernhardt, or imagining themselves free as air in doing *petit diners* at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Sothern laughs when he thinks of Irving playing *Hamlet* in the morning and *Claude Melnotte* at night. Florence laughs as he exclaims, as *Bardwell Slote*, "We are having a h. o. t," or when he apostrophizes the luckless salmon which he has just admirably struck, by "Don't try any g. g. on me, o. m.;" and your correspondent laughs upon discovering that he has nothing particular to do, and that his unprepared faculties enable him to do "that sort of thing, you know, to perfection." A horrible rumor has reached me that we are about to communicate with the outer world, through the medium of an Indian runner, and so for one calendar month I shall say, adios.

THE "LODGE FOR WAYFARERS" IN BOSTON.

THE benevolence of Boston is always practical. One of the most striking illustrations of this tendency is furnished in the charity known as the "Lodge for Wayfarers," located on Hawkins Street. This institution, while comparatively young, has established a reputation for genuine usefulness which entitles it to a high place among municipal charities. It occupies a large building, formerly used for school purposes, and which, as reconstructed, is provided with a large kitchen, dining-room, visiting-room, dormitories, etc. Lodgers are supplied with plain, well-cooked food, but in order that the self-respect of the most sensitive may not be wounded, all are required to work for what they receive. So far as possible the labor of the applicants is utilized in the direction of their peculiar qualifications. Every lodger is required to cut one-eighth of a cord of wood in payment for lodging and breakfast—the wood being sold under contract, and the expenses of the "Lodge" being thus in part reimbursed. Every lodger is furnished with a clean night-shirt on retiring, and absolute tidiness is at all times insisted upon by the management. The "Lodge" is managed directly by the city, Mr. Edward Riley being the efficient superintendent. From January 30th to June 4th of the present year, 6,286 lodgers were furnished beds and breakfast. The largest number entertained at one time was 100. On applying for lodgings at a police-station, a card is filled up showing the date, name, age, nativity, residence, occupation, etc., of the applicant, with the name of the officer in charge of the station, with the number of the bed to which the bearer is assigned, and with these credentials, the latter, presenting himself at the "Lodge," is received and properly cared for. The system is simple but complete, and is believed to afford an effectual guard against imposition on the part of the unprincipled.

Astrology.

THE following is a brief sketch of the outlines of astrology, its leading principles and mode of practice: The heavens above and below the horizon were divided by imaginary circles, drawn through its north and south points, into twelve equal parts, which were called the twelve houses of heaven. They were numbered in order from the division in the east immediately below the horizon which contained the part of the heavens about to rise in view. The lines of division were supposed to remain immovable, so that every part of the heavens passed through each house successively once in twenty-four hours. The term horoscope was given to the points of the elliptic about to rise. The first house was called the ascendant; it was the strongest, and also known as the house of life; the second was the house of riches; the third, of brethren; the fourth, of parents and relatives; the fifth, of children; the sixth, of health; the seventh, of marriage; the eighth, of death; the ninth, of religion; the tenth, of dignities; the eleventh, of friends; the twelfth, of foes. To each division one of the heavenly bodies was assigned as its lord, who was most powerful in his own house. The position of a planet in any house was its distance from the boundary circle, or cusp, of the house measured on the zodiac; and the part of the zodiac which chanced to be in each house was a point which especially demanded the attention of the astrologer in his consideration of the aspects of the various divisions. The relative position of the heavenly bodies in the different houses at any particular moment was called a theme, and to cast the nativity of any one was to form a plan of the heavens in the manner above indicated, at the moment of birth. The decline of astrology may be dated from the time of Copernicus, who revealed the cardinal fact that the earth is merely one planet, rolling with others around the sun.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Zoological Station similar to that at Naples is about to be established at Messina.

The University Library at Strasburg has, according to the latest news, now reached the total of 470,000 volumes.

On June 3d the Dutch North Polar Expedition sailed from Amsterdam on board the *Willem Barendz*. The ship is equipped with all necessaries for ten months.

In Order that Science may have a voice in the deliberation of British national affairs, Sir John Lubbock suggests that one of the vacant seats in Parliament be allotted to the Royal Society.

A Caravan from Abyssinia has arrived at Marseilles, being destined for the Acclimatization Garden of Paris. It is composed of 15 men, 4 women, 2 children, 32 camels, 4 oxen, 2 zebras, 4 elephants, 8 ostriches, asses, and horses from Dongola and Abyssinia.

A Japan Paper mentions a curious instance of Japanese thrift at Osaka. The paper made at the mill there is mostly manufactured from blue rags, and the water in which they are boiled has hitherto only poisoned the watercourses; henceforth it is to be saved and the indigo extracted from it.

The Municipal Council of Paris has adopted a proposal made by M. de Villiers, Chief Engineer of Ponts-et-Chaussées, for establishing at the Trocadero a stone which will be the zero point of leveling for Paris and the Seine Department. It is stated that the Minister of Public Works will order such a stone to be erected in the chief city of each department.

Probably the Oldest Teacher in existence is the venerable M. Chevreul. This eminent chemist, who is about ninety years of age, has been advertised as lecturer on chemistry in the Paris Museum. The first part of his lectures will be devoted to the subject of contrast in colors. M. Chevreul enjoys excellent health, and exhibits admirable bodily as well as mental activity.

Rich Deposits of Gold have been discovered in various parts of Nova Scotia, where its existence has hitherto been scarcely suspected. The most important discovery made has been near Bannockburn, in the township of Madoc, where a large nugget of gold of fine quality was recently found, and an extensive gold field is being opened out. Coal and iron are also plentiful in the province.

M. Cosson, of the Geographical Society of Paris, has endeavored to maintain that the Algerian Sea proposed by M. Roudaire would not improve the climate of the Sahara, that in case any alteration were possible it would be detrimental to the health of the inhabitants; that it would create dissatisfaction among the Tunisian and Algerian tribes and the Algerian colonists, and that it would have no effect in attracting to Algiers the trade of the Soudan.

What with its Museums and learned societies Berlin is fast becoming a highly favorable centre for the study of ethnology. Some time ago a tribe of Esquimaux attracted large crowds to their quarters in the Zoological Gardens. A family of Patagonians have been recently introduced by Professor Virchow to the Anthropological Society, while the latest phase of enterprise in this respect is nothing more nor less than the importation of half-a-dozen live Zulu Caffres.

At the Last Meeting of the Geological Society, Professor Prestwich announced that the next International Geological Congress will be held at Bologna in September, 1881, and that the President of the Committee, Professor Capellini, had written requesting co-operation on the part of the Geological Society and its Fellows. Among the matters which would be brought forward at this Congress would be the unification of geological nomenclature and the symbols used in geological mapping.

An Interesting Ceremony has just taken place at Paris. The pupils of the Ecole Centrale, which was founded at Paris in 1829, by MM. Dumas, Lavallé, Perdonnet, and a number of engineers for promoting education in practical science, has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of that event. The new institution was so prosperous that a few years ago it was purchased by the Government and made a public institution. It may be said without any exaggeration that the pupils of the Ecole Centrale have been employed in the construction of almost every railway in France and perhaps on the Continent.

The Success of the Jablochkoff Lights at the Palais de l'Industrie is nightly increasing. The number of visitors exceeds 6,000 nightly, exclusive of press men, artists, and bearers of free tickets. The *salons* are rather more crowded than in daylight. No extinction at all has been noticed since the first night. The change of candles is effected by keys worked from the engine-house, and takes less than a second for each series of lamps. Several places of public entertainment in Paris are adopting the Jablochkoff light, principally to avoid the heat which results from burning gas, and is so obnoxious in Summer time.

The Arrangements for the annual meetings of the principal foreign associations are announced. The German Anthropological Society holds its yearly meeting at Strassburg on August 11th, 12th and 13th, and the fifty-second meeting of the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians will be held at Baden-Baden from September 16th to 24th. The French Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its eighth session at Montpellier, commencing on August 28th. The president is M. Bardoux, late Minister of Public Instruction. The American Association meets this year at Saratoga, on August 27th, the president being Mr. George F. Barker, of Philadelphia.

The Clothworkers' Company have voted £3,500, over and above £10,000 previously voted, to cover the complete cost of the site, building, furnishing, and fitting with all necessary appliances, of the textile industries and dyeing instruction departments of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, and they have further agreed to maintain the building and its operations in full effect without extraneous or adventitious aid, for a period of five years from January 1st next, at a cost of £1,200 per annum. This increased annual subvention has been necessitated by the addition of instruction in dyeing and applied chemistry connected with the finishing of textile fabrics. The new buildings will be completed about October next.

Hormuzd Rassam has completed his second Assyrian expedition. He explored the mound of Nebi Younus, the prophet Jonah, and discovered remains of palaces erected by Esdarhaddon and Sennacherib. His labors on the mounds of Nineveh resulted in the recovery of a large number of inscriptions of extreme interest. Passing southward, he visited Nimroud and its Temple of Venus. The explorations in Assyria have discovered many valuable monuments. Mr. Rassam extended his operations into fields untouched since the time of Layard's expedition, and he was able to carry out a series of explorations on the mounds of ancient Babylon. Here his discoveries were most brilliant. In a mound hitherto untouched he discovered a palace of Nebuchadnezzar's, with rich enameled columns, beams of Indian wood, and every indication of having been a most splendid edifice. His excavations in the mound of the Birs Nimroud, the site of the supposed Tower of Babel, have proved that the destruction of this great edifice was due, not to lightning or hostile attack, but to a volcanic eruption.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Prince Leopold has become President of the London Musical Society.

Already more than £1,000 have been contributed to the Burt Testimonial Fund in Dublin.

The Rev. Dr. Mathews, of New York, has received a call to the Chalmers Church in Quebec.

Herr von Gerlach has been appointed to succeed Dr. Falk as Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs.

Rutgers College has conferred upon Mr. Edison the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Baron Lionel Rothschild bequeathed to George Fordham, his jockey, $10,000, and an annuity of $1,500.

The venerable George Bancroft has sufficiently recovered his health to be enabled to resume his great literary labors.

Professor Swift is to receive two gold medals from the Austrian Academy of Sciences for his discoveries of comets.

The statue of Victor Emmanuel, to be erected in Turin, will rest on a pedestal of four Doric pillars, with symbolic figures.

Prince Charles, of Roumania, being childless, intends to adopt the second son of his eldest brother, the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern.

Convicts are inclosing Senator Hill's forty-thousand-acre sheep ranch in Georgia with a stone wall. Seven miles of the wall are now finished.

Henry Varley, the evangelist, has returned to England after two years' successful labors in Australia, and will spend the Summer preaching in London.

Despite threats of assassination, the King of the Belgians has signed the law on the reform of primary education, which will be promulgated shortly.

Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese Stanley, is reported as strong and muscular, although of light limb and frame, and of a genial disposition, not easily overcome by difficulties.

Bishop Hendricken (Roman Catholic) of Rhode Island, in order to raise funds for the new cathedral at Baltimore, is arranging a grand diocesan picnic, to include all the Roman Catholic societies in that State.

Lewis B. Monroe, Dean of the School of Oratory of the Boston University, died at Dublin, N. H., June 13th, after a short illness. He was about fifty years old, and was the best known teacher of elocution in Massachusetts.

The cost of transporting Lord Lorne and Princess Louise from England to Canada—$10,000—is a bill that no one seems willing to father. The Home Colonial Office refused to pay it, and the Canadian Treasurer has also repudiated the bill.

A case of love at first sight is reported from Alaska. A sergeant of the Marine Corps is about to lead to the altar the daughter of the Indian chief, Sitka Jack. The bride having paddled alongside the *Alaska* with her little canoe loaded with fish, the gallant sergeant was immediately smitten and fascinated.

In the list of the new "Chevaliers of Honor," published in Paris, are the names of two Americans—William A. Cole and Dr. Warren Bey. The latter, before entering the service of the Khédive, became well known by his expert testimony in the famous Wharton poisoning case in Baltimore, a few years ago.

Dr. Arvid Arnfelt, a well-known Swedish bibliographer, has completed a biographical and critical memoir of Leonhard Fredrik Rääf, the antiquary, who died in 1872, in his eighty-sixth year. The volume contains a great deal of new matter regarding Swedish literature in the first half of the present century.

The Prince of Wales stood sponsor to Captain and Mrs. Arthur Paget's baby when it was christened at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Place, two weeks ago. Mrs. Paget was formerly Miss Minnie Stevens, of New York, daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens. This is the first child of American-born parentage who has had the honor of having an heir to a crown as a godfather.

Georgia has a Hicks-Loed case in the marriage of Dr. James S. Sims, a man of seventy-five, worth some $25,000, to Mrs. Adkins, a widow of forty, worth $15,000. Relatives tried to prevent the marriage, and the doctor's son, Mississippi's Lieutenant-Governor, got his father declared a lunatic. A judge, however, set the judgment aside, and the old couple eluded the young folks and were married before they knew it.

Miss Mary H. Packer is the late Judge Packer's youngest daughter. She is a most devout Episcopalian, and has done much in the way of charity. As she is now the richest woman in this country, with the exception of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, the public will no doubt hear more frequently of her deeds of kindness. She is known as a very thorough business woman, and the fact that her father, in the disposition of his great estate, put her on a level with her brothers, is a high compliment to her business sagacity.

Colonel Hee, the Chinese Consul in San Francisco, explains the increased arrivals of Chinese at that port on the ground that the belief in China is that the Bill restricting emigration from that country to the United States had actually become a law, and that subsequent to the 4th of July only fifteen persons would be allowed to take passage on one steamer. The Chinese, having learned that the measure had passed both Houses of Congress, concluded that the question was settled, and hastened to start for the golden shore while there was yet an opportunity.

The death record of the past week includes the names of Lewis B. Monroe, Dean of the School of Oratory of the Boston University, July 14th; Thomas M. Dale, one of the pioneer silk manufacturers of Paterson, 17th; General Peter Lyle, of Philadelphia, 17th; Colonel Alexander MacW. Cumming, of Princeton, 17th; Civil Engineer Franklin A. Stratton, U. S. N., 17th, at Philadelphia; the Rev. William C. Mead, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Conn., 17th; General Wm. F. Barry, in command of Fort McHenry, 18th; M. Favre, contractor of the St. Gothard tunnel, 19th; and Henry D. Palmer, the theatrical manager, 19th, in London.

An evidence of the advance of civilization in India will be found in the fact that a widow marriage was celebrated on May 5th, in Girgaum, under the auspices of the Widow Marriage Association. The bridegroom, Mr. Dinkur Punt, is the head master of the Belgaum Girls' School, and is a Chitpavan by caste. He is about thirty-six years of age. The bride, Sakheo Bai, who is only eighteen years of age, is a Deshasth by caste, and she lost her first husband when she was quite young. There was a goodly number of educated natives present at the wedding, and everything passed off quietly and well. It will interest our readers to know that this is the twenty-second widow-marriage on this side of India, the first having taken place in June, 1869. It is scarcely possible that widows will hereafter be burned with the dead bodies of their husbands.

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MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT.

MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT, who has been playing in London with the company of the Comédie Française of Paris, is a Jewess; her mother was Dutch, her father was a Frenchman. She was a pupil of Messrs. Provost and Samson, professors of elocution. In 1862 she made her début at the Comédie Française in Racine's "Iphigénie," and the "Valérie" of Scribe. She was not successful then, and played at the Gymnase and the Porte St. Martin in burlesque parts. In January, 1867, she returned to high art at the Odéon, playing several minor parts with much applause, till she achieved a notable success in that of *Marie de Neuberg*, in "Ruy Blas." She was thereupon recalled to the Comédie Française, and first showed her higher powers in "Andromaque" and "Junie"; but it was in *Berthe de Savigny*, in the play of "Le Sphinx," performed in March, 1874, that she won the greatest applause. Her magnificent rendering of *Zaire* and *Phèdre* have been most generally admired. Mlle. Bernhardt has remarkable versatility of talents, being a tolerable sculptor, painter, musician, and literary writer. She is of an enterprising disposition, served as an ambulance nurse with the French Army during the siege of Paris, and has made several balloon ascents, of which she wrote an account. Her genius is beyond dispute and partakes of many eccentric illustrations. It is doubtful if any actor or actress has ever furnished so much rich food for the public palate as she; and while the press of Europe and America have been overflowing with narratives of her life, habits and manners, she has almost daily added to the list of her surprising abilities.

While all London was growing wild over her performances on the stage, in her studio, and in the social parlor, she created a new sensation about the first of July by handing in her resignation as a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française. This action is said to have been prompted by the cabal organized against her in Paris during her absence. The *Figaro* published an article in which all her peculiarities were held up in an unenviable light, and many strange freaks were ascribed to her. In a lengthy telegram she denied all the points raised, and expressed sorrow at the treatment she had received. It is believed that the real cause of her resignation is her desire to travel independently of the Théatre Française, which has a first claim upon her during the time she remains a Sociétaire. It has been definitely announced that she proposes to make a professional tour of the United States; but she must "put off the old love before she goes on with the new." It is not unlikely, therefore, she has been seeking a cause for withdrawing from the company ever since her brilliant reception in London, as she is sure, by independent performances, to double her present income many times.



MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT, EX-SOCIÉTAIRE OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

PROGRESS OF RAPID TRANSIT TOWARDS HIGH BRIDGE.

FROM present indications it is likely that our citizens will be able to reach High Bridge—One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street—by elevated railroad during the coming Fall. The general instructions given to contractors are to spare no time, trouble nor expense in pushing the work; at the same time it is expected that the road will be built in such a thorough manner as to last for ages. The first train to Eighty-first Street and Ninth Avenue, on the Metropolitan "L" was dispatched on June 9th, and made the distance from Rector Street in twenty-eight minutes. This station is near the American Museum of Natural History, and the trains on the first running day bore hundreds of citizens to the Spring reception of this admirable institution. A smooth and easy run of half an hour brings the visitor to One Hundred and Fourth Street. Here he finds a station rapidly nearing completion. The road structure at this point is very low, perhaps the lowest on the entire line. A few blocks above is Lion Brewery, and from this point the road, at One Hundred and Tenth Street, curves into Eighth Avenue. The sharp descent down One Hundred and Tenth Street has compelled the company to raise great brick and stone piers over the foundation bases, and the columns when placed on top of these piers will form quite a novel feature in "L" railroad building. As the road passes from One Hundred and Tenth Street into Eighth Avenue, and continues along that avenue over the horse-car tracks, the structure becomes higher and higher till it makes one almost giddy to look up to it.

The foundations, from One Hundred and Fourth Street and Ninth Avenue to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue (Harlem River), are all either completed or fairly under way. On Eighth Avenue the digging has been comparatively easy as far as One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, owing to the sandy character of the soil, and many of the excavations are only seven feet deep. But from One Hundred and Forty-fifth to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street the obstacles encountered have made the work extremely cumbersome. It was considered necessary to unearth all the great boulders of rocks that had been sunk to fill up the marsh, and remove them, and, as water was frequently met with, to drive in piles, sometimes to the depth of forty and fifty feet below the surface of the avenue. The piles are of yellow spruce timber, which, while resting under water, is absolutely secure from rot or decay, and after the piles are filled in with concrete the brick piers and foundations are erected in the most solid manner and exactly like those on Second Avenue.

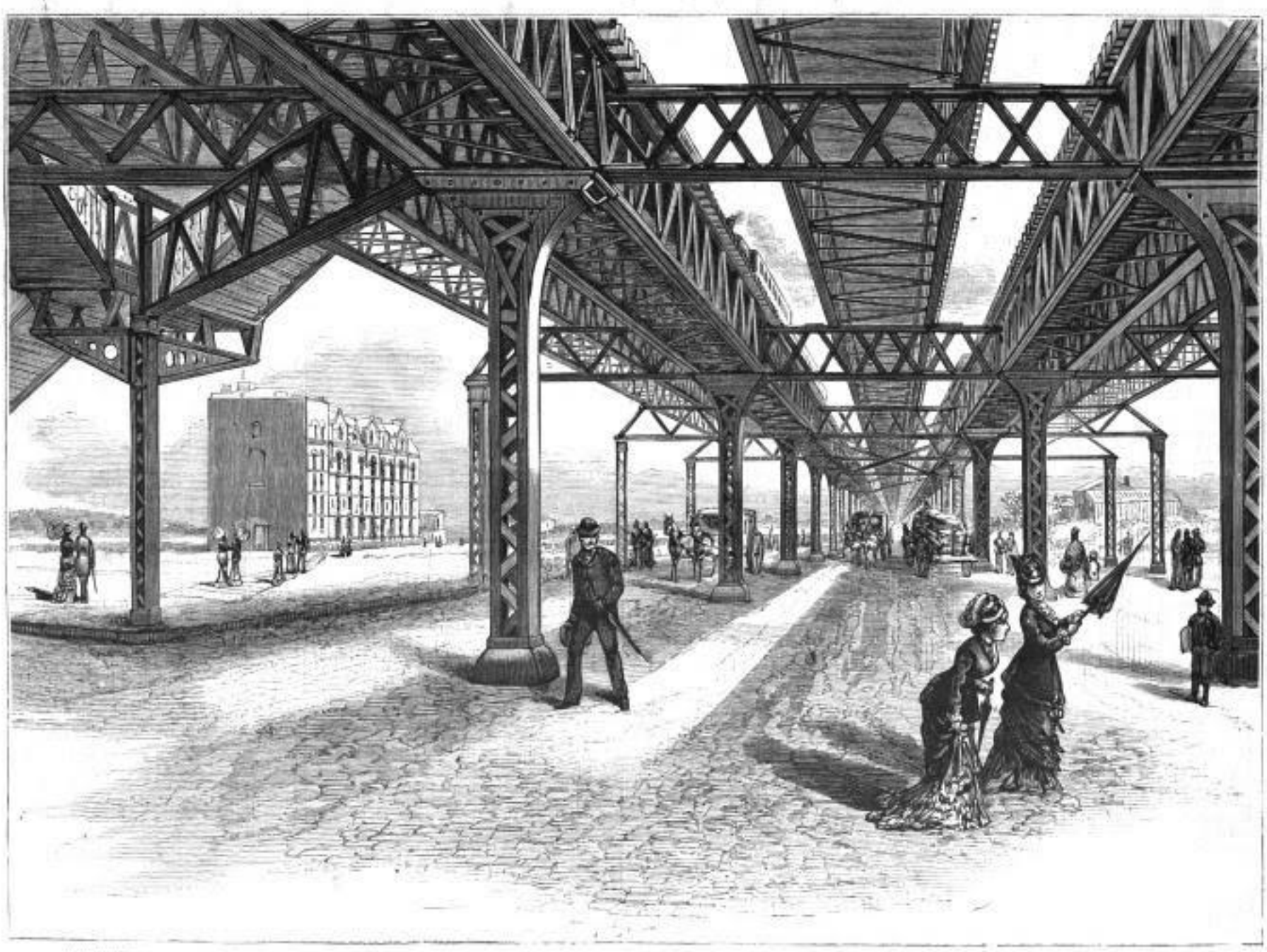
It is believed that the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station will be opened for travel by August 1st, and during the same month the road is also to be in operation as far as One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. The soundings are now being taken from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street to High Bridge (One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street), where the road continues along the marshy westerly bank of the Harlem, and where most of the structure will also have to be raised on piles, thus adding immensely to the difficulty and expense of the work.

The structure on the portion of Eighth Avenue above One Hundred and Tenth Street, where the iron is already erected, is quite different from any that has yet been seen in the city—quite apart from its extraordinary height, which, in some places, exceeds sixty feet. To brace the lofty iron columns, longitudinal and lateral cross-girders of great strength and elaborate workmanship have been placed midway, both as to the height and width, and the highly wrought ironwork, when it is painted, will make the structure look like some artistic piece of bridge-architecture, conceived as much with a view to beauty as to solid use.

There have been many interviews of late with knowing ones concerning the extension of the hours for five-cent fares on all the elevated lines, and the possible abolition of the ten-cent rate entirely. Assertions and denials have been freely made that the officers had ordered a reduction, but at the present writing the public is in ignorance of the exact state of affairs, loud as the clamor is for cheaper rates. Quite an army of men is employed on the east and west side roads, and there seems to be no hitch in their work.

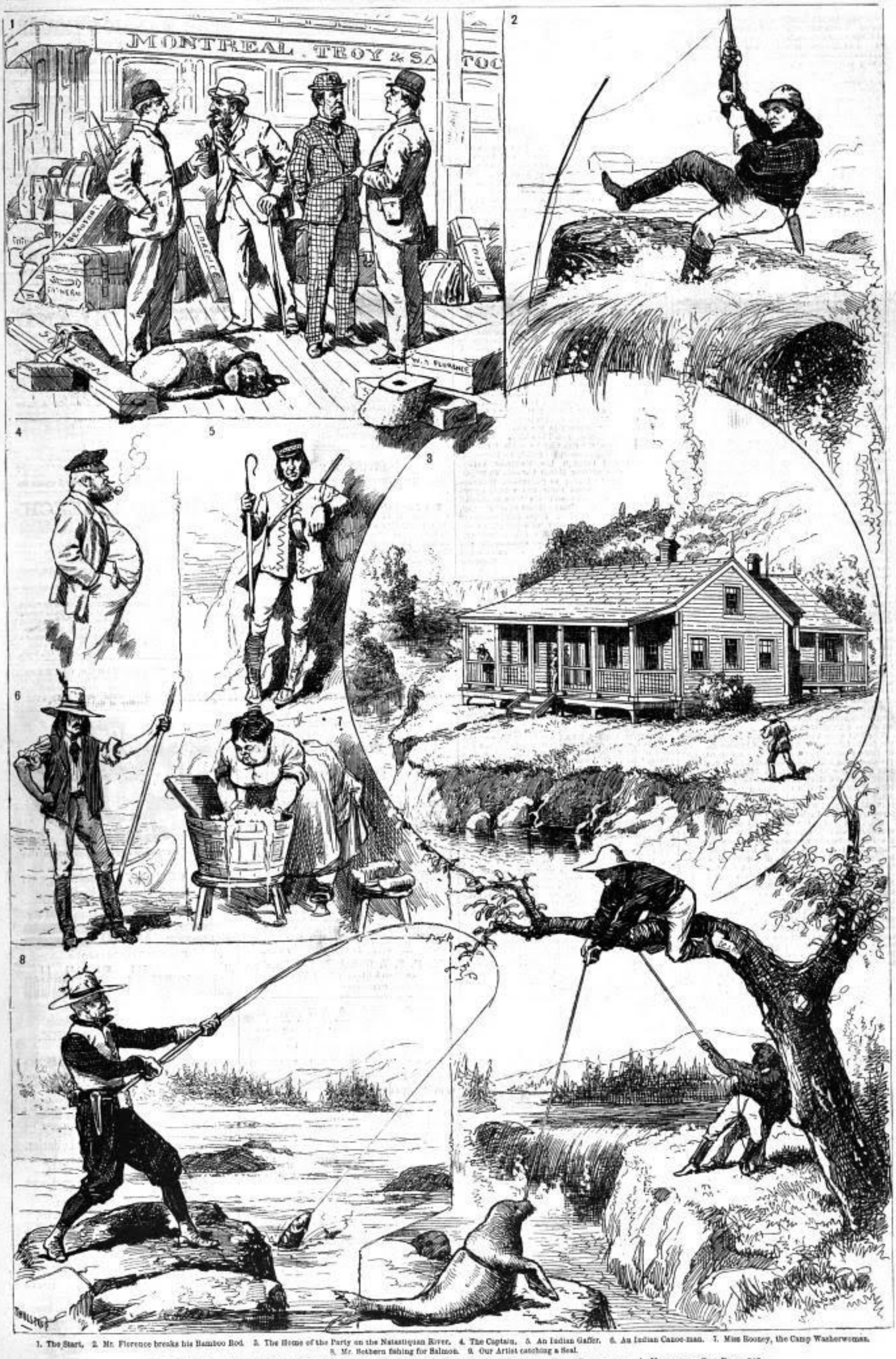
BISMARCK AS AN ORATOR.

THE Berlin *Tagblatt* furnishes the following sketch of the German Chancellor delivering his great speech in the Reichstag on the Customs tariffs: "Hush! Bismarck is speaking!" With these words you are ushered into the Reichstag. And it is so. Before even hearing a word you can tell by the aspect of the Chamber that it is the Chancellor who is speaking. With their bodies stretched out, and ears wide open, everybody leans forward to listen. The pencils of the short-hand writers fly over the paper with the rapidity of lightning, and you



NEW YORK CITY.—PROGRESS OF RAPID TRANSIT TOWARDS HIGH BRIDGE—THE NEW STATION OF THE METROPOLITAN "L" ROAD ON NINTH AVENUE, AT EIGHTY-FIRST STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

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1. The Start. 2. Mr. Florence breaks his Bamboo Rod. 3. The Home of the Party on the Natashquan River. 4. The Captain. 5. An Indian Gaffer. 6. An Indian Canoe-man. 7. Miss Rooney, the Camp Washerwoman. 8. Mr. Sothern fishing for Salmon. 9. Our Artist catching a Seal.

THE FISHING EXPERIENCES OF SOTHERN AND FLORENCE IN LABRADOR.—From Sketches by A. Manning.—See Page 367.

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hold your breath involuntarily that you may hear better. From below is heard a feeble voice—one of those voices which, by its nervous tone, suggests excess of intellectual work. The words come by jerks, each sentence being laboriously formed. The orator is sometimes hurried, sometimes hesitating in his speech. He recalls each sentence, twists it, and turns it about until he has eliminated all the points which an adversary might attack. It is then only that he abandons it to the House. In listening to him you experience a strange excitement, for while this strong man continues his speech you are momentarily feeling that he will suddenly stop short in the middle of his discourse. Not that ideas are likely to be wanting, but one fears lest the weakly voice which issues so laboriously from the Chancellor's robust frame may fail in the midst of a peroration without the possibility in the hurry of picking up the broken threads. The Chancellor himself looks ill at ease while speaking, his thin white hands fidgeting now with one, now with another button of his modest dark blue cuirassier's uniform. Then they catch feverishly at the long pencils so much talked about; seek refuge on the table; and at last rest on the glass of water which stands on the tribune. You might fancy that it was only this resting-place that was wanting, for presently his speech grows firmer, more severe; words flow from his lips with greater clearness; his thick eyebrows are lowered still more upon the gray eyes which seem to penetrate the ranks of the Deputies. It is now evident that the orator is approaching the end of his speech; the sentences become shorter and more vigorous. And then the Chancellor draws himself up to his full height; the voice, so weak at first, gains a clear hard ring, and he throws his last sentence like a bomb into the midst of the Chamber, resuming his seat amid the loud applause of his friends.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

SHARK-FISHING OFF THE COAST OF NANTUCKET.

FEW places within easy reach of Summer tourists have undergone so great a transformation as the Island of Nantucket. In one respect it has long been in a state of decay; in another it is rapidly rising in popular esteem. The whale-fishing on this continent had its origin, and for many years was exclusively pursued, there. Fifty years ago there were over a hundred vessels engaged in this business and in the coasting trade which was consequent and dependent upon it. Its ships and its sailors visited every part of the globe in pursuit of their gigantic prey, and the name of Nantucket became a familiar sound wherever winds blew and waters rolled. Her prosperity was due to commerce exclusively, and to one particular branch of commerce. To borrow a homely phrase, "All its eggs were in one basket," and when the bottom of this basket dropped out its fortune and its occupation were gone.

While the island has fallen into decay with respect to the whale-fishery, it has of late been reviving under the influence of Summer tourists, attracted to the locality in the first instance by the luxuries of Martha's Vineyard. It is easy to extend one's journey, when it is once begun, from one island to the other. The two or three hours of sea-voyage which separate them become attractive in fine weather and in a comfortable boat. Of the crowds that visit Martha's Vineyard, many are tempted by curiosity or restlessness to prolong their excursion to Nantucket. This last is consequently fast assuming the character and aspects of a watering-place, and several excellent hotels and comfortable boarding-houses are ready to give the wanderer a hospitable welcome.

The first aspect of Nantucket as you see it from the deck of the steamer is fine and imposing. Two or three church-spires, standing in a commanding position, form with the other buildings a combination agreeable to the eye. A few rods from the shore there is a steep bluff some forty or fifty feet high, along which is a continuous row of houses, while in like manner the low ground at the bottom is thickly covered with dwellings, so that there is a foreground and a background to the landscape.

When you land in the town and look about, you are struck with the compactness of the place and the limited territory which the houses occupy. Nantucket is really a town of four thousand inhabitants, but it has the look of a section of a large town or even city. The houses most remote from each other are not much more than a mile apart. Main Street, the principal business street, looks like a street in Boston, with its many shops and its continuous blocks of buildings. This street, and Orange Street—which runs at right angles with it—are paved. It is one of the noteworthy facts of both Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket that the few names of the first settlers are extensively perpetuated; while by intermarriage the inhabitants are bound in a network of relationship. About 1806, after nearly two hundred years, thirty-two names made three-fourths of the population—Lace, Norton, Mayhew, Smith, Allen, Peace, Tilton, Butler, Dagget, Dunham and Coffin being chief. Thomas Mayhew, of Watertown, received the grant of the islands, Martha's Vineyard and the adjacent ones, with the right and title of Governor, wholly independent of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1642. The spot where he was buried—though no stone marks it—is in the yard, just between Water Street in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and the harbor, almost under the windows of the old mansion, yet occupied by a Mayhew, which stands on the site of his house.

Nantucket Island is about one hundred miles south-southeast of Boston, and thirty miles from Hyannis, the terminus of the Cape Cod Railroad, is crescent-shaped and about fourteen miles long by three and a half broad.

There are now abundant facilities for surf-bathing and fishing, and few travelers would visit the island without indulging in the exciting sport of shark-fishing. While fine specimens of the white shark and the man-eater are occasionally encountered, the principal species is that known as the dogfish, averaging from four to eight feet in length. Catboats and ordinary rowing-boats are used in the exercise, and it is always well for a party to engage the services of an expert skipper. The line is a stout rope to which some nine feet of chain bearing a huge hook is attached. The hook is baited with meat. Reaching the desired locality, the anchor is cast and the line thrown out. When a bite is had all hands but the skipper haul in until the head of the shark appears above the water at the side or stern of the boat. Then the skipper, watching his opportunity, strikes the shark on the head with a heavy club, generally killing it with the first blow. The larger sharks are towed ashore, where considerable oil is obtained from them.

Another exciting sport is to "lay" for one of the numerous small whales that frequent the harbor, plunge a harpoon into its body, make the line fast to the boat, and allow yourself to be propelled about the harbor in all directions by the captive, who seeks in his rapid movements not to please you with an exhilarating sail, but to free himself from the fatal barb. When the whale becomes exhausted you can either cut loose, or hold the body in tow, and row back to the shore.

Under the potent sovereignty of fashion, the advancing prosperity of this charming island will be made apparent by illustrations in succeeding issues of this newspaper.

THE READING SUMMER ROUTES.

AMONG the very numerous and enticing Summer excursion route-books put forth by the important railroad lines none offers a more varied and attractive list than that of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Its accurate illustrations of important towns and cities are a unique and especially valuable feature; while in all the details of paper, printing and handsomely ornamented cover, the work is really artistic. No State in the Union surpasses Pennsylvania in its natural attractions and its inducements to health and pleasure-seekers, and no road penetrates more of the choicest and most interesting localities than the Philadelphia and Reading. By its recent acquisition of the North Pennsylvania and the Bound Brook railroads the sphere of the Reading becomes immensely enlarged, and it enters at once into competition with the most favored roads for its share of the passenger and pleasure traffic from the great cities of the Atlantic Coast. The valleys of the Delaware, the Schuylkill, Lehigh, Perkiomen and Susquehanna, all romantic and historic—the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania in all their vast extent—hundreds of quiet, retired resorts for families—of health-giving springs for invalids—of forests and streams for sportsmen—are reached directly by the Reading system; while in close connection with it are direct lines to all the important Summer resorts, from the valley of the Ohio to the shore of the Atlantic. To people of moderate means, the Reading route-book offers inducements which should not be overlooked. From its proximity to the principal towns and cities of the mining region, the Reading is able to offer its tickets at a very low price, thus putting a delightful Summer excursion within the reach of limited purses. For instance, from Philadelphia to Wilkesbarre and return, the trip may be made for $6.50, or by way of Williamsport for $9.30; to Pottsville, Frackville and through the Mahanoy Valley, for $1.40; or, including Mount Carmel, Tamaqua, and Williamsport, $9.35; to Shamokin, Williamsport, via the Catawissa route, and return by the wonderful Glen Onoko and the "Switchback" Railroad for $11.65, and many others equally cheap, interesting and instructive. From Philadelphia to all the favorite and popular watering-places the Reading answers all the demands of the most exacting traveler. Roadbed, route, equipments and operating details are all in the hands of an able and experienced force, whose standard of excellence is simply perfection, and no pains or expense are spared to lead in every improvement and advantage worth having. The new route between Philadelphia and New York, with its quick time and sure connections, is rapidly gaining favor among business men, and under the new management the Reading will be more popular than ever. The Reading Summer-book, of which we began to write, may be obtained of all agents of the company at important points, or by addressing Mr. C. G. Hancock, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.

FUN.

UPON the adjournment of Congress, Aleck Stephens, it is said, crawled into an envelope and franked himself home.

A DANSEL applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of drygoods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

MISTRESS (to new cook): "Now, Sarah, remember if you are strictly honest and economical in your marketing I will give you a few shillings extra per month." *New Cook*: "Thank you, ma'am; I will think it over, and let you know in the evening."

A LOWELL lady, sending a basket to her daughter in Boston by express, was so solicitous that it should go through expeditiously that she inclosed a note in the basket requesting her daughter to leave an order for the expressman to meet the basket at the depot. Fact!

A CLEVER Tuscaroran was tried at Elko, Nev., for cattle-stealing. The jury acquitted him without leaving the box. Upon his return home a friend inquired as to the result of the trial. "No cause of action," said the party; "I merely killed the ox in self-defense, and ate him for spite, and, of course, I was acquitted by the intelligent jury."

IN a recent trip of one of the steamers running to San Francisco, there was, at dinner, bread served which tasted strongly of coal oil. The captain afterwards asked the baker if he did not know that kerosene had got into the flour. He admitted that he did. "Why didn't you feed the flour to the chickens, then?" was asked. "Oh," he replied, "I was afraid it would kill 'em."

THE small boy of a clergyman in Portland was detected by his mother in the act of "ornamenting" with a jack-knife a costly inlaid table by a deeply-cut carving of his ideal steamboat. A day or two after the lady saw him from the door looking with admiring eyes at his partially completed work, and heard him sigh, "By George! I wish I had got the smokestack on before she licked me!"

"BOYS, I've never made a bet in my life; but I'll do so now," said Uncle Zeke at the Forks' tavern. "Hooray! I thought he'd come to it," shouted the laziest lounger in the place. "Now, what is it? I'll bet with you." "Well, it's this: Peer may be able to jump from the suspension bridge into the Niagara River, but I'll bet a pair of shoes he can't jump from the river onto the suspension bridge."

DURING a recent trial in New London a rural juror appealed to the Court to know "if the lawyers could not be stopped from bothering the jury." He had become bewildered in the maze of technicalities and subtleties with which the lawyers had apparently mystified the case, and he cried in anguish of spirit, "Them lawyers come here on purpose to bother and confuse us jurors, don't they, judge?" "I suppose they do, my friend," wearily answered his honor.

A GLASGOW minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife: "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh, yes, sir, we gang to the Barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Dr. Macleod?" "Na, na, deed no; we wadna risk him. Do ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus."

A YOUNG lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly-decorated recess. On her knee, was a diminutive niece, placed there *pour les convenances*. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say *twice*, Ethel dear; that is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that!

A COLLEGE professor once said that "he who *expects to rate* high in his class must not *expectorate* on the floor." Much of the hawking and spitting was, no doubt, caused by catarrh, which the professor knew could be readily cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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Student at Cincinnati Law College

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PENNSYLVANIA.—A SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING AT WILLETT'S STATION, BUCKS COUNTY—A TRANCE MEDIUM HOLDING A SEANCE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 377.

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THE ISTHMUS CANAL AND THE "MONROE DOCTRINE."

IT is announced that M. de Lesseps, on behalf of the company organized for the construction of the Darien Ship Canal, has deposited in London $150,000 as an earnest of the sincerity which presides over the undertaking and in pledge of the zeal with which it will be pushed to a successful completion. This preliminary deposit was required by the Colombian Government in requital for the concession it is ready to make to any company which is willing to prove its faith in the practicability of the Isthmus Canal by something more substantial than plans and specifications. The fame of the eminent French engineer under whose auspices the present company is organized, the success which has already crowned his labors in connection with the Suez Canal, the irrepressible energy of his character, and the enthusiasm with which he inspires his associates, would seem to indicate that we now stand at the threshold of an honest and earnest attempt to realize a dream which for more than two generations has filled the visions of statesmen, diplomatists, engineers and geographers.

And yet, at the very inception of the project, as now formulated in Paris, some grave objections of a diplomatic and dynastic nature have been interposed by the susceptible spirit of some among our countrymen, who are disposed to arrogate for the United States a recognized preponderance in selecting the route of the proposed canal, in forming the company organized to build it, and in controlling it after the work shall have been completed.

Foremost among the grounds on which these objections are based is the assumption that it will be an infraction of the "Monroe Doctrine" to allow an European company to take the initiative in such a work on soil which forms an integral part of the North and South American Continents. During the late extra session of Congress, immediately after the announcement that the scheme of M. de Lesseps had taken a definite shape as the result of the recent deliberations in Paris, Senator Burnside introduced a resolution into the Senate directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire how far the proposed movement was compatible with the declaration made by Mr. Monroe in his Message of 1823, when he asserted "as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." Instead of the word "colonization," Senator Burnside has substituted the word "occupation," and so has missed the true sense and historical gist of the declaration made by Mr. Monroe in 1823. By that declaration it was simply affirmed that the waste and unsettled parts of the New World were, then and thereafter, no longer open to colonization by right of discovery, proclamation and partial settlement in the name of any European power.

It was in this way that the North and South American Continents had been originally parceled out by the leading nations of Europe—by Spain, France, England, Russia and Portugal. This work of "colonization" had gone on without let or hindrance from the first discovery of the New World by Columbus down almost to the beginning of the present century. But with the beginning of this century the work of colonization had practically come to an end; for, though large parts of the New World were still unsettled by civilized man, it was claimed by one power or another that its jurisdiction extended over the unoccupied as well as the already occupied portions of North and South America. The undefined nature and extent of these conflicting territorial claims led to frequent disputes between the nations interested in their assertion, and the history of diplomacy is filled with discussions on this topic down to a period so late as the administration of President Polk, when "the Oregon boundary controversy," so long pending between the United States and Great Britain, was finally settled in a way so little satisfactory to ardent patriots, who asserted the rightfulness of the claim advanced by our Government to the surrendered property lying between parallel 49° and 54° 40' of north latitude.

"The Monroe Doctrine," so-called, is subject to such perpetual misstatement in our current politics, and is so constantly imported into discussions where it has no legitimate place, that it seems appropriate to recall its real significance and bearing to the notice of our readers, now that it has again been invoked as a *cavet* against the project of M. de Lesseps and his associates.

By the terms of the Nootka Sound Convention, concluded between Great Britain and Spain in the year 1790, it had been agreed with respect to the eastern and western coasts of South America, and the islands adjacent, that no new colonies should be planted by the subjects of either power, south of the parts already occupied by Spain. When, by their successful revolution, the Spanish-American States became free and independent of the mother-country, it followed that they severally and collectively succeeded to the territorial right of eminent domain which had formerly vested in Spain; and hence, in 1823, when the independence of these States was formally recognized by the United States as being definitively established, it was judged by Mr. John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State under President Monroe, that the time had come for promulgating, as a principle of fact and right, the doctrine that no part of the American Continent would *thereafter* be subject to "colonization" as waste and unoccupied territory. The whole territory of these Continents was then covered by the flag of some recognized country, and would, argued Mr. Adams, be henceforth "accessible to Europeans, and to each other, on this footing alone."

This doctrine was first formulated by Mr. Adams in the course of some negotiations between our Government and Russia with regard to the conflicting territorial pretenses of the United States, of Great Britain and Russia in the northwestern parts of North America, and Mr. Monroe did but reiterate and generalize the declaration of his Secretary of State when he incorporated in his message of 1823 the statement which has subsequently come to be called "the Monroe Doctrine." It was directed simply and solely to a denial of the right of any European Power to plant new colonies in the North and South American Continents, and what was denied to European Powers was equally denied to the existing Powers on this side of the Atlantic. The New World was henceforth to be occupied and settled by the nationalities among whom it was parceled out; or if existing rights were disturbed, they were to be disturbed by cession, by purchase or by conquest, as is done in other parts of the world.

The meaning and application of "the Monroe Doctrine" being thus limited by the history of its origin, it follows that to cite it as being antagonistic to schemes of internal improvement like the Darien Ship Canal is entirely to mistake its real significance. It is to conjure with words which have no meaning, and to impose a delusion on the popular credulity. The "Monroe Doctrine" of 1823 had a definite purpose, and that purpose has been fully accomplished; for from the date of its utterance no European Power has assumed to exercise the rights of "squatter sovereignty" on the soil of the North or South American Continents.

If it be just and proper that the United States Government should arrogate to itself a pre-eminent control over the construction and operation of the Isthmus Canal, it is a pretension which must be arrogated in the name of our living political and commercial interests, not in the name of a "doctrine" which has already spent its force and whose applicability to the North and South American Continents is no longer disputed by any Power under the sun.

We had supposed that all disputed questions of this sort, with regard to the proposed canal, were sufficiently settled by the Clayton-Bulwer Convention of 1850, between the United States and Great Britain. By the terms of that convention, after specifying certain routes then designated, the contracting parties proceed to hold the following language in Article VIII. of the convention: "The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, *but also to establish a general principle*, they hereby agree to extend their protection, by treaty stipulations, to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the Isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the inter-oceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama."

We are not insensible to the considerations which assert for the United States a pre-eminence of *interests* in the construction of the Isthmus canal, but we are at a loss to perceive how that priority of *interests* will be promoted by making us pre-eminently responsible for the protection of the canal against all comers. The Clayton-Bulwer convention proceeds on the assumption that our *interests* will be best subversed by the *neutralization* of the canal—by inviting all the world to co-operate with us and England in holding it "open on like terms to the citizens and subjects of every other State." This seemed the true *American doctrine* in 1850, and we can see no good reason for abjuring it in 1879. If we have any interests which can be promoted by charging the Government of the United States with a monopoly of *rights* and a monopoly of duties and responsibilities with respect to the proposed canal, we wait to hear them specified before we commit ourselves to their assertion on any grounds of mere political pride and national sensibility.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

A NOTABLE speech on the financial policy of the Government and its results was made by Secretary Sherman at Portland, Maine, on the 23d of July. Commencing with a brief sketch of the condition of the country in 1873, with a currency worth eighty-seven cents on the dollar, with an unnaturally high rate of interest, with wild and reckless waste and improvidence everywhere prevalent, with a depressed commerce and a heavy balance of trade against us, the Secretary proceeded to show that the country had extricated itself from all those embarrassements by the adoption of a sound financial policy, and resolute persistence, in the face of violent partisan opposition, in its enforcement, and is now more prosperous than it has been at any time since the panic. In this connection he demonstrated that within the last five years, while our imports have decreased thirty-two per cent., our exports have increased fifty-eight per cent. The tonnage transported on our railroads has increased in the same time thirty-seven per cent. As to the production of wheat and corn, the two leading cereal products of the country, which constitute the principal part of our exports of breadstuffs, it was shown that our corn crop, which was 932,000,000 bushels in 1873, had increased to 1,360,000,000 last year, and in the same time the wheat crop had grown from 281,000,000 to 425,000,000 of bushels. The cotton crop of last year was the largest ever grown, and our exports of cotton increased from 1,200,000,000 pounds in 1873 to 1,608,000,000 in 1878, while the quantity of wool produced increased from 158,000,000 pounds in 1873 to 207,000,000 in 1878.

Even our shipping interests, engaged in foreign trade—the industry most depressed—show some signs of hopefulness. Another indication of increased business is derived from a statement of the exchanges at the twenty-two clearing-houses in the chief cities in the Union, from which it appears that for the first five months of the year ending June 30th, 1878, the amount of exchanges in those cities was $11,936,373,274, and for the same period of 1879 it was $14,350,492,229, showing an increase of 20.2 per cent. this year.

These statistics, taken at random from a mass of figures embodied in Mr. Sherman's speech, constitute a conclusive proof of the wisdom of the financial policy which he has so successfully maintained against formidable opposing influences. Necessarily, in the recital of the financial achievements of the Administration, the Secretary is compelled to criticise the course pursued by the Democratic Congress in disturbing the public credit by unfriendly acts and propositions; but upon this point he speaks with judicial fairness, and shows quite as little of partisan feeling as can, under the circumstances, be expected of him. It cannot be doubted that the speech will make a very decided impression upon the country. In Ohio, Maine, and other States where the financial issue is especially prominent, it will no doubt form the text-book of the Republican canvass, supplying just the information needed by every writer and speaker who may enter actively into the work of educating the voters on this supremely important question.

BISMARCK AND THE VATICAN.

THAT the Pope was by no means shorn of all political power in Europe when the temporal authority vanished from his grasp is abundantly proved by the present attitude of Prince Bismarck. It may be said, indeed, that the political influence still wielded by the Pontiff has won a signal victory over the foremost statesman of the foremost Protestant State of Europe.

How has it come about that the stubborn-willed and conscientious Bismarck has not only thought it wise to treat with the Vatican, but has come to terms with it, and has virtually agreed to retreat from the memorable position against the Church which he took up three years ago? A moment's retrospect will show how much Bismarck has yielded in order to secure the political support of the German Catholics and the friendly countenance of their eloquent chief, Herr Windhorst.

The Church Reform Bills, better known, perhaps, from their author, as the Falk laws, were the result of a long and bitter struggle between the newly created German Empire, flushed with the victories that ushered in its birth, and the German Catholics, backed by all the influence of Rome. The purpose of those laws was to put the Catholic Church in Germany completely under the secular arm; to deprive it of its allegiance to the Pope, and to compel it to a single allegiance to the State; to subordinate all the ecclesiastical machinery to the mandates of a political and Protestant Minister, and thus to prevent Catholicism from becoming a centre and stronghold of conspiracy and reaction against the new order of things. By the Falk laws, the Minister of Public Worship received remarkable powers. He was authorized to maintain "discipline" over every clergyman of every sect and every congregation in Prussia. He could try, expel or inhibit any pastor or priest. He must arbitrate between the pastor and his flock, in case of disagreement between them. No bishop, priest or pastor could exercise his functions within the Emperor's dominions, unless he took an oath of exclusive allegiance to the Empire. Before any license to perform the rites of religion was issued, the Minister, or his subordinates, rigidly examined each candidate. A defiance of the Falk laws incurred for the offender not only fine and suspension from duty, but imprisonment; and when Archbishop Ledochowski, the ablest and most eminent of all the German Catholic hierarchy, refused to obey them, he was, in fact, incarcerated for many months. Jesuits were, moreover, incontinently expelled and prohibited from German territory.

Such was the rampart which Bismarck, aided by his earnest and indefatigable colleague, Dr. Falk, reared against the danger of that process of undermining the Empire which he believed the German Catholics to have at heart; and such are the laws which, up to this hour, have kept their Church under the control of the power of the State.

It did not, however, need the resignation of Dr. Falk to apprise us that the Chancellor has recognized the necessity of retreating from the position thus assumed three years ago. Dr. Falk could not remain in office when he saw that the cause to which he had devoted his utmost energies, and upon which his fame chiefly rests, had lost its hold on Bismarck's mind; and his retirement only serves to indicate that a reversal of ecclesiastical policy has been at last fully determined upon. It may still be that Bismarck's heart is in sympathy with the Falk policy, and that, were he entirely free from political entanglement, he would still firmly enforce it. But there can be no doubt that an overwhelming party necessity has driven him from it. Gradually Bismarck has been drifting away from that great Liberal Party by whose aid he has thus far been building up the fabric of the new German Empire. The Liberals have come to recognize that they have been assisting rather at the construction of a mighty bureaucratic despotism than at that of a constitutional *régime*; and again and again, within the past two years, they have opposed the measures which Bismarck has brought forward in the Reichstag. The breach has grown wider from month to month, until now the wearied and badgered Chancellor has turned in another direction for the support he needs and must have if he is to continue at the head of German affairs. He now aims to receive that support from the Conservative and Catholic Parties. The Conservative or Junker Party, representing the aristocracy and the old reactionary element in German politics—the Tories, in a word, of Germany—do not and cannot control a majority of the Reichstag. It remains, therefore, to conciliate the "centre," which is the technical party name of the Catholic deputies. To do this, Bismarck must sacrifice the principle of the Falk laws, and win the ostensible friendship, at least, of the Roman Pontiff. According to the information recently made public, it seems probable that this reconciliation has already been effected; or, at least, that an understanding has been arrived at. Germany will have a veto on the appointments of German bishops; on the other hand, the Falk laws, though not repealed, will be winked at and not enforced. It will be very easy to ignore them, in such a *régime* as Bismarck has established and still rules; and his reward will come in the shape of the united support of the Catholic centre.

These events foreshadow more stirring political times in Germany than have occurred since the promotion of William of Hohenzollern to the Imperial dignity. The Liberals will not sit submissive under what they regard as Bismarck's desertion of his declared principles and party allegiance. We may look for an agitation which will

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have for its aim the downfall of the great Chancellor; who may find that even his vast influence and prestige must yield before the reforming forces of the time.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE British were bound to beat the Zulus in the long run, and the battle of the 4th of July, in which the blacks suffered enormous loss and fled in dismay, ought to realize peace. The solid square that saved Quatre Bras and won Waterloo again proved of signal service to England, while the dusky warriors would seem to have flung themselves against the "hedge of steel" with a valor that has earned for them the reputation of a brave and a fighting nation. This slice of luck came never a whit too soon to Lord Chelmsford, and just in time to save his impeachment by the Radicals, and through them by the country. Should Cetewayo persist in fighting, his brother Okan, who surrendered some time ago, will be used as a bulwark between him and the British Colonies. Cetewayo is said to have retired to a new kraal, built when the war first broke out, fifteen miles north of Ulundi, and approached only through a long and narrow ravine, and where he has some of his chief regiments with him as a body-guard.

John Bright has declared, what everybody has known for many a long day, that the British rule in India is a gigantic failure, and to govern Asia by rules sent from Downing Street amounts to a farce. Twenty-five millions sterling deficit in four years! Mr. Bright is, of course, bitterly assailed by the Government organs; but invective is not argument, nor will scathing, polished periods save Asia from bankruptcy. The Hindoo, too, loveth not the imperious servants of his Imperial mistress, and another famine may reproduce the uprising of '57.

"Jimmy" Lowther, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has announced in the Commons a tag to the University Bill which will provide exhibitions, prizes, scholarships and fellowships similar to those conferred by the London University. This proposition is generally accepted as calculated to lead to a settlement of the question on a satisfactory basis.

The Italian Senate has abolished the grist-tax, which has long been a grievous burden on the food, and therefore on the industry, of the people. The King of Italy is sorely troubled with a hacking cough, accompanied by blood-spitting, and although his physicians urge him to give up smoking, His Majesty very distinctly refuses. No immediate danger is apprehended, but King Humbert is, undoubtedly, in a very delicate condition.

A divided house cannot stand, and the House of Bonaparte is sorely divided within itself. The recent caucus, at which but 54 Bonapartist Senators and Deputies, out of 115, put in an appearance, demonstrated very clearly that "Plon-Plon" is not their man, nor do they care for the issue of his loins either. The idea of a *plébiscite* is gaining solidity, and it is being urged "breast high" by De Cassagnac in the *Pays*. Prince Jerome is taunted with having the fear of exile before his eyes in the event of his issuing a manifesto, for he would receive orders to pack up within an hour of its appearance. The Government who refused permission to MacMahon, Canrobert and Le Bœuf to attend the funeral of the Prince Imperial would be but too glad to pounce upon "Plon-Plon" and banish him with "his brats" from French soil.—It is stated that most of the Bonapartist papers in France, chiefly in the provinces, are on the point of suspending publication, in consequence of the Prince Imperial's demise. They lived chiefly on subsidies sent from Chiselhurst, which the ex-Empress has no intention of continuing for the benefit of her beloved cousin.—Blanqui, the veteran revolutionist, is again a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies from Bordeaux, and special efforts are to be made to secure his election.—Four ladies of the best French society are recorded amongst the successful exhibitors at the Paris Salon, whose works have been bought by amateurs.—The announcement that Von Moltke is about to retire from his post as chief of the general staff of the German army is officially denied. He will remain in command until the estimates applicable to the proposed reforms in the army shall have been prepared.

It is announced that as the result of an agreement between England and France as to the Egyptian Question, the Commission of Inquiry will be re-established, with Mr. Rivers Wilson as its President, and Messrs. Baring and de Blegnières as Controllers. A counter project is said to be on foot for the appointment of an international commission of all the great Powers to control the finances of Egypt.—M. de Lesseps continues his agitation of the Darien Canal project. In a recent speech at Bordeaux he declared that American support had been secured for the enterprise, and that nine of the principal financial establishments in Paris had promised their aid. He added that he would have the co-operation at Panama of the same engineers who accompanied him to Suez.—An evidence of growing moderation in Russia is furnished in the fact that a commission has been appointed to examine whether the censorship of the newspaper press cannot be replaced by some system of supervision which shall allow of greater latitude to the press, while at the same time preserving the Government's control.—An American, Mr. Milton Farrow, won the Albert Prize in the shooting at Wimbledon, July 23d.—The probabilities of a war between Greece and Turkey are increasing. England refuses to interfere to compel the Turks to rectify the Greek frontier, and carry out the reforms provided for in the Berlin Treaty.

It is settled that Mlle. Bernhardt, after her European tour, will come to this country, where she proposes to remain at least a year. Her purpose is to give her first performance in New York in November, 1880. It is understood that she will receive $600 for each representation, with $20 a day in addition for expenses. The best talent procurable will be employed, and the company will have the advantage of training and supervision at the hands of the first living actress. It will perhaps also enjoy the benefit of acting together for some time before going to America.

The labor depression in England continues. In the Oldham district, where $10,000,000 have been lying unproductive for three years, the disastrous features of the cotton trade are shown in one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of debt, a twenty per cent. reduction in the operatives' wages, mills running short time or closed, numerous failures, and a decrease of fifty per cent. in the value of house property.

CAREFUL estimates place the production of coal during the present year at 30,000,000 tons. Up to this date 12,750,000 tons have been mined, against 7,300,000 tons for the corresponding period last year. The amount of coal mined in 1877 was 21,000,000 tons.

THE exportation of breadstuffs during the eleven months ending with May last exceeded in value, for the first time in the history of the country, the combined value of the cotton and tobacco exports, the two great staples of the South. It would seem, if this statement be correct, that King Cotton is at last dethroned, indeed.

THE cental system which goes into effect in this city on the 1st of October is likely to be generally adopted throughout the country. Under this system all dealings in grain, flour, meal, provisions, and a great variety of other articles, will be exclusively on the basis of weight, the unit of transactions to be the pound avoirdupois, and the multiple thereof to be the cental of 100 pounds avoirdupois.

FOUR HUNDRED Russian Mennonites, who arrived at this port last week, proceeded at once to the Northwest, where they will settle as farmers. These immigrants brought with them $400,000 in money, with other effects, and, should the present disorders in Russia continue, they will no doubt be followed by thousands of others, anxious to enjoy, unmolested, the blessings of free government.

THE Board of Health has at length taken steps to secure a survey of the tenement-houses of this city, with a view of ascertaining the internal arrangements of the buildings, the means of ventilation, number of persons living in the various rooms, and the manner in which the sanitary regulations are observed. Had this work been performed earlier in the season the results would have been much more beneficial in averting possible disease than they are now likely to be.

LATE dispatches from Mexico represent that President Diaz has shown unusual firmness in dealing with parties implicated in the recent attempt at revolution, without regard to their rank or condition. His action introduces a novel era in Mexican history, and respect for legal authority and established government is increasing. Joaquin Baranda, who was Governor of Campechi during the administration of President Lerdo, and several other leading men of that State, are charged with taking part in the conspiracy, and have been taken to the City of Mexico for trial.

THE reports of the fabulous mineral deposits developed in Colorado and other Western States and Territories are likely, it is believed by shrewd observers, to lead to another era of wild-cat speculation. The low rates ruling for money, and the difficulty of making profitable investments, will stimulate the fever in the blood of speculators, and it will not, perhaps, be difficult to dispose, upon the stock-market, of shares in companies representing claims of only moderate if not altogether fictitious value. The public should be warned in time of the possible dangers of "buying into" corporations of this sort, and no person should make investments in any of them without careful inquiry as to their character and the value of the property they put upon sale.

THE health authorities of Little Rock, Ark., assert the doctrine of "States Rights," in a very positive form. They have refused to permit the United States mails coming from fever-infected districts to be taken from the cars, and have prohibited all agents handing the mails from stopping at that city, thus directly antagonizing the efforts of the Post Office Department to keep mail communication open in all parts of the South. This action is in curious contrast with that of the Southern Congressmen who, at the recent session, insisted upon the broadest application of the doctrine of national sovereignty in the establishment of the National Board of Health. This Board, by-the-way, appears so far to have failed utterly to realize the expectations of those who urged its creation.

THE prediction that the jury in the case of Colonel Thomas Buford, recently on trial at Owenton, Ky., for the deliberate murder of Judge Elliott, would, on account of the social standing of the accused and the pressure brought to bear in his behalf, render a verdict of acquittal, has not been justified by the event. Buford has not been acquitted, but convicted, and his punishment fixed at imprisonment for life, and so far as appears, the verdict meets with very general approval. It is gratifying to find that the quality of Kentucky justice has been underrated, and that assassination and murder can no longer be perpetrated with impunity by bullies who fancy themselves to be so securely entrenched socially as to be beyond the reach of the law.

THERE are intimations that the exodus of negroes from the South is likely to be renewed in the coming Autumn on a vastly greater scale than has been anticipated. In one district of Alabama it is said that not less than 15,000 are preparing to leave. The same rate from other districts would take 100,000 from Alabama alone. A colored member of Congress from that State says "his people are infatuated with the idea of going North this Fall, and no earthly power can prevent them. No matter if they have to walk and beg bread, they are going. It is as useless to argue with them about it as to debate with the east wind." Committees are now in Kansas looking for a location for one or two thousand families, and other committees will probably go to southern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio for the same purpose.

IT is announced that a syndicate of French capitalists are prepared to cut a canal across the Florida peninsula, provided the Legislature of that State will make to the company certain concessions, including exemption from taxation for a certain number of years. The capital at hand for the purpose is said to be $30,000,000. Such a water-way would be of immense service to the traffic of the Mississippi Valley and to our general commerce. The route found most desirable by preliminary survey lies across the State of Florida, from the vicinity of Cedar Keys to the vicinity of St. Augustine or Jacksonville, a distance of about one hundred and ten miles, and will effect a saving of about five hundred miles, as against the distance now traversed by vessels between the ports of the Gulf States and those of the Atlantic States. It is roughly estimated that the cost of constructing the canal will be from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000. It remains to be seen whether Florida will grant the concessions asked for.

AN Indian employed as an agency blacksmith in the Indian Territory has made himself an object of national curiosity by actually asking a reduction of his salary. He was once a "blanket Indian," a nomad of the Plains, living from hand to mouth; but, having some ambition, he abandoned his roving habits, applied himself to industrial pursuits, gradually rising in the scale, until now he is in receipt of an annual salary of $700. By economy and industry, he has acquired one hundred head of cattle, besides mules and horses; forty acres of good land, adjoining the agency, twenty of which are in corn; a good house, barn, and a well. In consequence of these agreeable surroundings, he feels that he can live with less salary than he has been receiving, and that the remuneration for his services as blacksmith for this fiscal year may be $600 instead of $700 as heretofore. The example afforded by this "barbarian" is as novel as it is commendable; but it would be rash to conclude that it will be emulated by any overwhelming number of public officials of the "more favored race."

THE iron trade is more active and prosperous than it has been for years. The secretary of the Iron and Steel Association of the United States gives it as his opinion that more iron and steel will be turned out in this country this year than in any one year in our history. What is better, this large production is in answer to the demand, and manufacturers are not, as in many past years, piling up stocks in order to keep the furnaces in blast. Prices have not advanced to any considerable extent, yet they are from ten to fifteen per cent. higher than last Fall, when figures were lower than ever before in this country. The Philadelphia *Record* says on the subject:

"The condition of the Philadelphia market at the present time is highly encouraging. The demand for pig iron and muck bar is very active, and lots are taken as soon as offered. The makers of structural iron have their hands full, and prospects of great activity for some time to come. The amount of business done in sheet iron in this locality for the past six months is without precedent, and a heavy Fall trade, combined with a general advance in prices, is anticipated. The same applies to bar iron. A considerable amount of business is being done in steel rails. High prices could be obtained for present deliveries, but the mills have their capacities engaged to such an extent that orders can only be taken for delivery many months hence. The demand for the delivery of iron rails during the next quarter is very urgent."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

CHARLES P. JAMES has been appointed Chief Justice of the District of Columbia.

THE Louisiana Constitutional Convention finished its labors and adjourned on July 23d.

THE Republicans of Pennsylvania have nominated Samuel Butler for State Treasurer.

SECRETARY SHERMAN addressed Republican mass-meetings at Portland, Augusta, Bangor and Lewiston, Maine, last week.

THE Government is unable to buy silver for the Mint in California, owing to the high prices demanded by Western bullion-dealers.

HEAVY rains have fallen in Virginia and Tennessee, where the corn and other crops were threatened with destruction by drought.

IT was announced July 28th that in consequence of domestic bereavements Hon. John Welsh had resigned the English Mission.

THE New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, by a vote of 12 to 3, granted a new trial to Mrs. Smith and Mr. Bennett on July 28th.

THE business part of Petrolia, Pa., was carried away by a flood on July 26th. Much property was destroyed, but few lives were lost.

THE Congressional Labor Committee has started for California to investigate the condition of industries there, and will stop *en route* at Chicago and other points.

THE negotiations between William H. Vanderbilt and certain Western roads for the joint use of the Lake Shore Road between Toledo and Detroit have come to an end.

THE American Otological Society held its twelfth annual session in Newport, R. I., July 22d. There was a large attendance from all parts of the country, and a few delegates from Canada.

A CONVENTION of the friends of General Butler who desire his nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, will be held at Worcester, September 24. General Butler has consented to run.

OWING to the inability of the Government to continue revenue operations, illicit distilleries are starting up again in North Carolina, and licensed establishments are forced to suspend.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has issued orders directing that the large supply of silver dollars in the vaults of the Sub-Treasuries shall be paid out in settlement of accounts with the Government.

THE City of New York has been enjoined from enforcing a judgment, recently obtained in the United States Supreme Court, against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for $150,000 personal taxes.

THERE arrived at this port during June, 1879, 16,929 immigrants, against 9,506 for the corresponding period of 1878. The arrivals for the year ending June 30th last were 99,224, against 72,163 during the year preceding.

THE Republicans of Wisconsin held a State Convention at Madison, July 23d, and re-nominated Governor Smith on the first ballot. All the other State officers were re-nominated by acclamation. The 23d being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the Republican party of Wisconsin, two large meetings were held, at which speeches were made by the officers of the Convention of 1854, by Senator Chandler, Mr. Garfield and others.

A MUTINOUS convict at Sing Sing, named John Barrett, on July 25th stabbed and seriously injured Keeper Patrick Mackin. An exciting pursuit followed, and while in the act of throwing a heavy hammer at Keeper John H. Good, Barrett was shot and instantly killed by that officer. A coroner's jury declared the killing justifiable. A revolt of the prisoners, many of whom rallied in defense of Barrett, was only prevented by the courage of the posse of officers.

THE yellow fever continues to spread in Memphis, Tenn., where over 100 cases have been reported, and many others, not reported, are known to have occurred. The disease is of a less violent type than last year. The exodus from the city has been very general, 25,000 persons having fled, and the fever has been carried to several points in Mississippi, and to Louisville in Kentucky. Eleven refugees arrived in New York, July 22d; three days after one of the number died, and two others are sick with yellow fever. The survivors were sent to Quarantine.

Foreign.

THE trial of 200 Nihilists by court-martial will begin at Odessa in August.

CHARLES LANDSEER, the painter, brother of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, is dead.

THE Marquis of Hartington has declared his belief that a dissolution of the British Parliament is imminent.

ADVICES from Valparaiso report that large reinforcements have been sent to the Chilian Army on the Peruvian frontier.

THE British House of Commons has ordered the arrest of two persons who offered to sell the decision of a committee of that body.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORNE has removed Lieutenant-Governor Letellier of the Province of Quebec, and appointed Dr. Robitaille as his successor.

AN exhibition of inventions, exemplifying the application of science to industry, has been opened in Paris under the Presidency of M. Jules Simon.

PRESIDENT CAVAIL, of Hayti, has abdicated. Three hundred persons were killed and 130 houses burned during the riots in Port-au-Prince, June 30th and July 1st and 2d.

A BERLIN correspondent declares that there is no serious misunderstanding between Germany and the United States on the subject of compelling American citizens of German birth to do military service.

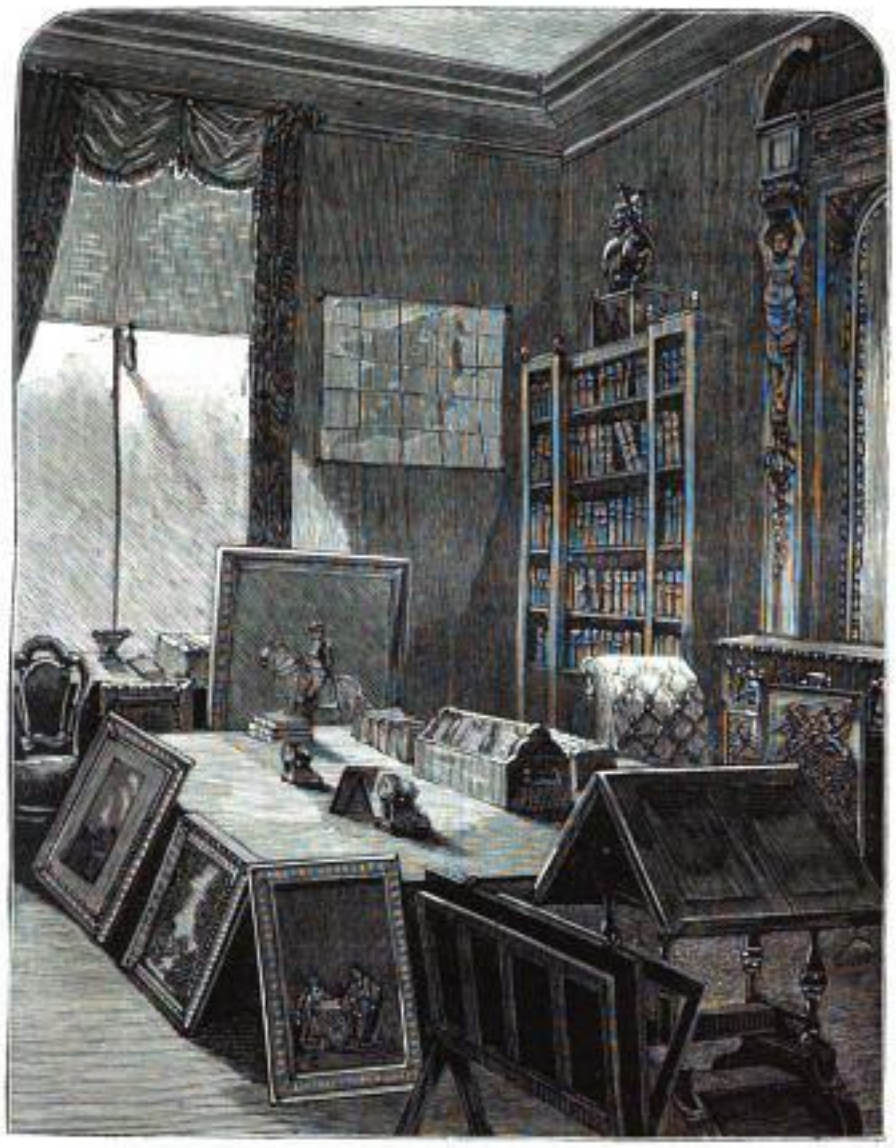
A COUNCIL of foreign bondholders in London has telegraphed, on behalf of the holders of Louisiana bonds, a strong protest against the measures of so-called repudiation proposed by the Louisiana Constitutional Convention.

AN epidemic resembling cholera has made its appearance at Hiogo, Japan. The number of cases in the Hiogo district at the latest dates was 634, of which about one-third had proved fatal. The epidemic also prevails at Osaka.

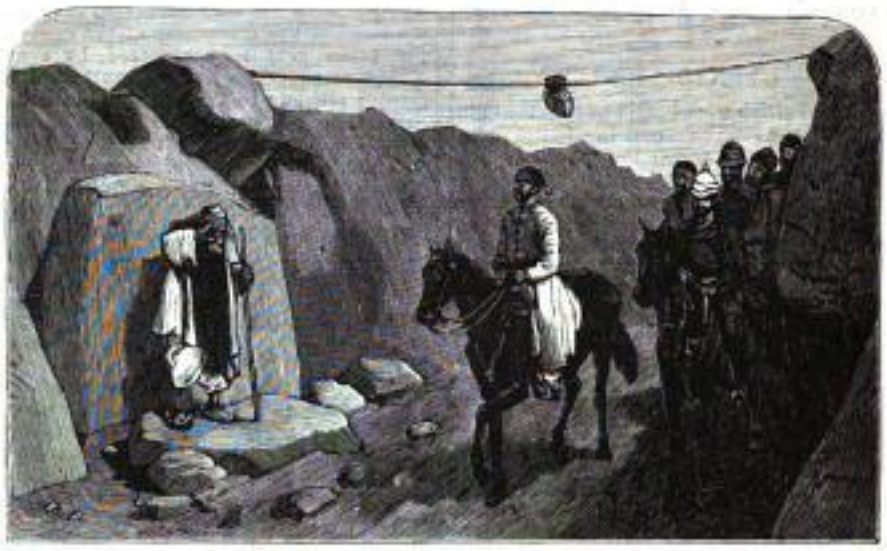
ADMIRAL AMMEN, in his report upon the proceedings of the Inter-oceanic Canal Congress in Paris, recommends that the Government of the United States form a commission of the ablest engineers of the army, and invite the most eminent civil engineers of this country and of those European countries represented in the Paris Congress to meet and discuss the whole matter, unembarrassed by the rival personal interests which attached to the grants secured by the French engineers.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 379.



ENGLAND.—STUDIO OF THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN CAMDEN HOUSE.



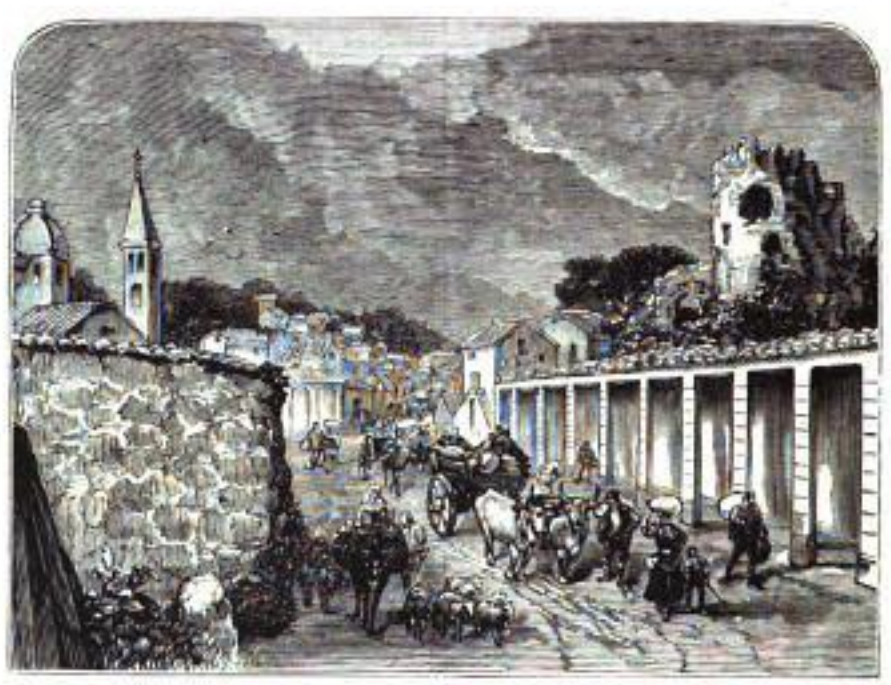
AFGHANISTAN.—A NATIVE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.



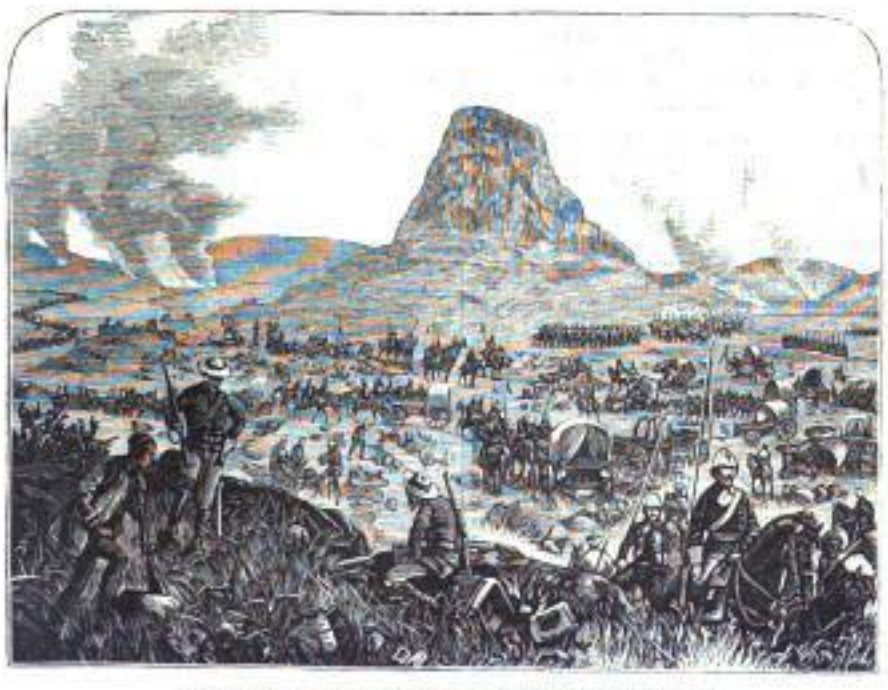
AFGHANISTAN.—TIFFIN WITH AN AFGHAN CHIEF.



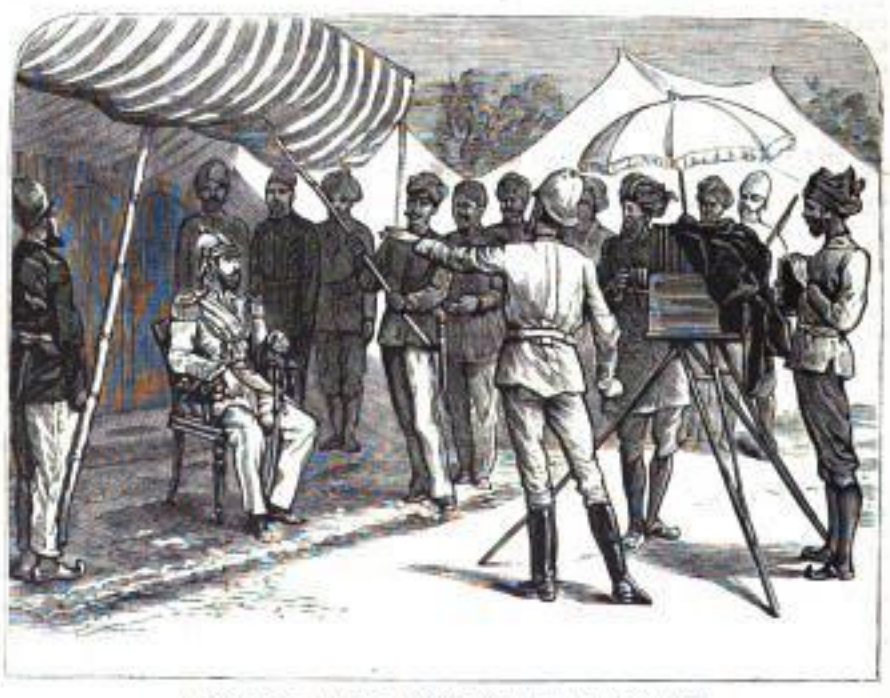
SICILY.—ERUPTION OF ETNA.—POINT WHERE THE LAVA FLOW CEASED.



SICILY.—ERUPTION OF ETNA.—INHABITANTS OF MOJO FLEEING THE CITY.



SOUTH AFRICA.—RECOVERING THE WAGONS LOST AT ISANDULA.



AFGHANISTAN.—POSING THE NEW AMEER FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

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TEWFIK I., KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT.

ON June 27th, 1879, a firman was issued by the Sublime Porte, deposing Ismail Pasha, and appointing Prince Tewfik, his eldest son, successor. The new Khédive is twenty-eight years of age, and is Ismail Pasha's only son who has not received an education in Europe. Prince Tewfik, although a good horseman, has never taken much interest in athletic exercises, but has to a great extent led the life of a student, reading much, and taking a lively interest in Continental politics. He is the founder and president of the free schools at Cairo, which he conducts for the advantage of members of all nations and creeds. He lives entirely à l'européenne, and has only one wife, the Princess Emineh, by whom he has had one son, Prince Abbas-Bey, born July 14th, 1874.

The firman revoked the rights heretofore invested in the Khédive of making treaties. This action gave grave offense to the English and French Ambassadors, and they presented identical notes to the Sultan on July 20th, confirming the representations they had previously made concerning the revocation, and declaring that the Sultan would be held responsible for any serious consequences created in Egypt thereby. An attempt having been made to secure the withdrawal of the notes, the Ambassadors on the following day emphatically refused, insisting upon the restoration of all the powers of the Khédive granted by the firman of 1873. The latest intelligence on the situation is a dispatch from Berlin, dated July 24th, which said: "As the firman submitted to the English and French Ambassadors at Constantinople curtails the Khédive's right to conclude treaties, Tewfik Pasha has signified his inability to conduct the Government unless this privilege is accorded him."



TEWFIK PASHA, KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT.

A SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING.

A BEAUTIFUL grove near Willett's Station, on the Bound Brook Railroad, in Bucks County, Pa., was last week the scene of an interesting encampment of Spiritualists, held under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia. The spot where the tabernacle and some fifty tents were set up is shut in by two hills in miniature; the shade was so perfect that only now and then a ray of sunshine found its way among the whispering leaves overhead. In the rear of the point on which the broad platform was erected runs the Neshaminy Creek, between banks overhung for three-quarters of a mile with spreading branches. Most of the residents of the neighborhood call it Chamounix. Two dozen graceful skiffs floated at a landing, and the entire scene was picturesque and enchanting.

The encampment opened on Monday, July 21st, when some 600 persons were present. The exercises consisted of singing, addresses, etc. Among others a Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., addressed the meeting, first putting herself in a trance by lifting her face to the sky and rubbing her forehead with her hands. She talked in a monotone, enunciating all the minor syllables and unimportant words with peculiar distinctness. Her theme was the relation of earth to the spirit-land. She said that none should escape the responsibility of parentage, even of unborn children. When a parent who had rejoiced that he had been freed from the cares of parentage crossed to spirit-land, he would find that even these littlest ones would be placed on his shoulders, and he would have to begin the task of bringing them up. Her language was fluent and often poetic. When she had finished she rubbed her hands across her forehead, gave two convulsive starts, and then opening her eyes wide, seemed to be startled to see an audience before her. Mrs. Watson opened both morning and evening sessions with prayers, or, as they were called, invocations. Each time she put herself in a trance before she began. We illustrate the scene in a full-page view.

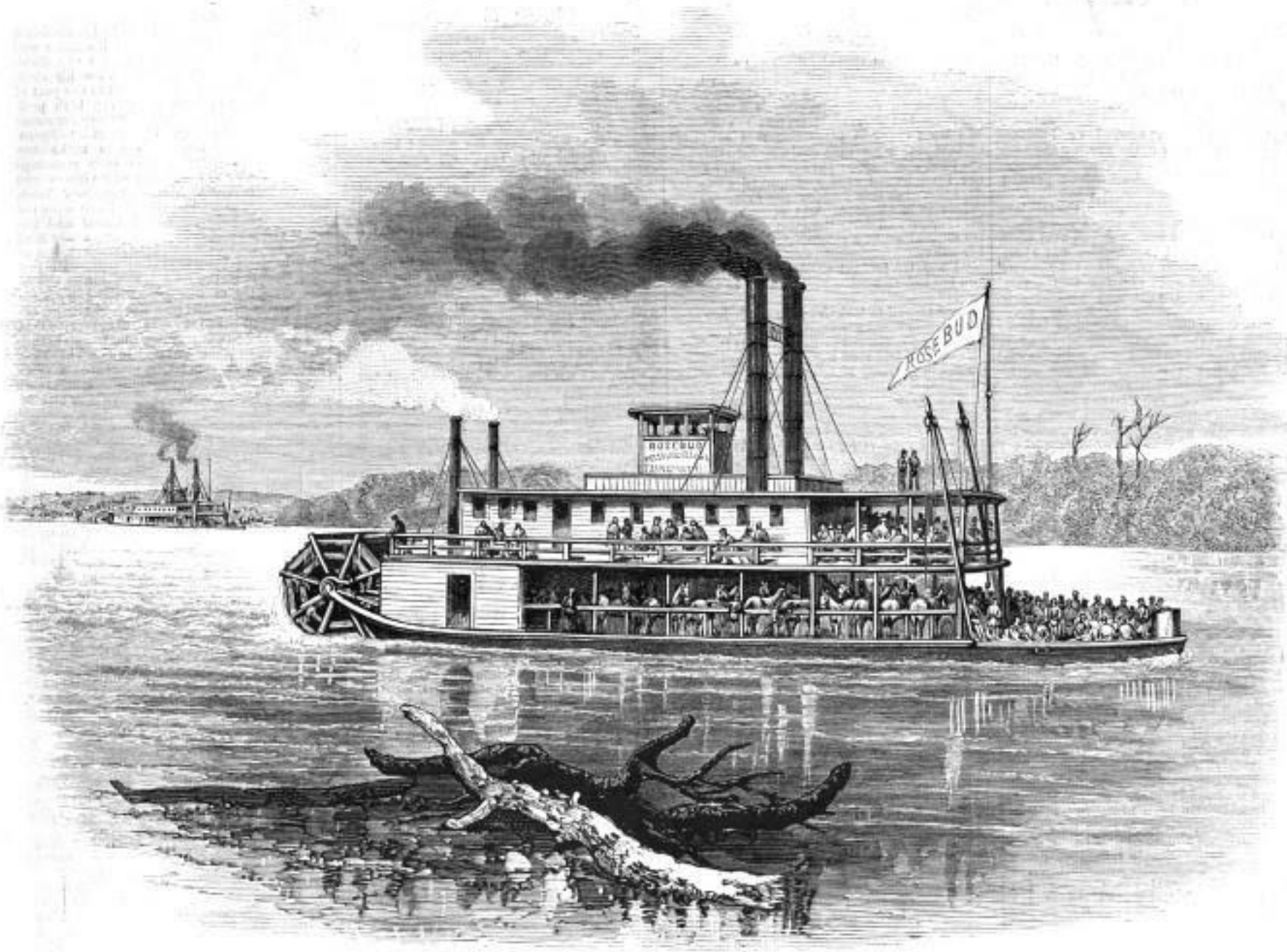
The exercises on the opening day were duplicated on those that followed, possessing the features peculiar to all gatherings of this sort. Between the regular sessions, persons not on the programme as speakers frequently addressed knots of sympathizers gathered here and there about the grounds; but the Association was careful to disavow the somewhat remarkable views advanced by some of these volunteer expositors of the faith. The kitchens and dining-room of the regular attendants had no other roof than the umbrageous foliage, under which, or at the doors of their tents, they cooked and ate their food with perfect freedom and real enjoyment. The evenings were sometimes spent by the young people in dancing, promenading in the romantic walks of the grove, or in other amusements characteristic of the ordinary country camp-meeting. Colonel S. P. Kane is President of the Camp-meeting Association which had this assembly in charge, and much of its success is due to his energy and enthusiasm.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN AGAINST SITTING BULL.

IN consequence of the reports that bands of Sioux from Sitting Bull's encampment in Canada had crossed the line, and while ostensibly hunting buffalo were raiding isolated white settlements, orders were issued in the latter part of June to General Nelson A. Miles to organize and put in motion, with all haste, a strong column to drive the Indians back. With his accustomed alacrity the famous young Indian fighter proceeded to execute his orders, and as we write has already had an encounter with the invading hostiles. He established his supply depot at Old Fort Peck, using the steamers *Rosebud* and *Dakota* in gathering his men and materials. On the 8th of June two companies of the Sixth Infantry arrived at the camp, and a few hours later the *Dakota* appeared with supplies of all kinds for the expedition. On the morning of the 9th his scouts reported at the south bank of the Missouri. Throughout that day the boats were engaged in transporting troops, friendly Indians, guns, ammunition, etc., to the north bank. General Miles took his departure from Fort Benton, July 14th, with 800 men. He left a guard at Fort Peck and four companies at Mussel Shell, and started north with the rest. He has with him a battery of six Bodman and Hotchkiss guns, 140 boxes of shell, 22,000 rounds of revolver cartridges, 200,000 rounds of rifle cartridges, twenty-five travois and several ambulances.

The first intelligence from the moving column was in the form of a dispatch from Fort Keogh, which said an engagement took place near the mouth of Beaver Creek on the 17th, between two companies of troops and Lieutenant Clark's Indian scouts of General Miles's command, and 300 hostile Sioux. The troops lost four Indian scouts killed, and two soldiers were wounded. When General Miles's main column, which was twelve miles behind, came up, the Indians were pursued fifteen miles, but made their escape to Sitting Bull's camp, which was but a few miles off, and on this side the line. Bear Wolf's band of Crows, who are at Terry's Landing, report 300 lodges of Sioux on this side of the Missouri, on their way to Keogh to make friends with the whites.

On July 24th, Secretaries McCrary, Thompson and Schurz had a conference at the War Department with regard to the present Indian outlook in the Northwest. They were unanimously of the opinion that every precaution to prevent hostilities with the Indians should be taken, and as positive orders have been sent to General Miles to proceed cautiously and quietly, and not to bring on a war, no serious conflict is anticipated, although, of course, it cannot be known what action Sitting Bull may take should he perceive the soldiers near the Canadian line. It is thought to be the intention of



DAKOTA TERRITORY.—THE NEW INDIAN CAMPAIGN.—THE STEAMER "ROSEBUD" TRANSPORTING GENERAL MILES'S TROOPS FROM THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH BANK OF THE MISSOURI, JUNE 9TH. FROM A SKETCH BY HOLTER.

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General Miles to approach the border with a view to reconnoitring Sitting Bull's camp. With reference to the reports from American sources that Sitting Bull's band is on the warpath, the Canadian Department of the Interior does not credit any such rumors. Recent advices from the Northwest say that Sitting Bull and his men are peaceably inclined. Their relations with the mounted police were never more satisfactory. It is believed there that General Miles has been misled by the traders and scouts, who are always anxious for a fight. All is quiet within the Canadian territory.

THEO'S MASQUERADE.

WHEN Miss Theobald Sturgis made up her mind to spend the Summer in Pluckaminia, she felt she had touched the sublime heights of the heroic. It is true, the motive which urged her to this decision was only a selfish, though sensible, regard for the laws of health. But the courage which could impel the young woman of fashion to give up a season at Newport and voluntarily exile herself to a season of rustic hermitage at West Brier Farms, she felt could not animate and sustain the usual young woman of fashion. And there certainly did seem a show of reason for the beautiful Miss Theo's good opinion of herself. There was no denying the fact that inside of that round, golden-crowned head was stored away an uncommonly weighty ballast of common sense. Two Winters of Germans, late hours, the whirl of a New York society career, the career, too, of a belle and beauty, having done their work, and the pallor of nervous exhaustion having set its seal of the lily on her cheeks, and its grasp of weary weakness on her strong young frame, she did what not one girl in a thousand ever does—she carried out to the very letter her doctor's prescription. The prescription was nothing worse than the strongest possible doses of rest of mind, plenty of vigorous exercise, and an existence under the open sky, where the sun and air could have their own way with her. All these could be taken in but one one place, and that place was West Brier Farms. And to West Brier Farms she went.

The Farms was the old homestead the Sturgis family had all been born in, and, in the usual migratory American fashion, had all gone away from. All but Aunt Kezia, who, having married a farmer, led the life of a farmer's wife. Theo had made yearly Summer visitations here in her childhood. But what seemed a heaven of fun at ten, was naturally a Paradise Lost at twenty. She could scarcely find hidden joys in stealing birds' eggs now, nor taste the sweet, keen rapture attendant upon raspberry-jam thieving exploits in dark pantries at her present advanced period. Thus, armed as she was with the best resolutions in the world to find pleasurable possibilities in the routine of farmhouse life, at the end of two weeks she was forced to face the sense of intolerable dullness. She could not read novels all day; there was a limit even to her sleeping capacities, and Aunt Kezia was busy milking, churning, cooking, sweeping, dusting, darning and mending from morning till night; while Cousin Den was in the very heart of his haying and mowing season.

"What's the matter? Be ye tired, child?" Aunt Keziah's shrill voice cried out one day above the clatter of her milkpails. For Theo lay curled up on the queer, crooked sofa in the queer, old stone kitchen, and had sighed a sigh which, whether uttered or breathed in all languages under the sun, means "Oh, dear!"

The two women offered a contrast presenting excellent artistic effects.

Aunt Kezia, spare and angular, the tall, lean figure on which the loose calico gown hung limp, showing all the bony outlines that work and labor had carved in shoulder, flat chest, and general lankness of build. On the face the same pinching lines of labor in the thin, hollow cheek, long chin, and prematurely wrinkled brow. But in the kindly, keen, quick eye, the mouth with its smile of helpful cheeriness, and the voice that for all its nasal twang was pitched on the key of human sympathy, these it was that uttered the softer messages of that eternal youth of a loving heart neither trouble nor trial can age.

In Miss Theo's appearance there was a grotesque incongruousness. She could scarcely be said to be in keeping with her "environment." She exhaled the very essence of the fashions of the period, and the seal of the last century was written in every corner of the old stone house.

"There's Cousin Den; why shouldn't he teach me to mow? That ought to be good exercise."

In another instant she was out of the house, standing bareheaded in the noonday sun, all her condemned lace-edged skirts caught with one hand, while with the other she tried to shield her eyes from the blinding light. To drop the skirts and seize the scythe was but the work of an instant. But to hold it and swing it was another matter. Mowing, naturally, proved too good exercise for a hand and arm that had never carried anything heavier than a Boston rosebud bouquet.

"Jes step inter the barn, meow, and take a look at thet there heifer, an' see ef yer ever see'l sech a milk-white beauty." was Cousin Den's advice of comfort to the lovely Miss Theo for her disappointment at not being able to swing a six-pound scythe.

Cows had hitherto been prominent in Miss Theo's country experience as something to be run away from. But the mild, bovine gaze from this particular cow in miniature put a new conception of a possible attitude towards the brindle species. If she wasn't strong enough to mow, why shouldn't she milk a cow? If Den would only hold their horns and feet so they would neither kick nor butt, she felt sure she could.

"Den!" she screamed, across the meadows of daisies and buttercups, which ran a river of flowers between them. "Den! I want to milk one of these cows. Won't you come and hold it?"

"Heow?" yelled back Den, as he rested on his scythe, wiping the falling beads of sweat.

"I-want-to-milk-a-cow!" accentuating the scream into clearer distinctness. If Miss Theo's arm was weak, no such fault was to be found with her voice.

"At this time o' day? Why, sis, there bean't nothin' ter milk. Ef yer must milk 'em yer'll hev ter wait till milkin'-time, I reckon." He stood beside her now, looking at her with that pitying expression with which the wisdom rusticity has earned is apt to contemplate city ignorance in common farmhouse matters.

"Will you let me, then?" was the persistent rejoinder.

"Oh, yes, yer may. Only I guess they'll never give yer a drop. They'd know yer was only funnin'."

"But if I take all these things off and wear some of Aunt Kezia's duds, would they let me then?"

"Perhaps they would—ef they didn't ketch a sight o' your young face, lass. Bless yer! them 'ere cows knows the difference 'twixt May an' December same as the rest on us," and Den chuckled a pleased chuckle at his powers of divination being great enough to know even a cow could not help admiring the beautiful fair face beside him.

The beautiful Miss Theo had no sooner had a nibble at the novelty of farmhouse fun than she decided that sort of work was better than her kind of play. She had taken a very prominent part in various private theatrical plays, but the part of a *poyesanne* was still to be performed. It is true she lacked an appreciative audience, but she was too true an artist not to rejoice in so perfect a *mise en scène*. She decided not only to play the *rôle* but to dress the part to perfection. A calico gown, pink, hideously pink, so plain it was even guiltless of an overskirt; shoes a mile too big and hose as thick as a board; puffs and curls replaced by long braids hanging down in true Maud Müller fashion; sun-bonnets and high check aprons—this was the costume of this elegant young woman whose toilets last Winter had set the fashion.

Her initiation in the mysteries of farmhouse life—its real life—was scarcely what might be termed slow, although it certainly was gradual; for at the end of a month she had learned not only to do but to like to do household drudgery. She rose with the morn, and to the early matins of the larks and the thrushes, she came in time to milk the cows, without their being held or awed into quietude by any rope attachments. Churning, perhaps, was her special delight, as she was possessed by the proud hope it might develop wondrous bicep curves and strength, and it was not long before she had won a reputation for having a fine hand with butter.

"Auntie, I think I'll milk the cows in the pasture this afternoon; it's too lovely to be shut up in the barn," remarked this experienced young person one beautiful July day.

"Jes' as yer please, dearie, only don't let Spot-Eye kick you. She's apt ter, unless she's in her stall."

"I'll look out that she don't get a chance," and off she started, pail and stool in hand, singing at the top of her young, strong lungs. She kept on singing, trilling, roulading, in anything but dairymaid style, for a fortune had been spent in perfecting that beautiful clear soprano. She sang as she walked through the long, shady lane; she sang when she sat on her three-legged stool and milked away for dear life. "*Je suis Titania*," the *Princess's* gay polonaise in "Mignon," was being given with great spirit and after the most approved Italian method, when a voice said, startlingly near her ear:

"I beg ten tousant pardons, mees, but will you not hab ze bonté address me to ze nearest road?"

Theo turned to look from beneath her sunbonnet, and faced a waxed mustache!

A waxed mustache in Pluckaminia!

If the girl had seen a gnome in human form she could scarcely have been more surprised. For what does not a waxed mustache suggest? It suggests a foreign accent, and a foreign look, foreign ways and a foreign manner, all of which were here embodied in the owner of this particular *circé* mustache. Theo's astonished eyes were confronted by a no less astonished expression, to be unmistakably read in the dark, deep, liquid eyes which were staring almost rudely into her own. She resented the rudeness before she had time to answer the question.

"Vill you not hav ze bonte?" he was beginning again, not quite so volubly as before, hat in hand now as if to pay that homage to her loveliness. But Theo interrupted him, standing proudly now, with a mantling color rising.

"Which way do you wish to go?"

"I do vish to go to ze village, charming mees."

"You must take the road to the left," the "charming mees" curtly replied, beginning to be half afraid, yet, reassured, in spite of her fear, by the stranger's really distinguished manner. His bow was certainly perfect. So were his eyes, she could not help thinking.

"To ze left? Ah! a touzand tanks, and I hab ze ver' great honor of vishing you good-day." Another bow, more elaborately perfect than the others. A very long, admiring gaze from the beautiful liquid eyes, a rapid twist of the waxed mustache, that gesture so habitual to a foreigner in moments of courteous agitation, and this particular foreigner was walking across the meadow with as much elegance as if he were crossing a ballroom.

Then, woman-like, Theo wished she had not been quite so curt. There had been really no excuse for her rudeness. His manner had been all civility, and the girl's quick intuitions and society training enabled her to jump to the certainty of a conviction that the man must be as distinguished as his manner. Breeding and pedigree assert themselves by a thousand subtle and unmistakable signs. She had read enough to assure her that he was no common adventurer. She slowly, regretfully sat herself down on the three-legged stool, beginning mechanically to milk Spot-eye's full udders. Somewhat too mechanically, perhaps; for Spot-eye having no wasted opportunities to regret, could give her whole mind to the situation, and her whole mind was one of resentment—a resentment so effective that, in another instant a loud, shrill cry rang out, and Theo's fair form lay supine on the green sweet grass. The next moment, so it seemed to her stunned faculties, two strong arms were lifting her tenderly from the ground, while the stiff, rigid ends of a waxed mustache were outlined before her gaze. The smooth foreign voice was saying, half in French, half in English:

"*Ah, mon Dieu, mademoiselle! Vous êtes-vous fait mal?* Aire you hurted? Aire you pained?"

Then she stood up, laughing, blushing.

"Oh, I'm not in the least hurt, thank you. I ought to be used to it now, I've been kicked over so often."

"Ah!" was all the response the stranger seemed to find. It was prolonged, however, into an eloquence of meaning by the pregnant French intonation, and emphasized by another profound bow. It was evident, the situation to him was full of most startling combinations. A *poysanne* with a face like an angel's, the manners of a duchess, a voice of artistic culture, and ways full of all the refinements of expression—a *poysanne* too, of such physical and nervous vigor that she took a kick from a cow as some Spanish beauty might a kiss from her cavalier! It was certainly amazing. It is true, he had always heard it said, American girls, even the poorest, were princesses. Now, the truth of the saying was being proved by actual demonstration.

"Can I do nozzin? Vill you not allow me to offaire you my arm? You vill feel faint."

"Thanks, I don't feel in the least faint," this time scarcely able to surpress a smile. For Miss Theo had a very quick sense of the ridiculous, and the grotesqueness of the situation was beginning to touch her. Such a picture as they must present! She in her calico dress, and fallen sun-bonnet, the empty milk-pail in one hand, a perfect sample of dairymaid rusticity; he, bowing and scraping, with all the airs of a courtier addressing a queen, presenting at this particular moment a Venetian glass *flacon* of white rose, fragile as a cobweb, glistening in its rainbow-spun colors—a *flacon* of white rose to a dairy-maid!

"I must go home now," she said, at length. "It is getting late. They will wonder where I am."

"May I pairmit myself ze liberty to demand where mademoiselle does live?"

"Over there," with American brevity, pointing to the wide, low, stone farmhouse, perched on the side of the opposite hill.

"Vould ze beautiful mees allow me to accompany her so far?"

The "beautiful mees" laughed outright now.

"Will you accompany the cows, too?"

"Ze cows!" with a puzzled stare at the waiting herd about them.

"Oh, yes, the cows are going home, too. That is what I came here for," with a mischievous smile. "I always drive them home," putting the words into action by switching a long willow wand over the nearest brindle's back, starting the beautiful, slow-moving creatures into the open lane.

This was evidently more than he had counted upon. But the hesitation was but momentary. Another second he was by her side, gallantly shouldering the three-legged stool and the empty tin pail. He was questioning her now, questioning her about the distance to the village, the number of inhabitants, how many cows they themselves kept, all the questions pitched in that low, musical speech of the Latin races, which sounds softer than the softest music to ears used to the shrill sound of New England voices.

"You do always live here?"

"Oh, no; not always," non-committal.

"And when you no live here, you live?"

"I live in Boston or New York, sometimes in Newport," determined to puzzle him to the uttermost.

"Ah, I do comprehend now," as if finding in that admission some explanation for whatever he found peculiar in her.

"But country folks can't stand city noise and racket, you know. I like it best here, it is so still and quiet. Then I love to work," willfully misleading him again.

"You do like to work?" looking suspiciously at the hand playing with the willow wand, which, for all its tan, was as delicately modeled as a statue's.

"Yes, I love it of all things. Churning and milking are such fun! Then there's nothing like skimming milk, you know."

Either his English or his experience were too deficient to enable him to grasp the full meaning of her rapture. But what he could understand was the language of her beaming, glorious, blue eyes, of her intoxicating, roguish smile, of her grace and beauty which were being played upon by all the heightening aids of flickering sunlight and shadow.

"You aire too beautiful to do ze work. You should be a queen, ze queen you aire, ze queen of beauty, and all ze world should be at your feet."

"Gentlemen don't talk to young girls in our country like that," with a touch of rustic dignity. Surely a dairymaid would have said as much as that. Then, "Ah! there's Aunt Keziah at the doorway. I must leave you now."

"Ah, mademoiselle! you vill no leave me like that? You vill give me one leetle minute to prostrate myself before you? *Au nom du ciel, mademoiselle, écoutez mes excuses—mes——*"

"*Soyez plus sage la prochaine fois*," answered the girl in as good French as his own; picking up pail and stool as she ran across the greensward to the wide-open door.

"Why Theo, child, who be thet with yer?" and Aunt Keziah's face was aflame with curiosity.

"I'm sure I don't know, auntie. He asked me the way to the village while I was milking Spot-eye. She kicked me while I was answering, he picked me up and walked home with me," determined to make a clean breast of the whole matter. "He seems to be a foreigner, a Frenchman I should think from his accent."

"A furriner, hey? Wall, like's not he be thet air count, or markiss or duke, or suthin' or other thet's been staying over to the Harts'. Colonel Hart's ben sint ter Congress this year, an' I hearn tell they'd hed some big bugs deown from Washington. Lucindy Ann, Uncle Joe's second gal, is livin' out ter service neow; she's there, an' she told Den she reckoned the one's staying there neow be an author or writer or suthin' of thet kind, his room being littered up with papers an' the like."

A count, a marquis, a duke, a writer, an author! She knew she could not have been mistaken. She knew no common man, bred in ordinary ways, could have his bow and his manners. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, it takes several centuries to make a courtier. And a courtier he was, the kind of courtier that would go to the guillotine in full dress, with a ballroom smile.

Should she ever see him again, she wondered? It was likely, delightfully likely. The Hart place was but a few miles off at the furthest. What must he have thought of her? Of course he took her for a farmer's daughter doing a dairymaid's work.

Then this wicked young woman planned a very naughty plan. If it were true he were writing a book, and about America, she vowed she would furnish him with some astonishing literary material! It should not be her fault if the French nation were not edified with some remarkable features of American country life, if, indeed, the New England farmers' daughters should not be considered as the most wonderful product of the nineteenth century.

Foreign dukes, Italian marquises and French counts had, however, a disagreeable trick of turning into barbers or couriers. She would do nothing rash. So the wise Miss Theo wrote a letter to Washington that very night, to a friend who would put her *au courant* of all society news and gossip.

But there was little danger of Monsieur Armand Du Plessis de Neufchâtel turning into a courier, or indeed there being anything to be heard to his disadvantage. He was a kind of Frenchman the American mind, filled with prejudice against Gallic morals and character, is born to believe does not exist. He belonged to a very ancient and noble family. His own patent of nobility was not confined to his title. The courtly breeding, the chivalric devotion to the ideals of sentiment and honor, an ambition reaching beyond the triumphs of the ballroom or the boudoir, these had come down to him with the inheritance of his name and title. He had embraced the career of a diplomatist as offering the best arena for his abilities. Already he had advanced to the post of first secretary of legation, a very high position in the ranks of French diplomacy for a man just but turned thirty. Like most intelligent, critical, analytic foreigners who make any stay in our country, he was soon possessed with the desire to transcribe our virtues and publish our faults. Washington, New York, Boston, these cities had supplied him with the view of the political, social, moral and immoral virtues and vices any stranger may read as he runs. But he had been South, too, to learn what partisan misrule meant. He had been West to be taught a lesson in the Cyclopian energies of this growing country. He was here in this quiet New England village, because he had heard it repeatedly asserted that the highest types of genuine American character were to be met in just such towns. That New England women, especially, presented a combination of charms and capabilities, mental and domestic culture, to be found nowhere else in the world.

He had come prepared for much, but not for all this, that this bewitching, enchanting, this beautiful young milker and driver of cows had presented. What a remarkable country that could produce such a marvel! He had been in all the courts of the world, but where was there such a face, so instinct with refinement?—such a manner, so full of mingled dignity and coquetry, or a brighter, vivacious mind, a daintier ankle, or a smaller hand? Truly this was a most astounding country!

A day or two after this a very pretty tableau. A girl seated on a high stone fence in a pink calico gown; on her head no other covering save the wavy masses of golden hair; about her all the play of Summer air and sky, and on her face the play of a lovelier Summer yet, the Summer of youth, and fun and girlish mirth. By her side the figure of a man, a man with beautiful, soft, liquid eyes, saying in his beautiful, soft liquid voice:

"Vill not ze gracious mees accept ze homage, ze homage of a heart in penitence and accord her pardon?"

"I forgave you the other day, you know. So I will accept your rose for its own sweet sake," pinning it with charming grace at her snow-white throat.

She was knitting to-day, knitting a long, ugly woolen hose. No Normandy peasant tending her flocks and tricoting the family socks could ply the shining needle more deftly or look more industriously in earnest. She knew he would come. He went to the meadow yesterday, but it was part of her policy to make him "watch and pray awhile."

"Won't you sit up here, too? It is much more comfortable than standing," pointing to the round smooth stones, on the top of the high fence.

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"Ze queen does bid her slave to mount?"

Oh, yes, she bade him to mount. And she laughed a wicked little laugh as she saw him struggling up the steep stones. When did the most elegant of Frenchmen ever climb a stile with grace? Their slight, supple bodies, and drawing-room manner of standing and walking are more suited to the boudoir than the barn. It was trying on the count's patent leather pumps; it was still more trying on his hands, the white slender hands of a diplomat; but he was up at last, looking as much out of place as would the gallant of a Watteau picture, Theo thought.

"We shall speak French now, n'est ce pas? And you vill tell me sometinks of yourself?"

Yes, she would speak French, and tell him anything he chose to know, with most enchanting good humor. Were all the young women who lived here as wonderful as herself? Did they all sing and speak French, did they all travel, and converse with such a beautiful grace? Indeed, it was a very common thing for the daughters of farmers to be sent to city schools, to be taught accomplishments, to travel and then settle down to the drudgery of farmhouse life. It was not all drudgery either; there were the huskings, quilting-parties, singing-schools and the like.

To this tableau succeeded many others. For Monsieur de Neufchâtel had the advantage of seeing the every day life of a New England girl most happily illustrated. There were days when this charming *paysanne* was busy, so busy—she would shell peas by the hour, skim milk in preternatural silence, and had not a soul above her churn. And Monsieur le Comte would go home to dream of Dutch kitchens and industrious Gretchens. But, behold! the next day and Gretchen the industrious had changed into the accomplished young woman, who sang in the most charming manner most difficult music, criticised Alfred de Musset's poems, talked modern art, and quoted pages of Longfellow. The next it was a coquette, the most arrant, witching, irresistible that ever teased a man into loving or tortured him with the sweet anguish of doubt.

It was about this time that a certain letter was written to a certain Monsieur Alphonse de Barpin, which caused that gentleman a good deal of amusement, and was laid down with an eloquent shrug of the shoulder.

"Mon Cher—You do well to reprimand me for my long silence. But you will pardon all when you know I am writing an *esquisse* of this wonderful people. They are truly wonderful; wonderful for their bad government, and the perfect law and order which does reign everywhere. Wonderful for their energy, colossal in material things, and creeping at a snail's pace in things of art. But, mon ami, the most wonderful of all are the women. I cannot tell you what a country this is for women. In Washington, in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, I have met such women—beautiful, accomplished, brilliant—but you, too, have met such in Paris and in Rome. But here, in this village, such a village as Millet would paint, all the inhabitants farmers, and the sons and daughters of farmers. I have met the most remarkable *paysanne*, no demoiselle, no *jeune fille*. Ah, bah! None of these describe her, and yet she is all of them in one.

"Imagine her tall, with the limbs and motion of a goddess. When she does move across the hills Diana herself could not move so freely, so swiftly, so majestically! Imagine her to thyself wearing a crown, a crown of gold in her blonde hair, which alone would set all Europe mad. Her face, it is the face of an angel and a woman's at once, with the eyes of a coquette, and the smile of a Sister of Charity. She sings, Alphonse, as only *cette divine* do with us, speaks French like a *Parisienne*, talks with the grace and wit of a Récamier—and her time, it is spent in the making of butter and the sweeping of rooms! Imagine a country where this young girl is not thought remarkable. You say I am *épris*?—that I must fly, that danger awaits me in the peril of her eyes, that Cupid himself is hovering in the air?—that I must be wise in time, for a *mésalliance* for a diplomat means ruin? And I respond that, '*L'amour est le seul bien ici bas*,' and that before now a De Neufchâtel has espoused a beggar maid. *A toi*, Armand."

It was somewhat unfortunate for Monsieur Armand that he should not have posted his letter the day it was written. It was equally unfortunate he should have carried it in his wallet the next day when he went on his way, with a heavy heart, towards the old stone house.

"Ah, mademoiselle, I have one great sorrow." He sat beside her now, in the sweet, short grass of the apple-orchard, where he found her demurely paring apples. "I must part. My chief, my ambassador, he does write me I must go to Newport. I do go to-morrow," looking mournfully in the deep-blue depths Theo lifted to meet his sad eyes.

"You are going away—to-morrow?" The girl was playing no part now. There was all the pathos of genuine sorrow in her trembling voice. The sweet face was robbed, too, of all its gay play of joyous coquetry.

"Yes, I do go," leaning towards her, taking her unresisting hands in his; "I do go, but my heart, my soul, it is here. Ah, *angele ma vie*," with Gallic suddenness of passion, the leaping flames of love kindling in his rich dark eyes, "do you not know, have you not seen that I luv' you, that I do adore you, that my life—you hold it in your leetle hands! See, I am at your knees; will you not have ze grace to bid me arise myself?"

For a moment's space there was no answer. Theo's face was hidden in her hand. He was beginning to draw the fingers away, and at his touch she trembled—trembled, when, as she slowly opened her half closed lids, her eyes fell on an open letter, and the words, "*Before now a De Neufchâtel has espoused a beggar maid.*"

In the ardor of a lover's movement the wallet had fallen, the open letter lying there, with these fatal words standing out clear and distinct. Just in time, thought Theo, for the woman was beginning to gain on the actress.

"You think you love me—*me*, a farmer's daughter?" she softly asked, but this time in a guarded voice. "You do not know your own heart, my friend. But go—go to Newport. If there you meet no woman whom you love better, then when you come back you shall have your answer. But I know you will never come for it!" gently disengaging her hands from his eager grasp, for his kisses were falling like rain on the little brown fingers. Then she laughed, the merriest, wickedest, most mocking laugh that ever greeted kneeling lover's ears. Then she rose and ran, the air still ringing with the merriment of her provoking, merry laugh.

To Newport Monsieur Armand de Neufchâtel went. But what he had said was true; his heart, his life, his soul, he had left in the old stone house, in a fair-haired maiden's keeping. No other woman seemed fair beside the memory of that lovely face. Even the torturing memory of her mocking laugh was sweeter music than the flatteries of these society women's soft voices. What had she meant by that laugh? Did she not believe him? Ah, but she shall, she must! He would teach his passion an eloquence she could not resist. And to-morrow; yes, it would be to-morrow that he should see her, for his week of official obligation was over. To-night a masquerade ball at the house of some New York merchant prince was the last social duty he owed to his chief. The ball? Oh, yes, it was very beautiful, he believed. Monsieur Armand, the artist, could admire the taste of the decorations, the sumptuous costumes of the women, their beauty, their loveliness; Monsieur Armand, the diplomat, could even frame his lips to flattering utterances; but Monsieur Armand, the lover, was counting the hours, the moments, that should bring him close to a pair of blue eyes, close to a soft, dimpled cheek, hidden in its sun-bonnet, like a bud in its calyx, when—

"Papa, will you please introduce me to Monsieur de Neufchâtel?" A ringing, singing voice in his ear, a glorious vision of glorious beauty, all shimmering sheen, all dazzling light, golden hair shining like sun-rays through its frost of powder, two eyes like stars—surely—surely—and the heart of Monsieur Armand stood still.

"My daughter, Miss Theobald Sturgis, Monsieur de Neufchâtel. Theo, my dear, you had better give the count this next quadrille." And the Queen of Light laid her hand on the lace-edged satin sleeve of the dazed, the stupefied Louis XV. courtier's arm.

"Do you care for dancing?" Into his eyes looked the two blue heavens. *Ciel!* was it true? Could this vision of splendor, ablaze with diamonds, irradiating magnificence, be the little *paysanne* he had loved in Pluckaminia?

He looked and looked, then grew so pale, pale to the very lips, she feared he would faint, and the Queen of Light was materialized into the woman of feeling.

"Come, come out upon the piazza," she hurriedly said, and the next moment they were in the dark and cool of the veranda. Still no voice, no word, no sound, till her hands were caught tight, and the pale, trembling, passionate lips pressed hers close in a rapturous kiss.

"*Oh, mon adorée! est ce bien vrai, bien vrai?* You aire the daughter of this gentleman? You aire not the little *paysanne?*"

"If I were, would you still be brave enough to add one more to the list of the De Neufchâtels who have espoused beggar maidens?"

The next Winter and Paris was ringing with the fame of the famous American beauty, Madame de Neufchâtel, the Ambassador's wife. But it was at a masquerade ball, where she appeared in the simple guise of a New England farmer's daughter, sun-bonnet and pink calico gown, and on her arm a shining tin pail, that she carried the Parisian world by storm.

"Can you tell me ze way to ze nearest road, beautiful mees?" sounded soft in her ear, above all the din of flattery.

"The nearest road? It is here—it is the road to happiness," she replied, as she passed her hand through her husband's arm and met his loving, adoring gaze.

THE BLOCK ISLAND BREAKWATER.

THIS vast and much-needed public improvement, begun by the Engineer's Department of the United States Army in October, 1870, was completed and formally turned over to the Lighthouse Board in May last. The breakwater now insures an admirable harbor of refuge for the steamboats, sailing vessels and fishing fleets that hover about this delightful island, and besides conferring almost inestimable benefits upon commerce, will do much towards adding Block Island to the list of our popular Summer resorts. The breakwater extends almost north from the steamboat landing on the east side of the island, and reaches into the ocean a distance of 1,250 feet. The main breakwater reaches at its northern extremity a depth of eighteen feet of water, and contains about 45,000 tons of rip-rap. A detached pier is located about 200 feet from the principal structure, which is about 300 feet in length, contains about 30,000 tons of rip-rap, and extends out to a depth of fifty-four feet. This detached pier serves to break the fury of the northeast gales which prevail at nearly all seasons of the year. There is a lighthouse on the main breakwater, which was greatly needed. The total cost of the Government work here is $185,000.

Block Island is eight miles long by from two to four miles wide, and is nearly cut in two by a great salt-water pond. It was named for Adrian Block, the Dutch discoverer, and was called by the Indians "The Isle of the Little God." With a splendid sea-coast, it had no harbor at all, and all the boats used in fishing had to be small enough to be drawn upon the beach when returned from a cruise. From this necessity resulted the build of the Block Island schooner, which is a little craft, very deep, sharp at both ends, rigged without a bowsprit, in which these fishermen make their voyages for fish. It is generally built without a deck. In these little craft, which suggest at once the tiny *Nina* of Columbus's first voyage, these men go anywhere. It is said that there is no known instance where one has been swamped in an open sea, so seaworthy are they. They are so small that, in the days of bounties to fishermen, these men cannot draw the bounties to which Eastern fishermen are entitled; but they are big enough to take their owners where they will, and to bring in all the food they need at home, besides very considerable amounts for export. The adult male population of the island cannot be more than three hundred men; but the annual money value of their fishery is estimated at $75,000. They are by no means confined to their fisheries. They have good farms, well stocked, and their seamen go over the world. The total population is about 1,300, holding allegiance to the State of Rhode Island.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Studio of the Late Prince Imperial.

"I cannot easily afford you access to the Prince's rooms," said M. Pietri, to a newspaper correspondent, "for the Empress frequently visits the apartments which recall the memory of her son. At all events, you can see only his business office; you will find it in great disorder, for the Empress was just putting it to rights when the fatal news came." We then entered the study or working-room by a door opening from the saloon in which we stood. In the centre, on a large table covered with fawn leather, were heaped books, pamphlets and a host of miscellaneous articles. Among others, a small clock and a barometer supported by mortars; a photograph of the Emperor on a little easel, etc.; and all around the table were paintings ready to be hung in their proper places. Opposite the door we entered is a large window with a long table before it, that at which the Prince usually sat, and there is a second window opposite the fireplace. On the floor, ranged along the walls, leaning against the furniture, were a number of paintings from which the Empress was about to make a selection to adorn this apartment, her son's study. Among others were a watercolor, a Review at Longchamp; a Forest Path, by Protais; the Interview of Napoleon I. and Charles James Fox; an equestrian painting of the victor of Austerlitz. On a bracket were a white marble bust of the Abbé Deguerry, who prepared the Prince for his first communion; a bronze copy of the Vendome column; several of Fremiet's bronzes—a grenadier, an artilleryman, a guardsman, one of the Deux Cents Gardes. Near this is a large screen covered with comic English colored prints. This screen was a gift from Lord Cowley. The chimney-piece is of red porphyry with Egyptian figures. It is surmounted by a large mirror with oak caryatids at the sides supporting the ornamental top-piece. A little further on is a bookcase, with a cuirass and helmet of a Cent Garde, and around the rest of the room are cabinet bookcases with books bound uniformly.

The Eruption of Mount Etna.

We have already published a view of the last eruption of Mount Etna, showing the stream of lava pouring down into the valley from the cones, the mountain having broken out at three different points, distant from each other twelve or fifteen miles. The eruption began on May 25th last, and continued with unabated force until June 6th, when, having laid waste to thousands of acres of agricultural ground and destroyed several villages, it began to diminish in violence. On the following day the most remarkable of the streams exhausted its force, and its progress was stopped near the village of Mojo, the inhabitants of which had previously fled the place. Seen from a distance, the mass of cooling lava resembled a huge monster with a tail tapering to a point at the summit of the mountain.

The End of the Afghan War.

Mr. J. Burke, the photographic artist attached to the British Indian Army to illustrate the advance of the troops and the grand scenery of Afghanistan, was permitted by the Ameer of Cabul to take a series of pictures of himself and his suite at the camp at Gundamuk. After Mr. Burke had taken him in his gorgeous uniform of white and gold, the Ameer showed great anxiety to see the result, and Major Cavagnari explained to him the process of photography. The coat and trousers which the Ameer wore were of white cloth, heavily embroidered with gold, epaulets of gold, and a sash of blue, with three gold stripes through it, worn over the left shoulder. The head-gear was a steel helmet, with gold and a plume of feathers surmounting it. He was photographed with his helmet on, and then with it off, and when bareheaded the Ameer presented a curious likeness to the Duke of Edinburgh—all the more striking as he parts his hair down the middle. Not far from the place where Major Cavagnari met the Ameer on his way to the British camp, a Fakir had made a sort of *Arc de Triomphe*, by slinging a rope across the road over the heads of the procession, and hanging a Koran in the centre tied up in a very dirty rag. The Fakir salaamed as the Ameer passed under, but was evidently disappointed in that the new sovereign did not follow the usual custom and make him a present of money. The "Tiffin with an Afghan chief" was a breakfast given by the Khan of Gundamuk to Major Cavagnari and a few friends. Two large, flat cakes of unleavened bread were placed before each of the party, one to be eaten, the other to serve as a plate. After some hard-boiled eggs with pepper and salt had been placed on the cloth, the cooks brought in pieces of kid, fowl and mutton frizzling on long spits. A native officer, seeing that the British hesitated about the manner of taking the meat from the spits, unskewered the viands with his hands, and threw a piece across the table to each of the guests. One silver bowl was the drinking-cup of the whole party, from which snow-water was quaffed. Sweet tea, toasted cheese, and cheroots finished the repast.

Recovering the Wagons Lost at Isandula.

On the 21st of May, just four months after the massacre of the British at Isandula by the Zulus, General Marshall, with a strong detached force consisting of the Seventeenth Lancers, one wing of the King's Dragoon Guards, two guns of the Royal Artillery, and five companies of the Second Battalion Twenty-fourth Regiment, with some Natal Volunteers and natives, revisited the scene of the battle. The ground was strewn with brushes, toilet bags, pickle bottles, and unbroken tins of preserved meats and milk. Forges and bellows remained standing ready for the recommencement of work. The wagons in every case had been emptied, and the contents rifled. Bran lay spilt in heaps. Scarcely any arms were found, and no ammunition. There were a few stray bayonets and assagais, rusted with blood; no firearms. Skeletons of men lay on the open ground, bleaching under a tropical sun, along miles of country. The individuals could only be recognized by such things as a patched boot, a ring on the finger-bone, a particular button, or colored shirt, or pair of socks, in a few known instances. The Lancers went about all over the field, often here and there quietly lifting the clothes off the skeletons, or gently pushing them on one side with the lances, to see what regiment they belonged to. Some forty wagons were found to be sufficiently preserved to warrant removal, and at the end of the reconnoissance these were hauled back to camp

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The Wisconsin Democratic State Convention will meet at Madison on September 9th.

—Lexington, Ky., is contemplating the erection of waterworks at a cost of $175,000.

—It is no longer considered a disgrace to be blackballed in a London club, so frequent have been the events.

—The cities of Hamburg and Bremen have informed Prince Bismarck that they are not willing to renounce their positions as free ports.

—The *United Service Gazette* says the Empress Eugénie has written to the Queen begging that no penalty be inflicted upon Lieutenant Carey.

—Twenty-five lashes are henceforward to be the maximum of flogging in the British army, and this only when a soldier is on active service.

—A Calcutta dispatch says the British Residency at Mandalay will be removed to a safer position, and the guard around it will be increased to 500 men.

—Savannah has just shipped to Liverpool the largest cargo of resin ever exported from this country. It contained 8,650 barrels, which are valued at nearly $40,000.

—Dissenters from the Greek Church, hitherto unrecognized by the State in Russia, are now to have entire liberty of worship. This affects 12,000,000 Russian subjects.

—The American Bible Society has distributed 38,226 copies of the Scriptures in Texas during the last twelve months, and 810 criminals have escaped from the jails in that time.

—The Chamber of Deputies has, by a vote of 363 to 166, passed M. Ferry's second Educational Bill, which provides for excluding the religious element from the Superior Council of Education.

—A circular has been issued by Secretary Sherman revoking the order forbidding the importation of neat cattle. It permits a free importation, provided, however, that the cattle shall be quarantined for ninety days.

—The French Mint is now coining a special or trade dollar for circulation in Cochin China. It weighs twenty-seven grammes, while the five-franc piece only weighs twenty-five grammes. Its value is five francs, forty-four centimes.

—The Spanish Congress, by a vote of 152 to 33, has approved a Bill removing the legal disabilities of Cuban Senators. This Bill was necessary to enable the Senators to take their seats, as they do not all possess the qualifications required by law.

—It is believed in Georgia that the Legislature will repeal the law giving juries the right to recommend all persons found guilty of murder to the mercy of the court. The law as it stands on the statute-book practically does away with capital punishment in the State.

—King Humbert has just received a formal visit from several Morocco ambassadors. They read to him a letter in Arabic, conveying the congratulations of the Emperor of Morocco upon his accession to the throne. The King's reply expressed cordial friendship for the Moorish sovereign.

—The International Art Exhibition was opened at Munich, July 19th, with great ceremony. News was received that the French Chamber of Deputies had voted $7,000 in furtherance of French participation in the Exhibition. France having at one time refused to exhibit, this announcement gave much satisfaction.

—A letter from Yokohama says that the Prime Minister has issued a decree that from July 1st export duties will be abolished on cotton and silk manufactures, silk and cotton mixtures, made dresses, porcelain, precious stones, lacquered wares, bronzes, manufactured bamboo, manufactured copper, paper fans and umbrellas.

—The British Lords of the Treasury have directed the Commissioners of Customs to allow all seized tobacco now available, except cigars, to be sent to Natal for the use of the soldiers, marines and sailors engaged in the Zulu War. The last occasion on which the Government issued a similar order was during the Crimean War.

—Groups of statuary will shortly be placed in several of the public squares in Paris. M. Barrias's "Premières Funérailles" has been selected for that in the Rue Monge, M. Gautherin's "Paradise Lost" for the garden of the Saint-Jacques Tower, and M. Soldi's "City of Paris" for the park of Montsouris. A bronze statue of Etienne Marcel is to be placed in the new Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. The Prévot des Marchands will be represented on horseback in the attitude of command.

—The world's supplies of gold, which twenty years ago were upwards of 200 millions a year, fell to 96½ millions in 1877, and 83½ millions in 1878. During the current year, it is believed, they will scarcely exceed 70 millions. California, Australia and Nevada have successively been the great gold-producing countries of the world. Now, strangely enough, Russia has assumed the front rank. The product of the entire Pacific Coast for 1879 will not exceed 16 to 19 millions, and of Australia 18 millions, while the gold crop of Russia, which was 19 millions in 1877, and 18 millions in 1878, is expected in 1879 to exceed 29 millions.

—From the last report of the London School Board it appears that the number of children registered in the national and other public schools of London now exceeds 600,000, and amounts to one-sixth of the population. The average cost of schoolhouses is £16 per scholar registered. The salaries of male teachers average £132 per annum; of female teachers, £102. Annual cost of each scholar, £2 12s. 6d.; average cost of same in Scotland, £2 1s. Nearly half the whole cost is met in London by fees from the parents. Attendance is compulsory, 350 summonses being issued during the year to parents neglecting to send their children to school.

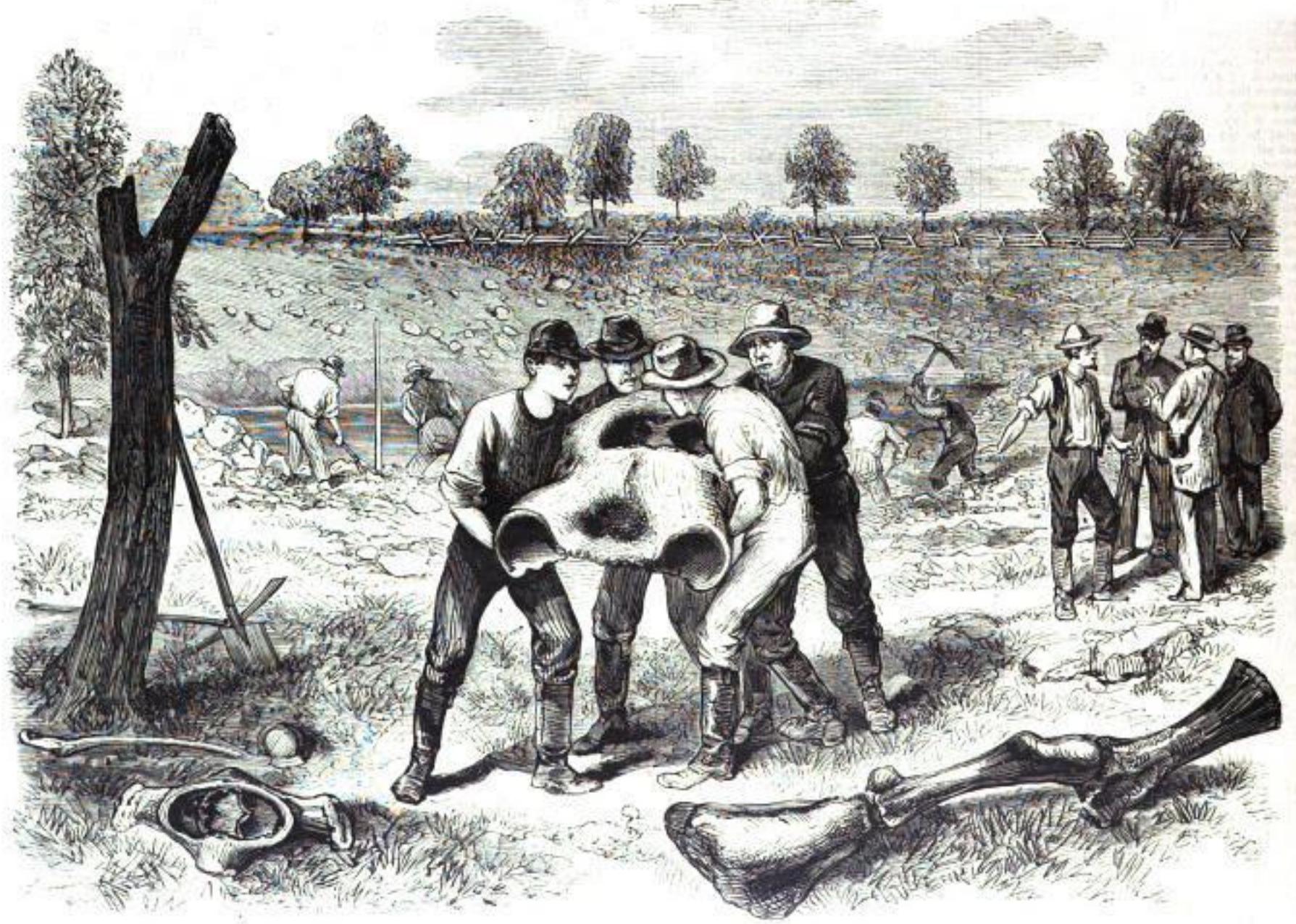
—A statement has just been published showing something of the present overcrowded condition of the Russian jails. It appears that, besides the establishments in connection with the mines in Siberia, there are altogether eleven convict-prisons in the Empire. That at Irkoutsk, which, according to regulations, should only contain 1,500, is now occupied by 2,000 persons. In the Charkoff Government, two prisons—one, for 450; and the other, for 475 prisoners—contain respectively 600 and 500 unfortunate convicts. In spite of this overcrowding, it is stated that 500 miserable beings are lying in the ordinary town jails, awaiting vacancies in the central establishments.

—The United States Consul at Naples, in a dispatch to the Department of State, dated June 20th, 1879, reports that trials have been recently made in Naples of Pennsylvania anthracite coal for smelting iron. The experiments proved successful. There are at present several lines of steamers running from America to Italy, doing a fair business. They lack freight from the United States, while they have enough to this country. Cotton goods from the United States are imported to some extent. With an increase of the present importations, and the addition of coal, the trade of Italy with America may become extensive. The possibility of doing a profitable business in American cotton goods has been demonstrated.

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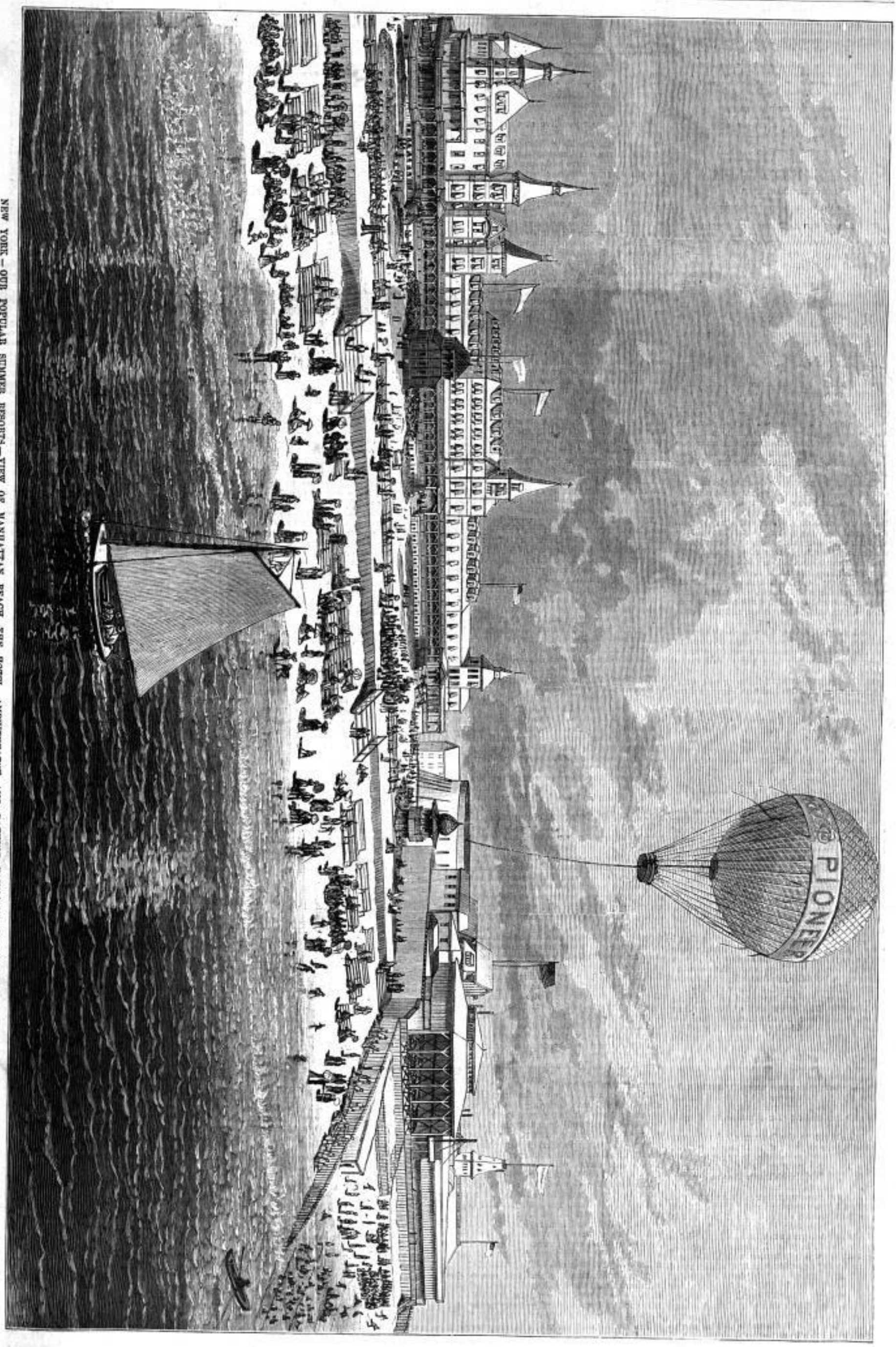


RHODE ISLAND.—NEW BREAKWATER AND HARBOR OF REFUGE AT BLOCK ISLAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY GENERAL G. K. WARREN.—SEE PAGE 379.



NEW YORK.—DISCOVERY OF THE SKELETON OF AN EXTINCT MONSTER NEAR NEWBURG.—WORKMEN CARRYING THE UPPER PART OF THE SKULL FROM ITS BED.—SEE PAGE 383.

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NEW YORK—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—VIEW OF MANHATTAN BEACH, THE HOTEL, AMPHITHEATRE AND BATHING PAVILIONS, LOOKING FROM THE SEA.—SEE PAGE 383.

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AT SEA.

WORN voyagers, who watch for land
Across the endless wastes of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
Why look ye not to what ye flee?

The stars by which the sailors steer
Not always rise before the prow;
Though forward naught but clouds appear,
Behind they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed vain?
Can guides so oft found true deceive?

Oh, sail we to the south or north,
Oh, sail we to the east or west,
The port from which we first put forth
Is our heart's home, is our life's best!

A CAST OF THE NET.

THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

I WAS amused at having the commission, for I wondered what Mr. Byrle would say when he saw me, and whether my disguise was so complete that he would not recognize me at all. That would be something like a triumph, and I almost made up my mind that it would be so. Had Mr. Forey seen me hurrying to the station, he might again have said that there did not seem much the matter with me; but I walked slowly enough through the street in which the Yarmouth Smack was situated, and had a pretty good trial of my disguise and my nerves as I passed it. Peter Tilley, dressed in a blue slop and cord trousers, so as to look like a dock laborer, or something of that kind, was leaning against the doorpost, lazily watching the passers-by. I made up my mind to try him, so stopping at a lamp-post just opposite to him, I took out my pipe, struck a match on the iron, coolly lit the tobacco, and after one or two puffs, threw the match into the road and walked on. He never knew me. It was all right.

The drizzling rain came down again as I got out at T——; but luckily Mr. Byrle's house was not more than a quarter of a mile from the station; and so resuming my limp, I got there without delay. The man-servant who answered the door took my letter, but told me that the old gentleman was not at home; then on finding Miss Doyle was to open the letter and send an answer, told me to wait in a little room which looked as if it was used as an office, having floor-cloth instead of carpet, wooden chairs, and so forth. He was a careful servant, and would not ask a stranger to wait in the hall, where coats and umbrellas might be had by a sharp party.

I had not waited long, when the door opened, and a young lady, whom I of course judged to be Miss Doyle, came into the room. She was a dark, keen-looking young party, and spoke rather sharply. "You are to take an answer back, I believe?" she said.

"Yes, miss," I answered, touching my forehead, for, as you may suppose, I held my cap in my hand.

"Mr. Forey only wishes me to send word; I am not to write," she went on; "he wants to know if Mr. Byrle will be at the works to-morrow. He will not. Tell Mr. Forey he will leave town to-night, and not return until the day after to-morrow. You understand?" She spoke very sharply; so I said: "Yes, miss," sharply, too, and touched my forehead again.

"You need not wait," she said, and, opening the door, I saw the servant waiting to let me out. I knuckled my forehead again, and putting on rather a clumsier limp than before, got out of the house into the rain and mud. Rain and mud! What did I care for rain and mud now?

"Sergeant Nickham," says I, when I got fairly out of the range of her windows, for I wouldn't trust *her* with so much as a wink of mine. "Sergeant Nickham," I said, "you are the boy! If you can't command your face, there isn't a man in the force as can. If you haven't got a memory for faces, find me the man who has, that's all about it!"

Why, of all the extraordinary capers that I ever tumbled to in my life, I never came near such a caper as this. Miss Doyle! *That* was Miss Doyle, was it? Right enough, no doubt; but if she wasn't also the sham clerk who came and found that I was put on the watch by Mr. Byrle, I didn't know a horse from a hedgehog—that's all. The quick look of her eye, her sharp, quick voice, the shape of her face, the very way she stood—lor! it was all as clear as daylight. But then I thought, and I kept on thinking till I had got back to the works, what could she have to do with stealing engine-fittings? 'Twasn't likely she had anything to do with that. It was past all question in my mind as to her being the same party. I knew it for certain; and then came the point—What did she dress herself up for and come a-spying on me and her uncle?—for she was Mr. Byrle's niece.

I hadn't got to the bottom of this by any means by the time I got back to the works; however, I gave my message very respectfully to Mr Forey, and offered Bob the gatekeeper his sixpence back, with many thanks.

"No, old chap," he says; "keep it at present. If you go on regular, I'll take it off you and a pint into the bargain the day you draw your first week's cash; but a fellow out of work knows the vally of a sixpence."

The same ferryman took me back; and his temper hadn't improved, I found. I fancied, too, that he was particular watchful of me, and so I was particular watchful of him; and from long practice I could do it better and more secretly than he could, although he *had* got a cross-eye. Lor! I could tell when we were nearing that same ship that the man climbed out of; I could tell it by the cunning way in which the boatman looked at me, to see if I would make any special notice of it. I didn't know what his little game might be, but I determined to spoil it; so I stooped down and was tying up my shoe, making quite a long job of it, till after we had fairly passed the craft, and then I looked up with an innocent face that quite settled him.

Just as we pushed up to the hard (that's the landing place), he says to me: "Do you often cross here?"

"Not often," I said; "at any rate, not yet. I generally cross a little higher up. But I have left my old quarters, and so I shall often go this way."

"Ah," he says, "you live at the Yarmouth Smack, don't you?"

"The what?" I said. "Where's that?"

"The Yarmouth Smack," he says again, pointing to the side we had come from. I knew where the Yarmouth Smack was well enough; but I shook my head and said: "No; I live on this side of the water; but I shall live anywhere when I can get work."

He did not say any more; I did not suppose he would; but there was something uncommonly suspicious in his talking about the Yarmouth Smack—something more than I could believe came from chance.

In the lane, just as I was about to turn into the side-door of the Anchor, I met the foreign-looking captain, who must have crossed the river before me, as I had last seen him on the other side. He knew me, I could tell well enough, and I knew him; but I was not going to let him see where I was going, so I passed the door of the Anchor, limping on till he was clear; then I hurried in, went up-stairs at once, and was out in the old ruined arbors I have spoken of in a minute. These overhung the river at high water (it was nearly high-tide now), and the landing-place of the ferry was close to them. The ferryman and the captain were talking, as I expected they would be, while the boat was waiting for passengers; and, by standing in the corner box, I could have heard every word they said, if they had spoken out, as honest people should speak. But they were that artful and suspicious, although they could not have known there was anybody listening, that they talked almost in whispers, and I only caught the last bit from the ferryman. "No," he says, "he's not the party; but I'll go up to the Smack to-night and make sure of the man."

Ah! as I thought; they were both in it somehow. But what a most extraordinary fuss and Gunpowder Plot sort of business there was about stealing a few bits of metal. I actually should have felt ashamed of the East-enders, who are really some of the sharpest folks I ever came across, if I had not felt there was a something behind, and that, by a lucky accident, I seemed upon the point of finding it out.

The night—my first night in the east, too—was not to pass without an adventure, and I had not seen the last of my new acquaintance, the captain. I got very tired of the company in the Anchor—not that I mind who I mix with—and if there had been any of the factory-hands about the place I would have sat with them until the house closed; but they only came there at meal-times, it seemed, or on their road home. So I walked about the neighborhood a bit; not because it was pleasant, for it was a wet night; and what with the rain and the mud and the drunken sailors and the fried-fish shops and the quarreling there was going on, it was anything but agreeable. The fact is, I like to know every court and alley in my district, and there *were* some pretty courts and alleys here. However, nobody thought me worth robbing, and, besides, I am always civil, so I never get interfered with. It's a capital rule, the best I know, and costs nothing.

When I was coming back, and had got pretty nearly to the Anchor and Five Mermaids again (it is very absurd to give such long signs to public-houses), I saw a very pretty girl, whom I had noticed before standing at a corner out of the rain, but it was not raining very much now. She wasn't—well, I won't say what she was not or what she was. She was very pretty, I say, and was doing no harm there; but two or three fellows coming by at the moment, one of them took hold of her roughly, and finished by almost pushing her down. She got away from him, and drew a door or two off; but his companions laughing at him for being bested by a woman, he followed her, and, on her pushing him from her, gave her a back-handed smack in the face. There were several men loitering about, smoking, and so forth, and I heard one or two say it was a shame; but none of them interfered; and I, being a little way off, and not wanting to get into a row, might have passed this over; but she called him a brute and a coward, and he went at her to strike her again. She ran across the road to where I stood, to avoid him, and he followed her. Then I saw it was my acquaintance, the captain.

He swore more horribly than ever I heard any one swear, and, springing forward, would certainly have hit her down, but I jumped between them and knocked up his arm. "Hrayvo!" said some women, who had been attracted by the girl's screams; and "Hrayvo!" said the men who hadn't interfered. At once the captain turned on me and let fly desperately at my head; but I was not to be had in that way, and I stopped him and returned a hit that I know must have loosened a couple of teeth; and then he swore again and began to pull of his coat. So did I.

"Don't fight wid him, my darlin'," said an old Irishwoman, who was selling herrings, laying her hand on my arm. "You're an honest English boy, and these fellows will have a knife in ye if they can't bate ye fair."

"No, Biddy, they sha'n't," said one of the men coming forward, followed by half-a-dozen more. "If there's to be a fight, it shall be a fair one; and, mates, we'll put any fellow into six feet of mud who only shows a knife."

His mates said so, too, and they were a rough and likely lot for it, and the river was within a score or so of yards. So, with a scowl at them (for I do believe now he meant murder; I didn't think of it then, although I was a policeman), he rolled up his sleeves and came at me.

He was a strong fellow, not so tall, perhaps, but certainly heavier than I was, and I dare-say, from his manner, fancied he could fight. But fight me! Why, a gent once offered through Alec Keene (he had seen me spar in private at Alec's) to make it worth my while to leave the police, and he would back me against any ten-stone-four man I fancied, for a hundred; and I was half inclined to take it, too, only something important turned up just then. Well, in two rounds I settled the captain. He tried to catch hold of me and throw me; but I knocked him clean off his legs each round, and then his friends took him away.

"There's one comfort, at any rate, in having had the row," I thought; "he'll never suppose I'm a detective after this."

I wished, however, it had never come off, there was such a fuss. Why, if I could have drunk shillings and sixpences, I might have had them, I do believe. In a place like that you get a crowd directly, and, although the affair did not last three minutes, there was a hundred men and as many women, too, anxious to treat me; and I was naturally obliged to drink with one or two—not at the Anchor, though.

The affair made such a stir that I read in one of the local papers the next week how Jem Mace had been down in the neighborhood of the docks, incog.; and that for once the brute strength of a boxer had been used in a good cause, and all that sort of nonsense. I know I have always found the best class of boxers very good fellows.

Of course I was vexed at this shindy having taken place so early, as the quieter I kept myself the better, and I would have given five pounds to have been out of it. My wishing this only shows you never know what is coming; and something came out of this street-fight that I never expected.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was nothing for me to do, that I could see, for a day or two, beyond improving my acquaintance with the factory hands, and keeping my eyes open generally; and in pursuance of this latter branch of the business, I got up very early on the following morning, and sat for an hour or two after daylight in the arbors or boxes I have so often mentioned. There was one great charm about the Anchor. It was low and dirty, decaying and disreputable, and the landlord was a drinking fellow, utterly bankrupt and hopeless, who troubled himself about nothing. His potman was sottish also, and too accustomed to riff-raff and queer doings of every kind to trouble himself about me; so I was thoroughly at my ease. All I saw which appeared worthy of notice was that the ill-tempered ferryman rowed out alone to the ship I have spoken of, and disappeared round its bows. I watched for some time, but did not see him come out into midstream; but just before I gave up my watch, he came into sight again. Whether he had crossed after rowing up a bit and had come back, or whether he had been lying all the time just hidden by the ship, of course I could not say.

I had told the potman that I was in hope of seeing a friend of mine who was going to Australia and had half promised to take me with him. I consequently showed a great deal of interest in the craft, and asked him lots of questions about them. This morning I guessed that the ship (the ferryman's ship) was an Australian liner; and this was just the joke for the potman, who laughed till his cheeks shook again at my mistaking a slow old Dutch trader for an Australian liner. He was quite severe in his way of poking fun at me; but he ought to have pitied my ignorance, not ridiculed it—and so I told him.

I thought I would pass away the morning by going over to T—— and watching Mr. Byrle's house. I had learnt that he was to be from home all day; Miss Doyle had told me so herself; so I knew *she* knew it also; and if she had any suspicious visits to pay, or queer company to receive, now was the time, that was evident. Accordingly, I went to T—— by rail as before, starting in the rain; but luckily, just as I got there it cleared up and the sun came out. To give me a chance of learning something, I got asking my way to a lot of places I didn't want to go to, just by way of starting a conversation, you know; and the man I pitched upon was employed in the goods-shed of the railway, but did not seem to have much to do just then; and when I asked him if he could spare time to run across to the public-house with me, he said yes, he thought he could; and he did.

We could see Mr. Byrle's house from this place, so it answered as well for me as any other; and while I was talking to the porter, I saw a tall young fellow, good-looking, but rather flash-looking, too, go past, and in three or four minutes I saw him ring at the gate of Mr. Byrle's house.

"Hollo!" I says to my railway friend, "isn't that Sims Reeves? Does he come down here to give lessons?"

He was no more like Sims Reeves than I am, but his was the first name I could think of.

"Sims Reeves!" said the porter; "why that's young Mr. Byrle, as gives his father no end of trouble. You wouldn't see him there, only the old gent is off somewhere for a while. He went from our station last night."

"Indeed!" I said (and then I saw the young man go into the house); "and what's the quarrel about?"

"Oh, his goings on," said the railway man. "Why, I have heard that his father has paid thousands on his account; and if he hadn't paid one time pretty heavily too, this young fellow would have been in Newgate for forging his governor's name. He's going abroad, I believe; and a good riddance, too, I say."

"And what does he do at the house when his father is away?" I asked; and I really felt that our conversation was getting quite interesting.

"Well, it's the old story; a lady's in the case," said the porter. "There's a niece there that's over head and ears in love with Mr. Edmund—that's his name—and he pretends to be equally sweet on her. But if she had seen only as much of him as we have seen at this here station, she would never —— There's my foreman agoing into the shed! Excuse me." With that the railway man finished his pint and was off.

I considered a minute, and then decided I was as well off where I was as anywhere; so I borrowed yesterday's *Morning Advertiser* of the barmaid, and, sitting down where I could watch the house, pretended to read. If any one had watched me, he must have thought I was most remarkably interested in the money market, for I had that part of the paper folded towards me without changing for a good half-hour. At the end of that time the door of Mr. Byrle's house was opened and the son came out. I was ready for a start after him, let him go in which direction he might; but he came towards the Railway Tavern, my post; straight on, nearer, nearer he passed my door. I peeped out after him, and saw him actually come into the tavern, entering by another door the compartment of the bar next to mine!

I was in the common place; he was in one of those divisions where "Glasses only are served in this department;" and so on. There was some one there already, for I had heard the occasional clink of a spoon and glass, and a cough; but there wasn't more than one, for I had heard no voices. I now heard some one speak; I judged it to be young Mr. Byrle, and I was right.

"Hollo, skipper!" he said, "what have you been doing to your face? Have you been fighting?"

"Fighting! Well, never mind my face; I don't want to talk about that; I shall settle that account some day," said the voice. (*I* knew what voice; *I* knew what was the matter with the man's face.)

His surly tone seemed to shut young Mr. Byrle up on the subject, for he gave a sort of forced laugh and said no more about it. "When do you sail?—for certain now. I must know to an hour to-day, for I don't like what I hear of things," said Mr. Byrle.

"Don't speak so loud," said the other; "you can never tell who is listening;" and there he was more thoroughly right than he suspected. However, they dropped their voices so completely after this that, though I sat right up against the partition, I could hear nothing more than a stray word or so, out of which I could make no sense, until at last Mr. Byrle said: "Time's about up, skipper."

"I suppose so," said the other. "Well, you feel quite confident about her then; her courage won't fail, you think?"

"*Her* courage fail! Ha! ha! skipper," said Mr. Byrle; "you don't know her, or you wouldn't say that. She'll come with the material, you'll see. From first to last she never wavered; and look what a penetrating mind she has got!"

"Yes; she's clever, I think," says the skipper.

"Clever!" Mr. Byrle repeated, with a deal of contempt in his voice—"clever! Who but her would have found out the scheme——"

"Hush!" said the skipper, stopping the young man just as his conversation was getting, I may say, instructive and important. Then Edmund Byrle said his train was due, and posted off to the station.

A minute or so after I heard the skipper put down his glass as though he had emptied it, and then he, too, left. I followed at a little distance, and got into the same train with him, and got out with him, and still following, saw him go to the ferry, pick out, as I knew he would, the surly waterman; and I saw him rowed to his own ship, where the waterman left him and then rowed over to the other side. Very good. Then the skipper had gone to T—— specially to meet Edmund Byrle; and Edmund Byrle had gone there specially because his father was away; and —— Then I couldn't follow it up any further.

I went boldly into the Yarmouth Smack, and not seeing Tilley anywhere about, I asked for him under the agreed name, and was told he had gone to work on Byrle's wharf; not for the firm, but for some lightermen who frequented the public-house. This looked well; and if I got taken on, as I expected, the next Monday, I thought it would be very odd if between us we didn't find something out. Yet my interest in the business seemed dying away, or drifting into altogether a new channel, for I could not believe for a moment that Miss Doyle and Edmund Byrle, and the skipper and the sulky ferryman, were all linked in with stealing a few paltry brass fittings.

I crossed over before the old ferryman came back, and had my dinner in the tap-room of the Anchor and Five Mermaids. It wasn't a nice place for a dinner, and I was always partial to having my things neat and tidy, which was by no means the rule at the Anchor, and the company was not to my standard. I was late to-day, so I missed the factory hands; and there were only two men in the room with me; one was a costermongerish-looking rough, in a velveteen coat and fur cap, which was about all I could see of him, for he was asleep all of a heap in a corner. The other was a man who had his dinner in a newspaper, and took it out, whatever it was, with his fingers, till he had finished it and then went away.

I was glad when he was gone, and I had the room as I may say to myself; so I sent my plate away, called for a little drop of rum-and-water (the only thing you could get fit to drink at the Anchor), and lighting my pipe, sat with my feet on the fender, to have a good smoke

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and a good hard think. I had sat there perhaps half-a-dozen minutes, and had fairly settled down to my thinking, when a low voice said: "Mr. Nickham!" My name! It was a very low voice which spoke, but the roar of an elephant couldn't have startled me more. In an instant it flashed upon me that my disguise was seen through and all my plans understood. Robinson Crusoe was not so staggered when he saw the footprint on the sand as I was on hearing these two familiar words. I turned round, and there was that miserable-looking rough that I thought had been asleep, standing up and making signs to me. He was a regular rough and no mistake, with short hair, an ugly handkerchief twisted round his neck; his nose had been broken at some time or another, and he looked a complete jail-bird. "Mr. Nickham!"

It was he that spoke; no mistake about it this time; and he put his hand up to the side of his mouth to keep the sound straight.

"Who are you?" said I; for you know I didn't like to answer the name at once, in case he wasn't certain.

"My name is Wilkins—Barney Wilkins," said the man. "But you won't recollect me by that, p'raps, though I've been through your hands, sergeant; but I ger some other name then. You got me twelve penn'orth for ringing in shofuls." (He meant that he had been sent to prison for twelve months for passing bad money. I wasn't surprised to hear it; he looked fit for that or anything bad. But if he got it through me, why he should speak to me now was beyond my comprehension.) "I knowed you directly I see you, sergeant," he says, coming nearer, but still speaking in the same hoarse whisper as at first; "and though you're a tight hand, you're fair and square, and acted as such by me when you copped me. You are down here on business—you're after some rare downy cards. Now ain't you, sergeant?"

"If you know," I said, "what do you ask me for? And if you think I am what you say, you don't suppose I shall tell you my business, do you?"

"Sergeant," he says, coming nearer still, "you fought a man in the street last night, and gev him a thorough good licking. You was the only man there as would take the part of a poor gal as wasn't doing no harm to nobody; and I respect you for it, sergeant; I do. That gal was my sister—my young sister, as has been like a child to me, and was so tidy and pretty that I was proud on her, and hoped to—— Well, sergeant, whatever we are, we all have our feelings; and Sergeant Nickham, I'll do you a good turn. Look here!" With this he crept quite close and put his mouth almost to my ear. I watched him carefully, being much puzzled by his actions, yet I had seen such unexpected things occur in the police that I was quite ready to hear something of consequence from him. "You are down here about that bank paper what is said to be all got back, but which you know it isn't. You are on the right parties, and it does you credit; but you'll never get them nor the paper without me." *(To be concluded in our next.)*

A MASTODON UNEARTHED.

The Almost Complete Skeleton of an Extinct Monster.

On the 5th of July, a person engaged in digging a trench on the farm of Mr. Hugh Kelley, seven miles distant from Newburgh, N. Y., unearthed what he at first supposed to be a log, about two feet in length and several inches in diameter. Closer examination, however, by some persons whose attention was called to the object, showed that the supposed log was the leg of a mastodon, and further digging resulted in the discovery of a mastodon's skull, besides numerous other bones sufficient to make an almost complete skeleton of the extinct mammoth. The upper part of the skull was found about four feet six inches below the surface of the ground, and some idea of its size and weight may be obtained from the fact that it required the exertions of five men to lift it from its bed. The lower jaw was found at the same depth from the surface as the upper one, but about three feet away from it. There were also unearthed a complete fore-leg of the mastodon, sections of the spine, more than a score of ribs, and a large number of bones belonging to the feet. Altogether, over two hundred bones have been recovered and put together. They are in a wonderful state of preservation, and the skeleton will be a magnificent one, nearly, if not quite, as perfect as the one in the Albany State Museum, and much larger. After the skull and other bones had been placed in position, measurements were made and found to be as follows: The back of the skull measures 28 by 21 inches; the opening to the mouth, 9½ inches; the tusk-sockets, 7 by 6¾ inches; from the outside of tusk-socket to outside, 24½ inches; trunk-socket, 5 inches up and down and 11 inches across; eye-sockets, 7 by 5 inches; across the eyes, 26 inches; ear-sockets, 15 inches up and down and 14 inches across; across forehead from ear to ear, 15 inches; depth of forehead from trunk-socket to back of skull, 20 inches; length of skull, 47¾ inches; height of skull, 30½ inches; circumference of skull around the eye-bones and under lowest part of lower jaw, 8 feet 1 inch; circumference of skull around tusk-sockets and back part of skull, 10 feet 9 inches. The perfect fore-leg, including the shoulder-blade, measures 7 feet 4 inches; the hind-leg measures 5 feet 6 inches. These measurements do not include the feet or ankles, being only the first and second joints and shoulder-blade. The shoulder-blade measures 30½ inches in length and 31½ inches across; the thigh bones measure 39 inches in length and 26 inches in circumference. The ribs measure 4 feet 9 inches across, and around 8 feet 6 inches. Four teeth were found in each jaw, in an excellent state of preservation. The enamel is of a bluish tint, and unbroken. The four back teeth are eight-pointed, measure 7 by 3¼ inches, and stand 3 inches out of the jaw. The four front teeth are six-pointed, and measure 4½ by 3¼ inches. There are eight fangs on each back tooth and six on each front one.

It is a remarkable fact that the largest bones of the mastodon genus ever discovered came from the same section of country—a marshy region extending from Orange Lake, about four miles from Newburgh, into New Windsor, and known as the Great Swamp. They were found in 1845, on the farm of Nathaniel Brewster, and are now in the Boston Museum. The skeleton as articulated is 11 feet high, 17 feet from end of face to beginning of tail, the latter being 6 feet 8 inches long; circumference around ribs, 16 feet 5 inches; tusks about 11 feet, of which 8 feet 8 inches project beyond the sockets.

Remains of the mastodon were first found in this State, near Albany, probably as early as 1705. In 1740 large quantities of bones were found in Kentucky. The first remains of the mastodon found in Orange County, N. Y., were discovered in 1782, three miles south of the village of Montgomery. In 1794 other remains were found about five miles west of the same village. In 1800 more were found about seven miles northeast from Montgomery, on the farm of Dr. George Graham. In 1803 bones were found one mile east of Montgomery. In 1838 a tooth was found on or near the farm of Samuel Dixon, at Newburgh. In 1844 remains were found on the farm of Mr. Conner, at Wallkill, and a nearly perfect skeleton was found in Mount Hope about 1871. Remains have also been found in Goshen.

OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.

Manhattan Beach.

Ho, for Manhattan Beach, with its yellow sand flecked by the lace-like foam of caressing breakers! Ho, for the breeze that pats the cheek, and toys with the hair, and bids you welcome, coming to meet you at Sheepshead Bay, and keeping joyously along with you till it calls you all its own by the sad sea wave. Ho, for the palatial hotel, with its army of waiters, agile, anxious, intelligent—with its corps d'élite of cooks, its reserve of courteous superintendents, its legion of supernumeraries! Ho, for the piazza thronged with society with the big S—the piazza that is the home of the sea-breeze and towards which the Neversink Highlands peep dreamily over the flashing Atlantic! Ho, for the hand that murmurs delicious waltzes in its sea-girt cave, or revels in the mad waggishness of Offenbach, or gloats with fiendish glee over the familiar strains of the thrice-accursed "Pinafore"! Ho, for the bathing pavilion, with its luxurious surroundings, rendering a dip in the briny a joy for ever! Ho, for the picnic pavilion, with its commodious fixtures and its unrivaled coolness! Ho, for the monster balloon, that tempts one to leave dull earth behind him and to ho cloudwards! Ho, for the toy railway that runs along the beach, with its quaint little stations, and cars always *en fête*! Ho, for the thousand and one attractions of the shore, from the dull gaze of the confiding clam to the piquant smile of the shoeless, stockingless sea-nymph—from the vacant stare of the defunct jelly-fish to the facetious wink of the masher!

Who would fail to visit Manhattan Beach? Who would fail to enjoy the delightful sail to Bay Ridge, through the Upper Bay, past lordly ocean steamers, past yachts with snowy sails like the pinions of sea-birds, past saucy tugs, past palatial steamers en route for everywhere, past Staten Island in the distance, set like an emerald in the mirror-like bay! Where so commodious and easy a landing-place as at Bay Ridge! Where such holiday cars! What a ride through a country that will remind the Englishman of sunny Kent, the Irishman of the fertile plains of Kildare, the Scotchman of the country of the Mac Dougal, the Frenchman of La Normandie! The pace is exhilarating, champagny; and as we flash past white villages like bunches of lilies, or over plains arrayed in their glowing livery of green and gold, or through woods showing deep and shadowy vistas, we are but preparing for the picturesque and refreshing sight of the dancing billows bounded by the elegant structures which now span Manhattan Beach in such charming relief against sea and sky. What a rush from the train by excited bathers, madly anxious for the plunge, intoxicating in its nature as a beaker of wine! What clipping and clicking of tickets by white-capped officials! What a buzz, and hum, and clatter of human voices! What a stamping of human feet! What a rattle of knives and forks! What a popping of champagne corks! What shrill cries for nourishment! and, above all, the sweet boom of the ever-rolling surf, as it leaps madly to the stolid arms of the tawny sand!

Thousands of people decanted from the train, all in search of ozone, every one gazing seawards to where the lighthouse on the Hook seems like a white dot on the sky-line. Thousands of people seated on the far-stretching piazza, while a mad, merry chatter is flung out to the winds, and over the velvet grass, with its glowing ribbon-borders of dainty flowers. Thousands of people eating and drinking as people only can eat when at Manhattan Beach. Up in the balconies and verandas and quaint windows like niches fit for medieval saints are the gayly-attired of the sweeter sex, flinging dabs of color on the hodden-gray walls of the hotel. And what a hotel! with its accommodation for thousands; its superb and æsthetic furniture; its cooks, whose *chefs-d'œuvres* remind one of the triumphs of a Francatelli, or a Brillat Savarin; its cellar worthy of the Hapsburgs. And when the sun, which has lingered to the very last moment, sinks into the glowing arms of the west, and daylight dies, then shines forth the electric light, causing the pale and gentle Luna to hide her head behind every passing veil of cloud; then beads of fire dot the piazza, the reception-rooms, the dining-halls, the grounds, while the strains of the splendid band rise melodiously over the dreamy hum of the ever-throbbing surf. "See Naples and die!" Visit Manhattan Beach and live!

THE FIRST RAILROAD IN NEW MEXICO.

The fourth day of July possessed a peculiar interest and importance to the people of the northeastern portion of New Mexico, and especially to those of the town of Las Vegas. On that day the first railroad constructed in the Territory—the New Mexico and Southern Pacific Road—was completed and declared open to the public, and in celebration of the event and of the natal day of the Republic, a vast concourse of people assembled in the town, and were addressed from a gayly decorated stand in the Plaza by a number of distinguished persons, including Hon. T. Romero and General G. A. Smith. All the speakers dwelt upon the importance of free public schools as factors in promoting the welfare of the Territory. Two locomotives which came in on the new road were objects of general interest, being handsomely decorated with United States and Mexican flags.

Las Vegas, which lies about forty miles southeast of Santa Fé, and nearly one hundred miles south of the Colorado line, is a brisk, enterprising and growing town, and now that it is supplied with railway communication with the outside world, will no doubt speedily become one of the important centres of population in the Territory. Its present population is made up of Mexicans, Indians, and representatives of various nationalities, nearly all of whom speak the Spanish tongue. One of our illustrations shows the polyglot character of the population, while another gives a glimpse of the trade in pottery carried on by the Pueblo Indians.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Dispatch from Zanzibar dated June 28th, announced that the Belgian exploring expedition, under M. Dutaits, was ready to start into the interior.

German Travelers and savants of wide repute are conducting explorations into various parts of Africa. Among them is Gerhard Rohlfs, to whom the German Emperor has sent complimentary presents for the Sultan of Widai.

From Data Collected by the Nares Polar Expedition in 1875-6, Professor Fries, of Upsala, infers that icebergs may exist at the very Pole if there is land there occasionally free from snow or ice. He has no belief in the existence of an open polar sea.

The Swedish Budget for 1880 sets aside a sum of 80,000 crowns for the purchase of the Hammarby estate, near Upsala, which originally belonged to Linnæus, as well as of a quantity of furniture he once possessed, to honor the memory of the great botanist.

In a Balloon Ascent which took place at Rouen on June 15th last, with a large balloon, the occupants of the car found at 12,000 metres from the earth a cloud where the cold was so intense that small icicles were seen suspended to the beards and mustaches of the travelers.

Ernest Marno, the well-known Austrian traveler in Africa, who originally formed one of the staff of the Belgian expedition under the late Captain Crespel, has recently been appointed deputy-governor of the province of Galabat in the Soudan. M. Stalin, another Austrian traveler, has gone to the region of the Upper Nile, the special object of his journey being meteorological investigations.

Dr. Falvre, the Dean of the Lyons Faculty of Sciences, has been run over by a cart when conducting a number of pupils to a botanical excursion. His constitution was so dreadfully shaken that he died after a few days of suffering. Dr. Falvre was opposed to the Darwinian theory, and has published books against the mutation of species. His most important publication was a review of Goethe's scientific works.

William Minis Fontaine, M. A., has been elected to the chair of Natural History and Botany at the University of Virginia, recently endowed by the Hon. William W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C. Professor Fontaine was a student at this institution during the sessions of 1856, 1857 and 1858, being graduated with the degree of Master of Arts. He afterwards studied in Germany. He is now a professor in the University of West Virginia, at Morgantown.

James Samuelson, a distinguished English scientist, who has been the editor of the *Popular Science Review* and the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and is the author of many popular scientific works, contemplates a visit to this country early in August. He has accepted an invitation to visit Salem, and will probably deliver a couple of lectures upon Natural History before the Essex Institute, and may speak in some of the larger cities of the country upon the subjects of biology or zoology.

An Elaborate Exhibition by the Royal Agricultural Society, of which the Prince of Wales is President, was announced at latest steamer dates to be opened near London, June 30th. Among the foreshadowed novelties were to be specimens of the plows and other agricultural implements in use for the past hundred years in the various countries of Europe, including those of Cyprus, and also a series of dairies, worked by imported residents of all European countries, with the view of instructing the English in the several modes of foreign butter and cheese making.

An International Convention under the auspices of the King of Belgium and the honorary presidency of the Court of Flanders is to assemble in Brussels this year to discuss the latest advances in the knowledge of American ethnology, philology, history, geology, and, in fact, of everything appertaining to America that is of interest to mankind. New light is expected to be thrown upon the discovery of the North American continent and upon its primitive inhabitants. There are in Europe many students of American history and science, and this will be their third congress.

The Fine Mural Paintings discovered in the grounds of the Palazzo Farnesina, in Rome, during the excavations for the Tiber works, have now been nearly all detached from the walls. Two experienced artists were summoned from Pompeii to perform the delicate operation. These frescoes, great and small together, are thirty-two in number. They are fine works in the Greco Roman style. The lower portion of the wall is devoted to landscapes. Above are dramatic, historical, or mythological scenes, which the archæologists are endeavoring to interpret. The figures have marvelous artistic merit. Of very correct draughtsmanship, in color and effect they resemble Dutch sketches, and, although at least twenty centuries old, they are as fresh as if recently painted. Each painting when detached, with the plaster adhering to it, is carefully packed in a separate case.

At the Last Meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society the President, Dr. Nachtigal, communicated the latest reports received from the German African travelers. Engineer Schütt has started on his journey into the interior and believes that he has now succeeded in overcoming all the difficulties which at first presented themselves to his further progress towards the East and North; he now intends entering the country of the Adjellengo tribe. Dr. Buchner was detained at Cassange through the rainy season. He intended leaving for the interior at the beginning of May. Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs has had much to endure from the fanaticism of the natives at Djalo, where he is still staying, and has also been unable to obtain a guide through the Wadai desert on account of the unfriendliness of the Bengazine Government. His companion, Dr. Strecker, has returned to Bengazi in the meantime in order to attempt to make the Government more favorably disposed towards Dr. Rohlfs undertaking.

The Interest of the Anthropological Exhibition at Moscow, Russia, is on the increase. There are already over one hundred Russian types of the old times, beginning with the tenth century. There are many holy pictures representing the saints; also portraits, engravings, and casts of the Czar, statesmen and other notable persons, by Russian artists, as well as by those foreign artists who, in the sixteenth century, were brought to Russia by order of the Czars, along with other European rarities. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit in the department of types is that of living typical persons of different Asiatic tribes under the sceptre of the Czar: Sarts, Tashkentzi and Egyptians are to be seen, placed amid their usual home surroundings. Besides the Russian types there are types of Oriental tribes that existed thousands of years ago, but are now extinct. Among these are contemporaries of Moses; there is Nehta, the daughter of Sesostris, and there is Pharaoh Menephtes. There are also many casts from the ruins of ancient cities, and from temples and monuments.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A statue will be unveiled to the memory of M. Thiers at Nancy, France, on the 2d of August.

Rev. George Vosburgh, of Jersey City, who was tried and acquitted on a charge of attempting to poison his wife, has obtained a divorce in Fargo, Dakota.

Congressman Ray V. Pierce, of Buffalo, is rapidly convalescing, and hopes soon to be able to leave with his family for Europe, intending to be gone several months.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is a thorough practical engineer, drove the locomotive attached to the train which conveyed the Prince and Princess of Wales around the Royal Agricultural Show.

Paraguay has changed the name of Villa Occidental to Villa Hayes, in honor of the President of the United States, who, as arbitrator, recently awarded a strip of land to that country.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London have recommended to their clergy to use the "prayer for fair weather" in their churches. It has lately been very rainy in England.

The Austrian Archduchess Mary is going to stay at Biarritz with her mother; and her prospective husband, the King of Spain, will visit them there. The marriage will possibly take place late in the Autumn.

Dr. H. von Holst, of the University of Friedburg, Germany, the author of "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," a work not yet complete, has been elected Professor of History in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

The Sultan is an enthusiastic musician. He took, consequently, a great fancy to Baron Ring, one of the members of the Eastern Roumelia Commission. The two spent a number of hours together in the peaceful pastime of playing duets on the piano.

An announcement is made of the acceptance of the Secretaryship of War by ex-Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, when the place shall become vacant by the confirmation of Mr. McCrary as Judge of the United States Circuit Court, of which event there is little doubt.

Mr. William B. Aston, at the head of a New York and Boston company, has offered Georgia the sum of $1,250,000 for the Macon and Brunswick Railroad. If they can buy this road it is said that they will put on a line of steamships at Brunswick, Ga., plying to South America.

Miss Gardner, of Boston, who obtained an honorable mention for her picture, "At the Fountain," exhibited at the Paris Salon this year, is believed to be the only American lady who has ever been granted this distinction, or a prize of any kind, at a French exposition of fine arts.

The Sumner Monument Committee, after erecting and paying for the statue by Thomas Ball, on the Public Garden in Boston, having a balance on hand, have concluded to appropriate it to the erection of a handsome sarcophagus of white Concord granite on the lot at Mount Auburn where Mr. Sumner is buried.

James Winthrop Harris, for the past ten years secretary of Harvard College, has just died. He was not a literary man, but showed an extraordinary ability for his duties. He was especially noted, too, for his punctuality; for the ten years of his service he failed scarcely a day of being in his office at precisely the appointed hours.

Two French engineers, accompanied by Dr. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, have been visiting Lake City, Fla., and prospecting in view of building a canal across the peninsula. The two gentlemen, Messrs. Baron and Guenberg, represent large capitalists in France, who are amply able to build a ship canal across the State if a feasible route can be found and proper encouragement is given by the State.

Professor L. Whiting Mason, of Boston, having been appointed by the Imperial Government to found a national conservatory of music at Tokio, Japan, in January next, has nominated Mr. Benjamin Cutter, now studying and teaching at Stuttgart, for the violin department, and Mr. Ephraim Cutter, Jr., for the organ and piano, organist of the First Unitarian Church, Woburn, and late of the Shepherd Church, Cambridge.

Professor Bruck, a Protestant, has just been elected "Rector Magnificus" of the six-century-old University of Vienna. He is the first Protestant who has held that office. The University has lately shown further religious liberality in electing two Hebrew gentlemen, Professors Grünhut and Hoffman, to the chairs of Law and Philosophy. A short time ago, it is said, a Hebrew could not so much as take a doctor's degree in an Austrian university.

The Shah has appointed an Austrian, Count Montefiore, to be Mayor of Teheran, having a prudent preference for Asiatics, as neither England nor Russia can be offended. The Shah was so greatly pleased with Francis Joseph's gift of a full length portrait, magnificently framed, that he declared that he would send his own likeness to Vienna in just such a frame of solid gold, but finding that a frame twelve feet by ten feet in solid gold would seriously inconvenience the Persian treasury, he abandoned the magnificent idea.

Senator Wagner has presented a very handsome hotel to his village of Cassjoharie; and ex-Governor Seymour writes concerning the gift: "I wish there was more of the spirit of Mr. Wagner in the valley of the Mohawk, for then the world would know that it has a history unsurpassed in value and in interest. May the example of Mr. Wagner teach the dwellers in the valley of the Mohawk that men do most to honor themselves when they show that they seek to honor their homes and the memories of their fathers."

Dr. Cumming's physicians have ordered him to relinquish all mental exertion. He is seventy-two, and has labored in London for forty-six years. The congregation desires to give him an annuity of from £300 to £500, but the funds are insufficient to do this and pay his successor's stipend, hence subscriptions to an annuity fund of £2,500 or £4,000 are invited. For many years Dr. Cumming has devoted a great portion of his income to enlarging his church and freeing the schools from debt, and thus, though he leaves the work of his parish in a thriving condition, he himself is penniless.

A fine portrait, in oil, of Samuel Dinsmoor, of Keene, who was Governor of New Hampshire in 1849, 1850 and 1851, has just been added to the collection in the Executive Council Chamber in the State House. This portrait completes the list of Governors from Governor John Langdon (1805) to Governor Prescott, (1879). It is a present to the State by the kinsmen of the Governor. The task of completing this collection was undertaken by ex-Governor Prescott in 1872, when he was Secretary of State, and, with untiring effort, it has now been accomplished. New Hampshire has had thirty-six Governors, and it is a little remarkable that all of them should have had excellent likenesses. It is more remarkable that the State should possess them all in so short a time. It shows, too, what well-directed and persistent effort will accomplish. No other State of the original thirteen has a complete collection.

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A PREACHING SERVICE IN THE GROVE.



TYPICAL FACES ON THE STAND.



A STREET IN THE CAMP.



THE VISITORS COOKING AND DINING.



ENJOYING THE MAZY DANCE.



ARRIVAL OF A LECTURER.



AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN THE SESSIONS



LOVE-MAKING AMONG THE TENTS.



INTERIOR OF A TENT — EVENING DEVOTIONS.



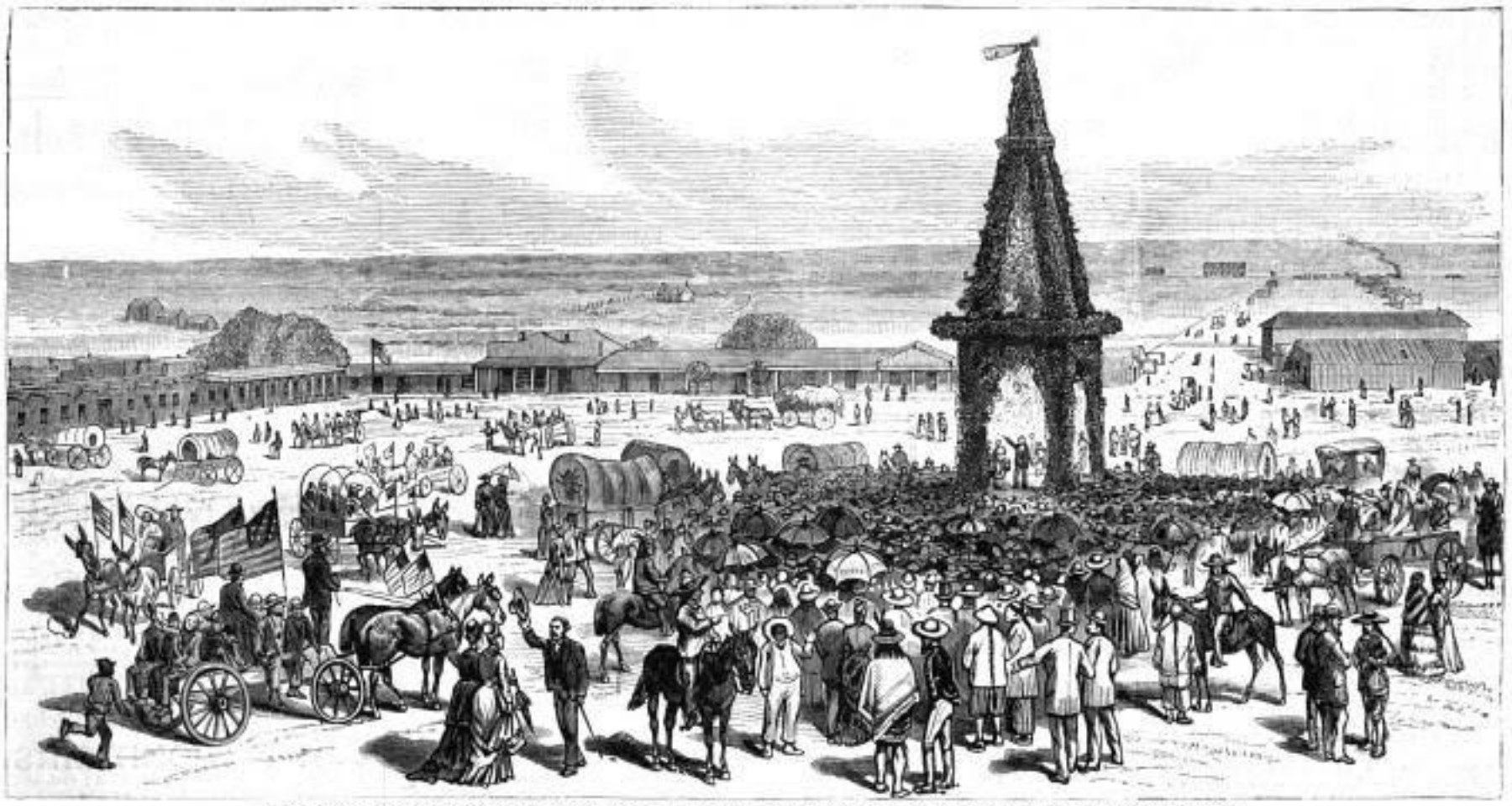
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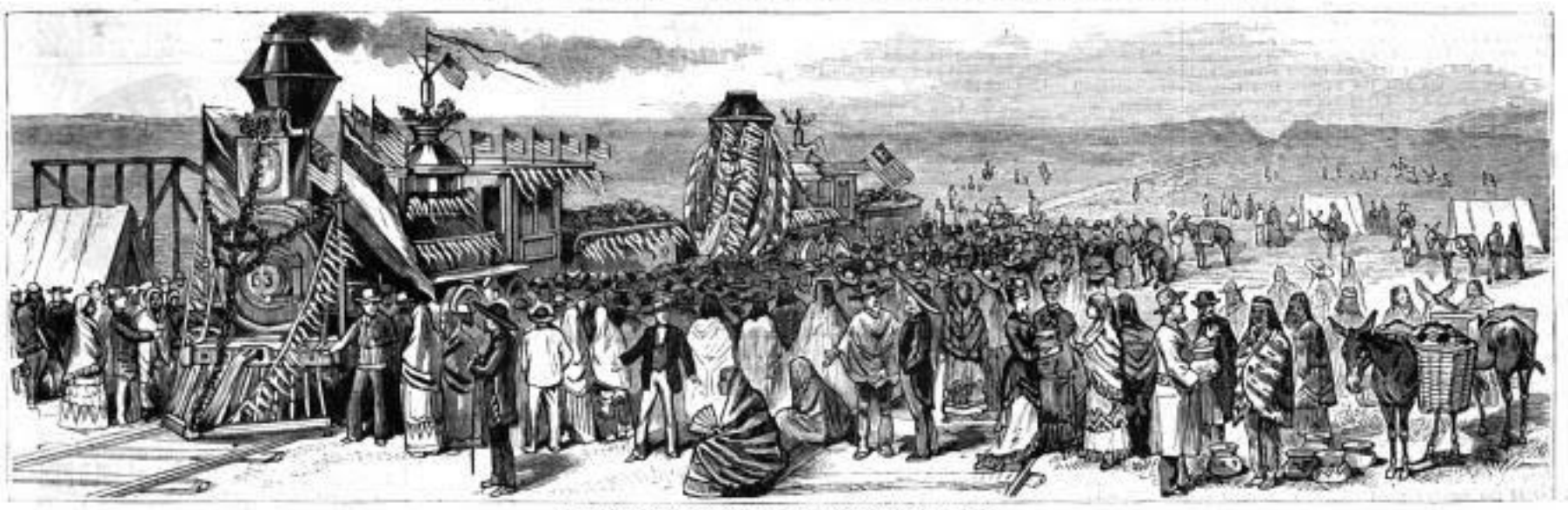
MEDIUMS WASHING DISHES.

PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT A SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING HELD AT WILLETT'S STATION, BUCKS COUNTY.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 377.

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REMARKABLE ASSEMBLY OF TYPES OF RACES ON THE PLAZA OF LAS VEGAS, THE TERMINUS OF THE FIRST RAILROAD INTO THE TERRITORY.



PUEBLO INDIANS SELLING SPECIMENS OF NATIVE POTTERY.

NEW MEXICO.—THE EXTENSION OF THE NEW MEXICO AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD—CELEBRATION AT LAS VEGAS, THE PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE ROUTE, JULY 4TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. WORRALL.—SEE PAGE 381.

A PRIVATEERSMAN OF 1812.

A LARGE brig lay in the harbor of the City of New Haven, Conn., on the afternoon of an Autumn day in the year 1812. Her decks seemed crowded with men, and sixteen guns were looking through their embrasures. For two or more hours a noisy firing sufficient to startle and alarm the inhabitants was kept up, and the whole city became restless under the loud but harmless cannonade.

Madison's proclamation of June 19th, declaring that war existed between our country and Great Britain, had surprised the New Englanders. Most



CAPTAIN W. W. UNQUHART, OF THE AMERICAN SHIP "ISAAC WEBB."—SEE PAGE 390.

of them regarded the war as a blunder, and the New Haven people believed that some of its first fruits were to be visited upon them in a repetition of the invasions of the Revolution. Although the national colors flew from the masthead of the brig, it was regarded by the public as a delusion and a snare. Soon, however, a small party of men landed and made known the import of the noisy demonstrations. The brig *Holkar*, of New York, had left that port to procure sixty men for a cruise to the West Indies and the coast of Brazil, or wherever the fortunes of war might lead. New York had already fitted out twenty-six privateers, and had manned them with over twenty-two hundred sailors, and no more were to be had. The young men of New Haven were asked to join the crew of the *Holkar*, already numbering one hundred. A public sentiment against privateering was then prevailing throughout the civilized world. Remonstrances were made by the conservative New Haveners against joining the crew of the "pirate," as they called the *Holkar*, but in spite of these half-hearted protests sixty young men responded to the summons of the "pirate," and joined the one hundred already on board.

Augustus Willoughby, the subject of this sketch, is the only survivor of that crew, and one of the very few left of those who did such good service to their country in wresting from Great Britain her boasted supremacy on the seas. He was born at West Haven, in Connecticut, February 1st, 1793. His boyhood was passed upon a farm, but he was a tanner's apprentice at the time of his enlistment as a privateersman, with some experience as a seaman gained by a voyage to the West Indies.



SILVER BEAKER PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN UNQUHART BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—SEE PAGE 390.

Vividly remembering the incidents of the captures made by the *Holkar*, as well as those relating to her final destruction by being driven ashore by the 74-gun ship *Romulus*, Mr. Willoughby relates with great interest some events peculiar to that cruise. One of these was the capture by the *Holkar* of the *Essex*, a British vessel with a novel cargo, if human beings may be so called. Female convicts of criminal courts of England were on board under sentence of transportation to Botany Bay. Most of them had been convicted of minor offenses, and they had more the appearance of voluntary colonists than convicts on their way into penal exile.

Botany Bay was then the supreme terror of the criminal classes, and these unfortunates were overjoyed at having their sentences commuted by the Yankee captain. The convicts, to their delight, and to the unbounded astonishment of the islanders, were landed at the Cape Verde Islands. As the landing crew effected their final return to the *Holkar*, they were saluted with rounds of parting cheers in the shrillest treble. Their fate seemed a notable exception to the truth that "the way of the transgressor is hard." They formed "entangling alliances" with the islanders, and no harm resulted from this complete reversal of their sentences. The cruise of the *Holkar* belongs to history. Its captures, though not numerous, were not insignificant in importance and value.

Losing his share of the prize money through the misdoing of a trusted agent, Willoughby abandoned the sea and sought to make his way in the world in more domestic pursuits. For nearly thirty years, while carrying on a business requiring most of his time by day, he was a member of the night police



AUGUSTUS WILLOUGHBY, A PRIVATEERSMAN OF 1812.

force of the City of New Haven, snatching his rest from the early hours of the morning. His exceptional constitution enabled him to endure great hardships, and his personal courage fitted him for any post of danger. He never knew fatigue or fear, and was always selected for the most dangerous positions. In those days the large West India trade brought great numbers of foreign sailors to the

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port, and the "head of the wharf" was infested with dangerous characters, made up of rowdy residents and transient evil-doers of all descriptions. He would volunteer to make arrests where the bravest dreaded to go. His services were of great value in the "town and gown" riots in 1854 and 1858. He assisted in spiking the cannon that the infuriated firemen had seized to batter down the venerable walls of "Old Yale." On several occasions he or some one near has turned away some deadly implement aimed at his life, just in time to save it. These hairbreadth escapes served to enhance rather than to diminish his intrepidity and daring.

Laying hold of the worldly-wise maxims of Franklin, he has accumulated considerable property, and although nearly ninety years of age he is still attentive to his affairs, and no sharper can worst him in a bargain. Living now in strict retirement, he neither desires notoriety nor covets applause. He never boasts of having outdone his fellows and outlived his comrades of the war. He modestly discloses his name and residence, and consents, after an interval of nearly seventy years, to re-appear before the public as the subject of this sketch.

A GALLANT AMERICAN TAR PROPERLY HONORED.

WE publish on page 385 an illustration of the testimonial presented by the British Government to Captain W. W. Urquhardt, master of the ship *Isaac Webb*, of C. H. Marshall's line, for rescuing the crew of the British ship *Isolina*, when in a sinking condition at sea, in January last. The testimonial, a beautiful and costly silver beaker, gold lined and properly inscribed, was presented, May 6th, by Collector Merritt, who, in a few fitting words, coupled with the reading of a letter from the Secretary of State transmitting the gift, placed it in the hands of the gallant captain. This is not the only instance in which he has earned recognition by his brave and humane deeds. In November, 1873, when in command of the ship *Trimountain*, he took from the British ship *Lock Earn* some fifty of the survivors of the ill-fated steamer *Ville du Havre*, which sank in mid-ocean after colliding with the *Lock Earn*. After landing the passengers at Cardiff, Captain Urquhardt received from the citizens of Bristol, England, a handsome silver salver, which was presented in one of the public halls of that city, in the presence of a large assemblage of people, together with a large portrait of Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M. P., "the sailor's friend." About the same time the French Transatlantic Steamship Company gave him a handsome gold chronometer and chain. The survivors of the ill-fated steamer also presented him with a fine silver tea and coffee service, and only a few months ago the French Government honored him with a gold medal of honor.

Captain Urquhardt is forty years old, and began his sea life in 1855. At twenty-three he was given the command of the Black Star line packet-ship *American Eagle*, in E. E. Morgan's London line. This was a remarkable command for a man so young. He afterwards commanded the ships *Villa Franca*, *Good Hope* and *William Tapscott*. Then, after a short interval spent ashore in business, he again went to sea in charge of the *Trimountain*, and four years ago assumed his present command.

Captain Urquhardt, who is a resident of Brooklyn, hails from Essex, Connecticut, a pleasant village on the Connecticut River, that a few years since numbered among its residents eighty shipmasters.

Germans on the Thrones of Europe.

DURING the last fifty years all the newly-created thrones in Europe, or those in which the male hereditary succession had from any cause lapsed, have been filled by Princes of German dynasties. A Prince of the house of Saxe-Coburg was elected ruler of the newly-formed Kingdom of Belgium, after he had shortly before refused the title of King of the Hellenes, which had been offered him.

Princes of the same house married the Queen of Portugal, Maria II. da Gloria, in the year 1836, and Victoria, Queen of England, in the year 1840; and their sons have become the heirs to the thrones of those States. All attempts to fill the thrones of Spain and Roumania with rulers not proceeding from German dynasties have proved a failure. Both King Amadeus I. of Savoy and Prince Couza, a born Roumanian, were, after a brief period of rule, compelled to leave the countries of which they had become the sovereigns. The throne of Greece was first occupied by a Prince of the Bavarian dynasty, Otto I.; and after his dethronement by George I., a Prince of the Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glorksburg line. The present ruler of Roumania is a Prince of the house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and the new Prince of Bulgaria is also of German origin. Fifty years ago the privilege of filling vacant or newly-created thrones belonged almost exclusively to France and Austria; several thrones in Italy were held by Bourbons and Hapsburgs only twenty years ago. It must be admitted that the German Princes have understood their mission in the countries which they were called upon to rule better than the Bourbons and Hapsburgs, as is shown by the histories of King Leopold of Belgium, Ferdinand of Portugal, Prince Albert, King George of Greece, and Prince Charles of Roumania.

Chinese Tile Manufactory.

THE Chinese imperial tile manufactory is at Lien li ku, about fifteen miles west of Pekin. In this factory all the yellow tiles and bricks required for imperial buildings are made, as also large numbers of green, blue and other colored tiles for various ornamental purposes. The material used is a hard blue shale, nearly as hard as slate. This is allowed to lie in heaps for some time. It is then ground to powder by granite rollers on a stone floor thirty to forty feet in diameter. The powder is then stored in heaps and taken to the works as required. For ordinary work the powder is mixed with a proper proportion of water and molded into large bricks, which are laid out to dry for some hours, after which they are dealt with by the modelers. When bricks are to have a molding on them, say for coping a wall, the plan of operation is as follows: Two pieces of wood, each cut to the shape of the molding, are placed upright on a slab. The clay brick is placed between them, and two men run the moldings roughly along with chisels. They then apply straight-edges to test the accuracy of their work, and finally rub the edges with molds somewhat in the same way as plasterers make moldings at home. The brick is then passed to a third man, who cuts any necessary holes in it, and to a fourth, who trims it off and repairs any defect. The more ornamental tiles and bricks, representing fabulous animals, etc., are first roughly molded, and afterward finished off with tools exactly similar to those used for modeling in clay in Europe. Some of this work has some pretension to artistic merit. All the bricks and tiles are baked in ovens, and then, after having the glaze put on, they are baked a second time. All the work done at this manufactory appears to be first-rate, and the number of people employed is about five hundred.

Pinto, the Portuguese Explorer.

THE successful termination of the African journey of Major Serpa Pinto has already, thanks to the telegraph, gained him a European fame. He has been received with enthusiasm by all parties, and would seem to have revived traditions of old Portuguese glories, and to have put some new blood into their history. Major Serpa Pinto is physically well adapted for arduous and toilsome journeys. He is strong and muscular, although of light limb and frame, and, it is said, is of a genial and happy disposition, not easily overcome by difficulties—a good thing on a long African journey, for, as Antolycus sings: "A merry heart goes all the way; your sad, tires in a mile a'." It is related by Gonsalves, the most intelligent of the seven blacks whom Serpa Pinto has brought to Lisbon, and the one who acted as interpreter, that the last blanket at the close of the journey had to be bartered for the only food they could get, which was canary-seed, and on this they subsisted for some time. The Major still suffers from the results of African fever and fatigue. The Portuguese colony in Pernambuco have presented him with a valuable gold medal, the rim set with pearls and brilliants, and bearing a suitable inscription.

It is said that while the journey of Cameron cost $30,000, and that of Stanley about $45,000, Serpa Pinto has spent less than $5,000, all told. At his audience with the King of Portugal he remained four hours in confidential conversation, relating his experiences. He was afterward sent for by the Queen, who, since her illness, rarely quits her apartments. To the King he offered several skins of wild beasts; and he asked Her Majesty's acceptance of a splendid collection of ostrich feathers, which he had taken in the Desert of Calbari, and which in the Transvaal were reputed to be superior to those presented some years ago to the Queen of Holland by the Dutch merchants of that Republic.

FUN.

"YES, Agnes, I am going to have a cream-colored Summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation bill ma has passed.

SMITH, who has always been a "tough one," just died. The physician is met coming from the house by Brown, who asks: "Doctor, how is Smith? Is he out of danger?" *Physician.*—"No; he is dead, poor fellow."

ON a homeward bound Charleston car a jolly-looking Irishman was saluted with the remark: "Tim, your house was blown away." "Deed thin, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

TWO for accent—A bridal couple. Three for ache water—a trio at the physicking springs. Four for a pound (£)—A quartet of pugilists. Five "for a song"—A quintet of vocalists. One for a crown—The Prince of Wales.

MRS. A.—"Somebody's in the next room. I wonder what they're doing." (Looking wistfully at the keyhole.) "I've a good mind to peek." *Mrs. B.*—"Oh, I wouldn't; 'tisn't right." *Mrs. A.*—"I don't care; I'm just dying to know." (Puts eye to keyhole, but immediately takes it away, disconcerted.) "Hm! the key is in." *Mrs. B.*—"Yes; so I found before you came in."

"GOOD afternoon, my dear friend: I am delighted to see you. And to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" "I'll tell you that, presently; but first permit me to embrace your charming child. Can't I, my little man?" "Yes, sir, if you'll promise me not to cut into papa." "Cut into your papa?" "Yes, 'cause papa said, when he saw you coming, 'Here comes that fellow to bore me again!'"

SIR WATKINS WILLIAM WYNNE, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay!" said he. "How so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me. It filled about five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin: 'About this time the world was created.'"

SCHOOL BOARD VISITOR—"May I ask the name of the tenant?" *Tenant*—"Mrs. Gubbins; that's me. But what's in a name?" *Visitor*—(noting the fact in his memorandum book): "*Gubbins!* Thank you. Have you any children?" *Tenant*—"One son." *Visitor*—"Does he attend school?" *Tenant*—"No." *Visitor*—"Dear me! What is the excuse?" *Old Lady*—"He's married, and his wife thinks he can be better employed."

HE was a Chinamen slightly over the bay, and he rushed into a Blake Street saloon, rushed up to the bar, and cried, excitedly: "Whiskee cocktee tailee for me, allee samee Melican man." The barkeeper arranged the mixture, and handed it out, and the Chinamen, pouring it down, started for the door, shouting, "Putee down on slatee, allee samee Melican man." And long before the barkeeper could get hold of a club, the Celestial was seen no more.

THE RICH CALIFORNIA BANKER.

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WHEN it became known that one of the richest California bankers had left the Pacific coast and transferred his base of operations to the New York Stock Exchange, all the shrewd financiers watched his course with keen interest to see how he would succeed. The result has emphatically proved his sagacity. Besides having a much wider and more promising field to operate in, he is known to have been in several stock combinations that paid immense profits. By the combination method of operating in stocks, Messrs. A. Simpson & Co., Bankers, New York, unite orders of thousands of customers, in different sums, into one vast capital, and operate them as a mighty whole, dividing profits pro rata among shareholders every thirty days. Capital in any amount from $10 to $100,000 can be used with great success in these pools. $25 will pay $100 profit. $500 can make $5,000 or ten per cent. on the stock during the month. Messrs. A. Simpson & Co.'s new circular (mailed free) gives "two unerring rules for success" with full particulars, so that any one at a distance can operate in stocks and make money. Government bonds bought and sold. Apply to A. Stearson & Co., Bankers, 49 Exchange Place, New York.

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FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

IT may almost be said that wherever in the world there is something to be weighed, Fairbanks' Scales are used. They have arrived at a standard of excellence which it would almost seem cannot be improved, and have followed their constantly extending reputation into every civilized country.

From the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad Company, through Messrs. J. T. Moulton & Son, the great elevator builders of the West, they have just received an order for the following large scales, to constitute the entire weighing apparatus for the new elevator to be built in this city: Three 30-ton patent iron frame railroad-track scales, nine 500-bushel hopper scales, and one 350-bushel hopper scale. The new elevator being built in Chicago—one of the largest, if not *the* largest, in the world—will be supplied with a full outfit of Fairbanks' Scales; also the new elevator being built in Detroit, Mich., by Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt. In fact, in the history of the representative house in this city, business has never been better or prospects brighter.—*Buffalo Courier, July 12th.*

THE Manhattan Beach standard for wines is acknowledged to be one of the highest in the country, and it is no small compliment to A. WERNER & Co's. "AMERICA," Extra Dry, that it is very largely used at the Manhattan. Several seasons' experience has established the merits of "AMERICA" at the seashore, and to those who seek a grateful, pleasant wine, healthful in all its effects, the "AMERICA" meets every demand. From other fashionable watering-places and resorts similar reports are received, indicating the steady and sure increase in popularity of this standard American champagne.

ONE of the most interesting pictorial works of the day is "Picturesque Ireland," edited by John Savage, the well-known author. It is published by Thomas Kelly, of Barclay Street, New York. It is issued in parts, and at a price which renders it accessible to all.

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Elevated Railroads run to South Ferry, connecting with steamer D. R. Martin hourly from 9:25 A.M. to 8:25 P.M., via Bay Ridge.

Steamers Thomas Collyer and Twilight leave North River landings—Foot 23d St., 9:10, 10:25 A.M.; then hourly to 8:55 P.M. Leroy St., 9:35 A.M., and hourly to 6:35 P.M. Pier 8, 9:55 A.M., and hourly to 6:35 P.M.

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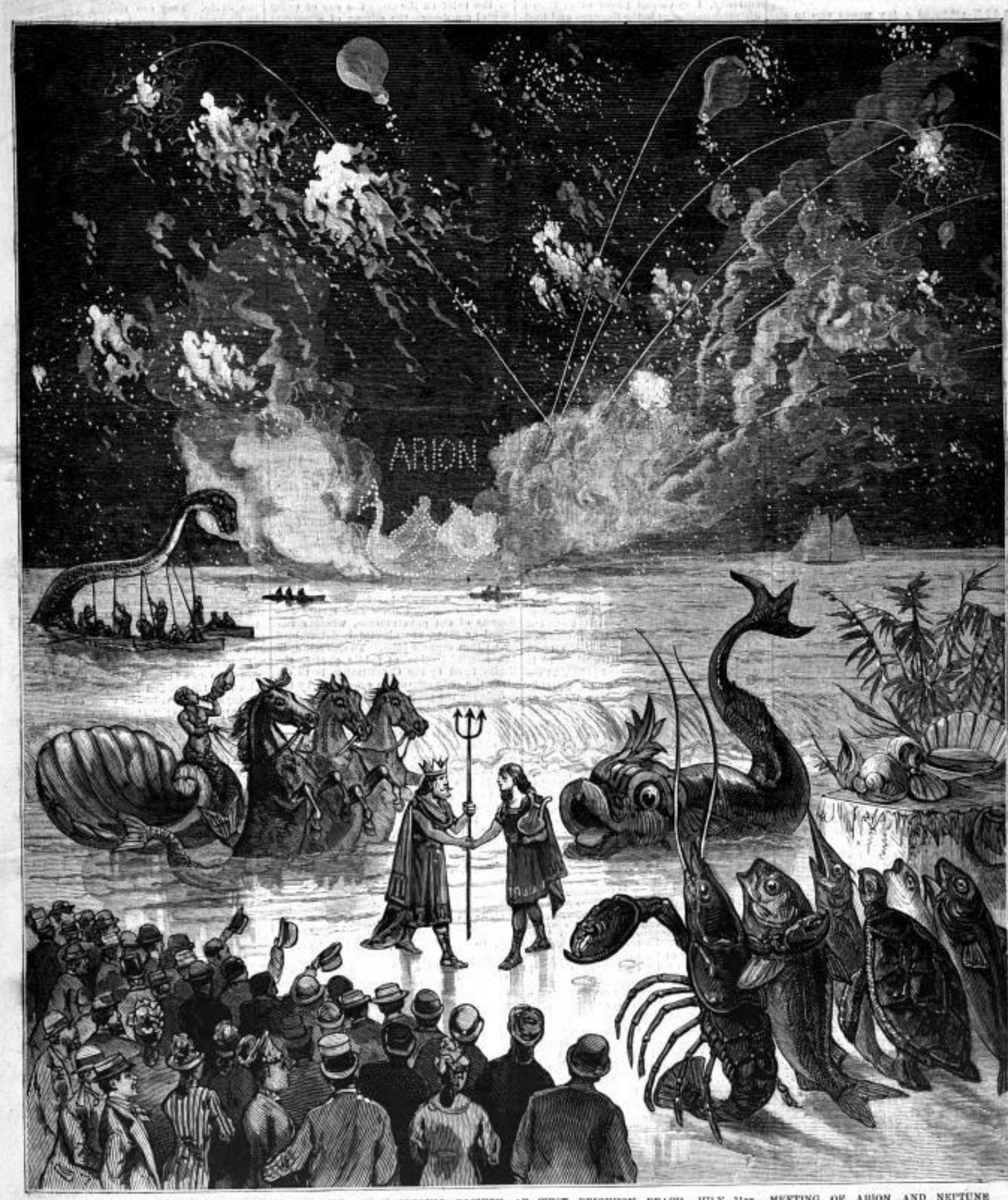
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NEW YORK.—SUMMER NIGHT'S FESTIVAL OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY AT WEST BRIGHTON BEACH, JULY 31ST.—MEETING OF ARION AND NEPTUNE ON THE BEACH AFTER LANDING FROM THE DOLPHINS.—SEE PAGE 395.

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SECRETARY SHERMAN'S "KEYNOTE."

WE ventured a few weeks ago to express gratification at the fact that Mr. Secretary Sherman was destined to strike the keynote of the Republican Party in the new issues which are to be joined before the people at the coming autumnal elections. It is of prime importance in every trial of political strength that there should be, as the lawyers say, no misjoinder of issues or parties, and in the present confusion of both we trusted that the Secretary of the Treasury, as a recognized leader of the Republican Party and an avowed candidate for the Presidency, would summon his followers to battle with no uncertain sound of the trumpet; and we ventured to cherish this hope with only the more confidence because of the vacillations through which he had won his way to the high and responsible position he now holds in the eyes of his countrymen.

We regret to say that these anticipations have not been entirely realized by the tenor of the Secretary's speech at Portland. As a statement of the results of the financial policy of the Government and the present condition of the national credit it was quite satisfactory, and we would not deny him a tithe of the credit to which he is entitled; but he was dealing with important principles, and, instead of seizing that high vantage-ground on the currency issue which, through the default of the Democrats, has been opened to the free and unobstructed occupation of the Republicans, he actually purposes to fight out the main political battle on that lower plane which the enemy has selected as its chosen battle-field, and, instead of sharply defining the monetary questions which are to be decided by the popular vote, he prefers to pare off their edges in the ensuing contest, and to postpone their ultimate settlement at some undefined date in the future.

Instead of giving priority and pre-eminence to the currency issue, he holds that the Democrats, by their recent agitations in Congress and elsewhere, have raised a question of national supremacy and of Constitutional order, "before which questions of money, labor or property sink into insignificance." Elsewhere in his speech he expresses the hope that the people of Maine will not be diverted from the paramount importance of *this* political issue "by divisions in our [Republican] camp about money matters while our old enemy is reviving the 'lost cause' and is sapping and mining the National Government."

It must have struck his hearers as both weak and unseemly that such panic outcries should now be re-echoed from the political hustings after they have been whistled down the wind by the accomplished facts of history. If it is unseemly for a Secretary of the Treasury to excite an unwarranted distrust about the credit of the Government, it is equally weak for the shrewd politician to indulge in rhetorical exaggerations which have been already discounted by the sound common sense of the people. And this attempt to fight the currency battle under cover of a cloud of dust thrown in the eyes of the voting public has for its tendency to transfer the scene of conflict to the precise arena selected by the Democrats, who hope to hide the dissensions in their ranks by raising another cloud of dust about their affected fears of Federal and military interference with the "freedom of elections."

And concurring as we do with nearly all that Mr. Sherman alleges by way of criticism upon the action of the Democratic majority of Congress in seeking to defeat or arrest the resumption of specie payments, we find ourselves quite unable to accept the adequacy of the ground on which he halts to make defense of the Republican faith in the premises. We do not believe that the position occupied by the Greenbackers is likely to be captured by men who seek to outflank it with professions of being more wisely devoted to the greenback than the Greenbackers themselves; yet this is the claim put forward by Mr. Sherman in behalf of the Republican Party, when he holds the following language:

"Resumption has enabled us to do this. It has accomplished every object which the Greenbackers sought to accomplish by the repeal of the Resumption Act. Should they not be content? What more do they want? Are not we who have brought about these results better entitled to the name of Greenbackers than they who would for ever keep the greenback as a dishonored and irredeemable note? We presided over the birth of the greenbacks, and guarded them in the cradle. The Democratic leaders denounced them as a fraud, with the mark of Cain on their brow, as worthless, to be bought some day by the cord. We have crowned them with honor. They are no longer depreciated, but may travel the circuit of the world equal to the best coin ever issued from the mint."

In so speaking Mr. Sherman allows no hint of misgiving to escape him about the perils which beset resumption so long as the three hundred millions of dollars in greenbacks are retained in circulation. So far from contemplating the earliest practicable withdrawal and cancellation of this flat-made currency, he proposes to install it in "the circuits of the world" and to "crown it with honor!" And yet he must know that so long as these legal-tender notes retain their present place in our currency, they cannot prove other than a disturbing element in the finances and business of the country. Not until the Government retires from the banking business and returns to its legitimate constitutional function of stamping coins according to their intrinsic value will the country be safe from the throes of the currency issue.

Equally unsatisfactory is Mr. Sherman's treatment of the silver question. At a time when the future success of resumption is placed in imminent peril by the clamor for silver dollars worth only 85 or 87 cents, we are invited rather to postpone the silver issue than to avoid it, in Jonah Barrington fashion, by "meeting it plump" on the ground of right and justice as well as of public economy. We cannot forget that the present House of Representatives voted at its late extra session by a majority of 142 to 75, and therefore by a majority embracing a considerable part of the Republican members, that the Secretary of the Treasury should pay out, without discrimination, the silver coins which may at any time be in the Treasury "the same as gold coin, in liquidation of all kinds of money obligations against the Government." And as these depreciated silver coins increase in number every month and accumulate in the Treasury, we may naturally expect that the pressure for their forced circulation will gather strength and volume from all who believe in the power of Congress to make 85 cents' worth of silver equal to a 100 cents' worth of gold. It is idle to hope that such a heresy as this can be scotched by imploring its advocates to abstain from the unlimited coinage of silver until the commercial nations of the world shall have agreed upon a market and mint ratio between silver and gold. Yet this is the only practical recommendation made by Mr. Sherman under this head, and he enforces the sufficiency of his argument by expressing the opinion that such an arrangement can be brought about by commercial treaties in answer to negotiations "now pending for that purpose."

We hear it said by defenders of the Secretary that in arguing in this wise he is but throwing a silver tub to the greenback whale, and that he means only the more surely to harpoon the monster while he is amusing himself in a game of politics. We question as well the wisdom as the frankness of such expedients. The theory of politics is something other and higher than a game, especially when private rights and national honor are equally at stake; and that both of these may be placed beyond the reach of peril we want a public policy which is as much in advance of the position assumed by Mr. Sherman as the position assumed by Mr. Sherman is in advance of that occupied by Mr. Ewing and other patrons of the "Ohio idea." Mr. Sherman's views are very good as far as they go, but they do not go far enough to meet the demands of the situation.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MURDER.

SOME years ago, when the most eminent criminal lawyer this country ever produced—James T. Brady—had, by his brilliant defense, saved a malefactor from the extreme penalty of his crime, he was somewhat reflected on by an equally eminent member of another profession, the Press, for giving encouragement to crime by lessening the chances of conviction. Mr. Brady declared in reply that the newspapers were the great encouragers of the dangerous classes of society, and, in support of his view, instanced the undue space given to the exploits of every conspicuous offender. The more startling the crime the more absorbing was the public interest, until, at length, the perpetrator became the hero of the hour. The love of notoriety is planted in every breast, but more especially in those most accessible to the temptations of crime. Its greatest attraction is, of course, to those emotional natures who most easily surrender themselves to the impulses of unbridled passion.

That great crimes have a terrible fascination is evidenced by the interest taken by all in the reigning sensation of the day, whatever it may be. Whether it be a doubtful case like the Bennett and Smith, or a plain one like the Hull murder, observe the avidity with which the minutest particulars are devoured. How they looked, how they were dressed, even what they eat, every letter they ever wrote—all these particulars are dressed up with elaborate skill until we seem to know more of these criminals than we do of our most intimate friends. We begin to take an interest in them, although we may not carry it out to such a practical extent as a benevolent *prima donna* lately did, and canvass Wall Street for them. The old lady who told her physician that she must be ill since she did not relish her murders as formerly only confessed to a common weakness.

This universal curiosity is a provocation to crime, and has great attractions to vulgar natures; but when to this is added the supreme sanction of the pulpit—when certain clergymen, however low their position may be, make the mysterious *exception* of the thief on the cross the *rule* of every brutal murderer—the climax of absurdity has been reached, and it becomes the duty of the Press to denounce the outrage upon Christianity and common sense.

These remarks are provoked by the course pursued by the Rev. Mr. Dickerson, of this city, who said in his pulpit recently, that he had visited Chastine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, and that he was forced to say that he was not understood by the public. This remarkable preacher adds:

"My friends, that man stands alone. The people who come to see him are those who come out of curiosity, and care nothing for the soul that is so soon to be ushered into the presence of the Almighty. Cox has gone to the Father of all, and pleaded for pardon through the Saviour. *He has received that pardon and is saved.* . . . His seeming indifference to his impending fate is the God-given consciousness that when his earthly career is done he will be taken into the kingdom of the merciful Father, who never forgets the promises He has made to erring souls. He seems happy because he is happy, because his soul has been washed clean by the blood of the Lamb."

This is all very well, but what has this eulogist of a self-confessed murderer to say about the soul of his victim? As to Cox's seeming indifference to his coming fate, it arises, no doubt, from the belief that the chicanery of the law may eventually defeat the ends of justice.

If the subject were not too serious for a jest, we should recommend that it would be well to test Mr. Dickerson's faith by sending this murderer as soon as possible to his fate; but we presume before the law takes its course the public interest in this nine days' wonder will have died out, and the force of example destroyed. When will the community realize that upon the sure and speedy punishment of crime depend the lives of themselves and their households, and that this morbid sympathy with criminals loads the revolver and sharpens the knife of every assassin?

ILLEGAL PUBLIC DEBTS.

WE are a people professedly governed by constitutions. The metes and bounds of our governments, whether national or State, are absolutely determined by written organic laws. To disregard, in the administration of public affairs, the limits fixed by the Constitution, is to destroy the only guarantee possessed by the people for the protection of private rights.

In the whole domain of sovereignty bestowed by the Federal and State Constitutions there is no grant of power under or by which any departments of the governments created may become stockholders in any railroad or other private corporation. But in the face of this positive fact, the practice of granting public subscriptive aid to railroads obtains to a remarkable extent. Particularly is this true of counties, townships and municipalities. To their action, in this direction, is due much of the bonded indebtedness through which the professional projectors of railways have profited at the expense of suffering communities.

In 1870 the ascertained county indebtedness of the country amounted to $186,297,043, and that of cities, towns, etc., to $325,621,326, making a total of $511,918,369. An authorative compilation shows that one hundred and twenty cities and towns of the United States owed $221,312,000 in 1866, and $644,378,063 in 1876, an increase in ten years of $423,066,063. In 1877 the aggregate funded debt of the States amounted to $251,569,741, and the unfunded debt to $50,667,131. How much of all this indebtedness has been due to aid extended to railways we have no present accurate means of determining. Thanks, however, to the legislative investigation now going on, we have been furnished with some accurate data relative to this matter as connected with the State of New York. From information furnished the committee by our city Chamber of Commerce, it appears that the amount of State aid to railways has been $9,060,591.04, and that of counties, towns and villages, $30,978,905.78, making a grand total of $40,039,496.82. Of this there remained unpaid by the railroads, or rather the bonds were outstanding for, $29,953,115, on July 1st, 1875. At this latter date the population of New York, as per State census, was 4,705,208, thus showing a local indebtedness due on account of railways amounting to a fraction over $6.36 per capita for the entire population of the State. If a like ratio prevailed throughout the country in 1875, and estimating the population at 42,245,000, then the county, township and municipal responsibility on account of railroads could not have fallen short of $268,678,200 at that period.

Whence comes this power to bond the property of a community for the benefit of a private corporation? If there be no authority in the State to establish connection with the business of private individuals, whether associate or otherwise, how is it possible for *quasi* corporations, like counties or townships, to attain that prerogative? They possess no powers except those derived from the State, and must execute those powers under the statutes of the State. They are merely the chosen instruments for executing the laws of the commonwealth, and are not endowed with any special grants or privileges, nor can the State Government delegate to them a power not inherent in itself. Whatever is outside of the Constitution is clearly illegal. If, then, the Constitution confers no power, either direct or implied, upon the State Government to enter with private individuals into business schemes, where exists the authority through which county, township and municipal officials may take stock in railways to be held on public account, or to issue bonds of the communities they represent to pay for such stock? Such acts are not necessary to the administration of these several governments, and are wholly beyond the scope of powers conferred by the people. Nor can such acts be made legal by a majority vote of the people outside or independent of Constitutional restrictions.

In certain respects municipal corporations, such as cities and towns, may claim original sovereignty, but each derives its chartered rights and powers from the State, and can only act within the limits of the grant. A municipality is as thoroughly bound by the provisions of its charter as the State is by its Constitution. A municipal government may lawfully impose and collect taxes for the support of its administration, and for the purpose of promoting the happiness and general comfort of the governed. It may levy taxes for laying out and constructing streets and public highways, because these objects are for the public convenience, and are open to the free use of the entire people. Each citizen may use them at will; hence he is bound in common equity to contribute his just proportion toward defraying the expense incurred in the creation of a common benefit. But as yet no municipal corporation has been created for the purpose of entering into private speculation for gain, and whenever or wherever such a corporation has taken stock in a private railway and bonded the property of its people to pay for such stock, it has been through an exercise of power not properly granted by the State, and which the State itself may not exercise without overriding Constitutional law.

In the views here enunciated we are sustained by that sound jurist, Judge Dillon. He says, in his valuable work on municipal corporations: "They can exercise the following powers, and no others: First, those granted in express words. Second, those necessarily or fairly implied, or incident to the powers expressly granted. Third, those essential to the declared objects and purposes of the corporation—not simply convenient, but indispensable."

Touching the granting of aid to railroads, the same author, while admitting that the current of judicial decision is in favor of the principle that in the absence of special Constitutional restrictive provisions the legislature may grant such power to municipal corporations, says:

"Notwithstanding the opinions of so many learned and eminent judges, there remains serious thought as to the soundness of this principle, viewed simply as one of constitutional law. Regarded in the light of its effects, however, there is little hesitation in affirming that this measure to aid private enterprise has proved itself baneful in the last degree. Taxes, it is everywhere agreed, can only be imposed for public objects, and taxation to aid in building the roads of private railway companies is scarcely consistent with a proper respect for the inviolability of private property and individual rights. Fraud usually accompanies its exercise, and extravagant indebtedness is the result; and sooner or later the power will be denied, either by constitutional provision—as in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois it already is—or by legislative enactment."

GENERAL EWING'S CANVASS.

GENERAL EWING, who formally opened his canvass for the Governorship of Ohio by a speech at Lancaster, his home, on July 24th, is reported to be somewhat despondent as to his prospects. It is certain that a good many difficulties hedge his path. One of the principal elements of danger is the indisposition of many old-fashioned Democrats to subscribe to his peculiar financial heresies, and the evident determination of some of the more cour-

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ageous of the leaders to oppose his election. In the city of Cleveland this sentiment has crystallized in the organization of an Honest-money League which includes many prominent Democrats, the president being Mr. Virgil P. Kline, a lawyer of high rank and a life-long member of the Democratic Party. This gentleman, in a recent address before the League, strongly denounced the fallacies of the party platform, concluding his remarks with these significant words:

"The country has reached on its way to sound currency the point at which the road forks. The one leads to a wilderness of greenbacks, fiat, or State bank notes, the other to a uniform, well-secured, convertible-into-coin national bank note circulation. As a Democrat I choose the latter. It is Democratic. The Democracy of California, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado and Michigan, as well as the entire Democracy east of the Alleghany Mountains also, take that road. I am unwilling to see the party with which I have always acted, and with which I hope always to act, take a position upon so vital a question as that of the currency which cannot be defended. As for myself and thousands of other hard-money Democrats in the State, who, though interested in politics, are not politicians, but who have allowed the fear of injuring the party too long already to keep them silent, I protest against a longer and a further misrepresentation of sound Democratic doctrine upon the money question."

It is fortunate for the country and for the stability of our financial policy that the thoughtful men of the Democratic party, in Ohio and elsewhere, are thus taking their stand on this question, immovably and independently of all mere partisan considerations, on the solid ground of tested and approved principle. The political horizon has no brighter sign than this fact embodies.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

STATISTICS supplied on Government authority show that the total imports of goods into the United States during the fiscal year ending with the 30th of June last, amounted to $445,792,141 against $437,051,532 for the year preceding, and that the value of domestic produce and foreign merchandise exported last year was $710,428,743 against $694,865,765 in 1878. The same statistics show that during the nine years ending with June, 1873, our imports exceeded our exports by amounts annually fluctuating between $72,716,277 in 1865, and $182,417,491 in 1872, the year next preceding the panic. The average yearly excess being $98,800,000. During the six years succeeding the panic, the exports have, on the other hand, exceeded the imports, on an average, by $125,000,000 per annum. In other words, during the nine years preceeding the panic, we imported $889,467,923 more of goods than we paid for with goods; while, for the last six years, we have exported goods valued at $772,121,109 more than the goods we have imported. Taking into account the specie movement, we find that for the nine years preceding the panic, our net export of specie amounted to $527,000,000. Deducting this from the excess of merchandise imported over merchandise exported, we find the commercial balance against the United States to have been $362,467,923. For the six years following the panic, when our net export of specie amounted to $174,000,000, and our merchandise *exported* exceeded in value the goods imported by $772,121,109, we find, on the contrary that the commercial balance *in favor* of the United States was $946,121,109!

FOREIGN EVENTS.

THE English Government pays dearly for the privilege of teaching good manners to the Zulu king. It proposes to ask a vote of $15,000,000 on account of the expenses of the war, but frankly confesses that a further appropriation may be needed before the accounts are closed. The new credit will raise the expenditures for the Zulu war to $22,500,000, part of which the Government hopes, perhaps vainly, to recover from the South African colonies. Meanwhile, the weary, distracted Parliament hopes to be prorogued on the 16th. What will the "swells" do who live but for the grouse moors, and shooting commences on the 12th? Poor birds! the feebleness of the Government will give them a week's respite. The Liberals, in the face of the impending dissolution, are working with a will in "spotting" shaky Conservative seats, and in selecting fitting representatives. Who can select nowadays, when the Radicals can return a Kennealy, and the Obstructionists, in the very teeth of the Catholic bishops and priests, their own man, as in the recent case at Ennis, where the nominee of the clergy and a Home Ruler was badly beaten by the Obstructionists.

The order by the Admiralty that all the Indian troop-ships shall be in readiness for six months' continuous service, with a view to bringing home the troops from the scene of war in South Africa, is a goodly sign of peace. If peace can be gained, it will be the only redeeming feature in the whole miserable bungle. Mr. Gladstone would seem to command the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. His article entitled "Country and Government," a general indictment of the Government's policy, is being read at this crisis with considerable avidity. There is but one man to take up the reins of office when Lord Beaconsfield flings them on the necks of broken-winded, broken-kneed backs, and that man is William Ewart Gladstone. This the country knows full well, and it is merely a question of 1880.

A committee has been formed in Paris for the purpose of erecting a chapel in honor of the memory of the late Prince Imperial in that city, and an appeal has just been made to the nation for aid. The leading Bonapartists head the committee, but "Plon-Plon" does not figure in the list, nor are they desirous of having him connected with the project. Prince Napoleon Jerome, in order to be consistent, will have to undergo a severe ordeal of both hatred and contempt. The Count de Chambord has issued a manifesto announcing that he is willing to "save France" by accepting the throne, but declaring that he "will never become the king of a faction or a party."

The committee of the French Senate has disapproved of the Ferry Education Bill. The Chamber of Deputies has adopted the recommendations of the committee to reduce the stipends of the Bishops and Archbishops, and to increase the stipends of the minor clergy. The Government opposed the proposition, but was beaten by a vote of 184 to 133. The question of reconstructing the Tuileries has been referred to a committee of the Senate.

The final decision of the German Government on the religious questions at issue with the Vatican is substantially what we predicted last week it would be. It is as follows: "All of the exiled clergy who ask permission will be allowed to return to Germany. The May Laws will be tacitly suspended, provided the clergy obey the common law, and all fresh nominations are to be submitted to the Government." The Pope is said to be satisfied with these terms.

Once more has the Kremlin at Moscow been set on fire, and this time not by the patriotic citizens, to save it from the clutch of the invader, but by the Nihilists. It would appear that this worthy confraternity are about to emulate the doings of the Commune, and we shall possibly hear of nothing for some time but of Russian public buildings being set on fire by petroleum. The St. Petersburg police last week made a descent upon the estates of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar, and captured one hundred persons who are said to be concerned in a formidable conspiracy.

Russia is honorably fulfilling her obligations under the Berlin Treaty. The last Russian soldier has left Eastern Roumelia, and there are only three cavalry regiments left in Bulgaria.—The composer of "Pinafore," Dr. Sullivan, will come to the United States in October. His new piece chiefly develops a bit of burlesque of Italian opera.—A new American, or Anglo-American, weekly journal has lately appeared in Paris, called the *Parisien*.—Lieutenant Carey, who was made the scapegoat for the indiscretion of others in the matter of the death of the Prince Imperial, will not be shot, but permitted to return to duty.—Another effort is to be made to unlock the mysteries of the Polar seas. A committee has been formed in London, with forty-nine sub-committees in co-operation at other points, for the promotion of an expedition which is expected to leave England in the Spring of 1880. It will co-operate with those sent out by Sweden, Holland, America, Austria and Denmark.—The financial agent of the Russian Government at Philadelphia, Mr. Barker, has been decorated with the second rank of the Order of St. Stanislas for his services in connection with the purchase of vessels in America for the Russian Navy during the last year.

THE independent movement in the politics of Georgia appears to be gaining strength, and may result in the downfall of the intolerant partisan domination which has hitherto repressed free discussion and free voting. Practically there has been for some years past but one party in that State, and the people have suffered the evils which always exist in communities where there is not a strong minority to challenge and hold in check the arrogance of the ruling administration.

IT is stated that all the negroes who have gone to Kansas from the South, except about 300 who are temporarily cared for at Topeka, have found homes and employment. They have turned out to be very industrious, and, according to the representations of those who have watched their progress, stand a good chance to make their way in the world. It is not thought, however, that the State can advantageously absorb any considerable additional number of colored immigrants.

THE action of the War Department in dismissing six cadets of the third class at West Point for the offense of "hazing," will be very generally commended. Ten other cadets remain under arrest for the same offense, but whether they shall be dismissed or not, the discipline of the Academy must certainly be improved by the punishment inflicted upon their guilty comrades. The Government has hitherto shown a leniency and weakness in dealing with the brutal practice of "hazing," which has tended rather to encourage than repress it, and if President Hayes shall succeed in exterminating it, he will be entitled to the thanks of all who are not in love with blackguardism for its own sake.

THE experiment of gathering recruits for the navy from inland towns has proved eminently successful. During a cruise of two or three weeks up the Hudson the United States steamer *Minnesota* has enlisted one hundred and forty boys, who are in every way much superior to those usually obtained, being strong, healthy, intelligent, and withal essentially American in their tendencies and feelings. Heretofore recruits have been largely gathered from among the foreign-born; but under the system now adopted this element will in time be pretty effectually eliminated from the navy—possibly to the benefit of the service.

THE improving condition of the business of the country is satisfactorily shown by the receipts of the Internal Revenue and Post Office Departments. The increase in revenue receipts is especially marked, notwithstanding the reduction in the tobacco tax. The receipts from beer alone now exceed $10,000,000 per annum. As to the Post Office receipts, the last balance-sheet of the Department shows that for the first three months of the current year they were $7,930,068.09, the largest quarter's receipts in the history of the Government. This is nearly equal to the annual receipts in 1859 and 1860, showing four-fold growth. Estimating by the receipts of the first quarter of this year, the total will reach nearly thirty-two million dollars, or more than double the total receipts in 1867.

THE resignation of Hon. John Welsh, United States Minister to Great Britain, has provoked a lively scramble for the succession among the politicians of Pennsylvania and other States. The Pennsylvanians claim to have a mortgage upon the position, and have suggested ex-Governor Hartranft and other representative Republican partisans as worthy of appointment. If the nomination is to go to that State, it is to be hoped that it may fall to some one who has something more to recommend him than that he has been "useful" to the ruling dynasty in the politics of the State. Either Hon. Wayne McVeagh or ex-Speaker Grow would fill the place with credit to the country, and the interests of the public service would seem to demand that no person of a lower order of qualifications or less reputable character should be selected.

THE course of M. de Lesseps, in claiming that he has American as well as foreign sympathy in his Darien Canal project, is exposing him to very deserved criticism, the facts being, as shown by official advices from Paris and London, that the Panama scheme does not meet with the support mentioned by M. de Lesseps, and in London it will receive no support at all. The Bordeaux announcement that an American subscription had been secured for the Darien project is entirely speculative, and is denied by the leading capitalists of this and other cities. The Government has been unable to learn that any money has been or will be subscribed in this country. Public sentiment with us generally favors the plan proposed by Admiral Ammen for a commission of army and civil engineers and a visit of inspection by competent persons to look over the ground carefully and make a report upon which the initial steps of actual operations may be based. The Secretary of War is also heartily in accord with the suggestions of Admiral Ammen, and, with the approval of the President, will detail such engineers of the army as will do the subject justice.

THERE is an undoubted revival in the railway interest of the country. *Poor's Manual* states that during the year 1878, 2,694 miles of new line were opened, the total mileage in operation in the United States at that date being 81,841 miles. The same journal adds:

"There has been constructed in the United States since the great crash in 1873, and within a period of five years, 11,563 miles of railroad. In the same time the increase of population in the country has equaled fully 7,000,000. The greater part of this increase has been in the extreme Western and in the mining States and Territories. A corresponding demand has been created for the products of manufacturing and commercial industries of the Eastern States. Labor is in fact more productive in the new States and Territories than in the older States. With the general recovery witnessed on every hand, and with an enormous balance of trade with foreign countries in our favor, there is every reason to believe that the country, and particularly its railroads, are entering upon a career of unwonted prosperity. The gross earnings of all the roads whose operations have been reported have equaled $490,103,361, against $473,909,272 for 1877, $497,257,959 for 1876, and $503,065,505 for 1875.

THE Seaside Sanitarium at Rockaway is one of the most deserving and useful of all our Summer charities. For some time past it has been crowded to its utmost capacity by women and children of the poorest class, who are gathered from the tenement districts, many of them sick and destitute, and given an opportunity to recover health and strength under the most favorable sanitary conditions. Last week several excursion parties of mothers and children visited the Sanitarium, one party consisting entirely of infants from the Worth Street Nursery. In order to meet the growing demands for admission to the Sanitarium, and at the same time to discriminate in favor of the deserving poor, the President of the Institution, Mr. Henry King, has placed tickets of admission in the hands of the captains of police, to be distributed by them to the sick and destitute of their respective precincts. Persons who may be disposed to show their sympathy with the unhappy poor and sick cannot find a more worthy medium for the accomplishment of their purpose than is afforded in the Seaside Sanitarium.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Nebraska Republican State Convention will be held at Omaha, October 24.

THE entire sum appropriated by the River and Harbor Bill, $9,000,000, is in the Treasury, ready for use.

THE seventh annual session of the International Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly held its first meeting August 5th.

THIRTY-FOUR failures were reported in this city in July, with aggregate liabilities of $640,553, and assets of $183,665.

MAYOR COOPER has served charges of irregularities upon Police Commissioner Wheeler of this city, who will probably be removed.

THE receipts from internal revenue for July amounted to more than $9,500,000, and from customs reached nearly $13,000,000.

SEVERAL steamboats which carried away large crowds of colored emigrants from Mississippi have been seized on technical complaints.

CONTRACTS have been awarded for furnishing and setting in place the iron-work required for the Washington Monument at the Federal Capitol.

A COMPANY of French capitalists are said to have agreed to furnish the money for the construction of an underground rapid transit road in this city.

REPORTS of cholera prevailing in Monterey, Mexico, with the death-rate 100 per day, are causing uneasiness at San Antonio and other points in Texas.

THE Massachusetts Republican State Convention will be held at Worcester, September 16th. It is believed that Governor Talbot will be renominated.

THE public debt statement for July shows an increase of $6,000,000. The increase was due to the payment of pension arrears and deficiencies for the fiscal year.

THE Rev. Dr. Graham, of Brighton, England, was drowned August 2d, while bathing at Cape May. His niece made a strenuous and very nearly successful effort to save him.

PRESCOTT G. PILLSBURY, cashier of the Lawrence (Mass.) National Bank, has been arrested for embezzling $34,000 of the money of the bank, lost in missing speculations.

THE President and Faculty of Princeton College have notified the parents and guardians of every member of the Sophomore Class that any student found guilty of hazing will be at once and irrevocably expelled.

A FIRE at Hamilton, Ontario, August 1st, destroyed buildings and stock valued at over $500,000. At Vincennes, Indiana, July 29th, Cosnigham's starch and sugar works were burned, entailing a loss of $200,000.

THE immigration statistics at this port give the number of arrivals of immigrants during July as 12,408 against 8,822 in July, 1878. The total arrivals since January 1st are 88,300, an increase of 21,550 over the same period last year.

THE President and Cabinet are declared to be distinctly opposed to the Panama Canal plan of M. de Lesseps, and to any plan whatever which would prevent the United States from assuming control over the canal should it become necessary.

IT is thought that the Minister selected to succeed Mr. Welsh will be charged with negotiations with the British Government on the fisheries question. And Secretary Evarts will certainly ask that a naval vessel may be sent to the fishery-grounds to secure the latest information respecting the value of the fisheries.

DURING July the standard silver dollars in the Treasury increased about $1,000,000, and fractional silver coin about $4,000,000. Nearly $3,000,000 of silver certificates have been issued, of which over $2,000,000 have been returned to the Treasury. The amount of silver dollars now in the Treasury is over $29,000,000.

FROM July 9th to August 1st 219 cases of yellow fever were reported in Memphis, with 54 deaths. At the last accounts the disease was still spreading. Among recent cases appear the names of two Catholic priests, Fathers Doyle and Fahey, both of St. Patrick's Parish. The ministers of this faith suffered terribly last year, twelve of the thirteen stricken with the fever dying. There was one death from the fever in New Orleans August 1st.

THE eighteenth annual session of the National Educational Association was held at Philadelphia last week. A resolution was adopted providing for the collection from State superintendents throughout the United States of statistics to show what proportion of the convicts in prison received instruction in the public schools and what proportion in the universities and colleges, the purpose being to ascertain the relation between education and crime.

Foreign.

AMERICAN capitalists have offered to construct a navy-yard at Sebastopol.

JULES FERRY'S Education Bill is considered certain of passing the French Senate.

THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, of Rochdale, is about to visit this country in the interest of free trade.

MR. LORILLARD'S bay filly Geraldine won the Lavant Stakes at the Goodwood Races, July 30th.

THE German Government has ordered the construction of four powerful corvettes and two gunboats.

THE consolidated Bank of Montreal suspended, August 1st. The suspension will affect many widows and orphans who own stock of the bank.

THE cholera is raging fearfully among the troops returning to India from Afghanistan. The Tenth Hussars lost forty men in one day, and the Seventeenth Foot 195 men by the epidemic.

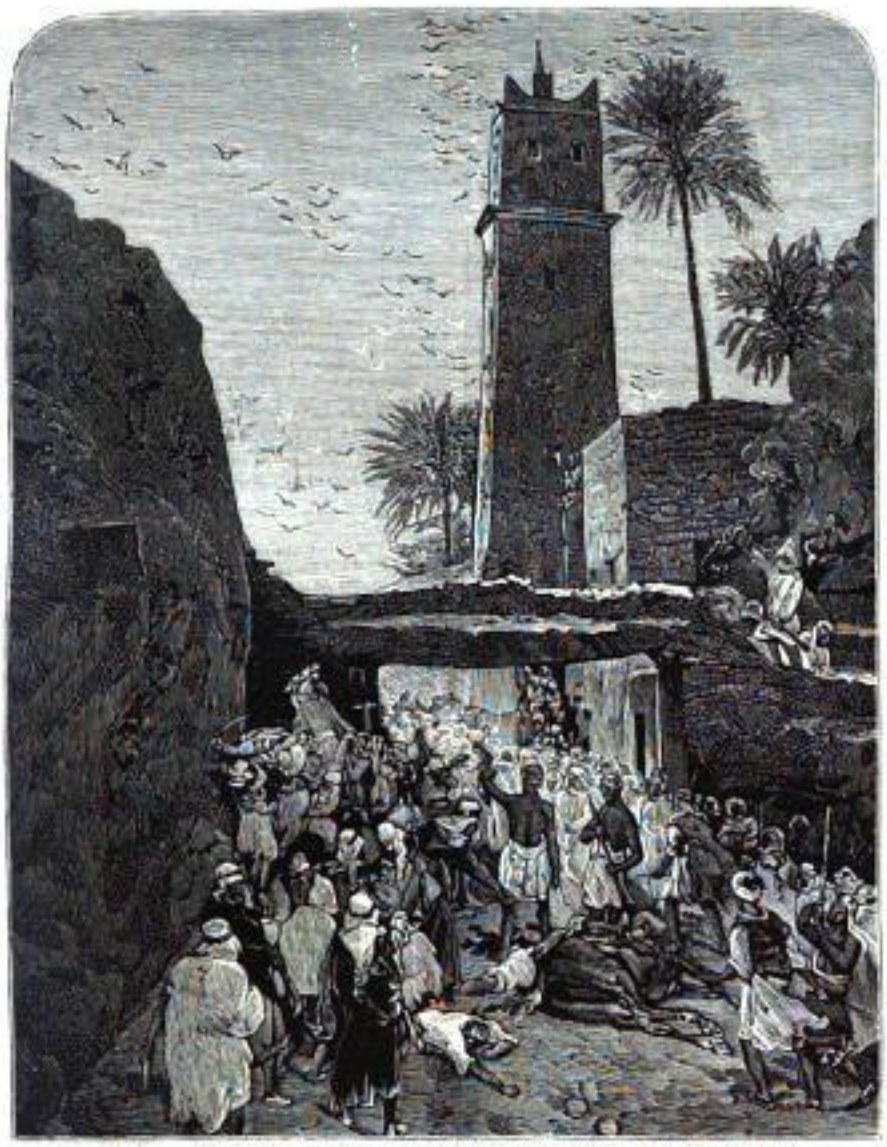
WESTON and Rowell have signed articles for the next competition of the Sir John Astley long distance champion belt. The contest will take place at Gilmore's Garden in New York, beginning September 22d.

THE German Government has decided to propose a tax upon dividends on public funds in order to reimburse itself for the proposed reduction of taxation on landed proprietors. It is understood that the Government intends to insist upon the adoption of this tax.

IN the South American war the iron-clad *Huascar* had started off, at the latest accounts, on another cruise, while the Chilian vessels were scattered and likely to fall an easy prey to her. The hostile armies still stood facing each other with a practically impassable desert between them.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 395.



AFRICA.—MASSACRE, BY THE REVOLUTIONISTS, OF THE MAYOR OF AURES, ALGERIA.



SOUTH AMERICA.—VESSELS COMPOSING THE CHILIAN NAVY.



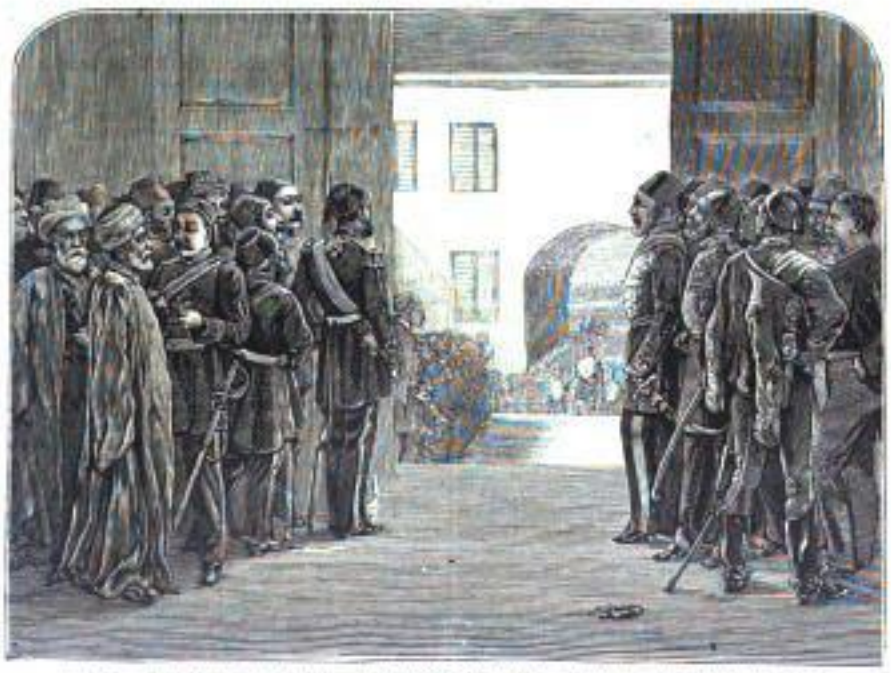
SOUTH AMERICA.—PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE PERUVIAN NAVY.



PERU.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF CALLAO FROM THE SEA.



PERU.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF CALLAO FROM THE MOLE.

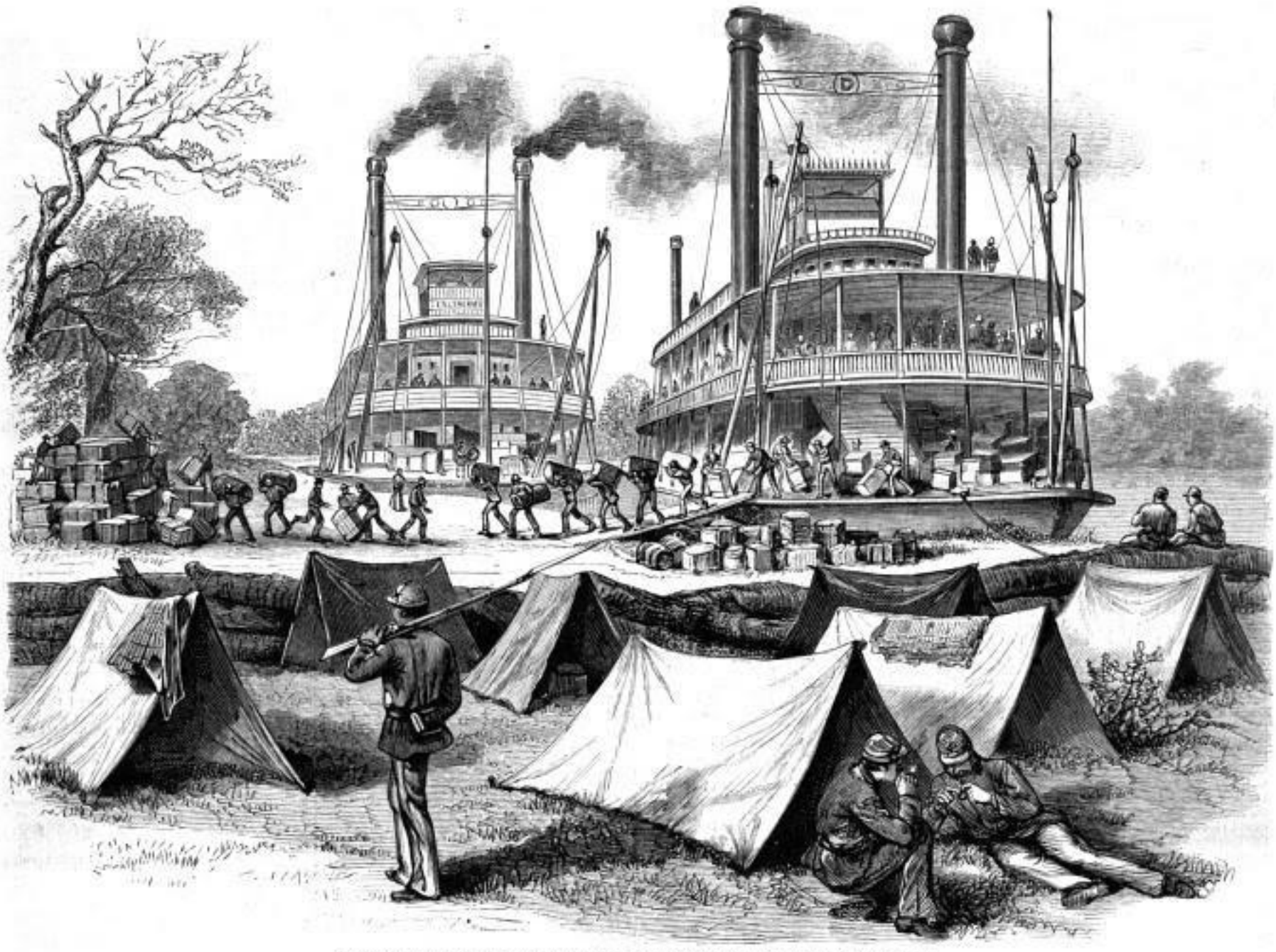


EGYPT.—THE LATE REVOLUTION—RECEPTION OF TEWFIK PASHA AT THE CITADEL, CAIRO.



ITALY.—VISIT OF THE KING TO THE NEW OSSUARY AT CUSTOZA.

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LANDING OF SUPPLIES FOR THE EXPEDITION AT THE CAMP, ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE MISSOURI.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN IN MONTANA.

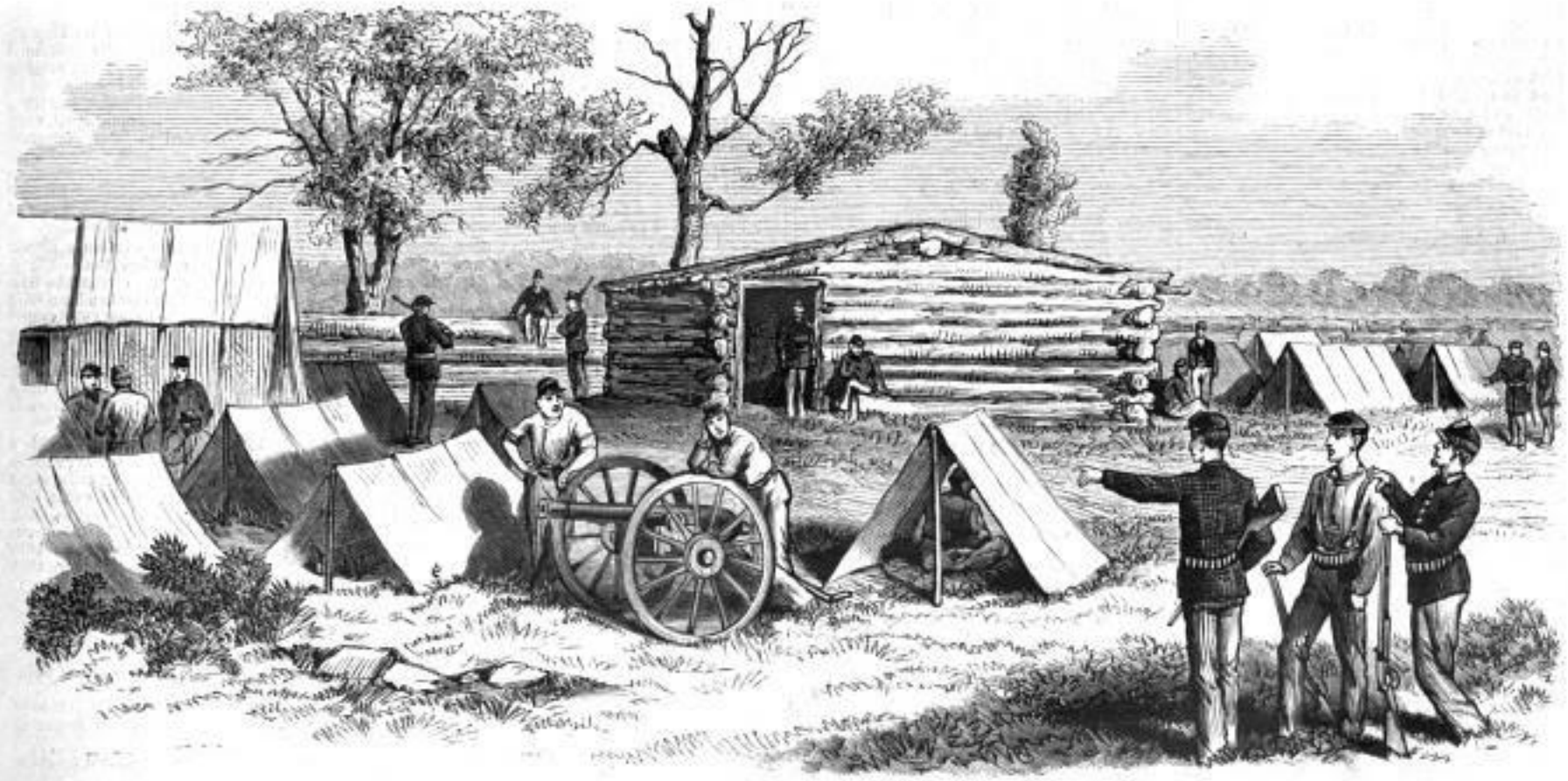
WE published last week a brief account of General Miles's new campaign against Sitting Bull, with an illustration of the transfer of his troops across the Upper Missouri. In starting out upon his campaign, General Miles established a supply depot near old Fort Peck, in Montana Territory, where he left a guard for the protection of the stores which had been brought by the *Dakota*, and landed on the 8th of June. Our correspondent, writing July 5th, thus describes the camp and depot: "Our little log fortification is directly on the banks of the Missouri River, about two miles below old Fort Peck, of which latter place the old stockade is still standing. We have quite a stronghold here, which we built up in one day, and which is really necessary to our safety, as we are liable to be attacked at any moment. We have had two visits up to date from friendly (?) parties of Sioux (Assiniboines). At the latter visit they brought us quite a quantity of fresh buffalo meat in exchange for bacon, sugar, coffee, etc."

The latest intelligence from General Miles is furnished in a dispatch dated Camp on Rock Creek, eighteen miles south of the boundary line, July 27th, in which he reports that after the action on Beaver Creek the hostile Sioux engaged fled northward, leaving their property scattered along the trail for fifty miles. Their main camp stampeded and retreated across the line to Woody Mountains, in the British dominions, followed up and driven along by Miles's command. Major Walsh, Lieutenant Tilton, and all others who have passed through the hostile camp, estimate the number of Indians it contained at 5,000, of which nearly 2,000 are fighting men. General Miles halted at the line, and is now returning to Milk River, but scouting-parties are covering the country between Poplar Creek and Wood Island Creek, and interposing between the hostiles and the buffalo. General Miles says that his command is sufficient in strength and organization to drive any force Sitting Bull can gather. He expresses the belief that Lambert and his family, whose murder by Indians has been reported, were killed by a small war party of Uncapapas, returning north from below the Missouri. He reports many half-breed trains scattered over the country, selling ammunition to the hostiles. These half-breeds, it is well known, are British subjects, and Canada is a place from which a great deal of trouble comes. General Miles also reports that prior to moving north from Fort Peck he sent for the principal men of the Yanktonnais, and, with their assent, moved that tribe across to the south side of the Missouri, thus severing all connection between the hostiles and these Indians.

It is to be hoped that General Miles may be permitted to chastise Sitting Bull as he deserves, if the opportunity is offered.

AMERICA SPANS HALF THE GLOBE.

WEBSTER'S eloquent description of the British Empire is familiar to every reader, but we doubt whether it is generally realized that we, too, have a dominion on which the sun never sets. It will scarcely be believed, perhaps, without an examination of the map, that San Francisco, instead of being at the western limit of this dominion, is only about midway between our eastern and western limits; and yet it is a fact that the furthest Aleutian isle acquired in our purchase of Russian America is as far to the west of that city as Eastport, Me., is to the east of it. Between the north-



THE CAMP WITHIN THE FORTIFICATIONS, NEAR OLD FORT PECK.

MONTANA TERRITORY.—GENERAL MILES'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SIOUX.—FROM SKETCHES BY HOLTER.

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western limit of Washington Territory and the southeastern limit of Alaska there is a break of a few degrees, but, with the slightest deduction, our territory extends through 193 degrees of longitude, or 17 degrees more than half-way round the globe. Hence, when the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe towards the shore, the wood-chopper of Maine is beginning to wake the forest echoes with the stirring music of his ax.

CECIL CARLISLE.

CHAPTER I.

"I SEE no help for it, my son, but a wealthy marriage," and the speaker leaned back in her velvet armchair and looked up inquiringly into the grave, stern face opposite to her.

No one, drawing his conclusions from the surroundings of those two persons, would have supposed that there was any need for such words. The large drawing-room was magnificently furnished, paintings of great price adorned the walls, everywhere were evidences of graceful harmony of taste and wealth, and through the opened window could be seen a vista of grounds rich in foliage and Summer flowers. The occupant of the velvet chair was a stately, stylish-looking woman, whose aristocratic countenance and graceful pose bore "the stamp of Vere de Vere"; while the robe that swept the floor was of shining satin, and diamonds sparkled in her ears and in the bracelets on her arms. Her commanding beauty and her patrician bearing were reflected in the face and mien of her son, who stood leaning his arm on the mantelpiece and looking down on the mass of gorgeous flowers that filled the grate. He was a very handsome man, tall and slender, and with his mother's grace of movement; he had, too, her chiseled harmony of feature; but, stern though the compressed lips now were, there was a tenderness in their lines to which hers were a stranger, and in the dark-blue eyes that he lifted for a moment as she spoke there were depths one would have sought in vain in her cold eyes, and which one could never fathom. His very tone of voice, as he replied to hers, was, like hers, clear and softly modulated, and with the same well-bred accent, but there was a difference which the keen ear could readily detect and solve in looking from the merely beautiful face of the mother to the noble countenance of the son.

"I understand," he said quietly. "So my uncle is to waste his fair patrimony, and I am to sell honor to keep it—to say nothing of happiness?"

"My dear Eric, how can you talk so? I should have thought your long Continental sojourn would have driven such romantic notions out of your head. They would sound well enough in a lad fresh from Eton. I remember well your argument with young Biddulph; but how many men and women in the *beau monde* ever put your ideas in practice?"

"The question is not worth arguing, mother," said Sir Eric Egerton, in the same quiet manner. "I have to face a prospect black enough without contemplating so terrible a sacrifice as my honor—I repeat it, my honor—to solve the problem presented to me. Fortunately, I was not brought up in idleness, waiting for dead men's shoes. There was every likelihood that my uncle would live many years; he might have married and had a son to inherit his estates. He dies suddenly, and you write to me to come over and enter into possession of my ancestral lands. I find them a noble heritage, truly, and learn that they are mortgaged up to the hilt, and that the mortgagee forecloses in a few months. And I, an *attaché* of Her Majesty's Viennese Embassy, am to redeem this mortgage with my salary or the alternative you have just suggested."

"Eric, curb your ironical humor, and don't kick over the traces in that way. There, don't look at me! I have managed your uncle's house so long that I have fallen into some of his racing expressions. You think, perhaps, no heiress would have you? You must know that many an heiress would be glad to accept Eric Egerton and take up the mortgage. Irrespective of those broad, fair lands of Egerton Royal, are you not nobly born, highly connected? And your handsome person and winning manner would secure you a wealthy bride, if you had no other attractions. I have heard how you were courted in Vienna."

"Mem.—Curly black hair, two blue eyes, a straight nose, a love of a mustache, a clear complexion, a tall, straight figure—yes," said Sir Eric, glancing carelessly at the mirror above the mantelpiece, "I ought to be very much charmed with the valuable piece of personal property entitled Eric Egerton. It may be worth something to me some day."

"Eric," returned his mother, angrily—and, rising, she swept out her satin robe stormily—"if you think it proper to jest and sneer, and to your mother, too, I am sorry that I cannot agree with you. Perhaps, if you will not listen to reason, you will speak it, and tell me what you really intend to do!"

The young man inclined his head.

"Mother, pardon me. Hear me without interruption, and I will tell you what I intend to do." He shook off the assumed carelessness of manner which had veiled far deeper feelings than she had ever known in her selfish life, and, standing before her with folded arms, said resolutely: "I am speaking without one ray of preconceived affection to bias my judgment. I am speaking with heaven knows—for words can never utter it—what bitter pain at my heart to yield up to strangers the patrimony of my fathers, with bitter regret that I am compelled to ask you, my mother, who have passed your life—and especially the last few years—in luxuries, to live on the comparatively small income which my father left you, with such addition as I can make to it. But what is the alternative? Dishonor. I repeat it again, at the risk of wearying your ear—dishonor! I might marry an heiress, no doubt. You reminded me that I was courted in Vienna. True enough; and, if there is any one thing for which I would sell myself, it would be to save the lands and the graves of thirteen generations of Egertons from strangers. But it is not in my power. A man's honor belongs to heaven. Therefore I remain in England only long enough to attend to necessary business, and then I return to the Continent, never, I hope, to set foot on these shores again, unless—which I dare not hope—it be to buy back these lost lands."

While he spoke Mrs. Egerton gazed on her son like one in a dream. His noble words awoke no answering echo within her. She saw only the ultra-romance of boyhood prolonging its life into the years of manhood; and, despite the steadfast firmness with which Sir Eric spoke, she could not believe that his decision was really unalterable.

"Eric," she said, after a long pause, "do you really know what all you say involves? You, in whom pride of birth and name is a creed, to yield up your inheritance for a chimera! Why need honor and happiness be sacrificed? If you must have romance, cannot you learn to love without love being the first motive? You shake your head. Hear me in my turn. There is Miss Courtenay of Oakeley Park; report speaks of her as handsome. She is coming to England shortly, and is the greatest heiress in the county—some say in England."

"Her father's heiress? Is the property entailed?" asked Egerton, resuming his careless attitude, and with it the tone and manner that seemed suited to it. "For, if not, he may cut her off with a shilling."

"Her father died when she was a child," said Mrs. Egerton, believing that she had made an impression, but too diplomatic to speak eagerly; "and at nineteen—when, by his will, she came of age—she inherited an enormous fortune. She is just turned nineteen, and I am told has created quite a sensation in Parisian society."

"No doubt, with so many golden reasons for making an impression. How was this fortune made? The name is a good one."

"My dear Eric, the Courtenays of Oakeley Park are a very old landed family; you ought to know that!"

"I regret my ignorance; but, having had few opportunities to visit my native country, I can scarcely be in a position to have an intimate knowledge of the Courtenays. So this heiress is still to be won, and I am to win her hand and money-bags?"

"Why not her heart, too, Eric?"

"Oh, you can throw the heart in for a make-weight," said Egerton, "if I mean to try the matrimonial Derby—but I don't. You say pride of name and birth is a creed with me. So it is; and I will not stain a pure escutcheon by fortune-hunting. I meant what I said just now, mother; and I tell you plainly that any attempt to introduce me to this heiress will fail. I will not meet her. If she is, as you say, handsome, and in other ways attractive, I might perchance be led to forget the difference between us till it was too late to save peace, if not too late to save honor. I pray you speak no more on a subject so bitterly painful. You know me of old, mother; and, when I have once said 'I will' or 'I will not,' I rarely change my mind."

Mrs. Egerton yielded for the time outwardly, but cherished the secret hope that, as the day for foreclosure approached, her son might change his mind, or that in London—whither he was going to see his solicitors and to call upon an old friend whom he had known as a lad—he might encounter some heiress who would gladly bestow wealth upon the title, ancient name, handsome person, and fascinating society of Eric Egerton.

The old friend, after whom Sir Eric had instantly inquired on arriving in England, had been physician to his father's family, and had then enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice. A long illness had done him irreparable injury in his profession. Rivals had snapped up much of his practice and retained it; and, when Doctor Dormer—who indeed never quite regained his former health—was able to resume work, he found himself with a large family, and far less than of old to keep them on. He removed from Upper Grosvenor Street to Berkeley Street, and contrived, by receiving one or two boarders and living economically, to "make ends meet," his wife being an excellent manager and his two eldest sons fairly started in the world through the kindness of friends.

Eric Egerton was a man of the world, but not a worldly man; if he had been the latter, he would never have "looked up" a friend from whom he had nothing to expect. The lord of the mortgaged lands of Egerton Royal did not however value men for their money's worth; and so when, two days after the unsatisfactory interview with his mother, he turned from the door of the solicitor in Great George Street, Westminster, he betook himself to Upper Berkeley Street.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a glorious day in early June, and the young man struck across the parks, pausing a few moments in Rotten Row—for it was the hour of the morning ride—to look at the stream of fashionable riders, of whom he might have been one, to whose "caste" he belonged, but from whom he was dissevered by the fatal barrier of poverty. Several loungers glanced at the elegantly-dressed, aristocratic-looking man leaning on the rail near Apsley Gate; but Egerton had left England when little more than a youth, and he was not known. He was well pleased that it was so; he had no desire to be recognized, and soon moved away, fearing that he might meet some one who had known him so well as to claim acquaintance, or perhaps cut him—for Eric Egerton, *attaché* of the Viennese Embassy, and Sir Eric Egerton who ought to be lord of Egerton Royal, but only inherited ruin, were two very different persons.

With a grave brow and sternly-compressed lips, he turned away from the bright scene and walked slowly down the grassy slope to the Serpentine. He had often sailed his toy ships in the bright waters as the lads before him were doing now. He threw himself upon the grass, and, shading his eyes with his hand, for a few moments languidly watched the children running to and fro; then his eyes grew dreamy, the joyous voices came to his ears in a confused medley of sound, and he fell into a profound reverie.

Something between a sob and an exclamation of impatience roused him from his sorrowful weariness, and he turned in the direction from which the sound proceeded. A little fellow of about ten years old, in a knickerbocker suit, was seated on the grass a few yards off, having come up unobserved by the preoccupied *attaché*, and was busily engaged in attempting to mend his little ship, the gear of which had by some means sustained woeful injury. The task was, however, evidently beyond him; and his sturdy English spirit, ill brooking defeat, caused him to emit the sound that had attracted Sir Eric's attention.

To most noble-hearted men and women—especially if they have suffered—a child in distress, even over a toy, is a sight not to be endured without an endeavor to render some assistance. So Egerton raised himself on his elbow and accosted the child with: "What ails you, my boy? Let me lend a hand."

The child sprang to his feet and ran up to the kind knight-errant.

"Look!" said he, dolefully, holding up the toy, and trying hard to keep back the tears. "A chap did that with his oar! I only wish I'd been a man; I'd have given it him!" added he, wrathfully.

"Never mind," said Egerton, rising too; "I see the damage, and we'll soon rig up a jury-mast."

He walked up to a neighboring tree, the child running hopefully by his side, cut a strong twig with his penknife, and, kneeling on one knee on the sward, proceeded with the help of the knife which the lad brought forth from his pocket, to repair the damage done.

"Oh, how kind of you, sir!" said the boy, watching the operation with absorbed interest. "You're doing it beautifully. Cecil mended it for me once before, but it was not so badly broken then."

"Is Cecil a sailor-brother?" asked Egerton, "belaying" the mainstay.

"No, I have no sailor-brother. Cecil's a girl, an awfully jolly girl—there she is. Cecil," shouted the young gentleman, at the top of his voice, "come and see my ship being mended!"

The shout must have reached other ears than Cecil's, for the swift pattering of feet sounded on the greensward, and in a moment three pairs of dancing eyes were looking on at the operation, and peering, with children's frank curiosity, into the operator's handsome face. He smiled at the eager little countenances, and asked:

"Which of you is Cecil? My young friend here says she's an 'awfully jolly girl.'"

He was answered by a general shout and upward glance, which made him, too, look up quickly to see a tall slim girl of seventeen or eighteen standing close by the little group—a girl with a face like a picture, and rich curls clustering under her plumed Rubens hat.

"I beg your pardon," said Egerton, standing up and lifting his hat—though he colored slightly, he was too well-trained a courtier to lose his self-possession; "I had no idea that I was betraying confidence to a grown-up young lady."

"So much the better; I have gained the benefit of a good opinion that I might not otherwise have heard," returned the girl, laughing with such debonair frankness that she was evidently thoroughly amused and by no means embarrassed. "I am sure, sir," she added, "it is very kind of you to have taken so much trouble. You should have come to me, Walter, and not have troubled this gentleman."

"The service was volunteered," interposed Sir Eric; "and I assure you I shall only be too happy if I can crown my efforts with success. Another piece of twine, please, Walter."

"Here is a piece," said Cecil, stretching forth a white gloveless hand.

"Many thanks. Do you carry stores of twine about with you?" asked Egerton, resisting a glance up into the girl's witching face.

"One has to do so with boys about," responded she, gravely, not at all shy, nor yet bold, but with the perfect ease of one bred and accustomed to society. "They are always breaking something or other and wanting it mended."

"Dormer got a ship run down the other day," volunteered one of the ring gathered round Egerton.

"Dormer!" repeated he, glancing quickly round the little faces.

"Yes, Walter Dormer," said the lad.

"The name struck me," remarked Egerton, apologetically, to Cecil, rising once more as he spoke, his task completed; "for I knew it years ago as that of an old friend. He mended a ship for me once—Doctor Dormer," he said, earnestly scanning Walter's features; "he lives in Berkeley Street."

"My father!" said Walter, promptly. "And you know him?"

"Your father! I was on my way to his house. Has he ever spoken to you of Eric Egerton?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Walter and two or three brothers and sisters in chorus.

"Are you Eric Egerton?" added a little lady of nine, timidly laying her hand on the delicate ringed hand of the *attaché*. "I am so glad. Oh, papa will be so glad to see you."

Eric stooped over the child, deeply touched. Doctor Dormer, then, had remembered the Eton lad he used to be so fond of, and had spoken well of him to the children Eric had never seen. In their joy at the discovery, which was as charming as anything in a pantomime, the children had well-nigh forgotten all about the ship, and Walter would have omitted to say "Thank you" if Cecil had not gently reminded him.

"It's like the pretty play you told us of, Cecil," cried nine-year-old, who had tightened her clasp on Eric's hand and was looking up in undisguised admiration at his handsome features.

"And what is your name, bonnibel?" said Egerton, smiling.

"Mine is Minnie, and that's Walter, and that's Jimmie, and this one"—touching another girl a year or two older—"is Eunice; and there's Tom in Australia, and Bernard in India, and Janie married; and that's all."

"I remember Tom and Bernard and Janie," said Egerton, "and this damsel Eunice as a baby in arms—but the others are since my time."

"And Cecil came to live with us three months ago," pursued Miss Minnie—"Cecil Carlisle."

Cecil laughed.

"It is fortunate," she observed, "that Minnie is not acquainted with my pedigree and family history, or she would give it you *verbatim*."

"Miss Carlisle," said Egerton, "this has been an unceremonious introduction; but ceremony and childhood are at daggers drawn."

"I think ceremony is often more honored in the breach than the observance," replied Cecil. "Walter, we must be moving homeward; it is past twelve."

"One more sail," pleaded Walter.

Cecil glanced at Egerton and hesitated; but Eric seconded the lad's request, and the refitted craft made a triumphant passage across the Serpentine; and, as this trip occupied nearly half an hour, Cecil declared that they must make great haste home; and the whole party started, Miss Carlisle walking by Sir Eric's side, and chatting away as gayly as if she had met him a dozen times before.

As soon as Dr. Dormer's house was reached Cecil sent the young ones up to their nurse, to take off their things, and asked the servants where Doctor and Mrs. Dormer were.

"They are both in the dining-room," was the reply.

"Ah, we are late," remarked Cecil, turning to Egerton. "You see one o'clock is our luncheon and the children's dinner. This way, Sir Eric, please."

She opened a door near and entered a large and comfortably but plainly furnished dining-room, the table of which was laid for dinner. A fine-looking gray-haired man and a genial matronly lady rose at once when they saw the stranger.

"Doctor Dormer," said Cecil, "we met this gentleman in the park——" but she got no further.

The doctor clasped Egerton's hands in his own.

"My boy—my old favorite—Eric!"

"We thought you would come," added Mrs. Dormer, beaming upon the welcome visitor.

"To whom else should I come, dear Mrs. Dormer?" said Eric, kissing her.

"My boy," remarked the doctor, "when you left England we were in Upper Grosvenor Street, and now we are in Berkeley Street."

"That has made no difference in you," said Egerton.

"Nor in you, Eric. Time and foreign residence have not changed you—only improved you. By Jove, you're a lady-killer, my boy! Sit down; my wife is dying to know all about you."

Cecil had run off to remove her walking attire, and Doctor Dormer presently informed Egerton that this young lady was at present boarding with them. She had some small means, and was, he believed, looking out for a situation. She was highly accomplished, very musical, and had traveled in Italy and Germany. He knew nothing about her; the solicitor to whom she had referred him wrote in the highest terms of her, and they had all grown so fond of her that they looked forward with dread to the possibility of losing her.

"She is gently born, and evidently accustomed to good society," said Egerton.

"Oh, yes! I imagine, from remarks she lets drop now and then, that she has been well off and lost her money. She seems very young to be alone in the world; but I gather that her parents lived abroad. In that way people often lose sight of their English friends, and, if they return with clouded fortunes to their native land, and are proud, why their friends are likely to know little enough of them."

There was no doubt about Cecil Carlisle's position in that simple household, where there was no splendor, but all-prevading refinement and good taste and affection. She came into the dining-room with a child clinging to each hand; and it was evident to Egerton's keen observation, from an under-current of amicable dispute between two of the young ones, that they took turns to sit next their favorite. It was Walter's turn to-day, but he was gentleman enough spontaneously to offer it to the guest, and himself retired to a more humble place at the board.

"And you'll let me sit next you at tea, Princess, won't you?" said Walter.

"Is that your pet name, Miss Carlisle?" asked Sir Eric as Cecil nodded her assent to the boy.

She answered "Yes," laughing and coloring a little.

Egerton did not need an explanation. Children are quick and keen observers, and the title was well bestowed. Cecil Carlisle was simply

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attired: her dress, though fashionably made, was neither of rich materials nor expensively trimmed. Her beautiful tresses fell upon her shoulders in loose curls without ribbons or ornament. And yet she reminded Egerton of some Venetian picture, rich in velvet and glowing tints, or some portrait of Velasquez breathing the aroma of courts. If Cecil Carlisle had been robed in sackcloth, she would have looked like a princess.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GRAND SUMMER NIGHT'S FESTIVAL AT WEST BRIGHTON BEACH.

THE Summer-night's Festival of the Arion Society at West Brighton Beach, on the last day of July, was the most remarkable affair of the kind which has ever been attempted in this country. The scene at the West Brighton Hotel during the whole of the bright and mellow night was altogether unique in its effects. The hotel and its grounds were inclosed with a substantial fence, making a place for the merry-makers extending from the northwest corner of the hotel to within about fifty feet of the water, and eastward to a point half way between the hotel and the observatory. This made an inclosure about 2,000 feet square, embracing the hotel and the music-stand. All the out-door portions of the square were laid with boards, and nearly covered with chairs and tables. The main hall of the hotel, usually the restaurant, was cleared for dancing, presenting a fine, large, smooth surface for the dancers. The entire place was elaborately decorated. On top of the hotel roof were a number of fantastic life-size silhouettes, representing dancers, fat men, lean men, cats, and all the fancy forms the Arion mind could conjure up. Chinese lanterns hung everywhere. The piazza fronts were decorated with models of imaginary sea monsters, huge snails, lobsters, and various creatures of the deep. The inside of the hotel was decorated in a style that is never excelled, and very rarely equaled. American flags were festooned wherever a space could be found that was not already occupied by Chinese lanterns. Five very highly-decorated private boxes were arranged at each end, and the fronts of these boxes were decked with the brightest crimson cloth. On the beach, the three fiery steeds that were afterwards ridden by Neptune in the procession stood rampant; and Arion's dolphin sat on his fins, with a fiery expression in his eye and his red tongue lolling out as if he wanted a drink. A barge anchored about an eighth of a mile from the shore held the fireworks that afterwards lit up the beach and threw a glare over the scene. The entertainment began at four o'clock in the afternoon, when a concert was given by the Red Hussars Orchestra. Another concert began at five o'clock by Seibold't's military band, and at half-past six the full chorus of the Arion Society, assisted by an orchestra of eighty pieces and the military band, gave a third concert in the hall of the hotel. This concert was really the opening of the festival, but it was not till after dark that the amusements began. While blue and red lights were throwing their glare over the waves, sky-rockets flying through the air, and fountains of fire were playing far over the heads of the spectators, Arion appeared and mounted his dolphin, and put out to sea. The dolphin sat very snug and warm in a nice dry boat, and moved without the slightest motion of his tail. He and Arion were soon out far enough to meet Neptune and his three horses and other followers, who had gone out previously, and the entire party returned to the shore to join in the festivities. They brought with them an enormous sea serpent, which was cut open at the hotel and found to contain choice tid-bits, such as champagne bottles, tongue sandwiches, etc. There was a supposed arrival at this time of the steamship *Intolerance* carrying the "Exiles of Saratoga and Manhattan Beach." These exiles, in their masquerade dresses, promenaded about the platform and the beach.

Dancing, promenading and most becoming hilarity prevailed until long after midnight. Trains and steamers were running until after one o'clock in the morning, and some even continued to run until three o'clock. Probably 15,000 persons witnessed the festive scene.

FIRST RACING MEETING OF THE SARATOGA ASSOCIATION.

THE first meeting of the Saratoga Association for the season which closed on Saturday, August 2d, was remarkable for fine weather, large audiences, a superb track and excellent races. Up to Thursday night there had been 105 races on the regular and extra days, and as there were many noted horses there that had not appeared, it was expected that the second meeting, beginning August 5th, and closing on the 20th, would show even greater surprises than the first. On Thursday, July 31st, which was the sixth regular day, four exciting races were run—the first, being three-quarters of a mile; the second, one mile and three-quarters; the third, one mile and a furlong; and the fourth, a steeplechase of two miles and three quarters.

The first race was won by Framble in 1:17¼, with Anna Augusta second, and Oriole third. For the second, which was the sixteenth renewal of the Sequet Stakes for three-year-olds, there were seven starters. Bulwark took the lead, followed by Rochester, who soon gained first place, closely pursued by Bulwark, Grand Master, Peter Hynes, George McCullough, Willful and Lulu. Rounding the turn, Rochester ran away from his pursuers, placing a good length of daylight behind him in the first quarter mile. Passing the stand at the end of three-quarters of a mile, Rochester was six lengths in front of Peter Hynes; Lulu two lengths behind Peter, who was lapped by Grand Master; Willful fifth, and McCullough sixth. In running the next quarter Peter crept up and put out the daylight between him and Rochester, but he could not pass him. In the next quarter Rochester placed three lengths of sky behind him and Peter, Lulu coming third, while Bulwark, under whip and spur, had nailed through from the rear and was crowding Lulu. Rochester kept up his pace to the three-quarter pole on the last round, where Peter began to press him again. The lash was applied to Rochester on the turn, and he warmed up under it, extending himself for the final brush. Bulwark began to work up dangerously near in the last quarter, passing Peter Hynes, and nearly reaching Rochester's tail as Rochester dashed over the line, a winner in the fast time of 3:13¾. Bulwark was second, Lulu third, Peter Hynes fourth, McCullough fifth, Willful sixth, and Grand Master last. The stakes amounted to $1,400.

The third race was a selling race for a purse of $300, with the usual penalties and allowances; distance, one mile and a furlong. W. Astor's Vagrant, J. W. Bell's Maritana, and T. W. Dowsell's Sunlight started for the purse. Vagrant sprang to the lead while the flag was falling, with Sunlight at his hoods and lapping him before he reached the stand on the first furlong. These two kept yoked together, making a beautiful neck-and-neck struggle around the upper turn, down the back-stretch, around the lower turn, and into the home-stretch, with Maritana a fair third, some three lengths behind. Vagrant pulled away from Sunlight a little as they came flying up, and Maritana made a brush to better her condition by lapping Sunlight. It was of no use, however, for Sunlight put in an extra streak, again shutting out some of the daylight from Vagrant, who raced over the line a winner by a clear length in 2:01¼.

For the fourth contest, a free handicap steeplechase, but two horses went to the post—Reed's Trouble and Carson's Katie P. Immediately after the fall of the flag, Maney took such a pull on Trouble that McBride was forced to take the lead with Katie P., and almost instantly she led by six lengths, by which distance she took the first jump. Afterwards he increased her lead to from eight to ten lengths, by which he made the circuit of the course, both horses jumping in the cleanest possible manner. As they took the wall opposite the public stand, Maney brought Trouble up on even terms with Katie, and as they began the last three-quarters of a mile he took a decided lead, holding it by four to eight lengths to the end, winning by that distance in 5:44¼, amid considerable applause.

OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.

BRIGHTON BEACH AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

BRIGHTON BEACH is the most delightful of delightful surprises. You do not expect it. It comes upon you unawares. In one half-second the tiresome, tawny sands are exchanged for velvet grass such as would delight the heart of a Newport cottager, while the eye is refreshed with glowing ribbon borders worthy of sumptuous Sydenham. The hotel rises out of the sea all quaint corners and gables, and hooded sun-shades and piazzas. It is a fairy-like piece of architecture, wondrous in its *bizarre* beauty, wondrous in its dimensions, wondrous in its resources. The piazza alone would repay a dozen visits, crowded as it is from morning until night with the *crème de la crème* of Gotham, and of places "ten thousand miles away." What a sight that is! Hundreds of gayly-dressed people seated at tables discussing the merits of a bill of fare such as the best Parisian restaurant might well be proud of; hundreds leaning over the carved balustrades gazing seawards, listening the while to the music of an orchestra that Arditi would covet to lead, or to the honeyed mellowness of Liberati cornet; hundreds chatting, laughing and inhaling the grateful ozone; hundreds arriving and departing, some by stage, some by boat, some by rail; hundreds disporting themselves in the flashing foam of breakers, that toss up the champagne of the deep! Brighton Beach is always *en fête*, always full of vivid color, always bright, gay, animated. The tide of human life ever flows upon its yellow sands. Pleasure would seem here to have found a halting-place, would seem to linger as if loath to depart. What more can one have than a gorgeous hotel, a superb *cuisine*, an unimpeachable cellar, a golden strand, a champagny ocean! Brighton Beach is delightful, whether beneath the glitter of a dazzling dayshine, or the liquid pearl of the moon, or the blue-white radiance of the electric light. Here is ever a breeze, ever a shade, and ever a something to appeal to the senses.

REUNION OF ODD FELLOWS AT LONG BRANCH.

A THREE days' reunion of members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows at Long Branch was brought to a close on the afternoon of July 31st, with an exhibition drill under the tactics, recently adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, for the Uniformed Patriarchs, on the spacious lawn of the Ocean Hotel, which the Leland brothers kindly placed at the service of the visiting encampments. Three uniformed organizations: Rochester Encampment, of Rochester, N. Y., under Colonel Eddy; Washington Battalion, No. 1, New York City, Captain Frank Parsons; and Newark Encampment, No. 1, of Newark, N. J., Captain William A. Clark, headed by a band of music, marched into the grounds from the Ocean Drive shortly after two o'clock, and formed in a line extending from the Ocean Hotel to the Drive.

The exhibition drill was led off by the Newark Encampment, which executed a number of peculiar and interesting movements. They were followed by Washington Battalion, a well-drilled corps, with whose precise evolutions many of our citizens are acquainted. Hearty applause from thousands of spectators on the hotel balconies, the Drive and adjoining grounds, greeted the faultless formation of intricate figures. The great interest in the exhibition were the movements of the Rochester Encampment, whose commander is the author of the adopted tactics. For nearly an hour they marched and countermarched on the admirable lawn, to the music of the band stationed in the centre. The men were merged from single file into columns of fours and sections, with a rapidity, ease and precision which elicited a general clapping of hands. The march and countermarch in open order, the oblique movements, the right and left outward wheels, the formation of solid and hollow squares, the cross, the triangle, and the Patriarchal or double cross, were pronounced marvels of evolution. An exhibition of the sword exercise, which contains also many novel figures, closed the drill.

On returning to their seats the judge of the contest, General William Ward, Postmaster of Newark, awarded the silver prize—a cup supported by three crooks, with figures of Patriarchs in full uniform standing on the pedestal—to the Rochester Encampment. This prize must be won three times to secure ownership, and it is likely that the next contest, if held either later or earlier in the season, so as to avoid the intense heat, will attract a large number of encampments of Uniformed Patriarchs.

During the sojourn of the visitors at the Branch President Fitch of the Ocean Pier Company placed that interesting structure at their disposal, and, with the Lelands, did much to make the occasion a memorable one. Our illustration represents the formation of the Patriarchal Cross with fifty men.

The Prince of Wales's Debt.

THE Prince of Wales, who for some years past has been on the high tide of popularity, has recently given great umbrage to his Somersetshire and Cornish tenantry by rescinding a decision to reduce their rents on account of the present hard times—by 25 per cent. The poor Prince is placed in rather an awkward position: his mother's niggardliness and his own lavish disposition have combined to involve him tremendously in debt. It is stated on good authority that his Royal Highness is indebted to London tradesmen alone in the sum of £2,500,000. Of course, the heir apparent can obtain unlimited credit; all his creditors are sure of their money sooner or later, and even in the event of his death before his ascension to the throne, there is no doubt of their being paid in full. Still the claims upon his purse are most pressing and the question of "ways and means," which many a poorer man has lately had to take most seriously into consideration, has not been without significance to the future King of England. Most of the landed gentry and noblemen of England have lately thought it their duty, or policy, to forego a considerable portion of their income to those who till their lands. The Duke of Bedford has remitted fifty per cent. of his rents, which is a clear loss of £70,000 a year to him. Whatever the faults of the Prince of Wales may be, stinginess could never be justly ascribed to him, and very dire must have been the necessity which could have induced him to alter the determination he had come to, to follow the example of so many leading peers and gentry in sacrificing a portion of their income to the pressing needs of the distracted and disheartened English farmers.

Street Accidents in London.

A RETURN has been issued which shows that between January 1, 1878, and January 1, 1879, there were 3,253 street accidents within the Metropolitan Police district, 661 of which were caused by cabs, 219 by omnibuses and cars, 346 by broughams and carriages, 1,008 by light carts, 159 by wagons and drays, 543 by vans, 1 by fire engine, 174 by heavy carts, 3 by traction engines, 24 by covered vehicles, 13 by bicycles, and 98 by horsemen. The total number of persons injured was 3,342, of whom 1,708 were male and 580 female adults, and 759 were male and 225 female children. In 157 cases death resulted, while 2,693 recovered, and the result in 492 cases was unknown to the police. In the City of London Police District there were 619 street accidents, 212 being caused by cabs, 54 by omnibuses and cars, 32 by broughams and carriages, 123 by light carts, 12 by wagons and drays, 172 by vans, 7 by heavy carts, 7 by covered vehicles, 5 by bicycles, and 1 by horsemen. The number of persons injured was 619, of whom 286 were male and 87 female adults, and 135 male and 13 female children.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Insurrection in Algeria.

Algeria is again tranquil, and the insurrection has been fairly stamped out. The most unhappy incident of the attempted rebellion was the assassination of Si-Small-Ben-Bachtarzi. This deeply regretted Cadi was surprised and assassinated, together with the whole of his escort, while engaged in a fruitless search for the body of his father, Cadi Mustapha Bachtarzi, who was also treacherously murdered by the Beni-Ben-Sliman. The last intelligence from Algeria is to the effect that the Governor-General has issued a decree sequestrating the territory of the counties which were recently in revolt, and imposing an extraordinary contribution of 255,000 francs upon them.

The War in South America.

In illustration of the present war in South America, we have already given our readers views of the port of Iquique and of the engagement between the Peruvian and Chilian war vessels in its harbor. As we write, the only intelligence of the war is contained in a dispatch from the Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs, which announced that the *Huascar* had entered the blockaded port of Iquique, fought the Chilian squadron for two hours, leaving Aura *de combat* the *Cousino* and *Alton*, and had escaped unhurt. The fleet of the Chilians is acknowledged to be superior to that of the Peruvians. In our illustration, 1 is the *Almirante Cochrane*; 2, the *Blanco Encalada*; 3, the *Chacabuco*; 4, the *O'Higgins*; 5, the *Esmeralda*; 6, the *Abtao*—all iron-clad frigates—7, the gunboat *Magallanes*, and 8, the schooner *Covadonga*. The chief vessel of the Peruvians is the celebrated *Huascar* (1), which some months ago had a brush with H. M. S. *Shah*; figure 2 is the corvette *Union*, and 3, the gunboat *Pilcomayo*. Callao is a fortified town of Peru, and the principal seaport of the Republic. The harbor is defended by three forts with an armament of 200 guns, and is sheltered towards the south by the barren islands of San Lorenzo, whose highest point is 650 feet above the level of the sea. In 1746 the city was completely submerged with all its inhabitants, during a great earthquake; and in 1825 and 1868 suffered the same way by a volcanic upheaval of the ocean. Its harbor has been the scene of a number of naval engagements.

The Revolution in Egypt.

The enforced abdication of Ismail Pasha, Khédive of Egypt, by order of the Sultan at the urgent demand of several European Powers, is now an affair of the past; and he has been quietly superseded by his son, Tewfik Pasha, who was hailed as the new Khédive by the Government officials, the Mahommedan ecclesiastics, and representatives of foreign nations at Cairo, on Thursday, June 26th. His Highness Prince Tewfik Pasha proceeded to the Citadel about 5:30 P. M., where he was received by the Ministers of State, the Sheik ul Islam, and the Ulemas; the heads of the Coptic, Armenian, Greek, and other churches; the heads of all the public administrations, and a large assemblage of natives and Europeans. The diplomatic body had a separate reception. The customary Viceregal honors were paid to Prince Tewfik, and he read to the diplomatic and ecclesiastical bodies the telegraphic dispatch he had received from the Porte, in anticipation of the firman of the Sultan. Ismail, the ex-Khédive, left Cairo very theatrically. Under an open canopied compartment he embraced Tewfik and committed him to his people, and as the train moved off, the last seen of him was a bobbing, bowing figure forgiving its enemies and leaving them its blessing and its debts. He looked ten years older; his face was white and bloodless, his beard nearly white, and his eyes were sunken.

The New Ossuary at Custoza, Italy.

Custoza is a village situated near Verona in Italy, and the scene of two memorable battles. The first was fought on July 25th, 1848, between the Austrians under Radetzky, and the Sardinians under Charles Albert in person, and resulted in the defeat of the latter. Again on June 24th, 1866, the forces of Austria, commanded by the Archduke Albrecht, and of Italy under Lamarmora, met there, when the Italians were a second time defeated. A few years ago it was determined to erect an ossuary and gather within it the remains of the men who fell in these engagements. These patriotic labors were completed last Spring, and in June the memorial structure was formally dedicated in the presence of the King. Immediately after the services a tour of the building was made, the young King manifesting great emotion at the array of ghastly relics in the crypt.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—VIRGINIA has so far re-funded $1,300,000 of her debt.

—TEXAS pays annually $500,000 interest on her State debt.

—A JUDICIAL opinion has been given in Florida that young orange-trees are liable to taxation.

—MR. TENNYSON has been requested to write the inaugural ode for the Australian International Exhibition.

—THE National Polish Museum at the Château de Rapperswyl has secured the bedstead on which Kosciusko died at Soleure in 1817.

—A TELEGRAPH station just opened at the Rifelberg, above Zermatt, in Switzerland, is said to be the highest station of the kind in the world.

—THERE are no Roman Catholic judges in the Superior Courts in Great Britain, but five members of Her Majesty's Privy Council are Roman Catholics.

—IT is now regarded as certain that the Cathedral of Cologne will be completed in 1880. The finials of eight metres in height that are to crown the towers have been commenced.

—THE Land Office reports that 6,000,000 acres of land were disposed of to actual settlers, under the Homestead Law, during the last fiscal year. The increase is very great since 1877.

—IT is stated officially that 3,501 fires occurred in Russia during the month of June, causing damage to the amount of about $9,500,000. Of this number 548 fires were of incendiary origin.

—SOME excitement has been caused in Madrid by an old woman, supposed to be insane, flinging a heavy stone at the carriage containing the King, who was going to church on Saturday evening, July 26th.

—THE British Admiralty has ordered all the Indian troop-ships to be in readiness for six months' continuous service, with the view of bringing home the troops from the scene of war in South Africa.

—OVER 30,000 children gathered in the Crystal Palace on the 12th of July on the occasion of the fourth annual *fête* and distribution of prizes to the children of the schools belonging to the London Board.

—A STEAMER has arrived at Halifax, N. S., from Bordeaux, filled up with refrigerators for freezing salmon, codfish and lobsters, which she will collect along the Newfoundland coast and carry to France.

—THE English Court of Appeals has decided that the steamer *Princess Alice* was alone to blame in the matter of the collision with the *Bywell Castle* last September, which resulted so fatally for the former.

—THE English Church Missionary Society received the very large sum of $237,320 from the children alone during the last missionary year. It was gathered by the little collecting-books, cards and boxes that the society sends out.

—A MEMORIAL hall in honor of George Stephenson was recently opened by the Duke of Devonshire at Chesterfield. It is a handsome structure, costing $65,000, and is intended for scientific, literary and educational purposes.

—ADMIRAL BATSCH, of the German Navy, having been sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the *Grosser-Kurfurst* court-martial, has tendered his resignation, and Captain Klauss has given himself up to serve a month's imprisonment.

—IT is intimated that at the next session of the Spanish Cortes the Cabinet will introduce bills for the gradual extinction of slavery and the payment of compensation to the proprietors of slaves, freedmen to give some years of labor for their liberty.

—THE English Ritualists are about to organize an "Order of Widows." Invitation is given by Rev. G. C. White, of Newland, Great Malvern, to "any widow who is free to give herself for Christ's sake to work for his poor and little ones, to join the Order."

—THE harvest in the southwest of France is nearly terminated, and in the southeast it is about half finished. The quality of the crops is reported as being better than it was last year, but the quantity falls short of expectation, and will barely come up to the average.

—THE United States Minister at Rio de Janeiro celebrated the Fourth of July by having the flag displayed and giving an official dinner. He says there was much animation and good feeling among the Americans, "whose hearts warmed towards our Government and country."

—PROTESTANT missionaries in Turkey say that young Turks who are sent to America to be educated, in order that they may return and labor for Christianity among their countrymen, aim to obtain a medical rather than a religious education, so as to practice medicine profitably when they get home.

—A DISEASE of an epidemic character, which the physicians do not appear to understand, has broken out in Linn County, Iowa, and which for want of a better name is styled an endemic malignant dysentery. In certain respects it resembles the Asiatic cholera. Over twenty deaths are reported in thirteen days.

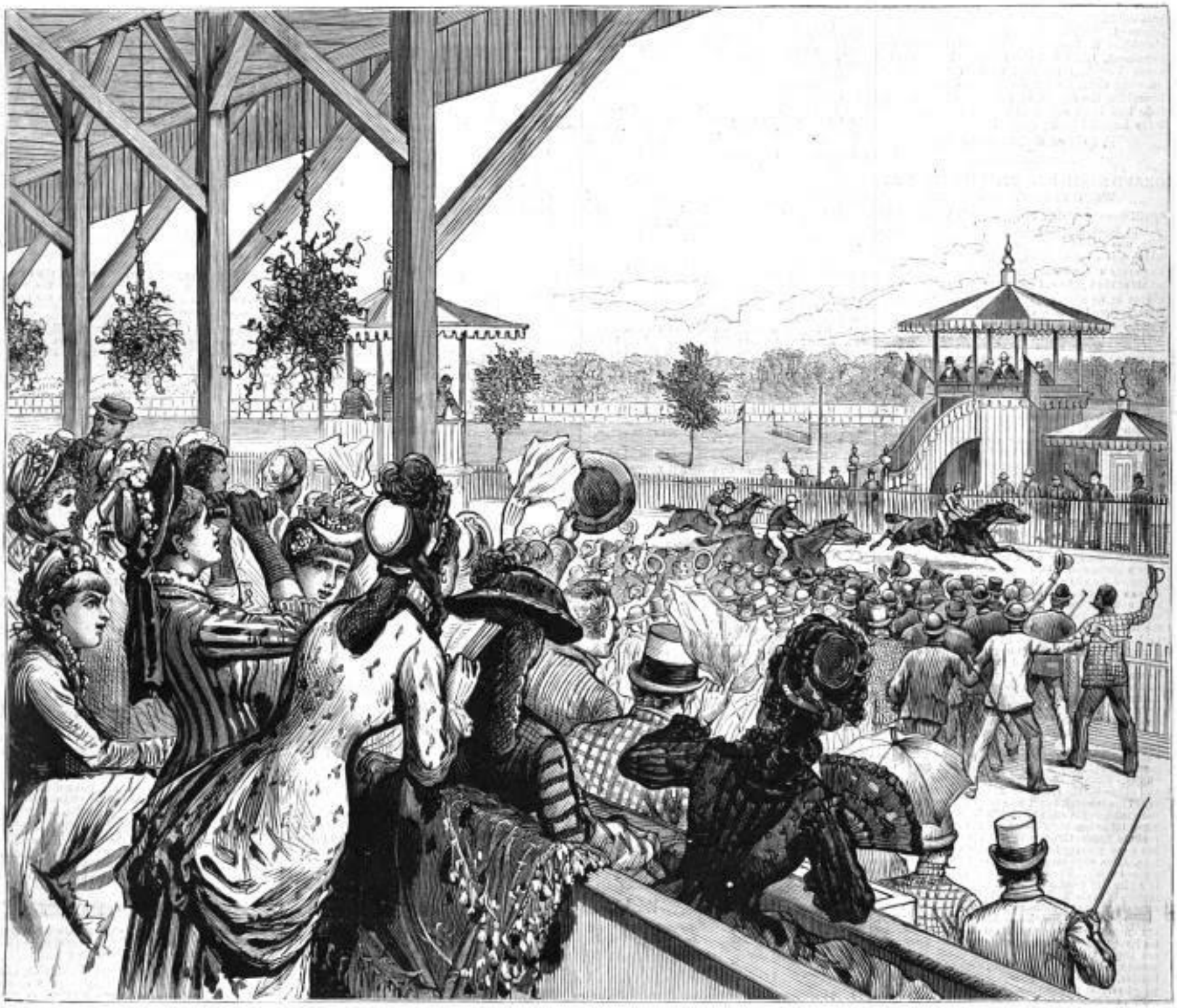
—ON account of the heavy night-work there are no more girl-clerks appointed to the London post-office as telegraph operators, and it is understood that the female branch of the Government Telegraph Office has been closed. The ladies and their friends do not accept the excuse given, and are waging a mighty war to have the old order of things restored.

—INTELLIGENCE from Noumea, New Caledonia, confirms the report of the intention of the French authorities to take possession of the group of islands known as the New Hebrides. These islands are situate to the northeast of New Caledonia, between 15° and 20° south latitude and 167° and 170° east longitude, and comprise ten large islands and numerous islets.

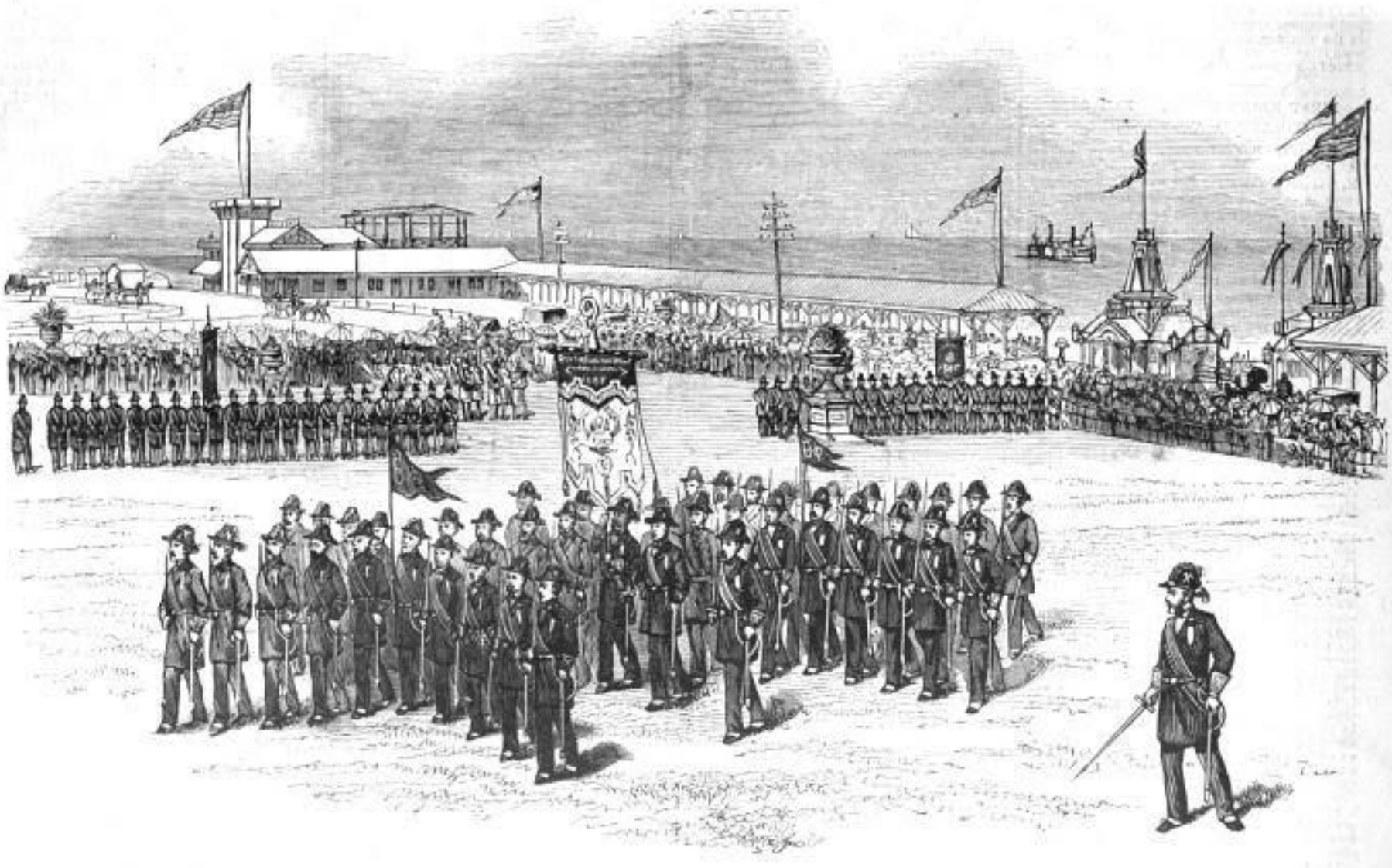
—THE report of Mr. Forrest, British Consul at Tientsin, that the deaths from starvation in China during the late famine reached a total of nine and a half millions, is confirmed by Mr. Hillier, also of the consular service, who, within six months, has visited the desolated provinces. Whole districts, once densely populated, are now almost uninhabited. The efforts of the Government to send aid were frustrated by the bad roads and the fact that the people en route seized the pack horses and mules to devour them. No fiction can surpass in horror the scenes described by Mr. Forrest.

—IT is a fact not generally known that there is a Chinese marine insurance company. The Mongolian insurers are doing a pretty good business in taking risks on treasure shipments from San Francisco to Hong Kong. The institution goes by the name of the On Yan Insurance Company of Hong Kong. There is probably something in this name that is sweet and alluring to the ordinary Chinaman. At least the company's risks last year amounted to $1,370,000, and the premiums to $13,000. The losses for the year were $3,394. The agents give a bond in the sum of $2,000 to secure the payment of municipal taxes in the business.

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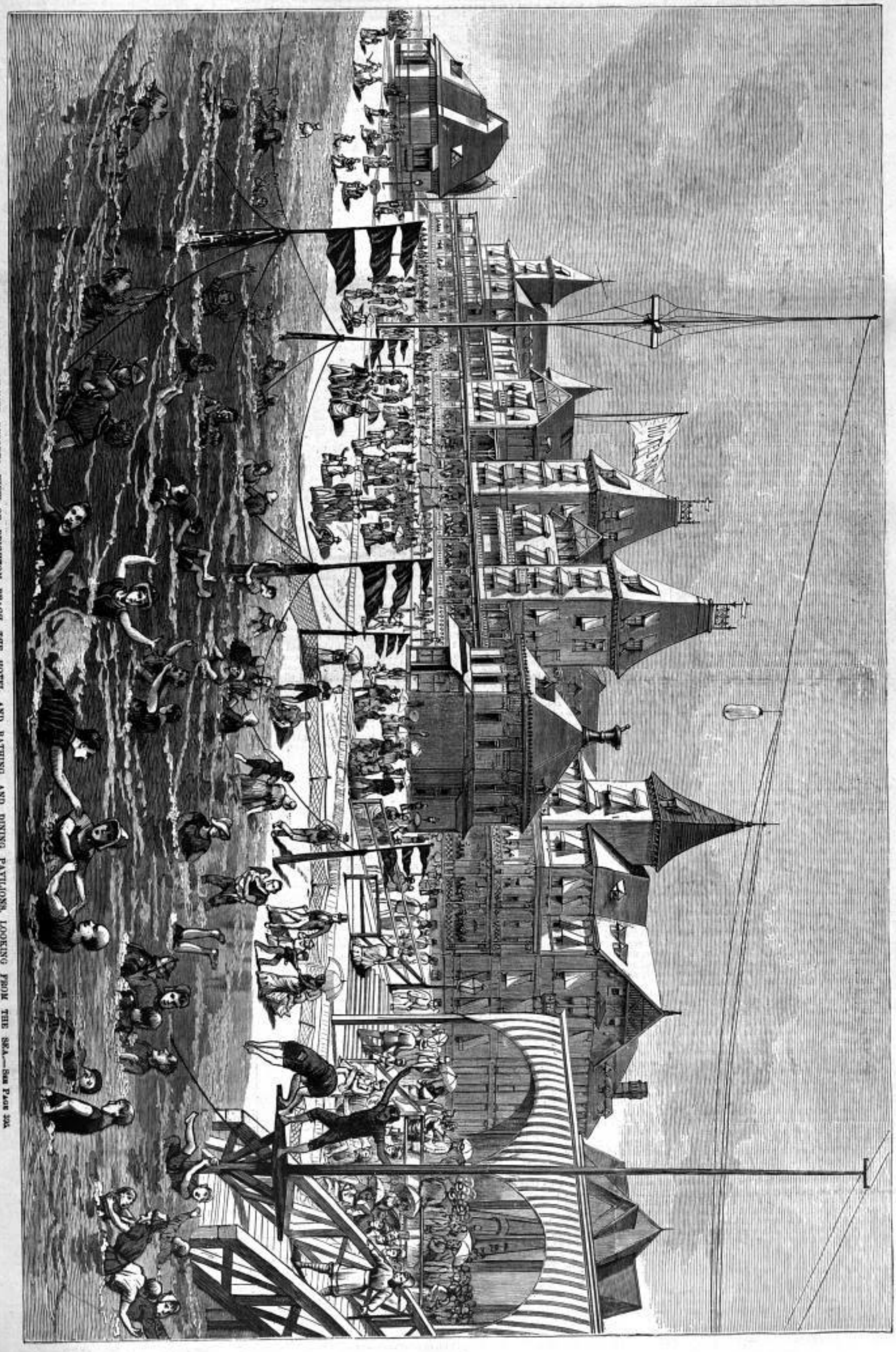


NEW YORK.—FIRST MEETING OF THE SEASON OF THE SARATOGA ASSOCIATION—VIEW FROM THE GRAND STAND, AT THE FINISH OF THE RACE FOR THE SEQUEL STAKES, JULY 31ST.—SEE PAGE 395.



NEW JERSEY.—REUNION OF ODD FELLOWS AT LONG BRANCH—THE COMPETITIVE DRILL OF UNIFORMED ENCAMPMENTS, ON THE LAWN OF THE OCEAN HOTEL, JULY 31ST.—SEE PAGE 395.

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NEW YORK.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.—VIEW OF BRIGHTON BEACH, THE HOTEL AND BATHING AND DINING PAVILIONS, LOOKING FROM THE SEA.—SEE PAGE 395.

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AD LALAGEN.

SINCE hope is bought so dear,
Since death is drawing near,
Let joy dispel all fear
And sound of sigh.
Let pleasure hold sweet sway
And make the most of day;
The sunlight dies away
And night is nigh!

Ah, sweet one, shall time dare
To streak thy bright gold hair
With silver lines of care,
And mar thy face?
Must every dear delight
That knows not day from night
Fade quickly from our sight
And lose its grace?

Laid softly here at ease
Beneath the blossoming trees,
Red wine upon the lees
Makes cool your mouth.
Your gray eyes bent on mine
In languorous beauty shine—
A well of love divine
To ease love's drouth.

We who to Love belong
In worship do no wrong.
We praise him as a song,
We seek his rest.
And in the tonquet-house
Which he with light endows,
He crowns my sovereign spouse
His sovereign guest.

JOHN HORAN.

A CAST OF THE NET.

THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

BARNEY WILKINS stopped here, to see what I would say; but though I was ten times more surprised than ever, I kept my countenance, and only said: "Well?" In point of fact I didn't know what *to* say.

"I've been used bad, Mr. Nickham," he went on. "I've had a lot of trouble and risk about that there paper. I got it from B——, and took the money for it to him, honest; and have been as near took with it in my possession as anythink. Twice the slops" (he meant the police; "slops" is what we call "back-slang," a rough sort of spelling the words backwards)—"twice they have come into my place when the stuff was there. Once I was sitting upon it done up like bundles of rabbit-skins. Now he gives me (the party wot I am down on)—he gives me five pounds, and I can't get no more out of him. And, you see, there ain't no reward out."

"No, not regularly, Barney," I said; "but there's no doubt at all that any man coming forward would be handsomely considered by the bank people."

"He might be, if he'd got anybody like you to speak for him," says Barney. "But you know, Mr. Nickham, that I am wanted for a lot of things by the bobbies; and I've been through the mill so often, that without I've got a friend I don't half like touching 'em again. But you're fair and square, and you licked the fellow last night; and I'm told you can box better than even Tom Sayers could; and if that's so, I'll trust you. And this here man won't give me more than five pounds; and he has settled with a regular fence, a sort of Dutch-Yankee skipper, what pretends to command one of them traders out there."

"Yes, yes," I said; "the man I fought last night. I know him."

"*Him!*" almost screeched the man (although, mind you, he never once forgot his hoarse whisper); "was it him you licked? Sergeant Nickham, I'd go through fire and water for you now, for I hate and despise that wretch; and if I had got a chance to do it safely, I'd have ——" He checked himself very sudden here, as if what he was going to say wasn't exactly the sort of a thing to say to a detective. "I see you are on the right lay," he begins again; "but I tell you he has settled with that skipper to have the stuff put on board, if it ain't already there; and then he'll go with it to whatever foreign port the craft comes from."

"And who is he," I asked, "who has arranged with the skipper?"

"Ah, Mr. Nickham," says Wilkins, with a very cunning look, "as if you didn't know! Haven't you been on the lurk round his house for two days past? Wasn't you there this morning?"

Egad! I saw it all now! You might have knocked me down with a feather. I could scarcely help saying something which would have showed my astonishment; but I choked it down, and, quite determined to keep the upper hand with him, I said as cool as I could: "Now, Wilkins, no beating about the bush, or making me help you out. If you've got anything to say, any name to mention, out with it like a man, and I'm your friend. You understand me."

"Fair and square you are, Mr. Nickham," says Barney; "and so you'll find me. That young Mr. Byrle has got the paper, and he means to go out with the trader. There is people over in Holland awaiting anxious for it; and at once they gets hold of it, it's all U. P. with our bank notes. Now, I don't know where the paper is; if I had known, bust me if I wouldn't have blowed the gaff long ago!"

He meant that he would have exposed the whole transaction, and I noticed that this declaration did not quite agree with his anxiety to have a friend on his side, a point on which he had dwelt so much before; but that didn't signify.

"Now, Mr. Nickham," he went on, "you must board the craft when the paper is shipped, if it ain't there yet."

"If it ain't there yet, my man," I said, remembering what had dropped from Edmund Byrle, that "she would come on board with the material."

"Then I think it will be to-night," he continued; "for a sailmaker as has been at work aboard her says she'll drop down the river to-morrow; and I think by what I can learn in other quarters, he is right."

I thought so too, and at once made up my mind that the meeting at the Railway Tavern was to settle about shipping the paper.

"I can give a pretty good guess at the man they will engage for the job," says Wilkins.

"I know him," I said; "a tall, sulky-looking, bony-headed old fellow, with a game eye."

"Why, Mr. Nickham," says Wilkins, "you're a wonder, a perfect wonder! You're a credit to the force, and Sir Richard ought to hear of it! Why, that's the man, the very man; and here have you only been down two days, and know all about it! Keep your eye on him after dark, and you're all right."

We had some more talk after this, and then he pretended to go to sleep in his corner again, and I went out.

I went straight into the city, and saw some of our chief people, who sent over to the bank. They would not chance my going there, for fear of somebody seeing me that had better know nothing about it. The gents from the bank could scarcely believe their ears, and the compliments they paid me, to be sure! It was decided that everything was to be left in my hands, and I was provided with letters to the right parties at the water-side. But I need not go into any further particulars of that kind.

I was not going to trouble myself any more just now about the pilfering at Byrle & Co's. factory; as far as I was interested in it, the thieves might take boilers, wheels, chimneys, and all. I took up my post in the old arbors, and there, though the rain came steadily down, I sat. I managed to get a pretty dry corner; and with a little of the Anchor's rum-and-water and my pipe, I made myself tolerably comfortable while I sat and watched the Dutch trader. I was well screened from the sight of any one below, or else my corner would not have suited; and although I could hear the steps and voices of the people going to the ferry, and could have touched them by leaning over, yet they could not see me.

The bony ferryman, in his tarpaulin coat and hat, was there this afternoon; and very sloppy and miserable all the boats looked; and as the tide fell lower and lower, the great broad bed of river-mud grew broader, and the path to the ferry-boat grew longer, and still I kept my watch, and meant to keep it. I must own, however, that I did not expect to see anything worth notice, for what could there be? But sometimes, you know, in our business, it is as necessary to watch to make sure there is nothing being done, as it is to make sure that some important movement is going on.

There was an oyster-smack not fifty yards from me as was left on the shingle or mud when the tide went down; and there was a man smoking his pipe on the deck of that oyster-smack, just as I was smoking mine in the arbor; and when night came and the river got dark, and you couldn't make anything out of it but a great black space, with a hollow sound of the wind moaning over it and of the water lapping on the shore as the tide rose again—then there was a lantern burning on the deck of that smack, and there was a similar lantern burning in my arbor; but the light was shown open on board of the smack, and mine was a dark-lantern (so was the other) with the light hid. But I was perfectly well aware that the man aboard that smack never took his eyes off me while it was light, and that after dark he watched to see if I showed my lantern. I didn't show it; but if I had, there would have been a Thames police galley and five armed constables alongside of that hard in a couple of minutes.

CHAPTER IV.

LONG after it had grown quite dark all remained quiet, and at last I resolved upon making a move. I had determined upon fetching Peter Tilley. I had plenty of assistance, but I thought I should like to have Peter with me. So I went down to the ferry; a gaslight which burned at the corner showed me before I left my post that the bony ferryman was not there, and choosing a pretty good boat, with a strong young fellow to pull, I got in. It was a most unpleasant night; as dark as pitch, which was bad enough, but every now and then it lightened, which was worse, as it dazzled my eyes, and made me think we were running smash on board some great vessel which I had not seen a moment before, and couldn't see a moment after. However, the boatman was used to all kinds of weather, I suppose, and knew the river thoroughly; so, through the darkness and the rain, which never left off for a moment, we reached the other side.

I left the boat to wait for me, and ran up to the Yarmouth Smack. I looked in, and saw Peter leaning against the bar and smoking a short pipe, as a laborer ought to do, and he was talking in a friendly way to some rough-looking fellows. I slipped in, and, using the name we had agreed upon, spoke to him. He knew my voice, of course; but seeing me so changed, for my make-up was really splendid (it was, although I say so that shouldn't), it gave him such a shock that he was obliged to put the pewter down he was going to drink from and look steadily at me before he answered. "I'm a coming," he said at last, and we got outside; when, as we walked down to the ferry, I gave him a sort of idea of what was going on, and how I expected to make a great catch that night. Peter, of course, was very glad to be in for such a big thing as this, for he had never been mixed up with anything so important.

Not to trust the boatman too much, I kept Peter back a few yards from the water while I finished my story, standing a little on one side, so as to be out of the way of the people who came and went to and from the ferry. While I was talking to him a wherry ran in; we heard her grate on the pebbles and the sculls rattle as the man laid 'em in; but that we had heard before. It's a part of my habit to notice little things, however, and I looked to see who had come in by this boat. There was only one passenger, a woman, and she passed us, walking quickly; but, quick as she walked, I saw her and she saw me. Blessed if it wasn't Miss Doyle! My being there was no odds to Miss Doyle, nor could it have signified to her if she had seen me fifty times; yet I felt I would rather not have met her just then; it looked unlucky, and she was such an uncommonly sharp one, too. Sharp or not, I couldn't see what she could make out of my standing under a wall on a wet night talking to another laborer.

Having finished my explanation, we both got into the wherry, and I asked the man if he would like a good long job, which might, perhaps, last all night.

"The longer the better, governor," he says, "if the pay is accordin'."

"The pay will be accordin'," I answered, "and so you are engaged."

The first thing I made him do was to row round that oyster-smack, for the tide had risen enough to take us round her. I showed no light, but we went inside her twice; and the fellow on the watch was very sharp, so he was leaning over the side when we came round the second time, and I could say quite quiet-like: "I am in this boat now—watch the river." That was quite enough; he knew he would not now have to look to the Anchor for signals.

After this began what I believe was the most disagreeable sort of patrol I ever had. There was a time when I used to envy the Thames police, but I can't say I ever did after that night. We were obliged to be in motion almost continually, because we did not know from which side of the river the paper might come, and we weren't quite sure that it would come at all, especially on that night; and I don't know, speaking from my own experience, that there is anything more trying to the spirits than the pulling backwards and forwards and loitering about on the river Thames in a raw October night, with a small, thick rain falling. Twice we landed, and went once to the Smack and once to the Anchor. I couldn't grudge the men a glass of hot grog; in fact, I was obliged to have some myself, even if I missed my capture through it.

It grew later and later; the flashes of lightning still came at long intervals; but the lights on the shore went out, and, excepting the gas-lamps, which burnt at street-corners, ferries, and wharfs, all was dark. The traffic on the river had long ceased, no shouts or rattle of wheels came from the shore; and, the rain still falling, it was, I give you my word, most horribly miserable, dull and sloppy beyond description. Twelve o'clock had struck, and one, and perhaps half an hour beyond it. I had cautioned my companions to speak very low; so the boatman only whispered when he said: "It's as quiet as it is likely to be, governor, if you've got anything to run. I have just seen the police-galley creep along on the other side; I see her under that lamp. Now's your time."

He thought we were smugglers! Perhaps he didn't care if we were thieves. I told him to be patient; when, at that very instant, just as we were creeping along under the lee of a coal-barge, a wherry shot very silently by, right in front of us, going across stream, and not six feet from our bows. In her sat the sulky ferryman; I knew him at a glance, dark as it was. "Pull after that wherry," I said.

"Peter Tilley, my lad," I continued, turning to Peter, "the time's a-coming, I think."

"I'm precious glad of it," says Peter: "for I'm catching a cold in my head every minute I sit in this confounded boat; and it's all soaking wet where I'm sitting."

Our man pulled on; he was a very strong fellow, as I have said, and we could have overtaken the other boat directly; but this, of course, I did not want. I knew where to look for the old scamp; and, sure enough, after a few strokes across stream, he bent to the left and ran under the bows of the Dutch trader.

All was dark and silent as the grave aboard the ship; but that didn't deceive the old boatman, nor did it deceive me. I stopped our man in the shade of the next vessel, if you can call anywhere a shade when it was all pitch-dark. We had not been there a minute before I heard a slight noise—it was impossible to see any one unless he stood between you and the sky—and then I could tell by the sound that a man had dropped into the wherry. There was no need to tell me what man it was. With an almost noiseless dip the ferryman dropped his sculls into the river again and rowed on, we still after him. I took it for granted he was going to the other side of the ferry; but he suddenly bore off to the right, and rowed on for some little time, then, striking in between two vessels, he went straight for the land.

"Where is he going to?" I whispered.

"To the landing at Byrle's wharf," says the boatman in the same tone.

So he was; and it appeared this landing-place was at the further side of the wharf, that is, lower down the river.

It was so dark we could scarcely see them—for we could just make out there were now two persons in the boat—but as they reached the shore a lamp that was burning on the wharf helped us a little. We could not clearly see what they were doing; but they certainly got out of the boat, and as certainly there were then more than two figures moving about, and seemingly engaged in placing parcels in the wherry. But it was very gloomy there; they were in the shade of the wharf, and the lamp glimmered weak and faint through the thick rain. It was the more difficult to see what was being done, because there were several boats tied up to the landing-place, making some confusion in the darkness. At last, however, we could see that they were pushing off from the shore, so it was time for us to move. We pulled back for a while (there was no doubt as to which way the others would come), and then, sheering off, lay between two colliers, until we saw the wherry we had watched go by, and then we once more pulled after them.

"I'm blest if I don't think there's another boat following us," says Peter Tilley, staring as hard as he could behind us. I looked, but couldn't see anything; and Peter owned that he might have been mistaken.

We could not make out how many there were in the foremost boat. There was only one man rowing, that was plain; and he pulled short round at the proper place, as I knew he would, and rowed towards the Dutch trader. As he did so, we lost him for a second, a big steamer lying between us; but the hull of this vessel did not obstruct the view up the river. I seized the moment, and waved my lantern twice. It was all right. As quick as thought the light on board the oyster-smack was moved twice also, and then we too were pulling across the stream. I wanted to capture my men on board the trader, as otherwise the paper might be got rid of, because I couldn't be positively certain that it was not already on board. In fact, Mr. Edmund Byrle was my chief aim, not the skipper.

The wherry pulled under the bows of the vessel; we followed just in time to see, by a very convenient flash of lightning, two packages handed up: then a figure, which we had recognized by the same flash as the bony ferryman, got into the ship. As he disappeared our wherry touched the vessel; and, at the same instant, to my great relief, a long, black Thames police-galley came alongside us, and its crew, five constables, with Barney Wilkins, who was there as guide, clambered up like cats. I and Peter imitated them, but not quite so quickly; and when I looked over the bulwark, I saw by the light of a couple of lanterns, screened from the outside, four or five men, the boatman and the skipper being two, lifting up a great lid which fitted in the deck—the hatches I heard it called—while by their side lay the packages of paper. I could not see Mr. Byrle; but there was no time to consider; we all jumped in at once, the men looking round in amazement at the noise. I fancied that just then I heard a shout from the boat.

"What do you all want here?" said the skipper, angrily.

"We hold a warrant——" I began.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" he screeched, like a hyena, or something of that sort. "I owe you a little for a past score, and you shall have it." As quick as lightning he pulled a long, straight knife from the side of his trowsers, where it must have been in some sort of sheath, and jumped at me with such suddenness that he would have stabbed me, only Barney Wilkins snatched a hand-spike from the deck, and, dashing between us, hit him down with such a blow that the skipper fell with a crash like a bullock when it is killed, the blood pouring from his head instantly.

It was all as quick as thought. The other men were all seized in a breath. So quick was it all done, that I had no idea that Barney was hurt, until he reeled, made a wild clutch as if he caught at something for support, and then pitched forward on his hands and knees.

"Hollo, Barney!" I said, stooping down to him. "What's the matter, old fellow?"

"It's all up, Mr. Nickham," he gasped; "he's done me. I only hope I've killed him. Where's the other?"

"Oh, never mind the other, Barney," I says. "Where are you hurt?"

But as I spoke, one of the men came with a lantern, and Barney had no occasion to answer me, for I could see a straight stream of blood running from his chest on to the deck; and his hands giving way from weakness, he fell over on his side.

"Pull in for the shore, you, sir!" said the sergeant of the Thames police to my waterman. "You know Marigold Street? Knock up Mr. Gartley, and tell him what has happened. Say we are afraid to move the man to his house, so he had better come aboard."

"Send one of your own men, will you?" answers the boatman. "I've got something to tell the governor" (that was me), "as I think he ought to know."

"Cut away then, Bill," says the sergeant to a constable; "these fellows are ironed, and we can manage all that are aboard this craft."

So the man went off in my wherry; and the Thames men tried to make poor Barney a little more comfortable, while I undid his waistcoat, hoping to stop the bleeding.

"It ain't no use," he said; but in that short time his voice was almost gone, and we could tell that he was dying. "I'm done for, Mr. Nickham. If there's a reward, you'll act fair and square, I know; you always was a gentleman—let my sister have ——" And with that he gave a gasp, and was dead.

I rose up, dreadfully vexed for the poor chap. The sergeant and one of his men were looking after the skipper, when I felt myself touched on the arm.

"I say, sir," said the boatman, "when I'm in for a thing, I go through with it honorable. Did you know as you was followed?"

"Followed? No!" I said.

"I thought we was!" said Peter Tilley.

"We was followed, sir, by a light wherry with two people in it," continues the boatman: "and when they see our boats, they held hard; and, as you all boarded the ship and the noise began, they rowed away as hard as they could go."

"Which way did they go?" I said.

"Down river," says the man. "But it's of no use thinking of looking after them now. They are ashore long afore this."

This was likely enough; and it was quite

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certain that Mr. Edmund Byrle was one of the two in the boat, and I had lost him for the present. Well, it couldn't be helped; so we set to work to question the men and search the ship, till the doctor came. The men knew nothing more about the business than that they were going to have two passengers, a lady and a gentleman, this voyage. One of the Thames men understood Dutch, or we should not have heard even this scrap of information. The sulky boatman never uttered a word, except that once he said as I passed him, and he said it with a bitter curse, "I always had my doubts of you."

The doctor came off; but poor Barney was stone-dead, while the skipper's skull was badly fractured. However, the paper was all there; so I supposed, and so it proved; and I shouldn't have cared if the skipper's head had been broken fifty times over.

We got our prisoners to the shore, leaving the craft in charge of a Thames police-galley that came in answer to our signals; and, late as it was, I drove with Peter Tilley in a cab to the city. Our people there were immensely glad, I can tell you; and when I went over to the bank (for there was no need for secrecy or dodging now), I thought the gentlemen never would have left off paying me compliments. Poor Barney Wilkins that was dead deserved most credit; but it could not do him any good to say so now, so I let them go on. The paper was examined and found to be exactly the quantity required; enough, I believe, to have made about twenty thousand bank-notes. Ah! if they *had* got into circulation!

I hope you will understand, however, that I did act fair and square; and when the reward was paid (and the bank people did come down most liberal; I bought my house at Pentonville with my share), I told the gentlemen about poor Barney and his wishes; and I'm proud to say they found his sister out and took her away; and after a time she went abroad with kind people who looked after her, and took care of her money till she got married, and did well. Why, she sent me a snuff-box made out of pure Australian gold, with a letter signed by herself and her husband, who was a butcher in a great way of business out there; and they sent it as an acknowledgment of my having acted all fair and square. I promised so to do, and I did.

Edmund Byrle was never caught, and so far as we were concerned, was never heard of; and if it hadn't been for his father, I should never have understood a lot of things that puzzled me. I had given a pretty good guess as to how Miss Doyle came in the first place to inquire about Mr. Bryle and the detective; a very clever idea in itself, but like many other clever things, it lost her the game. But Mr. Byrle had talked with his friends about employing detectives; and Miss Doyle knowing about the bank paper, and being always on the watch, had got hold of just enough to mislead her. She went out with Edmund Byrle to Turkey, I think, and was married to him; and old Mr. Bryle sent out a friend to see them, and it was in this way I obtained the particulars. It appears she knew me again—only as the limping laborer, of course—when she saw me talking at the ferry to Tilley. But she knew *him* as the detective at the Yarmouth Smack, and she thought that although it might be all right, yet a detective was a dangerous customer, and his acquaintances might be dangerous also. Consequently she tried to persuade Edmund to put off his journey; but he wanted the money for the paper, and wouldn't listen to her. But he agreed at last to go aboard in another boat, which satisfied her, as she felt so certain that the skipper's boat would be attacked. As I have explained, her precaution saved him from fifteen years' "penal," which is the least he would have had. The skipper was sent for life, having killed a man in his arrest; but he didn't live six months in prison; he never got over the tremendous blow he received from Barney. All the reports spoke of his being a receiver of "stolen goods." The bank paper was never mentioned, for the authorities did not want to unsettle the public again, or let them see what a narrow escape they had had.

And now comes about the queerest part of my story. Call me names if I didn't stop the thieving at Byrle's factory as well as recover the bank paper, killing two birds with one stone.

It was all through my catching the bony ferryman. Finding that things were going hard with him, and hoping to make them easier, and being disappointed that those who were concerned with him did not come forward with money to provide for his defense, he "rounded" on them: he split on them all, and owned how he was the means of taking the metal over to a fence on his side of the water, the things being stolen by a mechanic and a watchman who were in league. (I see I have used the word "fence," this means a receiver of stolen goods; but though I have been warned by the editor of this paper, we can't do without some slang words.)

Peter Tilley got a tidy present, and was noted for promotion through this business. I was glad of it, for Peter was a capital chap—never wanted to play first fiddle—and I admire people of that disposition. I will tell you what I did; I got the newest five-pound note of all what the bank gave me, and they were all very clean and crisp, and I wrapped old Bob the gatekeeper's own sixpence in it, and I went to the factory and stood a pint of ale, and says: "Bob, here's your sixpence." He hadn't known exactly who I was till then, for I had made excuses as usual, and then I'm blessed if he didn't quite cry over his luck. Mr. Byrle, too, thought a lot of Bob's kindness, for I told the old gent about it; and I heard that on that very account he put six shillings a week on Bob's wages, and I was glad to hear it.

They couldn't keep me off the detective staff after this; and although I am free to confess—now I am on my pension and nothing matters to me—that I only stumbled upon these discoveries by accident, I was praised to the skies by those for whom I worked. But my story is done.

BELLE ISLE, DETROIT'S NEW PARK.

THE Board of Estimates of the City of Detroit, Michigan, has recently appropriated $200,000 for the purchase of Belle Isle, situated in the Detroit River, midway between the Michigan and Canada shores, with a view of converting it into a city park. The island comprises about 700 acres, and is over two miles in length, with an average width of half a mile. Its lower extremity is about two and a half miles distant from the City Hall, Detroit. For some time past the city has been considerably agitated over the question of the purchase of the island, some of the prominent capitalists opposing the Bill on the subject before the State Legislature, then resisting the scheme in the Common Council, and finally before the Board of Estimates; but their efforts were in vain, the project being favored by the people and unanimously supported by the press. The island is now reached from Detroit by ferry communication, but a bridge to connect it with the city will shortly be built.

THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

EARLY on the morning of the day after the disaster in which the Prince lost his life, General Marshall and his staff, accompanied by Lieutenant Molyneux, Surgeon-Major Scott and Lieutenant Bartle Frere, left camp with a strong party of lancers, dragoons, mounted Basutos and men of the Native Contingent to search for the body of the Prince. After riding about two hours and a half the body was found in a deep "donga," or gully, close to the river Ityotyozi, and not far from a deserted kraal. It had been completely stripped by the Zulus, the only thing left being the *reliquaire* which he wore around his neck. Near by lay also the bodies of the two men of Betterton's Horse, covered with assegai wounds. The corpse of the Prince was wrapped in a blanket and placed in an ambulance wagon drawn by six white horses, and conveyed to the camp, where it was received with military honors, and the burial service read over it by the Roman Catholic chaplain to the forces.

The obsequies of the late Prince on Saturday, July 12th, were carried out with the solemn pomp of a national, if not an Imperial ceremony. H. M. S. *Orontes* cast anchor at Spithead at 4 A. M. on Thursday, and when day broke it could be seen that the hull, masts, and funnels of the vessel had been painted a dull slate-color, the official mourning for ships-of-war. The rough coffin in which the remains had been deposited was placed in a temporary *chapelle ardente* on it upon the deck, and during the voyage Mass had been celebrated daily by Father Rooney, Roman Catholic naval chaplain. Soon after 7 A. M. H. M. S. *Enchantress*, accompanied by Admiral Fanshawe's yacht, the *Fire Queen*, and preceded by two steam launches and a large pinnace for the reception of the body, steamed out of Portsmouth Harbor to where the *Orontes* lay at anchor, and the transfer of the remains to the last-named vessel was at once made. The rough clamped coffin, denuded of its pall, the floral wreaths, etc., which had lain upon it during the voyage, was carried by a party of seamen to the ship's side and lowered into the pinnace by means of a sling from the yard. The pall and ornaments were then reverently replaced upon it, and the pinnace was towed by steam launches to the *Enchantress*, and hoisted on board in a similar manner, and borne to the deck pavilion, which had been draped with black and converted into a temporary *chapelle ardente*, where it was again covered with a splendid pall and surrounded by lighted candles. The *Enchantress* steamed away from Spithead about 9 A. M., and at two o'clock reached Woolwich Arsenal. The debarkation took place under the direction of the clergy, among whom were Dr. Danell, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, Monsignor Goddard, the Abbé Frechein, and the Abbé Laine. These formed in procession, and led the way to the guard-room in the arsenal, which had been draped as a *chapelle ardente*, and the coffin, borne by six blue-jackets, was carried within. The next incident was the visit of the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, to the mortuary chapel, immediately after which the French custom of identifying the remains of the deceased was proceeded with, in order that his nearest kin present and the old friends of his family might be able to sign the *procès-verbal* to be subsequently drawn up.

The remains were placed in a new shell, and then brought out and placed upon a gun-carriage, drawn by eight black horses. The military pall, formed by the combination of the Union Jack and the French tricolor, was then placed over it, and to this the Duc de Bassano affixed the insignia of the Legion of Honor, and other of the Prince's decorations; while on the muzzle of the gun wreaths of laurel were hung.

When the body reached Camden House it was reverently placed in the hall, which had been appropriately draped and illuminated with tall candles, and here the Empress passed nearly the whole of Friday night beside the coffin of her only child.

Soon after ten o'clock on Saturday morning, the Queen and Princess Beatrice arrived from Windsor, and were conducted to the *chapelle ardente*, where Her Majesty deposited a wreath of gold laurel, and the Princess a cross of violet porcelain flowers. The Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, with many other personages of distinction, and military and political notabilities, both British and foreign, began to assemble, and presently the coffin was borne out and placed on the gun-carriage. The united flags of England and France again served as a pall, and above this were placed the Prince's sword, belt and sabretache, while on a cushion were laid the Grand Cross, the plaque, and ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The pall-bearers were the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, with M. Rouher on the left; the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, and the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Bassano, on the right. The Mass and burial service at Saint Mary's Church were performed by Dr. Danell, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Southwark, and Monsignor Goddard, and the impressive nature of the ceremony was heightened by the booming of the minute-guns outside.

After the services the remains were placed temporarily in the mortuary chapel attached to the church. This chapel was erected by the Empress Eugénie, at her private cost, for the temporary resting-place of her husband, the late Emperor Napoleon III. She laid the foundation-stone on June 7th, 1873, five months after his death, the Prince Imperial taking part in the ceremony. The architect was Mr. H. Clutton, and Messrs. Brass were the builders. The chapel is a small building, only 24 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 18 feet high in the interior, but the exterior has an elevation of 40 feet, surmounted by two imperial eagles and a cross. It communicates with the southwest corner of the adjacent church, and it has a private entrance for the sole use of the Empress. The building is in the Gothic style of architecture. The exterior walls are of Bath stone, those inside of Caen stone, with a vaulted ceiling and polished marble columns. On the tessellated pavement are the Imperial crown and the letter "N" and "E" alternately. The sarcophagus, which was a gift of Queen Victoria, is placed in the centre, and the altar at the west end, to accord with the position of the holy table of St. Mary's Church, which is similarly placed. The chapel is lighted by three windows at the side, and one large rose-window.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Japanese Government intend to connect the Loochoo Islands with Japan by a submarine telegraph cable to Kagoshima.

The Patents Committee of the German Chemical Association say that neither a novel substance nor a novel application of a substance obtained chemically can be patented in Germany.

It is Stated that, in consequence of the auriferous indications in the Cooktown district, the Queensland Government will offer a reward of £5,000 to stimulate the discovery of a gold-field rich enough to pay the cost of working.

M. Robin, the anatomist, who is the only member of the Academy of Sciences who is also in the French Senate, has proposed a Bill for instituting an inquiry into the means of increasing the fish production of the French rivers.

Professor C. H. F. Peters, of Clinton, N. Y., announces the discovery by himself, on the 17th of July, 1879, of a minor planet, in twenty-one hours thirty-one minutes right accension, seventeen degrees forty-seven minutes south declination, with a daily motion of three minutes south.

News has Arrived at Lisbon that the Portuguese explorers, Capello and Ivens, who started with Major Pinto, were on the margin of the river Lucala on April 5th, studying the regions crossed by the river Cubango. They had explored the Cubango from its source to the eighth parallel.

The Monument of the late eminent botanist, Professor Alexander Braun, was unveiled on June 17th, at the Botanical Gardens of Berlin. The granite pedestal is by Professor Adler, the bust of the deceased, which is said to be an excellent likeness, by the well-known sculptor, Professor Schaper.

It is Stated that the Council of India, despairing of obtaining the repeatedly asked for assistance of the Imperial Government towards defraying the costs of the Indian Museum, have decided to break it up and to distribute the collections between the British and South Kensington Museums and Kew.

M. de Brazza, the explorer of the Ogowé, and gold medalist of the French Geographical Society, has been summoned to Rome, where he received from the Italian Geographical Society another gold medal for his exploring work. M. de Brazza is an Italian by birth, having become French by naturalization.

A Catastrophe similar to the one which was happily averted at Teplitz is now feared at the well-known watering-place of Baden, near Vienna. An official investigation committee has been formed, comprising several members of the Geologische Reichsanstalt, and has already begun examining the springs threatened with exhaustion.

Fifteen Years Ago there were only 2,000 miles of submarine telegraphic cable in existence, and the cables were of a very imperfect description. Now there are 66,000 miles of cable in operation, representing about $100,000,000, or about two-thirds of all land lines. Soon the laying of contemplated cables will greatly augment these totals of length and invested capital.

Sanitary Authorities in Ireland are beginning to put the law into operation, with the view of preventing the spread of infection caused by the custom of holding wakes. A man has been prosecuted by the Dublin Public Health Committee for holding a wake on the body of a child who died of smallpox. It was said that a person who attended the wake has since died of the same disease.

The Practice of "Weighing" Silks has begun to excite serious attention. Some idea of the extent to which silk adulteration is carried may be formed from recent statements by Justus Wolff. He says the public is made to pay the full price for a material containing only one-third of silk and two-thirds of substances which are not only of very little value in themselves, but injurious to the small quantity of genuine silk.

An Official Publication lately issued in France shows that the phylloxera is causing about a third less land to be planted with vines than was under that crop a few years ago. The department of the Gard (on the Mediterranean) has suffered most by the scourge this year. It has lost 96,000 out of 99,000 acres. French brewers who have made progress of late will now be looking up. Paris, especially, has for some time been "beery."

The Digging of a Canal from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg is making such progress that Admiral Pestitch, who directs the work, assures the Russian Government that in a year's time vessels of small size will be able to pass from the sea to the Neva, and that in the Summer of 1881 the canal, the depth of which is fixed at twenty feet, will have been excavated to the extent of sixteen feet, enabling a goodly-sized craft to reach the capital.

The Thirty-sixth Annual Congress of the British Archæological Association is to be begun at Great Yarmouth on August 13th, and continue until the 20th, the last three days, commencing on Monday, August 18th, being passed at Norwich. Lord Waveney will deliver an inaugural address at the Town Hall, Great Yarmouth, as president of the meeting, on Monday, August 11th, and the following days up to Saturday the 16th will be dedicated to a variety of interesting excursions.

For Several Months no work has been done on the test shaft of the proposed tunnel between England and France. When it was sunk about 130 feet, or half the intended distance, the water poured in in such volume that the pumping apparatus was unable to discharge it. Now a new machine has been constructed capable of emptying 600 gallons of water per minute, and the work of excavation will be pushed on vigorously. The shaft is nine feet in diameter, and is boarded with oak planks backed by concrete.

One of the First Effects of the climate of the Indian plains, from which probably no European is exempt, is diminution of the intensity with which visual images are impressed on the brain. Natives of India are quite insensible of the charms of landscape, and even Europeans scarcely ever, except in the most cursory way, allude to it. When a European after some years' absence revisits Europe he is exceedingly struck by what appears to him the extraordinary brilliancy of the tints, such a contrast does it present.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Bishop of London has $50,000 a year and the use of two houses.

THE late Khédive of Egypt starts this week for Rhodes, where he will reside.

EX-CONGRESSMAN N. P. BANKS, of Massachusetts, is announced to speak at a Connecticut temperance gathering.

IN re-naming a number of streets which have borne names associated with the Napoleonic dynasty, the Paris Municipal Council has resolved to name one in memory of President Lincoln.

MANY members of the Institute of France are without the decoration of the Legion of Honor, among them Littré, Ollivier, Waddington, Jules Favre, and the Dukes de Noailles and d'Audiffret-Pasquier.

IN recognition of the labors of Professor Gneist, of the Law Faculty in Berlin, President Hayes has transmitted to the professor, through Mr. Everett, a collection of volumes on the history of jurisprudence.

COLONEL RICHARD PRICE MORGAN is the oldest American civil engineer living. He is eighty-nine years old. He was paid $85 in 1841 for making the preliminary survey of the Hudson River Railroad, of which he became the chief engineer.

DEAN STANLEY intends to grant a site in Westminster Abbey for a memorial to the Prince Imperial. This site is in a recess in Henry VII.'s Chapel, near the spot where Cromwell's remains once lay—and where they ought again to lie if greatness be a passport to that honor.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent to ex-Empress Eugénie a frame made of violets in amethysts for the last photograph of the late Prince Imperial. The garland is surmounted by an eagle, which holds in its talons a three-colored streamer, on which is written in golden letters the motto, "Not lost, but gone before."

GAMBETTA'S *fête* on the 14th of July seems to have caused quite a sensation in Paris, and is universally pronounced a brilliant success. It is said to have cost about $30,000, but the expense was borne by an "anonymous friend of the Republic," who desired that it should be done handsomely, regardless of expense.

THE decapitation of Senate subordinate officials still goes on at Washington. The superintendent of the Senate folding-room, Mr. I. D. Merchant, was last week notified to vacate his place, in order that it might be filled by Lycurgus Dalton, late State Librarian of Indiana. When the Senate reassembles there will not be a Republican on its roll of employés.

MARTHA LEWIS, a widow of Phœnix, near Syracuse, N. Y., gave five sons, all she had, to the defense of the Union in the late war. They were all killed in battle, and she was left without support, and has ever since been maintained by the community as an object of charity. She has now secured back pensions due her dead boys to the amount of $1,300, and is also guaranteed an annuity of $96.

IN a recent interview, Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist, gave a glowing account of his work in Switzerland—where, he said, his songs had been translated and were sung in French and German—and his meetings at York, Darlington, Newcastle and other English towns. On the Sunday before his departure he sang in the evening at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and the enthusiasm was unbounded.

A LETTER was recently received by Mr. Horatio J. Sprague, the United States Consul at Gibraltar, demanding that $3,000 be deposited in a certain spot, on pain of the death of himself and his family in the event of his refusal. The Spanish authorities investigated the matter and arrested fourteen persons on suspicion. Mr. Sprague has since received a letter containing still more audacious threats.

AMONG recent deaths are those of Baron von Gerolt, formerly Prussian Minister to the United States, at Bonn, July 28th, aged 80; the Duke Frederick William Nicholas, only brother of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, at Heidelberg, July 28th, aged 52; the Hon. Bland Ballard, United States District Judge for Kentucky, at Louisville, July 29th; Col. John V. D. Du Bois, United States Army, aged 46; Robert A. Sands, the oldest druggist in New York, aged 74; and Karl Gottlieb Peschel, distinguished German painter, at Dresden, July 29th, aged 81.

M. LAFFEZ, the French notary and agent of the Imperial family, has been instructed to dispose by sale or auction of the Empress Eugénie's château in Switzerland and her Spanish estate, and to turn every possession into cash. When her affairs are settled, she will retire for three months to a convent at Bourges. Thence she will pay a last visit to her mother, and, after a few months' stay at her home, she will return to the convent to remain there until her death. Although she has recovered calm, and even appetite, Baron Corvisart says her life has been immensely shortened by the death of her son, whom, he thinks, she will not long survive.

IT is related that during a call made on the Sultan by Mrs. Layard, wife of the British Minister, the Sultan invited her to ride with him. Assent was given, and in a few minutes a light basket carriage, drawn by two dashing bays, stopped in front of the palace. The Sultan gave Lady Layard his arm, opened her parasol himself, and assisted her down the steps, shading her the while. Not only this, but during the entire course of a half hour's ride through the palace grounds, notwithstanding her remonstrances and assertions that his Majesty would fatigue himself, he stoutly held the parasol over her head while she handled the ribbons—an act of courtesy to a woman, and a Christian at that, unprecedented in the annals of the Ottoman Empire.

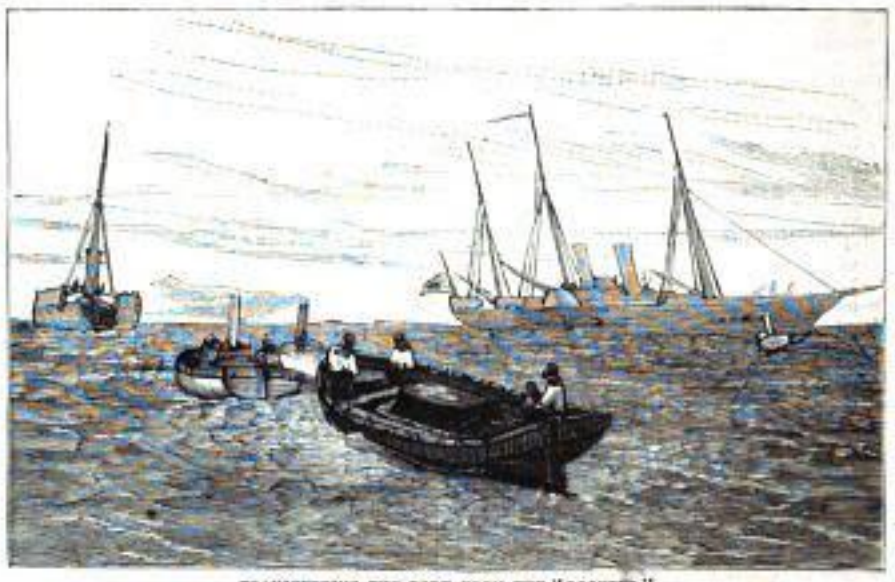
THE Sheik El-Bakri is often put forward as the spiritual head of Egypt. The man is in reality the chief of the dancing, snake-eating and howling dervishes, and is a sort of a cross between a conjurer and a dissenting clergyman. He has no influence, and is particularly objectionable to Selim, or, as they are termed in Cairo, the students of the El Azhar. The real head of the Mohammedans in Egypt is the Sheik El Islam, whose name has never been mentioned in all the late European troubles. The present incumbent ran away rather than sign a manifesto in favor of Ismail. In taking this step he was, perhaps, wise, for his predecessor quarreled with Ismail one evening at nine o'clock, and, curiously enough, died the next morning at seven o'clock of a stomach-ache.

AT a recent meeting of the National Lincoln Monument Association, held at Springfield, Ill., July 31st, a letter was read from Larkin G. Meade, stating that he had the model of the third, or artillery group (for the monument) complete and ready for casting, and had commenced work on the fourth and last, or cavalry group, but awaited the order of the association before proceeding further. A resolution was adopted instructing him to proceed with the making of the last group, and have both cast as soon as possible. A communication was presented from Robert T. Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, proposing to convey to the association an interest in the old Lincoln homestead, provided it be restored to the condition left by Mr. Lincoln and preserved as a memorial.

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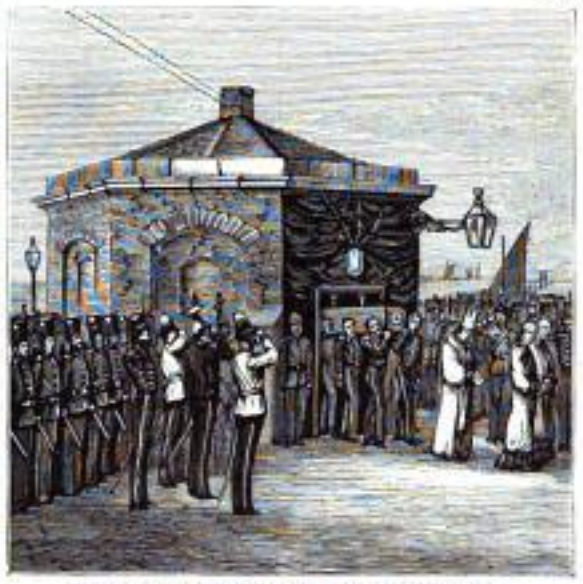
ARRIVAL OF THE BODY AT ITELEZI CAMP.



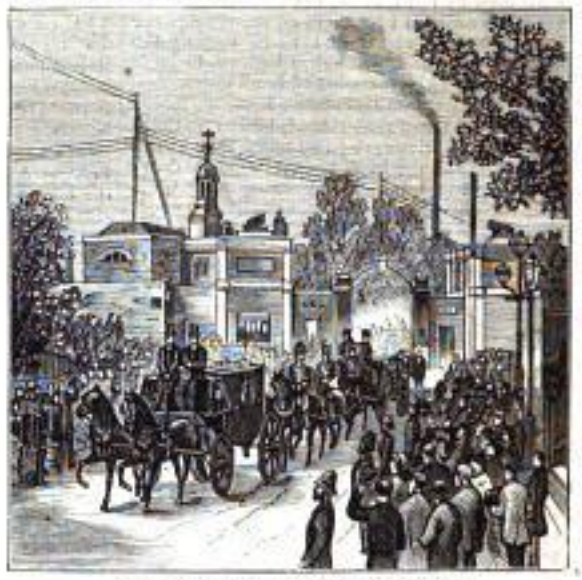
TRANSFERRING THE BODY FROM THE "ORONTES."



THE PROCESSION LEAVING CAMDEN HOUSE.



GUARD-ROOM WHERE THE BODY WAS IDENTIFIED.



THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE ARSENAL.



ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CHISELHURST.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCESS BEATRICE PLACING WREATHS ON THE COFFIN, AT CAMDEN HOUSE.



THE MORTUARY CHAPEL AT ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, CHISELHURST.

THE LATE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—INCIDENTS OF THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY IN ZULULAND, AND THE FUNERAL AT CHISELHURST, ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 399.

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FRANCE.—M. LOUIS AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

M. LOUIS BLANQUI.

THE election of M. Louis Auguste Blanqui as a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, on April 20th last, to represent Bordeaux, caused considerable excitement, and revived the discussion as to the legality of Blanqui's imprisonment for complicity in the insurrection of October 31st, 1870. It will be remembered that on that day Blanqui and his friends took General Trochu and other members of the Provisional Government prisoners, and founded a still more provisional government at the Hotel de Ville. Late in the afternoon M. Jules Ferry, who was at that time Mayor of Paris, arrived with a large force, rescued his colleagues, who at the moment of his arrival were arranging the terms of their release with Blanqui and his associates. The Blanquists were giving their liberty to the Trochuists just as M. Ferry arrived; and it was in his hearing, if not by himself, that the promise was made that no one should be molested on account of the events of the day.

Blanqui was born at Nice in 1805, and made his first appearance in public in 1827, when he was wounded in an affray in the Rue St. Denis. In 1830 he took up arms against Charles X., and since that date has been constantly conspiring against every succeeding government, and the consequence has been that he has spent thirty-five years of his life in the prisons of the Préfecture, the Conciergerie, la Force, Sainte-Pélagie, Mazas, Versailles, Fontevrault, Mont Saint-Michel, Tours, Blois, Doullens, Belle Isle, Lamalgue, Cahors, the Fort du Taureau and Clairvaux, at which latter place he was imprisoned at the time of his election.

Soon after his election M. Blanqui received pardon with many other political offenders, and, proceeding at once to Bordeaux, he addressed to the electors a profession of his faith, which he concluded with those stirring and characteristically independent words: "The Government, with its monarchical instincts, has thrown over my head the black veil of civic degradation, of social disgrace, etc. I only accept these distinctions conditionally, until you pronounce the verdict at the next election. Your decisions alone are sovereign for me. I only reserve to myself, as an act of personal will, my profound gratitude for the liberating hand which has drawn me living from the tomb."



CALIFORNIA.—MRS. MARY J. YOUNG, OF SACRAMENTO.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST FEMALE LAWYER.

WE give on this page the portrait of Mrs. Mary Josephine Young, the first and only female lawyer admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California. Mrs. Young is the daughter of Rev. H. Hamilton, one of the earliest graduates of Michigan University, and was born in Santa Clara County, California, December 6th, 1853. She was educated at the State Normal School, San Francisco, and was engaged for a time in schoolteaching in San Joaquin County. Subsequently she entered Perry's Seminary at Sacramento, whence she graduated with honors. In February, 1875, she was married to John Nelles Young. Her love of study led her to take up Blackstone, which was followed by reading Kent; and the love of law—as well as of *one* lawyer—induced her to continue her reading with a view to becoming a professional lawyer. Her husband was in full sympathy with his studious and ambitious wife, and gave her every aid and encouragement possible. She was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of California, May 12th, 1879. She passed a very rigid examination, standing one of the first out of a class of ten applicants, with a large margin to spare—so much so that Chief Justice Wallace complimented her by filling in her entire certificate with his own hand—a thing he never did before. On June 15th last she entered into partnership with her husband, the firm name being Young & Young. A correspondent says of Mrs. Young: "She is a *petite* brunette, and one would never for a moment suspect that that eminently feminine brain contained such a stock of legal lore. The lady impresses one as being of a studious nature, and of that determined disposition which is not daunted by the herculean proportions of an undertaking. In fact, she is a born student. She would never trust to her 'woman wit' or to feminine intuition to help her out, but relies wholly upon her natural devotion to study for her complete mastery of law learning. Her home is a depository of beautiful works of art and ingenuity from her skillful and active hands. Oil paintings of no mean pretensions, the product of her artistic genius, adorn the walls, while little articles of fancy work meet the eye from shelf and bracket on every side. How or when the time was found for such work is a mystery to all but this industrious little human bee, who sips honey from every experience in life, if her pleasant, happy face is an index of her heart."

Mrs. Young's husband has been a resident of California since May, 1869. He graduated from the Law Department of Michigan University in March of that year, and, removing to the Golden State, entered at once upon the practice of his profession. He has been admitted to several State Supreme Courts, and also to the Supreme Court of the United States, October 13, 1876.

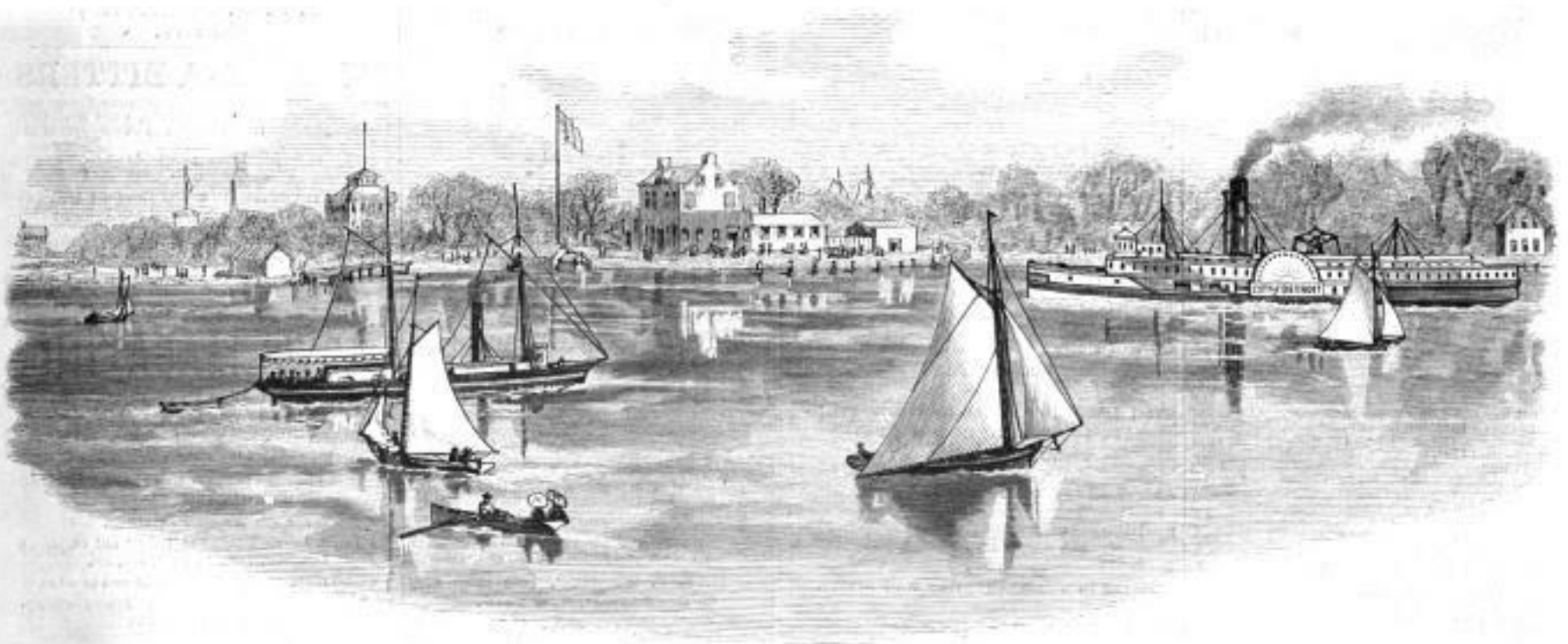


GEORGIA.—THE NEW SHORTER COLLEGE, AT ROME.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDD.

THE SHORTER COLLEGE, ROME, GA.

THE Shorter College at Rome, Ga., built by Colonel Shorter of that city, at a cost of nearly $100,000, and presented by him to the Baptist Church, is second to no other similar institution in the Southern States in the educational facilities it affords to students. Rome itself is, perhaps, one of the best locations in the South for an institution of learning. It is surrounded by rich farming lands; convenient to inexhaustible beds of minerals, and accessible from every direction by railroads and navigable rivers. Its healthfulness as well as its social and religious advantages are unsurpassed.

The college stands upon an eminence commanding a view of the city, the suburban villages, and three rivers; while in every direction, for many miles, are seen some of the most beautiful landscapes in the Union. The grounds are nicely terraced, and will soon be supplied with a fountain. The college edifice crowns the top of the hill. This structure contains the memorial chapel and thirteen rooms for college purposes. The art studios are furnished with busts and studies for drawing and painting. The recitation-rooms are furnished with



MICHIGAN.—BELLE ISLE, THE NEW PARK IN THE DETROIT RIVER, OPPOSITE DETROIT.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN DARE.—SEE PAGE 402.

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new desks, seats, etc., of the latest and most approved styles, while around the walls are hung maps and charts to illustrate natural history, geology, physiology, mineralogy, etc. The chapel has been elaborately finished at large expense. The walls and ceiling are adorned with paintings in fresco, and the windows are of stained glass. The memorial window, a rare specimen of art, is in memory of Mrs. Martha B. Shorter; on it are eight paintings from Bible subjects, illustrating the life and reward of a good woman.

The boarding-house, 114x50 feet, four stories high, contains thirty-six rooms. The chambers, 18x18, are neatly furnished and thoroughly warmed and ventilated. On each floor is a hall the length of the building, also two cross passages and two flights of stairs. In front are two towers and a veranda, and in the rear a porch the length of the house. The building is supplied with water-closets, bath-rooms, water from the city works, a laundry, a range, and everything which comfort and convenience demand. A sewer, more than 1,000 feet long, conveys the refuse from the laundry, kitchen, etc., to the Etawah River.

These elegant brick and stone edifices are supplied with gas and steam pipes, which can be used for lighting and heating every apartment. The perfect system of drainage and ventilation removes the possibility of any local cause for sickness.

Upon the corner-stone are the following words, which tell the generosity of a noble soul: "A gift to our daughters, from Alfred Shorter, A. D. 1877." Rev. R. D. Mallary is the president of the college, and is aided by an able faculty. The influence of the institution upon the educational development of the South must be very considerable.

FUN.

STONES of the times—assigns.

EATING is a chair-at-table act.

ARE book-worms good for bait?

THE board of education—the blackboard.

A MAN cares little for his wrongs when getting his funeral rites.

NERO, Pompey and Cæsar are common names for dogs, but wouldn't Agrippa be more appropriate?

HALF WAY UP THE HILL. *Grandpapa.*—"By Georgie—I must stop and blow a bit, Tommy." *Tommy.*—"All right, grandpapa. I've got a stone to put under your heel."

A CLERGYMAN won the canoe race at Lake George the other day. The rest of the cloth will please observe that it was practice, not preaching, that enabled him to come off victor

JULIA and Pauline, figurantes at a theatre, have a little tiff. "I hate you so, you mean thing," says Julia, "that I wish you hadn't a brooch to your back!" "And I hate you so," retorts Pauline, "that if you were drowning before my eyes I wouldn't lift my little finger to give you a cup of cold water—there!"

IN the kitchen: "Rosalie, this going out incessantly I can not have; next Sunday you must stay at home all day." "But, madam, I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her." Baby, interceding—"*De* let her go, mamma: her aunt has been made a sergeant, and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great long sword."

THERE'S bound to be trouble in this old country yet. They are Taunton Massachusetts and Macon Georgia mad.—*Burlington Hawkeye.* And South Carolina is Aiken for another whipping.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.* And Wisconsin is Madison old hen, and even little Rhode Island is beginning to Bristol up.—*Boston Post.* And Maine says she will Bangor hair anyway; and let Ohio Conover the subject, fearing no harm because Illinois talks Piatt as she sees North Carolina Raleigh round the flag.—*Auburn Advertiser.*

"WHY, Harold Edgar, where have you been?" said a fond mother to her five-year-old offspring, as he appeared late the other evening after having been gone since breakfast-time, having in the meantime acquired a scratch down his nose, a black eye, a thick coating of dust, and a dead hen tied to a string, at an expenditure of one shoe, three-quarters of his hat, and the majority of the seat of his trowserioons. "You'd better ask where haven't I been," said the prodigal, making a break for the fatted tea-table.

"NOT FOR JOSEPH."—*Wayfarer.*—"Can I get through this way to the Agricultural Show, my man?" *Farm-servant.*—"Oh'ees—nicely, sir; straight on till yer comes ter the medder where Stile's bull's kep what killed a man last week; go across there through the plantation, on'y take keer of the mantraps an' spring guns; then yer comes to a field where they are a burnin' rubber and sifton' cinders; t'other side yer'll find a rickyard, on'y mind the blood'ound wot's kep theer, 'cos un bites; then yer'll see yer way quite easy."

TWO gentlemen are talking of one of their friends, who is a most incredible miser, though quite rich. "I must tell you a little circumstance about X. He had recommended to me a poor family worthy of assistance. I sent the money to those honest and suffering people, and my wife made up a budget of old clothes and sent to them. Judge of my astonishment when I met X., the other day, and perceived that he had on one of my old coats." "Had he bought it of the poor people?" "No; he had given me the address of his own family!"

QUININE IS FREE.

THERE'S a sound on the breeze—
A pæan of glee,
From the distant Maine trees
To the swamps of Maumee.

And the cheer gathers force
From the plains of Jersee,
And the Hoosiers, all hoarse,
Echo, "Quinine is free!"

"Avast fever and chill,
Off ague with thee;
We've shaken our fill,"
They're yelling in glee.

In Egypt, Illinoise,
And by the Maumee,
They're whooping like boys,
"Huzza! quinine is free!"

A VERY prepossessing young lady, canvassing for a popular book, stepped into the office of a broker, and, finding him apparently at leisure, asked him to look at her book. The gentleman informed her that it would be only a waste of time, as he could not purchase it. "Oh, never mind that," ejaculated the vivacious young woman; "it won't cost anything to look at it, even if you don't buy! I should like to have you read some portions of it, and see what it is." The accommodating broker took the volume, and, glancing at the title-page, commenced a perusal of the Introduction. This finished, he began at the first chapter, and read carefully and leisurely along. It was about nine o'clock when he commenced, and an hour passed silently away, when the book-agent began to show signs of nervousness, which were apparently unnoticed by the broker, for he never took his eyes from the volume, but read on steadily. Eleven o'clock came, and the lady began to walk smartly around the room, glancing occasionally out of the windows. At noon the broker was still reading, and the agent wore a decidedly troubled countenance. A few moments before one o'clock the broker laid the book down, leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and remarked, "That is a very good book. I am sorry I cannot read more of it; but I am obliged to go to luncheon. If you call this afternoon, I will continue reading it."

AN IMPORTANT GEOLOGICAL FACT.

GEOLOGY has shown us that Nature accomplishes her greatest revolutions in the earth's surface conformation *slowly*. Every year the river makes its channel deeper, the glacier wears a deeper gorge in the Alpine rock, and the ocean tide deposits the sand it has crumbled from the rocks upon which it breaks. We note the earthquake and the devastating hurricane; but these changes are so gradual that man seldom observes them until the channel has become overhanging cliffs, or a mountain has disappeared before the icy stream, or the ocean has given us a Florida. Thus it is in disease. Our attention is attracted by acute diseases, as fevers, cholera, etc., while chronic diseases (often the most dangerous in result), being slow in their development, are seldom noticed until they have made an almost ineffaceable impression upon the system. Persons believing themselves comparatively healthful are oftimes the victims of these diseases, and only become aware of their presence when relief is almost impossible. Diseases of the liver and stomach are the commonest of these chronic affections. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are never-failing remedies for these diseases. They produce a healthful secretion of the bile, prevent indigestion by regulating the bowels, and impart a vigorous tone to the whole system.

NEW YORK AND THE ST. NICHOLAS.

ONE of the many reasons why the Summer resorts and watering-places surrounding New York enjoy such a universal popularity throughout the Union may be easily found in their proximity to the great metropolis, and in the possibility of exchanging, at shortest notice, the pleasures, excitements and varieties of country life, with the real comforts which the hotels of New York alone can offer. Foremost amongst these hotels stands, as it has for years past, the ST. NICHOLAS. Including all the advantages and improvements of other hotels, it has long been acknowledged as the model for all that appertains to the requirements of travelers. Many hotels of modern construction have copied its prominent features, none have excelled. Mr. Samuel Hawk, now abroad, prior to his loss of health the senior proprietor of the ST. NICHOLAS, gained his popularity and well-deserved success there; and it was through him and his experience thus acquired that the Windsor came into prominent notice. Those who, returning from the country, wish to find airy rooms, the best of beds, excellent *cuisine*, careful attention to all their wants, and last, but not least, easy access to all parts of the city, will be more than satisfied with the ST. NICHOLAS.—*Summer Season, July 12.*

REMEMBER that a little Hop Bitters saves big doctor-bills, and cures when all else fails.

IT is generally admitted that there cannot be anything more exquisitely delicate for perfuming the handkerchief than MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, but its great and distinctive property is its adaptability to the use of the bath. It is the only perfume that we know of *especially and particularly* suited to use in this way; the power it has of imparting to the waters of the bath great soothing, refreshing and invigorating effects, is peculiar to itself.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE received the highest award at the Centennial Exhibition. It is filled in elegant bottles, and is for sale by all first-class grocers and druggists.

CHICAGO, June 13th, 1877.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston:

Gentlemen—Our sales in your Cologne are steadily increasing. Its superior quality has won for it many admirers who, with us, pronounce it, for real freshness and delicacy, equal if not superior to any foreign Cologne. ROCKWOOD BROS.,
102 North Clark Street.

DYSPEPSIA, Biliousness, Nervousness and Miserableness, all cured with Hop Bitters.

HALFORD'S LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE is capital for dyspeptics; gives tone to the stomach. Physicians recommend it.

For Sale Cheap.—Excursion Tickets (first-class) to Liverpool and return. Address, "Tourist," Box 4122, New York P. O.

$10 to $1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

KITCHEN'S
BRIGHTON BEACH
Drug Store AND Pharmacy

BRANCH OF THE

ALWAYS OPEN,

Cor. of Fulton and Washington Streets,
BROOKLYN.

THE LARGEST SODA WATER FOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD SUPPLIES THOUSANDS DAILY!

ALL THE FAMOUS MINERAL WATERS.

Everything pertaining to the Drug Business, and of the best quality, always on hand.

Doctor in attendance day and night.

Toilet Articles, Bathing Outfits, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Candies and Miscellaneous Articles, of the best quality.

BRIGHTON BEACH.

THE

Brooklyn, Flatbush

AND

Coney Island
RAILWAY,

THE

Best Roadbed in America,
RUN TRAINS DIRECT

TO

HOTEL BRIGHTON

SAFETY—SPEED—COMFORT.

THE ROAD IS

Double Track, Standard Gauge, Steel Rails.

ROOMY CARS,

WITH THE

New Patent Circular Seats

NO CROWDING.

TRAINS LEAVE BROOKLYN FOR THE BEACH HALF-HOURLY, FROM **FLATBUSH AVENUE** (LONG ISLAND DEPOT), AND **BEDFORD STATION.**

EXTRA TRAINS ARE RUN WHEN TRAVEL REQUIRES.

☞ See Time Table on next column. ☜

MAIN OFFICE.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Drawn every 17 days. Tickets $40; 1-2, $20; 1-4, $10; 1-20, $1.

LOUISIANA LOTTERY. Tickets, $2; halves, $1. Drawn every second Tuesday of each month.

KENTUCKY STATE. Tickets, $1. Drawn every 15 days.

KEPPICH & CO., 102 Nassau St., N.Y.

DE VENOGE & CIE. CHAMPAGNE EPERNAY.

The Purest Champagne imported in the United States.

L. DE VENOCE, General Agent,
37 South William Street, New York.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever!

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's
ORIENTAL CREAM,

Or **Magical Beautifier,** removes every blemish on beauty; it elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from tan, freckles, or moth-patches. The most popular for the skin ever invented; accept no cream of similar name. Indorsement of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM by the distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre: A lady of the *haut ton*, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Oriental' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.*" "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed." Indorsed by the fashionable world.

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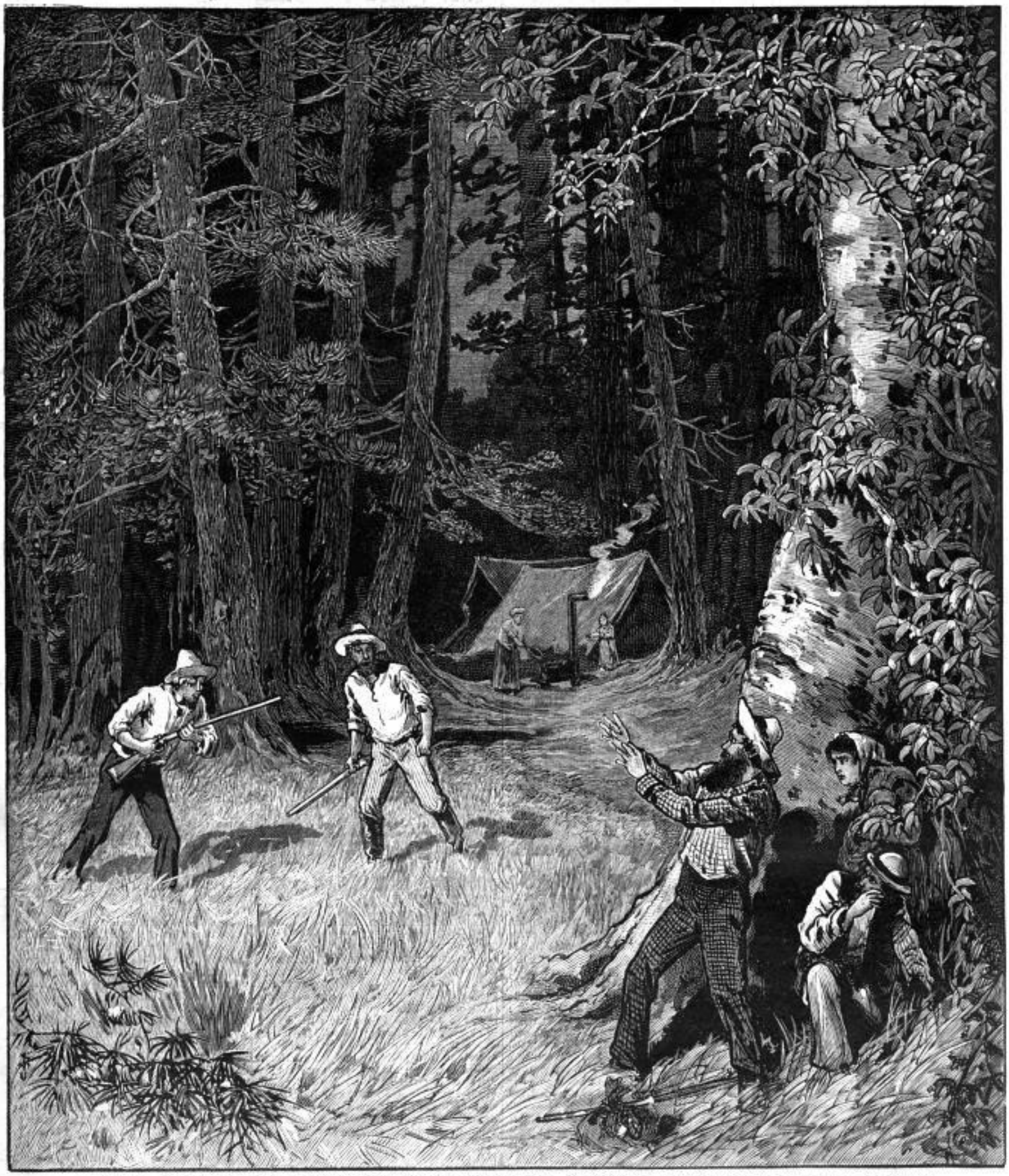
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TENNESSEE.—ARREST OF YELLOW-FEVER REFUGEES BY THE SAFETY-PATROL OF MEMPHIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 411.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1879.

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VAGUE AND THEORETICAL POLITICS.

A MODERN writer on the philosophy of jurisprudence has remarked on the large terms and vague principles which are apt to be bandied to and fro as missiles in social or political contention, and which, he says, are all the more effective for a season because they seem to put criticism at defiance. Such phrases as the "Divine Right of Kings," the "Consent of the People," the "Social Contract," the "Rights of Man," are cited as specimens of the sonorous watchwords which have played an important part in the political history of the last two or three hundred years; and a similar collection of such partisan slogans may be gathered from the political dialect of the present day, rife as it is with hoarse clamors for "Constitutional Rights," for the "Rights of Nationalities," for the "Rights of Property," for the "Rights of Labor," etc., etc.

Whatever may be the moral or political significance of these high-sounding declarations, whether they proceed from aspirations for some unattainable good, from a helpless clinging to the past or a prophetic foresight of the future, it is plain that they have no place in the domain of practical politics. So fully was Mr. Webster convinced of this, that he always declined to take any share in the discussion of theoretical doctrines concerning the abstract relations of the States and of the General Government in our complex political system. "I can make no diagram," he said, "of the partition of national character between the State and the General Government. I cannot map it out and say, so far is national and so far is municipal; and here is the exact line where the one begins and the other ends." Instead of drawing such imaginary lines in the air, he always wanted a practical question as the starting-point of his logical processes in reasoning on the relations of the States to the Union; but when such a practical question was presented, whether by the assumptions of South Carolina in 1832 or by the political perils of 1850, he could reason with a cogency and power which carried demonstration to the popular mind and the national heart.

In casting a glance over the political field in the United States at the present time, the critical observer cannot fail to be struck with the vagueness and indefiniteness of the political cries with which it is sought to rally the adherents of party around some common standard. The Republican fugleman would fain persuade the people that the rightful supremacy of the National Government over the lately insurgent States is again put in perilous issue by the "rebellious" spirit of the "Confederate Brigadiers" in Congress. The Democratic tribune meets the cry of "Revolution" with the counter-cry of "Centralization," and ascribes to the Republican leaders a deliberate purpose to trample on the legitimate rights of the States, and to maintain their hold on the Executive Government of the country by military coercion and by interference with the freedom of elections. Unable to point to any overt act of the National Democracy which would justify them in formulating a charge of "Revolution" against the dominant party in Congress, the Republican leaders are fluent in the prediction of dark and covert designs hidden for the present in the bosoms of the conspirators, but designs which, we are told, would come at once to surprise and destroy the nation if the Democrats should be trusted with complete control of the Government. For instance, Governor Dennison of Ohio has just been curdling the blood of his hearers in that State with a prophesy to the effect that the Democrats, if allowed to carry the next Presidential election and to retain their present ascendency in Congress, will "wipe out" all the "war amendments" to the Constitution, by swamping the Supreme Court with new Judges pledged to declare those amendments illegally incorporated in our national charter. Democratic agitators, on the other hand, for the want of sufficient arguments with which to evince their capacity in practical statesmanship, are vehement in denouncing the past transgressions and future enormities of the Republican leaders.

Each party seeks to establish its claim on the popular confidence by blackening the character of its rival. Neither seems competent to state any clearly-defined set of principles on the strength of which to ask a popular verdict in its favor. Floundering in a sea of contradictions on the currency question, the Democrats are willing to conceal their embarrassment by raising vague and factitious issues in the field of disputatious politics. Pausing half way in the currency battle precipitated on the country by Greenbackers and Labor Reformers and Silver fanatics, the Republican leaders are not prepared, as yet, to take the high vantage-ground on which alone they can defend the *future* permanency of that gold resumption on which their party prides itself. The Democrats are scarcely agreed upon any subject except that they want a "change" in the Executive Administration of the Government while retaining their supremacy in Congress. The Republicans are more clear in their doctrine that the "Solid South" is a standing menace to the public liberty than in their views on any practical question of civil or economical politics. The main reason why the Greenbackers are able to make such a strong impression on the minds of their followers is the fact that they seem to offer something positive to their votaries. They have a definite plan which they publish as a panacea for all our financial infirmities, and this plan, absurd as it is, finds a readier access to the popular ear because the people see plainly enough that the Republican and Democratic magicians are seeking to frighten them with shadows. And the people obstinately refuse to start and stare at the spectres.

If anybody wishes to know the meaning of a political campaign carried on by a thunderous cannonade of partisan rhetoric, without clearly defined and substantial issues of practical politics, we commend him to the pages of Professor Von Holst's recent volume on the political history of the United States. Commenting on the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign of 1840, he cites the fact that the success of the Whigs in that "struggle for supremacy for supremacy's sake" was the beginning of their end as a political organization. The absence of great political principles and of definite political ideas is always the mark of dissolution or death in party confederation; for the party which is "wanting in questions deserving of a warm, tense and devoted contention" is a party which has lost the reason of its being, even if it has not wholly forfeited its traditional hold on the popular mind.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

SINCE the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 no such cry of distress has been heard in England as that which is now raised by the farming classes. It was argued by the Protectionists of that day that the abolition of the duties on grain would ruin the farmers and the entire landed interest. The prediction was not fulfilled. On the contrary, since 1846 down to within the last three or four years, the farmers of England enjoyed a prosperity unexampled in their previous history. Distress, however, has at last come to the farmer, and his condition has forced itself on the attention of the country. It is now no longer doubtful that at the next general election, which cannot be much longer deferred, Lord Beaconsfield and the Tory party will find in the existing agricultural distress a large amount of convenient political capital. The farmers have already formed an alliance among themselves; and Her Majesty has been induced to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of the depression, whether they are of a temporary or of a permanent character, and how far they are the result of or removable by legislation.

The commission will, no doubt, enter thoroughly into the work assigned them; and with their report before us, it will be more easy than now to speak definitely as to the causes to which the depression is attributable. In the meantime there is no mystery about the disease itself. It is simple, visible fact. Farming has ceased to be profitable in the British Isles. Rents are high, and for the last three or four years the yield has been small and the prices have been low. Farming, in truth, has not only ceased to be profitable, it has become a ruinous business. It appears from an examination of trustworthy statistics that during the last three years the agricultural produce of the country, even on the best managed farms where no money is spared on cultivation, has declined not less than twenty-five per cent. This is really an alarming state of things. It is now morally certain that the present year will present more alarming results than any of its predecessors. The high rents are still demanded; the prices are still low, and the crops have been ruined by exceptionally bad weather. It is not wonderful that, in such circumstances, the farmers should be turning their eyes to the Government for relief. It is as little wonderful that large numbers of them should be leaving the country and seeking new homes in far Australia, in the United States and in Canada.

The situation would be less alarming for our British cousins if there was any good reason for believing that the evil complained of was only temporary. The causes, it is true, are not all of a permanent character. The unfavorable weather has been a serious drawback; but the farmer has reason to hope that the weather will not always be against him. The general trade of the three kingdoms is dull; and, as a natural consequence, the middle classes are economizing, while the working classes are without money. The general trade, it is not unreasonable to hope, will revive; and, with a more liberal circulation of money, the farmer may count on better prices for his produce. It is undeniable, however, that some of the causes of the depression are of an enduring kind. The low prices are directly traceable to two causes—the presence of American produce in the market, and the dullness which prevails among the manufacturing classes. We are supplying the British consumer with meat, with butter and cheese, with wheat and flour, at a lower figure than the British farmer can supply them. We no longer buy our manufactured goods from England; we manufacture for ourselves, and, what is more, we compete successfully with the British manufacturer in foreign markets. Other nations besides ourselves have become manufacturers, and have thus become less dependent upon Great Britain. It is this which accounts for the dullness of British trade. These two causes, it will be found, will not be easily removed. Great Britain is likely to become less and less the workshop of the world. Relief may be sought in legislation and in an attempt to restore protection. It is doubtful, however, whether protection or reciprocity would afford the needed relief. It is even more doubtful whether it is possible for the British people to go back on the principles of free trade. More effective relief will be found for the farmer in the modification of the land laws. Leases must take the place of the tenant-at-will system; compensation must be given the farmer for improvements made, and the rents must be so reduced as to enable the home grower to compete with his foreign rival. Sooner or later, by peaceful legislation or by violence, the land laws of England must be radically changed.

THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

THE statement that Secretary Evarts is in correspondence with the Nicaraguan Government on the subject of the proposed inter-oceanic canal appears to be without foundation in fact. There appears to be no doubt, however, that both the President and the Secretary favor the construction of the canal by the Nicaraguan Government under certain reciprocal arrangements with the United States as to neutrality. It is stated also that Secretary Thompson has directed that close surveillance of affairs along the coast of the Central American States shall be maintained by the Gulf Squadron, and it is believed that any serious attempt to interfere with American interests will be promptly met. A Washington dispatch says:

"The Secretary states that there would be no objection to foreign capital aiding in the building of the canal, but the United States is the only power which could adequately, either by moral or physical force, preserve its neutrality; that were the French in possession, which this Government, however, would never assent to, the first conflict with another European power would find its possession and control a question of power to be disposed of through the arbitration of fleets and armies; that the United States, taking no part in the struggles of European governments, would be in a position to treat the commerce of all governments with fairness and equality.

"The initiative taken by the Nicaraguan Government in the recent reopening of this question is regarded as a most favorable circumstance. During the administration of President Grant a treaty was drawn up and ready for signature, but owing to subsequent differences in matters of detail was never consummated. Then the Nicaraguan Government acted on the supposition that the United States Government was aiming to take advantage of the facilities offered; now the two countries seem to be in perfect accord as to the mutual advantages which the building of the canal would be to themselves and the commercial world at large."

In connection with this subject, it may be stated that the Nicaraguan Government is engaged in completing improvements on the San Juan and the San Juan del Norte rivers on the direct route from the Caribbean Sea to Lake Nicaragua, with a view of opening direct navigation with the latter, which must prove of the highest importance both in a national and international aspect. The work is to be prosecuted under direction of Chief Engineer A. G. Menocal, of the United States Navy, and its completion, besides greatly facilitating the project of an inter oceanic canal via Nicaragua, will rapidly extend and enlarge an already increasing commerce between that country and New York, and open up an undeveloped region of country that promises to add enormously to the products and wealth of the countries having access to it. The *Herald* says of the project:

"The improvement of the Machuca Rapids is now nearly completed, and the Nicaraguan Government now proposes to build a canal with the necessary lockage around the Castillo Rapids, which will open up an uninterrupted line of communication from the sea to Lake Nicaragua. There will then remain but a short distance to be cut, said to be less than thirteen miles between the western boundary of Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean. This portion of the route has been already carefully surveyed for the inter-oceanic canal. The advanced stage of the work along the San Juan River and the energy which the Nicaraguan Government has determined to put forth in completing the route between the lake and the sea is an assurance to our Government that if an inter-oceanic canal is to be constructed it will be by this route, in which the United States is as largely interested as the Government of Nicaragua."

SUMMERING AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA is a sanitarium for invalids, a metropolis of midsummer fashion, a rendezvous for sportsmen, a paradise for loungers, a vanity fair for money-spenders, a central market for match-making mammas, a trysting-place for politicians, a perpetual banqueting-hall for *bon vivants*, a nightly *fête* for the coquetry of the dance, and a kingdom where money and fashion are, with gentle and tolerant away, king and queen. Why is it that health and pleasure resort to those spots, where, of all others, the sick hie them for hygienic purposes? Why should the watering-place, with its health-giving springs, even though it be devoid of any special external or natural beauty, become Fashion's favorite Summer retreat? It would be hard to say; but it has always been so. Bath and Baden-Baden, Schwalbach and Aix-la-Chapelle, Tunbridge and Vichy, have, time out of mind, offered at once healing beverages to the afflicted and a myraid delights to the robust, world-loving, excitement-craving pleasure-seeker.

And among all the watering-places in the world, Saratoga is unique in the variety and the brilliancy of its attractions. The Old World cannot boast a single Summer resort the first impression of which is so striking, and where the first impression lasts and is heightened by familiarity. The street of palaces in Genoa is tame and musty compared with the street of monster hotels at Saratoga. The Paris Boulevard is fairly rivaled by that liveliest of thoroughfares; when at night the lamps are lit, and the gayly-dressed crowds of holiday-makers is abroad, only the *cafés* are needed to make the resemblance almost perfect. In costume, in elegance, in beauty, the balls of St. James's and the Winter Palace, of Potsdam and the Elysée, can scarcely claim precedence over the hops of Congress Hall and the Grand Union. The homage to the thoroughbred at Saratoga almost confirms the wisdom of that Roman Emperor who made his favorite steed a consul; the races are little daily Derbys, with their infinite variety of vehicles, their plentiful sprinkling of elegantly dressed ladies, the momentary excitement of the "run," the hasty settling of accounts, and the rattling return to town.

A great charm of Saratoga is its democracy. The *dame de société* can be as fashionable as she pleases, flaunt her huge diamonds, exhibit her most elaborate *coiffures*, and shine in her four costumes a day; she need not fear a lack of admirers, and if she is really *bon ton*, she may hold the same empire at the Summer watering-place as she held in the Winter drawing-room. But she does not and cannot monopolize Saratoga. It is tacitly understood that there is absolute social liberty, and that the quiet denizen of the boarding-house is to be accorded the same respect, the same privileges, as those given to the belle of the big hotel. It is *en règle* for ladies to walk about day and night bareheaded, and for men to go to the hops and look on, if they choose, in tweed suits. A great city magnate does not surprise any one when he is seen riding to the Geyser in a ten cent 'bus; the heiress, the servant-maid, the railroad king, the Chinaman, the Senator, the Jew, the beggar, and the bootblack stand side by side at the pavilion of the spring, and drink, one after the other, out of the same glasses, the bubbling beverage as it wells up from the common mother of all, the earth.

Saratoga is supreme among Summer resorts in the art of entertainment. The sojourner is not forced, as at most seaside or mountain places, to choose between extravagance and shabbiness. He is not confined to making his choice between a room in the fifth story of a big hotel at five dollars a day, and a hot attic, barely furnished, in a spasmodically-built cottage, at six dollars a week. He can choose just what he wants in the matter of accommodation—just where and just at what figure he wants it. The endless hotel piazzas are open to him wherever he may lay his head and line his stomach; if he prefers the day and night-long bustle, let him live in the caravanserai; if he prefers quiet at least ten hours out of the twenty-four, there are scores of elm-shaded streets with cozy verandaed boarding-houses of a homelike air, where he can select at least his dormitory and take his *siesta* and his night's rest

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in peace. Wherever he may be, he is lulled to slumber by the mingled music of half a dozen bands, and awakes and performs his ablutions to the familiar strains of Strauss and Lecocq. Saratoga insists on making its guests forget their urban cares. It is an irresistible temptress to idlers. The naturally lazy man sinks easily into the lassitude that the place provokes: the nervous man catches the gentle power of indolence and wonders where his nerves are.

The politicians are wisely fond of consorting and hobnobbing at Saratoga. There are certain surroundings conducive to calm discussion and good-natured controversy. You can scarcely fancy a very bitter political squabble amid shades so grateful and influences so cheery as those of Saratoga. A good dinner, an after-dinner lounge on a cool piazza, are admirable preparations to graceful concessions, timely compromises, and votes by acclamation. The Republican State Committee did a shrewd thing when they designated Saratoga as the spot where the personal preferences of the party should be harmonized; the benign influences of the place may suffice to bring about a condition of party concord which a meeting in a hot and dusty city might put in peril.

EVENTS ABROAD.

LORD BEACONSFIELD made a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, August 6th, which might have been prepared by the floor-sweeper of St. Stephen's. He felicitated himself upon the result of the war in Afghanistan, and as to that in Zululand, he "awaited events," coolly ignoring all the deplorable past. His allusion to the Treaty of Berlin, however craftily worded, could not disprove that Turkey, despite the menace of England, has done and is doing exactly what she pleases, and that her internal reforms, if such exist, are owing to local and not imperial influences. It was truly Disraelian to say, and it was delivered in a manner worthy of Tancred: "This treaty has taken its place among the archives of the capitals of Europe." How "Dizzy" must have chuckled over this empty sentence with his faithful Monty Corry. The terrible depression in trade and commerce is attributed to imprudent speculation, and the good harvests in the rest of the world are to enrich the British agriculturists. Clever Disraeli!

Home Rule now means obstruction, and obstruction means Parnell. Mr. Parnell will make up the Irish party in the next session of Parliament. The "base, bloody and brutal Whigs" know this, and already the alarm has been sounded through Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M. P. for Tipperary, and proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, who, at the bidding of the bishops and priests, alarmed and mortified at the defeat of their candidate at the recent election for Ennis, has been compelled to denounce the victorious Obstructionist through the columns of the leading Catholic journal. The Ennis election is just a foretaste of what is to happen consequent upon the dissolution of the present moribund Parliament, and if the bishops and priests are wise in their generation they will leave Mr. Parnell alone. The Home Rule League is now about to discuss the converting of the League into a regularly elected convention of the Irish nation. This looks as if business were intended. The Irish University Bill may possibly pass into law before the close of the session.

The troubles in the Transvaal are not yet over, and the South African thorn is still likely to stick in the side of John Bull. The Boers are disgusted by the approach of Sir Garnet Wolseley, who is known to them of old, while it is rumored that Cetewayo is intriguing with them. If the reply to the memorial to Queen Victoria is not satisfactory, the Boers will rise to a man, and then will come the tug of war. The story that Cetewayo is a fugitive is evidently unfounded, but there seems to be no doubt that a considerable number of his chiefs have given in their adhesion to the British. The latest official telegram says that the natives generally cannot understand the retirement of the British forces from Ulundi, and that Sir Garnet has therefore resolved to reoccupy the place. The special correspondents agree in condemning the idea that the war is over, and they deprecate Sir Garnet Wolseley's hasty action in sending the troops home.

Pallida mors has cast ghastly shadows over the King of Spain. His bride of a few months tragically snatched from him, her sister following to the unknown bourne, and now *his* sister, the Infanta Maria del Pilar, at the age of eighteen. This princess was the third child of ex-Queen Isabella and the Infanta Francisco. King Alfonso has himself sustained the dislocation of an arm by being thrown from his carriage.

Efforts are making to induce Dean Stanley to recall his permission for the erection of a statue to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey; but it is not believed that he will give way. He has addressed a circular to the newspapers, defending his action; and, on the other hand, very strong protests against the memorial have been published. The Government, appealed to in the House of Commons, has declared itself neutral. It is not improbable that the most eager advocates of the memorial will yet see that they have made a mistake, and will allow the matter to drop when the agitation has spent its force.

Minister Welsh appears to have acted with great discretion with respect to the Bonapartist funeral at Chiselhurst. A London letter says:

"Like all the other foreign representatives at the Court of St. James, he received an official invitation from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the Bonapartist ceremony. He declined, expressing his sympathy with the Empress, but alleging with perfect politeness that a bereavement in his own family prevented him from appearing in public. If that reason had not existed, he would certainly have found some other. He is not, and never was, one of those republicans who keep their republicanism for home use. He had no desire that it should be said in France that the Envoy of the American Republic was paying public honors to the memory of the most dangerous enemy of the French Republic. He was sorry for the boy, but not sorry for the Prince and the Pretender, at whose tomb he was invited to do homage."

It is denied that the religious questions at issue between Germany and the Vatican have been adjusted. It is added that Bismarck will not surrender any essential point in the Falk laws under any circumstances whatever; and if this is really his decision, it is not at all likely that a truce can be established between himself and the Pope. Meanwhile, the Government has determined not to appoint priests to vacant livings on its own account, and will cause summonses issued to Catholic divines by the secular courts to be withheld for a time.

M. Léon Chotteau has just made a report to Minister Waddington on the progress of his work for the establishment of a Franco-American Treaty of Commerce, and it is announced that the French Government will shortly announce its decision as to how far it will co-operate in the movement.—The Turkish Government is unable to dispatch any additional troops to the Greek frontier, owing to the disaffection among the military generally because of the protracted non-payment of their services.—Mr. Keith Johnstone, the leader of the English expedition to explore the head of Lake Nyassa, in Africa, died of dysentery on the 28th of June, at Berobero. The expedition will go forward under other direction.

THE Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio is making one of the liveliest campaigns on record. He recently traveled over two hundred miles—forty-nine being by wagon over mountainous roads—and made nine speeches, some of them over an hour in length, in thirty-two hours, and he is said to be only "just settling down to his work." If success waits upon the candidate who makes the most of his opportunities, Mr. Foster may be fairly regarded as on the road to victory. His speeches deal mainly with the financial question, and are eminently practical and business-like.

THERE seems to be no doubt that Secretary Evarts has determined to reopen the Fishery Question with the British Government. He has recently dispatched a gentleman who is familiar with the whole subject, with instructions to cruise on the inshore fishing-grounds of the Dominion, and gather such statistics as to American interests therein as will enable the Secretary to present our case intelligently and forcibly, and it is believed at Washington that, as the result of the renewal of the agitation, the principle of settlement upon which this question rests will have to be changed radically or the immediate abrogation of the treaty will be brought about.

THE Kentucky election last week resulted in the success of the Democratic State ticket by a greatly reduced majority. The Republicans made slight gains in the Legislature. But the most significant fact of the election was the partial disappearance of the Workingmen's and Greenback parties. In Louisville, where the workingmen last year elected five representatives, the Democrats last week carried every district. Local elections in New Hampshire show the same decay of the Greenback party, and in the country at large it will be found, we imagine, that the success of the resumption policy has very materially weakened the hold of the Greenback delusion.

ONE hundred and thirty-five cutlers from Sheffield, England, have been brought to this country by a cutlery establishment at Bridgeport, Connecticut, where they will be employed in improving the quality of fine cutlery manufactured in the United States. In the manufacture of table-cutlery the American trade claims it can compete with the foreign manufacturers. In fine pocket-cutlery, however, the American manufacturers desire to improve, and, should the present experiment result satisfactorily, no doubt other companies will follow the example of the Bridgeport concern. And this is not by any means the only branch of industry in which, in the present condition of foreign trade, we are likely to attract to our workshops the skilled labor of Europe.

THEY have curious notions down in Mississippi on the subject of a free ballot. Recently, in Yazoo County, a well-known citizen who had been for some months an independent candidate for sheriff of the county, supported by a portion of the whites and a large majority of the negroes, in opposition to the regular Democratic nominee, was compelled by an armed mob to withdraw from the canvass in order to save his life; and an extra from the office of the local newspaper strongly approved the outrage; on the other hand, the Vicksburg *Herald* publishes a letter from a prominent citizen of Yazoo strongly denouncing the intolerant proceedings of the mob; and the *Herald*, commenting upon the occurrence, warns its party friends that their course is not only indefensible, but is certain to lead to political disaster.

GENERAL MILES'S offensive campaign seems to have effectually checked the invasion of the hostile Sioux. According to the latest reports, all the unfriendly tribes, numbering from 5,000 to 6,000 people, have decided to remain in Canada, and have given assurances that they will make no hostile movements to this side; that they will stop all raiding parties, return all stolen property brought into their camps, and not hunt the buffalo or destroy or disturb the game on the reservation, unless permitted to do so under the supervision of our officers. It is to be hoped that these promises may be kept, and that we may no longer be disturbed by actual or threatened invasions from these tribes. But if they shall at any time cross the line with hostile intent, they must be dealt with pitilessly, and made to respect and fear the authority of the Government they have so long defied.

THAT unique and peculiarly American enterprise, the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly, is now holding its sixth annual session, with an attendance of several thousand persons, mostly teachers, officers, and workers in the Sunday-schools of the country. A special event of the session last week was the dedication of the "Hall of Philosophy," a structure copied after the old Grecian temple which stood on the Acropolis, with the roof supported on all sides by pillars, the sides being open. It has a capacity for holding about 1,000 persons, and will be occupied by classes engaged in literary and other studies, under the direction of eminent divines and laymen. A scientific and literary circle, numbering some thousands of Sunday-school teachers and pupils scattered through the country, is maintained the year round, under the charge of competent instructors in connection with this Chautauqua Assembly, and a wonderful stimulus has in this way been given to Bible study, upon a coherent, uniform basis, among the youth of our American churches, which, in future years, will thereby be benefited.

SECRETARY EVARTS has recently interfered very effectually for the protection of certain German-American citizens from military requisition in Germany. Two sons of Carl Boisselier, a naturalized German citizen, both born in St. Louis, spent part of their minority in Germany, returning here, however, before they became of age. The German authorities demanded that the young men should report themselves for enrollment in the German army, and upon their refusal so to do, a process was served upon the father, stating that unless the sons should appear in court on a stated day in July last, they would be prosecuted under the penal laws of Germany, and certain property of the father would be confiscated to the State. The matter being brought to the attention of Secretary Evarts, he at once entered a decided protest against any attempt to punish the elder Boisselier, by the confiscation of his property, for the refusal of his sons to submit to the demand for military service; and it is now announced that the German Government has recognized the justice of his position, and will desist from further efforts to enforce a claim which should never have been pressed. If the principle of this decision shall be adhered to, German-American citizens will hereafter be exempted from an annoyance which has hitherto disturbed very many of them who occupied substantially the position of the Boisseliers.

THE reports from United States Consuls on the condition of labor in the several countries of Europe, and published by order of the State Department, will prove of the highest value in assisting our workingmen to understand their greatly superior position and the groundlessness of the clamor of demagogues over their miseries and wrongs. These reports show that wages in the United States are double those of Belgium, Denmark, France and England; three times those of Germany, Italy and Spain, and four times those of the Netherlands; that, on the other hand the prices of the necessaries of life are lower here than in Europe, and that the laborer in the United States, were he satisfied with the scanty and miserable fare upon which the European laborer must live, can purchase like food for less money than it can be purchased for in any of the countries named. It is shown also that "more misery results from strikes, drinking, socialism, and communism in England and Germany than from all other causes combined, hard times included." Facts like these have a higher significance for the working classes than the finest theories of the political charlatans and demagogues who seek to persuade them that they are of all men the most miserable, the victims of arrogant oppression and misrule; and the American workingman who cannot see and rejoice in the happy eminence he enjoys deserves to suffer all the consequences of his stolid stupidity and wrongheadedness.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

MAJOR WILLIAM W. LELAND died at Saratoga August 9th, aged fifty-nine years.

THE fleet of the New York Yacht Club rendezvoused at Shelter Island, August 9th.

THE American Dental Association held its nineteenth annual session at Niagara Falls last week.

THE Act reducing the State debt in Tennessee was rejected August 5th by about 15,000 majority on a light vote.

JOHN TAYLOR, a trustee of the Mormon Church, has brought suit against the estate of Brigham Young for $1,000,000.

THE Abbott Democratic State Committee in Massachusetts has refused to unite with the Butler Democrats in calling a State Convention.

SUBSCRIPTION-BOOKS were opened in this city August 6th for the $50,000,000 loan for building the Inter-oceanic Canal and 500 shares were taken.

A NATIONAL Convention will be held at Baltimore, October 15th, to form a grand union of Catholic Knighthood of the United States and Canada.

SECRETARY SHERMAN will make several speeches in Ohio after August 25th. Secretary Schurz will make one speech in Cincinnati, *en route* to the Indian country.

THE total number of yellow-fever cases in Memphis up to August 10th was 359, with about 100 deaths. At that date the fever was rapidly spreading in the suburbs.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, is in San Francisco, and he denies that he seeks to evade his creditors. Many of the reports about him are probably sensational.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has given $100,000 for the erection of a gymnasium and of a civil engineering and scientific hall on the grounds of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn.

THE American Bankers' Association met in convention at Saratoga last week. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, was re-elected President, and Jacob D. Vermilye, of New York, First Vice-President.

THE receipts of the New York customs for the fiscal year just closed were $96,545,899, against $91,992,931 for the year preceding. The expenses for 1879 were $2,134,115 against $2,320,552 in 1878.

THE Collector of Customs at Niagara Falls reports to the Treasury Department that he has seized a number of seines set at the mouth of the Niagara River, and adds that the intrusion of Canadian fishermen into our waters is becoming quite frequent.

REV. THEOPHILUS VAN DER MOONTEL, a priest and a member of the Society of Jesus, who has been attached to the Church of the Holy Family in Chicago, and also as a Professor in St. Ignatius College, has united himself with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE various Republican State Associations in Washington, composed of department clerks, which were disbanded shortly after the President's Civil Service order was issued, are now taking steps to reorganize. Is civil service "reform" to be abandoned?

THE Democrats of Maryland have nominated ex-United States Senator W. T. Hamilton for Governor. United States Senator Z. Chandler is addressing Republican meetings in Maine. The Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, of which Speaker Randall is chairman, met at Long Branch, August 12th, for a two weeks' session.

MAYOR COOPER has removed General Smith, President of the Police Board in New York, and James E. Morrison, the Mayor's private secretary, has been appointed as his successor. Judge Westbrook has granted a writ of certiorari to renew the proceedings against Commissioner Nichols, and Judge Van Brunt decided to hear the writ of prohibition sued out by Commissioner Wheeler against Mayor Cooper on August 11th.

FIVE counterfeiters, who were concerned in an extensive counterfeiting operation on the notes of the Empire of Brazil, were arrested in this city last week. All the work had been finished. The genuine notes had been closely imitated, then traced on stone, and reproduced on paper, giving an exact representation of the original, and one of the principals was in the act of packing his trunk with rolls of counterfeits, preparatory to sailing for Rio Janeiro, when he was arrested.

Foreign.

THE Chilian blockade of Iquique, Peru, has been raised.

IT is announced that Germany will participate in the next international silver conference.

THE report of the safe passage of Behring Straits by the Nordenskjold Polar Expedition is confirmed.

A DECREE of divorce has been obtained by the Rev. Newman Hall, the well-known London clergyman, from his wife.

THE Exchange and the Ville Marie Banks of Montreal have suspended, causing great distress among depositors and a run upon other banks.

A GREAT fire broke out in the Latin quarter of Serajevo, Bosnia, August 8th, destroying 1,000 buildings and rendering 20,000 persons homeless.

IN the Quebec Legislative Assembly, August 6th, on a motion of confidence, the Government was sustained by a majority of 4, the vote standing 31 to 27.

A STORM in England has caused immense damage to the growing crops and the loss of many cattle by drowning. Twenty-seven lives have been lost by storms on the coast of France.

ONE hundred buildings were blown down, several persons killed and a number injured, by a hurricane which swept over Woodstock and vicinity, in New Brunswick, August 6th.

AMBROSE FONTESCUE and William Vaughan, the supposed accomplices of a gang of American forgers, who were recently arrested for attempting to pass an altered check on the Bank of England, have been committed for trial.

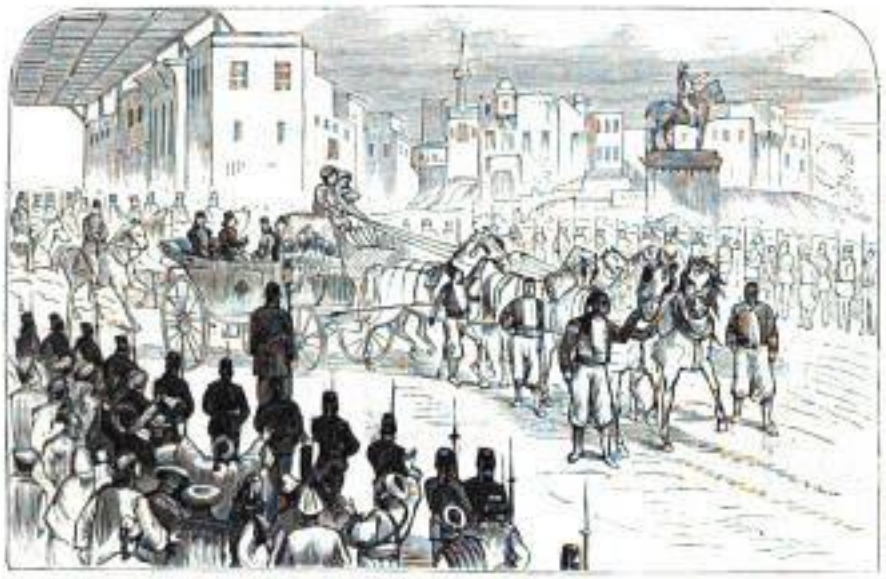
IT is intimated that Lord Dufferin, the present British Ambassador to St. Petersburg, will shortly be transferred to Constantinople, with instructions to insist upon the speedy execution of the required administrative reforms in Turkey.

THE *Russian News* says that Russia will surrender Kuldja in return for certain concessions from China favorable to Russian commerce, but there are signs that the Chinese troops will not be able to maintain their ground there for any length of time.

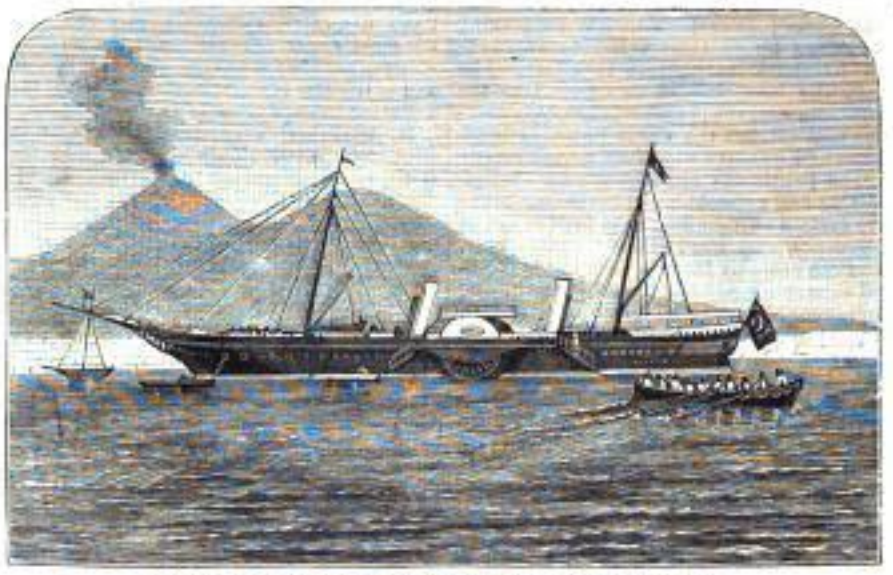
ON the Fourth of July President Barrios of Guatemala sent his own band of eighty-eight pieces to the residence of the United States Minister to assist in the celebration of the day. He has also given a banquet to our Minister, and displayed other unusual marks of cordiality towards the United States.

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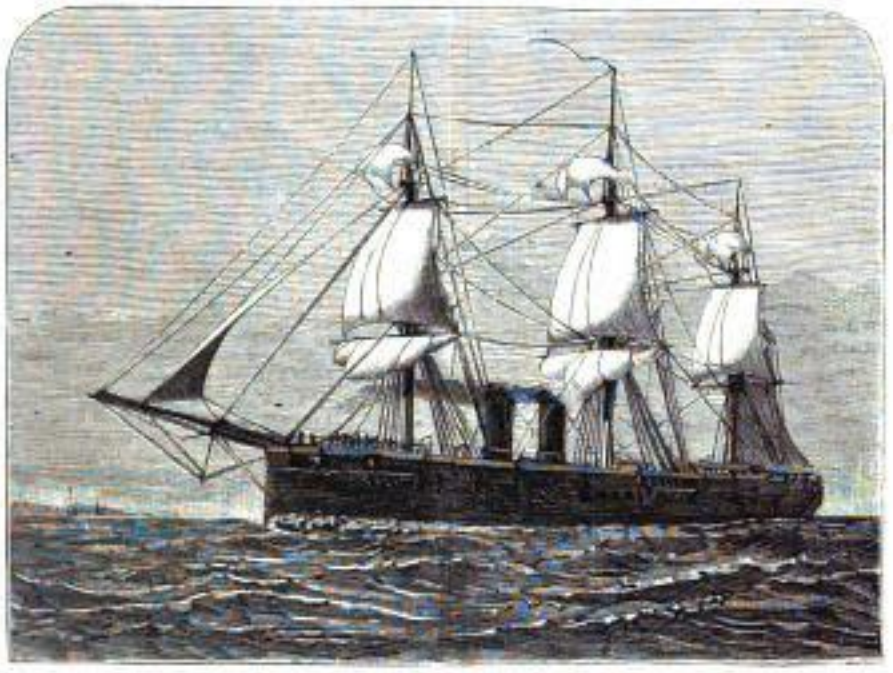
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 411.



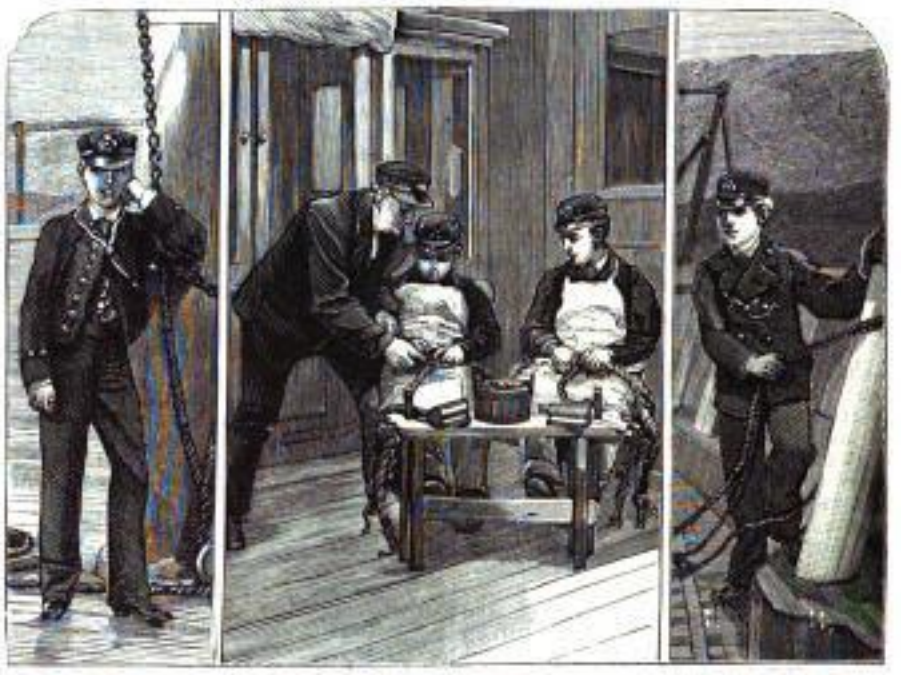
EGYPT.—TEWFIK PASHA BEING ESCORTED TO THE CITADEL AT CAIRO.



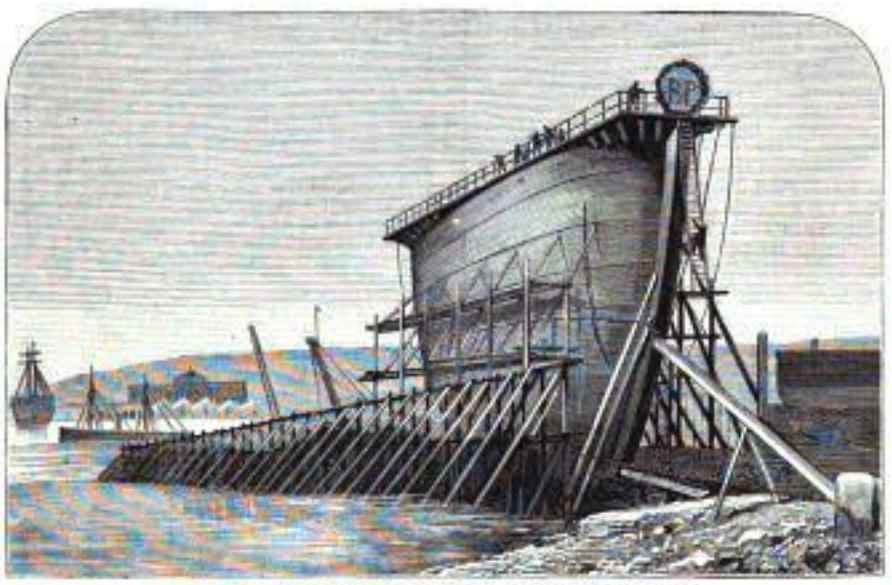
ITALY.—ARRIVAL OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE AND HIS HAREM AT NAPLES.



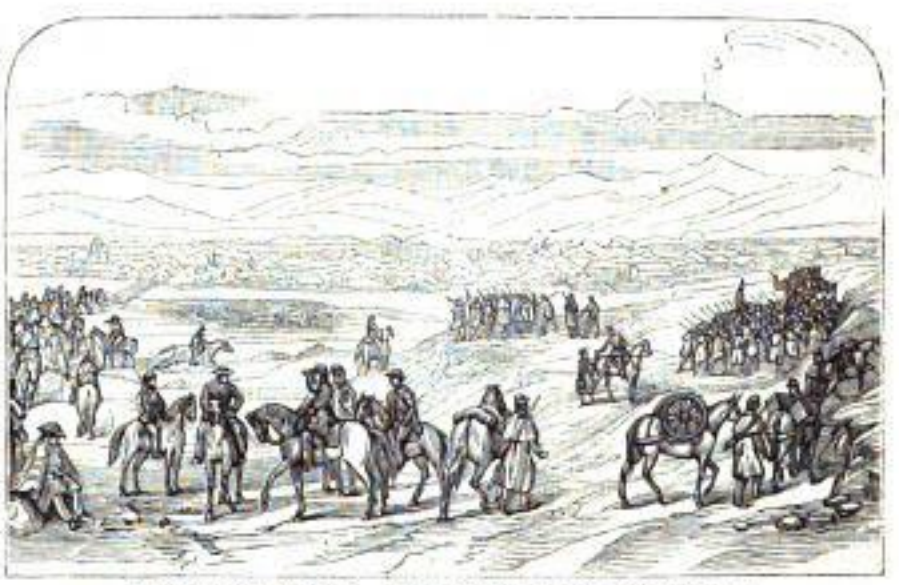
ENGLAND.—FIRST SEA TRIP OF THE SONS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Albert Victor. A LESSON IN ROPE SPLICING. George of Wales.



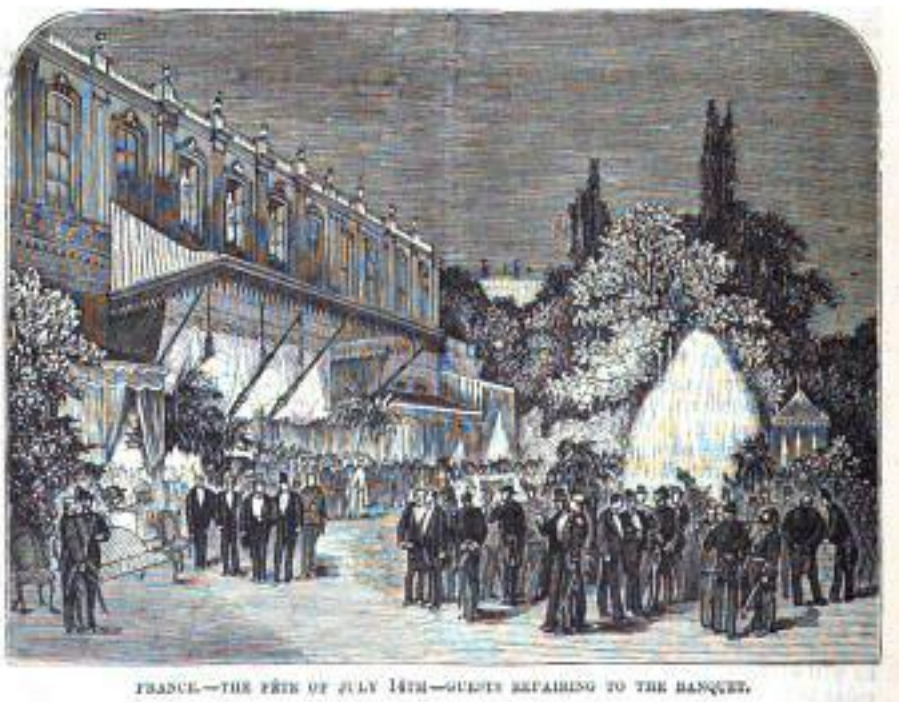
SPAIN.—LAUNCH OF THE FLOATING DIKE GATE AT FERROL.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.—ARRIVAL OF THE CHILIAN ARMY AT CALAMA.



NEW ZEALAND.—A NATIVE CHIEF PROVING HIS CLAIM TO HIS LAND.



FRANCE.—THE FÊTE OF JULY 14TH—GUESTS REPAIRING TO THE BANQUET.

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THE ARREST AT MATANZAS.



COLONEL M. G. BARNETT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CRAWFORD.



IN THE CELL WITH DRUNKEN NEGROES AND CHINAMEN.

THE LATEST SPANISH OUTRAGE.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN CUBA.

THE arrest of Colonel M. G. Barnett, a former resident of New York, by the Spanish authorities at Matanzas, in Cuba, is very justly provoking indignant comment in this country, and, unless the facts shall appear to be otherwise than as now reported, our Government can scarcely fail to call upon the Spanish Government at Madrid for redress. The circumstances attending the perpetration of the outrage, as learned from Colonel Barnett, are as follows: Early last month Colonel Barnett left one of the interior towns of Cuba with the intention of starting an agricultural colony at Cienfuegos. On July 15th, he arrived at Matanzas. It was early evening when he arrived, and he proceeded directly to his brother's house in that city. About an hour later, just as he was leaving his brother's house, a man in citizen's dress stepped up to him and abruptly asked if his name was Barnett. He had no sooner declared that it was than he was told that he was a prisoner. Two members of the Civil Guards then came forward, and, placing handcuffs upon him, led him to the police-station. No attention was paid to his protest that he was an American citizen and had just arrived in the town. He was placed in a close, dirty cell, with a number of drunken negroes and Chinamen. Here he was kept several hours. Then he was placed alone in a foul, slimy closet, where he was compelled to remain until morning. Early the next day six members of the Civil Guards conducted him out of this horrible den, first joining his hands together with handcuffs behind his back. No information was given to him of his destination, and when he demanded to be taken before the American Consul he was told that it was impossible. In this condition he was marched to the railroad station. Here his captors were joined by others, and the party then proceeded to Cienfuegos, which was not reached until six o'clock in the afternoon.

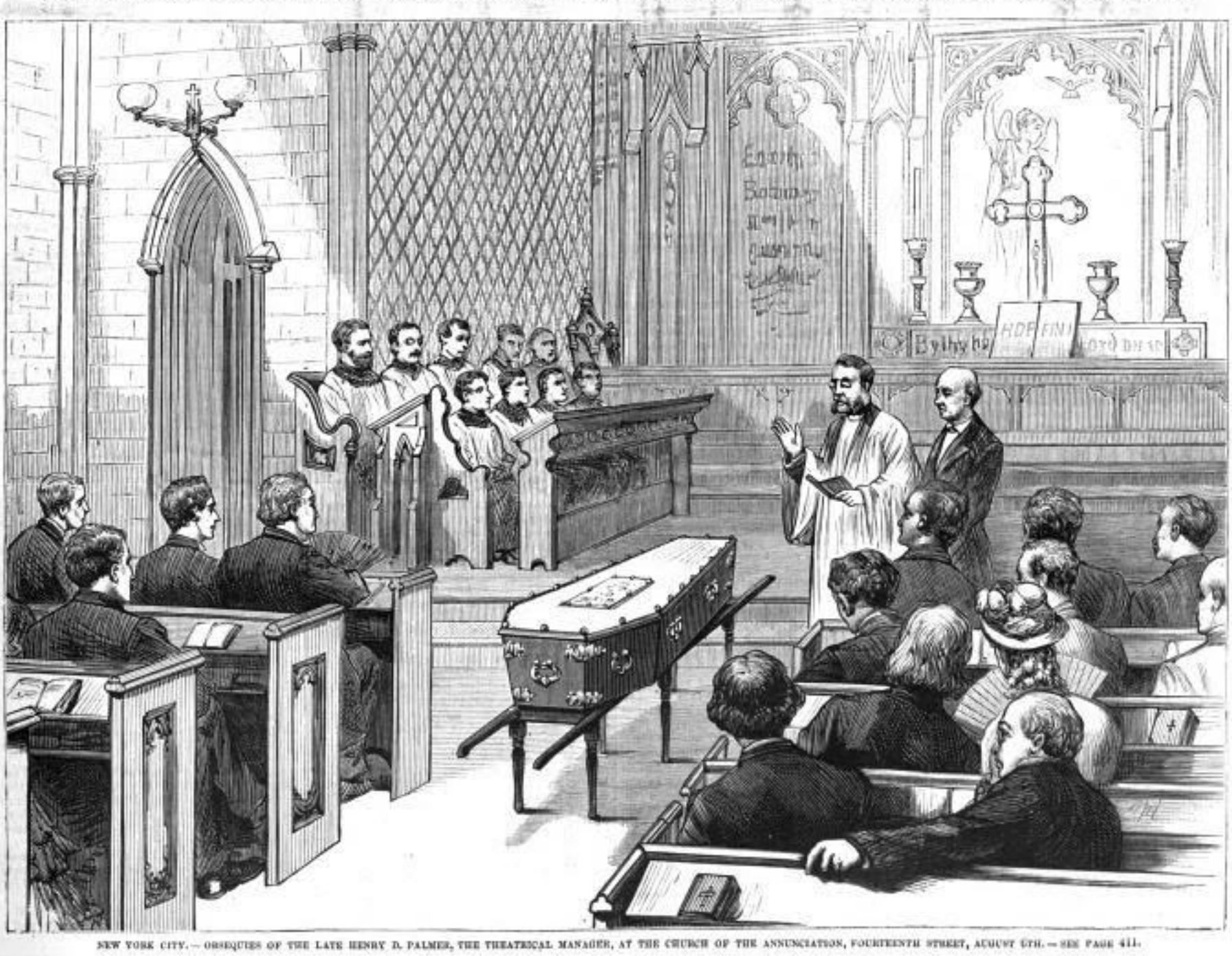


ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.



RESCUED FROM DEATH NEAR CIENFUEGOS.

CUBA.—INCIDENTS OF THE ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF COLONEL MICHAEL G. BARNETT, AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, BY THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HENRY D. PALMER, THE THEATRICAL MANAGER, AT THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION, FOURTEENTH STREET, AUGUST 6TH.—SEE PAGE 411.

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At this place the Colonel was put in jail. All this time not a particle of food had been offered to the prisoner. At two o'clock that night he was taken from the jail by an officer and two men, for the purpose of being shot. Colonel Barnett has no doubt that this was the intention of his captors. As they approached the open ground beyond the city, and when there appeared to be no hope of escape, a cavalryman dashed up to them and ordered the officer to conduct his prisoner back to the town. At six o'clock that morning he was sent to Havana, still handcuffed, and not yet having been furnished with anything to eat, via the way friends gave him food, which was the first he had tasted since his arrest. Handcuffed and with clothing still covered with the filth of the places in which he had been confined, he was led through the streets of Havana to the Consul-General's office. Here he was received by Señor Joaquin Carbonnel, General Blanco's secretary. This gentleman immediately ordered that the handcuffs be taken off and that the prisoner be made free. The captors having no reason to give why they had arrested the prisoner, Señor Carbonnel made profuse apologies for the "inconvenience" that had been occasioned, but at the same time mildly advised Colonel Barnett to leave the island as a sure remedy of avoiding a repetition of such troubles in the future. Colonel Barnett took this advice, and, taking passage by the steamer *Niagara*, arrived in New York on the 4th instant.

Colonel Barnett is an intelligent-looking man, thirty-five years of age. He has black hair and eyes, and is somewhat short of stature. He was born in Cuba, but came to New York in 1868, and resided in this city five years. He became a naturalized citizen while living here. From New York he returned to Cuba. Colonel Barnett has been an officer in the Cuban army, where he has done such active work that his name has frequently been mentioned in the Spanish journals.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

"YOU make a very pretty picture, Isabel."

Colonel Egerton smiled to his wife. She was sitting in a low chair, leaning against the open window-sill, one diamond-flashing hand supporting her head, and a kitten on her lap.

She rose as he spoke, and smiled back, "You are home early to-day, are you not, Cecil?"

"About the usual time. I met an old friend of yours by chance, and I asked him to dinner; but, for the life of me, I can't remember if he said Yes or No."

"That is so like you. An old friend of *mine!* Tell me his name?" in faint curiosity.

"Sydney Carew. He challenged me going down Holborn, or I should not have recognized him. Don't believe I ever did know much about him. By Jove, Isabel, are you hurt?"

"Not at all," she said, promptly, kneeling down among the scattered ferns and smashed china pots that had fallen in one mighty crash around her. To a careless eye it seemed exactly as if Mrs. Egerton had extended her hand and pulled over the whole plant-stand; and her husband told her so.

"You did it yourself, my dear, deliberately. Will you have the gardener or a servant to put the mess right?"

"Call the gardener, please. He can save some of my ferns, perhaps;" and, as the colonel strolled away, calling Jones, his wife rose, and leaned from the window in an unconscious, gasping search for air.

Framed in the roses that clustered everywhere around, Mrs. Egerton was more than a pretty picture. She was sweet and fair as the buds that touched her cheek; and her eyes were lovely—large, almond-shaped, liquid, gray ones, shadowed by a perfect weight of black lashes—and with a wistful, yearning depth in them that fascinated while it saddened a meeting glance.

As she quitted the window and passed slowly up-stairs her movements were gliding and graceful, her voice as she spoke to her maid sweet and low, and pleasant as a lady's ever is to an inferior.

Colonel Egerton had good reason to be proud, as he was, of his wife. Mrs. Egerton was nearly dressed (in soft gray silk, with cunningly-mixed flecks of crimson) when, with a light tap at her door, entered a girl, very fair and very pretty, and laughing.

"What have you been doing among your flowers, Isabel? I met poor Jones in such virtuous despair just now. All his flowers and all his ferns, all his pots and everything else of value that he possesses, smashed in the drawing-room. I hope it isn't quite so irreparably bad. My dear"—her light tone changing rapidly—"how white you look! Have you been ill? Is anything the matter, Isabel, darling?"

"I'm not very well"—fingering nervously the trifles on the toilet-table. Then, as the maid left the room, Isabel turned desperately to her friend: "Tell Cecil anything you like, Millicent, as an excuse for my not appearing at dinner. He has asked Sydney Carew, and I can't meet him. I thought I could. I'm not so strong as I fancied. It would kill me, or worse!"

"Sydney Carew! Then he has come back to England—that bad, heartless man! Isabel, never tell me you shrink from meeting a wretch who has treated you so utterly badly. Could he have treated any girl worse than he did you?—pretending love and winning yours, till he grew tired of the amusement, and left you, when poverty came to you, Isabel, without one word of explanation or farewell. Compare his conduct with that of the generous man who only dared to offer his heart when others forsook you—the kind, noble husband, whom you told me only yesterday you were really beginning to love; and never tell me you cannot sit at table with those two men, and thank the mercy that has delivered you from the one's deceit, and given you the other's tender, unfailing affection."

Millicent spoke warmly, carried away by her mingled scorn and admiration; but her friend only shook her head, with the gray eyes tear-filled.

"I hate and scorn my weakness as much as you can do, but that does not conquer it. I told you yesterday I was beginning to love Cecil. I hoped and prayed so! That was when I thought Sydney far away—never to enter into my life again. Now I know he is near—now there is the chance of my seeing him, hearing him—I know that I dare not trust myself. Why has Cecil asked him here? What evil genius throws temptation in my way when I would flee from it if I could?" As she clasped her hands wildly, the dinner-gong sounded, and she looked up and said, "Run away, Millicent, and tell Cecil anything but the truth. I will be in the drawing-room when you come out if I can."

She was not there, however, though her just-touched work was, when Millicent, followed by the anxious colonel, entered from dinner.

"She has strolled into the garden, perhaps," he suggested. "Let us see if we can find her." And, lighting his cigar, he sauntered in one direction; Millicent Holt, in a presentiment she shrank from, bent her steps in another.

The moon was rising, and throwing silver paths over the lawn, as Millicent trailed her white dress vainly across to the summer-house.

No Mrs. Egerton there. Round the rose-garden she searched, and through the shrubbery, until she neared the little fir-plantation. Then she caught the sound of voices, and paused and trembled.

A man's voice was speaking—a deep, mellow, soft voice, that Miss Holt knew to be Sydney Carew's, and it was saying, "I purposely came too late. Do you think I could sit at another man's table, and see you at its head? You judge my memory by your own, I suppose; but I tell you I cannot forget as easily as you have done what once was. A year ago to-day, for instance, Isabel—think back—we were walking on the cliffs by moonlight, you and I. The band was playing 'Faust,' and ——"

"Don't!" she breathed, painfully. "What good is all that now I am another man's wife? Oh, Sydney, help me to remember *that!*"

"I wish there was a chance of our forgetting it. Isabel, why could you not trust me in absence? Had you no faith, no constancy, that you must needs have another lover the moment my back was turned? Was it old Egerton's money tempted you, child? I know you *did* love me—did not love him!"

Listening, Millicent grew a shade paler, and crept nearer to the stile that ended the path. Neither of the speakers heard her.

"I thought you cared nothing for me; you left me without one word!" poor Isabel wailed. "My stepmother taunted me till I was nearly mad; and when Colonel Egerton came forward, kind and generous, it seemed—it seemed——" Her voice choked in sobs.

"You ruined our lives for want of trust!" Carew cried, in well-feigned passion. "No matter for you, perhaps; but what is my life to be to me henceforth, do you think? A thing to throw to the dogs, the quicker the better, and thank you for its happy ending; while you live yours virtuously and pleasantly, no doubt, with the husband of your choice and your well-trained memory!"

Writhing under his upbraidings, she looked wildly up, lovelier than Millicent had ever seen her, with the moonlight falling on her sweet, pallid face, her eyes dark and deep in their pain, and her hands, so tiny and soft, unconsciously outstretched.

Carew's face brightened; and, with a step forward, he took those hands in his.

"Isabel, save me yet; it is not too late. Not too late, my darling, for perfect happiness for us both—for the one mistake of our lives to be set right. What matters the world to you and me, who are the world to each other? My darling, come to me, and let me teach you the love you doubted. Isabel, love, dearest, do not send me away."

The soft, insidious whisper fell on the stillness, and Isabel stood trembling there, with her eyes downcast. It was the tempter's hour—almost his triumph; *almost*—for, like a victim under a spell, Mrs. Egerton moved not as Carew bent lower, and whispered again.

Then Millicent laid her hand on the stile, and stepped forward.

"Isabel, what are you doing here? Your husband is looking for you. Mr. Carew, won't you finish your visit indoors?"

With a start like an awakening from an evil dream, Isabel turned, and glided away without a word. Millicent stood alone there, facing Sydney Carew in her burning indignation.

"You bad, wicked man! How dare you try to bring worse suffering upon Isabel than you have already done? Your pretenses of love may deceive her, but not me! You never loved her, or you could not have treated her as you did!"

"Perhaps you are right," he turned, in the most unruffled calm; "perhaps my heart was given to some one else; perhaps I only pretend affection now to Mrs. Egerton as a means of obtaining notice of some sort, indignant or otherwise (anything better than nothing) from that some one else."

And his dark eyes looked full and meaningly at Millicent, who was only two degrees less pretty than Isabel herself. The amazing effrontery of the man fairly staggered Miss Holt; and, as she stood bereft of speech for a moment, Carew's vanity filled up the pause.

"It is a cursed mess I'm nearly into; but, if I'm right in supposing a little jealousy at the bottom of this young lady's interference (remember, I fancied her a little spooney in the days gone by), I can find a way out of it. No bad way either, for, by George! she is very pretty!"

He leaped the stile, and came impressively nearer, never imagining that the girl had heard more than a word or two of his late conversation, and, as he approached, an idea shot into Millicent's head.

"Forgive my saying more than I should have dared, Miss Holt," in tones just as seductive as he had employed to Isabel. "Your sudden presence and voice broke down my control; but, nevertheless, they were truth."

"You mean to say you really care for me?" in faltering inability to realize such bliss.

"Care, Millicent?" Then he checked himself with an apparent effort. "I mean to say nothing until I have some hope that my words will be listened to and answered. I have no ground for such hopes at present. I have incurred your displeasure, and justly so."

But he sighed here in a manner that protested pathetically against injustice.

"Do you tell me," eagerly and breathlessly, "that you don't care for—for Isabel? That I was mistaken just now in fancying——"

"You were more than mistaken, if you fancied Mrs. Egerton possesses one iota of the heart that is all another's."

And here, as the two actors reached the house, Colonel Egerton's stalwart form appeared on the broadly-lighted steps.

"A moonlight stroll, you two? Ho, ho!" he laughed. "Well, come in the drawing-room now; better late than never, Carew! My wife will give us some tea."

Till he took his departure, Carew remained a fixture by Millicent's side. Isabel, close at her husband's chair, neither spoke nor stirred.

Miss Holt did all she knew to captivate, and the visitor congratulated himself, in his walk to the station, on having two birds in a very nice process of killing. He left with a pressing invitation from the hospitable colonel to come again; and Millicent laid her head on her pillow with a resolution that was almost a vow.

"I will save her, come what may! She has been more than a sister to me! Her brother's skill"—here, even in the dark, the fair face flushed—"saved my father's life! Her husband has been our life-long benefactor. I think I can save Isabel, and I will!"

* * * * * *

Colonel Egerton came down to breakfast on his young wife's birthday more radiant than his wont, and greeted Millicent, fair and blooming—Isabel, white and weary—with almost equal enthusiasm.

"I shall get rid of a secret that has been an incubus on my spirits for the last week or so, to-day, my dear," he said, blithely, with his large hand on his wife's shoulder. "Not a bad secret, either, only I object to the class of thing on principle. It is just this, Isabel." And the worthy officer began to turn color, as if soliciting a favor. "It is your birthday, to-day, you know, of course; and the thought struck me that you had plenty of gewgaws, bracelets, and such trash, and didn't want any more from me. Well, there has that clever brother of yours been looking out for a practice some time, and Dr. Henner offered his for sale in the most opportune manner; and so—and so, you see, my dear, I did a little bit of business without consulting you, and Jim will be here to-day to look things over."

"You have bought Jim that splendid practice?" cried Isabel, while Millicent stood at the window, and said never a word.

"Splendid?—pooh, my dear! There's just this—the house was for sale, too, and I thought you would like your mother near you, and so I have had it furnished up a little. We will walk there after breakfast, and see if you think the old lady will like it. Why, Isabel, what is the matter?"

"I cannot bear it!" she sobbed. "I do not deserve your kindness, and you must not give it me! Cecil, scold me—be cross—ill-treat me—I could stand it better. No, don't touch me—don't look at me like that! You do not know—you cannot guess—how unworthy I am!"

Tears rose in his honest blue eyes at sight of those raining, pleading ones. He dashed them aside as he took her hands in his (Millicent had slipped through the window), and his voice was husky, though he cleared his throat.

"My little wife, have you never read my heart yet? I am not good in clothing it in language, but I think when one feels most, simple words are best, and very simple are these—I love you! If I love you, Isabel, can any pleasure for me be like the pleasure of pleasing you? Can any money be better spent than by bringing a smile to your face? Time, thoughts, energy—all I have of any value to give—are yours! You don't understand, child, for you have not learned to love me yet—perhaps never will. No, darling; don't turn away!" as she writhed in the anguish of her shame and penitence. "You told me how matters stood when I married you, and I thanked you then for giving me yourself, and I thank you again to-day. I have love enough for both; and as it is its nature to find outlet in words, it owes you a debt when you give it a chance of proving itself in deeds. Do you see, darling? Now, kiss your old husband, and come to breakfast. Where has Millicent flown?"

As Millicent dressed that evening, Mrs. Egerton entered with a face that startled her friends so white and haggard was it in despair.

"Sydney is coming again to-night, Millicent," she began, abruptly, as she stood there, "and I must go with him. If I must break Cecil's honor and heart, I need not deceive him. The one thing I can do now is to be truthful; and better he should scorn and curse me, and free himself from me, than look lovingly and tenderly on the wife who is false to him in heart as I am now."

"You are not!" returned Miss Holt, decisively. "You are only mad! It is just a wicked glamour that evil man has cast over you!" She waited a moment; then, "You fancy you love Carew!"

"Millicent, you know—you know!" covering her agitated face with her hands; and the light caught the massive gold of the plain ring, and flashed in the diamonds of its keeper.

"And you are actually weak enough to fancy that he loves you?"

"If I could doubt that, half my misery would be at an end."

"Do you think Mr. Carew capable of loving two ladies with equal intensity? Do you believe in the depths and fidelity of a love that is given to *two* objects? In a word, judge by yourself—could you love Cecil and Sydney equally and at the same time?"

"Millicent, what are you torturing me for like this?"

"For the restoration of your reason, dear. You believe Mr. Carew to be a man of truth. You would not doubt a word you heard his own lips utter?"

"Millicent, I *know* he is true!"

"Well, then, sit in the conservatory at nine o'clock this evening—alone, mind—and listen, and draw your own conclusions. Now we will go down to dinner."

The dinner passed off—Colonel Egerton hearty, Mr. Carew fascinating, the ladies silent and beautiful.

On the colonel's being called away for a few moments after dinner, Carew strolled into the drawing-room, and saw no one there. Looking a little further, he discerned a white dress among the flower-beds and joined it.

Not Mrs. Egerton, as he had hoped, but Miss Holt, who stammered, and was flatteringly nervous at his sudden presence.

"Isn't it lovely?—the evening, I mean," she said, in her confusion.

"Very lovely. I do not mean the evening," he returned, with his bold gaze fixed on the face that crimsoned hotly at his pointed words. A few steps took them round to the conservatory, which was unlighted, with windows and door open, and Millicent sank on the garden seat outside it. When Carew's arm stole round her waist, she drew away slightly; and when he bent to whisper sweeter things than the flowers, she looked up, piteously, as she said:

"If I could only believe you! If I thought you meant one of the things you tell me!"

"When I tell you you are the sweetest and fairest and dearest in all the world to me, I mean each syllable I breathe! Words are too faint, Millicent, dearest dear. How shall I prove what you are cruel to doubt?"

"Am I dearest?" she asked, clearly. "I—I thought there was some one else you cared for."

"Never, I swear—never! How could I care for any girl after I had seen you?"

"But you saw her first; I mean Isabel—Mrs. Egerton."

He laughed aloud.

"If I had cared one straw for her, do you think I should have let her marry old Egerton? I could have had her for the asking, Millicent. No; she never touched my heart, though we had a certain amount of flirtation, *pour passer le temps*, once, I believe, and she may have been a trifle spooney on me—I can't say anything about that," stroking his mustache fondly, and in ineffable conceit. "But no idea could be so wild as my being in love with Isabel Lister. I tell you, if I had been, I should have asked her to marry me. There was nothing to prevent my doing so."

"No; and you tell me on your honor you don't like her one bit now—don't love her, Sydney?"

"On my honor, I don't. What a persistent little jealous mortal you are! I'll take any oath you like about it that will satisfy you. Spooney on Isabel Egerton? Not likely, if I did not admire Isabel Lister, for she has gone off frightfully; never saw a woman looking worse. Dark beauties are not my taste; golden hair is my ideal."

And he laid a soft touch on Millicent's uncovered head, but the girl started up in confusion.

"Some one is coming—I hear rustling!" she gasped, as adroitly she escaped his detaining hand; and into the midst of the deserted lover's fuming came his host's cheery call, "Carew, where are you, old fellow? Here is Jim Lister put in an appearance at last."

* * * * * *

The colonel was as nearly out of temper as history had ever recorded his being. He was striding up and down his study, alternately staring from the window, and facing the well-built, gentlemanly young fellow who was seated in the chair by the table, and annoying him sadly.

"If I call you a downright fool, Jim, I should be very near the truth, to throw up a good home and a practice you've just settled into, for a sudden freak of going abroad. Abroad, indeed! Take my advice, who have seen a few countries, and stop where you are well off. If I called you madman, I should not overshoot the mark!"

"I am deeply grieved to requite your generosity thus," began the other, sadly, though firmly; and the colonel interrupted him with speed.

"Generosity be hanged! You know I don't mean that. You know I'm not such a mean devil as to throw a paltry thing in a man's teeth; and generosity there was none. I wanted my wife's relations near her, and I thought I was able to arrange it; but it seems she isn't to have them, poor girl!"

Jim's word "generosity" had rather checkmated the colonel's eloquence.

"If my mother would stay on in the house——"

"But you know she won't if you go. You know she will follow her darling boy to the North Pole. Poor Isabel! it is hard on her. She has only one mother and one brother, and neither of them will stay in the same country with her."

Lister could not resist a smile at the tone more than the words; then he made an effort, a great one, for reserve was as natural to him as candor to his brother-in-law.

"I owe it to you, Egerton, to tell you the motive for my incomprehensible freak, and I

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can trust your silence, I know. Well, it is only the old thing."

"A woman to blame," said the colonel, in quickest sympathy grasping his hand. "Who the deuce is it, my friend? Never mind her."

"She isn't just what I fancy, that's all" (wincing under his own words). "It is Miss Holt; and I chanced to hear her spooning with that puppy, Carew; and I hadn't quite imagined her that sort, that's all. Nothing new. It is months ago; but I'm such a fool I can't get over it as long as she is near, so I'm bound to try a little change of air, you see."

"You are hard hit, and I'm deuced sorry for you" (with a wring of the hand he held). "Millicent Holt, I never fancied her that style, though I remember it did strike me she was a little soft on Carew—moonlight stroll once—but it has come to nothing. Perhaps you've made a mistake, Lister?"

Jim shook his head.

"A man can't mistake his own eyes and ears. Well, you'll keep it quiet, colonel, and you understand now why I leave you?"

"More than understand—more than understand. I know what it is to be in love myself, you know. Well, good-by, old man. Not a soul shall hear a syllable but my wife. I've no secrets from Isabel."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Egerton rose from her piano, and nervously faced her husband and Millicent as Jim Lister entered the room.

"Stop where you are, please, all of you, a moment. I have something to say I want you all to hear."

Millicent looked up in startled alarm, and the colonel cried, quickly, "Are you ill?"

She was steadying herself by the chair in her hand, and her sweet face was blanched one moment and hectic the next; yet her eyes were raised straight and true, and her voice was clear as a bell.

"I am quite well, Cecil. I am only too cowardly to make the confession I have done harm by not making before. Be quiet, Millicent," as Miss Holt stole to her side and imploringly whispered. "I know what is right at last. I have wronged you terribly, Cecil, from the very first, for though I told you I—I did not love you, I hid back that I loved some one else, and that some one Sydney Carew."

She turned away as she gave him the shock, and her words came fast and desperately.

"He treated me so badly, I thought I could learn to hate him, until you asked him here, Cecil. Of course you did not know. Then he told me he had loved me always, and did still—that I had been mistaken and deceived. Anything he told me; and I was so wicked, so base, I listened; and when he asked me to go away with him, I was so mad, I should have done it but for Millicent, who saved me. She told me he was false in every word; and because, in my blind infatuation, I would not believe it for her saying, she led him on to make love to her, that I might hear from his own lips the kind of man that he really was. Do you all quite understand this?" looking round imploringly at the faces that not one was turned towards her. "For my sake alone, Millicent did what was the very hardest thing for her true nature to do—pretended to like what inwardly she revolted from, and let Mr. Carew say words to her that I, standing in the conservatory, might overhear and have my madness cured by. They did cure me, of course; and then Millicent told him just a word or two that have made his visits cease. She has saved my life from worse than death"—for the first time her voice broke in emotion—"and it is very little return for her unselfishness to tell you the truth you ought to know—what a weak, wicked, despicable wife and sister you have been treating as if she were worthy of your affection."

As she ceased speaking she stood waiting; but no sound came from any of her hearers.

Then, slowly, Millicent, and then Lister, stole from the room, and Isabel made her greatest effort and went up to her husband, standing fixedly gazing from the window where her ferns still stood.

She did not touch him; she clasped her hands tight to suppress the pain, and her sweet voice was only a faltering whisper as she said: "Cecil, now you have heard it all—what you ought to have known before—what do you wish me to do? Of course, my—my falseness has killed all your love, as Sydney's did mine. Whatever you think best I will do. If you want me to go away——"

Then her voice choked and she must needs stop.

He turned, with his honest, manly love shining through the pain in his face.

"My wife!" he said, simply; and her heart bounded at the touch of his strong hand on her shoulder; "you can never have known real love if you fancy that a brave confession of a weakness repented of can shake it. My love is part of my life, and can only end with it. I think, had you even left me, I could only have suffered and loved you still."

He paused a moment, then went slowly on: "I wronged you more than I thought, child, in pressing you to marry a man you did not care for. I hoped you knew that the strength of my love would have forced for itself some return—in time. Well, well, I was wrong; but now, Isabel, we can only make the best of our lives as they are. Always tell me everything, child; have no fear of me; and don't imagine me expecting anything more than you feel inclined to give. As I told you before, I have love enough for both, and we will be content with that."

He passed his arm round her trembling, sobbing figure, as a tender father might do; then she laid her head on his breast and a light in the gray, upturned eyes startled him.

"My husband—my generous, noble, loved husband!" she whispered; "do you think the contrast between the villainy of the man I fancied I loved and the noble truth of the man who loves me has taught me nothing? Do you think I could ever have gained courage to tell you my folly—do you think there would have been the agony there was in lowering myself in your eyes if I had not learned in these past months to love you—love you, Cecil?"

YELLOW FEVER IN MEMPHIS.

ALTHOUGH day after day new cases of yellow fever and additional deaths are reported in Memphis, there is quite a general feeling that even if the affliction should last until frost sets in its range will be very much restricted and its ravages few in comparison with those of last season. The authorities are fighting the fever bravely. Cities and towns on the lines of communication with Memphis very promptly established a strict quarantine at the first outbreak. Many of the cases this year have proved very slight, readily yielding to the prescribed treatment. The streets and alleys were never so clean or in so good sanitary condition as at present, and Bayou Gayoso was never so free from foul matter or odors. Because the city is almost depopulated no filth or garbage is produced, and the late rains have washed out the streets, alleys, and bayou. The erroneous statements in Northern journals as to the present filthy condition of the city are incorrect in almost every respect.

From these facts a strong probability may be deduced that the fever will be localized in the main, the cases appearing in other places being of successful refugees or persons engaged in steamship traffic.

The Howard Association is at work, but have not yet been obliged to solicit outside aid. The Safety Patrol, an organization effected for the purpose of scouring the suburbs and preventing the flight of panic-stricken citizens, is doing a vast service in confining the fever to the city.

On Wednesday, August 6th, the weather was intensely hot, just the state for the breeding of the fever, and twenty-two new cases and four deaths were reported. On the 6th the Secretary of War ordered 500 army-tents to be sent to Memphis for the use of fever refugees in camp, with the understanding that they are to be paid for by the National Board of Health, if upon investigation it shall appear that the latter has funds available for that purpose. The Board of Health at New Orleans, on August 7th, then adopted a resolution declaring that there was not a single case of yellow fever in the city or environs; that in its opinion there is no danger of an epidemic arising this Summer from past or future cases, should such occur, and that the Board will use the strictest and most unremitting vigilance against the introduction of foreign cases. The resolution suggested that quarantines against New Orleans be removed.

On the 8th John Johnson, Superintendent of Quarantine, and D. A. Porter, Chief Executive of Memphis, issued an order to inspecting and police officers that until further orders they shall not permit any person to be landed at that port or to enter the town by any road who has not had yellow fever and in addition cannot give satisfactory assurances that he will be able to provide for himself.

Dr. Jerome Cochrane, of Mobile, arrived at Memphis on the 8th, having been ordered there by the National Board of Health to take charge of affairs as the representative of the National Board, during the temporary absence of Dr. R. W. Mitchell, who has gone to Washington. The fever was officially declared epidemic on the 9th. This action was rendered necessary by the spread of the plague in the latter part of the week, twenty-two cases being reported on the 8th. A large majority of the cases this year have been among the colored people.

Nearly all the cases in New York and Philadelphia have been traced to infection in Havana. The strictest precautions have been taken by the health authorities of each city, and the sickness has been confined to those who reached the ports under its preliminary influence.

THE LATE HENRY D. PALMER.

FUNERAL services over the remains of the late Henry D. Palmer, the well-known theatrical manager, who died in London on July 19th, were held in the Church of the Annunciation, in West Fourteenth Street, New York, on Wednesday morning, August 6th. As early as 9:30 A.M. groups of ladies and gentlemen began to arrive at the church, so that half an hour later, the time fixed upon for the funeral, the pews were all occupied, excepting those set apart for the mourners and the pall-bearers. In the main aisle were seated Edwin Booth, E. A. Sothern, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, William Davidge, Daniel Harkins, John Vincent, John Duff, A. M. Palmer, Signor Operti, Edward Gilmore, Samuel Colville, John T. Raymond, Maurice Grau, Harry French, Noah Brooks, William Winter, Clark Bell, Samuel Carpenter, ex-Warden Johnson of the Tombs, E. L. Tilton, Imre Kiraly, Jerome Buck, T. B. Pugh, R. Cornell White, A. Oakey Hall, Lawrence Jerome, L. J. Vinqent, Herrmann, the magician, John Lydecker, James Collier, Dr. Hall, Captain Fuller, George Roberts, Mme. Ponisi, Mrs. Seymour, Mlle. Bonfanti, Helen Tracy, and Kate Girard. The special ushers were Charles Irving Jones, chief usher of Booth's Theatre; Samuel Lynch, of the Madison Square Garden; Edward D. Cutler, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre; A. M. Kingsland, of the Standard Theatre, and W. M. Addler, of the Brooklyn Theatre.

The only floral display was an offering of Mrs. Barney Williams, which consisted of a design of camellias and tube-roses, in the form of an open book, on one page being the initials, "H. D. P.," and on the other the significant word "Finis." This was placed on the altar, immediately in front of a brazen cross. The coffin with the remains had lain, since their arrival on this side of the ocean, in a room of the church. It was a heavy lead coffin, inclosed in a handsome live-oak case, the solidity and plainness of which bespoke its English origin. The coffin-plate, which was very large and massive, bore the inscription: "Henry D. Palmer, born September 28th, 1837; died July 19th, 1879."

The congregation seated, Organist A. A. Wild played a low and solemn voluntary, which gradually merged into the processional, "In the hour of trial," which was taken up by the choir of boys and men, who slowly filed out from the chancel-room and down the east aisle. At the church entrance they turned and walked towards the altar, followed by the Rev. Dr. William J. Seabury, the rector, who read the burial service. Behind him were ten men bearing the casket. Following the coffin were the pall-bearers: A. Wright Sanford, Douglas Taylor, Charles J. Wahlers, John McCullough, Henry Wilder Allen, John H. Draper, Benjamin Gurney and George Fawcett Rowe.

The Rev. Dr. Seabury read the lesson, beginning at the twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. Following this Mr. William Raymond, the tenor of the San Francisco Minstrels, sang the aria, "Be Thou Faithful unto Death," from Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul," followed by the full chorus from the same work, "Wake, Sleepers, Wake!" This was followed by the singing of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," Mr. E. De Kay Townsend singing the last two verses as a baritone solo. Then the prayer was read, and the congregation was dismissed, the choir singing as a recessional, "Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem."

The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Khedival Change in Egypt.

On the afternoon of July 26th, His Highness Prince Tewfik, after having been notified of his appointment as Khédive of Egypt in place of his father, deposed, was escorted with great ceremony to the citadel at Cairo, where he held two receptions, the first for the Ministers of State and the heads of the various churches, and the second for the diplomatic body. To each class of dignitaries he read the telegram from the Sultan announcing his elevation to the vice regal throne, and was warmly congratulated. His father, the ex-Khédive, embarked with the harem on board his immense steam-yacht, and made the voyage to Naples, where he engaged spacious apartments pending his decision regarding a permanent place of residence. It has been rumored that in his flight he carried with him a vast quantity of national money and property, but official denials have been made. His departure from Egypt was quite theatrical in character, but produced no unusual excitement, the event being apparently anticipated by the knowing ones. On August 3d the new Khédive received a telegram from the Sultan of Turkey, demanding that permission be given the ex-Khédive, Ismail Pasha, to return to Egypt and reside at Alexandria or Damietta. The British and French Consuls General advised the Khedive to defer his reply until they had consulted their Governments on the subject.

First Sea Voyage of the Prince of Wales's Sons.

Prince George of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, the sons of the Prince of Wales, who are undergoing a thorough naval education, having completed their two years' course of instruction on H. M. S. *Britannia*, have been ordered to the regular sea cruise prescribed for all young officers. After enjoying a well-deserved vacation, the royal sailors will embark, in September, on H. M. S. *Bacchante*, which has been fitted out for this particular service, continuing their studies under the same circumstances as other cadets. A second captain is to be appointed to the *Bacchante*, besides her commanding officer, Captain Lord Charles Scott, in order to assist in their instruction, while the voyage of the corvette will be of such a nature as to embrace most of the principal seaports of the world. She proceeds in the first place to the West Indies and Canada, and will thence, in all probability, steer south and double Cape Horn. The *Bacchante* is a fine iron corvette cased with wood, and registers 4,130 tons. The lads are uncommonly bright; they attend strictly to the routine of their naval studies and duties, and have been favorites with their instructors and classmates since their first appearance on the school-ship.

The Launch of the Floating Dike Gate at Ferrol.

Spanish engineers, under the direction of Don Andres Avelino Concerina, have for some time past been engaged in extensive works for the improvement of the harbor of Ferrol. Among these constructions is the Dique de la Campana, which was to be closed by a floating gate, a vessel of very peculiar form and action, as our illustration shows. The launch of this vessel, which was alone needed to complete the great work, was hailed with great enthusiasm in all that part of Spain. The immense marine arsenal of Ferrol, covering nearly twenty-four acres with a basin and docks, and these latest improvements, is now one of the finest in Europe, the fishing village of the last century having, by the study and skill of Spanish engineers, been rendered a formidable fortified bulwark of the kingdom on the north.

The Chilian Army at Calama.

Señor J. A. de Lavalle, Peruvian Minister to Brazil, now in the United States, speaking of the present struggle between the Chilians on the one hand and the Peruvians and Bolivians on the other, admits that the Chilians have the advantage for naval operations in the number and strength of their men-of-war. Their army numbers some 15,000 men, while that of the allies contains 45,000. The Presidents of Peru and Bolivia, according to the terms of the alliance, have exclusive control over the armies when operating in their respective countries, and should the exigencies of war compel a mustering of the armies in one country the Presidents are to co-operate in directing the movements. Thus far all the conflicts have been on the water, where the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar* has had matters pretty much its own way. Our first opportunity for seeing a belligerent land-force is afforded by the sketch of the arrival of a division of the Chilian Army at Calama.

Proving Claims to Land in New Zealand.

The great bulk of the land in the North Island is still held by the Maoris. As some very valuable blocks are lying quite useless, it becomes from time to time the object of the Government to purchase them. Before this can be done the rightful owner, of course, has to be ascertained, and this is often a most intricate and difficult matter. Government officers are sent to the district to hear all claims, and their inquiry furnishes the subject of our illustration. The Government officials are seated at a table in the centre, taking an abstract of the evidence submitted. An energetic and demonstrative Maori, tomahawk in hand, is narrating the history of his claim from the time of the arrival of his ancestors from Hawaiki to the present day. The other natives sitting or standing around are also claimants or in some way interested in the land.

Gambetta's Fete of July 14th.

The entertainment given by President Gambetta at the famous Palais Bourbon, his official residence, on July 14th, was a most memorable affair. The cost, estimated at $30,000, was defrayed by two ardent Republican ladies. The palace was lighted by electricity, adorned by statuary bronzes from the national galleries, and the walls in many places covered with rich tapestries, borrowed from the Louvre and the various city palaces. Long lines of soldiery held the way clear for the guests. Inside the hallways lackeys lined the corridors, in gold and green liveries. The guests, on entering, delivered their cards to an official in waiting. These cards were of different colors, and a marked discrimination was made in the bestowal of the persons presenting them. The company was divided into three classes. The first went into the reserved salon, the second distributed themselves almost at random, while the third were not admitted to the general saloons until all the second and first were safely bestowed for the concert and ballet. From nine o'clock until ten Gambetta remained at the principal entrance, shaking hands and telling the first-class guests how glad he was to see them. At ten President Grevy arrived. Gambetta conducted him into the concert-hall, where the favored persons had been surreptitiously borne some time previously. After the concert there was a dramatic representation by Coquelin, the first comic actor of the Comédie Française, just returned from London. It was half-past one when this part of the entertainment closed, and an interval of an hour was given for refreshment. A ballet began at half past two and lasted until four.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—There are sixty life prisoners confined in the Kentucky State Penitentiary.

—The wheat crop in Kentucky, this year, is from eight to ten per cent. above that of last year.

—It is believed that the wheat crop of Minnesota this year will amount to 40,000,000 bushels.

—The Tennessee University at Knoxville is about to have endowed a chair of athletics and gymnastics.

—Consul-General Bradford, at Shanghai, has resigned his position, and his resignation has been accepted.

—The Texas five-per-cent. bonds issued to make up the deficiency in her revenue are selling at and slightly above par.

—In North Staffordshire 3,400 colliers have already struck against a proposed reduction of wages, which affects 17,000 persons.

—There are to be field manœuvres on a large scale in Russia this Summer. No less than 260,000 men, with 880 guns, are to take part.

—The total valuation of real and personal property in Boston for the year 1879 is $612,253,640, a decrease of $18,192,200 from last year.

—An emigration association has been formed at Sheffield for the purpose of aiding workingmen to obtain a livelihood in the Western States of America.

—The Spanish bishops, at the request of the Government, have agreed to temporarily relinquish a quarter of their stipends to relieve the public finances.

—A recently-enacted law in Galveston provides that any employer who shall force an employé to labor on Sunday shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars.

—The Mississippi Valley Emigration Company have sent an agent to New York to look into the matter of securing good white labor for the Southern plantations.

—Russia is about to inform the Powers that she has fulfilled her part of the Treaty of Berlin, and that steps ought to be taken to make Turkey comply with her obligations under it.

—The Southern Historical Society will convene at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, August 15th, and General Chalmers will deliver an address before it on "Forrest and his Campaigns."

—The Supreme Court of North Carolina has decided that dogs are not property in that State. According to the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture dogs cost the State $6,000,000 annually.

—Virginia creepers are being planted by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the hillsides along their tracks. It is done to prevent land-slides, and will add greatly to the beauty of the scenery.

—King Menelik, who rules over the southern portion of Abyssinia, has sent a letter to the British Anti-slavery Society, announcing that he has abolished the slave-trade throughout his dominions.

—According to the new German law court regulations, which are to come into operation on the 1st of October next, German will be the only language which can be used before the tribunals of the Empire.

—Invitations have been sent by the various branches of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society to the strikers in Bradford, England, and nearly 300 engineers are coming to the United States and Canada to remain.

—The Landrath of the Canton of Uri, Switzerland, has voted in favor of the restoration of capital punishment for murder and for arson when involving a loss of life. As this is a provisional law, it will require to be ratified by a plebiscite.

—The losses by fire in the United States during the first six months of this year amounted to $47,026,800, which is $15,500,000 more than at the same period last year. It is also from $7,500,000 to $15,000,000 over the losses in 1875, 1876 and 1877.

—The French Chamber has been lately called upon to consider the question of the abolition of an old law passed more than sixty years ago, and now entirely unobserved, obliging all work to be suspended and all shops shut on Sunday. To the mass the existence of such a law was unknown.

—Custer's battlefield on the Little Big Horn River, Montana, is to be incorporated into a national cemetery. Orders from the War Department, just issued, direct that a survey of the site be made at once, and that the Commanding General, Department of Dakota, announce the miles and bounds in orders.

—There is a movement afoot to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Va., with unusual pomp in October, in order to begin preparations for a grand centennial celebration in 1881, which shall be a crowning demonstration of the series of centennials which began at Concord and Lexington in 1875.

—Bristol is perhaps the only city in the world with two mayors, two city governments, police, etc., and that is taxed to two States. The line between Tennessee and Virginia is in the centre of Main Street, and it gives rise to many funny scenes, as, for example, a runaway couple need no coach and four, but arm in arm step across Main Street and are wedded. The fugitive commits a crime in Virginia, goes to the pavement on the other side of the street and talks defiantly to the officer, on the opposite side, who has a warrant for his arrest. A stumble or a too bold disposition will sometimes, however, bring him to grief.

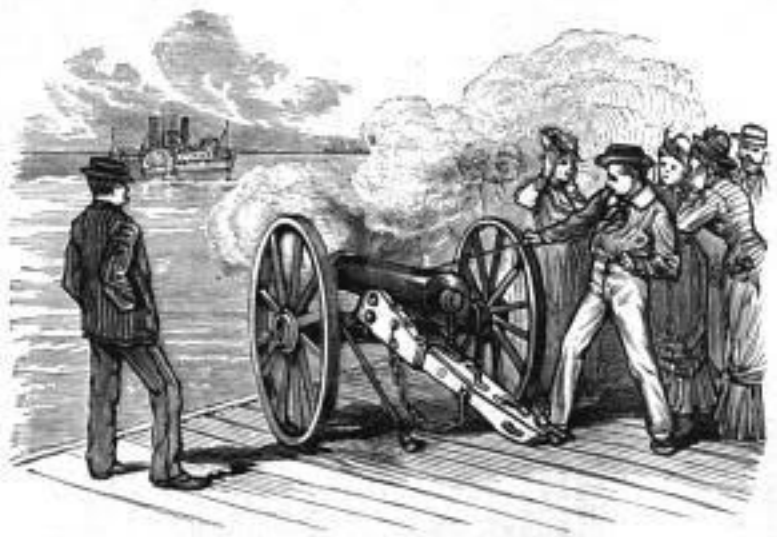
—M. Venard de St. Anne, the originator of the project for bridging the English Channel, promises to commence operations without delay. He estimates that it will require seven months for experiment, and that 1,000,000 francs will suffice to pay the preliminary expenses. To raise funds he has laid the project before the French and Belgian Chambers of Commerce. Eighty-four of these have already expressed themselves in favor of the project. He will visit England shortly to lay the matter before the English Government. To span deep water he has recourse to the tubular system similar to that employed in the case of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn.

—Where a Chinese has, by his services, merited a title of nobility, his son neither has nor ever will have the right to use any title except that immediately inferior to it; and thus the nobility goes on diminishing in the family from generation to generation, until it becomes completely extinct, unless one of its members renders to his country a signal service, and thus reinstates himself in the title originally granted to his ancestor. This ingenious combination gives to the nobility an ever-growing emulation, a desire to render service to their country great in proportion as the family title is diminishing, because it is more dishonorable to see this heritage declining in their hands than never to have possessed it.

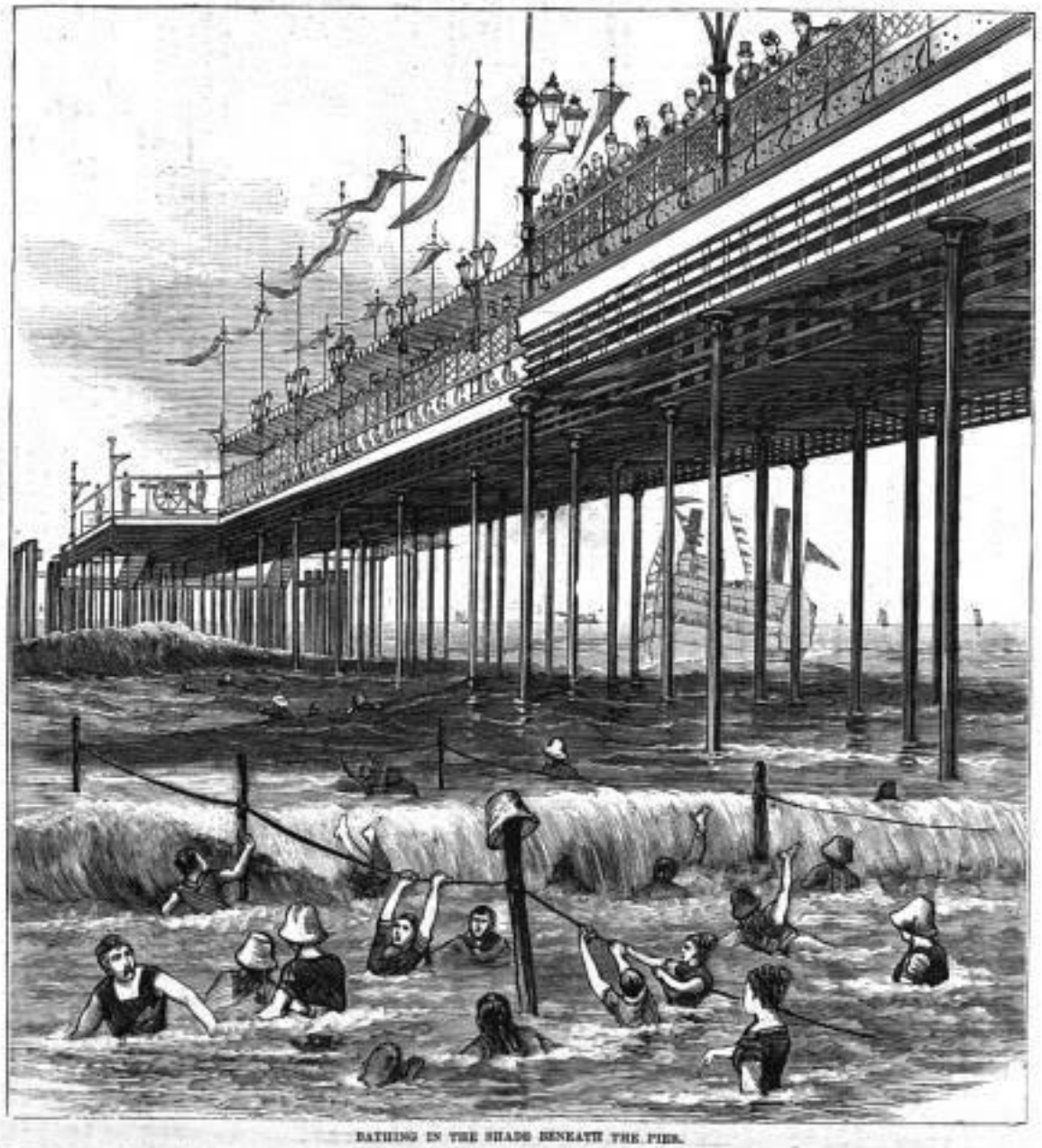
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THE STEAMER "PLYMOUTH ROCK" LANDING PASSENGERS AT THE NEW PIER.



FIRING A SALUTE FROM THE PIER.



BATHING IN THE SHADE BENEATH THE PIER.



CHILDREN SPORTING IN THE SAND.



A SAND BATH ON THE BEACH.



VISITORS SUNNING THEMSELVES AFTER A BATH.

NEW JERSEY.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—THE NEW TUBULAR IRON PIER AT LONG BRANCH, OPPOSITE THE OCEAN HOTEL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 415.

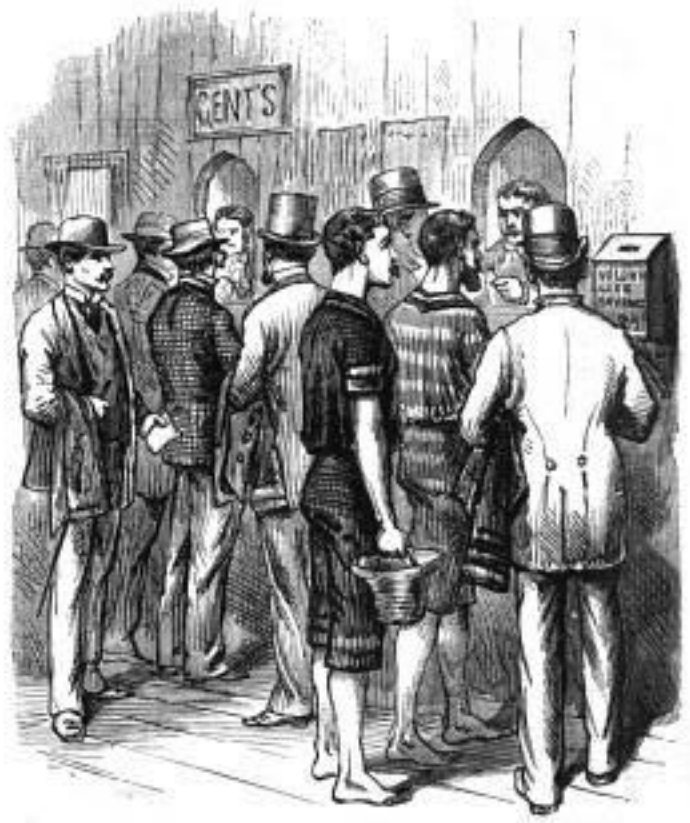
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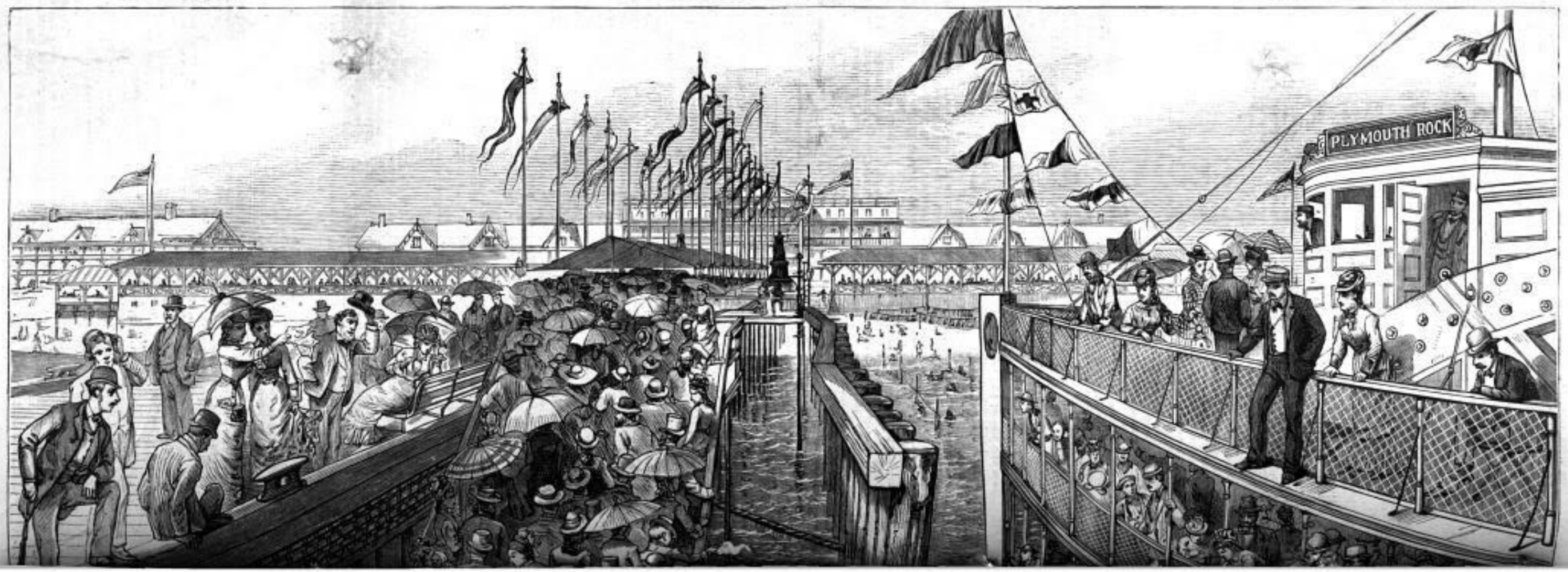
LADIES HIRING BATHING-SUITS.



ENTRANCE TO THE PIER FROM OCEAN AVENUE.



BATHERS RECEIVING THEIR VALUABLES FROM THE DEPOSIT SAFE.



CHANCE.

A WORD unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen or a thought unguessed,
And souls that were kindred may live apart,
Never to meet or know the truth,
Never to know how heart beat with heart
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At women and love in the open day,
And at night-time kisses, with bitter tears,
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

CECIL CARLISLE.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

THE luncheon was a merry one. Sir Eric Egerton threw off the gloom that had oppressed him, and, though he made no effort to shine, shone brilliantly. The children were too well trained to make themselves prominent, and, if a little tongue was inclined to outrun discretion, a look from one of the elders enforced instant silence.

After luncheon the children went out for a walk, and Cecil, who often went with them, remained in the drawing-room with the doctor and his wife and the guest. She withdrew presently, however, in order to leave those who were old friends together for a time; and then Egerton informed Doctor Dormer and his wife of the true state of the case with regard to Egerton Royal. The doctor was deeply concerned, but scarcely surprised.

"It was the turf," he said, "that brought your uncle to ruin. I am sure, while your mother was at the head of his establishment, she did what she could to restrain him; but, when once the gambling fever, in whatever form, seizes upon a man, one may give him up. You must marry an heiress, Eric," he added, more lightly.

"That counsel does not come seriously from you, Doctor Dormer," returned Egerton, gravely. "No; Themistocles ennobled road-sweeping, but he could not have ennobled fortune-hunting."

"The same Eric as of old, unchanged," said the doctor, laying his hand on that of his younger friend.

"Can nothing be done?" asked Mrs. Dormer.

"Nothing, dear Mrs. Dormer," said Eric Egerton, sadly but sternly. "I must give up father's inheritance to strangers, and return to Vienna."

"It's very hard, very bitter," remarked Mrs. Dormer. "I wish——"

"What, my dear?" asked the doctor.

"Eric might not like me to express my thought," said she, demurely.

"Dear Mrs. Dormer, no thought of yours concerning me could ever be anything but kind," declared Egerton.

"Well, I was thinking of Miss Courtenay," said Mrs. Dormer. "She is a great heiress—perhaps you have heard of her? My cousin who lives near Oakeley told me that she was coming to England soon, and that she is said to be very handsome."

"She turned people's heads in Paris," remarked Egerton, indifferently, not choosing to repeat the mercenary counsel of his mother. "But pray do not build castles for me; I shall be in Vienna when Miss Courtenay is at Oakeley, Mrs. Dormer, even supposing she would stoop to a poor *attaché*."

As she spoke the door opened, and Cecil Carlisle entered in time to catch the last few words. She was about to withdraw instantly; but the doctor called to her, and Sir Eric, rising and approaching her, begged her on no account to so wrong him as to suppose that he wished her absent.

"You are kind to say so," she said, smiling; "but, you know, Sir Eric, politeness is not always truth. You would not like to say that to me, but I can take advantage of my sex and say it to you."

"It is true in this case, Miss Carlisle, believe me," answered Egerton, gravely; and it was.

The most cynical of men could not have found an atom of coquetry in Cecil as she uttered words which might have seemed in the abstract chargeable with that often cruel folly.

"We were only talking about a great heiress, dear," said Doctor Dormer, drawing the girl to his side.

"Miss Courtenay?" she interrogated. "I was so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as to catch the name; but I am as wise as I was before. My fate has not cast my lot among heiresses. I wish it had."

"You might not be any happier for it, Cecil."

"Maybe not; but I should not mind trying it—by way of a change."

"That's just what we have been recommending Eric to do," said the doctor, laughing.

"To marry an heiress?" questioned Cecil, laughing too. "I see; and Miss Courtenay is the fortunate young lady?"

"More likely a Viennese princess," said Egerton, "unless Miss Courtenay turns up at Vienna within the next few months."

"Are you going back to Vienna at once?" asked Cecil. "You are a model landlord!"

She was leaning over the back of the doctor's chair, and looked up quizzically into Egerton's face as she spoke.

"There is no need for my talents in that capacity, Miss Carlisle," he said, gently; "the land is mortgaged up to the hilt, and the mortgagee will foreclose in a month." Cecil's face flushed crimson.

"Sir Eric," she said, hurriedly, "I beg your pardon; I did not——"

"Miss Carlisle, the exculpation is not necessary."

"I am so sorry," she said, in the same low tone. "I know what it must be to lose lands that have been in one family for generations."

She moved away. Too strong an expression of sympathy seemed unsuited to so short an acquaintance, and might only pain where it was meant to soothe. If Cecil Carlisle had been more conscious of her power, she would have known that the sympathy of a beautiful woman can never be misplaced.

That was a pleasant evening, and so were many others that followed it. Eric Egerton could not—even in Cecil's presence—forget that the lands of his fathers were to pass into the hands of strangers; but he sought her society the more eagerly because it was the one thing that beguiled him; all other pleasure seemed "flat, stale and unprofitable."

The business with the family lawyer kept him in town for more than a fortnight, and most of his spare time was spent in Upper Berkeley Street, where he was a great favorite with the children, and sure always of the warmest welcome, from Doctor Dormer to the servant who opened the door. He shrank from other society, and shunned the places where he was likely to meet those who might recognize him. Cecil was passionately fond of music, and, though she frankly said she could not afford to go much into society, she must go to concerts. Egerton was often one of the party; and, fond as he was himself of music, it could scarcely be doubted that the charms of Cecil's company on these occasions outweighed even those of a concerto of Mendelssohn's or a symphony of Beethoven's. To his mother he only wrote that the business was progressing favorably, and that he was a great deal with the Dormers. He said nothing of Cecil Carlisle.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Sir Eric Egerton returned for a few days to the country, his mother once more attacked him on the score of the wealthy marriage, but found him inexorable.

"I believe," she said, at length, "that you have fallen in love with some penniless woman, and that that is making you obdurate, though I cannot see how you can marry on your income."

"I have no thought of doing so, mother," was the gentle answer. "I owe my first duty to you. You shall never lack that my happiness may be secured. For the rest I must beg you to ask no questions. Whether I loved or did not, it would make no difference in my original decision."

She tried reproaches—she tried tears; but both were in vain. Egerton merely answered:

"Mother, you only pain me, and heap sorrow upon sorrow. I am willing to sacrifice my own peace for you; is not that enough? Not to save your life would I sacrifice my honor."

"Then," she said, "I am right—right in supposing that now your heart fights against me."

"It ever did, mother, but honor more—and it is the same now. Only then I could not have married without love, and now I dare not. You wish to know more? I cannot tell you. I have been foolish, not sinning. I suffer alone. Let the dead past bury its dead."

"Can it? Will it? You were always self-depreciative, Eric. You are not a man that women regard with indifference—ay, wince, I speak truth; and, if this girl is portionless—low-born she cannot be—you would never disgrace your birth—she would doubtless not love you the less because you are a baronet."

"Mother," said Egerton, sternly, "you reach the limits of my forbearance when you breathe a word against the woman I love. Nay, I have heard enough. Pray let this subject drop. For the present, good-morning;" and he left the room.

The next day at breakfast he announced that he was going up to London to bid farewell to the Dormers. He should return the same night, if possible, as in a few days the foreclosure would formally take place and the heir of the Egertons look his last on his fathers' home. Mrs. Egerton longed to ask some questions about the forbidden subject; but the manner in which her son had spoken sealed her lips.

"Very well," she said; "you lose your patrimony with a light heart, Eric."

He did not reproach her, but gently kissed her forehead and went out.

He did not reach London till the middle of the day, and repaired to Upper Berkeley Street about five o'clock.

"All out, sir," said the servant—"Miss Cecil and all. She's not with the children, sir; but, for certain, some one'll be home before long."

Egerton entered the dining-room, so full of memories of Cecil's presence, the room where he had waited for her less than a fortnight before to go to the Philharmonic Concert. Had he betrayed the truth to her that night? Oh, the misery of that thought! She would believe that he had trifled with her, and he could not explain—could not clear his name.

He walked up and down the long room, schooling himself to meet her—and part from her—perhaps for ever. He tried to face the worst. He dreaded to meet her alone.

If the mental vision of her, as he seemed to see her, with her earnest face and clear eyes and rippling tresses, made his heart beat and his lip tremble, what would his feelings be in her presence, when he must say the last words—the terrible eternal good-by?

He passed through what seemed hours of torture, and yet it was barely half an hour before there was a knock at the door. He heard the servant say that Sir Eric Egerton was in the dining-room. It was Cecil's sweet voice that answered, and the next moment she came into the room, throwing down her hat upon the table, and holding out her hand.

"Why did you not write?" she said. "The Doctor and Mrs. Dormer will not be in till ten o'clock to-night. I am so sorry. Have you been waiting long?"

"Only half an hour, Miss Carlisle"—he had taken her hand for a moment, dropping it almost immediately. "Ten o'clock? I ought to leave London by that time."

"Going back to night?" interrogated Cecil, passing, and leaning over the back of the doctor's armchair, a favorite position with her.

"Yes; the mortgagee forecloses in another week," said Egerton, quietly. "I must be down there then. I leave for the Continent three days later. I am come to-day to say good-by."

His words in that room so short a time before, standing, as he stood now, by the mantelpiece, the very attitude of graceful ease the same, rushed back upon the girl's heart with overpowering force—"I never wish to see England again." For a moment self-command failed her. Her secret must have been read in her face if she had not bent it down over her hand, while she played with the rings on her fingers.

"You know how grieved I am for the reason that takes you away, Sir Eric," she said, after a pause, still not looking up—"how sorry we all are; but—but—cannot you remain to see the Doctor and Mrs. Dormer? They will be so deeply grieved to miss you."

"I am afraid not. I must see the agent the first thing to-morrow morning."

"But there is a train as late as eleven," urged Cecil; "could you not wait till ten?"

"I have other business to attend to this evening, Miss Carlisle."

"Then you could call again," she said, a little puzzled now.

Egerton was silent. He could not tell her that, once parted from her, he dared not incur the risk of meeting her again. Cecil spoke first.

"They will be so sorry," she said again; "and the children too—they were so fond of you. But they will be in shortly. Can you not wait for them?"

"I am afraid not. I wish I could have had more time. This is a very hurried, very unceremonious farewell; but I can only throw myself on your mercy. Will you tell the dear old doctor and his wife"—pausing, and then going on quickly—"how it grieved me that I could not fix a day beforehand to say good-by, nor wait to see them? I will write to them from Egerton Royal. And will you make my peace with the little ones?"

"Yes," she said, still keeping one hand on the back of the chair, and scarcely looking at him. "I will give all your messages."

"Thank you. And now good-by!"

She gave him both her hands, and, with one quick fleeting glance into his face, she said softly, and very quietly:

"Good-by!" Then gathering all her strength for one effort—one effort to wear the mask to the end—she added earnestly, "And Heaven prosper you, Eric Egerton!"

If he had spoken then, he must have revealed too much. He kissed her hands, dropped them, and turned to the door. With her soft profile half averted, she stood still by the old-fashioned chair, her hands clasped—ah, how tightly now, though he could not see the tension of the sinews!—over the back; and Eric Egerton paused and looked once more—for the last time—at the woman he loved, his hand on the door-handle.

He who had withstood his mother's tears, the pleadings of pride, all that had tempted him to sell his honor—hesitated now, paused, and then came back again to her very side.

"Cecil, one word—not of hope—not—not—oh, pardon—forgive! Cecil, how can I part from you?"

The blood rushed to the girl's brow; she gave one swift look into his face, wistful, questioning, and then stretched out her hands to him; and he clasped her to his breast, forgetting everything in those moments save that Cecil loved him. Alas, how soon the clouds followed the sunshine! Even as he lifted the sweet face to his and pressed the first kiss on her lips, he saw the grim shadow gliding between them.

"Cecil," he whispered, "my darling, I have wronged you. I dreaded the conflict in which I have been vanquished; and yet—yet—for I did not dream you loved me, Cecil—I thought I suffered alone. It is better that you should know the truth; you will not misjudge me now; and the parting may be for a time—not for ever."

"Part?" she said, clinging to him. "Why need that be?"

"Dear one, I am poor, and my mother has not been trained to bear poverty; she has been brought up in luxury. That is why I would not try to win you, why I should have left England without betraying my love for you. I dared not ask you to wait—perhaps for years—before I could claim you as my wife."

"I should be willing to wait," said Cecil, softly; "but your mother—will she ever welcome me, when she has hoped to see Miss Courtenay your wife?"

"Cecil, I could not wreck my life and yours because my mother has set her heart upon what never would have been. I would not meet Miss Courtenay. If—before I saw you—I had known I should meet her anywhere, I would have avoided that place lest perchance my heart should betray my honor."

"And now?" said Cecil, archly. "Now I should have no fear. They say she is very handsome. I shall know soon."

"How, Cecil?"

"I am going to her—to be her companion. A friend has obtained me the situation. She says Miss Courtenay is very kind, and I shall be very happy. She often travels, and then I might see you sometimes, Eric."

"When do you go to her, *chérie*?"

"The day after to-morrow. Eric, you will come and see me again at Oakeley Park before you leave England—you will be so near?"

"Cecil, you forget Miss Courtenay might not approve."

"She could not mind—she is young herself, not middle aged and prim. I must see you once more," said the girl, earnestly; "promise to come."

"You know that you tempt me, Cecil. I promise."

"And you will wait now to see the doctor and his wife?"

"Yes—ah, Cecil, do not make me plead *pecuci!*"

The girl smiled, and, drawing him to a chair, sat down at his feet, and the hours flew on wings. The separation would not be for long, she said; he was so clever, he would soon rise higher in his career. And so her young hopeful spirit wove bright fancies; and he had not the heart to cast a black thread across the glowing woof.

It was a sorrowful parting with Doctor Dormer and his wife; and then there was the last clasp of Cecil's hand, and her steadfast, earnest look and whisper, "Remember"; and he was gone.

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

THREE days before the foreclosure Sir Eric Egerton rode over to Oakeley Park. The very horse he bestrode would soon pass under the hammer, and he sighed as he caressed the arching neck of the noble animal. The lodge-keeper at Oakeley bowed low to the handsome fashionable gentleman. He wondered, with a bitter smile, if her courtesy would have been as profound if she had known that he was the ruined lord of Egerton Royal, that the spirited gray he managed so skillfully was not as much his own as a hired hack?

He rode on in the Summer twilight through a chestnut avenue, a mile in length, and drew rein before the mansion—a splendid old pile, with stately terraces and turrets and gables. His mother had wearied him with enlarging on the beauties of Oakeley; but he who might have owned all this splendor looked on it without envy. He thought more of the one jewel within that casket, though, like himself, alien to it, than of all that wealth and beauty could bestow.

Cecil had not, it seemed, counted in vain upon Miss Courtenay's kindness, as the servants had evidently had their orders. Eric's horse was immediately led to the stables, and he was conducted across a splendid hall, up a broad flight of marble stairs, and into a noble drawing-room, where the footman left him to carry his card to Miss Carlisle.

Egerton was left alone with tall mirrors, amber draperies, statues, pictures and flowers. Something more than a merely "pretty" taste had presided over the arrangement of this room—a fitting frame-work to Cecil's picture-like beauty, which had enriched even the dingy London interiors where he had hitherto seen her.

Through the partly-opened door he presently heard the rustle of silken garments; the door was pushed wider and Cecil came quickly in—Cecil, but transformed. Her richest dress had been black velveteen. Now she was attired in a robe of rich blue satin, with costly lace on her neck and sleeves. She looked more than ever a "princess" as she stood before him—a meet figure for such a frame.

But satin and laces had not changed her, for she sprang forward to his arms as she would have done if the meeting-place had been Doctor Dormer's shabby dining-room, and she had not been a great lady's favorite—for that Miss Courtenay had taken a dangerously sudden fancy to her beautiful companion was manifest in the richness of her attire.

"Dear Cecil," he said, tenderly, as he put back the clustering curls and looked into the shining eyes, "do you think you will be happy here? Miss Courtenay cannot be jealous, for, verily, in the serge dress that you wore when I first saw you, you would outshine her, I am sure; and now——"

He held her off to look at her again.

"I see you admire me," she said, smiling. "Oh, I am sure I shall be happy! Miss Courtenay seems so fond of me; she denies me nothing. Don't look cynical, Eric, and don't look so sorrowful."

"Have I not enough to make me sorrowful, Cecil? But forgive me. In truth, if there could be a Lethe for my regrets it would be in your presence, Cecil."

He was a little surprised—nay, though he would not have owned it even to himself, a trifle pained—that she seemed so light-hearted. Did she divine it, that she glanced up so keenly into his face? If she did, it did not seem to produce any profound impression on her, for she drew herself from his embrace, retired a few steps, and said archly:

"What made you send up your card to Miss Carlisle?"

"Cecil, are you not here under your own name?"

"Certainly!" she laughed. "You think it a sorry time for jesting, when in three days your mortgagee will foreclose? Well, Miss Carlisle would not have seen you if she had had your card, which was given to me instead, I thought you must have made a mistake, because Miss Carlisle is fifty, and you don't know her. So I imagined—you know what Shakespeare says of a name—that Miss Courtenay would do rather better."

"Cecil, what am I to understand? You cannot mean——"

"That, if you knew where Miss Courtenay was, you would avoid that place—and yet you come here on purpose to see her, and meet her very warmly. Will you love me less, Eric, because I am Miss Courtenay, and not Miss Courtenay's companion?"

"Cecil, Cecil, how could you suffer me to win your heart under so terrible a mistake?"

He sank down upon the sofa from which he had risen, covering his face. Cecil knelt before him, and drew away his hands, holding them in her own.

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"A mistake," she said, in her clear, soft voice, looking unflinchingly into his face while she spoke, "that gained me a love unblemished by one thought of worldly advantage—a mistake that enabled me to redeem your father's lands. Nay, Eric, hear me out; you shall not rob me of this great privilege—am I not serving myself also? Do you fear the world? But you will not break your heart and mine for what scandal may say, when conscience acquits you. I called on your solicitor, Eric, on the day before I came down here. I told him the exact truth, and that in less than a week the mortgage would be redeemed, but that he was to say nothing to you. Only from my lips should you learn that Cecil Carlisle was Nina Cecil Courtenay."

He could only clasp her to his heart once more and bow his head on hers in uncontrollable agitation; and Cecil, smiling through tears and weeping through smiles, clung to him and whispered softly:

"Ah, you wondered why I was so light-hearted when we were parting for so many years! You thought I was weaving girlish fancies when I foresaw so bright a future for you, Eric; but you know all now; and I—I know now the value of wealth, for all that I have is thine."

"Cecil, hush! Your love was all I sought—nay, I did not dare to seek even that—I cannot suffer——"

"Me to do as I will with my own!" interrupted Cecil, archly. "But it is too late. Presently"—and she colored a little—and her head drooped—"you may take the high tone—not now."

"Never, Cecil; but of that another time. Tell me what induced you to assume a disguise and live as you were living when I met you?"

"Eric, will you think me very eccentric? Well, it was this. I was my father's pet and only child, heiress to great wealth, and of gentle birth. Every one petted me and spoiled me. You think that last could not be. So at least your smile says; but you are prejudiced. So was every one about me, though from different motives. I grew weary of praise and flattery, weary of being always in the right, of being imitated and courted, and made much of; if in one moment I had become poor, what a difference there would have been! Do you know, at one time I tried to outrage people's notions—did odd things—I even went so far as to be rude in cold blood! But they wouldn't be horrified—wouldn't take offense. My oddity was originality, my rudeness independence of mind. I went abroad and traveled about, and in Paris and elsewhere went into society; but, of course, it was the same there. Suitors! I might have had one for every day in the year! I grew sick of it all. I began to get cynical. How could I test the worth of any affection? The servants would all fawn on the heiress. Every one loves rich people! Suddenly the idea came to me which brought me to Doctor Dormer's; he did not know who I was. I told my design only to Miss Carlisle—my companion—borrowed her name, and came to London. I saw Doctor Dormer's advertisement and answered it. I determined to live for a time like a poor woman, to see if there was any truth in what I had been told, that I could be loved for my own sake. You think that I had grown morbid and cynical? Was it strange? But I was cured among those good people; I grew to love them very much even in the short time I was there, and they—you saw how they treated me—like their own daughter. And then—then you came, Eric—you, who had given up all you held dearest rather than be false to honor; and you loved me, too, for my own sake. Have I lost by the lesson I taught myself? Have I not gained more than all that wealth could give?"

"Cecil, you did well," answered Eric; and in the long close embrace, the one tender, almost solemn kiss pressed on her brow, she understood all else that he left unsaid.

* * * * * * *

Lady Egerton, of Egerton Royal and Oakeley Park, is the *belle* of the London season. The romantic story of her marriage had got about—as such stories always do—and added zest to the homage paid to the beautiful and noble-hearted wife of Eric Egerton; but the great world had no power over the pure heart. Despite her Velasquez-like stateliness, those who were intimate with her were inclined to drop the formal "Lady Egerton" for the familiar "Nina." To her husband and the Dormers she was always Cecil, and the children still gave her the old title of "Princess."

What pantomimes there were now for the children—what children's parties—what happy days at Egerton Royal! What splendid dolls there were for the girls and ships for the boys! Lady Egerton never felt greater pleasure in anything her brilliant life afforded her than when "playing daughter," as she called it, to the Doctor and Mrs. Dormer, or amusing the children.

Cecil Egerton's friendship did not stop short at these loving attentions. By her generosity the good doctor was placed beyond the need of practicing; but he loved his profession so much that, though he thenceforth gave up the more arduous portion of the work, he still practiced as a consulting physician; and it was a common thing now to see a long line of carriages waiting outside the residence of the fashionable physician, Lady Egerton's friend. For all the ladies were now ready to declare that they had never known so clever a man as Doctor Dormer.

* * * * * * *

One sunny morning in June, at an hour when many beauties were lounging over a late breakfast, down by the Serpentine a group of children were gathered round a tall, handsome man and a young and lovely girl. The man held in his hand a tiny model clipper, which presently he launched upon the stream with a push that sent her several feet into the dancing water, while a series of delighted shouts and clappings of hands followed her; and the girl, happy in the children's happiness, clapped her hands too, and watched with real interest the little vessel in her trip across the Serpentine. The previous night's ball had faded from her memory; she had almost forgotten the garden-party for the afternoon, and opera for the evening, when every one would be looking to see if Lady Egerton's picturesque beauty shone in the well-known box. She was Cecil Carlisle, swimming the children's boats, and the happier in that innocent pleasure that it was now always associated in her mind with the day she had first met her husband, as he knelt on the grassy bank mending Walter's ship, and, while she stood by, asked of the children clustered round him, "And which of you is Cecil?"

OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.

Attractions of Long Branch and its Iron Pier.

"AM I on the deck of an ocean steamer?" I asked myself, as I recently paced the new iron pier at Long Branch. Above me a canvas awning, beneath my feet deftly laid boards, holystoned to a Dutch dazzle; around me groups of gayly dressed people engaged in reading, in chatting, in flirting, in fishing, and, better than all, in doing nothing. I glanced seawards, and the ocean, dark-heaving, boundless, endless, kissed the sky. I gazed over the bulwarks and the blue-green waters flashed golden in the sunlight. In the distance a white sail on the sky—or a dim, filmy smoke-cloud. The illusion was perfect, even to the masts dressed with the gaudiest of bunting. A *figo* for the Bessemer swinging saloon! A *figo* for the Douvres-Calais catamaran! This was the ship for me—steady as a billiard-table, and—— I turned, to be confronted by the stern reality of land—a tawny beach fringed with leaping snow-foam, a tawny bluff crowned by the palatial Ocean House, whose extending piazzas resemble widespread and welcoming arms open to those "who travel by sea." The view of Long Branch from this pier is panoramic. Away to the right and left hotels and villas and cottages, of every design "since Babel was builded," stretch in infinite variety, ending as dots against the sky-line, the specialty being houses such as were seen by the captains of the Spanish Armada from their high poops when Philip rashly attempted the invasion of Merrie England. Beneath the bluff nestle hundreds of bathing-houses, while bathers, arrayed in *bizarre* costumes of as many colors as the raiment of Joseph, swarm on the yellow sands, till a garden of animated flowers presents itself to the attracted gaze. What a heaven-sent corner is this pier to the semi-convalescent! What deep, deep draughts of life-giving ozone are to be inhaled from every wave that comes sweeping in from the broad Atlantic!

I strolled down to the entrance, a very Mosaic in woodwork, and listened to the band, while I gazed at Long Branch *en toilette*. Immense omnibuses and dumpy stages trundle cheek-by-jowl with flashing equipages that would hold their own in the Row or the Bois; pony-phaetons and basket-cozys tooled by bewitching maidens, pass in saucy and pretty trottiness; family carriages of ponderous build, containing portly dowagers and the small fry, and Norman-capped *bonnes*, creep lazily along; mail-phaetons, "worked" by knowing ones, tear onwards! Everything is gay and animated. The crowd is always in motion. Groups of graceful young girls pass across the well-kept road from the Ocean House to the pier, or towards the bathing pavilions, where they stand "all in a row" while waiting for bathing suits. Young fellows, red as to the back of the neck from exposure to the sun, and dressed in the shortest of jackets and flowingest of continuations, and invariably attached to formidable-looking canes, stride jauntily about, a dip in the briny being their all of occupation in life. To behold them demanding their jewelry when they emerge from the billows is "a bit" of Long Branch. *Pater familias*, in a wide-brimmed straw hat and armed with the dailies, is strong at this charming *sanitarium*. He affects the pier, and has his favorite seat. The novel-reading young lady is also to be found here, who calmly passes at the end of each chapter to listen to what the wild waves may be saying; children, "symphonies" in pink and "arrangements" in blue, group with the grace of kittens. The pier is a great resort for those who desire to behold their friends and acquaintances leaping, plunging, tossing, squirming, screaming, laughing, swimming and diving in the glad, mad, merry surf. Seated directly over these toilers of the deep every movement may be watched at ease, while a big wave can be seen approaching from afar off, so soon to burst over the devoted heads of the all-unconscious bathers. Many bathe beneath the pier, thereby securing respite from the rays of an almost tropical sun.

A noticeable feature of this portion of the Branch is the Life-guard service. These men, attired in distinctive dress, and with a life-belt around their waists, stand upon the sands or wade chest-deep in the surf, ever on the look-out. The moment an alarm is raised, or that their experienced glance indicates danger to a bather, they swim to the rescue, the life-belts being in readiness for the person in jeopardy. But the great feature, not only of the pier but in the life at the Branch, is the morning and evening arrival of the *Plymouth Rock*, the leviathan making two trips daily from New York. Her appearance having been duly signaled, a white flag is run up at one side of the extremity of the pier to denote the landing side. Then Judge Fitch, the ubiquitous and earnest president of the Pier Company, takes up his position, and Mr. R. F. Hamilton, the business manager, takes up his. The monster of the deep passes a long way out at sea, but presently slows round and comes drifting towards the pier, her three decks black with swarming humanity. The paddles give a few turns and she is alongside, but still fifty feet from the wooden uprights. Her captain seems to be standing on an inch of something or other on the bulwarks, while at six different points keen-eyed, strong-armed sailors are ready to fling ropes to pier officials, who run along wobbling beams with the agility of monkeys. Guy-ropes are thrown from the ship and deftly caught, while at the same moment—boom! and the piece of ordnance presented to the Ocean House by Mr. Frank Leslie, his name in brazen letters on the gun, now stationed on the pier, is fired, announcing to the Branch the safe arrival of the *Rock*. The hawsers adjusted, gangways are run out at different points, and thousands of excursionists are vomited forth—thousands! for, as I stood there watching them file before me like an invading army for twenty-five minutes, three thousand five hundred people passed *en route* to the shore. The young mother with the baby; the husband enfolded in wraps; the lovers, *she* hanging fondly upon *he*; the swells who do not come ashore till the very last; the youths who are determined to have a good time; the prudent ones, with basket and bottle; the bathers, carrying their own suits; children who will approach too near the edge of the pier—all these and other types too numerous to mention pass onwards in slow if not solemn procession, for they have got to deliver up their pier tickets at the iron wicket, and business must be attended to. To behold these excursionists, as later on they swarm upon the sands, is indeed a sight "rich in wondrous variety." Such groupings, such attitudes, such thorough *abandon!* They take possession of every available resting-place, and while many ramble along the beach for miles, the large majority remain within rifle-range of the *Plymouth Rock*, which gathers them together by vigorous blowing of whistle at the appointed time. Sun-kissed and ozone-laden, they return to the city, resolving to visit the Branch at the very next convenient opportunity.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Newberry, of the Columbia College School of Mines, is spending his Summer vacation in Utah, studying the geology of the Territory and examining its mines.

The French Minister of Fine Arts has placed at the disposition of the War Office fourteen cups of Sèvres china to be offered in competition to the societies of carrier-pigeon breeders.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its eighth session at Montpellier, commencing on August 28th; the President being M. Bardoux, late Minister of Public Instruction.

By Improving the Navigation from Manchester to the sea, so as to accommodate steamers of the largest class, it is estimated that an annual saving to the city of £1,200,000 would accrue. Competent engineers pronounce the plan to be entirely feasible.

In Central Africa a large number of Jewish negroes has been discovered. Nearly every family possesses the law of Moses on parchment. They trace their origin to the first captivity, when some of the Hebrews fled to the desert and intermarried with the natives.

The Last Sheets of the map of Switzerland, recently published at Berne, will prove particularly valuable to tourists. They include St. Maria and the Stelvio, Martigny, and the Great St. Bernard. When the whole work is completed, Switzerland will be able to boast of a map of a far higher and more useful order than is possessed by any other country in the world.

The Opponents of Dr. Schliemann affirm that it is impossible to identify Hissarlik with the Homeric Troy, on the ground that at the time of the great epic war the site must have been covered by the sea. The Berlin geologists come to the rescue, and say that all the building stones brought from Hissarlik are of fresh-water formation, and thus confirm Schliemann's conclusions.

In Addition to his Astronomical Paper, Admiral Mouchez is preparing the organization, at the Observatory, of a High School of Astronomy composed of pupils from the Polytechnic and Normal Schools, and licentiés en sciences, mathematiques, et physiques. The salary of successful pupils will be 1,800 francs a year, and positions will be secured for them in the French national observatories. The school will also admit a number of free students, who will have the advantage of the use of the instruments of the Observatory.

Professor Beneke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is doubled in size, and during the next five years is again doubled. Then its growth is much slower, though from the fifteenth to the twentieth year its size increases by two-thirds. A very slight growth is then observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, men's hearts are decidedly larger than those of women.

Mr. W. Whitman Bailey, of Brown University, describes the operations of a party of ants. The theatre of their work was a cherry-tree, partly decayed in the centre. From this portion of the tree the busy creatures were bringing forth small grains of sawdust, the particles of which were passed on from one ant to another, as water-buckets were at old-time fires. Nor was this all, for on the ground below another party removed the accumulated material. The principle of division of labor thus appears to be recognized among ants.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Saratoga, New York, beginning on Wednesday, the 27th of August. The President this year is Professor George F. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania. The managers of the United States Hotel have agreed to furnish first-class accommodations to members of the Association and their families at $2.50 a day, or one-half the regular rates, and a number of railroad companies will sell tickets at half-rates. A very full attendance is expected.

The Rev. C. T. Wilson, missionary in Africa, has recently made a voyage across the Victoria Nyanza from Uganda to Kagei. He visited a group of 150 islands at the northwestern corner of the lake, where Stanley places only one large island. The south shore of the lake is found to consist of high downs, ending in abrupt precipices 300 or 400 feet high, which sometimes descended sheer down to the water; at others there was a low strip of alluvial land at the base, dotted with villages. The geological features of the south were also distinct from those of the north.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The German Emperor has conferred the Order of the Crown of the First Class on Freiherr von Varnbüler, the author of the protectionist tariff.

The Board of Trade of Philadelphia is making arrangements to extend a fitting welcome to Minister John Welsh upon his return from England.

A special dispatch from Fort Buford says that Sitting Bull was present and directed the fight with General Miles on July 17th, and that one of his brothers was killed.

The Cardinal Secretary of State, Cardinal Nina, has received from the Emperor of Austria the Grand Cross of St. Stephen, the highest Austrian decoration given to persons not of royal blood.

Charles Feuhter, the distinguished actor, died on his farm, near Quakertown, Pa., on August 8th, after suffering from a complication of diseases of the liver, kidneys and digestive organs for several weeks.

Cardinal Hohenlohe, Liszt's great friend, was recently made Cardinal-Bishop of the Suburbicarian See of Albano, and the Pope has named Liszt an honorary canon of the Cathedral of Albano, that the friends may be together.

King Humbert of Italy has set himself to the very considerable task of reading the Italian Parliament reports for the last thirty years. His reason for doing so is to familiarize himself with the history of the most important public discussions.

The German Crown Prince's eldest son, Prince William, who is now finishing his studies at the University of Bonn, will start at the beginning of the vacation, about the middle of August, for the East. His Imperial Highness will be absent for several months.

The Pope has intrusted Cardinal Hergenröther with the reorganization of the Papal archives at the Vatican, so as to make them more accessible for historical research. The cardinal has also been authorized to prepare interesting documents for publication.

A French physician, Dr. Companys, who had charge of the sanitary arrangements of the Suez Canal works, has been sent to Panama to study the subject of health regulations for laborers on the proposed canal. De Lesseps will get the men from South America.

Dr. Kirk, the British Consul-General at Zanzibar, writes to his Government that Mr. Keith Johnstone, the leader of the English expedition to explore the head of Lake Nyassa, died of dysentery on the 28th of June, at Berebero, 120 miles inland from Dar-es-Salaam.

The Infanta Marie Del Pilar, second sister of the King of Spain, who was born June 4th, 1861, is dead. King Alfonso and the Princess of Asturias did not reach the place until after the death of the Infanta. It is stated that the body of the Infanta will be interred in the Pantheon of the Escurial.

Princess Albert Victor and George Frederick of Wales, on July 24th, bade farewell to the *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, where they have been educated during the past two years. They have both passed first-class in seamanship and conduct, thereby gaining six months' time, which will enable them shortly to become midshipmen.

The oldest ex-Member of Congress now living is the Hon. Peleg Sprague, who represented the Kennebec District, Maine, fifty four years ago—1825 to 1829. He was also a Senator from Maine from 1829 to 1835, and is the oldest ex-member of the Senate now living. Judge Sprague is now residing in Boston, at the greatly advanced age of eighty-seven years.

Official publication is made of the nomination of General von Manteuffel to be Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine, Dr. Herzog to be Secretary of State, Herr von Pommelesche to be Under-Secretary of the Interior, Worship and Instruction, Herr von Puttkammer-Calmar to be Under-Secretary of Justice, and Dr. Mayr to be Councilor of Finances and Domains.

Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Northumberland, Right Hon. Richard Assheton Cross, Lord Cranbrook, Right Hon. William Henry Smith, Lord John James Manners, Lord Sandon and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, were present at the Lord Mayor's banquet, which took place, August 6th, at the Mansion House.

Mrs. Mary Alice Seymour, formerly connected with the female seminary of Knox College at Galesburg, Ill., has received an appointment in the Imperial household of Austria as Mistress of English to the young Archduchess of Austria and the Princess of Tuscany, and will be known henceforth in the Imperial Royal household as Lady Alice Seymour.

Dr. Pond, the President of the Theological Seminary at Bangor, Me., is now eighty-eight years old, and is still strong in body and mind. He has occupied his position in the seminary for almost half a century. He has written fifty or sixty books, in addition to countless casual articles in magazines and newspapers, and he has withal made a very busy, energetic and successful president.

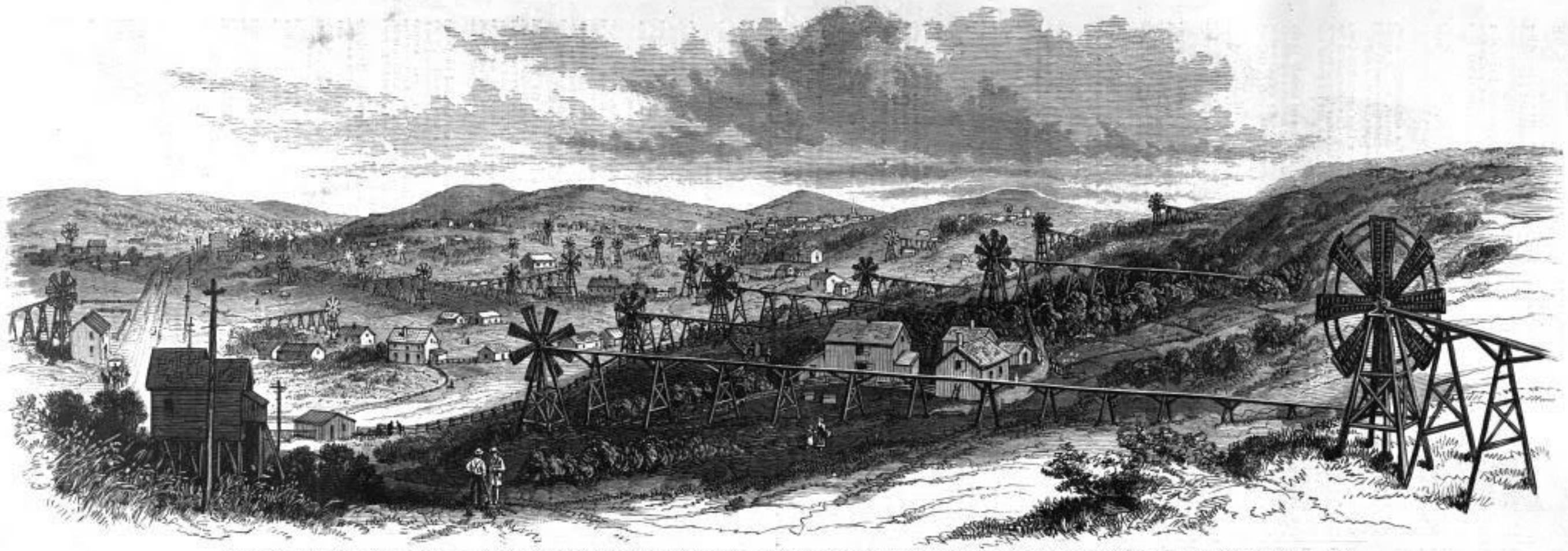
The statue of Thiers was unveiled on August 3d at Nancy in presence of a large assemblage, which included members of the Ministry, Senators and Deputies, and many other distinguished persons. A statue of Rabelais is to be set up at Chinon. A statue of General Foy, the Liberal orator of Louis XVIII.'s reign, was recently unveiled at Ham, and statues are proposed for Théophile Gautier and Béranger.

The two new French cardinals—Monsignor Desprez and Monsignor Pie—are entitled to a supplementary stipend of 10,000 francs a year in addition to an archiepiscopal allowance of 20,000 francs. The Archbishops of Paris and Algiers receive 50,000 francs and 30,000 francs respectively, but the other sixteen archbishops 20,000 francs, and the sixty-nine bishops 15,000 francs each. Each prelate is also allowed from 1,000 to 3,000 francs, according to the size of his diocese, for visitation.

Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Providence, who was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Hartford on August 10th, was educated at Montreal and Baltimore Catholic Colleges, besides making a European trip, and studying for some time at Rome. He speaks fluently a number of languages, and ranks as a deep thinker and skilled theologian. He is about forty-five years of age, and has spent the past fourteen years as pastor of a church at New Bedford. While there he was advanced to the Vicar-Generalship.

The Spanish and Portuguese congregation of Jews in London, the oldest in Great Britain, have elected Rev. Abraham Pereira Mendes to the position of preacher in both their synagogues, vacant by the death of Rabbi Aaron in January last. Dr. Mendes was educated for the ministry in London, and officiated in Jamaica, W. I., his birthplace, and in Birmingham, England, where he succeeded Rev. Dr. Raphall on his departure for New York in 1851. In the last fifteen years he has been Principal of the Northwick College in London, and has published several valuable educational works for Jewish schools. Dr. Mendes is the father of Rev. Dr. de Sola Mendes and H. P. Mendes, of New York.

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CALIFORNIA.—AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE—THE WINDMILL SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION—VIEW OF THE VALLEY AT SAN MIGUEL STATION, MISSION ROAD, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER TEAGER.

IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.

THE VALLEY OF THE WINDMILLS.

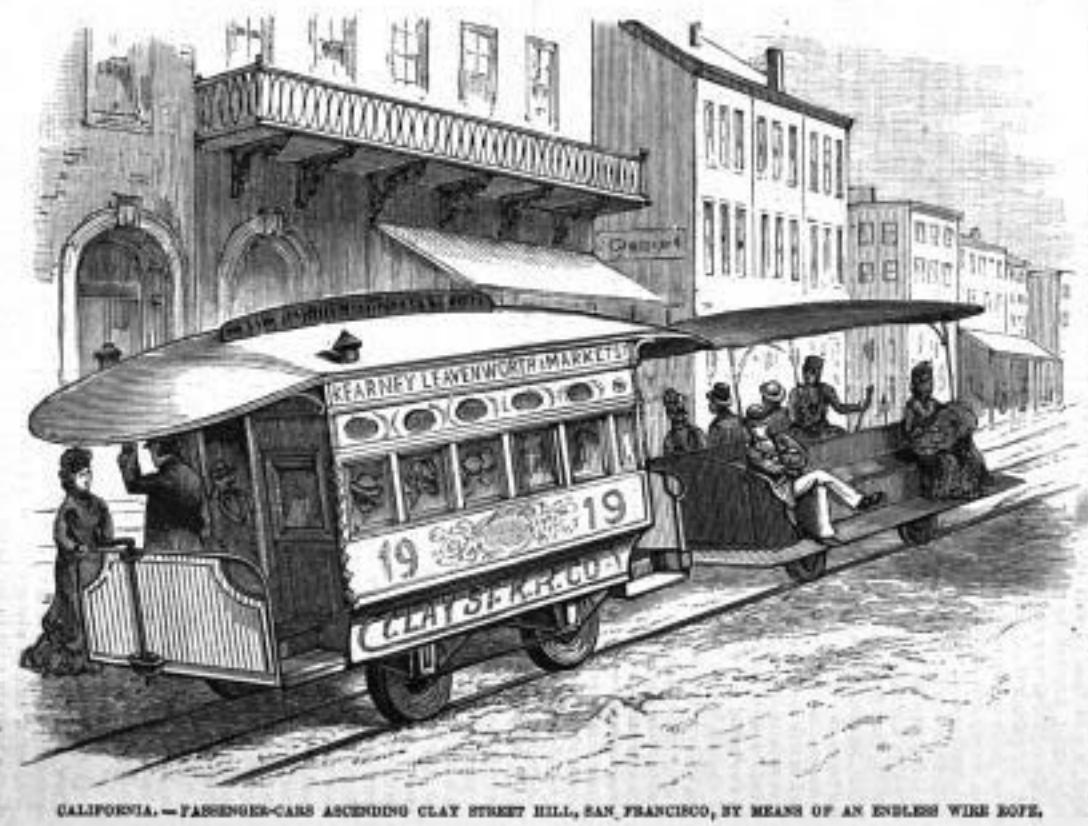
IT has been asserted that nearly one-half the world requires irrigation for growing crops. It has been practiced in New Mexico for more than 200 years, and it is well established in Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona and Nevada, as well as in much of California.

Irrigation is always a necessity where the general elevation is several thousand feet above the sea-level, or where mountain-ranges run across the sky so as to arrest the fall of moisture, and in each case the water used for irrigation first falls upon mountains. Except in Africa, irrigation is almost always practiced in sight of mountains perpetually covered with snow. The general elevation of the plains of New Mexico is 6,000 feet; of Colorado, 5,000; of Montana and Idaho, 3,500; of Utah, 5,000; of Nevada, 4,500; of the plateaus around Jerusalem, in Palestine, 3,000. The average amount of rainfall in the countries of the higher elevation is about twelve inches per annum; in those of the lower, sixteen to eighteen inches; and in those last wheat and other small grains can be grown without irrigation, providing there are Winter or "latter rains," as in California and Palestine, but gardens or vegetable crops must be irrigated; also, vines and fruit trees in the earlier stages of their growth. The annual rainfall of the Atlantic States is about fifty inches, of England fifty-five inches. An acre of wheat requires for its maturity a depth of ten to twelve inches of water, in the aggregate, all over the surface. This is equal to the supply on the great interior plains, but there it comes at such irregular intervals that no dependence is placed upon it except for germinating the seed of small grain, which almost always is sown early in Spring, so as to receive the benefit of the last snows. Should snow or rain fail, the grain must be started by irrigation, which is always dreaded, because a bare surface bakes and becomes hard, though something depends on the nature of the soil, whether sandy or adobe.

In preparing for irrigation two things are about equally necessary—one, a sure water-supply, the other, land so situated that water can be brought upon it, without too great an outlay. A preliminary line is to be run, and a surveyor is employed, who, selecting a suitable locality on a stream where a dam can be built, and where the banks are low, will, by help of an assistant, mark out a line, indicated by stakes driven two or three rods apart. A proper stream should have a fall of about ten feet to the mile, and the fall of an irrigating canal should be from three to five feet to the mile. The real work commences by plowing a furrow from stake to stake; what is called a farm ditch to supply two or three farms can be mostly finished with the plow. Two furrows will make a ditch large enough to carry water for fifteen or twenty acres. A larger one, called a canal, is made with plows, scrapers and shovels. The contract price of excavation is about eighteen cents a cubic yard, so that the cost will be from $300 to $1,500 a mile.

A grain-field is irrigated three times; the first time after the ground is fairly covered with the growing crop; the last time just before ripening, and each time the ground is submerged, every inch being reached by the water. Except in porous soils, water will not soak more than twelve inches. The farmer who invented the dividing flume has so arranged the furrows running through his fields that he has turned on the water at sundown, and returned at an easy hour in the morning, finding fifty acres completely covered.

In the Sacramento Valley, as well as in the agricultural suburbs of San Francisco, a great many wind-mills, each costing but a small sum, are used for raising water from a depth of twelve feet to irrigate market-gardens. One mill will water about half an acre by means of small flumes arranged as in our engraving. The vicinity of San Miguel Station, on the Mission Road, near San Francisco, is so dotted with these flumes and wheels that the section has been not inaptly called by visitors the "Valley of the Windmills."



CALIFORNIA.—PASSENGER-CARS ASCENDING CLAY STREET HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, BY MEANS OF AN ENDLESS WIRE ROPE.

NOVEL STREET RAILWAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE City of San Francisco is well supplied with street railroads, all of which are well and efficiently managed. One of them, that on Clay Street, has peculiar attractions to the stranger on account of the novelty of its method of operation. The locality through which this road runs being elevated, was much sought after as a place of residence; but the hill was too steep to admit of the running of either steam or horse-cars up and down the grade, and it became necessary, therefore, to adopt some other means of propulsion. Accordingly, an endless wire rope, one inch in diameter, passing around the drive-wheel of a powerful engine located at the summit of the hill, and around a strong pulley at the bottom of the grade, serves as the cable by which the cars are drawn up and down the acclivity. This rope runs in an underground channel-way, and the "gripping-clamp" projecting from a "dummy" in front of the car seizes or releases the rope at the will of the conductor or driver. The car-brakes act directly on the rail, stopping the car instantly, as soon as released from the ropes. The principle thus employed is by no means new, but its application to street railroads was first made, we believe, in San Francisco, where it has proved entirely successful.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

THE situation of the South American belligerents remains practically unchanged, the only operations of note reported since our last issue being the engagement of the famous Peruvian ironclad *Huascar* with the Chilian blockading squadron in Iquique Bay. A report, via Panama, under date of August 4th, represents that the *Huascar* and *Union* have visited Chilian ports, destroying launches and capturing the steamer *Rimac*, with the entire Zungay regiment of cavalry fully armed and supplied with horses, besides three vessels loaded with coal and copper.

The attack of the *Huascar* in Iquique Bay occurred July 10th, when she seriously damaged the Chilian armed transports *Matias Cousiño* and *Abtao*, and then had a fight with the blockading squadron lasting two hours, after which she quietly steamed back to Arica. The object, of course, was to sink the two Chilian vessels supposed to have been left in the harbor; but it so turned out that all the blockading squadron was together, and too closely grouped to permit the full accomplishment of such a plan. Nevertheless considerable injury was inflicted, and the *Huascar* is ready for another brush. Being the only seagoing ironclad the Peruvians possess at the moment, it is out of the question to risk her existence in a pitched battle with the bulk of the opposing fleet, more especially as the Chilian armored ships are considered to be individually stronger than the *Huascar*. These dashes and species of Stonewall Jackson warfare on the water will eventually tell, and Captain Grau seems determined to make the most of his opportunities. Now, with the *Union* and *Pilcomayo* to help him, he may attempt greater enterprises.

The voyage of the *Pilcomayo* to the southern coast has been referred to. An officer was sent on shore at Tocopilla and informed the Chilian commandant the *Pilcomayo* was about to detroy all the lighters and launches in the port, but that no fire would be opened on the town. The Chilian replied that he could only make resistance on land, and would permit no disembarkation of troops. The launches and a Chilian merchant ship, the *Mathilde*, were then sunk, and as the *Pilcomayo* was steaming

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off she discovered the ironclad *Blanco Encalada* with a corvette, in the distance, rapidly approaching. The Chilians gave chase and pursued the *Pilcomayo* for twenty hours, when the superior speed of the gunboat was acknowledged and her opponents gave up the attempt.

Don Anibal Pinto, President of the Republic of Chili, was elected in September, 1876, his term ending in 1881. He is an energetic and patriotic administrator, having displayed singular powers of government in several critical periods. He is thus no unworthy successor of the many good Presidents who have done so much to



GENERAL MARIANO PRADO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF PERU.

make Chili the best governed and most prosperous of all the South American Republics.

General Mariano Prado, President of Peru, succeeded one of almost similar name, General Pardo, since assassinated as he entered the legislative hall. In that turbulent State, Prado well knows how insecure is his tenure of power, and that revolution or assassination may at any moment close his administration.

General Hilarion Daza, President of Bolivia, has filled the Presidential chair of Bolivia since May, 1876, and has the reputation of being a man of advanced ideas, eager to push forward the material prosperity of the State. He had developed its resources, and, when the war was inevitable, was ready with a small but well-organized army.

A private telegram from Valparaiso, dated August 4th, announces that the Chilian blockade of Iquique has been again raised. The *Admiral Cochrane* of Chili has spent several days on the site where the *Esmeralda* was sunk, seeking to recover some of the effects and



GENERAL HILARION DAZA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA.

guns of that ship, but no results are mentioned. Chili has received another check in the form of a refusal by the Argentine Senate to ratify the treaty of 1878 with it, relative to the cession of Patagonia.

CROSSING THE RATON MOUNTAINS.

The Famous Switchback near Trinidad, Colorado.

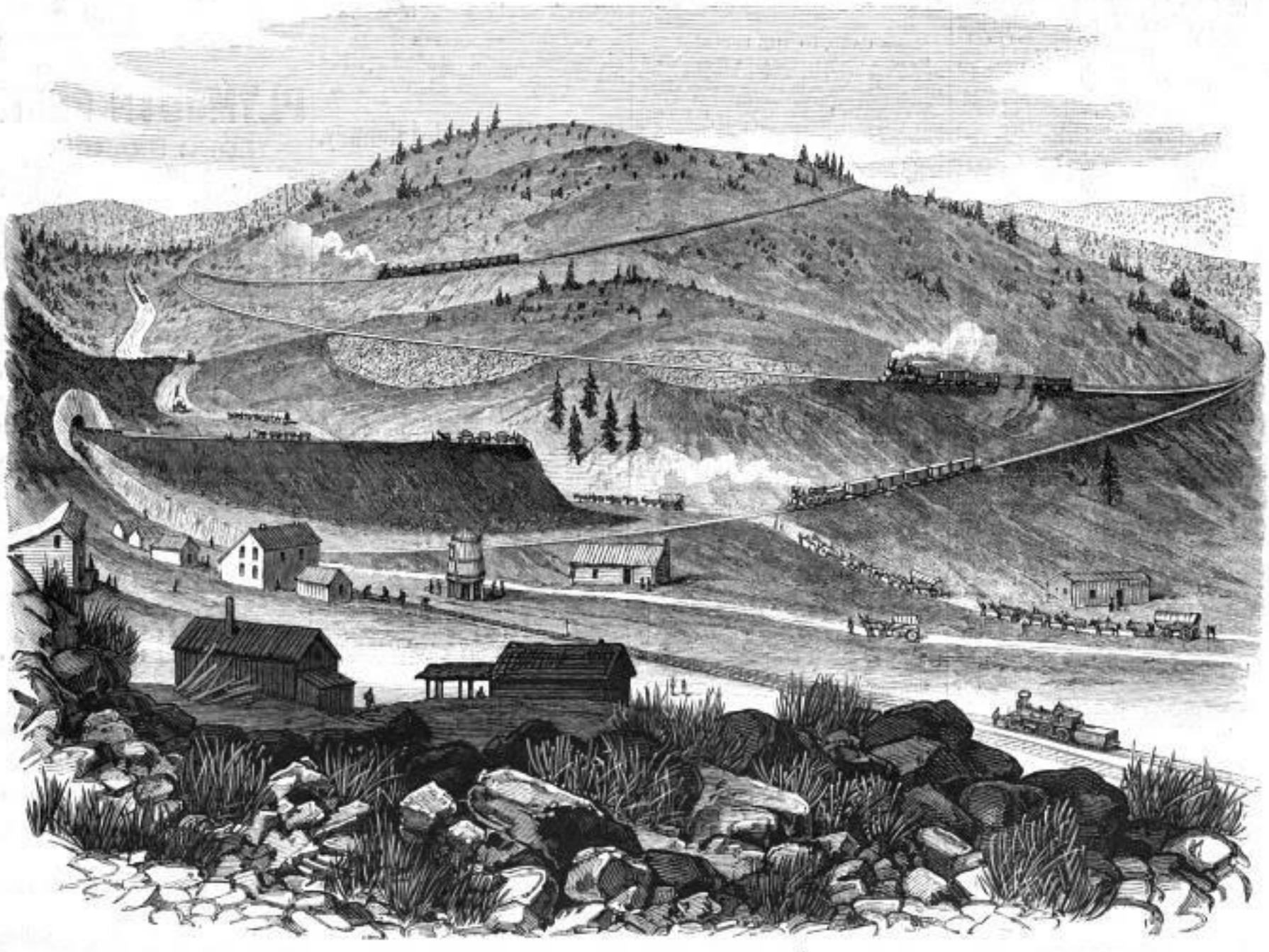
WE give on this page an illustration of the "switchback" near Trinidad, Colorado, by which the Raton Mountains are now crossed into New Mexico. Trinidad is the southernmost town of Colorado, and the *entrepôt* for the Territory named. The Raton Mountains reach out from the main range in a nearly easterly direction, forming a line almost coincident with the boundary between Colorado and New Mexico. The culminating point is Raton Peak, seven miles south of Trinidad, which attains an altitude of 9,465 feet. Directly west of this peak begins Raton Cañon, crooked, savage and picturesque, rising up to Raton Pass 7,863 feet above the sea. Directly opposite Raton Cañon is Willow Cañon, debouching at Willow Springs upon the vast pastoral plains of New Mexico. The hollow thus scooped out by the finger of nature has long been a great viaduct of travel, the portal to New Mexico, and the route of a vast traffic. This natural artery of trade the managers of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Company resolved to follow, and after a short **and sharp but decisive struggle with the Denver and Rio Grande Company, they remained masters of the situation, and proceeded at** once to construct their road, the only enemy left them to contend with being the natural obstacles they found in their path.

The distance from Trinidad to the summit is a trifle over fifteen miles, giving an average rise of upwards of 121 feet to the mile. This would not be excessive if it were equally distributed, but it is not. In places a gradient of 185 feet to the mile has to be overcome, and when within half a mile of the summit the road runs suddenly against a steep ascent 287 feet high. To reach the foot of that hill enormous engineering obstacles have been surmounted. The hillsides have been dug into, the rocks have been blasted away, streams have been diverted from their channels, riprap has been built to protect embankments, three iron bridges have been thrown across



D. ANIBAL PINTO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILI.

the cañon as the line changes from side to side, seeking the least difficult path, and at last the locomotive is brought face to face with a steep ascent no human machinery can climb. To surmount the ascent two schemes are devised, the one temporary and in present use, the other to be permanent and to supersede the first. The means now employed is called a "switchback." By it the cars leaving the main line are carried along a steep incline diagonally up the hill; thence, reversing their direction, shoot up another; then, reversing again, they climb to the summit, zigzagging up the steep they cannot directly scale. Even in this gradual ascent the grade is no less than 316 feet to the mile. Circling around the highest point, the road descends on the New Mexico side by a similar contrivance, and reaches the main line once more after having **achieved 2,000 feet of actual distance by going** *three* **miles around. This temporary work has cost the company $30,000. The permanent** line, instead of overcoming the summit, will pass through 160 feet below, by a tunnel 2,000 feet in length. This tunnel is 14 feet wide



COLORADO.—NORTH END OF THE RATON SWITCHBACK AND TUNNEL NEAR TRINIDAD, ALSO SHOWING THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL OVER RATON PASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORRALL.

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by 19 feet high, and will cost, when completed, $125,000. The company expect to have the tunnel open for business by the first of September.

The ride over the mountain is exhilarating and romantic, and all the more for the spice of danger there is in it: for the misplacement of a rail by half an inch, or the slipping of a brake, would hurl train and passengers hundreds of feet below.

Thirty miles south of Trinidad is the mushroom town of Otero, named in honor of Don Miguel A. Otero, one of the wealthiest merchants of New Mexico, and at one time its honored delegate in Congress. It is the intention of the railroad company to operate the line between Trinidad and Otero as a mountain division, with the largest engine in the world as a motive power.

The Planets in August.

VENUS is evening star, and eminently deserves the place of honor among the mysterious twinklers throughout the month, for she dons her most beautiful garments, and far outshines her sparkling peers in size and radiant light. On the 19th she reaches her point of greatest brilliancy, and sharp-eyed observers who know where to look may then obtain a glimpse of her before the sun sets, or watch the shadow she casts at night in the absence of the moon. Viewed through the telescope, she now presents the phase of a waning crescent, but, owing to her nearness to the earth, her apparent diameter is nearly six times as great as when she is furthest off. Venus sets about nine o'clock. Her rapid approach to the sun night after night will be evident to the most casual observer, as will be her rapid increase in brilliancy until the 19th, after which she will be so near the sun as to be quickly hidden by his bright rays. At the end of the month she will set about seven, only half an hour after the sun, and then for nearly a year the queen of stars will be missed from the western sky.

Jupiter deserves to be ranked with the evening stars, although the calendar does not give him a place there until the last day of the month. He comes into opposition with the sun on the 31st, and is then at his most brilliant point to terrestrial view, being more than one hundred and eighty millions of miles nearer to us than when furthest off. The earth is between the sun and Jupiter, and, as the planet's position in the heavens is then opposite the sun, he is said to be in opposition. Thus the two largest and brightest planets of the system will reach their culminating points during the month, and observers will not fail to enjoy as well as contrast the softened radiance of Venus in the west with the brighter glow of Jupiter in the east. It must also be remembered that our mighty brother-planet is approaching his much-dreaded perihelion, reaching it next year in September, and that in the intervening period and the two or more years succeeding, all manner of atmospherical disturbances are to be expected. The vast mass of Jupiter, when approaching fifty millions of miles nearer to the great central luminary, must inevitably create a commotion among his incandescent elements, and every disturbance in the sun is reflected to the remotest bound of the solar system. The men of science are therefore watching the dawn of the eleven-year period, and the inauspicious combination of the perihelion passages of the four great planets, with an intensity of interest proportioned to its importance, while Jupiter, the superb star challenging our admiration throughout the month, is the chief sinner among the shining quartet. He rises now at a quarter before nine o'clock; on the last day of the month, just as the sun sets, about half-past six.

Saturn is morning star. He has departed from his close companionship with Mars, and may be easily recognized in the southeast by his peculiar dull yellow tint, and the absence of any other bright stars from his vicinity. He rises now about ten o'clock, nearly an hour and a half after Jupiter; at the end of the month he rises not long after eight.

Mars is morning star, and noticeable for his increasing size and more ruddy light as he approaches opposition. He rises now about eleven; at the end of the month about half-past nine.

Mercury is evening star until the 23d, when he comes into interior conjunction with the sun, and commences his short rôle as morning star.

Uranus is evening star until the 18th, when he comes into conjunction with the sun, after which he shines among the morning stars. He sets now about eight, but is too far away to be seen by the naked eye. After his conjunction he rises before the sun.

The month of August is honored by the advent of two full moons, one on the 2d and one on the 31st. The waning moon was near Jupiter on the 4th, Saturn on the 7th, and Mars on the 9th. The new moon of the 17th is in conjunction with Mercury and Uranus when one day old, but they are all too near the sun to be visible to observers on this planet. The moon is near Venus on the 20th. The moon and Jupiter are in conjunction on the 30th, one day before the full.

Thus the skies of the softer Summer nights will be full of interest for human observation. Two full moons will shed their rounded radiance over the sleeping earth, and flood the landscape and seascape with silvery light. Jupiter will reign supreme in the early eastern sky, and Venus in the height of her renown will hang in pensile beauty amid the glowing west. Later in the night Mars and Saturn will divide the starry honors with Jupiter, the celestial trio gaining in size and brightness as they approach their opposition. The Earth will plow her way through the August meteor zone, and myriad meteors dissolving in fiery tears will give evidence of the annual passage. Besides all this, there will be conjunctions and oppositions, visible and invisible, of the great celestial forces, as well as a rarely beautiful phenomenon in the occultation of the red star Antares, the leading brilliant in Scorpio, by the Moon on the evening of the 24th, not far from half-past ten. Observers will have busy work in tracing out the movements here indicated on the glowing map which, every star-lit night, lies open above our heads.

Singular Instincts of Scorpions.

THERE is a species of stinging scorpion found in the river bottoms of Western Texas. Immediately after the birth of her young the female places them in a basket-shaped receptacle on her back, where they at once attach themselves and begin sucking her blood. Of course, the mother soon succumbs to this unfilial treatment and begins to droop. The young ones are by this time sufficiently nourished to demand more substantial food, and they kill their mother and devour her. Should one of the young ones become detached from the living nest, it is at once killed and feasted upon by its mother. Thus it seems that while the female willingly sacrifices her life to her offspring, yet she does not hesitate to kill them should they be so devoid of instinct as to refuse to remain where she places them after birth. While this is going on the male parent stands around.

FUN.

DARKNESS that may be felt—a black hat.

ARE the Scottish lochs fitted with quays?

NIAGARA FALLS, but the mercury doesn't.

NEW YORK policemen make all their arrests at club rates.

BEWARE of the man of one book—especially if he is the agent for it.

A GOOD many Western people are feeding New Jersey musquitoes at Long Branch.

PERSONS who eat cucumbers do not have their labor for their pains, but the reverse.

THE Bible tells us that our hairs are numbered, and we know that they are also sometimes red.

THE bootblack blithe shines while he works;
But the lazy man whines while he shirks.

A YOUNG man described a taxidermist to a bevy of young girls as one who sort o' upholsters animals!

MRS. SQUILLS don't believe there ever has been "a white race in Africa," because, from what she has heard of the climate, it's altogether too warm there for such sports.

A CLEVER boy was offered five shillings to dig up his aunt's garden, and he hid a sixpence in it, and then told all the boys in the neighborhood. The next morning the ground was pulverized two feet deep.

"WHAT part," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied. "Few and short were the prayers we said."

HE was a disgusted boy. He had exercised great caution and had finally succeeded in crawling, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a circus, but a revival meeting in progress.

DE CANDOLLE calls attention to the fact that a branch of a coffee-tree, preserved in a solution made by boiling water, with about seventeen per cent. of common salt, retained its green color for fifty-three years.

A CLEVELAND mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa does with his."

THEY begged him to play a little. He seemed to feel bashful at first, but, after a while, began to play vigorously. "What power!" said a listener to the owner of the piano. "Yes," exclaimed the latter, in alarm, "he seems to have considerable music; but he ought to know that this isn't a gymnasium."

A PARTY of Baptist clergymen were bluefishing off Martha's Vineyard the other day. A question arose as to whether a certain specimen was really a bluefish. "We call 'em Baptists," said a native fisherman. The Baptist clergymen rather eagerly asked why. "'Cause they spile so soon arter they're taken out o' the water."

A LAWYER once asked a Texan judge to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety-and-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." "Yes," said the judge. "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the court the ninety-and-nine guilty men have already escaped in this country."

THIS, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady. See how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon ——'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost!" was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing "Pull for the Shore."

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

WE ask a careful reading and a thoughtful consideration of what follows. It is now over twelve years since a new cure for chronic diseases was discovered, known as "COMPOUND OXYGEN." The results which have followed its use up to this time have been so remarkable that it is beginning to attract the widest attention. Many intelligent physicians in various parts of the country have, after a careful investigation of its scientific and pathological claims, used it in cases where all other known remedies had failed, and with a success alike surprising to themselves and their patients. In Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Headache, Dyspepsia, and the wide range of Neuralgic disorders from which so many suffer life-long tortures, it has rarely failed to give relief, and in many cases it made permanent cures. It is not a drug, but a new combination of the two elements which make up our common air, giving oxygen in excess. It is taken by inhalation, and cures by natural and orderly processes—first, *by eliminating the excess of carbon which has accumulated in the system*; and secondly, *by a revitalization of all the great nervous centres*. In order to give the public an opportunity to learn all about this new treatment, we have prepared a carefully written Treatise, in which is presented a history of the discovery of Compound Oxygen, a statement of its Scientific Basis and Mode of Action, and large details of the results which have followed its administration. This is sent free by mail to any one who may desire to receive it. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Life in the Kah-chen Hills.

IN a brief account of the work of the China Inland Mission in Burmah we find some notes of interest respecting a visit to the Kah-chen hills near the Chinese frontier. The village visited is situated among the mountains at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the Burmese town of Tsee-kaw. The Kah-chen houses, are described as being built of bamboo, and more substantially than those of the Burmese. The roof of each is about 100 or 150 feet in length; at the entrance, for some 15 feet, the sides are open or merely formed of open bamboo work. The poles which support the roof of this part of the building are ornamented with the heads and horns of buffaloes sacrificed to the *nats* or spirits. On either side of a long passage are small rooms, the first of which is the guest chamber; the kitchen and general sitting-room is at the end of the passage, whence a door, always open, leads into a small raised veranda and which is entirely appropriated to the use of the nats, of whom the people are in great dread. The dress of the women is superior to that of their Burmese sisters, than whom they are said to be more modest. All who can afford it wear a large silver hoop round the neck, and as many strings of red, green, blue, and white beads as they can muster. Their ear ornaments are peculiar; large flaps of ornamented cotton hang from the back of the ear, and tassels or silver tubes are passed through the lobes. All wear large coils of rattan round their bodies, and the younger ones wear bells and cowrie shells. There is, however, one objection to both men and women, viz., their great want of cleanliness.

A WISE LEGISLATOR.

HE is successful because he has the manly courage to rise above all personal motives or interests, cast his vote and influence on the side of measures which will contribute to the well-being of his fellowmen. The good of the many, even though it proves injurious to the interests of the few, is the maxim of the wise legislator. But certain men will never admit the wisdom of this doctrine, any more than some selfish private practitioners will admit the superlative value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, because these remedies have injured their practice. Of course no man in his right senses will pay a physician $5 for a consultation, a bottle of bitters, a few powders, and a prescription, when one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and a bottle of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets, both costing but $1.25, will accomplish the same result, viz: cleanse the liver and blood, regulate and tone the stomach, and impart a healthful action to the bowels and kidneys.

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POLITICAL ANOMALIES.

OUR Republican contemporaries have been teeming for the last two or three weeks with expressions of much just indignation at a case of political terrorism which has recently been witnessed in Yazoo City, Miss., where a number of reputable Democrats, having announced themselves as independent candidates for some local offices, were waited upon by a mob of regular Democrats who set before them the alternative of either straightway "leaving the county" or "taking the consequences." As "taking the consequences" in the parlance of Mississippi politics is understood to mean "death," it is natural to inquire wherein consisted the enormity of the offense committed by these political aspirants, that they should be left only to choose between death and exile as an expiation entitled to appease the wrath of their fellow-citizens. It is proper, therefore, to explain that these "Independent" Democrats were guilty of what passes for incivism in the politics of Mississippi, because in putting themselves up as *independent* candidates, "subject only to the choice of the people at the ballot-box," they were bold to recognize the colored voters as a part of the "people" on whose suffrages they did not disdain to count. It was this recognition which provoked the anger of the Yazoo "Regular Democracy."

Confronted by this "white terror" of their fellow-citizens, the "Independent Democrats," instead of standing on their rights and justifying their claim to independence, were weak and compliant enough to make a compromise with the mob—that is, they withdrew from their candidature as the price of being allowed to live in Yazoo City, and now "order" again "reigns" in the modern Warsaw of the "Regular Democracy."

The fatuity of this proceeding is only exceeded by its iniquity. The old saying of Fouchet that a political crime is also a political blunder, and that some political blunders are worse than political crimes, is almost verified by the arrant stupidity of these political rioters, who, just at a time when charges of "intimidation" at the South can serve a good turn to the Northern Republicans, have come to furnish the latter with a most available text for their commentaries. It is true that the Democrats of the entire South cannot be justly held responsible for the "Yazoo incident," but in a time of public suspicion such "incidents" are easily adjudged to be typical of a whole community, unless their exceptional character is at once demonstrated by the indignation they excite and the denunciation they receive in the bosom of the wider community whose good fame is tarnished by their occurrence. In the present case there is only one way in which the Mississippi authorities could have vindicated the political freedom which has been trodden down at Yazoo City, and that way has not been chosen by them, any more than by the candidates who have retreated before the mob.

As an offset to the Yazoo complication, the Democratic press has found a similar topic for its denunciations in some revelations just brought to light by an investigating committee of the United States Senate which has been sitting at Providence, R. I., in inquest on some anomalies of suffrage peculiar to that State. It seems that the Constitution of Rhode Island makes a distinction between the political rights of naturalized and native citizens. All natural-born male citizens who are duly qualified by age and by the payment of a poll-tax are admitted to the right of suffrage without any property qualification; but in the case of naturalized citizens it is required that, in addition to the other prescribed qualifications, they shall be owners of real estate to an amount of not less than $134. The effect of this constitutional provision works the disfranchisement of a large part of the naturalized citizens of Rhode Island, and tends to discourage foreigners from seeking the privilege of United States citizenship under the laws of Congress. Under the operation of the obstacle thus placed on suffrage and citizenship the voting population of Rhode Island is constantly growing proportionately less while its aggregate population is constantly increasing. Though the State, in virtue of its aggregate population, is entitled to two Members of Congress, and receives them, its voting population is not larger than that of Delaware, which is entitled to but one Representative in the popular branch of Congress. That is, the voter in Rhode Island has twice as much political weight as the voter in Delaware and in other States. If the Pennsylvania proportion of voters to the total population, as evidenced by the last Presidential election, should prevail in Rhode Island, the number of her voters ought to have been 62,500 instead of 26,000, which is the highest number of votes ever cast in the latter State. In the presence of such statements the reader can appreciate the justice of the remark made by Professor Ernst, a Republican journalist, but a disfranchised naturalized citizen of Rhode Island, when, in giving in his reluctant testimony to the Committee of the Senate, he said that he regarded that State, "in its political organization, as a close corporation, rather than as a Democratic or Republican State."

We have not referred to these "incidents" in Mississippi and Rhode Island for the purpose of librating them one against another in a game of political see-saw. Violence in the one case is no excuse for political inequality in the other, nor is a sufficient answer made in palliation of wrong-doing at the South by pointing to organized incivism at the North. The tumultuary proceeding at Yazoo is of evil omen outside of its narrow territorial limits, for already that evil example has spread to the adjoining county of Rankin, in Mississippi, and therefore tends to work mischief which may well excite the animadversion of the whole country. The constitutional disabilities visited on naturalized citizens in Rhode Island, though effected under the forms of law, are none the less open to public criticism, if they are found to produce evil results in our complex and confederated system of government. The slave-holders under our Federal polity, before the abolition of slavery, enjoyed a right of representation on their slaves, and thus had an advantage over the non-slave-holding population of the North; but the fact that this advantage was secured by the Constitution of the United States did not exempt it from criticism. The fact that the Constitution of Rhode Island discriminates against one class of citizens on the ground of their nativity, and thus invests her voting population with a greater power than is secured to the voters of other States, affords at least a legitimate topic of discussion, for it was precisely such discussion which led to the adoption of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution.

THE GREEK FRONTIERS.

THROUGH the obstinacy of the Turks the Greek boundary question is again thrown back upon Europe for consideration. Greece has been shamefully cozened. The Berlin Conference has proved a mockery, a delusion and a snare. The Greeks are now aware that they made a mistake in listening to the sphinx-like whisperings of Beaconsfield and to the direct assurances of Lord Derby that when the time came for settling the questions arising out of the war "Her Majesty's Government would use their best influence to secure for the Greek population in the Turkish provinces any administrative reforms or advantages which may be conferred upon the Christian population of any other race." Greece demands an extension of territory. She feels that she is too small, and that the limits which nature laid out for her are not filled in by her kingdom. She yearns for a line drawn from Cattaro, on the Adriatic, to Salonica, on the Ægean, and for all the islands of the Archipelago. Janina is now the battle-cry of the Greeks. She demands this Albanian city, which fell into the hands of the Turks towards the middle of the fifteenth century, and which, under Turkish rule, is fast going to decay. "No understanding between Greece and Turkey is possible," says the leading Greek organ, "that does not give Janina to Greece. We are unanimous, as in all critical periods of our national existence. All the Greeks—the Government and the Opposition—agree to adopt nothing from Europe if Janina remains outside the kingdom."

Greece is thoroughly aroused, and means to make one supreme struggle for the adjustment of her frontier. And is she not justified by the stern logic of facts? But 67,941 of her people out of 1,500,000 speak any other language than Greek, and but 16,084 profess any other belief than the Orthodox one. The laws are excellent; she tries by jury for criminal offenses, and the most complete civil and religious freedom exists everywhere, while it is worthy of note that it was only when the Greeks obtained possession of the Ionian Islands that the Jews became emancipated. The population since 1832 has doubled. Greece has sixty-five good trading ports, and 5,440 vessels whose aggregate tonnage reaches 262,032. Her commerce touches $42,000,000, while sixty-five steam factories, all of recent construction, attest her strides on the road of progress. Her educational system is perfect; she outdoes every other nation, not even excepting the United States, and she proudly boasts 129 newspapers. True, agriculture is behind, and that she groans under a grinding land-tax. But Greece is awakening from her sleep of centuries. She begins to feel her own strength, and her cry for Janina is one that will not be uttered in vain.

The latest accounts indicate that slight encounters have already taken place near the Greek frontier. It is said that there are now in Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia 90,000 Turkish troops, exclusive of artillery and cavalry. These, together with the forces at Adrianople and Constantinople and in Albania, make an army of 160,000 men in European Turkey. In the presence of these warlike preparations, the folly of the Powers in accepting the promise of the Turks as to the settlement of the frontier question becomes so obvious as to admit of no excuse whatever.

BUTLER IN THE FIELD.

ONCE more General Butler, with a pluck and insensibility to defeat all his own, enters the field for the Governorship of Massachusetts. It is a prize which he has eagerly craved and sought for more than twenty years; through every party in turn he has striven, by hook or crook, to win it. The Democrats, years ago, used to run him as regularly as harvest time came round; he fought a formidable fight for the nomination in the Republican convention at least twice, in which he had all the leaders, like Sumner, Wilson, Dawes, the Hoars, the Rices, and their lieutenants, against him; and last year, breaking loose from the two larger organizations, made a Butler party of his own, carried utter confusion into the Democratic ranks, and bore in his own person the brunt of a campaign almost unparalleled for vigor and bitterness in the annals of Massachusetts politics. His discomfiture then, it appears, has not dismayed him. He came out of the contest with 109,435 votes, while Governor Talbot received 134,725. General Butler, therefore, has this year to overcome an adverse majority of about 25,000 votes. What are his chances as compared with 1878?

Last year he received the support of large numbers of the discontented classes, artisans and laborers out of work, victims of the greenback delusion seceded from both parties, a rather small section of the Republicans, and the great mass of the Democrats. A minority of Democratic votes, perhaps 30,000, voted for the Republican candidate, perceiving that Abbott, the orthodox Democrat, stood not the least chance, and resolved at all hazards to beat Butler. It was really these Democratic votes for Talbot that routed him. Had he been able to secure the entire Democratic vote, he would be at this moment occupying the office he has so long and so eagerly coveted. The situation is now, however, somewhat changed. In certain respects it is more favorable to the "perpetual candidate." He suffered, last year, from bad leadership, and to a great extent his campaign was a campaign of rowdyism. His lieutenants were not even shrewd. The part taken in the struggle by the California demagogue, Kearney, drove votes from Butler in herds. He now has shrewd, persevering, adroit politicians, like ex-Marshal Usher and ex-Collector Simmons, as his managers. Kearney is at a safe distance, and Butler no doubt hopes that he is forgotten. On the other hand, the widespread discontent which prevailed last year among the working classes does not exist to anything like the same extent to-day. There is trouble in Fall River and many hands are idle; but the situation has greatly improved within the year. The fire of the Greenbackers, too, has been largely drawn by the success of Secretary Sherman's resumption and financial policy, and Greenbackism has perceptibly dwindled in Massachusetts. The Republicans, moreover, are much more united than they were in 1878. Then there were serious divisions between the Hayes men and the "stalwarts." Events have since drawn these sections together, and they are now a compact body.

Butler shrewdly made State Reform his main issue in 1878. He charged the State administration with extravagance, favoritism and incompetence. He gave long statements of figures to show the reckless expenditure under Republican rule; and he promised that if he was chosen a system of rigid economy should replace it. Much has been done during the year to deprive him of the benefit of this unquestionably strong argument. The legislature has pruned expenditure in every direction. It not only cut down its own salaries, but reduced the salary of nearly every State official. Other reforms have been resolutely carried, so that it may be fairly said that a great practical work in this direction has been done. Moreover, the Butler men in the Legislature have strenuously opposed many of these reductions and reforms, and this cannot but greatly weaken their champion in the coming fight. It is a problem whether Butler will capture the Democrats this year. He is to be nominated by an "independent convention," which will meet to register a foregone conclusion. Will the Democrats confirm this choice in their succeeding conclave? It is highly probable; and it is even more certain that, if it does, there will be a bolt, and once more an orthodox Democratic candidate. It therefore seems as if he would receive about the same Democratic support, and also the same Democratic hostility, as last year. He will lose on the discontented and the Greenback vote, and he will not get as strong a Republican support as before. We therefore conclude that his vote of last year will be reduced, and the question of his election or defeat hangs upon the success of the Republicans in bringing out their full vote.

The country will watch this contest with deep interest. It is well known that the Gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts is by no means the goal of General Butler's ambition. He is making a bold and desperate aim for the Presidency. His election in Massachusetts would give him a strong position as a third candidate in the Presidential race; and few can doubt that 1880 will see at least three Presidential candidates in the field. It is plainly for the interest not of Massachusetts alone, but for that of the country at large, that he should be defeated now, and defeated decisively.

CONVICT LABOR.

IT is a sad commentary on legislation that imprisonment for crime should be used as a means to strike down private capital, to wreck old-established industries, and, in too many instances, to establish suffering and beggary by creating enforced idleness in various branches of production. It cannot be questioned that such results have been the natural outgrowth of the employment of convict labor in the penal institutions of the country. What are some of the facts as they have transpired? It is not long since that an eminent Cincinnati founder testified before a committee of the Ohio Legislature that, in consequence of the ruinous competition of prison labor, he was obliged to close his works and discharge his whole body of employés. Another gentleman, connected with a large manufacturing establishment in the same city, testified that the company of which he was a member gave employment to about one thousand men, but that, owing to the prison system of competition, they were conducting business at a loss, and could not well prolong the struggle. Others gave like testimony, and it was shown to the satisfaction of the committee that many Ohio firms had been driven from business through the vicious system of employing convict labor in the industrial branches of trade.

Ohio is not the only State in which this pernicious system operates to the disadvantage of both capital and labor. Only a few years ago the manufacture of fur hats in Connecticut, New Jersey and other States, gave employment to some 12,000 hands at remunerative wages. A Hatters' Convention, held at Orange, N. J., in 1878, appointed a committee to examine the condition of the trade, and according to their report, made in the month of May of the present year, free labor has now only 5,000 persons engaged in making and finishing fur hats, while 800 convicts are engaged in the same branch of industry. The report affirms that the work outside is never carried on more than eight months in the year, while the imprisoned convicts work six days in the week the whole year round, thus making the amount of work of 800 convicts equivalent to that of 1,400 free laborers. The work of such convicts costs the contractors from twenty-five to forty cents per day, and against this both employers and employed are obliged to compete. At this very time a large force in Dannemora Prison, in this State, are engaged in hat-making. The labor is contracted to a firm in this city at twenty-five cents per day for each man, and the contract calls for ten hours labor each working day of the year. Each convict is forced to turn out four dozen hats for women or two dozen men's hats as a day's work. The price paid by the trade for this class of work has been one dollar per dozen for ladies' hats and two dollars per dozen for men's hats. By this bargain the State of New York gets twenty-five cents from the contractors for four dollars' worth of work, and provides shelter, food and clothes for the convict workmen. Another feature in this contract is that the convicts are inhumanly overworked. Experienced workmen assert that two dozen ladies' hats or one dozen men's hats per day is a fair daily task for any one man working throughout the whole year.

Under such circumstances, is it any wonder that many hatting establishments have ceased operations, that the force of

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workmen has been reduced more than fifty per centum, and that, as stated in the resolutions passed by the Hatters' Convention in 1878, convict labor is taking from each journeyman hatter an average of $90 per annum in wages?

Among the several branches of business carried on in the Ohio Penitentiary is that of cigar-making. Some sixty men are steadily engaged in this branch of business at a contract price of forty cents per day for each workman, or $2.40 per week. For the kind and quantity of work there turned out an ordinary cigarmaker would receive from $10 to $12 per week. The contractor saves from $7.60 to $9.60 per week on the cost of manufacture, thus making it an utter impossibility for an outside manufacturer to compete with him. What remains to be done under such circumstances? Either the employer of free labor must reduce wages below starvation rates, or else discharge his workmen and go out of business. Nowhere can the manufacturers of the country, engaged in the production of boots, shoes, furniture, carpets, hats, chairs, hollow-ware, buckets, stone-cutting, cigars, and other mechanical productions, stand up against men who employ convict labor in the same branches. The former must either seek a market not invaded by prison products, or reduce the wages of workmen, or, as a last resort, retire from the field.

While this system may have a tendency to cheapen goods in the market, it is cutting away the ground from under the feet of the employers of free labor and pauperizing American workingmen. Who can say how much this employment of prison labor has had to do with the troubles now everywhere prevailing in industrial circles? If convicts can be employed at prices ranging from 25 to 40 cents per day, and be forced to execute two days' work in one, how can honest workingmen in the same lines hope for much more?

EVENTS ABROAD.

IT is indiscreet in officials who value their salaries to speak of wiping out Sedan and Metz, and of squaring accounts with Germany, at public dinners in France. The Secretary-General of the Department of Ardennes, at a recent rifle-match banquet, full, possibly, of *vin ordinaire*, and equally full of patriotism, referred to the possibility of a *guerre de revanche*, or war of revenge. That this speaker hit the mark, it is true, but the following day found him a gentleman at large, with his successor duly installed.

The British Parliament was prorogued, August 15th. The speech from the throne delivered by royal commission presents a rose-colored view, which the facts do not justify, of the results of British policy in the East, in Afghanistan and in South Africa. It is admitted that the reforms promised by Turkey have not yet been consummated, but the Queen declares her purpose to insist upon their adoption. When it is remembered that the promised reforms have really been postponed because of the failure of the British Government to demand the fulfillment by the Porte of treaty obligations, this announcement of Her Majesty is not likely to be regarded as anything more than a shallow pretext.

Pope Leo, wise in his generation, is inclined to bury the Papal hatchet and smoke the calumet of peace with William of Germany. Bismarck is still out in the cold, and likely to remain minus the Papal blessing, albeit he is now endeavoring to bridge over the gulf that he himself caused to yawn between Germany and the Vatican. It is not unlikely that a Nuncio will be appointed who will keep his eye upon the blood-and-iron Prince, and report the slightest indications of backsliding. The most recent dispatches state that the ecclesiastical policy of the German Government is of so pronounced a Catholic nature as to cause the editor of the Ultramontane *Germania*, and Herr Windhörst, the Catholic leader in the Reichsrath, to wag their heads uttering, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

The Irish University Bill has passed the Commons, *mirabile dictu*, without a division, and the House of Lords has adopted the amendments made by the Commons. If the Catholics are satisfied with such a settlement of the endowments question, the country must be congratulated upon so unexpected a solution of a most troublesome problem. But can this be assured? For want of a better, the Bill may be accepted for the time, but to say that it will settle the University question is absurd. It will do nothing of the kind. What the Irish Members want is not only "justice" but "reparation," and reparation can only mean the undoing of the "wrong" which was done to the Catholic Church in Ireland at the Reformation. To satisfy claims of such magnitude by such concessions as the Government is now making is simply an impossibility.

The resignation of Count Andrassy, the Austro-Hungarian Premier, has been accepted by the Emperor Francis Joseph, but it is understood that he will remain in office pending the nomination of his successor. A new Cabinet has been formed by Count Taafe, but in view of the troublous questions with which it will have to deal, its success is only problematical. The defeat of the Liberals at the elections in July disclosed the existence of apparently ineradicable popular antagonisms as to questions which no mere jugglery can put out of sight; and unless the Government shall broaden its policy and put itself abreast of the spirit of the age, the future of the Empire cannot be otherwise than a stormy one.

The latest intelligence from South Africa is more favorable to the hopes of peace. Cetewayo is said to be ready to submit upon condition that he shall be guaranteed safety and good treatment, and this guarantee is reported to have been given him. Another report declares that he is still belligerently inclined. He must, of course, surrender in the end, but he has it still in his power, no doubt, to give the British invaders a great deal of trouble.

A Roman Catholic procession in Belfast has led to the cracking of both Orange and Green skulls. Hating each other for the love of God, the followers of the rival faiths seem to regard a procession as the signal for battle, its appearance producing the same effect upon them as the *matador* of a *matador* upon an enlarged bull. Half a hundred devotees were brought to their knees through the influence of the shillelah, or the still harder penance of stones, while one or two are in a fair way of joining a procession to that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns.

The International Law Conference in session in London was opened by Sir Robert Joseph Phillmore, the distinguished writer on international law. Among the subjects discussed last week was that of intrusting to mixed tribunals criminal jurisdiction to adjudicate on collisions at sea between merchantmen of different nationalities. Mr. E. C. Benedict, of the United States, said that an international criminal law was impossible, and the matter was referred to a committee.—A number of leading social Democrats, concerned in an attempt to reorganize the Socialists, have been arrested in Dresden.—A naturalized citizen of the United States, one Mirzan, shot and killed the confidential agent of the ex-Khédive of Egypt, at Alexandria, a few days since, in consequence of a private grudge. The State Department has instructed our Acting Consul-General at Alexandria to proceed in the case according to the demands of justice.—M. de Lesseps's Panama Canal scheme appears to hang fire. Of 800,000 shares of the scheme put on the market only about 20,000 shares have been applied for, and these chiefly through a syndicate supporting the scheme. Despite this undoubted failure, M. de Lesseps asserts that he still has hopes of American aid.

SOME of the members of the English commission on the depression of the agricultural interests in Great Britain will visit this country and Canada for the purpose of inquiring into the question of food supplies. Such a commission could not come to the United States for such a purpose at a more opportune moment than the present.

PROCEEDINGS have been commenced in earnest against the persons who are charged with corrupt solicitation of members of the Pennsylvania Legislature in connection with the attempted passage of the Pittsburg Riot Claims Bill. Among the accused are two or three prominent bank officials and well-known politicians, and their trial by the courts will awaken widespread interest in financial and political circles. If their guilt should be established they should be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

THE report of Commissioner Raum on the condition of the Internal Revenue accounts during the past year shows very conclusively the integrity of that branch of the public service. The total collections of internal revenue during the fiscal year amounted to $113,448,830, and of this sum every dollar was accounted for and paid into the Treasury. During the past three fiscal years the total collections of internal revenue have been $343,098,178, and the total amount in default is only $2,786, which is recoverable by suits. We venture to say that no private business in the country can show such a record as this.

SECRETARY SHERMAN is fortunate in his critics. Wendell Phillips has just published an open letter savagely criticising the Secretary's financial policy, and insisting that the nation, instead of being on the road to prosperity, is really bankrupt. He denounces the Republican Party as false to its most sacred promises, and, outlining the policy of the Greenbackers, says that they must attack resolutely the whole banking system. The letter is marked by all the wild exaggerations which usually characterize Mr. Phillips's public efforts; but it has, at the same time, some touches of description which will be keenly enjoyed by the public.

THE National Board of Health has failed entirely to justify the expectations of those who urged its formation. Its only beneficiaries are the physicians who are running at large in the South at ten dollars a day and expenses, and who, so far, have not been of the slightest service in connection with the yellow fever visitation. It is idle to suppose that this disease can be dealt with by manipulation from Washington, or by the scampering of inspectors to and fro out of the reach of the contagion. The Secretary of the Treasury, as we think, would be justified in refusing to pay out any further sums of the $500,000 appropriation made by Congress until the Board shall at least show some practical results for the outlay already made.

THE defeat of the debt-compromise proposition in Tennessee, at the recent election, leaves the question still an open one; but unless a special session of the Legislature shall be convened, nothing definite can be done until January, 1881, when the next regular session will be held. There are those who believe that the debt will be finally paid at the rate of sixty cents on the dollar at six per cent. interest; but this result scarcely seems to be possible in the present state of public feeling on the subject. The entire debt of Tennessee, it may be well to remember, is $20,800,000 principal, and about $4,000,000 arrears of interest. At six per cent. the annual interest is about $1,200,000. The compromise just rejected proposed the payment of fifty cents on the dollar by bonds bearing four per cent. interest. This would have reduced the principal to about $12,000,000, and the interest to a little less than $500,000, requiring a tax of less than 3½ mills, in addition to amounts received from other sources, to pay this and the ordinary State expenses.

SARATOGA is not only the centre of fashion and the field of skillful stock manipulations, as elsewhere shown in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; it is also, just now, the scene of frequent political conferences and deliberations. Recently, a conference of prominent Democratic managers of this State was held there to mature a plan of operations for the Fall campaign, and it is alleged that, as a result of the decision arrived at, an effort will be made to nominate Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer for Governor, and that, failing in this, Chief-Justice Church will be asked to carry the party standard. This movement is understood to be in opposition to that for the renomination of Governor Robinson. On the Republican side, the candidates prominently named are A. B. Cornell, Theodore M. Pomeroy, John H. Starin and Senator Sloan, and all of these have active partisans who scheme and plan on the cool Saratoga piazzas. The coming contest is one of great importance in its bearings upon the next national election, and both parties, we fancy, will feel constrained to put the best and strongest possible tickets in nomination.

IT is now announced that General Grant will reach San Francisco about the middle of September. The scheme for a grand transcontinental excursion to welcome him at the Golden Gate and escort him to the East appears to have been abandoned, and wisely so. Whether the committees appointed by the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and one or two other States to tender him a more orderly welcome in their name will carry out their instructions, is yet to be seen; but we suspect that the ex-President, should he be consulted, would prefer that all these unnatural, exaggerated demonstrations should be altogether abandoned. As to the use of his name in connection with the Presidency, he is reported in the *Herald* correspondence to have used the following language, in conversation with the Viceroy of Tientsin, China, who congratulated him on his possible nomination:

"Your Excellency is very kind, but there could be no wish more distasteful to me than what you express. I have held the office of President as long as it has been held by any man. There are others who have risen to great distinction at home and who have earned the honor, who are worthy, and to them it belongs, not to me. I have no claims to the office. It is a place distasteful to me, a place of hardship and responsibilities. When I was a younger man these hardships were severe and never agreeable. They would be worse now."

APPARENTLY the Government is about to adopt a more vigorous policy in reference to the polygamous practices of the Mormons. The Act of Congress prohibiting polygamy having been contested by the Mormon influence and decided constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, the Administration has no other course left but to insist upon its enforcement, and has therefore instructed the District Attorney of Utah to carry it into effect against all persons guilty of bigamy. The Government will also insist that the importation of the deluded women who are brought here by Mormon agents from Germany, England, and other countries, for purposes in violation of the national statutes, shall be prohibited, being held to come within the meaning of the treaties which prohibit the importation of criminals. This announcement appears to have provoked great consternation in Utah, and the church organ denounces with great violence what it calls the efforts of "modern autocrats to thwart the divine purpose in gathering the Latter Day Israel." On Sunday week last, several of the Mormon Apostles in Salt Lake, in addressing the faithful, counseled them to procure firearms and prepare for active resistance to the Federal authority, and on the day following the gunshops did a thriving trade in selling and repairing weapons of one description and another. The Mormon leaders probably imagine that the Government officials will be terrorized by this vehement and angry bluster, but unless all the reports as to the purposes of the Government are unfounded, the blatant and insolent anarchists are likely to discover very soon that they have reached the end of their rope, and will no longer be permitted to defy with brazen audacity the laws of God and man.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

TREMONT TEMPLE, in Boston, was destroyed by fire August 14th; loss, $120,000.

THE Lake Shore Railroad Company has acquired control of the Canada Southern Road.

THE cashier of the Citizen's National Bank, of Washington, D. C., is a defaulter in the sum of $60,000.

BISHOP ODENHEIMER, of the Episcopal Diocese of New Jersey, died August 14th, aged sixty-two years.

FIVE persons were killed by a collision on the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Narrow Gauge Railroad, August 14th.

WALTER PAINE, Third Treasurer of the American Linen Company, Fall River, Mass., is a defaulter in over $100,000.

THE Locust Grove Hotel and Pavilion, on Gravesend Bay, Long Island, a well-known Summer resort, was destroyed by fire August 15th.

JOSEPH K. FAYE, a well-known Boston merchant, was murdered in his own house on the night of August 14th, by some person unknown.

THE New York Democratic State Convention will be held at Syracuse, September 10th. The call indorses Governor Robinson's administration.

A WRIT of certiorari in the case of ex-Police Commissioner Nichols has been served upon Mayor Cooper. It is probable that an appeal will be taken.

THE Montreal banking scare has disappeared and confidence has returned. The feeling on the Stock Exchange has vastly improved and stocks have advanced all round.

REV. THOMAS B. SARGENT, a well-known and highly esteemed minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Baltimore, August 15th. He was seventy-four years of age.

At the convention of the National Cotton Exchange, held in this city last week, Mr. John B. Lafitte was elected President, William P. Campbell, Vice-President, and Henry G. Hester, Secretary.

MR. GEORGE WALKER has been sent to Europe by the Secretary of State to ascertain the views of foreign Governments upon the plan to call a Congress to fix the relative value of gold and silver in coinage.

SENATORS KIRKWOOD, Plumb and Dawes started August 14th for the Cheyenne Indian Agency to investigate the recent raids. They travel in private conveyances, and twelve days will be consumed in making the trip.

THE Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *St. Paul*, from Onalaska, reports that the Arctic exploring yacht *Jeannette* arrived there on August 2d, and was to sail for St. Michael's on August 6th. All on board were well.

THE statement that the stolen body of the late A. T. Stewart had been recovered is authoritatively denied. The robbers, however, are still negotiating, through a lawyer of this city, for its restoration, demanding the sum of $200,000.

A CHARCOAL-BURNERS' association at Eureka, Nev., numbering 2,000 members, last week struck for higher wages, refused to allow teams from the mills to load, and defied the sheriff and his posse. The Governor called out three companies of militia.

THE Wallace Investigating Committee last week inquired into election methods in Massachusetts, and especially as to the intimidation of operatives by employers. A number of mill workmen testified that they voted in accordance with the instructions of their overseers.

THE yellow fever is still spreading at Memphis. The highest number reported in any one day last week was forty. The new cases are spread far outside the old infected districts, showing that infection has reached points heretofore recognized as safe. Business is entirely destroyed.

Foreign.

MR. TEN BROECK'S American-bred filly Saratoga won the Runnymede Plate at Egham, England, August 12th.

MR. WELSH, American Minister to England, has gone to Osborne, probably to present to the Queen his letters of recall.

HENRY M. STANLEY, the African explorer, arrived at Sierra Leone, Africa, on the 24th of July, and started for the river Congo.

DR. MOSELY, a promising young physician in Boston, fell recently while ascending the Matterhorn, in Switzerland, and was killed.

JAMES MCHENRY, the well-known English financier, has failed, with liabilities estimated at about $5,000,000, and assets reported to be small.

A DISPATCH from Pesth reports that a severe famine prevails in the district of Nertschinsk, Siberia. The Government is distributing corn to the poor.

THE latest accounts state that 1,476 houses have been burned at Serajevo. The losses will reach 50,000,000 florins. Forty-six soldiers were killed and wounded.

ROWELL and Brown, the English pedestrians, have sailed for New York, to take part in the great international walking-match at Gilmore's Garden, in September.

SUNDRY fires, some of them of incendiary origin, are reported in the Spanish provinces. In one case thirty houses were destroyed and thirty-four persons perished in the flames.

COLONEL GORDON, Governor-General of Southern Egypt, has been forced to return to Darfur by the serious aspect of the war with the slavers, whom he thought he had suppressed.

IN order to colonize the Central Asian provinces, Russia has promised all her subjects residing therein unlimited land grants and exemption from military service and the payment of taxes.

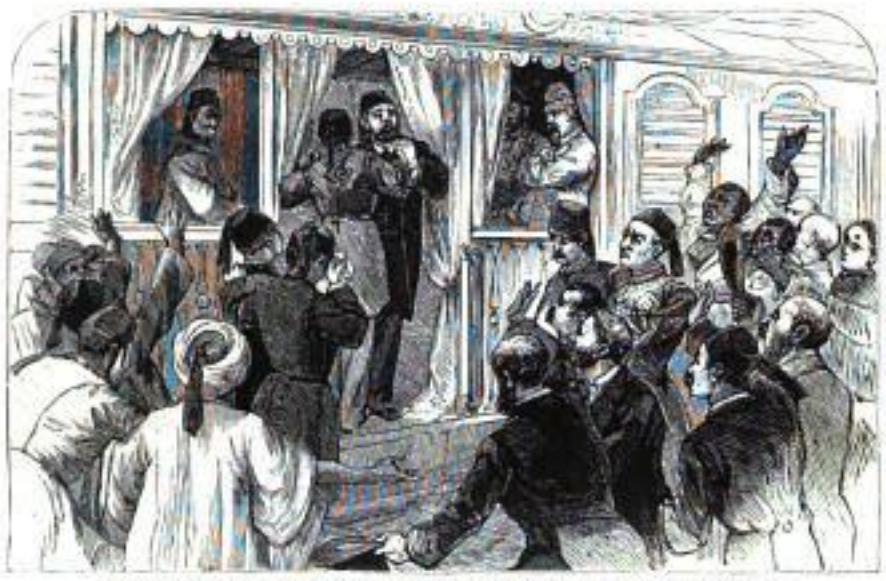
THE war in South America continues. The Chilian Admiral bombarded Iquique August 16th, doing considerable damage. The Peruvian vessels have been ordered to retaliate on the Chilian ports.

THE English House of Commons has finally passed the Bill enabling banks of unlimited liability to become banks of limited liability and authorizing such banks to increase the nominal value of their shares.

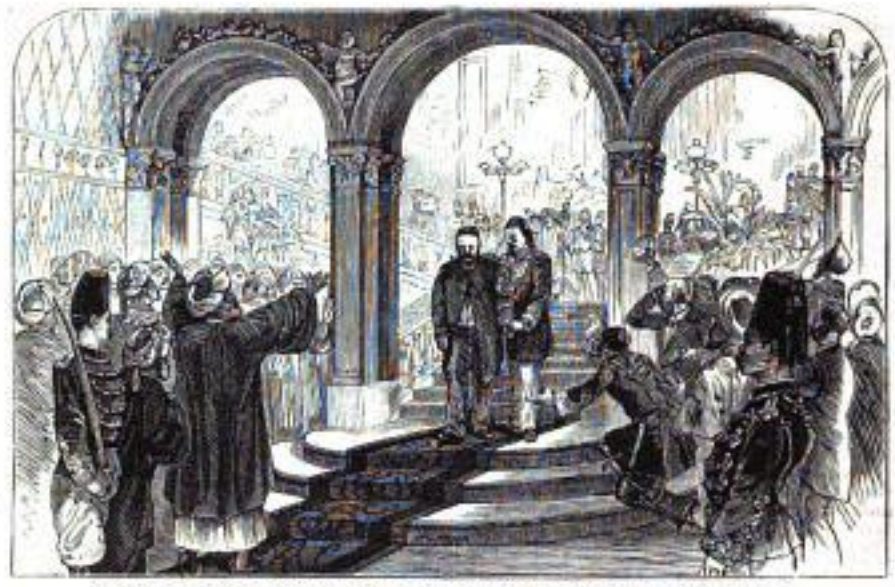
A BLOODY riot took place in Quebec, August 15th, between the French-Canadian and Irish ship laborers. Over 2,000 persons participated in the fighting, and for a time the authorities were powerless before the mob. Several houses were sacked, two persons were killed, and a dozen others badly injured.

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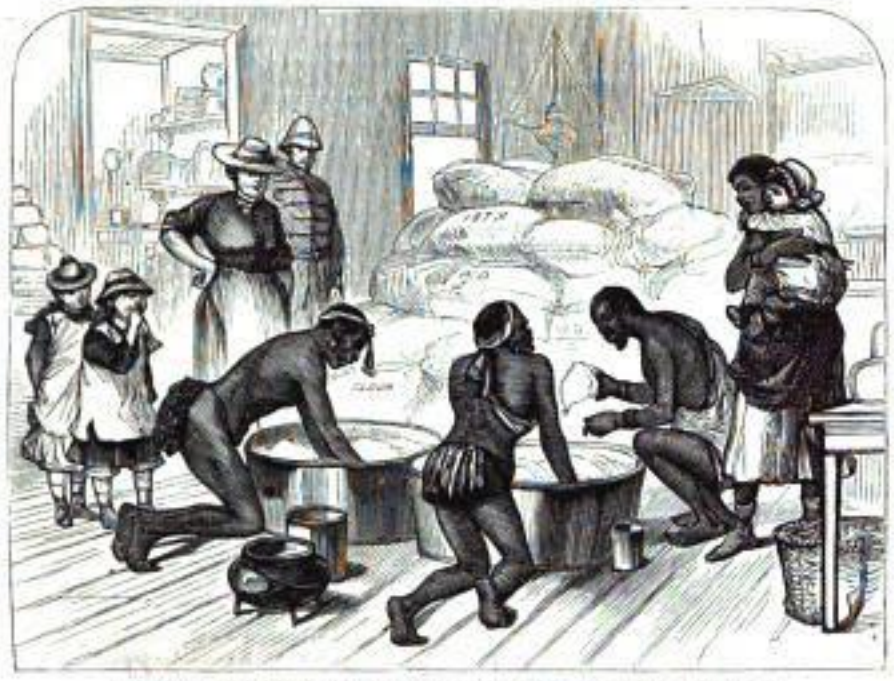
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 427.



EGYPT.—THE VICE-REGAL CHANGE—DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE FROM CAIRO.



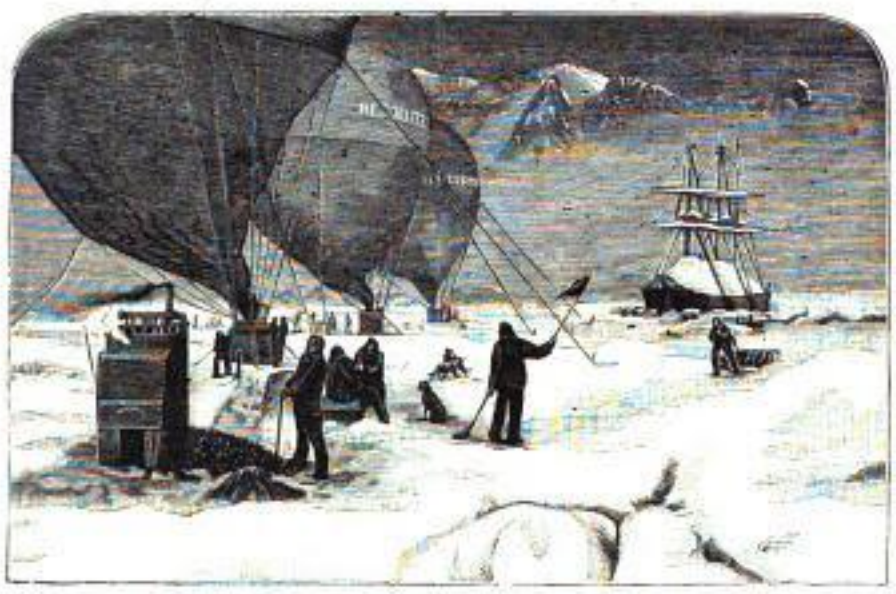
EGYPT.—THE VICE-REGAL CHANGE—THE EX-KHÉDIVE LEAVING THE ABDINE PALACE.



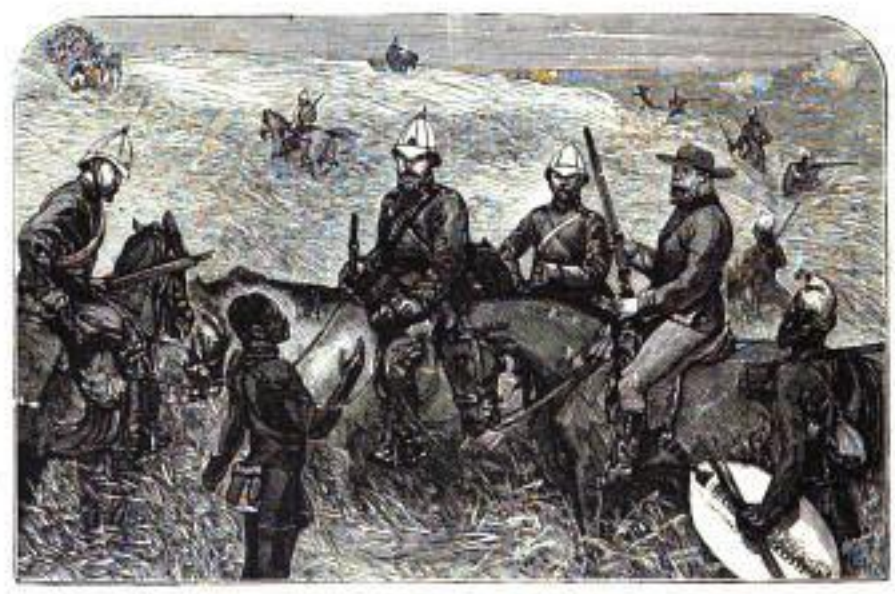
SOUTH AFRICA.—ZULUS MAKING BREAD FOR THE BRITISH TROOPS AT ESTCOURT.



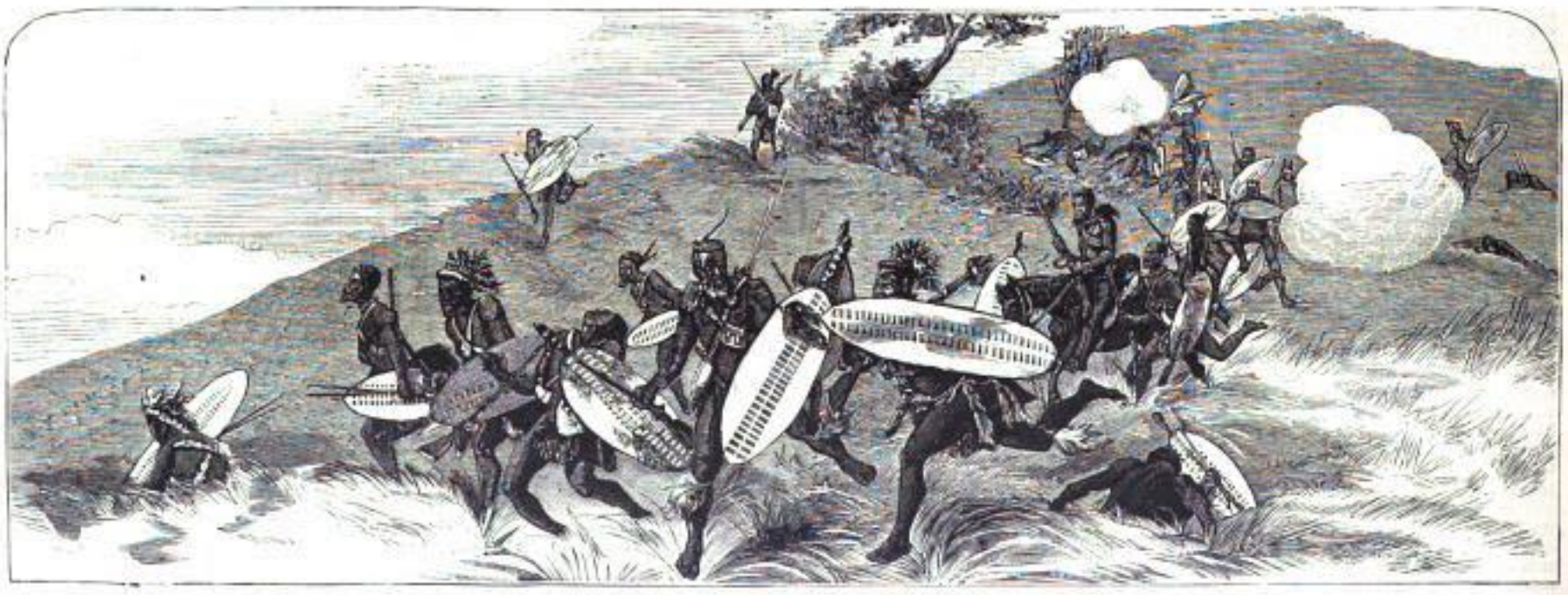
PERU.—SAILORS OF THE CHILIAN FLEET ATTEMPTING TO LAND AT PISAGUA.



ARCTIC REGIONS.—COMMANDER CHEYNE'S PLAN FOR REACHING THE NORTH POLE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—JOHN DUNN EXAMINING A ZULU PRISONER.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—THE ADVANCE FORCE OF A NATIVE COLUMN CHARGING UPON THE BRITISH TROOPS.

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SWIMMING FROM SANDY HOOK TO MANHATTAN BEACH.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, the English swimmer who distinguished himself by swimming across the English Channel without any life-saving apparatus, accomplished with much ease the task of swimming from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Beach, a direct distance of ten miles, but lengthened to fifteen by the necessities of the course, in five hours and a half, on Wednesday, August 13th. Arriving at the Hook, the party, after a short wait, embarked on the *Priscilla* and steamed around to the Government Dock, Webb undressing the meanwhile. When stripped he weighed 195¼ pounds, and stood five feet eight inches in height. He wore nothing except a small cloth about his waist. His body was carefully greased from head to foot, and, putting on a small blue cap, he stood at the bow of the boat ready for the plunge. At twenty-five minutes of nine o'clock A. M. he dived from the boat into the water and swam rapidly to the shore. There he poised himself for a moment or so, and at exactly twenty-two minutes of nine he sprang into the water and began his great swim. The tide was a strong ebb, and the wind very light indeed, and from the south. He swam an even stroke, making very slow progress for the first one-eighth of a mile. When about an eighth of a mile out he passed through a school of mossbunkers without appearing to notice them in the least.

The tide began to run harder as the channel was reached, and for twenty minutes the stroke was about twenty-nine to the minute, a faster stroke by seven than he used in his swim across the English Channel.

At a quarter-past nine the wind died away, and a few minutes later he passed the black-and-white striped channel buoy. A flock of birds now circled around the swimmer's head for a few moments, and they were followed by another school of mossbunkers, who jumped all over and around the swimmer as he pursued the even tenor of his way.

At eleven the first jellyfish were met, and Webb looked anxiously at them to see if they were of the stinging kind, of which he seems more afraid than of sharks. After finding to his satisfaction that they were not stingers, he hailed the boat and said that he was "not at all tired." Nor did he appear to be, as his stroke was now twenty-six a minute. A few moments later the yacht *Rosetta* came close up and some one on board hailed Webb. He turned suddenly completely around and looked at the yacht, and then immediately went on again. He turned and swam a little on his right side at a quarter past eleven, but only for a few strokes. This was the first change he had made from the time he entered the water.

At one o'clock Webb was swimming twenty-seven strokes to the minute. Five minutes past the hour the red spar-buoy on the middle ground was passed, the wind blowing harder with each moment. At twenty-five minutes past one Webb changed his position for a few strokes, but resumed the old, regular motion again in less than a minute. At exactly half-past one Webb stopped for the first time since the start, and treading water near the launch asked for something to drink.

Captain Hartley filled a pewter mug with beer and handed it to Webb, who, treading water the while, drank the contents and threw the cup back into the boat. Webb then swam up beside the boat again and asked for meat, when Captain Hartley took some roast beef, which, breaking into small pieces, he placed in the swimmer's mouth. Webb chewed a small piece about the size of one's finger, and then swam on. He reached the vicinity of the Beach at two o'clock, and then remained in the water three hours longer in order to keep his engagement to land shortly after five o'clock, the consideration being $1,000. The water was exceedingly rough, and during this time he was tossed here and there like a cork. Now away up on a white-crested wave, now down in a hollow that seemed to have the sand for a bottom, his little blue cap told the watchers that he was all right.

The passengers on the launch had an exciting time during these three hours, and it was with much difficulty the crew could be kept at work until the passengers were transferred to the yacht *Nelly*. Captain Webb landed at 5:05 P. M., fresh and hearty, and there was great enthusiasm over him as he passed through the bathing-house amphitheatre, the men shouting and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and throwing him bouquets, while the British flag floated from the staff above him.



PENNSYLVANIA.—DANIEL O. BARR, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTENHUNST.

DANIEL O. BARR,

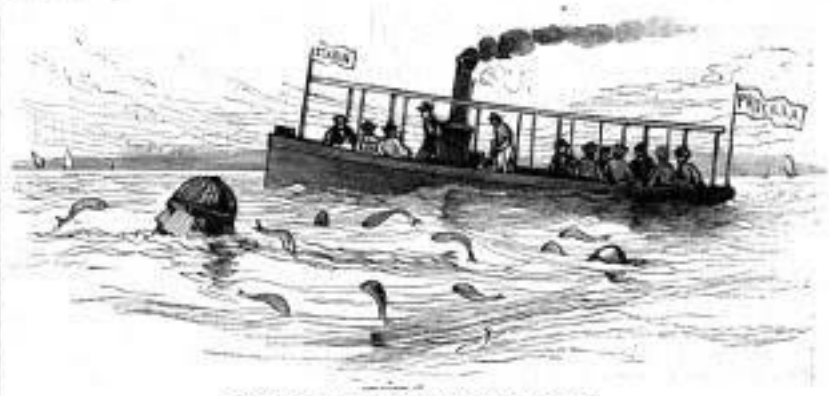
Democratic Candidate for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

THE Democratic candidate for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, Mr. Daniel O. Barr, whose portrait is given on this page, is in the prime of his years, having been born at Blairsville, Indiana County, in 1840. He was educated at the public school in that town, and was subsequently employed in one of the local stores and by a firm of contractors engaged in the construction of a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At a later period he studied telegraphy, and filled a number of important positions under the eye of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who was then superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Road. He next, in July, 1858, accepted an appointment in the old Pittsburgh Trust Company, now the First National Bank of Pittsburgh, one of the largest and most admirably managed banking institutions in the State, and there he has remained ever since, discharging all the duties of his position with marked ability and spotless integrity.

In 1869 Mr. Barr was nominated by the Democrats in the Legislature as the candidate for State Treasurer, as a compliment to him for the active part he had taken in that and previous campaigns. Again in 1870 he was the regular caucus nominee for State Treasurer, but the party being in the minority on both occasions the Republican Treasurers were elected. Two years ago his name was presented to the Democratic State Convention for the



THE START FROM SANDY HOOK.



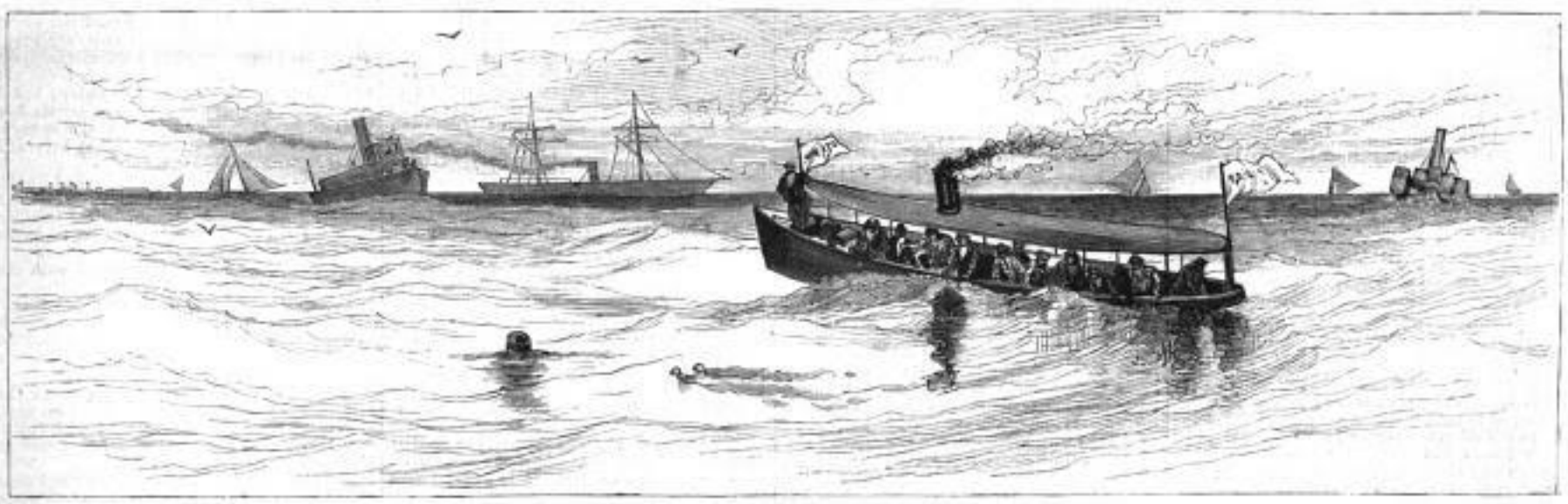
MOSSBUNKERS JUMPING OVER THE SWIMMER.



TAKING A DRINK.



TOSSED ON THE WAVES.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE, LOOKING FROM SANDY HOOK.

NEW YORK.—SWIMMING FROM SANDY HOOK TO MANHATTAN BEACH—CAPTAIN WEBB'S SUCCESSFUL FEAT ON AUGUST 13TH.

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nomination for State Treasurer, and at the convention recently held he was again put in nomination, and will be warmly supported.

Mr. Barr's career has been marked by great activity and genuine usefulness. He has never been a drone in the hive. He has shown himself in all the relations of life a man of broad sympathies, earnest convictions and thorough conscientiousness. One who knows him intimately writes: "Sympathetic with others in their troubles and considerate of their wants, his hand has often reached out quietly to succor those who needed aid, and today he has more personal friends in the community in which he lives than almost any man who could be named. He has ever been a faithful worker for his party, has attended many of the State and National Conventions, and was one of the committee of thirty-three at Reading appointed to select the Democratic delegates-at-large to the Constitutional Convention. Always moderate and restrained in his actions and expressions, he has attracted to himself that kind of friendship and support which it is very hard to take from any one who has it. His nomination illustrates this. Wherever he made a friend in any part of the State, that friend seemed to have brought others, and to stand up with enthusiasm for him."

RUBIE'S MISTAKE.

"RUBIE, child, do not grieve so! Be brave for my sake!" And Roy Wentworth drew the slight, girlish form more closely to his side.

Rubie raised her dark, tearful eyes to his face.

"Roy, I will try. But you do not know how lonely I shall be—how——" Poor little Rubie was trying hard to calm herself, but in spite of her efforts the red lips quivered piteously.

"Yes, I do know, for I shall sadly miss my little wild rose. But on this, our last night, let us sit under this shady old tree and have one cheerful little chat, and see if I cannot bring the smiles back to that woeful face." And Roy, half-laughingly, half-earnestly, drew her gently down to the mossy bank at his side.

But Rubie was strangely silent. It was a bitter trial for her, this separation from her handsome, manly lover; for her life, short as it had been, was a lonely one. While she was yet a babe her young mother died, leaving her alone, with no companion save her father, her kind, indulgent father, who worshiped her for the resemblance she bore to his fair young bride—who gratified her slightest wish, and lavished upon her all that wealth could buy. Rubie, in return, loved him deeply and tenderly; yet this love could not fill all her soul, and often in her beautiful home a feeling of loneliness stole over her, and the motherless child would have given all her great wealth for a companion to cheer the dreary house and break the dull monotony of her life.

Was it any wonder, then, when Roy Wentworth, who was spending the Summer months at Earnstead, became a frequent visitor at Clifton Hall, that Rubie, poor lonely child as she was, should learn to love with all the fervor of her warm, impulsive nature—with a love that was almost idolatry? But she dared not hope that she was cared for in return, and one night, when Roy took both her trembling little hands into his own, and whispered, "Rubie, little one, do you know that I love you? Will you be my wife?" she silently raised her face all doubtingly to his.

But there was truth in his voice, truth in those earnest blue eyes, and so Rubie trusted him, believing that in all the wide, wide world there was none so happy as she.

Mr. Clifton consented to this union, saying, "You may have her, Roy, but not yet." And his voice grew husky as he added, "When you take her you take the sunshine from my home. I cannot give up my child now; Rubie must stay with her old father at least two years more."

The village gossips held up their hands in horror when the engagement between the judge's beautiful daughter and an apparent stranger was whispered abroad. But Rubie only tossed her pretty head, and would not listen to a word against her lover.

Happy days followed, such as Rubie's short life had never known—bright, joyous days, shadowed only by the thought that Roy must soon go away; and Rubie, although she knew that his visit had already been prolonged many weeks, placed his departure far away in the dim future. But Roy had suddenly announced his intention to return, saying that he had received a letter the day before calling him home.

The news, though not entirely unexpected, proved a blow to Rubie; but Roy spoke cheerfully, and at last succeeded in diverting her attention, while Rubie gained from him a promise that before many months he would again visit Earnstead, and bring with him a certain merry maiden, Roy's only sister, to whom he was deeply attached, and that she should be her constant companion during her visit; for Rubie had already learnt to love this unknown Mabel, as she fancied she would love anything that was dear to Roy.

Besides, they were to write very, very often, and Rubie felt that those long, loving letters from Roy would, in a measure, compensate for his absence, and she was therefore disposed to look more hopefully into the future; and, if not quite her own bright self, she carried a lighter heart than only a few hours before she had thought it possible to do under the circumstances.

They had just returned from a walk over the hill. Rubie was standing in the hall, with the little white hat swinging in her hand, and when passing through the door a light coat fell from the rack; it was Roy's, and she stooped to pick it up. As she did so some letters fell from the pocket; she caught them in her hands and was about to replace them, when she thought she recognized in a dainty pink envelope one of her own letters. Scarcely knowing why she did it—perhaps to recall the occasion on which it had been written, and thinking of no harm—she thoughtlessly drew out the letter. To her astonishment a picture presented itself to her view, that of a girl, young and beautiful—a sweet, girlish face, with rosy, laughing lips and sunny blue eyes.

How came this picture there? Surely she had never seen it before. She glanced at the writing—it was not her own. Had Rubie paused but a moment, not for worlds would she have done what she did; but her brain seemed on fire, and she was prompted by a mad desire to know the worst. The letter was lying open in her hand—only one hasty glance, but it revealed all; a few words written in a graceful, childish hand—only a few, but they were as a death-blow to Rubie's happiness.

"DEAREST ROY: Do you remember how you used to tell me that you loved me more than anything else in the world? Will you ever come back? I send my photograph as you requested, and hope it will remind you sometimes of me. You will come back soon, won't you, Roy? I miss you so much! Your loving

"MAY LEE."

Very slowly Rubie folded the letter about the picture and returned it to the envelope. In her hand were two more letters, both directed in that bold, free writing which she knew only too well; one to Charles L. Mason & Co., the other to Miss Mabel Lee.

Rubie pressed her hand upon her forehead in a dazed sort of way, and wondered if her heart had turned to stone. Then, with a face cold and white with grief, she placed both letters in the pocket.

Through the open door called a well-known voice:

"Rubie! Rubie!"

But she turned silently away; not one moment too soon.

Half-way across the hall, a faint, dizzy feeling came over her; and Roy, weary at her long delay, found her cold and senseless, stretched upon the marble floor.

Then, with a face almost as white as the one lying so still upon his bosom, he laid his burden upon a sofa and called for assistance.

Mr. Clifton and Rubie's maid were soon by the side of the unconscious girl; and when at last she opened her eyes, it was Roy's face, pale and anxious, that was bending over her, Roy's hand that was holding hers in warm embrace.

"Oh, what has happened?" she exclaimed starting up and looking wildly about her. "Oh, take me, papa, take me!" and she fell helpless into his arms.

"Rubie, dear child," he asked anxiously, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Roy came and stood at her side; but she turned from him with a shudder, as she whispered, "No, papa; I wish to go to my room."

Having closed and locked her door, she sank upon her knees before an open window. She was hot and feverish, and her temples throbbed with pain. Too utterly miserable for sleep, she gave herself up to her painful thoughts.

It seemed years since she had entered that dear, familiar room, a happy, care-free girl. Now the sunshine was crushed out of her life, and Roy, whom she had so madly worshiped, belonged to another; and again she brought the lovely features vividly to her mind. In her own heart she could feel no anger towards the beautiful girl who had taken from her life's dearest object, for something in the pure, innocent face seemed to say that she was as good as beautiful, and she prayed that Roy Wentworth would not break that young heart as he had broken hers.

A knock at the door interrupted her; she opened it, and Janet placed a note in her hand. With nervous haste she tore it open and read its contents.

"MY POOR LITTLE RUBIE: Are you well enough to come down and say good-night? If not, I will call early in the morning.

"Your own ROY."

"'Your own Roy'!" she repeated bitterly, and the crimson blood rolled in dark waves over her pale face as she crushed the note tightly in her hand. Then, drawing a small rosewood writing-desk before her, she hastily wrote:

"MR. WENTWORTH—You will please consider our engagement at an end. Do you ask for an explanation? Then your own heart will tell you if you have been true to me. Do not attempt to see me; it would be useless.

"RUBIE CLIFTON."

Then she drew the sparkling diamond from her finger, and, folding the small white note about it, placed both in the envelope. Then she removed from a slender gold chain a costly locket; she pressed the spring, and Roy's handsome, boyish face was before her. Roy's laughing blue eyes were looking full into her own.

One moment she stood irresolute. Could she part with that which seemed a part of her life? With a stifled sob all pride and anger vanished, and, almost heart-broken, she pressed her quivering lips to the loved face, while the bitter tears fell thick and fast, and Rubie wept as in all her life she had never wept before.

Still wondering at the long silence which had followed his message, Roy was startled by a voice at his side.

"Please, sir, Miss Clifton sends you this."

He turned to receive a packet from Janet's hand. She retired, and with eager haste he broke the seal and read its contents. It would be impossible to describe the dismay which spread over the handsome face.

"'Your own heart will tell you if you have been true to me,'" burst involuntarily from his white lips. "What can she mean? Oh, Rubie, are you insane? She is ill now, but she will, she must, see me in the morning."

Then he seized his hat, and hurried from the house.

But when the next day came Rubie was firm, and would not see her lover. In vain he lingered, hoping she would relent. Her purpose was unalterable.

It is needless to tell of the dreary days that followed, of the long, sleepless nights, and mornings when Rubie found her pillow still wet with tears; for, young as she was, she had not loved with a child's love that could be thrown lightly aside, but with that woman's love that would come to her but once in a lifetime.

Two years passed away. Ruby was much changed—the youthful face was shaded with pain, but beautiful still.

It was at this time that Mrs. Featherstone, Mr. Clifton's only sister, came to spend a few months at Earnstead. Of this aunt Rubie knew but little, as her home was far away, and her visits few and far between. It was almost six years since her last visit.

Mrs. Featherstone was a widow, and had no children; and something in Rubie's sad, sweet face, and the dark, wistful eyes, touched her warm heart, and she longed to fold the girl to her bosom, and to love her as she would have loved her own child, had one been given her; and thus, between the childless woman and motherless girl sprang a strong friendship, which soon ripened into love. At length she made up her mind to take Rubie home with her. Her brother consented; so one month later Rubie found herself at her aunt's beautiful residence in Richmond.

Mrs. Featherstone deeply loved her niece, and would fain have made her happy; and it sadly pained her kind heart to see that shadow which rested upon the sweet young face. She knew that something was grieving her; but fancied, could her attention be called away and her thoughts diverted, her trouble would wear itself out. So Rubie was kept in a constant whirlwind of gayety.

"Rubie," said her aunt, one evening, "you must not forget Mrs. Arnold's reception. It is time to dress."

"I did not know it was so late. What shall I wear, Aunt Marian?"

"Anything you choose, dear; but I wish you to look even prettier than ever to-night, for I expect to meet a large number of friends, and you know I am very proud of my little niece. Run away now; your maid has been waiting this half-hour. You will find flowers in your room."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Marian!"

Rubie went to her room and began to search her wardrobe, intent upon gratifying her aunt by wearing one of her prettiest dresses.

An hour later, her toilet completed, Rubie turned for a last look into her mirror. Surely she could find no fault with what she saw reflected—a graceful, girlish form, clad in a rich, glimmering satin of pale pink, with an overdress of soft, fleecy white lace carelessly draped with rosebuds of pure white and delicate pink, while the same beautiful flowers nestled among the long, dark curls which fell in profusion over the white, dimpled shoulders.

The fair, sweet face was still pale, save for the faint blush upon the soft cheeks, and an eager light glowed from the depths of the large, beautiful eyes.

With a little smile of satisfaction, Rubie ran lightly down-stairs.

Mrs. Featherstone, tall and stately, in a costly evening dress of dark blue silk, met her at the door, and Rubie noticed with pleasure the look of pride and wonder that flitted over the handsome face, and felt amply repaid for the slight sacrifice which she had made by the tender kiss which she received.

The guests had already thronged Mrs. Arnold's brilliantly-lighted rooms. Many lovely faces, many beautiful forms had gathered there. Mrs. Featherstone moved about with that stately, winning grace which seemed a part of herself; and her kind greeting and ready smile made her a favorite with old and young. With a quiet pleasure she noticed the many whispered words of praise, the many admiring glances, bestowed upon the beautiful girl at her side.

Dance followed dance in rapid succession, but at last, flushed and weary, Rubie stood for a few moments alone. Eagerly she watched for an opportunity to pass out unobserved, and saw that the bay-window near which she was standing opened from the floor out upon a small balcony. Once out in the open air and alone, she found a rustic seat, and, clasping both hands upon its arm, bowed her head upon them, while the cool breeze fanned her cheek. Poor, weary-hearted child! She had tried, oh, so hard, to be happy, and how miserably she had failed! Could she never forget?

So absorbed was she that she did not at first hear voices near the open window.

"Do you know, Cousin Ernest, I think you are extremely selfish in keeping Ettie all to yourself, when I have been looking in every nook and corner for her. Ettie, you can't guess who is here!"

"Then it would be useless to try," replied the young lady addressed.

"Now don't be so provokingly cool, when I know you are just wild to know! But I will be reasonable for once. It is May—May Lee and her brother."

"Why, Nell, I thought they were abroad."

"So did I, until I saw them a few moments ago. They returned on Tuesday, and have kept themselves perfectly quiet on purpose to surprise us all to-night. Mrs. Arnold and Frank were the only ones who knew of it. May is lovely to-night; I do believe the child grows prettier every day."

"And how about the brother?" asked Ernest.

"Oh, he is just as handsome and as good as ever, and a splendid catch; but we girls do not take as much interest in him as one might suppose."

"And why not?"

"Well, you see, he fell in love with a beautiful girl. They were engaged, but must have had a quarrel, for he came home and was dangerously ill for a long time, and——"

"Hush!" said Ettie in a low voice, as the speaker paused for breath. "Some one will hear you. Nellie, how do you know this?"

"Mrs. Blain was his nurse, and she told me how he raved and called her name, and vowed never to marry another; and he has kept his promise well, for I see he is as tenderly devoted to May as ever. He could not love her more if she were his own sister. But they are coming this way. Come, Ettie, and you, too, Ernest, if you wish to speak to them."

The little group vanished, and Rubie rose, intent upon catching a glimpse of the fair May and her brother.

They were standing beneath the chandelier, and as they turned, their features were plainly visible. An exclamation of horror and surprise burst involuntarily from her pale lips, and she clung to the settee for support. For it was Roy who stood there, although slightly changed, a trifle older, with a shade of pallor resting upon the handsome features. At his side, with the gaslight falling upon her golden head, stood a tiny, fairy-like form, clad in an evening dress of pale, fleecy blue. She had a sweet childish face. Rubie knew it well, for every feature was stamped upon her memory, although she had seen it but once; it was but little changed—the same as when she had drawn it from the unsealed letter in Roy's pocket three years ago.

This, then, was the little sister of whom he had so often spoken. Oh, how wickedly, how cruelly, she had wronged him! And in all these years he had been faithful to her—perhaps loved her even yet! But she must tell him all, even though he despised her for it.

She hastily left her hiding-place, and noiselessly entered the door of the conservatory. It was deserted by all except Mrs. Arnold's little daughter, who was gathering flowers.

"Jessie," she said, taking the child's hand in hers, "do you know the gentleman and pretty lady in blue who were talking to Mrs. Romaine a few moments ago? You see them now, do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the little one, smiling; "that is Mr. Wentworth and his sister."

"Will you tell Mr. Wentworth that somebody is waiting in the conservatory who wishes to speak to him? Can you remember, Jessie?"

"Oh, yes." Then, raising her large brown eyes to Rubie's face, she said, "Are you ill, Miss Clifton? Shall I call mamma?"

"No, darling; run away now, and do not forget what I have told you."

Then Rubie crossed the room, and stood with her face turned from the door. She was nervous and excited, and was inwardly trying to calm herself. Only a few moments more, and then came the sound of footsteps, and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Excuse me; I was told that some one wished to speak to me."

Pale and trembling, Rubie turned and stood before the man she loved and had wronged. Roy started violently, and sprang towards her with open arms.

"Rubie! At last I have found you!"

He would have embraced her, but she stepped aside.

"Do not speak to me, do not touch me, until you have heard what I have to say."

"Then why did you send for me? Oh, Rubie! you might have spared me this."

"Roy, I have wronged you cruelly; I owe you an explanation."

Then, with quivering lips and downcast eyes, she told him all.

Roy had not interrupted her, and she could not, dared not, meet that cold, hard look which she felt was on his face; and without lifting her eyes from the floor she added, with faltering voice, "Forget and forgive me if you can. Good-by!"

But two strong arms were clasped about her.

"Poor little darling! You have suffered, too. Yes, I forgive you fully, freely, on one condition. No, Rubie, I have waited so long for this that I cannot let you go now. I must have your answer first."

"If I can," she murmured.

"You can. It is not very hard; only that you look up and tell me that you love me still, and will be my wife very soon."

Rubie flushed crimson.

The kind, loving tones, so different from the bitter reproach which she had expected, thrilled her, filled her with joy.

"Oh, Roy! do you want—do you care for me yet?"

The soft, dark eyes were moist as she raised them to her lover's face; and Roy was answered, for he stooped and kissed the sweet lips, saying, "You are mine, now, for ever! Poor little sister. She has been the innocent cause of all our trouble. Strange I did not mention that she was my half-sister; but I was but three years of age when my mother married Mr. Lee—four when Mabel was born. I have never known any father but hers, and she is as dear as a sister could be."

"Is her name May or Mabel?" asked Rubie.

"It is Mabel, but her schoolmates call her May, and we have all become quite familiar with the name. Wait here a few moments and I will bring her to you."

He was gone; but soon returned with the young lady leaning upon his arm.

"Rubie, this is my sister, Miss Clifton, May."

Mabel bowed her pretty head with girlish grace; but an anxious, doubtful look clouded the bright face as she threw a quick glance at her brother.

Roy saw and understood it, for he took the white hand which was resting upon his arm, and, placing it in Rubie's, said, "I wish you to love her dearly, May, for she has promised to be your sister very soon."

The bright, joyous look returned; and with childish glee she threw both soft, white arms about Rubie's neck, and kissed her cheek, exclaiming "Then it is all right! Oh, Roy, I am so glad!"

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And there Aunt Marian found them; while Mabel laughingly declared that they were the three happiest people in the world.

Ruble's mistake had its compensation at last.

SUMMER LIFE AT SARATOGA.

How the Railway Magnates Manipulate the Stock Market.—The Electric Light and a Garden Party.

NEVER was Saratoga so crowded, so gay, and so brilliant. Never did fairer women or braver men throng its boulevards, its piazzas, its walks. Never did the genius of Monsieur Worth appear in "bigger blaze." Never were there so many fierce flirtations or genuine heart exchanges. Never were the souls of anxious mammas more intensely gratified. Never was *paterfamilias* so importuned for the all important parental assent. Never were millionaires so plentiful, or magnates thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of far-famed Valambrosa. There is but one Saratoga. It is unique. It is special. It reigns absolutely. It glitters, sparkles, flashes. Nothing can be more brilliant than its main street in the beginning of the month of August, wide as the Boulevards Malesherbes or Haussmen, and lined on either side by stately elms that shade its palatial hotels, while its stores, thronged by the *crème de la crème* of superbly gotten-up femininity, are about as *piquante* as they are persuasive.

The piazzas are crowded with the most animated and best-dressed people in the world. Five o'clock, and the roadway is impassable for equipages that would hold their own in Hotten llow or the Bois de Boulogne, drawn up in the shady side of the street, and all *en route* to the lake that lies like a mirror laid on a bed of thick, soft verdant moss. Overhead is an Italian sky, blue as a sapphire, while a golden tropical sunshine falls around, rendering the shadows all the deeper by its dazzling contrasts of light. Everything is bright, animated, coquettish. As *chic* as Paris in April, as luxurious as London in the height of the season. Everywhere one hears English and sees the Anglo-Saxon type of countenance; but how utterly un-English is the scene! All the heaviness, the stiffness, the lead taste of the mother-race has evaporated in the champagne-like atmosphere of what a Boston poet has well called "Our Daughterland." Everybody and everything somehow or other looks Parisian—only looks, however, for the close observer will soon note the Anglo-Saxon reserve.

In one corner of the piazza of the United States Hotel a knot of lynx-eyed gentlemen daily congregate. They seat themselves on rude wooden chairs, speak in that low tone dramatists relegate to conspirators; ever and anon consult telegraphic slips or pocket-memoranda, whiffing the while cigars that would have made the mouth of that arch scamp, the ex-Khédive, water from envy. This El Dorado is known as "Vanderbilt's Corner," and in the centre of the railroad magnates sits their monarch, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, a word from whose lips makes or mars millions. Apropos of the value of Mr. Vanderbilt's golden words, a bit of sharp practice, such as would have delighted the hearts of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, of Pickwickian memory, took place recently, the "cute one" being a well-known stock-operator. One morning during the past week the sovereigns of the railroad world met as usual to hold council and to discuss the propriety of relieving poor embarassed Europe through the medium of express-trains and grain-elevators. The stock-operator, apparently by accident, planted his chair close to that of Mr. Vanderbilt's but as he immediately buried himself in the folds of his newspaper, no further notice was taken of him. It so happened that the august ones were deciding the propriety of the Lake Shore's acquiring the control of the Canada Southern, and the moment that their chief, Mr. Vanderbilt, announced his decision in favor of the arrangement, the stock-operator, still buried in his paper, shuffled hastily away. Whither? To the telegraph-office, and a message instantly flashed to his partner in Wall Street securely "nobbled" several thousands of dollars. Those railroad magnates meet daily at Vanderbilt's Corner, and during "a long hour by Shrewsbury's clock" the great game is as quietly played as a rubber at whist, the stakes being only millions.

A suggestion contained in an article in this journal of last season that the electric light should be used for a Saratoga *fête* has been adopted with supreme success. The magnificent quadrangle of the Grand Union Hotel has been laid down with a floor worthy of the Mi-Careme ball at the Grand Opera. The trees are festooned with Chinese lanterns, and above all, like an opal star, shines the electric light shedding the "white radiance of eternity" on the hundreds of guests who nightly float to the dreamy strains of Strauss, or who "foot it" to the mad, merry music of "H. M. S. Pinafore." The *coup d'œil* is fairy-like. The soft, yet fierce, yet unknown light, the colors now gleaming white beneath its rays, now toning into those half tints such as artists rave madly over; the tender green of the gentle foliage and the snowy background of the hotel, with its windows containing living bouquets, is one of those all-satisfying sights such as is recognized only in dreamland. How coquettishly fair wives, widows and maids as yet untouched by wrinkle or crow's foot, seek the whitening touches of the electric light; how cautiously and carefully ladies of a certain age avoid its searching rays. *Ay de mi, Alhama!* Nor is this dancing floor exclusively confined to these Arabian Nights Entertainments. It has a double debt to pay, for during the earlier portion of the evening it is occupied by exquisitely dressed children—the little girls "symphonies" in lace, the little boys copies of Reynolds's and Gainsborough's pages, who dance and frisk, and romp, and make merry, their ringing silvern laughter pealing sweeter than the music. So attractive have the electric-light *fêtes* proved, that the Grand Union has been obliged to close its doors against all comers save its own guests, and their name is legion. Saratoga has been at its best this season, and so have Long Branch and Newport. With the revival of good spirits, and of the glories of the past, may we not hopefully look forward to a healthful resurrection of the business of the country which has now taken a slumber too long?

A Military Revival in China.

Old plans have in many cases been adhered to. There are still squadrons of junks, and troops armed with shields and spears, and bows and arrows. Not long ago the present writer saw, in the course of a few hours' trip from the Taku forts to the city of Tientsin, guards of soldiers armed with Remington breech-loaders, match-lock men, archers, river junks carrying smooth-bores, and iron steam-gunboats mounting Krupp breech-loaded cannon. But the old is fast being replaced by the new. In China the vastness of the scale of everything precludes the possibility of rapid and sweeping reform. Nothing, in all the world of wonders, probably strikes a visitor to the capital more than the immense mounds in which the salt—the sale of which is a government monopoly—is stored. Merely covered with mats, much that can be very ill spared is annually wasted in the wet season, and every vice that can be laid to the charge of a monopolist institution is aggravated in this one. The authorities are not blind to it. A year or two ago an eminent member of the Imperial Government said on this subject to an English officer, whose loss the diplomatic service and linguistic science have had to deplore: "We are most anxious to abolish it, but 100,000 employees and their families are directly dependent on the existence of this monopoly; how can we provide for them, under the actual circumstances of the country, if we disestablish them?" So, too, the old naval and military organizations are not things to be swept away in a moment; they at least continue to serve a good purpose in the maintenance of internal order.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Khedival Changes in Egypt.

In consequence of the protest of England and France against the return of the ex-Khédive to Egypt, he has relinquished his intention of going back, and is engaged in negotiations for the purchase of the well-known and charming Villa Gallo at Capo di Monte. It was sold by the family of the Duke of Gallo to Queen Isabella, the mother of Ferdinand II.; and on her death she left it to her second husband, Count del Balzo. It is a large and beautiful house, commanding noble views. The harem which accompanied the ex-Khédive into exile consisted, besides the three princesses (the mother of Prince Tewfik remaining behind), of sixty women altogether, including twenty female slaves. It took sixty of the vice-regal carriages to convey the party from the palace of Abdine to the railway station, and ten men-of-war's boats to embark the fair travelers at Alexandria. The harem luggage formed a small pyramid, completely filling a lighter of 150 tons burden, and occupied over two hours in shipment. The above, however, was but a small portion of the female belongings of the late Khédive, over 400 of whom remain behind in Cairo, and are maintained by the present Viceroy at a cost for feeding alone of $15,000 a month. Our illustrations represent the ex-Viceroy in the act of taking leave of his family and advisers in the Abdine Palace, which ceremony we have already described, and his adieus on the railroad carriage at Cairo.

The Zulu War.

The remarkable valor, and also the semi European discipline, of the Zulu troops, have tended in some respects to shorten the war. If the Zulus had resembled most of the other South African tribes they would have warily kept in the bush, and rarely showed themselves in the open. In this way they would have avoided the terrible slaughter which has on several occasions been inflicted on them by the British superiority of armament when brought to close quarters. Instead of this, the valiant savages, with the most utter disregard of their personal safety, boldly charged solid squares of English troops armed with weapons of precision. Such foes, even when only armed with assegais, are assuredly not to be despised; and, as Mr. Archibald Forbes observes, "apprehension was unquestionably felt lest the sudden confront of the men with the fierce Zulu rush should shake their nerves; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open and saw the enemy face to face in the daylight. Lads of new regiments, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, were as cool as the seasoned veterans." The sketch from the Lower Tugela shows John Dunn (the well-known "white Zulu," whose experience and advice since the war began have been of great service to the British troops) in the act of interrogating a prisoner. The prisoner is bound with a rope round his neck, each end being held by a volunteer. They ride with the prisoner between them, which is the recognized method, the Zulus being very slippery customers. At Estcourt, in Natal, on his way from Maritzburg to the frontier, the artist stopped at a farmhouse which was converted into an inn, and there he saw three or four native servants employed in making bread for the Seventeenth Lancers, who were expected next day. The farmer's wife and children, with an Indian coolie girl nursing the baby, were looking on at the work of kneading the dough in large tubs. An officer stood by, whip in hand, but not with any intention of compelling the natives to industry by an application of the lash.

The War in South America.

The Peruvians appear disposed to take the initiative in the struggle now going on, once having satisfied themselves of the greater speed of their few ships, insignificant in numbers and strength as compared with their enemies. The last raid of the *Huascar* incensed the Chilian Admiral, and, unable to catch his antagonist, he returned to Iquique. It is said that he bombarded that city for half an hour or so on the evening of July 16th. Less than fifty projectiles were thrown into the city, and the centres of the population, even the quarters of the Peruvian forces, were untouched. The moment that the news of the affair at Iquique reached the ears of Presidents Prado and Daza at Arica, orders were given to the *Huascar*, *Union* and *Pilcomayo* to go south and retaliate as far as possible on the undefended ports of Chili. This they did. They are said to have encountered no resistance whatever. Peruvian official telegrams further state that they captured the splendid Chilian transport *Rimac*. The loss to Chili will be over $1,000,000. After the engagement between the Chilian fleet and the Peruvian ram *Huascar*, on July 10th, the Chilian ironclad *Cochrane* went to Pisagua, designing to land her forces and destroy the property of the foreign merchants there. Unknown, however, to the commander, a strong battalion of infantry had taken possession of the fort, and the troops kept up such a vigorous fire on the small boats that the attempt to land was abandoned and the *Cochrane* withdrew.

Proposed New British Polar Expedition.

An influential Central Committee has been formed, to which forty-nine Provincial Committees are affiliated, for the purpose of organizing an expedition to the North Pole on the plan recommended by Commander Cheyne, R. N., who is strongly of opinion that balloons will form an important element in all future Arctic explorations. Our illustration depicts the three balloons as ready to start from the Winter quarters of the ship during the first week in June next, their destination being the North Pole. The balloons are named Enterprise, Resolute, and Discovery; each will be capable of lifting a ton in weight, the three carrying a sledge party intact, with stores and provisions for fifty-one days. The ascent will be made on the curve of a roughly ascertained wind circle, a continuation of which curve will carry them to the Pole, but should the said curve defect, then the required current of air can again be struck by rising to the requisite altitude, as proved by experiments that different currents of air exist according to altitude; this fact Commander Cheyne himself observed when, in charge of the Government balloons in his last expedition, he sent up four at the same moment to different altitudes, being differently weighted; they took four different directions to the four quarters of the compass, giving him his first practical idea of ballooning in the Arctic regions. Lord Derby has subscribed $500 to the fund, to enable Commodore Cheyne to carry out his scheme.

SIGNIFICANT STRAWS.

An estimate by counties of the wheat crop of Indiana gives the grand total of 55,000,000 bushels.

Cleveland reports ore and pig-iron in great demand and sold for months ahead, and that rolling mills are obliged to refuse orders.

The number of immigrants that arrived at New York during the year ending July 31st, 1879, was 163,245; the previous year, 74,132.

Persons who have recently visited some of the Ohio Valley States report that they are thronged with persons buying wheat on foreign orders.

From Nebraska come the good news: "The corn crop will be immense. The sight of our corn-fields would drive an Eastern farmer crazy with envy."

The Texas papers are filled with notices of large receipts of new cotton, and that planters are joyous at the promise of a full crop, not having as yet been troubled by worms, etc.

The paper trade in Western Massachusetts is much more active than last Summer. Fewer mills are shut down than for several years, and the prospect for the Fall trade is much better than it was last year.

A New York commercial authority says: "Our export of cotton goods so far in 1879, amounts to 99,622 packages, worth $5,454,434, which is the greatest quantity and value on record for the same period of any year."

The West Wisconsin wheat harvest is nearly completed. The yield of Spring wheat has been fully equal to the average, while the Winter wheat has far surpassed the most sanguine hopes, both as to quality and quantity.

The extensive rolling-mills at Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., which have been idle for the past eight years, are to begin work at once with a single contract for 12,000 tons of railroad iron for a Boston party, the rails to be delivered at Kansas City at $40 per ton at the mills.

In the Northwest, in Minnesota particularly, farmers are put to great straits to obtain men to work in the harvest fields at from $2 to $3 a day. The crops are larger than were ever known, and men to harvest them are so scarce they can almost command their own prices for labor, and $2 is the minimum.

Ironton, Ohio, is at present the seat of financial healthfulness and industrial activity, and prosperity is again beginning to smile upon it. The furnaces, mills and foundries are worked to their utmost capacity, night and day, and are still unable to meet their orders. One after another the furnaces that have stood silent for years have "blown in."

Reports from all the portions of North New Jersey indicate a most pronounced revival in the iron trade. Mines, furnaces and forges, which have been idle since the panic of 1873, are being reopened and work pushed, the forces being kept on in many of them night and day. New mines are being opened and new furnaces built, notably at Chester and Port Oram.

A Chicago authority says: "Everything looks highly encouraging for a prosperous Fall trade in lumber, general merchandise, cattle, hogs, provisions, dry-goods, groceries, boots and shoes, and, in short, in all lines of commerce, not even excepting lake freights, which have been in a healthier condition this season than had been anticipated, owing in part to the revival of the iron trade calling for increased shipments of iron ore.

"There has been a heavier wheat export business this year from the port of Philadelphia than ever before," says Collector of Customs Tolton. "To be more explicit, and as a fair sample of the tonnage sent abroad," he continues, "there were exported from this port during the month of July, 1878, 205,790 bushels of wheat; for the same month, 1879, the amount had increased to 1,064,549 bushels, or more than four times as much as during the previous year."

The receipts of sugar at the principal ports in the United States denote thus far a considerable advance. In 1878 the receipts at the New York Custom House alone amounted to 550,000 tons, representing a value of about $47,827,547, and customs duty to the amount of $24,653,108.22. For the six months ending June, 1879, the receipts aggregated 611,762,653 pounds, valued at $25,007,796. For the corresponding period last year the receipts were 501,997,241 pounds, at a value of $22,246,618.

The managers of the Abbott Rail Mill at Baltimore are considering the advisability of starting the mill on full time, in anticipation of a demand for rails. The mills comprise in all six, there being three for the manufacture of plate-iron—that is, iron used in the construction of boilers, tanks, cars, stills and iron-clad ships; two puddle-mills, for the heating of iron and all necessary preliminary work, and one rail mill, for the construction, chiefly, of railroad rails. All are now in operation but the rail mill.

The great manufacturing establishments in the East are running full-handed and on full time. In Lowell the mills are all running, and the Hamilton Company, as that point, is adding new print works that will give employment to several hundred more persons; North Adams is reported as shipping prints to Cuba, Genoa and Naples. The Woolen Mills at Millbury, Mass., have been running over time for three months. In Maine the reports are that factories are crowded and running extra hours. At Manchester, N. H., all the mills are running full-handed and on full time, and a new mill, larger than any now there, is being erected the present season.

Hon Abram S. Hewitt says: "The revival of the iron trade is the legitimate result of the revival of business generally. Every iron works that kept at work during the period of depression is now overrun with orders, is working at its full capacity and unable to fill its orders. Others that had to stop operations are now going to work again. There is no doubt that we are beginning an era of healthful prosperity. Nothing can check it. We are the granary for the world. Our crop this year is enormous. Industries thrive. Last year we put down over 5,000 miles of railroad; this year it will be 4,000. Under the most improved plans iron can be made as low as $13 a ton. The profit of $4 a ton is not great, but it is remunerative, and so the outlook is encouraging."

The quarterly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, just published, which embodies the official returns of the Township Assessors for the year ending March 31st last, states that the area in Winter wheat aggregates 1,297,500 acres, an increase of 223,000 acres over 1878, and an increase of over 100 per cent. for the last three years. The area in Spring wheat is over 412,000 acres. The area in corn is 2,925,000 acres, an increase of 500,000 acres over 1878, and an increase of 60 per cent. during the last three years. The area in oats is 574,000 acres. The total area in all farm products aggregates 7,157,000 acres, an increase during the past year of 1,250,000 acres. Winter wheat is unusually fine. Corn promises the largest yield ever known in the State.

The iron industry in Allentown and vicinity has a brighter outlook now than at any time since 1873. Seven out of the nine furnace-stacks in the city are now in operation, and the indications point to a long continuance of work. The Lehigh Iron Company has two stacks in operation, the Allentown Iron Company three, and the Allentown Rolling Mill Company two. The merchant and the rail mills of the latter company are running to their full capacity, and in the puddle mill eleven of the furnaces are working. The largest furnace of the Reading Iron Works, which went out of blast four years ago, was blown in August 12th. This company is now building a new tube-mill, which, when finished, will give employment to 200 additional hands. The large iron establishments at Catasauqua and Hokendauqua are in full operation.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The French water-color exhibition is to be reopened in November.

—The sculptural decorations of the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, will cost 1,191,500 francs.

—The official census returns of Kansas are all in. They show that the population on the 1st of March last was 849,978.

—The Church of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill, London, celebrated its seventeenth centennial August 3d. It is believed to have been founded in the year 179.

—The total value of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards issued during the past fiscal year was $29,530,020, an increase of $671,866 over the year previous.

—Danish newspapers state that a terrific thunder-storm occurred in that kingdom on the 4th inst. Over 100 farmhouses were destroyed, and fifty persons were killed. The damage to the crops is incalculable.

—The American Institute will hold their usual annual exhibition this year, commencing September 17th. A large number of applications have been made for space. Intending exhibitors should address the General Superintendent, New York City.

—The sessions of the International Code Congress were opened at London on August 11th. The Lord Mayor cordially welcomed the delegates. Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, the distinguished writer on international law, delivered the inaugural address.

—The Iowa State Board of Equalization reports that there are 34,570,636 acres of land in that State, of an average value of $7.11 per acre. The total equalized value of lands and lots is $203,735,046; of personalty, $102,048,535. Grand total, $405,763,581.

—A telegram from Para, Brazil, dated on the 21st of July, states that 14,000 distressed inhabitants of Para had revolted in consequence of the stoppage of supplies for their relief. There was much alarm in Para, as it was feared the town might be sacked. The militia had been called out.

—The authorities of Odessa have decided that the new treasury buildings about to be erected there shall be supported upon pillars, so that the guards may be able to keep their eyes upon every part of them. This project was suggested by the late great robbery at Kherson, performed by undermining.

—A submarine cable in the Caspian Sea is the latest news over which Russia is jubilant, for it is the first submarine cable brought into the Czar's country. The cable was made in England, and is to be put in place by a Dane; it is 147 marine miles in length and 2,000,000 pounds in weight, and cost $310,000.

—One-third of all the emigrants from Italy go to France. The average emigration for the past three years has been 101,000, and the average number going to France has been 34,000. There are 14,000 Italian emigrants to South America, where there are 1,500 to this country. The total number of Italian emigrants is yearly diminishing.

—It is estimated that there are now over 5,000,000 sheep in Texas—more than there are in any other State in the Union, excepting California, which has about 8,000,000, Ohio ranging third in the list, with about 4,500,000. Last year over 11,000,000 pounds of wool were shipped out of the State, besides large quantities that were manufactured into yarns and cloth by the woolen mills in the State.

—A new regulation has been adopted at Monte Carlo to prevent people from gambling till they have not the wherewithal to pay their bills and get away. For the future, it is stated, none will be admitted to try their fortune in the gaming-rooms without having first deposited in the hands of the saloon authorities 500 francs, which sum they will under no circumstances be permitted to stake.

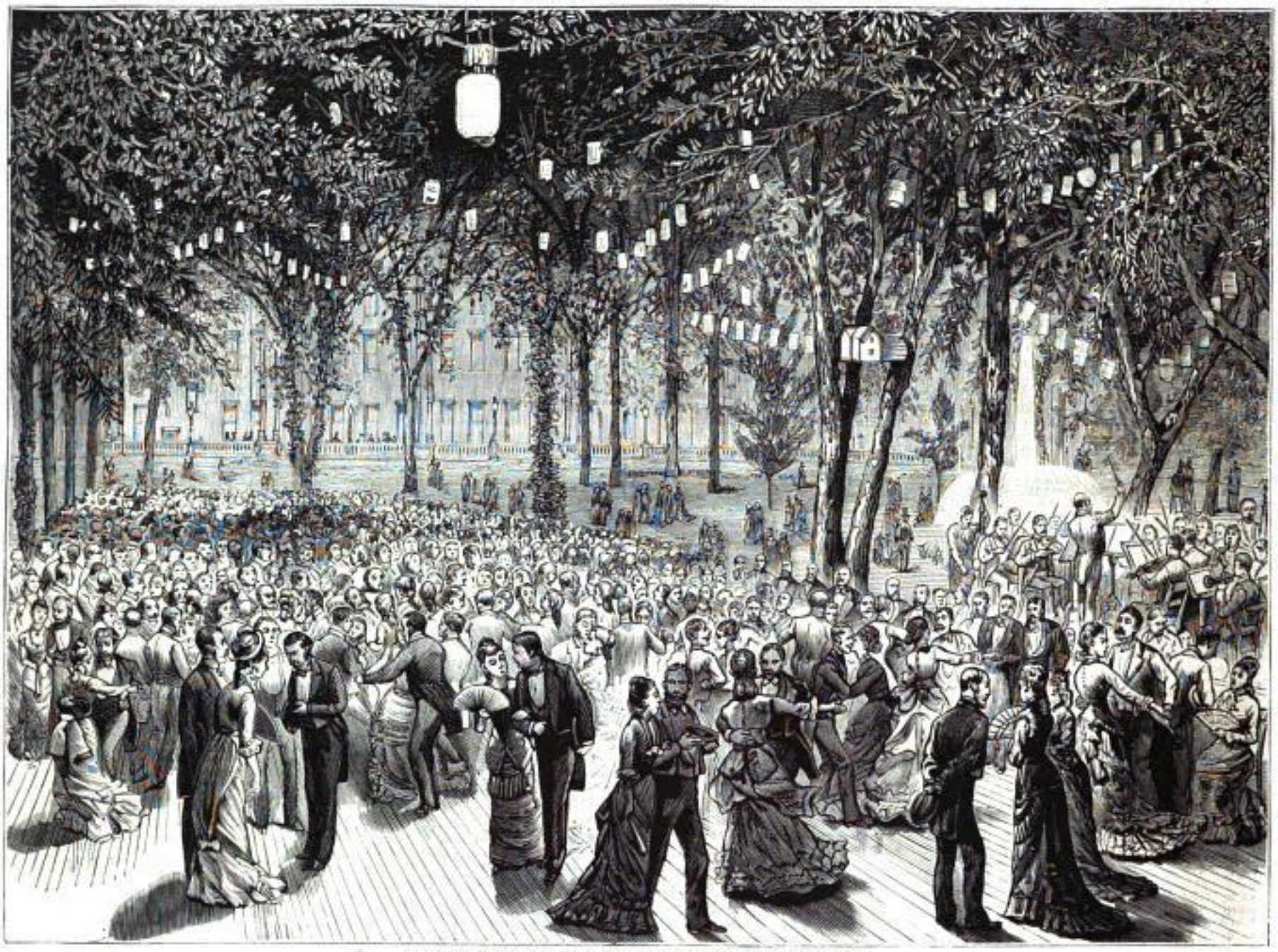
—The Municipal Council of Paris has just caused a commemorative plate to be placed on the house No. 151 in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, bearing the following inscription: "In this place, on the 3d of December, 1851, the Representative Baudin was killed while defending the rights of the Nation." The site of the hall where successively sat the Constituent Assembly of the National Convention in 1779-93 has been marked by a column with an inscription.

—The records of the Pension Bureau show a curious fact in reference to pensions not easily explained. Kentucky furnished the Union army 79,025 white soldiers during the war. There are now on the pension rolls 2,106 invalids in Kentucky, or an average of one to every thirty-two soldiers sent to the field. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont furnished 144,905 soldiers to the army, and now have 8,350 invalids on the pension rolls, or an average of one to every sixteen, just double the ratio in Kentucky.

—There are in Great Britain eight societies laboring for the conversion of the Jews, and on the continent of Europe a dozen more. These societies have incomes amounting altogether to about $500,000, and employ now, probably, about 250 agents, Christian and Christianized Jews. The oldest and most prominent British society is the London Society for the Propagation of Christianity among the Jews, which occupies thirty-four stations, embracing the principal Jewish centres in Europe and all around the Mediterranean Sea, and in Abyssinia employs thirty-six agents, and enjoys an income of about $200,000.

—According to the military contributor of the Cologne *Gazette*, the dry-docks at Kiel are now in full working order, and the floating docks have been removed from that town to Swinemünde, while a second floating dock is to be ready at Dantzic during the present year. This will complete the shipbuilding establishments whose construction was ordered by the German Admiralty. There are now at Wilhelmshaven three dry docks, and at Kiel four, any two of which can hold the largest ironclads in the navy. At Dantzic the necessary arrangements have been made for repairing ships of from 5,000 to 6,000 tons burden, and twelve ships of war can be repaired in the Government yard at the same time, while ten years ago there was not a single establishment in Germany, public or private, where large wooden ships or ironclads could be repaired.

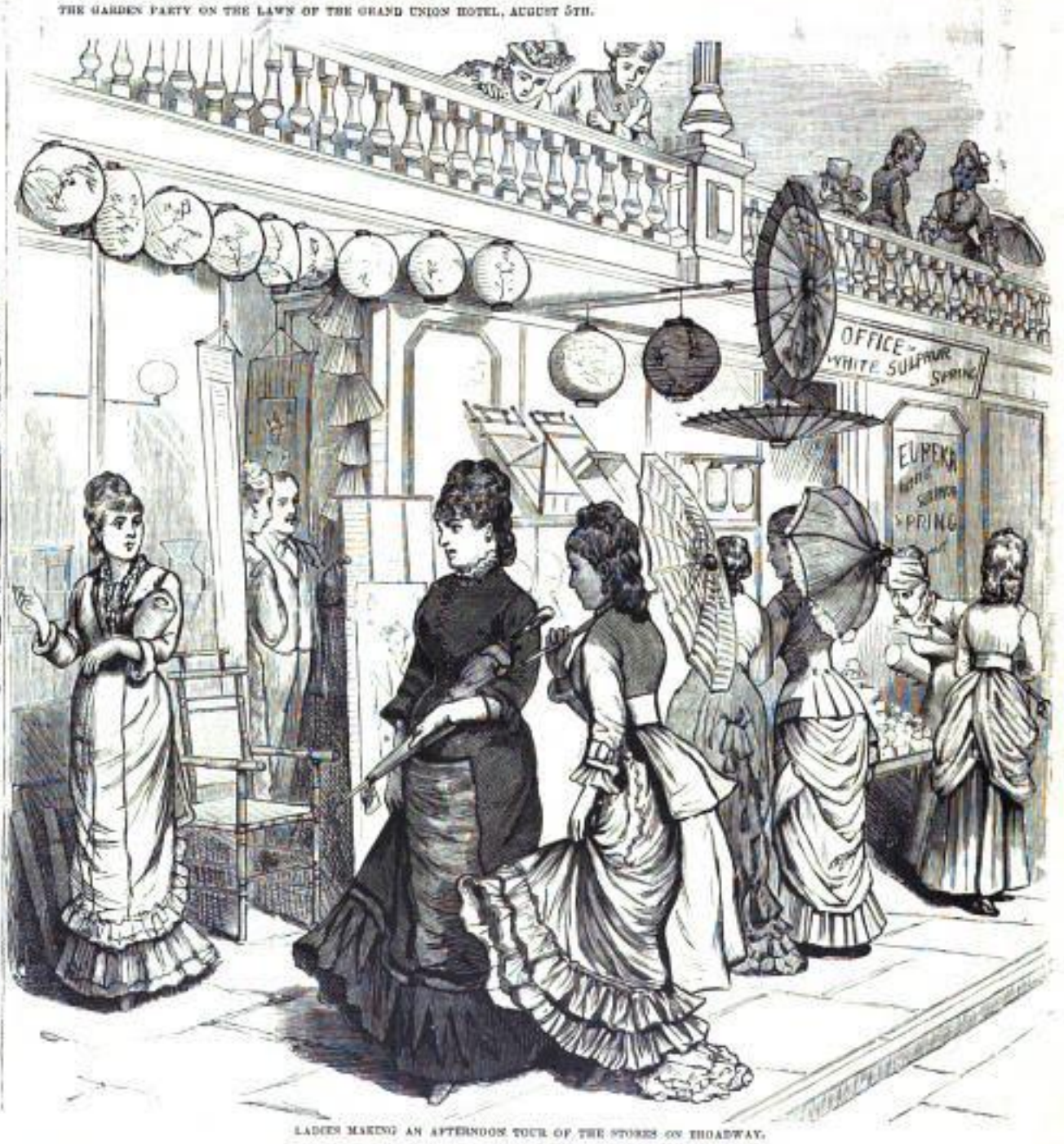
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THE GARDEN PARTY ON THE LAWN OF THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, AUGUST 5TH.



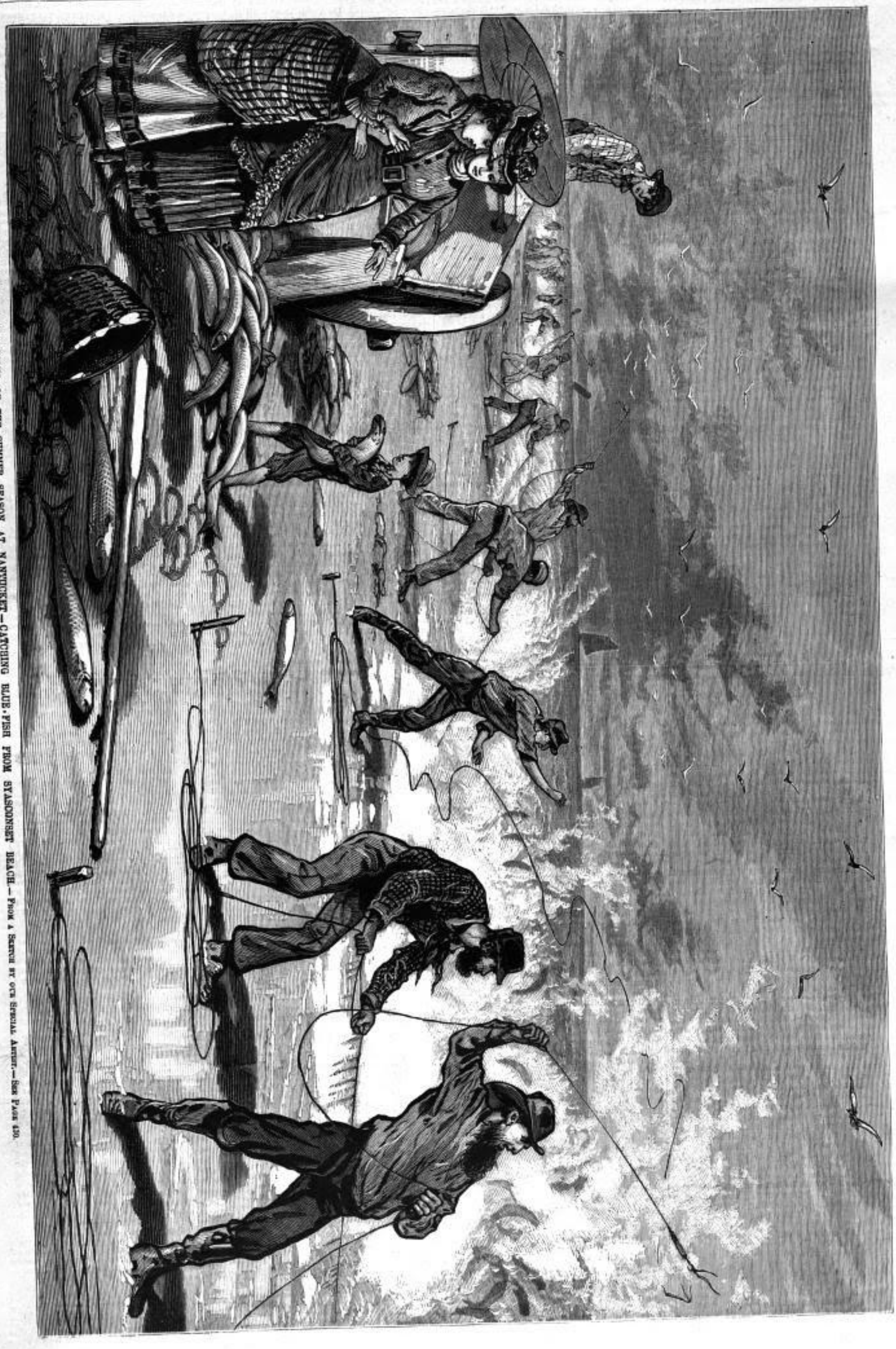
TOURISTS EXAMINING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.



LADIES MAKING AN AFTERNOON TOUR OF THE STORES ON BROADWAY.

NEW YORK.—SUMMER LIFE AT SARATOGA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 477.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—ATTRACTIONS OF THE SUMMER SEASON AT NANTUCKET.—CATCHING BLUE-FISH FROM SYASCONSET BEACH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 430.

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IN ALL LABOR THERE IS PROFIT.

WE tread the grapes, but shall not drink the wine.
All through the lazy hours of Autumn heat
The red juice foams around our weary feet,
Our garments blush with many a purple stain;
But not for us, who trained the meagre vine
To fruitful strength, this vintage shall be sweet;
We shall not join the banqueters who meet
When these rich drops through glowing crystal shine.
Not for our lips the draught our hands prepare;
But when slow time has ripened it, and when
Its mellow warmth makes glad the hearts of men,
May we, the husbandmen, in spirit share
The feasters' joys, which we with painful care
Laid up for them in years before their ken.

FROM ALTAR TO HALTER.

CHAPTER I.

DO I believe in capital punishment—in death-dooming? No, my lad, no! Once I did, for soldiering had hardened me, and made me familiar with death in its awfulest and horriblest forms. Once I would have taken the law into my own hands and shot to the heart any man whom I believed guilty of certain crimes—of murder, for instance, or seduction—rather than the villain should escape, and I could have turned away with a lightened heart.

Why am I changed? Well, I am older than I was, and I have seen sufficient to force conviction, even on a rugged mind like mine, on this question. A man cannot see his own brother—his own flesh—one who could love a woman with more than woman's love, tried, convicted, sentenced to death, without deciding in his own mind whether the human judgment, aided by all law and all evidence obtainable or conceivable, is——! No, my lad, I can't get up words to express what I mean; but I don't believe in it—I don't believe in it!

Was Uncle Ben innocent? Of course he was—innocent as you are now.

Tell you the whole story? Very well, but I bespeak patience and forbearance, for I never can stick close to it; I am apt to get off the metals and run foul.

Ben was three years older than I, and whilst I was enjoying a bit of laziness, soldiering in peace, Ben was learning to mix physic and laying siege to Ada Carmeen's heart. He lived in the North of England. I was stationed in Knightsbridge at that time.

Silly lad! he'd better have followed the black sheep of our family (for that's what *I* was) and joined the Forty-third, than wasted powder and shot in the way he did.

What ailed the girl? Nothing. She was of the woman-kind, I suppose, that's all.

Well, if I were to say he bombarded, stormed, shelled, or the like of that, I should do Ben a seeming injustice, for he wasn't capable of tying thread to the tail of a mouse—but he laid siege, Ada put up the white rag, and he marched in.

I tell you she was a very nice girl, Ada was, but proud; and being naturally a bit jealous herself, she did not hesitate to tease Ben a little. She had material enough to work at, I assure you, for Ben wasn't the only lad who loved her. She was one of those misses who could keep two or three lovers—not at a distance merely, but (what required more generalship) at a certain nearness.

See what I mean? You may learn one of these dog days!

But Ben was not easily piqued. Ada had promised him her hand and her heart—both very wee things, but inestimably valuable to Ben—and that was enough for him. She must have played the deuce before a doubt or fear of her would have crossed *his* mind.

On the day before the wedding Ada was a bit pouty—whimpered a bit—and says she:

"You're a trifle jealous, ain't you, Ben?"

"Not a bit," answered Ben, probably with some accompaniment. "Not a bit," says he. "Why should I be, my—?" etcetera

"Oh, no, no! I don't see why you should. Indeed, I am sure you needn't. But I was afraid my recent conduct towards—that is, I thought—you *know*, I did not really care for Mr. Timms?"

"Sure, sure, my wife," says Ben, simply enough. "Don't think of it—don't name it; *I* ain't jealous."

Clearly he was a fool.

I am a rough old soldier, and can't frame elegant love-language, but I can understand that what the girl wanted that night was an opportunity to say a few things with which probably her heart was bursting. She wanted to tell Ben—no doubt with a spice of flattery, but none the less with truth—that she realized the full import of the step she was to take on the morrow, that she was not unmindful of what would be her duty, and that he never need be jealous of her—in other words, to assure him that Ada Bowden would be as womanly and wifely as Ada Carmeen had been coquettish.

But Ben had no head for *finesse;* Ada was equal to a dozen of him for that. In his very soul he thought that girl the best and loveliest on God's little footstool, and he pitied the poor fellow Timms, who, like himself, had loved Ada passionately, and had hoped to win her, till within a month or so—if, indeed, he had yet relinquished all hope, or would relinquish it, till she and Ben were really hitched together.

Talk of my brother Ben murdering that man—a man for whom he had some sympathy and regard!—talk of Ben offering him poison as a sweet morsel, and smiling the while—my brother do that? A man 'may smile and smile and be a villain,' I won't deny that, but not Ben. He was as harmless as this canary, all his life long.

They were married, Ben and Ada, and went down to Scarbro, on the Yorkshire coast, to enjoy their—sea air.

The honeymoon would be waning, I should think, but I don't know; I ought simply to say they had been married some weeks when, one morning, who should they meet on the sands but Harry Timms!

Well, I presume the little wife blushed and bowed and so on, as is the stereotyped custom in such embarrassing circumstances, according to the novels; I presume she did. Ben did just what you would expect of him. He refused to believe that Timms would be obliged to return home that day, and insisted on having his company at dinner.

Timms did remain. He tried to appear perfectly at ease, and to converse with Mrs. Bowden as if she had never been Miss Carmeen, and with Ben as if he had been Mrs. Bowden's husband for ages. Ben's part would cost no effort to perform, for envy and jealousy, as I have shown you, were perfectly foreign to his nature.

They passed a pleasant evening at the Castle Hotel, and when Ada retired for the night, she left Ben and Timms in the best of humor, with bottles, glasses and cigars.

CHAPTER II.

AT two in the morning Ada woke up, and found herself alone.

The mere fact of her being alone at such an hour, and in a strange house, was sufficient to unnerve her: but she had been dreaming—what she could not just now recall to memory—and an inexpressible feeling of dread stole over her.

She was a woman, remember, of delicate, finely-wrought nature, though by no means devoid of spirit.

What should she do? The dream troubled her, not that she even yet recalled it, but she could recollect that it was a distressing one, that made her shudder and woke her up. She shuddered yet, and her teeth chattered, and the rustling of her clothes as she drew them on, the ticking of her watch, the tramp of the policeman in the street below, and the thumping of her heart—all spurred her wild fancy till she could bear no more. She crept into bed again, and covered herself over, but only for a moment. Up again, looking fearfully about, with eyes almost clear of their sockets, with nimble, silent tread she opened the door and passed out. Along the landing, down the stairs—still with the same fearful tread—to the door of the sitting-room.

She knocked timidly at the door and waited. No answer. Again. Still no answer. She opened it.

Two candlesticks stood upon the table, and one of the candles was still burning, the other flickered and went out as she entered the room.

By the poor light of the remaining candle Ada could see her husband lying back in a large easy-chair, fast asleep. She stepped up quietly and awoke him. With a bewildered look he stretched himself, apologized, and inquired the time. Learning that it was early morning, he expressed astonishment, said (with a light laugh) they "had been too jolly," and inquired for Timms, whom, of course, Ada had not seen. Timms must have gone to bed, and left him dozing. But, no; there were the two candlesticks—the two—and Timms would surely not go up and leave his light there. Of course not.

Ben now rose to his feet, and he and his wife looked round.

The three windows were draped from ceiling to floor with curtains of a blood red—crimson, I suppose, it would be called—and the furniture, carpet, tablecloth, and even wall-paper, to match—all crimson. These were things to be noted and remembered from that time, though simple in themselves, and not noticed before.

One of the windows was slightly open, and its long damask curtains waved and rustled; the untrimmed candle gave a flickering, shadowy light; the long unshapely shadows of husband and wife flitted about with the motion of the candle, and everything wore a weird, unearthly look.

When Ben stepped towards the open window, Ada caught sight of his face in the great pier-glass, and it seemed to her awfully pale and haggard. That, of course, was the result of his sudden awaking, and the effect of the candlelight, together with Ada's shivering, fearful fancy. When she remarked it, Ben only laughed, drew her to him, and kissed her—the best possible way to convince her that he was no ghost, I suppose. Then he turned round and looked at the chairs and the couch, but saw no Timms.

Ugh! What was that?

Ada clutched her husband's arm, and sank down upon the couch with a terrified, half-stifled scream, and the words "My dream!"

Ben stooped to comfort her, wondering what new fancy possessed her. In an instant he turned to the table, took up a glass, rinsed it with water, which he then emptied through the open window; then he poured out some liquid from one of the decanters, and turned to offer it to his fainting wife. As he turned towards her he glanced instinctively at the pier glass, to see if some new apparition were there. Pshaw! there was only his own face, strange-looking, it was true, in the flickering candlelight—nothing more.

At that moment the night-porter opened the door to see what could be the matter. What he saw was afterwards detailed fully and with simple truth.

There, on the couch, lay Ada apparently lifeless. By her side stood her husband, holding to her lips a small glass of wine.

When the door opened Ben raised his eyes, but not being able to clearly discern the porter's face he turned to the table and lifted up the candle. Then he gave a sudden start, uttered some exclamation, and pointed into the corner. What the light had just revealed to him, what the porter now saw, and what Ada had seen before them, was the body of Harry Timms, lying in a strange posture behind the door, with chalk-white face and foam about the mouth.

Ben stooped down and felt the pulse, the forehead, the heart; looked intently at the pale face, shook his head, looked up at the porter, and said quietly:

"Poison!"

Timms was dead as nails, of course.

Ben took up the still insensible form of his wife and carried her up stairs. When she recovered consciousness and became somewhat tranquilized he would have gone back to the sitting-room, but she begged him not to leave her so soon.

"Poor Harry Timms is dead, dead—I know it," she said.

Ben had not told her the whole truth, but he might as well—he could see that—so he said:

"Yes, Ada, he is."

"Oh, my husband! You were not jealous—did not think unkindly——"

And so on. What possessed the woman then *I* can't imagine. I never can repeat her words. I always require to discharge a few round oaths when I get to that part of the story.

By this time the house was aroused, and when Ben did at length get down to the sitting-room he could hear his own name being whispered about among the people who were gathered on the landing, talking with scared looks, some already making use of the epithets "suicide" and "murderer."

He found a physician and a police-officer with the landlord and the porter in the room.

Ben had little to say. I can imagine him standing there with white face and distracted look.

The physician muttered the word "suicide"; the landlord nodded concurrence; the police-officer chewed his mustache, eyed Ben closely, and reserved his opinion. Ben, in turn, said something about suddenness and mystery—I believe he mentioned arsenic—and every word and look was noted.

Well, of course, a *post-mortem* examination was made, and an inquest followed.

That the deceased met his death by poison—by arsenic—was clear. How and by whom had it been administered?

The doctor, the porter and the landlord were examined. Ben and Ada followed, and after them a policeman and a chambermaid.

Ben was questioned and cross-questioned, always with the same result. He had met deceased on the beach, and they and Mrs. Bowden had dined together. After dinner Timms and he chatted and drank and smoked; then called for lights; then smoked, drank and chatted, till Ben seemed to have fallen asleep. (What time was that?) He could not tell at what moment he fell asleep. The last he could remember was that Timms and he were chatting and smoking. Yes, his wife came down (time?) between two and three in the morning and awoke him. They looked for Mr. Timms—Mrs. Bowden fainted—the porter came in. The porter's statement was substantially correct. He had not discovered the body of deceased before the porter came in. It was quite true that he had made the observations attributed to him. He was a medical man himself. He understood poisons, of course. He had not seen any, nor had such a thing been mentioned, on the night in question. He fully concurred in the opinion of Doctor Phillips as to the cause of death. Life had been extinct some time when he discovered the body. He did carry his wife up-stairs. After her recovery they did hold some conversation with reference to deceased.

Ada came next.

Did she know deceased? "Yes." Was well acquainted—better acquainted with him than her husband was? "She had known him longer." Deceased was not an ill-natured young man? "No, no!" But rather—a—lovable? Ada blushed, but said nothing. Just so; your husband and he were good friends? "Oh, yes; perfectly." Perfectly. And no—a—jealousy—nothing of that kind—existed, say, between you three in any way? "No, no!" But such a thing had been spoken of between Mr. Bowden and you, as between all married people? "Possibly, at some——" Possibly, yes; don't trouble to explain. Was deceased ever mentioned in that connection? "Yo—Oh, *let me go!*"

She fell back in her seat, sobbing hysterically. Her husband stepped up and spoke to her.

"Ah, Ben," she murmured, audibly, "they would have me swear *your life away!* Poor, poor Ben!"

All color had fled from both their cheeks. Ben took Ada in his arms, and carried her up to their room. It was no easy matter just then, for the awful truth had not entered his simple mind till Ada cast it there, like a flash of light, and now he was quite unnerved.

The inquest was adjourned shortly after Ben and Ada left the room, and when it was resumed on the next day, a lawyer attended to watch the case on Ben's behalf.

I cannot attempt to describe the state of the unhappy couple's minds, nor the tone of their conversation during that time. There seemed an age to have passed since their wedding-day—a long dark age. It was difficult to realize that what was passing now was not a dream but an awful reality.

The inquest was pushed on; new evidence was adduced. Ben's and Ada's clothing and that of the dead, the liquor, the glasses—all had been examined, and no further trace of poison had been found.

Ada did not enter the coroner's room again.

Ben sat by the side of his lawyer—a very poor prompter, I am afraid. He would seek only truth, and if that were given in evidence—no matter how liable to distortion or in what direction it drifted—he would see in it nothing but the unraveling of a terrible mystery.

A policeman, passing the hotel on his beat, had observed lights in the three-windowed room, and had noticed that one of the windows was open. At some particular moment between eleven at night and four in the morning—he couldn't put his foot on the exack moment, but it was certainly between the hours named—he seen a tall gentleman, with black whiskers, which he now recognized afore him, put his hand out of the winder, with a middlin' small glass, which had somethin' in it, which, o' course, ran out. He had 'urried up in less than no time and turned his bull's eye on the parypet, and seen a spill of liquid. Not much. Could not give it a name, sir. There was rain afore six o'clock. He seen shadders in the said room, and wonst a sort of groan, and a slight shrieking, but could not fix the moment.

The chambermaid was a damsel of several Summers, with a flatness of nose painfully suggestive of keyholes. Her evidence tended to show "that Mrs. Bowden thought uncommon well of the diseased. Sich, lestways, 'ad the remarks which Mrs. B. had observed to Mr. B. caused her to conclewd. *What* 'ad the lady said? Well, she could assewer the 'onorable croonier and the juniormen that she allus tried to mind her own patickler jewties, which was—— Very well, she would try to stick to the pint which she had once got to say was as Mrs. B. said to Mr. B.—as she supposed they did occupy that hinterestin' sitivation, though not long. 'Dear 'usban,' she says, 'my darlin' 'usban, Orry Timms is *dead!*' she says. 'Oh, why was you jealous,' she says. *What did Mr. B. say?* 'Yes,' he answers her back in a voice of lemoncolly. And then Mrs. B. told Mr. B. that it was her dream come trew. 'Which dream?' he erst her, an' she says, 'Do you disremember that I acclaimed in the sitten'-room, Oh, Lord, my dream?' and Mr. B., he says, 'Yes, darlin',' and she continuers on: (An' the looks of her as she sot there on the edges of the bed, with a white 'and on a white furread, with two rings on it, which one of 'em it 'ad valleyable dymons of all colors in it—for to see that lady sittin' there, it would have pitied onnybody!) Well, she goes on tellin' her dream to Mr. B. in a way which would have melted stones!"

(Here the maid rubbed her liquescent eyes till they were sore, and the result was sufficient for a widowhood. It is difficult to imagine what she shed so much water over.)

"Never had she seen two loviner couple than—— Beggin' parden, she was stickin' to the pint, if they would excuse inmotions which she could not controwl. She had seen many 'oneymoons in her short life, but never see a more better conducted or a more loviner—— *The pint? the dream?* Well, the dream was as how she had met an old luvver 'urryin' on afore her, wavin' 'is 'ands this way—an' she follered an' follered till they come along seaside, close to the waves. Then he stops all a suddin', an' she sees it's Mr. Timms, an' then, more suddener still, everythin' changes. They seems to be in a dark room, an' her sat on a couch done up in blood-colored poulsterins, same as the walls an' everythin'—an' her disgarded luvver he's kneelin' aside of her with a blewish-white face on same colored carpets, an' he litts up his hands an' he says 'I luvved you Aider with my hull 'art, but you'll remember me,' an' then he dies. That was Mrs. B.'s dream, an' she said she'd went down-stairs an' gone into the sittin'-room where the diseased man was poisoned, an' there he was, an' the gas was not lighted but there was two burnin' candles on the table, one in an' one out."

At this point the loquacious maiden was—snuffed.

But to get on with the story.

The whole of the evidence having been taken, the coroner summed up. After running over a lot of details he came to speak of Ben.

Ben was the only person who could possibly offer any solution of the mystery; he was the only person who had been with deceased during the night; his account was unsatisfactory; his version of the acknowledged fact that he had emptied a glass through the window was rendered questionable by the testimony of the policeman, whose attention had been drawn to the window at eleven o'clock; he had let fall certain expressions with reference to poison; there had been conversations, not to say quarrels, in which the term "jealousy" and the name of deceased had been connected; he was a doctor of medicine and could, of course, easily procure poisons. In short, the coroner pointed Ben out, and the jury nailed him. He was charged with willful murder, and committed on the coroner's warrant.

I believe there were at first no two opinions as to the justice of that step, except that Ben himself, and Ada and I, believed him innocent.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BLUE-FISHING AT NANTUCKET.

RESUMING our illustrations of Summer life at Nantucket, we give a sketch this week of a scene familiar to all tourists to this delightful resting-place, and at the same time one that will secure the attention of the professional and amateur Izaak Waltons. In the course of a Summer fishing cruise the cost of a single blue-fish to the amateur and average city sportsman will range from three to thirty dollars per pound in actual money for yacht-hire, stores, equipment and unmentionable necessities, to say nothing of the time spent, the clothes ruined, and the fingers torn. But to the true sportsman who knows his business, and to the men who fish for the profit that the market guarantees, blue-fishing is an excitement, a delight.

The blue-fish is a pelagic or wandering fish, passing its Winters in the South and its Summers in the North. In March and April they are found off the Carolina coast. About the 20th of May they make their appearance off the coast of New Jersey. Barnegat is a favorite ground for them, where set nets have taken as many as 6,000 in a single day. The May fish range from two to twelve pounds in weight, are poor in flesh, and ravenous as sharks. In June they are found equally abundant off and in Fire Island inlet, and in the few days thereafter are scattered off Montauk Point, the east end of Long Island, Shagwauna Reef, and other reefs adja-

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cent. By or near the 20th of June, depending something on the forwardness of the season, they have spread themselves over the reefs of New London, and to the eastward, on to Block Island, and thence through Fisher's Island Sound. By the 20th of August they are in plentiful supply all through, inside and outside of Vineyard Sound, Nantucket, etc. They have gained flesh, and become quite palatable. The size here described is seldom found to the westward of the Connecticut River. On the main of Long Island Sound it is quite interesting to see them drive the menhaden, or mossbunkers, in shoals, causing a "sleek" on the water as they spill their oil when they chop them up with their great sharp teeth.

About the middle of July the small creeks and rivers, from Stamford eastward to the Connecticut River, abound in a size weighing about a quarter of a pound, which in a month grow to half a pound, and these feed on a size still smaller, recently spawned, and scarcely an inch and a half in length. About the 1st of September the small fry are sufficiently large to venture into the Sound, and then they swarm in the creeks and harbors, affording great sport to lads, who catch them with a float-line, with shrimp for bait. By the month of October both large and small fish are fattened.

The peculiarity of this fish is that by about the middle of October the large size, that weigh from nine to fourteen pounds, are generally found from Nantucket to Watch Hill, around Block Island and outside of Montauk Point; while from Stamford eastward to New London, on the outer reefs, they are of a uniform size and of about two and a half pounds weight, and those in the harbors and creeks are a mixture of small fish just spawned and a size that weighs from one-eighth to one and three-quarter pounds. Another singular feature is that by or about the 12th of October, or the first freezing weather, these fishes, of all sizes up to two and a half pounds, vacate the northern harbors and sounds, and so sudden has been their departure in many seasons that a change of tide has utterly emptied the waters of their teeming fish-life.

More singular still, the great mass of fish, except the newly spawned, take the coast within one or two miles of shore, part of them stopping, if the weather permits, at the inlets of Fire Island, Egg Harbor, Townsend's, Canarsie Bay, Cape May, and so on along shore, using up all the feed thereon, and by the month of December they are found in the creeks and rivers of North and South Carolina, where they remain through the Winter, to migrate next season to Northern waters.

The professional or business process of catching the fish is capitally shown in our illustration, the location being on Sysconset Beach at Nantucket. Long lines, attached to stakes driven into the sand, are thrown out beyond the surf, and at the first nibble are quickly jerked in, when the fish are removed from the hook, the bait reset, and the line again cast. The fish are gathered in wagons, and removed to the wholesale markets, where they are disposed of readily.

The favorite blue-fish ground of New York fishermen is known as the "Sea-bass Banks," a stretch lying in front of Seabright and Long Branch, from five to seven miles from shore. Another is the "Rocky Spot in the Channel," five miles south-southeast from the lightship, where man-eating sharks also abound; and a third is the "Rocky Ground," twelve miles southeast of the Highlands.

SUMMER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE ascent of the 6,285 feet that lead to the summit of Mt. Washington, the highest point of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, either by rail or carriage, is now so readily made that this wind-swept, frost-enveloped locality grows more in popular favor every season. By the carriage-road, the distance from the base of the mountain in front of the Glen House to the summit is eight miles; by the wonderful Mt. Washington Railroad, three miles long, and ascending 3,625 feet on a maximum grade of a little over one foot in three, the transit is made in about an hour and a half. The popularity of the region is attested by the crowded condition of the hotels, and the improvements being constantly made in the bridle-paths, carriage-roads, and foot-lanes. It is recommended that all who wish to fully appreciate the spirit of our illustrations remain over at the summit at least one night. The huge stoves in the offices of the hotels will be found most comfortable objects to lounge about, while the tidy chambermaid who knocks at your door late in the evening, and inquires if you need more blankets, will rise in your estimation to the dignity of a veritable good fairy.

From any point at the base of the mountain the writer may start on delightful excursions, the landscape never tiring to the eye, nor the weather becoming particularly disagreeable, if the precaution is taken to provide oneself with warm clothing and rubber coats, capes and boots. The weather is so uncertain among the mountains, and heavy fogs are so prevalent, that it is absolutely necessary to be prepared to defy the elements.

There are five passes through the mountains, picturesquely named "notches," of which the Franconia, perhaps, the best known. The Pemigewasset River passes through it, and the walls rise to a height of 2,074 feet. The White Mountain Notch, through which the Saco passes, is 1,914 feet deep; the Pinkham, coursed by branches of the Saco and of the Androscoggin, is 2,018; and the Gratton and Dixville, watered by the Androscoggin and one of its tributaries, are of much less height. In the Franconia region "The Flume" and "The Old Man of the Mountain" are objects of particular interest. The mountains are also rich in waterfall scenery, which may be reached without danger or annoyance. At North Conway is the Artist's Fall; on the side of Mount Webster, the Silver Cascade; on a tributary of the Saco, Ripley's Falls, the lower one called the Sylvan Glade Cataract, to distinguish it from the upper; the Falls of the Ammonoosuck; on the Androscoggin, the Berlin Falls; and on one of its tributaries, the Crystal Cascade and the Glen Ellis Fall.

THE GROWTH OF ARCHERY.

GREAT INAUGURAL MEETING OF ARCHERS AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 12TH, 13TH AND 14TH.

AMONG all the sports and games which are now in vogue in this country, none has become more rapidly popular than that of archery. During the last two years archery clubs have been formed everywhere throughout the United States, until now there is scarcely a city or town without its representative organization of archers. Being one of the few outdoor pastimes that can be enjoyed by both gentlemen and ladies, it well deserves the reception and support it has received from the social classes, and as its real merits become known it will no doubt be adopted as the favorite lawn sport, until young ladies will consider it as much of an accomplishment to be a fine archer as a fine musician, and the young man pride himself as much on a good hit as a big run at billiards.

In England it has been the custom, with a view of promoting a general interest in archery, to hold annual tournaments, and so popular have these annual meetings become, that now a great many ladies and gentlemen consider it a high honor to compete at them, and immense audiences gather to witness the shooting.

With the hope of establishing a similar meeting in this country, and with a special desire to bring archery to the practical attention of the public, the leading archers of the country, organized in the National Archery Association, determined at their last meeting to hold a grand national archery meeting in August. Chicago was selected as the most appropriate place for such a meeting, and thus, at White Stocking Park, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, the tournament was held. The first day was devoted to shooting by gentlemen at the double York round, and to shooting by ladies for the National Medal—forty-eight arrows at thirty yards.

On the second day, the competition for the National Medals was continued, the ladies shooting forty-eight arrows at forty yards, and the gentlemen seventy-two arrows at one hundred yards. In the afternoon the handicap shoots took place; the ladies' handicap forty eight arrows at forty yards, and gentlemen, thirty arrows at fifty yards. On the last day the competition for the National Medals was concluded, and in the evening the prizes were awarded. The ladies' championship medal was won by Mrs. Spaulding Brown, of Hastings, Mich., at the double Columbia round. Her grand total was 548. The prize was a National Medal set with a solitaire diamond. Mrs. Bee won the second prize, a Spanish yew bow worth $100, and Mrs. Klein the third prize. The gentlemen's championship medal was won by William H. Thompson, of Crawfordsville, Ind., at the double York round, by a grand total of 546. H. P. McMeehan won second prize, and Mr. Hull third. The team shoot was won by the Wabash Merry Bowmen, of Crawfordsville, by a total of 1,507 at the American round. The prize was $100. The Highland Park team took the second prize, $60, and the Depere (Wis.) team took the third prize, $40.

The scene on the grounds during the tournament was full of picturesque effects. The targets ranged across the entire field from east to west, ten in number; the neat green protection for the markers; the blackboards with their list of scores; the bow-and-arrow racks, with their finely wrought and costly freight, decked with bright ribbons, and, finally, the groups of ladies and gentlemen, the former prettily dressed and hung about with quivers, many of which were embroidered in beautiful designs, and the latter mostly habited in white flannel—all these formed a most brilliant spectacle. After the shooting began it was a constantly-changing picture, as one after another took position at the score and discharged three arrows. First a statuesque figure would appear, then a graceful one, then a willowy one, and so on, ever new. A correspondent says: "Looking upon the scene, it was easy to understand why archery should take such a strong hold upon the social element. It is not a sport in the sense in which that term is commonly used, but rather more nearly what is expressed by the word pastime—something which affords physical exercise and social interchange at the same time. This archery does, being pre-eminently the outdoor amusement of ladies and gentlemen, as distinguished from sporting and betting characters."

Early in the contest the targets at which the ladies were shooting became the centre of observation, primarily, of course, because they were ladies; secondarily, because the targets were nearer than those of the men, and the effect of the shots could be seen more easily; and for the further reason that the ladies were making more hits. As arrow after arrow punctured the gold or the red the fair archeresses were greeted with an enthusiastic hand-clapping from the grand stand. Before the first twenty-four arrows each were shot, a sharp rivalry was developed among those who were leading in their scores, and it became somewhat a question of nerve as well as skill. On the gentlemen's side, owing to the impossibility of keeping a close estimate among so many, the outside interest was not so great; but among themselves a keen rivalry was developed. The shooting was done at ten targets, eight of which were used by the gentlemen and two by the ladies, the latter having the middle ones, with the gentlemen on either side.

Our illustration gives a general view of the tournament grounds during the progress of the shooting.

Religious Toleration in Poland.

FOR many years past no bull or encyclical of the Pope has been permitted to be published in the Polish provinces of Russia, which are inhabited by Roman Catholics. The alleged ground of prohibition was that among the Polish revolutionists who took up arms against the Russian Government in 1863 were many Catholic priests, and that these priests were encouraged in the revolt by Pius IX. When the Polish insurrection was crushed, the Pope was forbidden direct communication with the Poles. But times and circumstances have now changed, and the Czar himself, with his Government, is endangered. Negotiations were opened some time ago between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Vatican, and the result has been a restoration of the friendly relations between the Czar and the Pope. Now the Catholics of Poland do not need to secure the aid of smugglers, as they had to do in past years.

The privileges of the Vatican were restored upon the condition that the clergy under its control should denounce the projects of the Nihilists, as opposed to the State and to religion. There has lately been published in the *Gazeta Polska*, and republished in the other Polish journals, an epistle of the Archbishop Solkevitch of Warsaw to the clergy of his diocese, transmitting to each of them a copy of the encyclical of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., dated December 28th, 1878. The Archbishop says that this most worthy and important document should be known not only to the clergy, but also to the faithful laity, who should be informed of its contents, and thus protected from the dangerous influence of pernicious doctrine. Further, the priests are advised to expound from the Holy Scriptures the rights of property, the family question, the proper relations of servants and masters, and the necessity of obedience to the authorities. The publication of the epistle of Archbishop Solkevitch was greeted by the Russian secular journals as the triumph of religious toleration, and the *Golos* said: "Religious toleration, always and everywhere, is the surest sign of moral development and of political and national growth; and for this reason we welcome the publication of the Papal Encyclical in Russia." But the Russian religious organs regret the new policy of the Czar, who is the head of the Orthodox Church, in granting privileges to the Church of Rome, which is the competitor of Russian orthodoxy. In consequence of their language on this subject, some of the religious journals have lately received official warning.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The "Naturforschende Gesellschaft" of Halle, celebrated the 100th anniversary of its foundation on July 20th.

An ounce of peach kernels contains a grain of prussic acid, which is a fatal quantity. Ammonia is the best antidote.

The Death, on July 5th, is announced of Dr. Reiff, of Tübingen, formerly Professor of Philosophy at the University of that city.

Mr. Morris, the well-known botanist in Ceylon, whose endeavors to find a remedy for the disastrous coffee-leaf disease are well known, has established the fact that very favorable results may be obtained from the application by hand of a mixture composed of three parts of lime and one of sulphur.

Great Damage to Agriculture has been done by swarms of grasshoppers in Hungary, in the Szathmar Comitat. An area of some 600 Hungarian "Joch" is entirely devastated. The local authorities have been compelled to apply to Buda-Pesth for military assistance, besides availing themselves of that of the inhabitants of numerous villages in the districts affected by the plague.

Herr Carl Bock, who has now finished his natural history exploration of the western highlands of Sumatra, is about to explore, on behalf of the Dutch Government, the northeastern part of Borneo—the district of Kretai. There is a powerful and friendly Sultan at Koetai, who has been requested by the Dutch Government to give all possible assistance to Herr Bock.

A New Natural History Museum, formerly the private collection of Dr. L. W. Schaufuss, has just been opened to the public at Blasewitz, near Dresden. Dr. Schaufuss has for many years been in close personal relations with the Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Austria, well known by his scientific writings and travels, and the new museum therefore bears the name of its founder's august friend and patron.

Aluminum Salts have long been used as disinfectants, but they are of less universal application than many other substances for the reason that their efficacy is chiefly limited to the fixation of ammonia. In stables and places where ammonia is evolved they are excellent, and the resulting ammonia salts will prove valuable to agriculture. The sulphate of aluminum can be recommended to disinfect decomposing organic matter.

The Second International Congress for Commercial Geography will take place at Brussels from September 27th to October 1st next. It will be divided into five sections; the first will consider commercial routes and exploring expeditions, the second natural and artificial products, the third and fourth questions relating to emigration, colonization and instruction, while the fifth section will be devoted to the discussion of general questions.

Imitation Meerschaum Pipes are now manufactured from potatoes in France. A peeled potato is placed in sulphuric acid and water, in the proportion of eight parts of the former to one hundred of the latter. It remains in this liquid thirty-six hours to blacken, is dried with blotting-paper and submitted to a certain pressure, when it becomes a material that can be readily carved. The counterfeit is said to be excellent. An imitation ivory, sufficiently hard for billiard balls, can be made by still greater pressure. A resemblance of coral is obtained by treating carrots in the same manner.

The Use of Phosphoric Acid in tanning has been tried with success. It has the property of holding the albumen in solution without affecting the gelatine, and thus enables the tannic acid to enter the pores of the skins more freely. Stronger tanning liquids can be used when phosphoric acid is added to the bath. The proportion of phosphoric acid to be used has not been determined, but the author, M. Ador, recommends manufacturers to experiment further in the same direction. He thinks that the saving of tannic acid may much more than cover the cost of the phosphoric acid.

The Remarkable Gem called the "Maxwell Stuart" topaz is undoubtedly the largest cut precious stone known. Its weight is 1,475.9 grains, or 368 carats 3.9 grains; specific gravity, 3.5685. It is perfectly white and very brilliant. It was brought from Ceylon many years ago, and has been for a considerable time, in an uncut state, in the possession of Mr. Maxwell-Stuart, a collector of gems, after whom it takes its name. An idea of its size may be formed by stating that the table is 2¼ inches in length. It was cut and polished in London, the operations occupying twenty-eight days.

Professor Chrystal, of St. Andrews (formerly of Peterhouse, Cambridge), has been appointed to the Chair of Mathematics in Edinburgh University. He was Second Wrangler and Second Smith's Prizeman in 1875, and is already known to science by his experimental researches on Ohm's Law (made in the Cavendish Laboratory), and by the very excellent article "Electricity" in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Thus the Chair of Mathematics in St. Andrews is now vacant; and it has just been announced that Professor Blackburn has requested the University Court of Glasgow to sanction his retirement from the Chair of Mathematics there. As Professor Fuller, of Aberdeen, resigned last year only, the whole of the Mathematical Chairs in Scotland have been vacant within one year.

A New Project for the construction of a system of canals connecting the Caspian Sea with the Black Sea is now being considered by the Russian Government. The author of the new project is the engineer, M. A. Daniloff. He proposes to construct (1) a canal of some 300 versts in length, from the River Terek to the water-shed of the River Manytsch, which connects the Don with the Caspian Sea, but the bed of which is generally dry; (2) a canal of about 320 versts, from the mouth of the River Kalaus (a tributary to the Manytsch), eastward to the Wolga, near Astrachan; (3) a canal from the same spot, westward to the Don (about 350 versts); (4) a branch from the eastward canal to the Serebriakowskaya Station on the Caspian Sea; (5) a branch from the westerly canal to the Black Sea. Other Russian news states that the Government has commanded the Khan of Khiva to furnish 5,000 workmen for the works connected with directing the Oxus River into the Caspian Sea.

Major Serpa Pinto, who traveled across Africa from Benguella to Durban, relates the following, regarding a white race inhabiting that continent: "I one day noticed that one of the carriers was a white man. He belonged to a race entirely unknown up to the present day. A great white people exists in South Africa. Their name is Cassequer; they are whiter than the Caucasians, and, in place of hair, have their heads covered with small tufts of very short wool. Their cheek bones are prominent; their eyes like those of the Chinese. The men are extremely robust. When they discharge an arrow at an elephant the shaft is completely buried in the animal's body. They live on roots and the chase, and it is only when these supplies fail them that they hold any relations with the neighboring races, the Ambuellas, from whom they obtain food in exchange for ivory." He adds that the Cassequers are the only people in Africa who do not cook their food in pots; that they wander in groups of from four to six families between the Cuchi and Cubango, never sleeping two nights in the same encampment; and that the bushmen of the South are the result of a crossing of the Cassequers with negroes.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has given the University at Nashville $100,000 more.

OF Dr. Luke Blackburn it is said that, for the first time in the history of the State, a non-professional politician has been elected Governor of Kentucky.

VINNIE REAM will have her bronze statue of Farragut cast at the foundries of the Bureau of Steam Engineering in the Washington Navy Yard, at her own expense.

MISS NINA KEARNEY, a daughter of General Philip Kearney, who was killed during the Civil War, was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty at a tournament at Orkney Springs, Va., a few days ago.

SINCE the three Astor families arrived at Newport it is estimated they have given $25,000 to religious and charitable institutions. The new Episcopal Church is to be built with Mrs. John Jacob Astor's money.

THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham's health is decidedly better than it was when he left America. He has been for several days at Bagatz, in Switzerland, and thence will go southward and pass the Winter in Italy.

MISS ELLA STURGIS, daughter of General Sturgis of the army, and sister of Lieutenant Sturgis, who was killed with General Custer, is about to make her début as an actress, and to assume the leading character in a new drama.

THE Emperor of Austria arrived at Gastein Saturday, August 9th. There was great enthusiasm when the Emperor of Germany approached, and the two sovereigns embraced cordially. The town and heights were illuminated at night.

THE late Robert Argyle, of Gold Hill, Nevada, one of the first settlers of the Comstock, has left $10,000 to the City of San Francisco to build a fountain. He has ordered the fountain to be made of refuse quartz from each of the Comstock mines.

IT is stated in Boston that Mrs. Monroe, the widow of the Dean of the School of Oratory of Boston University, will occupy her late husband's chair at the Autumn term. It is said, further, that she is perfectly capable of doing the work well.

PRESIDENT ANDERSON, of Rochester University, lately secured in three days subscriptions for that institution amounting to $100,000. Of this sum Mr. John H. Deane gave $50,000, Mr. John B. Trevor $25,000, and Mr. Jeremiah Milbank $25,000.

THE Japanese Government officially invited the French jurist Professor Boissonnade to be an official adviser of the Japanese lawmakers. The French professor has failed to please the Japanese, and now Professor Bobishich, of Russia, is invited in his stead.

THE oldest (in point of consecration) living bishop in the Church of Rome is Archbishop MacHale of Tuam, Ireland. He was consecrated in 1825, under the pontificate of Leo XII. The next oldest prelate, the Archbishop of Tyre, was preconized in 1826.

SEVENTY-FIVE sculptors sent in designs for the statue to be erected to Thiers in France. The successful young artist, whose work was unveiled on August 3d, is Ernest Charles Demosthenes Guilbert. At the first drawing school which he entered he carried off all the medals, and in 1872 he secured the grand prize. He exhibited "Cain Maudit" in this year's Salon, obtaining a third-class medal.

THE strong point of Mr. Gladstone's Government was finance. While in office he remitted taxes to the amount £13,000,000, reduced the nation's debt by over £28,000,000, and left his successor a surplus of several millions. Lord Beaconsfield, on the other hand, has imposed taxes to the amount of £5,233,000 over the amount remitted, and created a deficit (not including the Zulu account) of £4,250,000.

MR. GLADSTONE, speaking at the opening of the Art Exhibition at Chester, England, on August 12th, said that when America learned to trust entirely to her own splendid natural resources, the great genius of her people and their marvelous proficiency in the adaptation of labor-saving appliances, in which she was at the head of the world, she would be a formidable competitor with the English manufacturer.

THE ball given at Carlton House Terrace by Lady Olive Guinness, daughter of the Earl of Bantry, and wife of the head of the great porter brewing house in Dublin, Sir Arthur Guinness, to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, was the most sumptuous revel of a London season. The house, in which Mr. Gladstone had resided for many years, was gorgeously decorated with the rarest exotics and flowers, and the cost was $40,000.

WHEN Sir Frederick Haines completes next Spring his five years' term as Commander-in-Chief in India he will be succeeded by Sir Garnet Wolseley. The appointment is by far the most extensive command in the British Army, and is better paid than any other military post in the world, the salary attached being £12,000 a year, besides perquisites in servants, etc. Sir Garnet will be the youngest officer ever named to that command.

IT is announced that Governor Croswell of Michigan will be married at Charlotte on September 12th. The bride expectant is Miss Lizzie Musgrave, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Joseph Musgrave, President of the First National Bank of Charlotte, and also head of the wealthy and influential firm of Musgrave & Lacy. She is a beautiful woman, still in the twenties. Governor Croswell is about fifty-five years of age and a widower, with two adult children.

It is proposed to hold a reunion at Lexington, Ky., of representatives of the Clay family, the time suggested being from October 14th to the 17th. It is said that all the Americans born bearing the name are descended from one family. Most of them reside in Kentucky and Alabama, but the family is represented in this State, New England, Texas, and the Carolinas, and in Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, and perhaps other States in the North and Northwest.

THE King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands had a swimming race while on a recent excursion. James G. Fair, the Nevada millionaire, who was then visiting the royal family, says that the party could not land from their steamer for reason of the breakers. The King said that all ought to swim to the shore. The Queen assented, and the pair jumped overboard together. They buffeted the waves with skill, and soon reached land. They not only went where no boat could go, but braved another danger, for the place was alive with sharks.

GENERAL JESSE H. DRAKE, a prominent citizen of Nash County, N. C., died Friday morning, August 8th. In accordance with his declared request the will was opened, and it was found that he had left his whole fortune, estimated at from $12,000 to $20,000, to three of his former slaves, Calvin Drake, Aaron Drake and Judah Drake, for their lives, with reversal to their children. He leaves all his estate, real and personal, to them and says, "They have been my faithful slaves, and have remained with me since their freedom, nursing and caring for me in my old age, and I desire them to share my gratitude."

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TRAVELERS HUGGING THE STOVE IN A HOTEL-OFFICE IN MIDSUMMER.



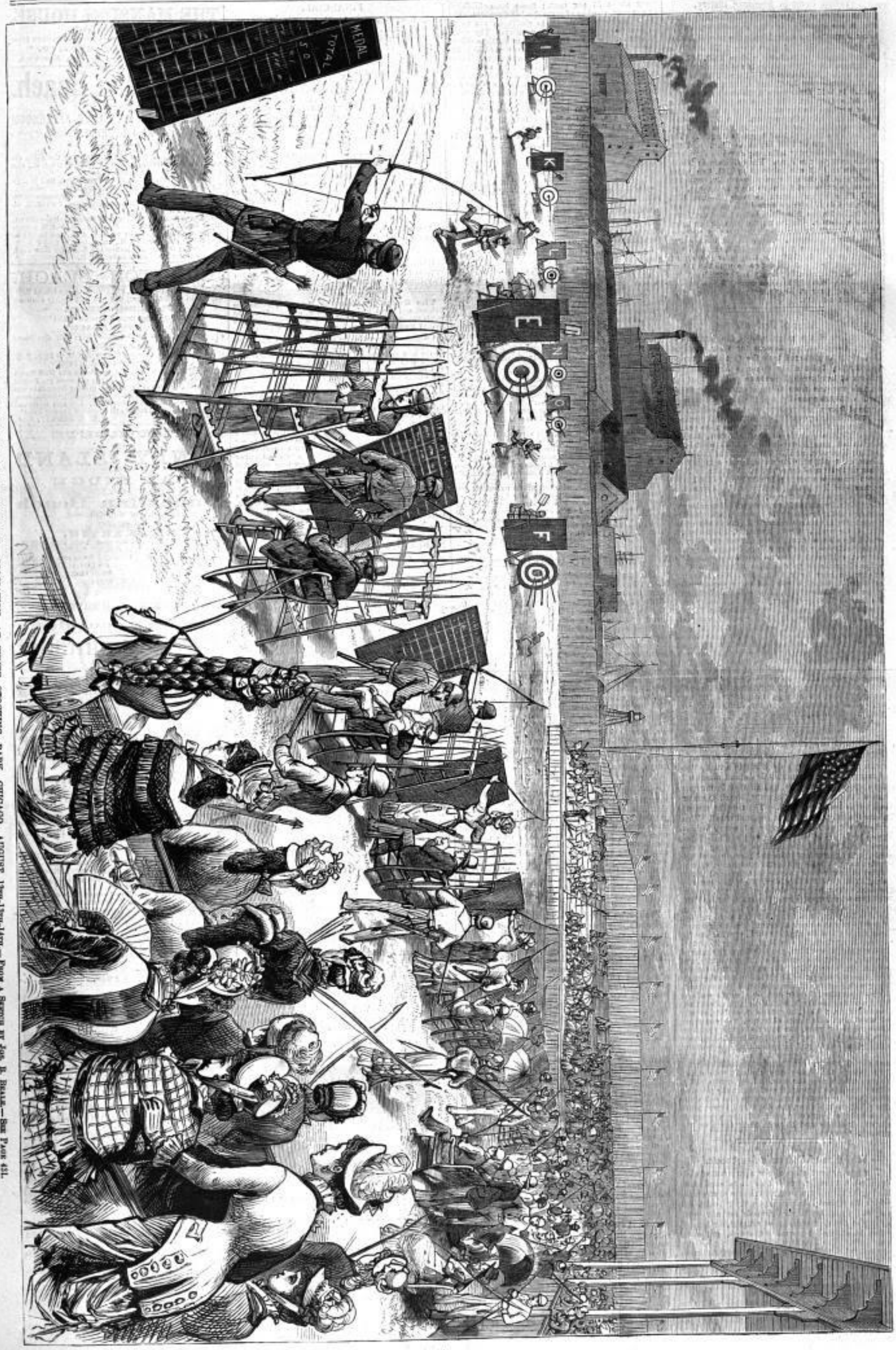
CAUGHT IN A FOG ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.



EVENING ROUNDS OF THE HOTEL CHAMBERMAID—"EXTRA BLANKETS, GENTLEMEN?"

NEW HAMPSHIRE—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—INCIDENTS OF TOURIST LIFE AMONG THE SNOWS OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 431.

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ILLINOIS—FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION AT WHITE STOCKING PARK, CHICAGO, AUGUST 13TH-14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. E. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 431.

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Yellow Fever in American History.

THE history of yellow fever in this country shows that it has scarcely been the exception when the fever appeared as an epidemic the year following an epidemic. In 1847 there were 2,250 deaths in New Orleans; in 1848, 850, and in 1849, 737. In 1853 there were 7,970 deaths in the same city, and there were 2,423 deaths in 1854, and 2,670 in 1855. In 1858 there were 3,889 deaths, but none the next year. In 1867 there were 3,093 deaths, and none the following year. In the same proportions the fever appeared in the smaller places in Louisiana and Mississippi in those years. In 1848, when it reappeared in New Orleans, it came in June, while the epidemic of 1847 began in August. The great epidemic of 1853 began in May, and the epidemic of the year following came in July, and in the next year in June. The epidemic in North Carolina in 1862 was followed in 1864, two years afterwards, by one of increased mortality, but not in the same cities and towns as a general thing. In 1797 Philadelphia's death list was 1,300, in 1798 3,500, and in 1799 there were 1,000 deaths. So it was in 1802 when Philadelphia next had the fever as an epidemic. In South Carolina it has been almost invariably the case that the second year brought an epidemic. Memphis, and all other points which were infected in 1873, escaped the second year. In that year the fever began at Shreveport first, and did not come until the latter part of August, reaching Memphis September 14th. August has been the favorite month for its inception. Last year it began near the first of that month in the South.

Acres of Perfume.

SOME idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India alone consume about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfume yearly; that the English revenue from French eau de-cologne of itself is $40,000 annually, and the total revenue of England from other imported perfumes is estimated at $200,000 each year. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses yearly about 100,000 pounds of acacia-flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower-leaves, 22,000 pounds of jasmine-blossoms, and 20,000 pounds of tuberose-blossoms, together with an immense quantity of other material used for perfume. Victoria, in New South Wales, is a noted place for the production of perfume-yielding plants, because such plants as the mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, acacia, heliotrope, rosemary, wall-flower laurel, orange and the sweet-scented geraniums are said to grow there in greater perfection than in any other part of the world. South Australia, it is believed, would also be a good place for the growing of these perfume-producing plants, though they are not yet cultivated there to much extent. The value of perfumes to countries adapted to their production may be gathered from the following estimate of their growth and value per acre, as given in the London (Eng.) *Journal of Horticulture*: An acre of jasmine plants, 80,000 in number, will produce 5,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $1,250; an acre of rose-trees, 10,000 in number, will yield 3,000 pounds of flowers, worth $375; 100 orange-trees growing on an acre will yield, at ten years of age, 2,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $250; an acre of violets, producing 1,600 pounds of flowers, is worth $800; an acre of cassia-trees of about 300, will at three years of age yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth $450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2,000 ounces distilled otto, worth $4,000; an acre of lavender, giving over thirty-five hundred flowers for distillation, will yield a value of $1,500.

The Religious Capital of Japan.

KIOTO is the great religious capital of Japan. A girdle of temples surrounds it within a vast sweep of many miles. The mountains stand about it in the shape of a horseshoe, and all their lower spurs and all the dells and valleys that break them are laid out in temple grounds. The temples rise one above the other through dark belts of wood. Their gateways crowd the avenues of every suburb. Their lands are of vast extent, laid out in gardens and parks, with rustic bridges spanning waterfalls, with endless footpaths and cascades and holy fountains, and little platforms and harbors, from which there are lovely views innumerable. Every week, and almost every day, there is some new festival. The brilliant dress of the women and children who keep the least gleams along the dark, steep paths, and in the evening the lamps spring up as if in fairyland, and there is music and laughter. Worshipers can choose a service after their fancy. One temple has its gigantic bell, another its Dai Buts. Rengeoin, in one long building, displays 33,000 gilded idols; Hondganji, in the very centre of the city, offers the silence of cloistered courts, and within, grave and lofty halls softly matted for the feet, the roof supported on gilded pillars, the walls hung with pictures of the saints and paneled with birds-of-paradise. Over and over again we met the great temple roofs, with their magnificent but heavy curves, the quaint gateways, or *tori*, mostly of wood, but sometimes of stone, the courtyard surrounded by trees, the inner sanctuary with its mysterious *gobei* paper, and the burnished mirror; outside, the universal lamps, all of one pattern, and within, the Buddha sitting on the lotus-leaf, and the gilded warrior with his weapons in his hand. Everywhere the priest moves about with clean-shaven crown, and the nun, in long brown robes, slips noiselessly through the cloister; the pilgrims from the country stare and worship, the coins are flung before the altar, the deep and sweet-toned bells toll the hours of prayer, and the worshipers clap their hands and lie with their faces on the ground.

Ventilation of Children's Apartments.

THE proper ventilation of the apartment of children does not usually receive from parents and those having the care of the young that share of attention which its serious influence upon their health deserves. Provision is rarely made for a regular supply of fresh, or removal of vitiated, air beyond what is afforded by windows, doors, and open chimneys. The fact is that the public generally are not yet alive to the vast evils consequent upon breathing impure air. If, however, you want to be convinced and to see these evils in their most unmitigated form, it is only necessary to visit the dwellings of the poor in a crowded city. The atmosphere you will have to breathe, and the appearance of the inmates, will amply suffice to convince you, however skeptical. In cities, as contrasted with rural districts, the deaths from consumption are about 24 per cent.; those from typhus fever about 55 per cent.; those from childbirth 59 per cent.; and so of several other disorders. The diseases chiefly incidental to childhood are twice as fatal in the city as in the country. The mean duration of life in the two classes of districts differs nearly 17 years, being in the proportion of 55 years in the country to 38 in the towns and cities. These differences can only be explained by attributing them to the weakening influence of impure air and the want of sufficent exercise; and there is one circumstance which shows that impure air is the most noxious agent of the two, namely, the great comparative mortality in towns of children under two years of age, even although they get as much exercise as their time of life would allow of anywhere. Many authorities might be quoted in confirmation of this conclusion, did our space allow.

FUN.

THE proverb "fair exchange is no robbery" didn't refer to church fairs.

WE hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sowing anything but tares.

IT is evident that the earth is feminine from the persistence with which she refuses to tell her age.

"I HAVE nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer, grufily, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

ARTIST (to Chicago landlady): "Yes, I like the room very well, but it is absolutely necessary that I should have a north light." *Old Lady in Charge*: "Bless the man! then what's the use of coming out West if you want that?"

"MA," said a little girl, "do men want to get married as much as women do?" "Pshaw! what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the ladies who come here are always talking about getting married; the men don't."

CLASS in the Agricultural College.—*Professor*.—"Is there any way to obtain good fruit without grafting or budding?" *Student*—"Yes, sir." *Professor*—"Please explain the process." *Student*—"Watch your chance, and when the farmer goes to dinner crawl over in the orchard and steal it."

A GENTLEMAN in a draper's shop had the misfortune to tread on a lady's skirt. She turned round, her face flushed with anger, but seeing the gentleman was a stranger, she smiled complacently, saying, "I beg pardon, sir; I was going to be in a dreadful passion. I thought it was my husband."

MR. GEORGE DINES, who has made extensive experiments and observations on the formation of dew, finds that the depth of deposit in England in an evening rarely exceeds a hundredth part of an inch, and that the average annual depth of the dew deposited upon the surface of the earth does not exceed an inch and a half.

A HINT TO WORKINGMEN.

THE honest workingmen of the country, many of whom have large and increasing families to support, have been the chief sufferers from the great financial pressure under which we have labored for the last few years. Diminished wages have not been attended by a corresponding diminution in price of everything which the workingman needs. Rents, fuel, food and clothing are cheaper, but these do not constitute all his necessities. It is sometimes necessary for him to employ a lawyer or a physician, yet the fee rates of physicians and lawyers are as high as they were in "flush" times. Yet cheap medicines are as necessary as cheap rents or fuel. Cheap medicines are not necessarily poor medicines. It must be obvious to every intelligent person that medicines, compounded and put up at wholesale, can be sold at much lower rates than when retailed from the doctor's pill-bags. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have completely restored persons who had spent hundreds of dollars in vainly seeking relief from private practitioners, and all at a very slight expenditure.

THE utility of amateur printing presses like those manufactured by W. A. KELSEY & Co., of Meriden, Conn., is fully established. They are rapidly making their way into offices and business houses in all parts of the world, as really effective economists of time and money. With them boys pass many a pleasant and useful hour, learning the "art preservative," and acquire, at the same time, practical knowledge and experience, which insures a comfortable and honorable livelihood. Within their wide range these presses do work excelled by none and always satisfactory.

PREMATURE loss of the hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16th, 1877.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:

Gentlemen—One year ago my hair commenced falling out until I was almost bald. After using your COCOAINE for a few months, I have a thick growth of new hair.

ALEXANDER HENRY,
No. 814 East Girard Ave.

THE continued spread of the yellow fever in the South revives the recollection of the value of A. WERNER & Co.'S "AMERICA" EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE in the treatment last year of this and similar fatal epidemics. In many Southern cities "America" was used with perfect success in fortifying the system to resist the attacks of disease and in warding off the approach of fevers and malaria. Its action is always mild, healthful and certain; so much so that many physicians prescribe "America" regularly for their patients. In many cases a gentle tonic is all the system requires, and in every respect the results, immediate and permanent, are more satisfactory than those obtained by the more powerful remedies.

THE greatest nourishing tonic, appetizer, strengthener and curative on earth—Hop Bitters.

WHEN the ST. NICHOLAS hotel was opened, many years ago, New York and the whole country were deeply interested in this most superb of hostelries. Other formidable rivals have since sprung up, but still the ST. NICHOLAS stands in its pristine dignity. Excellence of *cuisinière*, superb apartments, and all the modern conveniences, make this hotel, at $3.50 per day, the most moderate-priced in the country.

IT is impossible to remain long sick or out of health where Hop Bitters are used.

FINANCIAL.

THE well-known banking-house of EVARTS, HARNES & Co., of 24 Broad Street, New York, have recently brought to the notice of the public a plan for operating in stocks that is well worthy of attention. It consists in combining many small orders into one large syndicate with which to operate. The total amount is then used for thirty days in buying and selling stocks as judgment and experience may dictate, and at the expiration of this time the profits are divided among the shareholders *pro rata*. We understand that their customers are realizing very large profits on their investments under this system, which is really the safest possible way to deal in stocks.

THE pleasure of bathing is greatly increased by mixing in the tub half or even a quarter of a bottle of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. Instantly the whole atmosphere of the bathroom is as fragrant as a blooming flower-garden, the mind becomes buoyant, and the body emerges refreshed and strengthened.

ALL mineral waters that are dangerous irritants may be known by an acid after-taste.

HALFORD'S LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE is capital for dyspeptics; gives tone to the stomach. Physicians recommend it.

The Genuine Asbestos Roofing forms the lightest and most economical roof in use. It can be easily applied by any one. H. W. JOHNS' MANUFACTURING Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York, sole manufacturers.

Commonwealth Distribution Co.—Next Monthly Drawing, August 30th.—Unprecedented success of the new and original feature of allowing any ticket-holder present the privilege of calling out his number and seeing it placed in the wheel.—The last drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Co., in Louisville, Ky., was the grandest success of all. Macauley's Theatre was filled to overflowing, and many persons called out the numbers of their tickets, which were readily shown them and placed in the wheel. The numbers representing all the tickets, from 1 to 100,000, are accurately printed by machinery, spread out on a table, and so arranged in packages of 100 that it is only the work of a moment to pick out any number. *If one is there* all must be there, as it is impossible to know what numbers will be called for. This is a sure prevention against fraud or favoritism. The next Grand Drawing will be conducted in the same manner, and the same splendid scheme presented, viz.: 1,960 prizes, amounting to $122,400. Orders are pouring in from all parts of the country, so great is the confidence in the integrity of the Company. Tickets are only $2; halves, $1. See advertisement. Address, T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.; or same at No. 163 Broadway, N. Y.

$10 to $1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

Metropolitan Elevated Railway.

Open from 5:30 A.M. to 12 P.M.

RECTOR ST.—Nearest point for Wall Street Ferry, and connects with cars for South Ferry.
CORTLANDT ST.—Nearest point for Jersey City and Communipaw Ferries.
PARK PLACE.—Nearest point for Post Office, City Hall, and Barclay Street Ferry to Hoboken.
CHAMBERS ST.—Nearest point for Pavonia and Erie Railway Ferry.
FRANKLIN ST.
GRAND ST.—Nearest point for Desbrosses Street Ferry for Jersey City, and connects with cars for Desbrosses and East Grand Street Ferries.
BLEECKER ST.—Connects with cars for East and West.
EIGHTH ST.—Connecting with cars for Christopher Street and East Tenth Street Ferries.
FOURTEENTH ST.—Connecting with cars for East Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth Street Ferries.
TWENTY-THIRD ST.—Connecting with cars for Twenty-third Street Ferry to Jersey City, and East Thirty-fourth Street Ferry for Hunter's Point.
THIRTY-THIRD ST.—Connecting with cars for Weehawken Ferry.
FORTY-SECOND ST.—Connects with New York Transfer Company's cabs for Grand Central Depot.
FIFTIETH ST. AND SIXTH AVE.
FIFTY-EIGHTH ST.—Sixth Avenue entrance to Central Park, connecting with cars of Belt Line Railroad.
FIFTY-THIRD ST. AND EIGHTH AVE.
FIFTY-NINTH ST. AND NINTH AVE.
SEVENTY-SECOND ST. AND NINTH AVE.
EIGHTY-FIRST ST. AND NINTH AVE.
NINETY-THIRD ST. AND NINTH AVE.
ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH ST. AND NINTH AVE.
For up-town trains take east-side stations.
For down-town trains take west-side stations.
Trains will run to Fifty-eighth St. and Sixth Ave, and One Hundred and Fourth St. and Ninth Ave. alternately.
Sunday Trains from 12:30 P.M. till 12 midnight.
FARE 10 CENTS,
Except between the hours of 5:30 and 7:30 A.M. and 5 and 7 P.M., when the fare is 5 cents.
WM. H. GARRISON, President.
M. VAN BROCKLIN, Superintendent.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

An excellent appetizing tonic, of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole civilized world, cures dyspepsia, diarrhœa, fever and ague, colics, and all disorders of the digestive organs.
Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.
J. W. HANCOX, U. S. Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 2,610, New York.

DE VENOGE & CIE. CHAMPAGNE EPERNAY.
The Purest Champagne Imported in the United States.
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H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS
Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. PRICE AND DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

THE MANSION HOUSE,
Long Branch.
(*Next to the Great Wrought Iron Pier*), OPENS JUNE 10TH.
McINTYRE, BARRETT & CO.
R. C. BARRETT, of Hotel Brighton, New York.

Manhattan Beach.
GILMORE'S BAND AND LEVY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
Trains leave foot East 23d St. (crossing the river via Steamer Sylvan Grove) 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:15 A.M., and half-hourly thereafter to 6:45 P.M.
Returning trains leave Manhattan Beach half-hourly for New York via Greenpoint to 10:25 P.M.
Elevated Railroads run to South Ferry, connecting with steamer D. R. Martin hourly from 9:25 A.M. to 8:25 P.M., via Bay Ridge.
Steamers Thomas Collyer and Twilight leave North River landings—From 23d St., 9:10, 10:25 A.M.; then hourly to 8:25 P.M. Leroy St., 9:35 A.M., and hourly to 6:35 P.M. Pier 8, 9:55 A.M., and hourly to 6:55 P.M.
Returning trains leave Manhattan Beach for New York via Bay Ridge half-hourly to 10:25 P.M.

BRIGHTON BEACH.
Trains on the Brooklyn, Flatbush & Coney Island Railway, until further notice, will run half hourly between
FLATBUSH AVENUE
(Long Island Depot), Brooklyn, and
BRIGHTON BEACH,
From 6:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Trains will also leave
BEDFORD
(Franklin Ave.) half hourly from 6:35 A.M. to 10:34 P.M.
Last train from the Beach, 11 P.M.
The depots can be reached via South and Wall Street ferries by Atlantic and Fifth Avenue car lines, via Fulton Ferry by Flatbush Avenue and Adams and Boerum Street line, via Hamilton Ferry by South Brooklyn Central line, via Grand and Roosevelt ferries by Lee and Nostrand Avenue, Tompkins Avenue and Franklin Avenue lines.
W. E. DORWIN, Supt.

NEW ROUTE TO CONEY ISLAND VIA BAY RIDGE TO Manhattan Beach
From Foot of Whitehall Street,
VIA STEAMER
D. R. MARTIN,
Leaving 25 minutes past the hour from 9:25 A.M. to 8:25 P.M.
Commodious Pavilion and Waiting Room communicates direct with the depot of the Elevated Railroads, foot of Whitehall Street, Pier 1, E. R., next slip to South Ferry.
TRY THIS ROUTE.

Starin's Excursions
White Mountains
Only $8, New York to Fabyan's, N. H.; excursion tickets, $14. Choice of five routes, including Newport, Boston, Portland, North Conway, Crawford House, Littleton, Bethlehem, Twin Mountain to Fabyan's. Send for list of FALL RIVER LINE tours. Through DRAWING-ROOM cars. Fall River to Fabyan's direct; and Fall River to Boston, Boston to Fabyan's.
GEO. L. CONNOR, Gen'l Pass'r Agt, Pier 28, N. R., New York.

PLYMOUTH ROCK FOR LONG BRANCH,
Twice a day, including Sundays, leaving foot 22d St., N.R., at 9 and 2:30, and Pier 1, N.R. (Battery), at 9:30 and 3. FARE only FIFTY CENTS. Pier Tickets, 10 cents extra.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY,
GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING.
September 16th.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $60,000 PESOS.
ONLY 15,000 TICKETS.
AMOUNT DISTRIBUTED, 1,350,000 PESOS.
Tickets, $100; halves, $50; quarters, $25; fifths, $20; tenths, $10; twentieths, $5. Spanish gold bought and sold. Drafts on Havana issued.
This old and well-known firm have no connection with any other Martinez, nor any branch offices.
M. A. MARTINEZ & CO., Bankers,
10 Wall Street, New York.
Brother and successors of John B. Martinez, deceased.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.
Address, W. FOX, Box 206, Fultonville, N. Y.



Common Sense Chairs and Rockers.
A lady writes: "The only objection to your Common Sense Rocker is, we all want it." Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue to
P. A. SINCLAIR, Rotterville, N. Y.

$1,350,000.
Royal Havana Lottery.
Extraordinary Drawing at Havana, Cuba, Sept. 16th.
ONLY 15,000 TICKETS ISSUED. Capital Prize, $300,000
$1,350,000 Cash Gifts.

1 Prize	$300,000
1 Prize	100,000
1 Prize	50,000
10 Prizes, $10,000 each	100,000
12 Prizes, 5,000 each	60,000
500 Prizes, amounting to	515,000

DRAWING POSITIVE. NO POSTPONEMENT.
Prizes cashed. Full information sent free.
☞ *Beware of counterfeit and altered tickets.* ☜
Louisiana State Lottery, Sept. 9th.
Tickets, $2. Halves, $1.
COMMONWEALTH OF KY., AUG. 30 and SEPT. 20.
Tickets, $2. Halves, $1.
KENTUCKY STATE LOTTERY, AUG. 30 and SEPT. 13.
Whole Tickets, $1.
Prizes Cashed—Discount to Clubs.
Full information of above sent free by
J. DUFF & CO., Bankers,
42 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

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STEAMSHIP CO.,
FOR
Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond,
Old Point Comfort,
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
The South and Southwest.
From PIER 43 N. R., every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 3 P.M.
Gen. Office, 197 Greenwich St., N. Y.

KEEP'S SHIRTS
ARE THE VERY BEST.
Made from Wamsutta muslin. Bosoms, 3-ply Linen. The very best.
KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for $7. Only plain seams to finish.
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NIGHT SHIRTS, all styles, extra long, $1 each.
BOYS' COMPLETE SHIRTS, $1 each.
An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated Buttons presented to purchasers of six shirts.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR.
White Cashmere Shirts.....50c. each
Summer Merino Shirts (whole or half sleeves)..60c. each
Scarlet Gauze (anti-rheumatic).....$1 25 each
Canton Flannel Shirts and Drawers.....75c. each
Best Pepperell Jean Drawers.....50c. each
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS.
BEST GINGHAM. Patent Protected Ribs, $1 each. Fifty per cent. stronger than any other umbrellas.
REGINA and TWILLED SILKS in all styles.
Novelties in LADIES' SUN and RAIN UMBRELLAS.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES
for Gents, the very best, plain or embroidered, $1 a pair. Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Ties, etc. All goods warranted.
Samples and circulars mailed free.
Shirts only delivered free.
Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars on application, as we furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.
Samples and **Circulars** mailed free on application.
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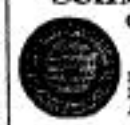
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RHODE ISLAND.—CLAMBAKE GIVEN BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF PROVIDENCE TO THE BUTLER INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE AND THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF BOSTON, AT SQUANTUM, AUGUST 20TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 6.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

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THE LINES DRAWN.

WE are not at all in the habit of looking to Mr. Wendell Phillips for wise counsel in politics or in public economy, but when two antagonisms in either are placed at issue he may be safely taken to represent one of them in its most aggravated and, at the same time, in its most logical form. Having convinced himself that the ends proposed by the Greenback Party are just and proper, this Thersites of the hustings is as swift and fluent in his denunciations of the Republican and Democratic Parties as he is bold and defiant in his championship of the cause to which he lends his brilliant but unscrupulous eloquence. As if to show that his pen is as bitter as his tongue, he has, as before stated, addressed a letter to his political confederates in Maine, in which, with even more than his usual virulence, he rails at the Republican leaders as the "swindlers" and "Peckaniffs" of American politics, who, he says, for the last fifteen years have been fleecing labor in the interest of capital; and equally distrusting the Democratic leaders as being openly pledged to "Southern assassins" and secretly bound to "Northern capitalists," he reaches the useful conclusion that the "Nationals" are the "only party whose wise claims have been honestly urged and bravely pressed," and the only party which to-day stands before the people "vindicated by events," with all its past measures adopted as at once the presage and "sheet anchor of future success."

In evidence that the Greenback Party has been thus far "uniformly victorious," and has gained everything for which it asked, he holds the following language:

"1. That party demanded the remonetization of silver. It is done, and the step is not likely to be reversed.

"2. We claimed that the greenback should not be destroyed, but reissued. The Secretary of the Treasury, who was in his usual chronic state of perplexity and bewilderment, gladly submitted to this compulsion—indeed, welcomed our victory. Thus the derided 'rag'—the 'dishonored rag'—is the national currency to-day, and is very likely to remain so.

"3. We asserted that, if the greenbacks were made receivable at the Custom House and for all debts due the Government, coin and greenbacks would be equal in ninety days, and that this was the proper step to be taken.

"For this we begged, argued and petitioned three years ago. Then we got no attention. Now the Secretary, without law or authority, has ordered this step to be taken, and Congress is about to sanction what he illegally did. Without this step resumption would be impossible, or extremely dangerous if possible. Without this help resumption would be a failure.

"With these three victories behind us, we now advance to the next outwork of the enemy. The next point to attack is bank issues of currency. Put only one line on our flag: 'No State or national banks of issue. Let the Government issue all the currency the nation uses.'"

We place these arrogant claims before our readers in order to point the moral we sought to enforce a few weeks ago, when we commented on the vacillations, hesitations and fictitious issues which impair the energy and obscure the vision of the Republican and Democratic leaders in the present financial crisis. Confiding in some happy-go-lucky turn of affairs which is to rescue the country from the logical outcome of its present financial tendencies, the Republican orator claims the confidence and support of the people on the ground of the great achievement accomplished by his party in bringing about a "resumption of specie payments," or at least what passes for it in the political parlance of the hour; and the Democratic orator, unable to dispute this pretension of his rival, waxes wroth in contemplation of the financial "wreck and ruin" through which, as he claims, this grand desideratum of the capitalists has been reached at the expense of the labor and productive industry of the country.

It is the dead past and not the living present or the pregnant future with which these professional politicians are willing to concern themselves. If the obscurity of their vision sprang from ignorance it would be sufficiently a source of reproach to these blind guides of the people, but it becomes doubly a source of reproach when we reflect that it springs from cowardice as well. And in politics nothing betrays like cowardice.

The Republican who hopes that he can conciliate and reclaim the Greenback fanatic by honeyed phrases descriptive of his devotion to the "battle-born and blood-stained" currency of the war, is likely to evoke nothing but contempt by his motion. The Democrat who hopes that the result of the Ohio election will clarify opinion on the topic, and who meanwhile "sits on the fence," has already forfeited his right to a respectful audience. In the presence of men who palter in a double sense, who have no definite opinions on the subject, or who, if they have opinions, have not the courage of them, the rant of the Greenbacker wins a readier way to the ear of a credulous public.

The friend of hard money and the advocate of resumption *in the future* as well as the past may, therefore, confess his obligations to Mr. Wendell Phillips for so distinctly drawing the lines between the party he favors and the parties he opposes. There is too much ground for the claim he sets up in boasting over the past "victories" of the Greenback Party. The "remonetization of silver," in the shape of a depreciated silver dollar, is a Greenback "triumph," and a triumph of such evil omen, that it threatens the future of resumption with overthrow, or, at the best, with degradation from a gold standard of value. The permanent incorporation of the greenbacks into our currency is a Greenback "triumph" which sprang as much from the craven paltering of the hard-money men as from the audacity of the soft-money zealots, and it is this surrender which has not only falsified the pledges of the Republican statesmen who first launched this currency on the country in the hour of its agony and bloody sweat, but even now emboldens the Warners and De La Matyrs of finance to brood over new schemes of boundless inflation in the future.

It ought to be apparent now to the most timid of politicians and to the most astute of trimmers that there is no middle ground between those who would withdraw and cancel the whole greenback circulation and those who favor its permanent retention and its substitution for every other kind of money. It is with these three past victories behind them that the Greenbackers, as Mr. Phillips exultingly proclaims, are now advancing on "the next outwork of the enemy"—the national banks—which they purpose to wipe out of existence, that the whole volume of our currency may be determined from time to time according to the gusts of public opinion as represented in Congress. The story of the French *assignats* is to be translated into English and printed in the statutes-at-large.

And *this* is the issue which is now presented to the people of Ohio and Maine. It is the issue forced upon public attention by the loud clamors of the Greenback Party; and the men who evade it or who stuff cotton in their ears that they may not hear the full extent of the Greenback challenge are men who should seek for their exemplar in that Mr. Ready-to-halt whom Bunyan has portrayed in his matchless allegory.

THE FISHERIES AGAIN.

ONE of the last special acts of Minister Welsh, before quitting England, was to deposit with the British authorities a demand for $103,000 damages for injuries done to the property of American fishermen a year and a half ago, while fishing in Fortune Bay. It will be remembered that, on the pretense that the Americans were fishing in defiance of local laws, a mob of from 100 to 200 Newfoundland fishermen set upon them, destroyed their seines, let out the fish, and in some cases carried away the nets which they had seized. The claim that this outrage was justifiable because the American fishermen were violating a local law of Newfoundland was promptly disputed by Secretary Evarts, who, in a letter to Lord Salisbury, insisted that, having paid an exorbitant sum for the right of fishing within three miles of the shore, and remitted also several hundred thousand dollars in duties on Canadian fish annually, "the fishery rights of the United States, conceded by the treaty of Washington, are to be exercised wholly free from the restraints and regulations of the statutes of Newfoundland, now set up as authority over our fishermen, and from any other regulations of fishing now in force or that may hereafter be enacted by that Government." This initial statement of the American view has been followed by a somewhat elaborate correspondence on the subject, but apparently without any concession on the part of Great Britain. Our claim, therefore, now takes on a definite and substantial form in the demand for specific damages, and this it will be necessary for Great Britain to meet in one way or another. The London *Times*, speaking of the demand, says the point is a technical one, but it is evident, at the same time, that the *Times* regards the reopening of the whole Fishery question as a possibility of the near future. Thus it expresses the belief that "an international convention on the subject would not meet with serious objections either on the part of the Imperial or the Colonial Governments, provided the question was dealt with in its entirety and not merely a revision of the recent arbitration at Halifax attempted." Whatever may be the disposition of Great Britain, it is quite certain that our Government will not abandon the just position it has taken. The new Minister to the British Court, whoever he may be, will no doubt go out with instructions to bring the whole matter to an early determination. Statistics as to the extent and position of American interests in the inshore fisheries of the Dominion are now being gathered by officials representing the State Department, and, supplied with these, it is believed that our case will be capable of such strong presentation as to compel either a radical change of the principle of settlement upon which the whole question rests or an absolute abrogation of the existing treaty.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE twenty-eighth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Saratoga during the present week. The headquarters of the Association are at the United States Hotel, and the general sessions are held at the Town Hall. The coming together of so large a number of the representative scientific men of the country cannot fail to draw to the meeting the interest and sympathy of the whole community. We have here a thousand men who have consecrated their lives to the promotion of science in all its branches, and we recognize on the list of members the names of every professor and teacher of note in the entire Union. They do not come together for selfish purposes—they do not seek to establish, govern or overthrow any political party—but they look to the higher education of the people as offering the best safeguard in a republic, and the popularization of science is to them a matter of primary importance. In order to facilitate the transaction of business the association is divided into two sections—the first devoted to mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry and mineralogy; the second, to geology, zoology, botany and anthropology. For the further convenience of experts sub-sections on special subjects are formed, and thus at the same time papers are being read in different rooms, where the audience is small and limited, to the select few who can understand what is going on. The entire body meets together in the morning for the transaction of business or to listen to a lecture upon a topic of general interest, and there is an evident desire on the part of the more experienced members to seek to make scientific themes popular by evening lectures which the public can freely attend during each session.

At a former meeting a committee was appointed to study the relation of science to the industrial arts, of which Professor Thurston, of the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, is chairman. It is expected that this committee will be prepared to make a preliminary report. It is a constant complaint on the part of manufacturers, metallurgists, mining and civil engineers, and business men generally, that our schools fail to give an education best fitted to the pursuit the student is expected to follow. This is so far true that they prefer to take boys and train them in their own way. In order to ascertain where the difficulty lies, the committee has issued a circular inviting persons interested to suggest such improvements in the matter and methods of instruction as may occur to them. The committee will embody the results of these inquiries in their report, and we may expect an interesting discussion when the subject comes up for consideration.

The importance of reform in the teaching of science in our public schools has also attracted the notice of members, and a committee has been appointed to report upon it. It is claimed by many that our system of education ought to be made to conform to the prevailing sentiment of the age; that we must be more practical and less procrustean in our methods; that we must adapt our education to the abilities as well as probable wants of the pupil. When the Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer, "It was a pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities," he gave a hint which teachers would do well to bear in mind. We do not all have gifts alike, and our training may sometimes be shaped accordingly. The celebrated astronomer and mathematician Gauss was nearly turned out of school because he would not submit to the stereotyped method of the teacher. He sat on a bench, with his feet dangling in the air, listening to the sums which the teacher gave the boys and which it was expected that each one would work out on his slate, with much perspiration and wriggling. The little Gauss answered every question as fast as it could be put without taking his eye from the teacher. This was too much for the patience of the master, and he boxed the boy's ears, dismissed him from the school for insubordination, and, if it had not been for the intervention of one of the directors, the future astronomer would have been apprenticed to a mason, and we should never have heard of him again.

In an assembly such as is now convened in Saratoga, there will necessarily be conflicting views in matters of practical detail, but there will certainly be unanimity in the opinion that scientific studies have been too much crowded out of our public schools, and, as the guardians of science, it will be the duty of the members to act upon public opinion until the needed reform has taken place.

Unusual interest attaches to the Saratoga meeting on account of the sterling ability and high reputation of the officers from whom addresses are expected. The retiring president, Professor O. C. Marsh, of New Haven, speaks with authority on all matters of geology; the actual president, Professor George F. Barker, of Philadelphia, has already established an enviable reputation in the department of physics, and his summary of progress will be sure to be very complete. The vice-presidents of sections to whom the public will lend a willing ear are Professor Langley, of Allegheny, Major Powell, of Washington, Professor Remsen, of Baltimore, and Mr. Morley, of Hudson, Ohio. From all of these special addresses may be expected, and thus the interest of the Saratoga meeting is certain to be equal to that of any which has been held during the nearly thirty years since the association was organized.

SHOT-GUN POLITICS.

IS there never to be an end of murderous bulldozing in Mississippi? It is only a fortnight ago that Mr. Henry M. Dixon, who had dared to announce himself as an independent candidate for Sheriff of Yazoo County, was compelled by a mob to withdraw from the canvass under penalty of death, and this was followed by similar menaces of independent candidates in Rankin County. Subsequently, under legal advice, Mr. Dixon re-entered the canvass, and, on August 20th, he was deliberately assassinated—shot in the back and killed—by a prominent Democratic politician and candidate on the "regular" ticket. And, so far as appears, neither the Democratic leaders nor the influential party organs of the State have a single word of condemnation for these deeds of lawlessness and violence; on the contrary, some prominent officials and a number of journals have actually applauded the "manly and timely example of the gallant Democracy of Yazoo."

There is one thing in connection with this business which is as certain as sunrise, and that is, that unless the representative men of the South *do*, promptly and emphatically, speak out against lawlessness, intimidation and murder, the country will be forced to accept the conclusion that Mississippi civilization at least is little better than savage barbarism. The *Herald* says truly of these representative men, "Their silence makes them the partisans and accomplices of assassins"; and the *World* expresses the feeling of every right thinking citizen in the land when it says:

"Mr. Dixon, from the best accounts, seems to have been one of Carlyle's men, more ready to smite than to argue, and it may not be an unmitigated calamity to the community to be rid of his emphasis and his eccentricities. But all that has nothing to do with the question whether the good people of Mississippi can or cannot maintain order in their own State and secure even to Dixons the right to seek the suffrages of the people without being put in peril of their lives or threatened with exile. That is a question which behooves the good people of Mississippi to answer in no uncertain fashion and at no distant day. It is no concern of theirs whether Massachusetts is or is not willing to secure to mill operatives the right to vote uncoerced by mill-owners. It is their concern to clear their State and section of such scandals as that which has culminated now in the taking off of Mr. Dixon, and which will be deepened and made more dangerous if they fail to investigate that taking off thoroughly and to bring its perpetrators to justice."

It is said that, as one result of the assassination, a full independent ticket has been nominated in Yazoo County. The country will watch with profound interest the course of the conflict which this movement in behalf of a free suffrage is sure to precipitate.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S DEBTS.

A CINCINNATI bank, in which $8,000 contributed for the relief of Archbishop Purcell had been deposited by the treasurer of the relief committee, failed last week, and the money, it is feared, may be lost to the creditors of the venerable prelate, though the possibility of such a result is denied in some quarters. It will strike the public with surprise that, after all the efforts made in the East and elsewhere to raise a fund in aid of the Archbishop, only the paltry sum of $8,000 has been realized. We cannot say, however, that we have ever had a great deal of confidence in the promises of help which were so profusely made some time ago. We should rejoice, not so much, we confess, on account of the Archbishop himself, as on account of the poor people who confided in him, and who by their over-confidence in him

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have lost their money. If the anticipations apparently entertained by him should be realized, and if, with the help of the churches, all obligations should be honorably met. But we do not see that a more favorable opportunity is ever likely to arise than that which has gone past. If nothing could be done by the assembled bishops in the exciting circumstances connected with the opening of the new Cathedral, we are afraid that it will be dangerous to lean with too much confidence on the promised circular of the Cardinal-archbishop and the pledged co-operation of the bishops. The simple truth is, there is no money to give away. New York has enough and more than enough to do to take care of her own great interests; so have Buffalo, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities. What some of the bishops dread is that the fate of Archbishop Purcell may befall themselves. They have most of them been playing the same game; and it is good fortune, quite as much as good management, which has prevented not a few of them from falling into a like difficulty. To keep their own houses in order the bishops, one and all, need their own money at home.

It will be, indeed, a sad enough affair for all concerned, if something substantial is not done to relieve the Cincinnati diocese, and to save the honor of the venerable prelate at its head; but so dire a calamity will not have happened in vain, if it shall have the effect of teaching the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, and, indeed, the clergy of all denominations, that their proper business is not to take care of the people's money, but to take care of the people's souls. In all the Churches there has been too much extravagance; and as a natural result the spiritual is being overlaid and extinguished by the material. It is high time for a new departure—for a return to more primitive models and to greater gospel simplicity.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

IT is quite apparent that the announcement of the practical capitulation of Cetewayo, and the termination of the war in Zululand, was altogether premature. At the last accounts, the savage King was still successfully evading the British, while a tribe of British subjects had been twice attacked by hostile Zulu tribes, showing a prevalent unrest and enmity by no means favorable to an early peace. Meanwhile, the British troops are suffering from sickness and climatic disorders, and should Cetewayo be able to hold out two or three months longer, the invading column may be so diminished as to make considerable reinforcements necessary. Sir Garnet Wolseley, however, appears to be making every possible preparation to strike a decisive blow, and to that end has enlisted 10,000 Swazies to fight in the British interest. On the other hand, it is said the Boers have determined to fight unless their independence is restored; the Pondoes are showing fresh signs of hostility, and the situation all around is becoming, for the British, more and more complicated. It may be stated in this connection that the findings of the court-martial in the case of Lieutenant Carey, so unjustly censured in connection with the death of the Prince Imperial, have been quashed by the British authorities, and the lieutenant, who has arrived in England, will accordingly retain his rank. He has authorized the statement.

The commissioners on the Greek frontier commenced their sittings at Constantinople on the 21st. The commissioners are given full authority as to the rectification of the frontier, and the question has reached a stage where further delay by the Porte will be impossible. Meanwhile, a royal decree in Greece calls out 8,000 men of the second class of the territorial army, and the popular enthusiasm in support of the demands of the Government is growing every day more intense. The Porte has appointed a commission to introduce and supervise reforms in Asia Minor. The Government is in the greatest straits for money, and one of the commanders of the Turkish troops in Syria has been obliged to make requisitions upon the villages in order to save his army from starvation.

The rumors ascribing unfriendly intentions towards Germany and Austria on the part of Russia are renewed. The strengthening of the fortifications of the latter Power on its western frontier is to be followed by the construction of those of Germany at Thorn immediately, instead of leisurely, as until recently contemplated. The finances of Russia are greatly embarrassed; the national interest-bearing debt is becoming enormous, and there is now in circulation 1,132,165,125 rubles in paper money, but the work of enlarging the military establishment still goes on, and contracts, also, are said to have been made for the construction in this country of a number of cruisers at a very considerable cost.

Great Britain was last week visited by storms of unusual severity, the rainfall being the heaviest known since 1872. Immense damage was done to the crops, and hundreds of cattle and sheep were drowned. While British farmers are emigrating to Canada and the United States, British colliers are emigrating to New Zealand—a colony of two hundred having sailed on Friday last. There is scarcely a trade or occupation in Great Britain whose overfull ranks are not being depleted by movements of this character. There are some indications, however, of an improved feeling in certain branches of industry at Sheffield, Manchester and elsewhere.

In France the Ferry Educational Bill is still agitating the popular mind. A total of sixteen million signatures to a protest against its passage has been secured, but many of these are declared to be fraudulent. Of course, the priests and clericals have been active in furthering the hostile demonstration. It is significant that the Premier, M. Waddington, in a recent address, defended the Bill with great energy. He announced on the same occasion that the Government will resist any attempt to reopen the question of amnesty, and, as to internal affairs, said that important reductions in taxation would probably be made next year. There is a notable decline of Bonapartism in the provinces.

After several delays, occasioned by unfavorable weather, the foundation-stone of the new Eddystone Lighthouse was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, Admiral in the British Navy, at noon on August 19th. A small but quite a distinguished party witnessed the ceremonies. The new tower, which will be the fourth erected on the reefs in Plymouth Sound, will rise on the South Rock, at a point 120 feet south of the present crumbling structure, to a height of 130 feet above the level of any Spring tide, and, it is expected, will be completed in four years, at a cost of from $300,000 to $350,000. The first Eddystone Lighthouse was built in 1700, and destroyed in a storm three years later. A second, of wood, was put up in 1709, and burned in 1755. The third or existing one was finished in 1759, and has withstood the storms of 120 years. The new light will have a range of seventeen and a half miles.

A dispute has arisen between the Russian and English Commissioners relative to the delimitation of the Russo-Turkish frontier in Asia, each disputing the accuracy of the other's map. Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has suspended temporarily the negotiations on the subject which were in progress at that point; but it is not likely that any more serious result will follow.—The determination of Count Andrassy to resign the Austro-Hungarian Premiership remains unalterable.—The trials of Nihilists by the military tribunal at Odessa terminated on the 17th of August. Five of the accused persons were sentenced to be hanged, one woman to exile to Siberia, and twenty-two other prisoners were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.—The subject of the proposed reforms in Cuba will be taken up in the Spanish Cortez at an early day, and, if Martinez Campos can have his way, the reforms will certainly be agreed upon.—The Pope is declared to be in perfect health, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE Post Office Department is said to be favorably disposed to the adoption of the Postal Savings Bank system. The latest proposal is to receive small deposits, interchangeable into low interest-bearing bonds. The eagerness with which the four-per-cent. refunding certificates were taken demonstrated the demand for a safe investment for the small earnings of the laboring classes, and it is believed that the Postal Savings Bank affords the best opportunity.

THE yellow fever continues its ravages in Memphis, with little sign of abatement, and the Howard Association will be compelled to appeal to the charity of the country for funds to enable them to care for the sick and dying. The various relief societies are doing everything in their power to mitigate the horrors of the situation, but with the spread of the fever the provision for the comfort of the victims is not at all likely to exceed the demand.

DURING the fiscal year just closed, the customs receipts at this port show an increase of $6,000,000, with a decrease in the cost of collection of nearly $200,000. At Philadelphia the collections were increased over $2,000,000, but the cost of collection was also increased nearly $11,000. At Boston there was a decrease in the cost of collection of $22,000, with an increase of $700,000 in the receipts. New York, it thus appears, makes a better showing than any other port.

EX-SENATOR HENDRICKS of Indiana declares that he "will not, under any circumstances, run again for Vice-President." As to the Democratic nominee for President, Mr. Hendricks says he must be a man "whose record it is not necessary to disown or explain away;" and he adds, "with such a candidate, for whom there is no need to apologize, we will win, and not otherwise." It would be interesting to know just who Mr. Hendricks had in view when he used this language.

GOVERNOR TALBOT of Massachusetts has published a letter formally declining a renomination, for reasons of a purely personal character. Governor Talbot's administration has been marked by a purity and conscientious fidelity to the pledges upon which he was nominated which have commanded for it the cordial approval of the best men of all parties, and it will be matter for regret that he feels constrained to withdraw from an office which he has filled so worthily and profitably to the State.

M. DE LESSEPS's game of brag in the matter of the Panama Canal scheme has not proved by any means a winning one. After proclaiming at every opportunity and at every available point that he had the promise of all the capital he could possibly desire for the consummation of the great enterprise, he is now compelled to admit that the subscriptions of stock have not been sufficient to enable the company to organize successfully, and that the undertaking will, therefore, be suspended for the present. Meanwhile, De Lesseps announces that he will visit this country, possibly for the purpose of utilizing the "American aid" which he has persisted in declaring he could command whenever desired!

THERE are indications that Jefferson Davis will be elected United States Senator from Mississippi. The dominant party in that State evidently does not stop to consider the consequences of "firing the Northern heart" by thus reviving resentments and passions which it is the effort of all patriotic men to allay. It is bad enough that the party leaders should hold their peace in the presence of such outrages as that at Yazoo, but when they presume to insult the whole loyal people by proposing to send the unrepentant and still arrogant chief of the rebellion to the National Senate, from which he withdrew with menace and defiance to play the part of a traitor, they take a step which the most complacent and charitably-minded will resent with vehement indignation.

THERE seems to be a revival of Nihilism in Russia. The repressive measures adopted by the Government have entirely failed to eradicate the malady engendered by administrative despotism and corruption. While many leading Nihilists fled the country, the great majority remained at home and have defied the most vigilant scrutiny of the secret police. The managing committees meet as before, but never twice in the same place; their incendiary documents are distributed everywhere, and it even appears that a new printing office has recently been established which defies all attempts at discovery. That the Government still regards the situation with grave alarm and distrust is shown by the fact that the censorship of the press has been turned over to military men; that the professors of the universities (which are to be removed from the cities to secluded villages) are to be appointed directly by the Government hereafter, instead of being elected by the faculties; and that a secret order has been issued, in compliance with which all army officers under the grade of major-general and all civil officers under that of State Councilor are now subjected to a thorough search before being admitted to the presence of the Czar.

THE "Sunday question," so called, is likely to get into the Maryland courts. Recently, the police authorities of Baltimore directed the City Marshal to prevent the departure from the city of all excursion trains of cars or steamboats on Sunday, without regard to their purpose or destination. The Western Maryland Railroad Company had placed a Sunday camp-meeting excursion train on its regular schedule, and in spite of the police prohibition insisted on running the train as advertised. The engineer was thereupon arrested, and the question will now go to the courts for a decision of the whole general question of the right of the company to operate its road on the Sabbath under the existing State laws. The same question as to what may or may not be done on the Sabbath—whether, for instance, beer-gardens may be kept open and entertainments given in them, whether the traffic in intoxicating drinks may be carried on, etc.—is agitating Connecticut, New Jersey, and other States, and the indications are that it will be forced into politics in a good many localities by the vehemence of the anti-Sunday party. It will be settled at last by a sound public sentiment, on the basis of the public order and in the interest of the public morals.

AMERICANS who have faith in self-government and cherish a preference for republican institutions have very generally failed to join in the British paroxysms of grief over the death of the young Prince Imperial. The truth is that Prince Louis, in going to Zululand and asking for "an adventure," took all the hazards of a battle in a savage country, and he was slain as savages slay. He was dear to his mother and his friends, of course, and they have properly mourned him; but the world at large has no more reason to lament his loss than that of the young peasant soldiers who perished in the grass at his side. Indeed, the human race is probably a gainer from his death. He was living on money filched from the industrious millions of France, and his only object in life was to commit an imperial burglary and vault to power above the ruins of self-government. His removal has made the republic stronger and has weakened every throne in Europe. It is well known that the sympathy of Victoria for Eugénie was very cordial and deep, and that she hoped to live to see the French Republic upset and the Empire re-established, with Louis as the royal brother of Albert Edward; but there would seem to be no reason why any Americans, except snobs and flunkies of an extreme type, should wish this wicked conspiracy to succeed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

BUSHNG & Co., bankers, Cincinnati, have failed; liabilities, $100,000.

TWO cases of yellow fever were reported at New Orleans, August 22d.

THE cigar-makers and stove-molders of St. Louis have struck for higher wages.

A DECIDED increase in the building of steam vessels is reported in official quarters.

THE Mississippi River Improvement Commission has perfected a plan for completing the survey of that river.

THE ninth annual convention of the superintendents of the poor will be held at Congress Hall, Saratoga, on Tuesday, September 12th.

THE centennial anniversary of the battle of Paulus Hook was celebrated at Jersey City, August 19th, with imposing demonstrations.

HON. HENRY L. PIERCE has consented to allow his name to go before the Massachusetts Republican Convention as a candidate for Governor.

SECRETARIES SHERMAN and Schurz last week addressed Republican mass meetings at Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, and other points in Ohio.

THE great coal companies are discussing the propriety of a temporary suspension of production, which is said to be beyond the needs of the market.

THE total number of deaths from yellow fever in Memphis, up to August 21st, was 202, and the whole number of cases 880. On the 22d there were eleven additional deaths.

THE New York Assembly Railroad Committee was in session at Saratoga last week, and examined William H. Vanderbilt and others as to railway charges, discrimination, etc.

ALL claims under the Arrears of Pensions Act will be paid by the middle of October. The amount already disbursed is nearly $12,000,000, leaving $13,000,000 to be paid.

FIVE men bound a policeman at Long Branch early on the morning of August 20th, and attempted to rob the bank there, but were frightened away before they had opened the safe-door of the vault.

THE Surf House at Rehoboth, Del., was burned August 22d. Sixty persons were in the house at the time, but all escaped, one woman only being slightly injured. The guests lost all their baggage.

THE perpetrators of the murder of Mr. Frye, of Boston, have been arrested, and upon their own confession committed for trial. Two Italian barbers did the killing, but they had outside accomplices.

LETTERS received at Washington from colored men in various parts of the South show that the migration to the North still continues, and promises to assume larger proportions as soon as the crops are gathered.

IMPEACHMENT proceedings in the case of W. L. Goldsmith, Comptroller General of Georgia, commenced August 21st, before the State Senate, acting as a high court. He is charged with bribery and fraud in office.

THE American Bar Association, in session at Saratoga last week, elected Hon. B. H. Bristow as president, and a vice-president from each State. It was resolved to take measures for having uniform laws for marriages and divorces passed in the several States.

A CONVENTION of Western distillers, held at Peoria, Ill., last week, resulted in the formation of a national association for the purpose of encouraging the foreign trade in alcohol, collecting statistics, ascertaining the consumption and needs of the domestic market.

GREAT damage was done by the storm of August 18th. The velocity of the wind at some points was very great, and the rainfall almost without precedent. On the Virginia coast the damage to the crops is reported at $500,000. Vessels at sea suffered severely, and several schooners were driven ashore, with loss of life. On long Island and the coast of New Jersey the injury to property was very great.

AMONG recent deaths are those of John D. Wright, the President and founder of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, aged 50 years; Dr. Jerome Van C. Smith, President of the Polytechnic Branch of the American Institute, aged 79; Noah F. Sprague, for many years connected with the lake interests of Buffalo, aged 60; R. B. Woodward, proprietor of Woodward's Garden, a popular natural history resort in San Francisco.

Foreign.

LORD CHELMSFORD has been knighted.

THE Grand Hotel of Paris has been sold at auction for $4,272,000.

THE Russian maize crop has failed and breadstuffs are not plenty.

M. DE LESSEPS states that he will sail for America in September or October.

THE American cricket-team won the international match at Ottawa, August 20th.

A NEW Egyptian Ministry, composed of Pashas of whom little is known, has been formed.

THE King of Saxony has pardoned offenders who were in prison for insults to the name of Emperor William.

THE Hon. John Welsh, late United States Minister to England, and his daughter, sailed from Liverpool August 20th, for Philadelphia.

IT is reported that Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton will shortly retire from the Viceroyalty of India, and be succeeded by Lord Dufferin, the present British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

PRESIDENT DIAZ has resolved to expel foreigners engaged in intrigues in Mexico. The popular feeling in favor of Diaz's re-election is deepening, but he refuses to serve beyond his present term.

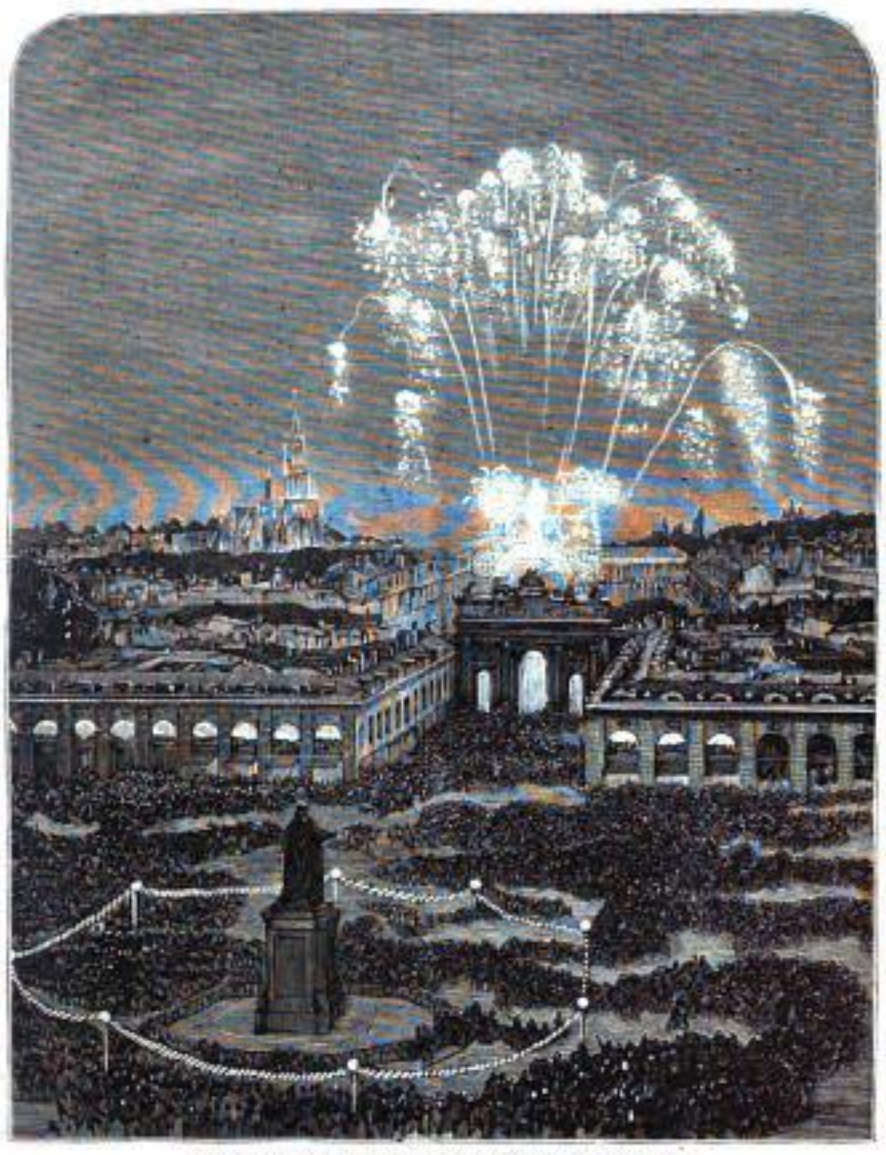
THE Chinese Legation, which visited Spain to make a treaty in relation to the coolie traffic, have left the country, and will go to Peru and Mexico in a few weeks, to negotiate with regard to coolie immigration.

DELEPIERRE, the Belgian historian and antiquary and writer on Macaronic literature, Lord Gordon, one of the English Judges of Appeals, and Sir John George Shaw Lefevre, Vice-Chancelor of the University of London, are dead.

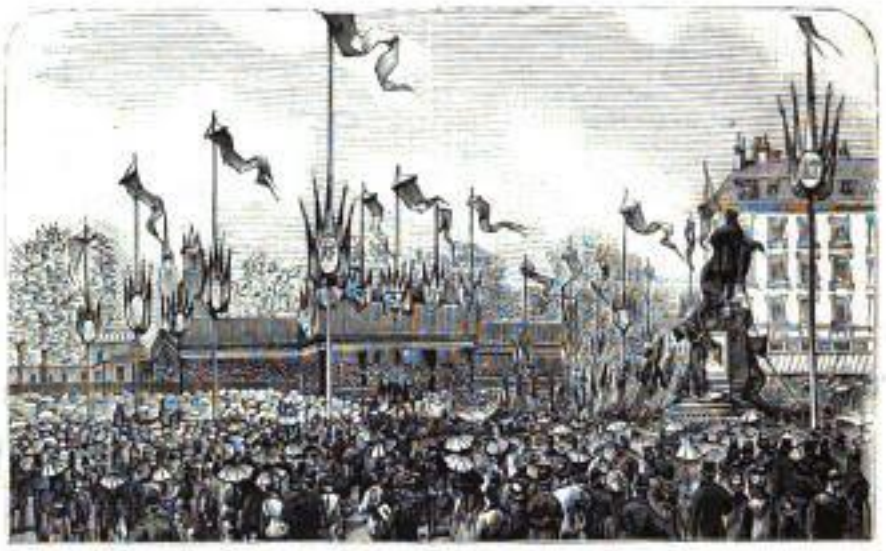
INTELLIGENCE has been received of the capture of three large merchant vessels laden with coal and copper, and of the Chilian transport *Rimac*, with an entire regiment of cavalry on board, by the Peruvian ram *Huascar* and the sloop-of-war *Union*. It is also announced that the blockade of the Peruvian port of Iquique has been suspended.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



FRANCE.—ILLUMINATION OF THE ARC-DE-TRIOMPHE, NANCY.



FRANCE.—UNVAILING THE STATUE OF M. THIERS AT NANCY.



SOUTH AFRICA.—A MORNING ALARM IN CAMP, ON THE UPOKO RIVER.



SOUTH AFRICA.—AN INTERVIEW WITH CETEWAYO'S BROTHER.



SOUTH AFRICA.—SMOKING BASUTOS OUT OF THE MOEROSI STRONGHOLD.



RUSSIA.—ARREST OF A REVOLUTIONARY STUDENT IN ST. PETERSBURG.



FRANCE.—SISTERS OF CHARITY BATHING SCROFULOUS CHILDREN AT BERCK-SUR-MER.

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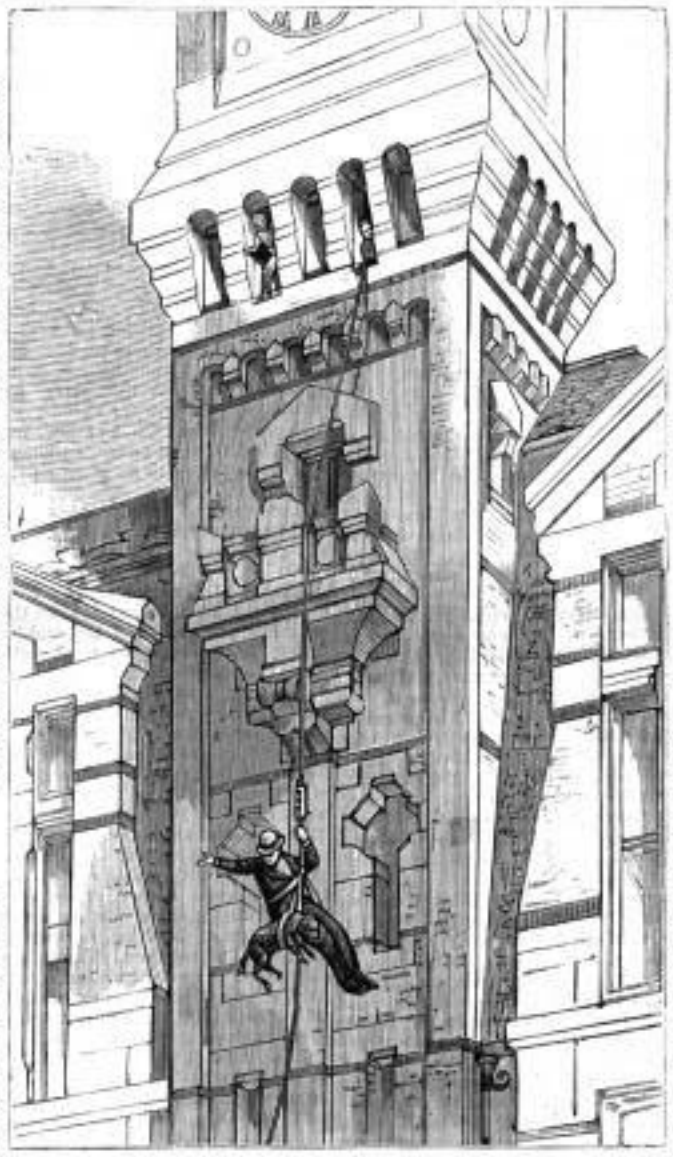
THE SPIRAL DESCENSOR FOR SAVING LIFE AT FIRES.

AN ingenious fire-escape, which has been in operation in France for three years, and also for some time in England and Germany, was tested in front of *The Tribune* building on August 22d, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. The descents were made from the windows above the tower-balcony, the distance being 162 feet. The apparatus carried on its first journey one man, on its second a man and a dog, and on the third two men. It includes enough rope, rendered incombustible by a chemical process, to reach to the ground, a woven belt two yards long, bearing an iron hook on its end, and the spiral descensor, which is a cylindrical instrument of iron, nickel-plated, consisting of a spiral of two threads with a capped top and bottom. On the side of either capping is fastened a stationary hook, and on its face is a ring fitted for the reception of the hook of the belt. When everything is ready for use the rope is passed through a perforation in the upper capping around the spirals, and is allowed to pass out through a similar perforation in the lower capping. The end of the rope on which the spiral descensor is fixed is secured firmly in the room, and the other end is dropped to the ground. The belt is placed around the person desiring to descend, one band around the waist and the other below the seat. The hook on its extremity is fastened in the ring on the capping of the spiral descensor, the hands grasp the rope so as to keep the head upwards, and the descent is made by the rope slipping around the spiral thread. The rate of descent can be regulated by pulling with the hands on the rope; the more tightly the rope is grasped the friction on the spiral is made greater, and thus the speed is decreased. By holding the rope for an instant and twisting it around the hook on the side of the capping the descent can be arrested altogether. The spiral descensor is not more than six inches long and about two inches in diameter, and, containing no delicate machinery, cannot get out of order. It is said to be able to carry as many as five persons, and can be run from the roof of a six-story building in less than a minute. Costing only $8, the spiral descensor apparatus is an indispensable necessity for hotels and tenement houses, and may be the means of saving the lives of thousands of helpless women and children. In the Summer hotels, overcrowded and highly combustible as many are, the spiral descensor would be invaluable. Messrs. De Lamotte & Marchand, analytical chemists and mining engineers, of No. 240 Broadway, are the proprietors of the descensor.

THE WEBB-BOYTON SWIM.

IN accordance with the terms of an agreement made between Captains Matthew Webb and Paul Boyton, these swimmers entered the water at Newport, R. I., at three o'clock on the morning of August 22d, to contest for a purse of $1,000, offered by James Gordon Bennett, and stakes of $1,000 more. The conditions were that Captain Boyton should give five miles to Captain Webb in the race, thus making Captain Webb swim twenty miles to Captain Boyton's twenty-five miles, and that Captain Boyton should be allowed to wear his life-saving dress and to use his paddles only; and that Captain Webb should use bathing tights only, covering his loins.

The buoys around which the men swam in mile courses were placed as follows: First, near the west side of the beach, almost directly opposite the Chandler Villa, which is occupied by Mr. James Gordon Bennett; second, nearly opposite the Forty Steps at the foot of Narragansett Avenue. Thus the swimming was in plain view of great crowds assembled on the beach and along the cliffs.



NEW YORK CITY.—EXHIBITION OF THE SPIRAL DESCENSOR, A PATENT FIRE-ESCAPE, AUGUST 22D.

At ten o'clock Boyton had covered ten miles and Webb eight and a half. At that time Captain Webb called for assistance, and the steam-launch which was attending the men over the course went to his assistance. He had been seized with cramps in the calves of his legs, and asked to be taken from the water. He suffered much pain in his legs and stomach, but after proper treatment he recovered.

At six o'clock Boyton had made nineteen miles, and was looking somewhat tired from the labor of the day. At seven o'clock he had made his twentieth mile and was feeling his way along slowly. Heavy bets were made that he would not cover twenty-five miles by twelve o'clock. Boyton, however, finished his race at 11:07 P. M. The first person to meet and congratulate him upon his success was James Gordon Bennett. In accordance with the articles of agreement, Webb was out of the race the moment he left the water to go on board the yacht.

NEW WEATHER THEORY.

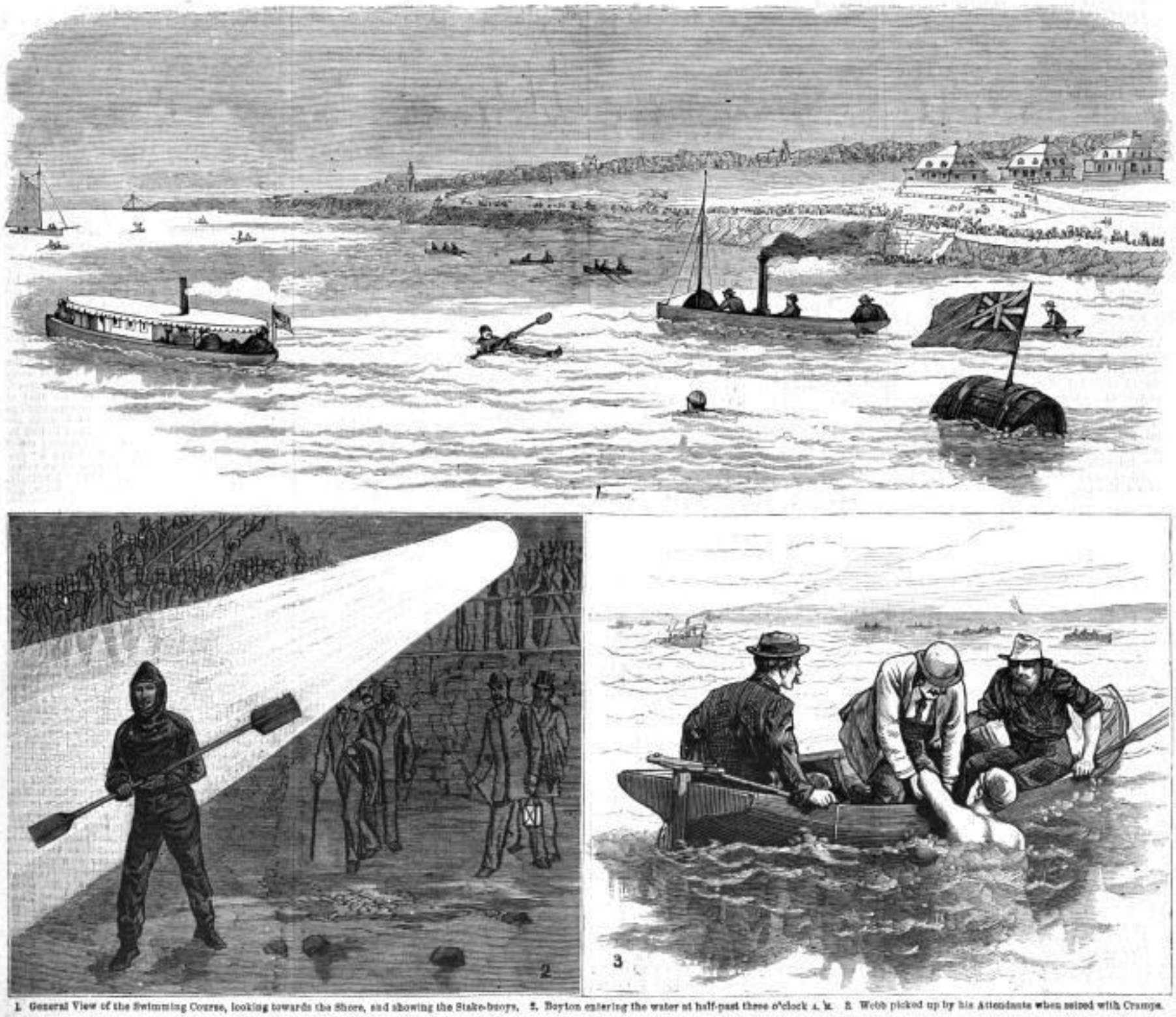
A NEW weather theory is promulgated by Henry Roe, F.R.S., in a letter to the London *Times*, in which he says: I would like to place on record one or two results of careful observations I have made, extending over nearly thirty Summers. The first of these results is that dry and wet periods succeed one another in alternate waves of nearly equal length. Not that this equality of duration is quite absolute, or that the wave of one period is exactly the *fac-simile* of that of a corresponding period at an earlier or later time, but there is enough of regularity and uniformity about the waves to make the family likeness clearly discernible to the eye that looks for it. These periods extend over three whole years for each, and the following simple rules will enable any one to work out the several cycles of years for himself:

1. When the number representing any given year is even and exactly divisible by three, that year is the middle one of the three cold and wet Summers.

2. When the number representing the year is odd and divisible by three, then that year is the middle of a triad of dry and hot Summers.

Taking now a range of twenty-seven years, over which my own personal observations extend, and applying the rules just given, the wet and cold triads were 1853–55, 1859–61, 1865–67, 1871–73 and 1877–79, while the dry and hot triads were 1856–58, 1862–64, 1868–70 and 1874–76; and without claiming that no single year broke loose from this very simple order of season, I fearlessly maintain that all the markedly wet or dry Summers of the past twenty-seven years fall accurately within some wet or dry period as given above; so that no very wet year falls in what should have been a dry period, nor any very dry year in what hypothetically was a wet period. This hypothesis receives considerable confirmation from an examination of the average prices of corn during the years already referred to. Ordinarily, after a dry Summer the next year's averages ought to be high, and after a wet Summer the reverse. Now, it is a fact that high averages prevailed from 1854 to 1856, and low from 1857 to 1859; they were up again during 1860–62, down in 1863–65, up in 1866–68, down in 1869–72, up in 1873–74, and down in 1875–77.

How far these cycles may be shown to coincide with the greater cycle of eleven or twelve years, which is observed in the maxima and minima of spots on the sun's surface, is more than I have time now to inquire; but my good neighbors at Sherborne know that for some two or three years past I have been pointing out to them, in public lectures, most of the things I have spoken of in this letter, and I have been more than borne out by the facts.



1. General View of the Swimming Course, looking towards the Shore, and showing the Stake-buoys. 2. Boyton entering the water at half-past three o'clock A. M. 3. Webb picked up by his Attendants when seized with Cramps.

RHODE ISLAND.—SWIMMING CONTEST BETWEEN CAPTAINS MATTHEW WEBB AND PAUL BOYTON, AT NEWPORT, AUGUST 22D.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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So much for chronicle. Now for one word of prediction. The number 1881 is odd and divisible by 3, and if there is anything in my theory, that year ought to be the middle one in a triad of hot and dry Summers. I am looking forward, therefore, with much confidence to a good Summer in 1880, followed by two similarly good ones in 1881 and 1882, and for the sake of every interest in the country I earnestly hope my expectation may not be disappointed.

FROM ALTAR TO HALTER.

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE to say Ada seemed from the moment of her husband's committal to be a different woman. She no longer needed sympathy and support, but became in will and energy a man. What that woman thought and worked out at that time was something marvelous. She was the only woman I ever worshiped—and my devotion dates from the moment when she dropped half her womanhood.

It was a strange thing, too—a thing inexplicable to all but herself at first, that Ada should have retained possession of their rooms in the hotel at Scarboro. For Ben was removed to an assize town fifty or sixty miles distant, and she visited him every day. Still more singular was it that she should continue to sleep in that bedroom—the first she had ever shared with Ben, and should come and go between this and the distant prison. Or, more strange yet, that she should sit alone, by candle-light, in the crimson sitting-room, thinking and scheming by the hour together.

But her time was not all wasted in dreaming. During the days she paid frequent visits to Ben's lawyer. It would, in fact, be fair to say, she drew the brief for the defense. And she raised up evidence to combat the suspicion of jealousy, and to support the theory of suicide—for she really believed that Timms had destroyed his own life.

Day after day Ada comforted Ben as well as she could, told him what she was doing, what she thought, what she intended, and buoyed him up with hopes built, many of them, upon grounds more shadowy than she dare acknowledge even to herself; for no solution of the mystery, nor clue to solution, had yet been found.

The first day of the assize came, and was spent in the usual formulæ.

The second morning came, and with it early came Ada to her husband.

How the woman was altered! She looked ten years older than on the day she changed her name, but twenty times more beautiful. The courage of that woman, too!

"Dear Ben," she said, on this morning, "do not despair. *I* do not. There is yet hope of clear acquittal. You may be called into court to-day, and many things may happen; but do not in any event yield to despair. Search me out, for I shall be there, and let my presence remind you that there is, *after all*, great hope. I dreamt again last night the dream I had and related to you on that dreadful night—just exactly the same. I found myself in the same room, with its crimson walls and floor and drapery, and poor Timms just as at first. I roused myself and did as I had previously determined: I went down to the sitting-room and sat in it, waiting, till daybreak. But nothing new occurred. I saw nothing, heard nothing—only waited there. You smile and shake your head. You think me foolish and superstitious, do you not? But I shall fathom the mystery yet. My dream, thrice repeated—always the same—means something. I shall see you free and happy yet. I know it. Something tells me so, quite plainly. Take heart, and—and—don't mind *whatever* occurs to-day."

The great trial of the day—Ben's trial—came on early. Nobody who had known Ben when he married Miss Carmeen so recently, would have identified him in the broken, haggard man who stood there at the dock.

As soon as the dizziness passed away, and he could distinguish faces in the great court-room, Ben sought the face of his wife. She was soon found. She sat near the prisoner's counsel, looking like a piece of fine statuary, dressed—Ben observed this—just as she had been on the morning when they two walked upon the beach and met poor Timms at Scarboro. She looked wistfully at him again and again during the trial; he seldom moved his eyes from her face.

It seemed a long day. It seemed a short day.

When the court adjourned for luncheon, Ada joined her husband in the prisoner's room, and found him in low spirits. The witnesses for the prosecution had all been examined, and all their evidence, with the exception of the watery chambermaid's, had been given and maintained as before—in fact, the case against the prisoner was stronger than ever—and nothing had been won for the defense. Ada, no doubt, foresaw that her worst fears would be realized; but, though her hopes of an acquittal began to vanish, she allowed no admission of the fact to escape her. Indeed, her hope of ultimate deliverance never so much as wavered, and she tried to communicate that hope to poor Ben.

The case proceeded, was closed, defense and all. The judge summed up. The jury retired to consider their verdict.

After a very short absence the jury returned, and the foreman announced their decision.

"Guilty of willful murder!"—that was the verdict. The sentence—death.

No recommendation to mercy on any ground, no mention of such a thing.

The judge assumed the black cap; Ben stood up, looking haggard and ghastly; the awful sentence was pronounced. Benjamin Smethick Bowden had been found guilty upon clear evidence, and after patient and impartial trial, of the willful murder of Harry Timms under circumstances of so-and-so (all so awfully wide of the mark), and would be taken back to the place from whence he came, thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck till he be dead; and might God have mercy on his soul!

Now the awful silence was broken. Spectators took their last look at the condemned, and began to filter out. Lawyers began to stuff their bags, ready for off. That was the last case for the day.

Well, Ada had covered her face when the jury brought in their verdict, and during all subsequent proceedings she had not made a sign. But when the judge ceased to speak she rose up, and in a clear and distinct voice exclaimed:

"He is innocent, my lord, he is innocent. And God is too merciful to be unjust!"

CHAPTER IV.

ADA was carried from the assize court to an adjacent hotel, and there passed another sleepless night. They were all sleepless nights now.

In the morning she went back to Scarboro—to the hotel—to the crimson sitting-room in which she passed the day alone. Was she mad? Possibly; but there was "method in her madness."

Meanwhile Ben sat in his cell, listening for footfalls he would never hear there again. Night, day; night again, and still she came not.

Ada rose on the second morning, and went down to the sitting-room to ruminate. Even yet she had a lingering hope that, surrounded by the realities shadowed forth in her dream, some hidden truth would reveal itself to her, would rise spirit-like, and by its light dissipate the thick darkness in which Ben was enveloped. Fruitless, hopeless waiting! Then she crossed the room, looked at the window, at the curtains, at every article of furniture. Alas!

But what was that? Something touched her! Only a dog; one that had often followed Ben and her in their walks; only a poodle. Yet she was alone, and she was a woman; she took up the dog, fondled it, wept over it, then put it down and threw herself on the couch. Her brain was becoming fevered; her mind could scarcely grasp and connect two thoughts. She was breaking down.

Hope requires to be fed or it must die, ultimately, and Ada's hope had sought sustenance in vain all this time, in all this trial. She would go back to Ben and try to comfort him. What other could she do? No—yes—no. (Hope was dying but not quite dead.) *What* should she do?

Ugh! Look!

There, just where poor Timms had lain white and dead, there lay the poodle dead or dying!

An oppressive feeling came over her, but she battled with it bravely, and she was able, by-and-by, to touch the dog and to assure herself that it was real and that it was dead. As she knelt there she saw, close by the dog's head, a cigar.

The cigar had not so much as been lighted; The end had been nipped, and the dog had mouthed it—that was all.

Ada's spirits revived. After a moment's consideration she rose up, locked the door—leaving the dog and everything just as it was—went to the nearest telegraph-office, and wired to Ben's solicitor:

"Come here instantly.—Mystery solved."

The lawyer was there by two o'clock, and then Ada laid before him the cigar. He looked at it, and at the dog; and then at Ada.

"Take that cigar and find out the secret," Ada said.

The lawyer had understood that the mystery had been solved, and he didn't like this. However, he took the cigar to an analyst. There was just a little arsenic in the end of it; presumably there had been more.

Ada directed every movement now. The physician who had examined Timms was sent for, and so was the police-officer who had had charge of the case. The cigar, the dog, Ada's opinion—these were laid before them. Well, after going through this new evidence, the precious three could only conclude that it was by means of arsenic, concealed in the nib of the cigar, that Timms had been poisoned—murdered, the police-officer said, and the word cost him dear. Ada never struck a man before, in the face, but she did it this once, properly. And then, poor thing, she broke down.

Poor Ben! Poor Ada! Their sufferings were above description. To him the few days' absence of his wife seemed an age; yet the same few days, bringing him so near the awful morning appointed for his execution, were moments only. To her, the fever into which she had fallen was worse than many deaths. She would start up in the night and run over the old dream, "Blood-red, all blood-red! Poor Timms! Poor Ben!" Then she would throw up her hands and repeat in awfully solemn tones, "He is innocent, my lord, he is innocent, and God will be just!" Thus she would travel over the whole of that dark history even to the end—the end; that was worst of all, for she reached the very gallows-foot. The last delirious outburst was fearful to witness. She sprang out of bed, and, seizing her attendant by the knees, exclaimed, her voice rising fearfully the while:

"Hold! Oh, he is innocent! He is! *Oh, hold, hold!* Ah, my poor, poor Ben!" quietly, now, and with her eyes upon the floor—on Ben's corpse, no doubt.

After she had seen the last of Ben, in her delirium, Ada fell into a long sleep. Her face now was as beautiful as it had recently been awful to see. And there she lay for days and days. Then the delirium left her and she came back to life, and all her trouble seemed forgotten. For a time no allusion was made to her husband, none whatever, by her or to her.

What of Uncle Ben? Poor fellow, Ada never came to him, and all the days that were so long and yet so short wore on, till at length the awful morning came—as how could it miss?—and still Ada had not visited him.

Suffer innocently? Yes, quite so—all that trouble and trial, and ruin and suspense. The hanging was all he escaped.

Yes, he escaped that. God *is* too merciful to be unjust, and it did not suit His purpose, as it sometimes does, to seem unjust.

The way the whole thing worked itself out was this:

The physician whom Ada had called in was moved by pure sympathy and by Ada's persistent faith to believe that after all Ben might be innocent. Yet the discovery of the cigar seemed at first only to point out the means by which the murder had been accomplished. However, he took the matter up like a man, and he and the lawyer sifted everything. The police held aloof, or, rather, were held off. They had worked out *their* theory and cleared up the mystery to their own perfect satisfaction.

The result of much thinking and searching, and consulting between physician and lawyer and condemned, was that the following facts were laid before the Home Secretary and the judge who had sentenced Ben:

Ben recollected that late on the fatal night when he had proposed bed and had called for lights, Timms opened a fresh subject for conversation, and offered him a cigar from his (T.'s) own case, had pressed it on him, but Ben had very properly insisted that *his* cigars should be smoked. That was all he could tell, for he had fallen asleep shortly afterwards. To test the truth of Ben's statement, the cigars which were in his pocket-case were compared with the poisoned one, and were found to be of a different kind. Timms's case was examined next. There was but one cigar remaining in it and that one corresponded with the poisoned one. Closer examination revealed the fact that arsenic was concealed in the nib of *that* cigar. Nothing further could be or ever was discovered. Timms's pocket-book showed that he had visited several towns in Yorkshire and Durham on business (in any of which he might have purchased poison or cigars) before running down to Scarboro.

Now, clear it up for yourself. All I've got to say is, Ben was innocent; if anybody sold or gave Timms the cigars ready poisoned, may God have mercy on his soul; and if—*if* Timms meditated both murder and suicide, he succeeded in executing the most desirable part of his design.

The physician to whom Ben was already so deeply indebted did more than I have yet related. (Bless the man! I'm a rough customer, but I tell you I could just hug him or his wife either!)

Whilst the network about Ben was being cut through, and the Queen's gracious pardon (for Ben's having left off honeymooning so abruptly, I suppose) was being prepared, Doctor Phillips was clearing away all traces of the blood and mud and trouble in which Ben and Ada had been floundering so long.

He tended Ada carefully through all her illness, and seeing that her long sleep had dimmed the recollection of the terrible time which had passed between the wedding-day and the present, he determined to persuade her that she had only had a dream—a long, rambling, delirious dream. He did it very well and effectually, taking care that nothing should defeat his purpose. When she asked how she had fallen ill, he said something very plausible about an attack of sunstroke on the beach.

Ah, then that accounted for the beginning of her dream—about the meeting with Timms on the sands. But *where was Ben?* Gone down to Hambro, and would be back in the morning, the doctor told her.

And Ben was there on the morrow. He had been well drilled, but it was difficult to act his part, and to abstain from squeezing the life out of the emaciated form of his devoted wife—difficult to keep from thanking her for the many things she had done with superhuman skill and love, but he did it. He came there smiling and jolly, dressed as he was on the ever-memorable morning when Timms turned up. And when Ada repeated the whole narrative you and I know, Ben laughed like a very Jove, and declared he should seriously be jealous of Timms if she dreamed, or thought, or spoke of him again; and the physician, closely questioned as to the part *he* had played, in what still seemed awfully real to her, laughed right heartily. Of course, he said, he could not nurse her, and tend her, as he had done, without entering into her dreams. He had, however, bargained with her husband that they should come to his house on Cliffside, and he would like now to bargain with her for the assignment of a pleasanter rôle, if any, in her future dreams.

So as soon as Ada was strong enough to be removed, they left the hotel and went over to Doctor Phillips's. But Ada could not pass out of the hotel without looking into every corner of the crimson sitting-room. Her husband smiled when she turned in there, and she blushingly confessed that her dream—it seemed to be a lot of dreams, all in one—had made so deep an impression on her mind, that she could not help looking for Timms's cigar and the poodle (which she was assured had gone away since she fell ill, with its mistress).

Ada never recovered. The tenderness and skill of the Doctor and Mrs. Phillips sustained her for some time, indeed her health was considerably improved and her complete recovery was hoped for, but she lived only a year or so from the date of Ben's "free pardon." They never left Scarboro, but became near neighbors to Doctor Phillips, and were as happy as love could make them while Ada lived.

When *this* rough old soldier went over to see the couple during that year, Ada related to me the old story, dwelling particularly on my own part in it, which seemed to amuse her greatly.

"Well, my dear madam," says I, in my boisterous fashion, "if I *did* swear 'like a trooper' at the police—assuming that you in your dream had not done the force great injustice—if I *did* swear like a trooper under such impossible circumstances, pray how could you wonder, seeing that I am a trooper? Are you quite sure (for of course I don't remember) that I didn't hurt any of 'em? I must have been almost too much exasperated to swear."

At another time she hinted that she often wondered if Timms ever thought of her, or if he were still living. She did not like to mention him to Ben, because the mere mention of the name seemed to make him unhappy. And Ben was so patient and good, she told me, more indulgent now and more gentle than ever. I advised her to banish all thoughts of her illness, with its delirious dreams, and of her old flame, as I called Timms. I told her I had heard quite recently that Timms had married a widow (for I could lie like a trooper, too, you see) and says I:

"Try to be happy, my dear Ada, for," says I, "that illness of yours eclipsed the (honey) moon quite long enough, *I* think. In my opinion," says I, determined to make her laugh merrily like her former self (as she did; it was the last time I ever saw her, and I can see her laughing now, poor thing), "in my opinion," says I, "the origin of your malady was never perfectly defined; it was no sunstroke, it was moonstroke—honeymoon stroke—or you never would have conceived a dream so preposterous as that in which you sent your husband, by so short a cut, from altar to halter."

NEWPORT.

ITS SUMMER VISITORS AND ATTRACTIONS.

A NOTABLE CLAMBAKE.

NEWPORT is now at its best—in the full flush of its loveliness, its gayety, its abandon. What cottages, clasped by passionate vines! what villas caressed by blushing, entwining convolvuli! Wit, wealth, beauty, rank and fashion indolently vegetating behind interlaced greenery. Avenues traversed by teams that even in Rotten Row would create murmurs of admiring comment. Inlets studded with fancy-looking craft, rich in gleaming spars and sails white as the driven snow. Beaches thronged with bathers, tossing, leaping, whirling, waltzing in the sparkling foam. Quaint streets, with seventeenth-century cross-beamed houses, bravely breasting for two hundred years and more "the current of a downward age," displaying bric-à-brac in delapidated stores to the curious gaze of nineteenth-century wife, widow and maid. Venerable trees that have shaded Washington and Lafayette, surrounded by Norman-capped nurses and tiny toddlers, arrayed in toilets such as might be the priceless gifts of fairy godmothers! Fishermen, brown, ruddy, sun-kissed, in cognes of vantage, engaged in mending nets interminable as Penelope's web. Tourists in hideous dusters, guide-book in hand, prowling like uncaged animals, staring at the Old Stone Mill which has puzzled antiquarians, and petrified archæologists; gazing at the Royal Crown, *absit omen*, upon the spire of Trinity Church; gazing at the organ given by Dean Berkley and the bells presented by Queen Anne; gazing at the State House, from the steps of which the Declaration of a Nation's Independence was thundered forth upon a glorious July day in the memorable year of grace, 1776; gazing at the famous portrait of George Washington in the Senate chamber; at Abraham Touro's synagogue; at the sapling Liberty Tree; at the Forty Steps and on the beetling cliffs; gazing at the Spouting Cave; at Fort Adams; gazing at Lawton's Valley and the fern-caressed ravine through which the gallant Major Barlow led his intrepid little band to steal away the British commander; gazing at the Polo; at fox hunts; at swimming matches; at games of La Crosse; or driving out along the Ocean Road in a long caravan like a life-boat on wheels, to where Brenton's Lightship rocks on the booming Atlantic.

Such is Newport at this hour of writing. On the sea, and yet not of the sea; rock-bound, yet teeming with a vegetation almost Hibernian in its green, almost tropical in its glow; its climate that of Malta or the *tierra frio* of Mexico, its surroundings a strange but delightful mixture of English impassiveness, French coquettishness, and Italian insolence. The avennes at Newport remind me of the delightful roads in the Isle of Wight, each "cottage" being the proud possessor of a green velvet lawn upon which the tennis-nets stretch invitingly, of trees *ad libitum*, of rainbow ribbon-borders, and of a low wall or fence inclosing the entire "thousand-guinea acre." The architecture of the "cottages" affords a series of enchanting surprises—many of these coquettish dwellings being all corners and angles and gables, like an old cocked hat; many after the fashion of the good Queen Anne. Her defunct Majesty's order of architecture is still in the ascendant, and Mr. Caswell's cottage is so perfect in every detail of that period, that I stood at the gateway expecting to behold hoops, patches and powder, and Ramillies wigs, swords and ruffles upon the red-bricked terrace. Who is it that has set the cottagers crazy upon red paint? I see it everywhere, one entire villa being done to death in this sanguinary hue, while the roof and eaves are green as the keys of Mr. Burne Jones's extra æsthetic piano. What do you think of pure white from topknot to shoe-rosette, with a blood-red umbrella, for a morning toilet? This is the correct thing at Newport, and Anne Catherick, of Mr. Wilkie Collins's thrilling romance, was never more snowily attired than the "priceless, peerless femininity" at this paradise of watering-places. All the "howling swells" are here, and would seem to be entirely in their element. At Newport they are distinct—their cottages, their equipages, their dresses—while in New York, Boston or Philadelphia they are more or less lost, save to their order. Here the *oi polloi*, the wanderers who seek refuge in the arms of the Ocean House, or Aquidneck, can stare, and stare, and stare again at the salt of the earth, and, as Goldsmith says, "no matter how beggarly our own condition may be, we like to take a peep into the doings of those who are better off," so do the cottageless, equipageless people who throng the hotels, find tid-bits for the eyes and a whole Winter's gossip for the tongue, in a week's sojourn at Newport.

Amongst last week's sensations at this Harrits, cum Trouville, cum Ventnor corner of the world may be reckoned the visit of the Civil Service Retrenchment Committee, of which Senator M. C. Butler of South Carolina is chairman. The committee held its sittings at the Ocean House, and, having concluded its labors on Tuesday, were invited to a genuine Rhode Island clambake at Squantum, on

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Narragansett Bay, by Senators Anthony and Burnside. The special correspondent of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, together with one of the art staff, was favored with an invitation, and 6 A. M. on Wednesday found us hailed, 7 A. M. breakfasted, and 8 A. M. on board the revenue cutter *Dexter*, commanded by Captain J. G. Baker, U. S. R. M. What a glorious morning that was as we slowly steamed out of the picturesque harbor, studded with the stately schooners of the New York Yacht Club; with cat-boats, their sails resembling those of the *felucca*; with row-boats fit for the embarkation of Little Buttercup; with steamers, their white coats glittering in the sheen of the morning sunlight; while as a background stood quaint fishing-houses, topped by the red-roofed dwellings of the town as it rises up the hill, with the spire of old Trinity—a white needle, ready to patch any rent that might appear in the keen, full blue sky—and a hundred domes, cupolas and pert gables peeping from behind the interlacing foliage of old elms that were young enough when the British war-ships appeared in the distant offing. Away behind us lay Fort Adams—in front of us the Dumplings, while Narragansett Bay served as a mirror for old King Sol, its wooded shores glinting in golden haze. The party consisted of Senator M. C. Butler, South Carolina; Senator George H. Pendleton, Ohio; Senator James B. Beck and wife, Kentucky; Senator Z. Chandler, Michigan; Senator Rollins, New Hampshire; and E. P. Corvazier, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms. In addition to these swells, we had Colonel Gralton and wife, of Washington; Colonel N. A. Thompson, Virginia; Mr. Edward Atkinson, Boston, Mass.; Mr. R. S. Murphy, Washington; and Colonel J. M. Morgan, South Carolina. The *Dexter* is 200 tons burden, and on this occasion was engaged in making her bi-monthly bay inspection, a chance which the party gladly availed themselves of—and it was a merry party. Senator Chandler told stories fruity and dry as Amontillado—especially comments on the cartoon that appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of December 2d, 1876, where he, the Senator, is represented as standing upon a high rock and holding by the tail, by both hands, the Republican elephant that is hanging over the precipice. Near the Senator on the rock is his hat, while suspiciously peeping forth is a whisky-bottle. "It was too bad," he laughed, "for the artist not to have left one of my hands free!" Senator Beck, in stout lowland Scotch, declared against Jacobitism and in favor of his maternal ancestor, the most famous cattle-riever and "doure deevil" on the Scotch border—Johnny Armstrong—a great pet of Sir Walter Scott's. Senator Butler's silver tongue, reminding me ever so much of Mr. Gladstone's, turned on art, and the genial Sergeant-at-Arms spoke learnedly and lusciously upon the subject of dining, and in a manner that would have made him a constant guest at the Neapolis villa of the great Lucullus despite the *demerit*. After we had passed the islands of Patience and Prudence, the spires of the ancient City of Bristol appeared on our right, while on our left Rocky Point—where between seven and eight thousand people a day are clam-fed—stood clear and white against the blue sky. Presently from the direction of Bristol came a long, narrow steam-launch, cleaving through the water like an arrow, and flinging up diamond foam from her saucy cutwater.

"It's Burnside," was the general cry, and opera-glasses, greedily pounced upon, revealed the gallant Senator standing like a gigantic figure-head in front of the smoke-stack, waving his white hat till it appeared to be a part of the propelling power of the boat. The hearty greeting which he got and gave told its own tale, and somehow or other the prospect seemed all the brighter that this cheery, courteous and excellent host had—like Black-eyed Susan—"come aboard." Clearing out of Bristol inlet we steamed for Squantum, passing Silver Spring and sighting Providence, that lay dreaming in a golden sheen three short miles away. And now for a word about the most charming bit of club-land I have ever put my foot upon.

Imagine three acres of deeply indented gray rock idly flung into the blue sea, within a stone's throw of *terra firma*. Imagine every available portion of the rock planted with daintiest green, and with ribbon borders that would have driven the late Sir Joseph Paxton crazy from sheer envy. Imagine walks laid out in fine white sand—walks leading to bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, and bowers fit for modern courtship in its most idyllic and æsthetic form. Imagine the pinnacle of this enchanted isle surmounted by a building, part Swiss chalet, part Norwegian satyr, part Chinese pagoda, with a blood-red roof and walls whitewashed to a dazzle. Imagine lower down on the rock and hanging right over the murmuring sea, a dinner-room all window, all balcony, all brightness—a dinner-room wholly, solely and entirely devoted to the consumption of succulent clambakes! In a snug nook among the rocks is the kitchen, presided over by an expert, a cordon bleu, who was going to eat my head off when I suggested any fish but salmon as part of a bake. "The Squantum bake is clams, potatoes, oysters, salmon and green corn," he flung at me from over the edge of a gigantic stewpan; "I wouldn't use any fish but salmon, salmon, salmon!"

We were saluted from the club by a gun—the only gun, by-the-way, saved from the battle of Bull Run, and inscribed to that effect, with the addition of the motto, "Don't give up your guns." We landed in a miniature creek and climbed to the club-house, perched on its lofty pinnacle. At the porch, a tangle of honeysuckle, we were met by Senator Anthony, who bade us welcome to Squantum, or "The Heap of Rocks," as the Indians called it, and beside him the respected vice-president and secretary of the club, Mr. George W. Hall, whose interest in the institution is as earnest as it is practical, his word being its unwritten law. We passed through the club room, a spacious apartment of stained pine with an asphalt floor; beyond it a large balcony canopied by an awning. A list of the members hangs in this room; a bulletin; two pictures after Girard representing culinary mishaps; a printed document, bearing date 1770, of a procession held in Providence, and, reverentially framed; a set of verses in praise of the clam, composed by a member of the club, now alas! gone over to the great majority, whereof the last is worth recording here:

> "And may your griefs, and toils, and cares,
> Become as airy shams;
> And may your lives as tranquil be
> And happy, as a clam's!"

Peace be to the ashes of the man who wished his neighbors thusly!

After having duly registered our names in the visitors' book, we were led by nods, becks and wreathed smiles into a snuggery giving off the club-room, where Senator Anthony presided over a gigantic punch-bowl, from out of which he ladled the famous Squantum punch, a beverage reflecting the highest credit upon the talents of its compounder, Mr. Durlee, who secretly informed me that it consisted of Santa Cruz rum, brandy, claret, and other mysterious compounds too numerous to mention. We were then taken over the three acres of club by Mr. Hall, and subsequently led into the dining-room, where a luncheon fit for a bench of bishops was served up—clam-cakes being the *pièce de résistance*. The members of the Squantum Club are not the over-dressed, languid, crutch-and-toothpick youths one meets in club-land. No, no! the Squantums are men who have arrived at that condition of life when the best of everything is just about good enough for them—fat, florid, jolly old boys of from fifty to a hundred and fifty; rosy as to gills, full bottomed as to waistcoat, and wearing that bland and beatific expression begotten of the expectancy of an assured and consoling clambake. It is refreshing to behold the Squantums leaning over the balcony of the club house, and gazing affectionately at the preparations for the bake, much as the fat boy in "Pickwick" gazed at the codfish and oysters *en route* to Dingly Dell; it is sublime to behold them solemnly preparing to partake of that culinary ecstasy, loved so wisely and loved so well. There are lady's days, too, as the worthy dames of Providence, whose husbands are members of the club insist upon "Woman's Rights" to the three acres. Squantum is, therefore, no island of St. Senanus. The club motto should be not *Quandoque sufficit*, but *Squantum sufficit*.

The lines of the guests of Senators Anthony and Burnside fell in pleasant places on this glorious August day, for, in addition to the attractions of Squantum, the Commercial Club of Providence, who were extending munificent hospitalities to the Commercial Club and to the Merchants' Club of Boston, at Silou Spring, graciously strolled the distinguished outsiders, and at one o'clock about 250 gentlemen stepped on board the *Bay State*, and in a few minutes were doing eighteen knots down the lovely Narragansett Bay, to the mad, merry music of "Pinafore," discoursed by the celebrated American Band. "Boneless fish" became the order of the day; and, lest the uninitiated might be led to imagine that this designation bore reference to some well-known specimens of the finny tribe, I give the official *menu* as handed me by Governor Lippitt: "Punch, Hope Club; Brandy, W. H. Feamey's Blackcap; Whisky, Old Maryland Rye; Rum, very old St. Croix; Bitters, Angostura; Appollinaris water, lemonade, cigars." So much for "boneless fish." We flashed past the Dumplings, rounded Beaver Tail Light, ran in under Fort Adams, scudded by Newport, and at 4:30 found ourselves once more on *terra firma*, with wolfish appetites for the genuine Rhode Island clambake. Senators Chandler, Butler, Beck, Mayor Prince of Boston and other swells, being desirous of beholding the veil torn aside that concealed the charms of the bake, were conducted by Royal C. Taft, the President of the C. C. Club of Providence, and N. W. Aldrich, the Vice-President, to the altar whereon the all-succulent clam was being sacrificed, and on a given signal the tarpaulin was dexterously removed by an attendant as agile as Leotard. Oh, the fragrance of the perfume that instantly assailed our nostrils! Talk of the odors of Araby. Bah! there was more bouquet in that single whiff of—let me call it that attar of clams—than in all the scents ever manufactured by Rammel or Piesse et Lubin. Several brands, *alias* clams, were snatched from the burning and handed to curious Senators, who, after a coy taste, like Oliver Twist, cried for more; and, after a little preliminary toothing, we repaired to the dining-hall, a vast, airy apartment, draped with the Stars and Stripes elegantly. Before I give the list of those who were present I shall set forth what they sat down to dispose of, and this is the *menu* that met our enraptured gaze: Clams, Oysters, Quahaugs, Crabs, Lobsters, Sweet corn, Sweet potatoes and Early Rose potatoes. This was the bake, washed down by champagne—Souverain extra dry.

The following gentlemen were present: Royal C. Taft, John W. Chandler, Governor C. C. Van Zandt, Hon. James B. Beck, Hon. Latimer W. Ballon, John W. Doane, E. C. Fitz, Hon. T. A. Doyle, Hon. F. O. Prince, Hon. M. C. Butler, Lieutenant-Governor A. C. Howard, Hon. Zachariah Chandler, Hon. Henry B. Anthony, Hon. E. H. Rollins, Hon. A. E. Burnside, Hon. Levi P. Morton, Collector A. W. Beard, Edward D. Pearce, Charles H. Allen, William F. Milliken, Harvey E. Wellman, Hon. Joseph Brown, Charles O. Gage, Dutee Wilcox, Jerome Jones, Edward Kemble, Hiram B. Aylsworth, John P. Spaulding, F. A. Turner, Henry A. Hidden, John T. Clark, George H. Payson, Daniel Day, John E. Weeden, George P. Denny, William B. Weeden, Hon. Joshua M. Addeman, Ex-Governor Henry Lippett, C. M. Clapp, Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, Edward W. Kingsley, Captain John R. Bartlett, Henry W. Gardner, A. D. S. Bell, Edward T. Russell, Gorham P. Pomroy, Francis F. Emery, C. V. Whitten, N. W. Rice, Henry Mason, Addison Q. Fisher, Joseph F. Paul, Edwin G. Angell, F. J. Doe, Charles Morris Smith, Richard Briggs, Edward E. Hale, Dr. Augustine Shurtleff, Ex-Governor Henry Howard, John Cummings, Alexander Farnum, Asa P. Potter, Jesse Metcalf, W. D. Hobbs, Isaac T. Burr, Benjamin A. Jackson, Benjamin Cahoon, Edward C. Ames, D. Webster King, George A. Wadley, Isaac Fenno, John T. Clark, Captain Richard Waterman, F. N. Thayer, William Ames, E. W. Converse, John L. Bremer, Colonel R. H. I. Goddard, John C. Potter, Chester W. Guild, Eugene W. Mason, Thomas Dana, Joshua Wilbour, Charles B. Perkins, Jonas H. French, Charles D. Owen, R. O. Fuller, J. C. Bayley, C. A. Richards, Frederick M. Sackett, W. S. Swan, C. E. Moody, Henry C. Cranston, Joseph Azarain, John B. Anthony, Albert Thompson, Edward Sands, S. M. Noyes, Hon. Amos C. Barstow, M. P. Kennard, Frederick W. Lincoln, Amos D. Lockwood, William Henry Allen, T. W. Deland, Francis W. Carpenter, Phineas Pearce, A. A. Folsom, Eugene H. Sampson, George K. Guild, Charles E. Paine, Henry R. Reed, William S. Hayward, Louis H. Humphrey, W. H. Lincoln, W. O. Taylor, Thomas E. Proctor, James R. Osgood, J. Herbert Shedd, Fred. Reed, Charles Warren Lippitt, W. P. Hunt, William A. Haskell, Oliver Dotson, C. B. Farnsworth, R. B. Fuller, Samuel P. Mendall, Henry C. Morse, J. H. Freeland, Charles U. Cotting, B. F. Guild, John W. Cummings, Herbert W. Ladd, Caleb G. Burrows, D. N. Skillings, George W. Whitford, Henry W. Chatford, William S. Eaton, Frederick Grinnell, Edward Atkinson.

Several speeches full of excellent merriment having been made, the steam whistle from the *Dexter* gave note of departure, and the Senatorial party reembarked amid waving of handkerchiefs, the Squantum gun again booming a salute, gallantly responded to by our captain. It was half-past ten o'clock when we reached Newport; and if the sunny recollections of this charming day fade from out the memories of those who were present—well, call me a clam.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Thiers Commemoration at Nancy, France.

Nancy devoted the 24 and 31 of August to the inauguration of the statue of the late M. Thiers, proud of the President of the Republic, diplomatist and historian. The widow of the great man was received with every mark of honor; a representative of President Grévy, five of the Ministers now directing the Government, Senators and officers, came to join the Nancy in the honors to be paid to Thiers. The first day was marked by the opening of the new waterworks, and at night the public places and the whole city was illuminated. The next day a distribution of alms to the poor opened the ceremonies. At one o'clock the grand ceremonial of the inauguration of the statue took place. It stands on the Place de la Gare, now known as Thiers Place. Societies and municipal bodies came in procession, bearing wreaths and bouquets to lay at the feet of the statue. Opposite it, on a platform, were gathered all the notables. The address of the day was appropriately delivered, and in the evening a grand display of fireworks took place at the Arc de Triomphe, and the statue of the honored statesman was enveloped in light.

Sisters of Charity Bathing Scrofulous Children.

We hear of the great French watering-places and of the gay life of the fashionable coteries who frequent them, but we must not think that all in France is mere butterfly life, or that the claims of the poor and weak are overlooked, and that children's sanitariums are unknown. On the shores of the British Channel, benevolence has its resort, and we picture a scene for our readers. It is curious and by no means without its charm. It is the beach of Berck-sur-Mer, near Dunes, in the Department of Pas de Calais, where the Sisters have under their care an hospital founded for scrofulous children, and generally containing six hundred little patients. Here the good Sisters are plunging into these health-giving waters the feeble and diseased children under their care, some able to walk alone, others using crutches, but all encouraged by the Sisters who, in their full dress, guide and encourage their young charges to sport about and thus obtain all the medical advantage desired.

The Zulu War.

The Zulus possess in perfection the savage art of creeping unobserved through bushes and long grass, and hence alarms (which usually proved to be unfounded) were not unfrequent in the British camps. On such an occasion as this all sorts of ludicrous scenes took place. One warrior rushed out, nightcap on head and with bare legs, with a pistol in one hand, and his nether integuments beneath his arm; while another, in his hurry to get out of his tent, knocked the pole down, and was seen wriggling hopelessly under a heap of canvas. Almost from the outset of the campaign there was a party in Zululand anxious to make terms with the English, and this party has naturally increased in numbers as Cetewayo's arms have encountered sundry reverses. From time to time various indunas, or chiefs, have come in and tendered their submission, and one of the most important of these deserters from the royal cause has been Oham, Cetewayo's brother, an interview between whom and Colonel Rudolph took place at Utrecht, as in the sketch now before us. The difficulties in the South African colonies have been increased by the rising of the Basutos, and the immense trouble in dislodging them from their stronghold, known as Moirosi's Mountain. This stronghold is well fortified by strongly-built stone walls, thrown across the only accessible part of the mountain in three tiers, each tier being covered by flanking walls strongly constructed of stone, and arranged with great skill. All, or nearly all, of these walls are pierced with double rows of loopholes, one row at the base of the wall, the other about two feet from the top. From this it will be readily seen how difficult was the task to dislodge the rebels from their retreat, and the only way to succeed was by investment. Our engraving illustrates an incident which occurred shortly after this investment, when a party of a hundred surrendered after an attack was made upon that part of the mountain held by them. They were attacked by shot and shell, and, taking refuge in caves, were smoked out, the very process which, being adopted by the French in Algeria, excited the indignation of all English people.

The Russian Socialists.

That a reign of terror exists in Russia there can be no doubt. Everybody is a spy upon his fellow; and still the Socialist organs appear regularly, arrests are made hourly, and the disaffection, instead of subsiding, increases daily. In the sketch before us the police have made an important capture, not only in the man himself, but in the form of a secret printing press, the various portions of which are lying about the room. The young lady on the chair is a female student who was found in his company. The man in the long fur cloak holding back the student is the Dvornik, or house-porter, who is also a species of house-policeman, bound to watch over the doings of the tenants. The Revolutionary Society, however, cares little for such a seizure as this; for, despite half a dozen such descents, its organ is found everywhere, being laid by unseen hands on the master's table, unexpectedly discovered among the banker's registers; the Imperial Chancellor is astonished to find it among his papers; it is slipped furtively between the sheets of Conservative journals—in a word, it finds its way, as if by enchantment, on the tables of the *cafés* and into private houses of rich and poor.

SIGNIFICANT STRAWS.

PREPARATIONS are making for a direct steamship line between New Orleans and Havre.

CHICAGO has twenty-seven brass foundries, and twenty-five of them are in full operation this Summer.

AFTER remaining idle for five years the Swedes' iron furnace, near Norristown, Pa., has gone into blast.

COAL mining in Iowa is now so brisk that 32,000 men and boys are employed, and work could be found for many more.

THE first month of the new fiscal year will show a balance of trade in favor of this country of about $13,000,000.

THE present, the largest and most valuable, wheat crop ever raised in Illinois, amounts to 42,041,252 bushels, worth $37,286,151.

FOURTEEN business firms from Memphis are opening whole blocks of stores in St. Louis, and stocking them with fresh Eastern goods.

MR. COX, in his address at the Bankers' Convention, said that all the signs of the times point to a change of commercial empire from the Old World to the New.

DURING the seven months ending July 31st, the exports from San Francisco were valued at $16,457,177, against $13,462,635 during the same period last year.

THE Wabash Iron Company, of Terre Haute, Ind., are running their works to the utmost capacity day and night, and are putting up three new puddling furnaces.

BEING two months behind their orders, the Northwestern Smelting Works, at Cleveland, Ohio, will at once enlarge their capacity by the addition of three new furnaces.

THE increase of the customs collections at the port of New York was more than $6,000,000 for the last fiscal year, while the decrease in the cost of collection was almost $200,000.

REPORTS show that the amount of merchant and bar iron manufactured at the Cumberland, Md., rolling mill during July last, was greater than ever before known at that place.

QUITE an industry has sprung up recently in Mifflin County, near Lewiston, Pa., in the preparation of oak lumber for use in the interior of cars. Large quantities of timbering land have been leased and sawmills erected thereon.

IN Nebraska wheat is somewhat damaged, but is a fair crop, average six to twenty bushels to the acre. Oats very heavy, near fifty bushels per acre. Corn immense, the finest crop ever known in the State. All small grain secured in good condition.

SOME enterprising young man in Idaho have organized a company for the canning of the famed redfish of Wallowa Lake. This redfish is met with nowhere else in America or in the world. It will live only in the ice-cold water of the mountain lakes, and can be caught only in August.

A CHATTANOOGA paper asserts that there has not been a time since the war when the prospects for railway bars were brighter. There never was a season, except some of the feverish years from 1869 to 1872, when so much capital was being put into iron manufacturing, in the South especially.

TRAFFIC in petroleum has been heavier this year than in 1877 even, when it was enormously greater than ever before. The exports for the first seven months of this year have been 30 per cent. greater than last year, and 43½ per cent. greater than in 1877. The number of gallons exported in seven months of this year is 201,958,813.

THE number of bushels of shell oysters taken this year from Virginia waters will be three million, and more than one-third of this amount is now handled by the packers of Norfolk and Portsmouth. The average value of oysters is about thirty-five cents a bushel, which would make the value of the oysters handled in Norfolk yearly reach $350,000.

THE total tonnage of anthracite coal from all the regions for the week ending August 9th amounted to 556,429 tons, against 510,001 in the corresponding week last year, an increase of 46,428 tons. The total amount of anthracite mined for the year is 14,186,076 tons, against 9,256,635 tons for the same period last year, an increase of 5,929,441 tons.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—TEXAS has over 2,600 miles of railway—more than any other Southern State.

—IT is asserted that there are in San Francisco nine organized Chinese lotteries, with drawings twice a day.

—THE Japanese Government has just ordered eleven pianos from a firm in New York. This is the first shipment ever sent to that country.

—A PARIS dispatch says the Edison Company have obtained permission from the Government to establish telephonic communication between the various quarters of Paris.

—IN ninety years the number of post-offices in the United States has increased from seventy-five to 40,876. The number has doubled since 1852. This gives a faint idea of the growth of the postal service.

—THE second congress of Austrian wine-growers will be held at Vienna on September 22d-25th, and will be accompanied by an exhibition of all products, apparatus and implements connected with viticulture.

—THE Spanish Government has appointed a commission to recommend fiscal and political reforms in Cuba, and to devise means for keeping up the labor supply on the plantations. Several Cuban representatives are on the commission, and the planter element predominates.

—A NEW tramp law, which has just gone into effect in Pennsylvania, punishes ordinary vagrancy by imprisonment in the jail or workhouse for not more than twelve months. The dangerous class of tramps, who manifest a lawless disregard of personal and property rights, are made liable to imprisonment for three years.

—THE special committee appointed by the International Meteorological Congress at Rome, for the promotion of expeditions to the Arctic seas, charged with making synchronous meteorological and magnetic observations, will meet at Hamburg on October 1st next, in order to arrange details and to discuss the means of arriving at the object aimed at.

—NEVER before has there been so much corn stored at Odessa as at the present time, as no orders arrive from abroad. The corn in store already amounts to 2,100,000 chetverts, and every day there arrive from 100 to 150 carloads. Between the experts of America and the protectionism of Germany, a rather gloomy prospect awaits the early future of Russian agriculture and commerce.

—IT is proposed to hold an exhibition of ecclesiastical art in London (the Albert Hall being named for the purpose) during May and June, 1880. The exhibition will be open to British and foreign art, and will comprise a loan collection of medieval and modern ecclesiastical art, a division for architects, artists and others who exhibit original work, and another for works of manufacturers.

—A NORMAL college, organized upon the plan of that in New York City, has been opened in Bankok, Siam, by the Rev. Samuel G. McFarland, a Presbyterian missionary, at the direct instigation of the King. Arrangements were made for the accommodation of eighty pupils, but about 130 presented themselves, among whom were twelve Princes of the realm, and the prospects of the success of the college are very encouraging.

—INDIA expends about £70,000 a year on purely naval purposes. Her military expenditure is about £17,000,000 annually. The army of that dependency numbers, natives and all, about 200,000 men. This, say the officials, is kept up to overawe the armies which the independent princes are allowed to keep on foot, and which amounts to 300,000 soldiers. The united revenues of these puissant sovereigns are estimated at about £12,000,000, all told.

—AN exhibition of the national and colonial industry of Holland is opened at Arnheim, and will remain open till October 15th. Judging from photographs of the building and its arrangements, which include a Javanese orchestra contributed by a Javanese Prince, the exhibition should be highly attractive and instructive to all interested in the multifarious products and various peculiar industries and machinery of Holland and her great dependencies and colonies.

—PROFESSOR OTTO STRUVE, the eminent astronomer in charge of the Russian Observatory at Pulkowa, near St. Petersburg, accompanied by his son, Hermann, has arrived in Washington for the purpose of inspecting the United States Naval Observatory and testing the power of the great equatorial telescope. The object of his visit to the United States is to make arrangements for the construction of a telescope, for the Russian Observatory, the disk of which shall be up to the very limit of vision and as large as the firm of Alvan Clark & Co., of Cambridge, Mass., can make, it being the desire of the Russian Government to mount an instrument which will not only put the Pulkowa Observatory at the head of astronomical institutions, but which will enable it to maintain this position for all future time.

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ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY AT SKILLMAN STATION.

CAMP SKILLMAN.

THE CAMP PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK.

RUBBING THE GUARD

NEW JERSEY.—ENCAMPMENT OF THE G. A. R. OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NEW JERSEY AT SKILLMAN, AUGUST 26TH-29TH.—SEE PAGE 11.

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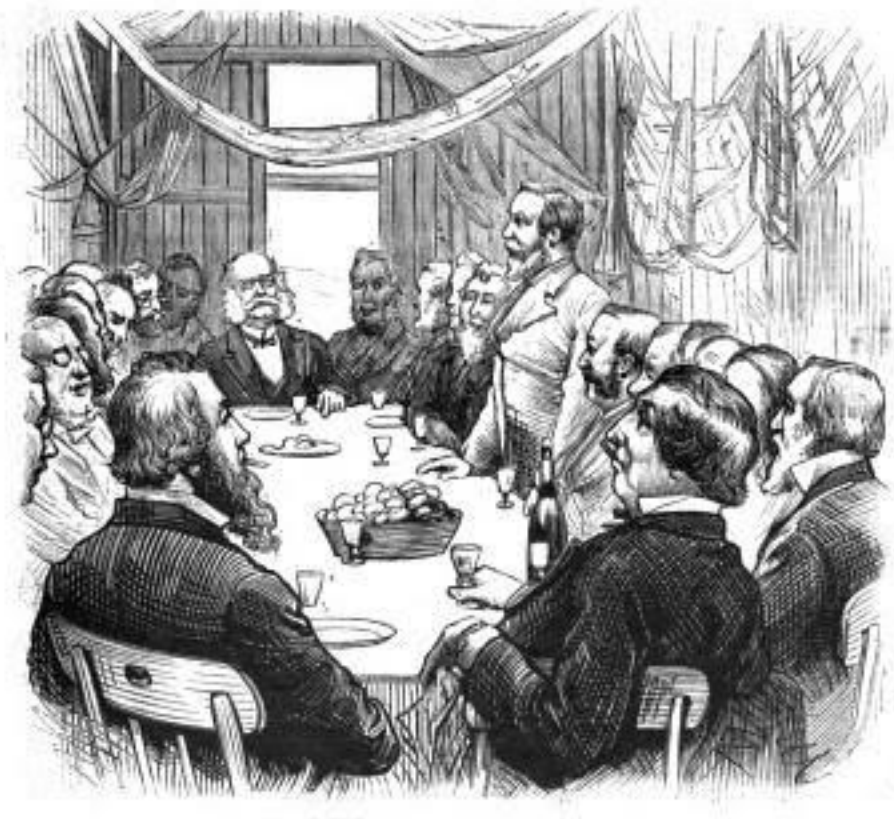
ARRIVAL OF SENATOR BURNSIDE ON BOARD THE "DEXTER."



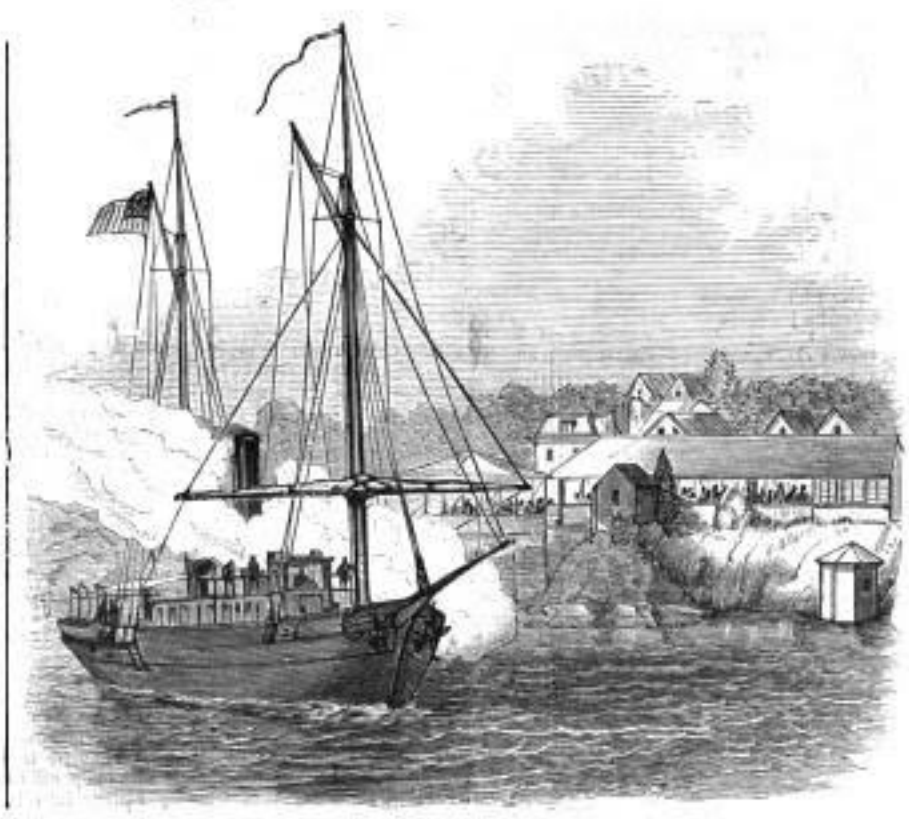
INTRODUCTION OF THE SENATORIAL PARTY TO THE SQUANTUM CLUB.



THE SENATORIAL PARTY APPROACHING THE SQUANTUM CLUB-GROUNDS AT NARRAGANSETT BAY.



THE AFTER-DINNER TOASTS IN THE CLUB-HOUSE.



A PARTING SALUTE FROM THE "DEXTER."

RHODE ISLAND.—CLAMBAKE GIVEN BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF PROVIDENCE TO THE BUTLER INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE AND THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF BOSTON, AT SQUANTUM, AUGUST 20TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN. —SEE PAGE 6.

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WEAVING THE WEB.

"THIS more I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by the loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me.

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow!" she said,
"So indolent and strong will I weave my web,
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace;
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love, hid by the waiting loom,
Tangled the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is so short, though the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web—
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait till the even-tide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And her singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hands on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired and heart was weak,
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"That the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright or so fair to see!

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone;
It is growing too dark to weave," she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

A SOFT western wind is breathing rapturously over everything, extracting as it passes the full sweetness from the myriad flowers of June. At the summit of the slope of the hill-pasture there is a gate, dividing it from the adjoining wood. In front of this gate there is stretched a huge tawny mastiff, half sleeping, only refraining from doing so wholly out of a sense of duty towards his young mistress, who is perched on the gate-post above him. Her lap is full of flowers—of hair-grasses and bluebells, wild geraniums and St.-John's-wort, poppies and celandine. But amidst all these bright beautiful flowers of June, there is not one so blue as her eyes, not one so golden as her hair. A huge bouquet, a mass of harmoniously-blended tints, is growing rapidly in her skillful hands, and she is perfectly absorbed in her pretty task. Presently she is startled and interrupted by a voice, which says:

"Will you be good enough to make that horrible dog of yours move, Miss Eldon?"

"With pleasure. Tartar, dear, get up," the girl answers, bowing her head courteously towards a large lady, who is standing close by, breathing hard, partly with annoyance at the dog being in her path, and partly with the exertion of having breasted the hill. The obedient dog rises unwillingly enough; the lady has a tussle with the gate, and, failing to open it, is fain to have recourse again to Miss Eldon.

"Do you think you could manage this for me? It's so stiff, I can't move it."

"I'll try," the girl says, springing lightly down and swinging the gate open in a moment. She stands back in an attitude of utter unconcern for the lady to pass through, but rather to her surprise Mrs. Granville pauses, puts out her hand in a half-hearted kind of way, and says:

"I am sorry to have disturbed you; your occupation is a very pretty and pleasing one. But, my dear Miss Eldon, don't you think you could find something better to do with your time than to spend it in wandering about with a nasty dog, and in gathering wild flowers?"

The girl listens to this exordium with the sweetest patience and the sunniest smile that girlhood has ever expressed. At its conclusion she remounts her gate-post, and from that vantage ground she speaks:

"You are very kind to trouble yourself about the disposition of my time. If you will shut the gate, Tartar can lie down again."

Mrs. Granville does not shut the gate; she bangs it, and walks away without a word of farewell to the young lady who is seated on its post. Mrs. Granville is the wife of the squire of the parish, the greatest landowner and richest commoner in the county. She has ridden roughshod over the necks of all who have come in contact with her locally, up to the period of Daisy Eldon marking an epoch in local life. It is a serious crumple in Mrs. Granville's roseleaf in these days that Daisy Eldon should have put, not so much a full stop to her triumphant career, as a note of interrogation as to why she should pursue it.

These are glebe-lands over which Mrs. Granville is passing now, and so she cannot order Daisy, the rector's daughter, off them. But the "time will come, my young lady—the time will come, when you'll be sorry that you didn't show me a little more attention," she thinks, as she gets herself out of the sunny fields into her own well-kept shady gardens.

Luncheon is on the table by the time Mrs. Granville gets home, and her husband is there to partake of it with her.

"You look tired, my dear," he says, putting his perception of her hot flustered appearance into the most agreeable form of words his complacent mind can conceive.

"Tired! I should think so!" she retorts; and then she goes on garrulously to state that she has been on a mission of mercy to the village among "her poor" this morning, and that she has had a serious annoyance in coming home through the glebe-path.

"It seems that Daisy opened the gate for you," her husband expostulates. "She can't help the latches being in bad order, you know."

Mr. Granville has a human weakness for Daisy's beauty and goodness; her sweet blue eyes and her mastiff Tartar are not hateful to him as they are to his wife. Therefore he nerves himself to the task of offering this faint apology for her; but the fact of his doing so rouses his wife's wrath.

"How can you defend such idleness and wicked neglect, Mr. Granville? The girl had no business there at that time of day, and the gate-latch ought to be mended. Her father is a negligent, thriftless man, and her mother is not one whit better. If they kept their children at home and made them useful, perhaps they would be able to afford to mend their gates. I blushed, I positively blushed, this morning when I thought of a woman—a mother—allowing her daughter to fritter away her time as Mrs. Eldon allows Daisy to fritter hers away. The girl will be a by-word and a scorn to the neighborhood. Fancy her sitting at twelve in the morning on a gate-post with a dog!"

"She might have done worse, and sat there with a man," Mr. Granville chuckles; but the ill-timed frivolity simply drives Mrs. Granville to do more doughty deeds against the offending Daisy.

"I don't like joking about serious matters," she says, severely, "and even you will admit that the Eldons' case is a very serious one. They are positively not living like gentle people. How can *one* servant do the work of that huge house for that huge family? And they owe money to every tradesman in the neighborhood."

"I pity them with my whole heart," Mr. Granville says, with emotion; "and I'd gladly pull in for a year or two, and pay off all Eldon's liabilities, if he would only let me. It breaks my heart when I think of the way in which he works himself to death in the parish, and then of the home he has to go to. A scholar and gentleman, a man of culture and refinement, to have come to this—that he is scouted by a set of people who ought to feel honored by his knowing them. It breaks my heart!"

"If he is a scholar, why doesn't he turn his scholarship to account? If he is a gentleman, why doesn't he pay his debts as a gentleman? I should. If he has refinement and culture, why does he live in all that wretched muddle and misery that they do live in at the rectory? My dear John, depend upon it, that if he were all you say he is, he wouldn't be in the plight he is in now."

Mrs. Granville is so pleased with her own rhetoric that she does not require any answer from her husband, and he is equally well pleased at not being required to make one. His partisanship for Mr. Eldon is of the flimsiest order, after all; it shrivels up and becomes mere nothingness whenever her tongue of flame shoots out at it.

Meantime Daisy has descended from her gate-post and gone home. The glebe-fields are on the other side of the village from the rectory. And so it comes about that Daisy passes through the village street just at that noontide hour when all business is suspended, and the inhabitants are at liberty to disport themselves on their respective thresholds. The butcher fronts her on his door-step with a gory white apron on, and as she stops for Tartar to receive his customary tribute in the shape of a bit of paunch, she finds that well-known appalling red and greasy-looking book slipped into her hand.

"I've had no settlement for a many months, Miss Daisy," the man says, apologetically. "If you could get your pa to attend to it, I should be that obliged to you——"

He stops abruptly, checked in his righteous endeavor to get his own by the supreme beauty and the misery expressed in Daisy's young face as she bends it listeningly towards him. Her slim hand was closed on the terrible book, or he would take it from her and beg her "not to trouble herself about it." As it is, he feels as if he had boxed with a lamb or wrestled with a kitten when she says:

"I'll show it to papa, Mr. Grimes—not that showing it will do much good, I fear. It's terrible that you should have to go without your money. Would you like to have Tartar?"

The tears spring into the bluest eyes that have ever opened upon the world as she says this, for in offering Tartar she makes the grandest voluntary self-sacrifice that it is in her power to make, or in her imagination to conceive. Daisy and Tartar have been friends and comrades since the puppyhood of the latter, six years ago, and Daisy shrinks from meeting Tartar's eyes now as she offers him to a butcher in payment of her father's bill.

"I wouldn't take Tartar from you, Miss Daisy—no, not if I was sure I should never see a penny of your pa's money," Grimes says, ecstatically; and Tartar, who knows that he is being discussed, expresses his satisfaction at the turn the conversation has taken by frowning heavily, slobbering, and vigorously wagging his large, plump tail. That he incidentally helps himself to a loin-chop off the open shop-board as Grimes retires into his emporium, and Daisy pursues her homeward path, is nothing to Tartar's discredit. He comes of a race who avowedly "take whene'er they have the power"; and as their power is vast, it is an act of grace on the part of this scion of the stock that he contents himself with one chop on this occasion instead of taking the run of his teeth on a prime young lamb that is hanging up well within his reach.

"You wicked thief, you dear, unprincipled old dog!" Daisy says, as he trots up to her side just as she enters the ill-kept rectory grounds, "isn't it a dreadful thing to need food and raiment, Tartar, when one can't pay for either? Oh Tartar, Tartar, I've no business to enjoy the sun and flowers and you, in idleness, while all the others are working."

She does not loiter along sentimentally as she says this to her dog. She runs briskly up the drive, taking especially keen note as she goes of the weeds that relieve its surface. "How they do flourish and grow apace!" she remarks to herself and to Tartar. "It's very odd that the same soil and form of culture shouldn't suit the flowers that agrees so wonderfully well with the constitution of the weeds."

The house itself is a pleasant enough object at this time of the year. It is a long, low, rambling, old two-storied building, with latticed windows, and a veranda running round the front and one end of it. The lattice windows glimmer out from amidst masses of foliage now, and the pillars of the veranda are wreathed with cluster-roses, with jasmine and clematis and ivy-leafed geraniums. Outside the house there is an atmosphere of sweetness and refinement that is very congenial to Daisy. We shall see presently how it is over the threshold. The porch-door is open, and she passes into the hall, which runs through to the back of the house, where another door gives upon the croquet-lawn. This is also open, and through it Daisy sees five or six of her brothers and sisters knocking the balls about. She is about to join them when her mother's voice arrests her, and Daisy turns into the dining-room, where a graceful, harrassed-looking woman is striving to make an obtuse servant understand the directions given for the hundredth time as to the arrangement of the table.

"Mamma dear, don't exert yourself. I ought to have been in before to see to all this; but I relied on one of the others helping you." Daisy says, apologetically.

Daisy has not yet learnt the lesson which her younger sisters are assiduously endeavoring to teach her—that it is worse than vain on her part to rely upon them to relieve their overstrained mother in any household emergency. They are affectionate, unselfish, and willing enough to "help mamma" in the abstract. But they are young, full of bright, untamed spirits, and happily indifferent as yet to the daily round of confusion which is run in the household. Daisy, the eldest daughter and flower of as fine-looking a flock as there is in the county, is also, as Mrs. Eldon declares emphatically, "her mother's right hand." And Daisy is more than this. She is chief counselor in all family complications, chief sympathizer in all family sorrows, chief smoother of all family difficulties. Daisy's clear blue eyes always beam hopeful promise of assistance upon her mother; and in some way or other the promise is always fulfilled.

Twenty-one years ago, when the Rev. Thomas Eldon married Miss Bertram, prognostications had been uttered freely as to the match being the making of him. The Bertrams were a power in the county, and it was quite an accepted fact that they would in time do "something very good" for the husband of the daughter of their house. But time passed on; Mrs. Eldon's brother ascended the throne in place of his father, and Mr. Eldon still struggled on at Burnsleigh on three hundred and fifty pounds a year.

This income had been sufficient, and but barely sufficient, in the days when their family had been smaller and younger. But now, with eight daughters and two sons, it barely enables them to live at all. The parish is large, struggling and poor, and the priest of it cannot shut his eyes to the needs, or steel his heart to the distress, of those who are even worse off than himself. He does "what he can," everybody admits; and, little as that something is, it still seriously cripples his very small resources. There are times when Mrs. Eldon thinks with something like bitterness of the manner of life which is lived by her kith and kin over at Bertram Court, and of the solitary sumptuous state which her only sister, Miss Bertram, keeps in London. Long ago this lady reaped the reward of years of interested devotion to a wealthy old uncle by being left his sole heiress. From which time she has kept aloof considerably from her sister and her sister's family out of a wholesome dread she has that "they may think she ought to do something for them." Miss Bertram has never been tempted to the folly of making a love-match herself. Naturally she is rather severe on those who not only have been guilty of the enormity, but who, having failed in correctly counting the cost of it, stretch forth appealing hands to others, who have been wiser in their generation, for aid and succor. Mrs. Eldon has never asked her rich unmarried sister for so much as one of the crumbs that fall from the latter's well-ordered and plenteous table. But still that sister cannot quite stultify her conscience, nor can she utterly forget that they are daughters of one house, and loved each other well when they were little children. Mrs. Eldon's poverty and generally overweighted condition is a sore trial to Miss Bertram; so she thinks as little about it as she possibly can, and tries to persuade herself that her callousness to their condition is merely a just reminder to her brother-in-law and sister of their extreme imprudence in having brought themselves and their children to this pass. If Mr. Eldon would make his name ring as a Broad Church theologian, or as an eloquent and heart-stirring expounder of evangelical traditions, Miss Bertram would feel something like sisterly affection for his wife. But he is absolutely unknown and unimportant beyond the boundaries of his own parish. He is merely a hard-working, good, conscientious, highly-educated gentleman, and as such he does not redound to Miss Bertram's credit in any way in her London set.

But latterly Miss Bertram has begun to take an interest in Daisy—an interest that does not show itself in doing anything definitely good for the girl, but that is eager to collect all the information that can be got about her. For two or three months of the London season Mrs. Granville occupies the adjoining house to that in which Miss Bertram holds solitary state in Wimpole Street; and there is a good deal of intercourse of the severely social order between the two ladies. That is to say, they give each other the tips of their fingers when the exigencies of society thrust them together, and they dine at each other's houses two or three times, and wag their heads at each other when they meet in the park, and are altogether quite "on terms." It is quite pleasant to Mrs. Granville, who was a girl in the same county set with the "Bertram girls" when they were all young, to be able to tone down Miss Bertram's pride in her present position every now and then by judicious and patronizing mention of the Eldons. Mrs. Granville has more than once goaded Miss Bertram into a state that would have made her verbally dangerous, had not the "social bonds which bind us from the living truth" restrained her. There have been moments when Mrs. Granville's well-modulated laments over the manner in which "matters seem to grow worse and worse with the poor Eldons" have robbed Miss Bertram of much of that serenely selfish satisfaction with a world which has dealt so kindly with herself, and which is her normal condition. "People ought to know better than to make poverty-stricken marriages; they make them for the gratification of their own idle fancies, and then punish people who have been more provident by either perpetually asking for assistance, or by living in such a beggarly way that one blushes to own them." This Miss Bertram has said to herself over and over again when smarting under the Granville lash. But this year she has found that there is balm in Gilead after all. Mrs. Granville sits in the seat of the scornful, as of old, about the Eldons. But Mr. Granville tells Miss Bertram, with yearning, hearty gladness and satisfaction, that her "niece Daisy is the loveliest girl in the county."

"She's a girl the sight of whom makes an old man young again," he tells Daisy's aunt; "a sweet young creature, the sunshine of the parish!"

"When I saw her some years ago she was rather a pretty little child; still, I'm surprised at your account of her—quite surprised!"

Miss Bertram says this guardedly and rather coldly, for she is conscious that Mrs. Granville is closely observant of her manner of hearing tidings of the "poor Eldons."

"She really is a nice-looking girl; at least if you like that yellow hair, you would call her nice-looking," Mrs. Granville says; "but she has not been well brought up—left to run wild; quite like a village lassie, you know. I assure you I was quite shocked last week, when I had occasion to cross some fields on my way home from my poor, to see Miss Eldon sitting on a gate-post, wasting her time with a lot of trumpery wild flowers. It was not the thing at all for a girl in her position to be doing at that hour in the morning. And she had a great wild beast of a dog with her, that I really wonder at her father permitting her to keep, considering the extremely unpleasant state of his circumstances."

Miss Bertram blushes angrily as she listens. The sword enters into her spirit as Mrs. Granville thus triumphantly dares to pity, condemn and depreciate the Eldon family. But a timely recollection of the undeniable ugliness of Mrs. Granville's own daughters, and of what has just been said relative to Daisy's loveliness, revives the fainting spirit of Daisy's aunt. She has been struck by Mrs. Granville, and she will not hesitate now to give a counter-thrust. Accordingly, she unsheathes her weapon and says, suavely:

"I have been almost forgetting that Daisy is a grown-up young lady now. I must have her up with me for a few weeks, and give her the chance that her beauty deserves. There is a great deal of pleasure in taking a lovely girl into society, especially when she belongs to one."

Mrs. Granville feels the stab, but she will not suffer herself to wince.

"It's very kind and generous of you to think of giving this treat to your niece, my dear Miss Bertram; but do you think that it's quite wise? Life, as they live it at Burnsleigh, will seem a very unendurable thing to Daisy Eldon after an experience, however brief, of your clique. I have often refrained from asking her to my house for fear of unfitting her for her own home."

"I have no doubt but that you have been all that is thoughtful and considerate in the way of keeping Daisy back." Miss Bertram says, bitterly; "but if she's all your husband says she is, and she *pleases me*, there shall be no more painful contrasts in her life."

CHAPTER II.

JUST about the time that Daisy's prospects are under discussion between her almost unknown aunt and Mrs. Granville, Daisy hears tidings that seem very good and joyful to her. They are brought home by her father, who has gathered them from the best authority this morning.

"Lincoln tells me that Harry Poynter is coming home very soon, and he has had orders to see about doing the old place up at once," Mr. Eldon tells them.

Now Lincoln is the steward of the Glenholme property, and the Glenholme property belongs to Harry Poynter, who has been abroad for many years, and who has only re-

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cently attained his majority. Some six years ago he visited Burnsleigh, but Glenholme was let to strangers then, and Harry had made his headquarters at the rectory. He had come accompanied by a big mastiff puppy, and when he left them again the puppy, Tartar, remained behind with Daisy. This episode has been the sole bit of romance in Daisy's life. What wonder that she recalls it vividly and tenderly now when she hears that the young heir of Glenholme is coming back to his own again?

"Harry was a dear boy when he was here last, that time when he gave me Tartar," she remarks meditatively, when her father has brought his communication respecting Mr. Poynter to a close. "I wonder if he will have grown too big a man for us now."

"He'll have grown too big a man to swing with you in the garden or roast chestnuts with you in the harness-room; and as we have no other form of entertainment to offer him, we need not trouble our heads about him, I think, Daisy," Mrs. Eldon says, in a tone that is indicative of a desire to crush out the dawning interest in the "coming man" from her daughter's heart.

"Now, mamma, it's not like you to be ungracious to big men, any more than to little boys," Daisy says, coaxingly. "We gave Harry a greeting when he was a hobbledehoy, and we wanted no return for it. We'll give him a greeting again now that he has grown out of hobbledehoyhood, and there let it end—we shall want no return for that either."

"Why, Daisy, how seriously you speak!" Daisy's next sister, Ethel, says inquiringly.

"Not seriously—savagely, I'm afraid!" Daisy cries, rousing herself from her unwontedly serious mood. "For a minute I felt all awry with everything. Mamma dear, you are right: a young man about whose coming home a fuss is made, and paid for, is too big a man for us."

"That's just one of the nonsensical notions you girls take up," Daisy's elder brother remarks, lounging into the room with the air of one who is quite competent to put them all in the straight path that shall surely lead them to a right judgment. He is a year or two older than Daisy, and he too, like his old friend, Henry Poynter, Esq., of Glenholme, has just attained his majority. But his majority has not brought him anything particularly good, saving the knowledge that he has to look out for himself in the future, and that if he wants bread-and-butter he must work for it. Willie is a clever, sweet-natured, true-hearted young fellow, full of a queer mixture of village simplicity and University audacity; for Mr. Eldon has made a mighty effort, crippling himself and the others horribly to do it. He has sent Willie to Oxford, and the boy has done well there, both as regards work and the making of friends. It is settled that in the course of a week or two he shall take his place as tutor to Lord Gerald Deane, the second son of the Marquis of Beauton, whose eldest son, Lord St. Briac, has been a college-friend of Willie's. Altogether, it is gossiped in the village that the fortunes of the Eldon family are looking up a little just at this juncture; for almost simultaneously with the report of Willie's having obtained this tutorship, another rumor arises to the effect that "Miss Daisy's rich aunt has asked her on a visit to London."

That this is true soon becomes an ascertained fact. Daisy's departure causes more commotion in Burnsleigh than the coming home of the young owner of Glenholme. Everybody knows the girl with the big blue, black-lashed eyes, and everybody likes her well. They have seen her grow up in their midst; this one has given her a ride on his horse; that one has given her the great delight of feeding his poultry and chasing his pigs. The farmers one and all pay their tithes more willingly to Mr. Eldon than they would to any other man, simply because he is "Miss Daisy's father"; and as for the poor people (to whom she has but little to give, poor child, but a few stray pence at times, and an unceasingly kind interest), they would sacrifice Mrs. Granville and her ill-favored daughters at any given moment in cold blood for the sake of Daisy Eldon.

(*To be continued.*)

SUMMER LIFE AT SARATOGA.

SIX O'CLOCK! and it is "correct form" to be en route to the lake. The road in some places is literally blocked with vehicles of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions, from the stately drag, tooled by four "bits o' blood," to the dumpy basket-phaeton attached to a pony not much bigger than a Mount St. Bernard mastiff. To stand on the top of the hill and gaze into the dip in the road is a sight worthy the seeing, while it conveys a wholesome idea of the wealth, magnificence and luxury of the sojourners at fair Saratoga. As far as the eye can reach, carriages roll onward, while equestrians in the horsiest of pantaloons, and *equestriennes* in the sauciest of hats, enjoy the fierce fascination of the gallop, or the bland beatitude of the amble. The horsefish is "all there," and the display of satin coats, dainty limbs, tossing heads, and the glittering paraphernalia attached to the realm of the stable is worthy of Newmarket at its best, or even of the road to Royal Ascot.

The drive to the lake in the glowing amber of sunset possesses an irresistible charm—the tender greenery, the placid waters, the overarching trees, and the delicious cool that comes when King Sol has made his best bow to the pale and throbbing evening star. Everybody meets everybody else on the drive. Everybody feels bound to take it, as invalids take the Congress water. The new Fountain Hall is a thing of beauty. Its walls are fretted and arabesqued, and inlaid and dadoed after the most æsthetic fashion. Stained glass windows pour floods of varied rainbow hues on the tiled floor; the counters make one feel as if the elbows were specially constructed for leaning upon them; tables and chairs of elaborate and "high art" pattern are scattered here and there, while baskets of flowers hang suspended from every available carved beam in the groined roof. Languid humanity, overdone by matinées, dinners, theatres, concerts and balls, repairs hither to "tone," and if gruesome faces are made as the healing waters are tasted, do not tonics always partake of a soupçon of the bitter cup? Everybody comes here to drain what Artemus Ward called "the flowin' bole," the water being drawn by elaborate pulleys from the well, and served up *au naturel*. This is the very refinement of health-imbibing.

The facilities for reaching Saratoga from New York were never so good as during the present season, the fast express trains of the New York Central Railroad supplying just the accommodations needed for quick and easy transit.

NEW JERSEY GRAND ARMY REPUBLIC ENCAMPMENT.

THE four days' annual encampment of the G.A.R., Department of New Jersey, which began August 26th, at Skillman Station, on the line of the Philadelphia and Bound Brook Railroad, about forty-five miles from New York, had been anticipated with great interest by the veterans of that State, and the success of the opening day afforded them the liveliest gratification. The camp, located in a beautiful pastoral region, amid smiling orchards and fertile fields, presented a picture full of spectacular effects, while the strict maintenance of military regulations and discipline gave a peculiarly realistic air to the whole scene. The tents, pitched on the southeasterly side of the grounds, were sheltered by a belt of woods; close at hand an ample parade-ground afforded facilities for drills, reviews, etc., while within easy reach, commissary structures supplied everything needed by the crowds of visitors or by the veterans themselves. The programme included a review and dress parade, a Gatling gun battery drill, a sham battle, addresses by distinguished guests, etc. Our illustrations present a view of the camp and of the arrival of the veterans and the military at Skillman Station, and depict also some of the incidents of the opening day, showing especially the activity of the average young lady in evading camp regulations, and the industry of the "hot-corn man" and traveling photographer in making the most of their opportunities.

POLITICAL TRAGEDY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO was startled, August 24th, by a political tragedy. The Rev. I. S. Kalloch, the workingmen's candidate for Mayor, at a public meeting on the evening previous, uttered a disgraceful charge against the aged mother of Mr. Charles De Young, the principal proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The cause of this public assault is found in articles of a defamatory character, recently published in Mr. De Young's newspaper. On the morning of the 24th Mr. De Young drove in a coupé to Mr. Kalloch's office and called out the latter. On his approach Mr. De Young fired a revolver at him twice, one bullet piercing his left lung and the other his thigh. A mob immediately set upon Mr. De Young, who, with great difficulty and much risk, was conveyed to the City Hall Prison. The mob then threatened to take him out and hang him, but were deterred from so doing, first by the prompt action of the police and the military, and, secondly, by the moderate words of Denis Kearney. Intense excitement prevailed in San Francisco and all the California towns, and an outbreak would have certainly resulted in bloodshed and waste of property. At last accounts Mr. Kalloch was still alive.

The Production of Precious Metals.

Some very interesting figures on the production of precious metals have been given by Dr. Adolph Soetbeer. It is estimated by good authorities that prior to 1492 there were no more than $165,000,000 of specie in Europe available for exchange. Since that time and to 1878 the production of gold is put at $6,612,193,087, and of silver at $7,976,429,920. It is interesting to note the production of each century since the discovery of America. Before that time the yield of all the mines of the world was less than the requirements of trade. The modern history of gold and silver begins with the unlocking of the stores of the New World by Columbus. The total production in the 108 years from 1493 to 1600 amounted to $561,493,345 gold, an average of $4,645,307 per annum, and $979,024,900 in silver, an average of $9,065,045. For the 100 years from 1601 to 1700 it amounted to $806,314,580 gold, an average of $8,063,145 per annum, and $1,596,407,750 silver, an average of $15,964,077. In the 100 years, 1701 to 1800, the production aggregated $1,263,806,400 gold, an average of $12,638,064 per annum, and $2,445,371,337 silver, an average of $24,453,718 per annum. In the 78 years, 1801 to 1878, the yield was $4,278,038,135 gold, an average of $54,846,642 per annum, and $2,969,306,915 silver, an average of $38,068,037 per annum. It is during the past twenty-eight years that the production of the precious metals has been most surprising, as the following table, giving the returns by decades, will show:

	Gold.	Silver.
1801 to 1810.....	$17,519,258	$18,236,681
1811 to 1820.....	7,606,147	23,185,313
1821 to 1830.....	9,447,958	19,746,510
1831 to 1840.....	13,494,099	25,272,793
1841 to 1850.....	30,292,833	32,460,293
1851 to 1860.....	134,107,307	38,296,813
1861 to 1870.....	125,294,743	51,312,537
1871 to 1878.....	132,063,628	82,400,000

Royalty in Lisbon.

THE King of Portugal, Dom Luis I., is a young man in the fortieth year of his age, second cousin to the Prince of Wales, who is three years his junior, and between whom there is a marked resemblance. The Queen is the youngest sister of the present King of Italy. The King's father is Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of the late Prince Consort of England. His first wife, the mother of the King, died many years since. His second wife, now living, is an American lady from Boston, named Hensler, and is called the Countess d'Edla. One of the King's sisters is wife to the second son of the King of Saxony, the other wife to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, whose election to the throne of Spain by Prim was one of the causes of the war between Germany and France. In the way of revenue the King is paid $405,000 a year, and the Queen $66,500. The eldest son, heir-apparent, is now fifteen years old, and $22,200 is his salary. The second son is only thirteen years old, and receives $11,000. The King's father is paid $111,000 annually, and his brother, a young man of thirty one, is a general in the army, and has a salary of $17,750 per annum. When you add the King's great-aunt, an old lady of seventy-seven, who is paid $22,200, you have the whole royal family, with their incomes, amounting in the aggregate to something over $1,000,000 a year.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Portable Gas is sold and delivered in England like milk. People in the country and in villages receive it in copper vessels from large cities.

A Russian Physician, struck by the commonness of near sight among literary men, proposes to print books with white ink on black paper as a remedy.

The Working of the deposits of sulphur in Geldbringa Syssel, Iceland, in the southwestern corner of the island, is being actively prosecuted with satisfactory results.

The Austrian Government, on the reassembling of the Reichsrath, intends to introduce a Bill for uniting the Austrian and Swiss railways by a tunnel through the Arlberg.

Chinese Galls.—A new kind of Chinese galls have been lately introduced. They are the size of a plum, bent over at the point, and contain seventy-two per cent. of tannin.

Hydrous Zinc Sulphide and silver chlorids are readily and completely transformed into silver sulphide and zinc chlorids. The amount of chlorine present is then ascertained by Volhard's titration process with silver, and the zinc is thus calculated.

Professor Bechi has detected traces of boron in the marls and limestones of Italy, in the basalts and lavas of Etna, and in trachytes from Tuscany. The same element has been discovered in the ashes of plants and in albumen of ox-blood. He has found vanadium in argillaceous limestones, in shales, sands, and the ashes of plants.

A Special Exhibition of every variety of soap and of the machinery, apparatus and material used in its manufacture, is to take place in Hamburg, Germany, between the 21st and 24th of August. It is the first time that an exhibition of this kind has been undertaken, and, as a large number of manufacturers have applied for space, the success of the enterprise appears to be already assured.

The Authorities of Owens College, Manchester, and of the Yorkshire College of Science, Leeds, have already taken the initiatory steps for preparing a constitution of the new University for the North of England, for which a charter has recently been granted. The Victoria University, as the new institution is to be called, will have authority to confer degrees upon women, and especial care has been taken to secure a proper representation of the graduates and the teaching staff upon the Board of Governors.

The Hollway Invention is the application of the Bessemer blast to the treatment of pyrites, and is pronounced by the Council of the Society of Arts as being the most important metallurgical contribution of the year. So many ores can be advantageously treated by it that its field of operation will be very extensive, and there are perhaps a larger number of persons interested in it than in Bessemer steel. "Bessemer copper" seems likely to become as familiarly known before many years as "Bessemer steel."

The Iodide of Starch has been found to be very efficacious in cases of poisoning by sulphuretted hydrogen, by alkaloids, and the alkaline sulphates, by caustic alkalis, by ammonia, and chiefly by alkaloids with which the iodine forms insoluble compounds. It is preferable to the tincture of iodine for this purpose. It also assists in the elimination of the poison produced by salts of lead and mercury. In acute cases of poisoning an administration of an emetic is recommended before having recourse to the iodide of starch.

The Werdermann Electric Light consists of a hollow metal tube, through which the carbon pencil is gradually fed up as consumed, being kept just short of contact with a carbon disk; the latter is balanced so as to fall down in case the pencil should not, from any cause, be fed up sufficiently to the disk. In this case, contact is made with the other pole, so that the current ceases to pass through that particular carbon, thus calling attention to the defect. Four inches of carbon are consumed in an hour, at a cost of 6d. for twenty inches, and nine lights can be furnished by a four and a half horse-power engine.

Mr. Bickman, American Minister at Bogota, in a dispatch to the Department of State, reports that on the evening of the 11th of July, 1879, two severe shocks of earthquake occurred in Bogota. The first, at about nine o'clock, lasted about ten seconds, and the second, at about eleven o'clock, lasted thirty seconds. It appeared to be a wave motion, accompanied by a slight rumbling noise. The course was from southwest to northeast. Many people were greatly alarmed and rushed into the streets, imploring the protection of the saints. The damage to property was not large. It may have been more serious in other places.

It is Remarkable that, notwithstanding the enormous deposit of pyrites and the exhaustless supply of salt in the United States, no company has succeeded in manufacturing sulphuric acid, soda ash and bleaching powders at a sufficiently low price to enable them to compete with the English alkali works. The former manager of the Tyne Alkali Works, Professor Runge, now of Zurich, has published an admirable treatise covering the whole subject, which ought to be studied by our salt producers with a view of introducing this important industry in our country. With such an abundant supply of raw material as is found in the United States, it would seem as though the manufacture of sulphuric acid and alkali with the collateral branches ought to succeed among a people so ingenious as we claim to be.

The Geological and Topographical Survey of the Western States and Territories, under the direction of Mr. Clarence King, has been fully organized, and is now at work in the field. Hitherto the surveys have been conducted in a somewhat desultory manner, and, although much good work has been accomplished, there has been a great want of unity of plan and of systematic organization, and consequently much overlapping and duplication has occurred. By putting the whole business under one bureau, a great saving of time will result and more accurate results can be obtained. Mr. King is assisted by the most accomplished available geologists of the country, and his own extensive experience in the office and in the field will prove of great value in enabling him to superintend and direct the work to be done.

Respecting the colorless preservative solution with which Cleopatra's Needle has been covered, a correspondent recently wrote to the *Times*, "In operating upon the granite, Mr. Browning first gave it a thorough cleansing, removing all the sooty and greasy matters from the surface, and then infiltrated it with his invisible preservative solution. The effect has been to give a freshness to the granite as if only just chiseled from the rock, retaining the original color, disclosing the several veins, the white spar shining in the sun's rays like crystals, and exhibiting the polished portions as they formerly existed. The solution soaks well into the pores of the granite, and the best authorities consider that it will have the effect of thoroughly preserving the monolith. Mr. Henry Browning has personally superintended the operations."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR WILLIAM JENNER, the distinguished English physician, has been forced by an attack of whooping-cough to leave London.

M. DE LESSEPS, the promoter of the Panama Canal scheme, is preparing for his journey to the United States. His wife will accompany him.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR lately invited to his farm at Utica the Sisters of Charity from the Asylum, with the orphans under their charge, and, with his family, spent the whole day entertaining them.

IT is reported from Rome that the Countess Lambertini intends applying to the Court of Appeals for a revocation of the decision in the Cardinal Antonelli case, basing her plea upon new evidence, revealing her mother's name.

A RECENT marriage in high life in England is that of Lord Edmund Talbot, youngest son of the Duke of Norfolk, with the Hon. Mary Caroline Bertie, eldest daughter of Lord Norreys. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Manning.

IT is believed in London that Lord Lytton will be offered an earldom. Whether, with his moderate family property, he will care to accept it, is another matter. The offer of an earldom to an Indian Viceroy is tantamount to a request to resign.

THE Hon. W. Taylour Thompson, C. B., British Minister at Teheran, will be the bearer of a handsome present from Victoria to the Shah of Persia. It consists of a very fine specimen of modern English coach-building in the shape of a park barouche, painted in brilliant amber and crimson colors.

THE Rev. Moses How, a Methodist Episcopal clergyman of Portsmouth, N. H., is said to be the oldest preacher of any denomination in New England. He is ninety years old, and began to preach sixty-five years ago. He is hearty and well, and preached extemporaneously at Portsmouth last Sunday, speaking with a strong, smooth and pleasant voice.

MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT, during a six weeks' visit to London, has earned upwards of $5,000 by private performances, and upwards of $10,000 by her paintings. The presents she has received from the highest in the land, from the Prince of Wales downwards, have been very valuable. Her pay from the Comédie Française during this period has been about $750.

THE new Papal Nuncio at Paris does not belong, as has been customary, to the Italian clergy. The selection has fallen upon Count Wladimer Czacki, who by birth belongs to the highest nobility of Poland. He is a distinguished linguist, a great reader of current literature and a natural politician. He is an indefatigable worker, and personally one of the most agreeable men in the world.

DR. C. P. MCDONALD, Superintendent of the Money-Order System, Post-Office Department, has been appointed a Special Commissioner to visit Europe to confer with the postal administrations of England and Germany in regard to modifications in existing conventions for the exchange of money-orders between those countries and the United States. He will be accompanied by Special Agent Harrison as assistant.

THE late Duke of Brunswick provided in his will for a mausoleum at Geneva, to be constructed on the model of the La Scala monument at Verona, and with statues of six of his ancestors standing around his stone coffin. These figures have been placed. On the sarcophagus will repose a full-length statue of the late duke, a lion couchant at his feet, and at each angle will be placed the figure of a winged angel. The total cost will be $200,000.

HON. JOHN STARIN was presented with an elegantly engraved series of resolutions, on August 26th, passed in acknowledgment of his kindness in providing boats and barges to carry the members of the Grand Army of the Republic who took part in the ceremonies of Decoration Day and their families on an excursion. The resolutions were in a rich gold and black frame, about four feet by three, and were presented by General Tremain, chairman of the committee.

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, will be seventy-nine the 3d of October next, but he seems to be as robust and capable of severe intellectual labor as ever. He is very young in feeling, and is quite noted for his sentiment and gallantry. He is very fond of the society of young women, and exhorts them, it is said, to call him "George," which is an indication of extreme freshheartedness in a man on the eve of octogenarianism. He has never had any children, though he has been twice married. He has been a tutor, an amateur preacher, a regular school-teacher, a writer of poetry, a politician, an office-holder. He has been Collector of Boston and Secretary of the Navy; an orator, an excellent dinner-giver, and a shining member of society.

THE Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria, who is about to become the bride of King Alfonso of Spain, is the crowned and mitred abbess of the noble chapter of Prague. She has twelve canonesses under her jurisdiction, and at great ceremonials may be seen bearing the insignia of her high office, and wearing a tall headdress which reminds one of the episcopal mitre. Her situation under the statutes fixed by Marie-Thérèse brings her 20,000 florins a year. The canonesses have a prebend of 1,200 florins, and special degrees of nobility are required for the attainment of the position, just as the title of archduchess is necessary for the dignity of an abbess in the chapter of Prague. The office would, however, remain long vacant should the princess become Queen of Spain.

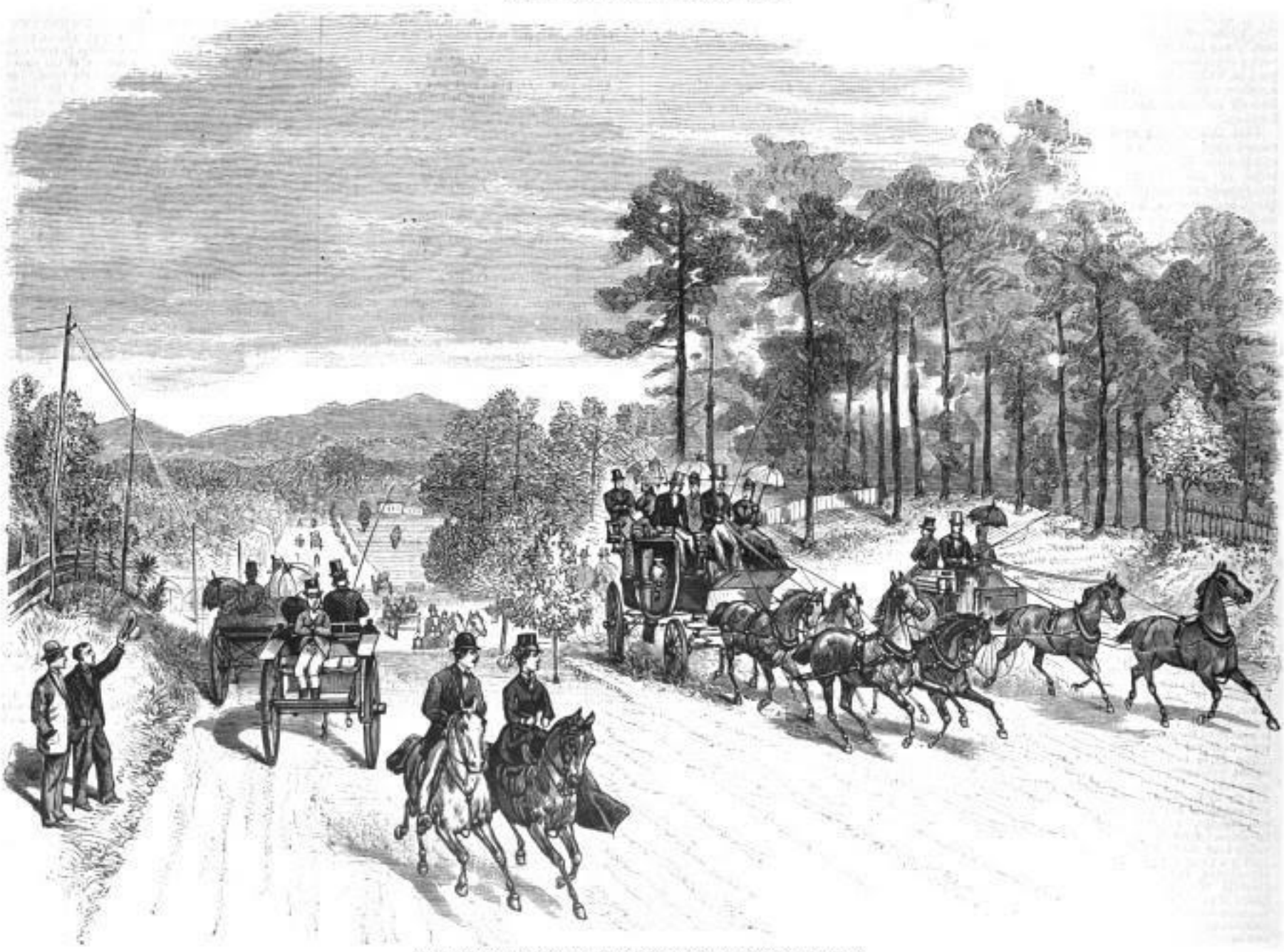
THE principal officers of the corporation of London are paid as follows: The recorder (as judge at Central Criminal Court and at Lord Mayor's Court), $15,000; registrar of Mayor's Court, who is also assistant judge, $13,175; the common sergeant, $12,750; judge of the City of London Court, who is also commissioner, $12,825; chamberlain, $12,500; comptroller and prothonotary, $10,500; city solicitor, $10,000; chief commissioner of police, $9,000; remembrancer, $7,500; architect and surveyor, $7,500; town clerk, $7,500; head master of City of London School, $5,000; registrar of coal duties and inspector of fruit-meage, $5,000; solicitor to commissioners of sewers, $5,000. The Lord Mayor is voted an annual sum of $50,000, free of income tax, to maintain his position; and in addition to this he has his robes voted to him, and has the Mansion House, free of rent, to live in.

"A COLLECTOR of religions," one Rosenheim, the son of a wealthy Hebrew of Galicia, has just died at Czernowitz. His father died after giving him a good education, leaving him an ample fortune. The young man from Hebrew turned atheist, then became a regular attendant at the Lutheran Church, went to Geneva and was converted to uncompromising Calvinism; next formally went over to the Roman Catholic Church; after some time visited Turkey, embraced the creed of Islam, and made a pilgrimage to Mecca; soon afterwards crossed the Atlantic and tried Mormonism; and after passing through the further religious stages of Sun Worship and Buddhism died, having, as he repeatedly stated before his death, been actuated in so frequently changing his creed by an earnest desire to become acquainted with every sort of belief influencing humanity, and having satisfied himself that, on the whole, one was as good as another.

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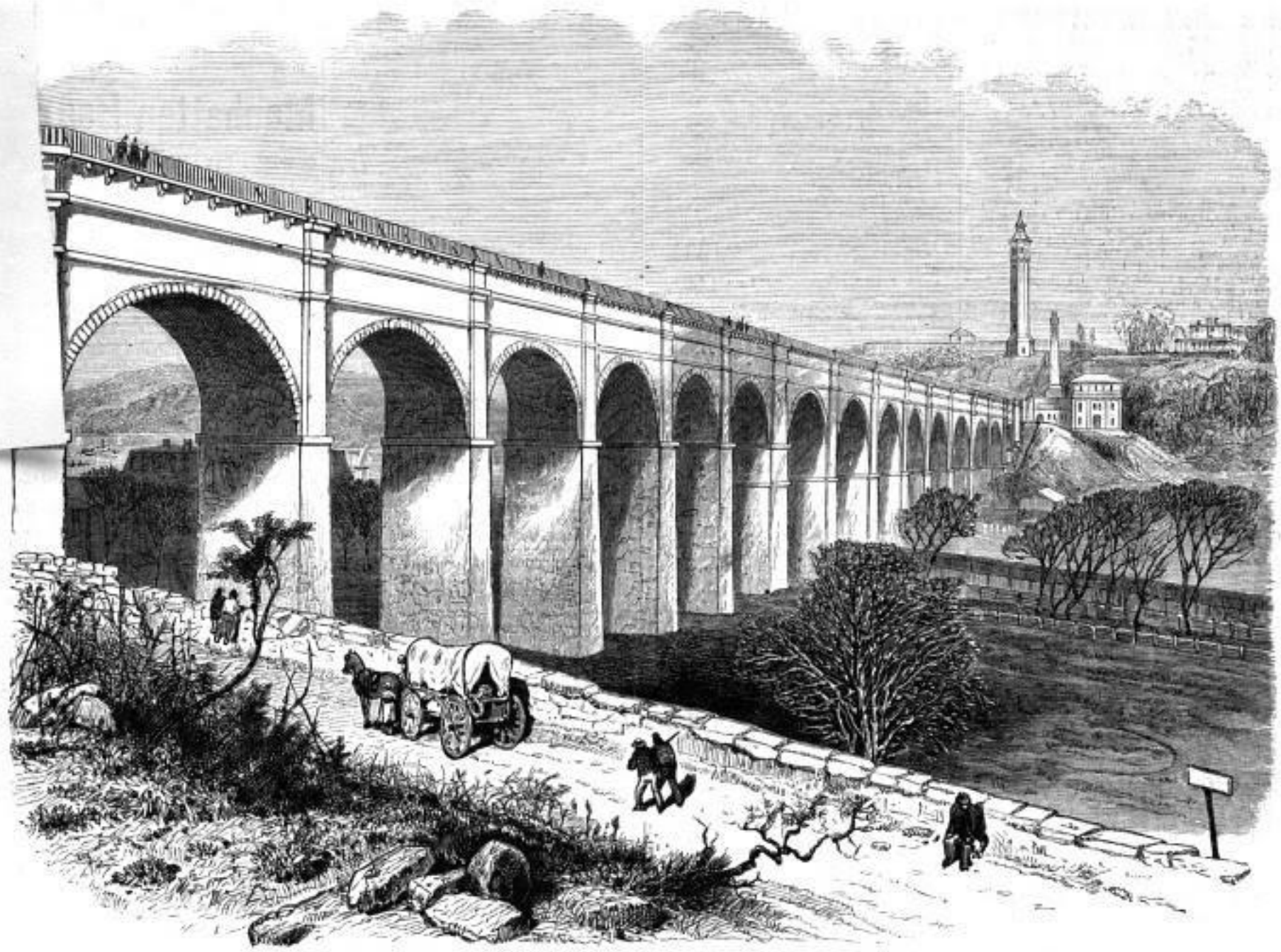
THE NEW CONGRESS SPRING IN CONGRESS PARK.



THE DRIVE TO SARATOGA LAKE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

NEW YORK.—OUR POPULAR WATERING-PLACE RESORTS—SUMMER LIFE AT SARATOGA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 11.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE HIGH BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, SUPPORTING THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.



CALIFORNIA.—THE WATT MONUMENT AT GRASS VALLEY.

THE HIGH BRIDGE OVER HARLEM RIVER.

WE give on this page an illustration of the High Bridge across Harlem River, erected for the purpose of supporting the Croton Aqueduct. The bridge is 1,460 feet long, with eight arches in the river having a span of eighty feet, resting on piers, and seven others on the banks of fifty feet span. The height of the bridge above high-water mark is 116 feet. The aqueduct is carried across the bridge in two cast-iron pipes of three feet diameter, and one wrought-iron pipe seven feet six inches in diameter. The width of the river at the point where the aqueduct here crosses it is 620 feet at ordinary high-water mark. The shore on the southern side is a bold rock rising from the water's edge at an angle of about thirty degrees to a height of 220 feet. On the northern side a strip of table-land forms the shore, extending back from the river 400 feet to the foot of a rocky eminence which runs at an angle of about twenty degrees to a few feet above the level of the aqueduct. The beautiful and massive proportions of the bridge are justly themes of admiration with the thousands of persons who annually visit this romantic location. The thoroughfares leading to the bridge, on pleasant Summer afternoons are often thronged with equestrians and carriages, while the little steamers plying between that point and the city carry daily hundreds of women and children, who find in the scenery at the terminus and along the route a constant source of enjoyment. New York affords perhaps no more enjoyable sail than that from Fulton Ferry to High Bridge and return.

With the rapid extension of the Metropolitan Elevated Railway system in that direction, the tendency of population thitherward will, of course, be vastly augmented, and the day is not distant when all that region will be crowded with pleasant and comfortable homes.

MINERS' TRIBUTE TO A MINERS' FRIEND.

THE late William Watt, known throughout California as the "Miners' Friend," was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, July 14th, 1826, and in early life became a practical machinist. In 1852 he came to the United States and settled in California, engaging at once in quartz mining. His judgment and industry were rewarded with immense returns, which enabled him to dispense benefits with a generosity seldom if ever equaled by any one person on the Pacific Slope. He died in 1878, and an association of miners was at once formed, under the presidency of Judge A. B. Dibble, for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory. The project was fully carried out, and the shaft, shown in our engraving, was unveiled with fitting ceremonies early in May last. It stands in the Masonic Cemetery at Grass Valley, and is of granite taken from a quarry in Placer County. The shaft, which towers to a height of thirty-six feet, is surmounted by an urn of polished black granite, with tastefully arranged drapery. On one side appears the name "William Watt," and just below the words, "Friendship's Memorial." On the day of the dedication there were over 5,000 miners and other friends of the deceased present.

ST. PETER'S P. E. CHURCH, WESTCHESTER, N. Y.

THE fourth church which has been built for the venerable parish of St. Peter's, in Westchester, N. Y., is constructed of a local stone of a warm gray color, rock-faced, and scarcely any wrought stone is used. The plan is a vestibule, flanked by a porch and a tower, crowned with a slated spire, a nave of four bays with transepts and a seven-sided apse, of which the ridge is on the same level with that of the nave. The material and its use, the simple disposition and the simple treatment of the parts, with the unmolded arches and the low windows of the clerestory, give the outside of the church, which is set in an ample churchyard, an aspect of homely picturesqueness which is very pleasant, but which scarcely foretells the elaborate and finished beauty of the interior. At once upon entering the church the eye is drawn along the nave and through the large arches of the transept to the richly decorated chancel and the lights which stream through the windows high above the altar. The four bays of the nave are formed by columns of polished red granite on stilted marble bases, and with marble capitals slightly stained with warm color to take away the cold and glaring effect of white masses in a work of color. The steeply-pointed arches which these columns support are simply molded, are formed of alternate voussoirs of Ohio sandstone and the buff New Jersey bricks, and are defined by a narrow label of red brick. The spandrels above them, to the sill course of the clerestory, are decorated with large buff bricks, set on edge and molded in diaper on the exposed faces. The ground is filled alternately with vermilion and



NEW YORK.—THE NEW ST. PETER'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT WESTCHESTER.

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ultramarine, and the projections of the ornament are touched with gold. The design and the decoration of the church combine to produce an effect of spaciousness, though the church is not a large one, and of mellow and harmonious richness.

The woodwork of the church is of solid oak, and comprises a beautiful and richly carved pulpit. The case of the organ is also carved in oak, though the most elaborate of the carving upon it is placed so low that it can scarcely be seen and cannot be at all appreciated from the body of the church. The altar is in Caen stone, and close inspection shows that it contains much delicate work.

The first church of the parish was built in 1700, the trustees deciding that "Richard Ward shall build the meeting-house twenty-eight feet square, with a turret on the top, for £40." George III. granted a royal charter to it in 1762, and the New York Legislature incorporated it in 1788. The contract for the erection of a second and larger building was made in 1789, and the cost was £336. This structure stood until 1855, when the third St. Peter's, a stone building, of which the foundations serve in great part for the fourth church, was built. Externally it resembled the new church, except that it lacked a clerestory, that the apse was some ten feet shorter, and that the roof was of a lower pitch. This third church caught fire in January, 1877. The woodwork which formed the whole interior construction was destroyed, and the walls so injured that it was necessary to take them down to the sill courses. Efforts were at once made to rebuild, and the result is the beautiful structure shown in our engraving.

Bank of England Notes.

A VAST amount of labor and ingenuity is expended on the production of Bank of England notes. According to official report, these notes are made from pure white linen cuttings, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years by the same family, the Portals, Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process in a department within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence. Consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note except by forgery. According to the *City Press* the stock of paid notes of seven years is about 94,000,000 in number, and they fill 18,000 boxes, which if placed side by side would reach three miles. The notes placed in a pile would be eight miles high; or if joined end to end would form a ribbon 15,000 miles long; their superficial extent is more than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over $15,000,000,000 and their weight over one hundred and twelve tons.

The Coldest Town in the World.

IT may relieve us, when the mercury has crept up into the nineties, to think of a town which Humboldt and other travelers have pronounced the coldest on the globe. This is Jakutsk (or Yakootsk), chief town of the province of that name of Eastern Siberia, on the left bank of the River Lena, latitude 62 degrees 1 minute north, longitude 119 degrees 44 minutes east, and distance from St. Petersburg 5,751 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 85 degrees, but from November to February it ranges from 42 to 68 degrees below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of twelve. The entire industry of the place—population about 5,000—is comprised in candle-works, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting tribes of the Jakuts and Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of cattle and horses, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsk. The Buriats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sables, foxes, martens, hares, squirrels, bears, and the like, and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which, with MAY, is the active period of the year. In May the collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth tusks, sold at the fair amount in value to 400,000 roubles ($300,000).

Insanity in England.

IT is remarkable that the increase of insanity in England has occurred during the operation of a new and improved system of treatment. No one would return to the manacles and fetters of a former age; but it was expected that early admission to asylum treatment would produce more rapid recovery, and thereby diminish instead of increase the number of incurables. In expectation of speedier cure from this cause, vast sums have been expended on construction of English asylums. A return recently published shows that during twenty years more than £6,000,000 have been thus employed. The repairs and extras may bring the sum to not much under £8,000,000; and, taking into account the annual interest on capital, the maintenance of lunatics must cost the country at least £2,000,000 per annum. It is true that the worth of the expenditure is not to be reckoned by the money value alone. If, when the cost is highest, the cure and the care of lunatics is greatest, that system is the best. But when the cost is highest, and the cure and care lowest, the public has a right to complain. For the past thirty years the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Lunacy Commissioners have had entire control; their recommendations have been carried out—their appeals to the humanity and liberality of the public have been complied with. All that money could yield, and that architecture could bestow, in obedience to the orders of the Government or the suggestions of the medical profession, has been freely, even lavishly, executed. Although the proportion of recoveries in all institutions, calculated on the admissions, has fallen, between 1859 and 1877, from 35.12 per cent. to 30.15 per cent., and although the recoveries calculated on admissions to country and borough asylums show no improvement, remaining at 39 per cent., while those calculated in each year upon the total number under treatment have fallen from 9.6 per cent. in 1859 to 7.9 per cent. in 1877—yet the Commissioners in Lunacy appear perfectly satisfied with the results obtained. Thus, while expenditure increases and lunacy advances, they are content to see cure not merely stationary, but retrograde.

FUN.

THE idea that fishes swim is all wrong. Who hasn't seen salmon roe?

BUS-DRIVER (to rival conductor with inflamed visage, in the course of recrimination)—"I b'lieve yer mother must 'a nu'sed yer for a month upside down!"

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said the Widow Smith to the irrepressible small boy. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when little Jack Horner was sayin' to our Jule that he'd take her, even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I bust 'em."

IRISH LANDLORD (to his new secretary)—"Doyle, d'ye hear? I want you to send a telegram—at once, mind—to O'Brian, ordering him to quit the farm." *Doyle* (after a moment's reflection)—"Sor, might I ask your honor to write out the tiligram? Shure, if I wrote it myself that owld O'Brian would know me handwriting, and I'd be shot dead as blazes, sor."

A NEW YORK lady writes, "If I could have my way, every smoker should marry a smoker or live alone forever." Now, do you know that would be rather a nice idea—matrimonial smoke, as it were—one pipe with but a single blast, two siems that smoke as one. Smoking girls desirous of getting married will please mention the particular brand of tobacco they effect.

A BEGGAR is sitting at a certain corner with a placard on his breast, and a dog tied to a string. On the placard is written, "Pity the blind." A stranger passes by and gives a Spanish silver coin, whereupon the beggar calls after him: "I say, this won't pass here." Astonishment of the stranger. "Why, you can see, can you?" "See, of course I can." "Then, why are you begging? Why this placard?" "For my dog—he's the blind one."

MR. POTTER, the member of Parliament for Rochdale, England, who is soon to visit this country, has always had a great desire to visit the United States, with whose institutions he has a strong political sympathy. Speaking enthusiastically of this one evening, he exclaimed: "I would give anything to be able to visit the United States one hundred years hence." "Yes," said Mr. Bright, who was present, "I have no doubt that about that time Potter would give all he possessed to change his quarters."

PERTINENT QUERIES.—What does billet doux? What check did counter sign? Who ever saw a hood wink? Who ever saw a pig iron? What does egg plant? Why did the thunder bolt? Who ever heard a foot ball? Why did the dew drop? Where does clock work? What did plow share? Who ever saw a wheel wright? For whom did penny weight? Who did tin foil? What did brandy smash? What did grass plot? What was it grape shot? What did the pick pocket? Who did the goose berry? Is it jokes that Jim cracks?

THE RAVAGES OF CONSUMPTION.

THE fearful death-roll, covering from a fourth to a third of the number in nearly every published bill of mortality, shows how vainly the medical profession is contending with this cruel enemy of our race. Every one feels that some new agent of relief and cure is the imperative demand of the age. That such an agent, acting in perfect harmony with science and the laws of physiology, has been discovered in "COMPOUND OXYGEN," we confidently declare. Some of the most brilliant cures which have been made during the past twelve years by this new treatment have been in Consumption. The amplest information will be found in our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It is sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1,112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE for September is out in advance of all rivals. It is, as usual, filled with good reading for the family, and is most copiously illustrated. It maintains its own capitally, and is a publication every way adapted to a moral or Christian home. It contains matter well adapted both to general and Sunday reading. Dr. Deems, the editor, is doing faithful and beneficial work, and we hope that its circulation is steadily increasing. It is well printed, contains a great deal of matter, and is cheaper than any other monthly in this country. Price $3 a year.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Star.*

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT is the most powerful blood-purifier and liver-stimulant ever compounded.

CUTICURA is the great external remedy for all humors of the scalp and skin, ulcers and old sores.

CUTICURA SOAP is an elegant toilet and medicinal assistant to Cuticura for all external affections.

Prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, chemists and druggists, 360 Washington Street, and for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one-half times the quantity of small, $1; Resolvent, $1 per bottle; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents; by mail, 30 cents; three cakes, 75 cents.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair.

CHICAGO, May 12 h, 1871.

Since the recent use of your COCOAINE, my previously bald head has been covered by a luxuriant growth of hair. I had always esteemed your preparation as a dressing, knowing many persons who regarded it very highly as such, but never before knew how valuable it was as a restorative.

J. G. LEWIS.

THE date fixed for the opening of the Standard Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, is Wednesday evening, September 10th. The new costumes and properties imported by Mr. Bandmann are of great elegance and beauty, and the scenery will also be of a novel and brilliant character. Mrs. Bandmann will play *Doresquisault*, and Miss Bella Murdock the *Pompadour*. A ballet divertissement will be introduced in the piece.

NO MATTER what your feelings or ailment is, Hop Bitters will do you good. Prove it.

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By Prof. C. F. CHANDLER.

LABORATORY OF THE SCHOOL OF MINES, COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

NEW YORK, August 17th, 1871.

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Chloride of Potassium	8.049 "
Bicarbonate of Magnesia	121.757 "
Bicarbonate of Lime	143.399 "
Bicarbonate of Lithia	4.761 "
Bicarbonate of Soda	10.775 "
Bicarbonate of Baryta	0.928 "
Bicarbonate of Iron	0.340 "
Bicarbonate of Strontia	a trace.
Bromide of Sodium	3.359 "
Iodide of Sodium	0.138 "
Sulphate of Potassa	0.889 "
Phosphate of Soda	0.016 "
Silicia	0.849 "
Fluoride of Calcium, Biborate of Soda, Alumina,	each a trace.
Total	706.895 grains.
Carbonic Acid Gas	302.289 cubic inches.

GENTLEMEN: In submitting the above analysis, I take pleasure in saying that a comparison of the same with the analysis made by Dr. JOHN H. STEELE, in 1832, proves that the Congress Water still retains its original strength, and all the virtues which established its well-merited reputation.

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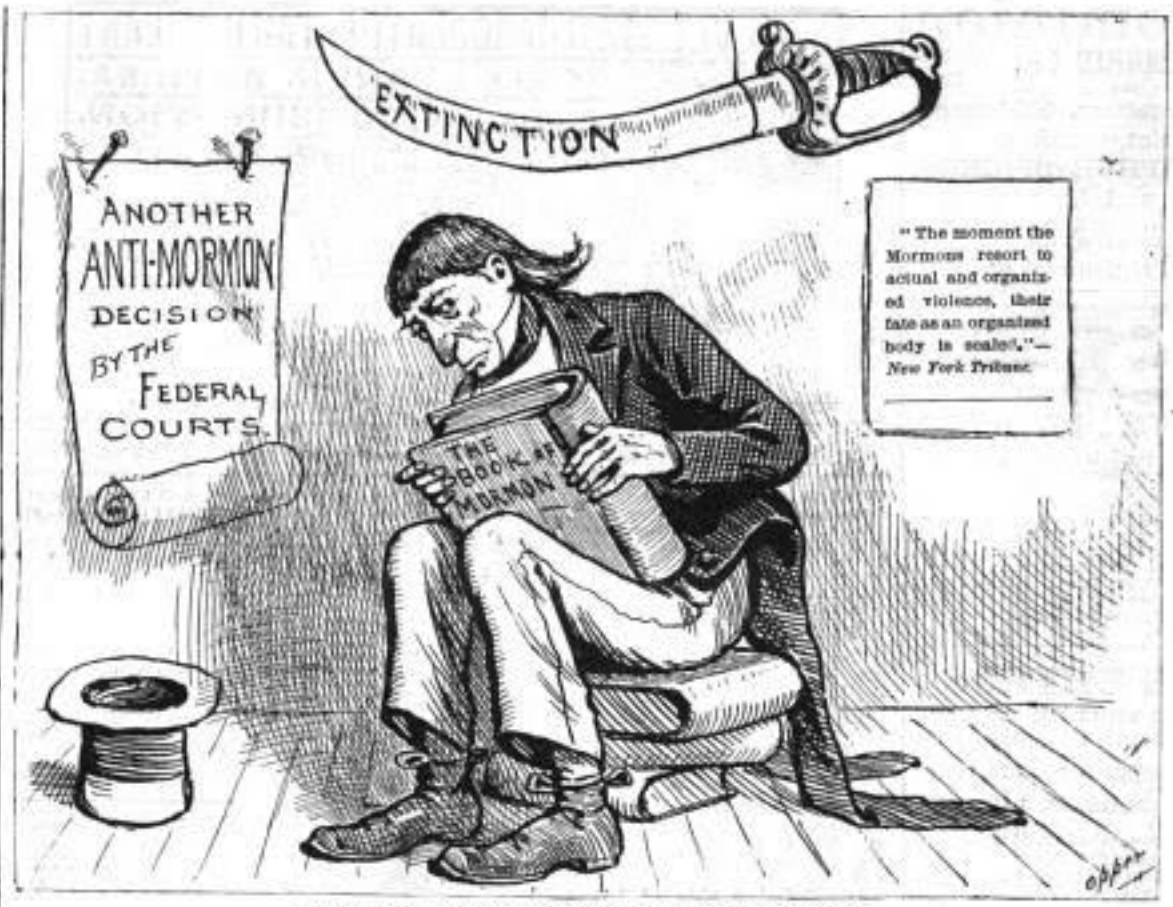
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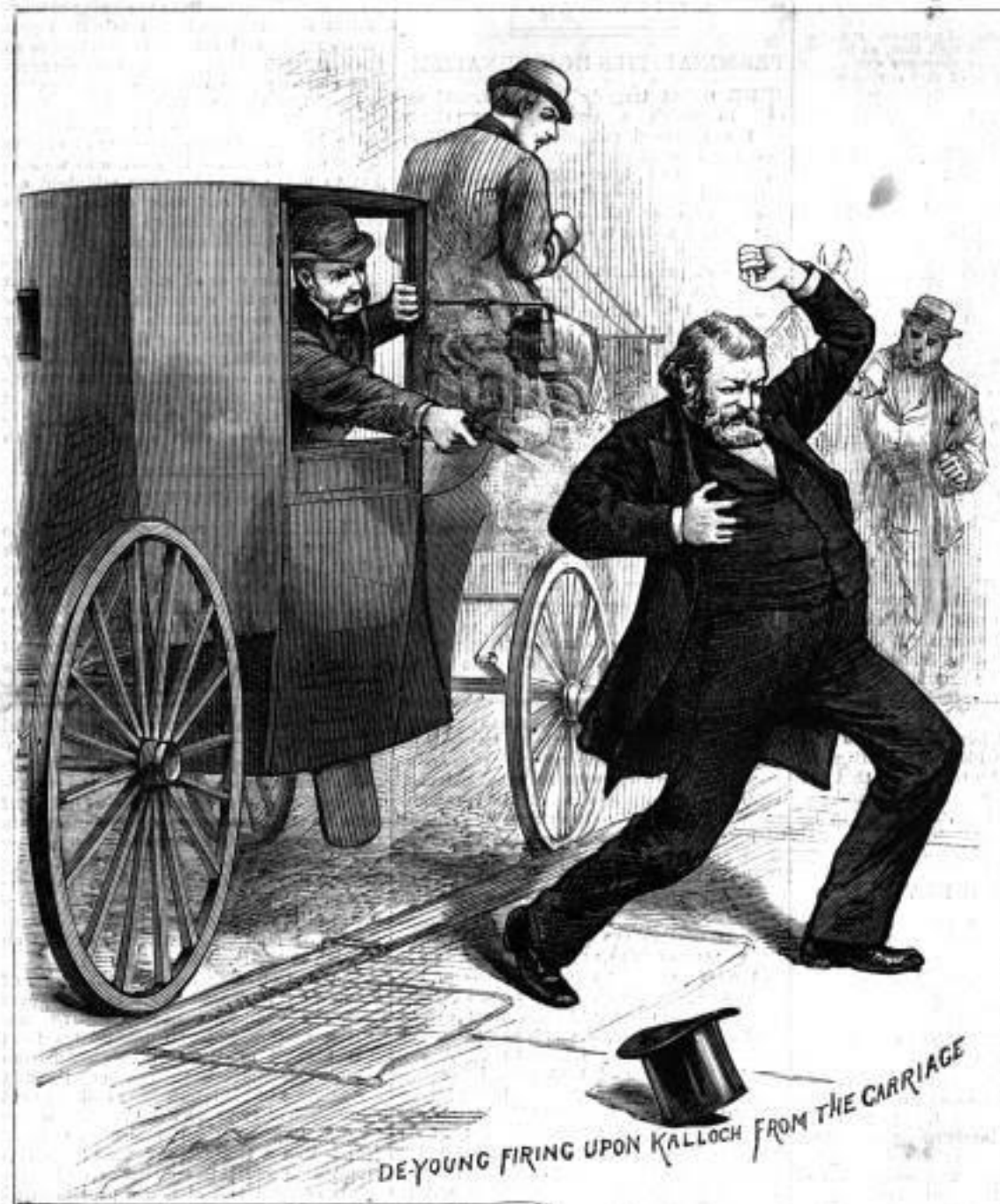
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FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.

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THE TRUE KEY-NOTE.

WE had expected that the dangers and the fallacies of the Greenback agitation in Ohio and elsewhere would be placed in a clear light when Mr. Secretary Schurz came to discuss the "financial issue" in its present aspects and bearings. With his thorough mastery of the subject in its statistical details, with his sound views of public economy, and with his unrivaled clearness of exposition, he has been able to discuss the question with a thoroughness which leaves no important point untouched and no hiding-place of error unscrutinized.

Addressing himself primarily to the financial vagaries inculcated by General Ewing, the candidate of the Democrats in Ohio, he shows that the views and aspirations of that gentleman involve a practical subversion of what has heretofore been the most fundamental doctrine of the Democracy. If there is anything for which the Democrats of the past and present have professed a strong repugnance it is the centralizing tendencies which they have ascribed to the old Whig and the modern Republican parties. And yet, in apparent oblivion of this hereditary Democratic principle, the Democrats of Ohio are found contending to-day for a centralizing doctrine in regard to the currency from which the boldest advocate of "Hamiltonian Federalism" would have shrunk in dismay. Inasmuch as the power to control the currency affects the general prosperity of the country, Mr. Ewing holds that it should be lodged in Congress, the legislative embodiment of the public will and national sovereignty. In his own words, he holds that

> "The welfare of the people demands that this power to expand or contract the currency, to raise and lower values, to give prosperity or inflict distress, shall not be committed to the hands of private individuals or corporations, and, least of all, to corporations representing the holders of public and private debts, whose wealth is increased by every fall of prices and diminished by every rise. It should be exercised by the Government alone, in such manner as shall give to the debtors, tax payers, and industrial classes the assurance of justly-established and simple values."

Mr. Schurz demonstrates that this doctrine is the very abnegation of all that is most typical of Democratic principle in the former days of political contention, and in so doing proves himself to be a better Democrat than the men who are now following the lead of false prophets into the worship of strange gods. We have ourselves remarked on the strange illogic of the soft-money Democrats who, in the last and the present Congress, were found railing at Secretary Sherman with one breath, and with another insisting that he should be the omnipotent cashier of a monstrous national bank, absorbing and disbursing at his administrative discretion the currency of the nation! And when to this consideration is added the fact that the volume of the currency is to be determined by the will of the dominant majority in Congress, and that that will is to be ascertained by King Caucus, the logical Democrat can fully appreciate the justice of Secretary Schurz's language when he declares that "never did the extremest Whig in his boldest dreams conceive so monstrous an accumulation of governmental power as General Ewing claims" for the Federal authority at Washington. That any Democrat who is familiar with the record made by his party in the days of Jackson, and who supposes himself to be an opponent of centralization, should be found supporting the dogmas of General Ewing, can be explained only at the expense of his intelligence or his sincerity. And in so saying we impute no motives but simply collate facts of history which are known and read of all men. No one will see this truth more clearly than the misguided Democrat of the West when the present infatuation under which he rests shall have spent its blinding force.

And if Mr. Schurz has placed the hard-money Democrats under obligations by teaching their late associates what be the first principles of the Democratic creed, it remains to be said that he also has a useful screed of doctrine for the Republicans who are more anxious to serve the turn of their party than the welfare of the country in the present financial battle. He is obviously more eager to enlighten opinion than to gain votes. Instead of seeing in the greenback agitation a source of political capital, to be turned to the temporary advantage of the Republican Party while leaving the root of the evil imbedded in the subsoil of our politics, he seeks to exterminate it "root and branch." It is to this view that we have constantly directed the attention of our readers, with an emphasis and iteration of phrase which may have seemed monotonous. We are, therefore, pleased to find that Mr. Schurz, casting his eyes beyond the exigencies of a mere local and temporary political contest, is bent on guiding the judgment of the people towards a radical reform of the currency. There is no uncertain sound in *his* key note, and it is for the purpose of expressing our entire concurrence in his views, and of reaffirming our own on this point, that we invite the attention of our readers to the following extract from his Cincinnati speech:

> "The constant and mischievous agitation of the Ohio school of Democrats for the destruction of the national bank currency and the substitution of greenbacks may serve one good purpose. It will at last convince every sensible man that, as long as such a Government paper currency exists, the agitation for an expansion of that currency will never cease to disturb the public mind, to threaten the maintenance of specie payments, to endanger the public credit, and to undermine that foundation upon which alone the business of the country can safely stand—a sound monetary system. It will at last convince even that class of well-meaning men who, although in favor of honest money, have been affected by that sentimental idolatry of the greenback which has confused so many minds, that, after all, under our Constitution, as in every well-regulated policy, it is not a legitimate function of the Government to be a bank of issue; that in the public interest it is necessary to take the volume of the currency out of politics; that it is the business of Government to coin real money, and not to print notes; to see that the coin struck in the mints be of the standard value; to prevent and punish counterfeiting; to regulate the banking system by law, so as to make it safe; to act as a bank controller, so as to keep it safe; and, as for the rest, to let currency and trade, in their relations, take care of themselves, without arbitrarily interfering with either."

We entirely agree with a Democratic contemporary in Pennsylvania that the party which is first to adopt these thoroughgoing and sound principles of finance will be the first to secure an important vantage-ground in the political contests of the near and the distant future. Whether the Democrats of the West shall return to this historic position of their party and join hands upon it with their brethren of the East, or whether, availing themselves of the Western and Southern Democratic defection, the Republicans shall be left to advance and occupy the higher ground, remains to be decided by the current events and by the courage with which party leaders shall follow the logical tendencies of the best opinion in both the historical parties of the country. For who can doubt that the *best opinion* in both the Democratic and Republican parties points in the direction indicated by Mr. Schurz.

THE BUSINESS REVIVAL.

THE indications of a genuine business revival multiply on every hand. All branches of industry, as shown in the reports we have published from time to time, share in the recovery. In manufacturing centres it is especially apparent. Prominent manufacturers of certain kinds of goods inform us that they are driven night and day, employing double gangs of operatives, and that the demand shows no signs of abatement. In New England the print cloth works show steadily increasing production, and new establishments are in contemplation; the woolen mills at some points are running over time; the shoe manufacture is brisker than it has been for years; the paper trade is much more active than it was one year ago; and, generally, the report from all quarters and every branch of trade is full of encouragement. In the West, the signs of returning prosperity are no less conspicuous, while in the States like Pennsylvania, where the iron industry is prominent, business is fairly "booming." The Philadelphia *Record* states that fully 20,000 more persons are employed in that city to-day than at this time last year, and there is still an active demand for workmen, especially in the iron and machinery works, the foundries, rolling mills, and hydraulic works, all of which are full of orders. In the cotton mills a greater number of operatives are employed than for several years, and this in spite of the fact that the recent decline in the price of cotton has entailed considerable loss upon many mill-owners. The *Record* adds to its general review of the business situation the following statements:

> "The condition of the clothing and shoe manufacturing industries exceeds the most sanguine anticipations of the far-seeing ones in those trades. The shops are filled with operatives, and many are working extra time far into the night. What is known as the small or under-clothing trade, which has grown to immense dimensions of late years, and which gives employment to thousands of women, is active to an extent never before experienced. The brick-making trade, which has been dull for some time, has received a sudden boom. Workmen are at a premium, wages and the cost of material have advanced, and many contractors who took orders a couple of months ago for future delivery declare that they are actually delivering at a loss.
>
> "No inconsiderable portion of the business revival is attributed to the increased demand from foreign markets. Liberal orders for cotton goods from South America and other sources have been received in this city during the past week. The shoe export trade is also increasing. Two large orders from Paris, a similar number from Australia, one from Honolulu and two from South America, have been received by one tool establishment within a few days.
>
> "All through the State the workingmen are in high glee over the revival in the iron industry. Secretary Swank, of the American Iron and Steel Association, says that there are no idle men in the iron districts. Other authorities assert that the supply of labor is not equal to the demand. During the stagnant times which have just passed away hundreds of skilled workmen have gone West and applied their muscle to the cultivation of the soil. As a result, now that the furnaces and mills are again starting up, the familiar faces of the workmen who occupied cottages around the mills are missing, and the operators are compelled to scour the State to obtain competent hands."

The exhibit here presented of the business condition of the Keystone State applies, more or less directly, to the situation in all the manufacturing States. With labor thus generally employed, capital earning remunerative returns, the soil pouring abundant crops into our garners, and our finances adjusted to sound condition, we may well look to the future with confidence and complacency.

PERSONALITIES IN JOURNALISM.

THE recent tragedy in San Francisco, in which a newspaper proprietor shot a reverend candidate for political honors, illustrates, very strikingly, the fierceness and intensity which characterize all public discussions and all controversies over public questions on the Pacific Coast. But it emphasizes also, very forcibly, the pernicious tendencies and influence of personalities in journalism, and the perils which must menace the social order so long as the Press shall permit itself to be a vehicle of defamation, scandal and abuse. Grave and indefensible as the offense of De Young certainly was, it was in its original form no more so than that of which hundreds of journalists are guilty in every political canvass. He attacked with the grossest personalities a candidate for political honors; so do they. He dragged every accessible muck-heap for filth with which to spatter the grave of one of that candidate's immediate ancestors; scores of political editors do the same in the white heats of every partisan conflict. Indeed, it may be said with truth, that one chief reason why so many men of the highest character, who are jealous of their good names, refuse to have anything whatever to do with politics and public office, to the obvious detriment of the public service, is to be found in their conviction that fair and manly treatment at the hands of purely partisan journals is impossible. They know that, once assuming prominence, their motives will be misconstrued, their aims misrepresented, and their reputations and their lives either torn into shreds or blackened beyond recognition by malignant and unscrupulous party organs, and they are unwilling to pay for the bauble of office a price so utterly disproportioned to its value.

It is easy to see that this tendency towards personalities amounts to a reversal of the true ends and just methods of enlightened journalism. Every man, in whatever sphere of life, may justly claim the right to stand, unchallenged, on his own character and record, and upon those of nobody else. That character and that record — every man's life, as Emerson says, being full of judgment days—are fairly subject to honest and conscientious criticism. If they do not afford a reasonable guarantee of fidelity to principle, and integrity and purity in the discharge of duties, public or private, it is right and legitimate, in the interest of the public, that the fact should be established. But when criticism invades the sanctities of the domestic circle, or penetrates the arcana of private life, it degenerates into license, and license is never compatible with the highest social ends. Nor is there any real justice in that rule of criticism which denies the efficacy of penitence for faults and refuses to condone the errors of youth when supplemented by a pure and upright manhood. Many a man whose character at twenty is deficient in essential moral qualities is at forty a model of every Christian virtue—robust and vigorous in every element and fibre of his moral nature. Why should such a one be denied the use and advantage of the moral capital he has, by patient combat with evil tendencies, put into his life? Why, in a broader sense, should any man—a candidate for office especially—be held responsible for the reputed misdoings of dead and buried ancestors? Whether Reverend Kalloch's paternal ancestor was, or was not, a man of stainless life, is a matter with which the people of San Francisco have nothing whatever to do; it is not the father but the son who is on trial at the bar of public opinion and undergoing the crucial test of public scrutiny, and the popular concern is with him alone and exclusively. To admit the principle upon which De Young attempts to justify his offense would be to doom thousands of pure and noble men to walk in perpetual shadow because some sort of eclipse had rested, at some time or other upon a remote forerunner in the family line. And what would become of all human growth and development if that were to be the rule and standard of the world's judgment? What possible encouragement, under such a law of estimates, would there be for any man to struggle upwards from untoward conditions to higher planes of motive and action?

The San Francisco tragedy will not be altogether evil if it shall serve to deepen and intensify the sentiment of hostility to personalities in journalism, and beget, on the part of the better class of newspapers, more resolute and vigorous efforts for the elevation of the character and purification of the tone of the Press of the country. The ghouls who ransack the graves of the dead for food to appease their brutal appetites; the editorial buccaneers who are never content except when they can ravage and lay waste some honorable reputation which stands as a perpetual rebuke of their own mendacity; the newspaper cutthroats and highwaymen who thrust and wound and kill by innuendo, invective and defamation—all these must be driven from the walks of journalism if journalism is to retain its rightful influence and fill its rightful office as the educator of the people and the conservator of the public morals and the public order. The thief who steals our treasure we degrade with chain and ball and put in prison; the brute who is guilty of cruelty to the dumb animals who serve us we subject to heavy penalties; the midnight assassin who robs and then coolly murders his unconscious victim we hang upon the gallows. Why should the man who plunders his fellow of an honest reputation, dishonors him in the eyes of his generation, and dooms him to the contempt of posterity—doing all in mere reckless indifference or with malicious intent, or that some petty partisan advantage may be attained—why should such an offender against every principle of candor, justice and fair play be held as less deserving of censure and punishment than these whom the law brands with outlawry or worse?

COUNT ANDRASSY'S CAREER.

POLITICS has its romances as well as do love and war. An interesting book might be written about the vicissitudes of political careers. Sudden flights from obscurity to power, like that of Cincinnatus; sudden falls from the summit of authority to nothingness, like that of Wolsey; the traitor of to-day to-morrow's Emperor, the conspirator of to-day to-morrow's Premier—such events have again and again occurred in the world's political history. When we scan the reigning statesmanship of Europe in our own time, we perceive more than one instance of the romantic metamorphoses which the whirligig of time, or the fate of events, have effected in the lives of public characters. The Jew novelist and dandy, Disraeli, wields the destinies of the British Empire; the Jew-descended son of a country attorney, Gambetta, is the leading figure in the French Republic; men once convicted of treason sit high in the councils of Spain.

Not less striking has been the career of Count Andrassy, who has for some years been the Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and who now retires from that highest office to which an Austrian subject can aspire in the prime of life and the fullness of his intellectual and physical powers. Thirty years ago Count Andrassy was a fugitive from his native land, branded as a traitor; and the very sovereign whose intimate confidence he has recently enjoyed had signed a proclamation setting a price upon his head, whether taken alive or dead. Andrassy was a Hungarian of noble birth, liberal education and wealthy estate; but with all the ardor of twenty-five he plunged headlong into the Magyar revolt, which shook Francis Joseph's throne almost as soon as he had seated himself upon it. Like Kossuth and Zempleu, Andrassy was hotly resolved to achieve freedom for Hungary or die in the attempt. The collapse of the revolution drove him, an outcast, far from the scene of his gallant but abortive attempt, and for many years after he ate the bread of exile in a distant land. Unlike Kossuth, however, Andrassy did not believe that he should best serve his country by remaining aloof for ever in sulky self-martyrdom. He therefore returned, after the amnesty, to take his seat in the Hungarian Diet. The concessions to that country by the Emperor after the disastrous war of 1866 thoroughly reconciled Andrassy to the Hapsburg régime, and the following year saw him Prime Minister of the trans-Leithan kingdom. His Premiership was marked by many able reforms, and by the reconstruction of the relations between Hungary and the Empire of which it was a part on a new and constitutional basis; and so signal was his success as a statesman that in 1871, when Count Von Beust was transferred from the Chancellorship to the Austrian Embassy at London, Count Andrassy was selected as his successor.

For eight years this once doomed rebel has administered the affairs of the dual

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Empire—affairs more difficult, perhaps, than those of any other European Government—with an ability so conspicuous and successful, that men with one accord speak of him in the same breath with Bismarck, Beaconsfield and Gortschakoff. He has been, indeed, one of the four great court-compellers of his age; one of that illustrious quartet who, sitting at the green baize table at Berlin, settled the politics of Europe without the arbitrament of war. Indeed, in certain respects, Count Andrassy has wielded a larger influence over the settlement of European complications than either of the other three Premiers with whom he is so often classed and compared. It was he who drew up the famous Andrassy note, which was the basis of the Constantinople Conference of 1876, and which, it may be said, foreshadowed the entire succeeding policy of united Europe on the Eastern Question. He is credited with having drawn up the draft of what became the Berlin Memorandum, and several of the most vital articles of the Berlin Treaty were his handiwork. Count Andrassy was really, throughout the negotiations of the past three years, the man who defined on each occasion the European policy which has been pursued. Within his own Empire he had obstacles to contend with even graver than the susceptibilities of Gortschakoff, the craft of Bismarck, or the suspicious caution of Beaconsfield; for within Austria were two powerful parties, each pulling in oppositedirections, and Andrassy was forced to side against the party which comprised his own countrymen, the Hungarians. Throughout, his policy has been, as to foreign affairs, to maintain the position of the Austrian Empire as a first-class Power, and to protect it from the possibility of assault; and as to internal affairs, to conciliate and unite the interests and loyalty of the many antagonistic races into which the subjects of Francis Joseph are divided. He was shrewd enough to hold aloof from a French alliance in 1870, which would probably have been fatal to the Austrian Empire; and in spite of Hungarian clamor, he had the sense to refrain from interfering, on behalf of the Turks, in the war of 1877. He saw that, for the Austrians to occupy Bosnia was a necessary evil; but he only did this after he had at Berlin secured the general acquiescence of the Powers.

It may be fairly said that Count Andrassy leaves the dual Empire far stronger, more prosperous, more united and more free than he found it; and this is glory enough for any statesman. He has guided it through many perilous shoals and quicksands; he has preserved it from many formidable dangers; and he has fully sustained its position as the political equal in Europe of Germany, England and Russia. At the age of fifty-six, it may be surmised that Count Andrassy's public career is not yet at an end. If he has found it best to retire from the strifes and perplexities of power, it is probably only for a time. The services of such a man are sure to be needed again; but if his retirement should prove final, Andrassy may rest content with a fame which rivals that of the greatest European statesmen of the present century. Certainly no Austrian statesman, since Kaunitz, has made such a mark upon the records of his time; and Austria is a country less fertile in really great statesmen than almost any other in Europe.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

FRANCIS JOSEPH is desirous of retaining the services of Count Andrassy, but the latter persists in his withdrawal, and will probably be succeeded by Baron Haymerle, the present Austrian Ambassador at Rome. The three-fold ministerial crisis in Austria was accelerated by a quarrel between Count Andrassy and Count Bylandt-Rheidt, the jovial Minister of War. The former was for occupying Novi-Bazar with 5,000 men, according to the text of the convention. The War Minister opposed on the grounds of insufficiency. Prince Bismarck is credited in Vienna with having eagely foreseen Count Andrassy's fall. That, say the quidnuncs, is the reason why the German Chancellor has attempted reconciliation with the Vatican, to nip any possible reacting Catholic League with its headquarters on the banks of the Danube in the bud. Andrassy has paid a visit to Bismarck, and between them it is expected the future Austro-Hungarian policy will be elaborated. Hungary is in a volcanic condition, and the "asperities" show every sign of coming to the front. There are indications, too, of a serious disturbance of the relations of Russia and Germany; but the personal relations of Emperor William and the Czar are said to remain friendly.

England and France, having settled their little difficulties over the Egyptian question, have taken the Khédive's finances in hand. The Khédive does not object to the English Commissioner, but he swears by the beard of the Prophet that he will not permit a single piastre to pass through the fingers of the Frenchman. This was the ex-Khédive's little game to a card. How history does repeat itself! England and France are also cogitating the nursing of the "sick man" financially; but that "awfully stupid" Greek question requires solution before any pull can be made on the purse-strings of the Commander of the Faithful. At a recent sitting of the Turco-Greek Commission the Turks announced that the Porte accepts the line of frontier indicated by the protocols of the Berlin Congress. It is probable Turkey will come to an arrangement on all points at issue, but reserve the question of Janina for the decision of the International Delimitation Commission.

Lord Chelmsford has returned from Zululand to receive hollow praise for his hollow victory achieved by his hollow square. He has had a spasmodic recognition, and is being damned by faint praise. Lieutenant Carey is *not* to receive the decoration for valor, although its bestowal upon him would be but of a piece with the entire shameful business. Sir Garnet Wolseley has his work cut out for him, and work of a nature that can bear for him nothing but a crop of gibes, flouts, sneers and calumnies. A guerrilla-war is a maddening war—slow, murderous, cruel and bloody. Chelmsford's legacy is a shirt of Nessus.

At a special meeting of the Imperial Council at St. Petersburg it has been decided to expend five millions of roubles in improving the ports of the Baltic, so as to enable Russia to meet the charges in the German tariff by the transfer to Libau and other Russian ports of the goods which now pass through Germany to Europe. Any excuse, however thin, for strengthening her maritime arm pleases your land-taxed Russian. His dream is a fleet, and a clean sweep of the waters washing his seaboard. The Emperor Alexander is said to be very much broken in spirit. His traveling plans are continually altered, owing to the fears by which he is haunted. People observe that whenever he leaves the capital for Zarskoje Silo, he does not use the railway, but the carriage, lest some mischievous hands should prepare an "accident." Whenever he must use the railroad, his train is accompanied by three other trains, two in front and one behind. So Queen Victoria does not take a trip to Balmoral without the most extraordinary precautions being taken on the part of the railway officials.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is at Trouville, and his conversations at the glittering watering-place have been compressed into manifestoes. "Plon Plon" is personally opposed to a *coup d'état*, that goes without saying, and firmly believes that the Imperial eagle will yet float over the Tuileries. He awaits a reaction of public opinion—a reaction that will be the direct outcome of radical violence. In the meantime, like "Le Petit Corporal" at St. Helena, he will fold his arms and await events. Sagacious Prince Micawber.

Bulgaria and Roumelia are having it out on the subject of headgear. All devout worshipers of the Prophet wear the fez, and the wearing the fez denotes the true believer. On the other hand, the donning of the Bulgarian kalpak indicates the wearer's decided aversion to Mecca and mosque. In Bulgaria, the Dobrudscha and New Serbia the fez has totally disappeared, and it is going out of fashion in Bosnia, Eastern Roumelia, Thessaly and Epirus. The fez manufacturers in Vienna are howling like dervishes over the decrease in their importations, 600,000—while the kalpak manufacturers are chuckling from Bosnia to Epirus. The question to-day in Bulgaria and Roumelia is, "Who's your hatter?"

The labor troubles in Great Britain continue, and emigration as a means of relief is generally discussed. Eighty farmers have just sailed from Liverpool for this country, bringing with them considerable capital which they propose to invest in land. In Sheffield the workingmen have already taken steps to promote the emigration of surplus labor.—The announcement is made that a special French representative will be sent to greet the Emperor William of Germany on his approaching visit to Metz.—The arrangements for the marriage of King Alfonso are in progress. It is hinted that the marriage will be signalized by the conclusion of an arrangement with Don Carlos, on whom it is proposed to confer the title of Infanta, with a large allowance, upon condition that he renounces all claim to the throne of Spain.—There is an intimation that the French Government, at the next session of the Legislative Chambers, will demand power to banish any members of the old reigning families who agitate against the Republic.—The Government has declared itself ready to appoint Special Commissioners to act in concert with American Commissioners for negotiating a treaty of commerce between France and the United States.

SOMETHING should be done to put a stop to the emptying of pauper immigrants upon our shores by the agents of foreign Governments. Within the last fortnight a score of immigrants, sent out by an agent of the British Government, have been "unloaded" at this port in an absolutely penniless condition, their maintenance being made, temporarily at least, a charge upon the Emigration Commission. There can be no possible excuse for this unneighborly practice, and if it shall continue relief should be sought in a national law on immigration. We are a hospitable people, but we cannot afford to maintain the paupers and criminals of other countries.

THE great popularity which Coney Island has acquired as a Summer resort since its natural advantages have been properly developed has induced a company of capitalists to undertake the "improvement" of Rockaway Beach on the same scale of magnificence. To that end a tract of beach property comprising 1,650 acres is to be laid out and built upon at once, and supplied with railroad facilities, so that by the opening of the next Summer season a seaside watering-place, with all the attractions and accessories which experience can suggest or money secure, will be within thirty minutes' ride of New York. The capitalists interested in the enterprise announce that they will invest $5,000,000, if necessary, to make the scheme a success.

IN a letter to the *World* newspaper, Rear-Admiral Ammen states that General Grant has expressed his willingness to accept the Presidency of an American company to construct an interoceanic canal. The ex-President is known to have taken a special interest in bringing about the necessary surveys and satisfying himself as to the results obtained and as to the sufficiency of our information in relation to all of the routes supposed to be practicable; he has, according to Admiral Ammen, a full and minute knowledge of the advantages and difficulties attending the construction of the canal, considered as a commercial question, wherever it may be located; and his connection with a purely American enterprise would no doubt prove eminently advantageous to its interests.

SINCE the first of January last, twenty-one fire insurance companies of this State, representing a capital of four millions of dollars, have withdrawn from business. During the same period, twenty-five companies in other States, representing about the same amount of capital, have abandoned the field. The causes producing this mortality were the excessive expenses of the companies, the disastrous competition of the stronger institutions, and the ruinous cutting of rates to secure business. The *Commercial Bulletin*, of this city, says that the business of the first six months of the year "netted an average loss of about nineteen per cent. With this margin against them, the companies have no easy task before them to bring things out even at the end of the year. A few may succeed in doing this, but the great majority are certain to come short."

SO IT appears that the "reform" Cabinet, pledged solemnly to abstain from all interference in politics, is not quite consistent with its professions. In a recent interview, Secretary Schurz is alleged to have said that he had urged Secretary Sherman to enter the field as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in order to "kill off Grant," and then added, that "since Sherman consented he had been working for him in every way possible." This is certainly a curious revelation of Cabinet intrigue, and it will strike the country as scarcely reputable, to say the least of it, that an original and conspicuous supporter of reform in the civil service, who has repeatedly denounced the participation of public officials in active politics as an unpardonable presumption, should be pulling wires from his office in Washington to "kill off" one man and promote the fortunes of another intimately associated with him in the public administration.

IT is gratifying to observe that the more influential partisan journals in the South are speaking in strong terms of denunciation concerning the recent assassination at Yazoo, in Mississippi. The Vicksburg *Herald*, a prominent Democratic journal, condemns the shooting of Mr. Dixon in the most emphatic language, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "The people of Mississippi cannot afford, and the people of the South cannot afford, to have the people of Mississippi silently submit to a bloody violation of the law—and enough and mad enough for the community immediately concerned, but reaching, in its consequences, the whole Southern country." These expressions show that violent methods of political argument do not command the approval of the best class of the Southern people, and this fact affords solid ground for encouragement as to the future of that section.

THE *Herald* has recently exposed, in a series of vigorous articles, the extent and disastrous effects of the "dumping nuisance" in the harbor of New York, for which the Police Commissioners are primarily responsible. It shows from the statements of pilots and others that this practice has resulted in the filling of channels and the creation of shoals, which constitute a serious obstruction to navigation; the channel in one case being reduced in three years from a depth of 54 to 26 feet by the garbage accumulations deposited by the authorities at a point where the tides floated them inward instead of washing them out to sea. According to the statement of an inspector, 250 tons of ashes are every day thrown into the river and harbor by steamboats, tugs and barges, and it is very easy to see that unless this practice is stopped the harbor must suffer immense injury, and our commerce be very seriously affected. The health and attractiveness of the shores of the harbor and its outlying resorts are already endangered by the nuisance, and in this fact the authorities may find another reason for at once reforming their policy in this matter. The *Herald* is entitled to the thanks of the entire community for its enterprise in disclosing and calling attention to the imminence of the danger which menaces us from this quarter.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic

GENERAL J. B. HOOD died of yellow fever at New Orleans, August 30th.

THE 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Bedford, Mass., was celebrated August 27th.

UP to July 31st there have been granted 24,779 arrearages of pension claims, aggregating $12,630,996 41.

A LINE of fast mail steamers between St. Louis and New Orleans is to be established in December next.

THE yellow fever continues its ravages in Memphis, but the number of new cases shows a slight daily diminution.

AT a Lacrosse tournament at Newport, R. I., August 28th, the championship of America was won by the Boston Club.

CAREFUL estimates of experienced observers place the Spring wheat crop of the Northwest at about 137,850,000 bushels.

THE work of inspecting the tenement houses of this city is making satisfactory progress. During last week 1,864 houses were inspected.

CASTLE THUNDER, at Richmond, Va., a prison-house during the war, has been destroyed by fire; it was used as a tobacco manufactory.

WESTON and Rowell, the pedestrians, arrived at this port, August 27th, the former bringing the Astley belt which the latter carried away a few months ago.

THE Louisiana Republicans will hold a State Convention at New Orleans October 20th. The Democratic State Convention will be held in Baton Rouge October 6th.

A PATENT was last week issued from the United States Patent Office to Thomas A. Edison for the electric lighting apparatus on which he has been experimenting for some time.

THE Grand Jury of Dauphin County, Pa., have indicted four persons for having offered bribes to members of the Legislature for their votes for the Pittsburg Riot Claim Bill.

THE ceremonies attending the unveiling of Wilson McDonald's statue of the late General George A. Custer took place at West Point on August 30th, and were of an imposing character.

THE Tammany Hall Democratic General Committee have issued an address, arraigning Governor Robinson and declaring that those whom they represent will not support his re-election.

IN his examination last week, before the Assembly Railroad Committee, President Jewett of the Erie Railway Company, testified that his salary as Receiver and President amounted to $65,000 a year.

THE New York Greenback State Convention, held at Utica last week, nominated Harris Lewis for Governor, Dr. J. M. Wieting for Lieutenant-Governor, and P. K. McCann, of the *Irish World*, for Secretary of State.

THE Oneida Community has formally abandoned the system known as "complex marriage." Hereafter the Community will consist of two classes of members, celibates and the married, who will act upon the principle of monogamy.

TWO United States naval officials sailed from this port last week for Alexandria, Egypt, to bring to this country the obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle, the sister to the one that was recently set up on the Thames Embankment, London.

THE centennial celebration of the battle of Newtown took place on the battle-ground, four miles east of Elmira, where a monument has been erected, August 29th. There was a fine parade, with addresses by eminent gentlemen. On the previous evening a historical address was delivered by Hon. Erastus Brooks.

SECRETARY MCCRARY has made a report on the case of ex-Surgeon General Hammond, recommending that the finding and sentence of the court-martial which convicted him of corruption and falsehood be set aside, and Dr Hammond be placed on the retired list of the Army, without back, present or future pay or allowance.

EX-JUDGE JOHN DIKEMAN, an old resident of Brooklyn, and the oldest member of the Kings County Bar, died August 24th; Ex United States Senator John C. Ten Eyck, of New Jersey, died August 25th, aged sixty-five years. Among other deaths during the last week were those of Stephen Hyatt, a widely-known New York business man, aged sixty-six years; Hon. William A. Duer, a once prominent lawyer and politician of this city, and for a term United States Minister to Chili, aged seventy-four years; Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Cornwall, a popular clergyman and theological writer, of this city, aged sixty-seven; and James Lawrence Worth, President of the National Park Bank, New York.

Foreign.

ONE thousand cotton operatives have struck in Glasgow.

TWELVE Nihilists have been executed in Russia during the past year.

THERE were ninety-five deaths from yellow fever in Havana, week before last.

GAMBETTA is reported as disposed to appeal to the French masses in favor of the Ferry Educational Bill.

THE Quebec Legislature has refused to pass any Supply Bills unless the Governor-General dismisses his Ministry.

IN consequence of the failure of the crops famines are threatened in parts of Ireland and Persia, and the farmers are suffering great losses in England, Austria and Servia.

A DISPATCH from Sir Garnet Wolseley, dated August 12th, says the prospects of peace in Zululand are improving. The principal chiefs say they will come in and submit.

A RENEWAL of the floods is reported from various parts of England and Wales. Reports of the harvest are daily more deplorable. At several places there has been thirty hours' continuous rain.

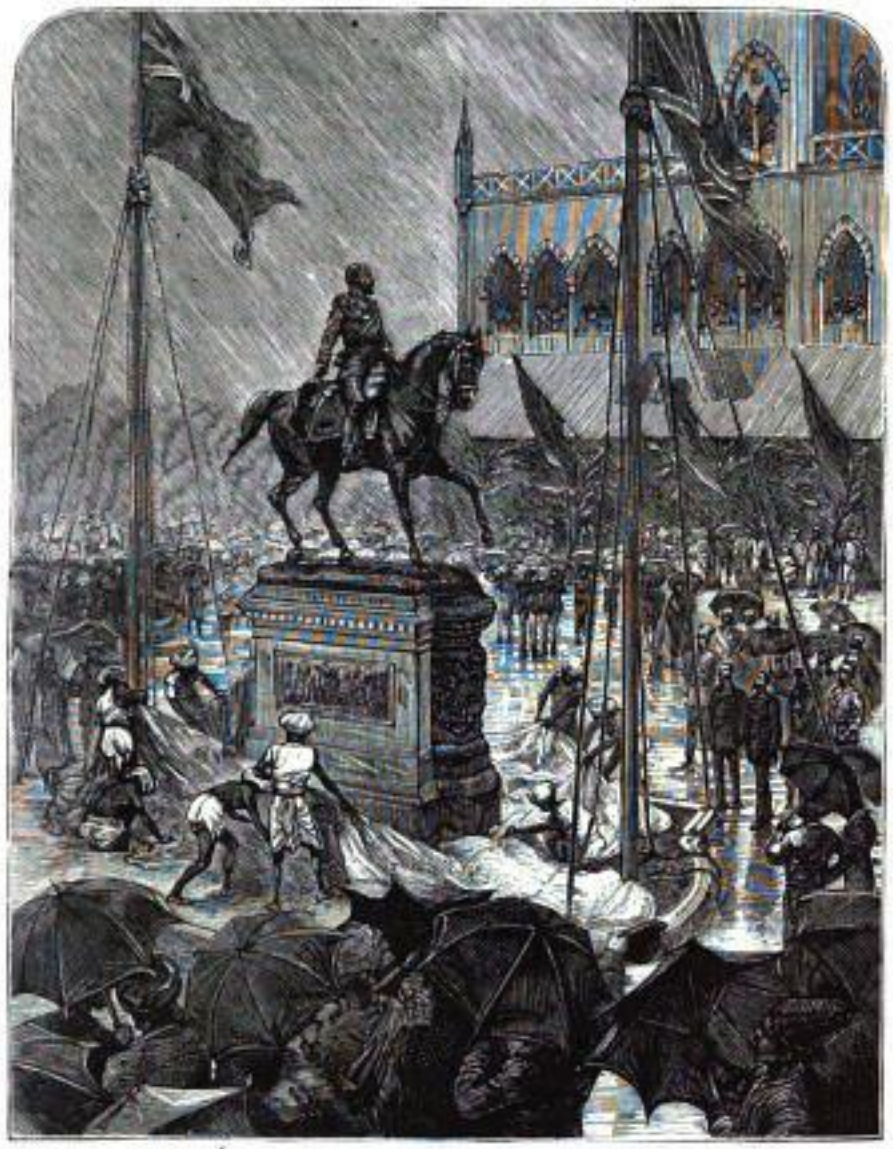
A YOKOHAMA dispatch, under date of August 25th, says the steamer *Nordenskjöld*, supposed to be the store-ship for the Nordenskjold Arctic expedition, has been totally lost. The crew were saved.

ANOTHER uprising is reported in Cuba, and an army convoy has been captured by a small band of Cuban patriots while on the road from Manzanillo to Bayamo. Thirty thousand dollars in gold coin, 60,000 cartridges, 500 rifles, and a large quantity of clothing, provisions, etc., fell into the hands of the Cubans.

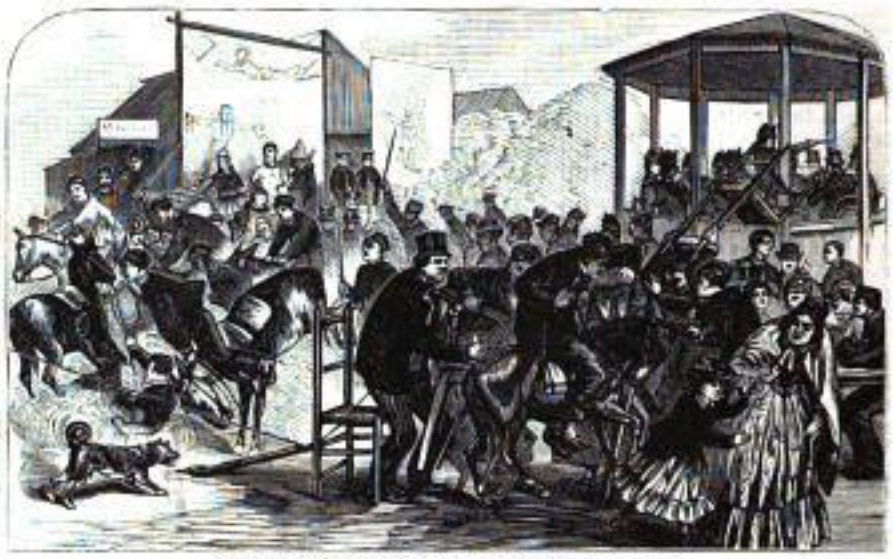
A DISPATCH from Santiago, the capital of Chili, dated July 31st, says serious riots have occurred in that city in consequence of the popular discontent at the conduct of the war. Two persons are said to have been killed in a conflict with the troops and several wounded. It is reported that the Chilian President has fled, but the entire story lacks confirmation.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



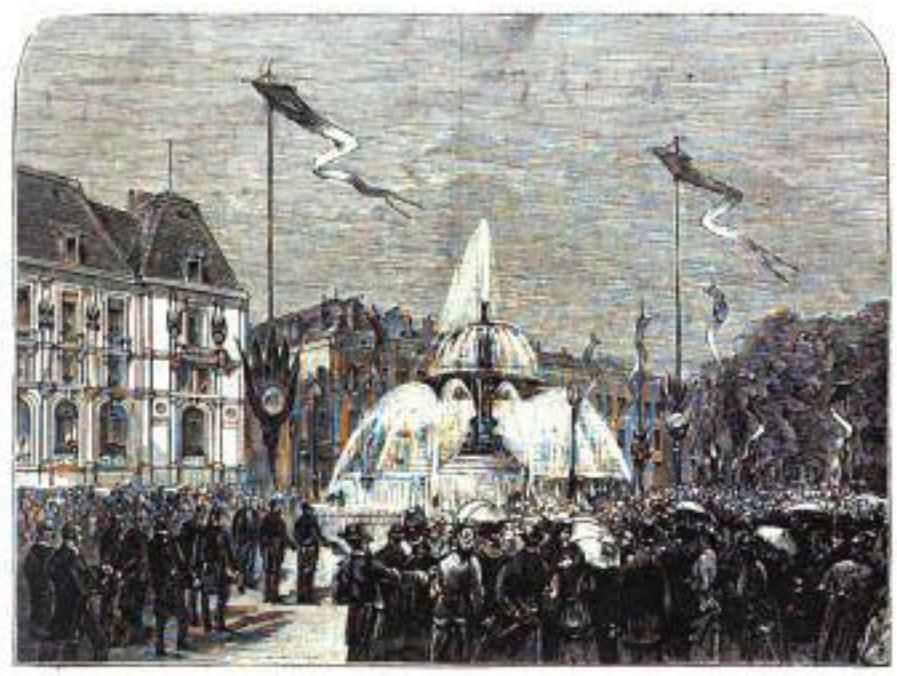
INDIA.—UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, BOMBAY.



BELGIUM.—DONKEY-RIDING AT THE KERMESS, BRUSSELS.



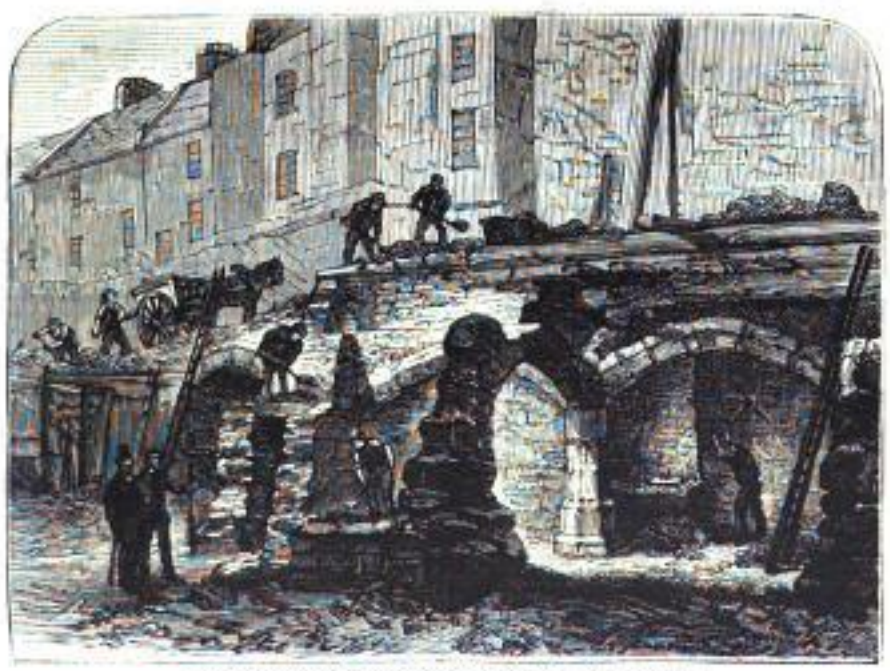
SOUTH AFRICA.—DIFFICULTIES OF THE ZULU CAMPAIGN.



FRANCE.—OPENING OF THE NEW WATER-WORKS AT NANCY.



BAVARIA.—OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL FINE ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.



ENGLAND.—ANCIENT REMAINS UNDER CHILD'S BANK, LONDON.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—IN SIGHT OF ULUNDI.

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THE WONDERS OF LURAY CAVE.

FREQUENT mention has been made in this paper of the strange spectacles seen in the famous cavern at Luray, Page County, Va., in connection with many exceedingly striking engravings. Although the cave has been opened to the public but a little over a year, geologists, antiquarians and travelers generally have assigned fanciful names to countless formations, and a directory of the attractions of this subterranean wonderland would read like a guide to some of those weird places seen and traversed only in the hours of pleasant dreams. There are, for instance, Muddy Lake, the Valley of Death, Fairy Spring, the Elfin Ramble, Pluto's Chasm, the Elysium, Proserpine's Pillar, Oberon's Grot, Titania's Vail, the Saracen's Tent, the Giant's Hall, the Bridal Chamber, the wonderful Organ with fifty-six pipes, the Empress and Sultana Columns, the Naiad's Bath, with the majestic Double Column rising from its centre; the Coral Cascade, the Theatre, and Pavilion. Do not these suggest an aggregation of the great things in all the delightful fairy and mythological stories of long ago? Then, too, there are curious formations, like the one shown this week, which a lively imagination may christen with any number of names. Holding the engraving some distance from the eye, it will not be long before the reader can see the outline of a huge steamship, the sharp prow resting upon the rocks, the stem nearly submerged. Huge rock-fingers have broken in the hull, the exposed ribs have been twisted by the storms, and in its exposed helplessness, the waters have dashed over the frame, giving the gunwale a heavy fringing of sparkling icicles. In this view it might be imagined that the vessel had been blown into a huge cavern and there wrecked. The ingenuity of the reader will doubtless be sufficiently fertile to assign other objects to this shape. Whether viewed as a remarkable stalactitic formation, or as a puzzle picture, the engraving possesses the elements of an engrossing interest.

HON. ORAN M. ROBERTS.

GOVERNOR ORAN MILO ROBERTS, of Tyler, Smith County, Texas, was born in Laurens District, South Carolina, July 11th, 1815, and when quite young his family moved to Alabama, where he was educated. He graduated at the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, in 1836, and moved to Texas in 1841, settling in the eastern part of the State, where he has since resided. He was District Attorney of his District in 1844-45, having been appointed by Governor Houston; appointed District Judge in 1846 by Governor Henderson, and continued on the District Bench until 1851. Upon the death of Hon. Abner S. Lipscomb, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, in 1856, Governor Roberts was nominated by the Bar of the City of Austin to the vacancy, notwithstanding up to that time he had never been west of the Brazos River, and, consequently, was personally unknown at the capital. His nomination was seconded by the Bar of Ellis and of other counties in northern and eastern Texas, and he was elected. In 1861, while still Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Governor Roberts was elected, from Smith County, a member of the Constitutional (Secession) Convention, of which he was made President by acclamation. In 1862 he resigned his seat on the Supreme Bench and entered the Confederate Army, and was elected Colonel of the Eleventh Texas Infantry, with which he served, in the Trans-Mississippi Department, in "Walker's Division," during the greater part of the campaigns of that corps in Arkansas and Louisiana. In 1864, and while still with his command, Governor Roberts was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Royall T. Wheeler. After the close of the war, he returned to his home in Smith County, and resumed the practice of his profession; was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1866, and made chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body, which was composed of some of the ablest representative men of the State. On the 24th of August, in the same year, he was elected by the Legislature a United States Senator for the unexpired term ending March 4th, 1869, his colleague, elected at the same time, being the venerable ex-President David G. Burnett, now deceased. They were not, however, permitted to take their seats in Congress, the "Reconstruction Act" having become a law, and the seceding States remanded to military rule. From 1868 to 1870 Governor Roberts was a Professor in the Law School at Gilmer, Upshur County, still practicing his profession.

In 1874, upon the accession to power of a Democratic State administration, he was reappointed by Governor Coke to his former position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and was elected to the same position by the people, under the new Constitution, February 15th, 1876, which office he filled until nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention in July, 1878, receiving a unanimous vote of the Convention, after the withdrawal of all the other candidates. Thereupon he resigned his position as Chief Justice, to take effect October 1st, and was elected Governor, November 5th, 1878, receiving 158,302 votes against 55,000 votes cast for W. H. Hamman, Greenback nominee, and 23,412 votes cast for A. Banning Norton, Republican nominee.

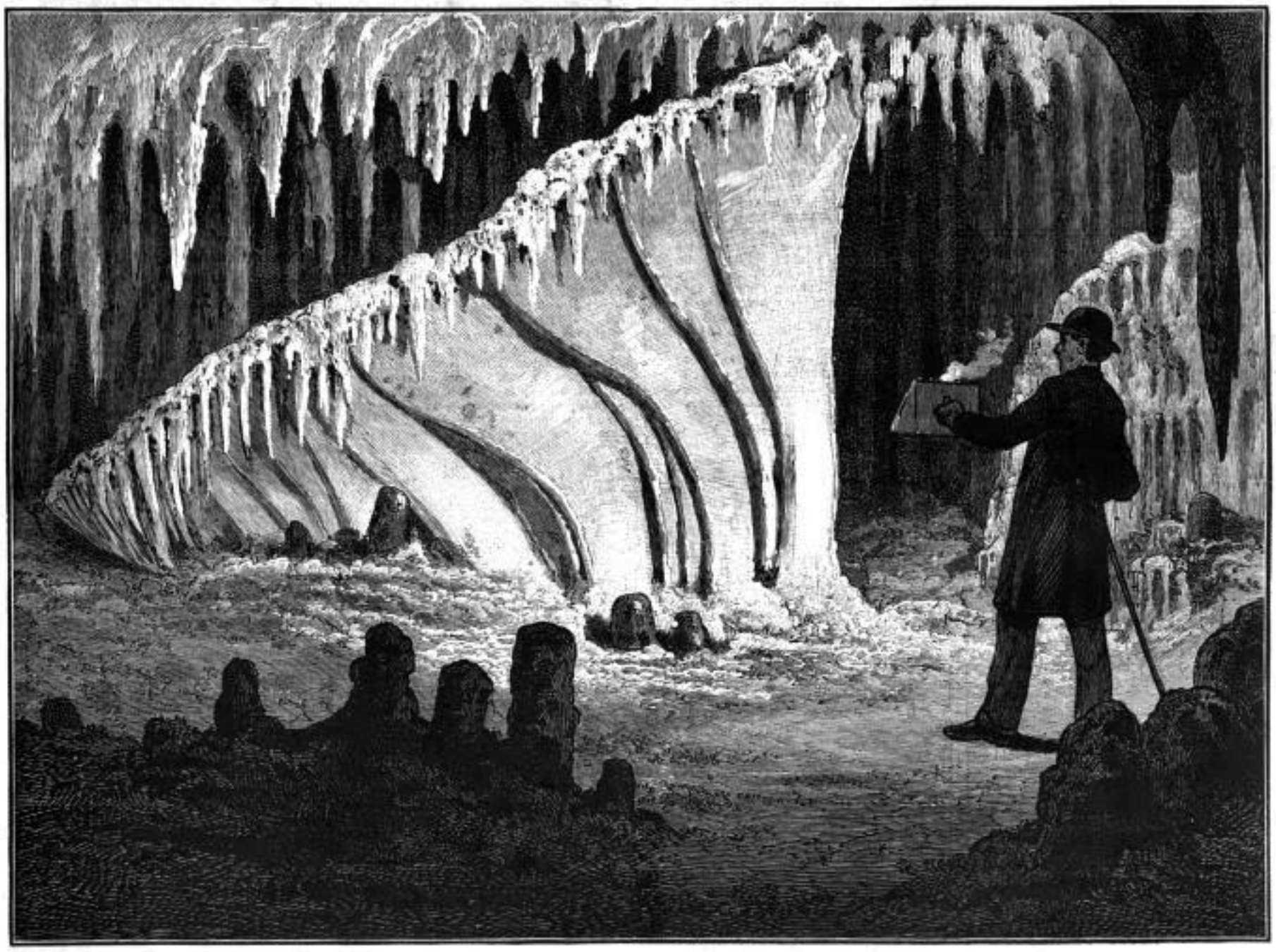
Governor Roberts is now in his sixty-fourth year, is full six feet high, weighs about 160 pounds, and in vigorous health, and with an intellect as clear as it was when he was thirty. He possesses a thoroughly trained legal mind, and enters upon the duties of his office with the entire confidence of the people of his State.



TEXAS.—THE HON. ORAN MILO ROBERTS, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.—FROM A PHOTO. BY H. R. MARKS.

EUROPE'S NEXT WAR.

THE continued concentration of large bodies of troops in the north of Italy, and especially towards the Austrian frontier, is beginning to be viewed with suspicion in Austria, and to be much commented upon by the Austrian newspapers. From a table lately published in Vienna it appears that, while Austria has only 9,500 infantry, 940 cavalry, 1,400 field artillery, 700 garrison artillery and 200 engineers, or altogether a force of 12,740 men, quartered in the neighborhood of her Italian frontier, Italy, on the other hand, has now assembled 49,700 infantry, 10,360 cavalry, 7,200 field artillery, 2,700 garrison artillery and 3,750 engineers, or a total force of 73,710 men of all arms of the service near the Austrian frontier, the four fortresses forming the famous quadrilateral being especially strongly garrisoned. It is also well known that much attention has been lately given by the Italian military authorities to perfecting the organization of the so-called Alpine troops—the force which, permanently quartered in the mountains on the northern frontier of Italy, would, in the event of the latter country becoming involved in hostilities with either of her neighbors on the north, be called upon to cover the mobilization and concentration of the Italian forces or act as an advanced guard to any forward movement made by them in the prosecution of an offensive campaign. All the units of this Alpine force are always kept on a war footing, and arrangements have been lately made which are designed to insure that the several battalions and batteries shall be ready to take the field at the shortest possible notice. As the Italia Irredenta party in Italy is daily becoming more clamorous, it is not surprising that the strength of the armed forces in the north of Italy should excite some uneasiness in Austria, although it is generally believed in the latter country that, unless aided by allies, the Italian army would be altogether unable to cope with that of Austria.



VIRGINIA.—THE GRANDEST OF AMERICAN CAVERNS—A CURIOUS FORMATION IN LURAY CAVE, PAGE COUNTY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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PARTING.

LEAN down and kiss me, oh, my love, my own!
The day is near when thy fond heart will miss me,
When o'er my low, green bed with bitter moan
Thou wilt lean down, but cannot clasp or kiss me.

How strange it is that I, so loving thee
And knowing we must part, perchance to-morrow,
Can comfort find, thinking how great will be
Thy lonely desolation and thy sorrow,

And then, and then, oh, mine own other part!
Why should I grudge thee some surcease of weeping?
Why can I not rejoice that in thy heart
Sweet love will bloom again when I am sleeping?

Nay—make no promise. I would place no ban
Upon thy future, even wouldst thou let me;
Thou hast most truly loved me, like a man,
And, like a man, thou wilt forget me.

Why should I care, so near the infinite—
Why should I care that thou wilt cease to miss me?
Ah, God, these earthly ties are knit so tight!
Quick, quick, lean lower, oh, my love and kiss me.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

"IDA, will you give me that book? No, not that one—'Browning's Poems,' I mean. Do you remember our wager?"

"That I could not learn a poem of Browning's in a day?"

"No; that you would initiate Will into Browning's common sense view of things—that is, after you had discovered it for yourself. Now, I do not believe you have read a single poem, and you have had the book a fortnight."

"Oh, yes, I have! I have read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested one, at least, and that was enough for me. I recited it splendidly last night to Will, between the acts of 'Faust,' and he called it 'bosh,' 'sentimental twaddle,' and various other sweet and touching names, and requested that I would not spoil his enjoyment of the music by my insane gabble."

"Indeed! And the poem?"

"'Porphyria's Lover.' Marion, I will never marry."

"You don't say so!" replies Marion, laughing. "Well, considering all things—that the day is fixed, the trousseau nearly completed, and the number of guests for the breakfast determined—that decision comes a little too late."

"No, it does not," I answer, decisively. "I think I was wrong to say I would be married before I was twenty-one. After an engagement of seven years, one can afford to wait a few months longer."

"My dear Ida, you are jesting."

"I was never more serious in my life," I answer, proudly. "I don't know what has come to me lately, but I feel altogether changed; nothing contents me as it used to do. I can scarcely imagine how I have lived without any ambition, or desires, or regrets until to-day. I have never done anything useful, or good, or clever in my life; and my money has been no blessing to any one—not even to myself."

"Poor Ida!" says Marion, stopping her busy writing to clasp my hand and give me one of her sweet, loving smiles. "You are so young, so much admired and loved, that you must feel sorry if, with all your advantages and opportunities, you have done nothing towards brightening the lives or gaining the love of those among whom your existence has hitherto been passed."

"Don't misunderstand me, Marion. I hope I am not so utterly selfish; but ever since you came to us I have felt quite another life spring up in me—a desire and longing, if I may so term it, to do and be something by and through my own efforts. Perhaps it is very silly; but I cannot help it."

"You are too impatient," says Marion, tenderly. "At twenty all one's life is before one; and what a noble, useful life is before you if you choose to take it."

"Do you mean if I marry Will?" I replied, vexedly. "Because, if so, I certainly decline to take it. I have no genius for burying myself in the country and playing the part of a Lady Bountiful. I hate the country and detest a quiet life—and Will cares for nothing else."

"Ida, do not be so proud, so willful—so unjust to Will. He loves you far too well not to let you have your own way in everything."

"Ah, that shows how little you know about men, although you do write books," I answer, gayly—"for men as lovers and men as husbands are two very different classes of beings! Now, you know I am not twenty yet. Suppose I refuse to marry Will; I could join the Slade classes at the University, and devote myself altogether to art."

"And weary of it in a week," says Marion, "when you were no longer playing at it. Art in earnest does not bear trifling with."

"But you think I have talent, Marion. I heard you tell Sir Harcourt so the other day."

"You have indeed, Ida, great natural ability for painting; but you need much more energy and perseverance than I credit you with possessing in order to do anything good. Still you might gain both in time; and we could go down to some charming little place in the country, and you might study and paint direct from nature."

I do not reply to Marion; I suddenly become immersed in my own dreams. I say rightly that I am dissatisfied and unhappy. Will and I have been engaged for so many years that, until my guardian fixed our wedding-day two months hence, I never troubled myself about marrying at all. I knew that it was settled and expected that I should marry Will, because my uncle, who is dead, left us joint heirs of his property; and so, of course, we must marry.

But, until Marion came, and I entered into her full and busy world of art and literature, I never thought seriously of marrying. Lately I have often thought of it, and the more I have thought of it, the less have I liked it.

Art is just now the passion of my life, and Will does not care for pictures; he knows nothing of the modern school, and will not admire Corot. He is horticultural in his leisure hours, and takes great pride in growing the finest roses in the country.

How pleasant it would be to devote myself entirely to art, without Will in the background, to be dependent on my own ability for a livelihood as Marion is, and to be as much loved, and admired, and respected as she is! Of course, I may be loved, admired and respected as Will's wife; but that is an entirely different matter.

I cease rocking myself, and have taken up a pencil to sharpen, when a knock is heard at the door, and Will enters.

My betrothed is a good-looking, broad-shouldered fellow of two or three and twenty—I do not know his age to a year. I am convinced he is no more in love with me than I am with him. Perfect, placid indifferentism has been our state so long that it is difficult to imagine any other. I, however, have dim forebodings that never again will things run as smoothly as they have hitherto run.

Marion shakes hands with Will, and betakes herself with her writing to the next room. Will comes over to my side; and, having properly saluted me, takes a cigarette from his pocket and lights it from a box of matches on the mantelpiece.

"You don't object to smoking, Ida, do you?"

"Certainly not, I like it;" and, with infinite delight in a sudden mischievous impulse, I take the dainty Laterme out of his hand and proceed to smoke it myself.

Will watches me with speechless amazement for some moments; then his eyes light up with an instantaneous flash of anger, he shrugs his shoulders contemptuously, and leaves the room.

I smoke the cigarette to the end, for fear he should be watching me through the door; but I need not have given myself the trouble. A few moments afterwards the hall-door is banged loudly, and my hero is half-way down the street before I can rush to the window.

"Oh, Marion, it is such fun! Will has gone away in such a rage, and it's past four o'clock. Can't we have some tea?"

"In five minutes," responds Marion, faintly.

I can tell by the tone of her voice that she is mastering some difficulty; so I noiselessly stir the fire, put on the kettle, and fall into a train of musing as I watch it boil. Will is, of course, the centre of my thoughts. Poor old fellow! His look of astonishment, as I took the cigarette from him, would have been ludicrous had not the quick anger leaped into his eyes, and so elevated the ridiculous into the sublime. If Will would only fall in love with some one else, how happily matters might be settled! Some girls might care for him; he is rich, and does not bear the patent of his general stupidity upon his rather handsome person.

Ah, now, I remember, Will called for me to go with him to visit the sister of an old schoolfellow of his, who, poor girl, is living in great poverty somewhere about the wilds of Camden Town.

How stupid of me to have forgotten my engagement—a thing I pride myself upon never doing! Of course Will has gone alone. I wish I had not quarreled with him until I had seen Clare Linder. Clare—what a pretty name! Well, perhaps she would be very glad to see Will, and be very sweet, and lowly, and modest in her behavior to him; and he would compare her with me, and the comparison would be in her favor. Well, it could not be helped now. If Will should fall in love with her, or any one else, so much the better; I should then be free—free to pursue my art, without any bridegroom-elect taking upon himself to disturb my equanimity by sudden fits of jealousy or anger.

Marion's five minutes have extended to thirty; presently I hear a sigh of relief and a scrambling together of papers and manuscript. I lift the kettle off the fire and ring for the tea-things.

Marion joins me almost directly. She looks very pale, I think; I could almost be sure she has been crying, but perhaps I am mistaken. She seats herself upon a low seat by the fireplace, and leans her head against the paneled wall. For almost the first time in my life it strikes me that, even in Marion's happy, busy life, there are such things as tired moments and perhaps regrets.

"Why did Will go away?" she asks, clasping her fair hands over her knees, and looking dreamingly into the fire. Marion's hands are lovely; they are small and white as snow-blossoms, except for the habitual spots of ink upon the tips of one or two rosy nails.

"He chose to be vexed because I smoked a cigarette that he lighted for himself—that was all, I assure you. But, really, there is no end to the selfishness and caprice of men; I'm getting tired of it, I can tell you"—gradually working myself into a passion by walking excitedly up and down the room and fanning myself vigorously. "One must not smoke, nor ride in hansoms, nor attend Women's Suffrage Meetings, nor go to the theatres, nor even walk out alone after broad daylight, nor do, or say, or even think anything, without the presence or permission of some man who has kindly undertaken to vouch for one's respectability; and, as for daring to have an opinion of one's own, or to take the faintest interest in anything that compels one to cross one's own door-step, why, for all the abuse one gets, we might as well be living in the Middle Ages!"

"I thought you were rather partial to the Middle Ages!" says Marion, dreamily.

"Well, I'm not sure they were not better times to live in than the present," I answer, crossly. "At any rate, there was more room for the growth of individuality than there is to-day. People—women, I mean—were not brought up to the utterly useless, senseless lives that the marriageable maidens of modern times are expected to lead. They did a great many useful and beautiful things which it would puzzle us to-day to excel. They invented the loveliest costume in the world. They were good housewives, and understood what bravery and common sense were worth. Look at their exquisite needlework, too, in those rich tapestries that gladden our eyes by their beautiful color and quaint devices. I wonder who will rave over our Berlin wool-work three hundred years hence? Besides," I go on, as Marion does not contradict me, "there were the wars to interest one; and women in those days were not to be despised. A woman at the head of an army was by no means an uncommon thing; and of her ability to rally her drooping forces and lead them on to great and glorious victories let the poets and historians of the age testify."

"I should rather like to have seen you at the head of an army," says Marion, laughing. "Oh, I mean a Middle-Age one! You always remind me of a medieval princess I once saw in one of Walter Crane's story-books. You have just that tall, proud, gracious look about you, as though your business in life were to dispense favors and receive homage."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," I reply, making her an elaborate courtesy. "I should rather like to have commanded a town, or held a castle under siege, in those old days. What valor I should have inspired in the hearts of the combatants!"

"Yes; I can imagine how fierce the combat would have raged for the possession of your fair face. Still, there would have been one knight who would have outstripped the rest in deeds of daring, and so have claimed your love and hand as the reward of his valor; and the ancient princesses, having chosen a knight, were very kind and faithful to him."

I understand what Marion means, and my face flushes angrily.

"But I did not choose him—I was never asked anything about it. My consent from the very first was taken for granted, and he does not possess one qualification that might justify me in ignoring that humiliating fact."

"Not even that of fidelity to his 'fayre ladye'?"

"No; not even that. How do I know he is faithful to me? I have no proof of it. What has he done to prove his love for me? What, indeed, would he do?"

"I really cannot tell what his opinions are upon the subject," answers Marion, gravely. "But I should scarcely imagine that he would be willing to risk the perils of sea and land in some arduous, but utterly unprofitable, enterprise, after the fashion of medieval lovers, for your sweet sake; nor do I think it likely he would indulge in any romantic expression of the tender passion by which the carrying out of our police regulations might be interfered with. I am not sure whether the authorities in question would even permit an occasional serenade under your window in Harley Street, and I am convinced that, if they did, Will would never be so foolish."

"Don't be absurd, Marion! I want to talk sensibly."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. You know I cannot marry Will—it is impossible. I should hate him if I did, and nothing but trouble would come of it. I am too young to marry. I know just what it means in my case—I should go home to that stupid village, and live a life scarcely above the level of the cows and sheep on the farm. I couldn't bear it. I have a horror of it, and I will not do it—there!"

James enters with the tea-tray. James is an especial pet of mine. He is an Ashfield boy, and, despite his blue clothes and buttons, the country is well represented in his round, rubicund face. His hair has a tendency to stand straight up, and is of the color sacred to carrots; but he has a merry rolling eye, as Shakespeare terms it, and is always in a state of suppressed mirth. Every event that happens in life has a comic side to Jim; and for this ability of his to view life as a grand burlesque he is greatly to be envied.

James puts down his tray, and, as if he were delivering himself of a well-learned lesson, informs me that my uncle, Sir Harcourt, wishes to see me at once in his room, upon some important business-matter. The message sounds imperative, but it does not alarm me. My uncle, who suffers from gout, and is now helpless with an attack in his bedroom, generally sends for me half a dozen times a day, and I as generally decline to visit him, save at morning and evening. He is not a particularly agreeable old man at the best of times, and gout does not tend to make him more amiable.

"All right," I tell James. "Tell him I am coming directly."

My Mercury grins broadly, as usual, and leaves the room. I turn to Marion with the kettle in my hand.

"Shall I go?" I ask, pouring the water defiantly into the little china teapot.

"Of course you must, Ida; and try to remember, dear, that gout is not a particularly pleasant, nor yet perfectly painless, ailment."

"I know he's angry," I say, dolefully, "because he never sent me his love. I expect Aunt Dan has been complaining of me again. It's really too bad, the number of people in authority in this household."

Aunt Dan is my uncle's sister, an aged spinster, who is devoted to him, and enjoys the privilege of nursing him when he is confined to his room by attacks of the aristocratic disease he inherits from a long line of free-living ancestors.

"Dan" is the nickname my uncle bestowed upon my Aunt Hester many years ago. It is the custom of our family to bestow nicknames upon those members of its community whom it specially delighteth to honor. I rejoice in the euphonious one of "Princess."

"I think I'll go into uncle now," I say, uneasily, putting the little teapot down in the fender. "You can wait ten minutes for me, Marion; and, if I am not back by then, we shall be having a skirmish."

"Yes," answers Marion. "I'll manage to creep in by then, and give my valuable assistance in carrying off the wounded."

"This is not a time for romancing; this is the most eventful moment of my life. Suppose I tell my uncle I do not intend to marry Will—what do you think the result will be?"

Marion rises from her chair and reaches a Japanese fan to shield her from the firelight. The color has suddenly leapt into her pale face.

"You must not do it, Ida! You would regret it all your life. Besides, he loves you so very truly."

"If he loved me he would release me from this hateful bond."

"Perhaps you have never told him how bitter it is for you to bear," she replies, earnestly. "Oh, Ida, think well what you are going to do in throwing Will's love from you! He has borne so much from you because he loves you, and thinks you love him despite everything; and you seem to forget that he is as much bound by your uncle's will to marry you as you are to marry him."

"We are not bound at all, Marion—we can do as we please; and I, for one, intend taking matters into my own hands. Crying, darling! Oh, don't cry! I am not at all afraid—not the least bit in the world!"

CHAPTER II.

HALF an hour later, Marion parts the rich velvet curtains that separate my uncle's sitting-room from his bedroom, and slips quietly into the midst of the conflict.

So far my uncle has had the worst of it. He commenced the attack by demanding an account of the way in which I had squandered my last monthly allowance, and jestingly remarked that it was time I had a husband to look after me, and keep me and my affairs in order; to which I replied, with my blood boiling, that I was much obliged to him for his good wishes, but that I had no intention of putting myself or my property into the hands of a keeper, or to be responsible to him or any one else for whatever I might spend or save. Thereupon my venerable relative held forth in his usual calm, dignified manner, showed me the enormity of my ingratitude, the probable disastrous consequences of my folly; and, disregarding my frequent interruptions and declarations of independence, is quietly proceeding to overwhelm me with the information that all my income depends upon Will's marrying me, when Marion comes in.

"You are only an heiress by courtesy," my uncle is saying in his severest tones; "every penny you imagine yourself possessed of is legally your cousin's. Your Uncle Rupert's will was informal, and therefore illegal. He intended to leave you joint-heir with Will; but, owing to a flaw in the making of his will, he did not. Knowing what his intentions were with regard to yourself, your cousin insisted that you should still be the recognized joint-heir with himself. He was too generous, too manly, to let you suffer the humiliation of marrying him for his money. He would not let you be told of your poverty, nor would he permit any check to be laid upon your extravagance; and, but for your own perversity and ingratitude, you would never have known the truth from me."

I feel my face assuming a deathly pallor. I rise and try to speak, but my lips refuse to utter a sound. I clinch my fingers upon the steel chatelaine I wear at my waist until the pain of the pressure of the steel recalls me to my senses. I turn to my uncle, and laugh:

"I don't believe a word you say—it is false, altogether false; and, if it were true, I should hate him more than ever. Marion, will you tell me the truth?"

She came up to me, the dear loving girl, and put her arms about me.

"My princess," she whispers, tenderly, "do not fear; all will be well for you."

"Is it true?" I ask, indignantly.

But Marion has no time to reply to me. Aunt Dan begs us to leave the room at once, and to take no notice of anything that my uncle has said. She declares that he is very angry with me, that my behavior to him was altogether rude and unjustifiable, and therefore his words are more likely to be severe than true. But somehow I know they are true—I feel they are; and I will not be silent.

Marion leaves me with Aunt Dan, and goes up to my uncle's side; her voice sounds like sweetest music after our stormy contention.

"Sir Harcourt, you must not be angry with Ida—she has been very cruelly deceived; and she will feel her position still more keenly when she has time to reflect upon it. It would not be pleasant for her to meet Will to-day or even to-morrow. She might say things to him in her anger that she would be sorry for in after-life. Let us go away together to the old farmhouse for a little while. Mrs. Page will be so glad to have us. Let us go, dear, dear Sir Harcourt; and, away from this feverish exciting life, Ida will see things differently."

"I don't want to see things differently," I cry, wildly; "and, wherever I go, it will make no difference to me. I tell you, once for all, I will not marry Will, rich as he is"—with a sneer—"no, not if every hair of his head was strung with diamonds."

Aunt Dan bursts into a flood of tears, and Marian repeats her question:

"Sir Harcourt, may we go?"

"You may go to Jericho for all I care!" roars Sir Harcourt, a severe paroxysm of pain accomplishing in a few moments what neither anger nor resentment could do, and leaving him altogether destitute of blandness or philosophy. "A perverse penniless vixen!" But we hear no more; Aunt Dan has come to

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the rescue, and we need no second invitation to leave the room.

Through the stately rooms and halls, in which I have no longer any share, Marion leads me, step by step, until we reach our own cozy suite of apartments. As we close the door and gaze into each other's faces, I throw myself upon the floor and weep passionately.

Marion does not try to comfort me or to reconcile me to my fate, nor does she look particularly grieved or sorry.

Long does she sit patiently by my side. Then, as I remain quite still, with my face buried in the sofa-cushions, she imagines I have cried myself to sleep; and, having covered me with a large woolen shawl, she leaves me to myself. During her absence I endeavor to realize what my position really is. So, after all, I have been living on Will's bounty, and squandering his money during all these long, long years. But it cannot be that I am utterly destitute; surely some trifle must remain to me, some sum of money, small indeed, but large enough to provide me with a home and daily bread! Yet my uncle called me penniless—me, who had given myself the airs of the princess they called me, and never known of what worth or value money was.

I recall my harsh, cold treatment of my betrothed, and I am overwhelmed with shame and confusion. Not only did he desire to shield me from the knowledge of my dependence upon him, but he would have married me, to give me the fortune and position the law did not permit me to inherit. How mean and bad my conduct appeared in the light of his!

If I had only known the truth weeks, months ago, how differently I should have acted! Had the knowledge come to me at Ashfield, in the dear old home, I should have recognized his goodness, his generosity, and should have thought the devotion and love of a lifetime scarcely recompense enough for such manly consideration of me. And I should have married him, and been very happy in a dullish sort of way; and never, until my dying day, should I have opposed my will to his.

Sitting muffled in the shawl, having cried myself into a state of perfect inaction, I try to trace when and where my dissatisfaction at the prospect of the marriage originated. We have been in London six months, and I have seen a great deal of society, and have had, of course, many other admirers. But it was not because I preferred another to Will that I felt the idea of marrying at all so hateful to me.

It seemed rather to be something that pervaded the social atmosphere of the best and cleverest people I knew—some kind of sentiment that betrayed itself continually in the manners and talk and literature of the set I moved amongst, blent with a desire for independence, culture, and achievement through some purely personal merit or qualification. Beauty was a good thing to possess, certainly; but beautiful women were as sand on the seashore in London, and one could not spend one's life in the contemplation of one's own charms. Rank I had not, and did not much believe in. True, I was the niece of Sir Harcourt Harcourt, and Will would inherit the title; still that was never a source of pride to me. Wealth I had in abundance; but spending money day by day in buying things you have no use for is not an enlivening amusement after a time. Somehow I grew unhappy and discontented; and one day, in Marion's presence, I found out what I wanted. It was something to do apart from the living, dressing, visiting, and flirting of every day life. I desired real hard work to do. I craved for a definite object in life.

I wanted a little of the sincere and earnest admiration that Marion so constantly received, and which was rendered to her for the work she did as one of our most charming authoresses. Beauty, wealth and love paled before the enchanting prospect of working for a livelihood; and Marion was henceforth my pattern and ideal. Yet, strange to say, without a word—only by the force and example of her useful, busy life—had the change in me been wrought. I found myself reviewing my past life with positive loathing; and directly Marion attempted to set my feet in the direction of self-help, I rushed to certain conclusions, independent alike of reason and experience, and dashed myself madly against all opposing elements. I loved painting as a child; and my natural ability, aided by the few lessons I received, enabled me to make good progress in the art, viewed only in the light of an accomplishment. Then I took it up again in deadly earnest; and seeing me so resolved to distinguish myself, Marion encouraged and assisted me. I set up a studio next to her writing-room. I joined the college in Queen Square, and the Slade classes for ladies in the evening, until at last my health gave way, and I was compelled to relinquish all night-work.

Marion tried her best to quiet and steady me, but I passed beyond her control long ago. Then the first cloud fell between Will and myself. He grudged the time I devoted to art—called it "affected rubbish" that was turning my head—objected to the house being made into a warehouse for Wardour Street furniture, laughed at my pictures, and called my medieval costumes "dowdy." I retorted pretty strongly. I have no doubt; and we never made up that quarrel.

He went away after that for a week, and I never missed him; and then we had another quarrel; and from that time we drifted further and further away from each other, until today, when I reasoned myself into the belief that we did not love each other, that we must not marry, that we had better part.

The latent feeling of power I sometimes felt—power to advance in, and love, and understand art as I never did before—was very pleasant to me; and so ambitious of success did I become, so absorbed and interested in my work, that I at last found myself looking forward with fear and dislike to the marriage planned long ago by my friends for me. If I had had Will's sympathy in my desire to live a nobler and better life than I had hitherto done, I might not have felt such distaste for the ordinary ambition of a woman's life. If my love had been a living passion, instead of a mild acquiescence in a business arrangement, it might have had another aspect; but to me marriage meant only an entire severance from the busy world of art in London, and a lifetime passed in a dull little Kentish village, with a very good and kindly fellow for my constant companion—a man who would feel that his position as a husband gave him the right to monopolize all his wife's time, and who did not know one end of a picture from the other. My experience so far of Will's domestic habits was not encouraging, one of his ideal visions of married happiness being that of a woman who devoted her evenings to fancy-work, whilst her lord and master peacefully slept beside her after dinner. I had vowed this ideal should never be reached in my case. I had resolutely snubbed him whenever he had given me the chance. I had several times challenged him to break off our engagement, and he had most good-humoredly laughed at me, and utterly refused to do so. He had not believed I did not love him. Poor, poor Will! He was old-fashioned, certainly, in his notions of what a woman should do or be; still, how good, how noble his conduct to me had been! How he had determined not to quarrel with me until the smoking of the cigarette had been too much for him, and for the first time I could remember he had looked really vexed and angry.

(To be concluded in our next.)

How we Feed the Old World.

THE freight brokers of the port of New York are in possession of facts and figures showing how the demand for American products abroad is constantly growing. From their reports it appears that the quantities of grain and breadstuffs that are being shipped from here and other Atlantic cities is perfectly enormous; that the receipts for grain at the ports of New York, Boston, Montreal, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, for the past six weeks, have been larger than ever was known before in any part of the world for the same period, and that they are twice as much as those of last year for the same time. The visible supply of wheat, comprising the stocks in granary at the principal points of accumulation at lake and seaboard ports, and in transit by lake, rail and canals, on August 16th, amounted to 16,026,837 bushels. For the corresponding date last year the supply was 7,740,736 bushels—less than half the present supply. The export clearances for Europe from the seven ports above mentioned for eight weeks ending August 20th amount to 522,606 barrels of flour and 24,174,256 bushels of wheat. During the corresponding time last year the amounts were 172,584 barrels of flour and 13,222,287 bushels of wheat. The shipments of wheat, corn and flour from the port of New York to Great Britain by steamship alone during the four weeks ending August 23d, as compared with the same period last year, were as follows:

	Wheat, Bushels.	*Corn, Bushels.*	*Flour, Barrels and Sacks.*
1878	1,365,000	671,000	48,000
1879	1,921,000	450,000	144,000

The shipments to all parts from New York during the same period by steam and sail are as follows:

	Wheat, Bushels.	*Corn, Bushels.*	*Flour, Barrels and Sacks.*
1878	4,275,000	2,265,000	57,000
1879	7,250,000	1,850,000	190,000

The receipts of flour and grain at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, as against New York, for the week ended August 9th, were for the three former ports 4,377,702 bushels, and for New York, 4,049,815 bushels. The comparative receipts of flour and grain at the ports of New York, New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Portland and Montreal, from September 1st to August 16th, during the past four years, are as follows:

	Flour, Barrels.	*Grain, Bushels.*
1875-76	9,478,809	143,307,172
1876-77	7,871,364	122,908,221
1877-78	9,392,996	214,140,039
1878-79	10,378,435	242,124,032

The indications for the Fall are, in the opinion of prominent members of the Produce Exchange and of the statistician, Mr. E. H. Walker, that the already large fleet of grain-carrying vessels from American ports will have to be increased to double the number to accommodate the constantly growing export trade that has now acquired such enormous dimensions.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Statue of the Prince of Wales at Bombay.

THIS statue—a colossal equestrian effigy of the Prince of Wales in bronze—has been presented to the City of Bombay by Sir Albert Sassoon, C.S.I., in commemoration of the Prince's visit to India in 1875-6, and was unveiled with all due ceremony by the Governor of Bombay, Sir Richard Temple, on July 24th. The Prince is represented as a field marshal bareheaded, holding his cocked hat in his hand, the charger being modeled from an Arab horse which the Prince brought to England from India. The statue is placed on a commanding position, the site chosen being at the south end of the Fort, on the open space formed by the junction of the Rope Walk Road, the Apollo Pier Road, Forbes Street, and Rampart Row. On the pedestal, which is of granite, are two bronze reliefs, one representing the landing of the Prince at the Dockyard, and his reception by native chiefs, and the other a procession of native children with flowers on the occasion of the children's *fête* on the Esplanade. The work has cost Sir Albert Sassoon £10,000.

The Zulu Campaign.

Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, it is difficult for those whose experience does not extend beyond the railways and well-made roads of England to appreciate the formidable obstacles presented to travelers incumbered with baggage by such a rugged region as Natal and Zululand. Perhaps when the campaign comes to be calmly reviewed it will be found that the British troops carried too many impedimenta; at all events, it is certain that they could not honestly say, as the ragged, shoeless warriors of the first French Republic were wont to say, "With bread and steel one can get to China," for they required many things besides bread and steel; hence such scenes as that depicted by our artist. On Friday, July 4th, the British forces under Lord Chelmsford, numbering 5,000 men, attacked the Zulus near Ulundi, after an hour's fighting the Zulus, stated by prisoners as aggregating 20,000 men, fled in disorder, and were pursued by cavalry. It is believed that the Zulus were commanded by the King in person, and that after the British occupied Ulundi he fled to the North. The sword of the late Prince Imperial was recovered. This victory was supposed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new commander, to be the virtual end of the war, and the return to England, on August 26th, of Lord Chelmsford and Colonels Wood and Butler would seem to confirm the impression. In the illustration the portion of the British troops under command of Colonel Butler is seen at a point within fifteen miles of the Ulundi kraal, three days before the decisive attack.

The Kermess at Brussels.

The Kermess is the great Belgian popular festival, celebrated in town and country with old-time sports and noisy games that excite universal merriment. Easter Monday is given up to these sports, and Pass in both Holland and Belgium is a day of wild enjoyment. All the amusements seen in the old English fairs and some peculiar to the country, such as women trying to catch in their mouths objects suspended by strings from a long rope, or attempting, blindfolded, to strike some object, give rise to hearty shouts at their frequent failures. Our illustration depicts the confusion created by the donkey-riding at the last kermess.

New Waterworks at Nancy, France.

As stated in our last issue the City of Nancy devoted the 2d and 3d of August to the inauguration of the statue of the late M. Thiers. The first day was marked by the opening of the new waterworks, a ceremony that was witnessed by many thousand people whom the *fêtes* had attracted to the city. Our illustration represents the scene at the inauguration of the fountain erected in the Place de l'Academie, attached to the works constructed for the distribution of water throughout the city.

Fine Art Exhibition at Munich.

On the 19th of July last, Prince Leopold, in the name of King Louis of Bavaria, formally opened the International Exhibition of Fine Arts at Munich, in the presence of representatives of the royal families of Europe, the foreign ambassadors, and the *élite* of the kingdom. The contributions are placed in an elegant building erected for the purpose by order of King Louis. Professor Lindenschmitt, of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts is president of the committee, and turned the completed edifice over to the King's representative.

Ancient Remains under Temple Bar, London.

In digging for the foundations of the new buildings to be erected on the site of Messrs. Child's bank at Temple Bar, interesting bits of archæology have been discovered. After removing a rubble wall, a well-built pier with four Early English arches springing from it was found. The style of architecture is that of the thirteenth century. The masonry is of pure green sand or Surrey firestone, with Kentish rag-filling in the space above the arches. Our illustration, which is a view looking westward across the excavation, shows the pier and arches uncovered. There was also a well in one corner of the place, but its depth has not been ascertained. The back of the houses in Thanet Place, Strand, is seen in our illustration; it shows also, towards the left hand, some other arches, which belong to the building lately demolished, and which are of a date not earlier than the reign of Elizabeth. The rioters from Essex and Kent, who invaded London under the leadership of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, in the reign of Richard II., are stated, in Stow's Annals of England, to have attacked the Temple, on account of their hatred of Sir Robert Hales, the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, and his connection with the Templars. They pulled down the Master's house, and burnt the archives which had been kept there. It is possible that the remains which have just been brought to light may bear witness to that act of violence nearly five hundred years ago.

SIGNIFICANT STRAWS.

EAST TENNESSEE claims to have gathered the largest wheat crop it has ever had.

THE wheat crop on the great Dalrymple Farm in Minnesota this year will aggregate from 400,000 to 600,000 bushels.

SINCE the 1st of January Boston has shipped 1,054,736 cases of boots and shoes, against 841,331 cases for the same period last year.

IT is confidently believed that the imports of gold will be sufficient this year to enable us to add all our home production of the precious metals to our surplus.

IN TROY, N. Y., building improvements are uncommonly active, contracts being out for new stores, dwellings and manufactories, involving over $500,000.

THE print cloth market at Fall River continues to show increased production, being 90,500 pieces for the week ending August 23d, against 88,000 pieces the previous week.

THE Sharon (Pa.) *Eagle* says: "Both our city mills are running double turn, full blast, red hot, night and day, with sufficient orders ahead to insure steady work during the entire Summer."

THE Lochiel Iron Works, at Harrisburg, Pa., which have been idle for the past four or five years, will be started up in the near future, it is stated, to begin on an order for 20,000 tons of railroad iron.

THE Burgess Steel and Iron Works, of Portsmouth, Ohio, have not had so busy a Summer since 1873. With a working force of from 175 to 200 men, and the mill running day and night, their present orders will keep them running steadily for four months to come.

THE season's grape crop along the Hudson River will be the largest ever shipped. The vines are in vigorous condition, and the fruit is large in size. In a few places the vines have suffered from the ravages of the phylloxera, but that is the exception—not the rule.

ACCORDING to the Chicago *Times*, never before has trade been so good as this season, and in no previous year have Chicago merchants sold as many goods as thus far during 1879, and to-day the business interests of this city are in a better shape than at any previous time since the panic of 1873.

STATISTICS of the production in the South in each year from 1870 to 1878, inclusive, of cotton, sugar and tobacco, show that the crop of cotton in 1878 was about 400,000 bales larger than it was in any preceding year; the production of sugar 53,000 hogsheads larger, and the yield of tobacco greater by 12,000,000 pounds—the totals for the year being: Cotton, bales, 5,200,000; sugar, hogsheads, 212,000; tobacco, pounds, 572,000,000.

FIGURES show that the movement of population to the new farming-lands of the West is almost startling. During the year that closed with July not less than 16,000,000 acres of Government lands were taken up by homestead entries alone, and fully 14,000,000 acres of new lands were sold to settlers. It is estimated that 500,000 people settled upon the new lands in 1878, and the number for the present year promises to be even greater.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A FAMINE is said to prevail among the tenant farmers in the West of Ireland.

—UNDER the last appropriation each disabled Virginia soldier will receive thirty dollars.

—IN Memphis it is considered a protection from burglars to have a yellow flag hoisted in front of a dwelling.

—THE Ultramontanes of Prussia have declined, without the fullest guarantee, to co-operate with the Conservatives at the coming elections.

—A CENSUS of Kansas, just completed, shows a population of 849,918, an increase of sixty per cent. over that of 1875, which was returned 528,437.

—ACCORDING to the new Texas code, posting a man as a coward, in a newspaper or otherwise, because he refuses to fight a duel, subjects the poster to a fine of $500 to $1,000.

—CATHOLIC women in Rome in very large numbers have signed and published a formal protest against the proposed Italian law which makes the civil marriage obligatory before the ecclesiastical.

—THE builders' strike in Bristol, England, which began in November, 1878, has at last ended by the submission of the workmen in the joiners' and carpenters' departments to the masters' terms.

—A FRENCH bark with a number of Swiss, French and Belgian colonists, well supplied with arms and ammunition, has left Flushing for New Guinea. The vessel will adopt the American flag to avoid interference.

—AS THE Russian authorities fear that disturbances may occur when Kuldja is surrendered to China, several battalions of infantry and sotnias of Cossacks, with a battery of artillery, will be dispatched to Kuldja.

—IT is stated that the English Government has refused to continue the suspension of the Contagious Diseases Act as far as it relates to Canada in the event of the embargo against American cattle coming into Canada being removed.

—THE consumption of timber for railroad ties has reached enormous dimensions. It is estimated that as we have now about 90,000 miles of railroads, the annual consumption of ties or sleepers alone is 40,000,000, or thirty years' growth of 70,000 acres.

—HELEN FETHIE, the Grace Darling of the Shetland Islands, has just died at Kinghorn. She saved many a life when those on shore would not make an attempt. She received the Royal Institution medal for those feats. She ended her life as a domestic servant, and is said to have been "a simple-minded, straightforward, strictly pious woman."

—THE well-known Convict Prison at Spike Island, as well known to Americans visiting Europe, will soon be closed, as the Government intend converting the island into a fortification for the better protection of Cork Harbor. It is not expected at present that any fresh prison will be built, but the convicts now undergoing sentences of penal servitude there will be distributed among the various convict establishments.

—THE International Grain Fair opened in Vienna, August 25th. An official report states that the Austro-Hungarian wheat crop of the present year is 9,000,000 metric centals less than that of 1878, but owing to the accumulated stock of 1878, only 2,000,000 centals will have to be imported. The importation of 4,000,000 metric centals of rye will be necessary; but the oat crop is sufficient to allow a margin for export.

—THE largest bridge in Europe is now in course of construction across the Volga, in the Government of Samara, Russia, on the Siberian Railroad. During the Spring floods the river at the point of crossing is four miles wide; in the Autumn it is only 4,732 feet wide. The bridge rests on twelve piers 83 feet high, at a distance of 364 feet from each other. The cost of the structure is $3,500,000. It will be completed next year.

—MR. SCOTT, the well-known agricultural authority of Great Britain, in his annual letter reviewing the crops, estimates the outcome of the grain crops at a third less than the average, amounting to a loss of £25,000,000 to the cultivators. He says that 16,000,000 quarters of wheat, or possibly 17,000,000 quarters, will be required from abroad. Mr. Scott also estimates that the deficiency in the potato crop will cause a loss to cultivators of £15,000,000, and the deficiency in beans, peas and rye a loss of £3,000,000.

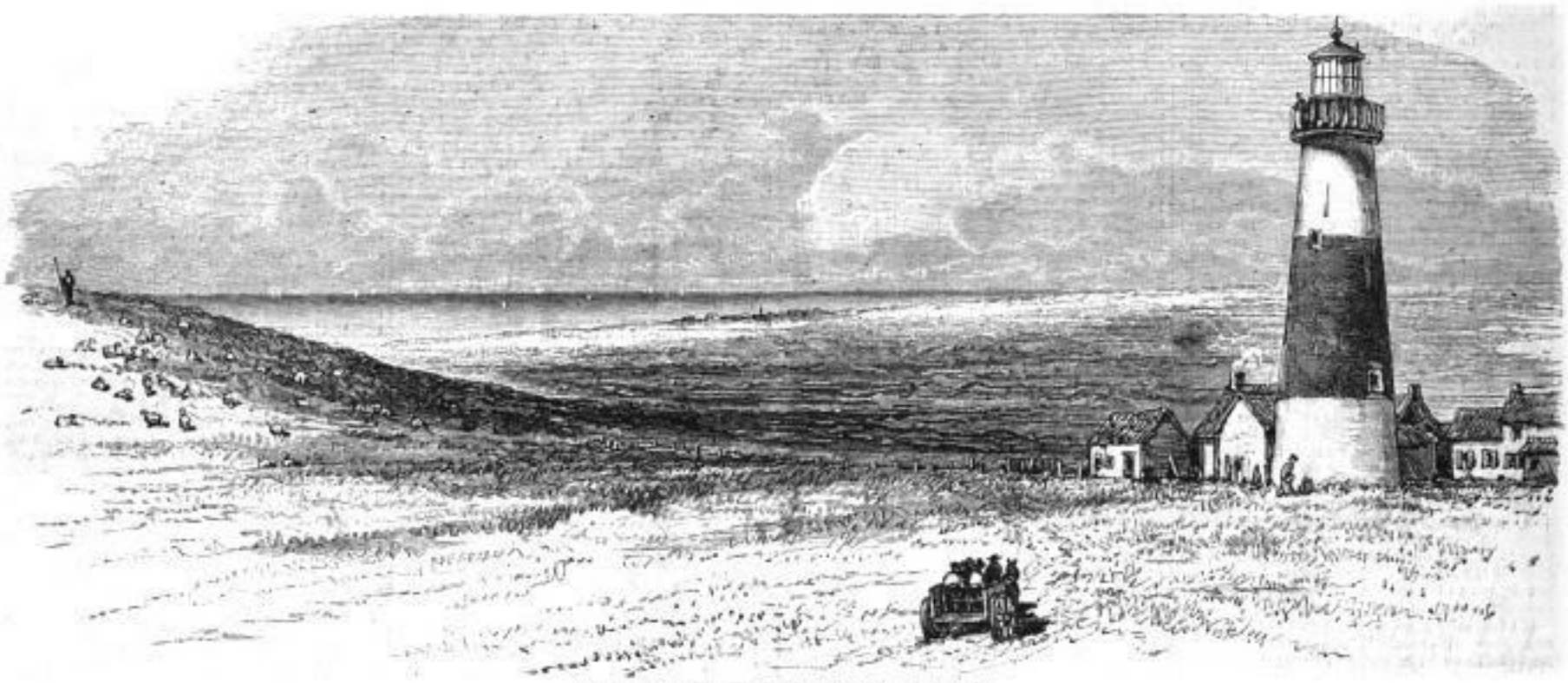
—IT is not generally known that there exists in the southern part of Arizona 1,000 Indians who subsist entirely upon what they can pick up in the way of acorns, berries, nuts, grass-seed, and a little wild game. Still, such is the case. The Wallapai Indians, including a small band of some 150 Ava-Sa-Pais, if anything, exceed 1,000 in number, and for several years have lived without aid from the Government, preferring to suffer almost anything, even starvation, rather than give up their country in the North and go on to the reservation at San Carlos.

—THE latest return of the Bank of France is the most remarkable ever issued. On the 24th of April the note issue of the bank was 2,187,000,000 francs, and the cash in hand was 2,148,000,000. There was, therefore, a reserve of more than 98½ per cent. upon the note liabilities. Moreover, the actual amount of money on hand has never been reached by any other institution in the world, and rarely or never by the Bank of France. It is close upon $429,000,000 in hard money—almost three times as much as the Bank of England reported as in its possession the same day.

—NEXT year will witness the celebration of a jubilee festival in Bavaria, for which, as far as we know, the history of the world furnishes no parallel. The fief of Bayern was granted to a Wittelsbach in the year 1180 by the Emperor of the holy Roman realm, so that a twelvemonth hence 780 years will have elapsed since the lineal ancestor of the fantastic poet king who now occupies the Bavarian throne first assumed the ducal diadem which has, within the last century, been converted into a regal crown. During the interim one Wittelsbach has succeeded another as duke, elector, or king, with unbroken regularity.

—THE War Department is about to commence a very interesting experiment in educating and civilizing young Indians of both sexes. The barracks at Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa., have been selected as the place of trial, having the advantage of a healthful situation, distance from the frontier and most excellent surroundings. The young Indian girls will be taught, not only the rudiments of education, but how to cook and sew and how to be tidy and neat in their persons and apparel. The boys will be instructed how to read and write and maintain themselves by manual labor as farmers or artisans. When the boys and girls graduate they will be ready to carry the germs of civilization with them into the wilderness. This experiment will attract general attention, and if the female savage shall prove as amenable to training as the male has done at Hampton and elsewhere, it may be found cheaper to assist in creating good Indians than it is to keep up an army to kill bad Indians.

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SANCOTA HEAD LIGHTHOUSE, ONE MILE OFF SIASCONSET.

SUMMER LIFE AT NANTUCKET.

IN recent issues of this paper we have alluded to and pictured some of the leading attractions of a Summer residence on the quaint, old-fashioned island of Nantucket, and in brief told the story of its interesting and varying fortune. The whaling station of fifty years, with its world-famed fleet of cruisers, is slowly giving way to a



CLEARING UP FOR SUMMER VISITORS.



OLDEST HOUSE IN NANTUCKET.

transformation at the inspiration of that adventuresome, erratic, leisure-loving and purse-free being known as the American tourist; and places that year after year attract, during their idle season, the wealthy workers in large cities attain in time a reputation that is quite congenial to that vast class who are able not only to visit but to stay at one place for months. Let Fashion and Beauty pause over night in the tracks of the bachelor pioneers, and a popular Summer resort is



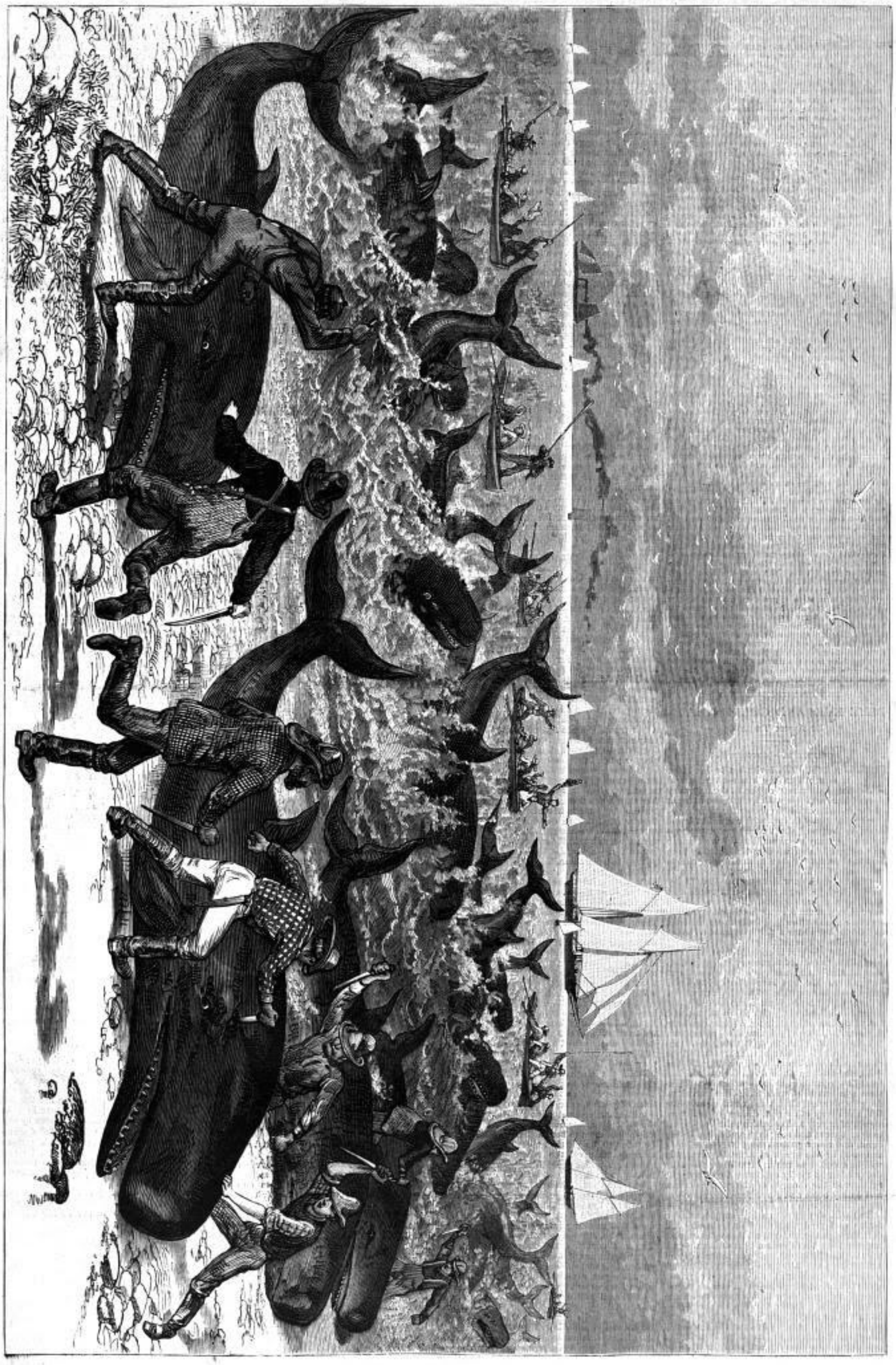
THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.



VIEW OF NANTUCKET FROM THE BELL BEACON.

MASSACHUSETTS.—ATTRACTIONS OF THE SUMMER SEASON AT NANTUCKET.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—ATTRACTIONS OF THE SUMMER SEASON AT NANTUCKET.—DRIVING BLACKFISH ASHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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quite likely to spring up. Then, as in the case of Coney Island with its beach side cities, the masses will wonder why capital did not create the charming caravan-aries long ago.

Distance is conveniently annihilated. Even the White Mountains are close to our doors. Fashion, surfeited with the bewilderments of the leading resorts, seeks new fields and waters, and when the fancy is pleased Fashion rests.

It is difficult for one who has not mingled with the remnants of the old fishing families at Sconset and Polpis—who has not conversed with the oracles of Tuckenuck, Muskejet and Gravel—to understand the alarm which the proposition to construct a narrow-gauge railway along the south shore, from Surfside to Sconset, has excited. This is now under serious contemplation. The surveyors are already at work; two routes are under consideration; the cost of the shorter and more direct is estimated at $25,000, of the larger at $40,000. Parties in New York are interested in the scheme, and are said to be hopeful of success. If the stock is taken this Winter the work will be begun in the Spring and rapidly completed. The shriek of the railway-whistle will surprise the gulls, and the snort of the steam-engine will astonish the ancient mariners; but if the railway is built, the passengers who ride over it will have six or eight miles of magnificent sea-view—broader, grander and freer than anything of the kind in New England. Then, too, in the line of improvement, sensible hotels like those at Manhattan and Brighton beaches are likely to be reared within a year or two.

Such changes the old families believe will destroy the character of the island; they certainly will change it vastly, yet the crowds of Summer pleasure-seekers demand the accommodations; and are there not many bags of shekels behind the demand? So, in truth, Nantucket changes daily, and is destined to be the subject of change for years. The old landmarks are passing away; but few are now preserved. The people point with pride to the North Church, which was built in 1711, and is still in use, and the small house on Centre Street which was built as long ago as 1682; and then, reverting to the new order of things, show the visitor the monument erected as a memorial of the war, and bearing the inscription "Eternal honor to the sons of Nantucket who, by land and sea, gave their lives to preserve a United Country, 1861-1865." The Sancota Head Lighthouse, a little more than a mile from Sconset, the southeastern extremity of the island, is a local attraction very dear to the fishermen, and well it may be, as it has one of the finest Fresnal lights on the entire eastern coast.

From Sancota Head the traveler's attention will be directed to Sesacacha Pond, of pure, sweet water, abounding with fish, and he will be dolefully told how a village was built on the site of the pond in 1676, how it was peopled for 140 years, and why the last house was razed in 1820. The traveler is captivated with the Nantucket of to-day; the native lives still in the whaling excitement of two generations ago. The old and the new are brought together at every turn. The bustle of fashionable life has overmatched the bustle of a deplored business. Fishing, once followed as a profitable industry alone, is now to a great extent pursued for pleasure; or, at least, the places of the professional fishermen are being gradually taken by the amateur and city sportsmen. But with all the mutations of time, life hangs easy, the lengthening hours of the day are enjoyed by native and visitor alike to their fullest extent, and the Nantucket of marvelous whaling fame is on the inevitable drift towards the full-fledged Summer watering-place, with all the belongings that wealth, fashion and beauty demand.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

By Annie Thomas.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

MISS BERTRAM'S invitation to her niece is couched in the kindest terms; and late as her recognition of them is, they regard her tardiness with leniency on account of the consideration she shows for them.

"I want Daisy to stay with me until I leave town in August," she writes; "and perhaps by that time my niece and I will have become so well used to each other that we may both find it pleasant for her to accompany me to the seaside." Then Miss Bertram goes on to say that though it will be better that Daisy should defer getting a regular outfit until she, Miss Bertram, can superintend the transaction herself, still a little ready money may be desirable on the occasion, and she therefore begs to inclose her sister a fifty-pound note, to be used for Daisy's benefit.

Naturally the girl is enchanted at the prospect of the change of scene and society which thus suddenly and unexpectedly opened out before her. She has borne her portion, and more than her portion, of the burden of the weary, straightened, dull home-life brightly and uncomplainingly. But she is young, and full of that rare capacity for pleasure and excitement which only belongs to heart-free, healthy youth. The thought that almost immediately she is to be given the freedom of the fashionable London life of which she has read, and faint rumors of which have reached her in the course of various stilted conversations she has held with the Miss Granvilles, delights, dazzles, almost intoxicates her. She has, like every other girl, dreamt of ballroom scenes of gayety and splendor; she has longed to hear operas and see plays and drive in the Park, and ride a gallant steed in Rotten Row; and now, by the grace of Aunt Bertram, she will be enabled to realize her dreams. Like every other properly constituted girl, too, she rejoices in the thought of the pretty dresses and dainty boots and gloves, and the fairy-like structures of lace and flowers yclept bonnets, which will shortly adorn her supple, slender figure and golden-crowned little head. But still, through the midst of all these pleasurable anticipations, there runs a vein of faint regret for all that she is leaving. She is the light of the house, the needle of the family, her mother's counselor in all the never-ending, constantly-recurring household complications, her father's confidant in his numerous times of tribulation. Tartar, too, is a serious drawback to her tasting unalloyed felicity in the idea of leaving home. The dear old dog is full of excellent feeling and good intentions; but she knows that he will not transfer his allegiance from herself to any member of her family, and that he will get into Bohemian habits of prowling about the village and picking up trifles in the way of rashly-exposed beefsteaks and shoulders of mutton, in exchange for which no coin of the realm will be given.

"And if you're chained up, your sweet temper will be spoilt, my dog," she observes to him, when she is telling him of the flight she is about to take. "Oh, Tartar, what an aunty deed it would be on Miss Bertram's part to include you in the invitation!"

She is sitting in the same reprehensible position—namely, on the gate-post at the top of the hill pasture—with the same reprehensible companion lying at her feet, as on the occasion of our first seeing her. She has been in the habit of sitting here during many hours of all the Summer days of her life. She has come here to blow the cobwebs away many a time, when family distress, which she has been powerless either to relieve or assuage, has driven her out to the open for a taste of the sweetness and light which cannot exist in a house in which poverty reigns. She has come here in hours of happy idleness, when there has been no claim upon her industrious hands or her clear little brain in the home department; come here with some beloved book, in the perusal of which she has lost all memory of the harrowing influence of the home-life of incessant contrivance and non-achievement. But she has never come here before with such an undefinable mixture of sadness and gladness in her heart as is therein this day.

There is a good deal of pathos in the majority of partings. Quite as much—and to the full quite as true—pathos in the tearing oneself away from the places as from the people who have endeared the places to us. The fact that

> "No more by thee
> My steps shall be
> For ever and for ever,"

is not a lamentable thing very often when the bare fact of leaving the brook is isolated. But it is impossible to consider the "bare fact" alone. A thousand associations—some tender, some true, some lacking the genuine ring of the metal, some sad, but all touching—well up as the hour of parting approaches. And the scenes that have many a time been pronounced uninteresting, and the life that has often been avowed to be flat, tame and unprofitable, are regretted keenly, chiefly because they are to be left.

There is a good deal of this phase of feeling in Daisy's mood this warm, sweet day in June, as she sits here looking down over the waving pastures and across the leafy woods, and sees the smoke curling up from many a chimney in the village, on whose hearth she will be missed. Then her eyes roam away to the other side of the valley, and rest upon picturesque many-gabled Glenholme; and she remembers that its owner will be home next week, and that she is going away for a visit of many months to-morrow.

"He'll think that I have forgotten him altogether when he finds that I have gone away just as he comes back, and that I've even left the dog he gave me behind me. Tartar, if you could only speak, old dog, you could tell him a few truths, couldn't you? But, perhaps, he may not care to hear them now that he's coming back to take what Mr. Lincoln calls 'his proper place in the county.'"

Somehow or other this reflection has such an effect on the young lady, before whom such a golden vista is stretching, that she takes her way home through the village dejectedly for the first time in her life. And her friends then regard her, in consequence of this unwonted aspect, more complacently than ever; for they think that it "shows such a nice feeling on Daisy's part not to be elated at the prospect of leaving them."

Her new trunks are neatly packed this night with good stores of the choicest wearing-apparel that the adjacent country town, and the unceasing efforts of two dressmakers and milliners, have been able to achieve in the time; and Daisy stands ready dressed in the hall, saying the last good-by, waiting for the wagonette from the Burnsleigh Arms to come and convey her to the railway-station seven miles off. There are a good many tears shed at the parting. Poor Mrs. Eldon looks forward with a sinking heart to the weary weeks which must elapse before she has any more efficient aid in her herculean task of trying to keep things in order than may be given her by Ethel. That Ethel is as great a darling in her way as Daisy, no one can deny; but she is a perfect mistress of the art of creating confusion and disorder. But even through the tears which blind the mother's eyes the mother perceives proudly that this eldest child of hers is as fair a flower as can ever have blossomed, no matter under what conditions of luxury, care, culture and refinement.

"Daisy will stand comparison with any of the wealthy aristocrats whom my sister worships," she says to her husband. And though he tries to be partly amused at, and partly contemptuous of, the maternal vanity, he shares his wife's pride in the glory of Daisy's beauty to its fullest extent.

In truth, though in days to come the choicest triumphs of the respective arts of Mesdames Elise and Louise may adorn Daisy's person, she will never look more lovely than she does this morning in her plain blue-cambric dress and white hat with the one blue feather. The soft cerulean tint harmonizes with the clear transparent skin and with the bright golden hair marvelously well.

"Bless you, my own!" her mother whispers when the moment for the final farewell comes. "I feel as if you would never be quite one of us again."

"And I feel a conviction that I shall come back and live and die in Burnsleigh, mamma," the girl says, feigning a cheerfulness she does not feel. Then for a minute or two she becomes a mere shuttlecock in the midst of those affectionate battledoors, her brothers and sisters; and, presently, after hugging Tartar, Daisy is gone.

It is six o'clock in the evening when she reaches the terminus, where her aunt's carriage and her aunt's maid await her. The maid has come on the mission with the very faintest interest in her heart concerning the object of it. In Miss Bertram's country-bred niece she has anticipated finding a *gauche*, ill-dressed young woman without "any style," whom she determines to "put in her proper place" at once, in order that no opposition influence to her own may be obtained over Miss Bertram. But when this perfectly self-possessed, beautiful and well-dressed young lady looks at her quietly, and directs her to "see to my luggage," Wharton, Miss Bertram's "own maid," renounces all her preconceived putting-down intentions hurriedly, and finds herself obeying the intruder instead of dictating to her.

Nevertheless, when they get into the carriage and roll away towards Wimpole Street, the "pampered menial" makes one attempt at getting the whip-hand of the "poor relation." If Daisy can only be made to feel her own insignificance at starting sufficiently for Wharton to venture to offer her advice, then will her mistress's niece be an innocuous element in the house, Wharton feels tolerably well convinced. Acting on this conviction, she says:

"What a nice thing for you, miss, to be sure, to have such a treat as this."

Daisy levels her long, sweet blue eyes at the speaker, and fixes the latter well with them before she replies.

"I don't understand you; you must tell me what you mean."

Wharton fidgets under the gaze; for all their sweetness, the blue eyes can look stern enough when occasion requires.

"I mean that it must be such a grand change for you, miss, to come up to a lady like your aunt, who lives in such style as will surprise you. I know what it is for young ladies to come away from their quiet country homes, where they never see no life nor nothing. They feel quite lost very often."

"I don't think you need trouble yourself about my feeling that, thank you," Daisy puts in, quietly.

But Wharton feels that she must accomplish her noble aim now or never, and so goes on eagerly:

"So, any little advice I can give you about what you had better get and what will please your aunt, I'm sure I shall be most happy to offer. Miss Bertram, like all the great ladies, has her moods, and I understand them, and can often give you a hint. You see, I've been used to great ladies and their ways all my life."

"And I have not," Daisy says, coolly. "I will tell my aunt what you say; and if she wishes me to put myself under the tuition of her maid I shall know what to do."

"No offense was meant, miss," the woman says, confusedly; for she feels that she has been worsted by the young lady, and imperiled her own position with the young lady's aunt.

CHAPTER III.

DAISY has been just a month in London. She has been presented, and danced at Marlborough House; she has heard Patti and Nicolini in half a dozen operas; she has been to all the best theatres; watched the polo lists at Hurlingham, and incited the champions on either side to doughty deeds for the sake of her approving smiles. She has been the belle of a dozen ballrooms, the secret of success at many of those usually dreary things, "afternoons at home," which her aunt will persist in frequenting; and altogether has approved herself the best investment Miss Bertram could possibly have made from a society point of view.

Daisy has, in fact, brought an enormous amount of grist to that mill of fashion in which Miss Bertram is so gratified at being ground. The girl, with her fresh, vigorous, happy youth and beauty, has taught the selfish, wealthy old maid some useful lessons. With her whole heart, and with all the intensity of her vigorous young body and mind, Daisy can enjoy—and does enjoy—the enjoyable. With equal whole-heartedness and intensity she spurns the most glorious and enjoyable ends, if the means by which she can attain them are not without flaw or blemish.

She has not been admirably well paraded on the boards of that great theatre, the world of fashion, for nothing, her aunt feels proudly, when Sir Bolingbroke Bray begins to haunt her path, and intrigue for invitations to houses at which he knows the Daisy will appear. But the Daisy is wofully blind to her own interests, it seems to Miss Bertram, as she remarks that Daisy's smiling, flexible lips rarely open when Sir Bolingbroke is her partner, and that if her eyes light on him by any chance there comes a look of sorrowful scorn into their depths that is very detrimental to her chances of becoming Lady Bray. "Daisy's a darling," her aunt thinks, in common with every one else; "but baronets of ancient lineage and large rent-roll do not grow on every bush." Moreover, the young man is handsome, and quite clever enough for everyday life. What can be blinding Daisy's vision that she does not see the advantages of such a match? Perhaps it may be that Daisy is in no haste to be "woo'd and married and a'," by reason of some vague, unfounded hope she may have of inheriting her aunt's property. Miss Bertram determines to rid her niece of the burden this error will be to her without delay, and to tackle the subject with spirit and determination, one morning while Daisy is waiting for the horses to come round for her to go into the Row.

The girl, who is very pretty in any and every kind of garment that the ingenuity of garment makers can devise, looks supremely well in her habit. For erectness, for ease, for having that air of being at home in her saddle without which the most daring and skillful of riders looks out of place on horseback, Daisy challenges competition with the most famous horsewomen of the day. She takes her fast-trotting little bay horse, the Knave of Hearts, through the throng at a pace which excites its admiration and in a way that does not excite its awe. It is the sight of her on horseback which has brought Sir Bolingbroke Bray to the conclusion that happiness and he will be strangers unless he throws the handkerchief to her, and she picks it up with proper humility and flattering eagerness.

"You like this riding, and the round altogether, don't you, my dear?" her aunt begins.

"Like it! I love it!" the girl replies. "You have given me so much happiness, Aunt Bertram! For this one month's joy that I've had, I can never be sufficiently grateful to you, even if I spend all the rest of my life in thanking you for this fine bit of gold that you've let into it."

Miss Bertram is almost moved from her disillusionary purpose by the ungrudging way in which Daisy pours forth her gratitude. However, the old lady nerves herself to the task by a timely remembrance of Sir Bolingbroke, the young baronet who has been touted for assiduously by the most long-sighted mammas during the whole of this and last season. The consideration that Daisy may do what is wise and well in the way of smiling upon his suit, if she imagines that unless she does so her only alternative will be to retire into the beautiful but monotonous shades of Burnsleigh, checks Miss Bertram in the good resolve to be generous which she has almost made. Accordingly she steels her sympathetic heart, and says:

"I'm glad that your visit to me has been such a pleasant one, my dear Daisy; but I can't help feeling that there has been more amiability than discretion in my conduct towards you. I have given you a taste for a manner of life that is, of course, quite dissimilar to the one you will have to lead at Burnsleigh when you go home again. Look out there at the little Knave of Hearts; see how his skin gleams in the sun. Poor child! How you will feel parting with that horse!"

"Yes, I shall feel it terribly," Daisy admits, with a short sigh; "but, anyway, Aunt Bertram, I have had the pleasure, of which no one can rob me, of having ridden him, and of having seen that he is more admired than any horse in the Row."

It occurs to Daisy, as she says this, that if her aunt's sorrow at the separation which is to ensue between horse and rider is very sincere, the way may easily be paved by Miss Bertram's gold for the Knave of Hearts taking up his residence permanently in Burnsleigh.

"He is not more admired than his rider is, I hear on all sides," Miss Bertram says, as archly as she can bring herself to speak in her anxiety. "Sir Bolingbroke was saying only yesterday——"

"Something not worth hearing, I'm sure, as he said it. Now, aunt, I'm off."

She holds her winsome face up to her aunt to be kissed, as she speaks, and the old lady takes it tenderly between her two withered, ring-weighted hands, and says:

"My dear, I wish you would think it worth while to listen to something he has to say to you. Think, Daisy; he can give his wife all, and far more than I have been able to give you of pleasure and luxury. You would like to have your own carriages, your own opera-box, your own place in society, as one of its brightest ornaments; and you would like to be in a position to help those at home, wouldn't you, Daisy? Think of what you can do for your poor broken-down father and your worried, worn-out mother. Think of the aid you might be to your brothers and sisters if you will only be wise. Wouldn't you like to have all the luxuries and the power of doing good that I've named?"

"Very much indeed."

"Then you will be wise?"

"I hope so, Aunt Bertram. As you say, mamma is a worried and worn-out woman; more shame to those who might have saved her from being either! But she has always had the strength to teach her children to try to do what is right; and if we attend to our mother's teaching, and try to do what is right, we shall surely do what is wise."

"Then you will listen when Sir Bolingbroke speaks to you, as I know he is dying to speak, Daisy?"

"Yes, I will."

"My darling sensible child! You shall have the most perfect *trousseau* of the year! You *will* listen! My dearest hopes are realized!"

Miss Bertram caresses her niece more affectionately than she has ever caressed anything, save her white Persian cat, in her life before, for she sees in that niece the future Lady Bray. Her niece responds to these caresses by saying:

"I will listen to Sir Bolingbroke when he offers me the carriages and horses and jewels and opera-box you speak of. And when he has finished, I will ask him where the woman to whom they belong of right is. Aunt Bertram, do you think I am deaf? Don't you think I have heard the story of his heartless neglect of the poor girl he married—neglect and unkindness which drove her so far wrong that he was able to divorce her? Before Sir Bolingbroke persuades me to be his wife he must drug my memory and undo the teaching of my mother's example!" And with these words on her lips, and righteous wrath against Sir Bolingbroke and all who would advocate his cause with her in her heart, Daisy Eldon goes away for her customary morning's ride.

It will be hard to renounce it all, the young blonde beauty feels, as she turns in at the Apsley House Gate, followed by her model groom, and lets the Knave of Hearts go off at that striding trot of his, which easily covers eighteen miles within the hour. The Row is very full this morning, and a hundred hats

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are raised to Daisy as she winds her way skillfully through the crowd of riders, on her way down. Dozens of other acquaintances, both masculine and, feminine, are leaning against the railings and sitting upon the chairs. These bide their time patiently for a word or a bow or a nod from the young beauty, who is also reputed to be the rich Miss Bertram's heiress. Pleasure is expressed in the faces of all she knows at the sight of her, for Daisy has achieved the rare distinction of being liked by women as much as she is admired by men. She has never damaged a rival's cause by damning her with faint praise. She has never vaunted herself in any way, either by word or deed or look. She has never, in short, boasted or triumphed about herself to the depreciation of any other girl; and so she is liked and imitated and courted by all the female portion of her aunt's coterie, who are wise enough in their generation to perceive that her chances are better than their own, in spite of her having made such a late appearance on the boards of society.

(*To be continued.*)

TERRAPIN FISHING.

"BOIL your terrapin for two hours until the skin on the legs peels off; then pick the terrapin out of the shell and remove its gall-sac; then stew, by adding a quarter of a pound of butter, a taste of red pepper and the squeeze of a half-lemon; put as much water as will stew, pour in a dash of sherry, and leave the rest to nature." Thus, "Tommy" Boylan, of Guy's, in Baltimore, to the artist and the writer, and there is no better authority on terrapin from Savannah to the Patapsco River. Turtle may be fit for aldermen, but terrapin is food for princes, and a terrapin-stew might be served by Hebe to the immortal gods in high Olympus. Terrapin are caught from Savannah and Charleston up to the Patapsco River at Baltimore, while the genuine "diamond-back" is only to be found in the Upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. A diamond-back never measures less than seven inches in length on the under shell, a seven inch being known as a "Count terrapin," while anything under the length of a "count" does not count. Ten inches long and eight pounds in weight is reckoned a very large terrapin, the seven-inchers weighing, on an average, four pounds. During the season terrapins sell for $30 to $38 per dozen; while "sliders"—common river turtles, principally caught in the James River—which sell at from $5 to $8 per dozen, are passed off by skillful *restaurateurs* as genuine "diamond-backs" on unwary but ambitious guests, at a dollar and a half the dish. The male terrapin is known as the "bull," the female as the "cow," the lady being more in request on account of her thirty eggs, which are used to garnish the delectable dish.

The artist and I having consigned our lives and limbs to the custody of the darkest darkey my eyes ever alighted upon, and to the most rakety of crazy skiffs, were paddled up a small tributary of the Chesapeake Bay, situated at about six miles from Annapolis, on a terrapin-searching expedition. Having quitted the sanctuary of the boat for the more genial atmosphere of the mud, our darkey, who was armed with a long, thin pole, commenced to probe the bottom—he was wading waist-deep—or, to use the technical term, to "sound" for terrapin. His practiced sense of touch tells him when he taps terrapin, and if they are numerous he marks his prey, and returns to grab them with a net. On this occasion the "birds"—as Don Piscure love to call them, although terrapin is used as fish by the most devout Catholics in the severest of Lenten time—were plentiful, and our darkey, having put us ashore, very soon returned with a boat containing his mate, nets, sounding-poles, rakes and other impedimenta of his calling, a business that pays the catcher according to luck from $5 to $50 a week. The haul, which was watched by a luckless fisherman with considerable envy, proved a good one, the ground being literally cut from under the feet of the terrapin, and there were vast expansive grins, accompanied by chuckles loud and deep, as the well-laden boat rowed back with its precious freight to the quaint old capital of Maryland.

Terrapins are jealously guarded by the law, and a stringent Act exists which protects diamond-back terrapins in the waters of the State of Maryland. The fishing opens on the first of November and terminates on the 31st of March. It is unlawful to catch any terrapin of a size less than five inches on the bottom of the shell, or to interfere with or destroy the diamond-back terrapin's eggs. It is stated that thirty years ago the dealers found it difficult to sell terrapins at $6 a dozen, and now the difficulty lies in obtaining them at any price. Their numbers are rapidly decreasing, and unless some effective protective means are forthwith taken, a terrapin will indeed prove a rara avis in terris.

Sliders are plentiful in the tributaries of the Chesapeake, as also are "snappers." Turtle are fished for in this way: The fisherman plants poles, some times a hundred, in the middle of the stream; to each pole he fastens a line, to which is attached a hook baited with salted eel. The snapper grabs bait and hook and is hauled up, always vicious and desperate. The fishermen around these tributaries take a thousand pounds weight of turtle a week, which they sell at ten cents a pound. The snappers' eggs, about the size of marbles, are considered a great delicacy.

Apropos of turtle and terrapin, the following is the menu of a perfect Maryland dinner as arranged by "one of the knowing ones":

"Four small oysters from Lynhaven Bay; Terrapin *à la* Maryland; Canvas-back ducks; a small salad of crab and lettuce; Vegetables—Baked Irish potatoes; Fried hominy cakes and plain celery."

Shade of Lucullus, pale not with envy!

THE KALLOCH-DE YOUNG SHOOTING.

THE passions arising from the virulence of political factions culminated in San Francisco on Saturday, August 23d, in the public shooting of the Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch by Charles De Young, the senior proprietor of the San Francisco *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Kalloch is the candidate of the Workingmen's Party for Mayor, and, in the course of his canvass, made many political speeches. De Young was opposed to him politically, and said that he would force him to withdraw from the canvass. De Young sent word to Kalloch that, in case he would not withdraw, he would publish in the *Chronicle* a full history of Kalloch's career in Boston and Kansas. Kalloch told him to go ahead, and he went ahead. De Young thereupon printed a long article on Kalloch's amours while he was pastor of the Tremont Temple Society in Boston, his trial for adultery, and his forced resignation. This article was followed up on the following days by others of similar character, and the reverend politician became decidedly restive under them; so much so that on Friday evening he addressed a large audience in the Metropolitan Temple, at which it had been previously advertised that he would read an article published some two years ago by S. F. Naphtaly, attacking the De Youngs, for which they had attempted to kill him, but failed. De Young sent word to Kalloch that if he read that article he would shoot him on sight. Kalloch didn't read the article, but in his address to the large audience he scored the De Youngs mercilessly, reflecting on their personal record and family antecedents in the most direct manner. After adjourning the meeting in the hall, he went outside, mounted a stand and spoke briefly. After reviewing the attacks of the *Chronicle* upon himself, he said: "In maligning the reputation of my father, who has filled an honorable grave for many years, these journalistic vipers have rendered most vicious retaliation on my part necessary and justifiable. Their disgraceful records make such attack possible, and I am justified in pronouncing them the bastard progeny of a prostitute."

This was too much for the De Youngs, and on Saturday morning Charles De Young drove in a coupé to the Jessie Street entrance of the Metropolitan Temple, where Mr. Kalloch had his study, and sent word to him by a District Telegraph boy that a gentleman wished to speak with him. Kalloch was just stepping into a carriage with Carl Brown, the private secretary of Dennis Kearney, but on receiving the messenger he started at once for De Young's coupé. The moment he reached the door of the vehicle De Young leveled his revolver and fired. The ball entered the left breast, between the third and fourth ribs. Kalloch staggered backward for an instant, and then turned to run, when De Young sent another ball after him, which penetrated the left thigh. By this time a crowd had surrounded the coupé, and an attempt was made to secure De Young. An officer appeared and tried to protect him, and in the scuffle the coupé was overturned, De Young leaping out of the door, revolver in hand. The officer was knocked down and trampled on, and De Young was severely bruised, but the two managed to push through the crowd, which were yelling, "Hang him! kill him!" and reached the corner of Fifth Street. Here they were joined by two other policemen, and they hurried into the Baldwin Hotel, whence they escaped by a different entrance, entered a carriage, and were driven rapidly to the City Prison, followed by the hooting crowd, which had now swelled to thousands. De Young was put in one of the tank cells, where he was soon joined by his brother, Michael Henry, who had fled from the publication office of the *Chronicle*, and rushed to prison for protection. Meanwhile the crowd around the building was constantly increasing, and many demonstrations of a desire to take the De Youngs by force were made. A rope was stretched around the jail, which was guarded on every side by policemen, and Brigadier-General McComb ordered the militia to assemble in their armories and wait for orders. Strong guards were posted around the publication office of the *Chronicle* in Montgomery Street, and the composition-room in Clay Street, as threats were freely made by the workingmen that they would sack the two buildings, and a strong body of them actually marched down town for this avowed purpose, but the sight of the policemen deterred them from committing any actual violence, although a large and excited throng hovered about the two offices for hours, discussing the shooting of Kalloch, and swearing to take summary vengeance on the De Youngs.

In the afternoon over 16,000 excited men assembled at the Sand Lots, and were addressed by several persons. Dennis Kearney arriving on the scene, counseled moderation, and finally the crowd dispersed. The excitement for two or three days was intense, but at last accounts had subsided, the recovery of Kalloch being regarded as probable, and De Young having been formally committed for trial. He has published a statement in defense of his action, which has somewhat modified the public estimate of the offense, but the press of the city has very generally branded the shooting as an utterly indefensible outrage.

A dispatch from United States Senator Sharon, dated August 27th, expresses the sentiment of the better portion of the community as to the affair as follows: "The excitement in this city has entirely subsided, and there is no apprehension of violence. It is much regretted by all that political discussion should have passed the bounds of legitimate argument, being converted into the vilest possible abuse, dragging into the arena the living and the dead, sparing neither age nor sex, but that violence should follow was to be expected as a natural result. The animus of the political fight is opposition to corporations and their control in politics."

The Belgian Education Law.

THE Belgian Elementary Education Law has now fully come into force. On the morning after its publication in the official *Moniteur* all the Clericalist journals, with two exceptions, appeared with a black border round their columns in order to show their deep grief at the terrible event. One of them, the *Avenir*, of Charleroi, even went so far, in its leading articles on the subject, as to insult the King, whom it accuses of having preferred the cause of this world to the cause of God. Those provincial councils which are most subject to clerical and conservative influences still assert that they will afford no assistance to the setting up of the "godless" schools instituted by the State.

Foreign readers must be warned against believing the representations made by prejudiced correspondents, who take their tone from the conservative press of Belgium. Religious teaching is fully permitted in every school, but it is henceforth to be withdrawn from the clerical dictators and manipulators, who claimed a jurisdiction over history, literature, science and every other branch of popular culture, wherever it could be pretended that a religious or ecclesiastical interest was involved. That the party will accommodate themselves to accomplished facts even sooner than was expected may be gathered from the action of their leader in the Senate, Prince Ligne, who voted against the law, but since it has come into force has hurried forward to present a piece of land to the commune of Uccle, near Brussels, for the erection of its new primary school, which will of course be conducted in accordance with the regulations of the new law. Meanwhile the clergy are hoping that they will still be able to retain a hold over the education of the middle classes, and are eagerly turning their attention to secondary instruction. The brilliant success of the State School of Agriculture at Gembloux, near Namur, has long been a thorn in their side, and they have succeeded in founding an agricultural college of their own at Carlsbourg.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to a German Paper, American honey can be distinguished from that of European origin by the different character of the pollen grains.

Professor Webster, of Union College, is adding greatly to the Schenectady Museum, in his dredgings and fishings in the waters near Provincetown, Mass.

Herr Karl Russ, the eminent German ornithologist, is writing a new work on foreign and domestic birds, in three volumes. Two are completed, and part of the third has recently appeared. A full account of the domestic birds of the United States will be given.

Too Much Salt in Well Water, Professor Latimore thinks, may be taken as a proof of the infiltration of sewage, for the reason that nearly all the salt used for domestic purposes escapes by the way of the water-closet or the house-drain. Normal well water only contains a few grains per gallon of salt.

Professor Ogden N. Rood, of Columbia College, is spending the Summer at his residence in Stockbridge, and is engaged in interesting experiments on the velocity of light. His work on "Chromatics" has been published, and is received with high praise by scientific men in this country and Europe.

Mr. Heskin, of Preston, England, has discovered a new way of making magnesium. He puts the anhydrous chloride of magnesium in a tubulated earthen retort and passes hydrogen or carbonic oxide gas through the molten mass. The chloride is reduced and metallic magnesium forms a regulus in the slag.

Dr. A. S. Packard, the distinguished entomologist, reports that the locust was in New Mexico in 1865, 1868, 1874 and 1877, and that it has penetrated into Eastern Arizona. It comes into the country from Colorado, thus proving the correctness of the former conclusions of the Entomological Commission.

Professor Geike, the distinguished Edinburgh geologist, arrived in New York, August 11th, and left immediately for the Western States, where he will remain studying the mountain systems of that region until October. He will be able to meet some of Mr. Clarence King's detached parties and accompany them to the Yellowstone and to the mines of Nevada and California.

Von Boeckmann has discovered that cast-iron, long submerged, becomes pyrophoric, and may, therefore, be dangerous. He reminds us that this phenomenon is not unfrequently seen in a remarkable degree in cast-iron cannon-balls and grapeshot that have been recovered from the sea after a century's submersion. Such bodies often heat and may take fire spontaneously.

Professor Otto Von Struve, the eminent astronomer in charge of the Russian Observatory at Pulkowa, near St. Petersburg, has arrived at Washington for the purpose of inspecting the large objective belonging to our Government, and if it comes up to his expectations he is authorized to order a bigger one of Alvan Clark & Son, of Cambridgeport, Mass. The Emperor of Russia intends to have the best telescope in the world, and he sends to the United States to command it.

When Nickel and Cobalt cool they absorb carbonic oxide and become brittle. To avoid this evil M. Fleitmann has taken advantage of the readiness with which metallic magnesium will destroy the oxides of carbon. He fuses the metals nickel and cobalt with a small quantity of magnesium, and thus renders the two metals malleable. The addition of one-eighth per cent of magnesium not only renders nickel and cobalt malleable but makes them also weldable when hot. Cobalt becomes so hard as to be applicable for cutting instruments.

New Preparation of Carbolic Acid.—Solidified disinfecting tablets, containing fifty per cent. of concentrated carbolic acid, have been introduced for domestic disinfecting purposes. The great advantage of this solid form is that it removes the danger of accidental poisoning; and from the high per centage of acid present, the tablets provide, even when dissolved in a considerable quantity of water, a solution capable of arresting all kinds of putrefactive change, and of destroying all the lower forms of insect, vegetable, or germ life.

The Social Science Association held its meeting this year at Saratoga, September 9th-12th. The programme is a very attractive one, including, as it does, papers by some of the most distinguished scientists and educators in the country, among them President Daniel C. Gilman, who presides; President Porter, of Yale, S. Wells Williams, Professor William T. Harris, Professor Justin Winsor, Colonel George E. Waring, Mr. Charles L. Brace, and many others. Topics will be discussed relating to jurisprudence, social economy, finance, prison discipline, charity, sanitary science, etc.

Messrs. Remsen & Ylles, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, have been making a series of interesting researches on the oxidation of substitution products of what are called the aromatic bodies, benzoic, etc. They have made a solid on the kresol from their oxytoluic acid. It is too early to say what practical application may eventually be made of the new compounds, but we ascertain that the links in the chain of discovery furnished by these accomplished chemists will be used in completing the steps leading to practical results.

To Purify Water for feeding steam-boilers, M. Asselin recommends the oxalate of soda. The hardness of the water being known, sufficient of the alkaline salt is added to precipitate all of the lime as oxalate. The oxalate of lime thus produced is not thrown away, but is regenerated by treating it at a boiling temperature with carbonate of soda. By a double decomposition there are formed carbonate of lime, which is insoluble, and soluble oxalate of soda, which is ready to be used over again to remove the lime from a new supply of water. The process will not work for drinking water, as oxalic acid is a poison.

Mr. K. Chernoff has succeeded in the curious experiment of magnetizing cast-iron by surrounding the mold in which the bar was cast by an electro-magnetic reel, along which a current was allowed to flow during the casting process, so that the liquid metal became magnetic and cooled under the influence of the magnetic current. The result was a magnetized bar of white cast-iron, but having a symmetrical cavity extending about two-thirds of its length, the metal being extremely thin just opposite the centre of the reel. It is suggested that powerful and permanent magnets of cast-iron may be obtained in this way by casting under pressure, and that by some modification of the experiment the plan of magnetizing the fluid metal might be usefully employed in casting hollow cylinders without cores.

M. Coulon, Conservator of the Industrial Museum of Rouen, has discovered a new system for transforming sound into light, which phenomenon has been the subject of a lecture by M. Geraldy with the Gower telephone. Two Geissler tubes are put in quick rotation on an axis. The Ruhmkorf coil of the first is worked by an ordinary interruptor, and gives the deviation of a luminous cross. The interruptor of the second is replaced by a telephone. The figure presented by the second tube projects on the first one which is colored by uranoxide glass, and exhibits the most rapid changes according to the height of the note delivered in the telephone trumpet. The sensibility of the changes are startling and most interesting. The apparatus is exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris, where it attracts great attention.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

COUNT GÉRARD, of Nanrois, the great-grandson of Racine, has received from the Pope the hereditary title of Marquis.

VERDI, the composer, who now lives at Genoa, says that his age and infirmities have compelled him to relinquish all artistic work.

COUNT SZECHENYI, while recently in Berlin, declared his unwillingness to succeed Count Andrassy as Premier of Austro-Hungary.

THE marriage of King Alfonso will take place in Madrid at the expiration of the period of mourning for the Infanta Maria del Pilar.

MR. GLADSTONE thinks that the settlement of the Alabama claims by arbitration will rank in history with the abolition of the slave trade.

EDWARD KING has been decorated by the French Government for the interest he manifested in the recent literary congress at London.

A GREAT shooting contest was concluded at Versailles, August 25th, in which Milton Farrow, the American marksman, gained the first three prizes.

THE Legislature of Georgia has selected James Oglethorpe and Crawford W. Landon to represent that Commonwealth in the National Gallery of States at Washington.

MME. and MLLE. GRÉVY, the wife and daughter of the President of the French Republic, are summering in the Pyrenees, where, at the end of August, M. Grévy rejoined them.

THE Rev. Michael McCabe, of Woonsocket, has been appointed Vicar-General of the Catholic Diocese of Providence, in place of Father Mahan, lately consecrated Bishop of Hartford.

THE Queen has sent to John B. Buckstone, the actor, and late manager of the Haymarket Theatre, £50. Lord Beaconsfield has recommended that a grant of £100 be made to Mr. Buckstone from the royal bounty.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, who originally conceived the idea of the penny-postage system in England, and first introduced the use of postage-stamps to prepay mail matter, died at his home in Hampstead, England, August 27th, aged 84.

MLLES. MARIE and Louise d'Oczeszko, two sisters, aged seventeen and eighteen years respectively, have just passed their bachelor's degree with honors at the College of Sciences, Marseilles. They are the daughters of a Russian noble.

DR. BESELER has been elected Rector of the University of Berlin. He is one of the moderate Constitutional members of the Reichstag, and a strong opponent of the recent financial and economic measures of the German Government.

HON. JOHN DIKEMAN, of Brooklyn, ex-Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and ex-County Judge, died August 23d, aged eighty-five; Hon. John C. Ten Eyck, ex-Senator of the United States from New Jersey, on August 24th, aged ninety-five.

MISS MARY AITKEN, a niece of Thomas Carlyle, and his amanuensis, was married, on Thursday, August 21st, at Dumfries, Scotland, to her cousin, Alexander Carlyle, of Brantford, Ontario. The distinguished author was present at the ceremony.

THE San Francisco Board of Underwriters have voted to give Captain Armstrong and his daughter $500 each for the courage and fortitude they displayed in bringing the ship *Templar* into port against adverse winds and after many of the crew had been lost from yellow fever.

M. GAMBETTA has just received a most remarkable gift—a portrait of his mother, embroidered in silk on crimson velvet. The work, which was executed by a Mlle. Gerard, a young lady of Marseilles, is said to be excellent in its minuteness and in its artistic and lifelike appearance.

M. AUGUSTE CAIN, the sculptor deputed by the City of Geneva to execute the principal portions of statuary connected with the grand monument, costing 2,000,000 francs, Geneva erects to the memory of the Duke of Brunswick, who bequeathed nearly a million sterling to the municipality, has completed his task.

"WILD BILL," the frontiersman, who was killed about three years ago, and reminiscences of whose adventures filled a large space in Western newspapers, was buried at Deadwood, Dakota Territory. His body was disinterred the other day, and it was found to be entirely changed into a stony substance very much like marble.

IN Pope Leo's garden, in the middle of a large graveled square, he has had reproduced by a design in young boxwood, carefully trimmed, the arms of the Pope. He has ordered all the tapestries in the Vatican to be placed in chronological order and according to the schools to which they belong. In many ways he shows taste in things not ecclesiastical.

IT is now rumored that a marriage has been arranged between the heir-apparent of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the Princess Beatrice of England. The Prince, who is just twenty-two, is a grandson of the Emperor William and a kinsman of the late Prince Imperial, whose grandaunt, Stephanie, married the Grand Duke Charles Louis of Baden in 1806.

PROFESSOR LANDERER, of Athens, says that a very popular remedy against sea sickness, to the smoky mariners in the Levant, is the daily internal employment of iron, according to a method peculiar to themselves. The substance is obtained in a very primitive way—a portion of the iron-rust adhering to the anchor and anchor-chain being scraped off and administered.

THE Moscow journals relate an extraordinary escape of a young Nihilist girl named Gobieshawska from the hands of the police. They had discovered the house in which she was concealed, and were about to make the arrest, when, to their surprise, they saw a balloon rising from the garden containing the object of their search and two men. The balloon rapidly disappeared.

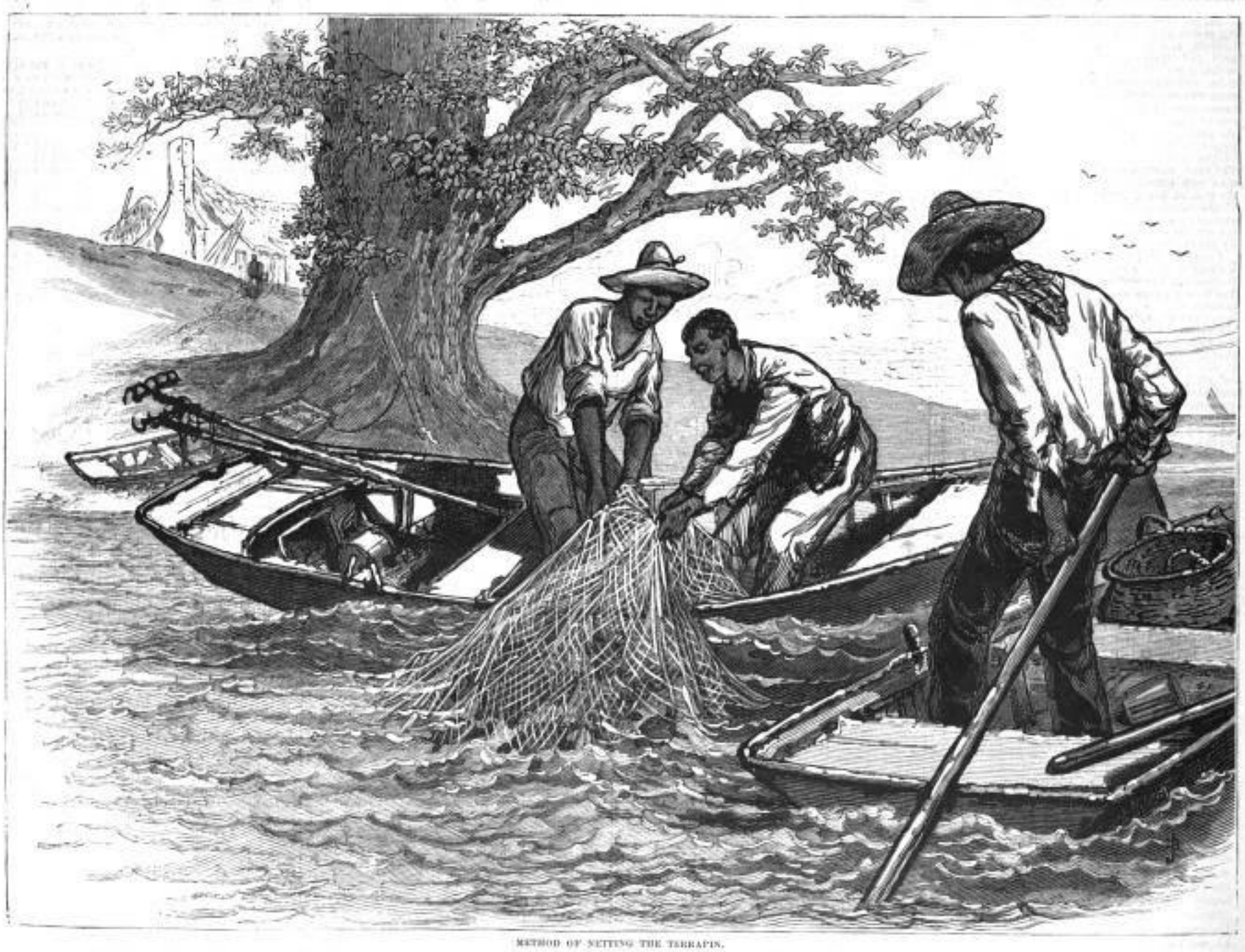
GENERAL WEITZEL, United States Engineers, has been engaged twelve years in building and operating locks, and in July next will have completed the largest lift-lock on the globe at Sault Sainte-Marie, Mich. Its dimensions are: Length, 515 feet; breadth, 80 feet; lift, 18 feet, and gates admitting a vessel of 60 feet beam. General Weitzel's calculations are that eleven minutes only will be required to pass a vessel through, including, of course, the time necessary to pass in and out of the lock.

AFTER a considerable amount of difficulty, the trustees of the British Museum have succeeded in obtaining a successor to Mr. Hormuzd Rassam in the work of Assyrian exploration. Lieutenant Kitchener, Royal Engineers, whose name has for many years been closely connected with the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has accepted the post, and will, as soon as official duties permit, start for Mosul. Lieutenant Kitchener had only just returned from Cyprus, where he had been sent to arrange for the ordnance survey of that island.

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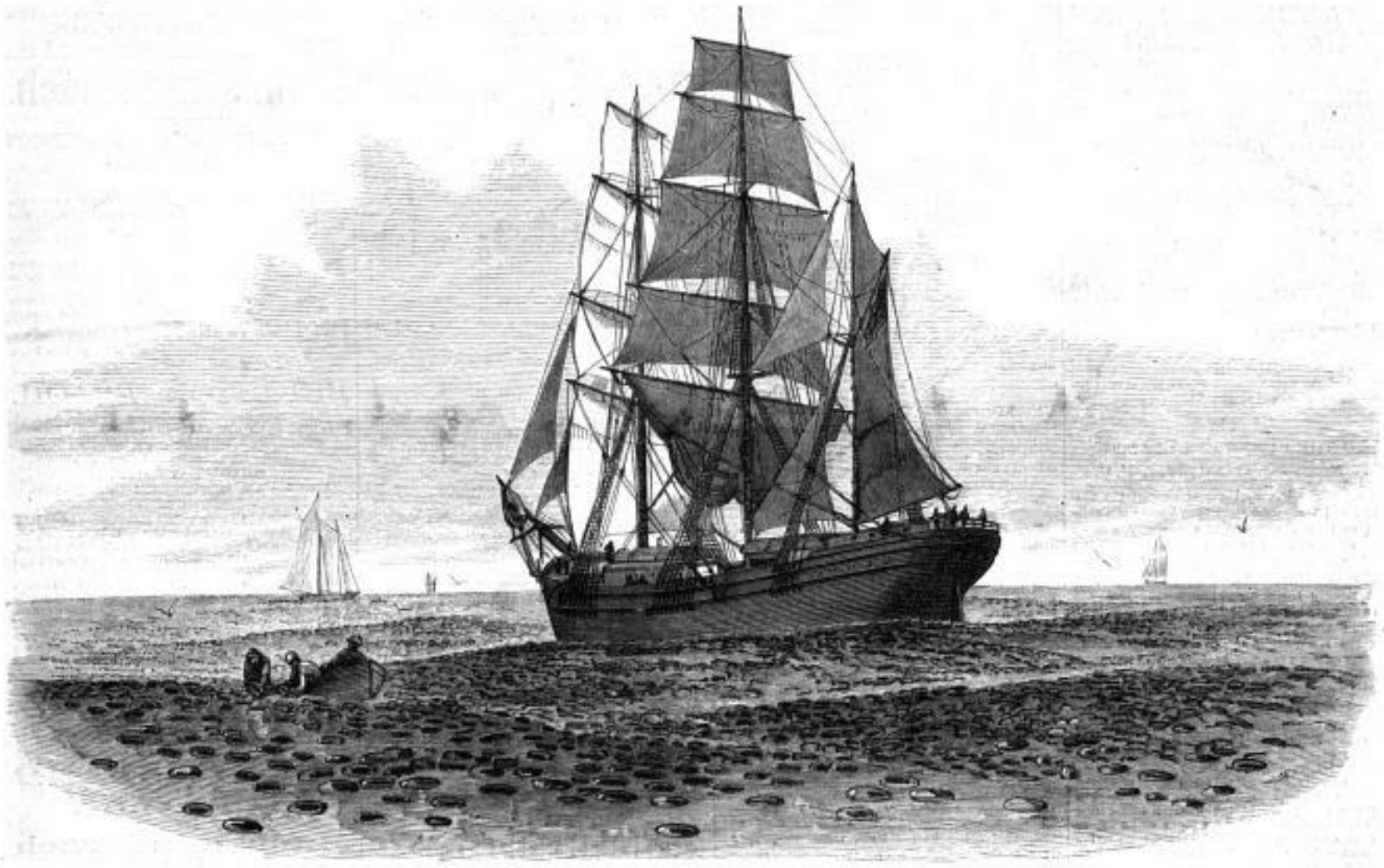
A SNAPPING-TURTLE FARM, ON AN INLET NEAR ANNAPOLIS.



METHOD OF SETTING THE TERRAPIN.

MARYLAND.—THE INDUSTRIES OF CHESAPEAKE BAY—RAISING AND CATCHING TERRAPINS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.

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NEW JERSEY.—THE BARK "NESTOR," EN ROUTE FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE TO NEW YORK, PASSING THROUGH A LOST CARGO OF WATER-MELONS, AUGUST 23D.

A MARINE MELON PATCH.

THE officers of the bark *Nestor*, which arrived at New York from the Cape of Good Hope on August 23d, report a singular experience that was had on the night previous. The vessel was off the Jersey coast; with a light but steady wind, almost no progress appeared to be made. A peculiar appearance of the water and a continuous bumping of something against the vessel's bow were reported by the lookout. The officer of the deck being called, was unable to explain the mystery. Then the captain was aroused, with no better results. But when daylight broke a singular sight was presented. The water, as far as the eye could see, was covered with watermelons. A sailor insisted that the State of New Jersey had sunk, and that the vessel was riding over her famous melon patches; but when the fruit was examined, and no stems nor parts of the vine were found attached, this theory was abandoned. The only explanation reached was merely a suggestion that a fleet of fruit-punkies, or schooners, had been wrecked during the late storm, or obliged to throw overboard the deck cargo. The fruit was in good condition, and indicated an excellent crop both as to quantity and quality.

On the morning of August 26th, the docks along the Hudson, at the foot of Fulton, Vesey, Harrison and Jay Streets, presented an unusually animated spectacle. The waters were covered with watermelons—whole, halved, quartered and in every variety of condition—some a little specked, others quite decayed, and others to all appearance in good condition. The street Arabs fished for them with running nooses, speared at them with sharply pointed bits of timber, lowered themselves by ropes and angled for them with their toes, while Italian fruit-venders "of the baser sort" bought them of the boys for sums ranging all the way from one to three cents each.

These vessels were mostly from Nanticoke, on the eastern shore of Maryland, where the sandy shore is peculiarly adapted to melon-culture. Vessels which sail from Nanticoke go across the Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore, and thence to this city by canal, the trip taking from two to three days. To go "outside" takes only about forty-six or forty-eight hours, but shippers object to the outside passage, as the fruit gets jammed and bruised by the tossing of the vessel.



PROF. GEORGE F. BARKER, M.D.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

GEORGE F. BARKER, M.D.

PROF. GEORGE F. BARKER, who had the honor to preside at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Saratoga, last week, was born at Charlestown, Mass., July 14th, 1835. In early life he was apprenticed to a philosophical instrument maker in Boston, and thus acquired that skill in the manipulation of apparatus for which he has since been distinguished. In 1856 Professor Barker entered the Yale Scientific School, and graduated as Bachelor of Philosophy in 1858. He was chemical assistant for two Winters (1858-61) in the Harvard Medical School. In 1861 he was appointed professor of chemistry and geology in Wheaton College, Illinois, and was acting professor of chemistry in 1862-63 in the Albany Medical College, where he graduated as M. D. in 1863. Early in 1864 he became professor of natural sciences in the Western University of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg, was instructor (1865) in the Yale Medical College, and was appointed professor of physiological chemistry and toxicology at Yale in 1867. In 1871 he was chosen Vice-President of the American



NORTH CAROLINA.—MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD, AT SALISBURY.—SEE PAGE 30.

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Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1873 he became professor of physics in the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, which is his present position. In 1876 he was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences. In 1878 he went out with the Draper Eclipse Expedition, to Rawlins, Wyoming, to witness the solar eclipse of July 29th, as spectroscopic observer. On his return he attended the St. Louis meeting of the American Association, where he was elected President for the ensuing meeting.

Professor Barker has devoted the greater portion of his time to the work of instruction, in the class-room as well as the public lecture-room. He has written much on various scientific subjects, his "Text-Book of Elementary Chemistry," published in 1870, having had an exceptional success. Among the scientific papers which he has published may be named the following: "The Forces of Nature," Albany, 1863; "Report of a Trial for Strychnia Poisoning," Philadelphia, 1864; "Formic versus Carbonic Acid," New Haven, 1867; "On Normal and Derived Acids," New Haven, 1867; "On Molecular Classification," New York, 1871; "On the Spectrum of the Aurora," New Haven, 1871; "Correlation of Vital and Physical Forces," New York, 1871; "New Vertical Lantern Galvanometer," Philadelphia, 1875; "The Molecule and the Atom," Salem, 1876; "Report on the Solar Eclipse of July, 1878," Philadelphia, 1878. He has been for several years one of the chemical editors of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*.

TO THE "UNKNOWN DEAD."

THE MONUMENT AT SALISBURY, N. C.

THE *souvenirs* left by the war around the outskirts of Richmond have long since been celebrated as they deserve; but a scarcely inferior interest attaches itself to another spot which is far less widely known—the Cemetery of the "Unknown Dead," at Salisbury, N. C.

On a sloping ridge, about half a mile from the town, a massive boundary-wall of stone fences in an inclosure seven acres in extent, two of which constitute the cemetery proper, the remaining five being laid out as a lawn and planted with trees. A neat lodge has been erected at the main entrance, over which the national colors are daily displayed in fine weather. The whole inclosure forms a charming feature in the local panorama; but the chief interest of the spot naturally centres itself in the eighteen trenches, two hundred and forty feet long, of the actual "burial-ground," in which lie, according to the most reliable estimates, 11,700 soldiers of the Union, who perished in the adjacent prison-pens during the last years of the war. Identification being impossible, these poor wrecks of humanity were interred in one promiscuous mass, from which circumstance the cemetery derived the touching name by which it is still known.

In the midst of this historic ground, the passing traveler, looking from the window of his car as he rattles by the foot of the slope, sees on its highest point, outlined in bold relief against the warm, dreamy sky of the South, a plain obelisk of New Hampshire granite, 26 feet 10 inches in height, which, since the 8th of February, 1876, has kept its silent watch over the graves of the "unknown dead." This monument, erected at a cost of $10,000, is from a design by Mr. Augustus Van Cleef, of New York.

A design which has borne away the palm from so many formidable competitors (including even Mr. Randolph Rogers, of Rome, the designer of the bronze gates in the Capitol at Washington) must needs be excellent of its kind; and it cannot be denied that in this case the artist's conception is fully worthy of his subject.

The nameless dead are very happily symbolized by a veiled tablet on the upper part of the shaft. Below it a helmet, shield and sword typify the great struggle, and a pair of broken fetters the tardy bursting of the prison-bands by the hand of Death, which came all too slowly to some of these heroic sufferers; while on the summit of the pillar hangs a sculptured laurel wreath, emblematic of their unfading glory.

But, perhaps, the most admirable feature of this noble memento is the Spartan terseness of its inscription. The execrable taste of the past century would have defaced it with bombastic verse or pompous prose, bringing in a crowd of worn-out commonplaces about "fell Death," "weeping Muses," "the rage of Mars," and "the laurels of Clio and Melpomene." But the intrusion of such sorry tinsel—an impertinence at the best of times—would be doubly so in the case of men like those who lie here:

> "These were not stirred by passion,
> Nor yet with wine made bold;
> 'Twas not renown that moved them,
> Nor did they seek for gold.
> To them their country's summons
> Was as the voice of God;
> Unswerving, uncomplaining,
> The way of death they trod."

Two simple words tell their whole story; and those words are "PRO PATRIA."

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THE old man of the sea was an ocean buoy once.

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THE most fashionable "morning wrapper" is the milkman.

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NAPOLEON said that bayonets think, and we all know Pike's Peak.

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DEAD men tell no tales, but we frequently hear of the articulation of their bones.

JAPAN must be a poor place for the laboring men, for we are constantly hearing of the lacquer work in that country.

"AT what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the other woman was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the personage."

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AT a legal investigation of a liquor seizure, the Judge asked an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was: "Well, your Honor, it was marked 'whisky' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whisky or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

A MAN wearing wet clothes, and carrying a fishing rod and a basket, stopped a train on the Erie Railroad by giving a danger signal. "What's the matter?" the conductor asked. The man coolly replied that he had caught an enormous trout, and thought the passengers might like to take a look at it.

A YOUNG man who went to a circus and stepped too near the monkeys' cage had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely had he not said "it was merely a monkey wrench"; but when they heard that, the infuriated crowd threw him into the lions' cage.

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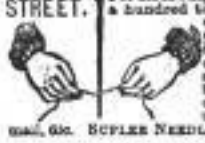
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TENNESSEE.—MEMPHIS UNDER QUARANTINE RULE—SISTERS OF CHARITY ADMINISTERING TO SICK AND DYING VICTIMS OF YELLOW FEVER.
FROM SKETCHES BY MOINE.—SEE PAGE 43.

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WHERE ARE THE "INDEPENDENTS?"

OUR enlightened contemporary, the *Nation*, in recently offering some observations on the relations of the "Independents" to the next Presidential election, took occasion to remark on the strange and inexplicable manner in which the political reformers calling themselves by this name, or by that of "Liberal Republicans," have disappeared from the current phases of our political life and manners. It professed itself unable to tell what has become of them, so complete is the subsidence of all overt agitation on their part; and, in this ignorance of their present whereabouts, it could only ask: "Wherever they are, whether they are so satisfied with the situation, that they mean to give no sign of their existence at the next Presidential election, and to allow all that Mr. Hayes has done to carry out their ideas, even if it be not all he might have done, to be treated by the [next Republican] Convention as a mistake, and quietly ignored?"

While cordially recognizing, with the *Nation*, the great improvement which has been effected in the *morale* of the public service under President Hayes, we incline with it to the opinion that this partial improvement has been solely due to him and his Cabinet, and has not received either support or encouragement from the acknowledged and dominant leaders of the Republican Party. And the views even of the President and of his Cabinet under this head have been so vague and inconsequent that but for remembering the limitations which wait on all human excellence in this terrestial sphere we should find almost as much room for criticism as for admiration in paying the homage that is due to either. With so many sops thrown to the Southern adventurers who took part in the electoral counts of Louisiana and Florida; with a member of the Cabinet traveling by land and sea under a roving commission in pursuit of the Presidency; with another member of the Cabinet (and he, too, the "bright consummate flower" of Civil Service Reform) making bold to avow that he is supporting Sherman "in every way possible" in order to "kill off Grant"; and, finally, with the Republican Vice-President participating in the scramble of a political convention in New York, we are obviously still at a great remove from that political millennium towards which Mr. Dorman B. Eaton has long been straining his eyes with the faith of a prophet and the zeal of a reformer.

Since the Democratic leaders limit even their cheap professions of favor for Civil Service Reform to a simple change in the *personnel* of the Federal administration, it is plain that the real friends of this great and greatly needed reformation must look rather to themselves than to either of the existing political organizations of the country if they would hope to effect a radical and permanent cure of the evils from which the public service and the political morality of the people have so long suffered at the hands of political traders, wire-pullers and tricksters.

It is in accord with the order of nature, where social interests are involved, that a reform in moral ideas must always precede a reform in political methods and measures. It has been the deplorable weakness of all efforts heretofore made in the direction of an amended Civil Service that the moral sentiment of the country has not been inexorably bent on its attainment, and hence the avowed hostility of "machine politicians" and the half-hearted adhesion of professed friends in this matter of grave public concern. It is, therefore, at once timely and pertinent to ask what the earnest patrons of this reform "mean to do about it" in view of the next Presidential election.

As serving to show that the question has not lost its place even in the field of "practical politics," we observe that the Republicans of Minnesota, at their State Convention held on the 2d instant, adopted the following resolution under this head:

"We adhere to the advanced position heretofore taken by the Republican Party in favor of civil service reform. A true reform of the civil service should, among other benefits, lead to a reduction in the number of offices and promote economy. Any important measure of civil service reform, in order to be effective, should be put into the form of law, and not be left subject to annulment by mere Executive authority."

Such expressions as these, even when coming from professional politicians (who have sometimes been known to assume virtues without having them) are at least a sign that the "moribund issue" of the last Presidential campaign is not entirely dead, however poorly the starveling child may have been provided for by its foster-parents in whose hands it was farmed out. And on the whole we cherish the abiding conviction that though the present "whereabouts" of the political Independents of the last Presidential campaign may need to be advertised for by the *Nation*, yet in spite of all appearances on the surface of things, the number of such Independents was never so great as at the present time. Indeed, one reason why the organized activity of the old Independents is less conspicuous than it was at a former period may be found in the fact that all the existing political organizations, not even excepting the Greenbackers, are more or less in a state of "dissolution and thaw." New points of crystallization are slowly but surely forming in the present chaos of political opinions and confederations, when, as Mr. Foster, of Ohio, tersely put it a few months ago, "a man scarcely knows what party he belongs to as soon as he crosses a State line." The defection of the Western and Southern Democrats from the hereditary doctrines of their party on the currency, and the Republican reaction against even the "mild" reforms of the Hayes administration in favor of Grant and "Grantism," have jointly combined to weaken the hold of multitudes in both the great historical parties of the country. The Independents are not so much dead as passing through a new Avatar in that perpetual process of political evolution which goes on in the figure of human society, and which is never so much the sign of life as when the decay of effete organizations lends itself to the formation of a new birth in the body politic.

THE BRITISH CROPS AND TRADE.

THE crops in England are ruined, and irretrievably so. She must face the grim reality, and, in facing it, cry *Deo gratias* that her Cousin Jonathan's granary is full to overflowing. The *Mark Lane Express*, the Koran of the English farmer, says: "The damage done is irreparable. No subsequent weather can prevent the outcome of this season's wheat crop proving the most disastrous both in quality and quantity. Happily the weather, the last day or two, has been well suited to harvest operations. Many fields are still quite green, while in others wheat, though more forward, is a bad color. Root crops are choked with weeds. Potatoes have gone from bad to worse. In fact, in no single instance can agricultural prospects be said to have improved during the past fortnight."

The first scene in a new act in the drama of English domestic legislation has been played out in the British House of Commons, and the curtain will not fall until England's land-laws shall have been recast. Her system of agriculture now finds itself unable to bear the strain of American competition, and the Agricultural Commission appointed by Parliament must examine not only the various methods of farming the soil, and the precise influence of foreign competition, but the far wider problem of the tenure of land. The tenant farmers pay about $350,000,000 to their landlords for rent, over and above which they must pay their laborers before they have a penny for themselves. This Commission will have to ventilate two points of superlative importance: the number of people whom the English soil can be expected to support, and the manner in which the productive power and the market value of land are to be maintained, not to say increased. There are 32,000,000 of consumers,, while two-thirds of the soil is in the hands of less than 11,000 owners. Has the death-knell of feudal monopoly been rung?

The *Times* dwells upon the significant fact that while every Bessemer converter in the United States is in full swing, there are no less than forty-four idle in the United Kingdom. Owing to the depression in trade and foreign competition, the earthenware and china manufacturers of Staffordshire have resolved on a reduction of wages of employés, which will affect over fifty thousand workmen. Notices of a reduction of wages, affecting three thousand more cotton operatives, have also been posted in the mills at Glossop, in Derbyshire.

LEGACIES OF THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

WHEN Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury returned in triumph from Berlin in August, 1878, they declared that they had brought home to England "peace with honor," and boasted that they had effectually checkmated Russia and preserved the "independence" of the Ottoman Crown. It is now time to observe how far the Treaty of Berlin has been executed, what of its provisions remain still unfulfilled, and what guarantee it affords to-day for the peace of Europe in the future. For the principal articles of the treaty were to be carried out within a year's time from its ratification; and that year was completed on the 2d day of August last. On the one hand, it is energetically claimed, not only by the English Cabinet but by Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy, that the treaty has reaped all the fruits that were expected of it. On the other, Mr. Gladstone, and with him some leading French and Italian statesmen, declare that it has proved to a large extent abortive, and that the peace of Europe is still threatened by the Eastern question.

Within certain limits there is a modicum of truth in each of these assertions. There are important provisions of the treaty which have been promptly and completely carried out; there are other important provisions still unfulfilled. An examination of these will show that Russia has by no means gained all that she sought by the Treaty of San Stephano, which was replaced by that of Berlin; and that, on the other hand, the independence of Turkey has been by no means established, and the efficacy of her defenses against Russia has not been secured.

Bulgaria has been detached from the Sultan's dominion and formed into a practically independent State under the rule of a Prince nominated by Russia. But the provision of the treaty by which the great quadrilateral of Bulgarian fortresses were to be razed has not been carried out. Eastern Roumelia, lying south of the Balkans, which would have become independent under the treaty of San Stephano, has been made an "autonomous" province, garrisoned by its own militia, and presided over by a Christian governor, Aleko Pasha, whom the Powers forced the Sultan to nominate, and guaranteed civil and religious liberty. So far the treaty of Berlin is observed; but, contrary to its stipulations, the Sultan has not fortified the Balkans, and does not garrison Bulgaria, in spite of Lord Beaconsfield's boast that he had secured this "impregnable defense" for the Sublime Porte. It seems altogether probable that Russian intrigue, local agitation and the weariness of the Powers, will sooner or later effect a union between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, under Prince Alexander; and thus Russia will finally have accomplished her aim to make a single State of the Bulgarian provinces. If this happens, the Sultan's dominion will have dwindled by one-third, and its limit of defense will be the plain of Adrianople, perilously near the capital itself.

The Berlin Congress, to put it mildly, encouraged Greece to look for a cession of Greek-populated territory from Turkey. The Powers did not guarantee such a cession, nor did they agree to coerce the Sultan in the matter; but they held language which led Greece reasonably to expect a portion of Epirus and Thessaly, with the City of Janina, and perhaps Salonica. The Greek claim was founded in justice; for the provinces sought by King George, by every principle of nationality belonged to the Hellenic kingdom. This Greek claim is one of the most awkward legacies of the Congress. It still remains unsatisfied; it is still unurged upon the Porte, in any effective form, by Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Bismarck; and England has managed to lose her championship of Greek interests, which has been warmly taken up by France, and in a degree by Italy. The Greek question is a sore and irritating one, and likely enough contains within it the seeds of future wars.

It is true that the Berlin Treaty, while permitting Austria to occupy Bosnia temporarily, put no limit upon the period of that occupation; but its continuance is scarcely in accord with the intention of the Congress, and is at this moment causing bad blood between Austria and Russia. This occupation was regarded as a temporary expedient, as a protection to Austria, while the affairs of Turkey, in confusion as a consequence of war, were being settled. But Russia has so far faithfully fulfilled her engagements at Berlin as to withdraw her troops entirely from Turkish territory within the stipulated time; and Austria would seem to have no motive left for keeping her hold on Bosnia, unless, indeed, her motive is to finally annex that province to her own Empire.

The clear understanding that England made herself responsible for the inauguration of extensive reforms in the Sultan's Asiatic dominion has not yet been carried out. A few corrupt or tyrannical pashas have been dismissed at Sir Henry Layard's instance; but Asia Minor is reported as still sunk in the degradation in which the Berlin Congress found it. This is a serious branch of the Eastern Question, and bristles with future dangers. But the English Ministers plead for time, and promise that ere long the reforms will have been effected.

It seems that, after all, the most serious loss of Russia, in exchanging the Treaty of Berlin for that of San Stephano, has been in the matter of the war indemnity demanded by her from Turkey. By the latter treaty, Russia would have held Turkish territory in pledge for its payment, and would have been able to seize the first fruits of the Turkish revenues to defray it, in postponement of the interest of Turkey's creditors. The Treaty of Berlin deprived Russia of these guarantees, and thus made the securing of the indemnity a remote if not an impossible task.

A general survey of the consequences of the Berlin Treaty would lead to the conclusion that it postponed, but by no means settled, the Eastern Question. It left behind it many seeds that may ripen into a general European conflict. While it rid Turkey of Russian troops, and saved Constantinople from imminent attack, it really weakened the Sultan's power nearly, if not quite, as much as that power would have been weakened by the Treaty of San Stephano. Turkey is actually as much deprived, as a source of national defense and revenue, of Eastern Roumelia as of Bulgaria. She has probably lost Bosnia forever. That she must sooner or later settle with Greece, and give up her Greek provinces, is certain; it is only a question of time. Portions of her territory have been taken away and added to Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro; and these bitter enemies have been strengthened by her loss. The Asiatic reforms will probably be abandoned; England must be content with the not very promising acquisition of Cyprus, which is virtually another loss to Turkey. Neither Lord Beaconsfield nor Prince Gortschakoff have much ground for triumph in the issue of the Treaty of Berlin. At best, it was a compromise between two antagonists who were not ready to encounter each other in a trial of arms. Russia did not secure the full fruits of her expenditure of men and money; England did not secure, in Turkey, an invincible barrier against Russian aggression. The Eastern Question still exists.

THE CALIFORNIA ELECTION.

THE California election has resulted in a mixed verdict. The Workingmen, or Kearneyites, carry San Francisco for their Mayor and some other offices, the Republicans elect the Governor and three of the four Congressmen, and the Democrats and Workingmen secure local advantages in a few places where they combined their vote. So far as can be determined from the imperfect returns, the preponderance of advantage in the State at large is largely with the Republicans. Kalloch's plurality in San Francisco is small, and but for the sympathy in his behalf created by the murderous assault of De Young, he would probably have been defeated. In view of all the circumstances of the contest, the result must certainly be regarded as a triumph for the conservative sentiment of the State. The Kearney faction will never again be able to command so large a vote as on this occasion, when the depression of business and other exceptional causes operated in their favor.

EVENTS ABROAD.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, England's only general, finding that setting a price upon Cetewayo's head failed to produce the required article, has taken to hunting the Zulu lion, and the most recent dispatches announce the burning of Amrakage, the immortal rebel's kraal, and the destruction of his powder magazine, ten miles distant therefrom. The pursuit is being maintained by human blood-hounds who, according to Archibald Forbes, delight in pig-sticking, as the feats of the Seventeenth Lancers at Ulundi have been grimly designated. Cetewayo had notified Wolseley that he was willing to submit and pay taxes, but that the country must be cleared of British soldiers. His messengers were informed that Cetewayo was no longer king, and that he must surrender unconditionally.

Will John Bull refuse to pay that little bill for Newfoundland fish of $103,000? He is bemming and hawing, and stroking his chin with his forefinger and thumb. He is cogitating, ruminating and endeavoring to pooh-pooh it, but Secretary Evarts wants his money and means to have it, too. The *Times* declares that the "inshore fisheries are the inalienable heritage of Canada and Newfoundland, and that these countries must say whether and on what terms participation in them should be granted to a foreign country." To say the least of it, this is the sublimity of impudence, in view of the fact that the Washington Treaty guarantees our fishermen the same rights on these grounds as are enjoyed by the natives. There is a cloud on the horizon, and who can say that a few miserable cod-fish will not prove a *casus belli* if not a *casus fœderis*.

Paris has had her sensation in the arrival of the amnestied Communists from New Caledonia. The scenes at the Orleans Railway depot were such as delight the hearts of the Paris *bourgeoisie*. The ex-convicts looked pale and thin, and as a rule

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were accompanied by the pet animals who had shared their exile. How truly French this is!

Marshal Canrobert has succeeded in running with the hare and in hunting with the hounds. He obeyed the Government of the Republic by remaining at home instead of attending the funeral of the son of the man who made him, and then, as a private tourist, when all was over, he visited Chiselhurst and made his peace with the Empress Eugénie. The man who uttered the words to his cuirassiers and dragoons on the Crimean battlefield, "You are *fine bullets* which I send at will on the enemy," should have flung his commission in the teeth of the Minister of War and have been pall-bearer on that melancholy day.

A dispatch from Rangoon announces that the souls of the Burmese are in arms and eager for the fray, that twelve guns have been mounted on the frontier and 40,000 men concentrated. The departure of the British Resident is considered at Mandalay to be a triumph for the party hostile to the British, as the King stoutly refuses all communication with any official under a Resident. This is another chance looming up for Beaconsfield — another "peace with honor"; and who knows but that Tracy Turnerelli may yet be enabled to place the wreath upon the head of the Sphinx?

"Little Martinez Campos, the fighting cock of Spain," consents to Alfonso's marriage with the Archduchess Marie, and the Cortez is to be convoked by that good little man early in November. Campos, for he is the Alpha and Omega of the Cabinet, the power behind the throne, has also decided to instruct his diplomatic puppet at Washington to insist upon Cuban refugees and filibusters being compelled to respect neutral obligations. It is supposed that this refers to the Cuban organization in New York, and that the desperation of the Spanish Government is such that it will not hesitate to ask our Government to prevent the holding of public meetings or parades having for their object the creation of sympathy for the insurgents in Cuba.

Leo XIII. is the type of a peace-maker, the human dove to send forth laden with oil for the troubled waters, at least so thinks Martinez Campos, who has confidentially solicited His Holiness to induce Don Carlos to enter a monastery, or at least to yield up his pretensions to the Crown of Spain in favor of Alfonso. The Pope, a shrewd man of the world, despite his being inclosed by the four high walls of the Vatican, didn't see it, and blandly replied that he could not well interfere, but that he would advise the Count de Chambord to be consulted in the capacity of peacemaker. Verily, Leo loveth a joke.

There are some indications of a quarrel between Austria and Italy, growing out of the restiveness of the latter over the question of the *irredenta* provinces. A leading conservative organ in Rome declares that Italy will never concede that "Italian provinces still under Austrian sway belong to Austria by full right and shall continue to do so indefinitely."—The Russian Imperial Council has decided, despite the remonstrances of the Grand Duke Constantine and Count Tolstoe, to introduce further repressive measures against the Nihilists. It is difficult to stamp down molten lava, as the Russian police have already discerned to their cost. —The French Government has been beaten in the Councils-General on the Ferry Educational Bill.—At a recent banquet at which Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, Home Rule Member of the House of Commons from Meath, was present, a toast to the Queen was hissed. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has directed an investigation of the circumstances under which Mr. Parnell, a magistrate and member of Parliament, permitted such an indignity to Her Majesty to pass unnoticed.—At a recent disorderly meeting of some 15,000 persons in Limerick, assembled to consider the land question, Mr. Parnell advised farmers to combine and pay no rent until they got a reduction, and advised landlords to accept these terms while they could, as the opportunity would never recur. The crowd applauded the address and shouted in favor of shooting landlords and agents.—The crops in Italy are a total failure. Perhaps King Humbert will now cease manufacturing 100-ton guns, and apply the fire towards relieving his distressed subjects.

THE decrease in the public debt during the month of August amounted to $3,527,395. The amount of cash in the Treasury on the 1st instant was $243,696,228. The total number of standard silver dollars coined to that date was 40,273,050. The aggregate weight of the silver paid out from the United States Treasury and United States Mints during August was fifty-six tons.

NOW HERE is something alarming. A paper on the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, read at the recent meeting of scientists at Saratoga, declares that in 186 years, or in the year 2065, these fields will be totally exhausted, and we will be compelled to fall back on the bituminous coal fields. It is consoling to know that these latter have an area of 200,000 square miles, and that there is no danger that the supply will give out for at least a century or two. And by that time, if the millenarians are correct in their predictions, the question of coal supply will not be likely to trouble the scientists or anybody else on this terrestrial ball.

DURING the month of August 12,135 immigrants arrived at this port, making the number for the present year 76,809—an increase of 22,654 over last year. The increase is mainly from Scotland, Ireland, Norway and Sweden. Nearly all the immigrants of the year have settled in the Western States, where all of them find steady employment and opportunities to make the most of any peculiar capacity they may possess.

SECRETARY SCHURZ is making a personal investigation into the arrangement of the Indian Agencies, having spent some time in Dakota in learning for himself just how the agencies are conducted, and whether the Indians are treated fairly. He is the first Secretary of the Interior who ever went among the Indians to investigate charges against the agencies and secure efficiency in the management of Indian affairs. He is reported as finding among the Indians generally gratifying evidences of advancement, and there can scarcely be a doubt that great benefits will result from his visit to these camps, and his official manifestation of interest in their welfare.

GENERAL GRANT sailed from Yokohama for San Francisco, September 3d, and will probably reach the Golden Gate somewhere about the 25th. During his stay in Japan he was the recipient of the very highest honors. The Mikado is reported to have consulted him on many important points of international policy, and to some extent of domestic policy. It is not surprising that the Japanese Government should desire, in the present situation of national affairs, to avail itself of the counsel of so conspicuous a representative of the one country which has always manifested a genuine friendship and sympathy with it.

THE official statement of Mr. Louis H. Cramer, Receiver of Taxes at Saratoga, covering his transactions for the last nine months, is in every way a model document. It shows in minutest detail all his receipts and disbursements, supplying just the information needed by every taxpayer as to the disposition of the public moneys. In these days when so many public officials obscure and muddle their accounts so as to make them unintelligible, and thus frequently conceal irregularities, waste and plunder, it is gratifying to learn that there are some custodians of public trusts who rightly appreciate their responsibilities and discharge them intelligently and conscientiously.

THE indications of the political canvass in Ohio favor the election of the Republican candidate for Governor. The financial heresies of General Ewing are alienating many of the best men of his party, while the activity and popularity of Mr. Foster, on the other hand, are everywhere consolidating and invigorating the Republicans, who aim not only to elect their Governor, but to obtain control of the Legislature, and so secure Mr. Thurman's seat in the United States Senate. The influence of the result, whatever it may be, will not be confined to Ohio: on the contrary, it will be felt in every Northern and Western State, and, as to the financial question, may prove decisive to an extent not now anticipated.

THE Republican State Convention, held at Saratoga last week, adopted at least one resolution which will command almost universal assent, as follows: "Moneyed and transportation corporations are not alone the works of private enterprise, but are created for public use, and with due regard to vested rights it is the clear province and the plain duty of the State to supervise and regulate such corporations as to secure the just and impartial treatment of all interested." If the Republican Party of New York had only acted up to the doctrine here announced when it had the power, the public would have escaped very many of the evils of corporation management which have been disclosed by the Legislative inquiry now in progress, and which seem to have become firmly intrenched in official policy and usage.

THE practice of carrying weapons received a very wholesome rebuke at the hands of Judge Cowing, of the Court of General Sessions, some days since. A prisoner who had been convicted of firing a loaded pistol at an officer for being ordered away from a street corner, being brought up for sentence, the Judge said there was no reason or excuse why any man should go through the streets armed with a bowie-knife or a pistol, and nine-tenths of those who carry weapons do so for purposes of violence and plunder. The law, he added, is an ample protection for any peaceful, law-abiding citizen, and in this view of the case he sentenced the prisoner to the penitentiary for one year—the heaviest penalty allowed by the law. Judge Cowing is entitled to the thanks of the public for thus branding a dangerous and indefensible practice precisely as it deserves.

THE examination made by the State Insurance Superintendent into the condition of the life and fire insurance companies of this city has resulted in some very remarkable disclosures. In a number of cases defalcations of officials were discovered of which stockholders and the public have been kept in entire ignorance, and in one case a former president of a life company had for a period of ten years purloined the company's funds without being discovered or even suspected by the directors or the committee which passed on his accounts every quarter. The books were manipulated by the president so that the balances would show correctly after the funds had been taken. At his death the Board of Directors gave his widow a bonus of $1,000 and passed resolutions eulogizing his memory, and announcing that the bonus was given because of "his useful and meritorious services." It is estimated that his defalcations reached between $40,000 and $50,000. In view of such a disclosure as this, illustrating both official dishonesty and the incompetence, stupidity and negligence of those intrusted with the oversight of corporation finances, the public may well begin to doubt whether there is safety anywhere for the stockholder or the policy-holder in institutions of this character.

THE nomination of Mr. Alonzo B. Cornell as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, by the State Convention at Saratoga last week, was not unexpected by close observers of the drift of opinion in the party. While Mr. Cornell's candidacy was opposed by some prominent and influential Republicans, he had the cordial support of most of the party managers, and, with the opposition dividing its strength, his nomination was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Cornell may not be the strongest candidate who could have been named, but his personal character is unassailable, and his public career has been in every way honorable, and that certainly will prove a positive advantage in the canvass. Whether he will be elected will depend very largely upon the action of the Democratic State Convention and the attitude of the City Democracy toward the ticket which may there be named.

A TELEGRAM from Yokohama, Japan, announces the arrival there, on the evening of September 2d, of the Swedish exploring steamer *Vega*, with Professor Nordenskjöld on board, having accomplished the famous Northeast Passage. The vessel sailed from Gothenburg on July 4th, 1878, and during the entire trip the officers and crew maintained the best of health and spirits. Contrary to the general experience of Arctic explorers, not a single case of scurvy occurred on board. Professor Nordenskjöld is highly elated over the success of his voyage. He thinks the voyage from Europe to Asia by Behring Strait is certain and safe, with very little more experience of navigation in the Northern seas. From Japan to the mouth of the Lena River there are no difficulties in the proper season for experienced sailors. The Lena River taps Central Siberia, and a large prospective trade can readily be developed.

THE establishment of a professorship of Chinese at Harvard College is an important experiment in the direction of an enlargement of our educational methods. The step is understood to have been taken at the suggestion of persons who, by residence or business association with China, regard it as a subject of importance that young men in commercial life may go to the East ready furnished with the language of the Celestials. It is probable that the eligibility of the course will be restricted so as to admit only such students as will study with a view to locating in China, where they may help to enlarge our commercial and business relations with that country; but it is not decided yet how the language will be taught, how ample will be the opportunity of taking up the study, or what books will be used. All that has been done so far is to decide that the language should be taught, and to secure a competent teacher—Professor Ko-Kum Hua; but with this much done, the experiment is certain to be made, and the results can scarcely be otherwise than beneficent.

WHAT is known as the Gothenberg system of dealing with the traffic in intoxicating drinks appears to be attended, wherever fairly tried, with satisfactory results. This system is one (under the Swedish Licensing Act) in which the corporation of the town, who are responsible for its order, purity and well-being, give power to a company to become the guardian of the "drinking traffic," and they, and they alone, as the old licensed houses one by one lapse, have the right or power to renew the license or to increase the present number, and then only under their own management. Through the company, whatever be the money results of the houses, the town reaps the benefit. The company, as they see need, open fresh public-houses or buy up old and not-required ones, making the public necessity the supreme consideration in whatever they do. In Gothenberg the evils of drink have been materially diminished by the operation of this system, under which at certain times ale and beer alone are not sold—to be drunk on the premises—unless food be bought also. The system closes public houses from five on Saturday evening until Monday morning, but gives to the garden *cafés*, which are in the hands of the more responsible and wealthier managers, the privilege of selling ale and porter on Saturday until eleven o'clock P. M., and on Sunday evening after five o'clock until eleven. A correspondent, who has investigated the subject in all its bearings, says: "The results are visible to every observant man—no inebriated persons at the railway-stations, no drunkenness on board the boats and no drunken brawlers in the streets. The apprehensions and committals have fallen off most noticeably, and the consumption of stuff has decreased." Would it not be well for the "reformers," here and elsewhere, who are continually suggesting all sorts of impracticable schemes for arresting the evils of intemperance, to consider whether some such method of rational restraint as is here outlined may not be worth an honest trial before resorting to more sumptuary measures?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE plurality for the Republican State ticket in California is about 22,000.

EFFORTS are making to establish a new coal combination, but they have been so far unsuccessful.

THE Minnesota Republicans have renominated Governor J. S. Pillsbury, who has served for two terms.

THE Prohibitionists of New York have nominated Professor John W. Mears, of Oneida, for Governor.

EX-MINISTER WELSH, recently returned from England, has closed up his accounts with the Government.

ALLEGED irregularities in the Department of Public Parks in this city are to be investigated by Mayor Cooper.

THE trial of the Chisholm indictments was commenced last week in the Court of De Kalb County, Mississippi.

TWO persons were killed and nine badly scalded by an explosion on the steamer *Atlanta*, on Lake Erie, September 5th.

THE total number of cases of yellow fever in Memphis up to September 7th was 1,505, and the total number of deaths 272.

THE will of the late Thomas Wilson, a retired merchant and capitalist of Baltimore, bequeathed over $700,000 to charitable objects.

THE Congressional Committee on the Depression in Labor, just returned from the West, reports there is little depression in that section.

PRESIDENT HAYES and family left Washington September 8th for the West. He will visit the Cincinnati Exposition, and then go to Kansas.

A VIOLENT rain and wind storm visited Southern Louisiana, September 1st, destroying the crops and a large number of sugar-houses and other buildings.

SINCE January 1st, 17,292 German immigrants have landed at this port, which is an increase of 3,767 compared with the corresponding period of last year.

CHARLES DEMOND, late Treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling $8,000 belonging to that society.

GENERAL WILLIAM H. HAYS, of Springfield, Ky., is to be appointed United States District Judge for the district of Kentucky, vice Judge Ballard, deceased.

MR. JEFFERSON BORDEN, one of the founders of the manufacturing industries of Fall River, Mass., and an officer in many of the local banks and other corporations, has failed.

EIGHTY-TWO descendants of John Emery, who settled in Newbury in 1635, were present at a reunion September 2d, including representatives from seven States and Washington, D. C.

MRS. KATE SPRAGUE has made application to the Supreme Court of Rhode Island for the appointment of a trustee for her property in Kingston, R. I. Mrs. Sprague proposes to visit Europe.

AMONG recent deaths are those of Mr. Lawrence Waterbury, a well-known merchant of this city, who had accumulated a fortune of $2,000,000, and Hon. John Kerr, of the Superior Court of North Carolina.

A PORTION of the Sprague estate was sold at auction in Providence, R. I., September 4th, to satisfy the claims of the Bank of Commerce of New York. It was bought in by the bank at a nominal price.

MESSRS. ALBERT PELL and Clare Sewell Read, a sub-commission of the Parliamentary and Royal Commission appointed to examine into the maladies and remedies of the agricultural depression in Great Britain, arrived at this port September 6th.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, of Boston, has published a card announcing his withdrawal from the ministry and denying the charges affecting his business integrity. He declares that he will pay in full the obligations against him. Involuntary proceedings in bankruptcy have been commenced against him.

AT a meeting of the Superintendents of the Poor at Saratoga, last week, a resolution was passed asking Representatives and Senators in Congress to make some provision, in the absence of a head-tax, whereby the burden of supporting pauper emigrants might be met by Federal support, with release of the State from the entire expense.

Foreign.

THE Marquis of Lorne formally opened the Toronto Exhibition, September 5th.

THE growth of toleration in Mexico is shown by the opening of a new Methodist church in Puebla.

THE Spanish Government proposes to send immediately 25,000 troops to maintain tranquility in Cuba.

STEPS are being taken in Mexico to raise money for the payment of the American debt. The feeling in favor of the re-election of President Diaz is increasing.

THE anniversary of the surrender of Sedan was celebrated throughout Germany on September 2d. At Berlin the celebration was made the occasion of great rejoicing.

AT the request of the United States Government, two cadet engineers from Annapolis Naval Academy will be admitted to the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, as students, next month.

OWING to heavy storms and floods in the River Neva, the canals in the centre of St. Petersburg have overflowed, and the foxbourgs are under water. Iron roofs were blown from houses and churches in all directions.

THE deep-sea section of the French cable has been laid, and the line is complete from Brest to St. Pierre. The steamer *Faraday* is now returning to Europe to ship the section of the cable which is to connect St. Pierre with New York.

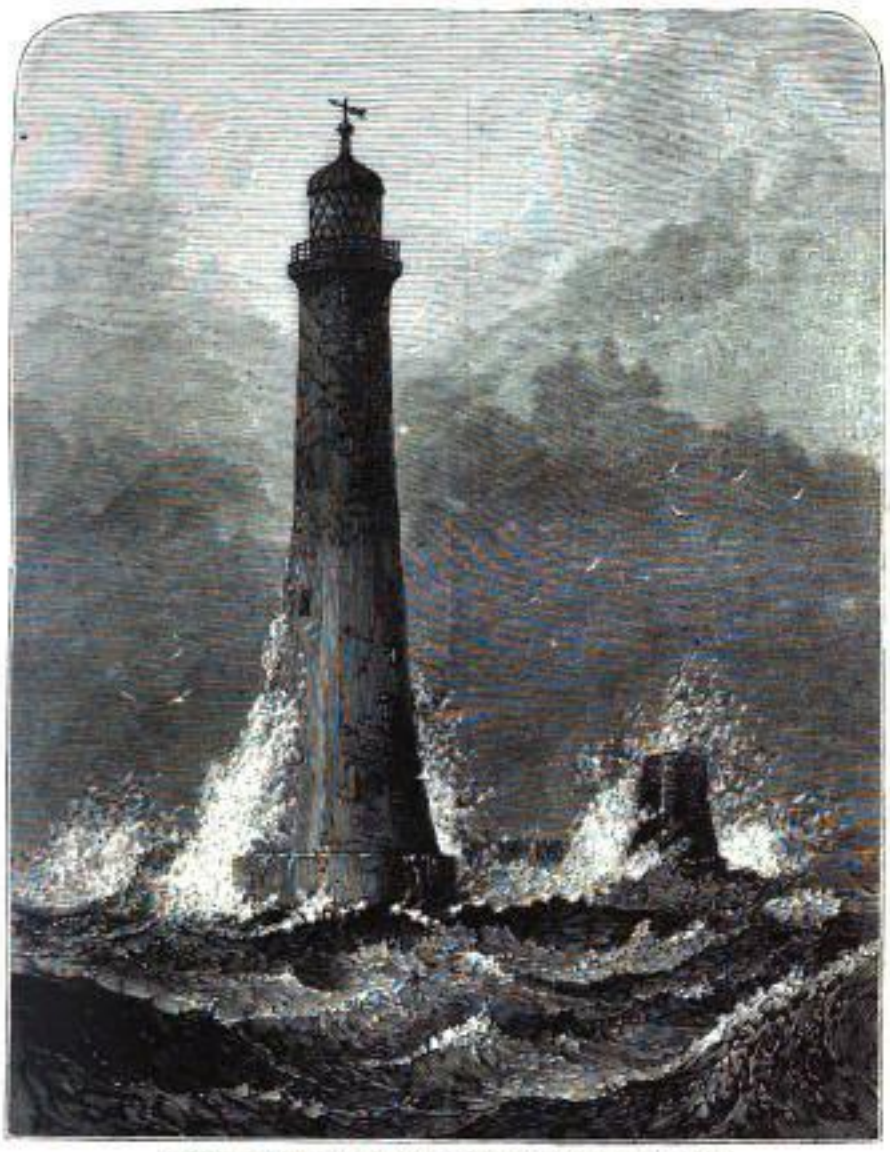
THE Greek and Turkish Commissioners have not come to terms. Should the Greek Government not share the Porte's views, it is believed that the two Governments will agree to refer the question to a joint mediation of the Powers.

THE police of Eastern Roumelia believe they have discovered a widespread conspiracy extending throughout Tartar-Bazardjik, Kazanlik, Eski-Zagra and Haskoi. They have discovered the existence of six revolutionary committees. Pamphlets have been found summoning the people to arms. A speedy uprising of Mohammedans is expected. Aleko Pasha proposes to place twelve battalions of militia on a war footing.

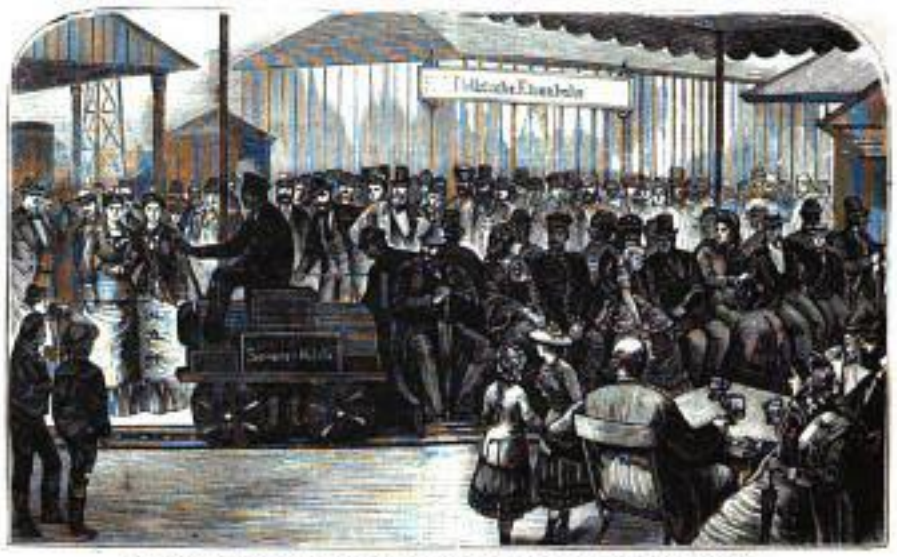
INFORMATION comes by way of Simla, an important post in British India, that on September 3d twelve Afghan regiments revolted and attacked the Ameer's arsenal at Cabul. Being joined by the populace, they assailed the British Embassy and finally set it on fire. Major Cavagnari, the Envoy, and his staff were killed after a heroic struggle. The Ameer was at the mercy of the insurgents. British forces have been ordered to advance on Cabul and Candahar.

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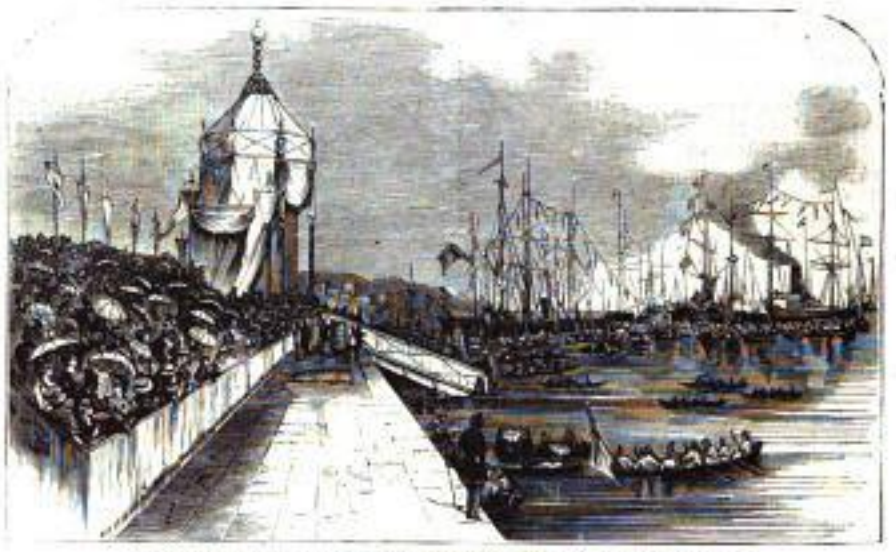
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



ENGLISH CHANNEL.—THE PROPOSED NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.



GERMANY.—THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT THE FINE ART EXHIBITION, BERLIN.



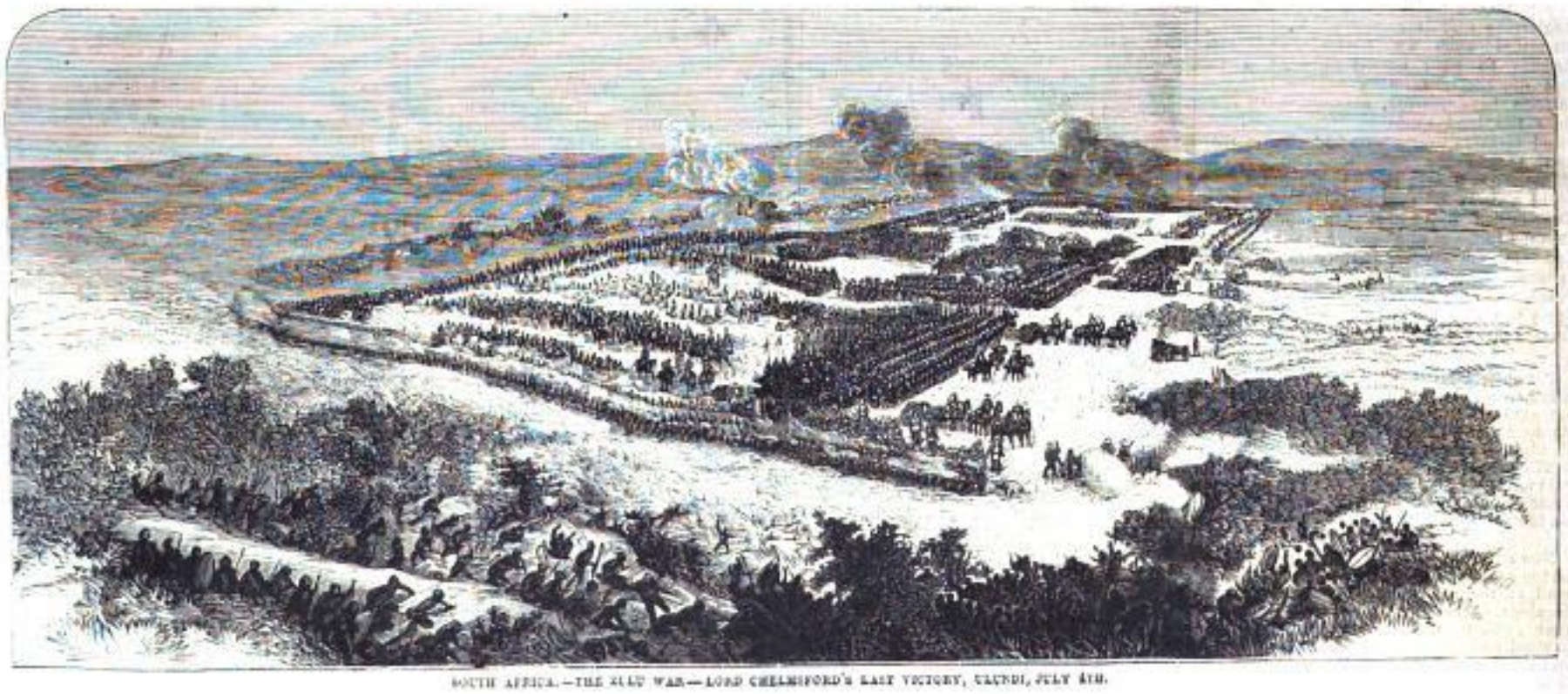
ITALY.—VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO GENOA—THE DEBARKATION.



SOUTH AFRICA.—RETURN OF ZULU AMBASSADORS TO LORD CHELMSFORD.

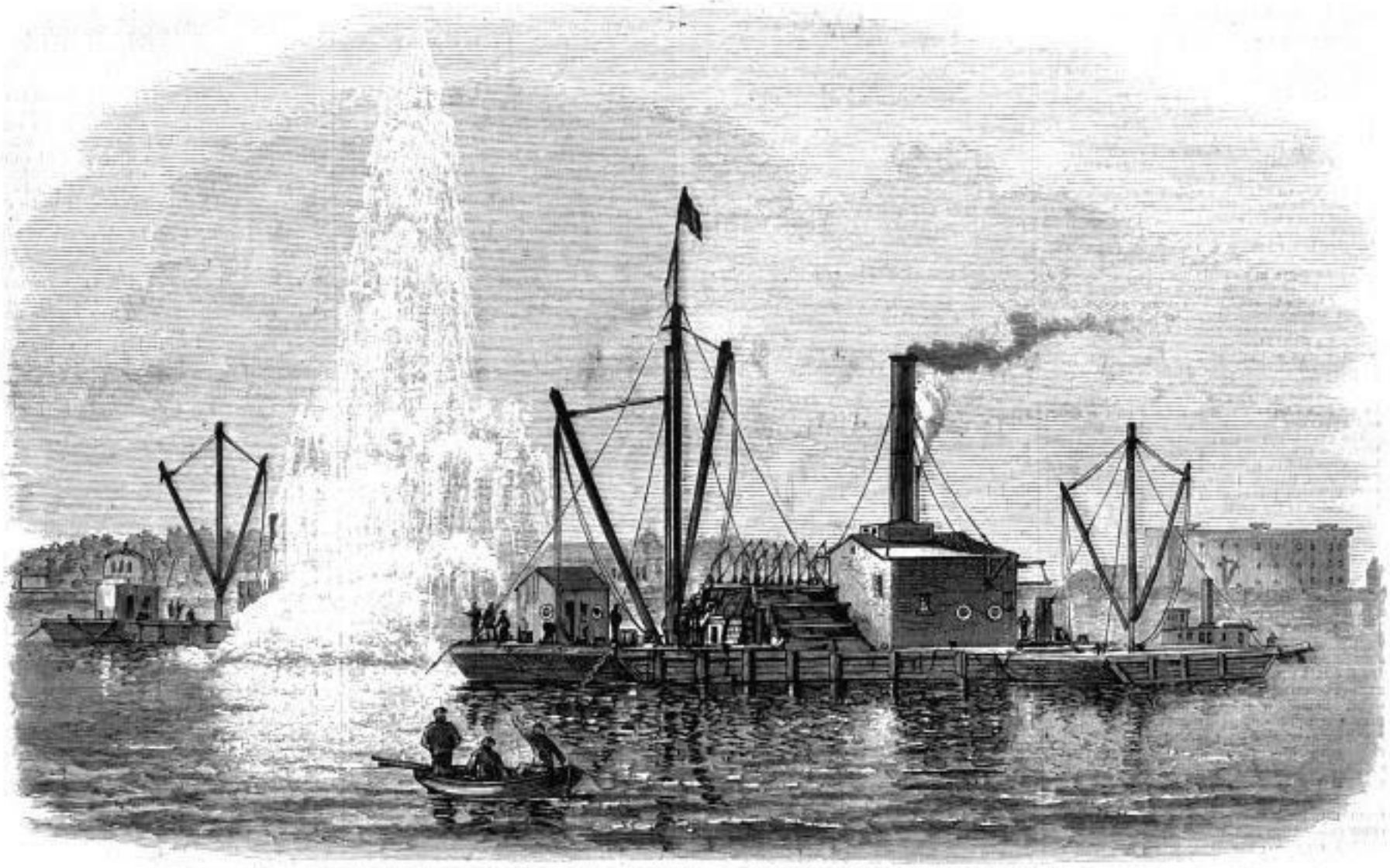


SOUTH AFRICA.—BURNING OF ULUNDI AFTER THE VICTORY OF JULY 4TH.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—LORD CHELMSFORD'S LAST VICTORY, ULUNDI, JULY 4TH.

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NEW YORK.—REMOVAL OF OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE HARBOR BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT—THE STEAM-DRILLING SCOW AT WORK ON DIAMOND REEF, OPPOSITE WHITEHALL.

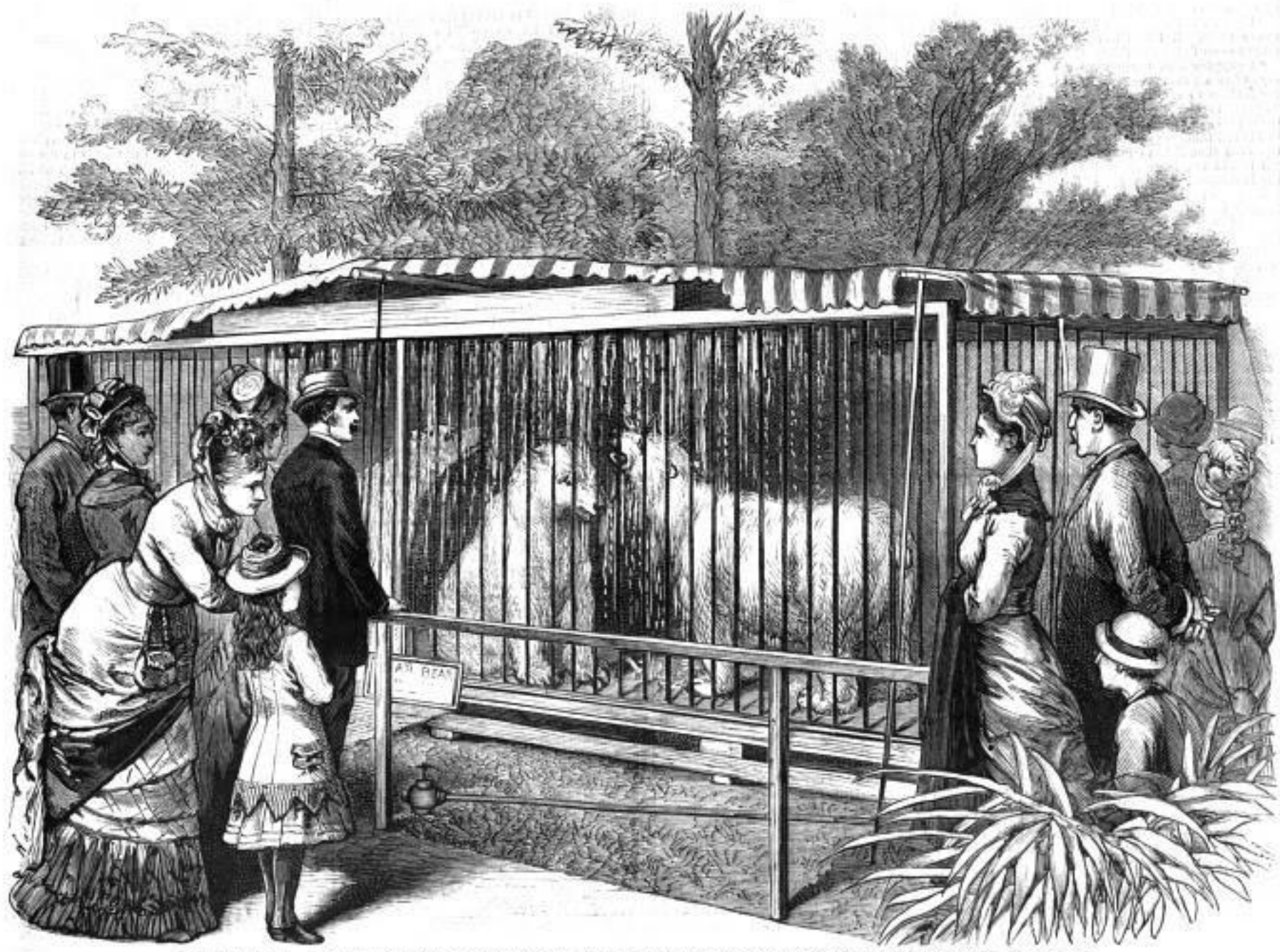
EXCAVATIONS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

WHILE negligent officials are busily engaged in filling up the lower bay with ashes and garbage, the United States Government is as busy excavating and blasting away the rock which forms obstructions to navigation. A dangerous plateau of rock known as Diamond Reef lies midway between the Battery and Governor's Island. For the past twenty-five years, off and on, attempts have been made to remove this reef, but none has met with the success of that now going on under the immediate direction of General Roy Stone, and the general supervision of General John Newton.

The reef was originally a plateau about two acres in extent, and rose to within fifteen feet of the surface of the water, while all around it the depth was forty feet and over. As it lay directly in the channel, frequent wrecks resulted from carelessness or ignorance in piloting, or vessels being blown on the reef, for the majority of large vessels drew over fifteen feet of water. About two years ago operations were begun to reduce the level of the rock, and at present the extent of the reef has been reduced to one acre, and the depth increased to over twenty feet.

The work is done by a steam-drilling scow. The conditions were very severe, as there were large masses of rock to be blasted, huge boulders too large to be lifted but not large enough for drilling, very swift and strong currents of water, and great crowds of larger or smaller steam and sailing vessels; but all these obstacles have been overcome by science and ingenuity, and the gratifying result of a deepened channel is nearly reached.

The drilling scow is placed directly over the rock



NEW YORK CITY.—AWAITING THE SNOW AND ICE OF WINTER—HOW THE POLAR BEARS IN CENTRAL PARK PASS THE SUMMER MONTHS.—SEE PAGE 53.

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to be drilled. This scow is also a machine-shop and a fortification against collisions, which at first were frequent, but now are rare. In the centre of this scow is a large well thirty-two feet in diameter, through which a large iron dome descends to the bottom and rests on the rock to be drilled. The drilling tubes, irons and ropes pass through this dome and are operated from the scow. When the holes are drilled, cartridges filled with dynamite are inserted, and the scow moved away to a safe position. Then the cartridges are discharged by electricity. The broken rock falls away off the ledges and sides of the reef into deep water. This operation is repeated again and again until the proper depth is reached over the entire extent.

A few hundred feet from the drilling scow is another scow, on which is a hydraulic pump, which is used for the very peculiar purpose of washing the surface of the rock, at the bottom of the water. A large pipe, some eight or ten inches in diameter, is directed to the bottom at the desired point. Connected with this is a hose which runs along the pipe and terminates in a small nozzle just at the end, through which water is forced at a pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch. This digs away the dirt and loose small stones. An induced current of water is generated in the large pipe by another hose, which forms a partial vacuum, the result being that the water, stones and dirt rush up through this large pipe and are discharged at the other end into deep water. This leaves the surface of the rock bare and clean and ready for drilling. When a blast is to be made, a danger signal is hoisted on the scow, so that passing vessels shall not come too near.

The work is one of the most important of the century, and is under the same general supervision as that done at Hell Gate, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, Harlem River, and Coenties Reef, at each of which places from eight to ten feet have been added to the depth of the water.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED)

SITTING alone in the darkness, waiting for Marion's return, I feel very sorry for Will, and very anxious to see him once more and ask his forgiveness before we part for the last time, for, of course, we must now, as prospective husband and wife, part for ever. Somehow I know he will be sorry to give me up, his "girl love," his "little pet," his "Princess," who has grown up side by side with him from childhood. Still the separation must come—and partings are always bitter.

Marion's voice in the passage rouses me from my long reverie. She is speaking to some one—Aunt Dan, most likely.

"We may go; Sir Harcourt has given us permission, and we will take first train in the morning."

"Marion," I say, eagerly, with my head half buried in the cushions of the sofa, "why cannot we go to Ashfield? I should like it so much better. I feel as though I cannot give up my home, my own dear home. Oh, it is too hard!"

I had never cared for Ashfield very much before; I had always looked upon it as a quiet dreary little place, rather pleasant in the Summer, but quite unfitted for the dignity of a settled residence. Now to think of it as mine no more is breaking my heart. Will's home it is—his wife's, his children's home, but never, never mine. If I had but loved Will—but I do not even finish the thought.

"I suppose Will has not come back yet?" I say, after a pause, thankful that it is too dark for Marion to see how I have been weeping. "Speak to me, darling; for I think this is some hideous dream tormenting me. If I had but loved him," I go on, too much absorbed in my own thoughts to notice Marion's silence, "it would not have seemed so bad; but now my humiliation is complete. To be in his debt is horrible to me—it kills me with shame. Oh, Marion, shall I ever get over it? Let us go away at once—I never want to see him again; and I shall never cease to hate him all my life."

There is silence for some moments, broken only by my sobs; and then Will's voice answers me, and Will's arms lift me from the floor.

"Ida, my darling, the home at Ashfield is your own for ever—nay, do not shrink from me—yours with your freedom; for you are quite free from your promise to me from this moment. While I thought you loved me I could bear anything; now that hope has gone. Still, you must not hate me, poor girl! Heaven knows I would have spared you this suffering had I given my life to do it! But it was not to be. Still I will not be hated for having loved you so long and dearly. If I ever seemed harsh or unkind to you, it was because I dreaded a rival in your work. Forgive me—I was wrong. It is all over now. Put your hands in mine, and let us part good friends at least."

"If you knew I had no money, it was your duty to have told me so," I reply coldly, and then continue in my usual impulsive, illogical way, "but the last thing a woman can expect from a man is fair and honorable treatment. Whatever income I may possess I shall be very thankful for, but I will receive no gift from you, so do not try to deceive me a second time. I am free, you know"—with a bitter smile, which of course in the darkness he does not perceive—"and I can study and work; and, if I am indeed penniless, my work will earn me a living."

"Whatever I possess is yours, Ida, by every law of right or honor under the sun," Will answers, firmly. "You were our uncle's pet and darling—the little Princess of his happy old age; you were all the world to him, young as you were when he died. I remember so much better than you; and it was you, and you only, he hoped to make happy with his wealth. When persuaded by Sir Harcourt to leave us joint-heirs, it was only on condition that I pledged myself to gain your love and your hand in marriage. The will was informal, I know, and the law acknowledges me alone as his heir. But what is that to me? No informality on mere technical grounds can put aside the wishes of the dead or release me from my promise."

"But if I do not love you?"

"It cannot make the slightest difference to me—I shall always hold the half of my income in trust for you; and, now that we all know about it, I shall at once have a deed executed that will put you in legal possession of what is really your own."

"I will not have it," I cry passionately. "I will tear the deed into a thousand pieces if it ever comes into my hands; I have not sunk so low in my own sight yet as to let you beggar yourself for me."

"Ida, my love, my darling, surely you are not leaving me on account of this wretched money? After all these long, long years, Ida, can you really take yourself away from me without a regret? Speak but one word, darling—but half a word—to tell me you love me a little, and nothing shall ever part us again."

He has taken me in his arms. His hands are trembling as he puts my hair back from my face; his breath is on my cheek; in another moment I shall be vanquished—my pride and determination will have forsaken me—and, held thus to his heart, shrouded and surrounded by his love, I shall ignobly declare that love is enough!—oh, more than enough!—to fill my heart and life for evermore; but I remember in time, and tear myself away.

"I do not love you," I whisper; "so let us part at once and end this wrong at least for ever."

His arms fall from me, and a weight like lead lies on my heart. His voice is steady and quiet when next he speaks to say good-by.

"Good-by," I answer, brusquely, conquering an almost irresistible impulse to cast myself at his feet and beg his forgiveness; "I don't suppose we shall ever see much of each other again—our paths in life will be different."

"Good by, my princess!"

Covering my face with my hands I sink down on to the couch as he leaves the room, and wonder what my future will be. The past is gone with Will. My heart beats wildly, and its throbbing has a new unrestful pain. The old pet name again—"My Princess"—how sweet it sounded! No, indeed, no longer his princess—by my own will and deed, far, oh, far removed from his life and love!

CHAPTER III.

MARION and I have been a month at Middleton; and very happy we have been, despite the trouble we share mutually. We have worked very hard, too—at least I know I have, and I think Marion would say as much for herself.

I have sketched from nature morn, noon and night; and our little sitting-room is hung all over with trophies of my skill.

I am resting just now on my laurels. We are living at a charming farmhouse, a mile away from the little country-town, in the prettiest village that one could imagine. Mrs. Page, the owner of the farm, was a servant of Aunt Dan's many years ago, and is Marion's foster-mother.

I am in love with everything I see about me—the lanes are so shady, the cottages so picturesque, the children so delightfully ragged and artistic.

Our sitting-room looks out over a narrow strip of garden-ground on to a long wide meadow that slants, shaded by fine oaks and beeches, to a wood where a little brook runs brawling and tumbling and tossing over the lichened stones all day long. Marion declares that the sprite who dwells by its flowery margin must have a touch of the Bacchante in its nature, to account for the wild mirth and reckless jollity of the shining rivulet. The wood itself seems literally crowded with ferns and flowers and singing-birds, and there is such color and freshness over everything. The trees sparkle and quiver in the June sunlight, and the fleecy white clouds sail over the azure sky like troops of snow doves. The apple-blossoms cover up the orchard-paths, and the stocks and pinks and homely flowers in the garden are the very joy of my heart.

Every evening Marion and I throw open our window and listen to the nightingales singing in the wood beyond; and, waking in the early morning, we hear the voice of the cuckoo close above our window.

One thing I notice—that, since I began to sketch from nature, I find myself loving and appreciating the country as I never did before.

Although Marion and I never speak of Will, he is rarely absent from my thoughts. It seems sometimes as though everything I looked upon reminded me of him—and it is never an easy thing to put an old friendship out of one's head; still it is not particularly satisfactory to find all one's leisure moments determinedly occupied by the very person one wishes most to forget. And in the rest I gave myself after a month's hard work I thought oftener of Will than anything else, my art not excepted.

Aunt Dan writes us that Will has found Clara Linder, but she is not in want or poverty as he imagined; she is rich and clever, and, my aunt adds, beautiful beyond any one she has ever seen. She has inherited a fortune, while I have lost one. Such is the strangeness of life. My aunt fills a long letter with this news and her comments upon it—a letter that troubles me greatly, that breaks up my morning, and makes me resolve henceforth to drop my aunt as a correspondent.

For days after the advent of this epistle I have no heart to work, and cannot regain my usual sweet serenity. Marion, with her accustomed tact and kindliness, does not bring Clara's name into any of our long chats; nor does she question me upon the cause of my debility and idleness.

Now that the novelty of painting has worn off, I find it much harder work than I expected, and dreadfully unprofitable. Of course, I am only a student, but I doubt sometimes whether I shall ever reach a higher grade. I do not possess Marion's steady, persistent habits; my education and training have been against me. I take things up in a fever, and drop them after a time from sheer inability to keep my mind concentrated upon them until I have carried them through successfully.

Marion was right. I have neither patience nor perseverance, and my ability counts for nothing.

I have lazy days, when I betake myself to the wood, with a novel and a box of chocolate, and do not reappear until the dinner-hour. And then again I work at my painting with as much earnestness as though my life depended upon the necessity I feel to accomplish a given amount in a given time.

Marion watches me in her usual quiet manner, and says nothing.

Sometimes I think she is too busy to notice my fitful moods. I have always excuses for my business or idleness, and she invariably accepts them with great good faith; yet her silence upon the subject of the letter makes me think that she understands my state of mind very well.

I am lying on the mossy grass in the orchard one morning, with some crewel-work beside me and an old volume of tales, when Marion calls me from the garden.

I have been reading a very tragic story of a man and woman who loved each other fully, perfectly, nobly, but who were never permitted to enjoy their love on earth. He languished, till death released him, in the dungeons of the Church of Rome; she dragged on the weary years of a long life in the stone cell of a convent. No fault on either side condemned them to this separation, this misery. They were victims to the avarice and ambition of those who should have best loved and protected them. I feel quite sorry for the sad, broken lives, whose mournful story has touched my heart.

A shower of snowy, rosy blossoms fall over me; and I sigh as I shake them off and answer Marion's call.

In my present mood I can never hope to do anything great or good in this world—I am not fitted for it, I have strength neither of will nor of action. Had I chosen, I might have made one person supremely and quietly happy; but I disdained such an ordinary achievement, and even that is denied me now. The sunlight sheds its warm bright rays upon the tangled labyrinth of trees and shrubs that make this farm-garden so delightful to my artist eyes. Down in the meadow the cows are lowing, standing in the shady pool; and the perfume of the lilies under Marion's window reaches me on every little passing breeze, with the endless "coo, coo" of the doves in the cot behind me.

Marion, attracted by my voice, comes through the garden-gate and up the mossy path. She has a letter in her hand, and I look up at her with animation.

"News from town, Marion?" I ask.

"Not exactly; but something I think you will like equally well. Lady Tressilian wants us to go to a dance she is giving at Green Court. I don't know who told her we were here. She has seen Sir Harcourt, I should imagine. We are to stay at the Court all night."

"Oh, don't let us go!" I say, hastily. "I dislike these Summer dances so much—and, besides, I have nothing fit to go in!"

"As you please, of course," replies Marion; "but Miss Harcourt tells me this morning that Miss Linder is to be there, and I for one should like to see the heroine of your romantic story."

"And Will?" I ask, questioningly.

"Oh, Will remains in town with Sir Harcourt; besides, he hates balls and parties of every description, as you very well know."

"Oh, Marion!" I cry, with something like a gasp, "we must go and see her! I hate the idea of it, but I must do it."

"Very well, dear; then I will go in and write to Lady Tressilian that we will come."

I throw myself back on the grass and feel very tearful, although I scarcely know the reason of my sudden grief. The Summer flies and little spiders crawl up and over and under my thin muslin dress; and one or two inquisitive fowls peck and cluck perilously near me. I throw out my arms once to ward off an attack on my person, and, alarmed and indignant, they scamper off as fast as possible to the other end of the orchard, only to return five minutes later.

Suddenly Marion's rich, clear voice drowns all the fainter music of birds or doves. She is singing her favorite song and accompanying herself on the piano.

The music is too much for me. I bury my head in the pages of the book I have been reading, and let myself be carried away by the strong emotions aroused by the song; and it is like a cry from my own heart when Marion passionately sings:

"How could I tell I should love thee to-day
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee anear?"

For I do love Will now with all my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is the night of Lady Tressilian's *fête*. We are dancing under a large marquee erected in front of the house. The dancers' flying feet keep time to the exquisite strains of the Guards' band; and I am the acknowledged belle of the ball.

I rather enjoy the novelty of my position, and am glad that I followed Marion's advice, and draped myself in the simple classical costume that every one is pleased to admire so much. I wear a crown of white lilies on my hair, and I have lilies on my breast and round my throat and arms—not a touch of color anywhere about me, save the red in my cheeks and the gold in my hair.

The fragrance of the lilies acts upon me like a subtle intoxication.

Will is here, and has danced twice with me; Clara Linder has not yet arrived. I question Will about her after a time, and he tells me that she promised him to come to-night—that she is really very pretty, but shy to nervousness. I imagine that Will's voice takes a tender tone unconsciously in speaking of her, and the demon of jealousy overpowers me with his cold gigantic shadow.

I do not give Will any chance to speak to me after he tells me this. Clara Linder, sweet, shy, modest—just such a woman as he most admires—is continually before me. And when, eventually, Will brings a white-clothed, calm-faced, dark-haired girl to me, and introduces her as Clara Linder, my state of mind—its pain, anger and jealous love—is not to be described.

Never in my life have I been so gay, so brilliant, as I am to-night. I dance recklessly and madly far into the night. I flirt with all the men I know, and laugh and jest to my heart's content, in spite of Will's stern eyes and Marion's reproachful gaze. Clara Linder may have the monopoly of all the feminine graces under the sun. I will share no virtue with her. In my jealous rage and pain, I almost believe that Will is already in love with her.

It is late in the night that Will and I dance together for the last time. Then he folds a shawl of dainty lace over my shoulders, and asks me to walk out with him through the garden, to see the silvery lake asleep in the moonlight, with the alders fringing its quiet banks. He tells me, too—what I did not know before—that it was upon this little lake that Geoffrey Harcourt, the youngest member of the family, asked my mother to be his wife; and that it was at Lady Tressilian's house that they spent their honeymoon after their marriage. I think he tells me this to steady me, to make me calm and thoughtful, before he asks me again, in more deeply passionate tones than I have ever heard from his lips before, to take back my hasty words of a month ago, and give him another chance of winning me for his love, his wife.

But neither calmness nor thoughtfulness can enter a heart torn with jealous feelings and conflicting emotions; and so, from very wantonness, loving him as truly and desperately as ever maiden loved, I trifle with his earnestness, coquette with his passion, and put his love and prayer away from me—how, I know not—it is a mystery to me ever afterwards. But so it is.

The sky is tenderly, deeply blue above our heads; the moon in full dreamy splendor shines down on to the lake, the ferns, the flowers, the statues, until one could imagine the whole an enchanted scene from the "Arabian Nights," and expect to see fays and sprites peeping at one from every drooping shrub or tree.

We are in the fragrant, grassy rose-garden, and I am flitting from flower to flower, silently admiring and caressing each one in turn. The silence, however, becomes too oppressive, too eloquent, too charmful. It seems to bring us too near to each other, to unveil our mutual thoughts, to express our feelings without a sound. It is a positive relief to me when Will's voice breaks the stillness, and the faint strains of the band reach us—tenderest dream-music.

What madness is it that makes me scorn and refuse the love I would give my life to be assured of? What power checks the happy words upon my lips when Will's passionate appeal stirs the very depths of my soul? I know not; but I stand by his side, carelessly plucking my flower-chain to pieces in the soft, sweet moonlight, and, without looking at him, I tell him to forget me—that it is best so—that I can never marry him—that I am quite happy with my work and my life—and that Clara Linder, from the brief glimpse I have had of her, is in every respect more suited to be his than I am.

"It is very good of you to wish to marry me," I conclude; "but it would not be right for you to do so now. I could never feel happy to be indebted to you for everything I possessed."

Will walks up and down the path excitedly while I have been talking, and, as the last words leave my lips, he lays his hand upon my shoulder.

"Ida, you jest with me. As if I have not suffered enough without this! Have you nothing more to say to me, Ida? Is that all?"

"I think so," I reply, with affected simplicity. "I shall never alter my mind on that point; of course, if I loved you very much, it would make all the difference."

"Yes, I suppose so. And that can never be, Ida?"

"Never," I answer faintly; and I turn away from him in the direction of the ballroom.

We walk on in a profound silence, until we reach the path that leads us straight to the lawn; but, as we pass under the shade of a spreading ash, my companion stoops over me suddenly and kisses me, with one long, close kiss, on my lips. I break away from him, outwardly angry and indignant, but thrilling with the sweet, strange ecstasy that comes to us but once in life, when passion wakens to respond to love.

"My darling, forgive me! My life is over, for I have lost you. Ida, darling, will you ever know how much I have loved you?"

I listen dreamily, gladly, to those sweet words, with flushed cheeks and beating heart; and then suddenly Captain Tressilian's voice rouses me from my delightful reverie, and I am aware that we have reached a group of people on the lawn, and that Will has resigned me to my new partner, as in duty bound.

"I have been verging on desperation," says Captain Tressilian, as we go into the ballroom. "The dance is nearly over, and it is your favorite '*désir*.'"

"Never mind," I say, with a wretched attempt at a smile. "I believe I am too tired to dance any more to-night. Would you mind it very much if we sat down for a little while in some cool place?"

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"Why, you are quite pale," replies the good-natured fellow. "I'll go and get you some wine, and you'll soon feel all right."

But the moment he is gone I join Marion in one of the ante-rooms, and complain of a sudden weariness and illness; and even while I am talking to her a dimness comes over my eyes, and I sink down upon a lounge, and faint away for the first time in my life.

CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

I DO not tell Marion anything about my interview with Will, and we go back to Middleton the next day and take up the thread of our usual daily life. Somehow the knowledge of Will's love is a great comfort to me. I live over again many times in the day the few short moments I passed with him, and the memory of his face and his sweet, tender words remains with me continually. I take up my work again steadily and bravely, but I am not happy; and gradually I fall ill, and Marion nurses me. Still I do not give up my art. I cling to it with greater love than ever, and Marion encourages me to try my hand at a picture, and prophecies a brilliant success for me; but I shake my head doubtfully. Of what use is it to sketch the cattle standing or lying in the meadow-grass, to coax the children to pose for me with their birds'-nests or wild-flowers, or to study the shades and tints in the sweet, still wood, while all my heart is away with Will, and all my desire "has gone out unto him"?

So I think and feel as the days slip on, each one leaving me more wretched than the last; and so, one evening, in a passion of grief and tears, I tell Marion.

"I always knew it, darling," she answers, gently; "and now be the brave noble girl I always believed you, and write to Will to-day."

"No, I cannot, Marion—I cannot write to him."

So much of my pride yet remaining. Marion suggests nothing more; and in silence and wretchedness that evening closes.

The next morning Marion stands, grave and anxious, with my breakfast-tray in her hand, by the side of my bed. I am too unwell this morning to get up to breakfast.

"Ida, do you know Will sails for India next week? Is this miserable pride to make you both wretched for life? You have behaved altogether wrongly and wickedly to Will; and, unless you gain his forgiveness and love now, you will regret it all your life."

"If he would but come to me!" I moan, in reply.

"Go to him," is Marion's answer. "It is not right he should come to you."

"Let me go alone, then!" I cry, with sudden determination. "Let me go quite by myself, and do not tell them I am coming."

And so, while the impulse is on me, I take the train to London, and arrive at Kensington early in the afternoon. My uncle is much better, and is very pleased to see me. Aunt Dan gives me a hearty welcome, and Jim sheds a few complimentary tears on my behalf. It is very pleasant to be at home again, and my bodily weakness makes me quite emotional. I tell my uncle that I have come up to do some shopping; and, in questioning Aunt Dan about Will, I find that he is going to India on business of Sir Harcourt's, and that he goes to-morrow instead of next week. She is so busy preparing for his departure that she is obliged to leave me every few moments; and the dear old soul is so much upset that she has forgotten that I have came up to town alone, and has never once inquired after Marion.

I am sitting in my own room again, where, three months ago, I smoked Will's cigarette, when the door opens sharply, and some one starts back upon seeing me.

Then Will comes into the room, almost reluctantly, and we shake hands as strangers. I look up shyly through my lashes. Is that Will's face, pale and haggard, as though he had known many sleepless nights, with lines and shadows about the mouth and under the kindly eyes? It is not like Will at all.

"I did not expect to find you here," he says, quietly. "Of course you have heard of my sudden journey? I am very busy, as you may imagine, and therefore I know you will excuse me."

He positively turns to leave the room; and even at this last moment my pride and despair struggle for the mastery. But love triumphs.

"Will," I murmur, stretching both my hands to him in the old impulsive way he used to love so in the old days, "why will you go away? I am sorry—I did not mean——"

But the next moment I am caught to Will's heart, and am weeping away my grief and misery upon his breast.

* * * * * *

The next evening I return to Middleton, and Will accompanies me. He will not go to India, I need scarcely say. My uncle has been informed of our engagement, and is in a high state of gratification about it. Aunt Dan has pleaded for a month at least to conclude the preparations for the wedding, and I have begged that, until we are married, I may remain with Marion at Middleton. The day before we return to town, Marion and I sit together for our last chat in the dear old-fashioned parlor we both love so well. The day's heat and noise are over, and the hazy, fragrant twilight is fast deepening into night. Marion is talking to me of my happiness in becoming Will's wife; she is warning me against my besetting sins of pride and self-will, and declares she is glad I have gained my happiness through sorrow and pain.

She takes my hands and kisses me, and her eyes are wet with tears.

"Ida," she says, after a pause, "I should like you to promise me something to-night. I have a fancy that on this night you would think a promise sacred."

I turn gladly towards her, and she draws me down to her side on my knees, while her caressing hand plays with my hair.

"You will make him happy, Ida, very happy, will you not?"

"I will try, Marion," I answer, humbly. And then we kiss each other, and remain quite still until Will's voice sounds in the porch inquiring for me.

I rise hastily and stand in the light of the window; and Will comes into the room, and, not seeing Marion in her shady corner, puts his arms about me, and, with low murmuring words of happy love, leads me into the still and peaceful Summer night.

KEEPING THE POLAR BEARS COOL DURING THE SUMMER.

THE beautiful Polar bears in Central Park have been spared much suffering during the Summer by an ingenious device, which gives them a slight experience of their natural temperature. Above the cage a large water-tank has been put up. This is supplied with water from the Croton mains by a hose. Through holes pierced in the bottom the water pours upon the bears in the manner of a shower-bath, but in much greater quantity. The bears pass the most of the time beneath this tank, and appear to enjoy the steady stream. They take their food as soon as passed through the bars to the shower and there devour it. As long as the water is pouring upon them they remain docile and happy. It is necessary, in order to preserve their health, to keep them cool with water from Winter to Winter. As soon as frost sets in the tank will be removed, and the bears left to enjoy a more congenial temperature than the present.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Proposed New Eddystone Lighthouse.

The projected new Eddystone Lighthouse, which is to supersede the one that was erected by Smeaton towards the end of the last century, is shown in our illustration as it will appear when completed, standing about 127 feet higher than the existing tower. The new tower, which is to be constructed entirely of granite, will consist of a cylindrical base, 44 feet in diameter and 22 feet high, having its upper surface 2½ feet above high water of Spring tides. From this base will spring the shaft of the tower, 85 feet 6 inches in diameter at the commencement, and 18 feet 6 inches in diameter under the cornice, the top of which will be 138 feet above the rock. On the cylindrical base there will thus be formed a level margin 4 feet 3 inches wide for a landing-platform. The tower is to be a concave elliptic frustum, the generating curve of which has a semi-transverse axis of 178 feet, and a semi-conjugate axis of 37 feet. The tower is to be solid, with the exception of a water-tank, to the level of 25½ feet above high-water Spring tides. At this level the walls will be 5 feet 6 inches thick, diminishing to 2 feet 3 inches at the top. The tower will contain nine apartments, 10 feet in height, in addition to the lantern, the seven uppermost being 14 feet in diameter. The whole of the work is to be dovetailed and cemented, both horizontally and vertically. On the completion of the new lighthouse it is intended to take down the present lighthouse to the level of the top of the solid base, 29 feet above high water of Spring tides. This portion of the present structure is shown remaining in our illustration of the proposed new lighthouse as it will appear when the work is finished. It has been determined that the elevation of the focal plane of the light shall be 130 feet above high water, by which the range of the light will be increased from 14 to about 17½ nautical miles, so as just to overlap the range of the new electric lights at the Lizard.

An Electric Railway at Berlin.

At the Berlin Exhibition there is an electric railway constructed by Siemens and Halski. The power is supplied by a stationary dynamo-electric machine (worked by a steam-engine) to a similar machine on a locomotive, making use of the track to conduct the electricity. The conductor can make or break the connection and thus control the motor. The track is circular and about six hundred feet long. There are three wagons attached to the locomotive, affording accommodation for twenty passengers. Dr. Siemens does not pretend that there is any economy in the contrivance, and it is only exhibited as a toy. When we consider that a steam-engine has to get up electricity on the stationary dynamo-electric machine to be conveyed at great loss to a second machine, we can see that it would be much more economical to apply the steam directly to the locomotive.

Incidents of the Zulu War.

Lord Chelmsford left the camp on the White Umvolosi at noon, July 3d, and advanced with General Newdegate's division and General Wood's flying column. Next morning, after crossing the river, he was attacked by a Zulu force variously estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000. The enemy appeared simultaneously on all sides, and when the British troops formed in hollow square on a plain near Ulundi, they commenced a desperate attack, advancing regularly with astonishing pluck and determination for about an hour. At last, however, broken by the heavy, well-directed fire of the artillery, they wavered, and then the square opened and the cavalry dashing out, charged them, and a complete route ensued. Our engraving represents the square opening to allow of the egress of the cavalry. The Zulu loss was estimated at 800, while the British was but ten killed (including Captain Edgell, Seventeenth Lancers) and forty-two wounded, amongst whom were Colonel Lowe and Major Bond. As soon as the battle was over Lord Chelmsford advanced to Ulundi and burnt every kraal within a circle of three miles. The Zulu messengers, as they came into the camp the second time, escorted by some of the Lancers, with the two tusks of ivory carried by the men behind, are shown in one of our sketches. One of them held a cleft stick, in which was stuck the letter written by an unknown European for Cetewayo, addressed "To Lord Chelmsford, Esq." It was inclosed in an old English official envelope, which had been that of a letter sent to the Zulu King by Colonel North Crealock, Military Secretary, from Fort Newdegate, some time before. The British Commander-in-Chief dismissed the Zulu messengers, desiring them to tell Cetewayo that if by noon on July 3d the stipulations had not been complied with the advance would recommence. The 3d came and went, yet no signs of submission, so on the 4th the battle was fought.

Visit of the King of Italy to Genoa.

The first visit of the King of Italy to Genoa after his accession to the throne was marked by all the enthusiasm that has greeted his appearance since Passanti attempted his life. He was accompanied by his Queen, who, like the Princess of Wales, attracts all classes by her unassuming manners and happy disposition. The King is suffering much with consumption, but, despite the entreaties of his physicians insists in performing his onerous public and social duties without interruption. The popularity of the royal couple increases steadily.

SIGNIFICANT STRAWS.

THE Montana wool-clip will exceed 1,200,000 pounds.

TWO hundred and sixty-five vessels are en route from Europe to load with grain at Baltimore.

THE rice crop of South Carolina for the year is estimated at 44,000 tierces, and that of Georgia at 26,000.

IRON bridge building is fast becoming one of the most active and important of Philadelphia's industries.

MACHINERY has been put up at Fernandina, Fla., to experiment in making paper from Palmetto fibre.

IRON ore yielding 47 per cent. of iron has been discovered on Smith's Creek, about two miles from Waynesburg, Green County, Pa.

THE increase of flouring mills in the four States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota from 1860 to 1878 was from 1,138 to 3,090.

RECENT reports from Shanghai show a great diminution in British transactions, while American commerce was almost doubled in the past year.

EIGHT hundred more coastwise vessels have arrived at Boston during the seven months of the present year than during the corresponding time of last year.

HON. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, of Troy, who has just returned from an extended tour in the West, says that there never was a country so flourishing as the West is to-day.

OYSTERMEN of Long Island are looking forward to a season of unusual prosperity, as more oysters are being grown in their waters than at any time within twenty-five years.

IT is stated that three prominent silk manufacturers from Macclesfield, England, have decided to settle in Paterson, N. J., next year, bringing several hundred hands with them.

THE brass works at Rome, N. Y., are turning out two tons per day, and have orders sufficient ahead to keep them at work nearly two months. The rail mill is temporarily closed for want of iron.

THE New York carpet trade was never better than at present. Some of the manufacturers say they don't want to see another order; that they have all and more than they can do for six months to come.

DURING the first six months of the year $13,524,000 have been invested in railroad construction, most of that money having been expended in the Western States. The steel alone used has cost about $8,000,000.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) Rolling Mill is now manufacturing rails, fish-plates, merchant bars and bridge iron. The mill employs 500 men, and is running full double time. Present orders will keep them busy till November.

THE old Lake Superior iron mine is again asserting its prominence. Its lake shipments up to August 20th footed up 91,080 gross tons, against a total of 65,960 tons for a corresponding period last year—a gain of 25,120 tons.

THE Internal Revenue Bureau has prepared a statement, showing that the number of gallons of spirits produced during the fiscal year of 1879 was 71,892,612, against 55,103,103 in 1878, showing an increase of 15,789,564 gallons.

THE report of the business of the port of Baltimore for the month of August just closed shows an increase in the amount of grain received of over a million bushels, the receipts being 5,548,000 bushels, all but about 800,000 of which was exported.

THE grape crop along the Hudson River promises to be the largest ever gathered. The vines will, it is said, aggregate three tons to the acre. The principal variety is the Concord. Growers in several places will ship as many as thirty tons each.

THE Kansas City *Price Current* reports the yield of wheat in ten counties in Southeastern Kansas at 2,057,655 bushels, against 1,139,654 bushels last year, showing an increase of 918,001 bushels. The estimated corn crop in ten counties is placed at 37,000,000 bushels, against 22,000,000 bushels last year—an increase of 15,000,000 bushels.

A COPPER belt some two miles long and from 200 to 400 feet wide has been discovered about the middle of the southern part of Maine, directly on the coast. Some twenty miles to the northward of this copper belt silver has been found in flakes, masses and filaments. A shaft has been sunk some hundred feet deep, and it is reported that the ore increases in richness with the depth.

THE total yield of the Leadville carbonate camp up to the close of July was $9,401,283; 47,929 tons of ore were produced, equal to 9,893 bullion tons and 3,391,483 silver ounces. The average yield of all ores smelted there is estimated at seventy ounces to the ton. In addition to the product of the local smelters, there have been shipped from Leadville over $5,250,000 worth of high grade ore. About ten tons of ore are now shipped daily.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Bessemer steel works of this country held a meeting in Philadelphia, on September 3d, at the rooms of the American Iron and Steel Association, for the purpose of adopting such measures as they may deem proper for the regulation of the trade, which is now more active than for several years past. Out of the eleven Bessemer steel works in this country, ten were represented at the meeting, the Vulcan Works, of St. Louis, being the only one unrepresented. Reports represented the trade as enjoying an extraordinary degree of prosperity and the prospect is of the brightest character. Without an exception every rail-mill in the country has orders for more than it can produce up to the end of the year, and many of them have already taken orders for several months in the ensuing year.

THE exports of wheat to Europe from the four principal Atlantic ports for the week ending August 30th amounted to 4,596,737 bushels, as follows: New York, 2,476,365 bushels; Baltimore, 1,142,919 bushels; Philadelphia, 700,465 bushels; Boston, 276,988 bushels. The exports of corn were: New York, 177,982 bushels; Baltimore, 148,685 bushels; Boston, 972,009 bushels; total, 1,892,656 bushels. Of the exports of wheat, 1,045,543 bushels were shipped to Antwerp, 640,236 bushels to Liverpool and London, and 1,447,215 bushels to France. The receipts and exports of wheat at the seven seaports of the Atlantic coast in the last six weeks were: Receipts, 32,256,650 bushels; exports 22,868,384 bushels; an increase in the receipts over the same period last year of 14,686,989 bushels, and in the exports 9,979,225 bushels.

AN incident more practically illustrative than statistical figures of the prosperous condition of the iron manufacturing industry in this country has just occurred in connection with the negotiation by Government officers for the iron-work on the extension wing of the new State, War and Navy Department Building in this city. Instead of advertising for bids, the officers in charge of the work addressed circular letters to the prominent iron manufacturers and contractors throughout the country requesting them to submit estimates for the iron-work. Replies to these circulars have been received, and, strange to say, in a majority of cases the contractors have declined to bid for the work on account of the large number of orders ahead. As a rule, there is great competition for Government work of this kind, for the reason that the prices are usually liberal and payments prompt. Now, however, instead of being embarrassed to decide between the bidders, the Government is likely to experience some difficulty in getting the proper persons to do the work.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SAVANNAH will celebrate her centennial on October 9th.

—THE shipment of pine straw from Wilmington, N. C., to New York is assuming large proportions.

—THE excess of the earnings of the Sing Sing State Prison over the expenditures for August was $3,200.

—THE Minnesota sugar-cane, out of which a splendid article of sugar is made, is grown successfully in West Tennessee.

—THE celebrated Kennedy cattle-ranche, Texas, on the Rio Grande, has been purchased by an English company for $800,000.

—THE General Assembly of Virginia is stocking the waters of that State with game and food fish. A hatchery has been established in Wayne County.

—IN the capital of Japan there are about seventy thousand soldiers, all in the American uniform, and provided with arms purchased from the United States and England.

—FOUR millions of the old State debt of North Carolina have been retired and new bonds given in their place, the latter representing $1,120,000. Eight millions of the old bonds yet remain outstanding.

—THE famous Whitehall gold mine on the narrow-gauge railroad near Fredericksburg, Va., formerly owned by Commodore Stockton, has been purchased by Boston capitalists and operations will be resumed October 1st. Some years ago this mine yielded $140,000 in seven months.

—THE annual meeting of the American Methodist Mission in Japan has been held in Tokio. Four natives were admitted to the ministry on trial. There were reported 435 members, a gain of 209, 173 probationers and 54 children. The natives contributed for various purposes $445. There are 713 scholars in the Sunday and 346 in the day schools.

—ACCORDING to official statistics, the Italian harvest of the year shows a deficiency of 10,000,000 quintals of maize, 5,000,000 quintals of wheat and 2,000,000 quintals of other grain. In consequence of the failing crops, the Italian Home Minister has issued a circular to the prefects of the various provinces directing them to call on property-owners for work for needy laborers.

—THE correspondent of a Swiss paper warns collectors of antiquities to beware of fabricated specimens of articles purporting to belong to the age of bronze and to have been found among the remains of lake-dwellings and in the beds of rivers. He says there is a regular manufactory of these things near the Lake Bienne, and that bronze swords are being offered at 100 francs each which are not worth as many centimes.

—UNDER the new administration of the telegraphic lines in France, in combination with the post-office, a great increase in the number of telegrams is noticeable. In 1878 eleven millions of messages were transmitted. Paris is now connected directly with 113 towns of France, and with the principal ones there is a double line. London is connected with Paris by nine wires, with Brussels and Berlin by three, and with Vienna and seven other cities by two.

—THERE are 735 miles of railroad in process of construction in Texas. This includes the Texas Central Railroad from Ross Station west, 150 miles; the Texas and Pacific, from Fort Worth west, 30 miles; the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé, from Richmond northwest, 140 miles; the Houston, East and West Texas, from Livingston north, 80 miles; the East Line and Red River, from Sulphur Springs west, 50 miles; the St. Louis, Texarkana and Waco, from Texarkana southwest, 230 miles, and other roads of less note.

—SOME interesting trials with carrier-pigeons have lately been made in Germany, in order to ascertain whether the pigeons, after being confined for some time at a point distant from their proper home, would still return to it when liberated. Accordingly 149 birds were carried from Aix-la-Chapelle to Metz, and liberated after a month's confinement. By the morning of the day following 134 had returned to their cotes in Aix la-Chapelle, the bird which arrived first having flown from Metz to Aix la-Chapelle, 112 miles, in four hours and thirty-eight minutes.

—THE attention of the Prussian Government is just now greatly taken up with the late portentous increase in the number of tramps and masterless men who throng the country districts demanding work or bread. Arrests for vagabondage and mendicity have increased from 5,250 in 1875 and 6,234 in 1876 to 7,268 in 1877 and 9,000 in 1878. The number of arrests has thus almost doubled in four years, and the cost of maintaining tramps in prison amounted last year, for the kingdom, to 2,600,000 marks ($600,000). The cause of this unsatisfactory state of affairs is attributed to the pressure of the times and the consequent difficulty of obtaining work.

—MATRIMONY is rather expensive in Zululand, as indeed it is everywhere else. Each lady has to be bought of the king or her own people with a great many head of cattle, so that the chieftains who possess the largest number of wives are very much looked up to by their less fortunate neighbors. It is, in fact, a sure way of advertising one's wealth, and the husband of many wives is entitled to wear his hair in a peculiar fashion, in order that his superior position may be at once recognized. It is greased, and passed through a ring at the top of his head; and on account of the form which in course of time it assumes, he is henceforth known as a "Saucepan Chief," and venerated accordingly.

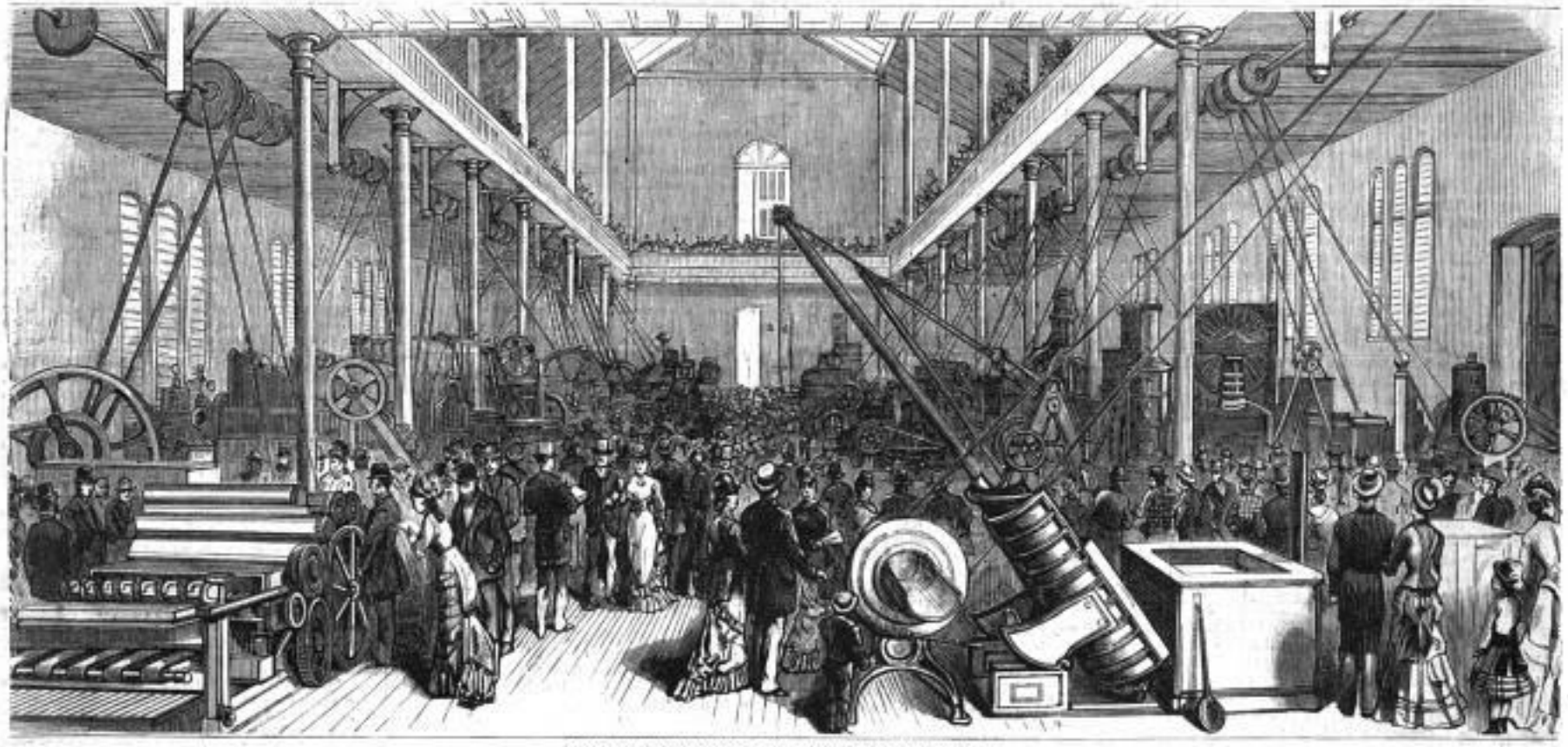
—THE monarchical factions in France are quarreling over their holy places. The Imperialists are anxious to build in the heart of Paris a memorial chapel in honor of Prince Louis Napoleon. The Legitimists have their expiatory chapel, which stands in the middle of a small and gloomy square, and there they assemble every 21st of January, the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI., to pray for the repose of his soul and for better times. The Orleanists, too, have their chapel, just outside the fortifications, reared on the spot where the eldest son of Louis Philippe was thrown from his carriage and killed, and dedicated to his memory. The Royalists of both branches object, however, to a third tabernacle.

—THE Republicans of the State of New York, in convention, assembled at Saratoga, September 3d, nominated candidates for State offices, adopted a platform, and adjourned *sine die*. The following is the ticket chosen: For Governor—A. B. Cornell, of New York; for Lieutenant-Governor—George G. Hoskins, of Wyoming; for Comptroller—J. W. Wadsworth, of Livingston; for Secretary of State—General J. B. Carr, of Rensselaer; for Treasurer—N. B. Wendell, of Albany; for Attorney-General—Hamilton Ward, of Allegany; for State Engineer—Howard Soule, of Onondaga. A platform was adopted pledging the party anew to national supremacy, equal rights, free elections and honest money, thanking President Hayes and the Republicans in Congress for their recent attitude, and denouncing the present Democratic policy. The regulation of corporations was advocated. Senator Conkling was temporary chairman, and Vice-President Wheeler was president of the convention.

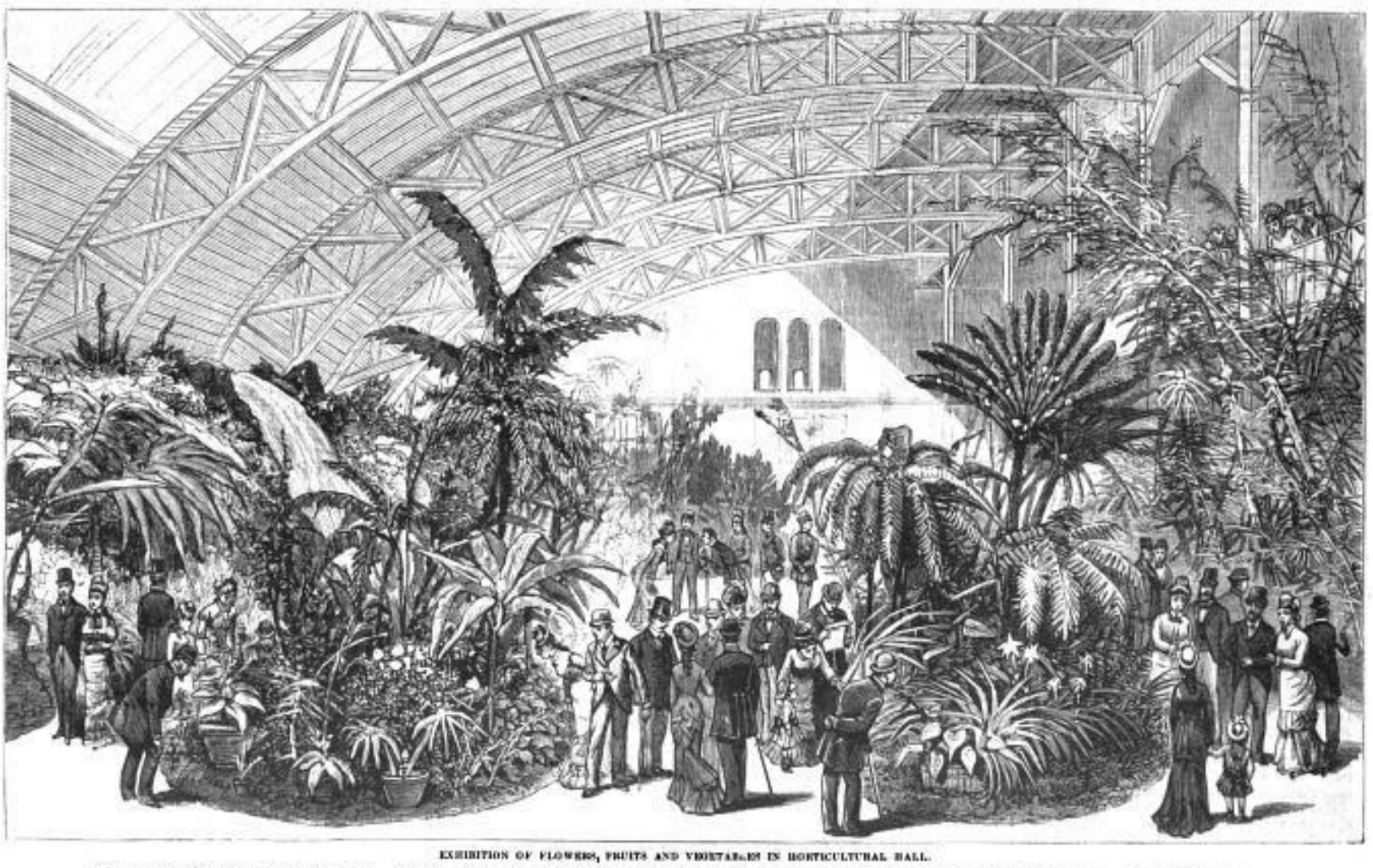
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THE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS IN THE ART GALLERY.



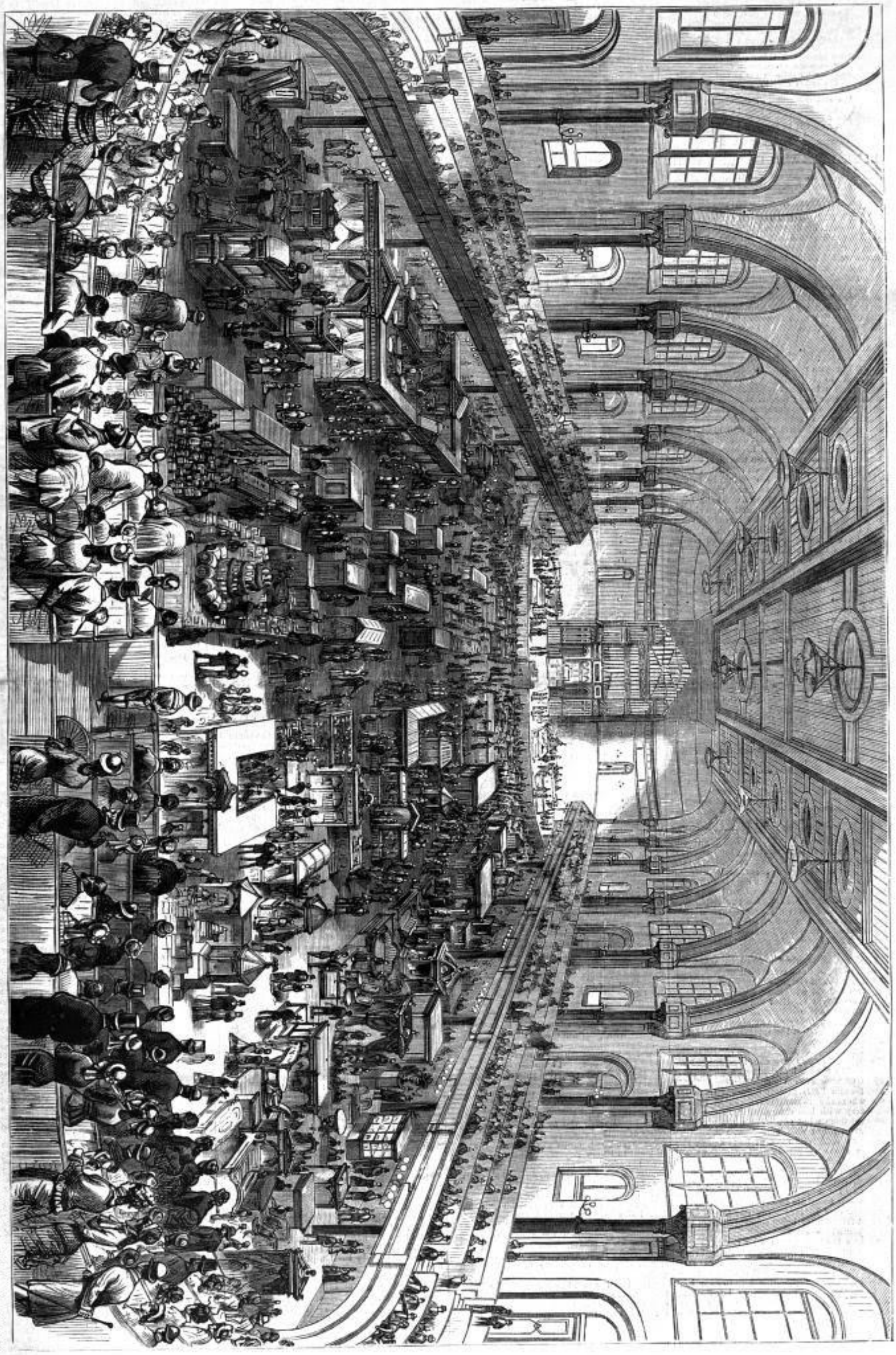
DISPLAY OF MECHANICAL INVENTIONS IN MACHINERY HALL.



EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.

OHIO.—THE SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI IN THE GRAND PERMANENT BUILDINGS, SEPTEMBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 10TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 47.

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OHIO.—THE SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI IN THE GRAND PERMANENT BUILDINGS, SEPTEMBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 16TH.—VIEW OF THE EXHIBITS DISPLAYED IN THE MUSIC HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 42.

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REGRET.

REGRET, regret! a potent spell
To chain the memory to the past;
To bid the tear of sorrow well,
And suffocate the heart at last.

What hopes, with fairest colors lined,
Besiege the weary, burdened breast,
And seek for entrance but to find
The casket filled by black unrest!

Yet with this canker deeply fraught,
Life's bitter trials must be met,
And soloced but by one fond thought—
To die will be my least regret.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

MISS ELDON is a very fair specimen of a well-bred young Englishwoman, as having "taken it out of him" in a sharp trot down to the Kensington Gardens rails, she turns, and, holding her handsome little horse in to a walk, rides slowly along. There is no "doubt" about Daisy, even in this place, where discernment is so sorely taxed. There is not a superfluous button, not an unnecessary bit of braid about her navy-blue habit; and round the brim of her hat there is not a superfluous half-inch of tulle. You remark immediately that she does not ride to her audience, and that both horse and rider are perfect types of their respective kinds. But if you do not know her, you remark nothing further.

Truth to tell, she is riding the Knave of Hearts with most reprehensible carelessness this morning; for her mind is very much given to the consideration of that question concerning Sir Bolingbroke which her aunt has raised with auntly zeal and indiscretion. Miss Bertram's words have not borne all the fruit she intended them to bear; still they have had some weight with the girl, who has up to this morning enjoyed all that is enjoyable without troubling very much as to what is to follow. But now, as Daisy rides slowly along, she falls to thinking of what the home-life down at Burnsleigh is; and when she has thoroughly resuscitated the memories of it, she has it borne in upon her vividly that she will have to go back to that life, and resume it, just as though this brilliant episode had never come within her experience. The sweet blue eyes are gazing apparently at the living panorama before her. In reality they are looking into the future, and seeing all the gloom of it.

She is startled abruptly from her daydream by the Knave of Hearts suddenly swerving to the near side, and then returning to the path of duty by a series of plunges. Well-bred horse as he is, he cannot always control an emotion of surprise, and he has experienced a profound one in seeing a young man who is leaning on the railings sweep off his hat in salute to Miss Eldon. He is an English horse, and utterly unaccustomed to the society of men who signalize the fact of their existence before the lady has nodded an acknowledgment of it.

Of course Daisy sits the shy. If I ever venture to unseat a heroine, it shall be in a little country lane, where no one can see her. For though such accidents do happen in public places in real life, it is not advisable that they should ever befall a heroine of romance. The majority prefer that she should be a sort of female Admirable Crichton, and it is well to respect the prejudices of the majority.

But though Daisy remains in the saddle, the shy arouses her suddenly from her daydream, and looking with understanding for the cause of the emotion of the Knave of Hearts, she finds it in a young, tall, lissome-figured man, whose swarthy face is glowing with satisfaction at the sight of her, and whose tawny eyes are riveted upon hers with a tender earnestness that brings vividly before her a half-forgotten scene, in which a handsome boy transferred a well-loved mastiff puppy to the care and ownership of a golden-haired slip of a girl.

The Knave is almost brought upon his haunches by a dexterous turn of her wrist, and in a moment she is leaning forward, holding her hand out with hearty gladness.

"Harry Poynter! How did you know me?"

"By your eyes and hair, Daisy," the young fellow replies; "they're not changed, though you are. But I ask the same question: how did you know me?"

"I knew——" she begins, then she hesitates. It is difficult to say how she recognized him. In the old days he had been the pleasantest object on which her vision ever lighted, and now, though he is utterly different from the boy whom she remembers, there is no one who may with him compare. "You're very different from what you were when you gave me Tartar; but still, somehow, you're like your own self," she says, at last; and as she says it she sees Sir Bolingbroke Bray approaching her.

"So you remember Tartar, too!" Mr. Poynter says, delightedly; and her attention being caught by Sir Bolingbroke at this juncture, it is some few moments before she can reply.

"Remember Tartar! Does one forget one's dearest friend after being separated from him for a month?"

"Who's the happy man who occupies that proud position, Miss Eldon?" Sir Bolingbroke says lightly, laughing. He quite means to have Daisy for his wife; but it does not stir the faintest jealousy within him to hear her speak of some one unknown as her dearest friend. If she will only become Lady Bray he is quite prepared to bear the burden of her forming a dozen "dearest friendships," if she feels so inclined.

"He's only a dog," Daisy says; and then she turns a little in her saddle, and inclines her head slightly to Sir Bolingbroke, in a way that ought to show him that she considers their interview at an end—that he is free to, and she ready and willing that he should, ride on—and that she desires to resume uninterrupted intercourse with the handsome, debonair-looking young fellow who is leaning over the rails.

But this is not at all within the limits of Sir Bolingbroke's intentions. A rival in the abstract, or even a defined rival if he only be absent, is endurable enough to the young baronet; but a rival well defined and present, who engrosses Daisy's attention away from Sir Bolingbroke Bray, is quite a different thing.

"I shall have the honor—your aunt has accorded me her permission—of being your escort this morning, Miss Eldon," he says, sitting at ease coolly, and regarding Mr. Poynter with the same lazy expression of interest which he might exert himself to evince at sight of an Indian brave or a fine specimen of a wild red-deer. There is about Harry Poynter such vitality, such young, healthy, happy vigor and freshness, that he is a marked object here in the ranks of languid, bored, fashionable-looking men. It is not that the recently returned squire of Glenholme is rough, unpolished, ill-dressed, or "bad form" in any way; it is simply his looking thoroughly "alive" which distinguishes him from the majority of the men who are inertly reclining in divers attitudes that are expressive of utter weariness on the railings under the blazing July sun. Daisy, who is replete with this same physical force herself, perceives and appreciates it quickly in another, especially when it is presented in so fair a guise as in the person of her old friend, Harry Poynter.

Tartar is a very thawing topic. They discuss him as he was in the days of his infantile grace and innocence, and Daisy describes the dog into which he has developed. She winds up her essay on Tartar by saying:

"But how is it that you've been so long in England without seeing him?"

"Because," he says, "I denied myself that bliss in order to watch for the opportunity, which has come at last, of seeing you."

Daisy's pearly face grows pink as she hears him, and her eyes gleam like stars with the sweet pleasure she feels in her old friend's remembrance of her. Of what avail is it to Sir Bolingbroke now that he has the place at her off-side for the remainder of this morning's ride? Harry Poynter has the nearer place in her interest; and *that* once fairly awakened, the end is not so very unforeseen.

"It has been the one drawback to my otherwise perfect felicity up here that I wasn't down at Burnsleigh when they welcomed you to your 'own again,'" she says to young Poynter, disregarding grandly the symptoms Sir Bolingbroke is lazily developing of its being his opinion that it would be well for them to move on.

"I had staid away from 'my own' for a good many years for other people's pleasure; it occurred to me that it wouldn't hurt other people very much if I staid away a little longer from my own," he answers, sparkling up with a sense of the entire appreciation she will have for all that is meant or may be meant by his speech. "I didn't feel inclined to hie me home the instant I was free to do so; the place and I know so little of each other that I shall see very little of it, if itself is the only attraction it offers me."

"You shall not be an absentee," she cries out. "I mean—I beg your pardon, Mr. Poynter; but I live in the place, you know, and understand all about the advantages and disadvantages of your absence or presence. The people you let it to were rich and good enough in their way; but they thought more about the London shop by which they make their money—very naturally—than they did about ameliorating the condition of the poor or oiling the social hinges of the neighborhood. And papa was a sort of stand-between those new people and the Granvilles and others of the Granville ilk, and papa suffered. Don't you understand now why I wish you to go home and to stay at home—as you will, Harry?"

She bends forward again to offer him her hand in farewell as she says this, and a smile like a sunburst gleams forth from her glorious eyes and breaks the lines that have been sombre about her flexible lips.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy, if you look like that I'll go to Glenholme or to anywhere else for your sake," he mutters; and then he adds aloud, "May I have your address? I hear you are staying with your aunt, Miss Bertram."

She gives him her card at once gladly, and now Sir Bolingbroke feels that the time has come for him to assert himself.

"In the interest of the Knave I must beg you to come on, Miss Eldon; he has chafed against your unconsciously tightened hand till his mouth is bleeding."

She slackens her rein at once, and the clever little horse steps out in his matchless style without another suggestion being made to him. "Come and call on us to-morrow," the girl lilts out to Harry Poynter, turning her bright face towards him encouragingly; and as he shouts back his promise to do so, he resolves that he will call and call again till he wins the right to call this darling Daisy his own.

Sir Bolingbroke is very sensible. He sees that Daisy is in a rarefied atmosphere, the chief elements of which are recollection and possibility, admiration for a new type, sympathy with a good-looking adventurer upon an untried career, and girlish glee in the part she is playing of wielder of strong men's wills.

"Let her nourish her fancies," Sir Bolingbroke thinks as he trots along by the Knave's side, discoursing of the wind and the sun, the weather and the forthcoming banquet at Orleans House, the impossibility of existing in London an hour after "one feels that the time to go has come," and the miserable nothingness of a life that has to be lived away from London altogether. "Let her nourish her fancies; they are intangibilities that will never interfere with my comfort; and the effort she makes at nursing them throws an enormous amount of expression into those seas of love and fantasy—her eyes."

Accordingly, in fulfillment of his view of the case, Sir Bolingbroke sends sentiment to the right about altogether this morning, and talks nothing but society to her.

"You'll be at Lady Beauton's to-morrow of course?" he half-questions. "St. Briac is to conquer the heiress of the year, Miss Millard, on his own ground—it's an understood thing; she goes for the title and his good looks, and he goes for all that "cotton" can procure him."

"How very funny, and how very sad!" Daisy says, sagely. "You speak just as if Miss Millard were a bale of goods, and as if Lord St. Briac wouldn't have to live with her so long as they both do live, if they marry."

"That doesn't always follow, Miss Eldon." Sir Bolingbroke answers with (to his credit, be it said) a heightened color.

"What doesn't always follow?" the Daisy asks, in innocent forgetfulness of the "story" of Sir Bolingbroke and Lady Bray.

"Well, it doesn't always happen that people live together, 'so long as they both do live,' because they marry unadvisedly. Let me tell you——"

"No; tell me nothing," Daisy interrupts. "People shouldn't marry unadvisedly. We can all stay as we are if we can't marry the one we love; and if we marry the one we love, then it must be all right."

"That's your theory," he says, laughingly.

"That's what I believe, Sir Bolingbroke."

"Well, my practice has been somewhat different; but I won't defile your ears by giving you a recital of the last Lady Bray's works. I have been a very badly-treated man, and I thought myself a blighted man, Miss Eldon, until I saw you; now I feel that I still have a motive in life, and that motive is to win you for my wife."

He is a graceful, lissom, well-favored young fellow, and he has a baronetcy and twenty thousand a year. Daisy remembers that he is, and that he has all these advantages, as she listens to him. Across her mind, too, as she listens, there flashes a vision of what Burnsleigh life is and will be. But closely following on that vision there comes one of a gallant-looking, dark-eyed, sanguine-complexioned man, who has looked at her this day with a look to which her heart has beaten responsively, in a way that it has never beaten to the look of another man. And side by side with this remembrance there rises another—that of Sir Bolingbroke's sorely tried, sadly fallen, lost, unmentioned, and unmentionable wife.

Daisy is not a woman of the world yet. She does not understand that "these things are," but are not to be mentioned. So she comes out with rather a hard rejoinder to his request.

"What an unworthy motive, Sir Bolingbroke! For your real wife is still alive, isn't she?"

"She is not my wife. Don't you understand that I have divorced her?"

"I don't understand anything of the sort: I only understand that what God has joined together man cannot put asunder. I am sorry for you, for I think you ought to live the rest of your life alone, and that thought is a sad one. Now, shall we go home?"

"I am to consider your answer a final one?"

"Yes, please," she says, simply; and then, as they come to the end of the Row, she puts her hand out to wish him good-by, and says, "No one will know of this from me, Sir Bolingbroke."

"I don't care who knows that I have 'loved the highest,' though it's been my ill-fortune to have loved in vain," he says, in a tone of such brave sincerity that Daisy's heart melts towards him, and her eyes beam such admiration for the manly candor with which he speaks of his disappointment, that he takes heart of grace, and determines to "try her again" at some future day. "Her head is a trifle turned by the success she has had," he tells himself. "When the season is over, and she has to face the parsonage and the poverty again, she'll take a more lenient view of my position."

Meanwhile Daisy rides home with her head and heart in a whirl of delight at the unexpected *rencontre* she has had with her old friend Harry Poynter. By the time she gets into her aunt's presence she has forgotten all about Sir Bolingbroke Bray, and so she replies to Miss Bertram's anxious inquiry, "Well, have you seen him?" with the words:

"Yes, aunt, and it has made me so happy; he's coming here to call to-morrow."

"It's rather strange that he does not come to-day, I think," Miss Bertram cries, embracing Daisy rapturously; "my darling child, I am so pleased! The best match of the season! Twenty thousand a year and a title! They will admit down at Burnsleigh that I have done well for my niece."

"Are you thinking of Sir Bolingbroke?" Daisy stammers.

"Of course I am; of whom else can I—or you—be thinking?" Miss Bertram almost screams.

"I was thinking of my old friend, Harry Poynter," Daisy says, blushing and laughing. "I told you when I first came up, if you remember, that the young Squire of Glenholme was coming back to live. Oh, didn't I mention it? I'm surprised at that, for I was thinking about him a great deal. He gave me Tartar. Well, this morning I saw him in the Row, and, oh, Aunt Bertram, he has grown so handsome, and he looks so splendid and manly! He's coming to-morrow to call on you——"

"Have you seen Sir Bolingbroke?" Miss Bertram interrupted, sternly.

"Yes."

Daisy feels that she is going to be sharply cross-examined, and nerves herself to the task of baffling her aunt's curiosity and keeping her promise of "not letting any one know" that she has rejected the baronet.

"You have seen him, and he has spoken to you? At least he went to the Row for that purpose this morning."

"Yes, he spoke to me," Daisy says, innocently.

"And what have you said to him?"

"Oh, a number of things! I was in such high spirits at having seen Harry that I talked more than usual, I think."

"Do leave Harry, as you call him (I detest such familiarity between young men and women as exists in the present day) out of the conversation, and tell me, without further frivolity, how you and Sir Bolingbroke stand with regard to each other."

"Very pleasantly, I believe," Daisy says, quietly. "He told me about Lord St. Briac and Miss Millard; Lord St. Briac wants her money, Sir Bolingbroke says, and she wants the title. It's to be arranged to-morrow at Lady Beauton's dance. Are we going to it, aunt? Sir Bolingbroke asked me, and I couldn't tell him."

"We are," Miss Bertram says, curtly. Then she sits in silence for a few minutes, feeling puzzled and disappointed. Sir Bolingbroke has evidently, she thinks, either failed to find an opportunity of wooing Daisy this morning, or failed to use it. No girl could resist avowing that she had received such a brilliant offer, if the offer had been made; at least ninety-nine girls out of a hundred could not refrain from uttering the vaunt. However, it is just possible, she feels, that Daisy may be the exceptional hundredth. She makes one more effort to discover exactly how things are.

"And that was all he said? You have nothing more to tell me?"

"Well, aunt, to tell the truth, I can't remember all he said. He spoke about St. Briac and Miss Millard—that I've told you; and we talked of Tartar; and he said how splendidly the Knave trotted. And so he does, Aunt Bertram; there isn't another horse that comes near him as to pace or style of going."

"Wasted his time talking about Tartar and the Knave, the great goose!" Miss Bertram thinks, angrily, but she says aloud:

"Yes, Sir Bolingbroke is a good judge of horses, as he is of most things. The woman who is fortunate enough to win him will be the mistress of the best appointed establishment in London;" and, after saying this, Miss Bertram does allow Sir Bolingbroke to drop out of the conversation.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

ON Wednesday, the 10th inst., the permanent Exposition Buildings at Cincinnati, the finest in America, and representing a value of one million dollars, were dedicated to the citizens of that city, and at the same time opened to the public for the seventh and by far the most complete and magnificent of the series of Expositions which have made that city famous. The illustration which appears on page 41 gives some idea of the general shape and outline of the buildings, but can afford no just conception of their great proportions and architectural beauty. They together make the chief edifice of a city of large and handsome buildings.

It is not too much to say that the Exposition thus opened will be the grandest ever held in the West. The preparations for it have been very elaborate and comprehensive. The whole continent has been explored for attractions in the laudable effort to make this a complete and well-arranged exhibition of the present status of American agriculture, manufacture, art, floriculture and natural history. Each of these general departments will be so elaborately treated that, while in any ordinary Exposition in the West it would be the conspicuous feature, in this Exposition the merits of the other departments will forbid pre-eminence to any. Cincinnati was the first city in the United States to make a public exhibition of a collection of machinery in motion, and this has always been a great attraction in her Expositions. This department, in the present display, will be more complete and interesting than ever before. It includes, in addition to machinery heretofore exhibited, a very perfect set of cotton-working machinery; an electric machine for the production of the electric light; a machine making envelopes by the hundred thousand; printing machines of the latest types and in great variety; the whole process of lithographing will be practically shown; a very complete set of flouring machinery is exhibited in operation; the latest and most improved ideas of farm-engines and pumps will be exemplified, not to mention nail machines, etc., etc., to the extreme limit of the space and accommodations of Power Hall.

Floral Hall, with its crystal roof, falling water, lake, grottoes and rare and costly plants and flowers, all lighted at night by electricity, presents a scene of beauty delightful to contemplate and pleasant to remember. The exhibits of rare exotics, ferns and other cryptogamia will be very large.

The student of natural history will find, in the rooms devoted to that exhibit, a very complete exposition of the *fauna* of the United States, culled from many of the largest private collections; and if he should be desirous of supplementing his anatomical study by a view of living forms, the Zoological Garden invites him to its leafy retreat.

The spacious fireproof rooms devoted to art afford every security to the costly paintings and engravings which have been solicited to grace their walls, and consequently no difficulty has been found in securing the most treasured works of art from private galleries throughout the United States. As a result, this department will outdo any of its previous achievements.

The grand organ, the largest in America, built by E. & G. G. Hook & Hastings, of Boston, Mass., will be played four days in every week during the Exposition, which will continue until October 11th. The celebrated Theodore Thomas Orchestra will give concerts; Carrier's Band has also been engaged during the whole Exposition; and, in fact, Cincinnati seems to have laid every attraction she possesses under contribution to instruct and delight her guests. At the time the last Exposition was held, in 1875, Cincinnati had only one railway

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resort—the Lookout House. Since that time the Bellevue, Highland House and Prince Hill Pavilion have been built, and, with their entertainments and attractions, are well worth an evening visit.

MANUFACTURE OF STOVES.

THE "FAVORITE" FOUNDRY IN CINCINNATI.

AS a matter of interest to the public we illustrate on page 44 a portion of the immense stove foundry of W. C. Davis & Co., located on Third Street, from John to Smith Streets, in Cincinnati. Our space is too limited to convey a correct impression of the extent of this mammoth establishment, but some idea of the process of manufacturing stoves can be gained from the illustrations we present. The buildings occupy the entire square from John to Smith Streets, and a portion of the square east of John Street, their warehouses being located on the square between Central Avenue and John Street. They employ about four hundred men. The principal molding floor occupies one and one-quarter acres, the main building being 50x150 feet, the storage building 50x100 feet, the sample room 50x125 feet, with two mounting rooms 100x170. The main building and storage rooms are each five stories high. They finish, complete for shipping, about one hundred and twenty-five of the celebrated "Favorite" cooking stoves per day. In addition to this they turn out daily a large number of heating stoves, and tons of hollow-ware.

Their great specialty is their immense line of "Favorite" cooking stoves—for wood only, or for coal and wood. These goods are said to have gained a reputation never before attained by goods of this character, and must possess great merit to have reached the immense sale they now have. Each department of this large establishment is under the supervision of an experienced person, and great care is used in the inspection of the goods from the time they leave the hands of the molder until they reach the final finish in the completed stove. Only the best material that can be obtained is used, and the most skilful workmen employed to produce what is claimed to be the largest, best finished and most complete line of stoves in the world. The melting capacity of their two cupolas is about seven thousand tons per annum. Their goods reach almost every State in the Union, and several foreign countries—the "Favorite" being made in such variety as to meet the demands of all classes and nations—and, by means of judicious advertising, the fame of the "Favorite" cooking stoves has been carried to nearly every portion of the globe that is reached by American newspapers and periodicals.

In our page of illustrations, No. 1 represents a workman engaged in making wooden patterns; No. 2 is the salesroom of the company; No. 3 shows the men "catching" iron in the cupola; No. 4 is the apartment where the castings are cleaned; No. 5 is a general view of the molding room; No. 6 shows the manner of "feeding" the cupola; No. 7 is a scene in the polishing room; No. 8 shows the sifting, hammering, cleaning, touching up, dusting and pouring of the iron into the mold; and No. 9 is the filing room.

MEMPHIS UNDER QUARANTINE RULE.

THE situation of affairs in plague-stricken Memphis cannot be said to improve. While the yellow-fever continues its ravages with but little abatement, thieves and incendiaries embrace every opportunity to plunder and destroy. Companies of military and mounted patrols of citizens do duty day and night in protecting property and arresting suspicious persons. It is a curious anomaly that all the baser persons of the baser sort of people come to the surface in the presence of the worst and most hideous forms of pestilence and plague. A correspondent pictures the situation as follows: "Business has almost ceased except for the necessaries of life; doctors, nurses, lounging negroes, Howard visitors, members of relief-organizations, State troops, police, firemen and newspaper reporters are all the people you see on the street. Occasionally some woman or child comes along to remind us of the past, but even that woman or child is acclimated."

A physician of the city who has been conspicuous in fighting the pestilence, describes the city as practically cut off from the world. There are no trains running into or out of the town, and nobody leaves the place without the authorities knowing it. No steamboats land there at all. The supplies are all brought down on barges, which are dropped by steamboats a couple of miles above the city, and allowed to float down. When they arrive at the city, men in skiffs or tugs secure them and bring them to the landing, as shown in our illustration. If there is any fever carried abroad it is done by some daring peddler who runs his wagon of supplies into the town on a venture, sells out, and then gets away as speedily as possible.

The Memphis Committee of Safety, under the chairmanship of Dr. D. T. Porter, have established camps on the Raleigh dirt road, and on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad; besides which there are Camps Marks, Father Matthew, Berjes, Burke, Langstaff, Tenions, and one on the bluffs for the soldiers engaged in patrol duty, and their families. On September 2d the National Board of Health approved of the site submitted by Mr. Johnson, Superintendent of Quarantine, for the establishment of a quarantine picket, encircling the entire city and suburbs. Fifty mounted policemen were assigned to patrol duty at once to enforce this new regulation. Ingress and egress to and from the infected regions will be practically cut off, save in exceptional cases, where passes will be required certifying the bearer has had the fever. This is the only practical measure set on foot to prevent the introduction of the plague to the surrounding hamlets and villages, now free from infection. By this means the conveyance of all baggage, plunder, bedding, goods and wares, in which infection may be secreted, will be effectually checked. Heavy penalties will be attach to all wilful infractions of the rules. No effort will be spared to institute effectual quarantine.

Quarantine regulations are also enforced at the transfer stations along the line of the Louisville and Nashville and the Memphis and Charleston Railroads. The fever has broken out at Bantya's Station, six miles east of Memphis, in the district of Dr. Huber Jones, a Howard physician. Under the direction of the National and State Boards of Health the city is undergoing a thorough system of disinfection. Every house where the fever has developed and a death occurred is being fumigated and cleansed. All privy-vaults are being disinfected and covered with lime, preparatory to being emptied and filled with earth as soon as cold weather sets in. Sixty men and twelve teams are engaged in the work. The force use daily near 200 barrels of lime and 5,000 gallons of solution of copperas. All nurses sent out by the Howards are furnished with a package of copperas and sulphate of zinc. The copperas is used for disinfecting the discharges of patients. When a death occurs the corpse is washed with sulphate of zinc, then wrapped in a sheet wet with the same solution and buried at once.

The funds of the Howard Association are at last exhausted, and on September 1st, President Langstaff left for the principal cities of the West, North and East, to consult with the parties who last year so nobly aided in soliciting contributions for the relief of the sufferers from yellow fever.

No religious services are held in the churches, the authorities deeming a collection of people unfavorable, and about the only events of a pleasant character are the occasional dress-parades of the soldiers on the bluffs.

Father Walsh, who organized and superintended the Father Mathew camp last year, and took care of the sick and destitute of every class and denomination, is at his grand work again, and, we regret to learn, is sorely pressed for funds, having exhausted all his private means, and being without material outside help.

Nineteen new cases and thirteen deaths were reported on September 4th. On the same day the rules and regulations governing pickets and patrols on duty in the suburbs were promulgated. The most important of the rules provides that neither lint-cotton nor seed-cotton will be allowed to enter Memphis during the epidemic. A petition, signed by every merchant in the city, protesting against the enforcement of this rule, has been presented to Superintendent of Quarantine Johnson.

Jay Gould telegraphed the following from New York on the 5th:

To W. J. Smith, Acting President Howard Association, Memphis, Tenn.

I send you by telegraph $5,000 to aid the Howard Association. I am certain the generous people throughout the country will contribute liberally to aid your stricken city. At any rate keep on at your noble work till I tell you to stop, and I will foot the bill. What are your daily expenses? ANSWER. JAY GOULD.

The money was forwarded through the Bank of New York, which will forward money free of charge for all persons desiring to make contributions. During the afternoon Mr. Gould received the following reply:

MEMPHIS, September 5th.

Jay Gould, Esq., New York City:

Your handsome donation of $5,000 to the Howard Association of Memphis, to be used in relieving the sick under our care, is most gratefully acknowledged. The grand sentiment you express to continue our noble work, and, in the event that our appeal to the generous people throughout the Union is not heeded, that you would foot the bill, has nerved us all and strengthened our faith in the cause we are now engaged in. Such liberality as you have shown will, we have no doubt, find a responsive echo in the breasts of the charitable of the nation. Our expenses now aggregate $1,000 per day, and should the fever continue to spread, the expenses must necessarily increase. W. J. SMITH,

Acting President Howard Association.

Our front-page illustration represents a Sister of Charity on her errand of mercy—a scene from real life. The room is miserable, squalid, plague-stricken. It is divested of every superfluous article of furniture, all of which has gone to procure medicine and nourishment for the unfortunate man who now lies in the last dread pangs of the ghastly yellow fever. The terrible shadow of a terrible death is in that apartment. The wife now fears for her child, her famine-stricken child, who, already in the nausea of sickness, has ceased to clamor for food. Her husband dying, her child stricken—what a picture of utter desolation, of utter despair! A timid knock comes to the door; it remains unheeded. A second knock, and the crushed woman draws her tottering limbs to the portal. A ray of God's sunlight leaps into the room. In the doorway stands the messenger of consolation, the gentle messenger who will pour oil upon the bleeding wounds, and who will repeat the great grand lesson of the Good Samaritan.

Children's Games—How they Travel from Land to Land.

TRAVELERS, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia, have sometimes explained it in this wise: That the human mind being alike everywhere, the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hockey, tops, stilts, kites, and so on, each at its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one scarcely finds a game without finding also that there is a civilized nation within reach from whom it may have been learned? And what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most popular sports? For instance, they had no battledoor and shuttlecock and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once and became naturalized over Europe. The origin of kite-flying seems to lie somewhere in Southeast Asia, where it is a sport even of grown-up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite-string in hand, as though they were leading pet dogs. The European boy's attic appears thus an instance not of spontaneous play instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant centre. Nor is this all it proves in the history of civilization. Within a century, Europeans, becoming acquainted with the South Sea Islanders, found them down to New Zealand adepts at flying kites, which they made of leaves or bark cloth, and called manu, or "bird," flying them in solemn form with accompaniment of traditional chants. It looks as though the toy reached Polynesia through the Malay region, thus belonging to that drift of Asiatic culture which is evident in many other points of South Sea Island life. The geography of another of our childish diversions may be noticed as matching with this. Mr. Wallace relates that, being one day in a Dayak house in Borneo, he thought to amuse the lads by taking a piece of string to show them "cat's cradle," but to his surprise he found that they knew more about it than he did, going off into figures that quite puzzled him. Other Polynesians are skilled in this nursery art, especially the natives of New Zealand, who call it maui, from the name of their national hero, by whom, according to their tradition, it was invented. Its various patterns represent canoes, houses, people, and even episodes in Maui's life, such as his fishing up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. In fact, they have their pictorial history in "cat's cradle," and whatever their traditions may be worth, they stand good that the game was of the time of their forefathers, not lately picked up from the Europeans. In the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand it is on record that the natives were found playing a game of drafts which was not the European game.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Cost of Rare Metals.—Dr. Theodore Schuchardt, of Goerlitz, Saxony, prepares all of the rare metals to complete chemical collections. The following are the quotations for some of them, showing that they are much dearer than gold: Cerium, $5 per gramme; lanthanum, $10 per gramme; didymium, $7.50 per gramme. These are obtained in globules by electrolysis. Thorium, in powder, is $9 per gramme.

Benzole and Benzine.—These names have generally been regarded as synonymous, but certain pharmaceutical works now apply the same benzine to a light petroleum derivative, while benzole refers to a product of the distillation of coal. The two are very different in their chemical properties. No aniline can be made from benzine. True benzole is soluble in half to three-quarters its weight of alcohol, while the petroleum spirit requires six times its weight.

Magnesium Chloride for Gas-meters.—According to Dr. F. Brockhoff, a solution of magnesium chloride is found preferable to water for filling gas-meters. There is no appreciable loss by evaporation, freezing is practically impossible, and the gas is freed from ammonia. At the Glasswerth mines, in Germany, enormous quantities of this salt are thrown away, and it may therefore be available for the purpose suggested. In the United States glycerine and water, as recommended by Professor Wurtz, would be preferable.

A New Tanning Process.—Professor Knapp, of Brunswick, Germany, has finally succeeded in tanning leather by means of minerals, salts and acids, thus dispensing with the usual extracts of tan bark, galls, etc. The details of the method are not yet published, but there appears to be no doubt of the success of the experiment. The leather is said to be quite as good as that prepared in the old-fashioned way—the time required is very short and the cost of chemicals trifling. If all this be true, it will produce a revolution in an important branch of industry.

The Electric Light in Surgery.—Dr. Nitze, of Saxony, proposes to employ the electric light for the illumination of the interior of the body in surgical operations. The method employed is the incandescence of platinum, the same as has been adopted by Edison; and to protect the parts from the enormous heat there is an arrangement for passing a current of cold water through the brass handles. The instrument is called the Cystoscope, and consists of a long thin tube, on one end of which an optical apparatus can be screwed; at the other end are openings in which the platinum wire is inserted. Dr. Nitze hopes to be able to light up the interior of the stomach of a living patient by means of this ingenious contrivance.

The Adirondack Surveying Party, consisting of ten persons, has made a start from Potsdam as the point of beginning. Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, has accurately established the latitude and longitude of Potsdam, and the longitudinal meridian thus obtained will be used as a base line from which all calculations will be made. The survey will include the whole Adirondack region, locating its rivers, lakes, etc., of which a map is to be made. Other parts of the State have been carefully surveyed by Dr. Gardiner, and maps have been prepared in accordance. The triangulations are connected with the base lines established by the officers of the Coast Survey, and the position of every township will thus be accurately known.

M. Chevreul, now in his ninety-third year, began his annual course of lectures on organic chemistry at the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, on June 16th. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he is most conscientious in the performance of all his duties, and will lecture if a single person is in attendance. A good story is told *apropos* of this quality. He recently found a single auditor, but, nothing daunted, expatiated for an hour upon an abstruse point in organic analysis. At the close of his lecture he noticed that his hearer did not move, so he announced that the lecture was finished and that the gentleman could leave, whereupon the man spoke up and said: "I beg your pardon; I am the cabman who brought you, and I was to wait to take you home."

Mr. Donald Mackenzie and M. Roudaire have propounded schemes for flooding the Sahara and creating an artificial inland sea in the interior of Africa. What is known as the Basin of El Joof is a great depression, 200 feet below the ocean level, in the western portion of the Desert of Sahara, covering an area of 60,000 square miles. Mr. Mackenzie, after several explorations, affirms unequivocally that all that would be required to convert the arid basin of El Joof into a vast sea would be to pierce a sandbar 300 yards in length and a little over 30 feet deep. He claims that when communication was once established the waters of the ocean would pour into the depressed basin and scour out the channel for itself. By means of such a sea the whole of North Central Africa would be brought within easy reach of the harbors of Europe.

Vivisection.—The sincerity of the opposition to vivisection now so rampant in England has been put to a severe test by the discovery that the construction of the Act of Parliament just passed "was so awkward that it forbade field sports as well as vivisection." It may be the height of cruelty to experiment upon dogs, hares, doves and frogs previously rendered insensible by chloroform, but to set dogs at wild boars to be gored to death, or to chase a poor hare all day across the fields, knocking up horses and worrying the keepers, is a refined and gentlemanly proceeding, which ought not to be interfered with by Act of Parliament. Nobody justifies unnecessary cruelty to animals even in the study of how to save men's lives, but as opposed to hunting for pleasure the surgeons think they have the best of the argument.

Explosion of Finely Divided Starch.—To prevent the adhesion of gundy to the molds while in the process of drying, the cavities are brushed over with powdered starch. The molds are then put into rooms heated by red hot stoves to a temperature varying from 140 degrees to 180 degrees Fahrenheit. No gas jet or naked flame is on any account permitted in the drying-room, and all currents of air are carefully avoided. Notwithstanding all of these precautions accidents will happen, as was illustrated on August 6th, at a candy factory in Elm Street, New York. One of the men slipped from a ladder to the floor, thus raising a cloud of starch dust, and immediately there was an explosion which shook the entire building and severely injured several workmen. It is evident that a red-hot furnace is not the proper drying oven for such a locality.

Breathing Laughing Gas under Pressure.—Mr. Paul Bert, the eminent successor of Claude Bernard, has made a successful experiment in the application of the protoxide of nitrogen by means of an air pump. He mixes in a rubber bag eighty-five per cent. protoxide and fifteen per cent. oxygen. Inhaled at the ordinary pressure this mixture produces no effect; but if breathed in the bell of an air pump at the moment when the pressure has been raised a quarter of an atmosphere insensibility supervenes with extreme rapidity, and as the lungs find in the artificial atmosphere sufficient oxygen for blood-making, the respiration goes on normally. As soon as the mask is taken off sensibility reappears, and as soon as it is reapplied the patient becomes insensible. This discovery, it is believed, will have important application in surgery. The protoxide as applied by dentists at ordinary pressure has a tension of one hundred and its influence lasts only a short time.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR CHARLES PHILLIPS has resigned the Chair of Mathematics in the University of North Carolina because of ill-health.

LIEUT.-GEN. VALENTINE BAKER PASHA is likely to be nominated by the Ottoman Government to an important civil and military position in Kurdistan.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYLER, a son of William S. Tyler, D.D., of Amherst, has just returned from a three years' course of study in Germany to accept the Professorship of Biology in Amherst College.

AMONG the deaths of last week was that of Mr. William Jay Barker, of this city, aged 56 years. Mr. Barker was a man of marked integrity and uprightness of character, and enjoyed in the fullest sense the confidence of all who knew him.

THE State Department has notified Judge Hilton that the Republic of Liberia has appointed him Consul for Liberia at New York. Judge Hilton, while appreciating the honor, has declined to accept, as business will not permit him to perform the duties.

THE new bishop of Jamaica is Right Rev. William George Tozer, D.D., who was graduated at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1851, was consecrated in 1863 as a missionary bishop, and after working for ten years on the east coast of Africa, resigned on account of ill-health.

JUDGE J. L. RICE, of Keokuk, Iowa, who died last week, bequeathed $10,000 to the Library Association of that city for the erection of a building, $5,000 to Williams College of Massachusetts, and $1,000 to St. John's Episcopal Church of Keokuk.

DR. ROSA WELT, a young Viennese lady, has shown herself to be so learned and practical that she has been appointed by her university—that of Bern—assistant lecturer to Professor Pflüger in the branch of ophthalmology, in which she has made very advanced studies.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie has just purchased of Baron Sessler-Herzinger the Castle of Wasserburg, Upper Styria. The front contains 122 windows, and the building is over 400 years old. She will have the ex-Khedive of Egypt as a neighbor, if he succeeds in buying of Moritz Von Bartmann his Castle of Frank.

THERE are eighty colporteurs in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's church in London. They visit every month about 75,000 families. During the past year 162,000 tracts were distributed gratuitously, and over $41,000 was realized from the sales of 927,000 separate publications. The total number of visits during the year was 928,290.

MR. KO-KUN-HUA, the new Chinese Professor at Harvard, is a slender, richly-dressed man of forty. He is now established at Cambridge with his wife and six children. He is engaged to teach Mandarin Chinese for three years at $200 a month. It will be taught simply for commercial purposes to those young business men intending to go to the East.

RANAVALONA, Queen of Madagascar, has issued a proclamation to her subjects commanding them to send their children to school, saying that it makes her glad to see her subjects wise. She adds: "And so be all of you diligent, for although you do not now know the sweetness of knowledge and wisdom, you will discover it when they become yours."

THE question as to the appointment of a bishop to the vacant See of Amiens, which caused considerable discussion between the Vatican and the French Government, has been settled by the Vatican's consenting to the appointment of M. Guilbert, at present Bishop of Gap, who recently caused a sensation by declaring that the Church and the Republic could live on good terms with each other. He will be succeeded at Gap by M. Roche, another Liberal.

THE marriage of Carlotta Patti and Ernest de Munck was solemnized on Wednesday, September 3d, at the Mairie du Neuvième arrondissement and at Trinity Church, Paris. The witnesses for Mlle. Patti were the Marquis de Caux (Adelina Patti's late husband) and Signor Gardoni; for M. de Munck the witnesses were M. Chizzola and M. Bourdillon. Only a few relatives and personal friends were present. After the ceremony a splendid luncheon was served at the bride's house.

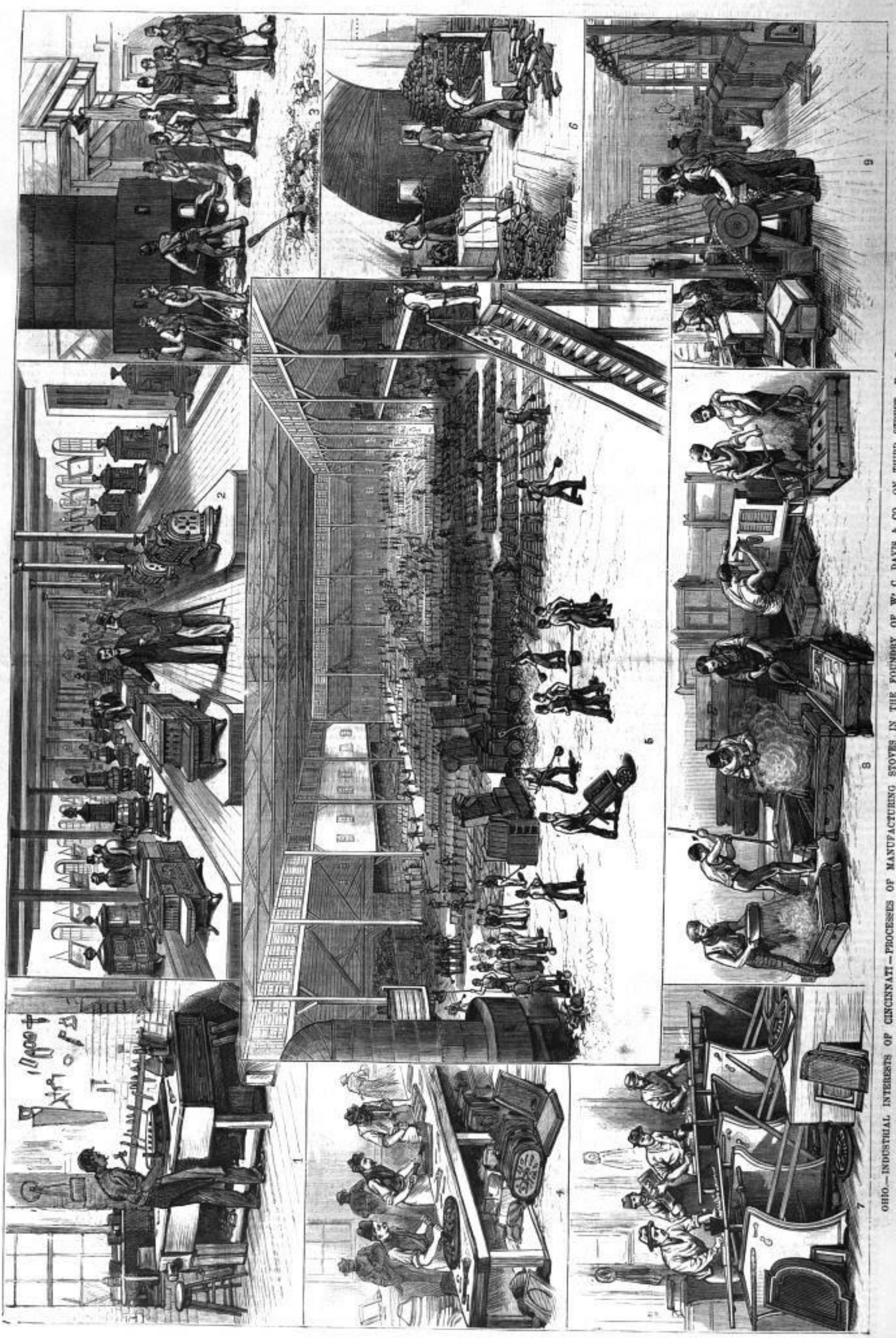
THE extent and character of the work done by Mr. Plimsoll, "the sailors' friend," is sufficiently indicated by the reports for the first half of this year, during which period 427 vessels were detained as unsafe under the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act. Of 331 alleged to be unseaworthy by reason of defects in hull, equipment or machinery, only five proved on survey to have been improperly detained; in thirty-nine cases the sailors themselves entered complaint. Every one of the ninety-six vessels complained of as overloaded or improperly loaded was pronounced unsafe on examination; only one of these was reported by the crew.

TWO well-known African travelers will again start for the dark continent during the Autumn. Dr. W. Junker will visit the Egyptian Soudan, while Dr. Oscar Lenz, the eminent Ogowe traveler, will go to Morocco, by order of the German African Society. This society is making arrangements to establish in Morocco a school for African travelers, as it were; the country, although comparatively near, being yet very scantily investigated. Moreover, the young travelers will there get thoroughly accustomed to Mohammedan life, and the society will thus acquire well-trained representatives to be sent afterwards to various parts of Central Africa.

WHEN Mr. Moody laid the corner-stone of his proposed school for girls at Northfield the other day, he placed in the copper box some fine, soft specimens of flax and wool carded and spun in 1820 by his mother, who sat near him, white haired and happy. Among the other things contributed to the box was a volume of his sermons, presented "by Ambrose Moody." "No, no," cried Mr. Moody, blushing and reaching for the book, but it vanished in the box, and he cast a reproachful look at his tall nephew, who stood laughing beside him. The trowel which Mr. Moody used was one which, he said with some emotion, had long been employed by his father, a stone-mason, in earning his bread and that of his children.

MR. WILLIAM FULLERTON, JR., the son of ex-Judge Fullerton, has not chosen to follow his father's profession, but has, instead, turned his attention to one more congenial to his tame—music. Sir William Blackstone, the old law commentator, said that he who followed the law could not follow the Muses; and he himself, when he began the practice of law, wrote a poem entitled "Farewell to the Muse," and beginning, "Shakespeare, no more thy sylvan son." Mr. Fullerton, Jr., spent some years in Europe, where he had the opportunity to listen to the best music properly performed, and wrote graceful letters on musical topics to the *Home Journal*. He has now come before the public as a composer of a song entitled "Adieu, Susan, ma Rose Blonde," the words being written by Alfred de Musset, with an English adaptation by Mrs. H. H. Partridge. The music is graceful and delicate, and written with much ability. The composer has not traveled in the beaten track, and has not only conceived a pretty melody, but filled it with an accompaniment which shows considerable knowledge of harmony and sequence. The song as a whole is an exceedingly creditable effort, and worthy a place in the repertoire of every singer. The compass of the song is from E to G.

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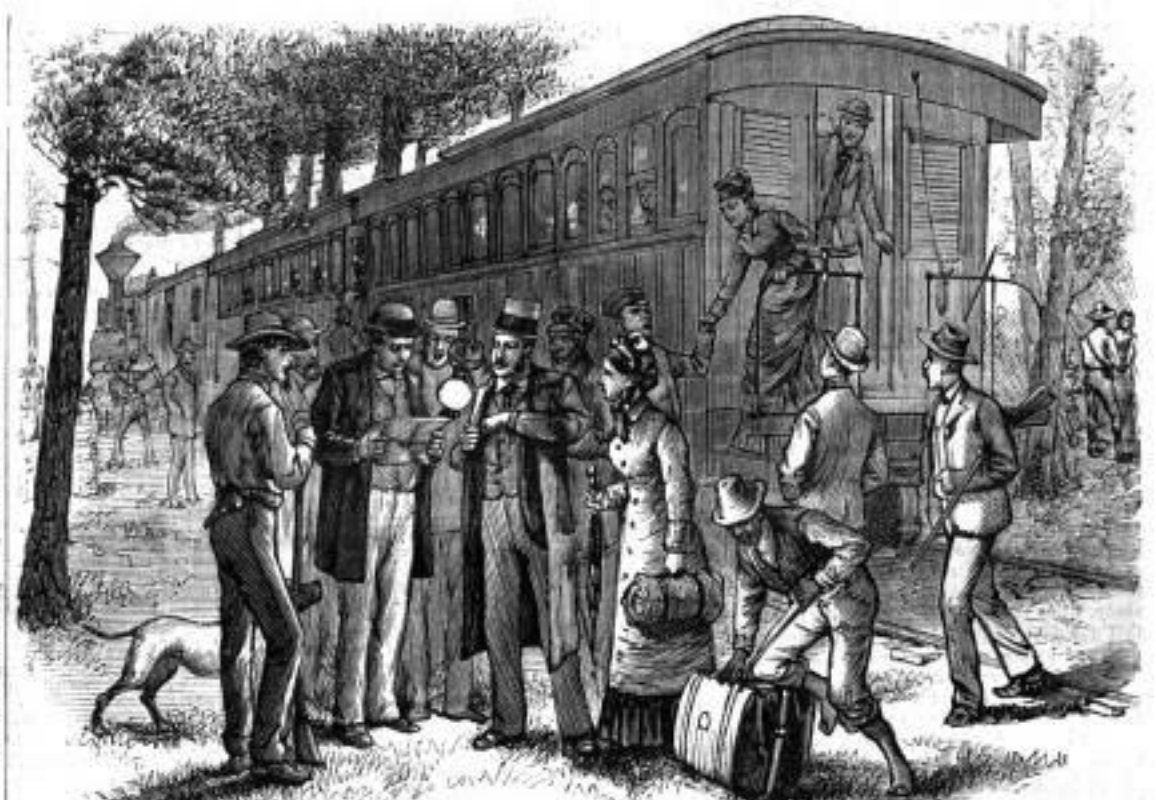


OHIO.—INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS OF CINCINNATI.—PROCESSES OF MANUFACTURING STOVES IN THE FOUNDRY OF W. C. DAVIS & CO., ON THIRD STREET.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 43.

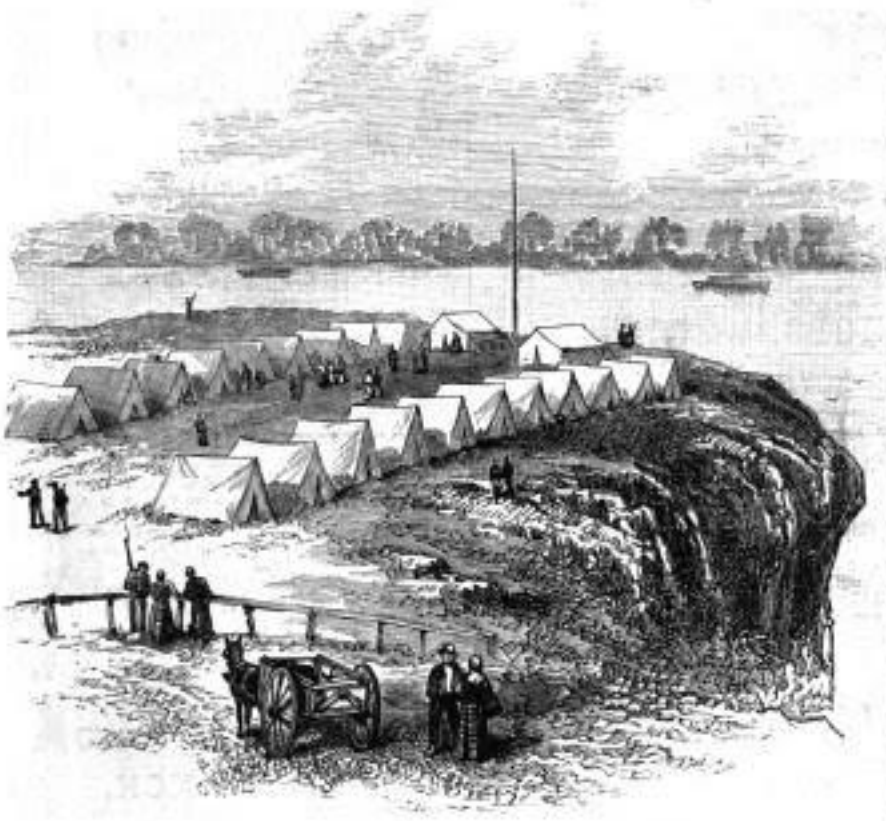
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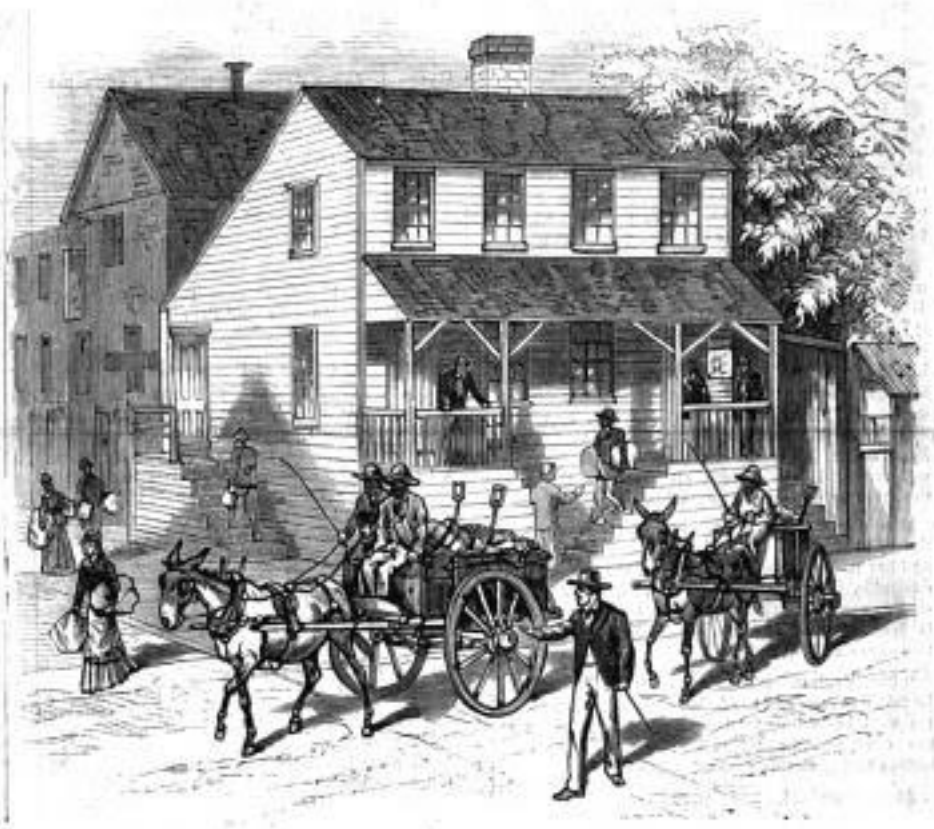
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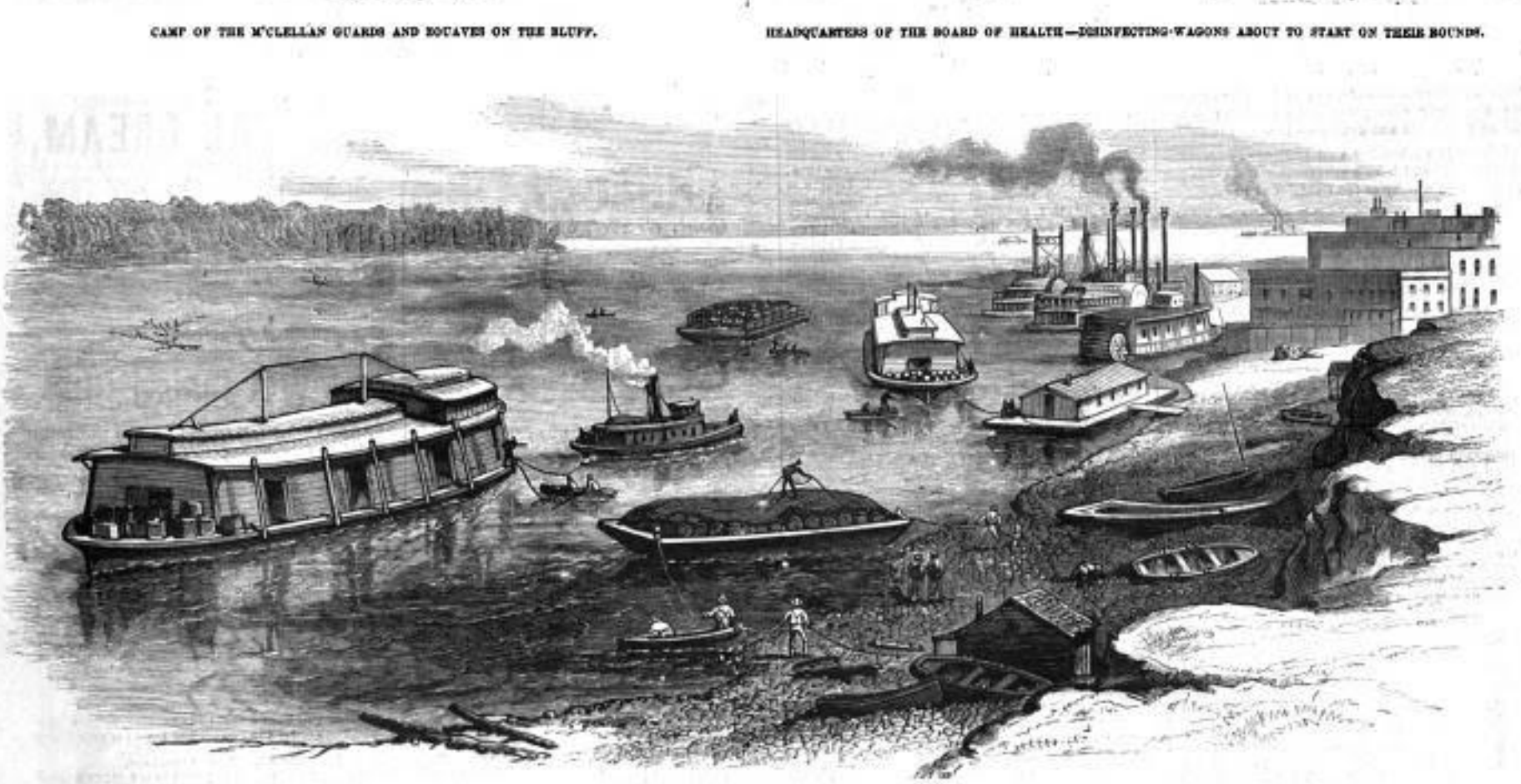
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METHOD OF BRINGING FOOD INTO THE CITY.

TENNESSEE.—MEMPHIS UNDER QUARANTINE RULE—SCENES IN THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.—FROM SKETCHES BY MOSE.—SEE PAGE 43.

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THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

"HOW charming!" "How superb!" "What a *coup d'œil!*" were the exclamations that involuntarily escaped the lips of the hundreds of spectators who assembled to witness the production of "Rescued" at Booth's Theatre on Monday night of last week. Mr. Boucicault has wielded a magic wand. He has transformed by a single touch the gloomy and overladen interior of this theatre into a very dazzle of bright and harmonious tints, into a hall as light, as glowing and as full of color as that of the Abencerrages. The *ensemble* is all satisfying, from the time-honored green baize curtain, upon which the eye loveth to refresh itself, to the beaded lights; from the velvet carpet to the gay livery of the lackeys; from the half-concealed orchestra, discoursing soft and dreamy music, to the gorgeous proscenium boxes. Everything seems in unison, and, despite the vigorous efforts of the gilding to establish a glittering pre-eminence, the whites and the scarlets muster sufficiently strong to keep his Golden Mightiness within average bounds. What a luxury are these proscenium chairs — roomy, caressing, reminding mankind of the Club, the fairer sex of the boudoirette. Fans, too, are on "hand," while soda water flows gratis upon the lobbies. Mr Boucicault has rendered Booth's a thing of beauty The *entourages* are so seductive that the crankiest of husbands or the most selfish of fathers dare not complain of the exchange from dining-room or study, while the auditorium is so admirably lighted that the ladies' dresses can be microscopically criticised by the captious ones of their own sex. "Rescued" is a pronounced success. The acting is superb, especially that of Mr. Clayton and of Miss Coghlan, the *mise en scène* is worthy of Boucicault, and the piece is put on the stage in a manner that reflects credit all round.

Max Strakosh's menu is a superb one, and the lovers of Italian opera may safely anticipate a series of banquets. Report speaks enthusiastically of Madame Stringer, a new prima, as well as of Mademoiselle Stolz; while the vocal sensation will be Mademoiselle Bianca La Blanche, sister of no less a personage than Miss Fanny Davenport. Mr. Strakosh promises to do "Traviata," "Barbiere," "Faust," "Carmen," "Rigoletto," "Favorita," "Puritani," "Lucia," "Sonnambula," "Mignon," "Don Giovanni," "Matrimonio Segreto," "Flauto Magico," "Aida," "Ballo in Maschera," "Trovatore," "Norma," "Lucrezia," "Ugonotti," "Dinorah," "Roberto," "Lohengrin," "Guglielmo Tell," "Fra Diavolo," "Figlia del Reggimento," "Don Pasquale," "Cenerentola," "Freischütz," "Fidelio," "Ernani," "Nozze di Figaro," "Mefistofele," "Marta," "Mose in Egitto," and "Otello."

At the Grand Opera House that most excellent of *prima donnas* and most charming of little ladies, Miss Emma Abbott, has produced the opera of "Paul and Virginia." The pure and pathetic story is wedded to music worthy of the theme, and in the hands of "honest little Emma" the tender *Virginia* has found a true, a sympathetic, and a captivating exponent. With such artists as Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, *et id genus omne*, and in such management as Mr. Morrissey's, this distinguished troupe will render English opera all that the tastes of the most fastidious may yearn for.

Aimée is delighting cosmopolitan audiences at the Fifth Avenue. Her chic, her delicious daring and her melodious warbling form a very fascinating ensemble. Her *répertoire* is as varied and extensive as ever, and those to whom bouffe at its best is productive of pleasure should go see and hear this *piquante* little lady.

"Brother Sam" gives Mr. Sothern a rôle in which he fairly revels, and the habitués of the Park Theatre well know how to appreciate the vagaries of the ever popular "Ned" S. That overflowing houses testify to this goes without saying.

At the Standard, Bandmann appears as *Narcisse*, Madison Square Garden is giving a very realistic performance of "Pinafore"; while at the Olympic Miss Jennie Yeamans and J. S. Siemens appear in "Mitt."

John T. Raymond's *Jehabod Crane* is drawing large houses at Wallack's, as it is bound to do, for it is a masterly conception, and one that requires the most delicate and dexterous handling.

Niblo's is enchanting vast audiences with "Enchantment," which as a spectacular display is put on the stage worthy of the Châtelet at Paris.

FUN.

IS A man with a wooden leg club-footed?

IT'S a long worn dress that has no turning.

ONE of the oldest truths nowadays is Sojourner.

DOES the maternal codfish call its young with a codfish bawl?

IF blood will tell, a musquito should be confessing nearly all the time.

JUDGING from the smell of the average churchgoer, patchouli, musk, jockey club, frangipanni, etc., have taken the place of burnt incense of former times.

ONE man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair so white. "Because," he replied, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

THE maddest man in seven counties is the farmer who worked like a hero to save a drowning man, only to find that he had rescued a lightning-rod agent.

"TO THE poor, all things are poor," said the grocer, as he weighed out a half-pound of his most robust butter for a ragged little fellow with a two-cent piece

A BOY will fight like fury for his place at the first table, but when it comes to turning the grindstone after dinner he's harder to find than five aces in a pack of cards.

A MASSACHUSETTS lady is reported to have scolded her little boy for taking a drink of water at a hotel, "For," said she, "we pay a dollar for our dinner, and water is very filling."

REFLECTIONS of a practical man—"We are going to have a bad year. I must undergo some hardships and make some sacrifices. First, I will lower my servants' wages. Second, I will give no more tips to the waiters at my club. Third, I will get invited out to dinner as often as possible."

A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

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THE Charleston and Savannah papers reach us with the usual yearly statement of the business condition of those cities. The facts and figures furnished in long array leave no doubt that these Southern marts are fully participating in the improved trade of the country.

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Yours truly, S. A. STEELE.
68 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.,
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DR. WILLARD PARKER, the eminent physician, on his eightieth birthday, last week, expressed his views at considerable length on the sanitary aspect of the temperance question. The moderate use, says Dr. Parker, of pure wines and malt liquors is an undoubted means of health, and those who adhere to this practice are certain to promote health and prolong life. The "AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne of A. WERNER & Co. is just such a wine as Dr. Parker would commend. It meets all the demands of the case, and never fails to invigorate and strengthen, without unduly stimulating the system. The testimony and experience of physicians like Drs. Doremus and Parker adds great weight to the claims made for the pure, unadulterated wines of our own country.

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By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.

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$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to AGENTS. Outfit free. SHAW & Co., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Agents wanted. Address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

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Piano or Organ Playing actually Learned in One Day.



This is not a new and untried invention. It has been before the public OVER 4 YEARS, and has gained for itself testimonials and praise from all parts of the world.

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It is the most wonderful invention of the age. The most infallible test of its value is that over 60,000 have been sold in the United States alone. One Chart sold in a small town has brought in orders for a hundred from the same place. It is a **new theory,** and a decided departure from the old or any other method. It teaches Piano or Organ playing by sight, and not by ear or memory. **Mason's Chart is a machine** which fits over the keys of a Piano or Organ, indicating exactly where and how the hands are to be placed, and the proper keys to strike, changing its position and arrangement to suit the key in which the piece is written that you wish to play. They are perfectly infallible in their results. If you can read you can play the Piano or Organ in **one day** better than a teacher could teach you in three months. If you have no Piano you can learn at some friend's house, and astonish all with your knowledge. DEXTER SMITH, the editor of the leading musical paper in the world, says, "They should find a place in every house, whether there is a Piano or Organ or not. They are to music what the multiplication table is to arithmetic." It gives decided satisfaction in every case. It cannot be otherwise, saving, as it does, a hundred times it cost, and in its **great simplicity lies its unequalled success.** "I am perfectly satisfied, no words cannot be said in its praise. It is the best thing in the world for both teacher and pupil." — JOHN STEVENS, Geneva, O. "The Chart received; gives perfect satisfaction. I apply for the money."— JOHN J. SHUPERT, Vicksburg, Miss. "Mason's Chart received yesterday; am highly pleased with it."— LIZZIE M. BEARDSLEY, Rochester, Ind. "The Chart my daughter bought gives perfect satisfaction."— W. R. HOLMES, Paterson, N. J. "The Chart received; it is every way complete. My wife wishes the agency."— ISAAC HUNTER, Springfield, Mo. We have thousands of letters like the above. MUSIC TEACHERS THEMSELVES UNHESITATINGLY ENDORSE IT. The price is **one dollar** for a complete set (4 forms), and includes payment of postage by us; $7 a dozen to agents or the trade by express.

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COMPANY,
AT
MACAULEY'S THEATRE,
In the City of Louisville, on

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On which occasion a **Grand Concert** will be given, holders of a ticket or part of a ticket entitled to admission free.

The Drawing will be supervised by men of undoubted character and standing, and ticket-holders, agents and clubs are respectfully requested to send on representatives with proper credentials to examine into the Drawing.

A New Era in the History of Lotteries.

Every ticket-holder can be his own supervisor.

The Management call attention to the grand opportunity presented of obtaining, for only $2, any of

THE FOLLOWING PRIZES.

1 Prize	$30,000		100 Prizes	$100 ea.	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000		200 Prizes	50 ea.	10,000
1 Prize	5,000		600 Prizes	20 ea.	12,000
10 Prizes	$1,000 each	10,000	1,000 Prizes	10 ea.	10,000
20 Prizes	$500 each	10,000			
9 Prizes	$300 each, Approximation Prizes				$2,700
9 Prizes	200 each	"	"		1,800
9 Prizes	100 each	"	"		900
1,960 Prizes					$113,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Tickets, $1.
27 Tickets, $50. 55 Tickets, $100.

Remit by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, bank draft, or express. Full list of drawing published in Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL and New York *Herald,* and mailed to all ticket-holders. For tickets and information address T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.; Or SAME AT NO. 163 Broadway, New York. Or, B. H. PORTER & CO., No. 1227 Broadway, New York.

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CAPITAL PRIZE,
HALF MILLION DOLLARS.
Tickets $100. Fractions, $50, $25, $10, $5.

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Draws every second Tuesday in each month a capital of $250,000. Tickets, $2; Halves, $1.

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AGENTS. We make the fastest-selling small article out, and will send a sample free to any address, with our catalogue, for a 3-c-nt stamp and twenty-five 1-cent postage stamps.

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Managers and Owners.
Covington, Ky., August 18th, 1879.

The Next Drawing takes place
September 30th, 1879.

The Three First Capital Prizes:

$15,000 for $1
$8,000 for $1
$5,000 for $1

FULL SCHEME:

1 Prize of	$15,000 is		$15,000
1 Prize of	8,000 is		8,000
1 Prize of	5,000 is		5,000
2 Prizes of	2,500 are		5,000
2 Prizes of	1,000 are		2,000
10 Prizes of	500 are		5,000
50 Prizes of	100 are		5,000
100 Prizes of	50 are		5,000
200 Prizes of	25 are		5,000
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27 Approximation Prizes amounting to			2,925
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TICKETS, $1.

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$1,350,000.
Royal Havana Lottery.

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ONLY 18,000 TICKETS ISSUED. Capital Prize, $500,000

$1,350,000 Cash Gifts.

1 Prize		$500,000
1 Prize		200,000
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10 Prizes,	$10,000 each	100,000
12 Prizes,	5,000 each	60,000
506 Prizes,	amounting to	515,000

DRAWING POSITIVE. NO POSTPONEMENT.

Prizes cashed. Full information sent free.

Beware of counterfeit and altered tickets

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COMMONWEALTH OF KY., AUG. 30 and SEPT 30 Tickets, $2. Halves, $1.
KENTUCKY STATE LOTTERY, AUG. 30 and SEPT. 15 Whole Tickets, $1.
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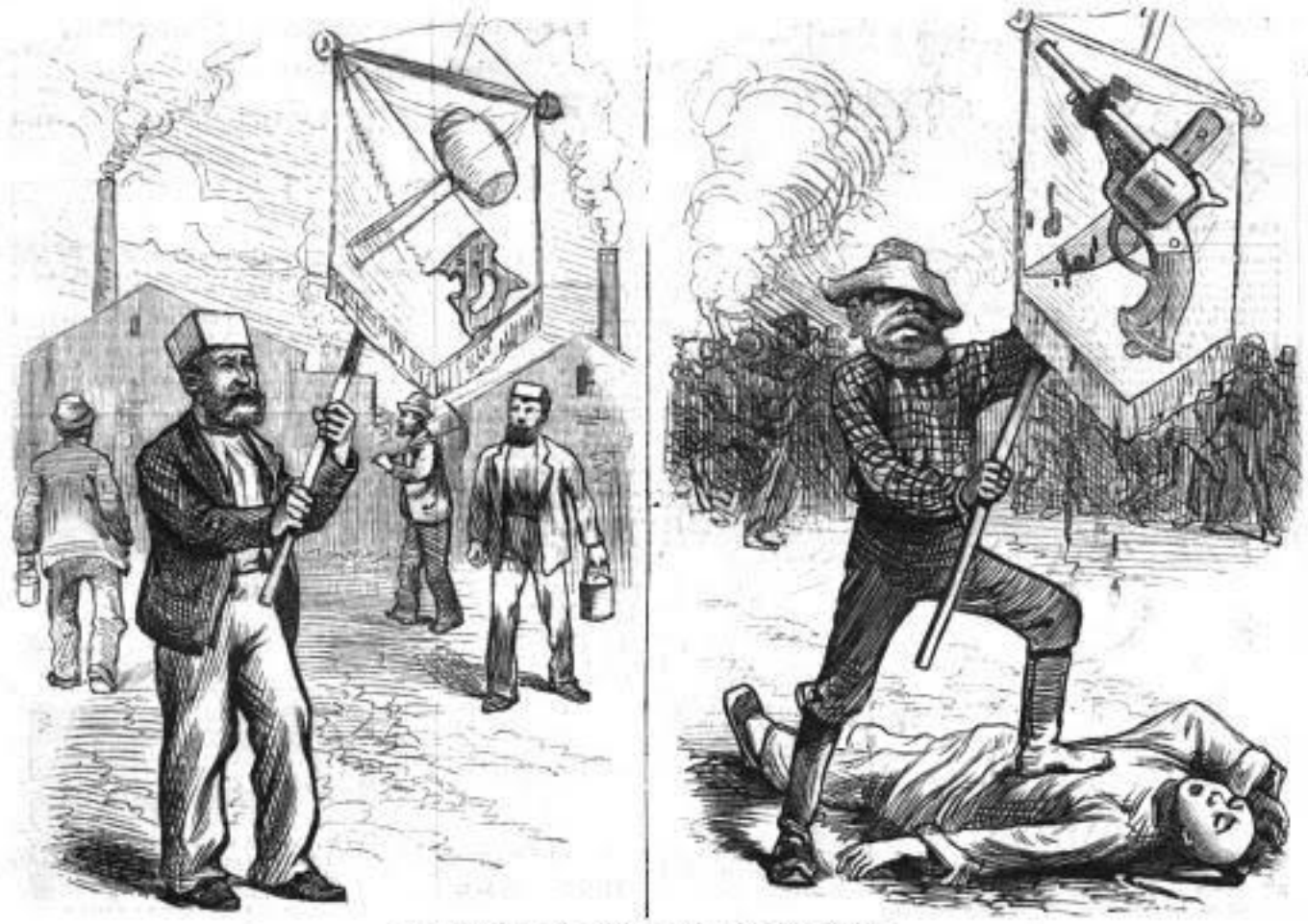
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Better, Healthier and Cheaper than Ordinary Baking Powder.

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$3 Printing Press

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Nature's Remedy applied by a Natural Method.

This justly celebrated lotion is pronounced by all who have used it to be of wonderful inductive power, as well as full of healing.

Physicians of all schools recommend it as an external remedy, safe to use and of great value.

Inflammation cannot exist where it is applied.

Never fails to relieve pain, from whatever cause.

Cures Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Burns or Scalds, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Headache, Piles, Boils, Erysipelas, Contracted Cords, etc.

Removes all soreness from Bunions, Chilblains and Corns, curing them.

When used in sponge or foot baths, it at once relieves all pain and soreness of body, limbs or feet.

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W. T. BROWN, *Monroe, Texas,* writes:—D. LANGELL, your Asthma and Catarrh Remedy has completely cured my wife. She suffered with Asthma from the time she was a year old, which is now thirty years.

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GEO. CORR, *Apple Creek, Ohio,*—I do hereby certify that I was afflicted with Catarrh fifteen years. I used about two-thirds of a package of D. LANGELL'S Asthma and Catarrh Remedy, and am now entirely cured.

C. V. HARD, Cashier Worcester Nat. Bank, Ohio.—D. LANGELL, Dear Sir:—Having been severely afflicted with Catarrh in the head, I was persuaded to try your Inhaling Remedy, which effected such an astonishing cure, that I give it public testimony as being a successful and speedy cure for Catarrh.

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SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI.

THE seventh annual exposition of the industrial interests of Cincinnati was opened on Wednesday, September 10th, in the grand Permanent Building, formerly known as Music Hall.

The arrival of President Hayes and party was an event anticipated with that genuine warmth of sincere friendliness which is the highest possible compliment. Cincinnati put on her robes of rejoicing and decked herself in festal guise to welcome the Chief Magistrate.

A party of distinguished citizens, consisting of two gentlemen from the Exposition Committee and four of the Citizens' Committee, met the Presidential party at Madisonville. Messrs. M. A. Ingalls and J. H. Laws represented the Exposition Commissioners, and the citizens were represented by G. W. Jones, chairman of the committee, and Messrs. J. W. Herron, Sir A. T. Goshorn and Larz Anderson. Mr. Steward, the General Superintendent of the road, was also of the party.

The party left the cars at Madisonville, where they awaited the arrival of the special train containing the Presidential party. The citizens of Madisonville were out in full force, old and young, of all ages, conditions and shades of color. The special train came in sight, arrived, stopped, and Mr. Hayes, hat in hand, stood on the platform bowing and shaking hands with all who crowded eagerly towards him. As the train arrived, there was a call for Mrs. Hayes, who smilingly appeared on the platform and was greeted very warmly by the waiting throng. The Presidential party consists of the President and his wife, B. A. and R. P. Hayes, General W. T. Sherman, Attorney-General Devens, General George A. Forsythe, General William Myers, General J. E. Tourtellotte, General George M. Bacon, staff officers. Mrs. Hayes had her little daughter and her youngest son, Scott, with her.



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY MET AT MADISONVILLE BY THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Arrived at Cincinnati, a military company presented arms, and several policemen kept the passage clear for the party to pass to the carriages in waiting, and almost before the crowd were aware the visitors were driven to the Grand Hotel. Early in the morning the President held a general reception at the hotel, while Mrs. Hayes made calls upon some acquaintances. At two o'clock the President and his suite took their places in the procession, which was unusually prompt in starting. Throughout the line of march all the streets were crowded with people and the windows well filled with sightseers. The first division, which was purely military, acted as an escort to the President and distinguished guests. The trades' display was the first ever seen in this city. At the Exposition Building Mrs. Hayes and two hundred ladies reviewed the procession from the main balcony.

When the procession reached the Exposition Building, Governor Bishop made the opening address, tracing the history of the grounds now covered by the Exposition Buildings from the time of their purchase by the city in 1857 up to the present time.

President Pendleton, of the Exposition Board, followed in an address of welcome. In the course of his remarks he recalled the incident that the Governor of Ohio who opened the first Cincinnati Exposition attends the opening of the seventh as President of the United States.

The President responded to the personal allusions in a brief speech, in which he noted the remarkable revival of business in all sections of the country as a fact full of encouragement, and at the close of his remarks the Seventh Exposition was declared open.

OHIO.—OPENING OF THE SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI IN THE GRAND PERMANENT BUILDINGS, SEPTEMBER 10TH — ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT HAYES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BUILDING, ESCORTED BY THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE PROCESSION.

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CAUTION.

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THE MAINE ELECTION AND ITS LESSONS.

WHEN an admirer of Napoleon the First was once vaunting to Christopher North the superiority of the great French warrior over the Duke of Wellington, considered as a military commander, and pointed, in evidence of his assertion, to the alleged fact that the Duke was surprised at the battle of Waterloo, "It may be," replied Christopher, "that the Duke was surprised there, but didn't he *astonish* the Frenchmen in the end by remaining master of the field?" It certainly was a surprise which the Greenback guerillas and their Democratic allies practiced last year on the Republican hosts and their skillful leader, Senator Blaine, when, as the smoke of the battle lifted from the field in Maine, they (the fusionists) found themselves in possession of the enemy's camp, with abundance of "spoils" in prospect. It must, therefore, be with something like astonishment that they now find the fruits of their short-lived victory as suddenly and unexpectedly plucked from their hands as they were suddenly and unexpectedly gained.

Though it is too early as yet to write a complete bulletin of the recent political contest in the Pine-Tree State, or to make up a full list of all the "killed and wounded," enough is definitely known to make it certain that the Republicans have regained the practical control of the State. If they still fall short of an absolute majority in the popular vote, they have recovered their ascendency in both branches of the State Legislature, and will thus be able, according to the way prescribed by the Constitution of the State, to place their gubernatorial candidate in the position he has failed directly to secure by the popular suffrage. It is only by a small contingent of the whole vote, in a vote unusually large, that the Republicans have failed to obtain the absolute majority they desired, and since the percentage of increase in the votes cast by them is greatly superior to the similar percentage of their allied opponents, it is obvious that the former rather than the latter are "on the gaining hand" in Maine, and may more confidently count on winning the electoral vote of that State in the next Presidential election, if they shall learn how to use their victory with discretion.

That the "stalwarts" of Maine have much to learn under this latter head is made evident by the political "upturning" of the last year, and by the undisguised restiveness with which moderate Republicans, of the ex-Governor Chamberlain school, have threatened to kick in the party traces. And that they are likely to profit by the lesson administered to them may be inferred from the sagacity which the Republican leaders have previously displayed in interpreting "the hand of Providence" when it is held up in a threatening posture through the ballot-box.

That the Greenbackers and the Democrats of Maine have much more to learn, if they hope to retrieve their fallen fortunes in that State, it is not at all necessary for us to say in view of the confusion which has just waited on their united banners. As far as regards the financial issue (the leading issue of the pending Autumnal elections, as we regard it), the Greenbackers of Maine, as of every other State, have been doomed to fight a losing battle ever since the resumption of specie payments on the first of January last. After the sacrifices already made, and properly, because necessarily, made in order to place the business of the country on a stable foundation, the people of the United States do not mean that the hands shall be put back on the dial, but are rather intent on pushing them forward until they shall point not only to a "parity of purchasing value between paper and coin," but to a revolution of all the outstanding questions which still threaten us with a liability to the perils of inflation or to the mischiefs of a depreciated currency on a mono-metallic basis.

And the Democrats of Maine are now in a position to calculate what they have gained by sacrificing the hereditary principles of their party in order to patch up a temporary alliance with an ephemeral organization. A party which throws its ancient principles overboard in order to snatch a transient triumph from chance or fate, is a party which has already lost faith in itself, and therefore lost its hold on the confidence of the people. Where men fall away from their historical convictions, the outer lapse is a sure mark of a worse decay in that inner creed which is the bond of all concerted action in the field of politics. For the lack of this unifying principle no "cement of public plunder" can furnish a substitute. The long supremacy of the Whigs in England during the reign of Queen Anne is explained by the fact, as Burke recites, that their wise leaders, Sunderland, Godolphin, Somers and Marlborough believed, in common with their followers, that no men can act with effect who do not act in concert; that no men can act in concert who do not act with confidence, and that no men can act with confidence who are not bound together by "common opinions, common affections, and common interests."

Unless the opinions which bind men together in political activity are sufficiently strong to be held with tenacity; unless their "common affections" are genuine and their "common interests" are solid, we must be content to see the game of politics degenerate into a mere scuffle for place without regard to honor or consistency. In so saying, we are not making a plea for party spirit, since party spirit, as we have remarked before, is never so bitter and proscriptive as when it is divorced from real and substantial issues capable of being upheld or opposed in the field of debate. It is the absence of real and vital issues to which their faith can attach that has made the Democrats "a prey to ill-advised coalitions in Maine, Massachusetts and Ohio. It is not the coalitions which have stripped the party of its native strength in these States. It is because the party in these States was already stripped of its native strength that it stooped to enter into the coalitions, and it must find itself before it can hope to find the path that leads to victory.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.

IF we are to believe the correspondents, King Alfonso of Spain has lost no time in wooing the fair Archduchess Marie Christina of Austria. The scene of their brief courtship was the pretty French watering-place of Arcachon, on the Bay of Biscay, whither the Archduchess, spite of her jaunty declaration that "If he wants to win me, let him come and woo me," went from Vienna to meet him. The two, we are told, during their sojourn there, were inseparable, walking the gardens hand-in-hand in true lover fashion, and the King declaring himself to be supremely happy. Indeed, in the ardor of his passion His Majesty has committed several breaches of rigid Spanish etiquette, making unexpected calls, kissing his hand to the numerous balconies of the villa where his fair lady was enshrined, etc. And yet it is only a year and a half since the bells were pealing for his marriage with Princess Mercedes, and only a few months since the same bells were tolling the requiem of his bride and queen, dead in the bloom of her golden youth.

The Archduchess Christina is the daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Hapsburg, who was a grandson of the Emperor Leopold of Austria. She is just twenty-one years of age, is finely educated, an excellent linguist, and has a keen taste for the piquancy and splendors of life. The advances of King Alfonso were not at first received with favor by the Austrian Government, but difficulties were gradually removed, though some peculiar conditions were imposed by the Hapsburgs. As stated by a correspondent, "the series of mysterious deaths in the royal family of Spain in the course of the last twelve months caused a good deal of apprehension among the Austrians, and made them hesitate at accepting the proposals of an alliance. But in due time a compromise was elaborated. The new Queen will take with her from Vienna her own medical attendant, her own private secretary, three ladies of honor and three chamberlains, and will, moreover, be dowered from His Majesty's personal property, the capital of the same to be deposited in a foreign bank, beyond the reach of revolutions and *pronunciamientos*, which, as experience has shown, sometimes drive kings and queens into exile and poverty." The same writer adds:

"The marriage is not likely to be popular. It is opposed by even constant Royalists, who point to history to prove that Austrian alliances have always brought ill-luck with them; while the Liberals are alarmed by the probable consequences of such a union. The Archduchess is almost fanatical in her attachment to the Catholic Church, and they believe will be so much under the influence of the clergy that the moral conquests of 1868 may be imperiled. All these considerations are certainly of great weight in a country which, like Spain, has only recently and with difficulty emerged from a period of constant revolution, but Spanish politicians should have urged them sooner; and such is the influence—backed by intelligent bayonets—of the Prime Minister, that I think we may count upon a favorable vote of the Cortes, when the representatives of the people meet on the 6th of October, and that the nuptial ceremonies will be celebrated with great pomp, at Madrid, immediately after the expiration of the mourning for the Infanta Doña Maria del Pilar, excepting always some new family bereavement shall again necessitate an adjournment."

It is said that Alfonso has munificently ordered the rooms which were prepared for Mercedes in his different palaces to be newly furnished for his consort that is to be. She will have the satisfaction of knowing that there is not in her apartments a single object to remind the King of her interesting predecessor. She will be fortunate, indeed, if the world shall find in her the same sweet and tender graces which won for Mercedes the homage of all noble hearts.

FINANCIAL PERIODICITY.

IN an address on the business situation before the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, on the 10th instant, President Hayes quoted the statement of an English writer that there is a regular periodicity in the recurrence of hard times; that in England they return in about ten years, and in this country once in about twenty years. There is certainly some ground for this statement as to the periodicity of financial disasters. Let us illustrate. The year 1837 will be remembered as peculiarly a "panic" year. So great was the financial embarrassment in this country that Congress was convened three months in advance of its customary date of meeting for the purpose of considering the situation. Ten years and a quarter later, or in November, 1847, Great Britain was visited by a grave commercial and financial crisis. Among the banks which suspended payment were the Royal Bank of Liverpool, North and South Wales Bank, Newcastle Union Joint-stock Bank, and many others. Of important commercial houses which failed were Barton, Islam & Higginson, for £1,000,000; Barclay Bros. & Co., £450,000; D. & A. Denny, Glasgow, £300,000. The Funds fell to 79½, and the rate at the bank ranged from 8 to 12 per cent., while out of doors accommodation could scarcely be obtained at any price. Altogether, in the month of November, there were in Great Britain 242 heavy failures during this crisis.

Turning now to 1857—which will also be remembered as a panic year in this country—we find that on November 9th occurred the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland, which was only "the forerunner of a series of commercial disasters of unusual magnitude." An authority relates that "the bank had for years been in an insolvent condition, owing to the immense advances made by the late manager to speculating firms whose assets were of a merely nominal character." On December 17th the total liabilities of this bank were declared to be £8,911,932. On the 11th the City of Glasgow Bank closed its doors, and this one was followed by the Liverpool Borough Bank (liabilities £5,000,000). The commercial prostration was terrible. Sanderson, Sandeman & Co. failed for £5,000,000; Dennistoune & Co. for £2,000,000; the bullion in the Bank of England diminished to £7,171,000, while its notes in circulation amounted to £60,000,000. Finally, Parliament was called together "to consider the alarming financial condition of the country."

Referring, lastly, to 1866, it is noticeable that the now celebrated "Black Friday" occurred on May 11th. Overend, Gurney & Co. having failed on the day previous for £11,000,000. On "Black Friday" Peto & Betts failed for £4,000,000; Shrimpton, railway contractor, £200,000; while the shares in Agra & Masterman's bank, which had been thirty-three premium at the beginning of the year, fell to one discount.

It has been seen that the City of Glasgow Bank failed November 11th, 1857. Last year it failed again on October 2d, and this failure was followed by the stoppage of many of the most prominent financial institutions and business firms in Great Britain.

The periods of the financial crises named as occurring in England have been 1837, 1847, 1857, 1867, 1878—an average of ten years and a quarter elapsing between each. There is enough in this periodicity, perhaps, to warrant financial wiseacres in investigating the question whether or not financial conditions — like suicides, post-office irregularities, etc.—may not be governed by inflexible natural laws; and, as the "sage of Brooklyn Heights" used to say, "occur in cycles."

MR. EVARTS IN CANADA.

THE visit of Secretary Evarts to Canada last week, as the guest of the Governor-General, was marked by a variety of incidents at once pleasant and significant. The Secretary was everywhere received with demonstrations of kindliness and good feeling, and every possible opportunity was taken by those with whom he came in contact to express a hearty desire for a closer intercourse between Canada and the United States. On the occasion of a reception at Toronto, Mr. Evarts took occasion to speak of the political relations of the two countries, referring especially to the Fishery question, of which he spoke as follows:

"So far as any future relations of the two countries to the Fishery question are concerned, as the Treaty of Washington has made but a temporary provision, terminating now in six years, of course there will be some negotiations; but it is scarcely necessary for me to say that those negotiations will be conducted on our part, and certainly on the part of England so far as we have any opinion or feeling, in a quiet, and I think I may say—for the people pride themselves on their good sense on both sides of the water—in as sensible a way as any subjects of dispute are ever conducted. I imagine that there is constantly pressing on the minds of those who live upon the borders of these two great nations a wish that the commercial, the custom-house and duty embarrassment may be reduced to a minimum, and that there may be as free a flow of commerce between the two communities as the interests of the two may render possible. Of course, we don't always agree when we are on two sides of a great national consideration; any more than when we are on the opposing sides of a private litigation—but this teaches us, at least, one thing, that on both sides of the line these matters are governed by the pretty strong predominance of what we may call human nature. It is a pretty constant quantity in public as well as in private affairs, and if the most enlightened and the most patient and the most benevolent treatment can be applied to all these subjects on one side and the other it will end, I have no doubt, in the great extension of freedom of intercourse and a great reduction of the embarrassments which are felt, I suppose, to be quite unsuitable between communities so much alike and where freedom of intercourse is so desirable."

THE CABUL REVOLT.

DESTINY seems resolved, latterly, to be unpropitious to the political fortunes of Lord Beaconsfield. Just as it seemed certain that England had emerged from her Asiatic and African wars, and after Lord Beaconsfield had indulged himself in complacent congratulations, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, upon the successful issue of all England's foreign troubles, the horrible revolt and massacre of Cabul occurred to utterly spoil the fair prospect, and to turn the feeling of triumph into one of fresh anxiety and alarm. A new war, or at least renewed hostilities, must be undertaken in Afghanistan at once. Indeed, scarcely had the news of the revolt arrived, when the further intelligence came that General Roberts was already moving on Candahar.

The most striking feature, perhaps, of the tragedy by which Major Cavagnari and his staff met their deaths, is its vivid resemblance to what took place in the Anglo-Afghan war of nearly forty years ago. Then, as now, the English invaded Afghanistan, overturned the reigning Ameer, Dost Mohamed, and replaced him with Shojar, a ready tool of English interests. Then, as now, the victory of the English seemed complete, and their possession of Cabul, the capital, secure. Then, as now, the Cabulese populace, joined by disaffected soldiery, rose in revolt, attacked the English Residency, and murdered Sir Alexander Burnes, the English Resident. It is to be hoped that the sequel of the dismal story will not be as closely repeated; that the remnant of the British force at Cabul will not be, as the remnant of 1842 was, utterly annihilated by their semi-barbarous foes.

But in any event the Afghan War is to be resumed. The "scientific frontier" must still be fought for. Whether Yakoob Khan, the Ameer placed on the Afghan throne by the English, is a traitor to them or has been overcome by his own subjects, a rule must still be established at Cabul favorable to their interests, and Cabul itself secured against a similar outbreak in future. There can be no turning back. At whatever cost of men, money and popularity, the Beaconsfield and Lytton policy must be inexorably pursued. That policy is nothing more nor less than the attempt, in the struggle between England and Russia for supremacy in Asia, to gain for England the advantage derived from the military command of Cabul. Larger forces must now occupy that stronghold; a more able and self-sustaining tool than Yakoob Khan must be placed upon the throne of Shere Ali; and the Indian frontier must be strengthened. Nor may this be all that is necessary to secure the much-talked-of "scientific" defense. It is very likely that the English may deem it imperative to occupy Herat. It is even possible that they may venture upon the conquest of Merv. There is but too palpable proof that Russia has secured the friendship of the Persian Shah; and the danger from that side has been growing week by week. All this involves a perfect labyrinth of peril to the English Government. No step can now be taken forward without risking a direct collision with Russia. It will require a most delicate diplomacy, with Russian troops on the right bank of the Oxus and the English threatening Herat, to avoid a *casus belli*. Then, in England itself, the political dangers of the Tory Cabinet have grown wonderfully formidable by reason of the Cabul revolt. The small but vigorous party which has been boldly asserting that India "does not pay," and which hints that it were better to abandon that magnificently expensive appanage of the Crown than to go to more wars and cost to defend it, will derive fresh strength from the disaster. The still larger party which has always denounced the Afghan War, has refused to sanction its policy or its expense, and has continually

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predicted misfortune from it, will renew its attack upon Lord Beaconsfield with a new vigor and will be far more energetically backed by popular opinion than before. It will be no easy task for the Premier to hold his own, even with the present docile Tory Parliament; and, should any exigency arise forcing him to dissolve it, his chances for a victory at the polls will be vastly lessened.

The revolt at Cabul, in brief, is likely to lead to very grave complications and consequences. It reopens a dismal past and it once more brings to the front the whole subject of the British rule in India. The present miserable condition of that Empire, the enormous expense attending its rule even in time of external peace, the necessity for ever arising to enter upon unheroic wars to defend it, the perpetual misunderstandings, now with Afghanistan, now with Russia, now with Burmah, now with Persia, will once more be sharply reviewed, both at home in England, in Europe and in Asia; and the questions are likely to be more than ever pressed upon the English people—first, whether they can afford to retain their hold upon India; and, secondly, whether they are going to be able to retain that hold at all.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE insurrection in Cabul and the probable consequences of a renewal of the struggle for British supremacy in Afghanistan are commented upon elsewhere. Naturally this particular subject has absorbed public attention in England to the exclusion of almost everything else. The labor troubles in many of the manufacturing centres still continue, and the outlook for the industrial classes generally is gloomy in the extreme. In Scotland, especially, the depression is becoming terrible. For many years past landowners have been gradually dispossessing the people of almost foothold on the land, while counties that were formerly as blooming gardens have been turned into veritable wildernesses, over which no man must tread without permission. Former inhabitants have been crowded to the large towns or seaside villages, there to seek a precarious subsistence, and, as a result, there is a vast number of people, unemployed, in Glasgow and elsewhere, who are suffering severely. Divorced from the land, these poor people are thoroughly dependent on the fluctuations of trade, and when, as at present, depression exists, they starve.

The Austrian occupation of Novi-Bazar, guaranteed to her under the Berlin Treaty, is being accomplished with the co-operation of the Turkish authorities. Austria's hold on Bosina and Herzegovina has made the advance of her troops entirely feasible and safe, and Novi-Bazar once occupied, lying as it does between Servia and Montenegro, with the Ottoman frontier on the southeast, she will possess a vantage-ground which will enable her to promote her commercial and political interests in the East. It is intimated that Austria has guaranteed the Sultan his European possessions in consideration of Turkey's non-resistance to the Novi-Bazar occupation; the statement, however, lacks confirmation. It is not probable that Russia will regard the extension of the Austrian frontier upon such conditions as these with any extraordinary enthusiasm.

Another batch of the amnestied Communists have reached Paris from Noumea, and been most hospitably received by their friends. A number of the amnestied died on the homeward voyage, and several others were severely ill, owing, it is alleged, to the insufficiency and poor quality of the food supplied them. M. Waddington has renewed his proposal to resign the French Premiership, but will remain in office, it is now understood, until the Senate shall dispose of the Ferry Education Bill.

The Spanish Government is again confronted by the spectre of revolt in Cuba. Many of the leading politicians express serious apprehension as to the outcome of the present perturbations; but none of them as yet seem to comprehend that the true way to deal with the Cuban question is to recognize the right of the people to at least a modified self-government, and cut up by the roots the abuses in the island administration—and especially the onerous system of taxation—which have produced the existing discontent. Some thousands of troops are to be sent out from Spain, most of whom will probably perish from climatic disorders without at all contributing to the permanent pacification of the island.

A special conference of the International Congress of Meteorology will be held at Hamburg, on the 1st of October, to consider a scheme for the establishment of observing stations within the circumpolar regions. The stations proposed are the north coasts of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlia, the North Cape, the mouth of the Lena, Point Barrow, and the east and west coasts of Greenland, as far north as possible. Lieutenant Weyprecht, with whom the scheme originates, has determined, whatever the conference may decide, to proceed to some one of the points named, and he will stay at the station selected for twelve months, making observations of all phenomena that are likely to be of use in promoting the study of meteorology. Important scientific results may be achieved by this enterprise.

The negotiations between the Vatican and the German Government appear to be at a standstill. The Pope is said to have suggested, in an autograph letter to the Emperor William, that the direct intervention of the latter in the way of clemency is the only way to restore harmony. The Government has informed the Catholic clergy of Munster, who petitioned for the removal of hindrances to religious instruction in schools, that nothing will be done to effect an essential change until the Catholic Church formally acknowledges the inalienable right of the State to make its own laws.

The readers of Stanley's story of his African explorations will recall King Mtesa, ruling near Victoria Nyanza, who proved himself, under peculiar circumstances, the sturdy friend of the explorer. It is now announced that Mtesa has abolished slavery throughout his dominions. As the result of this decree a million of slaves were liberated in a single day. This act of a savage chief in the heart of the Dark Continent shines with singular lustre in contrast with the despotic policy of some Christian monarchs.

The latest story as to King Cetewayo is that he is still at large, but has only two followers.—The Irish Home Rulers propose to hold a popularly elected convention of 300 members—the same number as composed the former Irish Parliament—to discuss Irish questions before the next session of Parliament.—No results have yet been reached by the commission on the rectification of the Greek frontier, and the outlook is not encouraging.—Sympathy with the Memphis yellow fever sufferers extends to Paris, where a festival in aid of the relief fund is proposed.

THE Butler Greenbackers in Massachusetts have eclipsed all competitors in their bid for the soldier vote. Their platform includes a proposition that soldiers of the late war ought to be paid the difference between the price of greenbacks received by them during the war, about forty cents on the dollar, and the present price of the same currency, with interest from the date of each payment, now amounting to about $500 a man. Could even Butler demagoguery any further go?

THE movement in favor of the metric system is gaining ground. Resolutions favoring the system and an international coinage on the gramme weight of gold, nine-tenths fine, was adopted by the American Social Science Association at its Saratoga meeting last week. The resolutions urge the passage of the Bill now before Congress, providing that hereafter metric denominations of weight and measure shall be introduced into and made obligatory in the service of Custom Houses for invoices expressed metrically.

IT is estimated that England will need, for the current cereal year, 128,000,000 bushels of wheat to meet the requirments of her home consumption. A competent London authority estimates the money value of the deficiencies in the several crops in the United Kingdom as follows: Wheat, $125,000,000; beans, peas and rye, $15,000,000; potatoes, $75,000,000; hops, $6,250,000, and hay, $78,000,000; making a total loss of $296,000,000. This is equal to a loss of about $25 per acre on the land under cultivation.

A NEW line of steamships between Philadelphia and Marseilles and other Mediterranean ports is about to be established. It will be started with English steamers of about 3,500 tons burden, but it is intended to replace them with American steamers at an early date. The outward cargoes will be of coal and other products of American industry, while the return freights will consist of the usual materials of a Mediterranean cargo for America. Philadelphia merchants appear to be giving a good deal of attention to the development of the Mediterranean trade.

AMERICAN manufacturers of cotton goods are about to make an effort to establish a trade with Africa. Commodore Shufeldt, of the Ticonderoga, has supplied samples of the goods now sent to that country by England, with the prices charged therefor, and those who have looked into the matter are confident that we can furnish goods of the same quality at a lower price. Most of the goods are of red and other brilliant colors, and if our manufacturers will take pains to adapt their products to the African taste, there can scarcely be a question as to their success in competing with the English dealers.

THE Mormons of Utah have not succeeded in their efforts to secure for the convicted polygamist, Reynolds, a modification of the rigors of imprisonment. The United States Marshal has been instructed from Washington that Reynolds is not to be treated any better than other criminals under his care; that he is being punished for a crime, and that his punishment must be in all respects similar to that of persons undergoing sentence in the Utah Penitentiary. It is gratifying to find that the Federal authority is at last to be unsparingly enforced against the polygamous abomination and its supporters.

THE announcement was made the other day that a dispatch had been received in France from the steamer *Faraday*, engaged in laying the new French cable in mid-ocean. This feat would seem to demonstrate the practicability of the idea of General A. J. Myer, of the United States Signal Service, that ocean signal-stations may be established in lines traversing the ocean parallel with and over the telegraphic cables, and in communication with either Continent. General Myer's plan, not yet definitely or officially broached, contemplates the employment of six or more ships, anchored like the lightship off Sandy Hook, as stations, at distances of 250 miles or less apart, all to have telegraphic communication with the ocean cable, and so being able to dispatch from mid-ocean to the central office in Washington, thence to be distributed over the world, intelligence of any impending storm, or of any violent perturbation already abroad upon the waste of waters, or of any meteorological or other fact in which the world has an actual concern. Such a proposition as this would, a few years ago, have seemed the dream of wild fanaticism; but it appears now to be quite as possible of accomplishment as much that has already been achieved in the matter of weather forecasts.

DENIS KEARNEY seems to have recovered from his recent attack of moderation and conservatism, and is again on the rampage in genuine sand-lot fashion. The present object of his animosity is General Grant, whom he proposes to hang and burn in effigy on his arrival in San Francisco. This proposition is said to have created intense indignation on the Pacific Coast, and it is intimated that an attempt to carry it out would be likely to result in very serious consequences to the blatant Kearney. The people of San Francisco are distinguished for nothing so much as hospitality, and they will not tamely permit a deliberate insult to be offered to a guest so distinguished as the ex-President, who comes covered with honors from all the peoples he has visited.

THE next Legislature of Maine will include an unusual number of members of high ability. Among other conspicuous gentlemen who were chosen at the recent election was the Hon. Eugene Hale, who has acquired a national reputation as a Representative in Congress, and who does not, apparently, think it beneath his dignity to serve his constituents in the more obscure position of a State legislator. If our men of experience and real ability, everywhere throughout the country, would act up to the same conception of personal duty and consent to serve the people in any capacity, however humble, to which they might be called, the public service would soon become something better than the refuge for incapables and tricksters which it now so largely is. There can be no genuine elevation of the character of the public administration or improvement of the quality of our laws so long as our best citizens refuse to occupy public stations.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable documents ever issued by the Federal Government is that on the state of labor in Europe, being a compilation of reports from United States Consuls, showing the rates of wages, cost of living to the laborers, the business habits and systems of all the principal European countries. A wide diffusion of the information contained in this volume, illustrating the vastly superior condition of the laboring classes in this country as contrasted with that of the toiling masses of Europe, would do more to put an end to the industrial agitation stimulated and encouraged by demagogues and charlatans than any and all other means which it is possible to employ. If the Government cannot afford to place a copy of this book in the hands of every workingman and laborer, then it should be done by employers and trade associations who are so largely interested in the cure of the evils of strikes and consequent industrial disintegration.

A PARTY of over eighty English farmers reached this port last week, *en route* for Texas, where they have secured lands, and propose to make a struggle for independence. In conversation, they uniformly represented that they had decided to abandon their English homes only because they had found that they were fighting a losing battle with circumstances which they were powerless to overcome. One of them stated the case of the English tenant-farmer as follows:

"The best land of England is now, as it has been for years, held by the gentry. Such land as they can do without, that they do not wish to preserve for hunting purposes or for their own farms, they rent to cnants. These tenants are generally men whose fathers and grandfathers have rented and cultivated the same lands. With them the task has been one of constant effort to make bad lands productive. The contest has been so laborious that men are living, and in this party, who know that the tenants are no better off now than they were forty years ago. Some of them are poorer. We have found in recent years that while we could raise good crops of straw we could not produce large kernels of grain, and that in spite of all our efforts our grain was smaller and our labor was gradually becoming less remunerative. For some time back we have considered this situation in meetings of farmers, and, looking about for a land in which the conditions appeared to be most favorable, we struck upon Texas."

Other parties of farmers will follow the company just arrived, and if their expectations are realized, the population of Texas and other States will be largely increased from this quarter. All the tenant-farmers now contemplating emigration possess some ready money, and their chances of success will therefore be greater than those of the ordinary immigrant.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Maryland Greenbackers have nominated Howard Meeks for Governor.

HENRY J. GULLY, on trial at De Kalb, Miss., for the murder of Cornelia Chisholm, has been acquitted.

THE Democrats of Wisconsin have nominated Mr. Alexander Mitchell for Governor, but he declines to accept.

A CONVENTION of the colored men of the State of New York will be held at Elmira on the 14th day of October.

THE Astley Belt walk, it has finally been arranged, will begin at the Madison Square Garden, in this city, September 22d.

A MALADY called spotted fever has caused fifty deaths in the counties of Polk, Paulding, and Haralson, Georgia, within a fortnight.

A COMMITTEE of the Georgia Legislature has discovered irregularities in the office of the State Treasurer, and recommends that he be impeached.

MR. NATHAN APPLETON addressed an audience of capitalists and others at Chickering Hall, in this city, last week, in behalf of the Panama Canal project.

REPUBLICAN caucuses in Massachusetts so far have chosen 566 delegates, of whom 247 are pledged to Pierce for Governor, 226 for Long, and 83 uncommitted.

A REUNION of the prisoners of war during the rebellion will be held on October 1st and 2d at Toledo. About 2,000 have expressed their intention of attending.

THE Republicans of Maryland have nominated James A. Gray for Governor; Samuel Molladen for Comptroller; and Francis M. Darby for Attorney-General.

MEMPHIS is still ravaged by yellow fever. Twenty-seven new cases and eleven deaths were reported September 12th. The Howard Association is in need of financial aid.

THE Massachusetts Greenbackers have nominated General B. F. Butler for Governor, Wendell Phillips for Lieutenant-Governor, and Jonathan Arnold for Secretary of State.

THE post-office at Canandaigua, N. Y., was broken into September 10th, the safe blown open, and $2,000 in money and a large number of stamps and registered letters taken.

MR. CHESTER A. ARTHUR has been elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York, and the work of organizing for the campaign has already commenced.

THE Essex County (N. J.) Grand Jury has found an indictment for murder in the first degree against Joseph A. Blair, who shot his coachman, John Armstrong, at Montclair last June.

ACTING CASHIER W. W. KERNS, of the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis, is a defaulter to the extent of $135,000, which he has lost in speculations. About $8,000 was recovered.

THE total vote in Maine will, it is estimated, reach about 139,000, and leave Mr. Davis, Republican, lacking only from 300 to 500 votes of an absolute majority. Both branches of the Legislature are Republican.

COLONEL THOMAS SCOTT, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has returned from his European trip in improved health. He is said to have made financial arrangements in Europe which insure the completion of the Texas and Pacific Railroad.

A CALL has been issued by General P. H. Sheridan for a meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, to be held in Washington November 19th and 20th, the anniversary of the battle of Missionary Ridge. The statue of General Thomas will then be unveiled.

DURING the month of August 12,131 immigrants arrived at this port, an increase of 4,000 over the number in August, 1878. During the first nine months of that year, over 80,000 immigrants have landed here, 1,010 having arrived in one day last week.

A MEETING of the World's Fair Committee in this city, held last week, adopted a resolution reaffirming the determination to hold the fair in 1883, a year having significance as the centennial of the ending of the war for independence, and recommending that September 23d and November 25th, 1880, be days of special celebration.

THE New York State Democratic Convention met at Syracuse on Wednesday, September 10th, and on the following day a full ticket was nominated amid great confusion and excitement. The ticket bears the names of all the State officials excepting Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, for whom Hon. Clarkson N. Potter was substituted. As soon as it was evident that Governor Robinson would be renominated, the Tammany delegates withdrew to another hall and formed into a convention and nominated Hon. John Kelly for Governor, while agreeing to support the balance of the State ticket.

Foreign.

TWO hundred houses in the town of Vlaxama, Russia, have been destroyed by fire.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF attributes Prince Bismarck's hostility to his friendliness for France.

TURKISH troops have been sent from Constantinople to repress the insurrection which has broken out in Kurdistan, Asia Minor.

EASTERN ROUMELIA is reported to be in a state of anarchy; a great Slav kingdom is contemplated by the secret societies of the province.

THE French harvest shows a deficiency of 5,000,000 hectolitres, equal to about 14,000,000 bushels, which must be supplied by imports.

IN Afghanistan the mutineers are advancing on Jelalabad and Cabul. General Roberts's forces are also menaced, and he has called for four more regiments.

ALL the directors of the West of England and South of Wales District Bank, except one, have been committed for trial for publishing false balance sheets.

AT the second election in Bordeaux, France, September 14th, for Member of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Blanqui was defeated by 258 votes in a poll of 9,138.

THE Italian provisional estimates for 1880 show a decrease of 28,000,000 lire in the receipts, without counting the reduction of the grist tax. The War Office expenditure exceeds that of 1879 by 8,000,000 lire.

IT is stated that the King of Abyssinia claims the whole of the strip of coast which was ceded to Egypt in 1877, and also several towns and the territory in which they are situated. If his demands are rejected war is apprehended.

THE breaking up of the old Arctic exploring ship *Resolute* is now complete. The commemorative piece of furniture to be constructed from a portion of the timbers for the President of the United States will probably be in the form of an elaborate secretaire.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



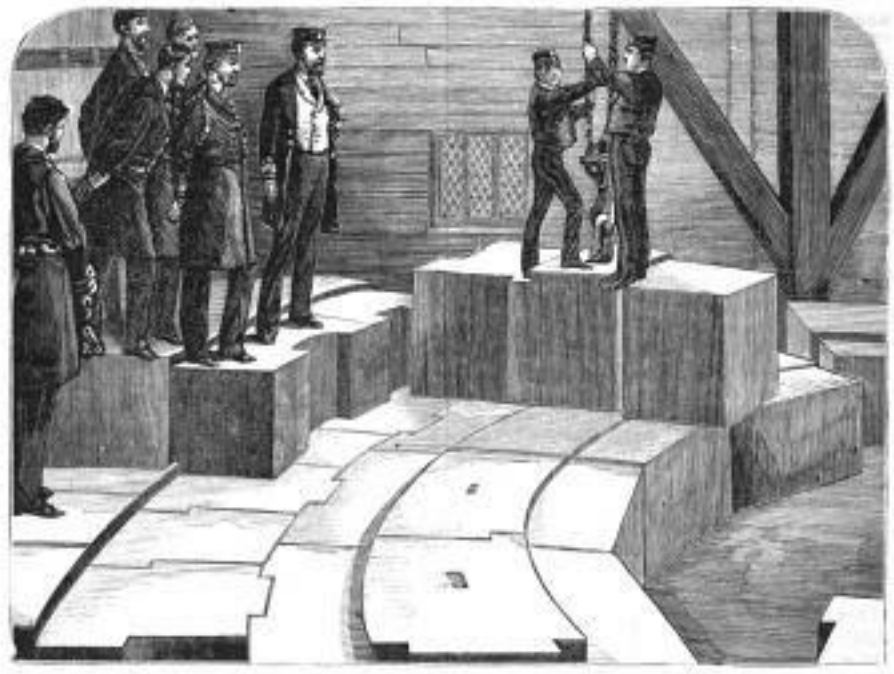
AFRICA.—THE IMPENDING RELIGIOUS WAR—THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO TAKING A RIDE IN STATE.



ENGLISH CHANNEL.—LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE.



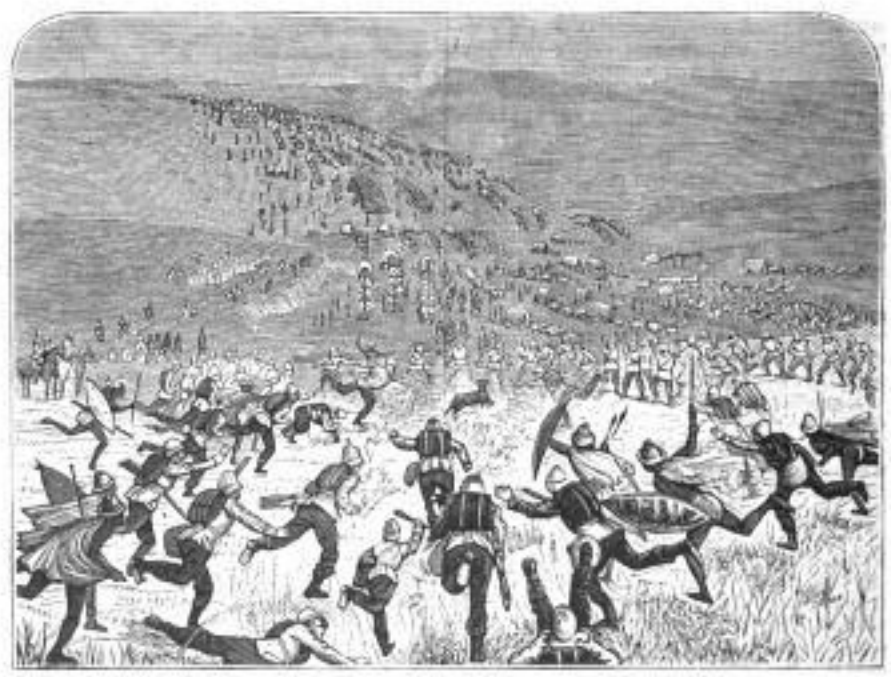
SPAIN.—ANOTHER ESCAPE OF THE KING—OVERTURNING OF THE STATE-TRAVELING CARRIAGE.



ENGLAND.—FITTING THE BLOCKS FOR THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE AT OBELTON.



ROUMANIA.—A CONVOY OF EXPELLED JEWS BEING CONDUCTED TO THE FRONTIER.



SOUTH AFRICA.—A BUCK-HUNT ON THE MARCH WITH GENERAL WOOD.

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THE MAN OF MANY MEDALS.

ANNUAL GAMES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.

THE sons of the Land o' Cakes had an "unco' gude" time of it this year at Jones's Wood Colosseum, the occasion being the annual games of the New York Caledonian Club. Such plaids, and bonnets, and tarries, and philabegs, and sporans, and kilts! Such screeching of bagpipes, and skirling of bare-legged Highlanders. We had Rob Roy, striding about as though his foot was upon his native heath. We had Baillie Nicoll Jarvie, portly as to stomach, winky and watery as to eye, with "Ma conscience" in broad Lowland ever and anon dropping from his mutchkin-moistened lip. We had the Dandy Dinmont, with his sandy hair and cheek bones as high as the Tribune clock; and we had more tartan than ever appeared at the bidding of Rossie Prince Charlie on the fatal field of Culloden. The Highlanders, strongly reminding one of those wooden effigies standing outside "shoeshin'" shops, swaggered about as did their ancestors in the "Saut Market" when Charles Edward held high revel at his Royal Palace of Holyrood—many of them plated with medals won at tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, dancing the Highland Fling, or in footing it between the crossed blades of the "bloddie" claymore. There were "drouthy neebors," too, in that mad, merry crowd, who were "sa fou" but just a wee drappie in their 'ee," and, oh, it was excruciatingly funny to behold the mingled gaze of astonishment and disgust on the bloated features of a beer-beloved Dutchman, as these sons of Caledonia strutted in, calling for "a quaich" in accents as moist as a Scotch mist. The kilts visibly affected prudish young ladies, and the "Oh, mys," "How dreadfuls," "Well, I nevers," that rose above the screechings of the pipes, constantly assailed the ear. A Cincinnati man confidently informed us that he felt at home in these pipe-shriekings. There is no music so foot-moving as that of the Highland Reel, and the very instant "Mrs. M'Pherson" or "Johnny Cope" was struck up, the floor was taken possession of by a dozen jigging couples, who thoroughly abandoned themselves to the ecstasy of their native music, and who footed it until the pipers were fairly compelled to pause for lack of wind for their chanters. Old and young, handsome and ugly, crossed hands, flung themselves into paralytic postures, jigged and wriggled, and stamped and whirled, and yelled and shrieked, while bowls of applause, mingled with right royal, honest and hearty laughter, came from the enthusiastic bystanders. We had foot races, and walking matches and sword dances, and flings, and tossing the caber and "hitch and kick," and "all manner o' games." Every event was admirably contested, especially that of the five-mile race, a son or grandson of the Emerald Isle, Tom Donohoe, wresting the prize from the two crack champions. Bang went saxpences! and bang went mutchkins of the best whisky in the world, bar none; and although no moon appeared to light the Macs homeward, "any chiel amang them announced her presence to



A GERMAN OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

the music and words of Robbie Burns, while loud and deep were the parting declarations, that "rank was but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." We congratulate the New York Caledonian Club on the pre-eminent success of its annual gathering, and more than all upon the genuine good-fellowship and thorough clannishness that distinguished it from the first screech of the bagpipes to the very last.

LIFTING THE HAT.

THE minor loss of a man's property is included in the major loss of himself; and so, while he surrenders his weapons he also yields up, if the victor demands it, whatever part of his dress is worth taking, the motive for taking it being in many cases akin to the motive for taking his weapons; since, often being the hide of a formidable animal, or a robe decorated with trophies, the dress, like the weapons, becomes an addition to the victor's proofs of prowess. At any rate, it is clear that, whatever be the particular way in which the taking of clothing from a conquered man originates, the nakedness, partial or complete, of the captive, becomes additional evidence of his subjugation. That it was so regarded of old in the East we have clear proof. In Isaiah xx. 1—4, we read: "And the Lord said, like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign, . . . so shall the King of Assyria lead away the Egyptians prisoners and the Ethiopians captives, young and old, naked and barefoot." And that the Assyrians thus completely stripped their captives is proved by their sculptures. Nor are we without evidence, furnished by other races, that the taking off and yielding up of clothing hence becomes a mark of political submission, and in some cases even a complimentary observance. In Fiji, on the day of paying tribute, "The chief of Somo-somo, who had previously stripped off his robes, then sat down and removed even the train or covering, which was of immense length, from his waist. He gave it to the speaker, who gave him in return a piece large enough only for the purposes of decency. The rest of the Somo-somo chiefs, each of whom on coming on the ground had a train of several yards in length, stripped themselves entirely, left their trains, and walked away, thus leaving all the Somo-somo people naked." Further we read that during Cook's stay at Tahiti, "two men of superior rank came on board, and each singled out his friend; this ceremony consisted in taking off great part of their clothes and putting them upon us." And then in another Polynesian island, Samoa, we find this complimentary act greatly abridged; only the girdle is taken off and presented.

With such facts to give us the cue, we can scarcely doubt that this surrendering of clothing originates those obeisances which are made by uncovering the body, more or less extensively. We meet with all degrees of uncovering having this meaning. From Ion Batula's account of his journey into the Soudan in the fourteenth century, Mr. Tyler cites the statement that "women may only come unclothed into the presence of the Sultan of Malli, and even the Sultan's own daughters must conform to this custom." Other parts of Africa show us an incomplete, though still considerable, unclothing as an obeisance. In Abyssinia, inferiors must bare their bodies down to the girdle in presence of their superiors, "but to equals the corner of the cloth is removed only for a time." The like occurs in Polynesia. The Tahitians uncover "the body as low as the waist in the presence of the king;" and Forster states that in the Society Isles generally, "the lower ranks of people, by way of respect, strip off their upper garments in the presence of the principal chiefs." How this obeisance becomes further abridged, and also how it becomes extended to other persons than rulers, are well shown by the natives of the Gold Coast. Cruikshank says: "They also salute Europeans, and sometimes each other, slightly removing their robe from their left shoulder with the right hand, gracefully bowing at the same time. When they wish to be very respectful, they uncover the shoulder altogether, and support the robe under the arm, the whole of the person from the breast upwards being left exposed." And of these same people Burton remarks that "throughout Yoruba and the Gold Coast, to bare the shoulders is like unhatting in England." That uncovering the head, thus suggestively compared with the uncovering of the upper part of the body, has the same original meaning, cannot be questioned. Even in certain European usages the relation between the two has been recognized, as by Ford, who remarks that "uncloaking in Spain is equivalent to our taking off the hat." Hence it seems that the familiar taking off of the hat among European peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself, by which, in early time, the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had.

SOME USES OF THE OCEAN.

WITH so many people at or coming from the seashore, it is a good time to call to mind some of the uses of the sea, practical and other than as a source of entertainment simply. It would be serving a great purpose if it were only the pathway of commerce and the world's washing machine, but it is a deal more.

It is, though few persons stop to think of it, more abundantly stocked with life than dry land is, and this ocean life is useful in many ways, in supporting life on land, and so is made directly valuable to mankind. How much more prolific the sea is than the land is suggested in the fact, that while an average acre of land will yield a ton of corn or two or three hundred weight of meat in a year, there are thousands of miles of sea bottom which give up daily tons enough of sea food to the acre to equal in nourishment the yearly yield of the best-tilled land. A hundred pounds of fish are equal in nourishment to two hundred pounds of bread or to seven hundred pounds of potatoes, and though science can help matters along, we have not yet reached the point where we can confidently say that the ocean's supply of fish needs artificial replenishing. There come times of scarcity and times of plenty. Fish appear and disappear. Whether they are killed off, driven off, or accidentally led to move, nobody can know.

One singular factor in increasing the business of fishing of late years has been the railroad. Quick transit has carried fish in the best condition to markets where it previously was as poor as it was rare, and has given an immense impulse to the fishing industry. The extent to which the world fishes is very hard to determine. Statistics, at best faulty, are necessarily very vague on such matters, but a few collected facts are as follows: Great Britain imports yearly of the products of the sea $40,000,000 worth. The fisheries of France and Russia yield for market each about $17,500,000 worth; of Norway, $16,000; of Denmark, $800,000; of New England, $8,000,000. There are in Ireland 5,965 fishing boats, with 23,693 fishermen; in Scotland, 14,547 boats and 45,263 fishers; in the four British North American provinces, 18,000 fishing boats and 42,000 fishermen, with 200,000 persons one way or another handling and living by fish. The census gives to this country 20,000 fishermen outside of the whale fishery. The whole Asiatic coast is devoted to fishing. Far north and far south parts of the world get all their living from the sea, and it is said that dried fish is one of the absolutely indispensable foods in the tropics.



THE BROADSWORD DANCE.



SHE SAYS SHE "WILL NEVER, NEVER, FORGET HER SENSATIONS ON FIRST BEHOLDING THE KILTS!"

A CURIOUS MANIA.

M. MONSELET, has discovered in the shop of a bookseller on the Quai Voltaire, in Paris, one of the most singular monuments of human idiosyncrasy yet brought to light. It consists of no fewer than forty-five manuscript volumes—quite modern—written in utterly unknown characters. An assembly of savants, having been convoked to pass an opinion on the hieroglyphics, declared that they were quite beyond their ken. The form of the letters, we are told, bears, when looked at from some distance, some resemblance to Oriental calligraphy, but this is the only description vouchsafed. Several pages are framed by borders executed with the pen in the most marvelously delicate style—flowers, animals, heraldic shields, angels, landscapes, ruins, etc.; the illuminators of missals produced nothing superior to them. M. Monselet proceeds: "And now what do these forty-five volumes contain? Everything tends to the supposition that they are memoirs, of which the author was so morbidly jealous that he created a writing peculiar to himself for the purpose of transcribing them. And this author is known; but he died a little while ago. He was an architect, very skilful in his profession and much consulted, M. H. Legrand, to whose pen are due some important works—not in manuscript—that indicate a man of perfectly serious tastes. How, then, can we find an explanation of these many volumes in which are deposited the secrets of his inmost thoughts, destined to die with himself? And in the first place, where did he find time for writing them? I do not exaggerate in saying that by the perfection of its calligraphy this collection represents more than two years' labor. If it be a mystification, we must allow that it has been carried out with rare patience; but for my part I prefer to attribute it to a wild and pleasing mania. I feel convinced that M. H. Legrand owed the best moments of his life to his solitary and mysterious occupation."

THE ORIGIN OF CROQUET.

CROQUET is not, as many suppose, of modern birth, but it may be traced through its various stages to Persia as far back as the eighth century. Its origin was polo, which the Persians played with a long-handled mallet called chugan. In the ninth century the game made its way into the Eastern empire, the original mallet changing its form into a long staff ending in a broad bend filled with net-work of gut strings.

"Thus," says a writer on the subject, "there appeared in the East as belonging to the great sport of ball 'play on horseback the first shapes of two implements which remodeled the whole play life of medieval modern Europe, the chugan being the ancestor of the mallets used in croquet, and of an endless variety of other playing clubs and bats, while the bent staff, with its network, was a primitive racket." We find that the original ball games in which sticks were used were played on horseback, and instead of polo being an outgrowth of these sports played on foot the latter are the changes made in the Persian game of chugan, which, as has been said, was the parent of all our games in which artificial means are used to propel the ball. The transition from the chugan of Persia to the short-handled mallet used on foot was easy and natural, and the substitution of a club came by gradual changes, the head being probably the original implement, which was superseded by a rounded stick.

A WONDERFUL SWISS HEALTH RESORT.

IT is well known that in Europe mountain resorts for Winter as well as Summer are now on trial. Those most noted are at Goerbersdorf, Falkenstein and Davos. The village of Davos am Plaiz, in Switzerland, is situated on a large plateau 5,000 feet above the sea level, and completely surrounded by mountains, which screen it from high and penetrating winds. Like that of almost all corresponding altitudes, the air is very dry, its humidity being less by two-thirds than that of Nice or Cannes. This gives it a property of elasticity, or, as it is sometimes called, electric tension, which modifies in a remarkable manner the sensations of heat and cold. Persons often sit in the open air, even after sunset, with the mercury below freezing, without overcoats, without the slightest discomfort, and most of these invalids at that. The daylight at Davos is very short in Winter, the sun overtopping the mountains about 10.30 A. M., and sinking behind their summits from 3.30 to 4 P.M.; but the sunshine, while it lasts, is very bright, and the heat of its direct rays is intense, rising to 100° or over, and at the same time the temperature in the shade will vary from 22° to 30°. The average temperature for Davos for January, 1878, was 16° most of the nights, and many days marking zero or below. A writer says: "The sun will almost boil one's back, while icicles from his breath will form on his mustache and beard, and, changing front, his face will be actually sunburnt. From the constant sunbronzing to which they are subjected, invalids soon lose all appearances of delicate health. The food generally is not inviting, nor even well cooked, but an enormous appetite is established after a few days' sojourn; and the rule, to which there are but few exceptions, is that everybody gains more or less rapidly in flesh. The doctors drive everybody out of doors—it is not too much cold, but too much heat, that they dread. The recreations are walking, sledding, coasting, skating, snow-balling and eating. An excursion of ten miles on foot soon becomes a bagatelle to delicate women who at home could not be induced to walk a fourth of that distance. In the evenings there are hops, amateur theatricals and various entertainments—but all by medical direction—of short duration, which is even extended to the Sunday service, which is restricted to one session of one hour. Persons who have had hemorrhages cease to bleed, coughing and expectoration rapidly diminish—in fact, there will be more coughing in an average country church than in one of these assemblies of invalids.



TOM DONOHOE WINNING THE FOOT-RACE.

NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL GAMES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB AT JONES'S WOOD AND WASHINGTON PARK, SEPTEMBER 4TH.

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WHOSE WAS THE THIRD CHAIR?

"AS for me," said Doctor Cairnes, "I am a Spiritualist!"

"Aha!" cried his guests, gleefully, in chorus. They drew up their chairs to the smoldering embers, pushed by the decanters and glasses, lighted jubilantly their cigars, and turned again to their host.

"A Spiritualist," they said, "and why?"

"Because," said the doctor, in a dreamy, hesitating tone, "my experience has taught me there is something in it—that is soul-satisfying. We all know that the world is composed of matter of various kinds: looked at with the eye of a scientist, these different varieties of matter are classed almost from Divinity down to mere crustacea. This is perhaps interesting, but unsatisfying to human egotism. We find that from certain upheavings of the ocean, lovely islands have been formed; that from an ugly seed a great, glowing, lustrous flower bursts forth; but this only leads us to look for more——"

The doctor paused. His friends wondered what all this had to do with Spiritualism. They had been invited here upon this Christmas Eve in question to enjoy the hospitality of one of the choicest spirits of the age in a bodily shape, and some of the finest in a liquid variety. The latter had been partaken of modestly, according to the wont of these gentlemen, who were sybarites of the soul as well as the body, and would not have spared this night from study or given it over to pleasure, had they not expected, and in a manner demanded, other than an ordinary revelry.

"He's a grand fellow," said Professor Bates, when he opened his invitation. "A little queer, perhaps, but that is a capital fault." The professor neither drank nor smoked, therefore he was to jog the halting voice of Doctor Cairnes.

"Your experience in Spiritualism was soul-satisfying, you say?" he insinuated.

"Yes," said the doctor, starting out of a reverie, "it was, indeed!"

"There was, in fact, something in it?" pursued the professor.

"Yes," repeated the doctor, "there was, indeed," and relapsed into his reverie again.

"And would it be intrusive to ask," said a young medical student, "what in thunder that 'something' was?"

"It was a woman," said the doctor, looking at him dreamily.

The six gentlemen hitched their chairs nearer to the fire, exchanged an unctuous glance with one another; the professor wiped his spectacles, and put them again upon the bridge of his nose.

"And a man," added the doctor.

Then they all waited quietly—it was evident to these kindred souls that the doctor's spirit was getting *en rapport* with his theme, and they concluded to give it time.

"When I was a young man," said the doctor, at length, "I was connected with a hospital situated in one of our seaport cities. It was a gloomy pile of buildings, infested with vermin of every kind, lighted wretchedly, and poorly ventilated. Through the great, gloomy corridors—wind-swept and icy cold in Winter, dark, damp, moldy in Summer—there seemed to stalk the phantoms of those lonely and desolate wretches whose bitter fate it was to die here, uncared for and unattended, save by men given over to the pursuit of science, or creatures possessed by a sordid brutality. The windows, covered with dirt and cobwebs, effectually kept out the sunshine at all seasons, and life there was a dreary business at the best. I should have speedily got away if it had not been that I fell violently in love with one of the occupants."

"The woman?" murmured the guests.

"No," said the doctor, "the man! He was, however, the victim, or one of the victims, of the woman!"

"There is something interesting in that word 'victim,'" said the student.

"You will allow, gentlemen," continued the doctor, "that there are grades of friendship, as there are grades in the different varieties of matter I alluded to—for instance the diamond is only matter, yet it is more precious than mud——"

"And cleaner," suggested the student, with a subtle fling at the doctor's story.

"I have the honor," said Doctor Cairnes, "to call you my friends."

"The honor is on our side," said the student, determined not to be outdone in politeness.

"But for Paul Wayne, the young physician I found in the hospital on the coast, I held the profound sentiment which, when it reaches the exaltation of love, passeth that of woman. His face suited his form, and both matched his spirit, and all were supremely beautiful! I see him now as he passed with his firm, light step through the gloomy corridor, his blonde hair falling about his high white brow, his glowing eye full of a wild enthusiasm, the ominous red spot in his cheek burning and paling fitfully, his lips shaping unconsciously the thoughts that surged from his overwrought soul."

"Was he a madman?" inquired the student.

"He was a Spiritualist," said the doctor. "He believed that soul could be brought into communication with soul without the aid or incumbrance of the body, and that the power of the will was absolute.

"He was not long in making me a convert to his wild but beautiful belief, and I accepted with heart and soul the exquisite future he held out to me of a love that can neither be belittled by envy or jealousy, debased by passion, nor defrauded by time or death.

"It was infinite, unbounded, immortal:

"Heaven knows how many hours we squandered thus happily, wandering up and down the old corridors, his arm thrown lovingly about my shoulders, for he was many inches taller than I——"

"He must have been a giant," murmured the student.

"He was indeed a giant," said the doctor, "at least in will; what he desired he endeavored to attain at any risk. Once having determined upon a course of action, he never paused in pursuing it, and, by mere contagion of will, saved many poor wretches from sinking into the jaws of death. 'Determine you will endure the operation,' he would say; 'will to subdue the fever. Live! Come, I am certain you will arise from this bed and walk,' he said, one day, to a poor patient that everybody had given up, and the man is still alive.

"But when we were one evening taking our usual stroll in the corridor, he confessed to me he had met, the night before, with the woman he had so long prayed to see—longed to hear, yearned to meet. The woman of all the world made for him, the one supreme creature given by a gracious, bountiful, omnipotent Nature for the full fruition of all the wild hopes he had dared indulge in. 'You know, Harold,' he said, 'I have not allowed myself to suppose it possible I should meet her body and spirit; I *knew* in some future state we should belong to each other, but to enjoy this happiness here, now, without delay, oh, heaven! it is too much, Harold.' He pressed his hand to his heart, became deadly pale and trembled. I supported him in my arms, and he soon regained composure and strength.

"'I have not seen her,' he hastened to add; 'she was the sibyl of a meeting I attended, and the first sound of her voice made me tremble; there was that of feeling, of delicacy, of melody in it that went straight to my soul. I loved her, Harold, as I love her now, as in ages ago I loved her, as I shall love her in centuries to come!'

"Then he told me of all she had said, of the poetry of her language, of the music of her voice, filling the darkened room with a melody and light of its own.

"I became enraptured with the mortality of the creature he had shown me.

"'She is beautiful, Paul,' I said, 'she is worthy of you. She is slight of form, infantile in face, her skin is transparent, her eyes great and dark and glowing; she is always pale, but her spirit burns and glows and radiates through her voice.'

"'Yes, yes,' he murmured; 'friend of my soul, you have painted her!'

"We went together that night to the meeting, and I came away scarcely less in love with her than was my friend; in truth, it seemed that her presence overpowered all that entered it, but Paul alone dared to love her.

"To love, with Paul, was no mere passive, negative state of being, he became the embodiment of passion. Egeria was here upon the earth; she was made for him; time, nor circumstance, nor place, nor position should separate them. She must be his forthwith—his, since it was the custom of a weak age by the bond of the law, human and divine.

"But Egeria refused to marry him.

"Not that she did not love him, that was simply impossible; to look upon him was to love him; but for some secret reason she refused to let him look upon her, to let the light shine upon their interviews. They communed in darkness, and it proved the strength of fascination which the soul of Egeria possessed that at every interview we came away more enraptured than ever. For Paul allowed me to share his love and his life. I was no hindrance to their happiness. I loved them with that purity and strength that my being was merged with theirs, and they forgot in a manner I was in the room with them. Night after night passed away. Entranced by her divine presence, I could have lingered on for ever. But it was different with Paul; he became restless, dissatisfied, gloomy: an eager craving dawned in his face which, day by day, increased to a positive hunger.

"'Egeria,' he exclaimed, one night, in reply to one of her fervid, impassioned sentences, 'I must see you—I demand it as a right—as a necessity!'

"'Impossible,' said Egeria, with a shudder in her voice.

"'Is it,' said Paul, 'that your soul is jealous of your body? Can't you trust me? Come, I have seen you already.'

"Egeria started.

"'Tell her, Harold,' said Paul, 'that a friendship like yours and a love like mine can not be deceived.'

"'You have seen me!' murmured Egeria; 'why, that would be happiness indeed—you have seen me, and yet you love me?'

"There was a latent terror in that musical voice that struck a chill to my heart, but Paul cried out with a passionate fervor that could not be denied, 'You are beautiful, Egeria,' and then paused, for a low sob escaped from her lips—she started to her feet as if to flee.

"'Stay,' I cried. 'Paul does not mean the common type of beauty, a mere combination of flesh and color that ordinarily serves as a bait for the senses.'

"'What in heaven's name does he mean?' said Egeria, in a voice that blended a trifle of hope with an immensity of despair.

"'He means that he loves you,' cried Paul, throwing himself at her feet; 'pale and fragile as you are, is it not meet the spirit should overpower the body? But your eyes are the windows of your soul, and they are great and dark and glowing.'

"'Oh!' cried Egeria, 'I cannot stand this! Oh, this is terrible! Any agony is better than this!'

"She walked rapidly to the mantel; suddenly we heard the quick, sharp scratch of a match, and in a moment she stood in the full blaze of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. Paul leaped upon his feet. At last we saw her."

The doctor paused and sighed heavily.

"Well, out with it at once!" cried the young student. "What was she? A hunchback, a mermaid with the head of a woman and the body of a fish, a ghoul with her chopsticks on the mantel?"

"She was none of these," said the doctor. "She was a woman."

"Beautiful as Venus, or hideous as Hecate?"

"Neither one nor the other. She certainly was not beautiful, but I don't think she was hideous. How can I describe her? She was simply *not* Egeria, that was all—that was enough!"

"Egeria slipped out of the room, and this other woman took her place," suggested the student, for at this point of the story Doctor Cairnes became so absorbed with memory and thought that he needed somebody like the student to urge him on.

"No," said the doctor; "the soul of Egeria was imprisoned in the body of another woman."

"The deuce!" said the student. "That complicates matters a little. Describe the usurper. Let's hear what she was like."

"She was tall, heavy-framed; her feet were broad, her hands bony and large, her arms were muscular, her skin red, with that peculiar scaly appearance that denotes a scrofulous affection of the glands; her physique suggested power, but lacked grace; her forehead was low and protruding, from which the hair, of a dull, leaden color, was pulled back without crinkle or curl, and fastened in a knot behind. Her eyes, small, deep-set, and of a cold, pale blue, seemed to hold a twinkle of ferocious glee over the horror of my poor Paul; a singular scar with a few freckles over the bridge of the nose gave it the appearance of a well-manipulated dislocation——"

"Oh, Lord!" interrupted the student, "don't describe her any more. You've given her to us quite graphically, I assure you. How did your friend bear it?"

"He covered his face with his hands, gave vent to a low, terrible cry, and rushed from the room."

"And you?"

"I followed him," said the doctor.

"That was rather rough on Egeria, wasn't it?" said the student.

"Not at all," said the doctor. "For a time the bodily presence that enveloped the soul of Egeria was omnipotent, but only for a time. I confess that for my part the disillusion was final. The cord that bound Egeria's spirit to mine was one of friendship, and it wasn't strong enough to bear the strain upon it. It succumbed to the weight of this ponderous body that was thrust before us, and I never again was able to infuse enough strength in that cord to enable it to be worth anything. With Paul it was different; the cord with him was one of love, and love, my friends, is all-powerful—at least it was with Paul. I have said before that he was a man of iron will and rather enjoyed the surmounting of obstacles that lay in his path.

"For a time Paul became a prey to despair. We continued our walks up and down the dreary corridors of the hospital, but they were oppressed by silence and haunted by the phantom of defeated hope and the ghost of a happiness which was the more terrible to lose that it seemed perfect.

"'It is too much,' he cried to me one night, in agony—'it is not to be borne.'

"I shook my head mournfully, for I didn't see what could be done in the matter.

"'Of course,' said Paul, 'you must know that I have not yielded to this monster.'

"I was weak enough not to understand him, and asked him *what* monster?

"'This fiend,' he said, 'that has taken possession of the soul of Egeria.'

"'You think, then,' I said, 'that that was not Egeria?'

"'Having known Egeria, do you suppose it possible?' he asked, with an accent of contempt for my faculty of prevision.

"'Her divine soul,' continued Paul, 'has become the prey to this corporeal matter. This is the lion, Harold, that lies in the path of joy, and this is, no doubt, the test to my title to her affinity. Think you unalloyed happiness is gained without a struggle? I do not shrink from the combat, Harold; there is no cowardice in my soul; but I do not yet know the means to be employed. I cannot yet tell how her spirit shall be freed from this terrible tyranny; but it shall be done, Harold, I promise you.'

"I told him that I wasn't in any hurry to have his power vindicated in this way, and suggested that time, perhaps, would bring about the desired solution to our difficulties. He glared upon me, muttered the word 'craven,' and fled away out of my sight through the dark corridor.

"Paul was wrong to accuse me of either stupidity or cowardice. My encounters with thought and judgment were not so rapid and vigorous in their results as his, but they were in the main conclusive. Having grappled with the idea he suggested to me, I understood it thoroughly and accepted it—the more readily that it had been a sore abomination to me to believe it possible so beautiful a soul could belong to so repelling a body. It was altogether, however, an abstract theory with me, and had nothing personal in it. I have said before that from the moment that match was lighted and that large figure loomed up before me the cord that bound my spirit to Egeria's was as effectually riven as it would have been by the application of a match to a string of any kind less spiritual in its nature.

"The peculiar bulkiness of the figure, the chuckle on the thin lips, and the leer in the deep-set eye, were more effectual in their way than a lion of any kind. I had but the one desire—to get away from the whole combination, body and spirit, and never encounter the one nor the other again. It proved a weakness upon my part which I am sorry to confess, but there are grades in the matter of humanity as well as all other matter."

"Yes, yes," said the student, anxious that the doctor shouldn't begin his classification of matter again.

"And Paul," continued the doctor, "had reached that supreme state of manhood when all the perfection that is found in the different attributes of nature centres itself in man as a masterpiece.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DINNER-TABLE ABLUTIONS.

THE history of dinner-table etiquette, as far as the cleansing of the fingers goes, has caused a great deal of discussion. In "Notes and Queries" some information was asked about it a number of years ago, but not any very satisfactory responses were received. Table manners and table equipage have been derived from the French. Strange as it may seem, a great many dinner amenities owe their origin to the East. Bibliophile Jacob says somewhere that the napkins during a repast were possibly brought into use in Europe after the Crusades. Oriental habits at dinner, where the Turk of the old school to-day, having no knife or fork, plunges his fingers in the pillau, is but a continuation of customs of the time of Saladin. The Oriental is excessively clean in his habits, and between the fingering of the viands and some of the manipulations of a cook with his dishes, really the difference is only this, that the Turk who picks out a peculiarly nice tidbit to offer to his guest does it in view of every one, while the cook's prior actions are not seen. As fountains were ever spurting and gurgling in *Haroun al Raschid's* banqueting halls, opportunities to cleanse one's fingers in the flowing waters must have been ever at hand. Oriental people retained the habit of hand or finger washing after dinner. The method is not, perhaps, adapted to our customs, yet it is a very sensible one. A servant, after the repast, makes the round of the table, (the guests are seated on low cushions on the floor,) holding a copper vessel, provided with a very long but narrow spout. In the other hand he carries a wide, deep copper basin. A tiny stream of water is poured over the fingers of the guests into the basin, while another servant follows with a towel. The first portion of the performance is proper enough; but as one towel usually serves for all the guests, a kind of universal jack towel, delicate-minded Europeans rather dislike the custom.

It is not necessary to go further back, and refer to the Biblical habits before and after partaking of food. As to the more modern custom, Brillat Savarin, whose book on the *Physiologie du Gout* was written in the early part of this century, inveighs against the finger-bowls. He says: "It was about forty years ago that some people in good society—they were almost always women—commenced to wash out their mouths (*rincer la bouche*) after their meals." Brillat Savarin deprecates the custom, and calls it useless, indecent, and disgusting, rather directing, however, his criticism against the mouth-rinsing than finger dipping. It is useless, he writes, "because the mouth is in excellent condition at the end of a repast, when fruit has been partaken of, or a last glass of wine or water has been imbibed." Say what one may, the cleaning of the mouth after dinner is a disgusting habit, and no screening of this operation, by placing the hand before the mouth, can conceal its objectionable features. If an after-dinner ablution has to be performed, especially when fruit is eaten, it should be restricted to the use of the finger-bowl alone. The smaller goblet then introduced in the finger-bowl should be discarded, unless, in order to add completeness, a tooth-brush were added to the paraphernalia.

A SWABIAN HARVEST FESTIVAL.

NOVEL DRAMATIC PRESENTATION OF A HISTORIC INCIDENT.

THE Swabian Volksfest, held at Ridgewood Park, Long Island, during four days of last week, was an occasion of great interest to the Würtembergers of New York, Brooklyn and Long Island. The festival opened on Sunday, the 7th, when the procession, marching to the park, gathered first around a singular pillar that stood in the open field of the park. It was about thirty-five feet high, and covered with every variety of vegetable that flourishes in the soil of Long Island. They were not rudely fastened on, but were arranged according to an artistic design. Cabbages, pumpkins, and other large vegetables covered the base, and turnips, corn, onions, etc., in sections, covered the rest of the pillar. A wonderful cornice, in which huge watermelons predominated, crowned the top, and over all was a generous sheaf of ripe wheat. The black-and-red flag of Würtemberg, and the colors of the United States and of Germany, were a part of the decorations. About midway up the shaft four shields were fastened, bearing the names of the provinces of Würtemberg, namely, Neckar, Black Forest, Danube and Jaxt. The entrance to the grove was spanned by an arch that bore the words "Welcome, all Würtemberg." Beneath was the coat-of-arms of the kingdom.

After the formal opening the day was given up to general enjoyment, the programme being almost exclusively musical. The day was devoted, as far as historical reminiscence was concerned, to the famous composers of Germany, and especially those of Würtemberg, Uhland, Gluck, and Silcher. On the second day there was a historical procession, the programme culminating in the marriage of two young Swabians in the costumes and according to the peculiar rites of their fatherland.

On the third day the great event was the dramatic presentation of a well-known historical incident. In 1140 Conrad, King of Würtemberg, after a protracted siege, captured the City of Weinsberg, and with it Count Welf the Sixth. The victory was a significant one, and it had a romantic termination. The women of the captured city presented themselves before King Conrad and begged a single favor. It was that they might take away with them that which they held most dear. The request was granted. The women thereupon marched to the guard-house and each took her husband on her back and bore him out of the city. Some of the King's retainers protested against this unusual way of redeeming captives, but the King kept his word, though he admitted that he had made a mistake. This was on the 21st of September, and the celebration of the event has been made a feature of the harvest festival. It was this incident which was acted out at the Ridgewood festival, in the presence

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of a delighted multitude. We illustrate the scene on page 56. The last day of the festival, which was most enjoyable throughout, was devoted to athletic and equestrian sports.

"RESCUED" AT BOOTH'S THEATRE.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S "adaptation" of Booth's is an increasing success, and many in the audience leave the theatre more gossipy over the *coulisses* than over the performance. The contrasts and harmonies are so vivid, yet so subtle, so startling yet so satisfying, that the mind's eye revels in them long after the physical organ has lost sight of their crimsons and golds. Given this exquisite framework, it should be a dull play indeed that would fail to please an audience comfortably settled down to enjoyment; and as "Rescued" possesses all the qualifications that insure unqualified success, an evening at Booth's becomes an intellectual treat of the very highest order. Mr. Boucicault has again displayed his marvelous powers of weaving golden tissue from out the ordinary threads of human and very clayey passion, and of entangling and disentangling with a dramatic manipulation as deft as it is ingenious. A train-robber, possessed of imagination and minus principle, forges a will, and assumes the condition of a Russian noble. The counterfeit passes as good coin, and the Muscovite swell is accepted by the Upper Ten of Mayfair and Belgravia as though he were a Romanoff. He is met at every turn of his little game by the word "check," uttered by one *John Weatherby*, who, as the forged will was but a clumsy piece of business after all, turns up as a *bona fide* inheritor, and who, by falling in love with the *Lady Sibyl Ferrers*, still further forces the hand of the unscrupulous Muscovite. The *Count* resolves upon uniting himself to *Lady Sibyl*, one of the conditions of the forged will, while another stipulates that in default of her ladyship's consent she will forfeit one-half the fortune which is to come to her so soon as she is declared heiress by the removal of such relations as stand between her and the estates. The Muscovite resolves upon clearing away all obstacles, but is eventually defeated, and *John Weatherby*, "the iron man," marries the *Earl's* daughter. This is but the motive of the piece, the incidents and situations being in the highest degree effective, while the dialogue is crisp, clean cut and sparkling. The under plot is full of color, the characters of the newsboy and his twin-sister stand out in wondrous relief, while the *Phœnix O'Reilly* of Mr. John Brougham is a portrait "after nature." The acting of Miss Rose Coghlan as the *Lady Sibyl* is all womanly, and Mr. Clayton, as *John Weatherby*, true to his artistic instincts, presents us with a masterful creation. "Rescued" is put upon the stage in a manner worthy of the æstheticism of the management. Our illustration represents the *Earl* and his daughter leaving *John Weatherby* in possession of Mount Audley.

COD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.

COD-FISHING is the special industry of Nantucket, farming and fishing being the chief occupation of the people. The surrounding waters literally abound with fish of various kinds, and on the treeless island there are several ponds containing a large variety of the finny tribe. At Siasconset, one of the two first towns of Nantucket, everybody fishes, from the aged grandparents to the tiny toddlers. An infant's first play-toy is a float or broken rod, and boys of five and six years of age are experts. Our illustration represents a fisherman, accompanied by an expert, topping the wave on his return to shore. The boats put out for about a mile, and to a novice it is one of the most exciting and picturesque sights imaginable to see the fishing-boat—manned by a man and a boy, occasionally a little girl—plunge through the leaping, bounding, rolling, frothing surf. On the return a suitable billow is selected, and, with a dexterity begotten by years of practice, the fisherman spins his stout little boat into its crest, and is borne like a flash to the tawny sands.

THE UPRISING IN AFGHANISTAN.

Difficulties and Perils of the British Occupation.

THE revolt of the Afghan regiments in Cabul, and the slaughter of the members of the British Embassy and their escort, has produced a profound excitement throughout Great Britain. All accounts agree that Major Cavagnari and others were killed while making a sortie upon the enemy from the burning Residency. The buildings being entirely of wood, the besieged could make no defense against fire. Major Cavagnari's force made a gallant attack upon twelve Afghan regiments but were overpowered by numbers, after having slain not less than 250 of the enemy. The defenders of the Embassy fought bravely until exterminated by the Afghans. With a view of avenging the outrage, large reinforcements of troops are to be dispatched to India to operate in Afghanistan, and the troops already there will as soon as possible advance on Cabul. But this advance will be delayed by a variety of circumstances. Twenty-five per cent of the native troops on the frontier are on furlough. The season has been a sickly one, the hospitals are full of men unfit for service by fever and hardships of the campaign. There are very few infantry regiments in the Trans-Indus provinces which could muster 500 men, and there is probably not a cavalry regiment in the Punjab which could put 300 men on parade. The transport departments have been broken up and their reorganization will be difficult. Upward of 60,000 camels are officially reported to have perished in the late campaign. This great loss has made it almost impossible since then to obtain a sufficient supply of these animals for ordinary uses, to say nothing of the exigencies of a campaign. There are few horses in Afghanistan, and camels are absolutely indispensable to any extended military operations. General Roberts may have sufficient mules and camels to admit of the hasty advance of a brigade in light marching order; but the Government of India will have to strain every nerve to guard his communications and keep him provisioned. Unfortunately the regiments in India nearest to Afghanistan have mostly suffered from cholera and are numerically weak, the men being debilitated, and they will require heavy draughts to bring them up to their war strength, and it is thought that at least two months must elapse before men to recruit the regiments can arrive from England.

A dispatch from Allahabad says that, though some trustworthy sources give the assurance that General Roberts will be at Cabul in a fortnight, it is said in military circles at Simla that the 9th of October is the probable date of the beginning of a forward movement because of the deficiency in wheeled transportation.

A correspondent at Simla also fears that there will be no forward movement in force before the end of September. By those who know the position of things an advance is declared to be impossible.

At the latest advices, the insurrection seemed to be spreading, and the impression is gaining ground in England that a well-organized rebellion is on foot, and that it is traceable to Russian influence. The entire country between the capital of Afghanistan and the Indian border is said to be well stocked with Russian emissaries and Russian money. Although that portion of the British army in India which is composed of native Hindoos appears anxious to be led against the Afghans, their enthusiasm is regarded as much too great to be natural and genuine. They are, therefore, objects of suspicion, and their conduct is closely watched. This fact has led to much uneasiness in India, as well as in Afghanistan, and English residents refer with gloomy forebodings to the great Sepoy revolt of 1857 and 1858. The situation is further embarrassed for the English troops by the lack of transportation for army stores and guns.

A dispatch from Bombay, dated September 11th, says: "Serious riots are proceeding in Cabul, and many traders and citizens have been killed. Messages have reached Candahar from Cabul urging a general rising against the British on September 15th. Similar messages have been dispatched to other Afghan cities. The frontier tribes are still quiet."

A dispatch from Lahore says: "Shikarpore merchants trading with Central Asia report that the revolt in Cabul is due to Russian intrigues. Russian agents have been most active at Herat. They have for some months urged the Ameer's brother to declare against him, promising the support of the Heratee regiments. They were charged by the Ameer's brother with being the cause of the revolt against the Ameer and the English."

Special dispatches from India say that two regiments of Highlanders and two regiments of native troops are moving up the Khuram Valley, and that two regiments of native cavalry and one British and two native regiments of infantry are now on their way to the Khuram Valley.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Last Accident to the King of Spain.

On returning from the funeral services over the remains of the Infanta Dona Maria del Pilar at the Palace of the Escurial to La Granja, the state traveling carriage, containing the King of Spain, his sisters and General Echegaz, was overturned on the road, which is difficult of travel on account of the ruts and holes. The King's arm was dislocated and the General's wrist sprained, but the Princesses escaped with slight contusions and considerable fright. In consequence of this accident His Majesty was obliged to carry his arm in a sling during the one hour's courtship with his future wife, the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria.

The Emperor of Morocco.

The English Minister at Madrid, Mr. Sackville West, recently had a conference with M. Salvela, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the subject of the protection of the European residents in Morocco, now threatened by the religious fanatics of that State. A dispatch from the Moorish town of Saffi, received via Cadiz, has been received, stating that the Emperor of Morocco, Muley Hassan, had barely escaped falling into the hands of the rebel fanatics while passing with a part of the royal army from Morocco to Fez. He owed his safety ultimately to the support of a contingent of troops led by an English ex-officer, Captain McLean, who is reported to have drawn the men from the mixed population of Gibraltar. The Emperor escaped, but the strong Mohammedan partisans are reported to have elected another ruler, to private council of the leading sheiks, at Fez, and a religious war is feared.

The New Eddystone Lighthouse.

In our last issue we gave an engraving of the new structure to be erected on the Eddystone rocks, fourteen miles off the shore of Plymouth, in the British Channel, and an account of the brief ceremony of laying the foundation-stone in the coffer-dam, by the Duke of Edinburgh, as Master of the Trinity House Corporation, assisted by the Prince of Wales. The ceremony itself is shown this week, together with a view in the great stone-cutting establishment at the Oreston granite quarries, near Plymouth, which will supply a large portion of the stone material for the new lighthouse. In the engraving the architect is testing the shape of the granite blocks to ascertain if they will interlace correctly when placed in position. We may here add that the building now in course of erection is expected to be completed in about four years, and that Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh has promised to lay the top stone. Its height will be 130 feet above high water at Spring tide, and its light will be visible at a distance of more than seventeen miles.

Expulsion of Jews from Roumania.

The latest intelligence concerning the Jewish question in Roumania is to the effect that Prince Gregorie Stourdza has arrived at Bucharest to assume the leadership of the various parties opposed to the emancipation of the Jews. It is proposed to consolidate these different factions into an organization identical in principles with the former American party known as "Know-Nothings." According to Articles Five and Forty-one of the Treaty of Berlin, religious liberty and the open profession of every form of worship were assured to all the natural subjects of the new States of Bulgaria and Roumania, yet there is an antipathy to the Jews which is increasing daily, one proof of which is furnished by our illustration, showing a party of Israelites being escorted to the frontier by representatives of the authorities.

A Buck Hunt with General Wood.

"Marching along these solitary wastes," says Doctor Doyle Glanville, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "but few signs of life are visible—not even a bird, save now and then when we kill oxen, and the vultures mysteriously appear. Occasionally we come across the track of some startled hare, or perhaps a buck, when the excitement is for the moment tremendous. My sketch represents a little incident in yesterday's march, when a buck sprang up and ran through the column. In an instant a lot of soldiers and natives went pell-mell after it, many coming to grief and sprawling over the ant-bear holes that abound in the long grass. The numbers were too much for it; the game was duly bagged, and the happy hunters were rewarded at their dinner by a change from the usual fare, which consists of trek-ox, which steals to toughness the leather of the plain domestic boot."

COLLEGE CHAT.

THE annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity will be held with the Dartmouth College Chapter the first week in October.

CALISTHENICS and military drill have been made compulsory in the public schools of Montreal, but the same time devoted to them is to be taken from the Saturday holiday.

REV. ALFRED OWEN, D. D., of Chicago, has been appointed President of Denison University (Baptist), Ohio. Dr. Owen is a graduate of Colby University and Newton Theological Seminary.

NO RESPONSE is yet received from Dr. Tucker, of New York, as to accepting the professorship of sacred rhetoric, but the hope is confidently expressed that he will join the Andover faculty.

THE Peabody Normal School, at New Orleans, is the only normal school for colored people in the world, and was established by Hon. R. M. Lusher. It is supported by the Peabody Educational Fund.

THE first Siberian University will be opened this year; it will be at Tomsk; great numbers of students have been exiled, it will be remembered, from connection with the political opposition to the Government.

THE Jubilee Singers, who have been giving concerts in America and Europe in aid of Fisk University for several years past, have earned for that institution the net sum of $150,000, besides receiving valuable works of art as gifts for the university.

EX GOVERNOR RICE says that he has returned from Kansas and Colorado, profoundly impressed with what the great West is doing for the education of its communities. He found in Colorado that the largest, most imposing buildings in the cities and towns are the school-houses.

PRESIDENT BARNARD, of Columbia College, is in favor of co-education. It may be safely said that no man in the country takes broader views than this venerable man. He believes the time will come when every college will open its doors to women the same as to men.

THE sum of $600,000 has been appropriated in Texas to carry the school work through the remainder of the year; $300,000 had already been distributed. San Antonio has the most successful educational system of all the Texan cities. The great need in that State is good trained teachers.

AT Wesleyan University, the entire mathematical and astronomical departments have been transferred to Observatory Hall, where two large rooms have been fitted up, one for a laboratory, the other for a mathematical recitation room. Professor Burke, lately of Wilbraham Academy, and a graduate of this college, is to assist Professor Van Vleck in this department.

THE *North China Daily News*, published at Shanghai, speaking of the departure of the Chinese professor for Harvard College, who has just arrived, says: "Should the United States Government, as it is believed it will, promise a permanent position in its Legation and Consulates to students of Chinese from Harvard, not only may the friendly relations of the two countries be strengthened, but the high hopes entertained by the American manufacturers of success with their wares in this Empire will probably not fail to be advanced as well."

RICHARD GATEWOOD, of Virginia, who graduated No. 1 in the class of cadet engineers at the Naval Academy last June, and F. T. Bowles, of Massachusetts, No. 3, made application to be allowed to attend the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, England, in order to study naval engineering, architecture, etc. That college is allowed to take a number of private students, including two from each foreign nation. The request has been granted without their undergoing the usual examination, their certificate of graduation at the Naval Academy being considered sufficient by the English Government. They will enter the Royal Naval College at the October term.

THE SEASON OF THE FAIRS.

THE Georgia State Fair will be held at Macon, October 27th to November 1st.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., began the annual exhibition of her Industries September 2d, and will close October 11th.

THE second annual opening of the Golden Gate Agricultural Fair occurred at San Francisco, September 1st.

THE annual fair of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society was opened at Waverley on September 15th, for six days.

THE forty-eighth exhibition of the American Institute of New York opens September 17th, and lasts until November 22d.

ON September 10th the Seventh Industrial Exhibition of Cincinnati was opened in the permanent buildings, to close October 11th.

THE colored people of North Carolina will hold their first industrial fair at Camp Russell, Raleigh, November 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.

PATRONAGE of the Iowa State Fair, which opened at Des Moines, September 1st, has been unprecedented. Races were run every day.

THE annual exhibition of fruits, flowers and vegetables of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was held in Boston, September 9th-12th.

PRESIDENT HAYES and suite have promised to attend the opening of the Michigan State Fair at Detroit, on September 17th. It will close on the 20th.

THE eleventh annual fair of the Southeastern Indiana Agricultural Society closed at Aurora, September 6th, after a most successful exhibition in every particular.

THE first annual fair of the Kentucky State Agricultural, Mechanical, Zoological and Botanical Association was held at Louisville, September 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

IN the great Exhibition Building in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Fair was opened September 8th. Many relics of the Centennial are seen.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN of Kansas has received a letter from President Hayes accepting the invitation to be present at the agricultural fair to be opened at Neosho, September 25th.

A FEATURE of the St. Louis Fair and Exposition, which opens September 22d, will be the elaborate manœuvres of the military, for which $5,000 worth of prizes are offered.

AMONG the attractions of the Rhode Island State Fair, opened at Providence September 9th, were the champion steer, weighing nearly 4,000 pounds, and the Centennial Queen of Cattle.

THE fifty-first annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society opened in Philadelphia, September 15th, and will close with a promenade concert and reception on Friday evening.

THE Board of Managers of the International Dairy Fair Association have decided upon a second exhibition, to be held at the city of New York during the second and third weeks in December of the present year.

FARMERS generally complain of the horse racing attractions of agricultural exhibitions, claiming that they do not belong in any sense to an exposition of mechanical, industrial, agricultural or artistic interests, and that they distract attention from the legitimate objects.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Spanish Government will dispatch 5,000 troops to Cuba in October and 5,000 more later.

—TWELVE years ago Texas shipped only 75,000 bales of cotton. Last year she shipped 1,000,000 bales.

—GROUND was broken, September 12th, for a theological building at Vanderbilt University, to cost $65,000.

—THE State of Ohio stands fourth in manufactures, the value of the annual product being valued at $270,000,000.

—QUITE a brisk demand for American windmills has sprung up in the British colonies, West India Islands and South America.

—SHAVINGS from a planing-mill in Chicago are, by an air-blast, blown 700 feet through a 15-inch sheet-iron pipe to a distillery, where they are burned for fuel.

—RUSSIA has offered to restore to China the northeastern portion of the occupied territory, provided the Kirghis Nomads who fled to China may be sent back to Kuldja.

—SAVANNAH never before made such an exhibit in general business as she does to-day. She is not only the second cotton port, but the second in naval stores, lumber and rice.

—AN extra issue of the Canadian official *Gazette*, contains an order in Council extending the time for the prohibition of American cattle into the Dominion until the 15th of October.

—THE *Mark Lane Express* estimates that England will require of America 72,000,000 bushels of wheat this year—a quantity equal to the entire import of the United Kingdom five years ago.

—AN experiment at acclimatization is now being made in Holland. Ten thousand salmon fry from California have been put down in the Meuse, at Blerick, and 20,000 others are about to be added.

—THE Institute of International Law, now in session at Brussels, has voted in favor of a resolution recommending that the various States agree that the destruction or injury of submarine telegraph cables is an offense against the law of nations.

—PERFECT tranquillity prevails in the republic. The difference with Spain has been satisfactorily adjusted. Santo Domingo will salute the Spanish flag, the Spanish war-ships will return the salute, and the Governor of Puerto Plata will be removed.

—IT is announced in Dublin that Mr. Parnell and other persons interested in the land question contemplate shortly the issue of an appeal to the Irish people in all parts of the world to aid in the creation of a class of peasant proprietors in Ireland.

—THE Manchester *Guardian* says it is estimated that 30,000 persons are still out of work in Glasgow. The iron trades only are doing well. The building trades are in the worst condition, and it will be necessary again to make provision to assist the unemployed during the coming Winter.

—TRENTON'S manufacturers of pottery never knew business to be so brisk. The capacity has been doubled within the last six months, and new kilns are being put in by almost all the firms. Eighty-four kilns are now in operation, and these have in the last half-year turned out $1,035,000 worth of goods.

—MONTANA during the past sixteen years has produced $153,000,000 of gold and silver. Of this sum $147,000,000 was in gold. This makes Montana rank next to California as a producer of gold. There are already 200 quartz mines in the territory. Iron and lead mines have been opened, and coal is plentiful.

—THE extent of the bituminous fields by which Pittsburg is surrounded is equal to 8,000,000 acres. Estimating the upper seam at eight feet in thickness, it would contain 83,516,480,000 tons, which, at $2 per ton, or a little over seven cents per bushel, would be worth $167,032,960,000; enough to pay the national debt off thirty times.

—TEN arrondissements of Paris are now furnished with small popular libraries, open for two hours in the evening to the public, and the other arrondissements are taking measures with a view to being similarly provided. The average number of readers who frequented these libraries during the first half of the present year was 4,502.

—THE Liverpool Town Council have decided, in accordance with a numerously signed requisition, to establish a horse fair in Liverpool every three months. The fair is expected to prove a very great convenience to farm-owners in Liverpool and the district, who have hitherto often had to scour the country in search of animals to suit their purposes.

—ACCORDING to official statistics furnished by the French War Office, 169,140 men will spend more or less time under the flag this year, in conformity with the new military law. The active army is set down at 479,100 men; the reserve of the active army at 144,510 men and 2,880 officers; the territorial army at 117,900 men and 6,820 officers.

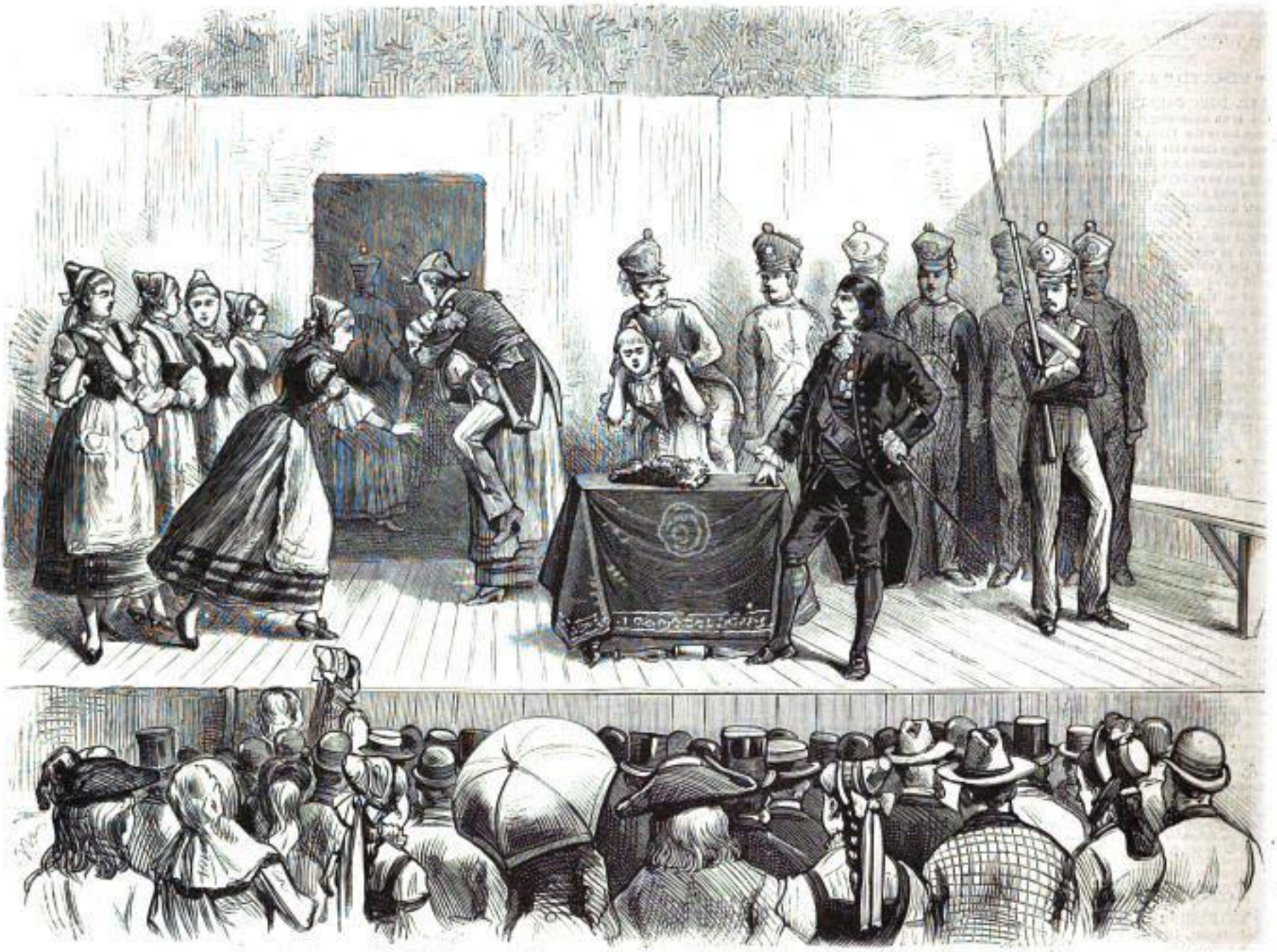
—THE President of the Norfolk Oyster Packing Association says that 3,000,000 bushels of oysters will be taken from the Virginia waters this year, and more than one-third of these will be handled by the packers of Norfolk and Portsmouth. The average value of the oysters is thirty-five cents a bushel, making the oyster trade of Norfolk something like $350,000 a year. The business has been built since the war, and is steadily increasing.

—THE cattle of Texas are not afraid of a man, nor are they afraid of a horse; but they are afraid of a man on a horse. They do not understand, at least they do not seem to understand, that a man on horseback is a combination of animals. Apparently they regard the two as one animal, and one that is too powerful for them. To get off a horse in a herd of wild Texas cattle is almost worth a man's life, and an experienced herder will never do it.

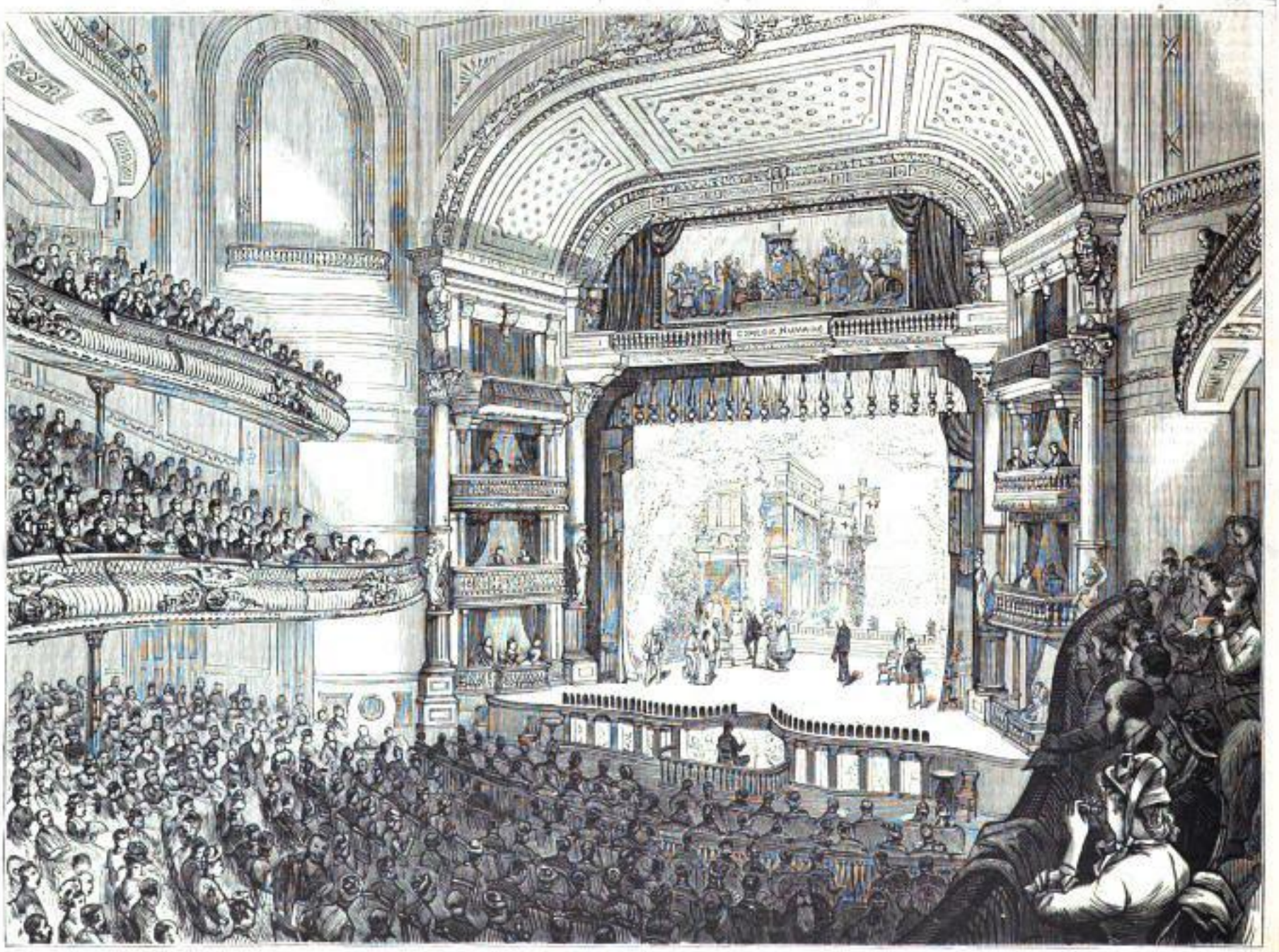
—SHIPBUILDING in Maine appears to be carried on just now with considerable activity; in fact, that State is doing pretty much all of the sailing-vessel building contracted for in American yards. Steel as a substitute for iron in the construction of hulls is exciting some discussion. It is claimed that steel is lighter and in the long run much less expensive than iron. It is believed that its introduction in shipbuilding will work a revolution in that art and turn the tide of business into our shipyards. It is stated that a steel boat is to be built for one of the Hudson River lines.

—A LARGE gun, captured many years ago by the Turks in a war with the Persians, occupies a prominent position in the city of Bagdad, being placed on a kind of scaffold and illuminated at night by four lanterns. The gun is firmly believed to possess the miraculous power of curing fever and warding off its attacks. Accordingly, when fever is most prevalent, dense crowds push and struggle with each other with the object of reaching the gun and rubbing themselves against it. Of late, owing to the scarcity of quinine, the gun has been rubbed against with unusual vigor, and it is credited with miracles of healing that more than atone for any amount of destruction it may have effected in days of yore.

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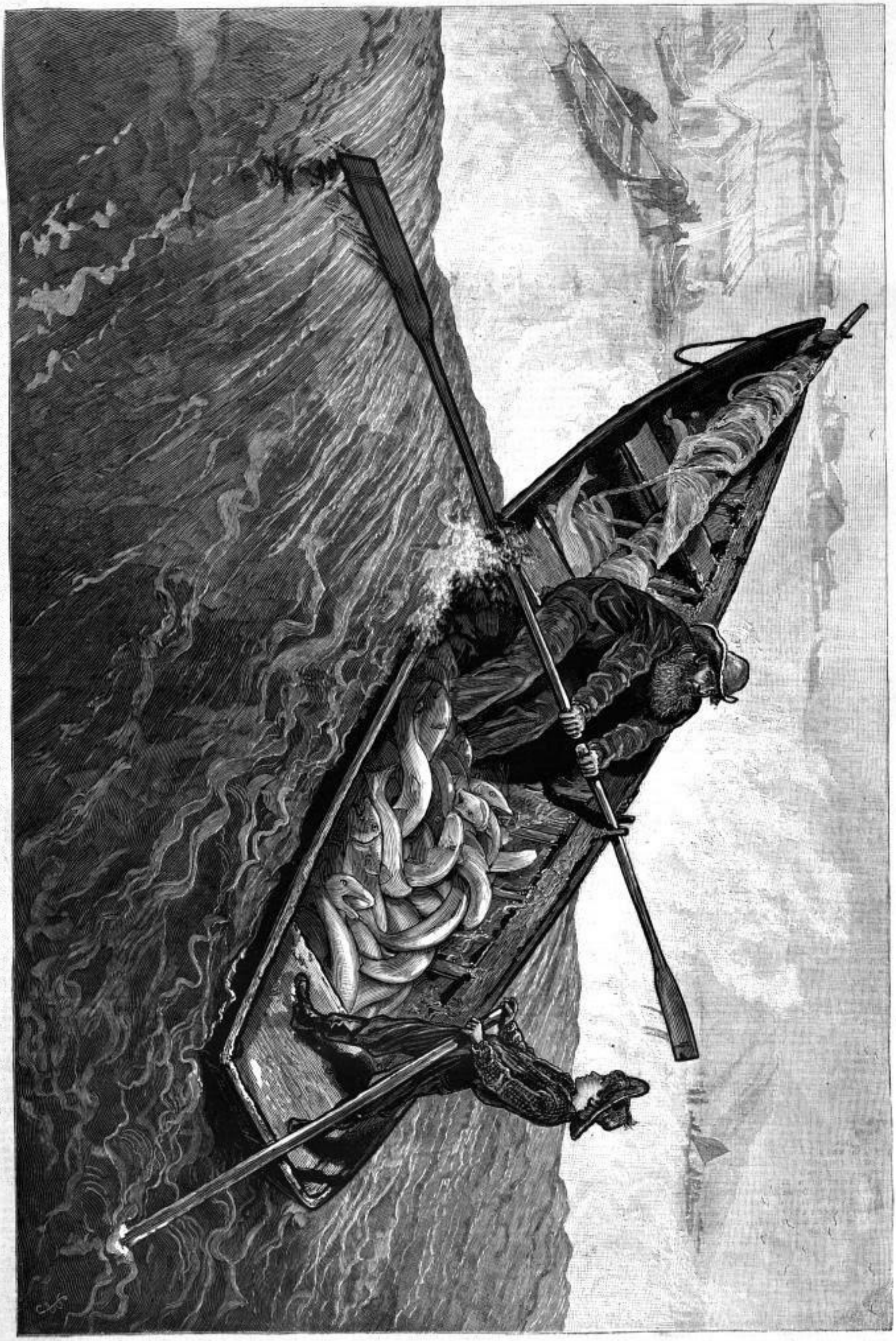


NEW YORK.—SWABIAN VOLKSFEST AT RIDGEWOOD PARK, L. I., SEPTEMBER 7TH–10TH.—DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION OF THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG CARRYING OFF THEIR HUSBANDS.—SEE PAGE 54.



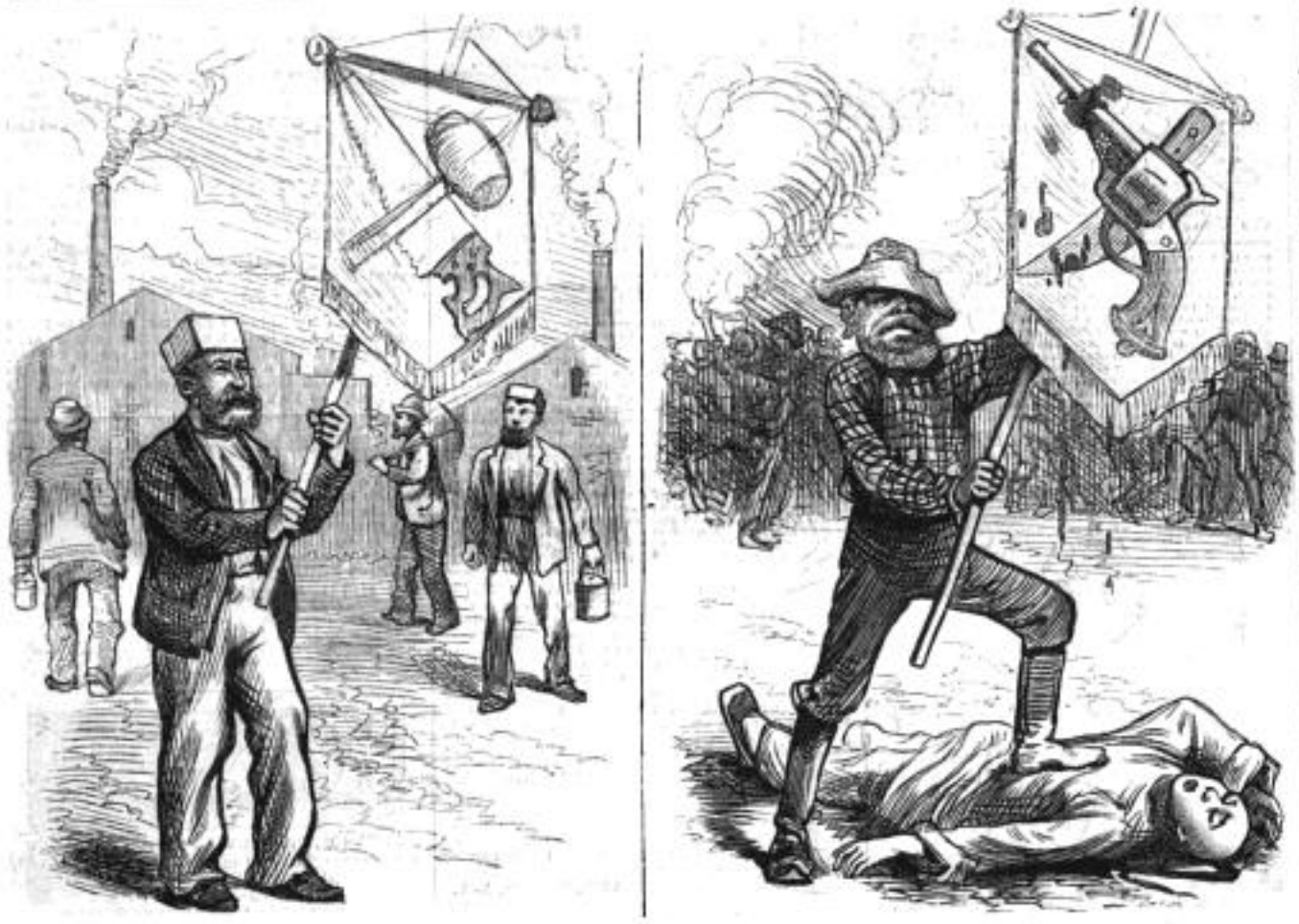
NEW YORK CITY.—THE IMPROVEMENTS IN BOOTH'S THEATRE.—VIEW OF THE NEW PROSCENIUM DURING THE PLAY OF "RESCUED."—SEE PAGE 55.

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MASSACHUSETTS—ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE—A NANTUCKET FISHERMAN RETURNING HOME WITH HIS CATCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 55.

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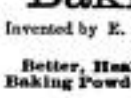
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,252—Vol. XLIX.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879. [Price 10 Cents. $4.00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1.00.

SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI.

THE seventh annual exposition of the industrial interests of Cincinnati was opened on Wednesday, September 10th, in the grand Permanent Building, formerly known as Music Hall.

The arrival of President Hayes and party was an event anticipated with that genuine warmth of sincere friendliness which is the highest possible compliment. Cincinnati put on her robes of rejoicing and decked herself in festal guise to welcome the Chief Magistrate.

A party of distinguished citizens, consisting of two gentlemen from the Exposition Committee and four of the Citizens' Committee, met the Presidential party at Madisonville. Messrs. M. A. Ingalls and J. H. Laws represented the Exposition Commissioners, and the citizens were represented by G. W. Jones, chairman of the committee, and Messrs. J. W. Herron, Sir A. T. Goshorn and Larz Anderson. Mr. Steward, the General Superintendent of the road, was also of the party.

The party left the cars at Madisonville, where they awaited the arrival of the special train containing the Presidential party. The citizens of Madisonville were out in full force, old and young, of all ages, conditions and shades of color. The special train came in sight, arrived, stopped, and Mr. Hayes, hat in hand, stood on the platform bowing and shaking hands with all who crowded eagerly towards him. As the train arrived, there was a call for Mrs. Hayes, who smilingly appeared on the platform and was greeted very warmly by the waiting throng. The Presidential party consists of the President and his wife, R. A. and R. P. Hayes, General W. T. Sherman, Attorney-General Devens, General George A. Forsythe, General William Myers, General J. E. Tourtellotte, General George M. Bacon, staff officers. Mrs. Hayes had her little daughter and her youngest son, Scott, with her.



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY MET AT MADISONVILLE BY THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Arrived at Cincinnati, a military company presented arms, and several policemen kept the passage clear for the party to pass to the carriages in waiting, and almost before the crowd were aware the visitors were driven to the Grand Hotel. Early in the morning the President held a general reception at the hotel, while Mrs. Hayes made calls upon some acquaintances. At two o'clock the President and his suite took their places in the procession, which was unusually prompt in starting. Throughout the line of march all the streets were crowded with people and the windows well filled with sightseers. The first division, which was purely military, acted as an escort to the President and distinguished guests. The trades' display was the first ever seen in this city. At the Exposition Building Mrs. Hayes and two hundred ladies reviewed the procession from the main balcony.

When the procession reached the Exposition Building, Governor Bishop made the opening address, tracing the history of the grounds now covered by the Exposition Buildings from the time of their purchase by the city in 1857 up to the present time.

President Pendleton, of the Exposition Board, followed in an address of welcome. In the course of his remarks he recalled the incident that the Governor of Ohio who opened the first Cincinnati Exposition attends the opening of the seventh as President of the United States.

The President responded to the personal allusions in a brief speech, in which he noted the remarkable revival of business in all sections of the country as a fact full of encouragement, and at the close of his remarks the Seventh Exposition was declared open.



OHIO.—OPENING OF THE SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI IN THE GRAND PERMANENT BUILDINGS, SEPTEMBER 10TH — ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT HAYES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BUILDING, ESCORTED BY THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE PROCESSION.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

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THE MAINE ELECTION AND ITS LESSONS.

WHEN an admirer of Napoleon the First was once vaunting to Christopher North the superiority of the great French warrior over the Duke of Wellington, considered as a military commander, and pointed, in evidence of his assertion, to the alleged fact that the Duke was surprised at the battle of Waterloo, "It may be," replied Christopher, "that the Duke was surprised there, but didn't he *astonish* the Frenchmen in the end by remaining master of the field?" It certainly was a surprise which the Greenback guerillas and their Democratic allies practiced last year on the Republican hosts and their skillful leader, Senator Blaine, when, as the smoke of the battle lifted from the field in Maine, they (the fusionists) found themselves in possession of the enemy's camp, with abundance of "spoils" in prospect. It must, therefore, be with something like astonishment that they now find the fruits of their short-lived victory as suddenly and unexpectedly plucked from their hands as they were suddenly and unexpectedly gained.

Though it is too early as yet to write a complete bulletin of the recent political contest in the Pine-Tree State, or to make up a full list of all the "killed and wounded," enough is definitely known to make it certain that the Republicans have regained the practical control of the State. If they still fall short of an absolute majority in the popular vote, they have recovered their ascendency in both branches of the State Legislature, and will thus be able, according to the way prescribed by the Constitution of the State, to place their gubernatorial candidate in the position he has failed directly to secure by the popular suffrage. It is only by a small contingent of the whole vote, in a vote unusually large, that the Republicans have failed to obtain the absolute majority they desired, and since the percentage of increase in the votes cast by them is greatly superior to the similar percentage of their allied opponents, it is obvious that the former rather than the latter are "on the gaining hand" in Maine, and may more confidently count on winning the electoral vote of that State in the next Presidential election, if they shall learn how to use their victory with discretion.

That the "stalwarts" of Maine have much to learn under this latter head is made evident by the political "upturning" of the last year, and by the undisguised restiveness with which moderate Republicans, of the ex-Governor Chamberlain school, have threatened to kick in the party traces. And that they are likely to profit by the lesson administered to them may be inferred from the sagacity which the Republican leaders have previously displayed in interpreting "the hand of Providence" when it is held up in a threatening posture through the ballot-box.

That the Greenbackers and the Democrats of Maine have much more to learn, if they hope to retrieve their fallen fortunes in that State, it is not at all necessary for us to say in view of the confusion which has just waited on their united banners. As far as regards the financial issue (the leading issue of the pending Autumnal elections, as we regard it), the Greenbackers of Maine, as of every other State, have been doomed to fight a losing battle ever since the resumption of specie payments on the first of January last. After the sacrifices already made, and properly, because necessarily, made in order to place the business of the country on a stable foundation, the people of the United States do not mean that the hands shall be put back on the dial, but are rather intent on pushing them forward until they shall point not only to a "parity of purchasing value between paper and coin," but to a revolution of all the outstanding questions which still threaten us with a liability to the perils of inflation or to the mischiefs of a depreciated currency on a mono-metallic basis.

And the Democrats of Maine are now in a position to calculate what they have gained by sacrificing the hereditary principles of their party in order to patch up a temporary alliance with an ephemeral organization. A party which throws its ancient principles overboard in order to snatch a transient triumph from chance or fate, is a party which has already lost faith in itself, and therefore lost its hold on the confidence of the people. Where men fall away from their historical convictions, the outer lapse is a sure mark of a worse decay in that inner creed which is the bond of all concerted action in the field of politics. For the lack of this unifying principle no "cement of public plunder" can furnish a substitute. The long supremacy of the Whigs in England during the reign of Queen Anne is explained by the fact, as Burke recites, that their wise leaders, Sunderland, Godolphin, Somers and Marlborough believed, in common with their followers, that no men can act with effect who do not act in concert; that no men can act in concert who do not act with confidence, and that no men can act with confidence who are not bound together by "common opinions, common affections, and common interests."

Unless the opinions which bind men together in political activity are sufficiently strong to be held with tenacity; unless their "common affections" are genuine and their "common interests" are solid, we must be content to see the game of politics degenerate into a mere scuffle for place without regard to honor or consistency. In so saying, we are not making a plea for party spirit, since party spirit, as we have remarked before, is never so bitter and proscriptive as when it is divorced from real and substantial issues capable of being upheld or opposed in the field of debate. It is the absence of real and vital issues to which their faith can attach that has made the Democrats "a prey to ill-advised coalitions in Maine, Massachusetts and Ohio. It is not the coalitions which have stripped the party of its native strength in these States. It is because the party in these States was already stripped of its native strength that it stooped to enter into the coalitions, and it must find itself before it can hope to find the path that leads to victory.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.

IF we are to believe the correspondents, King Alfonso of Spain has lost no time in wooing the fair Archduchess Marie Christina of Austria. The scene of their brief courtship was the pretty French watering-place of Arcachon, on the Bay of Biscay, whither the Archduchess, spite of her jaunty declaration that "if he wants to win me, let him come and woo me," went from Vienna to meet him. The two, we are told, during their sojourn there, were inseparable, walking the gardens hand-in-hand in true lover fashion, and the King declaring himself to be supremely happy. Indeed, in the ardor of his passion His Majesty has committed several breaches of rigid Spanish etiquette, making unexpected calls, kissing his hand to the numerous balconies of the villa where his fair lady was enshrined, etc. And yet it is only a year and a half since the bells were pealing for his marriage with Princess Mercedes, and only a few months since the same bells were tolling the requiem of his bride and queen, dead in the bloom of her golden youth.

The Archduchess Christina is the daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Hapsburg, who was a grandson of the Emperor Leopold of Austria. She is just twenty-one years of age, is finely educated, an excellent linguist, and has a keen taste for the piquancy and splendors of life. The advances of King Alfonso were not at first received with favor by the Austrian Government, but difficulties were gradually removed, though some peculiar conditions were imposed by the Hapsburgs. As stated by a correspondent, "the series of mysterious deaths in the royal family of Spain in the course of the last twelve months caused a good deal of apprehension among the Austrians, and made them hesitate at accepting the proposals of an alliance. But in due time a compromise was elaborated. The new Queen will take with her from Vienna her own medical attendant, her own private secretary, three ladies of honor and three chamberlains, and will, moreover, be dowered from His Majesty's personal property, the capital of the same to be deposited in a foreign bank, beyond the reach of revolutions and *pronunciamientos*, which, as experience has shown, sometimes drive kings and queens into exile and poverty." The same writer adds:

"The marriage is not likely to be popular. It is opposed by even consistent Royalists, who point to history to prove that Austrian alliances have always brought ill-luck with them: while the Liberals are alarmed by the probable consequences of such a union. The Archduchess is almost fanatical in her attachment to the Catholic Church, and they believe will be so much under the influence of the clergy that the moral conquests of 1868 may be imperilled. All these considerations are certainly of great weight in a country which, like Spain, has only recently and with difficulty emerged from a period of constant revolution, but Spanish politicians should have urged them sooner; and such is the influence—backed by intelligent bayonets—of the Prime Minister, that I think we may count upon a favorable vote of the Cortes, when the representatives of the people meet on the 5th of October, and that the nuptial ceremonies will be celebrated with great pomp, at Madrid, immediately after the expiration of the mourning for the Infanta Doña Maria del Pilar, excepting always some new family bereavement shall again necessitate an adjournment."

It is said that Alfonso has munificently ordered the rooms which were prepared for Mercedes in his different palaces to be newly furnished for his consort that is to be. She will have the satisfaction of knowing that there is not in her apartments a single object to remind the King of her interesting predecessor. She will be fortunate, indeed, if the world shall find in her the same sweet and tender graces which won for Mercedes the homage of all noble hearts.

FINANCIAL PERIODICITY.

IN an address on the business situation before the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, on the 10th instant, President Hayes quoted the statement of an English writer that there is a regular periodicity in the recurrence of hard times; that in England they return in about ten years, and in this country once in about twenty years. There is certainly some ground for this statement as to the periodicity of financial disasters. Let us illustrate. The year 1837 will be remembered as peculiarly a "panic" year. So great was the financial embarrassment in this country that Congress was convened three months in advance of its customary date of meeting for the purpose of considering the situation. Ten years and a quarter later, or in November, 1847, Great Britain was visited by a grave commercial and financial crisis. Among the banks which suspended payment were the Royal Bank of Liverpool, North and South Wales Bank, Newcastle Union Joint-stock Bank, and many others. Of important commercial houses which failed were Barton, Islam & Higginson, for £1,000,000; Barclay Bros. & Co., £450,000; D. & A. Denny, Glasgow, £300,000. The Funds fell to 79¼, and the rate at the bank ranged from 8 to 12 per cent., while out of doors accommodation could scarcely be obtained at any price. Altogether, in the month of November, there were in Great Britain 242 heavy failures during this crisis.

Turning now to 1857—which will also be remembered as a panic year in this country—we find that on November 9th occurred the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland, which was only "the forerunner of a series of commercial disasters of unusual magnitude." An authority relates that "the bank had for years been in an insolvent condition, owing to the immense advances made by the late manager to speculating firms whose assets were of a merely nominal character." On December 17th the total liabilities of this bank were declared to be £8,911,932. On the 11th the City of Glasgow Bank closed its doors, and this one was followed by the Liverpool Borough Bank (liabilities £5,000,000). The commercial prostration was terrible. Sanderson, Sandeman & Co. failed for £5,000,000; Dennistoun & Co. for £2,000,000; the bullion in the Bank of England diminished to £7,171,000, while its notes in circulation amounted to £60,000,000. Finally, Parliament was called together "to consider the alarming financial condition of the country."

Referring, lastly, to 1866, it is noticeable that the now celebrated "Black Friday" occurred on May 11th, Overend, Gurney & Co. having failed on the day previous for £11,000,000. On "Black Friday" Peto & Betts failed for £4,000,000; Shrimpton, railway contractor, £200,000; while the shares in Agra & Masterman's bank, which had been thirty-three premium at the beginning of the year, fell to one discount.

It has been seen that the City of Glasgow Bank failed November 11th, 1857. Last year it failed again on October 2d, and this failure was followed by the stoppage of many of the most prominent financial institutions and business firms in Great Britain.

The periods of the financial crises named as occurring in England have been 1837, 1847, 1857, 1867, 1878—an average of ten years and a quarter elapsing between each. There is enough in this periodicity, perhaps, to warrant financial wiseacres in investigating the question whether or not financial conditions — like suicides, post-office irregularities, etc.—may not be governed by inflexible natural laws; and, as the "sage of Brooklyn Heights" used to say, "occur in cycles."

MR. EVARTS IN CANADA.

THE visit of Secretary Evarts to Canada last week, as the guest of the Governor-General, was marked by a variety of incidents at once pleasant and significant. The Secretary was everywhere received with demonstrations of kindliness and good feeling, and every possible opportunity was taken by those with whom he came in contact to express a hearty desire for a closer intercourse between Canada and the United States. On the occasion of a reception at Toronto, Mr. Evarts took occasion to speak of the political relations of the two countries, referring especially to the Fishery question, of which he spoke as follows:

"So far as any future relations of the two countries to the Fishery question are concerned, as the Treaty of Washington has made but a temporary provision, terminating now in six years, of course there will be some negotiations; but it is scarcely necessary for me to say that those negotiations will be conducted on our part, and certainly on the part of England so far as we have any opinion or feeling, in a quiet, and I think I may say—for the people pride themselves on their good sense on both sides of the water—in as sensible a way as any subjects of dispute are ever conducted. I imagine that there is constantly pressing on the minds of those who live upon the borders of these two great nations a wish that the commercial, the custom-house and duty embarrassment may be reduced to a minimum, and that there may be as free a flow of commerce between the two communities as the interests of the two may render possible. Of course, we don't always agree when we are on two sides of a great national consideration; any more than when we are on the opposing sides of a private litigation—but this teaches us, at least, one thing, that on both sides of the line these matters are governed by the pretty strong predominance of what we may call human nature. It is a pretty constant quantity in public as well as in private affairs, and if the most enlightened and the most patient and the most benevolent treatment can be applied to all these subjects on one side and the other it will end, I have no doubt, in the great extension of freedom of intercourse and a great reduction of the embarrassments which are felt, I suppose, to be quite unsuitable between communities so much alike and where freedom of intercourse is so desirable."

THE CABUL REVOLT.

DESTINY seems resolved, latterly, to be unpropitious to the political fortunes of Lord Beaconsfield. Just as it seemed certain that England had emerged from her Asiatic and African wars, and after Lord Beaconsfield had indulged himself in complacent congratulations, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, upon the successful issue of all England's foreign troubles, the horrible revolt and massacre of Cabul occurred to utterly spoil the fair prospect, and to turn the feeling of triumph into one of fresh anxiety and alarm. A new war, or at least renewed hostilities, must be undertaken in Afghanistan at once. Indeed, scarcely had the news of the revolt arrived, when the further intelligence came that General Roberts was already moving on Candahar.

The most striking feature, perhaps, of the tragedy by which Major Cavagnari and his staff met their deaths, is its vivid resemblance to what took place in the Anglo-Afghan war of nearly forty years ago. Then, as now, the English invaded Afghanistan, overturned the reigning Ameer, Dust Mohamed, and replaced him with Shojar, a ready tool of English interests. Then, as now, the victory of the English seemed complete, and their possession of Cabul, the capital, secure. Then, as now, the Cabulese populace, joined by disaffected soldiery, rose in revolt, attacked the English Residency, and murdered Sir Alexander Burnes, the English Resident. It is to be hoped that the sequel of the dismal story will not be as closely repeated; that the remnant of the British force at Cabul will not be, as the remnant of 1842 was, utterly annihilated by their semi-barbarous foes.

But in any event the Afghan War is to be resumed. The "scientific frontier" must still be fought for. Whether Yakoob Khan, the Ameer placed on the Afghan throne by the English, is a traitor to them or has been overcome by his own subjects, a rule must still be established at Cabul favorable to their interests, and Cabul itself secured against a similar outbreak in future. There can be no turning back. At whatever cost of men, money and popularity, the Beaconsfield and Lytton policy must be inexorably pursued. That policy is nothing more nor less than the attempt, in the struggle between England and Russia for supremacy in Asia, to gain for England the advantage derived from the military command of Cabul. Larger forces must now occupy that stronghold; a more able and self-sustaining tool than Yakoob Khan must be placed upon the throne of Shere Ali; and the Indian frontier must be strengthened. Nor may this be all that is necessary to secure the much-talked-of "scientific" defense. It is very likely that the English may deem it imperative to occupy Herat. It is even possible that they may venture upon the conquest of Merv. There is but too palpable proof that Russia has secured the friendship of the Persian Shah; and the danger from that side has been growing week by week. All this involves a perfect labyrinth of peril to the English Government. No step can now be taken forward without risking a direct collision with Russia. It will require a most delicate diplomacy, with Russian troops on the right bank of the Oxus and the English threatening Herat, to avoid a *casus belli*. Then, in England itself, the political dangers of the Tory Cabinet have grown wonderfully formidable by reason of the Cabul revolt. The small but vigorous party which has been boldly asserting that India "does not pay," and which hints that it were better to abandon that magnificently expensive appanage of the Crown than to go to more wars and cost to defend it, will derive fresh strength from the disaster. The still larger party which has always denounced the Afghan War, has refused to sanction its policy or its expense, and has continually

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predicted misfortune from it, will renew its attack upon Lord Beaconsfield with a new vigor and will be far more energetically backed by popular opinion than before. It will be no easy task for the Premier to hold his own, even with the present docile Tory Parliament; and, should any exigency arise forcing him to dissolve it, his chances for a victory at the polls will be vastly lessened.

The revolt at Cabul, in brief, is likely to lead to very grave complications and consequences. It reopens a dismal past and it once more brings to the front the whole subject of the British rule in India. The present miserable condition of that Empire, the enormous expense attending its rule even in time of external peace, the necessity for ever arising to enter upon unheroic wars to defend it, the perpetual misunderstandings, now with Afghanistan, now with Russia, now with Burmah, now with Persia, will once more be sharply reviewed, both at home in England, in Europe and in Asia; and the questions are likely to be more than ever pressed upon the English people—first, whether they can afford to retain their hold upon India; and, secondly, whether they are going to be able to retain that hold at all.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE insurrection in Cabul and the probable consequences of a renewal of the struggle for British supremacy in Afghanistan are commented upon elsewhere. Naturally this particular subject has absorbed public attention in England to the exclusion of almost everything else. The labor troubles in many of the manufacturing centres still continue, and the outlook for the industrial classes generally is gloomy in the extreme. In Scotland, especially, the depression is becoming terrible. For many years past landowners have been gradually dispossessing the people of almost foothold on the land, while counties that were formerly as blooming gardens have been turned into veritable wildernesses, over which no man must tread without permission. Former inhabitants have been crowded to the large towns or seaside villages, there to seek a precarious subsistence, and, as a result, there is a vast number of people, unemployed, in Glasgow and elsewhere, who are suffering severely. Divorced from the land, these poor people are thoroughly dependent on the fluctuations of trade, and when, as at present, depression exists, they starve.

The Austrian occupation of Novi-Bazar, guaranteed to her under the Berlin Treaty, is being accomplished with the co-operation of the Turkish authorities. Austria's hold on Bosina and Herzegovina has made the advance of her troops entirely feasible and safe, and Novi-Bazar once occupied, lying as it does between Servia and Montenegro, with the Ottoman frontier on the southeast, she will possess a vantage-ground which will enable her to promote her commercial and political interests in the East. It is intimated that Austria has guaranteed the Sultan his European possessions in consideration of Turkey's non-resistance to the Novi-Bazar occupation; the statement, however, lacks confirmation. It is not probable that Russia will regard the extension of the Austrian frontier upon such conditions as these with any extraordinary enthusiasm.

Another batch of the amnestied Communists have reached Paris from Noumea, and been most hospitably received by their friends. A number of the amnestied died on the homeward voyage, and several others were severely ill, owing, it is alleged, to the insufficiency and poor quality of the food supplied them. M. Waddington has renewed his proposal to resign the French Premiership, but will remain in office, it is now understood, until the Senate shall dispose of the Ferry Education Bill.

The Spanish Government is again confronted by the spectre of revolt in Cuba. Many of the leading politicians express serious apprehension as to the outcome of the present perturbations; but none of them as yet seem to comprehend that the true way to deal with the Cuban question is to recognize the right of the people to at least a modified self-government, and cut up by the roots the abuses in the island administration—and especially the onerous system of taxation—which have produced the existing discontent. Some thousands of troops are to be sent out from Spain, most of whom will probably perish from climatic disorders without at all contributing to the permanent pacification of the island.

A special conference of the International Congress of Meteorology will be held at Hamburg, on the 1st of October, to consider a scheme for the establishment of observing stations within the circumpolar regions. The stations proposed are the north coasts of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemila, the North Cape, the mouth of the Lena, Point Barrow, and the east and west coasts of Greenland, as far north as possible. Lieutenant Weyprecht, with whom the scheme originates, has determined, whatever the conference may decide, to proceed to some one of the points named, and he will stay at the station selected for twelve months, making observations of all phenomena that are likely to be of use in promoting the study of meteorology. Important scientific results may be achieved by this enterprise.

The negotiations between the Vatican and the German Government appear to be at a standstill. The Pope is said to have suggested, in an autograph letter to the Emperor William, that the direct intervention of the latter in the way of clemency is the only way to restore harmony. The Government has informed the Catholic clergy of Munster, who petitioned for the removal of hindrances to religious instruction in schools, that nothing will be done to effect an essential change until the Catholic Church formally acknowledges the inalienable right of the State to make its own laws.

The readers of Stanley's story of his African explorations will recall King Mtesa, ruling near Victoria Nyanza, who proved himself, under peculiar circumstances, the sturdy friend of the explorer. It is now announced that Mtesa has abolished slavery throughout his dominions. As the result of this decree a million of slaves were liberated in a single day. This act of a savage chief in the heart of the Dark Continent shines with singular lustre in contrast with the despotic policy of some Christian monarchs.

The latest story as to King Cetewayo is that he is still at large, but has only two followers.—The Irish Home Rulers propose to hold a popularly elected convention of 300 members—the same number as composed the former Irish Parliament—to discuss Irish questions before the next session of Parliament.—No results have yet been reached by the commission on the rectification of the Greek frontier, and the outlook is not encouraging.—Sympathy with the Memphis yellow fever sufferers extends to Paris, where a festival in aid of the relief fund is proposed.

THE Butler Greenbackers in Massachusetts have eclipsed all competitors in their bid for the soldier vote. Their platform includes a proposition that soldiers of the late war ought to be paid the difference between the price of greenbacks received by them during the war, about forty cents on the dollar, and the present price of the same currency, with interest from the date of each payment, now amounting to about $500 a man. Could even Butler demagoguery any further go?

THE movement in favor of the metric system is gaining ground. Resolutions favoring the system and an international coinage on the gramme weight of gold, nine-tenths fine, was adopted by the American Social Science Association at its Saratoga meeting last week. The resolutions urge the passage of the Bill now before Congress, providing that hereafter metric denominations of weight and measure shall be introduced into and made obligatory in the service of Custom Houses for invoices expressed metrically.

IT is estimated that England will need, for the current cereal year, 128,000,000 bushels of wheat to meet the requirements of her home consumption. A competent London authority estimates the money value of the deficiencies in the several crops in the United Kingdom as follows: Wheat, $125,000,000; beans, peas and rye, $15,000,000; potatoes, $75,000,000; hops, $6,250,000, and hay, $78,000,000; making a total loss of $296,000,000. This is equal to a loss of about $25 per acre on the land under cultivation.

A NEW line of steamships between Philadelphia and Marseilles and other Mediterranean ports is about to be established. It will be started with English steamers of about 3,500 tons burden, but it is intended to replace them with American steamers at an early date. The outward cargoes will be of coal and other products of American industry, while the return freights will consist of the usual materials of a Mediterranean cargo for America. Philadelphia merchants appear to be giving a good deal of attention to the development of the Mediterranean trade.

AMERICAN manufacturers of cotton goods are about to make an effort to establish a trade with Africa. Commodore Shufeldt, of the *Ticonderoga*, has supplied samples of the goods now sent to that country by England, with the prices charged therefor, and those who have looked into the matter are confident that we can furnish goods of the same quality at a lower price. Most of the goods are of red and other brilliant colors, and if our manufacturers will take pains to adapt their products to the African taste, there can scarcely be a question as to their success in competing with the English dealers.

THE Mormons of Utah have not succeeded in their efforts to secure for the convicted polygamist, Reynolds, a modification of the rigors of imprisonment. The United States Marshal has been instructed from Washington that Reynolds is not to be treated any better than other criminals under his care: that he is being punished for a crime, and that his punishment must be in all respects similar to that of persons undergoing sentence in the Utah Penitentiary. It is gratifying to find that the Federal authority is at last to be unsparingly enforced against the polygamous abomination and its supporters.

THE announcement was made the other day that a dispatch had been received in France from the steamer *Faraday*, engaged in laying the new French cable in mid-ocean. This feat would seem to demonstrate the practicability of the idea of General A. J. Myer, of the United States Signal Service, that ocean signal-stations may be established in lines traversing the ocean parallel with and over the telegraphic cables, and in communication with either Continent. General Myer's plan, not yet definitely or officially broached, contemplates the employment of six or more ships, anchored like the lightship off Sandy Hook, as stations, at distances of 250 miles or less apart, all to have telegraphic communication with the ocean cable, and so being able to dispatch from mid-ocean to the central office in Washington, thence to be distributed over the world, intelligence of any impending storm, or of any violent perturbation already abroad upon the waste of waters, or of any meteorological or other fact in which the world has an actual concern. Such a proposition as this would, a few years ago, have seemed the dream of wild fanaticism; but it appears now to be quite as possible of accomplishment as much that has already been achieved in the matter of weather forecasts.

DENIS KEARNEY seems to have recovered from his recent attack of moderation and conservatism, and is again on the rampage in genuine sand-lot fashion. The present object of his animosity is General Grant, whom he proposes to hang and burn in effigy on his arrival in San Francisco. This proposition is said to have created intense indignation on the Pacific Coast, and it is intimated that an attempt to carry it out would be likely to result in very serious consequences to the blatant Kearney. The people of San Francisco are distinguished for nothing so much as hospitality, and they will not tamely permit a deliberate insult to be offered to a guest so distinguished as the ex-President, who comes covered with honors from all the peoples he has visited.

THE next Legislature of Maine will include an unusual number of members of high ability. Among other conspicuous gentlemen who were chosen at the recent election was the Hon. Eugene Hale, who has acquired a national reputation as a Representative in Congress, and who does not, apparently, think it beneath his dignity to serve his constituents in the more obscure position of a State legislator. If our men of experience and real ability, everywhere throughout the country, would act up to the same conception of personal duty and consent to serve the people in any capacity, however humble, to which they might be called, the public service would soon become something better than the refuge for incapables and tricksters which it now so largely is. There can be no genuine elevation of the character of the public administration or improvement of the quality of our laws so long as our best citizens refuse to occupy public stations.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable documents ever issued by the Federal Government is that on the state of labor in Europe, being a compilation of reports from United States Consuls, showing the rates of wages, cost of living to the laborers, the business habits and systems of all the principal European countries. A wide diffusion of the information contained in this volume, illustrating the vastly superior condition of the laboring classes in this country as contrasted with that of the toiling masses of Europe, would do more to put an end to the industrial agitation stimulated and encouraged by demagogues and charlatans than any and all other means which it is possible to employ. If the Government cannot afford to place a copy of this book in the hands of every workingman and laborer, then it should be done by employers and trade associations who are so largely interested in the cure of the evils of strikes and consequent industrial disintegration.

A PARTY of over eighty English farmers reached this port last week, *en route* for Texas, where they have secured lands, and propose to make a struggle for independence. In conversation, they uniformly represented that they had decided to abandon their English homes only because they had found that they were fighting a losing battle with circumstances which they were powerless to overcome. One of them stated the case of the English tenant-farmer as follows:

"The best land of England is now, as it has been for years, held by the gentry. Such land as they can do without, that they do not wish to preserve for hunting purposes or for their own farms, they rent to cnants. These tenants are generally men whose fathers and grandfathers have rented and cultivated the same lands. With them the task has been one of constant effort to make bad lands productive. The contest has been so laborious that men are living, and in this party, who know that the tenants are no better off now than they were forty years ago. Some of them are poorer. We have found in recent years that while we could raise good crops of straw we could not produce large kernels of grain, and that in spite of all our efforts our grain was smaller and our labor was gradually becoming less remunerative. For some time back we have considered this situation in meetings of farmers, and, looking about for a land in which the conditions appeared to be most favorable, we struck upon Texas."

Other parties of farmers will follow the company just arrived, and if their expectations are realized, the population of Texas and other States will be largely increased from this quarter. All the tenant-farmers now contemplating emigration possess some ready money, and their chances of success will therefore be greater than those of the ordinary immigrant.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Maryland Greenbackers have nominated Howard Meeks for Governor.

HENRY J. GULLY, on trial at De Kalb, Miss., for the murder of Cornelia Chisholm, has been acquitted.

THE Democrats of Wisconsin have nominated Mr. Alexander Mitchell for Governor, but he declines to accept.

A CONVENTION of the colored men of the State of New York will be held at Elmira on the 14th day of October.

THE Astley Belt walk, it has finally been arranged, will begin at the Madison Square Garden, in this city, September 22d.

A MALADY called spotted fever has caused fifty deaths in the counties of Polk, Paulding, and Haralson, Georgia, within a fortnight.

A COMMITTEE of the Georgia Legislature has discovered irregularities in the office of the State Treasurer, and recommends that he be impeached.

MR. NATHAN APPLETON addressed an audience of capitalists and others at Chickering Hall, in this city, last week, in behalf of the Panama Canal project.

REPUBLICAN caucuses in Massachusetts so far have chosen 556 delegates, of whom 247 are pledged to Pierce for Governor, 226 for Long, and 83 uncommitted.

A REUNION of the prisoners of war during the rebellion will be held on October 1st and 2d at Toledo. About 2,000 have expressed their intention of attending.

THE Republicans of Maryland have nominated James A. Gray for Governor; Samuel Mollaken for Comptroller; and Francis M. Darby for Attorney-General.

MEMPHIS is still ravaged by yellow fever. Twenty-seven new cases and eleven deaths were reported September 12th. The Howard Association is in need of financial aid.

THE Massachusetts Greenbackers have nominated General B. F. Butler for Governor, Wendell Phillips for Lieutenant-Governor, and Jonathan Arnold for Secretary of State.

THE post-office at Canandaigua, N. Y., was broken into September 14th, the safe blown open, and $2,000 in money and a large number of stamps and registered letters taken.

MR. CHESTER A. ARTHUR has been elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York, and the work of organizing for the campaign has already commenced.

THE Essex County (N. J.) Grand Jury has found an indictment for murder in the first degree against Joseph A. Blair, who shot his coachman, John Armstrong, at Montclair last June.

ACTING CASHIER W. W. KEENE, of the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis, is a defaulter to the extent of $135,000, which he has lost in speculations. About $8,000 was recovered.

THE total vote in Maine will, it is estimated, reach about 139,000, and leave Mr. Davis, Republican, lacking only from 300 to 500 votes of an absolute majority. Both branches of the Legislature are Republican.

COLONEL THOMAS SCOTT, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has returned from his European trip in improved health. He is said to have made financial arrangements in Europe which insure the completion of the Texas and Pacific Railroad.

A CALL has been issued by General P. H. Sheridan for a meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, to be held in Washington November 19th and 20th, the anniversary of the battle of Missionary Ridge. The statue of General Thomas will then be unveiled.

DURING the month of August 12,131 immigrants arrived at this port, an increase of 4,000 over the number in August, 1878. During the first nine months of this year, over 80,000 immigrants have landed here, 1,010 having arrived in one day last week.

A MEETING of the World's Fair Committee in this city, held last week, adopted a resolution reaffirming the determination to hold the fair in 1883, a year having significance as the centennial of the ending of the war for independence, and recommending that September 23d and November 25th, 1883, be days of special celebration.

THE New York State Democratic Convention met at Syracuse on Wednesday, September 10th, and on the following day a full ticket was nominated amid great confusion and excitement. The ticket bears the names of all the State officials excepting Lieutenant-Governor Dornheimer, for whom Hon. Clarkson N. Potter was substituted. As soon as it was evident that Governor Robinson would be renominated, the Tammany delegates withdrew to another hall and formed into a convention and nominated Hon. John Kelly for Governor, while agreeing to support the balance of the State ticket.

Foreign.

TWO hundred houses in the town of Viazama, Russia, have been destroyed by fire.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF attributes Prince Bismarck's hostility to his friendliness for France.

TURKISH troops have been sent from Constantinople to repress the insurrection which has broken out in Kurdistan, Asia Minor.

EASTERN ROUMELIA is reported to be in a state of anarchy; a great Slav kingdom is contemplated by the secret societies of the province.

THE French harvest shows a deficiency of 5,500,000 hectolitres, equal to about 14,000,000 bushels, which must be supplied by imports.

IN Afghanistan the mutineers are advancing on Jelalabad and Cabul. General Roberts's forces are also menaced, and he has called for four more regiments.

ALL the directors of the West of England and South of Wales District Bank, except one, have been committed for trial for publishing false balance sheets.

AT the second election in Bordeaux, France, September 14th, for Member of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Blanqui was defeated by 258 votes in a poll of 9,138.

THE Italian provisional estimates for 1880 show a decrease of 28,060,000 lire in the receipts, without counting the reduction of the grist tax. The War Office expenditure exceeds that of 1879 by 8,000,000 lire.

IT is stated that the King of Abyssinia claims the whole of the strip of coast which was ceded to Egypt in 1877, and also several towns and the territory to which they are situated. If his demands are rejected war is apprehended.

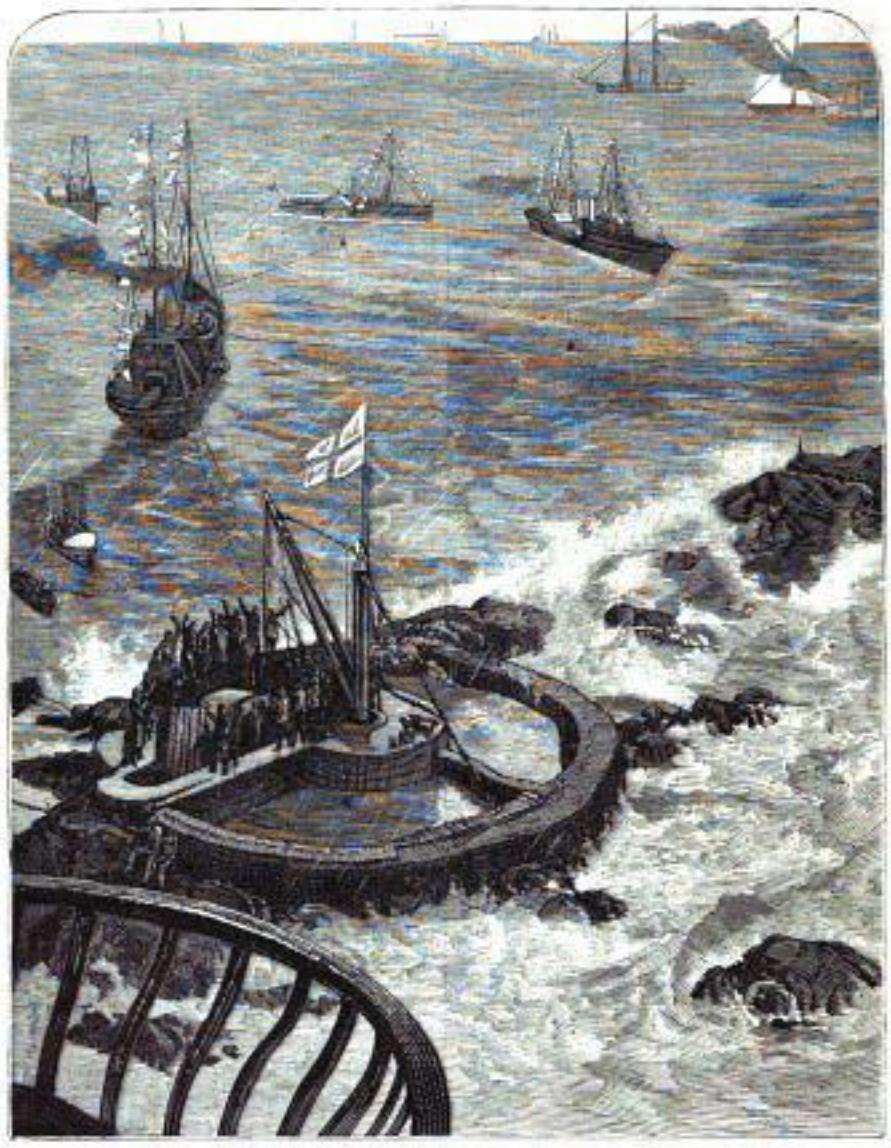
THE breaking up of the old Arctic exploring ship *Resolute* is now complete. The commemorative piece of furniture to be constructed from a portion of the timbers for the President of the United States will probably be in the form of an elaborate secretaire.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



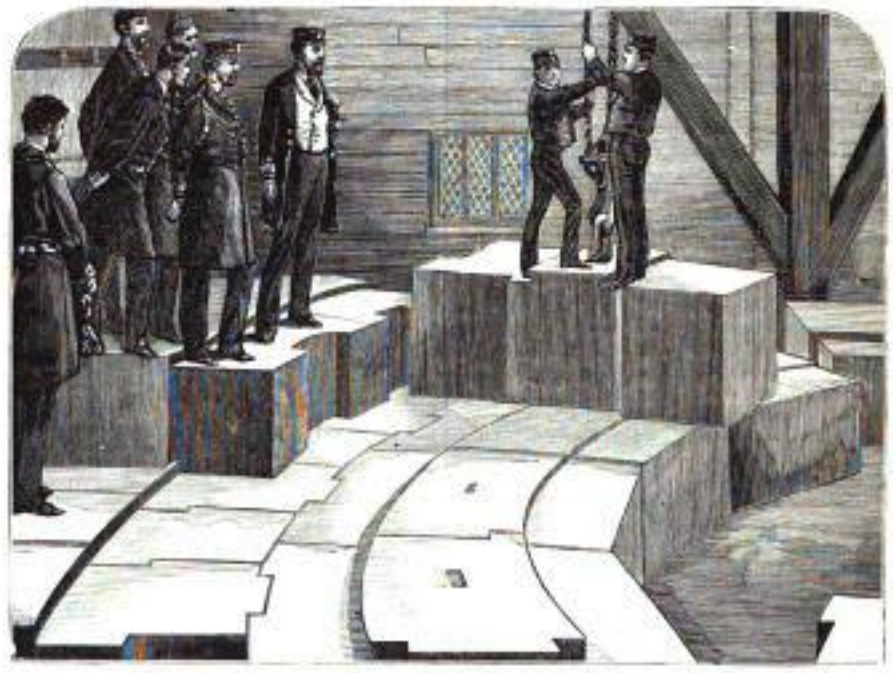
AFRICA.—THE IMPENDING RELIGIOUS WAR—THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO TAKING A RIDE IN STATE.



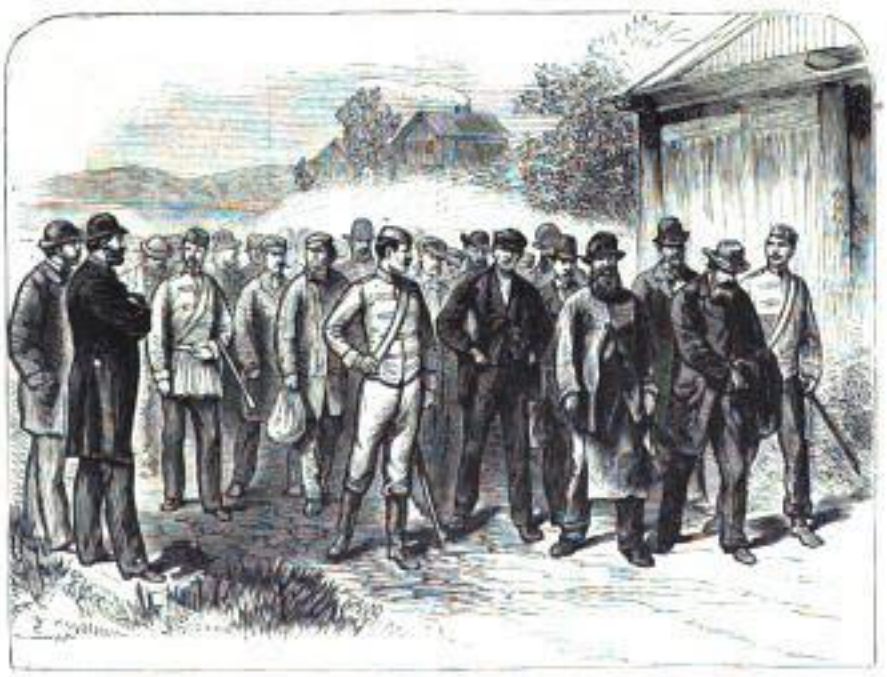
ENGLISH CHANNEL.—LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE.



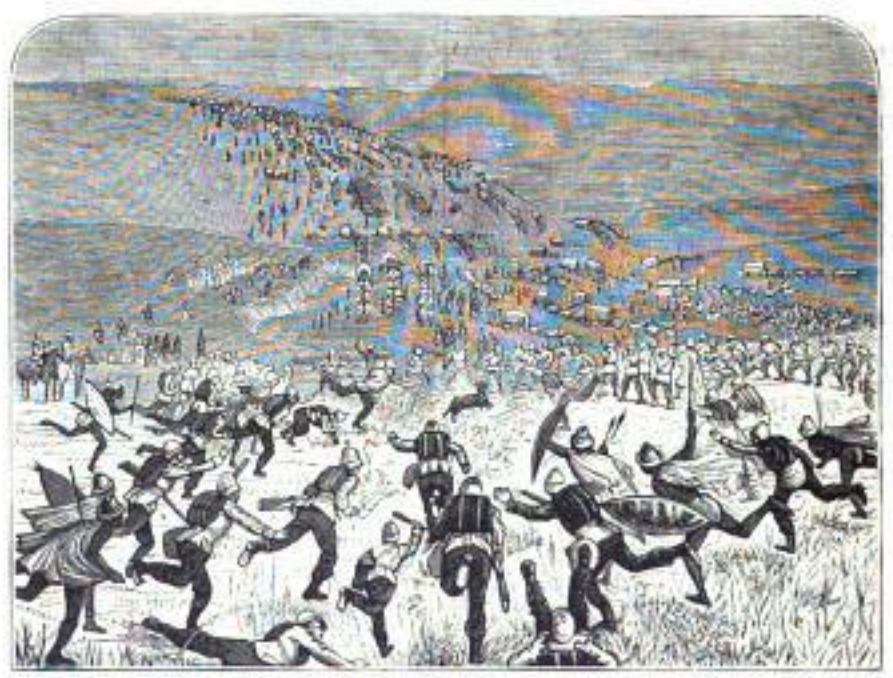
SPAIN.—ANOTHER ESCAPE OF THE KING—OVERTURNING OF THE STATE-TRAVELING CARRIAGE.



ENGLAND.—FITTING THE BLOCKS FOR THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE AT ORESTON.



ROUMANIA.—A CONVOY OF EXPELLED JEWS BEING CONDUCTED TO THE FRONTIER.



SOUTH AFRICA.—A BUCK-HUNT ON THE MARCH WITH GENERAL WOOD.

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THE MAN OF MANY MEDALS.

ANNUAL GAMES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.

THE sons of the Land o' Cakes had an "unco' gude" time of it this year at Jones's Wood Colosseum, the occasion being the annual games of the New York Caledonian Club. Such plaids, and bonnets, and turries, and philabegs, and sporans, and kilts! Such screeching of bagpipes, and skirling of bare-legged Highlanders. We had Rob Roy, striding about as though his foot was upon his native heath. We had Baillie Nicoll Jarvie, portly as to stomach, whisky and watery as to eye, with "Ma conscience" in broad Lowland ever and anon dropping from his mutchkin-moistened lip. We had the Dandy Dinmont, with his sandy hair and cheek-bones as high as the *Tribune* clock; and we had more tartan than ever appeared at the bidding of Bonnie Prince Charlie on the fatal field of Culloden. The Highlanders, strongly reminding one of those wooden effigies standing outside "shaneshin'" shops, swaggered about as did their ancestors in the "Saut Market" when Charles Edward held high revel at his Royal Palace of Holyrood—many of them plated with medals won at tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, dancing the Highland Fling, or in footing it between the crossed blades of the "bludie" claymore. There were "dronthy neebors," too, in that mad, merry crowd, who were "na fou' but just a wee drappie in their 'ee," and, oh, it was excruciatingly funny to behold the mingled gaze of astonishment and disgust on the bloated features of a beer-beloved Dutchman, as these sons of Caledonia strutted in, calling for "a quaich" in accents as moist as a Scotch mist. The kilts visibly affected prudish young ladies, and the "Oh, mys," "How dreadfuls," "Well, I nevers," that rose above the screechings of the pipes, constantly assailed the ear. A Cincinnati man confidently informed us that he felt at home in these pipe-shriekings. There is no music so foot-moving as that of the Highland Reel, and the very instant "Mrs. M'Pherson" or "Johnny Cope" was struck up, the floor was taken possession of by a dozen jigging couples, who thoroughly abandoned themselves to the ecstasy of their native music, and who footed it until the pipers were fairly compelled to pause for lack of wind for their chanters. Old and young, handsome and ugly, crossed hands, flung themselves into paralytic postures, jigged and wriggled, and stamped and whirled, and yelled and shrieked, while howls of applause, mingled with right royal, honest and hearty laughter, came from the enthusiastic bystanders. We had foot races, and walking matches and sword dances, and flings, and tossing the caber and "hitch and kick," and "all manner o' games." Every event was admirably contested, especially that of the five-mile race, a son or grandson of the Emerald Isle, Tom Donohoe, wresting the prize from the two crack champions. Bang went saxpences! and bang went mutchkins of the best whisky in the world, bar none; and although no moon appeared to light the Mace homeward, "my chiel amang them announced her presence to the music and words of Robbie Burns, while loud and deep were the parting declarations, that "rank was but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." We congratulate the New York Caledonian Club on the pre-eminent success of its annual gathering, and more than all upon the genuine good-fellowship and thorough clannishness that distinguished it from the first screech of the bagpipes to the very last.



A GERMAN OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

LIFTING THE HAT.

THE minor loss of a man's property is included in the major loss of himself; and so, while he surrenders his weapons he also yields up, if the victor demands it, whatever part of his dress is worth taking, the motive for taking it being in many cases akin to the motive for taking his weapons; since, often being the hide of a formidable animal, or a robe decorated with trophies, the dress, like the weapons, becomes an addition to the victor's proofs of prowess. At any rate, it is clear that, whatever be the particular way in which the taking of clothing from a conquered man originates, the nakedness, partial or complete, of the captive, becomes additional evidence of his subjugation. That it was so regarded of old in the East we have clear proof. In Isaiah xx. 1—4, we read: "And the Lord said, like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign, . . . so shall the King of Assyria lead away the Egyptians prisoners and the Ethiopians captives, young and old, naked and barefoot." And that the Assyrians thus completely stripped their captives is proved by their sculptures. Nor are we without evidence, furnished by other races, that the taking off and yielding up of clothing hence becomes a mark of political submission, and in some cases even a complimentary observance. In Fiji, on the day of paying tribute, "The chief of Somo-somo, who had previously stripped off his robes, then sat down and removed even the train or covering, which was of immense length, from his waist. He gave it to the speaker, who gave him in return a piece large enough only for the purposes of decency. The rest of the Somo-somo chiefs, each of whom on coming on the ground had a train of several yards in length, stripped themselves entirely, left their trains, and walked away, thus leaving all the Somo-somo people naked." Further we read that during Cook's stay at Tahiti, "two men of superior rank came on board, and each singled out his friend; this ceremony consisted in taking off great part of their clothes and putting them upon us." And then in another Polynesian island, Samoa, we find this complimentary act greatly abridged; only the girdle is taken off and presented.

With such facts to give us the cue, we can scarcely doubt that this surrendering of clothing originates those obeisances which are made by uncovering the body, more or less extensively. We meet with all degrees of ununcovering having this meaning. From Ion Batula's account of his journey into the Soudan in the fourteenth century, Mr. Tyler cites the statement that "women may only come unclothed into the presence of the Sultan of Melli, and even the Sultan's own daughters must conform to this custom." Other parts of Africa show us an incomplete, though still considerable, unclothing as an obeisance. In Abyssinia, inferiors must bare their bodies down to the girdle in presence of their superiors, "but to equals the corner of the cloth is removed only for a time." The like occurs in Polynesia. The Tahitians uncover "the body as low as the waist in the presence of the king;" and Forster states that in the Society Isles generally, "the lower ranks of people, by way of respect, strip off their upper garments in the presence of the principal chiefs." How this obeisance becomes further abridged, and also how it becomes extended to other persons than rulers, are well shown by the natives of the Gold Coast. Cruikshank says: "They also salute Europeans, and sometimes each other, slightly removing their robe from their left shoulder with the right hand, gracefully bowing at the same time. When they wish to be very respectful, they uncover the shoulder altogether, and support the robe under the arm, the whole of the person from the breast upwards being left exposed." And of these same people Burton remarks that "throughout Yoruba and the Gold Coast, to bare the shoulders is like unhatting in England." That uncovering the head, thus suggestively compared with the uncovering of the upper part of the body, has the same original meaning, cannot be questioned. Even in certain European usages the relation between the two has been recognized, as by Ford, who remarks that "uncloaking in Spain is equivalent to our taking off the hat." Hence it seems that the familiar taking off of the hat among European peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself, by which, in early time, the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had.



SHE SAYS SHE "WILL NEVER, NEVER, FORGET HER SENSATIONS ON FIRST BEHOLDING THE KILTS!"

SOME USES OF THE OCEAN.

WITH so many people at or coming from the seashore, it is a good time to call to mind some of the uses of the sea, practical and other than as a source of entertainment simply. It would be serving a great purpose if it were only the pathway of commerce and the world's washing machine, but it is a deal more.

It is, though few persons stop to think of it, more abundantly stocked with life than dry land is, and this ocean life is useful in many ways, in supporting life on land, and so is made directly valuable to mankind. How much more prolific the sea is than the land is suggested in the fact, that while an average acre of land will yield a ton of corn or two or three hundred weight of meat in a year, there are thousands of miles of sea bottom which give up daily tons enough of sea food to the acre to equal in nourishment the yearly yield of the best-tilled land. A hundred pounds of fish are equal in nourishment to two hundred pounds of bread or to seven hundred pounds of potatoes, and though science can help matters along, we have not yet reached the point where we can confidently say that the ocean's supply of fish needs artificial replenishing. There come times of scarcity and times of plenty. Fish appear and disappear. Whether they are killed off, driven off, or accidentally led to move, nobody can know.

One singular factor in increasing the business of fishing of late years has been the railroad. Quick transit has carried fish in the best condition to markets where it previously was as poor as it was rare, and has given an immense impulse to the fishing industry. The extent to which the world fishes is very hard to determine. Statistics, at best faulty, are necessarily very vague on such matters, but a few collected facts are as follows: Great Britain imports yearly of the products of the sea $40,000,000 worth. The fisheries of France and Russia yield for market each about $17,500,000 worth; of Norway, $16,000; of Denmark, $800,000; of New England, $8,000,000. There are in Ireland 5,965 fishing boats, with 23,893 fishermen; in Scotland, 14,547 boats and 45,263 fishers; in the four British North American provinces, 18,000 fishing boats and 42,000 fishermen, with 200,000 persons one way or another handling and living by fish. The census gives to this country 20,500 fishermen outside of the whale fishery. The whole Asiatic coast is devoted to fishing. Far north and far south parts of the world get all their living from the sea, and it is said that dried fish is one of the absolutely indispensable foods in the tropics.

A CURIOUS MANIA.

M. MONSELET, has discovered in the shop of a bookseller on the Quai Voltaire, in Paris, one of the most singular monuments of human idiosyncrasy yet brought to light. It consists of no fewer than forty-five manuscript volumes—quite modern—written in utterly unknown characters. An assembly of savants, having been convoked to pass an opinion on the hieroglyphics, declared that they were quite beyond their ken. The form of the letters, we are told, bears, when looked at from some distance, some resemblance to Oriental calligraphy, but this is the only description vouchsafed. Several pages are framed by borders executed with the pen in the most marvelously delicate style—flowers, animals, heraldic shields, angels, landscapes, ruins, etc.; the illuminators of missals produced nothing superior to them. M. Monselet proceeds: "And now what do these forty-five volumes contain? Everything tends to the supposition that they are memoirs, of which the author was so morbidly jealous that he created a writing peculiar to himself for the purpose of transcribing them. And this author is known; but he died a little while ago. He was an architect, very skillful in his profession and much consulted, M. H. Legrand, to whose pen are due some important works—not in manuscript—that indicate a man of perfectly serious tastes. How, then, can we find an explanation of these many volumes in which are deposited the secrets of his inmost thoughts, destined to die with himself? And in the first place, where did he find time for writing them? I do not exaggerate in saying that by the perfection of its calligraphy this collection represents more than two years' labor. If it be a mystification, we must allow that it has been carried out with rare patience; but for my part I prefer to attribute it to a wild and pleasing mania. I feel convinced that M. H. Legrand owed the best moments of his life to his solitary and mysterious occupation."

THE ORIGIN OF CROQUET.

CROQUET is not, as many suppose, of modern birth, but it may be traced through its various stages to Persia as far back as the eighth century. Its origin was polo, which the Persians played with a long-handled mallet called *chugan*. In the ninth century the game made its way into the Eastern empire, the original mallet changing its form into a long staff ending in a broad bend filled with net-work of gut strings.

"Thus," says a writer on the subject, "there appeared in the East as belonging to the great sport of ball play on horseback the first shapes of two implements which remodeled the whole play life of medieval modern Europe, the *chugan* being the ancestor of the mallets used in croquet, and of an endless variety of other playing clubs and bats, while the bent staff, with its net-work, was a primitive racket." We find that the original ball games in which sticks were used were played on horseback, and instead of polo being an outgrowth of these sports played on foot the latter are the changes made in the Persian game of *chugan*, which, as has been said, was the parent of all our games in which artificial means are used to propel the ball. The transition from the *chugan* of Persia to the short-handled mallet used on foot was easy and natural, and the substitution of a club came by gradual changes, the hand being probably the original implement, which was superseded by a rounded stick.



THE BROADSWORD DANCE.

A WONDERFUL SWISS HEALTH RESORT.

IT is well known that in Europe mountain resorts for Winter as well as Summer are now on trial. Those most noted are at Goerbersdorf, Falkenstein and Davos. The village of Davos am Platz, in Switzerland, is situated on a large plateau 5,000 feet above the sea level, and completely surrounded by mountains, which screen it from high and penetrating winds. Like that of almost all corresponding altitudes, the air is very dry, its humidity being less by two-thirds than that of Nice or Cannes. This gives it a property of elasticity, or, as it is sometimes called, electric tension, which modifies in a remarkable manner the sensations of heat and cold. Persons often sit in the open air, even after sunset, with the mercury below freezing, without overcoats, without the slightest discomfort, and most of these invalids at that. The daylight at Davos is very short in Winter, the sun overtopping the mountains about 10.30 A. M., and sinking behind their summits from 3.30 to 4 P.M.; but the sunshine, while it lasts, is very bright, and the heat of its direct rays is intense, rising to 100° or over, and at the same time the temperature in the shade will vary from 22° to 30°. The average temperature for Davos for January, 1878, was 16° most of the nights, and many days marking zero or below. A writer says: "The sun will almost boil one's back, while icicles from his breath will form on his mustache and beard, and, changing front, his face will be actually sunburnt. From the constant sunbronzing to which they are subjected, invalids soon lose all appearances of delicate health. The food generally is not inviting, nor even well cooked, but an enormous appetite is established after a few days' sojourn; and the rule, to which there are but few exceptions, is that everybody gains more or less rapidly in flesh. The doctors drive everybody out of doors—it is not too much cold, but too much heat, that they dread. The recreations are walking, sledding, coasting, skating, snow-balling and eating. An excursion of ten miles on foot soon becomes a bagatelle to delicate women who at home could not be induced to walk a fourth of that distance. In the evenings there are hops, amateur theatricals and various entertainments—but all by medical direction—of short duration, which is even extended to the Sunday service, which is restricted to one session of one hour. Persons who have had hemorrhages cease to bleed, coughing and expectoration rapidly diminish—in fact, there will be more coughing in an average country church than in one of these assemblies of invalids.



TOM DONOHOE WINNING THE FOOT-RACE.

NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL GAMES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB AT JONES'S WOOD AND WASHINGTON PARK, SEPTEMBER 4TH.

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WHOSE WAS THE THIRD CHAIR?

"AS for me," said Doctor Cairnes, "I am a Spiritualist!"

"Aha!" cried his guests, gleefully, in chorus. They drew up their chairs to the smoldering embers, pushed by the decanters and glasses, lighted jubilantly their cigars, and turned again to their host.

"A Spiritualist," they said, "and why?"

"Because," said the doctor, in a dreamy, hesitating tone, "my experience has taught me there is something in it—that is soul satisfying. We all know that the world is composed of matter of various kinds; looked at with the eye of a scientist, these different varieties of matter are classed almost from Divinity down to mere crustacea. This is perhaps interesting, but unsatisfying to human egotism. We find that from certain upheavings of the ocean, lovely islands have been formed; that from an ugly seed a great, glowing, lustrous flower bursts forth; but this only leads us to look for more——"

The doctor paused. His friends wondered what all this had to do with Spiritualism. They had been invited here upon this Christmas Eve in question to enjoy the hospitality of one of the choicest spirits of the age in a bodily shape, and some of the finest in a liquid variety. The latter had been partaken of modestly, according to the wont of these gentlemen, who were sybarites of the soul as well as the body, and would not have spared this night from study or given it over to pleasure, had they not expected, and in a manner demanded, other than an ordinary revelry.

"He's a grand fellow," said Professor Bates, when he opened his invitation. "A little queer, perhaps, but that is a capital fault." The professor neither drank nor smoked, therefore he was to jog the halting voice of Doctor Cairnes.

"Your experience in Spiritualism was soul-satisfying, you say?" he insinuated.

"Yes," said the doctor, starting out of a reverie, "it was, indeed!"

"There was, in fact, something in it?" pursued the professor.

"Yes," repeated the doctor, "there was, indeed," and relapsed into his reverie again.

"And would it be intrusive to ask," said a young medical student, "what in thunder that 'something' was?"

"It was a woman," said the doctor, looking at him dreamily.

The six gentlemen hitched their chairs nearer to the fire, exchanged an unctuous glance with one another; the professor wiped his spectacles, and put them again upon the bridge of his nose.

"And a man," added the doctor.

Then they all waited quietly—it was evident to these kindred souls that the doctor's spirit was getting *en rapport* with his theme, and they concluded to give it time.

"When I was a young man," said the doctor, at length, "I was connected with a hospital situated in one of our seaport cities. It was a gloomy pile of buildings, infested with vermin of every kind, lighted wretchedly, and poorly ventilated. Through the great, gloomy corridors—wind-swept and icy cold in Winter, dark, damp, moldy in Summer—there seemed to stalk the phantoms of those lonely and desolate wretches whose bitter fate it was to die here, uncared for and unattended, save by men given over to the pursuit of science, or creatures possessed by a sordid brutality. The windows, covered with dirt and cobwebs, effectually kept out the sunshine at all seasons, and life there was a dreary business at the best. I should have speedily got away if it had not been that I fell violently in love with one of the occupants."

"The woman?" murmured the guests.

"No," said the doctor, "the man! He was, however, the victim, or one of the victims, of the woman!"

"There is something interesting in that word 'victim,'" said the student.

"You will allow, gentlemen," continued the doctor, "that there are grades of friendship, as there are grades in the different varieties of matter I alluded to—for instance the diamond is only matter, yet it is more precious than mud——"

"And clearer," suggested the student, with a subtle fling at the doctor's story.

"I have the honor," said Doctor Cairnes, "to call you my friends."

"The honor is on our side," said the student, determined not to be outdone in politeness.

"But for Paul Wayne, the young physician I found in the hospital on the coast, I held the profound sentiment which, when it reaches the exaltation of love, passeth that of woman. His face suited his form, and both matched his spirit, and all were supremely beautiful! I see him now as he passed with his firm, light step through the gloomy corridor, his blonde hair falling about his high white brow, his glowing eye full of a wild enthusiasm, the ominous red spot in his cheek burning and paling fitfully, his lips shaping unconsciously the thoughts that surged from his overwrought soul."

"Was he a madman?" inquired the student.

"He was a Spiritualist," said the doctor. "He believed that soul could be brought into communication with soul without the aid or incumbrance of the body, and that the power of the will was absolute.

"He was not long in making me a convert to his wild but beautiful belief, and I accepted with heart and soul the exquisite future he held out to me of a love that can neither be belittled by envy or jealousy, debased by passion, nor defrauded by time or death.

"It was infinite, unbounded, immortal:

"Heaven knows how many hours we squandered thus happily, wandering up and down the old corridors, his arm thrown lovingly about my shoulders, for he was many inches taller than I——"

"He must have been a giant," murmured the student.

"He was indeed a giant," said the doctor, "at least in will; what he desired he endeavored to attain at any risk. Once having determined upon a course of action, he never paused in pursuing it, and, by mere contagion of will, saved many poor wretches from sinking into the jaws of death. 'Determine you will endure the operation,' he would say; 'will to subdue the fever. Live! Come, I am certain you will arise from this bed and walk,' he said, one day, to a poor patient that everybody had given up, and the man is still alive.

"But when we were one evening taking our usual stroll in the corridor, he confessed to me he had met, the night before, with the woman he had so long prayed to see—longed to hear, yearned to meet. The woman of all the world made for him, the one supreme creature given by a gracious, bountiful, omnipotent Nature for the full fruition of all the wild hopes he had dared indulge in. 'You know, Harold,' he said, 'I have not allowed myself to suppose it possible I should meet her body and spirit; I *knew* in some future state we should belong to each other, but to enjoy this happiness here, now, without delay, oh, heaven! it is too much, Harold.' He pressed his hand to his heart, became deadly pale and trembled. I supported him in my arms, and he soon regained composure and strength.

"'I have not seen her,' he hastened to add; 'she was the sibyl of a meeting I attended, and the first sound of her voice made me tremble; there was that of feeling, of delicacy, of melody in it that went straight to my soul. I loved her, Harold, as I love her now, as in ages ago I loved her, as I shall love her in centuries to come.'

"Then he told me of all she had said, of the poetry of her language, of the music of her voice, filling the darkened room with a melody and light of its own.

"I became enraptured with the mortality of the creature he had shown me.

"'She is beautiful, Paul,' I said, 'she is worthy of you. She is slight of form, infantile in face, her skin is transparent, her eyes great and dark and glowing; she is always pale, but her spirit burns and glows and radiates through her voice.'

"'Yes, yes,' he murmured; 'friend of my soul, you have painted her!'

"We went together that night to the meeting, and I came away scarcely less in love with her than was my friend; in truth, it seemed that her presence overpowered all that entered it, but Paul alone dared to love her.

"To love, with Paul, was no mere passive, negative state of being, he became the embodiment of passion. Egeria was here upon the earth; she was made for him; time, nor circumstance, nor place, nor position should separate them. She must be his forthwith—his, since it was the custom of a weak age by the bond of the law, human and divine.

"But Egeria refused to marry him.

"Not that she did not love him, that was simply impossible; to look upon him was to love him; but for some secret reason she refused to let him look upon her, to let the light shine upon their interviews. They communed in darkness, and it proved the strength of fascination which the soul of Egeria possessed that at every interview we came away more enraptured than ever. For Paul allowed me to share his love and his life. I was no hindrance to their happiness. I loved them with that purity and strength that my being was merged with theirs, and they forgot in a manner I was in the room with them. Night after night passed away. Entranced by her divine presence, I could have lingered on for ever. But it was different with Paul; he became restless, dissatisfied, gloomy; an eager craving dawned in his face which, day by day, increased to a positive hunger.

"'Egeria,' he exclaimed, one night, in reply to one of her fervid, impassioned sentences, 'I must see you—I demand it as a right—as a necessity!'

"'Impossible,' said Egeria, with a shudder in her voice.

"'Is it,' said Paul, 'that your soul is jealous of your body? Can't you trust me? Come, I have seen you already.'

"Egeria started.

"'Tell her, Harold,' said Paul, 'that a friendship like yours and a love like mine can not be deceived.'

"'You have seen me?' murmured Egeria; 'why, that would be happiness indeed—you have seen me, and yet you love me?'

"There was a latent terror in that musical voice that struck a chill to my heart, but Paul cried out with a passionate fervor that could not be denied, 'You are beautiful, Egeria,' and then paused, for a low sob escaped from her lips—she started to her feet as if to flee.

"'Stay,' I cried. 'Paul does not mean the common type of beauty, a mere combination of flesh and color that ordinarily serves as a bait for the senses.'

"'What in heaven's name does he mean?' said Egeria, in a voice that blended a trifle of hope with an immensity of despair.

"'He means that he loves you,' cried Paul, throwing himself at her feet; 'pale and fragile as you are, is it not meet the spirit should overpower the body? But your eyes are the windows of your soul, and they are great and dark and glowing.'

"'Oh!' cried Egeria, 'I cannot stand this! Oh, this is terrible! Any agony is better than this!'

"She walked rapidly to the mantel; suddenly we heard the quick, sharp scratch of a match, and in a moment she stood in the full blaze of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. Paul leaped upon his feet. At last we saw her."

The doctor paused and sighed heavily.

"Well, out with it at once!" cried the young student. "What was she? A hunchback, a mermaid with the head of a woman and the body of a fish, a ghoul with her chopsticks on the mantel?"

"She was none of these," said the doctor. "She was a woman."

"Beautiful as Venus, or hideous as Hecate?"

"Neither one nor the other. She certainly was not beautiful, but I don't think she was hideous. How can I describe her? She was simply not Egeria, that was all—that was enough!"

"Egeria slipped out of the room, and this other woman took her place," suggested the student, for at this point of the story Doctor Cairnes became so absorbed with memory and thought that he needed somebody like the student to urge him on.

"No," said the doctor; "the soul of Egeria was imprisoned in the body of another woman."

"The deuce!" said the student. "That complicates matters a little. Describe the usurper. Let's hear what she was like."

"She was tall, heavy-framed; her feet were broad, her hands bony and large, her arms were muscular, her skin red, with that peculiar scaly appearance that denotes a scrofulous affection of the glands; her physique suggested power, but lacked grace; her forehead was low and protruding, from which the hair, of a dull, leaden color, was pulled back without crinkle or curl, and fastened in a knot behind. Her eyes, small, deep-set, and of a cold, pale blue, seemed to hold a twinkle of ferocious glee over the horror of my poor Paul; a singular scar with a few freckles over the bridge of the nose gave it the appearance of a well-manipulated dislocation——"

"Oh, Lord!" interrupted the student, "don't describe her any more. You've given her to us quite graphically, I assure you. How did your friend bear it?"

"He covered his face with his hands, gave vent to a low, terrible cry, and rushed from the room."

"And you?"

"I followed him," said the doctor.

"That was rather rough on Egeria, wasn't it?" said the student.

"Not at all," said the doctor. "For a time the bodily presence that enveloped the soul of Egeria was omnipotent, but only for a time. I confess that for my part the disillusion was final. The cord that bound Egeria's spirit to mine was one of friendship, and it wasn't strong enough to bear the strain upon it. It succumbed to the weight of this ponderous body that was thrust before us, and I never again was able to infuse enough strength in that cord to enable it to be worth anything. With Paul it was different; the cord with him was one of love, and love, my friends, is all-powerful—at least it was with Paul. I have said before that he was a man of iron will and rather enjoyed the surmounting of obstacles that lay in his path.

"For a time Paul became a prey to despair. We continued our walks up and down the dreary corridors of the hospital, but they were oppressed by silence and haunted by the phantom of defeated hope and the ghost of a happiness which was the more terrible to lose that it seemed perfect.

"'It is too much,' he cried to me one night, in agony—'it is not to be borne.'

"I shook my head mournfully, for I didn't see what could be done in the matter.

"'Of course,' said Paul, 'you must know that I have not yielded to this monster.'

"I was weak enough not to understand him, and asked him what monster?

"'This fiend,' he said, 'that has taken possession of the soul of Egeria.'

"'You think, then,' I said, 'that that was not Egeria?'

"'Having known Egeria, do you suppose it possible?' he asked, with an accent of contempt for my faculty of provision.

"'Her divine soul,' continued Paul, 'has become the prey to this corporeal matter. This is the lion, Harold, that lies in the path of joy, and this is, no doubt, the test to my title to her affinity. Think you unalloyed happiness is gained without a struggle? I do not shrink from the combat, Harold; there is no cowardice in my soul; but I do not yet know the means to be employed. I cannot yet tell how her spirit shall be freed from this terrible tyranny; but it shall be done, Harold, I promise you.'

"I told him that I wasn't in any hurry to have his power vindicated in this way, and suggested that time, perhaps, would bring about the desired solution to our difficulties. He glared upon me, muttered the word 'craven,' and fled away out of my sight through the dark corridor.

"Paul was wrong to accuse me of either stupidity or cowardice. My encounters with thought and judgment were not so rapid and vigorous in their results as his, but they were in the main conclusive. Having grappled with the idea he suggested to me, I understood it thoroughly and accepted it—the more readily that it had been a sore abomination to me to believe it possible so beautiful a soul could belong to so repelling a body. It was altogether, however, an abstract theory with me, and had nothing personal in it. I have said before that from the moment that match was lighted and that large figure loomed up before me the cord that bound my spirit to Egeria's was as effectually riven as it would have been by the application of a match to a string of any kind less spiritual in its nature.

"The peculiar bulkiness of the figure, the chuckle on the thin lips, and the leer in the deep-set eye, were more effectual in their way than a lion of any kind. I had but the one desire—to get away from the whole combination, body and spirit, and never encounter the one nor the other again. It proved a weakness upon my part which I am sorry to confess, but there are grades in the matter of humanity as well as all other matter."

"Yes, yes," said the student, anxious that the doctor shouldn't begin his classification of matter again.

"And Paul," continued the doctor, "had reached that supreme state of manhood when all the perfection that is found in the different attributes of nature centres itself in man as a masterpiece.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DINNER-TABLE ABLUTIONS.

THE history of dinner-table etiquette, as far as the cleansing of the fingers goes, has caused a great deal of discussion. In "Notes and Queries" some information was asked about it a number of years ago, but not any very satisfactory responses were received. Table manners and table equipage have been derived from the French. Strange as it may seem, a great many dinner amenities owe their origin to the East. Bibliophile Jacob says somewhere that the napkins during a repast were possibly brought into use in Europe after the Crusades. Oriental habits at dinner, where the Turk of the old school to-day, having no knife or fork, plunges his fingers in the pilau, is but a continuation of customs of the time of Saladin. The Oriental is excessively clean in his habits, and between the fingering of the viands and some of the manipulations of a cook with his dishes, really the difference is only this, that the Turk who picks out a peculiarly nice tidbit to offer to his guest does it in view of every one, while the cook's prior actions are not seen. As fountains were ever spurting and gurgling in *Haroun al Raschid's* banqueting halls, opportunities to cleanse one's fingers in the flowing waters must have been ever at hand. Oriental people retained the habit of hand or finger washing after dinner. The method is not, perhaps, adapted to our customs, yet it is a very sensible one. A servant, after the repast, makes the round of the table, (the guests are seated on low cushions on the floor,) holding a copper vessel, provided with a very long but narrow spout. In the other hand he carries a wide, deep copper basin. A tiny stream of water is poured over the fingers of the guests into the basin, while another servant follows with a towel. The first portion of the performance is proper enough; but as one towel usually serves for all the guests, a kind of universal jack towel, delicate-minded Europeans rather dislike the custom.

It is not necessary to go further back, and refer to the Biblical habits before and after partaking of food. As to the more modern custom, Brillat Savarin, whose book on the *Physiologie du Gout* was written in the early part of this century, inveighs against the finger-bowls. He says: "It was about forty years ago that some people in good society—they were almost always women—commenced to wash out their mouths (*rincer la bouche*) after their meals." Brillat Savarin deprecates the custom, and calls it useless, indecent, and disgusting, rather directing, however, his criticism against the mouth-rinsing than finger dipping. It is useless, he writes, "because the mouth is in excellent condition at the end of a repast, when fruit has been partaken of, or a last glass of wine or water has been imbibed." Say what one may, the cleaning of the mouth after dinner is a disgusting habit, and no screening of this operation, by placing the hand before the mouth, can conceal its objectionable features. If an after-dinner ablution has to be performed, especially when fruit is eaten, it should be restricted to the use of the finger-bowl alone. The smaller goblet then introduced in the finger-bowl should be discarded, unless, in order to add completeness, a tooth-brush were added to the paraphernalia.

A SWABIAN HARVEST FESTIVAL.

NOVEL DRAMATIC PRESENTATION OF A HISTORIC INCIDENT.

THE Swabian Volksfest, held at Ridgewood Park, Long Island, during four days of last week, was an occasion of great interest to the Würtembergers of New York, Brooklyn and Long Island. The festival opened on Sunday, the 7th, when the procession, marching to the park, gathered first around a singular pillar that stood in the open field of the park. It was about thirty-five feet high, and covered with every variety of vegetable that flourishes in the soil of Long Island. They were not rudely fastened on, but were arranged according to an artistic design. Cabbages, pumpkins, and other large vegetables covered the base, and turnips, corn, onions, etc., in sections, covered the rest of the pillar. A wonderful cornice, in which huge watermelons predominated, crowned the top, and over all was a generous sheaf of ripe wheat. The black-and-red flag of Würtemberg, and the colors of the United States and of Germany, were a part of the decorations. About midway up the shaft four shields were fastened, bearing the names of the provinces of Würtemberg, namely, Neckar, Black Forest, Danube and Jaxt. The entrance to the grove was spanned by an arch that bore the words "Welcome, all Würtemberg." Beneath was the coat-of-arms of the kingdom.

After the formal opening the day was given up to general enjoyment, the programme being almost exclusively musical. The day was devoted, as far as historical reminiscence was concerned, to the famous composers of Germany, and especially those of Würtemberg, Uhland, Gluck, and Silcher. On the second day there was a historical procession, the programme culminating in the marriage of two young Swabians in the costumes and according to the peculiar rites of their fatherland.

On the third day the great event was the dramatic presentation of a well-known historical incident. In 1140 Conrad, King of Würtemberg, after a protracted siege, captured the City of Weinsberg, and with it Count Wolf the Sixth. The victory was a significant one, and it had a romantic termination. The women of the captured city presented themselves before King Conrad and begged a single favor. It was that they might take away with them that which they held most dear. The request was granted. The women thereupon marched to the guard-house and each took her husband on her back and bore him out of the city. Some of the King's retainers protested against this unusual way of redeeming captives, but the King kept his word, though he admitted that he had made a mistake. This was on the 21st of September, and the celebration of the event has been made a feature of the harvest festival. It was this incident which was acted out at the Ridgewood festival, in the presence

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of a delighted multitude. We illustrate the scene on page 56. The last day of the festival, which was most enjoyable throughout, was devoted to athletic and equestrian sports.

"RESCUED" AT BOOTH'S THEATRE.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S "adaptation" of Booth's is an increasing success, and many in the audience leave the theatre more gossipy over the *encouragee* than over the performance. The contrasts and harmonies are so vivid, yet so subtle, so startling yet so satisfying, that the mind's eye revels in them long after the physical organ has lost sight of their crimsons and golds. Given this exquisite framework, it should be a dull play indeed that would fail to please an audience comfortably settled down to enjoyment; and as "Rescued" possesses all the qualifications that insure unqualified success, an evening at Booth's becomes an intellectual treat of the very highest order. Mr. Boucicault has again displayed his marvelous powers of weaving golden tissue from out the ordinary threads of human and very clayey passion, and of entangling and disentangling with a dramatic manipulation as deft as it is ingenious. A train-robber, possessed of imagination and minus principle, forges a will, and assumes the condition of a Russian noble. The counterfeit passes as good coin, and the Muscovite swell is accepted by the Upper Ten of Mayfair and Belgravia as though he were a Romanoff. He is met at every turn of his little game by the word "check," uttered by one *John Weatherby*, who, as the forged will was but a clumsy piece of business after all, turns up as a *bona fide* inheritor, and who, by falling in love with the *Lady Sibyl Ferrers*, still further forces the hand of the unscrupulous Muscovite. The *Count* resolves upon uniting himself to *Lady Sibyl*, one of the conditions of the forged will, while another stipulates that in default of her ladyship's consent she will forfeit one-half the fortune which is to come to her so soon as she is declared heiress by the removal of such relations as stand between her and the estates. The Muscovite resolves upon clearing away all obstacles, but is eventually defeated, and *John Weatherby*, "the iron man," marries the *Earl's* daughter. This is but the motive of the piece, the incidents and situations being in the highest degree effective, while the dialogue is crisp, clean cut and sparkling. The under plot is full of color, the characters of the newsboy and his twin-sister stand out in wondrous relief, while the *Phœnix O'Reilly* of Mr. John Brougham is a portrait "after nature." The acting of Miss Rose Coghlan as the *Lady Sibyl* is all womanly, and Mr. Clayton, as *John Weatherby*, true to his artistic instincts, presents us with a masterful creation. "Rescued" is put upon the stage in a manner worthy of the æstheticism of the management. Our illustration represents the *Earl* and his daughter leaving *John Weatherby* in possession of Mount Audley.

COD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.

COD-FISHING is the special industry of Nantucket, farming and fishing being the chief occupation of the people. The surrounding waters literally abound with fish of various kinds, and on the treeless island there are several ponds containing a large variety of the finny tribe. At Siasconset, one of the two first towns of Nantucket, everybody fishes, from the aged grandparents to the tiny toddlers. An infant's first play-toy is a float or broken rod, and boys of five and six years of age are experts. Our illustration represents a fisherman, accompanied by an expert, topping the wave on his return to shore. The boats put out for about a mile, and to a novice it is one of the most exciting and picturesque sights imaginable to see the fishing-boat—manned by a man and a boy, occasionally a little girl—plunge through the leaping, bounding, rolling, frothing surf. On the return a suitable billow is selected, and, with a dexterity begotten by years of practice, the fisherman spins his stout little boat into its crest, and is borne like a flash to the tawny sands.

THE UPRISING IN AFGHANISTAN.

Difficulties and Perils of the British Occupation.

THE revolt of the Afghan regiments in Cabul, and the slaughter of the members of the British Embassy and their escort, has produced a profound excitement throughout Great Britain. All accounts agree that Major Cavagnari and others were killed while making a sortie upon the enemy from the burning Residency. The buildings being entirely of wood, the besieged could make no defense against fire. Major Cavagnari's force made a gallant attack upon twelve Afghan regiments but were overpowered by numbers, after having slain not less than 250 of the enemy. The defenders of the Embassy fought bravely until exterminated by the Afghans. With a view of avenging the outrage, large reinforcements of troops are to be dispatched to India to operate in Afghanistan, and the troops already there will as soon as possible advance on Cabul. But this advance will be delayed by a variety of circumstances. Twenty-five per cent of the native troops on the frontier are on furlough. The season has been a sickly one, the hospitals are full of men unfit for service by fever and hardships of the campaign. There are very few infantry regiments in the Trans-Indus provinces which could muster 500 men, and there is probably not a cavalry regiment in the Punjab which could put 300 men on parade. The transport departments have been broken up and their reorganization will be difficult. Upward of 60,000 camels are officially reported to have perished in the late campaign. This great loss has made it almost impossible since then to obtain a sufficient supply of these animals for ordinary uses, to say nothing of the exigencies of a campaign. There are few horses in Afghanistan, and camels are absolutely indispensable to any extended military operations. General Roberts may have sufficient mules and camels to admit of the hasty advance of a brigade in light marching order; but the Government of India will have to strain every nerve to guard his communications and keep him provisioned. Unfortunately the regiments in India nearest to Afghanistan have mostly suffered from cholera and are numerically weak, the men being debilitated, and they will require heavy draughts to bring them up to their war strength, and it is thought that at least two months must elapse before men to recruit the regiments can arrive from England.

A dispatch from Allahabad says that, though some trustworthy sources give the assurance that General Roberts will be at Cabul in a fortnight, it is said in military circles at Simla that the 9th of October is the probable date of the beginning of a forward movement because of the deficiency in wheeled transportation.

A correspondent at Simla also fears that there will be no forward movement in force before the end of September. By those who know the position of things an advance is declared to be impossible.

At the latest advices, the insurrection seemed to be spreading, and the impression is gaining ground in England that a well-organized rebellion is on foot, and that it is traceable to Russian influence. The entire country between the capital of Afghanistan and the Indian border is said to be well stocked with Russian emissaries and Russian money. Although that portion of the British army in India which is composed of native Hindoos appears anxious to be led against the Afghans, their enthusiasm is regarded as much too great to be natural and genuine. They are, therefore, objects of suspicion, and their conduct is closely watched. This fact has led to much uneasiness in India, as well as in Afghanistan, and English residents refer with gloomy forebodings to the great Sepoy revolt of 1857 and 1858. The situation is further embarrassed for the English troops by the lack of transportation for army stores and guns.

A dispatch from Bombay, dated September 11th, says: "Serious riots are proceeding in Cabul, and many traders and citizens have been killed. Messages have reached Candahar from Cabul urging a general rising against the British on September 15th. Similar messages have been dispatched to other Afghan cities. The frontier tribes are still quiet."

A dispatch from Lahore says: "Shikarpore merchants trading with Central Asia report that the revolt in Cabul is due to Russian intrigues. Russian agents have been most active at Herat. They have for some months urged the Ameer's brother to declare against him, promising the support of the Heratee regiments. They were charged by the Ameer's brother with being the cause of the revolt against the Ameer and the English."

Special dispatches from India say that two regiments of Highlanders and two regiments of native troops are moving up the Khurum Valley, and that two regiments of native cavalry and one British and two native regiments of infantry are now on their way to the Khurum Valley.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Last Accident to the King of Spain.

On returning from the funeral services over the remains of the Infanta Dona Maria del Pilar at the Palace of the Escurial to La Granja, the state traveling carriage, containing the King of Spain, his sisters and General Echagne, was overturned on the road, which is difficult of travel on account of the ruts and holes. The King's arm was dislocated and the General's wrist sprained, but the Princesses escaped with slight contusions and considerable fright. In consequence of this accident His Majesty was obliged to carry his arm in a sling during the one hour's courtship with his future wife, the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria.

The Emperor of Morocco.

The English Minister at Madrid, Mr. Sackville West, recently had a conference with M. Salvela, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the subject of the protection of the European residents in Morocco, now threatened by the religious fanatics of that State. A dispatch from the Moorish town of Safi, received via Cadiz, has been received, stating that the Emperor of Morocco, Muley Hassan, had barely escaped falling into the hands of the rebel fanatics while passing with a part of the royal army from Morocco to Fez. He owed his safety ultimately to the support of a contingent of troops led by an English ex-officer, Captain McLean, who is reported to have drawn the men from the mixed population of Gibraltar. The Emperor escaped, but the strong Mohammedan partisans are reported to have elected another ruler, in private council of the leading sheiks, at Fez, and a religious war is feared.

The New Eddystone Lighthouse.

In our last issue we gave an engraving of the new structure to be erected on the Eddystone rocks, fourteen miles off the shore of Plymouth, in the British Channel, and an account of the brief ceremony of laying the foundation-stone in the coffer-dam, by the Duke of Edinburgh, as Master of the Trinity House Corporation, assisted by the Prince of Wales. The ceremony itself is shown this week, together with a view in the great stone-cutting establishment at the Oreston granite quarries, near Plymouth, which will supply a large portion of the stone material for the new lighthouse. In this engraving the architect is testing the shape of the granite blocks to ascertain if they will interlace correctly when placed in position. We may here add that the building now in course of erection is expected to be completed in about four years, and that Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh has promised to lay the top stone. Its height will be 130 feet above high water at Spring tide, and its light will be visible at a distance of more than seventeen miles.

Expulsion of Jews from Roumania.

The latest intelligence concerning the Jewish question in Roumania is to the effect that Prince Gregorie Sturdza has arrived at Bucharest to assume the leadership of the various parties opposed to the emancipation of the Jews. It is proposed to consolidate these different factions into an organization identical in principles with the former American party known as "Know-Nothings." According to Articles Five and Forty-one of the Treaty of Berlin, religious liberty and the open profession of every form of worship were assured to all the natural subjects of the new States of Bulgaria and Roumania, yet there is an antipathy to the Jews which is increasing daily, one proof of which is furnished by our illustration, showing a party of Israelites being escorted to the frontier by representatives of the authorities.

A Buck Hunt with General Wood.

"Marching along these solitary wastes," says Doctor Doyle Glanville, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "but few signs of life are visible—not even a bird, save now and then when we kill some, and the vultures mysteriously appear. Occasionally we come across the track of some startled hare, or perhaps a buck, when the excitement is for the moment tremendous. My sketch represents a little incident in yesterday's march, when a buck sprang up and ran through the column. In an instant a lot of soldiers and natives went pell-mell after it, many coming to grief and sprawling over the ant-bear holes that abound in the long grass. The numbers were too much for it; the game was duly bagged, and the happy hunters were rewarded at their dinner by a change from the usual fare, which consists of trek-ox, which rivals in toughness the leather of the plain domestic boot."

COLLEGE CHAT.

THE annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity will be held with the Dartmouth College Chapter the first week in October.

CALISTHENICS and military drill have been made compulsory in the public schools of Montreal, but the same time devoted to them is to be taken from the Saturday holiday.

REV. ALFRED OWEN, D. D., of Chicago, has been appointed President of Denison University (Baptist), Ohio. Dr. Owen is a graduate of Colby University and Newton Theological Seminary.

NO RESPONSE is yet received from Dr. Tucker, of New York, as to accepting the professorship of sacred rhetoric, but the hope is confidently expressed that he will join the Andover faculty.

THE Peabody Normal School, at New Orleans, is the only normal school for colored people in the world, and was established by Hon. R. M. Lusher. It is supported by the Peabody Educational Fund.

THE first Siberian University will be opened this year; it will be at Tomsk; great numbers of students have been exiled, it will be remembered, from connection with the political opposition to the Government.

THE Jubilee Singers, who have been giving concerts in America and Europe in aid of Fisk University for several years past, have earned for that institution the net sum of $150,000, besides receiving valuable works of art as gifts for the university.

EX GOVERNOR RICE says that he has returned from Kansas and Colorado, profoundly impressed with what the great West is doing for the education of its communities. He found in Colorado that the largest, most imposing buildings in the cities and towns are the schoolhouses.

PRESIDENT BARNARD, of Columbia College, is in favor of co education. It may be safely said that no man in the country takes broader views than this venerable man. He believes the time will come when every college will open its doors to women the same as to men.

THE sum of $500,000 has been appropriated in Texas to carry the school work through the remainder of the year; $300,000 had already been distributed. San Antonio has the most successful educational system of all the Texas cities. The great need in that State is good trained teachers.

AT Wesleyan University, the entire mathematical and astronomical departments have been transferred to Observatory Hall, where two large rooms have been fitted up, one for a laboratory, the other for a mathematical recitation room. Professor Burke, lately of Wilbraham Academy, and a grandson of this college, is to assist Professor Van Vleck in this department.

THE *North China Daily News*, published at Shanghai, speaking of the departure of the Chinese professor for Harvard College, who has just arrived, says: "Should the United States Government, as it is believed it will, promise a permanent position in its Legation and Consulates to students of Chinese from Harvard, not only may the friendly relations of the two countries be strengthened, but the high hopes entertained by the American manufacturers of success with their wares in this Empire will probably not fail to be advanced as well."

RICHARD GATEWOOD, of Virginia, who graduated No. 1 in the class of cadet engineers at the Naval Academy last June, and F. T. Bowles, of Massachusetts, No. 3, made application to be allowed to attend the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, England, in order to study naval engineering, architecture, etc. That college is allowed to take a number of private students, including two from each foreign nation. The request has been granted without their undergoing the usual examination, their certificate of graduation at the Naval Academy being considered sufficient by the English Government. They will enter the Royal Naval College at the October term.

THE SEASON OF THE FAIRS.

THE Georgia State Fair will be held at Macon, October 27th to November 1st.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., began the annual exhibition of her industries September 24, and will close October 18th.

THE second annual opening of the Golden Gate Agricultural Fair occurred at San Francisco, September 1st.

THE annual fair of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society was opened at Waverley on September 15th, for six days.

THE forty-eighth exhibition of the American Institute of New York opens September 17th, and lasts until November 22d.

ON September 10th the Seventh Industrial Exhibition of Cincinnati was opened in the permanent buildings, to close October 11th.

THE colored people of North Carolina will hold their first industrial fair at Camp Russell, Raleigh, November 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.

PATRONAGE of the Iowa State Fair, which opened at Des Moines, September 1st, has been unprecedented. Races were run every day.

THE annual exhibition of fruits, flowers and vegetables of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was held in Boston, September 9th-12th.

PRESIDENT HAYES and suite have promised to attend the opening of the Michigan State Fair at Detroit, on September 17th. It will close on the 20th.

THE eleventh annual fair of the Southeastern Indiana Agricultural Society closed at Aurora, September 6th, after a most successful exhibition in every particular.

THE first annual fair of the Kentucky State Agricultural, Mechanical, Zoological and Botanical Association was held at Louisville, September 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

IN the great Exhibition Building in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Fair was opened September 9th. Many relics of the Centennial are seen.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN of Kansas has received a letter from President Hayes accepting the invitation to be present at the agricultural fair to be opened at Neosho, September 25th.

A FEATURE of the St. Louis Fair and Exposition, which opens September 22d, will be the elaborate manœuvres of the military, for which $5,000 worth of prizes are offered.

AMONG the attractions of the Rhode Island State Fair, opened at Providence September 9th, were the champion steer, weighing nearly 4,000 pounds, and the Centennial Queen of Cattle.

THE fifty-first annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society opened in Philadelphia, September 15th, and will close with a promenade concert and reception on Friday evening.

THE Board of Managers of the International Dairy Fair Association have decided upon a second exhibition, to be held at the city of New York during the second and third weeks in December of the present year.

FARMERS generally complain of the horse racing attractions of agricultural exhibitions, claiming that they do not belong in any sense to an exposition of mechanical, industrial, agricultural or artistic interests, and that they distract attention from the legitimate objects.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Spanish Government will dispatch 5,000 troops to Cuba in October and 5,000 more later.

—TWELVE years ago Texas shipped only 75,000 bales of cotton. Last year she shipped 1,600,000 bales.

—GROUND was broken, September 12th, for a theological building at Vanderbilt University, to cost $65,000.

—THE State of Ohio stands fourth in manufactures, the value of the annual product being valued at $270,000,000.

—QUITE a brisk demand for American windmills has sprung up in the British colonies, West India Islands and South America.

—SHAVINGS from a planing-mill in Chicago are, by an air-blast, blown 700 feet through a 15-inch sheet-iron pipe to a distillery, where they are burned for fuel.

—RUSSIA has offered to restore to China the northeastern portion of the occupied territory, provided the Kirghiz Nomads who fled to China may be sent back to Kuldja.

—SAVANNAH never before made such an exhibit in general business as she does to-day. She is not only the second cotton port, but the second in naval stores, lumber and rice.

—AN extra issue of the Canadian official *Gazette*, contains an order in Council extending the time for the prohibition of American cattle into the Dominion until the 15th of October.

—THE *Mark Lane Express* estimates that England will require of America 72,000,000 bushels of wheat this year—a quantity equal to the entire import of the United Kingdom five years ago.

—AN experiment at acclimatization is now being made in Holland. Ten thousand salmon fry from California have been put down in the Meuse, at Blorick, and 20,000 others are about to be added.

—THE Institute of International Law, now in session at Brussels, has voted in favor of a resolution recommending that the various States agree that the destruction or injury of submarine telegraph cables is an offense against the law of nations.

—PERFECT tranquillity prevails in the republic. The difference with Spain has been satisfactorily adjusted. Santo Domingo will salute the Spanish flag, the Spanish war-ships will return the salute, and the Governor of Puerto Plata will be removed.

—IT is announced in Dublin that Mr. Parnell and other persons interested in the land question contemplate shortly the issue of an appeal to the Irish people in all parts of the world to aid in the creation of a class of peasant proprietors in Ireland.

—THE Manchester *Guardian* says it is estimated that 30,000 persons are still out of work in Glasgow. The iron trades only are doing well. The building trades are in the worst condition, and it will be necessary again to make provision to assist the unemployed during the coming Winter.

—TRENTON'S manufacturers of pottery never knew business to be so brisk. The capacity has been doubled within the last six months, and new kilns are being put in by almost all the firms. Eighty-four kilns are now in operation, and these have in the last half-year turned out $1,035,000 worth of goods.

—MONTANA during the past sixteen years has produced $153,000,000 of gold and silver. Of this sum $147,000,000 was in gold. This makes Montana rank next to California as a producer of gold. There are already 200 quartz mines in the territory. Iron and lead mines have been opened, and coal is plentiful.

—THE extent of the bituminous fields by which Pittsburg is surrounded is equal to 5,000,000 acres. Estimating the upper seam at eight feet in thickness, it would contain 53,516,420,000 tons, which, at $2 per ton, or a little over seven cents per bushel, would be worth $107,032,860,000; enough to pay the national debt of thirty times.

—TEN arrondissements of Paris are now furnished with small popular libraries, open for two hours in the evening to the public, and the other arrondissements are taking measures with a view to being similarly provided. The average number of readers who frequented these libraries during the first half of the present year was 4,500.

—THE Liverpool Town Council have decided, in accordance with a numerously signed requisition, to establish a horse fair in Liverpool every three months. The fair is expected to prove a very great convenience to team-owners in Liverpool and the district, who have hitherto often had to scour the country in search of animals to suit their purposes.

—ACCORDING to official statistics furnished by the French War Office, 769,140 men will spend more or less time under the flag this year, in conformity with the new military law. The active army is set down at 479,100 men; the reserve of the active army at 144,510 men and 2,880 officers; the territorial army at 117,360 men and 6,870 officers.

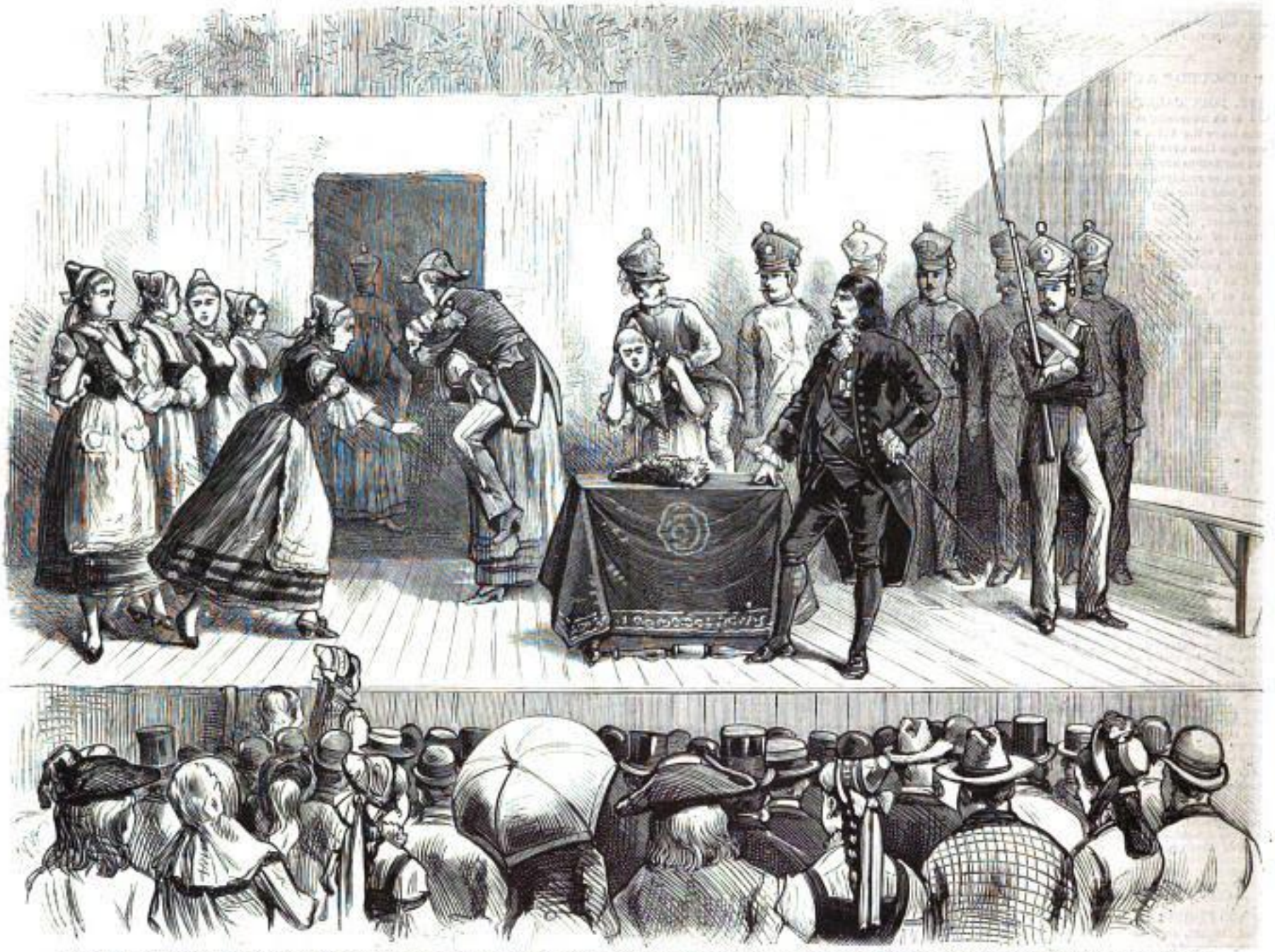
—THE President of the Norfolk Oyster Packing Association says that 3,000,000 bushels of oysters will be taken from the Virginia waters this year, and more than one-third of these will be handled by the packers of Norfolk and Portsmouth. The average value of the oysters is thirty-five cents a bushel, making the oyster trade of Norfolk something like $350,000 a year. The business has been built since the war, and is steadily increasing.

—THE cattle of Texas are not afraid of a man, nor are they afraid of a horse; but they are afraid of a man on a horse. They do not understand, at least they do not seem to understand, that a man on horseback is a combination of animals. Apparently they regard the two as one animal, and one that is too powerful for them. To get off a horse in a herd of wild Texas cattle is almost worth a man's life, and an experienced herder will never do it.

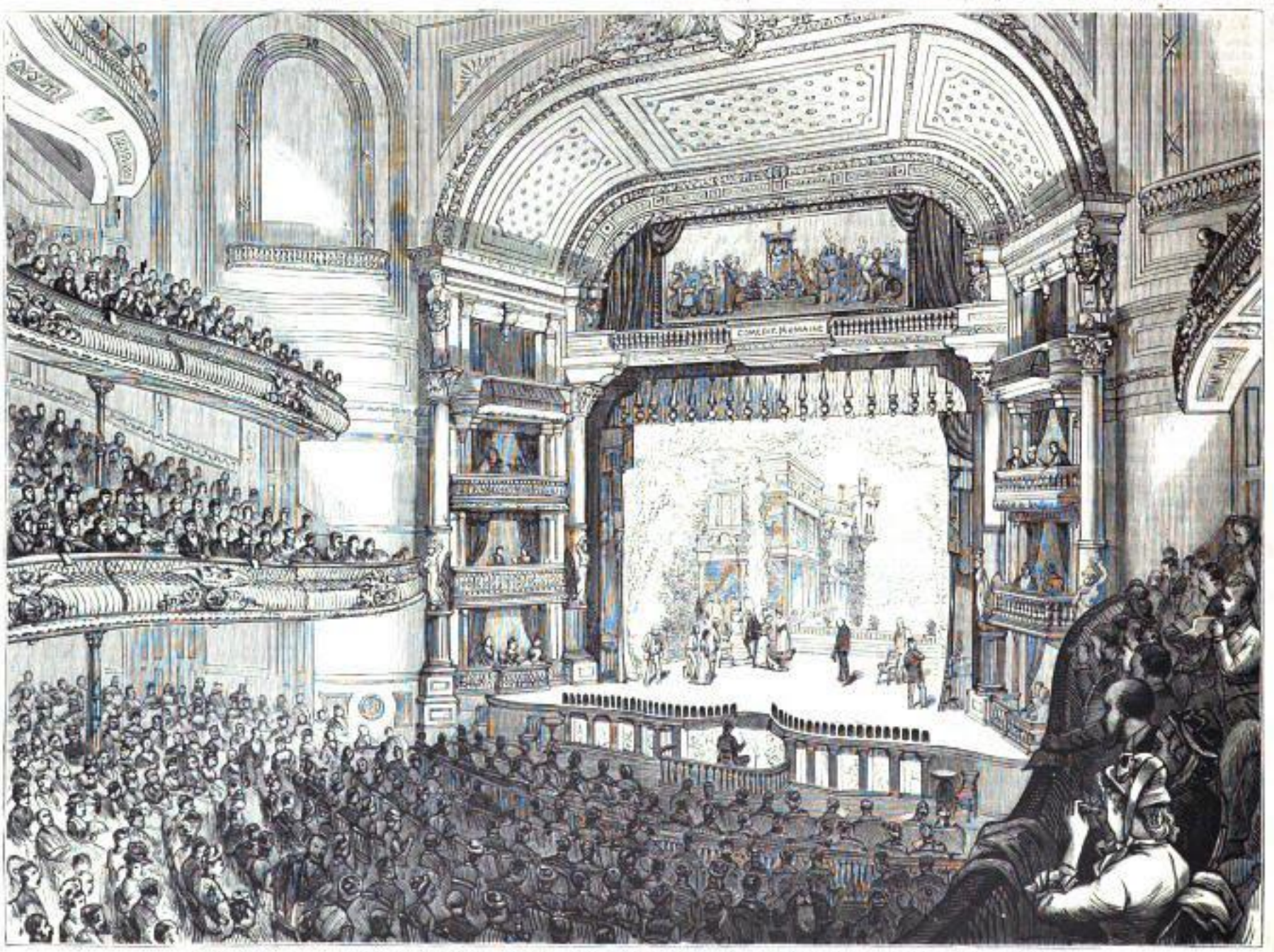
—SHIPBUILDING in Maine appears to be carried on just now with considerable activity; in fact, that State is doing pretty much all of the sailing-vessel building contracted for in American yards. Steel as a substitute for iron in the construction of hulls is exciting some discussion. It is claimed that steel is lighter and in the long run much less expensive than iron. It is believed that its introduction in shipbuilding will work a revolution in that art and turn the tide of business into our shipyards. It is stated that a steel boat is to be built for one of the Hudson River lines.

—A LARGE gun, captured many years ago by the Turks in a war with the Persians, occupies a prominent position in the city of Bagdad, being placed on a kind of scaffold and illuminated at night by four lanterns. This gun is firmly believed to possess the miraculous power of curing fever and warding off its attacks. Accordingly, when fever is most prevalent, dense crowds push and struggle with each other with the object of reaching the gun and rubbing themselves against it. Of late, owing to the scarcity of quinine, the gun has been rubbed against with unusual vigor, and it is credited with miracles of healing that more than atone for any amount of destruction it may have effected in days of yore.

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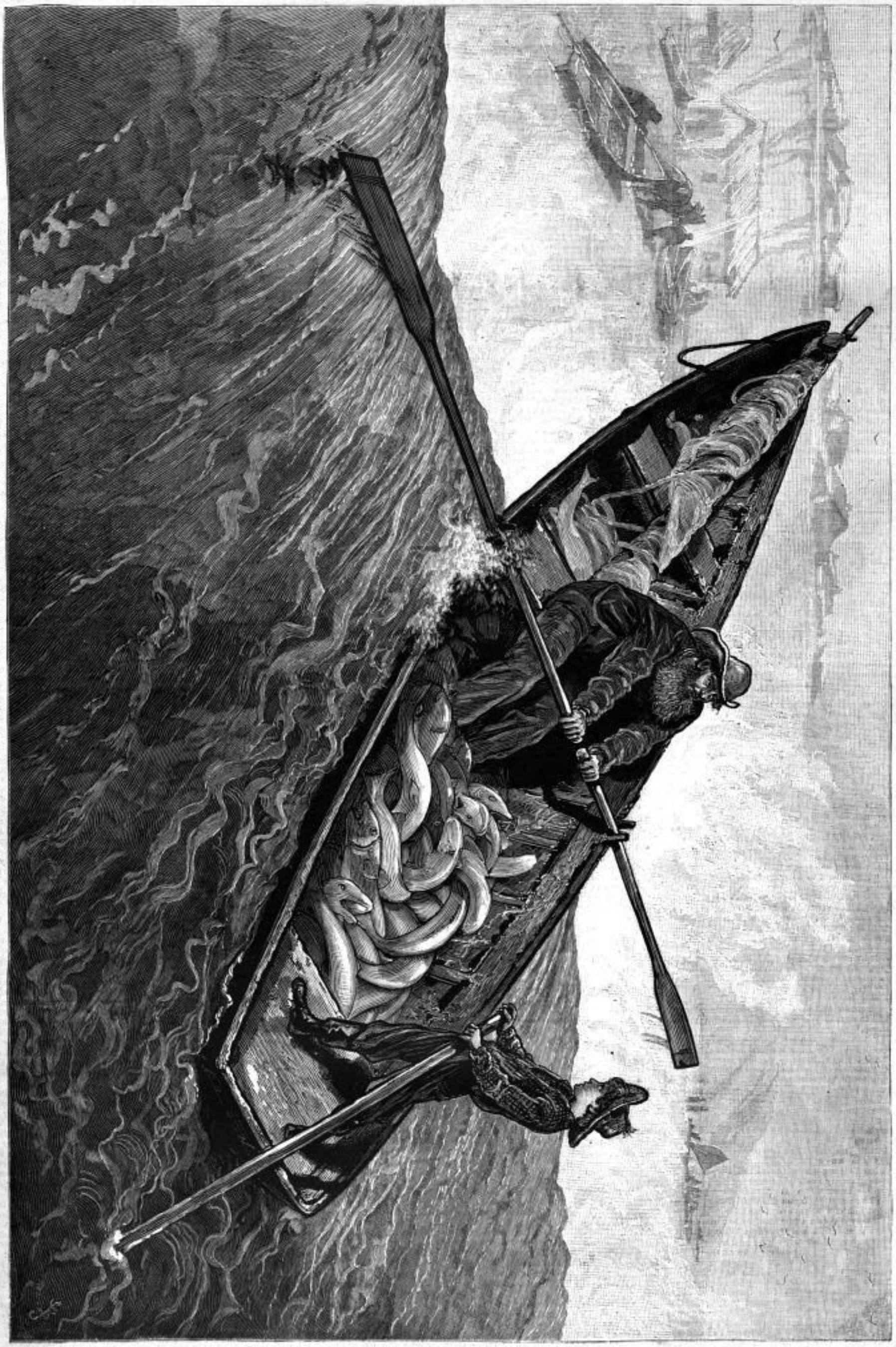


NEW YORK.—SWABIAN VOLKSFEST AT RIDGEWOOD PARK, L. I., SEPTEMBER 7TH–10TH.—DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION OF THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG CARRYING OFF THEIR HUSBANDS.—SEE PAGE 54.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE IMPROVEMENTS IN BOOTH'S THEATRE.—VIEW OF THE NEW PROSCENIUM DURING THE PLAY OF "RESCUED."—SEE PAGE 55.

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MASSACHUSETTS—ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE—A NANTUCKET FISHERMAN RETURNING HOME WITH HIS CATCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 55.

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THE LISTENING OAK.

SHE found the old familiar spot,
Beneath the old oak tree,
She sighed, she sighed, "He loves me not!
And I'm alone! ah, me!"
It watched her there, the fond old oak,
For trees have eyes like other folk;
It whispered, whispered, "*Hearts may yearn,*
But, late or early, Love comes home!"

He stood where they so oft had met,
He flung away her flowers.
"Ah me!" he cried, "Coquette! coquette!
To love me but an hour!"
But loudly sang the angry oak,
For trees have hearts, like other folk;
And chiding, chiding was the song,
"*The heart that loves believes no wrong!*"

There's some one stealing through the chace,
And some one's arms thrown wide,
And some one's heart is some one's place
At happy eventide.
The tears, the doubts, are gone, are gone,
And gayly now the oak looks on,
And sings to them of joy and rest,
"*The love that's tried is happiest!*"

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is a great deal of diplomatic talent displayed the next day both by Miss Bertram and her niece. The former has made up her mind that Daisy shall be out of the way when this very superfluous young squire of Glenholme calls. And Daisy has made up her mind that nothing short of physical force shall get her out of the house while there is a possibility of his coming to it. She takes her morning ride contentedly enough, for she knows that there is no chance of her missing him at that hour. Indeed, she half hopes to find the stalwart young Apollo leaning over the rails again. She cannot help experiencing a pang of disappointment when, after riding up and down twice, she fails to find him among the crowd. "He ought to have taken it for granted that I should be here again to-day," she says, poutingly, to herself, and then she blushes a conscious burning blush, as it flashes across her that perhaps he is not sufficiently interested in her to take the trouble to haunt any particular spot for the sake of seeing her. "I am a goose," Daisy says to herself; "because he seemed glad to see me yesterday, I fancied he might care to try and see me again this morning, when I ought to have known that he would have been just as glad to see papa, or Tartar, or any one from Burnsleigh." Then she resolves not to think a bit more about Harry Poynter, and carries out her resolve by thinking of him vigorously for the remainder of her ride. It is after luncheon that the aunt and niece develop their respective diplomatic powers. Miss Bertram, who, in the ordinary course of things, never thinks of driving out before four o'clock in July, announces to-day that she will go out at three, and that Daisy must accompany her, to choose some rich lace she designs shall decorate Daisy on a very special occasion.

"Aunt Bertram, if we go out at three we shall fall victims to *coup de soleil*, and I shall be unable to go to Lady Beauton's to-night," Daisy says, speciously; and Miss Bertram's resolution begins to waver.

Then she remembers that "this Mr. Poynter" is imminent, and says:

"My dear Daisy, the sun is no fiercer at three than at four, and there's no saying how soon this lace may be wanted. Did Sir Bolingbroke make a special point of your being at Lady Beauton's to-night?"

"He seemed to wish me to be there," Daisy says.

She feels slightly remorseful about the way in which she is using Sir Bolingbroke as an instrument to work out her design of staying in to see Harry Poynter. Still, remorseful as she feels, she uses him.

"Then we will go," Miss Bertram says, decidedly; "but a little quiet drive won't hurt you. We'll settle about the lace, and go down to Covent Garden to order in any new plants we may see, and then we will go to the park. I will let you off going to Mrs. Granville's 'afternoon' and won't ask you to make a single call to-day, if you're ready to go with me at three."

"Aunt Bertram——" Daisy pauses for a moment or two. She is about to plead that she "must stay at home to write to mamma," but the honesty of her nature prevents her making any more false excuses. "Aunt Bertram, I want to stay at home this afternoon to see Harry Poynter," she says, suddenly. "Don't think me bold and forward, and everything of the kind, for saying so; but I feel it would make me very unhappy to go out when I know that he is coming. We were boy and girl together, you know, and he gave me Tartar, and till you know Tartar you can't understand what a strong claim the gift of the dog gives Harry on my gratitude; and we shall both of us be living down at Burnsleigh again by-and-by; and don't you see that it's impossible that I should behave discourteously to him?"

Daisy sinks on a low stool by her aunt's side as she says this, and wheedles the old lady to the utmost of her wheedling power.

But Miss Bertram remembers all that Daisy may lose through an inopportune display of interest in Mr. Poynter. She has found out from Mrs. Granville that the Glenholme property is only worth two thousand a year. Daisy must not be permitted to fling herself away on such a pittance, when Sir Bolingbroke's twenty thousand per annum may be at her disposal if only she is wise. "I should not be doing my duty to her family," Miss Bertram says to herself, "if I encouraged her in hankering after this young man. He will do for one of her less pretty sisters; but my girl must make the success of the season."

Fraught with this feeling, she opens her affectionate battery upon her young charge.

"Mr. Poynter will scarcely expect you to run to meet him in such an extremely marked manner, Daisy. He would probably feel nothing but surprise if he came here and found you had upset our daily routine for the sake of receiving him. My dear child, the thing can't be done; if he were your accepted lover even, I wouldn't permit you to renounce society for the sake of staying at home to sentimentalize like a village school-girl; and I have got to learn that he stands on that footing with you."

Daisy crimsons, ceases from wheedling, and starts up in a moment.

"I have told you exactly what he is, and how I regard him. I wish you hadn't said that about his being my accepted lover, Aunt Bertram. You have put a thought in my head that has never been there before about Harry Poynter, and it may make me awkward when I meet him. However, I'll do as you please now; after what you have said, I'd rather not see him to-day."

The girl is hurt, unmistakably hurt; and Miss Bertram feels a little sorry for the pain she has unavoidably inflicted. But she stands acquitted in her own mind of having employed any other than the most justifiable means to compass her praiseworthy end. She loves Daisy dearly; a little because Daisy is of her own flesh and blood, a little because Daisy is so lovely that she has brought reflected lustre to Miss Bertram, and a great deal because, by the grace of Sir Bolingbroke Bray, Daisy may be leader of society next year. Still, loving Daisy dearly as she does, she does not repent having wounded the poor child, since the pain inflicted has caused Daisy to take the course her aunt deems desirable. "It's just as well that girls should see their conduct with other people's eyes at times," she says, suavely. "Of course I know that you would have had no ulterior object in staying at home to receive this young man; but he might have thought you had. Young men are so apt to be deluded by their vanity."

So Daisy lets herself be carried off to look at the pattern of lace flounces which her Aunt Bertram is well disposed to order for her; and Daisy is not in the mood to see the beauty of the most beautiful lace to-day.

"You had better save your money, Aunt Bertram," she says, when she hears the price, which appears appalling to her. "What good will that lace be to me at Burnsleigh? I shall be afraid to wear it, because Mrs. Granville will turn and rend me for presuming to possess anything so much better than she has herself."

"It's more than probable that, if you ever wear it at Burnsleigh, you will be in such a position that Mrs. Granville will not care to cavil at anything you may please to wear," Aunt Bertram replies, with an air of mysterious sagacity that is extremely annoying to Daisy, since the latter dare not openly demand the reason of it.

"I mustn't do anything to make Aunt Bertram work back to the subject of Sir Bolingbroke," the girl thinks. "If I do, there's no knowing what she may not taunt me into doing or promising to do; she is quite capable of even saying that I have given my heart to Harry Poynter before he has asked me for it." Somehow or other the thought of Harry Poynter carries her almost complacently through the weary work of shopping, which her aunt insists upon her performing this afternoon.

In all matters connected with the adornment and further gracing of her niece's most graceful person Miss Bertram has been liberal, not to say lavish, all through Daisy's brief campaign. But this day she outdoes all her former efforts at munificence, and still Daisy fails to feel as grateful as she fancies she ought to feel. Instinctively she understands that her aunt is not giving her rich gifts because she loves her—and generosity towards the object is the natural outcome of love—but because there is a probability of her making a brilliant marriage and occupying a prominent place in society. Moreover, all that Miss Bertram does for Daisy, and all that she gives to Daisy, is done and given in the overpowering and semi-patronizing way in which rich people invariably bestow boons upon their poor relations. The poor girl's heart and soul are in revolt when her aunt puts bracelets and necklets of gold and jewels of price about her. "If she would only give me the money and let me send it to poor mamma," Daisy thinks, with tears in her eyes, "then I could say 'Thank you,' with my whole heart; but as it is, I don't thank her a bit in reality; she only does it in the hope that it may redound to her own honor and glory."

The shopping is over at last, and as it is nearly five o'clock, and Daisy looks so pale and tired, that Miss Bertram is alarmed for her appearance this night at the Marchioness of Beauton's, she consents to waive the drive in the park for once. "That young man from the wilds will have been and gone before now," the aunt tells herself; and the niece is simultaneously thinking. "Harry is sure to think that I'm so elated by this brief London experience of mine, that my head is turned to the extent of making me forgetful of old friends. And if he thinks that he will despise me and never come near me again."

This consideration takes the bloom off her cheeks, robs her eyes of their starry light, and depresses her so thoroughly altogether, that it is a very pallid and sad looking Daisy who looks up, when the carriage stops at her aunt's door, to see Mr. Poynter standing on the doorstep.

In a moment all her views of life in general, and of her aunt's conduct in particular, undergo a change. She forgives Miss Bertram the drive, Sir Bolingbroke, the jewelry and laces, the patronage, and all her other enormities. How can she feel other than forgiving and beneficent now that he is here, showing his gladness and pleasure at the sight of her so openly and eagerly? Even Miss Bertram, disgusted as she is at having been outwitted by chance in this way, cannot make up her mind to do other than accord a civil welcome to the brilliant looking, gracious-mannered young fellow. She even goes so far as to acknowledge in the recesses of her own heart that Harry Poynter would have her casting-vote if there were not such a mighty disproportion between his income and Sir Bolingbroke's. "As it is, Daisy must not see any more of him after this," she determines; "no man I know can stand a chance while he is in the field."

Happily for the young pair they are unconscious of this determination on Miss Bertram's part, and so an hour slips away very pleasantly over afternoon tea in Miss Bertram's drawing-room. The room is large, and is one of those earthly paradises—a room full of nooks and corners. Miss Bertram is not very æsthetic in many of her tastes, but she is the possessor of a large collection of old china and *bric-à-brac*. Harry Poynter blesses the cups and saucers, the old Florentine brass-work and Venetian mirrors, as they give him an excuse for loitering round the room, penetrating into the nooks, and disappearing round the corners with Daisy while she describes the various *objets d'art* to him. Miss Bertram sits and seethes at the sight, but she is compelled to seethe silently. She cannot show such a want of confidence in her niece as to order her to sit down; and she cannot, as a civilized hostess, curb that young man's apparently irrepressible desire for instruction. Nor can she get up and follow them about. "It must never happen again, it shall never happen again," she says, in nervous agitation, to herself, as the sound of their voices, now in whispered colloquy, now in merry laughter, reaches her from the other end of the room. Once she does make an attempt to rout the enemy by saying:

"I'm sure you must be boring Mr. Poynter, Daisy. Young men never care for china."

"I should care for anything that Daisy showed me," he replies, blithely enough, and the tone of intimate assurance makes Miss Bertram wince. She feels absolutely guilty of disloyalty to Sir Bolingbroke, to whose cause she has pledged herself, in permitting even this much intercourse between this exceedingly detrimental young man and the Daisy whom Sir Bolingbroke desires to gather. "I will give him a hint this evening to be prompt. It's no use his being a laggard in love if he wants to secure Daisy; and I'll take care this sort of thing doesn't occur again."

Meanwhile all her plans are being quietly defeated by the young pair, who are unconscious that she is making them.

"I'll be in the Row to-morrow at twelve, and you won't let that fellow who was with you yesterday cut into the conversation I want to have with you about Burnsleigh, will you?" he says, appealingly, to Daisy, and Daisy gives him her promise delightedly. "I was so surprised to hear from St. Briac to-day that Willie is tutor to St. Briac's young brother, Gerald."

"Yes; isn't it a good thing for Willie? So you know St. Briac? Will you be there to-night?"

"At Lady Beauton's? Yes. Will you?"

"I will; and it will be the happiest of all my balls," the girl cries, frankly. "Do you remember, when you were home the last time, how we used to waltz in the schoolroom every evening? I've often thought of it since I have been up here; and I've never had such a partner as you ever since."

"We always went together well, didn't we?" he responds.

It makes him very happy to find that even his waltzing, which was not specially good at the time to which Daisy refers, is glorified in Daisy's memory. It makes him even happier to feel that he will be able to give her many opportunities to-night of discovering the improvement which has taken place in his "manner of going" since then.

He proceeds to improve the shining hours by seeking to engage Daisy at once for the first two round dances. But Daisy is conscientious. She is engaged to Lord St. Briac for the first, and to Sir Bolingbroke for the second, and, as disagreeable as it will be to dance with the latter now, she will stand to her engagements.

His eyes grow anxious as she announces this; for brief as has been his sojourn in the gay, reckless, brilliant, money-loving world of London, he has learnt enough to know that Sir Bolingbroke, despite his antecedents, is a dangerous rival. About St. Briac he has no alarm, for it is well known that he has promised his family that he will surrender to the charms of Miss Millard's money-bags. Moreover St. Briac did not express the faintest or most ordinary admiration for Daisy when he was speaking of her brother this morning, whereas Harry had seen with his own eyes the light in which Sir Bolingbroke openly regarded her. So, in blissful ignorance of where the real danger lies, Mr. Poynter makes up his mind to devote all his energies to keeping her apart from the baronet this night at the ball.

"I wish we were both back at Burnsleigh," he whispers; and she looks at him shyly, and he sees that his wish is reflected in her eyes and echoing in her heart. If he will only speak out now to his old playfellow and early love, all will be well with them. But he does not know this, and he fears his fate a little too much, and Miss Bertram calls him in a peremptory manner to her side, and the opportunity is over. But his hand clasps hers very lingeringly when he bids her good-by, and he associates himself in a way that is grievous to her aunt by saying: "You'll help me make out a programme of the rejoicings that Lincoln insists must take place when I go home, won't you, Daisy? The days for roasting bullocks whole are over; we'll do something very quaint and curious in the way of village festivities if you will only help me."

"Does the whole village belong to you, then?" Miss Bertram asks, bluntly.

"Not at all; Granville is the monarch of nearly all that is to be surveyed down at Burnsleigh. Glenholme is a pretty little place though—isn't it, Daisy?—and I hope I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you to it some day, Miss Bertram."

There is something so joyous and thorough about him that Miss Bertram cannot snub him for his audacity, as she longs to do. She even suffers a severe smile to play over her virgin lips as she replies:

"Thank you; but I am not likely to visit Burnsleigh—the air in that part of the country never did agree with me. Scotland and the North of England suit me much better. I am looking forward to spending part of the Autumn up in the Highlands with my dear niece."

Now, Sir Bolingbroke Bray's estates, as all men know, are up in Scotland. No wonder that after Miss Bertram fires this parting shot at him Mr. Poynter takes his departure with the fixed idea in his mind, namely, that Miss Bertram is a manœuvring, match making, malignant old woman, from whose clutches it behooves him to rescue Daisy as soon as possible.

Everything is in full swing at Lady Beauton's ball this evening, when Miss Bertram and Daisy gallantly and gaspingly force a passage through the crowd that throngs the staircase and anterooms. Miss Millard and her mamma have been received with the most flattering expressions by the Marchioness of Beauton, who, before their arrival, had implored her son, with tears in her eyes, to rid her of that appalling old woman without unnecessary delay, immediately after their advent.

"For your sake, dear boy," the affectionate and devoted mother had said, "I am prepared to go any length as far as the girl is concerned; but the mother! St. Briac, you must make her understand that she is not to come near me *once* after I have received her. I feel my health giving away every time she approaches me; and, as I don't want to break down before your marriage, you must really keep her away from me."

"Yes, if you can only weather out the storm till I have won my gentle bride, we'll smother the old lady comfortably under some of her own cotton bales afterwards," St. Briac laughs.

"And you will come to a conclusion with Miss Millard to-night, St. Briac?" his mother asks, somewhat nervously; for the Millard alliance is one that will restore the rather emaciated fortune of the house of Beauton. Accordingly, though Miss Millard is only a few degrees less detestable than her mother in the eyes of the marchioness, the understanding of the marchioness teaches her that Miss Millard is a highly-desirable wife for her son. There is a touch of asperity, as well as anxiety, in the tone in which she asks the young man who has been playing the big fish for some months now, if he intends to land it to-night.

"Well, yes; it's in the bond that I do so, I suppose," he says, with a sigh. And as he pledges himself anew to pursue the course which is to recoup the fortunes of his house, he thinks of a girl who had not shone out like a star in society when he first gave in his adhesion to society—a girl whose fair beauty and rare grace and sweet stately charms would grace a coronet, or a crown for that matter—and his heart and his taste revolt against the bride he is sworn to win as he remembers Daisy.

The deed has to be done this night, and St. Briac sets about the preliminaries which have to be gone through with the best grace he has at command. He is a fine specimen of a young patrician, and he looks a very knight of courtesy as he advances to Miss Millard and claims that young lady's hand for the dance and attention to his deserts. And as she yields to him both he thinks of Daisy again—thinks of her with a thrilling mixture of intense admiration and yearning regret.

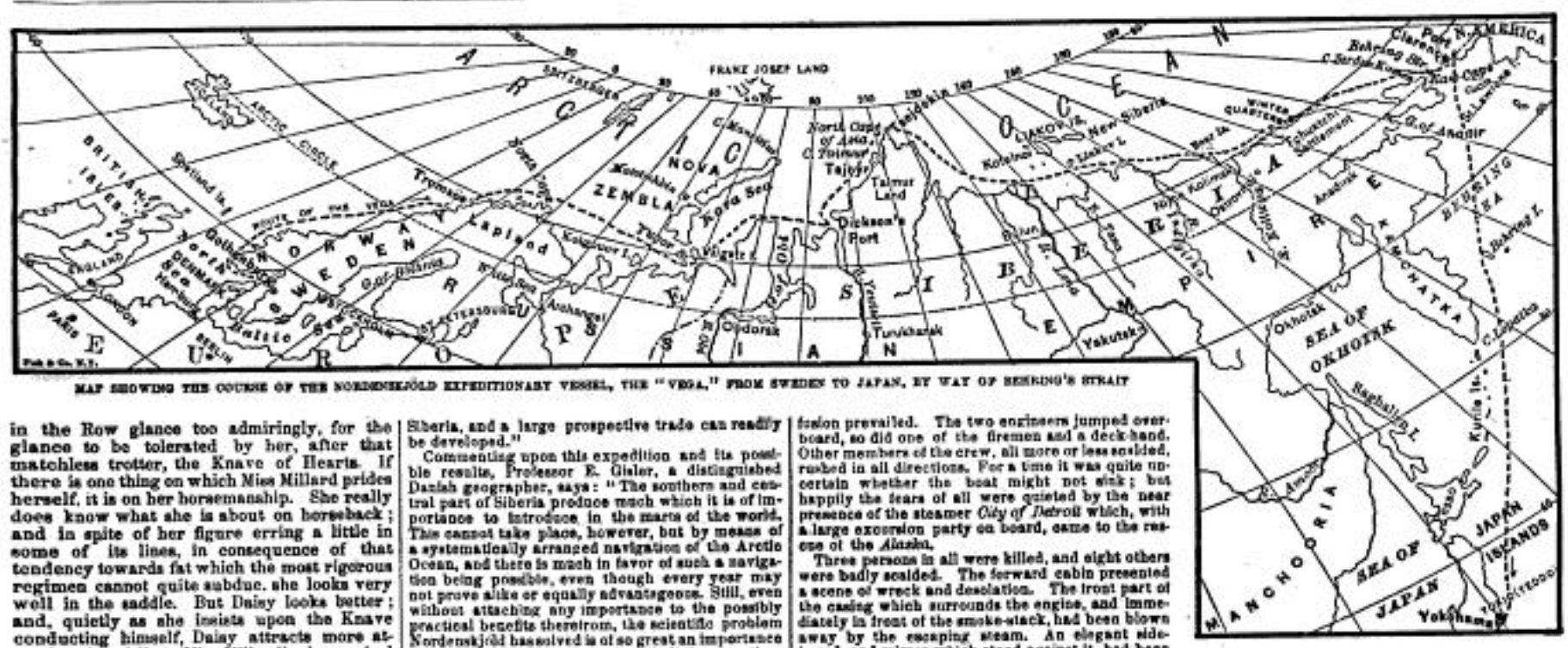
Miss Millard is not the sort of girl to be married for her money only; for she is a bonnie-looking creature of the fair, fresh, rather fat order. Her face is a very comely one, full of good temper (when nothing occurs to put her out), and expressive of a fair amount of intelligence and resolution to have a full recognition accorded to her merits. She has ruled a little queen in every coterie into which she has hitherto gone, both in Cottonapolis and London. But this season she has been taught that there are realms in which she may not hope to reign. She has been sought by great ladies of the Marchioness of Beauton's clique; but they have, one and all, taught her that in their society she can have no sovereignty, no place, nor favor, indeed, of any kind, unless she and her gold come among them indorsed by the approval, which marriage is supposed to express, of such a one as Lord St. Briac.

She has accepted their dicta readily enough; indeed, she is a consenting party to the scheme which has been propounded for St. Briac's benefit. She likes St. Briac very well for himself—that is to say, she has seen no one whom she likes better than St. Briac. But she *loves* the prospect of being a marchioness, and she is quite contented to see her mother ignored and put into the shade by those *grandes dames*, while she herself is graduating for the place she is eventually to hold among them.

But she is not quite contented to be put in the shade herself by a "mere penniless nobody" like Daisy Eldon. If a duke's unmarried daughter cuts the ground from under her feet, Julia Millard bears the shock heroically; but that an obscure country girl, without a farthing to bless herself with, should execute the same feat unintentionally is a very bitter drop in the cup which fashionable life is holding to Miss Millard's lips just at present.

St. Briac had been in pretty constant attendance on her lately; but she has seen him

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MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE NORDENSKJÖLD EXPEDITIONARY VESSEL, THE "VEGA," FROM SWEDEN TO JAPAN, BY WAY OF BEHRING'S STRAIT

in the Row glance too admiringly, for the glance to be tolerated by her, after that matchless trotter, the Knave of Hearts. If there is one thing on which Miss Millard prides herself, it is on her horsemanship. She really does know what she is about on horseback; and in spite of her figure erring a little in some of its lines, in consequence of that tendency towards fat which the most rigorous regimen cannot quite subdue, she looks very well in the saddle. But Daisy looks better; and, quietly as she insists upon the Knave conducting himself, Daisy attracts more attention than falls to Miss Millard's share. And so there is something of bitterness in the *bonhomie* with which Miss Millard says:

"Do you know who that marvelously handsome man is who chained Daisy Eldon to the rails in the Row the day before yesterday? She made quite an exhibition of her eagerness to talk to him."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE NORTHEAST PASSAGE.

THE arrival of the Swedish exploring steamer *Vega*, belonging to the Nordenskjöld Expedition, at Yokohama, Japan, September 2d, having successfully accomplished the Northeast Passage, is an event of great importance both to the commercial and the scientific world. The *Vega* sailed from Gothenburg, in Sweden, on July 4th, 1878. A four days' sail brought it to Tromsöe (a Norwegian port on an island of the same name), where the outfit of furs and necessaries for the high latitudes was completed. Here the *Vega* was joined by the companion steamer, the *Lena*. On July 25th both vessels sailed from Tromsöe, passing through the Yugor Strait (south of Nova Zembla) on August 5th. There was not a particle of ice to be seen between Waigatsch (Vaigatz, a Russian island) and the Continent. The Kara Sea, hitherto dreaded by all sailors in the Arctic regions, was equally free from ice, and anchor was cast at Port Dickson, near the mouth of the Yenesei, on August 6th. After a three days' delay there the two steamers of the expedition steered northeast towards the dreaded Taimar land and the North Cape. The ice arrested their passage, and they were compelled to remain at Tajoyr (Cape Taimar?) four days. On August 19th, Tseljekie, the extreme northern point of Asia, was reached, where a short rest was taken. The *Vega* coasted the peninsula, very little ice being encountered, and anchored at the mouth of the Lena River on August 26th. To the northeastward were the islands of New Siberia, which were soon sighted, but the adventurers were unable to explore them because of the great field of ice that girt their shores. The mouth of the Kolwya River (latitude 69 degrees 30 minutes, longitude 161 degrees 30 minutes), a broad estuary, was found open, and the vessels hastened to make all possible progress eastward. Their difficulties soon began, however, and increased daily. They were delayed much by the ice between Cape Cook and Van Karema. They crossed Kolintschin Bay on September 27th with comparative ease, but were imprisoned on the 28th near a Tchuktchi settlement (latitude 67 degrees 7 minutes north, longitude 177 degrees 24 minutes west). Professor Nordenskjöld's account of the expedition says of its subsequent experiences:

"We wintered in the pack-ice at this point, one mile from land. The entire ship's company maintained the best of health and spirits. Not a single case of scurvy occurred on board. During the shortest day the sun was above the horizon less than three hours, and then only the upper limb was visible. At this point much time was devoted to interesting scientific and ethnographic studies. There were 4,000 inhabitants in the several villages near by, who subsisted by fishing and sealing. They are called the Tchuktchi, and are a very agreeable class of people for an exploring party to meet. They supplied the expedition with bear and reindeer meat. The cold was intense, averaging 36 centigrade (72.2 degrees below Fahrenheit). The game was abundant in the Spring, wild fowl being taken in large numbers. We were detained in the ice at this point 264 days, but were released on July 18th, and passed East Cape into Behring Straits on the 20th. Such is the story of our voyage.

"I fully accomplished the object for which the expedition was sent out by Dr. Dickson, namely, a practical proof of the existence of a Northeast Passage. Then the Asiatic coast was followed and St. Lawrence Bay was crossed to Port Clarence, Alaska. Thence we crossed to Koniyan, dredging carefully in order to determine the formation of the bottom of the sea, many specimens of the fauna and flora being obtained. The location, breadth, velocity and approximate volume of the currents of the Arctic and Pacific Polar currents were charted and calculated. Having touched at St. Lawrence Island, we next proceeded to Behring Island, where we received the first news from Europe through the resident agent of the Alaska Trading Company. The fossil remains on Behring Island are of immense variety. A new marine animal was here discovered, which we named *Rhytina stelleri*. The *Vega* left the island on August 19th. All are well, and no deaths have occurred during the voyage.

"The *Vega* is the first vessel to make the passage, and I think the voyage from Europe to Asia by Behring Strait is certain and safe, with very little more experience of navigation in the Northern seas. From Japan to the mouth of the Lena River there are no difficulties in the proper season for experienced sailors. The Lena River taps Central Siberia, and a large prospective trade can readily be developed."

Commenting upon this expedition and its possible results, Professor E. Gisler, a distinguished Danish geographer, says: "The southern and central part of Siberia produce much which it is of importance to introduce in the marts of the world. This cannot take place, however, but by means of a systematically arranged navigation of the Arctic Ocean, and there is much in favor of such a navigation being possible, even though every year may not prove alike or equally advantageous. Still, even without attaching any importance to the possibly practical benefits therefrom, the scientific problem Nordenskjöld has solved is of so great an importance that his expedition is deserving of all the attention, with which it has been followed by the public. And the daring he has exhibited is worthy of the greatest admiration—to be a pioneer is ever coupled with dangers."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIALS IN STONEWALL CEMETERY.

THE first soldiers' cemetery spoken of North or South, and the first finished, was Stonewall Cemetery, it having been completed and dedicated October 25th, 1866, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. In this cemetery have been placed, in separate coffins, the 2,500 dead soldiers' remains, most of whom fell in battle, from numerous localities over an area of twenty miles radius from Winchester. The dead from each State were placed in a separate lot, designated by a wooden shaft, bearing the name of the State. In the centre, under one large mound, were buried 828 dead. These are designated as the "Unknown Dead," and upon the mound over them has been placed the larger of the two monuments, inscribed "To the Unknown and Unrecorded Dead." The other monument, smaller in size, but beautiful in design and workmanship, is erected by the ladies of the "Virginia Shaft Association" over the 398 soldiers interred in the Virginia lot.

The monument erected to the "Unknown Dead" is a column bearing on its top a statue of a private infantryman at "rest on arms," and on the front of the die an enlarged *fac-simile* of the seal of the Confederate States, with its motto, "Deo Vindice." It is 40 feet high, weighs about 65 tons, resting on a foundation below the surface of Virginia Valley limestone 11 feet square and narrowing to 8½ feet square. The base is of Richmond granite, 8½ feet square, and the rest of the structure Italian marble. The design of the monument is historic rather than allegoric, the main features of which are the seal of the Confederate States in the front of the die, and the Jacksonian infantryman surmounting all. On the remaining three sides of the die are the insignia of the several arms of the service: the crossed cannon representing artillery—the heavy sabres with helmet, cavalry; and a stack of muskets in front of two vacant tents, infantry. On the four sides of cap of die are different emblematic wreaths. Over Confederate seal, laurel, signifying glory; over artillery, oak, strength; over infantry, ivy, lasting remembrance; over cavalry, olive, peace. On the front of the base, under the seal, in large sunken letters, is, "To the Unknown and Unrecorded Dead." On the right of the base are inscribed the words:

"Erected A. D. 1879, by the people of the South to the 829 Unknown Confederate Dead who lie beneath this mound, in grateful remembrance of their heroic virtues, and that their example of unstinted devotion to duty and country may never be forgotten." On the left of the base:

"Who they were none knew,
What they were all know."

On the rear of the base is:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While glory guards with solemn round
This bivouac of the dead."

The smaller monument, erected over the 398 dead in the Virginia lot, with General Turner Ashby at their head, is a beautiful shaft 23 feet 6 inches high and weighs 9 tons. It has a Richmond granite base 4 feet square, 2 feet high; molded base of Italian marble, with word "Virginia" on front, 2 feet 2 inches by 16 inches; die, with Seal of Virginia bas relief on it, is 2 feet 8 inches square by 3 feet 6 inches high. The shaft is 20 inches square at bottom, 10 feet 6 inches high. Sword and belt in relief on front of shaft, surmounted by a handsomely carved cap, on which rests a draped urn, with blaze inscription on right side: "In memory of the 398 Virginia soldiers lying in this cemetery, who fell in defense of constitutional liberty and the sovereignty of their State from 1861 to 1865, A. D." On left side: "Erected by the ladies of the Virginia Shaft Association of Winchester, June 6th, 1879." On the far side: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

These monuments were unveiled with impressive ceremonies on Memorial Day last, June 6th.

EXPLOSION OF THE "ALASKA" ON LAKE ERIE.

WE give on page 61 an illustration of the explosion which occurred on the steamer *Alaska*, on Lake Erie, September 5th. The *Alaska* is one of the finest steamers running out of Detroit, and made daily trips to Put-in-Bay and Sandusky. On the day named she was on her way to these places with a number of passengers, when suddenly the steam dome of her boiler exploded with a terrible concussion. Instantly she was filled with steam so dense that it was impossible to see a distance of a foot away, and the greatest confusion prevailed. The two engineers jumped overboard, so did one of the firemen and a deck-hand. Other members of the crew, all more or less scalded, rushed in all directions. For a time it was quite uncertain whether the boat might not sink; but happily the fears of all were quieted by the near presence of the steamer *City of Detroit* which, with a large excursion party on board, came to the rescue of the *Alaska*.

Three persons in all were killed, and eight others were badly scalded. The forward cabin presented a scene of wreck and desolation. The front part of the casing which surrounds the engine, and immediately in front of the smoke-stack, had been blown away by the escaping steam. An elegant sideboard, and mirror which stood against it, had been blown into fragments. The furniture in this cabin was scorched and blistered as if it had passed through a conflagration. The windows were broken, in some instances the cases having been torn out bodily. The tables were overturned and broken. The carpet was covered with ashes and cinders blown from the furnace. The hurricane-deck was littered with bits of iron blown from the boiler. In the engine-room all was confusion. The disaster created great excitement in Detroit, and there was a general expression of satisfaction that its results were not more serious.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Decomposition of gun-cotton in closed vessels gives rise to products which are few in number and very simple, namely, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, hydrogen and nitrogen.

Herr Hagel, of Gotha, has, it is stated, found that artificial plates of Portland cement may be used with advantage in lithography as a substitute for the costly Solnhofen stone.

The Edison Company has just obtained from Government permission to establish telephone communication between the various quarters of Paris. On payment of a monthly subscription a telephone will be installed in private houses, just as water and gas.

C. Schwanitz, of Berlin, uses glycerine in the preparation of vulcanized rubber, in order to secure it from injury by fats and oils. He also passes the finished mass between warmed rolls in a glycerine bath, in which it is exposed to steam under a pressure of two or more atmospheres.

Ozone, when properly applied, is a most effective and convenient agent for restoring books or prints that have become brown by age or been soiled with coloring matter, only a short time being required to render them perfectly white, without injuring in the least the blackness of the ink.

Dr. J. Fr. Brandt, the veteran Russian naturalist of St. Petersburg, has just died at the age of seventy-seven. He has been for many years director of the Imperial Museum of Geology in the Russian capital, and is author of many important memoirs in the transactions of the Imperial Academy.

A Thousand Bushels of Wheat were recently run through a spout of Washburn "B" Mill, Minneapolis, which had been provided with magnets, and there were found adhering to them seventy-one pieces of iron, consisting of tacks, nails, irregular fragments and scales from badly worn machinery.

The Meeting of the American Association of Science at Saratoga was one of the most successful since the society was organized. The attendance was large and the papers read were generally on novel and important subjects. Professor Pierce's theory of meteors and Mr. Edison's inventions were among the most interesting topics presented. The address of retiring President Marsh was listened to with great attention.

Messrs. Newton, Wilson & Co., London, have introduced a pen which they call the borograph, and which resembles Edison's electric pen, with this difference, that the needle at the point is driven by clock-work, which has to be wound up every fifteen minutes. The whole apparatus is very simple and can be carried in the pocket. The copying and reproduction of the clichés after the drawing is made is accomplished in the same manner as with Edison's or the pneumatic pen.

Mr. Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution, has succeeded in making flint and obsidian arrow-heads, daggers, knives, and other sharp instruments, with no other tools than sticks and stones such as the prehistoric races must have used. After numerous trials he found that by pressure with the point of a stick he could break stone, flint and obsidian in any shape he chose, and soon succeeded in making implements quite as good as any ancient specimens in the possession of the museum.

The Old Question of the distinction between animal and human intelligence was discussed at the recent meeting of the British Association by Professor St. George Mivart and Sir John Lubbock. Professor Mivart argued that concerted action is impossible to the lower animals. To this Sir John replied that he placed a blue-bottle fly near an ants' nest and pinned it fast, and that an ant pulled at it for about twenty minutes, and then went to the nest, bringing back with him ten other ants, who joined in the effort to pull away the fly. He thought it only fair to take away the pin, when the party of eleven carried off the blue-bottle in triumph to the nest. If that was not concerted action, what was it?

The Celebrated Astronomer and physicist Arago was born February 26th, 1786, at Estagel, near Perpignan, in the Pyrenees, and died in Paris, October 2d, 1853. The citizens of Perpignan have caused a statue to be erected to his memory in his native town, which was to have been inaugurated September 21st, to be followed by a three days' *fête*. The principal address of the occasion was confided to M. Paul Bert, the physiologist. Why some astronomer or physicist was not selected for this office does not appear. Arago was a staunch republican, and steadfastly refused to take the oath of allegiance to the traitor Louis Napoleon, and he denounced the betrayal of his country by this adventurer in no unmeasured terms.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EDISON'S quadruplex telegraph system will soon be placed in use between Paris and Brussels.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYLER has just returned from his three years of study in Germany to take the chair of biology at Amherst.

GENERAL FRANCIS WALKER is said to be in favor of having ladies, in many places, make the canvass in taking the census.

MR. J. M. LANGSTON, Minister to Hayti, says that the Haytians are a brave and courteous people, refined and desirous of the best education.

THE Queen will remain at Balmoral till the third week in November, returning then to Windsor for a short time, and spending Christmas at Osborne.

A NATURAL daughter of the late Duke of Brunswick has, by a recourse to law, obtained one-fourth of his vast property, all of which he bequeathed to the city of Geneva.

SENOR CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has been charged with the mission of officially asking the hand of the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria in marriage with King Alfonso.

REV. NEWMAN HALL'S new church in London cost $320,000, all of which, except $22,503, has been paid. The church has 1,225 members, and carries on much benevolent work.

THE Prince Imperial of Austria has been appointed commandant of the Thirty-sixth Regiment of Infantry, and will study the administrative service in garrison with it at Prague.

PRINCE LOBANOFF has been appointed Russian Ambassador to London, and Prince Labouroff, the present Minister at Athens, will succeed Prince Lobanoff as Ambassador at Constantinople.

THE President of the British Association this year is Professor G. J. Allman, long Professor of Natural History at the University of Edinburgh, and one of the first authorities of the day in marine zoology.

A YOUNG American, the son of General Viele, of New York, has distinguished himself at the College Stanislaus, in Paris, having taken the grand prize for the Concours at the Sorbonne, and thirteen others, including first Greek and Latin.

DON PHILIPPE DE BOURBON, the son of the Count of Aquila, uncle to the ex-King Francis II. of Naples, and grandson of Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, is about to lead to the altar an exceedingly wealthy American heiress, now residing in Paris.

THE Pope has written an autograph letter to the Emperor William, summing up the results of the late negotiations between the Vatican and Germany, and suggesting the Emperor's direct intervention, in the way of clemency, as the only way to re-establish harmony. It is reported that Prince Bismarck knew and approved of this step beforehand.

LEONTINE NICOLLE, the Frenchwoman who takes the prize for virtue this year at the Academie, has been a nurse in a lunatic asylum for twenty years. She went there when a young girl in order to watch her mother, who had lost her reason, and has been devoted to her work ever since. M. Jules Simon, in his address, stated that through the devotion of this living martyr, no less than five hundred insane men and women had regained their senses and their liberty.

A LETTER has been received from General Grant, dated Nikko, Japan, July 23d, in which he reiterates his purpose to go directly to his home in Galena after he completes his visit on the Pacific Coast. If he visits Oregon it is not thought that he will arrive at Galena before the last of October. His house there has been put in complete repair, inside and out, and all will be in readiness to receive him. In the letter referred to, the General speaks of his travels in China and Japan, and of the latter country in the most glowing terms.

GEORGE C. PERKINS, the Governor-elect of California, is a native of Maine, and his age is forty. Not liking life on his father's farm, he made several voyages as a cabin-boy. In his eighteenth year he landed in California and settled in Oroville, Butte County, where he found employment at farming, mining and clerking in a store, the latter ultimately falling into his possession. He erected and for several years conducted the flouring mills in Oroville, and gradually amassed a fortune. For two years he represented Butte County in the State Senate. He is still in business and considered a representative merchant.

THE obituary record of the last few days contains the names of Sir George Stephen, Q. C. of Melbourne, the first knight created by Queen Victoria, aged 85; William M. Hunt, the well known American artist who committed suicide September 8th, at the Isle of Shoals; Count Amédée de Noé, the French caricaturist, better known by his *nom de crayon* of "Cham," aged 60; the Baron Isidore S. J. Taylor, the distinguished French traveler, Senator and Member of the Institute, aged 80; the Rev. Dr. William Patton, of New Haven, aged 81; Dr. Clement A. Finley, ex-Surgeon-General United States Army, aged 82; John Shillito, the dry-goods prince of Cincinnati, aged 71.

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VIRGINIA.—MONUMENT ERECTED AT WINCHESTER TO THE UNKNOWN AND UNRECORDED DEAD.—SEE PAGE 59.

SHADE-TREES DRAPED IN WHITE SILK.

STRANGE as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that many of the large shade-trees in New York are at this moment draped and loaded down with cocoons of beautiful white silk. All along Broad Street and the lower part of the city, where there are ailanthus-trees, thousands and tens of thousands of the handsome Chinese silkworms (*Attacus cynthia*) may be seen either eating their leaves, or the chrysalids safely ensconced in their large silken cocoons, which often hang in clusters of half a dozen or more from a single twig.

The ailanthus-tree upon which we find them feeding is a native of China, and was introduced into the United States many years ago, and for a long time it was said to have no insect enemies, as the caterpillars of our native butterflies and moths refused to touch its leaves. But it had long been known to entomologists that in China a silkworm fed upon it, and some twenty years ago a few eggs were sent to France by a missionary from the province of Shang Tung, and from these were reared the first stock of this worm seen in Europe. In 1861, Dr. Thomas Stewardson, of Philadelphia, Pa., introduced this insect into the United States, with the hope that it might prove of value and afford our people an opportunity of developing a new industry. The moths were soon let fly in the streets of Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and from the latter city they crossed over to New York, and now they may be said to have become thoroughly naturalized, and only awaiting the day when some man or society shall take hold of them in earnest, and establish breeding grounds and cocooneries for the production of ailanthus silk. It has long been used in China, where it is said to be so durable that a dress made from it descends as an heirloom for generations.

As the ailanthus-tree thrives on poor, light soil, the barrens of Long Island or sandy soils of New Jersey might be planted with it, and as soon as the trees were two or three years old, or three or four feet high, the worm can be put to work, and when ready the cocoons may be gathered and sent to the silk-mills to be worked up. This raising of the ailanthus silkworm might all be done by children, and as it is perfectly hardy, cocoons enough for the next season's supply might be left on the trees or bushes over Winter, or gathered and laid away in some cool building. One objection to this species of silkworm has been that the silk could not be readily wound from the cocoons, but M. Christian Le Doup, of France, claims to have recently discovered a process of unwinding the silk with the ordinary reel, and it is now thought that the raising of this silkworm will soon become a highly remunerative industry in France, and there is no good reason why it should not in this country. Very fine specimens of the silk wound by M. Le Doup's process were recently exhibited at a meeting of the Paris Acclimatization Society, and they attracted very general attention. But should the reeling of the silk prove to be too expensive, it may still be utilized by carding or producing floss silk, the same as is done with the damaged or cut cocoons of the common silkworm (*Bombyx mori*). This ailanthus silkworm will also thrive on the castor-oil plant, and this might be used while waiting for the ailanthus-trees to grow if a person was desirous to make a beginning in this branch of industry as soon as possible.

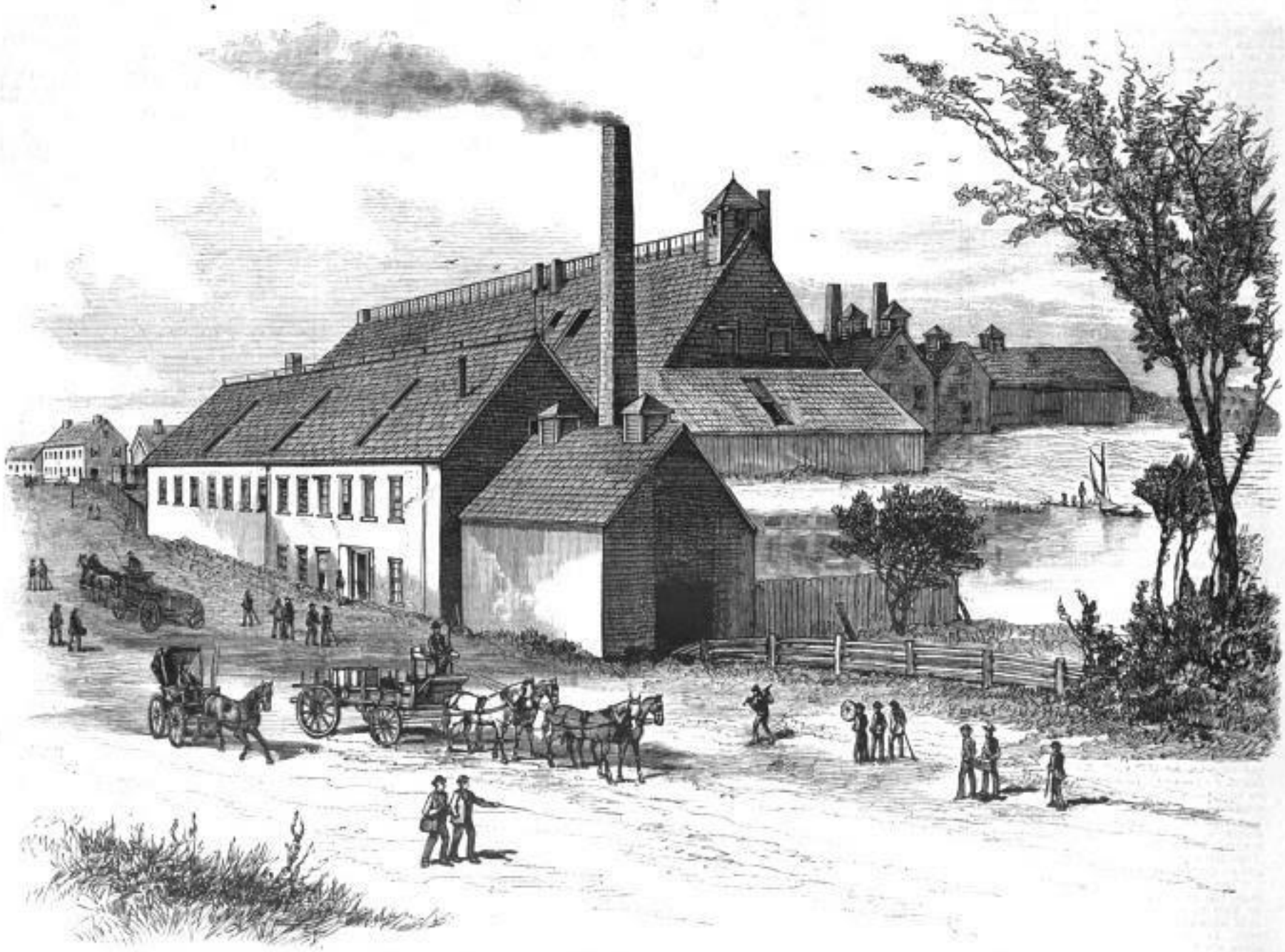
The moth of this species of *attacus* is quite large, the wings spreading four to five inches, the broad, feathered antennæ, or feelers, indicating the sex. The female moth is quite similar, but with narrower antennæ. The color of the wings is a dull yellow, handsomely marked with white.

"ICHABOD CRANE" AND "ELIZABETH VAN TASSEL."

WHO is not familiar with the calf-love of *Ichabod Crane*, the semi-demented schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow, for the pert, *piquante*, coquettish daughter of Baltus Van Tassel? How oddly he wooed her, how spasmodically he addressed her, how idiotically he behaved in her presence! In the play of "Wolfert's Roost," now running so successfully at Wallack's, *Ichabod* is depicted in a masterly way by Mr. John T. Raymond, while the part of *Katrina Van Tassel* is portrayed with considerable archness by Miss Kate Forsyth. Our illustration represents *Ichabod*'s school and the Old Dutch Church at Sleepy Hollow. *Katrina* has repaired hither ostensibly to receive a music-lesson, but actually to tease the luckless pedagogue. The pair are seated in the rustic garden; the music-book is open. *Ichabod*, tuning-fork in hand, strikes the keynote, and whines forth a dismal sound in imitation; but his malicious pupil, after delivering one note, stops suddenly short, and refuses to proceed until she has dived further into the book, to the utter discomfiture of *Ichabod*. The scene is admirably set, and the acting of both *Ichabod* and *Katrina* mirth-provoking to the very last degree. The production of "Wolfert's Roost" adds an additional laurel leaf to the Wallack chaplet.



COCOON OF A CHINESE SILKWORM FOUND IN NEW YORK.



RHODE ISLAND.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—THE RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, AT RUMFORD, NEAR PROVIDENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS.

WE present on the opposite page an illustration of the thriving manufacturing establishment located at Rumford, near Providence, R. I., known as the famous Rumford Chemical Works. Rumford is in the northerly portion of the town of East Providence, where the first settlements in that section of the country were made. It was here, on the east side of Seekonk River, that Roger Williams first settled after being driven from the Massachusetts Colony.

The first general permanent settlement where Rumford is now located was made in the Spring of 1631 by a colony of fifty-eight men, with their families, under the leadership of Rev. Samuel Newman, who called the place Rehoboth, because of the "great open plain" there. The houses of this colony were built in a semicircle around "Seekonk Common," now Rumford, opening towards Seekonk River, with the church and parsonage in the centre.

The country surrounding the buildings is so level that it is impossible to obtain a view which will show their extent. Our artist obtained the highest elevation attainable by mounting a fence.

The corner-stone of the Rumford Chemical Works was laid in 1854 by Messrs. George F. Wilson and Eben N. Horsford, under the name of George F. Wilson & Co. In 1858 they organized the corporation of the Rumford Chemical Works. At that time Mr. Horsford filled the chair of Rumford, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University, and from that circumstance the works derived their present appellation. The works are located easterly of the city, on what is known as "Seekonk Plains," once a barren waste, but now covered with fertile fields.

Here they own about two square miles of land, the whole being within three miles of the centre of the city. Through it passes the Boston and Providence Railroad, the eastern branch of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, and Ten-Mile River, on which they own all the manufacturing privileges in the town, the whole comprising some fifty-six feet fall, and equivalent to several hundred horse-power, while the western part of the estate rests on the tide-waters of the Seekonk River, accessible to vessels drawing over ten feet of water.

In the City of Providence are their main offices, their packing and printing rooms. They give employment to a very large number of persons, their buildings covering an area of nearly eight acres.

About the year 1854, at the solicitation of parties largely engaged in the manufacture of yeast, or baking-powders, as they are called in Boston, Professor Horsford commenced an investigation on the subject, which resulted in the production of an acid phosphate of lime as a substitute for cream of tartar, which, when introduced into the flour with bi-carbonate of soda, leaves phosphate of lime, which is an essential constituent of all grains, and phosphate of soda, which has not been found to disagree with the alimentary organs; and both of these together constitute indispensable elements not in the construction of bones only, but of all animal tissues. It is well known that a deficiency of phosphate of lime in food is a common cause of ill-health, and of defective development and retarded growth in children.

Now, by the use of common or brewer's yeast in the making of bread, carbonic acid is obtained at the expense of certain nutritious elements of the flour. While by the process laid before the public by Professor Horsford, the flour is not decomposed, its nutritious constituents are wholly saved, and it becomes, by the addition of the acid phosphate of lime, more easily digestible. It restores a portion of the phosphates which were in a larger or lesser degree removed with the bran in the process of bolting.

Briefly, the Horsford method preserves the nutritious constituents of the flour, restores the phosphates removed with the bran, secures a uniform, excellent result, furnishes a bread which retains its moisture longer and is more digestible than yeast-bread, while its accuracy reduces the measure of skill required to a minimum.

The Rumford Chemical Works were established for the purpose of manufacturing this acid phosphate, and the progress made in its production and sale, when all the obstacles that have been met and overcome are taken into consideration, is truly wonderful.

These works and their productions are of national importance, and have commanded the attention of the most learned men all over the world. The late Baron Liebig, one of the greatest chemists of modern times, said of this bread preparation, "I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind. It is certain that the nutritive value of flour will be increased ten per cent. by your phosphatic bread preparation."

This product is packed for market in several forms, viz., Horsford's Cream Tartar, Horsford's Bread Preparation and Rumford Yeast Powder. The acid phosphate is also prepared in liquid form as Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which is used largely by physicians in cases of mental and physical exhaustion, diseases of the stomach, etc.

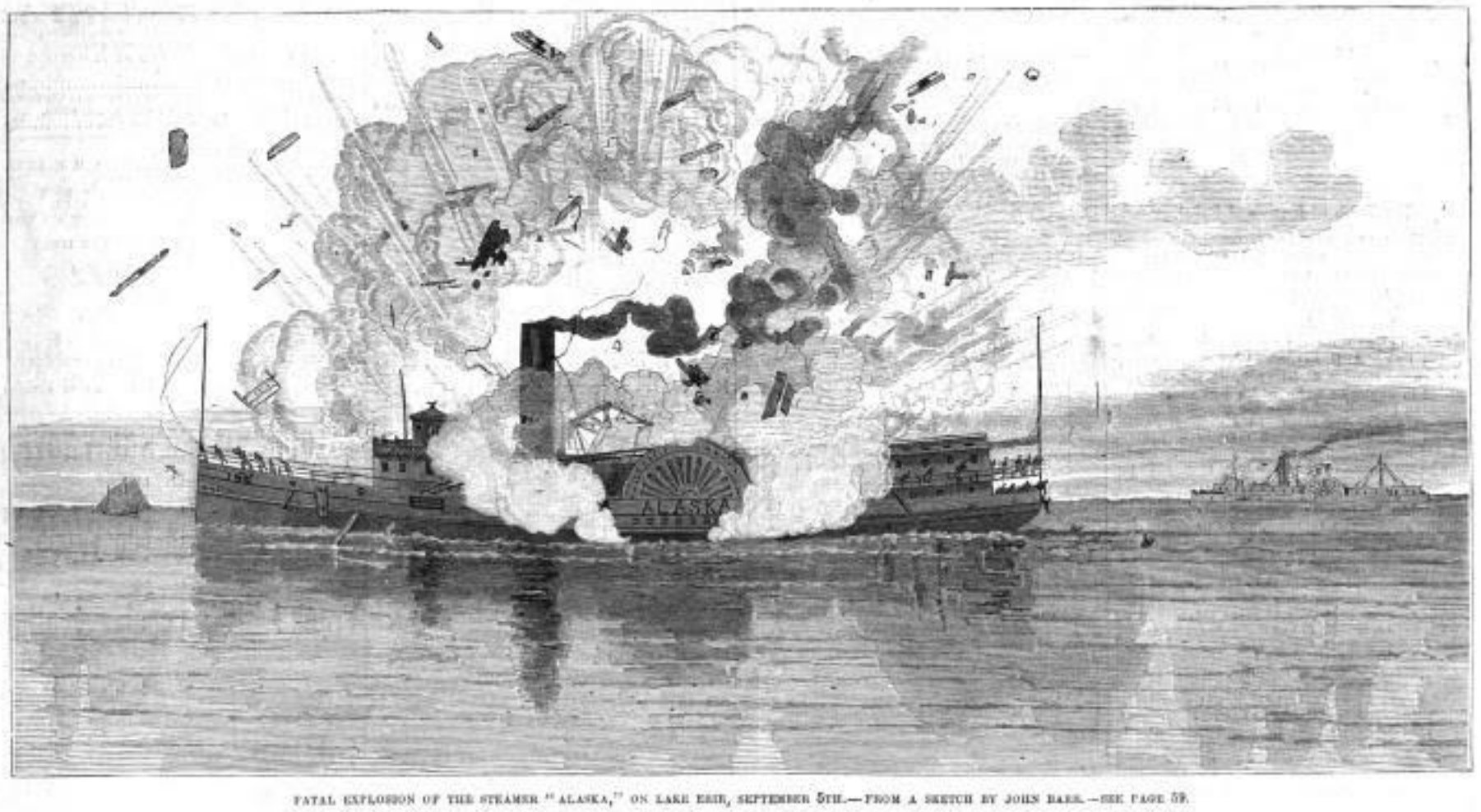
The value of this preparation of Acid Phosphate was long ago theoretically demonstrated, and has since been firmly established by experience obtained from its continued use in a great variety of cases, in every part of the country.

There is no fact in physiology better established than this: that a great strain upon the nervous and muscular system, through long continued mental labor, increases the quantity of phosphatic salts taken from the system nearly fifty per cent. beyond what is eliminated under ordinary mental and physical exertion. It, now, the food taken into the system cannot supply this extra demand for repair and waste, derangement of the system must follow.

There seems to be no difference of opinion, in the high medical authority, of the value of phosphoric acid, and no preparation has ever been offered to the public which seems to so happily meet the general want as Horsford's Acid Phosphate. It is



NEW YORK CITY.—"THE MUSIC LESSON" IN ACT II. OF "WOLFERT'S ROOST," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.



FATAL EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER "ALASKA," ON LAKE ERIE, SEPTEMBER 5TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN BASS.—SEE PAGE 59.

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not nauseous, like most of the preparations of phosphorus, but agreeable to the taste. No danger can attend its use. It is the same acid that is found in wheat and other cereals. If we take into the system more than is needed, it is expelled with the secretions of the body, as has been fully and experimentally demonstrated by scientific observers, and this question does not now admit of controversy.

The Rumford Chemical Works is one of the marked establishments of this country, and its success should give satisfaction to all.

A SUCCESSFUL SOCIETY JOURNAL.

WHAT the *Court Journal* is to Belgravia and Mayfair the *Home Journal* of New York, conducted by Morris Phillips, is to Gotham and the Hub. It is a faithful chronicle of the doings of the refined, the educated, the wealthy, the in-dwellers of that little world to reside within which is the happy privilege of so few, and, *helas*, the unrealized yearning of so many. The *Home Journal* converses with its readers in a charmingly gossipy way, taking them into its confidence in a most seductive *entre nous*, and one feels while perusing its columns of *causerie* that its editor has in nowise been guilty of calling upon his imagination for his facts. Mr. Morris Phillips is essentially an exceptional man. He is a versatile and cultured writer, a deep thinker on moral and social problems, and a conversationalist worthy of Dick's Coffee House. His bright intellectual face leaps into light when he is addressed upon some favorite topic in which he feels interested, and as he glows over it, the listener instinctively learns that "brain wordiness" has not utterly passed away from the nineteenth century. Mr. Phillips, socially, is an acknowledged success. He has conducted the journal over which he presides with signal ability, and Society is largely the debtor of one who contributes so graciously to her most urgent need, that of learning all about herself.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

OPERA BOUFFE at its best is being given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Mr. Maurice Grau's exceptionally brilliant corps of artists, and Offenbach, Lecocq and Hervé, in the hands of Paola-Marie and Capoul, simply means perfect vocalism, superb acting, and intense verve. Mr. Grau presents us with a *menu* as *piquante* as that of a *petit souper* at the Maison Doré.

At Haverly's the Criterion Comedy Company are drawing "formidable" houses by the sparkling comedy "Our Daughters."

The Loochoo Islands.

A QUARREL has arisen between China and Japan as to the ownership of the Loochoo Islands. For many years past the islanders have maintained a government under the joint protection of their two great neighbors, paying an annual tribute to each; but recently the Japanese Government took possession of the islands, established a new form of administration, and sent notice to the Chinese that hereafter no tribute would be paid. The Chinese minister at Tokio has addressed a long and somewhat threatening note to the Japanese Government, insisting that the seizure is in violation of a well, established understanding, and that the Emperor of China will not allow himself to be thus deprived of his rights. The Japanese had not at last accounts made any answer to this remonstrance, but their actions indicate clearly that they weighed the possibility of incurring the hostility of the Chinese before they made the seizure, and are, therefore, prepared to defend their claim to the islands, if need be, by force of arms. A number of war vessels have recently been built for the Japanese Navy, in England, with special regard to river navigation, and as China is the only country whose inland waters they would care to navigate, this precaution certainly indicates that in a quarrel between the two Governments the Japanese would not back down in consequence of the bullying tone which the Chinese diplomatists usually adopt in negotiations with their Asiatic neighbors. In the matter of naval equipments the Chinese have not been backward, for Sir William Armstrong has recently built for them a number of very fast steam gun-boats, at a cost of $150,000 each. These vessels will carry one 35-ton gun each, and will also be provided with arrangements for the discharge of torpedoes. A Chino-Japanese war would be a naval one, as neither side possesses the facilities for transporting an army of invasion.

The Tomb of Jonah and Babel.

MR. HORMUZD RASSAM has returned to England, having completed the work of his second Assyrian expedition. He brings with him a rich collection of objects which have been acquired during the year. The results of the last journey are of a more varied character than those of any expedition which has taken place since the early explorations conducted by Sir A. H. Layard. Commencing operations on the mounds of Nineveh, Mr. Rassam succeeded in exploring a site which was regarded as forbidden ground. This was the mound of Nebby Yunus, the supposed tomb of the prophet Jonah. In this mound he discovered remains of palaces erected by Esdarhaddon and Sennacherib. His labors on the mounds of Nineveh have resulted in the recovery of a large number of inscriptions, many of extreme interest. Passing southward, he visited Nimroud, where he continued his labors in the Temple of Venus. This building, which he discovered in his former expedition, was now thoroughly examined, and found to be a large open temple containing shrines of several deities. There were also found a number of seats arranged in parallel rows, forming a centre aisle from the chief altar. The plan now recovered seems to favor the idea of its having been a species of forum where religious and other councils were held. The explorations in Assyria have discovered many valuable monuments. Mr. Rassam extended his operations into fields untouched since the time of Sir A. H. Layard's expedition, and he was able to carry out a series of explorations on the mounds of ancient Babylon. Here his discoveries have been most brilliant. In a mound hitherto untouched he discovered a palace of Nebuchadnezzar's, with rich enameled columns, beams of Indian wood, and every indication of having been a most splendid edifice. His excavations in the mound of the Birs Nimroud, the site of the supposed Tower of Babel, have proved that the destruction of this great edifice was due, not to lightning or hostile attack, but to a volcanic eruption, which had torn and shattered the edifice.

FUN.

ONE of the gunners returning from the marshes was asked if he had shot anything. He said, "No, but had given the birds a good serenading."

LANDLORD (to tenant, who had given up farming at the end of his lease to await better times): "Well, Jackson, how do you like living on your capital?" *Farmer:* "Not too well, my lord; but I find it cheaper than letting you live on it!"

INTELLIGENT SERVANT.—*Bridget* (to caller): "Will ye kape still a minit while I look at ye?—No, Missis hain't to home. She told me if a woman come with a wart on the end of a red nose to say she wa'nt to home, and there's no mistaking that wart."

ONE day a petty-officer met an old shipmate named Broome. Said the P. O.: "Hullo! old chap, how are you?" "I'll thank you to put a handle to my name, my good fellow: I'm no longer a petty officer." "Oh! well, then—good morning, *Mr.* Broom-handle." After the display of such ready wit it was hard lines on that petty officer to be tried and reduced!

THE baby rolls upon the floor,
Kicks up his tiny feet,
And pokes his toes into his mouth—
Thus making both ends meet.

The dog, attached to a tin pail,
Goes howling down the street;
And, as he madly bites his tail,
He maketh both ends meet.

The butcher slays the pensive pig,
Cuts off his ears and feet,
And grinds them in a sausage big—
Thus making both ends meat.

The farmer coops his skinny hens,
And feeds them with choice wheat;
The means must justify the ends,
And so he makes them eat.

"CAN I have half this seat?" "No, sir!" shouted the occupant, who was trying to spread himself over the whole of it. "I represent a whole church, and am on my way to Pelonkey to camp-meeting!" "Now, you look a here!" said the man, as he reached over and secured two terrible grips on the selfish man's body: "I don't represent nobody nor nuthin', and 'stead of bein' on my way to camp-meeting, I 'spect I'm on the high road to blazes, but you want to yell out mighty quick which half of this seat you didn't pay for!" It wasn't thirty seconds before the man on the high road to blazes had all the seat he wanted.

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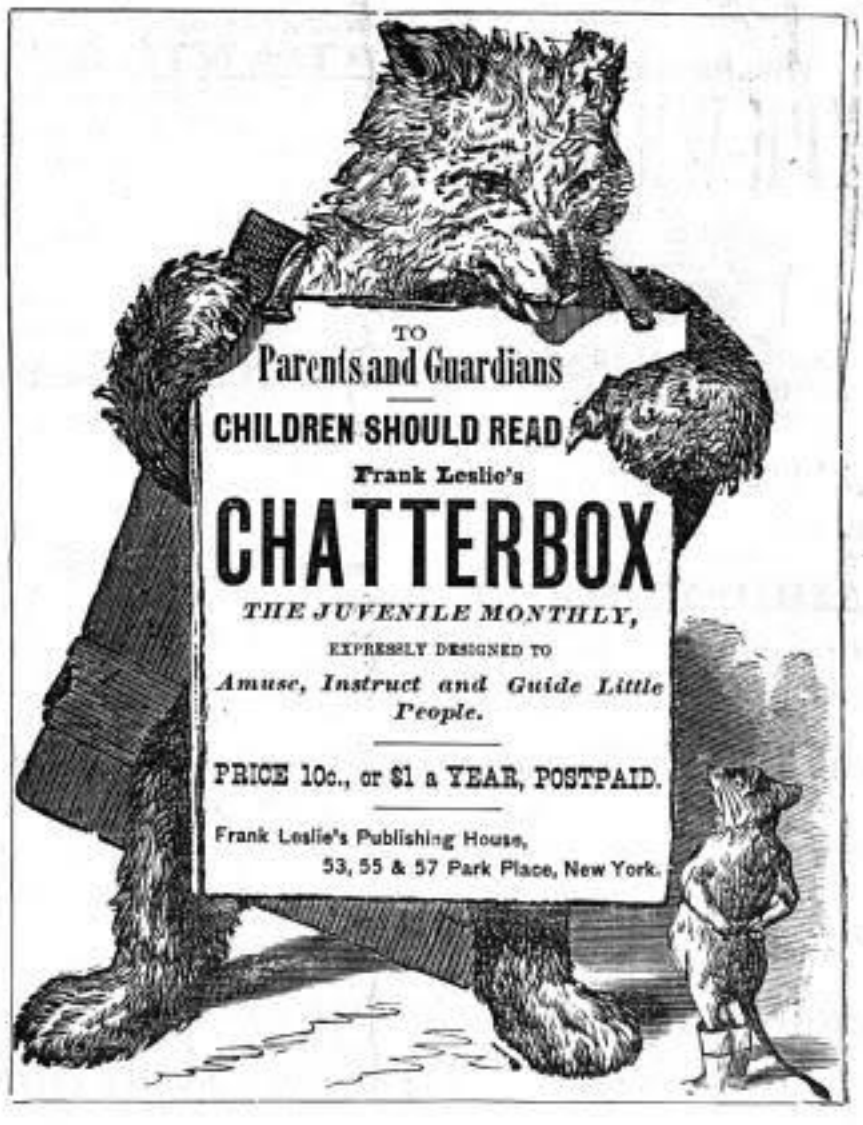
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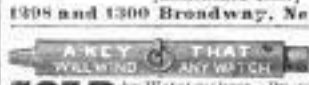
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE FIFTH CONTEST FOR THE LONG-DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. A SPURT FOR THE LEAD.—SEE PAGE 71.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

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THE INFLUX OF GOLD.

As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so it would seem that the forces of nature and the laws of trade are now fighting against the Greenbackers. Short crops in England and in France have conspired with abundant harvests in our own country, and with the revival of productive industry, to create in our favor a balance of trade which can no longer be struck by the barter of raw materials but calls as well for the influx of the precious metals to establish the equilibrium of commerce between the United States and Europe. It is stated that the shipments of gold from London and Paris to the port of New York have reached the amount of not less than $17,500,000 within the last seven weeks, being at the average rate of $2,500,000 per week. Since the greater part of these shipments has been made in advance of the annual influx of gold produced by the export of our cotton crop, it is safe to calculate, in the absence of any unforeseen and disturbing force, that this rate of gold importation will be liable rather to increase than to diminution during the remaining months of the year.

As it would be absurd to deny that many natural causes combined with the administrative skill of Secretary Sherman to facilitate the resumption of specie payments, so it would be equally senseless to deny that the present current and tendency of international trade are well calculated to maintain the present parity between our paper and gold, while at the same time measurably serving as a check against the menaced ascendancy of a depreciated silver currency. Whatever tends to promote the influx of gold into our country tends to promote an "inflation" which brings satisfaction to the friends of honest money; and if this is a kind of "inflation" which brings confusion to the political hopes and plans of the paper-money fanatics, while promoting the solid prosperity of the country, it is only so much the worse for the Greenbackers and so much the better for the country, both financially and politically considered.

In the light of the facts now passing before the eyes of the people we can discern the signal advantages which have already accrued to the nation from placing ourselves abreast with the enlightened commercial nations of Europe as regards the purchasing power of our currency. We now trade with these nations on the terms of a monetary equivalency, and therefore without suffering the damage and loss which must everywhere and always result from using a clumsy implement of exchange. Money, in the scientific definition of the term according to its actual use in the figure of society, is nothing but a tool which men employ for facilitating exchanges that cannot be effected by simple barter; and experience has shown that gold is the best of all *tools* for this purpose.

Between countries which have comparatively superior and inferior currencies, the commercial advantages of trade must necessarily be on the side of the country that has the superior currency, whether the inferior currency be made of wampum, of cowrie shells or of irredeemable paper. It is not simply that the very use of an inferior and cumbersome currency argues a want of financial skill on the part of those who use it—a fact which everybody sees—but also that the use of such a currency sets its employers at an absolute disadvantage in the competitions of trade. In the first place, it isolates them from the fellowship of the most advanced commercial nations, who naturally use the most convenient instrument of exchange because they are the most advanced, and who are, also, the most advanced because they use it. Between these nations the currents of trade run in natural channels without obstruction and without friction. In times of monetary dearth there is among them an opportunity for replenishment to the best possible advantage, and in times of monetary excess there is an opportunity for depletion without loss of productive strength. In times of prosperity there is the opportunity of reaping the largest possible gain; in times of adversity there is an opportunity for escaping with the least possible damage. All the natural forces conspire to help and not to hinder.

In the second place, the use of an inferior currency always and inevitably leads to an enhancement of prices, and whatever leads to an enhancement of prices leads to an absolute increase in the cost of production as compared with the cost of production in countries which have a staple and solid currency. There is no exemption from the economic law (discovered by King Solomon, and converted by him into a proverb because of its universality), that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." The poor woman who plies her needle to the dolorous "Song of the Shirt," because she is too poor to buy a sewing-machine, does not exemplify this law more strikingly than the nation which is too poor, or too ignorant, to employ the most available implement of exchange in the conduct of its trade and commerce. During our late civil war we were, or deemed ourselves, too poor to afford the possession of what we knew to be the best possible tool for the facilitation of exchanges, and now that by the bounty of Providence, co-operating with the not overwise skill of our politicians, we are again placed in possession of the tool approved by the best experience of the civilized world, there are some men among us so infatuated with the ineptitude begotten by the paper-money frenzy, that they actually profess to like poor money better than good, and clamor for the former when the nations of Europe are pouring the latter into our lap. Could the force of folly further go?

It is the function of men to discover the laws of trade and to work in harmony with them if they wish to work without contracting damage and loss. And that now, when the cosmopolitan forces of commerce are bringing us again into visible and tangible communion with the trade of the world, there should be men in Ohio and elsewhere who would fain segregate themselves and their country from quickening contact with this golden current, is a marvel of absurdity that is without parallel in the annals of politics.

THE DANGER TO OUR HARBOR.

In a recent article on the miserable condition of our docks and piers, we referred with some satisfaction to the fact that within the last few years, and particularly under the management of the present Dock Commissioners, there has been some positive improvement in the right direction, and expressed the hope that by a liberal policy in the future the metropolis might not only fully utilize its water-front but make it what it should be in point of appearance. Simultaneously, however, with the progress of the improvement which inspired this hope as to the development of our water-front, an evil has been growing in another direction which, if not promptly checked and remedial measures applied, will certainly render our water-front useless, because it will close up the channel, and make it impossible for vessels of heavy tonnage to reach the inner bay. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the details of this abuse. It has been abundantly proved that for years it has been the practice to empty into the bay the garbage, the street-cleanings and other filth of the city. This, however, is not all. It appears that it is a regular custom with the dredging companies to tow their scows, filled with mud taken from the bottom of one or the other of the rivers, far down the bay, and then to dump them into the channel. On the 17th of August it was calculated that from eight scows filled with such matter, and towed down the bay by the *Alonzo Sumner*, there were dumped into the channel in the near neighborhood of Buoy 16, not less than 300 tons of permanent obstruction. This work has been going on daily and for several years. It is easy to see that if such a state of things is allowed to continue the channel will be completely blocked, and New York, so far as shipping is concerned, will be left in the position of an inland city.

It is quite plain that the dumping of such matter into the bay is unlawful, and that legislation has already made provision for the adequate protection of the harbor. By a law of the State, it is forbidden to cast any dead animals, carrion, offal or other putrid or offensive matter into the New York Bay or into Raritan Bay within the jurisdiction of this State. It does not say that it shall be lawful to cast such substances into the bay at any one point, and unlawful at any other. It especially and distinctly prohibits all such dumping in *any* water which may be called the harbor or bay of New York. The enforcement of these rules and regulations is intrusted to the Shore Inspector. "It shall be the duty of said Inspector diligently to investigate and report without delay to the proper magistrate, court or other authority, any and every violation of any of the provisions of this Act." It would thus appear that the evil has grown up, not because there was no law to prevent it, but because the law was not enforced, and it must be concluded either that the Shore Inspector was ignorant of his duties or willfully failed to perform them. In either case, he is without excuse. But the fault lies not with the Shore Inspector alone. It lies with the Mayor of the city, with the Dock Commissioners and with the Police Commissioners as well. It is the business of the City Government to care for the welfare of the city; and surely the welfare of the city cannot be separated from the condition of the harbor.

It will not be surprising if it shall be satisfactorily shown that this abuse of the harbor is another result of the unhappy system which prevails of governing this city from Albany—another proof of the evils connected with the system of government by commissions. And the evil will not be unmixed with a certain element of good if its exposure shall lead to a restoration of the city's rights. In any case, it is the duty of every good citizen to see to it that the laws which have for their object the protection of the harbor, shall be rigorously enforced, and that those whose duty it is to enforce those laws are held to a strict account. It will be well, also, if the present agitation shall lead to a wiser and more economical disposal of the city garbage, street-sweepings and other refuse. The time has surely come when the example of many cities in the Old World in this respect should be followed by New York, and when that which now threatens the destruction of our noble harbor, and is in many ways a source of discomfort and disease, should be converted into a source of wealth.

SECRETARY SCHURZ AND THE INDIANS.

No member of President Hayes's Cabinet has exhibited higher qualities of practical statesmanship in dealing with the questions coming within the scope of his Department than Secretary Schurz. Condemned and satirized at the outset by many over-hasty critics as a mere theorist and visionary, he has throughout conducted his branch of the public service upon the strictest business principles—eliminating abuses, introducing reforms, and securing efficiency and the application of practical common-sense methods where from time immemorial incapacity and charlatanism have marred and debauched everything within their reach. This has been especially true as to the Indian service, which is now for the first time placed on a basis of efficiency, integrity and good faith. It was no easy matter to tear up by the roots the corruption, jobbery, and fraudulent practices of every sort which had become intrenched in our so-called Indian policy, and the fact that Secretary Schurz has achieved this result is alone sufficient to mark his administration of the Interior Department one of the most memorable in our history.

In pursuance of his policy of looking personally into the details of every matter requiring his attention, the Secretary has recently made a visit of inspection and inquiry to the Indian reservations in the far West, traveling by primitive conveyances through a country which no Government official had ever visited. The results of his visit to the Spotted Tail Agency, on the Rosebud River, eighty-seven miles beyond the Missouri, seem to have been eminently satisfactory—the Brulé Sioux being found in a contented and prosperous condition and presenting many indications of genuine progress. Many of them are engaged as freighters, and others are becoming farmers, manifesting the utmost eagerness to acquire land. Under the Sioux Treaty of 1868, the head of each family is entitled to 320 acres of tillable land, and as rapidly as they are surveyed the lands are pre-empted by the Indians, who put down their stakes to make sure of their possessions. At a council in which 1,200 Indians participated, Spotted Tail expressed great gratification at the presence of Secretary Schurz, and testified to the fidelity with which all the promises he had ever made had been fulfilled. This fair dealing of the Government had inspired the Indians with confidence, and, he added:

"They had already gone to work, and were now earning money for themselves. When settled upon their farms, the Indians would rapidly increase in numbers, and would need all the land which was set apart for their use. He wanted schools established that the young people might be taught English. He wanted English taught, so that his people would be able to deal directly with the whites, and thus avoid the necessity of agents and interpreters. He also wanted the young men to be taken into the agency shops and taught to be carpenters, blacksmiths and harness-makers, so they might be able to build their own houses and mend their own tools and implements."

These are significant words; but a still more remarkable feature of the interview was the entire absence of complaint, particularly as the Secretary invited them to make known to him any grievance which needed correction and redress.

The vigor and decision of Secretary Schurz's Indian policy is well illustrated by his treatment of the contractors who were engaged in freighting supplies to the Brulé and Ogallala bands. The story is thus told by a correspondent of the *Times*:

"When the removal of these bands was made from the Missouri to the present locations, which were selected by the Indians themselves, the contractors combined and demanded exorbitant prices for transporting the Indian supplies from the river. The question of transportation was very important, and one upon which the public peace depended. The Indians must have their supplies promptly, and no satisfactory explanation for delay can be made to them. The contractors knew this, and believing they could force the Government to accede to their demands, stubbornly refused to make any compromise or abatement in the charges adopted by them. When it is known that the supplies for Spotted Tail had to be transported by wagons 97 miles and those for Red Cloud 100 miles, and that to fail to have them at the agencies at the appointed time would lead to serious trouble and perhaps war, the gravity of the situation will be appreciated. Determined not to submit to the imposition of contractors, Secretary Schurz boldly decided to make the Indians transport their own supplies. Upon investigation it was discovered that 400 wagons and 800 sets of double harness could be purchased, and that the Indians could be paid for hauling their supplies for one year for less money than was demanded by the contractors. The wagons and harness were accordingly purchased, an arrangement was made with the Indians by which they were to receive one per cent. per 100 pounds for each 100 miles of transportation, the Indians to furnish their own horses, and an Indian freight line is now successfully and permanently established.

The country may well felicitate itself upon the fact that it has at length secured at the head of its Indian Service a man who not only knows how to do his duty, but is honest and brave enough to do it, spite of all hostility from whatever source.

PRESIDENT HAYES ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

PRESIDENT HAYES signalized his participation in the reunion of his old regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio, at Youngstown, on the 17th of September, by a calm and statesmanlike address on the political issues of the day, and especially on the significance of those events in Congress and some of the Southern States which have revived the discussion of the objects and results of the Civil War. The main argument of the address was in refutation of the doctrine of State Rights as still insisted upon by many Southern statesmen, and it concluded with the following summary of the situation as it now exists:

"No one can overstate the evils which the country must suffer if lawless and violent opposition to the enjoyment of Constitutional rights is allowed to be permanently successful. The lawlessness which today assails the rights of the colored people will find other victims to-morrow. This question belongs to no race, to no party, and to no section. It is a question in which the whole country is deeply interested. Patriotism, justice, humanity, and our material interests, all plead on the right side of this question. The colored people are the laborers who produce the cotton which, going abroad to the markets of the world, gives us that favorable balance of trade which is now doing so much for the revival of all business. The whole fabric of society rests upon labor. If free laborers suffer from oppression and injustice, they will either become discontented and turbulent, destroyers of property, and not producers of property, or they will abandon the communities which deprive them of their inalienable rights. In either case social order and the peaceful industries upon which prosperity depends are imperiled and perhaps sacrificed. It will not do to say that this is an affair which belongs solely to the distant States of the South. The whole country must suffer if this question is not speedily settled, and settled rightly. Where the two races are numerous, prosperity can only exist by the united and harmonious efforts of both the white people and the colored people. The only solid foundations for peace and progress in such communities are equal and exact justice to both races.

"Happily, in the very communities where lawlessness has been most general and most successful, there are editors of newspapers and other influential citizens who speak out and denounce these crimes against free government. It is plain that a sound public opinion is forming where it is most needed. No community can afford to allow any of its citizens to be oppressed—to lose their rights. To be indifferent on the subject is to disregard interest and duty. The Union citizens and soldiers can do much to remove the evils we are considering. Let it be understood that no public man in any party will be sustained unless he will undertake to carry out in good faith the pledges made in all our platforms in regard to the rights of colored citizens; unless he will support laws providing the means required to punish crimes against them; and unless he will oppose the admission of any man to either House of Congress, whose seat has been obtained by the violation of the Fifteenth Amendment. The right of suffrage is the right of self-protection. Its free exercise is the vital air of republican institutions.

"To establish now the State rights doctrine of the supremacy of the States, and an oligarchy of race, is deliberately to throw away an essential part of the fruits of the Union victory. The settlements of the war in favor of equal rights and the supremacy of the laws of the nation are just and wise and necessary. Let them not be surrendered. Let them be faithfully accepted and firmly enforced. Let them stand, and, with the advancing tide of business prosperity, we may confidently hope, by the blessing of Divine Providence, that we shall soon enter upon an era of harmony and progress such as has been rarely enjoyed by any people."

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE principal event of the week abroad is the capture of Cetewayo, the fugitive Zulu King, by a squadron of dragoons who had surrounded him in the bush. With the savage chief in their clutch, and his armies broken and scattered, the British may now, at last, be considered absolute masters of the situation, and the work of pacification can be carried forward without serious interruption. Whether Sir Garnet Wolseley will prove himself able and wise enough to repair the blunders of the war by a policy of conciliation and fair play, and so introduce South Africa into the family of civilized communities, is yet to be seen. So far there has been little in the management of the war by the British which is calculated to inspire confidence in their sagacity or sense of justice. The war, if not begun in wantonness, was certainly without real justification, and it is impossible not to respect the Zulu King, savage as he is, for

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the courage with which he resisted the demands which Sir Bartle Frere made upon him without warrant or excuse. If Beaconsfield brought "peace with honor" from Berlin, as he claimed, it will scarcely be pretended that the outcome in Zululand, whatever it may be, will justify any such high-sounding felicitation.

Further details of the massacre of the British Residency at Cabul seem to confirm the suspicion that the Ameer was not so innocent of complicity in the outrage as he pretended. It is certain that when called upon by Major Cavagnari for assistance, he failed to furnish it. The situation still remains a critical one for the British, who, owing to the want of transportation and other causes, have not yet been able to relieve the points threatened by the insurgents. It is stated that all the approaches to Cabul are covered by hostile tribes, and there are intimations that strong bodies of Afghans will dispute the British advance, which will be made by a force of 2,500 Europeans and 3,000 natives. The Afghan regiments at Herat mutinied, September 6th, and murdered, it is reported, all the military and civil officials. Herat is the most important city in Western Afghanistan, and on account of its position has always been regarded as the possible point of contention between England and Russia. The district of Kohistan is also said to have revolted. Meanwhile, Russian semi-official organs are urging the Government to embrace the opportunity to strike a blow at British authority in Central Asia, and it is not impossible that serious complications may yet arise out of the new situation of affairs.

There does not appear to be any real ground for the rumor of a misunderstanding between Russia and Germany, but the newspapers keep up a steady fire of sensational statements, and the indications of alarm are quite generally prevalent. The London *Times* ascribes the reports to "a ring of interested speculators in confusion," and adds:

"For the Russian and German nations at present the difficulty appears to be to manufacture reasons for flying at each other's throats. Their interests are in no respect opposed; neither owns territory coveted by the other. Yet the press on both sides is taking it for granted that, sooner or later, the sword will have to be drawn. We believe that much of this flourishing of swords will be found to be merely exercises of the fencing schools, but it is time that the masters should come forward and reassure mistrustful Europe."

Rumors of the death of the Czar last week greatly disturbed political and commercial circles for a day or two, but they were found to be wholly unfounded, the Emperor being in perfect health. The vigorous measures against the Nihilists are still maintained. The new rules for the government of universities where lectures have been begun forbid the students to belong to societies of any kind, hold meetings, complain of or orally disapprove existing regulations, give private lessons, or have their lectures printed.

The land agitation in Ireland grows in intensity. Generally throughout the United Kingdom the labor troubles continue and the trade prospect is most discouraging. It is mentioned as significant of the changing conditions of trade that during the past fortnight one of the largest firms of agents in Lancashire have taken more orders for American cloth for India than they received during the same period for all the English firms which they represent.

Fresh attempts have been made upon the life of the Sultan, and he is menaced also in another direction. Russia has called the attention of the Powers to the recent conflicts between the Musselmans and Christians in Eastern Roumelia, and blames the Porte for sending back the refugees to their homes in a destitute condition. She points out that if further disturbances should occur the Porte would sacrifice the right of sending Turkish troops into Eastern Roumelia. At Constantinople, however, it is argued that the Porte's right to send back the refugees, of whom 150,000 are still awaiting transportation, and dispatch an army to Eastern Roumelia in the event of a massacre of Musselmans, is incontestable.

There is an intimation that unless the Cuban difficulties shall be speedily composed, Martinez Campos will return to the island and resume the direction of affairs. It is hinted—but the intimation is probably without foundation in fact—that the Spanish Government would have submitted a Bill to the Cortes abolishing slavery in Cuba forthwith, but it was feared that serious trouble to agriculturists would ensue from a lack of laborers. Late Cuban dispatches represent that the slaves of Cienfuegos, in the Cinco Villas, have risen in rebellion against the Spaniards, and have joined the Cuban patriots, taking with them a large proportion of their masters' cattle. Captain-General Blanco has issued a decree declaring the province of Santiago de Cuba in a state of war.

The negotiations between Egypt and Abyssinia are said to be taking a more favorable turn, and may result in a satisfactory adjustment of the existing disputes.—Some parts of Hungary, owing to the bad harvest and numerous floods, are threatened with famine, the distress being already very great.—It is probable that Germany will shortly call a fresh monetary congress, to be held in Berlin.—A Liverpool paper says there is no prospect that the bi-metallic congress, which the United States proposed should be held in London, and to which the British Government provisionally assented, will meet this year.—The dictatorship in San Domingo has terminated, and the republic will return to the constitutional form.—Count Ledochowski, ex-Archbishop of Posen, has been condemned by a Prussian tribunal to a fine of 2,000 marks or seventy days' imprisonment, for excommunicating unlawfully a Catholic priest who had obeyed the May laws, but as he is not within Prussian jurisdiction, the sentence will not cause him much inconvenience.—The Emperor William was received coldly on his visit to Strasburg, and there is said to be a growing anti-German feeling among the people of Alsace-Lorraine.—Russian engineers have commenced the works by which it is intended to unite the Black and Caspian Seas by connecting various rivers. The accomplishment of this work would give Russia a water-way to the frontier of Afghanistan.

THE political struggle in Ohio is taking on the form of a struggle over the United States Senatorship, the Democrats being apparently persuaded that the Governorship is already lost to them. It is said that General Ewing will make a vigorous effort, in the event that the Legislature is Democratic, to secure the seat in the Senate now occupied by Mr. Thurman.

PROMINENT officials of the Treasury Department declare that the management of the New York Custom House under Collector Merritt is more efficient than it has been for many years. "The Government is better served, the revenues are collected with greater economy and the business of the establishment moves more smoothly than ever before." This is high praise, but it is no doubt fully deserved.

THE supporters of the Florida ship-canal project will make an earnest effort to secure from Congress such legislation as will insure a preliminary survey of the proposed route early next Spring. On the other hand, the railway corporations whose business would be seriously affected by the consummation of the scheme are industriously engaged in working up an active opposition, and have, it is said, so far succeeded, that the Florida Legislature will probably refuse to grant a charter to the capitalists who are pushing it.

THE appeal of the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce appointed to solicit funds in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers should meet a prompt and generous response. The condition of Memphis is still deplorable, the treasury of the Howard Association is entirely exhausted, and unless aid is furnished immediately the association must abandon to their fate the sick now under their charge. Deaths are still numerous and the distress steadily increases. New York, enjoying a prosperity unparalleled in recent years, cannot better testify her appreciation of the improved condition of affairs than by contributing liberally to the relief of the communities smitten with destitution and death.

THOSE persons who have insisted that resumption was not really accomplished because legal-tender notes were redeemed only in New York, will find it difficult to persist in their pretense now that Secretary Sherman has directed that gold as well as silver and notes shall hereafter be paid out from all subtreasuries, in all the ordinary disbursements of the Government, and that gold coin shall be furnished in exchange for legal-tender notes in the sum of $100 or multiples thereof. A more decisive proof of the completeness of resumption and of the confidence of the Government in its stability could not be furnished than is afforded in this latest order of our financial Secretary.

THE little knot of infidels who resolved in convention at Cincinnati, the other day, that all religion is a farce, that the Bible is filthy and obscene, and that its circulation should be prohibited unless the diffusion of "uninspired" books, pamphlets and papers of an obscene character is permitted through the mails, are not likely to find much of a following in their effort to establish a new political party. The common people, to say nothing of men and women of culture and conscience, have a sublime contempt for the atheists and free-thinkers who seek to thrust God out of His own universe and give the world over to the domination of vice, appetite and passion; and any movement to incarnate this monstrous sentiment in a positive political organization will inevitably cover those engaged in it with failure and disgrace.

A SIGNIFICANT illustration of the despotism of trades-unionism comes to us from the antipodes. Recently all the men employed in the shipyards at Sydney, New South Wales, struck for higher wages. They were receiving at the time three dollars per day of eight hours and fifty-six cents per hour overtime, and the cause of the strike, under these circumstances, was wholly unintelligible to the public. It now turns out that the strikers did not quit work of their own free will, but because of an edict of the Laborers' Society to which they belong. Thus an important industry, upon which the prosperity of Australian commerce and trade largely depends, is brought to a standstill merely to gratify the caprice or animosities of a few arrogant and impudent marplots who are incapable of discerning that the interests of capital and labor are necessarily mutual.

A LETTER has been written by Jefferson Davis to the editor of a Mississippi newspaper, authorizing the announcement that "his name will not be, with his consent, included among the candidates for the United States Senate from that State." The letter embodies an argument in support of the doctrine of State Rights, the maintenance of which is declared to be "essential to secure the liberty, safety and happiness of the people of the States and their posterity." The writer believes, however, that some other representative in the Senate could be more useful than himself in advancing these views, and he, therefore, stands aside. It does not follow that he may not be chosen as Senator, in spite of his declination, the ultra reactionary element having control of all the party machinery in Mississippi, and being determined, apparently, to make no concessions in any respect whatever to the sentiment of the more moderate portion of the Southern people.

PRESIDENT HAYES, in a recent conversation on political topics, expressed the belief that Senator George H. Pendleton is the strongest and most available man the Democrats can nominate for President. "His abilities are of the first order, and he has fewer enemies than any public man in the party." The President, in reply to an inquiry as to whether, in his opinion, the national bank question will be made a national issue in the next campaign, remarked:

"The question that will be all-important in the next campaign will be national supremacy, not national banks. The national banking system is so much superior to any State or private banking system that the country has ever enjoyed that it will not be ready to give it up, no matter how much it may be attacked by politicians. If it were abolished State banks would spring up all over the country, because some banking system is necessary to the wants of the people, and every system except this has always resulted in a wild-cat, irresponsible currency. With the national banks issuing the paper money there is absolute security to the holders, and no danger at any time of their notes becoming depreciated."

THE migration of the blacks for the North still continues, and is now a great deal more systematic than at the outset. Plans have been carefully matured to direct emigrants to the points where labor is needed, and idleness and suffering will thus be avoided. The demand is much greater than is supposed, one gentleman who has been connected with the migratory movement from the outset having received applications for no less than 20,000 colored laborers, mostly for farms. Over one-fourth of this number will find homes and employment in one Western State alone. This extraordinary demand for labor is said to be caused largely by the drain of farm laborers to the mining regions further West whither they are attracted by the prospect of higher wages and the hope of suddenly bettering their condition. A conference of prominent persons is to be held in Philadelphia on the 15th of October for the purpose of forming a national association to assist the exodus and protect the emigrants from imposition.

THERE is a steady growth in the Chinese population of New York and the contiguous cities. The *Herald*, which has been investigating the subject, states that there are now in the city over three hundred Chinese laundries, fifty groceries, twenty tobacco stores, ten drug stores, six restaurants and a variety of other establishments controlled by Mongolians. Over seventy-five have gone into domestic service. In Jersey City there are three factories which employ Chinese labor alone. In Brooklyn there are about fifty laundries, six cigar stores and one grocery, owned and managed by Chinamen. The total number of Chinese in New York is over 2,500, ninety-five per cent. of whom are regularly engaged in some honest employment. For the benefit of this community, three schools are maintained by private charity. Owing to the absence of Chinese women, the males have intermarried with the whites, and it is said that there are nearly 300 Chinamen in this city who have white wives, mainly Spanish and Irish women. Should the anti-Chinese feeling continue in California, it is expected that considerable numbers of Celestials from that State, and especially of those hereafter reaching there, will become residents of this and other Eastern cities.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is an optimist, and therefore credulous. He has given many proofs of this tendency, but none which is so calculated to excite ridicule as that offered by his address at a recent agricultural banquet at Aylesbury. We quote:

"Referring to American competition with Great Britain, he said the greatest apprehension was felt in the United States that they could not compete with Canada, owing to their high taxation and high wages. Since the surrender of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, Canada had become possessed of an illimitable and fertile wilderness. Nearly all the chief landholders in the extreme Western States of America had sold out, gone to that wilderness and begun the work of cultivation there. He had heard on high authority that Canada expected to outstrip the United States in the competition for the European markets. He therefore advised the farmers of England not to be precipitate."

That the Premier of Great Britain should exhibit such dense ignorance of America as is here displayed is as remarkable as it must be humiliating to all intelligent Englishmen. The statement that "nearly all the chief landholders in the extreme Western States of America have sold out, gone to the wilderness of Manitoba, and begun the work of cultivation there," is so utterly preposterous that one feels it to be unworthy even of derision.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

ALL attempts to form a new coal combination have so far failed.

SILVER certificates are going into circulation at Washington the same as paper currency.

ANOTHER batch of 317 Mormons arrived at this port last week, and at once proceeded to Utah.

THE sum of $9,000,000 will be paid out at Washington for arrears of pensions in the next five weeks.

ROBERT GOELETY, one of the family of eminent merchants of that name, died at his residence in this city, September 22d.

THE forty-eighth annual exhibition of the American Institute opened September 17th, at the building corner of Third Avenue and Sixty-third Street, New York.

GOVERNOR WALLACE of New Mexico has asked for authority to raise volunteers to suppress Indian disorders, but the Government is reluctant to grant the authority.

THE Senate Committee charged with the investigation of the allegations of bribery and corruption against Senator Ingalls of Kansas, met at Topeka, September 20th.

A MEETING of the National Democratic Executive Committee was held in Washington, September 18th, for the consideration of the political situation in New York and Ohio.

MR. JAMES REDPATH, the well-known manager of lyceum lectures and other popular entertainments, has been missing for over a fortnight, and fears for his safety are entertained.

THE Republicans of Colorado have nominated William E. Beck for Supreme Court Judge. The Convention resolved to support Grant for the Presidency if he should be a candidate.

OFFICIAL returns from Humboldt County, California, show that Berry (Dem.) is elected to represent the Third Congressional District. Keuna's (Rep.) election was considered sure.

THE Wisconsin Deaf and Dumb Institute, located at Delavan, was destroyed by fire, September 16th. There were 147 pupils in attendance, all of whom escaped with their baggage. The loss is $100,000.

REV. SAMUEL S. HARRIS was consecrated as Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, at Detroit, September 17th, in the presence of a notable company of clergy, lawyers, and prominent citizens.

THE Republicans have a majority of thirty-seven on joint ballot in the Maine Legislature. Under the Constitution the Legislature, on joint ballot, will choose the Executive Councilors and all other State officers.

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, for many years pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, and more recently one of the best-known Americans living in Germany, died September 20th at Berlin, of apoplexy.

GENERAL RAUM, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has issued orders to his subordinates in North Carolina to adopt vigorous measures against the "moonshiners" who have recently manifested a violent spirit of defiance to the laws.

THE Comptroller-General of Georgia has been found guilty on eight articles of the seventeen preferred against him by the Court, and dismissed from office. The lower House of the Legislature has decided to prefer articles of impeachment against Treasurer Renfroe.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Republican party was celebrated at Worcester, Mass., September 18th, by a notable jubilee. Speeches were made by General Banks, Senators Dawes and Hoar, ex-Governor Rice, General Burnside, and several others.

THE quarter-centennial of the settlement of Kansas was celebrated at Lawrence, September 16th. The occasion was marked by great enthusiasm, over 20,000 people participating. A number of addresses by prominent anti-slavery men of the period of the Kansas-Nebraska struggle were given.

PRESIDENT HAYES attended the reunion of the Twenty-third Ohio, his old regiment, at Youngstown, Ohio, September 17th, and made an elaborate speech. On September 18th he visited the Michigan State Fair at Detroit, and made a speech on the revival of business and the business prospects of the country.

THE record of the contestants in the great walking match at 9 A. M. on Tuesday morning was as follows: Rowell, 157; Guyon, 144; Merrill, 138; Hart, 132; Hazael, 125; Ennis, 114; Crochot, 126; Jackson, 121; Weston, 119; Krohne, 108; Ferdemeyer, 102; Taylor, 81. Dutcher was compelled to retire from the contest after making 23½ miles.

THE Republicans of Massachusetts have nominated John D. Long for Governor, and Byron Weston for Lieutenant-Governor. The other places on the State ticket were filled by renomination of the present State officers. The platform reiterates the Republican doctrines of National supremacy, free and fair elections, the exclusion of armed men from the vicinity of voting places, and hard money.

THE convention of the Butler Democracy of Massachusetts, held at Worcester, September 17th, nominated the following ticket: For Governor, Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell; for Lieutenant-Governor, A. C. Woodworth, of Chicopee; for Secretary of State, Michael J. Donahoe, of Somerville; for Treasurer, B. N. Phillings, of Winchester; for Auditor, D. J. King, of Boston; for Attorney-General, William D. Northend, of Salem. A convention of "Independent" Republicans subsequently nominated the same ticket.

Foreign.

THE Italian budget for 1880 shows a deficit of 6,000,000 lire.

THE town of Ekaterin-Oslan, in South Russia, has been greatly damaged by fire.

THE Governors of important Mexican States have assured President Diaz that they will maintain order.

IT is estimated that England will have to send this country $30,000,000 in gold to adjust the balance of trade against her.

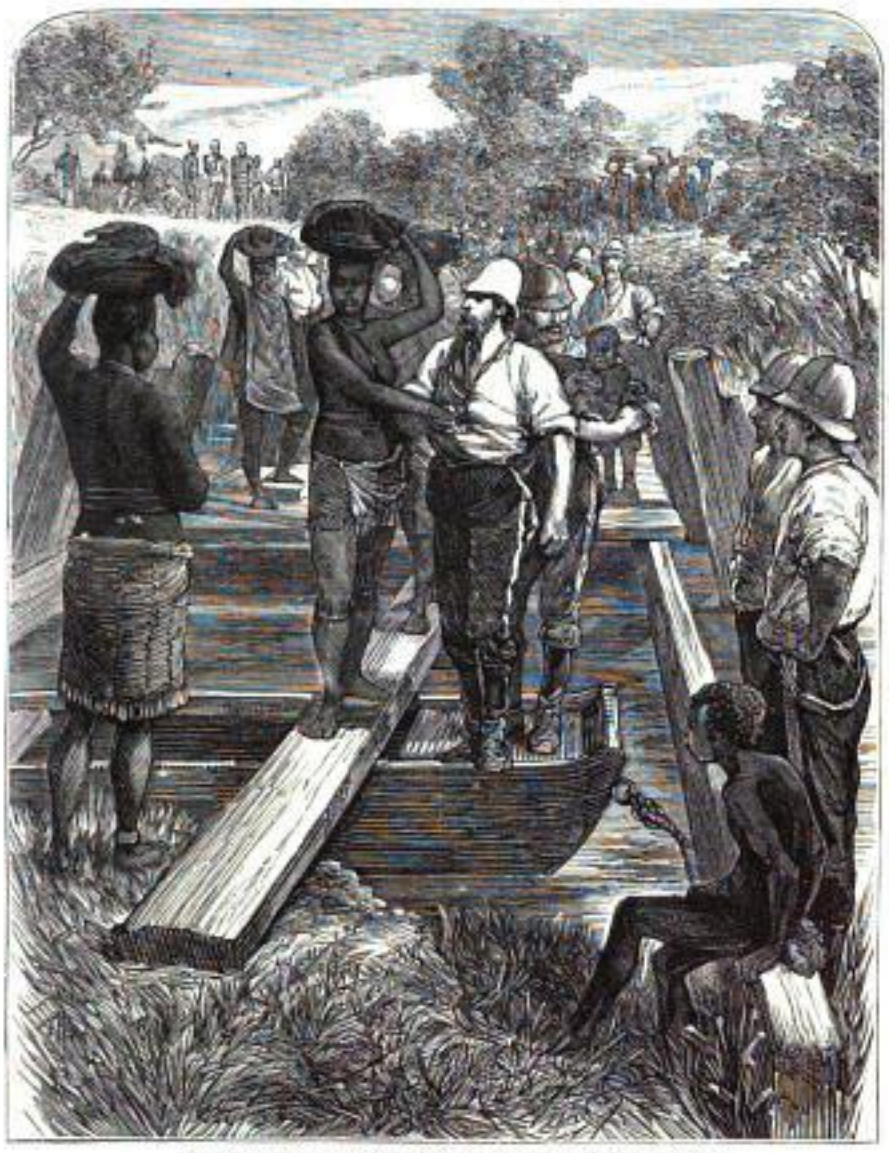
AT the forthcoming visit of Prince Bismarck to Vienna, Germany and Austria will conclude an agreement mutually guaranteeing each other's territory.

EIGHTY Cuban insurgents have surrendered. The Governor of the province of Santiago de Cuba has published a proclamation offering pardon to all insurgents who lay down their arms.

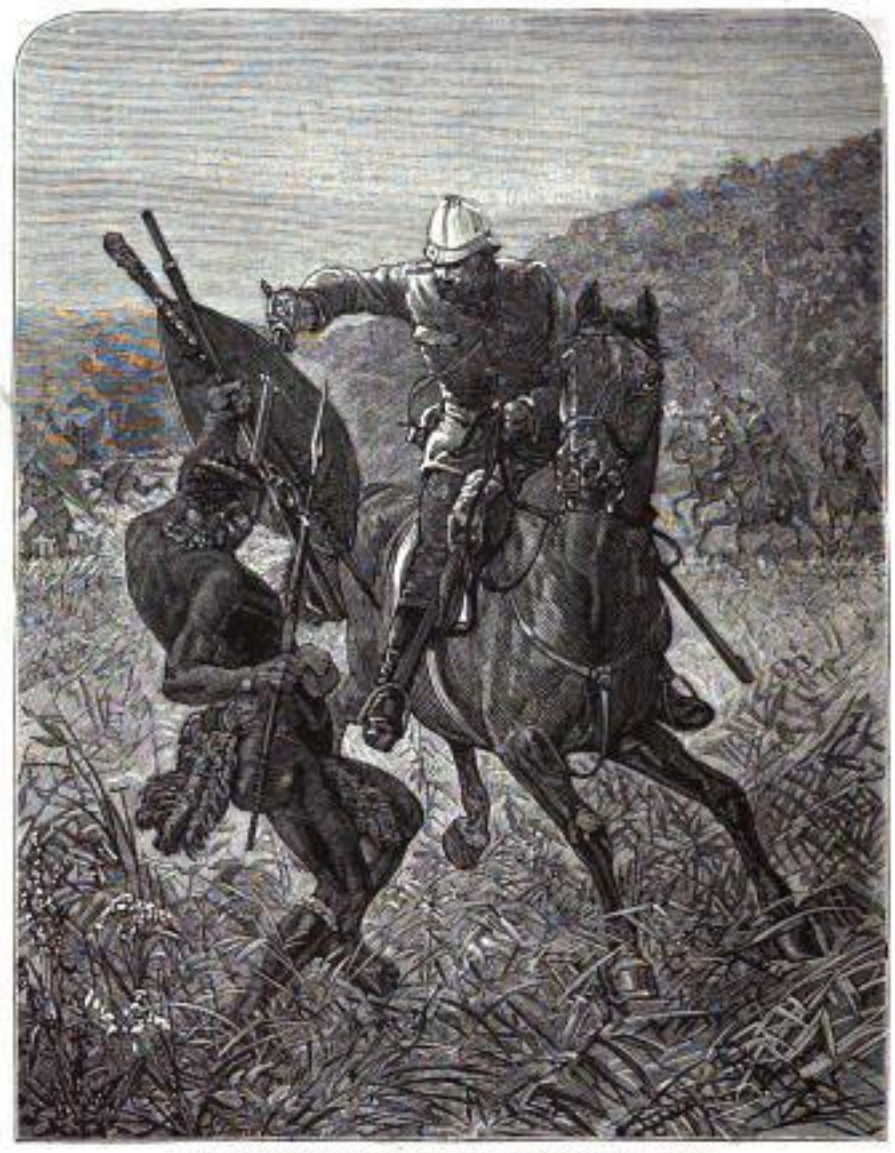
THE Kuldja Treaty, which Russia has just concluded with China, settles satisfactorily a dangerous dispute at an opportune moment. Relieved from apprehensions of a conflict with the Chinese, the Russians may now concentrate their attention on the momentous interests at stake in Central Asia.

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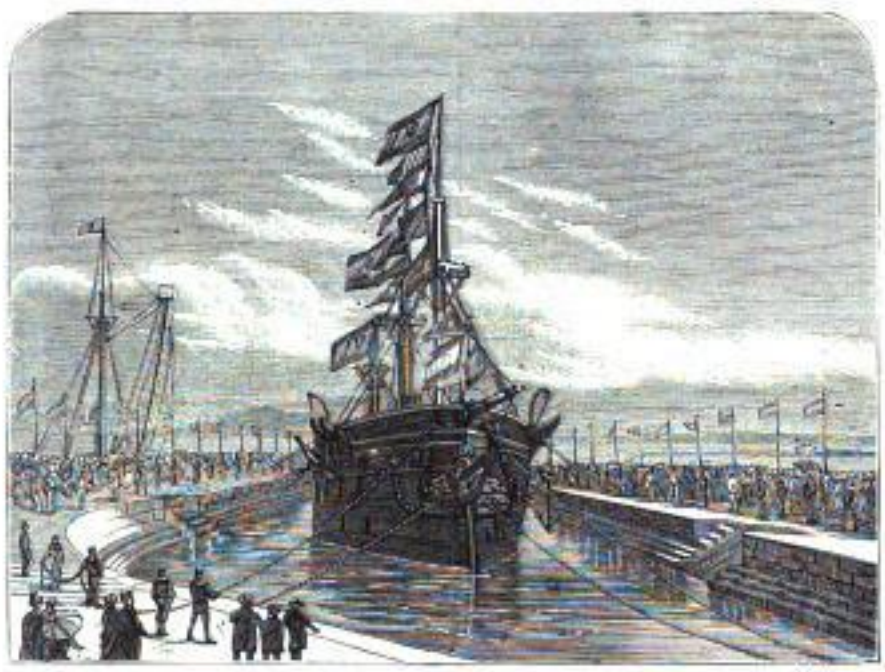
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



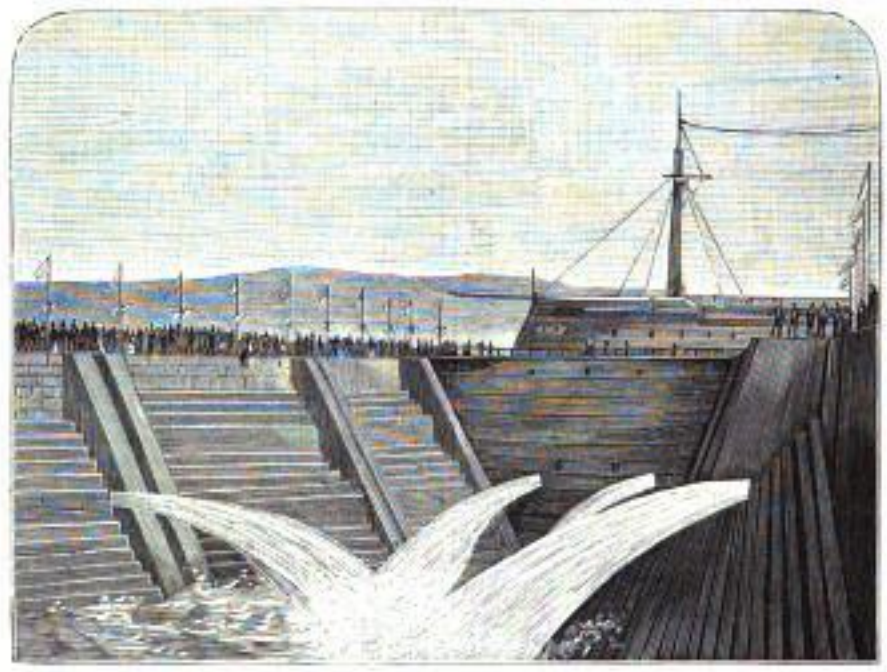
SOUTH AFRICA.—ZULU WOMEN CROSSING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—LORD BERESFORD'S ENCOUNTER WITH A ZULU.



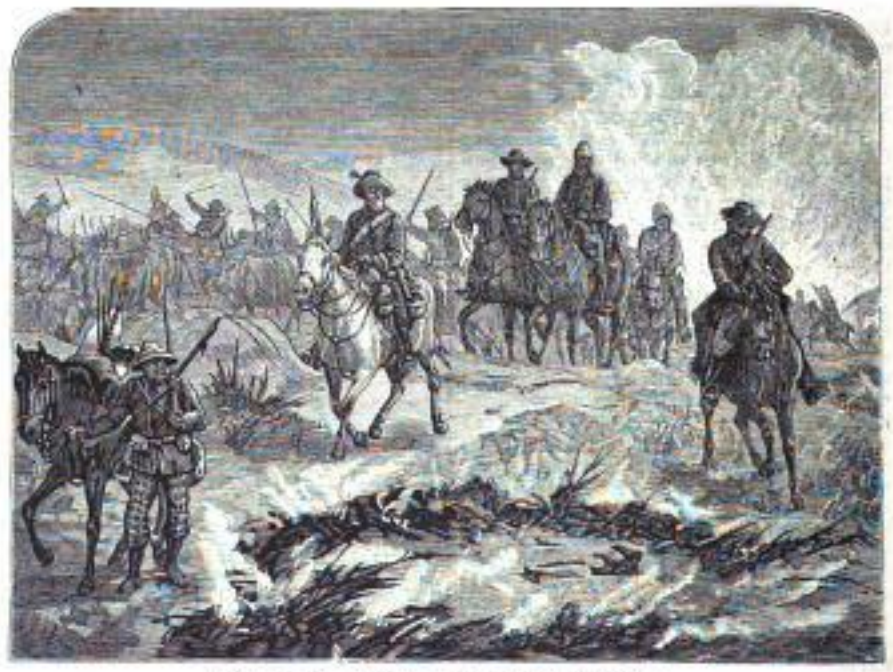
SPAIN.—NEW DRY DOCK AT FERROL.—ENTRANCE OF THE "VICTORIA."



SPAIN.—NEW DRY DOCK AT FERROL.—TESTING THE SLUICES.

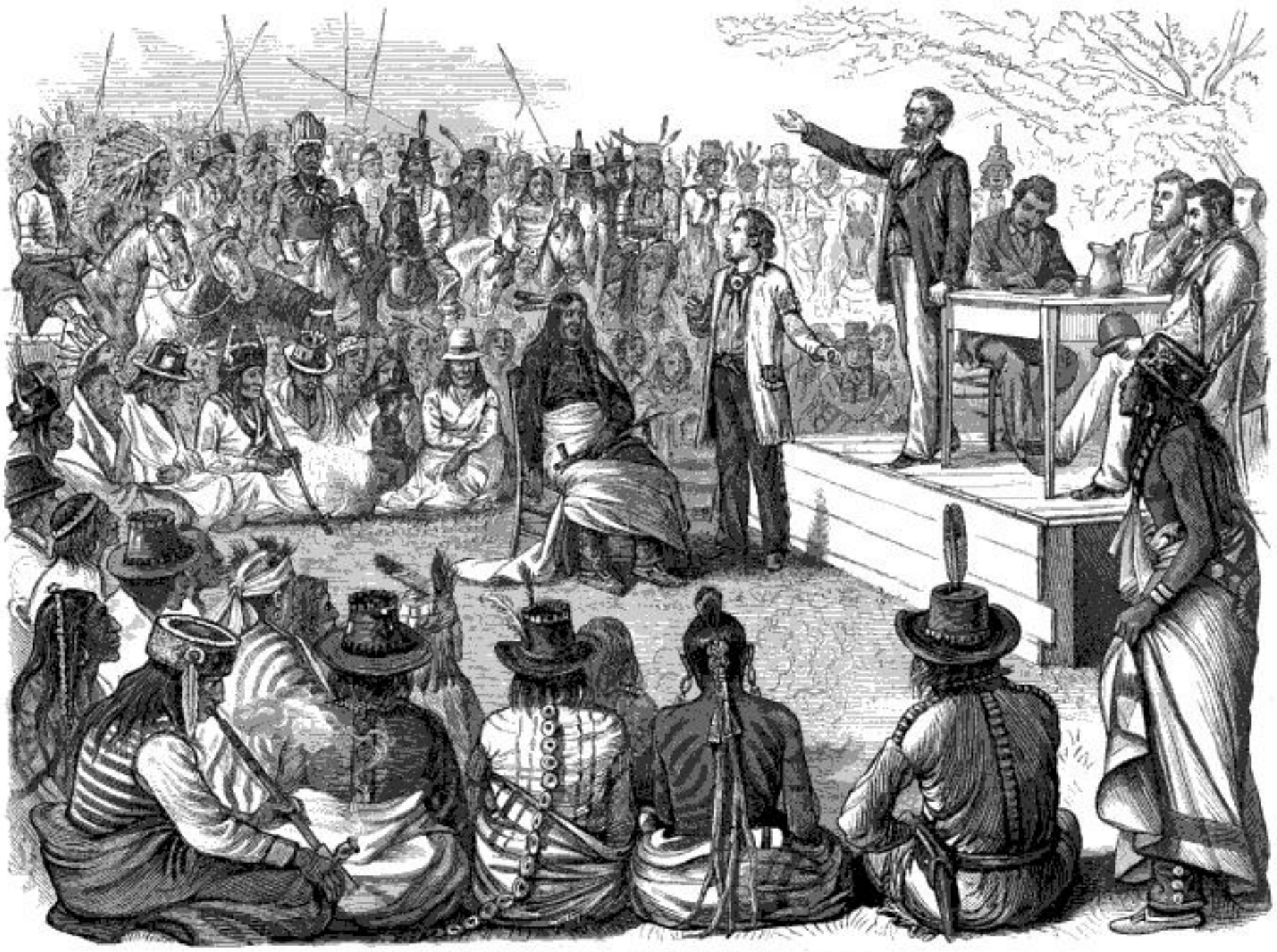


ENGLAND.—MEETING OF LORD AND LADY CHELMSFORD OFF PLYMOUTH.



SOUTH AFRICA.—VOLUNTEERS BURNING ZULU KRAALS.

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THE SECRETARY ADDRESSING THE INDIANS AT THE GRAND COUNCIL HELD ON AUGUST 29TH.



PASSING INDIANS WITH SUPPLY-WAGONS, ON THE DRIVE FROM ROSEBUD LANDING TO THE AGENCY.



THE SECRETARY DINING WITH M. COLOGNE AT THE "HALF-WAY" HOUSE.



INDIANS DRIVING PAINTED BOARD SIGNS TO MARK CLAIMS.

FIRST OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION OF INDIAN GRIEVANCES.—VISIT OF SECRETARY SCHURZ TO THE SPOTTED TAIL INDIAN AGENCY, ON THE ROSEBUD RIVER.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 70.

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[Concluded from last week.]

WHOSE WAS THE THIRD CHAIR?

"I HAD the happiness, at last, to notice a favorable change in Paul. Gradually his brow became calm, his breathing regular, a soft, joyous light beamed in his eyes, his voice took the tender inflection that told of a spirit given over to rest after a conflict gained.

"His arm once more was flung about my shoulders. I was permitted to enjoy the sweet and tender confidences of his soul.

"One night he confided to me that the deed was done—Egeria was free!

"'It is matter,' he said, 'and matter cannot be destroyed; but it can be resolved into another shape; it can in this case be even reduced to gas and ashes. I shall cut it up in small pieces, remove the gristle, ligaments and sinews, saw the bones into trifles, and submit the whole thing to the crucible.'

"For a moment I was aghast—my blood ran cold.

"'Gracious Heaven!' I said, 'Paul, you haven't killed her? You have not taken her life?'

"'You forget, Harold,' he replied, coldly, 'that what you say is impossible. Life cannot be destroyed!'

"'I beg of you, Paul,' I cried, in an agony of fear, 'tell me what you have done to Egeria.'

"'I have compelled the mass of matter which took the form of a body and imprisoned the soul of Egeria to disorganize and take other shapes.'

"'What have you done, Paul,' I repeated, wildly—'what have you done?'

"He waved his hand impatiently.

"'I wouldn't have believed I could have been fond enough of you to endure this stupidity. Follow me;' and thus saying, he led the way with quick, nervous strides, down the stone steps of the staircase, one, two, three flights, and I discerned, with a chill that went to the marrow of my bones, that we were approaching the dissecting room.

"We entered the gloomy portal, and stood before the long tables, upon one of which immediately before us lay the motionless body of the sibyl.

"It was quite dead and cold, and thus gained a nobility that never could have belonged to it in life. The large white lids shut down upon the eyes, quenched even the memory of their chuckling ferocity, and the heavy features, composed and stern, wore a sculptured grandeur that commanded respect. I looked upon it without horror, even with a species of admiration; and afterwards, in dissecting it, we found much to interest us in the peculiar formation of the heart, which being 'the sensual servant of the soul, is 'the sun of our body, the king and sole commander of it, the seat and organ of all passions and affections.'

"After dissection, we took it to the laboratory, and submitted it piece by piece to the crucible. Slowly, and after laborious but patient toil, we had the satisfaction of knowing that all possible trace of that organization was obliterated.

"I hope I am not tiring you, gentlemen," said the doctor, finding his visitors a little uneasy.

"Not at all," they replied, with a blandness that partook of heroism, the student adding that he was particularly interested in *the sweet and tender confidences of Paul.*

"Having thus reached an important stage of progress," the doctor continued, "I was prepared to find Paul patient for the result. He had done all that was possible for the advancement of his theory, and nothing remained now but the fulfillment of his promised happiness. Indeed, he so well described to me the realistic formation of his basis for future felicity, that I didn't think of doubting it.

"'You know, Harold,' he said, 'the soft marrowish white substance that forms the brain, and is protected by the *dura mater* within the skull; when that was taken away, the soul of Egeria burst through the *pia mater*, and escaped, saying to me at parting, 'I will meet you a year hence, Paul, a year from to-night!'' You see he was permitted to see all this, and to hear the voice of Egeria thus hold forth to him an ecstatic future.

"But he declared that at that moment his vision was blinded by a stream of light, and he couldn't quite see the form that Egeria was permitted to assume.

"This uncertainty chafed his spirit, and at last he became haunted by the fear that when they met she might again be enshrined in the ponderous body that confronted us under the the lamplight that night.

"As days glided into months, he became more restless, dissatisfied and gloomy than of old. The twenty-seventh night of November was the date of Egeria's deliverance, and this night, so long looked forward to as the completion of Paul's happiness, wore a sinister aspect as the Summer waned.

"He spoke of the subject no more, but day by day and week by week he grew more and more melancholy—absorbed in gloom he paced the dreary corridors, desolate and alone, while I, watching him from a distance, felt my soul melt within me from pity and dread.

"He lay awake hour after hour, and when exhaustion brought sleep it was murdered by unhappy dreams; he would stretch out his arms, not in delight and ecstasy, but with a species of fear and horror that is indescribable, and cry out, in a loud agonized voice, 'She is here! she is here!'

"I began to wish we had never met the sibyl, or, having met her, had been contented with her whole formation, and had not attempted to deliver her from what after all was a respectable tyrant; it was neither the matter pertaining to a hunchback, a mermaid, or a ghost as our young friend here suggested, but a big, brawny mass of flesh and blood that I fervently wished had been powerful enough to protect itself from the prisoner within its gates.

"I became sorely tempted to take refuge in skepticism, and persuaded myself that we had done with Egeria and the tyrant for ever.

"'The fact is,' I said to Paul, 'it was a scientific experiment, and liable to failure as everything of that kind is—if the spirit was freed, it would have come to you at once—we are forced to believe then, that, owing to some little flaw in the theory or the mechanism, the result was abortive. As for me,' I continued, encouraged by a gleam of hope that flitted across the gloomy visage of my friend, 'I don't believe we'll be troubled with Egeria in any shape.'

"But Paul shook his head mournfully.

"'Wait,' he cried, with a bitter smile, 'till the twenty seventh night of November!'

"'See here, Paul,' I said, 'if you go on in this way, you'll either be dead or a maniac when that time comes. I'm going to take the matter in my own hands and cure you of this fantasy. Will you give yourself over to me for the next few months?'

"Is it only a few months?" said Paul, with the accent of a poor wretch doomed to the gallows.

"'Don't you know the day of the month?' I asked, with trembling expectancy.

"'No,' he replied, 'nor the month of the year! I don't want to count the days—but I *shall* know, Harold, when the twenty-seventh night of November comes. Steep me to the lips with opiates, shroud me in gloom and darkness, hide from me time and light and sensation; when that awful night comes I shall know it, Harold. Oh,' he groaned, 'would to heaven it were to-morrow, that I could grasp the agony and have done with this terrible suspense!'

"I took him in my arms and dragged him to my room. With faint and dusty radiance, a beam of the sun struggled through the begrimed window and fell upon the lustrous hair of Paul. It lingered there as if loath to leave the one fair spot in this gloomy den, but I pulled down the heavy curtain and shut out the fleeting ray. The room became suddenly shrouded in darkness and remained so as far as sunlight was concerned, but I caused the shutters to be closed and barred upon the outside. All necessary air was forced through the room by means of a ventilator.

"I don't suppose those shutters were ever opened again. As for Paul, he bade farewell then and there to the light of day. Fearing he might have deceived me in his pretended unconsciousness of time, I kept him asleep for thirty-six hours. I was with him a portion of every hour of the day and night, sleeping at odd hours to deceive him—all the time I could spare from my hospital duties were given over to him as my special patient. A regimen of action was agreed upon—we were to read sparingly and of light literature—to smoke rarely, to endeavor to become interested in backgammon, to argue none, to converse jocularly if possible, at all events cheerfully, and to devote ourselves mainly to dreams of the future.

"Oh, the resolves that were made for health and sanity, the abandonment of fancies and theories and beliefs of all kinds, save those that presented themselves gayly and innocently in the shape of trust and faith and patience to wait the development of nature's plans in our behalf. We determined that when we should shake the dust from our feet in escaping this gloomy prison, journeying away to foreign lands for recreation and delight, we would leave all doubt and dread and grief as part and parcel of this dreadful place. For, I need not tell you, gentlemen, that at times we suffered a species of remorse. Divested of scientific interest and spiritualistic heroism, the affair became troublesome to the mind and memory. I leave you to imagine our feelings when we were compelled to acknowledge that we had innocently committed a deed which might be construed into a crime."

"A censorious world," remarked the student, "would very likely even call it a murder."

The doctor looked at him sternly.

"I hope," he said, "you have no fault to find with our motive—why, suppose it were possible," continued the doctor, turning to his guests, "that I had invited you here to-night with the apparently sinister motive of shooting you all to death with a pistol that is in this drawer beside me—the result would be a cause of consternation and grief to many, but in some mysterious way a bountiful nature, having ordered the sacrifice, would profit by it—you would reluctantly, perhaps, be the humble instruments of an element of success in the great inscrutable mechanism of the universe."

"Nevertheless," said the student, with rather a ghastly smile, "I have no desire to be singled out for this partiality."

The other gentlemen were very grave, and watched Doctor Cairnes with an interest that savored of awe.

"Days glided into weeks," continued the doctor, "weeks into months, and the twenty-seventh of November was close at hand. So even had been the temperature of the room, so completely excluded the light of day, so perfect the resemblance of hour to hour, that it was with difficulty I could myself keep count of time. Paul professed to have lost all idea of time or light, or heat or cold; called himself laughingly a species of fungi, declaring that it would be impossible to detach him safely from his shell—that he didn't think somehow he'd ever get to go to those foreign lands but, he was quite content and happy with everything as it progressed at that time. 'Anything,' he added, with a sudden pallor and touch of agony, 'is better than the past.'

"As the night of the twenty-seventh approached I devoted myself utterly to my undertaking, and resolved that, come what might, I would free Paul from this monomania that had taken possession of him body and soul. The dreaded night once happily past, we were safe from fear and fantasy for the future, and I studied even the minutiæ of detail to effect this end. So sanguine was I of the result that I made all arrangements for our immediate departure upon the following morning; and no wretch languishing in gyves and fetters longed for the hour of his deliverance more eagerly than I.

"At last the twenty-seventh came, and with it a storm of wind and rain and fury of the elements that turned light into darkness. At three o'clock the afternoon was so dark that I could have led Paul into the outer air to convince him it was already night. But I refrained from any departure from the monotonous rule of our lives. The hours wore away; we ate and drank, smoked, walked around and about the room, played several games of backgammon (we had agreed to abandon chess-playing), chatted about two or three cases of severe illness in the hospital, and at length Paul leaned his head back upon the cushioned chair and enjoyed his cigar in silence.

"I watched him furtively; his eyes held a dreamy look of abstraction, but they were still happy with the joy of calm; and, although the wind howled through the corridor and shook the casement with a shriek that was almost human, although the bricks toppled from the chimney and a storm of sleet blew down, almost extinguishing the flames of the fire and causing the bright lamplight to pale and grow dim, Paul remained unmoved, and said, quietly:

"'A wild night, or a wild day—which is it, Harold?'

"'Upon my soul, I've forgotten which, and it don't matter in the least,' I replied.

"'No,' he said, in a peculiar tone, 'not in the least.'

"Then he looked over at me and smiled. I declare to you, gentlemen, I cannot tell you what there was in that smile, but it made me long to go over to him and clasp his hand and feel the dear old familiar fling of his arm about my shoulder.

"I wish I had! I wish I had!" cried the doctor, getting up from his chair and walking nervously about the room. (His uneasiness was contagious, and his guests each and all changed their position—they seemed unconsciously to move nearer to the door.)

"It was a singular thing, gentlemen," pursued the doctor, "a very singular thing. Paul suddenly fell asleep with the cigar in his hand, the smile on his lips. He fell asleep, and I was glad, for the hour was near. I have not had occasion to mention the furniture in the room. It was plain, old-fashioned, and extremely heavy. Besides the ordinary accessories of a bed-chamber there was a lumbering old bookcase. There were but three chairs in the room; mine and Paul's were drawn up on either side of the fireplace, the other one was wedged in between the bookcase and wardrobe. It was filled with books and pamphlets so full that some had toppled over on the floor. I would like you to notice, gentlemen, that the chair in question was almost a fixture, and only used as a receptacle for books and rubbish that will collect in the shape of reading matter.

"The moments glided on. I looked at my watch; it was nearly ten o'clock. Two hours more—two little hours more—and all would be well.

"In the meanwhile this silence became oppressive. I went to the door, locked and barred it; took off my coat, picked up a number of the *Lancet*, and was soon deep in an article on surgery. How was it, gentlemen, that I also fell into a slumber, deep, profound, lasting? I awoke with a cold, creeping sensation, a feeling of paralyzed energy. I opened my eyes and struggled, fought to free myself from this terrible, this agonizing nightmare, bathed in a cold perspiration, trembling in every limb. I endeavored to cry out, and the room echoed a hoarse murmur; I tried to get upon my feet; and I struggled thus far. It was no nightmare then, but terrible reality, and it was really Paul that crouched in the chair opposite, his head bent forward, his hands extended, his lips still open with the cry that first escaped them, and head and body and lips were all bent upon one object that rested immediately between us—between Paul and me. *It was that third chair*, gentlemen, the only other chair that the room contained. The books were thrown in masses on the floor, and the chair was drawn up to the fireside between Paul's and mine. Paul was gazing upon it—but he was dead, quite dead! He had been dead perhaps an hour; his head was yet warm with the lingering vitality of heat. I looked at my watch; it was one o'clock! The terrible night had come and gone and Paul had been borne away with it. My experiment was a failure; but his theory was proven beyond a doubt. I cannot tell you what shape Egeria assumed. Paul's face was like that of a sphinx; it spoke neither terror nor calm, injury nor despair. But that chair—ah! that chair was eloquent in itself. It tilted forward triumphantly, almost with a leer in the foremost leg; it held a comfortable position before the now charred embers. Heaven forgive me! but I could almost discern a resemblance in the peculiarly carved knob on the top of the chair to the shape of the head and the dull, leaden hair of the creature I thought we had dissected. It was a *souvenir*, a monument, a courteous reminder. Call it what you will, gentlemen, but tell me, if you disbelieve in Spiritualism, *whose was the third chair?*"

The doctor looked around for an answer from his guests. They had all disappeared. One by one they had vanished out the door and down the stairs, the student sliding down the balusters in his haste to depart; and none of them ever went to see that queer, grand fellow, Doctor Cairnes, again, or evinced any pleasure in the subject of Spiritualism.

CIVILIZING THE SIOUX INDIANS.

SECRETARY SCHURZ'S VISIT TO THE SPOTTED TAIL AGENCY.

THE details of the recent visit of Secretary Schurz to the Spotted Tail Indian Agency, which is elsewhere referred to in our columns, are full of interest and attraction as illustrating the improved methods of dealing with the Indians and the gradual decay of the savage influences and customs of their life. Secretary Schurz and his party left the Missouri River at Rosebud Landing on August 28th, and on the same evening reached the Agency, having traveled the entire distance of eighty-seven miles in wagons in fourteen hours, with one relay of horses. The soil is generally a rich, sandy loam, most of it is tillable, and all of it is excellent for herding. In the entire eighty-seven miles between the Missouri River and the Rosebud, upon which the Spotted Tail Indians are now living, there is only a single habitation, and that is occupied by a Frenchman named Cologne, who has resided among the Brulé Sioux for many years. He has an Indian wife and several children, and with their assistance maintains a sort of half-way house, where meals may be obtained by those engaged in hauling the supplies from the river to this and the Red Cloud agencies. Cologne cultivates a few acres of corn and potatoes, and cuts hay sufficient to supply his herd of cattle during the Winter. At this particular time, when the Sioux may be said to be in transition from barbarism to civilization, the force of the example of such men as Cologne is invaluable, and will go far toward assisting the Government in the efforts now being made to raise the Indian to a self-supporting position.

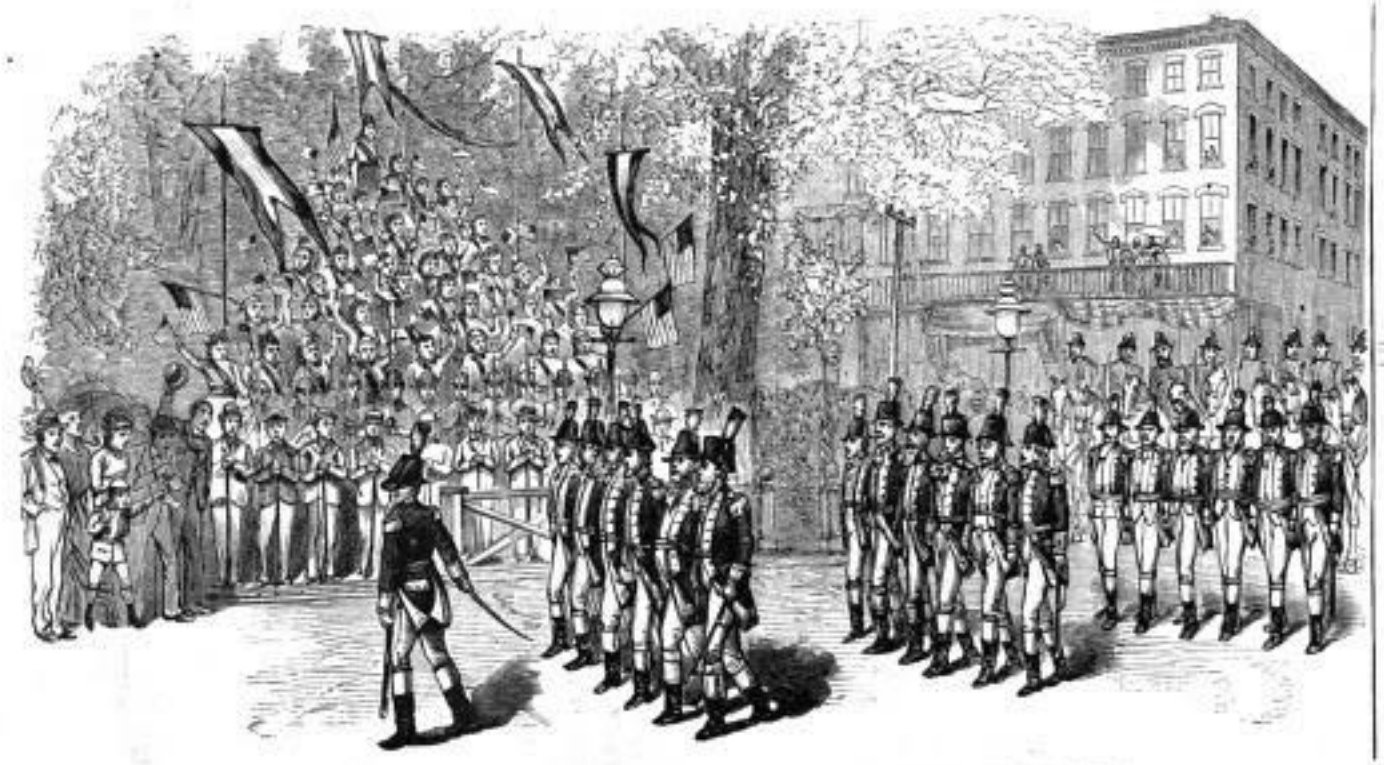
The Indians had known for some time of the purpose of the Secretary to visit them, and had been looking forward to it with great interest and satisfaction. Along the road was passed a large number of wagons, in charge of Indians, carrying supplies, all of whom saluted the party in passing with their peculiar guttural "How," and in many cases addressed words of welcome. Early on the morning of the 29th, Spotted Tail and Two Strike, the two leading Brulé chiefs, called upon the Secretary, and, after a brief conversation, arranged for holding a grand council on the following morning. This council was a grand affair. The Indians came to the Agency in large numbers, dressed in all their barbaric splendor, and mounted upon their best ponies. Those present numbered at least 1,200, of whom about 300 were women. Some of the warriors were dressed and painted with taste, but, according to a correspondent who describes the scene, "the larger portion of them were hideous with paint and repulsive in dirty garments. Several were in strict war costume, omitting the war paint (which is black), their only garments consisting of a breech-cloth and blanket, the latter being thrown carelessly over one shoulder in order to expose their painted and naked bodies. Before the council assembled, the young bucks of the various bands congregated upon the surrounding hills and gave frequent exhibitions of their splendid horsemanship by racing their ponies at breakneck speed across the intervening valleys, and in full view of the assembled multitude. The congregation of 1,200 wild Indians, nearly all of them mounted, dressed in gay colors, their faces painted and their long black hair ornamented with feathers and gay streamers, was a novel and picturesque spectacle. Many of the women and children were mounted, in some instances two being upon one pony. These ride almost as well as the men, and in the same fashion. No attempt is made to decorate the horses, and generally they were caparisoned in the most primitive manner. The saddles are made by the Indians, and consist of a piece of hard wood, shaped after the common saddle in use among white people, and covered with a hide which they dry themselves. The number without stirrups was about equal to those with such useful appendages, but their absence made no perceptible difference in the ease and grace with which the riders sat upon and rode the ponies. Very many were without saddles, and in their stead used a blanket held on the horse by a strap."

The council was held outside of the Agency inclosure, where a stand had been erected, upon which were seated Secretary Schurz, the gentlemen who accompanied him, and the interpreter. The Indians formed themselves in a semi-circle in front of the stand, a large number being seated upon the ground in rows, and the remainder sitting in rear of those upon their ponies. Spotted Tail occupied a chair placed in the centre of the vacant space between the Indians and the platform. He was dressed in plain blue, without ornament of any kind, and instead of a blanket wore a heavy white linen toga, which depended from his left shoulder, and which he held about his body and legs with his left hand, leaving his right free for gesticulation. The speaking was commenced by the Secretary, who congratulated the Indians upon the good reports received from them and the progress they had made in freighting and herding, and earnestly urged them to encourage and assist the effort to establish schools for the education of their children.

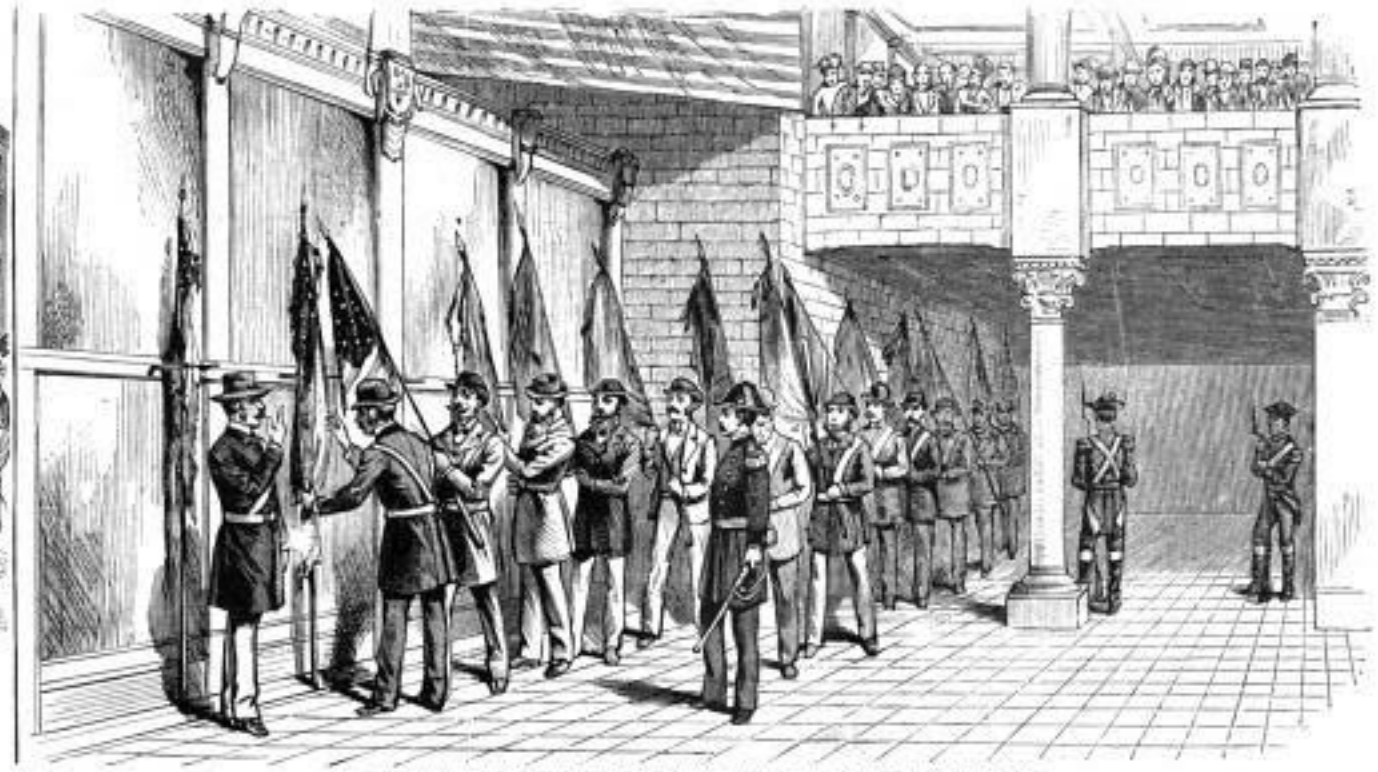
In reply, Spotted Tail expressed the great gratification the presence of the Secretary gave his people, and assured him that the counsel given by the Secretary would be followed. He referred with satisfaction to the progress already made by his people, and expressed a strong desire for the increase of school facilities, in order especially that the Indians might acquire the English tongue. After the council adjourned, the Indians pressed forward and shook hands with the Secretary, with many expressions of gratitude and good will, which could not, of course, be understood, but about the character of which their smiling faces and earnestness of manner left no room for doubt.

The Indians of the Spotted Tail Agency manifest great eagerness to become farmers, and maps of the survey are now being made. But these will not be completed for some months, so that farms may be taken up, but the anxiety for their possession is so great that the Indians are already driving their stakes, and in riding about, painted board signs are met with, which inform all concerned that a certain spot is "White Thunder's farm"; that another is the "Hay claim of Charging Eagle"; that another has been selected as the future home of "Fill the Pipe." A correspondent remarks that "the importance and significance of these painted signs cannot be too highly appreciated. They mark the first step in the civilization of the most numerous and warlike of our Indian tribes, and if Congress will read them aright and give the Indian

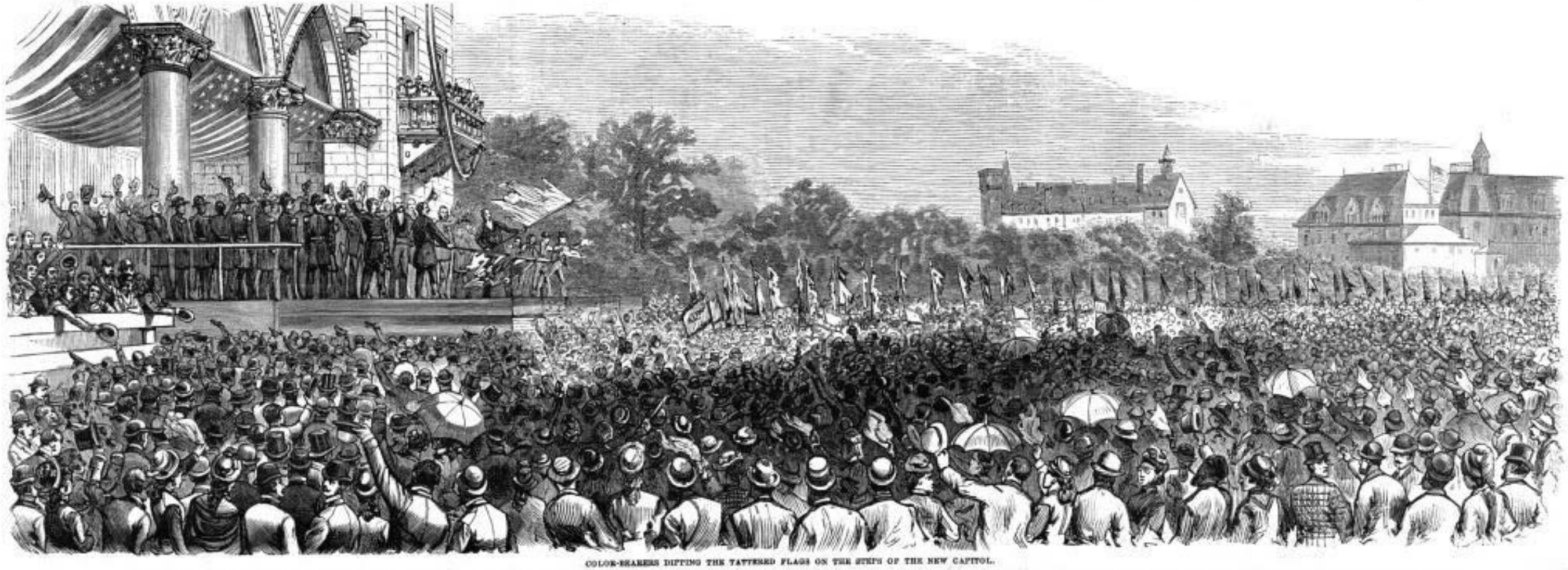
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PROCESSION OF VETERAN SOLDIERS PASSING THE PYRAMID OF SCHOOLCHILDREN ON THE SOUTH GREEN.



VETERANS DEPOSITING THE BATTLE-FLAGS IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE NEW CAPITOL.



COLOR-BEARERS DIPPING THE TATTERED FLAGS ON THE STEPS OF THE NEW CAPITOL.

CONNECTICUT.—INAUGURATION OF BATTLE-FLAG DAY, AND FORMAL DELIVERY OF THE OLD WAR COLORS TO THE STATE, AT HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 17TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 75.

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WAITING.

"SHALL I have long to wait, dear love?"
He asked, and smiled to see her hair.
She bent and kissed him from above;
His face felt all her soft blonde hair.

He watched her calm, little loveliness
In silence up the stairway pass,
The rippling movement of her dress
Like zephyrs on the Summer grass.

He held his breath till out of sight
She gained her dainty, curtained room,
Then forth he sauntered through the night
That had for him no tinge of gloom.

She closed her chamber-door and stood
Before the mirror queen-like, calm;
Her sad eyes' mute solicitude
Was like a penitential psalm.

"And I could sell his love," she said,
"For what I know is veriest dross.
One hair upon his loyal head
Outweighs this gain that is my loss.

"But he shall learn I am the queen
Himself hath called me; he shall know
That death can surely stand between
His queen and shameful overthrow."

Her white throat choked a little sob,
Her sweet mouth quivered with a sigh;
Her soft hand stilled her heart's quick throb,
The eyelid drooped on either eye.

She stooped her royal head to write,
Her name she signed, and kissed the place;
Then in her night-robes' fragrant white
She took a last look at her face.

* * * * *

Next morn, his heart on fair dreams fed,
He took the old familiar way—
He found his dear love lying dead,
And had no heart to curse or pray.

He read, half-dazed, the words she left;
He bent and kissed her calm, pale face;
Then forth he went as one bereft,
For whom there is no hope or grace.

But ever as the slow years pass
He hears an echo from above,
In every wind that stirs the grass,
"Shall I have long to wait, dear love?"

JOHN MORAN.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER V.

"DAISY ELDON is incapable of making 'an exhibition of herself' in anything but a charming way," Lord St. Briac replies, and something in his tone makes Miss Millard glance sharply at him.

Rumor has told her already that, if Daisy had been endowed with one-half the wealth which is to be her (Julia Millard's) portion, Lord St. Briac would not have dallied in his wooing. So she glances sharply at him now as she detects the tremor in the tone in which he speaks of Daisy's name.

She looks at him at an unlucky moment.

Daisy has just come into the room with her aunt, and St. Briac's eyes are fixed upon her with a look of such ardent, irrepressible admiration and regard that Julia, the heiress, tingles with jealousy. Daisy, in a dress of creamy-white silk, with pearls on her neck and arms, and a sash of flowers, is looking lovelier than ever this night.

The unmistakable love-sight is in her eyes as she looks shyly around the assembled throng in search of the one without whose presence now the most brilliant scene would seem dull and tame to her. The love-sight is in her eyes; and Miss Millard, who is neither stupid nor devoid of experience, recognizes its sympathetic fire, and mistakingly supposes that it is burning for St. Briac. There is not a particle of love in the fair Julia's breast for her lordly suitor, nevertheless she thrills with rage as she sees his eyes riveted on Daisy's bonnie beauty.

A dozen men are crowding around the latter, eagerly seeking to inscribe the name of the beauty of the season on their cards. But presently she is whirled off by one who is a stranger to the majority of those present; and St. Briac, recalling himself to a sense of his duty towards Miss Millard, turns to her and pursues his own train of thought aloud, without regarding the fact that she may not have watched Daisy's proceedings with a tender interest equal to his own.

"I wonder how Poynter has got to know her already," he says, meditatively. "Did you see? He took her off in a sort of old-familiar-friend style that looks like having known her a long time; and that can't be the case, for he's only just back from six or seven years in Australia."

"He was the handsome man I was telling you about—the one Miss Eldon was making an exhibition of herself about in the Row this morning. You didn't seem to like the phrase, but I couldn't think of any other that would fittingly describe the situation."

"Shall we take a turn?" he interrupts. He has no desire to hear anything about Daisy from Miss Millard just now, and especially has he no desire to hear more about Daisy's intercourse with "that good-looking young fellow," Poynter, whose handsome face, as St. Briac is liberally willing to admit, is sufficient to win him the favor of any woman.

"The room is getting too crowded to dance comfortably," Miss Millard says; and she indicates that she wished to be led into the cool and low-lighted shades of a conservatory which they are passing at the moment. It is well understood by them all that the offer is to be made to-night, and Miss Millard thinks the the sooner the better now, as, when once she has plighted her maiden troth to him, she will have the right to reprimand him as sharply as she desires for his ill-concealed tender feelings for Daisy Eldon.

"It is no use kicking against the pricks," he tells himself, as he leads her along between alleys of the choicest exotics to a seat at the further end of the conservatory. His fate is before him, and he must fulfill it. Not such a bad fate after all, as times go. Miss Millard will bring him a hundred thousand a year, and is in herself the sort of girl to deserve a very warm regard for the man she marries. She is affectionate, quite clever enough, and good-looking enough for every day life; and it is not her fault that she appears to be made of very common clay, indeed, by the side of that delicate piece of porcelain, Daisy Eldon. "Besides," the young heir to the marquisate of Beauton tells himself, "it would, perhaps, be a bore to marry a girl one was very much in love with." He feels sure that when Julia is Lady St. Briac she may follow the fashion of the day and flirt as only young matrons seem free to do, without causing him one jealous qualm. Whereas, if he could only afford to marry Daisy he would surely grudge every look and word she gave to any other man. Even as he thinks this he sees Daisy and Harry Poynter saunter into the conservatory by a side door, and sit down in a nook where they are half-hidden by the gracious screen of foliage and flowers, and though she is not his wife he feels the jealous qualm with sickening intensity.

"How silent you are!" Miss Millard says, pettishly. She did not bring him in here to see him watching Daisy Eldon in dumb anguish. "He may moon and spoon about her and after her as much as he likes after we are married," the practical girl tells herself; "but I won't stand any sentimental nonsense about her now. I'll give him to understand before we move from here that he must choose between us without further delay."

He cannot tear his eyes and attention from Daisy, whom he sees listening with joyful eyes to something Harry Poynter is saying to her; but he answers, courteously enough, the charge of silence which Julia has brought against him.

"Don't you know there are some moments when the thoughts of the heart 'fill the silence like—like a speech?'"

"That is only the case, I should think, when one is very much in love or in debt," she answers; and St. Briac is afraid that his indifference to this girl may merge into possible dislike before he has taken the decided step which all his family expect him to take. She is more than a little out of temper now, and, as is invariably the case with an underbred woman, she relinquishes all efforts at being either courteous or kind when she is annoyed. Her tone is sharpened, her eyes sparkle vindictively, and there is altogether an air of defiance, not to say swagger, about her which revolts him as she says: "Perhaps, if you want to ponder on either of the themes I've mentioned, you will be good enough to take me back into the ballroom first; I may amuse myself better than I am doing here."

For a moment he is tempted to take her at her word, lead her back to her mother, and go to his mother with the statement that he found it impossible to swallow the pill, gloriously as it is gilded. Then he reminds himself of his debts and of the futility of his hankering after Daisy, and so, though he will not throw the handkerchief just yet, he waves it before Miss Millard's eyes.

"Before this night is over you will know what the feeling was that chained my tongue, and I think you will forgive me."

He murmurs this just as though he were really in love with her; and, as she is quite as well contented with the semblance as the reality, she relents, relapses into smiles, and prepares herself to say "Yes" at once.

But he feels that he cannot bind himself till he has had one dance with, and said a few words to, Daisy Eldon. So he rises and offers his arm to Miss Millard, with the words, "We'll come back here again by-and-by, won't we? And then you shall hear the secret of my silence," and leads her up the side to where Daisy and Harry Poynter are still sitting.

"Miss Eldon, you defrauded me of my waltz; may I have the honor of another? This next—may it be mine?"

"I am engaged for it to Har—Mr. Poynter," she says, hesitatingly.

"Poynter, be a good fellow; let me have one turn with Miss Eldon," St. Briac pleads, so eagerly that both Harry and Daisy find themselves agreeing to his request.

The four stroll back to the ballroom together. Their progress in company is a very brief one; but, brief as it is, and satisfied as Miss Millard now feels that St. Briac will formally surrender to her to-night, she cannot resist firing one shot at her rival.

"Are you going to Hurlingham to-morrow, Miss Eldon?"

"I believe not. Aunt Bertram does not enjoy polo, and I am not interested on either side to-morrow," Daisy answers.

"Not interested on either side? Oh, you incorrigible little flirt! How can you say you are not interested when we all know that Sir Bolingbroke Bray will be playing on his famous pony, 'Daisy'?"

"I wish men would not give their horses and dogs girl's names!" Daisy says, in genuine distress.

She has been spending the last three-quarters of an hour in coming to an "understanding" with Harry Poynter; that is to say, they have toyed with the subject of their "interest in each other," and have trenched on very tender ground indeed several times in the course of their conversation. They have agreed to be "great friends," and never to let any interlopers come between them; and Harry has told her something that sounds very sweetly in her ears, though, of course, in reality it is no concern at all of hers. He has told her that, in common with every other boy and young man, he has found a dozen faces fair and loved them "for a week, a month, or a day," as the case might be. "But," he has added, "do you know, Daisy, I never cared about one of them enough to want to kiss her; because kissing a girl with me means wanting her and asking her to be my wife. Are you glad?"

And to this question Daisy has given him no answer—in words—yet. But they are both so happy that he has asked it.

It is while they are steeped in the silence which is golden after this speech of Harry's that St. Briac and Miss Millard break into their solitude. And so it comes to pass that poor Daisy feels she may be lowered in Harry Poynter's estimation when Miss Millard calls her an "incorrigible little flirt," and speaks of Sir Bolingbroke Bray and his "famous polopony Daisy," as if she, Daisy Eldon, had a vested interest in both. Her partner, St. Briac, takes her "the one turn" for which he has pleaded so eloquently, but he seems by no means disposed to relinquish her at the termination of it. On the contrary, he persuades her to cross the corridor with him to look at a picture that he vows resembles Daisy in his mother's boudoir; and when they reach it he breathes more freely than he has breathed before this night, for he knows that Miss Millard dare not invade its sacred seclusion. St. Briac knows well that this girl, for whom his heart is sick, is not for him, and that Miss Millard is. Nevertheless, he cannot resist trying to wake Daisy's interest, and feeling for a few minutes how sweet life would be for him if only Daisy had the filthy lucre that is needed at this juncture to regild the Beauton coronet. He is, as has been said, a very fine specimen of a young English patrician; and as our English patricians are the finest result of breeding, training, blood and culture to be found in this hemisphere, he may be accepted without further explanation as a man to whom any girl's heart would naturally seriously incline. It is currently said of him that his brains are far too good for that place in the Upper House which he must eventually fill, and already he is known widely, and not ridiculously, as a vigilant detector of anything in art, though the state of the family exchequer has sometimes cramped his efforts at collecting. Altogether, Daisy may be forgiven (in spite of all that has passed between Harry and herself) for thinking Miss Millard "a very lucky girl," after ten minutes of unrestrained intercourse with Lord St. Briac. He is quite resolved upon one thing, and that is that the girl who has struck the only genuine chord of love that has ever been struck in his heart shall "know what he thinks about her" before they part this night. He tells himself in a spasm of chivalric feeling that he will not attempt to win any responsive words from her; but "By Jove, she shall know that I love her," he says, "and that I would ask her to be my wife if it were not for want of the hawbees."

He begins giving the information to Daisy in the most guarded and proper way imaginable. He tells her how he has always watched her approvingly on the Knave of Hearts.

"That's a pace not one girl in a thousand could take as easy as you do," he remarks; and Daisy answers with apparent carelessness, but in reality because she has been nettled by Miss Millard.

"The little Knave! I'm glad to hear a good word said of him by you. Miss Millard always derides him for being more showy than fast."

"If Miss Millard could only sit him as you do, and get him to sit, she'd frame him in gold as an advertisement of her proficiency in the noble art of equitation," St. Briac laughs.

"I wish she would frame some of her speeches in gold, because gold is a true metal and wouldn't frame a false impression," Daisy replies. "She knew I should be annoyed at the way in which she jumbled up polo and Sir Bolingbroke Bray and his pony, Daisy, and myself just now, and yet she did it. Why should she have gone out of her way to annoy me?"

"Because she knows that I would go a good deal out of my way to try and please you," St. Briac says, bluntly; and Daisy lures him on undesignedly, by asking:

"And why shouldn't you go out of your way to please me?"

"Because I am bound hand and foot in vile fetters of need," he exclaims. "Don't you understand? Mayn't I try and make you understand it all? She sees what every one is welcome to see as far as I am concerned—and that is that I love you, Daisy."

He casts aside all consideration for Miss Millard, all recollection of the way in which he has half-pledged himself to her and wholly pledged himself to his family to snare her to-night. He only sees Daisy, he only cares for Daisy, he only remembers that if he loses Daisy he will lose "the light that ne'er will shine again on life's dull stream." She wavers like a reed shaken by the wind for a few moments. St. Briac is such a nice fellow; so many girls whom she has known during the season have sighed in vain for him. For many weeks she has been hearing him spoken about; and when a girl hears a man's name constantly, she cannot help thinking a good deal about him. She has heard Miss Millard (whose probable good fortune has been widely and openly discussed) in turns pitied for being sought for her money, and envied for being sought at all by Lord St. Briac. It is unnatural, it is unwomanly in Daisy to palpitate with pleasure, to forget Harry Poynter for the moment, and to give St. Briac a shy, grateful glance in return for that avowal of his that he loves her. As for him, he feels that he has gone over the border, and that he is as much on his honor now to "go on" with Daisy as he felt himself to be half an hour ago to "go on" with Miss Millard. She, in her sweet unconsciousness, tempts him in a way that would have been too much for St. Senanus, and that is altogether too much for St. Briac. Having told her that he loves her, he finds himself madly desirous of winning a like confession from her. He forgets the resolution he came to just now of laying bare his feelings to her, and at the same time refrain from proving the state of hers for him. Having ascertained that fact, he will take time to consider what step it behooves him to take.

He is an ardent, impetuous young fellow, and he has really lost both his heart and his head for Daisy.

"I didn't know how hard hit I was myself till that girl coupled your name with Bray just now," he goes on, madly; "then I felt it was no use pretending even to myself that I could resign you without a struggle. Daisy darling, tell me that I haven't made a mistake; tell me that you do care for me a little, and that you'll be my wife." He has got hold of both her hands, and is pressing them with a passionate force that makes her feel that he is not to be trifled with—however unjustifiable in fact the expression of his love may be, the love itself is a real true thing. She does like him very much, indeed; better, far better, than she has ever liked any one but Harry Poynter. And there are many things that make his wooing her a very sweet tribute to Daisy Eldon. She is "essentially human," and she feels a wicked little flutter of gratified vanity as she reflects that this man is willing to cast away a hundred thousand a year for her sake. Ought she to reject such genuine devotion as this, she asks herself. Then she thinks a little of the Beautons' disappointment if the great heiress is lost to them by reason of their son's infatuation for herself. She thinks a little of their disappointment and a great deal of Harry Poynter, and she answers as she ought:

"I do care for you a great deal—too much to do you the wrong it would be to marry you, Lord St. Briac. You know what a bad thing it would be for you if I were weak enough to be flattered by the great honor you have offered me into accepting it; and—you mustn't be angry with me for reminding you of Miss Millard—all the world looks upon you as half-engaged to her."

"If I were wholly engaged to her it would make no difference now," he says, recklessly. "I love you, Daisy; nothing but your own will—nothing but your own declaration that you care more for some other fellow, will part us now."

He has lifted her hand to his lips, and is pressing kisses upon it; in another moment he will put her beyond her power to say him nay by touching her pure young lips. His whole heart is in the work of gaining this girl now; and, if courage will carry her, she shall be carried.

"Say you will be my wife, Daisy—say you love me!" he pleads desperately; and Daisy, with a mighty effort, frees herself from his clasp, and says:

"I can't! I could a week ago; but since then, Lord St. Briac, I've seen some one I like better than I do you, much as I really like you."

"It's Bray, after all," he says, in bitter accents.

"No, it's not Bray a bit. It's some one who may never know I like him, and never care to find out."

"Don't give me up for an idea," St. Briac interrupts. Having committed himself to the statement of caring for Daisy, he is ready to overcome every obstacle in the way of obtaining her. Surely, he argues, if he has been ready to cast a hundred thousand a year to every other consideration aside for her, she might reasonably and readily overcome any light fancy she might have imagined herself into entertaining for this other man, who is ignorant of the honor she has done him. "Don't give me up for an idea," he repeats, ardently. "Look you, Daisy; my name's a good one. I don't come to you dishonored, like some fellows are who are presuming to aspire to you. And I love you, Daisy! I love you in a way that ought to win a kinder answer from you than the one you have given me."

He has never been balked of one thing on which he has set his heart in his life, and that Daisy should hesitate now about proclaiming him triumphant is a sore trial to him. That she does hesitate, that she has not quite decided for or against him, is evident. St. Briac's earnestness, the way in which he is ready to relinquish the largest fortune of the year for her penniless sake, is very touching to her. Moreover, St. Briac has about him that air of bravery and gentleness which is the result of many generations of culture and refinement. He is a splendid lover, and she is in a paroxysm of doubt as to whether it would not be well for her to love him in return. But, as she wavers, she hears distinctly, as if Harry were speaking them close to her ear at the moment, the words, "But do you know, Daisy, I never cared about one of them enough to want to kiss her." She has "recollected him" so vividly that she cannot forget him again, though Lord St. Briac goes on pleading his warmest; and so it is a definite refusal of the honor he has done her which St. Briac has to bear at last.

But Daisy, in her outspokenness and genuineness, refuses him in a way that binds him to her far more closely than Miss Millard's acceptance of him will have the power to do.

"Just a week ago I liked you better than any one else in the world," she says, apologetically; "but since then I have thought of some one else, and liked to listen to some one else, and he ought to be the first and only one a girl has thought of for a minute."

"I shouldn't mind you having thought of a dozen before, if you'll only think of me now."

"And that I can't do, and though I'm sorry for it in one way, I'm glad in another. If I had said 'Yes' what a grief it would be to your family, and what a pity it would be for you! And now we'll go back." She opens the door as she speaks, and is out in the corridor on her way back to the ballroom in an instant, and he has no choice but to follow her. His

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mother's eyes are upon him anxiously, and on Daisy rebukingly, as they enter the room, and the girl knows that she is being hardly thought of by her hostess for a fault she has not committed. She is trying to get across to her aunt, of whom she catches a glimpse in a far off corner, in order to implore that she may be taken away from the bustle and the rarve show, when her progress is arrested most inopportunely by Sir Bolingbroke.

"I have been hunting for you everywhere," he says; "where have you hidden yourself?"

"I have been looking at a picture in Lady Beauton's boudoir; some one said it was like me, and I like to know what I am like," Daisy says, trying to speak as if she were not anxious to work her way from him to her aunt.

"Don't be so impatient. I have been looking for you everywhere," he murmurs. "Do you see or have you heard that Miss Millard has defied the Beautons on their own ground, and flung St. Briac over for the returned colonial?"

"What nonsense!" she answers, scornfully.

"But true nonsense, nevertheless. This young 'scion of an ancient but decayed house,' as old chroniclers would call him, has done a good thing for himself by stopping in town on his way from the bush. When a man can once make up his mind to marry Miss Millard, she's not a bad sort of a girl. The next is mine, if you please; you ought to give me so much poor compensation for my bitter disappointment the other day." She scarcely heeds what he does, and so suffers him to whirl her off without a protest. She tells herself that there is no truth in his statement relative to Harry and Miss Millard, and yet it goes on ringing in her ears. How promptly, if it is true, he has perjured himself after those "unspoken vows" he offered her just now in the conservatory! Ah, but has she not been on the brink of committing a like offense? Did she not incline more than favorably for a few moments to St. Briac?

Those thoughts fatigue her more than the waltzing, and she pauses to recover her breath. As she stands, her hand still on her partner's arm, Harry Poynter and Miss Millard walk slowly by, close to her, without perceiving her. He is bending his head down low in earnest endeavor evidently to catch every word that falls from the heiress's lips: and she is speaking in clear, resolute accents, that fall distinctly upon Daisy's ear:

"You must call to-morrow morning. I will prepare mamma for the news, and she will plead the cause we have at heart with my father. He cannot stand out against us three."

"I am rested," Daisy says, turning a white face up towards her partner. And when they pull up after the next round she has pledged herself to become Lady Bray.

(*To be continued.*)

"BATTLE-FLAG DAY" IN HARTFORD.

AN anniversary to be known henceforth as "Battle-flag Day" was inaugurated on Wednesday, September 17th, at Hartford, Conn., with ceremonies of the deepest interest. In February last a resolution was offered in the House that the Comptroller, Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General be a board to have charge of the State's battle-flags, and that they be directed to have suitable cases prepared in the new Capitol for the flags to be placed in. The resolution went through both Houses and was approved.

The veterans of the war were invited to take part in the removal of the flags, and General Joseph R. Hawley accepted the post of chief marshal for the occasion. Up to last week the battle-flags of the different regiments were kept in the old State Arsenal on Main Street.

In the ceremony of the 17th, representatives of thirty regiments appeared, besides the State militia and the entire force of the State authorities. It was one o'clock before the procession was in line, and at that hour a national salute began. This was the signal for the start, and as the first gun sounded, the First Division marched out of the park into High Street. This comprised the militia of the State, and veterans of the war belonging to other States, who had fought in Connecticut regiments. In this division, also, were Governor Andrews and his private secretary, in a carriage, followed by his staff, mounted. The Governor kept his head bared during the entire march, and he was greeted by rousing cheers from the thousands who lined the sidewalks along the line. The staff of ex-Governor Buckingham was in this division also. The Second Division, under the command of Colonel Jacob L. Greene, formerly of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, now President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, comprised the Union Battalion, and the prominent guests in carriages. Among the latter were General J. M. Schofield, General Burnside, of Rhode Island; ex-Governors Jewell, Hubbard and Cleveland, of Connecticut; General Smith and staff, the Judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, Mayor Sumner, of Hartford, and the members of the city government. The fourth and last division was the great feature of the day. It was composed entirely of the veteran soldiers of Connecticut, and embraced fully 10,000 men, with representatives from all the regiments from the First to the Thirty sixth. This division was headed by Major-General Joseph R. Hawley, the chief marshal of the day, and his staff. The men were dressed in citizens' clothing, but many wore the hats of the Grand Army of the Republic, and all wore badges or medals. Some were lame, some had lost an arm, and two men hobbled along on wooden legs. Carriages were provided for the veterans who could not walk, and these were used by all except the two mentioned. These two followed the march until their battle-flags had been taken from the Arsenal, and then they joined their comrades in the carriage.

Some of the old flags, which number eighty, were nearly whole; others were so far gone that they had been caught with ribbons to the staff at frequent intervals, lest the slight breeze should make them float in shreds to the pavement. Some of them have histories that are known to the Connecticut folk; and when they were borne along the cheering became a hoarse roar, and all hands fluttered handkerchiefs or waved hats. The throngs went wild over the remnants of the old Sixteenth's flag, which was torn into squares and hid in the uniforms of the men or burned when they were taken prisoners at Plymouth, N. C., in '64, which were carried concealed through military prisons, and were finally collected and pieced together in the form of a shield on a new banner.

The line of march was through High Street to Main, up Main to the Arsenal, where the battle-flags were taken, and then down Main to Washington Street, and thence to the new Capitol. The buildings in the streets through which the procession moved were literally hidden in bunting. The magnificent building of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, one of the finest in the city, was decorated profusely and with great taste. Among other displays were those of the Phœnix Mutual Life Insurance Company, and of the Phœnix National Bank, two of the solid institutions of Hartford. The Travelers Insurance Company suspended from their modest building a magnificent national flag, and displayed a draped portrait of Connecticut's "War Governor" Buckingham, who was a director in the company. In front of the residence of M. G. Bulkeley, President of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, a fine arch spanned the street. It was a pretty combination of artistic materials and had entwining it a broad ribbon bearing the names of Connecticut's dead heroes—Sedgwick, Lyon, Mansfield, Foote, and others. The centre piece was the State coat-of-arms, above which was a trophy of weapons of war, drums, etc., and above all the American colors. Across Main Street three arches were erected, decorated with red, white and blue, and surrounded with evergreen devices. On these the names of all the battles in which the Connecticut regiments have taken part were emblazoned, and the word "Welcome," worked in evergreen, depended from one. Flags were thrown across the street, and in many houses were pictures of Lincoln or Grant, and sometimes both together. Whenever these pictures were seen by the veterans they cheered long and lustily. The stoops and lawns in front of the private houses were thronged with people, and in many cases little girls and boys were found representing patriotic characters. On the balcony of one house in High Street were two small boys, one dressed as a midshipman, and sitting on a coil of rope, and the other as a soldier, standing guard. At South Green a pyramid of 200 girls, ranging in age from four to twelve years, all dressed in white, and wearing red, white and blue sashes, greeted the veterans with waving handkerchiefs and fans. At the base of the pyramid was a cordon of boys, dressed as soldiers and carrying muskets, standing on guard. This was the great feature of the display. The Capitol was reached at four o'clock, and here the ceremony of transferring the flags was performed. There were fully 50,000 people on the grounds. A stand had been erected in front of the main entrance, and here Governor Andrews and the guests assembled. General Hawley presented the flags to the State in a brief speech, and Governor Andrews accepted them. Then the color-bearers of each regiment ascended the steps and faced the veterans; a cannon boomed a salute, and the blare of trumpets mingled with the reverberation; and the flags were successively given to the custody of the State, to be deposited in the cases erected for the purpose in the vestibule of the magnificent Capitol.

After the ceremonies the veterans marched down the hill to the green, where they partook of luncheon. In the evening the State House lawn was illumined by electric lights placed on the dome of the Capitol, and the city generally was lurid with the glare of all kinds of lights. The electric light was furnished by the Willimantic Spool Cotton Co., of Willimantic, the same being used in their extensive mills at that place, and was under charge of their electricians.

ALESSANDRO LIBERATI.

SIGNOR LIBERATI, the cornet soloist whom thousands of people have met at Brighton Beach during the past season, has steadily risen in the estimation of the public ever since his first appearance. He came unheralded into the lists where two prime favorites, Levy and Arbuckle, bid defiance to competition. His modest merit and artistic excellence have placed him in the front rank of musical artists. Liberati was born in Frascati, Italy, July 7th, 1847. His father was a fine musician, and was celebrated for his playing upon the trumpet, with keys, which had just been invented. Alessandro first commenced playing on the cornet when twelve years old. In the year 1864 he played the E-flat cornet in the Chasseur Band, in the Papal army, and was bugle-major with Garibaldi. He afterwards played a solo cornet in concerts at Naples, Florence, Milan, Nice, Paris and other leading cities in the Old World, and was cornet soloist in the band of the First Infantry Regiment of the Italian army.

In 1872, after a varied experience in Europe, he resolved to emigrate to America, and in June of that year he arrived in the city of Boston. Not finding a suitable engagement there, he went to the capital of Canada, and was engaged as band-master of the Ottawa Brigade Garrison Artillery Band; there he remained till 1875, and became very popular as leader and cornet soloist. Signor Liberati was the leading attraction in the band of the Detroit National Guard on their visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. On their way to and from Philadelphia they were received with honors in the several cities through which they passed. He had tempting offers to induce him to return to Ottawa, but he preferred remaining in the United States. He went from Detroit to Boston, and became cornet soloist for the Cadet Band of that city. He soon afterwards came to New York, and became a resident of Brooklyn. Since his arrival there he has been performing on the cornet in many public places and concerts, and with great satisfaction to a gratified audience.

THE MAN WHO BAGGED CETEWAYO.

MAJOR RICHARD J. C. MARTER, who captured the Zulu King, belongs to the First (King's) Dragoon Guards—not the First Dragoons, as cabled, which is really the Eleventh British Cavalry Regiment, there being three regiments of the Household and seven of Dragoon Guards senior to it—and always belonged to it from his first entrance into the army. This is unusual in the cavalry. A large majority of the officers are men of means, and, preferring Pall Mall, the clubs, yachting and home pleasures generally to distant service, are in the habit of exchanging with the less fortunate, who, for a consideration in hand and the difference between Indian or colonial and home pay, are often glad enough of the arrangement. Some officers in India have several times exchanged from regiments going home to regiments arriving. Marter stuck to his old regiment wherever it went, was with it in China on the advance to Pekin, and when the old K. D. G.'s got to Banzalore, India, was made Adjutant-General of the Myrore Division of the Madras Army, under Major-General Haines, now General Sir Frederick Paul Haines, G. C. B., Commander-in-chief of India. Marter retained this position for a little while after his regiment returned to England in 1866, but only for a little while. He is a great horseman, something of a "welter" weight, and, while holding his own in a steeplechase, is not of much use for a flat race. But he has the keenest eye for the good points of a horse, and his stable was always the admiration of the station. Bangalore is a charming place, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, with a delicious climate, famous for its flowers and its racecourse, a sort of Southern India Saratoga, and, being a large military post, is always very gay. Marter was always at the foremost of any festivities wherein the horse was concerned, from a fox-hunt to a steeplechase, and one of these diligent and invaluable men who go into the dismal and thankless work of preparation ere move. It is one thing to be a steward of a race-meeting, in all the glory and importance of the position, before assembled beauty and fashion, and quite another to go through the drudgery of getting everything ready and keeping everything straight for weeks and months beforehand. His chum and right-hand man in all these matters, and partner in ownership of several crack horses, a modest gentleman, was Major (now Colonel) Theodore Austin, of the Twenty-second Madras Native Infantry, reputed to be one of the best gentleman jockeys that ever rode. One horse they owned in common, Nuseeb (Fate), a spirited, but gentle and playful, satin-skinned beauty, with elastic muscles of steel, was probably the handsomest ever seen out of Arabia, and won them on many occasions a "pot of money."

Marter is about forty-five years old now, and as it was the destiny of Cetewayo to be caught, he was lucky in his captor, who would be certain to treat him well.

THE LAST FOX-HUNT OF THE SEASON.

NEWPORT, in addition to its manifold attractions, has had its hunting-season, yes, veritable fox-hunting, and men who have ridden with the Pytchley and Quorn eagerly plunged into pink, despite the chaff awaiting them "at the other side," to enjoy a run with Reynard—tell it not in Bath—in the month of September. The last meet of the Queens County Hunt, which took place on September 12th, was a superb social success. All Newport—that is, all of Newport worth mentioning—mustered at the meet, the road to Southwick's Grove being literally choke-full of vehicles of every sort, shape, size and description, while cavaliers and equestriennes, mounted à cheval, dotted the carriage-line; nor were the stereotyped "mud-crushers" in anything like a minority. The M.F.H. was to the fore, and, next to horsemanship as he is in appearance, he was a fair example of the truth of the Leicestershire maxim, that the best-dressed man is sure to be the hardest rider. Beside him rode Mr. Fairman Rogers, whose get-up reminded one of a picture by Herring. There were other good "workmen" in pink, notably Messrs. Griswold and Peters, who sat their horses with a grip as tight as their own leathers. The ladies, too, were en évidence in the most eel-like habits and the sauciest hats, and many a manly heart beat high in the hope of bearing off the brush in order to place it in some dainty hand now incased in buff leather and viciously grasping a wicked little cutting-whip. The mounts were exceptionally good, and the appearance of the grove prior to the hounds being laid on was bright, animated and picturesque to the very last degree. At length the "Gone away" came from the stentorian lungs of the huntsman, and the long-wished-for whimper of the "beauties" was heard. A shrill "View hollos" next greeted the field, informing all whom it concerned that the "rascal" had stolen away, and in a few seconds the hounds were racing to a merry chorus over a heavy country, over impracticable fences, over bullinches, over stake and wire, over a bit of plow; away, away, the field following at a respectful distance, and until the huntsman might well say, joyously, "Catch them who can now," as they fly up wind, far in advance of the foremost riders. The ladies were carefully piloted, but one or two, regarding Pallasrus as Sinbad viewed the Old Man of the Sea, elected to steer for themselves, and bravely pounded on, "sticking" more than one "workman" and cutting down their less plucky sisters, in their mad, wild desire to spin in at the death. In doing a wall the horse of Mr. Burrel, of New York, "showed saddle-girth to the sun," rolling over its spirited rider, who lay stunned on the greensward, till the good Samaritans dismounted by the wayside—a crucial trial to your hunting men—but no bones were broken; and perhaps one or two who remained with the "off mas" were rather thankful for the excuse, as the pace was now a pretty stiff one, and the field only lighted by a "short six." Many were the croppers fetched; many were the bullfinches reined; many the gaps made; many the horses "kicked along," while the huntsman, well settled down to his work, was all eyes for his music-giving pack. Whoop! whoop! away the beauties streamed, Mr. Griswold, Mr. Fairman Rogers, Captain Candy and Mr. Zoborowski riding straight and cunning, while Mr. Wadsworth fetched a cropper on the run home that stunned him. For a brief ten minutes the fun was fast and furious, and then the "rascal" was overhauled and his brush handed to Mr. Rogers, whose plucky riding was worthy of the Galway "Blazers," while pads were presented to Miss Havermeyer and Miss Oouthout, who rode from the burst to the death, boldly, knowingly and well.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

Common Resin prevents the formation of acetic acid in fermented liquids, without disturbing the process of alcoholic fermentation, and it is thought that the peculiar effect of the hop is due rather to its resinous matter than to its oils. The Greeks add resin to their sweet wines.

An Electric Target—that is, a target which, by means of electricity, shows instantaneously upon another target, set up at the firing station, the exact spot where a bullet strikes, and thus does away with the necessity of employing a marker to signal the result of each shot—has been lately perfected, after eight years of labor, by a Swiss locksmith.

A New Fire-damp Detector has been invented in France. It consists of a common lamp surmounted by a little camera obscura, provided with a slit. In the common state of the lamp no flame is visible, but if a hydrogen compound be added to the air a blue flame shows at the slit. The larger the flame the greater the amount of fire-damp present.

Fireproof Paper and Fireproof Ink can be made as follows: The paper from a pulp consisting of one part of vegetable fibre, two parts of asbestos, 1·10 part of borax, 1·5 part of alum. The ink is made from 85 parts of graphite, 0·8 parts of copal varnish, 7·5 parts of copperas, 30 parts of tincture of nut-galls and a sufficient quantity of indigo carmine.

Professor S. F. Peckham informs the editors of the *American Journal of Science and Arts* of the fall of a meteorite in Iowa. It exploded and fell in full daylight at five P. M., at Estherville. One fragment of the mass, weighing 500 pounds, was dug up from a depth of fourteen feet. Another portion, weighing 150 pounds, which fell about two miles distant from the larger mass, has been obtained for the University cabinet.

The Great Iron Works of Creusot, France, covers, with its various sheds, furnaces, engine-rooms and workshops, about 2,750 acres, and the length of rails laid down for the convenience of the factory is 200 miles. The number of workmen is upwards of 15,500, who, together with their families and the camp-followers, form a population of 26,000 souls. A superb statue of M. Schneider, the founder of the works, has just been erected in the city.

Bleaching Sugar by Ozone.—Professor Albert R. Leeds, of the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, has been trying the action of ozone on colored sugar solutions, and finds that they are rapidly and completely bleached by this agent. He also finds that the coloring matter of leaves and flowers are partly or wholly destroyed by ozone; but a considerable percentage of ozone is required to produce this result, or if such small amounts as are obtained in the customary methods of ozonizing air by phosphorus are employed, a large volume of ozonized air must be used and a considerable interval elapse before bleaching is effected.

On the Occasion of a balloon ascent at Nancy, August 4th, the altitude of the car was taken by officers from the garrison with a theodolite, and signals were exchanged with the ground during the ascent. The signals were given by the aeronauts with a flag and by the officers with a reflecting mirror placed in the end of a tube and mounted as a telescope. The officers directed the rays of the sun on the balloon, and intercepted rays with a key in order to use the Morse alphabet. The signals could be seen at a distance of over six miles. The experiment showed that in a besieged town, a passing balloon could be used for giving orders to or receiving news from friendly forces.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MATTHEW and JOHN G. VASSAR will erect a ten-thousand-dollar laboratory at Vassar College.

BISHOP STEVENS, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, is very ill with congestion of the lungs.

A SUM of over 57,000 francs has been collected to build a memorial chapel in honor of the Prince Imperial in Paris.

A ROMAN countess, profoundly learned in the Greek and Latin languages, has just been elected a member of the Academy of Lincei, in Rome.

THE Crown Prince of Germany has been ailing for some time, and has been ordered by his physicians to pass the Winter in Italy. The Emperor is very well.

MR. G. F. FAIRCHILD, sometime professor of higher English in Michigan Agricultural College, has been elected president of the Kansas State Agricultural College.

BOSTON has decided to order a bronze copy of Mr Greenough's marble statue of Governor Winthrop, now in the Capitol at Washington. The cost will be $4,500.

MR. ASA PAYNE, of Scott County, Kentucky, the son of General Payne, of the war of 1812, is said to be the oldest living graduate of West Point. He is ninety one years old, and was a member of the first class

KING ALFONSO and the Archduchess Maria Christina will be married at Madrid on the 28th of November. The bride and her mother will sail from Trieste to Barcelona on an Austrian war ship, convoyed by a Spanish squadron.

IT is officially announced that the Duke of Osuna and the Duke of Medina-Sidonia will go to Vienna, instead of Señor Canovas del Castillo, to ask officially the hand of the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria in marriage with the King of Spain.

KING JOHN of Abyssinia writes to the mercantile firm representing him in London, stating that he has written to Queen Victoria complaining that the outlets of his territory are closed by the Egyptians. He says that General Kirkham, the English General in his service, was poisoned at Massowah while on his way to England with letters to the Queen. A later dispatch from Cairo says it is expected that the negotiations between Egypt and Abyssinia will be successful. King John has consented to an interview with Colonel Gordon.

CAPTAIN CAREY has written a reply to the address from Plymouth, and he states that from all ranks of the army in Zululand, and also during his journey through Natal, he received the most sincere kindness and sympathy; he has done nothing to be ashamed of, and he desires that a full account of the proceedings of the court martial may be made public. He feels that his honor and character as a soldier and an English gentleman have now been vindicated. Captain Carey has received official information of the findings of the court-martial.

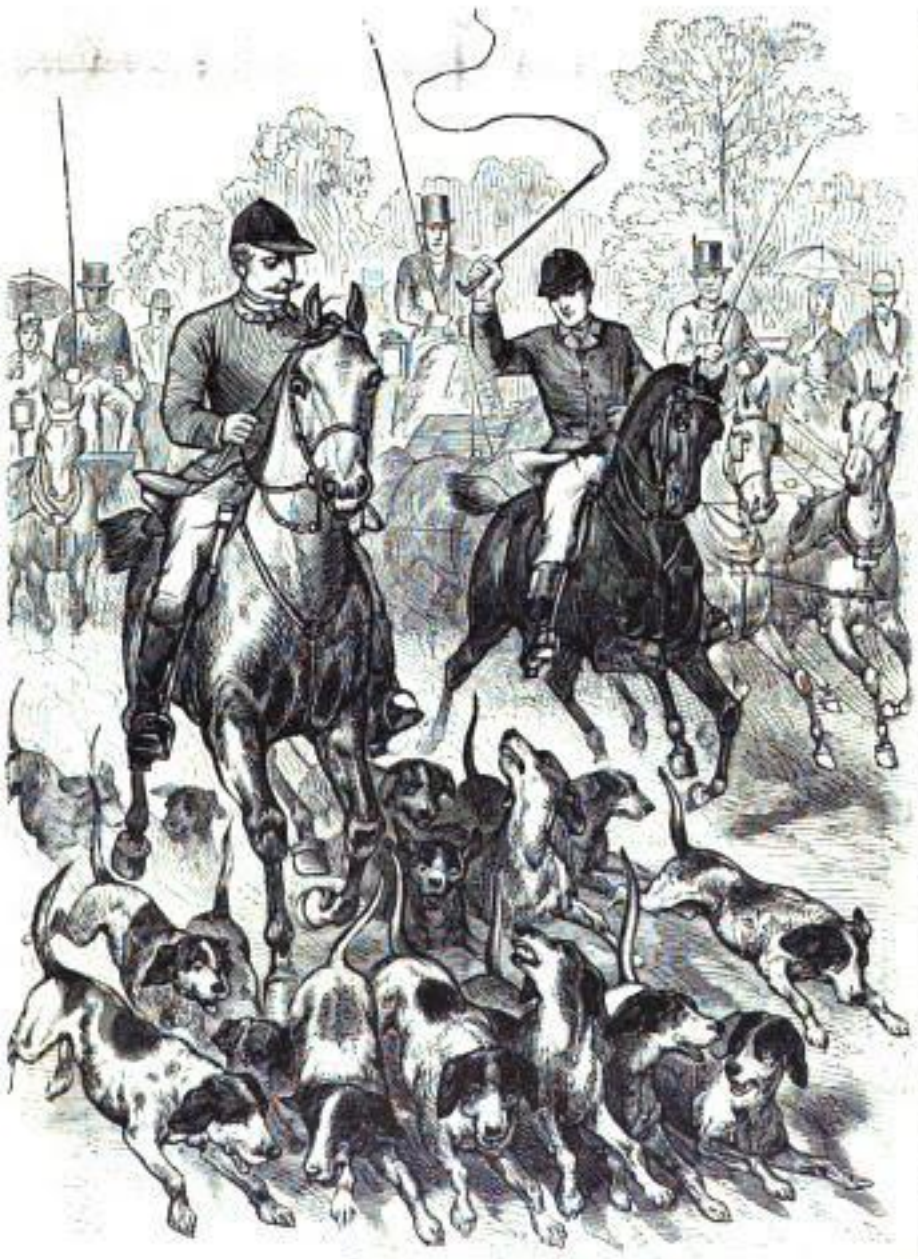
A CABLE dispatch from Rome announces the following clerical changes in this country: First—the Right Rev. F. X. Leray, hitherto Bishop of Nachitoches, has been made Administrator of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, with the right of succession as Archbishop; second—the Rev. Mark S. Gross, priest of Wilmington, N. C., has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina; third—the Rev. John Baptist A. Brondel, priest of the Diocese of Nesqually, in Washington Territory, has been made Bishop of Vancouver's Island, replacing the Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, who has accepted and entered on his promotion to Coadjutor cum jure of the Most Rev. Archbishop Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon City.

A VERY brilliant family wedding occurred at Gilbertsville, Otsego County, in this State, September 24, the high contracting parties being Mr. Fitch Gilbert, son of Mr. George T. Gilbert, and Miss Caroline Lathrop Gilbert, daughter of Mr. J. H. Gilbert. The marriage ceremony took place in the Presbyterian Church, which was finely decorated, and was enlivened by a large concourse of friends, among whom were Mrs. Charles Thorp Gilbert, Mrs. Anita Gilbert, and Miss Fannie Gilbert. Some of the toilets were very striking. The mother of the groom, Mrs. G. T. Gilbert, appeared in old gold satin with black lace, and the mother of the bride, Mrs. J. H. Gilbert, in black satin and white lace. The wedding gifts were rare, unique, and beautiful, including a set of Silvres from the French Exposition bearing the portraits of the Royal family of Louis XVI.

THE obituary record of the past week contains the names of Gustavo H. Roger, the famous French tenor, aged 64; Austin Burchard, uncle of President Hayes, aged 86; Zeras C. Whipple, founder of the Whipple Home for Deaf Mutes at Mystic River, Conn.; John Carlyle, a younger brother of the historian; Rear-Admiral Charles Boarman, U.S.N., aged 83; Frederick Valeire, French painter and engraver; the Rev. Dr. John F. Wright, a well-known Methodist clergymen of Cincinnati, aged 84; the Right Rev. Charles Baring, D.D., ex-Bishop of Durham, aged 71; Bernard Cotta, distinguished German geologist, aged 71; the Very Rev. Charles I. H. Carter, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, aged 76; Daniel Drew, aged 82; Violet Le Duc, French architect, aged 65; the Rev. R. H. Neale, D.D., of Boston, oldest Baptist minister in New England, aged 72; the Rev. D. K. Thomasos, ecclesiastical writer, of Harlem, N. Y., aged 84.

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VIEW OF THE FIELD AT THE "MEET."



HUNTSMAN AND PACK EN ROUTE FOR THE "MEET."



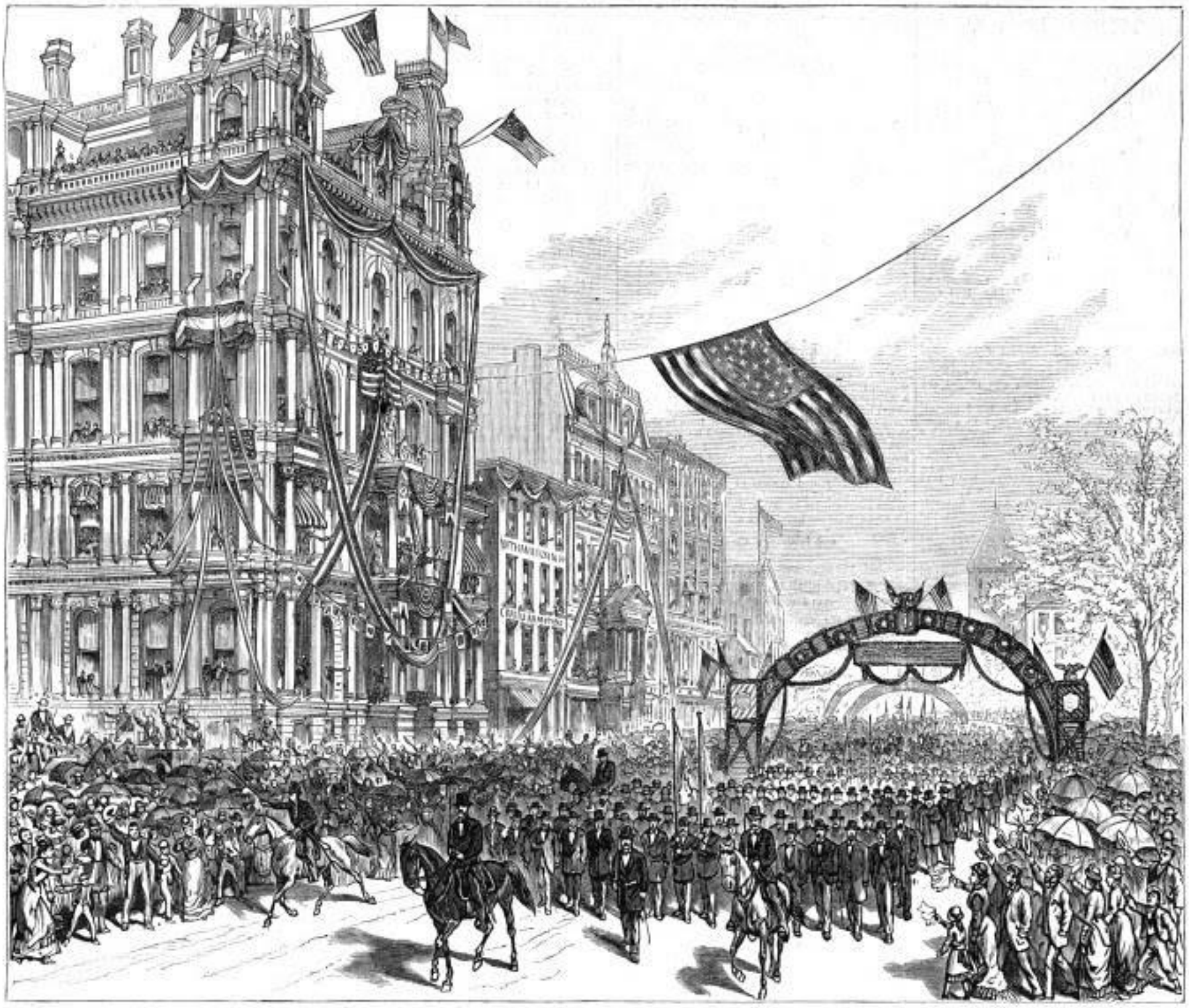
A SPILL FOR SOMEBODY.



AFTER THE HUNT—RETURNING HOME.

RHODE ISLAND.—LAST MEET FOR THE SEASON OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY HUNT AT SOUTHWICK'S GROVE, NEAR NEWPORT, SEPTEMBER 13TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 75.

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CONNECTICUT.—INAUGURATION OF BATTLE-FLAG DAY AT HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 17TH.—THE PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE MAIN ARCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 75.

THE LATE DANIEL DREW.

THE venerable Daniel Drew died suddenly at the residence of his son in East Forty-second Street, New York City, on Thursday evening, September 18th, after complaining of a severe pain in his heart. He was born in Carmel, Putnam County, N. Y., on July 29th, 1797, his father being a farmer, who was able to give him only the ordinary district school education of the period. When seventeen years of age he hired himself out as a substitute for a drafted garrison soldier, his company being stationed at Fort Ganseveoort, on the Hudson. When peace was declared, Daniel returned on foot to Carmel, and with the little money he had saved purchased a few head of cattle, which he drove to New York and sold at a good profit. He continued to deal as a cattle speculator, gradually extending his business, and always meeting with success. His purchases were made in the rich grazing country around the head-waters of the Croton, and his customers met him at stated times at a once celebrated cattle-yard, on a part of which the Bowery Theatre now stands. Among those who dealt with him was Henry Astor, a brother of John Jacob Astor, but everywhere better known as "Butcher Astor." From him Drew borrowed a few thousand dollars in 1820, and entered more extensively into the cattle trade. He became the largest dealer in the northern country, and leased the old Bull's Head Tavern, at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, where he reigned for some years as King of the Drovers, and won a reputation as a landlord second to that of no publican in the land. His career was one of uninterrupted prosperity; and when, in 1835, Isaac Newton, the Hudson River steamboat pioneer, cast about for a partner, Drew came forward, and the two established a line of steamers between New York and Albany, in opposition to a line run by Cornelius, then plain Captain, Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt was charging $3 fare from New York to Albany. At Drew's suggestion five new boats were added to Newton's line in rapid succession, and the fare was put down to a dollar. Vanderbilt saw that in Daniel Drew he had a long-headed opponent to deal with; so he proposed that the two



THE LATE DANIEL DREW.



SIGNOR ALESSANDRO LIBERATI, CORNET SOLOIST.—SEE PAGE 75.



MAJOR R. J. C. MANNER, THE CAPTOR OF CETSWAYO.—SEE PAGE 75.

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lines should be consolidated. His proposition was accepted, and out of the compromise grew the well-known "People's Line," of which Isaac Newton was the first president and Daniel Drew the treasurer. On the death of Newton, Drew became president.

To follow the career of Mr. Drew through all his great and sometimes marvelous stock and bond operations—now with a "solid" and then with a "fancy"; now with a "trunk" and again with an insignificant "side" line of railway; now as a director in half a dozen roads and next as a wrecker of the very same enterprises—would be to follow and describe transactions with which even the present generation is not unfamiliar, and which in narrative would fill a volume. His career was like that of almost every other "railway king" who had preceded him, and like that of many associates who did not have always the luck or prudence of a Vanderbilt. There have been several years during which he was both a pauper and a millionaire and the idol and the execration of the Street.

Twelve years ago there began a series of stock complications in Harlem, Erie and Western railways into which he was either drawn or pushed, and which were accompanied by litigations that also concerned the late James Fisk, Jr., and Mr. Jay Gould and the late Commodore Vanderbilt. These complications and suits not only worried but finally impoverished the veteran operator, then turned of seventy years of age. His daily life for several years was one of struggle and turmoil, and it finally ended in his bankruptcy and in not a little personal humiliation at the suit of creditors, and, indeed, old friends and recipients of his favors.

Mr. Drew, from an early age, identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church; in a more marked degree as his wealth accumulated. In his native village he erected a stone church at a cost of $20,000; also a church at Sharon, a few miles distant. To the church in New York of which he was a member he contributed $50,000. But it is in connection with the founding of the Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, N. J., that his name is most widely known in religious circles. At the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, Daniel Drew announced his intention of appropriating the sum of $500,000 in order to found the seminary. One hundred and fifty acres of land and appropriate buildings were purchased, other buildings were added, and the seminary was soon in successful operation.

Mr. Drew always displayed the greatest interest in the institution, though he very wisely abstained from any personal interference in its government.

THEATRICALS.

MONDAY, October 20th, is likely to be numbered in the kalends, for on that date the monarch of managers, Colonel Mapleson, commences his operatic season at the Academy of Music. With Colonel Mapleson a promise means a promise; and the manner in which he kept faith with the public last season, despite the host of difficulties that beset him, and before which any ordinary impresario would have gone under, speaks with trumpet tongue. He has arranged to bring before the American public the best available talent from Europe, including nearly every leading vocalist, and, with true artistic perception, has made provision that the minor rôles shall be "excellently well filled," so as to insure a perfect ensemble. He has increased the strength of his magnificent chorus, while his superb orchestra, under the magic baton of Arditi, has also received considerable reinforcement. We shall again be enchanted with the marvelous vocalization of Gerster, while a débutante, so far as this country is concerned, and over whom the musical critics gush rapturously, Mlle. Alwina Valeria, is announced. The other *prime donne soprani* are Mlle. Lido, Mlle. Robiati, Mlle. Stecchi and Mme. Emilie Ambré. The *prime donne contralti* are Mme. Labiache and Mlle. Annie Louise Cary. The tenors are the ever-welcome Campanini, and Signori Aramburo, Runcio, Rinaldini and Grazzi. The baritones are Del Puente, Revere and Galassi, while the *bassi* include M. David, of the Grand Opera, Paris, Herr Behrens—what a voice!—and Signori Monti and Tobaldi, and Mr. Broderick, all unknown to Gotham. "La Traviata" opens the season with Runcio's *Alfredo*, Galassi's *Germont*, and Emilie Ambre's *Violetta*. It speaks well for the good taste and æstheticism of the Empire City that New York is already deep in the box-office books. To Colonel Mapleson something even more than a bumper is unequivocally due.

To Mr. Max Maretzek we shall be indebted for the production of an American opera, which will be performed for the first time on any stage at the Academy of Music, on Saturday, the 27th inst. The opera, in three acts, is entitled, "Sleepy Hollow," the libretto being founded on Washington Irving's inimitable story. The first act will consist of an introductory chorus—song of Van Ness (baritone); entrance of Ichabod Crane and the ballad of the "Headless Horseman"; entrance of Frau Van Spuyten (contralto)—chorus and concerted piece; ballad of Brom Bones (tenor); aria and chorus of Katrina Van Tassell (soprano); finale of first act—country dance, chorus, storm on the Hudson, appearance of the Headless Horseman. In the second act we have a pastoral; a spinning song—Katrina Van Tassell; a duet, Katrina Van Tassell and Brom Bones; a melodrama-duet—Captain Kidd and Ichabod Crane, with a chorus of pirates, fairies and demons, and roundelay of Fairy Queen and concerted piece. The third act contains a drinking-song, of which those who are behind the scenes speak in terms of enthusiastic praise. The production of "Sleepy Hollow" should prove a landmark in the annals of our stage, and we look forward with considerable interest to the ringing in of the opera.

PARALYSIS,

Which so often arrests the steps of business men and hard brain-workers after they have passed middle life, might in most cases be prevented by an occasional use of COMPOUND OXYGEN. Nature usually gives a timely warning of the approach of danger from this direction, and they are wise who heed it. Get our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," and learn all about this new cure. It is sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FUN.

A REVENUE cutter—ye clipper of coupons.

THERE is a 'bus-y time at railroad depots when the trains arrive.

THE latest thing in carpets is the moth that took up his abode there while the mistress was off summering.

SOW all the wild oats you have on hand between now and January 1st. Then—why, do as you did last January.

PHYSICIAN (to Government Clerk): "Well, what do you complain of?" *G. C.*: "Sleeplessness, doctor." *Physician*: "At what time do you go to bed?" *G. C.*: "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours!"

SANDY, delighted with his countrymen for having won the Echo shield: "Oh, ay, I was quite share they wid get it this time!" *Pat*: "An' sure an' we wid bate ye clane if we had Volunteers in Ireland an' got practice." *Sandy*: "I'm share ye needna complain o' want o' practice; ye get plenty o' that, shootin' landlords."

"HERE, sergeant, arrest me!" exclaimed an excited individual, as he rushed into the nearest station-house. "I have shot a man; he is, perhaps, dead by this time, and I have come to give myself up." "Well! if this isn't too much!" said the indignant officer. "Now, you go home, I tell you, and mind your own business and wait till we find you."

EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN had been absent a long while from Albany. He suddenly returned, and was seen walking up the aisle of his favorite church with his large party of friends. The eloquent clergyman was in the midst of reading the scriptural selection, and just as the long-missed and much-gazed-at Governor reached his pew the good preacher loudly cried: "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep I had lost!" It is believed that the Governor wished at that moment that his favorite preacher were not so good an elocutionist.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A NEW system of protection has been devised which, without doubt, will supersede old life insurance, securing its members as effectually as a national bank bill is secured, and in a similar manner, giving perfect security for the first time in the annals of life insurance. It is indorsed by the highest insurance authority—the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT. The following letter from the Insurance Commissioner of Tennessee is conclusive evidence of its superiority:

"The safety-fund system of the Mutual Benefit Life Company, of Hartford, combines the cheapness of the co-operative societies, with a strength, security and soundness heretofore unknown in life insurance. M. T. POLK,
"Treasurer and Insurance Commissioner of Tennessee."

THE SPIRAL DESCENSOR.

TESTIMONIALS FROM CHIEF ENGINEERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12th, 1879.

WE, the undersigned, Chief Engineers and delegates to the Seventh Annual Convention of the National Association of Fire Engineers, take pleasure in testifying to the utility and simplicity of the Standard Portable Fire Escape or Spiral Descensor, manufactured by the firm of De Lamotte & Marchand, 240 Broadway, N. Y., and was exhibited before us by Edward J. La Place. Several descents were made from the roof and windows of the Riggs House and other hotels, descending with ease and safety and rapidity. The apparatus is simple, easily understood and managed, and from what we saw we can heartily recommend the SPIRAL DESCENSOR as a safe and sure means of descent to the ground from the upper parts of hotels, factories and dwellings, and we are glad to give these gentlemen this approbation and certificate. A. C. Hendricks, New Haven, Conn.; W. Nixon, Newburg, N. Y.; George W. Frantz, Louisville, Ky.; John A. Bennett, Cleveland, Ohio; W. H. Johnson, Philadelphia; John Gallihan, Omaha, Nebraska; H. Heinmiller, Columbus, Ohio; W. Stockell, Nashville, Tenn.; Isaac B. Mackey, New York; R. E. Kinney, South Norwalk, Conn.; S. S. Dollyer, Pawtucket, R. I.; W. M. Brackett, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. N. Jeffries, Burlington, N. J.; I. F. Deatrich, Defiance, Ohio; Almon Boys, Ithaca, N. Y.; John D. Paige, Marshall, Joliet, Ill.; F. Loyd, Vicksburg, Miss.; I. N. Evans, Pittsburg; —— Bulwincle, Chicago; Henry Hills, Secretary, Dallas.

The Spiral Descensor referred to above is the same which was so successfully exhibited from the *Tribune* building's tower, in this city, a few days since, and was the only portable fire-escape recommended at the convention. Descents were made from a six-story house in forty-nine seconds.

WEAKNESS and sickness changed to health and trength with HOP BITTERS, always.

THE fame of the ST. NICHOLAS hotel is known from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. This great reputation has been purchased by the utmost care and study of the most fastidious wants of guests. The same superb table and appointments exist today, and every modern improvement is kept pace with by the indefatigable manager who caters for the public pleasure. From foreign tourist to commercial traveler there is one voice of praise of this great caravansary. Special attention is called to the moderate rates.

A LUCKY TWAIN.

A TAILOR AND A YOUNG LADY DRUGGIST DRAW THE SECOND CAPITAL PRIZE IN THE ELEVENTH DRAWING OF THE COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.—NEXT DRAWING SEPTEMBER 30TH.

LOUISVILLE, KY., September 3d, 1879.—This will certify that we jointly held ticket No. 23,368, which drew the second capital prize of $10,000 in the eleventh drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, August 30th, and the same was promptly paid on presentation by check on Third National Bank of Louisville, Ky.
V. E. MORERA, No. 40 Main Street.
ALCENE VANDERHEYDT, No. 202 Preston Street.

Next drawing September 30th, the same splendid scheme, viz.: $112,400 in cash prizes. Tickets, only $2; Half Tickets, $1. Send orders at once to T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, *Courier-Journal* Building, Louisville, Ky., or same at 163 Broadway, New York.

PROFESSOR GEORGE M. ANGELL, of Boston, made, at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association at Saratoga, a startling exhibit of the extent to which many of the common articles of food and drink are adulterated. In wines no security of purity is found, except in the standard American brands, like the "AMERICA" EXTRA DRY Champagne of A. WERNER & Co. of this city. No harmful ingredient has ever been found under the most searching analysis in this well-known wine, which has received the unqualified indorsement of the ablest physicians and chemists.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE, unrivaled by any relish intended for family use. Recommended by the best families.

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BEFORE you start, insure against accidents by a yearly policy in the THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford.

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The Secret Key to Health.—"The Science of Life, or Self Preservation," 300 pages; price, only $1 Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of six cents for postage. Address, DR. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

$10 to $1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

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ELECTRIC SUCCESS
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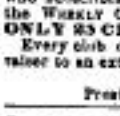
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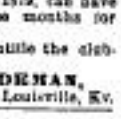
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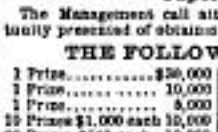
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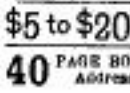
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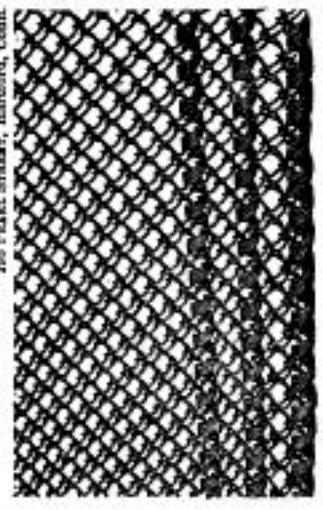
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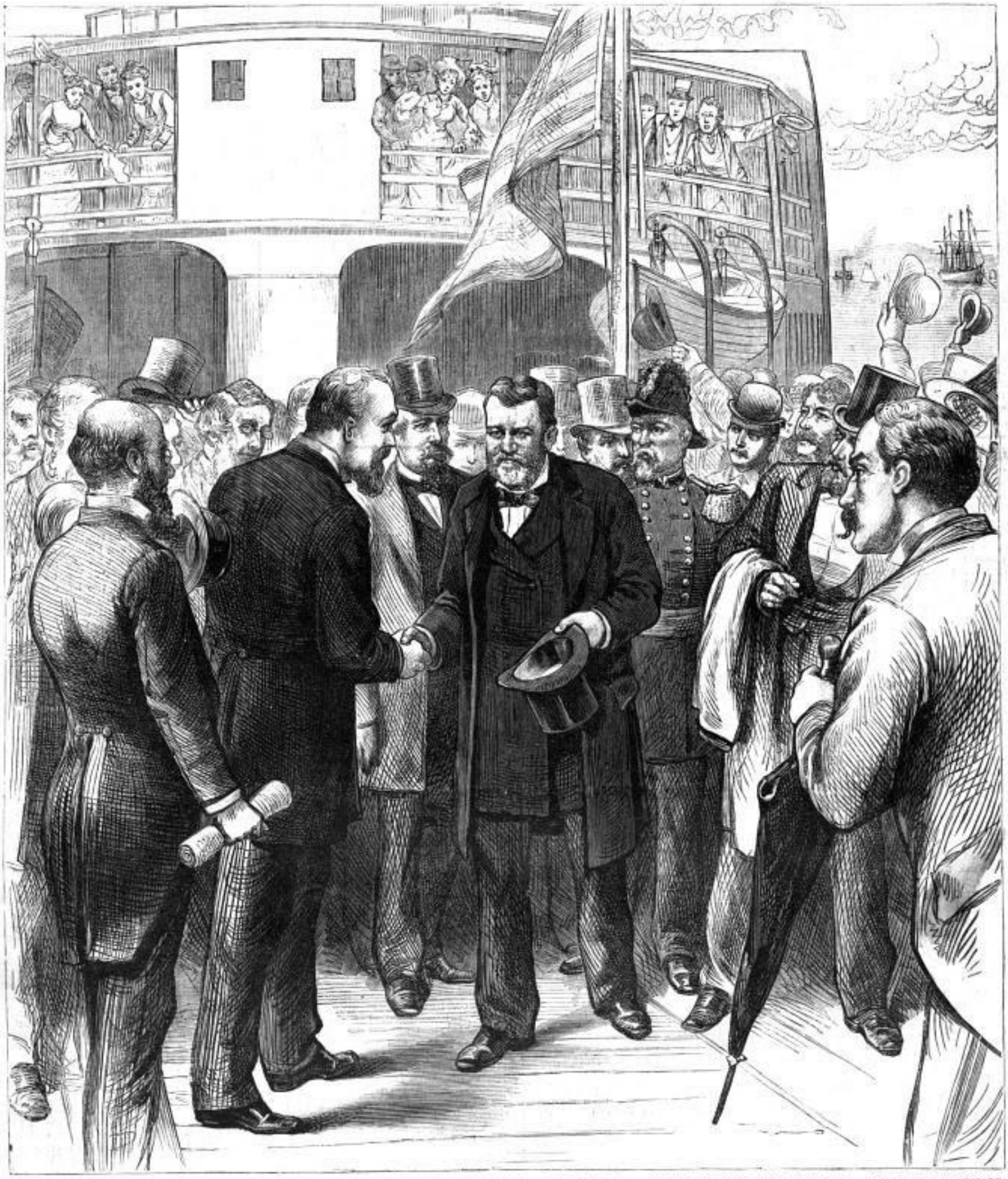
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CALIFORNIA.—THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND SUITE AT SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 20TH.—MAYOR BRYANT AND THE CITY AND STATE OFFICIALS RECEIVING THE EX-PRESIDENT AT THE MARKET STREET WHARF.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 81.

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[Concluded from last week.]

WHOSE WAS THE THIRD CHAIR?

"I HAD the happiness, at last, to notice a favorable change in Paul. Gradually his brow became calm, his breathing regular, a soft, joyous light beamed in his eyes, his voice took the tender inflection that told of a spirit given over to rest after a conflict gained.

"His arm once more was flung about my shoulders. I was permitted to enjoy the sweet and tender confidences of his soul.

"One night he confided to me that the deed was done—Egeria was free!

"'It is matter,' he said, 'and matter cannot be destroyed; but it can be resolved into another shape; it can in this case be even reduced to gas and ashes. I shall cut it up in small pieces, remove the gristle, ligaments and sinews, saw the bones into trifles, and submit the whole thing to the crucible.'

"For a moment I was aghast—my blood ran cold.

"'Gracious Heaven!' I said, 'Paul, you haven't killed her? You have not taken her life?'

"'You forget, Harold,' he replied, coldly, 'that what you say is impossible. Life cannot be destroyed?'

"'I beg of you, Paul,' I cried, in an agony of fear, 'tell me what you have done to Egeria.'

"'I have compelled the mass of matter which took the form of a body and imprisoned the soul of Egeria to disorganize and take other shapes.'

"'What have you done, Paul,' I repeated, wildly—'what have you done?'

"He waved his hand impatiently.

"'I wouldn't have believed I could have been fond enough of you to endure this stupidity. Follow me;' and thus saying, he led the way with quick, nervous strides, down the stone steps of the staircase, one, two, three flights, and I discerned, with a chill that went to the marrow of my bones, that we were approaching the dissecting room.

"We entered the gloomy portal, and stood before the long tables, upon one of which immediately before us lay the motionless body of the sibyl.

"It was quite dead and cold, and thus gained a nobility that never could have belonged to it in life. The large white lids shut down upon the eyes, quenched even the memory of their chuckling ferocity, and the heavy features, composed and stern, wore a sculptured grandeur that commanded respect. I looked upon it without horror, even with a species of admiration; and afterwards, in dissecting it, we found much to interest us in the peculiar formation of the heart, which being the sensual servant of the soul, is 'the sun of our body, the king and sole commander of it, the seat and organ of all passions and affections.'

"After dissection, we took it to the laboratory, and submitted it piece by piece to the crucible. Slowly, and after laborious but patient toil, we had the satisfaction of knowing that all possible trace of that organization was obliterated.

"I hope I am not tiring you, gentlemen," said the doctor, finding his visitors a little uneasy.

"Not at all," they replied, with a blandness that partook of heroism, the student adding that he was particularly interested *in the sweet and tender confidences of Paul.*

"Having thus reached an important stage of progress," the doctor continued, "I was prepared to find Paul patient for the result. He had done all that was possible for the advancement of his theory, and nothing remained now but the fulfillment of his promised happiness. Indeed, he so well described to me the realistic formation of his basis for future felicity, that I didn't think of doubting it.

"'You know, Harold,' he said, 'the soft marrowish white substance that forms the brain, and is protected by the *dura mater* within the skull; when that was taken away, the soul of Egeria burst through the *pia mater*, and escaped, saying to me at parting, "I will meet you a year hence, Paul, a year from to-night!"' You see he was permitted to see all this, and to hear the voice of Egeria thus hold forth to him an ecstatic future.

"But he declared that at that moment his vision was blinded by a stream of light, and he couldn't quite see the form that Egeria was permitted to assume.

"This uncertainty chafed his spirit, and at last he became haunted by the fear that when they met she might again be enshrined in the ponderous body that confronted us under the the lamplight that night.

"As days glided into months, he became more restless, dissatisfied and gloomy than of old. The twenty-seventh night of November was the date of Egeria's deliverance, and this night, so long looked forward to as the completion of Paul's happiness, wore a sinister aspect as the Summer waned.

"He spoke of the subject no more, but day by day and week by week he grew more and more melancholy—absorbed in gloom he paced the dreary corridors, desolate and alone, while I, watching him from a distance, felt my soul melt within me from pity and dread.

"He lay awake hour after hour, and when exhaustion brought sleep it was murdered by unhappy dreams: he would stretch out his arms, not in delight and ecstasy, but with a species of fear and horror that is indescribable, and cry out, in a loud agonized voice, 'She is here! she is here!'

"I began to wish we had never met the sibyl, or, having met her, had been contented with her whole formation, and had not attempted to deliver her from what after all was a respectable tyrant; it was neither the matter pertaining to a hunchback, a mermaid, or a ghost, as our young friend here suggested, but a big, brawny mass of flesh and blood that I fervently wished had been powerful enough to protect itself from the prisoner within its gates.

"I became sorely tempted to take refuge in skepticism, and persuaded myself that we had done with Egeria and the tyrant for ever.

"'The fact is,' I said to Paul, 'it was a scientific experiment, and liable to failure as everything of that kind is—if the spirit was freed, it would have come to you at once—we are forced to believe then, that, owing to some little flaw in the theory or the mechanism, the result was abortive. As for me,' I continued, encouraged by a gleam of hope that flitted across the gloomy visage of my friend, 'I don't believe we'll be troubled with Egeria in any shape.'

"But Paul shook his head mournfully.

"'Wait,' he cried, with a bitter smile, 'till the twenty seventh night of November!'

"'See here, Paul,' I said, 'if you go on in this way, you'll either be dead or a maniac when that time comes. I'm going to take the matter in my own hands and cure you of this fantasy. Will you give yourself over to me for the next few months?'

"Is it only a few months?" said Paul, with the accent of a poor wretch doomed to the gallows.

"'Don't you know the day of the month?' I asked, with trembling expectancy.

"'No,' he replied, 'nor the month of the year! I don't want to count the days—but I shall know, Harold, when the twenty-seventh night of November comes. Steep me to the lips with opiates, shroud me in gloom and darkness, hide from me time and light and sensation; when that awful night comes I shall know it, Harold. Oh,' he groaned, 'would to heaven it were to-morrow, that I could grasp the agony and have done with this terrible suspense!'

"I took him in my arms and dragged him to my room. With faint and dusty radiance, a beam of the sun struggled through the begrimed window and fell upon the lustrous hair of Paul. It lingered there as if loath to leave the one fair spot in this gloomy den, but I pulled down the heavy curtain and shut out the fleeting ray. The room became suddenly shrouded in darkness and remained so as far as sunlight was concerned, but I caused the shutters to be closed and barred upon the outside. All necessary air was forced through the room by means of a ventilator.

"I don't suppose those shutters were ever opened again. As for Paul, he bade farewell then and there to the light of day. Fearing he might have deceived me in his pretended unconsciousness of time, I kept him asleep for thirty-six hours. I was with him a portion of every hour of the day and night, sleeping at odd hours to deceive him—all the time I could spare from my hospital duties were given over to him as my special patient. A regimen of action was agreed upon—we were to read sparingly and of light literature—to smoke rarely, to endeavor to become interested in backgammon, to argue none, to converse jocularly if possible, at all events cheerfully, and to devote ourselves mainly to dreams of the future.

"Oh, the resolves that were made for health and sanity, the abandonment of fancies and theories and beliefs of all kinds, save those that presented themselves gayly and innocently in the shape of trust and faith and patience to wait the development of nature's plans in our behalf. We determined that when we should shake the dust from our feet in escaping this gloomy prison, journeying away to foreign lands for recreation and delight, we would leave all doubt and dread and grief as part and parcel of this dreadful place. For, I need not tell you, gentlemen, that at times we suffered a species of remorse. Divested of scientific interest and spiritualistic heroism, the affair became troublesome to the mind and memory. I leave you to imagine our feelings when we were compelled to acknowledge that we had innocently committed a deed which might be construed into a crime."

"A censorious world," remarked the student, "would very likely even call it a murder."

The doctor looked at him sternly.

"I hope," he said, "you have no fault to find with our motive—why, suppose it were possible," continued the doctor, turning to his guests, "that I had invited you here to-night with the apparently sinister motive of shooting you all to death with a pistol that is in this drawer beside me—the result would be a cause of consternation and grief to many, but in some mysterious way a bountiful nature, having ordered the sacrifice, would profit by it—you would reluctantly, perhaps, be the humble instruments of an element of success in the great inscrutable mechanism of the universe."

"Nevertheless," said the student, with rather a ghastly smile, "I have no desire to be singled out for this partiality."

The other gentlemen were very grave, and watched Doctor Cairnes with an interest that savored of awe.

"Days glided into weeks," continued the doctor, "weeks into months, and the twenty-seventh of November was close at hand. So even had been the temperature of the room, so completely excluded the light of day, so perfect the resemblance of hour to hour, that it was with difficulty I could myself keep count of time. Paul professed to have lost all idea of time or light, or heat or cold; called himself laughingly a species of fungi, declaring that it would be impossible to detach him safely from his shell—that he didn't think somehow he'd ever get to go to those foreign lands but, he was quite content and happy with everything as it progressed at that time. 'Anything,' he added, with a sudden pallor and touch of agony, 'is better than the past.'

"As the night of the twenty-seventh approached I devoted myself utterly to my undertaking, and resolved that, come what might, I would free Paul from this monomania that had taken possession of him body and soul. The dreaded night once happily past, we were safe from fear and fantasy for the future, and I studied even the minutiæ of detail to effect this end. So sanguine was I of the result that I made all arrangements for our immediate departure upon the following morning; and no wretch languishing in gyves and fetters longed for the hour of his deliverance more eagerly than I.

"At last the twenty-seventh came, and with it a storm of wind and rain and fury of the elements that turned light into darkness. At three o'clock the afternoon was so dark that I could have led Paul into the outer air to convince him it was already night. But I refrained from any departure from the monotonous rule of our lives. The hours wore away; we ate and drank, smoked, walked around and about the room, played several games of backgammon (we had agreed to abandon chess-playing), chatted about two or three cases of severe illness in the hospital, and at length Paul leaned his head back upon the cushioned chair and enjoyed his cigar in silence.

"I watched him furtively; his eyes held a dreamy look of abstraction, but they were still happy with the joy of calm; and, although the wind howled through the corridor and shook the casement with a shriek that was almost human, although the bricks toppled from the chimney and a storm of sleet blew down, almost extinguishing the flames of the fire and causing the bright lamplight to pale and grow dim, Paul remained unmoved, and said, quietly:

"'A wild night, or a wild day—which is it, Harold?'

"'Upon my soul, I've forgotten which, and it don't matter in the least,' I replied.

"'No,' he said, in a peculiar tone, 'not in the least.'

"Then he looked over at me and smiled. I declare to you, gentlemen, I cannot tell you what there was in that smile, but it made me long to go over to him and clasp his hand and feel the dear old familiar fling of his arm about my shoulder.

"I wish I had! I wish I had!" cried the doctor, getting up from his chair and walking nervously about the room. (His uneasiness was contagious, and his guests each and all changed their position—they seemed unconsciously to move nearer to the door.)

"It was a singular thing, gentlemen," pursued the doctor, "a very singular thing. Paul suddenly fell asleep with the cigar in his hand, the smile on his lips. He fell asleep, and I was glad, for the hour was near. I have not had occasion to mention the furniture in the room. It was plain, old-fashioned, and extremely heavy. Besides the ordinary accessories of a bed-chamber there was a lumbering old bookcase. There were but three chairs in the room; mine and Paul's were drawn up on either side of the fireplace, the other one was wedged in between the bookcase and wardrobe. It was filled with books and pamphlets so full that some had toppled over on the floor. I would like you to notice, gentlemen, that the chair in question was almost a fixture, and only used as a receptacle for books and rubbish that will collect in the shape of reading matter.

"The moments glided on. I looked at my watch; it was nearly ten o'clock. Two hours more—two little hours more—and all would be well.

"In the meanwhile this silence became oppressive. I went to the door, locked and barred it; took off my coat, picked up a number of the *Lancet*, and was soon deep in an article on surgery. How was it, gentlemen, that I also fell into a slumber, deep, profound, lasting? I awoke with a cold, creeping sensation, a feeling of paralyzed energy. I opened my eyes and struggled, fought to free myself from this terrible, this agonizing nightmare, bathed in a cold perspiration, trembling in every limb. I endeavored to cry out, and the room echoed a hoarse murmur; I tried to get upon my feet; and I struggled thus far. It was no nightmare then, but terrible reality, and it was really Paul that crouched in the chair opposite, his head bent forward, his hands extended, his lips still open with the cry that first escaped them, and head and body and lips were all bent upon one object that rested immediately between us—between Paul and me. *It was that third chair*, gentlemen, the only other chair that the room contained. The books were thrown in masses on the floor, and the chair was drawn up to the fireside between Paul's and mine. Paul was gazing upon it—but he was dead, quite dead! He had been dead perhaps an hour; his head was yet warm with the lingering vitality of heat. I looked at my watch; it was one o'clock! The terrible night had come and gone and Paul had been borne away with it. My experiment was a failure; but his theory was proven beyond a doubt. I cannot tell you what shape Egeria assumed. Paul's face was like that of a sphinx; it spoke neither terror nor calm, injury nor despair. But that chair—ah! that chair was eloquent in itself. It tilted forward triumphantly, almost with a leer in the foremost leg; it held a comfortable position before the now charred embers. Heaven forgive me! but I could almost discern a resemblance in the peculiarly carved knob on the top of the chair to the shape of the head and the dull, leaden hair of the creature I thought we had dissected. It was a souvenir, a monument, a courteous reminder. Call it what you will, gentlemen, but tell me, if you disbelieve in Spiritualism, *whose was the third chair?*"

The doctor looked around for an answer from his guests. They had all disappeared. One by one they had vanished out the door and down the stairs, the student sliding down the balusters in his haste to depart; and none of them ever went to see that queer, grand fellow, Doctor Cairnes, again, or evinced any pleasure in the subject of Spiritualism.

CIVILIZING THE SIOUX INDIANS.

SECRETARY SCHURZ'S VISIT TO THE SPOTTED TAIL AGENCY.

THE details of the recent visit of Secretary Schurz to the Spotted Tail Indian Agency, which is elsewhere referred to in our columns, are full of interest and attraction as illustrating the improved methods of dealing with the Indians and the gradual decay of the savage influences and customs of their life. Secretary Schurz and his party left the Missouri River at Rosebud Landing on August 28th, and on the same evening reached the Agency, having traveled the entire distance of eighty-seven miles in wagons in fourteen hours, with one relay of horses. The soil is generally a rich, sandy loam, most of it is tillable, and all of it is excellent for herding. In the entire eighty-seven miles between the Missouri River and the Rosebud, upon which the Spotted Tail Indians are now living, there is only a single habitation, and that is occupied by a Frenchman named Cologne, who has resided among the Brulé Sioux for many years. He has an Indian wife and several children, and with their assistance maintains a sort of half-way house, where meals may be obtained by those engaged in hauling the supplies from the river to this and the Red Cloud agencies. Cologne cultivates a few acres of corn and potatoes, and cuts hay sufficient to supply his herd of cattle during the Winter. At this particular time, when the Sioux may be said to be in transition from barbarism to civilization, the force of the example of such men as Cologne is invaluable, and will go far toward assisting the Government in the efforts now being made to raise the Indian to a self-supporting position.

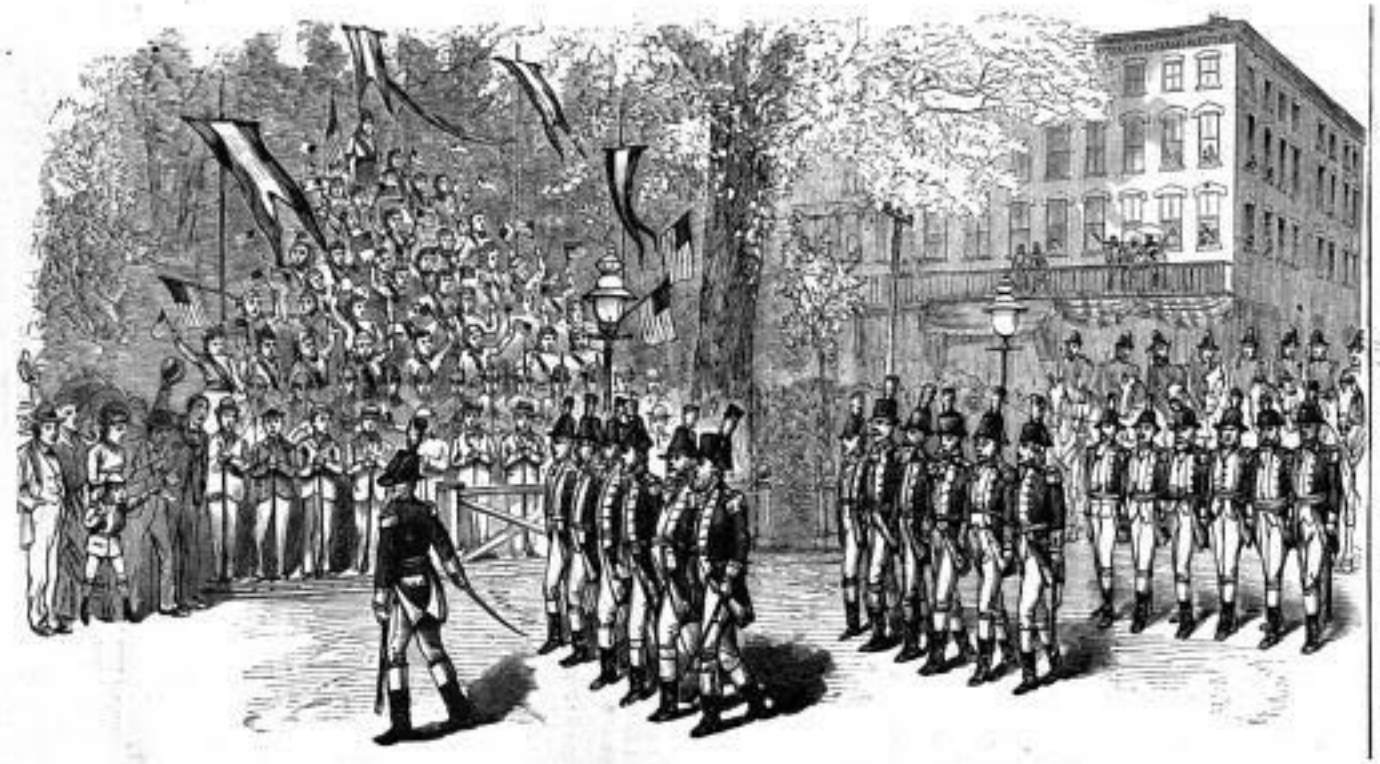
The Indians had known for some time of the purpose of the Secretary to visit them, and had been looking forward to it with great interest and satisfaction. Along the road was passed a large number of wagons, in charge of Indians, carrying supplies, all of whom saluted the party in passing with their peculiar guttural "How," and in many cases addressed words of welcome. Early on the morning of the 29th, Spotted Tail and Two Strike, the two leading Brulé chiefs, called upon the Secretary, and, after a brief conversation, arranged for holding a grand council on the following morning. This council was a grand affair. The Indians came to the Agency in large numbers, dressed in all their barbaric splendor, and mounted upon their best ponies. There present numbered at least 1,200, of whom about 300 were women. Some of the warriors were dressed and painted with taste, but, according to a correspondent who describes the scene, "the larger portion of them were hideous with paint and repulsive in dirty garments. Several were in strict war costume, omitting the war paint (which is black), their only garments consisting of a breech-cloth and blanket, the latter being thrown carelessly over one shoulder in order to expose their painted and naked bodies. Before the council assembled, the young bucks of the various bands congregated upon the surrounding hills and gave frequent exhibitions of their splendid horsemanship by racing their ponies at breakneck speed across the intervening valleys, and in full view of the assembled multitude. The congregation of 1,200 wild Indians, nearly all of them mounted, dressed in gay colors, their faces painted and their long black hair ornamented with feathers and gay streamers, was a novel and picturesque spectacle. Many of the women and children were mounted, in some instances two being upon one pony. These ride almost as well as the men, and in the same fashion. No attempt is made to decorate the horses, and generally they were caparisoned in the most primitive manner. The saddles are made by the Indians, and consist of a piece of hard wood, shaped after the common saddle in use among white people, and covered with a hide which they dry themselves. The number without stirrups was about equal to those with such useful appendages, but their absence made no perceptible difference in the ease and grace with which the riders sat upon and rode the ponies. Very many were without saddles, and in their stead used a blanket held on the horse by a strap."

The council was held outside of the Agency inclosure, where a stand had been erected, upon which were seated Secretary Schurz, the gentlemen who accompanied him, and the interpreter. The Indians formed themselves in a semi-circle in front of the stand, a large number being seated upon the ground in rows, and the remainder sitting in rear of those upon their ponies. Spotted Tail occupied a chair placed in the centre of the vacant space between the Indians and the platform. He was dressed in plain blue, without ornament of any kind, and instead of a blanket wore a heavy white linen toga, which depended from his left shoulder, and which he held about his body and legs with his left hand, leaving his right free for gesticulation. The speaking was commenced by the Secretary, who congratulated the Indians upon the good reports received from them and the progress they had made in freighting and herding, and earnestly urged them to encourage and assist the effort to establish schools for the education of their children.

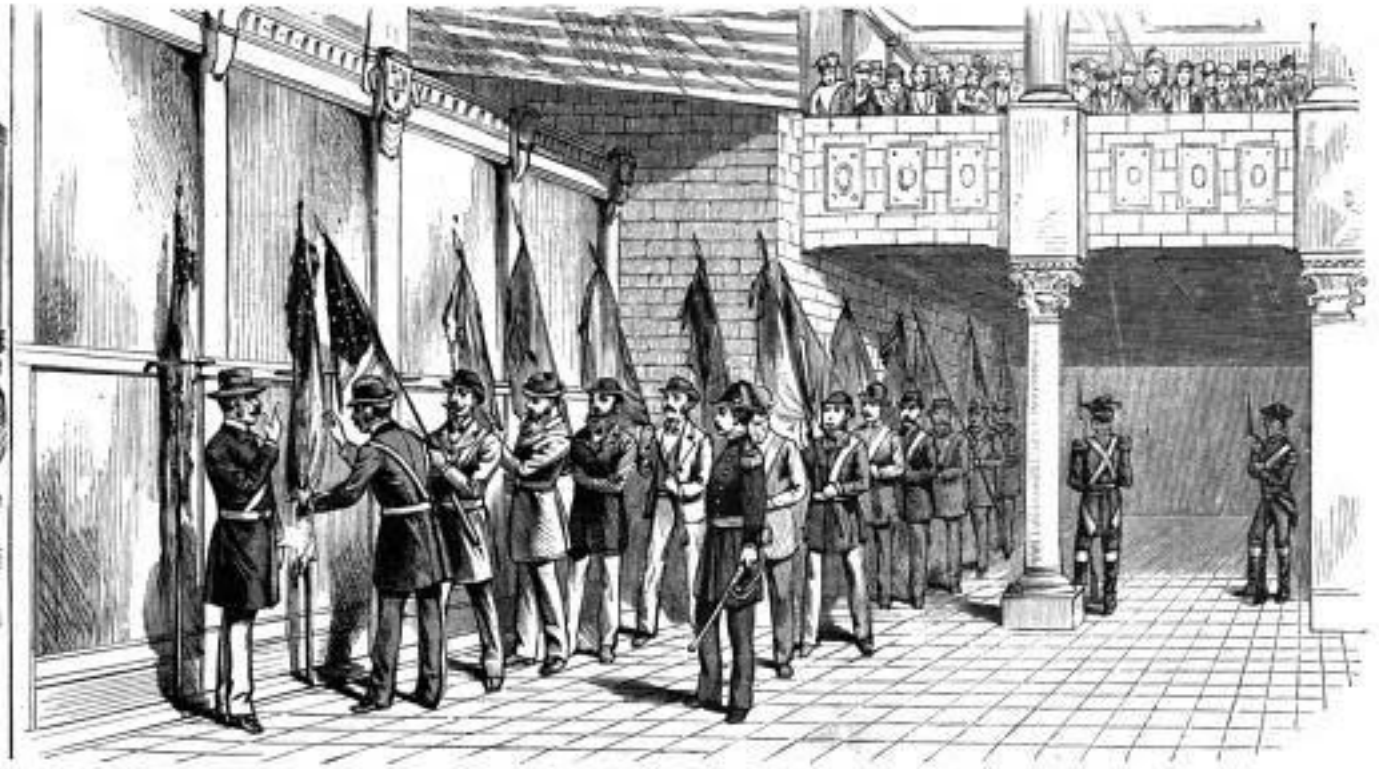
In reply, Spotted Tail expressed the great gratification the presence of the Secretary gave his people, and assured him that the counsel given by the Secretary would be followed. He referred with satisfaction to the progress already made by his people, and expressed a strong desire for the increase of school facilities, in order especially that the Indians might acquire the English tongue. After the council adjourned, the Indians pressed forward and shook hands with the Secretary, with many expressions of gratitude and good will, which could not, of course, be understood, but about the character of which their smiling faces and earnestness of manner left no room for doubt.

The Indians of the Spotted Tail Agency manifest great eagerness to become farmers, and maps of the survey are now being made. But these will not be completed for some months, so that farms may be taken up, but the anxiety for their possession is so great that the Indians are already driving their stakes, and in riding about, painted board signs are met with, which inform all concerned that a certain spot is "White Thunder's farm"; that another is the "Hay claim of Charging Eagle"; that another has been selected as the future home of "Fill the Pipe." A correspondent remarks that "the importance and significance of these painted signs cannot be too highly appreciated. They mark the first step in the civilization of the most numerous and warlike of our Indian tribes, and if Congress will read them aright and give the Indian

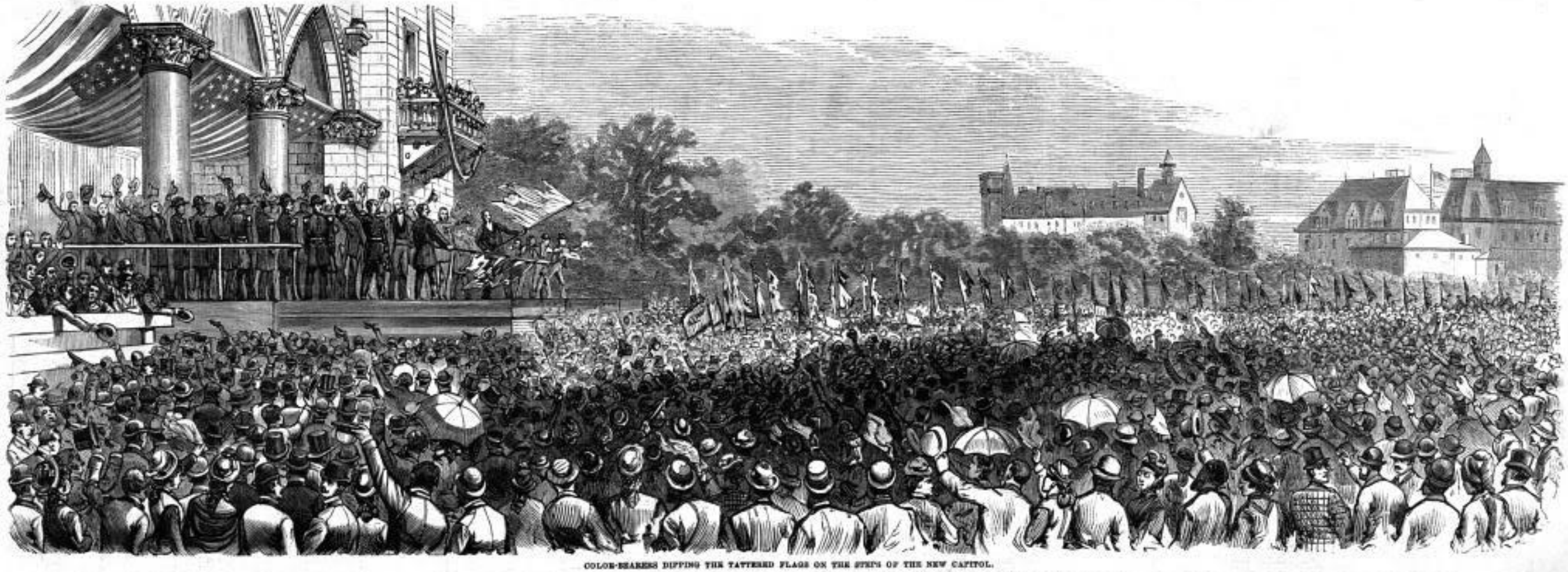
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PROCESSION OF VETERAN SOLDIERS PASSING THE PYRAMID OF SCHOOLCHILDREN ON THE SOUTH GREEN.



VETERANS DEPOSITING THE BATTLE-FLAGS IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE NEW CAPITOL.



COLOR-BEARERS DIPPING THE TATTERED FLAGS ON THE STEPS OF THE NEW CAPITOL.

CONNECTICUT.—INAUGURATION OF BATTLE-FLAG DAY, AND FORMAL DELIVERY OF THE OLD WAR COLORS TO THE STATE, AT HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 17TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 75.

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WAITING.

"SHALL I have long to wait, dear love?"
He asked, and smiled to see her turn.
She bent and kissed him from above;
His face felt all her soft blonde hair.

He watched her slim, lithe loveliness
In silence up the stairway pass,
The rippling movement of her dress
Like zephyrs on the Summer grass.

He held his breath till out of sight
She gained her dainty, curtained room,
Then forth he answered through the night
That had for him no tinge of gloom.

She closed her chamber-door and stood
Before the mirror queen-like, calm;
Her sad eyes' mute solicitude
Was like a penitential psalm.

"And I could sell his love," she said,
"For what I know is veriest dross.
One hair upon his loyal head
Outweighs this gain that is my loss.

"But he shall learn I am the queen
Himself hath called me; he shall know
That death can surely stand between
His queen and shameful overthrow."

Her white throat choked a little sob,
Her sweet mouth quivered with a sigh;
Her soft hand stilled her heart's quick throb,
The eyelid drooped on either eye.

She stooped her royal head to write,
Her name she signed, and kissed the place;
Then to her night-rober fragrant white
She took a last look at her face.

* * * * *

Next morn, his heart on fair dreams fed,
He took the old familiar way—
He found his dear love lying dead,
And had no heart to curse or pray.

He read, half-dazed, the words she left;
He bent and kissed her calm, pale face;
Then forth he went as one bereft,
For whom there is no hope or grace.

But ever as the slow years pass
He hears an echo from above,
In every wind that stirs the grass,
"Shall I have long to wait, dear love?"

JOHN MONAN.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER V.

"DAISY ELDON is incapable of making 'an exhibition of herself' in anything but a charming way," Lord St. Briac replies, and something in his tone makes Miss Millard glance sharply at him.

Rumor has told her already that, if Daisy had been endowed with one-half the wealth which is to be her (Julia Millard's) portion, Lord St. Briac would not have dallied in his wooing. So she glances sharply at him now as she detects the tremor in the tone in which he speaks of Daisy's name.

She looks at him at an unlucky moment.

Daisy has just come into the room with her aunt, and St. Briac's eyes are fixed upon her with a look of such ardent, irrepressible admiration and regard that Julia, the heiress, tingles with jealousy. Daisy, in a dress of creamy white silk, with pearls on her neck and arms, and a sash of flowers, is looking lovelier than ever this night.

The unmistakable love-sight is in her eyes as she looks shyly around the assembled throng in search of the one without whose presence now the most brilliant scene would seem dull and tame to her. The love-sight is in her eyes; and Miss Millard, who is neither stupid nor devoid of experience, recognizes its sympathetic fire, and mistakingly supposes that it is burning for St. Briac. There is not a particle of love in the fair Julia's breast for her lordly suitor, nevertheless she thrills with rage as she sees his eyes riveted on Daisy's bonnie beauty.

A dozen men are crowding around the latter, eagerly seeking to inscribe the name of the beauty of the season on their cards. But presently she is whirled off by one who is a stranger to the majority of those present; and St. Briac, recalling himself to a sense of his duty towards Miss Millard, turns to her and pursues his own train of thought aloud, without regarding the fact that she may not have watched Daisy's proceedings with a tender interest equal to his own.

"I wonder how Poynter has got to know her already," he says, meditatively. "Did you see? He took her off in a sort of old-familiar-friend style that looks like having known her a long time; and that can't be the case, for he's only just back from six or seven years in Australia."

"He was the handsome man I was telling you about—the one Miss Eldon was making an exhibition of herself about in the Row this morning. You didn't seem to like the phrase, but I couldn't think of any other that would fittingly describe the situation."

"Shall we take a turn?" he interrupts. He has no desire to hear anything about Daisy from Miss Millard just now, and especially has he no desire to hear more about Daisy's intercourse with "that good-looking young fellow," Poynter, whose handsome face, as St. Briac is liberally willing to admit, is sufficient to win him the favor of any woman.

"The room is getting too crowded to dance comfortably," Miss Millard says; and she indicates that she wished to be led into the cool and low lighted shades of a conservatory which they are passing at the moment. It is well understood by them all that the offer is to be made to-night, and Miss Millard thinks the the sooner the better now, as, when once she has plighted her maiden troth to him, she will have the right to reprimand him as sharply as she desires for his ill concealed tender feelings for Daisy Eldon.

"It is no use kicking against the pricks," he tells himself, as he leads her along between alleys of the choicest exotics to a seat at the further end of the conservatory. His fate is before him, and he must fulfill it. Not such a bad fate after all, as times go. Miss Millard will bring him a hundred thousand a year, and is in herself the sort of girl to deserve a very warm regard for the man she marries. She is affectionate, quite clever enough, and good-looking enough for every day life; and it is not her fault that she appears to be made of very common clay, indeed, by the side of that delicate piece of porcelain, Daisy Eldon. "Besides," the young heir to the marquisate of Beauton tells himself, "it would, perhaps, be a bore to marry a girl one was very much in love with." He feels sure that when Julia is Lady St. Briac she may follow the fashion of the day and flirt as only young matrons seem free to do, without causing him one jealous qualm. Whereas, if he could only afford to marry Daisy he would surely grudge every look and word she gave to any other man. Even as he thinks this he sees Daisy and Harry Poynter saunter into the conservatory by a side door, and sit down in a nook where they are half-hidden by the gracious screen of foliage and flowers, and though she is not his wife he feels the jealous qualm with sickening intensity.

"How silent you are!" Miss Millard says, pettishly. She did not bring him in here to see him watching Daisy Eldon in dumb anguish. "He may moon and spoon about her and after her as much as he likes after we are married," the practical girl tells herself; "but I won't stand any sentimental nonsense about her now. I'll give him to understand before we move from here that he must choose between us without further delay."

He cannot tear his eyes and attention from Daisy, whom he sees listening with joyful eyes to something Harry Poynter is saying to her; but he answers, courteously enough, the charge of silence which Julia has brought against him.

"Don't you know there are some moments when the thoughts of the heart 'fill the silence like—like a speech?'"

"That is only the case, I should think, when one is very much in love or in debt," she answers; and St. Briac is afraid that his indifference to this girl may merge into possible dislike before he has taken the decided step which all his family expect him to take. She is more than a little out of temper now, and, as is invariably the case with an underbred woman, she relinquishes all efforts at being either courteous or kind when she is annoyed. Her tone is sharpened, her eyes sparkle vindictively, and there is altogether an air of defiance, not to say swagger, about her which revolts him as she says: "Perhaps, if you want to ponder on either of the themes I've mentioned, you will be good enough to take me back into the ballroom first; I may amuse myself better than I am doing here."

For a moment he is tempted to take her at her word, lead her back to her mother, and go to his mother with the statement that he found it impossible to swallow the pill, gloriously as it is gilded. Then he reminds himself of his debts and of the futility of his hankering after Daisy, and so, though he will not throw the handkerchief just yet, he waves it before Miss Millard's eyes.

"Before this night is over you will know what the feeling was that chained my tongue, and I think you will forgive me."

He murmurs this just as though he were really in love with her; and, as she is quite as well contented with the semblance as the reality, she relents, relapses into smiles, and prepares herself to say "Yes" at once.

But he feels that he cannot bind himself till he has had one dance with, and said a few words to, Daisy Eldon. So he rises and offers his arm to Miss Millard, with the words, "We'll come back here again by-and-by, won't we? And then you shall hear the secret of my silence," and leads her up the side to where Daisy and Harry Poynter are still sitting.

"Miss Eldon, you defrauded me of my waltz; may I have the honor of another? This next—may it be mine?"

"I am engaged for it to Har—Mr. Poynter," she says, hesitatingly.

"Poynter, be a good fellow; let me have one turn with Miss Eldon," St. Briac pleads, so eagerly that both Harry and Daisy find themselves agreeing to his request.

The four stroll back to the ballroom together. Their progress in company is a very brief one; but, brief as it is, and satisfied as Miss Millard now feels that St. Briac will formally surrender to her to-night, she cannot resist firing one shot at her rival.

"Are you going to Hurlingham to-morrow, Miss Eldon?"

"I believe not. Aunt Bertram does not enjoy polo, and I am not interested on either side to-morrow," Daisy answers.

"Not interested on either side? Oh, you incorrigible little flirt! How can you say you are not interested when we all know that Sir Bolingbroke Bray will be playing on his famous pony, 'Daisy'?"

"I wish men would not give their horses and dogs girl's names!" Daisy says, in genuine distress.

She has been spending the last three-quarters of an hour in coming to an "understanding" with Harry Poynter; that is to say, they have toyed with the subject of their "interest in each other," and have trenched on very tender ground indeed several times in the course of their conversation. They have agreed to be "great friends," and never to let any interlopers come between them; and Harry has told her something that sounds very sweetly in her ears, though, of course, in reality it is no concern at all of hers. He has told her that, in common with every other boy and young man, he has found a dozen faces fair and loved them "for a week, a month, or a day," as the case might be. "But," he has added, "do you know, Daisy, I never cared about one of them enough to want to kiss her; because kissing a girl with me means wanting her and asking her to be my wife. Are you glad?"

And to this question Daisy has given him no answer—in words—yet. But they are both so happy that he has asked it.

It is while they are steeped in the silence which is golden after this speech of Harry's that St. Briac and Miss Millard break into their solitude. And so it comes to pass that poor Daisy feels she may be lowered in Harry Poynter's estimation when Miss Millard calls her an "incorrigible little flirt," and speaks of Sir Bolingbroke Bray and his "famous polo-pony Daisy," as if she, Daisy Eldon, had a vested interest in both. Her partner, St. Briac, takes her "the one turn" for which he has pleaded so eloquently, but he seems by no means disposed to relinquish her at the termination of it. On the contrary, he persuades her to cross the corridor with him to look at a picture that he vows resembles Daisy in his mother's boudoir; and when they reach it he breathes more freely than he has breathed before this night, for he knows that Miss Millard dare not invade its sacred seclusion. St. Briac knows well that this girl, for whom his heart is sick, is not for him, and that Miss Millard is. Nevertheless, he cannot resist trying to wake Daisy's interest, and feeling for a few minutes how sweet life would be for him if only Daisy had the filthy lucre that is needed at this juncture to regild the Beauton coronet. He is, as has been said, a very fine specimen of a young English patrician; and as our English patricians are the finest result of breeding, training, blood and culture to be found in this hemisphere, he may be accepted without further explanation as a man to whom any girl's heart would naturally seriously incline. It is currently said of him that his brains are far too good for that place in the Upper House which he must eventually fill, and already he is known widely, and not ridiculously, as a vigilant detector of anything in art, though the state of the family exchequer has sometimes cramped his efforts at collecting. Altogether, Daisy may be forgiven (inspite of all that has passed between Harry and herself) for thinking Miss Millard "a very lucky girl," after ten minutes of unrestrained intercourse with Lord St. Briac. He is quite resolved upon one thing, and that is that the girl who has struck the only genuine chord of love that has ever been struck in his heart shall "know what he thinks about her" before they part this night. He tells himself in a spasm of chivalric feeling that he will not attempt to win any responsive words from her; but "By Jove, she shall know that I love her," he says, "and that I would ask her to be my wife if it were not for want of the bawbees."

He begins giving the information to Daisy in the most guarded and proper way imaginable. He tells her how he has always watched her approvingly on the Knave of Hearts.

"That's a pace not one girl in a thousand could take as easy as you do," he remarks; and Daisy answers with apparent carelessness, but in reality because she has been nettled by Miss Millard.

"The little Knave! I'm glad to hear a good word said of him by you. Miss Millard always derides him for being more showy than fast."

"If Miss Millard could only sit him as you do, and get him to sit, she'd frame him in gold as an advertisement of her proficiency in the noble art of equitation." St. Briac laughs.

"I wish she would frame some of her speeches in gold, because gold is a true metal and wouldn't frame a false impression," Daisy replies. "She knew I should be annoyed at the way in which she jumbled up polo and Sir Bolingbroke Bray and his pony, Daisy, and myself just now, and yet she did it. Why should she have gone out of her way to annoy me?"

"Because she knows that I would go a good deal out of my way to try and please you," St. Briac says, bluntly; and Daisy lures him on undesignedly, by asking:

"And why shouldn't you go out of your way to please me?"

"Because I am bound hand and foot in vile fetters of need," he exclaims. "Don't you understand? Mayn't I try and make you understand it all? She sees what every one is welcome to see as far as I am concerned—and that is that I love you, Daisy."

He casts aside all consideration for Miss Millard, all recollection of the way in which he has half-pledged himself to her and wholly pledged himself to his family to snare her to-night. He only sees Daisy, he only cares for Daisy, he only remembers that if he loses Daisy he will lose "the light that ne'er will shine again on life's dull stream." She wavers like a reed shaken by the wind for a few moments. St. Briac is such a nice fellow; so many girls whom she has known during the season have sighed in vain for him. For many weeks she has been hearing him spoken about; and when a girl hears a man's name constantly, she cannot help thinking a good deal about him. She has heard Miss Millard (whose probable good fortune has been widely and openly discussed) in turns pitied for being sought for her money, and envied for being sought at all by Lord St. Briac. It is unnatural, it is unwomanly in Daisy to palpitate with pleasure, to forget Harry Poynter for the moment, and to give St. Briac a shy, grateful glance in return for that avowal of his that he loves her. As for him, he feels that he has gone over the border, and that he is as much on his honor now to "go on" with Daisy as he felt himself to be half an hour ago to "go on" with Miss Millard. She, in her sweet unconsciousness, tempts him in a way that would have been too much for St. Scunaus, and that is altogether too much for St. Briac. Having told her that he loves her, he finds himself madly desirous of winning a like confession from her. He forgets the resolution he came to just now of laying bare his feelings to her, and at the same time refrain from proving the state of hers for him. Having ascertained that fact, he will take time to consider what step it behooves him to take.

He is an ardent, impetuous young fellow, and he has really lost both his heart and his head for Daisy.

"I didn't know how hard hit I was myself till that girl coupled your name with Bray just now," he goes on, madly; "then I felt it was no use pretending even to myself that I could resign you without a struggle. Daisy darling, tell me that I haven't made a mistake: tell me that you do care for me a little, and that you'll be my wife." He has got hold of both her hands, and is pressing them with a passionate force that makes her feel that he is not to be trifled with—however unjustifiable in fact the expression of his love may be, the love itself is a real true thing. She does like him very much, indeed; better, far better, than she has ever liked any one but Harry Poynter. And there are many things that make his wooing her a very sweet tribute to Daisy Eldon. She is "essentially human," and she feels a wicked little flutter of gratified vanity as she reflects that this man is willing to cast away a hundred thousand a year for her sake. Ought she to reject such genuine devotion as this, she asks herself. Then she thinks a little of the Beautons' disappointment if the great heiress is lost to them by reason of their son's infatuation for herself. She thinks a little of their disappointment and a great deal of Harry Poynter, and she answers as she ought:

"I do care for you a great deal—too much to do you the wrong it would be to marry you, Lord St. Briac. You know what a bad thing it would be for you if I were weak enough to be flattered by the great honor you have offered me into accepting it; and—you mustn't be angry with me for reminding you of Miss Millard—all the world looks upon you as half-engaged to her."

"If I were wholly engaged to her it would make no difference now," he says, recklessly. "I love you, Daisy; nothing but your own will—nothing but your own declaration that you care more for some other fellow, will part us now."

He has lifted her hand to his lips, and is pressing kisses upon it; in another moment he will put her beyond her power to say him nay by touching her pure young lips. His whole heart is in the work of gaining this girl now; and, if courage will carry her, she shall be carried.

"Say you will be my wife, Daisy—say you love me!" he pleads desperately; and Daisy, with a mighty effort, frees herself from his clasp, and says:

"I can't! I could a week ago; but since then, Lord St. Briac, I've seen some one I like better than I do you, much as I really like you."

"It's Bray, after all," he says, in bitter accents.

"No, it's not Bray a bit. It's some one who may never know I like him, and never care to find out."

"Don't give me up for an idea," St. Briac interrupts. Having committed himself to the statement of caring for Daisy, he is ready to overcome every obstacle in the way of obtaining her. Surely, he argues, if he has been ready to cast a hundred thousand a year to every other consideration aside for her, she might reasonably and readily overcome any light fancy she might have imagined herself into entertaining for this other man, who is ignorant of the honor she has done him. "Don't give me up for an idea," he repeats, ardently. "Look you, Daisy; my name's a good one. I don't come to you dishonored, like some fellows are who are presuming to aspire to you. And I love you, Daisy! I love you in a way that ought to win a kinder answer from you than the one you have given me."

He has never been balked of one thing on which he has set his heart in his life, and that Daisy should hesitate now about proclaiming him triumphant is a sore trial to him. That she does hesitate, that she has not quite decided for or against him, is evident. St. Briac's earnestness, the way in which he is ready to relinquish the largest fortune of the year for her penniless sake, is very touching to her. Moreover, St. Briac has about him that air of bravery and gentleness which is the result of many generations of culture and refinement. He is a splendid lover, and she is in a paroxysm of doubt as to whether it would not be well for her to love him in return. But, as she wavers, she hears distinctly, as if Harry were speaking them close to her ear at the moment, the words, "But do you know, Daisy, I never cared about one of them enough to want to kiss her." She has "recollected him" so vividly that she cannot forget him again, though Lord St. Briac goes on pleading his warmest; and so it is a definite refusal of the honor he has done her which St. Briac has to bear at last.

But Daisy, in her outspokenness and genuineness, refuses him in a way that binds him to her far more closely than Miss Millard's acceptance of him will have the power to do.

"Just a week ago I liked you better than any one else in the world," she says, apologetically; "but since then I have thought of some one else, and liked to listen to some one else, and he ought to be the first and only one a girl has thought of for a minute."

"I shouldn't mind you having thought of a dozen before, if you'll only think of me now."

"And that I can't do, and though I'm sorry for it in one way, I'm glad in another. If I had said 'Yes' what a grief it would be to your family, and what a pity it would be for you! And now we'll go back." She opens the door as she speaks, and is out in the corridor on her way back to the ballroom in an instant, and he has no choice but to follow her. His

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mother's eyes are upon him anxiously, and on Daisy rebukingly, as they enter the room, and the girl knows that she is being hardly thought of by her hostess for a fault she has not committed. She is trying to get across to her aunt, of whom she catches a glimpse in a far-off corner, in order to implore that she may be taken away from the bustle and the race-show, when her progress is arrested most inopportunely by Sir Bolingbroke.

"I have been hunting for you everywhere," he says; "where have you hidden yourself?"

"I have been looking at a picture in Lady Beanton's boudoir; some one said it was like me, and I like to know what I am like," Daisy says, trying to speak as if she were not anxious to work her way from him to her aunt.

"Don't be so impatient. I have been looking for you everywhere," he murmurs. "Do you see or have you heard that Miss Millard has defied the Beantons on their own ground, and flung St. Briac over for the returned colonial?"

"What nonsense!" she answers, scornfully.

"But true nonsense, nevertheless. This young 'scion of an ancient but decayed house,' as old chroniclers would call him, has done a good thing for himself by stopping in town on his way from the bush. When a man can once make up his mind to marry Miss Millard, she's not a bad sort of a girl. The next is mine, if you please; you ought to give me so much poor compensation for my bitter disappointment the other day." She scarcely heeds what he does, and so suffers him to whirl her off without a protest. She tells herself that there is no truth in his statement relative to Harry and Miss Millard, and yet it goes on ringing in her ears. How promptly, if it is true, he has perjured himself after those "unspoken vows" he offered her just now in the conservatory! Ah, but has she not been on the brink of committing a like offense? Did she not incline more than favorably for a few moments to St. Briac?

Those thoughts fatigue her more than the waltzing, and she pauses to recover her breath. As she stands, her hand still on her partner's arm, Harry Poynter and Miss Millard walk slowly by, close to her, without perceiving her. He is bending his head down low in earnest endeavor evidently to catch every word that falls from the heiress's lips; and she is speaking in clear, resolute accents, that fall distinctly upon Daisy's ear:

"You must call to-morrow morning. I will prepare mamma for the news, and she will plead the cause we have at heart with my father. He cannot stand out against us three."

"I am rested," Daisy says, turning a white face up towards her partner. And when they pull up after the next round she has pledged herself to become Lady Bray.

(To be continued.)

"BATTLE-FLAG DAY" IN HARTFORD.

AN anniversary to be known henceforth as "Battle-flag Day" was inaugurated on Wednesday, September 17th, at Hartford, Conn., with ceremonies of the deepest interest. In February last a resolution was offered in the House that the Comptroller, Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General be a board to have charge of the State's battle-flags, and that they be directed to have suitable cases prepared in the new Capitol for the flags to be placed in. The resolution went through both Houses and was approved.

The veterans of the war were invited to take part in the removal of the flags, and General Joseph R. Hawley accepted the post of chief marshal for the occasion. Up to last week the battle-flags of the different regiments were kept in the old State Arsenal on Main Street.

In the ceremony of the 17th, representatives of thirty regiments appeared, besides the State militia and the entire force of the State authorities. It was one o'clock before the procession was in line, and at that hour a national salute began. This was the signal for the start, and as the first gun sounded, the First Division marched out of the park into High Street. This comprised the militia of the State, and veterans of the war belonging to other States, who had fought in Connecticut regiments. In this division, also, were Governor Andrews and his private secretary, in a carriage, followed by his staff, mounted. The Governor kept his head bared during the entire march, and he was greeted by rousing cheers from the thousands who lined the sidewalks along the line. The staff of ex-Governor Buckingham was in this division also. The Second Division, under the command of Colonel Jacob L. Greene, formerly of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, now President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, comprised the Union Battalion, and the prominent guests in carriages. Among the latter were General J. M. Schofield, General Burnside, of Rhode Island; ex-Governors Jewell, Hubbard and Cleveland, of Connecticut; General Smith and staff, the Judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, Mayor Sumner, of Hartford, and the members of the city government. The fourth and last division was the great feature of the day. It was composed entirely of the veteran soldiers of Connecticut, and embraced fully 10,000 men, with representatives from all the regiments from the First to the Thirty-sixth. This division was headed by Major-General Joseph R. Hawley, the chief marshal of the day, and his staff. The men were dressed in citizens' clothing, but many wore the hats of the Grand Army of the Republic, and all wore badges or medals. Some were lame, some had lost an arm, and two men hobbled along on wooden legs. Carriages were provided for the veterans who could not walk, and these were used by all except the two mentioned. These two followed the march until their battle-flags had been taken from the Arsenal, and then they joined their comrades in the carriage.

Some of the old flags, which number eighty, were nearly whole; others were so far gone that they had been caught with ribbons to the staff at frequent intervals, lest the slight breeze should make them float in shreds to the pavement. Some of them have histories that are known to the Connecticut folk; and when they were borne along the cheering became a hoarse roar, and all hands flattered handkerchiefs or waved hats. The throngs went wild over the remnants of the old Sixteenth's flag, which was torn into squares and fell in the uniforms of the men or burned when they were taken prisoners at Plymouth, N. C., in '64, which were carried concealed through military prisons, and were finally collected and pieced together in the form of a shield on a new banner.

The line of march was through High Street to Main, up Main to the Arsenal, where the battle-flags were taken, and then down Main to Washington Street, and thence to the new Capitol. The buildings in the streets through which the procession moved were literally hidden in bunting. The magnificent building of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, one of the finest in the city, was decorated profusely and with great taste. Among other displays were those of the Phœnix Mutual Life Insurance Company, and of the Phœnix National Bank, two of the solid institutions of Hartford. The Travelers Insurance Company suspended from their modest building a magnificent national flag, and displayed a draped portrait of Connecticut's "War Governor" Buckingham, who was a director in the company. In front of the residence of M. G. Bulkeley, President of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, a fine arch spanned the street. It was a pretty combination of artistic materials and had entwining it a broad ribbon bearing the names of Connecticut's dead heroes—Sedgwick, Lyon, Mansfield, Foote, and others. The centre piece was the State coat-of-arms, above which was a trophy of weapons of war, drums, etc., and above all the American colors. Across Main Street three arches were erected, decorated with red, white and blue, and surrounded with evergreen devices. On these the names of all the battles in which the Connecticut regiments have taken part were emblazoned, and the word "Welcome," worked in evergreen, depended from one. Flags were thrown across the street, and in many houses were pictures of Lincoln or Grant, and sometimes both together. Whenever these pictures were seen by the veterans they cheered long and lustily. The stoops and lawns in front of the private houses were thronged with people, and in many cases little girls and boys were found representing patriotic characters. On the balcony of one house in High Street were two small boys, one dressed as a midshipman, and sitting on a coil of rope, and the other as a soldier, standing guard. At South Green a pyramid of 200 girls, ranging in age from four to twelve years, all dressed in white, and wearing red, white and blue sashes, greeted the veterans with waving handkerchiefs and fans. At the base of the pyramid was a cordon of boys, dressed as soldiers and carrying muskets, standing on guard. This was the great feature of the display. The Capitol was reached at four o'clock, and here the ceremony of transferring the flags was performed. There were fully 50,000 people on the grounds. A stand had been erected in front of the main entrance, and here Governor Andrews and the guests assembled. General Hawley presented the flags to the State in a brief speech, and Governor Andrews accepted them. Then the color-bearers of each regiment ascended the steps and faced the veterans; a cannon boomed a salute, and the blare of trumpets mingled with the reverberation; and the flags were successively given to the custody of the State, to be deposited in the cases erected for the purpose in the vestibule of the magnificent Capitol.

After the ceremonies the veterans marched down the hill to the green, where they partook of luncheon. In the evening the State House lawn was illumined by electric lights placed on the dome of the Capitol, and the city generally was lurid with the glare of all kinds of lights. The electric light was furnished by the Willimantic Spool Cotton Co., of Willimantic, the same being used in their extensive mills at that place, and was under charge of their electrician.

ALESSANDRO LIBERATI.

SIGNOR LIBERATI, the cornet soloist whom thousands of people have met at Brighton Beach during the past season, has steadily risen in the estimation of the public ever since his first appearance. He came ushered into the lists where two prime favorites, Levy and Arbuckle, bid defiance to competition. His modest merit and artistic excellence have placed him in the front rank of musical artists. Liberati was born in Frascati, Italy, July 7th, 1847. His father was a fine musician, and was celebrated for his playing upon the trumpet, with keys, which had just been invented. Alessandro first commenced playing on the cornet when twelve years old. In the year 1864 he played the E-flat cornet in the Chasseur Band, in the Papal army, and was bugle-major with Garibaldi. He afterwards played a solo cornet in concerts at Naples, Florence, Milan, Nice, Paris and other leading cities in the Old World, and was cornet soloist in the band of the First Infantry Regiment of the Italian army.

In 1872, after a varied experience in Europe, he resolved to emigrate to America, and in June of that year he arrived in the city of Boston. Not finding a suitable engagement there, he went to the capital of Canada, and was engaged as band-master of the Ottawa Brigade Garrison Artillery Band; there he remained till 1875, and became very popular as leader and cornet soloist. Signor Liberati was the leading attraction in the band of the Detroit National Guard on their visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. On their way to and from Philadelphia they were received with honors in the several cities through which they passed. He had tempting offers to induce him to return to Ottawa, but he preferred remaining in the United States. He went from Detroit to Boston, and became cornet soloist for the Cadet Band of that city. He soon afterwards came to New York, and became a resident of Brooklyn. Since his arrival there he has been performing on the cornet in many public places and concerts, and with great satisfaction to a gratified audience.

THE MAN WHO BAGGED CETEWAYO.

MAJOR RICHARD J. C. MARTER, who captured the Zulu King, belongs to the First (King's) Dragoon Guards—not the First Dragoons, as cabled, which is really the Eleventh British Cavalry Regiment, there being three regiments of the Household and seven of Dragoon Guards senior to it—and always belonged to it from his first entrance into the army. This is unusual in the cavalry. A large majority of the officers are men of means, and, preferring Pall Mall, the clubs, yachting and home pleasures generally to distant service, are in the habit of exchanging with the less fortunate, who, for a consideration in hand and the difference between Indian or colonial and home pay, are often glad enough of the arrangement. Some officers in India have several times exchanged from regiments going home to regiments arriving. Marter stuck to his old regiment wherever it went, was with it in China on the advance to Pekin, and when the old K. D. G.'s got to Bangalore, India, was made Adjutant-General of the Mysore Division of the Madras Army, under Major-General Haines, now General Sir Frederick Paul Haines, G. C. B., Commander-in-chief of India. Marter retained this position for a little while after his regiment returned to England in 1866, but only for a little while. He is a great horseman, something of a "welter" weight, and, while holding his own in a steeplechase, is not of much use for a flat race. But he has the keenest eye for the good points of a horse, and his stable was always the admiration of the station. Bangalore is a charming place, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, with a delicious climate, famous for its flowers and its racecourse, a sort of Southern India Saratoga, and, being a large military post, is always very gay. Marter was always at the foremost of any festivities wherein the horse was concerned, from a fox-hunt to a steeplechase, and one of those diligent and invaluable men who go into the dismal and thankless work of preparation con amore. It is one thing to be a steward of a race-meeting, in all the glory and importance of the position, before assembled beauty and fashion, and quite another to go through the drudgery of getting everything ready and keeping everything straight for weeks and months beforehand. His chum and right-hand man in all these matters, and partner in ownership of several crack horses, a modest gentleman, was Major (now Colonel) Theodore Austin, of the Twenty-second Madras Native Infantry, reputed to be one of the best gentleman jockeys that ever rode. One horse they owned in common. Nusseeb (Fate), a spirited, but gentle and playful, satin-skinned beauty, with elastic muscles of steel, was probably the handsomest ever seen out of Arabia, and won them on many occasions a "pot of money."

Marter is about forty-five years old now, and as it was the destiny of Cetewayo to be caught, he was lucky in his captor, who would be certain to treat him well.

THE LAST FOX-HUNT OF THE SEASON.

NEWPORT, in addition to its manifold attractions, has had its hunting-season, yes, veritable fox-hunting, and men who have ridden with the Pytchley and Quorn eagerly plunged into pink, despite the chaff awaiting them "at the other side," to enjoy a run with Reynard—tell it not in Gath—in the month of September. The last meet of the Queens County Hunt, which took place on September 12th, was a superb social success. All Newport—that is, all of Newport worth mentioning—mustered at the meet, the road to Southwick's Grove being literally choke-full of vehicles of every sort, shape, size and description, while cavaliers and equestriennes, mounted à cheval, dotted the carriage-line; nor were the stereotyped "mud-crushers" in anything like a minority. The M.F.H. was to the fore, and, next in horsemanship as he is in appearance, he was a fair example of the truth of the Leicestershire maxim, that the best-dressed man is sure to be the hardest rider. Beside him rode Mr. Fairman Rogers, whose get-up reminded one of a picture by Herring. There were other good "workmen" in pink, notably Messrs. Griswold and Peters, who sat their horses with a grip as tight as their own leathers. The ladies, too, were en évidence in the most eel-like habits and the sauciest hats, and many a manly heart beat high in the hope of bearing off the brush in order to place it in some dainty hand now incased in buff leather and viciously grasping a wicked little cutting-whip. The mounts were exceptionally good, and the appearance of the grove prior to the hounds being laid on was bright, animated and picturesque to the very last degree. At length the "Gone away" came from the stentorian lungs of the huntsman, and the long-wished-for whimper of the "beauties" was heard. A shrill "View hollos" next greeted the field, informing all whom it concerned that the "rascal" had stolen away, and in a few seconds the hounds were racing to a merry chorus over a heavy country, over impracticable fences, over bullfinches, over stake and wire, over a bit of plow; away, away, the field following at a respectful distance, and until the huntsman might well say, joyously, "Catch them who can now," as they fly up wind, far in advance of the foremost riders. The ladies were carefully piloted, but one or two, regarding Pallinurus as Sinbad viewed the Old Man of the Sea, elected to steer for themselves, and bravely pounded on, "sticking" more than one "workman" and cutting down their less plucky sisters, in their mad, wild desire to spin in at the death. In doing a wall the horse of Mr. Burrel, of New York, "showed saddle-girth to the sun," rolling over his spirited rider, who lay stunned on the greensward, till the good Samaritans dismounted by the wayside—a crucial trial to your hunting men—but no bones were broken; and perhaps one or two who remained with the "off man" were rather thankful for the excuse, as the pace was now a pretty stiff one, and the field only lighted by a "short six." Many were the croppers fetched; many were the bullfinches raised; many the gaps made; many the horses "kicked along," while the huntsman, well settled down to his work, was all eyes for his music-giving pack. Whoop! whoop! away the beauties streamed. Mr. Griswold, Mr. Fairman Rogers, Captain Candy and Mr. Zeborowski riding straight and cunning, while Mr. Wadsworth fetched a cropper on the run home that stunned him. For a brief ten minutes the fun was fast and furious, and then the "rascal" was overhauled and his brush handed to Mr. Rogers, whose plucky riding was worthy of the Galway "Blazers," while pads were presented to Miss Havermeyer and Miss Osothout, who rode from the burst to the death, boldly, knowingly and well.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

Common Hedin prevents the formation of acetic acid in fermented liquids, without disturbing the process of alcoholic fermentation, and it is thought that the peculiar effect of the hop is due rather to its resinous matter than to its oils. The Greeks add resin to their sweet wines.

An Electric Target—that is, a target which, by means of electricity, shows instantaneously upon another target, set up at the firing station, the exact spot where a bullet strikes, and thus does away with the necessity of employing a marker to signal the result of each shot—has been lately perfected, after eight years of labor, by a Swiss locksmith.

A New Fire-damp Detector has been invented in France. It consists of a common lamp surmounted by a little camera obscura, provided with a slit. In the common state of the lamp no flame is visible, but if a hydrogen compound be added to the air a blue flame shows at the slit. The larger the flame the greater the amount of fire-damp present.

Fireproof Paper and Fireproof Ink can be made as follows: The paper from a pulp consisting of one part of vegetable fibre, two parts of asbestos, 1.16 part of borax, 1.5 part of alum. The ink is made from 85 parts of graphite, 0.8 parts of copal varnish, 7.5 parts of copperas, 30 parts of tincture of nut-galls and a sufficient quantity of indigo carmine.

Professor S. F. Peckham informs the editors of the *American Journal of Science and Arts* of the fall of a meteorite in Iowa. It exploded and fell in full daylight at five P. M., at Estherville. One fragment of the mass, weighing 500 pounds, was dug up from a depth of fourteen feet. Another portion, weighing 150 pounds, which fell about two miles distant from the larger mass, has been obtained for the University cabinet.

The Great Iron Works of Creusot, France, covers, with its various sheds, furnaces, engine-rooms and workshops, about 2,700 acres, and the length of rails laid down for the convenience of the factory is 200 miles. The number of workmen is upwards of 15,500, who, together with their families and the camp-followers, form a population of 25,000 souls. A superb statue of M. Schneider, the founder of the works, has just been erected in the city.

Bleaching Sugar by Ozone.—Professor Albert R. Leeds, of the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, has been trying the action of ozone on colored sugar solutions, and finds that they are rapidly and completely bleached by this agent. He also finds that the coloring matter of leaves and flowers are partly or wholly destroyed by ozone; but a considerable percentage of ozone is required to produce this result, or if such small amounts as are obtained in the customary methods of ozonizing air by phosphorus are employed, a large volume of ozonized air must be used and a considerable interval elapse before bleaching is effected.

On the Occasion of a balloon ascent at Nancy, August 4th, the altitude of the car was taken by officers from the garrison with a theodolite, and signals were exchanged with the ground during the ascent. The signals were given by the aeronauts with a flag and by the officers with a reflecting mirror placed in the end of a tube and mounted as a telescope. The officers directed the rays of the sun on the balloon, and intercepted rays with a key in order to use the Morse alphabet. The signals could be seen at a distance of over six miles. The experiment showed that in a besieged town, a passing balloon could be used for giving orders to or receiving news from friendly forces.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MATTHEW and JOHN G. VASSAR will erect a ten-thousand-dollar laboratory at Vassar College.

BISHOP STEVENS, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, is very ill with congestion of the lungs.

A SUM of over 57,000 francs has been collected to build a memorial chapel in honor of the Prince Imperial in Paris.

A ROMAN countess, profoundly learned in the Greek and Latin languages, has just been elected a member of the Academy of Lincei, in Rome.

THE Crown Prince of Germany has been ailing for some time, and has been ordered by his physicians to pass the Winter in Italy. The Emperor is very well.

MR. G. F. FAIRCHILD, sometime professor of higher English in Michigan Agricultural College, has been elected president of the Kansas State Agricultural College.

BOSTON has decided to order a bronze copy of Mr. Greenough's marble statue of Governor Winthrop, now in the Capitol at Washington. The cost will be $4,500.

MR. ASA PAYNE, of Scott County, Kentucky, the son of General Payne, of the war of 1812, is said to be the oldest living graduate of West Point. He is ninety-one years old, and was a member of the first class.

KING ALFONSO and the Archduchess Maria Christina will be married at Madrid on the 28th of November. The bride and her mother will sail from Trieste to Barcelona on an Austrian war ship, convoyed by a Spanish squadron.

IT is officially announced that the Duke of Osuna and the Duke of Medina-Sidonia will go to Vienna, instead of Señor Canovas del Castillo, to ask officially the hand of the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria in marriage with the King of Spain.

KING JOHN of Abyssinia writes to the mercantile firm representing him in London, stating that he has written to Queen Victoria complaining that the outlets of his territory are closed by the Egyptians. He says that General Kirkham, the English General in his service, was poisoned at Massowah while on his way to England with letters to the Queen. A later dispatch from Cairo says it is expected that the negotiations between Egypt and Abyssinia will be successful. King John has consented to an interview with Colonel Gordon.

CAPTAIN CAREY has written a reply to the address from Plymouth, and he states that from all ranks of the army in Zululand, and also during his journey through Natal, he received the most sincere kindness and sympathy; he has done nothing to be ashamed of, and he desires that a full account of the proceedings of the court-martial may be made public. He feels that his honor and character as a soldier and an English gentleman have now been vindicated. Captain Carey has received official information of the findings of the court-martial.

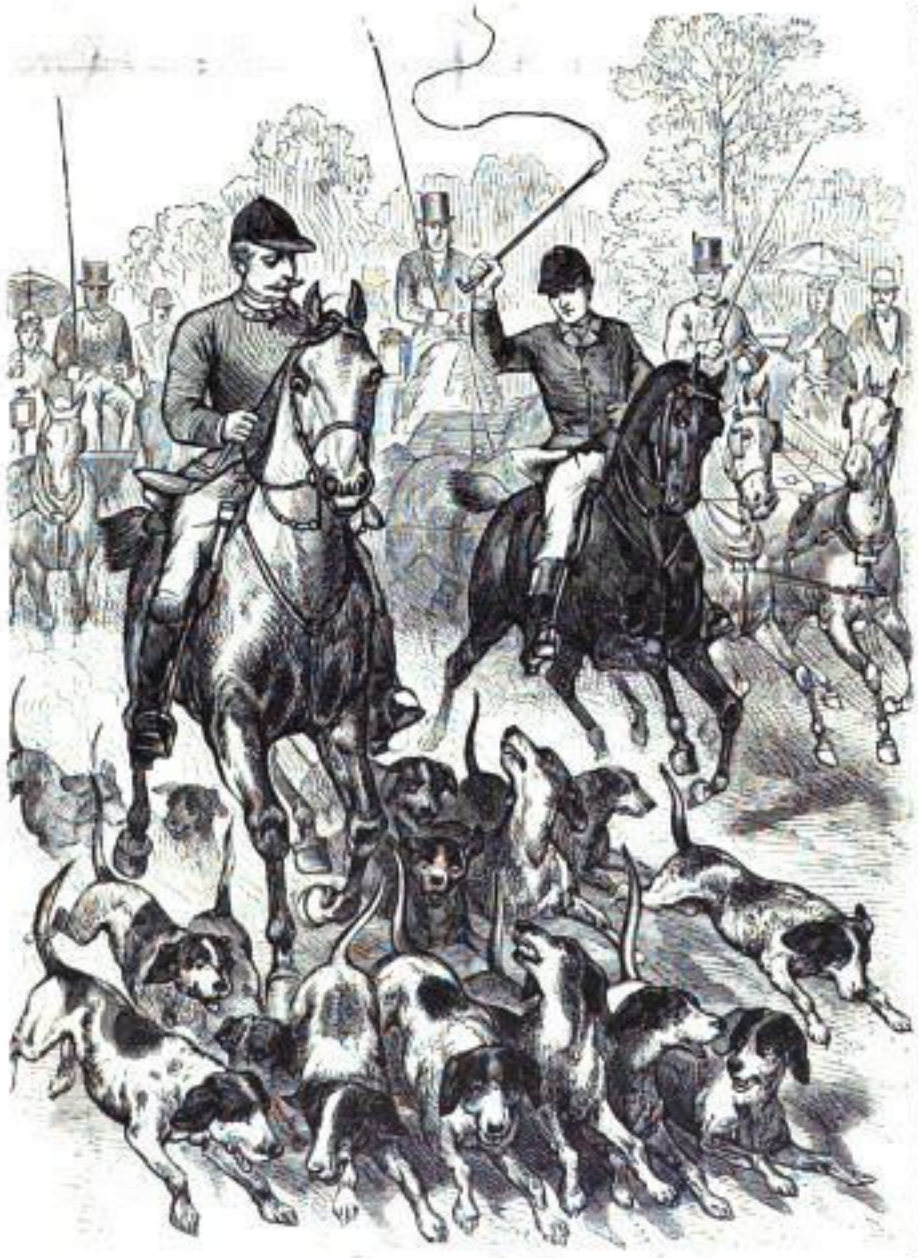
A CABLE dispatch from Rome announces the following clerical changes in this country: First—the Right Rev. F. X. Leray, hitherto Bishop of Nachitoches, has been made Administrator of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, with the right of succession as Archbishop; second—the Rev. Mark S. Gross, priest of Wilmington, N. C., has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina; third—the Rev. John Baptist A. Brondel, priest of the Diocese of Nesqually, in Washington Territory, has been made Bishop of Vancouver's Island, replacing the Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, who has accepted and entered on his promotion to Coadjutor cum jure of the Most Rev. Archbishop Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon City.

A VERY brilliant family wedding occurred at Gilbertsville, Otsego County, in this State, September 3d, the high contracting parties being Mr. Fitch Gilbert, son of Mr. George Y. Gilbert, and Miss Caroline Lathrop Gilbert, daughter of Mr. J. H. Gilbert. The marriage ceremony took place in the Presbyterian Church, which was finely decorated, and was enlivened by a large concourse of friends, among whom were Mrs. Charles Thorp Gilbert, Mrs. Anita Gilbert, and Miss Fannie Gilbert. Some of the toilets were very striking. The mother of the groom, Mrs. G. Y. Gilbert, appeared in old gold satin with black lace, and the mother of the bride, Mrs. J. H. Gilbert, in black satin and white lace. The wedding gifts were rare, unique, and beautiful, including a set of Sèvres from the French Exposition bearing the portraits of the Royal family of Louis XVI.

THE obituary record of the past week contains the names of Gustave H. Roger, the famous French tenor, aged 64; Austin Burchard, uncle of President Hayes, aged 86; Zerah C. Whipple, founder of the Whipple Home for Deaf Mutes at Mystic River, Conn.; John Carlyle, a younger brother of the historian; Rear-Admiral Charles Boarman, U.S.N., aged 83; Frederick Valerio, French painter and engraver; the Rev. Dr. John F. Wright, a well-known Methodist clergymen of Cincinnati, aged 84; the Right Rev. Charles Baring, D.D., ex-Bishop of Durham, aged 73; Bernard Cotta, distinguished German geologist, aged 71; the Very Rev. Charles L. H. Carter, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, aged 76; Daniel Drew, aged 82; Victor Le Duc, French architect, aged 65; the Rev. R. H. Neale, D.D., of Boston, oldest Baptist minister in New England, aged 73; the Rev. D. R. Thomasen, ecclesiastical writer, of Harlem, N. Y., aged 80.

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VIEW OF THE FIELD AT THE "MEET."



HUNTSMAN AND PACK EN ROUTE FOR THE "MEET."



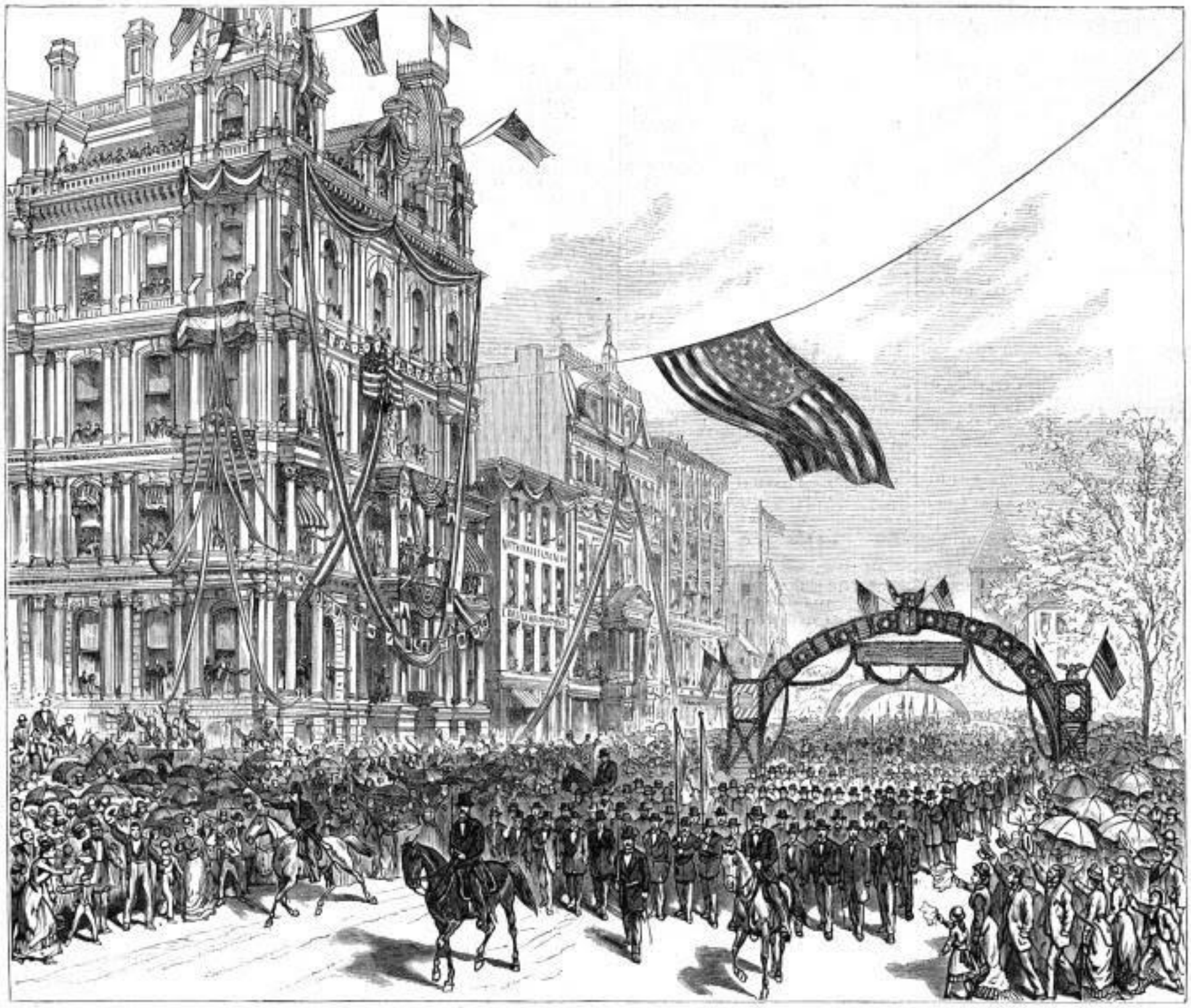
A SPILL FOR SOMEBODY.



AFTER THE HUNT—RETURNING HOME.

RHODE ISLAND.—LAST MEET FOR THE SEASON OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY HUNT AT SOUTHWICK'S GROVE, NEAR NEWPORT, SEPTEMBER 12TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 75.

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CONNECTICUT.—INAUGURATION OF BATTLE-FLAG DAY AT HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 17TH.—THE PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE MAIN ARCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 75.

THE LATE DANIEL DREW.

THE venerable Daniel Drew died suddenly at the residence of his son in East Forty-second Street, New York City, on Thursday evening, September 18th, after complaining of a severe pain in his heart. He was born in Carmel, Putnam County, N. Y., on July 29th, 1797, his father being a farmer, who was able to give him only the ordinary district school education of the period. When seventeen years of age he hired himself out as a substitute for a drafted garrison soldier, his company being stationed at Fort Ganseroort, on the Hudson. When peace was declared, Daniel returned on foot to Carmel, and with the little money he had saved purchased a few head of cattle, which he drove to New York and sold at a good profit. He continued to deal as a cattle speculator, gradually extending his business, and always meeting with success. His purchases were made in the rich grazing country around the head-waters of the Croton, and his customers met him at stated times at a once celebrated cattle-yard, on a part of which the Bowery Theatre now stands. Among those who dealt with him was Henry Astor, a brother of John Jacob Astor, but everywhere better known as "Butcher Astor." From him Drew borrowed a few thousand dollars in 1829, and entered more extensively into the cattle trade. He became the largest dealer in the northern country, and leased the old Bull's Head Tavern, at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, where he reigned for some years as King of the Drovers, and won a reputation as a landlord second to that of no publican in the land. His career was one of uninterrupted prosperity; and when, in 1835, Isaac Newton, the Hudson River steamboat pioneer, cast about for a partner, Drew came forward, and the two established a line of steamers between New York and Albany, in opposition to a line run by Cornelius, then plain Captain, Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt was charging $3 fare from New York to Albany. At Drew's suggestion five new boats were added to Newton's line in rapid succession, and the fare was put down to a dollar. Vanderbilt saw that in Daniel Drew he had a long-headed opponent to deal with; so he proposed that the two



THE LATE DANIEL DREW.



SIGNOR ALESSANDRO LIBERATI, CORNET SOLOIST.—SEE PAGE 75.



MAJOR R. J. C. MAUSER, THE CAPTOR OF CETEWAYO.—SEE PAGE 75.

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lines should be consolidated. His proposition was accepted, and out of the compromise grew the well-known "People's Line," of which Isaac Newton was the first president and Daniel Drew the treasurer. On the death of Newton, Drew became president.

To follow the career of Mr. Drew through all his great and sometimes marvelous stock and bond operations—now with a "split" and then with a "fancy"; now with a "trunk" and again with an insignificant "side" line of railway; now as a director in half a dozen roads and next as a wrecker of the very same enterprises—would be to follow and describe transactions with which even the present generation is not unfamiliar, and which in narrative would fill a volume. His career was like that of almost every other "railway king" who had preceded him, and like that of many associates who did not have always the luck or prudence of a Vanderbilt. There have been several years during which he was both a pauper and a millionaire and the idol and the execration of the Street.

Twelve years ago there began a series of stock complications in Harlem, Erie and Western railways into which he was either drawn or pushed, and which were accompanied by litigations that also concerned the late James Fisk, Jr., and Mr. Jay Gould and the late Commodore Vanderbilt. These complications and suits not only worried but finally impoverished the veteran operator, then turned of seventy years of age. His daily life for several years was one of struggle and turmoil, and it finally ended in his bankruptcy and in not a little personal humiliation at the suit of creditors, and, indeed, old friends and recipients of his favors.

Mr. Drew, from an early age, identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church; in a more marked degree as his wealth accumulated. In his native village he erected a stone church at a cost of $20,000; also a church at Sharon, a few miles distant. To the church in New York of which he was a member he contributed $50,000. But it is in connection with the founding of the Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, N. J., that his name is most widely known in religious circles. At the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, Daniel Drew announced his intention of appropriating the sum of $500,000 in order to found the seminary. One hundred and fifty acres of land and appropriate buildings were purchased, other buildings were added, and the seminary was soon in successful operation.

Mr. Drew always displayed the greatest interest in the institution, though he very wisely abstained from any personal interference in its government.

THEATRICALS.

MONDAY, October 20th, is likely to be numbered in the kalends, far on that date the monarch of managers, Colonel Mapleson, commences his operatic season at the Academy of Music. With Colonel Mapleson a promise means a promise; and the manner in which he kept faith with the public last season, despite the host of difficulties that beset him, and before which any ordinary *impresario* would have gone under, speaks with trumpet tongue. He has arranged to bring before the American public the best available talent from Europe, including nearly every leading vocalist, and, with true artistic perception, has made provision that the minor rôles shall be "excellently well filled," so as to insure a perfect ensemble. He has increased the strength of his magnificent chorus, while his superb orchestra, under the magic baton of Arditi, has also received considerable reinforcement. We shall again be enchanted with the marvelous vocalization of Gerster, while a *débutante*, so far as this country is concerned, and over whom the musical critics gush rapturously, Mlle. Alwina Valeria, is announced. The other *prime donne soprani* are Mlle. Lido, Mlle. Robiati, Mlle. Stecchi and Mme. Emilie Ambré. The *prime donne contralti* are Mme. Lablache and Mlle. Annie Louise Cary. The tenors are the ever-welcome Campanini, and Signori Aramburo, Runcio, Rinaldini and Grazzi. The baritones are Del Puente, Revere and Galassi, while the bassi include M. David, of the Grand Opera, Paris, Herr Behrens—what a voice!—and Signori Monti and Tobaldi, and Mr. Broderick, all unknown to Gotham. "La Traviata" opens the season with Runcio's *Alfredo*, Galassi's *Germont*, and Emilie Ambre's *Violetta*. It speaks well for the good taste and æstheticism of the Empire City that New York is already deep in the box-office books. To Colonel Mapleson something even more than a bumper is unequivocally due.

To Mr. Max Maretzek we shall be indebted for the production of an American opera, which will be performed for the first time on any stage at the Academy of Music, on Saturday, the 27th inst. The opera, in three acts, is entitled, "Sleepy Hollow," the libretto being founded on Washington Irving's inimitable story. The first act will consist of an introductory chorus—song of Van Ness (baritone); entrance of Ichabod Crane and the ballad of the "Headless Horseman"; entrance of Frau Van Spyrten (contralto)—chorus and concerted piece; ballad of Brom Bones (tenor); aria and chorus of Katrina Van Tassell (soprano); finale of first act—country dance, chorus, storm on the Hudson, appearance of the Headless Horseman. In the second act we have a pastoral: a spinning song—Katrina Van Tassell; a duet, Katrina Van Tassell and Brom Bones; a melodrama-duet—Captain Kidd and Ichabod Crane, with a chorus of pirates, fairies and demons, and roundelay of Fairy Queen and concerted piece. The third act contains a drinking-song, of which those who are behind the scenes speak in terms of enthusiastic praise. The production of "Sleepy Hollow" should prove a landmark in the annals of our stage, and we look forward with considerable interest to the ringing in of the opera.

PARALYSIS,

Which so often arrests the steps of business men and hard brain-workers after they have passed middle life, might in most cases be prevented by an occasional use of COMPOUND OXYGEN. Nature usually gives a timely warning of the approach of danger from this direction, and they are wise who heed it. Get our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," and learn all about this new cure. It is sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FUN.

A REVENUE cutter—ye clipper of coupons.

THERE is a 'bus-y time at railroad depots when the trains arrive.

THE latest thing in carpets is the moth that took up his abode there while the mistress was off summering.

SOW all the wild oats you have on hand between now and January 1st. Then—why, do as you did last January.

PHYSICIAN (to Government Clerk): "Well, what do you complain of?" *G. C.*: "Sleeplessness, doctor." *Physician*: "At what time do you go to bed?" *G. C.*: "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours!"

SANDY, delighted with his countrymen for having won the Elcho shield: "Oh, ay, I was quite sure they wid get it this time!" *Pat*: "An' sure an' we wid bate ye chane if we had Volunteers in Ireland an' got practice." *Sandy*: "I'm sharr ye needna complain o' want o' practice; ye get plenty o' that, shoocin' landlords."

"HERE, sergeant, arrest me!" ejaculated an excited individual, as he rushed into the nearest station-house. "I have shot a man; he is, perhaps, dead by this time, and I have come to give myself up." "Well! if this isn't too much!" said the indignant officer. "Now, you go home, I tell you, and mind your own business and wait till we find you."

EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN had been absent a long while from Albany. He suddenly returned, and was seen walking up the aisle of his favorite church with his large party of friends. The eloquent clergyman was in the midst of reading the scriptural selection, and just as the long-missed and much-gazed-at Governor reached his pew the good preacher loudly cried: "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep I had lost!" It is believed that the Governor wished at that moment that his favorite preacher were not so good an elocutionist.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A NEW system of protection has been devised which, without doubt, will supersede old life insurance, securing its members as effectually as a national bank bill is secured, and in a similar manner, giving perfect security for the first time in the annals of life insurance. It is indorsed by the highest insurance authority—the Hon. Elizur Wright. The following letter from the Insurance Commissioner of Tennessee is conclusive evidence of its superiority:

"The safety-fund system of the Mutual Benefit Life Company, of Hartford, combines the cheapness of the co-operative societies, with a strength, security and soundness heretofore unknown in life insurance. M. T. POLK,
"Treasurer and Insurance Commissioner of Tennessee."

THE SPIRAL DESCENSOR.

TESTIMONIALS FROM CHIEF ENGINEERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 13th, 1879.

WE, the undersigned, Chief Engineers and delegates to the Seventh Annual Convention of the National Association of Fire Engineers, take pleasure in testifying to the utility and simplicity of the Standard Portable Fire Escape or Spiral Descensor, manufactured by the firm of De Lamotte & Marchand, 240 Broadway, N. Y., and was exhibited before us by Edward J. La Place. Several descents were made from the roof and windows of the Biggs House and other hotels, descending with ease and safety and rapidity. The apparatus is simple, easily understood and managed, and from what we saw we can heartily recommend the SPIRAL DESCENSOR as a safe and sure means of descent to the ground from the upper parts of hotels, factories and dwellings, and we are glad to give these gentlemen this approbation and certificate. A. C. Hendricks, New Haven, Conn.; W. Nixon, Newburg, N. Y.; George W. Frantz, Louisville, Ky.; John A. Bennett, Cleveland, Ohio; W. H. Johnson, Philadelphia; John Gallahan, Omaha, Nebraska; H. Heinmiller, Columbus, Ohio; W. Stockell, Nashville, Tenn.; Isaac B. Mackey, New York; R. E. Kinney, South Norwalk, Conn.; S. S. Dollyer, Pawtucket, R. I.; W. M. Brackett, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. N. Jeffries, Burlington, N. J.; I. P. Deatrich, Defiance, Ohio; Almon Boys, Ithaca, N. Y.; John D. Paige, Marshall, Joliet, Ill.; P. Loyd, Vicksburg, Miss.; I. N. Evans, Pittsburg; —— Sulwinsle, Chicago; Henry Hills, Secretary, Dallas.

The Spiral Descensor referred to above is the same which was so successfully exhibited from the *Tribune* building's tower, in this city, a few days since, and was the only portable fire-escape recommended at the convention. Descents were made from a six-story house in forty-nine seconds.

WEAKNESS and sickness changed to health and treugth with HOP BITTERS, always.

THE fame of the ST. NICHOLAS hotel is known from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. This great reputation has been purchased by the utmost care and study of the most fastidious wants of guests. The same superb table and appointments exist to-day, and every modern improvement is kept pace with by the indefatigable manager who caters for the public pleasure. From foreign tourist to commercial traveler there is one voice of praise of this great caravansary. Special attention is called to the moderate rates.

A LUCKY TWAIN.

A TAILOR AND A YOUNG LADY DRUGGIST DRAW THE SECOND CAPITAL PRIZE IN THE ELEVENTH DRAWING OF THE COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.—NEXT DRAWING SEPTEMBER 30TH.

LOUISVILLE, KY., September 3d, 1879.—This will certify that we jointly held ticket No. 33,366, which drew the second capital prize of $10,000 in the eleventh drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, August 30th, and the same was promptly paid on presentation by check on Third National Bank of Louisville, Ky.
V. E. MOSHER, No. 40 Main Street.
ALGENE VANDERCEPT, No. 202 Preston Street.

Next drawing September 30th, the same splendid scheme, viz.: $112,400 in cash prizes. Tickets, only $2; Half Tickets, $1. Send orders at once to T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, *Courier-Journal* Building, Louisville, Ky., or same at 163 Broadway, New York.

PROFESSOR GEORGE M. ANGELL, of Boston, made, at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association at Saratoga, a startling exhibit of the extent to which many of the common articles of food and drink are adulterated. In wines no security of purity is found, except in the standard American brands, like the "AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne of A. WERNER & Co. of this city. No harmful ingredient has ever been found under the most searching analysis in this well-known wine, which has received the unqualified indorsement of the ablest physicians and chemists.

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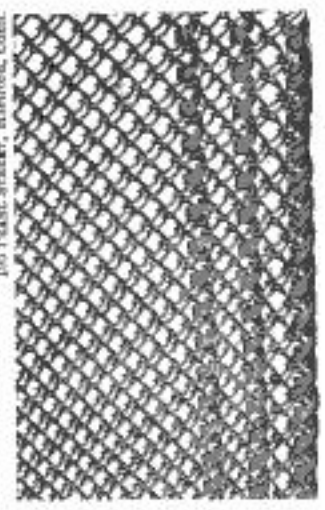
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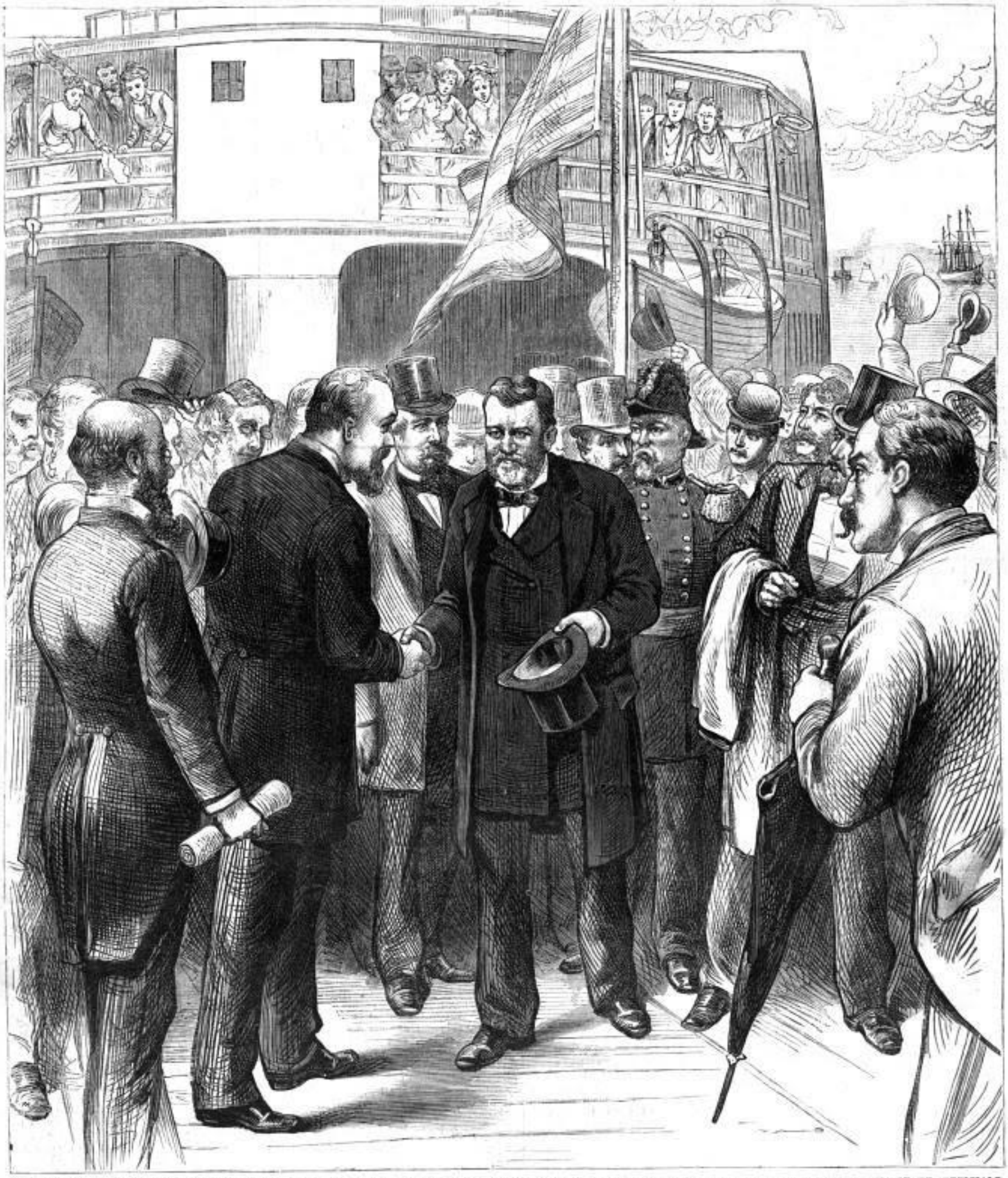
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CALIFORNIA.—THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND SUITE AT SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 20TH.—MAYOR BRYANT AND THE CITY AND STATE OFFICIALS RECEIVING THE EX-PRESIDENT AT THE MARKET STREET WHARF.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.

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THE RAILROAD PROBLEM.

IT will doubtless be within the recollection of many readers that a citizen of Connecticut, in an article contributed only a few years ago to the *Atlantic Monthly*, explained with great minuteness of detail "What it costs to fight a railroad." For what he conceived to be violence and wrong done to his person by the conductor of a passenger train, he entered suit for damages in the court of the State appropriately charged with jurisdiction in the premises. His suit was traversed at every step and stage of its progress by the president of the company, who did not hesitate to admit that in doing so he meant not only to contest the pending claim for damages, but to discourage all litigation against the railroad corporation by making it a luxury too expensive for the average citizen to indulge in, and by thus inculcating, as a useful lesson in economics, that it is better for individuals to endure with patience the wrongdoing of a railroad company than to seek for a remedy in the courts of justice.

The old saying that a corporation has neither a soul to save nor a body to kick is abundantly illustrated in the history of American railroads by the fruitless curses poured on the former and the impotent kicks aimed at the latter by passengers and patrons who suppose themselves to have just grounds of complaint. As the express contract made between the State which charters a railroad company and the company which receives the charter carries with it an implied contract that the company shall deal with customers on the principle of justice and equity, it is plain that a thousand points of contact may arise where these principles are liable to infringement in the practical operations of the road. When we recall the complexity of modern life and consider how much of its movement is due to "the iron rivers," as railroads have been called, we are in a position to appreciate the intricacy and at the same time the breadth and depth of the relations which exist between the railway and modern civilization.

It need not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that the railroad question has come to the front in our current politics. The only wonder is that it should have been so slow and late in emerging into its due prominence. The "Granger movement" which recently crept through the West was a dumb and misguided expression of an unrest that was felt by the whole community. If the leaders in this movement did but beat the air it was because they dealt their angry blows at the railroads without knowing where and how to strike, and so became guilty, in another way, of the very injustice which excited their wrath.

It is plain that the conditions of the railroad problem in the United States must be carefully studied before our rulers in Congress or elsewhere attempt any solution which is entitled to stand the test of scientific scrutiny and of experience. The example of Great Britain—and Mr. Robert Carter has fairly cited that example in the last number of the *North American Review*—may have much to teach us, but our problem must be worked out on our own ground. Both the political and territorial conditions of the problem are more complex in the United States than in Great Britain. The unity of the British Government and the omnipotency of Parliament combine with the compactness of the British railroad system to make the supervision and regulation of the latter a comparatively simple and easy task. For our great trunk lines, running across the continent or over the territory of two or more States, we must needs have a national system of inspection and government, while for exclusively State lines of railroad we must have a State legislation and control. The eternal question of State Rights and of Federal supremacy follows us here, for it is a question implicated in the entire theory of our complex and interdependent political system.

Meanwhile we are glad to know that the question in its Federal and in its municipal relations is under discussion in Congress and in our State Legislatures. The "Reagan Bill," reported and debated in the last House of Representatives, is an index of the discussion in the former, and the legislation already established under this head by States like Massachusetts, and the legislative inquiry already instituted under this same head by States like New York, are signs of a similar agitation which is prevailing in the minds of the people.

Of course, it is easy for demagogues and for political sophisters to give to this agitation the direction of an organized attack upon capital and on confederated wealth embodied in corporations. But any agitation of this kind will play into the hands of capitalists and of monopolists, for it will array on their side the conservative sense of the community precisely in the degree in which they are attacked by a communistic spirit, or a spirit which savors of communism. A railroad company has property rights which the State and the nation, within their respective spheres, are bound to respect, as the people of the State and of the nation have a right of supervision and regulation over the railroads which hold their corporate franchises and privileges as a public trust.

It would be a great point gained if "the sunlight of publicity" could be let in on the operations of every railroad company in the land. The examination now going on into the railway system of New York, as conducted by a committee of the State Legislature, has already disclosed a multitude of abuses which cry aloud for correction and of weak points which call for strengthening. The "cutting of rates" on the great East and West trunk lines leads, at the caprice of a few "railroad kings," to disturbances and anomalies which perplex and confuse the natural laws of trade, and sometimes it seems that these railroad wars may be precipitated within narrower limits by the caprice (or worse) of a local freight agent. And the fact that these "railroad kings" and "freight agents" betray such an ignorance, when put on the witness stand, respecting the profit and loss of their lines, or the grounds on which their through rates and local rates are graduated, would be in itself a sufficient justification for establishing a public scrutiny over all railroads, that the public may know not only what it pays, but what it *ought* to pay for railroad transportation.

GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION.

THE reception of General Grant in San Francisco appears to have been entirely free from partisan manipulation. All mere party lines and prejudices seem to have been blotted out in the heartiness of the enthusiasm with which the distinguished American was welcomed to his native land. Considering how prone political managers are to turn all popular demonstrations to their own account, the exception in this instance is especially notable and commendable. General Grant himself apparently accepted the honors done him in the spirit in which they were rendered, and there is no reason to suppose, from anything he has said or done, that he regarded the ovation as having the least political significance. All accounts agree that he has not at any time, or in any way, discussed the question of his nomination for the Presidency, and until there shall be proof to the contrary, his statement to Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Premier, that he would not be a candidate, must be accepted as indicative of his final wishes in the matter. Just now the irreconcilables of the South are doing more than anybody else to make his nomination possible, and if public sentiment should ever come to regard that result as desirable, it will be due largely to the influence of events like the Yazoo assassination which seem to show a necessity for a more vigorously executive policy than has latterly been pursued. We need scarcely say that, in our opinion, the adjustment of party lines in the next national canvass on any such basis as this—the resurrection and revival, in fact, of the sectional passions and exasperations of the war period—would be a deplorable misfortune. Any party, or section, or class, which contributes to such a result will assuredly provoke the stern condemnation of all patriotic men of this and coming generations.

ENGLISH LAND.

THE agricultural distress that has prevailed for the past year in Great Britain has sharply and suddenly called attention to the abuses of the English land system. The alarm and apprehensions aroused by the inability of the English farmer to compete with imported products has been but too well founded, and the additional calamity of poor crops, which has visited England this year, has served to seriously intensify the evil. Here and there a noble landlord has been gracious enough to reduce, or even remit temporarily, the rents of his tenant farmers; but this remedy has been confined to a few localities, and even if it had been universally applied, would only have a trifle bettered the present deplorable condition of the agricultural class. It is becoming recognized that a more sweeping and drastic change must be effected before the old-time prosperity of the English farmer can be restored. The landed interest in Parliament, thoroughly alarmed at the prospect, hastened, under the lead of Mr. Chaplin, to cause a commission to be created to inquire into the causes of agricultural distress; and towards the end of the session there were faint mutterings of the necessity of returning, after all, to a protective policy in the matter of breadstuff and cattle imports. But England has gone too far on the highway of free trade to retreat. She has vaunted it as a great moral standpoint in economical policy; and to propose seriously a return to protection would be to arouse all the formidable hostility of the manufacturing interests which, in England, have long since outstripped in political power those of the farmer. During the debate on the appointment of a commission, John Bright, with all his old brave boldness and ringing eloquence, touched upon the vital cause of the agricultural distress, and sounded the land question to its depths. He had the courage to stand up in an assembly full of British landlords, and to point with warning finger to the land laws which had been placed on the statute-book by landed proprietors to protect their acres from alienation as that cause. These laws have not only kept the land from free circulation for centuries, but they have created and built up the patrician power which is omnipotent in the House of Lords, and is still predominant, at least, in the House of Commons.

It is true that the land laws are not so stringent and restrictive as they were half a century ago. The great electoral reforms of 1832 and 1867 have served to make serious breaches in the bulwarks which hedged about British acres. No longer does the law of primogeniture compel the retention of an estate in the hands of the eldest sons and heirs; no longer can a patrician landlord decree that his estate shall remain *in perpetuo* in the possession of his eldest descendants. Primogeniture is now mainly voluntary; a man can or not, as he pleases, leave all his real estate to his eldest son; but the prescriptive principle still remains. The present law of entail permits the landowner to tie up his land so that it cannot be alienated "for a life in living, and twenty-one years after." That is, he can entail it upon his eldest or other son, and tied-up it must remain until that son has been twenty-one years dead. There is, however, one method by which the entail on an estate may be dissolved; this can be done by the possessor and his heir uniting in a deed breaking the entail. It may then be sold, and reach the general market. This was a concession wrung from the landlord power by the great newly-enfranchised constituencies; and surely it was little enough, considering the absolute necessity to England that her limited amount of land should be absolutely free.

Under the prescriptions of primogeniture and entail, even under the modified forms we have described, English land is withheld, in vast areas, from cultivation. The island teems with an overcrowded population; the soil now tilled in England cannot begin to fill the mouths of its swarming millions. Meanwhile, thousands of rich, arable acres are used for hunting forests and pleasure-parks, meadows lying perpetually unused, and expanses devoted to picturesque effects. Were entail abolished, were land to become free, these acres would fast come into the market; a race of independent small proprietors would be created, the price of land would fall, purchasers would crowd in, the cost of raising breadstuffs and live cattle would be lessened, and relief would slowly but surely come to the distressed agriculturist as well as to the artisan who needs and must have cheap bread and beef. Now, the United States, entering their food-products at British ports free of duty, are able to undersell the native producers. American beef and flour are pouring in, and the English farmer finds that, paying high rents and forcing all he can from the soil, the fruits of his labor are left on his hands or must be sold at an actual sacrifice.

Everything points to the speedy rise of a formidable agitation on the land problem. The Radicals, who at present exercise a large influence in Liberal counsels, are sure to demand broad concessions from the landlord interest; and the Marquis of Hartington, the Liberal chief, has shown some tendency to yield a good deal to their demands. The total abolition of the law of entail, the free circulation of land in the market, a more liberal arrangement of the relations of landlord and tenant, are likely to constitute a political programme to be strenuously urged in the near future. On the other hand, we may expect to see the growth of a party in favor of protection, among the landed proprietors. There can be no question which of these political elements will finally prevail. The contest will be a bitter one; but it is certain that, sooner or later, English land will be released from its restrictions, and its acres thrown open to the free competition of husbandry.

THE AFGHAN SITUATION.

THE British forces in Afghanistan have been put in motion for Cabul. The main body of 6,500 men will be supported by a reserve force of 4,000, charged with maintaining the communications between the advancing columns and Northwestern India, and apparently every possible precaution against surprise has been adopted. But the country to be traversed is one of great difficulties and perils, and if the wild tribes should offer a really stubborn resistance, the invading force will not find the task assigned it an easy one. Should the Ameer be playing a part, as is suspected by some of the British officials, but which he stoutly denies, the embarrassments of the situation will be sensibly increased. Meanwhile, some of the British journals are speaking out in very vigorous terms as to the whole Afghanistan business. *Vanity Fair*, for instance, uses this decisive language as to the outlook:

"Assuming all difficulties to be overcome, what next? Assuming that we have burnt Cabul to the ground and exterminated its inhabitants, what are we to do then? Are we to march back again once more, exterminating as we go, and calling extermination making a lasting peace? Or are we now to annex the whole of Afghanistan up to Herat, duly transporting our present Indian army to Jellalabad, Cabul and Ghuzni, and leaving the British rule in India to be supported by our own very trusting and loving allies, the princes now representing the Mahratta and the Mogul? Or are we to raise another army and keep it on foot, and to depend on the ability of the natives to pay four times as much taxes as they do at present in order to maintain the constant wars and insurrections which this new and magnificent annexation will render chronic? For it must be noted that the Afghans, who, as we boasted, were cowed by our successes, are choosing the exact moment to rise when we are in force on their frontiers.

"The chain of cause and effect as between a succession of Afghan campaigns and an uprising throughout India against the English rule is fearfully shortened now to what it was forty years ago. The crash may come next week, or next month, or even next year; but the truth must be spoken in undisguised language: the allegiance of the Empress-Queen's Eastern subjects hangs by the very slightest thread, and with its severance will come such distress upon these islands as the darkest prophet of evil can scarcely put into fitting language."

The view here taken as to the perils which menace the British rule in India, and the possibilities of the future in regard to it, is shared by many of the most sagacious statesmen of Great Britain; but in the interests of civilization and humanity, it is to be hoped that their forebodings may never be realized.

JUDGES, JURIES AND CRIMINALS.

WHILE the tenacity with which modern peoples cling to ancient institutions is one of the sources of their power, it also often perpetuates considerable evils. To this inherent trait of mind England owes her game laws, primogeniture and established church. Happily we are free from these ancestral legacies, but we retain the old Anglo-Saxon institution of trial by jury, the efficacy of which has been long questioned by many sound thinkers, who are inclined to believe, with the late Judge Oakley, that, as the garments of the boy are not calculated to fit the man without considerable alterations, so an institution that was adopted for a state of society a thousand years ago fails to answer the purpose now. Chancellor Kent said that "law was a greater lottery than marriage, and that between judge and jury no man could be sure of justice, even when the evidence seemed clearest," for when to the ignorance, prejudice and possible corruption of twelve men, constituting the jury, you add the disturbing, bewildering and often erroneous influence of the judge's summing up, the public stand a very remote chance of a just verdict. Herein lies the cause of so much delay in legal proceedings, since the victims, if they possess the means, will not tamely submit to be wronged in this fashion, and demand new trials, which by postponing the result weakens the force of example upon which the efficacy of justice is founded.

Years ago Lord Brougham brought this subject before the House of Commons, and moved for a committee to revise the old system, but that slavery to traditional ways which forms so strong an element in the British character was too powerful to be overthrown. In the course of his argument he related numerous instances of the stupidity and corruption of juries, and of the one-sided charges of the presiding judges. One will suffice as a sample. In a certain county, famous for its fox-hunting proclivities, a farmer, much given to that sport, hung a pair of newly pipe-clayed breeches in his garden to dry. During the night they were stolen. Provoked at the loss, he resolved to risk another pair to catch the thief. Doing so, he watched, gun in hand, ready to shoot the offender when he made his appearance. About midnight he saw a man stealthily approach the bush on which the garment was hanging, and, just as he had secured the prize, the farmer fired, and the thief fell dead with the ill-gotten spoils in his possession. When, on his own confession, the farmer was tried for manslaughter, the verdict of the jury was: "We

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find the deceased guilty of stealing a pair of leather breeches." Lord Brougham did not say whether the Judge's charge had confused the jury or not, or whether it was the natural stupidity of twelve men chosen at random, with a strong leaning in favor of the man on trial.

Preposterous as this may seem, verdicts equally strange and unjust are given every day in our courts of law, and it is plainly the duty of the Legislature to devise some means to simplify and amend our present system of jury trials, which enables men of a litigious or scheming nature to harass honest men with unjust and vexatious lawsuits.

As we write we observe a case in England which illustrates the present system. In the trial of one Maynewaring, in Derby, for the murder of a policeman, the jury was unable to agree, six being for willful murder and six for manslaughter. After nearly a day's discussion without any result, it was agreed to draw lots, the holder of a blank card to decide. The drawer, however, lacked moral courage to give a decision, and it was finally decided to toss up, which was done, and the man's life was, so to speak, tossed away. So much for this ancient mode of justice, which, as administered at present, is the terror of the good and the safeguard of the criminal.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THERE is an active arrangement of "slates" among the European politicians. Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy have come to an agreement that the interests of Germany and Austro-Hungary are identical, and that the political aspect of Europe is such that it is believed the two empires will be able to assert those interests, maintaining at the same time peaceful relations with other countries. Salisbury and Waddington have reached an understanding as to the Greek and Egyptian questions, and will act in concert. The result in the former case will be that Austria will pursue her occupation of Bosnia without interruption, and will finally annex, at her own pleasure, the territory she occupies. The alliance embodies, too, a menace against Italy, which looks with discontent upon Austrian aggrandizement, and will some day demand the surrender of her territory now held in the Austrian clutch. Russia, of course, cannot look with complacency upon any consolidation of the German-speaking peoples, and the alliance will be accepted by her as a pretty distinct intimation that Bismarck means to gradually separate her from the rest of Europe, meanwhile holding in check all her schemes to acquire a controlling influence in continental politics. It is stated that Prince Gortschakoff will have an early interview with the Prussian Premier, with the view of correcting any existing misunderstandings. Queen Victoria is said to have written to the Emperor of Austria expressing gratification at the consolidation of good relations between Austria and Germany.

Prince Bismarck has caused an appeal to be made in his behalf to the Prussian electors, in which Catholics, Liberals, the military and upper classes, are assured that their interests will be promoted by returning to the next Landtag "an overwhelming body of members who, on the ground of common economical endeavors, have full sympathy with the Prince and the Government in their efforts for German economical reform." Assurances of mutual good feeling have recently been exchanged between Germany and France, and the existing cordial relations are not likely to be disturbed.

The German Envoy to Japan seems determined to provoke a collision with the Mikado. Recently he directed a German steamer to break the cholera quarantine established at Yokohama. The result has been that Japan is changing the regulations concerted between her and the Christian Powers, and fresh complications cannot well be avoided, as the insolence of the German representative has been increased rather than abated by this proceeding. The United States Minister sides with Japan, and General Grant is known to have expressed himself strongly in favor of her right to make such quarantine regulations as she might consider proper.

It really begins to look as if the system of slavery in Cuba is doomed to destruction. Late advices state that twelve owners of plantations have emancipated their slaves, several thousands in all, and contracted with them for their services for five years, and the indications are that other owners will follow this example. It is said that a number of Deputies in the Spanish Cortes intend to urge the immediate abolition of slavery in the island, without indemnity to the owners, and, with the process of voluntary emancipation already in progress, positive legislation of the character proposed may possibly be enacted much sooner than has been expected.

Russia has encountered a serious check in her campaign against the Turcomans, her advanced column having been defeated at Geok Tepe, with the loss of 700 killed, and compelled to fall back on Beurma. The event derives its importance mainly from the consideration that the objective point of this expedition was supposed to be Merv or Herat, from either of which the Russians would have an effective base of operations against Persia or the British in Afghanistan. But the check is not likely to change the Russian policy as to Central Asia. Similar expeditions have been beaten back by the Turcomans, who are sturdy fighters, in the past; but the determination to secure possession of Merv has never been for an instant abandoned, and the grim persistence which has survived former disasters will rise superior to that now reported, which, indeed, may not, after all, affect the main Russian column, some 20,000 strong.

The terms upon which peace has been concluded in South Africa are given elsewhere. They are such as were to be expected under the circumstances; while nominally leaving the sovereignty of the chiefs intact, they are really made the subjects of Great Britain, which ultimately, no doubt, will absorb all this territory, and make of it, perhaps, a new Australia, for the occupation of the surplus population of the United Kingdom. Cetywayo is a prisoner at Cape Town.—The situation in Burmah does not improve. The King is intemperate, brutal, and has a pronounced dislike for foreigners. The presence of the British Resident has had no effect whatever in checking the cruelties practiced by the Court, and it is understood that he will leave with his party at the first favorable opportunity.—There has been a suspension of hostilities between the Egyptians and Abyssinians, and the latter have withdrawn their troops from the Egyptian frontier.—News comes from Stanley, the explorer, to the 3d of September, on which date he started from Sierra Leone for the exploration of the river Congo.—Two distinguished German geographers, Drs. Graefe and Grasser, have been sent to Africa by the German government on a scientific mission.—Colonel Mapleson and the principal members of his opera company sailed from Liverpool for New York, September 25th.—A banquet was given at Paris, last week, in honor of the Hon. Fernando Wood by the promoters of the Franco-American treaty of commerce.—Prince Jerome Napoleon is to go to Chiselhurst to visit the ex-Empress Eugénie prior to her visit to Scotland, whither she goes at Queen Victoria's invitation.

THERE appears to be a disposition among the Southern Democracy to favor the nomination of some other candidate than Mr. Tilden for the Presidency. A number of the leading party organs are urging the selection of General Hancock, and it seems now as if the distinguished Pennsylvanian may prove a formidable competitor for the preference of that section in the National Convention. But it would be a very unsafe proceeding to undertake to foretell precisely, at this stage of the game, who will come out winner in the end.

THE records of the *Herald* Weather Service for the first six months of the present year show that of the storm warnings cabled to Europe, eighty per cent. were completely and twenty partly fulfilled. The value of such a service to the commerce and agriculture of Great Britain cannot be overestimated, and the fact that it is voluntarily and gratuitously performed challenges, not unnaturally, the highest commendation from foreign scientists and students of meteorology. The proprietor of the *Herald* has contributed largely to the promotion of scientific discovery and geographical exploration in other fields, but in none have the results achieved more fully justified his confidence and liberality than in this.

THE North Carolina papers are wisely urging the establishment of small cotton factories at the more available points throughout the State. Such factories pay elsewhere in the South, and it would seem that the industry, by a proper utilization of resources, might be made a foremost factor in the development of the prosperity of that section. The Wilmington *Star* sums up its argument on the subject thus: "We have the cotton, the water-power, the labor and even the capital. The prosperity of a State depends no little upon the diversity of crops and the multiplicity of industries. New England has grown immensely rich by its manufactures. Let North Carolina awake to its true interests and try small cotton factories."

A DECISION has just been given by Judge Deady, of the United States Court in Oregon, which practically annuls all existing laws and ordinances in that State prohibiting the employment of Chinese labor. The case before the court turned upon the right of a municipality to enforce, in a contract for certain public work, a stipulation that Chinese workmen should not be employed, and the Judge held, "The right to reside in a foreign country implies the right to labor for a living, and a State has no power to interfere with or in any way limit the operation of a treaty of the United States." Whenever this question shall be squarely met in California, the same decision will, no doubt, be rendered, and the new constitution of that State will, as to this matter, be declared inoperative and void. The Oregon case is to be carried to the United States Supreme Court in December, and an early and final determination of the whole question may therefore be reasonably anticipated.

KEARNEY is coming to New York to speak for "the Labor Party." This party seems to be pretty thoroughly saturated with the doctrines and ideas of the Sand lot faction in California. Thus, in a letter to Kearney, the secretary of the organization says: "We are organized on your platform and are devout believers in the principles enunciated in the new constitution of the State of California." And then the writer adds this startling revelation: "The fight for the Governorship of New York is a struggle between the Central and Erie Railroads. Tom Scott, the Pennsylvania Railroad king, owns the legislative, executive and judiciary branches of the Pennsylvania Government. The question the political managers have brought up for the decision of the people is, What railway king will own the Government of New New York." There can be no doubt that Kearney will be perfectly at home in a crowd which can see in the present contest no other or higher issue than that here stated.

IT is said that the United States Grand Jury which is shortly to meet in Salt Lake City will investigate the secrets of the Endowment House, where all polygamous marriages are consummated. The United States District Attorney has been instructed to proceed with a vigorous prosecution of every case presented, and all the evidence which can be obtained from the records of the institution will be used in support of the position of the Government. A test case having already been made with a male Mormon, it is now proposed to make another of a female polygamist, the reputed husbands to be called as witnesses. Should the woman be claimed as a wife she will be prosecuted; should the husbands disclaim her, the illegitimacy of her relationship will be established. It is believed that the moral effect of such a proceeding would be to diminish the further immigration of polygamists, since even the most fanatical would scarcely care to hazard the disgrace and ostracism which such a decision would invoke.

THERE is a probability that something practical will be done during the coming Winter and Spring to so improve the sanitary condition of Memphis as to make the city habitable. It is proposed by the principal property-owners to institute a proper system of sewerage, to take up and remove the rotten Nicholson pavement, and to clean out the bayou upon which the city is situated, all of which, it is believed, can be done at an expense equal to a tax of three per cent. upon the property liable to taxation. Owing to the absence of a system of sewerage, the inhabitants of the city now inhale constantly the foul and poisonous odors of seven thousand outhouses; and until this source of disease and contagion is removed it will be simply impossible to escape epidemic visitations. It is amazing that steps for the purification of the city, in accordance with established sanitary laws, were not taken years ago, but as the work has been delayed, it is to be hoped that when at last undertaken it will be done thoroughly and satisfactorily.

IN his letter accepting the Republican nomination for Governor of New York, Mr. Cornell favors a readjustment of public expenditures, many of which, established during the period of inflation and fixed at rates extravagant now, have become needless burdens upon the taxpayers, and condemns the onerous discriminations which unequal tax laws impose upon our citizens. He says further:

"Particular attention is due also to growing dissatisfaction among the farmers, merchants and other business men of the State in regard to railroad and other corporate institutions. Corporations created by law, exercise within their charters delegated functions, and are subject to the supervision of the power from which they derive their being. Originally endowed for the public benefit, they have no warrant to discriminate against the rights of any class or portion of the people; especially they should not discriminate against the interests of the citizens of New York and in favor of those of other States. The unexampled development of our State and of the country beyond its borders has, in many instances, vastly increased the value of these franchises, the recipients of which should recognize a just accountability to the sovereignty which endowed them with such great and valuable privileges. Legislation adapted to the preservation of the rights of all classes, and to maintaining the commercial primacy of the State of New York, seems to me manifestly just."

THE speeches of President Hayes during his recent Western tour have not been remarkable for originality or brilliancy, but they were characterized by sagacity and good sense, and were valuable as helping to inspire popular confidence in the business future of the country. The President seized every proper opportunity for the presentation of the encouraging facts of the industrial and commercial situation, and the enforcement of sound ideas as to finance, capital and labor. In one of his brief talks in Illinois, where 500 workingmen had assembled, he dwelt upon the community of interest existing between labor and capital, showing that in the long run what is good for the capitalist or the business man or the laborer is good for all the rest. At another point, speaking of agriculture and the currency, he said:

"Whatever may have been wise statesmanship in the past in regard to the currency, our currency has now got up to a level with the currency of the world, so that our dollar, whether paper, silver or gold, is equal in value to the dollar of the world. Our currency should now be let alone. If we are wise we will see that it is based upon principles so sound and so general that it will be upon the same valuation with the currency of the world. If we are wise we will arrange it so that an American dollar will be a dollar all over the globe."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THERE is a lively demand from the West for one-cent pieces and small bills.

THE Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania have nominated William L. Richardson for State Treasurer.

A PARTY of twenty-eight prospectors have been massacred by the Indians near the eastern boundary of Utah.

TWO inches of snow fell at Mount Louis, Quebec, September 25th. There were heavy frosts in New England on the 26th.

THE total number of deaths from yellow fever in Memphis this year, up to the 28th of September, is 362, and the total number of cases 1,279.

FEIST, FRANK & Co., wholesale drygoods dealers of San Francisco, have failed, with liabilities estimated at $300,000, half being due in this city.

THE Executive Committee of the trunk line has resolved that after October 1st no rebates or deductions shall be made on east-bound through freights.

PRESIDENT GEORGE J. SEWEY, of the Metropolitan Bank, in this city, has given $50,000 to the Wesleyan University, founded by Daniel Drew at Middletown, Conn.

A FIRE in Belton, Texas, last week, destroyed property valued at $100,000. There were destructive fires September 27th and 28th, at Vincennes, Indiana, and Gloucester, Mass.

REV. MR. LOUNSBURY, of Stratford, Conn., was shot and killed, September 24th, while asleep, by his wife, who is said to have been insane. She admitted her guilt, and was promptly arrested.

THE troops sent in pursuit of the hostile Navajo Indians had an engagement with them at Sierra Blanco Cañon, New Mexico, September 18th, and were compelled to retire with a loss of five killed and one wounded.

ALMOST the entire business portion of the town of Deadwood, Dakota Territory, was destroyed by fire September 26th. Two thousand persons were rendered homeless. The total loss is estimated at from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000.

THE Legislative Committee charged with the investigation of railroad management in this State met in Rochester last week, and received testimony from farmers and produce-dealers as to the effect of railway discriminations in rates.

AN attempt was made recently to assassinate the Postmaster at Blackville, S. C. The Postmaster-General will abolish the office unless the authorities will agree to protect the Postmaster. The murderous attempt seems to have no other inspiration than partisan malice.

THE greater portion of the business centre of Carroll, Carroll County, Iowa, was destroyed by fire September 25th, involving a loss of from $150,000 to $200,000. The Masonic and Odd Fellows' Hall, the Presbyterian Church, and over forty business houses, were burned.

A YOUNG lady of sixteen years, living in Buffalo, was last week abducted by a young man who hoped to secure a ransom of $500 for her release. The girl made her escape, and the offender, Charles E. Schuyler, was arrested. Documents found upon his person showed that he contemplated other exploits of the kind.

THE first public school in Baltimore was opened on September 21st, 1829, and the semi-centennial celebration of that event took place September 25th, at Druid Hill Park. There was singing by a chorus of 12,000 children, 60,000 people in all being present, and speeches were made by Governor Carroll and others.

PRESIDENT HAYES and the party traveling with him visited the county fair at Neosho Falls, Kan., September 23d, at which 12,000 people had assembled. Governor St. John made a speech of welcome, citing many figures in regard to the rapid progress of Kansas. The President then spoke at length and with great acceptance on the question of State rights.

THE pedestrian contest for the Astley Belt ended at Madison Square Garden in this city, on Saturday night, September 27th, Charles Rowell, the Englishman, being the winner, with a score of 530 miles. Merritt was second, having traveled 515 miles, and Hazael was third with 500 miles to his credit. Weston made 455 miles, Hart 482, Guyon 471, Enzle 450, and Krohne 450. Much interest was manifested in the close of the contest by a great number of spectators. The gate money for the week amounted to nearly $74,000. Rowell will take home about $30,000.

SENATOR BLAINE will participate in the Republican campaign in Ohio. It is intimated that he and Secretary Sherman have made an alliance to prevent the nomination of General Grant for President, but the story is probably without foundation.—The New York Democratic State Committee has declared vacant the seats of five Tammany members.—The Prohibitionists of Massachusetts have nominated a full State ticket with the Rev. Daniel C. Eddy for Governor.—The Colorado Democrats have nominated George Q. Richmond for Supreme Judge.—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, ex-division commander of cavalry in the Confederate Army, has been nominated for the Legislature of Virginia by the debt-payers of Stafford and King George Counties.—The Democrats of Minnesota have nominated Edmund Rice for Governor.—A call has been issued by the "Chairman of the Union-Greenback-Labor Party of the United States" for a National Convention of that party at St. Louis, January 8th next, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President.

Foreign.

THE cattle-plague has reached Russian Poland.

IT is again reported that the British Parliament may meet in November.

THE sum of $4,850,000 in gold left Paris, September 24th, for New York.

THE Afghan Ameer has arrived with a large escort at the British camp. Cabul is in a state of anarchy.

THE striking cotton operatives at Ashton-under-Lyne have resumed work on the masters' terms, which reduce their wages five per cent.

A FOOT and mouth disease has appeared among the American sheep in England, and their further importation into England will be restricted.

A RUSSIAN official paper says that 2,987 fires occurred in Russia during the month of August, causing damage to property to the amount of $16,090,000.

THE International Exhibition at Sydney, New South Wales, which opened September 17th, is a great success. There are 150 industrial exhibits from the United States.

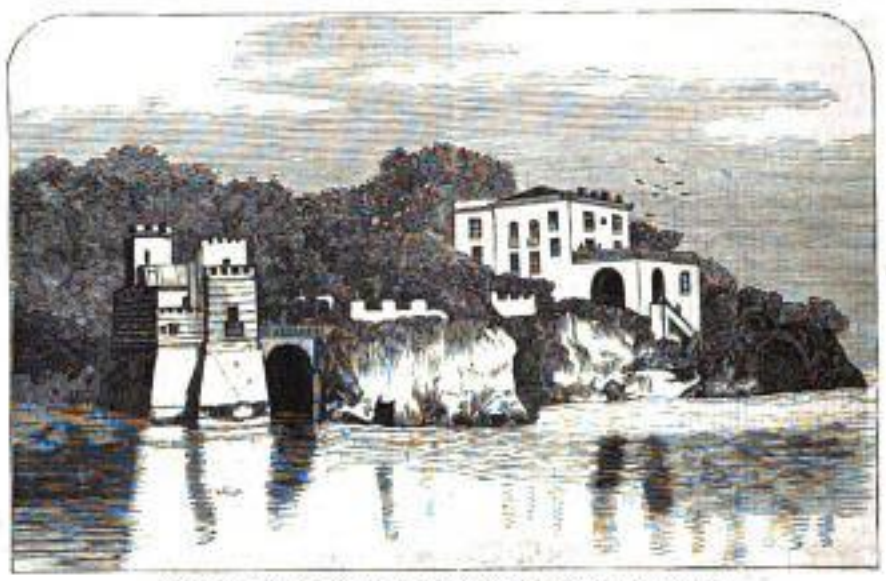
THE Belgian bishops have instructed the clergy to refuse absolution to the parents of all children frequenting the public schools, and to the teachers and pupils of the normal schools.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



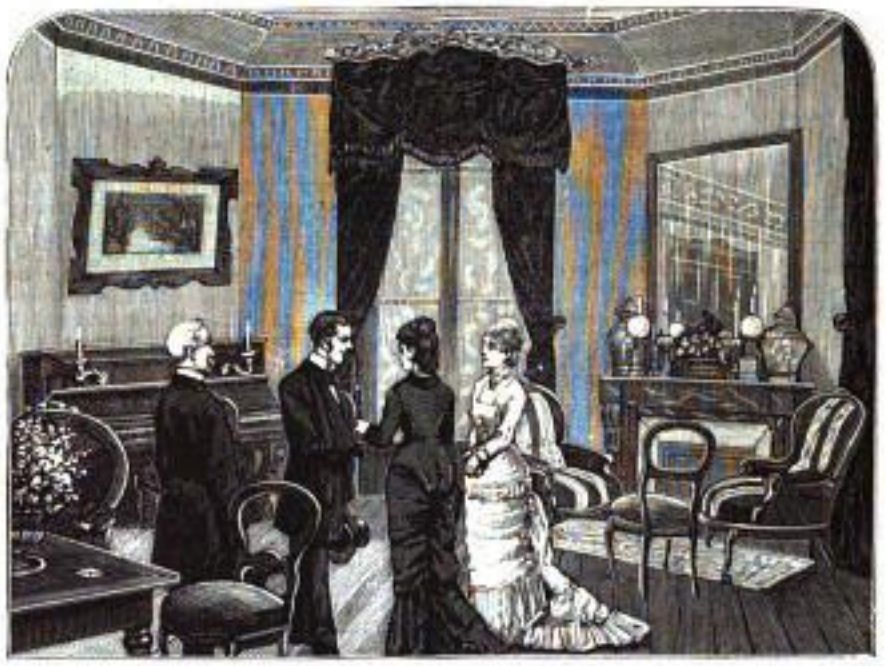
ITALY.—TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE AT NAPLES.



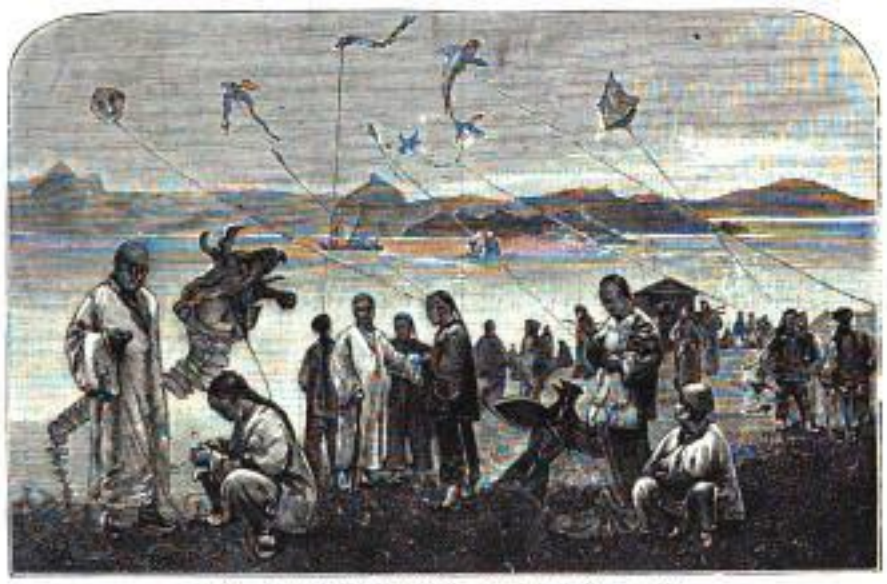
ITALY.—RESIDENCE OF THE LADIES OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE'S FAMILY.



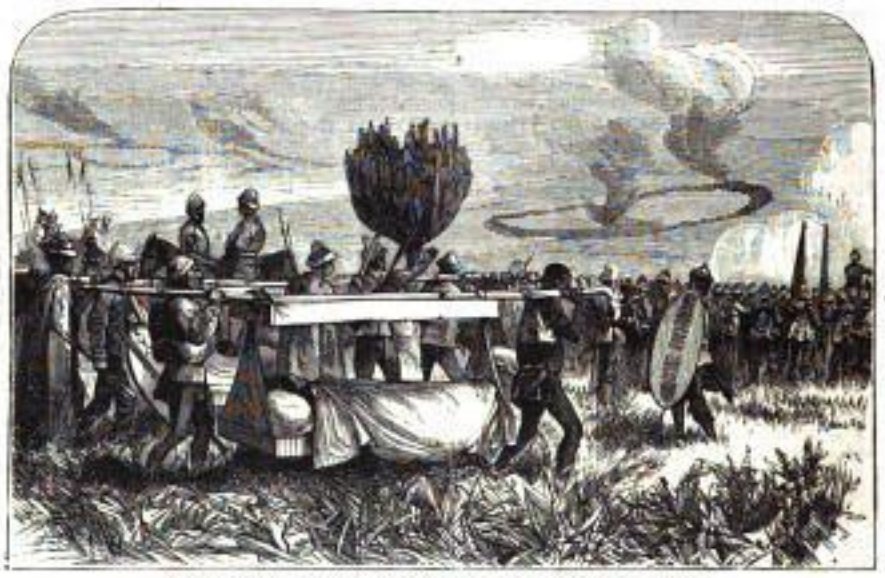
ENGLAND.—BURIAL-PLACE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



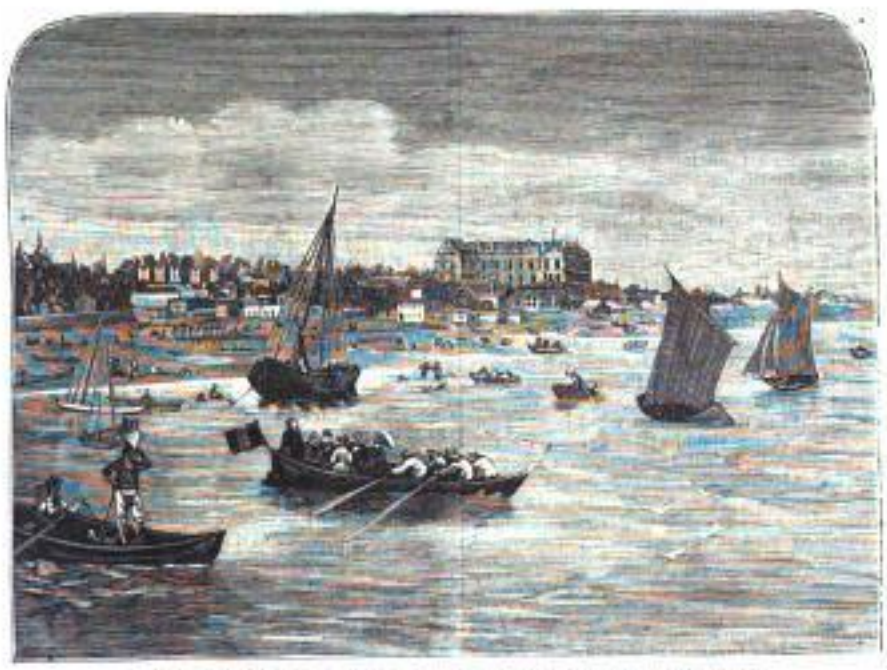
FRANCE.—SALOON WHERE THE KING OF SPAIN HAD THE FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS FUTURE QUEEN.



CHINA.—ANNUAL CHENG-YAONG, OR KITE-FLYING FESTIVAL.



SOUTH AFRICA.—AFTER ULUNDI—BEARING AWAY THE WOUNDED.



FRANCE.—TRIP OF KING ALFONSO AND PARTY ACROSS THE GRAND BASIN.



FRANCE.—DEMONSTRATIONS OF RESPECT TO ALFONSO'S FUTURE BRIDE AT THE RAILROAD STATION.

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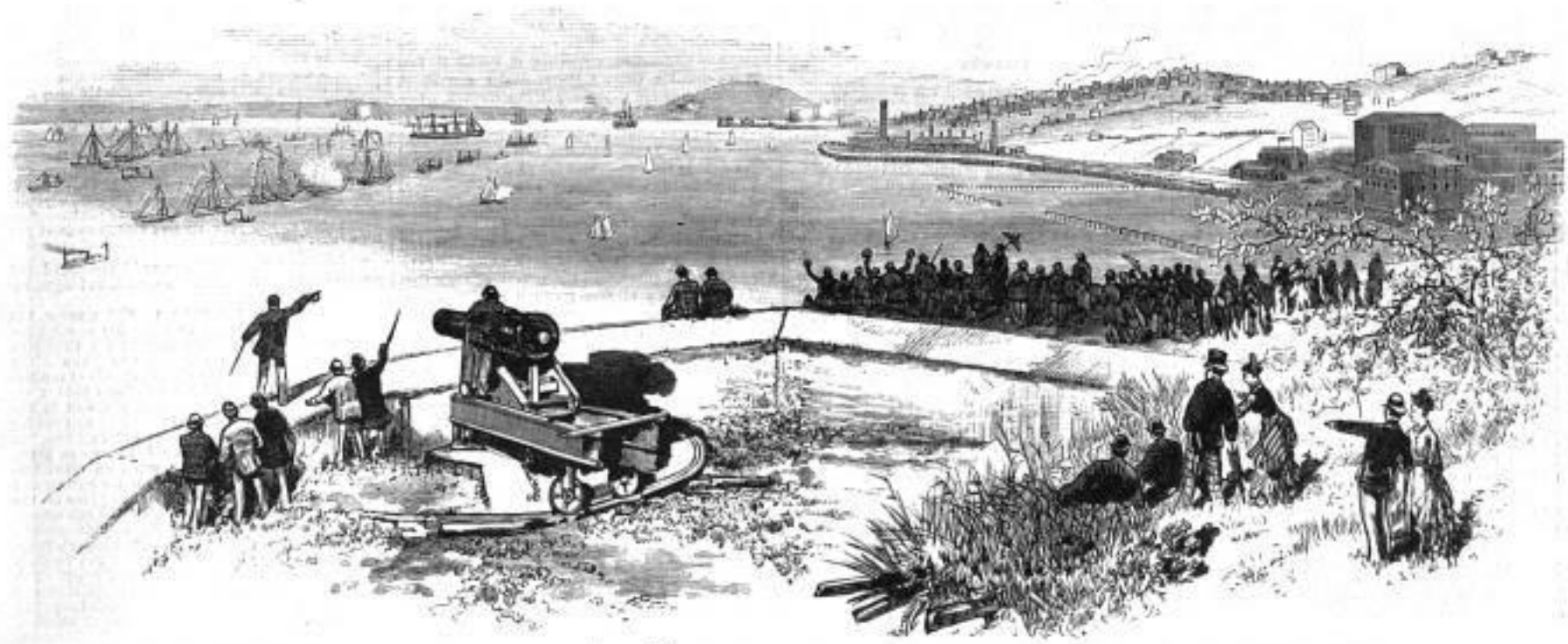
NEW YORK.—SCENE FROM MAX MARETZEK'S NEW AMERICAN OPERA, "SLEEPY HOLLOW," AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—THE APPEARANCE OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

MAX MARETZEK'S OPERA.

"GIVE me something that I can whistle when I am going home." This observation implies success as measured from the standpoint of unlimited gratification, and may be accounted a fair exponent of the wants of the many who, with music in their souls, yearn for melody to a stage setting. The surest critic is the barrel-organ, and when this muchly-abused instrument declares in favor of a composition, it may be conceded that the composition has caught the public and held it. "Sleepy Hollow" is barrel-organy, and, therefore, "Sleepy Hollow" is a success. Mr. Max Maretzek has not emulated Wagner, nor has he copied Lecocq. He has put catching music to catching words in catching situations, and as a result his opera received spontaneous recognition. The story is charming; the characters are full of individuality and verve; the complications, harmonious; and the period romantic. And when the legend is set to bright, merry music, assuredly the opera-goers cannot fail to be satisfied. From the rising of the curtain to its fall, the opera is a succession of gratifying surprises. The chorus music, which, after all, constitutes the ribs of the good ship, was *chic*, full, and well rendered, while the orchestration was admirably held in hand. Miss Annis Montague made a most bewitching *Katrina*, and sang into the very soul of poor *Ichabod Crane*, who, *par parenthèse*, looked the part, her spinning-wheel song being one of the best numbers in the score. Mrs. Florence Rice Knox delivered the music incidental to the part of *Frau Van Spuyden* with admirable effect, while her acting was *piquante* and natural. Mr. Turner is capable of making more of *Brom Bones*, and Mr. Gardiea might have added a little additional color to the part of the half-crazed schoolmaster with effect. Mr. Fink, as *Van Ness*, bowled out, smoothly, "Oh, my name is Captain Kidd," with a true piratical swagger, and this gentleman's singing scored a palpable hit. The opera was well mounted, and the gods had something to whistle going home. Mr. Maretzek was the recipient of an enthusiastic call before the curtain and of floral trophies; and Mr. Gaylor, whose *libretto* bears the stamp of the *littérateur*, was also compelled to "face the footlights." Our illustration represents the *finale* to the second act, when the headless horseman startles the frightened villagers by his ghastly presence.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

ATTEMPTS have been made to apply the motive power obtained from electricity to the working of locomotives, but no satisfactory result was obtained. However, a step forward has been made in this direction in Berlin with apparent success. There are two lines of rails laid down, which, as in a narrow-gauge line, return into themselves in a ring-shaped curve. The length is about 300 metres. In the middle is an isolated third line, consisting of an upright continuous iron plate. The locomotive carries two rollers, with which it stands in connection with the isolated middle line. The essential portion of the locomotive is formed by an electro-dynamical machine, one pole of which is connected with the middle line, and the other with the pair of outer rails, through the outer wheels. Similarly the machine which produces the current stands in the machine-room in connection through one pole with the middle line and through the other pole with the outer pair of rails. When, therefore, the dynamical machine in the locomotive is on the railway, the electric current produced in the machine soon runs through it and causes it to rotate and to impart its rotatory motion to the wheels of the locomotive, and the latter continues to move until the current is interrupted. Even an imperfect state of isolation on the part of the rails does not materially affect the action of the machine. When the locomotive is moving, its conducting wires form much better conductors than the damp earth. If the current is interrupted, the damp ground is not a sufficient conductor to keep the dynamo-electrical action going. The magnetism of the machines producing the current consequently disappears, and the result is that the subordinate stream through the earth is also interrupted. A great advantage is possessed by the transmission of electric force from the fact that the locomotive, whether moving slowly or quickly, always works up to its full power—an effect which has hitherto been an unsolved problem in mechanics. When the machine that gives the power has to do much work and so goes slowly, the counter-currents it produces are also correspondingly weak, and the current through the conductors thereby undergoes an increase in strength to a similar extent. By this means the electro-magnetism and, corresponding to this, the attractive power, of the machine, are increased. The dynamo-electric locomotive has the further advantage that it carries in itself the power which can be employed as a brake, inasmuch as it becomes itself the primary or current-producing machine when it rotates more rapidly than the actual machine. In judging of the performances of the electric locomotive in the Berlin Exhibition, it must be remembered that it was not constructed for the purpose to which it has been applied—that is, to propel the three elegant Lilie passenger-carriages which are attached to it. Each carriage holds from 18 to 20 persons, and all three are drawn in from one to two minutes round the



CALIFORNIA.—THE RETURN OF GENERAL GRANT—THE "TOKIO," WITH THE FLEET OF STEAM AND SAILING VESSELS, PASSING UP THE HARBOR TO SAN FRANCISCO.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.

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circular railway of 300 metres in length. The locomotive was originally made for the purpose of drawing up coals out of the pit. Nevertheless, its performances are very remarkable, and render it certain that there are many cases in which electric locomotives may be employed with advantage. The question of the extent to which electro-dynamic locomotives may possibly be employed is as yet difficult to decide. Apart from the question of the possibility of a sufficient isolation, it depends on the conductive resistance of the rails. According to Dr. Siemens's view, this requisite on long railways may be partly satisfied by setting up from time to time new primary dynamo-electric machines, which would maintain the necessary electric tension between the middle and the outer rails.

THE ONE-ARMED HUNTER.

A STORY OF MINING LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

IT was a stormy night in the November of 1856 that I left Rabbit Creek to cross the mountains by the Downieville trail. The case was urgent—for I had received private information that afternoon that a rich strike had been made in the neighborhood of Minnesota—and if the news got out before I reached there, every foot of ground would doubtless be staked off, and another chance for fortune would have vanished. I had taken a hand for a decade or more in every gold excitement that had stirred the country. I had rushed down to Kern River and got back to San Francisco flat broke. I had crossed the mountains with a dozen others to prospect the riches of Gold Bluff, and on my return at midwinter had been snowed in about ten miles above Yreka, and was only saved from starvation by finding a quarter of venison hanging up in a hollow tree where I had fortunately sought shelter for the night.

The hunt for gold, with all of its sufferings, misfortunes and disappointments, had not abated my desire one jot, and I was just as ready to take a hand in any new discovery as if the journey was to be made on a first-class railroad, and my nights were to be passed in the delights of a Pullman palace car.

"You've a rough ride before you," said Tom Finly, as he tightened the girth of my saddle. "I wouldn't keer about trying that Portwine turnpike on sich a night as this. It must be suthin' werry umportant as takes you on the road when it's a blowin' sich a storm. Has your mother-in-law arrived in 'Frisco, or hev you got some news from your wife, or maybe we may hear in the morning that the treasure-bags is a missin', and that Lerington's express rider has passed in his checks on the road."

"No, Tom," I replied, "I haven't any mother-in-law. I never was married. I am not engaged in the highway business at present, and, lastly, I think too much of this precious neck of mine to take any chances with the boys that ride the express."

"Well," said Tom, "I ain't your father confessor, and I don't keer about knowin' what's up, but if you places a pertickler wally on that ere neck of yourn, you had better look well to the calks on your mule's shoes when you're a-gettin' down that Portwine trail, for if you ever get started on the side of that mountain, you'll never stop till you fetches up somewhere in China or ——"

"Never mind the rest, Tom," I replied, and jumping into the saddle I gave the mule whip and spur, and dashed out into the night and storm with no more sense of danger or discomfort than if I had been snugly ensconced in my own cabin, with a good pipeful of Virginia plug and a steaming jug of toddy before me.

It was a wild country that lay between me and my journey's end. The mule-path led through the roughest part of the Sierras. High mountain peaks, whose summits are clad with eternal snow, frowned down on deep and terrible gorges, through which the torrents of ages had cleft their way, leaving the beds all ragged and torn, and looking as if the Almighty might have abandoned them in His anger and left them there an eternal monument of ruin.

The rain came pattering down and the wind swept in fitful gusts, wailing through the mountain pines with an almost human voice. I believe we are all of us more or less superstitious, not that we believe in ghosts, goblins or spirits, but there are times when we have an indefinable sense of the nearness of something which no living man can describe. I do not think I am a coward; I have never let any premonition or foreboding of evil stand between me and the performance of my positive and well-defined duty; and now, alone at night in one of the wildest countries on the face of the earth, with my road over trails where a single misstep would hurl me into eternity in an instant, while I felt no fear, it seemed as though there was a sort of weird presence that rode alongside of me, that went fast when I went fast, that went slow when I went slow, that stopped when I stopped; and yet was so near me that if it had been palpable I could almost have touched it with my hand. But, as I said, the feeling was not one of fear; indeed, it was quite the reverse, it was one of wild, exulting, unqualified delight. I have often asked myself if there is any pleasure on this earth equal to the sense of royal freedom experienced by the mountaineer. Not popular applause, nor riches, nor speculation, nor honor, nor anything else that this world bestows can equal that glorious sense of perfect and absolute liberty. My animal was sure-footed and trustworthy, my pistols tolerably sure fire, my poncho kept off the wind, and, with the golden prospects before me, it seemed as if there was nothing further in the way of enjoyment that this world could possibly give.

When I reached St. Louis everything was dark except in the Golden Gate saloon, kept by my old friend, Pete Morris. Pete was leaning over the counter watching four men earnestly engaged in a game of cards. The men were dressed in the rough garb of miners, though the hands of two of them gave but little evidence of labor with the shovel and pick. Their hats were slouched down over their faces as if to conceal their eyes; scarcely a word was spoken, and the floor was covered with cards that had been thrown aside after using them once or twice.

St. Louis was a ragged, straggling little mountain town, nestling under one of the highest peaks of the Sierras, and owed its existence to a number of rich mines, which at this point struck the great Blue Lode. At an elevation of between seven and eight thousand feet the air is always raw and chilly, and there is no night throughout the year, even in midsummer, when a fire is not essential to comfort. In the Winter storms the wind sweeps over these mountain-peaks with wild and terrific violence; and when the snow falls not unfrequently the town is buried completely out of sight, and for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach, the whole country is wrapped in one vast white winding-sheet.

A cheery "How d'ye do?" from Pete as he grasped my hand gave me the assurance of welcome, and, drawing near the blazing stove, into which the host had stuffed another log, ordering something hot, I sat down to watch the gamesters. One was a large, gaunt man, whose long hair hung straggling on his shoulders, while his red beard reached almost to his waist. Opposite him sat a little fat man, whose chubby face was destitute of beard. But while conveying the sense of being well-fed, still there was something about the small, sharp, tricky eyes that told you at a glance that he was not a desirable acquaintance. The other two men were so like each other that one might have mistaken them for twins. They were of medium height, of light, wiry build, with thin, pale, sinister faces, having that sort of forbidding, State-Prison air which marks the professional gambler everywhere.

"You're riding late to-night," said Pete, as he mixed the steaming toddy. "I expect you'll have to bunk in with me, for Miller's shut up his shop more than an hour ago; and, even if he was open, his house is full to the roof, with twenty shake-downs on the barroom floor."

"No, Pete," I answered, "I shall not bunk here to-night. Do you know anybody who is going down towards Downieville?"

"To Downieville such a night as this? You're crazy! Ride to Downieville to-night! Why, I wouldn't ride that Downieville trail to-night for all Downieville and John Craycroft's saloon thrown into the bargain. Take off your poncho, man, put up your mule, and let this thing lay till to-morrow morning; for if you attempt to ride that trail to-night, as soon as you strike Cape Horn, good-by, John."

"Good-by, John, or good-by, Jim, I'm going to try it this very night," I replied; "and if I can't get any company, it won't be the first time that I have had to ride it alone."

"Well, there ain't no Act of Congress that I knows of agin a man making a fool of himself," said Pete; "so if you are determined to go, let's take another drink."

"I call you," said Bill Moore, for that was the large man's name, who sat playing cards at the table, and the little fat man spread out his hand.

"Tens and kings—a full."

"No good," says Jack Moulton, one of the thin gamblers, "four queens—pass in your checks."

"I go you one better," said Mark Langham, "four aces take the pot," and he flung down his hand with an air of triumph, and reached out to take the money.

Quick as lightning Moore whipped a huge bowie knife from his belt and stuck it quivering in the table among the pile of gold, saying: "Hold on, gentlemen; hold on! I believe the pot ain't lost till all the hands are shown."

"Till all the hands are shown," cried Langham, his whole frame trembling with excitement—"why, you can't beat four aces!"

"With just one thing," replied Moore, sarcastically, throwing his cards upon the table, "with just one thing, and that's a royal flush—and there it is!"

Langham's face—pale and bloodless before—seemed to grow perfectly livid, and stepping back from the table, he thrust his hands in his side-pockets, and, fixing his little ferret eyes on Moore with a look of deadly hate, said in a voice a little above a whisper, while his entire frame trembled like an aspen-leaf: "Look here, Bill Moore, that's my last stake, and the man don't live that can rob me of it with a cold deck."

"Rob you, you thief!" cried Moore, leaning over the table, with one hand upon the hilt of his knife, which was still sticking among the gold, while with his cocked revolver he covered Langham, who stood trembling before him. "Rob you—you who never had an honest hair in your head; you who are a gambler and a thief from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot; you who robbed Jack Keefe of his last dollar and then killed him down at Poker Flat—you talk to me!"

"Come, Langham," said the little fat man, "let him have it, and let us go."

Langham never moved but stood looking steadily at Moore, who covered him with his pistol, pausing for a moment as if to make up his mind whether to shoot or not, he slowly dropped his pistol and returned it to his belt; then drawing his knife from the table with his right hand, he reached out with his left to gather in the money; as he did so there was the sharp report of a pistol. Langham had shot from a Derringer in his pocket, and Moore rolled over dead upon the floor. Quick as lightning Langham seized the golden pieces on the table, then discharging one parting shot into the prostrate body, accompanied by the little fat man and his other companion, he rushed towards the door.

"Quick," said the little fat man, "the miners will soon be upon us," as Langham attempted to return to the table to gather in a few gold pieces that still remained upon it.

"Curse the money, man; let it go if you don't want us all to swing."

The fat man flung the door open wide and pushed Langham into the street. The rush of approaching footsteps seemed in an instant to awaken him to a sense of his danger, and drawing his knife, he cut the halter of my mule who stood tied before the door, and sprang upon his back. I had pulled out my pistol when the conflict commenced, determined not to be drawn into a gamblers' fight as long as there was a chance to remain neutral. But horse-stealing is considered worse than murder in the mountains. So quick as thought I fired, and Langham rolled headlong to the ground. My mule ran towards Pete's stable, where I secured him. Then, without stopping to make any further inquiries, I jumped in the saddle and started on my journey alone.

Many would moralize on this and say I ought to have remained, but every moment was precious to me; these shooting scrapes were matters of nightly occurrence, and a gambler more or less in the census of these mountain towns was a matter of very little consequence.

The storm had increased in violence, and a cold, bitter wind swept in wild and fitful gusts along the mountain ridge. My reflections were not of the pleasantest character; there is something inexpressibly dreadful about the thought of having the blood of a fellow-being upon your hands, no matter how much he may have deserved his death, and although a man has forfeited his life a dozen times, there are not many who would care to assume the office of executioner. Besides all this, there were possible consequences to be thought of. If Langham was killed, his gambling companions would regard revenge as a sacred duty; and if he should survive, I felt that sooner or later, some time or somewhere, there would come a day of reckoning.

A short distance from the town I reached the summit of the mountain, and then commenced the descent of the perilous path that might have appalled a stouter heart than mine. The trail was cut along the steep face of a rugged mountain, just wide enough for a mule to get a foothold. It was a dangerous track under the most favorable circumstances, and in broad daylight; but now, in the blinding darkness of a stormy night, there was something about it almost awful. In many places the path was washed away, and down through the gullies and ravines the water thundered, threatening death and ruin to everything that should come in its way. My mule kept his head low to the ground as he cautiously picked his steps, sometimes slipping to the very edge of the precipice, and then steadying himself, while he trembled at every joint as if fully sensible of the deadly peril that surrounded him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HOME AGAIN.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT CAPTAIN.—THE BEWILDERING RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

AFTER several days of anxious waiting, General Grant and suite arrived at San Francisco early on Saturday evening, September 20th, and met with a reception unexampled on the Pacific Coast. Vast preparations had been made for the welcome, both in the city and in the harbor, and while the lateness of the hour of arrival prevented the entire programme being carried out, the demonstrations were characterized by a most delirious enthusiasm.

As soon as the steamship *Tokio* was sighted, Alcatraz and Fort Point fairly blazed and trembled with the work of the great guns. The fire-bells of the city and all the other big bells rang out the gladsome tidings from their iron throats. Steam whistles screeched wildly the long-awaited news, and the vast multitude, which for four days had been craning its aggregated neck and standing upon the tiptoe of expectancy, gave one tumultuous shout and rushed pell-mell for the wharves and docks and hills, every fibre of the squirming mass tingling with curiosity and charged with anxiety, every human being possessed of the one idea of seeing the illustrious man whose approach could set a continent wild long before even the vessel that bore him was within a hundred miles of the coast.

Immediately on receipt of the intelligence that the steamer *City of Tokio* was nearing port, the Reception Committee, consisting of Frank M. Pixley, ex-Senator Cole, General Miller and H. B. Cornwall, repaired to the tug *Millen Griffith*, lying, with steam up, at the Pacific Mail dock, and at once started to meet the incoming steamer. The *Millen Griffith* stood well out to sea, and several miles outside the Heads met the *City of Tokio* coming in. The tug drew alongside and the Executive Committee, quarantine officer and customs officials and a number of representatives of the Press, boarded the steamer. No ceremony was observed except a general shaking of hands, and after the committee had announced the object of their visit and informed General Grant of the reception prepared for him, the conversation became general as the *City of Tokio* continued on her course. Soon after the Government steamer *McPherson* came alongside, and Major General McDowell, commanding the Division of the Pacific, accompanied by his staff, boarded the *Tokio* and rejoined his old comrade in arms.

The bay was covered with steamers freighted with sight-seers who wanted to be the first to welcome General Grant. The sight was very fine, some thirty yachts, besides ocean and river steamers, forming an escort to the incoming steamer. At least thirty thousand people were afloat on the bay and two hundred thousand on the street.

The *Tokio* passed up the water-front at a quarter to six P. M., followed by the escorting fleet. The proceedings at the Market Street Ferry Wharf upon the landing of General Grant and party were very interesting. Mayor Bryant, Governor Irwin and staff, the Board of Supervisors, Board of Education and the Executive Marine Committee of the citizens and a few other dignitaries, drove to the wharf. Upon the arrival of the *Tokio* at her anchor, the vast crowd was kept back, and the ferry-steamer *Oakland* was dispatched to the *Tokio* to bring the Grant party ashore. General Grant stepped upon the ferry-apron, on the arm of General John F. Miller, who introduced him to Mayor Bryant. The Mayor, after acknowledging the introduction, addressed General Grant with words of welcome, to which the General replied briefly.

General Grant was then escorted to the carriage in which he rode with the procession. Mrs. Grant occupied another carriage with Hon. Frank Pixley, and Jesse Grant and John Russell Young, of the party, occupied another carriage. Then the Grand Marshal gave out his orders, and the immense concourse of citizens who were ready to take part in the procession were summoned to their places. The line of march was from the Market Street wharf up Market Street to Montgomery, thence to Montgomery Avenue, over Kearney Street back to Market again, up the north side of Market Street, countermarching down Market Street, south side, passing in review at New Montgomery Street. On reaching Sansome Street the procession was dispersed.

The city was brilliantly illuminated and rockets filled the air. The colored balls from Roman candles seemed to rain down from heaven, and a shower of flowers descended from every housetop and balcony along the route upon the heads of the participants in the procession. The streets were made as bright as day by the electric light, and the decorations, fantastic and beautiful as they were under the glare of the sun, looked still more pleasing, rich and elegant under the soft and mellow light of the great lanterns which the greatest of modern inventors has given us. In the line of march a thousand banners flapped in the evening breeze.

The volunteer officers and soldiers and sailors of the War of the Rebellion, including those who had fought with and against the great commander, made a magnificent display and were cheered along the entire line of march. The band played the "Battle Cry of Freedom," and an occasional war-whoop, such as has not been heard since Lee surrendered, resounded through the streets of the city. The Second Brigade, N.G.C., was commanded by General McComb, who was one of the Argonauts of '49. Following them came a light cavalry escort from the beautiful and prosperous city of Oakland, across the bay. Then came the hero himself, at the side of whom sat the Mayor of San Francisco, the Hon. A. J. Bryant. As the General passed, the crowds along the streets fairly shook the buildings with their cheers. He bowed his head, a trifle grayer than it was when he left the country two years ago, and waved his hat left and right to the surging, crazy populace. Never for a moment from the time the procession left the landing until he was taken into the Palace Hotel did his interest in the festivities slacken, or his wonderful presence of mind desert him.

The carriage in which the General was seated was followed by the veterans of the Mexican War from all parts of the Pacific Slope, and then came the regular troops of the United States, the Governor of California and staff, Major-General McDowell and staff, Commodore Calhoun and staff, the Judges of the Supreme Court and other State Judicial officers, the officers of the City and County of San Francisco, United States Senators and Representatives in Congress from the Pacific States, Foreign Consuls, officers of the United States Marine Corps, United States officers of all kinds, etc., and about a mile of charitable and benevolent societies, including Irish, French, German, English, Scotch, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, and all other nationalities. There was not the slightest attempt in the way of banners or mottoes to make the demonstration a political one, or give it a political significance.

The scene within the immense court of the Palace Hotel on the night when General Grant arrived was of surpassing beauty. Electric lights and 500 gas jets lit up the vast interior with a brilliant glow; the dense throngs that packed the court and filled the spacious balconies and corridors surged to and fro in anxious expectancy of the coming guest whom the packed streets had detained. At ten o'clock the wide doors were thrown open and a barouche containing General Grant was drawn within the building. He immediately dismounted, and, crowding his way through the packed mass of human beings, was hurried to his room. As he alighted Madame Fabbre and a chorus of 500 voices opened from one of the balconies with an ode of welcome. The crowd rushed after General Grant when he dismounted, leaving the singers for a moment almost without an audience; but being stopped in their mad chase by a force of police, who blocked the way, they returned to the court, being reassured by the announcement that the General would appear on one of the balconies after he had time to take off his overcoat. As soon as the review was finished and the various divisions had disbanded, the soldiers and sailors, veterans of the late war, repaired to the Sand Lots with a field of battery where they fired a grand salute.

After a chorus was rendered, General Grant, in response to repeated calls, appeared on the balcony of the fourth floor, and, bowing to the shouting crowd, immediately retired. Still the enthusiastic populace thronged the court and refused to leave. Finally Mayor Bryant appeared, and announced that as soon as the General had finished his dinner he would show himself. In a few minutes General Grant appeared, amid deafening and long-continued shouts. Mayor Bryant called the crowd to order, and the General, mounting a chair which was passed over the heads of the surrounding crowd, was again greeted with a succession of cheers. When the noise subsided, he addressed them as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO—After twenty-five years' absence, I am glad to meet you and assure you of my cordial thanks for the kind greeting you have given me. I shall stay in your city long enough to greet you more fully."

The General then withdrew amid prolonged and tremendous cheering, and the crowd, at length, reluctantly scattered.

Sunday was spent in quite a quiet manner, but few callers being received. On Monday evening the party witnessed a performance at the California Theatre, after which a serenade was given at the hotel by the band of the Second Brigade of the National Guard. On Tuesday the General held a reception in the City Hall, attending a ball in the evening, and on Wednesday evening he listened for the first time to a performance of "Pinafore," at Baldwin's Theatre. A public banquet was given him in Oakland on Thursday, when an effort was made to outdo San Francisco in the extent and cordiality of the hospitalities. At one place on the route of the procession were stationed 5,000 school-children, and their 800 singers from the high schools. After the banquet the party drove to Badger's Park, to attend the campfire of the Federal and Confederate soldiers and sailors of Alameda County. The tables were spread in the amphitheatre, and covered with tin plates, cups, knives and forks, and supplied with hard tack, pork and beans, coffee and tobacco. When these had been discussed, L. B. Edwards, chairman of the committee in charge, introduced General Grant to the surrounding throng, and as

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soon as the prolonged cheers had subsided, General Grant addressed his comrades as follows:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE TWO ARMIES AND NATIONS: I am very proud of the welcome you have given me to-day. I am particularly happy to see the good will and cordiality existing between the soldiers of the two armies, and I have an abiding faith that this good feeling will always exist. Thus united, we have nothing to fear from any other nation in the world. I am satisfied, from my travels in foreign lands, that no country will wish to meet us as a united people. They will be perfectly willing to do us justice without an appeal to arms, and as that is all that Americans want, I am confident that our country has a long career of peace and prosperity before her."

Soon after the speech the General left the park, and took the cars at Brooklyn Station to return to San Francisco. Receptions, serenades, sight-seeing and other pleasurable events occupied the time of the party during the remainder of the week.

The General will not come East for some weeks, being determined to see as much of the Pacific Slope and the West as possible.

Peace in Zululand.

DISPATCHES from Sir Garnet Wolseley announce that he has signed terms of peace with all the Zulu chiefs, and effected a thorough understanding with them, which, in his opinion, will preserve the future peace of South Africa. One of the provisions of this treaty put an end to the Zulu military system, whereby the young warriors of the tribe were not permitted to marry until they had served in battle and distinguished themselves by bravery. The chiefs who have signed the treaty undertake to prohibit the importation of arms into their territories, and the importation of merchandise from the sea coast is also forbidden. The making of war and the succession to a chieftainship will be subject to the approval of the British Government.

When British subjects are accused of crimes, trial and sentence will depend on the Resident's approval. The alienation of land will be absolutely forbidden. In all respects these chiefs will be sovereigns, each in his own territory. A chief will not be compelled to admit missionaries, and the prohibition of the alienation of land will not be relaxed in favor of grants to missionaries. The British Residents will be instructed to advise the chiefs, but to exercise no authority over them.

If the chiefs disregard the terms of agreement, the Residents will report their conduct, but will have no power to give orders. Many of the chiefs receiving territories are representatives of ancient tribes who were subjugated by the Zulus, and they rejoice at the recovery of their independence.

How Parrots Learn to Talk.

THE comparative study of the facts of intercommunication among men and among animals necessitates the admission that animals possess language; and the mechanism and apparatus for articulate speech in those animals which possess it do not differ from those of man. A bird learns to speak by imitation, through the organs of hearing, and in a manner very similar to that in which children learn words and sentences, and the bird speaks on special occasions in consequence of some association or suggestion, "the usual prerogative for set speeches at all periods of human life." A new expression, after having been repeatedly uttered before the parrot, is practiced by it spontaneously, indefatigably working at the sentence by itself. At first it is only able to get out the first word or two: then more and more, until it has the power of uttering the whole. In just the same way a child will learn a French sentence. A sentence is soon lost by the parrot if not frequently uttered, and the last words are lost first; the first words—those most readily acquired—are lost last. Speech of the bird on any given occasion is due to suggestion—the presence of the person or object with which the words were first associated. Of this Dr. Wilkes, in a recent publication, gives several striking instances, as "half-past two," whenever the coachman comes for orders; "go to sleep," when approached after dark; "give me a bit," when dinner appears; and "cheese" when the cheese is put upon the table; a sound like water being poured out whenever a jug of water is brought in. Thus the bird associates words or sounds with objects, and, where the right names have been taught it, may be said to know their names; more, the bird invents names, making a particular sound, which had never been taught, whenever nuts were brought upon the table. The sight of a cat makes the parrot say "mew," as the sight of a train makes a child say "puff, puff." Dr. Wilkes concludes by remarking that the differences between animals and children are much slighter than are the explanations which, on the assumption of instinct in the one case and reason in the other, we put upon them.

The Languages of Africa.

A LECTURE, illustrated by a map and tabular statements, was delivered on Friday night, June 20th, at a meeting of the Philological Society, in the council room of University College, Edinburgh, by Mr. Robert Cust, on the "Languages of Africa." He remarked that our knowledge was imperfect, and that all classification was provisional. Following Dr. F. Müller, of Vienna, he recognized three distinct ethnical divisions, that of the woolly fleecy-haired, woolly tuft-haired, and lank curly-haired, and six linguistic divisions on the continent—1, Semitic; 2, Hamitic (both of which were obvious intrusions into North Africa from Asia); 3, Fulah-Nuba; 4, Negro and Negroid; 5, Bantu; 6, Hottentot Bushman. He proceeded to detail the chief languages of each family. Among the Semitic, some, like the old Punic and old Abyssinian, were dead; others, like the Arabic, Amharic and Tigrea, were living vernaculars. Among the Hamitic, old Egyptian and Coptic were dead, but Berber, Kabyle, Tuwareg, Galla, Somali and others were spoken by millions. The Fulah-Nuba languages were spoken by conquering races, some of whom had adopted Mohammedanism. They stretched from the Atlantic on the northern fringe of the negro races, across the continent to the basin of the middle Nile. The Fulahs had extended into the heart of Negroland and were found everywhere. The negro race extended across the continent south of the Sahara Desert and North of the equator, and reached from the Atlantic to the equatorial lakes. Their languages were numerous, totally distinct from each other, and of many we know little or nothing. The great Bantu race occupied the peninsula of Africa from the equator southward, leaving a corner for the last family. It was a great fact, he said, that the diverse languages of these numerous and powerful races, of whom the Zulu and Caffre are so well known, could be traced back to one common mother language which has perished. The Hottentots and Bushmen represent all that remains of the original earliest inhabitants of the continent. They have been pushed forward by the Bantus and nearly destroyed; their languages are totally distinct from each other.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Ex-Khedive of Egypt at Naples.

Our first view shows the hotel where Ismail Pasha occupies the whole suite of apartments on the first floor front, and his three sons, Hussein, Hassan, and Ibrahim, that of the second. The second is a view of the Villa Maraval, but more commonly called Rocabella, where the female members of the ex Khedive's family are now lodged, after having been kept floating seven weeks since their exodus from Egypt. The Villa Maraval is the property of a Scotchman, who never resides there. It is a most romantic spot among the very picturesque Summer residences of Posilipo. The permanent residence of Ismail Pasha and his numerous suite, however, will be the ex-Royal villa called the Favorita, at Resina (Herculaneum), situated on the road to Pompeii, with Mount Vesuvius in the rear, and the full view of the bay, in front even more extensive than they now enjoy, because from that slope of Vesuvius the Islands of Procida and Ischia are also in view. But this mansion, having been already taken from the list of royal residences, and handed over to the Demanio administration of the Commonwealth, will require at least two months before it will be arranged to suit the Oriental mode of living of these Egyptian guests, whose requirements far exceed the ideas of those who are unacquainted with the habits of Oriental life. Ismail Pasha will perhaps feel more settled in the spacious quarters of the Favorita; but his longing for Constantinople or Cairo will keep him as restless as he has been since his arrival at Naples.

Sir Rowland Hill's Tomb in Westminster Abbey.

The chapel of St. Paul, on the northeastern side of Westminster Abbey, where Sir Rowland Hill was buried on Thursday, September 4th, is rich both in interesting monuments and in architectural beauty, though the beauty is in parts somewhat marred. The lower part of the screen was cut away in the fifteenth century to make way for the tomb of that gallant soldier Sir Humphrey Bourchier, who bore his master's standard at the battle of Agincourt. Other tombs of famous personages are ranged round this truly historic chapel, beneath which no fewer than forty-seven distinguished persons lie buried. The Cottington tomb, with its romantic story, is near that of Sir H. Beaubier, and on the opposite side is the Pickering monument. Overhead hang the dusty banners of bygone Pickerings and Cottingtons. The middle of the chapel is occupied by the curiously-painted alabaster tomb of Sir Giles Daubeny and his wife, and by the colossal marble statue of James Watt by Chantrey. Hence the Chapel was all the more fitting resting-place for the earthly remains of Rowland Hill, who dealt with the postal service as Watt dealt with the steam engine. The preparation of the tomb was no light matter. It was found necessary to bow for three days at a solid mass of concrete before the receptacle was sufficiently large, and in the course of the work a stone coffin, broken and empty, but of great antiquity, was removed to the upper air.

A Kite-flying Festival in China.

On seeing kite-flying in China for the first time, one is struck with the number of devices, and the ingenuity and aeronautical knowledge displayed in their make. The Chinese seem to have studied the art of kite-making almost more seriously than any other subject, and certainly with more successful results. Bamboos are placed in the kites in such a manner as to make a sound resembling the deep swelling notes of the organ, and when a number of kites are in the air together chords are produced which have rather a pleasing effect, coming as they do from high up in the air. Our illustration represents a kite-flying festival termed Ching-Tsong, or Tan-Koon, which is celebrated on the 5th day of the 9th month, and which commemorates the intervention of angels to save a pious teacher named Too-woog-king, who lived about 900 years ago, and who was miraculously instructed to go with his wife and family to the top of a mountain in order to escape an impending calamity.

After Ulundi—Bearing Away the Wounded.

This sketch shows the kind of ambulance or litter in use for the removal of the injured men, whose wounds had been, of course, attended to by the medical officers within the square while the fighting was going on. It was found that most of the wounded were in the rear ranks, the shots, on account of the savages raising the sights of their rifles, coming over the heads of the men opposed to them, and hitting in the back the men on the further side of the square. This singular circumstance is supposed to be due to the erroneous theory of rifle-practice which the Zulus entertain. They know that the British raise the sights in order to fire at a long range. To travel so far they think the bullet must go faster, and therefore hits harder, than at short ranges, and they accordingly give the bullet all the impetus they can by raising the sight as far as it will go.

King Alfonso and his Future Queen.

The Archduchess Christina is romantic and very willful, and wanted to be courted like the heroine of an old-fashioned novel. She proposed that her first interview with Alfonso should take place in the Casino, and be ostensibly a chance meeting. It did not dismade her when she was informed that no subscriber could be excluded for her convenience, and that many of the ladies subscribing were of *le monde comme il n'en faut pas*. Alfonso put an end to the difficulty she had raised by hastening, the moment he had time to dress after his journey, to the Villa Hildegarde to pay a visit. He represented himself in too great haste to see the object of his affections not to, in this instance, disregard her will. Upon entering the room he bent low over her hand and respectfully kissed it. He then proposed a turn in the garden, to which the Archduchess consented, while her stepmother and all the Austrian and Spanish countesses remained in the drawing-room. What passed in the garden, *Sabe Dios*, but when the happy pair re-entered the villa, Christina, who now wore an engaged ring, led the King to her stepmother, saying in French: "I have the honor, madame, to present to you my future husband." Alfonso gallantly kissed the hand of the Archduchess Charles, who he hoped would accept from him the duty of a son. He then took his leave. Next day the lovers went out, attended, of course, but not accompanied by the elder Archduchess, on sail on the calm bay. In the afternoon they clambered up the Telegraph Hill and enjoyed the fine prospect it commands. The young couple had a joyous, breezy row across the "Great Basin" at Arcachon, and, despite the presence of the grave elders, deported themselves as in the fashion of youthful lovers—Christina leaning over the side of the boat and plunging her hand in the caressing foam; Alfonso following suit and clasping that hand within his own, even at the expense of the starch in his royal shirt-cuffs. As the Archduchesses were about to take their departure from Arcachon, the Spanish colonists, and they are not a few, assembled in force at the depot and saluted the train as it slowed from the station with most enthusiastic yet respectful cheers. Our illustrations represent the meeting of the lovers, the trip across the Great Basin, and the departure of the Archduchesses.

CURIOSITIES OF THE DAY.

THE Methodist Conference of Southern Illinois refused to admit a woman as a member, although she was pastor of a church.

A RARE golden wedding has just been celebrated at Watertown, Conn., the couple being Hiram Atwood and his fourth wife.

HER Royal Highness the Princess of Wales plays nine-pins, her own liveried pages attending the alleys and setting up the pins.

STATISTICS show that all the church property in the United States is worth $254,500,000, while every year $700,000,000 is spent for drinks.

A SAN FRANCISCO man was caught altering the figures on his mother's tombstone, his object being to make the date suit his purpose in a lawsuit.

MEGNIEN, an eminent French agriculturist, proposes to feed cattle, sheep, and pigs on provender containing savory herbs, to give favor to the flesh.

IN consequence of the non-delivery of a telegraphic message, the first information that a Solon (Ill.) family received of the death of a daughter was the delivery of her coffined remains by an express company.

THE Moquis Indians of Arizona, numbering 1,700, live in seven villages on the tops of three cliffs or headlands that rise more than 600 feet above the plains. Why they choose these unhandy places is a mystery.

LILLIE KNIGHT, the Hartford little girl who fell forty-four feet from a window, in July, and was supposed to be fatally hurt, her legs and right arm being badly broken, has recovered, and she will have the complete use of all her limbs.

A RECENT Paris suicide left the following letter: "I shot myself because I am suffering from an incurable disease. In spite of that I am as strong as a horse and can not die. Let me be very carefully dissected. I shall afford the doctors a very curious study."

THE steamer *City of Edinburgh*, which conveyed the late Emperor of the French in 1840 when he made the famous landing at Boulogne, was hired from Donald Currie, of Glasgow, and was a sister ship of the *Edinburgh Castle*, which conveyed the Prince Imperial to Zululand.

IN Central Africa lives a king who, according to Commander Cameron, demands divine praise for himself, and proclaims the degrees of the deity or deities which reach him from the mouth of an idol which he consults, and which nobody but himself and a single priestess is ever allowed to see.

AN American millionaire now sojourning in Rome has asked permission of the authorities to have an exact duplicate of St. Peter's statue made. A molder is already engaged to take its cast, and a bronze founder is afterwards to execute it. It will cost several hundred thousand dollars before the statue finally reaches America.

JOE PEVEY took a rifle to his wedding, at Mark's Gap, Texas. The sexton tried to persuade him to leave it at the door on entering the church, but he persisted in carrying it across his shoulder as he walked with the bride up the aisle to the altar rail. His explanation was that a rival suitor had threatened to kill him on this occasion, and he meant to be prepared for defense.

THE law about municipal councils in France to-day is as follows: Every commune elects its council, to hold office for six years. The councils elect the mayor for six years, except in towns of more than 4,000 inhabitants. The City of Paris has no mayor. It is divided into twenty wards, each having a mayor and two adjuncts appointed by the Government. Its municipal council takes the place of mayor.

A SCOTCH girl was recently sent to prison for twenty days for cheating three Glasgow lawyers—an unprecedented feat. She was a domestic servant, twenty-three years of age, and representing to each in turn that she would inherit a considerable fortune, giving each instructions how to dispose of her prospective "property," she induced each of the astute gentlemen to advance her small sums for present necessities.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, at Wellesley, Mass., has secured a $106,000 slice from the Stone estate, which will be devoted to the erection of "Stone Hall" on the college grounds, for the accommodation of school-teachers who wish for a time to pursue special advanced studies at the college. The gift is made with the explicit condition that if the new hall complete costs a penny over $100,000 the amount shall revert to the estate.

A NEW British war steamer, called the *Mercury*, built of steel, has just been completed and successfully tried at Portsmouth, England. The vessel is 350 feet long, 46 feet beam, 16 feet 3 inches hold. Displacement, 3,750 tons. On her late trial trip the engines developed 7,995 horse-power, and the speed attained was within a trifle of twenty-two miles an hour. These are remarkable results for a vessel of the dimensions given.

IN walking through the grounds of the Jardin des Plantes the visitor may remark an old tree banded with iron, the trunk of which resembles a block of plaster or cement. An inscription at the root of the branches announces that the tree is the *Acacia Virginensis spinosa* of North America. It was brought to France in 1601, by Jean Robin, and was planted in the place it now occupies by Vespasian Robin, gardener to Louis XIII., in 1636.

A NEW survey of the Catskills, by Professor Guyot, reveals mountains that were not known to exist. A large part of the region, especially the southwestern, is an untracked forest, and in several cases the only chance for making triangulation was by climbing to the tops of high trees. He found higher points than were before recorded. His table of altitudes contains three peaks over 4,000 feet, thirteen over 3,800 feet, and thirty-six over 3,500 feet. The highest point is one of the previously unknown Slide Mountains, in the southern Catskills, 4,205 feet above tide.

SHORTLY after the death of George W. Adams, of Dresden, Ohio, one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of that section, a few days ago, it was discovered that some valuable papers were missing—papers representing property and money of the value of $15,000. They could be found nowhere, and after a long and diligent search, it occurred to some members of the family that Mr. Adams kept these papers in his new broadcloth coat, and that he had been buried in it. They at once agreed to reopen his grave, and, sure enough, there in his side pocket were the valued papers.

MRS CLARA B. HELMS, a teacher in a public school in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, died on September 6th, aged thirty-four years. A local paper tells the following story in connection with her death: "A number of the residents in the neighborhood of the schoolhouse were startled last night about midnight by hearing the schoolhouse bell break the stillness of the air by a loud and distinct toll, many at first thinking it was an alarm of fire. What caused the bell to strike will probably for ever remain a mystery, as the schoolhouse windows were securely fastened and the doors locked the evening previous. At the instant when the bell struck, some ladies were convening at the bedside of Mrs. Clara B. Helms, in the Overland Hotel, a former teacher in the school, who, in her delirium, said, 'Ring the schoolbell,' when all present were horrified to distinctly hear its sound. The fact of Mrs. Helms dying a few hours later throws a cloud of mystery around the affair, which will be the subject of discussion for some days to come."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—ON all the railways of Great Britain and Ireland during the six months ending June 30th, 1879, not a passenger was killed, although 227 were injured.

—DURING the past three years 132 American railroads, covering nearly 17,000 miles, and representing an invested capital of $128,483,000, have been sold under foreclosure.

—THERE are in the State of Louisiana more than 4,000 miles of streams, creeks and bayous, navigable by freight craft and adapted to bring agricultural products to the markets on the Mississippi River.

—THE telegraph is exclusively in the hands of Government in Italy. An innovation is telegraph cards for ten words, to be dropped in office-boxes or sent gratuitously through the post to the desired telegraph-office.

—THE question of dividing Dakota into two or three territories is being agitated with a degree of vim and persistency that promises success. Several plans of division are suggested. Dakota at present contains an area as large as three times that of the State of Iowa, and no region of country is filling up or developing more rapidly.

—ON closing the books for women's registration in Massachusetts, it was found that 17 had put down their names in Springfield, about 50 at Westfield, 25 at Northampton, 4 at Holyoke, 11 at Chicopee, 72 at Worcester, 115 at Lynn, 211 at Marlboro, and 1,040 at Boston. The first vote of women in the State will amount to about 2,000.

—FIRST-CLASS canal works have been projected in France, which if fully carried out will involve an outlay of $142,000,000. When these works are all executed the first-class canals of France will have an aggregate development of about 11,800 miles. The extent of the second-class canals of France is to be increased to 6,800 miles, at an estimated cost of $42,000,000.

—A RETURN of the national debt of Great Britain for each year from 1857-8 to 1878-9, inclusive, has been published as a Parliamentary paper. The total national debt, funded (including stock held on account of unclaimed dividends), unfunded, and (capital value of) terminable annuities, on April 1st of the former year was £839,519,329, and on the same date of the latter year £777,781,596.

—AS SHOWING how much machinery sometimes cheapens production, it is said that Mr. Perry, who made the first steel pen on a commercial scale, paid his employees five shillings for making each pen, and even when the trade had become regular he gave for some years as much as thirty-six shillings a gross to his workmen. Now, pens can be made and sold at a profit for three cents per gross.

—THE condition of the French savings banks illustrates at once the thrift of the people and public benefit of having these institutions under Government control. In 1873 the total deposits was 573,000,000 francs; in 1875, 660,000,000 francs; in 1876, 749,000,000 francs; in 1877, 863,000,000 francs. In 1878 the total had swollen to 1,010,000,000 francs. In four years the increase amounted to 473,000,000 francs.

—THE Liverpool *Post* says that the enormous richness of the old gold-fields on the Guinea coast has not been exaggerated in the reports received of late. Sir John Glover's statement, that he had traveled over districts where one might dig up gold like potatoes, is all but literally realized in recent discoveries, which give $600 per ton of quartz at a depth of fifty feet, and $15 on the surface. Their extent is practically unlimited.

—MANY of the students of the Chinese mission at Hartford are entering the colleges and polytechnic schools of New England and the Middle States this Autumn. These Chinese students, while in the preparatory schools, have shown themselves to be remarkably intelligent, industrious and persistent. Five of them have gone into the Yale Academic Freshman Class; three of them into the Sheffield Scientific School; two have entered Columbia; one has gone to Amherst; one to the Boston School of Technology, and one to Troy Polytechnic School.

—CENSUS-DAY will be June 1st, 1880. On that date about twenty thousand enumerators will commence their labors—those in the cities being required to complete their work in two weeks, while others will be allowed the whole month of June. Persons alive on the 1st of June, but dying before the enumerator reaches them, will be counted in the census; births subsequent to the 1st of June will not be counted. Special agents will be employed to collect statistics relating to education, mining, manufacturing, agricultural and various other departments of trade and industry.

—TWO or three manufacturers owning large silk and lace mills intend to bring to this country about 200 Swiss weavers, skilled workmen in fine lace and delicate fabrics, who do the work in their own houses. It is the intention to select cheap but good land at some distance from the railroad, but near this city, where the weavers cannot be interfered with, and to divide it into lots large enough for a house and garden. The women do the house and outdoor work, as the men, who weave, are obliged to keep their hands in suitable condition for the delicate work. The agents have been offered a plot of land in Monmouth County, N. J.

—THE Royal family of Spain have spent the Summer in the Guadarrama Mountains, 3,800 feet above the level of the sea. It was bought from monks by Philip V., the Bourbon Prince who undertook to perpetuate the Hapsburg dynasty in Spain as heir of his grandmother, Maria Theresa. Philip V. built here a palace, and laid out gardens in imitation of Versailles, employing his time from 1719 to 1746 with such disregard of the cost that the gardens alone caused an outlay of $45,000,000. In return for this expense the King had, as he was heard to say, the satisfaction of a habitation higher in air than any other sovereign in Europe.

—ONTARIO is making rapid strides in population and wealth. Tens of thousands of settlers are pouring into the State every year. The production of wheat in the Upper Columbia is double this year what it was last, and it is expected to double every three or four years until it will exceed California. The city of Portland has increased in nine years from 9,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. Last year more than a thousand new houses were built; this year an equal number—many of them costly stores and residences. Its streets are thronged with drays, the wharves crowded with freight. Two railroads terminate there, and one more, at least, is projected.

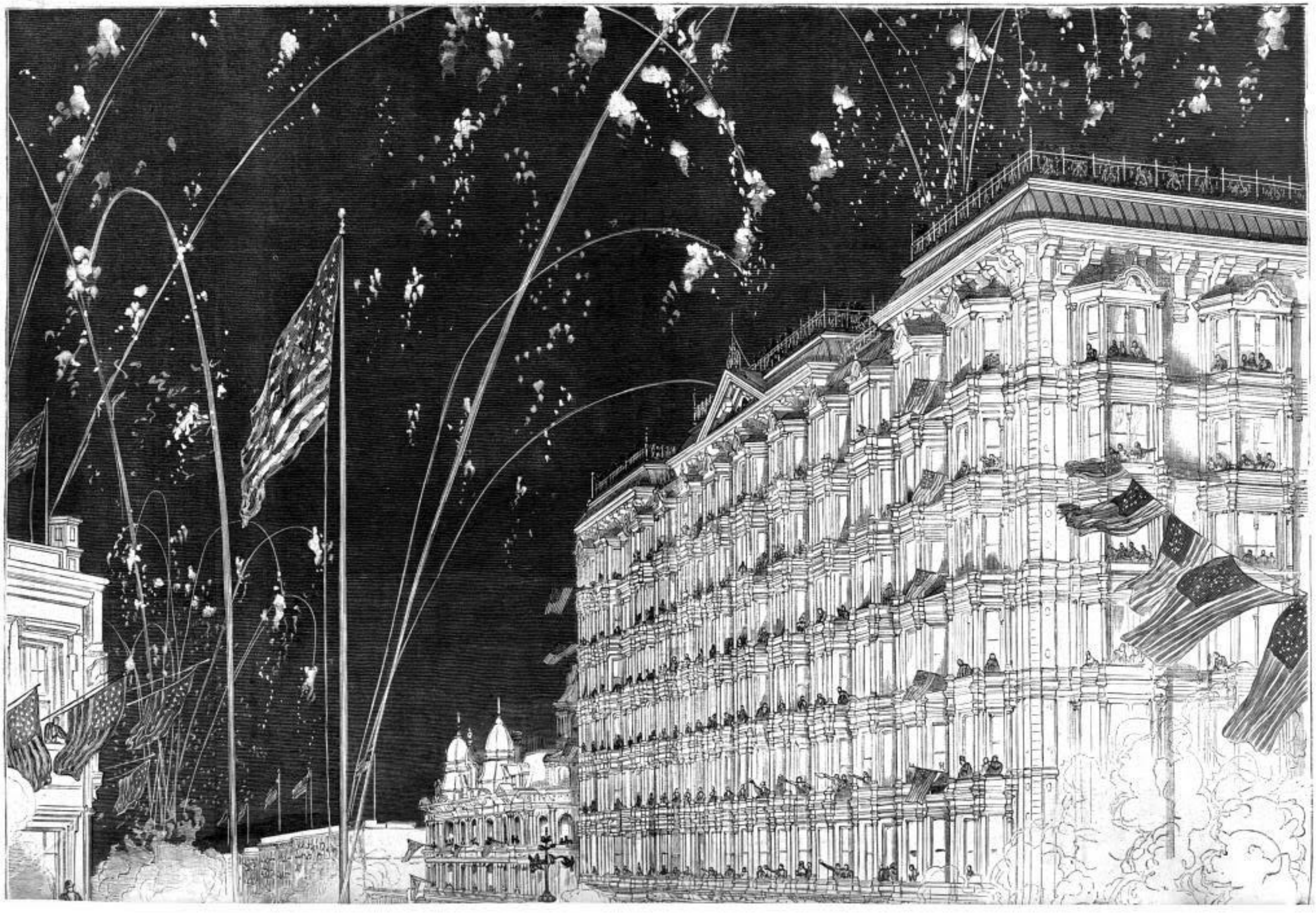
—THE six days' bicycle-race which took place at Agricultural Hall, Islington, England, during the first week of September, resulted in a victory for the present champion long-distance rider, Mr. Waller, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who obtained the lead at midday of Monday and held it until the close of the contest, winning the belt, valued at £100, and £125 in money. He totally eclipsed all his previous brilliant performances, being credited with the remarkable record of 1,404 miles 6 laps. Terront, a plucky French rider, secured second place with a score of 1,380 miles 5 laps; Higham, third, 1,145 miles 3 laps; Cann, fourth, 1,100 miles 1 lap; several other participants making smaller scores. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, especially on the last day, when 10,000 persons were present.

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CALIFORNIA.—THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND SUITE AT SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 20TH—THE GREAT PROCESSION OF MILITIA AND CITIZENS PASSING FROM KEARNEY STREET UP MARKET STREET, AND COUNTERMARCHING TO THE PALACE HOTEL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.

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THE GIFTS OF THE POOREST.

A SINGLE word is a little thing,
But a soul may be dying before our eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,
But a heart may be starving for just one glance,
That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to lend the ear
To catch some tale of sore distress;
For men may be fainting beside us here,
For longing to share their weariness.

These gifts nor silver nor gold may buy,
Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow;
But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye,
The poorest may offer wherever he go.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER VI.

"I DON'T think we'll talk about it any more to-night, Aunt Bertram."

"My dear child, not for the world will I say a word, if you're tired; but we haven't talked about it at all yet. I only want to tell you how rejoiced I am, and how *satisfied* I am, Daisy."

"Well, I am neither rejoiced nor satisfied," Daisy says, turning away impatiently from her aunt's caresses. They have come back from Lady Beauton's ball, and Miss Bertram has just heard the great news: her niece, the "lovely Daisy Eldon," is engaged to the catch of the season. Miss Bertram is so supremely delighted with herself for the family feeling she has displayed in having Daisy up to stay with her, that she resolves to bear and forbear unto the end, though Daisy's lukewarmness on the subject of her own success is "very trying to her aunt."

"I felt sure that it was settled the other day, Daisy; but you were in a teasing mood, and you wouldn't confide in me."

"No," Daisy says, flaming out in the distress which she herself can only partially understand. "I was in a mean mood, Aunt Bertram, and I dared not tell you how I had disappointed you; I refused Sir Bolingbroke that day because I didn't know what it was to care for any one; that's two days ago, and to-night I've accepted Sir Bolingbroke (what a mouthful) because I do know what it is to care for some one."

"You have learned to appreciate Sir Bolingbroke?" her aunt says, disregarding Daisy's remark about "the mouthful."

"I've done nothing of the kind. I've only learnt to appreciate myself too highly to cry for a moon that will not shine for me alone," Daisy says, striving to speak cheerfully, and failing signally in her attempt; and Miss Bertram, with a timely remembrance of that "singularly handsome young man" who hails from Burnsleigh, decides upon not pursuing the subject of Daisy's delusions any further this night.

The following day the report of Sir Bolingbroke Bray's approaching marriage with lovely Daisy Eldon is bruited about at all the clubs, and while it is remarked that "it's a jolly good thing for the girl," people still hope that he "won't be such a brute to her as he was to his first wife."

Simultaneously with this another marriage engagement is promulgated. The *Morning Post* and the *Court Circular* announce in their respective columns that Lord St. Briac, the eldest son of the Marquis of Beauton, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter and sole heiress of Robert Millard, Esq.

Daisy reads this announcement on the evening of the day after Lady Beauton's ball—reads it hopelessly, helplessly, feeling as if all her life were going to be laid waste by a misunderstanding. She has been tricked, deceived, inveigled into promising herself to Sir Bolingbroke Bray; and now that her promise has been made public, and there is no going back for her, she finds that the heiress is to be Lady St. Briac, and that Harry Poynter is still free. Fettered, furious with the man who has misled her and whom she is going to marry, the poor child feels more miserable and desolate in these first hours of what the world regards as her triumph than she has ever felt before in her life. There can be no doubt about Miss Millard's engagement to St. Briac, for they meet Lady Beauton at an "At Home" in the afternoon, and she verbally indorses the statement of the *Morning Post*. Still those words of the heiress's that had sealed Daisy's doom ring in Daisy's ears, puzzling and perplexing her cruelly. To what, to whom, could they have borne reference?

"You must come to-morrow morning. I will prepare mamma for the news, and she will plead the cause we have at heart with my father; he cannot stand out against us three."

By all the laws of common sense and reason Daisy has been justified in supposing that these words, spoken by Julia Millard to Harry Poynter, were the words of a girl discussing their love affairs with her lover. "What other cause could her mother plead with her father that could possibly concern Harry? I must find out, though knowing the truth won't help me now; still I must find out," she says to herself. "The first time I see him I'll tell him what I overheard; and if he suspects the truth about me, I can't help it. I must solve the mystery."

She shuts her eyes to the fact that there will be danger in the course she is bent upon pursuing. She, engaged as she is to Sir Bolingbroke, will put herself very much at the mercy of this other man by betraying to him the deep desperate interest she has in any tender possibility concerning him. "I must find out; it's too dreadful not to know something about the hidden rock on which I've been wrecked. I'll ask him right out what that girl meant, and tell him what I thought she meant; and if he puts two and two together, and guesses that what I thought drove me nearly mad, I can't help it."

"I can't help it." This is the phrase which is constantly on her lips now during these desperate exciting first days of her engagement. She cannot help herself, and she cannot help thinking more and more wildly and warmly of Harry, whom she has lost, she feels sure, merely through a misconception. The restless craving for fuller information on the subject nearly wears her out, and to the distress of her aunt and her future husband she flags visibly, and shows but a weary face to the world which is expecting to see her elated at her good fortune. She fancies that if she could see Harry and "set herself right in his eyes," that she would grow calmer and more at peace with the prospect that is before her. Her eyes strain themselves to see him in the Row, at the opera, and in every other place in which there is a possibility of his presence. "If I could only see him, if I could only tell him!" This is the burden of her cry; and it galls Sir Bolingbroke to the quick to perceive that the *fiancée* he has raised, as he considers, from the ranks, is oblivious of him before his own set. He longs to ask sometimes, when he sees her eyes roving anxiously round a room in search of some one who is not there, "What the devil are you mooning about?" but he restrains himself; he will wait till the nuptial knot is tied; for Sir Bolingbroke Bray is far too gentlemanly a man even to swear at a lady who is not his wife. But he makes up his mind that by-and-by he will twist the truth out of Daisy, and if it is not altogether flattering to himself he will then punish her for having told it.

Unquestionably Daisy's manner is not flattering to the man to whom she has surrendered herself. If he cared one jot about her heart it would be more than unflattering; it would, indeed, be exquisitely painful to him. As it is, he only cares about her beauty, and that intensifies itself under the influence of the numerous conflicting emotions which paint themselves in never-ending variety of expression on her face.

"She may hark back to some old feeling, and pine in silence for some village bumpkin of a lover as much as she pleases while she continues to look as she does now—the loveliest creature into whom the breath of life has ever been breathed," he tells himself complacently enough as he watches her attracting universal attention and admiration, and "keeping her head" the while in a way that does credit to her breeding, as she has had no training to prepare her for it.

At length, after a few days, the tension relaxes, and that air of being perpetually on the "look out" departs from Daisy's manner. She has had a letter from her sister Ethel, and this passage occurs in it:

"Mr. Poynter has come home at last. Both Mr. Lincoln and papa are very much vexed with him because he has insisted on inaugurating himself so quietly. How magnificent he is! I wonder you didn't lose your heart to him, for he tells us he met you accidentally in town; but, I suppose, Sir Bolingbroke is much more magnificent, and you'll be a 'lady' into the bargain. What a darling Aunt Bertram is! Thanks to her, we shall turn out in a most wonderful way at your wedding. Papa is saying that he wishes Aunt Bertram would pay Mr. Poynter—such an old friend as he is—the compliment of asking him to the marriage-feast. He would like the attention, and it might make it pleasanter for the lot of us whose lines are cast down here."

"Is your letter from home?" Miss Bertram asks, suavely.

She has been watching her niece's changing face while the latter has been taking in the full meaning of the matter about which her young sister has gossiped. He has gone home without seeing her, without wishing her "good-by" or "happiness," and he has gone home in a state of dejection. There is balm in Gilead still.

"Yes; from Ethel," Daisy says, in answer to her aunt's question. "Dear Ethel! I feel as if I had never made half enough of her before, and now I'm going to leave her."

"My dear, you can do a great deal more good for her by 'leaving' her, as you call it, than by staying with her," Miss Bertram says, prosaically and sensibly. "When you're married, you can introduce your young sisters well; and if they have half your beauty, they'll succeed under such auspices as yours."

And then Miss Bertram goes on to speak of the joy it will be to her to receive her dear sister and her dear sister's family on such a glorious occasion as this of Daisy's marriage.

"You'll think me very ungrateful," Daisy says, humbly; "but, after all, I've been thinking I should like to go to be married at Burnsleigh."

"Impossible!" Miss Bertram says, decisively. "You may have Ethel up here at once, if you like; but the idea of your being married at Burnsleigh is simply preposterous. Sir Bolingbroke must not see the barrenness of the land before it is his interest to cultivate it a little."

"Then, at any rate, let me go down for a week before," Daisy pleads. "I must see them all again while I'm their own Daisy—all their own Daisy—still. Just think, Aunt Bertram, how mamma must long to have me 'tell her all about it,' now that I can tell it; after I'm married I shall be different, and not able to speak as I should now."

Her heart is so set upon her scheme that her aunt is compelled to entertain it. Daisy reverts again and again to the topic.

"Let me go to them for a few days while I am all their own. When they come up to the wedding Sir Bolingbroke's claims will interfere with theirs, and they may fancy that I am estranged from them by my good fortune. Dear Aunt Bertram, let me go! I have been so much to my mother, let me go and assure her that I want to be more than ever to her; let me go and make her heart glad, poor, patient darling, by telling her of what I will be able to do for Ethel and the others."

She pleads, she persists, she carries the day eventually, so far as this, that Miss Bertram accords her permission for the brief visit to Burnsleigh to be made, provided "Sir Bolingbroke assents."

"I shall not care for his assent or dissent," Daisy says. "Till I'm his wife he has no power, and I shouldn't think he is mean enough to have the inclination to control me; and after I am his wife, even he will scarcely use his authority over me to divide me from my own father and mother. It will do me good to go home for a few days, Aunt Bertram. I shall get quieter; I shall realize better what I am going to do; I shall set my soul at rest, in fact."

So it is settled, without Sir Bolingbroke's knowledge, that Daisy is to go back to the family nest for a few days, and none suspects the poor little strategist of being actuated by other than the sweetest and purest family feeling in making this move.

On the whole, Sir Bolingbroke is not altogether ill-pleased at the plan. In three weeks Daisy will be his wife, and he will be in a position to control, direct and mold her precisely as he pleases. But just now, in the meantime, before this absolute authority is vested in his hands, Daisy is rather difficult to deal with. He does not object to her being *distraite* when he is with her alone; but it annoys him to see her so in society, when other people are keenly observant of her. He knows that it is more than hinted that the cause of her acceptance of himself was distress at the defection of another; and as he does not know who that other is, he has the feeling that he may be taken unawares at any moment should his rival reappear on the scene. For a brief time he entertains the fallacious notion of its being Lord St. Briac who has preceded him in Daisy's affections. But he is cast adrift on a sea of doubt again by Daisy's manner of mentioning St. Briac and Miss Millard.

"That ought to be a happy marriage," the girl says, sagely; "for she's very sensible, and he is a dear, good fellow, generous and gentle, and beautifully fond of his mother."

"Yes; St. Briac's all right enough," Sir Bolingbroke admits. "He was rather hard hit by you, wasn't he? And you were more than rather hard hit by him, they said."

"'They' said right for once," Daisy replies, calmly. "I liked him so much that I wonder I didn't like him more, only——"

"'Only' what, Daisy? Will you tell me that you would have liked him better if you hadn't known me?" Sir Bolingbroke whispers, making an indifferent effort to play the *exigeant* lover's part.

"No; I won't tell you anything of the sort," Daisy says, sturdily, impelled by she scarcely knows what motive to risk the position she has gained. Sir Bolingbroke's vanity is, she has discovered, a great and greedy beast, which she has firmly resolved never to feed. Nevertheless, she has pledged herself to live the remainder of her life with it. It seems to her, therefore, that the better policy for her to pursue is one that will make this same greedy beast understand from the first that it must not look for food and sustenance from her. "I won't tell you that, for it wouldn't be true," she says so softly that he cannot be annoyed with her.

"It would be pleasing and polite, and one wants pleasantness and politeness in society rather than truth, Daisy," he laughs.

"Truth is the best offering I can make you; don't try to teach me to deceive you," she says, frankly; and then she remembers what motive it is that is impelling her principally to pay this visit to Burnsleigh, and her face burns with a painful blush.

"It would take a cleverer woman than you to deceive me," he answers, carelessly. "I'd advise you never to try to throw dust in my eyes, Daisy; because you wouldn't succeed, and I should despise you for the failure more than I should for the attempt. What has made you take this freak into your head about going down to Burnsleigh?"

He asked the question with such abrupt suddenness that she feels as if she stands convicted and condemned before him directly. For the first time she fully recognizes the fact that, whatever he is or whatever he may have been, her allegiance is entirely due to him, for she has pledged her faith to him, and there has been no undue influence brought to bear upon her in order to induce her to do so. To her, at least, he has behaved straightforwardly, honorably and well; and the fact of her not loving him does in no wise exonerate her from the onus that is on her of behaving straightforwardly, honorably and well to him in return. The bondage is hateful to her; but she has gone into it of her own free will, and it behooves her to bear the burden her own rash haste has laid upon her as bravely and honorably as she can.

"I thought I would like to see them all once more before I married, while they could feel that I was quite their own still," she replies, in a choking voice.

"Well, I have nothing to say against it," he says, coolly; "only don't invite the whole parish up to stay with you next season. The friends of your youth are all very well in their proper places, but I have no appreciation for bucolic *badinage* and *bonhomie*; therefore, if I were you, I should advise the friends of my youth to keep clear of me when they come up to the Cattle Show next year."

She blushes now with indignation.

"You're surely not speaking of my family in that way, Sir Bolingbroke? If you are, I think I'll give myself the advice you suggest I should give to them, and 'keep clear of you,' not only next season, but altogether."

"Don't be huffy, dear little girl," he laughs. "My remarks didn't apply to your family at all. I was thinking of that untutored young savage who found himself in civilized society at Lady Beauton's, I believe, for the first time in his life, and who there distinguished himself by trying to compromise Miss Millard by his ferocious attentions."

"Oh, you are unjust, Bolingbroke!" Daisy cries, indignantly. "Harry Poynter is as true and courteous a gentleman as any one of you; and as for having striven to 'compromise' Miss Millard by his attentions, I can answer for it that she received them as if she liked them very much indeed."

"He either did know, or he ought to have known, that Miss Millard was just engaged to St. Briac, and that, therefore, it was not a happy moment for him to select to lay his scalp at her feet," Sir Bolingbroke laughs.

It is on the tip of Daisy's tongue to say that St. Briac forgot it, too, as a matter of fact. But even for the sake of palliating Harry's conduct she will not be untrue to her instincts and to the loyal silence she has resolved to observe about St. Briac. So she checks this observation, and says, instead:

"He shall not be brought in contact with you by means of me any more, I promise you that; and you, in return, promise that you won't hurt my feelings by speaking disparagingly of him to me; he's an old friend and a dear friend of mine, Bolingbroke, and—he—gave—me—my Tartar."

Poor Daisy is so affected by the thoughts of the renunciation she has volunteered to make, that a ball rises in her throat, and her utterance is choked by sobs. She is glad that Tartar is the "motive" of the concluding sentence.

"Has anything happened to the dog?" Sir Bolingbroke asks.

He is not altogether unkind; he is only careless and worldly, and a little too much absorbed in himself to have an eye for the effect the lights and shades of his conduct may have on any one else. But he is a true Englishman and sportsman; and though he can crush all the joy of life out of a woman's heart by his cruelty, he will not be callous to her suffering about a dog.

"No; Tartar is alive and well, and just the same as ever, which is more than can be said of Tartar's mistress. I have changed my mind about going to Burnsleigh. After all, I shouldn't be all their own Daisy; my head is too full of other things; and it would be harder for them to see me there as I am now than not to see me at all until there *ought* to be a change in me. They'll be up in a week or two; I'll not go down."

She speaks very decidedly and looks at him inquiringly, expecting him to express pleasure at her change of intention. He has none to express; for Sir Bolingbroke Bray finds the part of lover a heavy one to play with the woman whom he means to make his wife. Moreover, he has a matter of business to adjust, which began in romance and has ended in rather an unpleasantly realistic way, which demands a great deal of the time and attention which of right belongs to Daisy now. It seems to him, therefore, that Fortune is playing his cards very complacently for him when Daisy projects this visit to Burnsleigh. Accordingly, he magnanimously holds her to the fulfilment of her scheme when she, in an access of good, faithful feeling towards him, proposes to back out of it. So finally it is settled that Daisy goes down to Burnsleigh, to say farewell to all her old friends, by the express desire of Sir Bolingbroke Bray. Just for one week she is to be—or play at being—the free and happy Daisy Eldon of old times. At the expiration of that week she is to come back to the custody of her aunt, who will in turn, when a few busy days full of buying are over, deliver her up to the charge of the man who has notoriously so signally failed to take proper care of the woman who has preceded her.

* * * * * *

Once more behold Daisy down at Burnsleigh.

"Things have come round in such a wonderful way," Mrs. Granville observes, "that Daisy's old friends ought to do all they can to make the last days of her residence among them happy ones."

It is hot August weather now; but disregarding the blazing sun, Mrs. Granville hoists over to the rectory and asks all the grown-up members of the Eldon family to a banquet in honor of themselves, to grace which all the brightest social lights whom she numbers among her acquaintances shall be gathered together.

"Mr. Poynter, young Harry Poynter—I daresay you have forgotten him, Daisy; but I assure you he is worth recalling to your memory now—he has come home since you left us, and he seems to take quite a pleasure in coming to the Court and making himself one of us."

Mrs. Granville delivers this shot well into that poor target, Daisy; for the astute lady has heard rumors of Harry's *rencontre* with Daisy in London, and she wishes to let Daisy see that, high as she may soar socially, Mr. Poynter is of account in his own country-side and may fall to the lot of one of Mrs. Granville's own uncomely daughters.

"Do you see much of Harry?" Daisy asks, unwarily.

"Much of him! My dear child, consider for one moment; where could he go if he didn't come to us for social intercourse? Mary and Alice are such dear, good girls that they don't care what trouble they take to give pleasure to a fellow-creature. They won't let him be dull and lonely——"

Pretty Ethel Eldon, Daisy's sister, interrupts the great lady of the parish here with a laugh.

"No; I see that they won't let him be lonely, Mrs. Granville. I've seen them on the Glenholme road every day for the last week.

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But Mr. Poynter seems ungratefully to prefer the society of a dog to that of young ladies; he comes here every morning for Tartar to go for a run with him."

"Well, you'll meet him at my house on the 8th," Mrs. Granville says, trying to smile unconditional approval of Harry's line of conduct and Ethel's mention of it. "I am sorry, my dear," she continues to Daisy, "that Sir Bolingbroke is not down with you; we should much like to have shown him that, though he is going to carry off the flower of Burnsleigh, we quite forgive him, and hope to become very much better acquainted with him next year. Mary and Alice were saying how delightful it will be to be chaperoned by you, their old friend."

Daisy's eyes distend as Mrs. Granville says this. Is she mad or dreaming when she fancies that the ill-bred and autocratic squiress of Burnsleigh is meanly endeavoring to propitiate her—Daisy Eldon? "And it's so foolish of her, as well as mean," Daisy tells herself, "to think that her civility of ten minutes is to blot out all recollections of her incivility of twenty years!"

But in spite of her vivid recollection of this incivility, Daisy gives in her cordial adhesion to the plan of going to the Granville gathering. If, by any other means, she could secure a brief interview with Harry Poynter, and show him that she is his old friend, and that she does take a warm interest in him still, she would shrink from shining forth at Mrs. Granville's bidding. But there is no prospect of her doing this. Since her return to the rectory Harry Poynter has neglected Tartar, and refrained from the slightest neighborly attention to the Eldons. Therefore, though it galls her to go to Mrs. Granville, she presses the claims of that lady's hospitality well home to her family; and as she is and always has been paramount with them, they proceed there on the day, and are received by the squiress of Burnsleigh in an impressive way that is designed to touch Daisy into extending boundless advantages to the two uncomely daughters next year in town. But Daisy is oblivious of both the attention and the intention. Her eyes are wandering over the various groups that are dotted about on the lawn, and at last she sees him, and is innocently aided in seeking him by her sister Ethel.

"Look, Daisy; there's Mr. Poynter! I am going to bring him to you and make him promise to give us an otter-hunt at the Glenholme pool to-morrow or the next day—at any rate, while you're here;" and before Daisy can arrest Ethel's progress the latter is walking across the lawn in the direction of Mr. Poynter, utterly regardless of the amiable and intelligent observation that is brought to bear upon her action.

Daisy stands outside the drawing-room window, on the terrace, surrounded by a cluster of people, who try to treat the once overlooked and kept-in-the-background "parson's daughter" as if she were a portion of their private property, of which they were remarkably proud. They coo at her, and gush congratulations at her mother, and quite forget that Daisy has a memory.

Meanwhile Ethel walks, with the free and happy boldness of a kitten, right up to the spot where Harry Poynter is; and Daisy, watching them, thinks what a handsome pair they make, and tries to feel gratified at the sight. "Little recks she" of the emotions that flood his soul as "Daisy's sister" addresses him.

"Mr. Poynter, why have you neglected Tartar for the last three days? Even the presence of his mistress hasn't consoled him for your defection. Did you know that my sister Daisy had come home?"

The girl asks the question in such perfectly unsuspicious good faith that he cannot diplomatize about the subject with her.

"Yes; I knew it, and that is the reason I did not come for Tartar as usual," he says, in a low voice, turning aside with Ethel from the group as he speaks. And Daisy sees the movement, and feels that the tone and—misunderstands the position!

"It will be Ethel, and she will be so happy, and I shall be so glad!" poor Daisy says, forcing the tears, that are so foolishly ready to fall, back from her sorrowful-looking eyes. And just then she is called upon to play lawn-tennis with some of the county potentates, for Mrs. Granville cannot glorify Daisy too much on this occasion; and so she loses sight of Harry Poynter and Ethel while she goes through the graceful gymnastics that the exigencies of the game compel her to perform.

"After all, I am glad things are as they are," tired Daisy tells herself later in the evening. "Papa and mamma are receiving the attention and recognition they ought to have had all along, because people know now that they will never feel the grip of poverty again; and Ethel will be happy down here close to them, and I—— But it doesn't matter for me."

The heartsick words are barely said before she forgets that she ever had occasion to say them, for a voice close to her side whispers:

"Daisy, your sister tells me she knows you would like to speak to me. Can she be right?"

For answer Daisy gives him her hand, and then (blessings on the liberty of lawn-parties!) the two stroll away together.

They reach the verge of the lawn, and opposite to them, only divided from them by a narrow gravel path, there is a prettily planted little wood which has been carefully trained into the semblance of a wilderness. They both look at it fondly, but neither likes to suggest to the other the delicious impropriety of crossing over to its leafy depths. Presently a guardian angel whispers to her that it is her last chance, and that she had better take it.

"I wish we could bring one of those nice seats over here," she says, breaking silence for the first time.

"As we can't do that, let us cross over to one of the nice seats," he replies; and Daisy acquiesces. His next remark may appear rather unintelligible and wide of any ascertained purpose. But to Daisy it is perfectly comprehensible.

"It was an awful blow to me," he says, gently, "an awful blow at first; but I feel now that it was my ignorance that led me on. Do you forgive me for not having gone with the rest of the world to wish you happiness?"

No answer comes in words from Daisy; but he sees her tremble and he hears her sigh.

"I have no right to tell you this now, any more than I had reason to hope that you were listening to me with tenderness when it was only tolerance you extended; but, Daisy, it will never do you any harm to hear now how I've loved you ever since I was a boy; how I've associated you with every hope I've ever had about Glenholme; how I've hated the hardness of the lines that kept me away from telling you this till the law granted that I had come to years of discretion; and now it's too late."

"Is it?"

"Is it not, my sweet? Can you give up the place you'll have as Lady Bray? Dare I ask you to give it up? What turned you from me, Daisy, in that short time? What made the sweetest eyes that were ever seen lie either to Sir Bolingbroke or me that night?"

Then—led on by she knows not what impulse—she reminds him of the words she heard Miss Millard speak to him that night; and she nearly dies with dismay at the thought of her own rashness when she learns that it was of a cast-off brother of her own, whom Harry had met and befriended in Australia, that the heiress spoke that night.

* * * * * * *

Sir Bolingbroke Bray bears the news of the breaking-off of the marriage between himself and Daisy like the lenient and charitable profligate he is.

"Poor little Daisy!" he says; "it would have been a cruelty to take her against her will; for she would never have made a bolt from me when I became intolerable to her—she would have been too good for that; and so she would have staid and been wretched; and the sight of a wretched woman is maddening when you've no cause to kick her out."

He is not in the least vindictive or even seriously vexed about Daisy; and he shows that he is not either by inviting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poynter to his wedding when he marries Miss Millard; the Beauton family having found the heiress wanting as soon as it becomes a publicly avowed fact she has made peace between her father and a scapegrace brother of hers, who is forthwith coming home to grasp the larger portion of the goods with which the gods have endowed the Millards.

The blue eyes and golden hair, which created such a sensation, having buried their gleam and glitter in the shades of Glenholme so happily, there is little more to be told at present about their owner.

But of Ethel this much may be gathered from Miss Bertram's parting address to society, when leaving it for a while after that "very painful affair at Burnsleigh":

"My second niece, Ethel Eldon, will be with me next season; quite a child at present, but with such beauty in her hazel hair and brown-velvet eyes, that Daisy's quieter light will be completely put out. Happily, there are no more young squires in that part of the world to interfere with Ethel's prospects and cause me the agony of disappointment which I suffered from Daisy's foolish *mésalliance*."

THE END.

English Business Depression.

It is estimated that in the thickly-populated towns in the northeast of England, 20,000 persons have been thrown out of work during the last three years. There are thousands of empty houses in Darlington. Stockton and Newport are also seriously affected. The number of cotton operatives on strike at Ashton is now estimated at from 8,000 to 11,000. The streets are crowded by unemployed operatives, but little excitement is manifested. Serious complications are also arising in the cotton industry at Preston. In consequence of the resolution arrived at by the Scotch iron-masters not to accede to the demand of the workingmen for an increase of wages until the price of iron exceeds 50s. per ton, 54 furnaces have been blown out in various parts of Scotland, rendering 3,000 men idle.

The Czar's Body-guard.

A CORRESPONDENT, speaking of a late review of Russian troops by the Czar, writes: After inspecting all the troops, the Emperor took up his position on one side of the field, surrounded by his generals, military *attachés*, etc. Here he remained while the regiments all marched past him—the infantry, the artillery and the cavalry. At the head of this latter division came one hundred horsemen, each horse and rider differently caparisoned, and all evidently from some of the most distant eastern provinces of the empire. There was a great quantity of weapons about them of various antiquated shapes, richly decorated and utterly useless; the horses were covered with steel or gilt trappings; everything about them savored of barbarism. This was the Emperor's body-guard, composed of men from the Caucasus. Each province is required to furnish a certain number; each man provides his own horse, saddle, uniform, etc., hence the motley and picturesque array. They are extremely proud of themselves and their position, and they think that they are the chief bulwarks of the throne. As for the Emperor, they think he could not get on without them. Their air and bearing express this. It is said that a diplomat went down to the Crimea on some business and neglected to have the proper passport. Arriving at the palace, he had some difficulty in being admitted, but at last he found an officer whom he knew very well, and who got him in. But the unfortunate gentleman did not enjoy his visit much, for everywhere he went he was followed by one of these Caucasians. He made several calls, and invariably found the man waiting for him outside the door, and during his entire stay the soldier never lost sight of him.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

H. M. Stanley, the explorer, arrived at Sierra Leone, Africa, July 24th, and started for the river Congo.

According to Dr. Armand, formiate of soda has the same physiological effects as the salicylate of soda on circulation, respiration and calorification, and possibly in cases of rheumatism.

During the month of February, 1880, there will be five Sundays, a conjunction which can only occur three times in a century. The next occurrences will be in the years 1920, 1948 and 1976.

A Telephone War is now raging second only to the famous telegraph campaign of past years. The Patent Office puts a chip on some unlucky inventor's shoulder, and he rushes madly about asking somebody to knock it off. Why not make common cause and bombard the Patent Office?

Professor Lamont, director of the Munich Observatory, died on the 6th of August, at the advanced age of 74 years. He was a native of Scotland, but has resided in Munich since 1835. He was the author of a Handbook of Magnetism and of important contributions on the subject of meteorology.

In a Valley near Cassel, a short distance from Wilhelmshöhe, where Napoleon III. was detained as a prisoner after Sédan, a ferruginous mineral spring has been discovered. The water of the new spring belongs to the class of alkaline earthy iron waters, and besides salt of iron, contains a great quantity of carbonate of lime. It strongly resembles the Schwalbach waters both in taste and composition.

The Length of Time for the development of rabies in a dog varies from a few days to a year, and hence the difficulty of studying this fearful malady in all its stages. Dr. Gallier finds when a rabbit is inoculated with lymph from a mad dog that all of the symptoms can be matured in four days, and never require more than forty days at the utmost. The poor rabbit must now come in for a new series of experiments.

Otto Schutt, who has been making explorations in Africa under the auspices of the Berlin Geographical Society, has recently arrived at Lisbon, where he delivered an interesting address before the Geological Society. He has thoroughly explored the Congo basin, and has discovered, between the Congo and Cassi, four other branches called the Quango, Maraia, Kinlu and Quange. He reports a race of dwarfs residing south of Lake Sankowa.

Paris has Lately been startled by the announcement of the publication of a work by M. de Beauregard, on a new method of applying steam. The principle of this application is, that the heat absorbed by the water-gas is never allowed to escape; "a complete cycle is created; heat is converted into force in the first half of the circle, and force is reconverted into heat in the second half." It is a perpetual motion and Keely motor combined, and will produce an industrial revolution—if it works.

In Europe there are fifty-seven technological schools where a complete education can be obtained in the application of science to the arts. Some of them are magnificently equipped and are worthy rivals of the older universities. In addition to the technical schools, public sentiment has so long clamored for scientific teaching in the Gymnasia, that these old strongholds of the "humanities" have capitulated, and are now divided into classical and "real" schools, with complete courses in each.

Dr. Hassall, of London, reports a great diminution in the practice of adulteration since the passage of the "Sale of Food and Drugs Act." Twenty years ago the adulteration of food and drink was 61 per cent.; it is now quoted as 17.2—an immense improvement. He says that drugs suffer more than food from adulteration, one-quarter of all the drugs tested being impure. Drugged drugs would seem especially deserving of suppression, as they tamper with the health of bodies already impaired by disease.

It is Proposed to use straw as building material in the Western States, where the destruction of forests has rendered wood very scarce. Several sheets of ordinary straw board, such as is produced in a paper-mill, are taken, according to the thickness of the desired block, and are passed through a chemical solution, which softens the fibre and saturates it. They are then rolled, dried and hardened, and emerge from the machine as a compact block, hard, impervious to water, and capable of taking any polish, such as of walnut-wood or mahogany. In fact, on sawing it, it is very difficult to distinguish it from real wood.

An Ingenious Contrivance has been put up in the railway station of the Northern, in Vienna, which is so connected with the canceling apparatus of the ticket-office as to communicate to the superintendent the number of passengers to be provided with seats. A dial indicates the class as well as the number of passengers. The depot-master is thus enabled to put on the requisite number of cars to accommodate the travelers. The whole operation is performed by means of electro-magnetism, and is found to work admirably well. After the departure of a train the dial-points are placed at zero, ready for a new count.

Professor Virchow, of Berlin, who has just returned from the ancient site of Troy, relates, in order to show how easily superstition can be founded, that he caused an excavation to be made in a certain locality to procure specimens of the different layers deposited during the past ages and of the rock in situ for the investigation of geologists. The natives were very superstitious about his work, and as soon as he departed had the place surrounded by a wall. It has since filled up with water, and wonderful curative properties are ascribed to the well, which is called the "Doctor's Fountain," and pilgrimages are made to it from far and near.

The Address of Professor Allman as President of the British Association this year at Sheffield, was on the principle of life as manifested in vegetables and animals alike. He described what is called protoplasm, the same material of all living organizations—a very complex combination of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen, which is not yet fully determined. He described its habit in its unorganized forms, when not even any special nucleus of organization can be detected, and how even then it throws out projecting fingers, sometimes in the direction opposite to that of gravity, and withdraws them again into itself. The close analogy between animal and vegetable protoplasm were also pointed out, but he refused to infer that thought was a property of protoplasm. The address is an admirable contribution to biology.

Paper from Grass.—Linen (flax) has hitherto been regarded as the best material for the manufacture of paper, as chemical analysis shows it to contain the smallest per centage of ash. An examination of common grasses proves them to approach more nearly in quality to the finest linen paper, possessing, if anything, a more transparent, soft and silky texture. The waste grass of salt marshes can in this way be converted into a fine quality of paper. The grass is crushed green under rollers, the sap is preserved as a fertilizer, and the washed pulp is boiled in a solution of caustic soda and lime, and bleached in various ways. The novelty of the suggestion is the taking of green grass instead of the dry hay.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Dr. Schliemann and Professor Virchow have both left the Troad and are going to England. Mrs. Schliemann has been staying at Boulogne for the benefit of her health.

The biography of James Buchanan, which was first intrusted to the late William B. Reed, is now to be written by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, who will, it is reported, receive for his work $3,000 and one-half the copyright.

The Russian Czarewitch is said to be a great favorite with the Danes, partly because of his supposed anti-Prussian sympathies, but especially because he is known to be such an excellent husband to the happy Princess Dagmar.

Walt Whitman is in Denver, Col., having spent a couple of weeks in Missouri and Kansas. He has had good weather, and a good time generally, and will have traveled 5,000 miles, to and fro, before he gets home again. He returns in October.

Dr. Petersen, a German tourist, lately reached the highest point of the Jungfrau, 14,828 feet. He was rewarded by an hour of clear sky. He declares that he could see the whole chain of the Alps, from the furthest Tyrol to Dauphine, including Mount Blanc and the other southern giants.

Mr. Preston Powers, the son of Hiram Powers, will establish himself in Cincinnati, and will take charge of a school of sculpture, under the auspices of the Art Museum Association. Mr. Powers will remove his studio from Florence to Cincinnati, bringing with him some skilled Italian artisans to instruct the workers in marble.

One of London's greatest Catholic preachers, Monsignor Capel, the Chevely of "Lothair," will embark from England soon for a tour in this country and Canada. He hopes to return with money sufficient to extricate him from the pecuniary embarrassments into which he plunged himself to establish the Catholic University at Kensington.

Miss Annie Louise Cary's residence in Portland, Me., is of brick and brown stone, and is surrounded by a pretty lawn. It is furnished daintily, and adorned with many works of art. Miss Cary's married sister keeps house for her, and it is here that the singer, when not busy in her profession, reads, knits stockings, studies and rests.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray has been declared insolvent by Judge Landon, of Guilford, Conn., and the parson's affairs at the once noted stock-farm are in a very mixed-up condition. Attachments have been laid on everything possible, and there is a $12,000 mortgage on the farm. The creditors will probably receive very small dividends when the estate is settled.

Many distinguished French ladies are excellent artists. The Dowager Duchess Fitz-James is described as the Rosa Bonheur of the French nobility; the Marquise de Mun is equally accomplished, while the chalks and crayons of the Duchess de Chevreuse, and the water-colors of the Countess de la Rassetiere have been admired at each succeeding *Salon* for many years past.

The regal golden crown which Pope Leo XIII. sent last Spring to King Menelik of Shoa—a monarch who has always been friendly to the missionaries—has never arrived at its destination. Its bearer, Captain Martini, the explorer, was attacked by a hostile tribe on his journey to Shoa, and was deprived of both King Menelik's golden crown and the accompanying Pontifical brief.

Miss Rye, a noble Englishwoman, has just made her thirty-second voyage across the Atlantic with a cargo of "waifs," or street-waifs—girls collected from the highways of London. These girls are taken to Canada and placed in respectable families, and in almost every instance have obtained comfortable homes and lead virtuous lives. The work has been carried on for about ten years.

Lionel Tennyson, son of the poet, is to succeed to the Lincolnshire estate of his uncle, the Rev. Charles Turner, whose surname he will consequently assume. He is the Laureate's youngest son, and he married the daughter of another poet, Frederick Locker, in the Abbey, about two years ago. His father lately refused to take the property with the condition of changing his name to Turner.

An Alabama newspaper says that Mrs. James Bryant, of Lowndes County, donated last year her colossal fortune of natural black hair for the benefit of the Memphis yellow-fever sufferers. It realized several hundred dollars, and has now come back to the original owner by the kindness of a Boston merchant, who was the last purchaser. It will be raffled for in Montgomery, for the benefit of General Hood's children.

The Emperor of Russia has written to the Pope, taking advantage of an opening made by some communications made to him through the Prince of Bulgaria. In this letter the Emperor declares his readiness to make peace with the Catholic Church in Poland. The Sultan has also written to the Pope, stating his desire to leave full liberty to the Catholic Church in his dominions, and to preserve good relations with the Vatican.

Commander Chetwn, of the British Navy, expects to start with his expedition for the discovery of the North Pole next Spring. He has formed a committee in London, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and other aristocratic notabilities, which is to be the head of forty-nine other committees throughout the country to promote the enterprise. It is to co-operate with the Swedish, Dutch, Austrian, Danish and American expeditions.

Mrs. Graves, who died at Morristown, N. J., bequeathed large sums of money to charitable objects, including the following: To the Consumptives' Home, Boston, $10,000; American Missionary Society, $5,000; Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, $5,000; Congregational Home Missionary Society, $5,000; Berean College of Kentucky, $1,000; Oberlin College, Ohio, $1,000; Literary Association of Conway, Mass., $1,000. The lady's fortune is estimated at $500,000.

James Freeland, Collector of Internal Revenue in Brooklyn, N. Y., and a prominent member of Plymouth Church, was found dead in his bed on September 23d, aged 50; J. Warren Woodward, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, died on the 23d, aged 59; James F. Fallon, Jr., owner of the International Hotel at Niagara Falls, and President of the village, died September 25th, aged 43; and Mrs. Mary Parrish, the eccentric widow and temperance crusader, of Fort Lee, was found dead, September 25th, aged 50.

Mr. John D. Long, the Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is nearly forty-one years old, and a native of Buckfield, Me., where his father still lives, a respected citizen. He graduated at Harvard in '57, and after teaching for several years established himself as a lawyer in Boston. In personal appearance he is "of medium height, but of compact and full rounded form, blonde in complexion and with a large head and square face, clean shaven, except his mustache, with a genial and refined expression, and the bearing of a gentleman who respects every self respecting man."

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SUMMER LIFE AT NANTUCKET.

NO description of Nantucket, such as we have given during the Summer season, would be complete without a mention of the best-known person on the island. He is a man of vast importance, who does all sorts of public duties, and has greater responsibilities resting upon him than any other resident. The steeple of the old church on Orange Street is his favorite rendezvous when not engaged in his many vocations on the ground. If a fire breaks out he rushes to this lookout and sounds an alarm; whenever a mail-steamer with tourists from New Bedford, touching at Martha's Vineyard, appears in sight, he ascends to his post and announces the intelligence by lusty blasts on a huge horn. In the Winter, when communication is had with the island only once in two days, his signal of the arrival of the mail is eagerly listened for and produces for a time quite an excitement. The old houses at Nantucket are built in a quaint style, with platforms on the roofs, whence, in her days of whaling prosperity, the approach of the fleets could be watched by the families of the whalers. Old residents, deploring the decay and almost total abandonment of this industry, still cling to their long-observed habit, and the house-tops generally present a curious scene about the time the excursion steamboats are expected.



MASSACHUSETTS.—SUMMER LIFE IN NANTUCKET—GIVING WARNING OF THE APPROACH OF THE STEAMER.

PROF. NORDENSKJOLD.

THE famous navigator who succeeded in making the North-east passage comes of a family of note in Sweden, and was born November 18th, 1832, at Frugard, in Finland. He is a graduate of the University of Helsingfors, in that country, and from an early age has followed scientific pursuits, being on many occasions the companion of his father, who, by appointment of the Czar of Russia, was for over thirty years chief of the bureau of mining and mineralogy of Finland.

In 1858 Professor Nordenskjöld accompanied, as one of the staff of scientists, the Swedish expedition to Spitzbergen, for an exploration of the island, and on his return the Government appointed him chief of the mineralogical department of the National Museum at Stockholm, in which position he brought order out of chaos, and published valuable papers from time to time. In 1868 the professor, in command of a Government steamer on an expedition, reached the highest latitude ever attained by any ship, and was honored for his discoveries by most of the highest scientific institutions of Europe.

After a visit in 1876 to the Philadelphia Exposition, of which he was one of the international judges, Prof. Nordenskjöld returned home, and by the success of a commercial venture, established a new commercial route to North Siberia. Following that has been the daring voyage which has terminated so successfully.

The expedition was planned and organized in 1877 and the early part of 1878. It consisted of four steamers—the *Fraser* and *Express*, with cargoes for the Yenisei River, where they arrived in August of last year; of the *Lena*, bound for the River Lena; and of the *Vega*, which was destined for the voyage of discovery. Several Swedish scientists and lieutenants of the Danish, Italian and Russian navies were on the *Vega* by special request.

Of the $100,000 required for the enterprise, Dr. Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, furnished $60,000, and the King of Sweden and his Government and a Russian gentleman named Sibiriakoff, the owner of the steamer *Lena*, supplied the balance. The little fleet left Gothenburg July 4th, 1878, and passed the Winter of 1878-79 in a mass of pack-ice in latitude 67 degrees 7 minutes north, longitude 117 degrees 24 minutes west.

July 18th, 1879, after a detention of 264 days, the *Vega* escaped from her prison of ice, and July 20th passed East Cape into Behring Strait, and thence, without much trouble, to Japan, being the first vessel that has ever made the Northeast passage, and, by making it, accomplishing the purpose of its voyage.



MASSACHUSETTS.—OLD CHURCH AND HOUSES ON ORANGE STREET, NANTUCKET.

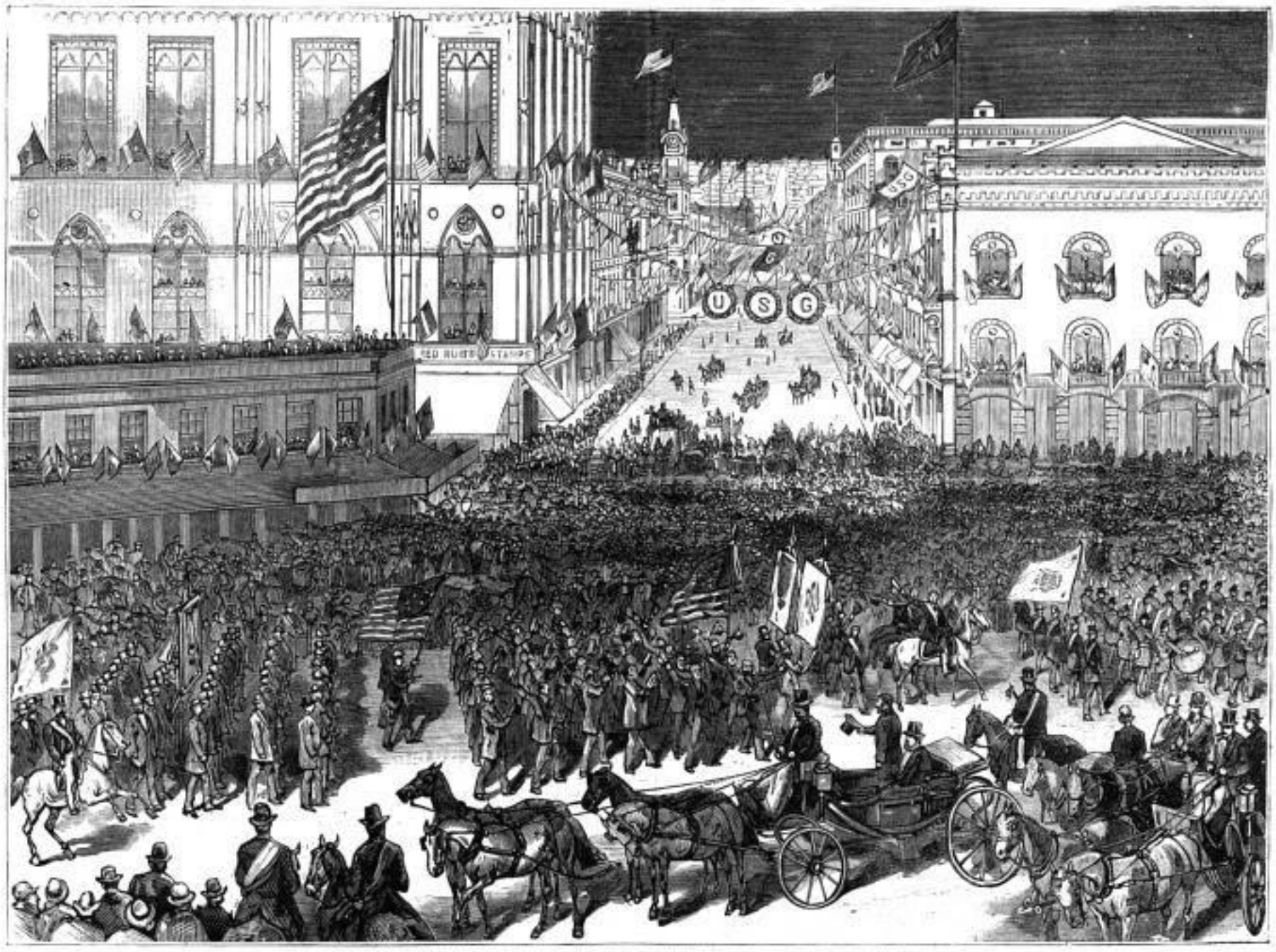


PROFESSOR ADOLF NORDENSKJÖLD, THE SWEDISH EXPLORER WHO ACCOMPLISHED THE NORTHEAST PASSAGE.

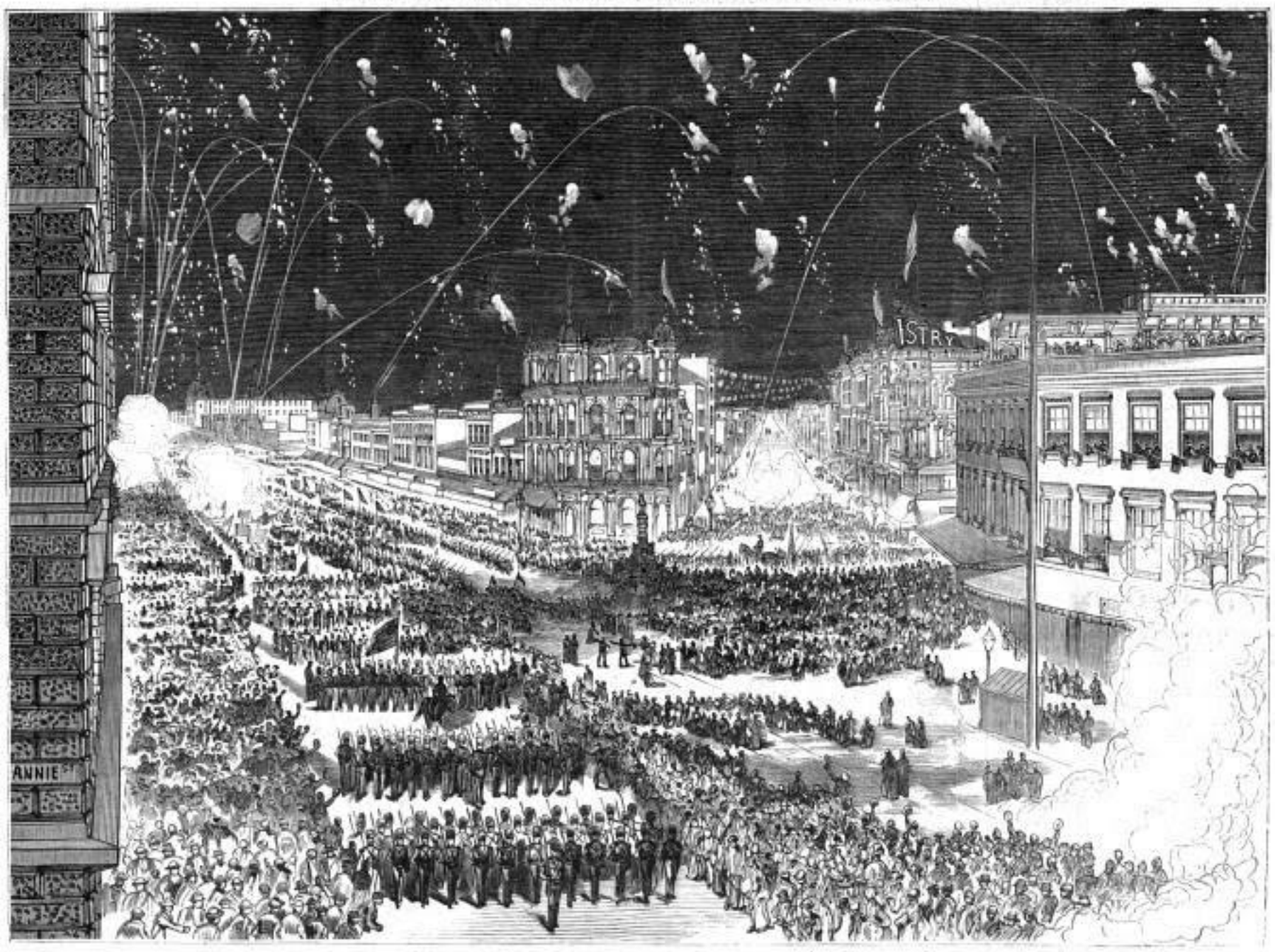
GORDON IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE country which Colonel Gordon has overrun and taken in the name of the Khédive of Egypt covers a territory nearly as large as that occupied by the valley of the Mississippi River. In this district, geographically known as Soudan, he has established a proconsulate form of government, under which, however, autocratic power rests in the hands of the Khédive's representative. The Governmental expenses are fixed at the rate of $2,750,000 a year, but in consequence of difficulties in collection it has thus far been found hard work to raise by taxation more than $1,000,000 per annum. Hence, the newly-established Government is following the example set by Egypt, and is fast drifting into debt, the deficit already amounting to $1,500,000. The chief item of expense is the army, kept up for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade and acquiring more territory. Indeed, it is not unlikely that Ismail Pasha's conscientious scruples concerning the slave-trade, while he was ruler of Egypt, arose from the belief that a respect for human liberty might be used as a cover for his ambitious designs upon the country lying around the head-waters of the Nile. His agent has put down one slave-trader after another, and, as these were no other than the local rulers, he has followed up their defeat by seizing their lands, dispossessing them of their authority, and has taken possession of the domain thus conquered in the name of the Khédive. There can be no doubt that, as far as the slave-traffic goes, this action has been salutary, for the business has been pretty thoroughly broken up; but this suppression is due to the activity and honesty of Colonel Gordon, and should he die or be removed from office the chances are all in favor of a speedy revival of the traffic. Respecting

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THE PROCESSION OF MILITIA AND CITIZENS PASSING UP MONTGOMERY STREET TO WASHINGTON STREET.



POPULAR OVATION TO THE EX-PRESIDENT WHILE PASSING BALDWIN'S HOTEL.

CALIFORNIA.—THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND SUITE AT SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 20TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.

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the country Colonel Gordon has conquered, its condition, in the main, is not so flourishing now as it was before he came. He has overthrown numerous local forms of government, which offered a certain measure of protection to the people, and has not possessed the power to substitute a vigorous administration in their stead. In consequence of this, the District of Darfur, the most western of the Egyptian possessions, has been transformed from a comparatively fertile country into an uncultivated waste. The people do not dare to raise more than what is absolutely necessary to support life, for fear that it would be taken from them by their more powerful neighbors. The only rule observed is the law of the strongest, and Colonel Gordon himself, in traveling through the country, was frequently attacked by brigands. All this indicates that the extension of Egyptian territory to the south has been forced beyond its proper limits; and even if the slave-trade has been temporarily checked, the condition of the people has been changed for the worse, and on this account more harm than good has been done.

Peculiar Leases.

In the treatment of its real estate Baltimore is peculiar. Its slow and uniform growth has led to a very general system of leasing land for "ninety-nine years renewable forever," at an annual ground rent of six per cent. on its market value at the date of the lease. For example, a common laborer or mechanic, who can command money enough to build a house, instead of buying a lot upon which to build, leases it. If the lot be worth $1,000, he pays annually for ever $60. If he builds a house that costs him $1,000, as money there is six per cent., this makes his house-rent practically $120 a year. This is, in effect, to loan him the value of the lot at six per cent. If the lot advances in value he has the benefit of it, since, if he wishes to sell, he disposes of his house at its market value, and the ground lease at its enhanced price. This encourages men of small means to live in their own houses. As a consequence, there are no tenement houses, actual rents are comparatively unknown, and a larger proportion of the people own their houses than perhaps in any other city in the world. This secures a staid, thrifty population, and, with a mild climate, cheap fuel, cheap food and cheap clothing, gives Baltimore a great advantage as a manufacturing city.

A Trappist Monastery in Pennsylvania.

THE Trappist Order of monks have bought a large tract of land in Western Pennsylvania for the purpose of establishing a monastery. This community consists of 200 monks from France, Ireland and Turkey. They are artisans, scientists, mechanics, agriculturists, artists, architects, lawyers and physicians, some of whom attained distinction in their native countries. They will themselves build their monastery. The Trappist is the most austere of all the monastic Orders. They rise from bed at two o'clock in the morning, dedicate twelve hours to reflection and prayer, and the rest of the day to severe labor, especially in the fields. No conversation is permitted with one another or strangers. They salute each other with the exclamation: "Remember death." They drink only water, and eat only vegetables. They sleep on a table with a pillow of straw, and never undress, even when sick. There are monasteries of the same Order at New Haven; in Kentucky; at New Melleray in Iowa; and at Tracadie in Nova Scotia. Most of the members of this ascetic organization are persons who, for one cause or another, have become disgusted with the world, and have determined to pass the rest of their days in seclusion and in contemplative repose. They renounce the battle of life, separate themselves entirely from temporal affairs, and concentrate all their thoughts on death and eternity. It is an institution savoring more of the spirit of the Middle Ages than of modern times.

A Doomed City.

THE town of Covington, Iowa, is literally a doomed city. Situated on the bend of the Missouri River, the banks are gradually being eaten away, and the ground on which the court-house stood a year ago is now covered by many feet of fast-flowing water. The cutting away is done by fits and starts. Recently the current set inshore and took off a strip of land thirty feet wide in a few hours. No invasions were made for another week, when another slice was cut off. Then about half a dozen buildings were moved back some thirty feet, and the next day the land on which they had stood was all gone. The citizens have tried to moor trees and logs to the bank in the hope of forming a barrier for the flood, but the current is so swift and the water so deep that these attempts have failed. To give an idea of what the town of Covington has suffered in the past five years, the case of the ferry house and principal hotel may be instanced. Two years ago there were six hundred feet of land between the buildings and the river bank; now you can toss a stone out of the hotel window into the river, and the buildings are now being put on rollers for removal.

Letter-boxes in India.

THEY appear to have a very curious way of posting letters in some of the letter-boxes in remote Indian stations. The receiving-boxes are about the size of a child's savings-bank, according to one account; according to another, about the size of a milkpan; and when the "chupprassies" come up laden with the bulky official missives they are accompanied by a "babu" to empty the box as soon as filled. The "babu" will not take the letters from the "chupprassies" unless the letters pass through the box, even though to make the passage they have to be rigorously thrust over with a stick. But the "babu" is not altogether oblivious to the necessities of such a case. When a letter makes its appearance which by no mortal ingenuity can be squeezed into the box, he opens the lower door and places his bag under it. The messenger then thrusts his letter into the box until one end appears at the lower door. It must not be pulled out, but by the aid of a stout stick it is crammed jammed and smashed into and out of the box, falling in due course into the bag. And no persuasion can induce the "babu" to act otherwise. The missive must be posted and issue from the box in due obedience to red tape. And yet people say that India is a backward country.

A VERY valuable volume of 500 pages, entitled "The American Popular Dictionary of the English Language," has been issued by Carter & Peck, 271 Broadway. The book is crowded with useful information, including every important word to be found in the English language, with its meaning, derivation, pronunciation, etc., together with valuable facts as to science, biography, history, land-titles, constitutions, notes of interest, etc., making a library of reference in one handy volume, for the modest sum of $1.

FUN.

"NOTHING succeeds like success"—unless it is a boy eating a stolen watermelon.

A MISCHIEVOUS rustic, owing his neighbor a grudge, mixed a quantity of Anti-Fat with his pig's barley-meal.

THE time is at hand when, if you want to see the Governor of a State on business, you will have to attend some county fair.

NO matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never becomes so degraded, or loses his self-respect sufficiently as to throw mud on a circus poster.

A LOUISIANA colored woman gave birth last week to a male child, from whose knees sort of excrescences resembling cow's horns are growing. Exchange: This is a new type of kneegrow.

"DO YOU see here where you are charged, sir, with being drunk and disorderly?" observed the Recorder, holding out the affidavit, just signed and sworn to by the policeman. The tramp took the affidavit, read it carefully, upside down, and replied: "Am I to blame?—I never wrote that."

ON the river: "What's the matter, Alfred? You look uneasy." "Well, my wife, who is fond of swimming, dived off the boat some time ago, and has not yet come to the surface; I am afraid that something must have happened to her." "How long has she been under?" "About two hours."

DEAN STANLEY was not equal to his opportunities when he performed the marriage ceremony of Professor Tyndall. The Dean should have asked the groom: "Do you take this anthropoid to be your co-ordinate, to love with your nerve centres, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve its organism into its primative atoms?"

A MEDICAL man was overhauling an electrical machine, and, after putting it in order, turned the crank to test it. His little daughter wanted to help; so he told her to turn, and he would hold the handles. The child performed her part well, and the current of electricity was so strong that the doctor's hands shook as though he had an attack of the ague. The next day the little girl asked her father to let her "play the hand-organ again." "Hand-organ?" said the doctor, in an inquiring tone of voice. "I didn't know that you had ever played a hand-organ." "Oh, yes," rejoined the young lady, "I have—yesterday, you know, when I played and you were the monkey!"

AN amusing story has lately been having a run through the Boston clubs, at the expense of a self important, somewhat portly man about town, who, on returning from Paris some time ago, was asked how he liked French cooking. "Jolly," was his reply. "It is wonderful how they transform everything. Boston could learn something in the way of cooking greens, for instance. Why, I should judge, from one little experience of mine, that a French cook could make you think a dish of dandelions was calf's-head jelly. They had a kind of grass—'patty de foy grass,' I believe they called it—with nothing to indicate its real nature. It 'came high,' as I was there in the Winter, you know, when it was out of season, or else I should have had my fill of it."

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MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*—We have a case of leprosy in our poorhouse which is being cured by your Cuticura remedies. The county had employed all of our doctors and had sent to New York for advice, but to no avail. The patient commenced using the Cuticura and immediately began getting better. He had been confined to his bed for two and one-half years. *Had not* And his clothes on during *this time*. Last week he dressed for the first time. When he walked there would at least one *quart* of scales come off of him. This happened every day. We think it is a wonderful cure. We do not say he is cured, but he is in a fair way to be cured, to say the least. Yours truly,

DURKEE BROTHERS,
Druggists and Booksellers.

ALLEGAN, Mich., February 11th, 1878.

HOME INDUSTRY.

DURING the two weeks ending Saturday, the 20th inst., the FAIRBANKS SCALE COMPANY received orders for 2,868 scales, including orders for no less than nineteen iron-frame R. R. track-scales. This is the largest number of orders booked at the factory since the panic of 1873. This increased business is the natural result of the improved condition of the iron trade, and the moving of the enormous grain crops of the West. To meet this business pressure, the factory has commenced running nights, the first time since the war.—*St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledonian, Sept. 26th.*

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GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

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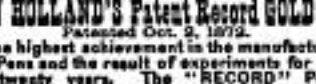
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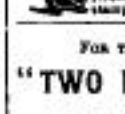


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GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

WE have already illustrated the more conspicuous features of the great popular welcome to General Grant on his arrival at San Francisco. It but meagrely expresses the warmth and heartiness of the reception, to say that no public man has ever been the recipient of such distinguished honors at the hands of the populace of the Pacific Slope metropolis. The ovation upon his arrival, the attentions bestowed upon him by all classes during his sojourn in the city, and the munificence of the provisions made for his comfort and enjoyment, all attested a heartiness of feeling and a generous hospitality which, it is safe to say, no other city will be able to match. The apartments secured for him at the Palace Hotel, for instance, were most sumptuous in all their appointments, and in their decorations displayed the very highest taste and thoughtfulness. They were, in point of fact, bowers of beauty and fragrance, all the resources of the floral kingdom having been apparently utilized in their embellishments. The eagerness of the people to see and honor the illustrious captain left him little opportunity for the calm enjoyment of these delightful retreats, but he gave repeated expression to his appreciation of the kindly forethought which had surrounded him with such marked evidences of good-will. His intercourse with the people is reported to have been characterized by entire freedom and geniality of manner, the only person to whom he refused to accord an interview being the agitator Kearney, who made repeated efforts to attain the distinction.

(*Continued on page* 108.)



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SAN FRANCISCO, IMMEDIATELY UPON HIS RETURN, BY I. W. FABER.

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PARTHIAN POLITICS.

AMONG the several political conventions which have recently put General Butler in nomination for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, there is one which associated Mr. Wendell Phillips with him as a candidate for the post of Lieutenant Governor. Nothing in the proceedings of that convention surprised us so much as the nomination of this gentleman. Mr. Phillips has been for so many years a separate and independent party by himself that it seemed an astonishing act of presumption, on the part of the people among whom he lives, to suppose that this political Ishmaelite could be content to work as a *lieutenant* to anybody, or that any declaration of principles which could be made by an average body of men would be satisfactory to a man who is "his own parallel" and the antithesis of everybody else.

Accordingly, it does not surprise us to learn, as we now do, that Mr. Phillips has declined the nomination of the Massachusetts Greenbackers, and that he has declined it, not for the want of sympathy with the present aim of the Greenback movement, but because he believes that he can more efficiently promote that movement by remaining "outside of party lines, where his whole life has been passed."

It is precisely because Mr. Phillips is at the furthest possible remove from the crystallizing points of our historical politics that he always acts as a solvent, and a very acid one at that, in promoting the disintegration and dissolution of the oldest political organizations in the country. A born "reformer," and, as such, pledged to maintain the thesis that minorities are more often right than majorities, he naturally finds it easy to believe that the largest and strongest parties are always most in the wrong and that the weakest parties are most apt to be in the right; and seeing that there is no party in the country so small as the "Wendell Phillips Party," it is entirely logical that the latter should be the only party with which he can consistently act, because it is the only party of which he can be sure that it is always honest, earnest, unanimous and right!

But while it would be very idle to look to Mr. Wendell Phillips as an exemplar of these principles of political confederation which the philosophical mind of Burke delighted to unfold, it is always very safe to look to Mr. Phillips as an apostle skilled to expound the gospel of political dissent in his day and generation. A Parthian archer, prowling on the flanks of the embattled Democrats or Republicans, and shooting at both as he flies from their ranks, he is quick to find with his arrows the loose joints in the harness of his enemy; and if in his desultory warfare he does small execution, he at least hints to that enemy by the prick of an arrow where a new rivet may be needed in his harness.

For instance, referring to the actual disintegration of the "old Democratic Party" in States like Maine, Massachusetts and Ohio, where the party has been virtually swallowed up by the Greenbackers, Mr. Phillips points a useful moralism for the consideration of the old Democratic leaders, when he suggests to them that the dissolution of the "old Democracy" in the North can scarcely fail to act as a diluent on the "Solid South." Mr. Phillips reasons with more than his usual cogency when he argues that just in proportion as the Northern Democracy cease to be an efficient force in politics, just in that proportion will the South "lose one great reason and temptation to mass itself into a solid political force," until, in the end, under the stress of these divisive tendencies, we may eventually expect to see the white vote of the South break into the usual party lines of cleavage, when, of course, the colored vote will be courted by each fraction as the "Irish vote" and the "German vote" are similarly courted by political leaders at the North.

If Mr. Phillips has a *memento mori* for the "Old Democrats," he equally has an urn ready in which to enshrine the ashes of the Republican Party. He charges that by indulging, for purely partisan purposes, in the empty rhetoric of "the bloody shirt," it galls and chafes the South into a formal "solidity," while at the same time indisposing candid men at the North to combine for the cure of real disorders at the South. This is an admonition which it would be well for the "stalwarts" in the Republican ranks to lay to their hearts, and we invite the more attention to the admonition from the fact that we have not been accustomed to look to Mr. Phillips for a warning against this species of *rodomontade*. Believing that there are real evils in Southern politics which call for sober handling, we entirely concur with him in his appeal for more sincerity in this line of popular argument, though we are far from being sure that we should concur with him in looking for this sincerity to General Butler and his followers! Of all casual and fortuitous aggregations of individuals, it seems to us that the "Butler Party" is the least substantial and coherent.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Phillips in his plea for more paper money and for "woman suffrage." His plea for the former is the article of a falling party, and his plea for the latter is the article of a party which, as yet, has not body enough to stand in the arena of living politics.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.

IT begins to look as if the question of slavery in Cuba is about to be settled at no distant day. Necessity, if not choice, will compel the abolition of the system. Already the slave-owners in large numbers, alarmed by the open espousal by the blacks of the cause of the insurgents, have petitioned the Spanish Government for prompt action on the subject. In their memorial the planters state that unless steps are speedily taken by the authorities, they will be compelled to assume whatever responsibility may attach to the act and set the slaves at liberty. Not otherwise, they say, can they prevent their property from being burned. In this condition of affairs, it will be impossible for the Spanish Government to remain inactive. In the meantime, the plantation owners are advised to act in conjunction with the Captain-General, and in a spirit of patriotism. It is also intimated that, as soon as the Cortes meets, a measure will be introduced providing for the emancipation of the slaves, to take place next year, but conditioned with a long period of compulsory labor with a view to the compensation of owners.

It should be borne in mind in this connection that slavery has been abolished in Porto Rico and Barbadoes, and that even in Cuba provision has been made for its gradual abolition. As far back as 1872, the so-called Moret Law provided that henceforward the children of slaves should be born free. It follows, as a consequence of this arrangement, that the number of slaves, in the interval, has greatly diminished. The Cuban slave, moreover, has become accustomed to the idea of liberty. He does not regret that his children are born to freedom, but he frets under the bondage which he is himself compelled to endure, and from which there is no hope of escape. His bondage is all the more intolerable from the fact that the Government, to which alone he can look for protection, has treated him with exceptional severity. The favors granted to his kindred and class in Barbadoes and Porto Rico have been denied to him in Cuba. His offspring, in whom, in many instances, he takes but little interest, are born to freedom; but he must bear the burden and submit to the lash while life continues. He is not ignorant of the fact that in Cuba alone, of all the New World, color is a badge of servitude. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the slaves in Cuba have at last bestirred themselves. It will not be wonderful if they obtain immediate and unconditional emancipation.

But it must be admitted that the complete and final abolition of slavery is beset with grave difficulties. Cuba has hitherto been useful to Spain. She has yielded large revenues, moneys which, if they have not been available for replenishing the home treasury, have at least been serviceable for the maintenance of the government of that island and for the furtherance of all transatlantic enterprises. Of late years, of course, the island has been less valuable than formerly, mainly because of the disturbance which has almost continuously prevailed, but also for other reasons. Spain, however, clings tenaciously to the "Pearl of the Antilles"; and the sentiment to-day is as strong as ever it was: "Perish Spain sooner than Cuba should be lost." The Cubans, like the other West Indian possessions of Spain, must buy their bread from the Peninsula, in spite of the American market, which offers a cheaper article and which is nearer home. They must also buy their cotton and woolen goods from the mother country and at Spanish prices, although better and cheaper articles might be had in the British, French, German or American markets. The abolition of slavery might produce the same results in Cuba which have been produced in Jamaica and San Domingo. It might ruin the island. It will only be natural, therefore, if the Spanish manufacturers, especially those of Catalonia and the Basque districts, should object to emancipation—at least to emancipation which shall be immediate and unconditional. Then, again, the plantation owners may demand compensation. Without compensation, indeed, it is difficult to see how they can sustain themselves or preserve their estates.

In any case, Spain is now called upon to deal with the question of slavery in Cuba, and to deal with it finally. It seems equally certain that half-way measures will not meet the emergency. Any attempt to saddle emancipation with compulsory labor must prove a failure. It can scarcely fail to lead to a general uprising of the blacks and to general anarchy. Spain, of course, would find herself compelled to make an attempt to restore order; but in doing so it would be necessary to draw heavily upon her exchequer. It would certainly be better to draw at once, and accomplish by peaceful means that which war cannot prevent.

COMMON SCHOOL PROGRESS.

THE report of the Commissioner of Education, recently published, furnishes very conclusive evidence of the progress of educational development in this country. In nearly every State the number of children attending the public schools is steadily increasing, the standard of teaching is improving, and the expenditure for school purposes is growing more and more liberal. This is especially true of the Northern States, in which, notwithstanding the financial pressure and distress of the past few years, the aggregate appropriations for school purposes have been rather increased than diminished. In some of the younger of the Western States the increase in school attendance has been very large; in Minnesota, for instance, there is an increase of over 10,000 pupils and 339 teachers; in Iowa, an increase of 22,000 pupils; in Wisconsin, an increase of 9,000 pupils; and in Michigan an increase of 10,000 pupils. The official statistics show that Iowa, a comparatively new State, with about the same school population as Virginia, pays more for education than all of the Southern States combined. Kansas, only nineteen years in the Union and one of the youngest of States, with a school population about the same as South Carolina, pays more than South Carolina, Arkansas, Florida, North Carolina, Georgia, Texas and Alabama combined. Kentucky shows a marked decrease in average attendance upon the schools, while in Mississippi there was a decrease of 30,000 in school population, of 14,024 in colored youth attending public schools, and of 14,207 in average enrollment. But on the other hand, 8,348 more white children attended the schools than during the year previous, and 696 more white teachers and 454 more colored teachers were employed. In South Carolina, according to the report of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund, the need of extended education is principally apparent, nearly 50 per cent. of the white population being unable to read the vote which they cast.

The official statement of the sums expended for school purposes shows the liberality of the Northern States in striking contrast with that of the Southern States; but some allowance should, perhaps, be made for the latter on account of their impoverished condition and the disorganized state of their society. The following figures show the amounts expended in support of common schools in the year 1877:

Northern States.		*Southern States.*	
California	$2,749,729	Alabama	$ 392,693
Connecticut	1,810,223	Arkansas	129,431
Illinois	7,288,596	Florida	101,722
Indiana	4,673,766	Georgia	400,153
Iowa	6,197,426	Kentucky	1,13[illegible],960
Massachusetts	5,662,519	Louisiana	389,429
Maine	1,170,668	Maryland	1,637,183
Michigan	3,187,913	Mississippi	481,215
Minnesota	1,181,327	Missouri	2,374,960
New Jersey	1,929,992	North Carolina	230,789
New York	10,978,234	South Carolina	226,021
Ohio	7,411,068	Tennessee	699,133
Pennsylvania	8,582,319	Texas	495,681
Wisconsin	2,249,638	Virginia	1,000,317

The following is the value of sites, buildings and other school property in several of the States:

California	$5,963,244	Pennsylvania	$25,400,762
Delaware	450,947	New Jersey	6,518,564
Illinois	17,781,929	Arkansas	1,328,376
Indiana	11,376,730	Tennessee	1,000,814
Iowa	9,264,189	Virginia	969,317
Kansas	4,357,654	West Virginia	1,040,467
Kentucky	2,380,400	Wisconsin	5,183,902
Ohio	21,145,127	North Carolina	278,000
Michigan	9,450,000	Rhode Island	2,644,541
Maine	3,022,722		

PARTY REVOLTS.

THERE are increasing indications that a spirit of unrest and revolt is taking possession of the Democratic Party in some of the Southern States. This is especially true of Texas, Louisiana and Georgia. In Texas, the discontent with the party management is so great that the election of at least two Independents as Representatives in the next Congress is regarded as all but certain. In Louisiana, where the Constitutional Convention vacated every office in the State except that of State Treasurer, the multitude of office-seekers are in such a condition of ferment and excitement as almost parallels certain periods of the carpet-bag domination. A correspondent writes that nothing is thought of but politics, "and there seems to be almost as much bitterness between the different factions of the Democratic Party as there has been in the past between that party and the carpet-baggers. The prospect is that the contest over the offices will result in a split in the party after the nominations are made." In Georgia, the Independents declare that the party can only maintain its ascendency by breaking down the existing "machine" rule, and, headed as they are by Senator Hill and other leading men, they will probably succeed in their efforts to eliminate the obnoxious elements. These evidences of a growing independence of feeling and purpose among the Democratic masses in States heretofore "solid" in their partisan fealty are among the most hopeful political indications of the hour, justifying as they do a confident expectation that, South as well as North, other and higher than mere sectional considerations will in the near future determine party relations and political results.

THE SECTIONAL ISSUE.

THE question of national unity which was supposed to have been settled by the civil war is still a "burning issue." To-day, as nineteen years ago, the country is debating whether we are a nation having a supreme government, or a mere confederacy or league of States, each member of which may exercise unrestricted sovereignty as to the acquisition of citizenship and the elective franchise as it pertains to the election of a Congress and the National Executive. The claim is set up that the States alone have citizens; that the electors are those of the States and not of the United States, and hence that Presidential electors and Members of Congress can only be elected by and under authority of the several States. In brief, the pretense is advanced that the integrants are greater than the integer. To-day this monstrous assumption is being hotly contested in the State of Ohio. It will, in a large degree, enter into the impending political canvass of New York and other States, and form the chief issue in the national campaign of 1880.

We are among those who deprecate all sectional issues. They are obstructions in the way of the nation's progress, and retard its growth in wealth and power. Our system of government, as we regard it, approaches as near to perfection as human wisdom can bring it. Under it the States maintain their distinctiveness as do the ocean billows, but they are no more independent of the nation than are the crested waves independent of the sea. They are welded together under a common Constitution—an instrument not ordained by the States, but by the people thereof acting in concert to establish a more perfect Union for national purposes. That Constitution speaks for itself in no uncertain or ambiguous terms. It declares itself to be the supreme law of the land, anything in any State Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. More than this; it plainly sets forth that our country is not a mere confederation of States, but a perfect Union—a nation having one common organic law, one common government and one common flag to symbolize its power. The Union succeeded the old Confederation, and the Constitution declares that all debts contracted and engagements entered into by the United States shall be as valid under this Constitution as under the Confederation. It does not say as valid under this compact, or this league, or this confederation, as under the former Confederation, but as valid under this Constitution.

Whatever sophists or demagogues may say to the contrary, the Constitution establishes direct relations between the Government and individuals in whatsoever State they reside. The Government may punish individuals in any and every State for treason and all other crimes in the code, when committed against the United States. It possesses power to tax individuals, North or South, in any mode and to any extent. Furthermore, it possesses the power to demand and enforce military service from individuals all over the land. What closer relations can exist between individuals and any Government other than our own? On the other hand, the Government established by authority of the Constitution owes high and solemn duty to every citizen of the country, whether native or naturalized. It is bound to protect him in his most important rights and interests. It alone can make war or peace for his protection, and no other Government in this country possesses power to exercise like privileges. It maintains an army and navy for his defense and security, and it alone can exercise this power. Beneath its flag the citizen goes abroad, and carries all over the world a national character imparted by the Government of the Union,

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and which no mere State Government can or does impart. In all that relates to war, to peace, to commerce, the citizen cannot and does not know any other Government than that prescribed by the national Constitution. What do these things teach? Simply that for certain purposes the people of the United States are one people, and have one common Government divided into executive, legislative and judicial departments—a Government transcending in its constitutional powers that of the States. The end and purpose of the Constitution was to make the people one people in making war, concluding peace, regulating commerce, and laying duty of imposts.

That the States have certain well-defined rights all must admit. Such rights, however, are in harmony with the powers granted to the National Government. Except under a false construction, or an unlegalized assumption by the States, there is no room for conflict. As the Constitution stands to-day it is not within the province of a State or States to hinder the legislative power of the Government from defining the privileges of citizenship, or enacting laws regulating suffrage in national elections. As to this latter, the language of the Constitution is explicit:

"The times, places, and manner, of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in the State by the Legislature thereof; but Congress may at any period make or alter such regulations, except as to the place of choosing Senators."

The Constitution can only be overthrown by revolution, but so long as it lasts just so long will we be a nation, with one supreme Government, and one paramount and inextinguishable sovereignty.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE symptoms of Irish discontent are both multiplying and growing more pronounced. On the 1st instant an agent of the Marquis of Sligo was fired upon in the public highway, and his son, returning the fire, killed one of the assailants, who was afterwards found to have been a militiaman. The Marquis of Headfort and his agent have been threatened with death unless they shall reduce the rent of their tenants, and there have been other equally significant evidences of the prevalent incendiary feeling. There can be no doubt that the Irish tenant-farmers are desperately in earnest in their determination to stick to their homesteads at whatever cost; and, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* puts it, "unless the Irish executive is prepared to support the landlords by measures amounting to little less than a military occupation of a large part of the country, the landlords will have to choose between virtually conceding the tenants' claim to fixity of tenure and giving the signal for an outbreak of something scarcely distinguishable from civil war." The situation is in every way grave and critical, and British statesmen will make a sad mistake if they shall fail to recognize the justice of the demand for the reform of abuses which have only too long existed as a menace to private rights and public tranquillity.

The situation in Afghanistan, if late accounts are trustworthy, is full of peril for the British. Dispatches of the 3d announce that the communications of General Roberts's column, advancing on Cabul through the Shutur-i-gandan Pass, fifty-five miles from that capital, had been cut off by the tribes on either side, rendering their position one of extreme jeopardy. The Ghilzais, who command the Pass, are inveterate haters of the British, and in the disastrous campaign of 1842 practically annihilated the British army in its retreat from Cabul, killing 3,000 in the Khoord Cabul Pass alone—the total British loss being 12,000. If General Roberts has really been surrounded, as alleged, it is difficult to see how he can escape from the trap without disaster. Two other British columns, advancing by other routes, have not, so far, encountered any opposition.

The Prussian elections, which seem to have involved the purely personal issue whether Prince Bismarck should be sustained, appear to have resulted in giving him a working majority in the Diet. Some of his conspicuous opponents have been defeated, and his position is so much strengthened that it will not probably be necessary for him to take an active personal part in the forthcoming session; indeed, it is already announced that he will delegate to the Vice-President of the Ministry the management of his interests. There is still a good deal of speculation as to the probable future relations of Germany and Russia; but beyond the fact that certain Prussian papers display an unfriendly tone in their discussions of Russian policy, there is nothing really new in the situation. The rumors of the illness of the Czar are renewed, and occasion some uneasiness in political circles abroad. In a recent interview with the Russian Ambassador to Germany and France, Prince Bismarck declared positively that no design to injure Russia was discussed during his visit to Vienna. A late dispatch declares that Emperor William is endeavoring to reconcile Bismarck and Gortschakoff.

The discussion of the Ferry Education Bill still goes on in France, and the indications are that the Ministry will not accede to any compromise on the disputed seventh section, which, it will be remembered, contemplates the destruction of the clerical influence in the schools. In a recent speech, M. Jules Ferry said that he meant to wage the anti-clerical contest with energy and perseverance, and he "felt quite sure of ultimate success." In Belgium the Bishops have been compelled to abandon their determination to refuse the offices of the Church to the parents of all children frequenting the public schools and to the teachers and pupils of normal schools, and the Pope is understood to have approved the capitulation.

The Spanish Government, alarmed at reports that a conspiracy is hatching among certain Radicals, has arrested a number of retired officers and civilians at Seville and other points. The danger is apparently exaggerated, but the seizure of arms and a clandestine printing establishment by the police seems to show that there is some grounds for apprehension. Some of the persons arrested have been, up to this time, generally believed to be entirely loyal to the monarchy, and to have no affiliations either with the movement in favor of Don Carlos or with Republican aspirations. The troubles in Cuba continue, and the Cabinet has resolved to send several thousand additional troops to that island.

The reported defeat of the Russians by the Turcomans at Geok-Tepe turns out to have been no defeat at all. The Turcomans, some 20,000 strong, after several futile assaults upon the Russians, were compelled to retire, and seem to have been unable to resist the subsequent advance of the invading columns. Opinions differ as to the probable future of the Russian expedition, but the latest intelligence apparently justifies the belief that it will go into Winter quarters at Tchikislar in consequence of the scarcity of provisions and the prevalence of sickness among the troops.

The situation of affairs in Eastern Roumelia does not improve. The civil administration is in chaos. "Self-constituted semi-secret committees have often more power than the regularly constituted authorities. Justice is subordinated to race hatreds and considerations of political strategy." The Porte has suggested the recall of Governor-General Aleko Pasha, who is endeavoring to allay the excitement, but the proposition is not regarded with favor by some of the Powers. As to the trouble between Turkey and Greece, the great Powers will make joint and identical representations with a view of bringing about an understanding.

The vigor of the Russian repressive policy is shown by the fact that 11,854 persons were incarcerated in the Central Prison at Moscow during the Summer, 10,474 of whom were condemned to exile in Siberia.—The German administration in Alsace is definitely installed, Field-Marshal Manteuffel having assumed the office of Governor, October 2d.—Heavy failures of business houses in Vienna and Hamburg, with connections in Paris, Manchester and Liverpool, are announced.—Five of the City of Glasgow Bank directors, who were convicted and imprisoned for uttering fraudulent balance-sheets, have been released, their terms having expired.—The discontent in Bosnia and Herzegovina is general, and the population unanimous in its dislike of Austrian rule. The Duke of Wurtemberg has demanded reinforcements to suppress the insurrection in Herzegovina.

THE story of the celebration of Decoration Day in this city by the Grand Army of the Republic is told in a neat little volume, for a copy of which we are indebted to General Charles K. Graham. The volume includes all the addresses made on the occasion, the poems read, and a sketch of all the ceremonies attending the decoration of graves of the dead, etc.; and to veterans of the Grand Army and all interested in them, it will prove a pleasant memorial of the most notable commemoration ever had in this city of the deeds of those who died for the Union.

THE message of President Diaz to the Mexican Congress embodies gratifying evidences of substantial progress in our sister republic. It shows that over sixty miles of railway have been built during the year; there has been a considerable augmentation of telegraphic communication, an increase of schools and in the numbers of pupils, and an improvement in the financial situation of the Government. Peace prevails over the entire republic. The President declares himself against a re-election, but it is believed by many that the interests of the country would be promoted by his continuance in power.

IT is gratifying to learn that the estimates of the several executive departments of the Government of the amounts needed to carry on the branches of the public service under their charge, for the next fiscal year, show in nearly every instance a reduction as compared with the amounts appropriated for the present year. With the business and finances of the country improving daily, and the expenditures for public purposes steadily diminishing, the outlook for the future must certainly be regarded as more full of promise and encouragement than some prophets of evil would have us believe.

MR. EVARTS has signalized his administration of the State Department by requiring its representatives abroad to do everything in their power for the promotion of American commerce and the extension of our trade. The French Foreign Office is now said to be considering the expediency of greatly advanced steps in the same direction. The plan under consideration contemplates the creation of French Chambers of Commerce abroad, and the appointment of commercial agents as assistants to the more important French consulates. Such a system, vigorously carried out, would undoubtedly prove highly advantageous to the commercial interests of this Republic.

CIVIL Service Reform, in this State, at least, is stark and stiff, and the sooner the corpse is buried out of sight the better it will be for the public nostrils. Two years ago it was held by the Administration to be wholly inadmissible for any Federal employé to participate in politics. Now Secretary Sherman, in a letter to a Federal official in this city, advises him to take part in the campaign, signifies his perfect willingness to have Government employés contribute to the campaign fund, and agrees to take the stump himself in behalf of the Republican nominees. Obviously, it is time that the funeral-march should be sounded for the poor abortion of civil service reform, so cruelly murdered in the house of its friends.

THE imports of gold and silver into the United States during the months of July, August and September exceeded the exports by $32,567,287. Not only are the precious metals coming to us, but our bonds are also coming back, and the interest formerly payable abroad is now largely kept at home. As to the improved condition of business, it is well illustrated by the fact that while in September, 1878, there were thirty failures in New York, with liabilities of $4,300,000, the liabilities of the persons failing in the month just closed were only $315,160, and by the kindred fact that many thousands of laborers are now employed at good wages who were one year ago out of employment and seeking it in vain. And what is true of New York is true of all the business centres of the country.

IT is stated, on apparently good authority, that our existing treaties with China are about to be modified in some important particulars, negotiations being now in progress between Minister Seward and the Chinese Government. The treaty modifications will tend to restrain the immigration of the lower orders of Chinamen and their admission to the full advantages of citizenship so long as Americans shall be excluded from any part of China, or permitted as now to frequent only a few of the principal provinces. It is understood that the revised treaties will have as their main object the promotion of commerce and trade, it being the intention of the Chinese Government to harmonize its commercial relations with the leading nations, and especially to place such restrictions upon the forced coolie trade as will effectually prevent it.

OFFICIAL statistics show that the whole amount of internal revenue collected during the last fiscal year was $113,561,610, and the cost of collection $3,527,956. The total receipts were $2,462,984 greater than for the previous year, while the cost of collection was $728,454 less. The average cost of collection throughout the whole country was a trifle over three per cent., excluding the Territories, where the cost is necessarily much greater than in the States. The eleven States which seceded paid last year $11,627,080 of internal revenue, and the cost of collection appears to have been double the average cost for the country at large. Kentucky, for instance, paid $7,640,805, or about one-half as much as New York, but the cost of collection per $100 in Kentucky was about fourteen times as great as in New York. The total revenue derived from the tax upon banks and bankers other than national banks during the fiscal year was $3,198,883.

A NUMBER of cases involving the question of State Rights will come before the United States Supreme Court at the sitting which commences October 13th. Among them is a case from West Virginia, which State has passed a law excluding colored men from juries. There is also the case of a revenue officer from Tennessee who is indicted for murder in the courts of that State, the case having been removed to the United States Court for trial, on the ground that the deed was committed in the necessary execution of his duty as a revenue officer. The question of the constitutionality of the law authorizing such a removal is to be discussed, as well as the manner in which the trial is to proceed after it is transferred to the United States Court. Another case is that of two judges of the State courts of Virginia who have been indicted in the United States Court for preventing colored men from sitting on the juries, and who have applied for a habeas corpus. There are also several cases involving the constitutionality of the election laws, and of the Civil Rights Act. It is to be hoped that explicit decisions on all these points may be promptly given.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SOUTHERN distillers are about to ask for a reduction of the tax on whisky.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE reached home from his European tour September 30th.

ALL the mills at Fall River, Mass., with one exception, are now running in part or in full.

THE Treasury announces that the four per cent. loan has been closed up without the loss of a dollar.

THE revenue of the New York Post Office over expenses for the quarter ending September 30th was $53,320.

THE City of Evansville, Ind., has abandoned its municipal organization in order to escape paying a debt of $65,000.

JUDGE ABBOTT refuses to again accept the straight-out Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

A SIX days' walk for the O'Leary belt commenced at Madison Square Garden, in this city, October 6th, with thirty-five competitors.

FOR the first time since 1861 about 20 per cent. on the salaries in the departments at Washington were paid October 1st in gold and silver.

THE investigation of the charge of bribery against Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, has not been sustained by the evidence before the Congressional Committee.

GENERAL GRANT and party last week visited the Yosemite Valley. President Hayes and party visited Indianapolis and other Western cities, being warmly received.

THE committee of creditors of the Jay Cooke estate have declared a third cash dividend of 2¼ per cent. They also declared an "asset scrip dividend" of 10 per cent.

A NEW combination of the coal companies has been effected, looking to a restriction of tonnage and consequent increase of prices—the compact to continue for three years.

MR. JOHN JASPER, JR., has been elected City Superintendent of Schools in this city, in place of Mr. Henry Kiddle, whose Spiritualistic vagaries have excited so much remark.

TWO hundred and fifty German emigrants arrived here, October 3d, bound for Texas, where they intend to settle as farmers and farm laborers. Most of them come from Rhenish Prussia.

THE Republicans of Nebraska have nominated General Amasa Cobb for Supreme Court Judge, and declared in favor of honest finance, economy in expenditures and the equality of citizenship.

AT a fair in Adrian, Michigan, October 2d, a stand occupied by 2,000 persons gave way, precipitating the occupants into the ruins. Sixteen persons were killed and seventy-five others injured, some of them very seriously.

THE receipts from internal revenue for September were $2,842,857, and for September, 1878, they were $9,254,227. The receipts from customs for September, 1879, were $16,056,524, and for September, 1878, $13,735,226.

AT the United States Sub-Treasury in Philadelphia, October 1st, all payments of interest on the four per cent. loan were made in gold coin. Gold was also given in payment of all currency obligations, on account of the accumulation of coin in the vaults.

A NATIONAL Militia Convention, held at St. Louis last week, approved the Bill now before Congress for there organization of the militia, and adopted a resolution asking for $2,000,000, the money to be divided among the several States, according to population.

A MONUMENTAL stone designed to mark the spot at Tappan, N. Y., where Major John Andre was hanged, October 3rd, 1779, was erected last week under the direction of Cyrus W. Field, who had for this purpose purchased the land on which the execution occurred.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of September amounted to $2,563,781. Nearly $8,000,000 were paid out of the Treasury during the month on account of pensions arrears. Except for this, the decrease in the debt would have been about ten million dollars.

A GREAT number of religious revivals have occurred during the past two months in Dinwiddie and the surrounding counties in Virginia, and even extending into the neighboring counties of North Carolina. In a number of instances from 75 to 100 conversions have occurred at a single meeting. The revivals are still in progress.

THE contest between Mayor Cooper and the Police Commissioners of this city continued last week—both sides invoking the aid of the courts. The Extraordinary General Term of the Supreme Court finally issued an order to the Board to appoint Tammany inspectors of election. The Commissioners made some progress in this work, but it was slow and attended with sharp disputes.

IT has been found that the track at Madison Square Garden, in this city, upon which the Astley Belt match took place in 7 feet 5 inches short of an eighth of a mile. It follows from the discovery that Weston, Krohne and Ennis got some money out of the match which did not belong to them, neither of them having made 450 miles, and that Merritt, Hansel, Hart and Guyon got less than they earned.

Foreign.

SPAIN and Santo Domingo have adjusted their differences.

PROMINENT Bonapartists have arrived in London to try and effect a reconciliation between the ex-Empress Eugenie and Prince Jerome Napoleon.

MR. CHARLES F. MACDONALD, Superintendent of the United States Money Order System, has arrived at Berlin to negotiate a new postal money-order treaty.

GUILLAUME ALPHONSE DEVERGIE, the eminent French physician and medical writer, and Prince Paul de Talleyrand, a grand-nephew of the celebrated diplomatist of that name, are dead.

A HANDSOME piece of furniture is to be made from the timbers of the old Arctic exploring ship *Rescue* for presentation to Mrs. Grinnell, the widow of the late Henry Grinnell, of New York, who fitted out, at his own expense, two expeditions for the search after Sir John Franklin.

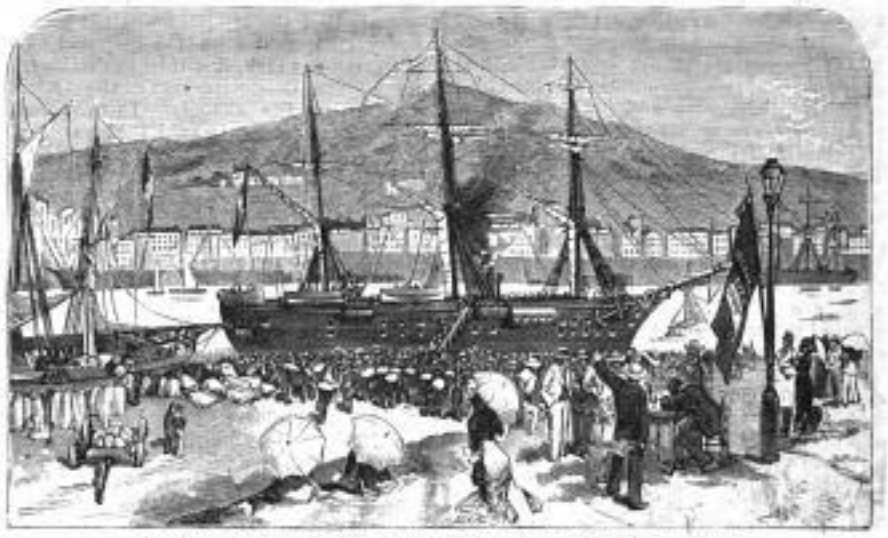
THE Peruvian and Bolivian armies are advancing against Chili. It is reported that the Chilians, before evacuating Calama, sacked and burned that place. The Chilians have made raids into Bolivia, destroying commissary and ordnance supplies, and seizing horses and carts. It is reported that Peru has suspended payments from the Treasury, and prohibited the exportation of silver.

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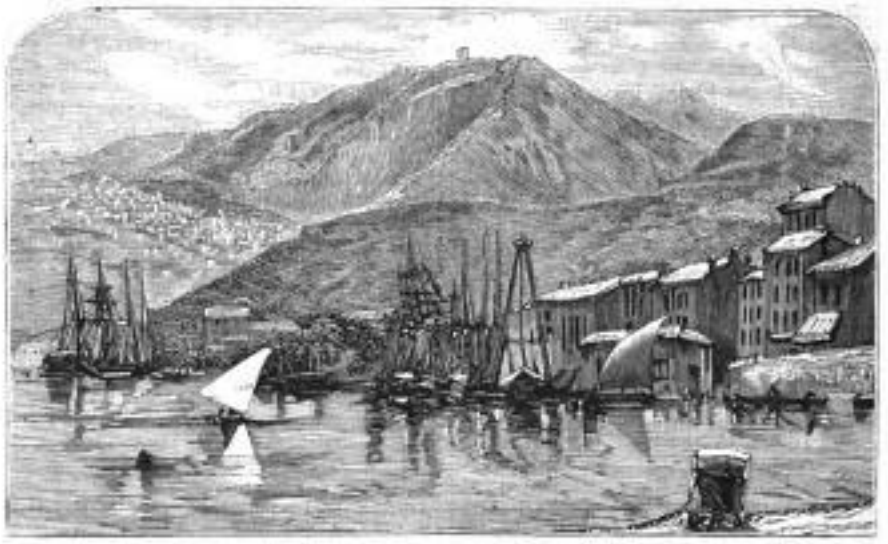
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



GERMANY.—THE EMPEROR PARTICIPATING IN THE ANNUAL EAGLE-SHOOTING OF THE GARDE.



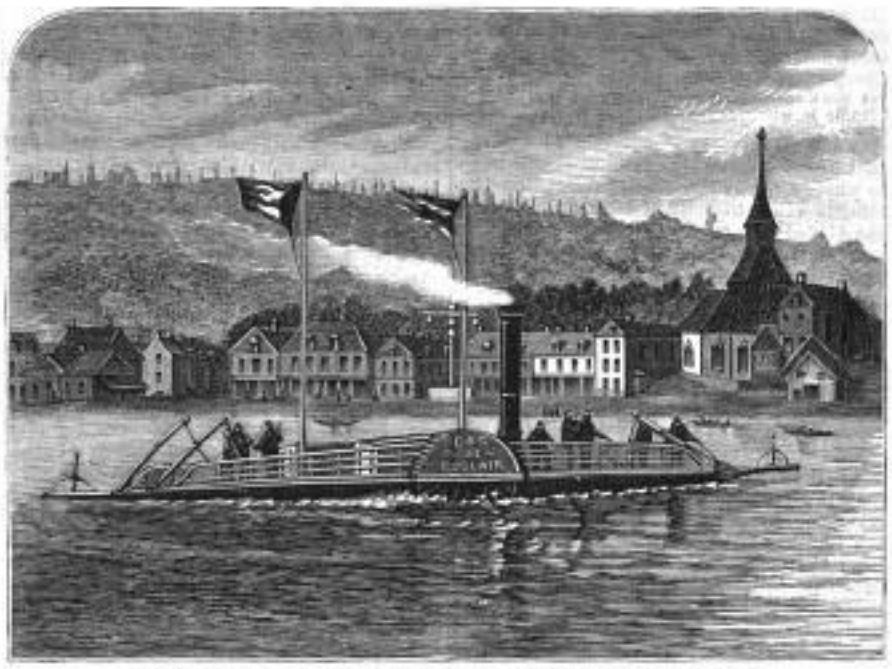
FRANCE.—LANDING OF THE AMNESTIED COMMUNISTS AT PORT VENDRES.



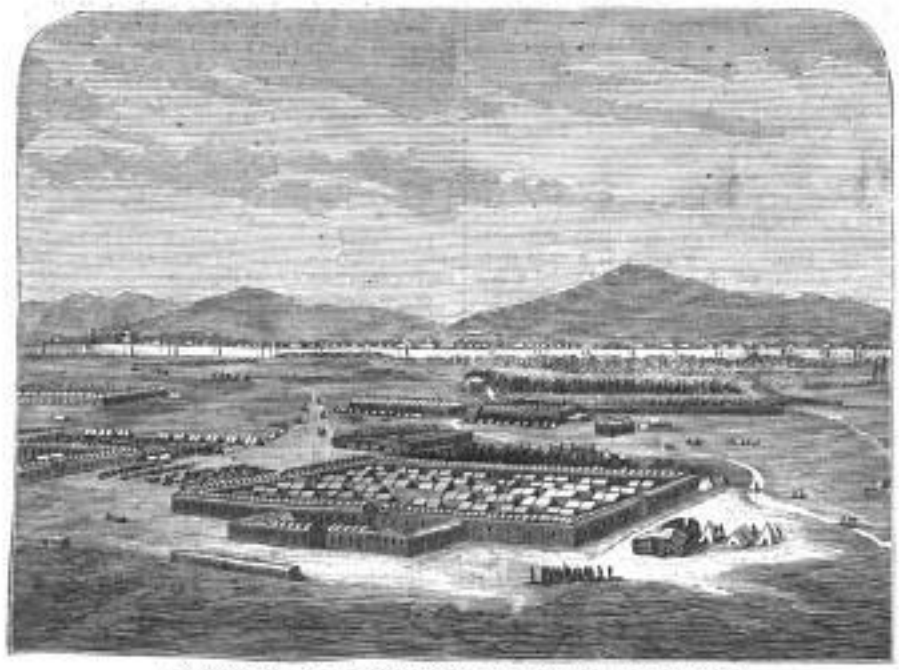
FRANCE.—VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF PORT VENDRES.



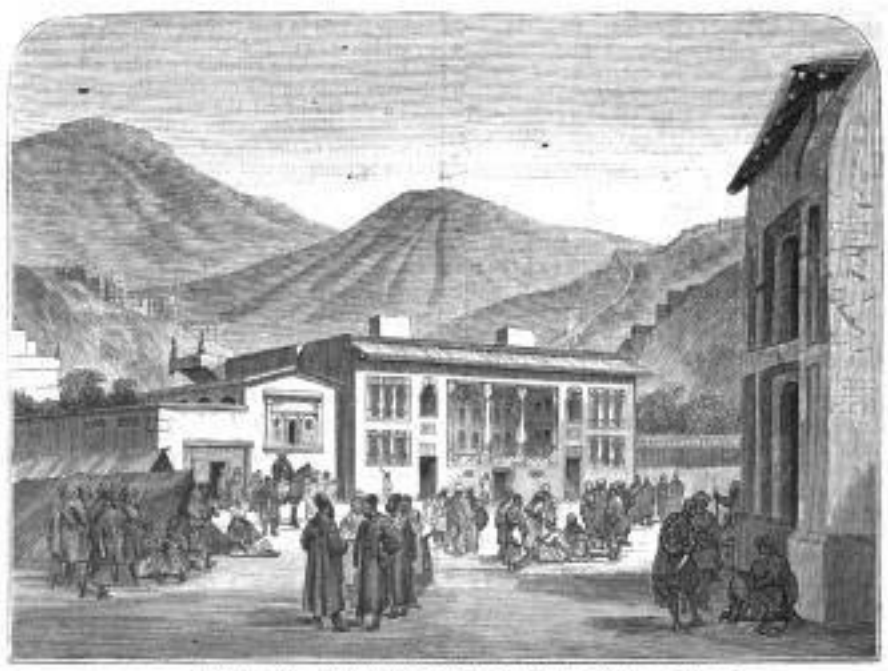
GERMANY.—PEASANTS CATCHING DAY-FLIES ON THE ELBE RIVER, NEAR SCHANDAN, SAXONY.



FRANCE.—NEW STYLE OF FERRYBOATS BUILT TO TRAVERSE THE SEINE.

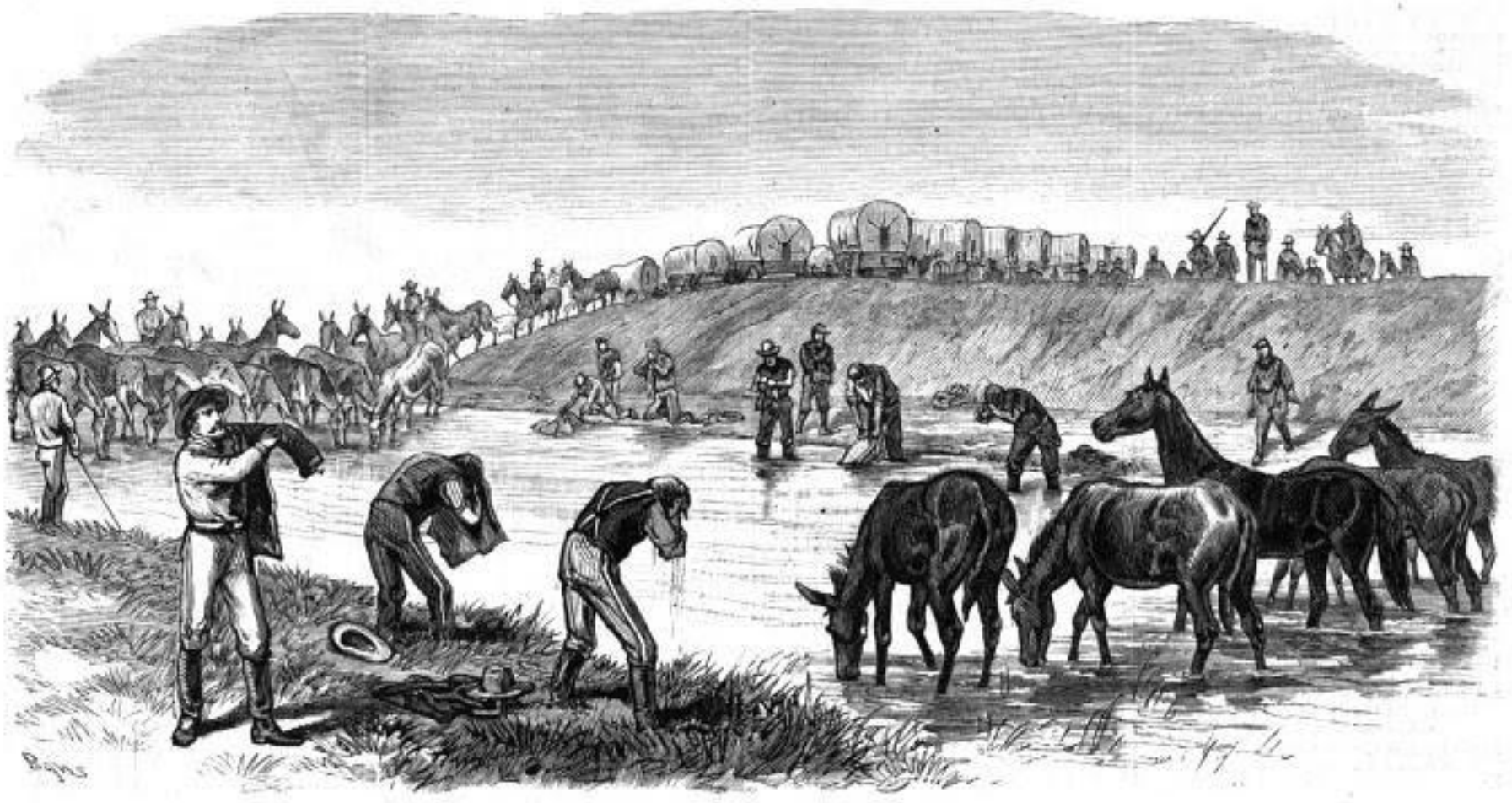


AFGHANISTAN.—THE CITY OF CANDAHAR UNDER BRITISH POSSESSION.



AFGHANISTAN.—RECEPTION HALL OF THE NEW AMEER AT CABUL.

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A REFRESHING HALT—WATER FOR MAN AND BEAST.

CLOSE OF GEN. MILES'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SIOUX.

THE last Indian campaign, led by General Nelson A. Miles, against the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, of which we have published a number of illustrations, was brought to a close with comparatively little loss of life. General Miles started upon his tramp early in June last, and on September 4th he arrived at Fort Keogh, Montana Territory, bringing in a body of 1,000 half-breeds, who had been furnishing arms and ammunition to the Indians between the Yellowstone and the Dakota line. He succeeded in clearing the country he traversed of all the roving bands which had created trouble in the Spring, drove Sitting Bull and his chiefs across the Canadian line, and broke up the illicit traffic in munitions of war which had been carried on openly at various points on the line of his march.

Our artist, who has supplied us with a variety of sketches of camp and march life, concludes the series with the installment published this week. The present sketches are jointly of a military and hunting character. As the column and train moved along, it was necessary to throw out on the flanks a goodly force to prevent the multitude of buffaloes encountered breaking through the line and creating a panic among the horses. The troops lived mainly upon buffalo-meat, and to secure this from day to day, soldiers were told off to hunt the monarchs of the plains. Lest, in the excitement of the chase, the men might ride too far or remain on the grazing-grounds too long for their own safety, they were ordered to return at a stated hour in the afternoon by a call from the bugle. Whenever a stream of water was reached there was a gratifying halt, and man and beast enjoyed a fine season of washing and drinking.

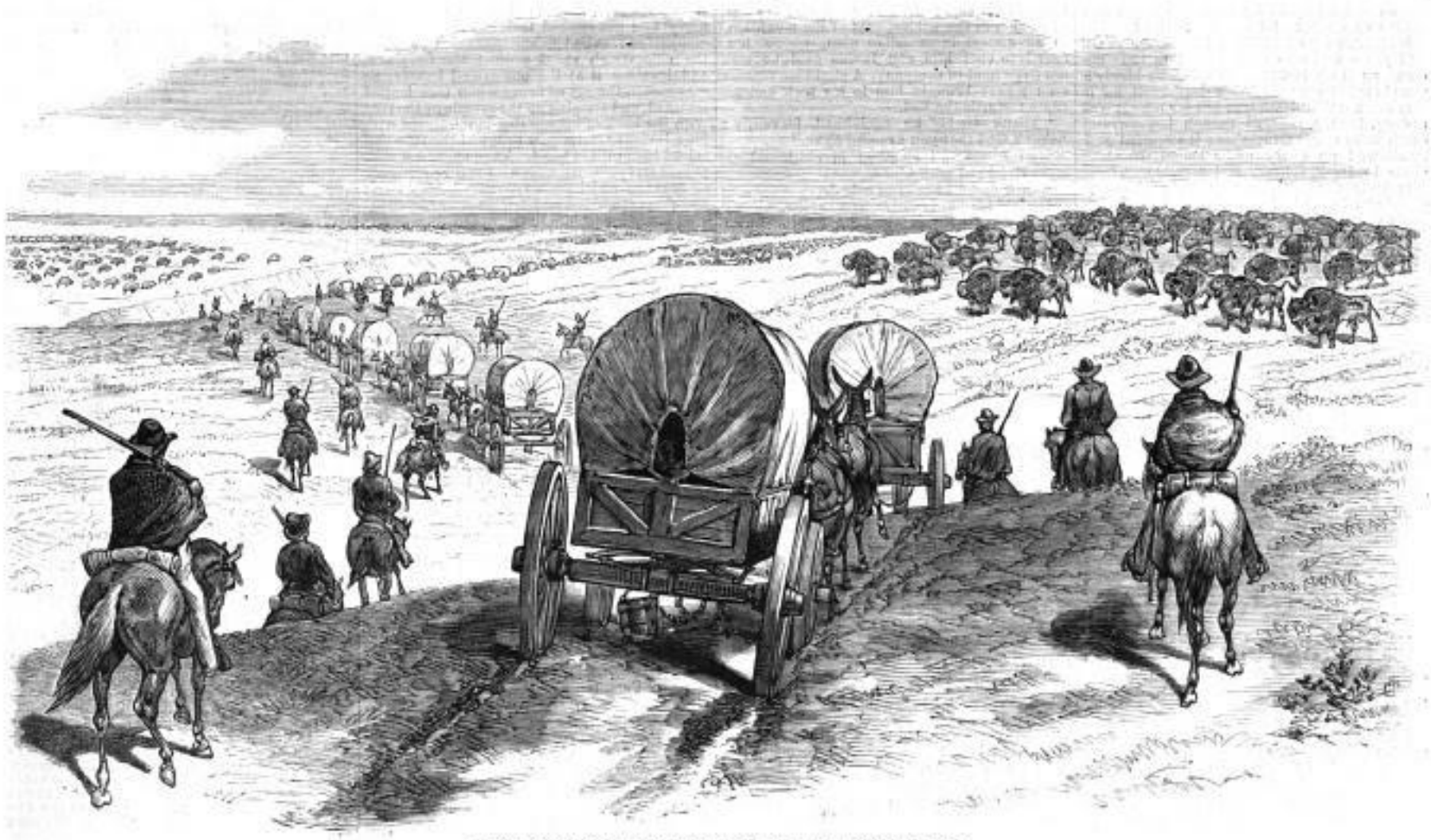


THE BUGLE-CALL FOR THE RETURN OF BUFFALO-HUNTERS.

AN AMERICAN COLLEGE IN TURKEY.

AN official report received from Constantinople describes the commencement exercises of the American institution of learning, known as "Robert College," in that city, and gives the following facts with regard to its objects, condition and usefulness: The college was founded sixteen years ago by Mr. Robert, a gentlemen of New York, recently deceased. Since then, however, although it has received several gifts from Mr. Robert and other Americans, it has been self-sustaining and has rapidly increased in popularity and usefulness. Its students number at present about two hundred, with a prospect of increased attendance next year.

The president, Dr. Washburne, is a gentleman of broad culture, and the other members of the faculty, most of whom are Americans, occupy an enviable position among the foreign residents. No distinction of race or religion is recognized as a condition of admission to the college, Mohammedans sharing its benefits equally with Christians of all creeds.



FLANKERS KEEPING BUFFALO FROM STAMPEDING THE TRAIN AND COLUMN.

MONTANA TERRITORY.—GENERAL MILES'S MILITARY EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SIOUX.—FROM SKETCHES BY HOLTER.

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The course of instruction is principally in English, but the native languages, modern Greek, Armenian, Turkish and Slavic, form an important part of the curriculum. Much attention is given to mathematics and sciences, an excellent philosophical laboratory forming one of the most interesting features of the institution. The classics, history and the modern European languages are also taught. Thus far the Turks seem to have been behind their neighbors and subjects, the Bulgarians, Slavs and others, in availing themselves of the advantages of the institution; but it seems probable that this will not long continue to be the case, as the high character of the college and its officers, and perhaps still more the positions taken by its graduates, can scarcely fail in time to overcome even Mohammedan prejudice, particularly as it is avowedly nonsectarian and makes no attempt to convert its students, aiming rather at the spread of general intelligence than the diffusion of special religious views. The excellent work already accomplished is shown by the fact that ten graduates of the college are among the members of the recently elected Bulgarian Assembly, a fact which points suggestively to the important part which this institution may play in the future of the nations which seem likely to arise in this part of Europe from the breaking up of the Turkish Empire.

The only similar institution in that part of Turkey is one on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus for the education of native women, which is also American in its origin and management. Although somewhat less pretentious than Robert College, it occupies a similar position in public esteem, and in a quiet way is accomplishing a work of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance.

THE SOUL'S MATE.

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe, to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring—
Love's pure, congenial stream unfound, unquaffed—
Suffers, recoils; then, thirsty, and despairing
Of what it would, descends, and sips the nearest draught.

THE ONE-ARMED HUNTER.

A STORY OF MINING LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

[Concluded from last week.]

AFTER a desperate struggle we reached a ravine over which the trail crossed and down which the water thundered, a fierce and boiling flood. To attempt to return over the path which I had just descended was almost certain death. It was impossible to remain till morning where I was, for I felt the marrow chilling in my bones. There was but one thing to do, and that was to cross; so, tightening my belt, with a short prayer for safety, I dashed into the flood. In an instant I realized that I had terribly miscalculated the chances of escape; once in the grasp of that seething torrent, I was borne along as a feather is borne on the breath of a whirlwind, and just as powerless to resist. On and onward we went, at times striking some obstacle, to be spun around till my brain reeled and my head seemed ready to burst. In the brief moments that I was flying down that terrible track, it seemed as if my whole life passed in miniature before me; minute circumstances long past and forgotten were conjured up with a vividness never felt before or since, and I could see the faces of schoolmates who had been buried for years and years, and who now seemed to bear me company in my last terrible ride. Suddenly a sound struck my ears like a deathknell, for it was certain that death was not far off. It was a deep, hoarse roar, as though heaven and earth were coming together; it engulfed and swallowed up every other sound, standing alone by itself, solitary and terrible. There was little time for thought. The dreadful speed at which I had been hurried along suddenly seemed accelerated a hundredfold, then came a wild rush and a fearful leap, and all was over.

When I awoke the first thing that attracted my attention was a figure that sat between me and the fire in the low cabin where I lay. The room was small, the cabin being built of rough logs chinked up with earth. There was a little window at one end of the hut and a rude door at the other. The bed on which I lay was composed of the fine boughs of the mountain-pine, covered with the skin of a grizzly-bear. Around the walls were hung various trophies of the chase, and over the fireplace was a huge pair of elkhorns which had once been the crown of some forest king. There were a few cheap prints framed with the small cones of the mountain-pine, and in the centre of the floor was a rude table, evidently the work of some amateur carpenter, for the legs were rough saplings driven in the ground, while the remainder seemed to be made rather for use than ornament. Beside the fireplace stood a long Kentucky rifle which had evidently seen hard service, and hanging suspended from one of the tines of the elkhorn was a belt in which were a revolver and a huge hunting-knife, which, like the rifle, were evidently old companions of their owner.

The figure before me sat in the full glare of the fire and seemed buried in deep contemplation as he gazed into the glowing coals. He was clad in a dressed deerskin hunting-shirt, which was old and worn, and his legs were incased in deerskin leggings similar to his shirt; beside him on the floor lay a foxskin cap, and near by it were a pair of snowshoes which had been recently used. In appearance my host was above the middle height, and apparently about forty-five years of age—the whole frame denoted immense power, while the clear Roman cut of the face, the large curving nose and the firm-set mouth told of a character not to be trifled with and equal to any emergency of danger; on the side towards me the sleeve hung empty and limp, while his face rested on his left hand as he gazed thoughtfully in the fire. The more I looked at him, the more I became impressed that I had seen that face before, and for some minutes I racked my brain till at last it all came back on me. It was in 1850, when Mormon Bar was in its glory. A rich strike had been made in Morrison's claim, and Jack Shepley and two others came up with a pan of gold to Paddy Flynn's saloon, and all the boys gathered in from far and near to see it. Jack Shepley sat on a high stool behind Paddy's bar, with a cocked revolver in his hand to see that nobody tampered with the treasure, and beside the pan on a card was the ominous inscription "Hands Off." Among the crowd that filled the saloon was a young lawyer from Sacramento, named Ned Murray; he was a talented, handsome fellow, but dreadfully dissipated, and had abandoned his profession of the law, and, like many more in those early days, had become a sort of half-miner half-gambler, but withal he was generally liked. He was a bold player and a lucky one, and as fearless of personal danger as it was possible for a man to be. He had earned the lasting hate of two gamblers, Jack Ferris and Joe Mills, who, at their thieving game of faro, had robbed half the miners on the Bar. One night Ned Murray sat down, and, laying his cocked revolver on the table, told Jack to give him a square deal, as he threw down a pile of gold. Jack knew his man and dealt the squarest game that was ever dealt on the Bar, and, as a consequence, the bank was bursted and Ned Murray walked off with the ingots. Joe Mills swore revenge, and he and Jack Ferris were in the saloon that night.

In the course of the evening a row occurred over a game of cards; a pistol was discharged and the first shot shattered the only light in the room, and the fight became general. In the dark, screams and yells filled the air, for they fought with the fury of demons. When the lights were brought two men lay dead upon the floor, and Ned Murray lay across the doorsill with his right arm shattered and covered with blood from a terrible gash down the side of his face, which had laid open his cheek and severed his left ear. When he came to, the doctor pronounced amputation necessary, and maimed and bleeding as he was, I shall never forget the iron stoicism with which he passed through the trying ordeal. As soon as he recovered, his terrible disfigurement seemed constantly to prey upon his mind, and in a little while he disappeared from the Bar, and was heard of no more. Jack Ferris and Joe Mills disappeared on the night of the shooting, and many supposed they had left the country. I had seen Ned Murray but once, and that was when I assisted at the amputation.

Six years had passed; the whole contour of the man was changed, but the more I looked the more the conviction was forced on me that the one-armed man before me was Ned Murray of Mormon Bar, and I felt certain, too, though I had never seen him to know him, that my entertainer was also known as "One-armed Gus," the terror of the mountains. I had heard of him everywhere as a man of whom the boldest ruffians stood in awe; a fearless horseman, riding a wild mustang that nobody else could mount; a dead shot with either pistol or rifle, and ready with his knife on the slightest provocation to settle his disputes in the shortest manner. He lived alone in a cabin in the wildest part of the mountain, in an almost inaccessible glen, where few cared to visit him, and it was said he was not over fond of company. A slight movement on my part brought him to his feet, and he came towards the bed.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, fervently; "thank God that you are still alive."

My face was all swathed in cloths which were dyed red with blood.

"How came I here?" I asked.

He laid his hands to his lips, saying, "Don't talk; by-and-by you shall know all. But I can tell you this: I found you on the morning after the storm lying upon the rocks outside my door, and unless you came down the cataract, I know of no other way you could have reached it."

Then all the events of that terrible night came back upon me, and I sank back exhausted. One-armed Gus watched over me tenderly, and when I recovered sufficiently to speak, I asked him if he remembered me, and then I recalled the night in which he had met with his terrible misfortune.

Looking mournfully at his empty sleeve, he said, in a choking voice:

"I remember it well, sir; I remember it well. God knows life has little hold on me, for it has been a life of constant suffering and grief. Cut off from the companionship of my fellow-men, who, when I go among them, look on me with horror, I have courted death in a thousand forms, only to see it fly from me. But I felt that I could not die till I met the murderous villain, Jack Ferris, who cut off this left ear. Something tells me that I shall meet him somewhere. On that hope I have lived for years, and in that hope I still live on; and when the hour of retribution comes—as come it surely will—then, and not till then, I shall die content."

As he spoke he held a cup of cool water to my lips, then, strapping on his snowshoes, he seized his rifle; adjusting his belt, he flung his cap on his head and vanished through the door. And this, then, is the terrible One-armed Gus, I said to myself, as I remembered the wild stories of his courage and prowess, many of which bordered on the supernatural.

While I was thinking on my host and the experience of my dreadful ride, I felt that my whole body was as if it had just been taken from the rack. My head was terribly swollen, and my right arm was powerless. Suddenly the light that came straggling through the little window above me was darkened, and, looking up, I saw a white face laid flat against the pane. The face was pinched and sharp, and ashy pale, and two diamond-glittering eyes peered into the cabin. There was the crackling sound of footsteps on the frozen snow, and then the door was cautiously opened and the visitor stepped timidly in. He did not observe me as I lay in the dark corner of the cabin, and evidently supposed himself alone. Approaching the table, he gathered up the fragments and ate them voraciously, as if starved, while he trembled like one chilled to the bone. He wore a blood-stained cloth around his head and a bandage on his right arm also stained with blood. When he had consumed what was on the table he went to the cupboard and helped himself to whatever he could find; then, returning to the fire, he threw on a couple of sticks and stirred the smoldering embers into a blaze. As the bright flame shot up he observed me on the bed in the corner, and, drawing his knife, he approached me. I looked up, and to my horror saw that it was the gambler Langham. The sharp knife glittered before my eyes; his hot breath seemed to scorch my face as he threw back the cloth with an exclamation of horror, for I was disfigured beyond human recognition.

As he stood leaning over me suddenly he started; there was a sound of footsteps on the outside, and the next instant One-armed Gus stood in the door. Seeing Langham, whom he could not recognize at once, standing by the bed with the knife, Gus threw up his rifle, and covering Langham, told him to hold up his hands and let his knife drop. Langham did as he was commanded, and stood with his hands above his head.

"Who are you and what do you want?" said One-armed Gus to Langham, who stood trembling before him.

"A poor traveler, hungry and footsore, hunted down by enemies, asks your shelter and a mouthful to eat," said Langham.

"If that's all," said One-armed Gus, dropping the muzzle of his rifle on the floor, "sit down and you shall have it, and pardon the rough welcome of a man not used to entertain visitors."

Langham sat down on a stool by the table, while Gus went to the closet and produced a bottle and a couple of tin cups. Gus placed the bottle before his guest and presented him one of the cups, into which he poured some of the contents of the bottle; he then reached the bottle to Gus who stood on the opposite side of the table, and as they raised the cups to their lips their eyes met, and for the first time in six years Ned Murray and Jack Ferris—for he and Langham were one—stood face to face. Gus dashed his cup upon the floor, and, starting back a step from the table, whipped out his huge hunting-knife from his belt. Langham's knife was already in his hand, and he felt that his hour had come. In a close fight he knew that he had no chance with the desperate man before him; so throwing his all upon one desperate cast, he threw his knife with deadly aim, for it whizzed by Gus's head and stuck quivering in the side of the cabin. Gus paused for a moment, glaring on him with the ferocity of a tiger. "You murderous thief!" he said, "have we met at last—you who six years ago tried to murder me in the dark—I wish you had, for if your knife had gone deep enough it would have spared me all these bitter years of misery and suffering." As he spoke, Langham, without seeming to move, had got around towards the fireplace, and just as Gus had finished speaking he seized the rifle which stood against the fireplace, and, leveling it at the one-armed hunter, he was just in the act of firing when Gus leaped forward, and striking up the muzzle of the rifle with the back of his hunting-knife, closed with his adversary, who now dropped the rifle and seized his uplifted hand. Then ensued a desperate struggle, wherein all the dire elements of revenge and hate were mingled. At last Langham stumbled and fell backwards, dragging his foe with him to the floor. As Gus fell forwards, his pistol slipped from its holster and fell right into Langham's hand. Cocking it quick as lightning, he fired; but in that same instant, the desperate hunter's keen knife descended and was buried in the gambler's heart. Then all was still. The deadly foes lay side by side all through the silent night, and I kept a vigil with the dead.

When the morning light broke in upon the scene, I dragged myself down the mountain to the nearest cabin, and the next day a party of miners went up to One-Armed Gus's cabin and buried the aforetime owner under the big pine-tree right above the spring. Langham they buried on the other side of the creek; and as you ride down the trail you can see the little head-board that marks the last resting-place of One-armed Gus, the Hunter of the Sierras.

GRAPE CULTURE IN NEW YORK.

THE native country of the vine is shrouded in obscurity, and profane history is silent on the subject of the first vineyard and the first—what Artemus Ward would facetiously term—"flowin bole." The vine is wild in Greece, Italy and the south of France. In the region between Caucasus and Ararat and Taurus it flourishes abundantly, as also in Mingrelia and Georgia. It is indigenous to America, albeit the apocryphal stories anent its introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh into this country. The sculptures of antiquity are emblazoned with the vine. The shield of Achilles represented a vine-gathering, while vine-culture in Egypt has been commented upon both by Herodotus and Theophrastus. Pliny speaks of a finger-shaped berry, and Mr. Pliny, a high authority on viticulture, states that he recently received slips of a vine, imported from Hungary, the fruit of which was described as an inch and a half long by half an inch in diameter—a form which might be easily described by an imaginative writer as resembling a finger. Virgil's Second Book of Georgics is a practical treatise on vine-culture.

Vitis, the generic name of the vine, is derived from the Latin word *vincere*, to bind. *Vieru*, to bend, is likewise pressed into service, while in a work published in 1638, the name vinum is attributed to *a vi*, from its strength. The distinctive differences between European and American vines set botanists by the ears. One thousand four hundred different varieties of the vine have been collected and examined by M. Champagny in the gardens of the Luxembourg, Paris, and 550 different distinct kinds designated. There are four American species, with 300 varieties. The vine is a long liver. Pliny mentions a 600-year old, and at 300 years the vine bears in Italy, 100 years being counted young. It stretches wondrously. Spetchley describes a vine trained against a row of houses in Northallerton, Yorkshire, which covered a space of 137 square yards, its stem being three feet eleven inches in circumference at a short distance from the ground. The Hampton Court Vine is celebrated for its immense size, and also from the fact that George the Third once directed a royal gardener to cut one hundred dozen bunches of grapes to be presented to the players of Dury Lane Theatre, a favorite resort of the mutton-eating monarch. The gardener not only procured the required number, but sent word to the King that he could cut off as many more and still have plenty of bunches to spare. This fruitful vine was planted in 1769. Its stem is fourteen inches in girth and one of its branches extends 200 feet. California is not a whit behindhand in Brobdignagian vines. At Montecito, four miles from Santa Barbara, there is a single vine the main stem of which is ten feet in circumference. It is trained upon a trellis sixty feet in diameter. Seven thousand bunches have been collected from it in a single season, yielding 18,000 pounds. In the south of France instances are known of bunches of grapes attaining a weight of eight and ten pounds, while in Syria bunches weigh up to seventeen pounds. Even at the present day, not to speak of the enormous clusters brought by the Jewish spies from the Promised Land, the grapes at Damascus frequently weigh twenty-five pounds to the bunch. One thousand to fifteen hundred dollars have been realized from an acre of Isabella grapes grown in Western New York. In 1564 wine was made from the native grape in Florida. The earliest attempt to establish a vineyard in the British North American Colonies was by the "London Company" in Virginia, prior to 1620. Wine was also made in Virginia in 1647. On the authority of Beverly, who wrote prior to 1722, there were vineyards in that colony which produced 750 gallons a year. In 1683 William Penn attempted to establish a vineyard near Philadelphia, but without success. In 1769 the French settlers in Illinois made 110 hogsheads of strong wine from native grapes. A Swiss colony attempted vine-raising in Kentucky in 1790, but as they cultivated the foreign vine only, their enterprise failed. The great turning point of vine-culture in this country was reached when Mayor Adlum, of Georgetown, D. C., introduced the Catawba grape which, for delicacy and piquancy of flavor, has proved a formidable competitor to many of the most esteemed European vines.

Before we enter into the details of vine-culture, to be illustrated in succeeding numbers of this paper, it might be well to give a few figures in connection with the development of our native wines. According to the most reliable statistics, the average product of late years has been 20,000,000 gallons, 8,000,000 being of California growth and the remainder of the States east of the Rocky Mountains, though some years it has been considerably greater, and this year California alone promises a yield of 12,000,000 gallons, while a proportionate increase is probable in the other States, more particularly the Southern States, where great interests are developing in this industry. These figures look small beside the 1,287,000,000 gallons produced by France (crop of 1878); but, then, it must be borne in mind that only about 3½ per cent. of that quantity comes to the United States, and this brings about 45,000,000 gallons in competition with our own products. Starting with the balance only slightly against us, and being free from tax, it would seem that our native dealers could, without much effort, take the lead and become virtual masters of the situation. That this state of things is rapidly being realized is shown by the *American Wine and Grape Grower* in the fact that by the receipts at the port of New York during the past six months, over 900,000 gallons were of California production against 700,000 gallons from Europe, showing 100,000 gallons balance in our favor. Our illustration represents grape-gathering in a vineyard near Marlboro, on the Hudson River.

The Depth of Niagara.

THE cañon of Niagara is far more mysterious than the falls themselves. Within the era of civilization in America no one was able to successfully pierce through the fierce and terrible undercurrent to the bottom until, recently, the Government itself thought it necessary in behalf of science to undertake the task. All the great schemes imagined to be strictly scientific were put in operation by bunglers to obtain the depth of water beneath the falls. Bars of railroad iron, pails of stones, and all unreasonable bulky and awkward instruments, were attached to long lines, and cast off the railway bridge and elsewhere, but positively refused to sink. The very bulk of the instruments was sufficient, no matter what their weight, to give the powerful undercurrent a way to buoy them up upon the surface or near it. The United States Corps of Engineers, however, with a small lead of only twelve pounds weight, attached to a slender rope or sounding-line, easily obtained the depths from the falls to the lower bridge. A correspondent who assisted in the hydrographical operations, describes the operation as follows: "One day we launched in a small boat not far below the falls, and entered on a most exciting and perilous exploration of the cañon. The old guide, long in charge of the miniature ferry situated here, accompanied the party. With great difficulty we approached within a short distance of the American falls, which darted great jets of water on us, and far out into the stream. The roar was so terrible that no voice or human sound, however near we were to one another, could be heard. The leadsman cast the line, which passed rapidly down and told off eighty-three feet. This was quite near the shore. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had assisted us up so near the falls, we shot rapidly down the stream. The next cast of the lead told off 100 feet, deepening to 192 feet at the inclined railway. The average depth to the Swift Drift, where the river suddenly becomes narrow, with a velocity too great to be measured, was 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge the whirlpool rapids set in, and so violently are the waters moved that they rise like ocean waves to the height of 20 feet. At this point the correspondent, at the time of the survey, computed the depth at 210 feet, which is accepted as approximately correct. The terrors of the gorge

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below this point are known to but few. Indeed, the foot of man scarcely ever treads this infernal region, where almost perpendicular walls rise on each side of the verge of the river from 270 to 360 feet in height."

Another Indian Outbreak and Massacre.

ON Monday, September 29th, as Major Thornburgh, with three companies of United States cavalry, was passing through a cañon near Milk River, in the wild northwestern corner of Colorado, his command was suddenly attacked by a band of Ute Indians, numbering several hundred. Major Thornburgh was instantly killed, and as his men were forced to retreat, thirteen of them were killed and twenty or more wounded. The Indians burned a wagon-train and killed about three-fourths of the horses of the troops. As hastily as possible the remainder of the troops intrenched and sent the alarm to the nearest post. On October 2d General Merritt left the Union Pacific Railroad station at Rawlins, Wyoming, with 500 men, on a forced march to the rescue of the troops under Captain Payne, who were believed to be surrounded by the Utes. A party of 400 men followed from Rawlins on the 3d. Three theories are given of the cause of the outbreak. One from Washington attributes it to the malice of a mail-contractor, who, having lost his contract, is endeavoring to prevent his successful rival from getting the benefit of it. Another and more probable one, because based upon letters of warning and a demand for the protection of troops, is that Indian Agent Meeker exasperated the Indians by continuing to plow up ground on property they considered their own, and in spite of orders from them to desist. The third is that a gang of white miners made an irruption into the Ute reservation last June, and when the Indians complained to the agent of the trespass they could obtain no redress. Mr. Meeker had had frequent difficulties with members of the tribe, and such fears were entertained of an outbreak that he applied for troops to protect the settlers several weeks previous. It was in answer to this request that General Pope ordered Major Thornburgh on the mission that proved fatal to that commander. The Utes are said to be the terror not only of the whites, but of other tribes, to number over 3,000, with 1,000 fighting men, and to be well-armed and commanded. Up to Saturday morning no message had been received from Captain Payne and the beleaguered troops. Grave fears are entertained at Rawlins about the safety of the besieged command. Later dispatches announce that Agent Meeker and all his employés were killed. Ouray, the head chief of the Utes, has sent word to the war party at Milk River to desist.

An Aeronaut Probably Lost.

FEARS are entertained that Professor Wise, the venerable aeronaut, and George Burr, of St. Louis, who made an ascension from that city on Sunday, September 28th, have been lost. The professor's object was to make special scientific observations, and he designed remaining in the balloon as long as it would float. Nothing has been heard of the parties since the ascension. A report from Bunker Hill, Ill., on October 3d, said that the balloon had been seen passing over that place, and a farmer's boy declares he saw it at a point ten miles further to the north. At the time of writing it was believed that the aerial voyagers had been lost either in the northwestern pineries or in Lake Michigan. It will be remembered that Professor Donaldson and Mr. Grimwood were lost in 1875, under, as near as can be ascertained, the same circumstances.

Hearing with the Teeth.

THE deaf can hear by means of their teeth! The audiphone, an instrument invented by a Western Yankee for alleviating the misery of deafness, is simply a sheet of vulcanized rubber, about 1.12 of an inch in thickness, set firmly in a handle of the same material. In the upper rim of this sheet are pierced some holes, through which passes a silken cord. This goes down on the inner side of the sheet, to the handle, through a slot in which it passes. By pulling this cord the sheet is bent over at any angle which the user may desire. Each person has to ascertain for himself what kind of a curve of the rubber sheet will enable him to hear best. Generally it is very slight—only about ten or twelve degrees—though apparently the deafer the person the greater the curve must be. When used the person holding it simply touches the upper edge of the fan or audiphone, against the teeth of the upper jaw. The voice of the speaker strikes on this loose sheet of rubber, and communicates to it vibrations which are in turn imparted to the teeth, and then pass to the auditory nerve. With this operation the outer ear has nothing whatever to do: the delicate machinery through which sound passing from without makes an impression upon the auditory nerve is not used at all. The outer ear may be stopped up entirely, so far as it is possible to do it, and yet one hears distinctly the moment the audiphone is applied to the teeth. It is necessary to use the teeth of the upper jaw, for the reason that they are more nearly in contact with the auditory nerve; nor does it make much difference whether the teeth be one's own or artificial, so long as those artificial teeth are tightly fitted; for when that is the case the vibration is imparted about as well as when they are natural teeth. The inventor is deaf himself. He happened one day to hold a watch between his teeth, and noticed that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This set him to thinking that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sounds of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve through the medium of a tube, just as the ticking of the watch had been.

Criminal Statistics in France.

THE official report addressed to the President of the Republic in reference to the administration of justice in criminal causes in France and Algeria in 1877 has recently been published, and shows that the number of persons accused and tried before the criminal courts was 4,413, of whom 3,680 were men and 733 women. The figures showing the civil condition of the prisoners are calculated to throw a curious light on the relations between the celibate and married state on the one hand, and crime on the other. The result is, indeed, strikingly in favor of the wedded as compared with the single condition. Thus, it is found that, while the proportion of unmarried persons tried for the gravest class of crimes is 33 in every 100,000, there were among the married, the widows, and the widowers only 11 in every 100,000. The country, too, would seem, so far as these statistics go, to enjoy a purer atmosphere in a moral as well as in a physical sense as compared with the cities of France; for while the towns furnish 17 prisoners from every 100,000 of their population, the country afforded less than one-half—namely, only 8 per 100,000. It may, however, be remarked that, as the villager or peasant who has gravely transgressed the law generally shuns the locality where everybody knows him and his misdoings, and, accordingly, seeks the cities, while there is little or no compensating movement of city criminals to the rural districts, the towns probably have placed to their account in the figures here quoted part of the sins which properly belong to the country. As regards education, the statistics do not enable us to state anything more definite as to its relations to crime than that it appears to have no effect in preserving men and women from the commission of the gravest descriptions of crime. Of the 4,413 prisoners in 1877, as many as 2,864 were returned as able to read and write, while 177 had received a higher education; only 1,372 of the prisoners were unable either to read or write. There were 31 persons sentenced to death, but only 12 were executed. Of persons charged with capital crimes, 33 per cent. of the women were acquitted; but only 19 per cent. of the men so charged escaped condemnation. The Paris Police in 1877 took into custody 35,083 persons, 30,794 of whom were males and 4,289 females, of whom upward of one-fourth were under 21 years of age and upward of two-fifths had been previously convicted. The number of suicides in France in 1877 was 5,962, of whom 21 per cent. were females. Among unmarried persons, there were 28 suicides to every 100,000, while in the same number of married persons there were only 18; but among the widows and widowers the proportion was 31 to every 100,000. Suicide is far more frequent in the towns than in the country, the proportion being 23 and 13 in every 100,000 persons respectively. Among men, it is remarked that suicide is more common as age increases. As regards the causes to which self-destruction is attributed, of the total number of cases, 5,922, the report assigns 1,794 to lunacy or diseases of the brain; 855 to domestic troubles, 837 to physical suffering, 701.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Eagle-shooting by the German Emperor.

It is customary for every Prussian Prince to enter on his tenth birthday as Lieutenant into the First Regiment of the Garde, and serve therein until he becomes commander of a regiment himself. That is the reason why all the Hohenzollerns, the sovereign included, participate in all the festivities given by the Garde. For 140 years the regiment has had an annual target or eagle-shooting near Potsdam, in the forest of oaks and elms of Katharinenbahl. This year the shooting commenced on the 22d of August, and the next day Emperor William and his family arrived from Berlin to take part. It was the first time the old Emperor had had a rifle in his hands since the attempt of Nobeling to kill him. The Emperor shot very well, but the Crown Prince was the best marksman of the day, and declared to be "Schützen Koenig" for the next year.

Release of Amnestied Communists.

The selection of Port Vendres as the landing-place of the amnestied Communists released from New Caledonia was a happy stroke of policy, for its population is too sparse and scattered to contribute an element of disorder and riot. It is a commercial and seaport town in the south of France, department of East Pyrenees, on the Mediterranean, with a harbor, formed by a projecting tongue of land, seventeen miles southeast of Perpignan. It was here that the several detachments of released Communists were debarked from the men-of-war, and whence they took cars direct to the Orleans station in Paris. Some relief-committees and a small body of personal friends met the men at Port Vendres, but the only demonstration of note occurred upon the arrivals of the trains in Paris, where thousands of relatives, friends and sympathizers were found in waiting.

Catching Ephemerae.

The Ephemera, or day-fly (an insect that lives one day only), is at the end of August caught by millions on the borders of the Elbe River, near Schandau, in the Kingdom of Saxony. It is of a yellowish-white color, about one-fourth of an inch in length, and rises towards evening in immense quantities from the waters of the Elbe, whereon the females lay their eggs. The poor people in the neighborhood gather the dead insects and sell them to bird-fanciers and to aquariums as food for birds and small fish. They are killed by building large straw fires, in the smoke of which they perish and fall down upon white bed-sheets spread upon the grass near the fires.

New Style of French Ferryboat.

The constant passing of vessels up and down the Seine utterly precludes the possibility of fixed or even swivel bridges, and the difficulty has been most successfully grappled with at Duchair, Caudebec and Quillebeuf by means of flying bridges, or steam rafts. Our illustration represents one of these rafts or ferryboats, that of Duchair and the smallest of the three. It is but eighteen meters long, and is furnished with an engine of thirty horse-power. The entire cost of the construction has been 28,000 francs, and it has been turned out of the workshops of M. Powell, of Rouen, who has also constructed the two others for Caudebec and Quillebeuf respectively. The facility of crossing the river is now most ample. Before the introduction of these flying bridges, an average of but two hundred and thirty or two hundred and fifty vehicles passed over during the day; now that number is quadrupled, while the number of pedestrians has increased in the same ratio.

The New Afghan Rebellion.

The late murderous attack upon the British Residency at Cabul by mutinous native regiments, and the measures at once taken to suppress the rebellion, call renewed attention to both Cabul and Candahar. The views now presented are quite different from those published early in the Afghan war, because the occupation has afforded the artists an opportunity to sketch the historic places at greater leisure and with fuller detail. The city of Cabul, which is the capital of Afghanistan under the Ameers of the ruling dynasty, is situated on the banks of the Cabul River, in an elevated plain 6,300 feet above the sea-level, inclosed by high rocky hills on the south and west sides. It has about 60,000 inhabitants and a considerable trade. The principal articles of commerce are fruit and merchandise from India. An active trade is also carried on with Bokhara and with Candahar. The Bala Hissar is a fortified inclosure, comprising nearly a fourth of the whole area of the city of Cabul, and surrounded by a wall which follows every rise and fall of the rocky slopes on which the palace-citadel stands. The most numerous and the most aggressive class is that of the Afghan nationality, who are termed Cabuleers. Cabul is, after Bokhara, probably the city in Asia where the fanatical zeal of the Mussulman runs highest. The greatest punishment that could be inflicted on the Cabuleers would be to remove the capital of the State back to the old Dorani city of Candahar, which is situated about 260 miles southwest of Cabul. Candahar was occupied by the British in the war of 1842, and on the 9th of January last General Sir Donald Stewart took possession and established a large camp outside the walls.

NUGGETS FROM THE MINES.

A VERY rich tin mine has been discovered near Dalton, Georgia.

IT is claimed that there are eighty-five producing mines in Leadville.

COAL in large seams has been discovered eighteen miles southwest of Wa-Keeney, Kansas.

A LARGE bed of bituminous coal has been discovered near Mountain View, Stone County, Alabama.

THE ore from the silver mines recently discovered near Farmington, Mo., assays $97 per ton, silver and lead.

THE silver-mines in Montgomery County, Miss., are said to be rich. Silver has also been found in Scott County.

EXPLORERS have found gold one hundred miles east of Prince Arthur's Landing, Lake Superior, on the Canada side. A rush in that direction is not improbable.

VERY rich lead mines have been discovered in the vicinity of Spocerville, in Clark and Hot Springs Counties, Arkansas. Mineral is found near the surface in great quantities.

SINCE January 1st, 1879, 325 mining claims have been located in Nevada County, Cal., and duly recorded. It is one of the best proofs of activity in the mining industry that could be obtained.

GOLD has been discovered at Burk's Gut, Newfoundland. Specimens of the quartz contain considerable gold. A copper mine has been discovered at Harbor Main, Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

THE receipts of iron ore in St. Louis in the first eight months of this year were 119,676 tons, as compared with 71,701 tons in the corresponding period last year, an increase of about 48,000 tons.

THE total production for the world of gold and silver for the 373 years from 1493 to 1875 is estimated by an eminent German authority at $7,474,185,310.50 of silver, and $5,644,151,241.43 of gold.

THREE thousand miners are now employed by the coke companies in the Connellsville region, Pennsylvania. An item from Connellsville reads: "All persons who wish employment can get it."

A LETTER from Maine describes the development of a new source of riches in that State—a copper-mine. A rich vein seems to have been discovered, and the work of mining has already passed beyond the experimental stage.

ALASKA boasts of placer diggings at Cassiar, about 300 miles inland by way of the Stickeen River, with which communication is had by two steamers. Some 1,800 miners, one-half Chinamen, have gone thither this season.

EXTENSIVE deposits of almost pure gypsum have been discovered in Squak Valley, twenty-five miles from Seattle, Washington Territory. It is reported as the first deposit of the kind found west of the Rocky Mountains.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created near Empire, Kansas, on the branch of the Fort Scott road, by the finding of a vein of lead ore by laborers employed in building the road. Nearly 1,500 pounds of rich ore were secured.

MONTANA during the past sixteen years has produced $163,000,000 in gold and silver; $147,000,000 of this was in gold. Montana, therefore, ranks next to California as a producer of gold. There are already 20,000 quartz mines in the Territory.

ENGLISH iron ore will be a new feature of our imports this year. American ores having risen $1.50 per ton, owing to the great demand from our blast-furnaces, orders for nearly 50,000 tons have been sent to mining companies on the west coast of Great Britain.

THE rock of the famous soap-mine near Elko, Nevada, is of a soft reddish cast, greasy to the touch, and in water soaks into a pulp, very much like Castile soap in appearance. It contains silicate of alumina, oxide of iron, boracic acid, magnesia and native silver.

THE McGregor Mine, at Georgetown, Grant County, New Mexico, since its discovery in 1873, has turned out a steadily-increasing quantity of high-grade ore, and the nine different pay-streaks now being operated indicate that the real wealth of the mine has not been even approximately ascertained.

BALTIMORE capitalists have struck a bonanza of copper ore in Ashe County, N. C., just where that State joins Virginia and Tennessee. A vein 20 feet wide has been opened for 1,000 feet, and 700 men are keeping 10 blast-furnaces at work, which turn out 10,000 pounds of copper daily. The ore yields 400 pounds to the ton.

PRIVATE advices have been received at Little Rock, Ark., of the discovery of very rich lead mines in the vicinity of Spocerville, in Clark and Hot Springs Counties. It is found near the surface in great quantities. One man melted sufficient ore to yield five hundred pounds of metal, over a common fire, and sold it at Arkadelphia.

THE Thursday evening receptions of the Bullion Club, New York, are quite popular, and their elegant rooms are crowded with capitalists and mining men every week. The evenings usually open with an address from some practical or scientific gentleman, followed by an informal interchange of opinions and current mining news.

PROFESSOR FERNY, of the French Academy of Sciences, in a recent paper, claims that a vein of coal does not represent a mass of vegetation which has been changed directly into coal by distillation under pressure. It is, indeed, a product of the decomposition of substances derived from vegetation, but the plants from which coal is ultimately formed must have lost all trace of organic structure before the modification took place of which coal is the result.

THE mineral wealth of Canada and its development are just now attracting the attention of the ablest minds in the Dominion. Reliable workings in the neighborhood of Thunder Bay have been purchased by Nevada and Colorado miners. Four seams of ore, carrying both gold and silver, have been struck in the Northern Light district. McKellar's Island is found to contain silver spar very rich. Explorations recently made on Black Bay were attended with success.

COLORADO produced, previous to 1870, $27,231,081, gold; $350,000, silver; $40,000, copper; making a total of $27,623,081. From 1870 to 1878, inclusive, the yield has been: Gold, $21,004,360; silver, $25,481,760; copper, $592,993; lead, $1,131,000; total, $48,110,125. This makes a total value of precious metals in gold of $48,235,450 76, and in silver, $25,811,760.48 — of $74,047,211.23. It is stated that this year will add to both metals at least $12,000,000 to this sum total.

THE Mexican Government has received authentic accounts of the immense richness of mines recently discovered in the Sierra Mojada. Crowds are flocking there, and the Government has adopted measures to preserve order and have the mining laws enforced. A Texan company has been organized as Nueva Laredo with $50,000 cash to work the mines. A competent Mexican assayer, to whom specimens from the Mojada have been shown, pronounces them one-quarter gold. Americans at Mojada in one hour excavated a lump valued at $5,000. The mines are 500 miles southwest of San Antonio.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—WIDOWS in Nevada are exempt from taxation to the extent of $1,200.

—THE heavy tax imposed by the last Legislature has pretty much put an end to horse-racing in Texas.

—STUDENTS who take the benefit of the Texas State Normal School are required to teach five years.

—THE London Society of Arts intends awarding a gold medal for the discovery of the best means of protecting ships from fire and from sinking.

—THE French artillery has been doubled since 1870; and now numbers, gun for gun and man for man, exactly the same as that of the German Empire.

—MASSACHUSETTS sends 74 per cent. of her school population to school; New York sends 35 per cent.; New Jersey, 34; Connecticut and Rhode Island, 55; Oregon, 60, and Louisiana, 20.

—FRANCE, Germany, Italy, Austria and Switzerland have agreed that their embassies and consulates shall send home indigent persons of their respective nationalities at half the ordinary railway fares.

—IN disinfecting Memphis the National Board of Health has used 170,145 pounds of copperas, 9,000 barrels of lime, 40 barrels of sulphur, 1,215 pounds sulphate of zinc, 15 barrels of carbolic acid, and 1,200 gallons of zinc iron.

—A CHINAMAN in Carson City failing to pay his laundryman, another Chinaman was, on September 8th, dragged into the Chinese Masonic Lodge there, and had a portion of his ear cut off as a punishment, after which he left the city.

—NEXT to the United States, Russia has the most extensive system of telegraph lines, viz., 58,000 miles; Italy comes next, with 46,500 miles; next France, with 34,600; Great Britain has about 26,000 miles, and Germany 24,000 miles.

—A REPORT has just been issued by the Minister of Public Works in France showing the number of railway accidents between 1868 and 1877. The total number of accidents has been 799, causing injury to 2,158, and deaths to 218.

—THE population of Stockholm, the Swedish capital, now numbers 161,594 persons, 88,830 being females and 72,764 males. Personal taxes are paid to the Government by 109,616 of the inhabitants, namely, by 63,513 females and 46,103 males.

—THERE are over 46,000,000 acres of land in the State of Kansas now open for pre-emption under the Federal laws, or to purchase from railways and others holding grants of lands. The lands open to purchase are sold at from two to six dollars per acre.

—THERE are at present about 54,000 cotton operatives employed throughout Italy in spinning and 30,000 in weaving. Italy possesses 800,000 spindles and 13,000 power looms, and there are three large printworks at Milan, Torre Pellice and Salerno.

—A SIAMESE embassy is in London to open up a new line of connection between India and China which will shorten the voyage by 800 miles, and, it is hoped, increase the commerce. The digging of a canal to connect the two rivers which traverse the Malayan peninsula is their special object.

—THE Farmers' Emigration Society is a reality in London. It sent a batch of eighty men, with their families, to Texas the other day, and it is organizing a second and larger expedition. This first colony carried with it more than $150,000 in cash. This would give not far from $2,000 to each emigrant.

—A NEW temperance movement has been organized in Great Britain. It takes the form of a joint-stock company, with a capital of $5,000,000, in shares of $5 each. It proposes to open temperance houses all over the kingdom. The Archbishop of Canterbury heads the list in the prospectus of the enterprise.

—ST. PATRICK'S Roman Catholic Church at Norwich was dedicated, September 28th, with imposing ceremonies. All the Catholics of the vicinity turned out, and visiting delegations were present from several neighboring towns. The church is the largest and most costly structure in Eastern Connecticut. It cost $250,000.

—IT has at last been determined to convert the *Great Eastern* into a meat-carrying trader between London and Texas. The requisite alterations, which will include new boilers, will involve an expenditure of about £100,000; but as the vessel can carry 2,000 head of cattle or 24,000 sheep, the speculation will doubtless prove remunerative.

—THE First African Baptist Church of Richmond, Va., is the largest church in this country, having no less than 3,300 members. In the past twelve years no less than 3,500 names were taken from the roll. The pastor, Rev. James H. Holmes, was formerly a slave, and since the war he has had the opportunity of forgiving the man who sold his wife and children from him.

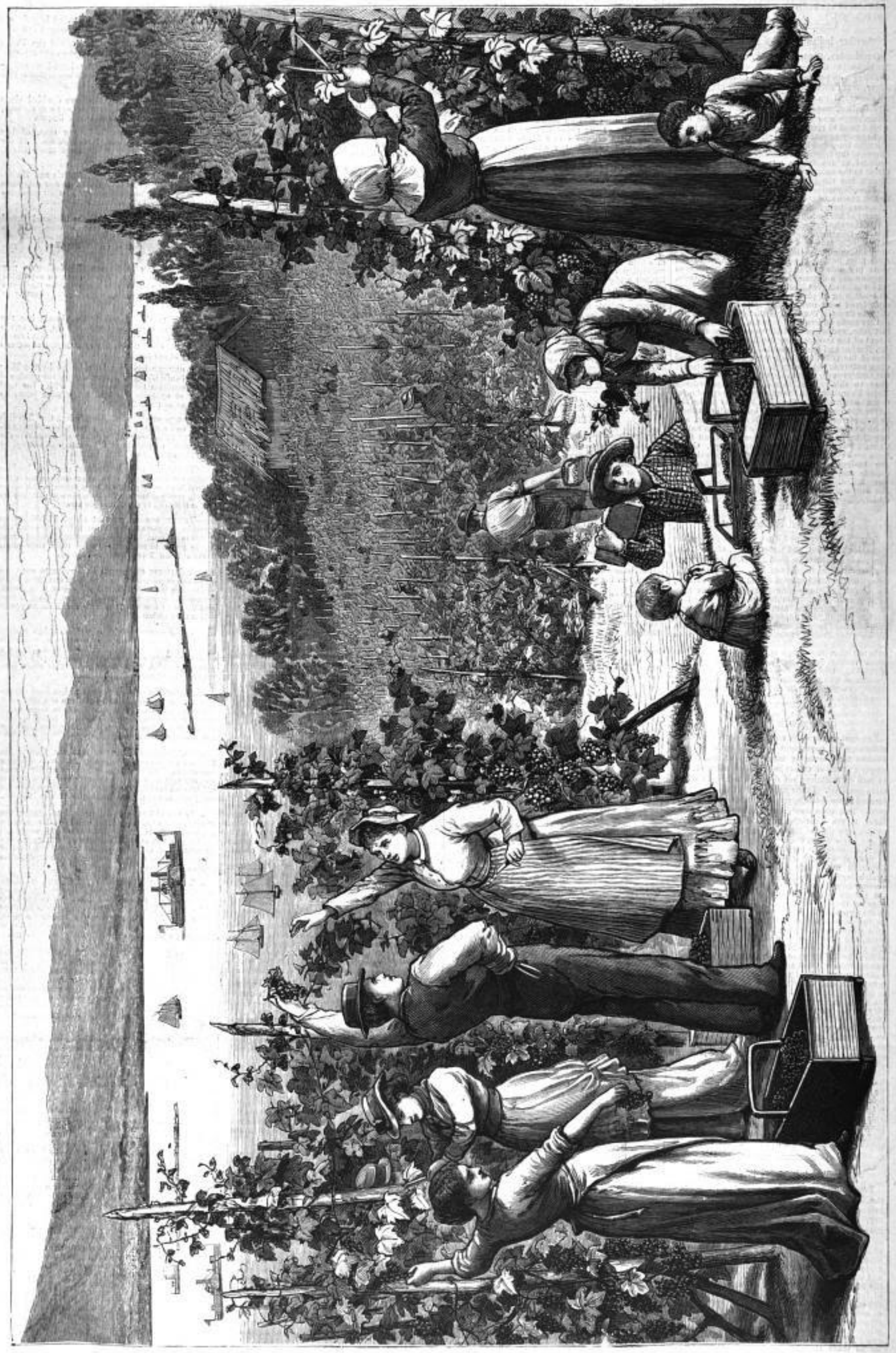
—THE Imperial Statistical Office in Berlin has published a review of the population of the States of Germany according to the enumerations which have been taken since 1816. In that year the number of inhabitants of the States now included in the German Empire was 24,831,396. At the census which was taken about three years ago the population enumerated was 42,727,360, being a total increase during the half-century of 17,895,964.

—THE Gothard Tunnel is being pushed rapidly to completion. Four thousand men are now engaged in the work, and fresh hands are taken on every day. The advance is at the rate of nearly eight metres a day, and the length still to be bored is 1,000 metres, so that the tunnel will probably be finished by the end of this year or the beginning of next. The making of the Monte Ceneri branch will be commenced on the 1st of October, and its completion is expected to coincide with that of the main line.

—THE flotilla of which the Russians made a present to the Bulgarians, and which is riding at anchor in the port of Rustchuk, has quite recently had the Bulgarian flag hoisted on its masts. The ceremony was performed with all solemnity on the five ships. The metropolitan of Rustchuk, at the head of the clergy of the place, blessed the flags, the thunder of cannon announcing to the crowds thronging the riverside the commencement of the ceremony. The Bulgarian prelate also delivered an address to the first Bulgarian crew.

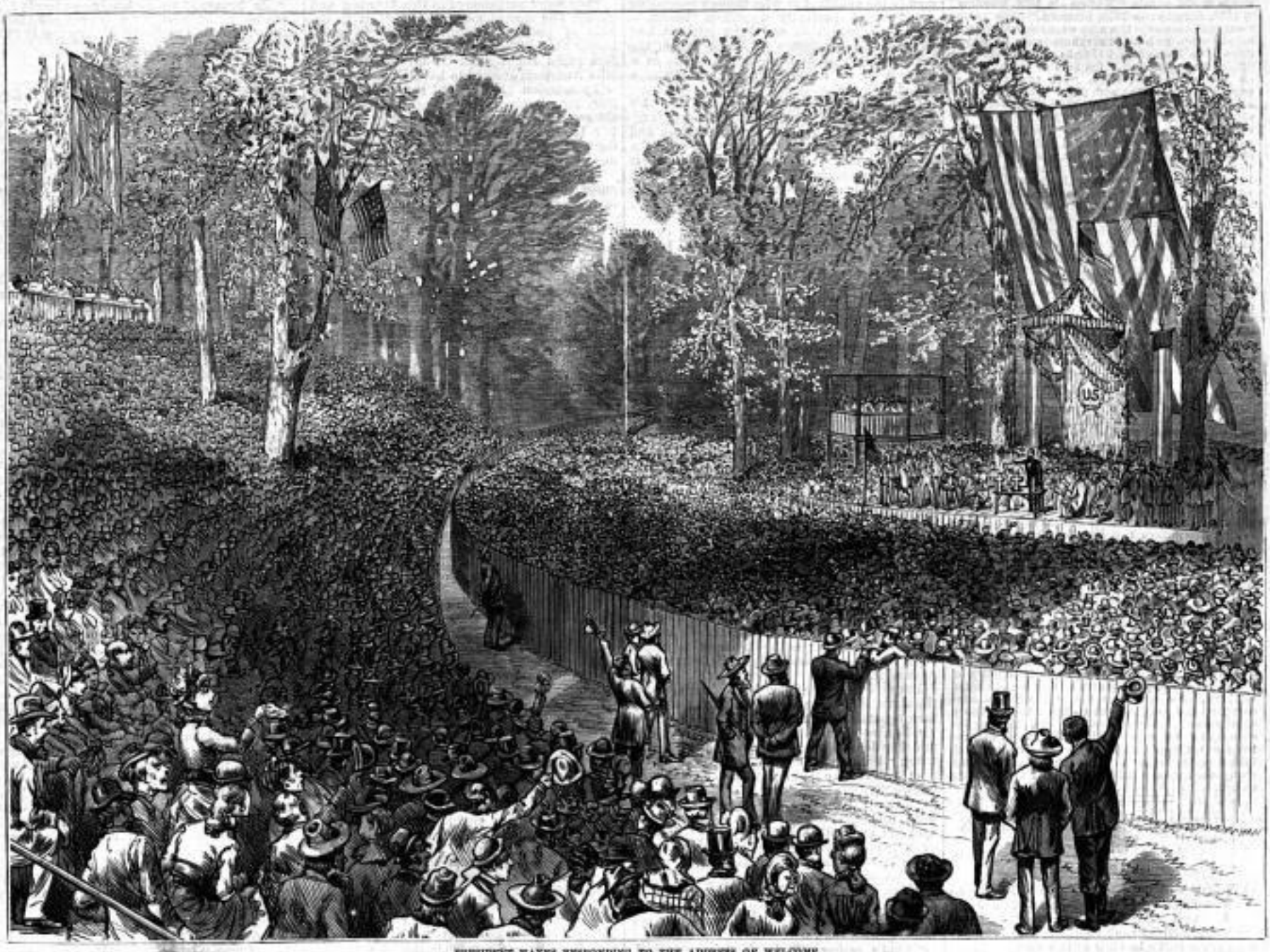
—THERE is only one country in the world in which there are no illiterate people; it is the Sandwich Islands. The population of the Islands is 58,000. They have eleven high educational institutions, 103 middle public schools, and forty-three private schools. The public instruction is under the supervision of a committee appointed by the king, and composed of five members, who serve without remuneration; the committee appoint a general inspector and a number of sub-inspectors. The Government takes care that every person shall be able at least to read and write, and pursues energetically all parents who neglect to send their children to school.

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NEW YORK.—GROWING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—GATHERING GRAPES IN THE VINEYARD AT MARLBORO-ON-THE-HUDSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.

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PRESIDENT HAYES RESPONDING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S WESTERN TOUR.

THE VISIT TO THE FAIR AT NEOSHO FALLS, KANSAS.

THE Western tour of President Hayes and party was attended by many pleasant and gratifying incidents, his reception being everywhere most cordial and enthusiastic. But in no State was his progress marked by heartier popular ovations than in Kansas, the imperial young commonwealth of the West. No event in recent years seems to have stirred the people to greater enthusiasm than the visit of the President to the region which, now dotted with towns and cities and teeming with fertile and prosperous farms, was only a few years ago a barren waste.

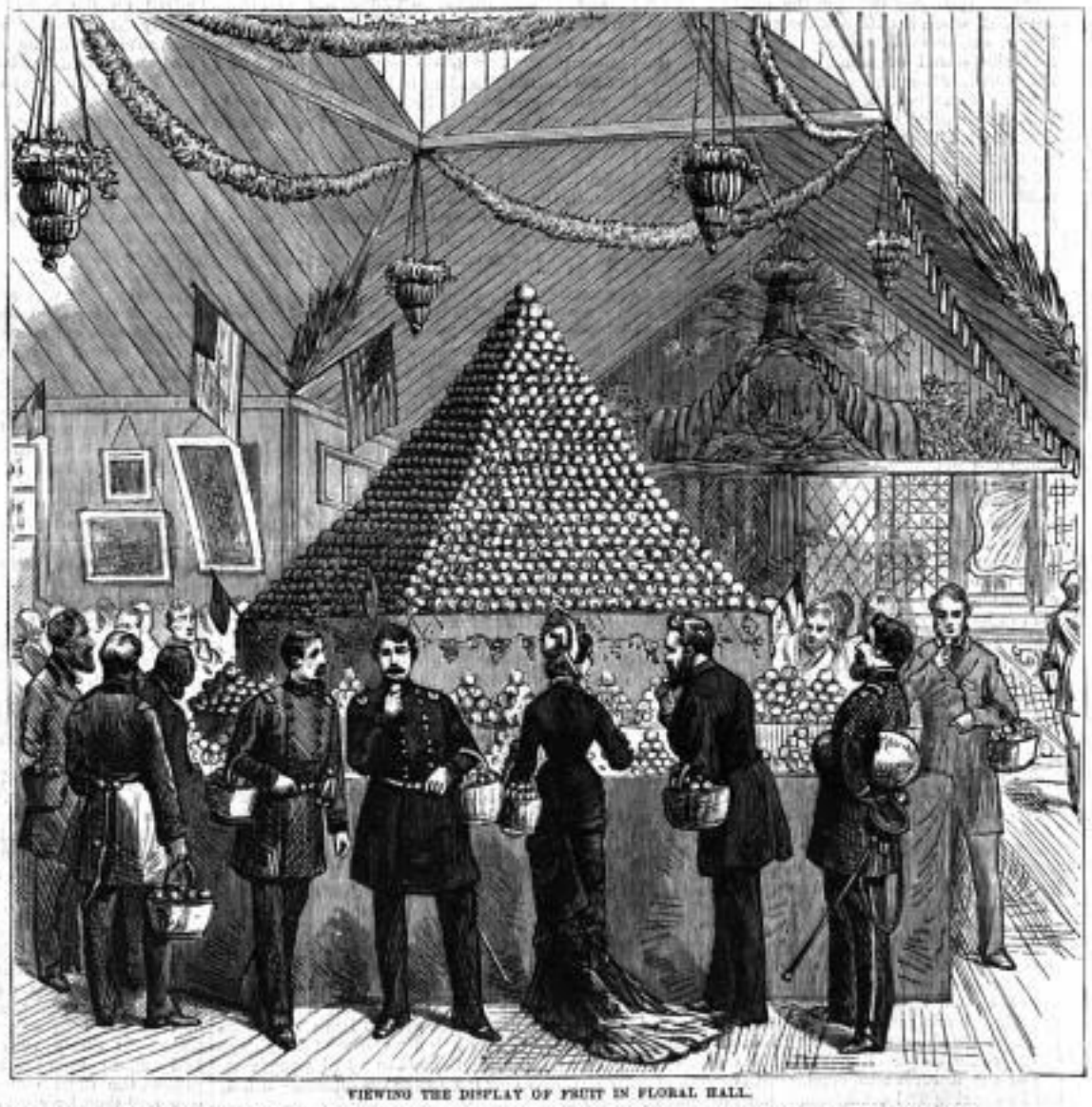
One of the objective points of the Presidential excursion was Neosho Falls, an invitation to visit an exhibition of the agricultural products of Southern Kansas at that place having been accepted before the departure from Washington. The President, accompanied by Mrs. Hayes, General Sherman, and one or two others, reached Neosho on the morning of the 25th of September, being met at the railway station by a vast concourse of people, and escorted to the fair-grounds by the Capital Guards of Topeka, headed by the band of the United States infantry and a company of boys, less than twelve years old, in the uniform of Zouaves, followed by a procession of carriages and civilians a mile long. The grounds were handsomely decorated and ornamented by various productions of the State, artistically and tastefully arranged. At the entrance was a magnificent arch of welcome, formed entirely of agricultural products and bearing the Goddess of Liberty. The reverse side bore the



BUCK-HORN CHAIR PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT.



SYMBOLIC ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAIR-GROUNDS.



VIEWING THE DISPLAY OF FRUIT IN FLORAL HALL.

KANSAS.—VISIT OF PRESIDENT HAYES AND PARTY TO THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT NEOSHO FALLS, SEPTEMBER 25TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. WORRALL.

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words in the panels, "Kansas—in 1856, bleeding; in 1860, drouthy; in 1879, booming." The battlements and cornice of this arch were made from large ears of corn, with black sorghum-heads by way of finish; the Kansas coat-of-arms was painted on a circle, the eagle having feathers of wheat heads; on the top, at the sides, were two groups of pumpkins surmounted with flags. The body of the arch was entirely covered with green sorghum-stalks stripped of all leaves, with a border of red sorghum-heads on each corner. The letters of the word "Welcome" were formed of finely cut wheat straw, on a background of blue, which in turn was bordered by ears of yellow corn and yellow millet-heads. Under the arch were festoons of bearded wheat, with hanging-baskets filled with fruit. The lower part of the structure was covered with corn in the stalk, fresh from the fields.

On reaching the grounds the reception committee immediately marshaled the way to the grand stand, in front of the amphitheatre, in which 10,000 people stood and sat. Upon the platform sat the Presidential party, Governor and Mrs. St. John, members of the latter's military staff, George A. Crawford, Sidney P. Clarke, General Horton, of Texas, a number of other prominent Kansans and representatives of the press. Hon. John R. Goodin made the welcoming address in behalf of the association, and was followed by Governor St. John. The President responded at some length, speaking humorously of the incidents of his trip, and then more gravely of the political duty of all good citizens, especially in maintaining the doctrine of the sovereignty of the nation. The President was enthusiastically cheered, and was followed by General Sherman, who delighted the audience by a witty contrast between the Kansas of 1851 and the Kansas of 1879.

At the close of the platform exercises, Hon. George A. Crawford, on behalf of the people, presented the President with a splendid buckhorn chair which was beautifully upholstered and manufactured from the bones of Kansas cattle. Lunch followed, to which two hundred guests were admitted. After dinner, speeches followed from the President, General Norton and others, from the grand platform. The occasion was one of great interest to all participants. The fair itself was in every way creditable, the display of cattle, fruit, and farm products being especially attractive. Grain was represented by 132 lots. There were 96 entries of vegetables, 137 of garden vegetables, 46 of butter, cheese, etc., 86 of apples, etc., etc. Our illustrations show the interior of the Floral Hall and fruit exhibit, with the Presidential party inspecting and sampling the fruit; also the exhibit of tall corn, some seventeen feet high, which at once surprised and gratified the visitors; the buckhorn chair presented to the President, etc. Among the corn-stalks was one on which the lowest ear was ten feet six inches from the ground. By way of illustrating the height of the corn, a dummy figure was placed upon a ladder, in the act of detaching an ear.

"QUEEN LILY AND ROSE IN ONE."

CHAPTER I.

"YOU will have to go down to Kelly's to meet the coach, Frank," Miss Julia said, sighing dismally.

"Very well," Frank rejoined, shortly, looking rather sulky in view of this duty.

"Mind you don't pay Pat Byrne more than sixpence for bringing up her things: He wanted tenpence the last time I came from Dublin, I remember," Miss Anastasia remarked in a vindictive tone.

"No matter whether there is a horse-load or not, I suppose," Frank said, scoffingly.

"A horse-load! For a girl's box with her few clothes!" said Miss Julia, growing a dull purple with anger at the suggestion.

Without rejoinder Frank quitted the room, and was tramping through the kitchen, on his way out, when his steps were arrested by an eager, suppressed voice—"Frank, Frank!" and the sound of some one descending the stairs at headlong speed.

"It's such a cold day, Frank—the poor little thing is perished maybe in that coach! Take my shawl with you to put around her coming up the hill." And Mary O'Hara's plain red face brightened into comeliness with her good-natured smile as she went back to her bread-making, which she had just quitted.

"All right, Molly." And Frank's face softened a little, and the eyes of the brother and the younger sister met with a kindly look of mutual recognition of each other's thoughts.

Mary and Frank O'Hara—each the other's only earthly friend—were the children of old Robert O'Hara's second marriage, as "the weird sisters" Julia and Anastasia were those of his first and very early marriage, poor Miss Julia being, in fact, sorrowfully aware that she was only twenty years younger than her father, old Robert O'Hara, whose eyes were bluer and brighter and his color fresher than his thin haggard-looking daughter's had been for twenty years, as he likewise possessed higher spirits, more energy and briskness.

Miss Anastasia was a more youthful copy of her sister—a genteel pinched-looking person, with drab hair and complexion to match, and an anatomically suggestive figure perpetually clad in horribly limp dresses of black calico of a slatey, shiny, crumpled, and altogether funereal appearance.

"Tea ready, Julia? Where's Frank? Molly, where's your brother?"

Six loud strokes had just resounded from the old eight-day clock in the passage, but the cold daylight of the bleak Spring evening was shining strongly into the large scantily-furnished parlor, on the white cloth of the tea-table, on Julia O'Hara's meagre, despondent face bent over some sewing, on her sister Mary hard at work cutting and buttering endless slices off a huge loaf of fresh-baked bread, her face glowing from the combined effects of the fierce kitchen fire and her present exertions, until it presented a most inflamed appearance, which was unhappily almost a normal condition with poor hard-working, housekeeping Mary; and, last but not least, the cold clear light shone right on the face of the bluff, burly personage sitting in a hard, polished wooden armchair at the head of the table—redoubtable Robert O'Hara himself, one of the fiercest-tempered, most tyrannical, hard-swearing and occasionally hard-drinking men in the county, but who, though possessing the gifts of perfectly unbroken health, a splendid constitution, and keen intellect, had likewise the reputation of being one of the best-looking men and shrewdest hands at a bargain to be found "for twenty parishes round."

"Frank's gone to meet the coach, sir," his youngest daughter replied, timorously, glancing at her sire's knotted gray eyebrows and the angry sparkle in his clear blue eyes she knew so well. "You know the little girl is coming this evening."

"Hum!" her father replied, gruffly, and the stern eyebrows lowered, and his whole face darkened for a few moments.

Mr. O'Hara had finished his second cup of tea and his third slice of cold beef and bread-and-butter, when Frank's quick, heavy footsteps were heard in the hall.

"Here they are," Mary said, in a slightly excited undertone, the good-natured smile coming into her eyes which she was afraid to let appear on her lips.

Julia looked three degrees more doleful, sighed, and slowly rose to her feet. Anastasia compressed her thin lips, coughed, and darted a swift frown in the direction of her father, which she took care, however, that he should not see, but did not raise her eyes again, until a strange, half-suppressed ejaculation from him made her start.

"You're Madeline's daughter!"

Her father had risen to his feet, and before him was standing a young girl dressed in black, with a mass of jetty ostrich feather curling softly over the crape folds of her hat and resting on huge soft plaits of pale golden, feathery-looking hair. Beneath the crape folds was a small, delicate, *mignonne* face, a pair of haughty, downcast, white eyelids, a sensitive red mouth, and an imperious little chin.

But Miss Anastasia cared for none of these things. Her gaze concentrated itself on the rich black feather; in the depths of her inner consciousness she instantly and correctly appraised it.

But nobody spoke a word of welcome, whilst the stern father stared frowningly at the fair face beneath his gaze.

"You've your mother's figure and her hair, and her look, too," he muttered, in a lower tone; "but you're not much like her. I expect you're like your father—eh, Maud St. Crewe?"

"Yes, sir, I am very like my father, I have been told." The reply was coldly, clearly spoken; and with haughty self-possession she drew herself away from old O'Hara's touch and addressed poor Molly O'Hara, who brightened up instantly.

"Would you please show me to my room?"

She spoke courteously, but as one speaks to a servant, and, with a slight inclination of her head, quitted the room.

"That's rather stiff," Anastasia remarked, sneeringly, in a loud whisper addressed to no one in particular. "I expect the young lady forgets where she is—she took Mary for a waiting maid."

Frank's fresh, handsome face, so like his father's, darkened as a thunder-cloud, as he flung himself into a chair.

"She'd better go on like that," he muttered, angrily. "I'll soon let her know what is what!"

"What'll you let her know?" his father demanded, scornfully. "You'll not interfere with that girl, if you please! Maud St. Crewe has a right to take what airs she likes, d'ye know that? She has some of the best blood in the United Kingdom in her veins!"

"Oh, I know! And my sister has not, sir!" The reply was uttered very quietly, but with intense bitterness.

"No, your sister has not, sir," the sire rejoined, coolly; "and she has sense enough to own it, if you haven't."

Any further reply to this assertion, so calculated to produce a favorable impression of the stranger on the whole family, was prevented by the entrance of the stranger herself.

"Now, missy," O'Hara commenced, patronizingly, "sit here by me. Maud—isn't your name Maud? Give her a cup of tea at once, Molly. Julia, cut some beef."

"Thank you," the young lady said, calmly seating herself. "Do not cut any beef for me, please"—to Miss Julia.

"Nonsense! You must have some beef," Mr. O'Hara protested, with noisy hospitality. "Well, what'll you have? Eggs and bacon? Ham?"

"No, thank you—oh, no!" the young person said, with an involuntary shudder of disgust. "I should like an omelette, please, or a *pâté*. I really should like a *pâté*," she said, her little mouth curving into a confidential smile.

"What's that? Some of your French dishes?" said O'Hara, roughly. "No, missy, you won't get any of them. We don't have such kickshaws"—with supreme contempt. "Say the word at once—ham or eggs?"

"I will take an egg, then," the young person answered, resignedly. "I shall show your cook how to make omelettes if you will allow me."

"Indeed? There's the cook, then!" said O'Hara, chuckling and pointing to Mary.

"Your cook?"—with an astonished stress on the word.

"Yes, Miss St. Crewe," Frank interposed, his face flaming defiantly, "that's the cook, and I'm the stable-boy."

"Pardon me, and—and those?" the young lady said, rising to her feet and, with a flutter of a tiny white hand, indicating the two elder sisters.

"The Misses O'Hara—any time for the last forty years, my dear," said O'Hara, coarsely. "That lady, the cook, is my youngest daughter, Molly, and the gentleman in a bad temper is, my son, and heir if he behaves himself—if not, you'll be."

They were accustomed to this taunting and gibing, and accustomed to regard it in the light of playful ebullitions of their sire's humor; but at these last words Frank's flushed face paled slightly and his lip curled, whilst Miss Anastasia seemed to have almost lost her self-possession. She glared scornfully at the intruder, muttered some excuse, and rose from the table, to relieve her feelings by grinding her teeth hard when once safe outside the door, and, Miss Nipper-like, by contradicting and calling names in the entry.

She seemed to have come like a firebrand amongst them, this lily-like girl, with the soft, lustrous hair and pure, statuesque young face,

"Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on her cheek."

She was made to be loved, with her childish innocence, her maiden pride and loveliness, but already she had won not love, but hate.

With dull, apathetic distavor, Julia regarded her; with intense jealous fear and vengeful dislike Anastasia thought of her as a supplanter and rival in every possible way; and more plain-featured Molly, who would fain have loved her, felt humbled and painfully conscious of all her physical and mental shortcomings before the clear, penetrating gaze of those bright, proud eyes and the pale beauty of that calm patrician face.

Frank hated her. There was no doubt about that. Short a time as his hatred had endured, it had become intense. He hated her before he ever saw her or spoke to her; he hated her now so fiercely that he thought to himself—recalling a fragment of his scanty historical knowledge—that, if they had both lived in the days of Robespierre's blood-stained rule, he should almost have liked to see her on the guillotine scaffold, this white-faced, insolent young aristocrat.

For she was very young—poor little Maud St. Crewe; for all her blossoming womanly graces, she had only just passed her sixteenth Spring, and was an orphan, and friendless, and homeless, save for this home into which she had just entered—"Rathmore Castle, the seat of Robert O'Hara, Esq.," as the county guide-books had it. And this home she might not have possessed either, but that she was owner of a very small fortune, which, being left entirely in her own control, old O'Hara shrewdly guessed might possibly be entirely at his control, too—not that he designed to rob the orphan and the fatherless, but that the possession of hard cash was one of the things which Mr. O'Hara could not calmly contemplate in another when the possessorship could be by any means transferred to himself; he never meant to do a deliberate wrong to Maud St. Crewe, for she was the child of the only woman he had ever really and passionately loved.

Some ten years before the handsome, fiery old Irish squire had met, loved, wooed and won Madeline St. Crewe, a beautiful, high-born young widow, who, in utter forlornness, had accepted him, had lived two years with him in bitter, repining unhappiness, and then her short, ill-starred life closed. Her little daughter by her first marriage had been adopted, or partly adopted, by an old peeress, a relative of the child's father, who had taken her as a beautiful toy—an amusement to brighten the loneliness of a selfish old age. Maud's step-father had thus never even seen her until the death of her protectress had thrown her adrift on the world again; and whilst his crafty, hard nature softened at the memories she revived of the fair, unhappy woman he had won proudly to be his, to have and to hold till death—the death that came so soon to break the fetters that held her against her will—his children regarded the advent of this daughter of their father's third wife—the cold, stately young stepmother whom they had all disliked—with vexation and dismay.

In the kitchen, by the dull red glow of the turf-fire, Frank and his sister were sitting together. Of course there was work to be done, or Mary would not have dared to waste fire and candlelight up to such a late hour of the night: she was busily employed in making hot coffee for the men who were sitting up in one of the out-houses with a sick cow, for whose benefit Frank was likewise compounding a huge medicinal potion.

"I wouldn't say that, Frank—no, I don't think she intended to behave uncivilly," she said, in a low tone and half-unwillingly; "but she is as stately and distant as if she were Lady Fitzwilliam herself, I declare! I wonder who she thinks she is?" Mary continued, angrily, after a pause. "I only asked her—I meant it in kindness, I'm sure—I asked her if she'd like me to sleep with her, being a stranger, and she says——"

"She says!" repeated Frank, mockingly.

"I mean, 'she said,'" Mary went on, humbly amending her words—"she said, 'No, thank you—certainly not,' and looked at me in such a way! And then she handed me her dressing-gown, and says—said, 'Will you be kind enough to have this aired for me?'—a splendid deep rose-colored one, Frank, with velvet buttons all down the front—I never saw the like!"

"She's a wonderful creature altogether!" Frank said, ironically. "We have never had such a blessing come to the house before as this, though we've had a good many."

"You may say that," said Mary, shaking her head; "but she's really a handsome girl, Frank, isn't she?"

"For those who admire a bit of a ghostly-white face and a lot of yellowish hair like a Banshee of a moonshiny night, I suppose she is," Frank replied, searching about him for a sufficiently contemptuous simile.

Later still at night, in the far off room at the end of the long corridor, where the misty moonlight dimly revealed a narrow white bed and a golden head tossing wearily on the pillow, the dead silence was broken every now and then by a sobbing smothered cry:

"Oh, heaven, I am so lonely—so lonely! I have no one on earth! Oh, heaven, send some one to love me, I am so very, very lonely!"

CHAPTER II.

"WHO was that came to see you to-day, Maud?"

"Sir George Canonbury, sir," Maud answered, sedately, swinging the open sash of the window to and fro softly.

"Indeed! And what did Sir George say to you? He is a relative of your late friend, Lady Canonbury, isn't he?" Mr. O'Hara asked, pompously.

"Would you shut that window, if you please?" Miss Anastasia interposed, frowning. "We are not all as fond of living in the open air as you are."

"Yes, sir," Maud returned, closing the window; "he is Lady Canonbury's grand-nephew; I have often met him at her house."

"Oh, then he is quite an old friend of yours! I hope you made Sir George very welcome," Mr. O'Hara continued, politely.

"I said I was glad to see him, sir, and he said he should like to call again," Maud answered, coldly.

As she spoke Frank O'Hara raised his head from the book he was stooping over and looked at her. Maud, meeting the look, turned away. Forgetting Anastasia's sour rebuke of a minute before, she opened the window again and leaned out amongst the leaves and blossoms with which the young Summer-time had begun to clothe the bare old walls, but not before Frank saw that her pale cheek had flushed like the red roses the petals of which, shaken by the opening casement, fluttered down softly on her fair head and outstretched hands.

It was now the sweet primrose-time, and the silent green lanes were all alight with drifts of lemon-hued velvety blossoms nestling amidst their rosy translucent stalks and broad soft leaves; beneath old ivied walls, growing in pale-gold clusters here and there on the moist moss-crept sod, or in the lush growth of the deep hedgerows, where the angel-faces of the little flowers smiled through the tangle of the dusty bramble-leaves or the trailing blood red stems of wild geranium.

Just such a lane, long, silent, flower-starred, shadowy, led from the Castle towards Avonbank, winding gently down-hill.

"Dear, but it's a wondher Miss Maud wouldn't be afeared of her life wandherin' down that lonesome road be herself for iver!" Sally remarked, wiping the last of a pile of plates.

"Is she gone out again at this hour? Well, if that girl has done a blessed thing this day but dress herself and pick flowers and walk about!" Miss Anastasia said, laughing.

Those who had the happiness of knowing Miss Anastasia O'Hara very intimately were always uneasy when she laughed at them or about them.

"Sally, go and bring in that quilt—it was dry enough an hour ago; and you don't know but some one might take a fancy to it if you go leaving it out till night in that way. I remember when the new pair of sheets were stolen," her mistress added, as a Parthian shot to remind Sally—honest, ignorant, simple-minded maid-of-all-work—of the day when occurred the direst calamity of her existence. Miss O'Hara's new sheets were appropriated by a traveling tinker—as suspected—and Sally was mulcted in the sum of six shillings—half price.

Sally having disappeared in instant obedience, there was silence in the kitchen for the space of a minute, and through the open kitchen-door streamed full the amber sunset glow; the soft lowing of the cows came from the farmyard, and the birds began to twitter gayly in the evening breeze.

"Julia, do you think this is all fair and square and right and proper," Anastasia asked in a suppressed tone, with intense decision ironing down the plaits of one of her black, slatey calico gowns, accenting each word with a stroke of the iron, "Miss Maud spending all her time doing nothing but picking flowers and reading books and walking about?"

"What do you ask me for?" Julia says, peevishly. "Do you think I can help it? Didn't she spend most of yesterday putting black ribbon bows all over her muslin dress? I think father must be going mad to let her!"

"Well, but, Julia, do you think there is nothing wrong in such behavior?" Anastasia asked, putting the iron down and facing her sister. "As a discreet Christian woman I ask you. Do you think this won't end in some mischief, I say?"

"I'm—I'm sure I don't know," Julia replied, staring at her sister in a half-frightened manner. "I never did know any good come of girls being brought up in sinful idleness and vanity, of course, but—but, Stasia, you don't mean anything?"

"I mean nothing but what I say, and what I see, and what I know," said Anastasia, venomously. "I've warned father, and got nothing but abuse for my trouble. She reminds him of his dead beauty Madeline, I suppose; and she is a lady, he says, and knows nothing of work, and shall do as she pleases, for all we may say! What do you think of that, my dear?" Miss Anastasia laughed again, and went on in a lower tone, "Father will have his eyes opened one of these days—you see if he doesn't. I'm generally right, Julia, when I say things. Father'll be sorry, one of these days, he had ever anything to do with the dead beauty or her daughter either!"

Neither of the sisters saw that their step-brother was leaning against the porch of the kitchen-door. Neither of them saw his white face as he overheard those last words.

"What do you think makes her so fond of rambling down towards Avonbank?" Anastasia went on, in a hard, sneering tone, putting by the slatey dress and beginning to iron a black

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stuff apron. "And what do you think makes her always try to go off by herself, and not with Molly or any of us?"

"I don't know," said Julia, dazedly; "she always does keep to herself in that stiff, unsocial way she has. I never saw such a proud, disagreeable young minx! I hope that's not wrong for me to say; but she does try my patience beyond everything."

"She wants grand friends," Anastasia went on, speaking through her closed teeth—"high titled people such as she has been used to all her life. Didn't you hear her at tea? She wants fine titled aristocratic acquaintances, and—she has got them."

She uttered the last words with slow meaning.

"Is it that lord?" Julia ejaculated. "My gracious me, that baronet—I mean that Sir George, who was here to-day? Ah, that's it, is it?"

And both the women, watching each other's faces in their mutual excitement, did not see that the listener's white face had grown rigid, and his head had drooped and sunk on his breast.

"That's it," Anastasia said, virulently, smiling—"that's the reason we don't care for the society of common persons—that's the reason we go out dressed in white cambric and black ribbons down the lonely road towards Avonbank. It's very near Derrybane, too, you know, Julia—just through the wood; and it's with the Parnells of Derrybane that our titled acquaintance is staying on a visit since—— Here's Mary! She's such a fool, there is no letting her know anything. Yes—I think there's nothing like this black linen for wear, and I always said so."

He listened attentively to every word—to his sister's vapid household chat, all through a protracted dialogue respecting Miss Delany's new window-curtains and the quantity of white cotton required to make blind-tassels, on the hardship of father's refusing to let the parlor chairs be recovered when the green damask had faded yellow-white—to the even-song of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, the house dog's barking—until, at length, something softly touching his hand, he looked down with a sudden start, and saw that it was Maud's pet—a remarkably plump little gray cat, adorned with a sumptuous bow of blue ribbon, which she invariably succeeded in twisting under one ear—who was rearing herself playfully against him and tapping him with her velvety paws.

He swore at the little animal and flung her off; and then he went across the farmyard, and the rusty iron gates clashed behind him as he took the shadowy, silent road to Avonbank.

* * * * * *

She was sitting there in her white dress, nestled into a mossy seat amidst the roots of an old sycamore-tree. A large white-paged book lay open on her lap, and the sunset glow rosily tinted the little hand that moved up and down so softly, and burnished her pale, bright hair into a glory.

She was such a fair sight, such a fair memory for the heart of a man to linger over, that he, the hidden watcher, lingered on and on, stupidly wondering what she was doing with that big open book, and the case of shining tubes by her side, and the white palette, color-blotched, on her left hand, understanding at length, with a pang of jealous admiring wonder that she was painting a picture—a beautiful picture of the purple mist-vailed hills closing in the distance, of the long, green meadow dotted with yellow-gray haycocks down by the dark, smooth-flowing Avonbeg, of the dam and its silver-white frothing waters, and the old mill with the red-tiled roof.

There was no one with her; she had come only to paint her picture. Anastasia, with her bitter tongue, had wronged her. That was what brought her down this way so often. She was painting flowers too, perhaps; that was what made her ask him so often to bring her such curious things—not fine bunches of roses or tulips, but tufts of marsh lilies, bedded in dripping green mosses, tangled ivy wreaths, last year's withered leaves, wood hyacinths, and pale-green fern-fronds—of course it was—he understood it all now! And he used to bring them to her; he brought a great cluster of yellow and purple irises and emerald-hued duck-weed leaves only yesterday. Heaven help him! What was it he would not do for her if he could—a big, stupid, ignorant fool that she thought no more of than the dog that licked her hand? The dog! The dog could follow her, could walk by her side, could lie down at her feet and gaze at her for hours, could lay his head in her lap and be caressed by her gentle hand.

"Oh, Maud, Maud!"

The cry was a voiceless one; but a magnetic thrill from the yearning pulses of that wild-beating heart touched her spirit. She rose to her feet, looking about her uneasily.

"It is lonely here," she whispered, timidly; "and the sun has gone down this long time. I had better go."

"Oh, Maud, Maud—my darling, my beauty! If I only dared!" came that voiceless cry again. "If you were anything less than what you are—like a queen, my heart's darling! Yes, faith, that poem is right enough. You're a queen, Maud, my beauty—'queen lily and rose in one'—and I'd die for you—I'd die for you!"

The passionate tears welled into his eyes and dimmed his sight, and he shook from head to foot with the excitement of the thought that he would dare to tell her—not all, but a little, a little—to let her know that she had a friend—a true friend—near her, a friend that would serve her faithfully—serve her with his life! He would tell her so! Let her be surprised, displeased, anything, so that she only listened to him and did not laugh at him. She might listen—she might not be angry—she might even be pleased. There were people who had often told him that he was the image of his father, and a good-looking fellow—the image of his mother, too—and Frank O'Hara's handsome face grew crimson to his sun-browned temples and crisp, bright hair. For his mother and Mary's had been only a pretty servant-girl of their father's house when he had married her, and her uncouth, ignorant, peasant kindred claimed relationship with Frank and Miss Molly O'Hara of the Castle from many a mud walled cabin around Rathmore townlands.

What was he, to think of such as her? He was not much better in her eyes than a servant-man—the hard-working, ignorant farm-laborer he actually was, in obedience to his father's despotic behests. He looked at his hard sun-burned hands, his big feet, and coarse country-made clothes, and hated himself with a fierce despairing hate.

Yet if Maud were not angry—if, by-and-by, she should come to think seriously—if she did not dislike or despise him, and would only say "Yes," to let him work for her, live for her, die for her! She did not dislike him; she always spoke so gently and politely to him—always, even in the days when she first came; and he, like an ignorant ill tempered brute—it afforded Frank a peculiar bitter pleasure just now to apply every contemptuous and opprobrious adjective to himself that he could think of—had hated or tried to hate her for her pride, her coldness and reserve.

(To be continued.)

Commemorating the Destruction of Pompeii.

The destruction of Pompeii eighteen centuries ago was commemorated, September 26th, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, mainly from Italy, and of scientific men from every country in the world. The weather was beautiful, and the guests found great pleasure in exploring the ruins and examining the relics which have been removed from the ancient city. From a pavilion erected on the ancient Basilica, Professor Ruggieri (the director of the excavation) delivered an address explaining the newest mode of prosecuting discoveries, and giving an account of some of the more important discoveries that have been made since the excavations were commenced. He attempted to describe to the guests assembled the city as it must have appeared eighteen hundred years ago, and referred to the account of the destruction of the city and Herculaneum as recounted by the younger Pliny in his famous letter to Tacitus, giving an account of the death of his uncle, the elder Pliny. Count Guarnieli and Mgr. Miradelli then declaimed Latin verses commemorative of the event. After a visit to the ruins, excavations were begun under Signor Ruggieri's superintendence, the spectators eagerly watching the process. Stratum after stratum was removed. In the first layer vases were discovered; in the second, a mass of cinders, which gradually revealed several bronze vases of various sizes, two of them having perfectly exquisite silver handles, and also many bracelets, brooches, rings, coins, kitchen utensils and earthen vases. Under them were found wooden beams and sacks of partially calcined corn. The objects that were discovered will enrich the museums of Naples and Pompeii. A spacious refreshment tent was erected on an eminence commanding a lovely panorama. Capital music was furnished by the orchestras from various Italian cities. Vesuvius looked more threatening than usual, and all day long vomited a continuous stream of lava and smoke.

Scraps of Chinese Wisdom.

A wise man can fill a thousand mouths; a fool cannot protect himself. One good word can warm three Winter months; one bad one stirs up anger. If you converse by the way, remember there may be men in the grass. Let those who would not drink, look at a drunken man. The lion opens his mouth; the elephant (the emblem of wisdom) shuts his; shut yours. They are only horses and cows in clothes who neglect the study of the past and present. Every character must be chewed to get its juice. Foam on the waves is the fame of earth. The bright moon is not round for long; the brilliant cloud is easily scattered. The ancients saw not the modern moon; yet the modern moon shone on the ancients. The great wall of a myriad miles remains; but Chin Shih 'Huangh (its builder) is gone. Heaven, earth and the spirits love the humble, not the proud; to the humble they give happiness; to the proud, calamity. Man cannot become perfect in a hundred years; he can become corrupt in less than a day. Men who never violate their consciences are not startled by a knock at the door at midnight. Each half of a riven bamboo smokes. (This is said against quarreling). Better be upright, and want, than wicked and have superabundance. To save one life is better than to build a seven-storied pagoda. Do not consider any virtue trivial, and so neglect it; or any vice trivial, and so practice it.

A Singular Danish Institution.

There exists in Denmark a singular institution, established mainly for the benefit of the daughters of the nobility. When a man of wealth is blessed by the birth of a daughter he causes her to be enrolled at this institution, paying a very small sum, with a fixed annual payment of a moderate amount. When the young girl reaches the age of twenty-one years she not only finds herself in possession of a very comfortable little income, but she has a right to occupy and enjoy a fine apartment, well furnished, in an elegant house, with parks and gardens, and her companions will be ladies, young or old, who are members of the association. It is not obligatory upon a member to live longer at the château, or more frequently, than suits her convenience. If the father dies and the young girl is unprotected she has an asylum at once, even if the subsequent annual subscriptions are not liquidated, and when she attains her majority her annual income begins. If she should die or marry, her interest in the association passes to the general fund. If she should be married when she is twenty, all that is paid in by her father accrues to the association, and it is this source of income that enables the institution to demand only a small annual subscription, which renders it easy for a father to meet the demand, with the assurance that if his daughter cannot be married without a marriage portion, she will at least be in the enjoyment of a comfortable home for life. This institution has been prosperous at Copenhagen for sixty years.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Government of Western Australia has offered a reward for the discovery of new guano islands. Valuable deposits are believed to exist on the north coast between Lacepedes and Camden Harbor.

Professor Diculafait, of Marseilles, has been studying the diffusion of copper in primitive rocks. He encounters this metal in a multitude of rocks in which its existence was formerly not suspected, and also finds it in salt water.

Immediately after the Meeting of the German Association at Baden-Baden on September 14th-24th, the German Geological Society will hold its general meeting at the same place, viz., on September 25th-28th. This arrangement enables the geologists to attend both meetings.

Several Russian Expeditions are to be sent out during this Autumn to Central Asia, and especially to the Darwaz. Captain Hermann and the well-known young botanist, M. Smirnoff, will explore that quite unknown country, and the latter will no doubt bring back a rich botanical collection.

The "Scientific Weekly," conducted in Paris for many years by the Abbé Moigno, under the title of *Les Mondes*, has been bought by a company. The object of the abbé was to combat the philosophical tendencies of modern science, and he will still follow up his work for the edification of the faithful.

There is a Manufactory of prehistoric articles near the Lake of Bienne in Switzerland. Implements of stone and bronze purporting to have been found in lake dwellings are offered to credulous travelers at high prices. One hundred francs was asked for a bronze sword which was not worth as many centimes.

Dr. Arthur Hartland says, in a recent discourse on the distribution of disease, that during the last twenty years no less than one hundred thousand women died from cancer in England. Patients who show tendency to cancer, or persons in whose families cancer appears to be hereditary, should choose for their permanent residence high, dry sites.

M. Debray proposes white metal and iridescent lamium for embroidery in the following way: He uses wires of German silver in the manufacture of metallic laces. He likewise colors metallic foils for the same use by depositing upon them iridescent films of oxide of lead. He dissolves litharge in caustic alkali and decomposes this liquid by a current of constant intensity, the positive pole of the battery being in communication with the metallic surface to be coated.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its session this year at Montpellier. The ancient university at this place has many historical relics which will be exhibited to strangers for the first time, among them apparatus used by Lavoisier and Bélard. A public lecture on the "Electric Light" will be one of the features of the occasion, and French ingenuity will be exhausted in illustrating this with the most complete apparatus thus far invented.

Some Granivorous Animals will eat many plants that others do not appear to relish. Linnæus, the distinguished botanist, by offering fresh plants of the ordinary kinds eaten by animals, found that horses ate 279 species and refused 211; horned cattle 258 and refused 218; sheep ate 387 and refused only 141. If pastures where dairy cows have grazed are overgrown with briers, indigo plants, ferns, sumac and other nuisances, one way to get rid of them will be to turn on sheep and they will eat them.

Mr. Stephen West Jones, a carpenter, formerly residing in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and who was given to the study of geology, has proved that in Berkshire County glaciers have formerly existed, by the discovery of numerous polished and grooved surfaces of quartzite and dolomite rocks, now imbedded in the foundation deposits of more recent geological periods. It appears probable from this discovery that many of the gravel-beds of this region are the terminal moraines of the glaciers formerly descending from the north and finally melted in the Champlain period.

Commodore Cameron, at the last meeting of the British Association, stated that the natives near Lake Tanganyika, in Africa, had a call on the drum for everybody's name, and could ask questions and convey intelligence over hundreds of miles and receive answers almost immediately. "In war, messages were constantly sent enormous distances, to bring up reinforcements, or to stop them coming." It also appears, from his account, that lake-dwellings on piles, like the old lake-dwellings of Switzerland, are known in Uruu, but that, for the most part, the villages are built on dry land.

Seven New Oxygen Acids of Sulphur.—M. Manuméd announces the discovery of seven new acids of sulphur obtained by the action of iodine and hyposulphite of baryta, according as we take an excess of one or the other of these reagents. These are two which precede the tetrathionic (S4 O6), namely: S2 O3 and S5 O8. Both of these he has isolated. The second of them can be obtained by mixing three equivalents of hyposulphite of baryta and two equivalents of iodine. The crystals are to be washed in alcohol and have the formula Ba O, S5 O8. The manner of the preparation of the other new acids is not given.

Ozokerite, or Earth-Wax.—The output of earth-wax (native paraffine) in Galicia for the year 1878 was 220,000 hundredweight, about two-thirds of which was worked for ceresine and one-third for paraffine. It is said that ozokerite has been found in the Caucasus and in Southern Utah. The Utah deposit is reported to be 62 miles long and 12 miles wide, and of unknown depth. If this be true, the mining of the product will prove to be of great value to the Territory. The purification of ozokerite and the manufacture of ceresine is accomplished by employing one-fourth its weight of not too concentrated sulphuric acid, subsequent neutralization with soda, bleaching by animal charcoal and hot pressing. Ozokerite is also fused with two per cent. cocoanut-oil or palm-oil and treated with eight per cent. fuming oil of vitriol. To obtain the paraffine the raw material is distilled with superheated steam. Ceresine has properties quite different from paraffine, as its melting point is much higher and it is better adapted to the manufacture of candles.

The Value of Bees to Agriculture.—The society for promoting the culture of bees in Saxony publishes the following highly important statistical information referring to the indirect utility of these industrious animals. It appears that the society named possesses 17,000 hives, from each of which 10 000 bees fly out daily, which represents a total of 170,000,000 of bees. If we suppose that each individual bee undertakes but four journeys per day, and that this takes place only on one hundred days of the 365, then we obtain a yearly total of 68,000 millions of bee journeys. It is not too much to suppose that fifty flowers are visited on each journey, and we are certainly justified in supposing that five out of these fifty are fertilized; then we get a grand total of 340,000,000 of fertilized flowers per year. Let the value of fertilizing five thousand blossoms be one-fourth of a cent, then the work done by the bees of the society represents a value of $170,000. It results from these calculations that each hive benefits agriculture to the amount of $10 annually, a value which hitherto has been totally overlooked.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Dr. Sears, the distributing agent of the Peabody fund, has tendered to the colored people of Georgia fourteen free scholarships in the Atlanta University.

General Sherman's third daughter, Miss Ellie, is engaged to be married to a young naval officer named Thackeray, who is a relative of the great novelist.

On September 25th, at Fredericksburg, Va., a large boulder of native white quartz rock was placed to mark the spot where Stonewall Jackson received his death-wound.

Winnemucca, chief of the Pintes, who is now over 75 years old, is visiting all of his people. Feeling his end to be near, he is exhorting them to remain on friendly terms with the whites.

Mr. George I. Seney, President of the Metropolitan Bank of New York City, has given $50,000 in six per cent. bonds to the Wesleyan University at Middleton, Conn., of which he is a trustee.

Roanoke College has a new building—the Bittle Memorial Library—which is to be formally opened October 17th, upon which occasion Dr. Dreher, the newly-elected president will be inaugurated.

One of the pleasantest incidents of General Grant's visit to San Francisco was his reception by 30,000 schoolchildren at Woodward Gardens. In point of enthusiasm this reception eclipsed all others.

M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* is about to write a sensational romance based upon the Jesuits. At first the illustrious novelist had intended to produce a play upon the same subject, but he has since changed his mind.

Rosa Bonheur has just presented to the Spanish Government the life-sized painting of a lion, which is to be placed in the world-renowned gallery of Madrid, notwithstanding the law forbidding the exhibition there of the work of living artists.

The Hon. James G. Jenkins, whom the Democrats of Wisconsin have made their candidate for Governor since Mr. Mitchell's refusal to run, is a native of New York State. He was born in Saratoga Springs in June, 1824, and is a grandson of the late Chancellor R. H. Walworth.

Mr. Chin Law Pun, the Chinese Minister to the United States, who is now in Paris, will return to Washington some time in November preparatory to a visit to Peru, where he will complete the establishment of the diplomatic posts ordered by the Emperor with the nations of Europe and America.

Lord Beaconsfield is nearly half-way between seventy and eighty; but, if there is any truth in the doctrine of hereditary longevity, he has yet a good long lease of life before him. His father, at all events, lived to celebrate his eighty-second birthday, and his grandfather reached the still more mature age of eighty-nine.

Cardinal Manning, now seventy-one years old, is a vigorous and active man with a rarely fine and noble head and face. His strength was shown by one day's experience two weeks ago. He said Mass in Liverpool in the morning, went to London and christened the little Earl of Arundel and Surrey in the afternoon, and returned to Liverpool and addressed a large meeting in the evening.

None of the death-warrants of the Nihilists are signed by the Emperor. By rights the sentences should be attested by his signature; but Alexander is sensitive in the matter of capital punishments, and throws the unpleasant duty upon his subordinates. Geurko and Todleben make nothing of signing the warrants; but Dolgorouckl, of Moscow, and Loris Melikoff, of Kharkoff, have repeatedly refused to order the execution of the revolutionists in their districts.

It is reported in Rome that the Sultan of Zanzibar is about to visit Europe for the purpose of negotiating treaties of commerce with several European Governments and to invite the latter to appoint consuls in Zanzibar. As commercial relations have already been established with Zanzibar by France, England and the United States, the Sultan's principal object is said to be the negotiation of treaties with Italy, and more especially with Austria, as the Austrian florins have the largest currency in the Sultan's dominions.

Intelligence has reached St. Petersburg from Turkestan of the expulsion of Dr. Regel from Kashgaria. The agent, who is the Government botanist at Tashkend, set out with a small exploring party to investigate the flora in the vicinity of the Chinese headquarters at Chikho. The passport which the doctor took with him described the expedition as being purely scientific, but General Tso-Tsoun-Tan saw through the disguise of the Russians, and stopping the party half-way to Chikho, had them conducted back to the Kuldja frontier. Dr Regel protested to the commander in chief against this treatment, asserting the aim of the expedition to be exclusively botanical, but Tso-Tsoun-Tan retorted that the Chinese had already investigated everything that grew within their dominions, and that Russia could have as much botanical information as she wished for on applying to the Chinese Government botanists at Pekin.

President Grévy has made up his mind that he will not be outdone in magnificence by M. Gambetta; and in view of the festivities which he is going to inaugurate in November next at the Elysée, he had the palace given up, previous to his departure for Mont-sous-Vaudrey, to a perfect host of painters, builders and contractors. Not only is the whole ground floor to be entirely regilt and redecorated, but a wooden gallery is to be erected in the garden to allow of a circular tour round the reception-rooms, thus making them by far the widest and most splendid in Paris. The garden, a perfect gem of its kind, both in luxury and design, is to be a conspicuous feature in the *fêtes* at the Elysée, and it is to be illuminated even when the temperature will not allow of the fair guests stepping out into the alleys. Altogether, there is every reason to believe that the re-opening of the palace under the present Consulate will be an immense surprise to a generation which is rather ignorant of its splendors.

The marriage of King Alfonso of Spain with the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria is to take place on his twenty-second birthday, the 23d of November. The King is said to have declared that he desires several banquets, receptions and state balls to be given in honor of his wedding, and the apartments of the future Queen are being prepared very actively in the palace of the Plaza of Be Oriente. The *fêtes* in November will include the usual bull-fights and illuminations. Gala nights at the opera and principal theatres will follow the celebration of the marriage in the Church of San Isidro, the oldest but one in the capital. The King has announced to his Ministers that the Archduchess and her mother, accompanied by several Austrian princes, intended to go to Spain from Trieste in an Austrian squadron, which would be met by the Spanish fleet of five ironclads and two frigates. The future Queen is to land in Barcelona, where she will be received with much state. The Archduchess will be met and conducted to Madrid by Ministers of the Crown and a royal commission of senators and grandees.

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KANSAS.—THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT NEOSHO FALLS.—PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES VIEWING THE SEVENTEEN-FEET-HIGH CORN-STALKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORRALL.—SEE PAGE 105.



CALIFORNIA.—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY AT SAN FRANCISCO.—GRAND ARCH ERECTED ON NEW MONTGOMERY STREET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOUSEWORTH.

GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

(Continued *from front page.*)

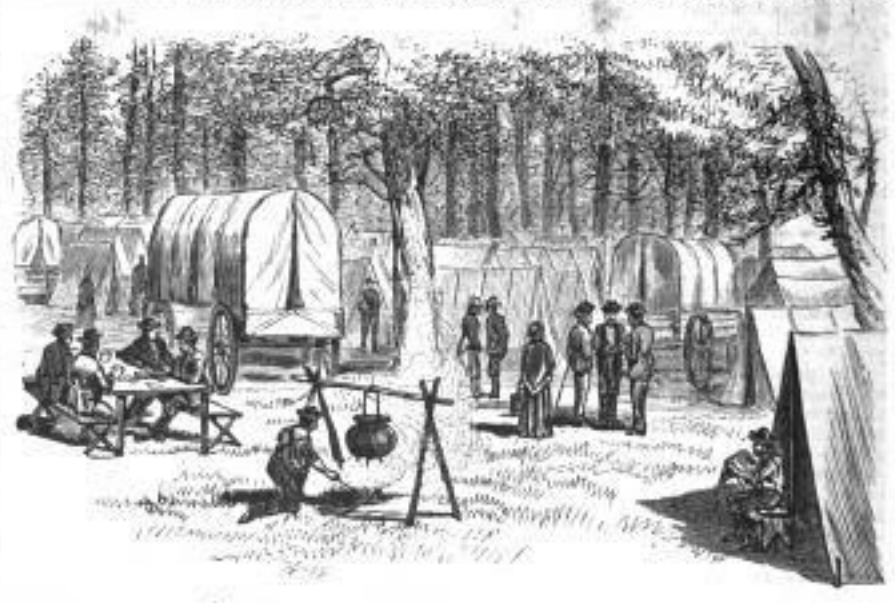
The city maintained its holiday appearance for a full week after General Grant's arrival, the floral arches and other decorations remaining undisturbed. The triumphal arch on New Montgomery Street, from the Palace to the Grand Hotels, was especially notable, eliciting general admiration for its gracefulness and beauty. We give a view of it as taken by a photographer on the spot, and we could easily fill our pages with illustrations of decorations of every sort, and all exhibiting exceptional skill in their arrangement. The *Alta* says truly that the San Franciscans "have a peculiar fondness for, and a remarkable skill in, public displays. This skill has been developed by the help of a peculiar climate, never too cold and seldom too warm for comfort in the open air, free from rain for seven months, and in the other five rarely raining without fair notice by the prevalence of a strong south wind for six or eight hours. These favorable climatic conditions have had a strong influence on a lively, intelligent, energetic, excitable, public-spirited people, representing nearly every civilized country, interested in everything that concerns humanity, organized in numerous associations, accustomed to work together harmoniously for common purposes, and well supplied with cash even in the hardest times."

The portrait of General Grant, on our front page, presents a face marked by the same expression of strong, rugged and impassive character which has become so familiar to our people. There is, however, an obvious softening of the harder lines of the face, as if, in wider contact with men and freed from official cares, the nature within has lost something of its combative tendencies and become more tender and subdued—more easily touched by those humanities which make the whole world kin.

HINDOO WOMEN.

THE Hindoo women, when young, are delicate and beautiful, so far as we can reconcile beauty with the olive complexion. They are finely proportioned; their limbs small, their features soft and regular, and their eyes black and languishing; but the bloom of beauty soon decays, and age makes rapid progress before they have seen thirty years. This may be accounted for from the heat of the climate and the customs of the country, as they are often mothers at twelve years of age.

No woman can be more attentive to cleanliness than the Hindoos; they take every method to render their persons delicate, soft and attractive;



KANSAS.—THE FARMERS' CAMP-GROUND AT THE NEOSHO FALLS FAIR.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORRALL. SEE PAGE 105.

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DISPLAY OF FLORAL TRIBUTES IN THE GENERAL'S PARLOR AT THE PALACE HOTEL.



VIEW OF THE PARLOR AND DINING-ROOM OCCUPIED BY GENERAL GRANT AT THE PALACE HOTEL.

CALIFORNIA.—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY AT SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY I. W. FABER.

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their dress is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a long piece of silk, or cotton, tied round the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterwards brought over the body in negligent folds; under this they cover the bosom with a short waistcoat of satin, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers; their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls; a variety of gold chains, strings of pearls and precious stones fall from the neck over the bosom; and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They have also gold and silver chains round the ankles and an abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among those on the fingers is frequently a small mirror. The richer the dress the less becoming it appears, and a Hindoo woman of distinction always seems to be overloaded with finery, while the village nymphs, with fewer ornaments, but in the same elegant drapery, are more captivating—although there are very few women, even of the lowest families, who have not some jewels at their marriage.

FUN.

BAREFOOTED boys begin to draw their toes in.

MADAME OYSTER is now having her Fall opening.

WHEN a corner loafer dies in Tennessee, the newspaper says—"Another old landmark gone."

THE shrewd old granger who wants a lot of land broken up now gets up a plowing match for a prize of $5.

THE man who invented the gas-metre has achieved the nearest approach to perpetual motion that we will ever see.

A MAN who fell over a bridge the other day was alluded to as quite an aristocratic person, because he could trace his descent from six piers.

A LADY told her little son, who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother!"

FIRST BOY—"Where yer ben, Billy?" *Second Boy*—"Bin fishin'." *First Boy*—"Ketch anythin'?" with an anxious expression on his face. *Further-second Boy*—"No. But I expect ter when I git in the house."

IN these piping days of peace there is room for only one more pad. The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and throat having been padded, somebody should bring out the mouth-pad with the motto: "Stick up and shut up."

THE PARSON—"I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present, last night, at a 'Plymouth Brethren's' tea-meeting. I have often told you that these doctrines are highly erroneous." *Mrs. Brown*—"Erron'ous, sir, their doctrine may be; but their cake, with Sultany raisins, is excellent!"

"ANOTHER burglary on my square last night," said old Dr. Willis, while dining with his partner the other evening. "For my own part, I'm tired of paying taxes for the privilege of being robbed. I don't really see how the police can help arresting some thieves now and then, if only by accident, unless, indeed, the police are the burglars themselves. How is it that you are never robbed, Joe?" "Simplest thing in the world. All you need is a little knowledge of human nature. Now, I'll bet there are three or four policemen in this house at the present moment. Let's go and see." And Joe led the way down into the basement, and the company peeped through the kitchen-door. Sure enough, there sat four officers. One was fixing the fire, one was picking chickens, while the other two were shelling peas and singing a chorus from "Pinafore." "Well, I'm blessed!" said old Willis; "how do you manage it?" "Easy as rolling off a log. I keep a pretty servant-girl!"

GET MORE OXYGEN.

THE Philadelphia *Business Advocate*, speaking of the new and remarkably successful treatment for chronic diseases, known as COMPOUND OXYGEN, says: "We call particular attention to this new treatment, and especially for those who are suffering from chest or catarrhal diseases, or from any of the various forms of neuralgia. The larger amount of oxygen which it furnishes to the lungs gives a higher degree of warmth and vitality to the system, and so fortifies it against the assaults of Winter. A few years ago a gentleman of this city, with lungs so weak and vitality so low that he was obliged to seek a southern latitude every Winter or confine himself to the house from December to March, was induced by a friend, who had received great benefit from the oxygen treatment, to give it a trial. The result was not only improved health, but the ability to remain in the city all through the colder season of the year. We believe that he has not been South since he commenced to use the oxygen." If you wish to know all about this new treatment, write to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for their "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It will be sent free.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD will issue excursion tickets at reduced rates from all points on their line to the Hanlan-Courtney race on Lake Chautauqua, October 16th. Passengers from New York can reach the lake in less time by the Central than by any other route.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, a powerful blood-purifier, is the only purifying agent which finds its way into the circulating fluid and thence through the oil and sweat glands to the surface of the skin, thus destroying the poisonous elements with which these vessels have been daily charged.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, applied externally, arrests all unnatural or morbid growths which cover the surface of the diseased glands and tubes with scaly, itching and irritating humors, speedily it removes them, leaving the pores open, healthy, and free from diseased particles of matter.

Thus, internally and externally, do these great remedies act in conjunction, performing cures that have astonished the most noted physicians of the day.

MONEY MAKING.

MONEY.—For simplicity in money making in Wall Street, write CHAS. FOXWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. By their new system it gives the $10 to $100 operator the same advantages as heretofore the $1,000 or $10,000 purchaser enjoyed.

LEAVE not that to chance which you can make sure of by an accident policy in THE TRAVELERS.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE—best relish' in use. For family use preferable to all others.

BUTTER-MAKING IN JULY AND AUGUST.

BUTTER-MAKING can be carried on in hot weather as successfully as in June by using the Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. It reduces time of churning one-half. Increases production 6 to 10 per cent. Storekeepers pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with it. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

QUAQUAGA DAIRY, SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY, N. Y., May 25th, 1879.

BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—Please accept a sample of butter made from "hay-fed" cows and with the use of your Gilt-Edge Butter Maker: without its use the butter made was almost as white as lard, while with its use (as you will observe from the sample sent you), the butter is of a very beautiful, even golden color, leaving nothing to be desired in that direction. Several of my neighbor dairy farmers have tried your powder, and are loud in its praise. It passes in market as "creamery butter," and is worth from 3 to 5 cents per pound more than dairy butter.

H. C. BRYANT.

AS a light, mild beverage, agreeable to the most delicate digestive organs, the COCOA preparations of WALTER BAKER & Co. are recommended to invalids and convalescents as well as to those in full health.

FOREMOST among great hotels is New York's prime favorite, the ST. NICHOLAS, veteran in years and experience. In every department it is managed with consummate taste and care, and the guest is treated with an attention very noticeable, compared with the laxity of many of its rivals. The consequences of its unequaled accommodations and low rates are found in its crowded daily arrivals.

KIDNEY and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured with HOP BITTERS.

CAUTION.—The *National Dispensatory* says of Tonka Beans: "They are usually covered with a crystalline efflorescence of coumarin. Given to dogs in the dose of from seven to ten grains, this substance produced a great and even fatal depression; and in man in the dose of from thirty to sixty grains it occasioned nausea, giddiness, depression, vomiting and drowsiness." Many of the spurious compounds purporting to be pure Extract of Vanilla are prepared principally from Tonka Beans.

Housekeepers who study their interests will demand of their grocer strictly pure vanilla only, and refuse to accept of an adulterated compound, which may render the dealer a better profit.

BURNETT'S EXTRACT OF VANILLA is prepared from selected vanilla beans, and is warranted entirely free from Tonka or other deleterious substances.

THE devastation of the foreign vineyards by the phylloxera turns public attention anew to the advantages of American wines. In purity and excellence they are fast finding their way into successful competition with all standard foreign brands. The house of A. WERNER & Co., of this city, proprietors of "AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne, have done much to develop both the home and foreign demand for American wine, and their large and rapidly increasing trade fully justifies their confidence in their goods. The plague on the foreign vines thus results in advantage to American vineyards.

THE NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA "NEW LINE."

THE Bound Brook route between New York and Philadelphia opened on Monday their new depot at Ninth and Green Streets, Philadelphia, and now runs nine trains daily between that point and New York. A fast express train, making the trip to New York in two hours, leaves Ninth and Green Streets at 7:30 A. M., returning from New York at 4 P. M., and other frequent trains occupy but a trifle more time in the journey. Pullman cars accompany the fast trains, and no route is more free from smoke and dust nor better provided with the comforts of travel than the "Bound Brook," to which is almost wholly due the credit for the revolution of the last few years in means of travel between New York and Philadelphia. A tedious journey, occupying the best part of two days, is reduced to a pleasure trip, allowing an entire day in each city for business.

SOUR stomach, sick headache and dizziness, HOP BITTERS cures with a few doses.

THE surprising results in saving of fuel by the use of ASBESTOS STEAM PIPE AND BOILER COVERINGS are worthy the attention of every one using steam. H. W. JOHNS MFG. CO., 87 Maiden Lane, New York, Sole Manufacturers of Genuine Asbestos Materials.

The Secret Key to Health.—"The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation," 300 pages; price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of six cents for postage. Address, DR. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

NO MORE **RHEUMATISM**

GOUT OR GRAVEL.

The harmless, infallible French Salicylates relieve at once. Cure within four days. Box $1.00, mailed free. L. A. Paris, 294 6th Ave., New York, Sole Agent for the U. S. of the only Palatine in France. Beware of the so-called imported (home made) impure and dangerous Salicylic Frauds. Ask for SCHLUMBERGER'S SALICYLATE. Red Seal trade-mark. No other genuine.

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THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert Street, Phila., Pa.



English Breech-Loading Double Gun,
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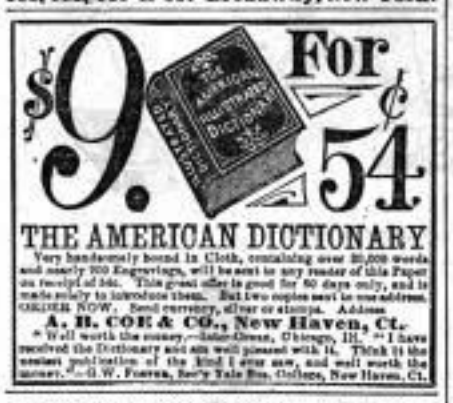
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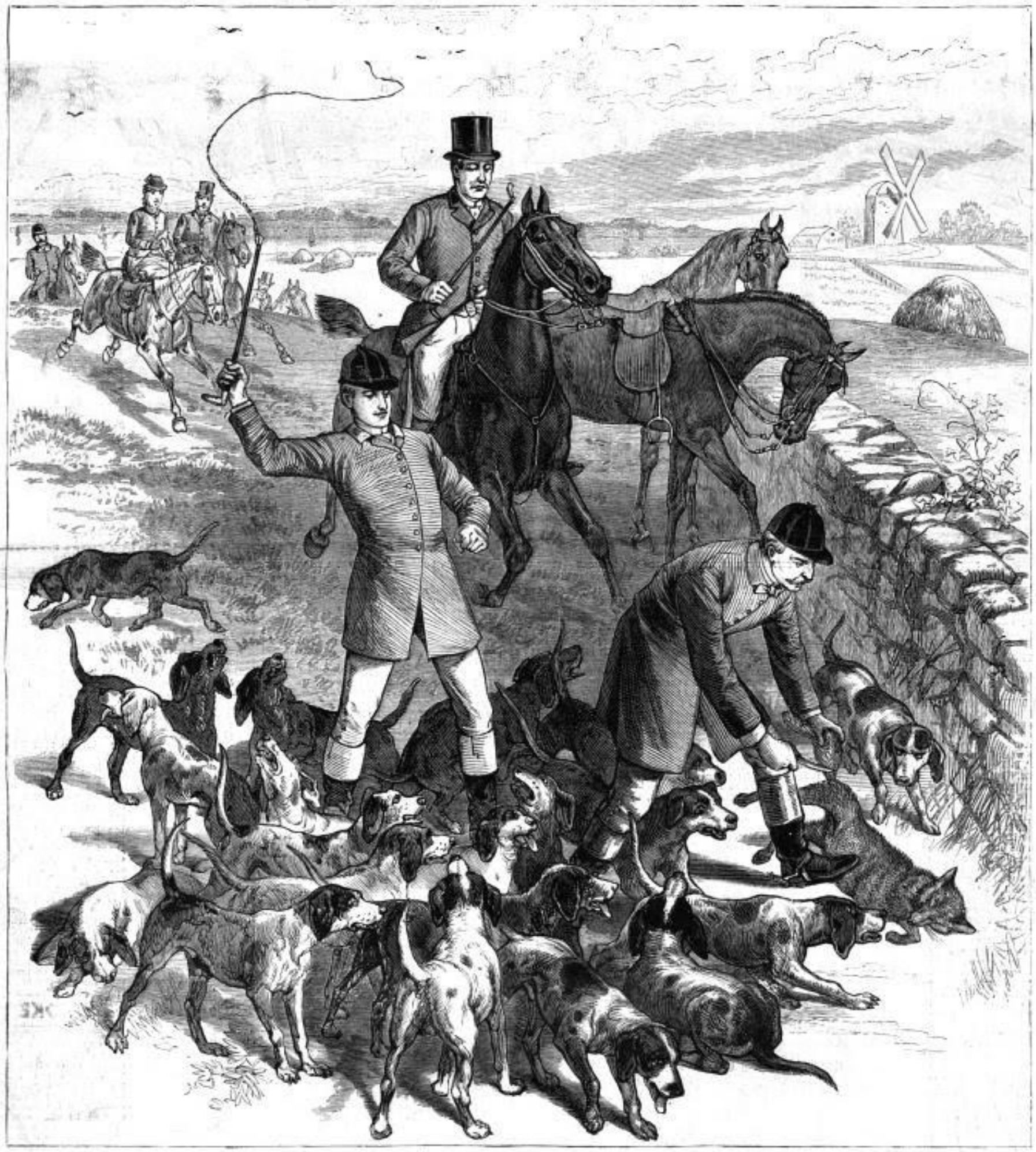
SECURING THE BRUSH.

THE last fox-hunt of the season at Newport was a genuine "burster." Never were "the men in pink" in better form, the daughters of Nimrod more *piquante*, the cattle "off stable," the "beauties" in better voice! Many were the croppers fetched, many the bullfinches balked, many a gate opened that never before passed man or horse. All honor to the pluck of the fairer sex; "boldly they rode and well," bearing off huntsmen's hearts as gaily as they carried their dainty little hats and whips. Mr. Barrel, of New York, fetched a cropper, and had to compound with Fortune for a few bruises. Mr. Wadsworth would have pushed Mr. Fairman Rogers for the brush if a roll-over in the spin had not taken his wickets. The riding of Mr. Griswold, Captain Candy and Mr. Zobrowski was worthy of the Quorn or Pytchley, while the "go" of other to squeeze into Southwick's Grove, and never did Newport extend a better day's excitement to its high and mighty guests than on the occasion of the last fox-hunt of the season of 1879.

EXTENSION OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD TOWARDS HIGH BRIDGE.

A FEW weeks ago, in noting the rapidity with which the construction of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad is being pushed towards High Bridge, we gave a view of Ninth Avenue from the Eighty-first Street Station looking south. Our present view is from the same standpoint looking north. On September 17th the company began running trains to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, although the station building was not then completed. The scenery is particularly beautiful. Central Park and intervening cultivation are seen on the right, prolific gardens, wooded and verdure-clad ridges, to the left, with frequent and fine views of the Hudson and of the high cliffs of Jersey. But it is not until the One Hundred and Fourth Street station is put behind that the novelty, beauty and interest of the route begin to culminate. Sweeping away from it towards richly cultivated lowland and verdured rise, One Hundred and Ninth Street is speedily reached. Here, gliding along at an elevation of some seventy feet—which is preserved to nigh One Hundred and Twentieth Street—the road emerges from the embowerment of the beautiful Lion Park towards One Hundred and Tenth Street, and, in a series of most graceful curves, reaches over that deeply-sunken meadow to Eighth Avenue, where it again assumes an undeviating right of way. At One Hundred and Tenth Street a view of great extent and of striking beauty suddenly presents itself, which increases in interest and attraction when the avenue is reached. Stretching far away to the front are the plains of North New York, and beyond the annexed district of Westchester, with varied topography of hill and dale, embryo woods, and well-tilled farms. Clear over to the east, keeping continuously along, is Long Island, backed by its lofty hills. To the right is a peep at Upper Hell Gate, and along on are views of the East River, Ward's and Randall's Islands, with their institutions. Off from Randall's you have a view of beautiful Flushing Bay, and the entrance to the Sound, of Flushing and of College Point. Looking closely, and Berrien Island is seen dotting in the bay. Over there, on and about Third Avenue, is the thickly populated part of Harlem, and yonder, with highly cultivated lands intervening, are the restricted tending from opposite Ninth Avenue, at One Hundred and Tenth Street—and here Ninth Avenue ends—along and around to the Grand Boulevard, at One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street. This is a part of the Harlem Heights, historic because of the battle fought there 103 years ago.

That large, columned building on the heights at One Hundred and Tenth Street is the Leak & Watts Orphan Asylum. North from it that spacious and well-preserved frame, buff-colored, old, but comely-fashioned, is the "De Puyster Mansion." Over the heights, at about One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, is a glimpse of the Bloomingdale Asylum. Near One Hundred and Nineteenth Street, and over to the northwest, through the gore made by brief breakage of the heights, is a wondrously beautiful and picturesque view of the Hudson, the close of the highlands of Jersey and the beginning of the



RHODE ISLAND.—FOX-HUNTING AT SOUTHWICK'S GROVE, NEAR NEWPORT—SECURING THE BRUSH.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.

Miss Havemeyer, and the "stay" of Miss Oosthout won the heartiest commendation from the worthy and genial M. F. H. From the "gone away" to the death the "rascal" made excellent running, taking the plow where many a steed "stuck," despite the full-flavored language of the cavalier, and skirting over hill and down dale, the "beauties" in close attendance yelping in merry chorus, got pounded at last and done to death. Mr. Fairman Rogers rode straight and cunning, nearly riding down the dogs and honestly earning the coveted brush by sheer good workmanship. The master steered his own course like a good 'un, and the "field"—a very small one at the death—displayed workmanlike qualities that would "place" them with the Ward Unions or the Galway Blazers. The attendance at the meet was something worthy of chronicling, since everybody managed somehow or

The plan of this structure is unlike the others on this road, except the one at One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, being situated between the tracks with a long covered platform, and entered from each side of the avenue. The running time from Rector Street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street is thirty-eight minutes, and six minutes is allowed to engineers to run over the highest part of the road, and around the curves between One Hundred and Fourth Street and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Strict orders have been issued not to increase the speed between these stations. The iron-work of the road is finished to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, and 175 men are laying the track and building stations. The contractor laying the track says he expects to have it ready for use by the 1st of December.

At almost every point along this last extension

NEW YORK CITY.—EXTENSION OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD TOWARDS HIGH BRIDGE—VIEW ON SIXTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE EIGHTY-FIRST STREET STATION.—SEE PAGE 113.

Palisades, with pretty Fort Lee cozily snuggling at the foot. That populated little section in and about the gore is Manhattanville, still thereabouts familiarly called "the village."

CANNING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

The Thurber Establishment at Moorestown, New Jersey.

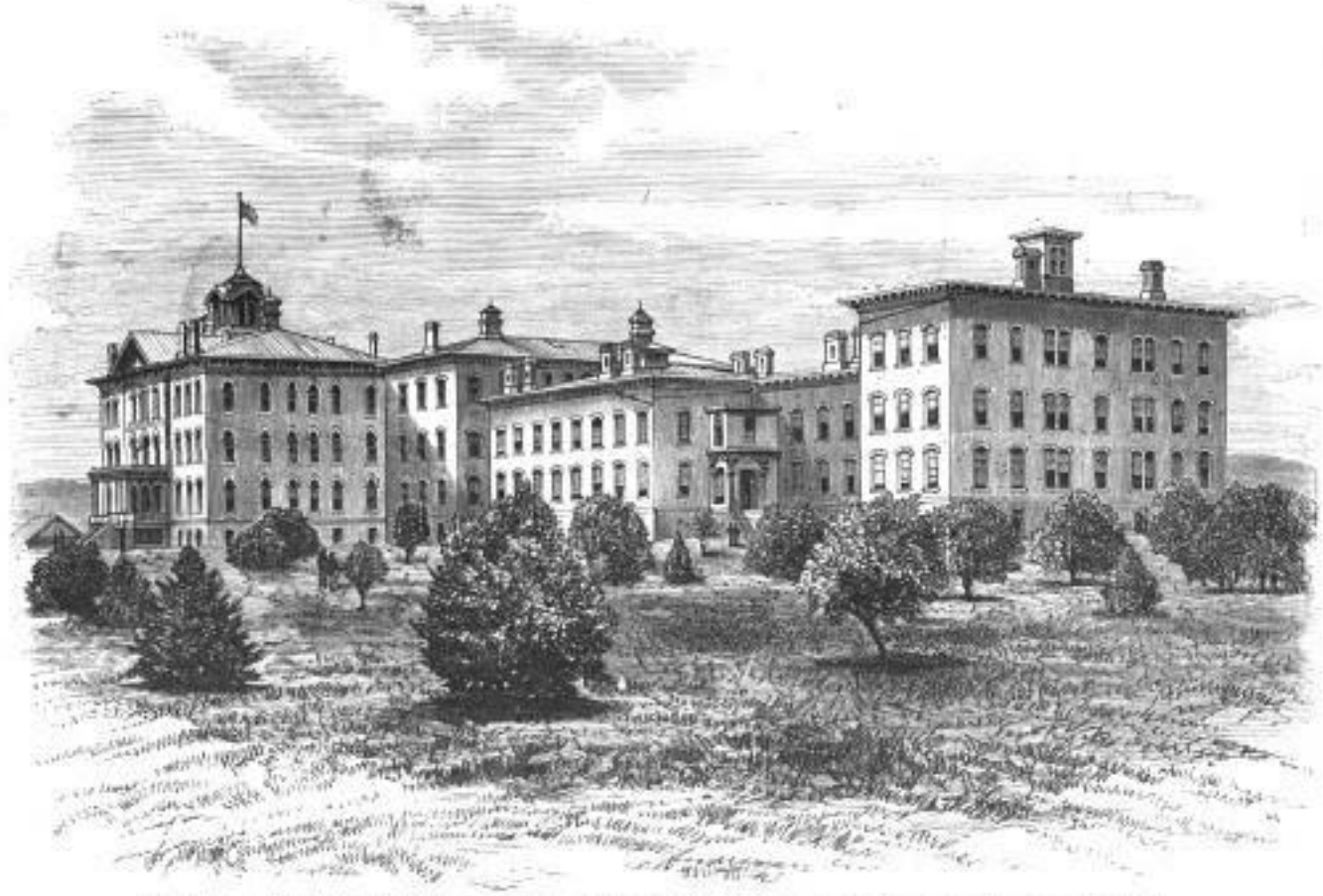
AMONG more modern American industries, that of canning fruits and vegetables has rapidly grown in importance until it now ranks ahead of many of much older origin. In order to to give an idea of its development and importance, we illustrate this week the great canning establishment of H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., which is located at Moorestown, New Jersey, within easy reach of the headquarters of this well-known New York firm of wholesale grocers, importers and manufacturers, whose business already extends to all parts of the civilized globe. Each illustration exhibits, it will be observed, some interesting feature in the preparation of canned fruits and vegetables. In No. 1 the farmers of Moorestown and the adjacent country are seen bringing in fruits and vegetables to be canned; No. 2 represents the employés preparing fruits and vegetables for processing; No. 3 gives a view of the processing room; No. 4 shows the room where the cans are made; No. 5 represents the soldering-room; No. 6 the labeling-room, and No. 7 the first scene of loading-up the cars and dispatching the trains to different parts of the United States.

The buildings cover two acres of ground, and from 300 to 500 employés are engaged in them during the busy season, in which time there are packed every year over two million cans of the choicest fruits and vegetables. Here are also packed in cans especially made for export, goods of such superlative quality as to create a demand in England, France, and other foreign countries, for Thurbers' brands, which are known on the continent to be a guarantee of the excellent quality and elegant style of any goods upon which they may be placed.

It is the aim of this enterprising firm to pack the very best goods it is possible to procure; and for that reason they located their factory at Moorestown, where the soil is adapted to raising fruits and vegetables in perfection, and where from 300 to 400 acres of tomatoes alone are under cultivation, producing 175,000 bushels of this delicious and popular vegetable. It is there that the celebrated Baldwin tomato is grown—a variety possessing unusually fine flavor and solid, mealy texture, which the Thurbers pack and dispose of as the choicest canned tomato upon the market.

Having observed that the poultry usually canned was of inferior quality and not at all uniform, all ages and sizes being bought up from the farmers and packed indiscriminately, the Thurbers determined to give their customers at home and abroad such canned poultry as was never before packed in this country, and for that reason have recently erected, on their premises in Moorestown, buildings expressly for the purpose of systematically fattening chickens and turkeys, so that none but the finest poultry, killed at the proper time, will be packed, thus guaranteeing a uniform article in perfection. This coming season they will pack 300 tons, or 600,000 pounds, of such poultry as cannot fail to make a demand, since poultry of such quality, put up in such style, is more economical and reliable than much of the so-called fresh poultry furnished in the markets.

In this department the firm has had the benefit of the wide experience of one of its members representing the House at Bordeaux, France—a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the most approved French methods of preparing every kind of delicacy—on whose recommendation the celebrated Martin process of artificial fattening will be introduced at Moorestown. This process consists of having in a suitable building a number of circular cages for poultry in separate tiers, one above another, which rotate on a central upright shaft. The tiers are divided into separate cells, each just large enough to admit a fowl, open at the back for the sake of cleanliness, and with a small aperture in front through which the bird can thrust its head. Within a few inches of this revolving machine, between perpendicular beams lined with iron sliding ways, is an iron tank capable of containing about forty gallons. In this is the food, composed of skimmed milk with corn-meal, the mixture having a semi-liquid consistency; no water is given. On the top of the tank stands the keeper, who, by a crank at his right, can elevate or lower himself and machine as may be required to reach one tier of cells after another. Taking, let us say, the first cell on the lowest tier, the keeper grasps the head of the fowl with his left hand, with his thumb he opens the beak, and with his right hand thrusts an india-rubber tube connecting with the tank into the throat of the bird. Then with his left hand he closes the beak as tightly as possible, while his foot, pressing on a pedal, works a pump that forces into the fowl the necessary amount of food. Some of the fowls require more food than others, a point which it is the keeper's business to determine. A gauge like a dial, in front of the feeder, shows the exact quantity absorbed. As soon as the right amount has been administered, the keeper lets go the fowl and proceeds to another, until all in that particular tier are served, when, by means of the crank, the man raises himself to the tier next above, and so on until the feeding of the birds is completed. Strange as this method of fattening may seem, the birds take kindly to it, and by thrusting their necks out of the cage, show their eagerness for the approach of feeding time. Fowls are fed three times a day—at daylight, noon and sundown—and the cages, as well as each compartment, are regularly cleaned twice a day. The fowls, chickens in particular, fatten to an almost incredible size in a very short time, and when split open show a very healthy condition. In France, by the use of artificial as well as natural incubation, chickens are hatched the year round, and with the use of this machine for fattening, plump and tender chickens are found in the market at all seasons. There is no reason why this should not be the case in this country, and the enterprise of Messrs. Thurber & Co. will demonstrate its possibility



KANSAS.—THE INSANE ASYLUM AT OSAWATOMIE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TREMLER BROS., FORT SCOTT.—SEE PAGE 116.

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NEW JERSEY.—GROWING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—THE PROCESS OF CANNING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES AT MOORESTOWN.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATES.

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here. The business history of this house shows that they are never satisfied with well-doing, but are constantly striving to improve upon what has been already done, and the result is that the standard of quality has been raised in every class of goods of which they have thus far taken hold. By *combining* the *manufacturing* and the *distribution* of food products, they have secured the greatest excellence at the minimum of cost, and this economy of expense and perfection of detail controls every other department of their immense business, which is said to be greater than that of any other four houses in their line in this country, while, as before stated, their connections of one kind and another reach to every part of the globe.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF KANSAS.

KANSAS may well be proud of her vast charitable institutions. The asylums for the insane deaf and dumb, and blind, are each controlled by a board of six trustees appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate. The Lunatic Asylum at Osawatomie, of which we give an illustration, was opened in 1863, and large as it is, has already proved inadequate to the needs of the State. During the first ten years of its existence 378 persons have been admitted, of whom 161 have been discharged recovered, 38 improved, 20 stationary, and 19 died. At the close of 1875 there were 121 patients undergoing treatment, and the expenses for that year were $28,221. At Olathe there is a Deaf and Dumb Asylum, organized by the Legislature in 1866, to give instruction without charge for board or tuition to all the deaf and dumb of the State between the ages of ten and twenty-one years. The course of instruction covers six years, and the students are obliged, in addition, to devote time to industrial pursuits with a view of being able to obtain a livelihood after leaving the institution. For the blind there is an admirable structure, founded in 1867, at Wyandotte. Although when these institutions were constructed the work was backed by liberal Legislative appropriations, the growth of the population has since been so rapid that many deserving individuals are now unable to obtain the shelter and advantages of the asylums. Additions have been made to existing buildings, entire new ones have been erected within the past five years and there is still insufficient accommodation.

Tennyson vs. Turner.

WHAT is a name worth? A good deal apparently in the case of Alfred Tennyson, who is so fully alive to the magic charm of his patronymic that he has declined to become the heir of certain estates in Lincolnshire rather than exchange it for that of Turner. The Laureate's brother inherited Grasby Hall and some neighboring farms many years back, and for the sake of the £1,000 or £2,000 a year which they yielded he entirely dropped the Tennyson, and became the Rev. Charles Turner, a name which stands on the title-page of his book of sonnets. He died a few months ago, leaving no issue, and his wife followed him to the grave within a few weeks. The next heir is the Laureate, but he will not accept the condition which rigorously enforces the entire suppression of the Tennyson. Doubtless there will be found a brother, or a nephew, if not a son, willing to forego the prestige attached to the family name for the sake of a comfortable inheritance, but the succession is still unsettled.

The Chinese and Naval Architecture.

THAT the Chinese should bring about a revolution in naval architecture and armament is another surprise which the Orient has provided for the European world. It seems that the continued prospect of war between Japan and China led the Japanese Government to purchase in England a number of very heavily armored vessels for offensive operations along the coast of China. Thereupon, the Chinese Government, adopting a plan devised by Rendel, an Englishman, began at once the construction in English shipyards of a fleet of small light-draft unarmored gunboats, each to carry an enormous 35-ton 16-inch muzzle-loading gun. These curious vessels are merely and really self-propelling, floating gun carriages. The guns are not mounted, but lie flat upon the deck, and are worked, loaded and aimed by five men with the assistance of hydraulic power. The boats are double enders; the fire is directed from the bow, but when the engines are reversed the gun becomes a stern chaser. The English journals, in discussing the question raised by this new departure in the art of naval warfare, admit that their boasted massive ironclads —their *Thunderers* and *Dreadnoughts*—would be at the mercy of a small fleet of these gunboats which, from an unapproachable position in shallow water, might concentrate their terrible fire upon and disable such unwieldy monsters, before they could do damage by their turret guns.

Dining with the Dead.

A MYSTERIOUS dinner party was given some short time ago by an elderly gentleman in the Hotel Demouth, at St. Petersburg. One morning the gentleman in question called on Mr. Pintacher, the manager of the Demuth restaurant, and ordered a luxurious repast for six, of which he himself made out the menu, selecting from the wine card the costliest vintages. He asked for an estimate of the dinner's cost, paid the amount of his bill in advance, and requested that everything should be prepared for the entertainment of his guests at seven o'clock precisely the same evening. At that hour he entered the room reserved for his banquet, and took his place at the head of the table. To the chief waiter's respectful inquiry, "whether he expected his friends to arrive soon, as the dinner was quite ready," he replied, "They are all here! Let the soup be served forthwith!" By his express command the puzzled attendants then proceeded to help the absent guests to course after course, setting down full plates before the empty chairs, and pouring out precious wines into groups of glasses stationed before each untenanted place. The gentleman ate and drank copiously, now and anon clinking his glass against the masterless goblets ranged upon the table to his right and left. With his first round of champagne he arose, and made a speech to his imaginary friends, from the tenor of which oration the waiters gathered that they had been engaged in attending to personages long since defunct. When the gentleman had concluded his remarks, he again went through the clinking formality, drained the contents of his glass, and turning to Mr. Pintacher, chilled that amazed functionary's blood by the following ghastly statement: "To-day I celebrate my joyful meeting with my beloved relatives—my dead wife, daughter and three sons, two of whom fell in the last campaign. Do not be afraid; I am not mad. It has done me a power of good to spend this happy hour or so with my family. You may look for me again on this day twelvemonth."

A Peculiar Race in Siberia.

A LETTER from one of Professor Nordenskjöld's assistants, recently published in various Scandinavian papers, gives an interesting account of the Tshudi, a peculiar race inhabiting the northeastern part of Siberia. They look very much like the Greenlanders, are small but alert, have a brownish-yellow skin, with coal-black eyes and hair, and a singular, joyless, almost frozen expression of face. They live in tents, dress in skins and feed on seal-flesh. Their women are tattooed in the face. In their intercourse with the crew of the *Vega* they were a little shy, but curious, like penguins, and willing to help. Their moral ideas were rather naïf, but firmly adhered to, as far as they went. Of their language a dictionary (Tshudi-Swedish) has been made, comprising about three hundred words, and it will, no doubt, prove of interest to the linguists, as the tongues of the polar races have hitherto been as great a puzzle to the philologists as those of the negroes of tropical Africa.

Russian Ground Dwellings.

THE incendiary fires which have of late been so frequent in Russia as to bring down the shares of the First Fire Insurance Company from 1,005 to 900, are powerless in at least one region of the Empire—that lying between Uralsk and the Syr-Daria. Here, for many miles together, there are literally no houses at all, the inhabitants living in underground burrows, which they call "zemlianki." In the loneliest part of the open prairie a swarthy face, with small narrow eyes and sharp white teeth, suddenly pops up out of the ground before your horse's head, and invites you to come down and drink some tea. You follow a narrow, slanting passage, and presently find yourself in a low, square chamber, carpeted with matting, and tenanted by your host's family, while within a stone's throw is the larger burrow in which he stables his horse. Tea and wheaten cakes are produced, and you enjoy an underground breakfast, the coolness of the vault being agreeable enough after the scorching heat outside. Some of the "zemlianki" are inhabited in Winter as well as in Summer, and after a heavy snow-fall it is no uncommon thing for the occupant to have to dig his way out.

Official Salaries in Germany.

OFFICIAL salaries are very low in Germany compared with those in England. The entire salary of the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, from all sources, both as Prussian Minister and Chancellor of the Empire, is only 54,000 marks ($13,500). The highest salary of a Prussian cabinet minister is 36,000 marks. Pensions are on the same moderate scale. They are settled on analogous principles to those which govern the English civil-service pension system, the pension amounting to as many eightieths of the salary which was being received at the time of retirement as there have been years spent in the service of the State. Ten years are added to the service in all cases where misconduct has not called for censure. But where the salary exceeds 12,000 marks ($3,000) only the half of such excess is taken into account. Dr. Falk, the retiring Minister of Public Works and Education, entered the service of the State in 1847. He has, consequently, thirty-three years of public service plus ten. His salary as minister was 36,000 marks, which becomes reduced to 24,000 for the purpose of estimating his pension, which will be 42-80 of this amount, or a little over the half, viz., 13,200 marks ($3,300).

Protestant Missions in Mexico.

THE recent consecration of Dr. Riley as bishop of the Church of Jesus, in Mexico, gives interest to the history of Protestant missions in that country. In 1863 a church—and probably one of the first of Protestant churches—was organized in Monterey by the agent of the American Bible Society. Between 1863 and 1870 six churches were organized in various parts of northern Mexico under the Board of the American and Foreign Christian Union, by regularly ordained missionaries. In 1870 the Baptists sent an ordained minister to Monterey, who organized three Baptist churches in and around that city. A year later the Friends sent to the State of Tamaulipas a missionary, who founded a church in Matamoras, and labored in other places in northern Mexico very successfully. In 1872 the Presbyterian Missionary Board sent four ordained ministers into the country. They have organized several churches and schools. In 1873 the Methodist Church sent out Rev. Dr. William Butler, whose labors have been very successful, not only in founding churches, but in publishing and circulating religious literature. The American Board have a mission on the western coast, and the Southern Presbyterians are operating on the border of the Rio Grande. Of the actual number of Protestant churches in Mexico at the present time, there may be forty, and perhaps more, whereas, it has been stated that Bishop Riley's was the only one.

What Every House Needs.

ONE of the worst faults of our very faulty modern architecture, as applied to houses, is found in the fact that our architects do not take into their plan the possibilities of sickness in the family. Now no house is properly constructed that has not in it a room or rooms expressly designed for the accommodation of the sick and infirm. This room should, in the first place, have a warm sunny exposure. The window light should be ample, and command the widest possible view. The first essential in a sick room is a good, liberal fireplace. Through it, by means of the warmth which it generates, the whole room is kept wholesome and pure. Not only so, but a slow, burning fire, with its lights and shades, its rising sparks and glowing brands, its curling and many colored smoke, and its changeful embers, furnishes ceaseless diversion to the sick one who lies watching it. Nothing is more soothing and quieting than the influence which subtly steals into the senses of him who gazes dreamily into the gentle flame. It is a companionship itself. The walls, too, should have their proper adornments. Pictures that suggest quiet and peace, and the free fresh life of nature outside, should be on them. A bracket, with its vases of flowers; a green clambering vine, clinging ambitiously to the ceiling; a library case filled with familiar books; curtains that soften the light while admitting it—all these are helpful to one who lies in weakness, and can take no more of life than what a little room reveals. The object of the construction and location of a sick-room should be to give perfect accommodation and protection to the invalid, while at the same time it suggests the beauty and freedom of being unconfined—the life and animation of the great out-door world beyond.

This Year's Cattle Drive.

THE cattle drive of the present season from Texas and the southwestern ranges is placed at 250,000 head. From Montana and Oregon a late estimate places the drive of 1879 at 100,000 head. The drive of Texas and Indian Territory cattle and ponies reaches Ogallalla in June, towards the latter part of the month, and continues to arrive during July. Kansas was formerly the northern limit of the drive, and this gave to Kansas City a considerable advantage as a market; but the proportion of stock remaining in Kansas is yearly decreasing, while that of Nebraska and Wyoming is annually increasing. At Ogallalla, on the Union Pacific, is now found the great cattle rendezvous which formerly ended at Abilene on the Kansas Pacific. Advices from Ogallalla are not up to date, but a week since the arrivals had reached 75,000 head, and it is fair to estimate them at 100,000 head at this moment alone. Besides the Texas drive, the mountain drive of 100,000 head will reach the Union Pacific, and this route will soon become the greatest stock thoroughfare in the world. The demand for feeders in Nebraska and Iowa is already very great, and the Omaha live-stock market is soon to become an important object of interest between the rival Chicago and St. Louis lines, when the new Wabash and St. Louis lines reach Omaha.

An Extraordinary People.

AT the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield on August 23d, the well-known African explorer, Commander Cameron, gave an interesting account of the manners and customs of the people of Urua, in Central Africa. Urua was one of the largest native States in Africa. It was bounded on the east by Tanganyika, on the north by independent tribes in Manguema, on the west by Ulunda, and on the south by mountains south of the lake of Benguenlo. The great chief was Kasongo, and the race was perhaps the most civilized in Central Africa. The chief claimed divine honors. On his death all his wives save one were slaughtered at the grave, and the one whose life was not taken was handed over to the chief's successor. The spirit of the deceased prince was supposed to pass into the body of the successor. The centre of the religion of the people was an idol, which was held in great reverence.

The idol was placed in the midst of a dense jungle, and it had for wife one of the sisters of the reigning sovereign. Under the principal chief were smaller chiefs, who collected and paid over to the sovereign tribute. He had seen this tribute come in, and some of it must have come from distant parts of the country. There was a numerous class of wizards in the country who did a large trade in idols and charms. Many of the wizards were ventriloquists, and in this way the idols were made to give answers to the questions put to them. Caste was very clearly defined in the race. No one dare sit down in the presence of the chief without permission, which was very seldom granted. In one case where, in the traveler's presence, a native had neglected etiquette, severe punishment was about to be inflicted, but the traveler saved the offender.

Authority was maintained by mutilation. Hands, feet, ears, noses, were mutilated, and the natives did not seem to mind it much. One woman had cut off her own ears. This woman was one of Kasongo's wives; he had about 1,000 of them. She asked permission to mutilate herself, and she did it at once. The body-guard of the chief was composed to a great extent of mutilated people, whose affection for the chief seemed in no way decreased; indeed, it would appear that mutilation strengthened their regard for their chief. The name of the idol was Kungwe à Banza, and profound reverence was shown to it. Fire was obtained by friction from a fire block, and in one case a chief used the shin-bone of one of the other chiefs who had been conquered. The dress of the people was very simple, consisting of an apron. Members of the royal family wore three large skins, and junior members of the family wore aprons of green monkey skins.

The hair-dressing of this people was curious, varying more with districts than with rank. In some cases it was worked up into four ring plaits crossed at the top of the head like a crown, and surrounded at the bottom with a band of cowries or other shells. Skewers were inserted in the hair, one end of which could be used in tattooing. The people were not a hairy race, but they managed to grow their beards long, and plaited them like a Chinaman's pigtail, usually putting at the end of each a lump of mud to weight it. Some of the beards reached to the waists. The women, not having beards to amuse themselves with, were tattooed extensively. Tattooing usually commenced at the age of seven, and might be completed about the age of twelve or fourteen, which was the time for marriage. Beautiful patterns were used, and the tattooing was done in raised cuts. Sometimes a husband, when he was displeased with his wife, cut off all these raised pieces, and the women could not appear in public again; she was not received into society until she was retattooed. He saw one of their weddings, which was very curious. The festivities lasted several days. A ring was formed of the natives, two men with big drums being in the middle. The drums were played and the people round danced. The bride was brought out, dressed in feathers and other finery, on the shoulders of two or three women; she was taken into the middle of the ring, and was jumped up and down on the shoulders of the women. The bride threw shells and beads about, for which there was a scramble, as the possession of them was supposed to confer luck. Ultimately the husband came into the ring, and putting the bride under his arm carried her off. The means of communication was by drum signals. They had a call on the drum for everybody's name, and they could ask questions and convey intelligence over hundreds of miles, and receive answers almost immediately. In war messengers were constantly sent enormous distances to bring up reinforcements or to stop their coming. The mass of the people lived in huts on dry land, but there were one or two exceptions to this.

OUR INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

THE cotton mills in the South are running night and day.

ALL of Treston's rubber mills, with earnings of $1,000,000 a year, are now running.

AS SOON as cold weather shall have come, every iron-mill in Pittsburg will be put upon double turn.

GEORGIA'S new venture—the Atlanta Rolling Mill—now employs 500 men, who work upon double turn.

IT IS estimated that Utah Territory has produced $44,000,000 in bullion since the opening of its mines.

SELDOM has Montgomery (Ala.) been the scene of as much activity in every department of business as now.

NORTH ATTLEBOROUGH, Mass., has thirty jewelry shops, employing 1,500 hands, and running to their utmost capacity.

OVER $100,000 worth of slate mantels have been ordered by a London (Eng.) house from a Newburgh (N. Y.) firm.

SOUTHERN Oregon will produce a great deal of excellent pork this year, many rusted fields having been given up to hogs.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) wholesale merchants assert that more business has been and is being done there than for ten years past.

TEN million paper bags were made by a factory in Ballston Spa, N. Y., in one month recently, and yet the demand exceeds the supply.

TWENTY-TWO million feet of lumber is annually consumed in making boxes for Chicago pork-packers and 2,000,000 feet in picture-frames.

CANNING crabs, a new industry at Oxford, Md., gives employment to 170 persons, who put up from 12,000 to 15,000 crabs daily, or over 500,000 a month.

THERE are ten petroleum refineries within the limits of Pittsburg, which have a combined capacity of from 60,000 to 75,000 barrels refined oil per week.

FOR eight years the large rolling mill of Spuyten Duyvil has been closed. It now has an order for $400,000 worth of steel rails, and work will be resumed at once.

THE largest cargo of grain ever exported from this country has just been shipped from Savannah to Liverpool. It was valued at $40,000 and comprised 3,650 barrels.

DR. A. M. BLACK, who has already done so much for Eastern Kentucky, has induced a company of Pennsylvania oil men to buy 800 and to lease 10,000 acres of land in Johnson County, where they are now boring for oil.

WESTERN New York and Ontario are beginning to ship apples to Europe by way of Montreal. The few shipments already made turned out well, and a large business is anticipated. Advices from Liverpool are encouraging.

THE Pittsburg *Post* believes there has never been anything to compare to the passenger and freight traffic at this moment on our trunk lines. Passenger trains are delayed for hours and interrupted by freight that crowds the track at all points.

THE linen mills in Greenwich, Washington County, N. Y., have been purchased by a firm of manufacturers from Guilford, Ireland, who will give employment to 700 hands. If successful, the firm will transfer their entire business to this country.

A FEW days ago Mr. James B. Pace, of Richmond, shipped 250 hogsheads of bright leaf tobacco to Europe, the value of which was about $40,000. This is perhaps the largest shipment of bright tobacco that has ever been made from Virginia.

THERE are in Cincinnati 5,172 manufacturing establishments with an invested capital of $57,509,215; the number of hands employed, 67,145; and the value of the product, $138,136,166. In forty years the manufactures have increased almost tenfold.

IT IS estimated that the production of silk manufactures in Paterson this year will reach fully $10,000,000. The weekly consumption of raw silk is estimated at 10,000 to 15,000 pounds, and between 9,000 and 10,000 persons are engaged in the industry.

IT IS estimated that the various cotton manufactories in and around Augusta, Ga., use $1,500,000 worth of raw cotton per annum. The annual sales from their product amount to about $2,000,000. The product of the Augusta flour and grist mills yields $1,500,000 per annum.

THE Swiss colony in Tennessee is reported very prosperous. It consists of 112 families, 700 persons, and they bought 10,000 acres of land at $1 per acre. They have started a cheese factory, devote most of their attention to dairy farming and get high prices for their produce.

IT IS proposed to propagate sponges on the Florida coast by cutting the live sponge into small pieces, attaching them to pieces of rock, and sinking them to proper depths in suitable locations. Professor Schmidt reports that in three years each piece will attain a remarkable size.

TO SHOW how our export trade in cattle has increased the fact is cited in an important British document that "in the one article of arrivals, oxen and bulls, the importations into the United Kingdom from the United States has increased in values from about $60,000 in 1873 to nearly $6,000,000 in 1878."

GEORGIA is by far the largest cotton manufacturer, having 160,000 spindles in operation, North Carolina standing second and South Carolina third. Texas is the smallest in the whole list. A number of new mills are now in course of construction in different parts of the South and the production will thus be considerably increased.

THE farmers of a Louisiana parish, finding that they cannot profitably raise and prepare sugar in a small way, have combined to build a large mill, and will take their cane to it for pressing, on the same principle that farmers in some parts of New York take milk to a common cheese and butter factory, receiving pay for their milk and an additional profit for its products, according to prices realized in market.

IT IS estimated that 3,000,000 American pigs will be manufactured this year into many more millions of American hams for sale in England; but these hams are seldom sold by retailers for what they are. They are carefully selected and "dried" in England or Ireland, returning from the latter country in the form of the well known Belfast hams, advanced in price from 40s to 90s. per cwt. The American "long rib" is transmuted into "Irish rolled" bacon. "Cumberland cut," another American product, is converted into "farm leg."

A SHORT time ago an extensive deposit of lithographic stone was discovered in Clinton County, Ky., and a company was incorporated with a capital stock of $500,000 to open and operate a quarry. The stone has been thoroughly tested by lithographers, and is pronounced fully equal to the best Bavarian. Heretofore there was but one quarry of lithographic stone in the world, and that is nearly exhausted, and in future the supply will come from Kentucky. The stone is very valuable, and the bed is believed to be inexhaustible. Blocks as large as the side of a house can be got out.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—SUMMER LIFE AT NIAGARA FALLS—SCENE IN THE LADIES' DRESSING-ROOM—A BRIDE ARRAYED FOR A TRIP UNDER THE FALLS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 127.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE LESSON OF POLITICAL DISCONTENT.

THE sacred historian informs us that in the days of the Hebrew monarchy the children of Issachar "were men who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do," and it is added, as significant of the political influence which resulted from their political sagacity, that though the heads of the tribe were only two hundred in number, they had all their brethren "at their commandment." The scheme of politics devised at any given epoch or in any given land is always and everywhere an attempt on the part of real or assumed popular leaders to project a line of conduct which shall be best calculated to promote the welfare of the State. And this line of conduct will be projected with more or less skill according to the degree of intelligence which shall be brought to a solution of the political problems that are inherent in the situation, and will command the public approval according to the degree in which it answers the felt wants of the people.

Wherever the people fall away from existing political organizations it is a sign that the leaders and exponents of these organizations have failed to include all the facts in their analyses and synthesis of the political situation. We have frequently referred to the existence of the Greenback organization as "a sign of the times" through which our country is passing in the present confused state of public opinion on many outstanding questions of currency and of political economy. We remember some years ago to have read a critical essay in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which the presence of brigandage in Southern Italy and in Sicily was treated as the expression and outgrowth of a political discontent still harbored in the minds of that portion of the Italian people who were dissatisfied with the overthrow of King Bomba and with the succession of Victor Emmanuel in his place. Whatever may have been the real state of the facts in this particular case, it is certain, as a general proposition, that the existence of many parties in any community is at once a mark of unrest in the people and a mark of unwisdom in most of their leaders. It was so in Florence when, after the triumphs of the Guelphs over the Ghibellines, the former were seen to divide into the *Bianchi* and the *Neri*, until in the end all sense of political concert and community was merged in a struggle of petty factions, as purposeless and futile as the "wars of kites and crows," to use the comparison of Milton when writing about the aimless feuds of the old Saxon Heptarchy.

We recur to this subject to-day because it seems to us the most significant feature in the age and body of the times now passing before the eyes of our political prophets, and most of these prophets seem to have a very slight perception of the fact which it concerns them so deeply to understand if they are to have "understanding of their times," and if they are to have their brethren "at their commandment." And we recur to the subject with only the greater satisfaction to-day, because we are able to re-enforce our opinion in the matter by citing the corroborative judgment of an intelligent contemporary which, notwithstanding a slight dash of cynicism in its political comments, honestly strives, we believe, to take a broader and deeper view of the facts than is always comfortable to the thick-and-thin partisan of any particular school. We refer to the New York *Nation*, which, in a recent number, justly characterizes the Greenback party as "the party of discontent." That it represents some deeper feeling than the insensate aspiration for "more paper money," is argued by the *Nation* from the fact that the "Greenback movement," so called, is not visibly "dying out under the influence of specie payments and of returning prosperity." It adds:

"The name Greenbacker is a mere accident. The discontent may next year take another name, but it will continue. Many Republicans seem to take comfort in the fact that it now and then, as in Massachusetts and Maine, swallows up the Democratic Party, but we do not see how this mends matters. The 130,000 who voted for Butler last year have to be met and overcome under the name of Butlerites as well as under the name of Democrats."

We think the *Nation* makes a correct analysis of the political situation when it holds that the Greenback Party represents "not simply a particular financial heresy, but a loss of interest in the questions by which the two great parties have been divided since 1856; an unwillingness to accept the new issues got up in Congress between the Brigadiers and the Stalwarts; and, finally, a widespread desire to discuss some mode of improving the condition of the working classes, including the struggling farmers, through legislation."

In this view it is a matter of prime importance that the leaders of the two historical parties of the country should abjure all factitious issues and betake themselves at once to a solution of the real issues which are stirring in the bosoms of the people. When men are found running after such blind guides as Kearney, it is plain that even an ignorant agitator may secure a following by the mere fact of talking, with whatever of folly and inconsequence, on questions in which the common people feel a deep interest. To suppose that the people will refuse to listen to words of truth and soberness on these same topics is to despair of free elections and of popular government. But the people will not accept even sound doctrine on questions of property and labor and money if these questions are degraded from their real pre-eminence among the living issues of this living age. These questions are felt by the unerring instinct of the popular masses to be the impending questions of the hour, and the party which subordinates them to the disputatious politics of the "brigadiers" and the "stalwarts" can count on nothing better than the half-hearted adhesion of the public. It is necessary that statesmen should have intelligence enough to form right opinions on questions of public policy, and that then they should have the courage of their opinions. Party leaders are betrayed by their ignorance of the times; but much more are they betrayed by the cowardice which refrains from speaking the right word in the right season, from a craven fear of its immediate popular effect.

THE BRITISH IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE situation in Afghanistan is still critical. The army of General Roberts, escaping from the trap in Shutargardan Pass, on October 6th, encountered a large force of Afghans ten miles from Cabul, and, after heavy fighting, carried their position, capturing a number of guns and dispersing the enemy. The British loss is reported at eighty killed and wounded. Possibly Cabul is by this time in the hands of the British, General Roberts at last accounts being engaged with the enemy in front of the city. But the campaign will not end with the occupation of Cabul. The Cabinet has already decided that Afghanistan must be held militarily for some time to come, and this decision will involve the seizure and occupancy, probably at considerable cost, of a number of points which have heretofore been considered as unimportant. Then, also, there appears to be a possibility of danger from the Russian expedition in Central Asia which is said to be aiming at Herat, the capital of Western Afghanistan and the key of India. Persia, which affords Russia the shortest and easiest route to India, is reported to have undertaken to provide the expedition with supplies; but this report lacks confirmation. It is also said that the English Home Government has ordered an Anglo-Indian corps to march immediately upon Herat, with Candahar as its base of operations. Simultaneously it is reported that the Czar has demanded assurances that this force shall not occupy Herat or the Badakshan Plateau. However this may be, it is certain that Russia's policy in the direction of India is fixed as the stars, and a collision with Great Britain, sooner or later, will be inevitable. The *Spectator* argues that it would be madness to attempt "to hold down by force and administer through Europeans a poverty-stricken hill-country, as large as France, and to defend its boundaries against all its neighbors," and thinks that the true course would be to abandon Cabul to its fate, and annex the kingdom of Candahar. It says:

"With Candahar up to the Helmund in their hands, and the city itself turned into a Metz, the Government of India cannot, indeed, rule Afghanistan, a task which it is their interest to avoid, but can deliver smashing blows at any part of Afghanistan which an enemy may attempt to cross, or threaten to cross. With an army sheltered in such a fortress, fed by the broad, fertile valley, and reinforced by a railway connecting it with Kurrachee, no enemy could by possibility approach the frontier from the Northwest. But annexation would be an insanity, a willful waste of resources of every description, such as would almost justify ordinary Englishmen in an organized refusal to pay taxes."

A writer in the *Examiner* agrees substantially with the view here stated as to the course which should hereafter be pursued. He says:

"One thing is certain—come what may, the reins of government cannot for the future be held at Cabul. The capital must be removed further from the fostering care of the Emperor of All the Russias and nearer the watchful eyes of our frontier officers. After stern reprisal and well-deserved punishment has been meted out with no lenient hand, it must be placed, once for all, out of the power of Afghan or Russian again to violate the most sacred law of nations, and to insult our country and our flag."

It is plain that Beaconsfield has a problem on hand in this Afghanistan business which cannot be solved in a day; and he will be fortunate, indeed, if he shall finally so determine it as to secure "peace with honor."

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

THE law enforcing attendance at school for a specified term during the year has now been in force in this State a sufficient length of time to enable us to form some opinion of its practical operations, its merits and defects, and the amendments necessary to render the measure thoroughly effective. It was scarcely to be expected that, in a community like ours, a very complete law could be passed in the beginning. The enactment seemed arbitrary, an infringement on personal liberty, and our legislators handled the subject with considerable caution. But the importance of popular education to all, and especially to the class that compulsory laws are designed to reach, is so great that all aversion to the system, it may be presumed, has by this time given way to active sympathy. We must have compulsory educational laws, and they must be made so thorough in their operations that complete illiteracy will be unknown.

With regard to the compulsory education law as it stands at present, it is undoubtedly exerting a very excellent influence. Its results, in the opinion of those whose official positions give them the best opportunities for forming a correct judgment, are most beneficent. Contrasted with the four years preceding its passage, the number of arrests of juvenile offenders, in this city, during the four years in which the law has been in operation, has fallen off about one-fourth. This calculation is made, too, without taking into account the increase of population or the causes which, of late years, have led to a rapid growth of crime. The result looks towards substituting the school for the penitentiary. The moral effect, also, among parents in the class from which the more inveterate specimens of truancy come has been very beneficial. Finding their children under the eye of the truant agents, and no longer permitted to look upon themselves as outcasts, they have been taught to think more kindly of the community of which they are members, and there have been known instances where the result has been found to work a positive reformation among those who previously were only drunken and disorderly. This fact offers a suggestion to the moralist which may aid him in his work of regenerating society.

But despite these and kindred benefits, the law is felt to be insufficient, and scarcely more than in its inception as a measure of public utility. In the first place the period of fourteen weeks, the limited term in which attendance on instruction is made obligatory, is too short. There is no good reason why the great majority of children should not be kept at school during the entire school year. Comparatively few are found to be working in factories, or engaged in any manual labor. The majority of children out of school are "rock rats" and the like; and the truant agents should be, at least, given discretionary power to enforce attendance so long as there is a vacant seat in the school-room. Were this the law, we might expect to see a still more signal decrease in the number of youthful criminals; but, as the case stands, many children attend school during the specified term only to secure unrestricted liberty during the remainder of the year. For reasons very patent to all, there should be no idle children on the street.

Another defect in the operations of the Act springs from the imperfections of the local machinery and methods for its enforcement. Here, in New York, the only penalty for truancy is commitment to the Orphan Asylum or to the Catholic Protectory; and a discharge from those institutions may be ordered, at any time, by the President of the Board of Education. This power, it is charged, is sometimes, on the solicitation of parents, abused to a degree that is demoralizing to the children, and offensive to the managers of both the Asylum and the Protectory. So mischievously, indeed, does this method of enforcing the Truancy Act work that commitments have become rare, so rare that, according to the statements of an officer of the Asylum, they were more common under the old law of 1833, a law by which police officers and constables were authorized to put vagrant children to school wherever found, than they are now. In Brooklyn, where they have a system of attendant schools and a Truant Home, the system works better than in New York; but even there it seems to be susceptible of improvement. The attendant schools appear to be altogether successful, showing a percentage of attendance on the part of truant pupils equal to that of the highest of the grammar schools in the city. But the name of Truant Home, given to the boarding-school for the worst class of truants, is unfortunate. It savors too much of the character of an asylum, or of some house of correction for criminals; and the name should be made to conform more nearly to the designations in use in the public school system. At present it is needlessly offensive to parents.

There are other imperfections in the law and in the administration of the system which might be pointed out; but on a subject of so much importance it should only be necessary to call attention to the more striking errors to secure such a revision of the Act as experience has proved to be necessary. The law should be made more explicit in detail; the period in which a child may be kept at school should be limited only by the duration of the school term, and all chances for conflict of authority in administration should be removed. We must remember that the law has already shown that by extending the advantages of education we diminish the amount of crime, and, with this fact in view, no available means of perfecting the system should be neglected.

PROGRESS IN WEATHER SCIENCE.

THE progress in meteorological science and the application of meteorological knowledge to the service of mankind, is one of the conspicuous facts of the present century. And it may fairly be claimed that in this, as in many other scientific fields, the thinkers and workers of the United States lead the column. It was General Myer, of our Signal Service, for instance, who originated the system of international weather observations, which has proved of such immense service to the commercial countries, and which now, as we are told, is to be so extended in its scope that "Old Prob" hopes to be able to present every morning to every citizen of the Union a report of the condition of the weather all over the world. This will be done by "world weather charts," which, now issued monthly, it is proposed to issue every day, the same to be deducted from reports of observations taken simultaneously twice each day all over the globe, and telegraphed. The value of such reports to commerce can scarcely be over-estimated. In furtherance of the system, over 100 daily observations are made at sea in all parts of the world, by naval and other vessels of this and other countries, under the immediate direction of General Myer. The total number of observations now made daily on land and sea, is 557, extending around the world and including all the civilized powers north of the Equator, and several south of it. The facts as to the movement of storms from continent to continent, the movement of areas of high and low barometer, the conditions of the temperature and winds, the distribution and amount of rainfall, and other facts in climatology, thus gathered each day, are permanently recorded, and thus form a basis upon which deductions may be safely built and meteorological laws satisfactorily determined. We need not be surprised if, a little while hence, General Myer shall tell us every morning, as we linger over our coffee and toast, just what sort of weather will mark the day in Iceland, Africa, or "far Cathay," and whether umbrellas or sunshades will be needed on the boulevards of Paris and the streets of Melbourne.

EVENTS ABROAD.

FULLER returns as to the elections for the Prussian Diet show the result to have been more decisive in its confirmation of the authority of Bismarck than was at first supposed. The Liberals, who in the last House had a majority of nearly 50 over their combined opponents, have now lost over 110 seats to the Conservatives and Ultramontanes, and will have altogether only 170 votes, against 260 supporters of the Government. The Catholic Party having nearly 100 votes, they will be able to command the position in the event of a parliamentary conflict, and this fact will probably hasten the reconciliation of Bismarck with that element. It may be doubted, everything considered, whether the interests of genuine reform and real progress will be promoted by the defeat of the Liberals and the check which has been given to wholesome political tendencies in the German polity.

The agitation of the Irish land question grows in vehemence and intensity. The *Spectator*, speaking of the perturbation, says that "unless some popular, pressing wants as to more equitable conditions of tenure are satisfied, the consequences of the refusal or neglect are likely to be socially demoralizing, if not politically serious." In Tipperary 300 tenants have opened the campaign against the landlords by formally refusing to pay their rent, although in some cases a reduction of thirty per cent. was

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offered them. The situation in some districts has become so serious that detachments of military are said to have been ordered to proceed to the scene. An appeal to the Irish in America has just been issued by some of the advanced Home Rulers, who set forth with a good deal of cogency the evils of the land system. The address solicits contributions of money to enable the "600,000 landless farmers" to effect a compact organization and fight the landlords, inch by inch. "The freedom of the Irish soil," it says, "is a task far above the influences of party movement. It has won the indorsement of public opinion. It will win the indorsement of Irish America; and Irish America will at last obtain for Ireland the possession of an unfettered soil." It is stated that Mr. Parnell may come to the United States in furtherance of the movement here outlined.

In his address at the opening of the Austrian Reichsrath, the Emperor urged economies in the administration, but as to the military bills, significantly said, "The monarchy must be enabled to assert its influence fully whenever events required it to protect its interests." The Emperor, in accepting Count Andrassy's resignation, said that he "by no means regards his retirement as the termination of his statesman-like labors. He is convinced that Andrassy will always be ready to obey the call should his well-tried services again be required."

Both China and Japan appear to be busily preparing for war, but no really hostile steps have yet been taken. Certain changes recently made in the Japanese Ministry are regarded as favorable to a more advanced national policy—the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Inouge Jakoru, being one of the ablest and most liberal publicists of the Empire. In China, Li Hung Chang, the Premier, has established a hospital at Tientsin, under foreign guidance, which is largely patronized by the higher class of natives, and has so far violated national traditions as to employ a foreign physician in his own family—an example which can scarcely fail to produce salutary results.

There is some uneasiness in France in view of the somewhat defiant attitude of some of the returned Communists. On one or two public occasions recently, the crimes of the Commune were openly extolled, and movements are on foot looking to the election of representative Communists to seats now vacant in the Chamber of Deputies. It is regarded as somewhat significant that, while the Cabinet has resolved to oppose reopening the amnesty question, the organ of M. Gambetta favors the extension of pardon to all the exiled Communists.

The British Resident and staff have left Burmah, and the London *Examiner* says it has information that Lord Lytton has determined on a war with that country if possible. "The thin edge of the wedge has already been introduced in the usual way, by preferring an impossible demand with the certainty of a refusal. As Burmah is a country with resources other than scientific frontiers, its annexation might be profitable"; but the *Examiner* declares that "neither justice nor the true interests of the Empire would at present justify war."

The latest incident of the war in South America is the capture by the Chilians of the famous Peruvian ram *Huascar*. This ram has been the main reliance of the Peruvians, having sunk the *Esmeralda*, raised the blockade of Iquique, captured the transport *Rimac*, bombarded Antofagasta, and performed several lesser exploits. With the aid of this formidable vessel the Chilians will now be able to carry on a vigorous offensive warfare, and possibly terminate the war speedily in their favor.

The business prospect in Great Britain is becoming more hopeful. Mills which have been closed are resuming operations, and industrial conditions generally are adjusting themselves upon a more satisfactory basis. Two hundred and sixty farmers with their families sailed from Liverpool for Texas, October 9th.—Spain will send 4,000 troops to Cuba during the present month. The Committee of the Cortes on the abolition of slavery is divided into three parties: one favors immediate abolition without compensation to the owners; another party favors gradual abolition without compensation, and a third party favors gradual abolition with compensation.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE UTES.

THE relief of Captain Payne's beleaguered garrison on the Milk River battlefield, on the morning of October 2d, by Captain Dodge and forty men of the Ninth Cavalry, colored, formed a most dramatic picture. The colored troops fairly cut their way through a large Indian force, and so fierce was the fire that, while rushing on foot to Payne's hastily formed intrenchments and leading their horses by the bridle, they lost all but two of the animals. General Merritt, with his relief party, marched seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, and reached the scene of the massacre on the 5th, greatly surprised to find that the colored company had already arrived. Special praise is awarded to Captain Dodge and his colored troops for their promptness and determined succor. In the Indian Office the opinion is held that the outbreak was occasioned by the incessant raids into the Ute reservation of white miners who had discovered specimens of rich gold in the very centre of the tract, the Indians being provoked to warfare to preserve their rights under the treaty. Considerable stress is also laid upon the statements that the Utes became exasperated by the persistent attempts of Indian Agent Meeker to force the "improvements" of the white man upon them, endeavoring to sow the germs of civilization in their midst by means of systematic agriculture, when they as persistently objected to being civilized.

THE friends of the late Charles G. Rosenberg, a journalist and artist of this city, have undertaken to secure a collection of pictures to be sold for the benefit of his widow. The use of the rooms of the New York Press Club has been kindly offered for the reception and exhibition of the pictures, and it is hoped that the enterprise may result in a substantial provision for the relief of the bereaved and destitute wife.

THE London *Saturday Review*, commenting on the California election, says that "the new Governor, who was formally a Baptist minister, probably profited by the outrageous attempt of one of his opponents to murder him on the eve of his election." The ignorance which many eminent English journals display in discussing American affairs—of which this is a conspicuous example—would be amusing if it were not disgraceful.

THE people of Connecticut evidently have no fear of the evils of excessive legislation. They have just rejected by an overwhelming vote a proposed amendment to the Constitution, providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature. An amendment giving Judges of the Supreme Court life-terms experienced the same fate. There is something to be said on both sides of these questions; but in the country at large the popular feeling is becoming more and more favorable to the reform proposed in the first of these rejected amendments.

THE political campaign in the State of New York is already characterized by a good deal of vigor on both sides. So far the Republicans appear to make the largest show in the way of meetings, but the Democrats are evidently giving more close attention to systematic detail work, and it is that which produces the most satisfactory results in any general canvass. It is too early to predict intelligently the probable outcome of the struggle, but it is safe to say that principles will have very little to do, on either side, with the determination of the issue.

THE regular Democrats of Massachusetts, who object to being swallowed by General Butler, have nominated John Quincy Adams for Governor, and propose to brand as traitors all members of the party who fail to give him their support. Butler is making a vigorous canvass, but it is not believed that, with all his backing, he will be able to overcome the majority which defeated him last year. But his opponents should not be content with a mere majority: they should make the defeat of the arch agitator so overwhelming as to render him utterly powerless for the future.

IN a speech at a Republican mass meeting in Brooklyn the other evening, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said:

"If men will not attend the primaries and see that their parties do not disappoint them, they can blame no one because they themselves neglect to take the step. If from indolence, preoccupation, prejudice, or any other reason, they do not care enough about affairs to bring them to pass by the natural way of creating a sentiment in the convention or party, they should at least have modesty enough not to attempt to overrule those who have taken the pains and have done this work."

This may seem like indorsing "the machine" in politics, but it is just and true, nevertheless. We shall never have government at its best until the best, purest and worthiest citizens shall give their attention generally to the duty of controlling the primary sources of political influence and authority.

IT is the policy of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to illustrate all events of public interest, and to make its columns a mirror of the actualities as well as the thought and spirit of the times. In the carrying out of this policy, we know no party, sect or section. It is our aim to be perfectly independent and impartial in everything, supporting whatever may be good and commendable in either of the great political parties, and condemning what is plainly wrong and vicious in both. As to public men and their acts, we strive to regard them in their relation to principles and ideas, and to treat them justly and intelligently, without any reference whatever to mere partisan considerations. Habitual readers of our columns will not need this statement to enable them to understand our position, and it is made not for them, but for the benefit of those who may not have been familiar with our general course.

THE increasing activity in business is clearly illustrated by the statements of the earnings of twenty-two Western Railroads during the month of September. As compared with the earnings for the same month last year, the receipts for the month just closed show an increase of 20 per cent., the exact figures being $9,876,960 as against $8,220,301. The Chicago papers state that the business revival throughout the West is universal. In Chicago the money value of sales, this season, will exceed that of last year's sales by from 30 to 40 per cent. In Kansas City stores are let in advance before they are built, and large bonuses are offered to the holders of such leases. Denver, the centre of the vast interests seeking investment in Colorado, is represented to be fairly "dancing with prosperity." Other cities make similar reports, and it is quite evident that the tide of prosperity is everywhere gaining strength and volume.

IN an address at Indianapolis, some days since, General Sherman commented sharply on the action of Congress in reducing the army. It was simply impossible, he said, to protect the frontier with the force at his disposal. "There are not more than 20,000 soldiers scattered over Colorado, Idaho, Arizona, Oregon and other points that need protection from predatory raids from the Indians," and these are scarcely sufficient for picket duty on the exposed frontier lines. The General expressed it as his solemn conviction that "if the border is to be protected so that the public domain may be improved and built up, then the army must be maintained at such a standard as can cope with the hostiles." There can be no doubt that, in the event of serious Indian troubles, the country would find good reasons in the impotence and misfortunes of the military for condemning the Congressional policy as to the army; but it is to be hoped that, with fair dealing and justice to all the tribes having cause for discontent, we may avert any formidable uprisings.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that the county of Alleghany is liable for all the damage done by the Pittsburg mob in the railroad riots of 1877, and that suits can be brought and the amount of losses recovered by those who suffered. There can be no doubt as to the justice of this decision. The county and city authorities displayed a pusillanimity and impotence in the presence of the mob which was utterly inexcusable, while the populace manifested a sympathy with the prevalent incendiarism and lawlessness which justly provoked the condemnation of law-abiding citizens everywhere. If the community shall be now compelled to pay for the outrages it permitted, nothing more than strict justice will be done. It is estimated that the aggregate of losses, for which, under the decision just given, the county will be liable, amount to nearly $5,000,000. It is possible that an effort will be made to compromise the matter, or obtain legislation for the relief of the municipality; but it is scarcely likely that the effort to saddle the bill upon the State, which failed at the last session of the Legislature, will be revived with any show of success. The court, in the course of its opinion, uses this language:

"We see no evidence of any serious attempt upon the part of the local authorities to suppress it. At the time of its commencement a feeble attempt was made by the Sheriff, resulting in the enrollment of some half dozen deputies. But there was no proclamation calling upon the body of the county to come to his assistance in preserving the peace. No one doubts at this day that if a proper effort had been made at the proper time the mob could have been held in check. The law will not tolerate the spectacle of a great city looking on with indifference while property to the value of millions is being destroyed by a mob."

THE injuries inflicted upon the business interests of the country by the rivalries and contentions of competing lines of railway, and their discriminations against certain classes of shippers, have very naturally drawn public attention to the subject of the regulation of inter-State commerce, and the necessity of the assertion by the State or nation of some sort of control over the corporations which have displayed such a reckless disregard of individual and public interests. Bills on the subject, introduced into Congress, have hitherto failed because of the conflict of views as to the jurisdiction of Congress, but the opinion is gaining ground that the evils can only be cured by a national law, and a vigorous effort will no doubt be made to secure the needed relief from that quarter. It is a gratifying fact that nearly all the great "railway kings" who have expressed themselves on the subject, manifest a disposition to have it intelligently decided in the interest of the public. President Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, thinks that the question of the Congressional regulation of inter-State commerce might properly be submitted to a commission acting on the part of the Government and the Board of Arbitration appointed by the trunk lines to adjust differences arising between themselves. "This joint Board," he says, "could confer with the officers of railways and other transportation companies, with the different commercial organizations, and with the representatives of the farming and other interests involved in the question, with a view of taking such action as would be fair and equitable to all parties." Mr. Vanderbilt, of the New York Central, and Mr. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, have expressed substantially similar views. Colonel Scott adds that, in his opinion, the results arrived at by the committees of conference, should be clinched by the enactment of the necessary local legislation in the several States which have created the railway corporations. Possibly this course, in the event that the power of Congress in the premises should be held to be doubtful, might be the proper one to pursue; but there could scarcely be that uniformity in the adjustment of the interests affected, under this plan, which could be secured by national legislation.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE attempt to re-establish the coal combination has proved a failure.

EIGHTEEN months will be required to complete the Brooklyn Bridge.

THE cotton crop reports for the month of September show that from 25 to 40 per cent. of the crop has been picked.

THE warm weather has caused a revival of the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, but the deaths are not numerous.

THE sales of public lands belonging to the United States, during the last fiscal year, amounted to 8,650,000 acres.

FIFTEEN missionaries for India sailed from New York, October 11th, under the patronage of the American Baptist Union.

THE receiver of the Continental Life Insurance Company announces that he can pay policy-holders a dividend of fifteen per cent.

ROBERT W. STEELE, bookkeeper of Isaac Smith's Son & Co., of this city, has absconded, having defrauded the firm of $60,000.

STATE TREASURER RENFROE of Georgia has been found not guilty of the charges made against him by the popular branch of the Legislature.

PRESIDENT HAYES reached his home in Ohio last week, and remained until October 14th, in order to cast his vote for the Republican State ticket.

THE Louisiana Democrats have nominated Lieutenant-Governor L. A. Wiltz, of New Orleans, for Governor, and S. D. McEnery for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE total attendance at the Cincinnati Exposition up to the hour of closing, on October 8th, was 358,005. It is thought the receipts will reach $160,000.

THE council of the Centennial League of the United States has resolved to co-operate with the various committees to insure the holding of a World's Fair in 1883.

A CHICAGO and Alton Railroad train was stopped by highwaymen near Kansas City, Mo., October 8th, and robbed of $6,000 in the hands of the express messenger.

RECENT dispatches from the Ute country encourage the belief that the women and children who were at the White River Agency with Mr. Meeker were not molested.

THE sub-committee to investigate the charges against Senator Ingalls have concluded their labors in Topeka, Kansas, and adjourned to meet in Washington on December 4th.

GOVERNOR WALLACE estimates the present population of New Mexico at 125,000. A large immigration is following the construction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad.

THE Colorado election, October 7th, resulted in the election of the Republican candidate for Supreme Judge. The Republicans claim a majority of nearly 5,000, a gain of 2,000. A very light vote was polled.

THE walking-match for the O'Leary belt was won on Saturday night, October 11th, by Murphy, of Haverstraw, who made 565½ miles, with Howard second, 500, Faber third, 488, and Briody fourth, 475.

THE Rev. Dr. William J. Tucker, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of this city, has accepted the chair of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary as successor to the Rev. Dr. Austin Phelps.

TWENTY-TWO immigrants and second-class passengers were killed and thirty wounded by an accident on the Michigan Central Railroad, near Jackson, Mich., October 10th. The accident was caused by a misplaced switch.

GENERAL GRANT will leave California for the East about the 27th of October. He was given the compliment of a public reception by the merchants of San Francisco, October 9th, and sailed on the same day for Oregon.

THE corner-stone of a monument to the memory of Sergeant Jasper was laid at Savannah, Ga., October 9th, on the centennial anniversary of the siege of Savannah. Over 15,000 people were present, and there was a fine military display.

THE Faneuil Hall (Massachusetts) Democrats have nominated John Quincy Adams for Governor, W. H. Pinckett for Lieutenant-Governor, M. T. Donohoe for Secretary of State, D. N. Skillings for Treasurer, W. R. Field for Auditor, and Richard Olney for Attorney-General.

Foreign.

INFANTRY are to be stationed throughout every available portion of County Mayo, Ireland.

THE French Cabinet has unanimously resolved to uphold the Ferry Educational Bill in the Senate.

IT is said that 5,862 animals have died of rinderpest in Southern Russia since the beginning of the year.

ADVICES from Hayti state that General Montpezency has been elected President of the Republic by a majority of 85 votes.

NEW regulations have been issued at St. Petersburg authorizing the police to use weapons to disperse threatening crowds.

MUCH damage has been done in Manitoba by prairie fires. Many farmers have lost their houses, wheat and hay-stacks.

A PARIS dispatch reports that 1,000 emigrants embarked at Genoa for the United States October 5th, and 1,200 on October 7th.

THE manager and directors of the Consolidated Bank of Montreal have been indicted for entering false statements of the condition of the bank.

MINISTER NOYES and Consul Fairchild with their wives will shortly go to Egypt, North Africa and Spain. They will be absent from France for three months.

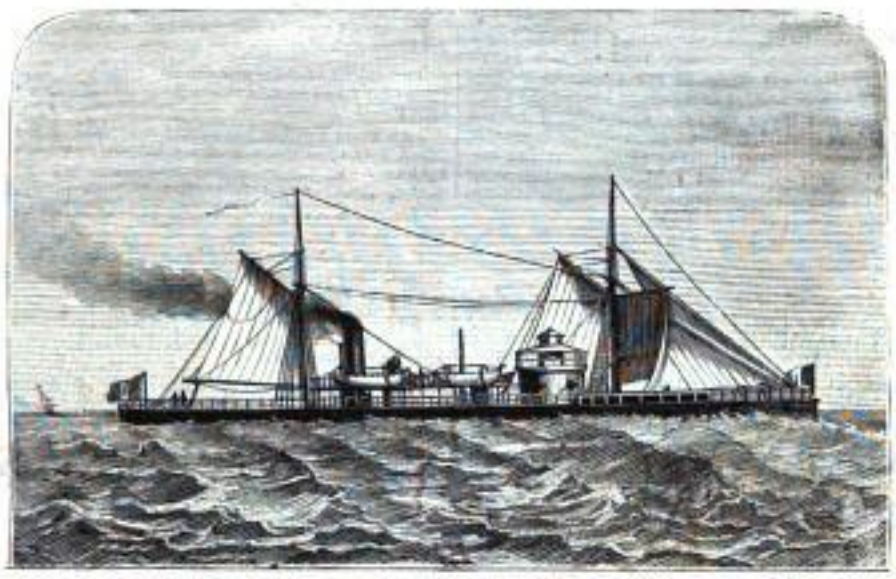
PRINCE BISMARCK was to go to Varzin, his estate in Pommerania, October 9th. The Emperor has granted him a five months' furlough on condition that he shall superintend any business of more than ordinary importance arising during that period.

A SPANISH Cabinet council has settled the basis of treaties of peace and commerce with Peru and Bolivia, and has also resolved to enforce in Cuba severe penalties against persons guilty of sequestrations, pillage and incendiarism on political pretexts.

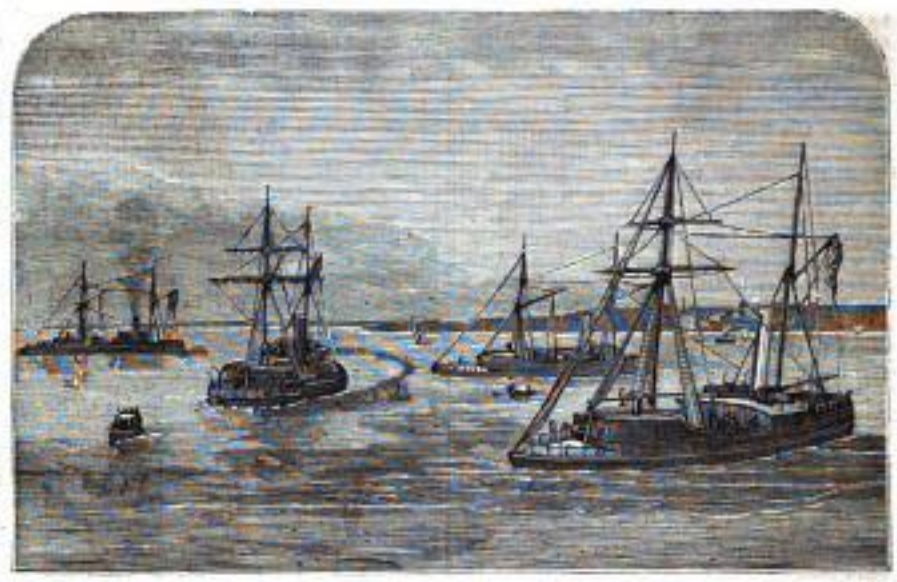
ADVICES from Cape Town to September 23d are that the presence of the troops and Sir Garnet Wolseley's emphatic declaration that England intends to claim the Transvaal, have produced a quieting effect on the Boers. Affairs in Zululand were quiet.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 123.



PERU.—NEW IRONCLAD MONITOR "ATAHUALPA."



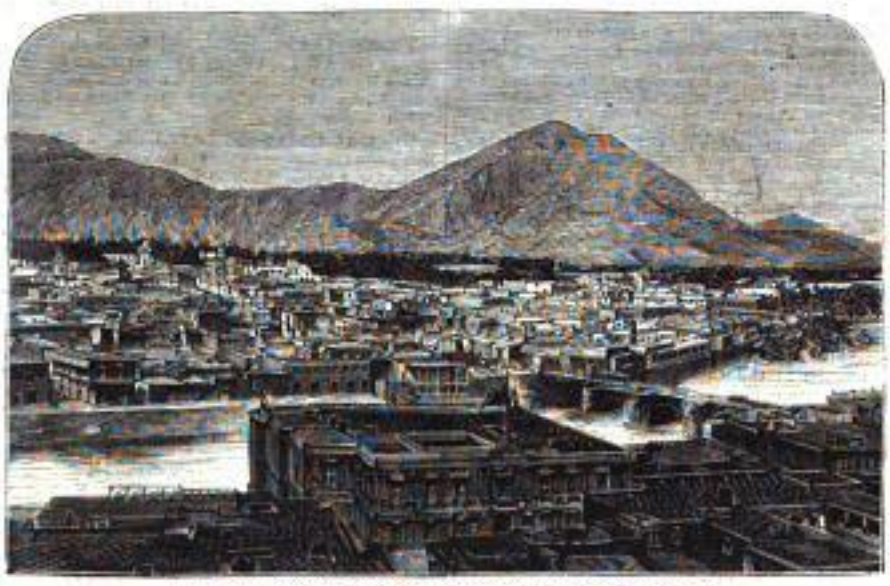
CHINA.—NEW STYLE OF IRON GUNBOATS FOR COAST DEFENSE.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE BRITISH RESIDENCY IN CABUL.



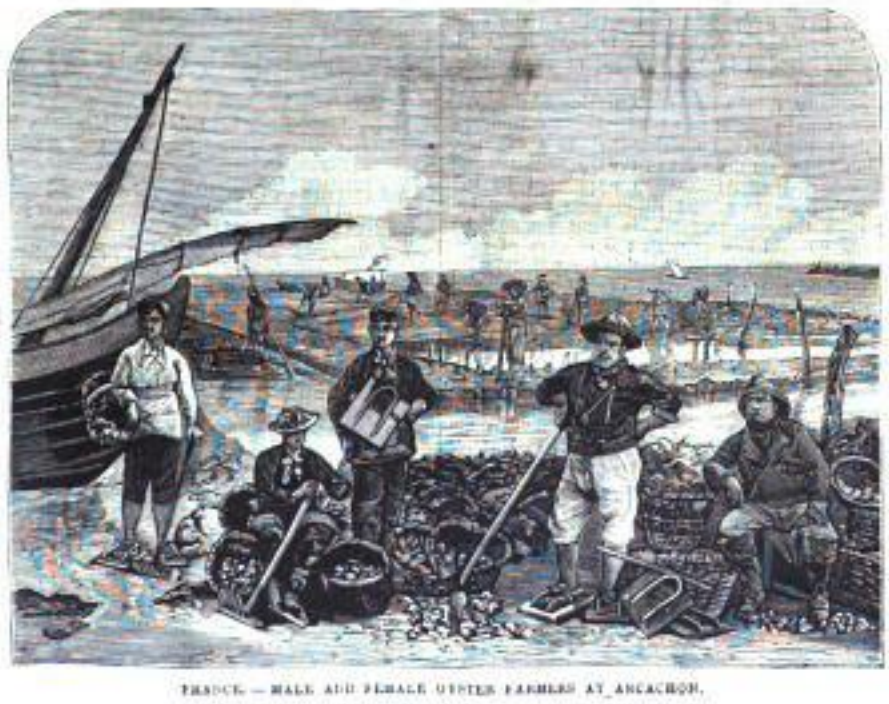
AFGHANISTAN.—THE CITADEL OF HERAT.



PERU.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF LIMA, CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC.



SOUTH AFRICA.—STONE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE PRINCE IMPERIAL WAS KILLED.



FRANCE.—MALE AND FEMALE OYSTER FARMERS AT ARCACHON.



AUSTRALIA.—THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AT MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

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GRAPE CULTURE.

THE three primary considerations with viticulturists are soil, situation and aspect. The vine will grow almost in any situation, and exhibit luxurious vegetation under conditions apparently the most unfavorable; but if healthy vines and fine fruit be desired, it is necessary to choose a soil where the roots can ramble freely, find plenty of nutriment, and be safe from stagnant water and its accompanying cold sour subsoil. "The vine cannot bear wet feet," is a very old and very wise saying. In the Arriège, in France, a rich wine like Tokay is obtained from mountain sides covered with large stones, as if the cultivators had left all to nature. In Italy and Sicily the best wines are grown among the rubbish of volcanoes. On the other hand, the rich Chasselas de Fontainebleau table grapes are produced by vines planted in cold and heavy soil, well manured, while the celebrated Hampton Court vine revels in the luxury of an old sewer. All good vines are grown on the hillsides; hence Virgil tells us that "*Bacchus amat colles*," "Bacchus loves the hills," and modern experience bears out the ancient saw, though it does not follow, however, that the plains will not produce good wine-making grapes, as the fine wines of the Gironde in France and Chateaux Margaux, Lafitte and Latour are grown on the plains.

The writer, with an artist, recently traversed the grape-growing district of the River Hudson, radiating fifteen miles from the picturesque little village of Marlboro', and in order to afford an idea of the quantity of grapes raised within this circle, I may mention that forty-five tons weight, on an average, are shipped for market from Marlboro' dock every night during the season—the first of September to the middle of October—and from Milton, eight miles further up the river, an average of forty tons.

Anything more lovely than the views from these vineyards it is impossible to conceive. The lordly river shimmering and flashing like a mirror, and dotted here and there with snowy sails resembling so many lilies; the gently sloping banks clad with the greenest, keenest verdure, and striped with the russets and golds of the clambering vines till they reach the tender blue sky; cottages, so white! peeping coyly from groves soft as moss or lichen; and in the distance the giant crags of the Highlands slumbering in the last rays of Summer, or the filmy forms of the Catskills, sublime in their ghostly outline! At Cedar Ridge our lines fell in pleasant places, and having encountered Mr. H. W. Murtfeldt, one of the oldest and most experienced of viticulturists, we spent "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" in his picturesque vineyard, while he initiated us into the mysteries of vine-growing.

"I work on the Niffen system," observed Mr. Murtfeldt, "which gives me the grapes on top, and lets the sun get at them underneath. I used to prefer the foliage all down to the ground, but the Niffen system for Concords is the best." When I go to plant a vine I subsoil well and turn the ground upside down for eighteen or twenty inches so as to get it thoroughly drained. I open a trench all the way through, so as to get the roots of my vines all over the place. After the first year's growth I cut down to two eyes. On the second year I allow the two eyes two shoots, then I form my arms out of the two shoots, cutting them down to three eyes. This gives me bearing wood for next year of three bearing shoots on each side of the bearing stem. In the third year, if the vine is thrifty and well manured—I manure with bone—I let eighteen bunches grow. I consider that no vine in open cultivation ought to have more than twenty pounds; this, with 600 vines to an acre, grows 12,000 pounds of grapes. In 1870 I cut off this patch fifteen tons weight of grapes, but if I had cut seven tons it would have been more money to me, as I was induced to leave too many bearing buds on and thus crippled my vines. I prune in Winter after a heavy frost. At the end of February I tie with twine or wire, disbudding everything except what the vine will be able to bear. I calculate three pounds of grapes to each bearing shoot, and three bunches pay better than five. Unless the wood is overburdened, I do not touch the grapes until I cut them for market. If you are very particular with your vine you 'lath' or 'pinch out.'" Mr. Murtfeldt here showed us the process of lathing or pinching off, which is simply the removal of a shoot by means of a sharp pinch of the forefinger and thumb.



NEW YORK CITY.—REV. ROBERT COLLYER, NEW PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.—SEE PAGE 123.

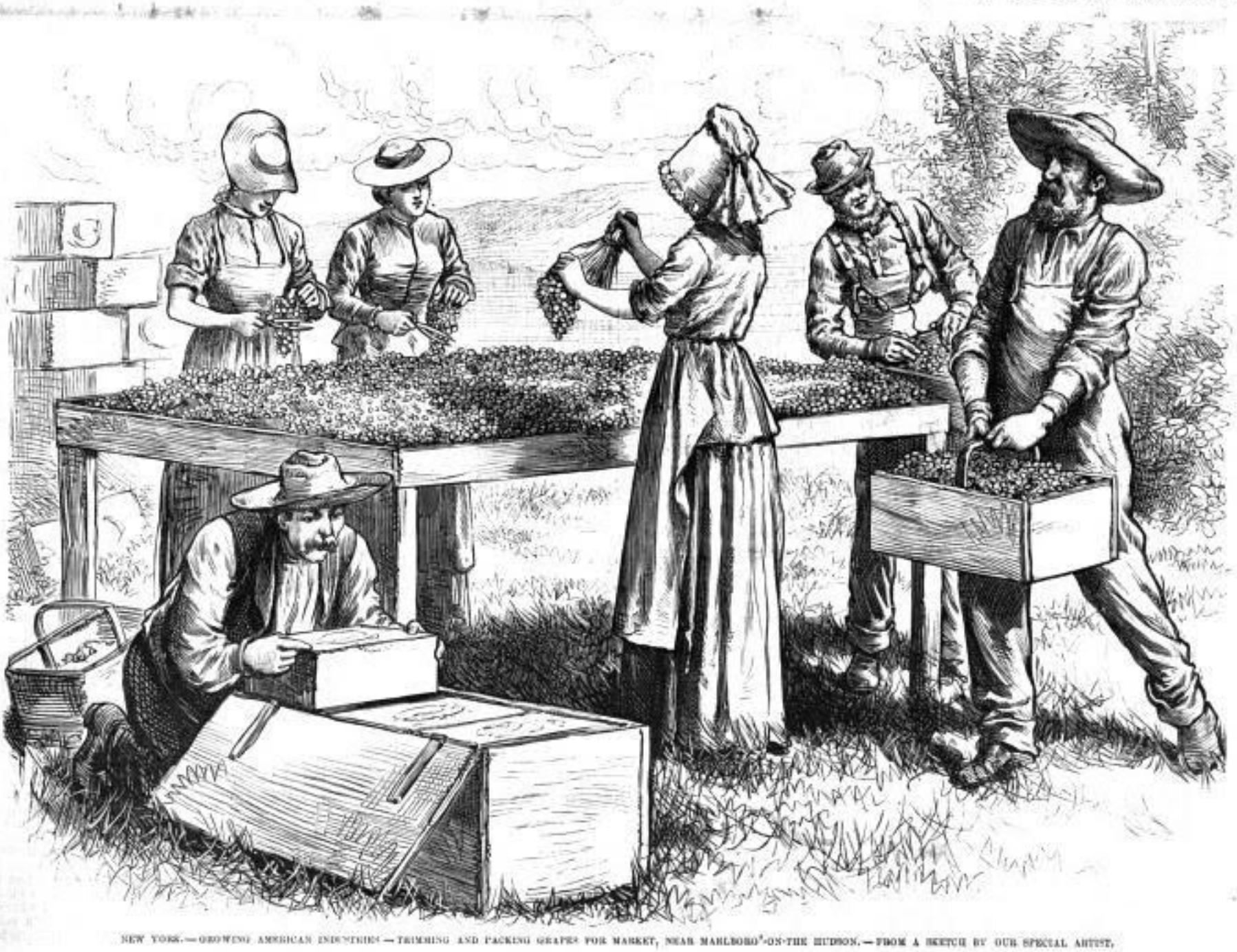
"I like to get the dew off the grapes, as they must be perfectly dry to pack safely. I employ no pickers outside my own family, and this is the rule in this section of the country. It's fine work for women—healthful and congenial. When the grapes are cut (*vide* illustration), I put 'em into half-bushel baskets and bring 'em to the packing-house. They are then placed on a table and all the poor fruit cut out; then I leave 'em for three or four days to sweat, because when sweated they pack so much better. I have packed forty boxes a day, and so close is the fit that no box would vary from the other a quarter of a pound. I ship all to New York. Ten cents per box is the freight on board; six cents to place it with commission-men, and the commission is ten cents. It costs me eight cents a pound to raise grapes."

This is practically the history of the vine from its being planted to its bearing golden fruit.

For table grapes the soil cannot be too deep or too rich, while twenty inches is the least depth to be relied on, and, if very favorable results are desired, it should be made three feet. Vegetable mold from decayed leaves is considered to be the best invigorator, but as it cannot be always obtained by reason that the leaves require two years before they become sufficiently putrid, rotten wood reduced to a fine mold, the scrapings of the ground in old woods where the trees grow thick together, mold out of hollow trees and sawdust reduced to a fine mold, are substituted. The proper season for planting depends upon local circumstances. The distance apart at which vines should be planted will, of course, depend not only upon the variety but upon the object for which they are set out. In Europe they are placed at all distances, from thirty inches to thirty feet. In the Ohio vineyards, where they are usually fastened to stakes, the plants are placed four and five feet apart; but in the Northern States, where vines are trained upon trellises, they are set in rows six feet apart, the vines standing seven or eight feet apart in the rows. The number of vines required to plant an acre will be seen from the following table:

Plants to the Acre.			*Plants to the Acre.*		
3 x 3	requires	4,840	8 x 7	requires	788
4 x 3	"	3,630	8 x 8	"	680
4 x 4	"	2,722	9 x 7	"	691
5 x 4	"	2,178	9 x 8	"	605
5 x 5	"	1,742	9 x 9	"	537
6 x 5	"	1,452	10 x 7	"	622
6 x 6	"	1,210	10 x 8	"	544
7 x 6	"	1,023	10 x 9	"	484
7 x 7	"	888	10 x 10	"	435

"Stopping," or pinching, consists in picking off the end of a shoot; its immediate effect is to arrest the further growth of the cane, or at least its further lineal development for the time being. That the leaves are great agents in the elaboration of sap was fully proved by the experiments of Hales, who forced orange flower water into the vessels of a vine, with a view to impart its flavor to the fruit. The experiment was unsuccessful as to its ostensible object, but not as to its concomitant results, for he traced the flavor through the stem and branches to the leaves, but no further; there it was decomposed and doubtless returned to the wood and fruit in the form of sap. When extra fine bunches are desired, one-half the berries should be removed from every bunch, leaving the largest. This operation should be performed when the grapes are about the size of peas. The pruning of vines is reduced to four systems, viz., the long-rod removal system, the long-spur system, the short or secondary spur system, and the close-cut or primary spur system. Viticulturists are now



NEW YORK.—GROWING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—TRIMMING AND PACKING GRAPES FOR MARKET, NEAR MARLBORO'-ON-THE HUDSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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declaring in favor of walls, as when vines are judiciously trained in front of brick walls, and a few inches distant from them, the grapes uniformly ripen sooner than those on exposed trellises. The wood also is more perfectly matured, and this, during a succession of years, exerts a considerable and favorable influence on the vine. The Concords, the Clintons, the Ives, the Nortons and others, get along safely through most Winters without protection, but the luscious Delaware, the Rebecca, the Maxitawney and the Catawba require protection.

Mildew and rot are the chief diseases affecting the grape, and are both believed to be caused by atmospheric influences. Excessive rains and damp sultry weather are deemed the chief causes of these allied diseases. No specific remedy has been found, as no means of preventing the recurrence of the unfavorable causes are within human reach.

Of insects there are several that are quite destructive to the grape plant, among which the most formidable is the phylloxera, a tiny insect which, in its several stages, is lately making deadly havoc among the vineyards of both Europe and America—affecting the roots as well as the foliage. In its work upon the foliage it does comparatively little injury, but its work upon the roots is very destructive—eating away the fibrous portions, and causing them to decay and die.

Against the ravages of this insect there is as yet no known satisfactory remedy. Large rewards have been offered in Europe to stimulate discovery, and in America the entomologists and others are diligently pursuing their investigations.

The leaf-hopper is a troublesome insect on some varieties. It is an active little beetle, and works on the underside of the leaves, causing them to assume a deadly appearance in spots, and finally killing the leaf entirely. Soapsuds has been recommended as a remedy, also tobacco infusion thrown upon them with a syringe.

The leaf-folder is a green worm that folds itself up in the leaf, where it goes into the chrysalis state. The parent-moth appears in the Spring and deposits her eggs, which hatch and fold themselves up during the Summer. The increase of both this and the leaf-hopper may be checked by raking-up and burning the leaves in the Fall.

There is also a grape curculio, inferior in size to the plum curculio, but with habits somewhat similar. It punctures the fruit and deposits an egg, which hatches a worm to live on the juices. This larva leaves the berry during Summer, and passes into the ground. It is believed, however, to issue again in the Fall as a beetle, and thus pass the Winter. Many other more or less destructive insect enemies of the grape might be mentioned, did our space permit.

Years ago, when Horace Greeley offered a large premium for the grape best suited to the wants of the million, and a wise and intelligent committee awarded the prize to the Concord, there was an expression of very great dissatisfaction on the part of many interested and earnest men, and the decision was denounced in severe terms. Yet, as time progressed and the different sorts became more widely known and tested, the wisdom of the decision has become more manifest and very generally acquiesced in; and it is safe to say that to-day the Concord stands at the head of the best as the grape for the million. Yet there are many grapes superior in quality, and there are localities where it will not thrive, so that it would be unwise to urge its planting to the exclusion of other varieties.

I shall not easily forget that little dock at Marlboro' (*vide* illustration), with its pile of boxes laden with grapes, the moon silvering the river and throwing all else into fantastic shadows. For a mile the road from the village to the dock was blocked with wagons, all bent on forwarding their luscious load to the great centre, New York. On this road we visited a factory out of which there are turned 7,000 grape baskets a day. These baskets are new in design, and are to be given away with the grapes. Each case contains six baskets, the entire being capable of holding fifty pounds weight of fruit. Hitherto the party buying the fruit at wholesale was compelled to leave a deposit for baskets, ranging from one to two dollars. By the new system the bookkeeping of the commission merchant is saved, the steamers are eased on their return trip, and the grower can enlarge his operations, as he is no longer compelled to pay a heavy deposit, in some cases equal to the value of his fruit.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

IN the early part of last December my firm sent me down on Jersey shore to look after a brig engaged in the coast trade, which had been run aground in a gale off Barnegat Bay. Arriving there, I found that she had sustained no damage, but had got loose from the sand and was on her way to port.

Away from the rush and bustle of New York, and out upon a lonely sea-coast in Winter was a novelty to me, and I determined to enjoy a short vacation before returning to the city. I had a fancy to see Father Neptune in his cold-weather moods and go a gunning. I had had enough of town, so I left Barnegat and went four or five miles above Waertown, and put up at an old red tavern, that captivated me with its quaintness. It was desolate enough, surely, for any one who had a relish for such things. It was a queer, rambling structure, at least a century old, with stone chimneys built up on the outside, and weather-beaten porches ending abruptly in odd places, where additions to the original building had been made. An ancient elm beat its bare branches over one corner, and two or three weeping-willows hung over an ugly little creek in the rear, making dark nooks that offered suggestions of a hundred possible horrors. Inside was good enough cheer—plenty to eat and drink in a plain way; and when one had had enough of that, one could lounge about the big bar-room and study human nature, or look out of the dingy windows at the sea.

Within an hour after drifting in there, I made a bargain with a long-legged, keen-eyed fellow, who said he had a spare gun and a couple of fine dogs to go out for game bright and early the next day. After dinner, surfeited with the rum and tobacco of the tavern, I set out for a stroll on the beach. It was a glorious day. The sky was the tenderest azure; and the blue waters of the bay, ruffled by the light breeze, sparkled and danced in the rays of the sun, while beyond the low bar the ocean rolled in gentle majesty away. Existence itself on a day like this was satisfaction; the crisp, pure air was inspiration. I walked on and on up the smooth, hard sand, never thinking of fatigue, until at least seven or eight miles must have stretched between me and my starting-point.

"My good Karl," said I, suddenly to myself, "that is certainly Crag Point—that smuggler's den long-legged Jerry was telling you about this morning—and I think you would better go back."

I sat down upon a rock to look at the place.

The scene was weirdly picturesque in this bright weather, but it made one shudder to imagine it under a pall of gray sky, with a driving rain and the waves rushing up against the rocks. The mouth of a small creek made a snug harbor, and the wild, jutting rocks afforded many safe nooks for smugglers to run into, while there was not a habitation in sight. Yes, it was just the place for these fellows; and I was soon deep in picturing out the daring and dangerous probabilities of their outlaw lives. All at once I became conscious of a friendly presence; a hearty hand-grasp was on my shoulder, and a brusque voice in my ear:

"Karl Meiningen! In the name of all that's wonderful, how did you get *here*?"

"Detective Brunning!" I cried, "I am as much surprised to see you."

"Never be surprised to see me anywhere, my boy," sticking his thumbs in his vest pockets; "but the question is, what are you doing here? I thought you never ventured out of New York at this time of year."

"I came down to look after the *Crescent*. She was aground off Barnegat Bay; but she was all right when I got there, and I concluded to return at my leisure. I am stopping four miles above Waertown, and strolled up here to enjoy myself. Now, Brunning, for your side."

"I? Oh, I'm on business, of course. There are crooked goods on the market again, and I am running them down. Crag Point is a first-class cove for smugglers to put into, and I think this is the place to look for my game. I was here on the same errand some years ago, and I can assure you that I had a deuce of a time."

We paced up and down the sand, talking upon topics of mutual interest, until we saw that the short Winter day was drawing to a close, and that the on-coming night would bring foul weather. A bank of sullen black clouds had gathered in the west, and the setting sun was fringing them with a border of dingy yellow; a damp wind was blowing landward, and there was every prospect of getting a wetting before reaching shelter.

"Come," said Brunning; "go up to Whiting with me."

"No; come, go down to that ghostly old tavern with me, and go a-gunning to-morrow. Business can wait."

"By George, I believe I will!"

As we started, a girl rushed past us, running with headlong speed to the rocks at the water's edge, and, stopping there, clasped her hands on her breast and threw back her head as in supplication. A thrilling picture of utter desolation she made as she stood there upon the wild rocks, with the waves dashing roughly at her feet, the marble beauty of her face outlined by the waning sunlight against the bleak Winter sky and her long brown hair blown by the unheeding wind. Detective Brunning clasped my arm convulsively. I turned to look at him. He was intensely pale, and staring fixedly at the woman on the rocks before us.

"My God! Karl, that is Dick Warren's Alice!" turning to me. "I would rather see a whole graveyard of spooks! It was terrible. Poor Alice—poor Alice! We can't help her," he said, in reply to an inquiry; "she is hopelessly insane. So, hurry on, or we'll get carried off our feet, besides getting a ducking," looking up at the ragged, gray clouds driving across the sky. "I'll tell you about her after supper, over a bowl of punch."

About two hours of quick walking brought us to the tavern, a little wet, but blown almost out of breath by the gale, which had helped rather than retarded us. A good supper and blazing fire soon refreshed us, and nine o'clock found us seated in the room assigned to me—in that corner with the great bare branches of the old elm beating against it. Inside we were cozy enough. A great fire burned in the ancient fireplace; before it was a mahogany table, with a sufficiency of steaming, fragrant punch in a rare old china punch-bowl—that punch-bowl must have existed at least a century, and was covered with blue griffins and dragons and St. Georges in a style that would set a collector of ceramics crazy; two capacious armchairs, Brunning in one, myself in the other. Outside it was just the night to tell a terrible story; just the night to listen to it. The howling of the wind, the wild dashing of the rain, and the heavy boom of the angry sea breaking against the bar, made a fit accompaniment for any tale of human life that might be weird, or dark, or terrible, or sad.

"Just such a night as this," said the detective, reflectively, pausing the glass half-way to the lips, "just such a night as this! Meiningen, think of a boat at sea! But I promised to tell you the story—about poor Alice, I mean. You want to hear it?"

"Certainly; your stories are always worth listening to."

"They ought to be. I've been in enough queer places. You know I told you that I was down here before, several years ago. Some of the merchants found that a lot of smuggled goods were on the market, and they came to us to trace them up. For quite a while we were completely baffled; but at last we thought we had a clew, and that Dick Warren up there at Crag Point was the leader of the gang. Some half-dozen of us went down and tried to work up the case, but Warren was as slippery as an eel, and we could get no hold on him whatever.

"We began to think that we were playing a losing game, when a trump card turned up in the shape of a young fellow from Cincinnati—a new hand at the business, but as sharp as a steel trap. After making all sorts of inquiries about the case, he asked abruptly:

"'Has the old fox a daughter?'

"'Yes, sir,' says I; 'he has; just sweet sixteen, and as pretty as a picture.'

"'And innocent?'

"'To be sure. Warren would rather lose his head than have that little angel suspect him of being a sinner.'

"Then Corwin leaned back in his chair and twisted his heavy, black mustache very thoughtfully for a few minutes, then with a quick flash in his keen black eye, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"'Gentlemen, if Dick Warren is a smuggler, you shall have him safe enough inside of three months.'

"'What are you going to do?'

"'Make love to Warren's ewe lamb, and go into the trade. Do you doubt me?' showing his white teeth.

"'No,' said I; 'you are deucedly handsome, and could pass yourself off for a pirate seven days in the week.'

"Well, it was settled that Corwin should work up the case to suit himself, and that when he needed help to send for me. But the Lord knows that, if I could have anticipated the terrible end to the affair, I should never have had anything to do with it to catch a thousand smugglers.

"We didn't hear anything more from Corwin for three months. Going to headquarters one morning in November, I found a message requesting me to come down to Whiting immediately to meet him.

"I found him in high spirits, and confident of getting the whole lot.

"'My success,' said he, 'is more than I dared hope for. I have joined their gang; am personally acquainted with every one of them; know all their craft, and the places where they keep their stuff, and have everything spotted, so that there will be no trouble when we are ready to make the haul. And all this, because I am to be Dick Warren's son-in-law. Ha, ha, that's good! But then,' he added, with a shadow darkening on his face, 'it's a cruel shame to make that innocent little beauty a cat's-paw to draw our chestnuts out of the fire. Yet what's the use to moralize! Business is business, and besides justice demands it,' and he sprang up and began to pace the floor. This was evidently a sore spot, but he was grit clean through, and I knew he wouldn't back out.

"Arrangements were made for me to go over to Crag Point with him. I was to be Corwin's father *pro tem.*; was to be profoundly ignorant of smuggling operations; only come over through a paternal interest in my son's bride-elect, to get acquainted with the family, and all that, you know.

"Well, I made up splendid, and did the gentle patriarch to perfection. Dick Warren never suspected that a detective's cussedness lay under that white wig and those snowy whiskers until it was too late.

"Warren lived in quite comfortable style, about a mile beyond Crag Point, in a neat brick house which an old-maid sister had charge of, and where she now takes care of poor Alice. Well, Alice's lover and her prospective father-in-law were most warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained. Karl, I can never forget what a picture of loveliness that little girl was. Her face was like a flower—so fair and pure and dainty; and her light-brown hair floated down like a cloud full of golden glints over her blue silk frock. She sang like a bird, and was just as happy as one. Poor little Alice! It makes my heart ache to think of her.

"After retiring to our room, Corwin disclosed his plans to me fully. They were deep and unscrupulous, the cunning knave! Alice's pretty wedding *trousseau* had already come from New York, and there was no reason why the marriage should not occur immediately. Corwin had succeeded in persuading them to have it take place in Philadelphia, his native city. We were to go in a carriage to the home of a dear friend, who was to accompany us thither; thence to Philadelphia. This was the programme, as *they* understood it; but as we understood it, this friend's house was an old deserted mansion that Corwin had got possession of, some fifteen or twenty miles down the coast. Here he had a room fitted up in the best style to take care of a prisoner. The windows were heavily grated, and the door well secured. He also had bracelets and anklets in waiting. It was his plan, when we got Warren and his daughter safely inside the house, to imprison him in this room and lock the girl up in another. Then, on the afternoon of the same day, Corwin was to ride back to Crag Point and entice the rest of the gang into a snare, under the pretext that Warren had sent him back with a message to them on important business. Four officers of the law were to be on hand and take them in charge. Then Corwin and myself were to escort Warren to New York and give him over to justice. It was beautifully planned, and we had no doubt but what it would be as well executed.

"The day was not fine, but apparently no gayer party than ours ever existed. But I, at least, was inwardly wretched; for I could think of nothing but the sudden woe that was to fall on that pretty, bright girl, and dash the light from the sweet brown eyes for ever.

"Well, we arrived at Corwin's house and alighted. They suspected nothing, for he had the shutters on one side of the house thrown open and white curtains at the windows; the hall was furnished and the stairs carpeted.

"'Walk right in, my friends. I have the passport to the house, and will surprise the folks,' said Corwin, lightly, and opened the door with a latch-key.

"'Follow me; the parlor is up stairs.'

"Safely inside, the door was quickly locked and the key secured. In a twinkling, Corwin, pale and determined, with a smile of Satan on his handsome face, put a pistol to Warren's head, and told him that he was his prisoner.

"'We have you now, my friend, and will put you where you'll never play smuggler again. Put on the bracelets, Brunning.'

"We detectives are used to scenes, and we had a first class one here. Warren raved and swore like a maniac, while poor little Alice lay in a heap on the floor, mercifully unconscious for a few moments of her sorrow. Then Warren thought of her.

"'Oh, my poor little bird, why must they murder you to punish me! Oh, you heartless, cowardly dogs!' he cried, turning upon us with ineffable scorn and rage. "You vipers! to sting to death an innocent girl, than whom the angels of heaven are not purer. Smuggler though I be, I could never be so vile a murderer!'

"It seemed to be too true; and we turned to the window in silence.

"Presently the poor girl opened her eyes and gazed around in a dazed sort of a way for a second, then she shuddered convulsively as the fearful truth rushed over her, and she closed her eyes again as if to shut it out.

"'Alice, my darling!' cried the wretched man.

"All the filial love in her heart aroused at the sound of his voice, and she slowly rose and tottered over to him. Putting her arms around his neck, she laid her soft cheek against his and murmured:

"'Dear, dear father, I love you. Misfortune can never take me from you.'

"Then she sobbed—such dry, hard, bitter sobs, that they broke a fellow's heart to listen to them.

"After a while she raised her head, and her face was like a wraith. She walked slowly over to Corwin, who stood on the other side of the room, pale as death, but with his lips set firm together. She took his ring off her little white finger and dropped it at his feet. He quailed as from a blow at the awful anguish and reproach in those despair-filled eyes.

"'Mr. Corwin,' said she, choking down a sob, 'I was a happy girl who never harmed you, yet you have heaped upon me an agony so great that heart or reason cannot live through. If God is just He will punish you for your crime against the innocent, and may His judgment come quickly,' raising her hands and solemn eyes to heaven. 'It is vain to ask for mercy for my father from such a soul as yours.'

"Corwin opened his white lips as if to speak, but no sound came from them.

"'No,' she said, in protest; 'let me not listen to your traitor voice. Leave my father and myself alone for a little while,' with a wail of entreaty.

"We went outside and left them alone.

"'Corwin,' said I, 'that girl will be the death of me. It's too awful.'

"'It cuts me to the quick,' he replied; 'but it's our business, you know.'

"'But can't we get out of this for the girl's sake?'

"A look of scorn was his only answer.

"'It is now three o'clock,' he said, after a few turns in the hall, 'and I must be back at Crag Point by six. The men will never suspect me, and by midnight all will be over, and I shall be safely back here, and Warren can easily be finished off. Of course we'll see that—that Alice does not suffer.'

"He took a fresh horse and rode rapidly away. I wandered up and down like an uneasy ghost all afternoon. At six o'clock I carried the two prisoners their supper, and Alice begged so piteously to be left with her father that I did not have the heart to take her away.

"The night set in pretty bad and kept getting worse. The rain was falling fast, and a stiff breeze was dashing the sea against the shore. I went out on the porch to wait for Corwin. The moon was at its full, and despite the storm I could see pretty well. Suddenly two figures rushed swiftly past me into the wild night. I was utterly surprised. *Could* it be the two up stairs? Of course, my *first* impulse was to run after them; but a second impulse told me to go and see if it was they—it must have been the voice of fate, for I went. Yes; somehow Alice had picked the lock—how I am not satisfied to this day—and she and her father were free. I wished from my heart that they might get where we could never find them. I got down stairs just as Corwin dashed up, dripping wet, and threw himself from his exhausted horse.

"'Well!' he cried, 'mine are safe enough. How are yours?'

"'Gone!' I replied.

"'Gone, gone!' he yelled. 'Coward—fool!'

"'Take care,' I cried, catching him by the throat, 'wait till you know.'

"I briefly explained.

"'Quick, quick! We'll be too late!'

"'Go yourself,' said I, 'I don't hound children to death.'

"'Coward!' he hissed between his teeth. 'I'll blast you in every paper in the land for this.'

"We glared at each other.

"'Come,' I cried, wild at the taunt. 'Follow where I lead. They went to the sea.'

"In a few minutes we reached the shore just in time to see the frantic girl and her desperate father pushing out on that fearful sea in a little boat.

"'There were two boats yesterday,' Corwin shrieked. 'We'll take the other one. She can row like fury; but I can beat her in this storm. Quick! I'll have him or die!'

"Like two madmen we sprang into that frail bark. Karl, Karl! no one ever did such a thing before. It was like flying into the arms of death. What was human strength before that mighty sea. We were tossed like a bubble by those writhing, rushing, foaming waters! I know not how long we stood it; but it seemed ages. Then there was a wild shriek of the wind, a terrific roar of billows, and I knew no more until the sun was climbing up a cold November sky. Stiff and battered by the storm, it was long before I could realize who, or what, or where I was. After a while I

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dragged myself up and looked around. Both boats had been washed ashore together. Warren and Corwin both lay stark and dead—Warren with his handcuffed hands dropped across his breast; Corwin with a great gash in his white temple. Both had expiated their crime—for I can never hold Corwin guiltless. I turned to look for Alice, and saw her standing a little way off—just as we saw her to-night. When she saw me she laughed that wild, blood-curdling laugh of the maniacs, and it has never yet ceased ringing in my ears."

The storm beat and the sea roared, and Brunning and I studied the fire in silence.

"Poor little Alice!" said the detective, softly, after a while. "If those cruel waves had only borne her out into the wide ocean of eternity."

REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer, well known to the present generation as the "Blacksmith Preacher," after serving as pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, for twenty years, has now entered upon his duties as minister of the congregation of the Church of the Messiah, in New York City. On Sunday, September 21st, he preached his farewell sermon in Chicago, and on the 28th his inaugural in New York. He was born at Keighley, Yorkshire, England, December 8th, 1823, and emigrated to the United States in 1850, as a Methodist exhorter. Like many among the Wesleyans, he combined a worldly trade with his spiritual profession, and labored hard at the anvil on week-days. His first location was at Shoemakertown, in Pennsylvania, where he was permitted to act as "local preacher." This position he held for ten years, and his salary was certainly not such as to lead to any worldly competition for the place. It amounted, according to himself, to "one almanac, various little household necessaries, and ten dollars in money."

During the last years of his blacksmith life he became acquainted with Lucretia Mott, and the well-known philanthropist, Dr. Furness, whose views he found to be more in harmony with his own; and having accepted a generous invitation of the latter to preach in his pulpit, Mr. Collyer was, in January, 1859, brought up for heresy by the conference, and refused a renewal of his license as a preacher on the following grounds: That he could not believe in eternal punishment, nor in total human depravity, nor in the damnation of a good man because he does not believe in the Trinity. In February of the same year, the Chicago ministry at large being in need of an earnest and unsectarian worker, he was recommended to the place in a noble letter from Dr. Furness, the Unitarian pulpit of that city being then vacant. Mr. Collyer was invited to supply it the first Sunday after his arrival. The church in which he preached being then disturbed by political differences, some thirty or forty of the members withdrew and invited Mr. Collyer to become their preacher. The Second Unitarian Society was thus formed and the Unity Church was soon after built by it.

Mr. Collyer is an eminently practical and liberal man. When the press and pulpit and public were excited over the funeral of the veteran actor, George Holland, and the circumstance that rendered "The Little Church around the Corner" famous the world over, Mr. Collyer spoke these stirring words as embodying his opinion on theatres and play-actors: "Two things and no third, as far as I can see, Christian men and women, and all that believe in the virtue of fair morals, have got to do—to countenance and patronize what is sound and good in the drama in a very large and human fashion, from the hottest alto of laughter to the deepest bass of tears; from the rudest, wholesome and honest plays to the most refined; and then they must stand shoulder to shoulder, steady and sturdy, against the evil things that are growing upon us, and threaten to swamp this great, good power with their evil fascinations—the lust of the flesh, the pride of the eye, and the pride of life. I proclaim myself, fearlessly and frankly, a Puritan of the Puritans on the line at which the theatre drifts hellward. If those that insist on playing these low and degrading parts die and are to be buried, and you send for me, I cannot refuse to come or to open my church for the poor dust to rest a moment on its way to the grave; but I cannot say such words of hope and cheer as I fain would always say as I stand beside the dead. I can only commit the soul to the infinite mercy with some such feelings as I would commit the sorely diseased to the surgeon. But let the actor give himself to what is good, wholesome, honest and of good report in his calling. I will not ask whether he went here or there to church, or believed in my sect or another. I will be sure that, being an honest, true, kindly man, who wrought out in his life what was good and true, and tried to lead men to virtue by the drama, as the preacher does by the sermon, he stands among the good where he has gone, is included in the universal hope there and then, and he has not to wait until

> On the glimmering limit far withdrawn
> God makes himself an awful rose of dawn.'"

How Long a Man Can Live.

HOW LONG a man can live is a question that has been widely discussed. Americans are generally reckoned to be short-lived, compared with European nations, and they may have been in the past; but they are steadily gaining in respect of age, as their material conditions improve and the laws of health are better understood and observed. Several instances have been recorded recently of persons in the State of New York who have died at 107, 108, and even 110. It is maintained, however, by men who have paid special attention to longevity, that there is no well-accredited instance of any man or woman living beyond 106—that that is the maximum possibility of human endurance. It is more reasonable to suppose that there is a mistake in calculation than that the mentioned limit has been exceeded. In Europe it is a subject of dispute as to what nation lives longest. The distinction has been claimed in turn by the English, French, Germans, Spanish, Italians and Russians. Late statistics prove that the number of people in Europe who are upward of 90 years old is 102,831, of whom more than 60,000 are women. Of those beyond 100 there are 241 women and 161 men in Italy, 229 women and 183 men in Austria and 526 women and 534 men in Hungary. The percentage of old people is found to be much higher among the Germans than the Slavs. Investigation appears to show that human life has been lengthening in the last twenty years throughout the civilized world.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

New Peruvian Ironclads.

At the outbreak of hostilities in South America the Peruvian fleet consisted of the turreted ram *Huascar*, two monitors, the corvettes *Union* and *Pilcomayo*, four small armed transports, and several sailing-vessels. The *Huascar* was one of the most formidable rams in service, and has been of great injury to the Chilians in the present war. It was the *Huascar* that sunk the Chilian corvette *Independencia*, commanded by the gallant Captain Prats, in the harbor of Iquique, a few months ago. To this fleet the Peruvian Government has recently added the ironclad *Atahualpa*, constructed on the monitor principle, of which we give an illustration.

New Chinese Gunboats.

These diminutive but powerful war-vessels form the third installment of a fleet of armored gunboats which Sir William Armstrong is building for the Chinese Government, and are intended for coast defense. Four of these boats delivered at Tientsin are named *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gamma*, and *Delta*, and those shown in our engraving are called *Epsilon*, *Zeta*, *Eta*, and *Theta*. Whether the Chinese Government mean to go on adding to their fleet until they reach "Omega" remains to be seen. Though there are some slight differences in measurement, capacity and power of machinery, and weight of armament, a general description of one of these vessels will serve for all. The *Epsilon*, then, is 127 feet long, with 29 feet beam, a draught of 9 feet 6 inches, and a displacement of 440 tons. She is propelled by two pairs of compound engines, which give her a speed of ten knots forward or nine backward, for, being double-ended, she can be driven either way. The hull is divided into water-tight compartments, and the gun, a 38-ton muzzle-loader, is worked by hydraulic machinery, so that only five men are required to attend to it when in action.

The Afghan Rebellion.

The engraving of the British Residency at Cabul will enable our readers to form some idea of the building occupied by the late Major Cavagnari and his little band of devoted followers, whose lives have been sacrificed in the performance of their duty. The Residency, although situated within the Bala Hissar, or citadel of Cabul, was anything but a fortified structure, being built mainly of wood and sun-dried bricks, yet the determined valor of Cavagnari and his men were such that the attacking party, though immensely superior in numbers, were successfully held in check until the cowardly device of firing the building was resorted to. Even then the gallant fellows, driven forth by the flames, rushed sword in hand upon their besiegers in the street, and sold their lives as dearly as possible. The late Dr. Kelly, in a letter soon after his arrival at Cabul, describes his quarters as truly Oriental in style, there being one or two good rooms, and the remainder small and poky. The news of a military insurrection at Herat, and of the murder of the civil and military officers of Government there representing the Ameer Yakoob Khan, must be regarded as very serious, with a view to Afghan political complications. Herat, which is situated near the western or Persian frontier of Afghanistan, and not far from Merv and the country of Tekke Turcomans, where a Russian expedition is now on foot, has long been considered an important stepping-place to conquests in Central Asia. It commands the roads from the Caspian Sea to Candahar and to Cabul, though distant three or four hundred miles from either of those cities. The Shah of Persia has in former times repeatedly contended with the Ameer of Cabul for the possession of this frontier fortress. The citadel or ark of the town, which in old days was called Keila-i-Aktyar-Eldyn, was by itself a formidable construction, and, although it has long been neglected, it still possesses an important place in the list of the defenses of this city. It is situated in the north, where the ground is most elevated, and forms a prominent object in the landscape for miles around.

View of the City of Lima, the Capital of Peru.

The ancient City of the Kings, founded by the heroic Francisco Pizarro, on the Epiphany of 1535, is situated in the delightful valley of the Rimac, at the foot of lofty granite hills, at a distance of eight kilometres from Callao, which is a busy and active seaport. Lima is one of the most handsome cities in South America, both in the perfect arrangement of its tree-lined streets and the charming if *bizarre* architecture of its houses. The houses are for the most part those which were built at the Spanish conquest, and are as perfect to-day as when the daring Pizarro disputed with Rolla for the sovereignty of Peru. Its population, according to the most recent statistics, numbers 110,000 inhabitants, while the floating population is calculated at 25,000. The climate is temperate, and the most vivid and wondrous flowers bloom all the year round in the magnificent gardens attached to the superb mansions.

The Prince Imperial's Death in Zululand.

A simple memorial has been constructed by Corporal Solly and a few soldiers under his orders to mark the spot where the French Prince Imperial was killed, or where his body was found next morning. It is about six miles from Fort Newdigate, in the valley of the Ityotyosi. The stones composing this monument, which in form resembles one of the ordinary flat gravestones in an English churchyard, were shaped by the men in garrison at Fort Newdigate, and were carried to the spot in an ox-wagon. The headstone and those forming the cross and the letter "N" are white, the others of a dark color.

Oyster Culture in Arcachon, France.

Arcachon is a village in France, in the Department of the Gironde, thirty-five miles southwest of Bordeaux, with a population of 3,000. It is situated in a land-locked bay or lake—Bassin d'Arcachon—which is sixty miles in circumference, connected with the Gulf of Gascony by a narrow strait. It is surrounded by pine woods which extend as far as Bayonne, and abound in game. But it is famous chiefly for its oysters, the Arcachon oyster being considered on the Paris Boulevards equal in flavor to the celebrated Ostend—an oyster called the "Ear of Venus" fetching an almost fabulous price at such celebrated restaurants as the Maison Dorè, the Café Anglais and Philippe. At Arcachon, oyster-culture is carried on so as to give employment to both men and women, and the delicious bivalve is raised after a fashion peculiar to the locality, namely, in basins, or parks, as they are called, over which a certain height only of water is allowed to run at certain intervals.

International Exhibition at Melbourne.

The opening of the first Australian International Exhibition at Sydney, New South Wales, on September 27th, and the success it has already achieved, have vastly stimulated the citizens of Victoria, and a building for holding a similar display in that colony is now being erected at the south end of the Carlton Gardens, fronting on the Victoria Parade, in Melbourne. It is expected that the Melbourne Exhibition will be opened next Spring.

FOREIGN LABOR NOTES.

THE strike in the Staffordshire potteries has been averted, the men consenting to arbitration.

THE estimated average yield of wheat for the entire Province of Manitoba exceeds thirty bushels per acre.

FOUR of the principal labor unions in England have spent $1,300,000 in the last year in extending relief to their members.

COMMERCE in Mexico is increasing, and industries are expanding by reason of the peaceful and hopeful condition of the country.

THE employees in the iron works at Jarrow, England, have resumed work under protest against the award by Mr. Dale, the arbitrator.

THE Duke of Beaufort says publicly that it is impossible to compete with American wheat production. He advises British farmers to devote their attention to the raising of cattle.

THE city of Manchester, England, makes gas for the use of its people, and for the year past it has derived a profit therefrom of $250,000, which is turned over to an improvement fund.

THE Iron Ship Builders and the Boiler Makers' Association of Stockton-on-Tees has resolved upon a strike unless the masters modify their action in relation to a reduction of wages.

THE national industrial exhibition contemplated for Moscow in 1880 has been postponed one year, on account of the general feeling of insecurity and the unusual dullness of Russian trade.

ALL the workmen in the ship-building trade at Grimsby, England, are on strike against a resolution of the masters to extend the working hours from fifty-four to fifty-eight and a half hours weekly.

GREAT opposition is being manifested in the Austrian dominions to the introduction of American meat of all kinds. The Government has not prohibited the importation, but the local producers proclaim that the American article is rotten with worms.

AN extra edition of the *Canada Gazette* published, contains an order in Council further prohibiting the importation or introduction into the Dominion of cattle from the United States. The length of time this prohibition will be in force is not specified.

REVOLTING details of the sufferings of the famine-stricken people still come from Cashmere. There is reason to hope that the worst is now over; but undoubtedly the relief measures have been miserably mismanaged by the Maharajah and his advisers, and the loss of life has been terrible.

M. LEON SAY, French Minister of Finance, has requested his colleagues in the Cabinet to hasten their estimates for the budget of 1881. He intends to continue reducing taxation, and consequently asks his colleagues not to propose any fresh expenditure except for objects of urgent necessity.

MR. JOHN WALKER, Member of Parliament for the County of Berks, addressing an agricultural meeting, October 6th, expressed his concurrence in the views which is now becoming widespread, that British farmers could not compete with America in growing wheat, but must grow what pays them best.

AN Irish agent describes the present year, from an agricultural point of view, as "the worst since the famine." Few of the small farmers in his county can hold their lands at any rent. "Cattle and sheep are unsaleable, and, as for the crops, they are all lost, in consequence of the never-ceasing rains which we have had for months."

THE *Hamburger Börsen Halle* has the following with reference to the treaty between Russia and China relating to the cession of Kuldja: "Traffic with all inland markets of China is to be granted to Russian industries, the Chinese Government to pay to Russia five million roubles and cede a portion of the Steppes at the sources of the Irtish behind the Saisan Lake."

IN its last issue the London *Economist* says: "There has been a further sharp advance in price in the iron trade. South pig is 4s. 6d., and Cleveland 6s. per ton higher on the week, both principally on American orders. The stocks in and around Middlesbrough are, however, still measured by hundreds of thousands of tons. The upward movement is too feverish, and a relapse may be anticipated.

EVERY horse that trots along the tramways in Wolverhampton, England, is shod with American horseshoes. This, too, in face of the fact that Wolverhampton is the principal town in the world for the manufacture of horseshoes. The trouble is they are made by hand and must be heated before use, while American horseshoes are turned out cheaply by machinery and put on cold, without whittling the horse's hoof.

THE committee consisting of Messrs. Parnell, O'Connor, Power, and Finnigan, Home Rule Members of Parliament, and others, formed for the purpose of conducting the anti-rent agitation in Ireland, have agreed upon an appeal to the Irish race in the colonies and in the United States to promote ownership of the soil by the occupants instead of the landlords, who, the appeal declares, should, however, be fully compensated.

FIFTEEN thousand people were present at a land meeting at Cork, Ireland, October 5th. William Shaw, Member of Parliament for the county, and one of the Home Rule leaders, extolled Gladstone's Land Act. He declared that those who worked the soil should own it, and that landlords should be fairly bought out. Mr. Parnell, Home Rule Member for Meath, declared that the tenants required no Acts of Parliament. They should not rely on passive physical resistance to unjust demands. So long as Englishmen governed Ireland, they would resort to robbery and oppression. Colonel Colthurst, Sir Joseph McKenna and Patrick J. Smyth, other Home Rule Members of Parliament, also made speeches.

THE *Scotsman* observes: "Calculations are already being made as to the amount of loss which the English farmers will experience owing to the bad season. An estimate published lately puts down the amount below an average on the corn crop alone at £25,000,000, and £28,000,000 if beans, peas and rye are added. Potatoes show a loss of £15,000,000, hops of £1,250,000, and hay of £15,000,000. Here is a total loss of a little less than £80,000,000. It is further said that England will have to import at least 16,000,000 quarters of wheat, against 14,000,000 quarters last year. If these figures can in any way be relied on—and there is too much reason to fear they can—there is no reason for further inquiry as to how it comes about that the manufacturers are fairly alarmed at the prospects of the home trade.

THE weekly wages paid for labor in Germany, as averaged from the several United States Consular reports, are: For bricklayers $3.45; masons, $4; carpenters, $4.16; painters, $4.03; plasterers, $4.35; plumbers, $3.20; blacksmiths, $3.90; bakers, $3.90; shoemakers, $4.32; butchers, $4.20; cabinet-makers, $4.95; coopers, $4.35; engravers, $4; printers, $3.90; tailors, $4.30; laborers, porters, etc., $2.60. The average weekly wages paid to agricultural laborers in Germany are: For men, without board and lodging, $3.50; men, with board and lodging, $1.80; women, without board or lodging, $1.85; women, with board, etc., 60 cents. All laborers are required to work from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., with two hours of intermission; 5 to 6 cents per hour is paid for extra time. Food is dearer than in New York.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE manufacture of guava jelly is the latest Florida industry.

—AMERICAN orders for 50,000 tons of English iron ore have been sent over.

—VICKSBURG is receiving more cotton than at any corresponding period since the war.

—THE schools of Hull, Ont., are to be closed on account of the prevalence of smallpox.

—THE manufacture of lamp chimneys has reached a higher figure in Pittsburg than ever before.

—THE 700th anniversary of the Bavarian dynasty is to be celebrated at Munich, September 16th, 1880.

—IT is reported that 60,000 hundredweight of rails have been lately bought in Germany for the United States.

—THE Governor and Council of Canada declare that Belgian vessels should be admitted to the coasting trade of Canada.

—GREAT BRITAIN, it is estimated, now holds $130,000,000 of United States bonds, and Germany, France and the rest of Europe about $70,000,000.

—THE Treasurer of the United States reports that the total amount of standard silver dollars coined is $42,737,740. The amount on hand is $31,703,650.

—NOTWITHSTANDING quarantine restrictions New Orleans had received to October 1st 35,487 bales of cotton, as against 21,450 at the corresponding period last year.

—IT is stated that during 1880 the coinage of 20,400,000 roubles worth of gold and 7,312,000 roubles worth of silver will be authorized by the Russian Government.

—NEW HAVEN manufacturers cannot get hands enough to do their work. One company was compelled to reject an order for 140 platform-cars, to be fitted with oil-tanks, for which $40,000 was offered.

—THE entrance to the two German rivers emptying into the North Sea, the Elbe and Weser, will be impregnable as soon as the fortifications now nearly complete are finished. They will be armed with Krupp breech-loaders of enormous size.

—IT is claimed that during the past twelve years Mississippi has paid into the Federal Treasury over $10,000,000, and yet has been able during all that time to get not more than $600,000 for clearing out her rivers and improving her harbors.

—THE increase in the market value of the bonds of thirty-two railroads within the past year aggregates, it is estimated, about $196,000,000, in each of these cases the increase being over a million dollars, and in one case rising to over $25,000,000.

—IT has recently been discovered by some Philadelphians that there is considerable show of oil in the vicinity of Malta, Morgan County, Ohio, and they are taking up leases rapidly for the purpose of boring. They claim that the oil they are likely to obtain is of the heaviest lubricating kind.

—A 94¾ CARAT diamond, found recently at Mekerk's Rush, in the South African diamond fields, was sold on the spot for $35,000. The same "digger," to whose lot this rare find fell, unearthed about the same time a fine stone of 26 carats, and another at 19½ carats, besides several smaller gems.

—SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, has a flourishing woolen mill which turns out excellent cassimere cloths at exceedingly low prices, as the wool is clipped from herds of sheep feeding in the immediate neighborhood. Texas is also rapidly putting up cotton factories in order to utilize her superabundant cotton crops.

—MAINE'S business prospects are brightening. Lewiston's Continental Mills are shipping cottons to China; the Worumbo Company of Lisbon will erect another large mill, equipped with the best machinery; the Portland Packing Company have shops in six towns, with a daily capacity at each of 20,000 to 24,000 cans of corn.

—THE canned-goods trade is experiencing a noticeable revival. Last year the business was much contracted in consequence of the general depression then prevailing, but the situation now is greatly improved. A curious feature of the trade on the Pacific Coast is its gradual absorption by the Chinese, whose cheap labor gives them commercial and industrial advantages which set competition at defiance.

—AT least five hundred manufacturing establishments in the State of Pennsylvania are now engaged in manufacturing for export in proportions varying from a small share to nine-tenths the production of each, and of the three millions of tons of pig iron produced in the last year probably fifty thousand tons have been exported, not as pig iron, but in the thousand forms of ultimate manufacture, worth from one hundred to one thousand dollars per ton.

—THE dock yards at Milford Haven, England, are to be completed by March next, three shifts working day and night, using the electric light. They will admit ironclads with all the beam Mr. Froude asks for, their extreme breadth being seventy-five feet. They will be the largest and deepest dry-docks in the world, the largest of them taking the *Great Eastern*, and being 720 feet long, 93 feet wide, with an average depth of 30 feet over the sill, 25 feet at high-water neap tides, and 36 feet at high-water springs.

—BORN in Norway and Sweden the women preponderate in number over the men. At the last census of Norway, in 1875, the total population was 1,817,000, of which 886,000 were males and 931,000 females, being at the rate of 488 males and 512 females to every 1,000 of the population. In Sweden the proportion of births is at the rate of 511 boys to 489 girls out of the 1,000; but the mortality is in favor of the females, for the census returns of 1876 showed 486 men to 514 women out of every 1,000 of the population.

—MEXICO has a mining excitement which rivals the Leadville (Col.) craze. The bonanza is at Fraves, 720 miles west of Matamoras, and so close to the boundary line between Durango, Coahuila and Chihuahua that all those States are contending for the prize. The General Government has taken possession of it until it can be decided by actual survey in which State it is. The mines are called Mejado and yield both gold and silver in such profusion that laborers are deserting the crops to dig for them, and the fever has extended as far as Matamoras.

—THE treasurer's report at the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held in Syracuse, N. Y., last week, showed that the Board has received and expended from the beginning about $17,000,000; has organized not far from 350 native churches, with about 83,000 communicants; has sent out 550 ordained missionaries and about 250 unmarried lady missionaries; has reduced to writing twenty-six languages; has issued in forty-six languages upwards of 2,300 different educational and religious publications and has had under instruction more than 400,000 pupils. About 1,000,000 of the unevangelized are reckoned as falling to the care of the American Board.

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NEW YORK.—SUMMER LIFE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—A BRIDAL PARTY MAKING A TRIP UNDER THE AMERICAN FALLS.—"A BREATHING SPOT ON THE ROUTE."—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 127.

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LOVE'S LAUGHTER.

I.—HER LAUGH.

No hollow, heartless sound wherein the light
That fills with sheer glad heartedness glad eyes
Is lacking, but the mocking laugh gold boys
To cheer the long-drawn watches of the night
And bar Fate's hungry beagles out of sight;
Nay, but the clear, full laugh of one who sighs
Anon when she recalls how laughter dies
In weeping, yet laughs now in wrong's despite.

Thus laughed my lady, and the flushing red
Leaped to her kissed mouth, lighting up her throat
And softly molded chin, and all o'erspread
Her low sweet brow, round which Love's fancies float.
I think the tresses of Madonna's head,
Shook at God's heaven to no happier note.

II.—HIS LAUGH.

My lady asked me why I laughed one night,
Her soft, round arms engirdling me the while,
Her gray eyes gleaming with love's gracious guile,
And all her fragrant fairness, red and white,
Distilling heart's ease, heart's hope, heart's delight.
What marvel if, thus basking in her smile,
My heart should seek to voice in fittest style
The gladness that is holiest in Love's sight?

And, for all answer, I but laughed again,
Since words to speak my inmost thought were vain;
The precious fragrance that her love distils,
The joy's completeness that her love fulfills
Deep in my soul's remote recess couch
To make my laughter but the breath of her!

JOHN MORAN.

QUEEN LILY AND ROSE IN ONE."

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

PROUD? Maud was not proud. Only that morning she had smiled up into his eyes and said, "Thank you, Frank!" If Maud would only not be angry! Father would give him Avonbank House and farm when the lease was out in two years; he had spoken of it before. And the house was a good one when nicely furnished; a gentleman might bring his wife to live at Avonbank. She seemed to like the place; she might be happy there—Maud might: and he would try—heaven knows how he would try to make her happy! And he would work night and day and strive to make money that he might have it to give to Maud—to his beautiful Maud—Maud his own—his very own—money enough to make Maud's life pleasant, to buy her white dresses and her dainty gloves and her feathered hats, to keep her from all trouble or care, so that not even the winds of heaven should light too roughly on her golden hair. Could he dare to think of it?

In his agitation he had forgotten his purpose of concealment, and was pacing on slowly on the grass-grown path. He remembered it now, and knew that, as Maud had left her seat at the sycamore-tree, she was coming this way—knew that, just beyond him, a little way in the dewy gloom of the primrose-scented lane, Maud—his Maud—was coming to meet him.

"Maud, my love, my darling!"—made his by the despotism of his young strong passionate devotion, made his by the right of the love he bore her from the first hour, the first moment he saw her and felt in the wordless depths of his heart the emotion of which another sang:

"Haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate."

"Maud, my own love! Maud, my pride, my treasure, my darling!"

Almost aloud he had uttered it, when he saw through a screen of hawthorn-boughs the glimmer of Maud's white dress. He saw Maud's white dress, and beside it the outline of another figure—a man's figure—a man who was walking beside Maud, a man whose voice he heard, whose face he knew ere he had seen it.

To get out of their way, out of their sight, was his first blind impulse, and in another moment he had sprung over the hedge, through the fierce resistance of dog-rose and hawthorn-branches, and, holding fast to the tangled clumps of meadow-sweet and great burdock plants which grew in rank luxuriance in the slimy depth of the dyke-water beneath, he looked and saw Maud—his Maud, his idolized first love—passing by, not seeing him, not thanking of him; for all her thoughts, her words, her looks, the smiles of her sweet mouth, and the light of her pure eyes were for him who walked beside her, on whose arm she leaned, whose head was bent low to the level of her wind ruffled shining hair—that soldierly man, with his bold eyes, his gallant bearing, his white hands, his low, refined voice, his handsome well set figure, adorned—not disfigured—by his dress, every inch a soldier and a gentleman—Sir George Canonbury.

* * * * * *

"Hasn't Frank come in yet, Julia?" Mary asked, with bated breath, fearing her father might overhear, it being one of the many peculiarities of the redoubtable sire's household tyranny that no one member of the family should be absent at any time whatsoever unless by his express permission or desire. "My goodness, father'll be as mad as a March hare!" she went on, confidentially. "For he wants him to go over to Derrybane to ask Mr. Parnell for the loan of three of his horses for next week. There's top-dressing to be done for the meadows after the hay; and father says if we don't bespeak 'em in time, that may be—— Here he is!" And, foreseeing the impending cross questioning as the formidable "he" came in, Mary prudently went out to the dairy.

"Where's Frank?" growled Mr. O'Hara, sitting down with a lowering brow.

"I don't know indeed, sir," Anastasia replied, briskly. "I've been ironing the whole evening, and was too busy to mind anything else."

Anastasia was smiling, and the smartness of her tone and air attracted even her father's notice. He knit his heavy iron-gray brows as he looked at her.

"Do none of ye know where he is?" he demanded, turning round in his chair, and surveying the other occupants of the room threateningly.

Mary heard the angry tone, and, being—for private reasons of her own—extremely nervous at the idea of incurring her father's anger, staid outside the door in the dark entry and confided her fears to a quarter-cheese which she was carrying, in these words, the obscure meaning of which was best known to Miss Molly O'Hara herself:

"I know he'll come and tell father one of these days, and what'll I do then? I'd run into a *rubeen* from father, if he goes and tells him anything!"

A circumstance had occurred that afternoon which might possibly tend to elucidation. Miss Molly O'Hara had been down at one of the drapers' shops in the town, and, on her way home, Doctor Tom Clarke, workhouse medical attendant and second dispensary doctor of Rathmore, had met her, had talked to her for the space of twenty minutes, and had parted from her with the injunction:

"Take care of yourself, Molly, or I'll have to go up and tell your father that I won't allow you to work so hard."

Well, but that was an ordinary professional friendly assurance, was it not? Molly O'Hara had no need to have walked home so fast afterwards, with an absent-minded air and such a pair of fiery-red cheeks!

Therefore Molly, listening timidly in the dark, quaked at her father's angry tone, although not addressed to her.

"I don't know where he is," Julia said, with a peevish moan at having to speak at all. "I saw him after tea, but not since."

The father muttered growlingly again, and then there was silence in the room for a minute, when, from the far end of the long oaken table, Maud looked up and spoke.

"I think Frank is in the house, sir. I think he is up-stairs in his bedroom."

"You think?" O'Hara repeated, roughly. "I don't want to think things—I want to be sure of them. Did you see him?"

"Yes; I saw him just now on the stairs."

Anastasia turned and stared at her in surprise; Mary's breath came quick and hard; even Julia's face lit up with a faint curiosity.

Maud's pale face was deadly white; there were traces of tears around her damp eyelashes, her eyes sank before theirs in a confused, troubled manner, and her clear, low voice trembled and failed twice whilst she spoke.

"The deuce!" roared the head of the family. "What's taken him to bed without leave or license at this hour, I'd like to know? By Jove, this is what I call free and easy! Go up this minute"—to Mary—"and see what's this about!"

In a few minutes Mary returned, looking puzzled.

"He says he has a dreadful headache, sir, and feels ill," she said, in a frightened apologetic tone, "and he has gone to bed, as he couldn't stay up any longer; but he'll go over to Derrybane in the morning, if he's able."

"I don't want him to go if he's not able," the father replied, less gruffly. "You'd better take him up a basin of hot whey. He's got a cold—that's what it is."

Obedient Mary made the basin of hot whey, and carried it to her brother's room, who took it from her hand, but bade her leave her light outside, as it hurt his eyes, and the twilight was enough for him.

Honest, slow-witted Molly was greatly puzzled at this, and, but for the pre-occupation of her mind with the puzzle concerning Doctor Tom Clarke, would have been more so; but, this greater difficulty having driven all lesser ones out of her head, she went to bed and fell at once into her sound labor-earned sleep, and dreamed that Doctor Clarke had come to pay her father a visit, and that she tried to get out of the room, but could not find the door.

Whilst Maud St. Crewe, after tossing in fevered sleeplessness all through the dark hours, waited only until the pearly gray dawn-light stole into her room, when she rose, and, wrapping herself in dressing-gown and shawl, opened her door to go down to the garden, the fresh scents of which came in through her open window.

There was no one stirring at this hour surely? But, as she stepped out noiselessly into the corridor, she saw Frank's door at the farther end of the passage open likewise. With white lips and fast-throbbing heart Maud sprang back instantly, and saw him come out, carrying something in his hand; and, after listening and watching for a few moments, he went softly down-stairs. At sight of his face Maud had trembled and grown faint. It was only a pallid, haggard likeness of Frank's fresh, manly, spirited face. The features were set like those of one with a deep and vengeful purpose; they were dark with sullen misery, and across his brow and cheek there was a horrible mark—livid, swollen, and lacerated—like a brand.

As he stealthily passed her door, Maud saw that the bundle he carried in his hand consisted of some articles of clothing and a pair of boots. The boots and trousers were all wet, and begrimed with mud and traces of slimy weeds, and the collar of the coat—the light-gray coat he wore on the previous day—and a handkerchief, were all stained with blood.

CHAPTER III.

"IT'S powerful hot this morning, for so early in the year," Mr. O'Hara remarked, taking his place at the breakfast-table, around which all the members of the family, with one exception, were seated. "It's splendid weather for the wheat; if it only keeps up like this, in three weeks more that long field will be ripe. That ham looks first-rate—Stasia, cut me some, and some for Maud, too. You're ten times the girl you were, Maud, since I made you eat ham and wholemeal bread. Any one would be a fool," Mr. O'Hara continued, candidly, "to refuse ham like this and Molly's fresh whole-meal bread."

The autocrat was evidently in a most genial mood. It may have been partly the influences of the dewy, sparkling May morning, so full of smiling life and beauty, the budding orchard-blossoms, the ripening fruit, the yellowing waves of the wheat-fields, the busy humming of the bees, the rose-petals fluttering over the white gravel, the fresh honey-fragrance of the new-mown clover in the "haggart." And it may have been in part the influences of the breakfast-table—the aroma of freshly-made coffee, the vision of newly-cut ham, pale coral-hued as to its lean, firm rose-white as to its fat—the crispness of newly-baked bread, brown, crusty and sweet as a toasted ear of barley.

"Frank not back from Derrybane yet? Maud, why don't you eat your breakfast?"

"I cannot, sir," the girl answered, faintly, "I do not feel well."

"Not feel well! What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," she said, with a kind of desperation, pushing away the untasted food before her and rising to her feet with an involuntary impulse.

"What's the matter with you, I say?" Mr. O'Hara said, rising also in some perturbation and forcing her back into her chair. "What the deuce is come to you all? Frank ill last night, and wouldn't eat his supper—you ill this morning, and won't eat your breakfast!"

Maud sat silent. She could not have uttered a word unless she had given way to a sobbing outcry. Her limbs were trembling, her throat was swelling with hysterical emotion, and the prescience of some boding terror and danger possessed her mind.

Some one was coming with news! Some one was coming to the house to tell something dreadful! Some one was coming—coming—coming up the back lane—coming nearer—nearer to tell something!

"You won't say what's the matter with you, then? Very well, miss!"

Old O'Hara was chuckling excessively, his blue eyes full of mischievous glee, and Anastasia drew her head up with a contemptuous sniff as she watched her father stooping down to peer into Maud's white face, and softly slapping her shoulders whilst he shook with suppressed mirth at his own thoughts.

"It's very queer, Maud—very queer. It's the queerest thing I've heard of this long time—you and Frank to both fall ill in this way! I hope it isn't anything infectious, eh, Maud?"

Still Maud made no reply, whilst Mr. O'Hara, with unabated mirth, persisted in his suggestions.

"You were out walking too late last night, Maud. Frank's caught cold, and you caught cold—or maybe you had a quarrel?"

Visibly before them all Maud started and shrank at the question, and across her pained white face there swept a crimson flush.

"Aha, young lady—aha," the father said, laughing still, but his voice changing, "I've run you to earth at last, have I? Oh, bless you, child, don't bother about that! Quarrel and make it up again—fall out and fall in again—kiss and be friends twenty times over—all sweethearts do that!"

"My gracious me!" Miss Anastasia muttered through her teeth, and she bestowed a glare of ineffable contempt on the back of her father's head, which was turned to her.

But in her father's uproarious outburst of laughter Molly joined most heartily. Father was in such a pleasant humor this morning! And he was so dreadfully clever at finding out things.

But Maud rose to her feet again, and spoke firmly and haughtily, although her voice trembled audibly and her hands clasped and unclasped themselves in convulsive nervousness.

"You quite mistake, sir; I do not understand your allusions to your son. I was not out with him yesterday evening. I never spoke to him for the whole afternoon until I met him on the stairs——" She stopped abruptly, her face flushing again.

"Well, Miss Maud, and what did you say to him on the stairs?" O'Hara went on, bantteringly, but his good temper fast giving way. "We shall have it all out soon, in spite of your denials. A little chit like you giving yourself such airs! I won't allow that, my young lady. I'll soon make my son clear up my mistake if you don't."

"If he dare!"

The girl's face was almost transformed in a blaze of passionate scorn, and her soft violet eyes flashed with defiant light.

"By Jove!" O'Hara commenced, in astonishment, "one would think that——" when he suddenly stopped at hearing his own name pronounced in tones of distress in the kitchen—in the kitchen, from which sounded the tramp and shuffle of feet and a confused hum of voices in low tones, broken by ejaculations of horror and distress.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" the father said, looking around at his daughters, not noisily and angrily, as was his wont, when puzzled and alarmed, but in a low, hoarse voice, his ruddy cheeks fading to sickly wanness.

No one answered, stirred, or scarcely breathed. There was a dead, awful pause for a few seconds in the kitchen, and then footsteps came slowly across the passage, the parlor door opened, and Doctor Clarke entered the room.

"How are you, Mr. O'Hara? I am glad to see you looking so well. I suppose you are surprised to see me at this hour?" he said, cordially and cheerfully, so that Molly for an instant distractedly thought he must be coming "to say something" to father concerning her, there and then, before them all.

"I am surprised to see you," the father said, huskily, staring at the young doctor, threateningly. "You've come to tell me something; out with it—out with it, doctor, this minute! My son——"

"Well, it's just about him. I came for fear any one else should run in with a big story and frighten you all," the young doctor said, nervously, in spite of his struggles to control himself.

"He's not—not dead?" O'Hara said, slowly. "You wouldn't dare to come in like—this—if you came to tell me—my boy was dead?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the doctor, earnestly. "He's alive and well, Mr. O'Hara; but—but there's been an awful piece of work. I wouldn't tell it before the young ladies," he said, with an apologetic glance at Mary, "only I know there will be others to tell them. A man has been found dead—murdered—in Avonbank Lane, and—and Frank said something or did something foolish; and they have taken up the notion that he had something to tell about it. Of course it's the greatest nonsense ever was heard of?" the young surgeon cried, earnestly. "I'd as soon suspect my own brother, or my sister for that matter, as an honest, kind-hearted fellow like Frank, and I said so to every one!' Upon my word, I think that old Parnell must be doting to grant a warrant——"

"A warrant to arrest my son for—for murder?" O'Hara shouted, the veins in his forehead and temples swelling up like whip-cord in his rage. "Who's dared to it? Who's dared, I say? Clarke, is it that gouty old hare-brained fool of a Parnell? He'll repent it to his dying day if he has!"

"Hush, sir! There's no use in giving way to one's feelings," Tom Clarke said, shutting the parlor door; "he could not well help it, I suppose. Frank got so mixed up in the affair, and, like a fool, in his excitement, poor fellow, kept saying things, though Sutton the constable told him not. Besides, a man saw him doing something with some clothes. It'll all come out on the trial—there will have to be a trial of course. The poor fellow was brutally murdered—there's no doubt about that."

O'Hara turned suddenly on finding his arm clutched with a vise-like grasp, and saw that Maud was clinging to him for support, her limbs swaying under her, her wild, white face and frenzied eyes fixed on Doctor Clarke.

"Who was he? Who is the murdered man?" he said, hurriedly.

Every eye in the room was fixed on Maud, and the surgeon's voice sounded in her ears like a death-warrant.

"The guest of Parnell, of Derrybane, Sir George Canonbury."

And Maud St. Crewe fell to the floor insensible.

* * * * * *

Where the primroses bloomed their sweetest, where the rabbits frisked merrily in the dewy shade and cropped the pale-green deer-grass, where the fallen snow of hawthorn blossoms yet sprinkled the mossy sod beneath, there they had found the murdered man, with just one flicker of amber sunshine, which had found its way through the interlacing boughs overhead, playing over his dead upturned face, his nerveless limbs, his white outstretched hand, his dark hair all dank with the night-dews, and with something else darker and more awful than the mists of heaven—the life-blood of a human heart whose tide the spirit had ebbed away.

There it lay, the prone, disfigured, helpless form, on which the previous day's sun had shone in the bloom of manly prime and the gallant grace of a highborn young soldier.

Through the dewy sunlit lane, beneath the swaying boughs and the joyous singing birds, they had carried it home, that heavy burden that lay so still in its awfully suggestive outlines beneath the coarse rug covering. They had held an inquest; and the jurors, after they had each one stolen back softly from the silent room where the blinds were drawn and heard the evidence of the witnesses, pronounced their verdict—"Willful murder."

"Willful murder"—and Frank O'Hara was committed to prison until the Summer assizes should commence—in about three weeks—when he should stand to take his trial for the murder of Sir George Canonbury.

For, in the face of the overwhelming evidence which implicated him, there was no second course to be pursued; and the activity shown by Mr. Parnell in granting the warrant for Frank's arrest, which had so enraged the father's feelings against his neighbor, was due in part only to his having an old grudge against O'Hara, which, being a cautious man, he forbore to gratify until he could do so with a show of right on his side. Besides, the murdered man had been a valued guest—later on it was discovered that he had been a hoped-for son-in-law. But John Parnell of Derrybane's ready acquiescence in granting the power which branded O'Hara's only son as a suspected felon at the best, and sent him to a prison cell, was due in part only to embittered feelings; for Frank O'Hara had by his own acts, his own words almost, plainly showed a guilty knowledge concerning the dark deed of that May evening.

Nothing could be more conclusive, people said—people who were Frank's acquaintances, neighbors, friends nearly. It was awful; they could not have believed it if they had not heard what they had. They were afraid it looked bad, very bad. Every one knew the O'Haras had dreadful tempers. Why, old Robert O'Hara would do anything when his blood was up—and Frank was the image of him! And then the cause—jealousy! There was a whisper first, coming no one knew whence, which swelled into a roar of rumor's thousand tongues; and far and wide, with a score of lying additions, the story spread that it was for love of that white faced, yellow-haired, half-foreign girl who had come to live at the Castle that young O'Hara had incurred

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the scaffold's doom. He had loved her—and the old, old story—she had played him false for the sake of a richer lover, the titled man. It was an evil day for poor old Robert O'Hara, they said, when he was first befooled by that proud pale-faced young widow he had married. Like mother, like daughter, sure enough; and now he would rue to his dying day the hour he had brought this French coquette into his house to ruin his son and disgrace his name. Wonderful tales, indeed, became rife as to the evil propensities and peculiarities of the fair stately girl of whom no one knew anything, save that she dressed, as the good ladies of the town of Rathmore said, "like a play-actress," and spoke with a foreign accent, which they were pleased to consider was "pride."

And she? None save heaven could ever tell what those dreadful days wrought in that pure, proud, gentle heart, when Frank O'Hara lay in prison under the ban of murder, and she was looked upon by every one as his temptress, the fair witch by whose glamour a soul was blood stained and two lives were lost.

They were merciless to her—poor, fair, friendless Maud.

Those who liked Frank O'Hara and did not wish to believe him guilty without good cause were eager to affix the cause to her; those who hated him said he had but done what scores of other hot headed, fiery young criminals had done before—murder a rival in hot blood or cold blood, as the case might be; those who loved Frank O'Hara were most merciless of all.

The gray-headed father, who was crushed with shame and misery, cursed the girl whose vanity and ambition had been his son's undoing; the sister, who strove from her kind heart to pity the hapless young creature who was alone amongst enemies, but hated her, too, for Frank's woe and disgrace.

And so the time wore on, and the day of trial came; and in the dock of the crowded court Frank O'Hara stood, haggard and pale, but erect, looking his fellow-men in the face with quiet eyes; and in the witness-box, to bear her fatal testimony against his life, was Maud St. Crowe. A clever lawyer, retained for the defense, had instructed her what to say and what to leave unsaid. The witnesses who had gone before her had given the cross-examining lawyer for the other side very little information, and been as clever as shrewd Irish witnesses generally are in totally evading the point of the question and turning it against their questioner; but yet Maud felt in an agony that parched her lips and made her very heart ache with fear, that, say as little as she might, it would be too much.

A murmur ran through the whole court as she stood up in her soft black dress, with her golden hair pushed back feverishly off her brow, where the blue veins mapped themselves so plainly, and beneath which her large eyes shone like stars as she glanced around, and a frightened, flush tinged all her delicate face like a June rose.

Once only she looked on the prisoner at the bar, and then turned quickly away; and the lawyer for the defense frowned as she looked, for she had seen poor Frank's sunken eyes filled with passionate love, his mouth tremulous with pity for her, and it had quite overthrown what resolution and calmness she was striving to retain.

When at length they relieved her from the torture of her protracted examination, and she was carried fainting out of the court by Doctor Clarke and Mary, the unhappy girl felt in the depths of her agonized consciousness that the testimony which the inquisitorial genius of the lawyer had wrung from her in that three-quarters of an hour had already, in the minds of the jury, sent Frank to the condemned cell and the felon's grave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BENEATH THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

IT was a lovely day in September as the artist and I lounged in a superb palace-car, rolling over the road that leads the expectant tourist to the Falls of Niagara, via the charming Erie route. There were two brand-new brides and a pair of brand-new bridegrooms, full of honey and moonshine, seated as far from us and as near to one another as circumstances would by any human possibility permit. They had no eyes for the enchanting scenery of the Susquehanna! What were the glories of the Delaware to *them?* One bride wore a blue plush hat surmounted by a yellow bird of forbidding and vulture-like aspect, and a gray costume, an eruption of silken rosettes; while the other was dustered up to her chin, her bonnet—or was it a bonnet?—being all angles, which constantly poked themselves into her Edwin's amorous eyes. How they gushed and spooned, and gazed idiotically! How seldom they spoke! How hand met hand, and, as the shades of night fell upon the earth, how the arm of Edwin stole round the waist of Angelina, and I know that the owner of the dustered lady found the material of which her overall was composed remarkably unclutchable. The blue-hatted bride ate like an ancient Briton, demanding fresh relays while her mouth was yet full, and ordering about the waitresses in a manner that indicated to me what a time the meek-looking little man at her side, who put pepper in his tea instead of sugar, and timidly tapped on the top of his egg with a runaway knock, was likely to have of it in the near future. The dustered lady turned up her nose at everything, and ate a solitary pickled cucumber with an air of disdain, while her *caro sposo*, who was of a frugal turn of mind, pocketed a clumsily-made sandwich, and drove a hard bargain for a couple of flea-bitten-looking apples.

At Buffalo, the quartet followed us into the drawing-room car, and as the light was of the dimmest, we lost sight of them—their whereabouts being only ascertainable through the medium of hushed whispers and the chirping sounds with which the fond mother rewards her smiling babe—until the train reached Niagara, when Blue Hat sharply demanded of the stage-driver if supper would be served at the hotel, and Duster announced her disgust at being compelled to ride in a public vehicle. We put up at the Spencer House, so did the "set of spoons," and the last thing I heard, as I ascended bedwards, was Blue Hat denouncing the sleepy clerk for not having a meal for travelers arriving by the night train.

The artist and I rose betimes, and, having breakfasted to the music of the roar of the Falls, proceeded to visit Goat Island and the Three Sisters Islands. Lord! what a sensation it is to stand on the low-lying bridge, between the first and second Sisters, and watch the Rapids flash past in great sheets of plate-glass, frosted with myriads of glittering diamonds! One feels as if one had found a resort of Nature. From Goat Island we took a turn amongst the Indian antiquities and curiosities manufactured in—New York. Here we espied Blue Hat investing in feather-fans, in cameos, in kholios, in snowshoes, in Lacrosse bats, in moccasins, and fifty other knick-knacks of an equally valuable nature, while the expression on the face of her husband was that of sullen despair. We entered Prospect Park, and after taking a "deep deep draught" of "the antithesis of Nature"—for Niagara is all contrasted charms, in the Titanic strength and majesty of the cataract, and the soft young tendrils that bathe their verdure in its spray; in the wild, distracted, maniac surge, and the delicate rainbow shining in its embrace; in the whirlwind roar of falling floods, and the braided lullaby of lapsing streams—we took our seats in the Inclined Railway, and in a few seconds sped down 160 feet to the edge of the strangely green waters that seethe and boil and foam and whirl as they rush into the awful jaws of the Whirlpool Rapids.

Having been invited by a stalwart guide to pass beneath the Shadow of the Rock, in other words, to go under the Falls, and having somewhat hesitatingly responded in the affirmative, as the spray was dashing over the roof of the building and rising before us from the green waters like a bridal vail, we were each ushered into a sort of cell, containing a round stool, a rack to hang clothes upon, a very blurred, very small mirror, a brush of moldy appearance, a comb of disreputable contour, and a tin box to contain one's valuables. Presently the guide returned, bearing with him a flannel shirt, a pair of flannel continuations, and flannel shoes built very much after the fashion of the buskins worn by Robinson Crusoe. Having undressed and entered these uninviting-looking garments, I was handed a pair of oilskin overalls, and an oilskin pea-jacket with a hood to it. This the guide fastened by a running cord tight round my face, leaving nothing visible but my nose. The artist, similarly equipped, presented the appearance of an Esquimaux who had been considerably oiled, and a *pas de deux* performed by us did not bring down the house; but how could it when last Winter 750 tons of ice failed to do so? We now awaited two couples who were preparing their toilets in their respective cells, and when they emerged, arrayed *à la* Boyton, I could scarcely refrain from an exclamation! They were the "set of spoons" with whom we had traveled from New York. Such guys as they looked, especially the menkind, for somehow or other, no matter what a woman puts on, she can make it coquettish, and I doubt if Blue Hat did not appear more *piquante* in her oilskin hood than in that plush abomination with the orange bird-of-prey perched on top. Duster was rather coy on the subject of coming out of her cell, but as everybody had a good stare at her while she was yet within its walls, she at length consented to take her husband's arm and "tempt the dangerous gloom." How we did cringe as we stepped on the sharp, biting stones, the whole party doubling up as if by magic. What a relief it was to get on the slippery gangway, and despite the blending spray and deafening roar of the cataract, to gaze at the rainbow. How lovingly the Edwins clung to their Angelinas—these Edwins had been suffering from new and tight boots, and locomotion was not only painful but difficult—and how tenderly they hugged the partners of their joys! How pretty the faces of the brides looked as, washed with spray, "they smiled through their tears like the sunbeam in showers." The Edwins were for remaining on the platform, but the Angelinas, by vigorous pantomimes, decided otherwise, and again we passed over the grinding stones, doubled up like bootjacks, till we reached another platform, slippery as greased ice. The thunder of the Falls now was deafening, while the water came over us in bucketfuls. Here the guide intimated to us—we could not hear one word that he said—that we were to walk backwards, so I caught the artist by the hips, the artist caught a foreign gentleman who joined the party at the last moment, and like crabs we crossed the treacherous boards to a set of steps, the "set of spoons" in advance and in the same ungraceful position. A few strides placed us beneath the Falls, and all became suddenly darkened, while the water played upon us with ten thousand shower-bath power, taking away every breath in our respective bodies. Suddenly we came to a halt, the guide having by a dexterous twist turned the entire party into a sort of niche in the rock, where we were enabled at least to breathe, though we were huddled together like so many sheep. The Edwins now clung frantically to their Angelinas, their lips moving, but no sound could be heard. After a delay of a few seconds—they seemed an age—we moved into deeper darkness and into deeper water; then, having received a very direct impetus from behind, retraced our steps, and after a slippery journey, panting, breathless, palpitating, shivering and wet to the skin, we reached the blistering shingle and our respective dressing-rooms.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Otto Funke, Professor of Physiology at the University of Freiburg in Baden, has just died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one years.

It is Said that the juice of the carica, a vegetable product of Brazil, will dissolve the false membranes which obstruct the throat of a patient suffering from croup. This substance is used in Brazil in the curing of meat, and also to destroy intestinal worms.

Latest Advices from the west coast of Africa state that Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, and his followers had arrived at Sierra Leone from Zanzibar. It is the evident intention of Stanley to complete the explorations of the Congo River from this coast, and steam launches and machinery for hauling boats up the rapids are being prepared for the purpose.

The Wine-growers of France have just held a convention at which the chief topic of interest was the much-ventilated phylloxera question. The German viticulturists have also met at Coblenz, and the impending destruction of the vine was also seriously considered. In both countries the only remedy suggested was the introduction of an entirely new seedling from the United States.

The Stearate of Soda, in the proportion of about fifty grammes of the soap to one thousand of alcohol of specific gravity 40, when mixed with paint renders the penetration of fluids impossible, and prevents the formation of fungi—the paint thus treated can be washed down with boiling water, without injury. For sick wards of hospitals or in cattle sheds disinfecting materials can be added.

The International Society for the prevention of the pollution of rivers, the soil and the atmosphere, held its third meeting at Baden-Baden, September 16th and 17th. The society aims to interest sanitary engineers in all countries in a systematic plan for the protection of the people against the encroachments of manufacturers and the dangers of imperfect drainage and sewage. It is a large subject to handle, and needs the prefix "international" to help it along.

M. Galtier has been making some studies on hydrophobia, and for the purpose of investigation employs the rabbit. True hydrophobia can be transmitted to this animal, causing paralysis and convulsions. Salicylic acid administered by hypodermic injection daily did not prevent development of the disorder in the rabbit. The saliva of a mad dog, obtained from the living animal, and preserved in water, is virulent, in some cases, even twenty-four hours afterwards.

The Artificial Culture of the muscle or limpet is extensively practiced in the Department of Charente, in the Bay of Aiguillon, France, where the industry was founded eight centuries ago by Walton, a shipwrecked Irishman. By closely observing what took place in nature, he was enabled to make his discovery. He found that the stakes driven in to hold nets were soon covered with muscles, and was led by this to invent the system of bardies which is still employed. The bardies of Walton have been somewhat modified by having only one wing at an angle to the sea instead of two. There are at Aiguillon 1,600 or 1,800 bardies, which bring in an annual income of 800,000 francs.

The Treatment of cutaneous diseases by balsam of Peru or storax has been thoroughly tried in the hospitals and army practice of Europe and found to be most efficacious. The first of these remedies has the advantage of an agreeable odor, but the price is very high. It was first recommended in the German army by Dr. Busch in 1853. A single application well made is sufficient to destroy the itch insect. The quantity to be employed is minute, a few drops being sufficient for the whole body. The ointment must be applied with great care, avoiding all friction. Storax can be substituted for the balsam in the following proportions: Storax 4 parts, alcohol 2 parts, olive oil 1 part—15 grammes at an application. The operation of this remedy is less rapid but equally certain.

The Identity of Light and Heat.—Both phenomena are identical in character but different in degree. A solid body when highly heated throws out rays of light. The strength of this light is proportional to the height of temperature, and it is a remarkable circumstance that nearly all solids begin to glow at the same degree, which is given by Daniell at about 980°C., by Wedgwood at 947°, by Draper at 977°. The intensity of the light increases in greater proportion than the temperature. For example, platinum at 2,000° gives out forty times more light than at 1,900°. When we heat metals to glowing they assume all the colors of the spectrum, and with higher temperature the dispersion of the rays increase. At 1,000° we have the red, at 1,200° the orange, at 1,300° the yellow, at 1,500° the blue, at 1,700° the violet rays. There are now new elements to be studied since the discovery by Edison of the behavior of metals when heated by the electric current in vacuo. The temperature at which metals treated in this way begin to glow and to give the colors of the spectrum remains to be studied.

Action of Anesthetics on Plants.—Chloral does not act as an anesthetic on the sensitive plant; ether and chloroform behave in the same way towards plants that they do to animals, and it is all the same whether these reagents penetrate by the leaves or the roots. The petioles fall suddenly and successively from below upwards as chloroform absorbed by the roots reaches their insertion. Hence the rate of absorption can easily be calculated. The velocity increases from the base to the top, and is one and a half times to twice as great in the petioles as in the stem. Thus plant life and animal life closely approach each other. Not only do vegetables seize upon insects and devour them, but they are also subject to the action of anesthetics the same as animals. The question is, where does consciousness come in? What we call life is found far down in the series until we reach protoplasm, but where is the starting-point of conscious existence?

> "From life to consciousness the chasm
> Cannot be bridged by protoplasm,
> All flesh is grass, but chlorophyll
> Can all man's duties not fulfill."

The Hanover Polytechnic School.—The new building for the use of the Polytechnic Institute at Hanover was inaugurated October 6th. Deputations from the principal similar institutions of Germany took part in the proceedings. There was a farewell meeting in the deserted halls of the old building, and a procession from thence through the main street to the Royal Palace, which has been filled up at great expense for the uses of the school. It is probable that no scientific institution in the world is lodged in such regal style, and for all practical purposes the architectural display of towers and minarets which adorn the building could be dispensed with. The professors would be glad at any time to exchange some of their extravagant carvings for a moderate increase of salary and more money to spend on their collections. Several million dollars were spent on the building when it was intended for a palace, and a million or more has been devoted to adapting the edifice to the purposes of a school. An entirely new structure vastly better suited to the wants of the institution could have been built for less money than the repairs have cost.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Holman Hunt has accepted the Vice-Presidency of a British society organized to prevent the destruction of precious historical edifices and sites.

President and Mrs. Hayes have been visiting the tomb of President Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill. The sarcophagus was decorated with quantities of flowers and with a portrait of Lincoln.

Our credit in the last issue of this paper for the admirable photographs of General Grant and his parlors in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, should have been given to J. W. Taber, instead of Faber.

A committee of clergymen and laymen, including Dissenters, are making an effort to secure the means for erecting a statue to William Tyndall on the Thames Embankment. As projected, it will cost about $20,000.

Miss Lily Ayer, only daughter of the late Dr. Ayer, is said to be engaged to Don Philippe de Bourbon, son of the Count of Aquila, uncle to the ex-King Francis II. of Naples, and grandson of Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil.

Bismarck has suggested to Andrassy—as a means of further cementing the alliance between the two Powers—the marriage of the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany and Princess Valerie, daughter of the Empress of Austria.

Isham G. Harris, United States Senator of Tennessee, is largely interested in sheep-raising in Texas, whence he has just returned well pleased with his success, notwithstanding heavy losses caused by deaths from the extreme cold last Winter.

The Ministry of Instruction at Rome having been petitioned by Professor Cogo, of Padua, to appoint instructors to the homeopathic theories in the universities of the country, has declined to do so, saying that homeopathy is the negation of all positive science.

Governor William Claflin, of Boston, has presented to the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Dr. Rust, the deed of the League property, adjoining the Claflin University, consisting of thirty one acres and buildings, valued at $8,000.

A proclamation recently issued by the King of Siam declared that hereafter every man shall be allowed to worship God unmolested and according to the dictates of his own conscience. This means that converts to Christianity will not be forced to worship spirits or to work on Sunday.

An American newspaper seems to be running King Alfonso's courtship, and announces that he kissed his betrothed on the forehead, whereupon bells were rung and cannon fired. When he gets to her lips the least that can be done will be to blow up the Escorial with nitro-glycerine.

Miss Jennie Flood, who, according to report, is betrothed to U. S. Grant, Jr., is the only daughter of Mr. James C. Flood, the head of the Bank of Nevada, and, next to Mr. Mackey, the richest man on the Pacific Slope. Miss Flood is about twenty-four years old, has dark-brown, luxuriant hair, blue eyes, full face, beautiful teeth, and a tall, handsome form.

Count Henri de Castiglione, of Hartford, forty nine years old, is dead. He came of a distinguished family in Italy, entered the service of Victor Emmanuel as a page, and continued for years as his confidential companion. He served in the Crimea. He came to this country in the interest of the Zoological Garden near Turin, and married a Miss Porter, of Hartford.

Professor Edward S. Morse, of Salem, has returned home after some years' residence in Japan as professor of natural history in one of the universities there. He spent two years in Satsuma and the southern provinces, dredging, examining the caves, and investigating evidences of pre-historic races. The last year was spent in Yesso, and he returned overland to Tokio, a distance of six hundred miles.

The ex-Empress Eugénie has, it is asserted, declared her intention to live in absolute retirement, so that a settlement of her fortune will be necessary. Her son's will is not exactly valid according to English law, not having been signed by the testator in the presence of two witnesses, but as the Empress alone could test the validity of it, no opposition will be raised on this point. The property to be sold to pay the legacies not being been indicated, the executors will have to choose those portions which can be sold to the best advantage.

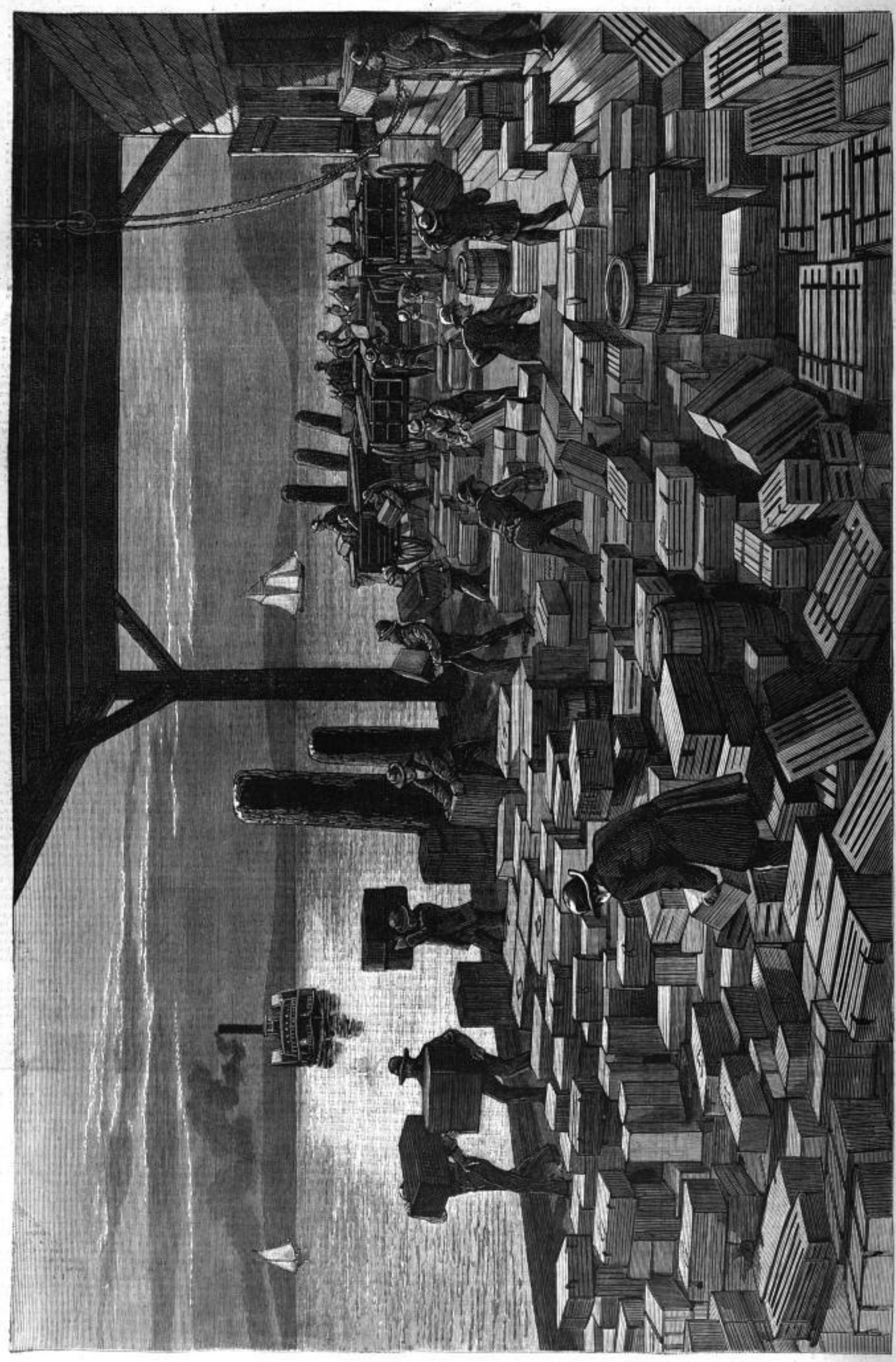
Prince Bismarck was accompanied to Vienna by the Princess and his son, Count William Bismarck. The latter is physically very much like his father, and is very popular in Berlin. He is a member of the German Reichstag, and is frequently on the special committees of that assembly. "Count Bill," as he is called in Berlin, distinguished himself during the Franco-German War as a common soldier in the ranks, and his fate was often a cause of anxiety for Prince Bismarck. He is now constantly with his father, and is a chip of the old block.

Mr. George Arthur Gardiner, a nephew by marriage of Prescott, the historian, died in Brooklyn on the 27th ultimo of what is said by his physician to have been arsenical poisoning, caused by the filling in a decayed tooth designed to kill an aching nerve. On the 11th of September he had the tooth filled by a dentist of Boston. Soon after he began to show symptoms of poisoning, and before he died, two weeks later, every connection between the head and body, except the spine, had been eaten through. This is the first case of the kind on record, although arsenic is frequently used by dentists to kill sensitive nerves.

The obituary record of the past week contains the names of William H. Powell, the historical painter, who died suddenly October 6th, aged 56; General Francis L. Vinton, military and mining engineer, October 6th; Rev. Dr. F. J. Pabisch, President of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, near Cincinnati, Ohio; John W. Keene, inventor of the Remington-Keene magazine gun, aged 53; Rev. Dr. Thomas Shepard, of Bristol, R. I., October 6th, aged 87; Edward Seguin, the opera singer, October 9th, aged 44; General George Vickers, ex-United States Senator from Maryland, October 8th, aged 71; Hon. Horatio Ballard, ex-Secretary of State of New York, October 9th, aged 77; the Princess Caroline Bonaparte, at Rome, October 9th.

What is reputed to be the largest and handsomest collection of postage-stamps in existence has just been purchased by Edward Wolfer, a dealer in *papeterie* and postage-stamps of Frankfort on the Main, for $2,000. Von Volpi, a leading physician in the Bavarian army in 1866, and now a journalist of Trieste, took ten years to get the collection together. It contains specimens that are among the rarest and handsomest to be found, some of them having a market value with collectors of $15 to $20 each. The total number of stamps in the collection is about 12,000. English and French collectors are traveling to Frankfort to examine it. Before he began this collection Von Volpi had made another which, though not equally fine and extensive with the one now sold, was the best in existence then. It was purchased by the British Museum.

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NEW YORK.—GROWING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—SHIPPING GRAPES AT NIGHT, FOR MARKET, AT MARLBORO' LANDING, ON THE HUDSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 121.

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"ENCHANTMENT."

"ENCHANTMENT" is one of the most gorgeous spectacles that has ever been placed on any stage. It glitters, it sparkles, it dazzles. It is full of bewildering surprises and marvelous effects. It glows with the wondrous combinations of vivid and varied coloring. It excites, interests, amuses, enchants. In one act we have the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" retold, and told as Scheherezade never *could* tell them. In the second, we are splitting our sides over the most *outré* of burlesques. In a third, the sense of vision is banqueted upon *spectacle*, such as would puzzle the Châtelet in Paris or the Alhambra in London to equal. We have knights and paladins, we have goblins and fairies, we have horses and monkeys. We see life as Old Time must behold it, melting away like the baseless fabric of a vision. We behold giants reaching to the skies, and dwarfs that scarcely "cumber Mother Earth." We have processions under lights that never were seen on sea or land. We have ballets which for glitter and magnificence surpass the Nautch festivals gotten up for the Prince of Wales while in India. Never were such delicious harmonies of tint, never more elaborate and superb costumes, while the *coryphées* are graceful, elegantly formed, and *chic* to the last degree.

The *premières danseuses* are the living exponents of the poetry of motion, and to witness their giddy, yet graceful, gyrations is one of the greatest treats in this admirable spectacle. The humorous side of "Enchantment" is as vivid in its way as is the sensuously picturesque. The scene in the bridal chamber, between the ardent bridegroom and his eccentric bride, *alias* a monkey, which has usurped the bridal veil and stolen into the room, is one of the best bits of screaming farce ever witnessed, while the subtler humor in the scene, in the land where people live but a day, enjoying all the sweets and bitters of life, from the cradle to the final "snuff out of the brief candle," is worthy of the fancy of Gilbert. The entrance of the horse that in a few minutes turns from a fat, well-kept, well-groomed charger to a steed such as even Don Quixote would have spurned with contempt, is productive of the most exhaustive mirth.

The puppets, too, are so horribly natural, the deception of the living head so perfect, that even the knowing ones are for the nonce puzzled as to the *modus operandi*. The vocal performance is quite on a par with the remainder of the piece, many of the songs insuring double encores. The French Davene family; Molva, the wondrous gymnast, who lifts five men all in a row, while he, or she, clings, by the legs only, to a trapeze; the funny Rajade troupe, and the Ocarinistes, are also among the special attractions of this special piece. Our illustrations represent the gorgeous ballet of Windmills, and Molva performing two of his, or *her*—some declare in favor of the gentler sex—remarkable feats of strength. One must see Molva in order to realize the extraordinary strength with which he, or she, is endowed. She—giving *her* the benefit of the doubt—inserts her lower limbs in two loops of rope attached to a trapeze bar. Then, leaning downwards, she grasps two loops connected with a long pole, to which five men cling by their hands. At a given signal she lifts pole and men from the ground, the men dangling their legs in the air while she remains motionless above them. Again she seizes hold of a ring attached to a swinging rope, and by sheer muscular force draws herself upwards in a horizontal position until on a level with the ring, and apparently reclining in the air. "Enchantment" is bound to have the phenomenal run to which its gorgeous and varied programme so eminently entitles it.

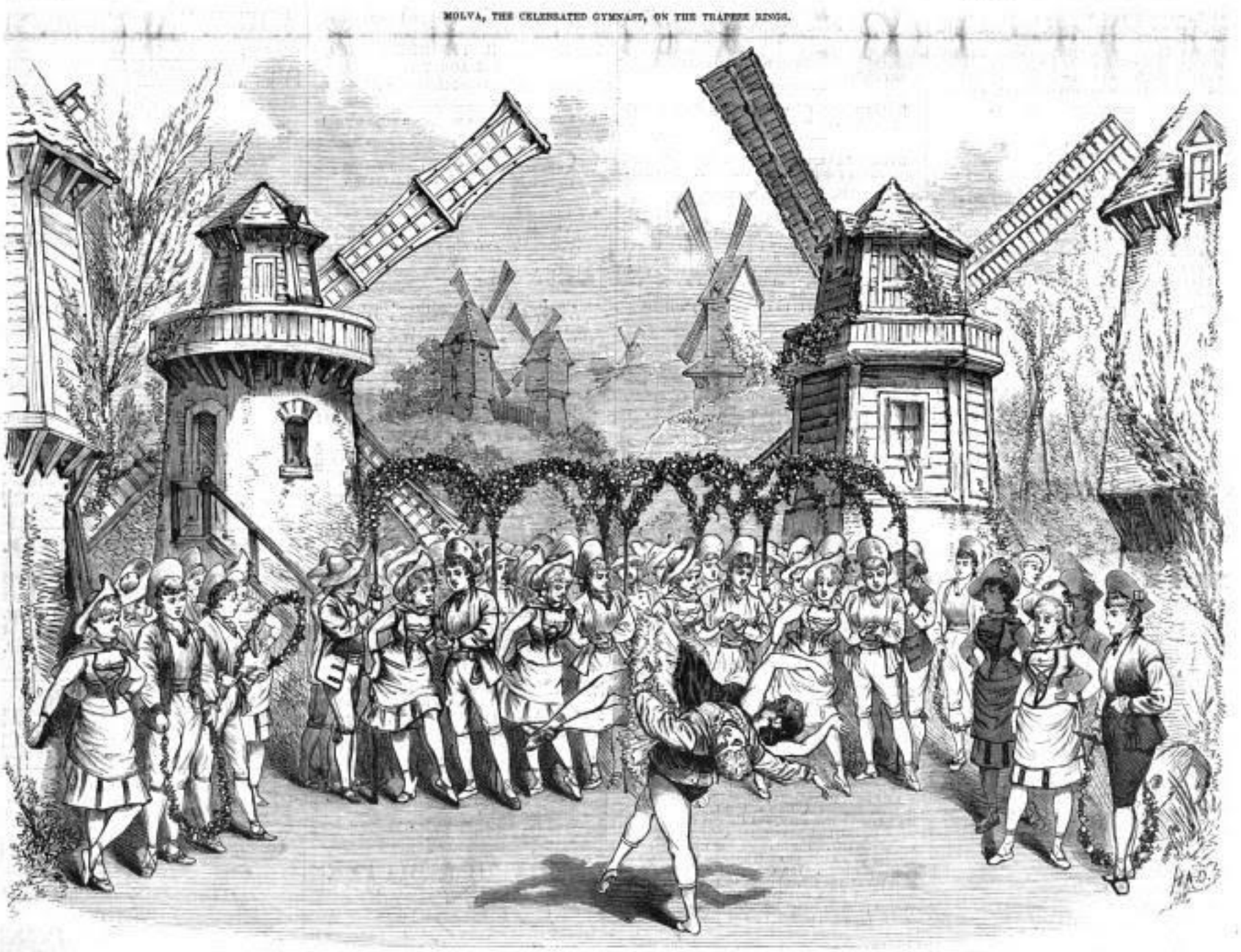


MOLVA, THE CELEBRATED GYMNAST, ON THE TRAPEZE RINGS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE determination of Gordon Pasha to quit the Egyptian service will be most unfortunate for that country. During the last five years he has devoted himself, with scarcely a moment's respite and with but little European aid, to opening up the vast mines of wealth which he declares lie hidden in those little-known provinces. A few instances will suffice to show what a gigantic and apparently endless task this is. Since 1874 a tract of country larger than the Southern States of America has been mapped with tolerable accuracy. Over 3,000 miles of telegraph-lines has been constructed and are now working efficiently. The slave-trade has been suppressed, which alone has involved campaigns of months' duration and revolts of entire provinces. The postal service has been introduced, and a letter put in the New York Post Office, with a five-cent stamp and addressed to the remotest station on the Bahr-el-Gazal or Darfour, will reach its destination as surely as if addressed to Washington. The navigable rivers have been kept free from the "sud" or masses of vegetable matter which clog up all free passage and which formerly stopped up the Nile nearly as far north as Berber. The natives have been taught the use of money, so that provisions and goods can be purchased where but a short time before raids had to be made to procure food. A system of military stations has been established, and by the aid of imported Indian elephants the native African elephants have in several instances been trained to serve as beasts of burden, thus greatly diminishing the cost of transportation. Telephones have also been introduced at all available points in the Soudan and are of the most inconceivable service in quickly dispatching business. Plans for a station and light-





THE BALLET A LA WATTEAU IN THE PLAIN OF WINDMILLS.

NEW YORK.—THE FALL AMUSEMENT SEASON—NEW GRAND SPECTACLE, "ENCHANTMENT," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.

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house on Cape Gardafui, where so many steamers entering the Red Sea from India have lately been wrecked, have been carefully prepared. These are but a few of the achievements which are to be credited to Gordon Pasha's rule in the Soodan. But the completion of his work will require a great deal of money, and this Egypt cannot supply. He strongly urges that private enterprise should step in and carry out the projects he has commenced. In a recent interview he said: "An English company should establish their trading-posts from Zanzibar, and an American company should do the same, proceeding up the Congo. In the use of thoroughly experienced hands an outlay of £10,000 would lead to the most surprising results, and more could be most advantageously placed afterwards."

An Experiment in Opium-smoking.

OPIUM-SMOKING, it seems, falls far short, after all, of those many delights which it is popularly supposed to afford. One Herr Maclay, in the course of a stay at Hong-kong, has made an experiment upon his own body which should be considered pretty conclusive. After fasting 18 hours, he smoked 22 pipes, holding in all 107 grains of the opium used by the Chinese. It is interesting to know that after the third pipe he ceased to feel hungry; that the fifth left him unable to walk about comfortably; the seventh brought his pulse down from 80 to 70; the twelfth caused singing in the ears, and the thirteenth a hearty fit of laughter. Twenty-five pipes affected his hearing, but within an hour after the trial, which had only lasted about 100 minutes, he was able to walk home and go to bed, where he slept so soundly as to wake up fairly fresh and hungry next morning. The point especially to be noted is that during the whole experiment he had no dreams or hallucinations of any sort whatever. Opium-smoking is, accordingly, a failure in this respect. It does not even equal the study of politics as a producer of illusions.

The Russian Peasantry.

IN an article on the Russian peasantry, the *Moleo* observes that the chief peasant in a village sometimes has more power than any man in the empire except the Czar. He has the power, for instance, of ordering a culprit to be flogged—a right which is denied by law to any other public functionary or citizen in the empire. Further, a majority of the peasants in a commune can sentence one of their number to be beaten with sticks, and there is no appeal against the sentence. It is true that women may no longer be flogged, and that a maximum number of blows which may be inflicted on a man is twenty, while formerly men were sometimes beaten to death by order of the commune; but the commune can still sentence a man to banishment to Siberia for life. This sentence has been passed for such petty offenses as stealing a handkerchief or a little honey, or opening a brandy shop without the permission of the commune. In the Government of Samara a man was sentenced to be banished, together with his family. Shortly after, however, the Senate, to whom the case was referred, decided that the man should be permitted to remain in his village, on the ground that his health would not permit of his going to Siberia. The case of the man's wife, however, was not considered, and the sentence was carried out so far as she was concerned, though she was innocent of any crime, and had been directed to go to Siberia merely in order that she should not be separated from her husband.

FUN.

SURE of their crops—Hens.

THERE are several kings in Europe who are total rex.

VELOCIPEDISTS resemble the ages—they roll along by-cycles.

THERE is an epidemic among the Afghans. They continue to break out.

SUSPENDED animation—The small boy with his first pair of "galluses."

IT is no sign because a farmer is growing sage that he is becoming wise.

"HIS profession! What is his profession?"—"Madam, he pedals music."

WE presume the axle-trees of railroad-car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.

IT is rather forcing the season, but a young lady remarks that the ring of skates upon the frozen lake is time ice for anything.

"WHEN did the human race begin?" The chances are that it got a start when Adam and Eve were walked out of the garden.

A DETROIT restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "Free Chops," and when old loafers come around he shows them an ax and a woodpile.

THE words, "majolica jar," are pronounced "ma-yol-ika yar," by persons of culchar, and with such an accent as would be given by a mouth talking while holding hot mush.

"THE melancholy days have come"—beg pardon, "the saw-dust of the year"—to the schoolboy who has to tackle the woodpile when all the rest of the fellows are playing marbles—"for keeps."

"OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND."—*Distracted Mother:* "If you children make such a noise I shall go out of my mind." *Young Rip:* "Go on, mother; I'll mind the young 'uns while you're gone."

Z., THE painter, is drunk from night until morning. He drinks everywhere and everything. "Poor boy," says the tender-hearted Monsieur, "he was disappointed in love. It was a great blow to him, and he drinks to drown his grief." "It seems, then," says some one, "that his grief knows how to swim!"

"IS THERE a letter here in a scented envelope for my wife?" he asked the postmaster, while the green fire from his eyes made the office look like a leafy forest. "Yes, sir" answered the P. M., as he handed it out. The jealous man tore it open at once when lo and behold! it was the milliner's bill for $90. The end.

A CONTEMPORARY asks: "How shall woman carry their purses so frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

A SCHOOL of poor children, having read in the Bible the denunciations against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by a benevolent patroness as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "Aiting camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

THESE are the days when the old gray-headed farmer comes into the printing-office with a corn stalk spliced until it measures eighteen feet in height, and then swears it was one of the smallest stalks in the field.

COACHMAN (to Minister of Finance, whom he has driven to the Treasury Department on the first day of that functionary's incumbency): "When does your Excellency desire to leave the Treasury?" *Minister of Finance* (abstractedly): "Never!"

AN Irishman applied to a lady, who had taken a cottage at Saratoga for the Summer, for employment. "But, my good man," replied the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, thin, ma'am, if ye only knew how little work it'd take to occupy me!"

OPENING THE NEW LINE.

A LARGE party of city and railroad officials from Philadelphia visited New York on Wednesday, October 8th, traveling via the new Bound Brook line, and occupied the day in sightseeing in and around the metropolis and its harbor. Among the excursionists were President Gowen, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, General Fitz John Porter, F. A. Comly, J. E. Wootten, C. S. Hancock and many other prominent railroad officials. Following the banquet on the New Jersey Central's new steamer *Kill von Kull*, were several notable speeches, among others that of E. C. Knight, of the Bound Brook Road, who said that the two great roads now connecting New York and Philadelphia were fixed institutions, and should come together and assist in building up the country. There are twenty trains daily between the two cities, and where the traveler used to pay $4 he can now have all the luxuries of travel for $2. The business of the new line since the opening of its Ninth and Green streets station in Philadelphia has increased very rapidly.

DR. PIERCE'S EXTRACT OF SMART-WEED is a compound fluid extract of smart-weed, or water-pepper, Jamaica ginger and other ingredients known to be efficacious in curing colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, blood-flux, and kindred affections. It also breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. Sold by druggists.

HEALTH is often impaired by the excessive use of tea or coffee. The strengthening qualities of BROMA or COCOA are known to the student, the invalid and to the hard worker the world over. To secure such in its greatest purity, ask your grocer for WALTER BAKER & Co.'s. This house has the highest reputation for its goods, dating back to 1780.

CUTICURA REMEDIES

Have done for me what hundreds of dollars spent on other remedies have failed to do, and I do not hesitate to recommend them as first-class articles.
Yours truly, MARK BRANNAN.
CARBONDALE, Pa., Dec. 20th, 1878.

MONEY MAKING.

MONEY.—For simplicity in money making in Wall Street, write CHAS. FOREELL & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. By their new system it gives the $10 to $100 operator the same advantages as heretofore the $1,000 or $10,000 purchaser enjoyed.

HOP BITTERS purifies the blood, and removes all pimples and eruptions.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.—No gentleman's table should be set without it. A genuine relish.

FOREMOST among great hotels is New York's prime favorite, the ST. NICHOLAS, veteran in years and experience. In every department it is managed with consummate taste and care, and the guest is treated with an attention very noticeable, compared with the laxity of many of its rivals. The consequences of its unequaled accommodations and low rates are found in its crowded daily arrivals.

PREMATURE Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. No other Compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. *It softens the hair when harsh and dry. It soothes the irritated scalp. It affords the richest lustre. It prevents the hair from falling off. It promotes its healthy, vigorous growth. It is not greasy nor sticky. It leaves no disagreeable odor. It kills dandruff.*

THE most durable and economical protective coating in the world for tin roofs, exposed brick walls, etc., is the ASBESTOS ROOF PAINT. H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO., 87 Maiden Lane, New York, sole manufacturers.

A KENTUCKY WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST RECEIVE FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF PRIZES.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE WORLD.]

LOUISVILLE, KY., September 30th.—Notwithstanding the recent shooting of Colonel Clarke, President of the Louisville Jockey Club, on the last day of the races, which still continues one of the uppermost topics here, the chief subject of interest was the twelfth popular drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, which took place here to-day at Macauley's Theatre in the presence of over 3,000 persons, and under the supervision of General Thomas A. Harris, Assistant Secretary of the State of Kentucky, and Colonel George E. H. Gray, an old, highly-respected and influential citizen of this city. The drawing was conducted in a manner that satisfied everybody as to its fairness and impartiality. The capital prizes were drawn as follows: The $30,000 prize by ticket No. 21,555, which had been sold in Lawrenceburg, Ind.; the $10,000 prize by ticket No. 28,434, which had been sold in Brownsville, Tex.; the $5,000 prize by ticket No. 16,752, which had been sold in St. Louis. The ticket which drew the $30,000 prize was purchased by letter only on the 25th inst., and in a batch of twenty-four tickets, through J. B. Stevens, of Lawrenceburg, Ind.

A PURE NATIVE WINE.

DR. R. T. UNDERHILL, who died in 1871, attained a national reputation as a viniculturist and wine maker. The finest varieties of foreign wines were imported, together with a skilled vintner, and the vineyards and cellars at Croton Point, on the Hudson, became the model for all American wine-makers. While sparing no pains nor expense in availing himself of the knowledge and experience of other wine-producing countries, Dr. Underhill aimed to produce a characteristic American wine, and his particular hobby was the production of a *perfectly natural wine—the pure juice of the grape—neither drugged, liquored nor watered*, which would commend itself to the medical profession and all others to whom perfect purity was of more importance than the gratification of a palate which might have been educated to the flavor and characteristics of some particular variety of imported wine. How well he succeeded many of the older residents of New York know, and at the time of his death, in 1871, he had established a large business, and had accumulated in the three spacious vaults at Croton Point a large reserve stock of wine from the vintages of 1860 to 1870.

In addition to being generally known to the medical profession, many of whom prescribe this wine where a pure, natural stimulant of moderate alcoholic strength is required, we respectfully submit the following extracts from among the many flattering press notices which have been received:

From the Evening Post.

"Dr. Underhill made a study of the subject of vineyards, and aimed to produce a wine which should be the pure juice of the grape—neither drugged, liquored nor watered—and which could be depended upon where purity was requisite."

From the Journal of Commerce.

"There can be no question in regard to the absolute purity of these products of the vine; and those who wish to purchase, either for the sick room or for sacramental purposes, may be sure of obtaining the unadulterated juice of the grape."

From the New York Tribune.

"Its purity, age and mellowness are remarkable, and both physicians and wine fanciers have a special interest in it as the oldest native wine now accessible in any considerable quantity. The whole stock is in the hands of the well-known wholesale grocery house of the Thurbers."

From the New Yorker.

"If there is an invalid or connoisseur who desires to test the capabilities of American wine at its best, we would respectfully commend to him a bottle, or bottles, of Dr. Richard T. Underhill's pure Port. He will find it has body and soul (but no evil 'spirit')."

From the Eclectic Magazine.

"The pure wine, so needful for medicinal and communion purposes, is furnished by Dr. Underhill, perfectly free from all foreign substances, and of mature age, and can be relied on by the careful physician for the purposes for which he needs it."

From the Christian Advocate.

"We accordingly specially commend his wines for medical and sacramental uses. None purer or more suitable for such—the only legitimate uses of wine—can probably be anywhere found."

The above wine is sold by most leading Druggists and Grocers, but in case consumers do not find it at their retail dealers', a line by post to the undersigned will receive attention. Respectfully,

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
West Broadway, Reade and Hudson Sts., New York.

WE know that there is nothing on earth equal to HOP BITTERS as a family medicine.

WHETHER you travel or not, insure against general accidents by a policy in THE TRAVELERS.

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The Secret Key to Health.—"The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation," 300 pages; price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of six cents for postage. Address, DR. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

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Monday, Oct. 13th, every night of the week and MATINEE SATURDAY at 1:30, Oct. 18th, grand revival and first time in two years of
BARBE BLEUE,
with brilliant surroundings and great cast, including
Mlle. PAOLA MARIE as BOULOTTE,
M. CAPOUL as BARBE BLEUE.
Matinee Admission, 50 cents and $1. Reserved Seats, 50 cents extra.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 20th, revival of LE PETIT FAUST.

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PRELIMINARY SEASON.
SECOND WEEK AND ELECTRIC SUCCESS
of the new American play, in four acts, by
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MY PARTNER,
MY PARTNER,
MY PARTNER,
MY PARTNER,
MY PARTNER.
Characters by Messrs. Louis Aldrich, Frank Mordaunt, Charles T. Parsloe, Henry Crisp, Harry Edwards, J. H. Burnett, J. W. Hague, Charles Wheeler, John Dailey and Misses Maude Granger, Minnie Palmer and Alice Grey.
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PALPABLE POPULAR PRICES—Admission, 50 cents. Secured seats in orchestra stalls, orchestra circle and front balcony, 50 cents extra. In balcony, 25 cents extra. Family circle, 25 cents.

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NARCISSE,
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MR. AND MRS.
BANDMANN
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in the
MERCHANT OF VENICE.
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MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27th,
HAMLET.

BOOTH'S BEGINS AT 8.
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First appearance of
DION BOUCICAULT
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on
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11TH,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18TH,
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in
The Spectacular Play, in five acts,
entitled,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH
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The character of the Dauphin is sustained by Mr. D. Boucicault, Jr., it being his first appearance on any stage.

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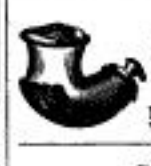
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Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

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THE SUPLEE PATENT OPEN-EYE
Easy Threading Needle.
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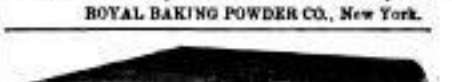
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NO. 1.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING HON. CARL SCHURZ, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, ON THE INDIAN SITUATION AND HIS LATE VISIT TO THE RED MEN.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 149.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

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We give in the present issue the first of a series of illustrated interviews with our eminent public men, which it is proposed to continue as a special feature of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *These interviews will in all cases relate to topics of immediate public interest, and will constitute a really valuable contribution to the current history of the times. The initial interview, with Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, relates to the present state of the Indian question and his recent experiences among the Sioux. The views of the distinguished Secretary, who, in point of scholarship, intellectual ability, and integrity of character, deservedly ranks among our foremost public men, are expressed with characteristic clearness and force, and will be generally commended, as we believe, as both statesmanlike and humane. If the Indian question is ever satisfactorily solved, it must be substantially on the basis of the policy which Secretary Schurz has initiated and maintained with inflexible determination in the face of a most formidable opposition.*

THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE success of the Republicans in Ohio will not be a matter of surprise to intelligent observers who have watched the drift of events and the current of public opinion in the country during the last few months. Just as little will the triumphant election of Mr. Foster as Governor of the State, and the signal defeat of General Ewing, deserve to be regarded as a matter of regret to any with whom the rise and fall of parties are considered as means to ends, rather than as ends in themselves. To consistent Democrats it should indeed be a cause of just regret that their party in Ohio, since the first appearance of Mr. Senator Pendleton as the champion of the greenback which he had discredited in the hour of its birth, has been caught in the meshes of an evil destiny which has led it on from defeat to defeat in every critical conjuncture. But to consistent Democrats, who believe that adherence to sound principle is better than a temporary triumph purchased at the expense of truth and righteousness, it should be a cause of gratulation rather than of repining that the ineptitude of the Democratic leaders in Ohio has been set in such a clear light as to make them a warning to the rest of their political confederates.

It must be confessed that the Democrats of Ohio have been slow to profit by the school of experience through which they have passed during the last few years. Where the discipline has been so harsh nothing but a strange fatheadedness or a surprising indocility of temper can account for such stolidity of political understanding. When in 1875 the late Governor Allen led his party under the Caudine Forks of a most humiliating defeat, by betraying them into the camp of the soft-money fanatics, we had hoped that the road to political disaster had been sufficiently "blazed" by that eccentric movement, to guard against the repetition of it by the Democrats who should come after him. For the lesson taught by that adventure was emphasized by the result of the Presidential election at the following year, when the man who had become the Governor of Ohio through the defection of the Democrats from their hereditary principles on the currency question was selected to be the standard-bearer of his party throughout the whole country.

It, therefore, seems to us little less than a sign of political infatuation on the part of the Democratic managers in Ohio that in this year of grace, when the resumption of specie payments "is in the full tide of successful experiment," a Greenback politician like General Ewing should have been chosen to lead the Democratic forces in the Gubernatorial campaign. To bid for votes at the sacrifice of principle is always as hazardous in point of expediency as it is questionable in point of public morality; and while we do not doubt the honorable character or impugn the political sincerity of General Ewing, who honestly believes in the Greenback doctrines he preaches, it seems difficult to conceive that old-time Democrats like Senator Thurman should have lent themselves to the support of these heresies without liability to the charge of a blameworthy recreancy.

It is not pleasant to point these trite moralities at the expense of a statesman so able, learned and enlightened as the distinguished Senator who, before the advent of Mr. Pendleton and of "Pendletonism," was the acknowledged leader of the Ohio Democrats. For long years Mr. Thurman has been the Ajax Telamon of the Democrats in the United States Senate. "In all assaults he was their surest signal"—until the evil day when he began to speak smooth things and prophecy deceits at the instance of the Greenback element in the Democratic ranks. Before that evil day he had set his face like a flint against the popular delusions which prevailed on this subject, delusions which at that time were more rife in the Republican than in the Democratic Party.

There is something inexorable in the political justice which is no respecter of persons. No length of valued service on the part of a tried and trusted public leader can purchase immunity from the consequences of a grave political blunder. The vulgar maxim, that "Republics are ungrateful," has this element of truth in it, that the people, under representative institutions, can never allow their gratitude for past services to stand in the way of an enlightened regard for the public interest of the present or the future. It is the duty of the statesman to keep his eye perpetually fixed on what Canning called "the line of safe change," and to walk on that line with an eye that never blenches, or that turns to the right hand or the left in search of "the thrift that follows fawning."

When the Democratic leaders have been so slow to learn the lesson of wisdom as they have proved themselves to be in Ohio, it would be idle to predict the effect which the late Ohio election will have on party formations in that State. But it is pretty safe, we imagine, to predict that the Eastern or Hard-money wing of the Democracy will now regain its ancient ascendency in the national councils of the party. The "Greenback craze" has nearly spent its force, let us hope, in the bosom of the Democratic organization, as it has nearly spent its force in the Republican organization. There was a day when the Republicans claimed to be the true, original, Simon-pure Greenbackers of the country, and when they challenged public approbation by that omen. It is a source of regret to us that this Greenback leaven has not, even yet, been *entirely* purged from the Republican body, as it is still more a source of regret that it should have leavened the whole Democratic lump during the late Ohio canvass. If it was not pleasant to see a strong man like Senator Thurman grinding as a blind Samson in the mills of the Greenback Philistines, it was also far from edifying to listen to a Republican statesman like Secretary Sherman claiming before the people of Ohio "to be a better Greenbacker than the best of them all." To defend the resumption of specie payments (as Mr. Sherman did in the late Ohio canvass) on the ground of the "inflation" to which it has led—an inflation in paper, an inflation in silver, and an inflation in gold, is to defend resumption on the ground of its perils and not of its safeties. It is to purchase a temporary increase of votes at the cost of that provident and sagacious statesmanship which looks *before* as well as after; it is to commit for the *future* the fatal mistake which the Democrats of Ohio have committed for the *present*. It remains to be seen, then, whether the Democrats will be able to reform their shattered battalions within the lines of their old hard-money intrenchments; and it remains, too, to be seen whether the Republicans, with the prestige of their victory in Ohio, will now advance to that higher ground on which alone they can maintain the position they hold.

THE BUTLER SOUP-STONE.

IT is proverbial that the idle and vicious often waste as much time and exhibit as much ingenuity as, if rightly applied, would enable them to earn an honorable competence. Two professional wanderers—one in Michigan and one in Massachusetts—furnish a pair of examples in point. The Michigan wanderer, unwashed, ill-clad and constitutionally tired, awoke from his siesta by the roadside and approached a thrifty farmhouse, where he hoped to obtain his evening repast. "I don't work none, ma'am," he said to the woman, who answered his sturdy knock, "but I don't beg neither. I'd scorn to beg. I fetch my own food—in this here soup-stun." And he took a small, smooth white stone from his pocket. "All I ask for, ma'am, is a pot of bilin' water—and 'tain't much." Surprised at this novel variety of tramp, the woman put on the fire a pot of water, in which he carefully placed the stone and watched it anxiously. "I ken see the soup-stun oozin' !" he said, glancing into the aqueous depths. And, as it came to a boil, he added, "now a little salt, jest to fetch out the flavor of the stun." Salt was furnished. "Now a pinch of pepper—jest a pinch!" Pepper was brought, and the woman was much interested in the result. "A onion, now—that's all." The onion was forthcoming. "Except a leetle mite of pork," he added, "'bout ez big ez a match." A good slice of pork went down to visit the mysterious soup-stone. "Ha'n't a pertater in the house, hev' you?" he asked, thoughtfully, as he stirred the broth. A potato was found. "Ef I had just one leetle sprig of summer-savory!" he murmured, sadly; and the sweet herb was added to the whole. "A soup-stone allus tumbles to them ingredienciest" he exclaimed, with admiration. "I s'pose I've had a hundred soups outer that one stun. It's just ez soft ez dough down there now, the juices oozin' from it like anything; but it turns hard agin the minute you lift it out." Then he ladled his soup and ate it with a relish. "Thar!" he said, rising, with a satisfied air, "I'll give you that stun for the use of your pot; I can git another. Allus keep it in a red woolen bag; you can bile it and git soup any time. But don't forgit the little mite of pork, ma'am, for the soup-stun tumbles to pork;" and as he walked out the front gate he slyly called: "An' the more pork you put in the more it tumbles!"

The professional wanderer of Massachusetts moves around quite as confidently as he of Michigan. Impudence is his magical soup-stone. He exhibits it to all the State Conventions, and declares that he needs nothing except a trifle of seasoning "to bring out the flavor." The wanderer has secured a badly damaged pot in which to try his experiment, and the question is whether Massachusetts contains gullible people enough willing to furnish the "ingredienciea."

IRISH LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

THE agitation going on in Ireland on the grave subject of the tenure of Irish land grows every day more formidable. Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell, a Member of Parliament, a Protestant, a scholar and an orator, who seems to have succeeded to Dr. Butt's place as the chief of the Irish Nationals, is everywhere instigating his countrymen to combine, and to resist—by unusual methods, to say the least—the legal authority of the land-owners. Mr. Parnell has been received everywhere with unmistakable demonstrations of enthusiasm; thousands have gathered to hear and applaud him—thousands of distressed and oppressed tenant-farmers and peasants; bishops and priests have sanctioned these revolutionary meetings by their presence and eloquence; and thus the Irish heart seems to have been thoroughly fired. The situation, it needs but a glance to see, is full of gravity and peril. The grievances which have caused it are real and almost desperate. Mr. Parnell is able to point to poverty and privation all around him to justify his appeal, and thrust it home to the hearts of his hearers. Bad crops and American competition combined have served to make this year a most disastrous one to the poor Irish farmer. He has found it impossible to make both ends meet. His earnings have been scarcely enough to feed and clothe his brood. But there stands the great landlord—or, worse still, the great landlord's inexorable agent—at the door, demanding the rent with unfailing regularity. The tenant has been well taught by hard experience to perceive that this rent must be paid before the Winter's supply of potatoes is secured, the patches on the wretched roof of his cot repaired, or the ragged breeches of his boys are replaced. The alternative is—eviction. The tenant-farmer has seen his neighbors, now and then, turned into the muddy road on bleak Autumn or Winter days, with a resting-place nowhere on the round earth. He knows what eviction means, and the mere thought of it strikes the poor wretch to the soul with terror. No matter whether his father and his grandfather before him tilled this petty patch from which he himself has forced a living (God knows how scantily miserable) ever since he could put hands to spade or plow, the rent must be wrung from the pitiful quarterly earning or he and his must go.

It is not now, perhaps, as bad as it was with the Irish small farmer twenty years ago. Then, he may have scraped together enough in the years to build a little barn, to inclose his fields with modest fences, to construct a pigsty, or to erect hay-covers; and yet, if he failed in a single quarter's rent, he might be thrust into the road without notice, and these results of his own expenditure would revert to and become the property of the landlord. Mr. Gladstone did much to abate this evil when he extended "Ulster tenant right" to the whole of Ireland, so that an evicted tenant might claim compensation for the unexhausted improvements he had made on his farm.

But the difficulty of securing this compensation remained, and still remains. It is easy to imagine that a penniless farmer, turned off his land, is scarcely able to go to law for it; law costs money, and here is a penniless man pitted in the law against a magnate rolling in riches. If he succeeds in getting his case before a jury, it is before a jury picked by a county sheriff, and the county sheriff is a typical representative of "property." The evil, therefore, to a very large degree, remains. Irish tenants are still evicted, and often get no pay for their unexhausted improvements. Moreover, that which was just barely sufferable in prosperous times has become absolutely insufferable in times like the present.

Mr. Parnell's remedy is nothing less than revolutionary. Let the tenant-farmers combine throughout Ireland, he says, and refuse to pay rent; then we will see if the absentee landlords can draw up an indictment against a nation; we will see if Ireland can be evicted from herself. Such a combination is quite possible, and, if made, will present perhaps the most serious of all the serious Irish questions with which successive British administrations have had to deal. Many propositions of compromise are already made. One suggested plan is to apply the surplus of the funds derived from the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church to the purchase of the waste-lands of Ireland, which are to be parceled out by the Government to evicted farmers at nominal rates. Another is, that the land should be owned in partnership by the landlord and farmers, or peasants, and that the Government should make loans to the latter by which they might gradually pay for their share of the landed property. A third is that the landlords should be thus entirely bought out and a peasant proprietary, like that in France, created in Ireland. The difficulties in the way of each proposition are enormous. The first would be but a limited and temporary relief; the landlords might refuse to sell their land under the second and third; while the British taxpayer would surely grumble at the expensiveness of either of these schemes.

The fact that something must be done is about as far as British statesmanship has got. Meantime, the agitation is a fast-rising tide, which may become a storm or revolt. Then there will be nothing for it but the old hard remedy of martial law and the suspension of the *habeas corpus*. But the Irish question must still be deeply and anxiously studied by English rulers. After all, it is more threatening and more chronic than the fate of Afghanistan, or even the Russian hankering after Constantinople, and is more full of seeds of evil for the future of the British Empire.

AN ARCTIC ARCADIA.

THE story of Nordenskjöld's Arctic expedition as told by himself to a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, in Japan, is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the regions traversed by the daring explorer. It is especially interesting in its descriptions of the race of men who were found in the eastern division of Siberia, and who carry on a considerable commerce with the American Continent. These people are known as the Tschuktschi, and, while paying a sort of tribute to Russia, admit no allegiance to any Power. They have no government, no laws, and practically no religion, and are said to be so well disposed that the need of a ruling authority is never felt. "The foreigners of Nordenskjöld's expedition were on terms of intimacy with thousands of them and never saw or heard of a single case of quarreling among them. Perfect harmony prevailed in the villages and families. Women have great influence and are treated by the men in all respects as their equals and with much politeness and deference." The language spoken by this tribe is peculiar, and, as far as has been yet determined, shows no affinity to others. Their features are less Mongolian in type than those of the Esquimaux; the hair is generally black and the complexion light; the young women are often fair, handsome, and of symmetrical proportions, while the men are taller than the average height attained by full-grown males. They subsist chiefly on the meat of reindeer, bears and seals, and fish and vegetables. During their brief Summer they collect a quantity of vegetable food and store it for Winter use. A dainty with them is the stomach of a reindeer, killed when the beast has fed to repletion. The belly and the herbage it contains are cooked together and eaten with great relish. "They possess a few guns, are familiar with gunpowder, and have in use some American axes, knives and pots. Very little foreign clothing is employed by them, their garments being almost exclusively of skin. The nation probably numbers ten thousand souls, of whom one-half inhabit the littoral between Techaun Bay and

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Behring Strait, and the other half dwell in the interior of the country." In every respect, they appear to be an Arcadian people, and the correspondent who supplies these particulars does them no more than justice when he says: "A people without chiefs and without criminals, experiencing no difficulty in the distribution of the product of their joint exertions in fishing or hunting, whose sole sign of pride of wealth or fancy is the possession of a boat a little larger than ordinary, may well deserve the respect they have earned from Nordenskjold and his party, and prove fitting subjects for further ethnological study."

EVENTS ABROAD.

GENERAL ROBERTS'S triumphal entry into Cabul, which took place October 12th, was apparently a very tame affair. The enemy appear to have been effectually dispersed in the pursuit which followed the engagement of the 6th, and the British force entered the city gates without molestation of any sort, most of the influential residents making haste to pay their respects to the victor immediately upon the completion of the occupation. The Ameer is under close surveillance, owing to the growing suspicion that he has been playing a treacherous part throughout. This suspicion seems to have been strengthened by the discovery that the leaders of the mutineers included many of his most trusted friends. General Roberts, in an address to the populace, announced that the city will be severely punished, that a heavy fine will be imposed on the citizens, and all buildings interfering with proper military occupation destroyed. General Hill has been made military governor over the city and country within a radius of ten miles. All the inhabitants under his jurisdiction were required to surrender their arms within a week on pain of death. A late dispatch says that Bala-Hissar, the citadel of Cabul, has been blown up, with a loss of twenty-seven British and a number of Afghan lives. Some of the tribes still show violent hostility, and a number of Afghan regiments were, at last accounts, moving against the British.

The relations between England and Russia seem to be approaching a crisis. It is reported that at a recent interview between Count Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador, and Lord Salisbury, a proposition of the former that Russia shall have the jurisdiction of the western part of Afghanistan, while England shall take possession of the eastern part as far as the Hindoo Koosh, was declined by Salisbury in the most emphatic terms. Lord Salisbury is stated to have declared that England would not allow Russia to meddle in any way whatsoever in the matter, and that the future of Afghanistan will be settled by England exclusively. Count Schouvaloff then proposed various other plans of settling the Central Asiatic difficulty, but all to no purpose, Salisbury refusing to consider any of them. It is possible that this account of the interview may exaggerate the real facts of the case, but there is no doubt that the feeling of mutual distrust and jealousy between the Powers has been greatly strengthened by recent events. In a speech at Manchester, October 17th, Lord Salisbury spoke of Russia as "a Power whose aggressions threaten the happiness and independence of the world." Later accounts as to the Russian expedition against the Tekke Turcomans, indicate that it sustained a serious check at Geok-Tepe, and is likely to prove a failure for the present; and it is suspected that a knowledge of this fact has had a good deal to do in determining the decisive attitude of the British Government. It is also rumored that assurances have been received from Persia that in the event of a war with Russia, the Shah will not take active sides against England.

We have commented elsewhere upon the anti-rent disorders in Ireland. Five hundred tenants of the Marquis of Sligo and the Earl of Lucan have pledged themselves to pay no rent until a reduction should be granted proportionate to the great fall of prices of all kinds of agricultural produce. At a great Home Rule meeting at Belfast, Mr. Parnell made an inflammatory address, and resolutions were passed declaring that the establishment of a peasant proprietary was the only practical and final solution of the land question. Mr. Parnell will visit America next November.

The Communists who owe their lives and presence in Paris to the clemency of the Republic are, with characteristic effrontery, abusing the privileges accorded them in stirring up tumult and disaffection. At a recent Communist funeral the red-handed leaders of the Commune were spoken of as the "heroes who saved France," and the sentiment was applauded to the echo. It is intimated that on the reassembling of the Chambers a proposal for plenary amnesty will be presented, but it is not believed that it will have any chance of passing. The Cabinet has decided to issue an order directing the local authorities to suppress all Communist and other illegal demonstrations. In a recent interview with the new Papal Nuncio, President Grévy stated that the maintenance and strengthening of the good relations existing between France and the Holy See was the object of constant solicitude to the French Government.

The Boers, who have vigorously demanded independence, have been informed by Sir Garnet Wolseley that the annexation of the Transvaal is irrevocable. They still persist in their demand, but they have lost their opportunity and will be compelled to submit. Had they struck in co-operation with Cetewayo, instead of standing neutral, they would probably have secured concessions which are now out of the question.

Fresh evidence of the good relations existing between France and Germany is furnished by the fact that the German Emperor had a protracted private interview with the French Ambassador at Baden-Baden a few days since.—Field-Marshal Von Moltke has reported to the Emperor, as the result of his recent inspection in Alsace-Lorraine, that a considerable increase of the military defenses will be necessary.—The suffering among all classes in Constantinople in consequence of the political and financial crisis in Turkish affairs still continues. Robbery and murder are deplorably prevalent, and grave apprehensions are felt that the coming Winter will be marked by the worst evils of destitution and anarchy.—The condition of Asia-Minor is still unsatisfactory, in consequence of disagreement between the European inspectors and the Turkish officials and bad administration of justice.—A conference of representatives of the peace associations of America, England, Germany and other countries will be held at Naples October 26th, to advocate a simultaneous partial disarmament throughout the world.—Recent floods in Andalusia, Malaga, and other sections of Spain, did great damage. Several villages are in ruins, railways are destroyed and crops devastated. From Murcia the Governor reports that the loss of life will exceed three hundred.—Lord Derby will hereafter, it is said, openly affiliate with the Liberal Party.—Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily," has vindicated her reputation against the sneers and libels of *Town Talk*, a so-called society paper, by causing the arrest of the editor, who, upon being brought into court, made an abject apology, and confessed that he had no ground for his scandalous statements. His charge was that Mr. Langtry was about endeavoring to obtain a divorce suit from his wife, and that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and other individuals were mentioned as co-respondents. The prisoner is still in jail awaiting trial.

THE latest "Ohio Idea"—twenty thousand majority against the Greenback heresy—will prove a very important factor in the politics of 1880.

A NATIONAL emigration scheme, looking to the diminution of competition among miners, has been agreed upon at a conference representing 140,000 miners of Great Britain. The scheme consists of a system of small weekly subscriptions; subscribers after a certain time to ballot for chances to emigrate. Those coming to America will receive $30 and passage money; those going to Australia or New Zealand, $60 and passage money.

The Republicans of the Tenth District of this city have nominated Mr. Wm. W. Astor for the State Senate. Mr. Astor served with marked credit in the Assembly, and would, no doubt, add to his reputation in the higher capacity for which he is now named. If both parties would in all cases put forward their best and worthiest men, as in this instance, the character of the public service would soon cease to challenge the unfavorable criticism to which it is now so widely exposed.

THE school statistics of New York for the month of September show a registry in the Grammar and Primary schools of 127,480 pupils, with an average attendance of 115,377, the largest monthly attendance ever reported. The evening schools for the week ending October 10th show an enrolment of 11,688 scholars, with 269 teachers and 31 principals. These evening schools are attended mainly by children who are employed during the day and who have no opportunity to acquire an education other than these schools afford.

THE result of the Ohio and Iowa elections has given a marked impulse to the Republican canvass in New York State and Massachusetts. It has obviously weakened the bolt against Mr. Cornell, and the leaders in the disaffection will find it difficult to hold their own against the natural inclination of the mass of the party to drift with the tide. Some of them, by their course, have already destroyed and lost their standing and influence in the party; and whatever may be the result of the contest, there will be in both parties a good many "dead ducks" among those heretofore prominent in leadership.

A FORTNIGHT since fifteen persons were killed and two hundred injured by the fall of a stand at an agricultural fair at Adrian, Michigan. An investigation showed that the owner of the premises had employed incompetent architects and builders, and had neglected entirely to assure himself of the safety of the building before opening it to the public, and the coroner's jury having, in view of the facts, recommended that these persons be held on criminal charges, they have been arrested and will be tried for manslaughter. This is as it should be. The reckless indifference to ordinary precautions of safety manifested by managers of places of entertainment and recreation, is an evil of such wide extent and grave proportions that nothing short of the imposition of the very severest penalties can extinguish it or properly express the public disapprobation of those who are responsible for its existence.

THE subject of technical schools and their relation to the industries of the country is attracting increased attention among the more thoughtful friends of education. The *Tribune*, in a recent article, says of it:

"It is not unlikely that the solution of the much-discussed problem of industrial education lies in the establishment of well-equipped and thoroughly-taught free technical schools in every city and large town. The cutting off of the superfluities which now only lead to "veneer and sham" would save large sums which could be put to no better use. To those schools could be sent those children who by natural bent would belong therein. There is no danger but that sufficient time could be found both for an improved public-school course and a technical school course. That changes are on the way to be made is very evident in nearly every State.

SOME time since an attempt was made to assassinate the colored Postmaster at Blackville, South Carolina. An investigation of the facts of the case shows that the outrage had its origin in partisan mendacity, the Postmaster being obnoxious on account of his politics, and that the local authorities apparently sympathized with the perpetrator of the assault. These authorities having done nothing to bring the offender to justice, the Postmaster-General proposed to arraign him in the United States Court, but an examination by judicial experts reveals the fact that no law exists by which crimes against the persons of postal officials can be tried in these courts. This, to say the least of it, is a curious condition of affairs. No matter what outrages may be perpetrated upon postal officers anywhere in the Union, the perpetrators—if the local authorities choose to remain indifferent—cannot be brought to justice. If this isn't offering a premium to crime and violence, it is stupid impotence, and in either case, the situation is a disgraceful one to a law-abiding and order-loving people.

THE Sherman Presidential "boom" appears to have exhausted its force. Even in Ohio its momentum is gradually diminishing. Senator Blaine is apparently in the Secretary's own State the more popular man of the two. In his recent campaigning tour, the progress of the "gentleman from Maine" among the Buckeyes was marked by continuous ovations, tens of thousands of people assembling to hear him wherever he was announced to speak. In Iowa his reception was marked by the same demonstrations of enthusiasm. At Chariton, every street had arches and decorations in his honor, and the number present at the meeting which he addressed was estimated at 40,000, covering two acres of ground. Mr. Sherman has nowhere elicited demonstrations of enthusiasm at all approaching these popular manifestations in honor of Mr. Blaine, and yet the former is credited with being diligently at work as a Presidential candidate, while the latter has done nothing whatever in that direction. Indeed, Senator Blaine refuses utterly to discuss the subject of the Presidency in connection with himself, and there is some reason to believe that he proposes to maintain this attitude—leaving events to take their course without any attempts whatever to manipulate them in his interest. There is no doubt, however, that he is the most popular of all the Republican leaders, and should the effort to force General Grant into the field fail or be abandoned, no candidate in the next National Republican Convention will have greater national strength than the stalwart Senator from Maine.

THE foreign trade returns of New York for the month of September show the largest aggregate of both imports and exports in the history of the port. The total importations for the month amounted to $57,745,971, being $32,479,148 over last year, and $32,934,769 over 1877. The exports for the month amounted to $36,712,231, being $4,237,188 over 1878, and $6,074,800 over the previous year. Specie and bullion figure most prominently in the heavy gain in importations and amount to within $2,781,613 of the total value of the merchandise entries of all kinds; while in exports, grain shows the heaviest increase. The total importations from January 1st to the close of September, amounting to $278,001,719, show a gain of $20,232,833 as compared with the corresponding period of 1877. In the total value of merchandise and specie exported we have an increase of $32,778,856 compared with the same period of 1877, while compared with last year there is a decrease of $7,278,444. This falling off from last year occurred during the first six months, the total for the last quarter showing an excess of $4,444,615. The outward movement of merchandise promises to be very large henceforward, and the exports for the year will probably reach as high a table as those of 1878. The importation for the nine months just closed are $10,129,109 in excess of the exports, whereas for the corresponding period last year, the exports exceeded the imports by $45,100,000. The specie import for the month amounted to $27,482,179, of which $18,206,501 comes from Germany and France, $6,968,092 from England, and $2,307,796 from the West Indies and South America. In the importations for the nine months of the year, drygoods show an increase of $7,475,944 over 1877.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

IT is reported that James Redpath, the Lyceum manager, is at Jamaica, W. I.

FOREST-FIRES have done great damage in Ontario, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

THERE has been a reduction of $1,780,259 in the debt of Philadelphia during the past year.

GENERAL GRANT last week visited Portland and other points in Oregon, being everywhere warmly received.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has advised the colored voters of Virginia not to give their support to the debt repudiators.

THE trial of the Rev. Mr. Hayden for the murder of Mary Stannard, was commenced at New Haven, October 15th.

OF the entire number of refunding certificates issued, $26,898,700 have been converted into four per cent. bonds.

MANY of the striking spinners at Fall River, Mass., have returned to work, but many others have not yet been able to do so.

HENRY L. GUNN, suspected of having murdered his father at Bridgewater, Mass., last month, has been arrested in Boston and has confessed the crime.

A MEDICAL student named Nelson was shot dead at Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, October 14th, by a musket shot fired from the stage during a tableaux scene.

GENERAL WALKER, the Superintendent of the Census, has issued a circular for the purpose of interesting farmers in the compilation of agricultural statistics.

THE yellow fever deaths in Memphis still average three or four daily. There have been several deaths at Forest City, Ark.; business is suspended and the town deserted.

REV. WILLIAM R. WHITTINGHAM, Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, died at his Summer home in Orange, N. J., October 17th. He had been confined to to his house for nearly a year. He was 74 years of age.

MR. GEORGE PATTERSON, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, and ex-member of Congress for the Thirty-third District, died at his home at Westfield, October 14th, in the eightieth year of his age.

THE Apaches in the southern part of New Mexico are said to be committing serious depredations. Forty settlers are said to have been killed, and at last accounts the citizens at several points were still under arms.

ACTS of lawlessness are becoming common in the old Molly Maguire region of Pennsylvania. Last week a railroad train was attacked by roughs, and there have been frequent acts of incendiarism and personal violence.

THE quarterly circular of Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co. shows that, as compared with the corresponding period of 1878, the third quarter of 1879 exhibits a decrease of 1,591 in the number of business failures in the United States, and of $41,000,000 in the amount of liabilities.

THE estimated expenditures for the Post Office Department for the next fiscal year are $39,920,000. The revenues will be $32,210,000, leaving a deficiency to be provided for out of the general treasury of $7,710,000. The amount so provided for the current year was $5,451,376.10.

THE Treasurer of Evansville, Ind., denies that the city has abandoned its municipal organization in order to escape the payment of a judgment against it. He says the city credit is unimpaired, the municipal bonds commanding a premium, and that the city has never been more prosperous than now.

THE bodies of all or nearly all the white men employed at the White River Agency were found about the burned buildings by General Merritt's forces. It is believed that the women and children are safe, and that the influence of Chief Ouray will prevent any further fighting. General Merritt has scouted the country for fifty miles without finding any hostile Utes, and he believes they have distributed themselves among the various agencies. He has been ordered to withdraw his troops.

JOHN KELLY is addressing meetings of disaffected Democrats in the interior of New York. A State convention of colored men, held at Elmira, October 15th, indorsed the Republican State ticket.—Republican and Democratic meetings are held in this city nightly, and the canvass is hourly gaining in warmth and vigor.—The Massachusetts Greenback State Committee have placed the name of A. C. Woodworth on their ticket for Lieutenant-Governor, Wendell Phillips having declined to accept their nomination. Mr. Woodworth is also a candidate on the Butler ticket.

Foreign.

RUSSIA has reduced her force of sailors in the Black Sea to barely a thousand men.

SEVERAL French Mayors and Deputy-Mayors have been removed for attending Legitimist banquets.

PRINCESS LOUISE sailed from Quebec for England, October 17th, and will remain abroad until January.

NEGOTIATIONS on the Greek frontier question have been renewed under somewhat favorable indications.

IT is stated that Sir Garnet Wolseley will shortly receive the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Bath.

MADRID dispatches report an effort to build up a Liberal-Reform party with a programme as near as possible to the Constitution of 1869.

A DISPATCH from Berlin asserts that the Austro-Germany treaty of defensive alliance was signed by the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Germany last week.

A VIENNA dispatch says that snow fell there thickly, October 17th, to the depth of six inches. At Gratz, it was several feet deep. Such weather is unprecedented at this time of the year.

THE Spanish Minister of the Colonies has ordered the formation of a commission to examine into the causes of the insalubrity of the port of Havana and ascertain means to ameliorate the condition of the bay.

A NEW Ottoman Ministry has been formed, with Said Pasha as Grand Vizier and Mahmoud Nedim Pasha as Minister of the Interior. Meanwhile the Sultan remains stubbornly opposed to reforms such as would give Christians the same civil rights as Mohammedans enjoy.

IT is stated that the Belgian bishops have given supplementary instructions to the clergy not only to refuse absolution to teachers in the Communal schools, but also to publically refuse them sacraments. Not only are teachers excommunicated, but children receiving religious instruction from them are excluded from Lord communion.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 139.



BOSNIA.—AUSTRIAN TROOPS TAKING POSSESSION OF NOVI-BAZAR.



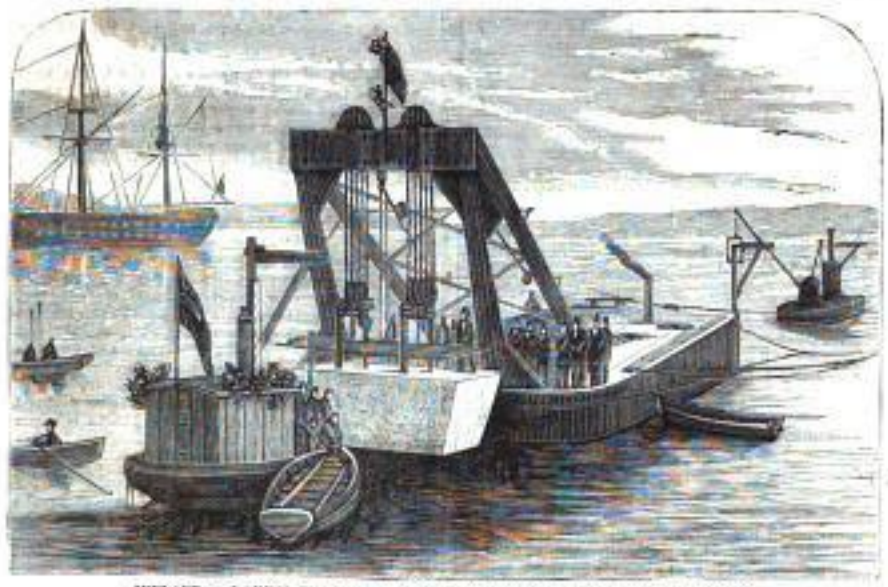
NORWAY.—NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE LYSE VALLEY, NEAR FREDERICKSHALD.



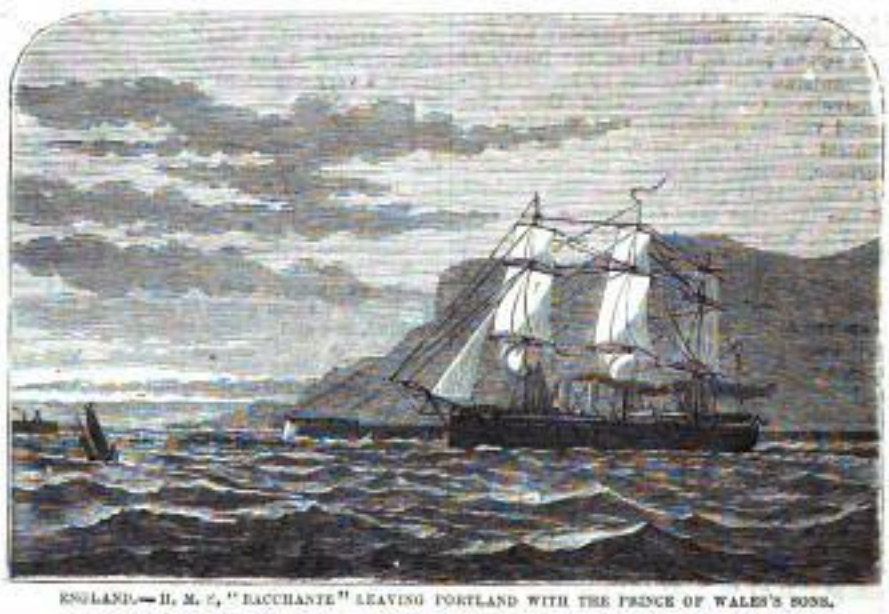
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE SURRENDER OF NATIVE TROOPS TO GENERAL WOLSELEY.



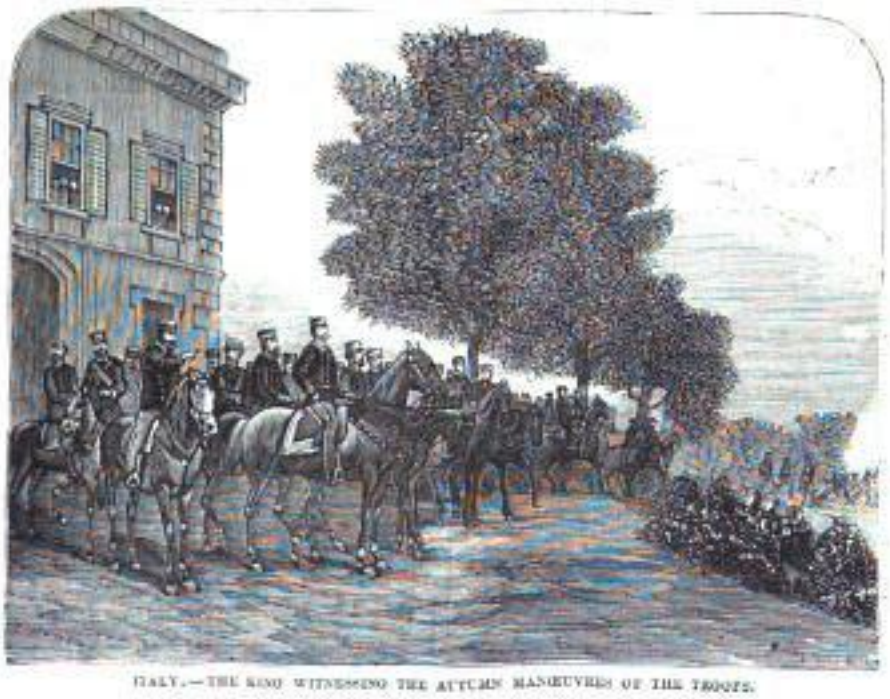
AUSTRALIA.—NEW INSANE ASYLUM NEAR SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



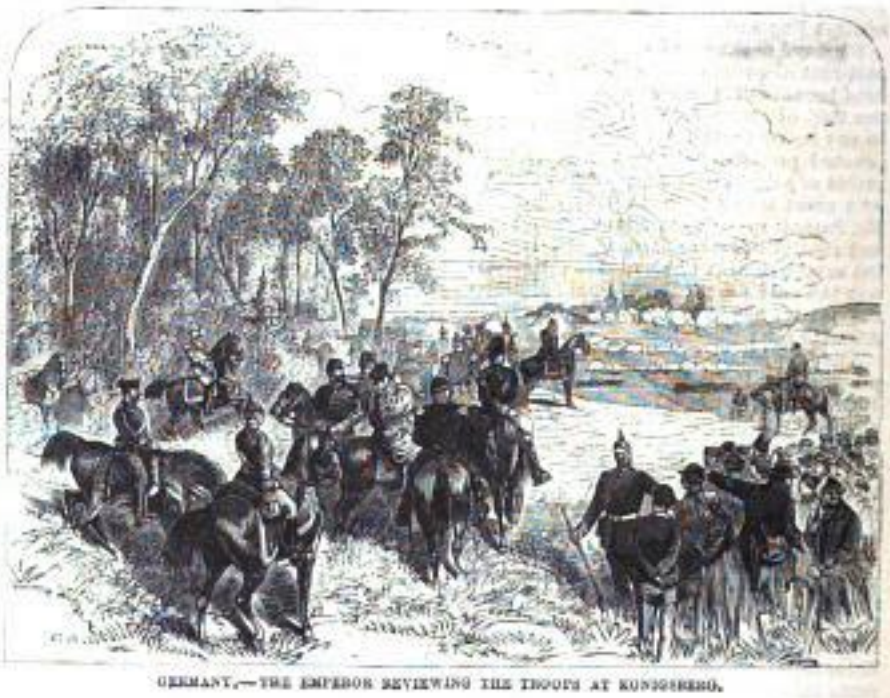
IRELAND.—LAYING THE FIRST BLOCK OF THE NEW QUAY AT QUEENSTOWN.



ENGLAND.—H. M. S. "BACCHANTE" LEAVING PORTLAND WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SONS.



ITALY.—THE KING WITNESSING THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES OF THE TROOPS.

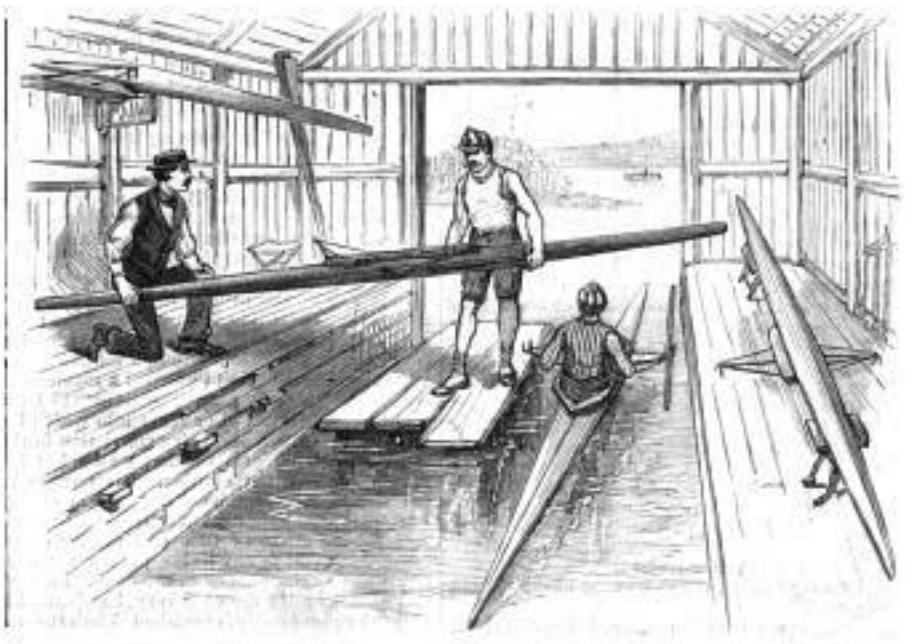


GERMANY.—THE EMPEROR REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT KONIGSBERG.

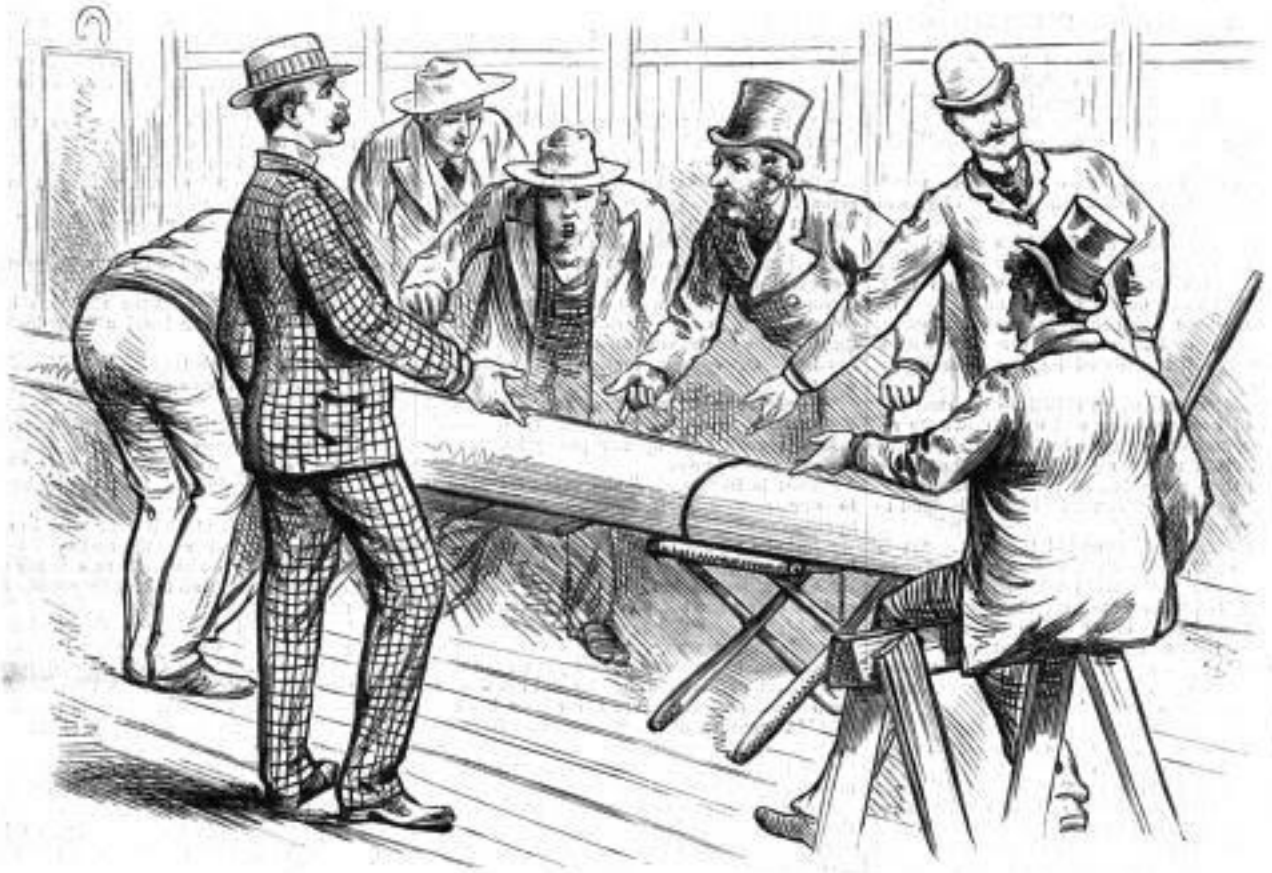
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VIEW OF COURTNEY'S BOAT-HOUSE FROM THE WATER.



INTERIOR OF COURTNEY'S BOAT-HOUSE.



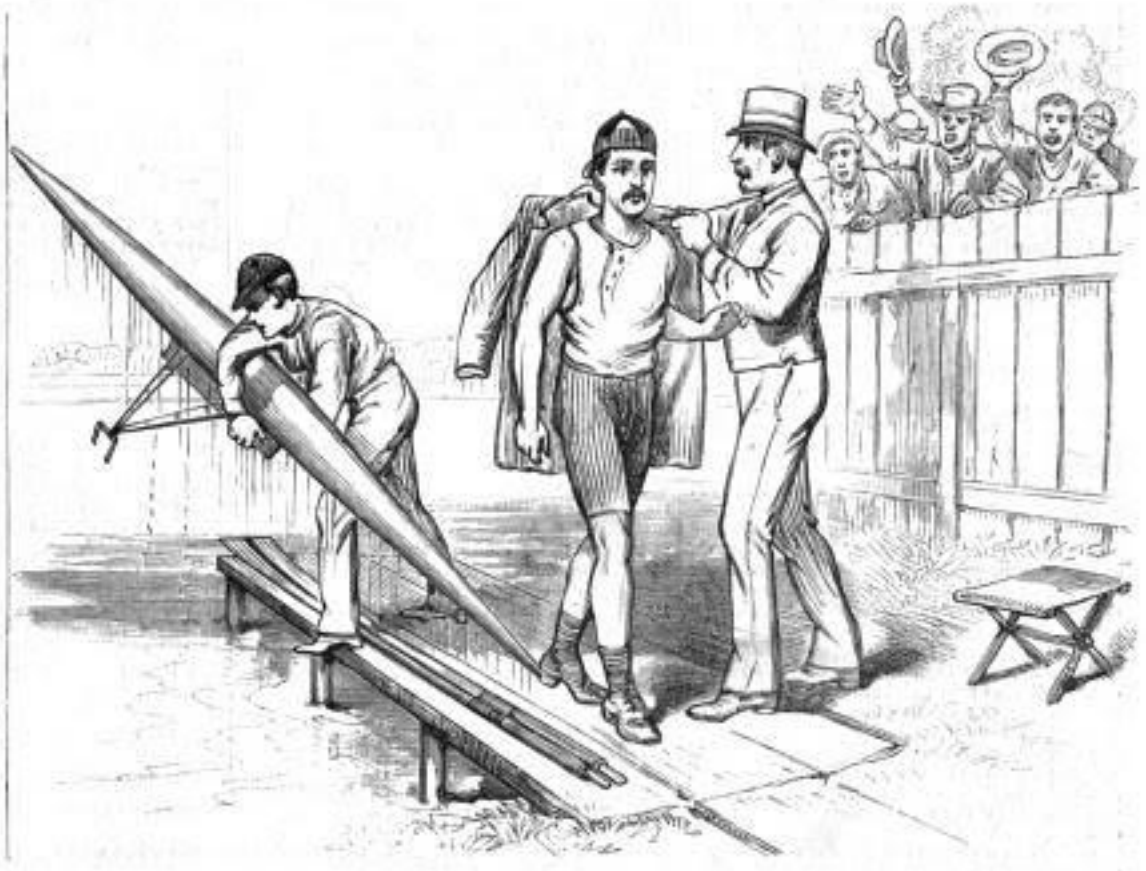
DISCOVERY OF THE MUTILATED BOATS.



"FRENCHY JOHNSON," COURTNEY'S TRAINER.



SCENE AT COURTNEY'S BOAT-HOUSE AFTER THE MUTILATION OF THE BOATS.



ARRIVAL OF HANLAN AT HIS BOAT-HOUSE AFTER THE RACE AGAINST TIME.

NEW YORK.—POSTPONEMENT OF THE GREAT BOAT-RACE BETWEEN COURTNEY AND HANLAN ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE—INCIDENTS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF COURTNEY'S SHELLS, OCTOBER 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.

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0795.

"EVERY man to his profession." Jammers believes in that sentiment now. There was a time when he did not believe in it, and a time also when he declared that a man was never too old to learn. But his game with "0795" taught him differently. It happened in this way:

After a sultry July night, not many years ago, Mr. Richard Jammers arose at dusky dawn for a tramp down the streets and through the park. As an elderly gentleman of fifty years, with money enough nicely invested to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life, he thought he could afford the luxury of fresh air and sunrise. To most people in cities these two items are luxuries; they are known to them only by legends, by hearsay testimony, and by stories written for good boys.

Jammers had forgotten this morning to put on his eyeglasses, and, consequently, as he crept gingerly down the broad stone steps of his house he failed to see, until he stepped upon it, the dead body of a man lying, face upwards, at the bottom of the steps. The arms of the deceased were stretched above his head, which lay against the stone edge of the bottom step.

"Bless my soul!" muttered Mr. Jammers. "What is this? What does it mean?"

At the first glance he saw only a shadow; but he knew that a shadow was not a material and soft and yielding to the feet. He was not alarmed, and kneeling down, saw in the dim light that the body was decently clothed, and that the face was not a bad one in features, though showing signs of dissipation. He also found that every pocket in the apparel of the deceased was turned inside out.

Did Mr Jammers, discovering these things, begin to shout for the police and thoughtlessly wake up everybody in the neighborhood, as most men would have done? Not at all. Apart from a philosophical composure which enhanced the dignity of his demeanor, he had, for several years, possessed the ambition of operating as an amateur detective. He really thought he had more analytical ability than was to be found in nine out of ten of policemen and detectives, and this faith in himself was strengthened by the adoption by the police authorities of theories he had advanced in several cases of mysterious crimes. It was a harmless if not a useful whim of the old gentleman, and one in which he could afford to indulge.

When he regained his composure after the first shock of his unpleasant discovery, Jammers felt a hilarity of spirits hard to describe. He regarded the unfortunate corpse before him as a bonanza, if the expression may be allowed. It was one of the grandest and happiest discoveries, professionally speaking, of his life. He recognized the possibilities of this mystery at his door-step and, resolving to utilize them, very calmly and quietly studied his subject.

The pockets turned out certainly meant robbery. Then he carefully and delicately manipulated the head. At the back of it he felt a soft spot, and a yielding of the skull to the touch. There was the cause of death. Robbery and murder, was his verdict. Of course the man was dragged there because there was no sign of a struggle on the walk or in the street, and there had been no outcry in the night, else he, awake nearly all the hours, would have heard it. Jammers lifted one of the hands to see whether it had been used to hard labor, but it was clinched. He tried to bend back the stiffened fingers, and discovered, pressed deeply into the palm by the long nails, a small, triangular piece of woolen goods, green in color, and about two inches in length, on each side. Extracting this after much effort, he found that two edges of the fragment were selvage and the third badly frayed, as if violently severed from the main piece. He saw the material was woolen and with a ribbed surface loosely woven. Putting these points together, he made up his mind that the fragment had been torn from a shawl worn by a woman, and that that woman had something to do with the violent death of the man.

"Very good!" said Mr. Jammers, to himself. "The question now is, who is the woman? Also, who is the man?"

The mystery was a captivating one, possessing all the elements of crime calculated to confuse the mind and baffle skill. In his hand Mr. Jammers held the only apparent clew to the perpetrator of the deed. He resolved to keep that clew, and to undertake the pursuit of the criminal. This determination being made, Mr. Jammers reported his discovery to the police and calmly proceeded upon his walk, refusing to permit his nerves to be unstrung by even so solemn an affair as a dead man at his door.

The little choristers of the city trees and roads twittered and caroled in the quaint and dainty way that marks the metropolitan birds; the dawn was filmed with smoke; the sun uprose with a face as tawny as a Moor's, and the droning hum of life made the air quake with its heavy volume of sound; but Jammers walked like one in a dream, his head bent down and his brain quickening with plans for the tracing out of the crime, the victim of which had been placed at his own door. He felt that Jammers, in his ordinary character, was not a man to be despised; but, better yet, Jammers, in the rôle of a triumphant detective, would become the admiration of a city, if not of a continent.

There was a clear field left for the amateur detective. The post-mortem examination revealed a fractured skull, which was fatal, and a complication of diseases of the vital organs which might also have produced death. It was also discovered, without trouble, that the man had no friends; that he was, apparently, one of those "unknown" beings who are born and die without any one being made the gladder and few the sadder thereby. His body, when the jury were done with it, was bundled off to a medical college, and had the fate accorded to the generality of dead unknowns. The police dismissed the case with celerity, as they were not stimulated by that professional zeal which principally depends on offers of rewards. Thus it came about, with no exertion on his part, that Mr. Jammers was left to prosecute his inquiries without fear of interference on the part of those whose legal duty it was to secure retribution for the dead as much as it was to protect the living.

But Mr. Jammers discovered, in the course of a few days, the radical difference between theory and execution. He had nothing upon which to base operations save a rag, and a small rag at that. In a city of a million souls, where could he begin to unravel a mystery to which the clew was so insignificant? How should he find a shawl or scarf into which his fragment should fit and bring conviction to the criminal? He kept a vigilant watch, but his efforts availed him nothing. His powers of analysis were ridiculously fruitless in everything but disappointments. Mrs. Jammers ridiculed his waste of time on a matter of no earthly interest to any living person, and certainly of no consequence to the dead. Finally, three weeks after the discovery, he pinned his heretofore carefully cherished cloth to his bookcase and abandoned the search.

A week passed. Early one afternoon Jammers came home. A strange housemaid was rubbing down, in a chary manner, with soap and water, the woodwork of his library. An involuntary glance at the spot where the rag had been pinned showed that it was gone. He sought his wife.

"Mrs. Jammers," he spurted out, "my snuggery is being interfered with."

"Yes—washed. It needed it badly," observed his wife, sententiously.

"It's against my orders and wishes," said the husband.

"Men don't appreciate cleanliness as much as they ought," remarked the lady. "The room was very dirty, Richard."

"I don't care if it was," and his voice began to be sharp in tone. "This new girl doesn't understand matters. The rag which I took from that dead man's hand is missing. The careless thing has probably thrown it away. I want it," and he stamped the floor with a vehemence that showed he was thoroughly enraged.

Mrs Jammers quietly rolled up the stocking she had been mending and went down-stairs. In a second she returned with the cherished bit of cloth rolled up until it was but little larger than a good-sized pen. Jammers unrolled it. From green it had been changed to a dingy white color.

"Pure idiocy!" growled the man. "It is utterly spoiled. How can such a thing ever be fitted to the piece from which it was torn? It can't. If I were to put my hand this minute upon the shawl—but what is this?" he exclaimed, with a sudden change of subject and tone of voice, and nervously mounting his eye-glasses upon his nose. "See here, Jane! Look! What is that?"

Jane put on her glasses and gazed.

"0-7-9-5—0795. What is there remarkable about those figures?" she asked.

"What is there remarkable about them?" he inquired, in an absent-minded way. "Why, the fact that they're there." He sat down and studied them in silence for fully five minutes. "Jane," he cried, "I believe I have a clew."

She laughed, and he put the remnant in his pocket. There was not another word spoken about the matter that evening. His wife thought she understood him, and he was sure he understood her, and, as a result, each concluded that silence upon the matter would be wisdom.

"We never number our jobs in that way," said De Long, the dyer and cleaner, the next morning, to Mr. Jammers. "We tag our goods. Old Ferriott, on Washington Street, is the only man I ever knew that did it. But he's old fogyish. No trouble at all, Mr. Jammers, not a bit. Good-morning."

Mr. Ferriott is a crotchety, surly old man. He treats Mr. Jammers, at first, very churlishly, and says—perhaps he does and perhaps he doesn't mark his goods with figures. Mr. Jammers puts down a five-dollar bill on the counter, and says the information will be worth that much to him. Whereupon Ferriott thaws out and becomes communicative, and remarks that up to within a few months he has numbered his jobs.

"Will you be so kind, then, Mr. Ferriott, as to tell me what sort of a job was number 0795, and who it was done for?" inquired Jammers.

Mr. Ferriott brings out several ragged volumes of order books, and hunting through them finds, at last, the following, which, as he reads it aloud, is taken down by Mr. Jammers.

"0795—Mrs Alvord, 611 Johnson Place. Light-red shawl to be dyed dark green as per sample. To be ready by November 2d. Date of receipt, October 25th. Delivered, November 8th."

"That was last year," said the dyer. "Mrs. Alvord is the wife of a rich commission merchant. I've done lots of work for her in the last three years."

Jammers tumbled in his pocketbook and brought forth his cherished fragment.

"Were those figures made by you?" he asked, pointing to the numerals on the cloth.

After a long study Ferriott raises his head.

"They are mine. I will swear to them," he says. "No one ever made a 7 like mine."

"Then that rag there is a piece of the shawl you dyed for Mrs. Alvord last November? You believe it to be that?"

"I do. It is scarcely possible that I am mistaken."

"Good!" observes Jammers. "That is information worth all it cost me. Good-day!" and tucking his cloth in his portemonnaie, he passed out of the shop just as Ferriott was getting ready to interrogate him as to his reasons for wanting to know these various things.

It being early in the afternoon, Mr. Jammers, elated with his discoveries, began the journey to the house of Mrs. Alvord. It would be difficult to express his feelings as he walked briskly along the street. He was confident that he had found the trail to the murderer; and it seemed to him, in the flush of this revelation, as if Mrs. Alvord were the criminal. If so, there was, of course, a scandal; and if a scandal, so much the better for the reputation of Richard Jammers, for nothing explosive makes a louder or a longer report than one of these huge pieces of the artillery of society. Jammers's imagination was a lively one, and he had become badly entangled in a maze of suppositions, of which the lady was always the central figure, when, raising his eyes he saw that he had reached his destination. The house was a handsome, three-story brick dwelling, with every indication of being occupied by people of wealth and culture; and the would-be detective suddenly felt ashamed of the errand which had brought him there. It did not seem probable that such people would be guilty of so vulgar an affair as the murder, in a distant part of the city, of a vulgar-appearing man. And when Mrs. Alvord came into the elegant parlor he was sure he had committed a grievous error. She was fat and jolly; and what murderess was ever possessed of those attributes of person? Jammers metaphorically "threw up his hands" and surrendered. Still he managed to blunder along so as to state that he had called to inquire about a shawl, describing it as Ferriott had reported it to him.

"A green shawl, you say, formerly light-red? Dyed at Ferriott's?" Mrs. Alvord inquired, after brief meditation.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you want to know what I did with it?"

"If you please."

"Yes? Well, sir, I never had such a shawl."

"But Ferriott said you had it dyed there," remarked Jammers, excitedly. "His books show it had been there."

"Then both are mistaken." She began to laugh, however, in a way that made Mr. Jammers feel uncomfortable, it had such a tone of tormenting triumph about it. "My little boy, Georgie, though," she continued, "had a neck-scarf of the color you mention, and Ferriott dyed it. Of course, that is not what you want."

"I am sure it is," exclaimed Jammers; "and if you'll let me see it for a moment, I can——"

Mrs. Alvord held up her pudgy hands as if to command silence.

"That is impossible," she said; "I gave it to our second girl, Hannah Stevens, last Spring."

"But she would show it to me if you asked her," he suggested.

"Undoubtedly; but she left me last July, and I haven't the remotest idea where she has gone."

Mr. Jammers was speechless with rage at the idea of being so near and yet so far from the object of his search. He did not dare to even look at Mrs. Alvord, for fear his face would reveal his feelings. She arose from her seat.

"If there is nothing more," she said, "I must beg you to excuse me."

"Just a question or two more, madam. Was this girl married?"

"I believe not. I never knew that she was."

"And you don't know where I can find her?"

"No, sir."

"Will you describe her to me?"

"Certainly. She was of medium height, spare, and with black hair and eyes; her nose was broken, her mouth large; there was a mole on her right cheek; she walked with a slight limp; and, most marked peculiarity of all, she had a habit of quickly turning her head and looking backward over her left shoulder; she is about twenty-eight years old. There! You ought to recognize her from that description."

"I am sure I can," said Jammers, "and I'm greatly obliged to you."

"One moment, please," the woman remarked. "Let me do some asking! Why have you asked me those questions? Why have you come to me?"

"Well, there's been a—that is, somebody is wanted—I mean to say that I guess there's a little fortune awaiting for this girl, and I'm sent out to trace her up."

"By that scarf?"

"By that scarf," echoed the man.

"I believe you are telling me a falsehood," said Mrs. Alvord, in a tone of voice that showed anger. "Janet, show this gentleman to the door. I regret that you have not been as frank with me as I was with you." With that the ordinarily good-natured woman turned away, stopping to send after him the hope that he would not be able to find the girl.

Mr. Jammers wended his way home with feelings of chagrin. An hour before he had been certain that he was on the way to success. It did not seem possible to him, then, that he could fail of securing definite knowledge of the criminal for whom he was looking. Yet here he was, walking gloomily away and more confused than ever as to plans for pursuit. The old gentleman was, in his self-conceit, unsparing in his denunciations of his bad luck. Everything seemed against him; and by the time he turned the corner to his house he had about made up his mind to abandon the case as one without chance of profit or of renown.

But what was this? As he arrived within two hundred feet of his home a woman, neatly dressed, came out of the basement-door and went down the pavement ahead of him. He saw that it was not his wife. He knew that none of her acquaintances would leave the house by that door. Who was she, then? Scarcely had the question been formed in his mind when the woman, with a quick, nervous turn of her head, looked backward over her shoulder. Instantly he recalled the description given by Mrs. Alvord of Hannah Stevens. Another look, and he saw that she walked with a slight limp. That made him sure of his game. He increased his pace to overtake her, and, in his near-sightedness, almost walked over his wife who had descended the steps to meet him.

"Jane, Jane!" he cried, catching her arm and his breath at the same time, "who is that woman, there, just this side of the corner? See? She came out of the house not a minute ago."

Mrs. Jammers regarded her husband with a look of indignant surprise.

"Are you crazy, Richard Jammers?" she cried, catching him by the arm. "What do you mean by all this nonsense? That woman you're racing after, why—it's Nora, our servant-girl! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Jammers, running after her? I'm ashamed of you."

Mr. Jammers sat down on the lower step, just where the dead man had fallen, and held his head dolorously in his hands.

"You're foolish, Jane," he said, "to think I was skylarking after that girl. I was pursuing her, but because I think she killed the man who was found here at this very spot where my feet rest."

Mrs. Jammers moved away; the reminiscence was unpleasant. Her husband continued:

"I've been on the trail all day," he said, "and have made discoveries. I say that woman knows something about that dead man. You can prove it, Jane. Go to her room, search it, and, as I sit here, I believe you will find a neckscarf of a green color, with one of the corners missing. That corner is in my pocket."

"Oh, Richard! This business has turned your mind," cried his wife.

"Go!" was all he replied.

"What will become of me, with you in an insane asylum?" she moaned.

"Bosh! I will go if you are afraid," and he began to ascend the steps.

"Wait," she said. "I will humor you. I will make the search."

In less than three minutes she was back again. She had in her hand a dirty-looking green rag.

"It was behind her trunk," said Mrs. Jammers. "She used it as a duster, I think. Poor girl!"

Jammers whipped out his fragment. It matched the missing corner.

"It is the scarf," was his verdict. "There can be but one conclusion—that the girl knows about this murder."

"Hadn't we better talk it over with her before you go any further in the matter?" asked Mrs. Jammers. "Perhaps there's a mistake or an explanation. Don't be hasty with her, Richard."

Richard agreed with her on this, and when Nora returned she was summoned before this tribunal of two. At a glance Mr. Jammers saw how accurately her face corresponded with Mrs. Alvord's sketch. He did not know how to begin the trial. At last he said:

"Is this your scarf, Nora?"

She answered "Yes" promptly, remarking that she had used it as a dusting-cloth, and did not know that she had left it lying around.

"Tell me," continued Jammers, "just how the corner of it was torn off one night last July."

He rather expected something startling would follow this question; that the girl would faint, or deny knowledge of any violence; but she did nothing of the kind. She looked him squarely in the face and said:

"My husband tore it off when he was drunk—one night last July."

"Hum! Ha! And where is your husband, Nora?" he continued.

"I don't know, sir. I have not seen him since that time, and I don't want to see him again." There were shifting lines of weakness about her mouth, and her breath came and went a little faster than usual.

"Mrs. Alvord said your name was Hannah—Hannah Stevens."

"So it is, by rights."

"And that you were not married," said Jammers, his voice growing more and more kindly.

"I didn't. I couldn't tell her the truth, sir. We poor folks, like the rich, have our shames and our sorrows that we keep to ourselves. I daren't tell Mrs. Alvord how foolish I'd been. I've told nobody the secret." The tears were welling up into her eyes, and rolling down her cheeks.

"Tell us about it Nora, or Hannah. It may save you trouble," said Mrs. Jammers. "Besides it will be a relief to you."

"It isn't much of a story, ma'am. I'd known the man for years and thought him a steady, fair-hearted fellow. We just went off and got married, saying nothing about it, so as to keep our places a little while longer. But I made a mistake—I made a mistake. He was a hard drinker, and, almost before I knew it, had got all my savings on one excuse or another, and drank or gambled them away. Then I told him I'd have nothing more to do with him. And I didn't, that is, until that July night I've spoken of. I was at my cousin's, then, in the next block. I don't know how he found me, but he came there at midnight, when we were all sitting on the steps for fresh air, and got me to walk around the block with him. He kept teasing me all the time to go live with him. And I said I wouldn't. Then all of a sudden he struck me, and grabbed at my breastpin and tried to pull it off. As I broke away from him he caught the scarf on my head and took a bit of it off in his hand, the corner of it, ma'am. I ran away. I looked around once, when I was two hundred feet away."

There was a silence. The girl had closed

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her eyes. Jammers, his hands in his pockets, was studying the sole of one of his boots as the leg rested across his knee. Mrs. Jammers was watching the woman.

"And what did you see—anything terrible?" asked the man, getting upon his feet.

"No, nothing terrible. I only saw him throw up his arms and fall down. He must have been in front of this house, I think. He was drunk, and I didn't love him enough to dare to go back. I was only too glad to get away and stay away. As I said, I haven't seen him since that night, and I hope he'll leave me alone for ever."

She spoke the last words as if it were a prayer to heaven.

"Have no fears, Hannah," said Mr. Jammers. "He will leave you alone for ever. Jane, you can explain the rest." With that he walked out of the room.

"I'll take her word for it all. The woman does not lie," he remarked to himself, rolling the scrap of cloth into a little ball and tossing it out of the window. "I'll drop the matter right here and now. It promised a great deal, but I'm glad it ends in this innocent way. The secret is with Jane and me, and I guess we can keep it. It's odd, though, how I traced out that '0795.' I was born for a detective, but I've had enough of it. Hannah is safe."

COURTNEY-HANLAN.

HANLAN, SCULLING ALONE, MAKES THE BEST TIME ON RECORD.

GREAT were the expectations raised in advance of the sculling-race arranged, after much difficulty, between the famous oarsmen Courtney and Hanlan, and most intense was the disappointment at the result. The time set was Thursday, October 16th; the pecuniary consideration was a purse of $6,000. Chautauqua Lake was the spot, two and a half miles and return the distance. For two days sportsmen poured into Mayaville, overflowing its accommodations and raising the price of board to twelve dollars per day.

At early morn on the 16th everything was favorable for a grand contest, as far as the public was aware. But an occurrence had been discovered that was well calculated to create a sensation and spread it from one end of the world to the other. At eight o'clock on Wednesday night, Bob Larmon, Courtney's nephew, and Burt Brown, returned to the boathouse after a stroll in the village, intending to keep guard over the racing-shells during the night. They found that the river door had been forced open, and that both boats had been cut beyond repair with a saw. The working-shell was cut entirely through, six feet four inches from the stern, while the one in which the race was to be made was cut two-thirds through, twelve feet ten inches from the bow. It was noticed in each case that the gashes were cut in sections of the boat exactly opposite to cracks in the side walls of the building. These cracks were so large that through them a saw might have easily been introduced and worked. The discovery was kept a secret from Courtney until the morning of the race. As soon as it was made public, the wildest excitement ensued, though for a time no one seemed to believe the report. Both Courtney's boathouse and his boarding-house were surrounded by frantic crowds. Mr. Blakie, the referee, hastened to Courtney to see what could be done. Courtney, after a long and earnest conversation with James Brister, his backer, empowered that gentleman to make certain proposals to Hanlan.

The meeting was arranged to take place within an hour in Hanlan's quarters in the village. Here Mr. Blakie, Mr. Brister, and one of the judges were met by Hanlan and his backers, Messrs. Ward and Davis, and his trainer, Sam Coulson. Davis expressed the utmost concern at hearing of the mishap to Courtney's boats, and immediately offered to allow him his choice of the three in Hanlan's boathouse, but Brister would not accept this offer. Brister then asked that the race be postponed for two weeks, but Davis refused to entertain that proposition. Then Brister asked if they would agree to a postponement till Saturday following, and Blakie asked them as a favor to him to name Monday instead. Davis said that he would agree to either of these propositions if Brister would make them unconditionally and agree that his man should certainly row on either of those days, weather permitting. Brister said his man would row if he could get a boat in that time, and Davis said that he certainly could do so, either from his home or from Troy. But Brister answered that he would not bind himself to anything for any date short of one or two weeks distant. Davis replied, very decisively: "Then the race must be rowed to-day. Our man will be at the starting line on time, and if yours is not, so much the worse for him."

Failing to induce Courtney to use another boat, the referee, judges, timekeepers, and members of the press went out to Hanlan's boathouse, where the Canadian was found all rigged out and ready for the start. At 5:16 P. M., after clearing the course, the word was given. Hanlan started alone amid cheers, rowing at the rate of thirty-two strokes to the minute, which was only slightly varied throughout the race. He rowed the five miles in 32min. 56½sec. On the boat Mr. Blakie requested Mr. Charles M. Calvin to act as judge for Courtney, which he assented to, and at the close of the race declared Hanlan the winner of the race and purse. The time made by Hanlan is the best by 1min. 14½sec. ever made in a five-mile sculling match.

On the 17th Hanlan, accompanied by Mr. Davis, called on the referee and received from him an order for $6,000, the amount of the prize. Mr. Soule will contest its payment, having openly declared that he will spend $10,000 contesting it before it shall be paid, unless rowed for by the two men, according to the agreement.

THE ELEVATED RAILROAD EXTENSION.

THE extension of the system of elevated railroad to High Bridge will inevitably entirely change, in a few years, the appearance of the upper portion of New York City. It was only a few years ago when the prospects for rapid transit looked dull enough, but to-day there are three lines in active operation, and the fourth will soon be finished.

It required great faith on the part of the promoters of this enterprise, and their faith had to be backed up with their money—but they solved the problem, and the fast trains that now run from the Battery into the fields above Central Park carry millions of passengers during the year.

The road passes in full view of Central Park on the one side and the elegant residences that skirt the shore of the Hudson on the other, and occasionally a glimpse of the noble river itself is caught. Amongst the buildings thus passed are the Convent of the Sacred Heart, the Leak and Watts Orphan Asylum, the De Puyster mansion, Elm Park, the Lion Park Brewery, and other points of interest. Our present illustration is on Eighth Avenue, looking north from One Hundred and Tenth Street, at a point where the rails have been laid at the highest altitude on the entire route.

Great difficulties have been overcome in building the upper portion of the road, both on the west and east sides. The foundations for the columns were designed originally by the civil engineers to be eight feet square and to consist of brick and cement at the bottom, afterwards a capping of blue stone, and finally an iron socket at the surface of the ground, into which the upright iron column should be fitted. But in digging the holes for the foundations, two classes of obstacles were found. The first was low and marshy ground and sometimes hidden springs, and the second was the sewers, the gas pipes, and the Croton mains.

When marshy grounds, or those containing quicksands, were found, then the laborers had to dig until they found a solid foundation. The deepest hole dug was in Third Avenue, just below the old Bull's Head Hotel, at One Hundred and Second Street. In digging far below the surface there it was seen that the water that is found almost ebbs and flows with the tide. A dozen holes that the workmen dug for the foundations were so deep that they were boarded up like wells, in order that the workmen might safely dig deeper. In one of the excavations a spring was found running from the heart of the hill above. A steam pump was employed, and the spring water was pumped out, while the laborers delved deeper. The water of the spring was finally conducted into a sewer across Third Avenue. Gravel and cement were filled in, piles were driven, and the finishing brickwork was laid.

On the Second Avenue road, at Ninety-eighth Street, and also at One Hundred and Eighth Street, the column was to be built exactly over the middle of a large sewer. The sewer could not be turned aside, and the place for the column could not be changed; so the engineer invented a plan whereby the cement should be laid underneath the sewer, while the sewer itself should run through the brick foundation by means of an arch at One Hundred and Eighth Street, and at Ninety-eighth Street by the use of iron beams in the shape of a letter I.

One of the most difficult problems for the engineer to solve was how to establish a solid foundation for a column in the centre of One Hundred and Eighth Street, on the west side of Second Avenue. In the excavation was a network of pipes. There were three sewers, one being the main sewer of the avenue and the others house-sewers emptying into the main sewer at the exact spot where the place for the column had been pointed out; and, in addition to these, a thirty-inch gas pipe had been raised at that point to pass over the sewers, and a twelve-inch and an eight-inch Croton water-pipe united in complicating the tangle. The pipes and sewers could not be moved. The ground was marshy. First, sixty-two piles were driven, and then the whole cavity was filled to the top with cement, making the whole a solid mass. On this was laid brickwork and thereon the foundation was made. The iron base-casting was made to cover the entire surface of the foundation, in order that the pressure above might be equally distributed. The casting is 21 feet long and 19 feet wide.

The following facts will be interesting: The Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company was organized under the Rapid Transit Law, and now operates both elevated roads; the leasing of the Metropolitan and the New York Elevated Railroads actually took place on January 31st last, but the leases were not signed until May 20th, which date the documents bear; prior to that the Manhattan Company had no road; it had some paid-in capital at the time of the leasing of the roads; the amount called for by the terms of the lease was $13,000,000, equally divided between the Metropolitan and the New York Companies. The capital stock of the New York Elevated Railroad Company is $6,500,000, and its bonded indebtedness $8,500,000. It has yet the right to build north of the Harlem River, and in the event of that being determined upon, the New York Elevated Railroad Company will furnish the money to the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company. Under a similar arrangement the Manhattan Company is extending the line of the Metropolitan. The Manhattan Company has not issued any bonds, nor does it contemplate the issue of any; under the original articles of the association its capital stock was to be $2,000,000; it was increased last Spring; the amount paid in, as called for by the Rapid Transit Act, is five per cent., or $100,000. The whole capital stock of the Metropolitan is represented now by $15,000,000 of built road; the actual cost per mile was $600,000; the cars cost $3,400 each, and the engines an average of $5,000 or $5,200; the road has 50 engines and 150 cars.

The following is a comparative statement of the traffic and average fares on the three lines for the quarter ending September 30th:

	Passengers.	Revenue.	Average Fares.
Third Avenue.....	6,030,924	$513,854 65	7.41
Ninth Avenue.....	919,487	64,833.10	7.15
Sixth Avenue.....	4,156,845	327,305 45	7.88
Total.....	12,012,956	$906,992.60	7.55

When all the different lines are completed, then will the full benefit of the Elevated Road system become apparent. But, even now, it is a wonderful thing for a man living in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to get to his office in Wall Street in less than three-quarters of an hour at a cost of ten cents.

Improvements in Rome.

DURING the past ten years the improvements in the streets and buildings of ancient Rome have been very great. New arrangements have recently been made or other important changes, and the State will contribute towards them the sum of 40,000,000 francs. A palace of justice will cost, it is said, 6,000,000, an academy of science and certain museums 3,000,000, while 7,000,000 are assigned for a "policlinico," and barracks are to be built for two infantry regiments and two regiments of cavalry and artillery at a total cost of 4,000,000 francs. Among other reports is one that the vast Capuchin Convent, near the famous Capuchin Cemetery, in the Piazzi Barberini, will be converted into a military hospital. Then it is said that the ancient Flaminian Way, lately ruined for pedestrians by the street cars, will be widened into a promenade. Two new bridges are to be built over the Tiber—and these are certainly much needed—at a cost of 1,500,000 francs. The work on the Tiber embankment goes on, and the present ugly opera house will be removed to make way for it. Three millions are set apart for a palace in which shall be given exhibitions of the fine arts. Schools, streets and theatres will be opened in the Prati del Pisatello. A correspondent of the *Globe* of London, who gives these facts, adds that the projected improvements are not mere projects, but will soon be realities. When they are completed Rome, he adds, "will be one of the most magnificent capitals in Europe."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Austrians in Novi-Bazar.

On the 8th of September last the first detachment of the army of occupation, which, by the Treaty of Berlin, Austria was obliged to send into Bosnia, entered Novi-Bazar, under the command of the Duke of Wurtemburg. Six days later a body of 17,000 men followed, the Mohammedan populace keeping quiet in consequence of orders from the Sultan, who is still the sovereign of Bosnia but not allowed to keep soldiers in that province. The Austrians fortify all the places occupied by them, on account of the bitter hatred of the Mohammedan Bosnians.

New Viaduct over the Lyse Valley.

On the 24th of June the railroad between Göteborg and Christiania, in Norway, was opened, just five years after the first rail was laid. The bridge over the Lyse Valley, near the Fortress Frederickshald, where, on November 30th, 1718, King Charles XII of Sweden was killed, is one of the finest railroad bridges in the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway. It is 750 feet long and 100 feet above the little river flowing underneath. At the opening of the railroad, King Oscar of Sweden and Norway was present with all his family and delivered a very patriotic speech.

Surrender of Zulu Chiefs to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

On August 14th a very important meeting took place. The King's Prime Minister, Mnyamana, Cetewayo's two brothers, Sukani and Umgalana, together with Tshingwayo, a great friend of the King, and a brave and able general of the Zulu army, together with 150 smaller chiefs, presented themselves at the headquarter camp to surrender and sue for peace with Sir Garnet Wolseley. At first they hesitated to come in, but after some persuasion from John Dunn, who went out a considerable distance unarmed to meet them, they were induced to do so, and moreover brought 600 head of cattle with them. The Zulus seated themselves on the ground, while Mr. John Dunn, Mr. Shepstone, General Colley, Colonel Brackenbury, and Bishop Shroeder, the Norwegian missionary, and others sat opposite to them. Sir Garnet Wolseley and his two aides-de-camp taking up their position close to the flagstaff between the captured guns. They were told that they must bring more cattle, and that the King must be given up, but that they should meet with consideration and protection provided that the five principal chiefs remained in camp as a guarantee of good faith, the others meanwhile being allowed to return to their kraals. To these terms they consented, and took up their quarters at John Dunn's camp, and the meeting terminated.

New Insane Asylum near Sydney, Australia.

This fine structure, located at Callan Park, near Sydney, will, when completed, be a durable monument to the sympathy and compassionate regard of the people of New South Wales for their afflicted brethren. The Callan Park estate includes an area of a little more than 100 acres. The site of the hospital is about three and a half miles from Sydney, and is approached from the Parramatta and Balmain roads, to which latter it has a considerable frontage, as also to Iron Cove Creek, an arm of the harbor of Port Jackson. It commands magnificent panoramic views of the Parramatta River, which is dotted with Spectacle, Cockatoo and Goat Islands, and of the reaches of water which run up between the indentations of the northern shore of the river. Hunter's Hill and other suburbs give variety to a very charming landscape, in which forest and water views are so happily combined; and the western horizon is bounded by the Blue Mountains. The accommodation for patients is in two divisions—one for males and one for females—separated by the central and administrative offices. An equal number of each sex is provided for, and the arrangements for each are similar in all essential points.

New Deep-water Quay at Queenstown.

The ceremony of lowering the first block of concrete for the new deep-water quay at Queenstown was performed on September 4th, by the Mayor of Cork, in the name of the Cork Harbor Commissioners. The quay will be 600 feet long and 40 feet wide, and the cost is estimated at £30,000. The Mayor and his attendant officials went down the river in a steamer, and on reaching the harbor went on board the "sheers," and having given orders for the block to be lowered, smashed a bottle of brandy upon it just before its disappearance below the surface, and asked all present to join with him in praying for God's blessing upon the undertaking. The steam machinery worked very smoothly, and notwithstanding its great weight, the block was quickly and safely lowered to its destination, and placed in its position by divers.

Royalty at Sea.

H.M.S. *Bacchante*, which was commissioned in July last for the round-the-world cruise of the two sons of the Prince of Wales, sailed from Portland Harbor on September 5th, under command of Captain Lord Charles Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch. Her horse-power is 5,250 indicated; and her weight, now that she is fully equipped, is 4,100 tons. The extreme length between perpendiculars is 280 feet, extreme breadth, 45 feet; depth in hold, 15 feet 7 inches; draft of water forward, 20 feet 7 inches, and draft of water aft, 23 feet 3 inches. Her first stoppages on the present cruise will be at the leading Mediterranean ports.

Review of German Troops by the Emperor.

During his stay in East Prussia, in the beginning of September, the German Emperor held, as usual, a review of the troops occupying that part of Germany, and attended at a splendid manœuvre of three days' duration in the neighborhood of Konigsberg. By special invitation of the Emperor, distinguished officers of the different armies of the Continent were invited to this manœuvre, which turned out to be a very splendid military affair. A grand dinner given in the palace at Konigsberg by His Majesty to the invited guests and to the officers of the regiments who form the garrison of Konigsberg ended the military festivities.

Manœuvres of the Italian Army.

During the past Summer there have been a series of grand manœuvres and reviews of the Italian Army by King Humbert and his staff, with the double object of making a fine military display and fully making known the precise degree of strength of the armies of United Italy. The Summer manœuvres were of the first corps only. During this Autumn additional manœuvres and reviews have been held. The time extended from the 27th of August to the 11th of September, and it was divided into three periods—August 27th to 30th, August 31st to September 7th, and September 7th to 11th. Each of these periods were occupied by different manœuvres and under the command of different officers. The King was present on the 2d, 4th and 6th of September, accompanied by his Cabinet. The first period was occupied by marching manœuvres, by brigades and by divisions, mock battles, etc. The corps was divided into two divisions, one commanded by General Dezza, the other by General Quaglia. In the second period, the two divisions represented two armies, General Dezza commanding that of the North, and General Quaglia that of the South. In the third period, every variety of exercise and evolution left unused in the two previous periods was gone through with, in infantry, cavalry and artillery, each against the other and combined in various ways. Many foreign generals and commanders witnessed the reviews, which were eminently successful in every respect.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Sultan of Turkey has ordered the disbandment of 90,000 of his regular troops.

—SEVERAL shocks of earthquake have occurred recently in Southern Hungary and Servia.

—THE St. Gothard tunnel will be finished by the beginning of December. Its length will be 14,920 metres.

—IT is estimated that over 150,000 miles of wire fence have been constructed since its first use for this purpose.

—THE committee of the volunteer fleet has ordered a fifth cruiser to be constructed at Marseilles at the cost of £150,000.

—THE latest estimate of practical statisticians is that there are in the United States 35,000,000 cattle valued at $1,200,000,000.

—THE Swiss colony, numbering some 700 souls, that settled in Tennessee, is devoting its energies entirely to cheese-making.

—THE strike of colliers at Charleroi, Belgium, which commenced a few days ago, is extending and assuming a threatening aspect.

—THE builder, architect and owner of the stand which fell at Adrian, Mich., have been charged by the coroner's jury with manslaughter.

—THE *Railroad Gazette* says that 1,476 miles of railroad have been made in the United States thus far this year, against 614 in 1878.

—CABUL was occupied by General Roberts on Sunday, October 12th, and the Afghans who were assembling to fight have gone home again.

—A PROPOSITION is to be made to enlarge the jurisdiction of the United States Court of Claims with the view of disposing of the cotton funds.

—A NEW bridge over the Neva, named after the Czar, and constructed at a cost of 6,000,000 roubles, was opened on October 12th with great ceremony.

—ACCORDING to positive assurances from St. Petersburg, the men to be raised for the military and naval service for the coming year will not exceed the usual number, 280,000.

—A BERLIN correspondent confirms, on trustworthy authority, the report that a defensive treaty was concluded between Germany and Austria during Prince Bismarck's visit to Vienna.

—WHEAT in the Walla Walla Valley, Washington Territory, costs only for raising and selling twenty-four cents per bushel, and the yield ranges from twenty-five to sixty bushels per acre.

—FIFTY-EIGHT Roumanian deputies being opposed to the Government's Bill for the emancipation of the Jews, it is thought it will not obtain the two-thirds majority requisite to its passage.

—THE Spanish Minister of the Colonies has ordered the formation of a commission to examine into the causes of the insalubrity of the port of Havana, and ascertain means to ameliorate the condition of the bay.

—THE cigar trade of the Lancaster (Pa.) district seems unusually active at the present time. The stamps sold in September indicate the sales of the 1,148 factories now in operation to have been about 15,000,000 cigars during the past month.

—LARGE public meetings on Vancouver's Island and on the mainland of British Columbia have adopted petitions to Sir John A. Macdonald, protesting against the employment of Chinese labor in the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway.

—THE Smithsonian Institution reports that Professor Peters, of Clinton, announces the discovery by himself of a planet of the eleventh magnitude in one hour, no minutes, right ascension; 1 degree 20 seconds north declination, with a daily motion of five minutes south.

—FIVE hundred tenants of the Marquis of Sligo and the Earl of Lucan met near Westport, in the County of Mayo, Connaught, October 14th, and solemnly pledged themselves to pay no rent until a reduction should be granted proportionate to the great fall of prices of all kinds of agricultural produce.

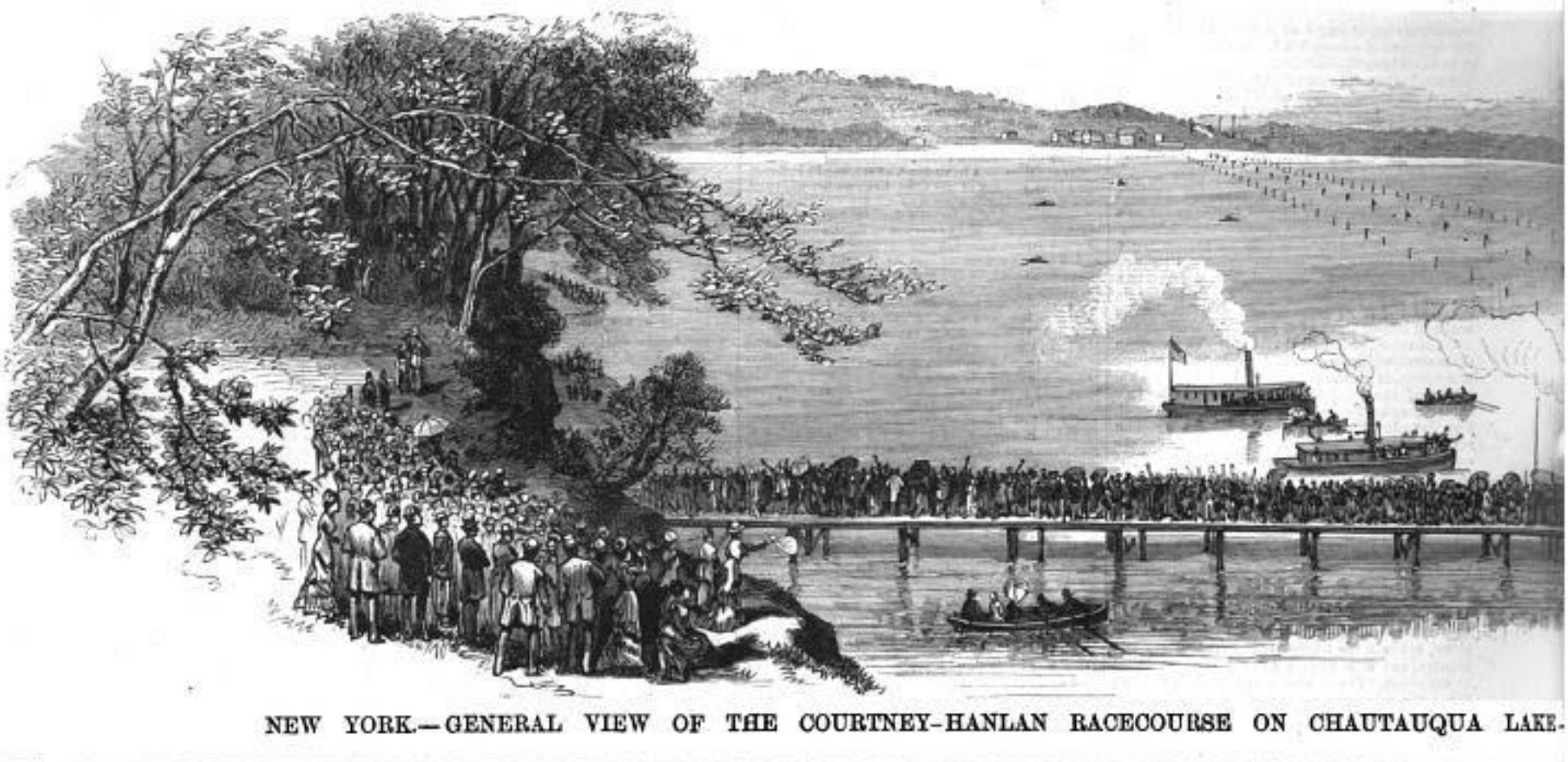
—IN our issue dated October 18th, there was published a statement that the city of Evansville, Ind., had abandoned its municipal organization in order to escape paying a debt of $65,000. We are assured that the city, with a population of from 45,000 to 50,000, is in a most prosperous condition, enjoying its full share of the widespread revival of business; and we regret having been led into a misstatement of facts.

—GREAT excitement prevails in the vicinity of Fort McKinney, Wyoming, on account of the recent rich discoveries of gold-bearing quartz in the Big Horn Mountains, about seventy-five miles northwest of that post, at the head of the Tongue River. Large numbers of miners are passing through that place on the way to the mines. Nearly all the citizens of that region are starting for the mountains. Ore has been assayed with the following results: Lowest, $4; highest, $70 per ton.

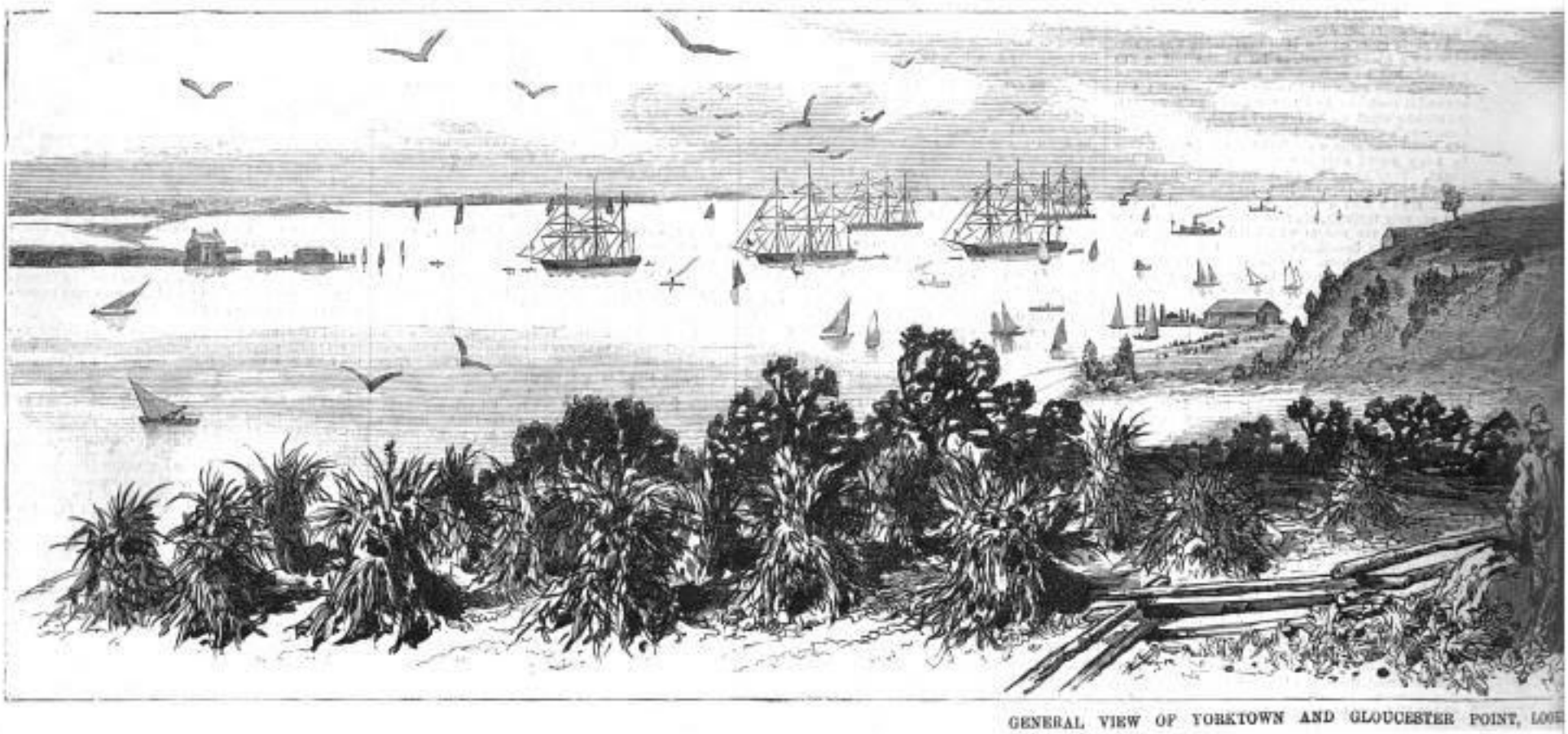
—THE mercantile fleet of the kingdom of Norway is second only to that of Great Britain, comprising last year 8,054 vessels, of nearly one and a half million tons burden. Of these 4,771 vessels were owned by cities and the larger shipping and fishing places, while 3,283 were owned by country districts. The large number of vessels owned in the country is explained by the fact that in Norway ship-building is the most common, if not the only, form of investment, and instead of putting their money into banks, the inhabitants of a village or county pool their savings and build a brig or ship.

—THE latest novelty in the way of improved suburban dwellings is the Bedford Park estate, a few miles from London (Eng.). The houses are built in the Queen Anne style, and are wonderfully quaint and pretty, especially where the roads wind, and the dwellings are overshadowed by guarled and twisted old trees, or embowered in groups of magnificent willows. Almost every house, while agreeing perfectly in general character and appearance with the others, presents a different aspect and varying outlines very pleasing to the eye. In the midst of the park is an elegant club-house for the use of the residents and their friends, in which there are billiard, reading, card, dining, dancing and lecture rooms, and a special drawing-room for ladies. All the dwellings were leased before completion, the occupants in the main being artists and people connected with art education.

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NEW YORK.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURTNEY-HANLAN RACECOURSE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.



GENERAL VIEW OF YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER POINT, LOOK



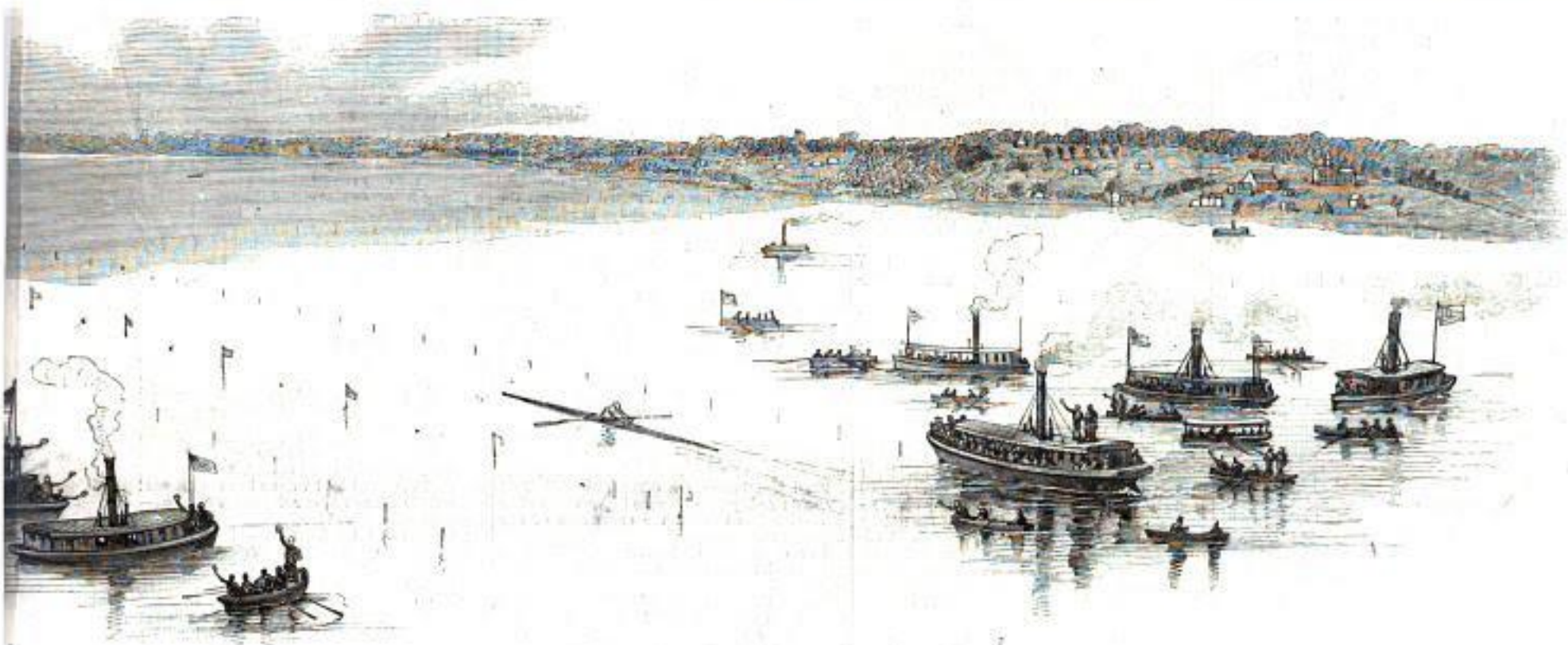
THE OLD MOORE HOUSE WHERE THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR A SURRENDER WERE HELD BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND CORNWALLIS.



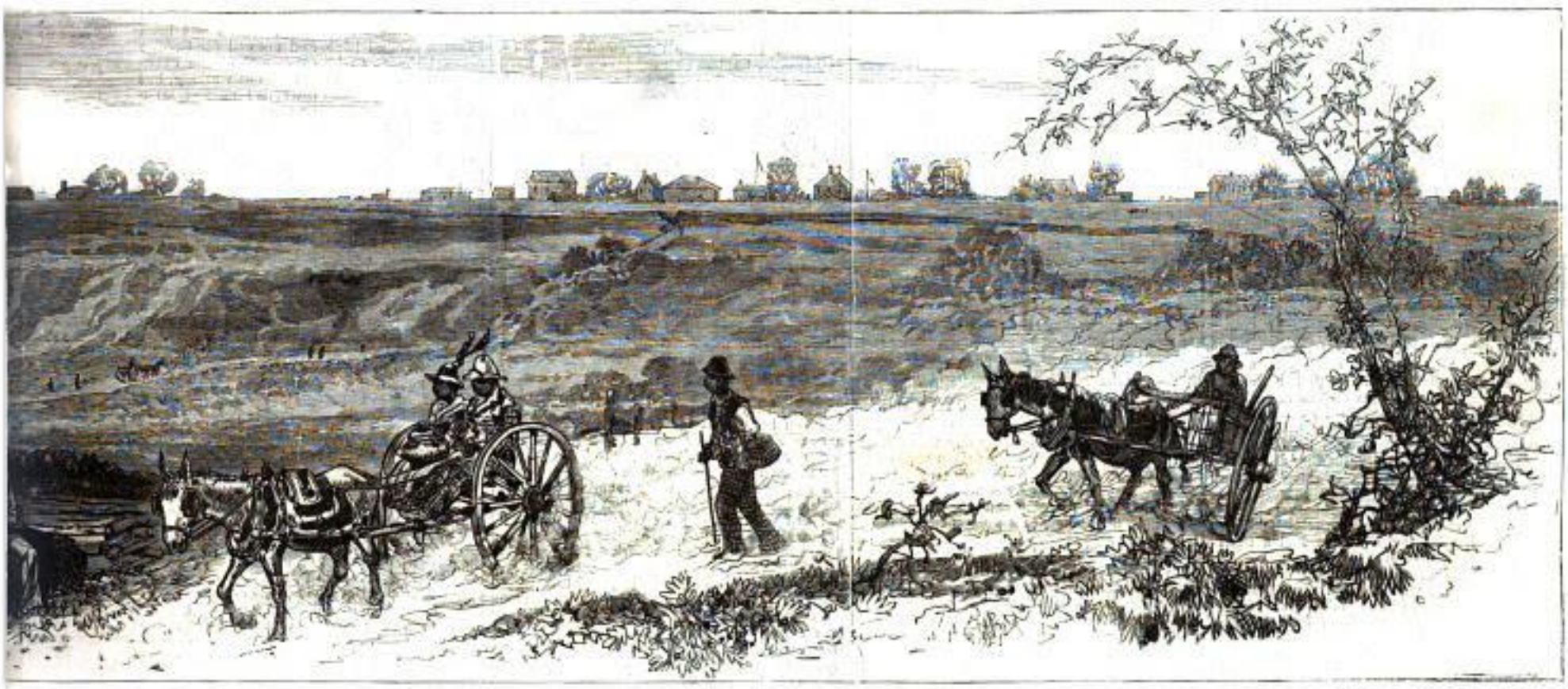
REMAINS OF EARTHWORKS IN

VIRGINIA.—PRELIMINARY CELEBRATION, AT YORKTOWN, OF THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SURRENDER OF LOR

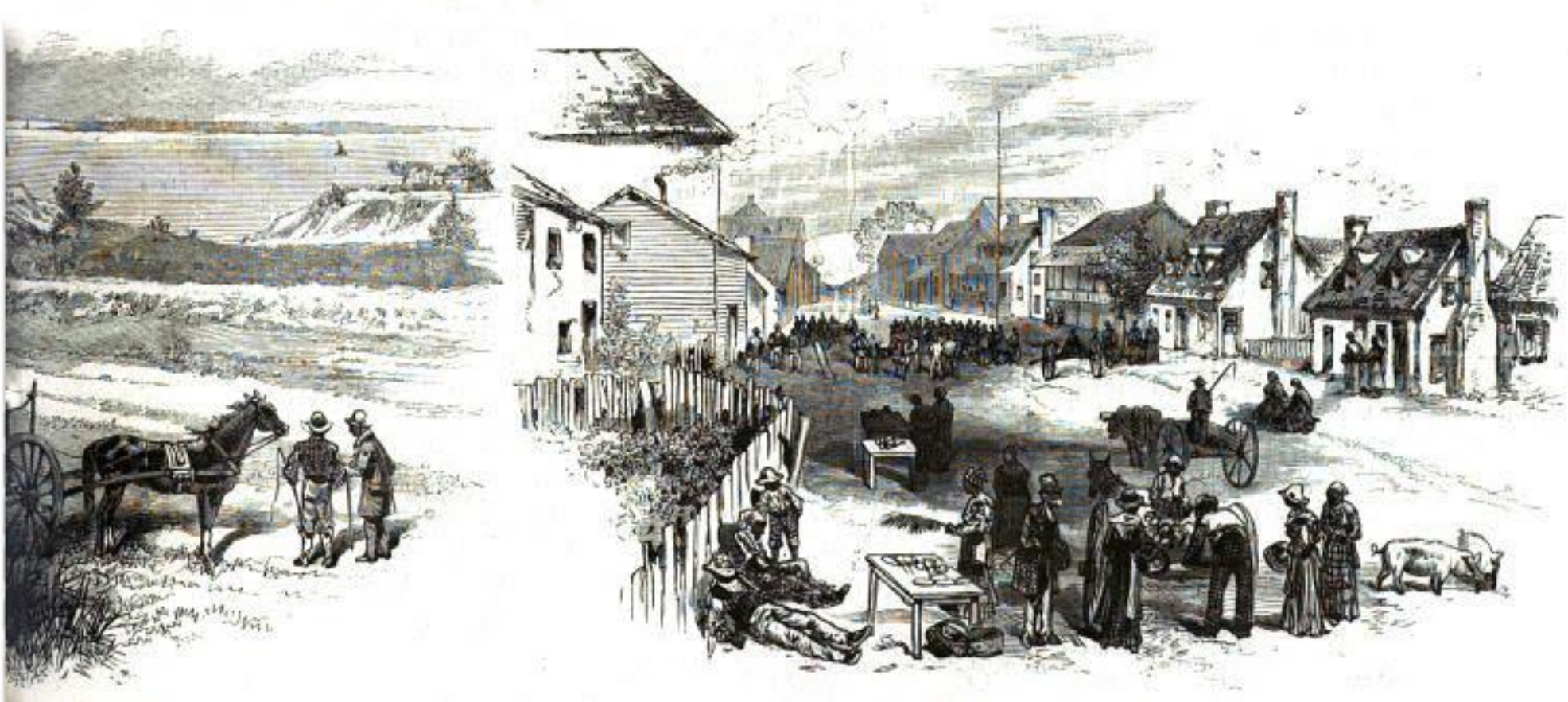
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N ROWING ALONE OVER THE COURSE, OCTOBER 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.



ARDS THE MOUTH OF THE YORK RIVER AND CHESAPEAKE BAY.



ORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN. THE MAIN STREET, YORKTOWN, ON MARKET-DAY.

ORNWALLIS AND THE BRITISH ARMY TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 152

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PLAYING WITH FIRE.

IDLY she stirred the ashes at her feet,
The burnt-out embers of a bygone day,
Thinking how bright that fire had burned—what heat
Glowed once where now she found all cold and gray.
Then, idly still, scarce knowing what she did,
Fanned the pale ashes with her gentle breath,
Nor thought of fire within the embers hid,
Nor dreamed of him where all lay cold as death.
Sudden a light, where all before was dark,
Shone in her dazzled eyes and dimmed her sight—
A tongue of flame that, kindled from some spark
Undreamed of, made a noonday of the night.
She stood one moment stunned, then in amaze
She fled, for all her world was in a blaze!

"QUEEN LILY AND ROSE IN ONE."

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

MAUD had been compelled to admit that she had met the murdered man on the evening of his death, had walked with him through the lane where his body was found, had conversed with him a short time, and then, walking slowly back to the Castle, had gone to her own room, where she had remained looking over a portfolio of drawings for about half an hour; that she had then left her room to go down-stairs, and on her way through the corridor was startled by the sight of Frank O'Hara standing silently in the dusk at the head of the stairs; that she had asked him if he were ill, and that he had replied in a low tone that if he were that was nothing to her, that it would not trouble her if he were going to be hanged; that she had attempted to soothe him, but that he had flung her hand off his arm, and said it was a black day for him he had ever seen her, and that it would be blacker still—that she had ruined him soul and body with her cursed beauty; that she had asked him—"the prisoner," as she was admonished to call him—what she had done, or how dare he to speak to her in such a tone and in such language, and that he had replied that it did not matter much what he said or did after that night, that she need not mind him—he was not the fine titled lover she had been walking with in Avonbank Lane; that she had addressed the prisoner very angrily, and bade him take care how he insulted her and her friend Sir George Canonbury, and that the prisoner seemed irritated at her sharp rebuke.

Her lips had faltered, her voice failed over the latter part of this statement, and the lawyer's eyes had detected every pause, every quiver.

"Your strong reluctance to give your evidence tells rather badly," he said, dryly. "The prisoner was irritated and made use of threatening expressions relating to the man he regarded as his successful rival—very naturally of course. Well?"

And the poor distracted girl, dreading to tell a lie, dreading yet more to tell the truth, little by little was made to confess that the prisoner had retorted, in reply to her words, that Sir George Canonbury would have enough to do to take care of himself if he came in his way.

"Do you recognize this, Miss St. Crewe?" the lawyer asked, suddenly, holding up a tiny ivory-backed pocket-book.

"Yes," she faltered.

"Are the date and inscription correct?"

"Yes," she replied, glancing piteously at her own counsel, who for his part had a faint shade of discomfiture in his eyes.

The pocket-book was a species of dainty little calendar, and was interleaved with small beautifully-executed groups of the flowers of each month, several of which bore in the corner the initials "M. St. C.," and on the first leaf, beneath a forget-me-not, was written, "Maud to George, on his birthday," and bore the date of June two years before.

This pocket-book had been found in the prisoner's possession when he was arrested. It was as the seal of the testimony of the many witnesses whose evidence so conclusively proved the prisoner's guilt.

Then came the steward of the Parnells of Derrybane, where Frank had gone very early on the morning after the murder, who deposed to his strange, absent manner, his wild, haggard look, and the bruised, disfigured state of his face, which he said had been caused by a splintered branch of a tree striking him on the day before—and the jurymen, as he spoke, glanced from the prisoner's face, where the livid mark yet staid, to the knotted holly-stick which had belonged to the murdered man and been found in the lane hedge a little way beyond the body. The steward added that he had walked a little way back with the prisoner, who refused to go by way of the lane, muttering an excuse, and had parted with him at the foot of the Castle hill, where he saw the prisoner, only a little way up the hill, deliberately quit the road, and get into what was called the mill-field as it ran down to the river, and which was under wheat this year; that, some suspicion from his odd manner arising in his mind, he had stood watching the prisoner before he turned into the Derrybane road, when he heard a man shouting something, and, on looking up, he saw Patrick Byrne, Kelly's ostler, leaping off the hedge of Avonbank Lane, and running down across the hay-meadow to him, who told him that the gentleman who was staying at Mr Parnell's was lying dead, murdered, in the lane; that they had both run into the wheat-field after the prisoner to tell him, and to get additional help, and that, on coming suddenly upon the prisoner, they had found him in a very startled manner trying to hide a bundle of clothes that lay at his feet; that, at the first word of their news, the prisoner had seemed powerfully affected, and had gasped out, "Oh, heaven, is he dead! It cannot be! He cannot be dead!" and then "Oh, poor Maud! Oh, poor fellow, I wish I had not——" Witness was positive as to those words, which the prisoner had repeated over and over again; and when, on the arrival of others, the constables, and the surgeon, and on his being informed that he would be arrested on suspicion resulting from his confused way of accounting for his time on the previous evening, the presence of the muddy, blood-stained clothes, and his strange appearance that morning, he, although very angry at first, gave way rather quietly in the end, saying, "Heaven knows I never shed his blood, though I might have wished to do it!" The prisoner seemed terribly excited, and, although repeatedly cautioned, persisted in speaking; and about two hours later, the warrant for his arrest having been signed, he had been taken by the constables to the county prison, making only one request, that they would break the news carefully to his father and Miss St. Crewe.

In the prison the counsel for the defense had obtained from the prisoner the circumstantial account he had been so reluctant to give of his proceedings on the evening of the murder and on the following morning, of where he had been watching concealed whilst Maud St. Crewe and George Canonbury walked and conversed together, and how, in his agitation, he had missed his hold of a branch, and, slipping, had fallen into the deep, muddy dike beneath, and struck his head against a jagged thorn root, which hurt him so badly that, on crawling out of the dike, he had lain half-stunned and bleeding for nearly half an hour. Then, on going home and encountering Maud, and gathering from her indignant words what he took to be a confirmation of the worst fears suggested by his jealous misery, he determined if possible to conceal from her and from every one the knowledge of how he had met with his accident; and, with confused, half-formed ideas on the subject, he had risen very early, and taken his wet, muddy clothes with him, with the intention of putting them on as he returned from Derrybane, and then, through purpose or accident, incur some mishap which should serve to explain his appearance on reaching home.

The marks of a fall amongst the brushwood and slimy weeds of the dike and Maud's corroborative evidence of what she had seen in that early morning hour certainly bore testimony to the truth of this assertion; but the weight of the opposing testimony still bore down the balance against him.

So now he had stood to take his trial; and, whilst Maud St. Crewe, his sister Mary and Doctor Clarke sat in one of the bare outer rooms of the court, the jury retired to consider their verdict.

They were but twenty minutes absent; and to the last moment of her life Maud St. Crewe could recall as vividly as then the echoes of their tramping feet as they returned from the jury-room, the dead breathless pause in the court, whither Doctor Clarke had gone, and then the opening door, the slow, single returning footstep, the young surgeon's face, so full of grief and pain, and Mary's sobbing scream, and one single awful word:

"Guilty!"

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

THE glory of the long July day was fading fast, but over the lofty prison walls the ruddy western sunlight yet shone on the highest range of cell windows, which were all aflame with lurid brightness, and through the close-barred gratings cast golden checkers of light on the stone floors of the long bare corridors, so silent and spotlessly clean, with their whitewashed walls and rows of black-painted doors, and into the cell interiors, almost as bare, as silent, as drearily clean and desolate.

"Visitors for No. 16." And the turnkey, waking up a legion of loud echoes at each step, preceded the visitors, softly clinking his bunch of huge silvery-bright keys as he went.

The visitors were two women, darkly clad and closely vailed, of whom the taller and slighter seemed to cling to the other and walked very slowly with down-bent head.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," came the beseeching whisper from beneath her vail, "let me go first—I shall not be able if I have to wait! Mary, I won't keep you long—only let me see him first!"

"Let her go in first," Mary said, turning her head away as she saw the turnkey lift the little trap-door to peer in for a moment, and almost stifling herself in her efforts to keep from sobbing aloud.

The great key clashed loudly in the bolts of the lock, and the cell door swung back.

"Visitors for you," the official said, in a lower, more kindly tone than he had yet used when addressing the prisoner, as he ushered in the tall, slight, dark-draped figure with bright golden hair showing beneath her thick vail.

The pale quiet prisoner, sitting with his hands clasped on his knee, gazing at one gliding fleck of amber sunlight on the cold dark-gray stone floor, rose to his feet, and his face flushed suddenly, and then as suddenly grew ashy pale.

"Maud! You here! Oh, Maud, this is no place for you!"

"It is as much my place as it is yours—you know that," she answered, in low, strangely-quiet tones; "it is more my place than yours. Only for me you would never have come here—every one says that—those who believe you guilty, those who know you are innocent."

"But you must try not to let that distress you," he said, his voice trembling with tenderness, and his hand seeking timidly to touch hers soothingly; "you did nothing to send me here. You are as innocent of that as I am of what they lay to my charge, heaven knows!"

"Oh, Frank, I am, I am!"

Her unnatural composure gave way before his tenderness. In a passion of grief and despair she flung herself down upon her knees beside the seat where he would fain have placed her, and her tears fell like rain on his hands which she held clasped in hers.

"Oh, Frank, forgive me—forgive me! I have been in some degree the cause of your trouble, though I was innocent! Forgive me, Frank, though I cannot forgive myself; but I was innocent of—of—I mean I did not know I was doing anything to displease you!"

Even through her grief her brow crimsoned in maidenly shame, and, as Frank's trembling hands raised her reluctant form to the seat beside him, he felt the rising of a new emotion that thrilled through his very soul with passionate delight and sadness intermingled.

"Why, Maud, Maud—my love—my darling," he whispered, as his head rested amongst the disordered golden ripples above her little ear, "why, Maud, you care for me—you care a little for me, my darling!"

"I do," she said, answering the almost inaudible faltering whisper—"I always did—a little—always! And that night, if I had not been wicked, and proud, and angry with you, I might have said something to tell you—that—that you needn't have been jealous of poor George—we were only like brother and sister, or cousins—I never cared for him nor he for me. We liked each other very well, though, and George was very kind to me; but he was attached this long time to a beautiful girl he met in London three years ago. He often told me about her, poor fellow! But, Frank, you needn't have been jealous—indeed you needn't! I liked you best—in a different way." And Maud's fair lily-face became like a rose as her quivering lips uttered the confession of her innocent hidden love.

Her confession of love, poor child, in a prison-cell, and to the condemned prisoner, her lover!

"Why, then," Frank said, suddenly standing erect and straining her to his heart, whilst his whole face and form seemed to glow and strengthen as if with new life, "heaven's blessing on my darling! She has taken away the bitterness of death from me! I'd have died any day to have heard you say that, Maud! If it be heaven's will, I feel ready to die now. Heaven bless my darling, and keep her, while she lives, as happy as I would have tried to make her!"

A little time longer they stood silently together—the hapless pair of lovers—her head resting just where it reached above his heart, his lips pressed to her fair upturned cheek; and then she drew herself away, and moved slowly, like one blinded with pain, towards the door

"Poor Mary is waiting," she said

* * * * * *

No reprieve or commutation of the sentence had yet arrived; still, remembering the petition which had been so largely signed, hundreds confidently predicted its coming each hour—less confidently, however, as morning after morning dawned without hope to the anguished hearts in tortures of suspense, and the date originally fixed stood unaltered—the twenty-second of July, and it was now the sixteenth—the day fixed for the execution of Frank O'Hara for the murder of Sir George Canonbury.

The weary morning had passed away, the weary, sultry afternoon was come. In the stricken household of the O'Haras, after the bare mechanical duties of the day had been performed, there was at this hour neither sound, nor indication of employment, nor intercourse, the members of the family seeming to avoid each other silently, except when the two elder sisters shut themselves up in their bedrooms to bewail the family woe, and lay it all at the door of their father's infatuation for that girl Maud, with her wicked arts and her vile vanity.

Poor Mary, with eyes so swollen and tear-dimmed from weeping and sleeplessness that she could scarcely see where she was going, was coming down-stairs softly from Maud's room, when she saw through the staircase-window a familiar figure on horseback galloping up the hill to the Castle.

"Tom!" thought Mary, with an involuntary smile of pleasure, succeeded by a bitter sigh. "Can he be coming here again? He said yesterday evening that Maud was no worse, and that he need not come till to-morrow. Here he is, though!"

And poor Mary, with a little throb of gladness at her sad heart, hurried down quickly, and, as she ran, rushed right into Doctor Tom Clarke's arms—which proceeding, instead of evoking a polite apology, drew from the worthy young surgeon a warm embrace, and three kisses so loud and hearty that Mary had only breath enough left to say, faintly:

"Tom, you mustn't!"

"But I must," persisted Tom—then, more gravely, "How is your patient, Mary?"

"No worse, Tom, I think, but very weak," the girl replied, her honest eyes filling again for the twentieth time that day with burning tears; "she won't eat, nor speak, nor do anything but lie there staring at the wall. Even when father went in to see her this morning and spoke so kind to her, she never spoke—only shed a few tears and lay there still, without a stir!"

"Ah, well," said the young doctor, drawing a long breath and smiling all over his face, "we'll soon cure that, Mary, and all our other troubles, please heaven! I've good news, Mary—the best of good news, my dear!"

"About Frank? Oh, father, father, come here!" Mary cried, forgetting all her life-long timidity and deference towards her stern father as she rushed into the little room where old Robert O'Hara sat with his open account-book before him, on the page of which, however, the ink had dried, and his bowed head buried in his hands.

"Oh, father, come and hear! Tom—Doctor Clarke's brought good news! Come and tell it, Tom!"

"The best of good news, sir!" the young surgeon said, grasping the old man's hands. "I was afraid to tell it to Mary—to Miss O'Hara, too suddenly. Frank's safe, sir—safe! The man that murdered Sir George has confessed, and the magistrates have the confession in their hands, and the warrant for Frank's release will come in the morning, or at noon to-morrow, and we'll have him home to-morrow evening, please heaven! Keep up, sir. Get your father a glass of wine, Mary."

"I don't want anything to keep me up!" the old man said, fiercely, in his excitement. "I want vengeance for my son—vengeance, I tell you! And I mean to have it! My son made a felon of, and put in a prison dock, and condemned to be hanged! To be hanged like a dog, sir, my only son—as honest and handsome a young fellow as there is in the county! They were going to hang him—to hang him for murder—my boy that all the county knew wouldn't hurt a hair of a man's head, unless he did it in an honest, fair fight!" and for the very first time during those weeks of bitter shame and suffering the father's grim composure was seen to give way. At the mention of his son's good and lovable qualities his voice was broken by a hoarse sob, and again and again he dashed away the tears from his eyes as he went on, excitedly, "I'll have vengeance, I tell you! I'll make every one that had a hand in shaming my son suffer for it! I've near killed that little girl up stairs, too!" he cried, remorsefully. "I thought she drove my boy mad with her pretty face, and then played him false; and I cursed her for a jilt, and said Frank's blood was on her head, I did! Poor little Maud! Poor Madeline's child—heaven forgive me!"

"Oh, do tell us, Tom dear, how it happened!" Mary interposed imploringly, squeezing the doctor's arm affectionately right before her much-dreaded parent's eyes.

"The murderer was a miserable tramp," replied Tom, "a man who had been a convict some years ago; and, on his return, finding no chance of employment at his old trade—he had been a butcher—in the town where he had lived, he, as so many of those poor wretches do, got into the only society that would receive him—the very worst—and, managing to evade the police from time to time, subsisted in some precarious manner by chance jobs in haymaking-time and so forth. He had been hanging around here, and noticed Sir George several times—so he says—and on the evening of the murder saw him out walking, but had no evil intentions towards him. But, later on, as he was coming up the lane from Avonbank, he met the gentleman and begged sixpence from him. Sir George bade him be off very roughly; and, as he was quite penniless and very hungry, he said he felt enraged, and asked him again in a threatening manner would he give him sixpence or would he not. Sir George turned and struck at him with his walking-stick, and said, if there were a constable within sight of him, he should have several nights' lodgings free of cost. The man said he had a stout ash stick with a thick nob in his own hand, and as Sir George spoke and aimed the blow at him, he aimed one in return—and not one, but three or four. At the second blow on the side of his head Sir George staggered; at the last blow, which caught his temple, he fell like a stone. The man said he never meant to kill him, and when he saw him fall the first thing he did was to drop his stick and run; then, remembering that he was penniless still, he turned back and snatched at the baronet's watch-chain and the purse from his breast-pocket. The watch-guard was too strong to be easily broken, and, the swivel being fastened to the button-hole in an intricate manner, he actually, in his fear and haste, left the watch where it was found, lying beside the body. He never attempted to take the ring or valuable studs either, which, of course, gave the murder the appearance of being one which was committed for anything but the sake of plunder; and, as he fled along in the direction of the Castle here, he opened the purse, put its contents, which were five sovereigns and some silver, into his pocket, and, as he ran through the mill-field by the river, threw the purse into the water. As he emptied the purse, he said, something white like a little book dropped out, but he did not stay to look. He just dropped the ivory pocket-book where poor Frank found it next morning and picked it up, thinking it was Miss St. Crewe's."

"And where's this fellow—this murderer—now?" Mr. O'Hara asked, clinching his hands. "He's got to answer for something!"

"He has gone to answer for all his sins," Doctor Clarke said, solemnly. "He died four hours ago in the infirmary in Carlow. I have been with him since daybreak. He was badly mangled—his right arm and shoulder crushed in a steam mowing-machine on the day before yesterday, and, when they told him he was dying, he sent for me and confessed all, and said he hoped young Mr. O'Hara would forgive him. A poor craven wretch, a miserable outcast, Mr. O'Hara, try to forgive him—he has to stand before another tribunal."

* * * * * *

There had not been for years, there never has been since, in Rathmore, anything to equal the excitement of that day when Frank O'Hara, in an open carriage, with his father on one side of him and Doctor Clarke on the other, and Parnell of Derrybane and a brother-magistrate sitting facing them, drove back from the county prison through Rathmore; every one turned out to look and to cheer, and to welcome and to huzza, and to shake hands.

But the gazers and gossip-mongers had had one excessive disappointment that day. They had neither seen nor heard anything of the golden-haired girl for love of whom Frank O'Hara had so nearly forfeited his life.

Keen beyond words was the disappointment to him who looked so anxiously for her.

"Maud—where is Maud?" he said, hurriedly, scanning the group of welcoming faces on the doorstep; and, detecting instantly the momentary hesitation to reply, he reiterated feverishly, "Where is Maud—Mary, father, where is Maud?"

"She's not very well, Frank—she's not very

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well," his father said, reluctantly; "she's been fretting so about you, poor thing! But you can go up and see her—can't he, Mary? You've told her, Molly, haven't you? Very well then—go up and let her know.'

Frank had never, since the day of Maud's coming, caught a glimpse of the room which had been appointed to her, and although he had heard many grumbling accounts from Anastasia and Julia of "that girl's ideas and nonsense," and Mary had said that she had "never saw anything like the elegant way" in which Maud did things, he had known nothing further, and fairly stared when his father opened the door and motioned him in.

For Maud, with her artistic perceptions, her dainty tastes, and her clever fingers, had, with such simple aids as she could command, transformed the large, cold, barely-furnished chamber into quite an elegant-looking apartment. She had replaced the hideous skimpy dimity and knitted lace window-drapery with ample sweeping curtains of soft pure white muslin, looped back with broad pale-green ribbon; a large square of deep-green carpet covered the middle of the floor, her easel stood in one window, and on either side the dressing-table and its white muslin and green-ribboned folds stood two tall snowy wicker *jardinières* with bouquets of white roses. There were brackets in ebony and white woods, there were numerous well-bound books, and the walls were hung with half a dozen simply-framed water color sketches; and on the little chintz-covered couch by the window, where the easel, with its green silk cover, stood, lay the fairest picture of all—Maud, in her white dressing-gown, her golden hair tossed back and curling over the pillow, a hectic flush burning through the delicate transparence of her complexion, her eyes fever-bright, her little thin hands clasped tightly over her breast to try to quell its tumultuous throbbing.

But when Frank went over, and, kneeling down, laid his head there, they unclasped themselves, and were folded around his neck instead.

"Oh, my darling," he said, looking at her in a kind of terror, and raising her from her pillow in his arms, "you have been very ill, and no one told me!"

"I have been ill for few days, Frank; I am better now," she whispered faintly; and, as he released her, she fell back helpless.

"Father, Maud's been very ill! Mary, why didn't you tell me?" Frank cried, looking round and addressing his father and sister, who, with their backs scrupulously turned, were gazing out of the opposite window, admiring the scenery and conversing politely like utter strangers.

"Well, we didn't want to give you trouble, Frank," Mary began. "and Doctor Clarke's been attending her every day; and he says it is only a kind of nervous fever, and what he calls 'depression of the vital forces'," said Mary, bringing out the scientific phrase with unconcealable pride in her young surgeon's knowledge.

To Frank, strong in his own vigorous manhood, the sound of those ominous words, the sight of the fevered, beautiful face and the nerveless, wasted form, was simply like a flat of death.

"Why, it has nearly killed her!" he said, slowly, with quivering lips, stooping down to look at her.

"Nonsense—nonsense, Frank!" his father said, coughing and using his handkerchief rather suspiciously. "It hasn't nearly killed her, nor anything like it! She'll live to plague you yet; won't you, Maud? She was upset and near fretted to death; weren't you, Maud? But she'll be all right in less than no time now; won't you, Maud? Listen to me now, little girl. You just get well as fast as ever you can, and we'll get the prettiest wedding-dress that can be made in Dublin, and you and Frank get married. And then he's to take you off to the South of France, to that pretty place you were talking about a while ago, where all the grapes and chestnuts are, you know. Ah, she likes that! She'll marry you for the sake of going off where the grapes and chestnuts grow, Frank. And you are to stay there until you are as well as ever."

He kissed her fondly and left the room.

"Maud, my darling, why are you crying? Don't you like what my father said?" Frank whispered.

"Ah, dear Frank," Maud said, earnestly, "that will never be! Neither long life nor earthly happiness is for me, any more than it was for my mother, or my mother's mother. We have all loved well and truly, Frank; but our love has always brought sorrow with it. My grandmother was happy a little while, my mother told me; she herself was happy just one year—from her marriage to my father's death—and so I may be."

* * * * * *

Not quite the one year of happiness was vouchsafed to fair Maud—Frank O'Hara's beloved young wife, as she was then. The scorching blast of the adversity of those fatal weeks had withered up the fragile blossom of a life whose existence had never at any time taken deep strong root.

The sunshine of the pleasant South where she loved to be, the freshness of the rippling waves of the blue Mediterranean, the ceaseless care and tenderness of her lover-husband—their united influences kept sweet Maud O'Hara month after month lingering amongst those who loved her so on earth; but the time came when they all failed, and when Frank brought her home to fulfill her last wish—not to leave her "amongst strangers."

"I have been living all my life amongst strangers, Frank," she said. "I want to die and be buried near the only one that ever loved me except my poor mother—I want to be buried near you, Frank."

And so they buried Maud in Avonbank churchyard, within sight of the home that was to have been hers, but where her widowed young husband lived alone with his sister Mary and her husband for a few years, and then he met his beloved Maud again, to part no more.

"Poor dear Uncle Frank did not live quite eight years after his wife's death, mother often told me." Doctor Clarke's eldest daughter said to me the other day, as she concluded this tale of thirty years ago, when I had asked her how the last of the name of O'Hara had died.

The State Elections.

THE election in Ohio, October 14th, resulted in the election of the Republican State ticket by about 20,000 majority. The same party elected 21 out of 37 Senators and 70 out of 114 Representatives—giving them a majority of 33 on joint-ballot in the Legislature. Nearly all the business and manufacturing centres of the State give Republican gains.

In Iowa the victory was equally decisive. The Republican plurality over the Democratic candidate for Governor is 75,000; over the Greenback candidate, 100,000; majority over all, 25,000. There was a Republican gain of thirty-four members of the Legislature, and the Greenback representation in the Lower House was reduced to one member. The Tenth and Sixth Congressional Districts, which last year elected Greenbackers, this year go largely Republican. The Seventh, which last Fall gave 200 Greenback majority, now gives 3,800 Republican majority. In the Fifth District the Republican candidate, nominated to fill a vacancy, is elected by 5,000 majority.

The Late Henry C. Carey.

THE foremost American political economist, Henry C. Carey, died in Philadelphia, October 13th, aged eighty-six years. No modern author was more widely known or excited a greater influence upon the thought of the world as to the subject which he specially treated. He was the son of Matthew Carey, a bookseller, and was born in Philadelphia December 15th, 1793. When only eight years of age he entered his father's store to learn the business, and he combined study with business until 1814, when he became a partner in the firm. His father retired in 1821, when he became the head of the firm of Carey & Lea, afterwards Carey, Lea & Carey. The system of trade sales, as a medium of exchange between booksellers, was established by him in 1824. In 1835 he withdrew from business and devoted himself to the study of political economy, and in 1836 he published an essay on the "Rate of Wages," which attracted wide attention. A year or two later the essay was expanded into his book on the "Principles of Political Economy," which was esteemed so highly by Frederic Bastiat, the noted French economist, that he adopted all its leading ideas and promulgated them as his own in his "Harmonie Economiques." This treatise, like the earlier one of Mr. Carey, was an attempt to demonstrate that the laws of economy all tend harmoniously to the progressive amelioration of human life; that there is, therefore, no real antagonism in society, but that the interests of all classes and individuals are essentially congruous and dependent. The publication was the occasion of a prolonged controversy between the friends of the two economists, Mr. Carey being soon credited with precedence, and his work was translated into Italian and Swedish, and noticed in leading politico-economical journals in Europe.

Originally a zealous advocate of free trade, Mr. Carey became convinced that free trade with foreign countries was impossible in the existing state of American industry; that a period of protection must first be gone through with, and that while free trade was an ideal to which the nation should tend, protection was the indispensable means of arriving at it. He was recognized as the founder of a new school of political economy, opposed to the rent doctrine of Ricardo and the Malthusian theory of population. The leading principles of his system are, briefly, that in the weakness of savage isolation man is subject to nature, and that his moral and social progress are dependent on his subjecting nature to himself; that the land gains all its value from human labor; that primitive man, without tools and without science, begins upon light soils and advances to the subjugation of more fertile and difficult regions; that the interests of classes and individuals are harmonious; that there is a constant tendency to increase in the wages of labor, and to diminution in the rate, though to increase in the aggregate, of the profits of capital. In 1838 Mr. Carey published "The Credit System in France, Great Britain, and the United States," a work of profound erudition; in 1848, "The Past, the Present, and the Future," a production that was accepted as one marked by great vigor and originality of thought, written to controvert the doctrines of Ricardo, Malthus, and others. Succeeding works were those on "The Slave Trade," 1853; "Letters on International Copyright," "French and American Tariffs," "The Harmony of Interest," and several others. He was also a contributor to many newspapers, writing almost exclusively on subjects connected with political economy. His "Miscellaneous Works" were published in one volume in 1869.

In his old age he still enjoyed excellent health until very recently, his latest work, "The Unity of Law," having been written in 1873, when he was in his eightieth year. He lived to see his principal writings translated into German, Russian, French, Italian and Spanish. His eighty-third birthday was celebrated in Philadelphia by a feast, at which a number of friends who had attained a high rank in different fields of labor congratulated the veteran student, thinker, and writer upon the honor which he had achieved, and the hosts of friends and admirers he had secured in many countries of the world.

Personally Mr. Carey was a man of most prepossessing manners and appearance. His benevolent face, his piercing black eyes and silver-white hair made a welcome picture for years in the most enlightened society of Philadelphia. His house has received many men of letters and distinguished painters. He was an amateur in fine arts, and possessed an interesting collection of paintings. His library, too, was large and contained almost every known work of value on subjects connected with political economy.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Speed of Carrier-Pigeons appears to depend as much on the clearness of their sight as on the strength of their wings. In an experiment recently made with some Berlin pigeons, on a clear day, a distance of over 300 miles, from Cologne to Berlin, was accomplished in five hours and a half, or at the rate of nearly sixty miles an hour, while the most expeditious of a group let loose on a cloudy day took twelve hours to reach Berlin. It is not instinct, but sight, by which the carrier pigeon guides its flight.

The Small Nut Tomatoes are much used in Mexico in the form of syrup as a remedy in diseases of the respiratory organs and in bronchitis. The ripe fruit is carefully plucked and about twenty are cut up and thrown into a quart of water and are boiled to half the volume. The juice is expressed through linen, and about 500 grammes (one pound) of sugar is added and the whole boiled to a syrup. The result is a slightly acid syrup, agreeable to the taste and valuable for the purposes indicated above.

In Exploring the hulk of the *Vanguard* which was run into and sank off the coast of Ireland, dynamite and electricity were employed. Immediately after the explosion the surface of the water was covered with the floating bodies of vast numbers of fish, so numerous that the vessel performing the operation could not gather half of them. It is proposed to make use of this method to capture shoals of herring, relying upon the telegraph to announce the approach of the fish, so that the dynamite may be ready to be discharged at the proper time.

The Authorities of New Zealand have caused a comparison to be made in the intelligence of five children of natives and five of English parentage. The examination was in arithmetic, geography, writing, spelling and reading. In dictation the whites triumphed, but in arithmetic it was another affair; out of thirty problems, the natives solved twenty-two and the English fourteen. In grammar, a slight advantage in favor of the natives; in reading, the English ahead; in writing, the natives excelled. On the whole, the competition was about equal.

The Tshudis of Siberia.—One of the assistants on Professor Nordenskjöld's expedition has described in a Swedish journal a peculiar race, called the Tschudi, inhabiting the northeastern part of Siberia. They closely resemble the Greenlanders, are small, active, have a yellow skin, with coal-black eyes and hair and a stolid expression of face. Their women are tattooed in the face. On their intercourse with the crew of the *Vega* they were a little shy, but curious, like penguins, and willing to help. Their language is a great puzzle to philologists, and on this account was closely studied by Professor Nordenskjöld, and a collection of 300 words was made.

Two Englishmen, Henry F. Tozer and T. M. Crowder, have recently ascended Mount Argæus, the highest peak in Asia Minor. At a height of nearly 10,000 feet they reached the base of the final peak, which rose fifty feet higher, and was perpendicular and wholly inaccessible. The view was magnificent, but the most remarkable feature was the mountain itself, for the lofty pinnacles of porphyry which rose around and beneath them, veritable needles, were as wonderful a sight as could well be conceived. They found rock dwellings excavated close to the summit, and these chambers were clearly artificial, for the marks of the chisel were evident along the roof and walls, and there were niches cut in the sides.

New Use of Glass.—Dr. F. Siemens, of Dresden, has invented a new kind of glass produced by subjecting the molten mass to high pressure during the operation of annealing. The product differs from the De la Bastie glass in not being explosive, while it equals that article in resisting the action of heat and cold and concussion. Some of the English tramways have been experimenting with this glass by casting sleepers three feet long, four inches wide and six inches deep, which are molded to fit accurately the rail. Bearing plates are placed under the joints, and the rails are attached to them. Such a sleeper, resting on supports thirty inches apart, breaks with a weight of five tons. Glass, unlike wood, is practically indestructible by moisture, and is, of course, not so heavy as cast-iron. The glass sleepers cost about the same as iron ones.

Chlorine Decomposed.—Professor Victor Meyer, in association with his assistant, Karl Meyer, has been for some time occupied with the behavior of elementary substances, at very high temperatures, in the laboratory at Zurich. The elements oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur and quicksilver were exposed to the temperature of 1570°C in a peculiar apparatus invented by Professor Meyer, but they withstood the test, and disclosed no properties differing from theory. Very different results, however, were arrived at with chlorine. This gas was so split up that out of two molecules of the supposed element three new molecules were produced. One molecule was supposed to be oxygen, according to tests applied to it, and the other two Professor Meyer proposes to call murium. According to this experiment chlorine is really murium oxide and not an element. Similar results were obtained with iodine and bromine, two bodies very analogous to chlorine in all their chemical properties.

Curare as an Anæsthetic.—At the last meeting of the Boston Microscopic Society, Dr. A. N. Blodgett read an interesting paper on curare, the South American arrow poison, which is now used to render lower animals unconscious during surgical operations. Curare produces insensibility without interfering with the functions essential to life, and supplies a need that the medical profession have long felt, in that it does not require watching when administered, as do ether and chloroform. The exact derivation of curare does not seem to be definitely known, but it is said to be prepared by scraping the young bark of two plants of the same species so that from which strychnine and Indian hemp are derived. The bark is exhausted in water, mixed with other vegetable substances, and evaporated until it forms a thick paste. It is much more energetic in its action on some classes of animals than on others. Birds are more profoundly affected than quadrupeds, and reptiles much larger than birds. It is generally administered hypodermically in exceedingly minute doses. It is said to be a remedy for hydrophobia when given in heroic doses.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science.—The French Association for the Advancement of Science met at Montpelier on August 28th. The President this year is M. Bardoux, the late Minister for Public Instruction. He devoted his opening address entirely to generalities on the necessity of providing a good education for the young, but made no allusion to the School Bill proposed by his successor, M. Ferry, which so much agitates the public mind at the present time. There were no addresses of the chairmen of sections, so that it is difficult to have an idea of the opinions of the members on the topics of the day. The most elaborate experiments on electric lighting were shown, together with a display of the apparatus employed in research and bearing upon the history of the subject. The telephone in all its forms was also exhibited and commented upon. The local botany was expounded by M. Charles Martins, a brilliant writer and the director of the Montpelier Botanical Garden. M. de Quatrefages, the opponent of Darwin and Haeckel, gave an interesting account of the Congress of Anthropology recently held at Moscow. Montpelier was the birthplace of Auguste Comte and the scene of the discovery of bromine by Ballard.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CANON SPARKE, of Ely Cathedral, England, lately deceased, leaves $800,000 to his heirs.

ALDERMAN SIR FRANCIS WYATT TRUSCOTT has been unanimously elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

THE alumni of Trinity College have erected a headstone at the grave of "Professor Jim" Williams, janitor of the college for over forty years.

THE Count de Paris has written a letter to the Count de Chambord declaring that he remains faithful to the fusion between the Orleanists and the Bourbons.

C. W. STEVENS, a Dartmouth Scientific School graduate of 1877, is assistant astronomer at the national observatory of the Argentine Republic of South America.

THE executors of the estate of Oakes Ames have filed a petition to the Bristol County Probate Court to sell $1,300,850 worth of real estate of deceased, to pay the charges and drafts.

IN JANUARY next a postage-stamp of a new design is to be issued in Great Britain. It will bear a portrait of the Queen as she appears in mature age, and not, as now, a likeness of Her Majesty when she had just entered womanhood.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Gideon H. Perry, D.D., LL.D., at Hopkinsville, Ky. He was the last surviving kinsman contemporary of Commodore Perry, and was born under the same roof at Kingston, R. I., October 12th, 1800.

MOSES WILLIAMS, who was present at the unveiling of the "Quincy Statue," at Boston, is the only living member of the City Council under Quincy's administration as Mayor, and also the only living man who bought original lots each side of Quincy Market.

M. VIOLLET-LE-DUC was a man of nerve, and showed it even in the last great extremity of life. Apoplexy caused his death, and when the first blow fell he drew out his penknife and attempted to cut a vein; his brain and hand were still before he could accomplish his purpose.

HENRY H. FARNUM, President of the National Bank of Port Jervis, N. Y., and one of the wealthiest men in Orange County, died October 14th, after a short illness. He was 71 years of age, and leaves a fortune estimated at $1,000,000 to his widow, to whom he was married but six days.

THE Unitarians of Hungary, who number about 60,000 souls, have just commemorated the martyr death of their founder, Francis David, which occurred three hundred years ago. Delegates were in attendance from England. Bishop Ferencz, the ecclesiastical head of the church, delivered an address on Francis David.

DR. F. JULIUS LE MOYNE, one of the oldest citizens of Washington County, Pa., a physician well known throughout Western Pennsylvania, and somewhat famous for his efforts to have cremation take the place of burial in the ground, died at his home in Washington, Pa., October 14th, in the eighty-second year of his age.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, Windsor Castle, has been reopened for renovation. A beautiful memorial of the late King of the Belgians has been placed in the chapel by the Queen, bearing the inscription, "Erected by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in loving memory of Leopold, the first King of the Belgians, who was as a father to her, as she was to him a daughter."

FRIEDRICH BEMBERTTI, who took a prominent part in the 1848 revolution in Austria, and at whose instance the Jesuits were then expelled from Gratz, has committed suicide at the age of seventy-four. He suffered eight years' imprisonment after 1848, was a disciple of Ronge, and had latterly been absorbed in the study of the revolutionary history of all countries.

ONE of the veterans of the New York Post Office, Julius Meirs, died October 13th. Mr. Meirs was over ninety years old, yet his mental faculties were unimpaired. He knew most of the modern languages, and had served in Napoleon's army, participating in the retreat from Moscow. He was Professor of Modern Languages at the Annapolis Naval Academy before he became connected with the New York Post Office in 1862.

THE King of Siam, appreciating the results of the English education of his childhood, is giving the same advantages to his own children. Princess Cevili, his bright, clever little ten-year-old daughter, receives from an accomplished English lady regular instruction in French, English and German, music, dancing and drawing. The Queen, her mother, takes great interest in the lessons, and is so pleased with foreign ways that she talks of adopting the European dress.

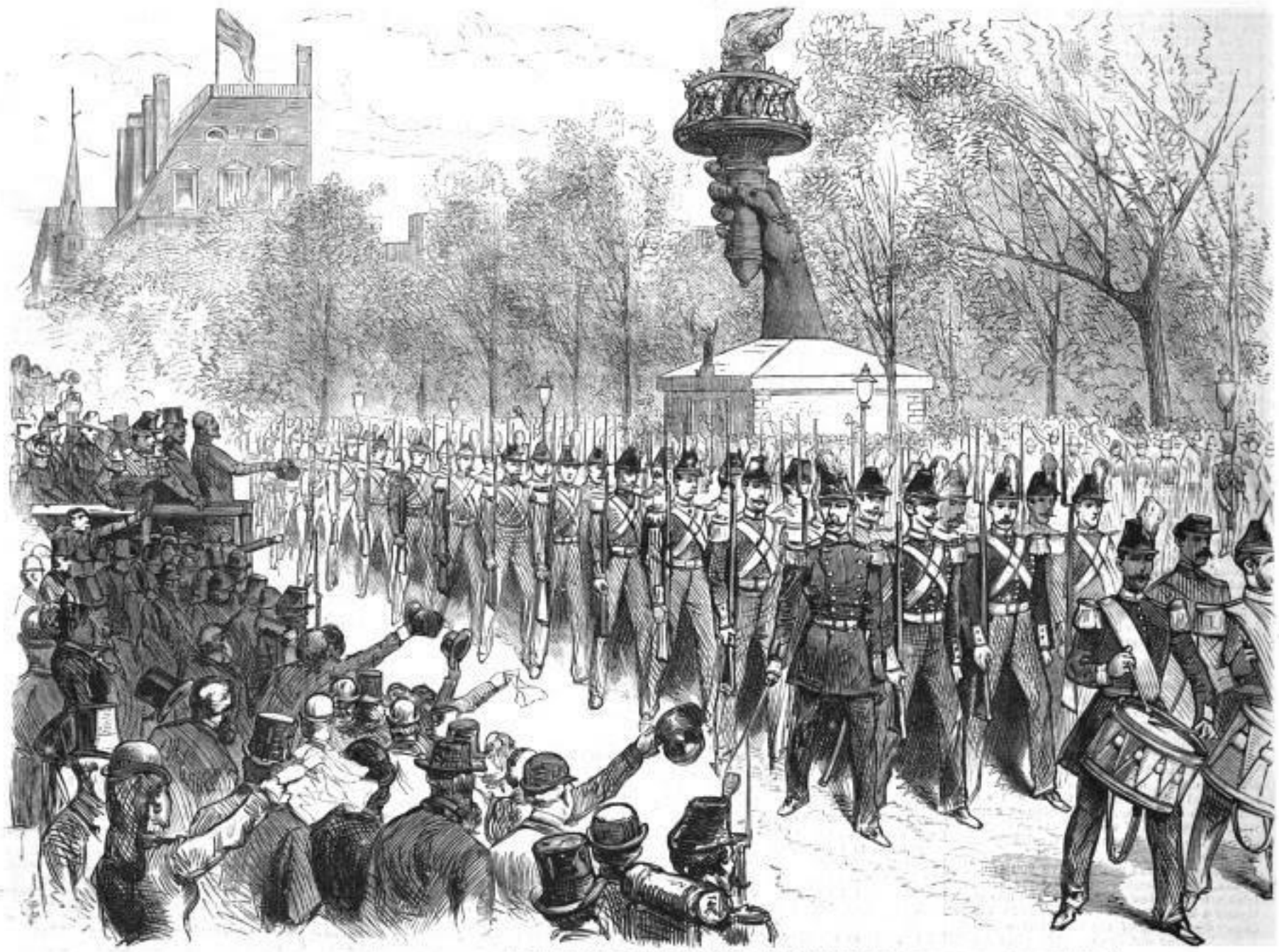
ON October 13th, His Grace the Most Rev. John Baptist Purcell, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, celebrated the forty-sixth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopacy of the Roman Catholic Church, having been appointed by the late Pope Gregory XVI. to succeed Bishop Fenwick as Bishop of Cincinnati, and consecrated to that high office on the 13th of October, 1833. It is only a few months ago—the 21st of May last—that the venerable archbishop celebrated the fifty-third anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

SOME accounts allege that there were 30,000 persons present at the great anti-rent meeting at Navan, Ireland, on October 12th, in honor of Mr. Charles S. Parnell. Mr. Parnell was most enthusiastically received. Scores of triumphal arches spanned the streets. During Mr. Parnell's speech there were shouts in favor of shooting landlords. Messrs. Sullivan, O'Connor, Power, and O'Sullivan also spoke. The last named declared that shooting landlords could do no good in the future, whatever it might have done in the past.

THE Archduchess Christina is to wear a bridal veil of Brussels point-lace worked with the arms of the different kingdoms into which Spain was once divided. It is the gift of her aunt, the Queen of the Belgians. The young lady's bridal dress is of silver cloth embroidered in garlands with sparkling white jet. Many of her new costumes are copies of the fashions of the time of Louis XIII. One of them is of blue embossed velvet and opal-colored satin trimmed with fringes of small pearls intermingled with silver lace. Her cambric handkerchiefs are worked with the arms of Spain and Austria in gold thread.

MR. PARNELL, the present leader of the Irish people, is English by descent, his family having settled in Ireland in the reign of Charles II. The celebrated poet, Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, the friend of Pope, Addison and Swift, was an ancestor of his, as were also Sir John Parnell, Bart., M.P. for Queen's County and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Henry, M.P. for Rathleague, the celebrated commentator on the penal laws. Mr. Parnell's mother is an American, the daughter of one of our naval officers, and resides now with her daughters in New Jersey, passing the Summer usually at Newport. He was educated at Cambridge University, is only thirty-three years old, of very gentlemanly appearance and manners, and, though not eloquent in the usual sense, is vigorous and clear in speech. Though his landed estate yields only £1,400 a year, he is rich in American and other securities.

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NEW YORK CITY.—FALL REVIEW OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, OCTOBER 15TH.—THE OVATION TO THE GATE CITY GUARDS OF ATLANTA, GA.

FALL REVIEW OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y.

THE regular Fall review of the First Division of the National Guard, State of New York, by the Governor, took place on Wednesday afternoon, October 15th, at the Worth Monument on Fifth Avenue. A large stand was erected near the monument for Governor Robinson and staff, and guarded by a detachment of the Seventh Regiment. It was estimated that there must have been at least 30,000 men, women, and children packed in the square surrounding the stand. Travel in the streets was obstructed, and it was a difficult matter for the police and the sentinels on duty to keep clear a passageway wide enough for the march of the troops.

The Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Georgia, occupied a position in advance of the division. In a column of fours, twenty-file strong, they moved down the avenue. To avoid the wagons, which at this time had not been removed from the west side of the park, they moved to the right and left oblique, and changed from column of fours to double-file with such military precision as to call forth consisting of the Seventh Regiment, 10 companies of 24 files; Sixty-ninth Regiment, 10 companies of 16 files; the Eighth Regiment, 8 companies of 16 files, wearing the new gray overcoats issued by the State, and Battery B. The First Brigade, General Ward, followed, consisting of the Twenty-second Regiment, 10 companies of 20 files; Fifth Regiment, 8 companies of 12 files, whose band and bugles played different tunes at the same time; Twelfth Regiment, 8 companies of 16 files, also with the new overcoats, and Battery K. General Vilmar came next with the Second Brigade, which comprised the Seventy-first Regiment, 8 companies of 16 files, whose drum corps was the only one to salute the colors in passing; Eleventh Regiment, 9 companies of 16 files, wearing helmet hats with cavalry plumes; Ninth Regiment, 10 companies of 20 files, and the Third Regiment of cavalry.

In the evening Governor Robinson was serenaded at his hotel by a political club, and in a brief speech he complimented the National Guard for its excellent appearance and efficiency.

repeated bursts of applause from the spectators. Even the tall white plumes upon their caps seemed to sway from side to side in unison. They were given a position in front of the grand stand.

The military procession was preceded by a squad of mounted police. General Shaler, commanding the Division, followed, his staff taking position, mounted, next that of the Governor, while he rode at the Governor's side. After the Separate Troop of Cavalry and the Gatling Battery came the Third Brigade, General Varian,



JOSEPH RANKIN, THE COURIER WHO BROUGHT THE NEWS OF THE MILK RIVER DISASTER.



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW HALL OF THE DELTA PSI FRATERNITY ON TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 146.

THE UTE MASSACRE.

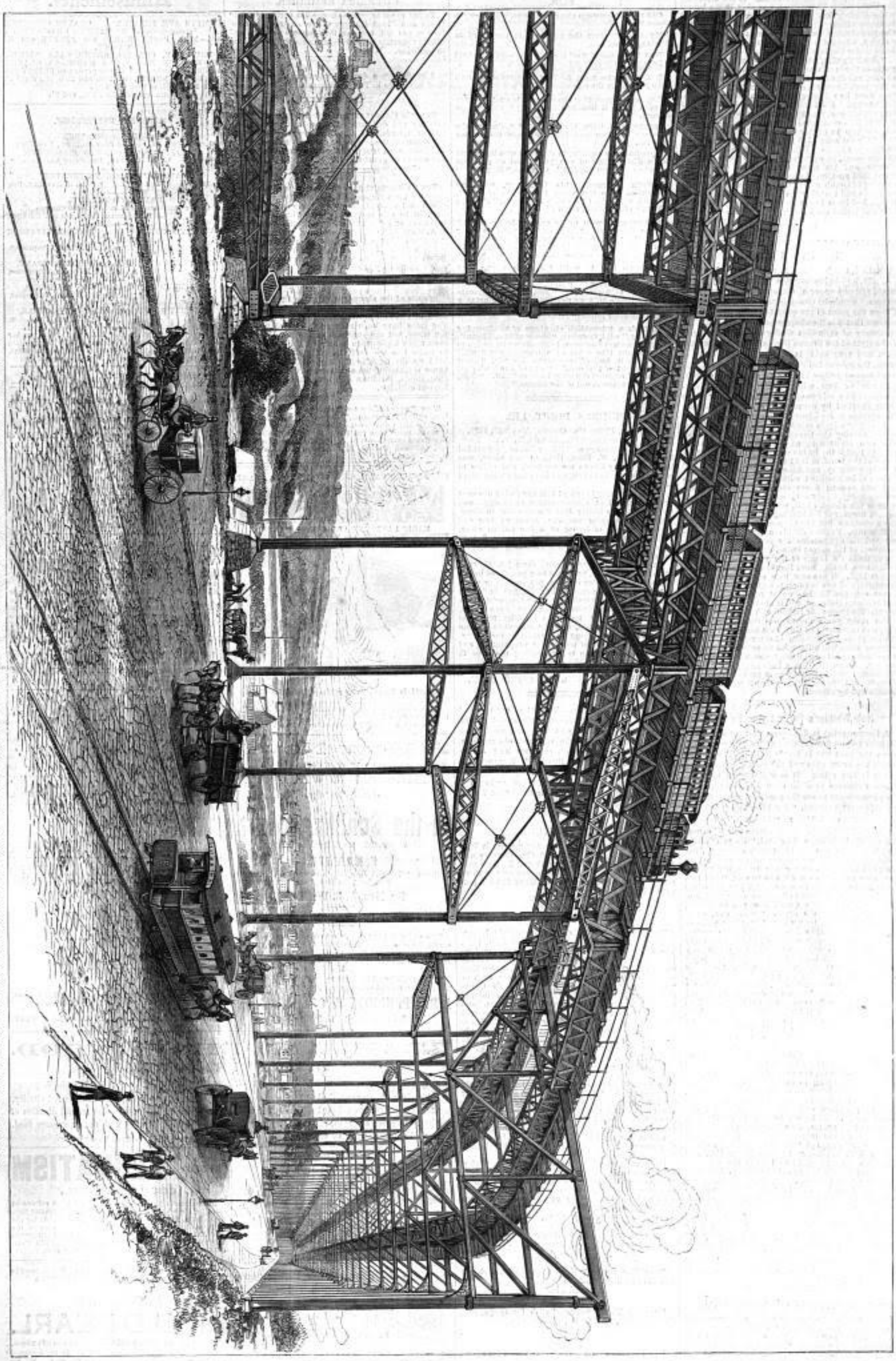
MAJOR THOMAS T. THORNBURGH, of the Fourth United States Infantry, who was killed by the Ute Indians, at Milk Creek, Col., on Monday, September 29th, was appointed to the Military Academy from his native State, Tennessee, July 1st, 1863.



THE LATE MAJOR THOMAS T. THORNBURGH, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FULLMAN.

In 1867 he graduated and entered the army as second lieutenant in the Second Artillery; three years later he was commissioned first lieutenant, and in 1875 he was transferred to the Pay Department of the Army as major. After serving some time upon the staff of General Crook, he was permitted to make an exchange with Major G. B. Thomas, of the Fourth Infantry, and was given the command of Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming Territory. He was a very active and powerful man, fully six feet two inches in height, a magnificent

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NEW YORK—THE EXTENSION OF THE METROPOLITAN ELEVATED RAILROAD—VIEW ON EIGHTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 139.

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rifle shot and a daring horseman. In the attack by the Utes, Major Thornburgh was shot in the breast while leading his men in a counter-charge, and instantly killed. His body lay where it fell until Captain Dodge, with his company of colored cavalry, effected a union with the remnant of the band under Captain Payne.

"Joe" Rankin, who acted as Major Thornburgh's guide in the fatal march, is about thirty-five years of age, and five feet eight inches in height. He has a thorough knowledge of the country. After the first fight he volunteered to go in search of reinforcements. His favorite horse, a beautiful and large black one, was killed during the engagement. He was thus compelled to take a strange animal. On the trip he exchanged horses three times, and made the distance—165 miles—in a little less than twenty-four hours. When General Crook heard of the massacre, he engaged "Joe" to guide General Merritt and his relief command to the hastily intrenched position of Captain Payne. Early in the evening of October 5th, Merritt reached the little camp, to find that Captain Dodge and his colored troops had literally cut their way through the hostiles and joined the beleaguered Payne.

A NEW COLLEGE ENTERPRISE—THE DELTA PSI HALL.

AMONG the buildings recently erected in this city, an odd-looking structure in Twenty-eighth Street attracts especial attention from curious observers. Symbolic Greek letters and a large letter T upon the point of the quaint-looking peaked roof indicate that it is the chapter-house of the Delta Psi Fraternity of Columbia College. The building is in the style of the French Renaissance, three stories high, and very bold in design. It is entirely of brick, the substantial parts being of red and all the trimmings of yellow brick, after a pattern seen in only one or two other buildings in New York. There are no windows on the third story, their place being supplied by ornamental brick-work. Upon the cornice is a pediment supported on pilasters and bearing a large stone owl, and underneath is a shield bearing the Greek symbols for Delta Psi. The sign referred to as the letter Tau upon the pointed roof is the badge of the fraternity. The interior of the building is fitted for all the purposes of a college society, and none but members of Delta Psi are to be admitted within its portals. On the first and second floors are four handsome club-rooms, finely finished in wood, and on the third story is the chapter-hall, with an open rafter ceiling. In the rear of the building are symbolic stained-glass windows, but the chapter-hall is lighted only from within. Further details in regard to the building and its equipments are made known only to members of the secret order.

The Delta Psi is one of the youngest of college fraternities, having been founded at Columbia College in 1847. It has now nine chapters and 1,800 members, and has been represented in eighteen different colleges. It has chapter-houses at Trinity and Williams Colleges, and is about to build one at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale.

For many years the various fraternities having chapters in New York City have had under consideration plans for building chapter-houses, but the expense attendant upon such an enterprise has always deterred them from undertaking anything definite. Should the Delta Psi's experiment prove successful, Psi Upsilon will soon provide itself with a similar building, and the example will no doubt be followed by others.

How Whittier's Portrait was Painted.

A Boston artist is finishing a portrait of John G. Whittier from a fine picture painted four years ago, when the poet was in feeble health. The way by which the artist obtained the poet's consent to a sitting is interesting. It is well known that Mr. Whittier dislikes to sit for even a photograph, but the painter went to see the poet, telling him frankly the object of his errand. "But I don't want a picture of myself," said Whittier. "I know it," answered the artist, "but 300,000 people want it." This nonplussed Mr. Whittier, and he said, "Do you believe it? Why, I never thought of such a thing." The artist wished to appoint the day for a sitting, asking the poet to suit his own convenience, but the repugnance was again stirred, and he said, "But I do not want to sit. There are enough pictures of me now, and who will care to preserve any painting of me?" "That's not a question for you to decide, Mr. Whittier," said the artist. "Some day, when it will be too late, they will get together some of these old photographs floating about the country, which you now despise, and they will patch together a painting which they will hand down to posterity as Whittier, something that will not look any more like you than a crow. And you ought not to allow it." This presentation of the case staggered Mr. Whittier, and he said: "Why, I never looked at it in that light before." So the day was appointed for a sitting. The day came, but not Whittier. Two months after the artist answered the studio bell, and Mr. Whittier stepped in with the salutation: "Well, are you ready for me?" Fortunately, the artist had a canvas prepared, and he answered: "Yes; sit right down." Mr. Whittier was restless and silent and remained about three-quarters of an hour. The next time he staid longer, but, as he is not communicative, the man of the brush worked silently, not wishing to annoy the sitter. At the next sitting Whittier was interested in the work, and left his chair frequently to inspect it. This time he remained contentedly three hours, and talked freely. Although he always avoids any mention of his poems, the conversation drifted that way, and, among much interesting conversation, he gave the origin of "Maud Muller." He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest-field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone-wall stopped to answer their inquiries. Whittier noticed, as she talked, that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening. "But if I had had any idea," he said, "that the plaguy little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it." Yes, and probably robbed it of its tender beauty, and spoiled it. To the inquiry as to the title, "Maud Muller," he said it was suggested to him, and not a selection. It came as the poem came.

THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA.

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FUN.

CAN rivalry between churches be called a steeple-chase?

MY son, emulate the mule; it is backward in deeds of violence.

WHY is the vowel "o" the only one ever sounded?—Because all the others are inaudible.

THE man who most feelingly recognizes that all flesh is grass is the one who has the hay fever.

YOU never know that the country is on the verge of ruin until it becomes necessary to choose new officers.

STOVES that have been cared for during the summer vacation now begin to show themselves grateful.

MOTHER (very sweetly, to children who have just had a distribution of candy)—"What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus—"More!"

FATHER (addressing his little boy, who has brought home a bad mark from school): "Now, Johnnie, what shall I do with this stick?" *Johnnie:* "Why, go for a walk, papa?"

DIALOGUE between uncle and nephew: "But I tell you, dear uncle, this woman is not like other women." "Tut, tut, nephew, they are all precisely alike—as a general thing; and as for particular cases, they are worse still."

LIVERPAD had been ill for some weeks, and Jones, meeting Smith, asks, "How's Liverpad, Jones? Any better?" "Well," says Smith, "his physician is hopeful?" "Yes, yes," responds Jones; "that's all very well; but is his undertaker hopeful? That's more to the purpose! Jones is such a peculiar fellow."

"HERE'S a tollerablish chaalnge o' weather fur the better," said Corydon, "come at last. Notwi'standun the wet Zummer, I expects we be gwion to ha' zummut like a bit of a harvest after all." "Don't thee holler," answered Thyrsis, "afoor thee bist out o' the' ood." "Out of the 'ood, dost thee say?" retorted the other husbandman. "Naa, mate: thee mane'st out o' the waaster."

FIGURES DON'T LIE.

SPARTA, Union Co., Oregon, May 30th, 1879.
BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Sirs—The package of "Butter Maker" forwarded by you to W. W. Ross, Esq., of this place, was handed over by him to me for trial, and orders to report the results to you, as I have the management of his dairy.

I have the honor to report that one gallon of sweet cream churned at a temperature of 55 deg., and treated with the Butter Maker according to directions accompanying package, produced four and one-half pounds of butter of a fine golden color, and firm, waxy texture, and of delicate flavor; time occupied in churning and gathering the butter, twenty minutes.

One gallon of sweet cream, same lot, churned without the powder, produced four pounds of butter several shades lighter in color, not so firm or waxy in texture, but no perceptible difference in flavor; time occupied in churning, at same temperature as above, forty-five minutes. The fine, even grain, rich, golden color, increased quantity from the same amount of cream, and the difference of time occupied in the churning and gathering the butter, are greatly in favor of using your preparation, and I have no hesitation in recommending the same to my friends and the public generally.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. W. EASTERBROOK.

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BEWARE OF A SWINDLE.

THE dry process of copying, JACOBS'S LITHOGRAM, was patented in Canada, July 16th, 1879. The records of the patent enabled unscrupulous parties, formerly employed by Mr. Jacobs, to make imperfect imitations of the Lithogram, which they advertise under a dozen different names, such as "Hektograph," "Centregraph," "Gans's Copygraph," "Transcript," "Ziebers's Multiplying Slate," "Nixon's Chevrograph," "Copygram," and various "grams" and "graphs," all being direct infringements on "JACOBS'S LITHOGRAM." These impostors claim no rights, or patent, but simply make every possible effort to sell their counterfeits before the United States patent, about to be issued to Mr. Jacobs, is out, and prosecution commenced.

The public is warned that time and money will be spent freely in finding out every person owning one of these infringements, and they will be vigorously prosecuted under the patent law. Besides being liable to penalty of infringement, all these imitations are much inferior to the genuine JACOBS'S LITHOGRAM, which has been greatly improved by continued and costly experiments. JACOBS'S LITHOGRAM is now in use by the United States and Canadian Governments, and for sale by reputable houses throughout the United States.

Its universal use by department officials, professional and business men, corporation offices, institutions, colleges, schools, etc., in both the United States and Canada, is proof sufficient of its remarkable merits. For further caution see New York *Herald*, September 23d. J. M. JACOBS,
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TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

SECRETARY SCHURZ ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

His Recent Experiences among the Brule Sioux.

What he Says of the Indian Police.

"The Wagon Experiment has Proved Successful."

Result of the Land-allotment Scheme.

THE SECRETARY PREPARING A REPORT ON THE UTE TROUBLE.

THE Department of the Interior at Washington, over which Mr. Carl Schurz presides with such signal and successful ability, is a very imposing edifice, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, and is of the same dimensions. It is pure Grecian Doric, and measures 453 feet from east to west, and 331 feet from north to south, while it has an elevation of 75 feet, surmounted by an *acroteria*. The building contains 191 rooms, and cost $2,700,000. Ascending a grand flight of steps, and entering by the chief portico, I found myself in a corridor which runs entirely round the main floor, and upon which open the various offices of the department. In the eastern wing is the bureau of the Secretary of the Interior, a fact that announces itself in white letters on a blue ground, after the fashion of the notice boards of the Western Union Telegraph Company. A very obliging attendant took my card into Mr. Schurz, and without a moment's delay I was ushered into a large, bright, lofty-ceilinged apartment, bearing all the evidences of being the workshop of an official in high authority. To the right are two doors leading to an inner sanctum, wherein the Secretary holds special conference with special visitors; to the left, a door giving upon the offices of the first secretary and the host of minor officials to whom the details of the management of our Indian Territory are relegated—Mr. E. P. Hanna, the private secretary, has a desk in the bureau of his chief. I sank into a caressing morocco-upholstered chair, and, while waiting for Mr. Schurz, who was engaged with the Indian Commissioner in the adjoining sanctum, took a survey of the apartment. The carpet is Brussels of a bright pattern, and the furniture black walnut, relieved by gilded lines, the lounges and chairs being upholstered in claret-colored morocco. The Secretary's table-desk stands in the centre of the floor, its broad surface covered with telegrams, reports and papers. Four flat baskets, all in a row, face his blotting-pad. Number one sternly confronts him with the inscription "Attention, Current Business!" Number two is the recipient of communications through the chief clerk. Number three is devoted to his first secretary, and number four to Miscellaneous.

"He is the most rapid worker," observed Mr. Hanna. "He never leaves anything undone, and makes a clean sweep of these baskets three and four times a day. He replies to every letter addressed to him."

Mr. Schurz writes with a pen constructed from the quill of an eagle. The walls are adorned with a collection of photographs of the Secretaries of the Interior, and with oil portraits by Stanley of Thomas Ewing, and Caleb B. Smith. An original portrait of Washington, by Wertmüller, hangs opposite the entrance-door, the flesh tints rosy and ruddy, fresh as though laid on in 1876. A very conspicuous object is a war bonnet, presented to Mr. Schurz during his late visit to the Southern Cheyennes by Crazy Mule.

"I am now civilized," said the chief, as he handed the Secretary this relic of many a bloody foray, "and have no further use for it."

The bonnet is composed of four yards of blood-red flannel, thirty inches broad, bedecked with one hundred eagles' feathers, each feather plucked from a particular place in the bird's wing, and each being valued at one dollar.

"I have a rarer and more valuable gift than this," observed Mr. Schurz. "I have the war-shirt that belonged to Old-Man Afraid-of-His-Horses. It is a royal robe, handed down for four generations, and it is decorated with one hundred weasels' tails. The traders have been after this shirt for years, but the chief would not part with it, and a higher compliment he could not have possibly paid me than when he presented it to me."

A photograph of Moses, chief of the tribes of Washington Territory, stands upon the mantelpiece. This man, phrenologically speaking, has a most superbly developed head, and is accounted the Talleyrand of the tribes. Bookcases filled with Acts of Congress and reports occupy special corners, and while every available space is occupied by the *impedimenta* of official work, there is no litter. Everything would seem to be constantly in use, and everything would seem to have its own place, and—to keep it. A splendid map of the Indian Territory hangs upon the southern wall, and in the sanctum a water-color portrait of White Eagle, the Chief of the Poncas, in his war-dress, but who now wears the blue uniform of a captain of Indian police, the service recently organized with such signal success by Mr. Schurz. A clock, a barometer, a mantel mirror, and a handsome wash-fountain complete the furniture of the Secretary's bureau.



BIG FOOT MENDING THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.

Mr. Schurz, having disposed of the Indian Commissioner, received me most graciously, and, flinging himself into his swivel chair, plunged without hesitation *in medias res*. He is fully six feet high, broad-shouldered, pigeon-breasted and slim-waisted. His hair is brown, and it has pretty much its own way; his beard is reddish and bushy; his eyes are dark-brown, and full of lively earnestness, if not of merriment; his hands and feet are small and "chiseled on the best lines." He ripples with fun, and, when narrating some of his experiences amongst the Indians, his vivid smile was as good as the heartiest laugh of many an ordinary man. He wore the whitest of vests, the blackest of coats and the grayest of pantaloons.

"Do you see these?" exclaimed the Secretary, presenting me with two sheets of parchment, emblazoned with huge red seals, from which many ribands of red and blue fluttered coquettishly. "They are two commissions in the Indian Police: one is for Lieutenant Big Heart, and the other for Captain Gray Bird. We are very proud of our Indian Police."

"It is a new service, is it not?" I asked.



BRULE SIOUX WAGON TRAIN.

"It was only organized last year on the Sioux Reservation. They are volunteers selected by our agents and the aristocrats, the best-blooded young Indians. The chiefs are jealous of them, because they are selected without their intervention."

"What is the strength of this force?"

"One thousand. Congress only allows us $5 a month for each man. It is not enough; we should pay them $15. We give them their uniform which stands us in $7 a suit, including hat. They use their own mounts, saddles and bridles. The uniform is a gray tunic with a single row of brass buttons; gray pants with a red stripe, and a soft black hat, with the words 'Indian Police' on the band. They also have shields on their breasts. The officers wear blue. We recently had a petition from them," laughed the Secretary, "urging that the uniform be changed to blue, as they wanted to look like the soldiers of the 'Great Father,' and less like horse thieves."

"What are their duties, Mr. Secretary?"

"They are used against horse-thieves and for quelling disturbances amongst their own people. Also for capturing Indians of other tribes, who may turn up for the purpose of fomenting agitations. For instance, the other day two Indians were snapped up who came to the reservation in the hostile interests of Sitting Bull; and we have another instance of the capture of hostile Indians who were stealing ponies. When I lately visited the Brulé Sioux three of these police rode ninety miles with me in the one day, having but one relay of horses. General Sherman asked me yesterday if, during my visit, I had any military escort, and when I told him that I had no escort of any description, he said that four years ago this would have been simply an impossibility. Why," added the Secretary, with a burst of enthusiasm, "I was as safe with the Sioux as if I was in this office."

"What about Sitting Bull?" I asked.

"Sitting Bull has the Bohemians, the *ronliens*, with him, the Indians who want venison without working for it. It is quite a mistake to say that the Sioux are as well armed as our soldiers."

"Cannot the Indians purchase arms?"

"They can, outside the reservation, but not a weapon, not a cartridge, is sold inside. We have *absolutely* no power to interfere outside the reservation," and here the Secretary read the section of the Act of Congress.



CRAZY MULE PRESENTING HIS WAR BONNET TO SECRETARY SCHURZ.

"Are you in favor of appointing army officers as agents, as recently suggested, Mr. Secretary?"

"I do not care to express an opinion on that subject. When we had the land-surveys made, a detachment of troops was sent with the surveyors. No sooner did the military appear than a band of Indians, 250 strong, and all riding white horses, waited upon the agent and gravely demanded what the military demonstration meant, adding that they (the Indians) would protect the surveyors. During my recent visit, knowing the feeling of the Indians on this subject, I requested that no escort be sent with me."

The Attorney-General here demanded "word of speech" with the Secretary, and in a few moments Mr. Schurz returned, resuming the thread of his discourse.

"Our wagon experiment has proved immensely successful. We found the carrier-system unsatisfactory, and we resolved upon making the Indians their own carriers. We gave them wagons, and, although we were ridiculed on all sides, still persevered, with the result that 1,500 wagons are now running on the Indian reservations—500 in the Sioux."

"What is your opinion of the Indians as traders?"

"They are the best, the most economical and the most honest people we have to deal with. For instance, they have run short of provisions on more than one occasion, and there is not a single instance of their having broken open a package to satisfy their hunger. We have never lost a pound of freight. When a vessel arrives at Rosebud Landing, the agent announces that he will require a certain number of wagons, and these are forthcoming in a trice. The great pride of the Sioux is in his whip, and he will pay as high as ten dollars for it. To demonstrate to you how highly the Sioux value our efforts on their behalf, I may mention that they stamped last year in the calendar with a wagon in commemoration of the new system, as they stamp the most remarkable occurrence of the year to mark the year."

"Had you any complaints from the Sioux when you met them in council, Mr. Secretary?"

"Just one, and that was that the school-teachers talked Dakota, and I was requested to urge upon them to confine themselves to English. I will give you one instance which will show you what confidence these people have in us. They have placed eighty of their children at school in Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, four of these being sons of Spotted Tail. There are no people on the face of the earth fonder of their offspring than the Indians, and the scene at the parting was of the most heart-rending description—the women in an agony of grief, the men actually weeping."

The Secretary here mentioned several instances of the devotion of Indian parents to their children. We now turned to the land-allotment question.

"You will see claim stakes by the dozen on the land," said Mr. Schurz, "and every respect is paid to the survey. As soon as the survey is approved, each head of a family gets his land. Then the houses begin. We give them sashes for windows, door-hinges, planks, shingles and a stove; they do the rough work themselves. I saw Big Foot seated triumphantly astride his roof, engaged in shingling it. The houses are 12 feet by 18, with sloping roofs, and contain two rooms. You would be astonished to find so many farms, and so well laid out with corn, pumpkins, squashes, etc. We have a Bill before Congress that we consider of the highest importance. It is a Land Bill, and it proposes to give the land to the Indians in fee simple, to be inalienable for twenty-five years."

"How many Indians are there in the Indian Territory?"

"Only 50,000 in the Territory. The whole number is 75,000. It will be very difficult to say what is Indian and what is not, by and by," laughed Mr. Schurz; "*par exemple*, I met an Indian whose father was a Scotchman and his mother a half-breed. His wife is a German and still his children are members of the Cherokee tribe. The present chief of the Cherokee Nation is a man named Thompson, who doesn't understand a word of English. I also encountered a full-blooded Sioux who spoke the purest French, and who referred to the Sioux as *ces sauvages*, 'These savages.'"

"In your experience, Mr. Secretary, have you met any Indian capable of distinguishing himself in the intellectual field?"

"Well, no. What would appear extra ordinary in an Indian would be very ordinary with one of us. Perhaps if Sitting Bull had received a university education, he might have achieved something. No," added Mr. Schurz, after some deliberation, "we can never make anything of an Indian but a policeman or a second-rate farmer. By the system which we have so successfully inaugurated we may confidently look forward to absorbing the Indians until they will totally disappear in the great white family."

Mr. Schurz described some of the places he visited during his recent tour, especially the Council House, at Okmulgee, for the five nations—the Cherokees, the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles and Creeks—which cost $13,000. He also quoted newspapers published by the Indians, partly in Indian and partly in Cherokee. The amount annually appropriated by Congress for supplying food, raiment, etc., to the Indian Territory is $4,710,000, and the Trust Fund arising out of the sale of lands, etc., to credit of the Indians is $4,000,000. The Treasury pays the civilized Indians in money; the uncivilized, in food and clothes. He also dwelt upon the stringent efforts being made by the Government to dissuade the Indians from polygamy.

Having asked Mr. Schurz to tell me something about himself, he laughingly replied:

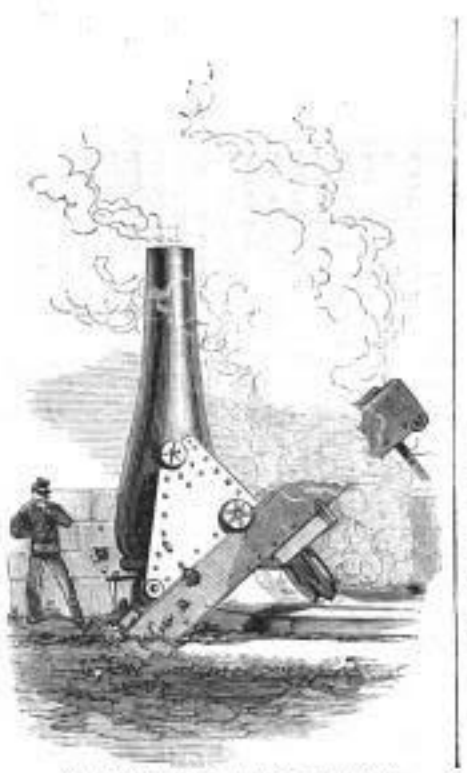
"That's exactly what I cannot do. My life is a very busy one. I rise late, and I go to bed very late. I get here at nine o'clock. I dine at five. I ride on horseback for one hour, and then to work till all hours," adding, with a bright laugh, "but somehow or other I am always cheerful. I have a lot of conflicting interests in my Department work. For instance, I have to deal with the Indian Office, the Land Office, the Pension Office, the Patent Office, the Railroad Office, the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Education; this, too, every day."

On the question of the Ute difficulty Mr. Schurz excused himself from speaking, as he was preparing a report on the subject for the information of the President, pending the presentation of which official etiquette imperatively demanded silence. To Mr. Schurz this Indian question is a problem which he feels himself bound to solve and one into which he has thrown himself *con amore*. The results of his policy already speak for themselves, and in selecting Mr. Schurz for the Secretaryship of the Interior, it is pretty evident that we have the right man in the right place. His action during the forthcoming session, when the question of handing over the government of the Indian Territory to the War Department comes to be debated, will be watched with eager interest by those who in their lone wild homes have come already to regard him as their champion and their friend.

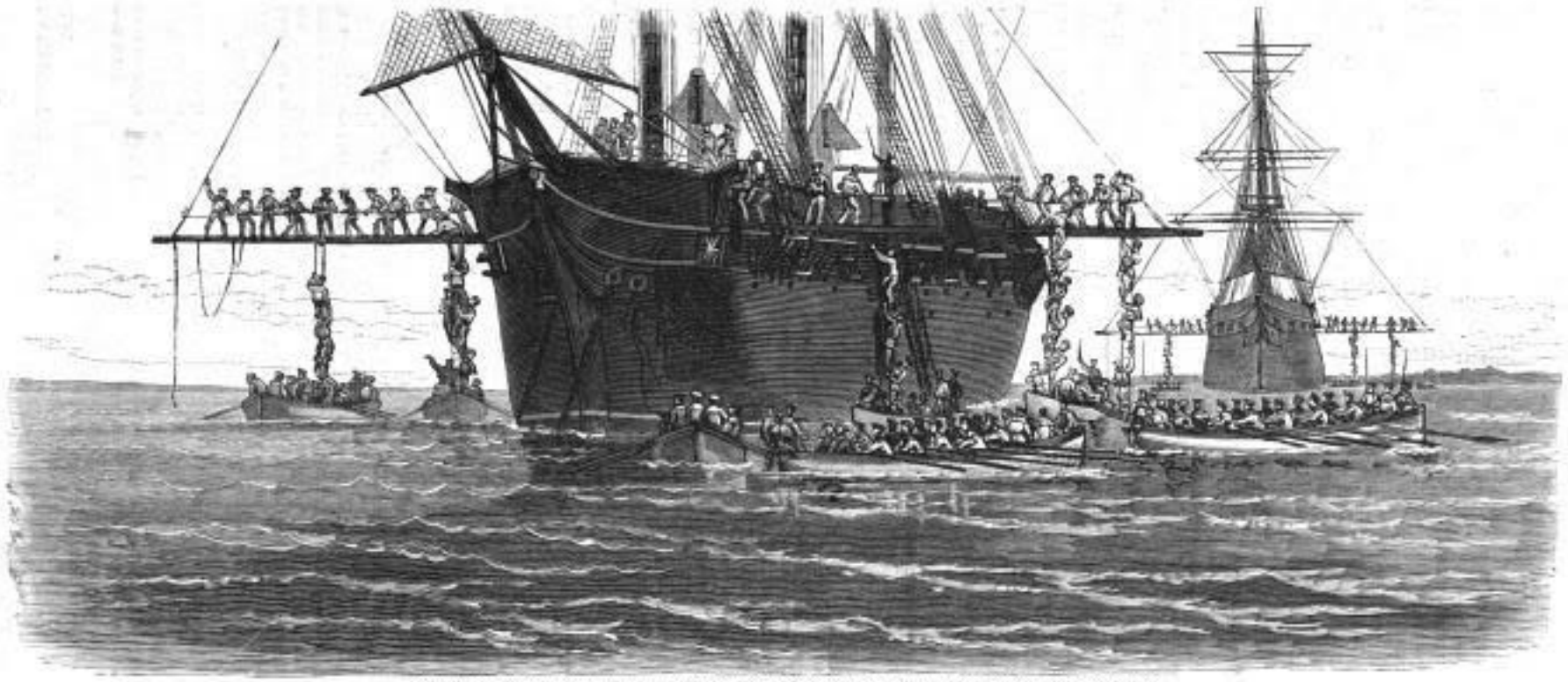
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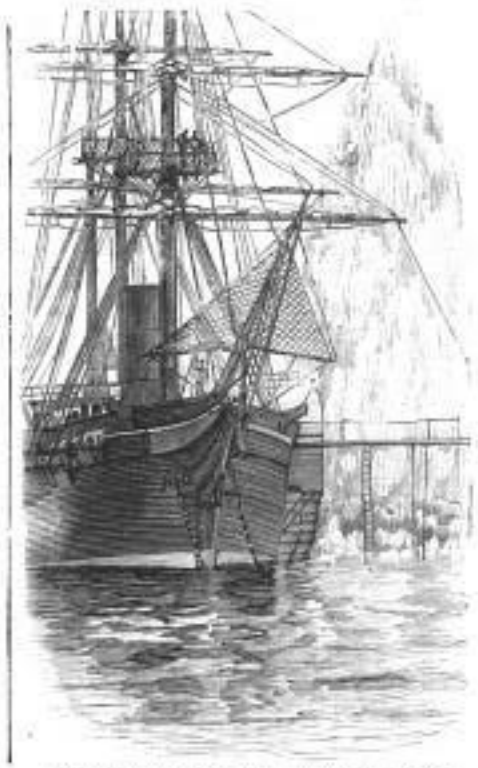
SAILORS OF THE U.S.S. "POWHATAN" LANDING THE GATLING GUN FROM THE RAFT AT THE BEACH.



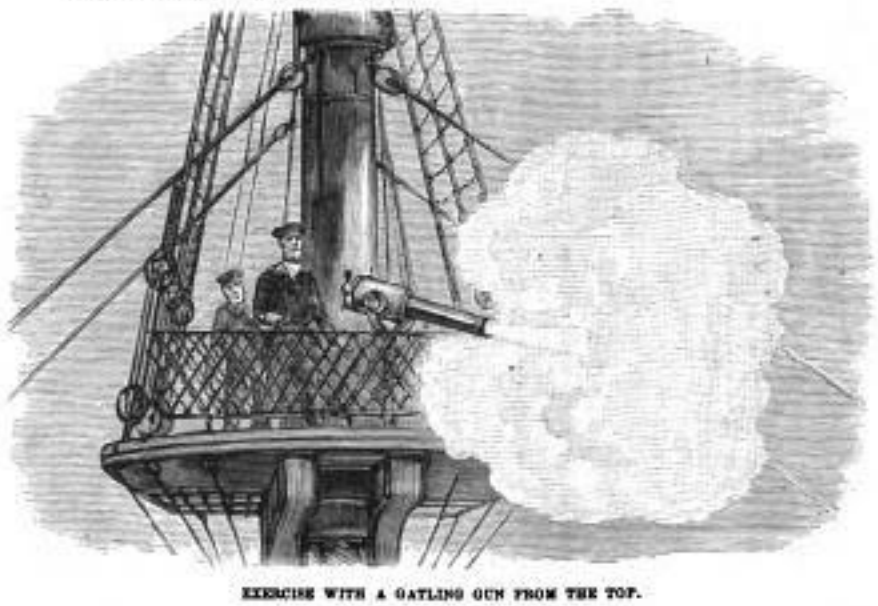
RESULT OF USING LIEUTENANT Z.'S SIGHT.



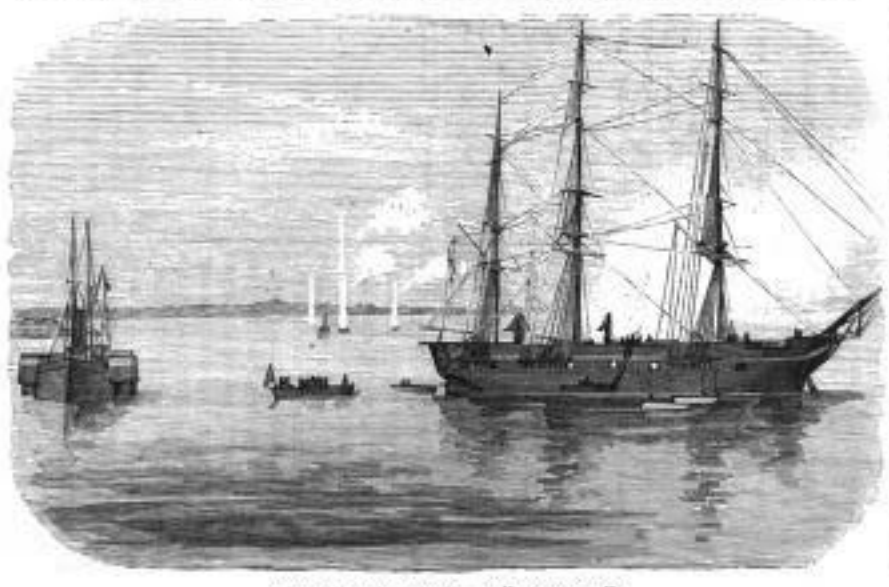
OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE U.S.S. "PORTSMOUTH" EXECUTING ORDER, "ALL HANDS DESERT SHIP!"



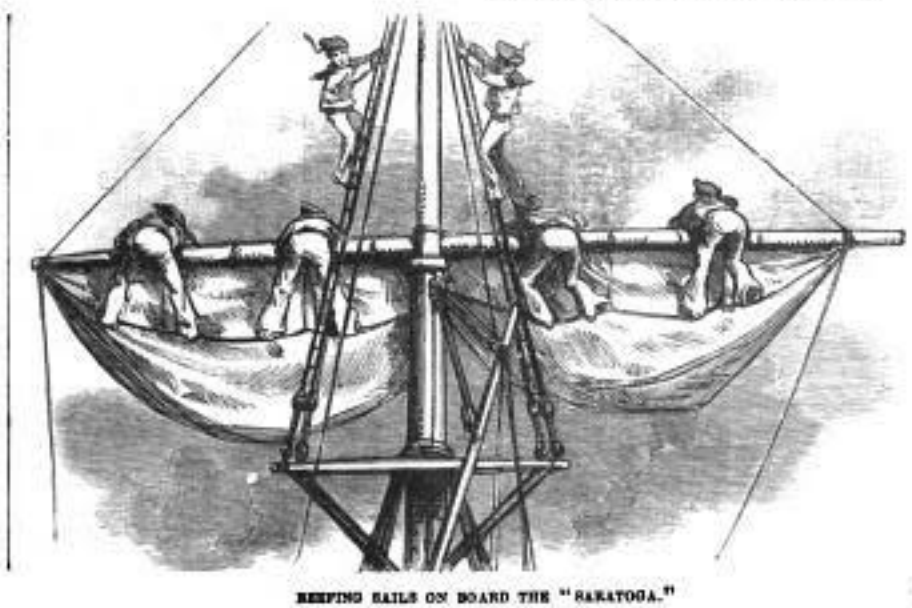
EXPLODING TORPEDO FROM THE "POWHATAN."



EXERCISE WITH A GATLING GUN FROM THE TOP.



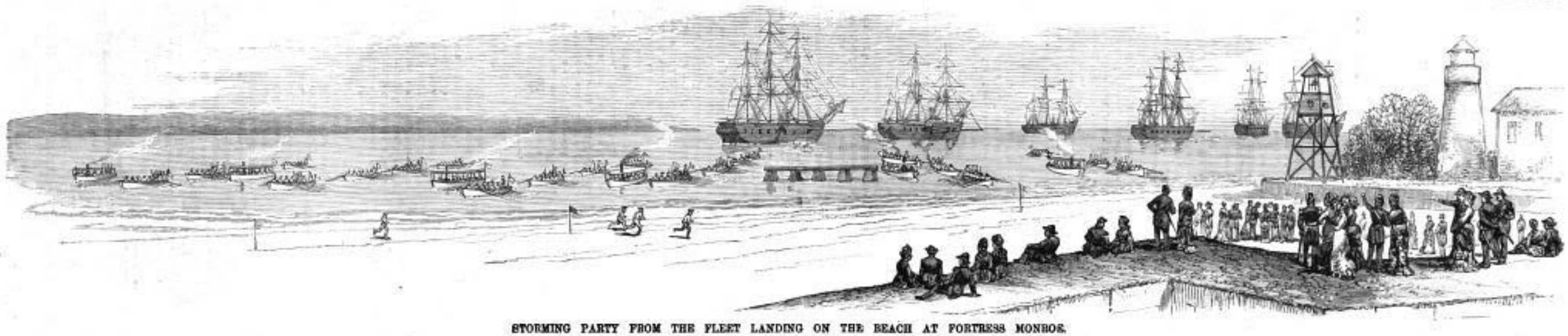
TARGET FIRING FROM THE "SARATOGA."



REEFING SAILS ON BOARD THE "SARATOGA."

VIRGINIA.—GRAND NAVAL REVIEW AND MANŒUVRES OF NAVAL APPRENTICES IN HAMPTON ROADS, OCTOBER 14TH-15TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 152.

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STORMING PARTY FROM THE FLEET LANDING ON THE BEACH AT FORTRESS MONROE.



CENTENNIAL OF YORKTOWN, VA.

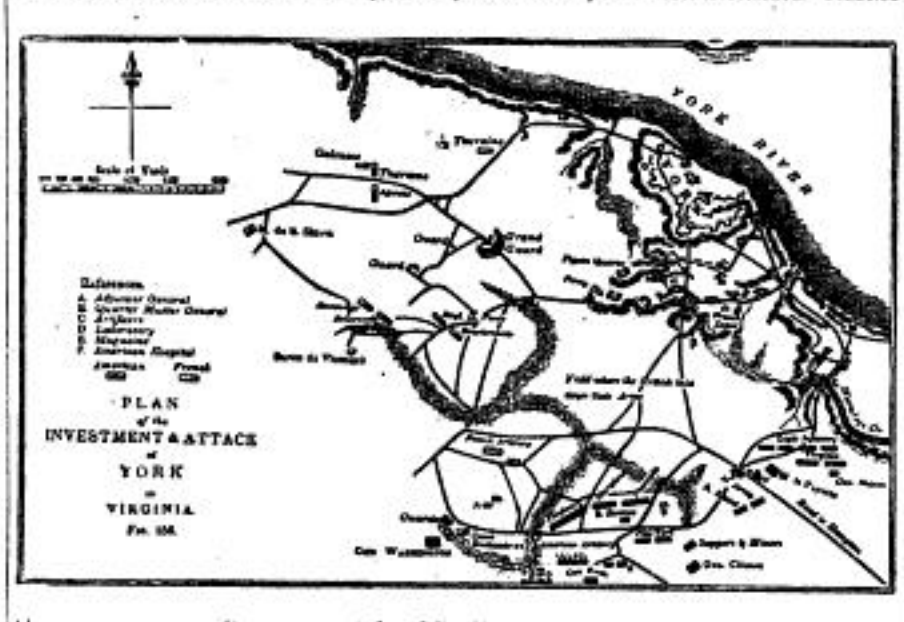
THE TOWN AS IT APPEARS NINETY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER.

YORKTOWN when it surrendered Lord Cornwallis to George Washington would seem to have given up the ghost. It is dead and buried, and its sand is as the ashes of Herculaneum or Pompeii. It is pulseless. Twice has it been galvanized into spasmodic vitality since the memorable 19th of October, 1781. Once during the war of 1812, when the British ventured up the York River and captured a revenue cutter, and again in the late civil war, when one-half of the town was blown into the air by the explosion of a powder magazine. The Yorktownites—there are only two hundred and fifty all told—are eager for recognition, so eager that they have continued to anticipate the centenary of the surrender of the British troops by two years, and the excitement in this out-of-the-way, shrunken, decayed town over the coming celebration has reached fever and frantic heat. Yorktown is 127 miles from Baltimore, seventy-two from Richmond, and forty-five from Norfolk. There is no railway nearer than twenty-five miles, and the telegraphic wire keeps at the same respectful distance. True, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company have purchased 8,000 acres, with a view to extending their line to the York River, but, like the statue of Washington, which was promised to the town by Congress some seventy years ago, and which is as yet unchiseled or unmolded, the wary management of the Chesapeake and Ohio maintains a masterly inactivity, at which the Yorktownites, as is within their right, are exceeding wroth. Before I describe this historical ruin, the great event in its history, and indeed in the history of the nation, demands a special mention.

Lord Cornwallis, after his celebrated march through Virginia, fortified himself in Yorktown, situated on the southern bank of the River York. Opposite Yorktown is Gloucester Point, projecting considerably into the river, the breadth of which at that place does not exceed a mile. Gloucester Point, was also fortified by the doomed English general, and the communication between it and Yorktown commanded by ships of war that lay in the river under cover of his guns. The main body of his army was encamped near Yorktown, beyond some outer redoubts and field works, visible traces of which are still distinctly to be seen, and which were sketched by the artist, while Gloucester Point was occupied by some seven hundred men. Washington saw that if he could grapple with Cornwallis before the arrival of the English fleet in Chesapeake Bay—which might heave in sight at any moment—that he had him on the hip, and despite the remonstrances of Count de Grasse, in command of the French ships of war in the river, proceeded to march upon Yorktown upon the morning of the 28th of September, his combined forces amounting to 11,000 men, exclusive of the Virginia militia. About midday the heads of the columns reached the ground assigned to them, and, after driving in the outposts and some cavalry, encamped for the night. At the same time that the combined army encamped before Yorktown the French fleet anchored at the mouth of the river, and completely prevented the British from escaping by water, as well as from receiving supplies or reinforcements in that way. Gloucester Point was watched by the legion of Lauzun and a brigade of militia. On the 30th Yorktown was invested. The French troops formed the left wing of the combined army, the Americans the right. The artist made his sketch from the French position in a spot called Frenchman's Field. On the night of the 6th of October the first parallel was begun, on the 9th the batteries were completed, and from that moment the town was incessantly "stormed at by shot and shell." On the night of the 11th the besiegers began their second parallel, and after dark on the 14th two English redoubts were carried by assault, one by the Americans, the other by the French. Cornwallis seeing himself hemmed in as though by a wall of steel, and his troops withering under a rain of fire, formed the desperate resolution of crossing the river during the night, and attempting his escape northward with his available forces *via* Maryland, Pennsylvania, the Jerseys, to New York. In prosecution of this perilous enterprise, the light infantry, most of the guards, and a part of the Twenty-third Regiment embarked in boats, passed the river, and landed at Gloucester Point before midnight. A storm then arose, which rendered the return of the boats, and the transportation of the rest of the troops equally impracticable. In that divided state of the British forces the morning of the 17th dawned. At ten o'clock on the forenoon of that day, Lord Cornwallis, seeing that every ray of hope had been extinguished, and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt to defend the post, sent out a flag of truce, with a letter to General Washington, proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, in order to give time to adjust the terms for the surrender of the forts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point; but Washington, still fearing the momentary appearance of the British fleet, replied that, while most ardently anxious to spare the further effusion of blood, he could not consent to lose time in fruitless negotiations, and desired that, previous to the meeting of the commissioners, his lordship's proposal should be transmitted in writing, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities for two hours should be granted. Meantime, General Washington, in order to avoid delay in useless discussions, drew up and submitted to Cornwallis such articles as he was willing to grant, informing his lordship that, if he approved of them, commissioners might be immediately appointed to reduce them to form. Accordingly, Viscount Noailles and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, on the 18th, met Major Ross, of the British Army, at Moore's House—still standing, and sketched by the artist—in the rear of the first parallel. Here they prepared a rough draft, but were unable definitely to arrange the terms of capitulation. The draft was to be submitted to Cornwallis, but General Washington, resolved to admit of no delay, directed the articles to be transcribed, and on the morning of the 19th sent them to his lordship, with a letter expressing his expectation that they would be signed by eleven, and that the garrison would march out at two in the afternoon.

Finding that no better terms could be obtained, Cornwallis, on the 19th of October, surrendered the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point. The army, artillery, arms, accoutrements, military chest and public stores of every description were surrendered to General Washington; the ships in the harbor and the seamen, to Count de Grasse. The garrison marched out of the town with colors cased and drums beating. Exclusive of the seamen, nearly 7,000 persons surrendered, about 4,000 of whom were fit for duty. During the siege the garrison lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 552 men. By the surrender of the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point, the Americans gained possession of a large train of artillery, consisting of seventy-five brass, and sixty-nine iron cannon, howitzers and mortars, with a considerable quantity of arms, ammunition, military stores and provisions. One frigate, two ships of twenty guns each, a number of transports and other vessels, and about 1,500 seamen, surrendered to Count de Grasse. The combined army at Yorktown may be estimated at 16,000 men, consisting of 7,000 French, 5,000 Continentals, and 3,500 militia. Their loss during the siege amounted to 300 killed and wounded. On the day that Cornwallis surrendered, the English fleet sailed to his relief from Sandy Hook. It consisted of twenty-five ships of the line, two vessels of fifty guns each, and eight frigates, and arrived off the Chesapeake on the 24th, just five days too late.

The convention at Saratoga was a severe blow to the British arms; but the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was still more decisive. It produced the most cheering sensation in the American Congress; the State Government, and all classes of people exulted with joy. "A new impulse was given to the public mind; but, above all, the ray of peace which now seemed to burst through the gloom of war was grateful to their souls." In England, the news was received with amazement and dismay, as the



blow was as severe as it was unexpected, and it was now realized that a country may be overrun, but cannot be easily subdued, while the minds of the people continue hostile. Those who before disapproved of the war now spoke of it in terms of the strongest reprobation, and many who had formally given it their zealous support began to express a desire for peace. All classes became weary of the protracted struggle; the House of Commons began to waver, and on the 27th of February the Opposition carried an address against the prolongation of the war in America.

It is, then, to commemorate this all-important event in the history of our country that the Yorktownites have roused themselves, and that the corpse of the dead little town has been galvanized with a week's vitality. The artist and I struck this out-of-the-way region, *via* Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, and from thence by a small steamer, which, after electrifying two landings in East River, proceeded to the scene of Cornwallis's humiliation. Yorktown is situated on a low sandy bluff, and consists of a single street broken into fragments. The Yorktown Hotel—a red brick building two hundred years of age, and "run" by a cheery old warrior, who bears no less than seventeen wounds, all in front—stands in bold relief on one side of the street, while the original Custom House of this county and the Nelson mansion occupy the other. There are five pre-revolutionary buildings in the town, the remainder of the dwellings being made up, with two or three exceptions, of wooden shanties, occupied by the colored population, which stands at eighty per cent. The Custom House is a square building of the Queen Anne period, constructed of yellow bricks, still yellow, but clotted here and there with white dabs. Its roof is high, the shingles moss-covered. Its windows are long and narrow, and some of the remaining glass allowed in the light of that October morning ninety-eight years ago. The original door on the south side, "a brave bit of oak," still stands, and the cellars are now occupied by pigs. It is difficult to anchor the imagination on the fact that through this small dingy dwelling all the entries for New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia passed, that this was the Custom House of this enormous continent! The Nelson mansion is a superb specimen of its style of architecture, that of the First George. It is built of yellow imported brick, the string courses and architraves being of blood-red brick. A brick wall surrounds the garden, which is overgrown with huge box hedges, once thread-like and delicate borders. The oaken entrance-door has been coarsely replaced; but the walls are paneled in hard wood from cellar to garret. This house was the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis, and tradition asserts that a deep indentation in the southern chimney is the mark made by the ball of a nine-pounder, the gun having been fired by General Nelson, the owner of the house, who was compelled to evacuate upon the incoming of the British. Lafayette stopped here in 1824, and Mr. Nathaniel Taylor, the oldest inhabitant, informed me that he remembers having seen him at a review of the troops held outside the town shaking hands with every soldier as the warriors filed past. *Apropos* of the oldest inhabitant of the town, I was presented to a venerable darkey, who stated that he recollected the surrender of Cornwallis perfectly well. "How old are you?" I demanded. "Near a hundred," was the reply. "You couldn't recollect what occurred when you were but two years of age." "I do, sah, an' dis is all about it. Massa Washington came up to Massa Cornwallis, an' Massa Cornwallis was ridin' a cream-colored hoss. Says Massa Washington to Massa Cornwallis, 'Git out ob dat! Git down, I tell you!' an' den, sah, Massa Washington drew Massa Cornwallis's sword, an' stuck it in the groun'. Dat's exactly what happened." This is *verbatim*—the old colored gentleman's story. *Si non e vero, e ben trovato.*

Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Halstead, the owner of Temple Farm, upon which Moore House—the scene of the meeting between the commissioners respectively appointed by Washington and Cornwallis, to consider the terms of the capitulation—stands, we were afforded an opportunity of visiting this historical mansion. The house is of timber, oblong in shape, with a Mansard roof, the shingles of which are coated in the green velvet of moss. There are five windows in the roof and four on the façade, with the hall-door. The brick chimneys stick up like great red ears at either side, and both bear traces of "hard iron."

The room in which the capitulation was signed is up-stairs on the left. It was also Washington's apartment. It is low-ceilinged, with two windows, one at either side of the great open fireplace, looking east, and two deeply embrasured windows giving north, commanding a superb view of the river out to the bay. A closet is attached. I fancied this apartment on the 19th of October, 1781—the commissioners engaged in their grave deliberations, the old oak staircase lined with officers, silent and flushed with earnest expectation; the troopers picketed on the grassy slope, in front, but a mile off; the beleaguered town, its dented earthworks swarming with red-coats, and away on the blue waters of the river the white sails of the French men-of-war. To-day, Moore House is used as a store for Mr. Halstead's agricultural implements; but he assured me that it is his intention to "fix it up" for the great commemoration in 1881. On the lands of Temple Farm formally stood a village founded by Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, the farm deriving its name from a church, or temple, of which nothing now remains but the outlines of foundation-walls and a tomb, the slab actually imbedded in the roots and trunk of a venerable catalpa-tree. The inscription, which is partly defaced, runs:

> "Major William Gooch, of His ——
> —— Dyed October 20th, 1683
> Within this tomb there doth remain
> No shape but substance true
> Itself though young in years but ——
> Yet grac'd with virtuous morall and ——
> The church from him did good pa
> In counsel rare fit to adorn a ——"

A coat-of-arms and a helmet surmounted by a dor are very distinct.

Mr. Halstead drove us along the line of earthworks thrown up by "Little Mac" during the civil war, lines in parallel with those formed by the besiegers in 1781. How history repeats itself! He also exhibited to us some nine-pounders plowed up by him—all records of a century ago.

In the Court House, the clerk, Mr. Hodgins, showed us a very quaint will, being dated 1631, in which the testator bequeaths pigs down to the fourth generation of the existing stock in the stye. The National Cemetery at Yorktown is admirably kept by Mr. Schievan, an ex-federal, who was horribly wounded during the war, and who has built a small church, and presented it to the inhabitants in return for the Samaritan services rendered to him by a Confederate soldier on the field at Gettysburgh. There are 2,182 graves in the cemetery, 1,434 of unknown and 748 of known persons. Close to the cemetery is the spot where it is alleged that Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. Formally a trophy stood there, but it has disappeared; there poplars were planted, until they, too, went, twig by twig. Now nothing remains to mark the site, and writers of history fail to agree on the subject. We were shown a cave on the bluff commonly known as Cornwallis's Cave, the owner whereof was busily engaged in removing the débris of sand from the entrance. How the name of the unlucky British commander became associated with it, since he was neither a bandit or a smuggler, I leave to the historian.

GRAND NAVAL REVIEW AT FORTRESS MONROE.

THE event of last week in naval circles was the grand review in Hampton Roads of the vessels of the North Atlantic and training squadrons assembled there for that purpose. Secretary Thompson, accompanied by a number of naval dignitaries, reached Fortress Monroe in the *Tallapoosa* on the morning of October 14th, and was at once waited upon by the commander-in-chief, Rear-Admiral Robert H. Wyman and staff, and the captains of the fleet. The remainder of the day was devoted to an inspection of the armament and gunnery of the vessels, the *Saratoga*, Commander R. D. Evans, being the first visited. Immediately upon the arrival of the Secretary on board, the call to general quarters was sounded, the battery cast loose and every preparation made to attack an imaginary enemy. While the Secretary was inspecting the drill at great guns a target was towed 900 yards off the port beam, and as soon as it was in position fire was opened upon it with shell, shot and grape. The shooting was excellent, the target being struck three times, and almost every shot being effective. We give an illustration of the scene. On the *Portsmouth*, Lieutenant-Commander Crowninshield, which was next visited, an exhibition was given of "all hands abandon ship," in which, the vessel being supposed in a sinking condition, all hands take to the boats and life-rafts and desert her. On board the *Minnesota*, Captain S. B. Luce, a specialty was made of repelling an attack by torpedo boats, by Gatling guns and riflemen, composed of both sailors and marines. The frigate has about 350 boys on board; many of whom are from the West. The drill and examination of the boys was to decide who should wear a number of handsome medals that had been presented by friends as prizes. The first prize for seamanship, a handsome silver medal, was won by Thomas M. Johnson, who also secured two others. A beautiful medal, presented by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, was awarded to D. J. Donovan.

After an inspection of the *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," Commander O. F. Stanton, the *Kearsarge*, Commander H. F. Picking, was visited, and from her a torpedo was fired, throwing an immense column of water into the air and showing how effective this weapon is at close quarters. From her the party went to the *Marion*, Commander F. M. Bunce; thence to the flagship, where the party were entertained by Admiral Wyman.

On the following day, the 15th, the forenoon was devoted to competitive evolutions and exercises, and the afternoon to landing the naval brigade and boat exercise. At nine o'clock the flagship made signal for the *Saratoga* and *Portsmouth* to get under way and stand out to sea. Both these vessels are sailing sloops-of-war of the same class and tonnage, and both are manned by naval apprentices. When the signal was made they were lying to single anchors, with thirty fathoms of chain. As they ran out, the *Tallapoosa*, with the Secretary and party on board, got under way and followed them out of the harbor, signaling the vessels to proceed at will. Upon this the *Portsmouth* hauled her wind and beat back into the roads. The *Saratoga* set port stunsails and stood out. She was soon, however, signaled to return, the Secretary having seen enough, and gone back to view the evolutions of the vessels remaining at anchor.

These were exercised by signal from the flagship in the following: "Make on plain sail," "Clew up topgallant sails and royals," "Furl royals and send royal yards down," "Single reef topsails and set them with topgallant sails over them," "Clew up and furl topgallant sails," "Double reef topsails," "Single reef courses and set top-sails and courses thus reefed down topgallant yards," "Close reef topsails and courses," "Down jib and set foretopmast staysail," "Down topgallant masts and staysail," which terminated the exercises.

At noon the Secretary, having transferred his flag to the *Powhatan*, that vessel went to general quarters, exploded a torpedo from her starboard boom, fired at a target with great guns and used her Gatlings from the tops as would be done in an action at close quarters to clear an enemy's decks.

One of the most interesting incidents of the review was the landing of the naval brigade on the beach, under the walls of Fortress Monroe. Each ship sent a battalion of infantry, and the marines of the fleet formed an additional one. There were also two batteries of artillery, composed of howitzers and Gatling guns, a field hospital and all the equipments of a landing party, including signal men, pioneers, etc., all told, about one thousand strong. While the brigade was forming the Secretary's party left the *Powhatan* and entered the fort, on the parade-ground of which the force on shore were to be reviewed. The Secretary was met by General G. W. Getty and staff, and received a salute of seventeen guns from the fort. At a quarter to four o'clock the line of march was taken up, Captain S. B. Luce, of the *Minnesota*, being in command of the brigade. Entering by the main entrance of the fort, the troops were formed in line on the parade, and were then inspected by the Secretary and staff, and General Getty and staff, the party walking the whole length of the line, after which they took up a position in front of the brigade, which was marched in review by the commanding officer. The troops then marched back to their boats and re-embarked. The review was in every way a great success, and was witnessed by crowds of visitors from Washington, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and other towns. On the evening of the 13th a ball was given at the Hygeia Hotel, in honor of Secretary Thompson's visit.

Mortality in India from Snake-bites.

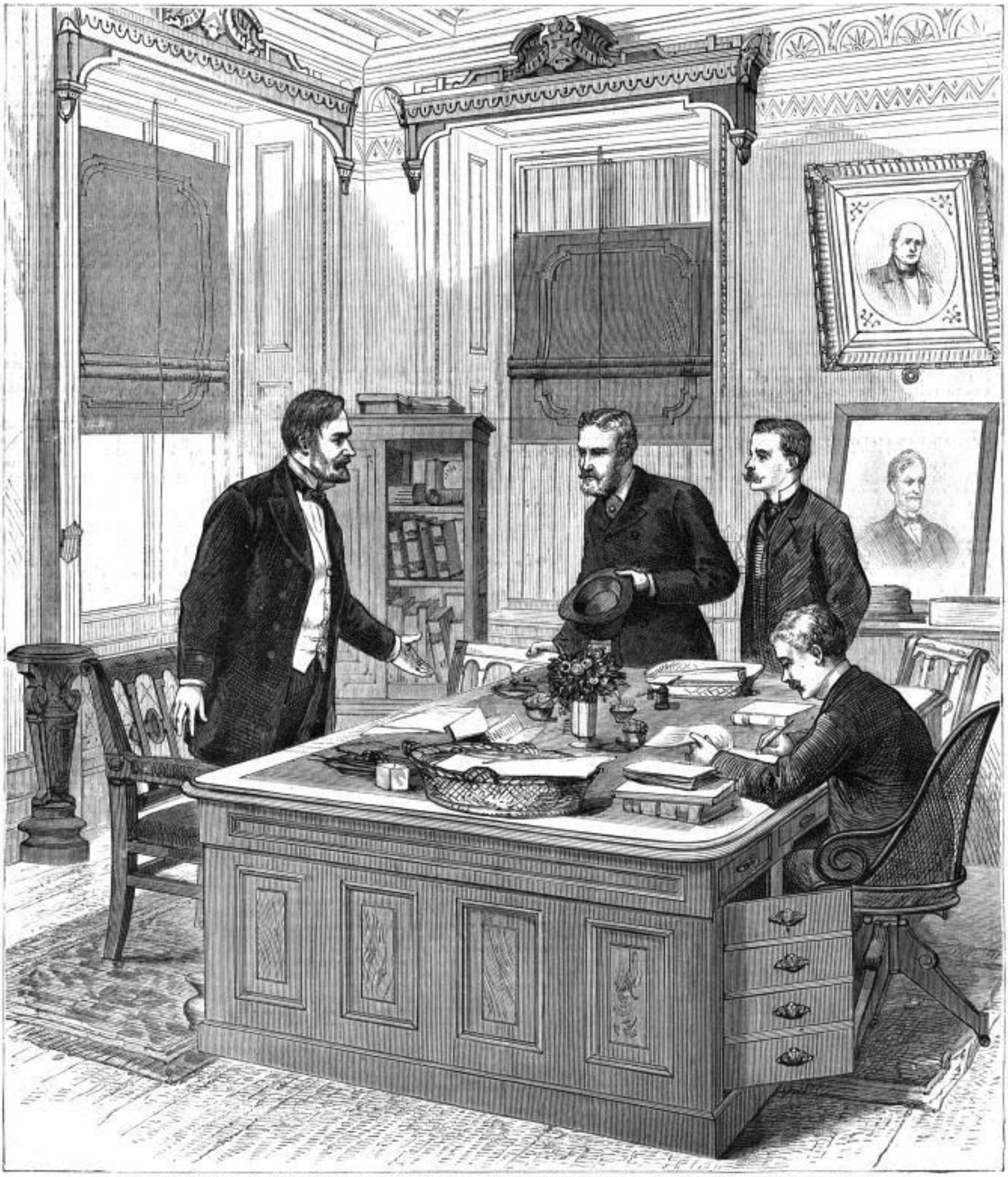
READERS will be startled to learn that, according to a return published in January, 1878, no fewer than 22,000 human beings lost their lives in India during the previous year by snake-bites. This lamentable sacrifice of life is occasioned not only by the cobra and krait, but by other deadly species, and notably by a snake barely a foot long, the *Echis carinata*, known also by the name of Kupper or Poorsa. The effects produced by snake-bite vary according to the species. Thus, the bite of the cobra produces coma and speedy death, whereas the poison of others, such as Russell's viper, produces excessive pain, convulsions, and usually death. The bite of *Echis carinata* causes blood to ooze from the pores of the victim, who, after lingering for a week or more, succumbs to the fatal poison. The number of harmless snakes is enormously in excess of the venomous species, else the mortality would unquestionably be greater even than it is.

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NO. 2.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING HON. JOHN SHERMAN, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, ON THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 169.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, *53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

We give in the present issue the second of a series of illustrated interviews with our eminent public men, which it is proposed to continue as a special feature of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *These interviews will in all cases relate to topics of immediate public interest, and will constitute a really valuable contribution to the current history of the times. The present interview, with Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, refers to the financial question, the results of resumption, the business outlook, and the working organization of the Treasury Department. The article has a direct present interest to all who are concerned in the public prosperity.*

SOME FINANCIAL FALLACIES.

LOOKING at the results of the recent State elections from a financial standpoint, we find great cause for satisfaction and rejoicing. The verdict of the great popular jury, inspired by resumption and its attendant evidences of reviving national prosperity, extinguishes the last hope of political Greenbackism, and gives a death-blow to the wild vagaries of "flatism." But while this is true, it is also true that many advocates of "honest money," gentlemen who consider their opinions entitled to consideration, have much to learn and unlearn. For instance, there are men holding prominent positions as writers, and others aspiring to eminence in public affairs, who have yet to learn that the progress of civilization has made as great changes in the uses of money as in the employment of labor-saving machinery. They have yet to learn that this is not an age of slow going barter and trade, but an age of active exchanges, such exchanges being carried on through the operation of financial systems calculated to reduce the use of money to a minimum. Such writers and statesmen hold to sound money principles, that is to say, they profess to believe that all money should possess an intrinsic value, and that all representatives of money should be redeemable in the precious metals. Up to this point they are wholly sound. But they go a point beyond, and insist that a vast volume of money is actually necessary to the purposes of production and trade and the upbuilding of national prosperity. Even the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Sherman, seems to take special pride in showing that the country possesses a sum of money equivalent to something more than twenty-one dollars per capita for a population of fifty millions, and couples this with the revival of industry and trade. It would be interesting to have the Secretary point out the advantages for the present acquisition of national wealth over those of 1860, at which period the total circulation, including gold, silver and bank-notes, only equaled $11.49 per head for a free population of twenty-seven and one-half millions.

Touching this matter of an exorbitant volume of money, Roswag, an eminent foreign writer on finance, says: "The circulation varies in different countries with the importance of their affairs and of their commerce, as well as with the activity of their dealings, the same pieces of money performing a given number of exchanges in a longer or shorter time, according as the nation is more or less active." He then adds: "In this respect England and the United States, for example, exhibit a rapidity of circulation altogether greater than that of France." That Roswag is correct, and that the acquisition of national wealth depends upon production and trade quickening a moderate circulation, rather than upon an increase of population, or vast additions to the volume of money, cannot reasonably be disputed. Great Britain affords a fair illustration of these views. In November, 1844, the bank circulation of that country amounted to $198,352,985. In August, 1868, after a lapse of twenty-four years, the total circulation was $196,000,000, a decline of something more than two millions of dollars. Yet in that period, as the facts show, the material wealth of Great Britain more than doubled and the volume of her domestic and foreign commerce more than trebled.

Now what are the facts exhibited in the actual experience of our own country? The history of twenty years will serve to answer this question fully. According to the census returns for 1850, the population, all told, numbered 23,191,876. The bank circulation, as officially reported, amounted to $155,012,911, and the national wealth to $7,135,780,228. In 1860 the population was found to be 31,443,321, the bank circulation $207,102,447, and the material wealth of the country $16,151,616,068. From all this we learn that in ten years the population increased 35.11 per cent., bank circulation 33.6 per cent., and the national wealth 126.4 per cent. In the course of the decade ending with 1870 the population grew to 38,558,371, bank circulation increased to $236,205,446, and the national wealth to $30,068,518,507. According to these figures, all official, population increased 26.65 per cent., bank circulation 43 per cent., and the aggregate wealth 86.2 per cent. It must be understood, however, for the real purposes of comparison, that the average purchasing power of paper currency in 1870 was only eighty-seven cents to the dollar. If, then, the paper currency of that year be reckoned in real dollars, as in 1850 and 1860, the bank circulation can only show an increase of 27.3 per cent. over that of 1860. Comparing this with increased wealth for 1870, the respective per centages would be 27.3 and 86.2.

For the purpose of making the facts here stated more fully intelligible, we present the following tabulated statements relating to the increase of population, bank circulation and national wealth for the twenty years ending with 1870:

Year.	Population.	Increase. Number.	Increase. Per Cent.
1850	23,191,876	.....	.....
1860	31,443,321	8,251,445	35.11
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22.63

Year.	Bank Circulation.	Increase. Per Capita.	Increase. Per Cent.
1850	$155,012,911	$6.68	.....
1860	207,102,447	6.58	33.6
1870	236,200,446	7.68	43.0

Year.	National Wealth.	Increase. Per Capita.	Increase. Per Cent.
1850	$7,135,780,228	$307.68	.....
1860	16,151,616,068	513.67	126.4
1870	30,068,518,507	781.06	86.2

It will be noted that the bank circulation of 1850 amounted to $6.68 per capita, while the national wealth, proportioned to population, gave an average per head of $307.68. In 1860 the per capita of bank circulation was $6.57, or ten cents less per head than in 1850, yet the national wealth increased 126.4 per cent., and exhibited a per capita of $513.67. Here we have the direct evidence that while bank circulation as compared with population really decreased from 1850 to 1860, the national wealth actually increased $205.99 per capita.

Recurring to the decade ending with 1870 it will be seen that the per capita of bank circulation amounts to $7.68, an increase over 1860 of $1.10 for each person in population. The per capita of wealth is found to be $781.06, an increase over 1860 of $267.37, and $61.40 in excess of the per capita increase of the previous decade. But this argues nothing in favor of the beneficial influence of the increased volume of paper currency. The whole volume of paper in 1870, in fact, including Government issues, was $683,878,000, and gave a per capita of $17.73, thus making the paper currency of that year 230.2 per cent. greater than that of 1860. But while the per capita of wealth, owing to a falling off in the gain to population from 1860 to 1870, is evidently greater for the second decade under consideration, the aggregate growth of wealth was really 40.2 per cent. less than that shown by the decade ending with 1860. In the latter year the total circulation, gold and silver coin included, equaled $11.49 per head of population, slaves excluded. The gain to wealth was 126.4 per cent. In 1870 paper circulation amounted to $17.73 per capita, the ex-slaves being included in the enumeration of population. The gain to national wealth was only 86.2 per cent. for the decade.

These figures are marked and full of positive instruction. They teach the highly important lesson that there is no wealth-producing power in money or in the paper representative of money, and that wealth actually accumulates less slowly during times of inflation, and the consequent use of poor money, than at other periods.

POLITICAL ASPECT OF EUROPE.

THE Treaty of Berlin is a long way from having been fulfilled, either in the spirit or the letter; yet within eighteen months of its promulgation Europe has once more become profoundly disturbed. The present aspect on that continent is one of mutual distrust, of sustained armament, of hurried diplomatic conferences, mysterious movements of chancellors, and gloomy public utterances. No one believes that Prince Bismarck made the journey to Vienna for nothing, nor that the mutually recriminatory attitude of the German and Russian Press is void of significance. All signs point to the probability that the Triple Alliance of the Emperors is at an end; that the relations of Germany with Russia have become strained; that Germany and Austria have drawn together; that Russia has been feeling her way with France; and that the Beaconsfield Government hails with deep satisfaction the apparent isolation of Russia from her late allies. The feud between Bismarck and Gortschakoff is no longer concealed; the friendship between Bismarck and Andrassy, and with his successor, Baron Haymerlé, has become closer. There is a general search for more enduring alliances, founded upon more solid mutual interests, than those which have hitherto existed. Lord Salisbury, at Manchester, broke through all ministerial reserve and plainly betrayed the delight he felt at the new arrangements between Germany and Austria. In imagination he no doubt foresaw a new Triple Alliance, with England substituted for Russia, and Russia forced to seek aid from France and Italy.

The Afghan imbroglio adds an element not to be overlooked in the present complications of Europe, for these complications may be said to arise chiefly from the ambition of Russia on the one side and of England on the other. Lord Salisbury has curtly rejected the overtures of Russia for a division of the Afghan territory between the two empires; nor can we doubt that the confidence with which this was done was inspired by the visit of Bismarck to Berlin and its result. It would be a very different thing to face Russia alone and to face her with the colossal power of Germany at her back. The Russian proposition to England bristled with presumption. It drew a line in Afghanistan which would give Russia the immensely important stronghold of Herat, and would practically make her also the mistress of Merv. Considering that the English are at this moment in the very act of conquering Afghanistan, and could, with little doubt, reach Herat first, if occasion required, Count Schouvaloff's plan was at best a laughable blunder.

The supposed alliance between Germany and Austria, if not already an accomplished fact, is very likely to become so in no long time. It has probably been arranged, if not actually concluded. It may well be that the Emperor William, bound by close ties of blood and lifelong friendship to the Czar, has refused to alienate himself from Russian interests; but we may remember that the Emperor has more than once been overruled by the iron will of Bismarck. Besides, he is eighty-four years old, and when he dies almost the only tie which still binds Russia and Germany will have been broken. The Crown-Prince is known to be anti-Russian, the masses of the German people are so, and the State policy of Bismarck is fast becoming so. On the other hand, the interests of Germany and Austria in Europe are, to a very large extent, compatible with each other. Austria has ceased to be a German Power; her territorial ambitions lie to the eastward. Germany has more reason to fear the Czar's designs in the East than those of Austria, and her ambitions lie to the northeastward. It will be of little moment to Germany if Austria acquires Bosnia, Novi-Bazar and Salonica; of little moment to Austria if Germany acquires Holland and Belgium. Allied, these two Empires will present, in the centre of Europe, a solid front to every side. They will fortify each other against Russia on one side and against France on the other.

The enormous armaments still maintained—Germany with her million and a half of men, Austro-Hungary with her million, France with nearly two millions, Russia with her million and a half, and Italy with her half a million, to say nothing of the English naval armament—mark a perpetual peril to the peace of Europe, as well as a grievous burden on her people. The outlook is gloomy and foreboding. The uneasiness of courts, the sundering of old ties, the feuds of statesmen, the internal troubles of every state, foreshadow the possibility of not distant conflicts. From the present outlook, it would appear not unlikely that a collision may soon occur between Russia and England in Asia. Such a collision might set the vast armaments of all Europe in motion. With Germany, Austria, and England on one side, Russia, France, Italy, and perhaps Turkey on the other, no prophet, however reckless, would dare to foretell the issue. We would fain hope that France should keep out of the embroilments that are to ensue. The young Republic appeals to our most anxious sympathies. It would be far better to build it on adamant foundations than to risk the fruit of all the struggles of the past nine years in a crusade of revenge. But the temper and nature of the French being what they are, such a hope would be a feeble one, in case the rest of Europe were involved in conflict.

THE LAXITY OF LAW.

THE famous saying of the unfortunate John Rogers that "hanging was played out"—a saying which had the talismanic effect of forcing the authorities for once to do their duty by hanging the sententious murderer—seems to have been a prophecy as well as an apothegm, if we may judge from the present state of criminal society. The paralysis of justice, and the consequent immunity from punishment, seems to have been followed by a saturnalia of crime.

This alarming state is the natural result of the present system of dispensing justice, or, rather, we should say, of administering the law. A glance at some of the more recent cases will convince the most skeptical that, until the present deceptive machinery of the law is altered, no man's life or property will be secure.

A policeman was murdered in his bed by the side of his wife. She had a lover—a fact which naturally threw suspicion on both. Owing to the judge's injudicious ruling out of evidence which the prisoners' counsel declared might have thrown light upon what everybody regarded as a very mysterious murder, and the injudicious prejudice against the prisoners he displayed throughout the trial, which he followed up by a one-sided charge to the jury, the sympathy of the public was aroused for the alleged criminals, and a new trial was granted, which has yet to come off, being recently postponed to the next year.

Another murder was committed of a lady, also in her bed, and, although the murderer confessed the deed and the confession was corroborated by the most convincing evidence, a new trial has been granted, which has also yet to come off, and which, perhaps, may result in another new trial, since, being of the colored persuasion, the accused may find some philanthropist on the jury who, reversing the decision of Judge Taney, may think that a white person has no rights which a colored one is bound to respect.

The case of Greenfield for wife-murder is another instance. The trial just ended is the third, and it is doubtful even now whether he would have been found guilty had not the additional facts come out that he had previously choked his child to death to stop its crying. It is, however, not impossible that he may yet live to enjoy the expensive luxury of a fourth trial.

We need not advert to the undiscovered murders of Nathan, Lutener, Rogers and others. These rest with the police. We have now mainly to deal with the law as represented by the judge and jury—parts of the machinery—and these, we maintain, are direct obstacles in the way of justice.

This settled reluctance to carry out the law when the verdict involves hanging must either lead to the abolition of capital punishment or to the restriction of the means of procuring new trials. The facility with which these are granted is a great encouragement to crime, for, as the matter now stands, it seems to be quite optional whether the criminal will abide by the decision of a jury or not! It is certainly natural that a murderer should object to be hanged, as it is natural that the community should object to hold their lives at the mercy of those criminal classes whose "emotional insanity," or undue wish to possess the property of others, may at any time tempt them to rob and murder.

Practically, under existing methods, the laws are inoperative so far as the punishment of crime is concerned, and any criminal, if he has money, can set society at defiance. This helpless condition of the public has in some of our wilder States led to lynch law, just as one extreme begets another. Such an alternative, however, is out of the question here, and it becomes the duty of our law-abiding citizens to force the Legislature to correct the evil by such an alteration of our statutes as will give the community an equal chance with the criminal.

LIGHTNING.

THERE has always prevailed a prejudice against lightning. Dr. Franklin pretended to like it, but his object in so doing was clearly to cloak his fondness for the frivolous and unphilosophic sport of kite-flying. Now and then we meet with a person who professes to greatly admire the magnificence of a thunder-storm, but he always takes care that he is under the protection of a lightning-rod before he expresses his enthusiasm. So long as people dislike to be suddenly struck by wholly unprovoked thunderbolts, and to have their houses and barns surreptitiously set on fire by vagrant electricity, we must expect that lightning will continue to be extremely unpopular.

In point of fact, lightning strikes very few persons. There are thousands of men in every country with whom, in the opinion of their neighbors, lightning might advantageously concern itself, but of this class of people, only one solitary man—who was

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at the time engaged in the revolting act of playing the accordeon—has been struck by lightning within the last twenty-five years. It was in view of this fact that not a single book-agent, professional pedestrian, or student of brass instruments has ever been slain by a thunderbolt, that Professor Wheatstone wrote his famous essay on "The Apparent Waste of Electric Force." The danger that any given man at any specified time or place will ever be struck by lightning is really infinitesimally small. Of course, bad boys who go fishing on Sunday and seek refuge from a thunder-storm under an elm-tree are the sure prey of the avenging electricity, but this is a matter that concerns boys only, and no thoughtful student of political economy will find fault with any contraction, however slight, of the enormously inflated volume of boys which hampers our apple-growing and melon-raising industries.

However unfounded the fear of lightning may be, it nevertheless is almost universal. From the earliest ages mankind has sought for means of protection against lightning-strokes. Prior to the invention of the lightning-rod the methods of protection in common use were avowedly unscientific, and in addition to this grave fault they were entirely useless. In regard to them it may be truthfully said that protection did not protect, and they rapidly went out of fashion when lightning-rods came in. Of late years there has been a painful decay of faith in these latter devices; and as a result, there are several new methods of protection which have latterly come into partial use. As befits an intensely scientific age, these methods are purely scientific. It is claimed that, inasmuch as glass is a non-conductor of electricity, a person can secure absolute safety during a thunder-storm by putting himself into a large glass bottle with a tightly fitting glass stopper. This was tested by a scientific man residing in Germany some years ago, by placing six boys in as many bottles during a thunder-storm which lasted two hours. Not one of the boys was struck by lightning, but they were all found to have died from suffocation when the bottles were uncorked. The method, however successful it may be as far as lightning is concerned, must be conceded to be open to improvement in some of its details. It has also been asserted that if a person seats himself on a chair having glass legs he will be so thoroughly isolated as to be safe from the determined attacks of the most vicious lightning. There is, however, a school of electricians who stoutly deny this assertion. They admit that a man while seated on a chair with glass legs will not be struck by lightning, but they insist that he will gradually become charged with electricity, until he becomes more dangerous than a large-sized thunder-cloud, and that the moment he leaves his chair he will explode with sufficient force to blow the house to fragments. Of course, an experiment of this kind may prove to be very dangerous, and it is difficult to induce the right sort of person to become the subject of it.

But by far the most popular plan for securing safety in thunder-storms is one which is both simple and easy. It is based upon the theory that the electricity of the sexes is of two opposing kinds, and that one or the other must neutralize the effects of the lightning. Thus if a young man and a young woman are together during a thunder-storm, they will be perfectly safe if they occupy the same chair. So generally is this believed that thousands of our youth never fail to hasten to protect themselves in this manner as soon as the low mutterings of thunder are heard in the distance. It is only fair to say, however, that a learned New England professor claims to have demonstrated that this plan is not to be relied upon. He relates in an able paper ("Transactions of the West-Brewsterville Scientific Society," volume I., page 97) that, being at the house of a friend on the 18th of July, 1878, a violent thunder-storm arose. Desirous of trying the method of protection in question, he selected his friend's sister, a young lady of much moral worth and personal attractions, and with her took possession of a rocking-chair (here the professor gives a diagram of the chair and the position of the occupants, which we are unavoidably compelled to omit). The storm had reached its height when the electric fluid suddenly struck him so violently on the back of the neck that he was lifted from his seat and impelled to the door, where a second blow struck him somewhat lower down, prostrating him on the front gravel-walk. He says that he felt the effects of the lightning for fully forty-eight hours, and that the figure of a human hand, printed on the back of his neck by the mysterious agency of the electric fluid, was faintly visible for several days.

After this, we cannot safely put any confidence in the chair theory. In fact, there does not seem to be any way by which we can give ourselves the feeling of entire security from lightning. Perhaps, after all, the method practiced by the ladies of the last century—that of rolling a bed-quilt tightly around the head and shrieking at intervals—is as efficacious as the most skillful arrangement of lightning-rods and the most elaborate combinations of rocking-chairs and young persons of diverse sexes.

EVENTS ABROAD.

WHILE the conquest of Afghanistan is not yet complete, and the subjugation of the hostile tribes may involve a good deal of trouble and expense, the British Government seems to have definitely taken up the subject of organizing a form of government, or administrative system, for the country. The idea of annexation has apparently been abandoned, and it is now proposed to recognize some member of the Ameer's family as ruler, under certain restrictions; to place a British Resident at Cabul, and through him exercise an immediate influence over the policy of the State; and, by way of securing tranquility, to maintain a strong contingent of native and English troops at various fortified posts under command exclusively of British officers. It is understood that the revenue will be collected by native officials, under the direction of British superintendents. The details of the new administration have not yet, of course, been finally arranged; but all the indications favor the belief that the country will be held as a semi-independent State, tributary to the British Crown. Meanwhile the disarmament of Cabul and the surrounding district is going forward; the fortress has been abandoned, owing to the frequent explosions, which are thought to have been caused by mines prepared under direction of Russian engineers; and the Ameer is kept under close surveillance, awaiting the result of the inquiry into the massacre of Major Cavagnari and his associates.

The speech of Lord Salisbury at Manchester, which is elsewhere referred to, has produced a good deal of irritation in Russia, and it is reported that unless the speech of Lord Beaconsfield at the coming Lord Mayor's banquet, November 9th, shall exhibit a less hostile feeling, Count Schouvaloff may be recalled from London. The language of Salisbury was certainly extraordinary, embodying, as it did, a pretty distinct menace to the Russian Government, and it is not at all surprising that the Russian Press and Government officials should resent it with indignant emphasis. The *Golos*, commenting on the situation, says that, in view of the rumored Austro-German alliance, "Russia must secure to herself allies to act in the rear of the enemy in case of an emergency. Lord Salisbury's speech not only opens Russia's eyes, but gives her freedom of action." Mr. Gladstone, in a recent interview in Paris, strongly deprecated any further contention with Russia as to Afghanistan, and generally condemned the foreign policy of the British Government.

The Irish land agitation is taking definite and practical shape. At a conference, last week, of tenant-farmers representing thirty-two counties, a land-league was organized, with Mr. Parnell as president, which proposes to consolidate the interests of the tenantry, and especially to defend the farmers against all attempts at eviction. The meeting declared that the day when landlords could be asked to reduce their rents had passed for ever; that the people who tilled the soil had the right to live on it, and that even if a general abatement of rents should now be made it would avail little without security of tenure. Mr. Parnell's visit to this country will be in the interest of this movement for the emancipation of the tenantry, whose grievances certainly entitle them to the sympathy of their countrymen.

King Alfonso has expressed a desire that all moneys which individuals or public bodies propose to contribute towards the celebration of his marriage, which will take place late in November, may be applied to the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods. Over two thousand persons are reported to have been drowned in four districts, and the loss of property was immense. Three thousand five hundred persons and one hundred and twenty mills were destroyed, and the total damage is estimated at $10,000,000.

It is intimated that the political relations between Germany and Russia are somewhat more cordial. The Czar, in response to a private note from Emperor William, will pay a visit to the latter at Berlin in November, and it is said that while there is perfect harmony of views and a general understanding between Austria and Germany, Emperor William refused his assent to any policy which might place Germany in direct antagonism to Russia. It is somewhat significant that the German Government has it in contemplation to add seventy-two new batteries to its field-artillery and place an additional army corps on a permanent footing, while Russia has given enormous orders for steel cannon and other implements of war.

The situation in South Africa still has some perils for the British. A proclamation has been issued declaring that the annexation of the Transvaal is irrevocable, and this has been followed by the appointment of an Executive Council for the province. The Boers resent both the policy and the language of the proclamation, and great patience and prudence will be required to allay their exasperated feelings.

The head constable of Liverpool, in view of the proselyting efforts of Mormon agents at that port and elsewhere, has issued a warning that polygamy is prohibited by American law, and that those who practice it are liable to heavy penalties. This is the first response, so far as we know, to the circular of Secretary Evarts on this subject.—Doubts are expressed as to the permanence of the new Turkish Cabinet.—London was startled last week by an unfounded rumor of the capture of Merv by the Russians. Leading Russians regard the conquest of that city as improbable before next year, owing to the scarcity of camels and provisions. The Russian troops, which were defeated at Okok-Tepe will Winter on the shore of the Caspian Sea. The expedition to explore the ancient bed of the Oxus River, with a view to connecting it with the Caspian Sea, has been abandoned the difficulties in the way of such connection being found practically insurmountable.—The successor of Herr Von Bülow, late German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will not be appointed for some weeks.—The Minister of Japan at Berlin has been recalled.—Two thousand striking operatives at Bristol, England, and the striking miners of Charlerol, Belgium, have returned to work at reduced wages. The business outlook in some branches of British industry is more encouraging.

It is not likely that the movement to compel Mr. Bayard's retirement from the chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee will be renewed at the approaching session of Congress. The Ohio election has settled that matter, as well as a good many others, effectually and finally. Senator Bayard has for years resisted the tendencies of his party on the financial question, and his honorable and consistent course has its full vindication both in the result of the recent elections and the complete restoration of business prosperity on the basis of specie resumption.

During the last six months 6,311 colored emigrants have settled in Kansas and other Western States. The exodus still continues, the arrivals at St. Louis averaging from twenty to thirty families a week. The movement is no longer confined to Mississippi and Louisiana, but is spreading to other States, the bulk of the more recent immigration having come from Alabama and Tennessee. It is believed that the exodus will next Spring assume larger proportions than ever, owing to the more systematic methods now employed to promote it and secure homes and employment for those who participate in it.

Our commerce with Japan is steadily increasing. Our Minister to that country reports that during the past year the imports from the United States amounted to $3,500,000, and the exports to the United States, 7,500,000. The tonnage of American shipping is greater than that of all the European countries combined, excepting Great Britain. As an evidence of the march of progress in Japan, it is stated that the telegraph system is being rapidly expanded. Last year nearly 2,000 miles of wire were put up, and over 3,000,000 messages were transmitted. A school has been established, in which native scholars are taught the art of telegraphing in all its branches.

The immense increase in the grain receipts of New York during the last ten years is strikingly illustrated in some statistics presented to the Legislative Investigating Committee by Mr. Blanchard, of the Erie Railway. In 1872, the receipts of grain in bushels, by canal and rail, amounted to 75,025,915; last year they amounted to 126,613,771 bushels. This city increased, in 1878, 78 per cent. on the total of rail and canal deliveries over the previous year; while Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, combined, increased 53½ per cent. The percentages of grain received at different ports last year were as follows: New York, 50.7; Boston, 7.4; Portland, 0.7; Montreal, 5.2; Philadelphia, 15.4; Baltimore, 14.1; New Orleans, 4.5

The political canvass in this State has been marked to a greater extent than usual by rancorous personalities. If we were to believe everything that is said by the partisan voters and newspapers, we would be compelled to regard all the candidates for Governor as monsters of depravity, and the election of either of them as a frightful misfortune to the State and its varied interests. It may be that voters can be influenced by this style of canvass—which appeals only to prejudice and passion—but if such is the fact, it is, to say the least, discreditable to the popular intelligence. The right course for the individual voter is to regard each of these candidates in his relation to principles and questions of public policy. Men have no sort of importance except as they represent principles and ideas, and the suffrage is dishonored whenever and wherever its exercise is governed by mere personal considerations in a contest involving such grave issues as are now in debate before the people.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The Labrador herring fishery is reported to be a comparative failure.

The Republicans have thirty-one majority in the Ohio Legislature.

The President has returned to Washington greatly invigorated by his Western trip.

All the proposed amendments to the Ohio Constitution, voted on at the late election, were rejected.

The Postmaster-General refuses to rescind his order directing the withholding of lottery correspondence.

The Montauk Steam Cotton Mills at Sag Harbor, L. I., were destroyed by fire October 22d; loss, $200,000.

It is rumored that the mission to England has been tendered to Secretary Evarts, but the report lacks confirmation.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has been ordered by his physicians to take a long vacation, under penalty of a serious illness.

The yellow fever epidemic at Memphis has been declared at an end, and Absentees will be allowed to return to the city.

The municipal election in Baltimore, October 22d, resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket by a majority of 6,602.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has adopted a report adverse to Léon Chotteau's Franco-American reciprocity treaty.

Frederick Bernsch, the most notorious counterfeiter in the West, was captured at St. Louis, October 23d, by United States detectives.

An emigration has set in from Maine and Vermont towards the West, 500 persons having started last week from those States for Western homes.

The Republicans of Louisiana have nominated Judge Taylor Beattie, a lawyer and planter, for Governor, and James M. Gillespie, another planter, for Lieutenant Governor.

General Grant was last week received at Sacramento and other points in California with great enthusiasm. He left for Virginia City, October 25th, on his way eastward.

The Presbyterian Synod of Long Island, which had before it the appeal in the case of Mr. Talmage, last week ordered the testimony to be printed and voted to meet again early in December.

Several of the Yorkshire farmers who went to Texas a few weeks ago, have returned and give a bad account of the colony. Agricultural immigrants will hereafter, probably, go West.

There were slight snow-storms, last week, at various points in Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York and Canada. At Toronto and St. Thomas, in Ontario, the snow reached a depth of several inches.

The Spanish steamer *Fajaro del Oceano* was burned at sea in the Bahama Channel, W. I., October 16th, and of the sixty passengers and crew on board but seventeen are known to have been saved.

Hanlan, in a published letter, says he is willing to row Courtney if Courtney will promise to start, and intimates that Courtney is afraid to meet him. The latter replies that he is not, and will row the race.

The Chief of Ordnance, in his annual report, recommends the passage of such laws as will create an efficient national militia of about 200,000 men, to be maintained at the expense of the National Government.

A dispatch reports the finding of the body of a man on the lake shore near Tolleston, Indiana, upon whose clothes and sleeve-buttons were the initials of Webb, who accompanied Professor Wise in his balloon ascension from St. Louis.

Continued depredations by the Indians are reported from New Mexico, and the people are arming against them. Some of the Sitting Bulls have come from Canada to the Red Cloud Agency, where they will be treated as prisoners of war.

The trial of Rev. Mr. Hayden for the murder of Mary Stannard was continued at New Haven last week. The testimony was mainly confined to showing the presence of a large quantity of arsenic in the stomach of the murdered woman, and to dissertations on the properties and effects of arsenic.

The official count of the vote for Governor of Ohio is as follows: Foster (Rep.), 336,261; Ewing (Dem.), 319,132; Platt (Greenback), 9,129; Stewart (Prohibition), 4,145; total, 668,667. Foster over Ewing, 17,129. The total vote was 10,694 greater than in the Presidential election of 1876.

Montauk, the great Indian reservation and peninsula at the southeastern extremity of Long Island, was sold by public auction, October 22d, for the sum of $151,000. The tract is from nine to ten miles in length, and in width varies from about a mile and a half to three miles. Including land under water, there are about 11,500 acres in the tract. The entire peninsula was originally the property of the Montauk tribe of Indians, whence the name. Of this once powerful tribe there are only a few persons left.

Foreign.

Sir Francis Hincks has been found guilty at Montreal of signing false bank returns.

The Municipal Council of Berlin has recommended the universal adoption of the practice of cremation.

The Roumanian Senate has passed the constitutional amendment for the relief of the Jews by a large majority.

Twenty tenement-houses in a suburb of Montreal were destroyed by fire October 23d, rendering 200 persons homeless.

The amount received at the Vatican for Peter's Pence thus far this year is considerably larger than at the same time last year.

The editor of London *Town Talk* has been convicted of libels upon Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West and Lord Londesborough.

A number of silk-weavers and factory operatives are on their way from England to this country. Some of them will locate in the interior of New York.

Russia is reported to have promised to protect Chinese merchantmen from Japanese fleets in case of war over the Loo-Choo question, in exchange for a portion of Kashgar.

The Kotwal of Cabul and four others have been hanged for complicity in the massacre of the English Embassy. There has been further fighting at Shutargardan Pass.

The obelisk given by the late Khédive of Egypt to be erected in this city was, on October 24th, delivered to Captain Gorringe, the officer sent to receive it and superintend its removal.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 159.



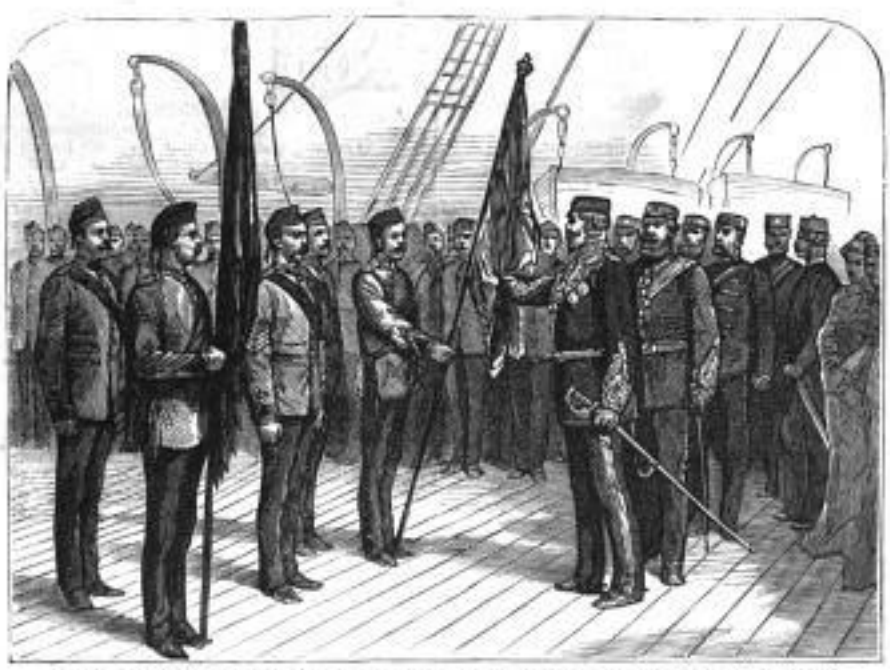
SWITZERLAND.—THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S MONUMENT AT GENEVA.



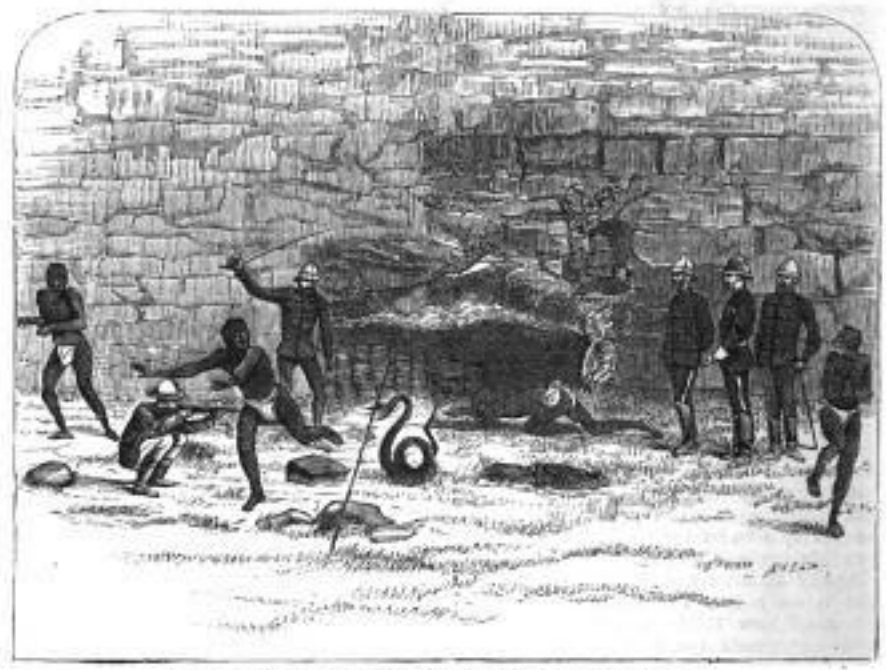
GERMANY.—THE NEW TECHNICAL HIGH-SCHOOL AT HANOVER.



GERMANY.—LANDING THE SHORE-END OF THE GERMAN-NORWEGIAN CABLE AT SYLT ISLAND.



ENGLAND.—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE INSPECTING THE COLORS RECOVERED FROM ISANDULA.



SOUTH AFRICA.—DISCOVERY OF CETEWAYO'S POWDER MAGAZINE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—CURIOUS EFFECT OF MARTINI-HENRI RIFLE FIRE AT ULUNDI.



FRANCE.—AUTUMN REVIEW OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—MANŒUVRES OF THE CAVALRY.

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A PAPER CHASE OF HARES AND HOUNDS.

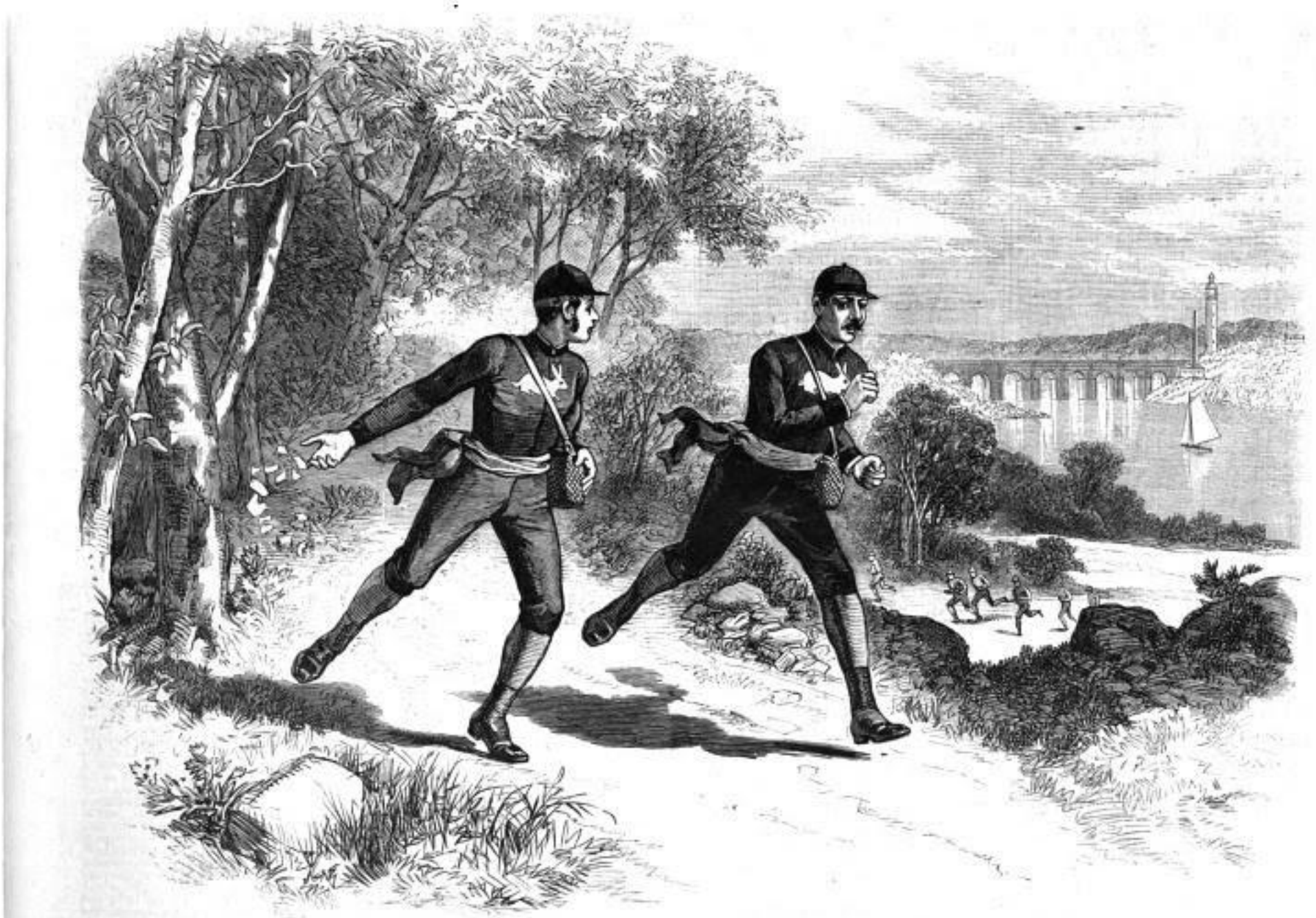
NO more invigorating and health-giving pastime has ever been introduced in this country than that of which the Westchester Hare and Hounds Club is now giving weekly examples. A "paper-chase" of "hares" and "hounds" is an ingenious combination of an outdoor foot-race and the old boys' game of "follow your leader." Two members of the club, selected for their fleetness of foot and their knowledge of the country, are selected as "hares." Their dress consists of a black undershirt and trunks, white tights, and a cricket or jockey-cap. On the breast of each one's shirt is embroidered a hare in red worsted. One of them carries, slung over his shoulder, a bag containing the "scent," which consists of a large quantity of little scraps of paper. In Summer the "scent" is of white paper, and in the Winter it is either blue or black paper, so as to show better on the snowy ground. The rest of the members constitute the pack of "hounds," and are dressed in



NEW YORK CITY.—MLLE. ANGÈLE AS "PEDRO," IN "GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA," AS PERFORMED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—FROM A PHOTO. BY MORA.—SEE PAGE 159.



NEW YORK CITY.—MLLE. PAOLA MARIÉ AS "LA PÉRICHOLE," AND SIGNOR CAPOUL AS "PIQUILLO," IN THE OPERA "LA PÉRICHOLE."—FROM A PHOTO. BY MORA.—SEE PAGE 159.



NEW YORK.—A "PAPER CHASE" OF THE WESTCHESTER HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB—THE FLEEING HARES SCATTERING THE SCENT AT THE OPENING OF THE CHASE.

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suitable running costume. At the beginning of the chase, a start, usually of fifteen minutes, is given to the "hares," who run ahead in any direction they may choose—one of them marking the course while the other scatters the "scent," dropping little pieces of paper here and there, just close enough together to be traced, but not in such quantities as to form a plain line, which would make it altogether too easy for the "hounds." When the stipulated time has elapsed, the latter start off in pursuit of the "hares," following the paper trail up hill and down dale, across roads and ditches and over fences, twisting and turning as their little tell-tale guides on the ground mark out their course, and frequently losing the trail altogether. Then they deploy irregularly, with their eyes fixed on the ground, and all industriously search for the last connection until some one finds it, when, with a loud cry, they all rush forward again upon the right track. At last the "View hallos" is sounded, and if the "pussies" can only be kept in sight, it simply becomes a foot-race—the speed of the "hares" being pitted against that of the fastest of the "hounds." But a stern chase is proverbially a long chase, and, moreover, the chances are that the hares will again and again get behind cover, and turn and double on their pursuers, so that to "first catch your hare" is by no means so easy as it might seem. When a "hare" is caught, the one catching him takes his place as "hare" in the next chase, and the original puss goes back to the field among the "hounds."

THE RED GULCH TRAGEDY.

THE road leading into Red Gulch was a desolate thoroughfare, and the lonely graves that marked its weary miles were the record of tragic endings to stormy lives. As you wound slowly up the dreary and glaring cañon, and saw these depressing mementoes of life's fickleness scattered at such startlingly short intervals, it was refreshing to hear the deep growl of Bandy Jim, the stage-driver, discourse of their occupants in a way that bespoke personal knowledge, and gave evidence that one of the earliest settlers had escaped the fate meted out to so many of his comrades.

"Yonder," said Jim, pointing to the first mound that greeted you, after the stage had rattled out from the straggling street of Sandy Bar, and begun the ascent of the rough valley, "is where they planted Long Maine, and he was a giant and no mistake, tall and straight, standing six foot six in his stockings, strong as an ox, and afraid of no man living or dead. He drifted along here early in '50, landed in 'Frisco from a Boston ship, and walked out because he hadn't the dust with which to buy a mule. Most of the men who came here then would have taken one, given a promise to pay and then forgot all about it, but Maine was a different sort, and always acted square. He came from Portland, or some other down-east town, and wouldn't look at whisky or stake an ounce on cards, though he played them for fun.

"At first the boys thought he was soft, but that was settled in a rather quick and exciting manner, and Maine showed the grit which says, 'I don't take any nonsense without giving payment in full.' There often was a lot of roughs in the Gulch, and one of these came along when Maine had been here about three months. He was a saucy and quarrelsome chap, and had shot once or twice during gambling scrapes, but nothing had been said about it. At last he began to pick on Maine, and one day when he was coming along the walk, this 'Frisco rough jumped in the path in front of him and wouldn't move. Maine stepped out into the road, and the fellow followed suit. Then Maine just lifted him out of the way with a shake that made his teeth chatter. The boys had seen the occurrence, and thought there would be a fuss, so they were on hand to help Maine, and when after he had set him down, the fellow pulled his Derringer, a dozen barkers were levelled at his head; Maine happened to turn as the fellow was taking aim, and quick as thought had sprang and grasped the pistol, a large sized shooter; with a wrench he tore it from the fellow's hand, and broke his arm with a blow that would have stunned a horse. The next morning the stage carried the cur down to the Bar, and from there he went to Marysville. We never saw him up this way again, and Maine was never called soft after this.

"His luck was astonishing. He was sure to hit the biggest pockets, and his pan always showed paying dirt. And he was not a stingy man, for if a fellow was sick, or in trouble from lack of dust, Maine was the first to offer his help, not in an ostentatious way that would freeze you, but he almost made you believe he owed you something, and was only paying you back. His hand was as tender and cool as a woman's, and its touch was better than medicine when the hot fever burnt into one's brain, and made his head feel like an oven.

"Maine was doing prime, and sent more dust East than any one in the camp, and the boys all thought he had a sweetheart there, and was fixing up things for a wedding. We often talked of the nugget we should send when the event took place, and as an ounce was the lowest any one volunteered, you can know it was to be a smasher.

"Well, there was a party of Indians came into the camp one day, and they had a young squaw they wanted to sell. Maine looked at her, and said:

"'Boys, that girl is stained. I think that she is white, and I'm going to buy her,' and he did.

"She hadn't opened her mouth up to this time, but when the bargain was settled and the Indians gone, she went up to Maine and thanked him in the sweetest Spanish I ever heard. Maine understood the language a little, as did I, and some other of the fellows, and we just had an ovation when we found out the girl's story.

"She was from Sonoma, and had been run off from a rancho by Comanches. They had sold her to the party Maine bought her from, and she had been with them, a slave and a drudge, for over three years.

"We built her a cabin, and furnished it with the only looking-glass, chair and table there was in the camp, and Maine sent to Marysville for clothes and crockery for her. He offered to send her home, but her folks had all been massacred by the savages, and she said she would rather stay in the Gulch.

"Her coming was the beginning of a new era for us. The Gulch had been playing out in pockets, and the dirt was growing poor: but the week after she was settled we struck quartz, and rich stuff, too. Maine was the first to find it, and took in with him as a partner a bright youngster who had just come into camp. His name was Harry Warner, and he came from near Maine's home. He was a handsome fellow and full of fun and life, and the camp was lively, I can tell you.

"But I forgot. As the coloring wore out, and the girl got rested and fixed up in the things Maine sent to 'Frisco for, we saw that she was a splendid creature, tall and supple as a panther, with great dark eyes, and a face like a ripe peach on the cheeks. Her hair was a changing radiance in the sun, and her mouth and chin were as near perfect as could be. She had a fine forehead, a clear-cut nose, white teeth, the sweetest lips and littlest feet and hands I ever saw. She was not an idle body, but mended and washed for the camp, though her great care was the cabin where Maine and Harry lived.

"Ah, what a merry voice she had, and how it would trill as she went singing about her work! The fellows all worshiped her, and began to spruce up when she came near, and boiled shirts and coats were no longer strangers in the camp.

"I don't doubt but that all the men in the camp would have fallen in love with Pepita, for this was her name, if they had not considered that Maine's buying her had somehow given him a claim that no one could go back of. But he didn't seem to think this, and if he saw any of the boys talking to her would shy away to give them a chance. I have had a bit of a love romance myself, and know something of the way a fellow acts, and I watched Maine pretty sharply and soon knew that he was badly hit.

"We had been out on the hills one day, he and I, and were coming down the Gulch from back of Bear Cañon, when we heard a short, plaintive cry as though some one was in danger. Cocking our rifles, for we had been after game, and did not know what was up, we sprang round a jutting rock that hid the path, and there saw a sight that made my heart shiver.

"The rock was crowned by a small plateau on which clustered some pines, and just below the edge of the cliff was a narrow ledge. A light soil had collected on this, and some trailing plants had taken root and nestled here. They bore a bright scarlet flower, and were in full bloom now, and we immediately guessed that they were the cause of the sight that met our gaze.

"Hanging some ten or twelve feet below this ledge, her hands clasping a little jutting piece of rock, was Pepita.

"Below her was a sheer descent of over a hundred feet, with loose masses of rock scattered where the shock of storms or earthquakes had hurled them.

"I glanced at Maine.

"For a moment he drew back, a fearful whiteness overspreading his face like a flash. Then he flung aside his rifle, and sprang up a path that led, steep and winding, along the face of the hills beyond the cliff, up to the plateau.

"'Hold on, Pepita, my girl, and I'll be with you in a moment. Jim, go close to the rock,' he shouted, as he bounded on.

"Then I remembered that he had learned to throw the lasso, and that he had his slung about him now. He prided himself on his strength, and carried the longest lasso he could get, and I instantly divined his thought.

"I went close to the rock as he directed, and immediately beneath the girl, and, as I looked up, saw the long bight of Maine's lasso come dangling over the cliff. I also saw that Pepita was growing weak, and each moment seemed an age, as I stood there waiting for Maine to show himself. He was not long in following the rope, and soon was swinging beside the almost senseless form. He clasped her in his strong grasp, and then slowly and painfully began working down the line, which was about fifteen feet short of the full length needed to reach the ground.

"It was a fearful descent, for as soon as he grasped her, Pepita fainted, and Maine could only use one hand, but he came down as carefully as though the rope was a stair, and showed an endurance and strength that was indeed remarkable. He had to stop with his load some little way above the end of the lasso, and then grasping Pepita by the arm, lowered her as far as he could, and told me to stand by and catch her.

"I did so, and then he let himself drop, and we carried the girl to the brook; water soon restored her, and leaning on Maine's arm she walked back to the camp.

"Maine never would take that lasso down, and it hung there till it rotted, or was carried off by the birds.

"But I knew very well how he felt towards Pepita after that, and was glad to think he had no rival. We never know anything, though, and a week had scarcely gone by when new light came to both Maine and me.

"We had been out on another expedition, for he and I generally did the hunting if there was any to be done, and had staid out pretty late. When we got back to the gulch it was thick dark, and as we had been scrambling downhill for some time, we seated ourselves for a rest just back from the path that led along the brook.

"We had scarcely been seated a minute when we heard voices coming towards us, and Maine's hand tightened on mine, and he whispered, 'Keep still as death, Jim.'

"The voices came nearer, and stopped right in front of us; we were in the shadow and could not be seen, and so could be listeners without being discovered.

"I soon recognized the tones as those of Pepita and Maine's partner, Harry Warner; and when they stopped in front of us I could hear every word they said, for their voices were sad and earnest and the night was still.

"'Don't, don't, Harry,' said Pepita.

"'And why not, darling? for you are my darling, and I love you, love you, love you!' he said, passionately. 'Why not tell you that I love you, even if a hundred other men feel towards you the same?'

"'Because—because—oh, Harry, don't you know how much I owe to Maine? He took me from the savages, he has cared for me ever since, and he loves me.'

"'How do you know? Has he told you so?'

"'No; and yet I know it. How did I know that you loved me—for I have known it for weeks?'

"'Well, what if he does love you? So do I. What if he has helped you? Any man would, or should, risk his life for a woman. I tell you that I, too, love you, and I have a right to know whether you love me or not. Don't try to put me off, but tell me truly—do you love me?'

"'Harry, Harry, please don't. Think what you owe Maine.'

"'Let Maine and me settle that. If he were in danger to-morrow my life should be at his call. But this is between you and me, Pepita, and I will know.'

"There was a terrible earnestness in his voice, and his strong passion swayed the girl's soul to do his will.

"'Oh, Harry, I do love—I do love you!' she said, and then fierce sobs shook her form.

"I could feel Maine shiver, but he neither moved nor spoke.

"'My own darling!' said Harry, as he drew the girl to him and quieted her sobbing.

"They stood so a little while longer, and then turned and went slowly down the gulch.

"When they had passed beyond hearing, Maine said: 'Jim, don't say anything about this in the camp. Let it work itself straight; it will, you know.' Then he gave my hand a clasp and we walked slowly home.

"Everything went on as usual for the next few days, and if I hadn't known just how things stood, I should have said that matters were about right. Pepita was the most restless one of the three, Harry was bright and happy, and Maine as steady as of old, though maybe a bit more quiet.

"He had run his shaft well into the hill, and come to a rich lead, so that he and Harry were pretty busy all the while. I did not see much of him except in the evening, and though he kept very still, he did not seem to fret about his trouble.

"In fact, he was a quiet man, one of those whose grief is harder than iron, and who yet make no sign.

"As for Harry, he, too, was one of your still sort, but I made up my mind that sooner or later he would have it out with Maine.

"Well, a week went by, and another began, and still all was quiet. Harry and Maine were driving their shaft right in among the richest kind of quartz, and the rest of us were doing nicely.

"Wednesday came, and the boys had just knocked off for dinner and were standing along the creek, when we heard a sound as though something had snapped, and Harry came rushing out of his shaft with a face as white as death.

"'Quick, quick!' he shouted, 'bring your shovels, the shaft has caved in on Maine,' and then Harry was back into the hole like a flash.

"A dozen men followed as quickly as they could get their shovels, and found Harry working like a giant.

"A hand was just visible, and that was all, and without any talk, the picks and shovels were plied and by careful work and changing when any one got tired, we had Maine's head clear in less than an hour, and by two o'clock he was in his cabin.

"He was senseless, though, and terribly bruised, and it was a long time before he became conscious again.

"Pepita and Harry were both by him, and when he saw them, a smile lit the kind eyes and made the rough face look beautiful.

"The girl had been nearly wild ever since she heard of the accident, and it was as much as we could do to keep her from throwing herself before the picks when we were getting him out.

"Now she quieted down, and when he smiled up at her, she bent and kissed the lips, so cold and colorless even then.

"After a little time, he spoke, and asked the boys to leave him alone with me, for he had kind of clung to me since the night I told you of. They went out, telling me to call if anything was needed. Pepita and Harry hung back, but he told the girl to kiss him, and gave Harry's hand a clasp, and then asked them to go, for a little time.

"When we were alone he turned to me and took my hand.

"'Jim, old fellow,' he said, 'I'm used up.'

"'No, no, Maine,' I answered, 'you're not hurt so bad as that. One of the boys has gone to the Bar, to send for a Marysville doctor.'

"'It won't be of any use, Jim. What I want now is to tell you about the affair, so that the boys will not blame Harry, for he is not in the wrong. You see, we had begun to branch off from our main shaft, and had got quite a hole dug. Both Harry and I were in there, and had just put up a prop when I saw that the roof was caving. I yelled to Harry to go out, for only one could pass through the entrance at a time; but he said, "Go yourself, Maine," and held back.

"'There was no time to waste words, Jim, and then I knew that she loved him: so I just grabbed him, and began to shove him out. He tried to do the same by me, but I whispered "You fool, don't you think I know she loves you?" Then the timber commenced to snap, and I just rammed him through the passage, and that is the last I remember. You see, Jim, he wanted me to come, and so the boys must not blame him for my hurt.

"'And now about my dust. I have quite a pile, and Harry knows where it is, and where my old mother lives. I want you and him to send it on to her. It will keep her safe and help the girls. That's all, Jim. Now let Pepita and Harry come in, and you tell the boys all about it.'

"He turned uneasily, and I called the girl and Harry and then went and told the boys.

"'Why not carry him to the Bar, to be nearer the doctor?' asked Tom Hardy.

"The plan was immediately voted good, and I went and told Maine of it.

"'It's no use, Jim, I'm going,' he said; 'but if the boys wish to do me a favor, tell them to make my grave on the hill just this side of the Bar. I found my first pocket there, and that was the money that bought Pepita and cleared the homestead for mother. That is all I ask.'

"'It shall be so,' said Harry; 'Jim and I will see to it.'

"Maine took Harry's hand

"I could see that he was growing weaker, and there was a faraway look in his eyes, as though he saw the old home and the dear ones he had been talking of.

"'God bless you, Harry, old boy. You've been a good partner and a square one. You couldn't help loving the girl, nor could I; but see that you make her happy, or I'll wish I had let you die in the hole yonder.'

"'I'll die to make her happy,' said Harry.

"Maine seemed to have been exerting all his energy to say this. When Harry answered, his eyes grew dim, and a chill whiteness spread over his face. He raised his hands as if to clasp some one.

"Then his eyes turned to the girl with a pleading light.

"'Pepita,' he whispered.

"In a second the girl was on her knees by his side, her lithe form in his clasp, her warm lips pressed to his, so rapidly growing cold.

"And so he died.

"We buried him where he wished, and Harry and I sent the money home, and Harry wrote to the old mother who would never see her boy again.

"Pepita and Harry were married in a month, and are living somewhere in Maine now. They come out here every year since the railroad came through, and then you will always see flowers on Maine's grave.

"And that is all the story, but I can tell you, you don't often meet with a better or squarer man than lies at the mouth of the gulch."

THE UTE MASSACRE.

THE narrative of the Ute massacre at the White River Agency, in the northwestern portion of Colorado, the fight with Major Thornburgh's men, and the relief of the beleaguered survivors by a company of colored cavalry is, in a few words, one of the most thrilling and romantic stories of Indian life. For quickness of action, baseness of motive and cruelty of execution, it far surpasses any of those episodes that were so graphically clothed in simple English by Fenimore Cooper.

This story opens with an encounter on the 29th of September between the Ute Indians and Major Thornburgh's command, which had been ordered to the relief of Indian Agent Meeker. The field of battle was admirably chosen for defense by the Indians, and had it not been for Major Thornburgh's advance guard, commanded by Lieutenant Cherry, discovering the ambuscade, the entire command would have been annihilated. He saw a small party of Indians disappear over a hill half a mile in front, and at once divided his party to reconnoitre, and only discovered the Indians when he had flanked their position by about 200 yards. Lieutenant Cherry rode back at full speed with one or two men who were with him, and notified Major Thornburgh, who had already begun the descent into the deep ravine which was intended to engulf the command. The Indians were dismounted and lying down along the crest of the high, steep ridge for a hundred yards from the point where the deadly assault would have commenced. The troops were withdrawn a short distance, dismounted, and deployed in line of battle, with orders to await the attack of the Indians. Lieutenant Cherry was here ordered by Thornburgh to take a detachment of fifteen picked men and make a reconnoissance and communicate if possible with the Indians, as it was thought that they only desired to oppose his approach to their agency, and would parley or have a big talk if they could be communicated with. Cherry moved out at a gallop with his men from the right flank, and noticed a like movement of about twenty Indians from the left of the Indian position. He approached to within a couple of hundred yards of the Indians, and took off his hat and waved it, but the response was a shot fired at him, wounding a man of his party, and killing his horse. This was the first shot, and was instantly followed by a volley from the Indians.

The work had now begun in real earnest, and seeing the advantage of the position he held, Lieutenant Cherry dismounted his detachment and deployed along the crest of the hills to prevent the Indians flanking his position, or to cover the retreat, if it was found necessary to retire upon the wagon train, which was then coming up slowly, guarded by Lieutenant Paddock, Company D, Fifth Cavalry. Orders were sent to park the wagons and cover them with the company guarding them. The two companies in the advance were Captain Payne's, Company F, Fifth Cavalry, and Captain Lawson's, Company E, Third Cavalry, which were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, Captain Payne on the left and Captain Lawson on the right. From Lieutenant Cherry's position he could see the Indians were trying to cut him off from the wagons, and at once sent word to Major Thornburgh, who then withdrew the line slowly, keeping the Indians in check until opposite the point which his men held, when, seeing that the Indians were concentrating to cut off his retreat, Captain Payne, with Company F, Fifth Cavalry, was ordered to charge the hill, which he did in gallant style, his horse being shot under him and several of his men wounded. The Indians having been driven from this point, the company was rallied on the wagon-train. Major Thornburgh then gave orders to Lieutenant Cherry to hold

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his position and cover Captain Lawson's retreat, who was ordered to fall back slowly with the horses of his company. Cherry called for volunteers of twenty men, who responded promptly and fought with desperation. Their names were given in a later dispatch, as nearly every man was wounded before he reached the camp. Two men were killed. Cherry brought every wounded man in with him. Captain Lawson, the brave old veteran, displayed the greatest coolness and courage during this retreat, sending up ammunition to Cherry's men when, once, they were nearly without it. Major Thornburgh started back to the wagon-train after giving his final orders to Captain Payne to charge the hill and to Captain Lawson and Lieutenant Cherry to cover the retreat. He was shot dead when barely half way there, as his body was seen by one of Captain Lawson's men, life extinct, lying on his face.

Captain Payne, then in command, at once set about having the wounded horses shot, to be used for breastworks, dismantling the wagons of boxes and bundles of bedding, corn and flour-sacks, which were quickly piled up for fortifications. Picks and shovels were used vigorously for digging intrenchments. Meantime, a galling fire was concentrated upon the command from all the surrounding bluffs which commanded the position. Not an Indian could be seen, but the incessant cracks of their Sharp and Winchester rifles dealt fearful destruction among the horses and men.

On Wednesday, October 1st, the besieged men were suddenly alarmed by heavy and responsive firing, but approaching their position. Sharper and nearer came the rattling, desultory discharges, and soon afterwards, dismounted and leading their horses, which fell fast under the Ute rifles, they saw a colored troop of cavalry approach and force its way into the barricade. It proved to be Captain Dodge's company, numbering forty-five men, of the Ninth (colored) Cavalry. Their approach had been most dangerous and difficult, but hearing of the situation they had persisted without halting and without fear. During the remainder of the six days' siege, they had shared the miserable perils and discomforts with patience that cannot be too highly praised.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 5th, General Merritt relieved the command, having marched his men about 170 miles over "the worst road ever traveled" in a little more than forty-eight hours. He found the command much as reported in the original dispatches. The casualties were twelve killed and forty-three wounded. All the animals of the command were killed, except twelve mules and three horses of the four companies of cavalry.

The funeral of Major Thornburgh took place at Omaha on October 22d, under masonic management. A halt has been ordered in the march of the troops after the fugitive Utes, confidence being placed in the ability of General Adams, the special agent, to effect a peace with the tribe. A courier from General Merritt's camp, on White River, reports that General Charles Adams came into General Merritt's camp on the morning of the 24th with the women and children of the Meeker and Price families. The captives were unharmed, not having been subjected to any insult or injury. Terms of surrender have been forwarded to Washington.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF YORKTOWN.

THE ninety-eighth anniversary of the surrender of the British Army under Lord Cornwallis to General Washington, at Yorktown, Va., was celebrated on Thursday, October 23rd, with exercises which gave a foretaste of what the centennial observances will be. A national salute was fired from the flag-ship *Powhatan* at noon, and a few minutes later the steam-yacht *Ocoma Gen* moved up to the wharf, having on board Governor Halliday and staff, of Virginia; Adjutant-General Latta, of Pennsylvania; the Hon. W. L. Lincoln, of Massachusetts; General Cameron, of Connecticut, and others. There were present five companies of artillery from Fortress Monroe, under command of General Getty, and accompanied by the post band; a battalion of marines; three companies from the North Atlantic Squadron; the Old Dominion Guards, of Portsmouth; Norfolk Light Artillery Blues and Norfolk City Guards; Richmond Light Artillery Blues and Company C, First Virginia Regiment, of Richmond; Wise Light Infantry, of Williamsburg; the Peninsula Guards, of Hampton, Va., and the Webster Guards—youths of the Webster Institute—of Norfolk. Upon landing, the Governor was met by Dr. Power, President of the Centennial Commission, and presented to Admiral Wyman, General Getty, and the officers present, when the line of march was taken up for the speakers' stand. The stand, which had been erected in a vacant field near the village, was decorated with flags and flowers, and was occupied by the Governor and the prominent visitors. The troops were marshaled in front of the stand, and visitors to the number of 5,000 or 6,000 gathered about to hear the addresses.

After prayer Governor Halliday welcomed the visitors to the State, and then General Tallaferro, the orator of the day, spoke for nearly two hours. He was followed by Captain James B. Hope, Congressman Goode, and representatives of the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and North Carolina, of the French residents of New York, and of the British army, each in brief addresses. Resolutions were adopted asking the Hon. John Goode to urge upon Congress to have a monument erected on the site of the surrender to commemorate the event. Then, under the auspices of the celebration committee, the military and invited guests repaired to the lawn in front of the Nelson House, where several hours were passed in the enjoyment of a huge barbecue. During the day the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron rode at anchor off the town, handsomely decked out with national colors.

THREE STARS IN FRENCH OPERA.

THE season of French opera inaugurated by Mr. Maurice Grau at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, three weeks ago, has proven thus far very successful in every particular. That such artists as Capoul, Paola Marié, and Mlle. Angèle should attract audiences on the first night out of mere curiosity was to have been expected, but nothing short of absolute excellence in every detail of the management and every feature of the cast can account for the well-maintained and still growing interest of the public in their representations. The third week of this grand organization in this country opened with a repetition, for two nights, of "La Péichole," which was such a great success in the four performances allotted to it on the second week of the season. On Wednesday night, in obedience to strenuous demand, "Mme. Angot's Daughter" will be given, and on Thursday night "Giroflé-Girofla" has a magnificent reversal, with all of Mr. Grau's star artists engaged, supported by the best members of his old troupe in the interior cities. Several new operas which are counted in the repertoire of this famous organization are in rehearsal, among them the Parisian sensations "Babiole" and "La Camargo."

The three operatic stars, Capoul, Paola Marié and Mlle. Angèle, have fully justified their artistic reputations. Since they have become familiar to a New York audience, it is easy to understand how and why they won their Parisian fame. Capoul, before his great success in opera-bouffe, was a favorite with New Yorkers. He was known here as a distinguished star of the Nilsson season of grand Italian opera, and in that legitimate repertoire made such marked "hits" that the announcement that he had decided to take to the opera-comique school made a great sensation. His triumph in his new field has been quite as great as in the more stately and romantic phase of operatic representation. He has developed qualities as a comedian that no one thought him possessed of, and has dignified the school which he has adopted with every touch of his consummate art.

Paola Marié has become a favorite of New York from the first night, as she was already of Paris. Her singing and acting of opera-bouffe rôles are agreed on all hands to be revelations of wonders and novel effects in dramatic and lyric elaboration.

Mlle. Angèle, who came to this country famed as the first beauty of the Parisian stage, has justified the praises awarded her, and as well won commendation for her true artistic methods.

The three stars have made the greatest possible success, and have been received with more favor than was shown by the public to any of the artists in French opera who have preceded them in previous seasons. The company which Mr. Grau has organized to support them is far beyond any combination of French artists that has ever made an effort on the American stage, and the organization gives so complete a representation of each of the works presented, that it has much to do in maintaining public interest at its early pitch of enthusiasm. The secret of the continued success of Mr. Grau in his present season may be said to lie in the perfection of the details of the performances he gives quite as much as in the superexcellence of his famous stars.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Duke of Brunswick's Monument at Geneva.

The Duke of Brunswick, whose monument was recently uncovered on one of the public places of Geneva, was an eccentric person. The good town of Geneva, which sheltered the noble Duke during the siege of Paris, had done nothing to merit his good will, and nothing could equal the surprise of the municipality when they heard that the Duke had left his entire fortune to the town. This fortune amounted to thirty-three millions of francs. He directed that a mausoleum should be built to a conspicuous and becoming part of the town, that it should be surmounted by an equestrian statue of himself and surrounded by statues of his father and grandfather, in imitation of the tomb of the Scaglars at Verona. This monument was to be constructed in bronze and marble by the most renowned artists of the day. The monument has taken five years to finish. Besides his equestrian statue, the Duke has a recumbent statue and statues of six of his ancestors placed on columns of red marble. At the same time the town of Geneva built an opera house which is equaled only by the Opera House of Paris.

The Technical High School in Hanover.

This school was opened October 6th. The building, formerly the "Welfenschloss," was built during the reign of the last King of Hanover, George V., who intended to make it his and his successors' residence. It is situated on the slide between Hanover proper and the royal château "Herrenhausen," and is surrounded by beautiful gardens and grounds. The "Polytechnicum," as the school is called, is the largest one of its character in Germany, and the board of professors and teachers is composed of the most learned men in their profession.

The German-Norwegian Cable.

On July 29th, the end of the first section of this cable was laid at Arendal, on the south coast of Norway, and on August 21st the shore-end was sunk at the island of Sylt, near the western coast of Schleswig. The cable was made by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, in London, and the English steamer, *John Pender*, Captain Hawkes, was chartered by the said company for the laying of the cable. The first section of the cable (130 miles) was laid on the 18th of August; the second section (120 miles) on the 21st; and on the 30th the line was in complete order. The King of Sweden sent the first telegram over it to the German Emperor, in Berlin.

Fall Review of the French Army.

The Fall manœuvres of the German, Italian and French troops this year were on a much vaster scale than heretofore, although each of these countries is supposed to be maintaining its armies on a peace-footing at present. While the reviews before the rulers were all very grand, it is noticed that in each case an unusual amount of attention was paid to the details of field movements, and hence it may be inferred that the exhibitions of discipline were as perfect as is possible. Our last issue contained views of the troops manœuvring before the Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy; this week, in dealing with the French Army, we show the movements of the cavalry branch in full charge upon an imaginary foe, before the General Director of this arm of the service. An interesting feature of the French Autumn manœuvres was the distribution of the newly designed flags to the regiments, brigades, divisions and corps.

Closing Scenes in the Zulu War.

Soon after Sir Garnet had pitched his camp at Ulundi, the report reached him that the Zulu King had a large store of powder concealed somewhere near his kraal at Amayakanzie. On the following day he started in search of the magazine, accompanied by his staff and six of the Natal police, John Dunn, and some of his natives, who acted as guides, and at a distance of about eleven miles from their starting-point, and about a mile from the King's kraal at Amayakanzie, they came upon a deep cave, extending under huge ledges of overhanging rocks, below one of the rugged mountain spurs of this wild country. This cave was found to contain 500 wooden five pound kegs, supposed to be of Portuguese importation from Delagoa Bay—in other words, upwards of a ton of gunpowder. Sir Garnet decided that it should be destroyed at once; but to avoid the tremendous noise which an explosion in the cave would produce, and perhaps create alarm in the neighborhood, the powder was removed to the summit of the hill and there exploded. Just as the men were about to enter the cave they were startled by the sudden appearance of a huge snake, which raised itself in a threatening attitude, and which the natives declared to be the spirit of the late King Panda keeping guard over his son's hidden treasure. On October 2d, the *Egypt* transport arrived at Portsmouth from South Africa with the first battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment and a number of officers of various corps, including Major Chard, V.C., and Surgeon-Major Reynolds, V.C., of Rorke's Drift fame. The battalion in that which was cut up at Isandula, and which has since been re-formed by volunteers from various regiments. Soon after the *Egypt* entered the harbor, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar went on board to see the sick and wounded, and the Commander-in-Chief greeted Major Chard in the most cordial manner, and complimented him on the gallantry which he had displayed. Subsequently the troops were paraded on the jetty for inspection, and much interest was displayed by those assembled on the untoring of the tattered and faded colors of the Twenty-fourth, in the defense of which the brave Melville and Coghill lost their lives. The Duke of Cambridge, after inspecting the colors, addressed the regiment through Colonel Glyns, heartily congratulating them on their return, but expressing his sorrow at seeing so few of the old soldiers. The other illustration shows a bit of the battle-field of Ulundi a few hours after the fight. The dead bodies of Zulu warriors, contorted into strange attitudes by the agony of death, lay scattered about in all directions, being most numerous in the neighborhood of bushes, where the fugitives had endeavored to hide. In one place the artist saw twenty-two bodies lying within an area of twenty square yards, killed by the bullets of the Martini-Henri rifle.

FANCIES OF THE DAY.

THE cradle which the King of Burmah has just had manufactured for his child is so magnificent as to cost the State $100,000.

WITHIN the last few weeks no less than thirteen bailiffs have found their way into the counting-house of one of the wealthiest men in England. It was not that his lordship could not pay, but that he would not.

A NEW use has been found for the telephone in the hospitals of London in maintaining communication with the fever wards, thus greatly diminishing the risk of conveying infection in the clothing of messengers and nurses.

THE Supreme Court of Indiana has affirmed a principle in respect to the computation of time which is likely to prove of serious trouble to bankers and others. It is that the 29th day of February and the 28th day of February are to be computed as one day.

A PORTLAND (Me.) man, sixty years old, has just had removed from the lower part of his face three excrescences similar to short horns found on sheep. One was nearly three inches long. Another man has just had two superfluous noses removed from either side of the natural organ.

AGAINST the common supposition that gimlet pointed screws were of modern invention, stands the fact that several have been taken from a piano at Worcester, Mass., made in 1755, which bear unmistakable evidences of age and of having been made before screws were turned out by machinery.

A CURIOSITY among recent inventions of the month is the process of an Englishman, by which not only Gobelin and Aubusson tapestries are imitated to perfection and by a single impression of the printing-block, but chromos that require from thirty to sixty stones each can be printed with a single block.

IT is not generally known that in Russia and Hungary there are many large colonies of Jews, farming successfully and contentedly, the men tilling the soil and raising the crops, and the women taking care of the cattle. The people are said to be quite wealthy, very religious, orderly and prompt in the payment of taxes.

THE Danville (Va.) *Post* narrates a most singular occurrence in railway history, the route being the Piedmont Air Line. "The freight train going east, when near the ticket-office in this city, came in collision with a cow, which precipitated two of the coaches from the rails. There two coaches ran on the ties nearly two hundred yards, and when near the mouth of the bridge, remounted the rails and thus prevented a fearful wreck."

THE Rev. Albert Whiting, an American missionary in China, died of famine fever while ministering to the starving natives. The Governor of the province offered to defray the expense of sending the body home, and, when it was explained to him that Americans did not share in the Chinese horror of being buried in a foreign country, he gave a plot of ground in which to make a grave, and deputed twelve Chinamen to worship the dead clergyman's spirit.

IT is a matter of general conversation in St. Petersburg that the Czar is so sensitive on the question of capital punishment that he will sign none of the death-warrants of the Nihilists, deputing the legal duty to Generals Gourko and Todleben, the great engineer, neither of whom hesitate a moment. On the other hand, Generals Dolgorouski, of Moscow, and Loris Melikoff, of Kharkoff, have repeatedly refused to order the execution of the revolutionists in their districts.

JUST as Professor Peninger offers to restore Mozart's grave, in Vienna, which has been utterly demolished by sight-seeing vandals, the question is raised, Does any one know the precise spot where the composer was buried? As Mozart left but fifteen English shillings at death, it is thought he was buried in the "poor section." The death of the grave-digger two days after burying the remains, and the absence of any record of the exact locality, place Professor Peninger's offer in a doubly interesting light.

THE discussion of the subject of left-handedness has advanced from the country debating society to the stolid British Association, before which body Dr. Muirhead has read a paper in which he declares that the handiness of the hands depends upon which half of the brain controls the action of the body, or is most used. He states that left handedness once begun in a family is likely to run in it for generations, and notes as a curious fact that left-handed people generally have the left foot one-third to one eighth of an inch longer than the right.

A PERSON in Illinois recently applied to the Treasury for the redemption of five coupons representing several thousand dollars. For safekeeping they had been placed in a tin box and deposited in a stovepipe. A fire being built in the stove, the coupons were destroyed. The ashes, however, were retained in the box, and were presented with the application for redemption. A scientific examination satisfactorily proves that the contents of the box are the remains of the coupons as alleged. They cannot be redeemed, however, the coupons having been detached from the bonds.

A DRESDEN German doctor has discovered a means of dyeing the eyes of animals in general and of men in particular any color he pleases. He is accompanied on his travels of propagation by a dog with a rose-colored eye, a cat with an orange-red eye, and a monkey with a chrome-yellow eye. But the most curious specimens of his art are a negro with one black eye and the other blue, and a negress with one eye gold-colored and the other silver-white. The doctor says the process of ocular transformation, far from injuring the sight, strengthens and improves it.

A STUDY of biography reveals marked instances of heredity in manner, looks, peculiarities and genius, more or less pleasing to the subjects. Cases of this character are often sought for the purpose of strengthening an argument. Let us look at the other side. Elias Phillips, of Freetown, Mass., who turned State's evidence in a recent burglary trial, is a great grandson of Malbone Briggs, a notorious criminal, who was in State Prison with seven of his sons at one time. Briggs's ancestry is traced back to a noted pirate in the time of Earl Bellamont, and his branch of the family has for over a century furnished noted criminals in every generation.

IN his recent tour of the United States the Duke of Argyll learned a suggestive lesson which he recited upon his return to England. He had asked an old farmer at a Yankee agricultural fair why it was that farmers in the United States made no outcry about hard times, as English farmers do. The reply was that in America the farmers owned their farms, and, being ready to sell at any time, were not so foolish as to depreciate their own property. In England, on the other hand, the farmers hired their land, and it was to their interest to cry down the value. The Duke thought this view a shrewd one, and intimated that there was much truth in it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE official returns of the California election show that the vote on Chinese immigration was, in favor of it 883, and against it 154,638.

—WE have all read much of paper car-wheels and paper wood, but now comes a new paper production, that of paper bricks, now made in Wisconsin—a sort of compressed *papier maché*.

—THE total shipments of ore from the Lake Superior district this season, up to and including October 1st, were 989,524 tons, as against 833,338 tons in 1878, showing an increase of 156,186 gross tons.

—THE Chinese Envoy in London has forwarded to his Government the representations of the Anglo-American Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, deprecating the barbarous sentences passed upon the innocent children of Yacoob Beg.

—IF figures are anything, they are vastly in favor of the women at London University this Fall. Of 856 male students who were examined for admission, nearly half failed. Of sixty-three women students attempting the same examination, fifty-one passed.

—ALL of the important railroads of Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California have recently given orders for paper wheels. The most important roads in the "far Northwest," the Northern Pacific, and St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, are also to be added to the list.

—THE number of acres under cultivation in Kansas has increased since the close of the war from 273,903 to 7,769,926; the annual production of wheat from 191,519 to more than 32,000,000 bushels, and the annual production of corn from 6,700,000 to more than 100,000,000.

—THE Hall of the House of Representatives has been put in order for the meeting of Congress. Large windows and passageways have been cut in the south wall to improve the ventilation. The air-holes in the floor are also increased in number and size, so that more air can be forced up from below.

—THE total arrivals of coin and bullion from abroad at New York from January 1st to October 18th, 1879, were $49,530,486, of which $4,800,000 were in American gold coin, $38,262,234 in foreign gold coin and bullion, $4,365,869 in American silver coin, and $2,338,402 in foreign silver coin and bullion.

—AT Kennebec, Me., considerable treasure has been discovered buried on the shores of the river. The man who is supposed to have a right to the money says that his grandfather, named Granger, was a crony of Captain Kidd and that he had possession of papers and maps showing where millions of money are buried.

—IT is mentioned as a result of the agricultural depression in England that 830 acres of freehold land were recently sold in Berkshire for £6,705. The rent of the farm was formerly £550, out of which £190 had to be paid in tithes and land-tax. For the last three years the rent has been only £250, leaving the landlord only £70 over tithes and tax.

—TRICHINOPOLY, in Turkey, sends annually to England $100,000 worth of hazelnuts. A large trade in walnuts is also carried on by the people of that district, who have a double object in view in cultivating the walnut-trees. The wood is valuable, especially the "knobs," which find a good market in France, where they are used in ornamental woodwork.

—FROM four to five car-loads per day of black walnut logs are brought to Chicago. These logs come East by rail and water to the seaboard, whence they are shipped to Europe—Germany being one of the largest consumers. The logs on reaching their destination are sawed to the sizes and shapes demanded by the market. The trade of this nature passing through Chicago is estimated at from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 feet per year.

—CONGRESS called upon the Treasury Department some time ago for information as to the amount of money that had been expended for the Indian service since the beginning of the Government. The work was perfected by the Treasury officials, and the footings show that to the first of last July, the end of the fiscal year 1879, the Government has expended on account of the Indians $181,000,000. The estimated number of Indians now living is 200,000.

—THE value of the exports from the United States of live animals of all kinds increased from $5,844,653 during the fiscal year of 1878, to $12,487,754 during 1879. Of the total exports of live animals during the last fiscal year, 71 per cent. were sent to Great Britain. The value of the exports of cattle increased from $3,896,818 during 1878, to $8,379,200 in 1879. Of the total exports of cattle during the last fiscal year 79 per cent. were shipped to Great Britain.

—E. H. WALKER, statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, states in his weekly report that "the wheat crop in nearly all European countries is deficient, and the wants of the importing countries, provided they have the ability to pay for it, will be about 300,000,000 bushels, of which France and the United Kingdom will require from 211,000,000 to 216,000,000 bushels; and other importing countries of Europe from about 85,000,000 to 90,000,000 bushels."

—ONE of the longest railway bridges in Germany is now on the point of completion. It crosses the river Vistula near Graudenz, and rests upon twelve piers. The length from the commencement of the first to the end of the last pier is 1,443 metres, or nearly a mile. It is considerably longer than the other chief bridges over the Vistula, at Dirschau and Thorn, and is likewise lighter and more elegant than the Dirschau Bridge, though the cost of its construction was not half as much. It will connect the Earl Prussian with the Thorn and Insterburg railways, and bring the province of West Prussia into direct connection with the main lines of international traffic.

—THE newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the schools about 200 boys and girls.

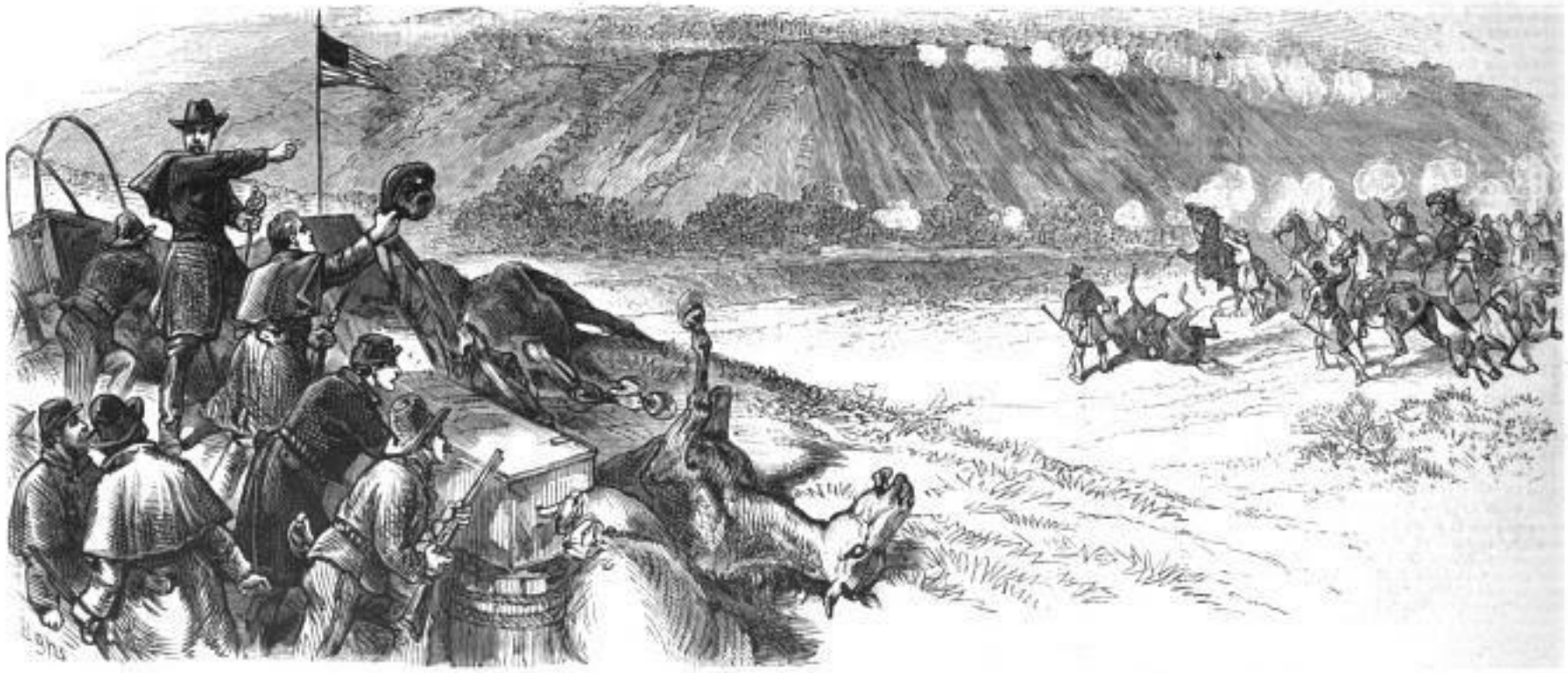
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THE BARRICADE CONSTRUCTED BETWEEN THE TWO BLUFFS OCCUPIED BY THE INDIANS.



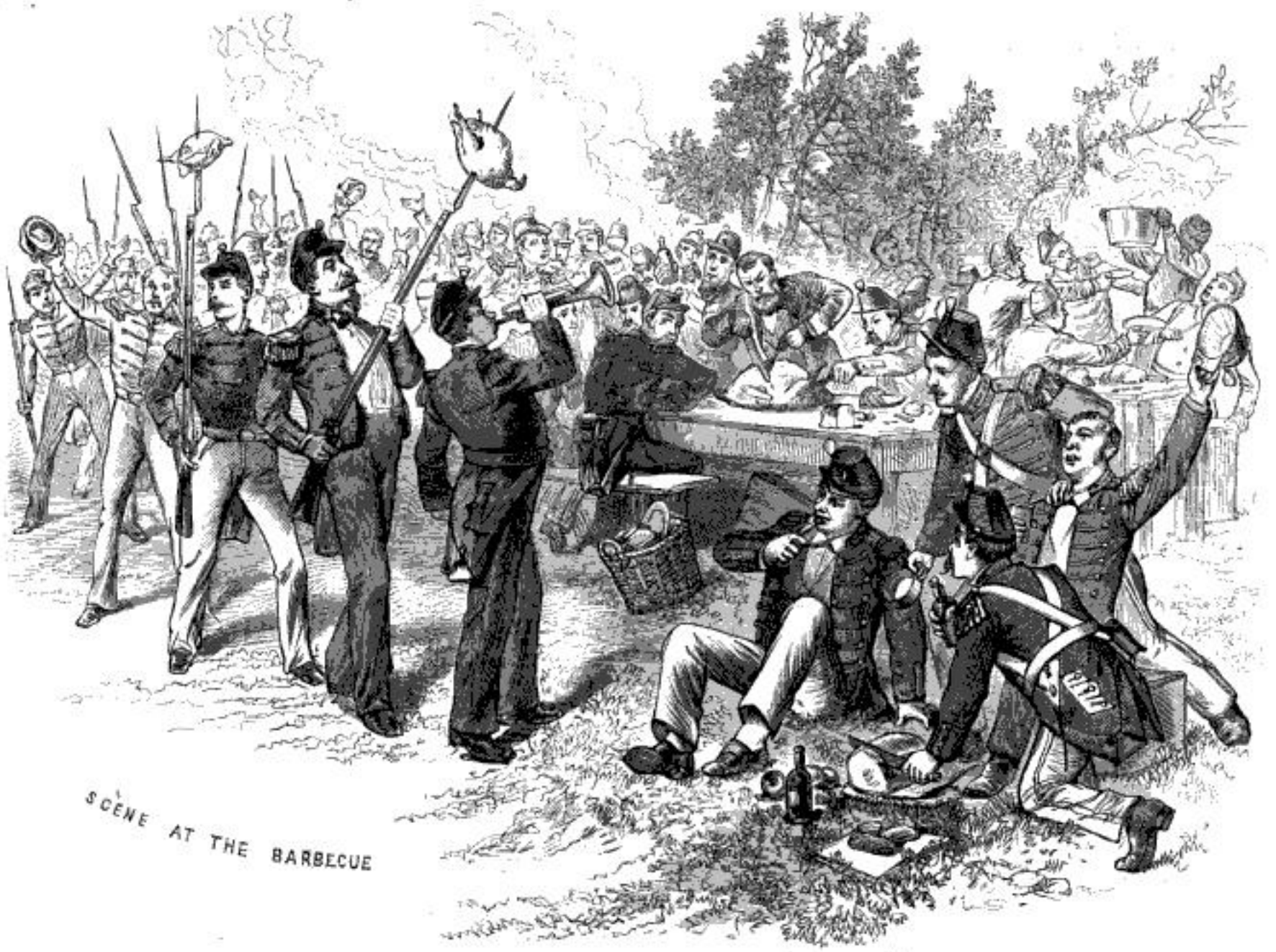
DEATH OF MAJOR THORNBURGH WHILE LEADING A CHARGE TO SECURE THE WAGON TRAIN.



COMPANY D, OF THE NINTH CAVALRY (COLORED), UNDER CAPTAIN DODGE, FORCING THEIR WAY TO THE RELIEF OF THE BELEAGUERED SURVIVORS.

COLORADO.—THE UTE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE NEAR THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 158

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SCENE AT THE BARBECUE



TIRED OUT

ON THE WAY TO THE CELEBRATION

AN OBJECT OF ADMIRATION

THE FIRST U.S. CUSTOM HOUSE

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CELEBRATION — TALKING POLITICS

THE PROCESSION PASSING THE NELSON HOUSE

VIRGINIA.—PRELIMINARY CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENNIAL OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER TO WASHINGTON, AT YORKTOWN, OCTOBER 19th.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 159.

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GRAVES.

GOD'S-ACRE smiles in bland, recurrent beauty;
Green peace grows over care and wrong suppressed.
No din of foul invaders, no call of duty,
But only dreamless sleep and endless rest—
The night's evangel in the day confessed.

One hears no moan and sees no sign of anguish,
The flowers bloom lightly and the blithe birds sing:
Why should they lull their melody or languish,
Seeing they crowd the courtyard of a King,
Whose victory is peace and balm his sting?

Not here, oh, fools! not here the charnel traces
Of life's decay, disaster and despair;
No sad ghosts haunt these calm, memorial places;
No ghouls pollute this pure, caressing air;
Here Golgotha no ghastly skulls lays bare.

Within our breasts our lost, our loved lie buried;
Beside us walk the ghosts no spells can lay;
We hear low groans and nightly we are hurried
Through sleep's most drear and dread dream-haunted way
Beyond the very thought or name of day.

So living, secret graves are ever round us:
As whited sepulchres men walk abroad;
While dead dreams rise to ask what faith has found us;
And we can point to no green, flowerful sod
That looks its calm rejoinder up to God.

JOHN MORAN.

"WE PARTED BY THE RIVER-SIDE."

CHAPTER I.—BARBRA SPEAKS.

I AM Barbra—Barbra North, and very much at your service, if you please. I have something to say, and, being a woman, of course, I'm bound to say it, if the heavens tumble down about my ears in consequence. Such, I believe, is said to be the peculiar peculiarity of my slandered sex. Danger is simply *nothing*, so long as they are at liberty to let their tongues run madly on. Well, I could defend them, but I'll not trouble myself, for "Here's mettle more attractive."

I am seated at my desk, and for the past hour have been scrawling away at a furious rate. (Be it known, before I proceed further, that I am a *blue-stocking*, and of the deepest dye, too.) At present, however, I am doing absolutely nothing. Am only leaning restfully back in my chair, my hands locked behind my head supporting it, my pen between my teeth, and my tired eyes gazing out at the open window, beyond the garden, the roses and the great tall trees, to where a beautiful silver-and-blue patch of dazzling sea is shimmering through. And I am trying, with all my might and main, while I admire it all, to think of a word. If I'm not mistaken, that most amusing of all writers, Mark Twain, tells of a saint (*pictured* saint, understand) who used to sit round, looking tranquilly up to heaven, trying to think of a word, too. Unfortunately, he does not disclose the fact of whether the unhappy saint ever overtook his word or not, and this grieves me greatly. I presume I may consider myself as a favored blue-stocking, in as much as I *have* overtaken mine, and now——

My sister has lifted up her voice and is calling me.

"Barbra," she says, softly—"Barbra."

I scramble up from my desk in hot haste, scattering paper as I go, and run into the hall, and look down.

Yes, there she stands, like a picture, on the threshold of the door, the slanting rays of the afternoon sun making her copper-gold hair seem a shining glory about her Clytie-like head. She lifts her eyes, such wonderful eyes, to my face, as I lean down, and speaks to me.

"Barbra, I'm going down to sit under the willows a little. This heat is intolerable" (passing her hand wearily across the wavy hair), "I cannot endure it another instant," she says, fretfully, and then turns to go down the broad steps.

"Wait a moment," I call down to her, "wait a moment and I'll go, too. I shall enjoy nothing more than to sit by the river for a time and get cool. It is most cruelly hot, isn't it?" I pant joining her, and trying not to see the look of disappointment on her white face.

"But—but—the doctor, Barbra, and the gentleman who is coming with him. What of them?" she asks, impatiently, holding her black fan up to avoid the sun's hot kisses, and looking through dense, long lashes at me.

"Oh, yes, to be sure. He was to come today, wasn't he? And the other gentleman, also. Well, no matter; I can easily fix that," I remark, cheerfully, fully bent upon not allowing her to go alone, to sit under the willows and brood over her grief. "Just wait one second and I'll run and tell Maggie to come for us if the gentlemen call."

She makes no reply whatever. She only turns away with a little quivering sigh, and stands still as a statue.

In one moment I have given Maggie her order, in another I am back at her side again, and we saunter down the pebbly path together, in utter silence. Presently the willows are reached, and we sit down on a little rustic bench under their lovely trailing branches, and fan ourselves with a great deal of energy.

Still utter silence, save the low, sweet, liquid laughter the river makes as it ripples to the waiting sea.

"Annah!" I say, suddenly, breaking the dreamy stillness.

"Well," she says, laconically, without turning her head or showing one faint sign of interest.

"*Well*," I repeat, with some little impatience. "Don't be so chary with your words, please, and, would you mind turning your head? The back of your neck is very pretty indeed, but I don't feel like addressing my remarks to it, you know."

At that she turns slowly round and looks at me, and a sort of an amused smile dawns on her colorless face for an instant. Only for an instant, then it is gone as swiftly as it came.

"Barbra, writing as constantly as you do, in this trying weather, is not agreeing with you. It makes you rather caustic, I fancy. What did you want to say? Anything I haven't heard of before?" and, speaking, she bends down and picks up my fan, which this instant slid to the ground, and lays it in my lap.

I catch it up and use it for a few seconds rather fiercely; then, with fear and trembling, I break forth:

"I—I was going to speak to you about Doctor Dean. I was going to say——"

She turns her back suddenly upon me, and makes a most impatient movement with her head and shoulders.

"But that is something *I have* heard before, *repeatedly*," she exclaims, petulantly. "The subject is threadbare. Try a new one," and she slaps her pink little palm with her fan in a way that should prove a warning. But it has no effect on me at present.

"I wish, with all my soul, that you'd give up this plan of yours, Annah. What is the reason you cannot be contented to remain as you are? Why not——"

"I wish with all my soul," she cries out, passionately, "that you'd cease talking about my plan. I am utterly sick of it. I am indeed! Where is the use of multiplying words about it? Barbra" (turning quickly towards me again), "Barbra, I have told you over and over again, that I cannot go on living like this. I *cannot!* It will kill me. To—to try to go on again, in the same old groove, after having lost my baby. Ah, I cannot do it. It is too much—too much, Barbra," she wails, the swift tears crowding into her lovely eyes, and her fair bosom heaving painfully under her thin, black gown.

It is my turn to look away, and I do so, and make no reply for the simple reason that I cannot. My own eyes are filled with tears and my tongue is unmanageable, so for a moment the drowsy hum of the golden-bodied bee among the flowers, and the rippling music of the river at our feet, are all the sounds that are heard.

Presently she lays her slim, hot hand upon my arm. "Barbra," she falters, struggling with her tears, "Barbra, you have been ever and ever so kind to me, and I want you to know how grateful I am and how much I thank you. And you must not think that I want to go to get away from you, because indeed, indeed I do not. It's the *place*, you see, and the surroundings. *Everything* reminds me of—of my baby, you know, and I cannot bear it. And—and so for a little time I want to leave here. I want to go off somewhere, where I shall have something to occupy all my time, and keep me so busy from morning till night, that I shall not have a single opportunity to think. Do you understand, Barbra?" she asks, taking her hand from my arm, and lacing and unlacing her slender fingers nervously.

"Yes, I do, and I must admit that you are right about wanting to go away for a time. But, Annah, why couldn't you and I go away somewhere together, to some springs? That, I'm sure, would be a change, and you could find plenty to amuse," I urge, eagerly.

"Perhaps I might; I do not know. But I have no heart to go, Barbra. I could not be happy, and I should only be a burden to myself and every one else—a sort of a death's-head, don't you know, at every feast. And besides, you remember how strongly Doctor Dean urged me to go to these people. He thinks it will be far better for me, mentally and physically, to have a child to nurse. I—I think so, too. Oh, my God! If I could only have kept my own darling, what a different woman I should have been!" she cries out, sharply, covering her face with her trembling, snowy hands, and sobbing aloud.

I sit and look at her in pained silence, trying bravely to think of something gentle and consoling to say to her. But—but what can I possibly say to one so utterly miserable? It is quite beyond me. Her grief is too deep for words of mine to comfort her, so I remain stupidly silent. Just when I am beginning to feel very uncomfortable, indeed, she removes her hands from her face, and, looking at me through long, wet lashes, begins the conversation again:

"And you know, Barbara, the doctor asked me to do it as a favor to himself; and since he has been so extremely kind to me, why shouldn't I do a favor for him, if I can?"

"Of course, I do not blame you for being ready and willing to do a favor for him, but I hate the idea of your going among strangers to hold such a position. If you were poor and obliged to accept such a situation it would be different."

"Ah, yes, it *would* be different, I grant you, but not in the way that you mean. Then I could not accept such a position; now I can. There is no compulsion in the matter, you see. And then the doctor says they are very nice people, indeed. They move in quite the best society, belong to the Upper Tens, I fancy, and he has explained to them who I am, and that it is not necessity that——"

"Yes, yes; I know all that," I say, crossly, frowning; "and perhaps they do belong to the Upper Tens, as you fancy, and perhaps they don't. It's my private opinion that they are shoddy—Upper Tens of a mushroom growth, if you like. Just remember what a commotion they have kept up ever since that child has been born. Why, they've actually almost driven poor Doctor Dean wild. And only see what a piece of perfection they requested him to find to play the mother to their son and heir, forsooth! Bah! It makes me ill-natured to think of it. As if some stout, wholesome German woman would not have answered their purpose. But oh, dear me, bless you, no, that would not do at all. They would have been supremely insulted if any one had had the audacity to mention such a thing. On the contrary, they must have a lady, bred and born, if you please, and she must be educated and accomplished, and strong and healthy and cheerful, of good address, and, in fact, like Cæsar's wife, 'beyond reproach,' and all because she is to have the honor (?) of being nurse to their most wonderful child. I wonder Doctor Dean ever undertook to supply them such a marvel of a nurse," I end, sarcastically, opening and shutting my fan with force enough to shatter it to pieces.

My sister looks at me, and puckers her red mouth into a grimace. "You may not have been aware of it, and I'm sure you did not intend it, but you and the doctor together have been burying me in compliments, and I doubt whether I can survive them," she says, smiling a little, tired, wan smile; "and I do not see as there is any need of our talking more about it. My mind is quite made up. If the gentleman is pleased with me—if he considers me enough of a lady to 'play mother to his boy'—then I shall certainly undertake the responsibility."

"Oh, very well. Being so very willful, you must go; but, mark my words, you'll regret it," I prophesy, angrily, not in the least because I think she is likely to, but simply because I am so excessively annoyed with her.

After that I turned my back on her, and sit regarding the toe of my slipper, moodily, while I fight a deadly battle with my pride and my heartaches. There is only one thing that comforts me in the least, and that is the undeniable fact that the change will be of benefit to her. That is my one poor shred of consolation. Having been soothed a little by this thought, I turn to Annah and am on the point of making—or rather trying to make—some very brilliant remark, to show that I bear no ill feeling, when she quite startles me by jumping up suddenly from the bench and bending her supple, beautiful body surprisingly far forward, to peep through the trailing branches.

"Barbra," she says, hurriedly, with much more excitement than I deem called for, "Barbra, here are two gentlemen coming down the walk. It—it is the doctor, of course, and the gentleman who has—whose wife has had a son. How handsome he is!" she exclaims, under her breath, and then drops back on the bench again, and begins playing rather nervously with the fan in her lap.

When I glance at her face, I am amazed at the cloud of red that has, all in an instant, dawned in either downy cheek. What has caused it, I wonder? I am exceedingly puzzled. When, before, have her cheeks clothed themselves in a mantle rivaling the rose's rich bloom? Not in many and many a long day. Just at this moment the gentlemen enter my mind again, and, like my sister, I bend forward and peep out. Yes, there they are, to be sure, striding along towards our bower; and, as I catch sight of the second gentleman, I come very nearly imitating Annah's example, and exclaiming, too, "How handsome he is!" But I recollect myself in time, and do nothing quite so stupid. I stand and look at him, though. That is one of my privileges, being a woman of five-and-thirty, and unmarried. Always, all my life, I have had the greatest admiration for handsome men, and, as they do not usually favor me with more than two good looks, I generally do the rest of the looking myself.

"For mercy sake, Barbra, sit down, why don't you? I hope you are not, *à la* Lot's wife, suddenly turned into a pillar of salt. Sit down, do, or the doctor will think you've taken leave of your senses," cries my sister, in a voice that, somehow, soft as it is, brings me down from the clouds with a wild sort of haste.

I sit down. When I have done so, Annah treats me to another surprise. She gets up quickly from the rustic seat and goes over to the river's flower-bordered bank, and stands with her back to me. What possesses her I cannot think. She is not usually so rude.

The sound of coming footsteps has ceased. The doctor parts the tasseled branches and beams in upon me.

"Bless my soul, what a cool, green, handsome, enchanted grotto it is, to be sure! Are mortals permitted to enter? If not, I'll make myself conspicuous by my absence in about three seconds."

"You need not make yourself conspicuous in any way, doctor," I say, rising; "come in, and we'll share our 'enchanted grotto' with you."

"I dare not venture to do so unless both parties are willing. It is as much as my life is worth. Truth, I assure you. Miss Annah, will you kindly give your permission?" he asks, laughing and looking across at her, and still remaining on the outside, thereby effectually screening the stranger from our gaze.

At sound of her name, my sister turns and comes back to the bench again, with something in her face and eyes, a sort of uneasy excitement, that is new to both.

"Do not be so frivolous, doctor. Do not act so like a demented being. You may enter, of course," she says, in her pretty, bewitching way, with a wave of her white, small hand.

Somehow, no matter how perfectly light and trivial her words are, they always seem to go for so much more than other people's. They always seem to mean something.

At that the doctor pushes nature's green, beautiful curtain aside and steps into our cool, sweet retreat. The gentleman enters also, hat in hand, and pauses with one of the trailing branches laying across his shoulder, and another mingling its emerald perfection with the leaf-brown beauty of his hair.

"Mr. Chesterleigh, permit me to introduce to you Miss Barbra North, and her sister, Mrs. Waters."

Thus we are introduced. Thus the innocent, unconscious, kind hearted doctor weaves in the first bright color of the romance of these two young lives.

I take a step forward and bow low. He bows also, with the inimitable grace of a man who has lived hand in glove with royalty. Annah inclines her head with a pretty, graceful movement, and then, after one quick, shy glance, her long bronze lashes sweep downward against the hot-red of her cheeks.

I do not know whether it is my imagination or not, but, somehow, I fancy that when first he looks at my sister, at her flushed, dainty face, at the great, shining, bewildering eyes, and scarlet, vivid mouth, a swift peculiar light—some intense bitter-sweet emotion dawns upon his dark, thoroughbred face and alters it strangely.

For a moment there is an awkward silence. Annah says nothing. Her lips are mute. Her bronze lashes are down-dropped still against the poppy-red of her cheeks.

The doctor glances from one to the other of us, smiling at first, then the smile gradually disappears, and his look is grave.

Mr. Chesterleigh is silent also. His handsome haughty face is turned aside a little. The full under lip is held in by the strong white teeth, and there is a sort of half smile about his mouth, as if something pleased and yet troubled him.

The silence is becoming painful to me, so I open my lips to say something, but just as I am about to do so, Mr. Chesterleigh opens *his* for the same purpose. He turns and looks at us both.

"Ladies, I am greatly pleased to have met you. Mrs. Waters" (she lifts her white lids, and her blue, dazzling eyes look into his, and, under that look his dark face flushes swiftly), "Mrs. Waters, I—I presume the doctor here has told you of my errand—why I have come? My wife is an invalid. She has always been delicate all her life, but since the birth of her baby" (how fondly he says the word) "she has been more weak and helpless than ever before. So ill, indeed, that doctor said it was impossible for her to nurse her child. It was a bitter blow, but for the boy's sake she yielded. She implored him, though, to find some one who was a lady to love her baby and nurse it—and—and so he brought me here to you. I feel certain that my wife will—that you will suit my wife, and so, will you come at once? Pardon me, I do not wish to give you trouble. But there is need of haste. My boy is so small and young, he must have some one's care at once. If I will come down this evening, when it is cool, may I take you back with me?" he asks, in a voice that has a sound almost of pleading in it.

Of course, he is anxious for his child, I think.

For an instant my sister hesitates, the color drifting in and out of her face, making it one moment like a red rose newly blown, and the next like a lily of the field.

In that instant he speaks again, going a little nearer her.

"I—I hope you have not changed your mind. I understood from the doctor that you had quite decided to come. Was he mistaken?" he questions, looking down into her face with an expression in his wide brown eyes that startles me. It fills me with a vague unreasoning sort of dread! Why, I wonder?

"No, the doctor was not mistaken," she answers, softly, a slow, sweet smile dimpling about her mouth. "He was not mistaken; and if you come this evening I will go back with you."

"Thank you," he says, stretching a long, slender, brown hand towards her. To my utter amazement she does not offer to touch it. On the contrary, she folds her small white hands behind her back, and looks into his face and smiles her soft, tender, dimpling smile once more. But it is gone in an instant.

"There is no need of thanks. I go because I wish to," she says, briefly.

Over his face a shadow falls. He turns from her hastily.

"Doctor, had we not better be going? Ladies, I wish you good-afternoon. I shall call this evening at seven o'clock, Mrs. Waters, if that hour will suit you. It will? Very well, I shall come. Good-afternoon, ladies," and bowing and smiling, they go out from our cool retreat and saunter down the path together, the doctor with his head bent forward, his hat tilted over his eyes, and his hands thrust deep in his pockets. Evidently some thought troubles him.

The young man steps along beside him, tall and graceful and comely as some prince, whistling as he goes—whistling an air from "La Perichole." The sweet, tender, pathetic letter-song it is. "I love thee, and yet I must leave thee." Ah, who does not know the intense, yearning beauty of it? How strange it is, though, that he should be whistling one of Annah's favorites.

At sound of it she springs up from the seat that she took only a second ago, and, pushing the waving branches aside, she leans forward and gazes after them, until both have disappeared. Afterwards she turns back to me again.

"Well, Barbra, you have seen the gentleman, what is your verdict? Is he shoddy? Do you think that he belongs to the 'Upper Tens of mushroom growth'? What a stupid notion, to be sure!" she exclaims, fanning herself slowly, with the incomparable grace of some Spanish beauty.

"It may have been stupid, and it may not," I say, doubtfully. "What does it matter whether he does or does not? Annah, I beg of you once again to think better of it. Do not go, dear; do not. It will make you trouble if you do," I prophesy again, and this time remembering how eager he was only to touch her hand and the look that fell across his face when first he glanced at hers, it is no idle prophecy. I believe what I am saying.

"Barbra, how foolishly you do talk. As if I could think better of it now. I have given my word, I have promised him to go. What would he say this evening? What would he think when he came, and I should refuse him? It is impossible. It cannot be done now—I could not meet him, even."

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"You need not meet him. I will do so, and make all the apologies that are necessary. Will not that do?"

She shakes her shining head slowly.

"No, it will not do. There is no apology that you could make. I must keep my promise," she says, and somehow it seems to me that there is a ring of triumph in her voice, though why there should be I cannot tell.

"Very well; being so very willful, you must go," I say, impatiently. Then I get up and leave her alone in the enchanted grotto.

(To be continued.)

ACQUITTAL OF JOSEPH A. BLAIR.

AFTER a continuous seclusion of four days the jury in the case of Joseph A. Blair, of Montclair, N. J., charged with the murder, in his stable, on June 26th last, of his coachman, John Armstrong, brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty" on Wednesday morning, October 22d. Intense excitement had prevailed in Newark during the whole of the trial and the long period occupied by the jury in considering the evidence. The court-room was densely crowded on Wednesday when the announcement was made that the jury were ready to come in. Mr. Blair, accompanied by his wife and ex-Judge Titsworth, one of his counsel, entered the room a moment before the jury appeared. When the foreman answered the formal question as to the finding, "Not Guilty," Mr. Blair appeared utterly dazed for a moment. In the next he fell over upon the pile of law-books on the table and sobbed loudly. Then, falling upon his knees, he buried his face in his hands upon his counsel's lap. It was with difficulty Judge Depue repressed the applause that arose from the crowd. William A. Torry, Blair's landlord and former bondsman, rushed forward and was the first to lean over him and congratulate him on the verdict. Mrs. Blair removed the handkerchief from her tearful but smiling face, to be kissed again and again by her lady friends, who had waited in the court patiently every day, and all day long, since the jury went out, for this moment.

The motion to discharge from custody was made and granted, and in a few moments the last legal scene in the absorbing case had been enacted. Soon after one o'clock, accompanied by his wife, ex-Judge Titsworth, and a friend, Blair got into his carriage and was driven to Montclair. A constable mounted the driver's box to protect Blair. A vast crowd of persons stood by the carriage-door to see him go, but no one offered to molest him. Upon his arrival at his home in Montclair he found dinner prepared and a party of friends awaiting to congratulate him. During the rest of the day he was besieged by villagers calling to express their happiness at his restoration to his home and family. His little children awaited him at the gate and welcomed him with childish glee. He took each in his arms by turn and folded them to his breast, kissing them warmly, while his tears fell on their joyous faces. In the evening he had a perfect ovation.

EXPERIENCES OF A BRIDAL PARTY AT NIAGARA.

NIAGARA is the great honeymoon centre of this vast continent. Not a day passes but brand-new brides with brand-new bridegrooms, in brand-new clothes, and with brand-new *impedimenta*, arrive by late trains and early trains, and every hotel register is filled up by the triumphant husbands of a few hours with the Mr. and Mrs., the latter in bold round hand in order to denote his supremacy, and his signal, and glorious victory. The artist and I got a dose of gush on our recent trip to the Falls. It met us everywhere, from the Rapids to Goat Island, from the Shadow of the Rock to the Cave of the Winds. Never did we behold so much spooning. Never so much brand-new raiment; never were our ears assailed by such creaking of brand-new boots. We put up at the Spencer House, and were not permitted to register until four exulting youthful husbands had boldly entered their names, belongings, and addresses in the well-thumbed book which the smiling clerk officiously placed at their disposal. The day subsequent to our arrival a nor'easter had the presumption to whistle along the corridors. Fires were instantly lighted in order to neutralize the effects of this too audacious intruder; but of what avail were these comforters to us? Around the fireplaces, confronting the blazing logs, the brides and bridegrooms sat in couples, taking up the room of two, whereas one chair would have amply provided for the accommodation of both Edwin and Angelina.

It was simply delicious to behold the newly-married couples falling victims to the seductive blandishments of the open air photographer at Prospect Park.

"Have yer photograph done, sir, and your beautiful lady. Wot a handsome couple you'll make with the great waters of the Horse Shoe Falls as a background, and the American Fall as a come in. Have it done, madam, in remembrance of the Falls; yer'll never get such another chance. One dollar for two sumptuous likenesses, with the whole of Niagara Falls thrown in for nawthin'."

This artistic and artful spider gets many a honeymooner into his web, and the bilotic expressions of the recently united, whilst under fire of the camera, would prove a study for Lavater himself.

In the dressing-rooms and corridors beneath the Shadow of the Rock, we encountered Edwins and Angelinas by the score. Some of them spooned all the time; others less romantic had eyes for the wonders of nature; and two couples started a waltz en costume, which, despite their flannel shoes and the rough uneaven floor, passed off with considerable eclat.

The artist and I found ourselves outnumbered at dinner, and forced to take back seats at a back table. Edwin and Angelina held the menu close to their noses, their heads touching, and eyes looking love to—but I won't. Suffice it to say that the waiters had a busy time of it, and that every dish, from the soup, to the filberts, was conscientiously tested. "Dey talk ob de appetites ob brides," observed a colored waiter, a new hand, to his comrade; "dey eats twict more nor eder folk. Yes, sah." In the Indian stores—save the mark! the goods are manufactured in New York—the brides "tear round." What useless nick-nacks they buy—Lacrosse bats, moccasins, snowshoes, feather-fans!—while their miserable husbands seek the fresh air of the street and whistle "Little Buttercup," in order to drown the financial sense of the situation.

The rainbow is a great source of comfort to Edwin and Angelina. It enables Edwin to utter some fragments of verses learned at school, and Angelina to exclaim, in the cooing of the turtle-dove, "Oh, my! ain't it quite too lovely for anything!" or, if she be of a refined turn of mind, to compare its blue to her husband's eyes, its red to the hot blood that beats in his heart for her, and generally to dispose of its colors after an æsthetic and rhapsodical fashion. One bride we beheld; it was beneath the Shadow of the Rock. She was slim and thirty. She wore a horse girth round her waist, and her new boots already betrayed symptoms of both corns and bunions. *He* was fifty, but a giddy youth. His coat was made out in the West, and was as square across the shoulders as though it was hanging upon a walking-cane. *His* boots were new, and creaked like an oaken-paneled door in a haunted house on a gusty night. She was a gay, frivolous young thing. She loved flowers. She espied a worthless yellow fungus high up on the rocks. She expressed a giggling wish for it. *He* could refuse her nothing; and, stumbling over stones, slipping over rocks, and climbing hand-over-hand to where the "floweret"—she called it "floweret"—grew, plucked it and returned to her with the flush of victory on his fifty-year-old cheek. She rewarded him with a kiss. *She* didn't mind us! Why should she? It was simple, natural and touching—very!

Where the bridal element came out strongest was beneath the Falls. Here it mustered in immense strength. Many Edwins and Angelinas mocking the trying ordeal of costume, cautiously stopped short on the rocks beneath the American Falls. What a sight that is! Up, up, touching the sky-line, the water frosted with diamond foam, glistening in the sunlight; green in some places, horribly green—a green never yet seen before; white in some places—a dreamy white. It seems to rest for a while, then to glide into a bridal-vail, then to pause again, and then—to dash down with terrific velocity into the clouds of white spray that jealously conceal it from human eye. Here Edwin places his arm round Angelina's waist as he whispers, "How grand!"

We encountered honeymoons on our home journey. The palatial cars of the New York Central Railroad were crowded with them—Angelina having the Hudson River side of the car Edwin leaning fondly over her as he expatiated on the beauties of the glorious river—and what a panorama of beauty that ride from Albany to New York, or vice versa, unfolds. We lost sight of the "spoons" at the Grand Central Depot, and if these dainty dames managed to catch cold, it was not from want of being tenderly wrapped up by their adoring and gushing husbands.

The Foreign Trade of September.

THE month of September, 1879, furnishes renewed encouragement in respect of our foreign trade. In no month before in the history of the country was the import of specie and bullion so large. Twenty-seven million, four hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars, plus, received at New York, was an import which means relief to many a mortgagor in the West, added comforts to thousands of households. The total imports of the month were nearly fifty-eight millions of dollars. For the first nine months of the present year the imports have been, in round numbers, two hundred and seventy-eight millions, as against three hundred and fifty millions in 1872. But in 1872 we were, practically speaking, importing no specie; this year we have received over sixty-seven millions, while the increase in imports of the year, as against the first nine months of 1878, has been more than half of it in specie and bullion. On the export side the statement is still more interesting. The exports from New York for September were in value nearly thirty-seven millions of dollars, with only, say, half a million of specie. The balance of trade for the country for the preceding nine months is estimated at one hundred and forty millions. If we are a little behind the balance of 1878 at the same period, there are yet three months of what promise to be extraordinary months for export of grain and provisions. Whether we fall short a little or exceed a little the exports of last year, the general result is to be satisfactory.

Scotch Universities.

THE percentage of university students to the population is larger in Scotland than elsewhere, being 1 in 700, or, more strictly speaking—if we deduct the imported students who come from England, Ireland, India, and the colonies to study medicine in the Scotch university schools—1 in 800. In the German Empire the proportion of university students to population is 1 to 1,600; in England, 1 to about 4,500. Clearly, then, the Scotch universities are popular institutions. Like the Kirk of Scotland, they are characterized by severe simplicity. They got no spoils out of the sack of the Romish Church at the Reformation; and during the greater part of their career the motto which was suggested for the *Edinburgh Review*, might have been applied to them—"*Musas tenui meditamur avena.*" ("We cultivate literature and science on a little oatmeal.") Of late, private munificence has begun to be directed toward the universities, especially of Glasgow and Edinburgh. By means of splendid private subscriptions (eked out with Parliamentary grants), the Glasgow has obtained a complete set of fine new class-rooms, laboratories, libraries and museums, with moderate residences attached for the Professors; and the Edinburgh has, for the scientific teaching of its great medical school, in course of erection buildings which promise to be of their kind nearly perfect. But the endowments of all offices attached to the universities are moderate and generally meagre; and it is only owing to the large attendance of students, and after much hard work consequent thereon, that some of the Professors have of late years realized handsome incomes. The fees charged to students have been extremely moderate, and it has always remained possible to follow a liberal course of study in arts or a complete professional course in medicine, law, or divinity, at a Scotch university for very small cost. Originally the students were quartered in collegiate domiciles, with a common table, under academical discipline: but during the last two centuries the collegiate system has been gradually and entirely abandoned in Scotland, and now the students (excepting the small minority who can live at home or are placed to board in private families) fight the battle of life for themselves, and acquire the art of making both ends meet, unchecked and unaided, in independent and often solitary lodges. Such circumstances are doubtless trying; they are very different from those in which a youth entering a college at Oxford or Cambridge, and surrounded by all the apparatus of gyps (or scouts), battels, hall dinners, tutors and proctors, finds himself placed. But the Scotch students, as a rule, show themselves quite strong enough for their position. They resist temptation, and keep their heads straight, and their university life is a stern reality for them, and not a mere idle playtime.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Amyot, Professor of Physics to the Lycée Fontanes, has been appointed meteorologist to the Central Bureau of Paris.

The Russian Expedition to explore the ancient bed of the Oxus River, with a view to connecting it with the Caspian Sea has been abandoned, the difficulties in the way of such connection being found practically insurmountable.

The French Northern Railway Company posts up daily at its principal stations the warnings and weather-maps issued by the Central Bureau of Paris. The meteorological news of the principal seaports on the railway system of the company are also noted.

Professor Foerster, of Berlin, announces the discovery by Palisa, on the 17th of October, 1879, of a planet of the twelfth magnitude in two hours fifty-two minutes right ascension, and 14 degrees 13 minutes north declination, with a daily motion of 5 minutes south.

The St. Petersburg Society of Naturalists has undertaken the publication of a complete ornithology of Northern Russia. All who possess any data on that subject, or collections of birds, are requested to communicate them to the St. Petersburg Society of Naturalists at the University of St. Petersburg.

Dr. Bessels, of the *Polaris* expedition, has received a letter from Captain Markham announcing his return to England from his last Arctic cruise. The captain says that on September 12th he reached latitude 76 degrees 34 minutes north in longitude 47 east. He was not able to penetrate to Francis Joseph Land, which was reached by the Dutch expedition.

In the Paris International Exhibition of Sciences applied to Industry luminous dials for clocks are now sold, on which the hour can be read during the whole of the night without the help of any light whatever. Although fading gradually, the phosphorescence is sufficient to serve till daylight. Barometers and thermometers are said to be prepared on this principal for night balloon-ascents when no moon is visible.

A Dispatch was received at the New York Signal Office on October 20th from Fort Elliott, Texas, announcing the completion of the military telegraph line to that place from Fort Sill, via Forts Reno and Supply, Indian Territory. This completes the military line in the Southwest and places every military post there in communication with the War Department. The part of the line recently put up is 275 miles long.

M. Turpin has recently presented to the Academy of Medicine in Paris a memoir on colors which can be made from perfectly innocuous substances. He prepared a veritable palette containing 1,440 shades according to the chromatic scale of Chevreul, and sent seventy two tubes with as many colors. These colors were carefully examined and found to contain no poisonous matter whatever, and a suitable prize was awarded to the inventor. When we consider how frequently toys, bon-bons, wall-paper and book covers are colored with arsenic dyes, the value of innocuous pigments becomes more apparent.

General John Newton, in the interest of the United States, has petitioned Judge Donohue, in Supreme Court, Chambers, that Commissioners be appointed to appraise the value of lands for the Harlem River improvements, under the Acts of 1876 and 1878. The latter Act provides that instead of constructing a canal or channel necessary to connect the East and North Rivers by the widening and dredging of the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek, the channel shall run through the northern end of Manhattan Island. There are almost two hundred persons who claim interest in the lands registered, and it was found impossible to settle all the claims without the appointment of commissioners.

M. Adam has just laid before the Academy of Sciences a method he has discovered for determining the quantity of butter contained in milk. The instrument is termed by him a lacto-butyrometer. Of the milk to be analyzed, 10 cubic centimetres are placed in a glass tube, one or two drops of caustic soda being added, according to the acidity; then 10 cubic centimetres of ether at 62 degrees, and as much of alcohol at 19 degrees. Very soon the liquid column is covered with an oleaginous layer equivalent to the richness of the milk in butter-making material. A simple formula permits that richness to be decided without having recourse to a preparatory evaporation or weighing. The whole process can be effected in ten minutes, but, however convenient it may be for chemists or medical men, we greatly doubt whether it can ever be of much utility to the public.

Progress of Steel-making.—At the time of Bessemer's invention, only about 50,000 tons of steel were made in Great Britain annually, and its price ranged from $250 to $300 per ton. In the year 1877 the Bessemer steel produced in Great Britain alone amounted to 750,000 tons, or fifteen times the total of the former method of manufacture, while the selling price averaged only $50 per ton, and the coal consumed in producing it was less by 3,500,000 tons than would have been required in order to make the same quantity of steel by the old Sheffield process. The total reduction of cost is equal to about $150,000,000 upon the quantity manufactured in England during the year. During the same year (1877) the Bessemer steel manufactured in the United States, Belgium, Germany, France and Sweden raised the total to 1,874,276 tons, with a net selling value of about $100,000,000.

A Fossil Reptile-bird.—At a recent meeting of Swiss naturalists, Professor Carl Vogt, of Geneva, gave a lecture on the archæopteryx, the interesting reptile bird which has provoked so animated a discussion among anatomists, and of which we possess only two specimens—that of the British Museum and that newly discovered at Solenhofen, Germany. According to the first, which was very incomplete, this Jurassic animal was considered as a bird, having a beak, nails and feathers; while the Solenhofen specimen, quite complete, and of which Professor Vogt exhibited very good photographs, proves undoubtedly that we have to do with a bird-like reptile of the size of a pigeon, which had both scales and feathers, a beak provided with teeth, armed wings, bird-like feet with nails, and a reptile tail consisting of twenty vertebræ. This discovery gave to Professor Vogt the occasion to make a brilliant address on the origin of species, the adaptation of organisms to the medium they inhabit, and the way in which this adaptation goes on from the periphery to the centre.

The Lombardi Art Company of London have applied with novel care and skill a method of reproducing colors which is called peikilography. A photograph in monochrome is enlarged from a negative in the usual way and transferred to thin paper or canvas. Colors are laid on by the hand on the reverse side and show through. The colors may be roughly applied above without shading. The most delicate shades are supplied by the photograph. The effect of paintings by Rubens, Holbein and other able masters is admirably reproduced. The time, perhaps, will come when photographs in colors will be produced wholly by natural means, but until that period arrives the pictures by the method described above must be pronounced to be very satisfactory. The process of enlarging photographs may also be counted as one of the most important of modern improvements. Small pictures can be taken rapidly and are generally sharper and better defined, and the enlargement can be accomplished at leisure. The use of artificial light is becoming more general and facilitates the prompt execution of an order.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Cumberland contemplates definitely renouncing his claims to the throne of Hanover.

IT is understood that Prince Lobanoff will go to London in November to assume the post of Russian Ambassador.

MADAME ANNETTE ESSIPOFF is about to be married to her early master and adviser, the pianist-composer, Leschetitzky.

PRESIDENT HAYES and his family have returned to the White House, which has been cleaned, newly carpeted and newly upholstered in their absence.

WILLIAM HARBON, who came near being hanged for a murder committed by the notorious Peace, has just been awarded $5,000 by the British Government.

THE mother of Major Cavagnari, who lost his life at Cabul, is to be pensioned by the English Government, as her son's death leaves her without means of support.

JENNIE COLLINS, of Boston, the "working-girls' friend," fears that immorality among shop-girls is increasing. She declares it to be on account of starvation wages.

MR. T. EDISON, a nephew of the celebrate American inventor, has died of consumption in Paris, where he recently arrived to superintend his uncle's patent affairs.

IT is asserted that the ex-Empress Eugénie, notwithstanding all efforts to dissuade her, will embark next February for Zululand to pray on the spot where her son was killed.

MRS. TIBURTIUS, wife of the Surgeon-General of Germany, is the leading dentist of Berlin, and attends the royal family. Her sister-in-law, Dr. Franziska Tiburtius, is an eminent physician.

THE first woman lay delegate has at length been admitted to a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It happened out in Oregon, and the lady's name was Mrs. H. H. Hixon.

THE Prince of Orange, it is reported, is to be married to Wjera Constantinowna, Grand-Duchess of Russia, and widow of Duke Eugene of Würtemberg. The Duchess is twenty-five years old.

A BERLIN dispatch says: Herr Kurd von Schlözer, the present Minister of Germany at Washington, will probably succeed the late Herr von Bülow as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

A RICH Englishman, Thomas Holloway, is erecting at his own expense an institution for the higher education of girls. The building alone, which has been begun, is to cost $1,285,000, and is 410 feet in length.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, it is stated, is already much improved in health by his European tour, and it is anticipated by his friends that he will return during the Winter to resume his ministerial work in New York City.

PRINCE BISMARCK will spend the next three months between Varzin and his estate in Lauenburg. He will not return to Berlin till January, and it is most unlikely that any interview will take place between him and Prince Gortschakoff.

THE Queen of the Belgians is to give the point-lace bridal veil to the Archduchess Christina of Austria, prospective bride of King Alfonso of Spain. Into it will be worked the arms of the various kingdoms into which Spain was formerly divided.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW is about to become chief Professor of the Pianoforte at the Brussels Conservatoire, and Herr Johann Becker, leader of the well known "Florentine Quartet," will take the place of M. Henri Vieuxtemps as head of the violin class.

THYRA, Duchess of Cumberland, has received a wedding gift from the Danish people of a beautiful oaken bookcase in the Gothic style, richly ornamented with sculptures of the old Danish authors and poets. It is filled with 600 volumes of Danish literature, art and music.

DR. LEMOYNE, whose remains were cremated near Washington, Pa., the other day, left a will disinheriting every heir to his large property who refused to be burned after death. Yet a son and a daughter were so far from sympathizing with the eccentricities of their father that they refused the condition, and the son declares his purpose to destroy the crematory built by his father.

A FORTNIGHT ago, while General Sickles was spending a few days with the officers of the Third Army Corps of France, in Normandy, he received from the President of the French Republic the appointment of Commander of the Legion of Honor. In subsequently thanking the President of the French Republic for the honor conferred on him, General Sickles made a speech in French.

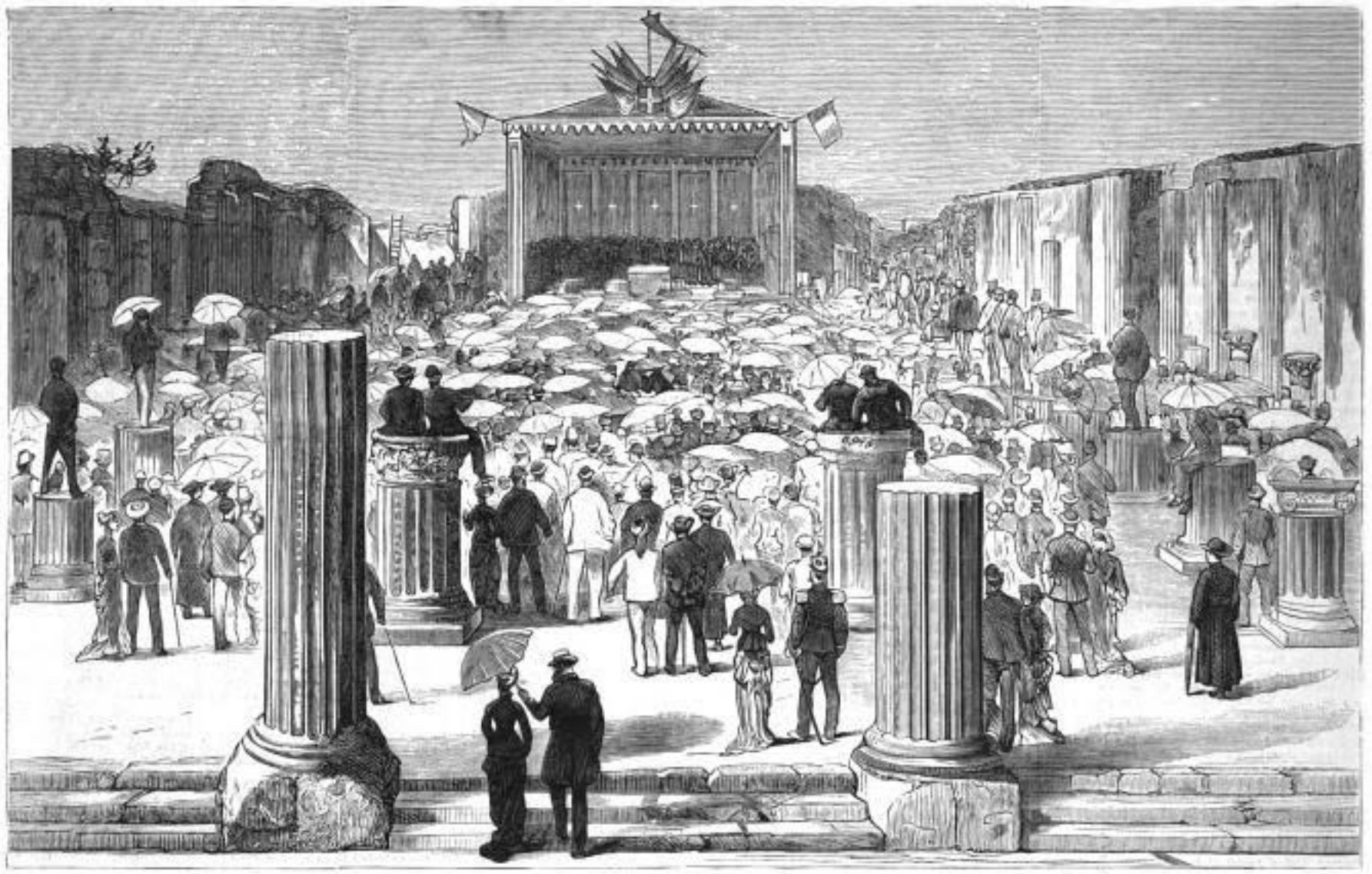
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER H. H. GORRINGE has just been presented to the Khédive of Egypt as authorized by the State Department of the United States to receive and remove to America the obelisk of Alexandria, known as Cleopatra's Needle, which was presented to the City of New York through the Department of State by the late Khédive, Ismail Pasha. His Highness received him with great courtesy, expressed his pleasure at the acceptance of the gift, and has authorized him to commence the work of removal at once.

THE little difficulty about the reception of M. Henri Martin into the French Academy has been settled. That gentleman will be inducted on the 20th of November next, and M. Marmier will make the address of welcome, in place of M. Emile Ollivier, who was originally appointed for that duty, but whose speech, prepared for the occasion, was for political reasons not acceptable to the committee of the Academy, to whom it had been submitted in advance. M. Ollivier, however, it will be remembered, has already printed the document.

THE will of the late Henry C. Carey makes his adopted daughter, Miss Virginia C. Haven, his principal legatee, and gives to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts the works of his uncle, William Carey, and all the pictures, statuary and bronzes as enumerated in the catalogue of the Carey collection, except the bronze figures upon the mantelpieces in his library, upon the conditions that the said corporation pay to his executors the sum of $13,000 for the benefit of his estate, and that the whole collection be kept together and exhibited as the Carey collection.

AT a meeting of the Yale Corporation on October 22d, Dr. Edward A. Dana, for five years a tutor in the college, was elected Assistant Professor of Natural Philosophy. Dr. William H. Carmalt, for several years a lecturer in the Medical School, was appointed a full Professor of Ophthalmology and Otology. Dr. Francis Bacon was invited to resume duty as Professor of Surgery, and the following lecturers were appointed: Dr. W. O. Ayres, of New Haven, on "Diseases of the Nervous System;" Dr. S. H. Chapin, of this city, on "Diseases of the Throat;" and Dr. Matthew D. Mann, of Hartford, Clinical Lecturer in Gynecology.

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THE FORMAL EXERCISES IN THE GREAT BASILICA.

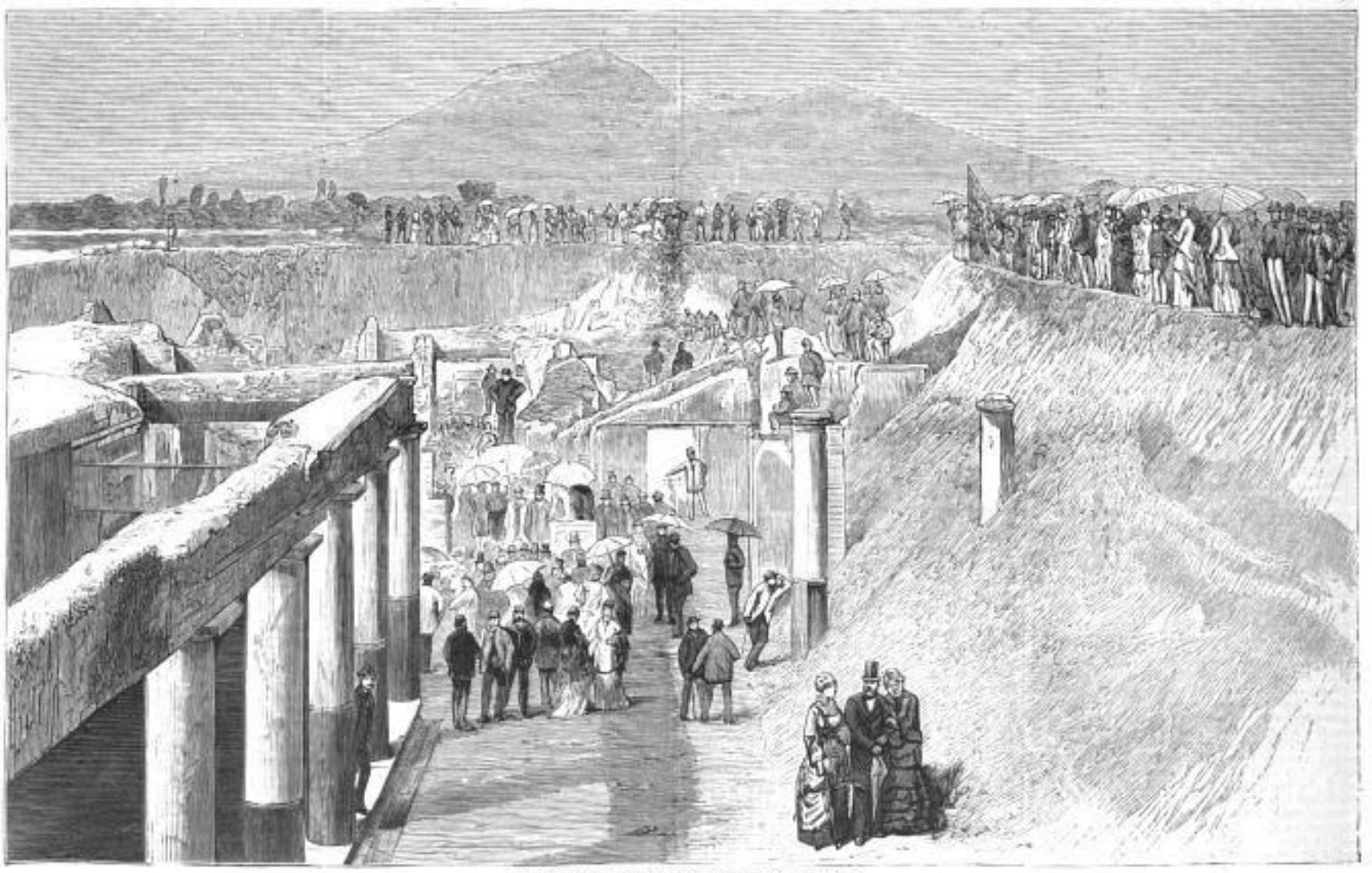
THE POMPEIAN COMMEMORATION

NEVER since that dread August day of 79 A.D., when Vesuvius suddenly opened her abysses and overwhelmed the smiling towns at her foot, have the streets of Pompeii witnessed such a festal day as the celebration, on the 25th of September last, of the eighteenth centenary of her destruction. Great preparations had been made to keep the day with all due honor, invitations had been addressed to members of home and foreign scientific bodies, and whispers went abroad of some marvelous discoveries which, before the assemblage, were to be brought to light for the first time. The Great Basilica—that semi-court of justice, semi-market and lounging-place, where merchants and idle gossips of the day; pleaders learned in the law, and radical stump orators, were alike wont to meet and discuss the "new thing" of the hour—was appropriately chosen as the trysting-place, and there, on a tribune erected for the occasion, Signor Ruggiero, the chief director of the excavations, inaugurated the proceedings by reading an historical report of the excavations, which, begun in 1748 by Charles III., have been carried on more or less continually to the present day, when fully half the city has been unearthed. Still, however, much remains to be done, and, according to the estimates of the superintendent of the works, the complete excavation of the city will not be accomplished for seventy years. At present the State furnishes a yearly subvention of $7,000 towards the work, while a further sum of $3,500 is realized by the tariff for admission tickets.

Signor Ruggiero was followed by Professors Quinto Guasciali, and Antonio Mirabelli, who recited Latin poems in honor of the day, and then the crowd, which numbered some eight thousand, dispersed to visit the city, and above all to inspect the excavations which were being carried on for the visitors' benefit. These were watched with the most intense interest, and in one case the lookers-on were amply rewarded for their pains, a house being speedily unearthed by the picks of the workmen, and numerous household vessels—amongst which was a handsome bronze candelabra—were brought to the surface; while, lower down, stores of hemp and millet-seed, together with the skeletons of small singing-birds, proved the former owner of the house to have been a bird-seller. In another house a skeleton was discovered; while, in the smallest chamber excavated, four were found huddled together. Fragments of sculpture in bronze and marble, lamps, vases, brooches, and other ornaments, a mirror of metal, and sundry articles of furniture, were also found. It is hoped that more important discoveries will soon be made under the stimulus of the Government subvention.

The mode of excavation is most simple, as Pompeii, not having been in the course of the lava, was simply buried in ashes, which can easily be removed with pick and spade. With Herculaneum it is different. Having been overwhelmed with lava, the substance has to be chiseled away as though it were solid rock. The Basilica at Pompeii is the most perfect example extant. It is situated—as indeed was almost invariably the case—adjoining the Forum, while on another side it is bounded by the Temple of Venus.

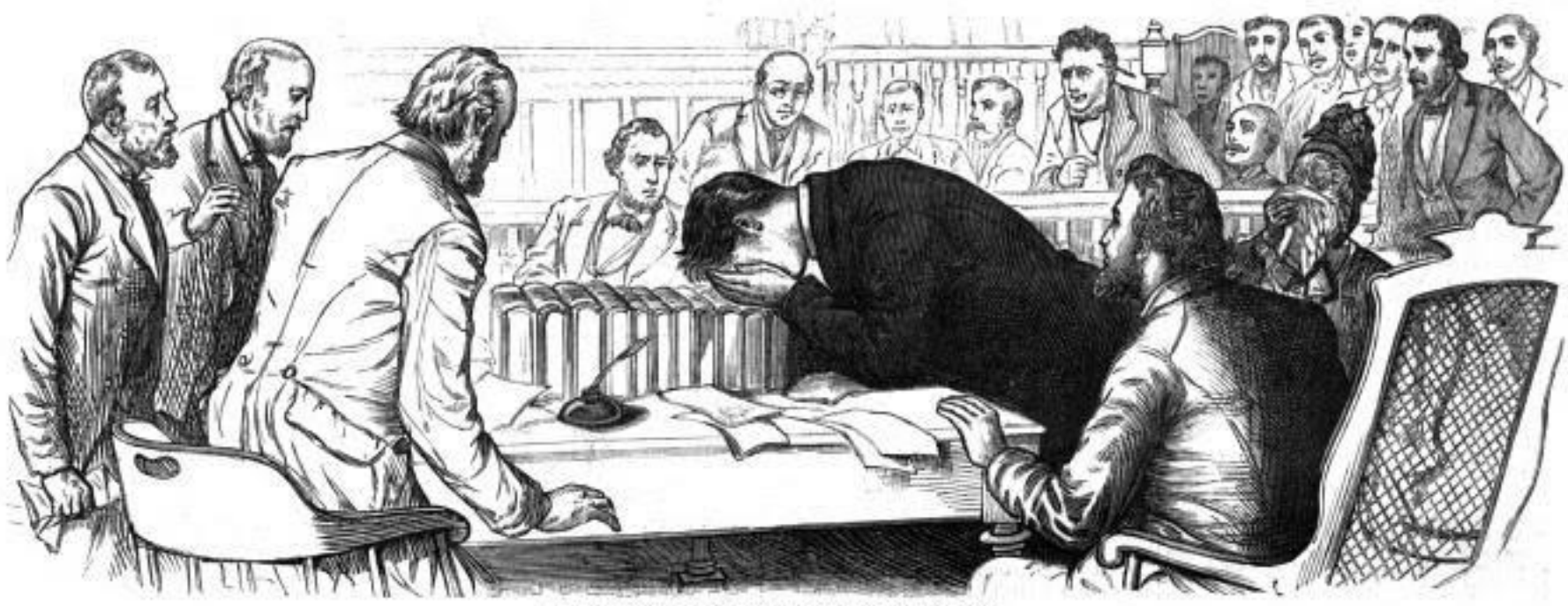
As a memento of the *festa*, the Italian Government has issued a most interesting volume, in which not only are the excavations fully treated, but the public and private life of the Pompeians are dealt with in all aspects; while Professor Palmieri gives a scientific history of Vesuvius, and Signor Ruggiero gives a stirring description of the eruption itself.



INSPECTING THE EXCAVATIONS IN THE NINTH REGION.

COMMEMORATION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

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THE ACCUSED OVERCOME BY THE VERDICT OF "NOT GUILTY!"



MR. AND MRS. BLAIR LEAVING THE COURT-HOUSE AFTER THE ACQUITTAL.



FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY CONGRATULATING MRS. BLAIR ON THE RESULT.

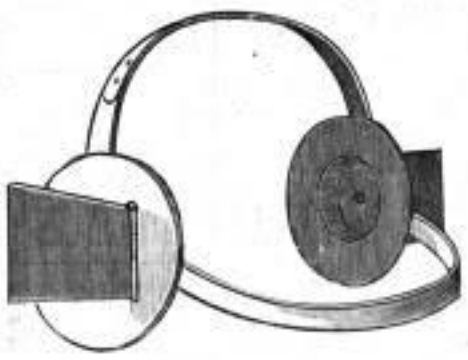
NEW JERSEY.—THE ACQUITTAL, AT NEWARK, OCTOBER 22D, OF JOSEPH A. BLAIR, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HIS COACHMAN.—SEE PAGE 163.

SEÑOR ALBERTINI.

RAFAEL DIAZ ALBERTINI has a splendid future. Already has his career been lighted by the undying lustre of fame, and to-day this youthful violinist is a recognized power in the divine world of Melody. Rafael was born at Havana in 1857. At an early age, when his equals in years were following the joyous sports of childhood, the boy musician was engaged, as a labor of love, in studying the works of Gottschalk, Espadero, Aristi, Desversine, and others. At the age of four years he executed fragments of Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn—four years!—upon a toy fiddle, and without being able to read a note of music. Gottschalk was pre-eminently proud when upon one occasion, to his accompaniment, the little Rafael played the Sonata Beethoven, F; and when the *maestro* was leaving Havana, he sent to the boy's father a letter, of which the following is a copy, this accompanied by a small violin: "I send you a little violin for Rafael, because it is time for him to commence serious study. He is a born musician. In spite of my predisposition against infant prodigies, I assure you he has a grand future, if one only knows how to direct the great disposition to which so much has been given by Nature." How prophetic Gottschalk's words! Rafael commenced severe study in 1865 with Anselmo Lopez, and in 1868 played first violin in the quartet for Ile. No. 15, at a special reunion of artists. His marvelous execution called forth a spontaneous recognition. "This extraordinary deed was executed by a boy ten years of age, and the work was the most difficult in the classical *repertoire*, but it was executed with the perfection of a master." In 1869, Rafael repaired to Paris, and as the result of a performance at the *fête* of the Spanish Minister, Señor Olozaga, the boy, who was then but thirteen years of age, was decorated with the Cross of Isabella the Catholic. During the Franco-German war he studied in London, where he met Vieuxtemps and Sivori. The former on many occasions accompanied Rafael on the piano; while the latter, whose style Rafael possesses, initiated him into the subtleties and traditions of the school of Paganini. October, 1871, found Rafael again in Paris at the Conservatoire, under the ægis of M. Alard. In three successive *concours* Rafael won first accessit, then the second prize, and finally—in 1875—the Medal of Honor. Gounod presented Rafael with his (Gounod's) portrait, with the inscription: "To Rafael Diaz Albertini. The future promised by the brightness of the present." Spain was visited in 1878, where the youthful violinist created quite a *furore*. At Madrid he was presented, by the artists, with a superb crown, and he was decorated, by the King, with the Cross of Charles III. Returning to Havana after an absence of ten years, Rafael was received with affectionate enthusiasm, his brows being encircled with a magnificent golden crown. Rafael Diaz Albertini is now but two-and-twenty, and his exquisitely handsome face scarcely boasts the dawning down of a silken beard. He is of medium height and of distinguished appearance. He is modest, retiring, and utterly free from affectation. When wooing his beloved mistress he is all on fire, and the artist reveals himself the instant he takes the bow in his hand. To miss hearing him during his forthcoming concerts will prove to the lovers of classical music a misfortune not easily repaired.



RAFAEL DIAZ ALBERTINI, VIOLINIST.



THE PSEUDOPHONE.

THE PSEUDOPHONE.

AT the recent meeting of the British Association, Professor Thompson read a paper upon a new instrument which he has invented, and which he calls the Pseudophone. It has been devised for studying illusions connected with the sense of hearing, and its nature can be readily understood by reference to the above cut. It consists of two little circular boxes which can be fitted to the ears by two adjustable metal bands which pass over and behind the head. Each of these boxes has a shade or flap on a hinge, which permits it to be placed at any required angle. These flaps can also be turned round upon their circular supports, so that they can reflect sounds into the ears from any direction. And as each is independent of the other, they can be so turned as to reflect into each ear sounds from different sources. It is said that the deceptions induced by this instrument as to the source of a given sound are most perplexing and amusing. If not of much practical scientific value, this contrivance is interesting as calling attention to a class of phenomena little understood.

THE LATE "CHAM."

THIS clever French caricaturist, who had long suffered from a pulmonary complaint, died on September 6th. His pseudonym—which is the French equivalent for Ham—was adopted in consequence of his father being the Count de Noé, whose name in English would read Noah. His mother was an Englishwoman, and he was brought up by a nurse and governess both English; so that, although there was not a man whose humor and conversation were more essentially French, he retained to the day of his death an accent which often caused him to be mistaken for a Londoner. His appearance was also rather English than French. A tall, carefully-dressed and serious man, with a long fair mustache and an erect carriage, he had much the look of a British cavalry officer. He was born in 1819. He first studied under Paul Delaroche, and next under Charlet, with whom his vein for the grotesque developed itself, and from 1842 to his death he furnished the *Charivari*, and other comic publications, with an inexhaustible succession of satirical sketches. Like Gavarni, he supplied the letter-press as well as the drawings. His portraits of public men were excellent. Whether in big cartoons



THE LATE VICOMTE DE NOÉ ("CHAM").

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or in tiny vignettes, he never failed to convey the exactest and funniest image of the things and persons he intended to portray. He could draw inspiration from the commonest topics. On a hot day he sketched a party of Grenadiers having their bearskins clipped for coolness; on a cold day he drew a veteran swathing up his wooden leg in flannel. A year or two ago he received the Legion of Honor, being the first French caricaturist to gain a decoration.

The Jews in Palestine.

THE land of their promised inheritance is rapidly becoming their own in fee. If we compare the present time with eighty-three years ago, when the Sublime Porte permitted only three hundred to live within the walls of the Holy City, the change is remarkable. Forty years since the Porte modified this original order, so that a larger number could abide there; but they were shut up in narrow and filthy quarters, next to the dog and leper quarters, the objects of contempt and cruel oppressions. But even this quarter restriction was removed ten years ago. And now the ruling power is in the hand of Great Britain, and the sceptre itself is in the hand of an Israelite, and Baron Rothschild holds a mortgage on Palestine as security for 200,000,000 francs loaned to the Sultan of Turkey. It looks very much as if accomplished fact had put itself in the place of prophecy.

The Jews, after the quarter restrictions were removed, bought all the land which could be obtained within the gates, and have built entire streets of houses without the gates. With the improvements inevitable from liberty and the possession of homes have come kindred progressions in provisions of charity for the destitute and afflicted. The German Jews have sixteen of these. Two journals have been started, and in the Rothschild and other Jewish hospitals 6,000 patients are under constant treatment. The Venetian Jews have given 60,000 francs to found a school of agriculture; and, in evidence of a progress that shows divine care and intervention, the number of Jews has doubled in about ten years. In 1869 there were not more than seven thousand Jews shut up in their quarters, and though a vast improvement on the past, still they appear to us wretched enough to make the most careless sigh over the mighty fallen. But in the five succeeding years they increased to more than 13,000.

FUN.

CHARITY covereth a multitude of church lotteries.

IT'S a wise railroad stock that knows its own par nowadays.

THE worst comb and brush in Christendom can be found in the average photograph gallery, and the worst pen in a telegraph office.

A SAILOR is not a sailor when he is a-board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a-shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

THE barber's razor took hold of his beard with a vengeance, when he looked up and said, apologetically: "My dear sir, I came in to get shaved—not to get a tooth pulled!"

RURAL ETIQUETTE.—*Guest:* "Don't you know any better than to walk into my room without rapping? You see I am all undressed!" *Servant:* "Oh! you needn't excuse yourself, mum; I don't mind."

ARABELLA (on her toes in a chair, clutching convulsively at her skirts). "Oh, Bridget! a mouse! a mouse! Come and catch it, quick!" *Bridget:* "Sure, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away, I can catch plenty more for yer, mum."

"WELL, my man," said a military doctor to a patient who had been on "low diet" for a long time, "how are you?" "Much better, sir." "Could you eat a small chicken to-day?" "That I could, sir." "What would you like it stuffed with?" "Please your honor," replied the hungry patient, "I would like it stuffed with another."

AN AFFECTING SENTENCE.—Judge X. of Arkansas had brought before him a convicted felon to be sentenced. The opportunity to "improve" the occasion was not to be lost; and so, after the usual demand for reason why sentence should not be pronounced, his Honor slowly, and with genuine feeling, addressed the prisoner: "My poor fellow, you are about to go to the penitentiary. You are required to give up, for a long term, everything which the great world values—your family, and, instead, to take for your associates only felons like yourself; your home, and to take instead what can never have the semblance of a home; your will, and so to be subject to the order of men who have no sympathy with you. Even your ordinary clothing you exchange for"—here his Honor, raising his left arm, pointed to it with the index finger of his right hand—"striped clothes, the stripes running not lengthwise, like these, but so—round and round, like a coon's tail."

PILGRIMAGES TO BUFFALO, N. Y.,

are made by thousands of invalids annually to consult with the medical and surgical staff of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, the largest private sanitarium in the world. All chronic diseases are treated by scientific methods. The practice is divided among nine eminent specialists. Among the most popular domestic medicines in the land are those manufactured by this Association, among which are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the greatest of alteratives or blood-cleansers, and Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little pills) that have largely superseded the old-fashioned coarse pills. Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is deservedly popular as a remedy for diarrhœa, dysentery, flux, and kindred diseases; also as a pain-killer and remedy for colds. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the great remedy for female weakness and associated derangements. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the "Old Reliable." Invalid's Guide-Book—10 cents, post paid. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or London, England.

MONEY MAKING.

MONEY.—For simplicity in money-making in Wall Street, write CHAS. FOXWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. By their new system it gives the $10 to $100 operator the same advantages as heretofore the $1,000 or $10,000 purchaser enjoyed.

THE MANIGRAPH.

EVERY business man *needs* one. Its value is indisputable and it is indorsed by the highest officials. See testimonials from State Capitol and Mayor's office. It is the greatest invention of the age, and its claims are undisputable.

THE only safe and sure cure for Gravel or Urinary troubles is Hop Bitters. Prove it.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

DURING the week ending 18th of October, 1,635 scales were shipped from the factory at St. Johnsbury, Vt., leaving then unfilled orders for nearly 3,000 scales. The MESSRS. FAIRBANKS are running their immense factory evenings, and are melting twenty-two tons of iron daily.

SALT RHEUM.

HELPLESS for eight years. Unable to walk. Got about on hands and knees. A wonderful cure.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*—I have had a most wonderful cure of Salt Rheum. For seventeen years I suffered with Salt Rheum; I had it on my head, face, neck, arms, and legs. I was not able to walk, only on my hands and knees, for one year. I have not been able to help myself for eight years. I tried hundreds of remedies; not one had the least effect. The doctors said my case was incurable. So my parents tried everything that came along. I saw your advertisement and concluded to try Cuticura Remedies. The first box of Cuticura brought the Humor to the surface of my skin. It would drop off as it came out, until now I am entirely cured. All I can say is, I thank you most heartily for my cure. Any person who thinks this letter a fraud, let them write or come and see me and find out for themselves.

Yours truly, WILL MCDONALD.
1315 BUTTERFIELD ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL., March 4th, 1879.

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PHILADELPHIA, May 28th, 1877.

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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Office of the 1st Asst. P. M. General,
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 21st, 1879.

POSTMASTER,
Rahway, N. J.,

SIR:

Complaint has been made that you are withholding letters addressed to M. A. Dauphin.

The simple fact that a letter is addressed to M. A. Dauphin does not, under the present ruling of the Department, warrant its detention at the mailing office.

Very Respectfully,
(Signed) JAMES H. MARR,
1st Asst. P. M. General.

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A SCIENTIFIC gentleman of Cincinnati has invented an instrument by which the Deaf can hear through the Medium of the Teeth. The principle of the invention seems to be that the sound vibrations which constitute spoken language, music, etc., etc., are caught on a delicate vibrating diaphragm, are from this communicated to the teeth, and thence through the bones of the head to the nerves of hearing. THE AUDIPHONE, as it is called, is, in shape, very much like an old-fashioned silver watch, and weighs about an ounce and a half, and from its convenience and efficacy will no doubt displace entirely the clumsy, old-fashioned ear-trumpet.

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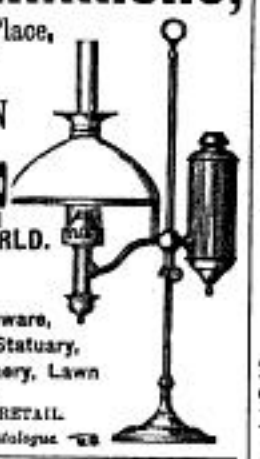
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TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 2.—

The Office of Secretary of the Treasury.

MR. SHERMAN ON THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

What he Says of Resumption.

He Thinks it has "Come to Stay."

THE NATIONAL CREDIT AND OUR BUSINESS FUTURE.

THE United States Treasury is a most imposing and graceful building, of the pure Grecian Ionic order. The Treasury Building was originally constructed between 1794-99, and in 1801 a fire swept it off. The British burned it in 1814, and it again began to rise three years later, but was not finished until 1832. Two years subsequently—1834—it was destroyed by fire, and now its architectural history, as we see it, really began.

In 1835 Robert Mullins, of South Carolina, was appointed to supervise it, and in four years he raised the façade of columns which was the glory of the period. The structure was completed in 1860, and is the most costly of our public buildings, considering its extent. Its cost, $6,000,000, was more than half that of the far nobler Capitol.

The general plan of the building measures 468 feet from north to south, and 264 feet from east to west, or, inclusive of portico and steps, 582 by 300 feet. It contains 195 apartments. The sky-line of the entire building is surmounted by a stone balustrade. The structure has four fronts. The west, which faces the city, consists of a colonnade 336 feet long and 30 Ionic columns, flanked on either side by a recessed portico. The colonnade and corresponding portion are of Virginia freestone, while the remainder of the entire building is granite from Dix Island, on the coast of Maine. The east front, facing the White House, is broken by a grand central portico, consisting of eight monolithic pillars front, two in the recess in the centre, and the same in the recesses on either side. This portico is reached by a broad flight of steps. The north and south fronts are the same, consisting of a central portico with eight columns front, and two in the recess. Steps descend to a broad tessellated platform, bounded on either side by a balustrade. The monolithic columns are each thirty-one and a half feet high, four feet in diameter, and weigh thirty-three tons. The colonnade is after the style of the Temple of Minerva Pallas, at Athens. On the east, north, and south, on either side of the steps and platforms, are parterres devoted to ribbon borders and the kaleidoscopic gardening now so much in vogue. The building has four principal entrances, and selecting that giving on the south, I ascended the massive steps en route to pay my respects to the Secretary, Mr. John Sherman, in his "bright particular" sanctum.

The "Department of the Treasury" was organized under Act of Congress of September 2d, 1789, with a Secretary of the Treasury as chief officer, who is also ex-officio a member of the President's cabinet. It was the duty of the Secretary to manage the business pertaining to the revenue and the support of the public credit; to make estimates of revenues and expenditures; to collect the revenue; to decide the form of keeping and stating accounts and making returns; to grant warrants for moneys authorized by law; to execute such services relative to the sale of public lands as were required of him by law; to communicate information to Congress, and generally to perform all services relative to finances. In 1800 the Secretary was required to submit at the commencement of every session a report on the finances of the Government, with estimates of revenues and expenditures. Under the Act of 1789 it was the duty of the Treasurer of the United States to receive and keep the moneys of the United States, and disburse the same upon warrants drawn by the Secretary of the Treasury, countersigned by the Comptroller, and recorded by the Register.

I was about to enter the gold-laden cave, but Alas, without the cabalistic words necessary to cause the treasure chambers to fly open at my bidding. I had no lamp to rub, and no talisman save the piece of pasteboard which I presented to the Cerberus on the threshold, with a request to be permitted audience of the genii of this abode of Plutus. I was ushered into a gloomy corridor, broken by iron pilasters, the capitals, cornices and ceiling being ornamented with emblematical designs. As I awaited the return of the messenger, I bethought me that beneath where I stood were the vaults of steel and chilled iron, twenty by fifteen feet, in which lay $10,000,000, the amount usually "on hand" in the Treasury. This money is kept in packages or bags in wooden cases, and as much as $5,000,000 have been shipped per elevator to the different sub-treasuries during the day.

My golden reverie was broken in upon by the attendant's exclaiming, "The Secretary will see you now, sir;" and following my guide along the corridor, he flung open a door to the right, and I was at once admitted into a flood of brilliant light—the distant Potomac lending a silvern reflection—and into the presence of the Secretary.

Two gentlemen were engaged in eagerly congratulating Mr. Sherman upon the recent result in Ohio, and while they wrung hands and expressed their satisfaction in cheery pantomime, I flung my glances around the apartment.

The room is lofty, and charmingly proportioned. It contains seven windows, two of which give upon the Potomac, and one on Pennsylvania Avenue, disclosing its entire length with the Capitol for a background. The floor is matted and overlaid with Brussels rugs. The furniture is of black walnut, upholstered in claret-colored leather. On the western wall hangs a half-length life size portrait in oil of Secretary Chase, beneath it an enlarged photo of Mr. Sherman. On the wall are hung the photographs of the chief officers of the Department, and a frame containing steel-engraved likenesses of the members of the Cabinet. On the eastern wall is a portrait of Grant; and, elegantly framed, the resolution adopted by the New York Chamber of Commerce congratulating Mr. Sherman on the resumption of specie. A superb mirror surmounts the mantel-piece, which is also ornamented by a clock. There are a couple of standing desks, a bookcase, a square swivel-case containing volumes of everyday reference, while piles of official reports, telling their own dry tales, stand in every available space. At a very formidable desk at the south end of the apartment sits the Secretary, behind him a pier-glass, in front of him his stenographer, Mr. Babcock. This vast tableland is covered with papers, which are in turn covered by statistics. The eyes of the uninitiated become dazzled by the array of figures which confront them right, left, and centre from the Secretary's desk, and until one is led to imagine that the table is some mysterious calculating-machine, warranted to throw off so much statistical copy per minute. The Secretary, having bowed out his enthusiastic admirers, turned to the writer and, motioning him to an easy chair, reseated himself.

Mr. John Sherman is tall, slightly made, and graceful. His manner denotes a calm intelligence. It is earnest, yet controlled, and unemotional without being icy. He looks you straight in the eyes with a calmly penetrating glance—a glance which says, "Two and two make four; you can't make the result five." This without argumentativeness or aggressiveness. His "rough hewn" hair is streaked with gray, while his closely-cut beard is white, the mustache being still "in the browns." Of complexion he has none. There is no color in his face, and not much blue or gray in his eyes. His hands are delicate as those of a woman and as white. He was attired in a faultlessly jetty-black frock, a white waistcoat, and black trousers. His necktie was black, and he wore no ornament.

"This is the cash in the strong-box to day," he laughed, as he handed me a slip of white paper, two inches by an inch and a half. "I receive this return every morning, so that I know the exact condition of affairs."

The slip contained the following:

From Customs	$858,000
" Internal Revenue	350,000
Miscellaneous	20,000
Repayments	5,000
Total	$1,054,000

"How do you stand on the Resumption, Mr. Secretary?"

"I will tell you. The total amount of bonds called in to this date is $708,126,500; and of these we have redeemed $684,553,400. That leaves outstanding bonds to the value of $23,573,100."

"Do you pay interest on these?"

"No."

"I presume, Mr. Secretary, that you must necessarily attend very much to the details of your vast and important Department."

"I do; and in this I differ from the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, as his time is of necessity too much taken up in parliamentary debate."

"Then you do not approve of a financial minister's being in Parliament?"

"I do not. I consider that it is his duty to see that the details of his department are carried out according to the letter of the law."

"But must he not depend upon his assistants?"

"Most decidedly; but there is an enormous amount of work for the chief to do, and which should be executed by him alone."

"I presume the work of your immense department is classified and allocated to sub-departments."

"It is. The organization stands thus: There are two Assistant Secretaries, a Chief Clerk, and nine Chiefs of important Divisions."

The Secretary here asked Mr. Babcock for his circular on the "Organization of the office of the Secretary of the Treasury."

"The Assistant Secretary has the general supervision of the work assigned to the divisions of appointments, public moneys, revenue marine, stationery, printing and blanks, loans and currency, bureau of engraving and printing, and office of the Director of the Mint."

"The duties of the Second Assistant?"

"The general supervision of all the work assigned to the divisions of customs, special agents, internal revenue and navigation, warrants, estimates and appropriations, and to the offices of Supervising Architect, Supervising Surgeon-General of Marine Hospitals, Bureau of Statistics, and Supervising Inspector-General of Steamboats. He has also the signing of all letters and papers as Assistant Secretary, or 'by order of the Secretary,' relating to the business of the foregoing divisions that do not by law require the signature of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the signing, instead of the Secretary, of certain warrants, under section 246 of the Revised Statutes. He has also to perform such other duties as may be prescribed by the Secretary or by law."

"Next in order come the duties of a Chief Clerk?"

"He has the supervision, under the immediate direction of the Secretary and Assistant Secretaries, of the duties of the clerks and employés connected with the Department. The superintendence and custody of all buildings or parts of buildings occupied by the Treasury Department in Washington, and supervision over the force which is in any way connected with the care of them; the expenditure of the appropriations for contingent expenses of the Treasury Department; the compilation and publication of the monthly digest of circulars and decisions of the Secretary, also the supervision of all the official correspondence of the Secretary's office, so far as to see that it is expressed in correct and official form; the enforcement of the general regulations of the Department, and the charge of all business of the Secretary's office not assigned to some one of the divisions or bureaus attached to the office."

"As regards the Division of Appointments?"

"There is a chief who has the supervision of all matters relating to the appointment, removal, promotion or suspension of the officers, clerks, messengers, etc., under the control of the Treasury Department; the examination and investigation of all complaints and charges against officials or employés, except when such investigation is otherwise specially directed; the preparation of reports required by law to be laid before Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the employment and compensation of persons in various branches of the public service, and the preparation and publication of the 'United States Register.' The chief has likewise the verification of all payrolls of the Department, and all vouchers for salaries of steamboat inspectors, custodians, and janitors, and is charged with the performance of other minor duties.

The Division of Warrants, Estimates, and Appropriations come next in order, and the chief of this department has no sinecure.

"To him is intrusted the issue of all the warrants for the receipt and payment of public moneys, and of appropriations and surplus fund warrants; the preparation and keeping of all appropriations, sinking fund, public debt and Pacific Railroad accounts; the compilation and publication, for the use of Congress, of the annual estimates of appropriations required for the service of all departments of the Government, and of the digest of appropriations made at each session of Congress, with the designations of tables under which funds may be drawn from appropriations," etc.

The Division of Public Moneys is also under the control of a chief, and his duties are thus alloted by the Secretary:

"The supervision of the several independent Treasury officers, the designation of national banks and other depositories, and the obtaining from them of proper securities; the keeping of a general account of receipts into the Treasury, the classification of such receipts, and the preparation of lists thereof on which to issue coming warrants," etc.

The Customs come under the control of Mr. Sherman.

"The Chief has the examination of all questions arising under the tariff laws, upon appeals from decisions of collectors of customs involving the rates and amount of duties on imports, the consideration of cases involving errors in invoices and entries, refusal and abatement of duties, drawback of customs duties on articles manufactured in the United States out of imported material and establishing the rates of drawbacks. He also has the consideration of all questions arising upon the construction of the customs laws, and the general regulations thereunder in regard to the entry, appraisal and delivery of merchandise and payment of duties thereon."

The Chief of the Division of the Internal Revenue and Navigation has his hands pretty full under Mr. Sherman's admirable organization.

"He has the examination of petitions for the remission of fines, penalties and forfeitures under the customs, internal revenue, navigation and steamboat inspection laws, and applications for compromise of claims in favor of the United States, except customs cases; all internal revenue business coming before this officer except such as relates to appointments; the examination of questions relating to the marine documents, entry, clearance, hypothecation and admeasurement and tonnage of vessels, tax or tonnage fees for the service of revenue officers, and the transportation of merchandise in vessels."

The Chief of the Division of Loans and Currency plays a very important rôle in the Treasury Building, and one that demands a "level head."

"He has the supervision of the details of all matters pertaining to loans, and the issue and redemption of United States bonds, including the details of negotiating United States interest-bearing securities; the preparation of orders for engraving and printing United States bonds; the original issue and delivery of bonds; the preparation and distribution of circulars designating bonds of redemption. He likewise has the supervision of all matters under the immediate charge of the Secretary of the Treasury relating to the counting, cancellation, record and destruction of all redeemed and mutilated United States notes and fractional currency, and internal revenue stamps redeemed, or mutilated in printing. He has charge of the distinctive paper of the United States notes, bonds and currency."

The next division in order being that of the Revenue Marine, the Secretary allotted the duties of the chief of this all-important department.

"He has the management of the Revenue Marine Service—including the supervision of the building and equipment of revenue vessels, their repair, purchase and sale; the assignment of cruising grounds, the assignment of officers to vessels, the purchase of outfits and supplies, the regulation of the complements of crews and their wages, the examination and certification of revenue-vessels' pay-rolls, and accounts of the disbursements on account of the service by collectors of customs; the examination of property accounts of officers, the preparation and enforcement of regulations for the examination, admission and government of Revenue-Marine Cadets; the preparation and enforcement of general regulations for the government of the service, etc.; the examination of all matters pertaining to the lighthouse establishment, placed by law in charge of the Secretary of the Treasury, the examination of all matters relating to the United States coast survey coming before the Secretary; the charge of all matters relating to weights and measures upon which the Secretary is required by law to act. He has the general superintendence also of the life-saving service."

Touching upon the Division of Stationery Printing, and Blanks.

"The Chief has the purchase and supply of stationery for the departments, sub-treasuries, depositories, United States mints, custom houses, revenue vessels, steamboat-inspection service, life-saving stations, marine hospitals, light-houses, and internal revenue offices, and blanks and blank-books for the same."

With reference to the last division, that of Special Agents.

"The Chief has the assignment and detail of special agents, and the examination of their accounts for compensation and traveling expenses, and the examination and reference of their reports; the supervision and enforcement of measures for the prevention of smuggling and frauds on the customs revenues; supervision over the customs districts, the acts of custom house officers, and the examination of their books, papers, and accounts."

Mr. Sherman has issued in his organization the following instructions:

"Each Chief of Division will be expected to attend strictly to the business of the division of which he has charge, and to abstain from any interference with that assigned to other divisions. All questions relating to business belonging to two or more divisions will be settled by consultation and arrangement between the Chief of the Divisions interested, and in case of disagreement, the matter in dispute will be submitted to the Chief Clerk.

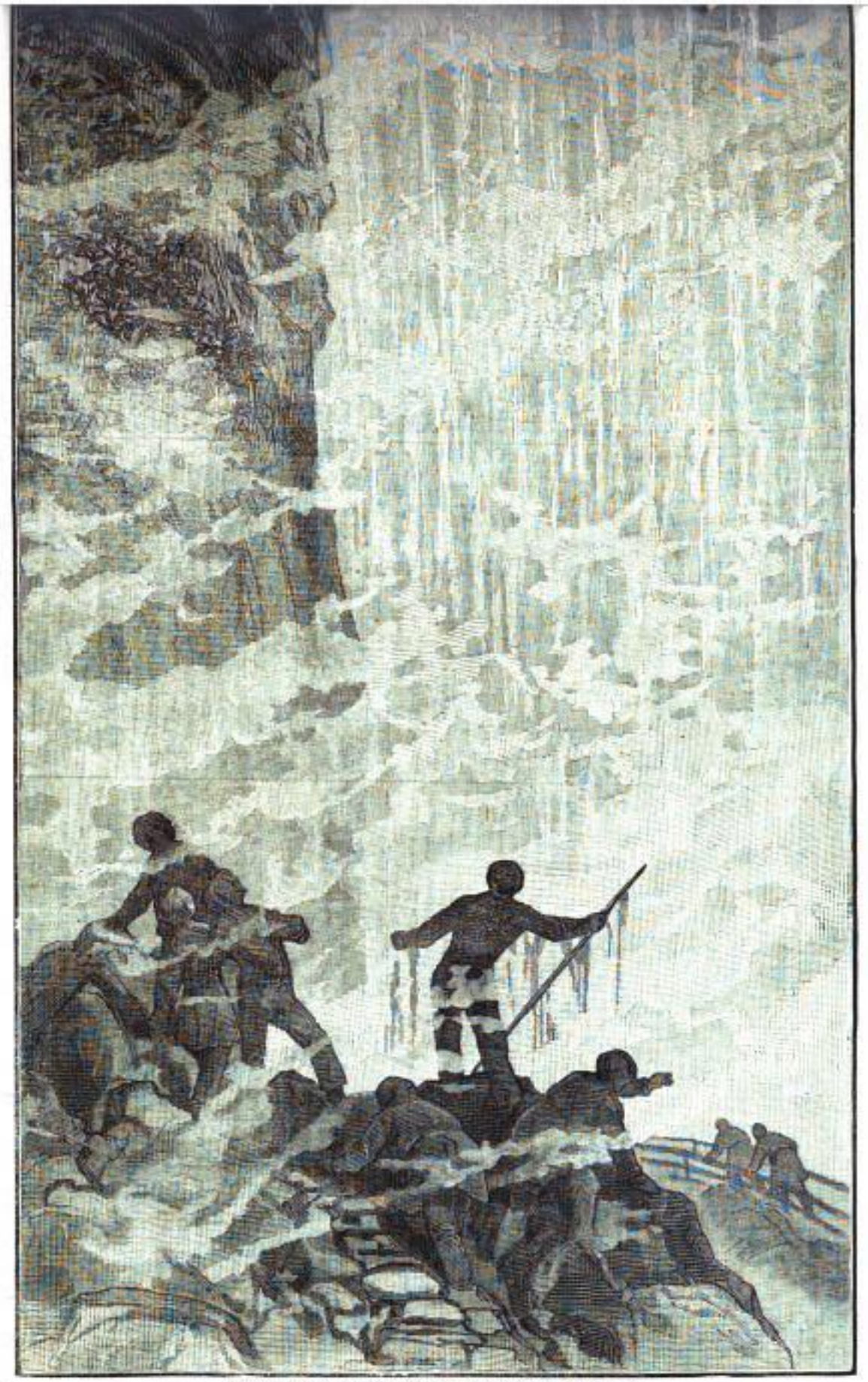
"All matters of business relating to the offices of the Director of the Mint, the Supervising Inspector-General of Steam-Vessels, the Supervising Architect, the Supervising Surgeon-General of Marine Hospitals, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the Bureau of Statistics, requiring the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury, and all letters for his signature, or that of either of the Assistant Secretaries, relating thereto, will be prepared in the offices to which they respectively pertain.

"The Chief Clerk will superintend the changes made necessary by this order, and will see

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SITTING IN COSTUME FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.





VIEWING THE RAINBOW.



A DANCE IN THE COSTUME OF THE FALLS.

.THE BRIDAL PARTY UNDER THE AMERICAN FALLS.



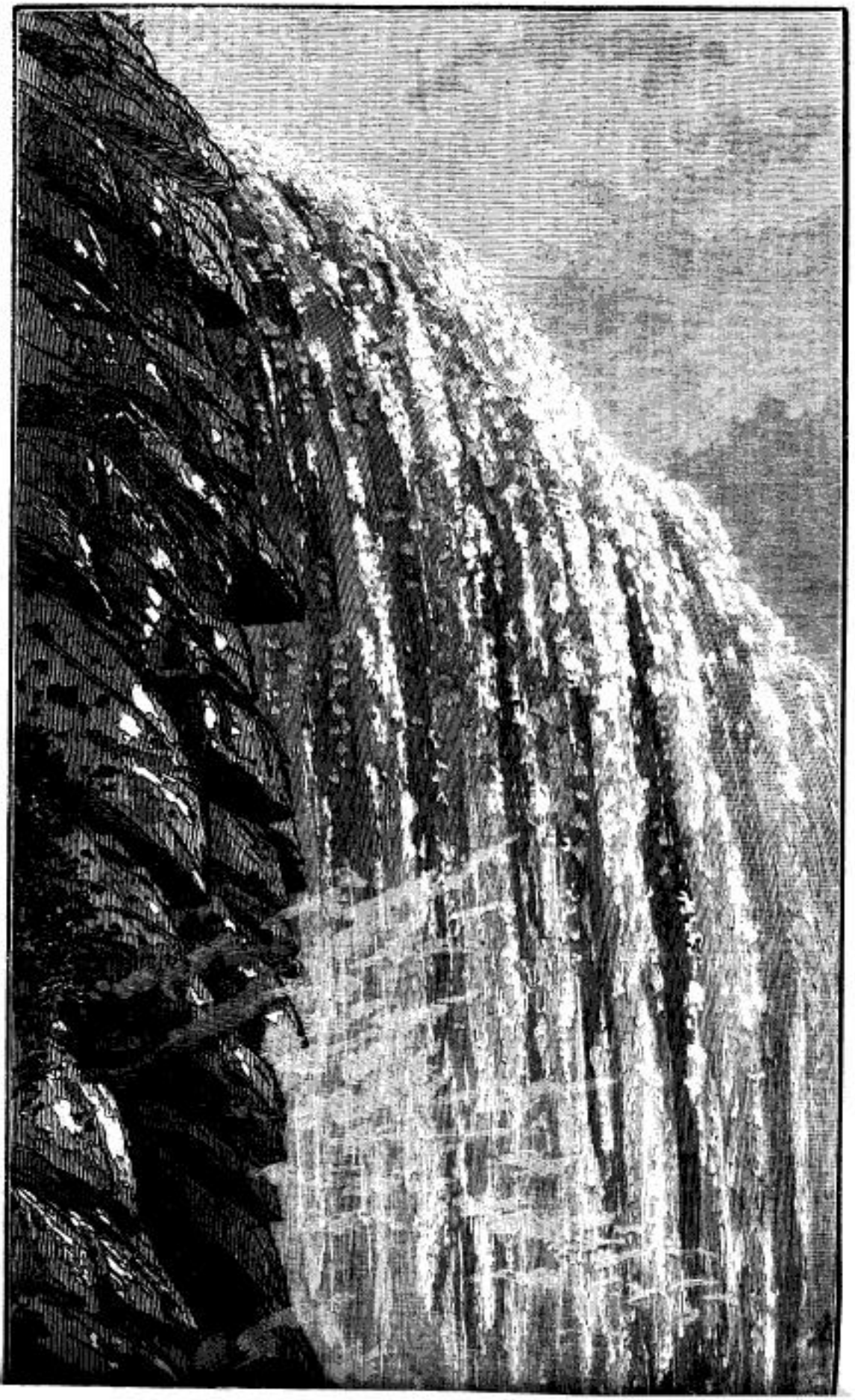
GATHERING MEMENTOES OF THE TRIP.

NEW YORK.—SUMMER LIFE AT NIAGARA FALLS—EXPERIENCES OF A BRIDAL PARTY AT THE GREAT POPULAR RESORT.—From Sketches by our Special Artist.—See Page 163.

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ARRIVAL OF A BRIDAL COUPLE AT THE HOTEL.





THE HOTEL DINING-ROOM.



IN THE PARLOR OF THE HOTEL.



SALESROOM FOR INDIAN GOODS.



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that its provisions are carried into effect; and he will call the attention of the Secretary to any defects observed in the arrangement, assignment, or performance of the duties herein imposed, with a view to their correction.

"Any officer or employé attached to the Secretary's office must feel at liberty to call on the Secretary and state to him any event, or well-grounded belief on his part, that affects the integrity of the service, or the official conduct of any one employed in it."

Having disposed of the duties of the chiefs of the United States Treasury, I referred to the question of Resumption.

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Sherman, "I have said so much on that subject already that I fear I could say nothing new. The credit of Resumption does not all belong to me; it is due to many others besides myself." On other occasions Mr. Sherman stated that "Resumption has come to stay. Experience has shown that the Resumption Act has not produced any distress, but its execution has been accompanied by an increasing prosperity from the day in May, 1877, on which coin commenced to flow into the Treasury. By the refunding process the people of the United States will be saved, from and after the 21st of July, 1879, the sum of $14,297,177 annually as long as the debt remains unpaid. This is the interest at four per cent. on a capital sum of $357,429,425, which measures the aggregate of the savings of these operations; and, if invested annually as a sinking-fund at four per cent., would pay the present interest-bearing debt in less than forty-six years."

On the subject of double interest in bonds, Mr. Sherman disposed of the question: "Congress expressly provided by law that before the bonds could be paid off three months' notice should be given to the holders, thus requiring the payment of interest on both bonds for three months, and this would amount to $8,628,970. To save as much of this as possible, the Department took the risk in the Summer of 1877 of calling in six per cent. bonds before the four per cents. were sold, and by this saved to the people of the United States over a million dollars. But General Ewing and his associates on the meeting of Congress in 1877, by their wild raid against the Resumption Act, frightened the public from buying our four per cent. bonds, and compelled us temporarily to pay called bonds from the resumption fund; but the failure of their raid enabled the Department to resume their operations. In December, 1878, these refunding operations increased in magnitude. In the annual report of the Treasury Department, I called the attention of Congress to this loss of interest, and earnestly recommended them to shorten the notice to the holders of called bonds, stating the great saving it would make. General Ewing was a member of the Banking and Currency Committee, and neither he nor his associates paid any attention to my request, though it was repeated more than once. The Department sold after December 1st, 1878, $554,847,500 of four per cent. bonds, and the interest lost by the failure to amend the law was more than $4,000,000."

On the revival of industry the Secretary bases his views on a solid foundation, contrasting the present condition of the country with that of January, 1875, when the Resumption Act was passed, and May, 1877, when preparations to resume were commenced: "Between these dates the general rate of interest on public and private indebtedness has been reduced 25 per cent. The value of exports of merchandise during the year ended June 30th, 1875, was $513,442,711; during the year ended June 30th, 1877, it was $602,475,220, and during the year ended June 30th, 1879, it was $710,433,285, showing an increase over 1875 of $196,990,574, and over 1877 of $107,958,065, or 17.92 per cent. The exports of merchandise during the latter year were larger than during any previous year in the history of our foreign commerce. The excess of imports over exports of merchandise during the year ended June, 1875, amounted to $19,562,725; during the year ended June 30th, 1877, the excess of exports over imports amounted to $151,152,094, and during the year ended June 30th, 1879, it rose to $264,656,810, showing an increase in such excess of $113,504,716, or more than 75 per cent. in two years. The imports of merchandise during the year ended June 30th, 1877, amounted to $451,323,126, and during the year ended June 30th, 1879, amounted to $445,776,475, a decrease of $5,546,651, or 1.23 per cent.

And in reference to specie:

"The excess of exports of specie over imports of specie during the year ended June 30th, 1877, was $15,387,813; but during the year ended June 30th, 1879, the excess of the exports of specie was only $4,701,441. The exchange in the Clearing House in New York City and in twenty one other principal cities in the United States for the seven months ended July 31st, 1878, amounted to $16,618,983,738, and for the same period of 1879, $20,029,648,955, an increase of 20.5 per cent."

On the revival of cotton and iron, the Secretary is also possessed of strongly riveted facts:

"In the production and manufacture of cotton the progress during the past four years has been unexampled, showing an increase of 30 per cent. The increase in the number of bales taken within the last two years over the two preceding years is 417,517, or more than 14 per cent. The present cotton year will show a more rapid rate of increase. The number of spindles has increased from 7,114,000 in 1870 to 10,500,000 in 1878, an increase of over 47 per cent. The woolen manufacturing industry has recently received a strong impetus, which in a few weeks sent up the price of wool 20 per cent. The net increase in pork-packing is 38 per cent. The increase in beef production has been constant and progressive. There has been a marked revival in the iron trade within the last two years. In 1873 the production of pig iron in this country reached its maximum, amounting to 2,868,278 tons. Under the influence of the panic it fell off to 2,093,236 tons in 1876. In 1877 it increased to 2,314,585 tons, and in 1878 to 2,577,361 tons. This year it is believed the production of iron will be as great as that of the most prosperous year in the history of this product."

Referring to the national bank and silver questions, the utterances of Mr. Sherman are worthy of earnest attention, an issue having been taken with the Republican Party on the question of the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes:

"Two thousand banks are scattered throughout the United States as convenient agencies for commercial exchanges, and for the loan and transfer of money. They are authorized to issue circulating notes upon conditions that make them all absolutely secure. Over $320,000,000 of such notes are in active circulation, every dollar of which is secured by a greater amount of United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States. Not a dollar has been lost on these notes by any one. They are perfectly guarded against counterfeiting. They are good everywhere in the United States. These banks have loaned to the people, mostly for commercial and manufacturing purposes, $832,335,824. They are chartered for twenty years, and none will expire until 1883. And now it is proposed to abolish these banks; to compel the collection of all their loans; to withdraw all their circulating notes, with the certainty that their overthrow will be followed with the brood of State banks governed by local laws as diverse as the whims and necessities of local legislation. Is this wise? Is it even excusable? What reason is given for a measure so destructive to the business interests of our country? The only reason I know of that is even plausible is that the Government of the United States might issue its notes or greenbacks in the place of the bank-notes, and thus save interest. Suppose this were done, and United States notes issued, the utmost saving is $12,800,000 at four per cent. But if these notes are issued they must be redeemed unless you wish again to embark upon a wild scheme of irredeemable paper money. If you maintain a coin reserve, of even twenty-five per cent., the coin must be purchased and remain idle in your vaults. Here is a loss of one fourth of your imaginary saving, reducing it to $9,000,000. But what do you lose by wiping out the banks? The United States, and the States now collect taxes from the banks amounting to $16,908,181 a year. They enjoy no privilege from you except the power to issue circulating notes, and for this you make them pay more than five per cent. of their entire circulation. Do you not see that by this operation you lose money? You lose nearly seventeen millions revenue to save possibly nine millions of interest. You kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

As a pendant to my interview with the High Priest of Finance, it may be interesting to mention, on a recent statement of the Director of the Mint, that we have at this time in the country almost ten dollars per capita of coin and bullion—a larger amount than we have ever had before—ten dollars for every man woman and child of our population, and that forty millions of gold have been imported within the last three months. This tribute has been paid by all the nations of the earth, as shown by the following official table, which accounts for $34,312,745 of the forty millions:

Great Britain sent	$10,363,650
France sent	8,216,173
Germany sent	11,084,312
Mexico sent	906,330
Central America sent	237,186
The West Indies sent	3,450,738
South America sent	54,356

A recent bulletin of the Bureau of Statistics announced that 95¼ per cent. was gold and 4¾ per cent. silver. Of the silver that was received only $24,630 was in bullion; $311,917 was in trade-dollars; $628,763 was in foreign coin; $227,321 was in standard dollars, and $359,625 was United States fractional currency. The total amount of silver received was $1,552,356. Of the gold imported, $3,619,418 was in American dollars; $20,540,598 was in foreign coin; $33,598 was in gold dust; $8,564,562 was in bars. The total amount of gold received was $32,760,598.

I may mention that the Secretary informed me that the solid work of the Department commences when the doors of the Treasury are closed against the public — namely, at 2 o'clock P. M.

NEW YORK DINNERS.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY SHOULD BE.

THERE are few more sumptuously luxurious dinners given in any city of the world than in New York. In this respect, however, the dinners of the nobility of England are superior. There are more servants in attendance, and they belong to the family. There is a greater display of gold and silver plate and gay livery in England than on our republican tables. One citizen of the United States, the late Mr. Prayn, of Albany, had a collection of gold cups of exquisite workmanship, and of vases and utensils for the table, of solid gold and silver, which would have been notable anywhere; but his case was exceptional. Even our people of immense fortune have not yet garnished their tables with jeweled cups, the extremely rich and noble services of plate, seen everywhere in old English mansions, although there is, of course, a great deal of this splendor now amongst our wealthy people. It takes years to acquire such services of plate as those which, in decal families, are handed down from one generation to another.

But in napery (that delightful luxury) and in wines, in viands and cookery, in flowers and the lighter graces of "favors" and confectionary, ices, and dessert, and in a certain light grace and beauty of the banquet, New York dinners stand a very good comparison with those of even the Rothschilds. The china and glass services have become very elegant; the plates are each one a study, and the china mania finds fit expression in the beauty of the pottery and porcelain.

To make three hours of the day tributary to every one of the senses—to appeal to palate, to eye, to ear, and to the higher attributes of the brain; to make the dinner-hour one of intense enjoyment—has been the study of every civilized people. Apicius has come down to us, merely as a dinner-giver, and it would be easy to fill a page with the names of the great dinner-givers of Rome, of Athens, of France and of England. In our own country, where much must be borrowed from older ones, we have an opportunity for a new departure, in which, whilst possessing all the traditions that are worthy, we may drop some that are unworthy. One of these English habits, that of sitting three hours at table, may well be altered. We are all lovers of change, and the time spent thus in one attitude is apt to be tiresome. Those American dinner-givers, therefore, who limit their dinners to one hour, are vastly to be commended.

Especially fortunate are those few who have a second room in which the dessert can be spread, and the company removed after the game to the second room. This is a great luxury; and the fresh air of the second room, the change of postures and the novelty of the surroundings, make this change quite enchanting. But as this is a very rare possibility, it is not well to insist upon it.

Quite enough for the ordinary dinner is the following bill of fare, which, at a February dinner, proves what a market New York enjoys. How it pat-under contribution every climate, every river, every mountain district, every Southern everglade almost in the world.

OYSTERS.

Two Soups.—Purée of Cauliflower, Clams, Ravioli à la Génoise.

FISH.

Turbot à la crême with cucumbers, Shad with Lobster.

ENTRÉES.

Bouchées à la Reine, Timbales de Maccaroni.

PIÈCES DE RÉSISTANCE.

Filet Chateaubriand à la Parisienne, Green Peas, Supreme de Volaille, Fresh Tomatoes from Nassau, Artichoke from Algiers, Salade de légumes, Asparagus, Mushrooms (from Georgia).

Roman Punch.

Canvas Back Ducks, Prairie Chicken, English Snipe, Pheasants.

DESSERT.

Cabinet Pudding, Bavarroise au Meringue, Ices in Fruit, in skins of Peaches, Oranges, Bananas, Pears, Apples and Grapes. Strawberries from Florida, Pears from California, Bananas from Havana.

The table was covered with *Gloire de Dijon* roses, which filled the room with the atmosphere of June. Every dish was a *chef-d'œuvre*. For *somebody* has sent cooks to America.

The wines, such as claret, champagne and chateau-yquem, are within the reach of all people who have money; but the old Madeira, the rare sherries, are the accumulations of the few. Those happy men who have inherited cellars alone can offer you old "Wanderer" or "Juno" Madeira, and the clarets of the Comet years, with rare vintages of Johannisberger, etc.

Is there not just a little too much talk about wine? It seems to ladies as if there were, and perhaps some men could and would talk of some other subject, if it were broached. How weary some of them look as they take up the subject, and the only very witty thing said about wine and age, was said so long ago!

Is there variety enough in the *menu*, speaking from a literary point of view? That is a clever idea of the Philadelphia Shakespeare Club to have their yearly dinners illustrated by texts of Shakespeare, as thus—Lobster Salad:

"Who hath created this indigest?"—*Cymbeline.*

or of the Madeira:

"What is three ago?"—*Romeo and Juliet.*

or of the champagne:

"Enter Froth."—*Midsummer's Night Dream.*

What a rare occasion would such a dinner afford for beautiful quotations. Artichokes from Algiers! Let us have Ouida's description of Algiers from "Under Two Flags," to accompany them. Tomatoes from Nassau, with a picture of that island. Mushrooms with the fine old classic warning, "Distrust the Greeks when they come bearing gifts." Strawberries from Florida, with a sketch of Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth. The fruit ices, with a picture of the Veiled Priestess of Isis. Sugar plums of wit, confections of quotation. What a dinner-card could a witty woman compose during afternoon tea. Quote Caliban over the nuts, "I'll take thee where the clustering filberts grow."

And yet who does? Do we not rather stupidly take all the good things of this life, and eat and drink and not be merry? Certainly not always.

The dinner is the flower of modern civilization; treat it with respect. Invite no more than your dining-hall will comfortably sit, and then not alone those to whom you wish to pay a debt, but those who are congenial to each other. Seat your guests with care and discrimination. They are worthy of this attention, if they are worth inviting at all. And ye who are invited! Remember that all animosities cease at the dinner-table. If you meet your deadliest enemy in your friend's parlor speak to him, be gracious to him, be as agreeable to him as if he had never offended you. And thus you save your hostess's feelings. Cut him the next day if you please, but be agreeable there; it is one of the canons of good-breeding.

Then, having accepted an invitation to dinner, never suffer yourself to break the engagement if you can help it. Sickness and death are the only things which should intervene.

The old superstition about thirteen at table seems to have little force here. We have not the French institution of the *quatorzième*. We are not a superstitious people, and yet some people are so afflicted about this unlucky number that they are silent and unhappy. If that is the case, bring down one of the children for the vacant chair, lest any one should be uncomfortable.

Light, music, propinquity, good food and flowers, a well-selected company, and there should be—happiness.

But sometimes over this very combination hangs a pall. The sudden silences, the dullness, the heaviness of the whole matter is surprising. What can it be? asks the hostess.

Ten to one it is the heat! In our furnace-heated houses there is no such enemy to vivacity as the burned-up air which even the most hospitable hostesses give their guests to breathe. The flowers wither; the whole jollity of the occasion goes up the chimney. Alas, frequently in these hermetically-sealed rooms there is no chimney for it to go up! It condenses, and hangs like a San Benito (that horrid garment with which the Jesuits stifled their victims) over the well-dressed guests. To have fresh air and plenty of it is indispensable to the gayety of a dinner-party. Perhaps it was one reason why the dinners in dear old shabby Washington before the war were so delightful. No one owned an air-tight house in Washington. The blessed air of heaven was a little apt to visit the back of your neck too roughly. But that was better than no zephyr at all.

Conversation at a dinner is apt to be very agreeable in New York, it is becoming such a cosmopolitan city—surely one agreeable foreigner at every table, and none of those old-time monotonous talkers. There are very few human beings who, under happy conditions, cannot say *something* good, if one person has not the overwhelming power of doing all the talking. Music, the drama, the last head-dress, the new singer, the last work of Edmund About, or your trip in Europe, the memory of other dinners, the hope of dinners to come—nay, everything but our illnesses, our grievances, and our wrongs. Let us not bring them to table with us.

Sometimes a local subject, like the Tichborne question in England, becomes a very great bone of contention, and brings about a want of harmony at the dinner-table. The dangerous prominence of the cipher-dispatches began to trouble the dinner-givers of this gay Winter of 1878-9, when came the *World* questions and saved us. One hostess declared herself frightened to death, however, as a gentleman looked suspiciously at her sweetbreads, and said: "What is a horticultural cat?" That being one of the *World* questions, she feared that he remembered Sam Weller's story about the sausages.

It is *déshabillé* (and New York women avail themselves of it) to dress admirably at a dinner. Worth has introduced the fashion, formerly thought monstrous, of high dresses at dinner. The *corsage montant* was not worn at dinner in England before ten years ago. It is doubtful if it is often seen at court now. The *décolletées* dresses are certainly more befitting the hour of full dress, and they are more comfortable. But on this point fashion and individual taste must, of course, decide. To the looker-on, the low-cut corsage with necklace is far more elegant, particularly when he sees the white shoulders and well-formed necks of American women. How many a rather plain face is made beautiful by the adjacent whiteness of a fair neck. A corsage, not too low, is a very becoming style of dress.

As for men, the nineteenth century has hopelessly reduced them to the black and white of their own butlers and footmen. They are thrown back on their agreeability most entirely. No ruffles of rare lace, no velvet coats, no long curls, no jewels! The man of the nineteenth century has really reached the ultimatum of plainness. But if he be a good talker and a moderate *gourmet* he can be a very agreeable creature at a dinner. How many original and good things he can say! How much wit he can be the cause of in others!

There have been many good things said about the number of persons at a dinner. Not more than the Muses or less than the Graces is, however, an exploded idea. Twenty-five, if your dining-room is large enough; sixteen, if it is not; eight, if you prefer—all, all are good numbers. The scene increases in magnificence with numbers. Have plenty of servants, so that no thirsty gentleman may be sighing for his champagne, no lady dying for a glass of water. Have every dish presented to the lady of the house for inspection, and then carved off the table.

The Russian fashion of having dishes handed to the guests has entirely, in grand dinners, superseded the placing of them on the table.

But yet in a few fine houses, and especially for family dinners, it is not impossible to see a gentleman carve his own turkey, but it begins to be a lost art, and the crowded luxury of flowers and china make the presence of so large an object almost too heavy. It is a pity, for there was something personal still pleasant in the relation of carver and guest.

Cotton in Central Asia.

THE cotton-spinning industry on a large scale, apart from the extensive household production, is spreading considerably in European Russia, though the attempts to establish the industry in the Caucasus have not been so successful as was expected. Recent statistics, however, show that cotton-growing is assuming large dimensions in the Central Asiatic provinces of Russia, reaching yearly at present more than 50,000,000 kilogrammes, which is partly utilized in local industries and partly finds its way to Russia, which again returns a considerable proportion in the shape of cotton fabrics. To such an extent has the import of cotton from Central Asia to Russia increased in the last ten years that now the Bokharan cotton has become absolutely indispensable to several branches of Russian cotton manufacture. Only the long and expensive land carriage necessary to bring Central Asian cotton to the places where it can be utilized prevents a sudden expansion of this branch of industry, which, however must occur as soon as St. Petersburg is placed in railway communication with Central Asiatic Russia.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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In our next Number we will commence a powerful New Serial, entitled "THE HIDDEN WITNESS," by the Author of "That Husband of Mine."

NEW YORK CITY.—THE GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN—THE HON. JAMES G. BLAINE SPEAKING IN BEHALF OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AT COOPER INSTITUTE, OCTOBER 30TH.—SEE PAGE 173.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

A NEW STORY.

In our next number we shall commence the publication of a powerful serial story, entitled, "The Hidden Witness," written by the author of "That Husband of Mine" expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

We give in the present issue the third of a series of illustrated interviews with our eminent public men, which it is proposed to continue as a special feature of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *These interviews will in all cases relate to topics of immediate public interest, and will constitute a really valuable contribution to the current history of the times. The present interview, with General Sherman, refers to the late Indian troubles and the Indian service of the Army, and embodies also his views as to the management of the Zulu War. Possibly his opinions as to the Interior Department may find fuller expression in his annual report, which he is now preparing.*

THE FINANCIAL HALT.

SEVERAL weeks ago, in the admirable speech which he delivered at Cincinnati on the current politics of the day, Mr. Secretary Schurz expressed the hope that the constant and mischievous agitation of the Ohio school of Democrats for the destruction of the national bank currency and the substitution of greenbacks in its stead would, at least, serve one good purpose. He thought it would at least convince "every sensible man that, as long as such a Government paper exists, the agitation for an expansion of that currency would never cease to disturb the public mind, to threaten the maintenance of specie payments, to endanger the public credit, and to undermine that foundation upon which alone the business of the country can safely stand—a sound monetary system." As this was precisely the view which we have consistently taken in the present aspects of the currency issue, it gave us pleasure to express our entire concurrence in the opinion of the Secretary under this head, and hence, when we were recently called to chronicle the result and point the moral of the late Ohio election, we expressed the hope that, with the prestige of their victory behind their backs, the Republican leaders would henceforth have the courage to advance to that higher ground on which alone they can maintain their position at the head of the sound-money column. The Secretary of the Interior, as a member of the present Administration, has already planted his feet on that higher ground, and he has planted them there with so little of hesitation and reserve that he makes bold to say that "every sensible man" ought to learn from the Ohio agitators how to find the ground of safety from their assaults on the public credit, the stability of specie payments, and the healthful conditions of trade. He lamented that, in the present phases of our politics, "a class of well-meaning men, although in favor of honest money, had been affected by that sentimental idolatry of the greenback which has confused so many minds"; but he cherished the hope that even this class would now be convinced that, under our Constitution, as under every other Government in the world, "it is not a legitimate function of the Treasury Department to be a bank of issue."

The clearness and the emphasis with which the Secretary of the Interior has avowed his opinions under this head serve to set in only a clearer light the wide divergence from them seen in the language held again and again by the Secretary of the Treasury, to whom the people of the country are entitled to look as the exemplar and defender of the monetary opinions espoused by the Administration. As in Maine and in Ohio, so also in New York, when recently speaking to the merchants and businessmen of the commercial metropolis, Mr. Sherman declares that he is in favor of retaining the legal tender notes as a permanent part of our paper circulation. His language on this point is as follows:

"The present volume of United States notes was issued during the war, and their issue and reissue has been upheld by the Supreme Court. We have had a weary struggle to bring them to the standard of coin. There let us rest. I, for one, am in favor of maintaining them in circulation, supported by an ample reserve in coin, but am equally in favor of allowing all other paper money to be issued by corporations under a law free and open to all, so that the business of banking will be like any other business of private life."

We have no further animadversions to offer on what seems to us the inadequacy of the Secretary's logic and the untenability of his position. We have so repeatedly avowed our convictions on this topic that our readers do not need to be informed of the grounds on which we dissent from Mr. Sherman's views, and on which we concur with those of Mr. Schurz. So far as it is a question of financial prudence, looking to the future, every consideration of political duty and of public safety seems to us to point in the direction indicated by the latter.

It remains for us, however, to repeat that the Republican party is also pledged by considerations of political consistency and of good faith to set its face in the same direction, which is prescribed for it and for the country by the exigencies of a future that is close at hand. When it initiated and adopted the legal tender policy in 1862, it distinctly announced that the policy was to be a temporary expedient, and that the greenbacks should be withdrawn and cancelled at the earliest practicable day. Mr. Secretary Chase, in his Report of December, 1862, while then renewing his recommendation of a system of national bank circulation, was careful to premise, with reference to the legal tender notes in which that circulation was redeemable, that he did not propose any mere "paper-money scheme, but, on the contrary, a series of measures looking to a safe and gradual return to gold and silver, *as the only permanent basis, standard and measure of value recognized by the Constitution.*" Mr. E. G. Spaulding, of this State, who championed the legal tender policy in the House of Representatives in 1862, was emphatic to disclaim its lawfulness or expediency except as a "war measure." Eminent Republican leaders in the Senate refused to accept it even as a "war measure." Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, denounced it as "a measure not blessed by one sound precedent and damned by all." Eminent Republican leaders in the House of Representatives were equally frank in their declarations against it. Mr. Roscoe Conkling, then a member of that branch of the National Legislature, protested against it as destined to "proclaim throughout the country a saturnalia of fraud and a carnival of rogues." Mr. Sumner, speaking as a representative man of his party in both Houses of Congress, did not hesitate to say in the course of the legal tender debate, "We must all set our faces against any proposition like the present, except as a temporary expedient, rendered imperative by the exigency of the hour."

It is in such a policy—a policy initiated under such omens and with such protestations—that Mr. Secretary Sherman would fain persuade us to "rest." If no dangers lay in the way along which the country is moving, shall it be said that no respect is due to the sacred promises and solemn engagements which were made when the policy was adopted? But the dangers incident to the permanent retention of the legal tender currency are staring us in the face. Nothing but the veriest political optimism can hide them from the view of an intelligent observer. The fact that the greenbacks are to-day brought to a parity with coin does not neutralize their power to work mischief in the business and politics of the country—in the business of the country by helping to swell a needless inflation of the currency, in the politics of the country by offering a perpetual lure to new and boundless spawns of paper money and of paper-money fanatics.

And never will there be a juncture more propitious for the retirement of the greenbacks than that with which the country is now favored by its abundant crops, and by the balance of trade which is pouring a steady stream of European gold into our laps. With this gold it would be easy to replace the legal-tender currency. And it is utterly idle and irrelevant to say that the Supreme Court may rid us of the legal-tender incubus in their forthcoming decision of the Butler-Chittenden case, when they will be called to pronounce on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of legal-tender notes issued in time of peace, without any exigency to be pleaded for their necessity. The question in its present aspect is one of public policy, and should be adjudicated by the people through the normal working of our political institutions. To subject the Supreme Court to the strain and tension of issues which can be better adjusted by the ballot-box is to trifle with the public faith in the judicial impartiality of that tribunal, and is to suspend on the hazards of the technical legal mind a judgment which is fraught with inconceivable possibilities of evil if there should be a majority of one in the court favorable to the pretensions of the paper-money fanatics.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the women and children at White River Agency were saved from death, at the time of the massacre of the agent and his assistants, by the intervention of a squaw named Susan, wife of Chief Johnson and a sister of Ouray. The captives state that she protected them at all times, even going into the Ute council—an unprecedented act for an Indian woman—and using her influence to secure their release. Subsequently, when the captives had been surrendered to Commissioner Adams, and transferred to the home of Chief Ouray, near Los Pinos, they were again indebted to a squaw for friendly and kind-hearted services. Miss Meeker, in her account, says they found the chief's home a most delightful refuge—"carpets on the floor and curtains on the windows, lamps on the tables and stoves in the rooms, with fires burning." The party, in reaching Alamosa, a railroad point, traveled 500 miles on stages and Indian ponies, over mountains covered with snow and alkali deserts, some of the women being only partially clad, and all being obliged at times to sleep on the bare ground, without shawls or blankets. The story of the captivity and rescue of the three women and their two children is one of the most thrilling of modern times, and is all the more so because of the touches of womanly heroism and sympathy and the stray glimpses of the better side of Indian life which illuminate it.

As to the outcome of the Ute disturbances, it is understood that, in the event of the non-surrender of the Indians who are responsible for the murders committed at White River, the troops will be ordered to proceed in the matter. It is hoped, however, that hostilities may be avoided. In his annual report, just forwarded to Washington, Lieutenant-general Sheridan expresses the conviction that Indian troubles that may hereafter occur will be due to a want of food or attempts to reduce the number and size of the reservations. He says that the beef ration now allowed the Indians is insufficient, owing to the inadequate appropriations made by Congress for this purpose, and he adds:

"It should be borne in mind that the vast country lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, including Colorado and a portion of New Mexico, has been wrested from the Indians, and that the immense herds of game upon which these Indians formerly subsisted have, to a great extent, disappeared, and that nearly all the country mentioned is now given up to mining interests, cattle ranches and general agriculture, and that the annual market value of the mineral and food supplies of this region aggregates hundreds of millions of dollars. It seems to me that such beneficial results as these should induce Congress to furnish the poor people from whom this country has been taken with sufficient food to enable them to live without suffering the pangs of hunger. It should also be remembered that the Indian possesses a nomadic stomach; and heretofore, simply by the pleasures of the chase, he was unabled to put his family beyond the possibility of a want of food; and one can easily imagine how exasperating it must be to a warrior to find himself limited to a meagre ration of Texas beef, and to see his women and children suffering for food before his eyes."

General Sheridan also refers to the frequent removals of the Indians from the localities in which they were born and raised as another source of trouble. He has no doubt that the groundwork of the present Colorado trouble arises from a suspicion on the part of the Indians that they are to be deprived of their homes by a concentration in order to make fewer agencies. There can be no doubt as to the essential correctness of these views, and it would seem that there should be no difficulty in so shaping the Government policy as to avoid in future all these causes of contention and bloodshed.

FACTS OF POSTAL PROGRESS.

THE reduction of the rates of postage, first adopted by the efforts of Rowland Hill in England against all the opposition of prescriptive prejudice and the solemn warnings of the profoundest financiers, marked an epoch in the march of civilization. A moment's reflection will show what enormous benefits it conferred. It reduced a luxury of the rich to an every-day comfort of the multitude. It made a cheap necessity of what had been a rare privilege. It shortened absence, it conferred the happiness of frequent communion upon a myriad of homes; it quickened business in its every vein and artery; it caused *intelligence* to speed faster and more often, a hundred-fold, from place to place; it brought the all-educating press within universal reach; it carried knowledge to the humblest door; it made closer every tie between man and man, family and family, and nation and nation. On the other hand, penny postage in its results, far from being an additional burden to governments, proved a pecuniary boon, and returned generous surpluses to the public coffers. The loss on carrying a letter for a penny, which had been carried for a shilling, was far more than made up by the immense increase of correspondence; and as Hill proved that the cost of carrying a letter from end to end of the British Isle was only one-eighth of a penny, it only needed a certain increase to set the balance on the profitable side.

When statistics mark a dramatic advance in human progress they cease to be dry. There is a romance about the figures of the post-office which is so charged with significance that even the veriest cynic might well be thrilled. In the United States the postal progress of the past ninety years is full of meaning. Under Washington there were seventy-five post offices, a departmental revenue of $37,000, and postmasters salaried in aggregate by $8,000. Under Jackson the number of post-offices had increased to ten thousand, the revenue to two and a half millions, and the salaries to $800,000. Under Hayes we find that there are in existence no less than forty thousand post-offices; the Post Office Department's receipts are about $30,000,000, and its expenditures about $34,000,000. It is here to be observed that, as yet, our own post-office does not quite pay its way. The reason, however, is obvious. The long mail-routes, extending through vast and sparsely-settled districts, the immensity of the territory to be supplied with the mail, render the expense of conducting the post-office enormous. Every year, however, reduces this disadvantage to less proportions; and long before the continent is entirely settled the postal revenue will surely exceed the expenditure. In "right little, tight little" England, every square mile of which is populated, the Government already receives a large surplus revenue from its post-office. The latest report gives the total expenditure of the English post office at about $20,000,000, and the total revenue at over $31,000,000, affording the Treasury a clear net income of over $11,000,000 a year. In every thickly-settled European country, where cheap postage has been adopted, the same result of an excess of revenue over expenditure has been obtained. The financial wisdom of cheap postage has thus been amply established.

But this is by no means the whole story of postal progress. Having been found a cheap and ready medium of letter and paper communication, the post-office has gradually added other precious conveniences to its original service, until it has become, to a large extent in this country and to a still larger in England, an invaluable machine in many branches of the business of life. It not only transmits money in cash with the safety that an insurance backed by the national treasury confers, but the post-offices honor drafts on each other by means of post-office orders; and post-office orders have not only become national, but international. It faithfully carries through its mails parcels of almost every description, from braces of pistols to the rural-patched quilt. Indeed, rabbits, rats and bees, eggs, pies and artificial teeth, tobacco and China ornaments have been known to be sent by post, and safely delivered. In England, the telegraph companies have been absorbed by the post-office, and telegraphic messages are sent at extremely cheap rates, while the revenue still exceeds the expenditure. The post-office rents private wires to individuals, and receives an income of $350,000 from this source alone. To the English post-office, also, have been attached savings banks for the benefit of the masses, and a most solid benefit it is. The money of the poor is absolutely safe in the postal banks, and the interest as sure as anything human can be. It is not unlikely that, in due time, the United States will follow the English example in the purchase of telegraphs and the establishment of postal savings banks, as we did in adopting cheap postage. As it is, our post-office has made wonderful progress in its efficiency, the extent and variety of its operations, and the benefits it has conferred on the whole people.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE drift of British policy as to Afghanistan is indicated in the statement of a Simla correspondent of a London journal: "The idea must be abandoned that we intend to stand aloof from the internal affairs of Afghanistan. It cannot be too soon published that we mean to remain in the country." As no intelligent observer ever suspected that the British had any other purpose than to "remain in the country," this injunction would seem to be unnecessary; but it is notable as confirming the expectation that Beaconsfield would not stop short of the disintegration or the annexation of the subjugated country. A positive step in the direction of a continuous occupation has been taken by General Roberts, who, in a proclamation, announces that Cabul and other parts of the country will be subjected to a permanent British administration, and that while the "people of the occupied districts will be treated with justice and benevolence," all offenders against that administration will be punished. One account says that, in pursuance of their new policy, the British will probably take possession of Herat. So far the population of Cabul has made no outward sign, but the calm is thought to be ominous, there being a deep secret hatred of British domination. There has been further fighting in some of the mountain passes; but, militarily, the British are masters of the situation.

The English Parliament has been further prorogued until the 19th of December, but there are those who still believe that an early dissolution cannot be avoided. Rumors, indeed, prevailed last week that important changes in the Ministry are

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probable, but these are without any apparent justification in existing facts.

The Egyptian question comes to the front again in a way that promises to seriously compromise the action of France and England in undertaking to settle the destinies of that misgoverned country independently of the other Powers. Austria, in response to an application of the English and French commissioners, has refused the proffered control of the Egyptian finances, and insists that the commissioners' operations must be subordinated to the prior claims of creditors who hold mortgages on the estates surrendered by the Khédive's family to guarantee the recent Rothschild loan. As the Rothschild loan was negotiated with the aid of the French and English Governments, Austria's opposition on this point really affects the whole question of European interference in Egypt. It is suspected that Germany coincides with the Austrian view, and if such shall prove to be the fact, the French and English Premiers will find themselves in a decidedly unpleasant "fix," and one which it will be difficult for them to explain satisfactorily to the masses of their countrymen.

The speech of Emperor William at the opening of the Prussian Diet was notably free from political allusions. Indeed, it referred almost entirely to financial affairs and questions of internal improvement. The scheme for the purchase and administration of the railways by the State is to be carried out; the income tax will be reduced and an impost placed upon the retail brandy trade, and in order to cover the deficit which, in spite of proposed reforms, is regarded as inevitable, a loan will be effected. A Bill will be introduced extending the jurisdiction and augmenting the powers of the Superior Department of the Administration, in order to enable it to deal more thoroughly with the communistic and revolutionary elements which are still at work in the Empire. There are intimations that England has become a party to the arrangement between Germany and Austria, as against Russia, but there is no really authentic evidence that such is the fact. The circumstance that Emperor William last week entertained the Russian Grand Dukes Alexis and Paul at dinner is quoted as indicating that the Emperor personally does not share the hostile feeling towards the Government of the Czar.

While Germany and the Vatican have failed to arrive at any satisfactory arrangement, the latter is not idle in other directions. It is now seeking to effect an adjustment with the French Government by which the operation of Clause Seven of the Ferry Bill will be restricted to the Jesuits. It is expected that the differences between the French Cabinet and the Senatorial Committee as to this Bill will be satisfatorily adjusted. There are hints that the Waddington Ministry is not likely to survive coming agitations, and it is significant that Gambetta is quoted as hostile to its continuance. M. Humbert, the returned communist, has accepted a candidature for the Chamber of Deputies. Twenty-six additional mayors have been dismissed by official decrees for participation in factious manifestations. It is announced that the entire Ministry will oppose plenary amnesty.

There seems to be a possibility that the project for the abolition of slavery in Cuba will command the approval of the Spanish Cortes. The Ministry will propose the plan of the Minister of the Colonies at the coming session, and half of the Conservative party are already pledged to its support.

The land agitation in Ireland continues. Mr. Parnell, before coming to this country, will seek to interest some of the large English constituencies in an Irish National Land League, which is to be formed, with a central committee in London. Resolutions adopted at a large meeting of the Corporation of Dublin, asking the Government to alleviate the distress in Ireland and praying for the establishment of a peasant proprietary, will be forwarded to Lord Beaconsfield.

M. de Lesseps does not abandon his canal project. In a recent lecture he announced that he would start for Panama early in December. Cardinal Manning proposes to make another effort to secure the assent of the Vatican to his favorite scheme for effecting certain changes in the external organization of the Catholic Church in England, which, as he believes, would "facilitate the return to Catholicism of an important group of English Protestants." Austria, being unable to cover her financial deficit of $12,700,000 florins by increasing taxes, has been compelled to resort to secret loans. It is definitely announced that unless the relations between England and Russia should become more delicate, Count Schouvaloff will quit his post at London at the end of November, and retire for a time into private life. There have been further floods in Spain, in which many lives were lost and great damage done to property. The official statistics of the inundations in Murcia show that four-fifths of the arable land is ruined and 3,000 persons are missing. It is said that Mr. Langtry, the husband of "the Jersey Lily," is considering the propriety of prosecuting other London society journals for publications affecting his wife.

A DECIDED movement in favor of the nomination of Senator Bayard as the Democratic candidate for President has set in among Southern and Western Democrats since the Ohio election. Many of the leading Democratic journals favor the movement, declaring Mr. Bayard to be the most available candidate, both in point of character and ability and the soundness of his political opinions, who can possibly be named in the present crisis of the party history. Mr. Bayard's disadvantage lies in the fact that he comes from a State whose vote counts practically nothing in the Electoral College; and, eminent as he deservedly is among our latter-day statesmen, it may be doubted whether he will be able to overcome this serious objection to his nomination in the minds of the party managers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, in a letter from Saratoga, refers somewhat unfairly to Mr. Frank Leslie's Summer residence at that place, alleging that it is in the hands of a receiver, etc., and that it has met this fate because Mr. Leslie has indulged in a private race-course, expensive stables, and similar luxuries. It is only necessary to say as to this that Mr. Leslie never owned a race-horse in his life, never had or aspired to have a racecourse; that Interlaken, his Summer home on Saratoga Lake, was occupied by him during the season just closed, and is not now or likely to be, in the hands of a receiver; and that if the grounds look, as represented, "lonely and woebegone" without, the *Bulletin* correspondent would have found them bright with the glories of Autumn within, had he chosen to pull the latch-string and enter their precincts.

THE English author and advocate of trade co-operation, Mr. George J. Holyoake, has suggested to Secretary Evarts that great good would result from the publication by the Government of a blue-book giving to Europeans contemplating immigration to the United States trustworthy information regarding the quality, price and accessibility of the public lands. A great many publications of this sort are now issued, but the information they furnish is frequently incorrect, and they do not command that degree of confidence which a Government publication would enjoy. The suggestion is certainly a timely one, and Mr. Evarts will, no doubt, give it the consideration to which it is entitled. The benefits which would result from giving an intelligent direction to incoming immigration of the better class are so obvious that it is surprising the Government has not long since assumed an active official supervision of the whole subject.

IT is said that, with a view of opening direct commercial intercourse with the Sandwich Islands, the Chinese Merchants' Steamship Company, composed of merchants and mandarins, is about to place a line of steamers on the route from China to Hawaii, to be followed by others to ply between those islands and San Francisco. The corporation named possesses great wealth, and would prove a formidable competitor for the carrying-trade between the points in question. The projectors of the line allege that the only way to secure good treatment of emigrants *en route* to this country is to transport them in Chinese steamers, but they insist that emigration should be absolutely free, and not forced, and that their main object in the proposed enterprise is to promote commercial intercourse. The undertaking is significant as illustrating the extent to which contact with the outside world has already broken down Chinese exclusiveness and introduced the spirit of enterprise.

THE constitutionality of the Thurman Act having been affirmed by the Supreme Court, the railway corporations affected by it will not be able to postpone much longer an honest compliance with its provisions. Up to this time neither the Union nor the Central Pacific companies has paid anything into the Treasury under the requirements of this Act, but it is stated that the Central will shortly pay over about one million of dollars on account of the sinking fund, and that the accounts of the Union Pacific will also be speedily adjusted. The latter company will not be required to make any cash payment of its proportionate share of net earnings to the Government at this time, there being enough money now due that company for Government transportation to meet the first installment, which would otherwise have to be paid under the provisions of the Thurman Act. It is a point gained to have secured a settlement of any sort with these great corporations.

IT is said that Secretary Sherman will recommend, in his annual report, the passage of a law enabling him to continue his refunding operations, by authorizing him to exchange four per cent. bonds for five or six per cent. bonds before their maturity. On the 31st of December, 1880, there will mature $18,415,000 six per cent. bonds, and in 1881 five and six per cents, amounting to $773,706,700. This includes the entire amount of the public debt which has not been refunded into four and four and one-half per cent. bonds. As these securities are now very nearly down to par in the market, it is believed that the passage of a Bill authorizing their redemption with four per cents. before their maturity would bring to the Treasury a large amount of them, with a corresponding saving in interest. Of course, this exchange could only be made at the option of the holders, as the Government cannot compel them to surrender their bonds until they mature, but a Bill can be drawn so as to make it equally advantageous to the Government and its bondholders to exchange the sixes and fives for four per cents.

THE annual report of Dr. W. W. Strew, the Medical Superintendent of the City Lunatic Asylum at Blackwell's Island, presents an interesting and valuable exposition of the work of this important public charity. During the last year, the total number of patients under treatment in the Asylum was 1,797, of whom 201 were discharged either entirely or partially recovered. The death-rate among the inmates was extraordinarily low, and the sanitary condition of the institution appears to have been admirable throughout. Dr. Strew, in his report, calls especial attention to the fact that a benevolent lady of this city has interested herself in procuring employment for cured and discharged patients who, after recovery, usually find it difficult to obtain situations, and expresses the hope that other friends of these unfortunate people will follow this laudable example. The city is to be felicitated upon having at the head of this great institution a gentleman so admirably qualified for the superintendency and so thoroughly in sympathy with its objects as Dr. Strew.

THE grain shipments from this port are truly enormous. For the five weeks ending October 25th, the shipments amounted to 14,500,000 bushels of wheat, 10,800,000 bushels of corn, and 4,500,000 bushels of oats, barley and rye. Mr. R. H. Walker, the Statistician of the New York Produce Exchange shows by official figures that from the 1st of July to October 15th there were exported from the Atlantic shores 75,693,917 bushels of wheat; from San Francisco, 6,748,888 bushels, and from Portland, in Oregon, 197,964 bushels, making a total of 82,580,769 bushels. Mr. Walker, by way of illustrating the magnitude of the export, says that loading 400 bushels in a freight-car sixty feet long, the amount of wheat exported up to the time mentioned would require for its transportation 256,452 cars, which, if made up in one continuous train, would extend 2,346 miles. If loaded in ships of 3,000 tons burden, it would require a fleet of 825 ships to convey the wheat alone across the ocean. He estimates also that this export of wheat has brought into this country in exchange for it, in gold or its equivalent, more than $100,000,000. He places the wheat crop of the country for 1879 at 425,000,000 bushels, of which 250,000,000 will be needed for home purposes.

ONE of the most elaborate and just reports of the Centennial Exhibition made by foreigners was that of Mr. George Collins Levey, who was Secretary of the Victoria (South Australia) Commission to Philadelphia. Mr. Levey has just completed his report of the Paris Exposition of 1878, at which he appeared in the same capacity, and a copy of this work lies before us. It is a monument to Mr. Levey's experience, taste and industry. A volume of more than five hundred pages, handsomely illustrated, it is chiefly devoted to the consideration of labor-saving machinery and processes of importance to Australia. The colony of Victoria received from the Paris Exposition ten gold, thirty-six silver, and forty-two bronze medals, besides thirty-four honorary mentions, in all 122 marks of distinction, excelling in this respect every other British colony except Canada. Mr. Levey is now in this country *en route* to England, where, and in the European countries, he is commissioned to arrange for exhibits at the International Exhibition to be held at Melbourne next year. Mr. Levey reports, as a result of the acquaintance formed with our antipodean relatives, that business relations have largely increased between Australia and the United States.

THE work on the Tehuantepec Railway across the isthmus of that name, by which a direct communication will be established between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, is reported to be making such satisfactory progress that its completion within three years is now assured. The route, which is 150 miles in length, runs through a healthy and fertile country, being lined on both sides with coffee plantations. The company engaged in the construction of the road receives a subsidy of $12,000 a mile from the State and a liberal grant of lands, besides ample land for wharves, docks, depots, etc., at each terminus. The cost of construction and equipment being $5,500,000, the direct outlay, less the cost subsidy, will be $3,750,000, which, with the road once in operation, will be fully covered by the cash value of the subsidies in land. There can be no doubt that the opening of this new route for commerce and travel between the Pacific and Atlantic, when accomplished, will be followed by important changes in the currents of trade, and a vast increase in the volume of interchanges. The road debouches into the Bay of Campeachy, about 110 miles below Vera Cruz, and will thus open a central avenue for the distribution of traffic through the most populous Mexican districts, covering an area of 84,307 square miles, while it will place the coffee and other products of the country within easy reach of American enterprise and capital. As compared with the present ocean route by way of Panama, the distance will be shortened by 3,000 miles, equal to twelve days, and should the Florida ship-canal be built, two days more will be gained between the two oceans. The enterprise will owe its success to Boston capital, and it is likely to justify in its result all the confident anticipations of its promoters.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE price of coal has been again advanced by the large operators.

IT is denied that General Paine will retire from the office of Commissioner of Patents.

THE President has fixed upon the 27th of November as National Thanksgiving Day.

FIVE men were killed by a fire-damp explosion at Mill Creek colliery, at Mill Creek, Pa., November 24.

A. H. STROUSE, a drygoods merchant of St. Paul, Minn., has failed, owing about $60,000 in New York.

ALL quarantine regulations at Memphis have been abolished, and the Committee of Safety has disbanded.

THE corner-stone of the new Chamber of Commerce at Milwaukee was laid, October 30th, by the Masonic fraternity.

ONE hundred buildings in the business part of the town of Parker, Pa., were destroyed by fire October 30th; loss $300,000.

THE wind attained a velocity of 132 miles an hour on Mount Washington, October 29th, being accompanied by a heavy fall of snow.

THE National Academy of Sciences held its semi-annual meeting in this city last week. A large number of interesting papers were read.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has advertised for the Government for $10,602,000 worth of six per cent. interest-bearing United States bonds.

COMPTROLLER KNOX proposes to enforce the law which forbids banks to certify checks when the money for the checks is not actually on deposit.

CHIEF OURAY has consented to the punishment of the offending Utes, and the appointment of a commission of investigation has been recommended.

THE Rev. Dr. T. A. Starkey, of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, was, on October 30th, elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Northern New Jersey.

THE public-debt statement shows a decrease of $10,252,506 during October. The Treasury now holds $263,097,450 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation.

THE San Francisco Grand Jury have found a true bill of assault with intent to murder against Charles De Young, of the *Chronicle*, based on his assault on Rev. I. S. Kalloch.

A CONFEDERATE monument was unveiled at Macon, Ga., October 29th, in the presence of 25,000 persons. There was a fine military pageant in connection with the unveiling.

THE National Fair at Washington was opened October 25th with a procession four miles long. The art and mechanical displays are excellent, and the attendance has been large.

MRS. LOUNSBURY, of Bridgeport, Conn., has been acquitted on the charge of murdering her husband, a clergyman, on account of insanity, and she will be sent to the State Asylum at Middletown.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER S. D. MATHER, who has been prominent in the suppression of illicit distilleries, has been indicted at Nashville for presenting fraudulent accounts for payment by the Government.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS was arraigned before the Police Board last week on the charge of clubbing Charles W. Smith, in Madison Square. The case is not yet concluded. An indictment was also found against him by the Grand Jury.

FIVE counterfeiters, who had been sentenced by the United States Courts for passing bogus money, escaped from Ludlow Street Jail, in this city, on the night of October 31st, by making ropes of blankets and letting themselves down from the windows of their cells.

GENERAL GRANT arrived at Omaha November 1st, on his way East, having last week visited the sunny regions of Montana and Colorado. He was everywhere received with enthusiasm. President Hayes has invited General Grant to be his guest when he visits Washington.

SECRETARY EVARTS last week visited the birthplace of Washington on Bridges Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, for the purpose of looking over the grounds with a view of selecting a suitable spot for a monument. An old-fashioned brick chimney is all that is left to mark the house in which Washington outgrew pinafores.

THE report of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department shows that the actual cost of the postal service to the general treasury for the fiscal year was only $3,051,455, nearly $1,600,000 less than the preceding year. The total revenues of the department were $30,041,982, an increase of $764,465, and the total expenses $33,073,437, a decrease of $1,091,647.

OUR foreign trade continues to show a heavy balance in favor of the United States. During September our exports exceeded the imports by $20,630,087, this being also almost the identical figure for the month of September a year ago. For the whole year ending September 30th, the United States shipped to foreign countries $256,846,277 worth of produce in excess of the value of goods imported. For the previous year the difference was a little larger, the excess of exports being $294,913,307.

Foreign.

THE Princess Louise will sail for Quebec, after concluding her English visit, on January 24.

DR. FRIEDBERG, Imperial Secretary of State for Justice, has been appointed Prussian Minister of Justice.

THE Peace Congress at Naples broke up in confusion owing to the opposition of a section to the object of the congress.

SIR AUSTEN LAYARD, the British Ambassador, will shortly send a note to the Porte insisting on reforms in Asiatic Turkey.

ELEVEN prisoners have been executed for participation in the massacre of the British Embassy at Cabul, and sixty persons have been examined since the trials began.

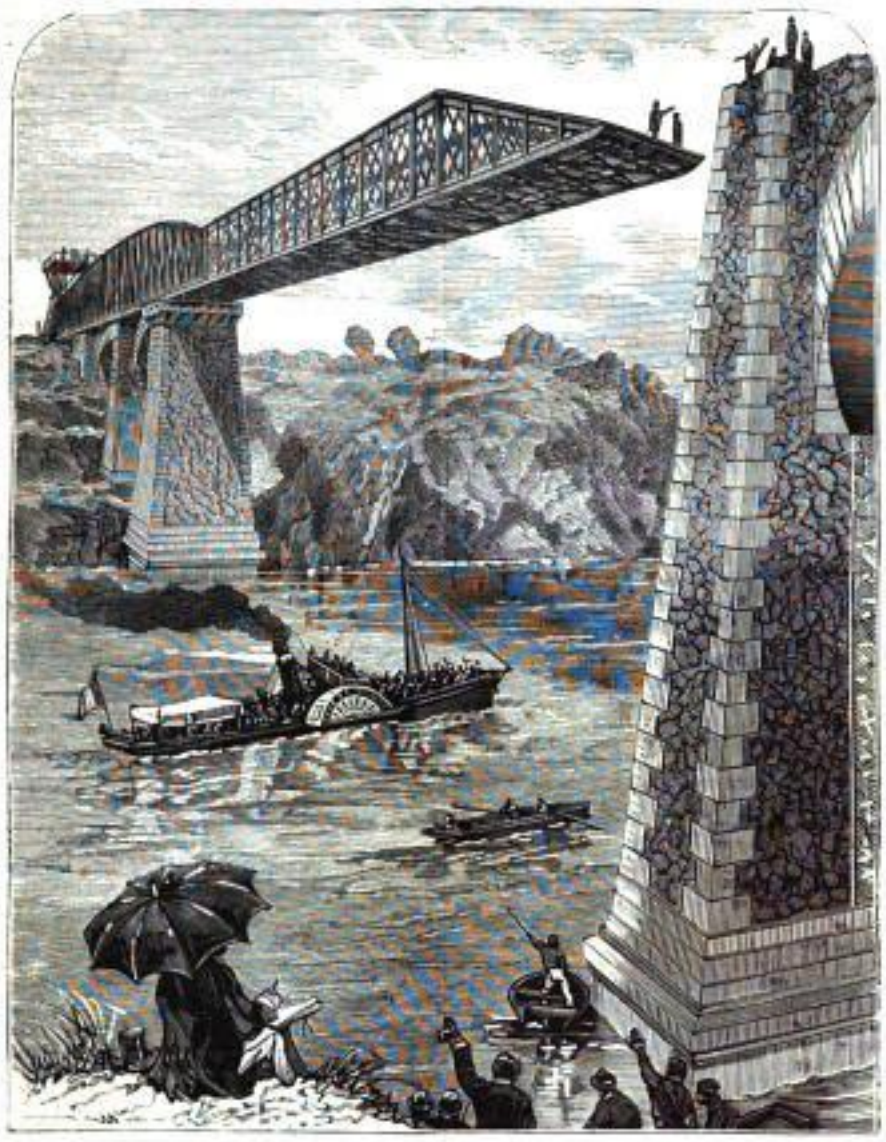
KING GEORGE, of Greece, in a speech to the Chamber of Deputies last week, said that the negotiations between Greece and Turkey were progressing to a favorable conclusion.

THE Dominion Government has received a petition from the British Columbians praying that a clause be inserted in Government contracts for the construction of railways in British Columbia prohibiting the employment of Chinese labor.

MR. MACDONALD, Special Agent of the United States Post Office Department, now in Paris, has agreed with the French Ministry upon the principal basis of an understanding for the exchange of postal money orders between France and the United States.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 179.



FRANCE.—PROJECTING THE GREAT BRIDGE AT DINAN INTO POSITION.



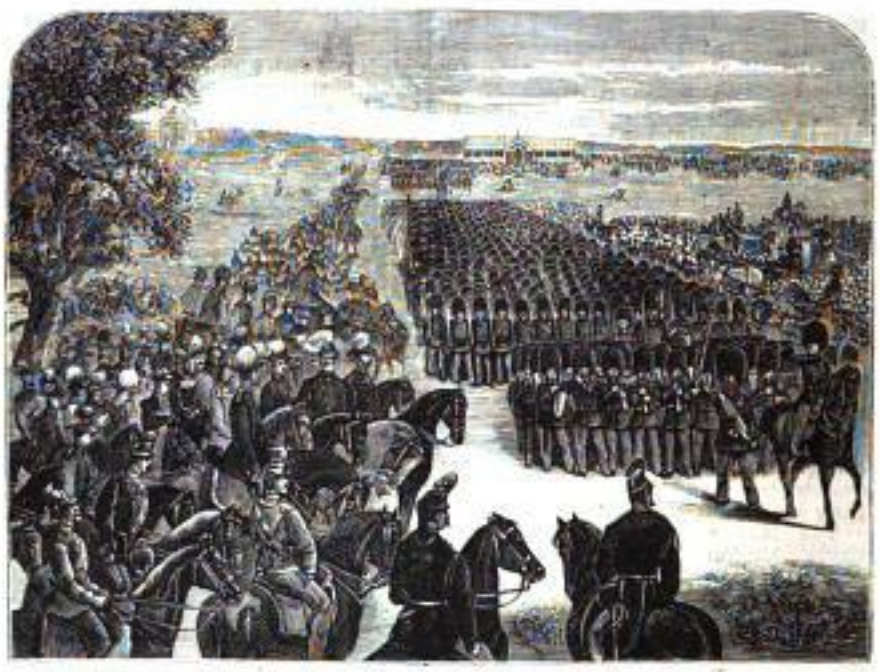
RUSSIA.—BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF IRKOUSK, SIBERIA.



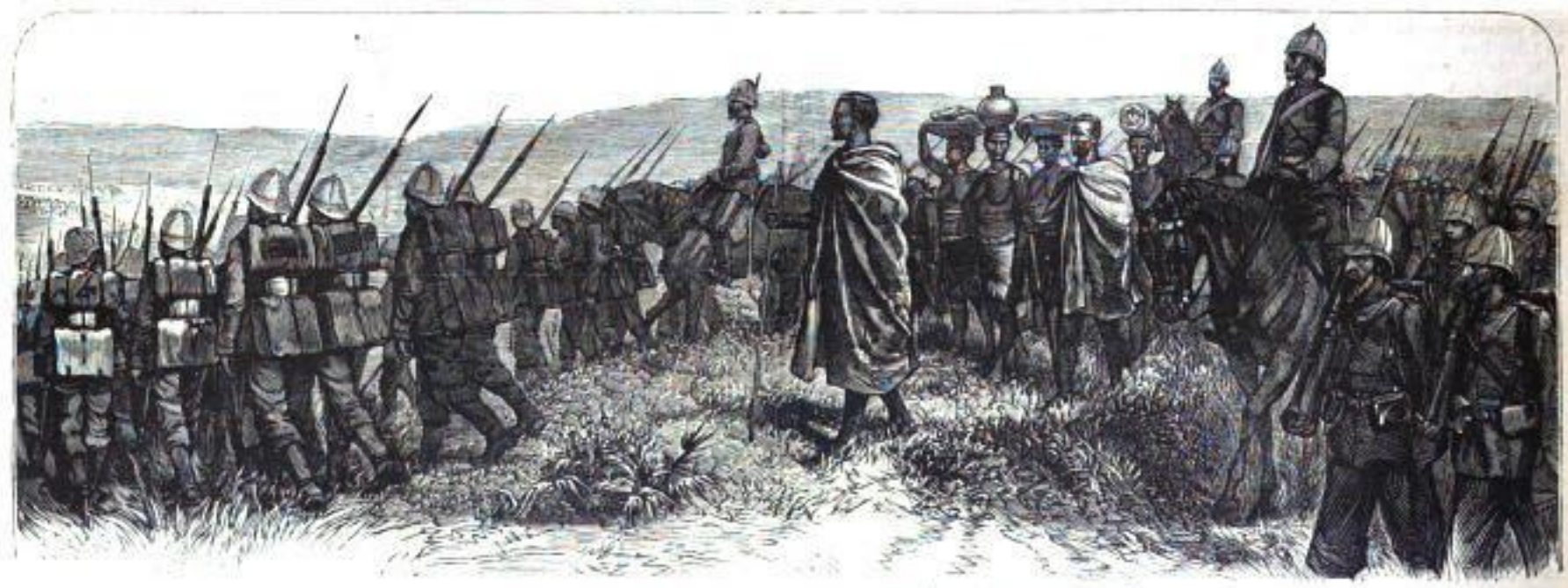
FRANCE.—LAUNCH OF THE GREAT IRONCLAD "ADMIRAL DUPERRÉ" AT TOULON.



FRANCE.—INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF FRANCOIS ARAGO AT PERPIGNAN.



DENMARK.—REVIEW OF TROOPS BY THE KING AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES, COPENHAGEN.



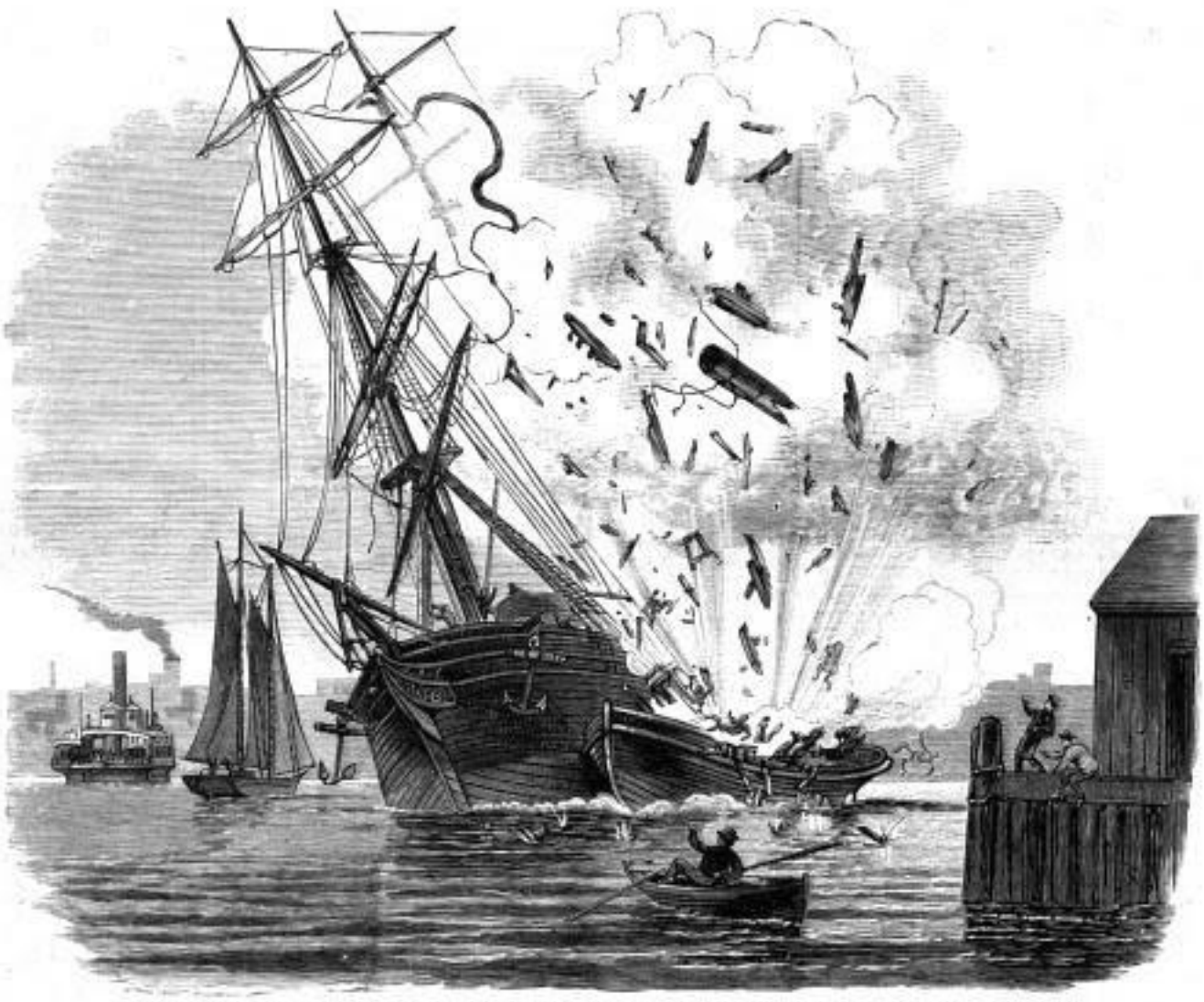
SOUTH AFRICA.—ARRIVAL OF CETEWAYO AT SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S CAMP, ULUNDI, AUGUST 31ST.

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EXPLOSION ON A TUGBOAT.

THE boiler of the tug-boat *Daniel Brown*, a vessel so old that there is no record of the date or place of launching in the Custom House, exploded on Wednesday morning, October 29th, at Pier 49, East River. Her captain was employed to tow the German bark *Augustine Kobbe* to the Clinton Street dry-dock for repairs. The tug and the bark reached Pier No. 49, East River, safely, and the tug, moored alongside the larger vessel, was slowly rounding the pier head, when an explosion occurred that demolished the tug, the bow of which was lifted upward by the tremendous force, and when it was possible to see the remainder of her, she was swept clean to the keel and was settling forward. She sank in five minutes. A number of boatmen put out, and Coon, the engineer, and Stewart, the cook, were picked up. Stewart was uninjured, and Coon had his face lacerated. His legs were bruised, and he was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital. Search was made for Van Alkin and Haviland, a deckhand, and the fireman, but no trace of them was found. The explosion threw about 150 feet of hose used to wash down the decks of the tug on to the topgallant yard of the bark, and on her decks and on the pier were picked up four iron flues, a cut-off, a brass steam-whistle, and fragments of iron.

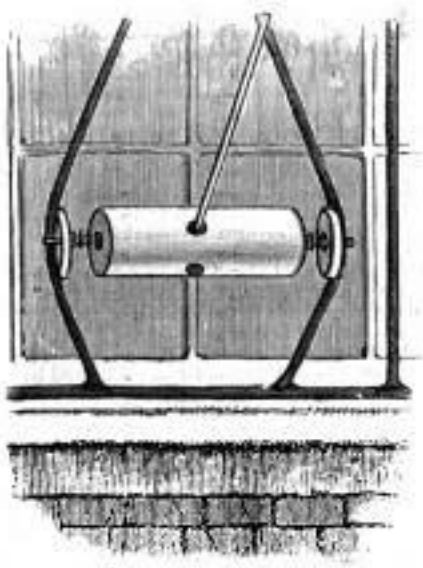
In the judgment of an expert the flues were badly put in, only a thin ridge holding them in the base and cap of the boiler. The same authority gave as the cause of the explosion the giving way of the cap of the boiler.



NEW YORK CITY.—EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER OF THE TUG-BOAT "DANIEL BROWN" AT PIER 49, EAST RIVER, OCTOBER 29TH.

A NEW BURGLAR'S IMPLEMENT.

IN several burglaries recently committed in this city, all the houses were entered in exactly the same manner, viz., by prying off the bars in front of the rear basement-windows. One of the burglars



NEW BURGLAR'S LEVER FOR FORCING WINDOW-BARS.

when arrested had in his possession an instrument for rendering ordinary window-bars utterly vain protections. This is something new to the police. It consists of a hollow bar of steel about five inches long, in the ends of which are fitted screws working in opposite directions, with a groove in each head to fit a window-bar. Around the circumference of the hollow bar and in its middle are four holes, into each of which fits a lever a foot long. When the lever turns the hollow cylinder the screws press outwards with tremendous force and pry the bars from their sockets.

THE MONSTER—FOSSIL SHARK (CARCHARODON)

OF TERTIARY PERIOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE sketch of a monster fossil shark on this page is a restoration of the white shark of the South Carolina tertiary period, and is restored as accurately as possible from the existing genus, *Carcharias lamia*. The fossil specimen belonged to the sub-genus *Carcharodon*. In 1876, Mr. C. Fred. Holder, in charge of an expedition from the New York Aquarium, captured a large white shark near Pilottown, St. Johns River, Florida. Every attempt was made to bring it to New York, without success, owing to the lateness of the season. It was over seventeen feet long and of this same genus and could easily have held a horse and cart in their capacious maws. Dr. Sir John Hunter, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, London, in describing a specimen of medium size, says, "The length of the base of this tooth, from the *Carcharodon* (*Carcharias*), and a distant relative, as it were, of our subject. The jaw was preserved, and as the dentition was the same, the comparison as to size was made from this, and by placing the fossil teeth in the same relative position as those in the jaw of the existing *Carcharias*, we have a monster nearly one hundred feet long. To give a clearer idea, some of them may have reached a length of over 150 feet, megalodon (Agassiz), is four inches eight lines, that of the longest of its sides, five inches ten lines; with it is placed a tooth of an unusually large specimen of the largest known living species of *Carcharias* (or Florida specimen), the length of the base of which is one inch eight lines, and that of the longest of its sides two inches three lines. This tooth is from a shark about twenty feet long." Sir John Hunter adds: "The fossil shark, if bearing the same proportion to the teeth, must have been over sixty feet long." The fossil tooth used in Sir John's comparison was from the miocene tertiary formations of Malta, and was a third smaller than the largest found in America. Professor Agassiz made similar comparisons with like results. The teeth, although having lain untold ages under ground, still in many cases retain their beautiful polish, and the fine serrations of the trenchant edges are as perfect as when first deposited. If a longitudinal section is removed from one of the basal angles, the thin layer of enamelled dentine will be found intact. In the fossil shark's tooth, or *glosso petra*, this enamel is composed of animal substance and calcareous earth, and is nearly in the same quantity as the recent, but the *central* part of the tooth has its animal substance in a state of mucus interspersed in the calcareous matter. The teeth were formerly found in great numbers by Professor Holms near Charleston, S. C., and a fine collection of them, showing the different species, can be seen in the Geological Hall of the Museum of Natural History, Central Park.

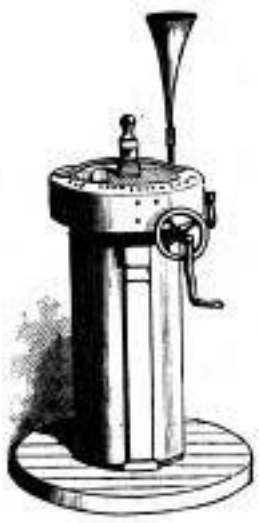


VIRGINIA.—THE TOMB OF MAJOR WILLIAM GOOCH AT YORKTOWN.—SEE PAGE 179.

A MARINE SAFETY SIGNAL.

CAPTAIN BARKER, a well-known navigator of New York, has perfected a system by which signals may be made in foggy weather and at night with certainty, and by which two vessels meeting each other on the high seas might not only learn of each other's presence, but be apprised of the course each was steering, and thus be enabled to avoid collision. His machine, as at present arranged, makes eight signals, giving a separate signal for every four points of the compass. On the top of the machine is a circular dial-plate divided into eighths; each division represents four points of the compass; that is, beginning at north, the first division to the right represents any course from north to northeast; the next one any course from northeast to east—these courses being plainly lettered on the dial-plate. An arrow indicator revolves around the plate, and when the point of the arrow is placed, say at the north point of the compass, the machine is then ready to signal that the vessel is steering on some course between north and northeast, and so for the other courses. The indicator is easily and swiftly changed at will to any new course desired.

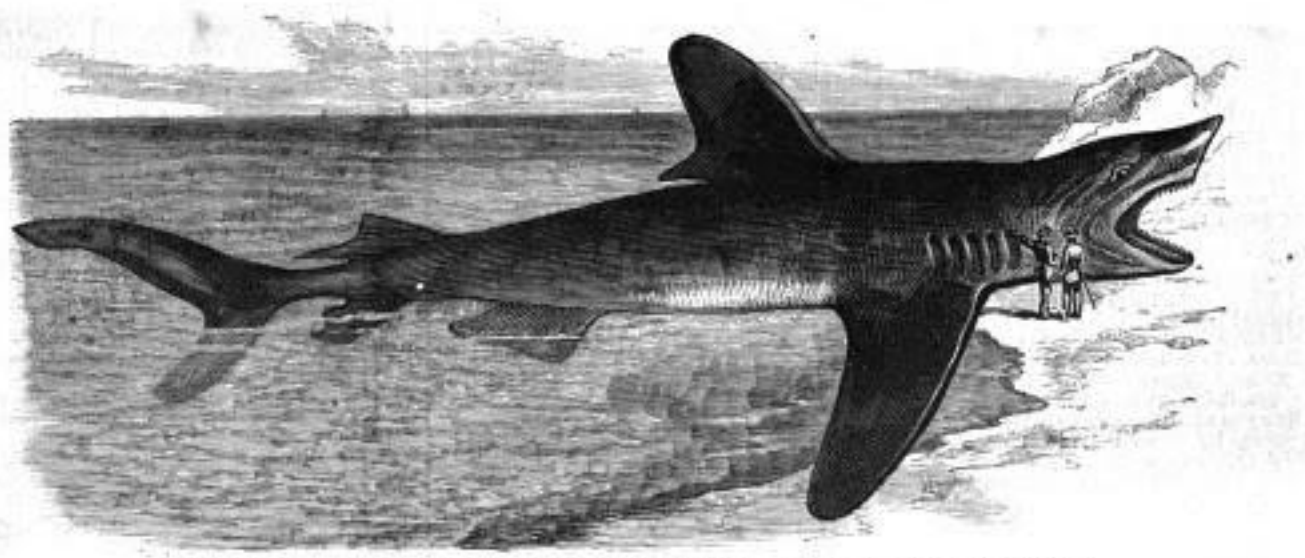
The signals on steamers will be given by the



AN IMPROVED FOG-HORN.



THE DENTAPHONE.—SEE PAGE 179.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—MONSTER FOSSIL SHARK OF THE TERTIARY PERIOD.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. FRED. HOLDER.

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al an whistle; on sailing-vessels by a fog-horn attached to the machine. The signals are as follows, viz.: For any course between north and northeast, one long sound and two short ones; northeast to east, one long sound and three short; east to southeast, one long sound, followed by a short one and another long one; southeast to south, one long sound, two short ones and another long one; south to southwest, two short sounds and one long; southwest to west, three short sounds and one long; west to northwest, one short sound, followed by a long one and another short one; northwest to north, four short sounds. Thus every course signaled from north to south and having any easting in it begins with a long blast, and every signal from north to south having any westing in it begins with a short blast. Since in every course there is either easting or westing, excepting due north and south, the master of a ship may know at once which side of the polar line a ship is approaching, and the subsequent sounds tell him almost her exact course.

A GENTEEL COMEDY.

IT was a warm and sunny afternoon, early in a certain September, that the subject of this memoir, with admiration in his eyes and adoration in his heart, sat upon the deck of an outward bound ocean steamer, watching a group of three persons who stood near the port railing. The group consisted of a young girl, an elderly gentleman, evidently her father, and a bushy bearded, low-browed younger man, whose attentions to the young lady, and his generally idiotic behavior, declared him to be her lover. In five minutes I had learned to hate him with all the ferocity of which my nature was capable.

The girl—how shall I describe her—her deep, brown, lustrous eyes, her soft, rippling hair, her white teeth, her peachy tints, her red, ripe, sensuous lips, her clear, sweet exhilarating laugh? Before we had reached the Narrows, I had become fascinated in a manner that I cannot describe. We had not passed Sandy Hook before I knew that, though I had not exchanged a word with her, I was madly, hopelessly, irresponsibly in love.

I was then a steady-going bachelor of thirty-two, not much given to romance or to undue admiration of the gentler sex. In fact, I had rather prided myself upon my callosity in that respect. Love, I had argued, was a plant of slow growth, requiring to be well watered and carefully nurtured, and when full grown was not half so vigorous an affair as poets and sentimental novelists would have us believe. As for love at first sight, it was an impossibility. If I ever fell in love, I would do so calmly and deliberately, and after the most mature consideration. Such were the theories with which I had set foot upon that fateful steamer, and now, before I had lost sight of my native shores, I had bundled them all together and pitched them overboard without hesitation or regret.

The lady seemed by intuition to know that my steadfast gaze was fixed upon her, for she suddenly turned her head and bent her brown eyes upon mine. For one brief second I looked into their beautiful liquid depths. Then she turned quickly away, and a vivid blush mantled her cheek, as though she had almost read my thoughts. I felt my blood leap and my heart beat faster.

It was not the last time that her eyes met mine, for, as I sat there, again and again she glanced at me, and once eyed me for several seconds curiously, until my veins seemed filled with wine and my very soul all aglow.

"Cost what it will, I will speak to her," I thought; and I had not long to wait for an opportunity, for scarcely had I formed the resolution before her handkerchief, which had lain idly in her lap, was caught by a sudden puff of wind, and blown straight towards me. With a spring I caught it as it was flying over the starboard rail.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, as I returned it to her.

That was all, but it was enough. I had touched her hand; she had spoken to me; she had even smiled upon me, and I walked away with a happiness in my heart that made me feel as if treading on air.

A new delight awaited me when I found that evening that her seat at table was to be next to mine. The elderly father sat upon her right and I upon her left, but, somewhat to my surprise, the low-browed young gentleman was several seats removed, and occupied a place nearly opposite mine, whence he glowered at me in the most truculent manner. She floated into the dining-saloon in a cloudy dress of dark and diaphanous material, through which the perfect contour of her arms and the marble loveliness of her shoulders were well, though modestly, displayed.

My attentions that evening were chiefly confined to passing the salt and the butter, but the next morning my opportunity arrived. An easterly wind had set in during the night, and the ship was tolerably steady, but neither of the two gentlemen I have mentioned made his appearance at the breakfast-table, and, in fact, the elder remained invisible until we were within three days of Queenstown. The young lady, however, was in her place, and ate with an appetite that set sea-sickness at defiance.

"You are accustomed to ocean traveling?" I ventured to remark, in my most insinuating tones.

"Oh, no, sir. This is the first time we have ever been across."

"Indeed! And you are not afraid of sea-sickness?"

"I have not been ill yet, but poor Colonel Kilgore I hear, is quite sick this morning."

"Colonel Kilgore?"

"Yes, the gentleman who sits opposite you, whom you saw with us yesterday."

"Ah! He is an old friend of yours?" I asked, rather savagely.

"Oh, no, indeed," she replied, with a little laugh. "We only met him on the steamer. He helped us about our baggage, and was so kind. He is in the British army, I believe. He gave me his card."

"One cannot be too careful in respect to acquaintances formed while traveling," I observed, gloomily.

Her brown eyes opened wide as she looked up in my face, while the shadow of a smile came into the corners of her red mouth in answer to this brilliant remark. Its absurdity struck me when too late to rectify my blunder, and I burst into laughter, in which she joined, and displayed her white even teeth and her dimples, until I could scarcely resist the temptation to kiss her then and there. We got on famously after that, and I gave her my card, upon a duplicate of which she wrote, in a neat, clear hand, her name, "Clara Bertrand."

After that morning I was at her side almost constantly, whenever she appeared either in the cabins or on deck. The only exceptions were when the villainous Kilgore was present. That individual made his appearance on the third day, and I will give him credit for as good taste as my own, for he seemed as desperately in love with Miss Bertrand as I. In fact, we each recognized in the other a rival, and our hatred for each other soon became equaled only by its common adoration for its cause.

We had an unusually smooth sea during the entire voyage, and for the greater portion of the time the nights were moonlit. Such opportunities for quiet *têtes-à-têtes* on deck, under the stars, were not to be neglected, and we had not been four days out before Kilgore and I learned how to improve them. As for Miss Bertrand, she bestowed herself upon both of us with pretty equally divided attention, keeping us in tow like a couple of sculpins on a double-hooked line.

This would not last long, and I realized that, at most, only eight days of this happy, delicious existence was allotted to me, half of which was already gone. Love makes rapid strides when time pursues. And so, one night, I kissed her. I don't know exactly how it came about. Miss Bertrand had come on deck for a little fresh air before retiring to bed. I had been pacing the deck for an hour, hoping for her appearance, and when at last she appeared in the companionway, I was at her side in an instant. The colonel, strange to say, was nowhere to be seen. We strolled forward, and stopped in the shadow of the great smoke-stack, and stood looking over the rail at the heaving, phosphorescent sea. What I said I know not, but I tried to tell her of my love for her. As I spoke, softly and tenderly as lovers do, I felt, or thought I felt, her little form nestle closer to my side. I looked down into the beautiful eyes, which met mine, full of a tender radiance. And then—I could not help it—I bent suddenly and pressed my burning lips upon her mouth.

With a quick scream she sprang from me and fled towards the cabin. Almost at the same moment the stalwart form of Kilgore emerged from the shadows near by. I passed him without condescending to speak to him, and followed Miss Bertrand, but when I reached the saloon she had disappeared, and there was nothing left for me to do but to seek my own room to brood over my vexation and disappointment.

In about an hour I had so far succeeded in calming my feelings as to commence preparations for going to bed, when I was startled by a sharp rap at the door.

The immediate and natural effect of this peremptory summons was the opening of the door and the entrance of a tall, stout individual, with a fierce, black mustache and a very red face, which imparted to his general appearance an aspect of great ferocity. This gentleman closed the door behind him, and, drawing himself up until he looked at least two inches taller than before, exclaimed, in a voice like the roar of an African lion:

"Mr. Bangs, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir," I replied, motioning him to be seated.

"Ahem! My name, sor, is Gilhooly—Captain Gilhooly, of the British ar-rmy. I have the honor to be the bearer of a communication from my friend, Colonel Kilgore."

"I think I have seen you in Colonel Kilgore's company," I replied. "What is the communication?"

He drew from his pocket an envelope and handed it to me in silence. I opened it, and had the pleasure of perusing the following epistle:

"MR. B. BANGS—*Sir*: Immediately upon receiving this message you will please inform me, through my friend, Captain Gilhooly, at what time and place, upon this ship, you will meet me for the purpose of giving me that satisfaction which, as a gentleman, I have a right to demand.

"Sir, a cowardly apology or evasion will not be entertained. Unless your answer is prompt and to the purpose, I will not only cowhide you in public, but will post you as a poltroon in all parts of the ship.

"I beg further to inform you that there will be no necessity for you to further intrude upon the society of Miss Bertrand, your attentions to that lady being as offensive in the eyes of the other passengers as you are contemptible. WELLINGTON KILGORE."

Concealing the inward agitation which this bloodthirsty effusion naturally produced, I tossed the paper carelessly upon the table, and, assuming a ferocity of manner which entirely put Gilhooly's own in the shade, I roared:

"So! This fellow wants me to fight him, does he?"

"Sir," returned the captain, "my friend will *make* you fight him."

"*Make me!*" I exclaimed, striking the table with my fist with such force as would have knocked it down had it not been fastened to the partition. "*Make me!* It is *I*, sir, who will compel *him*. I have been thirsting for that red nosed loafer's blood ever since I came on board. *Make* me, indeed!"

Captain Gilhooly seemed somewhat impressed by this style of talk, and I therefore continued it.

"I had resolved, sir, never again to fight a duel. The last one in which I took part was that unfortunate affair with General Poppoff, of which you have probably heard. I had already killed his five brothers in as many different duels, and when his young widow became insane through grief, and drowned herself and her two children, I vowed never again to cause the death of a fellow-creature upon the field of honor. Please excuse my emotion, sir," I said, brushing away an imaginary tear. "I have fought many other duels, in all of which I have invariably grassed my man, but not one of them caused me so much regret as the last. However, sir," I resumed, again kindling to wrath, "since this contemptible puppy has had the impertinence to challenge me, and as a duel on shipboard would be somewhat of a novelty, I will meet him whenever and wherever he likes."

"Then, sir," said Captain Gilhooly, "if you will be kind enough to refer me to your friend, we will settle the preliminaries at once."

"I have no friend on board," I replied. "In such a small matter, why not determine the details ourselves?"

"That will be quite satisfactory," replied the captain, graciously. "Suppose, then, we fix the time for to-morrow?"

"I would prefer to-night," I said, with a yawn. "That will give me to-morrow to attend to more important matters."

The captain looked at me in amazement, and said, quite deferentially:

"Very well, sor. Suppose we say midnight. Now, as to the place?"

"That is perfectly indifferent to me," I replied. "I will meet the fellow anywhere he chooses, between the boiler-room and the masthead."

"I would, then, suggest the colonel's own stateroom. It is in a retired part of the ship, and quite large enough for our purpose. The choice of weapons, I believe, sor, rests with you."

"Oh, hang the weapons!" I exclaimed. "Take any weapon you like. I am familiar with all kinds, from bowie-knives to artillery."

"Shall we say pistols, then?" mildly inquired Captain Gilhooly.

"If you like," I replied, "though you could scarcely make a worse choice for your friend. I'm in unusually good practice just now."

"As the space is limited, perhaps, as you are familiar with all weapons, cavalry swords would be better," suggested the captain.

"Say swords, then," I replied. "It is quite immaterial to me."

"Then, as all the preliminaries are now settled," said the captain, moving towards the door, "I will take my leave. We will meet in Colonel Kilgore's stateroom at midnight. I have two very good sabres, with which the colonel and I often practice."

"Very well," said I. "I shall look forward to the pleasure to-morrow of seeing your friend's ugly carcass sewed up in a hammock and shot into the sea. Good-evening, sir."

As Captain Gilhooly closed the door behind him, I threw myself upon my berth and buried my fingers in my hair. A cold perspiration broke out all over me. I had got myself into a fine fix. Here was I, a quiet, inoffensive gentleman, who, prior to commencing this unlucky voyage, had led the most unobtrusive and harmless existence in the world, become, in the brief space of four days, madly in love, the rival of a bloodthirsty British cavalry colonel, and the principal in a duel. What the deuce was I to do? What the deuce should I do? I had never fought a duel in my life. I never had fired off a pistol more than six times, and, if my memory served me, I had not, on either of those occasions, succeeded in hitting anything. As to cavalry sabres, I scarcely knew one when I saw it. We were fifteen hundred miles from the nearest land. I could not run away, that was clear. If I met this ferocious monster, with his horribly suggestive name—Kilgore—and undertook to fight him on his own ground, with his own professional weapon, he would certainly "wing" me, if he did not kill me outright, and I would be laid up for the remainder of the voyage, and thus debarred from all further intercourse with Miss Bertrand, whom the colonel would have all to himself. If I failed to appear at the time and place appointed, I would be published as a coward, and would be lost in Miss Bertrand's estimation for ever. Worst of all was the thought that already I had offended her past all forgiveness.

But—ah! A happy thought! The duel could be stopped by the officers of the ship. I would write an anonymous letter to the captain of the steamer, informing him of the projected meeting. By that means my reputation for courage would be sustained, and no bodily harm would occur to any one. I jumped up with the greatest alacrity and got out my writing materials. There was no time to be lost. In ten minutes I had indited my brief epistle, and was on my way to the main deck.

All was quiet above. The passengers had mostly retired to rest. On the bridge an officer paced silently to and fro, and the ship rolled easily over the long, regular swell. The deck-watch were forward, on the forecastle. From the window of the captain's room a light streamed forth, and, stealing softly aft, I saw him at his table, bending over a chart. I dexterously shied my letter through the window, and hastily retreated to the cabin. On my way down the staircase I met Kilgore coming up. I passed him with a contemptuous stare, and made my way to my own room.

So far all was well. At twelve o'clock I knocked at the door of Colonel Kilgore's room—No. 45—and was admitted by Captain Gilhooly. Kilgore was there, dressed only in his shirt and pantaloons. I nodded to him grimly, and, seating myself, began to whistle while I took off my boots.

"These are the tools," said Gilhooly, producing an enormous pair of cavalry sabres, and laying them on the table. "They've an edge like a razor."

I glanced at them carelessly. "Shall we lock the door?" I asked.

"By no means," exclaimed the colonel, starting forward, hastily. "This must not look like a secret assassination. This is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Quite right," I said, feeling much relieved. "I would prefer the door closed, but not locked."

To tell the truth I began to feel no little anxiety. If the duel was to be interrupted it was high time the interruption took place. If the captain had read my letter, where was he?

"Choose your weapons, gintlemin," said Gilhooly, and I stepped forward and selected one with much apparent care. The colonel having taken the other, the valiant Gilhooly placed us in position and retired to a corner out of harm's way.

"Now, then," said he, "at the word *three* you will begin; one—two——" but he had no opportunity to proceed further, for the door was thrown suddenly open, and a quartermaster appeared, followed by two of the cabin stewards. In an instant we were disarmed and the sabres were confiscated.

"Gentlemen," said the quartermaster, "this cannot be permitted."

Kilgore was perfectly frantic with rage and disappointment, struggling and fighting with the stewards for the possession of his weapon. Not to be behindhand in that sort of thing, I stamped and raved like a maniac. In fact, I created such a disturbance, that the officer and Gilhooly finally forcibly ejected me from the room, which was precisely what I chiefly desired, and then I made my way to my own quarters, filling the air with threats of vengeance on our arrival in Liverpool.

I was not long in discovering, next morning, that the news of our bloodless encounter had spread all over the ship. The ladies smiled approvingly when I made my appearance, and several of the gentlemen came forward and shook hands with me. Colonel Kilgore was no less a hero, and held for half an hour a separate *levée* of his own. I looked anxiously around for Miss Bertrand, but she did not appear at breakfast. At luncheon-time, however, she entered the dining saloon, looking, if possible, more ravishingly and bewitchingly beautiful than ever.

"Can you forgive me?" I whispered, when she had taken her usual seat beside me.

"A woman can forgive almost anything to a brave man," she replied. "Have you not risked your life for my sake?"

"A mere trifle," I said. "To have died for you would have been——" but a look in the brown eyes checked me. To make love at a luncheon table, in a room full of people, would have been difficult, if not impossible. The passengers were nearly all in their places, the stewards were behind our chairs, and Colonel Kilgore was savagely eying us opposite. At that moment a diversion was caused by the unexpected entrance of Mr. Bertrand, who had hitherto been invisible since the commencement of the voyage. He was very red in the face, and was holding his sides as though in exquisite pain. He staggered towards the table, and holding to the back of his chair, cried out, between explosions of laughter:

"It's the biggest—ha, ha, ha—thing I ever heard of in my life. Ho, ho—such a jo-boke! The captain told the first officer, and he—he, he-e-e—told me. Colonel Kilgore, here, challenges a man to fight a duel—ha!—and then—oh, dear me—sends to the captain of the ship and gets him to prevent it!"

"It is false, sir!" roared Kilgore, springing to his feet, in which action he was followed by Captain Gilhooly.

"No, it isn't," returned the old gentleman; "you gave a dollar to Jim, the steward, here, to inform the captain that a duel was going to be fought in your room, and—he!—the captain made him tell who sent him, and he said it was you."

The excitement produced by this announcement was intense. Jim, the steward, disappeared in the direction of the pantry. The gentlemen looked at Kilgore with undisguised contempt, while the ladies smiled upon me more sweetly than ever. In the roar of laughter which followed, the colonel and the valiant Gilhooly rushed from the cabin and were seen no more. For the moment I scarcely knew whether most to pity the unfortunate Kilgore or to despise his dastardly cowardice. Mr. Bertrand went into fresh convulsions, while the look that I received from the brown orbs at my side convinced me that Clara Bertrand was from that hour my own.

"But that isn't all," continued the old gentleman, when quiet was somewhat restored. "I have here a document—he, he!—a most remarkable document, that was received by the captain last evening. It was tossed in at his stateroom window. I borrowed it to read to you—he, he-e-e! Here it is:

"SIR: You will doubtless be much surprised at the substance of, and the manner of receiving, this letter; but as a passenger on this vessel I deem it my duty to acquaint you with the fact that to-night, at midnight, two of your passengers propose to meet in mortal combat in Stateroom 45. I call upon you, sir, as commander of this ship, to take such measures as, in your judgment, are necessary to prevent the shedding of blood. Any attempt to ascertain the name of the writer of this communication will be useless. Yours truly,

"—— ——."

"Now, here," continued the old gentleman, "is where the—the—oh, dear!—the joke comes in. It purports to be anonymous, but the writer forgot himself, and signed his name at the bottom—'B. Bangs!'"

"It is a lie!" I exclaimed, jumping up. "that is not my handwriting!"—but Miss Bertrand had taken the letter from her father's

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hand, and drawing my written card from her pocket, calmly compared the two. I saw instantly that all was over, and in the storm of hisses which ensued I sneaked out of the cabin, looking back, as I reached the door, at the beautiful Miss Bertrand, who sat stonily regarding me with a most contemptuous curl to her red lip.

Yes, it was all over. I kept my room during the remainder of the voyage, solaced only by the reflection that Kilgore was in the same predicament as myself. I resolved to leave the ship at Queenstown, and did so. I was not surprised, when I came on deck in that harbor, to find that Kilgore was also going ashore there. Just before going over the side, I found time to say a few words to Miss Bertrand, who stood on the deck, watching the disembarkation of the mails and passengers. She did not turn away from me, and, as she was standing somewhat apart from the others, I ventured to approach her.

"Miss Bertrand," I said, "I know that I have forfeited your esteem for ever, but you will remember that several nights since I told you that I loved you. You said you could forgive me for my imprudence on that occasion, and I have since had an eager hope that—that——"

"You must not say such things to me," she said, piteously. "What have I done to give you cause? Don't, don't!"

"You have done nothing," I said, "except to be what nature made you—the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Clara Bertrand, I will never give you up. I will yet show to you that I am not the coward that circumstances seem to prove me. At least give me leave to see you again, in whatever quarter of the world you may be. Although I have made myself so ridiculous in his eyes, I am sure your father does not dislike me."

The beautiful eyes opened wide, and their owner gazed at me in astonishment.

"I do not understand you," she said. "My father is dead. What do you mean?"

"Can it be that I have been mistaken?" I replied. "I supposed that Mr. Bertrand, the gentleman with whom you are traveling, was your father. Ah, your uncle, perhaps?"

The bewitching face broke into dimples, and from between the pearly teeth came a burst of clear, ringing laughter, as melodious as a silver bell.

"This is too ridiculous," she said. "Poor Colonel Kilgore has been laboring under the same mistake. Mr. Bertrand—the gentleman with whom I am traveling—is my *husband!*"

ATTACHING THE SUSPENDERS TO THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE CABLES.

THE decision of the courts compelling the City of New York to contribute her share of the expenses of the East River Bridge, according to the terms of the charter, has led to a vigorous resumption of work, which will be maintained throughout the Winter. At present the men are engaged in placing in position the suspenders which are to support the roadway. There will be thirteen suspenders on each of the four cables on each side of both towers, making 208, all of which will be put up during the Winter. The longest measure 128 feet. These suspenders are of steel wire rope, made by the John A. Roebling's Sons Co., 1⅝ inches in diameter, with a socket at each end. The upper socket is fastened by means of a bolt 1⅝ inches in diameter to a band of wrought-iron five inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick, which is bolted to the cable. At the lower end of the suspenders are two bolts 1⅝ inches in diameter, through cast-iron sockets, by which to attach the beams to the suspenders. After the beams are in place, the trusses will be erected. The thirteen suspenders to be placed this Winter will extend nearly 100 feet from the piers. The cables are to be swayed thirteen feet nearer together than they are now, the outer ones being brought six and one-half feet nearer the centre. A strain of twenty-two tons will be required to draw them together. They will then be connected at intervals with wire-rope stays. If all the work that is now laid out is accomplished, about 100 feet of the superstructure on each side of both piers will be completed by Spring, except the flooring plank.

SENATOR BLAINE AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

THE recent political canvass in this State was marked by an energy and vigor which were scarcely anticipated at the time the nominations were made by the respective parties. On the part of the Republicans the campaign was especially earnest, the managers being stimulated by the party successes elsewhere, and by the divisions in the Democratic ranks, to an extraordinary expenditure of effort, in the hope that by securing the control of the State administration the battle of next year would be more easily and certainly won. The Democratic canvass was less ostentatious in the way of large and imposing public meetings, and there were fewer Democrats than Republicans of national reputation on the stump; but the work performed quietly and unobtrusively was, perhaps, quite as effective as that of their antagonists. Among the distinguished gentlemen who participated in the Republican canvass, we may name Senator Blaine, Senator Conkling, Secretaries Evarts and Sherman, Generals J. A. Garfield and Joseph R. Hawley, Governor-elect Charles Foster of Ohio, ex-Secretary Boutwell, United States Senator Allison, Frederick Douglass, ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow, and others scarcely less prominent; and at the hands of gentlemen so able and so familiar with affairs the discussions of public questions were, of course, exceptionally able, although naturally colored, more or less, by partisan bias.

The final and most impressive demonstration of the Republicans in this city was made at Cooper Institute on the evening of October 30th. The meeting was held in pursuance of a call issued by a large number of prominent merchants, and was composed largely of persons interested in mercantile pursuits and the sub-central business interests of the metropolis. Mr. Elliot C. Cowdin presided, and on the platform, every available inch of which was occupied, were General Chester A. Arthur, Chairman of the Republican State Committee; Edwards Pierrepont, ex-Minister to England; E. W. Stoughton, ex-Minister to Russia; Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the Hon. Simon B. Chittenden, John D. Lawson, Thomas C. Acton, William Lambeer, Postmaster James and L. Bradford Prince, Chief Justice of New Mexico. The event of the evening was a speech by Senator Blaine, who was indeed the hero and the attraction of the occasion. When he came forward, upon the announcement of the chairman, the audience rose in a body and saluted him with cheers and the most enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome, which only subsided when the Senator, with a wave of his hand, appealed for a hearing. His speech, which occupied nearly two hours in its delivery, was a brilliant exposition of the record of the Republican Party as he understood it, and afforded the keenest enjoyment to the vast audience to which it was addressed. Mr. Blaine is in some respects a speaker of unusual power. He has a voice of rare quality—clear, ringing and magnetic. His manner is easy, natural, and always evenly poised. He never strains after effect, but goes to the marrow of his subject in close, incisive sentences which sometimes compress a whole history into a single phrase. He has a happy faculty of dropping, occasionally, into colloquialisms, which add very much to the interest and charm of his speeches. Few men have greater breadth and versatility than he; and this was well illustrated in his Cooper Institute speech, in which he discussed the gravest questions in such a way that any youth of ordinary intelligence could understand him, any banker or financier could be interested and edified, and any one, man or woman, educated or uneducated, could be instructed as well as entertained.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by Hon. S. B. Chittenden, Murat Halstead and Hon. L. Bradford Prince. After the adjournment, Senator Blaine found himself the centre of a levée on the platform, hundreds of gentlemen coming forward to shake hands with him.

AN ANCIENT TOMB AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA.

IN a recent description in our columns of the old town of Yorktown, Va., reference was made to the ruins of the church, or temple, from which Temple Farm, the scene of important historical incidents, derives its name. Of this little church nothing now remains but the outlines of the foundation-walls and a solitary tomb, the slab of which is imbedded in the roots and trunk of a catalpa-tree. This tomb conceals the ashes of one whose family name has been familiar in Virginia annals. The inscription is partly defaced, but sufficient of it remains to indicate its spirit and significance, as follows:

"Major William Gooch, of His ——
—— Dyed October 29th, 1650,
Within this tomb there doth remain
No shape but substance true
Itself though young in years but ——
Yet grac'd with virtuous morall and ——
The church from him did good pa
In counsel rare fit to adorn a ——"

We give an illustration of this ancient tomb on page 177.

THE DENTAPHONE

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.

THE dentaphone is a new invention whereby the deaf and the partially deaf are enabled to hear through the medium of the teeth. In the ordinary process of hearing, the sound-vibrations in the atmosphere impinge on the drum of the ear and set it in vibration. This vibration is then conveyed along a chain of bones in the middle ear, and finally communicated to a thin membrane which divides the middle from the internal chambers of the ear. Behind this membrane is the liquid contained in the internal ear, and floating in this liquid are the fine filaments of the auditory nerve. Of course the vibrations communicated to the membrane from the chain of bones in the middle ear are from the membrane imparted to the liquid, and by it to the auditory nerve, thus constituting the sensation of hearing.

The dentaphone is a chambered box, in size and shape much like an old-fashioned silver watch, and weighs about an ounce and a half. In the box is secured a delicate vibrating diaphragm, and the material and mode of securing this diaphragm, together with the size and shape of the chambers, constitute the effectiveness of the instrument, and have been determined by experiment. On the surface of the diaphragm strike the sound-vibrations of the atmosphere and set it in motion, just as they would set in motion the drum of the healthy ear. These vibrations are imparted to the mouthpiece in contact with the teeth of the upper jaw; from the teeth they travel through the bones of the face and head (not through the nerves of the teeth, as some physicians and pseudo-scientists have supposed—for the nerves of the teeth can no more conduct sound-vibrations than the nerves of the hands and arms can conduct light vibrations), and finally are communicated to the liquid in the internal ear. From this liquid, of course, they are imparted to the filaments of the auditory nerve. In short, then, the success of the dentaphone depends on the fact that by it the sound-vibrations reaches the auditory nerve, not through the diseased outer and middle ear, but by another channel through the solid bony framework of the face and skull. It has long been known that certain sounds, such as the ticking of a watch held between the teeth, the beating of a pump-piston in an engine, when a rod of wood extended from the outside of the engine to the teeth of the listener, etc., etc., could be readily heard through the bones of the face and head, but it was not until the invention of the dentaphone that the fact was demonstrated that the delicate modulations of the human voice could be so conveyed. However, the phonograph and the telephone have made it clear to the unscientific that the finest tones and modulations of the voice, and all the varying notes of the opera, are no more nor less than mechanical effects produced in the atmosphere, and capable of being recorded, or transmitted and reproduced.

In experiments with the deaf and dumb it was found that many could hear sounds through the dentaphone and repeated them with fair success. Many are of opinion, from the experiments made in Cincinnati and elsewhere, that the dentaphone will be used to educate the deaf and dumb to hear and repeat spoken words. *A priori*, we would be inclined to say that on congenital mutes, where there is no paralysis of the auditory nerve, the dentaphone will be successfully used in educating the deaf and dumb. In the case of the deaf its efficiency is beyond all question, and it has the unqualified indorsement of leading journals in whose offices experiments and tests were conducted. The mode of action of the dentaphone illustrates the evolution of the special senses from an original simple sense of touch, and the instrument is also considered by physicians as likely to be of service in diagnosis of diseases of the ear. The American Dentaphone Company of Cincinnati publish a free pamphlet containing a full description of the dentaphone. The invention is the work of a well-known scientific gentleman of that city.

THE LATE UTE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE.

THE publication of the personal narratives of Mrs. N. C. Meeker and her daughter Josephine during their captivity, after the assault by the Ute Indians upon the White River Agency, forms a most thrilling sequel to the story of this remarkable outbreak. The end is not yet. General Adams succeeded in obtaining the release of the captive women and children as a preliminary to peace, but the Government sturdily insists that the Utes must deliver the murderers of Agent Meeker to the troops before any propositions will be considered. In the meantime it will be interesting to our readers to study portraits of the leaders of the tribe and the instigators of the massacre.

Ouray, the chief of all the branches of the Ute tribe, is one of the most intelligent of red men. He is a firm friend of the whites, and it was solely through his interference that the revolting Indians halted in their march of murder and refrained from further violence. He has visited Washington three times, and, having learned to read and write, was in the habit of communicating his wants and grievances direct to General Grant when President. Douglass is the chief of the White River branch of the tribe, and had frequently professed peace. Immediately after the outbreak at this agency last Summer, Lieutenant C. A. H. McCauley, of the Third Cavalry, proceeded thither and made a treaty with these Indians, at which time Douglass presented him the photograph from which our engraving is made, with the request that it be sent to the "Great Father" with the message that Douglass would always be a good friend of the white man. The last letter written by Mr. Meeker before his death was to Major Thornburgh, dated one o'clock, September 29th, three hours after the attack had commenced and Thornburgh's death, stating that "all was quiet at the agency and that Douglass had the United States flag flying above his house." The last authentic accounts state that Douglass took no part in the fight, and that he was guarding Mrs. Meeker and the other women from injury. It will surprise many who have had faith in the fidelity of Douglass to read Miss Meeker's assertions of his treachery and brutality as detailed in her narrative. Jack, to whose camp Mrs. Price and her children were conveyed, after the captives were separated, is one of the war chiefs of the White River band, and is supposed to have been one of the leaders in the attack at the agency. He is next in rank to Douglass, and is noted for his shrewdness and cunning.

Another ringleader, doubtless, was Colorow, notorious in Colorado and the upper Ute country as a bad Indian, whose conduct was so cowardly that his own branch had deposed and superseded him as chief. Both Mrs. and Miss Meeker speak in the highest praise of Chief Ouray, his wife, and Johnson, and his wife Susan, who is Ouray's sister. During one of the councils of war, while the captives were on the march, Susan burst suddenly into the centre of the circle of Indians who were about deciding to hold the prisoners as hostages for the murderers of the agent, and demanded that the captives be set free, war or no war. Her brother, Ouray, she said, had ordered it and they must obey. This is supposed to be the first instance where a squaw has taken any part in an Indian war council.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Novel Engineering Feat.

A peculiarity of the bridge recently completed over the Rance River near Dinan, France, to accommodate the Cherbourg and Brest Railroad, is that the great span, 314 feet long and weighing over 200 tons, was constructed on the land and projected to its place on the abutments by means of twelve monster windlasses.

The Destruction of Ircousk.

The town of Ircousk, or Irkutsk, as some geographers spell it, which, so far back as the 25th of June, was destroyed by fire, is situated on the banks of the river Angara, close to the lake Baikal, from whence the Angara flows in a northwesterly direction to join the waters of the Yenisei, which afterwards find their way into the Arctic Ocean. Fresh fires quickly broke out in various parts of the town as one was extinguished, and several explosions of mineral oil occurred, adding fresh vigor to the flames, and it seemed at one time as if nothing would be left but a smoldering heap of ruins. But, after burning for more than twenty-four hours, the flames were eventually got under, but more than a third of the town was thus in ashes. The fire is supposed to have been of Nihilist origin.

The Arago Statue.

A statue of François Arago was inaugurated at Perpignan, on September 21st, the same day that one was uncovered at Montbéliard to the memory of Colonel Denfert-Rochereau, the defender of Belfort in the Franco-Prussian War. The discourses over the Arago Statue were pronounced by M. Jansen, in behalf of the Academy of Sciences, M. Bréguet for the Bureau of Longitude, and MM. Paul Bert and Jules Ferry for France and Public Instruction. In the evening the town was brightly illumined, artificial fires were exhibited, and military concerts given.

Launching of the French Ironclad "Admiral Duperré."

The *Admiral Duperré*, an ironclad of the first class in the French navy, was launched at Toulon on the 11th of September last. She is the largest vessel in the French fleet—her dimensions, the thickness of her armor, the power of her guns, are equal in every respect to the English *Inflexible*, and the Italian *Duilio* and *Dandolo*. But whilst these latter vessels are only protected by a shot shield, midships, the *Admiral Duperré* is encamped in mail from her cutwater to her stern post. The bridge is protected in such a manner as to be impervious to the heaviest projectile that can be launched against it, and is placed at an elevation above the thickest armor-plating in the ship. Her extremities are divided into a number of bombproof compartments and protected by iron-padding," which has been tested to resist the impact of the heaviest artillery afloat. Her construction is analogous to that of the most recently launched English ironclad, but is of a more solid and shot-resisting nature. She is completely built of steel, with the exception of the keel, the stem-post and the plating of the carène which are of iron. She is registered at 10,457 tons.

Autumn Review of the Danish Army.

The visit to her home of the Princess of Wales was happily timed so as to enable her to witness the Autumn manœuvres of the Danish Army which were held on a plain near Copenhagen. The Princess and her suite, with members of the Royal family, were driven to the spot in a court-carriage, while the King with a brilliant staff of native and foreign officers, all handsomely mounted, nearly surrounded her carriage.

The Surrender of Cetewayo.

Great excitement prevailed in the British camp at Utindi on the arrival of the captive King, who came in in the manner depicted in the sketch about 10 A. M., on the 31st of August. He went into a tent placed for him by Sir Garnet's staff camp, but Sir Garnet did not interview the King himself. Cetewayo, after having rested and eaten food, left in an ambulance at 2 P. M. for Pietermaritzburg, the party in charge of Captain Poole, R.A. An escort of Lonsdale's Horse accompanied, under Captain Ulick de Berg. Cetewayo had a long private interview with John Dunn, in whom he appeared to have full confidence.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Japanese are about to take measures to stop the exportation of silkworm eggs.

—THE official statistics of the recent inundations in Murcia, Spain, show that four-fifths of the arable land is ruined and 3,000 persons are missing.

—A LIVELY immigration to this country from the vicinity of Genoa is said to be going on. On one day recently 1,000 persons left, and on the next day 1,200.

—THE annual congress of German authors in session at Dresden has instituted a tribunal of arbitration for the purpose of settling all difficulties relating to literary property.

—EGYPTIAN sculptors have responded to the invitation of the Municipal Council of Paris to compete, with designs, for a statue of the Republic to adorn one of the squares of the city.

—RUSSIA has more sheep than any other country in Europe, but of late the number has declined, as more land is being put under grain crops, and hence a decline in wool export.

—OF 2,504,067 shares of stocks of all kind on the New York Stock Exchange only 550,582 shares pay dividends—the remainder representing property whose value lies in the future.

—TEAMSTERS along the Gila River, Arizona, complain of the large herds of wild camels that have of late taken possession of the main roads, to the consternation of horses and mules.

—WINE-MAKING in Australia is becoming an important industry, and some think will, in the course of time, rival the trade of some European countries. The total yield this season is estimated at 300,000 gallons.

—THE Government of Peru is reported as likely to accept a proposition from Mr. John D. Meiggs for the completion of the famous Oroya Railroad to the Cerro de Pasco, and the drainage of the great silver mines at that place.

—THERE was a slight increase in the registered tonnage of American vessels during the last fiscal year. The estimated increase in the tonnage of steam vessels was 8½ per cent., and in that of sailing vessels a less proportion.

—IT is becoming a fashion in Europe to travel in private railroad cars. The Baroness N. de Rothschild owns one that cost $20,000, and the Countess Potocka has ordered one at $25,000. These vehicles are smaller than American cars, but are very elegant.

—ST. LOUIS is now shipping bottled beer in bond to various foreign ports. The tax paid by the brewers of that city has increased $62,992.38, representing at 92½ cents per barrel over 68,000 barrels increase in the nine months ending September 30th.

—IT is estimated that the production of silk manufactures in Paterson this year will reach fully $10,000,000. The weekly consumption of raw silk is estimated at 10,000 to 15,000 pounds, and between 9,000 and 10,000 persons are engaged in the industry.

—A VELOCIPEDE race was run recently round the Lake of Geneva. The distance, 106 miles, was done by the winner in 10:41, which, considering the hilly character of a great part of the road, and that a strong north wind was blowing at the time, is regarded as a very creditable achievement.

—NEW COLLEGE, Oxford, celebrated on October 14th its five hundredth anniversary by displaying its noble chapel, restored as nearly as possible to the form its founder intended it to bear. A high-pitched oak roof replaces the plaster ceiling which has offended so many generations of æsthetic visitors.

—MONTENEGRO is a unique country in regard to its postal business. Until lately the mails were not sent to any of the cities or villages, but every citizen had to go for his letters to the capital, Cettinje. There has now been established a postal department, and the mail is sent from Cettinje to four other cities. The mail carriers travel to these four cities on foot three times weekly.

—THE Gothard Tunnel is now within 850 metres of completion, though some considerable time must necessarily elapse thereafter before it can be opened for traffic. One of the first uses to which the passage will be put will be to unite Geneschenen and Airolo by an underground wire, obviating the frequent interruption of telegraphic communication by storms and avalanches.

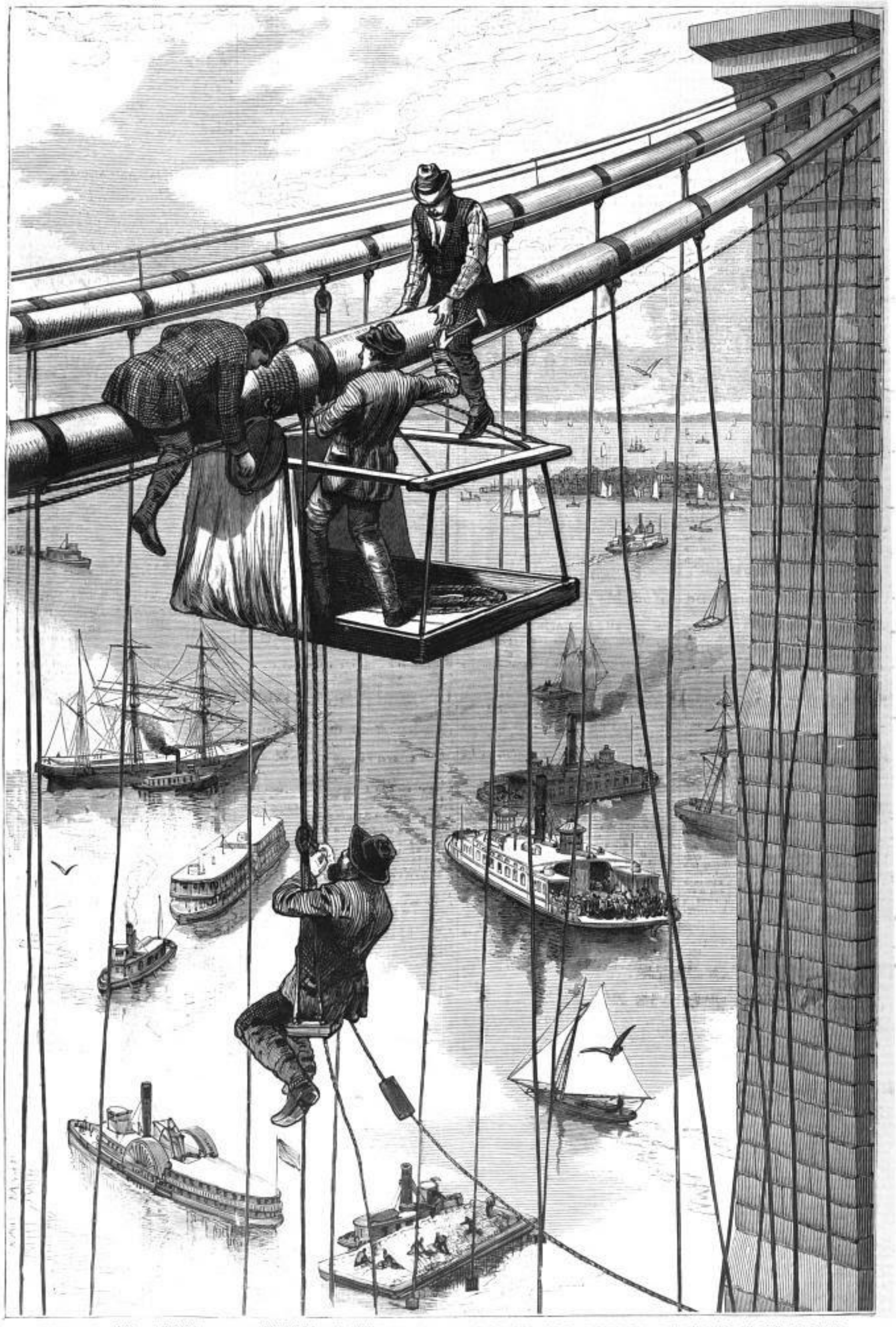
—THE American Isabella grape planted in Würtemberg, Germany, grows with extraordinary luxuriance, and, during the present season, in which the German vineyards are generally in rather a poor condition, this is about the only vine that bears abundant fruit. The United States sends cheese and beef to England, and grapes and lager beer to Germany. It remains now that they should furnish wines to France.

—A REVELATION has been made in Hong Kong of a system of human slavery. Raids have been made by desperadoes among the villages of the mainland, and young girls have been captured and brought to Kong Kong and sold. The discovery was made through a proclamation offering a reward for a runaway slave girl fourteen years of age. The operations of slave-traders are very extensive, reaching even to Japan.

—A LARGE pottery firm in Staffordshire, England, which does a large trade with this country, has decided to remove its seat of manufacture across the water with a view of locating in Philadelphia. Arrangements are now being made to close up the home works, and the workmen are preparing to settle in a new land. The party will, in all probability, arrive here before Christmas. Several other owners of potteries are considering the desirability of permanently settling in the United States.

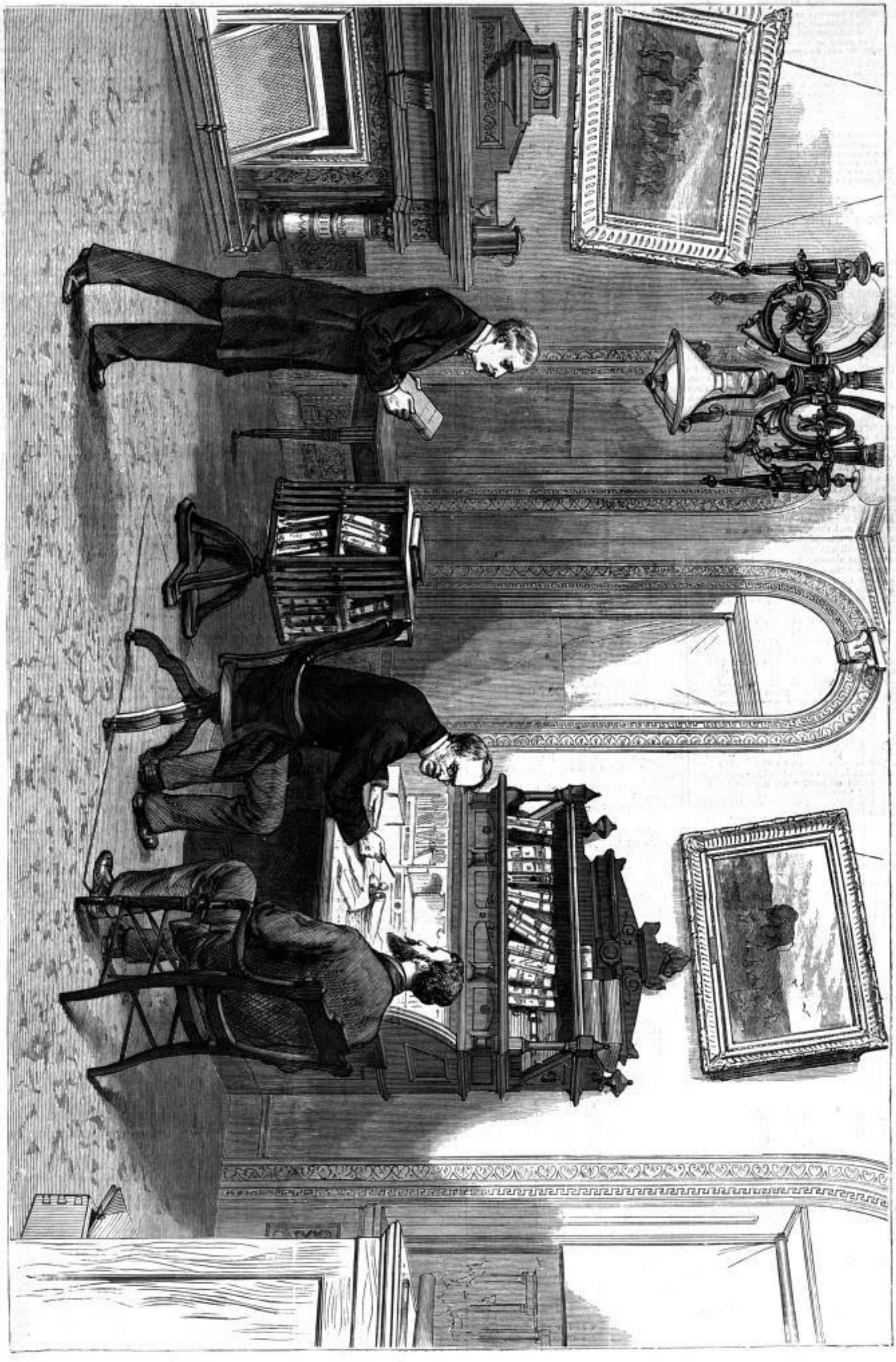
—THE cholera is rapidly subsiding in Japan. Official returns show upwards of 150,000 cases since the outbreak in April, and 85,000 deaths. The suppression is now attributed to the energetic efforts of the Government and the unprecedented expenditures for sanitary purposes. The authorities claim that if their endeavors had been seconded, instead of openly opposed, by the European representatives, the epidemic would have been under control two months ago, and probably thousands of lives saved.

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NEW YORK.—THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE—WORKMEN ATTACHING THE SUSPENDERS TO THE GREAT CABLES FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE ROADWAY.
SEE PAGE 178.

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ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—No. 3.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN ON THE INDIAN BUREAU, THE UTE TROUBLES, AND THE RIGHT WAR. [See Page 183.

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A CAPRICE.

I MIGHT have won that love as sweetest prize,
You offered me in passion uncontrolled;
But, like a beggar with averted eyes,
Who passes heeding not the scattered gold,
I went my way, unconscious of your pain,
Lured by illusive dreams and fancies vain.

You held unto my parched and trembling lips,
A chalice burning with a hope divine;
But no love's light shone through my soul's eclipse,
I did not taste the rare, consuming wine,
While, thirst consumed, to arid goals I went,
Filled with the poisons of my discontent.

This was your thought, oh, woman! you did not know
How it delighted my imperious pride,
To see your maddening loveliness bend low
And crave my love; ever ungratified—
Merely to rob you of your life-long peace,
And please an idle whim, an hours' caprice!

F. S. SALSER.

"WE PARTED BY THE RIVER-SIDE."

CHAPTER II.—ANNAH'S STORY—A MAD MARRIAGE—THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

THEY are driving back to the city again, Doctor Dean and Mr. Chesterleigh, through the golden Summer sunlight, and as they go dashing along swiftly as the thorough-bred bays can carry them, the doctor's mind is troubled by some disagreeable thoughts.

"I have known Earl Chesterleigh ever since he was a toddling boy in short frocks, and never before in all my life have I seen him so painfully embarrassed, so utterly ill at ease, and so relieved to go, and yet so more than eager to remain in ladies' society as he was a few moments ago," he muses, feeling strangely annoyed. "He himself was the one to propose our going; but it was idle talk, for I saw, plainly enough, the look of keen disappointment in his eyes when I showed my willingness to depart, and no one opposed our going. Why this was so I cannot think, unless—— Well, a handsome young man like himself, who has laughed in the sunlight all his life, and has roamed in every land and soil, a bidden guest at table of royalty, and has lived like a prince all his days, does not blush up to his ears and over them, and stammer and look away, and fuss uneasily with his hat, and, worse than all the rest, thank a lady with his soul in his eyes, because she decides to nurse his child and accept his money—he does not, I think, do these things for *nothing*. Nobody knows that better than I do. I am an old man, and have had millions of opportunities for studying that greatest of all mysteries—human nature; and so, I think, a man does not do these stupid things unless—unless he is going to make a consummate ass of himself. In the depths of my prophetic soul, I believe he has done that already. I believe that he has fallen in love at first sight with Annah, and the thought troubles me excessively. I regret that I introduced them, and I am filled with dreadful forebodings. How will it end, I wonder——"

"By Jove, doctor, what a beautiful woman she is!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, breaking in on that person's unpleasant reverie, like a thunder-clap.

"Which? Who? Oh, the lady we have just passed! So she is, so she is, my boy. Handsomest lady in town to-day," replies the doctor, in an off-hand way, affecting not to understand.

Earl Chesterleigh throws back his bonny, dark head and laughs a merry, boyish sort of a laugh.

"What a stupid old party it is, to be sure! I was not referring to the lady we just passed. I—I was speaking of Mrs. Waters," he says, with considerable hesitation, pulling his silky brown mustache in rather an uneasy, embarrassed way.

"Mrs. Waters, eh? Oh, well, yes, Mrs. Waters is a pretty woman, too, I must admit," replies Doctor Dean, indifferently, making a mental resolve that this foolish young man shall have no encouragement from him.

"*Pretty*, doctor. Pardon me, *pretty* is not the word. She is simply *beautiful!* I never saw such superb eyes before—never! They are like some rare, blue jewels, and her mouth—ah, her mouth is sweeter than a flower, and her voice is like soft music heard at night——"

"Look here, Earl, do you think it is becoming of you to sit here and rave over another woman's charms like that—you, a married man and the father of a handsome son? By the Lord Harry, no, it isn't. And just have the goodness to quit it, will you? I've heard enough!" exclaimed the doctor, sharply, losing patience.

Over the young man's handsome face a swift dark red runs, up to the very roots of his leaf-brown hair even. He flashes a furious look at the speaker, gnaws his under lip for a moment, then laughs again. But this time it is forced and harsh, and the merriment is gone out of it.

"What do you mean by speaking to me like that, doctor?" he bursts forth, in rather an aggressive voice. "I'm no boy, and am I never to see anything beautiful in the world again—am I to become deaf and dumb and blind, simply because I am unfortunately a married man, and the father of a handsome boy'? Hang it, man, I haven't lost my senses if I am married, thank the gods! And what's more I don't intend to either, if I can help it. What a knight of the woeful countenance you are! In heaven's name, what are you so solemn about?" and he ceases speaking, and regards his old friend with wide, surprised eyes.

His anger has suddenly vanished. He is his own gracious, smiling, courteous self again; so the doctor resolves to say what is in his mind at once, without more ado.

"Earl, I have always shown myself to be a friend of yours, have I not? Indeed, since the death of your father, I've been something more to you, I believe."

"You have! you have!" the young man exclaims, laying a shapely, brown hand upon the other's knee. "You have indeed, doctor. Sometimes I do not know what I should have done without you. Forgive me for getting into a temper. I did not mean it. I never do mean it with you, dear old man. Now, then, go on. Say your say."

"Earl, will you do me a favor?"

"*Will I do you a favor?* What a question! With all my heart! How much do you want?" demands the impulsive, generous, big-hearted boy, putting his hand into his pocket and smiling all over his dark face.

"It is not money I want, Earl."

"Not money? By Jove! not money? What the—mischief is it, then?" he asks, taking his hand from his pocket and regarding his friend in a puzzled way. "Don't be afraid. Anything I've got you can have—that is, anything except my 'handsome son,'" and he laughs again his boyish laugh.

"I want you to let me get some other person to nurse your handsome son, and not engage Mrs. Waters;" and as the doctor speaks, he looks keenly at him—at his smiling eyes and mouth.

In an instant the smile is gone, and his young face is as grave as some saint's.

"That one look is enough," the old man thinks bitterly, with a sigh. "I am undone. The truth is known to me at last. Fate has stepped in my way. She stands in my path and gathers the threads of the glittering mesh into her own busy fingers."

For a moment Earl Chesterleigh regards him in breathless, dumb wonder; then:

"Did I understand you rightly? Did you say that you wanted me to let you find some one *else* to nurse my baby, and not engage Mrs. Waters?" he gasps, putting his hand over his mouth for an instant, and still regarding him.

"Yes; you understood me, rightly. That is what I said."

"May I ask what reason you have for this sudden change—you, who first begged of me to take the lady? Will you kindly explain?" he asks, with some restraint.

"I have a reason and a good one," the doctor replies, quickly, "but I prefer not to give it, for if I do, you're sure to get into another rage."

"But I promise you I will not," he says, hastily.

"Very well; do not forget what you have promised. My reason is simply this. If that lady comes to your house, she—she will be the cause of trouble to you, to your wife, and to herself. There will be no end of misery for all of you. Believe me, and grant the favor I asked of you but a moment since," the old man urges, anxiously.

"I do not know what you mean. How will she be the cause of trouble and misery? Explain, please," he demands, impatiently, frowning a little.

"Earl, my dear boy, you know in your heart as well as I know, now, that if you were to dwell in the same house with that woman but for a week, the fancy of to-day will have grown into a conquering madness."

The young man utters a sound, a sort of pant, and draws his breath in sharp and hard, and scowls furiously upon his old friend. He opens his lips, too, and some fierce, hot speech trembles to come forth. But it is not said. He remembers his promise, and, mightily as the desire is to hurl it at him, yet he is a gentleman from top to toe, and will not break his word.

For a moment the doctor remains quiet. Then, when he sees that his anger has departed, he speaks again:

"We need not talk longer on this subject; it is unpleasant. Will you grant me the favor I have asked?"

"No," he says, briefly. "I will not."

"Why? What reason have you for refusing?"

"I decline to answer," comes the quick, decisive reply.

"A willful man must have his way," the doctor mutters to himself, then holds his peace. "I have done my uttermost," he thinks; "I have said all that one dare say to a man of his passionate, determined, indomitable nature. And what need of more words? Opposition only makes him the more bent upon having his own way."

So they fly along, for at least ten minutes, in silence. Then Earl Chesterleigh turns towards his companion, suddenly, and speaks:

"Doctor, I would like to know a little more of the lady, if—if you do not mind," he says, with cool restraint in his voice and manner. "My wife will question me, you see. She is a widow, I think you told me?"

"Yes, she is a widow, and has been for eight months. And a week ago her baby died; so she is childless, also, poor little soul! She has had a great deal of misery since."

"Yes, yes; I know about the loss of her child; you told me before," he cuts in, impatiently. "Tell me about her husband, will you? Was she—was she—did she love him, do you think, and did she grieve for him much when he died?" and he regards the doctor with two wide expectant eyes.

The poor, unhappy gentleman would give half he is worth to be able to say that she *did* love her husband dearly and that her heart was buried in his grave. But even if he could tell him such a deliberate lie as that, with those searching eyes upon him, of what would that avail? Sooner or later he must learn the truth and despise him for the deception. There is only one thing left for him to do. He can evade the question, and he does so.

"Look here, Earl; since you are so exceedingly curious to know more of the lady, I will tell you what I know of her married life, and you may form your own conclusions. All I ask of you is to keep the story to yourself."

"I will. Go on, please."

The doctor looks at him—at his handsome, flushed face, that is full of suppressed eagerness; at the dusky, passionate, waiting eyes—and once more he is weighed down by dreadful forebodings. With an effort, he begins Annah's story.

"Two years ago she married. The man was an idle, worthless, disreputable, handsome scamp as ever drew the breath of life; but, poor little thing, she did not know that. Annah is a beautiful singer—her voice is one of the loveliest I ever heard, and her husband was one of the finest tenors. It was owing simply to these two facts that they ever met. A society to which Annah belonged—some amateur theatrical society it was, I believe—decided to give some operas once in the city, and she was to do the soprano, of course. Well, her husband was engaged to sing tenor, and that was how they first met, more's the pity! I do not think Annah had known the young man more than a week before she was madly in love with him. What! You think it was only a schoolgirl fancy? Good God! Earl, the girl was twenty-one years of age. Quite old enough to know her own mind, I should say. Well, whether she was or wasn't doesn't matter. The fact remains, she was in love with him, and, after a time, he discovered it. By Jove! he couldn't help it, I guess. If ever a woman sung her soul out to a man she did to him, poor little blind fool! Ah, you should just have heard her sing that song you were whistling a while ago—the letter-song from "La Perichole," you know. I've heard it sung many times before and a number of times since, but never but once in my life have I heard it sung as the composer intended it should be, and then Annah did it. But she could not have done it so well either, I suspect, only the madness of a grand passion was upon her, and she was carried out of herself by the little god with wings. Well, as I said, he discovered that she loved him, and so learning that she was wealthy, and being base and unprincipled to the core, he took advantage of her weakness, and when they had known each other but three short weeks, he persuaded her to marry him secretly. His reason for this was, he knew full well that her sister would never give her consent. Barbra is a very wise woman, indeed, and she read him like a book, and he feared her influence over Annah, you see. Well, in three weeks they were married, and unsuspecting Barbra knew nothing of it until four weeks later.

"Of course, when she found it out, she was furious. There was a terrible scene, and Annah left the house and went to the city with her husband. That was exactly what he wanted. He wanted her away from under Barbra's watchful eyes. But after a while Barbra's hurt and her anger melted away under her love for the girl, so she went and sought Annah out and brought her back home again. The poor little thing was willing enough to come, too, so I learned, for even in six months' time the veil had been torn from her dazzled eyes, and she saw her husband *as he was*. But what could she do? She had foolishly gone and given herself into this man's power, so she must abide by the consequences. He went down with them to their lovely home, and, for six months, behaved himself rather decently, for *him*. But at the end of that time, the respectable life he led, and the very charming society that he associated with, became distasteful to him, and so, one fine morning, Annah woke up to find herself deserted. Well, no, not exactly deserted, either, for he left a little note saying that he should come back in a week or so. And he was as good as his word, too. He did come back, but it was only for the purpose of getting money out of his wife. The little stupid gave it to him, and again he disappeared.

"That sort of thing went on for some time. He would come back only to extort money from Annah, then would be off again. The last time he came home, however, she refused to give him anything more. She never saw him again. By my advice she was going to apply for a divorce, and was on her way to the city for that purpose, when she received tidings of his death. He was killed instantly. Thrown from a buggy and crushed out of all semblance to his handsome self. That was eight months ago, before her child was born. To-day she is a widow and childless. It is a mercy the little thing did not live, I think."

"So that is her story," his listener exclaims, drawing his breath hard. "Poor little lady. How extremely sad it all is!" "From my soul, I pity her."

"And pity is akin to love," the doctor quotes, gravely pulling up the horses that he may alight.

Over the face that is raised to his, there comes a swift, defiant, resolute look that baffles him. In his own mind, Earl Chesterleigh has suddenly decided upon something, but what that something is his old tried friend is unable to tell. He cannot even guess, quick as he has always been to read him. He waits for a moment, thinking the young man may speak further. But no, he has no such intention.

"And so you will not grant the favor I asked of you, Earl," he begs, at parting.

A pained expression leaps into the young man's eyes, and for a moment he wavers. Then his smooth, dark cheeks flush hotly.

"I—can—*not*, doctor," comes his passionate, startling answer, and, turning quickly, he strides up the path to his house, and leaves him.

"I have done my uttermost and have failed," the doctor mutters to himself. "Fate stands in my path, and her fair, mischievous hands hold all the silken threads."

CHAPTER III.—THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

"I love thee, and yet I must leave thee."

IT is a room marvelous in its beauty. Exquisite as rich as velvet and shimmering satin, and priceless lace, and clustering flower, and all costly things lying about, can make it.

In a low, luxurious chair, a little away from the deep bay window and the sweet perfumed air of Summer, sits Annah, rocking slowly to and fro and singing, soft and low, a lullaby to the infant in her arms.

Presently the violet satin curtains and the rare lace that drapes the carved archway are parted gently. A man steps into the room softly, and lets their richness fall downwards behind him, and then stands still and regards the picture before him.

The woman has not heard him enter—ah, he took good care that she should not—and so he gazes, unrebuked at her—at the head with its crown of sun-touched hair; at the face that is like a cameo cut in some creamy stone; at her liquid eyes that are like blue flowers in the rain, and a sigh escapes him, and for a moment he looks away as if dazzled. But only for a moment. The fascination is too great. He turns back again and looks, not at her this time, but at the small baby-head pillowed on her arm; at the little rosy, velvety face; at the tiny, soft, sweet mouth, clinging to the milk-white beauty of her breast, and over his face there comes a look of intense, unutterable longing.

The baby is asleep, and the lullaby dies away. The woman's face is bent forward low upon her chest, and presently a great tear splashes down on the pretty rose-leaf hand of the unconscious little one.

The man's fond, envious eyes discover it instantly. The sight of her misery tortures him, and a second sigh escapes him which betrays his presence.

For the first time she lifts her head and glances round, and discovers him standing there. All in a moment her face is one exquisite blush, down over the creamy throat even. With a quick movement she lifts the fleecy shawl the baby wears, and covers the snow of her bare bosom with it, then glances up at him again.

"I—I did not know you were there," she gasps in a breathless way. "You quite startled me."

"Pardon me, I am sorry to have done so. I only just came—that is, I came and waited for a second to see if baby was sleeping. Estell wanted him brought to her if he was not. Poor little soul, she is so jealous of her boy. She fears you will rob her of his love. He is asleep, I perceive."

"Yes, he is asleep, but I will take him any way, if she likes."

"No, do not. She would not care to have him, since he is asleep," and he advances to her side. "Although I am his father, I must say that he *is* a handsome little fellow, isn't he?" he demands, regarding the innocent young thing with pardonable pride. Then, all of a sudden, he stoops his high, handsome head, and touches the pink, downy upturned face with his lips fondly.

And who shall say his daring mouth does not touch the woman's hand also? From the swift sweet surprise on her face, one might venture to think so. Ah, well, that was little to do, considering his temptation.

"Mrs. Waters, I am going for a drive, and I thought you might like to go out and see your sister," he says, lifting his head and looking down at her.

"Thank you. You are very kind, but, no, not to-day, I guess. Why do you look so—so grave?"

"Well, I supposed, of course, that you would wish to go, since you have not been to see her yet this week."

"Ah, yes, but I have been this week, though," she interrupts, hastily.

"You have been this week?" he echoes, in high astonishment. "When? I did not know it. How did you go? You certainly did not walk! It's a good five miles. And—and I hope you did not hire a carriage for the purpose?"

"Oh, no, certainly not. Doctor Dean was good enough to take me out on Tuesday," she falters, remembering, when too late, that she did not intend to speak of that to him.

"Oh, he was, was he?" said he, gazing down at her with angry, jealous eyes. "If I'm not mistaken, I asked you to go on Tuesday, myself, did I not?"

"Yes, sir, you did; but—but, you see, I had promised Doctor Dean first."

"Do not promise him anything again," he pants, hoarsely, utterly forgetting himself, in his envious rage, and striding furiously up and down the elegant room.

She watches him for a moment in his mad march, then she rises to her feet and faces him, as he comes back, with his child in her arms.

"Mr. Chesterleigh," she begins, in her pretty, low voice; "Mr. Chesterleigh, you forget yourself. I do not consider that you have any right to order me in that manner, and I trust you will not presume to do so again; that is all." Then she is about to leave him, but something in his passionate eyes and the white misery of his face prevents her.

A long, quivering sigh crowds through his lips. He stands with folded arms and head proudly lifted, like a monarch, gazing down at her.

The bewitching beauty of the woman conquers him—or is it the little god with wings?

His proud head is bowed humbly before her. In another instant, "Forgive me," he pleads, in a voice gentle as a woman's.

She says never a word—she only lifts her thick bronze lashes and looks at him with eyes that are drowned in sudden tears.

For an instant he regards the alluring face with luminous eyes that are full of infinite yearning. Then he turns fiercely away.

"Excuse me for intruding. I should not have come, I know; but the desire was far greater than I could resist. I will leave you now—you are a temptation, with my baby at your breast, that will drive me mad!" he mutters, through close shut teeth. Then the door opens and he is gone.

She staggers back uncertainly, and falls into

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the low, luxurious chair again, and stares, with unseeing eyes, at the door that has closed between them.

The infant, startled by the abrupt motion, is awakened. It lifts one tiny dimpled hand, its long, black lashes sweep upward, and it looks into her white face with its father's own eyes.

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" she sobs, passionately, kissing the downy face again and again, "your papa has broken my heart, dear. He has, he has! Only five weeks—five short weeks—such a very little time, and yet—and yet he holds all my heart in his dear hands. God pity me and forgive me! Oh, Earl, my darling, my darling, 'I love thee, and yet I must leave thee!'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 3.—

THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY SPEAKS

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

His Views of the Ute Indian Troubles.

"THE ZULU WAR WELL MANAGED."

But England should have Younger Generals.

"THE Indian Bureau was got up for political purposes," said General Sherman to the writer, in that short, sharp, decisive tone that rings of command. The General was seated in a swivel-chair opposite his great pigeon holed wall-desk, in his palatial bureau in the War Department, skimming dispatches with eagle glance, and indorsing them with a rapidity that vainly endeavored to run abreast with his thoughts. The apartment is a sumptuous one, and General Sherman has not missed the opportunity to decorate the walls of his "work shop" with splendid oil paintings. There are three of these. "After the Combat," a dead stag surrounded by hinds; "The Last Stand," a buffalo attacked by wolves on a prairie; and "A Wounded Buffalo," the baited animal pursued by prairie wolves. There is nothing in the bureau to announce to the visitor that he is in the sanctum of "grim-visaged war." The piping times of peace are elaborately represented by the Axminister carpet, the gilded mirror, the French clock, the superb mantel and the rotary book-stand. There is not so much as a gun, or a sword, or a pistol to be seen, not even a military map *en évidence*, and the sparse etchings representing scenes in the late civil war might safely adorn a lady's boudoir. A few touches here and there, and this well-lighted, lofty and charmingly-proportioned chamber might be converted into a drawing-room.

The Department of State, in which is located the War Department, stands west of the White House, and is one of the handsomest, if not the finest, building of the kind in the world. Its style is the Italian Renaissance, which combines the massive proportions of the ancient with the elegance of modern architecture. This magnificent edifice is devoted to the Departments of State, War and Navy. Few are admitted beyond the main floors, where the chief business of the departments is transacted, and there is little to allure the ordinary sightseer save the severely classical architecture and the imposing but gloomy corridors, from which the bureaus give on either hand like grim official vaults in which official secrets lie moldering to decay.

Up and down the massive steps toil crafty-looking diplomats, bronzed veterans, and sunkissed sons of the briny. One can tell at a glance which department the visitor is in quest of. The diplomat, his eyes upon the steps, falls upwards. The soldier, gazing straight out before him, marches upwards. The sailor, looking at the roof, rolls upwards. The attendants at the entrances of the porticoes anticipate querists, and ere the visitor opens his lips he receives his instructions in so eminently satisfactory a manner as almost to bewilder him by the unexpectedly rapid result.

An attendant, as "straight i' the back" as Corporal Trim, ushered me into a bright, cheery, lofty apartment, sacred to the aide-de-camps of the General of the Army. This room is carpeted in Brussels, and, from a strategic point of view, in common with that of the chief's, commands the conservatory of the White House.

There are standing desks in this apartment, and drawers from which innumerable maps peep forth. There is a small military library "on hand." The walls are covered with etchings of scenes enacted during the late Civil War, each possibly possessing some memento of that "scourged time" for the brave and distinguished warriors by whom General Sherman is officially surrounded.

"We know the strength, effectiveness and condition of every army in the world in this bureau," observed General McCook to me, laying his hand upon a portly tome. "We can tell it to a gun, to a man and to a ration. Here is a book—'General Upton on the Armies of Asia and Europe'—that we place in the hands of the colonel of every regiment, and forward to every post library in the United States. It is a wonderful index to the fighting condition of the world."

A wide-open door gives upon the bureau of the General, whose sharp tone of command reached me incisively, as he issued rapid directions to attendants, and electric instructions to his aides. Beyond his bureau, which was bathed in sunlight, lies another apartment similar to that in which I stood, also devoted to the purposes of his personal staff, which is composed of six aide-de-camps, each of whom holds the brevet rank of general.

General A. M. D. McCook, the most courteous of aide-de-camps, having announced me to General Sherman, I was at once ushered into the presence of the man who marched from "Atlanta to the Sea."

"In the Spring of 1846 I was a lieutenant of Company G, Third Artillery, stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina."

Thus does General William Tecumseh Sherman commence his vivid and intensely interesting "memoirs," and ere I proceed to relate the substance of my somewhat brief interview let us take a glance at the record of the great captain who executed that marvelous march to 'Ocean's melancholy waste.' Born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8th, 1820, he is now in his sixtieth year, and twenty years younger than most men of his age. He graduated at West Point in 1840, served in the Florida War in 1840-42, and was at various military posts in the South till 1847, when he went to California and was acting assistant adjutant-general there till 1850. He was on commissary duty at St. Louis in 1850-53, and at New Orleans till September 6th, 1853, when he resigned. From 1853 to 1857 he was a banker in San Francisco and New York, and in 1858-59 he practiced law in Leavenworth, Kansas. He was superintendent of the Louisiana Military School at Alexandria from 1859 to January, 1861, when he went to St. Louis. On May 14th, 1861, he was reappointed in the army with the rank of colonel, and on the 17th was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and he commanded a brigade in the first battle of Bull Run, July 21st. In October he was appointed to the command of the Department of the Cumberland, but afterwards took charge of a camp of instruction at St. Louis till February, 1862, when he was placed in command of the district of Paducah, Ky. He commanded a division in the Tennessee and Mississippi campaign; was in the Battle of Shiloh, where he was wounded, was in the advance upon and siege of Corinth, and was made major-general of volunteers. He also commanded the hastily organized expedition against Vicksburg. In 1863, in command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, he led the expedition which carried Arkansas Post by assault, and was actively engaged in the siege of Vicksburg. He was made brigadier-general in the regular army, and during the Summer and Autumn was engaged in various operations in Mississippi and Tennessee. He commanded the left wing at the Battle of Chattanooga, and compelled General Longstreet to raise the siege of Knoxville. In February, 1864, with 20,000 men, he marched to Meridian, Miss., and broke up the railroads centring there. He held the command of the Department and Army of Tennessee till March, when he took that of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Having organized at Nashville an army of 100,000 men, he invaded Georgia, victoriously engaging the Confederate forces under General J. E. Johnston at Dalton, Resaca, Cassville and Dallas. He defeated General Hood, Johnston's successor in command, before Atlanta, the severest battle being fought on July 22d, and began the siege of that city. On August 12th he was made a major-general in the regular army. On the night of December 1st, Atlanta was evacuated by Hood, and General Sherman occupied the city till the middle of November, when he began his famous march to the sea. He reached Savannah December 13th, stormed and captured Fort McAllister, and on the 21st received the surrender of the city. On the 22d General Sherman sent the following telegram to Abraham Lincoln:

"SAVANNAH, Georgia, December 22d, 1864.

"*To His Excellency President Lincoln, Washington, D.C.:*

"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the City of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton. W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

This message actually reached the President on Christmas Eve.

General Sherman marched into the Carolinas, compelling General J. E. Johnston to surrender at Durham Station. In July, 1866, he succeeded General Grant as Lieutenant-General, and later on was employed on a special mission to Mexico. He was created General on the vacation of that grade by General Grant. In 1871 he obtained leave of absence for a year, and traveled in Europe and the East, and on his return took up his residence in Washington as Secretary of War.

"The Indian Bureau was got up for political purposes," observed the General, in response to a question of mine.

"The War Department had control of the Indian Territory until a comparatively recent date?"

"Till 1849."

"Why was it removed?"

"To make a political department, sir. These gentlemen mean very well, but they don't know how to deal with Indians. The Indian must recognize in the peacemaker the lawmaker."

"Do you not admit the civilizing exertions being made by the Department of the Interior?"

"I do; but the Department would make Christians of the Indians before they'd make men of them. In fact, they are for putting the cart before the horse. Soldiers are the only element fit to keep Indians in order. When the Indian Bureau gets into trouble with the Indians, it calls upon us, and when we get our work done, it begins to undo it again."

"The Bureau views the new carrier system with considerable satisfaction."

"Humph!"

"Are you in favor of the new Indian police?"

"Humph! Yes; *as* police they may answer very well."

"Then you are of opinion that the Indian is but an indifferent reasoner?"

"Indians don't reason, and they don't read newspapers; but"—swinging round upon me—"they can't stampede us."

"The Utes hoped to do this?"

"Yes; they're like the rest of the Indians—when they see a garrison reduced they think it a good time to go and clean it out."

"Is the Ute trouble over?"

"No, sir, it is not, but we will soon settle it. Every event cuts out its own future. We are doing in the Indian territory what England is doing in Zululand—we are spreading civilization."

Concerning the Ute difficulty, General Sheridan reports to General Sherman:

"The recent and unexpected outbreak of the Utes at the White River Agency seems to have been brought about, as far as I can ascertain, by local causes. The Indian agent wished them to engage in farming, and many of them were uncompromisingly hostile to anything in the way of labor, which might assist in making them self-supporting. As soon as a knowledge of the trouble was communicated by the Indian Bureau to the military authorities a force which was deemed more than sufficient by the agent was sent from the nearest post, under command of Major Thornburgh, Fourth Infantry. Before the troops reached the agency the agent, Mr. Meeker, and most of his employés were murdered by the Indians, who then came out and attacked Major Thornburgh's force at a point eighteen miles distant from the agency, killing Major Thornburgh and twelve of his men and wounding forty-two others, officers and men. The ground selected by the Indians was exceedingly favorable to them, and they succeeded in beleaguering the command and holding it until it was relieved by Colonel Merritt's command, which was thrown forward with great rapidity to its rescue. The troops under Colonel Merritt then pushed on to the agency without opposition, where they discovered the dead bodies of the agent and his employés. At present a large column of troops is held at White River Agency, another large column is being organized at Fort Garland, and still another at Animas Valley, pending the action of the Indian Bureau, through its special agent, General Adams, and these troops will be held at these points, awaiting the result of General Adams's negotiations with Chief Ouray for the surrender of the murderers."

General Sheridan complains that the forces under his command are too small to properly perform the duties incumbent upon them throughout the vast extent of territory they occupy. The ratio of the force is one man to every seventy-five square miles of the Departments of the Platte, Dakota and the Missouri, and one man to every one hundred and twenty square miles in the Department of Texas, and recommends the establishment of a northwestern post.

Referring to the Zulu war, I asked General Sherman for an opinion.

"In what way?"

"Its management by the English?"

"I think it was very well managed, sir."

"Lord Chelmsford permitted himself to be surprised at Isandula?"

"Surprises will always happen. A general is bound to guard against them, but they will happen."

"Do you think Lord Chelmsford an able commander?"

"He did his work well enough. England seems to me to make a great mistake in leaving everything to her one general."

"You mean Sir Garnet Wolseley?"

"Yes, I do. A nice, able fellow. I had him out with me, and like him immensely; but England should give a chance to some of the younger men. There are lots of men who would distinguish themselves if they only got the chance."

On the subject of Autumn manœuvres, I asked the General if he was in favor of them.

"No, sir, I am not. There can be no battle without bullets. When I was in England I was asked to attend one. I begged to be excused, on the ground that I considered them useless. An engineer officer, since dead, high in command, came to me next day and said he entirely agreed with me. It would be better to march a regiment from Liverpool to London, bivouacking on the way."

"Have you any disquietude on the subject of the Mexican Indians?"

"Not a bit."

"Yet reports say——"

"They are our own Indians that are giving trouble," he jerked in, "but they don't amount to anything. We have good men all along the line."

On the subject of the condition of the army, the General says that the army is in a state of high efficiency, and that its operations during the last year have been altogether creditable and satisfactory. Notwithstanding the numerical weakness of the army, it has guarded 3,000 miles of frontier; and, with numerous posts to garrison, it has achieved great success in dealing with hostile Indians. General Sherman claims great credit for the policy of the army in dealing with the Indian question in the Northwest, where, he says, if a different policy had been pursued, as some recommended, a long line of frontier settlements would have been exposed to the incursions of the hostile Indians, and would have felt the fury of the attacks of Sitting Bull and his warriors.

Referring to the disposition of the United States forces in the Indian Territory under Sheridan's command, there are four departments—Dakota, Platte, Missouri and Texas:

"The Department of Dakota comprises the State of Minnesota and the Territories of Montana and Dakota, garrisoned by twenty-one permanent posts and four temporary encampments, command by Brigadier-General Terry."

The Department of the Platte:

"It consists of the States of Iowa and Nebraska and the Territories of Wyoming, Utah, and a portion of Idaho, garrisoned by seventeen permanent posts, commanded by Brigadier-General Crook."

The Department of the Missouri:

"Consists of the States of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Colorado, the Indian and New Mexican Territories, and two posts in Texas—Forts Elliott and Bliss—garrisoned by twenty permanent posts and eight encampments, commanded by Brigadier-General Pope."

And the Department of Texas:

"Embraces the Mexican frontier, garrisoned by thirteen permanent posts and ten encampments, commanded by Brigadier-General Ord."

The forces of the division are assigned to the several departments:

"Dakota, officers and men, cavalry, 1,538; infantry, 3,649."

In the Department of the Platte:

"Cavalry, 1,448; infantry, 1,525."

In the Department of the Missouri:

"Cavalry, 1,269; infantry, 1,525."

In the Department of Texas:

"Cavalry, 1,817; infantry, 1,787; artillery, 188. The number of permanent posts in this division is 71, which, together with 22 temporary encampments, gives an aggregate of 93 stations to provide for during the Summer. These posts have been garrisoned by eight regiments of cavalry, aggregating 6,098; four companies of artillery with an aggregate of 188; nineteen regiments of infantry with an aggregate of 9,042, and 200 Indian scouts, making a grand total of 15,517 officers and men."

A new northwestern post has been recommended about midway between Forts Buford and Assiniboine, and as near to the northern boundary line as the local conditions will permit; and General Sheridan recommends that an appropriation of $200,000 be asked for its construction. It is estimated that the rapid progress of the Northern Pacific Railroad will fill up the Northwest with hardy pioneers and emigrants, and it is recommended that the establishment of this post should take place during the Summer of 1880.

General Sherman is tall, thin, wiry and straight as a whip. His face is considerably wrinkled and his short beard is in bristles. His eyes are small, and close themselves as if searching for a concealed battery or an ambuscade. His forehead is high and well developed. His lips are thin, but his mouth denotes decision and dogged tenacity of purpose. He speaks in a short, sharp way, and never wastes a word.

"On duty," observed one of his aide-de-camps to me, "he is the unflinching soldier, but when 'off' he is as genial and delightful a companion as it is possible to meet. He comes into this room when he can spare a moment from his arduous duties, and sits down with us for a smoke and a chat. He is very fond of stories of the war. He is the most thorough worker I ever met. No amount of work seems to take a feather out of him. He works at any or at all hours, as the work may come up."

During my interview with the General of the Army, he continued reading and annotating dispatches with a rapidity that was almost bewildering. "This work is all connected with the Quartermaster's Department," he observed, as he flung the last report with his written comments down upon the desk.

An attendant having announced that the carriage was in waiting, the General seized his soft felt hat, and, issuing a hurried order to General McCook, literally darted out of the room.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MAJOR DE SERPA PINTO, the distinguished African explorer, is seriously ill of disease of the lungs.

GRAND DUKES ALEXIS and PAUL have left Paris for Russia. They will visit the Emperor William on their way home.

PROFESSOR SARGENT, of Harvard College, is to conduct an investigation into the forest area and the forest wealth of the United States for the tenth census.

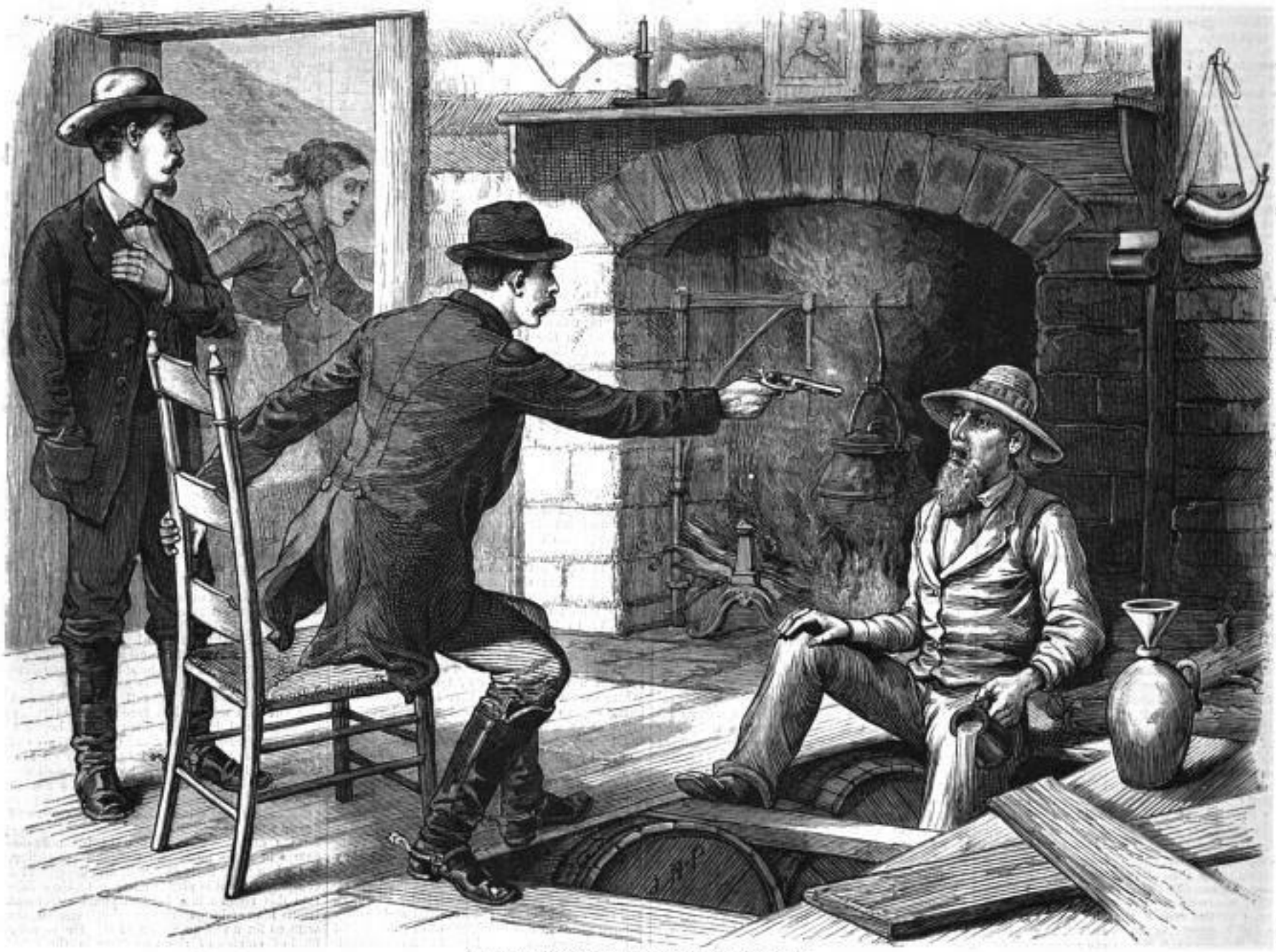
BISMARCK has been the recipient of 470 crosses or decorations of various kinds, the display of which in a single row would cover six yards. The only Power not represented is said to be Great Britain.

PROFESSOR BURNHAM has decided that the Lick Observatory shall be built upon Mount Hamilton, in Santa Clara County, California. Professor Newcomb agrees with him upon the suitability of this site.

AMONG recent deaths we note those of ex-Judge Darius Peck, of Hudson, N. Y., October 27th, aged 77; Medical Director John J. Abernethy, United States Navy, October 28th, aged 75; General James H. Craig, Judge Advocate General on Governor Hoffman's staff, in Brooklyn, October 29th, aged 45; Hon. Isaac N. Norris, ex-Member of Congress from Illinois, at Quincy, October 29th, aged 67; John Blackwood, senior partner in the Edinburgh firm of Blackwood & Sons; General Joseph Hooker, October 31st, aged 64; the Rev. Jacob Abbott, author, October 31st, aged 75; John S. Buckstone, English comedian, October 31st, aged 77, and General Von Podbielski, Inspector-General of Artillery and Quartermaster-General during the Franco-German War, October 31st, aged 65.

THE Rev. Dr. Thomas A. Starkey, who was elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Northern New Jersey, to succeed the late Bishop Odenheimer, on October 30th, is rector of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, and Dean of the Convocation of Jersey City. He is a native of Philadelphia, is fifty-five years of age, and was originally educated to be a civil engineer. He subsequently studied for the ministry, and was ordained a deacon in Philadelphia in 1847 by Bishop Potter, and a priest in 1848 at Pottsville, Pa., by the same bishop. From 1848 to 1850 he was a missionary in the mining regions. In 1850 he became rector of Christ Church, Troy, N. Y., and continued in that charge for four years, when he resigned to succeed Bishop Kip as rector of St. Paul's Church, Albany. In 1859 he resigned and became rector of Trinity Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and in 1868 he accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. In April, 1877, he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, and subsequently Bishop Odenheimer appointed him Dean of the Convocation of Jersey City. He is a High Churchman, but is not regarded as an extremist.

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UNITED STATES MARSHALS SURPRISING A "MOONSHINER."



A "MOUNTAIN-DEW" DISTILLERY IN THE MOUNTAINS.



UNITED STATES MARSHALS FOLLOWING A TRAIL UP THE MOUNTAINS.

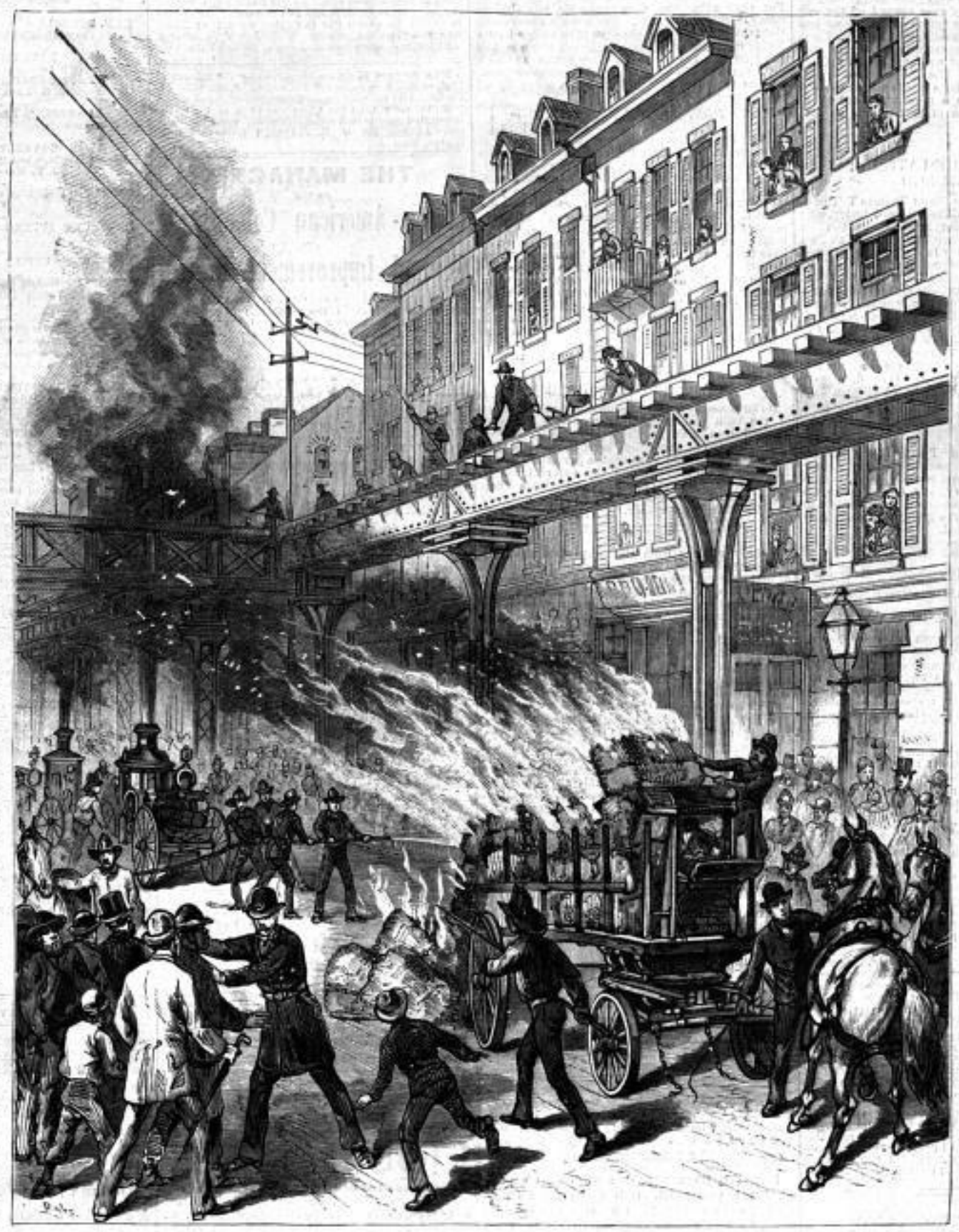
SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF WHISKY IN THE MOONSHINE REGIONS.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. H. CORNELISON

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"MOONSHINERS" AND THEIR TRADE.

THE illicit distillery operations in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and some other States, are not as extensive, perhaps, at this time as they were a few years ago, but they still have a magnitude which is but imperfectly understood by the public at large. In some of these States the business has been carried on for generations. The "moonshiner" of the mountains of to-day was born and has grown up in the practice of his peculiar trade, inheriting it from those who, as distillers, had never known what it was to be molested by the law. In the old times "everybody used to run his own still." The business was increased by the stringency of the blockade during the war, and when the war ended, the trade went on, spite of the revenue laws, which made the practice of distilling a crime. Pressed and harassed by the Government officials, the "moonshiners" gradually begun to distill in secret in out-of-the-way places, and when driven to extremities, they have not hesitated, with armed violence, to defy the Government. In South Carolina, where the internal revenue officials have encountered the greatest difficulty in executing the law, the country occupied by the "moonshiners" is wild and rugged in the extreme, and offers means of defense which make it almost impossible for the officers to capture the offenders. Lying as it does in the very heart of the older States of the Union, this section is to-day a veritable *terra incognita* to the citizens of these States, and even to thousands of people who are born and live all their years within sight and within a few hours' journey of the forbidding rocky walls which mark its confines. A tourist, who recently traveled one day's journey (usually reckoned at fifteen miles) into this region with a light buggy, states that he walked most of the way, owing to the necessity of relieving his horse on the ascents and from precautionary motives in the matter of the descents, and ascent and descent made up the entire distance. For the most part, the hardy mountaineers use large sleds, and where wagons can be employed at all, from ten to twenty bushels of corn are accepted as a fair average load for two horses or mules. In several places the roads actually cross themselves in ascending the mountain sides, and the traveler finds himself crossing his own track at acute angles in order to pass from one incline to another.

It is in this practically inaccessible region that the Georgia moonshiners locate their stills and carry on their illicit trade. In the seclusion of the mountains, living in huts and shanties of the rudest description, with their families around them, and with utter contempt for all authority, they grow their corn, and then convert it into whisky, earning, at best, but meagre returns—scarcely securing, indeed, the little necessaries of their humble homelife. With all their precautions, however, they are sometimes surprised at their work. Pursuing obscure and difficult trails, the revenue officers cautiously and stealthily penetrate the mountain fastnesses, and sometimes without a struggle, but oftener after desperate and bloody conflicts, secure the distillers, seize their paraphernalia, and carry off their prizes to imprisonment and trial. Our illustrations afford a vivid idea of a scene of this character, and of the peculiar difficulties which attend the search for and capture of the offenders. During the past year over 200 confirmed law-breakers in South Carolina, under an offer of Government clemency, came in and pleaded guilty to charges of illicit distillation, and these constituted only a portion of the "moonshine fraternity" who habitually cheat the Government by their dishonest practices. It is probable that the Government will never be able to entirely exterminate the illegal manufacture of spirits in the more secluded districts of the States we have named, but it can scarcely be otherwise than that, in time, the authority of law will make itself felt even in the shadow of the mountains where whisky has so long been supreme.



NEW YORK CITY.—A NOVEL STREET SCENE—A TRUCK-LOAD OF COTTON IGNITED BY BURNING COALS FROM THE ELEVATED RAILROAD IN GREENWICH STREET.



REAR-ADMIRAL MIGUEL GRAU, COMMANDER OF THE PERUVIAN IRONCLAD "HUASCAR."

REAR-ADMIRAL GRAU.

THE chief feature of the present war between Peru and Chili has been its essentially maritime character. At the beginning of the war the Peruvians possessed what they considered a powerful navy; but early in the war their most formidable ironclad was lost while chasing the little Chilian vessel *Esmeralda*, and now it is reported that the much-talked-of *Huascar* has been taken off Mejillones, and all hands massacred. This powerful little monitor, it may be remembered, in 1877 was seized by the rebel President Piercla, and engaged in a sharp action with H.M.S. *Shah* and *Amythest*, being subsequently compelled to run into Iquique and surrender to the Peruvian squadron. During the present war the *Huascar* has roamed the seas, seizing Chilian mail-steamers and merchant-vessels, destroying her men-of-war, bombarding towns, cutting submarine telegraphs, and finally capturing a richly-laden transport, the *Rimac*.

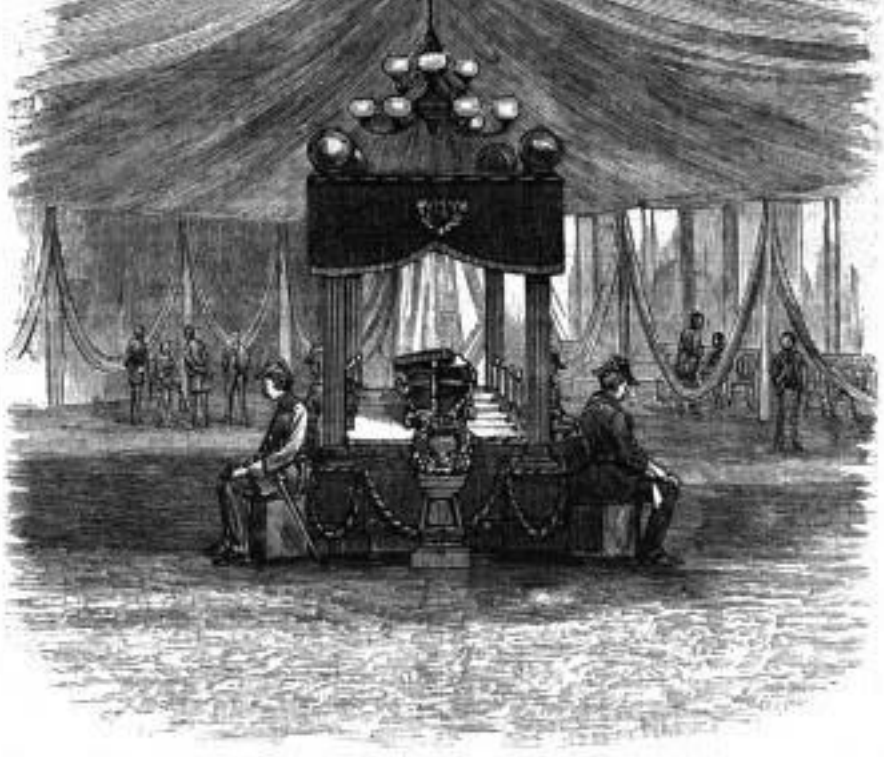
The commander, Captain Don Miguel Grau, came from an old and distinguished Spanish family, his father having joined the patriotic cause during the War of Independence. He himself, after serving for some time in the merchant service, where he proved himself an able and careful navigator, was induced by the late President Balta to leave that service, and take the command of his present ship, the *Huascar*, which he had held for over fourteen years.

A subscription has been raised by prominent Peruvian ladies in Paris, and others who have lived in Lima, to present Rear-Admiral Grau with a sword of honor, in token of the respect felt for him, and their admiration of his gallant conduct in his country's defense.

The last mail from Peru brings the intelligence that the Peruvian Congress has conferred on him the title of Rear Admiral, but no details have as yet arrived of the capture of his vessel and the reported massacre of himself, his officers and crew.

A NOVEL STREET SCENE.

A CURIOUS accident occurred on Greenwich Street, in this city, October 26th, to a large double-truck loaded with thirteen bales of cotton. In passing under the elevated railway, a burning coal from the forge of workmen who were engaged in riveting braces on the track overhead fell upon the cotton and set it on fire the whole load being speedily in a blaze. A fire-engine hurried to the scene and poured a stream upon the truck,



NEBRASKA.—THE REMAINS OF MAJOR THORNBURGH LYING IN STATE IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE, OMAHA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. L. EATON.—SEE PAGE 186.

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but did not succeed in extinguishing the flames until they had run over every one of the thirteen bales, and in nearly every case burned off the end sacking that incased the cotton and more or less exposed cotton. Subsequently, while the load was being removed to the storehouse of the owner, the fire again broke out, but was suppressed without much further damage. The spectacle of a load of cotton wrapped in flames in one of the busiest streets of the city made a momentary sensation, while at the same time presenting an unusual picturesque effect.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MAJOR THORNBURGH.

THE funeral of the late Major Thomas T. Thornburgh, of the Fourth United States Infantry, who was killed by the Ute Indians at Milk Creek, Col., on September 29th, took place at Omaha, Neb., on October 22d. The body lay in state in the Masonic Temple, guarded by detachments of Knights Templar, who had full charge of the obsequies, and a battalion of soldiers under Colonel Gentry. After a march of two miles the procession reached Prospect Hill Cemetery, where the Rev. F. T. Webb, of Council Bluffs, conducted the Masonic ceremony, the Knights having formed a triangle about the grave, inclosing also the family of the deceased and the army officers in attendance. At the conclusion of the service the battalion of the Ninth Infantry fired three volleys over the grave, which had been dug beside that in which the young son of the deceased was buried.

AT the Standard Theatre "Pinafore" still sails on an ever-widening sea of popularity. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, author of this most popular opera, is now on his way to this country, and receptions in his honor are already in preparation. Mr. Sullivan will find his masterpiece most worthily and creditably represented at the Standard.

FUN.

THE spanked child dreads the slipper

EYES are not eyes when cigar-smoke makes them water

THE best home-stretch is taken in the evening on the sofa.

NOAH was the first man who strictly observed Lent. He lived on water for forty days and forty nights.

INDIAN Summer, this. And, speaking of Indian Summer, that's about all that is left that the Indian can call his own.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS asked a child what a noun spelt. The child hesitated. Said the teacher: "What do I do when I look at Mr Smith?" "Squint," replied the pupil.

A RATHER gayly dressed young lady asked her Sunday-school class what was "meant by the pomp and vanities of the world." The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

GOVERNESS: "Now, Jack, if I were to give twelve pears to Maude, ten to Edith and three to you, what would it be?" Jack (aged six): "It wouldn't be fair."

TWO CHILDREN were playing in the sand together. The small boy said to the little girl: "Do you wish to be my little wife?" *The Little Girl* (after reflecting): "Yes——" *The Small Boy*: "Then take off my boots!"

VILLAGE DOCTOR (to the grave digger, who is given to whisky): "Ah, John, I'm sorry to see you in this pitiable condition again!" *Grave-Digger*: "Toots, sir! Can ye no' let me little fau t o' mine gae by? It's mony a muckle ane o' yours I ma'n happit owre, an' said nuthing about!"

CHEESEMONGER: "I call yours a sighnocure, Jim. You clape that 'ere paper round yer 'at, and there you are—a penny each!" *Fly-catcher* (who has a sheet of well filled fly paper around his beaver): "Ah, but look at the labor of catchin' 'em, and stickin' of 'em on at the outset, Bill!"

A LITTLE girl was puzzling herself about her transference from heaven to this mundane sphere, and questioned her mother: "Did God and the angels have a funeral when I came away?" "I presume there was no funeral," replied the mother. "Well," said the child, "I presume they all felt bad."

A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

IS it possible that a New York merchant can afford to cut off a dress pattern of silk or velvet, send it to Texas, and then if the buyer does not happen to like it, take it back? Wonder if he makes more money out of the new customers gained by such liberality than he loses by the Joneses, who "scarcely know whether they like it or not," and the Smiths, who "would keep it at a trifle off"?

The latest thing in dry-goods is from a catalogue from Messrs. Lord & Taylor. Think of the self-restraint of a merchant who can go through millions of value in articles of luxury and use, and never once stop to praise anything. Not less noteworthy is it to see things called by their right names, as when a beaver or flannel is styled "cotton-and-wool"; or, when a so-called twenty-inch velvet is quoted as "nineteen inches"; or, when a 12-4 blanket is said to "average about two and three-quarter yards long." After this, one is less surprised at the terms: "Any article that is unsatisfactory may be returned."

The catalogue is an admirable specimen of book-making. The type is large and severely plain; the engravings vary a good deal—some of them being excellent and some quite inferior.

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

HON. WM. D. KELLEY, who had suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh, accompanied by an almost daily effusion of blood, was induced to try "Compound Oxygen" for relief, and the benefit received was so great that in a letter to the undersigned he says: "You are authorized to give any degree of publicity to my assertion that the use of your gas at intervals has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year, and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared. My experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensatory will be complete that does not embrace the administration, by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other causes, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their system in healthful vigor. Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain your grateful friend." Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Mode of Action, and Results," sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DO A CLEVER THING

For your wife. She does many for you—bakes, cooks, scrubs and mends. Her work is never done. Get from your grocer a package of Gilt-Edge Butter Maker for twenty-five cents. She can churn in half the time, get ten per cent. more butter, and of a color that she will be proud of. The valuable book, "Hints to Butter Makers," is given away by all storekeepers.

NOVA POST OFFICE, Ashland Co., Ohio.
May 28th, 1879.

BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO.:

Gentlemen—My attention was called by your correspondent of Elyria, Mr. Boynton, to your Gilt-Edge Butter Maker, and wished me to give it a trial. We churned one gallon of cream according to your directions in your letter to Mr. Boynton, with the following result: Time of churning, 12 minutes; produced 3½ lbs.; color good, and quality far better than anything that I have tried previously. I have been engaged in the dairy business, more or less, for the last fifteen years. Also took of the same cream, the same time and from the same bulk, omitting your powder, as per directions, with the following result: Time of churning, 20 minutes; 3 pounds, quality inferior, short of what is required in our market. I would further say I made a second trial, with about the same result. Truly yours,
C. S. VAN AMANN

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The treatment prescribed in such cases is mild doses of the Cuticura Resolvent, a perfectly safe yet powerful blood-purifier, and the external use of Cuticura, the great skin cure. The Cuticura Soap should be the only soap applied to the diseased skin for cleansing purposes.

RECENT advices from Germany state that the phylloxera has made its appearance in the vineyards of that country, and seriously threatens the vintage of next year. Combined with the short crop this year in France, this fact brings into greater prominence the importance of our American wines and vineyards. In some departments, champagnes, for instance, Messrs. A. WERNER & Co., of this city, have already developed a large and rapidly growing trade, while in other brands they are fast bringing forward equally deserving claimants to popular favor. In all essential qualities the American wines stand successfully the test with the foreign goods, and require only good judgment and enterprise, like that of WERNER & Co., to fully establish themselves in the public demand.

THE St. NICHOLAS Hotel, of this city, competes favorably with all its rivals in cooking, close attention to guests, elegantly furnished rooms, and a profusion of all the modern conveniences and appliances wherewith the guest is saved every trouble and effort. The rates are very moderate, and the throngs of visitors attest how much these things are appreciated by the public.

THAT invalid wife, mother, sister, or child can be made the picture of health with HOP BITTERS.

THE great success in the sale of the well-known Model Printing Press, manufactured by J. W. Daughaday & Co., of Philadelphia, is due to the fact that it is not only a money-saver, but a money-earner, wherever it is used. There is no trouble in its operation, and when once in use, there is no getting along without it. The attention of our readers is called to the Manufacturers' advertisement in this paper.

IF SUCCESS be the true test of merit, it is certainly a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat troubles.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON, as a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness and roughness of the skin, etc., curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of musquitoes and other annoying insects.

CONSUMERS desiring the best CHOCOLATE or Cocoa should purchase that prepared by Walter Baker & Co. Established in 1780, Walter Baker's Chocolate has no superior, and its standard is always maintained. All grocers sell it.

CARELESSNESS of others may cause you bodily injury; better be insured in THE TRAVELERS.

HEADLEY'S "Illustrated Life and Travels of General Grant" is full of information, and beautifully and profusely illustrated. It contains, among the two hundred and fifty odd engravings, a superior portrait on steel of the General, and is elegant out of the Arabian stallions presented him by the Sultan of Turkey. An immense sale may be prophesied for this work, by reason of its authentic character, excellent authorship, fine mechanical execution, superior style and low price.

REAL ESTATE IN THE WEST.

THE Denver Land Co. offer in another column alternate lots in their addition. These alternate lots are in fact given away, though a nominal charge of one dollar is made for the deed. The company limit the number purchasable at this price to five lots. Many of the large cities of the West have been started in a similar manner, and those who secured lots then, find themselves now in possession of valuable property. The opportunity does not often present itself of making an investment in real estate at such prices. The reliability of the company and their title to the property being well established, their could be no risk, with a fine prospect for a rapid increase in value. Denver has had such a wonderfully rapid growth, it is probable that the land offered will be speedily taken up.

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One inch in thickness of H. W. Johns' Asbestos Cement Filling, applied to hot air and steam pipes, boilers, etc., is equal in effectiveness as a non-conductor of heat to double the quantity of any other cements or filling. Be sure and get the genuine H. W. Johns' Manufacturing Company, sole manufacturers, 87 Maiden Lane.

The Secret Key to Health.—"The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation," 300 pages; price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of six cents for postage. Address, DR. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

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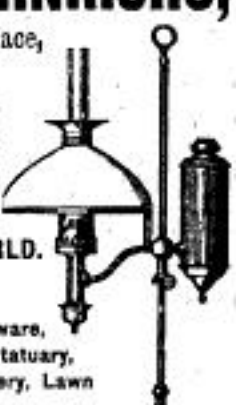
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CERTIFICATE OF TITLE.

I, W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder within and for said County and State, do hereby certify to the above and foregoing to be true, and title complete to the land therein described according to the records in my office. I further certify there are no abstracts or transcripts of judgments, taxes or other liens standing against said land. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 26 day of August, A. D. 1879.

[SEAL.] State of Colorado, } ss. County of Weld. }

W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.

INSTRUCTIONS.

This Company will send by return mail, to any one sending within sixty days from the date of this paper their names, P. O. address, County and State, plainly written in full, a clear warrantee deed to a lot 25 feet front by 125 feet deep in North Denver, Colorado, clear of all taxes.



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Applications for city lots must be accompanied with one dollar for each lot to pay cost of making and acknowledging deed, postage, etc. The lots then can be sold and transferred at your pleasure.

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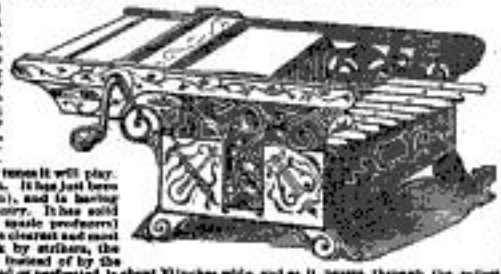
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COLORADO.—THE LATE UTE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE AT THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY E. A. BARBER AND LIEUTENANT C. A. H. MCCAULEY. SEE PAGE 172.

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THE LATE GEN. HOOKER.

MAJ.-GEN. HOOKER, who died suddenly at Garden City, L. I., October 31st, was a man of mark in an age distinguished for its great and notable men. He was born at Hadley, Mass., in 1815, and was graduated from West Point in the Class of 1837. He entered the army as a second lieutenant in the First Artillery. During the war with Mexico he was brevetted a lieutenant-colonel for meritorious service in the terrible fight of Chapultepec. At the close of that war he was made a captain in the First Artillery and assigned to the Pacific Division. While in California he retired from the army and began farming. When the late civil war broke out he at once offered his services to the General Government, which made him a brigadier-general of volunteers, and sent him to guard the Lower Potomac. In March, 1862, he was assigned to the command of a division of the Third Corps in the Army of the Potomac. In the fighting on the Peninsula "Hooker's Division" took part in the siege of Yorktown, the battle of Williamsburg, and the engagements at Fair Oaks, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, and others of less note. Subsequently he took part in the battle of Manassas and the succeeding conflict at Chantilly.

In the Fall of 1862 Gen. Hooker was placed in command of the First Army Corps. At the battle of Antietam he was severely wounded. In the following November he returned to participate in Burnside's fatal Rappahannock campaign as the commander of the Centre Grand Division (Third and Fifth Corps). In the meantime, on account of his services in the Peninsula campaign, he had been made a brigadier-general in the regular army. Upon Burnside's resignation President Lincoln gave Hooker command of the Army of the Potomac. At Chancellorsville, although his forces outnumbered the enemy, he was outmanœuvred by the Confederates, and defeated. Lee soon after invaded Pennsylvania, and Hooker followed him. When he had reached Frederick, Md., his plans were disconcerted by Halleck, who refused to put the troops at Harper's Ferry under Hooker's orders, who thereupon resigned.

In the following September General Hooker was sent to the Army of the Cumberland, and put in command of the Twentieth Army Corps. He was engaged in all the battles of that army until after the siege of Atlanta in July, 1864, when on a question of command he was again relieved at his own request. His engagements in that campaign included the "battle above the clouds," which compelled the Confederates to abandon the Chattanooga Valley. Following up this success, he cleared Missionary Ridge of his enemy. After the war he served in command of various Eastern departments, and in October, 1868, he was retired upon a full rank of major-general.

General Hooker was in his usual health until an hour before his death. A week before, he gave a large dinner-party at the Garden City Hotel, when he seemed to be in the best of spirits. He took his accustomed walk on the day of his death and did not complain of feeling ill until about four o'clock, when he retired to his apartments. After an hour he arose and busied himself about his rooms until 5:45 P.M., when his valet, hearing the General struggling for breath, hastened to his side and assisted him to lie down upon his bed, at the same time ringing the bell for help. Before assistance could arrive the General was dead.



THE LATE GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, U. S. A.



THE LATE HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1869.

DEATH OF HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

SENATOR ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, of Michigan, who was for many years a conspicuous figure in American politics, was found dead in his bed at the Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, on the morning of November 1st. On the evening previous he had addressed an audience of 5,000 people on the political issues of the day, and on returning to his hotel gave orders to be called at seven o'clock, as he was to leave for his home in Michigan at eight o'clock. The boy who called at that hour could get no response when he rapped, and finally, when put through the transom, found Chandler lying dead in his bed. The body was still warm on one side. Death was probably caused by apoplexy. Mr. Chandler was born in Bedford, N. H., on the 10th of December, 1813, and after receiving an academic education, removed to Michigan. There he engaged in mercantile pursuits, achieving marked prosperity and a large fortune by his integrity and enterprise. In 1851 he entered into active political life, being elected Mayor of Detroit. Next year he ran as the Whig candidate for Governor of the State, and in 1857 was elected United States Senator to succeed General Lewis Cass. He was re-elected to this office in 1869, his term ending March 3d, 1875. He was a candidate for re-election a third time, but owing to a Republican "bolt," was defeated by Mr. Christiancy, and in the following October he was appointed by President Grant Secretary of the Interior, which he held until the 3d of March, 1877. Last year he was again elected to the United States Senate, and took his seat at the extra session of Congress, at which he attracted much attention by his "stalwart" utterances on the Southern question.

Mr. Chandler was a man of very pronounced convictions, aggressive in temper and character, and thoroughly sincere and earnest in everything he undertook. He abhorred shams, and had a supreme contempt for all duplicity and cowardice in politics. He had rare executive qualities, and as chairman of the Republican National Executive Committee in the campaign of 1876 displayed a sagacity and energy which largely contributed to the successful organization of his party in the Northern States. In his long political career, his methods were often criticised, but his personal integrity and purity were never questioned, even by his political adversaries, and he leaves a name as a man and patriot which is without spot or blemish.

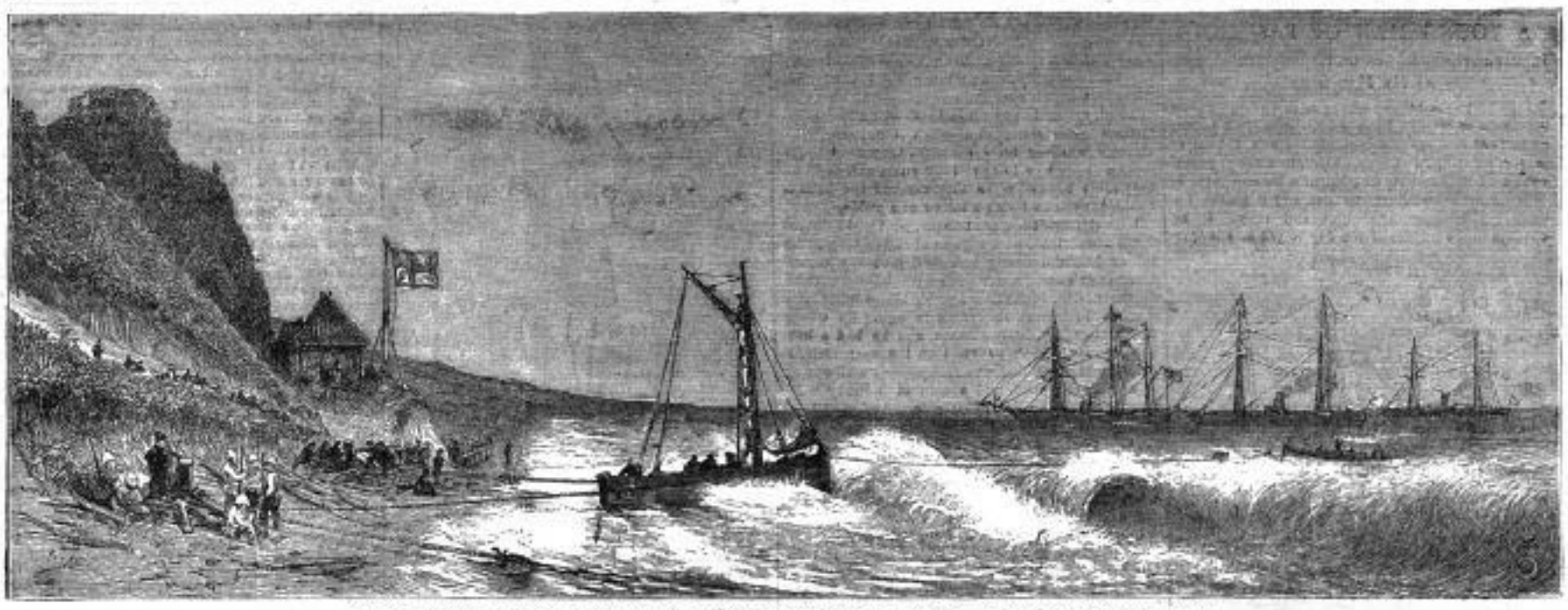


BIRTHPLACE OF THE LATE GENERAL HOOKER, HADLEY, MASS.



THE LATE HON. Z. CHANDLER AS HE APPEARED AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF BOSTON AT SQUANTUM, R. I., AUGUST 20, 1879.

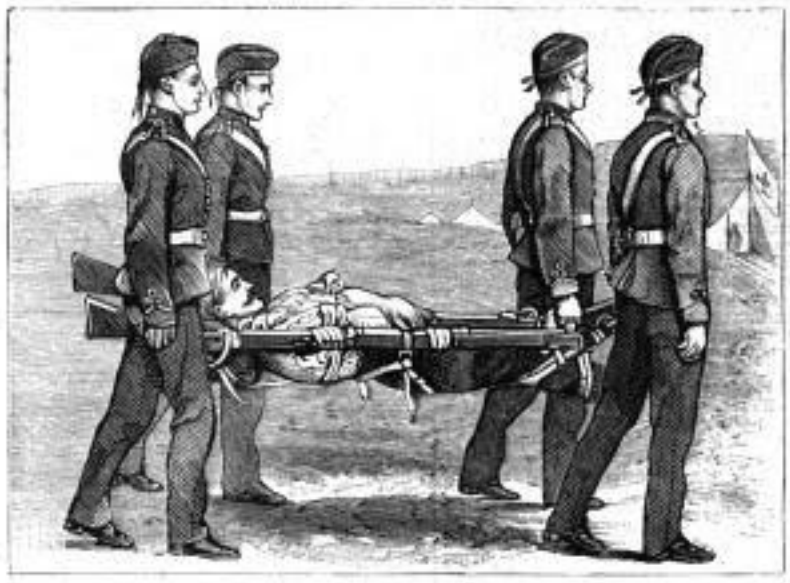
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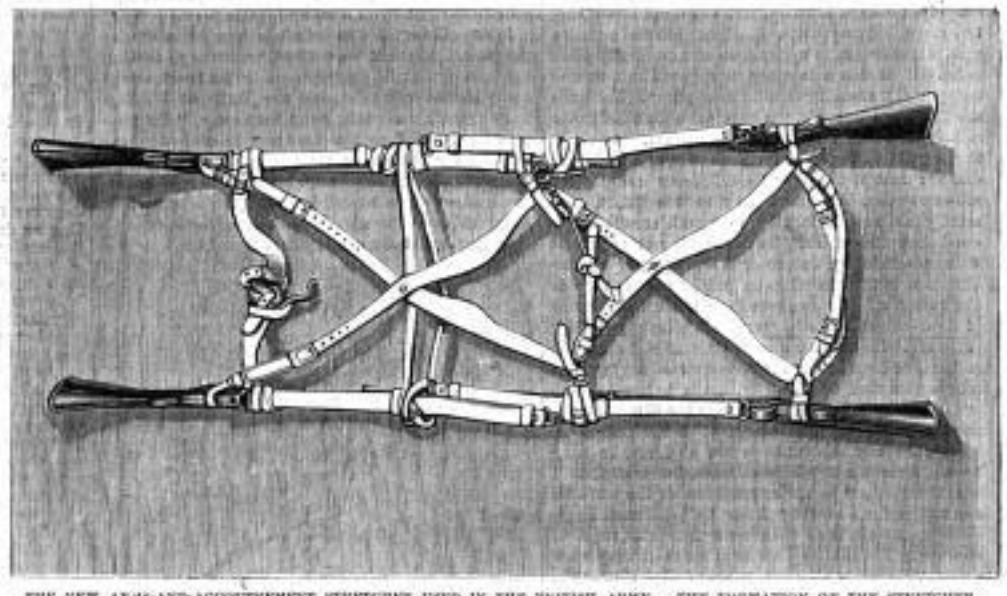
THE CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO.—THE KING EMBARKING ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT SHIP "NATAL" AT PORT DURNFORD.

NEW FIELD STRETCHER FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

THIS improvised field-stretcher has been invented by Sergeant-major Sanderson, of the Thirtieth Regiment, with the object of obviating the difficulty experienced in getting the wounded quickly off the field after engagements, when, owing to modern firearms, a large number of men are disabled in a very short time. As a rule, the ambulance corps can rarely be kept sufficiently close to the main body to be immediately available after a severe action, which, moreover, may possibly have covered miles of ground. Thus, the wounded being scattered all over the field, the doctors have to run from place to place, and have so many men to attend to who lie widely apart that but little time can be devoted to each case, while many wounded have frequently to remain on the field unattended to for hours, and it has been known that occasionally some have been overlooked altogether, their comrades having been sent off elsewhere, and the Hospital Corps being ignorant of their whereabouts. Sergeant-major Sanderson proposes that every corps should be drilled to put together this contrivance, and thus, after an engagement, sections of the troops themselves could be told off to re-traverse, where possible, the ground over which they had marched, and to pick up their comrades. Then utilizing their own or their enemies' rifles, with which and the coat and valise straps the stretcher is made, a folded great-coat serving for a pillow, they should improvise these litters—a work of ten minutes—and carry the wounded off to the nearest "Doctors' Post." The advantages of this stretcher, which can be improvised by the soldiers with the accoutrements which they always have with them, are manifestly great, and the Thirtieth Regiment has been duly drilled in making them. Four men are told off to each stretcher, two rifles being lashed together to form one side, which is connected with its fellow by accoutrement straps, forming the bed of the stretcher, about two feet three inches in width.



THE STRETCHER IN USE IN THE FIELD.



THE NEW ARMS-AND-ACCOUTREMENT STRETCHER USED IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—THE FORMATION OF THE STRETCHER.

CAPTURE OF THE ZULU KING.

THE capture of Cetewayo, the savage but heroic King of the Zulus, was effected by a patrol under command of Major Marter, of the Queen's Dragoon Guards, on August 28th, in a kraal at the edge of the Ngome Forest. He had been pursued for a fortnight incessantly by Captain Lord Gifford, under the orders of Major Barrow, through the wild region north of the Black Umvolosi River. He was immediately brought, with his companions, to Brigadier-General Clark's encampment on the banks of that river, stopping at the Ndaza royal kraal on the way. The hut in which he slept on the night of August 29th was guarded by Major Marter and Captain Astley Terry, and Lieutenant Hutton, of the Sixtieth Rifles, while six sentinels passed close by. This extra vigilance was enforced because of the escape of some of his followers during the day. On September 4th the prisoners were brought down to the seashore at Port Durnford, in a wagon drawn by ten mules, escorted by a squadron of Bettington's Horse, all in charge of Captain Ruscombe Poole, R. A. A company of the Ninety-first Regiment was drawn up on the spot, forming line opposite to the escort, below the signal-station, which had its flag flying. The wagon stood in the square between two lines of military, with the beach at the third side, and with a surf-boat, under Commander Caffin's orders, ready to receive the distinguished voyagers. All the dignity with which Cetewayo had borne his captivity gave way as he saw the sea and realized his fate. In the surf-boat he had his first experience of *mal de mer*, and is said to have conceived the idea that he had been poisoned, while the antics of the whole party are said to have been ludicrous. Nothing could persuade them to sit down quietly, and when they moved they did so crawling on all fours. In the transhipment from the surf-boat to the steamer they were treated not only with gentleness, but with a tender consideration that almost amounted to homage. A bridge was made for the passage from the boat to the ship, and on the poop of the *Natal* a temporary kraal was erected, consisting of a wooden framework covered with a heavy tarpaulin. The surf runs so high on this coast that landing or embarking can only be effected by means of surf-boats, which are hauled to and fro on a rope, one end of which is fixed on board a tug vessel, while the other is firmly anchored on shore.

THE ROYAL LIBRARY OF PARIS.

IN 1739 the Royal Library of Paris contained 300,000 volumes and objects of every description. In 1859 the number averaged 1,200,000. During the last 20 years the increase has been more sensible, and the actual number is estimated at 2,000,000. The mean annual increase from legal deposits alone is 20,000. Out of these 2,000,000 about 450,000 are devoted to French history, 200,000 to theology, 90,000 to science and philosophy, 60,000 to natural history, and 20,000 to English history. Part of the French and English historical and medical works are arranged in systematic catalogues.



THE CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO.—HUT IN WHICH THE KING WAS CONFINED ON THE NIGHT AFTER THE ESCAPE OF SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS.

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A YOUNG MAN OF FASHION

ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING HIM AS HE IS, AND AS HE HAS BEEN.

NEVER in the history of the race has the young man of fashion been so respectable a person as he is at the present moment. He is, to look at in the morning, a shaggy object, in a rough great-coat and a low, easy felt hat or a fur cap. He is dressed in loose-fitting garments, not meant for show. His shoes are stout and easy. If he chooses in the middle of the day to get married, or



COSTUME OF VENICE, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

to give away his sister in the holy rite, he then wears a broadcloth double-breasted coat, and is very nice as to cravat, but no show is allowed even then. For dinner he dresses in the quietest suit of black, not so ornamental as his butler's. He wears the plainest of linen shirts, with a gold button or a linen one, and an immaculate tie. On his large, shapely, perhaps brawny, but well-kept hands, are two rings, but no gloves. He does not even permit a gold watch-chain to appear, so remorselessly plain is he. If he has a foppery, it appears in a pair of delicate silk stockings and a neat pump. His nails are like Lord Byron's, "a rosebud with a halfmoon in it"; he is as clean as a moonbeam. A tub, in the morning, of cold water; another, of hot, before dinner; and if *vinaigre de toilette* or cologne, or violet-powder, find their way to his toilet, it is merely as supplementary to much scrubbing in good soap-and-water. He is careful not to offend women either by a stare or a swagger, or any inattention to their comfort in public conveyance or the ballroom. He cleanses from himself the traces of cigar-smoke and of liquors before he enters their presence. He may be a working, and still a man of fashion, or he may be the inheritor of a great fortune and a man to whom leisure is becoming and proper; but in either case he is the same simple, manly, unaffected person. Not brightening his beauty by any adventitious aid of dress, he may dress six times a day if he chooses, but each time it is with reference to the amusement or the work he has on hand, and not a "fixing up" of himself.

To be an effete or effeminate man now requires courage. No matter how much a man may stow away in his inner consciousness of that character, he dares not show it. If he is not able to wrestle, he must know men who do. If the "Chicken" and the "Danbury Pet" are not to his taste, he must read up about them. He must, if not able to "pull an oar," know all about boating as a science, and he must be able to fight, if need be.

Many of us can remember when a dandy choice few spirits appeared in coats which fitted in around the waist; when fine cloths (not rough tweeds) were worn by gentlemen; when a man prided himself on his small, white hands, and when there was, no doubt, a distinct country known as "swelldom." There was then a privileged class—privileged to lounge in club-windows, to do nothing and to know less than nothing—yes, very much less.

These men, if they could lead the German, if they dressed well, had money, and could send bouquets and keep horses, play high and pay their gaming



THE MAN OF FASHION, A. D. 1800.

debts, were called the young "men of fashion," and were in great request in society. Many of them led a tame-cat existence at the feet of some woman of beauty and fashion, who, with no very inconvenient scruples, yet needed this addition to her dress, her fan and her opera-box, of an attendant satellite. It was a poor copy of the Italian *cecisbeo* as described by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and of whom an Italian nobleman said to her: "We recognize the fashion, but we have never had your English *sangfroid* to describe it." Yet it was a copy, a recognized necessity. Even the good, the honest, the hard-working men of the world looked upon these men with a certain respect, noticed how they dressed, rather felt towards them as members of a distinct profession; and when they, the bees, stopped working for a moment, they went to the drones to see how to have their coats cut, and how they must behave when they entered the halls of Fashion, even imitating a mince or a stride.

With tightly-fitting pantaloons, with frock-coat of finest broadcloth, with billows of satin cravat, with rolling hat and neatly buttoned gloves, with ambrosial curls and (it was said) with painted cheeks, did poor N. P. Willis, the last of the dandies, promenade Broadway thirty years ago. He was a figure, then, decidedly elegant, and he had a host of followers. Then he got into the caricaturists' hands, and much that was really great and worthy in a man of genius and a man of industry went down before the voice of ridicule. And yet he did much good. He rebuked our American mistakes. He told the Elijah Pograms and the Colonel Bardwell Slotes that they must not wear dress-coats in the morning, and satin stocks at breakfast. He attacked the satin waistcoat, and brought in the broad, strong, English shoe.

It was not strange that, attached to the traditions of that elegant society which he saw in London, Willis forgot to go on with the times, and during our war was seen at Washington and at the White House as the "curled and perfumed Assyrian bull" which Tennyson has immortalized in "Maud," taking the idea from the illustrations in Layard's "Nineveh," and, observing the resemblance to a London swell of thirty years ago, he uttered that line which so few people understand.

But those who followed N. P. Willis in his nicely-fitting coats forgot to follow his genuine accomplishments. None of them tried to write "Absalom." They were not dandies of genius, so that intermediary stage, where a man hung on to the trailing skirts of fashion, by effeminacy of manner, a womanish attention to dress, a very mannish aptitude for dissipation, and no possible idea of being anything or doing anything, was, perhaps, the poorest episode in the history of a man of fashion.

In our country it was definitely brushed away by the war. A great movement, politically, rousing the best men and bringing them to the front, swept away all the cobwebs, and the Duke of Wellington's remark was made more than once, "the puppies fight well," as the loungers in club-windows became the famous colonels of regiments. Waists were let out, corsets were thrown to the housemaid, shoes were broadened, and the man, hidden in the calyx of the dandy, blossomed forth.

In England the tendency to out-of-door sports—



THE MAN OF FASHION, A. D. 1830.

the cricket, the ball-club and the rowing-match—was doing the same work, and the progress of the age, that high-sounding phrase by which we express the hidden force which brings about an inexplicable change in any set of customs or manners, was telling the knell of old formalities.

As it became the fashion for every man to try to be able to pull a good oar, so that man must first be sober in his meats and drinks. "Physical culture" put an end to much drunkenness. It is the best apostle of the temperance reform—it is the real Father Mathew. Then one word in favor of clubs. They are a great improvement on the old bar-room, where men used to congregate, and where the man who could not drink was thought a milksop. Young men at clubs now undoubtedly drink too much, are too lazy, too fond of cards, are very far from being Paladins of Charlemagne or knights "*sans peur et sans reproche*," but they are vastly better men than was the dandy of thirty years ago.

But the man of fashion of to-day, he who by inherited wealth is removed from the necessity of work, he who can consecrate his youth to amusement if he chooses, is apt to be, in the first place, an accomplished man.

He knows music well, can sing a good song, play the piano or some instrument, or he is an artist. He can sketch, paint a tile or a very nice water-color; he can etch if he chooses, or dabble in art in the studio of a sculptor. Indeed, one of our richest young men in New York is an admirable sculptor, or he takes to chemistry or some other natural science. If these do not amuse him, he becomes a cricketer, or a boatman, or a ball-player, or he drives a coach—a very manly occupation—and in almost nine cases out of ten, he is a well-read man. Not now, as formerly, at a dinner-table, could an alarming swell make the mistake of asking if "The Shield of Achilles" were a horse, nor if "Richelieu" were one of Shakespeare's plays, nor if "Pericles" were a species of shell-fish. A young man of fashion



COSTUME OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM III.

must know something, else he would be a very poor companion for his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts"—for they all know a great deal.

There has been one thing rather against young men in America, and against the best class, too; they were put at work so young that they had not time to cultivate their minds as their sisters and lady-loves were doing (for a more clever, industrious, bright set than the young American women do not exist). This brought about a sort of indulgent tranquillity towards the minds of men, on the part of women. They loved men for what they were, the most indulgent, chivalrous, noble husbands in all the world, and forgave them for what they did not know; so men were allowed to be stupid. "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Men must not be stupid any longer. A man must go to Harvard or Yale or Princeton, and the more he is worth the more he must know. He may wind up at Oxford, if he have a mind; nay, if he go down-town and sweep out a store (and these are the nineteenth-century knights), he must read, think and inwardly digest. Most young American men continue to do this; they justify About's description of them. Their enormous energy, which has been partly the fruit of necessity, partly brought out by the whip and spur of climate, partly the growth of republican institutions which are always issuing such drafts on the Bank of Hope, have made young Americans almost ludicrously successful and a proverb to Europeans.

The words "dandy" and "fop" have thus, it would seem, become obsolete. The dandy is like the dodo, an extinct bird. It is rather a pity, for it deprives literature and the drama of a type. The English dandy made almost his last bow to an English audience in the play of "Money," where, as *Sir Frederic Blount*, he stands for the incarnation of feebleness, selfishness and fine clothes. The Dandy in Disguise gave us the fine novels of "Pelham" and of "Cecil, a Coxcomb," probably the best society novel ever written. That iron hand under the velvet glove, that hero who seeks the sunny or the shady side of Pall Mall, lounges in at clubs, speaks with a lisp or a drawl, and then goes out to conquer the world with the courage of Hercules, the strength of Samson and the wiliness of Jason, has been very dear to the novelists, down to Ouida. But now she has got to give him up, for he is too rare for identification. The man who loves fine clothes, who has really the native instinct of self-adornment, who would prink his feathers, must now take refuge in being a soldier and wear a uniform, or he must go mildly into private theatricals, for there is no dandyism allowed by the regulation-drill of the nineteenth century.

It is curious to observe how Robertson tried, in his society drama, to rehabilitate the dandy, but his are all dandy lions; the strong, real, true man is masquerading—there was no genuine Brummelism in it.

The history of old dandies is pathetic, that of Brummell almost a tragedy. Some letters of his, in possession of a lady of this city, came out during the Metropolitan Fair in the sale of autographs. They were beautiful letters, written in a fair English flowing hand, such as the duchesses write, and betrayed a more than usual amount of culture.

They were written, poor old fellow! from Bologne, whither he was banished by poverty and the frown of George the Fourth, the most heartless dandy whom the world ever saw; and he speaks in one of having just forwarded a monkey across the Channel to "a lady of quality," and makes some witty commentaries on his past. All leaders must have talent. Brummell had, or he would not have had such a following. Count D'Orsay, the prince of the dandies, had much accomplishment and real learning; yet to dress his fine person in garments which fitted like his skin, to wear coats with immensely rolling collars, to arrange a watch-chain in many a glittering coil across his delicate waistcoat, was to him the occupation of many a precious hour. Byron admired him and copied his style of dress, until Lady Jersey said, "My dear Byron, you are never so handsome as you are with your collar turned back, and your hair matted down by your hat"; and then Byron assumed a foppery of carelessness, for the great poet had his weaknesses, and was not indifferent to the reputation which he had of being the handsomest man in London.

Lord Houghton was a great dandy in his youth. Bulwer Lytton called him the "cool of the evening"; but no greater dandy ever lived than Benjamin Disraeli, the man who made himself of the falsest prophecy—"the history of heroes, it is the history of youth!" The fop, perhaps, a shade removed from the dandy, back a century or so, into the time of snuff-boxes and powder, was the dear darling of the French comedy, the precious outlet of Pope's spleen (as in his sketch of Lord Hervey), the conductor for some of Cowper's melancholy madness. A book could be written on the "Place of the Fop in Literature."

Shakespeare did not trouble himself much about them. The great master dearly loved a beautiful young man; he liked to flood the world with Hamlets and Romeos and Valentines. Malvolio, in his melancholy, gartering his stockings with yellow, is perhaps a fop in love, but the character did not receive study at his hands. Perhaps there were few fops in his day. Fine dressing was *de rigueur* in the days of the Virgin Queen; noble living, and an echo of chivalry, were yet in the air. One can scarcely imagine a fop in the same age as that which produced Sir Walter Raleigh.

But Sir Walter Scott designed to sketch the character in Sir Percie Shafton, and great masters, in France, England, Germany, in poetry, the drama, and in romance, in painting, have all delineated it.

How Hogarth luxuriated in it! In "Marriage à la Mode" the fop is immortalized.

Now the painter, the dramatist, the romance-writer has no such subject. He must, if he sketch the young man of fashion, draw a very prosaic picture of a very good fellow, sometimes as handsome as the Antinous, but concealing his graces under a billycock hat and an ulster; sometimes as tall, as noble, as Greek in outline, as the Apollo, with the same "beautiful disdain" in his profile, but quite careless, perhaps ignorant, of the fact, or profoundly indifferent to it; thinking much more of the biceps or the muscle in the forearm than his beauty; wondering whether he shall beat as single-scull, or if he shall win the race on his horse Bouncer, or if he shall make a score at cricket, or win at racquets, than if he shall make a good effect in the drawing-room.

All this devotion to physical exercise has improved the beauty of American young manhood, and is removing from us the reproach of being the skinny, sallow Yankee which we are represented as being on the English stage. The sculptors say that the young men of to-day are far nearer the Greek models than they were twenty years ago. They live nearer to the Greek model. They run, they throw the quoit, they exercise the arms, they bathe, they cultivate the body, not thinking of themselves or of their beauty. They have unconsciously attained to the highest beauty, and we who see them rowing on Saratoga Lake, or playing at cricket, or riding a horse in jockey dress, or playing in burlesque, where they allow themselves free play in dancing and in grace, say to ourselves that Phidias and Michael Angelo did not model from their imaginations or from a demigod, but from such boys as these.

There is a fresh departure in this return of the young man of fashion to masculine work. There was something very fine in the coaching mania. It was not a bad sight to watch Colonel Kane's face as he drove at a full run down from the Park to the Hotel Brunswick, a dozen lives in his hands, a thousand under his horses' feet. It was a command of all the finer forces of observation and of strength which were brought into play to avoid an accident in our crowded streets. One might say that a man with no fortune at all, an ordinary coachman, who had not had Colonel Kane's opportunities of education and polish, from contact with the best people



COSTUME OF THE LATTER PART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

in England and America, could have done it as well. But an ordinary coachman could not have done it as well, nor have made it so delightful to hundreds of people to take a drive in the open air through our Spring scenery. It was much better than lounging in a club-window, or on the "shady side of Pall Mall." It proved itself to be wise by the manner in which it was patronized, and fortune favored the brave and spared Colonel Kane an accident, such as might have happened even to his cool head and wonderful nerve.

The world is full of heroes—on the quarter-deck, on the little schooner, on the raft, on the prairie, down in Wall Street in some grim back office, in the ranks of the fighters for bread, and in the much-to-be-pitied soldiers who are leading up to that forlorn hope, an attempt to make a life of leisure pay in America. In a country where work is the fashion, where there is no licensed leisure, as there is in Europe, a young man who has to get rid of his day in amusement is to be commiserated. He has in the first place to get rid of himself, a very troublesome customer. There are his muscles and sinews demanding action. There is his brain uncomfortably stimulated by the oxygen in the atmosphere. His forces have to be fatigued; as Mrs. Stowe forcibly puts it, "passions and feelings are pouring into his veins like tides into the Bay of Fundy." He is a hero who innocently conquers this problem. No wonder old Watts remarked with much freedom *apropos* of Satan, that he always found some work for idle hands to do.

All honor to the young man of fashion of the nineteenth century! That he is so modest, so well-behaved, so manly a man with so little affectation, with so keen an appreciation of outdoor exercise and cleanliness, with so plucky a heart and with such a gentle, true and chivalrous devotion to women:

"For, though all unknown it be,
In such manly modesty,
We the real hero see."



THE MAN OF FASHION, A. D. 1879.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

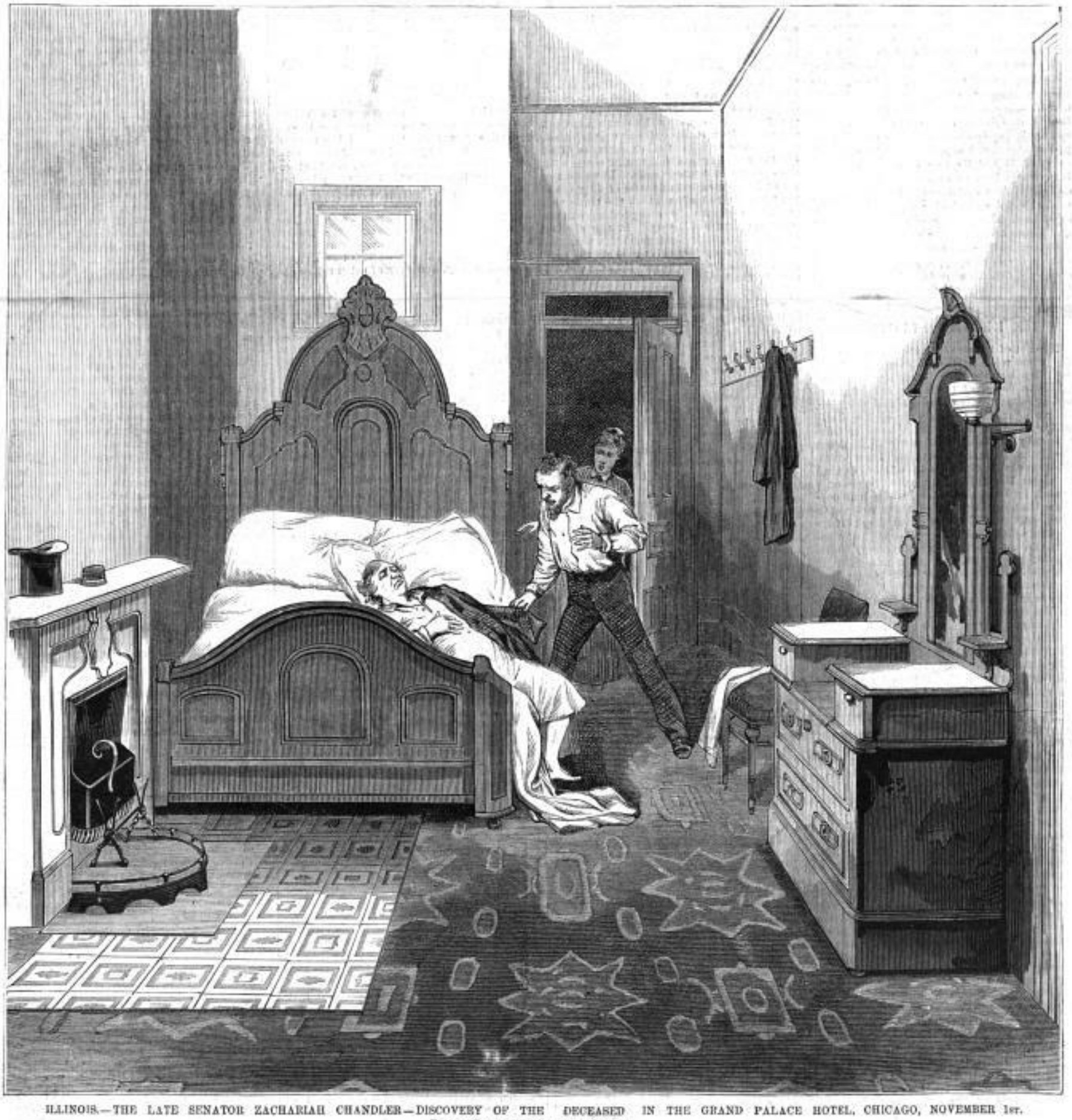
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No. 1,260—Vol. XLIX.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1879. [PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1.00.

THE LATE HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

THE death of Hon. Zachariah Chandler, in the Grand Pacific Hotel at Chicago, created a profound sensation throughout the country. He had been filling a political campaign engagement, his last address being before an immense audience in McCormick's Hall, Chicago, on October 31st. Returning at the close with some friends to the hotel, he spent some time in conversation, during which he complained of an attack of indigestion. Although he had business requiring his attention at home on Saturday, he was persuaded to stop at the hotel over night, orders being given to call him at seven o'clock in the morning. When, on Saturday, the office-boy knocked upon the Senator's door there was no response; a second summons elicited no answer, and then the boy climbed to the transom and looked over. The body of the Senator was seen lying in an uneasy position on the bed—the feet extending over one side, his arms raised above his head and holding a coat that was partially wrapped about his shoulders. Gaining access to the bedroom, the boy found the Senator's body somewhat warm, but the pulse had ceased beating. Dr. McVickar was at once summoned, and he pronounced Mr. Chandler dead. From the arrangement of his clothing and the appearance of the room, it was surmised that he had awakened before the hour at which he was to have been called, and had laid out a clean shirt, having put the coat around his shoulders on account of the morning chill, and then, being stricken with apoplexy, had staggered towards the bed, and died in the position described.

(Continued on page 203.)



ILLINOIS.—THE LATE SENATOR ZACHARIAH CHANDLER—DISCOVERY OF THE DECEASED IN THE GRAND PALACE HOTEL, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 1ST.
FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

We give in the present issue the fourth of a series of illustrated interviews with eminent public men, which it is proposed to continue as a special feature of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *The present interview, with George Jacob Holyoake, the well-known English philanthropist and reformer, relates to the land question in Great Britain and the movement now in progress for the colonization of English farmers in the United States. Mr. Holyoake speaks as an authority on this whole subject, and his statements will be found deeply interesting to all our readers.*

In the present Number we commence the publication of a powerful new serial story, entitled "The Hidden Witness," written expressly for our columns by the author of "That Husband of Mine." This story, for which we pay a large sum, will run through several Numbers, its interest deepening with each successive chapter. We illustrate also, in the present Number, the Grant reception at Galena and Chicago and the Chandler obsequies at Detroit, from original sketches made by our special artist. It is our intention that the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *not only in its pictorial representations of passing events, but in its literary features, and its catholicity and comprehensiveness in dealing with the questions of the day, shall hold the lead it has fairly won in illustrated journalism, and to that end we shall avail ourselves of all the resources which experience can suggest or money can command. The coming year, in which the great national contest for the Presidency is to be decided, will be marked by discussions and events of supreme interest and importance, and the present, therefore, is just the time to subscribe for the* ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *in which all these events and discussions, and those which lead up to them, will be treated with absolute impartiality and independence. For purposes of present instruction and future reference, there can be nothing more instructive and valuable in the family, in which children are being equipped for life's duties and responsibilities, than just such an illustrated history of the times as we present.*

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

IN eight of the eleven States in which elections were held on November 4th the Republicans made conspicuous gains, while in seven of them they achieved victories surprisingly complete and decisive. In New York, the candidacy of Mr. Kelly secured the election of Mr. Cornell as Governor by a plurality of some 37,000, but the Democratic nominees for Lieutenant-Governor and other State offices, having received the full party vote, were only beaten by bare majorities, while it is possible that one or two of them may have been successful. The State Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican. In Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska and Illinois the popular verdict is even more pronounced in the general result.

It is impossible to mistake the meaning of this result. It is a protest against the reactionary policy which was inaugurated at the special session of Congress, and a declaration on the part of the people that they will not tolerate any assault, from whatever quarter, on the established results of the war, or acquiesce in any disturbance of the sound financial system which has brought a revival of national prosperity and placed the public credit upon a foundation at once honorable and secure. Whether they intended it or not, it is undeniable that the attitude of the Democratic leaders in Congress on the question of the sovereignty of the nation—their arrogant assertion of State Rights, and their failure to condemn acts of violence and intimidation committed under cover of that doctrine, in violation of Federal law—has created a widespread feeling of unrest and alarm in the public mind. This feeling has been especially strong among that class of moderates—merchants, farmers, manufacturers and men of business—who consider the agitation of issues involving sectional antagonisms as a menace to the public tranquillity, and who, having no sympathy with the extremists of either party, regard the national welfare as the supreme concern. It is this class whose votes have swollen the Republican victories in the recent elections, and whose support will combine to make the North practically "solid" for that party unless the Democracy shall break loose from the Bourbon leadership which so persistently leads them astray.

The success of the Republicans in such doubtful and uncertain States as Connecticut and New Jersey will probably secure the election, in 1880 or 1881, of United States Senators in place of Senators Eaton and Randolph. In this State, a Republican is likely to succeed Mr. Kernan, and, with other changes which are already assured, the Democratic majority in the Senate will be reduced to a very narrow margin, if, indeed, it is not altogether obliterated. As to the effect of these election results upon the Presidential canvass, it is too soon as yet to speak intelligently, but it is obvious that they increase the chances of Republican success in that great contest. A great deal, however, will depend upon the nominations of the two parties. New York is still fighting-ground, and its vote in the Electoral College, which will be influenced by considerations of character and fitness in the candidates as well as by the principles involved, may after all be decisive.

THE "BOOM" IN IRON.

THE iron trade is "booming." During the past twelve months the development of the business has been most remarkable, and forms a striking incident in the commercial history of the country. Even producers can scarcely realize how great has been the consumption of pig-iron, bar-iron and steel rails since the Spring of 1878. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1873, our importations of iron and steel, and manufactures of the same, amounted to $59,308,452, while the imports of the same articles for the fiscal year terminating with June, 1878, were $9,057,633—a difference on the American side of the ledger of $50,250,819. We are now feeling the stimulus at home of this decrease in imports, quickened by resumption and renewed confidence on the part of capitalists.

The course of the market plainly indicates that the stocks which accumulated in 1873–4, large as they may have been, were disposed of before the opening of the present year. In January last the heaviest dealers in iron made extensive purchases, holding the opinion that an advance of at least one dollar per ton would come with the opening of Spring trade. Down to the 1st of May an actual advance of fifty cents per ton occurred, after which the trade was quiet for a short time, and producers made sales for future delivery. In the closing days of June it became manifest that the demand was greatly in excess of the supply, and this brought buyers into the market with increased orders. At this period pig-iron, adapted to the manufacture of Bessemer steel, was selling at $20 to $21 per ton at the furnaces, and foundry and mill-irons from $17 to $20 per ton, cash. The few months that have since elapsed have witnessed the heaviest advance in iron that the country has ever known in a like period.

At this time of writing, the cash price of Bessemer metal at the furnace is $35 per ton; mill iron, according to grade, sells at the furnaces at the rate of $33 to $36 per ton, and Hocking Valley irons command from $32 up to $35. During July the advance in iron amounted to about three dollars per ton; in August the advance was equal to four dollars; in October the price was increased almost seven dollars, and about two dollars in November. Bar iron has more than doubled in price since the month of June, selling at that period at the rate of $1.60 per one hundred pounds, and now commanding as high as $3.50 for a like weight.

The demand is great, and there is no probability that it will diminish for a considerable time to come. According to present indications, the mills in operation throughout the country will be taxed to their utmost capacity, and new enterprises will necessarily arise. In the meantime, as at present, the home prices will be largely governed by the cost of imported irons. But for our tariff, large quantities of European iron would be sent into the American market, but from the present outlook, foreign producers are likely to have all that they can do at home. Buyers are assuming control of the European market, and enterprises that have been lying dormant for years are being revived and vigorously pushed. Particularly is this true of Russia and France, in which countries there is considerable activity in the building of railways. Another incentive to the demand for iron is to be found in the fact that ocean freights have become remunerative, and this, very naturally, gives an impetus to iron ship-building.

Taking into consideration this item of ocean freight, we find but little difference in the prices of iron at home and in Great Britain. In June last Scotch iron commanded $9 per ton. Since then the price has advanced one hundred per cent., being now quoted at $18 per ton. Add to this the ocean freight, which has risen to $4 and $5 per ton from Glasgow to New York, and the price of Scotch iron laid down in the latter port would range from $22 to $23 per ton. But this is not all. During the past three or four months transportation rates from the seaboard to all western points have advanced fully two dollars per ton, thus increasing the cost of foreign irons to Western consumers. With these equalizing causes operating in favor of home producers it can scarcely be expected that much foreign iron will find its way to a market in the United States.

There does not seem to be anything of a speculative nature in the extraordinary advance of prices in the iron market. The rise occurs as the natural result of a demand greatly in excess of production and the inability to meet existing wants with existing means of production. The result will be to put new furnaces and mills in operation, thereby extending the usefulness of capital and creating an additional demand for labor. Very few people are aware how many persons, with their families, are directly interested in the iron business. Turning to the list of occupations furnished by the census of 1870, we find the following: Operatives engaged in iron furnaces, 7,452; rolling-mills, 17,249; iron and steel works, 22,141; machinists, 54,755; tools and cutlery, 5,351; blacksmiths, 141,774. In addition to the foregoing we find several thousands engaged in minor trades calling for the use of iron and steel, to which may be added those engaged in mining iron ore. Perhaps two millions of people derive their support from the several branches of steel and iron working, and it is gratifying to observe that an advance of wages follows in the wake of the iron "boom."

THE TURKISH CRISIS.

ANOTHER crisis in Turkey seems to be unavoidable. With a bankrupt treasury, and the army clamoring in vain for money, and with Russia and England intriguing for supremacy in the Cabinet councils, it will be impossible for the Porte to much longer resist the disintegrating tendencies which have so long been at work. England is evidently beginning to see that the Asiatic reforms will never be carried out unless actual pressure is employed, and a formal demand has accordingly been made by the British Ambassador for the immediate execution of treaty stipulations on this subject. Sir Austin Layard has warned the Porte that unless it shall "speedily introduce the reforms to which it has pledged itself in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, and can assure the protection and the just and equal government of the populations, the question of an Armenian nationality, and even of other nationalities, may be raised, which will probably end in further diminishing the authority and territory of His Majesty." Certain demands of England as to the military administration of Erzeroum have been rejected by the Porte, and there are reports that the British fleet, now in the Mediterranean, will proceed to Turkish waters unless all promises are faithfully kept. Austrian and Russian diplomats at Constantinople are closely watching the course of events, and it is quite safe to say that a collapse of the Ottoman Government from sheer exhaustion would surprise no careful observer. As to the motive of Beaconsfield's new aggressive policy, it is no doubt found in the sudden change of the Turkish Ministry, concerning which a Paris correspondent writes:

"From the moment of the disgraced Mahmoud Nedim's return to Constantinople it was evident to all who have studied Oriental politics that a revolution was imminent, and that the influence of Russia had again begun to make itself felt in the councils of the Sultan. Mahmoud's popular nickname, Mahmoudoff Nédimoff, is sufficient in itself to indicate his sympathies. He was the creature of General Ignatieff, and the most devoted of the many agents whom Russia has always subsidized at the Porte. His appointment is one of those *coups de théâtre* which Prince Gortschakoff has already, on more than one occasion, served up to Western diplomats who laid the flattering unction to their souls that the old Chancellor was played out and that Bismarck and Andrassy had checkmated him. Lord Salisbury's heart leaped with exultant joy at the erection of a new and insurmountable barrier to Panslavist ambition; yet, scarcely had the 'roughs' of Manchester been assured how 'Austria would stand, as a vigilant sentinel, at the foot of Turkey's ramparts,' when the news was flashed from Stamboul that the enemy had established its garrison within the place, under command of Mahmoudoff. England has been taken unaware; she thought her hold upon Turkey assured for ever, and hoped to find Austria and Germany convenient cat's-paws, willing to take care of her interests while seemingly they looked after their own. The Vienna alliance was a sure guarantee against Russia, argued the Downing Street wiseacres. So it would have been, but for this new combination, which none of them had ever imagined possible, and now, as the Austro-German alliance has been met by a Russo-Turkish alliance, matters have become more complicated than ever."

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

THE desire to remove and alter at will the distinguishing marks of individuality, has always characterized man. Probably the tiger, being a coarse, unthinking beast, does not trouble himself because of his inability to change his spots; but man resents, as a limitation of his liberty, the ineffaceable stamp with which Nature has marked him. How to change one's face, to commit facial forgery, is a problem that has hitherto never been successfully answered. Ingenuity, aided by the resources of science, has been able to do much in the desired direction, but has fallen short of complete success. Hair can be dyed, straight hair can be curled, and poverty of hair can be supplemented with a wig. Teeth that have perished by the wayside can be replaced by the skillful dentist. The complexion can be dyed dark, or whitened by enamel. The mouth can be concealed with real or artificial mustaches, and in the case of the beardless sex its whole meaning can be altered by a careful training of the muscles. Even the nose can be remodeled by intelligent and persistent squeezing, and the surgeon's art can even supply new noses when they are needed. With the aid of these devices a man can, to a very great extent, alter his original appearance. He can treat himself as the forger treats a bank-note which he raises from a low to a high denomination, by altering the figures on its face. Straight-haired, blond and ugly John Smith can convert himself into a comparatively handsome Italian nobleman by judiciously altering his hair, complexion and teeth. Nevertheless, though he forge himself with the utmost skill, his eyes will betray him. The blue-eyed man will remain blue-eyed while he lives, and the black-eyed man will descend black-eyed to his tomb. You may dye, you may crumple the hair if you will, but the tint of the eye is practically unchanged, as the poet has in substance asserted.

At least such has hitherto been the universal belief as to the unalterable character of the eye, but now comes a German doctor and announces that he has discovered how to completely change the color of the eye. He can give the black-eyed girl eyes of the purest blue, and if she has a taste for novelty, can furnish her with eyes of any specified color. This remarkable man is ready to dye any eyes that may be intrusted to his skill, either blue, black, hazel, green, red, yellow, purple, brown, white, or, in short, any conceivable color. We may shortly expect to see all sorts of novel and entertaining eyes, and fashion may soon order that every lady shall wear one scarlet and one yellow eye—a combination that would be exceedingly gorgeous, though perhaps somewhat barbaric in point of taste.

The result of this discovery of the feasibility of dyeing the eyes will be to enable any man or woman to completely change his or her physiognomy. It gives us the power to utterly thwart the intention of Nature that each person should be marked for identification permanently and indelibly. A man can now alter his appearance so thoroughly, that in his remodeled face there cannot be found a single one of the original features. He may not only thus discard his former self, but he may counterfeit some other and more valuable person. Changing his eyes, he destroys his identity so completely that the most skillful detective could never hope to recognize him. The escaped and eye-dyed murderer can laugh at pursuit, and traveling criminals can fit themselves to the stolen passports of honest men instead of running the dangerous risk of forging passports to suit their own original features.

The question will eventually arise, to what extent the person who has entirely remodeled himself, even to his eyes, can be considered the same individual that he originally was. Suppose that a man marries a woman with black eyes, black hair, dark complexion and the usual quantity of teeth and legs. Suppose, also, that at the expiration of ten years he finds her with yellow hair, blue eyes, light complexion, a full set of new teeth and a cork leg, may he not justly maintain that his original wife has vanished, and that the new and artificial person who has taken her place has no claim upon him? Hitherto the wife, no matter to what extent she might have been altered and made over, could always identify herself by her eyes. If, however, even the color of her eyes is altered, she can no longer claim to be the same physically that she was when first married, and in most cases she will have undergone at least as great a change spiritually. It will probably be decided by our courts, after eye-dyeing becomes common, that its legal effect is to work an entire change of personality, and that the eye-dyed person must be regarded as physically, morally, and in all possible aspects, a new creature. This will, of course, lead, in some cases, to awkward complications; but, on the whole, it will prove a blessing. We all grow tired of ourselves at times, and we may find it an unspeakable relief to throw our old blue-eyed selves away, and begin life anew as other and black-eyed men.

THE CITY LUNATIC ASYLUM.

OUR attention has been called to certain statements in one of the city newspapers impugning the efficiency of the executive management of the City Lunatic Asylum at Blackwell's Island, of which Dr. W. W. Strew is Medical Superintendent. These statements, we are assured, from our own personal knowledge, are altogether without foundation in fact. The truth is that this institution has never, since its organization, been more humanely, systematically or successfully managed than at this time. The number of recoveries,

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for instance, under Dr. Strew's superintendency has been greater than at any previous period, having so far this year numbered 125 as against 81 in 1877. Dr. Strew gives his personal attention to all the details of supervision, and by his considerate, thoughtful and humane treatment of patients, his genial manner in all his intercourse with them, exerts at all times a wholesome and invigorating influence over the entire institution. His supervision is so thorough that even his most intimate friends are denied the privilege, freely accorded by some previous officials, of mingling with the patients and exploring at will all parts of the asylum. He holds that good discipline is of more importance than the gratification of the curiosity of visiting friends, and we have, ourselves, been more than once refused privileges in the asylum, to which we, at the time, considered ourselves fully entitled. In so large an institution, with several hundred patients, the medical superintendent necessarily comes into contact with every variety of character, and cannot, of course, expect to satisfy the prejudices and exactions of all with whom he has to do; but he has a right to demand that he shall be treated fairly and his administration honestly judged by its results, and when it is attacked from unworthy motives of any sort, every right-thinking journalist should interpose for his vindication. Honest, faithful and efficient public servants are not so numerous that the community can afford to have them driven out by calumny and injustice, in order that small incapables may step into their places. As for three specific cases of inhumanity, alleged to have occurred under Dr. Strew's management, we have made a thorough investigation into the facts, and it is sufficient to say that the charges brought against him are as unfounded as they are cruel.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE recent municipal elections throughout England afford presages of a coming Liberal triumph. In nearly every contest which involved political considerations the Liberals were triumphant, while in some important boroughs their success was overwhelming. In Liverpool, for instance, they gain eight members of the Town Council, and they are greatly elated at the prospect of speedily securing control of the Government. They certainly have good ground for encouragement, since a change in only twenty-five or thirty seats will destroy the Tory majority and give them the upper hand. Many of these seats belong of right to the Liberals, and were thrown away in 1874 through local dissensions which do not seem likely to be repeated. To capture the rest nothing is required but hard work, and there is every indication that the election will not be lost for want of that. The accession of Lord Derby to the Liberals is, of course, a very serious loss to the conservatives, and will, no doubt, be followed by a division of the representation from Lancashire, which now returns eight Conservatives, and not a single Liberal, to the House.

It is now said that the relations between Russia and England are altogether cordial, that Russia has abandoned the idea of a new Central Asian expedition, and that the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg has actually submitted to Prince Gortschakoff a carefully matured scheme for a mutual understanding between England and Russia in regard to their conquests and possessions in Central Asia, based upon the retention by England of the whole of Afghanistan. Of course, all statements of this character are simply nonsense. The only fact among the rumors of the week appears to be that the Russian Ambassador will not be withdrawn from London, as was at one time proposed, on account of the hostile expressions of Lord Salisbury's recent speech at Manchester. A statement that "Bismarck has requested the Russian Government to withdraw a force of 20,000 cavalry from Poland, on the borders of German territory," lacks confirmation. The Emperor William has furnished another theme for comment in political circles by extending an invitation to the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir and the Russian Ambassador to join him in several days' shooting on the royal estates. It is denied that there is any estrangement between Germany and France.

The Government Bill relating to the abolition of slavery in Cuba has been presented in the Spanish Cortes. It proposes that the freedmen shall remain for a certain time under the patronage of their former masters, receiving wages. After this the freedmen will be under obligation to work under contract, or follow some avocation under the protection of the Government, for another term, at the expiration of which they will acquire civil and political rights. The Government also proposes certain economic reforms in Cuba, and the representatives from Porto Rico will also demand Bills for the reform of the tariffs and the commercial relations with Spain.

The election of the communist Humbert as a member of the Municipal Council of Paris has been annulled. There are many who regard the policy of the Government as to Humbert, and in the suspension of the *Marseillaise* newspaper for publishing a letter of M. Rochefort, as a mistaken one. In fact, the Republican journals are almost unanimous in their condemnation of that policy. A Paris correspondent sums up a review of the situation as follows:

"Twelve years ago M. Gambetta told the Imperialists, 'Every other Government of France has celebrated the anniversary of its origin; the Empire alone does not dare to celebrate the 2d of December!' To-day we may say that, although the Ministerial organs of every régime have always heretofore supported the repressive action of their friends, not one voice is raised in support of the condemnation of the *Marseillaise*. * * We are on the eve of a political crisis, and although the revolution will be bloodless, it will be none the less a revolution. I think a more advanced party will come in; perhaps M. Gambetta will consent to assume the direction of affairs; but the President of the Chambers, for whose talents I have the highest admiration, is as much of a Sphynx as Bismarck, and no human being can tell what are the secret intentions of either statesman until his plans are perfectly ripe for execution. Of only one thing can we be certain: the entire home and foreign policy of France will be modified with the incoming of the next Administration."

The province of Jaen, in Spain, has been devastated by inundations, and there has been a renewal of the floods in Murcia. King Alfonso, on his visit to the inundated districts, was received with genuine enthusiasm. At Murcia, he was welcomed by the whole population. Rich and poor forgot for a while their troubles in order to cheer the King with the new title of "The Charitable and Beneficent King." The marriage of the King is fixed for December 1st. A Bill is before the Chamber of Deputies granting to the future Queen $60,000 annually, and $10,000 annually in case of her widowhood.

Special dispatches represent that affairs in Ireland are becoming more and more serious. The Government has sent an agent to investigate the condition of the people, but does not seem to give much thought to the question of providing a remedy for existing evils. A *World* correspondent states that few of the Irish landlords can get any rent paid at all, and matters are evidently approaching a crisis. It is said that two British cavalry regiments and a body of infantry will be sent to Ireland as a precautionary measure.

The Paris Bourse has been greatly agitated by the failure of several leading speculators. M. Philippart, the well-known financier, has disappeared, leaving enormous liabilities, and the indications are that his downfall will seriously affect the whole speculative market.—In Great Britain the indications of a business revival continue to multiply.—The situation in both Afghanistan and South Africa remains substantially unchanged.—The French Chambers will meet on the 27th instant.—Prince Bismarck is still ill from gout and other disorders.—Austria proposes to reduce the army of occupation in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is denied that the Protestants in Bohemia are treated with intolerance.—A new commission on the Greek frontier question is talked of.

THE revival of business is very clearly shown by the growing demand for money. Statistics show that the increase in national bank circulation during the last two months reached the sum of $7,500,000, most of which was demanded by the Eastern States, where industry and trade are becoming more and more animated.

SECRETARY SHERMAN, in a recent letter, declines to be a candidate for United States Senator from Ohio. He evidently is gunning for bigger game. General Garfield is said to be the favorite Administration candidate for Mr. Thurman's seat, but he will have several strong competitors, and he may lose the prize. His election would probably prove more satisfactory to the country than that of any other candidate now named.

THE defeat of General Butler for the fourth time, in his aspirations for the Massachusetts Governorship, will afford genuine satisfaction to right-thinking people in all parts of the country. General Butler represents elements in our politics whose dominance would be in every sense unfortunate for the best interests of the country, and his defeat in a canvass in which he had the benefit of some exceptionally favorable conditions constitutes a proof of the soundness of public opinion, and the fidelity of the Massachusetts conscience to traditional convictions, which is all the more welcome because of the doubt as to the result, which, for a time seemed to be justified by the facts in the case.

THE growth of the country and the development of the postal service in keeping pace with the increase of population, is strikingly illustrated by the annual report of the Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service. The report shows an increase of over 400,000,000 pieces of mail matter handled on the postal cars during the past year, the aggregate being nearly 2,650,000,000, or about twenty per cent. more than the preceding year. The report of the Free Delivery Service shows a similar expansion of the benefits of the postal system. The aggregate number of letters, postal cards and newspapers handled during the year by the 2,359 carriers in the eighty-eight free delivery cities amounted to nearly 810,000,000, being an increase in the total number of pieces of nearly 100,000,000.

THE late Legislative elections in Virginia turned upon the question of the settlement of the public debt on the basis of the Act passed at the last session of the Legislature. Seven years ago a funding Bill reduced the debt of Virginia from $45,000,000 to $30,000,000 by "assigning" $15,000,000 to West Virginia for payment. Both States have practically repudiated that third. The Act of last Winter reduces the interest on Virginia's two-thirds from six per cent. to four, and makes regular payment of interest possible without a further increase of taxation. A strong party, led by General William Mahone, favored a new adjustment or practical repudiation, and the fight was between this party and the debt-payers. The latter made a gallant canvass, and seem to have carried the day in favor of an honest payment of the debt. Their majority in the Legislature, however, is at best a meagre one, and the subject can scarcely be regarded as finally removed from the arena of agitation and controversy.

THE report of the Inspector-General of the Army states that all the barracks, workshops, etc., of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, where 339 prisoners are confined, have been completed exclusively by convict labor, and that it is now proposed, by the introduction of machinery, to manufacture at that point all the boots and shoes required by the army. General Marcy, in view of the success of the experiment as a manufacturing scheme, as well as of its beneficence to the health and future well being of the convicts, recommends that measures be taken for the fabrication of other army supplies which are now obtained from contractors, and thus eventually make the establishment nearly, if not quite, self-sustaining. This employment by the Government of convict labor in competition with free labor will be apt to provoke indignant censure at the hands of those politicians and labor reformers who are making an issue of this matter in the politics of the country.

A LATE letter from Stanley, the explorer, dated at Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo River, gives the first definite intelligence as to the nature of the work in which he is now engaged. He says that his present mission is to open, and keep open, if possible, all such districts and countries as he may explore in Africa for the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society representing several nations, and while not a religious society, his instructions are animated by a Christian spirit. "No violence must be used, and wherever rejected the mission must withdraw to seek another field. The explorer has abundant means, and therefore he is to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demands be made upon him, rather than violently oppose them." Stanley thinks that a year's time will demonstrate whether any satisfactory progress can be made and tolerance secured under this new system. His expeditionary force embraces fifteen Europeans and 200 natives. Further accounts as to this new venture in the interest of commerce and civilization will be awaited with intense interest.

THE Chinese Government is represented by General Grant as looking to the practical utilization of the mechanical skill which its subjects have acquired in this country, by establishing new industries, and so multiply the avenues of employment. Already one woolen mill has been started, with American machinery, and a cotton mill of 800 looms is in course of erection. Sufficient wheat is grown to warrant a large flouring mill. The Government offers inducement to moneyed men to go into a variety of industries on our factory system, and General Grant was assured that it is determined to place itself abreast of the progress of other nations. A California correspondent says upon the subject:

"The Chinese Government is averse to abrogating or changing the Burlingame Treaty, but the objections we have to further incursions of Chinese laborers it is willing to remove, as a matter of national courtesy, by stopping emigration. Nothing is surer than this, viz.: China and Japan will, in time not remote, undersell us in all the markets of Asia, and be independent of us in cereals and in the precious metals. This consummation may prove to be the providential purpose of the Mongolian incursion of men without women to make them homes and permanent attachments here."

THE GRANT RECEPTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

(*From the San Francisco Chronicle*, October 20th.)

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER came to hand a fortnight ago with a large and striking engraving, prepared in the best style of modern art, which presented the main features of the notable occurrence as the average spectator will recall them.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX.

(*From the Covenant.*)

"FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX for November is before us, and, as usual, is filled with good things for the children, indeed, many things may be read with profit by children of a larger growth. This little magazine has over forty good engravings, touches on Natural and Scriptural History, Poems, etc. Published monthly, price 10 cents, or $1 a year."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE hostile Apache Indians have been driven out of New Mexico.

SECRETARY EVARTS is preparing a note to the British Government on the fisheries question.

PRESIDENT HAYES will open the grand fair of the New York Seventh Regiment, November 17th.

THE Methodist Missionary Committee, at a meeting held last week, fixed the basis of its appropriations for missionary purposes, for 1880, at $595,000.

HON. RICHARD SCHELL, for many years one of the conspicuous figures of American politics, died at his residence in New York, November 16th. Aged 60 years.

DURING September and October, 1,190 children were refused admission to the primary departments of the public schools in this city, for the want of accommodation.

THE steamship *Faraday* has arrived at Halifax, having successfully laid the new French cable from Brest to St. Pierre, and will now lay it from St. Pierre to Cape Cod.

BY an explosion in a candy manufactory at Kansas City, Missouri, November 7th, which partly destroyed the building, seven persons were burned and crushed to death.

THE scramble for Senator Chandler's seat in the Senate has already begun in Michigan. There are several aspirants for it, but indications point to the selection of ex Governor Bagley.

ON November 8th, a span of a railroad bridge over the Missouri River at St. Charles, Mo., broke under the weight of a cattle train, precipitating seventeen cars into the river. Four persons were killed.

"REGULATORS" are extending their organization through Kentucky and threatening all judges and attorneys with summary treatment if they hinder, on legal technicalities, the trials of any persons in custody for felonies.

THE *Sea Breeze*, the first of the whaling fleet to arrive at San Francisco, reports that on September 2d, when fifty miles south of Herald Island, she sighted a sail, which afterwards proved to be the *Jeannette* fighting pack and loose ice.

THE report of Second Comptroller Upton, of the Treasury Department, shows that the total number of accounts and claims revised and adjusted during the year was 20,919, involving $83,271,557, and that 2,311 claims were examined, upon which $2,244,230 were allowed.

CONGRESSMEN WRIGHT, of Pennsylvania, and Murch, of Maine, visited Boston last week for the purpose of taking evidence for the Congressional Committee on the depression of business. Among the witnesses examined were Wendell Phillips and General Horace Binney Sargent.

ADVICES from the Indian Territory report the Arkansas River entirely dry at the Big Bend. This was never known to be the case before. The corn crops are very short in the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Seminole and Creek nations, and much suffering in consequence is anticipated.

JOHN P. HAWS, a bookkeeper employed by the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Bank, of New York, has embezzled $38,455 from the bank, and is a fugitive. He left a letter to his brother, confessing the crime, and implicating a customer of the bank. Most of the money was spent in playing policy.

SECRETARY SCHURZ last week gave audience to a delegation of Indians, representing a certain dissatisfied number of Sacs and Foxes and Iowa tribes, who desire authority to remove to Indian Territory from their present reservation, which comprises 24,000 acres in Northern Kansas and Southern Nebraska. Their request was refused.

MAJOR RENO, of the Seventh Cavalry, who after two years' suspension from duty for an indecent assault, was recently ordered to duty at Fort Meade, is, it is reported, again in similar trouble. He has been placed under arrest, and General Terry has ordered a court-martial to try the charges which have been preferred against him.

SECRETARY SHERMAN, in his estimates for the expenses of the Government for the next fiscal year, asks for seven millions more than was requested last year. Nearly three millions additional will be required for taking the census. Two millions are wanted for the payment of pensions. The Post Office Department, because of its increasing growth, demands two millions more.

THE results of the New York City election, November 4th, show that of the 32 offices to be filled Tammany captured 10, Anti-Tammany 12, and the Republicans 10, but the lucrative and important offices fell largely to the Anti-Tammany party. They elected the Sheriff, County Clerk, a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, 2 Coroners, 2 Aldermen-at-Large, and 5 District Aldermen.

AT four o'clock on the morning of November 7th the steamship *Champion*, from New York for Charleston, was run into by the ship *Lady Octavia*, off the Delaware Capes, and sunk in five minutes. Thirty-two of the crew and passengers are believed to have been lost, and twenty-five saved. The colliding vessel was seriously damaged, and towed to Philadelphia with the saved passengers. Another Charleston steamer—the *Falcon*, running to Baltimore—was sunk November 9th, by collision with a schooner in Chesapeake Bay, but no lives were lost. The Guion line steamship *Arizona*, which sailed from New York for Liverpool, November 4th, struck an iceberg on the night of the 7th, and went into St. John's for repairs. No one was hurt and the cargo is undamaged.

Foreign.

IT is proposed to place all the Belgian railways under Government control.

DURING October 1,200 immigrants arrived at Toronto, most of whom settled in Ontario and Manitoba.

SARAH BERNHARDT, the actress, has been very ill, and, though her health is now improved, has not yet recovered.

THE Hon. Edward F. Noyes, the United States Minister to France, has arrived at Constantinople on his way to Egypt.

PROFESSOR JAMES CLARK MAXWELL, of England, the writer and lecturer on natural sciences, is dead, in his 48th year.

MARSHAL CANROBERT has been elected to the French Senate. M. Waddington persists in his desire to resign the Cabinet Presidency.

IT is alleged that the Vatican is seriously contemplating the reorganization and increase of American bishopries, in compliance with the recent suggestions of Cardinal McCloskey. The Pope will hold a consistory on the 15th of December, when some action in the matter will probably be taken.

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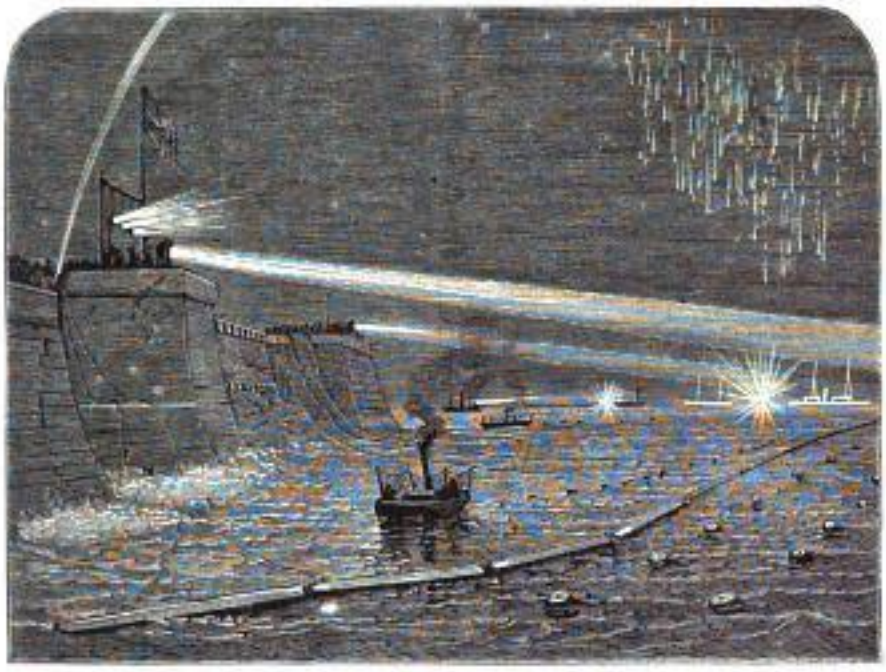
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 203.



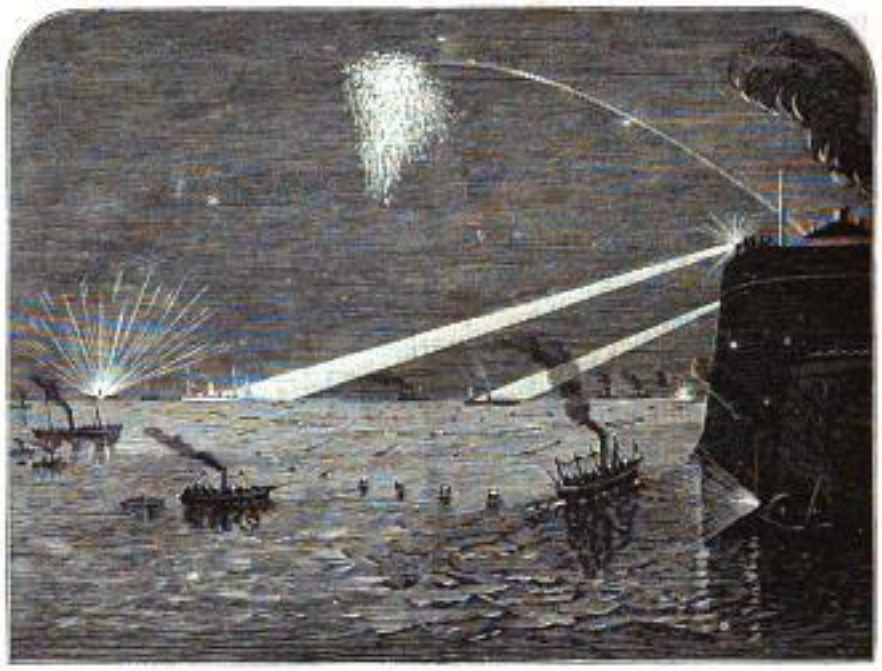
SWITZERLAND.—THE BRUNSWICK MEMORIAL THEATRE, GENEVA.



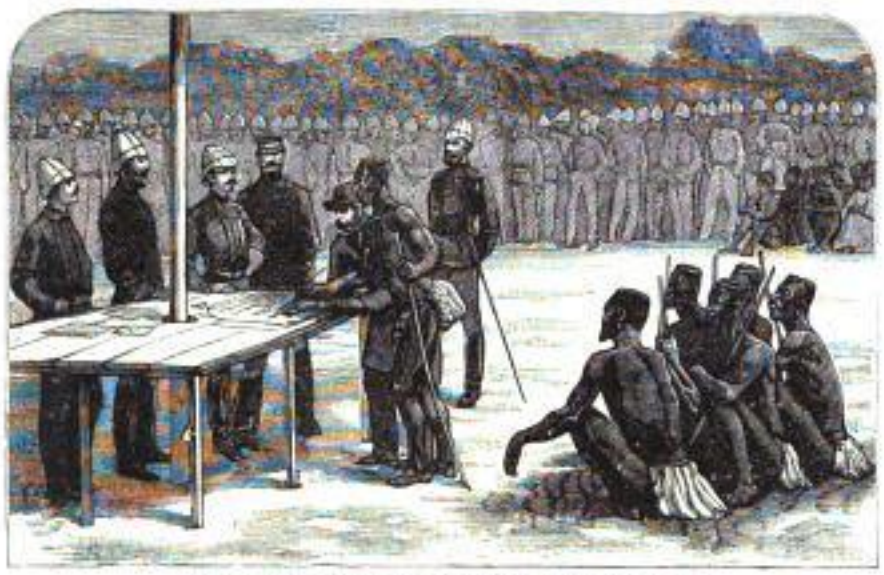
FRANCE.—POPULAR RUSH TO THE CRÉDIT FONCIER BANK, TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE NEW LOAN.



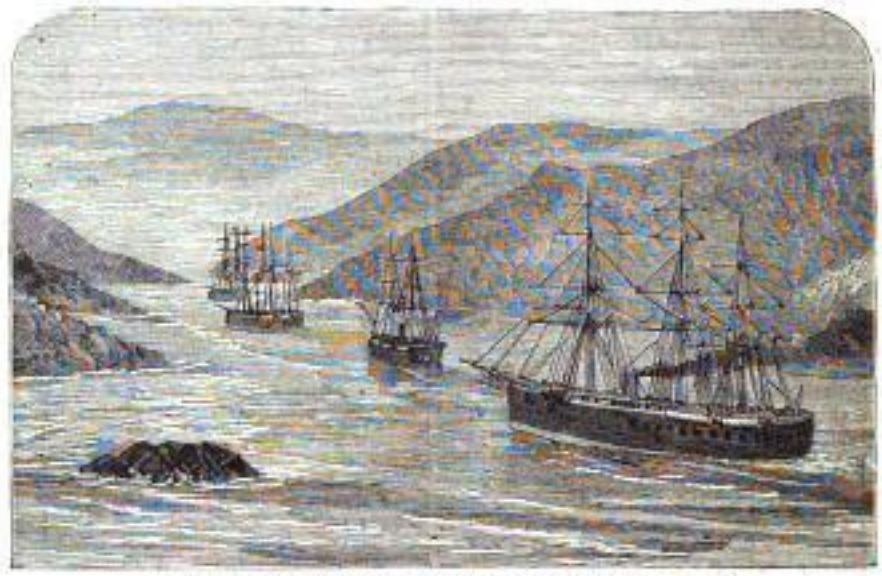
ENGLAND.—TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH—VIEW OFF FORT MONCKTON.



ENGLAND.—NIGHT ATTACK ON SUBMARINE MINES BY TORPEDO-BOATS.



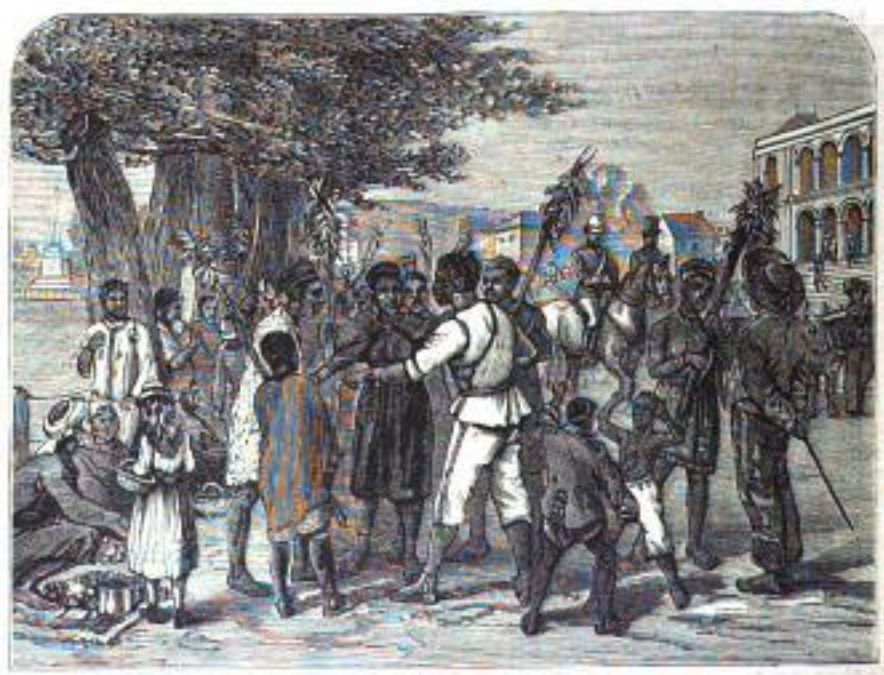
SOUTH AFRICA.—ZULU CHIEFS SIGNING PEACE STIPULATIONS.



ASIA MINOR.—THE BRITISH FLEET ENTERING THE HARBOR OF JEBO.



FRANCE.—EXAMINING WOMEN CANDIDATES FOR THE TELEGRAPH SERVICE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—CAFFRE WOMEN SELLING SUGAR-CANE, PIETERMARITZBURG.

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TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 4.—

THE LAND QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

Views of George Jacob Holyoake, the British Reformer.

"ENGLAND WORSE OFF THAN IRELAND."

"Room for the English Farmer in America."

PROGRESS OF THE COLONY AID MOVEMENT.

"SINCE the Norman conquest, never did England see such a state of things as to-day. Think of two hundred farms lying vacant in the rich, thrifty county of Norfolk, as fat as her world-renowned turkeys! Think of forty farms lying vacant on the estate of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham! Think of the tenants of Tatton Sykes, hitherto the most popular landlord in the 'tight little island,' threatening to step out of their holdings if he doesn't reduce their rents; and the movement has only begun, sir."

This from Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the noted British Reformer, to the writer, in a cozy sitting-room in the Hoffman House. Mr. Holyoake is a fresh, bright, earnest, elderly gentleman, with features of a benevolence that would fairly entitle him to be taken into partnership with the Cheeryble Brothers, of glorious memory.

"I had better tell you who I am," exclaimed Mr. Holyoake, "and what I have come to this country to do. I am a member of the Central Co-operative Guild in England, appointed for the purpose of regulating the organization of a thousand societies in that country, and that I took an active part in promoting the co-operative scheme in London, which concerns itself not merely with the principle of co-operation as at present applied and understood, but with co-operative colonization. And now we come to the point!" rubbing his hands gleefully. "We venture to think that co-operative colonization is a need both for England and America—because in England, at the present moment, we have hundreds of farmers who cannot afford to live in England, and hundreds of laborers depending in turn upon the farmers—and you, in this country, have many millions of acres which are altogether uncultivated, and, therefore, it is evident that there is plenty of room for the English farmer to come here, and, depend upon it, you will be all the richer for the outcome of his steady and honest work."



HON. CLARKSON NOTT POTTER, LATE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK. FROM A PHOTO. BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 202.

Mr. Holyoake took two or three brisk turns up and down the room, ere he resumed:

"The movement which is now being promoted by the Co-operative Guild will do much in the direction of regulating the tide of English emigration to this country. To-day hundreds of men are dissatisfied with their conditions, and have resolved to start life again over here. They will cross the Atlantic, stop in a seaboard town, and there they will remain. They will fail to get work, and will become an incubus to the taxpayer or the benevolent, and a nuisance to the general community. The Guild wishes to remedy this in the interest of the men themselves, and it proposes to be thoroughly informed as to the localities where men are required, or where communities can be established, and to regulate the emigration accordingly. A representative of the society will see that the emigrants are well cared for on the voyage, and another will meet them at this port and take them to the region of their future homes. I do believe," exclaimed Mr. Holyoake, with intense earnestness, "that one cause of the non-success of emigration is, that when it is attempted by single families or by a very few persons, they dread the dreariness, the isolation, and suffer from the blindness and ignorance that must always attend their friendlessness in a foreign land; and there is no reason whatever why there might not be an application of co-operative principles to emigration whereby numbers could be gathered together, and many families might be associated."

"Is the English farmer an earnest agitator?"

"The English farmer is the most revolutionary being in existence. Talk of your *sans culottes*, your workingmen—they are nothing to the English farmer. He is terribly in earnest when in earnest. It was only at a meeting recently held in the London Chamber of Commerce that the public learned for the first time that the farmers were disturbed in their minds, and at that meeting the farming element spoke out, demanding an immediate alteration in the land laws. In a word, they wanted tenant-right and to own the land."

"What was the outcome of that meeting?"

"The House of Commons appointed a select committee, called an Agricultural Commission, to inquire into it; and you know, sir, that when our legislature wants to shelve any question, the Government is moved for a select committee, and they grant it. The farmers say, 'We must either fight or run away,' and, as fighting will do them but little good, they must needs adopt the latter alternative."

"Are the eyes of the distressed English farmers turned to this country?"

"Why, of course they are. The country is



NO. 4.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH REFORMER, ON THE LAND QUESTION IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND THE COLONIZATION OF BRITISH FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.

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abundant, the climate charming, and the only question to be settled is that of location, and this will be very speedily disposed of through the operations of the "Colony Aid Association," an association formed here in the City of New York for the purpose of colonizing certain districts of this country. The Co-operative Guild in London are now engaged in discussing this question of colonization."

"Will you please state definitely what are the objects of this Colony Aid Association?"

"Certainly. We propose to purchase land and lay it out as a colony. We will create and establish in each colony co-operative stores, maintain schools and public libraries, the expenses to be assessed on every share, and when each colonist's share is paid up he will be the possessor of his land."

"Then each colonist will purchase, or will be advanced, a share in the colony on terms to be agreed upon?"

"Precisely; and when I return to England immediate steps will be taken to complete the organization of the Colony Aid Association, and the bonds put upon the market."

"How do you propose to raise the original stock to purchase the land?"

"By bonds, just as in the case of a railway. Thirty thousand dollars have been already subscribed in New York alone. Some of the colonists will pay up at once, as the English farmer, as a rule, has money; and for the people who have no money, we propose to erect temporary houses and furnish them with provisions until their crops come up, when they will commence to repay us."

"Is the association or company to be run as a speculation?"

"We are colonists, and will work neither for charity nor for profit. We do not propose to be sentimental, either; the colony is to pay its expenses—that's all."

"Will the bonds bear interest?"

"Yes; a moderate interest. There is nothing Utopian in this. There are enough of financial Samaritans in the world who will aid us in doing this by reflecting, 'We don't mind risking so much in the experiment, and we don't want profits—we want to get our own back, while at the same time aiding in a good work.'"

"Is this Colony Aid Association organized solely in the interest of the distressed or discontented English farmers?"

"Oh, dear, no. We hope to help the poor Irish farmers, and the branches of our Co-operative Guild at Cork, Tipperary, Kilmallock, and Limerick are to be used for the dual purpose of co-operation and colonization. We propose to offer facilities for colonization to all peoples, and expect numerous applications from your American cities."

"Have you in any way decided on location yet?"

"Not yet; but our colonies will all be located near some centre of civilization. All the States will be bidding for us, and hence immense facilities will be afforded us."

"Will you have to go to Parliament for permission or power?"

"No; if we had we should be beaten, so strong is the territorial influence in the Commons as well as the Lords. We can incorporate under existing acts."

"In what way does the present condition of England compare with that of Ireland?"

"At present England is worse off than Ireland. Ireland has a free church and compensation to tenants. In England we have neither. Our farmers are rapidly verging towards a revolutionary state of mind, and the only means of allaying the existing and rapidly increasing upheaval is a repeal of the laws of primogeniture and entail."

"Do you consider the present condition of things a crisis in the history of feudalism?"

"I consider that feudalism has received its death-blow."

"Scarcely! Surely the territorial proprietors will return to protection; that is, they will impose a duty on the importation of corn, and thus save the farmers from being wiped out and their own institutions."

"Yes," replied Mr. Holyoake, with a light laugh. "I will exemplify what protection will amount to. It means this, that it will double the price of the poor man's loaf in order to increase his comforts. This we shall never see."

"Surely England is not going to stand still and allow the bone and sinew of the land to leave it for ever."

"There is nothing else for it. We cannot compete with you in corn, and must turn our farms into grazing. Once the English or Irish farmer feels the inexpressible delight of owning his own farm, as he will do under our colonization scheme—and such land!—his feeling of independence will call upon those he has left behind as with a trumpet blast. No English farmer, and no Irish farmer, has ever felt this, and the moment the sensation is experienced adieu to crouching at the feet of landlords, which two years ago was, figuratively speaking, the attitude of the English farmer when farms were at a premium."

"Has not the British farmer been adjusting himself to the crisis by changing the condition of agriculture?"

"To a small extent, yes."

"In what way?"

"In turning his farm into grazing."

"Have you any idea of the decrease in the number of acres—say of wheat?"

"Yes. For the present year there is a decrease of 328,000 acres."

"Have any practical remedies been suggested for dealing with this crisis?"

"A good deal of advice has been given. The farmer has been advised to grow what his soil, climate and vicinity to his markets will produce to advantage. He is urged to confine himself a good deal to his pasture rather than to his arable land, so as to have an undisputed monopoly of potatoes, milk, meat and hay.

"We can export every one of these articles. I see that the returns for the year show an increase of 33,000 acres in potatoes, and a total increase of grain crops amounting to 63,000 acres, while in permanent pasture there is a rise of 255,000 acres.

"The farmer must be relieved of his antiquated land system, and the results of the Royal Commission are being anxiously looked to by those who know nothing of the working of such Government machinery.

"I have advocated," continued Mr. Holyoake, "and shall continue to advocate, that all education among the working classes in Great Britain should be an education for immigration, and that every child should receive an education that would make immigration easy. Immigration, instead of being regarded in the light of a penal banishment, will be looked forward to as the practical means towards a much-to-be-desired end, and the aspiration of each emigrant should be to make the adopted country glorious and great through the medium of industry."

Mr. Holyoake recorded the "owre true tale of the Rochdale co-operative movement, the struggles of the promoters, the difficulties which they encountered, and the gradual development of the youthful sapling that was so soon to become like a giant of the forest.

"Let me say a few words on the subject of co-operation, and in a general way tell the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER what we have done and what we are doing," said Mr. Holyoake. "We began by establishing stores and selling at market prices. We didn't undersell the shopkeeper; we were not guilty of underselling our neighbors, but treating others according to the golden rule, and we never sold except on the highest market rates. Then we said we would go on the principle of paying our way and have no debts, and neither give credit or expect it. If a man offered us credit we treated his offer with respect, but if he tried to force it upon us, we bade him good-by. Our ambition was to owe no man anything. We gave fair weight and honest measure in our stores, and if we knew of anything to the prejudice of our goods we bound ourselves to declare it to the purchaser. We did more—we said that we would sell pure food, and in order to be enabled to do this we had to train buyers and even to buy them, for to be able to buy food with judgment is a gift of nature. Such experts have a priceless faculty. Our buyers go into Scotland, Ireland, Holland—all over Europe. They come to this country; we have one in this city, we have them in various parts of America, and we have two vessels constantly coming to this country and carrying away the produce we purchase. We have spent a heap of money in experimenting upon the opening of the mouth of the river at New Orleans, so that we can strike the produce of the Mississippi, and by that road convey it to England, and we are prepared to expend millions on it if we see success as a background to our efforts. We commenced in a small, miserable den—our object was to supply means for ourselves only, but that the state of things in which the man hiring himself for labor should be done away with, and he should become his own employer. To-day, we come into the markets of the world with twenty-five millions of ready money, and take no credit, and want none. I would say a great deal more to you," added Mr Holyoake, "but your space is limited and so is my time. You see what co-operation has already done; and, depend upon it, the principle of co-operation as extended to colonization is bound to prove an immediate and an abiding success."

As I was about to take my leave, "One word more," said Mr Holyoake, "on the moral effects of co-operation. You may preach and you may pray, but you will not have a moral people while you have a starving people. We have done this: we have supplied ordinary wants in a substantial way, and have increased the earnings of the people by putting into their hands a money-making scheme. And we have given these people more than money, my dear sir, we have given them character. We have made them more honest, and we have made them open their eyes to the fact that the best policy is to pay."

"What are your estimated profits?"

"We make ten per cent profit upon every pound sterling expended by members of the store. The money is saved for him. At the end of the first year he receives £5, or $25; at the end of the second year, £10, or $50. For the first £5 we give him five per cent., so that at the end of the second year he has £10 and 10 shillings interest, and so on. A man by this system actually acquires the art of saving, and there are instances of men coming into our society who have begun on the expenditure of three pence. The best of the system is—and I made them laugh at the Cooper Institute the other night when I stated that—the larger a man's family the more he saves, because he spends more in the store."

"Do the savings of some accumulate to any considerable amount?"

"Yes; we have frequently to tell a man to take his savings out on account of their having grown so large. At the Rochdale store, for instance, we advised the members, as we could not afford to pay more than five per cent. for the money, to take it out and invest it in something paying a higher rate of interest."

"What do political economists say?"

"They may say what they like of the scheme, but they have nothing to offer that is in any way equal to it. Your political economist says that if a man buys for tenpence that for which he ought to pay a shilling, he can save the twopence himself. He can, my dear sir, but he doesn't! By the innovation we brought out, we save the money, and he needn't exert himself in the least, in fact he is getting rich while he takes his forty winks."

"John Bright is one of the approvers of this co-operative movement?"

"Yes; he resides in Rochdale, the little town where our store is, and he saw it grow under his own eyes. In the House of Commons he has bestowed upon it the noblest eulogy. That little Rochdale store has grown to such an extent that we get $200,000 a year profit from it, and of this a half per cent is devoted to education. We have a library which the hall of the Cooper Union would not hold, and the printing of our catalogue of books cost us not long ago no less than $3,000. Now we are growing every year, and we would have extended our operations to America, but you are too opulent to need any help of the kind."

After a charming eulogy on the country, its climate, and its glorious sunlight, the interview with Mr. Holyoake ended.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

INTRODUCTION.

"ALL night long—all night long, dragging that hideous weight over the stairs! No rest, no rest! Will there be no rest hereafter? Is this my doom for ever and for ever?"

Thus, with a low cry of anguish, a woman talked to herself, folding her hands one over the other with a spasmodic action that denoted a troubled mind, a burdened memory. She had been very fair. Her hair, in its golden, waving beauty, fell over the pillow, over her snowy night-robe; her eyes, hollow, yet wonderfully blue and bright, rolled restlessly in their sockets. Upon her pallid face were impressed the unmistakable signs of death.

"Mamma, what is it? What is it that was so heavy in the night?" and a child moved round to the bedside. The setting sun, coming in through the western window, almost transfigured the little one, glorifying the dark, abundant masses of curls, the liquid eyes, the fine, marble-like whiteness of the brow.

"Great heaven! you here, Sylve!" burst from the trembling lips.

"I've been here a long while, mamma. What was the heavy thing?"

"Nothing dear—only a dream; be quiet, and you may get my jewel-box—she must never know," she added, as the child ran gleefully away. Presently she returned. Round her neck she had fastened a superb cross and circlet of diamonds, a long necklace of pearls of such transparent purity that they seemed almost beyond price, a string of amber drops, and an emerald chain. Pearls were thrown carelessly over her tresses, each tiny arm was loaded with bracelets, and round the waist two or three gold chains were twisted, hanging with lockets and watches almost to her feet.

"I'm an empress, mamma. Am I not an empress?" she asked, gayly.

"Yes, better than that to me," said the sick woman.

"And you'll get up by-and-by, and put some of these on."

"Perhaps, if I can. Will my little Sylve do me a favor?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!"

"Then she will take the jewels off, and put them away till to-morrow, and call Mrs. Bimley."

"Yes, mamma," and the child, quickly, dexterously, and with a certain degree of care, divested herself of the rainbow things, put them away in their boxes, and left the room. Presently she returned with the hostess. Sylve withdrew at her mother's request, and Mrs. Bimley sat down by the bedside.

"You see, I suppose, how fast I am going?" said the sick woman.

"Oh, madam, I hope not!"

"Don't hope—I am quite aware of my condition. You will keep the child till somebody comes for her. If it is for weeks—nay, months—you will keep her. You shall be well paid."

"Indeed, I'll keep the dear, sweet little angel."

"Don't—it pains me to hear you say that. Sylve is not an angel; she has had but little care—she is willful, spoiled, but she is my all!" Her lips worked. "If she torments you beyond endurance, tell her that I am looking upon her. I think that will be sufficient. All my boxes up stairs must be sent wherever she goes. My jewels, they will be sealed and carried away by my man of business—but—come nearer."

The woman obeyed.

"Under my pillow are some papers—will you draw them out? Thank you! That package I intrust to you, and, as you hope for mercy in the day of judgment, you must send them by some trusty messenger, to the place to which they are directed. They must not go by mail. Do you understand? Can you do this?"

"I think I can," was the reply. "My son will take them himself."

"Thanks; you will allow me to bear the expenses of the journey. You will be sure to impress upon him the fact that to no other hands but those for which the papers are designed must they be given, neither must they go out of his keeping until they are safely deposited. My child's whole future depends upon the fidelity with which these directions—commands, rather—are carried out."

"I think you may trust me, madam."

"And, now, I want my child."

The woman hastened to call her, and presently Sylve sat upon the bed, smiling into the pale face and prattling in her childish tongue, happily unconscious that when the morning sun arose she would be motherless.

CHAPTER I.—READING THE LETTER.

"—— *Virginia*, ——, 187–.

"DEAR MR. FORESTER: I have just learned that the Washata tract, some twenty miles from Memphis, has been attached, and claims set up against one De Latude for violation of contract, and that the person interested has received judgment for $70,000. That tract, as you know, belonged to my father, Ferdinand Lacy, and came by will to me. It was of me that De Latude bought the property, *for which he never paid.* He did violate his contract to settle and build upon the place. If I could tell you all my history, it would be sad enough. My mother, as you remember—and once, I am sure, you were interested in the beautiful Anne De Rousselle—neglected her family for other claims, drove my poor father out of his head, and deserted me. For years I was tossed upon the ocean of life like a weed—turned now to this one's cold care, now to that. Of course I grew up with many faults. I never knew the meaning of the word home. De Latude was an adventurer. I don't think you ever met him. Ah, he was so handsome! When I first saw him I was twenty-two, and had refused many lovers. He had the faculty of winning hearts. Being some ten years older than myself, he approached me on business. For months he was kind and respectful. As for me, I would have given my soul into his keeping, so infatuated was I with his handsome person and his winning ways. At that time I was rather well off, in my own right. My father had often talked about the wild Washata tract. It was all his theme when his mind was gone. I have over a hundred plans which the poor man made, in the fond hope of seeing it a flourishing city. At that time it was little thought of by capitalists, lying so far from civilization. But De Latude went into raptures over it. He made many promises. He was to build a large hotel, as there were springs on the land of great value.

"*Wednesday, May 23d.*

"A week has elapsed since I wrote the above. Severe illness has so prostrated my strength that at one time I feared I should die without telling you my story. Some might say, why write to a comparative stranger? I answer, because my father loved you. Rivals though you were for the hand of the same woman, after an honorable adjustment of the matter, you were still friends. My poor, crazed father often talked of you. When your photograph came I thought the joy of seeing it would kill him. How noble your face! I have it before me now, and the sight of the mild, broad forehead and the sweetly-sad eyes, nerve me to my self-appointed task. I say to myself—though I have a dark story, a story of *crime* to unfold, yet those benignant eyes will not turn from the recital with a look of scorn. How white your hair is! whiter than snow—white as silver sun-lighted—no, white as the light of a river over which moonbeams drift. You loved my mother most passionately. I am very like her. Sylve—my little Sylve is more like her than I am, at least I think so at times."

The reader of this very diffusive letter paused for a moment. A smile crept round the corners of his mouth. His hair was by no means silvery—very far from it, being that rich red-brown that artists love to paint; and he could not have seen more than twenty-four Summers. The striking feature of his face was the large, soft, dark eye, in which we read both passion and power. Self-control seemed indicated by the fine, firm lines of his face; his mouth was remarkably beautiful. A tender, tranquil life might be safely predicted as the *summum* of his desires; and yet, with such a face, greatness is attainable. He smiled, and looked towards a portrait hanging on the opposite wall, which he greatly resembled. It was that of his father, who had been dead for two years. His were the white, flowing locks, to which the writer had alluded in terms so poetic.

"So, there is an episode in your life which you never referred to, father mine? How many loves did you have, I wonder, since I am the son by a second marriage?" He turned to the letter again and smoothed it out, as he still spoke to himself, thoughtfully: "Is it best for me to be the depository of these secrets? Yet, since my father is dead, who else should be? I am very thankful I took the precaution of reading for myself; it would have troubled my mother. And it seems that *crime is more than hinted at.* Crime! Some small peccadillo—it can be nothing more—which the woman's conscience has magnified. Well, it's a long document. I must on to the bitter end, seeing I have begun." He took up the closely-written manuscript, and commenced where he had left off:

"Pardon the vanity of a poor dying creature, but could you see my Sylve now I am sure you would love her. For one year she has been in the keeping of strangers, and this hotel life is not good for her; yet she is an affectionate, loving little thing. My window looks out upon a garden. A fountain plays in its midst; and just back of the silver-dripping shower stands Sylve, a very Undine. Such eyes, such hair, such a complexion!"

"I wonder how old she is," murmured young Forester, beginning to take more interest in the narrative, his eye kindling a little at this soft image of beauty, his cheek flushing. "But I must turn to other subjects," the writer continued. "It is for Sylve's interests that I must work in these my last moments. I have left her the remnant of my fortune, enough to clothe, feed and educate her till she is twenty, but long before that I hope and trust that this business will be settled. I have asked my lawyer's partner to forward all the papers; perhaps I should say that my lawyer, who was a warm personal friend, is dead, and I do not like his partner. I have not, till within the past year, put it into legal hands, blindly imagining that I could at any time prove my right to possession; but within a few months I saw it would have to be done. As you are an advocate of very high standing, I choose to commit everything to you, knowing you will see justice done to the poor little grandchild of poor Anne de Rousselle.

"And now I am going to tell you a secret

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known only to heaven and myself. De Latude wished to purchase that land, as I have told you. The man who sets up the claim for violation of contract was a party to the sale. I know him well; his name is Pelt. He is determined to get Washaba, and what can a poor, dying woman do?

"There are so many things to say that my mind grows confused, but I think I shall be able to tell my story clearly, quite to the end, so that you will understand me. De Latude, while settlements were in progress, proposed for my hand. I thought I had found a prize, and I consented to marry him. Let me make this part of my story as brief as possible. Shortly after our marriage, De Latude began to show his true character. He took advantage of his possession of the deeds of Washaba tract to worry me for money, and at last grew unendurable, adding to his other bad qualities that of drunkenness. I soon became sure that he had married for a home, that to wear his name was a disgrace, that he had never felt a particle of love for me, and the knowledge maddened me. Sometimes, when he was in drink, he threatened to strike me. At such periods, so overpowering was my hate, that I contemplated the possibility of his death with complacency. Of course, you will say that to feel in that way was to be in heart a murderer. God forgive me! The fact was too true; I could have murdered him, and at last——

"*Thursday, 24th.*

"Again I was obliged to lay aside my pen, with no definite hope of ever resuming it again. And the reason for my tardiness of confession no doubt you comprehend. I am fast nearing the grave—a young woman not yet thirty-three years of age. My little Sylvo was born two years after my marriage with De Latude. He often threatened the life of my child, and, when I was sick once for several months, did succeed in conveying her away from the house; but, in a season of penitence, had her returned to me, after which his fits of anger were not so frequent. Indeed, he was at times almost too good-natured to be natural. He still, however, repeated his threats, and said he had put it out of my power to provide for my child. Continued ill-health made me irritable, and continual indulgence in drink threatened to destroy what little mind De Latude possessed. At last we had a terrible quarrel. We had moved to Savannah, and taken a handsomely furnished house. My servants were hired by the day and did not sleep under our roof. If you know anything of that city, you are aware that the houses are detached, some of them located in the midst of lovely gardens. Our place was a villa surrounded by beautiful grounds. The trees and shrubbery were so thick on all sides as completely to shut out the view of neighboring dwellings. Indeed, our neighbors on the right and left had closed their houses and gone away for the season. I had but recently recovered from sickness, and still thought myself very weak and languid. Doctor de Latude and myself had not spoken for several days. I remember the evening was very still. With the exception of the clear notes of a mocking-bird, there was nothing to be heard. The air was loaded with the fragrance of flowers. It was moonlight, and so bright and clear outside that we needed no light within. The child had been playing for hours by herself, and had come in tired and fretful. She went up to her father for comfort, but he was in an irritable mood and repulsed her. I tried to coax her to my side, but she was perverse and would remain with her father. At last he told her very crossly to leave him, but she persisted in remaining, and finding that coaxing and threatening did no good, began to tease him by pulling his hair and pinching him. At last with an oath he struck her. That roused me, because the blow was a heavy one upon the head. I told him he could not treat my child in that way, that a man's hand should never touch a girl. He became very abusive and denied that Sylvo was his child. That made my blood boil and my anger gave me great strength. I went up to him, and—God knows what I said—for I do not. He answered me with insolent words, declaring that he had put it out of my power to do anything for myself or the child with the Washaba property, and so insulted me that I was maddened. He lifted his hand, as I thought, to strike me, when I turned upon him like a fury. Only once with clinched hand did I strike him—where, I did not see—for my rage and despair blinded me, but at that one blow he fell heavily to the floor. For full five minutes I must have stood over him, not daring to think, scarcely to breathe. Near him little Sylvo had raised herself to a sitting posture, and was sobbing with pain. I felt my heart leaping with great beats; my tongue was hot and dry with fright. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Why did he not move? What meant that awful silence—a silence so fateful that it seemed as if the whole sentient being of the world had stopped breathing. The child was terribly frightened at the fall and forgot her own suffering. She crawled to the face, looking so ghastly in the white moonlight, and screamed with fear: 'Why don't papa wake; is papa dead?' She was very fond of him, cruel though he had been to her more than once. She had often called him her pretty papa, and I think it was his beauty that had attracted her childish heart. It would not do to let her be heard. Instinct suggested that if the worst had happened, it was best to keep it from the little girl, so I caught her in my arms and bore her up-stairs, where I comforted her with the belief that poor papa had only been drinking too much wine, and that was why he fell. At last I soothed her to sleep, and I laid her upon the couch in my own room. His room led from mine. It was a large, handsomely furnished chamber, at the back of the house. After I had put the child down, I went to the door and glanced fearfully in. Ghastly white looked his bed with its high pillars. 'It is all right,' I said to myself, again and again. 'I shall find him conscious when I go down, and I had better wait a while.'"

CHAPTER II.—FOUND DEAD.

"TO wait a while meant to give him the chance to recover. It was impossible, I said to myself, that one light blow of mine could have been fatal. I sat down at the window and buried my face in my hand. How well I remember the fragrance of a certain flower that grew up to the sill, and how at the moment I hated it, and have hated it ever since. Suddenly I became aware of my solitude. Myraids of tiny insects hummed and chirped about me, but there was no other sound. Light! I must have light! I groped round for the matches, found them, and quickly touched two or three wax tapers that stood on a shelf near my bed. My fingers shook, my hands felt numb with an icy-cold sensation. How to get down-stairs again, alone, and find him lying there still! I persuaded myself that he had risen—that he must have risen; it was impossible that the one dread thing had happened—the thing that more than once I had caught myself contemplating with pleasure—in the time that had passed. But if it had happened it would not do to have him seen there in the morning by the servants; my agitation would certainly betray me. It was now nine o'clock. There was no fear that visitors would call, for I was acquainted with no one there. The servants were only too glad to get their nights home—I did not fear their coming till morning. I thought of these things while I was going slowly down-stairs, clinging to the side-rails, and fighting against an almost deathly faintness. All the terror and despair of the murderer tugged at my heart; and yet, I argued, I did not mean to kill him. I never dreamed that the force of my puny hand could inflict a mortal wound—for something told me that Francis de Latude was dead.

"At last I was on the threshold of that room. The light of the moon was waning, and I held my candle far before me, that I might be enabled to see more clearly. Yes, the body had not moved. It lay in exactly the same position—the long, dark, curling hair massed upon the left temple and cheek. My blood curdled at every movement, but go forward I must. I called him by name, first softly, and then in a voice sharpened by frenzy. Would my reason fail me? I placed the candle on a table, and pressed both hands to my head to still the horrid beating in my temples. Then I gathered courage to draw slowly nearer. What was it but an inanimate body, after all? What harm could it do me? Ay! but I had been its murderer! My hand had sent the soul, brutal and unprepared, out of the world. The man had once been my idol; up-stairs his child slept, unconscious of the awful tragedy below. Presently I found courage to draw yet nearer—to kneel down, to touch it, to examine the pallid, changed beauty of the face. And then came remorse. The chiseled features had settled into the serenity of death, and it seemed as if the lips smiled. I threw the heavy locks aside, touched the forehead, lifted one of the hands. The old affection came rushing back, and I forgot all his sins against me and the child. I had killed him; there was no doubt of the fact now. I looked carefully for a trace of the blow—none was to be seen; and yet there he was, stretched dead before me, and my hand had done the deed. My hand! I clinched it and struck myself several blows upon the head and face. I scarcely felt them—it seemed like the touch of a feather. Then I arose and sat down to think. The whirl of ideas, of feeling, of tumult, soon subsided, and I was stony-calm. The deed was done; speculation was impossible, knowledge was tyrannical. Now, how was I to avert auspicion—for I determined that for the sake of my child I would not be suspected.

"One plan after another I formed and rejected. Once I had donned my wraps and walked as far as the garden-gate, determined to seek a physician, and tell him that my husband had fallen as he was in the act of rising from his seat. His habits would account for the suddenness and fatality of the attack. But could I have told my story unfaltering, just then? Oh, no! Time! time! I must have time! The sound of passing footsteps made me a gasping, shivering coward. I dared not go, but hurrying back through the thick, perfumed shrubbery, I entered the house again, and for some moments walked back and forth in the hall, trying to think, to plan. At last I had resolved what I would do. Every sense revolted at the act, but there was no other alternative. Alone and unaided I must get him up-stairs into his own bedroom—must there undress and put him in the bed—giving him as natural and life-like a position as possible—and when breakfast-time came, send Paschal, a light negro, who acted as his valet, to summon him. Of course he would find him insensible, would raise a hue-and-cry, and that would stave off the attention of the others from me. De Latude was not a heavy man, though the beautiful symmetry of his form made him appear larger than he was. I understood the horrible responsibility, and fairly dragged him over the stairs and into his room. It seemed as if I had the strength of a tigress, in my determination to escape censure. Ever since then it has been my nightly penance to drag that man over the stairs to that old scene of horror. Sometimes the dreams are diversified—I am struggling up the rocky sides of precipices, or curiously twisted ladder made of rope, whose strands divide and subdivide, threatening to launch us both together into the abyss of death."

"Flix!" cried a voice at this point of reading. "Flix!" and a sweet face looked in.

"Mamma, you are very welcome, as you know you always are, but I am exceedingly busy," said the young man, rising, as a graceful figure came down the long room.

"Which means that though I am exceedingly welcome, my absence would be quite as agreeable," said Mrs. Forester, laughing. "Well, as lunch has been waiting for nearly twenty minutes, and you are punctuality itself, I thought I would look in upon you. What odd manuscript! A new case?" she asked, brightly.

"In relation to a new case—but is it possible that lunch is ready? I had no idea time was passing so rapidly. I think my appetite has failed to come to time."

He consulted his watch, then gave his arm to his mother, threw a newspaper over the batch of papers with which he was still busy, and accompanied her into the dining-room. This apartment was light and cheerful, and looked out through glass doors upon a pretty flower-garden. A few exquisite paintings adorned the walls, which were laid in panels of rare wood. Many a souvenir of art, rare and costly, met the eye as it was lifted from the pretty old china service that boasted at least a hundred years of use. This room had been a favorite of the elder Forester, because of its cheerful outlook. Mrs. Forester, not yet forty-five, with a fair, spiritual face, and dreamy dark eyes, made a pretty picture at the head of the table. She was devoted to her son, and the great dread of her life was that he should marry unworthily. To prevent this possibility she bent all her energies, and really with her beauty and grace, her tact in giving select little entertainments that included no dangerous young ladies, made his state of single blessedness so attractive, that as yet he had seldom thought of marriage. Felix, or Flix as he had always been called, could scarcely compose his mind to the duties before him. Lunch with his mother was usually the pleasantest meal of the day, but Mrs. Forester noticed a change in his manner, and began to banter him a little.

"Your letters have not conduced to your good spirits," she said, laughing. "I never saw you looking so pale and so fagged. Don't work too hard; and remember *I* am here, and your father often called upon me for a little aid now and then, though I acknowledge in matters of law, women are not of much assistance."

"Aspasia decided questions of war, and Phryne obtained a statue of gold in the temple at Delphos between two kings," said Flix, absently.

"Pray what great work did Phryne do to obtain that distinction?" asked his mother.

"I don't know—killed her husband or something—didn't she?" said Flix, chipping the cheese, his thoughts still dwelling upon the extraordinary avowal he had been reading.

"Mercy on us! Well, I shouldn't wonder—some of these old Athenian women were vixens—but it couldn't have been that, for which she was immortalized in gold. Take a croquet, dear, you have scarcely eaten a thing, and these are your favorites. I assure you I have seen women whom I thought quite capable of killing their husbands, and many a man is murdered by inches. I really dread to see a young man married to one of the belles of our day—but you're not going so soon?"

"Indeed, mamma, I have most important business on hand—and it is in a lady's interest—or, rather—yes, yes, a lady I should say—you really must excuse me."

(*To be continued.*)

THE AMUSEMENT SEASON.

AND yet another "Pinafore"—the real Simon Pure this time, however—with Gilbert stage managing and Sullivan conducting, and the most *piquante Josephine* in the world, and a countrywoman to boot—Mrs. Blanche Roosevelt, *née* Tucker. Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert have come to reap, or rather to glean, such ears of financial corn as may have been left on the theatrical field by the many managerial reapers who have gathered in their harvest. If America has not paid for "Pinafore" in meal, she has done so in malt. America recognized the grotesque situations, the funny libretto, and the catching music, while England remained coldly passive. Then sped the news across the "pond" that we had gone "Pinafore" crazy, and, lo! our cousins wake up from their lethargy and go "cranker nor we." *En revanche*, we shall have the first of the new opera now in preparation, and voices in the air whisper that it is "awfully fetching." This visit of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan is well-timed, and we anticipate golden results all round.

"French Flats" at the Union Square is intensely amusing, and "draws like a blister." The house is packed every night, and many have to limp homeward, fairly exhausted from the effects of having to stand and laugh during the entire performance. The play is cast to the full strength of the company, and as a result the ensemble is admirable.

At Daly's, "Wives" commands enormous audiences. This comedy-drama is unique in every respect; the happy blending of two of Molière's masterpieces producing one glitter of "word catch" from the rising to the falling of the curtain. The period—Louis XIV.—admits of superb costume effects, and the ballet, felicitously introduced, adds additional charm to the sparkling whole.

The "Tourists in the Pullman Car" have blocked the sidewalk leading to Haverly's. The grotesque fun, the *bizarre* situations, the inimitable "gag" of this extraordinarily funny performance will not admit of criticism. The "Tourists" should be seen to be appreciated, and as their stay is a remarkably short one, those who want a "huge guffaw" should lose no time in securing seats in the next car.

Mr. J. C. Fryer opened the Broadway Opera House, the new, and, we trust, abiding name of the bijou theatre near Broadway and Thirtieth Street, with Gorman's Church Choir Pinafore Company. The performance was admirable in every respect, and a good earnest of what Mr. Fryer means to give his patrons in the future. This opera house is to be devoted to bright musical specialties.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—WITHIN the last five years the acreage of cereals in the United States has increased from 74,000 000 to 92,000,000.

—FROM October 26th, 1867, to September 30th, 1879, the church property sold by auction in Italy yielded $100,000,000.

—THE French revenue for the ten months of the present year ending with October exceeds the estimates by 123,000,000 francs.

—IT is estimated that the farmers of the Northwest have made from $70,000,000 to $100,000,000 by the rise in the price of grain this Autumn.

—A FIGURE of Sesostris, carved on a rock in Asia Minor, and minutely described by Herodotus, was recently discovered by the English Consul at Smyrna.

—THE Russian missionaries in Japan having succeeded in converting 4,000 Japanese to their faith, a bishop is to be sent to Jeddo by the St. Petersburg Synod.

—GEOLOGICAL explorations have shown the probability that Russia contains beds of phosphate of lime of sufficient extent to supply Europe for an indefinite period.

—THE war-ship *Pyramus*, which was captured by Admiral Nelson from the Danes in one of his famous engagements, and which served as a training ship, has been sold for $7,000 at Halifax.

—SIX hundred Bulgarian orphans, who lost their parents during the last Turko-Russian War, were taken to Russia, where they were instructed gratuitously at the expense of the Government.

—NEARLY all the cane mills and evaporators now used by sugar-makers in the West Indies, South and Central America, the Sandwich Islands and Australia, are furnished by American manufacturers.

—THE German Admiralty is making surveys for a canal between the Ems and the Jade, so that coal, war material, and other articles may be conveyed from East Friesland to Wilhelmshaven without fear of blockade.

—THE merchants of St. Louis have organized a movement for the erection of a spacious and permanent exposition building, like those of Chicago, Louisville and Cincinnati. It is intended to finish it for next Fall.

—THE wool transactions in Connecticut this year have been larger than for any preceding year for a decade back, the sales for one week in Hartford recently amounting to 1,500,000 pounds. The price has advanced fully 25 per cent. since last April.

—THE President of the California State Viticultural Society has reported 60,000 acres covered with vineyards, numbering 45,000,000 vines, and representing, with the land, a capital of $30,000,000. Another complete report is to be made ten years hence.

—THE experiment of lighting the reading-room of the British Museum by electricity began on the 20th of October, and is to continue until March. There are four lamps of 5,000 candle-power, and the brilliancy of the illumination is said to excel that of daylight.

—THE linen mills in Greenwich, Washington County, New York, have been purchased by a firm of manufacturers from Guildford, Ireland, who will give employment to seven hundred hands. If successful, the firm will transfer their entire business to this country.

—A DISPATCH from Berlin says the understanding between Germany and Austria extends to the Egyptian question. It is announced that the two Governments will proceed conjointly in whatever measures are taken for the protection of the interests of the Egyptian bondholders.

—THE Choctaw nation, which numbers about 17,000 people, has forty schools and two academies. It also pays for the college education of twenty-two students in the States. The office of Superintendent of Education is elective, and has been held by a Choctaw for four years.

—MR. DE BLIGNIERES and Major Baring, the French and English financial representatives of their respective Governments, have returned to Egypt. The present Khédive expressed the desire that the former gentleman should not return, but said that he would not refuse to receive him.

—THE earning power of some locomotives is somewhat remarkable. Burlington and Missouri River, in Nebraska, show the average earnings of twenty-nine engines in 1878 to be $56,000 per engine, and it is said the Southern Pacific has shown an average by forty-three engines in eleven months of $100,000.

—THE Municipality of Vienna has resolved to take into public care the tombs of the great composers who repose outside the city walls. Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, Mozart and Gluck are among the names read by the wanderer through the cemeteries of Vienna, and not a few visitors to those memorable shrines have been pained to observe the neglected aspect of some of them.

—TEN years ago there were only one or two places in London where American canned goods were to be obtained, and those few places were patronized almost exclusively by Americans themselves. Now all this is changed; and the thousand and one canned articles, for the putting up of which America has become famous, may be purchased as readily, and almost as cheaply there, as in Philadelphia or New York.

—THE coffee trade of New Orleans is steadily on the increase, and promises to be as large as in any year since the war. The total import of Rio at that port in 1878-79 was 144,471 bags. The *Times* says: "We have this year imported since the 1st of July 58,858 bags, and there are now afloat, due within the next thirty days, about 50,000 bags. It is thus absolutely certain that our imports of Rio coffee will be largely in excess of last year's. The receipts of Mexican during 1878-79 were 3,468,048 pounds, equal to 26,272 bags."

—DURING the past few days an emigration scare has taken possession of a large proportion of the miners of Durham and Northumberland, in consequence of the receipt of most unfavorable news from their brother miners who recently emigrated to New South Wales, and who have been utterly deceived by the promises of profitable employment there. This news will considerably check emigration schemes. Large numbers of miners who left England during the recent great strike in Durham are now returning without having struck a pick.

—THE largest tramway corporation in England is the North Metropolitan, which owns over thirty miles of line. Until about eighteen months ago the company's vehicles were horsed by the London General Omnibus Company at a cost of 6½ pence per mile run. When the contract expired the Tramway Company determined to purchase their own horses, and sent an agent over to America for that purpose, who bought and shipped 3,000 fine animals. At the time this purchase took place the relations between the English and Russian governments were, in diplomatic parlance, "strained," and some busybody spread the report that agents of the British Government were in America buying up all the cavalry horses they could lay their hands on.

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ILLINOIS.—GRAND POPULAR RECEPTION TO GENERAL GRANT AT CHICAGO—THE EX-PRESIDENT RE

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NG THE GREAT PROCESSION FROM THE PALMER HOUSE.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 209.

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A SQUIRREL.

WHERE yonder stately chestnuts, blent in one,
Hide cool aerial archways from the sun,

You roam on agile feet, in furry guise,
With bounteous wisp of tail, black beads of eyes.

Though colored like the inert brown branches' hue,
The spirit of their light leafage lives in you!

And while you gambol amid their breezy dark,
Fantastic revelet with delight I mark

The alert, shy head, the nimble leap and pause,
The chattering voice, the restive click of claws,

The idyllic ecstasy, the buoyant power,
The elusive grace, until you seem, this hour,

Like some strange wingless bird whom heaven has lent
A shadowy forest for its firmament!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

"WE PARTED BY THE RIVER-SIDE."

CHAPTER IV.—BARBRA SPEAKS.

IT is five weeks since Annah went away—only five weeks, and yet it seems an eternity. I have been so lonely without her; I have missed her more than she will ever know. I am sitting here under the willows, now, in my favorite retreat, feeling blue and miserable, because I have not seen her to-day, as usual.

I always come here when I am blue and in trouble—always, no matter what that trouble may be—and sit and listen to the lazy night-wind whispering to the shut flowers, and the swaying trees, and to the murmuring of the river in its sleep; and somehow it soothes me, and I am at peace.

But to-night I am not so blessed. Some vague, unpleasant, troublesome foreboding haunts me, like a nightmare, and will not be banished. What was that? It sounded like some one hurrying along the gravel-path. And so it is. A dark figure is coming this way. It parts the branches and enters. Why—why, it is Annah! Annah, with a face white as lily-leaves, and great, troubled, miserable eyes. She flings herself downward on the soft, thick grass, and a low moaning cry reaches me. I start forward to go to her, but before I can do so the branches are parted a second time and Mr. Chesterleigh steps into the scented gloom.

Good heavens! how white his face is, and how furious! I shrink back out of sight, with my heart beating frantically. What does it mean, their sudden appearance here, at this hour and in this strange manner?

Between the two great wide spreading willows there is a little opening, and I turn to it and gaze through the space, like one bewitched.

When he discovers the prone figure on the grass all his fury is gone in an instant. He kneels down beside her, in fierce haste.

"Annah!" he calls, tenderly, bending low.

Annah, indeed! How dare he address my sister so!

At the first sound of his voice she springs to her feet and puts out one small hand and motions him to keep away from her.

"What brings you here? Why—why have you come?" she falters, in a voice that I can scarcely hear.

"Why have I come? I came because I could not stay away. You have driven me mad with jealousy," comes the answer, quick and sharp.

"Driven you mad with jealousy?" she echoes. "I? How?"

"You know how. This afternoon I invited you to come to your sister's with me and you refused me. Afterwards, when I had gone, you sent for Doctor Dean and asked him to bring you."

"How do you know that? Who told you?" she demands, hastily.

"Doctor Dean told me. You see you cannot deny the fact," he says, bitterly, regarding her averted face with an angry sort of triumph in his eyes. "I met him as he was going, and—and I had a suspicion, and so I forced the truth out of him."

There is an ominous silence for an instant. Even the river is not laughing, or, if it is, the laughter is so low that I do not catch it.

His voice, gentle and sweet as only a man's can be when speaking to the thing he loves, breaks the silence.

"Why did you do it, Annah?"

She turns towards him suddenly. The moonlight falls across her face like a spell, and makes the whiteness of it more ivory-colored.

"I did it because I desired to come. I have left your house, and I do not mean to return."

"Do not mean to return?" he pants. "Why?"

There is no answer. Annah's lips are mute.

"Why?" he reiterates. "Ah, I know why you are silent. I understand why you do not answer." And in his voice there is a ring of unutterable joy. "To-day I betrayed myself. You saw my heart in my eyes, and learned from it the love it holds for you. If you had not been so blind, sweet, you might have seen it long ago. And you learned something else besides, Annah. You learned that you loved me, and so, little coward, you were afraid of yourself and of me. You considered that safety lay in flight, so you ran away and hid, or tried to hide from me. But you did not succeed—you never could. My love would find you out, no matter if the great ocean rolled between us; so never try to leave me again, sweet, for I never mean to let you go. All my life I mean to hold you so—so!"

To my horror he folds his arms about her. With his hand he forces her pretty head down upon his shoulder, and lays his flushed cheek against her quivering mouth.

I understand my strange, haunting forebodings now. Dear God in heaven! She loves this man, whose arms are about her, as she never loved any thing mortal before. How will she stand this bitter temptation? How put away her happiness and live her life without it! How withstand his pleading and his prayers? My heart has ceased to beat, I think. It lies in my bosom like a stone. But I need not tremble for Annah—my dear, noble girl!

For one instant she remains in his embrace, then struggles free, and stands before him with a white, resolute, dauntless face, and shakes her head slowly.

"Why do you shake your head?" he cries, wildly. "What does that mean?"

"It means that you are talking like a man who has lost his reason. It means that, after to-night, I shall never see you again," she says, gently but firmly.

"Never see me again? But—but how can you live in my house and be a mother to my baby, and yet never see me again," he questions, looking with shining, impatient eyes at her bewitching face.

"Ah, I *could not*, therefore I must remain away. I can never go back with you—never, never!" she repeats, with bitter agony in her soft, young voice.

"Annah," he says, catching her two hands excitedly, and breathing hard, "Annah, you do not mean it. You are only trying me. Tell me, love, that you do not mean it;" and in his voice there is a world of fond pleading.

She lifts her deep fringed lids and looks at him with eyes that are brimming with tears. But the resolute expression is there still, and she will not falter in her duty.

"I cannot tell you that. It would be untrue. I do mean what I have said."

He flings her hands away from him suddenly.

"Oh, God! I feel that you do mean what you say, and my misery is greater than I can bear. Oh, Annah, Annah, how can you be so cruel! You have taken my happiness, my soul, my life away from me. How shall I manage to exist—how, how! What is there to care for any more ——"

Annah's soft voice interrupts him.

"You have your wife and your child to care for. Have you forgotten them?"

"Forgotten them? I have a child, Annah, but no wife. You know that. Ah! your look of astonishment reminds me that you do not know the history of my married life. What a fool I have been not to have told you of that before. Come and sit down, and I will tell it to you now. When you have heard, you will not refuse me the only boon I crave in life. Come and sit down, beloved."

He takes her slender hand and leads her to the rustic bench, and they sit down upon it. He is silent for a moment, gazing into her face with intense, bitter longing, then he sighs impatiently, and begins.

"Annah, you have lived under my roof for five weeks—ah, how well I know that; I have counted them, every one—and in that time you must have discovered that I possess no love for the woman who is my wife. Do not interrupt me, as I see you are about to do. I know what is in your mind. You would ask why I married her, not loving her? Be patient, dear, and I will tell you.

"My mother and her mother were cousins. They grew up together and were as fond of each other as sisters could be. They were married on the same day, in the same church, by the same minister, and, strange to say, their children were born on the same day, also—I in the morning, and Estell at night. It was considered rather a remarkable coincidence, I believe; so our romantic mothers decided that we should be man and wife when we were twenty-one (if we lived). Well, unfortunately we *did* live, and when we were old enough, we were informed of their wishes. While I was a boy I did not care about the fact, other than to feel rather important at being engaged, but when the time drew near, I realized how foolish the thing was that they were about to do. I did not love my cousin Estell, as I wanted to love the woman I married, and I frankly told my mother so, and begged her to release me from the engagement, but she would not do so. She said it would be a mean, dishonorable act, an injustice to Estell, and she would not listen to it.

"I was exceedingly annoyed about it, and was determined not to be forced into marrying my cousin if I could help it. So one day, shortly before the time appointed, I went to her and told her that I did not love her, and asked her to release me from an engagement that I had had no hand in making. What do you think she said, Annah? What would you have said? But you need not answer, love. I know what a noble reply yours would have been. But she was made of different stuff. I was, and *am* a wealthy man. She knew all that, and she could not give up the Chesterleigh estate and the family diamonds. They were far too glittering a prize, so, like a female Shylock she held me to the letter of my bond, and—well, you know the result. We were married.

"But I know I have not been as attentive and good a husband as I should have been. I did my best, my very best, though, but a man does not greatly care for the fruit that falls at his feet, you know. He prefers to stretch his hand up in the sunshine and choose. So, until my boy came, there was not a more unhappy, restless, dissatisfied, moody wretch in existence than I was; but with his coming, you came, and my soul found a bitter-sweet solace. I—I loved you from the first moment I saw you—Doctor Dean knows that. He read me like a book that day and begged me, as a favor to him, to give you up, and let him find some one else in your stead, but I—refused him. I made up my mind then, that you should come and live in my presence and make my happiness. When I resolve to do a thing I do it, and so you came, oh, my beloved, and my bliss began. Always, whenever I had the opportunity, I used to stand where I could see you putting my baby to sleep, and ——"

"Do not say any more—do not, I entreat you! You make my duty an agony to me—go, go, go! In heaven's name, leave me," cries my sister, burying her face in her fair, little hands, and sobbing aloud.

He springs to his feet and stands before her.

"Do not cry, Annah. Your tears hurt me like a stab. I will go, love, willingly, if you will come with me. Hush! Do not cry. Come!"

Her sobs cease suddenly. She takes her hands away from her face, and looks at him with the most reproachful, pitiful, longing eyes I have ever gazed at.

"Ah, dear God! I thought you *did* love me. I believed you when you told me so, but—but the truth comes forth at last. I read your heart now if I never read it before. In it there is only a shameful passion—a passion that would drag me into the dust of the street to be spurned and trampled on by you, and all the world besides. You would strip me of my honor and rob me of my self-respect. You have insulted my womanhood. Leave my presence, I command you!"

She stands before him with lifted arm, her graceful head thrown proudly back, like some outraged queen. Her tender mouth no longer quivers. It is like a mouth carved in stone, and her eyes are no longer reproachful. They flash and dazzle like blue lightning.

With all my soul I pity the man before her. She has done him a cruel injustice. His colorless face and honest, startled eyes prove that to me beyond a doubt.

He goes down on his knees in front of her; he flings his arms about her beautiful body, and lifts the white misery of his face up to her. His soul shines from his eyes and trembles in his clear, truthful voice, as he speaks:

"Look at me—listen to me, and, oh, love, believe me. As there is a God above us you do me grievous wrong! Here, on my knees, at your dear feet, I swear it! Ah, I have been so blind, but your words have brought me light. I see now where my selfish madness has carried me. I understand how you looked upon it. Once more I entreat you to believe me when I say that I would not harm one hair of your pretty head, nor injure you in any way, if one of God's angels should come down from heaven and bid me do it or be for ever doomed. Sweet, do me justice. Believe me and forgive me," he pleads, still with his fond arms clinging about her.

She frames his up-looking face in her two soft hands, and, stooping over him, she kisses his hair and eyes, cheeks and mouth, with her eager lips.

"I believe you, and I forgive you. God bless you always. Farewell!" she says, in a voice sweet and solemn, and unutterably sad, as the cooing of the gentle dove.

Her caresses seem almost more than he can bear. He hides his face in the folds of her gown, and great, dry, heart-broken sobs burst from his lips and shake his strong body like a wind-blown reed. It is only for an instant that his heart's agony masters him. After that he struggles to his feet; he bends his dark head down and covers her white, slim hands with kisses; then, with one yearning, lingering look at her face, he staggers out into the moonlight, and is gone.

To my astonishment, she does not turn to look after him. She only lifts her hands (that his lips clung to so fondly but now) before her and gazes at them, motionless for a little, then they flutter wildly, and she falls forward to the ground, in a dead faint.

I rush to her instantly, and, with the gardener's help, carry her to the house.

* * * * * * *

It is an hour later. I am seated at Annah's bedside waiting impatiently for the first signs of returning consciousness. I have used all the restoratives I know of, so now I sit and rub and slap her hands and arms smartly. Ah! At last my efforts are crowned with success. A faint color steals into her wan face; her eyes flare open and gaze blankly at the ceiling for an instant, then she calls my name weakly.

"Yes; I am here. What is it, dear?"

"The willows are gone. I do not see their waving tassels any more, Barbra," she says, regretfully.

"No, dear; you are in the house now—in your own room—don't you see?"

"In my own room?" she echoes, dreamily. "Yes, so I am," gazing round as though trying to remember things. "Barbra," she breaks out, suddenly. "Barbra!"

"Yes, Annah," I answer, leaning over her.

She lifts her arms and lays them about my neck, while great tears crowd into her eyes, and her lip trembles painfully.

"Barbra, you were right—you always are, I think—and I was wrong—all wrong. You did not want me to go to——" a spasm crosses her face—"you know where; but I would, in spite of you, and so now I—I have got my punishment, Barbra. I have seen him for the last time; I have bidden him good-by. 'We parted by the riverside.'"

The long lashes sweep down over her eyes, and Annah lies still.

CHAPTER V.—THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

"In a cottage by the sea."

"ANNAH, do you know how many months we have been here?"

It is Barbra who asks the question—Barbra, sitting in a pretty vine-clad porch, doing her utmost to make herself blind with lace-making. Her sister sits a little way off, in a low basket-chair, a pile of bright worsted in her lap, and in her hand a crimson-and-gilt volume of Tennyson's poems. She lets it fall, folds her hands over the colors in her lap and looks across at Barbra.

"How many months have we been here? I have not the remotest idea. It *seems* like a century to me, but, of course, it is not that long—*certainly* not!" she exclaims, laughing slightly.

"Of course not, Annah. How idiotic you do talk!" cries Barbra, impatiently. "We have been here just eight months to-day. And you have grown much better and appear well contented here!"

"Yes, I *am* contented here. I could live here all my life. I've grown fond of this dear little cottage. I like to sit here in this easy-chair and listen to the ocean thundering against the rocks, or the sweet, low music it makes when it sings to them. Yes, I am quite contented here," and she leans her pretty head back and looks with wide eyes, filled with unutterable yearning, at the blue, cool sea.

"But—but, Annah, do you not think that we ought to go home again now that you are so much improved?" Barbra ventures to ask.

The young woman rolls her head almost restlessly from side to side, and an expression of pain crosses her face.

"Oh, no, Barbra! I do not think so. I have a horror of the thought. How can I ever go back there? Can I ever walk about the garden or sit under those willows again? I do not think I can. I should always see *him* as he looked when he left me that time. Ah, I could not endure that, Barbra," and she gets up and begins to pace up and down the cool porch, hurriedly.

Barbra says nothing. She works on.

Suddenly Annah pauses, with her two hands clasped upon her bosom, and her head turned as if listening. Her face is white with excitement, and her lovely eyes shine like stars.

"Barbra," she calls, pantingly. "Barbra."

Barbra gets up quickly and goes to her.

"What is it, dear?" she questions.

"Some one is coming, Barbra. My heart is keeping time to their footsteps—feel how it races! Look and see who it is—quick!"

Barbra does as she is told. She leans forward, parts the vines and looks out.

Yes, some one is coming, sure enough. A tall, dark, handsome man is hurrying across the sands.

Barbra gazes for an instant like one who doubts her senses, then she turns to her sister.

"Come with me, dear. It is some one you do not care to see—come."

"Barbra, Barbra! *I know who it is!* My heart has told me, and *I* do care to see," and she pulls her arm from Barbra's grasp, and stands like some statue, with radiant, unspeakable joy over all her face.

In another second Earl Chesterleigh springs up the steps and stands before them. He opens his arms and holds them out to Annah, and, without doubt or hesitation, she goes into them.

There is utter silence for a little, except the music the sea is singing to the rocks.

Then Mr. Chesterleigh lifts his lips from Annah's hair and speaks: "Barbra, dear girl, do not look so shocked. I am doing no wrong. I am free. Do not think me wicked, or that I rejoice and am glad, but—my wife is dead. She died six months ago, and as soon as I could I came for Annah. I love her and she loves me, Barbra, and we will never part again so long as we both shall live. To-morrow, if Annah is willing, we will be married here in this cottage. Look up, sweet, and tell me if you are," he urges.

She lifts her face, over which a cloud of pink has drifted, and smiles her own soft, dimpling smile once more, and says, shyly:

"Yes, I am willing—could you doubt it? To-morrow I will become your wife, in this dear 'cottage by the sea.'"

HON. CLARKSON N. POTTER.

CLARKSON NOTT POTTER, late Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, was born at Schenectady, in this State, in the year 1825. His father was the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D., for many years prior to his death Bishop of Pennsylvania; his mother, Maria, the daughter of Rev. Eliphalet Nott, D.D., President of Union College for over half a century.

At a very early age, Mr. Potter graduated at Union College, and subsequently at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy. For a short time thereafter he acted as a surveyor in Wisconsin. He then studied law, and, upon being admitted to the Bar, commenced practice in the City of New York. He speedily built up a large and lucrative business, and had charge of many important litigations involving not only large amounts, but grave questions of law of wide, general interest. Among other causes, he argued before the Supreme Court of the United States the cases in which that court held the "Legal Tender" Act to be unconstitutional, and, when that question was re-heard by that court, he was selected to discuss it with the Attorney-General.

Mr. Potter has been a life-long and consistent Democrat, but has never held any office except that of Representative in Congress. He was elected to the Forty-first Congress, re-elected to the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, declined a nomination for the Forty-fourth Congress, and, in 1876, was re-elected to the Forty-fifth Congress. During the session of that Congress, he was made chairman of the House Committee to investigate the so-called Electoral Frauds, and conducted the inquiry upon that subject.

Mr. Potter was almost the only man in Congress who opposed the Bill demonetizing silver. He insisted that it was unwise and dangerous to change then the existing standards of value. Nevertheless, he thought that since this injury and injustice had been consummated, the legislation for silver last Winter would not be of any advantage to the people. During the Forty-fifth Congress he secured the passage of a Bill by the House which forbids the consideration by Congress of any private or personal claim, until a public judicial examination of the facts by the Court of Claims has first been held. In his public course he has been governed by the conviction that free government can only be preserved by limiting legislative power, by leaving the people of the localities to decide local affairs, and by the prevention of monopolies and privileged classes. He accordingly has always insisted upon preserving vested rights and maintaining justice, and has steadily resisted granting special privileges or favors to any person or classes, and earnestly opposed all measures of further centralization; the chartering by Congress of private corporations; the extension and reissue of patents; all land grants and subsidies; the continuation of the franking privilege; the exclusion of foreign-built ships; and the back-pay, St. Domingo and all kindred schemes. With the like views he proposed amendments to the Constitution prohibiting Congress from interfering with the vested rights or passing any

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law impairing the obligation of contracts, or from chartering corporations to do business in the States; and for limiting the Presidency to one term of six years, and restricting Congress to perennial sessions.

When the Democratic Party determined upon the renomination of Governor Robinson, Mr. Potter's name came into prominence for the post of Lieutenant-Governor, it being felt that he could strengthen the party ticket, and the strong vote received by him on the 4th instant fully justifies that confidence.

Mr. Potter is one of a family of brothers, each of whom has achieved very great success in the several lines of life chosen by them. His brother Howard is one of the members of the great firm of English bankers, Brown Brothers & Co. His brother Robert served with great distinction during the war, and was in command for some time of the Ninth Army Corps. His brother Henry has for many years been rector of Grace Church, one of the most important parishes in this city. His brothers Edward and William are architects, under whose plans many important buildings in various sections of the country have been erected. The latter was lately the Government supervising architect. His brother Eliphalet is President of Union College, in the same position as that in which his grandfather passed the greater portion of his long and useful life.

THE LATE ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

(*Continued from front page.*)

Funeral services were held in the hotel on Sunday, the Rev. David Swing officiating; after which, the remains were taken, under an appropriate escort, to the depot, and thence to Detroit, where the last tributes were rendered on Wednesday, Nov. 5. At an early hour in the morning the remains were conveyed, under the escort of a detachment of the Metropolitan Police, from his residence on Fort Street to the City Hall, where the Committee of Arrangements and a detachment of the Light Guard received the body and placed it in the centre hall, at the head of the main staircase, where it lay in state until 1 o'clock. At 8:15 o'clock the Fort-street entrance to the City Hall was opened, and a great crowd of people poured in. As they entered the south corridor they were separated into pairs, and as the casket was reached every person, bending over, gazed upon the face of the dead Senator. The casket was of black-walnut lined with white satin. Its exterior was covered with black silk velvet, relieved with a drapery of gros-grain silk. At each end, facing the coffin, stood a soldier of the Detroit Light Guard, with a rifle and fixed bayonet at parade-rest. Overhead was a canopy of red, white and blue streamers, intermingled with folds of crape, descending in graceful lines to the four corners of the intersection of the corridors.

Many prominent Republicans and men of distinction from all parts of the country were present. Among these were Senators Blaine, Don Cameron, Burnside, Ogiesby, Logan, and ex-Senator Cameron, Secretary of the Senate Burch, Sergeant-at-Arms Bright, Governors Croswell of Michigan, Cullom of Illinois, Foster of Ohio and Smith of Wisconsin, the entire Michigan Congressional delegation, numerous civic and military companies. The body was removed to the Fort Street mansion a little after 1 P. M. Religious services were conducted there by the Rev. Dr. Pierson, who pronounced a glowing eulogy upon the character and life of the departed Senator, who, he said, sacrificed himself on the altar of patriotism. The address was followed by a brief and eloquent prayer.

The pall-bearers were twenty-five in number, as follows: Ex-Governor Henry P. Baldwin, James F. Joy, Alanson Sheffy, George V. N. Lathrop, Christian H. Buhl, Theodore Romyn, Charles T. Gorham, Governor Croswell, John S. Newberry, William A. Moore, S. Dow Elwood, Alexander Lewis, John Owen, General Alger, Judge James V. Campbell, A. H. Dey, Thomas W. Palmer, Benjamin Vernor, C. C. Trowbridge, Sullivan M. Cutcheon, A. B. Maynard, Judge H. B. Brown, Judge Swift, A. C. McGraw and Frederick Buhl.

At 3 P. M. the coffin was carried to the hearse. The Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, according to usage on such occasions, wore white sashes and followed the pall-bearers. The entire line of march to the cemetery was densely lined on either side with citizens, although a blinding snowstorm prevailed at the time. All public buildings, stores and dwellings along the line of march were profusely draped in black, and while the procession was passing the City Hall the immense bell was tolled.

BICYCLE RACE FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

BICYCLING in this country has received a new impetus by the visit of several professional representatives of England and France, and the liberal challenges offered in their behalf to American masters of the two-wheeled vehicle. As we have heretofore stated, the exercise has of late years been almost confined to Boston and its vicinity. The organization of bicycle clubs and the publication of a semi-monthly journal devoted to their interests gives an indication of the growing popularity of this exhilarating exercise.

After a variety of contests, there was opened in a large, oblong tent on Huntington Avenue, Boston, on November 5th, a four-days' race for the championship of the world. The names of those entered for the contest are Charles Terront, the French champion; William Cann, the English champion; Thomas Harrison, of Boston, Robinson, of Philadelphia; George Harrison, of Boston; Murphy, of Worcester, and Lowder, of Somerville.

The race began during each of the four days at 9 A. M., and closed at 12 P. M. That is, the men had fifteen working hours a day, or sixty hours to make the most number of miles in they can. The English and French bicyclists gave the Americans odds of 10 miles in every 100. The prizes were $500 for the man making the most miles, $250 for the second best, and $100 for the third winner. To the other competitors, $40 were offered to those making 500 miles, $30 to those making 550, and $60 to those making 600 miles.

Women and Medicine.

THE Massachusetts Medical Society has at length voted to bestow the professional sanction upon women upon the same terms as upon men—a tardy recognition of the capacity of women to practice medicine. This step is a logical consequence of the opening of medical instruction to women. Since Massachusetts opened the first "female medical college" in 1848, nearly every country in the world has admitted women to medical training. An interesting paper in the *International Review* for October gives the successive steps by which this has been accomplished in different countries. A canvass of the Massachusetts State Society last year showed that 72 per cent of the physicians were in favor of some recognition of female practitioners, and no other recognition is worth while but the same as that extended to men. The New York Medical Society already admits women. The Review concludes that the question whether women should practice medicine is settled in her favor by the fact that she does practice already. One great field for woman physicians is among the Hindoos of India. Missionary teaching is being every year carried into homes where it could never penetrate but for the medical skill which is its introduction. The religio-social régime of the wealthy classes in Asiatic society will not admit a male physician to the bedside of invalid women, and woman must minister unto woman. The missionary seed thus planted is small at first, but large in its consequences. The economical value to the civilized world of the foreign missions of Christianity is as yet but feebly recognized. But woman has also a great work in the practice of medicine at home, and in the inculcation of more rational habits of life, dress, food and bringing up of children.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Theatre at Geneva.

The cost of this splendid temple of Thespis has been defrayed from the proceeds of the Duke of Brunswick's legacy, and, including the value of the land on which it is built, exceeds 5,000,000 francs. It is, of course, the property of the City of Geneva, and for a year at least will be managed by the Municipality, in order that they may ascertain by actual experience the extent to which it will be necessary thereafter to subsidize the lessee. It is one of the handsomest and largest structures of the sort in Europe. In beauty and extent it ranks next to the opera-houses of Paris and Vienna. In external appearance it greatly resembles that of Paris, being built in the same style of architecture, while the decoration and arrangement of the interior are as perfect as lavish expenditure and artistic taste can make them.

Floating the Last Popular Loan in Paris.

Three months ago the Crédit Foncier of France negotiated a popular loan of 500,000,000 francs, and the excess of subscriptions over the amount required was so large, that in October books were opened for another series of the low-interest bonds, limited to 900,000,000 francs. The proverbial thrift of the French people has never been so practically exhibited as in the rush to purchase the bonds issued by the Government since the great war with Germany, and although the sums of money drawn from the hiding-places and stocking-beds of the people have aggregated a stupendous sum, our illustration of the floating of the last popular loan shows that there is no falling off in the pecuniary interest of the masses in the financial stability of the Republic.

Torpedo Experiments at Portsmouth.

A mimic battle was fought between the British torpedo fleet and the forts at Portsmouth, on the night of October 16th, when thick darkness prevailed. The electric light projected from Fort Monckton swept the water for some time before discovering any signs of the "enemy," but at length it fell upon a boat which had managed to elude detection, and had affixed a charge of dynamite to the great timber boom by which the channel leading to the harbor was protected. The attacking party had not only blown up this barrier, but had also fired a magazine on shore, but the plucky little craft being discovered within the range of the gun, was, of course, placed *hors de combat*, and a like fate afterwards befell most of the other torpedo boats, so that when the contest was over, the defenders of the fort were held to be the victors.

Zulu Chiefs Signing the Peace Stipulations.

This ceremony took place on September 1st, the scene being a square formed by the headquarter encampments, in the centre of which the Union Jack waved aloft. When Sir Garnet appeared the assembled Zulus greeted him with loud "Hurrahs," pronounced very harshly; and after the delivery of his speech, which was interpreted sentence by sentence, each chief in his turn arose as his name was called and approached the table on which lay the document he was required to sign. He was then desired to hold the tip of the penholder, while Mr. T. Shepstone made the mark and wrote the name of each chief as he came up. The meaning of this form was explained to them. After this ceremony they were told that the "udabe" had come to a close. The chiefs all rose as one man, crying "Inguse," and thus ended one of the closing scenes of the last act of the sad and awful drama of the Zulu War.

Great Britain's Flag in the Mediterranean.

The recent appearance of the British fleet under Admiral Hornby in Mediterranean waters caused such apprehension in Constantinople that Sir Austin Layard was requested officially to explain the movement. In response, he informed the Porte that the squadron would remain at present at Voulah, but eventually might proceed to some other Turkish port, as England would not tolerate the oppression of Christians in Asiatic Turkey. Our illustration shows the fleet entering the narrow entrance of the harbor of Jero, in the Island of Mitylene. In parts it is not more than two ships' lengths across, and about four miles in length, where it opens out into a most beautiful harbor, and one of the finest in the world. The hills on either side are covered with olive trees, which give it a very refreshing appearance. After visiting the barren islands of the Archipelago, it was a pretty sight to see the gigantic ships composing the fleet winding their serpentine course through those narrow waters, led by the flagship *Alexandra*.

Employment of Women in Telegraphy.

The employment of women in the telegraphic service in France on a large scale has now begun at Paris, where 240 girls are undergoing an apprenticeship of three months on trial. They are cheaper than men, getting only $200 a year, whereas men get $300 and $400. The girls are not expected to do night-work. Our engraving represents the manner in which the apprenticeship is being conducted, under the direction of the Minister of the Post Office and the Telegraph Service. Thorough instruction is given the aspirants for engagements, and daily tests of their efficiency are made.

Caffre Women at Pietermaritzburg.

The British province of Natal, which has a native African population of nearly 300,000, and scarcely 20,000 Europeans, may be considered rather as a Caffre and Zulu protectorate, than as a colony of the Crown. The native people in general, throughout the up-country districts, living in associated tribes under their own chiefs, and possessing herds of cattle with ample pasture, will not take employment from European farmers or planters. In and about the towns of Durban and Pietermaritzburg, however, the Zulus are disposed to take light household and street work, though they will not toil in the fields. A very large number support themselves by dealing in pieces of sugar-cane, which is greedily sucked by their own people, who throng the towns on the occasion of the weekly visit of the Caffre women.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Through the Exertions of Mr. A. J. Ten Brink, a Geographical Society has recently been founded at Samarang, in Java, which already numbers upwards of 100 members.

The British Sanitary Institute has decided to establish a school of hygiene in London, which will be open to all classes and to either sex. It will be opened during November.

The Railroad from the Naples Observatory to the foot of the cone of Vesuvius will be opened early next year. A steam engine at the summit will draw the cars up by a windlass.

Professor Klinkerfües, of the Observatory of Goettingen, is said to have invented a telegraphic device by which eight telegraphic messages may be sent by one wire at the same time, and printed separately and simultaneously by means of an apparatus at the receiving end.

In a Letter addressed to the French Academy of Sciences, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce desires that body to indicate a practical means of detecting the adulteration of olive oil with oils having very different sources. This fraud has become so common that it is prejudicial to the cultivation of the olive.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science has just commenced the ninth year of its existence. From the beginning it has enjoyed the largest measure of prosperity, being patronized by the leaders of science and the educated public. Financially, the association stands upon the most satisfactory basis.

The Winter Garden which the King of the Belgians has had constructed in the park at Laeken is the largest structure of the kind in Europe. The immense cupola of iron and glass is sixty metres in diameter and thirty metres in height in the centre. It is supported by thirty-six columns of white stone, each being one metre in diameter.

General Tedtleben, who, like General Kaufmann, is in constant communication with scientific institutions in Germany, which he regularly informs of important geographical discoveries, has presented three camels to the Zoological Gardens in Berlin, which have likewise been the recipient of several handsome donations from General Kaufmann.

According to a Report recently made to the Anthropological Society of France, there is a race of wild men, not much superior to monkeys, inhabiting the island of Andaman in the Indian Ocean. Their way of counting is to slap the nose for units, and to pull down the corners of the eyes for tens—as to hundreds they can scarcely compass that amount of mathematics.

Mr. Rhodes, who accompanied Captain Eaton to the borders of Lake Nyanza, while wandering in a ravine near Florence Bay, discovered small pieces of a black substance which proved to be coal. The savages also recognized it as being the same material as was burnt on the steamships. A closer examination of the locality revealed a true vein of excellent coal. This discovery will be of great importance to the steam navigation of Lake Nyanza, and possibly to the development of the industry of the country. The vein was more than three feet in height, and was situated four hundred feet above the level of the lake.

The Acclimatation Society of Paris has received three Turkoman greyhounds of great beauty, the first specimens imported into Europe. The animals are employed in their native country in catching horses. They are of noble aspect, and have great strength of muscle, their head is remarkably long and delicate in form. The hair on the body is short, but the ears (which are very long) are covered with long, silken hair. Their legs are also covered with well-developed hair, and the contrast of this with the upper smooth part of the body is surprising at first sight, the dogs appearing as if they had large, waving pantaloons, or remarking one of some kinds of fowl. It is among this breed that the slop greyhound, described by Hamilton Smith, is found so trained that when a whole pack of them is in pursuit of a doubling hare, a stick thrown before it instantly produces a general halt, and one only is then signaled out to pursue the game.

The Science of Man.—Dr. Edward B. Taylor, in his address before the Section of Anthropology, at a meeting of the British Association, says that the science of man, though concerned with the later forms of being belonging to times which geologists treat as almost modern, has nevertheless to deal with periods of time extending far back beyond the range of history and chronology. Looking back 4,000 to 5,000 years, what is the appearance of mankind as disclosed to us by the Egyptian monuments and inscriptions? Several of the best marked races of man were already in existence, including the brown Egyptian himself, the dark-white Semitic man of Assyria or Palestine, the Central African of two varieties, which travelers still find as distinct as ever, namely, the black or negro proper, and the copper-colored negroloid, like the Bongo or Nyam-Nyam of our own time. Indeed the evidence accessible as to ancient races of man goes to prove that the causes which brought about their differences in types of skull, hair, skin and constitution, did their chief work in times before history began.

A Correspondent proposes the following plan to awaken persons without disturbing other occupants of the room: Take a couple of Smee's Cells, No. 1 size; fill the cells ready for use and attach the wires insulated; let part of the wire, bare, be fastened to the person's arm or leg, and then have a clock close by, with the face punched with small holes to fit the wire; these holes are made at each hour or half-hour, as desired; one end of the wire is then fastened from the inside so that the end protrudes just enough for the hour-hand to touch it, yet the minute-hand does not; the other end of the wire is attached to the hands or the rod on which the hands revolve. Now, then, say the person wishes to be awakened at 3 A. M., and it is 10 P. M. as he is retiring. Let him put the wire in the hole over 3 and attach the wire to himself and retire. Of course, the minute-hand cannot touch the wire at figure 3, so that no connection is made until the hour-hand comes in contact with it at 3 o'clock, when, the instant it touches, the current is closed and the shock given the person will awaken him out of the soundest sleep.

Twenty-four Years Ago a gentleman in the neighborhood of Manchester, England, packed several eggs in a box of oats, and put them in an out-of-the-way place in the attic of his store, with the intention of testing their condition at the end of a year's time. Forgetting all about them, nearly a quarter of a century had passed when, in overhauling the contents of the attic, he came upon the box in its hiding-place. Upon breaking the eggs, the shells of which appeared sound, the whites were found to have totally disappeared, while the yolks remained dried and quite hard. The oats in which the eggs were packed were sound as the day when they were put in the box. In the box was found a memorandum giving the date on which the eggs were deposited. The case is a peculiar one. There must have been something about the locality favorable to the slow evaporation of the eggs and of the absorption of the moisture as fast as it was given off. There are companies in New York and St. Louis who manufacture dried eggs and sell the contents in a pulverulent form. They perform the drying very rapidly by means of a vacuum generated by an air-pump, which removes all moisture as soon as it escapes from the albumen, on the same principle that vacuum pans are used in sugar refineries.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, a well-known lecturer and *littérateur*, died in Brooklyn, November 7th, aged 69.

SENATOR CHANDLER left an estate worth about $3,000,000. While a merchant in Detroit he gained the nickname of "Old Yardstick."

IT is said of General Eli Warren, of Perry, Ga., that he has been engaged on one side or the other in every murder case that has been tried in that county during the past fifty years.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, the well-known journalist and author, is about to start for a four months' tour in America, principally in the Southern States, his object being to avoid bronchitis.

IN Melbourne, Victoria, Bishop Moorhouse has created a sensation by heading a deputation to the Minister of Education to urge the teaching of the historical events of the Bible in the State schools.

THE Prince of Roumania has conferred upon Archibald Forbes, the famous newspaper war-correspondent, the order of the "Star of Roumania" for his participation in the Russo-Turkish campaign.

WALTER HASTINGS, recently deceased, left the bulk of his fortune, after the decease of his wife, to Harvard College. It is estimated at $300,000. This is the largest donation ever made to the college.

THE Earl of Aberdeen has a distinction unique among earls—he is the sole owner of a railway, the entire cost of which came out of his own pocket. It is ten miles in length, runs chiefly on his own property and cost $275,000.

THE decoration of "The Golden Flower of Siam" has been sent by the King to the Hon. Thaddeus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., inventor of the platform scale. This is the first time this distinction has ever been conferred on an American.

ON October 25th Sir Moses Montefiore celebrated the ninety-fifth anniversary of his birthday, and according to annual custom he forwarded to the congregational authorities of the synagogue a sum of money to be distributed among ninety poor persons.

AN historical picture by Paul Delaroche, representing the carrying off of the keys of the Bastille after its capture, will be set up in the Hotel de Ville, at Paris, when the work of restoration is finished. The picture has always belonged to the city, but has never been well exhibited.

SIR GEORGE BUCKLEY-MATHEW, an Englishman who had, many years ago, diplomatic posts in this country, and who was from 1867 until the present year British Minister in Brazil, has just died. His third wife and widow was Miss Gerard, daughter of Mr. J. W. Gerard, of this city.

FIVE young ladies, the Misses Prideaux-Brune and Miss Nora O'Shaughnessy, have just received from the British Lifeboat Institution five silver medals in acknowledgment of their intrepid services in rowing their boat through a rough sea and saving, at considerable risk of life, an exhausted sailor from a boat capsized in squally weather.

IN the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, November 4th, the Minister of Finance read a Bill granting to the future Queen £16,000 annually, and $10,000 annually in case of her widowhood. There was no debate on the measure. The Opposition members will not oppose the grant. The house was very thinly attended. The Royal marriage is fixed for December 1st.

A HANDSOME compliment was paid to L. H. Cramer, Esq., the Receiver of Taxes and Assessments at Saratoga, N. Y., on election day, when he was re-elected for a term of three years by a majority of 475, and that in a town that is usually Republican by 200. He is the only Democrat elected in Saratoga County, and his success is but a fitting recognition of his capability, fidelity and widespread popularity.

IT is said that the post of Foreign Secretary, made vacant by the death of Herr von Bülow, has been offered to Prince Hohenlohe, the present German Ambassador to Paris, who would simultaneously be appointed Imperial Vice-Chancellor. It is understood that Herr von Stolberg, the present Vice-Chancellor, concurs in this arrangement, but it is not yet known whether Prince Hohenlohe will accept.

SCHELLING, the Dresden sculptor, has completed his gigantic model of the bronze memorial statue, which it was decided soon after the Franco-German war should be erected on the Niederwald, near Bingen, as a lasting emblem of Germany's dominion on the Rhine. When put together the figure will be thirty-two feet nine inches in height, or a little more than one-half of the height of the famous "Bavaria" in the Theresa meadow, near Munich.

AN unexpected success has followed the project of the late Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, for the decoration of Orleans Cathedral with ten painted windows representing scenes in the life of Joan of Arc. In a short time $25,000 was subscribed, and a competition, open to all glass painters in France, has resulted in the acceptance of a design possessing, it is said, remarkable merit. The successful artist has been commissioned to execute the work.

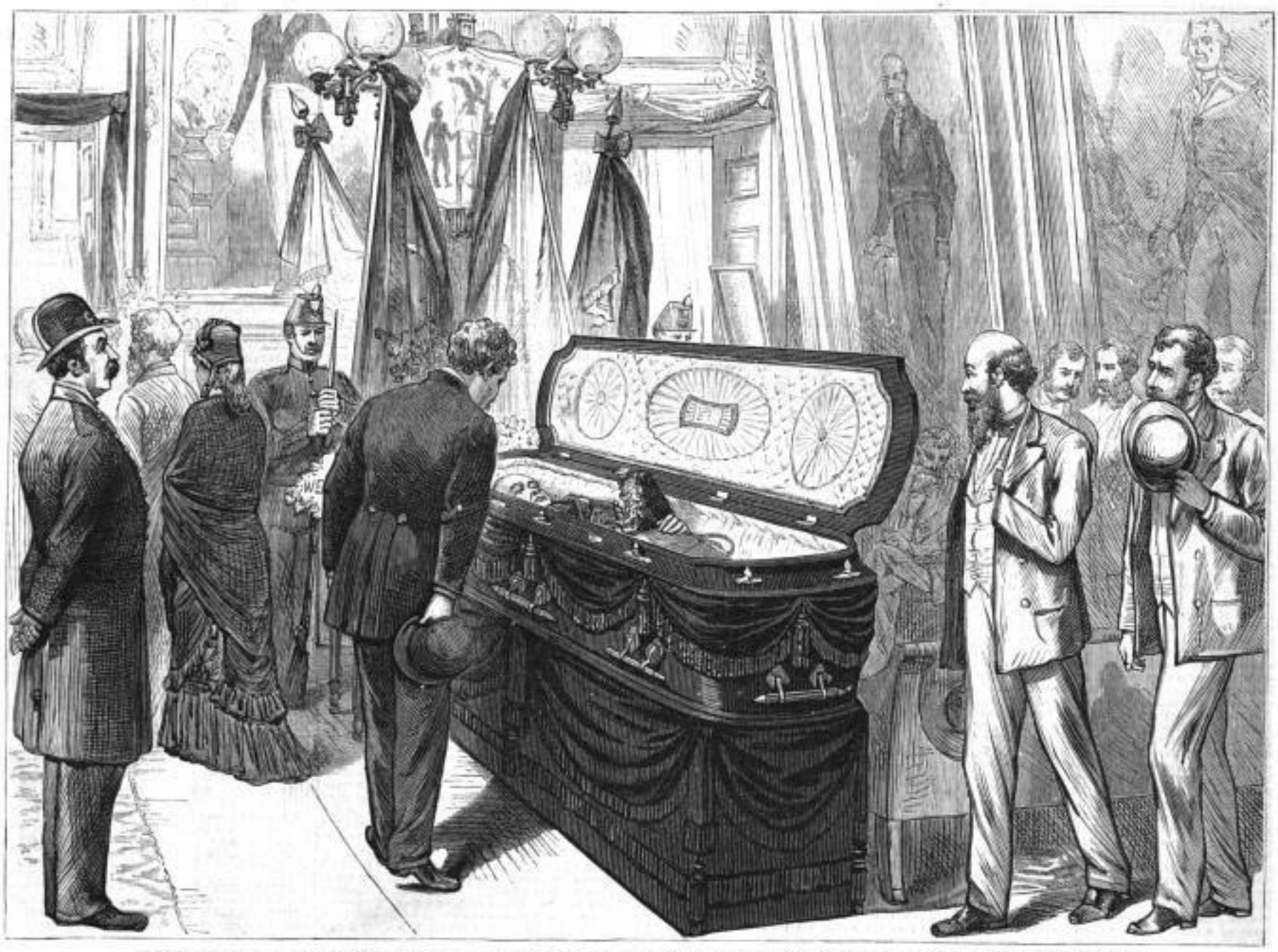
BARON ROTHSCHILD, of Vienna, has a favorite horse, for whose accommodation he has had a special loose box built at the cost of $12,000. This elegant room forms a part of a new stable, which cost $60,000, and which has marble floors; encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists; rings, chains and drain-traps of silver, and walls frescoed with splendid hunting scenes from the pencils of eminent animal painters. The Baron's annual income is fortunately $1,600,000.

GENERAL ADAMS, who did such good service in rescuing the Meeker ladies from the Indians, says that he thinks about twenty-five head men will be convicted of having induced the young men to enter into the war and massacre, and that they will be executed. Chief Ouray has organized a commission to detect the guilty ones, has ordered the hostiles to report to him in ten days, and declares that if his summons is not obeyed he will join in the war against the Utes who resist.

IN a speech at Burlington, Iowa, November 4th, General Grant said: "I believe that if there ever is another war in this country, it will be one of ignorance against intelligence, and in that conflict the State of Iowa will achieve a great victory. Furthermore, I think that war will be one of ignorance and superstition combined against education and intelligence, and I am satisfied that the children here will enroll in the army of intelligence, and wipe out the common enemy, ignorance."

THE United States Consul at Tien-Tsin, China, in a dispatch to the Department of State, reports that two English physicians have had remarkable success in their practice in the royal family, leading to an immediate practice among the common people. The Viceroy has established a free dispensary, and placed one of the doctors at its head. The whole expense is borne by the Viceroy. He has also noticed favorably Miss Howard, M. D., an American lady, who holds high rank among the physicians of Peking.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER—VETERANS OF THE WAR VIEWING THE REMAINS IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, NOVEMBER 5TH.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL HOOKER IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE remains of the late General Joseph Hooker, who died at Garden City, L. I., on October 31st, were brought to New York on November 4th, and placed upon a catafalque in the Governor's Room, City Hall, where they lay in state until the 5th, the day of the funeral services.

The flags throughout the city were at half-mast during the day. Soldiers from the Regular Army were on special duty in the Governor's Room, two standing continually at the head of the coffin, on which rested the dead man's hat, sword and belt. At the head of the catafalque was a pillow of white flowers, with the following words in violets: "California Pioneers. We will meet over the divide."

Shortly before noon the pall-bearers assembled in one of the apartments adjoining the Governor's Room. They were as follows, nearly all being in full uniform: General Winfield S. Hancock, General Ambrose E. Burnside, Rear-Admiral S. D. Trenchard, General Silas Casey, General Daniel Butterfield, General Charles K. Graham, General Alexander H. Webb, General Arnold, General Crittenden, General Anson G. McCook, General George H. Sharpe, General Sweeney, General J. B. Kiddoo, General Gresham Mott, General Wood, John Jacob Astor and Charles L. Tiffany.

The procession consisted of a platoon of mounted police; Major-General Shaler and his staff, mounted; Separate Troop A, and Troop A Third Regiment of Cavalry of the National Guard; Battery C Light Artillery of the United States Army; Seventh Regiment, with arms reversed; the pall-bearers; the hearse, escorted by the special detail from Governor's Island; field and staff officers of the Seventy-first Regiment of the National Guard; veterans of the war; detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic, under command of Senior Vice-Department Commander Jacob Wilsing, including the Association of the Veterans of the Mexican War, commanded by Colonel W. L. Tidhall, with Captain Charles J. Murphy as marshal, and among whom was ex-Governor Parker of New Jersey; and details from the First and Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteers, General Hooker's old regiments.

Appropriate services were held in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Adams officiating, and at the close the body was transferred to Jersey City, where a detachment from the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, took charge of it.

At Cincinnati, the remains and escort were received by General Dickinson, Mayor Jacob and other members of the Committee of Soldiers and Citizens. Lieutenant McNeil, United States Artillery, with his guard, who had accompanied the remains, was relieved by Lieutenant Buckhardt, of the Thirteenth Infantry, with eight men from Newport Barracks. The remains were taken to the Second Presbyterian Church, where they were in state until one o'clock on Friday, the hour fixed for the burial. The church prepared for the reception of the remains with draped flags and floral offerings.

HON. ALONZO B. CORNELL,

GOVERNOR-ELECT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

HON. ALONZO B. CORNELL, Governor-elect of New York, was born at Ithaca, on the 22d of January, 1832, and received his early academic education in that town. At the age of fifteen years he began active life as a telegraph operator, and, in 1848, went to Cleveland, Ohio, as manager of the office there, where he remained several years. From Cleveland he came to New York, and from 1855 to 1859 was the manager of the principal telegraph office in this city. From 1864 to 1869 he was Cashier and Vice-President of the First National Bank of Ithaca; afterwards he became First Vice-President of the Western Union Company; he is now the chief officer of the American District Telegraph Company, and has various other business connections with telegraphic enterprises.

Upon the formation of the Republican Party in 1854, he identified himself actively with its fortunes, and has, during his whole career, been an earnest supporter of its principles.

Mr. Cornell's first political office was that of Chairman of his County Committee, which he held from 1859 to 1866. In the latter year he became a member of the State Committee. In 1868 he was placed on the State ticket as a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, but, with his party, was defeated.



HON. ALONZO B. CORNELL, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTO. BY SOUARDI'S.

In March, 1869, when General Grant became President, Mr. Cornell was appointed Surveyor of this port, which office he filled until the Fall of 1872, when he accepted a nomination for the State Assembly. President Grant offered Mr. Cornell the office of Assistant-Treasurer of the United States in this city during the year 1870, but the appointment was declined. In the same year Mr. Cornell first became Chairman of the Republican State Committee. Upon his election to the Assembly he was made Speaker, quitting the position with a high reputation for integrity. In 1876 he was appointed Naval Officer of New York, and he held that office until removed by President Hayes, whose civil service order Mr. Cornell had violated by his active connection with the party organization while holding his position as a Federal officer. This offense, however, seems to have been forgiven by the Administration, its leading members having, in his late candidacy for the Governorship, given him their active support.

Mr. Cornell's nomination for Governor was resisted by a small element of his party on the ground that he represented "the machine" in politics. But his high personal character and acknowledged ability commanded for him the enthusiastic support of the great body of Republicans, and there is no doubt that the same qualities, joined to his experience in public affairs and his thorough knowledge of the State and its wants, will secure for his administration the respect and confidence of the great mass of the people.

REV. THOMAS A. STARKEY,

BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

THE Rev. Dr. Thomas A. Starkey, who has just been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Northern New Jersey, is about fifty years of age, and a gentleman of refined manners and dignified presence. He was born in Philadelphia, and educated at the start for the calling of a civil engineer. He abandoned that business for the ministry, and in 1847 was ordained as a deacon, and in 1848 as a priest, by the Rev. Bishop Potter, late of Pennsylvania. He was Rector of Christ Church, Troy, from 1850 to 1854. In 1854 he succeeded Bishop Kip as Rector of St. Paul's Church, Albany. In 1859 he became Rector of Trinity Church, Cleveland, and ten years later he was elected Rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C. In April, 1877, he became Rector of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, where he still officiates. Dr. Starkey is a divine of marked ability, and is beloved by all who know him. He is inclined to High Church views, but is not a ritualist in the broad sense of that term.

BARON VON HAYMERLE.

BARON VON HAYMERLE, Count Andrassy's successor as Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was born at Vienna in 1829, of a rich and elegant, but not noble, family. He was educated at the Oriental College, where he became complete master of the seventeen languages spoken in the monarchy, and entered public service as an assistant in the Foreign Office. Here he won the confidence of Count Beust, and was rapidly promoted. In 1867 he was made a baron, and sent to Athens as Ambassador; in 1872 he was transferred to The Hague, and in 1877 to Rome. That which gained him the favor of Count Beust was his pronounced antipathy to Prussia. Count Beust, who for many

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years had been one of Bismarck's bitterest enemies, in 1866, by the battle of Sadowa, was driven from his place as Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Saxony, undertook the reorganization of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and in Haymerlé he found a man after his heart. A dismal speculation in Turkish railway stocks afterwards sent Count Beust as Austrian Ambassador to London. Thence he was transferred to Paris, and now, since the alliance between Germany and Austria has become an accomplished fact, he has determined to retire into private life altogether. In the meantime, under the influence of Count Andrassy's convincing arguments, Haymerlé changed his feelings towards Prussia and Bismarck, and during the Congress of Berlin, at which he was present as second delegate from Austria, he found an opportunity to make his conversion known. He has the reputation of being a prudent and sagacious man, but he has never taken any part in parliamentary life.



THE HIDDEN WITNESS.—"SHE CRAWLED TO THE FACE LOOKING SO GHASTLY IN THE WHITE MOONLIGHT, AND SCREAMED WITH FEAR."—SEE PAGE 198.

PERILS BY RAIL.

EARLY on the morning of November 4th a train on the New York and Greenwood Lake Railroad, consisting of the locomotive and tender and one passenger-car, was precipitated in the Hackensack River, through an open drawbridge, at Snake Hill, a point about four and a half miles from Jersey City, N. J. It appears that the draw was at the time open to allow three or four small craft to pass, and the danger signal was in its place aloft, but the engineer, from some cause, failed until too late to stop his train before discovering that the draw was open. He reversed his engine, when about one hundred feet from the chasm, and jumped off, and striking on his head and shoulders, was instantly killed. The fireman jumped over the bridge into the river, and in spite of the intense cold of the water succeeded in swimming to the shore. The baggage-master saw the fireman leap into the river and instantly rushed to the front platform and jumped into the water. Three passengers escaped from the rear of the car into the water, leaving the conductor, the brakemen and sixteen passengers in the car. When the locomotive left the bridge it leaped nearly across the open space, fifty feet in width, and sank to the bottom of the stream, which is said to be fifty feet in depth at this place. The tender was dragged with it, but fortunately the coupling between the tender and the car broke and the trucks became detached, leaving the car with its human freight to float on the surface. The scene which followed was a wild and distressing one.

The bridge-tender at once set to work helping the men out of the water. The baggagemaster and the others were taken out nearly exhausted and suffering greatly from the cold. In the meantime the cars had settled in the water nearly up to the ventilators, and the men inside were standing on the seats and hanging to the racks to keep their heads above the water. A boat and an ax were procured, and with the ax a hole was made in the roof of the car. Through this the nearly drowned inmates were taken out. Many of them were bruised but not seriously injured, and they suffered more from the cold drenching than anything else. We illustrate the scenes below.



NEW JERSEY.—THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT ON THE HACKENSACK RIVER. SCENE IN THE CAR BEFORE THE RESCUE.

COOKERY IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

THE School Board in London, England, is resolved that in future girls shall have both a theoretical and practical knowledge of cookery. In 1877 it was made a rule of the Board that "one or more of the mistresses in every girls' school must be competent to teach cookery," and all head and assistant mistresses of girls' schools, if not already competent to teach this branch of education, were strongly urged to attend a course of lessons on the subject. These lessons are given at four cooking centres, and are available to all the teachers in London. The instruction is both theoretical and practical, and none are admitted to examination in the practical department till they have passed an examination in the theoretical. When mistresses have successfully passed both examinations they receive a certificate. These examinations are of no fancy character, but are confined within the limits in which it is required that instruction shall be given to scholars. One can have a very good idea of the nature of the instruction imparted from the following questions, which, among many others, must be answered satisfactorily before any one can pass in theoretical cookery:

"Name and explain briefly the six commonest ways of cooking meat. Give a full recipe for preparing a piece of meat in any one of the ways you mention." "Name six of the most valuable fresh vegetables used in this country. Give recipes for boiling old potatoes, for boiling cauliflower and serving it with melted butter." "What are the general rules to be observed in roasting meat? How long would it take to roast seven pounds of beef, and how would you set about it?" "How would you make leg of beef soup?" "What are the different methods of preparing beef tea? Give two of the recipes." "How would you make a quartern of flour into bread?" "Give the recipe for a meat pie." "What is the difference between the flesh of white and oily fish? How would you stuff and bake a haddock?" "What is pot-au-feu? How would you prepare it with six pounds of beef? What beef would you use, and what other ingredients?" "Mention some ways of re-cooking old meat." "What dishes can you prepare with Australian meat? Give the recipe for one." "Give the rules for boiling meat and the time allowed." "How would you prepare an Irish stew?" "How would you prepare a dish of beef a la mode?" "What utensils are necessary for a small kitchen?"

This is surely practical teaching and examining, and the knowledge implied ought to be within the range of even the humblest mistress of a cook-stove.

The scheme of teaching adopted by the London Board is to give to the older girls in certain schools at least twelve lessons on "Food and its Preparation," and also twelve on practical cookery. The practice lessons are given on one half-day in each week. They are supplied by a competent instructor appointed by the Board, who is paid £99 a year as salary. This, however, is only the beginning of what is intended. It has been resolved to provide kitchens in twenty-one schools in London, selected in districts the most convenient for the children attending. Five of these are already in active operation, and attendance on them is popular. It could scarcely be otherwise. Such instruction brings girls into a perfectly new world, and yet one strangely familiar. It is like "playing at house," while it makes the little women actual missionaries of tidiness and culinary skill to many an humble and ill-managed home. For, be it remarked, these kitchens are not fitted up with all the indispensables of a gentleman's cooking establishment. They have nothing but what is suitable to an ordinary artisan's home. The food cooked is generally sold, so that there is no waste incurred. As yet only a comparatively small number can be admitted to the benefits of the system, but it is gradually extending.

IN THE COILS OF A BOA.

ONE of the most intrepid wild beast tamers in Europe, Karolyi, a Magyar of colossal stature and extraordinary physical strength, has recently fallen a victim to a dread contingency of his perilous profession. He was performing before a crowded audience in Madrid the other day one of his most sensational feats, which consisted in allowing a huge boa constrictor, over twenty feet in length, to enfold his body in its tremendous coils, when a piercing cry escaped him, which was greeted by the public with a round of applause under the supposition that its utterance constituted a part of the performance. It proved, however, to be the outcome of a strong man's death-agony. The gigantic snake had tightened its coils and crushed poor Karolyi's life out of him with one terrific squeeze. As his head fell back and his eyes became fixed in a glassy stare the plaudits died away, and were succeeded by the stillness of utter consternation. The snake and its lifeless victim swayed for a second or two of inexpressible horror and then toppled over on the boards of the stage; but the boa did not in the least relax his grip upon the corpse, which remained for more than an hour imprisoned in its hideous thraldom, nobody daring to approach



NEW JERSEY.—THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT ON THE HACKENSACK RIVER—EXTRICATING THE PASSENGERS FROM THE FLOATING CAR.

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the lithe monster, of whose powers such appalling proof had been given. At length it occurred to one of Karolyi's attendants to place a bowl of milk in a cage within sight of the mighty serpent, which slowly unwound itself from the dead body and glided into its den irresistibly tempted thereto by its favorite dainty. A post-mortem examination of the unfortunate athlete's remains discovered no fewer than eighty-seven fractures of his bones effected by the constriction of the serpent's coils. His death must have been almost instantaneous, as the spine was disarticulated in several places.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY. HENRY T. COATES. Philadelphia: PORTER & COATES.

RARELY indeed does the reviewer come upon a volume containing so much that is worthy of his attention as is contained in "The Children's Book of Poetry." It opens in the nursery and ends in the library. We commence with Baby Days, and, by a charming and gradual process, arrive at the highest efforts of poetic imagination and creative power. This work has been compiled for the purpose of interesting and instructing children between the ages of six and fourteen years. The mental capacity of the child is treated with a dainty and winsome gentleness, nothing being admitted into this volume which takes too high a flight, while the double vein of triviality and insipidity has been carefully eliminated.

Story-telling is, and ever must be, one of the greatest pleasures of childhood, and the most effective means of inculcating great truths and carrying instruction to the youthful mind; and when a charming story is told, in charming verse, the impression on the child intellect is sure to be deep and lasting. The poems have been arranged under appropriate subject-headings, such as "Baby Days," "Play Days," "Lessons of Life," "Animals and Birds," "Trees and Flowers," Nature," "Religion," "Christmas and New Year," "Old Tales and Ballads," and "Some Famous Poems for the Older Children." The volume opens with—

"Only a baby small
Dropped from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose,
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes,"

and closes with some of the best bits of Pope, Scott, Burns, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson and Browning. The get-up of the book is admirable, and when we mention that it is profusely illustrated with two hundred engravings by Gustave Doré, Harrison Weir, J. E. Millais, George H. Thomas and other distinguished artists, we have said enough.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC," and other Poems. By ETHEL LYNN BEERS. Philadelphia: PORTER & COATES.

The authoress, in her preface, utters: "If some gentle heart shall find within this sheaf some treasured wait or song remembered, or if words yet unfamiliar bring to me one new friend, I have not rhymed in vain." Mrs. Beers has not rhymed in vain. The workmanship is artistic, an air of culture hangs over all, and there are palpable evidences of some genuine inspiration. The bright gilts of the poet are not claimed, still the voice is musical, if not fervent, and the authoress introduces us in this agreeable volume to old friends, and not a whit the less agreeable for being old.

"THE PRE HISTORIC WORLD," BY ELIE BERTHET. Translated from the French by MARY J. SAFFORD. Philadelphia: PORTER & COATES.

This is a romance based upon the scientific research which has disclosed to us the doings of mankind anterior to that period at which history has commenced, and in three tales are summed up the discoveries of the scientists of all countries, including Cuvier, Durcher de Perthis, Le Hon, Lartet, Lyell and G. de Mortillet. The first, "The Parisians of the Stone Age," is "a study of the inhabitants of Parisian soil, who were the contemporaries of the mammoth and cave bear." In "The Lacustrian City" the action lies in the intermediate age of Polished Stone; and the third tale, "The Foundation of Paris," is relegated to the Age of Metals. To those who belong to the learned tribe of "ists," this book will prove an absorbing treat.

FUN.

OLD LADY (on donkey): "Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?" *Boy:* "Werry dangerous, indeed, marm; there was a lady a ridin' up here last year, and the donkey fell, and the lady was chucked over the cliff and killed." *Old Lady:* "Good gracious, was the donkey killed, too?" *Boy:* "No, marm; that's the werry donkey."

"WILL the angels come down for me with a chariot and horses when I die?" asked a little boy of his Sunday-school teacher. "I guess so, if you are a real good boy," said the teacher. The little fellow's eyes sparkled with anticipation as he eagerly exclaimed: "And, oh, do you think they'll let me sit on the front seat and drive?"

A COLORED man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye see, sah; an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter, she wouldn't get none. Now, ef I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, an' dat would be takin' de shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter, right out o' my mudder's mout."

MANY a man sits up nights five weeks at a stretch, Sundays included, composing a communication for the press on a slate, and then, having spent another week copying it until it might be mistaken for a piece of engraving, he walks into the editor's office and remarks, with very badly assumed carelessness that wouldn't deceive a wooden cigar-sign Indian: "There's something I just scrached off that I thought you might use."

REPRESENTATIVE DOGGETT of Nevada got very angry, the other day, with the overland railroad people, because he was forced to pay a large sum for extra baggage. He says that he is going to get even with the company by sending his public documents to and fro, as he can do under the franking privilege and under the Government contract with the company, which must take the documents for nothing. He says: "I'll put my trunk on 'em and ship 'em to Matt Carpenter, in Wisconsin, and he'll frank 'em and send 'em back, and I'll frank 'em again and re-direct 'em to him; and these books—two tons of 'em—will go back and forth over that blasted road, free, until the next session of Congress, when I'll get hold of some more and start them along, too."

A FUNNY old gentleman enters an omnibus and, without consulting any of the other passengers, at once lets down all windows. *Old Gentleman* (looking round complacently): "A cold morning this, but I must say I like air!" *Fellow-passenger* (gruffly): "It seems to me, sir, that, under the circumstances, it might probably suit you better, and would certainly be more comfortable for us, if you would get out and sit on the roof!"

SOME women never can be satisfied. The other night when Gallagher was reckoning up his accounts, his wife spoke to him several times and receiving no answer said: "You treat me cruelly. I fear you no longer love me!" and Gallagher replied: "I love you passionately, devotedly, frantically, madly: but if you don't hold yer jaw till I get these figures added, I'll give you a clip in the eye." And in spite of his protestations of love, she was not satisfied.

"JERUSHER," exclaimed her true love, "Jerush, what'll you take for that gold ring o' yourn?" "Well, I don't know, Jeremiah," said she; "you know it is 18 k." "Just let me have it," pleaded Jerry, "and I'll send you a diamond for it to-morrow. As good a one as there is anywhere." "Honest Injun, Jeremiah?" "No mistake." He captured the ring, and just before he started for Texas next morning, he sent her a pack of diamonds, bearing the inscription: "This is the best diamond out."

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F. Pacio, Director of the Music and Conductor "La Scala," to Campanini:

MILAN, September 18th, 1879.

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I have seen and examined the superb Grand Piano you have just purchased from WEBER, of New York, which for beauty and robustness of tone, as well as for elegance of design, is truly remarkable, and must be classed among the foremost Pianos of our day. Present my compliments to Mr. Weber for his admirable work, and you I congratulate on your enviable acquisition. M. PACIO.

G. Lucca, the eminent musical critic and publisher, to Campanini:

MILAN, September 24th, 1879.

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I have seen your magnificent Grand Piano from WEBER, of New York, which you have lately purchased, and congratulate you on the possession of such a splendid instrument.

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(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York, City and County of New York, } ss.

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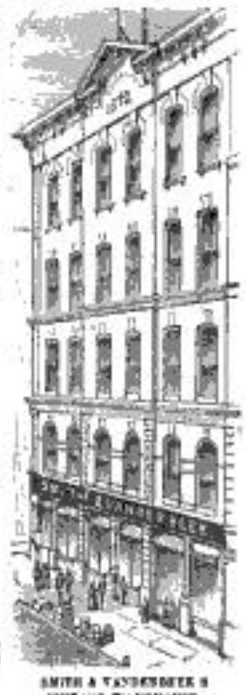
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THE RESCUED UTE CAPTIVES.

WE give on this page the portraits of Miss Josephine Meeker, and of Mrs. Price and her two children, whose recent terrible experiences among the Utes have made them objects of national interest. Miss Meeker was the daughter of the Indian Agent, and it was to her heroism that the escape of herself, her mother, of Mrs. Price and children, from death, at the hands of the Indians, was chiefly due.

Miss Meeker was a teacher at the Agency, and popular among the Indians. Among her most promising pupils were Douglass and son. While at the Agency she had several proposals for marriage from chiefs and prominent bucks, and became well acquainted with their language.

On one occasion Douglass threw down blankets and compelled Miss Meeker to dismount, saying that they were going into camp. He then said that they were going to stab them, and exhibited the butcher knives to be used for the purpose. Then he placed a musket to her forehead and said: "Indian going to shoot." The courageous girl never flinched, and laughed at the burly savage. He asked her if she was afraid, and her ready response, "I am not afraid of Indians or death," elicited the admiration of the Indians. They turned upon Chief Douglass with derision, and he slunk from the presence of the brave woman.

Soon after this they were placed in charge of Chief Johnson, and through the instrumentality of Johnson's squaw their condition was very much improved and further indignities prevented.

After their rescue by General Adams, their condition was made still more comfortable. Their costume, as they appeared on their arrival at Denver, October 30th, after a journey of five hundred miles by stage or ponies, is thus described by the *Tribune* of that city: Miss Josie's costume was the most striking. Her dress was made of an Indian blanket, plain skirt, and long jacket-waist with tight sleeves. The blanket stuff was dark-brown, the broad yellow stripes in the goods acting as a border around the bottom of the dress and the flowing waist. Her feet were incased in moccasins, and by her side lay a broad white sombrero. Miss Meeker, though by no means a handsome young lady, is bright and attractive in appearance. She is a blonde, and naturally of fair complexion, though now sunburned. Her hair is cut short to the neck.

Mrs. Price is a young lady yet. Though but twenty-three years of age, she has been married several years. She is naturally bright and active, but just now the death of her husband and her terrible experience has saddened her. Mrs. Price was dressed in a plain woolen dress, which she said she wore when taken captive. She, however, exchanged it for a "blanket" dress similar to that worn by Miss Meeker, and saving it, reassumed it when she reached Alamosa. Mrs. Price also wore a sombrero.

Mrs. Meeker wore, when she arrived, a long wrapper and a hood, with which she was provided at Los Pinos. The two little children, May and Johnnie, were their agency clothes, sadly tattered and torn.

The "blanket" suits of Miss Meeker and Mrs. Price were made by them while in camp on Grand River, the captors furnishing the material, thread, needles, etc. Our illustrations are made from photos. taken by Bates & Nye, the leading photographers of Colorado.



COLORADO.—THE LATE UTE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE AT THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY—MISS JOSEPHINE MEEKER, AND MRS. PRICE AND HER TWO CHILDREN, IN THE COSTUMES WORN BY THEM WHEN CAPTURED.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BATES & NYE, OF DENVER.

The history of the prisoners during their captivity forms a most pathetic chapter. After the killing of Agent Meeker the women attempted to escape into the brush from the burning buildings. Mrs. Meeker was fired at with the result of a flesh-wound in the hip four inches in length. Miss Meeker and Mrs. Price were called to: "Indians no shoot white women. Stop! Indians no hurt." They were then mounted—Miss Meeker, with Mrs. Price's eldest child, four years old, tied behind her; Mrs. Price, with her infant in her arms, and Mrs. Meeker, who is sixty-four years of age, and lame from her wound.

When they struck the camp at midnight, Mrs. Meeker was dismounted, and fell to the ground un-

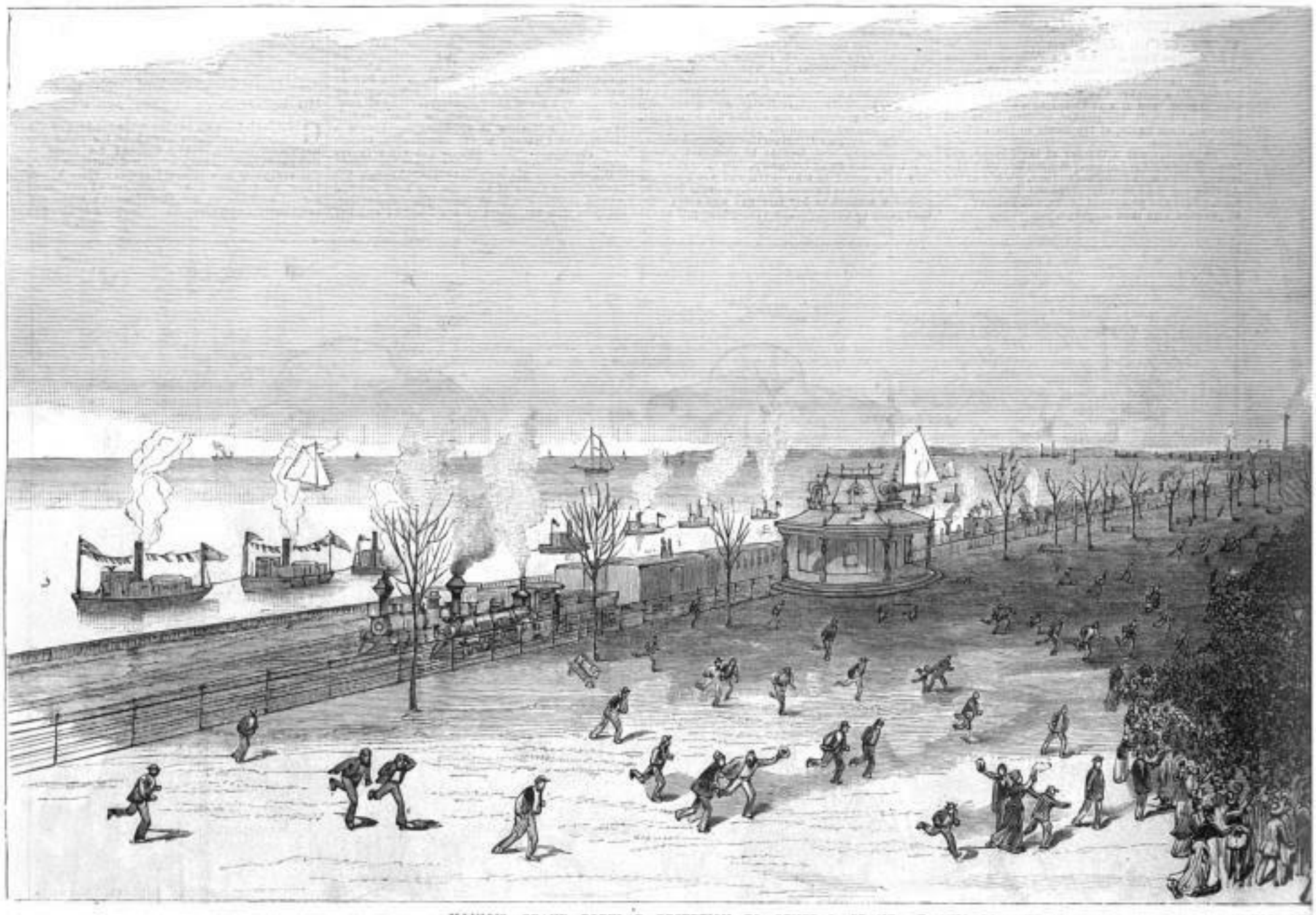
GENERAL GRANT'S WELCOME HOME.

HIS RECEPTION AT GALENA AND CHICAGO.

GENERAL GRANT having made the tour of the world, receiving everywhere the most distinguished honors, finally reached his home at Galena, Illinois, on the afternoon of November 5th. His reception was in every respect remarkable, being characterized by evidences of the most cordial affection on the part of his townsmen and neighbors. A vast concourse of people assembled to welcome him, and as he descended from the railway-carriage, and was escorted to his place in the procession, he was greeted with the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and hearty cheers from the multitude. On the route of the procession every building was decorated, and elaborate arches were erected in several streets. In front of General Grant's family church a concourse of schoolchildren sang "America." Finally, the procession stopped at a platform where a formal greeting was extended by State Senator McClellan, in answer to which the ex-President said:

"CITIZENS OF GALENA.—It is with some embarrassment that I reply that your welcome is exceedingly gratifying to me; but it is difficult for me to

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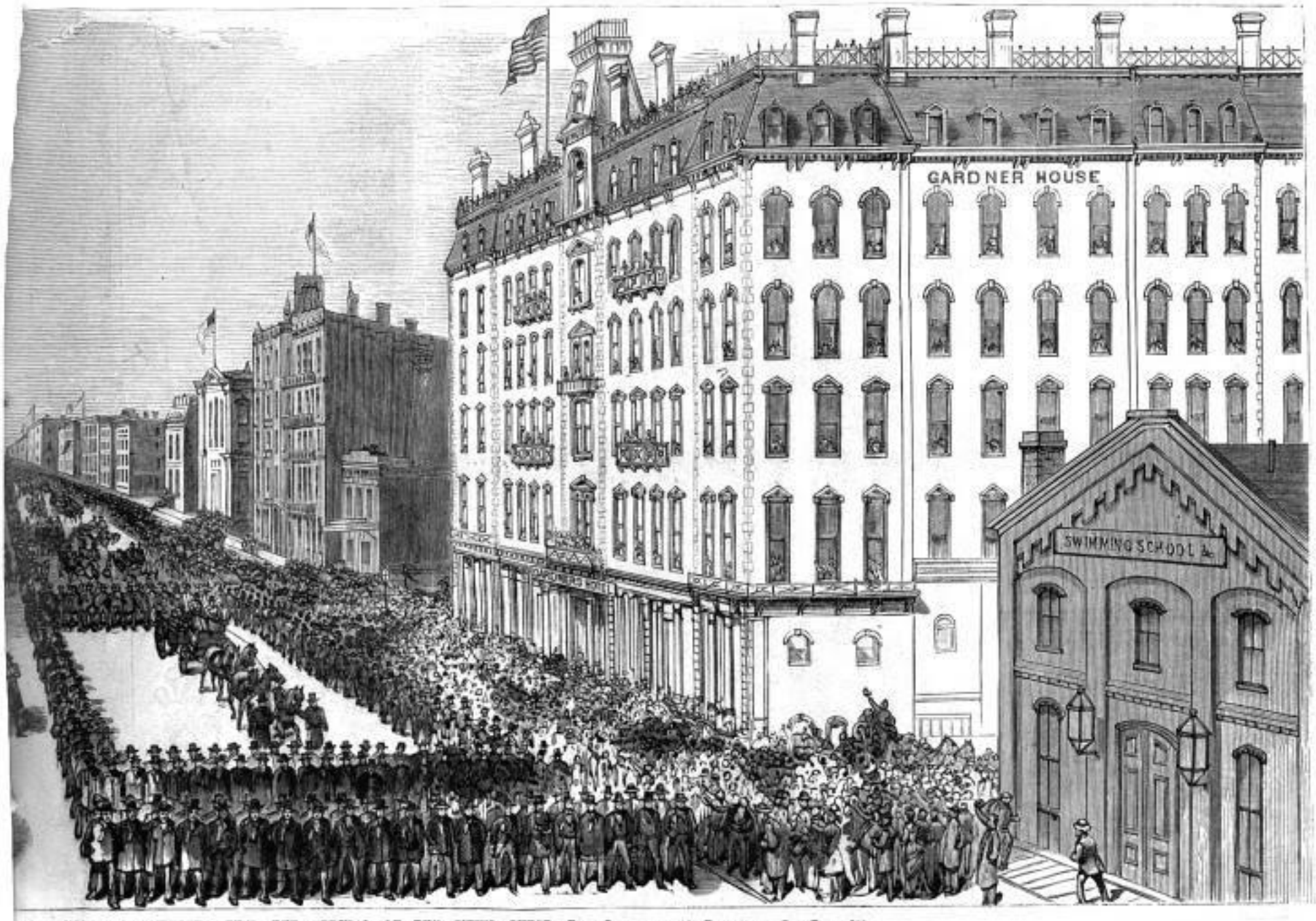


ILLINOIS—GRAND POPULAR RECEPTION TO GENERAL GRANT AT CHICAGO—THE GREAT PROCESSION STARTING ON

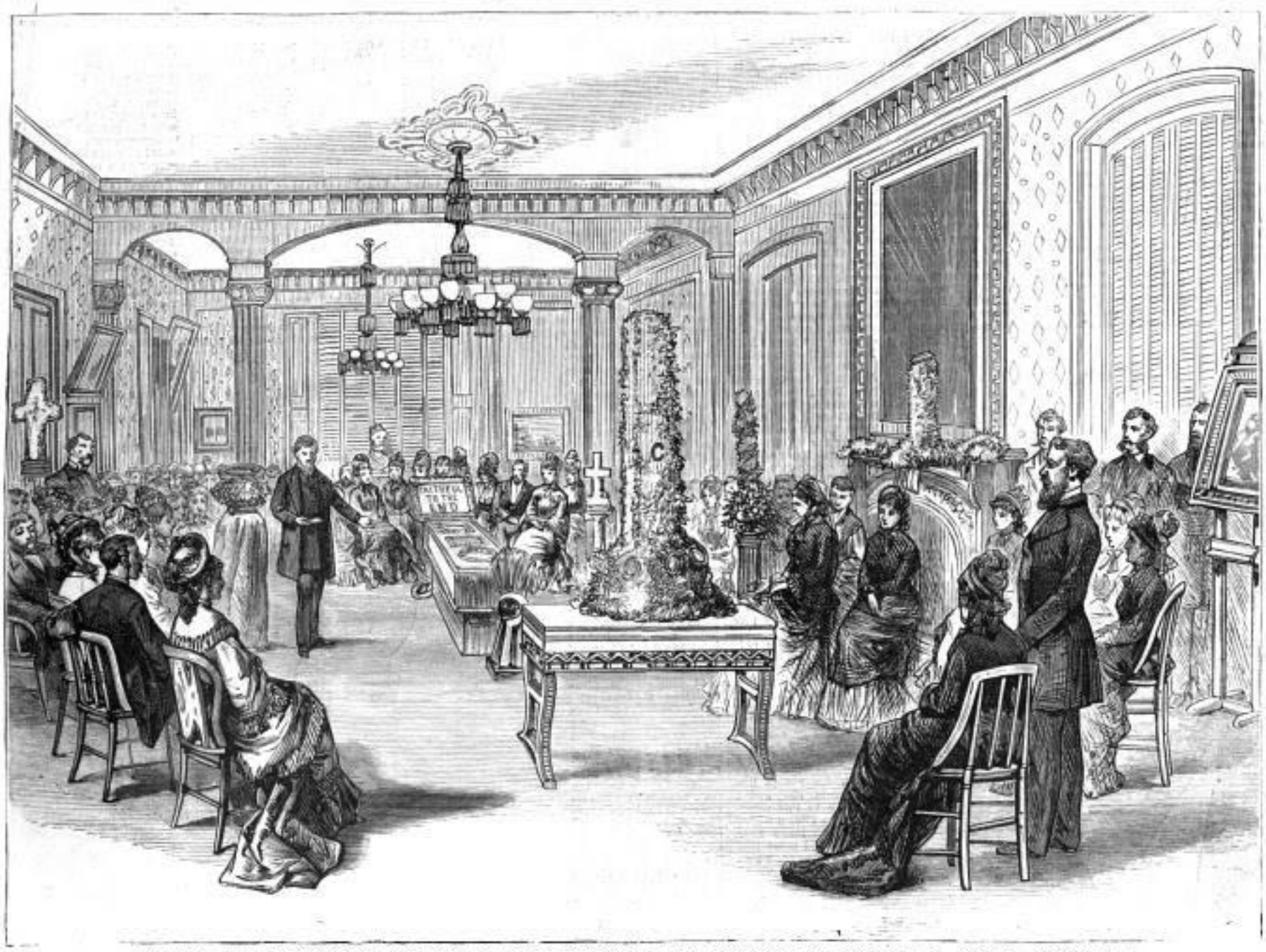


ILLINOIS.—THE WELCOME HOME OF GENERAL GRANT AT GALENA—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE GRAND STAND AND ARCH.
From Sketches by J. B. Beale.—See Page 209.

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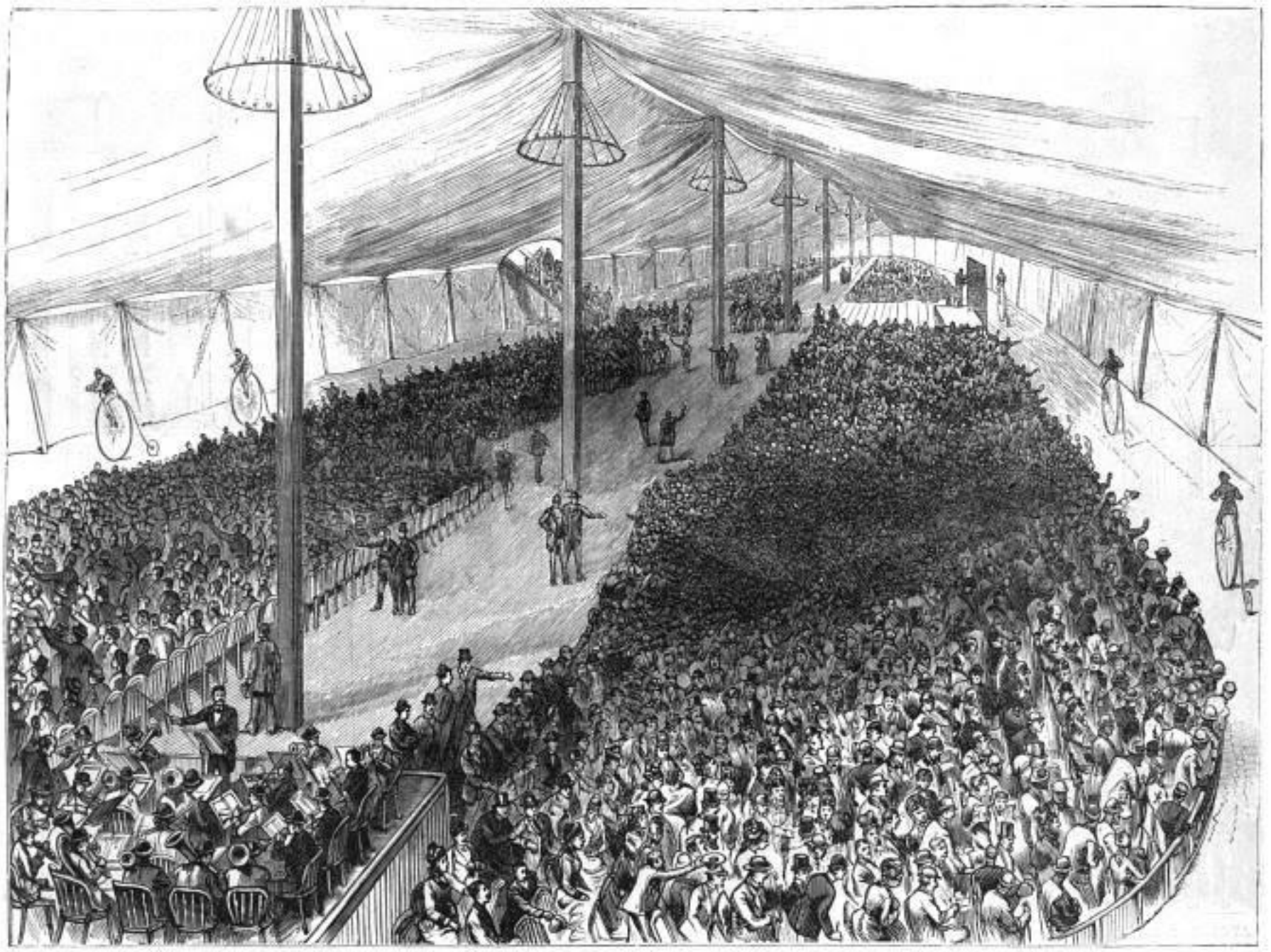


H UP MICHIGAN AVENUE AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE CITY'S GUEST.—From Sketches by A. Berghaus.—See Page 209.



MICHIGAN.—THE LATE SENATOR CHANDLER—FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE RESIDENCE ON FORT STREET, DETROIT, NOVEMBER 5TH.
From Sketches by our Special Artist.—See Front Page.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—OPENING OF THE FOUR DAYS' BICYCLE CONTEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, IN BOSTON, NOVEMBER 5TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. B. BURDICK.—SEE PAGE 203.

reply to what I have just heard, to what I have seen. Since I first left here, eighteen years ago, it has always been the greatest pleasure for me to return to Galena; and now, after an absence of two and a half years from your city, during which time I have visited almost every country in the world, it is a pleasure to be greeted in this manner by you. During my travels I received princely honors, but they were all due to this country and to you as citizens and as sovereigns of so great a country. When I saw during my absence, especially in the Far East, how hard the inhabitants had to toil even for a maintenance, I realized more than ever the greatness of our country, where want is scarcely ever known, and where the question of sustenance is not daily considered. I will only add that I thank you again for your reception."

This speech was received with tumultuous cheering. Subsequently, the General held a reception at the De Soto House, which was densely crowded. In the evening the town was illuminated, presenting a brilliant spectacle. General Grant dined with his family at his residence, which he found finely fitted up for his reception. From half-past eight until ten o'clock there was a continuous stream of people on foot and in carriages, all intent upon paying their respects to the General and Mrs. Grant, who received them in the most hospitable manner.

While General Grant's wonderful trip around the world, and through his own country, was theoretically completed at Galena, Ill., there were left a number of short trips to other places on very special occasions which will probably keep him "on the wing" until early in the Spring. He is not yet positive of his ability to attend the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, which takes place in Washington, D. C., on the 19th and 20th instant, and which will be marked by the unveiling of the statue of the late General George H. Thomas. Invitations to visit various cities are pouring in upon him from every direction, and, did his mind so incline, he could keep up the round of festal travel for months to come. It appears likely now that after the demonstration in Chicago, and possibly in Washington, he will return to Galena and remain until the second week in December, when he will start on his journey East. He proposes to stay over at but few places, including Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New York and Philadelphia.

After remaining a few days in Philadelphia and New York, the General will leave for Cuba, where he will spend the Winter. From Cuba he intends visiting the City of Mexico. From thence he will return either to Galveston or New Orleans, and thence home to remain until the hot weather, when he will occupy his residence at Long Branch until the advent of cold weather, when he will again come to Galena, home.

As to his future movements, his answers to a correspondent may give some indication:

"I shall not be able to do much more than call Galena my home after a while. It is a good place to live now, as on my income I can live there much cheaper than in a large city, and live better than most of my neighbors then. My income is not large enough for me to live as I would like, and I will have to find something to do after a while. I have two farms near St. Louis, and some real estate in Chicago, which if I could sell I would feel better off. My land in Chicago is thirty-one acres, just outside the western limits of the city. Eleven years ago I was offered $1,500 an acre for it, and now, after paying taxes on it all that time, I couldn't get $250 an acre for it. But I did better in some other investments, or I could never have traveled abroad as long as I have."

It was truly said that his reception at San Francisco and Sacramento, and his trip up the coast, were the most brilliant social affairs that has ever transpired on the Pacific Slope. The magnificence of his welcome home at the Golden Gate, and the lavish entertainments that were prepared for him in San Francisco, successfully rivaled the splendors of his Oriental travel. As the day on which the people of California united to do him honor was the greatest of its kind in their experience, so the great popular reception in Chicago, on the 12th, and the hospitalities showered upon him on the 13th, may be esteemed the most marked honors that the city has ever paid to any American citizen. Committees had been at work for several weeks, bringing the ten thousand plans to make the occasion memorable into practical form. Citizens, clubs, theatres, local and Federal soldiery — indeed, representatives of all manner of interests, were eager in their own distinct lines to contribute to the general éclat of the reception.

With what success all these efforts were directed may be judged from our illustrations of the grand procession through the streets, particularly Michigan Avenue, and the review of the enthusiastic masses at the Palmer House. His visit being happily timed so as to enable him to attend the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, added greatly to the brilliancy of the reception.

The city was crowded with people.

The harbor was alive with screeching tugs and steamers, while the shipping, the streets, the hotels, public and private buildings were fluttering with flags, banners and streamers, and resplendent with all the pleasantries of the floral art.

Col. Fred. D. Grant has furnished the following memorandum of General Grant's engagements during his visit to Chicago: On Nov. 12, after the reception at the train, the march through the streets and the review of the procession, he will dine at Colonel Grant's at 6:30 o'clock, and at 7:45 leave the house for Haverley's Theatre. On Nov. 13, at 12 o'clock, he will lunch at the Hon. E. B. Washburne's, receive the public at Palmer House from 2 to 5 P. M., and at 9 appear at the banquet given by the Army of the Tennessee.

On Nov. 14, from 12 to 4 o'clock, he will receive his friends at Colonel Grant's house, at No. 781 Michigan Avenue, dine at 6, and take position again as "receiver" at 8 o'clock, at the Chicago Club.

On Nov. 15, at 12 o'clock, he will receive, at his son's house, the Mexican veterans in a body, and from 2 to 5 P. M. will shake hands with the public at the Grand Pacific, winding up the afternoon with a dinner with about thirty of his personal friends at the same hotel, and spending the evening at a reception to be given at the north side residence of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

On Nov. 16 (Sunday), he will probably attend church, and not be at home to callers.

On Nov. 17, from 12 to 3, he will receive the school-children of the city at the Exposition building, and at 3 o'clock will witness an exhibition drill by Bullwinkle's fire patrol, and wind up the evening with the reception at the Calumet Club.

On Nov. 18, if he should survive this dreadful ordeal, he will return to Galena to recuperate his wasted energies.

Nothing in the memory of her past has equaled this exhibition of Chicago's patriotic admiration.



BARON HENRY DE HAYMERLÉ, NEW AUSTRIO-HUNGARIAN PREMIER.
SEE PAGE 204.



REV. THOMAS S. STARKEY, D.D., BISHOP OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.
FROM A PHOTO. BY SARONY.—SEE PAGE 204.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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THURLOW WEED.

HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1879.

FEW men have played a part so really important in public affairs as Thurlow Weed, who, on the 15th of November, entered upon his eighty-second year, and whose portrait, from a photograph taken not many days before, is given on this page. Though in the strict sense of the word Mr. Weed has never held any public office, there has been scarcely a time for more than forty years when any position short of that of President of the United States could not have been attained by him, had he chosen to seek for it; and since, about fifteen years ago, he chose to retire from active political life, there are few other men who have so honorably connected themselves with subjects of social and municipal welfare. The life of such a man, even while living, deserves some mention.

Thurlow Weed was born at Cairo, Greene County, New York, on the 15th day of November, 1797. While quite young he became an apprentice to a printer in the neighboring town of Catskill. The War of 1812 broke out; young Weed entered the army as a private, and afterwards rose to be quartermaster-sergeant. Peace came; there was no more soldiering to be done, and he made his way to New York, where, in 1816, we find him working as a journeyman printer in the office of a Mr. Seymour, in John Street. Two of his fellow-workmen in this office deserve to be named. They were James and John Harper, not very long after to be the founders of a great printing and publishing establishment. Thurlow Weed and James Harper were "pressmen," and two taller and stouter young men it would have been hard to find.

Thurlow Weed did not long work as a journeyman printer in this city. Not long after he became of age he thought he saw an opening to a wider sphere, and he established a paper called the *Agriculturist*, put forth in a rural district in the State of New York. Before long it came to be pretty well assured that he had in him the making of the editor of a political newspaper; but in the meantime such a newspaper had to be established, and the future editor had slowly to feel his way into the field of work which it lay in him to occupy. Of the various newspapers which he edited during the next ten years it is not now worth while to speak, further than to say that the last of them, the *Anti-Masonic Enquirer*, was published at Rochester, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 219.*)



HON. THURLOW WEED, DISTINGUISHED JOURNALIST AND POLITICIAN, WHO CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

The Illustrations of the Grand Reception in Chicago, and of the Chandler Funeral in our last issue, made from sketches by our special artists, elicited wide appreciation and a heavy sale in that city, and elsewhere throughout the West—single copies commanding fifty cents. We are gratified at this evidence of popular appreciation, and, in order to deserve it in the fullest sense, shall take care that no event of real public interest—any where in the Union—shall elude the pencils of our artists.

We give in the present issue the fifth of a series of illustrated interviews with eminent public men, which it is proposed to continue as a special feature of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *The present interview, with Senator Bayard, of Delaware, embodies the views of that distinguished statesman as to several of the leading questions of the day, and will be found of special interest at this time when Mr. Bayard's availability as a Presidential candidate is being widely discussed.*

We also give in this number an illustrated interview with Colonel Mapleson, in which the sidelights are thrown upon the daily life and experiences of an impressario, *and a good deal of entertaining information is furnished as to the business of opera.*

AN UNTOWARD RESULT.

THE result of the recent election in Virginia would seem to indicate, contrary to our first suppositions, that the "Readjusters" have carried a majority of the Legislature over the "Debt-payers." As the "Debt-payers" were the avowed supporters of what is known as the "McCulloch Compromise," which was itself a readjustment of the debt of the State, devised for the purpose of effecting a composition between the State and its creditors, as also for the purpose of extending the time and facilitating the conditions on which the debt may be ultimately extinguished, it follows that the Readjusters, in repudiating that compromise, are pledged to clamor for some future arrangement still more "favorable" to the State and still more disadvantageous to the interests and rights of the creditors. In a word, the finances of Virginia, which it was hoped had been moored to a safe and expedient proposition which saved the honor without impoverishing the revenues of the commonwealth, are at sea again, and that, too, on a turbulent sea, vexed by the storms of an angry political controversy.

The mischievous nature and consequences of such a result are not to be measured simply by the decline which has taken place in the quotations and value of the Virginia securities—if indeed it be proper to speak of "securities" at a time when a majority of the representative population of the State are doing their utmost to shake the public confidence in the security of the State's public stocks. When we consider the historical place which Virginia holds not only among her Southern sisters but in the Union at large, to which, in the earlier days of the Republic, she was the fruitful "mother of States and of Presidents," it can scarcely be regarded as otherwise than a national calamity that this once great and magnanimous commonwealth should now allow—or seem to allow—her financial honor to be trailed in the dust.

We are not, indeed, without our hopes that the meditated wrong will be arrested in time to save the good people of Virginia from the mortification of seeing a permanent stigma left upon the credit of their State. It is well known that Governor Halliday is inflexibly opposed to the schemes of the Readjusters, and as the majority of the latter in the Legislature is small, he will be sure to interpose his Executive veto for the purpose of preventing the passage of any law which shall have for its object the repudiation of the State debt. The whole subject, therefore, will be again remitted to "the sober second thought" of the people, and if, as Mr. Van Buren was wont to say, that sober second thought "is always right," we may still hope for such a final solution of the question as shall be in keeping with public justice and with the hereditary renown of the "Old Dominion."

It is to be remembered that the debt which is now drawn in question and submitted to the hazards of a popular election was contracted before the outbreak of the late civil war, and was deliberately contracted, for value received, by the lawful and acknowledged representatives of the people of the State. It is not at all in the position of those fraudulent obligations which, during the period of Reconstruction, were foisted upon some of the Southern States by the "Carpet-bag" adventurers who preyed upon the public revenues as upon so much booty of war. The State of Virginia was saved from the domination of these political harpies, not only by the prudence of the conservative classes, but with the direct co-operation of the Administration of President Grant. If malversation of the public funds by alien politicians imposed on the people from abroad, and with the connivance of the Federal Government, be pleaded as an excuse for repudiating projects in South Carolina and Louisiana, it is patent that no such excuses can be urged in defense of a similar agitation in Virginia.

It is said, in further extenuation of the untoward result that has been reached in Virginia, that it does not represent the moral or political sense of a majority of the white voters in the State, and is due to the ignorance and credulity of the colored voters who have been entrapped by the sophistries of the Readjusters into the support of an evil policy. A correspondent of the New York *Times* represents, on the authority of Governor Halliday, as an instance in point of this statement, that the unscrupulous advocates of the Readjusters' schemes did not hesitate to say, in their appeal to the negro voters, that there was only one way in which the plans and purposes of the Debt-payers could be carried into effect, "and that was by selling the negro into slavery" and applying the proceeds to liquidate the debt of the State! It is hence argued by the *Times* correspondent that the Republican Party of the nation, in giving suffrage to the negro before he was capable of exercising it intelligently, "must bear some part of the responsibility for the triumph of dishonesty in the recent election."

It must be conceded that there is some force in this observation, but not so much perhaps as the writer is tempted to suppose. The *argumentum ad hominem*, even when, as in this case, it involves the *argumentum ad invidiam*, is never a conclusive style of reasoning. For ourselves, we are somewhat at a loss to say, in the presence of such a statement, which of the two seems to us more worthy of disfranchisement, the ignorant negro who is deluded by such arrant impostures, or the white demagogue who is dishonest enough to employ them in the game of politics. But since it is equally idle to look for the disfranchisement of the colored voter on the ground of his ignorance, or of the white voter on the ground of his dishonesty, it is obvious that the first and highest duty of all good men in Virginia calls them to labor for the mental culture of the negro voter and the moral improvement or the condign censure of the white tricksters who assume to be the leaders of the populace. There is hope at least of some success in the former of these directions—the education of the colored population—and if there is not much hope of moral reform in the case of a trading politician who uses the language cited by Governor Halliday, there is still good reason for believing that the forces of truth and righteousness will ultimately combine with the just indignation of all honest men in Virginia to redeem her politics from public reproach and her financial credit from public dishonor.

PERSECUTING A PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

SOME three weeks since the *Evening Telegram*, of this city, published an article severely arraigning the management of the Female Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, and instancing three specific cases of alleged neglect and cruelty on the part of the medical superintendent, Dr. W. W. Strew. One of the charges was to the effect that one Emma Morrison, an inmate of the Asylum, had been treated inhumanly in being confined in a strait-jacket while *enciente*. Another charge was that a female patient had been permitted to die of starvation, while a third charge alleged that another patient had died from poison which the lax management of the institution had left within her reach. The Commissioners of Charities and Correction at once appointed a Board of Physicians to inquire into the truth of these charges, and the report of that Board was last week made up and given to the Press. As to the case of Emma Morrison, it says: "The camisole, or strait-jacket, was *very properly placed upon her to prevent her destructiveness*—to protect her from constant nakedness, and to keep her from eating her bed-linen and clothing. The Board was unanimous that the use of the camisole was proper and humane. Dr. Strew, the superintendent, and Dr. Kingston, the assistant superintendent, under whose medical care she was, did not know of Emma Morrison's pregnancy until after the birth of the child. This Board unanimously censures them in not knowing the condition of Emma Morrison, but sustains their action in causing her to wear the camisole."

The statements here made do not give the whole truth in the case. If the Commissioners had made a thorough and impartial inquiry, they would have discovered that the medical superintendent's ignorance of this woman's condition was perfectly natural and justifiable. The facts are that the woman was in the care of a nurse, a married woman, who has had fifteen years' hospital experience, that she had bathed the entire person of the patient for days, and had failed to detect the slightest evidences of her pregnant condition; and that her surprise was quite as great as that of the physicians when a child was suddenly ushered into the world. Obviously, the superintendent could not be supposed to know a fact which an experienced nurse, herself a married woman, had not discovered in the close relations of the bath. Further, a full inquiry would have shown that within ten minutes after being notified of the facts in the case, Doctor Strew had the patient under his care, and, also, that she was not only safely delivered, but that both mother and child are now in robust health. Why Doctor Strew should, under these circumstances, be censured, can only be explained upon the supposition that the Board had its instructions in advance that conviction was expected. The fact that the gentlemen constituting the Board were appointed upon the suggestion of a physician who has control of another insane asylum, and is recommended by this Board as a proper person to take charge of the Blackwell's Island Institution, certainly justifies the belief that the inquiry was rather an inquisition than a fair, impartial and unbiased scrutiny of the whole case.

As to the second charge, the alleged starvation of Caroline Well, "the Board finds that it had no foundation in fact. The story originated in malice towards her attendant (Dr. Pitken) upon the part of some one connected with the medical staff or nurses of the institution." After describing the treatment given her, the report goes on to say: "This case is most glaring, having been given to the public press without any semblance whatever of truth, with a fell and malignant design to injure a conscientious physician and honorable gentleman." Touching the case of Alice Day, who died from a dose of rat poison, "the Board finds that one of the nurses was so careless as to leave a pan filled with rat poison in an unlocked closet, to which access was had by the unfortunate patient, who, unobserved, ate of it in such quantities as to produce death. Every effort to avert the catastrophe was made by the superintendent and the medical staff, but they were uninformed of the fact until it was too late." The Board censures the nurse in charge of the ward, but as she had already been dismissed no recommendation for future action is made. This conclusion is undoubtedly just, but why was not the nurse in the case of Emma Morrison, who was equally guilty with this one, censured for neglect, instead of Dr. Strew, who, as we have shown, was altogether innocent of fault.

The Board in concluding their report "recommend the removal of Dr. Strew, not on account of these cases, which they declare episodical, nor because they doubt his attainments or his intention, but because they think him unfit for the position. They exonerate him from all allegations of dishonesty or cruelty." That is to say, finding no evidence whatever in their partial investigation of the truth of the original charges brought against him—no proof of inhumanity, cruelty, dishonesty or incapacity—the Commission deliberately stab Dr. Strew with the epithet "unfit," and propose to send him adrift with a stigma upon his name, simply that some partisan end may be served or some professional jealousy satisfied.

We protest against a piece of injustice so absolutely unscrupulous and indefensible. Dr. Strew, when he assumed the superintendency of the asylum, abandoned an honorable and lucrative practice, in order that he might devote his entire time and his best energies to the responsible duties imposed upon him. Before his appointment, he had, during the war, won an honorable fame in connection with the Government hospital service at Lexington, Ky. In the position he has occupied on Blackwell's Island, it has never, until now, been pretended by anybody that he did not display a high degree of efficiency. Indeed, it is within our own knowledge that one of the Commissioners of Charities has, within three months past, expressed, in the most glowing and emphatic terms, his approval of Dr. Strew's management, declaring that it was a genuine pleasure to visit the asylum, which no longer presented an array of wretched faces of inmates skulking in dark corners, but was illuminated by the bright and cheerful faces of patients inspired by the genial manners and intercourse of the superintendent. It is plainly due to Dr. Strew that he should have an opportunity to vindicate his official and professional reputation, and if this opportunity shall be denied him, it can only be concluded that the persecution to which he is exposed is in some way an outcome of the late elections and indicative of a determination to subordinate our public institutions to exigencies and supposed necessities of partisan politics. It goes without saying, that with such a rule once adopted, neither capacity nor integrity will be able to stand against the clamors of prejudice and passion, and the public service will be debauched as never before.

THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

IT is now a little more than four years since Captain Eades, a noted engineer of St. Louis, began what was then considered the doubtful experiment of making one of the mouths of the Mississippi completely and easily navigable. The value of such a project, were it only possible to carry it out, may be estimated from a recent well-digested statement that the region tributary to the Mississippi "has an area of one and three-quarters millions of square miles, and is more than equal to the whole extent of Europe, leaving out Russia, Norway and Sweden." It is also declared that this tributary region contains a population of twenty millions, and each year produces a billion bushels of grain, two millions bales of cotton, and over two hundred thousand hogsheads of sugar. That the water outlet to such a possibility of commerce should be obstructed by bars, so that often a single vessel choked up one of the three channels of the delta, and the entire navigation of the mighty Mississippi had to wait till it could be disengaged from the sands, is certainly one of the most singular illustrations of neglect of internal improvements. It is true that for forty years efforts have been made at least to diminish the evil. The channels of two of the passes have been deepened from time to time; temporary jetties have been constructed, and dredging-boats have been brought into service. But these have only been methods of temporary relief. No broad, comprehensive plan of permanent improvement had been attempted, until that of Captain Eades, to create a channel that would for all time serve its purpose, was broached, and, after much contention, was accepted by Congress. That plan was to construct permanent jetties near the mouth of the Southwest Pass of the delta; thus to confine and deepen and strengthen the river current; to avail himself of that current to dig out for itself a deeper channel; and to prolong this channel far enough into the Gulf to penetrate the sand-banks, and enable the river current to wash its sediment so far seaward that the Gulf currents would catch and distribute it at safe depths beneath its waters. Many scientific objections were urged against his project, but he overcame them all, and only asked to be judged by the result of his work. In undertaking this, Captain Eades had a memorably successful model before him in the jetties of the river Maas, in Holland. The channel of that river had been obstructed by bars, to which it ever added by washing up its deposits; the system of jetties had converted it into one of the most easily-navigable rivers in Europe. He stipulated that he should obtain in the Southwest Pass a final channel depth of thirty feet, which should become established and permanent by means of the substantial and resisting jetties which he proposed to construct.

Of course Captain Eades has had many obstacles and difficulties to encounter. The nature of the river banks near the mouth of the pass rendered the work of establishing the jetties at times a discouraging one. It was necessary to lay them at once parallel with the river currents and rectangular to those of the Gulf, and to so lay them that they would be at once most effective in narrowing the volume of the stream—thus deepening it and increasing its velocity—and least open to its undermining action. Hydraulic problems of no little perplexity often arose, and measures had to be taken to secure the stability of the works. It is unnecessary to describe the works in detail, or the methods by which every desired result was sought to be obtained by the engineers. It will suffice to say of the jetties themselves, that they consist of elaborately constructed embankments parallel with each other and with the current, built of sections of fascines of willow (at once strong and slightly yielding), stone, gravel, concrete and lumber.

This great work is fast approaching its completion, but commerce has not been forced to await its completion before taking advantage of the access which, even in its unfinished state, it affords. The exports of the vast tributary region of the Mississippi have already begun to seek an outlet in the vastly improved Southwest Pass. The shipments of cereals through the jetties have increased from about 200,000 bushels, in the year before the works were commenced, to between five and six millions of bushels annually now. The detention of vessels at the bars athwart the improved Pass seems practically a thing of the past, and it is confidently stated that the jetties, in 1878, saved the country a billion and half of dollars in the item of the reduction of cotton

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freights alone. What effect the new channel of the Mississippi will have upon the great railroad freight enterprises of the West remains to be seen. It erects a new competing route for the increasing productions of that most fertile region, and brings a new competitive carrying element into the vast field of American enterprises. If we may indulge in a forecast, however, we would say that the development of Western agriculture and industries is likely to fill every avenue of export as fast as it is opened, the prospect being that there will rather be an overflowing than a scantily filling production. The competition of railways may become sharper, and freights be scaled down—a good thing both for producer and consumer—for a while; but the rising tide of industrial prosperity is likely to fill to the brim every channel of outlet to the world beyond which needs its products. Certain it is, at least, that Captain Eades, when his work is quite done, will be deserving of the credit of having achieved one of the mightiest internal improvements of the age.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS AT SEA.

IN discussing the recent collision of the steamship *Arizona* with an iceberg, the New York *Herald* says:

"Had the *Arizona* on the night when she collided with the iceberg in the Atlantic been provided with a tasimeter and an electric light, the collision would not have occurred. The former would have detected the presence of the approaching mass of ice long before danger was imminent, and the latter would have distinctly revealed its dimensions and location, even in the darkest night and miles away."

What is here said as to the use of electric headlights by ocean steamships was said by FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER six years ago, when we illustrated the whole subject, and indicated the precise precautions which seemed to us to be necessary for the prevention of casualties like that of the *Arizona*. Mr. Leslie, having been a passenger on the Cunard steamer *Java*, which in August of 1873, in mid-ocean, ran into the bark *Assaia*, causing her to sink almost immediately, carrying down eleven of her passengers and crew, was strongly impressed with the insecurity of ocean travel, and at a meeting of the *Java's* passengers presented resolutions, which were adopted, declaring substantially that an electric light ought to be carried at the masthead of every steamer; that a buoy, with a port-fire at the top, ought to be hung at the stern of every vessel, so that it might be fired and dropped into the ocean the moment any accident occurred, for the purpose of marking the spot; and that a more efficacious method of lowering boats should be provided on all passenger ships. Subsequently, pursuing his investigations of the subject, Mr. Leslie, in a letter to the *Herald*, dated December 4th, 1873, strongly reiterated his argument in favor of the use of the electric light, fortifying it by a statement of the result of his experience in the use of such a light in his own establishment, then the only one of its kind in the country. As a matter of present interest, we reproduce in this issue the illustrations then published of the method by which it was proposed the light should be employed.

Time and experience have fully confirmed the correctness of the views thus expressed six years ago. Indeed, they are now accepted by almost every one who has given any thought to the subject. Professor Proctor, in a recent lecture in this city, strongly urged the use of the electric light and the tasimeter on ocean steamships, and men of science generally express amazement that, while scientific methods are freely employed to promote the comfort and safety of passengers by land, they are only rarely invoked, or, at best, to only a limited extent, against the perils of the sea. Many of the marine disasters which have involved such waste of life and treasure in recent years might have been averted by the employment of the electric light; and now that public attention is once more called to the subject in a vivid way, it is to be hoped that, by legislation or otherwise, shipowners may be compelled to employ this and all other available scientific methods for the protection of human life against all avoidable hazards.

EVENTS ABROAD

INDICATIONS multiply that Russian influence at Constantinople is steadily increasing. We noted last week that the British Ambassador at that court had demanded the immediate introduction of reforms in Turkish affairs, and had added a hint that unless this demand should be complied with a British fleet would be dispatched to Turkish waters. Subsequently the British Channel squadron was ordered to proceed to these waters, and it it is now announced that the Sultan has, with unusual boldness, asked the Ambassador to explain the meaning of this movement. The statement is accompanied by another, which probably explains the decisive attitude of the Sultan, that the latter has been gained over to the views of the Grand Vizier and Minister of War, who advocate a close understanding with Russia, and that there is a strong tendency on the part of the Turkish Cabinet to enter into an actual alliance with that Power. It would seem to be quite certain that, in the struggle for precedence in the Turkish councils, England has so far been worsted by Russia, and so long as the present Cabinet, with its Muscovite sympathies, shall continue in power, this advantage will be decisively maintained. Meanwhile, grave financial difficulties threaten the early and complete collapse of the authority of the Porte.

Apparently, Russian diplomacy does not confine itself to Constantinople. The statement is made, but lacks confirmation, that a treaty of alliance has been concluded between the Balkan Principalities, ostensibly against foreign intervention in the affairs of the Balkan States, but really against Austria. The treaty is said to stipulate that, in the event of Austria extending operations beyond Novi-Bazar, Servia will furnish 120,000 men, Montenegro 20,000, and Bulgaria 90,000 to form an allied army, and that Servia will advance Montenegro 750,000 ducats for military expenses. The appointment of a commander-in-chief of the allied force is left open, but it is believed that the appointment of a Russian general was originally contemplated. If such an alliance as this has really been made, it is quite safe to conclude that Russia has inspired it, and should Turkey come into it, as it is intimated she may, the encroachments of Austria, even if supported by Germany and England, will be very effectually thwarted.

The Czar, in accepting the resignation of Count Schouvaloff as Ambassador to England, has conferred upon him the order of St. Vladimir in recognition of his public services. Count Schouvaloff's social position in England has been exceptionally high, and it is due to his ability and tact, very largely, that the friendly relations between that country and his own have remained so long unbroken. It is said that in the recent conferences concerning Afghanistan, Lord Beaconsfield met Schouvaloff directly, putting Salisbury aside and manifesting "effusive friendliness," and it is hinted, as a result, that "when the time comes for the Afghan *coup de grace* England and Russia are to settle the difficulty in the friendliest way possible." Possibly the outcome may not justify this cheerful prediction.

The Russian Government betrays a stolid perversity in dealing with the Press, which is simply amazing. Recently all the principal newspapers in St. Petersburg were warned that they must not discuss the Imperial policy as to France, Germany or Austro-Hungary, while any reference to England must be "judicious"; and now it is announced that the Government, in its determination to control public opinion in its own way, proposes to establish a new official journal. No other civilized country in the world would tolerate such an arbitrary interference with the rights of the Press as Russia politically practices, and it can scarcely be expected that, so long as this system of repression is acquiesced in, there will be any possibility of a healthful popular sentiment upon which to reconstruct the national life in harmony with the progress of the age.

There are some indications that the estrangement between Germany and Russia is giving way. The Emperor William is reported to have assured the Czar, in a special private letter, that neither he nor his son would ever make war against Russia, and cordially invited the Czar to visit Berlin. In response to this invitation, the Czar being personally unable to accept, it is understood the Czarevitch will go to Berlin with his wife after his visit to Vienna.

The distress in Ireland is increasing, owing to the absence of peat fuel and the failure of the potato crop.—The number of Austrian troops in Bosnia and Herzegovina is being reduced.—It is said that the next imperial Budget will contain estimates for a considerable increase of the German army.—The Pope has established, and issues from the Vatican, a daily newspaper, "as an authoritative exponent of his views."—There have been no events of importance in Afghanistan, beyond the capture of a town and a large quantity of arms in the Chardeh Valley, and the defeat of a body of 1,000 hostile Afghans by a British column.—Abd-el-Kader, the famous Algerian chief, died recently at Damascus at the age of 72.—The National Liberals in the Prussian Diet favor the proposition for the purchase of the railways by the Government.—King Alfonso's marriage is definitely fixed for November 27th. The Archduchess Marie Christine is expected to reach Madrid on the 24th.—M. Henri Martin, the distinguished historian and opponent of monarchy, has been formally received by the French Academy as the successor of M. Thiers.—The Zulus are not yet altogether subdued; one of the chiefs shows a disposition to further resistance.

IT is said that a Bill will be introduced in Congress at the next session to reduce the salary of the President to $25,000 per annum after 1881. Such a Bill ought not to pass. The country has no right to ask that the President shall support the dignity of his office at his own expense. There is no sort of justice in the policy which reduces the Executive office to a level with the presidency of a railroad or insurance company, and compels the incumbent to practice a mean and niggardly hospitality, or none at all.

THE criminal statistics of California indicate an abnormal condition of society. On the 30th of September there were 1,531 convicts in the State Prison, which, considering that the population of the State is less than 1,000,000, is certainly exceptionally large. But the ratio of increase is still more remarkable, the number of convicts having in two years increased from 1,318 to 1,531, or at the rate of sixteen and one-tenth per cent. During this period the population of the State increased less than five per cent. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, commenting on these figures, says:

"No other State in the Union, no country in the civilized world, shows nearly an equal proportion of convicts to total population with this exhibit. The cause cannot be ignorance, for more than 72 per cent. of the 1,531 can read and write, and our educational system is better than that of most the other States. Some allowance must be made in our favor for the circumstance that there is a much greater per cent. of adult males—who make up more than 90 per cent. of convicts in all countries—than in any other State. But this is not enough to account for the difference between the proportion of criminals to total population here and in the other States.

AS WE go to press the announcement is received of the death, at Galveston, Texas, of Colonel John S. Thrasher, on November 10th. The deceased was well-known in the North, and particularly in this city, where he resided for many years. He was one of the most delightful gentlemen, earnest, hearty, courageous and intensely sanguine. By the Cuban sympathizers his death will be especially lamented, by reason of his advocacy of and participation in movements designed to place the inhabitants of the beautiful island under a more liberal form of Government. Colonel Thrasher co-operated with Lopez in promoting the insurrection which cost the latter his life. Both were arrested, and after Lopez had been garroted, Colonel Thrasher was sent to Spain in chains. Through the intervention of the United States Government his life was spared, and he returned to this country. About 1859 or 1860 he established in this city the *Noticioso*, in which he resumed the energetic advocacy of the liberal cause that had distinguished him in Cuba before the Lopez insurrection. He subsequently became editor of *Frank Leslie's Ilustracion Americana*, the Spanish illustrated weekly newspaper, with which he remained until after the breaking out of the last long insurrection. Marrying a lady of means, he settled in Galveston, and devoted himself to the care of a large property. He was a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, with a smiling, ruddy face, fringed with whitening whiskers.

THE result of the late election in this State cannot be regarded as much of a triumph for Senator Conkling. It is true that Mr Cornell, in whose hands the patronage of the State will, for a time, be lodged, represents more or less directly the Conkling "machine," so called, but the vote for the Governor-elect falls many thousands below that of all the other candidates on the Republican ticket, and it cannot be doubted that this fact is due more to the growing repugnance among Republicans to Senator Conkling's methods than to any popular distrust of Mr. Cornell personally. The fact that Mr. Conkling, after Mr. Cornell's nomination was secured, did little or nothing in the canvass—making only two speeches in all—is now very justly commented upon as depriving him of all right to claim any measure of credit for the victory achieved; and there are Republicans who do not hesitate to say that Mr. Blaine, Secretary Sherman and others, upon whom Senator Conkling had no sort of claim, contributed more by their efforts to the success of the Republican State ticket than he did, and if the voice of the party can find honest expression in the next National Convention, it will probably declare quite as loudly for some other candidate for the Presidency as it will for the arrogant New York Senator.

EITHER letter-writers are growing more careful, or the efficiency of the postal delivery service is increasing—the returns of the Dead Letter Office showing that, while the number of letters mailed last year was much larger than the year previous, the number received at that office was about 190,000 less. This decrease was, no doubt, partly due also to the "return request" system, the extent of which is illustrated by a statement that of 354,696 letters mailed in a single day in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, 193,879 bore upon the envelope some clew by which they could be restored to the writer if undelivered, without the intervention of the Dead Letter Office. But with all the postal precautions, there is still a vast amount of criminal carelessness among patrons of the mails. Of the dead letters opened during the year, 13,775 contained drafts, checks, etc., of the value of over $1,100,000; about 64,000 contained money or stamps of an aggregate value of about $34,000, and, aside from many thousand other letters containing papers, etc., of more or less personal value, there were found in 38,306 letters and parcels, jewelry, books, clothing, merchandise and miscellaneous articles in endless variety

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., now has 118 pupils, and is getting along finely.

A FIRE at Napoleon, Ohio, last week, destroyed a third of the business part of the town.

THE Chamber of Commerce at Cincinnati has voted in favor of holding an exposition in 1880.

ALL hostile Ute chiefs, except Jack, are at the Los Pinos Agency and are willing to surrender.

THERE has been a rainfall averaging about two inches in that part of California south of San Francisco Bay.

THE New York Board of Education last week refused to elect a woman to the office of Assistant Superintendent.

COLONEL JOHN HAY has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State, in place of Frederick W. Seward, resigned.

CHIEF OURAY is positive that he will have power to punish the guilty Utes when he is satisfied of their guilt.

HANLAN and Courtney have agreed to row a race for $6,000 on the Potomac River, near Washington, December 9th.

THE Southern Historical Society, representing ex-Confederates, will unite in the reception of General Grant at Louisville, Ky.

A LARGE number of lottery dealers were arrested in this city last week, and a vigorous effort is to be made to break up the business.

SECRETARY SHERMAN bought $10,000,000 six per cent. United States bonds, last week, for the Government, at 106, his own price.

IRISH citizens of Boston are arranging for a reception to Mr. Parnell, Member of Parliament, who is expected to arrive in that city in December.

THE United States Senate sub-committee on the Kellogg-Spofford case have gone to New Orleans for the purpose of prosecuting their investigations.

THE shore end of the new French cable was successfully landed from the *Faraday* at North Eastham, on the Massachusetts coast, November 16th.

THE Central Pacific Railroad Company last week made a cash payment of $220,520 on account of its indebtedness to the Government under the Thurman Act.

GOVERNOR CROSWELL of Michigan has appointed ex-Congressman Fernando C. Beaman as United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Chandler.

MAYOR COOPER last week nominated Arthur B. Graves for Police Commissioner, Charles H. Truax and George H. Deane, Jr., for Police Justices. The nominations were not confirmed.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY has issued an order to the Postmasters at New York, Louisville and New Orleans, directing them to return all postal orders received for certain lottery concerns, in order that the money may be paid back to the senders.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, had an enthusiastic "welcome home" at Wilmington, Del., November 11th, from his foreign tour, the population turning out en masse in his honor. There was a procession, with a speech from the Senator, and the city was gayly decorated.

A FIGHT took place, November 15th, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, between 200 Indians and fifty men from New Mexico, in which thirty-two of the New Mexicans were killed and eighteen wounded. It is said these Indians have killed 200 persons within the last seven weeks.

A FIRE in a Cannon Street tenement, in this city, early on the morning of November 14th, resulted in five deaths. Two women and two children were suffocated in their rooms on the upper floor, and a man was killed by leaping to the ground. A woman also jumped from a window and was seriously injured. Other persons were hurt, including an heroic fireman.

THE stock speculations in Wall Street last week amounted to a genuine "craze." On Tuesday nearly 450,000 shares changed hands, and the day following the business reached a point never before attained in the history of the Stock Exchange, the recorded transactions aggregating 623,592 shares. The largest previous day was 153,000 shares. As may be imagined, the dealings were attended with great excitement.

THE latest official returns of the election in New York show that Mr. Hoskins, Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, has defeated Clarkson N. Potter by over 1,000 majority; that Mr. Carr, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, and Mr. Wadsworth, Republican candidate for Comptroller, will have an increased majority over that of Mr. Hoskins; and that Mr. Ward and Mr. Wendell, Republicans, are also elected as Attorney General and Treasurer. The majority for Mr. Horatio Seymour, Jr., Democratic candidate for Engineer and Surveyor, will be towards 10,000.

Foreign.

THE American demand for Scotch iron has decreased.

RECOGNITION of Roumania by the United States has been delayed at the request of the powers.

IT is reported that offers of arms and money have been made to the Irish farmers by persons in this country.

THE Sultan has ratified a scheme of reforms for the European Provinces of Turkey and Asia Minor, and has consented to recognize the principle of Ministerial responsibility.

THE death rate in certain sections of Russia, caused by diphtheria, is so great as to be a cause of special anxiety. Of the deaths of children in Odessa alone, since May last, 75 per cent. were caused by the disease.

THE organic complaint from which Prince Bismarck is suffering is said to be an incipient stage of fatty degeneration of the heart, as yet but slightly developed. There is no immediate cause for apprehension.

PISAGUA, an important town in Peru, has been captured by the Chilians after a desperate engagement, in which the latter had 300 men killed and wounded. The Chilians are now trying to starve out the Peruvian garrisons at Arica and Iquique.

THE insurrection in Cuba has caused great excitement in Spain. A military force of 10,000 men is to be sent to Cuba. The Cortes is to suspend sittings until after the King's wedding, when the Government's Bill for tariff reform and the abolition of slavery in Cuba is to be taken up.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 219.



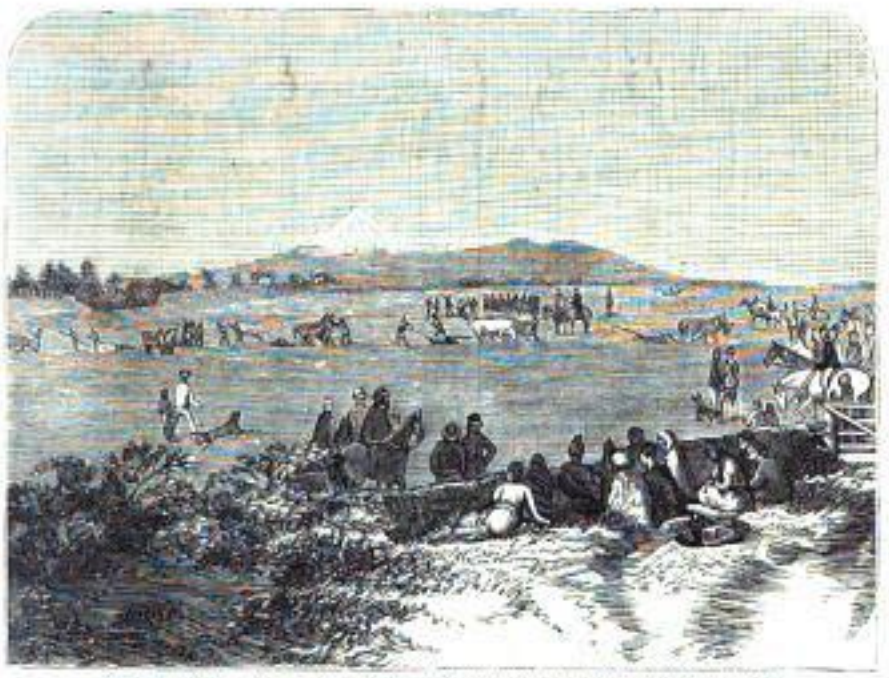
SPAIN.—THE LATE FLOODS—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL AT MURCIA.



SPAIN.—THE LATE FLOODS—EFFECTS AT MURCIA.



SPAIN.—THE LATE FLOODS—HOUSES DESTROYED AT ORIHUELA.



NEW ZEALAND.—ARREST OF MAORIES FLOWING ON LAND OF EUROPEAN SETTLERS.



PERU.—THE WAR WITH CHILI—FIRST AMBULANCE CORPS.

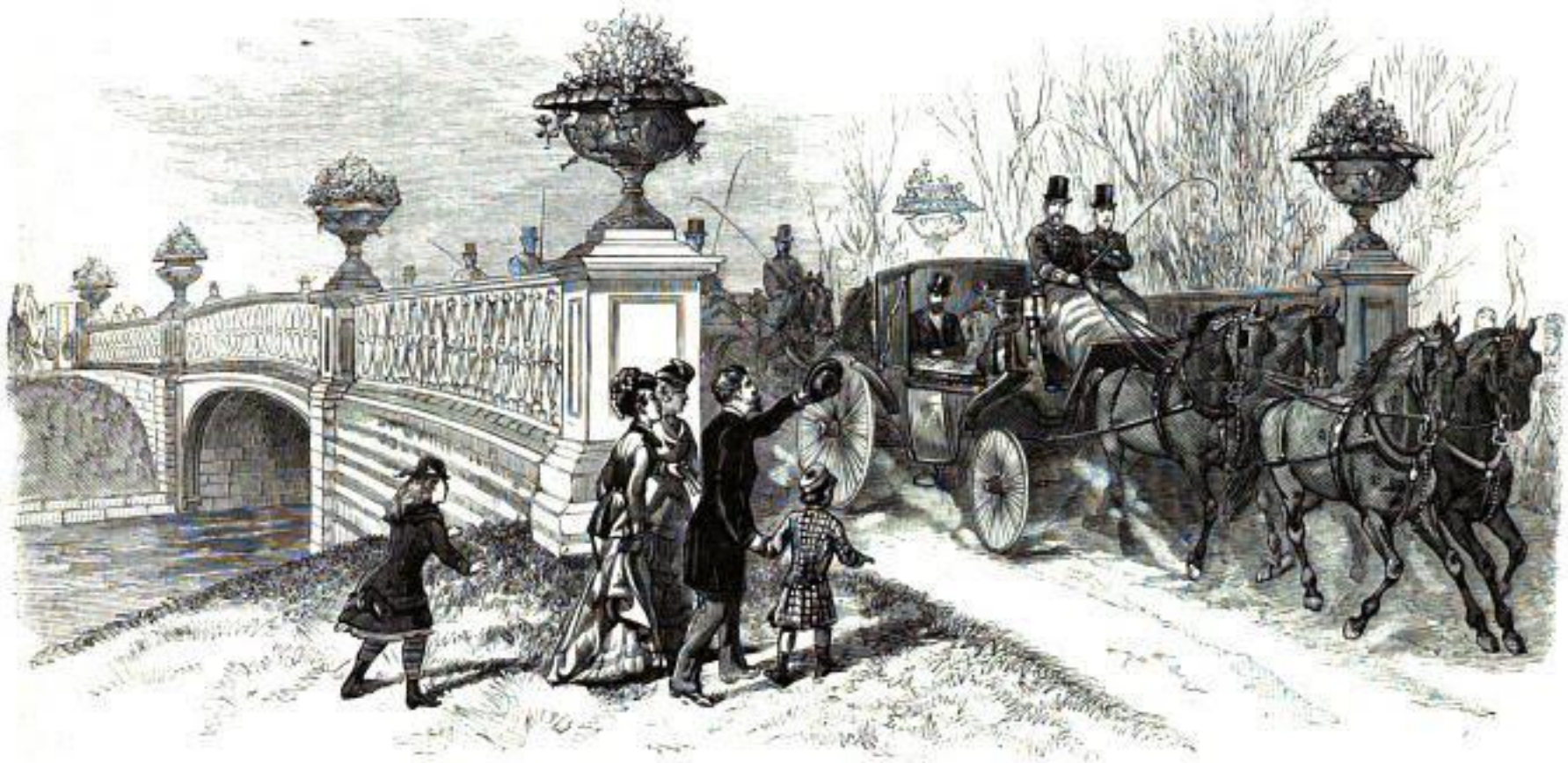


SCOTLAND.—VIEW OF THE NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY, EDINBURGH.



AFRICA.—NEW MISSION STATION ON LAKE NYASSA.

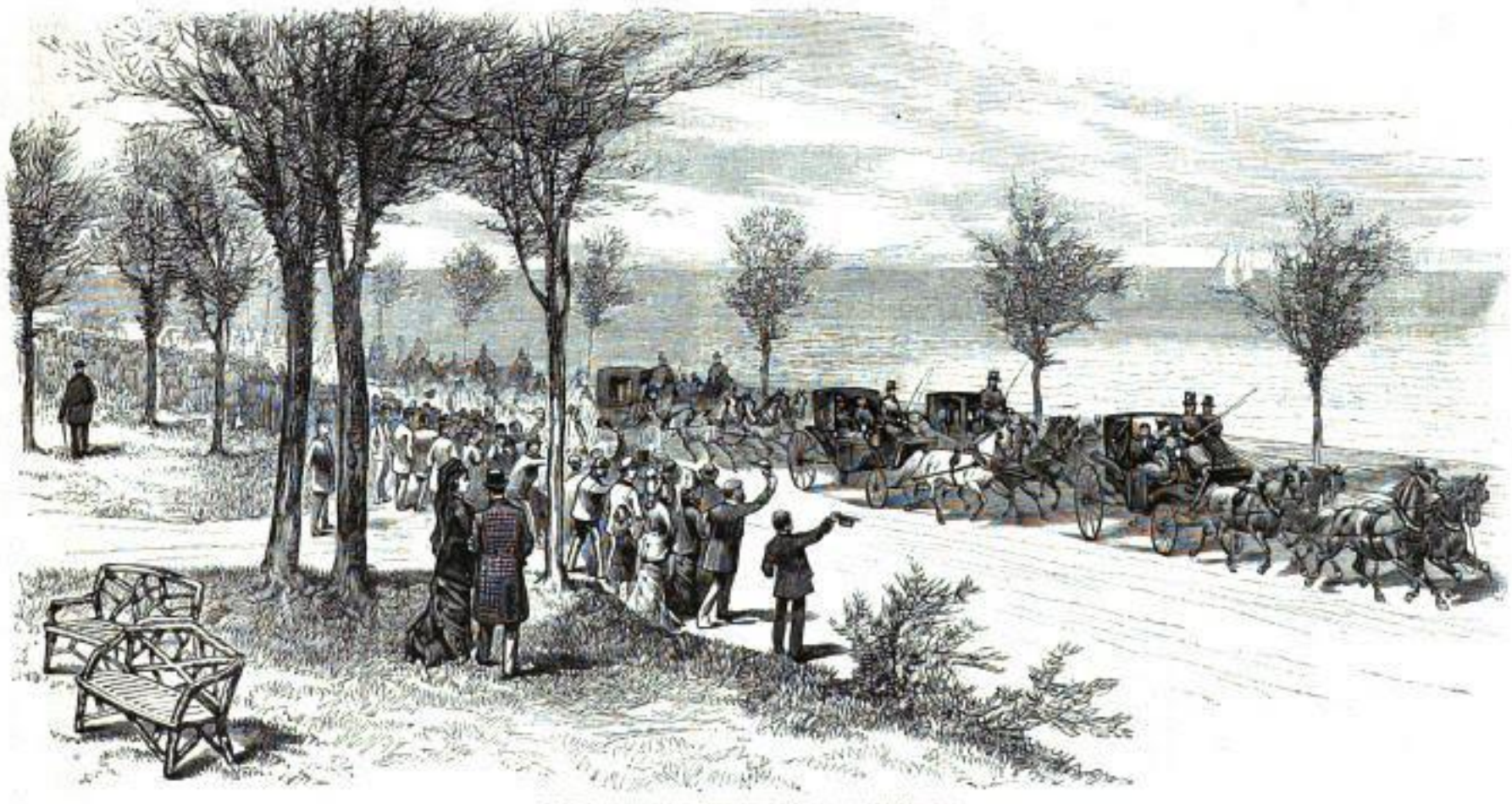
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GENERAL GRANT TAKING A DRIVE THROUGH SOUTH PARK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. LOVEJOY.



THE DRIVE, WITH CAVALRY ESCORT, FROM THE PALMER HOUSE TO COLONEL FRED. GRANT'S RESIDENCE.



TAKING AN AIRING ON THE SHORE DRIVE OF LINCOLN PARK.

ILLINOIS.—GREAT POPULAR RECEPTION TO GENERAL GRANT IN CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 12TH AND 13TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 213.

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THE ALTAR.

HE built an altar unto wealth, and laid
His heart thereon as first best sacrifice.
Then followed it with Peace, the lowly maid
Who long had been his friend, as sweet as wise.
All humble joys, and that white pearl, Content,
Like jewels from a coronet were rent
To give new lustre to the altar flame,
And in one strife to make that flame leap higher.

His useless, selfish seasons went and came.
But when all men beheld the light of gold
That blazed and dazzled from the mighty fire
And marveled at its brilliancy, the old
And lonely man who kindled it sat cold,
And knew at best 'twas but his funeral pyre.

ELLA WHEELER.

THE GARRISON BALL.

"STABLE-CALL" had sounded, and the men were busily grooming their horses, as a little party emerged from Major Austin's cottage to set out upon a visit of mercy.

It was a charming morning, quite Indian Summer weather; a warm haze rested upon everything.

"I declare it makes one feel quite languid and Spring-feverish," said the stout lady, who was Mrs. West, sister of Major Austin, commander of the post.

The younger lady, tall and very beautiful, smiled.

"You are beginning to think better of our social life at a military post on the frontier, Aunt Joe. I told you it had its attractions."

"I hope I shall be able to discover them, dear. Between the Indians, the intense cold, the absence of theatres and libraries, and the thousand other ills——"

"The Indians never do much worse than steal our horses, and we have an abundance of firewood, occasional private theatricals, boxes of books from the East, and to-night we have a ball, and, altogether, I think we might be much worse off. I like it, Aunt Joe," said the handsome girl, sturdily; "the liberty, the adventure, the scenery—it is all grand!"

"Well, if I were younger, Nina, I might share something of your enthusiasm," returned Mrs. West, with a sigh, as they closed the cottage-gate and set forth to cross the parade-ground; "but at my time of life people have learned the fact that of all sorts of romance there is no situation so romantic as that of perfect ease. Roughing it, we have discovered to be the most painful of illusions. I should, in New York, enjoy reading about this garrison life on the frontier; but the actual realization is another thing. Your reveille wakes me from my morning-nap; the hourly drumming and bugling I consider a nuisance, and the drilling and guard-mounting I view as cruelty to animals."

The third member of the party was Lieutenant Miller. He listened to these heresies with polite forbearance, but could not appear to subscribe to them even to the extent of a smile. Miss Austin, however, was really amused, both at her aunt's freedom of speech and at the lieutenant's secret vexation.

Thus abreast, the three slowly crossed the smooth sward, and passing the sentinel, who saluted stiffly, arrived at the row of cottages on the north side.

There was something odd in the appearance of things—at least to the unmilitary eye of Mrs. West—men in uniform sweeping the porches, others, visible through the open windows, making beds, one feeding a bird and cleaning its cage, and, in fact, stalwart fellows engaged in various labors, highly inappropriate, according to conventional notions; and Mrs. West scrutinized the scene through her glasses with mingled surprise and disapprobation. She might have even delivered a brief, comprehensive discourse upon the general arrangements, had not the party now arrived at the cottage of Captain Dill, who lay ill with fever within.

So they entered. A bright light broke over Dill's face when he saw Nina, so that Doctor Nolan, and Lynch, the nurse, who had not heard the door open, instantly turned round. Nina seemed the least bit embarrassed and turned a little pale; but she crossed the room and took the sick man's hand. And he looked so happy—with his splendid eyes fixed upwards on her beautiful face, he murmured:

"Nina!"

"He is better, doctor?" inquired Mrs. West.

The lieutenant—was it delicacy, or what?—had gone to the window as the greeting took place, and stood looking out. He also was strangely agitated; but Dill was his bosom-friend, and was said to be in great danger.

Nolan spoke with encouragement—rather vague, indeed; but still, clever physicians do not like to prophecy positively any more than clever astrologers.

"I sha'n't be able to dance with you to-night, Nina," said Dill, with a wan smile.

"No," she laughed, with a sort of uneasiness and without exactly meeting his gaze; "but we shall have balls frequently and you will soon be well."

"Miller may take my place. There are so few of your sex here that he is the only man in the garrison I dare trust."

"But something depends upon me, doesn't it?"

"A great deal, indeed, Nina," he returned, with a sigh, sinking back again upon the pillow.

"We know, of course, that you two people are engaged and very love-sick," broke in Mrs. West, bustling forward good naturedly; "but I really protest against sentimental exchanges on the present occasion. You must apply your mind to recovery, captain, and not allow yourself to get jealous of Nina and worry over the imaginary rivals she is waltzing with. I promise that she shall dance with no man to-night but your friend Lieutenant Miller. Now, let us talk about something else."

So they did chat of many things, for there is a great deal to talk about even at a far-away frontier fort: of how the Indians had got past the sentinel two nights before and penetrated the fort, and carried off two horses without discovery; of yesterday afternoon's baseball match, and last week's theatrical performance, and Sergeant Robbons's wonderful success in "Box and Cox" and "Poor Pillicoddy," and it was generally admitted, as it always is about amateur actors, that the sergeant was much cleverer than any living professional comedian, and need only go into the regular business to astonish the world.

The day of a ball is always one of great excitement even in civilized communities, and how much more so in those distant military quarters where nothing is achieved without difficulty. The unparalleled number of a dozen ladies had been secured to grace the festivities, including the "army ladies" or female relatives of the officers; and among the belles of Wyoming was to be Miss Bess McKinney, daughter of the scout, and a famous huntress herself, who rode better than a circus equestrienne and had been through volumes of adventures; and she also was to bring friends. Poor Dill would miss something, indeed; there had been many dancing-parties during the Winter, but this promised to surpass them all.

Nina Austin was, of course, extremely busy; but Aunt Joe thought her just a little strange to-day; she was restless and absent, and several times sat at the piano and sang short snatches from her vocal *répertoire*—nothing sad or sentimental, but those wild and fierce melodies breathing cynicism and mockery, which composers have made in some of their own strange moods.

Lieutenant Miller was the handsomest man at the post, and beautiful and admiring eyes watched him as he marched and countermarched on parade that lovely evening, the band playing and the banners fluttering. And at last, as the drill ended, and the soldiers with light springing step strode away to quarters, and the music, the nation's hymn, died away in the twilight air, the lieutenant left them and crossed the smooth lawn to his own private territories.

It is two hours later now, and the ball has begun. The lieutenant, with a last glance at his toilet, leaves his rooms and betakes himself to the cottage of his sick comrade Dill. That faithful fellow Lynch is still at the bedside.

Dill's face, pale and sunken in the yellow lamplight, brightens instantly.

"I am so glad you have come, Frank. Sit by me."

Miller flushes, but instantly obeys, and Lynch, with quick Irish intelligence, leaves the two comrades together and passes into the adjoining chamber.

"Frank, you will dance with Nina to-night—no one else, old fellow; the thought, as I lie here, of another man's arm about her waist would almost drive me mad. It may be a sick fancy, but I don't think she cares for me as she did; there is something between us—a cold shadow—not to be seen, but chilling as those spectral icebergs that hover in the neighborhood of a ship at sea."

"Nonsense, Dill; you must not encourage those morbid notions if you wish to get well," says Miller, with his head turned away.

"She has promised me her love, Frank; if she were to change I would come back from the grave to reproach her. Ha! there goes the band," and he started up, his dark eyes bright with the light of fever—"the 'Horse Guards Quadrille,' which I have danced so many times;" and the merry music sounded in the distance. "Tell her so, Frank—warn her—that I will come back from the grave! Go now, old fellow; they are waiting for you."

"After a while I shall drop in again, Dill. Good-night."

The lieutenant on his way out passed through the adjoining room, where sat Lynch reading a sporting-paper two months old, and half in a doze over Tommy Sawyer's sensational rowing-match. The artilleryman stood up stiffly at "Attention!"

"How has he been, Lynch, during the afternoon?"

"Not so well, sir, I am afraid. He was out of his head, I fancied, at times. Something is on his mind, sir."

"You have attended him faithfully, Lynch, and he will not forget it when he recovers. You really must be worn out!"

Lynch blushed and made a stiff bow, standing with his arms folded after the fashion of artillery soldiers.

"Don't speak of it, sir; everybody likes the captain, and would do a good deal for him, sir. I don't mind losing a little rest, sir."

Miller nodded and went out. Beautiful was the night, as the day had been; no moon, but hosts of stars; and the music swelling on the soft breeze gave the hour and scene a romantic character that roused a responsive chord even in the breast of this stern soldier, who was not often moved by such things.

He crossed the quadrangle and entered the ballroom. The scene to our eyes would have been a strange one; the decorations, the flags festooned along the walls, the fanciful figures made by the sabres and rifles; and among the dancers, all the gentlemen in military dress, and the ladies in costumes of all sorts, from pretty nearly the latest fashion of Worth to absolutely the latest conception in frontier art. But a West Point dancing-party could not have exhibited more of that peculiar quiet which we are accustomed to associate with the enjoyments of really high-bred and fashionable people.

Frank Miller's gaze traveled across the heads of the dancers until it rested upon the one face that had an interest, wild and guilty though it was, for him; and his heart thrilled within him. Beautiful Nina Austin was not in the cotillion; she was, by some accident, standing alone, and instantly he threaded the busy crowd and reached her side.

She colored and looked frightened, and began to trifle with the fastening of her glove.

"I am a little late," he said; "but I—I was detained. Have you not danced?"

"I walked through several of the quadrilles. My round dances, I believe, belong exclusively to you."

Their conversation subsided strangely with those few words, and nothing more was said until the bugle sounded for the next dance, which was a polka, and Miller extended his gloved hand, and in a moment they were whirling among the throng.

There was a little rest, and then followed the stormy "Midnight Waltz," a wild and intoxicating composition, with curious drum and trumpet accompaniment, made for those Vienna ballrooms where waltzing rises to the height of genius. The soldier's erect carriage makes him the most picturesque, if not the best, of waltzers, and West Point is famous as a dancing school. With Nina in his passionate embrace, Frank Miller became the central object of attraction in the room; and round and round they went, seeing nothing but the wild glare of the lights, and hearing nothing but the rythmical surge and ebb of the orchestra. It was like one of De Quincey's opium dreams.

At last it ended, and both staggered giddily from the crowd.

"Let us go into the open air," whispered Nina, as he released her from his passionate grasp.

The night was still lovely—not a cloud, and a faint south breeze blowing. Side-by-side they walked for a little way, the fort all in darkness, and no sound except the faint tramp of a sentinel's footstep somewhere in the distance, and the rattle of his musket as he wearily changed it from one shoulder to the other.

"Oh, Nina!" cried Miller, breaking forth suddenly. "May God forgive me! but I can be silent no longer. I love you! I am the most wretched man in this wide world! How is it to end? Is there no hope for me?"

She was silent; he had again taken her hand.

"Nina, the future cannot go on like the past. My guilty passion, which has grown up in spite of me, is still irresistible. I have watched you, and since the last few days have dreamed things that have nearly set me mad. I am not mistaken—you do care for me, and for me only. Speak, Nina; will you be my wife?"

"He—he is dying," she gasped, with white lips.

"I do not know; but what if he should recover? My darling, no promise can bind a woman to a course that will make her whole life a misery. This is the cardinal point of our destinies—answer me."

"Yes."

He pressed her hand almost convulsively, and, without anything more, they turned to go back. As they did so they were confronted in the path before them by a figure that both, with a freezing horror, recognized. It was Dill—tall and shadowy in the starlight—with a white, shroud-like garment about him, with a finger raised in a sort of menace, and upon his ghastly face a look of awful prophecy and reproach.

Nina uttered a stifled shriek, and would have fallen had not Miller caught her in his arms; but when he looked again the spectre was gone.

She murmured a frightened prayer, and begged to be taken back to the ballroom. Miller, utterly confounded and unnerved, obeyed, and when he had seen her safely to the door, he hastened across the quadrangle to the sick man's quarters, with a dismal foreboding at his heart.

Just as he entered the cottage he was met by the artilleryman, Lynch, in great agitation.

"Has anything happened, Lynch?"

"He is dead, sir—not two minutes ago. He has just breathed his last, and I was coming for you, sir."

Miller stood for a while stupefied. He had read of such experiences, and, like most people, had discredited them; but here was proof as strong as Holy Writ, that no man could disbelieve who had faith in his own senses.

Silently he walked in, followed by the trooper, and the two stood by the bedside. It was quite true—poor Dill lay there with the dreadful stare which comes in the moment of the change, still fixed in his pale countenance, one arm hanging down and the fingers touching the floor.

A few days afterward, with funeral march, and arms reversed, and a volley over the grave, the soldier was left to his rest.

Nina Austin, the next month, went East, without exchanging a word with Miller, except a formal good-by in the presence of others, and a lonely life was his. He wrote to her, and the reply was cold and guarded. Then came the Summer, and an Indian outbreak, and a short, perilous campaign, without wounds or distinction, but with all the miseries of military operations on the border; and between these and his own secret troubles, his health languished and he was given leave of absence.

He went to his sister's New Hampshire farm, and, after a little, wrote to Nina again, who was still with Aunt Joe, in New York.

The answer was something like the other; but between the lines he read a heartache like his own. And, as he walked back across the fields from the village post-office, he made up his mind to go to New York.

Nina did not deny him: but alas! she saw him in the presence of Aunt Joe. His feelings, I fear, were not friendly toward that excellent but formidable woman as she so determinedly maintained her place in the room. Tactics could not dislodge her; she was as good a strategist as himself, and had, moreover, the firmness in holding a position of the late distinguished Stonewall Jackson. He despaired and sulked openly, and showed his misery so plainly that Aunt Joe, who was in reality a tender-hearted soul, deliberately betrayed her ally by suddenly getting up and saying:

"Dear, dear! I left the door of our room open, Nina, and I am afraid that horrid gray cat will get in at the bird."

Nina glanced after her with an imploring reproach; but she vanished, and the young lady was left to the mercies of the enemy.

Miller instantly rose and crossed the room.

"Nina, this cannot go on. We must have an understanding of some kind. Upon what you say to-day depends the future happiness or misery of the man who adores you. My leave is almost out, and I wish to know how I am to go back. Do you retract the answer you gave me that night when I asked you to be my wife?"

"Don't speak of that night," she said, with a shudder. "You know what we both saw. It was his spirit that came to us at the moment of the parting of body and soul. Many such things are told in books, as well authenticated as this; but I should never have believed them but for my own experience. Here is a fact we cannot pretend to doubt. We both saw him."

He was silent—denial impossible, and discussion almost as much so. But at length he said:

"Well, it was a remarkable circumstance; but I see no more in it. Our friend appeared to us at the moment of dissolution—a proof that death is not extinction—and that is all there is in it."

"He came to reproach me for my treachery," she answered, resolutely, "and might come again. Socrates had his friendly spirit—I might be followed through life by another kind."

"I did not know you were so superstitious. I saw something that I cannot explain; but I am still skeptical even of my own senses, which, believe me, are not always final tests. Our eyes deceive us about colors, and we cannot be sure that they are not equally unreliable about forms."

"I know nothing about metaphysics; but I can never change my attitude while this apparition remains unexplained. I thought for a time that some trick might have been possible; but that theory is hopeless, as a moment's reflection shows."

At this point Aunt Joe returned. Miller took his leave with the understanding that he was to have five minutes some time later in which to make his adieus; and, as he walked back to his hotel he was, as may be supposed, bewildered and miserable enough.

In his weakness he was tempted to consult some spiritual medium. "There may really be communication with the dead; how can I doubt it when I have seen a spirit myself, and might have conversed with it? The objection is, that the medium would demand money, and from what I know of poor Dill it does not seem to me that he would exhibit himself for pay."

So that idea expired. He ate his dinner, and while over the dessert, the waiter brought him such mail as had accumulated in his absence—two letters and some newspapers. Miller took them up to his room, and after another long period of rumination, deigned them an examination.

One of the letters ran as follows:

"FORT STANTON, WYOMING.

"LIEUTENANT MILLER—I feel it my duty to write to you to make a confession about a circumstance in the past that has given me much anxiety of mind. You have not forgotten the melancholy death of your friend, Captain Dill, which, though not altogether unexpected, was still sudden. I now come to relate the facts of that occurrence, which I have not hitherto had the courage to do.

"I consider myself in some measure responsible for the suddenness of his dissolution, although the doctor has repeatedly assured me that he could never have recovered. However, but for my involuntary neglect he might have been spared a few days longer, and, knowing that fact, I have never ceased to reproach myself. On the night of the garrison ball you may have observed, sir, that I was completely tired out. I had been sitting up for almost a week, catching only a cat-nap when I could. Well, sir, sitting by the bedside, trying to keep him quiet, for he was a good deal out of his head, Nature overcome me and I sank into a stupor. While I was in this condition the captain got up, as I suppose, and stole out of the room into the open air. How long he was gone I do not know, but just as he came back I awoke. You may well believe I was frightened, for I saw by his face that the chill and damp of the night had struck through him and he was a dead man. And so it proved; for he had no sooner tottered to the bed and fallen there than his spirit took flight. Horror struck, sir, I was just on my way to give the alarm when you entered at the door. I was too much agitated to tell the truth then; but my conscience has reproached me ever since, and I now make this confession in the hope of relief. Trusting, sir, that you will consider all the circumstances in the proper light, and not think too hard of a man who has always tried to do his duty, I pen you these few lines, detailing a fact hitherto known only to heaven and myself, and which, but for this confession, might always have been concealed. I remain, lieutenant, with much respect, your obedient servant, PATRICK LYNCH, Private."

Frank Miller read this letter with a throbbing heart. The mystery was at an end, and that which he and Nina had seen was no ghost. So, perhaps, might be explained away many such apparitions. Without a word of comment, he remailed Lynch's letter to Nina, and a few days afterwards received a message bidding him come to her. He obeyed, and as he en-

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tered the room, she advanced and gave him both hands.

"You are satisfied, dear Nina?" he said, wistfully. "Nothing stands between us now?"

"Nothing."

THURLOW WEED.

HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1879.

(*Continued from front page.*)

During the anti-masonic excitement, which ran high in Western New York in 1826 and 1827, Mr. Weed fully identified himself with the party opposed to the Masonic organization, and was twice elected to the Legislature. By this time his great capacity as a political organizer had come to be manifest. Political parties had fallen into a chaotic state, and some one was wanted to educe order out of confusion. A newspaper called the Albany *Evening Journal* had been established in the interest of what was then known as the "Anti-Jackson" party, and of this journal Mr. Weed became editor in 1830, a position which he retained until 1862. During this whole period he, more than any other man, may be fairly considered the manager of the "Whig" and "Republican" parties. He aided largely in securing the successive nominations of Harrison, Taylor and Scott for the Presidency. In 1856, he earnestly advocated the election of Mr. Fremont, and in 1860 he was no less earnest in urging the election of Mr. Lincoln, although he had done his utmost to procure the nomination of Mr. Seward for the Presidency.

In 1861, Mr. Weed was sent to Europe on a mission, nominally semi-diplomatic, but really of more importance than that confided to any regularly accredited ambassador. When the history of our diplomatic complications during the early part of the Civil War comes to be written, this semi-official mission of Mr. Weed will be shown to have been of no little importance.

In 1865, Mr. Weed formally gave up his connection with the Albany *Evening Journal* and took up his abode in the City of New York. His residence, in Twelfth Street, is not in what would now be termed an aristocratic part of the city, but it is pleasantly located, and is in every way fitting the home of a man of ample means and with an abundance of friends. During the fifteen years of his residence here no man has borne a more prominent part in social and municipal reforms.

It would not be easy for the writer of this sketch to recall a more pleasant interview than that held by him with Mr. Weed on the morning of his eighty-second birthday. His cheerful greeting, clear intelligence and ready recollection, belongs rather to a man of less than three-score than to one of more than four-score. We speak of "declining into the vale of years." In a sense, it is indeed a decline; but few men have made it so nobly and gracefully as Thurlow Weed has done. Few men who have played so large a part in politics have been exposed to so little obloquy, and even that little he has bravely outlived. We believe that there is among us no other person whom men of all parties hold in deeper respect and reverence. Those who saw him on his eighty-second birthday, have good reason to hope and believe that he will witness many more like anniversaries.

CHAPEL OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

THE Chapel of St. Chrysostom, erected by the corporation of Trinity Church, on Thirty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, was dedicated October 30th, by Bishop Potter, assisted by the founder of the mission, Bishop Neely, of Maine, and about twenty-five clergymen of local churches and chapels.

St. Chrysostom's Church was begun fourteen years ago with a missionary meeting of six poor persons, led by Bishop Neely, then an assistant of Trinity Church. He felt the necessity for church operation in a western quarter of the city, and, therefore, began by holding meetings in a small way, and the work grew and transferred itself to larger quarters and a better place in one year. The next step was to build the Chapel of St. Chrysostom. It has been in use for some years, but only recently had its interior beautifully and appropriately finished. The mission outpost of so small beginning is now a church whose almsgivings have amounted to nearly $30,000. The chapel has two beautiful colored windows, and its architecture throughout, both exterior and interior, is ecclesiastical, harmonious and effective.

GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION IN CHICAGO.

THE reception of General Grant by the authorities and populace of Chicago, on November 12th, referred to in our last number, was marked by an enthusiasm and cordiality which words cannot adequately portray. Never before had Chicago seen so great a day. The decorations of the city were the most elaborate ever attempted, and have scarcely ever been equaled. The Palmer House and State Street in its vicinity were, of course, the centre of attraction. An immense banner hung over the street, with the words "Headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee," and a flag with a portrait of Grant and the word "Welcome."

The procession itself was immense. It consisted of three divisions, and was of such length as to require over two hours to pass a given point. General Grant rode in a carriage, built expressly for the occasion by Schoonmaker, of Michigan Avenue, and drawn by six horses, furnished by Mr. Richard Payne, of the Palmer House stables, and guarded on either side by a platoon of police—the Society of the Army of the Tennessee acting as his escort. The streets were densely packed with eager multitudes, and at almost every crossing the guest of the day was compelled to rise in his carriage and acknowledge the ovation tendered him.

After the review, General Grant was formally welcomed by Mayor Harrison, in the rotunda of the Palmer House. General Grant, in his reply, after conveying his thanks for the reception given him, referred to his cordial greeting abroad, and added: "Our country stands differently abroad in the estimation of European and Eastern nations from what it did a quarter of a century ago. At that time it was believed we had no nation: it was merely a confederation of States tied together by a rope of sand, and would give way upon the slightest friction. They have found it was a grand mistake. They know that we have now a nation; that we are a nation of strong and intelligent and brave people, capable of judging and knowing our rights, and determined on all occasions to maintain them against either a domestic or foreign foe; and that is the reception you, as a nation, have received through me while I was abroad."

In the evening a reception was given the General by the Army of the Tennessee, at Haverly's Theatre, which was magnificently decorated. The immense building was crowded with an audience which, upon the arrival of General Grant and staff, broke into hearty applause. Upon the stage were seated many of his prominent officers, including Generals Sherman and Sheridan. Governor Cullom welcomed the Army of the Tennessee and General Grant to the State of Illinois, General Sherman speaking in response. After some further remarks, General Grant was called upon, and, after some hesitation, spoke at some length, reading from a manuscript. We quote a portion of his remarks as follows:

"I am glad these society meetings keep up so long after the events which, in a sense, they commemorate have passed away. They do not serve to keep up sectional feeling or bitterness towards our late foe, but they do keep up the feeling that we are a nation, and that it must be preserved—one and indivisible. We feel and maintain that those who fought, and fought bravely, on the opposite side from us have equal claim with ourselves in all the blessings of our great and common country. We claim for them the right to travel all over this broad land, and to select where they please to settle, to become citizens and enjoy their political and religious convictions free from molestation or ostracism either on account of them or their connection with the past. We ask nothing more for ourselves, and would rejoice to see them become powerful rivals in the development of our great resources, in the acquisition of all that should be desirable in this life, and in patriotism and in love of country."

On the evening of the 13th General Grant was entertained at a banquet, given by the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House. Six hundred persons were present. The bill of fare was printed on a card shaped into the likeness of a tent, adorned with battle scenes. Speeches were made by Generals Hurlburt, Logan, Schofield, Garfield, Woodford, Pope, and the guest of the evening, with several others. On the 14th, General Grant spent the day at the house of his son, Colonel Frederick Grant, where he held a private reception in the afternoon. The following afternoon he held his first public reception at the Grand Pacific Hotel, lasting from 3 to 5 o'clock.

General Grant, overwhelmed as he was by hospitalities, seemed to have found a special delight in revisiting the conspicuous points of interest in Chicago with which he has long been familiar, including South and Lincoln Parks, in which he sought an airing on several occasions, as shown in our illustrations. His programme for the future is thus announced: Leaving Chicago about November 20th for Galena, he will remain there for three weeks. He will then go to Chicago and proceed thence, December 9th, for Indianapolis, making only an hour's stop at Logansport, and arriving in Indianapolis at 2 o'clock P. M. He will stay there one day, being tendered a reception by the State Soldiers' Reunion. Thence he goes to Louisville, stopping one day; to Cincinnati, stopping two days, and in turn to Columbus, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York, wintering in the South, possibly in Havana.

Our artists and correspondents who were present at the great Chicago reception, learned from intercourse with representatives of all the Western States, that business is everywhere reviving, and the tide of prosperity is every day acquiring additional volume. The business revival is strikingly shown by the pressure of freight upon the New York Central and its Western connections, as well as upon some other of the Trunk lines. This great four-track line which holds such an important relation to the prosperity of New York, commands not only a vast share of the freight traffic between the West and this port, but enjoys also an immense passenger business, the increase in which is no less a significant evidence of our recuperation from the depression of the last few years.

GRAND FAIR OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

THE new armory of the Seventh Regiment of the National Guard, State of New York, on the block bounded by Fourth and Lexington Avenues and Sixth-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets, is now the scene of the most unique fair that has been held in this city since the famous one for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission in 1863. This imposing structure is divided into the main drill-room and the administration building. The dimensions of the former are: Length, 300 feet; width, 200 feet; height, 75 feet to the iron trusses, and 100 feet to the peak of the arched roof, the polished pine ceiling of which is very richly and tastefully frescoed with shields and other national emblems. Distributed over the floor of the drill-room are the ten booths, or tables, conducted under the supervision of the respective companies and their lady friends. In the northwest angle of the room is the booth erected by Ninth Company (F), a structure built in the Persian style of architecture. Adjacent to that, on the northern side of the room, is a triangular establishment, remarkable for the variegated brilliancy of its embellishments in the way of bunting, wherein a miscellaneous assortment of fancy wares are on sale under the supervision of Second Company (B). Directly opposite to it, and close to the northern wall of the armory, is a stand erected by Colonel Kent, of the State Ordnance Department. Fifth Company (E) have erected a handsome marquee midway on the northern side. One of the most striking features of the fair is a square Egyptian structure, richly draped, to be conducted under the supervision of Eighth Company (H). Near by is a smaller stand, ornamented with red bunting. This is superintended by Tenth Company (K), while Seventh Company (G) is represented by a unique "Chinese Gate," which has been constructed near the southeastern angle of the large compartment. Fourth Company (D) have built a handsome castellated edifice, whose turrets and walls are of carved wood. Over the entrance is the legend, "1806—Fourth Company." A Venetian tent, gorgeously adorned, stands midway on the drill-room floor, not far from the southern wall, belonging to Ninth Company (I). Occupying the central position is the great floral temple, which is of circular shape, and surmounted by a cupola, whose highest point is forty-five feet from the ground. First Company (A) have erected a Byzantine temple, while Third Company (C) put up a Moorish temple at the southwestern angle of the room. For the ulterior object of raising money to pay for the furnishing of the vast building an admission fee of 50 cents will be charged at the door. This fee will constitute the sole expense of visiting every part of the fair, except the picture gallery, to which the admission will be 25 cents, and the 10-cent fee demanded for admission to the Punch and Judy show, and the Stereopticon shows and the "Old Curiosity Shop." The rooms in which these amusements are to take place are so small that it is considered an act of charity to those who most desire to see them to charge a small admission fee. The fair will continue for two weeks, and for the benefit of those who wish to go early and often season tickets are to be had for $3. The Art Committee has made itself responsible for $400,000 worth of pictures. The paintings are 190 in number. There will also be exhibited the Claybern collection of engravings, and the New York Yacht Club will make a display of yacht models in one of the rooms. The rooms occupied as a picture gallery are the gymnasium, the band-room, the drum corps' room, the cadet corps' room, and the band rehearsal room. They are handsomely decorated for the purpose of an art gallery, and are lighted from above. In the basement is the shooting gallery, with six targets and an underground range 300 feet long, besides a covered passageway for the markers.

The formal opening of the fair took place on Monday afternoon, November 17th, the doors being opened to the public at 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock the regiment, in its full strength, marched from the armory to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where it received President Hayes, Secretary Evarts, Mayor Cooper and George William Curtis, and, after a brief halt, escorted them to the armory. The line of march was up Fifth Avenue to Sixty-eighth Street, thence to Madison Avenue up to the Park, and thence down to the armory on Fourth Avenue, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets. At the opening ceremonies in the armory the President and party occupied the gallery at the Fourth Avenue end of the drill-room. Mayor Cooper presided and made a brief address. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Weston, chaplain of the regiment, after which an address was made by George William Curtis. President Hayes did not deliver a speech, but formally declared the fair to be open.

Flower-farming in California.

FLOWER-FARMING is about to be introduced in Santa Barbara and also in Alvarada County, California, for the extraction of scents. California is prolific in flowers above all other growth. Every day in the year has its varieties, and very cheap husbandry would be required to make perennial croppings, because children can be largely employed. Roses yield 2,000 pounds to the acre, value $375; orange-trees 2,000 pounds, $200; violets, 1,600 pounds, $800; farnarian acacias 900 pounds, $450. Geraniums yield 2,000 ounces distilled perfume, $1,000, and lavender $150. Besides these there are bergamot, tuberose, orris root, peppermint, verbena, lilac, jasmine, lemon-grass, citronella and patchouli, all of which can be grown in that State. At present they import all natural scents, much adulterated, at enormous prices.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

New Mission Station on Lake Nyassa.

Livingstonia is the name given to a Mission Station of the Free Church of Scotland, founded in 1875 on Lake Nyassa. The district, which four years ago was quite deserted by mankind, has been peopled, and the station is now the centre of a thriving population of about four hundred, who assemble in large numbers on Sabbath mornings for religious services, and whose children are being taught in the learning and customs of civilized nations. Two sub-stations have lately been established 150 miles further north on the lake.

The Red Cross in Peru.

Intelligence has been received of the first land engagement in the present South American war, in the form of a telegram from Valparaiso, dated November 7th. According to this, a combined attack by the Chilian land and sea forces had been made on the Peruvian port Pisagua, which, after a bombardment of five hours, surrendered. A determined resistance was made, and the victory is said to have cost the Chilians a loss of 500 men killed and wounded. Following close upon the capture of the famous ironclad ram, the *Huascar*, the loss of Pisagua will have a very dispiriting effect upon the Peruvians. As an evidence of foreign sympathy, we give an illustration of the Red Cross Ambulance Corps, organized in Lima, with material volunteered by the Benevolent Society of Spain, showing the simplicity of equipment for field service.

New Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

The opening of the fine range of buildings constructed, at a cost of £240,000, for the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, took place on October 29th. The foundation-stone was laid nine years ago by the Prince of Wales. It is like St. Thomas's Hospital, London, planned on the system of separate blocks; but whereas in St. Thomas's Hospital there is one range of blocks, in the Edinburgh Infirmary there are two, comprising four distinct blocks in each range. Another point of contrast is the difference of material. The St. Thomas's Hospital is built mainly of brick; the Edinburgh Infirmary is built, externally, entirely of stone, and therefore presents solid masses of masonry which possess an architectural character of a special kind. The infirmary will accommodate between 550 and 600 patients. The sum of £340,000 includes the cost of site, buildings, and furniture, of which, after the sale of the old buildings, £25,000 remain to be provided. It is the largest hospital in the United Kingdom, and probably the best planned.

Land Troubles in New Zealand.

For a long time peace has reigned in New Zealand between the Maori and the Pakeha, and it was hoped that the two races would hereafter live at peace together. Of late, however, there has been considerable danger of a renewal of the old hostilities. At the end of the war in 1860, large portions of native lands were confiscated, and most of them were occupied without delay. There was, however, one large tract, the fertile Waimate plains, situated south of Taranaki, which the Government until quite recently never deemed it advisable to occupy, and to which the natives had never relinquished their claim. Lately, however, the Government determined to throw open for selection and purchase a large tract of fertile land which had for many years been the forbidden fruit of the settler. Accordingly a survey was begun, and the land advertised for sale. The Maoris resented these proceedings, and in April last twice turned off the surveyors, and bundled them, tents, theodolites and all, across the Waingoro river, the boundary of the block. Then a small party began plowing up the property of a settler near New Plymouth, and continued to do so for several days in spite of the remonstrances of the Civil Commissioner. Old settlers feared a renewal of the bloody wars of former days, a large force of the armed constabulary were brought from Wellington and Waikato, and bodies of volunteers were organized in the different settlements. Meanwhile, as the plowmen did not desist they were arrested, committed for trial, and shipped to Wellington Jail. Fresh men, however, took their places, until there were 160 under arrest. They made no resistance whatever, some even held out their hands for the handcuffs.

The Great Floods in Spain.

Our foreign news of last week gave some account of the disastrous floods in the south of Spain, chiefly in the provinces of Murcia and Granada, caused by sudden rain-storms, beginning on the 14th of October, which swelled the mountain torrents of the Sierra Segra and the Sierra Nevada. The river Segura, flowing from the first named range eastward to the Mediterranean coast, through Murcia and part of Valencia, overflowed its banks, and the inundation submerged a fertile and populous district. Murcia, the capital of a province of that name, San Benito, San Lorenzo, Lorca and Orihuela are the cities and towns which experienced the greatest damage. The damage done in Orihuela was even greater than at Lorca, as a suburb was entirely under water for two days. More than five hundred houses were either destroyed or had to be abandoned by order of the authorities. Nearly two thousand five hundred persons were left homeless, having saved nothing but what they had on when taken away from their houses by the boats and barges manned by sailors and civil guards. The Governors and members for Murcia, Alicante and Almeria believe that more than three thousand human beings have perished, while three millions sterling would not cover the material losses of towns and wealth. All ranks and classes in Spain, from King Alfonso and the highest grandees and prelates downwards, are engaged in the work of providing and dispensing relief to the distressed people. The French Government has sanctioned a lottery of 2,000,000 francs to be organized by a committee of journalists for the benefit of the sufferers by the floods. The Emperor of Germany has sent 12,500 francs for the same purpose, and the press of Paris has organized a grand *fête*, the proceeds of which will be handed over to the Relief Committee.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—IT is estimated that in England there is at least twenty million dollars invested in private yachts, giving employment to five thousand sailors.

—AS many as 21,992 vessels, with a tonnage of 164,000 tons, and manned by 82,431 sailors, were engaged in the French fisheries in 1878.

—A LARGE party of Germans have arrived in Florida and have settled upon a rancho near Pensacola, and gone extensively into the sheep-raising business.

—THE United States Consul at Odessa, Russia, reports to the State Department that the wheat crop of Russia will fall far short of the usual harvest, and that American wheat must be in good demand there.

—THE reading-room of the British Museum contains three miles of bookcases eight feet high. The dome whence the electric light irradiates the vast room is next to that of the Pantheon at Rome, the largest extant.

—THE descendants of the Walloons, or foreign refugees, in the Kentish capital, enjoy the curious and anomalous privilege of celebrating non-conformist service in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, the use of which for this purpose was granted in 1561.

—AN association of ladies in Pennsylvania have purchased the house which General Washington occupied as his headquarters at Valley Forge, and began a movement to buy the 2,000 acres adjoining, in which the old breastworks are still in good preservation, and erect a soldiers' home there.

—NOVA ZEMBLA has been inhabited for a year by a Russian family, who have experimentalized on the practicability of forming an Arctic colony. The settlers, who dwelt in the northern island, had good health, notwithstanding the inclement weather. The Samoyeds, however, died in large numbers.

—A NEW occupation for the young men who are filling up Western Texas, seeking their fortunes, is to start "goose ranches." One ranch has 3,000 geese, whose feathers are plucked every two months. Each goose averages a pound and a half a year, the feathers being worth 50 cents a pound.

—NORFOLK, Va., did an export business last year of $10,000,000, and with her cotton returns now ranks as the second cotton exporting port in the United States. It is the first peanut port in the world, receiving the entire crop of Virginia, which is much larger than the growths of Tennessee and North Carolina.

—IT turns out now that the famous brigand chief Gasperone is not dead, as was reported by mistake at Milan; he is still alive at Abbiategrasso, where he was interned in 1871, and is highly tickled over the newspaper accounts of his death and grand exploits in the days when brigands counted for something in the world.

—IT is estimated that there are 15,000 carriage manufacturers in the United States, who employ upward of 100,000 hands and pay out $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 for labor annually. Cincinnati takes the lead in the West in the carriage industry, eight firms having manufactured 63,000 carriages and buggies the past year.

—UPWARD of 2,000,000 of acres of land have been taken by settlers in Manitoba during the past two years, and 1,500,000 more acres have been surveyed. It is evident that this is the most promising portion of the Dominion, and as it contains 275,000,000 acres of arable land, it offers abundant room for all the emigrants Canada can attract for some centuries to come.

—APPALLING distress is prevalent in Upper Hungary, where upwards of 200 communes are without bread. The inhabitants would gladly emigrate en masse to America had they means of undertaking a journey which would, as they think, lead them to a land of promise as compared with the arid soil of their own country. The Government is taking active measures to provide for their actual wants.

—A BUST of the Empress Eugenie has become transformed into that of the Republic in a small town in the centre of France. It is placed in the communal schoolroom above the master's desk, but has received the addition of some Republican insignia. This is said not to be a solitary example, some tradesmen with a stock of busts of the ex Empress on hand having probably taken that means of disposing of them.

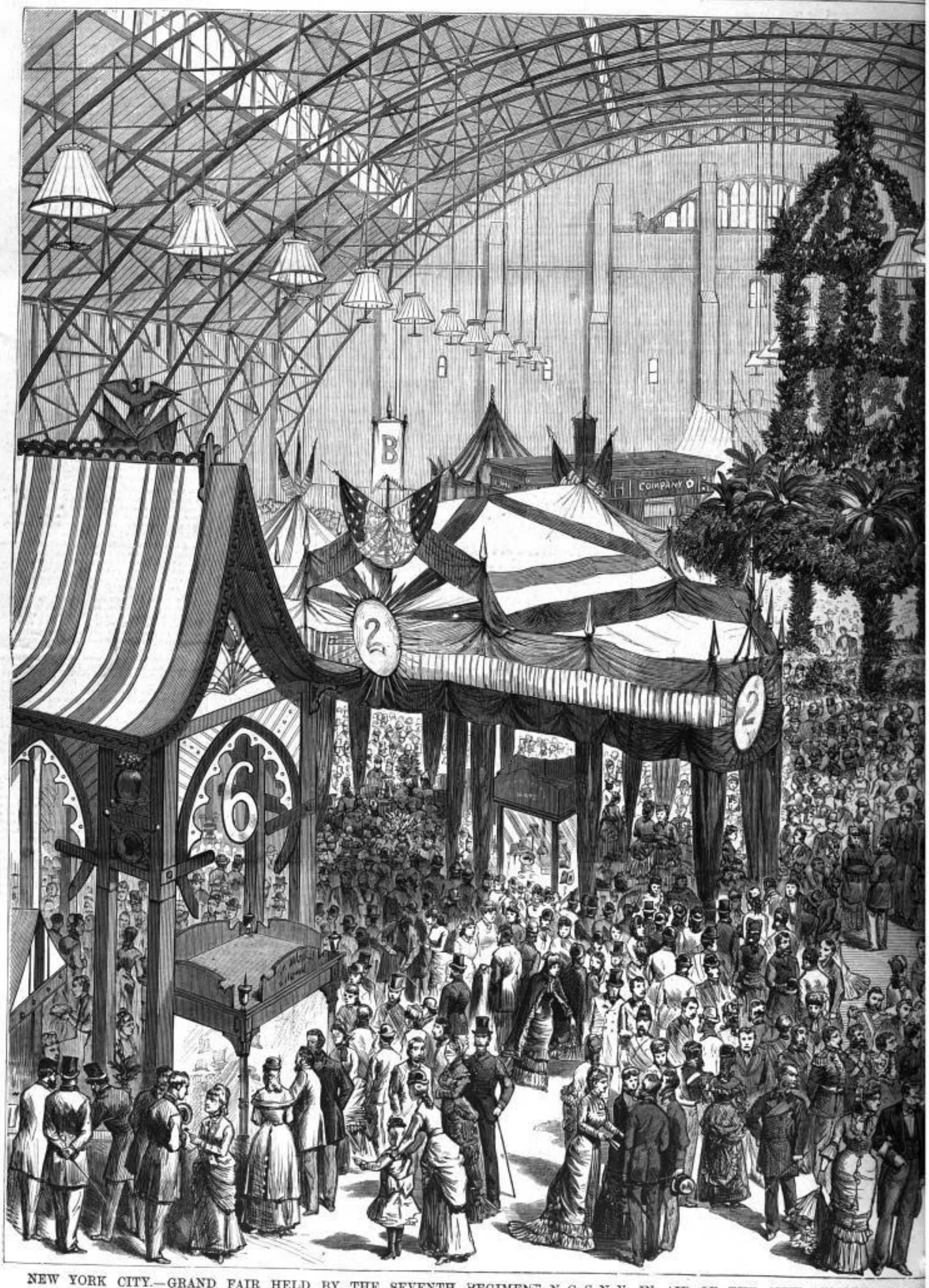
—THE amount of grain received at Chicago during the month of October was larger than for the corresponding month of any previous year, and 8,918 car-loads more than in October, 1878. During the last month there were 23,405 cars of grain inspected, and 1,020,760 bushels received by canal and lake; while the out inspection amounted to 16,977,700 bushels. The amount of grain received at Chicago during the year ending October 31st, 1879, was several million bushels more than that received during the previous year.

—THE researches on the site of the ancient Pergamos, now Bergama, in Asiatic Turkey, undertaken by a German engineer, have resulted in the discovery of over 200 statues and pieces of sculpture belonging to the best period of Greek art. Most of the statues come from a temple to Athena on the site of the Acropolis, and include the altar, a colossal Laocöon, figures of Eros, of two sleeping female figures, of many Roman ladies, of satyrs and tritons, as well as a higher ornamental frieze and base of a pedestal supporting a statue of Zeus, and adorned with representations of the deities of the elements.

—THE effect of the passage of the Arrears of Pensions Act will be brought forcibly to the notice of Congress this Winter by an application for $2,000,000 additional for the additional annual appropriation for the payment of pensions. It seems that the Act developed an overwhelmingly surprising number of hitherto unheard of pensioners. Last year's appropriation, amounting to $29,089,000, was about $2,000,000 short. This deficiency must be met. Commissioner Bentley's estimate for next year will be $32,404,000.

—UP to the close of last year the ravages of the *Phylloxera vastatrix* in the vineyards of France had extended over more than 1,600,000 acres, the vines in 700,000 of which had been totally destroyed. The appearance of the insect is now reported from the centre of the most famous of all the viticultural districts of France—namely, the Médoc. The aggregate value of the Médoc vineyards, the whole of which are comprised within a narrow strip of land some twenty miles in length, amounts to many millions sterling.

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NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND FAIR HELD BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., IN AID OF THE NEW ARMORY ON FO

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TH AVENUE AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET—SCENE IN THE MAIN DRILL-ROOM AT THE OPENING, NOV. 17TH.—SEE PAGE 219.

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THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

SYNOPSIS.

I.

This striking romance opens with the death-bed of Mrs. de Latude, who is tormented with remorse for accidentally killing her husband by an involuntary blow as he was striking their little daughter Sylve, a beautiful child of some six Summers. Feeling her end approaching, the dying woman sends her child to summon the lady, Mrs. Bimley, in whose house they are living. When that lady appears Mrs. de Latude consigns the care of her daughter to her, and charges her to transmit to her friend, Mr. Forester, the private papers she would find under her pillow.

II.

The next scene shows the son of the dying lady's friend, who is reading the manuscript. It details the life of the dead lady, and relates that, infatuated by the personal appearance and plausible manners of De Latude, she had married him. It was not till they had been married some months that he revealed his true character. He was a drunkard, and ill-used her. At last, one evening, he struck their little daughter, and in her rage she struck him with her clinched hand. To her horror and surprise he fell—he had struck his head in his fall—unwittingly she had killed him. Yes, Francis de Latude was dead.

His wretched wife was in despair. Her first idea was to denounce herself as the murderess; but the thought of her little daughter deterred her. She would not that her child should be looked on as the child of a murderess. She therefore dragged the dead body to her husband's room, placed it in his bed, and left it to be discovered in the morning, when his valet, Paschal, a light negro, went to call him to breakfast.

As Mr. Forester is reading this confession in his office, he is interrupted by his mother, who comes to call him to lunch. He hides the manuscript, and follows his mother to the lunch-room.

CHAPTER III.—AN AWFUL DISCOVERY.

"A LADY! I wonder if it's a young lady?" soliloquized Mrs. Forester, as she left the dining-room alone. "How very strange and undecided he was! I don't think I ever remember seeing him so curiously absent-minded. Now, I dare say there's a trap laid for him somewhere; and he was pale, too; drank his chocolate instead of sipping it; altogether there's a mystery in the air. I must try to solve it. No one shall lay siege to my Flix unless I know it. Where is the woman good enough for him, I wonder? Like all silly boys, though, there's a chance for him to be fooled, and the more innocent and unsuspecting he is the more liable to be deceived."

As Mrs. Forester slowly wended her way to her own sitting-room, Flix entered the study, and, turning the key to insure himself against interruption, he resumed his reading.

The letter opened again at another date, and the writer professed to find herself in better health and spirits than she had enjoyed for years.

"It is strange," she commenced, "but I can write with calmer nerves since my last attack. No doubt this freedom from pain and clearness of intellect denotes coming dissolution, and I cannot but welcome death, particularly as the burden which threatened to cloud my mind is lightened by confession. It may be that when you read this I shall be looking over your shoulder."

Flix started at this, and, almost unconscious of the action, looked behind him. A little stir of the paper under his tense clutch, a shred of wood falling from the fire, gave sound and almost form to the illusion that somebody was there, and Flix laughed nervously at his own morbid fancy, and resumed his reading.

"I can scarcely find the heart to go back to that old story, life and all nature is so beautiful this afternoon. The mossy draperies of the trees before my window flutter like gossamer spirits, and the yellow buds of the jasmine star all the grounds far and near, opening its sweet buds to its sister the sunshine. Such wonders of vegetation as one sees in this Southern land make death seem less desolate. For one cannot but feel that every day and every night these fresh sweet flowers will be breathing and talking over one's grave. But to go back to that fatal night. As I said, I arranged everything to the very smallest item, such as hanging his suspenders where my husband always hung them, for he was precision itself in such small details—putting his socks in his shoes, laying a handkerchief under his pillow, and then as the necessity for exertion became less imperative, and the sight of that fixed and deathlike face smote upon my very heart, I flew with sobs of despair to my own room, and lying beside my child, drew her to my arms and hid my head in her little warm bosom. One more horror remained in store for me. I awoke in the dead of night standing beside my husband's bed. In my sleep I must have risen, as I often have since, and my soul, intent upon this horrible deed, wandered to the place of all others that, waking, I must have shunned. When I found where I was, the walls of a charnel house could not have been more terrible. With a shriek of despair I rushed into my own room and turned the key. There was no more sleep for me—indeed, I marvel that I lost myself for a moment, so wakeful and tense had been all my faculties. My great effort now was to conceal my own complicity. For my child's sake, I was ready to peril my soul. I knew that Mart, my cook, always came very early in the morning. She was the slave of a Colonel Fuller, and lived but a short distance away.

"Paschal was more tardy, knowing that De Latude was a late riser, and last of all came Kate, the chambermaid. She and Paschal were cousins, and both were owned by one master. Mart alone had the key of the house. It seemed to me through those awful hours that morning would never come. How I watched the faint gray flashes, my eyeballs emitting stronger fire than they, for it seemed as if my brain was burning. Should I could I keep a natural composed demeanor? It seemed as if all the guilty blood in my body rushed to my face at the very thought of facing Paschal. I unlocked the back bedroom-door, not daring to look in, knowing by that dread and awful silence that there had been no change—that the hand so warm but yesterday was ice now; that the brow and the lips were rigid. More and more imperative became the necessity for self control—more and more superhuman seemed the effort that I was called to put upon myself, not to cry out—not to madly denounce myself. Why should I? There was no wound, no bruise, no sign. Might not his death have been caused by violent anger acting upon a diseased, nervous system, ruined by stimulants? I tried to think so—indeed, in that way only could I keep my reason from playing me false. I had often to look at my child, to press her to my heart. It was in her defense that I had done this thing, and, strangely enough, the thought made her doubly dear to me.

"At last I heard the click of the gate-latch. I stole to the window. Mart's great, swinging, portly figure was coming up the garden-path. How I envied the dull, stolid creature her unembarrassed stride, her fearless glance! And now the key was in the lock—she was in the passage; she might, probably would, go in the parlor, or look in, to see that everything was right. Had I been careful to conceal all evidences of the night's work? Was there nothing left behind? I sat there trembling like a criminal, till all at once I remembered, by her opening the window below, that one thing had been forgotten.

"'Nice folks dey is,' I heard her mutter, 'lebe dese yere shutters flyin' open. Wonder if dey tinks dar ain't no dishonest persons in Savan'? Hah, yah! Well dat some ob our folkses didn't know ob dis yere.'

"True enough; we had been in danger all night. Doctor de Latude had always been very careful to see to the fastenings. I had forgotten the shutters, and I trembled for the result. Might there not be something in this fact that would convict me? I sat there trembling and wondering how I should act when the final test came. My Sylve slept long past her usual hour. She looked pale, and I imagined the blow her father had given her—how it kindled my anger afresh as I thought of it!—was the cause of her unnatural slumber. Should I waken her? I should be less lonely, even if the child were fretful, and then I could occupy myself in dressing her. I did not foresee the probable consequences of her last night's experience. I kissed and worried her out of her heavy sleep. She was very angracious at first, and I scarcely knew what to do with her irritable mood. She didn't want to dress; she didn't want to get up, and, finally, she wanted to see papa. I had not thought of this, but the child idolized her father.

"Did papa hurt him, and when did he come up-stairs, and where was he? I explained to her that papa was in bed, that he did not retire till late, and that he must not be disturbed. It did not pacify her. The child seemed literally possessed by an evil spirit. She pounded at the door, she called him at the top of her voice, she shrieked, she struck at me till I could have shaken the rebellious spirit out of her determined little body.

"At last I thought of my diamonds, and gave her all the jewels I possessed for playthings, and these quieted the child, who, adorning herself with necklaces, bracelets, watches and chains, looked in the sunlight like a living rainbow. And I, meanwhile; ah! what tortures possessed me! How I longed yet feared to hear the tripping steps of Paschal, who was every inch a dandy, from his elaborate necktie to his polished boot toes. At last he, too, came, and the fragrance of the chocolate began to permeate the atmosphere. Doctor de Latude always took his morning cup of chocolate in bed. The test was drawing nearer. Inwardly I raved for strength—prayer it could not be called—and gathering my fingers together, I literally drove the nails into my palms. All at once Sylve ceased playing with her jewels, and began crying for chocolate and papa. I promised that when Paschal came up, she should go in and see papa, but that I knew he was not stirring yet. She put the jewelry aside, for Paschal's step sounded at the foot of the stairs. I felt a spasm cross my face, and held both hands over my heart.

"'What is the matter, mamma? What makes you look so white?' asked the child, and began to fondle my hands and my hair. I could not speak—could scarcely breathe. Paschal knocked at the door; Sylve opened it. To this moment I see Paschal's pyramid of hair, his red waistcoat, faultlessly white shirt-bosom and ivory teeth. Indeed, it seemed as if he looked at me like a Nemesis. By one mighty effort I regained the command of my nerves.

"'Paschal,' I said, 'as soon as the master has drank his chocolate, you may bring Sylve up some. She has taken a fancy to chocolate. I believe I will go down and get a cup myself.' All this time he was nearing the door, laughing down at little Sylve, who was a great favorite with him. I tried three times to clutch the handle of the door which he had just shut, but my hand only fell heavily on the knob, making it rattle. At length, with one desperate effort, I opened the door. I must be down-stairs, or, at least, on my way there, when that terrible discovery should be made. At every downward step I felt as it sinking fathoms and fathoms. I knew Paschal had gone into the room, but all was yet still. I tried to smile at good-natured old Mart, who began the first thing to scold me, in her unique way, for allowing master to leave the shutters open.

"'Might a-knowed yo was strange here,' she said, showing her white teeth. 'Ketch Savan' folks bein' dat ar careless. Why, missee, you'se as white as a sheet!'

"'Some chocolate!' I gasped, and then added something about fearful dreams.

"'Deed, missis, and I dreamed 'bout you, too—had your head all bound in black and white rags, honey, and dar was blood a drippin' from 'em. Lord de massy, wha's dat?'

"It was Paschal flying down the stairs, with mouth and eyes distended; it was the agonized shriek of Sylve up-stairs, crying with grief and fright.

"'Oh, my papa! my papa! my papa!'

"'What has happened to my child?' I cried, and turned to the door.

"'Don't go up dar, missis,' gasped Paschal, his brown cheeks livid—'don't you go up dar, for your life's sake! Cook, hold her!' I stood back, looking at him like one petrified. Sylve had come down the stairs and was flying towards me.

"'Can't you speak, you yaller piece?' cried Mart, as the man tried to form the words that would not come.

"'I tell yer, don't yer let her go up dar—Masser de Latude is choked to death in his bed. He's dead as—as—Moses!'

"'Don't believe it, yer fool!' said Mart. 'Missis, don't go to bein' scart—he's on'y yaller, him ain't reliumble like we black ones.'

"'What can he mean? What does he mean?' I repeated. 'My strength is all gone.'

"'I means what I says,' Adolphe muttered, angrily—'you jest ask de chile.'

"'Oh, mamma, papa is stone-cold!' sobbed Sylve.

"'Stone-cold—papa! Mart, come up-staire with me. I am frightened.'

"I must have acted my part well, for Mart sprang forward with a cry of consternation to catch me; then in a moment or two we slowly went up-stairs. Need I tell the rest? Of course physicians were sent for. The verdict was given—Death by the visitation of God! Can you guess what that meant to my guilty soul?"

CHAPTER IV.—THE MENTION OF A DREAM.

THE papers that followed contained only directions, notes of deeds, memoranda, invaluable to a lawyer, and a solemn request that he would take Sylve into his own household, the writer believing that she was communicating with the elder Mr. Forester. It gave a personal description of the child who, to Flix's intense chagrin, was not yet ten years old, and a solemn charge to destroy the record of her mother's crime.

If it was found impossible to receive her in his own home, would not he be her guardian and find her a suitable boarding-house? This plea for an orphan child was not quite lost even upon the heart of twenty-four. If for a time the idea of harboring the child of such a mother was repugnant to his sense of delicacy, it seemed, on the other hand, cruel and unmanly to thrust the little girl into careless hands because her real dower was disgrace.

He was the sole person in the world possessed of this secret—it never need go farther. He found in his heart an appeal for this poor, neglected little creature. A philanthropist by nature, he further felt great love and compassion for little children.

"I wonder what mamma would say?" he murmured, locking his papers in his desk. "I have heard her say she always wanted a daughter."

He left his seat and entered his mother's sitting-room, which was just across the hall. The gentle face lighted up at sight of him, a chair was quickly drawn forward, an afghan of many colors thrown over it, making a luxurious seat.

"You will spoil me," he said, throwing himself back; "here am I, while other young men are sowing their wild oats, tied to mamma's apron-string."

"The string is not very strong," she said, with a look in her eyes that went to his heart; "still, I trust, it is stout enough to keep you from gathering your wild oats. It might be a sorry crop in the end."

"Yes, that's true, mother—by-the-way, haven't I heard you say that if a first-class opportunity ever came in your way you might be induced to adopt a child—a little girl I mean."

"Flix, what are you talking about?" exclaimed his mother, a look of surprise in her soft, dark eyes.

"Why, you see, there's a lot of land that I've got to fight for, a whole township, in fact, worth no end of money, and the sole heiress is a little girl, not yet in her teens."

"A little girl!" the sweet voice lingered lovingly on the words; "and has this little girl no mother?"

"Both mother and father are dead," replied Flix, throwing himself yet further back in his seat, and watching the delicate play of color in the handsome face opposite.

"Poor child! where is she?"

"At present in Virginia."

"Then, of course, she has friends."

"Oh, yes; such friends as a hotel affords." The woman shivered.

"Dear me, it's very sad," she said, and her sewing fell to her lap. "I wonder, now, if the child is anything pretty?"

"Uncommonly beautiful, I should judge," said Flix, dreamily; "but children are all pretty much alike, you know—a great care and burden, especially girls."

"You saucy fellow!" half laughed Mrs. Forester, intent upon her work again, "as if girls, the right kind of girls, were not the very angels of a household. I have often imagined to myself what comfort it might be to have one of my own, a pretty little, useful thing gliding about one's knee, sitting by one's side. Oh, dear, it must be such a pleasure!"

"Very well, then, here's your chance," said Flix, sleepily; "don't take me into the account at all. Sometimes I think it would be pleasant to see a fair little face at the fireside, and that during my long sessions of work I should think of you with less regret as being provided with a companion—but then"—and he yawned—"there's the care and trouble—and it might be cross and unpleasant—or we might spoil it, there's no knowing."

"Spoil it? I spoil a child! Why, Flix, you're a living monument of my parental discipline. Have I spoilt you, sir?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied the young man, opening his eyes again, a slow smile settling round his lips, and presently he was asleep or appeared to be. And while he slept the seed that had fallen into the ground of his mother's tender heart took root. She busied herself with fancies that made her dark eyes more and more luminous as she sat with crossed hands thinking. A little girl to love, and to teach to love her. An orphan whom she could call her very own, endow with her name if she pleased, take into her very heart. Nor was the consideration of money without its due effect. Mrs. Forester had always been the child of luxury. She hated poverty, and I fear she felt no love for people without the pale of good society. She had always been tormented with a haunting fear that Flix might marry some pretty nobody, just from the force of contrast—some oppressed sewing-girl—some beauty in need. She had read a good deal of that sort of thing, and it had become a mania of hers at one time to torment herself with visions of such a calamity, so that Flix had once said, when she commenced for the hundredth time on the subject, that if she ever warned him or talked to him about the matter again, he would go on the spur of the moment and offer himself to his laundress's daughter, a handsome, showy and ignorant girl.

But there loomed up before her now a new possibility—that of raising for herself a rich and charming daughter-in-law. "She would be just the right age," she murmured almost audibly in the security of her cogitations—for, of course, Flix was asleep. "A beauty and an heiress, brought up by me! Why, the thing seems really practicable, the more I think of it. I wish I could see a picture of the girl—I think that would decide me. At any rate," she added, aloud, "she might come here for a time."

Flix opened his eyes.

"Did you speak, mother?" he asked. The face before him flushed prettily. Like most people of her age, she hated to be caught talking to herself.

"I was just thinking of that poor child," she said, in soft low tones.

"Well, what does the thinking amount to? Any definite mode of action?" he answered.

"Flix, would you like it?" she asked.

"Would I like what, please?"

"Would you like me to take that little girl?"

"Well—if she would not be too much trouble—I rather think—yes," was his slow reply, as he raised himself from his brilliant couch.

"How should we get her here? What steps must we take?"

"Well, I should have to take a few steps southward, that is, as far as old Virginia."

"Oh, dear, must you go?"

"Haven't you got over that old fear of losing me?" laughed Flix, lifting himself with a graceful yawn—if a yawn can be graceful.

"But a long journey—and of course you'll go on horseback."

"If possible—to be sure on horseback. Still harping on my daughter, eh?"

"Oh, Flix? I shall never forget that dream I had! The place was so dark and lonely, and you—ah! heaven grant I may never see you as I saw you then! I don't see, Flix, why you need to go. Who is the child? What sort of folks is she with? Can she not be sent?"

Flix stood there before her, looking smilingly down on the sweet-faced little woman. It was an event in her domestic calendar that brought her curiosity out in full force, and, on the whole, he thought it might be best to gratify it.

"Mother mine, how many times do you suppose my father was in love during his lifetime?" he asked, cautiously.

"Oh, I know all about that," was the quick answer. "He told me everything—of course he did. Now I fancy I see what is coming. He was such a generous man, and must have made some romantic promise. Come, now, isn't it so?"

"But you haven't answered my question," persisted her son. "How much do you remember, and how much do you forget?"

"Remember, everything; forget, nothing. Catch a woman's memory treacherous on such subjects. Your father had three love affairs before he met me. He told me all about them. I wouldn't let him rest till he did," she added, naively.

"Do you remember the name of De Roosevelt?"

"Bless you, yes; he had that creature's picture. But you should hear him congratulate himself upon his lucky escape. She was a very improper person; ran away from her husband."

Flix shrugged his shoulders and wished he had held his tongue. He had not expected such an answer, not dreaming that all the particulars of this little love drama had been wormed out of the old judge by cross-questioning that would have tasked the ingenuity of the most honest witness. But he had gone too far to recede.

"I hope," said Mrs. Forester, looking up in his face, while the faintest suggestion of a frown marred the smoothness of her brow, "this child is no connection of hers?"

"She happens to be her grandchild," said Flix, desperately.

"Oh! And he, Judge Forester—could he have entered into any arrangement that I——"

"He never even knew of the existence of the child," said Flix, hurriedly, and determined that he would concede no further information. "The mother, a daughter of this woman, had, I suppose, heard of Judge Forester through her father, who was one of papa's dearest friends, and, presuming on that friendship, she asks help in the guardianship of the child. Really, after all, the child should not

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suffer for the sins of her grandmother, should she?"

"Why, no," hesitatingly replied Mrs. Forester; "only one's antecedents are sometimes awkwardly thrust in one's face. I should always be fearful. What do you think your father would have said?"

"He would have said what I say to you now, dear mother—it shall be exactly as you wish."

This delicate compliment brightened the soft eyes that were looking up into his.

"I really do believe," she said, musingly, "that training is everything. Even if there is a taint in the blood, science tells us that care and management will keep it low, and, perhaps, banish it altogether. Well"—reflectively—"I don't know as it would do any harm to let the poor child come here; very likely she has not had a congenial home. We could dispose of her in some way if she should prove disagreeable."

"Certainly," said Flix, gravely, and the matter was settled. Flix was to set out on the following Monday, and his mother was full of work and anxiety, not lessened much by the few reveries she allowed herself to indulge in, wherein she pictured the newcomer in the various aspects in which childhood occurs to imaginative people who have forgotten their own; and Flix, looking forward to the journey with vague but pleasant surmisings, occupied himself with putting his business in order much as if nowadays he were contemplating a voyage to Europe.

CHAPTER V.—THROWN BY BLACK JESS.

HOW he had been thrown he never knew—only there he was, behind a clump of trees in a hollow, fortunately dry, for it was the bed of a stream, and the weather had been intensely hot, and the water had ceased to filter through its mossy outlet. He felt no pain, though unable either to move or speak. He tried to remember what had started Black Jess, but could not. He wondered where she was, and then thought of his mother's dream. He had no means of judging whether it was morning or noon—his brain felt hot and confused. Above sailed a few specks of fleecy cloud in the deep bright blue of the midsummer sky. Around him droned the little creatures who live under grass and mosses—around him grew bushes that shut in his sight on either hand.

"So much for trying to do a charitable deed," he said, to himself, groaning inwardly—for the power of expression seemed denied him. It was a hard fate, shut out from every means of recognition. He had passed but few houses that day, and they were scattered widely apart. The road was one of those narrow, little used Virginia trails, for they are scarcely more in the interior. He had chosen it in preference to the main road, because the landlord at the little country tavern where he had spent the night had spoken of a famous old haunted house that travelers sometimes turned aside to see. And here he was on his back, and helpless, destined to lie there, perhaps, till death came, and no one would ever know how he died. He began thinking over the contents of his pocket and purse—tried to remember if anything in his possession bore his name, so that a stranger might be able to help his friends to identification. No, there was no letter, no paper, but on his shirt and gold sleeve studs were stamped his initials, F. F. To break the seal of the torpor that held him he would have almost given life. To be able to halloo, to sigh, to groan, but all these human aids were denied him. His tongue grew parched. He was conscious of extreme thirst. Louder and louder sounded the hum of the insect world. The sun seemed losing its power—his eyes grew dim, or else the day was drawing to its close. Eagerly he strained his ears to catch perchance the step or the neigh of his treacherous companion, but there was no sign or sound of Black Jess. The thought came like agony that he should be obliged to spend the night in that terrible place. Home, mother, all the sweet accessories that he had looked upon as natural to his state, and as only ordinary comforts, grew very precious in the retrospect. He wondered he had not thought more of them—his lip trembled and the water pressed to his eyelids. His poor mother, whose idol he was, if he could only see her now! He pictured her, sitting at home contented and happy, yet at times anxious, for she had more than once prophesied evil of Black Jess, and could never be induced to like the horse. Slowly he began to realize that the night was coming on. What efforts he made to move, to speak—but the power was gone. He could only think, looking up into the darkening sky.

His utter solitude was the most terrible thing of all to bear. If only he could have heard some voice or foot passing by it would have seemed like a boon from heaven, though it was gone the next moment. Flix had for years thought himself a good Christian, but he could not think of a single prayer or collect, though he racked his memory to find one; he could only rely upon his own mental ejaculations for help and mercy, and perhaps they were better. Slowly came on the night. His tongue was parched and burning, sometimes he shivered like one in an ague fit, but he was not cold; if shivering would only burst the fearful bonds that held him in this strange, semi-paralysis! A cool wind came with the falling shadows; it was very grateful to him since the fever had attacked him. And yet the dread of night was not to be overcome. If only he could have slept—but no, every sense, every nerve was alive and alert. He imagined that slimy insects were crawling over him, that they would reach his flesh, and yet he would have no power to brush them off. Such thoughts and fancies made for him a torture such as only a Dante could picture—it was infernal. He shut his eyes—that power was not denied him; it seemed that only the larger muscles were inactive, for he could move his head a very little to the right, and back again, that was all. Perhaps in time this terrible palsy would pass off; he would try to be patient.

Slowly and solemnly rose the moon. It made his heart jump when it occurred to him that the moon rose early. There was some chance for him yet, though it might be long before its beams crept into his hollow, and there was next to no possibility of any one passing the road after dark. Fortunately his couch was an easy one, and his position gave him no disquiet. Indeed, all feeling seemed dead within him, save the power of the thirst that consumed him. Gradually the darkness took outline. The bushes grew silvery at their edges, never had the light seemed so heavenly welcome. Here and there a faint star-point appeared on the black background of sky, then that clear luminousness so distinct from every other light lifted the vail of the atmosphere and diffused itself over the face of the world. Flix tried to be patient, tried to think of old hymns and fragments from the authors he loved. If he could only have spoken he would have conquered night and loneliness.

"That poor child will wait in vain for my coming," he thought. Strange that his destiny should have become so curiously involved with hers. He thought of the letter. If there was anything in the writer's suggestion and prophecy, she could see him now—why could she not help him? It was for her sake that his life was thus imperiled to give a home and a name to the poor friendless orphan. Suddenly there was a sound that caused him to hold his breath with joy and terror; joy that his prayer was heard, terror that as he was still bound—as it were hand and foot—there was no hope that he might be recognized. He heard footsteps.

CHAPTER VI.—MOONLIGHT AND MURDER.

HEAVY, quick, imperious—"the tread of a man of business," he said to himself, and the other—for there were two of them—more quiet, less self-reliant, more, perhaps, like that of a man who liked his ease. Again Flix made almost superhuman efforts to move, to speak, for the sound of voices acted almost like an electric shock upon his nerves.

On they came, the low, curious monody of their tones changing into inflexions—the mumbling into words.

"We must be half-way there," at last Flix heard, and judged that they were opposite his prison.

"Suppose we stop here and take a bite and a sup," replied the other—"that was a villainous supper at the tavern. I'm not used to meals fixed up in any shape; it don't agree with me. If it wasn't that I carry some of my own crackers with me and a little prime brandy I should starve when I come this way."

"They'll look about for water," gasped Flix to himself, "then they'll find me."

"Thanks," said the first speaker, whose voice, owing to some physical defect, had a slight wheeze in its tone that would have made it odd among hundreds of voices, as would also the lisp that accompanied it. "I won't take the brandy, but I will sit down. I have traveled a good distance to-day, and all for the sake of seeing a child—a baby-faced girl: what do you think of that?"

"That many a man has gone on a worse errand. Is the child yours?"

"Well—I have reason to believe so," said the other, with a coarse laugh, "though I suppose there are two or three who would be quite ready to dispute the guardianship with me. But they may have it—I don't want her, only as I am on the point of leaving the country, I was curious enough to wish to see her once more. How far are you going?"

"Well, I haven't decided yet," said the other, "Mine is a roving life; sometimes I have definite routes, and then I go as fancy prompts. I've a good deal of money about me to-night, that's why I didn't stop at the Crescent; somehow, I never did like the looks of the landlord. If you had not decided to go on, however, I might have staid."

"You are scarcely prudent, I should think, in risking the assertion that you carry money," said the other.

"I never do unless I'm sure of my company," replied the one who Flix thought might be a peddler of jewelry or some such convertible goods. "Highway robbery has gone out of fashion, and, besides, I always go armed. It would be a hardy rascal who could take me by surprise. What a lovely night it is!—so much the better for traveling than the hot day."

Flix wondered what they were sitting on; it could scarcely be the ground, for their voices seemed to him to be high up in the air, almost directly over him. The moon was so bright now, he thought, that if they were on a fence or rock, they had only to turn their heads and see him. He made sundry spasmodic efforts to turn his head so as to rustle leaf or stick, that they might hear, but his poor manœuvring came to nothing, and he could only listen, sick at heart. How long would this continue, and must he, lying there, feel that, after all, his hope was utterly forlorn? Of romance and enthusiasm he had a large share, and he remembered, in his suffering, how often he had fancied himself the hero of some adventure—though surely not of this sort. In even the small and ordinary calamities of life one cannot always or often choose the part he is forced to play; and Flix, too, helpless even to groan aloud, looked forward now only to death, and wrestled with himself for calmness to bear the possible calamity.

There was a short silence after the last speaker had ceased, and then the grateful smell of cigar smoke saluted Flix's nostrils. Oh, what would he have given for that most ordinary of privileges—smoking. In his cigar-case he had some choice Havanas, a present from a Spanish merchant. If he could only have lifted his hand, torn the case from his pocket, and flung it over to them, swift and certain rescue would have resulted. But all his limbs were weighted like marble. He ground his teeth in utter powerlessness, and forced himself to listen, when the voices began again.

"So you'll have none of my brandy," said the peddler.

"I never drink brandy," replied he of the lisp; "here's a match for your cigar. Have you been long in the business?"

"Only four years—that's longer than I ever stuck to anything else—and I intend to give it up after this year. You see, I'm one of the lucky ones, though money don't stay by me long—but it's no trouble for me to make it. Literally it drops into my pouches, for they say I've a winning way with the ladies, and they are mostly my customers. Now, in this jewelry line, all you've got to do is to prevail upon one of them to try on the article and the deed is done. The homeliest of them can stand any amount of effective speeches about their good looks, their bright eyes, their red lips, etc. It gives me a civil tongue to go over the world gallivanting, so to say. And as to the darkeys, why, bless you, I never found the poorest of them without a little money, and I have known a few masters when they were mellow, buy finger rings—pinchbeck of course—for the whole crowd, from Topsy to the oldest darkey on the place, and literally clear out my stock. Trading is my life. I've carried it on ever since I was eleven years old, when I cheated the Chinese shopkeepers and made splendid bargains. Why, there's scarcely a part of the world I haven't seen. My life would read like a romance. I've been nearly murdered by Malays, fished out of the water twice, narrowly escaped assassination from the hands of a Spanish Jew—been poisoned once by a jealous woman—Lord, Lord, I couldn't begin to tell you the narrow 'scapes I have had by land and water."

"But you never died and were buried, I presume," said he of the strange voice and the lisp.

A short silence followed, during which Flix, who heard every word of the conversation, fancied that he saw the blank look of consternation that came into the peddler's face

"Died and were buried," he reiterated; "well, I should rather think not. Dead men tell no tales."

"Only when they come to life again," said the other with a saturnine laugh.

"You talk in riddles, sir," said the other.

"Do I? Well, if your life has been a romance, what do you think of mine? I have been dead and buried."

Flix heard a movement as if the peddler, fancying himself in company with a lunatic, had moved away.

"You say your life is a romance: what would you say to mine?" repeated the other. "I was felled to the earth by the hand of a woman, taken up for dead, mourned over, buried in the Southern fashion as soon as my body was cold, exhumed the same night, carried to a certain medical hall as a cadaver, stretched upon a marble table, and at the first touch of the knife I roared, so they say, for my senses had been suspended as well as my faculties. Well, of course, there was a scare. Gray-haired seniors and whiskered juniors alike fled howling. When I came to, I found myself sitting upon a marble slab, and only one man left to take pity upon my new and painful birth into life, and he had the face of a woman, but the nerve of an old Roman. Well, here I am."

"And do—do your friends know it?" queried the peddler.

"I hope you don't take me for a fool," rejoined the other; "why should they, and the world before me where to choose? No, I thank you, one bondage is enough in a lifetime, and for a man who has been through such an experience as mine, liberty's the highest boon. And yet, strangely enough, I've a hankering after a baby face sometimes. I half think I like the child, if I hated the mother."

"What did you marry for?"

"Oh, well, we won't talk of that. I'm not the first man snared and done for by a pretty face. Pardon, something dropped from your coat-pocket as you stooped then, I——"

Flix held his breath. He had been conscious of a dull muffled sound, very like a blow following the last word, and then of a fall. A deep, hollow groan succeeded, then another, and another, and Flix, in the horror of a suspense that nearly drove him mad, felt that murder was being done. Presently something fell over the hedge or rock and lighted close to his face. By the rustling as it came, he fancied it must be paper. His blood curdled in his veins. Surely now God would help him to assert himself, but even if he could, would it be safe for him to interfere? Meantime the tragedy of bitter and unexpected death might be going on above. Who had given the blow? Which hand had dared to lift itself against a human life? He fancied that the man with the sinister voice and the lisp must have been the aggressor, for somehow his instinct had recognized something brutal in him. He had scarcely believed his story, and, as he thought of it again, he was still more disinclined to credit it; and yet why should it have thrilled him so? Struck by a woman's hand, apparent death from so slight a cause, the hurry of sepulture in a warm climate. He could fancy with a curdling horror what was now going on under the light of the fair moon. The rifling of the poor wretch, the perhaps final blow, that death should be certain; and for a moment he loathed his kind, and thought with something like serenity of his own, perhaps, fast approaching fate. Only one word more was spoken, and that was an oath, but the voice and the lisp assured the listener of the identity of the murderer. If he should be allowed by a good Providence ever again to mingle with his kind, he would know that voice among a thousand. And now the deed was done, and the man had moved away, not on in the direction in which he had started, but back again as if to retrace his steps. Night would soon cover his deed and the darkness; for the light of the moon was waning. To be left alone with the dead was still more horrible than his former solitude. The thirst yet tormented him, but he lay fast bound as in iron gyves, and only the pitying angels looked down. He was not superstitious, but felt strangely enough as if the man, the echo of whose cowardly footsteps had died out, was in some way, at some time, to cross his path, should he ever recover. Oddly enough he was mixed up with the woman at whose solicitation he had undertaken this journey, with the child he was on his way to claim. Midnight came on, and so did a dull, heavy stupor, that was neither sleep nor rest, though it brought him a sort of repose.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

QUEEN VICTORIA has commissioned eight premiers and outlived all but Lord Beaconsfield.

MR. TENNYSON, Mr. Froude and Professor Tyndall have just been elected Honorary Fellows of Trinity College, London.

YOUNG Mr. Byron, the eighteen-year old son of the dramatist, has entered the theatrical profession under the stage name of Harryson.

FRASCUELO, the departed bull-fighter, used to wear in the arena a set of diamond studs worth $10,000, which Queen Isabella had given him.

THERE is a general expectation that when the time comes for Prince Leopold to wish to be created a royal duke, he will choose as his title that of Kent.

THE Prince of Wales has promised to visit Cornwall next year, to lay the foundation-stone of Truro Cathedral. There will be a great Masonic demonstration on the occasion.

THE oldest postmaster in the United States is said to be Roswell Beardsley, of North Lansing, New York. He has held the office at that place since June 28th, 1828.

PRINCE BISMARCK is not only suffering from his old neuralgic complaint, but symptoms of a constitutional malady have appeared which his robust constitution will probably overcome, but which cause some apprehension.

IT is said that Lord Rosebery won about $100,000 in the fourth week of October on the turf, and Sir Beaumont Dixie about $20,000. A young guardsman scored $10,000 on La Merveille, and lost it the same evening at écarté.

CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN is to be presented with a golden salver from the Catholics of New South Wales. A Latin inscription upon it speaks of the Oratorian's singular genius, intellectual subtlety, felicitous imagination, and "learning which nothing of human value has escaped."

LORD WENTWORTH, whom Miss Fletcher, the author of "Kismet," is to marry, is the eldest surviving son and heir of the Earl of Lovelace and the only surviving grandson of Lord Byron. Miss Fletcher's mother, a lady of rare intellectual gifts, was the daughter of one of the most distinguished ministers of Geneva, in Switzerland.

DR. JAGER, of Stuttgart, Germany, has been making a fresh investigation into the subject of the human nose. He finds that the human nose is the seat of the human soul, and that the workings of the latter are recorded on the surface of the former; also, that by the use of certain volatilizing chemicals in the nostrils specific traits of character can be produced or changed.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria is rapidly winning general sympathy. Though good natured to a degree, he has a will of his own, and a great capacity for work. His manner is rather shy and quiet, he is cautious and economical, too; in fact a German. He is, however, no mere formalist; allows one to breakfast with him in morning clothes, gives quiet little dinners, and talks very freely on public affairs.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR TABOR, of Colorado, has, it is reported, bought an estate near Chicago of 6,400 acres. It comprises what is known as South Chicago and Stony Island, with land contiguous to those suburbs. The property lies about ten miles from Chicago, and has on it factories and stone quarries and other wealth-producing works. Mr. Tabor—who is graphically described as "a bonanza king"—is reported to have paid $1,000,000 for it.

ONE of the first novelists in Austria, Kurnberger, died a fortnight ago in Munich, where he was staying on a visit to the family of Kaulbach. He was an entirely self-made man, having began his career as a poor village lad. His writings were so popular that every newspaper was eager for contributions from his pen. But with his fame grew also his arrogance, which long before his death made him many enemies. His opinions upon literary matters were held in high esteem, and in this direction he again proved to be a rare genius.

THE obituary record of the past week included the names of Mrs. Margaret L. Eaton, widow of General Eaton, Secretary of War under President Jackson, aged 84; Hon. Richard Schell, of New York, aged 69; Rev. Lorick Pierce, D. D., of Sparta, Ga., the well-known Methodist minister, aged 93; Rear Admiral A. H. Kilty, United States Navy, at Baltimore, aged 73; the wife of Senator David Davis, at Stockbridge, Mass.; Mrs. Van Lumberg, at Florence, Italy, daughter of the late Lewis Cass; and Prince Almayon, son of the late King Theodore of Abyssinia, aged 19.

THE late Walter Hastings, of Boston, has directed in his will that the trustees he appoints shall erect upon the grounds of Harvard College a building to cost not less than $200,000, and not more than $250,000, this building to be called the "Walter Hastings Hall," in memory of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, all of whom graduated at Harvard College. Upon the death or marriage of his wife, and the death of his adopted daughter, the residue of the trust fund and all accumulations of income he bequeaths to the college as a trust fund, to be called the "Walter Hastings Fund," the income of which is to be used at the discretion of the president and fellows of the college; suggesting, however, that the education of the sons of American parents who may be in indigent circumstances would be a most proper method of expending this income. The amount which will finally accrue to the college will be about $200,000.

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THE OCTOBER GALES AT SEA.—THE INMAN STEAMSHIP "CITY OF BRUSSELS" STRUCK BY A CYCLONE OFF SABLE ISLAND, OCTOBER 29TH.

OCTOBER GALES AT SEA.

WHILE the past month maintained its reputation as a breeder of storms on the ocean, the casualties and damages, so far as heard from, were far below those of former years. Shortly after eight o'clock on the night of the 29th ultimo, when the Inman steamer *City of Brussels* was about fifty miles off Sable Island, she was caught in a cyclone which raged with terrific force for four hours, the waves breaking completely over the high bulwarks of the vessel. The officers were obliged to cling to the railings of the bridge to escape being swept overboard. The steamship *State of Georgia* encountered a storm on the 28th off Newfoundland, in which Captain Smith was obliged to heave-to until the next day. Fourteen days were occupied by the North German Lloyd steamship *Weer* in making the trip from Southampton to this city, the passage being an unusually stormy one throughout.

Officers of the steamships *Abana*, from Cardiff; *Bristol*, of the Hull line; *Britannic*, of the White Star line; *Mercator*, of the Belgian line, and the British steamer *France*, reported strong gales on the 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and very difficult passages, but no serious losses. Nearly all the sailing-vessels that arrived at New York last week reported similar experiences. Captain Higgins, of the bark *Julia*, from Marseilles, says on October 28th, off George's Banks, a heavy westerly gale set in and lasted for forty-eight hours. In the meantime the vessel was hove-to under low topsails and staysail. The seas were very heavy, and the bark shipped great quantities of water. One of the topsails was blown away before it could be taken in. The ship *Harvester*, from London, was sixteen days on this side of the Banks of Newfoundland, with head winds. On October 30th, in latitude 40 degrees and longitude 60 degrees, a terrific gale was met. The wind came from the west, and the gale continued without any abatement for twenty-four hours. The wind and sea then went down somewhat, but a hard gale was still blowing, and it lasted for three days. Captain Pennell, of the brig *Beatrice*, from Rio Janeiro, says that he was nine days north of Cape Hatteras, beating his way against heavy head gales. During the last ten days of her passage the bark *Haste* mainly met with nothing but a succession of strong Westerly gales. The schooner *J. P. Robinson*, from Rouen, was nineteen days west of the Banks, with severe westerly storms. The ship *Sardis*, from Liverpool, experienced a cyclone on September 23d, which was so violent that the lower sails, set at the time, were blown from the bolt-ropes. Although the upper sails had been snugly furled, they were blown from their gaskets and lost. The steamships *Zeltweg*, *Frisia*, *Croft* and *Vaderland*, which arrived on November 4th, met with heavy weather.

UNVAILING THE THOMAS STATUE.

THE equestrian statue of General George H. Thomas, unveiled in the City of Washington, November 19th, with imposing ceremonies, under the auspices of the Army of the Cumberland, is the sixth bronze equestrian statue of heroic size which has been erected at the National Capital. The location selected for the latest addition to the group, the Thomas statue, is, perhaps, the most conspicuous spot for such a purpose in the city. At the Fourteenth Street Circle, so-called, four avenues intersect, opening up in eight directions vistas which extend sheer to the circle of hills which surround Washington. In one direction only is higher ground than the site of the statue visible within the city limits. Looking south, down Fourteenth Street, the view is unobstructed for fully fifteen miles. Three miles away runs the Potomac, and beyond that, too far to be distinctly visible, but in a direct line, stand the spires of Alexandria, while the crest of the Blue Hills of Virginia forms the horizon. The open space within the building lines at the intersection comprises an area of three or four acres. In the centre an inclosure of greensward dotted, in the season, with flower beds, fills about one-third of the whole, and in the middle of the inclosure rises the granite pedestal, twelve feet high, upon which the Thomas statue rests. Within plain sight, less than fifty rods away, stand the equestrian bronze statues of Scott and McPherson, both erected within the last four years. Immediately surrounding the circle and within pistol-shot of the site of the new statue are the mansions of a dozen prominent Senators and other dignitaries of national reputation, while for a half-mile in all directions the richest and most tasteful private residences for which the National Capital is becoming famous are thickly clustered. It was on the spot occupied by this statue that five hundred guns were fired in celebration of the downfall of Richmond; and later, five hundred guns in honor of the close of the war. The name of the site, hitherto known as the M Street Circle, will be changed to the Circle of Victory. The statue faces towards the south, overlooking the Hills of Virginia, the native State of this distinguished soldier. It may not be remembered that General Thomas was the only officer of high reputation from the South who remained true to the flag of his country.

The statue itself, the latest work of the eminent sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, of New York, bids fair to rank as the triumph of his life. The figure of the rider is nearly ten feet high, and the horse is proportionately colossal. The general, in reconnoitring the position of the enemy, has ridden his horse over the ground between, and brought him to a stand on the summit of a gently rising ridge. He holds the reins lightly in his left hand, and, warmed by the brisk exercise,



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, DEDICATED AT WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 19TH.

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has removed his hat and holds it in his right hand, the arm hanging straight at his side. His forward calm but eager gaze is directed towards the right, so that his body is gently swayed in that direction, and the horse, excited by the stop and by the new horizon, snuffs the air with uplifted head and dilated nostrils. Repose and dignity come from the solid planting of all four of the horse's feet upon the ground and from the quiet seat of the rider in his saddle, while animation and picturesqueness are gained by the upward swing of the lines in the horse's body, and the alert intelligence of his head. The entire work is relieved of stiffness, the attitude of the horse is novel, and the portrait of the lamented rider faultless.

The programme of the unvailing ceremonies provided for both a military and naval display, the military consisting of companies of infantry, troops of horse, and batteries of artillery belonging to the army, regiments of the National Guard of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, members of societies of the armies of the Cumberland, the Tennessee and Potomac, and ex-volunteers of the late war. A fleet of United States ships-of-war was ordered from Hampton Roads expressly to participate in the salutes. The following is the programme arranged by the committee in charge of the ceremonies at the site of the statue: (1) Prayer; (2) Music, "Hail to the Chief," and (3) Music, "Star Spangled Banner," by the chorus with the Marine Band and Drum Corps, and artillery accompaniment by Battery A, Second United States Artillery, under direction of L. C. Gannon; (4) Unvailing of the statue, salute of thirteen guns at Fort Whipple and by Hanneman's Battery; (5) Grand Hymn, words by Herbert A. Preston, music by Max Mueller and a chorus of 100 male voices, supported by the full Marine Band, Drum Corps and artillery, under the direction of Professor Mueller; (6) Oration by the Hon. Stanley Matthews, and the presentation of the statue as an offering from the Army of the Cumberland to the nation; (7) Acceptance by the President in behalf of the people of the United States; (8) Re-formation of the procession and march to the Executive Mansion, the Society of the Army of the Cumberland and the column passing in review before the President.



THE HIDDEN WITNESS.—"'DON'T GO UP DAR, MISSES,' GASPED PASCHAL. 'COOK, HOLD HER!' I STOOD BACK, LOOKING LIKE ONE PETRIFIED."—SEE PAGE 222.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE "ARIZONA."

ONE of the most marvelous escapes from a wholesale destruction of life occurred on Friday night, November 7th, when, without a moment's warning, the new Guion steamship *Arizona* ran into a huge iceberg, three days after sailing from New York for Liverpool. Including the officers, crew and passengers, the vessel had on board 300 persons. The weather had been so fair that Captain Jones felt justified in running his ship at full speed, making an average of fifteen miles per hour.

On Friday, at dinner time, the vessel was in latitude 47 degrees north, and longitude 53 degrees west. After dinner the ladies sat in the saloon and whiled away the hours with gleeful song, while a number of the gentlemen occupied "Social Hall" [the smoking-room], and amused themselves selling pools on the run at auction. Captain Jones quit the bridge at nine o'clock, leaving the ship in charge of the officer of the watch, John Wynn Jones. All was then safe, and as the night, though overcast, was not dark, no danger was apprehended. Ten minutes later the ship, going at topmost speed, plunged head-on into a mountain of ice. The huge ship trembled like an aspen-leaf and recoiled, but again advanced and struck the iceberg, but fortunately with diminished force.

The first blow had stove in her bows, crushing them as though they were made of cardboard. Tons of ice fell upon the decks or were forced through the gaping hole in the bow. Full fifteen feet of the ironwork had been broken, bent, twisted and forced inward, leaving an awful chasm, through which the waves dashed. It was as though a huge cutter had chopped off the bows, leaving the hull exposed. The shock of the collision was felt in the saloon even more severely than on deck. At the moment it occurred, Miss Goelet was playing the accompaniment to the glee, "See Our Oars with Feathered Spray," which was being sung by some ladies and gentlemen. In the midst of the song, the shock threw the occupants of the saloon violently from their seats.

On deck the scene was full of terror. Groups of silent passengers were gathered, expecting every moment to be engulfed in the dark waters. Towering above the vessel's prow was the huge, shadowy mass of the monstrous iceberg. It extended some five hundred feet across the bows, and three tall pinnacles rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet. Should one of these ice-steeples topple over, the fate of the ship and passengers would be sealed. The crash of the collision, the rush of the passengers to the deck, had occupied but a minute. Captain Jones had not retired, and immediately rushed to the bridge. His first words were:

"My God, men, where were your eyes?"

He was perfectly cool, and at once gave orders to back the engines, and, calling all hands on deck, ordered the helm to be put hard to starboard. A few moments later the ship parted company with the iceberg, which floated away with its three tall pinnacles distinctly visible against the night sky. As it faded into the gloom it presented the appearance of a phantom three-masted vessel.

The ship was hove-to for the night, and a thorough examination of the fore-hold showed the *Arizona* to be water-tight. This fact considerably tranquillized the minds of the passengers, and gradually they returned to the saloon. When they were all assembled the Rev. J. M. Ross rose, and, in a few feeling words, suggested that prayers should be offered to God in thanks for the mercy He had so graciously shown. Scarcely had the suggestion been uttered when the assembled passengers knelt and joined in appropriate prayer. Then the hymn "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow" was sung with an impressive earnestness but seldom witnessed in cathedral aisles. Heartfelt sobs mingled with the chant, and tears stood in strong men's eyes.

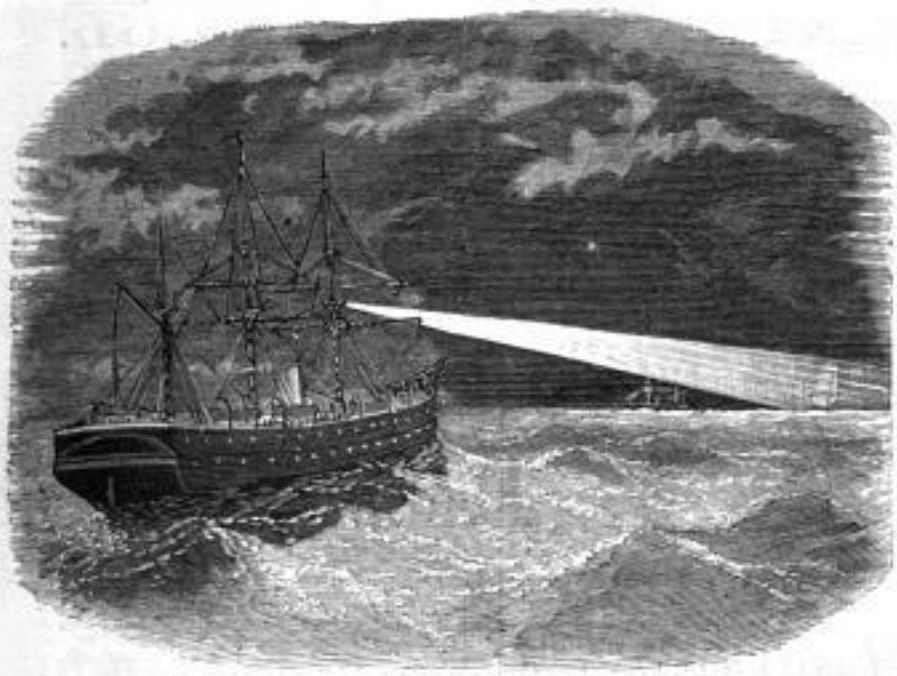
The *Arizona* was headed for St. Johns, Newfoundland. She reached the harbor on Saturday night, and went to wharf under pilotage on Sunday morning.

The first detachment of the *Arizona*'s saloon passengers embarked at five o'clock on the afternoon of November 11th, on board the steamship *Caspian* of the Allan line. There were thirty-four adults and three children in the party. When the *Caspian* arrived in port she was greeted with cheers by the distressed Arizonians. The freight and the remainder of the passengers will be taken by the *Nevada*, of the Guion line, which has been ordered to St. Johns for the purpose.

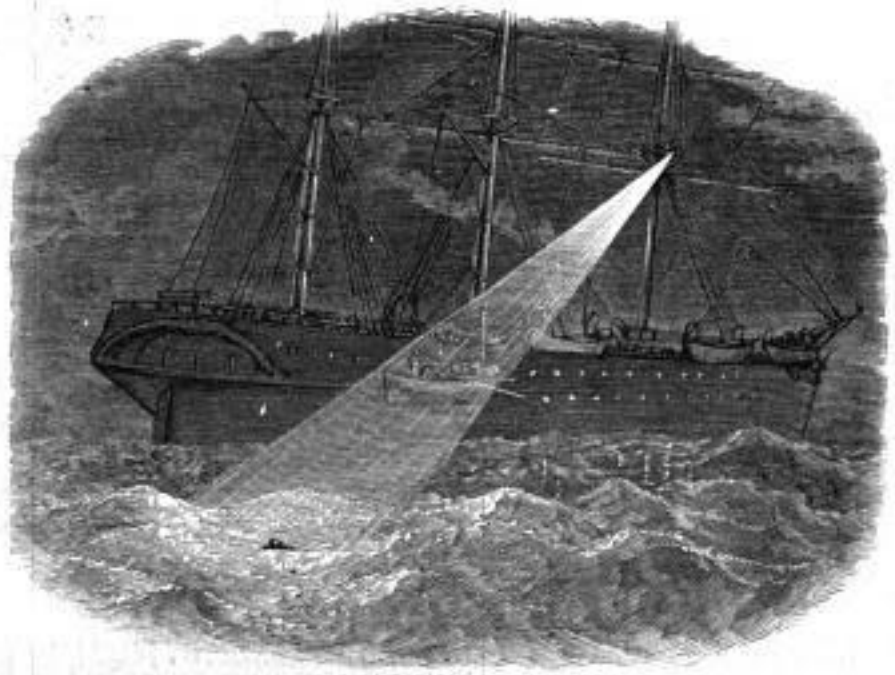
Not a life nor a particle of baggage or freight was lost by reason of the collision. The damage to the ship is so great that it will be several weeks before she can be put into a seagoing condition.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

GENERAL SOLOMON, who was elected President of Hayti, October 23d, 1879, is a native of Aux Cayes, on the south side of the island. He first



THE EFFECTS OF THE LIGHT IN MID-OCEAN AT A LONG DISTANCE.



THE LIGHT USED TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF A MAN OVERBOARD.

THE PERILS OF OCEAN TRAVEL.—SUGGESTIONS FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA MADE BY MR. FRANK LESLIE IN DECEMBER, 1874.
SEE EDITORIAL, PAGE 214.

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came into notoriety some years ago on account of the conspicuous part he took in connection with a movement of the blacks against the white inhabitants of the island. During the reign of Soulouque (Faustin I.) he held the post of Finance Minister, and in Salnave's time he was sent as Minister to Paris and London. He was kept in exile by President Saget Dominique, and for some time by Boisrond Canal, who, however, permitted him to return, but had again to exile him. After having spent nearly twenty years in exile, in Europe and Jamaica, he landed at Port au Prince a short time ago and was made a Member of the Provisionary Government. At the National Assembly, held October 23d, he was elected President by an overwhelming majority, having obtained 81 votes out of 87. General Solomon is a tall, black man, over 70 years of age, and is married to a white French lady. By the blacks he is regarded as their champion, and it is hoped his administration will bring peace and prosperity to the Republic of Hayti.

FUN.

WHEN is a wolf most dangerous? When he feels sheepish.

"AH, me," sighed a pawnbroker's wife, "what a loan-sum life we lead."

WHY is a moth fluttering round a candle like a man getting off a horse? Because they are both going to a light.

A WELL-KNOWN *littérateur* and humorist modestly says that his chief literary acquirements are the books he has borrowed and never returned.

"DO you see that spring over there?" said a settler in Arkansas to a stranger. "Well, that's an iron spring, that is, and it's so powerful that the farmers' horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet nat'rally."

THE use of whisky for rattlesnake bites in Texas has increased so enormously during the past year that the overworked snakes have resolved to leave the State unless the board of immigration reinforces them strongly. They work on double time, and yet can't do half the biting that is demanded by the consumers. One snake who does business at Port Lavaca is six weeks behind his orders, and three of the clerks are sick.

NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—*First Mamma:* "I see that your children paddle?" *Second Mamma:* "Yes. Don't yours?" *First Mamma* "No; I've managed to make my three boys believe that it is vulgar and ungentlemanly either to get their feet wet, or sit in a thorough draught, or bolt their food, or eat goodies between their meals, or go to juvenile parties, poor dears. They're rather soft, perhaps, but they're twice the size of any other boys of their age, and they've never had an hour's illness in their lives.

LOSS OF VITAL FORCE.

As is well-known, the tendency in all acute or chronic forms of disease is towards *debility and loss of vital force, which always retards convalescence, and renders a return to health uncertain or impossible.* After medicine has done its work of breaking the disease, and the physician leaves, as he must, to nature the business of repair and restoration, he too often finds that *nature acts so feebly, and builds again so slowly,* that the period of convalescence is frequently prolonged through many weary months, while in many cases *the old vitality is never restored* and the patient sinks into a state of *permanent invalidism.* To meet this condition of low vitality, the "Compound Oxygen," which acts directly on the great nervous centres, rendering them more efficient, vigorous, and active, and capable of generating more and more of the vital forces, which are *life and health,* offers an agent of help and restoration *which acts promptly and surely.* Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," its nature, action and results, gives the amplest information in regard to this new treatment for chronic diseases, which is being rapidly introduced in all parts of the country. This Treatise is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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SPEEDILY, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other known medicines and methods of treatment fail.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—*The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market.

SIXTY thousand acres, containing forty-five million vines, are devoted to wine-growing in California. Only in the light of the statistics does the American wine industry appear in its true proportions. The house of A. WERNER & Co., 308 Broadway, have done much to make popular in this market the standard brands of CALIFORNIA WINES, and find the demand constantly increasing. The merits of the wines are their best recommendations, and on these they find steady and assured popularity.

THERE are more cures made with HOP BITTERS than all other medicines.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE—No gentleman's table should be set without it. A genuine relish.

COCOA is known the world over for its great nourishing and strengthening properties. The CHOCOLATES and COCOAS of WALTER BAKER & Co. having stood the test of a hundred years, are highly recommended for their excellence and purity and are for sale everywhere by grocers.

FOR Catarrhal and Throat Disorders "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are renowned and marvelously effective, giving immediate relief in most cases.

YOUR physician will recommend you to use COCA BITTERS made from the Peruvian Coca leaf.

$1,425.50 PROFITS IN 30 DAYS.

$10 to $100 invested in legitimate Stock Speculations in Wall St. pays immense profits. Pamphlets explaining everything sent free. HEATH & Co., Brokers, 1227 Broadway, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA is positively and effectually cured by COCA BITTERS. Try it!

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.

GROCERYMEN and storekeepers pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. It increases production 6 to 10 per cent.; reduces labor of churning one-half; gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

EDUCATION AND TRAVEL.

PRESIDENT W. S. CLARK, of Amherst, MASS., respectfully solicits correspondence and interviews with persons interested in the liberal education of young men of means, in order to present for their consideration the advantages of an expedition now preparing for a tour around the world. Students of the floating institution of learning, which it is hoped may become permanent, will enjoy the society and instruction of accomplished professors, the use of all necessary books and apparatus, and the privilege of visiting, under the most favorable conditions, the principal cities and most important localities of various countries during the two years occupied in circumnavigating the globe.

The Patron of this enterprise is able and willing to do whatever may be necessary to insure success, provided a sufficient number of students should apply. Address,

President W. S. CLARK, Amherst, Mass.

IF you need a tonic take COCA BITTERS. It will do you good.

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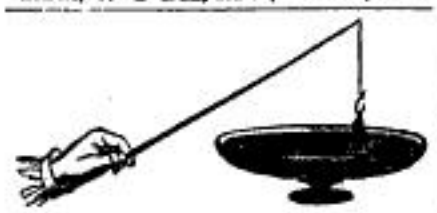
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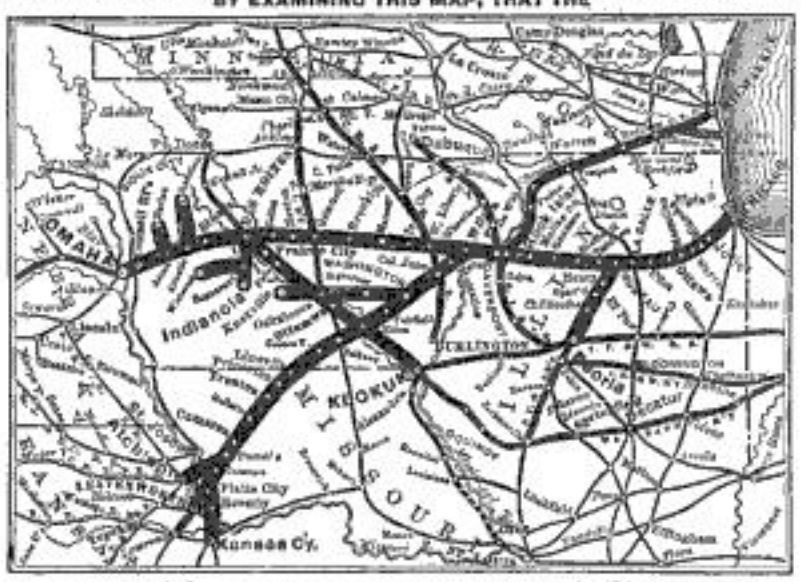
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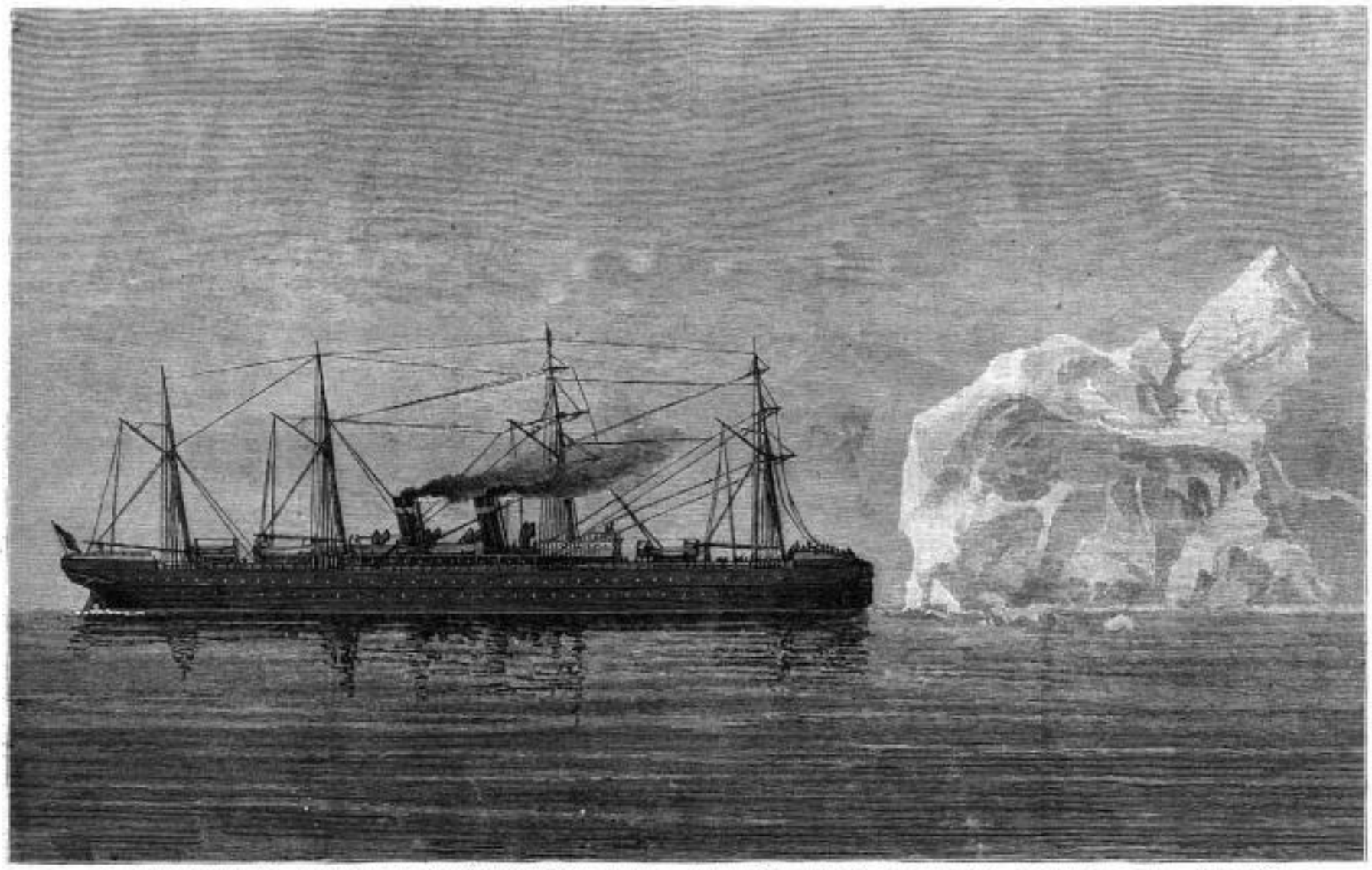
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REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 7TH.—THE RECOIL OF THE VESSEL AFTER STRIKING THE ICEBERG.—SEE PAGE 225.

TALKS on TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 5.—

SENATOR BAYARD AT HIS HOME.

His Views on Political Issues.

WHAT HE SAYS OF THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

The Present Tariff Needs Readjustment.

THE NEXT NATIONAL CAMPAIGN AND WHAT IT INVOLVES.

"I DO NOT LIKE TO SPEAK ABOUT MR. TILDEN."

BI-METALLISM—THE NATIONAL PROSPERITY—THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN ENGLAND—MR. GLADSTONE, ETC., ETC.

"DID the action of the special session on the so-called Southern Question operate, in your opinion, unfavorably to the Democrats?"

"I am scarcely in a position to reply to your question, I have been so long away and am so poorly posted; and, to be frank with you, I was glad to be able to take a distant view, since a distant view is likely to check the mistakes a man may be led into when a busy participator and in the thick of the fray. I never read a speech made, and my information is of the most meagre description, picked up in telegraphic summaries and badly boiled down reports. I was one of those who opposed the special session, my own view being that the Appropriation Bills for the Government are things that should be passed without question, and that any disputes concerning items should be the subjects of future discussions. I don't think that the business interests of the people of this country ought to be held in abeyance for want of means to carry on the Government, because the departments of the Government get themselves into a wrangle on the items of an Appropriation Bill."

This was Senator Bayard's reply to my question, as we stood on the piazza of his cozy, old-fashioned mansion, situated on a "goodly hill," about one mile from the thriving City of Wilmington, Delaware, the clink of whose thousand hammers, and the whirr of whose rotary saws faintly reached us, the hum of the human bees in the teeming hive below. Away in the near distance stretched the Delaware, silver gray, dotted here and there with snow-white sails, or "dabbed" with the coal-black hulls of ocean steamers, while as a background the woods, still clad in their mantles of russet-and-gold, leaned softly against the keen, full-blue sky. Wilmington, built of bricks, blood-red as those in vogue when Queen Anne ruled these realms, lay at our feet, its ship-building yards blocking the little Christiania, whose waters meet those of the Brandywine to pay mutual tribute to the Delaware, and a fairer prospect than that of the flourishing city and its surroundings of dimpled hills, bathed in the hazy sunshine of Indian Summer, mine eyes—and I have traveled much—have never rested upon.

The stalwart man beside me is a superb specimen of Delaware breeding. He is six feet high, with broad shoulders and a back as straight as a "Corporal of the Guard." His forehead is strongly *en évidence*, and a pair of bushy eyebrows overshadow keen, gray eyes, that in some light come out blue. His mouth is expressive if not emotional, and his teeth are "white as the driven snow." He shaves closely, discarding whiskers, mustache and beard in favor of the thick crop of irongray hair that adorns his shapely head. His manner is a calm intelligence; his voice rich, full and musical. He was dressed in an unmistakably English-made suit of tweed, fitting him "like the paper on the wall."

Senator Bayard is not a rapid talker. He carefully selects his words, and, if he wants a particular word, his sentence hangs fire until the truant is discovered. In talking he knits his brows until they form a rugged fringe over his eyes. He speaks with the consciousness of grappling with his subject, but that consciousness is so sympathetic that it causes his listener to follow every idea as though the listener were engaged in working the problem to a solution. If statesmanship is a science, Senator Bayard is a professor *ad unguem*. If he is playing for the highest stake on the political board, his game will be *finesse* of the subtlest order, while every move will be made where "caution marks the guarded way." He is not a man to lose a chance, but I imagine that the chance must prove more substantial than "airy nothing," and possess a "local habitation and a name." Senator Bayard gives one the idea that a waiting race is a winning race, and that the rush should be withheld till almost within whispering distance of the post.

"Would you regard it as wise for the Democrats to renew the agitation as to the reduction of the Army, and as to the presence of troops at the polls?" I continued.

"I do not consider such an issue now exists. It was not as to the size of the Army that we differed upon; it was as to the means to which it would be put. That question does not now exist."

"As to the financial question. What, in your opinion, will be the attitude of the two parties in the next national canvass?"

"The American people, or, rather, those politicians who assume to be the political leaders of the American people, have become so sensational, that everything seems now turned into a nine days' wonder, and lasts no longer; and it is quite impossible to predicate what new excitement may spring up and be forced into the shape of issues between now and next year."

"Will either party commit itself to the sound policy of retiring the greenbacks?"

"It is impossible to say when that feature in financial policy will be distinctly made. Much will depend upon the decision of the Supreme Court as to the constitutionality of the power in Congress to make anything not gold or silver a legal-tender for the payment of debts."

"Do you suppose that the results of resumption are likely to be imperiled by any attitude which either party may assume?"

"I can scarcely suppose that the American people will ever deliberately consent to the use of an irredeemable paper currency, and that implies that specie payment is to be a settled law of the land. I cannot imagine that the losses and sufferings our people have undergone by departure from specie payments will ever again be willingly encountered."

"As to the tariff question, Senator, is Congress likely to make any modifications in the existing laws?"

"I believe it is a fact of very general acceptation, that the readjustment and reduction of our tariff duties to something like a revenue system and principle ought to take place. Our manufacturers themselves are fully alive to the importance of this, and of their being in this way better enabled to compete in foreign markets with their rivals in other countries."

"What is your opinion of the existing tariff?"

"I think our present tariff needs readjustment and reduction. Manufacturers will be so hampered by a series of increased duties upon the ingredients of their products that they cannot provide for that wide market of the world which America's manufactures must have. I think the people will realize in this country the great and simple truth that trade and commerce means to buy as well as to sell, and that there is nothing in the world but a system of exchanges between nations and countries. It is not a question of favor. It is not a question of beneficence—it is the question of convenience and necessity. A man buys a thing because he has need for it. He pays for it in those things which his vender needs in *his* turn. The balance is in value between the two parties, and is to be paid in money, but that forms an infinitesimal portion of trade."



GENERAL SOLOMON, NEWLY-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.—SEE PAGE 225.

"What item of the tariff is most severe in this country, Senator?"

"It is impossible to select a portion, but very remarkable illustrations could be given in certain articles; but when you have two thousand five hundred articles subject to taxation, a manufacturer who may employ a score of them finds himself at a terrible disadvantage."

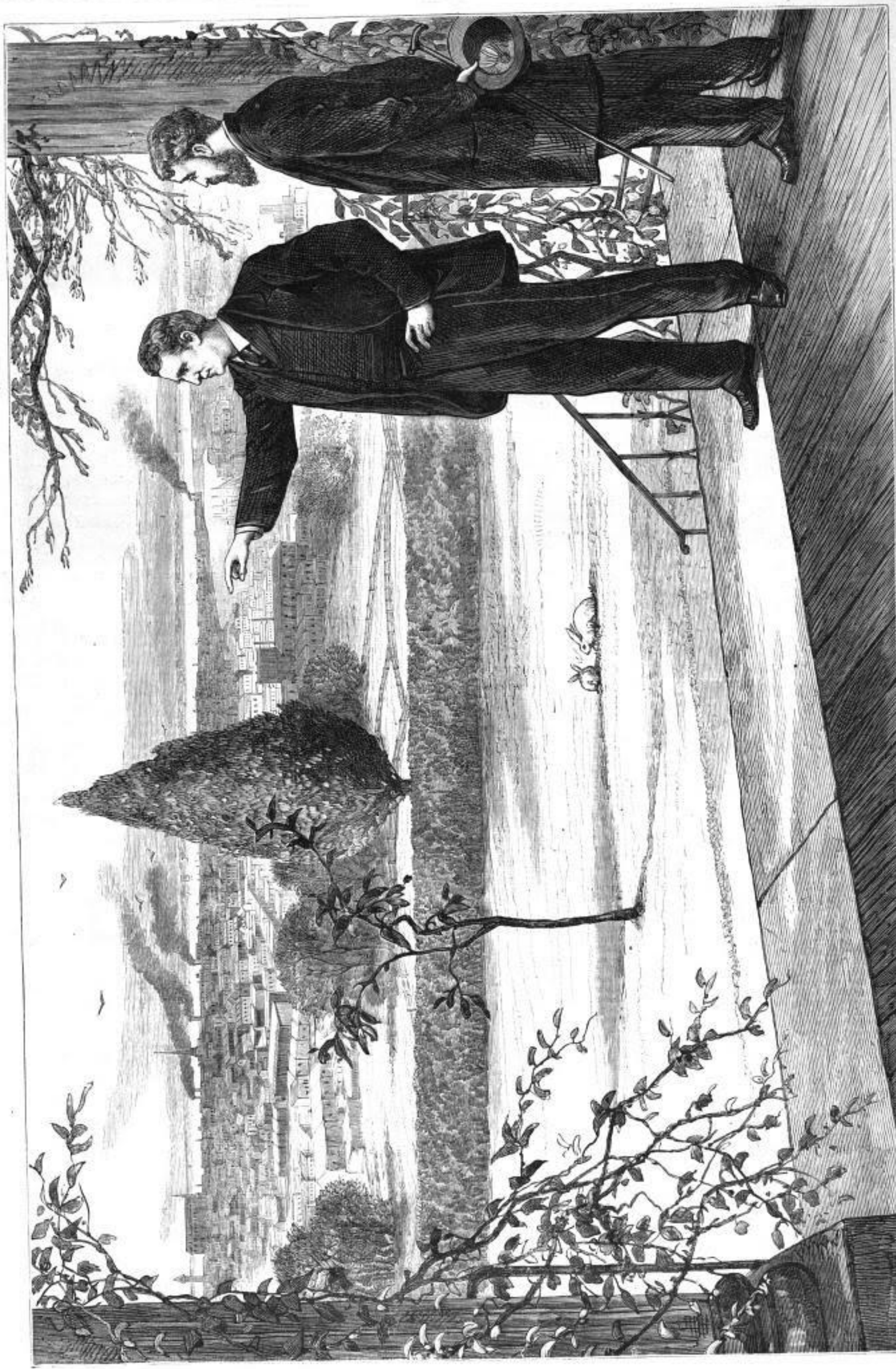
"Do you suggest any mode of grappling with this evil?"

"A well-selected board of commissioners who could, after a full and thorough examination, present a moderate, just, and, above all, a



NEW YORK CITY.—CHAPEL OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM, SEVENTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-NINTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 219.

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THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" SUPPLEMENT.

ILLUSTRATED EXPOSITION OF THE DAY—See Page 229.

ILLUSTRATED EXPOSITION OF THE DAY—See Page 229.

THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" SUPPLEMENT.

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gradual scheme of reformation in the tariff would prove of signal service."

"Is such a board likely to be created?"

"It is very probable that it will be authorized."

We now adjourned to the library, at this hour of writing littered with literary *impedimenta* picked up by Senator Bayard during his recent European tour, comprising valuable engravings—an admirable one of Dr. Arnold, Head Master of Rugby School, a man held in high estimation by the Senator—photographs, alpenstocks, geological specimens, Tauchnitz novels and guide-books in half a dozen different tongues. Some fine old engraved portraits adorn the walls of this sanctum. Notably one of Bayard, that knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

"I found great difficulty in obtaining that portrait," observed the Senator; "the print is an exceptionally rare one, and I may say my only regret in my recent tour was my inability to visit the Château Bayard in Dauphiny," adding, with a bright smile, "the castle of my ancestors."

"Do you claim to be descended from yon peerless knight—a knight who was even proof against the death-dealing charms of Lucrezia Borgia?"

"Well, although the direct line perished with Petrus, we are of that family, and, as you are aware, Bayard was not utterly insensible to female charms, as he left a daughter behind him. This engraving, also very rare, represents the scene of his death."

At this juncture a number of the Senator's friends burst into the library to bid him welcome, after a genuine and hearty fashion, gratifying and somewhat novel to behold, since the conventionality of the latter end of the nineteenth century would seem to imperatively call for ice. When his well-wishers had departed the Senator called for arnica and water to bathe his right hand.

"I got such a shaking and squeezing last night at the reception tendered to me," he laughed, "that I can scarcely move my right hand. I am not a man to wince, but there were moments last night when I could have fairly howled."

Whilst the hand was being bathed, I continued:

"Will the Southern Democrats, in your opinion, unite solidly in supporting a candidate in the next Democratic Convention?"

"It seems to me that the course of the Republican Party is such as to compel the Southern Democrats to vote in favor of almost any man who is nominated in opposition to the Republican Party."

"How do you construe their action?"

"I cannot construe the action of the Republican leaders as being intended for anything else but to force the South into a unanimity of opposition, in order that they may be enabled to secure a solid section of opposition in the North."

"Do you feel at liberty to say whether Mr. Tilden, if renominated, would, in your view, be as strong before the people as in 1876?"

The Senator was silent.

"I do not like to speak about Mr. Tilden, or to be personal in any way," he said, at length. "As to candidates, I look upon them as much less important to the country than the broad question of the policies of the Government, which ought to be pressed. What we want is to make this a Union in fact as well as in name—to make it the happy home of a free and a united people."

"Whom do you regard as the strongest Republican candidate?"

Here Senator Bayard again grew reticent.

"That depends," he said, after some deliberation, "upon the character of the issue on which the contest is to be waged. If sectional animosities, hatred, suspicion and distrust of the South are to be the basis of the canvass, then the candidate who best represents such passions and seems the most likely to gratify their indulgence would be the strongest man; but if, on the contrary, great measures of economy, reform, and plans for general welfare are fortunately to be brought forward for consideration, it would necessitate the presentation of a very different kind of candidate than one who is a representative of nothing but the 'bloody shirt.' And whether the people of the United States really desire the earnest work of advancing their prosperities and setting at rest the passions and contentions which have so long stood in their way, is the great question for the thinking men of both parties to consider and decide. Upon that decision depends the character of the next canvass and of the candidate to be elected."

"Would it be the policy of the Democratic Party to renominate Governor Hendricks for Vice-President if Mr. Tilden should again head the ticket?"

"I do not want to speak of Governor Hendricks or Mr. Tilden either," laughed Senator Bayard.

"Blaine?"

"No."

"Conkling?"

"No."

"Do you think General Grant wants the Republican nomination?"

"I don't think he knows whether he wants it or not—but, my dear sir, I do not wish to talk personally. My opinion would be but a personal one at best, and I prefer to discuss measures to men."

"Touching the question of bi-metallism, Senator?"

"Bi-metallism is a question of great gravity, and I cannot contemplate with approval, according to my present lights, any plan that would leave us without the aid of both metals as money. Either silver or gold alone would be insufficient, and I should greatly fear that reliance upon one would so enhance the value of that one as to create infinite injustice and great distress if all debts were compelled to be paid in it. But it is a question of such magnitude as that the legislation of any one government will be ineffectual to regulate."

"How do you propose to deal with it?"

"Very slowly and with great circumspection. We must rely upon the great agencies of the world's trade and commerce to assist us in adjusting a ratio of value between the metals, upon the basis of which they may universally be accepted."

"How is the English financial mind affected towards bi-metallism?"

"The English mind, always sluggish in regard to changes, is gradually consenting to entertain the question of the recognition of silver as an alternative standard with gold. The continued depression of prices since 1874 is causing a serious examination as to its causes, and not a few attach especial weight in this connection to the strain brought upon the world's stock of gold by making it a sole standard of value. Thus far I have seen, and heard of, nothing very encouraging on the part of the British Government to lead us to hope for any immediate expression of her willingness to co-operate with this country in fixing a governmental ratio for the use of the two metals."

Having reverted to the prosperity of the country, the Senator remarked:

"Truly we are a favored people, and in the full tide of that prosperity that seems fairly to have set in, we must, while availing ourselves of it, keep a sharp eye upon the dangers of over trading and wild speculation, from the results of which we have so lately suffered."

"Do you consider that, in the face of what has happened, we shall over-trade again?"

"The sanguine temper of the American people makes them peculiarly liable to the temptations and dangers of trading. Processes of life and affairs here are so quiet and informal that there is a very great danger that people may forget that reaction is bound to come."

"But do you not consider that prosperity has come to stay?"

"I see no reason to suppose that the prosperity of America is not based upon the most permanent causes, because it is based upon enormous power, for the creation of values and wealth in this country is almost limitless; the only thing is, that our people have to learn that there are conditions, and that self-control and patience are absolutely necessary."

"When in England, did you note her agricultural distress?"

"Yes; and it only shows to what a country can be brought by three successive years of bad harvests, when a country so rich as England is in such a deplorable condition."

"Are not the English farmers coming here *en masse*?"

"In large numbers, yes, and we will benefit immensely by their skilled labor, but the English farmer has much to learn yet, despite how near perfection farming is carried on in that country. He has to assimilate his operations to the changed condition of affairs, and if corn don't pay he is too able, too vigorous, too self-reliant not to try something that will pay."

"*Apropos* of corn—as you met Mr. Gladstone and many of the leading minds in England during your recent visit, do you think there is any chance of a return by that country to protection?"

"Not the slightest," exclaimed the Senator, energetically. "There is not the faintest idea of such a thing. I never heard the subject mooted. England is not to be tested on the present condition of things. She is bound to right herself, and this agricultural depression is merely a passing cloud."

Senator Bayard does not think there will be a general election in England until this present Parliament dies out.

"In England, just now, there is a storm brewing. The issues, I should say, especially as to the foreign policy, are assuming most serious proportions. They almost amount to a question whether the imperial system which British conquests have built up shall be wholly abandoned or not. The speeches of Mr. John Bright and Lord Hartington, in Mr. Gladstone's presence, would seem to involve a reversal of the entire Conservative programme."

"Did you meet Mr. Gladstone, Senator?"

"I did, and he is looking very old and worn. He seems, like most men of his age, to be keeping himself in bounds and husbanding his resources."

"Did he speak of this country, and her grand future."

"Well, you see, it was at a private dinner-party that I met him, and I do not feel at liberty to repeat the conversation."

Senator Bayard is enthusiastic on the subject of Oxford and Cambridge, and dwells with unfeigned pleasure on hospitalities received within the walls of *alma mater*. He also extols the British Museum, at South Kensington, dilating upon the advantages of the electric light used in their reading-rooms.

Senator Bayard dearly loves the land of his nativity, and her laws and her institutions.

"This Summer I have been looking across the Atlantic, thinking of the country I could not see; contrasting what I did see of the daily lives of men and women in other lands with that of my own, and when so often I heard 'Labor with a groan, and not a voice,' and realized the abuses and injustice of class privilege, whereby the insidious bar of humble birth was kept and fastened on men from the cradle to the grave, I turned, as if for pure air, to the American States, where the noble equities of humanity are acknowledged and respected, where the one great and essential equality, the equality of opportunity, is secured to all. And experience and reflection, with increased opportunity for comparison with other countries and systems of government, can bring me only to a higher appreciation of the generosity, justice and moral grandeur of the principles upon which our own was founded."

Once more we repaired to the piazza.

"There is New Castle," exclaimed mine host, extending his arm to the right. "It is the centre of the twelve-mile circle given by Charles, Duke of York, to William Penn. Over right opposite is New Jersey, and we shall have a big fight next session over the twelve-mile jurisdiction in that direction." As he walked with me to the gate, "Here," affectionately patting an old piece of ordnance, "is a relic of 1812. Colonel Davis, who owned this place at that time, was in command of a detachment who took it from the British when they landed at Lewiston. There were two balls jammed in it until 1876."

As we parted I laughingly asked him if we were to meet at the White House.

"That's very hard to say," laughed Senator Bayard, as we shook hands.

A TALK WITH COL. MAPLESON.

The Troubles of an Impressario.

JEALOUSIES AND DIFFERENCES OF ARTISTS.

The Prices Paid to Singers.

THE OPERAS WHICH PAY THE BEST.

What Gerster's "Derangement" Cost Colonel Mapleson.

MARIMON AND HER SUPERB VOICE.

THE ACADEMY SALOONS AND PROPERTY ROOMS BY DAYLIGHT.

A LINE of elegantly appointed carriages were *en queue* at the Academy of Music, depositing daintily befurred and bevelveted dames in quest of the very best seats for "Aïda," as the artist and I presented ourselves to a lynx eyed janitor at the portal giving upon the little world of Her Majesty's Opera. Around this door were congregated, in various attitudes of hope and expectation, a number of select specimens of that strange race of beings known as "dead-heads," who, under the flimsiest of pretexts and the thinnest of excuses, were engaged in besieging the *impresario* in a frantic endeavor to obtain tickets for that, or, indeed, for any performance that might take place during this or any other season. Being possessed of the "Open Sesame," we passed the lynx-eyed one, and crossing the lobby—we could perceive Arditi, through the polished glass doors, gesticulating in the fiercest of dumb show to a dimly-lighted orchestra—we found ourselves at Colonel Mapleson's private office.

Colonel Mapleson was calmly seated at his desk, an expression of beatific martyrdom adorning his handsome face, while a lurking smile might be detected peeping round the corners of his clean-cut mouth. A lady attired in sealskin from head to heel confronted him, and, with tears in her voice, was endeavoring by the sublime force of unnerving feminine logic to carry some point in connection with her operatic duties; but if La Signora had studied Lavater she would not have tarried a second in the sanctum of the *impresario*, so rigid was the "No" written upon his lips.

Colonel Mapleson is over six feet high, and has the shoulders of a Life Guardsman. He is pre-eminently a handsome man, and his smile is electric light. He wears a mustache and side whiskers of the pattern known as mutton-chop. He is the very picture of rude, robust, superb health, and, indeed, seems to possess energy sufficient for half a dozen ordinary men. His manner is cut and thrust while in business; outside of it, full of a keen enjoyment, which bubbles forth at every turn of the conversation. He sees fun in everything, even in having been compelled to expend $35,000 on Mademoiselle Marimon. He is decision itself, and "yes" means actual affirmative, while "no" is absolutely negative. How he gets through the mass of detail that falls to him is a marvel even to those who are intimately associated with him. His sharp eye detects a flaw wherever it exists, while during a performance he is absolutely ubiquitous.

His office at the Academy of Music is a lofty-ceilinged but small apartment furnished with two library-desks, a table and four or five cane-bottomed chairs. Upon the left of Colonel Mapleson's desk are electric bells, connected respectively with the box office, ladies' wardrobe, orchestra, scene-painters' room and stage, while a speaking-tube also connects with the stage. His desk is piled with telegrams, bills, letters, tradesmen's accounts, photographs, hotel guides, railway-guides, etc., etc. In the window looking into Irving Place is the table upon which lie half a dozen leather dispatch-boxes. Mr. Charles Mapleson, the second son, a stalwart, handsome, unmistakably Saxon young fellow, occupies the second desk, while in a sort of alcove, and commanding the door, sits the *impresario's* private secretary.

"Sit down, sir," exclaimed Colonel Mapleson, as soon as the lady had taken one step downwards. "Give me one second—what's this?" taking up a slip of paper presented to him by his son, Mr. Charles Mapleson. "Oh," reading aloud, "'To making a boat to carry six persons across the stage, $60.' This is for 'Aïda.' By Jove, that's a stiff price! Two pounds a passage—you could cross from Dover to Calais for less. I give an order under my own hand for everything new, *everything*—even for the macaroni for 'Don Giovanni,' and I'll tell you why. Lido had a toothache at Foston, last season. There was a doctor who had the run of the theatre there. What was his name, Charley? Never mind! Lido mentioned her toothache. I said, 'I saw so-and-so, mentioning the doctor's name, behind the scenes a few minutes ago; I'll send him to you.' I met him, and told him, and, by Jove, he sent me in a whacking bill for services rendered to me—to me, mind you, arguing that in attending Signora Lido he benefited me.

"Some one," continued the Colonel, "has written a letter to the *Herald* about the Castle Garden performers in 1852. Why, that was thirty years ago, and thirty years ago the Indians were in Central Park. Singers are now getting six times what they got in those days. Lablache and Tamburini, on the pay-sheets of Her Majesty's Theatre, figured for many years at £30 a week, and Grisi had but £40, which ran up to £50, and she never complained. A good soprano commands £200 a night. Why, my dear boy, Campanini's salary is worth the sum total of what the whole lot who sang at Castle Garden got—the whole lot, sir!"

"The first indication of Gerster's *dérangement* cost me $35,000," resumed the *impresario*; "and during six days my cabling cost me $500. I likewise packed off a special agent to Italy, and cabled him $500 for his expenses. I packed off another to Paris to engage Nilsson or Marimon."

"Where did Marimon make her *début*?"

"At a little bit of a theatre called the Athenée, near the Grande Hotel in Paris, in a piece called "Une Folie à Rome." She was scarcely noticed. A friend of mine suggested my hearing her. I heard her, and instantly engaged her for the next season, and she made one of the greatest hits in "La Sonnambula" since Patti. This was in 1872. The second night was a "Lind" night, but after that the English climate affected her, and for eleven nights she dare not sing, while I was turning away hundreds of people, as she was always announced. The Duke of Wellington saved me a big row one night that the audience were going to cut up rough. He mounted on a chair in the Grand Vestibule, and, being well-known, a silence fell on the excited audience. 'I have come here eleven nights running,' said the Duke, 'to hear Marimon, and have been disappointed; but I would come eight nights more if I were sure of hearing her in the month.' The Duke is no end of a brick, and has always stood my friend."

A trombone-player here craved audience, and was admitted. This gentleman stated that he was not to be allowed to continue to play, although he had done so from the beginning of the season, because he was not a member of the Musical Union.

"That Union again!" cried the Colonel. "Why, they'll want to take Campanini from me next and put him in the chorus. Go back to the orchestra, sir, and take your place. I say it!"

"*Revenons à* Marimon, sir. Her receipts exceeded those of any other singer since Lind. She drew me immense receipts wherever she went. She is unmarried, and very much liked in society."

"In what condition is her voice now, Colonel?"

"Superb! It is at its very best. Not a particle of a flaw in it. This climate will exactly agree with her. There are seven or eight hundred opera houses in Europe and in South America and elsewhere, consequently there is a very fierce competition for the services of artists of whom but a limited number exist. Of these New York has the lion's share, and it is not from the temporary disappointment of a single artist that the opera is to be thrown up in despair."

"How do you find our public?"

"Your public is always inclined for excitement, no matter what that may consist of. I find it a most intelligent public, although attracted by any loud sensational note of any soprano, or tenor, or baritone, rather than by the general effect; but that will rub off in time, and the public taste will be more sound and solid when it does. In England the *ensemble* is the opera, and also in Paris, but in this country, for want of knowledge or want of having it properly put before them, the public would seem to prefer a single star with a trill or a *staccato*."

"Does this apply to the Upper Ten?"

"Not by any means. The good sense of the Upper Ten has been exemplified by every box being occupied, as they thoroughly understand what they are listening to; and the people who travel, being of taste and refinement, are just as necessary to the opera as the music itself. Therefore, the Upper Ten form one of the component parts of the opera, and it is their patronage which gives *ton*, and through their support that we will get over the present difficulty. It is very encouraging to see the attention bestowed by them nightly upon our performances, just as is bestowed upon the performances of the Philharmonic Society, whose season, by-the-way, promises to be of exceptional brilliancy. The Philharmonic do not depend on a star, they have no scenery or effects. It is the *ensemble* they have to depend upon, the pure musical effects mated by the even balance of sound and perfection of execution. It is rather hard lines that, because of the absence of one popular star, the entire establishment, that has been going on for 150 years, should be damaged. The public are the most exacting of task-masters. They are ruthless. No one is allowed to be ill, and if ever so faint a hoarseness"—imitating the effect—"comes, which, mind you, may wear away, and generally does, during the evening, the critics are down upon the luckless artist who writhes beneath the criticism. Why, my dear boy, the production of an opera may cost $20,000, and if a border or a flat falls to work, the audience commences to hiss. I'll give you some idea of what has to be done in getting up an opera as soon as I get rid of this fellow."

A somewhat prosy but earnest personage was now admitted, who was exceedingly desirous of getting up a performance at Newark.

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"SIGNOR ANGELO RUSHED IN AND REPORTED A ROW IN THE ORCHESTRA."

The next moment Signor Angelo rushed in, and, in vigorous language and still more vigorous pantomime, informed the *impresario* that there was a row in the orchestra, and that Arditi required his presence *instanter*.

"Come along," cried Mapleson to me, "and you'll see a bit of fun."

Upon our arrival on the stage, Signor Arditi, gesticulating frantically, hoarsely exclaimed:

"Dees is too bad!" Then followed a series of gutturals. "Dat trombone he no allow to go on. I not stop him!"

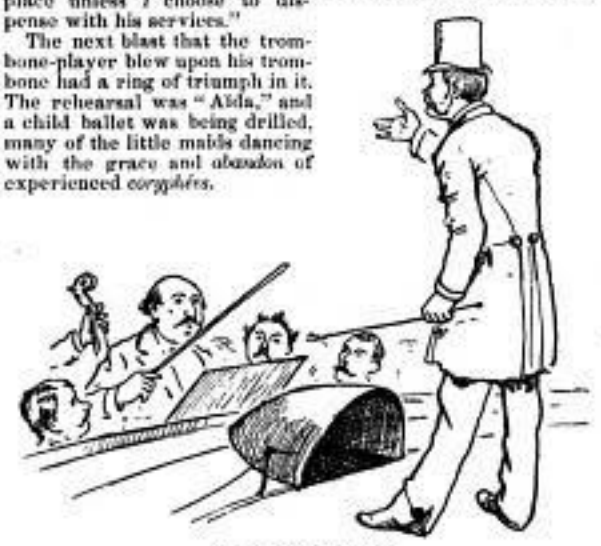
The cause of this disturbance stood instrument defiantly in hand.

"What's the meaning of this row?" exclaimed Colonel Mapleson, standing close to the prompter's box.

One of the members of the orchestra rose and commenced: "The Musical Union——"

"Oh, the Union again," interrupted the colonel. "Now, listen to me, every one. I am master here. I recognize no Union. My word is law. Any performer who has played in that orchestra from the beginning will keep his place unless *I* choose to dispense with his services."

The next blast that the trombone-player blew upon his trombone had a ring of triumph in it. The rehearsal was "Aïda," and a child ballet was being drilled, many of the little maids dancing with the grace and abandon of experienced *coryphées*.



"I AM MASTER HERE."

"I have brought six of those little things over from London," observed the colonel, adding, "and here is more of it. I have a ballet-school with one hundred and seventy-six pupils, and the Princess of Wales is the patroness. I take them from three years of age, and every one of them are paid. Five per cent. is deducted from their wages to form a sinking fund. This fund is increased annually by the exhibition at the annual presentation of the gold and silver medal for dancing. I charge three dollars a head for admission, and everybody comes. Each class gives an idea of what it can do. Each girl who marries will, by consent, get fifty pounds, that's—let me see—ay—two hundred and fifty dollars. We bury such parents as die, providing one set of mourning; and five dollars a week is allowed to each member for life who may become disabled through illness or through accident received in the theatre. Any misconduct on the part of a member expels her, and she loses all benefit. The gold medal wins an annual sum of ten pounds—fifty dollars—for life, and little Marie Müller, who was here last season, won it this year."

"Who takes charge of the children you brought over from London?"

"An experienced and careful governess, who brings them to the theatre and fetches them home again; so that those who spoke last year of "cruelty" to children did not know what they were talking about."

"What about their general education?"

"Why, that is compulsory, my dear boy. The School Board of London sees to that, and pop down upon us with inspectors from time to time. Two of that lot," pointing to the pirouetting, pinafored children, "send money home, and actually keep their parents, instead of being mere gutter-children."

"Have you many applications for admittance to the school?"

"Have I? Two hundred applied last August from all parts of Lancashire, and it took Katti Lanner, the eminent *première danseuse*, three days at the Alexandra Theatre, in Liverpool, to go through them, and she only brought me two out of the entire lot."

"How many rehearsals do you give a new opera?" I asked.

"Ah, now I can tell you something that the public know nothing of. A man of the crutch-and-toothpick school, after I've put on, let me say 'Aïda' at a cost of $10,000, will come to me and say, 'Aw, I've seen "Aïda" twice; when are you going to give us something new?' And the poor manager has to smile, and mount something equivalent to it immediately. Rehearsals! *For example.* This is the sixth full-band rehearsal for the orchestra alone—drilling for two and three hours—to get the light and shade of the *pianissimo* and *forte*. After some more band rehearsals—the slight alterations in the score by Arditi kept four copyists at work all last night and until daybreak—the principal artists rehearse about twenty times with the piano; then comes a full rehearsal with band, the artists seated all round the stage on chairs; then the property-man has to have his rehearsal. The carpenters now come in for their rehearsals, with scene-framers, etc. Then comes the first stage rehearsal, with everybody without the scenery, and then another with the scenery; later on again with the properties and the business, and *then* it is fit for public representation. Then a languid swell will tell me he has seen the opera twice, and will want to know when I am going to give something new."

An attendant here brought the colonel his letters, over which he hastily glanced.

"Here is a letter from the Prince of Wales," he exclaimed, showing me the note, dated Hotel Bristol, Paris, October 22d. "It's in reference to his omnibus box at Her Majesty's. While I am free for a moment from my den, just take a tour of this place. I'll act as guide, philosopher and friend. I'd like you to see what's going on, and to let the public know what a herculean task it is to run old operas, let alone producing new ones."

We strode across the stage and plunged into a cavernous passage, to emerge on a staircase and into a property-room.

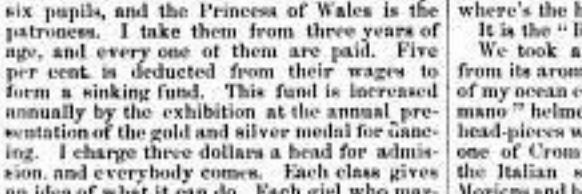
"What dummy is this?" demanded the colonel, administering a kick to the decapitated form of a buxomly-proportioned female, "and where's the head?"

It is the "Rigoletto" corpse.

We took a peep into the armory, which, from its aroma of oil, painfully reminded me of my ocean experience. Here were the "Talismano" helmets, Oriental of design; here the head-pieces worn in the "Puritani," reminding one of Cromwell's crop-eared knaves; here the Italian so well known in "Trovatore." Morions and breastplates and shields were here, and matchlocks of ancient pattern, with guns of the Martini-Henry design.

"Do you see these guns?" suddenly exclaimed the colonel. "I bought 400 of them for five shillings a piece at an auction. They had been sold by an English firm to the French Government during the Franco-Prussian war at a fabulous price. One night, at Dublin, we were doing "Der Freischutz," and poor Titjens was standing at the wing. One of these guns was loaded with a little powder rammed down by a piece of paper only. When fired, the lock blew off, and a piece of it went right through Titjens's dress, sticking in the wall behind her. What chance had the French with such weapons in their hands?"

From the armory we proceeded to the barber shop, where "Mignon," "Aïda," "Traviata," and "Lucia" wigs, curls, mustaches and beards showed grizzly on shelves. A French barber was engaged in titifying Campanini's wig for "Linda," and he expatiated on its wonderful approach to nature with all the *chic* of his very expressive mother tongue.



"A CHILD BALLET WAS BEING DRILLED."

In one of the wardrobes were the costumes for half a dozen operas, each opera folded away and labeled. Colonel Mapleson has about 2,000 costumes with him, and his packing-cases, each the size of a small apartment, number nearly one hundred. We found the Nilsson Hall full of newly-painted scenery, and the flies thronged with carpenters. The scene-painter's room was devoted to "Aïda," while the stage-man's room was choke full of flotsam and jetsam, from the lamp of a Vestal Virgin to the statuette of Cupid *in puribus naturalibus*, and from a loaded pistol to a rouleau of stage gold.

"The stage brass band is rehearsing in the lower regions, the principal artists doing 'Trovatore' in the first saloon, the chorus rehearsing 'Marta' in the second saloon, the orchestra on their own ground, rehearsing "Aïda," the ballet at work in a large room, and a set of coryphées blazing away in a distant corner. Listen!"

In the first saloon were the "Trovatore" party, lounging around a piano, presided at by Bianccia, the accompanist to the company. Mlle. Adini, *née* Chapman, the *Leonora*, was warbling right under the mustache of her husband. Aramburo, the tenor who was frantic because Mapleson refused £800 to release him from his engagement; while Del Puente was slapping his leg vigorously with his walking cane, as he occasionally burst in with a superb note in harmony with the score. Madame Lablache leant with her elbows upon the bar, and, knowing every square inch of a ride she has performed from St. Petersburg to Gotham, turned from the perusal of a newspaper at the right moment in order to discharge the electricity of her *Amneris*, while her daughter, who is studying for the operatic stage, attended on *amateur*, a toy black-and-tan terrier in her arms. Having listened to a delicious morceau from "Il Trovatore," we ascended to saloon No. 2, from whence a Niagara of melody was grandly thundering. Here we found the chorus, numbering about eighty, seated hatted and bonneted, with Signor Rialp presiding at the pianoforte. The rehearsal was "Marta." After visiting a dozen different departments, every one of which is presided over by a vigilant chief, we again found ourselves on the stage.



"WE TOOK A PEEP INTO THE ARMORY."

"*Now*," exclaimed the colonel, "you have some little idea of what I have to look after, and yet when I produce a new opera a crutch-and-toothpick fellow will coolly ask me, after seeing it twice, when I am going to give something 'new.' Do you know that every one in that chorus you have just seen is an Italian, and selected after considerable trouble and great expense. Do you know what it costs me to operatically rig up each member of that chorus?"

"I cannot tell."

"Well, it costs me 8600, and it cost me $15,000 to bring the troupe across the Atlantic. Do you know what it costs me every time I ring up my curtain? Two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, and then add the weekly hotel bills, $2,200. I am doing opera at Her Majesty's at this moment. Here's the bill"—handing me the programme of Her Majesty's—"doing the same operas as here, and that in order to do them here, I am obliged to get a second set of *everything*, from a drinking-cup to a bootlace, and this cost me £120,000 before I started at all, as this is a distinct and separate undertaking."

"How many operas does your *répertoire* include?"

"Thirty. I have thirty with me, and I can play any one of them. Another element I have to deal with is the superstition, or whatever you like to call it, of some of my people. They won't go into any room in a hotel with the number thirteen, and an artist won't make his or her *début* on the 13th; it's considered unlucky. I once recollect having engaged Mme. Grisi and Signor Mario for a tour in England, commencing on the 13th of September. On sending them the programme, Mme. Grisi's attention was drawn to the 'thirteenth.' She thereupon wrote a very kind letter stating that nothing could induce her to appear on the 'thirteenth': but, to show there was nothing mean about her, she would rather commence it on the "twelfth," although her pay was to commence on the 'thirteenth.' I amended her programme and commenced on the 'twelfth,' but as that date happened to be a Friday it was again returned to me with a most amiable letter, which I still preserve, in which she stated again that there was nothing mean about the alteration as she would be the only loser; she therefore desired me to commence it on the 'eleventh,' when both she and Signor Mario would sing without salary until the proper date of the commencement of the contract. One of the artists went to Tiffany's the other day to purchase a bangle. The price was $13. 'Won't you take less?' 'No.' And would you believe it, she paid $14 sooner than pay $13."



FLOTSAM AND JETSAM IN THE STAGE-ROOM.

We regained the managerial sanctum.

"Here is more of it," cried the *impresario*, "a letter from Campanini. I'll read it to you. 'Dear Mr. Mapleson—I am very ill, and cannot possibly sing to-night unless you send me—some tickets for family circle, balcony, parquette and general circle. Campanini.'"

Here the colonel was summoned to hear a young lady sing—an amateur who aspired to the vocal majesty of grand opera. Upon his return, after the lapse of a few minutes, he resumed.

"Mlle. Ambrè will repeat her triumphs in 'Aïda.' Do you know that Verdi directed the performance when she sang at the Italiens, in Paris. The opera was produced twenty-three times under his direction and along with Ambrè. 'La Forza del Destino' will be new, as I will produce it with the composer's alterations and additions, and not a scene or costume will ever have been used till the New York audience get hold of it. We'll do the 'Favorita,' the 'Talismano,' 'Un Ballo in Maschera,' and the whole lot of popular works. What I want the public to understand is that any singer who can make a few sky rockets and a trill doesn't make an opera. Just make a note of that, will you?"

"How do you stand as regards the renting of your boxes?"

"I haven't a box unlet, not one for the first season, and for the second, in February, all the occupiers have given me notice of renewal, while for *next* season I have already—*next season*, mind you—thirty-three applicants, all swells of the first chop. Look here!" and the colonel, drawing forth a pocket-book, read me the thirty-three names, the most foremost in Gotham society.

"What opera pays best, colonel?"

"Oh, there are a dozen trumps."

"Is not 'Carmen' one of them?"



MLLE. ADINI AND THE TENOR WARBLING.

"Yes, 'Carmen' has been one of my best successes."

In conclusion, Colonel Mapleson said:

"If the New York public are desirous of having an opera the critics must foster it. Imaginary criticism makes singers so nervous, that it will come to this, that they will not sing at all. It is only by encouraging the opera that you will raise it to a high standard. I am nervous as to the future, as nearly every coming artist has the misfortune to be American."

"Misfortune, colonel?"

"Yes. I use the word advisedly. Albani, Valleria, Adini, Van Zandt, and Durand, one of the best dramatic *primi donnas* on the stage, who, by-the-way, has gone to sing at the Grand Opera in Paris instead of coming here, and Emma Nevada, a new prima—Candidus, the tenor, too, all the coming talent is American."

"What is your opinion of Miss Cary's talent?"

"I do not know a more charming singer or a better voice. When I am in my box during the opera I have numerous complaints. For instance, if one set of people talk too much or too loudly, their next-door neighbors come round to me to lodge a complaint against them."

"How do you act?"

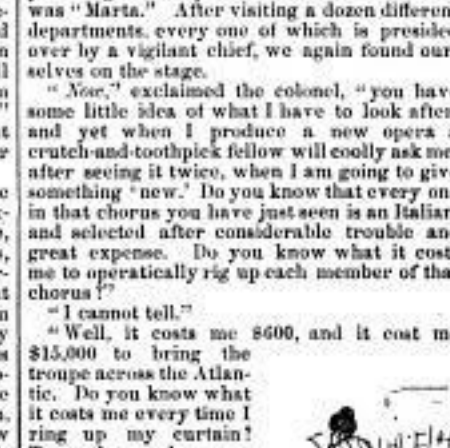
"Well, I send word to the box, through the usher, that I wish to pay my respects. I enter. 'Very pleased to see you, Mr. Mapleson,' say the delinquents. 'You will not be so pleased when you hear what I've got to say.' 'How so?' 'Well, you are accused of interrupting the performance, and, most unpleasantly, the duty devolves upon me to say so to you.'"

"Do people take it well?"

"The well bred people all do."



"VERY PLEASED TO SEE YOU, MR. MAPLESON."



"A FRENCH BARBER ENGAGED ON CAMPANINI'S WIG."

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NEW JERSEY.—AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY IN THE BENEDICTINE CONVENT, ELIZABETH.—BISHOP CORRIGAN CUTTING LOCKS OF HAIR FROM POSTULANTS, PREVIOUS TO BESTOWING THE WHITE VAIL.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 237.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

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We give in the present number an illustrated interview with Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, being the sixth of the series. Mr. Stephens discusses at length the subject of the industrial recuperation of his own and other Southern States, and touches upon some of the political questions of the time with a directness and emphasis which will be appreciated by our readers.

POLITICAL TENDENCIES.

AT the end of each political canvass, covering a wide extent of country and revealing the currents and counter-currents of public opinion, it is both natural and necessary that the party leaders should take account not only of their profits and losses, but also of their stock in hand in the way of available issues for the future. The Democratic leaders in the West and South are called to make this inventory under circumstances which are little creditable to their sagacity as trustworthy guides either in that "large politics" which looks to the supreme welfare of the republic, or that "minor politics" which looks to the achievement of success. And at the same time, amid all the successes which have come to strengthen and uphold the Republican banner, there rises in the breast of its most intelligent followers an unwelcome feeling that their victories have rather been won by tactical manœuvres than by the grand strategy which puts an end to the campaign.

If regard be had to the politics of the future, it is evident that there are two dominant issues which must be set for the rise and fall of parties. The first of these issues relates to the establishment of the currency on a basis which shall be at once sound and permanent. The other relates to the sound and permanent pacification of the country on the basis of the constitutional results bequeathed by the late war. The purification and stability of the currency require that the legal-tender notes shall be withdrawn from circulation and canceled. The radical and enduring pacification of the country requires that sectionalism shall be eliminated from the political methods and appeals of both parties—from the methods and appeals of the Democrats when they invoke a "solid South" in the name of Southern interests or sensibilities, and from the methods and appeals of the Republicans when they invoke a "unified North" as the natural and normal counterpoise to "Southern aggression." There can be no true and real political peace between the late belligerent sections so long as the Democrats assume and pretend to be the peculiar and exclusive guardians of "Southern rights," or so long as the Republicans assume and pretend to be the peculiar and exclusive custodians of the results deposited in our polity and public life by a war which not only destroyed slavery but strengthened and enlarged the constitutional supremacy of the nation in matters of national concern. The party which does not make its plans and issues as broad as the whole country is a party which, sooner or later, must come to grief between the grinding collisions of antagonist forces. It may be the Democratic Party which feels the force of the shock to-day; it may be the Republican Party which shall feel the force of the shock at the next onset between the actions and reactions of a sectional struggle, for it is through these oscillations that the country tends, and surely tends, to the equilibrium of a just and permanent peace which shall be beyond the reach of those who would disturb it, and beyond the patronage of those who would fain convert it into the *pernium* of their party capital.

There are abundant signs that the Democrats of the West and South are impressed with the necessity of "unloading" from their shoulders the burdens under which they have staggered from the blunders committed by the blind guides who have landed themselves and their followers in the ditch. It is safe to say that "the Ohio Idea" has lost its power to seduce party leaders, since it has lost its power to seduce the sweet votes of the people. The men who ruled in the Democratic caucus of the late extra session of Congress, and who turned a deaf ear to the counsels of a statesman like Senator Bayard, may be, at least, expected to practice hereafter a becoming modesty, unless, indeed, they are ambitious to pose in the foremost rank of the country's discredited politicians.

And tried by the two critical touchstones of the future—a purified currency and a pacified country—it is evident also that some of the Republicans as well as some of the Democratic leaders have a useful lesson to learn from the signs of the time and the drift of events. Intelligent and candid Republicans do not mean to follow a leader who has not sagacity enough to discern the path of financial safety amid the perils which now menace the stability of resumption, whether those perils result from the coinage of a depreciated silver dollar, or from the reissue of the greenbacks and their permanent incorporation in the currency. Liberal and enlightened Republicans do not mean, moreover, to lend their countenance to a purely sectional agitation which borrows the livery of patriotism in which to serve the cause of party, for in such shame they discern as much a source of weakness as a source of shame.

A curious illustration of the current tendencies to new political formations and adhesions is passing before our eyes even as we write. On the strength of some considerate words spoken by General Grant to the deputation of Confederates who waited upon him in San Francisco, and on the strength of some frank and manly words spoken by him in Chicago, where he referred to the people of the South, not as alien enemies of the Republic, but as men who "fought bravely" for a cause in which they believed, and who are now entitled "to equal claims with ourselves in the greatness of our great and common country"—on the basis of these broad and national considerations there has actually come from the South the rudimentary signs of a new "Grant boom" which may well give pause alike to the Confederate Brigadiers and the stalwarts in the Republican army. Commenting on these signs of the times, the New York *World* adventures the suspicion that General Grant is preparing a strange mortification for the Republican politicians who are out-Heroding Herod and overdoing Termagant in the railing accusations they bring against the entire people of the South. And, commenting on these same signs, the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* draws the practical inference that the good people of the South are no fonder of the pending sectional issue than the good people of the North; for what must be their weariness of the desert wanderings into which they have been led astray by false guides of their own selecting, when they betray even a disposition to follow the lead of General Grant, provided he offers them a hope of attaining, through his conduct, to the promised Canaan of peace? Whatever may be the political outcome of these tendencies, it is at least safe to say that they are tendencies which it would be well for the extremists in both parties to ponder with all diligence and sobriety, lest in the end they should be found to have built the house of their political hopes on sinking sand or melting ice.

THE NEW FRENCH CABLE.

WITHIN the last fortnight another great triumph in what may be called the science of international communication, has been achieved. The new French cable has been successfully laid. On the morning of Sunday, the 16th of November, the *Faraday*, with the cable on board, was sighted off North Eastham, and a little later came to anchor about a mile from the beach. On Monday the final splice was made, and the cable was worked throughout the entire circuit, from Cape Cod to Brest. Another new tie is thus knit between Europe and America.

At the time the work was completed, it was only seven months to a day since the concession to lay such a cable had been granted by the French Government. President Bates, of the American Union Telegraph Company, was not, therefore, in any way extravagant in his congratulations to the French company when he said that, "As regard rapid construction and the laying, as well as perfect isolation," the achievement was "without parallel in cable history." The American terminus is admittedly well chosen, being close by Nauset Beacon Light, Cape Cod, in a sandy ravine, where the cable will be effectually and securely covered. The cable was made at the works of the Siemens Brothers, of England, the same who constructed the direct cable. It is declared to be the best of the three cables which now span the waters of the great Atlantic, being heavier, stronger and in every particular more nearly perfect. The central wire is surrounded by ten copper wires, twisted. For insulating purposes three envelopes of gutta-percha surround the wire, and outside the gutta-percha is a wrapping of manilla hemp, twisted with Chatterton's compound. Outside the hemp is an armor of steel wire, the wires composing the armor being laid in a peculiar manner, side by side. Surrounding the armor is another covering of manilla hemp, saturated with an anti-corrosive compound. It is believed that such an arrangement will make it next to impossible for the cable to get out of order. The new company is entitled "La Companie Française du Telegraph de Paris à New York"; its president is the well-known M. Pouyer Quertier; and the stockholders are Frenchmen and Americans, the Frenchmen holding the balance of power. The paid-up capital amounts to 42,000,000 francs, and is soon to be increased by the addition of 10,000,000 francs.

The cable extends from Brest, France, to St. Pierre, Miquelon, and from St. Pierre to North Eastham, as above stated. On its return to Europe, the *Faraday* will be used for the purpose of laying a cable of a similar character from Brest to Land's End, England, thus making a connection with the British Isles; and it is the intention of the company to lay, next year, another cable from Land's End to St. Pierre, thus establishing a double line between this country and Europe. Such enterprise is in the highest degree praiseworthy. It well deserves success, and, as success can scarcely be doubted, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the example, which is thus being set, will be extensively imitated, and that our Atlantic cables will be greatly multiplied to the convenience of business men and of the general public. Each successive experiment diminishes the difficulty, and the submarine cables of the future will not only be constructed and laid more rapidly, but at a greatly reduced cost. As it is certain they will be greatly increased in number, it is scarcely hazardous to predict that before the present generation shall have disappeared business transactions between this country and the different commercial nations of Europe and Asia will be conducted wholly by telegraph. Thus it is that the tide of progress rolls on with ever accelerating speed, and with a force which is irresistible.

THE TRADE-MARKS LAW.

SOME excitement has been occasioned in business circles by a decision of the Supreme Court declaring the law in reference to trade-marks to be unconstitutional. The law, passed in 1870, authorized the registration of trade-marks in the Patent Office, and gave legal and equitable remedies for their protection for a term of thirty years, with a right to renewal for a like period. Under this law some 8,000 trade-marks have been registered, and many applications were still pending at the time the decision was rendered. The practical effect of the decision will be to abolish criminal proceedings against those who infringe upon the trade-marks of their neighbors in business. It does not, however, prevent injured parties from suing for damages, either in the United States Courts or in the courts of the several States. These courts are now, as they always have been, open to civil suits for damages. Representatives of leading business firms in this city, who have large and valuable interests involved, owners of special trade-marks or brands in drugs, provisions, groceries, dry goods and other commodities, say, after full deliberation, that they are just as secure in their privileges as they were before the rendering of this decision. The really perplexing thing about this decision to the Government is, as explained by a lawyer familiar with the subject, "that a series of treaties have been made with foreign countries protecting those residents who registered their trade-marks in Washington, and now the Government is unable to protect them." It is understood that the President, in order to meet this difficulty, will recommend Congress to enact some legislation which will be free from the objection of unconstitutionality, and this suggestion will, no doubt, be promptly acted upon.

As a remedy for any inconvenience to purely domestic interests which may arise from the late decision, should one be found necessary, the *Herald* suggests that the several States might act together and pass uniform statutes, each State establishing a registry of trade-marks for its own citizens, and passing a law inflicting penalties for falsifying trade-marks registered either by itself or by any other State which in like manner punished the same offense. It would seem that "the legislatures of all the principal trading States might be induced to pass such a law at their approaching Winter sessions, and, by making common cause, protect both the owners of trade-marks in their rights and the people against adulteration of commodities."

ART CRITICISM.

AN article on the subject of dramatic criticism, published not long since by the celebrated playwright, Mr. Boucicault, has revived a topic which, from time to time, has agitated all art circles, whether musical, theatrical or fine art. The traducer or the panegyrist always follows closely on the heels of the artist, and how to secure judicious criticism is a problem which must continue to puzzle all those who have any form of artistic production to place before the world. Notice of some kind is a necessary preliminary to fame: abuse even, will sometimes serve the artist better than neglect; but the abuse of a good work or praise of a bad one, whatever the motive, must always be not only a prostitution of the office of the critic, but an injury to the public taste. The writer of the criticism, through the force of his position, is regarded as more or less an oracle, and all false utterances are like the discharge of filthy waters in a clean spring.

Mr. Boucicault complains that dramatic criticism is incompetent, and neither unprejudiced nor disinterested; that to inability to form a correct judgment on dramatic works is added a mercenary spirit which will prostitute itself to private gain. It is possible the aspersion is deserved. Incompetency intrudes itself everywhere—in the State, in the church, in the professions, and in the spheres even of mercantile and mechanical pursuits, and it would be strange if it were not found occasionally on the press. But with regard to the mercenary spirit of dramatic critics, assuming the strictures of the experienced gentleman to be correct, who are responsible? There will be no goods offered for sale where there is no market, and the opinions of critics will never be sold if there be no one to buy.

As to the question of incompetency, it may be said that no man, who is not himself an artist, and of high qualification in his profession, too, is a thoroughly competent judge of art. It is execution that creates a picture, a statue, a musical sentence, or a play, and the details of execution can never be completely mastered except by practice. Mr. Boucicault himself has written, adapted and placed upon the stage an almost fabulous number of pieces. In the process of this work he has been compelled to bring into play his most subtle faculties of analysis. He has had occasion to observe what effects are due to action, to incident, to situation, to sentiment, and it may be assumed that his practice in creating plays has taught him how to dissect one most thoroughly. But the mere critic of art is of necessity a theorist; he may have had sufficient opportunities for observation, but his knowledge is not fundamental nor subtle. He may go wrong when actuated by the best of motives, and with the most positive conviction of his correctness. He is a practical writer, perhaps; is sufficiently technical in his phraseology to seem learned; but the accomplished artist knows that he is shallow, and that he, himself, could say more to fix the standard of a work of art in a single sentence than the mere critic could say were he to write volumes. The artist will always strike the key-note of production at once; the critic will play all over the instrument and be entirely unable to discover it among the multitudinous sounds and discords which he is producing.

What hope have we, then, of securing perfection in art criticism? None whatever, since those who are engaged in the production of works of art have no time to spread the knowledge of their principles before the world. The best critic is the man who associates most with the masters of art, learns their opinions, and is content to reproduce them for the instruction of his readers. One difficulty lies, now, in the false notion among critics that their mission is to instruct the artist first and the public afterwards. They are not content to judge according to the discoveries of men who have made the principles of art a life-long study, but must promulgate theories of their own, theories sometimes fanciful and always superficial. Is it strange, in this case, that artists should sometimes suffer, and that popular taste

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should be vitiated and misled? It would be strange if it were not so; and the best subject for criticism which could be offered to all art critics, for all time to come, would be their own sphere of knowledge. There, if their study be made truly analytical, they may learn to be cautious, considerate, not too hasty in praise nor too prompt in condemnation, but always ready to make allowance for the differences of taste and methods in the interpretation of nature.

THE NEXT CENSUS.

THE arrangements made by General Walker justify the belief that the work of taking the census of 1880 will be completed within the single month of June. Some 20,000 persons will be employed in the service. In large cities, the work of enumeration will be done in two weeks, thus reducing the errors arising from omission or duplication. Heretofore, while the enumeration has had reference to a single day, namely, the 1st of June every tenth year, it has been extended over a period of five months or longer. The consequence has been that, through their migration from place to place, many persons have been counted twice, while others have not been counted at all. The collection of the statistics of manufactures, agriculture, mining, fishing interests, and social statistics, such as taxation, wealth, public indebtedness, libraries, churches, schools, newspapers, paupers and crimes, insanity, etc., will constitute a distinct department of the work, which will be performed by experts, who will also gather statistical information as to the operations of railroads, fire and life insurance, telegraph and express companies and other institutions. Speaking of his preliminary work, General Walker said in a recent interview:

"Persons are already in the field obtaining statistics of gold, silver, iron and copper mining. Others are working along the shores of the great lakes, obtaining statistics of fisheries and the fishing population. Others are obtaining statistics of steam and water power, and manufacturing machinery. Special investigators have been at work on the social statistics of cities and penal and reformatory institutions. Still others are occupied with the facts concerning the cultivation of cereals. Building stones and the quarrying industry will form the subject of separate investigation by one of the most eminent geologists of the country, while the statistics of tree covering, forest wealth and the timber industry will be collected by an expert equally eminent in his own field. The report on the cultivation of cotton will include investigations made on his own account by a specialist who has devoted years to that subject, and the report will be the standard authority for the world.

"The report on the fisheries will have a decided bearing on the international questions now pending; had we had the facts before, the country would have been saved from one to two millions of the money paid to Great Britain. The American fisheries, instead of being less valuable than those of Canada, will prove to be much more valuable."

EVENTS ABROAD.

WHILE the London *Times* is vigorously denouncing the vexatious rules lately issued for the guidance of editors and newspaper correspondents with the Army in India, the Government has committed itself to a policy of active repression in Ireland, where the editor of the Connaught *Telegraph*, and two Dublin agitators—one of them a well-known lawyer and lecturer on political economy—were last week arrested for using inflammatory language in public addresses. The arrests occasioned a profound popular excitement, which was deepened by the refusal of the Government to admit the prisoners to bail, and the announcement that warrants have been issued for the apprehension of several other persons identified prominently with the cause of the Irish tenantry. The Irish organizations in all the principal cities of Great Britian have made public protests, and will contribute money to defend all whom the Government may prosecute and to maintain the agitation. The wisdom of this interference with the freedom of discussion by a Government which has done nothing whatever to correct the evils under which Ireland is suffering, may well be doubted. The Irish tenantry, menaced by starvation, and keenly conscious of the hopelessness of their future, are in no mood to submit to arbitrary assertions of the authority they detest. Of course, order must be preserved and crime punished, but these are duties not beyond the power of the local authorities, or the scope of ordinary civil process, and the resort to extreme measures, and the use of the military as now proposed, can only aggravate the gravity of the situation. The county magistrates of Sligo will ask the Lord Lieutenant to largely augment the county constabulary in view of threatened disturbances and threats against landlords, some of whom are proceeding for the collection of rents from tenants who are believed to be able to pay. It is believed in Dublin that it will be impossible to sustain indictments for sedition against the persons lately arrested.

The Turkish Ambassador to England is reported to have turned the tables handsomely upon Lord Salisbury in a recent interview on the question of the Asiatic reforms, telling him plainly that England had no right to censure Turkey for disorders in Asia Minor so long as England herself failed to cure the troubles in Ireland. "There," he said, "was a country ruled by a well-established Government, yet the scenes and occurrences in it were in effect analogous to those in Armenia. He contended that it was as illogical to make the Turkish Government responsible for the condition of Armenian feeling as it would be to throw upon Lord Beaconsfield the responsibility for the revolutionary sentiments which at present prevailed in Ireland." This, to say the least of it, was well put, but it does not palliate Turkish duplicity and neglect of solemn treaty engagements. The Sultan has at length appointed Baker Pasha, who is a British sympathizer, as his representative to superintend the introduction of the delayed reforms throughout the whole of Asia Minor. The latest telegrams from Constantinople confidently assert that cordial relations between England and Turkey have been completely re-established.

It is again announced that Germany and the Vatican have arrived at an agreement, "Bismarck having made important concessions." The basis of the alleged agreement is not stated, but it is quite safe to assume that if it involves an apparent surrender of principles heretofore contended for, Bismarck has gained amply compensating advantages in some other direction.

The latest accounts from Cuba indicate that the late insurrection has spent its force. The insurgent chief Nunez was recently killed, and another leader of the revolt has been captured. Many of the Liberals deprecate the movement as unwise. The Cuban Senators and members of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies will support the Bill for the abolition of slavery in the island as originally presented, and there is a rumor that General Martinez-Campos will resign the Premiership and go to Cuba with 15,000 men to pacify the disaffected districts. Meanwhile, Captain-General Blanco appears to be acting discreetly, and under direct instructions from Madrid.

The English ritualist, Rev. Alexander Mackonochie, evidently aspires to the crown of martyrdom. In 1874, as will be remembered, he was suspended for six weeks for ritualistic practices in violation of law, at St. Alban's Church, Holborn. Disregarding the warning, he was subsequently suspended by Lord Penzance for three years, whereupon he appealed to the Queen's Bench for a writ of prohibition, which was granted. The case was then taken by Lord Penzance before the Court of Appeals, which set aside the judgment of the Queen's Bench, and revived the original suspension. Again the belligerent divine appealed, but only to encounter a fresh rebuff, the Court of Arches having now ordered the instant enforcement of the writ of prohibition. It is said that this decree will be resisted; that Mr. Mackonochie expresses a determination to go to prison rather than obey the law, and that his church officials will not permit any other clergyman to officiate in his place without his consent.

The fact that all Russian officers on leave of absence have been ordered to join their regiments immediately is attracting some attention. A St. Petersburg paper, discussing the prospects of war, says neither the Russian people nor the Russian Government wish for war, because the bad financial state of the empire enjoins peace; but every day and every hour the conviction deepens that a great struggle is soon to break out. The statement is made that papers were found in Cabul compromising the Russian Foreign Office in the massacre of British officials; but it is probably unfounded. Operations against the Turcomans are reported to have been suspended, pending the arrival of reinforcements.—Further disturbances have occurred among the students of the St. Petersburg University, resulting in several arrests and in the closing of the library by order of the Governor-General.

One-sixth of the population of Montenegro is said to be on the verge of starvation with only supplies enough to last to the end of January.—It is said that the Pope deplores and censures the assaults of the Belgian Bishops upon the Education law of that country, and the clerical party are a good deal troubled at the discovery.—Sixty-three Legitimist mayors and deputy mayors, who had been dismissed from office, were entertained at a banquet at Nantes, in France, on November 19th, at which 1,200 persons were present, and speeches were made in support of the royalist pretensions of the Comte de Chambord. The election of M. Humbert to the Municipal Council of Paris has been annulled.—Many French priests having omitted to pray for the safety of the Republic, the Minister of the Interior has called upon the prefects to report whether the omission is prompted by the bishops.—Some of the tribes of Afghan hillmen are still in arms against the British on one of the main roads leading into Cabul. In all, forty-nine Afghans have been hanged for complicity in the recent massacre. The report of the commission to inquire into Yakoob Khan's connection with the massacre has been forwarded to the Viceroy of India; it is believed to sustain the views heretofore expressed of the Ameer's action.—The mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie died at Madrid, November 23.—The state of siege at Berlin has been extended for another year.

A CASE, under the Massachusetts Civil Damage Act, just tried, resulted in a verdict of two hundred dollars damages against a saloon-keeper who furnished liquor to a person who, in resisting arrest for drunkenness, severely injured a policeman. The result is regarded as a vindication of the principle of the law, and affords a good deal of satisfaction to the temperance party.

THE City Board of Health last week procured injunctions against the owners of certain tenement-houses which were being built in defiance of health laws, and compelled a modification of the plans in accordance with the requirements of these statutes. If the Board would resolutely lay its hand upon all owners of tenement-houses who seek in this way to evade the law, it would entitle itself to the cordial plaudits of the whole community.

THE Commissioners of Emigration, in view of the increase in the number of paupers, lunatics, cripples and criminals sent to this country by the Poor authorities of foreign Governments, will urge the passage by Congress of some Act which will authorize the prompt return of all such persons to the countries whence they come. Secretary Evarts has expressed his approval of the movement, and the object proposed is so obviously proper and desirable that it would seem necessary legislation should be enacted without a moment's hesitation.

GRATIFYING evidences of the business revival are afforded in the statements of all the trunk lines of railways. Thus the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad reports its earnings for the past year at $14,143,980, being an increase of $428,700 over the year previous. The net earnings for the year were $6,502,384. The working expenses were two and a quarter per cent. less than during the preceding year. The tonnage of through merchandise East and West was 1,425,629 tons, while in the preceding year it was 1,149,449 tons; 743,381 barrels of flour and 29,622,895 bushels of grain were brought to Baltimore during the fiscal year, being a decrease of 34,830 barrels and an increase of 8,983,241 bushels, respectively. Of this aggregate of grain, 18,467,448 bushels were wheat. The receipts of wheat for the preceding year were 9,365,233 bushels, showing an increase of 9,102,265 bushels, and an increase over 1877 of 15,966,898 bushels.

SECRETARY EVARTS, who has in his time been a good deal "chaffed" on the length and complexity of his sentences, both in speech and writing, took occasion, at the Potter banquet the other evening, to reply in a good-natured way to the gibes of his critics. Referring to a remark of a previous speaker that Mr. Evarts could clothe a diplomatic discussion with sentences as long as the English language can supply, the Secretary said:

"The English is a language whose true efficacy the gentleman who last sat down does not seem to appreciate. Not only is it fine in quality, but in quantity it is absolutely marvelous. What wonder then that a public servant should try to check the volubility of his countrymen by consuming large portions of it himself! I don't wish," he continued, "that our guest should carry away with him a wrong impression in regard to this alleged fault. The only persons in this country who are opposed to long sentences are the criminal classes. In diplomacy we always got along well with those nations that do not speak our language, but in our dealings with Great Britain the possession of a common tongue always leads to misunderstandings."

THE commercial reports of English consular officials in China show that the American cotton goods are pushing the English out of the market in that country. Leading English journals are commenting upon the fact as affording ground for anxiety as to the control of one of the greatest cotton markets in the world. The extent of this market is shown by the fact that the province of Shantung alone has a population of 30,000,000, clothed entirely in cotton. Socks, caps, even shoes and boots, are made of the same material; sedan chairs are often covered with cotton, and wadded curtains of cotton often supply the place of doors in the houses. Last year the enormous number of 332,000,000 needles were entered at the single port of Chefoo—a remarkable indication of the vast quantities of cloth which must be made up in the province and the extent of the market for cotton fabrics. The loss of such a market to the English manufacturers would be little short of a positive calamity.

THE Ute Commission last week examined a number of the Indians suspected of knowledge of the White River Agency massacre, but all of them exhibited a marked reluctance to tell the truth. This is said to have been due to a belief that they were to be at once arrested and put under guard, and they were determined to resist such an effort to the last extremity. Chief Ouray has convinced them that they were mistaken, and it is said that they will now come in and tell all they know. Ouray has behaved with genuine courage and manliness throughout, and if the persons guilty of the massacre shall be secured, and war averted, it will be due almost entirely to his efforts. In a recent speech, which is said to have been remarkable for its eloquence and pathos, he said he had no other ambition but "to be known as Ouray, the friend of the white man." He has stated to the Commission that Mormon emissaries have been encouraging the Utes to fight, and that he believes the Mormons were concerned in instigating the recent outbreak. Secretary Schurz refuses to permit any of the Ute chiefs to visit Washington until they shall discover the parties responsible for the massacre, and see that they are surrendered for punishment. The Indian Commissioner, in his annual report, recommends the removal of the Utes to the Indian Territory.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

TWO thieves were hung at Leadville, Col., last week, by order of "Judge Lynch."

DENIS KEARNEY was arrested in San Francisco last week for disturbing a public meeting.

COLONEL JOHN HAY, recently appointed Assistant Secretary of State, has entered upon his new duties.

THE Central Pacific Railroad have paid in to the United States Auditor $600,000 under the Thurman Act.

A GALE which swept over Lake Ontario, November 13th, wrecked a fleet of tugs, scows and derricks; nine persons being drowned.

THE Pension Commissioner's report shows 242,775 persons on his list. Between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000 are annually paid to pensioners.

REV. DR. JOHN N. GALLAHER, Rector of Zion Protestant Episcopal Church, of this city, has been unanimously chosen Bishop of the State of Louisiana.

THERE are 500 cases of diarrhœa in the Kentucky Penitentiary. The physicians have been unable to determine the immediate cause of the disease.

BY an explosion in a tunnel on the San Jose and Santa Cruz, in California, November 18th, thirty Chinamen were killed and a number of others seriously injured.

IT is reported that Cipriano Munoz, a Brooklyn cigar manufacturer, and his sister-in-law, who started for Cuba on November 3d, have been arrested at Santiago de Cuba as spies.

A TEMPORARY injunction restraining General Newton from continuing the improvements in the Hudson River, below Albany, was granted last week in the United States Circuit Court.

THE national committees of the National and Greenback Labor parties will hold a conference in Washington early in January, when steps are to be taken to nominate a candidate for the Presidency.

THERE was a heavy fall of snow in parts of Georgia and South Carolina November 19th, and on the 20th the weather became intensely cold, and there were snow-storms over the Middle and Northern States.

CINCINNATI is making arrangements for a grand reception to General Grant, December 11th. The General has taken passage from this port for the West Indies and Mexico by the steamer which leaves December 27th.

THE General Committee of the Democracy of the City and County of New York has appointed a committee, of which Abram S. Hewitt is Chairman, to prepare an address to the Democrats of the country on the course pursued by John Kelly at the last elections.

MAINE politicians are excited over the official count of the returns of the late election, the Democratic State officials being charged with a purpose to "count out" enough Republicans to give the Legislature to the opposition. The matter has been carried into the Supreme Court.

THE speculations in Wall Street took a sharp downward turn last week. On Thursday, November 20th, the recorded transactions of the Stock Exchange reached the unparalleled figure of 683,120 shares, while the actual dealings probably exceeded 750,000 shares. The decline in prices of some principal stocks from the highest point was from three to ten per cent.

AT the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland, in Washington, last week, General Phil Sheridan was elected President for the ensuing year. A resolution offered by General Sherman was adopted, attesting the loyalty of General Robert Anderson. On the second day of the meeting, the delegates made a visit to Mount Vernon. In the evening there was a brilliant reception at the White House, followed by a grand promenade concert and ball at the Capitol. Toledo was chosen for the next reunion.

THE official returns of the late election in the State of New York, show that Mr. Cornell's plurality over Mr. Robinson's exceed 42,000, while on the total vote cast for Governor, Mr. Cornell is to a minority of 59,423 votes. The official vote on Lieutenant Governor is very close, Mr. Hoskins (Rep.) having a majority of only 193. For Comptroller, Mr. Wadsworth, Republican, has 5,927 plurality; for Secretary of State, General Carr, Republican, has 2,029 plurality; for State Treasurer, Mr. Wendell, Republican, has 2,583 plurality; for Attorney-General, Mr. Ward, Republican has 4,426 plurality, and to the office of State Engineer and Surveyor, Mr. Seymour, Democrat, is re-elected by 14,011 plurality.

Foreign.

MISSIONARIES are not to be excluded from Zululand.

THE widow of Charles Dickens died in London, November 23d.

UPWARDS of 90,000 deaths from cholera have occurred in Yokohama and the epidemic still exists.

A POLITICAL street riot is reported from Pergola Italy, in which one person was killed and several wounded.

THREE regiments of infantry with cavalry and guns have gone towards Ghuzzee, in Afghanistan, to collect supplies and disperse the malcontents.

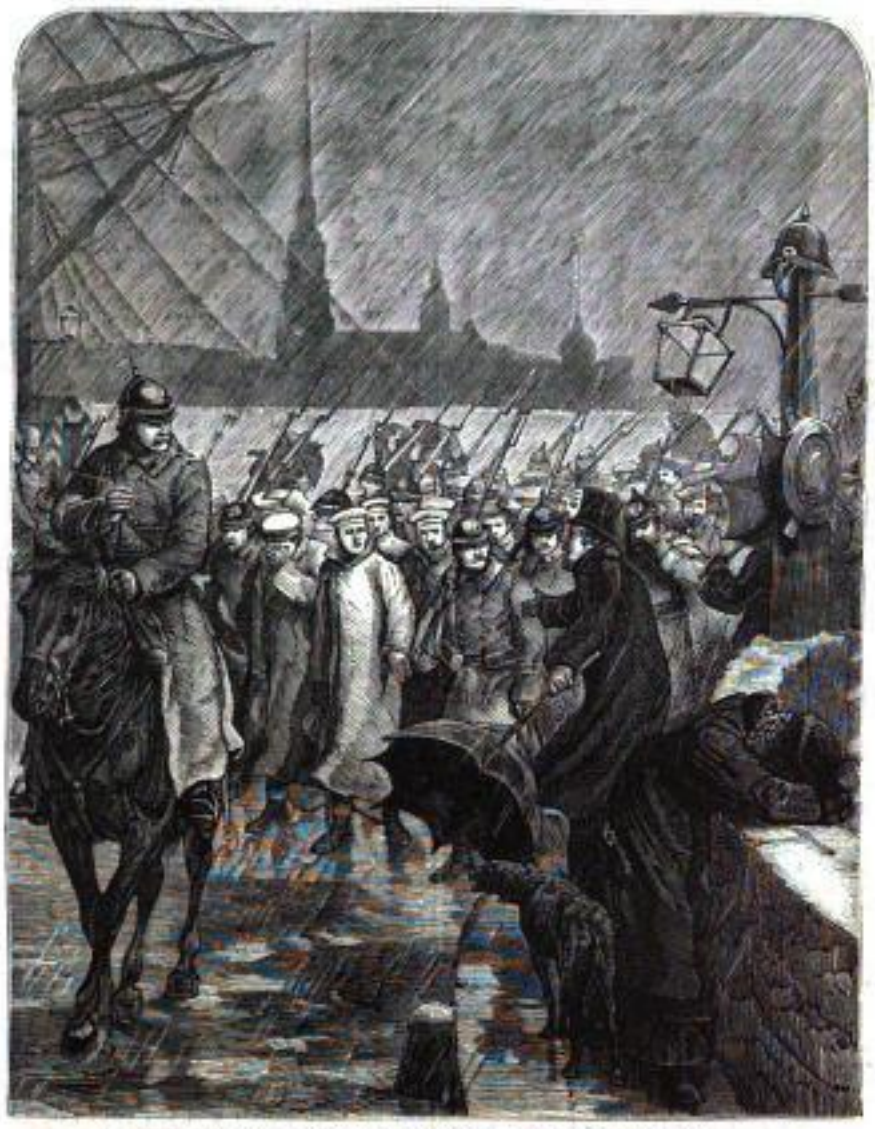
THE Government of Manitoba has been reconstructed. The reorganization includes one representative of the French-speaking population. There was previously none.

THE English Court of Queen's Bench having refused the application of Mr. Labouchere, of the *Truth* newspaper, for a mandamus, he is to be committed to jail. His costs in the suit will amount to £800. Sir Henry Mannly denounced the *Truth* libel as vulgar in the extreme.

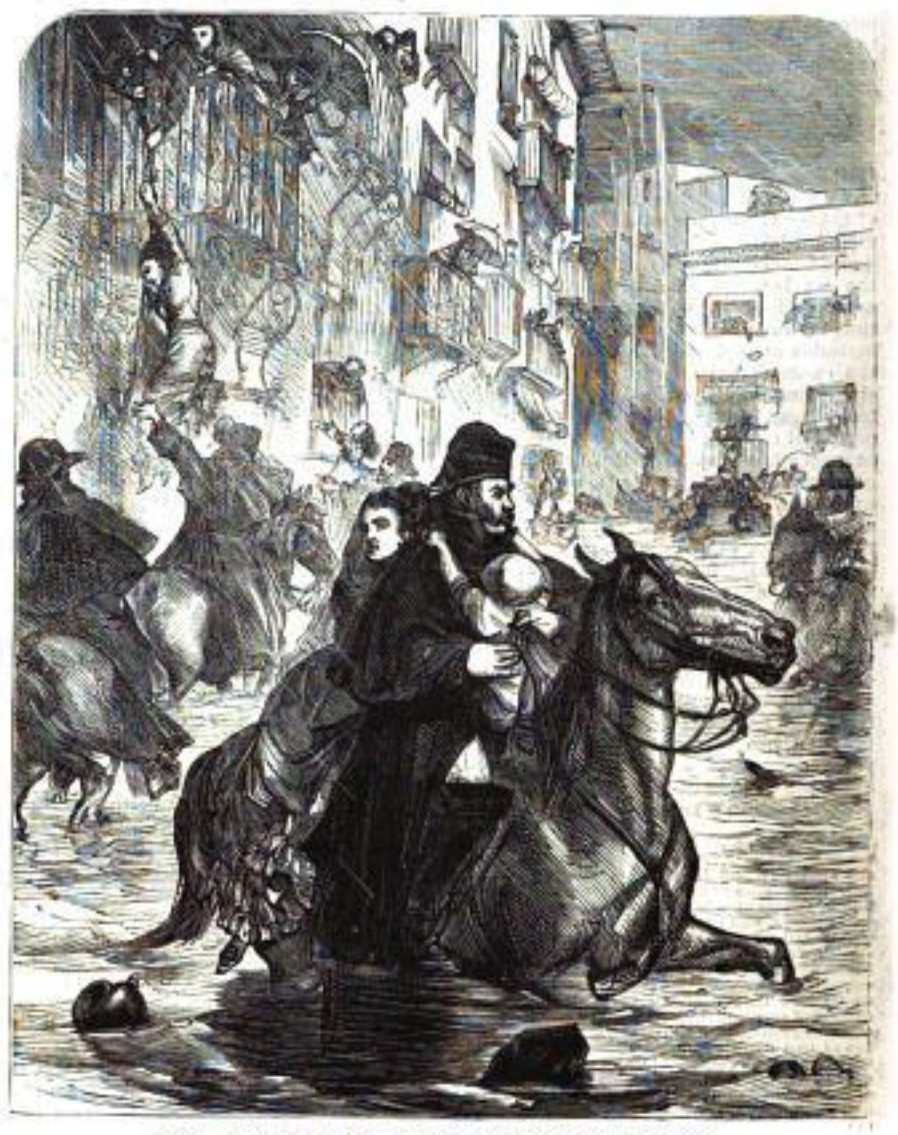
THE Chilians have followed up the capture of the Peruvian port of Pisagua by marching southward in the direction of Iquique, with the intention of defeating the allied forces which are massed there. The armies were near each other, and a great battle was imminent at the date of the last despatch.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 239.



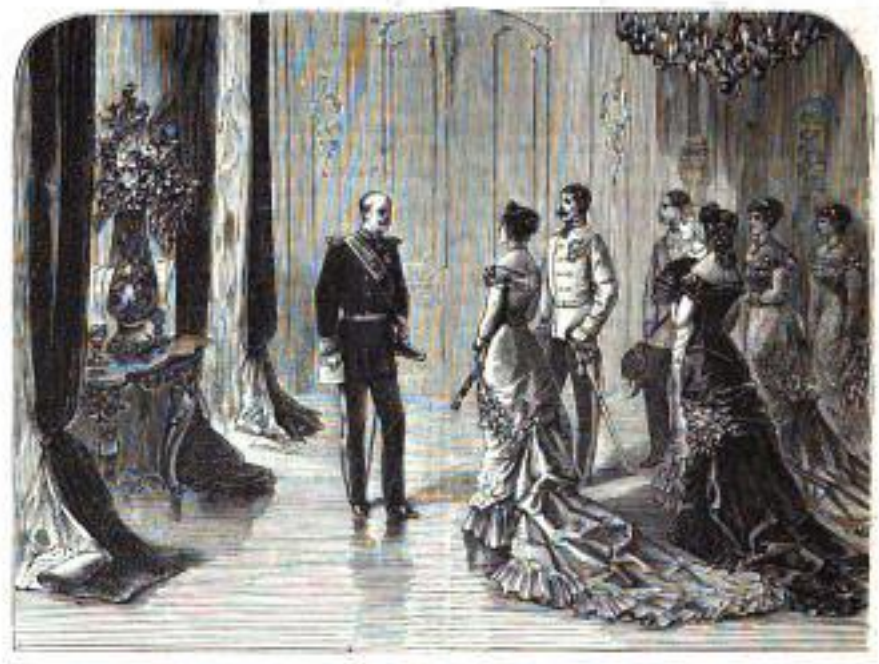
RUSSIA.—DEPARTURE OF NIHILISTS FROM ST. PETERSBURG FOR SIBERIA.



SPAIN.—THE LATE FLOODS—SAVING THE INHABITANTS OF MURCIA.



FRANCE.—RETURN OF PARDONED COMMUNISTS—THE LOWER BATTERY DECK ON THE "CALVADOS."

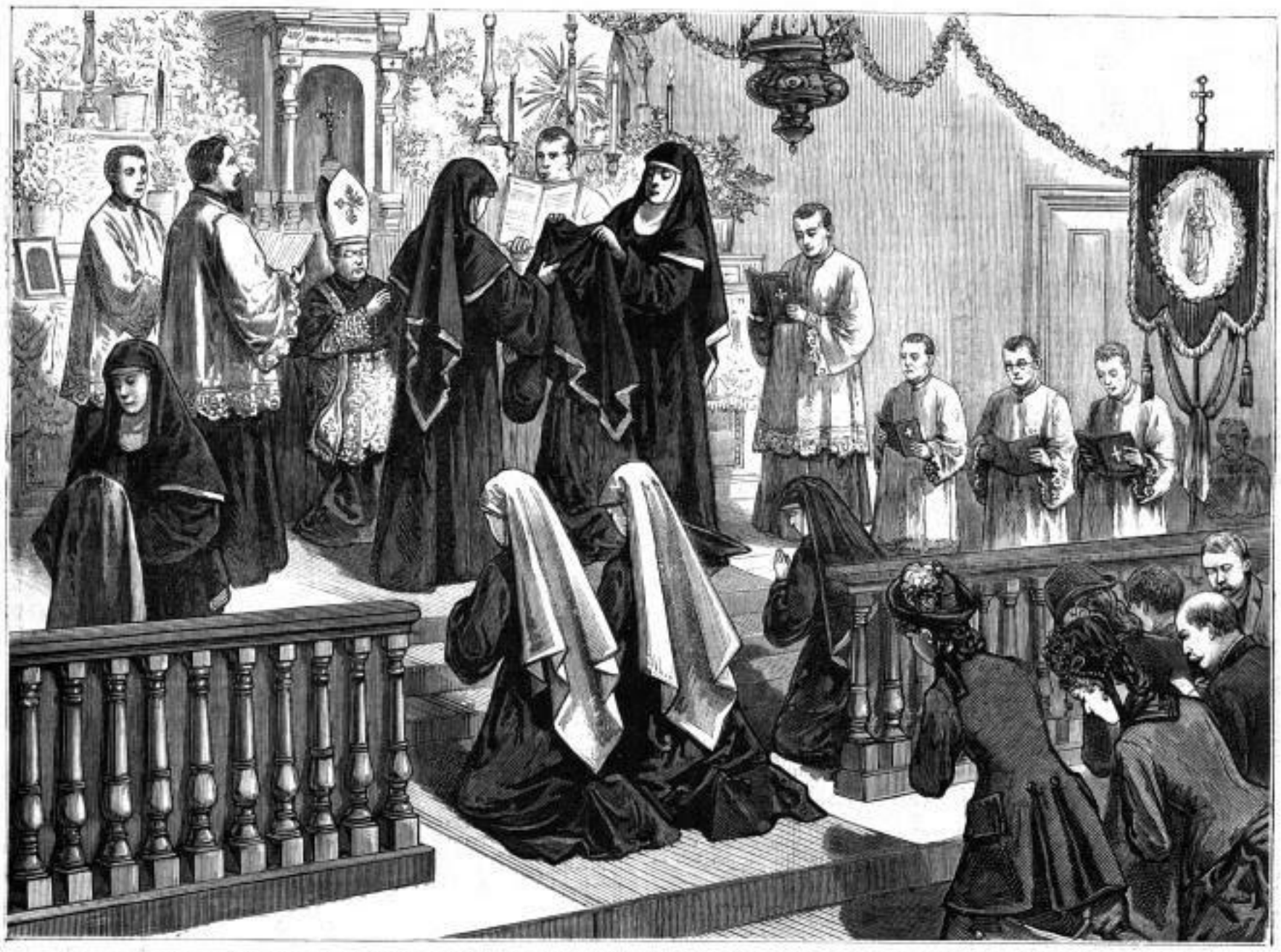


AUSTRIA.—THE DEMAND FOR THE HAND OF THE ARCHDUCHESS CHRISTINE FOR KING ALFONSO.



SPAIN.—THE LATE FLOODS—KING ALFONSO PERSONALLY INVESTIGATING THE CATASTROPHE AT NONDUERMAS.

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NEW JERSEY.—AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY IN THE BENEDICTINE CONVENT, ELIZABETH.—NUNS PLACING THE BLACK VAILS ON THE HEADS OF THE NOVICES.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.

TAKING THE VAIL.

SCENES IN THE BENEDICTINE CONVENT, ELIZABETH, N. J.

IT will surprise most readers to know that in this country convents and monastic institutions surpass, in number and variety of rule, nearly all other parts of the world. In the liberty left by our form of government, each denomination lives its own life and gives birth to the institutions evoked by its principles and system.

Elizabeth, N. J., has convents of four different religious orders, and in one of these, the Convent of St. Walburga, of the ancient order of St. Benedict, took place, recently, the ceremony of giving the vail to three postulants, young ladies who, turning their backs on the gayeties and promises of the world, resolved to devote themselves to a cloistered life; and, also, the giving of the black vail to three who, after testing for two years their resolutions as novices, were now ready to take the black vail and bind themselves by vow.

Bishop Corrigan of Newark officiated on the occasion.

Mass was said in the usual manner in the large convent chapel, and at the Credo, three young ladies, dressed as brides, entered the chapel and proceeded up the aisle to the sanctuary, followed by three sisters in the black habit of the Order, wearing, however, the white vail of novices, the Superior of the community, in her black vail, closing the line. After they had entered the sacristy, and Mass ended, Bishop Corrigan entered and took his seat on the episcopal throne at the side. In a few moments he took his place on a chair placed on the altar platform immediately in front, and, in his vestments and mitre, began the prayers for the occasion. The postulants entered and knelt before him, replying to the interrogatories addressed to them as to their wish to enter the community. When all had replied satisfactorily as required, the Superior removed from the elegantly dressed postulants the white vails and orange wreaths, and the Bishop cut three locks from the head of each in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and handed to each her religious habit, white vail and Rosary. The three then retired to the sacristy, and laying aside the bridal dress, returned attired as nuns, wearing the white vail. After kneeling before him to receive his blessing they retired.

Then the three novices entered, and, taking the place occupied by the new Sisters, answered the interrogatories put to them. They declared their desire to persevere in the career on which they had entered, and each read aloud the formula of vows which constituted her a Benedictine nun. Each then received the black vail, and, ascending to the Gospel side of the altar, signed her name to the record of her engagement, and, bowing low to the Bishop, retired.

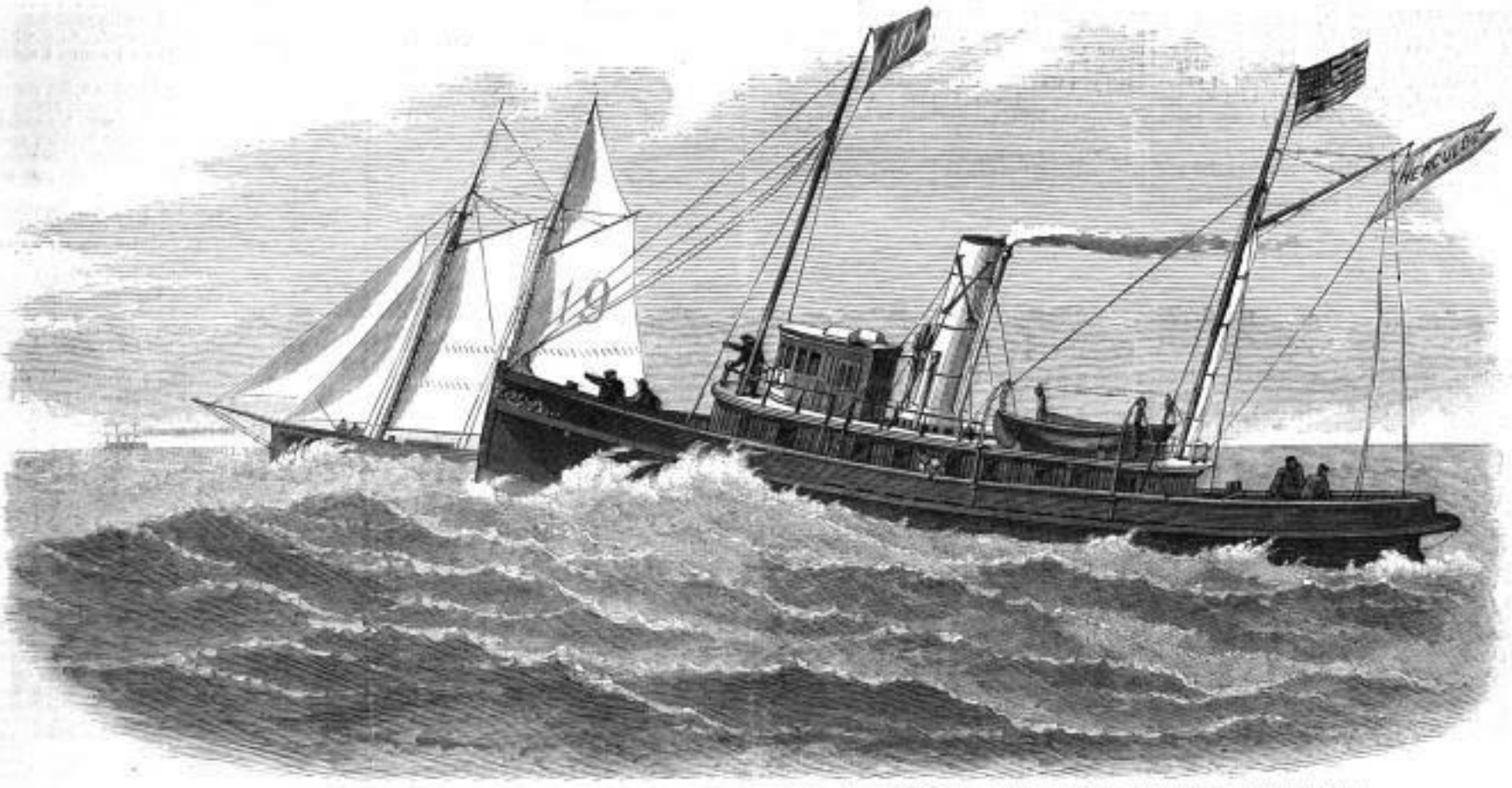
The ceremony closed with the episcopal benediction in the usual form.

The chapel was filled, a large part of the audience being ladies of all denominations, attracted by a desire to witness a ceremony which is so striking and rarely witnessed, except among the circle of immediate relatives and friends.

A REVOLUTION IN OUR PILOT SERVICE

THE excitement that has prevailed in New York shipping circles during the past two weeks over the announced determination of certain pilots to unite in purchasing a steam pilot-boat, is now vastly increased by the very active operations of the *Hercules*, as the new boat is named. Up to the time of writing, the five pilots who are interested in the vessel have brought in three ocean steamships, the *Germanic*, the *Arcadia* and the *Ethiopia*.

On the one hand it is claimed that the foreign



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PILOT-BOAT EXCITEMENT—A RACE BETWEEN THE NEW STEAM PILOT-BOAT "HERCULES" AND A SAILING BOAT FOR AN INCOMING OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

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steamship companies last year sent representatives to Albany for the purpose of inducing the Legislature to reduce the pilot fees, but after long deliberation and exhaustive argument and hearing, that body decided that for the effort expended and risk incurred the present rate was only adequate, and so refused to interfere in the matter. Failing here, it is claimed that the companies took the matter into their own hands, and the subsidizing of the new steam pilot-boat, for which they in the first instance advanced the money, was the result.

On the other hand it is claimed that the pilots who brought in the above-named steamships had violated the by-laws of the Pilots' Association, which require that only a certain number of pilot-boats shall be enrolled, and that their substitutes must be approved by the Commissioners; that no pilot shall board an inward-bound vessel from any other than a pilot-boat, when a pilot-boat is in sight of the vessel; and that steam pilot-boats shall not be employed except by permission of the Commissioners. A communication received from the New Jersey Pilot Commissioners approves of the action of the New York Board in prohibiting the use of a steam pilot-boat. This communication was received at a secret session of the Board of Pilot Commissioners convened to take action upon complaints lodged against the offending pilots. Citations were ordered to the inculpated pilots to appear and defend themselves on Tuesday, November 25th. Representatives of several of the largest ocean steamship companies have already announced their determination to support the steam pilots in any event that may arise; more complaints by the old pilots are heard than reported. They do not like the idea of a steamboat standing well outside, and as soon as a steamship is descried, going under full head towards it, because the race between steam and sail is too unequal. At the same time they deny that the *Stevens* will injure them in the least, pronouncing her unseaworthy, etc. Meanwhile both parties are on the look-out for incoming vessels, as well as the decision of the Board of Commissioners.

MISS CAROLINE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"YOU' are the torment of my life, Seth Smith. What, under the sun, moon and stars, are you for ever poking about my kitchen for?" and the speaker, a pleasant-faced serving-woman, looked up from the pumpkin she was sifting, with an expression of countenance which quite belied the severity of her words.

"You mean Miss Caroline's kitchen," said Seth, with a grin, as he seated himself by the pine table, which he had been heard to say was "whiter and shinier than Deacon Brown's bald head, and a considerable more wholesome-looking."

"I rather think you know, Huldah, why I stick round in this 'ere way," he continued; "and if you really want me to tell you the story over again, I am just as ready now as I've been any time these last twenty years."

"Oh, get out!" replied Huldah, making an unnecessary racket with her scive against the side of the milk-pan. "Throw an armful of wood into that oven, if you want to do something. I ain't got no time to listen to stories."

Seth grinned again, and without stopping to reply—though his great mouth was eloquent with words, which Huldah might have seen, had she looked at him, were only postponed—arose and did as he was bid. Mechanically and abstractedly, he threw piece after piece of the dry, split wood into the brick oven, until Huldah, alarmed at the blaze which shot out from its mouth, thrust him quickly one side, and, with a long poker, separated the burning mass.

"Well, I should like to know, Seth Smith," she exclaimed, as she finished, "what you thought you wor doing? Ask a man to help you, and if he don't set the house a-fire, 'tain't his fault."

"You're more scared than hurt, Huldah," Seth replied, coolly. "What shall I do now—stir the pumpkin for you?"

"No, you won't do anything of the sort," his companion answered. "If there's one thing that I hate above another, it's to have a man fussing about my cooking."

"I made my own pie last Thanksgiving," said Seth, with unintended pathos.

"More shame for you," replied Huldah. "There worn't anybody to blame but yourself it you did, for you know that I'd a come over and made 'em for you. All I wanted was an invitation."

"Why, I've invited you to come and stay hundreds of times," said Seth, in the same pathetic manner.

"Well, suppose you have," was the irritated response. "I should like to know how you think Miss Caroline would get along without me? I've been in this kitchen a good many years, Seth Smith, and the folks that I've served are all gone now, 'cept Miss Caroline, and I wouldn't give her the slip for a hundred men, no, not for a thousand! So, you can put that in your pipe and smoke it as quick as you're a mind to."

"That's the kind of tobacco I've been smoking ever since I can remember, Huldah," said Seth, with a comical grin, but in a minor key for all that; "but I've kinder thought that mebbe what you wouldn't do for a regiment, you might some time see your way to do for the man you know you love, Huldah, whatever you may say and——"

"Rake them coals again, Seth!" broke in Huldah, with a well-feigned interest in the oven. "At this rate, I don't believe I shall get any baking done to-day!"

"I've tried, lately," Seth began again, quite ignoring the interruption, "to try and put down this feeling that there couldn't nothing come on, but I might as well try to make myself over into a handsome man, Huldah, as to stop thinking of you!"

"Well, there wor a time, Seth," said Huldah, as she stirred the sugar and spice into the golden pumpkin, and taking on a more confidential tone, "that I wor willing to own up I was tempted."

"When was that, Huldah?" inquired Seth, with a sigh, though his eyes were dancing with fun.

"When you got home from the war, and had to go on crutches then for a spell," cried Huldah. "Then it seemed to me it wor my duty to take care of you; and I remember well the day I'd made up my mind to say so. I was looking up the road expecting to see you come hippity-hopping down as you had been doing, when lo! and behold! there you wor as fine as a fiddle, without any crutches at all, and walking almost as spry as you do this minute."

"I give 'em up before I really ought to, Huldah," said Seth, "because I thought you hated the sight of 'em; and now I find, when it is too late, that they were my best friends. They're up in the garret now, and I'll get 'em out if you say so."

"Don't be a fool!" said Huldah, with a snap. "I just wanted you to get it into that thick head of yourn, that if you needed me you'd have me in spite of anybody in the created world. Stir up them coals again!"

Once more Seth did as he was told, and as he raked the glowing embers, the door opened, and Miss Caroline, the mistress of this great house and sole heiress of one of the richest estates in Massachusetts, walked into the kitchen. She might have been thirty, and even more, but she looked about twenty-three or four, with her fresh, almost childish complexion, light brown hair and beautiful gray eyes, with their long, dark, sweeping lashes. She was a little above medium height, and in face and figure was the very personification of grace and delicacy. Caroline Wyndham could never be called pretty, but she was as handsome and as proud a woman as ever walked the earth.

"So Seth is tormenting you again, is he, Huldah?" the lady inquired, laughingly. "You were so quiet down here, that I didn't know but that you had forgotten all about Thanksgiving preparations?"

"Now, Miss Caroline," said Huldah, annoyed as much as she could be with the mistress she was so fond of.

"I've been talking kinder serious to Huldah," Seth broke in, "but I can't see that it has amounted to anything."

"Keep it up," Miss Caroline replied. "There is nothing tells in this world like determination! It is very strange that Huldah holds out so against becoming Mrs. Smith;" and now the lady brought a spoon and tasted of the cook's pumpkin mixture, which was almost ready to be poured into the pie-plates. "A little more sugar, Huldah," she continued, and then, with another laughing glance at the awkward lover, who stood with his back against the kitchen door, added: "Why, Seth, I should have been obliged to give in with half as much coaxing as Huldah has had."

"There are some folks you know, Miss Caroline, who are too proud to beg," said Seth, with a quick look at the lady; "but I'm glad I ain't ashamed to hang on to what I want. Huldah has been telling me that if I'd been obliged to go on crutches a little while longer, she'd had to give in." Miss Caroline turned away, and looked out of the window, but not before Seth had seen the color fade out of her face, and a little shiver creep over her supple figure. "I was down to Boston yesterday, Miss Caroline," Seth continued, carelessly.

"Well, I suppose Boston is as well as usual," the lady replied, with a poor attempt at facetiousness.

"Lively as ever," Seth responded. "I run up to the West End to see how Colonel Lovell was getting along. I always like to call on him whenever I get the chance."

If Miss Caroline imagined that Seth was going to volunteer any more information she was certainly disappointed. After a pause of a few seconds, she remarked, with apparently very little interest in what she was talking about: "I suppose the colonel is still improving? At least, I've been told he was doing very well."

"Oh, they are all fools," Seth replied, angrily. "The colonel can walk round his room a little with crutches, and that's something he never expected to do. Just think, twelve years, Miss Caroline, without walking a step, I tell you that last Bull Run give him a dose."

"Isn't *that* better?" the lady inquired, crossly, the blood coming back to her face in a great surge. Some emotion must manifest itself, and, as sometimes happens, in cases where there has had to be great repression, anger is the first to come forward.

"That's better as far as it goes," said Seth; "and the colonel's general health is very bad, and the doctor says if he don't have something to rouse him from the awful fix he's got into, he's a goner. He looks fearful, Miss Caroline. His eyes are as big as saucers, and he's as pale as a ghost."

"Well, we have all got to be ghosts some time," the lady answered, after another pause, and with an assumption of heartlessness which was utterly foreign to her nature.

"I shall be obliged to you, Seth," she continued a moment after, "if you will ask John to saddle Nero. I will be ready in ten minutes."

"You're done it, Seth Smith," said Huldah, in a rage, as her mistress walked out of the kitchen and closed the door. "Going to ride Nero? I don't believe the Old Harry himself has got a horse in his stable that'll come up to Nero for viciousness. If you'd only held your tongue she'd have helped me make some cake, and been as peaceable as you please. Now she's all worked up."

"I'm glad of it," said Seth. "It's time somebody was worked up, and if you could see the colonel you'd think so, too."

"But ain't the colonel as much to blame as Miss Caroline?" Huldah inquired; "and more too. Didn't he break the engagement himself?"

"Yes," said Seth, "of course he did. 'Tisn't likely an honest, square-minded man like Colonel Lovell, would expect a woman to stick to an engagement with a cripple for life, is it? But I'm just as sure as if I'd heard him say so, that he never thought Miss Caroline would take him at his word. She thinks he wanted to get rid of her, so there's a pair of idiots together."

Seth went out to the stable, saddled Nero, and brought him round to the front of the house. Miss Caroline had a scarlet spot on each cheek, as she walked down the hawthorn hedged path to the gate where Seth waited.

"John wasn't anywhere round," said Seth, apologizing, quite humbly, for doing the lady a kindness; "and so I brought the horse round myself. Shall I give you a mount, Miss Caroline?"

"Yes; thank you, Seth," she replied, springing at once to the saddle, and while her companion held the snorting and impatient Nero, Miss Caroline drew on and buttoned her gauntlet gloves.

"I don't know but this beast will be the death of you some time, Miss Caroline!" Seth remarked, as he stepped out of the way of the dangerous hoofs.

"Oh, well," the lady replied, "if he is, there's one good thing, there won't be any one to care very much about it."

This was said with a child's petulance, but the tender look in the deep, gray eyes, and round the lips, which would tremble in spite of all her efforts, touched her companion to the heart.

"Seth," she broke out again, before he could collect his wits to reply, "you are always talking to me or of me, which means the same thing, only it is vastly more disagreeable, about Colonel Lovell, and as if I were in some way responsible for all that has happened to him. Now, I want to tell you one thing, and I hope you will remember it sufficiently to spare me in the future, and it is this: I am no more to blame for Colonel Lovell's being alone and unhappy either in the past or in the present time, than I am for the wounds which have made him an invalid all these years. If he had allowed me, I should have been with him, not as a duty, but because I couldn't be anywhere else in any comfort; but I could not force myself upon Colonel Lovell, Seth. You have heard, of course, that he broke the engagement. I have given everybody to understand this, because I could not allow my friends to suppose that I would be mean enough to desert him in his great affliction. Since this cruel letter, Seth, by means of which he broke his promise and mine, he has never sent me a message or written me a line. Now, do you think you understand the case enough, Seth, to stop speaking of Colonel Lovell to me?"

These last words rang out in such a wail of anguish, that Seth's eyes filled with tears. Miss Caroline gave him no time to reply, for she took up her reins, and Nero and his rider were off like the wind. It wasn't but a few moments before she came galloping back over the meadows, and through the orchard, and so up to the kitchen-door.

"Where's Seth?" she asked of Huldah, reining Nero in with difficulty.

"He didn't come in again after he took the horse round," Huldah replied, and, before she could say any more, Nero was wheeled around and bounding off in the direction of Seth's cottage, a quarter of a mile up the hill.

All that day Miss Caroline was restless and nervous. She was obliged to return without finding Seth, and so she wandered up and down the great house without any apparent motive except to kill time, and when Huldah asked her if she wouldn't help her with the cake, she replied that there was cake enough in the house, and half an hour afterwards entered the kitchen, with her white cooking apron on, to try a new rule.

That evening when Seth came round, Miss Caroline sent for him to come to the library.

"I never thought this morning, Seth, to tell you," she began, with averted face, "that what I said at that time was in the strictest confidence. I rode back to try and find you, for I began to be worried five minutes after I left you."

"I hope you don't think I would ever do anything to hurt you, Miss Caroline?" Seth replied, deprecatingly.

"I didn't think you would *intend* to, Seth," the lady explained, "but I didn't know but your desire to do me a service might render you indiscreet. You understand now, Seth, that your lips are always to be sealed in regard to *that* foolishness?"

"Yes, Miss Caroline," Seth responded. "I'll never speak another word about it as long as I live, unless you give me leave," and here the interview ended.

Seth made desperate love to Huldah the remainder of that evening, every once in a while bursting out into the most unexpected fits of laughter, and these spasms were so contagious that Huldah found herself joining in, without an idea of what she was laughing about.

"Say, Huldah," Seth remarked, just as he was leaving. "I want you to promise me one thing."

"I'll see," said Huldah.

"I want you to give me your sacred word of honor that if Colonel Lovell and Miss Caroline ever get married, you'll marry me the same day."

"Lor, yes!" Huldah laughed, "and I'll do better than that, Seth. I'll promise to be your wife the day Colonel Lovell steps foot into this house, or the day Miss Caroline steps foot in his."

"All right," said Seth, "but suppose he is brought in, instead of stepping in?"

"I don't care a hang how he comes," Huldah replied, "but that day shall see you and me one, and I'm safe enough in promising it, too, Seth Smith."

Seth walked off still laughing, and Miss Caroline, as she sat before the library fire, felt more alone than ever. Within the past five years her father, mother, and sister had been taken away by death, and to-night of all nights since those terrible events, she seemed to herself most wretched and lonely.

The next day but one was Thanksgiving, and Miss Caroline nerved herself to meet this holiday with all the courage and philosophy she could bring to her aid. There used to be great feasting and merriment in the Wyndham mansion on such occasions, but the mistress of this beautiful home could not bring herself yet to open its doors for the old-fashioned hospitalities.

"I was in hopes you wouldn't cry to-day," said Huldah, Thanksgiving morning, as her mistress entered the dining room. "Goodness me! my muffins are as light as feathers, and the coffee is unusual good, and seems to me this last ham we cut beats the rest all holler! Now, I'm going to broil you a nice bit of tenderloin. Say, don't cry—there's a dearie!" and Huldah patted Miss Caroline's shoulder and wept herself, as she tried to comfort her mistress. "You're got a heap to be thankful for, Miss Caroline, after all," Huldah added, with a little protest in her voice.

"Yes, I know it," replied Miss Caroline, wiping her eyes. "I have muffins and ham to be thankful for, and a little more money and land than my neighbors," she added, bitterly, and then: "I don't mean that I haven't anything, Huldah, for as long as I have you, I can't be quite desolate."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Huldah. "I've got a lump in my throat as big's a loaf of bread!" and, as she left the dining-room, "You know, Miss Caroline, that when I get to sniffling there ain't no stopping me."

Miss Caroline went to church that morning, and as she walked up the aisle to the Wyndham pew, there were no traces of tears on her face, and her bearing was as proud and queenly as if, as many thought, her wealth and position entirely satisfied her. After the service was over she greeted her friends and acquaintances kindly, and then got into her carriage and was driven quickly home.

"Perhaps it would have been better," she moaned to herself, in her great loneliness, "to have taken somebody home to dinner with me. But how could I make them happy with this heavy heart of mine?"

When the carriage stopped at the front gate, Seth was on hand to open the door.

"Good sermon, Miss Caroline?" he asked.

"I don't know, Seth," she answered, "for I believe I didn't hear a word of it."

"That's a pretty way to go to church!" her companion laughed, and added, carelessly, "Say, Miss Caroline, you've got company to dinner to-day."

"How many?" the lady asked, in an absent sort of a way.

"Only one, Miss Caroline," Seth replied, "and he's making himself easy afore the library-fire. You needn't be in a hurry, if you've got any fixing up to do."

Just here Seth dodged round the corner of the house, and when Miss Caroline called upon him to come back he didn't reply, and the lady walked into the house like one in a dream. Very slowly and deliberately she removed her things, and then stepped into the parlor, which room communicated with the library. The folding-doors were partly open, and the first thing that met the lady's longing eyes were a pair of crutches standing in an angle of the mantel. A little further, and there, in her favorite lolling-chair, reclined the man whom all those long years she had so faithfully loved. Her step was as light as a fawn's, but Colonel Lovell heard it, and was prepared for her coming. Stepping behind his chair, Miss Caroline placed a tender hand on each of his cheeks, and kissing his forehead said, softly, between a sob and a laugh:

"My dear, I thank God you have come at last."

Kneeling beside him with her fair head on his breast, and his loving arms round her, the colonel said: "Seth brought me to dine with you. Did you know it, my darling?"

"And you shall never, never go away," Miss Caroline replied; "until you are strong and well again, and take me with you."

"Shall I not?" he answered. "Do with me what you please, and God knows I shall be satisfied."

Just here there was a knock on the door, and Seth and Huldah entered arm-in-arm.

"I just come up," said Seth, with his usual promptitude; "to tell you that Huldah and me wor going to be spliced this afternoon, and to ask you if the parson mightn't just as well kill two birds with one stone?"

Miss Caroline lifted a blushing, laughing face to her lover's, but replied quite clearly: "It seems to me that would be an excellent plan!"

"Is it not a shame?" the colonel began—but a little hand was placed over his mouth, and the sentence was never finished.

"Well, Seth has come it over me this time awful," said Huldah; "but I gave my word, and I can't go back on it."

"You were wiser than I, Seth," said Miss Caroline; "and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."

"And I," said the colonel.

That evening there were two weddings at the Wyndham mansion.

Did the colonel get well?

Of course he did.

THE UTE TROUBLES.

THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY AFTER THE MASSACRE.

AS a matter of historic interest, we give on page 239 a map of the White River Agency Farm which has acquired such general notoriety in connection with the massacre of the Indian Agent Meeker and the subsequent troubles with the Utes. Our special artist and correspondent, in his description of the farm, says: "A year ago, when the writer last visited this agency to make a treaty with this tribe for the Ute Peace Commission with which he was connected, the agency was some fifteen miles up the river at the mouth of a large cañon. The occupation of this valley, which contains some 300 acres, for agricultural purposes, was then mentioned by Mr. Meeker, and fiercely opposed by Jack

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and other chiefs. After the conclusion of the treaty they entered against it a strong protest which they wished to have stated to the 'Great Father.' The removal was consummated during the past Summer, the Indians maintaining constant opposition. In this a squaw named 'Jane' was foremost, seconded by Johnson, a sub-chief and bad man, to pacify whom Mr. Meeker had a log-house built near the farm. Jane's ideas of farming were rather 'mixed'—somewhat communistic, in fact. Mr. Meeker stated last Fall that in the Spring she had planted some potatoes in the river bottom, and going away with her chief, hunting, the employés had attended to them all Summer and had gathered a good crop, for which, on her return, she *demanded and received payment*. From the letter of Miss Josephine Meeker just published, we learn that Jane was the instigator of the late troubles at the farm. While breaking the 'plowed ground' seen in the plan, Johnson shot at the employés and work was in consequence stopped. The mow and storehouse (C) and the house of Johnson were the only buildings not burned."

The illustration of the ruins of the White River Agency, on page 245, presents a vivid idea of the utter desolation of the place after the fire and massacre by the Utes. The scene on the arrival of the troops under General Merritt, practically beggared description. Our correspondent writes:

"Everywhere murder, theft and arson had held high carnival. Many of the savages, it appears from the narrative of Miss Meeker, were drunk at the time of the outbreak, having obtained arms, ammunition and whisky from white men trading secretly on the reservation. The Agent and employés were forced from cover by the murderous redskins, who set all the buildings on fire except the one which is seen standing in the picture. Escaping and fleeing towards the timbered river bank, nearly in the south, they were shot down and stripped of their clothing. The troops buried them as they were found, making headboards and inscriptions thereon, as best they could without tools, of the remnants of old lumber. The corpses had lain exposed for some time, and some of them had been mutilated by wolves and coyotes. The scene affected even the stoutest hearted soldier, and an advocate of a peace commission would have ill fared with his comrades. Huge piles of ashes, charred timbers, broken and burned machinery and farm implements, remnants of the ladies' sewing machines, crockery that rivals in antique appearance the Di Cesnola Collection, melted glass from the store of medicines, broken stoves and household ornaments of the Meeker family, the locks of Winchester carbines, used in killing cattle; slates and slate-pencils, for use at the schools; table cutlery, coils of wire-rope, for the fence about the farm; great saws, blacksmithing tools, and a thousand articles lie around, charred, bent or burned in a general wreck. Scattered about here and there are the graves of the murdered men, making the scene utterly horrible. Standing solitary and alone is the large house of issue. It was spared solely because the Indians wanted its contents. When they could no longer carry flour away, and the troops were advancing, they sacked the building and emptied the flour over the floor and the ground without, bestrewing it with filth. The vegetables and crops are still upon the farm, awaiting a gatherer. Instead of the harvest of peace the harvest of death has come, and cruel barbarism has swept all civilization away."

On page 244 we give an illustration of the residence of Johnson, a prominent leader in the Ute outbreak. "He shot at the employés while plowing, some 300 yards below his house, and thus stopped farming operations. Outside the farm, which was inclosed with a wire fence, Johnson had, also, a fine corral for his ponies, etc.—being honored more than the rest of the tribe—in order to pacify him. When he signed the treaty made for the Ute Peace Commission last Fall, Mr. Meeker was greatly astonished, and told the writer that it was the only paper he had signed since he had been in charge of the agency. Johnson is the incarnation of savage treachery, and, as now appears, most brutally assaulted Mr. Meeker in his office three months before the outbreak, knocking him down and trampling upon him."

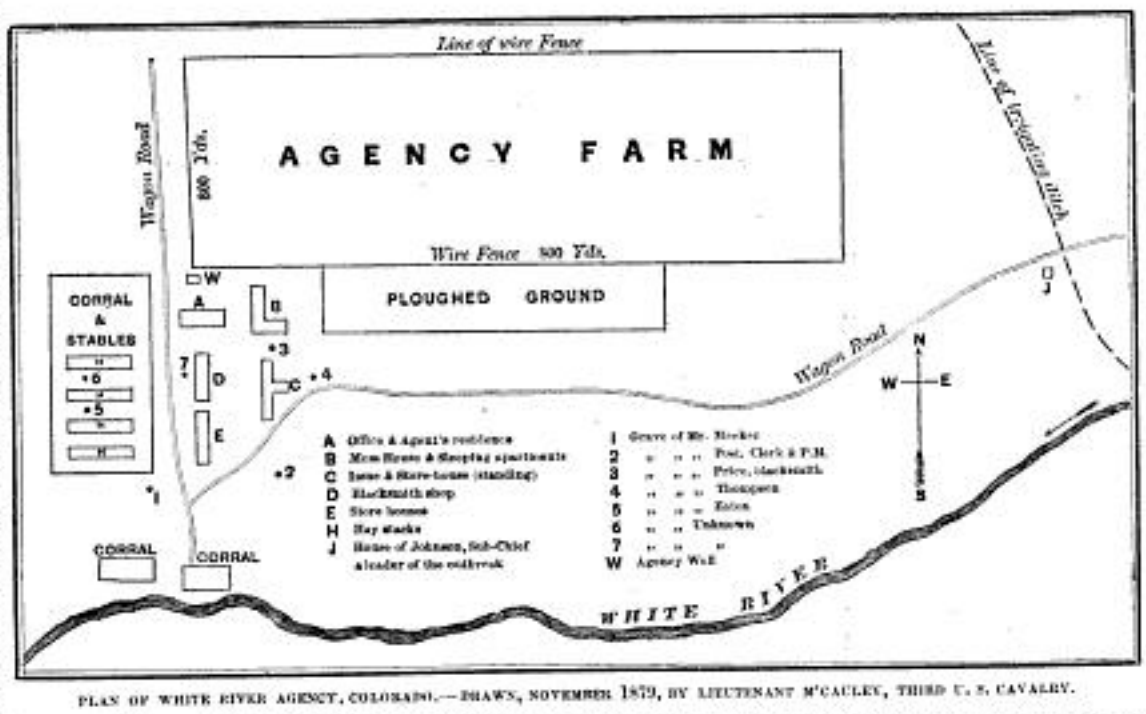
We present, also, an illustration of the residence of Ouray, where the Peace Commission to settle the Indian troubles has been in session. "This Commission consists of General Edward Hatch, U. S. A., for the War Department; General Charles Adams, Interior Department; and Ouray, chief of the Tabequache Utes, on behalf of the Ute Nation. The ranche, or home, consists of a large farm in the valley of the Uncompahgre River, nine miles above the 'Los Pinos' or Uncompahgre Agency. There are eight buildings in all, constructed mainly of adobe or mud bricks, with dirt roofs, excepting the residence of Ouray himself (Fig. A in the picture), which has a fine roof of shingles. This building has several rooms well furnished, carpeted, etc. The chief employs upon his large farm a number of Mexican laborers, who also have the care of his stock, consisting of sheep, horses, etc. In traveling through the country, to and from the railroads, he uses a carriage which was presented to him several years ago by Governor Mcllook, of Colorado. Upon a large area under cultivation, he produces quantities of corn, potatoes, etc., for which he has a number of storehouses contiguous to his residence. Ouray speaks English well, and Spanish fluently, the latter being his favorite language with visitors. He is a born leader of men, is a natural orator and of great ability, and well known as the best living friend of the whites among the Indian race. He is, moreover, wealthy and has a bank account in Denver."

Two additional illustrations on page 244 represent incidents of the campaign—a Government scout, and the ubiquitous correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who caught up with a party with which the writer was traveling, all en route to "the front." Armed like every one else in this "bad lojus country," he rode by in blissful ignorance of the immortality awaiting him in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

"Pending the labors of the Peace Commission, whose decision will scarcely be known before the latter part of November, by which time the mountain trails will all be blocked with the snow, and the hostile Indians, in scattered bands, be secure in remote mountain fastnesses, subsisting on game and flour stolen from the agency. Pending the long waiting, General Merritt keeps up a ceaseless watch, not being allowed by his orders to pass south of White River. Picket posts and stations of cavalry and infantry surround the camp in all directions. The Indians are on the lookout as well, their advance picket being within twelve to fifteen miles of the troops, while daily they may be seen at an afternoon hour in bold relief against the clear sky upon a mountain summit about nine miles distant from our own stations. All movements they signal by puffs of smoke and in other ways, having a regular signal code."

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, colonel of the Fifth Cavalry, graduated from West Point in July, 1860. He was made a captain in the Second Cavalry in April, 1862, and on June 29th, 1863, was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers. During the Pennsylvania campaign, of that year, he was in command of the Reserve Cavalry Brigade, participating in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, and in the pursuit of the enemy to Warrenton, Pa. For gallant and meritorious services at Gettysburg, he was made brevet major. From November, 1863, to April 19th, 1864, he was in command of the Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac, taking part in the operations in Central Virginia during that period. In the Richmond campaign he commanded the Reserve Cavalry Brigade, and had a part in "Sheridan's Raid" and all the important engagements of that year. Made brevet lieutenant-colonel, in May, 1864, he was, seventeen days later, appointed brevet colonel, for gallantry at the battle of Hawes's Shop, Va. Later, he had charge of the Cavalry Division in the Shenandoah campaign, participating in the encounters at Stone Chapel, Cedarville, Kernanstown, Bunker Hill, Opequan Creek, Luray, Cedar Creek and other points. In the final campaign against Richmond he was at the head of the Cavalry Division, and in March, 1865, was made brevet major-general, United States Army, for "gallant and meritorious services during the campaign ending with the surrender of the insurgent army of Northern Virginia." Subsequently he served as chief of cavalry of the Military Division of the Southwest, and was for a time in command of the cavalry of the Department of Texas, and the Military Division of the Gulf. In July, 1866, he was made lieutenant-colonel of the Ninth Cavalry, and ten years later, in June, 1876, was appointed colonel of the Fifth Cavalry, which have borne so honorable a part in the recent Ute disturbances. Few officers have a finer record than General Merritt, and it is quite certain that if he shall be compelled to fight the malcontent Indians, he will strike with a decision and force which will compel speedy submission.



PLAN OF WHITE RIVER AGENCY, COLORADO.—DRAWN, NOVEMBER 1879, BY LIEUTENANT M'CAULEY, THIRD U. S. CAVALRY.

The National Finances.

THE annual report of the Treasurer of the United States shows the aggregate of coin and bullion to have increased from $61,452,456 in 1876 to $114,464,392 in 1877, to $161,909,444 in 1878, and to $222,867,368 in 1879. The decrease in the aggregate note assets is shown to have been gradual, as follows: In 1876, $98,419,685; in 1877, $107,664,287; in 1878, $88,772,980, and in 1879, $59,699,090. A statement of the assets and liabilities of the Government, October 31st, 1879, shows the following aggregates: Assets, $274,867,374; liabilities, $123,820,330; amount available for resumption, $151,047,044. Accompanying the Treasurer's report are statements by the Assistant-Treasurer at Boston for the fiscal year, and at New York for the nine months ending September 30th, showing the transactions of their respective offices. At Boston the receipts were $110,003,925, and the disbursements $102,301,116. At New York the receipts were $1,080,303,566, and the disbursements $926,702,915. The transactions with the National banks of New York, on account of refunding of the public debt, are shown to have involved an amount of $2,650,638,300.

The aggregate of the estimates for expenses of the various departments of the Government for 1881 is $136,347,129. The total amount appropriated by Congress for the current fiscal year was $102,404,648, which included $25,000,000 for arrears of pensions, and about $3,000,000 for the District of Columbia. No estimates for either of these purposes are submitted in the book of estimates this year.

Cetewayo Sits for his Photograph

THE following account of the photographing of Cetewayo on board the *Natal* is furnished, by the operators, to a Cape Town paper: "Having placed everything in readiness, we informed the King through his interpreter that we were ready, and received the answer that the King was 'going to sleep' and did not wish to be disturbed. After a while we could hear him speak, so we once more informed him that we were waiting for him. He did not seem inclined to appear, and Captain Poole thought it best to give him some inducement to do so, which was accomplished by catching a fish. This made him come out at once, and after some palaver the King was persuaded to seat himself near the compass, with his back against the rudder-wheel. He appeared to be very nervous and requested that it might be done at once in order to have it over. He seemed to dread the camera and did not like the look of the lens. We succeeded, however, in getting our first double negative. He was more at ease when he found that it was done without his being hurt; but, in order to show him what we were doing, Commander Caffyn showed a photo of Umbulazana to Cetewayo, at which he seemed pleased, and at once disrobed himself of his blanket to show his figure, of which he appears to be very proud. We succeeded in taking a second double negative, and then he stoutly refused to have any more taken. We were at that time not certain of success, as the ship was rolling; it was raining all the while, and our negatives were finished only partially in order to obtain as many negatives as possible while the King was in a good mood. After that came the King's wives; they appeared eager to be photographed, and after they had been placed in position we requested the King to sit in the centre of the group, which he declined to do, saying that he had to undergo it alone and they would have to do the same. Upon his being told that we wished to have him in the middle, he answered that we could cut the photos and then place him wherever we liked. He would not sit again, so we contented ourselves with taking two more double negatives of his wives while he was smoking his cigarette, and this finished our day's work, leaving the King on deck trying his hand at fish-catching."

Japanese Ingenuity.

JAPAN is equal to Yankeedom in ingenuity. An English patentee sent a Jordan rock-drill to the stone quarry region of Iinkasima, where its success promised large orders for more. On a visit to Nagasaki fair he was amazed to find an exact copy of his machine, perfectly constructed, with information that a great many of them were made at the Government works in Akemonan for ten per cent. of his price. We get from this an idea that may check extravagant calculations of our manufactures of any kind finding an extensive market in the East. Japan will, no doubt, supply all Asiatic ports after this fashion. Moreover, the Japanese are given to improving on our make. When Commodore Perry presented a box of Sharp's rifles to Japan our Government quickly received in return a like box from Japan, supposed to be the same rifles not accepted. But Mr. Sharp instantly perceived a great improvement, which he had tried for years to invent without success.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Off to Siberia.

A few weeks ago we gave a view of a batch of Nihilist prisoners on their way from the State prison in St. Petersburg to exile in Siberia. Thousands of prisoners have thus left their homes this year for that dread northern clime, and during last Summer so fewer than 10,417 were drafted off to Siberia from the Central Prison of Moscow, which appears to be a species of depot for political exiles. In leaving large cities like St. Petersburg, prisoners are chained with their hands behind their back, except in the case of men marked "dangerous." These have to wear leg-chains of four pounds weight all the way. Nobody may approach them.

The Floods in Spain.

On the night of October 14th the rivers Mundo and Segura, swollen by heavy rains (and, it is also thought, by a large waterspout, as the water was slightly saline), flooded the populous and fertile valley in the province of Murcia, in southeastern Spain, destroying villages wholesale, wrecking crops and farms, and converting the plain, for a stretch of thirty leagues, into a lake. The towns of Murcia, Orihuela and Lorca were invaded at night by the waters, which extinguished the gas, overwhelmed churches and houses, and by its sudden onset created a perfect panic. The authorities attempted to grapple with the disaster without delay, and at once took steps to rescue the inhabitants by torchlight, and to provide succor and shelter for the sufferers, temporary accommodation being provided in the public buildings and the Bishop's palace, while boats collected persons who had fled to the upper stories. The King at once proceeded to the scene of the disaster, and distributed large sums of money to the sufferers, and large subscription lists were at once set on foot throughout the country, the appeals being readily responded to by all classes.

Return of the Amnesties.

The last vessel from New Caledonia with pardoned Communists on board was the *Calvador*, which has transported to Port Vendres the greater part of the whole number amnestied. The engraving shows the dock of the lower battery, where a kind of cage-work was erected for the more hot-headed men whom, it was feared, might attempt a revolt during the passage. Upon their arrival at Port Vendres, as at Paris, the men were received with marked demonstrations by relatives, friends, and politicians.

The Royal Spanish Wedding.

The ceremony of demanding the hand of the Archduchess Christine, of Austria, in marriage with King Alfonso of Spain, took place at Vienna on October 21st, at the imperial palace. General Duke de Bailen, a grandee of Spain of the first class, was the envoy extraordinary of the King, and, after a variety of court ceremonials, made the demand of the Archduchess. On his return to Spain the Duke received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Etienne.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Belgian Government has purchased the railway from Antwerp to Rotterdam.

—CALIFORNIA apples are being exported to New Zealand, where they are preferred to those from other quarters.

—Two hundred and thirty-three more immigrants from Germany, Austria and England have arrived at Galveston, Texas.

—THE German Minister of War has ordered a survey of the Baltic coast, to report what additional defenses are necessary.

—MONDAY, November 17th, was the five hundred and seventy second anniversary of the declaration of independence of Switzerland.

—THE King of Belgium has offered a prize of 25,000 francs for the best essay on "The Development of the Commercial Relations of Belgium."

—THE tide of immigration now pushing into Kansas in wagons is larger than ever known before. They are destined for Western Kansas principally.

—THIS year's crop of Louisiana sugar will realize $25,000,000 to that industry in that State, and it is expected that next season will see plantations in cultivation that have been waste places for years.

—IT is estimated that the net receipts from cotton sold in the Southern States during October will amount to from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 more than was realized during the same month last year.

—THE Agricultural Bureau reports an improvement in cotton during October, but the yield will only be 176 pounds per acre compared with 191 last year. The wheat crop will be 26,000,000 bushels larger than last year.

—THE former Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* has sunk off the Island of Socotra, in the Indian Ocean. The date of the disaster is unknown. Most of the crew were drowned. The *Shenandoah* belonged to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

—ANOTHER large mill to manufacture several varieties of cotton cloth is projected in Augusta, Ga., and large subscriptions to the stock of the company have already been made. Augusta promises to become the Lowell of the South.

—THE practicability of establishing an ocean route for trade purposes from Fort Nelson in the Northwest Territories to Europe, by way of Hudson Straits and Bay, is likely to receive the consideration of the Dominion Government.

—IN all, forty-nine Afghans have been hanged for complicity in the massacre of the British Embassy. It is reported that trouble is apprehended in the Ghilzai country. One of the Khans and his brother are inciting insurrection in Kohistan.

—IN 1878 Nevada yielded, in round numbers, $35,000,000 in precious metal; California, $19,000,000; Utah, $6,000,000; Arizona, $2,500,000; Idaho, $2,000,000; British Columbia, $1,400,000; Oregon, $1,200,000; Washington, $100,000.

—SHIPBUILDING on the Clyde appears to be lively. The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique have ordered ten new steamers, eight of which are to be constructed on the Clyde. All are to be of about 1,700 tons burden, 360 feet in length, and have engines for a very high rate of speed.

—GOVERNMENT schools for practical military instruction of officers of infantry are to be opened, January 7th, 1880, at Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St. John's and New Brunswick. They are to be maintained during a period of two months, provided enough candidates come forward for instruction.

—A LOCAL revolution has occurred in Chihuahua, Mexico, against the State Government. The Pronunciados have occupied the capital and captured the Governor with all the State officials. General Trevino, at the head of the necessary forces, has left Saucatecas, and is marching on Chihuahua to put down the revolution.

—AFTER being closed for five years the oldest, most famous and most lucrative iron works in the British empire have been set agoing by Messrs. Crawshay at Merthyr Tydvil. This is a tremendous event in the principality. Mr. Crawshay, who died some months ago, vowed that he would never reopen the works on account of the misconduct of his men in trying times.

—THE report of the year's work by the United States Fish Commission shows that great progress has been made in distributing the German carp through the Southern States; the pole-flounder and tile-fish have been added to the food fishes of the Atlantic; and the experiments in hatching codfish have been so successful that the Commission hopes to restock the waters of New England coast, and also to extend the range of the cod a long way toward the South.

—IN his annual report Postmaster-General Key recommends to Congress to appropriate the necessary funds to enable him to make contracts with American steamship lines for carrying mails to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. He says that his reasons for doing this are primarily to promote American commerce, encourage American shipbuilding, and establish such postal facilities as will bring the countries named into closer relations with the United States.

—THE more prominent landlords in Ireland are recognizing the difficult positions occupied by their tenantry, and among the number is the Earl of Rosebery, who has published a notice to his tenantry remitting twenty-five per cent. from their rents. It is believed that a satisfactory adjustment of the Irish land question is in progress, and that the Government is more ready than ever before to co-operate with the landlords and the Irish members of Parliament to effect this result.

—IT is assumed by the Director of the Mint, in his annual report, that the annual consumption in the United States of precious metals in all forms for manufacturing purposes averages seven millions of gold and five millions of silver. The total amount of gold coin in the country on the 30th of June last is estimated at $286,490,678, and of silver, $112,050,985. Since the close of the last fiscal year to November 1st, the imports of coin and bullion and the domestic coinage have increased the amounts to $300,750,497 gold and $121,456,355 silver.

—THERE was recently on exhibition at Portland, Oregon, a botanical wonder, known as the "baby plant," and said to be indigenous to Japan. The flower is star-shaped, having five petals of a handsome brown-and-yellow color. The calyx encircles and protects a tiny little figure that bears an exact resemblance to a nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched and the eyes distinctly marked. Hovering over this diminutive form is a small canopy, angel shaped, having extended arms and wings, and peering closely into the face of the infant. The family of plants of which the "baby" is a member produce perfect imitations, if such they can be designated, of different animals, insects and birds. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, has one of the latter varieties, for which $300 was paid. The plant grows to be about three feet in height, when fully matured, and when in full bloom will look like a shipwrecked hand-ling hospital.

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A FAIR ASSISTANT.



EXTERIOR OF FAIR-GROUNDS ON THE OPENING DAY.



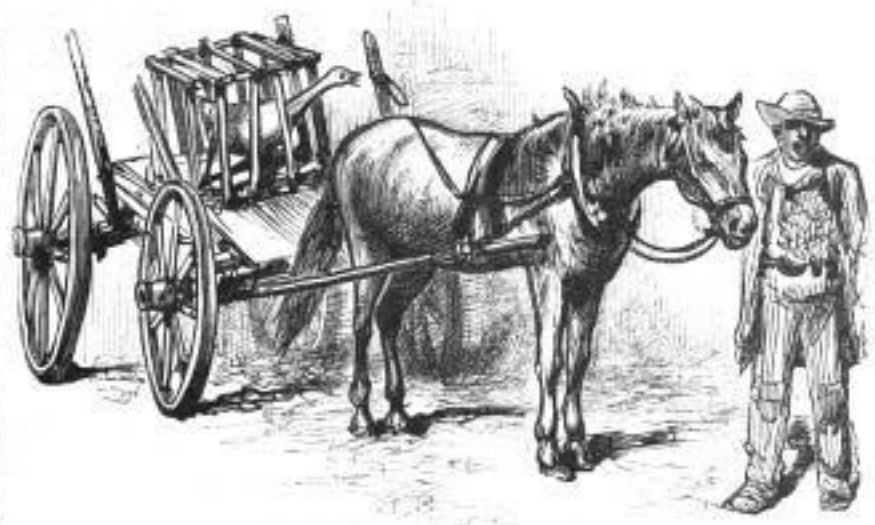
SCENE IN FLORAL HALL.



BOUND FOR THE FAIR.



INTENDING EXHIBITORS BRINGING IN LIVE-STOCK AND POULTRY.



WAITING TO MAKE AN ENTRY.



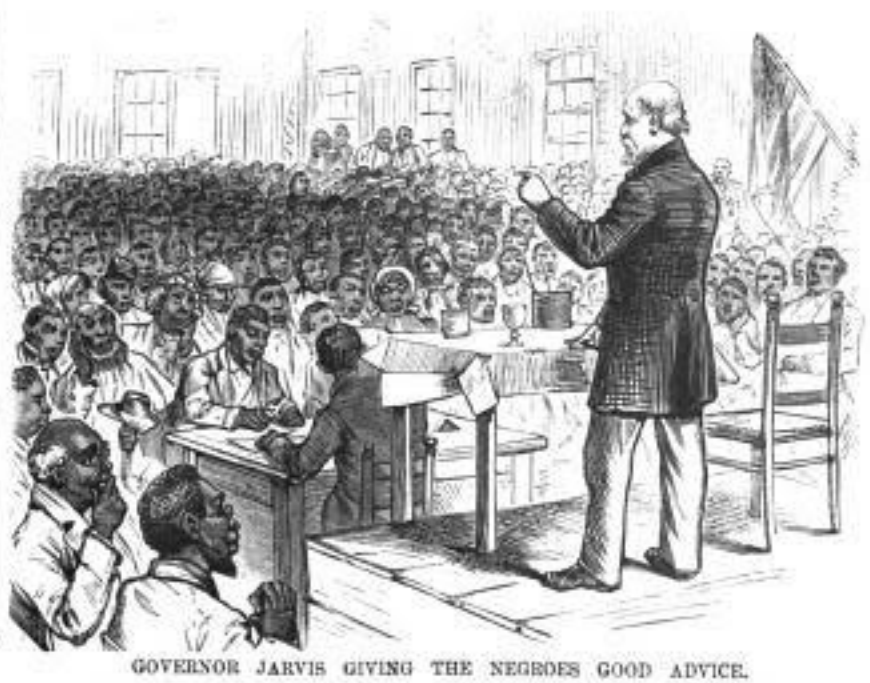
MODEL OF A NEW YORK MANSION.



SUNBONNETS AT THE FAIR.



ROLLING THE RACE-TRACK.

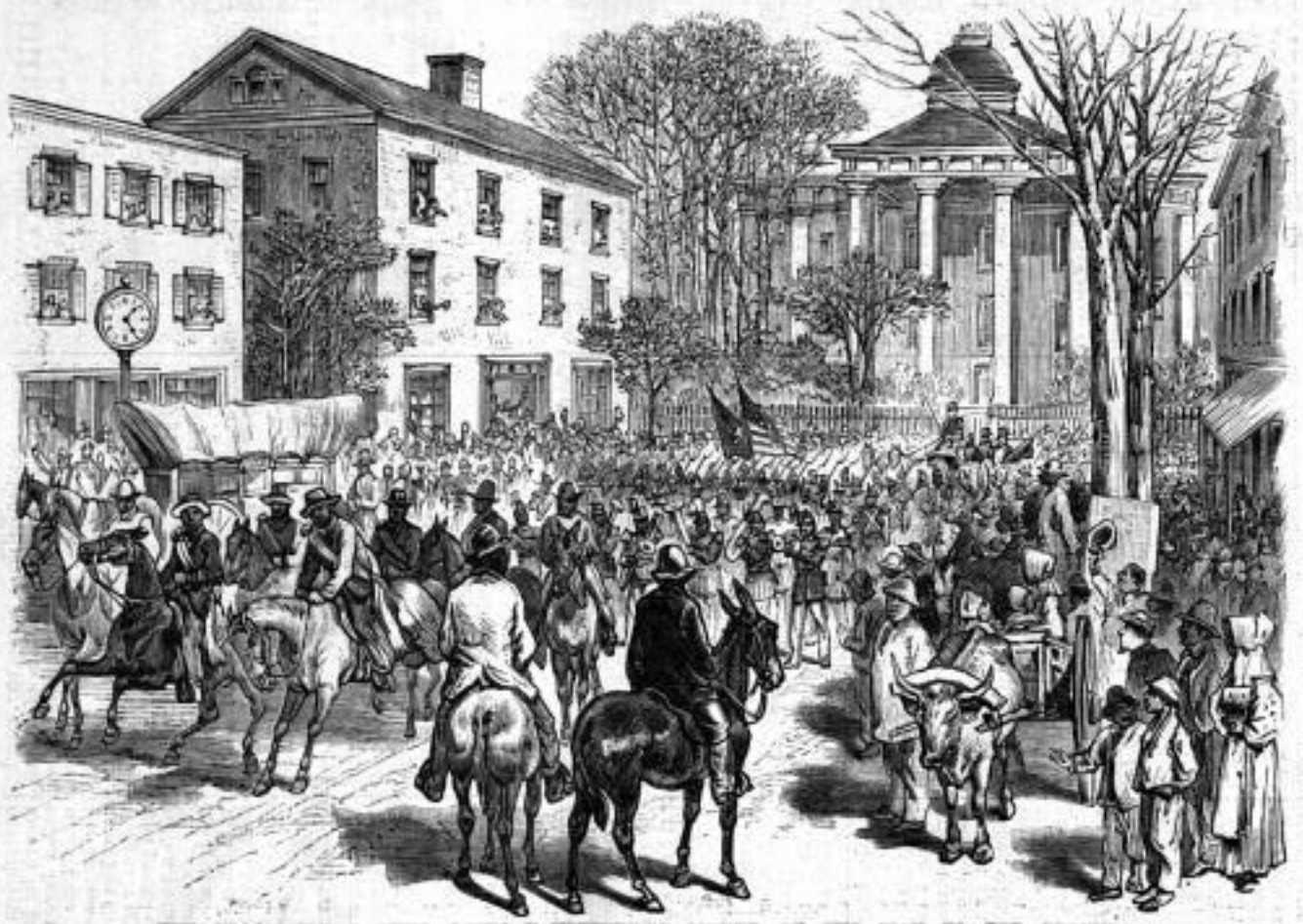


GOVERNOR JARVIS GIVING THE NEGROES GOOD ADVICE.

NORTH CAROLINA.—FIRST GRAND FAIR OF THE NORTH CAROLINA (COLORED) INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, HELD AT RALEIGH, NOVEMBER 17TH, 18TH, 19TH AND 20TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 242.

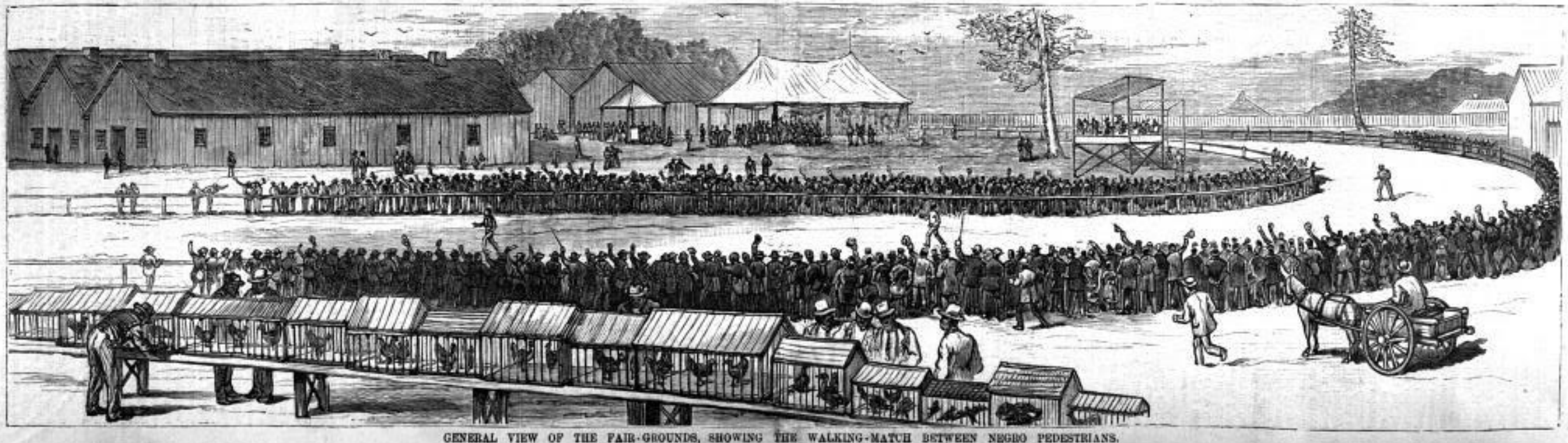
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THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN FAYETTEVILLE STREET, ON THE WAY TO THE GROUNDS.



EXHIBITORS MAKING ENTRIES AT THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAIR-GROUNDS, SHOWING THE WALKING-MATCH BETWEEN NEGRO PEDESTRIANS.

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THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER VII.—THE DOG HOWLS.

"DAT dog he got an awful bark," muttered a portly negress, as she emerged from the great kitchen to the back porch for the twentieth time, and, with a stamp of the foot and a most emphatic growl, shook her fist in the direction of the canine kennel. Her perplexity and disquietude had quite another cause, aside from her own annoyance. The dog might have howled into midnight so far as she was concerned, but her little miss, who had but recently recovered from a serious illness, was fretting her life out—so Desire, the nurse, said—because the dog would howl.

"No use, Aunt Roxy," said a light mulatto, who was wiping dishes at a side table; "dat ar critter knows somethin's gwine to happen. I ain't heerd him take on so since Miss July died."

"Don't be a fool, gal," retorted the cook, "you has your signs for everything, and nuthin' don't happen, after all, out of the sperial way. What's your trust in Providence, I'd like to know? Dogs ain't human critters—how's they gwine to tell when trouble is coming? Shouldn't wonder, though, of 'twas; massa gits wilder an' wilder, an' if somefin don't come to stop them drinkin' bouts, we's all bound to go to de debil togedder. Dar he sets to-night wid Massa Colonel Wilde, drinkin' brandy and playing cards, and de ole house is gwine to rack and ruin. Blessed Lord an' Marster knows Miss Eve got a hard life-afore her, poor lily."

At that moment a distant laugh sounded. It came from the saloon-parlor at the right of the main entrance, where Colonel Lewin and Colonel Wilde sat over cards and wine. The room was long and lofty, richly upholstered with hangings of pale-blue brocade and furniture to match. Colonel Lewin possessed the luxurious tastes of a woman, and though his wife had long been dead, he kept up the style and hospitality of the house, as far as furniture and viands went. Still, comparatively speaking, Colonel Lewin was a poor man, and yearly growing poorer. He had sold the most valuable of his slaves, and from sixty they had dwindled down to ten or twelve, of which nearly half were children.

Colonel Wilde, his intimate and life-long friend, was by far the richer man of the two, yet he did not know of Colonel Lewin's embarrassed circumstances. Wilde was a tall, slender blonde, with slight aristocratic features, a haughty smile and a perfect manner. His voice was very musical, and his words spoken with such precision that one would fancy him a professor of elocution. Colonel Lewin was the exact opposite of his friend, being short, compactly built, his face clean shaven, his eyes black, bright and twinkling, and his talk more careless than his neighbor's. Both were men of fair education and had been born in the purple—that is, to an inheritance of slaves and land. They had, on this particular evening, been talking about the future, dark now with the portents of war. Occasionally a slight cough troubled Colonel Wilde, and when it occurred he frowned, and held his lips tightly, as the exertion cost him a pang.

"You see," he said, throwing down the cards; "I have a presentiment that things are going bad with me. You know how long I have had this cough, and I'm not so strong as I was in the Fall. Don't shake your head—I've had warnings enough. All my family have gone the same way, and I'm not an ostrich to hide my head in the sand and pretend that I don't see. I do know that my doom is settled, and I have only a few years to live at the most."

Then he went on to speak of settlements he had made for his only child, a son. The conversation need not be repeated, only the gist of it, which was that in case anything happened to him, Colonel Lewin was to take the responsibility of Raphael Wilde's education, and to invest certain moneys for him in the North, should any trouble come of the outbreak then pending, or should he die suddenly.

"To tell the truth, I hope my boy will continue his allegiance to his little divinity," he said, laughing. "He inherits his mother's constitution and is as sound as iron. But it is warm in here; suppose we move out to the veranda and smoke there."

The two stepped outside the broad French window, and there found all the appliances of comfort ready to their use. The veranda was fully twenty feet in width, for the house was built by a very rich English exile, something after the fashion of an Italian temple or palace, and neither pains nor money were spared upon its erection. Chairs, tables, divans and footstools were negligently placed around, and no fairer sight could the eye rest upon than the view in the rich soft moonlight, as the friends talked together.

The house was situated in the midst of a fertile, well-wooded tract of land. On one side stood the trees of the forest intact. On the other, one looked down into the heart of a valley, one of the choicest of pastoral landscapes to be seen in the world. Green hills, dark woods and glittering streams; distant stretches of alluvial land, pastures, terraces, bright little rivulets, deep romantic gorges, filled the artistic mind with a pleasure too deep for words.

The clear moonlight brought out into vivid relief the eight Doric columns in front of the portico, the wide stone steps with their marble balustrades, the urns filled with flowers, and, displayed on the wide lawn below, the vases of crystal and marble, fountains, statues, flowers and ornamental *parterres* flaming even now with gorgeous colors. Who would have dreamed that ruin hovered over this palatial house—that before many years, nay, months, its halls might be used by hordes of careless and bitter men, who thought but little of mere ornaments, and laughed to scorn all evidences of an ancestry?

"What a lovely night!" said Colonel Wilde, leaning back in his chair; "ah, what have we here—an angel?"

For at that moment appeared at the French window the portly handsome shape of Maum Desire, and hanging to her clumsy fingers by both small, fairy-like hands, was the slight figure of a child, some nine or ten years of age.

"How came you to bring her down, Dee? She's not fit for the exertion," said Colonel Lewin, as the child stood looking at both gentlemen, with her large, serious, beautiful blue eyes, wider open than usual.

"'Deed, marse, seem's if dis chile's possessed. I can't do nothin' wid her nohow. Fust it's de dog and then it's de moon. But ar dog jes going on howling like's if the bery debil was in he. 'Deed, I'se prayed dat the yeth would open an' swaller him up, or else he'd swaller de yeth—nothing else wouldn't stop him."

"Nonsense," ejaculated the colonel; "let the dog howl, he's talking to the moon, that's all. Come here, Eve—I'm afraid she will catch cold."

"No I won't, papa, only I'm *so* afraid. Old Nance told me that when dogs howled it was a *certain* sign of death," said the child, going slowly forward and nestling in his arms, as he took her light figure on his knee.

"That's the curse of these black creatures," muttered Colonel Lewin, aside; "they fill a child's head with all their ridiculous notions, and spoil them for life, sometimes." Then he added, aloud: "Old Nance knows nothing about it, and you must never heed what she says." Aunt Dee had retreated within the room.

"Oh, but she does, papa; she's the oldest slave in the place; long ago she was a hundred. And she sees ghosts and talks with them, and all sorts of spirits."

"Particularly whisky, which is her favorite drink," laughed her father.

"And she says somebody is *sure* to die when a dog howls like that. There, papa, listen." It certainly was a distinctive, horrible and blood-curdling sound that rang out just then upon the silence; the howl and shriek blended of a spirit in agony.

"Somebody is sure to die, for I'll have Luth killed to-morrow, and so put an end to all his yelping and howling."

"Oh, papa, you mustn't kill Luth! Oh, papa, do not kill him! I love him."

"But we're not going to let him trouble you with foolish and idle fancies, and so make you ill again."

"But I won't mind it—indeed, I won't, papa—only don't kill Luth. I haven't seen him since I was taken sick, and Dee promised me that I should see him to-morrow."

"Very well; if you'll go up to your room and not trouble yourself over the brute's howling, I'll spare his life. But if you fret, I must do my duty. I won't have you worried."

"Papa, I won't mind it any more—indeed I won't—only save poor Luth. I don't suppose he means anything; and I'm sleepy now, I guess; Dee, come and take me."

She sprang from her father's arms as Dee came forward. Her long flaxen tresses, a perfect marvel of luxuriance, shone like silver in the radiant light. Her father let them fall over his arm, as he held it up, and they seemed like melting amber as they slid from his caressing grasp.

"Poor little woman," he said, with a sigh that was almost hopeless, as she disappeared, "no mother to care for her. God help her! These old slaves fill her head with abominable things. I feel like giving old woman Nance a good hiding for her interference, and I'm afraid old Dee isn't much better. But she loves the child to idolatry."

"There is something sinister and unpleasant, if nothing more, in the howl of a dog," said Colonel Wilde, who had been looking on and listening to this little by-play, as he smoked idly. "Say what you will, but just before my wife died, Jenny, our little terrier, lay down before her bedroom-door, and howled and moaned like a lost spirit. Nor would threats or coaxing stop the beast. And then, if you remember the night old Mildmay was killed—it must have been nearly ten years ago—I was waked up in the night by the same horrible noise, and there, under my window, was an immense black dog, and he went on so that I threatened to kill the creature, but my wife would not let me. I remember I threw my bootjack at him, and hit him, too—but he only went off a little ways and kept on howling. Afterwards I heard that it was old Mildmay's dog—and if I had followed the creature the deed might have been prevented. A more harmless, impecunious old fellow than Mildmay never lived, yet it seemed he had his enemies—for he was not killed for gain. I confess I'm rather superstitious myself though I'm half ashamed to own it."

"I'll put Luth in the cellar," said Colonel Lewin, rising, "and then he knows that if he opens his mouth he'll be shot." The two men entered the parlor again, emerged into the hall and passed through the door of a side entrance. A glass door communicating with the kitchen was open, and as they stood there, partially in the shadow, they saw three dusky faces in close proximity, one of which was the withered, ebony framework of old Nance, with its parchment-like skin fretted into a hundred or more wrinkles.

"'Twas jes so afore Miss July died—leave it to my Master in heaven, if it wasn't—and now you'll see—marse'll go next—or else young missee, mark my words. I'se over a hundred, and I knows, chillen."

Colonel Lewin shrugged his shoulders, but nevertheless a quick chill penetrated his veins, though he laughed. Miss July, as the slaves called her, was his wife, and she had died when little Eve was born. He had loved her passionately, and in consequence of his great loss and the shock it gave him, the child had never seemed so welcome or so dear. The men passed out into the yard and were greeted with a peculiarly prolonged howl. Colonel Lewin's face flushed with anger.

"If it were not that my word was passed with Eve, I'd kill that dog for a shilling," he said. Another moment and Luth was thrust growling down into the dark cellar.

CHAPTER VIII.—THEY FIND THE BODY.

THE cigars not being yet consumed, and the exceeding beauty of the night tempting them, the two men walked out into the road, meaning only to take a stroll by what was called the forest-path, a road leading along the outer belt of trees that constituted the forest. This piece of woods, a mile or more in extent, was a part of the family acres, and was called Hood's Retreat, on account of some military chieftain having once lain hiding there during the perilous times of the colonies. The stroll lengthened into a long walk, for the evening was dry and bright, and the path, quite covered with moss and short grass, was softer than the finest carpet.

"There's another abomination," said Colonel Lewin, as he pointed to a high and solemn-looking edifice, which, with its open windows, guiltless of glass, let in the moonbeams on broken rafters, soiled walls and dilapidated staircases. It was the haunted house of the neighborhood. Over a hundred years before, tradition said, a stranger had come to Virginia with a young and beautiful wife, had chosen the most solitary spot in all the neighborhood, and built this house of the most durable materials, keeping his bride at a small hotel while the work was going on. In six months, the house being completed, he furnished it in the most sumptuous manner, and took his bride there. But he never cultivated the neighborhood, and though people lived miles apart, they were very sociable; and the poor young wife, scarcely more than a child, was lonely and heart-sick, in prison, as it were, with her jailer. They were never seen at rural gatherings, never at a church, and, at last, it was whispered about that the woman was insane and the man her keeper. At last people became accustomed to seeing the closed house, and sought no longer to penetrate its secret. Sometimes strange stories were in circulation, as to shrieks having been heard late at night, and one of the hired servants, a slave, by-the-way, of Colonel Lewin's father, told the rest of his companions that he had not seen the missis for a month, nor heard her voice, or heard her spoken of. Suspicion grew apace. The house became an object of attraction, and it was said that at night the space around it echoed with the shrieks of a woman, and that often a bright yellow flame, that had more than once caused an alarm of fire, appeared to envelop the house. Finally it was deserted. No one could tell what became of the owner or his wife, as she had been called, till, in one of the terrible gales, a chimney was blown down, disclosing the fact that it had harbored the skeleton of a woman—for how long no one could tell. The fact sent a shock of horror throughout the neighborhood, and since then the matter, as before, had been shrouded in mystery, and, of course, the house had a reputation.

"They ought to pull it down," said Colonel Wilde.

"I've thought so, sometimes, and wondered if they might not find another skeleton," said his friend.

"What—of the man himself?"

"It would not be strange," said the colonel.

Tempted by the moonlight, they still moved on past the shadows of the trees, emerging into the open road with fields well cultured on either side. A rather high stone wall, such as is not seldom seen in that part of the country, jagged and uneven, ran for several rods at their left. The moonlight fell into canyons, clefts and fissures, making, under the pencilings of the full-leaved boughs that hung above them, some pretty traceries, which Wilde stopped to admire, while Colonel Lewin sauntered on to the turn in the road. All at once a cry of: "My God, come here, Wilde!" went through his brain like the sharp crack of a rifle. He threw away the still burning end of his cigar, and ran forward till he came up with his friend. There both men saw, lying prone on the ground, a motionless figure with dull white face turned to heaven. The marks of a struggle were discernible. The man's pockets were turned inside out, the hands were clinched tightly, and the face wore a resolute though somewhat ghastly, look.

"There has been murder done," said Colonel Lewin, his hand under his vest, for he always went armed.

"Murder most foul!" repeated the other, kneeling down. "The man was beaten about the head and temples; he must certainly be dead. Do you think there's any life, Lewin? See, here is the instrument with which it was done—a sharp rock taken from the fence."

"He is dead—must have been dead for an hour or two; and, by the heaven above us, I know the face! 'Tis poor Ben Lake, the peddler. No doubt he was on the way to Lewindale. Poor fellow!—poor fellow! Who could have done it, Wilde? He was as brave as a lion—the most fearless man I ever met; and always went armed. I feel as horror-struck as if I had killed him myself. What's to be done?"

"It's miles to the sheriff's," said Wilde, still surveying the spot, "but you can get some of your negroes to saddle up and go over. I hate to leave the poor wretch alone here; but, of course, no more harm can come to him, and it's our duty to have the matter come to light as soon as possible, that the country may be scoured. Well, such a thing as this hasn't happened since poor old Mildmay was killed ten years ago—we were talking about it, you know. Ought we not to start back as soon as possible?"

Imagine, if you can, the dumb, intense agony of Flix, who, startled by the sound of fresh voices out of his almost death like stupor, and finding himself still unable to move or speak, heard the footsteps move off again, leaving him alone with the dead. It could not be, he said to himself, that God would desert him utterly. They must, in common reason, search the place where this foul deed had been done, as soon as the proper authorities were found. It seemed an age before he heard the coming of rapid hoofs down the road.

The moon had nearly gone quite from his narrow bed, but he saw the flames of torches held high, and heard the confusion of darkie dialect, as the horses were reined in for a moment, that one brief sight of that terrible face might be obtained. These went past, but were soon followed by a multitude of footsteps, clamorous voices and the strong light of a dozen torches.

The news was traveling fast, and there were negroes, men and boys, from the farms adjacent to Lewindale and Eagle Crest, Colonel Wilde's place. A strange tumult it was, with the glare of the red light painting the stones, the trees, the road, and falling fairly upon the upturned, living face on the other side. It did not seem long before horses' hoofs were heard again, and this time it was the sheriff and others from the town just below. The corpse was again surrounded. Flix heard them order the body laid upon a board and to be taken to the court-house—heard expressions of astonishment, sorrow, anger, but never a face peered over the stones. It seemed to be taken for granted that the murderer had escaped, and plans were laid for his detection; no one seemed to think he might be lurking in ambush. Indeed, the principal actors appeared to be actuated by a desire to get away from the place as soon as possible.

Flix closed his weary eyes from the light of the torches, and would have groaned if he could, but the power was still denied him. The murdered man was carried off, the negroes dispersed, horse hoofs and footsteps grew fainter and fainter in the distance; the shadows of night, brightened by no light either of heaven or earth, fell denser and darker, and Flix tried to give himself up to Death composedly.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COLORED FAIR AT RALEIGH, N. C.

RALEIGH, the "City of the Oaks," is the thriving capital of North Carolina. "Pefo' de waw, sah," her population was but 4,000; to-day it is close upon 13,000. "Beto' de waw, sah," she sent forth, annually, but 300 bales of cotton. This year she will have passed through her various railway depots over 50,000 bales. "Befo' de waw, sah," two drays sufficed for her carrying purposes; now one hundred and sixty are all too little. And to Raleigh is due the credit of organizing the first colored fair ever yet held in the sunny South. The artist and I struck Raleigh, *via* Baltimore and Norfolk. The *menu* on board the Bay Line steamer, *Florida*, would send a London alderman into apoplexy; and I may mention that we had our choice, for one dollar, of bluefish and bay mackerel, of roast turkey and broiled beefsteak, of wild duck, venison, robins and partridges; of oysters fried, escalloped, stewed, raw, broiled, and of terrapin stew, with other fascinating adornments, including chicken and oyster salads, wine, jelly and ice-cream. "Not a bad bill of fare, my Lord Ogleby!"

Raleigh is chiefly composed of a Main Street, rich in a brand-new post-office—the janitor of which, by-the-by, nominated Mr. Hayes for the Presidency—filled to the brim with Republican officials, to the gnashing of the teeth of the solid out-in-the-cold Democrats—and in rare old elms. This street, about half a mile long, is bounded on the north by the Capitol, situated upon a gentle slope; and on the south by the former gubernatorial residence, styled "the palace," now a normal school. Raleigh boasts of three iron foundries and one boiler-shop; of ten churches for white prayers and seven for colored prayers, while even the Jews rejoice in the possession of a synagogue. Education is laid on at high pressure, 1,080 white and 1,090 colored children being on the school-lists. The city is presided over by a mayor and a board of aldermen, one of whom was the body-servant of Jefferson Davis, and with him to the memorable surrender. There is a chief of police and ten constables; a health officer, a street superintendent, and a street force of twenty laborers. The city is lighted with gas and gasoline, a light that merely serves to make darkness visible. Ten newspapers are published in Raleigh—three dailies, six weeklies and one bi-monthly. The colored people "run" two of the weeklies, one of them being a very creditably gotten up industrial journal. The governmental department of agriculture, presided over by Colonel L. L. Polk—the right man in the right place—is a special feature of Raleigh, its museum containing an exhibit of every product of the State, from the sparkling Tokay, made from the famous Scuppernong grape, to sheets of mica that would glaze one of Tiffany's windows, being well worthy a studious visit. Close to the city are a State Lunatic Asylum, Penitentiary—they hang for burglary in North Carolina—and institutions for the deaf, dumb and blind.

The most famous hostelry in Raleigh, or, indeed, in the Carolinas, is the "Yarborough," presided over by Dr. G. W. Blacknall, who, having thrown physic to the dogs, now prac-

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tices through the medium, not of the gallipots, but of stew pans, and whose prescriptions, carefully compounded by expert and skilled assistants, are made up of the best ingredients known to the wide area of modern cookery-book. The genial doctor is an amiable type of the Southern gentleman, and his powers as a *raconteur* unrivaled.

I paid my respects to the Governor of the State, the Honorable Thomas J. Jarvis, a portly gentleman with a laughter-loving eye, who resides at the Yarborough, and from him gleaned information as to the *raison d'être* of the colored fair, and the general condition of the State.

"The Secretary to the fair, Mr. Hunter," observed the Governor, "came to me in Spring last to engage my assistance in procuring the barracks out here, as the place where the fair is being held is claimed by both the Government and the State, and the permission of both is necessary to its occupation. The object of the fair is an exhibition of the result of the industry and labor of the colored people of the State."

"Do you consider that the fair will prove an incentive to further exertion on the part of the colored people?" I asked.

"I think that it will create some spirit of enterprise, but not to the extent we could desire. They are not, as a race, an ambitious people. Here and there there is an ambitious fellow amongst them, but these are few and far between. I was in the first Legislature that had colored men in it, and have been associated with the leading colored people ever since, consequently feel fairly entitled to an opinion. A few colored men in this State are smart, and my observation leads me to conclude that the colored children are very fond of school, and learn rapidly. I think there is more desire amongst the colored children to learn than amongst the white children."

"You have a colored normal school, Governor?"

"Yes; established in 1867 at Fayetteville, in this State. It is under the control of the State Board of Education, and has for its principal a colored man named Harris, an unusually good scholar and a well-behaved gentleman. The school is doing good work in preparing colored teachers in the ordinary branches of education, and the rapidity with which colored children get on in an ordinary education, and their tardiness in the higher branches, prove to me that the negroes are not a race of scholars."

"Have you any wealthy colored people in this State, Governor?"

"Here and there we have men who have accumulated small properties, some of them being worth $3,000, but as a race they are without property."

"Have you felt the general revival of industry in this State?"

"Most decidedly, and it is most encouraging. We will raise 24,000,000 pounds of tobacco in the State this year. I consider North Carolina is in a better condition than any Southern State, and we are paying to-day the lowest tax of any State in the Union. We tax *ad valorem* thirty-four cents on every hundred dollars' worth of property, and with this we support our State Government, Prison, the Asylums for the Insane, the Deaf, the Dumb and the Blind, while, in addition, we maintain the common schools. We are now building three railroads with convict labor."

General Clingman, ex-United States Senator, with whom I conversed on the subject of the fair, is of opinion that considerable good will emanate from it.

"The colored people are little better than grown children, and an organization like this is exactly suited to their dispositions and capacities. They will come to regard the fair as the leading event of their lives, and each one will spend two-thirds of the year in preparing a something for exhibition. If we whites," continued the General, with a laugh, "love to see ourselves in print, what must be the unalloyed satisfaction of a colored agriculturist? Yes, this fair is the nucleus of a movement in the same direction all over the South."

The Raleigh colored fair was formally opened upon Tuesday, the 18th. From an early hour the colored folk commenced to pour into the city, borne upon antediluvian and nondescript vehicles of every sort, shape, size and description, a board upon a pole attached to a "bull yearling" being held most in favor. The ladies were attired in the starchiest and gayest of calicoes, their heads decorated with handkerchiefs that bade defiance to the rainbow, while the gentlemen strutted jauntily by the side of their lady friends, clad in garments three sizes too large for them, and of patterns only to be seen in stage farces. Each cart bore some contribution to the fair, from an oil painting to a pumpkin, from a goose to a knitted spread. The fair grounds are situated about one mile from the city, and cover an area of about five acres. The buildings, originally constructed during the war by the Confederates for hospital purposes, were, after the surrender to Sherman, similarly used by the Federals, and subsequently as barracks. The State of North Carolina claims them, as does also the Government. They were known during the war as Pettigrew Hospital, and later on as Camp Russel. The buildings are admirably adapted to their present uses, being well-lighted, roomy and ventilated. The old headquarters building is used for office purposes. South of this is a row of four one-story buildings, each one hundred feet in length, and twenty-five feet in breadth. The first was used as a Floral Hall, and devoted to the handiwork of the colored ladies. It was tastefully decorated with flowers, grasses and evergreens. The next building was converted into a Horticultural Hall for the display of fruits and flowers. Another, the Mechanics' Hall, exhibited wagons, etc., while the Art Gallery was devoted to the ambitious attempts of our dusky brethren and sisters who would fain follow in the footsteps of Phidias and Apelles. The last of the four centre buildings was the Agricultural Hall, wherein was displayed the produce of the farm. There were commodious stables for horses, stalls for cows, styes for pigs and coops for fowl, while within the inclosure was a race-track one-fourth of a mile long.

The artist and I paid our first visit to the fair grounds upon Monday, trudging along the road in company with a laughing, gossiping, merry crowd of darkeys, who sang as they footed it:

"Went to de ribber an' couldn't git across,
Oh, bless de Lamb!
Paid five dollars for an ole blind hoss,
Oh, bless de Lamb!
Hitched him up, an' hoss wouldn't pull,
Oh, bless de Lamb!
Traded him off for a short-horn bull,
Oh, bless de Lamb!"

Every crank, crack, nook and cranny of the board fence inclosing the fair grounds was occupied by an eye, while numbers of gentlemen in tatters patiently awaited their turn *en queue*. The entrance was guarded by a stalwart janitor, with a wand of office composed of a stout sapling, which would occasionally descend with a loud whirr and thwack upon the curly head of some too adventurous boy, or on the flanks of an inactive steer desirous of retaining possession of the entire entrance-way.

"Stan' back dar; where's de hurry. Yer'll all git in. De fair grounds ain't goin' fo' to run away. Fo' golly, you'd tink it was a cake-walk," said the gateman, as, by voice, gesture and no very gentle pushings, he endeavored to collect his checks, and allow the eager crowd to filter in.

The gate, as we entered, was blocked by four darkeys staggering under a crate of hogs, and the expressions of anguish on their features, as the unwieldy animals rolled from one side of the crate to the other, was the very embodiment of human misery.

We were conducted by a sub-committee to the headquarters, where we were met by the President, Mr. Cæsar Johnson, and the Secretary, Mr. O. Hunter, Jr., both colored. After enthusiastically welcoming the representatives of Frank Leslie, Mr. Hunter exclaimed:

"This is the first colored fair, and already a fair is announced in Alabama for the 26th. I have been engaged in working this up for the last eighteen months. I got the public sentiment worked up to the idea before I attempted to organize it, and have been busily engaged every since. We want to let the world see that the colored people can do something—to let the world see"—here Mr. Hunter spoke with considerable enthusiasm, accompanied by vigorous and expressive action—"the product of our muscle and of our brains. Our white fellow-citizens have been ever so good and kind to us, and have come forward to help this our maiden effort in a most noble manner, and, in addition to sending articles of interest to help our exhibits, have contributed $500 towards our expenses."

"Are the colored people all over the State interested in the success of the fair?"

"Yes, sir; they are, sir. They think it is high time that we should look to our material as well as our spiritual and political welfare."

We accompanied Mr. Hunter into the apartment dedicated to entries, which was occupied by an eager, excited, chattering crowd of both sexes, laden with various articles for exhibition. Behind a long table sat half a dozen clerks, two of them of the gentler sex, engaged in receiving the entries, and issuing labels and receipts therefor. The questionings these officials were obliged to respond to were of so multifarious and complicated a character, as to delay the proceedings considerably; one young lady, with teeth resembling that $250,000 pearl which Cleopatra consumed in an Egyptian cocktail, exclaiming for the nine hundredth and ninety-ninth time, in relation to a pair of worked slippers that had accidentally gone astray, and which were subsequently fished up from beneath a pair of pumpkins: "Fo' God, dere's no justice nowheres. I see dem slippers fo' my eyes dis minnit, an' dey're gone like a drink. Fo' God, der's no justice nowheres." One colored gentleman, as dark and as glossy as a five-cent shine, somewhat paralyzed me by an expression of opinion on the subject of the fair organization:

"Dere's people of bof classes as isn't gen'l'manly. We are operatin' dis distraction to the consummation of our sability, but a satisfactory concilliation results in a demonstration of aggressive combat. We are a lower race on the strapum of mortality, but our abnormal instincts is but an abortionized hallucination."

Here a rooster, penned in an adjoining coop, blew a clarion note.

"'Scuse me, boss, but I have a little property here dat me and my companion has raised, and I must supervise my merchandise. It comprises fo' little chickens. The rigidity of my principles will not admit of further explication of my susceptibilities;" and proceeding to the coop, wherein the rooster still continued to blow a cock-a-doodle-doo, he flung a handful of corn to the needlessly exultant bird.

I give Mr. C. B. Brien's conversation *verbatim*, and am still at a loss to define the exact meaning of his trite and sagacious observations.

Tuesday morning "woke with weeping eyelids," and "the Indian Summer has gone," was the exclamation to be heard from many, while more than one darkey of sporting proclivities welcomed the rain, "Cos it will lay de track lubly, sah!" Signs of unwonted animation vigorously manifested themselves. Marshals, gorgeous in blood-red sashes, cantered rapidly through the streets, the destiny of nations upon their knitted brows. Colored citizens in uniform proudly strutted on the sidewalks. Carriages, attached to horses with heads bedizened with plumes, passed up and down, seemingly without having any definite object in view. Groups gathered at street corners and on steps to indulge in one vast expansive grin. Colored ladies, gorgeous as macaws, paraded coquettishly, casting provoking glances at dusky gallants, who responded with a snigger. White citizens, their hands deep in their pockets, conversed in knots and stowed away a fresh plug as some additional incident stirred up the fire of languid excitement. Drummers adjourned with the proprietors of stores to the doorways, and dapper clerks lined the new post-office windows. Dogs took the centre of the roadway, and small boys made coignes of vantage of the lordly elms.

At ten o'clock the strains of a band—not led by Arditi—announced the approach of the colored troops, and presently the marshals, some of them superbly mounted, especially Jeff Davis's faithful follower, curveted into sight, followed by a guard of honor of colored regiments, consisting of the Raleigh Blues, East Raleigh Guards, Oberlin Vance Guards, and companies from Wilmington and Newbern, all fine soldierly-looking fellows, well-drilled and well-handled. The fire department came next in order and then the carriage of the Mayor, which drew up in line opposite the Yarborough.

A carriage attached to four white horses, gayly beplumed, stood at the hotel entrance, and as the Governor emerged from the hostelry the guard presented arms. In the carriage with the Governor were Hon. E. G. Reade, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, Colonel L. L. Polk, the courteous and efficient United States Commissioner of Agriculture, and "mine host of the Garter," Dr. G. W. Blacknall. Tap, drib, tap! and the band resumed its march—the carriage preceding the military—on to the fair grounds, the rain mercilessly coming down in torrents; but despite the frowns of Pluvius, a goodly representation of the colored population trudged to the tap, drib, tap of the drum, while every colored homestead along the route manifested in some form or other its interest in the proceedings of the day.

The Governor was received at the fair grounds with all honors, and having been conducted to a large wooden building set apart for the purpose, which was choke-full of well-dressed and respectable colored people, he formally opened the first colored industrial fair ever held in the Southern States. His speech was telling and to the point—full of a common sense that went home to his auditory, and the expressions of satisfaction when the ceremony had concluded were as genuine as they were enthusiastic.

I took a turn with the secretary round the fair, now ankle deep in mud, and through the various halls. The Agricultural was strong in tobacco, wine, corn, hams, pumpkins, plows, harness, leather, cotton, and even in coffins. Around the walls were placards with the words, "The work of our own hands." The Floral Hall was the very centre of attraction, exhibiting as it did all those dainty knick-knacks, those brilliant fantasies in colored wools so dearly cherished by the female heart—and I must confess that the exhibit of our colored sisters in spreads, in baby hoods, and in clouds, would hold its own in any Northern fair I have ever attended. There were one or two very good copies from chromos in oil, notably the "Christian Martyr," while colored maps and some drawings by a little darkey of six years old elicited honest expressions of satisfaction from the visitors. In this department there was an exhibition of home-made cakes and bread, and the watermelon cake, representing when cut the exact sectional appearance of a watermelon, especially in color, was regarded as a triumph of confectionery. There was one exhibit in this department at which many a darkey beau gazed in languishing delight—a waistcoat composed of the breasts of birds of yellow plumage. I overheard one young fellow mutter to himself as he reluctantly turned away, casting a last, long, lingering look behind, "Golly, dat's de finest ting in de whole show. Wouldn't it set me up? Jay-roo-sa-lum!" The model of a cottage executed in shell-work proved a source of intense interest to some old "aunties" who hung fondly over it, their sun-bonnets completely shutting it out of the range of vision of the outer world.

The side-shows were doing a roaring business, Punch and Judy standing high in popular favor. The electric machine was both feared and admired. An unhappy victim was jeered into accepting the fatal legacy of those handles that cling with ten thousand devil-fish tenacity. How that unfortunate wretch played, and kicked, and squirmed, and plunged, and writhed, and twisted and quivered, while the bystanders "Yaw, yaw'd" in ecstasy, actually rolling on the muddy ground in a delirium of mirth!

The race-course, and all appertaining thereunto, was placed in the hands of Tim Lee, a celebrated character in North Carolina. Tim is Irish to the backbone, and was sheriff during the war. Tim, a broth of a boy, had to serve a writ upon an individual residing sixty-four miles from Raleigh, and a question having arisen as to what time he would take to do the sixty-four miles, Tim bet a considerable sum—$5,000—that he would leave Raleigh, serve the writ, and return between sunrise and sunset. He started in a sulky and driving tandem. In the boot of the sulky Tim had five bottles of whisky. When half the distance, he gave the horses a bottle of whisky each in their mash, and when he arrived at his destination, half a bottle each. In returning, on reaching the half-way house, he again gave the horses a bottle of whisky each. And my informant, Mr. Wilson, editor of the Raleigh *Observer*, informed me that one of the horses caved in, while the other is still to the fore, but that Tim Lee won his bet. The races passed off with considerable *éclat*, every Southerner being exceptionally strong on horse, while the walking-matches were contested in a manner almost worthy of a match in Madison Square Garden. One of the most striking, if not the most amusing, scenes in the fair was when the judges sat in solemn council upon the candidates for the singing prize. How those candidates exerted themselves! How solemnly the judges wagged their heads! How the candidates opened their mouths like young birds waiting to be fed! How the judges opened *their* mouths in sympathy, following every note!

I must not omit mention of a supper tendered to us by Mr. Jacob Higgs, consisting of the North Carolina *pièce de résistance*—baked 'possum and potatoes, with turkey "fixins." The 'possum was barbecued after the fashion of this region, and, if a leetle too full-flavored, was a veritable *bonne bouche* as a *bonne bouche*.

The first colored fair of North Carolina has been a pronounced success. Many difficulties had to be encountered which will never impede the progress of the second fair, and as there is nothing so successful as success, it is to be hoped that the good example set by North Carolina will be promptly followed by the whole of the sunny South.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Archduchess Maria Christine, the future Queen of Spain, officially announced her right to Austrian succession on November 25th.

THE Sultan has appointed Baker Pasha as his representative to superintend the introduction of reforms throughout the whole of Asia Minor.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT is said to be deeply read in Milton, and always carries with him wherever he goes a copy of that great poet's greatest poem.

THE Earl of Leicester and the Duke of Abercorn are British nobles particularly blest. Each has six daughters; each of these twelve ladies is married to a peer or the heir of a peer.

PETER GORLEY, who lived for many years on the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth Street, New York, and kept a quantity of fancy fowls in his front garden, died on November 21st, in the eightieth year of his age.

THE Czar has a nice little income—a trifle of $25,000 a day. The Sultan gets $18,000 a day, the Emperor of Austria $10,000, the Emperor of Germany $8,200, the King of Italy $6,600 and the King of the Belgians $1,643.

THE late Edward Mass, who died in London, England, left $100,000 towards a beneficent fund to the Zetland Masonic Lodge of Montreal, of which he was formerly a member. The money has been paid over by the sons of Mr. Mass.

MR. SETH GREEN announces an achievement of much interest. It is nothing more nor less than the domestication of shad, naturally a salt-water fish, in Lake Ontario. Mr. Green thinks these fish have become land-locked, and will make the lake their home.

THE Mayor of Stafford, England, Mr. F. Marson, has been presented with a silver cradle thirty inches high and weighing 200 ounces, in accordance with an ancient custom prescribing such a gift for the Mayor whenever a child is born to him during his incumbency.

PRESIDENT SEELYE, of Amherst College, has lately received for the college gifts amounting to $106,000. Of this amount $55,000 in stocks and bonds is from the Hon. Chester W. Chapin, of Springfield; a pledge of $50,000 from the Stone estate of Malden; and $1,000 from another source to establish a scholarship.

MR. GLADSTONE has had eight children, seven of whom are living. His eldest son is a Member of Parliament, his second son is rector of Hawarden, his third is engaged in mercantile pursuits. His eldest daughter is married to the Head Master of Wellington College. Mr. Gladstone was about thirty years old when he was married to the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne.

RICHARD DUDLEY MASON, a prominent old Virginian, is now living at the family manor house, Tredale, on the banks of the Potomac. He was born in 1795, was educated in France, and at the age of twenty-two became *attaché* to the American Legation in London. He afterwards took his degree from the University of Oxford. Returning to America, Mr. Mason was elected to the Virginia Assembly. Since that time he has refused all political honors.

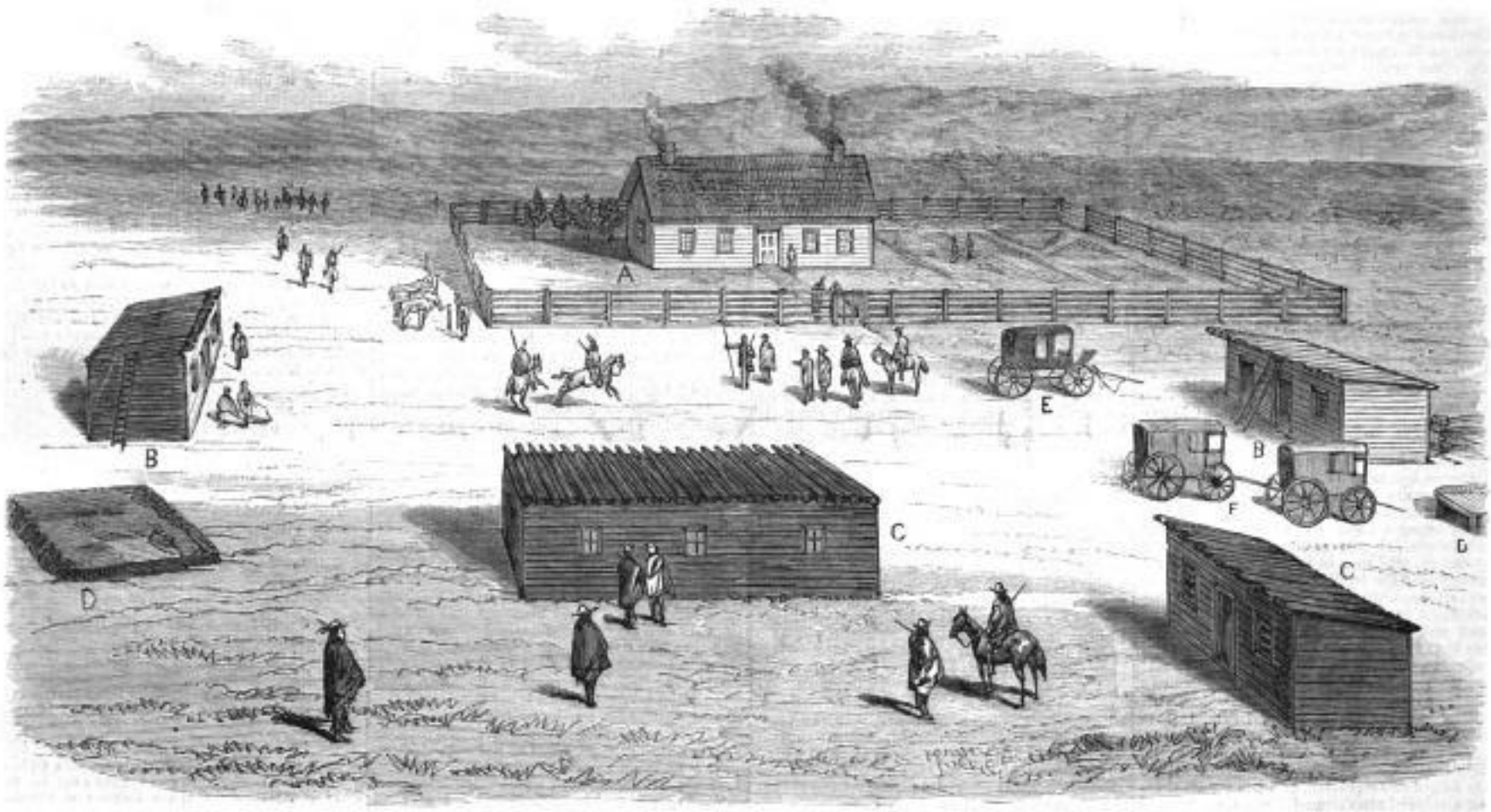
GENERAL GRANT made a neat little address to the school-children of Chicago who "received" him at the Exposition Building, November 17th. It was as follows: "I am always glad to be received by the school-children. I met them in San Francisco and I have met them elsewhere. I see in the children of to-day the future safety of the nation, and in view of the importance of their future they must be carefully nurtured and educated now. The best safeguard the country can have is education. If education were universal there could be no danger to our free institutions. Without it I should despair of the future of the Republic."

THE wedding dress of the future Queen of Spain will be of white baccarat, covered with a court mantle of excessively fine lace. All the escutcheons of the ancient kingdoms of Spain and their alliances are reproduced by a process hitherto unknown. The escutcheons form the border, and the ground of the mantle is flowered. The bridal vail is a reproduction in miniature of the mantle. The gala toilet will be of gold brocade, embroidered with touffes of roses in relief, joined together by bands of myosotis and little *fleur de lys*. Another grand reception toilet will be of silver brocade, embroidered with geranium flowers of all shades.

A STATEMENT prepared for the Postmaster-General by Auditor McGrew exhibits a remarkably small percentage of loss to the Government in the amount of money received by Postmasters. It appears that during the two years ended June 30th, 1878, the aggregate sum paid into the hands of Postmasters for all purposes was $214,863,727, all of which was accounted for to the department except $3,041, now given up as "bad debts," and $96,286 now in suit against Postmasters and their bondsmen. Of the latter amount Auditor McGrew estimates that one-half will be collected. But, assuming the entire amount to be uncollectable, the total loss to the Government during the two years will be less than one-twentieth of one per cent.

EX-GOVERNOR BALDWIN, who was appointed United States Senator to succeed the late Mr. Chandler, was born in Coventry, R. I., February 22d, 1814. He was left an orphan when a boy, and, after receiving a good education, was a mercantile clerk at Pawtucket for eight years before becoming of age. He then engaged in business on his own account in Woonsocket. In 1838 he removed to Detroit, and, identifying himself with the interests of Michigan, became President of the Second National Bank of Detroit. For two years he was a State Senator. In 1868 he was elected Governor by 50,761 majority over John Moore (Dem.), and was re-elected in 1870. He brought to this position a full store of general information, gathered from foreign travel and the study of men and books.

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(A) Residence. (B) Store-houses. (C) Dwelling and Mess Houses of Mexican Employes. (D) Underground Store rooms for Vegetables. (E) Carriage presented by Governor McCook. (F) Farm and Freight Wagons.

RESIDENCE OF OURAY, CHIEF OF THE TABEQUACHE UTES, AND HEAD-MAN OF THE UTE NATION.



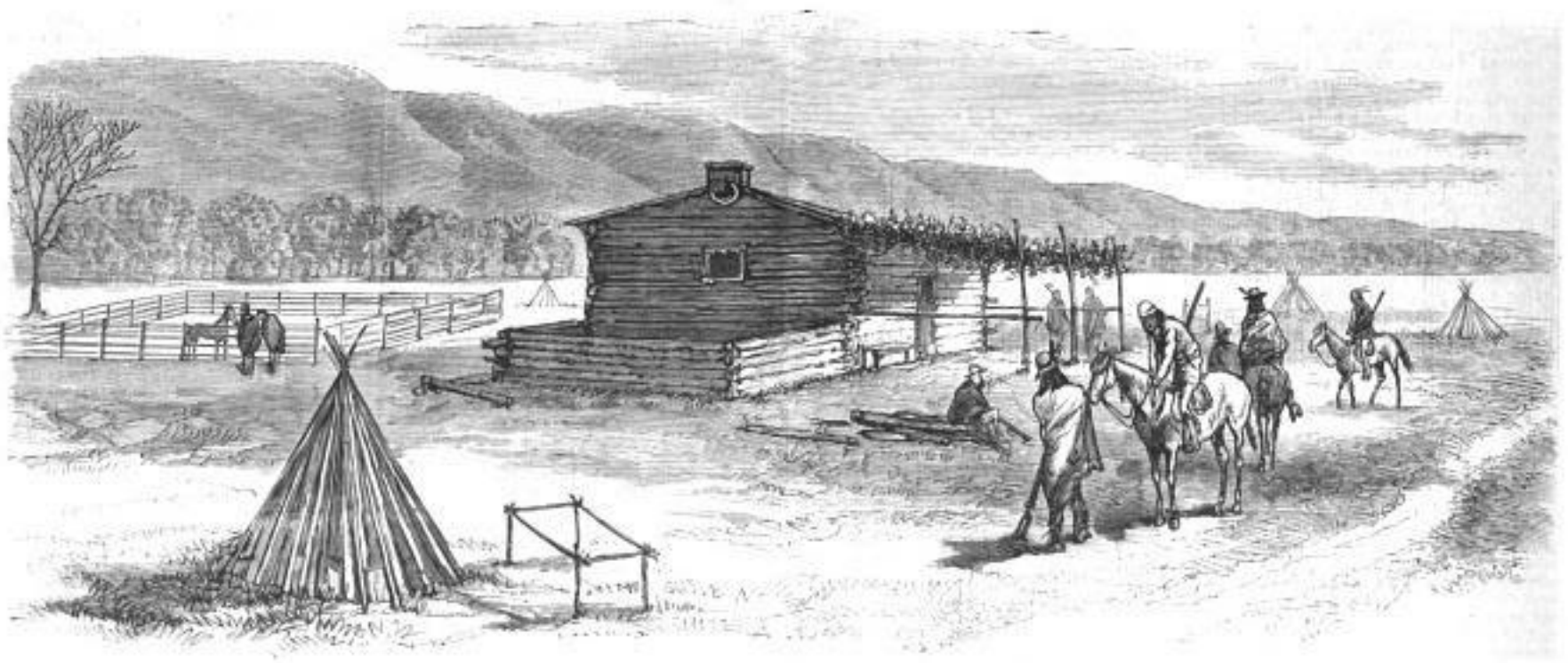
UTE "JOE," A GOVERNMENT SCOUT AND DETECTIVE.



GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, COLONEL OF THE FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY.



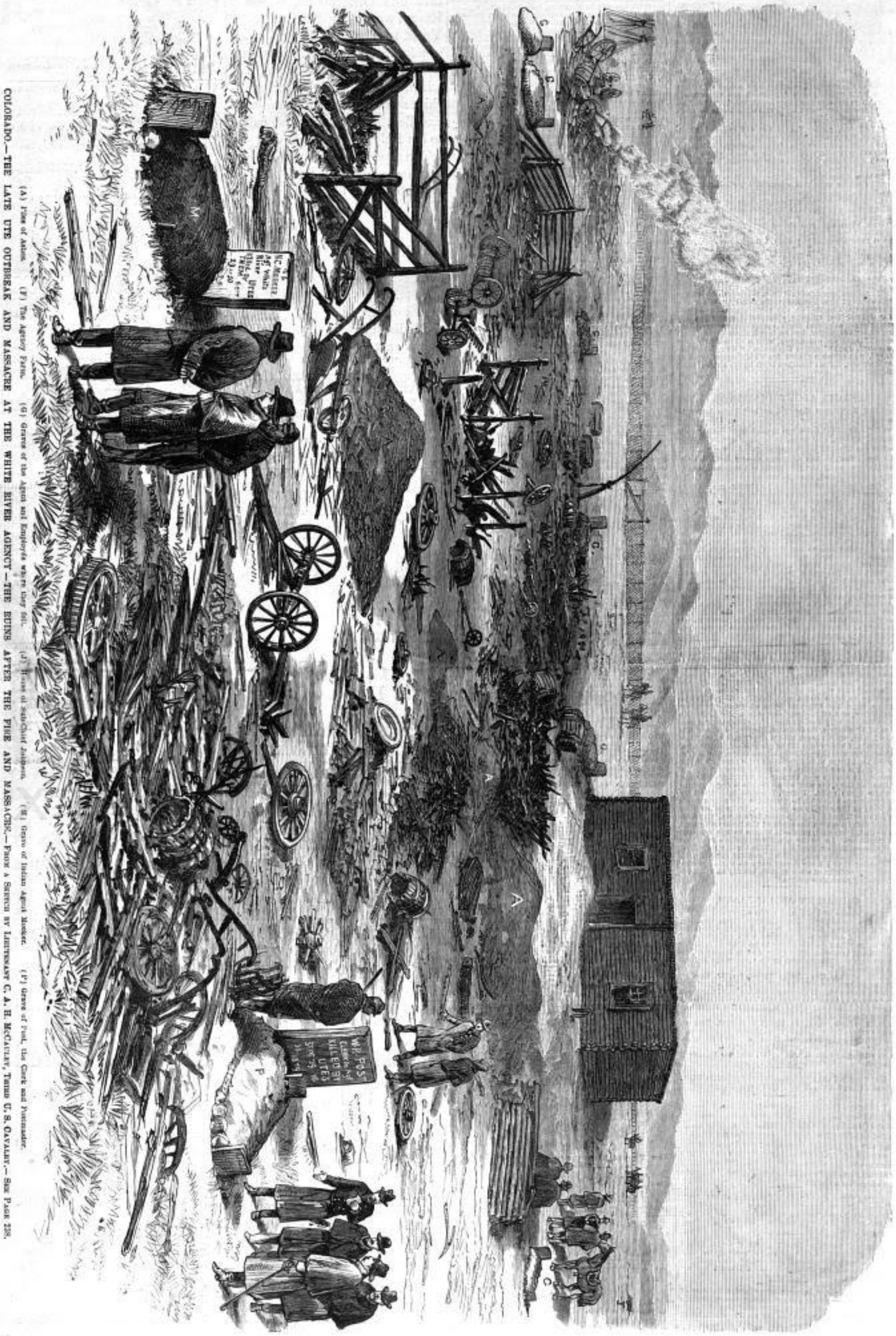
THE HERALD "SPECIAL" EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT



THE HOUSE OF JOHNSON, SUB-CHIEF OF THE UTES ON THE AGENCY FARM.

COLORADO.—THE LATE UTE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE AT THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY.—FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT C. A. H. MCCAULEY, THIRD U. S. CAVALRY.—SEE PAGE 238.

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COLORADO.—THE LATE UTE OUTBREAK AND MASSACRE AT THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY.—THE RUINS AFTER THE FIRE AND MASSACRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT C. A. H. MCCAULEY, THIRD U. S. CAVALRY.—SEE PAGE 238.

(A) Plow of Antero. (B) The Agency Farm. (C) Graves of the Agent and Employés where they fell. (D) House of Sub-Chief Jackson. (E) Grave of Indian Agent Meeker. (F) Grave of Frost, the Clerk and Postmaster.

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FUN.

SOBOSIS is the Queen of Clubs.

THE latest—David Davis and Alexander Stephens. Quantity and quality.

TWO ladies presented themselves at the door of a fancy ball, and on being asked by the usher what characters they personated, they replied that they were not in special costume, whereupon he bawled out: "Two ladies without any character!"

DURING a dense fog a large river-steamer had to cast anchor. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the man at the wheel and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog—can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the sailor, "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way."

"You see, massa," said the old colored washwoman, "since dey's got dese here big crayvats we don't hab so much to do. De gemmen puts on a big crayvat nowadays instead ob a clean shirt. You don't know much about dese matters, but if you take off all de crayvats in this town an' make the gemmen show up, landsakes! you'd see de worst lookin' white men you ebber laid yo' blessed eyes on."

LATE one afternoon, recently, one of the police discovered a boy about nine years old curled up in a corner of the City Hall, and made inquiry, "Bub, what are you doing here?" "I'm lost!" was the laconic reply. "How long since you have seen your friends?" "Well, I left dad about three hours ago, I guess." "And you've been lost ever since?" "Yes." "Well, it's too bad." "I-yes, it's a sad case," said the lad, trying to be very brave; "but I'll bet that while I'm doing all the losing, dad's doing most of the feeling bad!"

IN a carriage attached to a train on one of the branches of the North-Eastern Railway, lately the conversation turned on the various modes devised for defrauding railway companies, and the difficulty that attended their successful accomplishment. "Oh, begor, but aa tyeuk them in last forimest!" said an old miner, with a chuckle. "Hoo wis that, Jack?" asked his mate. "Wey," Jack replied, "aa tyeuk a return fra Widdrington Colliery to Morpeth, an' aa waalked back hyem an' kept the ticket!"

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER, in her Paris letter to a Philadelphia paper, describes, in an interesting way, some of the details of the diamond trade of the world, which, she says, is mainly controlled by some six or eight large operators. After speaking, in her letter, of the courtesy shown her, and describing some of the rare gems in the possession of the dealer visited, she continues:

"He then brought out and put before me a box in size and shape not unlike those in which stockings are sold. From this he took a number of small cases to show me some unusually fine matched stones, and also a yellow diamond of wonderful beauty, so full of lustre that it shone like a drop of golden fire or a consolidated sunbeam. Then, closing the box, he remarked that it had been packed for transmission to the United States, and that it contained the finest assortment of diamonds that he had of late years transmitted to that country. I inquired with interest respecting its destination, and was pleased to learn that it was going to Philadelphia, that small box, whose contents were worth more thousands than I am willing to state, representing this season's purchases of Mr. Joseph Bailey, for the firm of Messrs. Bailey, Banks & Biddle, of Philadelphia. He also told me that never in the history of the trade had diamonds been as cheap as they are at present, the depressed condition of commercial matters in America, the Russian and Turkish wars, the disturbed political state of Russia, etc., having combined to lessen the number of purchasers, while the diamond discoveries at the Cape had flooded the market. 'And it is a mistake, madam,' he said, 'to imagine that the African diamonds are scenes of an inferior value to those that come from India and Brazil. We get as fine gems from the Cape as from either of the latter countries, and no house of our standing will deal in any but the very best stones; but, of course, a number of ill-shaped, flawed and discolored diamonds are found, which meet with a ready sale at very low prices.' I asked him if the present unprecedented cheapness would be of long continuance, and he replied that there would probably be a reaction in the course of a few months, as already the demand for first-class stones was largely increasing, while the 'find' at the Cape was by no means being kept up in the same ratio. Hence, I would advise all my compatriots who wish to purchase diamonds to do so with as little delay as possible, while those who wish to sell had best keep quiet for a time. The fire-proof safe in which the stock of the house was kept contains, I am told, precious stones to the amount of $2,000,000. As to the artistic surprises reserved by Messrs. Bailey, Banks & Biddle for the public of Philadelphia this season, I will content myself with declaring that I have never seen so varied a collection of objects of such artistic beauty at such remarkably moderate prices."

CHILDREN AND INFANTS.

MORE cures of skin and scalp affections by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Fred Rohrer, Esq., Cashier, Stock Growers' National Bank, Pueblo, Colorado, writes: "I am so well pleased with its effects on my baby, that I cannot afford to be without it in my house. It is a wonderful cure, and is bound to become very popular as soon as its virtues are known to the masses."

J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says, in a letter dated May 28th: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

M. M. Chick, Esq., 41 Franklin Street, Boston, says: "My little daughter, eighteen months old, has what the doctors call Eczema. We have tried most everything, and at last have used CUTICURA, and she is almost a new child, and we feel very happy.

HALFORD'S TABLE SAUCE.—Relish for Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Cold Meats, Gravies, etc.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—Allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the Capillaries in the highest degree. The COCOAINE has earned a deserved reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Ladies dressing their hair elaborately for the evening will find that it imparts a healthy natural gloss to the hair, and will cause it to retain its shape for hours.

A FAVORITE COUGH REMEDY.—For Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh and other diseases of the bronchial tubes, no more useful article can be found than the well-known "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

NERVOUS PEOPLE should avoid the temporary relief of tea and coffee. A cup of pure COCOA will be found nutritive as well as sedative. Insist upon your grocer's furnishing WALTER BAKER & CO.'s preparation.

CHICAGO is noted, among other things, for one of the most enterprising and progressive confectioner's establishments of the continent—"GUNTHER'S," which has become famous for its fine confections and liberal prices.

SUMMER'S HEAT

relaxes the system and renders us liable to attacks of diarrhœa, dysentery, bloody flux, cholera-morbus, cramps in stomach, colic, and other painful and dangerous affections for which Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed—compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, or water-pepper, anodyne, soothing and healing gums and balsams—is a most potent specific. It is equally efficacious in breaking up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. Every household should be supplied with it. Fifty cents by druggists.

THAT low, nervous fever, want of sleep and weakness, calls for HOP BITTERS.

AROUND THE WORLD.—Any intelligent young man of good character who desires to spend two years in foreign travel under the most favorable conditions for improvement will learn how he may do so at very small expense on application to A. B. Proal, St. Nicholas Hotel, New York City.

TIME to Insure Against Accidents—Before they happen. Moral—Insure in THE TRAVELERS.

$1,425.50 PROFITS IN 30 DAYS.

$10 to $100 invested in legitimate Stock Speculations in Wall St., pay immense profits. Pamphlets explaining everything sent free. HEATH & CO., Brokers, 122 Broadway, N.Y.

"WHERE shall I stop?" is the query frequently put by the visitor to New York. This question can easily be settled in favor of the ST. NICHOLAS hotel, now, as ever, the leader among metropolitan hostelries. Its furniture, fittings, apartments, conveniences, and table, are beyond comparison the most suited to please the fastidious taste. Rates only $3.50 per day, the anti-Delfas price.

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THE Improved Asbestos Roof Coating, as applied to H. W. Johns Asbestos Roofing, or to any other suitable foundation, forms a fibrous waterproof covering, partaking of the nature of a felt and a paint. It can be applied with a brush or a trowel to any desired thickness, and forms the most durable and economical roofing in use for mills, factories, warehouses, railroad buildings, bridges, etc. H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO., 87 Maiden Lane, New York, sole manufacturers.

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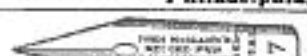
I cheerfully testify that I have been to the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute, and had two teeth extracted while under the influence of Laughing Gas. I felt no pain whatever, and the gas produced no injurious or even unpleasant effects. PETER COOPER.

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Invites all philanthropic and other capitalists, as well as landowners throughout the country, to consider the plans of the Bureau for colonizing the worthy able-bodied homeless families and single persons in the various States needing immigrants and other laborers. Safe investments with ample profits will be insured. Full particulars furnished. Call on or address

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JOHN H. HORSFALL, Furture and Decorations, 6 and 7 East Twenty-third Street, New York, respectfully invites an inspection of his stock, containing many new and desirable patterns which, for material, workmanship, style, and price, cannot be excelled. Attention is also called to his Folio of excellent designs, which are finished in a thorough manner, and cannot fail to convey a correct idea of the work intended, embracing all kinds of Cabinet-work for House Trimming, Doors, Folding and Single, Wainscoting, Furniture in single pieces and *en suite*, with Draperies, etc., etc. Designs and estimates on application.

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Personally appeared before me, George A. Payne, of 134 West 43th Street, New York City, to me known, and on being duly sworn, says that on an investment of $53 placed with Thatcher, Belmont & Co., Bankers, and by them operated for a period of two weeks, I had returned to me by the said firm $972.53.

(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York, } ss.
City and County of New York, }

sworn before me this 22d September, 1879.

J. B. NOONS, Notary Public,
91 Duane Street, New York.

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$1,350,000.
Royal Havana Lottery.
GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING at Havana, Cuba, December 23d, 1879.
ONLY 18,000 TICKETS ISSUED. Capital Prize, $500,000.
$1,350,000 CASH GIFTS.

1st Prize		$500,000
2d Prize		250,000
3d Prize		50,000
10 Prizes, $10,000 each		100,000
12 "	$5,000 each	60,000
500 "	amounting to	315,000

DRAWING POSITIVE. NO POSTPONEMENT.
Prizes cashed. Full information sent free.
☞ *Beware of counterfeit and altered tickets.* ☜

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EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING. Capital Prize, $100,000.
Tickets, $10. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

COMMONWEALTH OF KY., NOV. 29th and DEC. 31st.

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The funniest play ever produced in New York,
FRENCH FLATS,
FRENCH FLATS,
FRENCH FLATS,
FRENCH FLATS,
which is now entering upon its FIFTH WEEK, and has, thus far, proved to be one of the greatest financial successes among the many that are recorded in the history of the theatre.
The success of FRENCH FLATS is especially gratifying as a demonstration that indecency is not necessary to the enjoyment of a New York audience.—*Evening Post.*
SEATS MAY BE SECURED TEN DAYS IN ADVANCE.

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Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, also Saturday matinee at 1:30,
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EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
Von Suppe's charming opera,
FATINITZA,
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FATINITZA,
FATINITZA,
FATINITZA,
FATINITZA,
FATINITZA,
with Full Chorus, Orchestra, and corps of auxiliaries.
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SURE CURE.
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GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, during which will take place the **115th GRAND MONTHLY** and the **Extraordinary Semi-annual Drawing,** at New Orleans, Tuesday, December 16th, 1879, under the personal supervision and management of GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $100,000.

NOTICE.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1	CAPITAL PRIZE of	$100,000	$100,000
1	GRAND PRIZE of	50,000	50,000
1	GRAND PRIZE of	20,000	20,000
2	LARGE PRIZES of	10,000	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES of	5,000	20,000
20	PRIZES of	1,000	20,000
50	"	500	25,000
100	"	300	30,000
200	"	200	40,000
600	"	100	60,000
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TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 6.—

VIEWS OF HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The Industrial Development of Georgia.

CONDITION OF THE BLACKS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

"Their Relations with the Whites Kindly and Friendly."

MR. STEPHENS SAYS THE SECESSION QUESTION IS DEAD.

HE QUOTES PRESIDENT HAYES ON "THE MEN IN GRAY."

AND SAYS A WORD FOR GRANT.

IN his now historical wheel-chair I found Representative Alexander Hamilton Stephens engaged in smoking a meerschaum, worthy of Hans Larsen himself, before a roaring fire in a snug apartment at the National Hotel, Washington.

His snow-white hair falls smoothly over a superbly developed dome of thought, while a pair of dark, singularly expressive eyes reveal his "brain workings," now in vivid flashings, now in glances soft as those of a woman. His mouth denotes adamantine firmness, and every gesture reveals the inner life of the ardent and enthusiastic nature of the man.

Whilst he is engaged in carefully replenishing the capacious bowl of his meerschaum, let us take a brief glance at the chief incidents of his eventful career. He was born in 1812 at Taliaferro County, Ga., graduated at Franklin College, Athens, Ga., and was admitted to the Bar in 1834. Elected to the Legislature of Georgia in 1836, he was re-elected for five successive terms. In 1843, he was elected as a Whig to Congress, and held his seat till 1859. After the breaking up of the Whig party he acted with the Democrats. At the close of the Thirty-fifth Congress, Mr. Stephens announced his retirement from public life. During the Presidential canvass of 1860 he sustained Douglass, and denounced those who advocated a dissolution of the Union in case of Mr. Lincoln's election; and in 1860, he made a speech before the Legislature of Georgia against Secession, on which subject he had an interesting correspondence with Mr. Lincoln in December. He was, nevertheless, elected to the Secession Convention which met at Milledgeville, January, 1861, and there spoke and voted against the Secession ordinance. He was a member of the Southern Congress which met in Montgomery, Ala., in February, and was elected Vice-President of the Confederacy. In March he delivered a speech in Savannah, in which he declared slavery to be the corner-stone of the new Government. In April, as a Special Commissioner from the Confederate States, he addressed the Convention at Richmond, urging the union of Virginia with the Confederacy. He frequently differed from the policy of the Richmond Government, especially on the subject of martial law, and pronounced the appointment by General Bragg of James M. Calhoun as Civil Governor of Atlanta a palpable usurpation. In February, 1865, with R. M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell, he held an informal conference on a steamer in Hampton Roads with President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, which, however, had no practical result. After Lee's surrender Mr. Stephens returned to his home in Crawfordsville, Ga., where, on May 11th, 1865, he was arrested and sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, but was released on parole. In February, 1866, he delivered a speech before the Legislature of Georgia favoring the restoration policy of President Johnson. In the same month he was elected to the United States Senate, but as the State had not complied with the conditions of reconstruction he was not permitted to take his seat. In 1872, he was elected to Congress, and again 1874, almost without opposition.

Having lighted his meerschaum, which he now whiffed after the placid fashion of a pasha, Mr. Stephens announced himself ready for the interview.

"What is the industrial situation of the South?" I asked.

"I cannot speak for the entire South. I can speak for Georgia, and you may take Georgia as a type. We are a debt-paying people in Georgia. Our stocks and bonds, the eight per cents. are equal to any in the United States. The six per cents. are all above par, and the four per cents. are at par. The State credit is good."

"Are the people devoting themselves to the development of their natural resources?"

"There is very great energy bestowed in Georgia upon the development of her natural resources: in mining, especially, in gold and copper. I think the gold-mining interest in Georgia is now doing as well as in any part of the world. New mines are being discovered, especially in Lincoln, Columbia and Oglethorpe. This is below the heretofore well-known rich mining country of the mountains. New discovery is being made of the brown coal, or lignite, in the County of Richmond, near Augusta, which it is believed will prove of great public interest. It is thought that in this vicinity a better class of coal exists, namely, bituminous, anthracite and hard coal."



RIGHT REV. HORATIO POTTER, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS CONSECRATION AS PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—PHO. BY SARONY.—SEE PAGE 252.



NO. 6.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA, AT HIS APARTMENTS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.

NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES AT THE C...

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PUNCH-AND-JUDY ENTERTAINMENT IN THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

"How about the cotton industry, Mr. Stephens?"

"Our cotton manufacturers are doing as well as any on the continent. There are several of them in Augusta and in district, and all profitably employed. The largest cotton manufactory in the Southern States is the Eagle and Phœnix Company, in Columbus, Ga. This company has a capital of a million and a quarter paid in, and are doing profitable business."

"Are your railroads working well?"

"Our railroads are, upon the whole, doing well, though the stock in most of them is at present below par."

"How do you account for this?"

"They have not yet recovered from the destruction sustained during the war. Nearly all of them are paying interest on their bonds, and, with a few exceptions, from six to eight per cent. dividends on their stock."



THE O



VOTING, IN THE MAIN DRILL-ROOM, FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY SWORD.



THE CHINESE

NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES AT THE GRAND FAIR OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., NO

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TEA-ROOM.



COMPANY K'S TURKISH BAZAAR, MAIN DRILL-ROOM.

"What is the chief staple production of Georgia, Mr. Stephens?"

"Cotton; but for the last two or three years this staple has not paid the cost of production."

"Can you explain why?"

"The low price of cotton and the high price of subsistence, together with the cost of fertilizing."

"At what price per pound does cotton pay in Georgia?"

"From ten to eleven and a half cents leaves a small margin of profit, and if this year's whole crop should 'go off' at its present price, the best quality fetching eleven five-eighths, it would add considerably to the aggregate wealth of the State. But in view of the very large crop raised in the United States this year, I scarcely think so good a result may be looked for."

"Are manufactories multiplying, and if so, of what kind?"



OF COMPANY G.



THE GYPSY CAMP IN THE ROOM OF COMPANY C.

IN PROGRESS AT THE NEW ARMORY, FOURTH AVENUE AND SIXTY-NINTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 252.

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"The manufactories for cotton are increasing, also the manufactories for thread and cloth. Chair manufactories are on the increase, as are also flour mills."

"Is agriculture becoming diversified?"

"For the last two years the farmers in all parts of the State have been devoting much more attention than in years past, to the production of wheat, corn and oats, and subsistence generally."

"I would now ask you, Mr. Stephens, if the colored people are contented?"

"I have never yet found a place in the world where people were perfectly contented with their condition," adding, with a smile, "mankind, from the time that Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden for trying to better *their* condition, have been following in the footsteps of their great progenitors. The people in Georgia, white and colored, rich and poor, are about as well cultivated as ever I saw the masses of the people in any State I have been in. What Horace wrote nearly two thousand years ago"—here the Senator quoted the well known lines, "'*Qui fit Mæcenas ut nemo,*' 'How is it, Mecenas, that no one is contented with his position?'—is quite as applicable to the white and black in Georgia as it was to the Romans; but take the people generally in the State, white and black, rich and poor, and they are, *I* believe, quite as well contented and as thoroughly devoted to their State as ever I saw the masses of the people of any State or country that I have been in."

"Had you not an exodus in Georgia some years ago?"

"Yes. Some years ago there was quite an exodus of colored people from Georgia. Several thousands left for Mississippi and Arkansas under the delusive promise of greater rewards and surer returns for their labor. Colored agents were employed by a number of companies to engage emigrants for their respective enterprises in the West. Their agents received $10 a head for every emigrant they could send forward."

"Was there any effort made to counteract the influence of these agents?"

"None whatever. There was no obstruction offered that I ever heard of. The people recognized that this was a free country, and they were glad to go where they pleased. There was no stir made on the subject. Quite a number of colored people from my immediate section joined the exodus, but every one of them, as far as I know, came back who survived and could raise the means to enable them to return. Some of them walked all the way, begging their bread, through the swamps of the West to their native hills and valleys."

"Are the relations between the races in Georgia of a cordial nature?"

"They are as kindly and friendly, upon the whole, as in any part of the world. Of course there are exceptional causes of troubles and strifes there as everywhere else. There is no Paradise either in Georgia or any other place on earth that I have seen, or that I have heard truthful accounts of."

"Do any number of the colored people seek to become employers?"

"None that I know of. Several in my own county have bought land, but they run their farms chiefly by the help of their own families. I know of no colored contractor either as farmer or mechanic in any extensive way."

"About what wages do the colored people earn?"

"Where laborers engaged in farming in any portion of the county, they get $10 a month, but usually they get part of the crop. Skilled masons employed by white contractors generally get board and $15 per month. Women cooks usually get their board and $7 a month, but when they have children, arrangements are made accordingly."

"Is there much sympathy among the colored people with the exodus movement?"

"None in the world, as far as I have heard in my part of the country, either on the part of white or black. There is no sympathy on the part of the blacks, and no opposition on the part of the whites."

"What is the political situation South?"

Mr. Stephens here refilled the meerschaum.

"I don't wish to talk politics," he said, after a pause. "In fact, I have nothing to say on the subject. Georgia is a Democratic State. By that I mean her people have been reared and educated in the Jeffersonian principles of constitutional free government. The present generation of Georgians are as devoted to these principles as their ancestors were. Since the war they have abandoned for ever, and in good faith, the right of secession, or withdrawing from the Union, as a remedy for any grievances. Many of them before the war, who believed it was right, were utterly opposed to its policy. The entire body of white people in that State now take, I think, this view upon the subject. Whatever evils they may suffer from the mal administration of the present Government they think should be rectified entirely through the peaceful instrumentality of the Constitution. They are for law and order. In elections they are for a free ballot and an honest count; and as for those in office, they don't care half so much about who shall govern as how they will govern. They look more to the wisdom of measures than to the man whom they put in power. In other words, they look more for policies than for organization."

"Was the Yazoo difficulty caused by political feeling?"

"They put too many lies in newspapers," replied Mr. Stephens, sharply. "I know nothing in the world about it."

"Do the colored people show an increasing disposition to vote with the Democrats?"

"Decidedly so. I think at the very least 20,000 colored voters in Georgia, at the last election, voted for the Democratic candidates; perhaps more. In my district, I do not think ten colored voters cast against me. I was put in nomination by a colored convention as well as by the regular Democratic convention."

"Could you explain this extraordinary adhesion on the part of the colored community to the Democratic ticket?"

"I account for it in this way. The Democratic party in Georgia advocate such measures in State and Federal administration as suit the interests and views of the colored people, as well as the whites, better than those of the Republican Party. For instance, in the matter of schools. The Republican Party, when in power in Georgia, collected large amounts for colored school purposes which were never appropriated to that end."

"What became of the money?"

"These funds were pocketed by the members of the Legislature to meet their *per diem* pay of $9 a day. No colored schools were established by the Legislature until the Democratic Party came into power. It is to the Democratic Party that they are indebted for the present flourishing Colored University at Atlanta, and in our new Constitution, made by the Democrats in 1877, the University is hereafter to receive $8,000 annually, the same sum as is paid by the State to the white university located at Athens. There is the matter of Federal taxation. The Democratic Party of Georgia opposed the present system of internal revenue, especially the high tax on tobacco. This is an article of general use by all classes in the community, with white as well as with black, and under the present system of Federal taxation the colored laboring man pays on his tobacco and whisky tax more than many persons who own $100,000 or more of property in stocks and other things. This the colored man, as well as the white man, conceives as unjust, and hence they naturally vote with those who advocate the system of Federal taxation which will bear equally upon all classes, and upon all industries. I could greatly enlarge upon the subject, but it is unnecessary."

"Was the course of the majority at the extra session of Congress, in your opinion, a wise one, in reopening the question of State Rights and in refusing appropriations for Federal marshals?"

"My position upon the question raised," exclaimed Mr. Stephens, almost fiercely, "was so well-known, *is* so well-known, I need not repeat it here. However, as you desire an answer to your question, I shall give you one. I did not think it was wise, politic, or right, to withhold the necessary appropriations to carry on the Government, either in the civil or military branches of the service, because the President thought fit to veto any measure passed by both branches of Congress. Under our system of Government, as provided in the Constitution, the President has the right to withhold his assent upon any measure he may disagree with. He, as well as the members of House and Senate, is responsible to the country for his actions. It is not here as in England in this matter. England is a monarchy, and an hereditary monarchy. Ours is a constitutional government, consisting of three separate, co-equal and co-ordinate Departments of Government—the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial. With us there is a division of sovereign powers. To each of these separate, co-ordinate departments of Government are delegated the exercise of these sovereign powers, which are expressly specified in the Constitution, to each respectively. In England, for centuries, when the Crown refuses to give its assent to measures of public relief and right, the only sure redress for the Commons is to withhold supplies until measures for the redress of popular grievances shall be assented to by the Crown as the Executive in that country. The redress of grievances in this country is by the popular vote and one bi-annual and quatrro-annual elections. In this way the machinery of the Government can move along harmoniously in all its parts with the rectification of all wrong without any disturbance of the peace, or public disorders. And the proper administration of our system requires that each of these co-equal and co ordinate departments of Government shall be kept separate and independent of each other. But I held at the extra session, and do hold, that Congress has got the right to specify the purposes and uses to which moneys appropriated by them shall be applied—appropriate, itself, means to set apart for specified objects."

After a pause Mr. Stephens resumed:

"The right of secession and the practical question as a resort for the redress of grievances I consider as ended for ever by the war, and I do not think that any such question was raised at the extra session. Whatever men may have thought before or since on this as an abstract question, all, it seems to me, must admit that for the future it can never again enter into American politics. The right or wrong of the question when it was a practical one, cannot be settled by the men of the present generation. It is a question for the philosopher and the future historian."

"What if it were made an issue?"

"To make it an issue simply as a practical theoretical question of this day seems to me to be utterly out of place. How anybody could suppose that the two millions of Democrats who so recently put this asserted right down by arms could now be induced to put it up by votes I cannot see. How this can ever again become a practical question in the country I cannot see. When the Southern States abandoned their appeal to maintain this right, which they did doubtlessly before conscientiously entertain, they abandoned it in good faith."

"Do you consider this to be the prevailing feeling in the South?"

"There is not one, I suppose, in a thousand, perhaps in a million, in the Southern States who does not feel pledged to abide by that abandonment for ever. But, as I have said, I do not think this question was raised by anybody at the extra session. The discussion upon it since the adjournment has been more the work of agitators than of anybody in the House of Congress at the extra session. The prevailing opinion I think, upon all sides of the House, was that President Hayes gave utterance at Atlanta, Ga., two years ago, to the popular sentiment of the country everywhere, when he said in substance, in reference to the late war between the States, that the men in gray in that conflict fought as conscientiously and bravely for what they thought was right as did the men in blue."

"Will Congress at its coming session make early provision for paying fees of marshals?"

"I cannot answer that question."

"Who is the favorite candidate in the South for the Presidential chair on the Democratic side—Tilden or Bayard?"

"I do not wish to say. I do not wish to give any opinion at present upon politics."

"Who of the Republicans would poll the largest vote South?"

"Grant, I imagine, but as I have already stated, I decline to speak upon politics."

"What is your opinion upon the present financial boom?"

"The present apparent financial boom I look upon as short-lived, at least I am apprehensive that it will prove so."

Mr. Stephens's colored valet here announced the carriage, and I withdrew.

BISHOP HORATIO POTTER, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS CONSECRATION.

THE Right Rev. Dr. Horatio Potter, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York, was born in Beekman, N. Y., February 9th, 1802, two years after the birth of his brother Alonzo, who also became a Bishop. He was graduated at Union College in 1826. A year later he was ordained a deacon in the Episcopal Church, and, shortly after, a priest. In 1828 he became Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Trinity College (then Washington), Hartford, where he remained until 1833, when he received the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, in Albany, N. Y. Four years later he was elected President of Trinity College, but declined the honor. Immediately after the death of Bishop Wainwright (1854), Dr. Potter was chosen Provisional Bishop of the Diocese of New York, being consecrated November 23d of that year. Seven years later, by the death of Bishop B. T. Onderdonk, he became Bishop of the diocese, and has ever since continued to discharge the responsible duties of the episcopal office with eminent ability and fidelity to the interests of the church. Few men, perhaps, have a more exalted conception than he of the dignity and sacred character of his office. It has been well said of him that "he exhibits to the fullest extent that solemnity of demeanor, that strictness of life and that superiority of talent required in one called to such functions." The atmosphere about him seems laden with refining influences, all his daily steps are in the path of conscientious duty, and his grandeur of intellect makes his authority more imposing.

The twenty fifth anniversary of Bishop Potter's consecration was commemorated November 23d by significant services in Trinity Church, at which the Bishop personally officiated, assisted by Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, Bishop Coxe of Western New York, Bishop Doane of Albany, Bishop Clarke of Rhode Island, Bishop Clarkson of Nebraska, and Bishop Seymour of Illinois were also present. The order of service was as follows: Processional Hymn No. 425; Te Deum Laudamus, Tuckerman; the Communion Service, Kyrie, Gounod; Nicene Creed, in unison; anthem, "Lord God of Hosts," Spohr; an address from the clergy and laity to the Bishop of New York, by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix; reply by Bishop Potter; hymn No. 405; Sanctus, Gounod; Gloria in Excelsis, old chant; Recessional, 303.

On the evening of November 25th a reception was given to the Bishop at the Academy of Music, which was thronged by a brilliant company, including most of the church dignitaries of the diocese. Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, during the formal exercises, occupied the chair, and an address of congratulation to the Bishop was delivered by Mr. William M. Evarts. Then followed the presentation to the Bishop, on behalf of the diocese, of a beautiful memorial gift, consisting of an elaborately-wrought casket of silver, gold and steel, the speech of presentation being made by Mr. John Jay. Music was supplied by the choirs of Trinity, St. Thomas's and Grace Churches, with the assistance of a fine orchestra. At the close of the principal exercises gentlemen ushers presented guests to the Bishop.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.

ALTHOUGH the members of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., had every reason to believe the citizens of New York would aid them very liberally in their efforts to pay for the new armory, the success thus far of the great fair must be a long way beyond the liveliest expectation. By day and night the spacious apartments are thronged almost to an uncomfortable degree, and that, too, by men and women and children, who leave many dollars in their wake. A massive floral temple stands in the centre of the main drill-room, and six booths are arranged in a hexagon around it. Spreading out on each side are the pavilions erected by the several companies, representing the most tasteful styles of architecture, and containing great varieties of useful and ornamental articles for sale. These are in charge of a committee of the lady friends of the companies. Up one flight of stairs are the rooms of the companies used for meetings and other purposes. In these are what are called the side-shows of the fair, such as the Punch and Judy exhibition, the gypsy camp, the rifle gallery and countless other attractions.

It would be impossible in the space at our command to even mention the thousands of articles on sale that are deserving the notice. But there are some that cannot be passed over on account of their exceptionable character. Thus, the Gorham Manufacturing Company has $25,000 worth of its finest silverware on exhibition at the pavilion of Company G, the entire profits on which are to be given to the Armory Fund, and on many tables are superb contributions from the varied and tasteful stock of the Meriden Britannia Company, whose gifts exceed in aggregate value $1,000. Company F has, among other articles, a casket of silverware, containing 224 pieces, and worth $800, and Company B a case of fifty eight-dollar hats from Youmans, the entire proceeds of which will be contributed to the fair. A billiard-table, worth $2,500, which won the medal at the Centennial Exhibition, may be seen at the English Gothic Pavilion of Company D. Four of the finest grand pianos, contributed by A. Weber, may be seen and tried by any one. Here and there in the grand kaleidoscope the visitor sees a sword worn by Kosciusko in the Revolutionary war, and a picture drawn and signed by him; the sword worn by Commodore Decatur at Tripoli; a sash worn in the Revolution by Colonel Sebastian Bauman, who was postmaster of this city for eighteen years after the War of Independence; the camp bedstead used by Lafayette in the Revolutionary war; the robe worn by John Jay as the first Chief Justice of the United States, made of black satin with salmon-colored facings; a small brass cannon, which was cast in Venice in the sixteenth century, and ornamented with the winged lion of St. Mark; a copy of the famous "Breeches Bible," printed in 1568, and some hymn-books, etc., belonging to the Collegiate Dutch Church; testimonials given to General Jacob Brown for his services in the War of 1812 are shown, including the gold medal presented to him by Congress, the gold snuff-box given to him by the City of New York, and the sword which was voted to him by the Legislature of this State; the christening robe of Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, which was made in 1594; and a piece of Gobelin tapestry of the time of Louis XIV., which is valued at $5,000.

Voting is in progress for elegant swords to be presented to the most popular officers of the National Guard and the Army and Navy, while there will be drawings at the close of the fair for a large number of articles, including twelve different diamond pieces, valued at $5,000, in a single subscription; pianos, a $1,000 billiard-table, wagons, carriages and T-carts; a $750 bust of Napoleon I., cameos, jewelry, and almost everything worth keeping.

The fair will open hereafter at 3 o'clock P. M., and close at 11 P. M., daily.

HINTS FOR EMIGRANTS.

In San Francisco bay are ninety-two varieties of fish for food.

THE Swiss colony at Mount Airy, Ga., is flourishing. More Swiss are coming.

IT is believed that there are now 3,674,000 sheep on the stock-farms of Texas.

SIX hundred negroes of San Augustine and Shelby Counties, Texas, are to start for Kansas this month.

THE tide of immigration is again turning towards Texas. Trains are said to be well loaded going from all directions.

A PARTY of French agriculturists, numbering seventy-nine men, women and children, have left Havre on their way to Texas.

UNDER the new law of Texas all strips of vacant land in organized counties can be bought from the State at fifty cents an acre.

ON November 3d the steamship *Teutonia*, from Liverpool, landed in New Orleans 200 farmer immigrants for Texas, who will invest from $100 to $5,000 each in land.

APACHE COUNTY, Arizona, has settled up at a rapid rate this Summer. People from New Mexico, who own large herds of sheep, have driven them in, selected stock ranges and become taxpayers in the new country.

IT is said that the G. H. and S. A. Railway Company of Texas will appoint an agent to proceed to Germany to induce emigration to the lands of the company along the railway, and that the position will be offered to Judge A. Siemering.

MR. E. A. FULTON, of Drew County, Ark., is visiting St. Paul and Minneapolis as the representative of a colony of colored people which has been organized in that county, who are seeking aid in the North to enable them to remove to Southern Nebraska.

LATE reports from Oregon represent that the northern valleys of Lake County are being rapidly settled by emigrants; that there are 90,000 acres of rich land in the Upper Nehalan Valley; and that the wool-clip of Jackson County this year will reach 300,000 pounds.

AN association has been organized at Erie, Pa., to induce immigration to that city, and will advertise in three hundred papers of England, Ireland and Scotland, offering inducements to settlers.

IN 1878, according to the census, the population of Washington Territory was 50,511. This year there is an increase of 7,273, making the population 57,784. Stevens County shows the greatest gain, 1,735; Whitman next, with a gain of 1,581; while Columbia stands third on the list, having gained 1,074.

JOHN MITCHELL, one of the most extensive landowners in the San Joaquin Valley, California, lately sold eight sections of land west of Modesto, at $20 per acre. It was sold in tracts varying in size from 160 acres to 640, and will be occupied and farmed by those who have purchased it—emigrants from other States and Europe.

THE population of Chattanooga has increased in two years from 11,488 to 12,879, a gain of 1,391. The increase of whites has been 318, of blacks 1,073. The preponderance of increase of the latter is of itself an industrial straw of value. For, while there have been added all these strong hands to the workers, there are less idlers than ever before.

SUGAR BEETS have been cultivated with success on the Euchol Brook farm at Pikesville, Maryland, from seed brought from Germany. The beet yields twelve per cent. of saccharine matter, and a German manufacturing firm have offered to build a mill for making sugar and bring skilled workmen, if a guarantee is given that at least two thousand acres shall be planted yearly for their use.

THE cotton receipts of Atlanta, Ga., fell off in 1878 about 12,000 bales from those of 1877, and this year there will be a further decline of some 2,000 bales. But what Georgia is losing in cotton would seem to be made up to her in rich minerals. A single blast recently in the old Strickland mine in Forsyth County exposed a vein three feet in width, with the gold so thick that it could be seen at a distance of ten paces.

THE Elberton (Ga.) *Gazette* tells "how to double the price of our cotton crops" as follows: Supposing our crops reach to 8,000 bales, at ten cents, it would bring to our county $320,000. If this crop was used up by factories in the county it would bring instead of $320,000, a return of nearly $700,000. This being the case, it behooves every farmer in the county to use his exertions for the establishment of cotton factories right here at home.

CHIEF-JUSTICE PALMER, of New Mexico, says he has received many inquiries from Eastern people concerning the advantages of that Territory for emigrants and capitalists. He speaks of the fruit prospects as superior to California, the flavor being much finer, and is especially hopeful over the outlook for native wines. Now that there will soon be direct communication by rail with Kansas and Colorado, the Valley of the Rio Grande will become the great orchard of the West.

SAN FRANCISCO will have the sum of $900,000 with which to keep up her schools during this school year. The State apportionment part of this amounts to $390,000. The city's school property is valued at $3,051,000; the estimated value of the school apparatus is $25,000, and of the school libraries $13,000. During the past year the enrollment in the schools has been 38,129, the average daily attendance being 27,075. The private and church schools instructed 7,224.

IT looks as if Dakota would be the thirty-ninth State. In 1870 its population was about 14,000. Now it is estimated at 120,000, and its people think it will be 180,000 by 1880. This will clearly entitle it to admission unless the Territory is divided, a question which will be much discussed. It is asserted that three-quarters of the soil of Dakota is unsurpassed on the slope for wheat-growing, and there are six lines of railroad now being pushed across these lands from east to west.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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HEARING WITH THE TEETH.

A Satisfactory Test of the Audiphone.

MR. RICHARD G. RHODES of Chicago, the inventor of the audiphone, designed to enable the deaf to hear by means of the teeth, gave a very interesting exhibition of the new instrument at No. 41 East Twenty-second Street, in this city, November 21st, in the presence of Mr. Peter Cooper and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet; the Rev. Robert Collyer; Prof. Jenkins, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who was accompanied by a class of mutes; Mr. Henry Bergh, and many others. After explaining the origin of the invention, Mr. Rhodes described it as consisting essentially of a diaphragm of hard rubber, somewhat similar to the diaphragm of the telephone, and of somewhat peculiar composition. This diaphragm is very thin and elastic, and cut in the form of a square, with rounded corners, so as to present a collecting surface of not far from one square foot. For purposes of convenient adjustment it is furnished with a neat, hard rubber handle, and in this form might readily be mistaken for a fan of the ordinary Japanese pattern. When in use the edges of the diaphragm are made to approximate towards each other by a silken cord, so as to present a convex surface to the speaker and a concave one to the listener. The cord may be fastened at any convenient convexity of the surface of the auditory disk. When thus adjusted, the upper edge is pressed firmly against the interior edge of the upper teeth, and the deaf-mute is ready to listen. The experiments on the class of deaf-mutes present were conducted by Mr. Rhodes in person. The most satisfactory results obtained were those in which the congenitally deaf members of the class were the subjects of experiment, deafness from disease frequently involving loss of sensibility in the auditory nerve, rather than injury to the bony or membraneous structure concerned in hearing, and thus extinguishing the necessary basis of sensation. A young man who had been deaf from infancy heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation. His delight at the recovery of a lost sense affected every spectator.

(Continued on page 258.)



THE CLASS HEARING, WITH THEIR TEETH, A VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.



A YOUNG LADY HEARING CONVERSATION FOR THE FIRST TIME.

NEW YORK CITY.—EXPERIMENTS WITH THE AUDIPHONE, ON A CLASS OF DEAF-MUTES, AT NO. 41 EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NOVEMBER 21ST.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, *53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

The present number gives an interview with Mr. Frederick Douglass, United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. The utterances of Mr. Douglass upon the exodus, as well as upon the condition of the negroes in the South, will be read with considerable interest, not only from the fact that Mr. Douglass is himself of the colored race, but from his having been a slave. Mr. Douglass touches upon many topics of importance in this interview.

THE CURRENCY REPORT.

WE always look to the annual reports of the Hon. John Jay Knox, the Comptroller of the Currency, with the assurance that we shall find in them lucid statements of fact, accompanied with valuable suggestions for the future guidance of our legislators and of the banking institutions over whose management he is called by his office to exercise a vigilant inspection. In his report of the previous year he made a vigorous defense of the national bank system against some of the attacks waged upon it from the political hustings and by the public press, and in his report of the present year he is able to cite, in further defense of that system, the effective part it has played in contributing to the success of Secretary Sherman's refunding operations, by which such a great diminution has been effected in the annual interest paid on the public debt. Indeed, Mr. Knox does not hesitate to say—and the remark is abundantly substantiated by the facts and figures which he adduces—that if the national banking system had not existed, and if United States notes had been issued in place of the national bank notes, it would not have been possible to consummate the brilliant achievement which has shed so much honor on the financial skill of Mr. Sherman. It does not at all detract from the merit of the latter that the national bank system was so directly and so effectively instrumental in promoting the execution of his funding transactions.

But, as becomes a wise financier, it is rather with the present and future than with the past that the Comptroller mainly concerns himself in the doctrinal part of his report. Since the advent of resumption the old forms of tables, giving the amount and kinds of currency in actual circulation, are no longer adequate to represent the current volume of money at any given date; for the sum total must vary from time to time according to the amount of coin in the country, and this amount is, besides, a variable quantity which must be determined by calculation rather than by exact statements. The amount of coin in the country is estimated by the Director of the Mint to have been $427,000,000 on the first day of November in this year, and of this amount $121,000,000 was in silver coin. Assuming the correctness of this estimate, and it cannot be far from the truth, Mr. Knox reports that the circulating medium of the United States on the date indicated was as follows:

Treasury notes outstanding	$346,681,016
National bank notes outstanding	337,181,418
Gold in the Treasury, less certificates held by the banks	157,960,193
Silver in the Treasury	50,078,620
Coin in the banks (Oct. 20)	42,173,741
Estimated amount of coin held by the people	231,478,516
Total	$1,165,553,504

On comparing this volume of the currency with the highest point that was reached between the suspension and the resumption of specie payments in the United States, Mr. Knox finds that it is $380,000,000 in excess of that highest point. And after due allowances made for the amount of hoarded coin which is available as currency, but which has not, as yet, actually entered into circulation, and for the coin reserves held by the Treasury and the national banks, he comes to the conclusion that the present actual inflation of the currency, in everyday circulation, is about $120,000,000 in excess of previous years.

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Knox argues, that an unusually large volume of currency has been required by the business operations of the country during the past year. Our harvests, as he says, have been unprecedentedly large; the price of all agricultural products has been enhanced by the foreign demand resulting from the failure of crops in Europe; and there has been a consequent rise in the price of wages and of all exchangeable commodities. But these considerations only serve to show how it is that the country has thus far escaped some of the evils resulting from an undue expansion of the currency. While they explain the grounds of our security in the past year, they afford no security for the years that are to come, but, by their exceptional character, would seem to teach the lessons of an indispensable prudence to our banking institutions, to our business men, and to our legislators in Congress.

As Mr. Knox is called by his functions as Comptroller to consult primarily for the soundness of the national banks, and through them to consult for the welfare of the people, he does but perform his duty to each when he "urgently recommends" that all the national banks shall take advantage of the present influx of gold to accumulate in their vaults an amount equal to the total cash reserve required by law. The grounds of this recommendation, and the advantages expected to result from its adoption, are explained by Mr. Knox as follows:

"If this coin, which is still flowing into the Treasury, shall also be largely accumulated by the banks, it will be more likely to become diffused among the people. The addition of coin to the circulation should have the effect to reduce the amount of paper money, if in excess of the wants of business, and send homeward for redemption the legal-tender and the national bank notes. If the legal-tender notes accumulate in the Treasury, they cannot again be issued, except upon requisitions of the Government; and the accumulation of such notes has a tendency to induce extravagant appropriations and expenditures by Congress. The law, as it now stands, requires that the Secretary shall keep in circulation the legal-tender notes, which is not practicable, and their accumulation by him will lead to constant agitation of the subject in Congress and among the people, which discussions will encourage speculation, and disturb the current of legitimate business. With the influx of specie it is important that such a paper currency shall be in circulation as can be easily retired, if in excess."

At the date of this present writing we are not apprised of the views which Mr. Secretary Sherman will announce in his annual report with regard to the expediency of withdrawing and cancelling the legal-tender notes. We know that on the political "stump" he has persistently argued in favor of their retention in our currency, and has predicted for them in the future a circulation throughout the marts of the world on an equality with the Bank of England notes. We have seen an intimation that since the light shed upon the financial situation by the late autumnal elections, in which the Greenback party has been driven to the wall, the Secretary is not indisposed to change his opinions on this point, and will hereafter keep lock-step with the advancing course of an enlightened public sentiment. We shall soon know how much truth, if any, there is in these vaticinations, but in any event it is satisfactory to know that the Comptroller of the Currency, though speaking with all the delicacy and reserve due from a subordinate in the Treasury to its official head, has not left either Congress or the country in any doubt with regard to his views of financial policy and of public expediency in the premises. When he says that the accumulation of greenbacks in the Treasury is a lure to extravagant appropriations by Congress, that their periodical reissue leads to a constant agitation of the subject in Congress and among the people, and that this agitation tends to disturb legitimate business while promoting speculation; and, finally, when he says that the country requires an elastic currency which easily admits of withdrawing so much of the circulating medium as may be at any time in excess of the actual wants of trade, he does but formulate the patent objections which lie against the longer toleration of a currency that is at once seductive to public virtue, injurious to lawful business and rigid in its volume. That a kind of money subject to such perils should have been invented by the financiers of 1862, when they supposed themselves unable to find or to create a better currency, is, at least, intelligible, but that such a currency should be retained at the present day, when it is required for no useful purpose, and is only productive of evil, and that continually, can be explained only on the grounds of that infatuation which is said sometimes to overtake men in masses as well as individuals.

MAKING OUR OWN SUGAR.

THIRTY years ago Louisiana produced one-half of all the cane-sugar used in the United States, but at this time she supplies less than one-tenth of what is consumed. This change is due to a decrease in the home production and the enormous increase in consumption. There is, as is well-known, but a limited area of country in the Southern States adapted to the culture of the true or tropical species of sugar-cane, and, although this has not as yet all been utilized, still, it has long been apparent that no possible increase of production in these regions could keep pace with the rapid increase in consumption. This being admitted, both the Government and individuals have been looking about for other sources of supply, that might in part, at least, relieve us from the necessity of purchasing millions of pounds annually of foreign countries, thus sending money abroad that might perhaps be kept at home.

The introduction of the Chinese sugar-cane some twenty-five years ago was pregnant with great promise, for it was a plant closely allied to the broom-corn and other species of sorghum that were known to be adapted to cool climates and likely to thrive in all of our Middle States and most of the Northern, but the valuable properties claimed for this new cane were not realized to the extent expected, and the interest in it gradually waned. Attempts to make sugar from sorghum were indeed not wanting, but they were not, upon the whole, sufficiently successful to warrant the extended cultivation of this plant, and for the past fifteen or twenty years it has been little talked about except as a cheap and convenient source of obtaining syrup for home consumption by the farmers growing it. During this time, however, new varieties have been raised, among them, one, called the "amber cane," that promises to be a great acquisition, and, in fact, has already revived the waning interest in sorghum culture, bringing once more prominently before the public a sugar-producing plant of the highest order. Whether this recent and quite widespread interest in sorghum sugar is due to the new varieties, or the discoveries in methods of treating the syrups and obtaining a good quality of sugar therefrom, is a question not definitely settled. Still, the results are apparent on every hand, and it is proved that good sugar can be obtained from the newer sorts and in much larger quantities than was ever extracted from the old ones. Besides, some of them are so early that they will mature even in the State of Minnesota, practically making the production of sugar possible wherever Indian corn will grow. In fact, it has been found by some of the recently discovered processes that the stalks of Indian corn will yield about 2,000 pounds of syrup to the acre, nearly one-half of which can be changed into sugar.

Quite a number of our sugar-refiners in both Eastern and Western cities have been experimenting with sorghum sugar during the present season, and from their favorable reports we may conclude that there can be no longer any doubt in regard to its production in almost unlimited quantities and of excellent quality. The only remaining point to be definitely settled is that of cost. If this should be satisfactory, we may conclude that the country is now in a fair way to produce all the sugar required for home use, and, perhaps, in the near future, have some to spare. The sorghums are so closely allied to Indian corn—requiring similar soils and cultivation—that our farmers were inclined to take hold of them from the start, and recent developments have made many of them more than anxious to extend their plantations.

The sugar-beet, from which the larger part of all the sugar used in France and some other countries is obtained, has received but little favor in this country, as its cultivation is far more expensive than the sorghums, calling for a much greater expenditure of labor. Furthermore, in our dry climate, all kinds of root crops are far less successful than in the more moist one of Northern Europe. Attempts have, however, been made to utilize the beet-root for sugar-making in several of our States—principally in Maine, Illinois and California—but with indifferent success; and this interest may be considered as yet in a kind of embryonic state, no one knowing whether there is any really good foundation for even a hope of final success. Large sums of money have been invested and lost in erecting costly manufactories for producing beet-root sugar, and, while they may finally succeed, the results are uncertain.

CARING FOR THE CHILDREN.

IF there is any one city charity which is exceptionally conspicuous for the beneficence and grandeur of the results achieved by it, it is the Children's Aid Society, now in the twenty-seventh year of its active history. The annual report, just given to the public, shows that during the last twenty-six years the Society has supplied 55,717 persons, of whom 45,000 were children, with homes and places of work, and it is stated that not five per cent. of these have become criminals or chargeable on the public. Great numbers of the boys have grown up and now own property and occupy positions of influence; some are scholars, lawyers and clergymen. The girls have often married happily and many are now happy mothers of families. The statistics of the past year show that 3,713 persons were sent to homes, of whom 1,920 were boys, 1,280 girls, 210 men and 203 women, at an average cost of $8.04 each. In the lodging houses, during twenty-six years, some 200,000 different boys and girls have been sheltered and partly fed and instructed. In the industrial schools probably over 50,000 poor little girls have been taught; and of these, it is not known that even a score have entered on criminal courses of life, or have become drunkards or beggars, though four-fifths were children of drunkards.

The Society claims that the police statistics of crime demonstrate very conclusively the great usefulness of its work. "During a portion of the period through which these figures run, the population of the city increased from 814,224 in 1860 to 1,083,371 in 1878, while, as usual, great numbers of poor people remained here, left by the foreign immigration; yet the commitments of female vagrants have within those years been reduced over one-half; the commitments of young girls for petit larceny over one-half; the commitments of boys for petit larceny have been materially reduced, and criminal offenses by boys held decidedly in check."

The total receipts of the Society since 1853 amount to $2,748,001. A work which touches so vitally the welfare of the whole community, and embodies so much of actual benefaction to thousands of lives that but for its intervention might be in perpetual eclipse, may surely challenge the heartiest sympathy and the substantial support of all right-minded citizens.

THE SILVER IDIOCY.

THE annual report of the Director of the Mint sets forth the interesting fact that at the close of the fiscal year, June 30th, 1879, the metallic money of the country amounted to $398,541,683, of which sum $112,050,985 was composed of silver. In six years, that is to say, from June 30th, 1873, the gain in gold has been $151,490,698, and in silver $107,050,985. According to the same authority, the total of coin owned in the country on the 1st of November, 1879, amounted to $427,206,852, an increase of $28,665,169 in four months. Of this increase $9,405,370 was in silver, making a total in that metal of $121,456,355. Having in view the attitude of European nations with reference to bi-metallism, and apparently deprecating the expansion of the silver volume, the Director uses the following precautionary language:

"Should the $600,000,000 of silver coins now permitted to circulate as full legal-tender in Europe be demonetized, consequences will follow more disastrous to the stability of silver and all monetary values than have attended its partial exclusion from European circulation, and its immediate further depreciation would pour the whole supply upon nations willing to receive and use it as money. The United States could not, single-handed among commercial nations, with no European co-operation or allies, sustain the value of silver from the inevitable fall."

Notwithstanding the fact that our chief commercial relations are had with countries devoted to mono-metallism, or which have relegated silver to a subsidiary position; and also the other fact that European nations have thus far declined American overtures for an international agreement in regard to the coinage of silver, our Government, by direction of Congress, goes on with the foolish work of coining silver dollars of base weight, all of which the superior law of commerce rejects. That the country stands committed against this coinage of silver is clearly shown by the completed report of Treasurer Gilfillan, which covers the transactions of his department for the past fiscal year. In that report he shows that the total coinage of standard silver dollars, under the Act of February 28th, 1878, amounts to $45,206,200, of which only $13,002,842, or less than 29 per cent., is in circulation. The remaining $32,203,358 are piled up in the mints and Treasury offices, while the farce of increasing this useless coinage goes on at the rate of more than $2,000,000 per month, to the great detriment and disgust of people awaiting the coinage of gold.

The Director of the Mint states it as an opinion that the true policy of this country is to pursue such conservative action as will tend to bring the values of gold and silver to their former status, but precisely how this is to be accomplished without the aid of countries to which we are commercially related, we are at a loss to understand. The fact is only too apparent that the United States must come into financial harmony with civilized nations as to a single standard of value and subsidiary coinage. The one pressing need of this great producing and commercial country is not that of a strictly circulating medium, but a standard of value liable to the smallest possible fluctuations. The public requires a steady denomination dollar wherewith to measure other values, rather than a great quantity of actual dollars either of gold or silver. This is the want of the age. We stand on the advanced plane of civilization, and yet we use financial methods all unknown to semi-barbarous nations like China and India. The introduction of the deposit system and the clearing-house has had much to do with changing the aspect of

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the question. The mass of all business is being conducted on credits, and the turning over of $300,000,000 in money means the transaction and settlement of trade values to the extent of $6,000,000,000, and each time the same $300,000,000 are turned over it simply settles the balance on $6,000,000,000 involved in exchanging domestic and imported productions or other property. In consequence of this state of affairs the standard of value becomes of more importance than ever. Actual metal dollars we must have in order to get and keep the all-important denomination dollar, that being the measurer of all credits, commodities and services, but the actual metal dollars are no longer used to anything like the former extent. These several facts constitute an important element in considering the silver question, and yet, as a rule, they have been willfully or ignorantly ignored.

The advocates of bi-metallism argue in favor of silver as though they believed that the business of the world was still done in gold and silver dollars. The civilized world, with its perfected financial system, does no such thing. Its business is now substantially done through the medium of bills of exchange, drafts, checks, bank bills and other forms of credit. More and more these appliances of commerce and trade are taking the place of coined money. At home, as abroad, the principle of the clearing-house is extending, and more and more are debts liquidated by offset, and less and less by direct payments in coin. Last year—1878—the aggregate business of twenty-one clearing-houses in the United States reached a sum total of more than $32,323,000,000, and yet not more than five per cent. of money was used in adjusting the offsets or balances found due. Credits, of course, can never wholly usurp the place of coined money. If that were possible there would remain no *denominations* for the measurement of values, but it is quite plain that the more the credit system extends its operations the more it does away with the need of and use of actual money.

Under the changed methods of conducting trade, and able to command all the gold called for by commercial wants, why should the United States attempt to preserve a double standard, or go on coining silver dollars for which there is no demand? The country no more needs two standards of value than it needs two Constitutions or two Presidents. According to Professor Perry, of Williams College, silver, as compared with agricultural labor in England, has declined in 600 years to one-tenth of its former purchasing power; that is, it has lost in that period 90 per cent. of its purchasing power. Gold has suffered no such decline, and this experience, as well as all other, proves it to be the better and more reliable standard of value. Let us have done with the foolish idea of a double standard, and put an end to the idiotic coinage of silver dollars for the mere purpose of storing them away in the vaults of the Treasury Department.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE situation in Ireland is undoubtedly critical. In the counties of Mayo and Sligo great popular demonstrations were held last week, and bodies of troops were held under arms in apprehension of probable outbreaks. The populace, however, while intensely indignant at the recent action of the Government, have, for the most part, kept within the law, and no serious acts of violence have so far been reported. But there was a very turbulent scene in the Sligo court on Friday, November 28th, when, after refusing to give bail, and making a passive resistance to arrest, Mr. Killen was committed for trial. The announcement of his counsel that he desired to call as witnesses the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, the Crown Solicitor and Mr. Dwyer Gray, M. P., evidently provoked the magistrates, who were willing to accept bail, and they cut the examination short. Mr. Daly, who, with Messrs. Davitt and Killen, had been arrested for alleged sedition, it is said, will be presented as the County of Mayo's next representative in Parliament. It is said that Lord Beaconsfield has expressed a purpose to undertake certain Government works in Ireland with a view of furnishing employment to the necessitous, and that the Government contemplates sending large quantities of coal to the parts nearest to the distressed district, to be distributed by Poor Law officers and relief committees at cost price. Mr. Parnell continues to be the hero of the hour, and has an opportunity to serve his people, which it is to be hoped he may employ wisely.

Prince Gortschakoff is succeeded in the direction of the foreign relations of Russia by Prince Walujeff, who is understood to favor a pacific policy, especially as to Germany. Walujeff has filled with great ability the position of Minister of the Interior, and more recently has been known as Minister of Domains. He is one of the most distinguished representatives of the Russian aristocracy, and it is believed that he will direct with exceptional wisdom the foreign affairs of the empire, though his policy will not be in accord with the democratic spirit now so rigorously asserting itself. An important meeting of Russian diplomats was held at St. Petersburg, December 2d, and it is hinted that Gortschakoff has expressed decided opposition to the promotion of Walujeff, whom he regards as too strongly disposed to conciliate the Western Powers.

Mr. Gladstone opened his canvass at Edinburgh last week, being most cordially received. He sharply criticised the policy of the Government, and declared himself in favor of giving home rule in Ireland as to all purely local matters.

The French Chamber of Deputies was formally opened in Paris, November 27th. The event seems to have attracted little attention. M. Gambetta, in opening the session, congratulated the House on its return to Paris, the legitimate capital of France, and urged the Chamber to abstain from all useless and passionate discussions, and concentrate its efforts on securing the grandeur of the country and consolidating the Republic. There are still indications that the present Ministers are not likely to continue much longer in power.

There is a report that the Russian army in Central Asia will be reinforced by four regiments, and that a new route of advance is being prepared. There is probably some ground for this statement. Russia does not mean to let go her hold upon the points already secured in Asia, nor will she abandon her campaign against Merv so long as there is a possibility of success in that direction.

The financial distress in Constantinople is becoming very serious. It is said that the purveyors to the Sultan's palace, owing to the non-payment of long-standing bills, have suspended the daily supplies, and there are other equally significant indications that the credit and resources of the Government have reached the lowest possible point. It is now said that the Ministry proposes to do their utmost to arrive at a direct understanding with Greece, and avoid an appeal to the Powers.

The obsequies of the Countess Montijo, mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie, which occurred in Madrid, November 24th, were marked by great pomp. The hearse was followed by six hundred carriages filled with mourners, including statesmen, ambassadors, courtiers and distinguished people of every sort. Eugénie is said to be prostrated with grief at the loss of her mother, who was the centre of the very highest society at the Spanish capital.

Another of the London sensational journals, the *Figaro*, has fallen under the ban of the courts for publishing articles declared to be libelous of a society lady. The proprietor was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500.

The new Italian Cabinet, of which Signor Cairoli is President, represents the best phase of Italian liberalism.

The Turkish police force, which is to act as a reserve in case of war, has been fixed at 60,000 men.—There is still a possibility that the British will be compelled to reconquer the Transvaal by force, the Boers still showing a hostile attitude.—The northwestern provinces of India are suffering from a severe epidemic of malarious fever, which has increased the death rate to an enormous extent and temporarily disabled a large proportion of the agricultural population.—The negotiations between Austria and Germany for the conclusion of a new commercial treaty have been suspended.—Direct telegraphic communication has been established between London and Cabul. The weather in Afghanistan is intensely cold.—Count Schouvaloff, who has presented his letter of recall as Russian Ambassador, to Queen Victoria, will spend the Winter at Cannes.—Eleven hundred soldiers, on two frigates, left Spain for Cuba on the last day of November. The insurrection is regarded as practically over.—M. de Lesseps will be preceded on his visit to Panama by a brigade of pioneers and surveyors who have already sailed for that point "to prepare for cutting the canal." De Lesseps will sail for Panama, December 6th, and after his exploration there will visit New York.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE "hardy annual" has appeared. The President has sent his Message to Congress, and its merits and demerits are now being canvassed over the length and breadth of the land. It deals with many subjects, the most important being the Finances and the Civil Service Reform. It congratulates Congress upon resumption and the familiar fact that $40,000,000 more coin are deposited in the Treasury in exchange for legal-tender notes than there has been coin paid out for notes redeemed. The revival in trade is alluded to, as well as to the liquidation, per $50,000,000 in gold, of the large indebtedness to the United States by foreign countries. Regarding the currency, the President states that of $45,000,000 of silver dollars coined up to November 1st, over $32,000,000 still remain in the vaults of the Treasury. The Message recommends Congress to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to suspend the coinage of silver dollars upon the present legal ratio. "The market value of the silver dollar being uniformly and largely less than the market value of the gold dollar, it is obviously impracticable to maintain them at par with each other if both are coined without limit. If the cheaper coin is forced into circulation it will, if coined without limit, soon become the sole standard of value, and thus defeat the desired object, which is a currency of both gold and silver, which shall be of equivalent value, dollar for dollar, with the universally recognized money of the world." The President is still more decided in reference to the paper currency. He views the retirement of United States notes with the capacity of legal tender in private contracts as "a step to be taken in our progress towards a safe and stable currency which should be accepted as the policy and duty of the Government, and the interests and security of the people," adding: "It is my firm conviction that the issue of legal-tender paper money, based wholly upon the authority and credit of the Government, except in extreme emergency, is without warrant in the Constitution, and a violation of sound financial principles."

The Message deals with Civil Service Reform in a somewhat elaborate manner, dilating upon the propriety of "stump" by certain Cabinet officers, and its impropriety in inferior officials, while it alludes with considerable satisfaction to the results of the competitive examinations for minor positions in the Custom House and Post Office. The President appeals to the patriotism of the country to put an end to race proscription, and urges Congress to legislate towards the amendment of the laws regulating the exercise of the suffrage. With reference to polygamy in Utah, he insists upon the enforcement of the laws against it, declaring himself in favor of the withdrawal of citizenship as a penalty for their contravention of such laws. The temporary adjustment of the Fisheries Question is referred to as needing "early and permanent settlement," while the enlargement of our commerce with South America, more frequent mail communications therewith, a resumption of diplomatic relations with Colombia and the Indian Questions, wind up an able and interesting Message.

Among the Bills on the House calendar which will early engage the attention of Congress, is one to prohibit Federal officers, claimants and contractors from making contributions for political purposes, and another to prevent the cases from State to Federal Courts. On the Senate calendar are Bills prohibiting military interference at elections, and providing for a treaty of reciprocity and commerce with the Republic of France.

THE reports of United States consular officers on the rate of wages paid to, and the cost of living of, the working classes of Europe, have attracted great attention abroad. Indeed, so high is the estimate placed upon them that the British Foreign Office has distributed them to the chief Chambers of Commerce in England, and has recently asked for additional copies. The Edinburgh *Scotsman* says, with great directness: "The Foreign Office would render greater service if, through its own consuls, it would collect the information for itself, instead of having to beg it from the American Government."

IT is probable that Dakota will be the next applicant for admission into the Union as a State. The influx of population into this Territory during the last year and a half has been very large, and it is believed that before the close of 1880 the number of inhabitants will reach 160,000. It is not unlikely that the Territorial Assembly will, at the coming session, memorialize Congress for an Act enabling the people of Dakota to adopt a Constitution and secure formal admission as a State into the Union.

THE arrest of the agitator, Denis Kearney, in San Francisco, some days ago, for disturbing a public meeting, may be accepted as indicating the speedy collapse of the "sand lot" *régime*. The dispatches state that on his way to the lock-up, Kearney was "hooted and jeered," and that none of his followers manifested the slightest interest in his fate. It is to the credit of the Pacific metropolis that it has, at length, made up its mind to deal with this pestiferous demagogue as he deserves; but it is unfortunate that he has been so long tolerated, that the virus of his teachings has found a lodgment in the fundamental law of the State.

AT the recent meeting of the American Health Association, at Nashville, the subject of quarantine as a means of preventing yellow fever was discussed at length and with a good deal of earnestness. It was quite generally held that the present quarantine regulations are defective, and that a national quarantine should be provided for, under which all railroad trains should be stopped, at least, twenty miles from an infected city. Subsequently at a meeting of railroad managers of the southwest resolutions were adopted for a committee to lay before the several State Legislatures the practical defects of the present system of local quarantines, to the end that a more effective system may be enforced by appropriate legislation, and asking from Congress that the appropriation for the enforcement of State quarantines be expended under approval of the National Board of Health.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE second session of the Forty-sixth Congress was opened on Monday, December 1st.

IT is said that General Butler will run for Congress next year in one of the Boston districts.

GREAT preparations are making in Philadelphia for the reception of General Grant on his visit December, 16th 22nd.

THE secretary of the Louisiana State Lottery Company has applied for an injunction against Postmaster-General Key.

ONE hundred and three proposals, averaging $13,000, have been received for the forty new seats in the New York Stock Exchange.

THE Legislative Committee charged with the investigation of the management of railroads in this State resumed its sittings last week.

THE Committee of the New York Senate who investigated the charges against the management of the State Asylums for the Insane have reported that they were baseless.

GRAHAM, the confederate of Benjamin Hunter, who was hanged for the murder of Armstrong to secure the insurance on his life, has been sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years at Newton, N. J.

A RECEPTION was tendered to the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, at the Academy of Music, New York, on November 25th, when a vase, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his advancement to the episcopacy, was presented him.

THE Board of Aldermen has passed a resolution to exempt certain Roman Catholic orphan asylums in this city from payment of Croton water rents and taxes. The propriety of the proceeding is very justly called in question by a good many taxpayers.

THE Propaganda has approved the proposal of Cardinal McCloskey for the establishment of three bishoprics in America, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of New York. The Propaganda will ask Cardinal McCloskey as to the most suitable location the sees.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has sold a block of 250,000 shares of New York Central Railroad stock to a syndicate composed of representatives of the Wabash and Union Pacific Railroad systems and prominent foreign and home bankers. At the price agreed upon, the sale amounted to $30,000,000.

THE grand jury which recently adjourned at Salt Lake City was specially instructed to uphold the law against polygamy. The District-Attorney and Deputy Marshals have been hard at work for two months getting evidence, which resulted in four indictments for polygamy. The grand jury, in their report, say they found the witnesses very refractory, especially the younger ones.

THE excess of the imports of gold and silver over the exports from July 1st to October 31st, 1879, amounted to $51,853,679. The excess of the imports of gold and silver over the exports at the port of New York from November 1st to November 22d, 1879, amounted to $12,695,354, indicating that the total excess of imports into the country over the exports thereof from July 1st to November 22d amounted to about $65,000,000.

THE report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that there are 2,050 national banks in operation, with a capital of $455,244,415, and a surplus of $114,000,000. The average capital of all other banking concerns is less than half that of the national banks. The aggregate capital and deposits of all banks have diminished since 1875. The annual interest on the national debt is now $83,273,278. The total banking capital of the country is $656,495,899; total deposits, $1,893,526,471.

ALL investigation by the Ute Commission was stopped on November 29th, by runners from the White River Utes, who stated that rumors from the Uintah Utes said that troops were moving to the Uintah Agency to make prisoners, and that all the Uintahs had left for the camp of the White River Utes, who now refuse to come in until assured that this is not true. The Indians have been informed that this report is false, and that the troops are instructed not to advance during the present negotiations. Ouray thinks the story is an invention of the Mormon element, who are doing all in their power to create serious trouble.

Foreign.

IT is denied that Russia is making threatening preparations.

THE Swiss Federal Council have decided to take no general action to suppress emigration of Mormons to Utah, but to act in special cases.

KING ALFONSO of Spain and the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria were married in Madrid, on Saturday, November 29th, amid great pomp.

THE council of Turkish Ministers has decided to do its utmost to bring about a direct understanding with Greece and to avoid an appeal to the Powers.

THE Papal Secretary of State has written to the Nuncio at Brussels that the Vatican's relations to the Belgian Education Law are expressed only in the Belgian diplomatic correspondence.

THE Chilian army, which advanced from Pisagua against the allied forces at Iquique, has achieved a victory which gives them control of the Peruvian coast from Pisagua southward, and may compel the Peruvians to sue for peace.

THE first legislative session held in Paris since 1870 was opened November 27th with only the ordinary formalities. M. Gambetta advised the Deputies and the people of Paris to be tranquil. It is supposed that the Waddington Ministry may be reorganized.

THERE was a large gathering in Hyde Park, London, on November 30th, in response to a call for an organized demonstration in favor of the Irish agitators. Sympathy meetings were held the same day all over the County of Mayo, Ireland, and at Liverpool.

ROWELL, the English pedestrian, has decided that the next walking match for the long-distance championship of the world and the Astley Belt shall take place in England. The backer of Panchot writes that he will withdraw his man if the next match does not take place in America. O'Leary also wishes to withdraw from the match.

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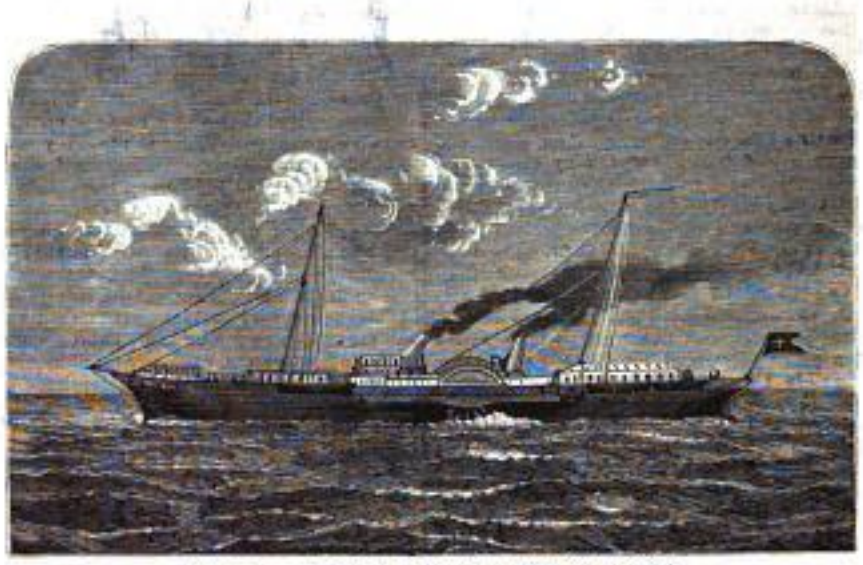
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 259.



ITALY.—FOUNTAIN ERECTED AT TURIN, COMMEMORATING THE COMPLETION OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.



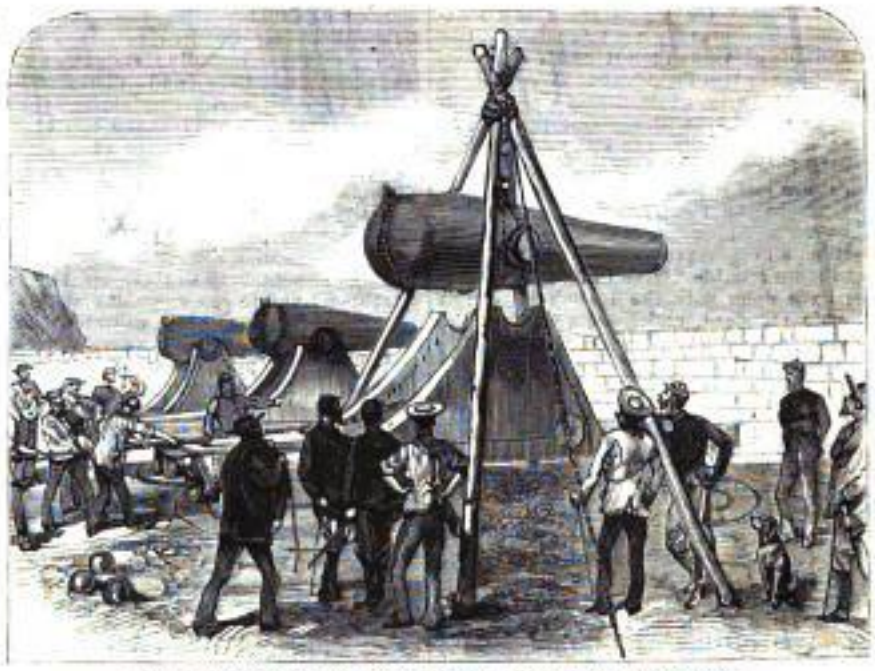
FRANCE.—PRESIDENT GRÉVY PLACING THE RED HAT ON CARDINAL MEGLIA.



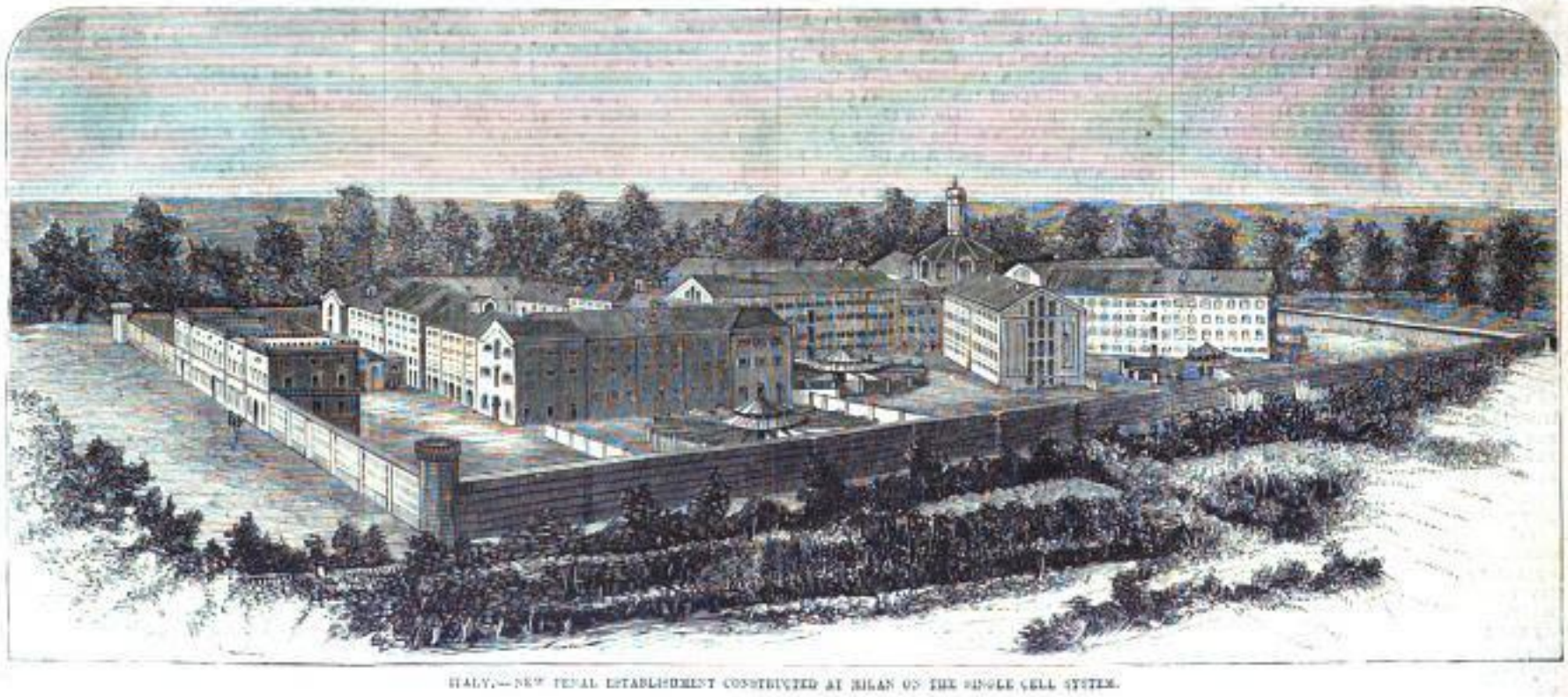
DENMARK.—THE PLEASURE YACHT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



ENGLAND.—THE PREMIER PASSING THE "LOVING CUP" AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

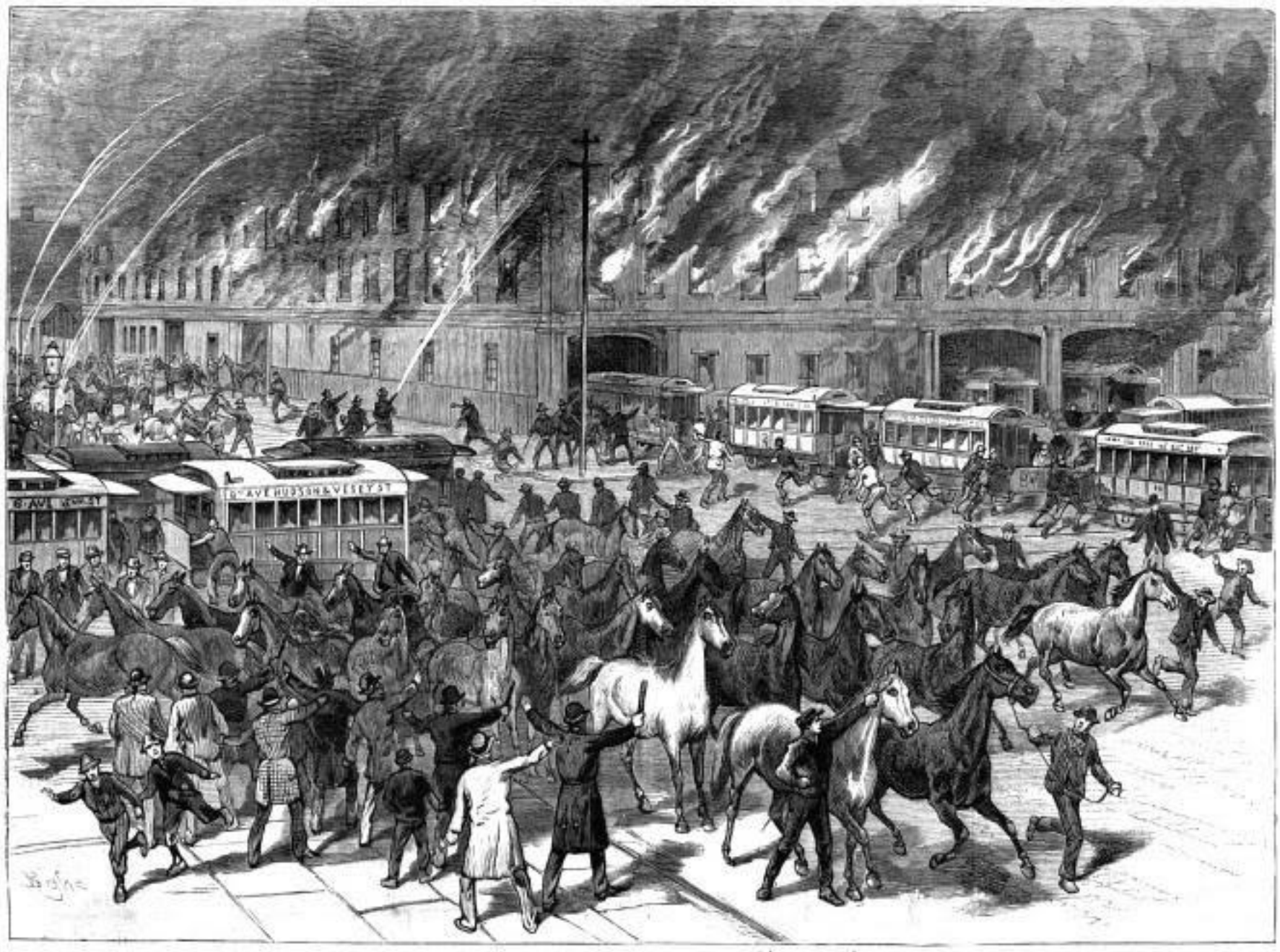


CHILI.—THE WAR WITH PERU.—MOUNTING HEAVY GUNS AT VALPARAISO.

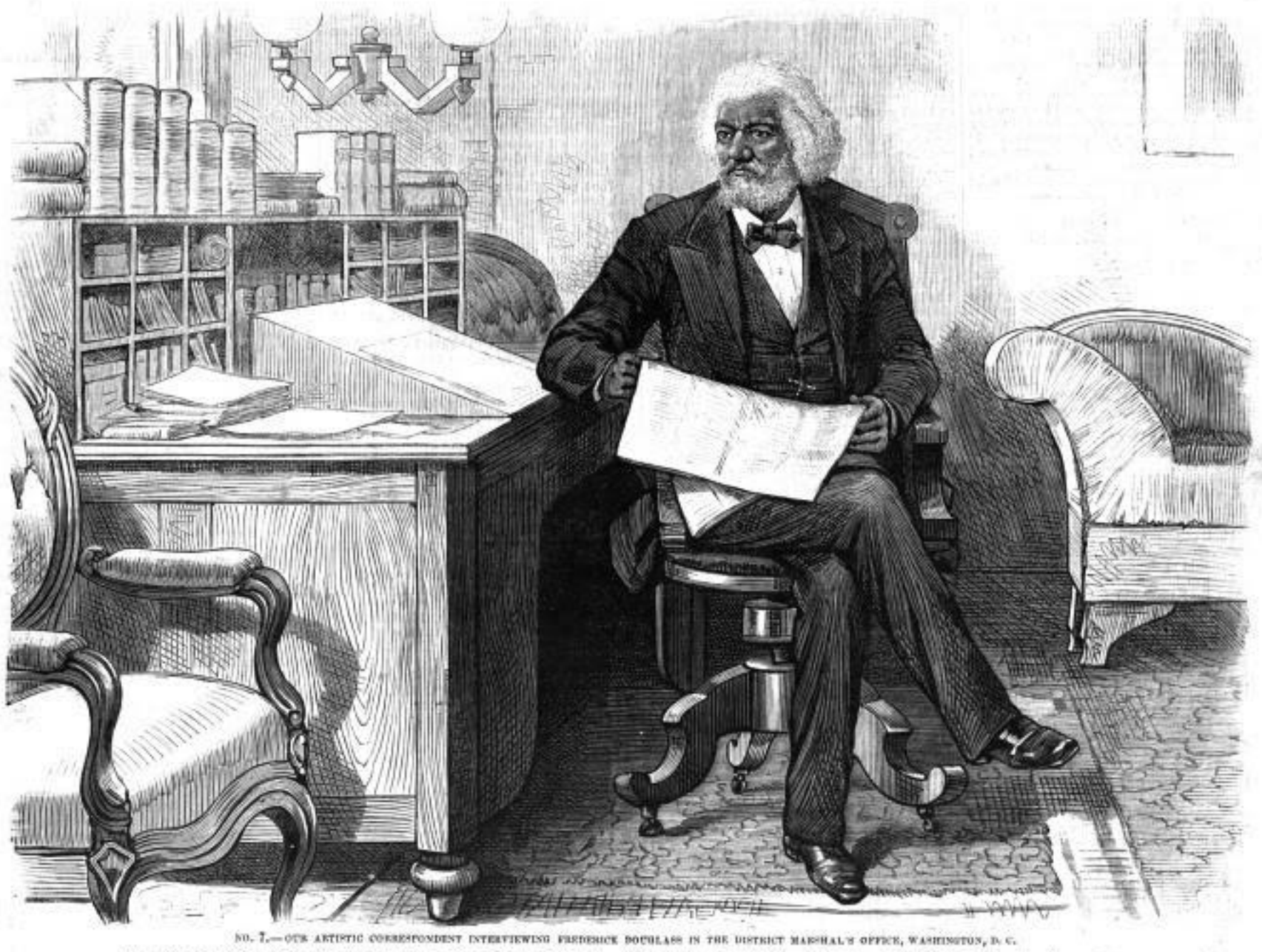


ITALY.—NEW PENAL ESTABLISHMENT CONSTRUCTED AT MILAN ON THE SINGLE CELL SYSTEM.

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NEW YORK CITY.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE STABLES OF THE EIGHTH AVENUE HORSE CAR CO., NOVEMBER 25TH.—EMPLOYÉS RESCUING HORSES AND SAVING CARS.—SEE PAGE 265.



NO. 7.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN THE DISTRICT MARSHAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 258.

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HEARING WITH THE TEETH.

[Continued from front page.]

A little girl who was born deaf indicated by signs and looks of surprise that she heard the sound of voices; but, having never before heard any sound, she did not know the meaning of the words. Instruments were placed in the hands of the entire class, and a lady sang, accompanied by an organ. At the sound of the first notes the faces of the mutes expressed great surprise, and when the voice of the singer rose and fell, and the harmony of the accompaniment blended with the voice, the pleasure of the mute listeners was manifested. Their faces lighted up and their hands were moved up and down as the pitch of the air rose and fell. Some of the mutes waved their hands with a peculiarly graceful movement to show that they could distinguish between the volume of the crescendo passages and that of the less loud portions. The inventor—with Caswell, Hazard & Co.—claims that totally deaf persons may be made to hear ordinary conversation by the use of the audiphone, and that they may then be taught to speak.

SUE'S HUSBAND.

AMONG Mr. Whithune's mild lunacies was the delusion that he was an Adonis, an Apollo, a very King of Hearts; and to see his simpering air towards women, and his self-complacent air towards himself, without the power to take him by the throat and kill him on the spot, was a trial for which his fellow-creatures may be rewarded in another and a better world, but there are no gold medals for it here.

John used to say (John, by-the-way, was my husband, and Sue was his sister, Mr. Whithune, consequently, John's brother-in-law), John used to say he would give his salary if Sue's husband would commit a forgery or join a debating society, or do something decisive like other men, but Mr. Whithune's pet phrase was that he "knew a thing or two," and it seemed that he knew too much to do either the one or the other.

On one occasion he had come to the city to procure his Winter stock of merchandise, and, of course, stopped at our house; so after breakfast John offered him a cigar, and said, as Mr. Whithune remarked that he never smoked anything but cigarettes—of course he didn't:

"I shall not be able to be much with you to-day, Whithune, but we will see the ballet to-night, if you like."

Mr. Whithune cleared his throat and looked solemn enough to make it appear that he remonstrated, but not solemn enough to have it distinctly understood that he would not go.

"Can we not find something more respectable than the ballet, John?" he inquired, feeling in his vest-pocket for a toothpick.

By way of economy we used our dining-room as a sewing-room also, and the seamstress I employed was now seated on one side the fireplace, bending over her work.

She was a woman about fifty years old, of a sad expression usually, and thin physique; scant hair parted plainly on the forehead, and a sallow, rough skin, which betrayed the habitual use of cosmetics; but she had a pliant and elastic figure, and large, bright eyes which seemed, under genial influences, capable of becoming brighter still. She was clothed in shabby black, and presented altogether the ordinary appearance of an overtaxed needlewoman somewhat advanced in years.

As Mr. Whithune made the above remark, she raised her eyes to his face and a shade of color came into her faded cheeks; then they wandered off to John, and she smiled faintly as he gave her a glance of amusement, and left the room with his brother-in-law.

Presently my husband came tearing back; rushing up-stairs three at a time.

"Carrie! Oh, Carrie!"

"Adsum!" came from the store-room.

"Carrie, I'll give Mrs. Oakey fifty dollars if she will do it."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Sell Whithune," answered John.

"Why, who wants Whithune? Who in the world, may I be allowed to inquire, do you suppose would have Whithune?"

"Oh, I mean—pshaw—sell him—make a fool of him, you know," said John, eagerly.

"You cannot improve on nature, and she made a specialty of Mr. Whithune. However, what would you of Mrs. Oakey?"

"I will take Whithune to the ballet to-night, and I want her to make eyes at him, and kiss her hand at him, and all that. Make a fool of him. Sell him, as I said."

"But it will flatter him to death. There will be no tolerating him."

"Oh, we shall have to let him down, of course," said John; "I don't know how, exactly, but some way. There will be the fun."

"But he necessarily sees her every morning, for she comes before we breakfast. Suppose he should recognize her."

"Recognize her, the mischief! If he can recognize that poor old needlewoman in her rusty black clothes, through the spangles and paint and pads and fringes of the *danseuse*, then he may take my hat and I'll own up that he really does, as he says, know a thing or two."

So I returned to Mrs. Oakey.

She had become known to me through one of our servants who went home every night, and who had one day told me of a woman occupying a room in her neighborhood, who seemed almost destitute and very sick, whom I therefore went to see.

I found Mrs. Oakey as I have described her, but on a small bed, with very poor surroundings, and was greatly surprised to see among them a satin bodice, gayly spangled. Appreciating my look of surprise, she explained by saying that she was a ballet-dancer, and had been making some alterations in the dress when taken ill. Being a country girl just married and come to the city to live, I was speechless with astonishment.

"Yes," she continued, "I have been a *danseuse* thirty-five years."

"Why, I thought they were all girls!" I exclaimed. "Beautiful girls!"

She laughed, though so sick.

"Much for their being all girls, or beautiful either," said she. "A number of them are, of course; but not all, I assure you."

"And I thought," continued I, glancing around the room; "I thought they made any quantity of money—money to throw away."

"So some of them do, and I have made a good deal at it myself, but my day is past, and I take only inferior parts now. You thought another thing, no doubt, lady, that there is no good in any of us, and there again you are mistaken, as I hope to live to prove to you."

It was a long time before she grew strong again, but while she was convalescent I gave her all the plain sewing I could find for her, and even after she had returned to her accustomed avocation of *danseuse*, she came to me whenever I needed her services.

She was not sensitive about either her age or appearance, and had a latent love of fun which encouraged me to believe that she would promote John's wishes, and I was not deceived, for she entered into the spirit of the plan with a promptness which leads me to doubt the assertion that woman, though often endowed with wit, never possesses humor.

That evening John took Mr. Whithune to the Varieties where, as "Emilie de Verne," Mrs. Oakey smiled at him, and languished at him, and kissed her hand at him, and stood on her toes at him, and tossed her spangles in the air, and clasped hands above her head and peeped from underneath them at him; and, oh, the maddening smirk with which he appeared at the breakfast-table next morning, and stroked his chin and spoke patronizingly of the performance as "pretty fair, pretty fair," adding with attempted nonchalance:

"By-the-way, John, that wasn't a bad-looking girl on the left; wore scarlet and gold, if I recollect aright."

"*Over the left*, you mean," returned John. "Girl, indeed! Why, she's fifty years old if she's a day! What will you bet?"

"I never bet," said Mr. Whithune (oh, no, of course, he didn't!) "but I think I know a thing or two, especially about women, and," throwing his shoulders back and pompously drumming on the table with his fingers, "and the person we speak of is no more fifty nor forty, nor thirty years old, than I am eighty. I doubt very much if she be twenty."

The old lady in the corner smiled and clipped off a thread.

"Oh," said John, "you defend her because she evidently fell dead in love with you; struck her colors at once."

"And you attack her," said Mr. Whithune, laughing and coloring like a boy under the cordial administered to his vanity; "you attack her for the same reason; because it wasn't you."

"I shall send Sue word," said John. "Are you going again to-night?"

"I think there is a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association to-night," said Mr. Whithune, evasively. Evasively. He could not tell even a good square falsehood.

"Don't put that up for Sue," said John, derisively. "Nobody is going to carry it to her, and she is too wide awake to take it if they should. Let's go to the Varieties. At least I would if I were you, because you so seldom have the opportunity. I have other business on hand myself, but you can get on alone, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Whithune. "Don't trouble yourself about me. I know a thing or two. Sha'n't get lost."

"All right, then," said John, and faithfully dogging the footsteps of his brother-in-law, he found himself, after tea, in front of a florist's, while he awaited the reappearance of that brother-in-law with the bouquet he had gone in to purchase; and secondly, at the Varieties, where the bouquet was duly cast at the feet of "Emilie de Verne," who smiled and pressed it to her heart, and retreated with a pirouette, kissing her hand to the audience en masse and Mr. Whithune in particular.

The next day Mr. Whithune's heart still yearned towards the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and John kept faithful guard.

This time he followed Sue's husband to the jeweler's, and saw a bracelet safely clasped among the flowers.

Then to the Varieties as before.

This was continued for about two weeks, and Mrs. Oakey had brought for our delectation sundry tender missives and various handsome presents sent "Emilie de Verne" (he had in his valise a copy of Spurgeon's sermons to carry Sue as a souvenir of his visit to the city), and John declared that the period had arrived in the history of Sue's husband when it became imperative that he should be "let down."

Mrs. Oakey being instructed to this effect, the next morning came prepared.

We did not afford Mr. Whithune time to fortify his spirits even with a cup of coffee, but John had himself at once called out to see an imaginary person at the front door, and I followed, professing curiosity to see whether it was any one from home.

We stationed ourselves behind the Venetian blinds that separated the dining-room and library, and peered through at the silent couple—Mrs. Oakey in her accustomed seat, and Mr. Whithune at the table, looking over the morning's paper, while he waited for me to return and give him his coffee.

He stroked his chin and read the paper with an air. He sported new studs which had taken his fancy while selecting jewelry for "Emilie." He had parted his hair behind, and there was pervading his entire appearance an air of self-complacent sentimentality which could have been intensified only by his having parted it in the middle.

Anon a thrilling whisper broke upon the startled air.

"Dearest!" said Mrs. Oakey.

Mr. Whithune looked up, but concluding that it had been imagination, or rats in the wall, he suffered his eyes to fall again on the column of amusements.

Imagination, indeed! Rats forsooth!

"Dearest!" said Mrs. Oakey.

This time it was unmistakable, and he looked her full in the face.

"Did you speak, madam?"

She drew near, and clasping her hands tenderly under his nose, exclaimed, passionately:

"Oh, hour divine for which my soul hath longed when we might meet, soul and soul, without the false glare and fleeting glitter of the stage! Ay, beloved, without the intrusive gaze even of the domestic circle! Ah, dearest, thou wilt not think me over-bold that I do say beloved! But my heart so reveleth in this sweet being alone with thee, when I may hear thee say, as thy dear hand so oft hath writ, 'My own Emilie'; and I would answer back with heart and voice—thine own!"

"You! Emilie!"

He stared vacantly at her, and his chin dropped.

"Emilie?"

He lay, rather than sat, on his chair, a limp and nerveless mass, and spoke in a hoarse, pitiful whisper—a ghastly whisper, if one may call it so—a whisper that sounded as a person looks who is gazed at through the small end of a telescope.

"Emilie?"

"Thine own?—thine own! Did not thy heart divine?"

"Miss—ma'am—I——"

"Ah, call me thine own, dearest!—call me thine own!"

She struck an attitude, and gazed at him with what at the Varieties had been an enchanting smile, but was now a mere fantastic and repulsive contortion.

"Miss—ma'am—I—— Will you please tell me who you are?"

"Ah, am I not fondly thine own? Thine Emilie?"

"I haven't got any Emilie, and I never saw you in my life," asserted Susan's husband.

She turned her head on one side, and brought her crow's-feet to bear upon him in another arch smile, which nearly drove the poor man to distraction, but he managed feebly to reiterate:

"I never saw you before!"

Then she opened a box lying on the sewing-machine, and, taking therefrom a pair of earrings, deliberately fastened them in her ears. Keeping her eyes fixed on his, she drew forth a bracelet and clasped it on her bony wrist; then she hung a necklace on her sallow neck.

He still stared vacantly, and hung across the chair. He had turned red and white and yellow, and was now becoming a beautiful green; but there is no name for his complexion as, vigorously rolling the breakfast table into a corner, she left a broad space before him, and commenced a *pas seul* which he had applauded and encored and gone mad over, night after night, at the Varieties.

But, oh, the ludicrous contrast!

There had been a rosy, youthful fairy, floating about amid the undulations of breezy flounces—amid the sheen of spangles and the flash of gems, surrounded by lights and music and the magic of a crowd.

Here, in the merciless daylight, was a sallow old woman, around whose unattractive limbs flapped and dangled a faded cotton dress; a wrinkled old woman in clumsy shoes, leering and grinning, and—except for our own sake, we should say—kicking up her heels.

What passed in the mind of that poor man, is known only to himself and the good Lord who fashioned him. All he did "ere his fainting spirit fell" was to gasp and choke and turn a deeper green.

And then he humbly murmured:

"Miss—ma'am—er—madam—er—I'll give you a five-hundred-dollar watch if you won't tell John."

"Why—ah, why would he our union bar?"

"Ma'am—madam!"

"But we forsooth will brave him!" she exclaimed, with tender fervor, bending over his shrinking anatomy.

"But, miss, I'm Susan's husband."

She drew back and scanned him composedly.

"Ah! Just so. I knew you were *somebody's* husband by the boy-in-the-apple-orchard air you wore while enjoying the ballet. But who is Susan, pray?"

"John's sister, ma'am," said he.

After a moment's pause, with her eyes still fixed upon him, she opened her mouth and elaborately inflated her lungs. "I believe I'll scream," said she.

Mr. Whithune came so near fainting that she continued, hastily:

"Don't, now, because I shall have to throw something in your face, and it might be the hot coffee. You say you will give me a five-hundred-dollar watch not to tell Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Whithune, eagerly, feeling very much revived. "I will bring it when I come back to dinner."

"When—you—come—back," she repeated, slowly and impressively. "Ah, that is indefinitely. I will accept your check, my friend. You wouldn't mind my telling Mr. Smith's wife, would you?"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Mr. Whithune.

"Well, three hundred will answer for that, and—I don't wish to be exacting—we will say two hundred not to scream. Just give me a check for a thousand dollars and——"

"Why, madam, I never saw a thousand dollars. I am not sure I ever saw a man who *had* seen a thousand dollars."

"Then I shall be compelled to give way to my feelings and scream——"

But at this juncture John yielded to his, and his mirth exploded into laughter, so there was nothing to do but for us to re-enter the room, which we did still laughing, as if at something that had taken place outside, and, as we entered, we heard Mr. Whithune say, *sotto voce*, and with tremulous haste: "Don't say a word. I'll give the check. I swear I will."

"What's the matter with the table? Spirits about?" asked John.

"The lady dropped her thimble and I rolled the table aside for her," said Sue's husband, feebly turning his eyes toward the *danseuse* of ten minutes agone, as if for confirmation of his words.

"Why, hello, Whithune!" exclaimed John. "What's the matter? You look collapsed. Are you sick?"

"Yes. Not very. I feel quite ill," said the poor man.

"My dear fellow, you must have a mustard plaster and quinine powder. Get the mustard, Carrie."

"Oh, I don't think he needs that, John. A cup of coffee will answer, no doubt," said I.

"No, indeed, Caroline," replied John, regarding me severely. "It shall not be said that Sue's husband was neglected in her brother's house. Come, Whithune. Mrs. Oakey, there is a box of mustard on the sideboard. Will you be good enough to take a large napkin, or some of that cloth you have in your basket, and prepare a plaster?"

She sprang up *con spirito* and made an enormous plaster, while poor Mr. Whithune actually allowed John to force him into taking the nauseous powder and going to bed; though, perhaps, he really felt ill enough to do so. John says he put on the mustard, too, but I don't believe that.

One thing, however, I know, that John had not been twenty minutes out of the house when Mr. Whithune slipped down the back stairs, valise in hand, when I met him.

"Going out?" I exclaimed, with a congratulatory smile.

"I—I thought I would try a little fresh air," responded Sue's husband, with a gasp of guilt and fear; "but—but you may expect me back to dinner."

I cannot say that I do, for John is smoking his post-prandial cigar, and it is my belief that, in the course of the evening, Mr. Whithune and his valise, and the volume of sermons for Sue, will all have reached home.

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 7.—

FREDERICK DOUGLASS ON THE NEGRO EXODUS.

He Thinks it Ill-advised.

THE SOUTH PECULIARLY ADAPTED TO THE BLACKS.

The Exodus not a Remedy for Alleged Evils.

EDUCATION AMONG THE NEGROES—THEIR PROGRESS SOCIALLY AND INDUSTRIALLY—THEIR POLITICAL STATUS, ETC., ETC.

"THE occasion of unveiling the Thomas statue was a great day for *me*," said Mr. Frederick Douglass, United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, as I seated myself beside him in his official sanctum at the City Hall, Washington. "For the first time in the history of Washington—it was an old slave-holding city at one period—a colored man rode in a grand procession in the carriage with the Chief Justices of the District of Columbia, and immediately in rear of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States."

Frederick Douglass was born at Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Maryland, in 1817. His mother was a negro slave, his father a white man. For ten years he worked as a slave on a plantation. While working at Baltimore he furtively learned to read and write. In 1838 he fled to New-York, and, seeking immunity from arrest, was taken in charge by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, from whom he received employment. In 1841 his career as a public speaker became pronounced, his argumentative and luminous speech on the horrors of slavery at a meeting held in Nantucket producing a profound impression. In 1845 he visited Europe. "They wanted to raise a penny subscription for me in Scotland," he said to the writer, while briefly narrating the chief incidents in his eventful career, "but I refused it. I asked for a printing press, and they gave it to me!" Upon his return to this country he began the publication of a vigorous and anti-slavery paper in Rochester, N. Y., which he kept up until the civil war. In the early part of the struggle he urged the employment of colored troops, and President Lincoln frequently consulted with him on that subject. After the Proclamation of Emancipation he lectured through the States and Canada. In 1870 he started the *New National Era*, in Washington, and the following year was appointed by President Grant Secretary to the Santo Domingo Commission. He was subsequently a member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia, and Presidential Elector-at-Large for the State of New York, and the messenger for carrying the official vote to Washington. To his present responsible and important office he was appointed by President Hayes.

Mr. Douglass is fully six feet in height, and

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endowed with a splendid physique. His hair, combed high from off his forehead, flows in a snowy cataract over his head and ears, and the contrast of the soft, white framework to the tawny skin is as vivid as it is uncommon. His dark-brown eye flashes as he warms to a subject, and there is about the entire man so thorough, so abiding an earnestness, that, after a few moments' conversation, one ceases to wonder he has risen "strong" above his fellows. Such men do not remain in the ranks.

"What, in your opinion, was the primary cause of the exodus of the colored people from the South, to Kansas and other Northern States?"

"The primary cause was the low wages and the political persecution to which the Republicans of all colors were subjected in the Gulf States. This was the primary cause, and, no doubt, defeated political aspirants have done much to encourage discontent, and to encourage the exodus."

"You are opposed to the exodus?"

"I am."

"Will you kindly state your reasons for being opposed to the movement?"

"My objection to the exodus is, that it invites the colored laborers of the South to leave a country to which they are entirely adapted as laborers, and to go into a country for which they are unfitted, by reason of climate and other causes, to live and flourish. It asks them to leave a country where their wants are few, and go to a country where their wants will be many and difficult to supply. It asks them to leave a country where they have no competitors as laborers, and go to a country where they will meet with a great variety of competitors. It asks them to leave a country where the landowners are themselves unaccustomed to work, and who must, therefore, have the negro as a laborer, and go to a country where the landowners do their own work, and where the labor of the negro is not indispensable."

"Do you object to it on any other grounds?"

"I do, sir. I object to it again because, taken to any Northern State in their present ignorant and destitute condition, they will be likely to invite against themselves the very aversion from which they will escape. I object to it again because those who have prejudice against the negro race will find in this exodus a new ground for attacking the race politically. I dread the effect of that portion of the press and that class of political speakers who can go upon the platform and hold up to view the degraded and destitute condition of these colored people, and charge upon the Republican party the introduction of them into doubtful Northern States for the purpose of outvoting the native white population, and thus securing negro rule outside of the old slave States. Such an appeal to popular prejudice would, in my judgment, in certain of the Western States, kindle against the emigrant population a fury and violence as bad as that from which they are endeavoring to escape."

Mr. Douglass here took two or three turns up and down the apartment.

"I am opposed to this exodus," he resumed, "because it is not a remedy for the evils which the negro of the Gulf States is now enduring, and, furthermore, because it is a cry of despair, and a denial of the possibility of securing and protecting the rights of the colored people upon the soil of their birth.'

"Have you any further objections to urge?"

"I object to the colored man leaving a country where he is politically protected, where, for instance, he has a majority of from twenty to thirty thousand, as in Louisiana and Mississippi, to go to a country where he will be politically impotent and almost a nonentity. I object to his leaving a country where he has the power to elect representatives to the Congress of the nation, and so diffusing this power as that he can never elect one of his own class to position."

"What is the extent of the exodus?"

"The extent of the exodus cannot be more than ten thousand persons, and they are mainly in the State of Kansas. Some four or five thousand have taken up their abode in the State of Indiana, and some few in Ohio, but the whole will not exceed ten thousand."

"If the exodus continues how should it be managed; by committees, or boards of intelligent negroes, or by whites?"

"Now, in all I have said, I wish it to be understood that I do not object to individual self-move, self-sustained, and self-directed emigration. Such emigration may, in individual cases, prove highly beneficial, but I object entirely to the organization of associations with the object to promote emigration personally, for this I regard as an evil. I hold with Emerson 'that the man who made Rome worth going to see, staid there,' and I do not wish to have my race further humiliated by seeing agents perambulating the country taking up collections of money and of old clothes with which to help them, while in fact only a few thousand will receive the benefit, where millions will share the degradation. Now, with regard to the matter of establishing colonies separate and distinct from the white people of the country, I regard all such schemes as impossible, and, furthermore, as impracticable."

"Will you kindly state your reasons for this line of conclusion?"

"I shall, sir. In the first place, there is no part of the continent, or of the world, where the negro can be perfectly separated from the Caucasian race. That race is omnipresent. They cover all islands, capes and continents. They compass sea and land. They are at Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa; they are at Natal in South Africa; they are at Zanzibar at the east end of Africa, and they are present everywhere on this continent. You can have no reservations on this continent for any class of people very long. We have tried it with the Indians and with bloody results, and no doubt any attempt to put the negroes by themselves anywhere on this continent would be followed by like results. The antagonism between negro and white man would doubtless be as bitter as any that has taken place between the British in South Africa and King Cetewayo, or any between our Indian tribes. There is no safety for anybody in the United States outside of the Government of the United States."

"Are your views shared in by the leading colored men of the country, Mr. Douglass?"

"These views are objected to by many of the leading colored men of the country, sir; but after reading all they have had to say on the subject, I am still of the opinion that any wholesale emigration of the colored people from the South will prove a mistake, a failure, and a calamity; that, all other things being equal or nearly equal, the South is the best place for the negro. I am far from believing that the Southern white people cannot be reached and their sentiments modified by the spirit of the age and the progress of civilization. I have seen the Northern States in very much the same condition on the question of slavery, and upon questions of the rights of the negro, as that occupying the Southern States, and I have seen these States gradually regenerated and reformed, till now the negro has little to complain of as to his position before the law, or in society."

"Do you consider that the South will follow the example set by the North?"

"What has happened in the North in this respect I believe will happen in the South; and instead of running away from the South, my counsel to the colored man is, to stay there, and endeavor by industry, economy, education and good conduct, to make the South agree with his desires and conform to his constitutional status as a citizen of the United States."

"Do the local laws as to contracts or taxes operate oppressively upon the colored people?"

"I have heard much complaint in the matter of taxation, especially the poll-tax, but I am not prepared to say that the hardships attending the collection of taxes do not arise out of the ignorance or illiterateness of the parties taxed, and that it does fall upon illiterate whites as well as upon blacks. The complaint is that these men come forward to register in order to vote, and that they are denied registration on the ground that they have not paid this tax."

"Are the colored people bettering their condition? Are they cultivating land on their own account?"

"In the State of Georgia since the war they have acquired property, and are now paying taxes on $6,000,000. The colored people of Louisiana are paying taxes upon $50,000,000. Societies of a benevolent character are multiplying; among them good schools in many of the Southern cities are in a flourishing condition, while in countries away from the cities the sparseness of the population and the indisposition of the old planters to favor facilities for education are keeping the colored people back; but, nevertheless, the light is dawning in the darkest corners of the South, and from the best information I have on the subject, I am of opinion that the condition of the people is gradually and certainly improving. It must be borne in mind," added Mr. Douglass, with great energy, "that the negro started from a very low point, not only as to worldly goods, but to mental attainments. He was emancipated under conditions utterly unfriendly to the success of emancipation. He was not free as to the will of a deliberate choice on his part, or on the part of a community in which he lived. His freedom was the result of a military necessity, and he was literally turned loose in the tempest and whirlwind of war, without food, shelter, clothing or a land of his own upon which to stand. The old master class said to him, 'The Yankees have freed you, and now let them feed you. We do not want you, and the old quarters are denied you.' Thus, naked, friendless, penniless and ignorant, they were thrust from their own homes, and it was not until the old master class saw that they had driven away the hands and had left the mouths, that they had driven away the members and had left the stomachs, that they called back their hungry and destitute former slaves to the old fields of labor and to the old quarters of shelter."

As Mr. Douglass spoke, his eyes flashed, his nostrils expanded, while the heavy heaving of his chest also manifested how deeply the topic interested and agitated him.

"But for this hold," he continued, "which the negro had upon the old master and landholding class of the South, it is easy to see that the race must have been well nigh exterminated, and I rely upon this dependence on the negro labor as the best lever to lift the negro to success in the South."

"Are the colored people inclining more towards matrimony as an institution?"

"Among the best evidences of the improved condition of things in the South, marriages are coming into fashion, and bastardom held in contempt amongst the people. The colored religious denominations, as well as the white, are doing much to erect the family altar among the people where before it was unknown, for in the time of slavery they were herded together like cattle, sheep and swine. The sexual relations of the race were loose and formless, but now, as I have said, there is a growing respect for marriage, and with this, an improved tone of morals."

"As regards your schools?"

"In the City of Washington our public colored schools compare very favorably with the white schools, and most of their teachers are colored ladies who have graduated in normal and other schools in the Northern States. Upon the whole, sir, in view of the progress being made by my race, I do not grudge the forty years of my life devoted to the advocacy of their rights, and I do not despair of the ultimate success of what is now called the 'Experiment of Emancipation.'"

"Are the colored people more provident than formerly?"

"Providence is the negro's worst point, but the facts already referred to in respect to their acquisitions in Georgia and in Louisiana, and, I may add, other parts, prove that they are beginning to learn the value of property and of the accumulation of money; and very much of the teachings of the colored pulpit as well as of the colored public men have, of late years, gone to the point of the importance of acquiring wealth. My ground is that there is no progress without the acquirement of property. Where there is no property, there is no leisure; where there is no leisure, there is no thought; where there is no thought, there is no discovery; where there is no discovery, there is no invention, and, as a consequence, no progress. These ideas are taking root among the colored people, as I have reason to believe and know."

"Could you give me any instance of this property progress, Mr. Douglass?"

"I can, sir. One of the finest hotels kept now in the City of Washington—the Wormley House—is run by a colored gentleman, and quite large properties are now owned in this city by colored men, who, like myself, were once slaves."

"Are the colored people, as a matter of fact, politically intimidated?"

"There is no doubt that in certain sections of the South, especially in Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, violence and intimidation have been resorted to. The Hamburg massacre in South Carolina, the Cushetta massacre in Louisiana, Vicksburg and Yazoo, the murder of Dixon, the shooting of Caldwell, the murder of Judge Chisholm and his family, and many other murders, make it impossible to say that intimidation and assassination do not exist for political causes in the Southern States. There are statistics showing that thousands of murders have occurred within the last ten years, directly traceable to political differences in the South."

"Are the negroes less Republican in their sympathy than five years ago?"

"Not in the least. The South is more Republican than ever, if it dared express itself. The trouble is, the Republican sentiment in the South and the forces of the South are without the advantage of intelligent and courageous leaders. The carpet-bag leaders have either been driven out, or have voluntarily retired from the political contest and left the rank and file like sheep without shepherds. But this state of the party," added Mr. Douglass, cheerfully, "will not long continue. The 'Solid South' is a transient political fact, and will speedily dissolve and disappear for the want, not so much of extraneous support, as of internal cohesion. The sober second thought of the South will soon begin to ask itself, 'For what have we made our section solid?' 'Against whom are we solid?' and 'For what are we solid?' 'Who has threatened us?' 'What institution of ours is now in danger from interference on the part of the North or the National Government?' And the answer to all of these questions must be that we have emphatically nothing in the South which requires solidity for its defense or protection. We are alike under the Constitution, alike in the Union, and alike potent to protect our rights and to advance our interests under the Government. Why, then, should we not permit the freest expression of political opinion in the rostrum, at the ballot-box, and in our State Legislatures? And the wisdom of the South will give the needed answer to these questions; but all this will require time."

After some further conversation upon topics foreign to the mission of my interview, I left Mr. Douglass to the tender mercies of a dozen applicants craving speech of him.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Fountain to Commemorate the Tunneling of Mont Cenis.

Italy is famous for perpetuating the history of great events not only in sober prose and in entrancing poetry, but also in medals and monuments. These last are not always mere blocks of stone, but commend themselves even to our utilitarian ideas when they assume the useful form of fountains. The tunneling of Mont Cenis could not be overlooked, and on the 26th of October there was inaugurated in the Piazza della Statuto, Turin, the fountain shown in our columns. The fountain shows a mass of rent and rifled rock, the mountain smitten by the wrath of heaven, on which the Titans were endeavoring to storm the empyreal heights. A serene, majestic angel, lighting on the summit, looks down on the baffled and defeated giants, clinging defiantly to the ruin around them.

President Grévy and the New French Cardinal.

Monsignor Meglia, formerly Papal Nuncio to France, having been created a Cardinal, received the red hat, according to ancient custom, from M. Grévy, as President of the Republic, with much ceremonial show. Four companies of the Eighty-fifth Regiment of the line formed a guard of honor in the court of the Palace of the Elysée, and members of the Noble Guard attended the new Cardinal in the Grand Salon, where the hat was placed upon the head of His Eminence by the President.

Danish Royal Yacht "Danebrog."

The steam-yacht *Danebrog*, built at the royal navy yard at Copenhagen, for the use of the King and Queen of Denmark, is of iron, has a draught of nine feet, is 192 feet long in the water, and twenty-six feet wide. Her speed is thirteen miles per hour. She is fitted up with sleeping, reading, dining and smoking saloons for the royal family, royal visitors and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance.

The New Cellular Prison, Milan.

The cellular or solitary confinement system introduced originally in this country has been generally adopted, and the City of Milan has just erected, at a cost of about three millions of lire, a new and extensive prison on this principle. Its site is healthy and quiet, and the building, exteriorly, does credit to Italian architecture. The entrance leads to a court which, in its proportions, shows none of the gloom of a prison. After this all becomes severe. Four streets divide the prison buildings, with their lines of cells opening on the galleries. When the prisoners, many of them old offenders, who had served terms in jails where the prisoners enjoyed each other's company, were brought here, and each committed to a separate cell, the effect was tremendous. For a time they were appalled, then they raved, shouted, beat with their fists and feet on door and wall, till they sank down exhausted. Gradually order was established, but the terror of the prison has already filled criminals with awe. The male department has a chapel visible from the cells; the women have a distinct part of the prison and a chapel room. Opening on this are solitary cells for the worst criminals, who can see the chapel when iron blinds are raised. All the departments of the prison are excellently conducted and managed, the American system introduced into Italy in 1857 having since received all the valuable improvements proposed here and in Europe.

The Lord Mayor's Banquet.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, gave the customary banquet on Monday, November 10th, the chief feature of which was the address of Lord Beaconsfield. Our sketch shows the passing of the "loving cup," a time-honored institution at all civic banquets. On the right hand of the Lord Mayor sat Lady Salisbury, the late Lord Mayor, Lady Wheatham, and the German Ambassador, in the order here given, while on his left were seated the Lord Mayoress, Lord Beaconsfield, Mrs. Crawford, daughter of the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Chancellor.

Defenses of Valparaiso.

The illustration of the Chilians at work, mounting their heavy guns for the defense of Valparaiso, has considerable interest at this juncture, when we learn that they have made a successful offensive land and water movement, resulting in the capture of Iquique, Peru. The guns here being mounted are of American make, a fifteen-inch calibre, smooth bore, each weighing twenty-two tons, and will repel any hostile fleet.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE gold discoveries in the north of New Caledonia are reported to be turning out very valuable.

—A TERRA-COTTA cylinder of Cyrus has reached England. It describes his genealogy and entrance into Babylon.

—SCHOOL savings banks have existed in France since 1833, and now there are about 260,000 pupil depositors in the country.

—THREE boa-constrictors, found in the Chinese island of Hainan, have lately been presented to the Botanical Gardens at Hong Kong.

—THE majority against the Debt-payers in the late election in Virginia was 2,724. One-third of the total Readjuster vote was cast by negroes.

—FROM Japan we hear that the manufacture of sulphuric acid is now being extensively carried on at the Osaka Mint, and large quantities are exported to China.

—ABOUT a dozen Russian cotton manufacturers have lately gone to Egypt to buy raw material and to hire all the largest plantations on the banks of the Nile.

—WE learn that in the month of January, 1880, an artistic and scientific exhibition will be opened in Algiers. It will be the first which has ever been held in the colony.

—THE increased value of the Southern cotton, tobacco and sugar crops this year over last is estimated at $80,000,000. This increase is due to better prices, as well as to a larger yield.

—IT is estimated, should the flow of gold continue from foreign countries, the metallic circulation of the country at the end of the present fiscal year will have swollen to over $660,000,000.

—THE owners of established factories in Georgia complain of the legislative exemption of new factories from taxation for ten years, and it is said that the validity of the exemption is to be tested in the courts.

—EUREKA, Ark., is a mining town of almost miraculous growth. On the 4th of last July there were only six persons there and no houses. Now there are at least 2,000 people with about 300 houses; and there are nothing but lead mines there either.

—RUSSIAN papers publish the project of the Exhibition of Manufactures and Fine Arts, which will be opened in 1881 at Moscow. The Moscow Anthropological Society and the University propose to take an active part in it, and to give to the exhibition a scientific value.

—SOME Japanese Commissioners, deputed to study the police and judicial systems of Europe, have already visited France, Belgium and Holland, are now in Russia, and will next visit Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and England, returning home by America.

—IN Champagne, France, a disaster has occurred unparalleled for sixty years. Not a bottle of wine has been harvested; the loss is terrible for the small grower. The grape did not ripen, and it has been gathered only in order to prevent trespassers from entering the vineyards and damaging them.

—IN the Cassel State Library, as well as in the archives at Hanover, Dr. Gerland has succeeded in discovering a whole series of important original letters, hitherto not known, from the pen of Leibnitz, the philosopher, and of Papin, one of the inventors of practical applications of the power of steam.

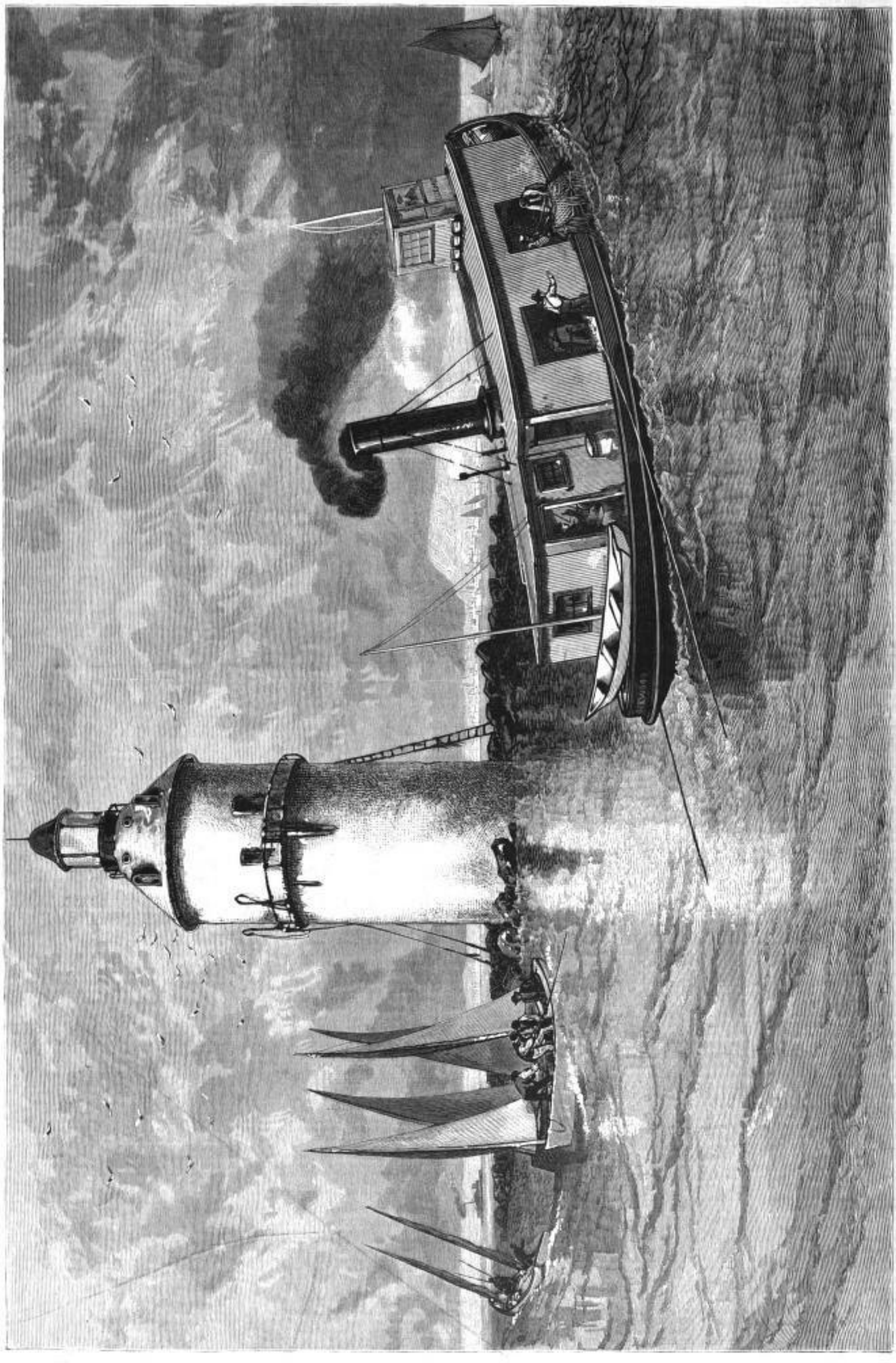
—THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company's lines east of Pittsburg and Erie in the ten months of 1879, as compared with the same period in 1878, show an increase in gross earnings of $1,999,019; in expenses of $1,465,539; in net earnings of $533,456. All the lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for the ten months of 1879 show a surplus over the liabilities of $960,599.

—THE project of erecting a meteorological observatory on the top of the Ballon de Guzzaux, in the department of Haute-Saone, is progressing favorably. A fortress is being built on this elevated site, and will be finished next year. The garrison will very probably have the care of meteorological observations. A telegraphic line has been already established between the intended station and Belfort.

—A PARTY of 120 Latter Day Saints from Southern States have just located in the San Luis Valley, Colorado, where there is already a colony of between three hundred and four hundred people. This is the fifth party from the South that has gone to that locality this season. These Mormons got their lands from the State of Colorado at a low price, and conform to the laws of the State, which prohibit polygamy.

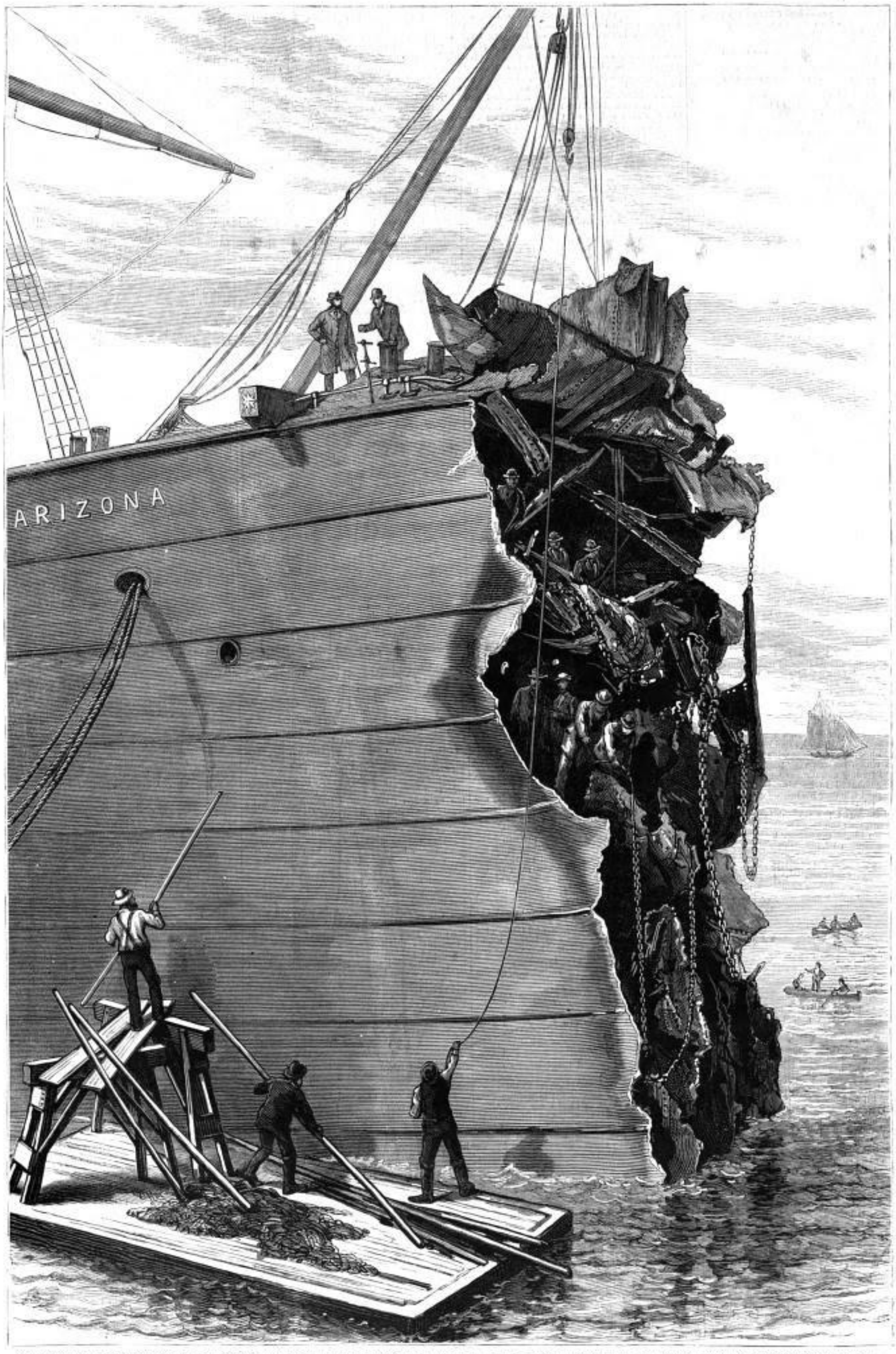
—AN Arab who was quarrying stone at a place about four and a half miles from Gaza, in Palestine, recently, unearthed a marble figure supposed to be a colossal god of the Philistines. The total height is fifteen feet. The hair hangs in long ringlets down upon the shoulders, and the beard is long, indicating a man of venerable age. There is no inscription on the figure or the pedestal, which is a huge block carved in one piece with the figure. The statue was found in a recumbent position, buried in sand on the top of a hill near the sea.

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CONNECTICUT.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.—GATHERING OYSTERS BY STEAM OFF THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE, NEW HAVEN HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 263.

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NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," AS SHE APPEARED ON HER ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHNS, AFTER HER COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG, NOVEMBER 7TH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. H. PARSONS.—SEE PAGE 265.

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A SERMON IN STONE.

On a "Bust (Unknown)" in the British Museum.

WHO were you once? Could we but guess,
We might perchance more boldly
Dense the patient weariness
That sets your lips so coldly;
Ye dead, we know, for fame and blame;
But sure, to friend or foeman,
You bore some more distinctive name
Than mere "B. C."—and "Roman"?

Your pedestal would help us much.
Thereon your acts, your title
(Secure from dull Oblivion's touch!)
Had doubtless due recital;
Vain hope! not even deeds can last!
That stone, of which you're minus,
Maybe with all your virtues past
Endows—a Tigellinus!

We seek it not; we should not find.
But still, it needs no magic
To tell you were, like most mankind,
Your comic mask and tragic;
And hold that things were tales and true,
Felt angry and forgiving,
As step by step you stumbled through
This life-long task—of living.

You trod the *cul-de-sac* of Thought—
The awful descent of Pleasure;
You found the best Ambition brought
Was strangely short of measure;
You watched, at last, the fleet days fly,
Till—drowsier and colder—
You felt Nemesis standing by
To touch you on the shoulder.

'Twas then (why not?) the whim would come
That, howso Time should garble
Those deeds of yours when you were dumb,
At least you'd live—in Marble;
You smiled to think that after-days
At least, in Bust or Statue,
(We all have sick-bed dreams!) would gaze,
Not quite incurious, at you.

We gaze; we pity you—be sure!
In truth, Death's worst injustice
Must be less tedious to endure
Than nameless petrifaction;
Far better, in some nook unknown,
To sleep for ours—and soundly,
Than still survive in wistful stone,
Forgotten more profoundly!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF HERS."

CHAPTER IX.—LOU'S DISCOVERY.

THE black story had spread everywhere by the next morning. Sundry reporters came riding up to Lewindale, and, between furnishing breakfast, news and drink, the master of the place had a busy time of it. Not only the reporters but the neighbors came pouring in, some of them expecting and asking to see the body. The consternation was general, as is always the case in neighborhoods where the inhabitants depend upon each other both for their amusements and their excitements. All the servants were in a state of alarm. Who was there among black or white but had listened to the witty speeches of poor Ben Lake, bought his bogus jewelry and laughed at his stale flattery? There was not a house along the road from Harper's Ferry to Winchester in which he had not eaten corn-cake and hominy, and drunk his glass of sour milk, of which he was very fond. His was a kind and comely countenance, and worth seeing if one chanced to be blue, for his merry eyes laughed whether his tongue wagged or no.

"Now, what you say, Aunt Roxy, dat ar dog didn't done yowl for nothin'," said Lou, the light mulatto, as she came in from the stables where Sam Lingo, the groom, had been giving her a description of his dark ride the night before.

"What yo' mean, gal?" asked Roxy, placing in a large pan row upon row of potatoes for baking. "You's always finding mar's nests."

"Tain't no mar's nest dis yer time, but a reglar murder out an' out. An' who do you think they's killed—dead?"

Aunt Roxy shook her head, really startled for the moment, but when Lou told her the story, she thrust the pan into the oven, and, throwing her vast calico apron over her head, rocked herself to and fro, as if overcome by grief.

"Might as well put in another pan o' them taters," continued Lou, catching up a basket, "for I speck the house'll jes be run down to-day, for 'twas massa and the colonel who found him."

Roxy's apron went down again. She had not shed a tear, but the solemnity of her black face was something quite awful.

"In the mist o' life we's all in def, obery one ob us," she moaned; "you mind dat, gal, an' go an' wushup de Lord 'fore your time comes, or I'll be bound you'll git scairt at de great judgment day. Yes; there'll be lots o' company here," she added, a moment after, looking thoughtfully round; "an' I guess I'll make a heap o' biscuit. You, Lou, whar's dey put de corpus?"

"Down to de court-house," replied the girl. "Everybody's gwine, and so'll I when Sam Lingo goes down for coal—he'll take me."

"You'n Sam Lingo better stop yer foolin'," growled Aunt Roxy, at which the pretty mulatto only laughed, showing her white teeth.

It was, in truth, a great event in the slave cabins where everybody was talking about it. Sam Lingo, as he harnessed up, had plenty of solicitations from the yellow coquettes of the household, but he set them all aside with a majestic wave of his hand, saying it was his business to get the coal, and theirs to 'tend to their work. So when Lou rode off by his side in her jaunty white hat and feather, she cast many a saucy, triumphant glance back over her shoulder.

Sam was a wag of a fellow, and did not intend to go riding into town with a woman on a coal cart. He had his notions of gentility, so when the two came to the place where the deed had been done, and Lou begged him to stop and look round with her, he very gallantly assisted her down, and then sprang on his seat, applied the whip to the high-spirited coal-black horses, and was off, laughing long and heartily. As for Lou, uttering a scream of terror, she ran after the lumbering cart for a few moments, but seeing by Sam's application of the whip that he really intended to leave her, she stopped in the middle of the road and looked about her like a hunted animal. The sun gilded the tree-tops and brought out the rich colors of the roadside, as she stood, uncertain whether to rush back or to stop and examine the fearful spot.

Early as it was, there had been several visitors there, but just now the place was deserted. The effect of such a catastrophe on the superstitious, uneducated blacks was seldom deep or lasting. A quick horror, a momentary dread of death, and then a burning curiosity to know or see something about the murdered man. Lou decided, therefore, to look about her—it by no means suited her to be fooled out of her ride and triumphant entry into town, or to let the rest of the girls see that, after all, she had been left to finish her journey alone. She remembered that Sam had said he must be back by ten, and she determined to remain in the road till he came, and so let him see that his practical joke came to nothing. Besides, who knew but near by where poor Ben Lake had met his death one's search might be rewarded by finding some of his goods—a ring, or, better yet, a chain or breastpin. With a flutter at the heart she commenced the search, first providing protection for herself in the shape of several flint-shaped stones, with which she filled her apron. Finding the place where by the blood-stains she knew the poor victim had lain, she began peering into every crack and cranny, and pulling aside dry twigs, and looking in every available place where money or jewels might be hid. Of course, she was frightened in her inmost heart, but that only added zest to the romance of the thing. Something in her dark bosom urged on the search, and for some time she continued it with unabated zeal.

At last, tired and somewhat discouraged, she sat down to rest, feeling every moment her complete isolation in this desolate and crime-stained spot, starting at the dropping of a twig, and wishing desperately that she had not come out at all. Still she wasn't going home—she would not give Aunt Roxy so good an opportunity for a sermon, neither would she endure the laughter of the others. Footsteps sounded and she sprang to her feet. It was only Jock, the body-servant of Colonel Wilde. How welcome was the sight of his black wizened face! In spite of her surroundings she laughed outright.

"Yo, yer!" was his single comment, as he stopped for a moment, and with a mop of silk rags taken from his venerable caster, wiped his heated brow.

"Yes, I'm here, Uncle Jock. Wasn't it awful?"

"Well, yest—I 'spect it was," he answered, gazing straight before him, "but de weges of sin is death, and dat yar Lake was an unconvarted sinner. Did he lay yereabouts?"

"I reckon," replied Lou, pointing to certain stains. "They took him down to the court-house." The old man shook his head gloomily, looking down as if he were gazing into a grave, and holding his hat as if it were an alms-box. Then he turned round.

"Are you g'in'?" asked Lou, sharply, unwilling to be left alone.

"Sartin—on'y de Lord knew I war coming," he answered, hobbling off.

The girl was sorely tempted to turn back with him, but the fear of ridicule was too much for her, and she watched the bent old figure till it was hidden by the turn of the road. Then came the sound of wheels. Colonel Wilde and his handsome boy Raphael, nearer like an angel in beauty than a being of mortal mold, came driving leisurely along. It was clear that the child knew nothing of the tragedy, for he laughed and called Lou, and though his father drove more slowly and looked about him with a clouded brow, the boy preserved still the natural gayety of his manner.

"How is Miss Eve?" he called out, as the colonel reached the spot.

"Gittin' better, Massa Rafe," replied the girl.

"Will you give her my compliments," he continued, with a fine flush and a gallant little bow. "I'm coming to see her before I go away to school."

"Yes, Massa Rafe," said the girl, demurely, and the small, open carriage went on. Lou was becoming more and more uneasy every moment.

The sky was that sweet, deep, sunny-blue, that in our climate sometimes rivals the rich color of Italian skies, and the birds were singing as merrily in the tree-tops as if the world had just been made for their pleasure and convenience. But slowly and surely settled upon the girl the consciousness of the blood-guiltiness with which the place was identified. The silence was becoming intolerable. She decided to return home by the way of Colonel Wilde's house, and so run over to Lewindale, as if she had been staying there with a neighbor.

"I'll just take another peep, maybe they threw something over the wall," she said to herself, and, fixing one foot in a cleft, she lifted herself to the top of the stone-fence, and there—met the blank, agonized glance of a pair of eyes far below her. At first, she stood entranced, looking down with a mighty fear at her heart. Then all at once came the impression that this man was the murderer, who had been wounded and had fallen backward among the loose stones and bushes. Acting upon this supposition, she gave one scream of deadly terror, flung her arms above her head, sprang into the road and ran home, utterly forgetful of her dignity, shouting "Murder" and "Massa Lewin" all the way to the house. As she dashed into the kitchen and fell in a heap on the floor, her eyes strained, her cheeks colorless, her breast heaving, the frightened servants gathered about her. To their inquiries she could only gasp out:

"I's found the man what killed poor Ben Lake!" she gasped, between convulsive efforts for breath; and then she collapsed again. It was not till Aunt Roxy had shaken her into consciousness that she rallied and regained her feet. In a calmer mood she went into Colonel Lewin's study, where he sat talking with two or three neighbors. Wine and cigars were even thus early in free circulation. They were, of course, discussing the murder when Lou burst in upon them with her still scared face. One of the gentlemen, who lived a few miles away, had just been describing the race of a black horse that had finally brought up in one of his fields, with part of the trappings of a saddle still hanging to his body.

"What's up now—what is it, girl?" said Colonel Lewin, putting down his untasted glass.

Lou, with a shaking voice, told her story.

"If the deed was done by that man, how in the world did he get back of the wall?" queried Colonel Lewin, after questioning and cross-questioning the girl thoroughly.

"It is quite evident she has seen somebody," said one of the gentlemen, rising. "The man might have been wounded, and, in his effort to escape that way, fallen from want of strength. You are sure he was living?" he added, turning to Lou.

"He looked right in my eyes," replied the girl, still quaking.

"I wonder we didn't think of searching back of the wall," said Colonel Lewin; "however, we might take a turn down there and see for ourselves."

They did see for themselves. Flix laid as he had fallen, only, instead of the painless stupor, he was suffering now acute anguish. This, of course, was a favorable symptom. The dark, handsome face, slender and elegant proportions, nicety of dress and delicacy of manner, presented to the gentlemen certain proofs of his non-complicity with the disabled man in the horrible deed of the night before. More than likely he, too, had been wounded by a ruffian, or ruffians, and thrown over there for dead. As they lifted him from his uncomfortable resting-place he groaned audibly, and found his speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, with clear, precise accents, "have any of you seen my horse?" and then fainted dead away. With great difficulty help was procured, and Flix, after hours of unspeakable torment, was carried to Lewindale, laid upon a comfortable bed, and the best doctor the place afforded was immediately sent for. For some time it was feared that medical skill would be of little or no avail, and the doctor shook his head sagely.

CHAPTER X.—NO CLEW TO THE MURDER.

ON no account would Flix allow his mother to be apprised of his state. As soon as he could use a pen, and that was some time before he could use his feet, he wrote her a cheerful letter, saying merely that he was pleasantly detained, and inclosing a letter to his business agent. And, barring the temporary suspension of his muscles, he was pleasantly detained. After proving who he was, his errand, and the identity of Black Jess, who had been lazily munching oats in the stable of a Mr. Ashington, no guest could be treated with more consideration. The colonel was noted for his hospitality, and made him feel at home at once. His version of the murder was recorded by the proper authorities, but no clew had been yet obtained to the missing criminal. The handsomest room in the house, fronting the south, was placed at his disposal, and a servant in waiting always at his command. Here, surrounded by pictures and flowers, Flix took his ease while slowly but surely convalescing. The splendid view without, the luxury and beauty within made the place seem like an enchanted palace. The princess of this place was little Eve, whose wealth of golden locks was his daily admiration. The child made friends with him at once, and wrote him two or more notes every day, besides frequenting the room whenever her little ladyship thought proper. She was a wayward child, but pretty in all her varying moods, and the sad-faced, queenly Dee—or more properly Desire—her nurse, interested the invalid almost as much as the child.

"You and I must always be friends," he said to Eve one day, when she was perched in her high chair at the side of his bed.

"And can I write to you when you go away?" she asked.

"Certainly you can, and I shall be sure to answer you. And this is the way I shall always begin my letter: 'To the angel of home Little Eve Lewin.'"

He wrote it upon a card, and held it up for her admiration.

"Please to write where you live on the other side," she said, quietly.

He did as she requested.

"I will put it in my box and keep it for ever," she said, fervently.

"And if ever you want a friend, you will know upon whom to call," he said.

"Yes; if ever I want you I shall know where to find you," she said, with the utmost simplicity.

He watched the flitting color of the cheek, and thought to himself that she would not need much friendship or companionship on this earth. The weeks passed on, and still no clew was found to the murderer of poor Ben Lake. Flix, meantime, had recovered sufficiently to continue his journey. It was with great reluctance Colonel Lewin parted from his most congenial visitor, for in no other light would he regard him. As for Eve, she flung herself into his arms with passionate weeping, much to the discomfiture of young Raphael Wilde, who looked daggers at his tall rival. The boy of twelve was passionately in love with the little maid of ten.

Several friends, frank, honest Southern gentlemen, had gathered to see him off. They had discussed all the questions that naturally arise between men of opposite political opinions, but it had been with courtesy and the utmost delicacy. That war must come before many years both sides agreed; how little did they foresee the long, deadly struggle, and the ruin of those ample farms and beautiful homes where they lived like lords of the soil.

Eve regretted her friend's absence more than even her father did. Her great delight was to talk of him. And she was looking forward to the time when she should write to him, in the fond anticipation of continuing the friendship, when once again the deadly malaria smote her, brain and nerves, and for one long year it was doubtful which force should triumph—life or death. Meantime Colonel Lewin failed perceptibly. His convivial habits grew upon him daily, and he became more and more careless in money matters. Whether the coffers were full or not, the guest chambers were seldom unoccupied. He managed in some way, in times of his utmost need, to procure money, but it never lasted long. Sometimes he would sell two or three of his slaves, till at last there were only some four or five left. Everybody liked him, but everybody lamented over his coming downfall, and prophesied evil, as they drank his costly wines and smoked his expensive cigars.

CHAPTER XI.—A CURIOUS BOOTBLACK.

"BLACK your boots, sir? I'll do it cheaper than the men do, and I'll black 'em all over—heels and all."

Flix had just come out of his room, having entered the hotel somewhere about four in the afternoon. The child who accosted him might have been ten years of age, but there was an expression of maturity in the face which made it, with all its beauty, almost unpleasant.

At watering-places in the South one finds all sorts of unique characters, but Flix was utterly puzzled to place this creature, with eyes like stars, and splendid hair that hung in loose curls to her waist. Her dress was neat, consisting of a plain black gown of some fine material, white ruffles in the neck and sleeves and a dainty apron. She looked neat and clean, and there was even a distinguished air about her which seemed a fitting key to further intimacy.

"You certainly don't black boots for a living, my child," he said, looking down into her eyes, which were powerful magnets.

"Yes, I do black boots, when I can get them to do, chop wood, bring glasses of mineral-water to all the stylish ladies when they will let me, because, you see, they pay me, and I like money."

"What is your name?" he further asked of this precocious financier.

"What will you give me if I tell you?"

He considered her sufficiently a child to answer:

"A kiss."

Her lips turned down at the corners.

"No, thank you. I can get kisses by the dozen for nothing. Besides, I don't like to kiss men with such ugly black whiskers and eyes as you've got. I don't believe it I lived with you a thousand years I should ever kiss you. Bah!"

"Oh, very well, young lady," he said, with affected lightness. "I'm quite willing to bide my time. I can dispense with the kiss very easily."

"And you won't give me your boots to black?"

"No, I won't give you my boots to black.

"You're a mean Yankee, that's what you are!" was the retort. "No Southern gentleman would refuse the request of a *lady*."

The mimic wrath and the tragic gesture were too much for Flix, and he laughed outright. The child drew her form up to its tallest proportions, walked towards him and administered a sudden slap on the hand, and by no means a light one, and, while Flix watched her between indignation and amusement, she turned her back upon him and marched away.

"Decidedly a girl with a temper," he said, musingly, as the light form vanished at one of the angles of the hall; "some smart child of some smart servant, I suppose; she will be ruined if she lives here—the last place in the world for such a forward, conceited little minx." Soon the gong sounded, and Flix went down-stairs to dinner, prepared to do justice to the fine courses for which the meals of the house were famous. He had just comfortably taken his seat, and was studying his bill of fare, the ebony waiter standing behind his chair, when to his consternation, walking the length of the dining-room alone, came the child who had so offended his dignity, and took the seat exactly opposite. As he looked up he noted what beautiful eyes she had and the fineness and polish of her skin.

"That is no servant's child," he said, and just as the thought occurred their eyes met, hers red with a wrathful light. With a dignity that was really unusual for a child of her age, she immediately rose, saying to the waiter who was then passing:

"I don't wish to sit opposite this gentleman—he has offended me."

"But missee, there's no other seat," was his reply.

"Then I will wait," concluded Miss Importance, and forthwith marched down the long room again, all by herself. Flix turned to the servant, his brown eyes dancing with mirth.

"Who is that little girl?" he asked.

"That's missee" was the dull answer.

"Yes, but missee who—what's her other name?"

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"Dunno, sir—ain't got no oder name as I knows. What'll ye have, sir?"

"Don't any of you know her name?" queried Flix, curious, hungry as he was, to solve the mystery.

"Dunno, sir. I'll ax de cook. She's mos'ly like to know ef anybody—missee's all de time in de kitchen."

"Well?" interrogated Flix, impatiently, when the boy brought him a minute piece of canvas-back, "did you find out?"

"Cook dunno; only missee, sir," was the stolid answer. For a moment Flix was vexed, but then he reasoned that in a house like this, where there were from three to four hundred guests, it was not to be wondered at that the names of the children were not remembered. It was not much in accordance with the habits of a young lady, though, to make her quarters in the kitchen with the blacks.

"Are her parents boarding here?" Flix ventured again, after sending off his plate for ham.

"Dunno, sir; guess she ain't got none," was the reply. Flix started and looked down at his fork that for a moment played idly with the food.

This was the hotel to which that unknown correspondent had directed him, in which to find her child Sylve Bysche de Latude. The exceeding beauty of this girl, though she looked older than her years, her willful, imperious nature, and the manner that plainly showed that morally and mentally she had been neglected, gave him a presentment of the truth, that this was the charge he had come for, and for the seeking of whose welfare his life had been imperiled. Under the circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that he shrank from the conviction as well as the certain knowledge that this elf, wildling, witch, as he called her, was to be his mother's *protégée*. How could he subject Mrs. Forester's delicate nerves to such a trial; it was simply out of the question. The more he thought and reasoned with himself, the more he felt assured that this singular child was the one over which he was to exercise the duties of guardianship—most assuredly they looked anything but delightful to him, with the tingle of that vicious slap still burning in his memory. He hoped within his heart that his surmises were not correct—little Eve Lewin had prepared him to find angelhood in all children, but this girl had rather a spice of the opposite ingredient in her character as he had seen her. And yet there was such a spice of originality about her, that even though it ran counter to all the proprieties, he could not withhold a little youngmanish admiration. If she had been older, now—what pleasure it would have given him to tame that lawless nature—but coquetry and passion in a child, that was another thing—the business was not so congenial. He rose from the table thoroughly prepared to find his suspicions correct. His business was to confer with the wife of the hotel proprietor, a Mrs. Bimley, but it occurred to him that he would first go to his room for a cigar as he had left his case there.

On opening the door he stood for a moment on the threshold, confounded. He had certainly not mistaken the number—no, there it was on his key—and this must be the very apartment he had left in exceptional order, being a neat person himself in all the little details of the toilet. But the bedclothes lay in a heap in the middle of the floor. The ewer had been filled till it ran over on the floor, and bade fair soon to reach the pillows and coverlet, as had undoubtedly been intended. His own small hand bag was turned inside out, and combs, pomade and brushes scattered over the carpet. Indeed, the state of the room was sufficient excuse for the deep flush of anger that overspread the face of the fastidious Flix. A chambermaid came at his call, and doubled her fists and shook her head as her eye took in the scene.

"It's that abominable missee. I knows her work," muttered the irate girl. "No use to have any fine feelin's in dis yer house. I'll box her ears, I will, for serving me such a trick, see'f I don't. Now, I done wonder how she got at my keys. But she did—she'd get 'em 'thout a ladder ef I hung 'em top o' de sky. Begs your pardon, massa. I's sure it'll be all right in a few minutes, but we can't do nothing wid that child. Hope de Lord'll herry up de folks what's comin' after her—de Lord pity 'em, too, for I does."

Flix comprehended, but did not condescend to question the girl, leaving her with her work while he sauntered out to smoke on the piazza. Crowds of people were congregated on the grounds in front of the hotel, but he looked in vain for the child, towards whom he felt a sudden antipathy, a willingness to wash his hands of her altogether. It was not before evening that he sought the interview that was to decide the fate of Sylve de Latude.

Mrs. Bimley admitted him into her parlor with many apologies. She was an invalid, pale but not interesting. In her limp cap, weak eyes and faded hair, one saw how utterly characterless she was.

"Ah, yes, sit down, sir, sit down. Oh, not that chair, if you please. I tell the cap'in there ain't a chair in my room fit to use. You see, as soon as a chair begins to crack, they take it into this parlor—anything's good enough for the family. You know how it is. There's an armchair—its safe though dreadfully rubbed—too bad for the public parlor and almost too good for a private one. Little missee, you said, sir? Ah, you are the gentleman we were to expect. I envy you, sir—so sweet a child—the life of the house, any one will tell you, sir."

"Yes. I should judge she might make your boarders aware of her existence," said Flix, dryly. She looked at him narrowly with her blue white eyes; her flabby mouth trembled.

"What! she has—then you have met the child—a pretty little girl—with better training. The poor thing has no mother, sir—and my nerves—well, I can give her but little attention. I am an invalid, you see, sir. She's a bright, spirited creature, and such pay for care in the long run."

"Did her mother die here?" queried Flix, not caring to enter into particulars with the woman.

"Yes, sir, poor thing, and I never saw a prettier or a sadder creature. And that child, sir—indeed such devotion is very rare. You may read it in books, but very seldom one sees it in private life. Why, sir, she was more a woman than a child; with her mother night and day, and, sir, we had to lock her up by herself when the poor soul left us. Indeed," she added, forgetting her *rôle*, "it's the only way we can get anything out of her; just mention her mother, and she's as good as a kitten."

After a little conversation, in which the woman reiterated the dying wishes of the mother, and her steady faith that the friend upon whom she relied would not fail her, Flix decided to take the child upon his own responsibility, and to find a home or a good school for her. Mrs. Bimley brought out a box in which were some very rare family jewels, and spoke of several trunks containing the dead woman's wardrobe, which would, of course, go with the child. Her son, she said, was a lawyer, and would sign necessary papers, besides putting her guardian in possession of the money which was to be used for the expenses of her education and keeping. Indeed, the woman brightened up as the interview continued, till Flix felt some respect for her intelligence. She, on her part, was more than glad to be rid of an incumbrance, as she considered Sylve, for she knew to her cost how difficult it was to minister to the child's capricious fancies. The matter was thus settled, and the woman undertook to prepare missee for her new experience.

(To be continued.)

DREDGING FOR OYSTERS BY STEAM.

WHAT a glorious day that was—the last rose of the Indian Summer! A keen, full blue sky. A green sea, flecked with laced-edged wavelets. A sunshine that glittered over dull earth like a jeweled crown! It was at Fairhaven, Conn., and the good ship *William H. Lockwood* lay at her moorings, her steam up to—anything. Mr. H. C. Rowe, her owner, a tall, handsome man, not yet well on in the thirties, bade the artist and I welcome as we stepped on board, and having blown a defiant whistle, we, in a few minutes, were steaming out into the bay and on to the happy hunting-ground where 1,500 acres of the bottom of the sea are paved with the luscious bivalves which we were now setting forth to dredge for by steam. The *William H. Lockwood* is a steamer of forty-nine tons burden, high in the bows, wide of beam, and built on the lines of a million non-capsizing power. She is sixty-three feet long, and her draught of water is five and a half feet. She carries astern an unusually powerful engine, in addition to which is a double-cylinder engine for the purpose of hauling in the oyster-dredges. The dredges consist of an enormous bag of linked chain, connected to a rope by three iron bars, proceeding from the ends and middle, meeting in a common centre, and forming the ring to which the haul-rope is attached. There are four dredges, with a man to look after the interests of each one, and a series of ropes, run through a series of pulleys, ultimately connecting the dredger with the engine. The centre of the boat is covered, doors open on either side, while rollers insure the smooth and safe passage of the ropes, as the ominous dredger descends in search of its prey, or is hauled to the surface surfeited, bloated and gorged. The new lighthouse is soon reached, and when a little to leeward comes the order: "Throw 'em overboard, boys"—this to the experts who "stand by" silently waiting for the word. A rattle, a dull, heavy splash, a clatter of rollers, and down twenty fathoms descend the dredgers, bearing a death sentence to thousands of all-unconscious Fairhavens; down, down, the waters seething and boiling around the bleached and quivering ropes. The steamer forges slowly ahead, the artist makes his sketch, and I collogue Mr. Rowe. "You see," he observes, with a light laugh, "the old hammer-and-tongs business is played out. I can fetch up more oysters in an hour's dredging, in this way, than in a day's dredging by sharpies and the old-fashioned stole-tongs. I can lift from ten to twelve bushels of oysters at a haul, while a tongs won't rake up a bushel. I am the only steam-dredger on the coast, and I find that it pays much better, as I can go out in all weathers, can 'bust' the ice, and keep my European clients always supplied. I do a lot of business with London and Liverpool, and many a 'blawsted Englishman, you know,' eats a half-dozen of Fairhavens, hauled by these very dredgers, while he fondly pays for—London natives. I pack all the small beauties for the English market."

The steamer still forges ahead, dragging the dredges along the bottom, and devouring the luckless oysters, the ropes twitching and straining and quivering the while. "A leetle more of 'em, boys," cries the captain. A "leetle" more it is, and the engineer is directed to "Fetch her up!" And then follows the order, "Let 'em come!" Clink, clank, clink, clank! and the hauling engine sets to work with a will. The rollers creak, and the water is squeezed out of the ropes as they pass over them. The iron ring appears above the waves, then the bars, and lastly the dredgers, gorged with oysters, many of which slip through the rings and over the sides. The dredges landed on the deck, the men—one of them a Montauk Indian, by the way—their hands protected by thick leather gloves, after causing a general disgorgement, proceed to sort the haul, which consists of oysters, oyster shells, blue mud, waterworn stones, periwinkles, crabs, sea spiders, horseshoes, and occasionally an old boot. The good oysters, with inconceivable rapidity, are jerked into bushel baskets, and then heaped up in a pen erected in the centre of the boat, while the happy "youngsters" are flung into a corner in order to be restored to their native briny. "Let 'em come," cries the cheery captain, and again the dredges flop over the side to the music of the clink, clank, of the engine. Again is the haul made, again do the pickers sort the "loot," and thus from day to day during the season. Back to the place from whence we came, and we anchor at the wharf.

"Now," exclaimed Mr. Rowe, "we'll throw the oysters overboard here on my prepared ground, and give them a washing, or, rather, what we call a 'drink'; then to-morrow, or the day after, we shall cull them."

The oysters get their "drink" in this wise[:] All hands seize wooden shovels and commence tossing the "beauties," as Mr. Rowe loves to call them, overboard. This operation is performed with such a good will that the decks are cleared in a trice. Upon the following day the "diggers," booted to the hips, come after the oysters, transferring them by shovel to carts that back into the tide. This drink of fresh water, although it weakens the briny flavor, fattens and beautifies the oyster, and there is beauty even in an oyster.

Mr. Rowe, with his $6,500 steamer, dredges up seven thousand bushels of oysters a month. And such oysters! I have eaten the Ostend at the Café Anglais in Paris; the Poldoody on the banks of the Shannon; the Native at Tyms, in the Poultry, and within sound of Bow Bells; the La Mancha in the City of Mexico—all more or less perfect in their way; but the Fairhaven possesses a special flavor, and one which, while recalling that of the others, seductively maintains its own *à outrance*.

Mr. Rowe is the oyster monarch, and had he lived in the days of Lucullus, he would have been the most noble Rowe-man of them all. As it is, his lines fall in pleasant places, and, with "All the world's mine oyster" for his motto—his broad platform whereon to shape his ends—I trust that the success which has already attended his enterprise will increase and multiply, with his full-flavored oysters.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Raoul Pictet has been appointed Professor of Physics by the Council of State of Geneva, at the University of his native city.

Experiments recently made on the Lake Shore Railroad prove that petroleum can be successfully used as fuel for locomotives with a great saving of money, besides doing away with smoke and cinders.

A Parliamentary Caravan, comprising about twenty members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies, has been traveling all over Algeria in order that the legislators might become acquainted with the peculiarities of the land and inhabitants.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has engaged Mr. Brisben Walker to proceed to Colorado and investigate and report upon the possibilities of artificial irrigation, especially with reference to artesian wells, where mountain streams are not available.

In Paris, France, the animal and vegetable refuse from markets and refuse of all kinds have been calcined, and from what is known as "Paris charcoal." A furnace for that purpose has been designed by an Eastern inventor at Stamford, Conn., for utilizing all these waste products.

A Cheap and Simple piece of machinery has just been invented and is in operation at Westchester, S. C., which spins seed cotton into thread. It is claimed that this invention will add 100 per cent. to the profit of the planter, as it saves him the expense of ginning, baling, bagging and ties.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from Professor Peters, of Clinton, the announcement of the discovery, by himself, on November 12th, 1879, of a planet of the eleventh magnitude, in 1h. 9min. 10sec. right ascension and 124deg. 20min. north declination, with a daily motion of 3min. south.

M. Revoil, who spent a long time with the Somalis on the western coast of the Gulf of Aden, has described to the Geographical Society of Paris the land and its inhabitants, who appear to be very anxious to trade with Europeans, and he presented an Arab firman signed by the Sultan inviting foreigners to visit his dominions. M. Revoil is to return to Somali land with Prince Albert of Monaco.

The Following Scientific Missions have been authorized by the French Government for this year: Ernest Chantre, of the Lyons Museum, is to carry out anthropological investigations in Kasan, the Caucasus, the Crimea, and Turkey; Emile Rivière, prehistoric researches in the department of Alpes Maritimes; and Paul Sârda to investigate the geology of the soil of Japan, and visit the most important mining districts.

Hemlik, King of Shoa, has written a letter to the president of the Geographical Society of Paris in reference to the scientific mission which has been sent to Shoa by the Geographical Society of Rome, and which has the protection of his Government. But the King would like better to have to assist a French mission sent to him by the Geographical Society of Paris; consequently he desires the society to fit out an expedition, promising them to employ all his power on their behalf.

M. Richard Cortambert, one of the librarians of the National Library at Paris, has discovered in that establishment a gilt globe, dated 1540, and showing apparently that the course of the Congo was known then to have almost the same direction as given to it by Mr. Stanley. There has also been discovered in the Public Library at Lyons a globe of 1701, on which was traced, in detail, the geography of the sources of the Nile and Congo. This globe is said to have been executed by some Fathers of the Order of St. Francis. From the fifteenth century most of the maps make the Congo issue from a great mass of water in the interior of the African Continent. No doubt all the information in these old maps was furnished by the Portuguese. The Portuguese traders were quite familiar with the geography of the interior of Africa, and all the maps, even that of Fra Mauro (fifteenth century), represent the Nile issuing from lakes to the south of the equator, and give an idea of the course of the Congo, similar to that made known by Stanley. Ptolemy also indicated three immense lakes in the centre of Africa, from which issued the Nile and the Congo; only in his map these lakes are placed much too far south.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALEXANDER KINGLAKE, who is still working on his "History of the Crimean War," is seventy-four years of age.

THERE is said to be a "boom" in North Carolina in favor of Grant for President and Alexander H. Stephens for Vice-President.

GENERAL TODLEBEN has just been made a count by the Russian Government, in commemoration of his connection with the defense of Sebastopol.

EX-GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN has presented the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital of New York, with $25,000, to free the building site from debt.

THE Rector of the Odessa University, following the example of two professors at the St. Petersburg University, has resigned in consequence of the new regulations.

MISS BRADDON, the well-known novelist, was the only representative of feminine literature on the English Reception Committee at the recent congress of authors in London.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, does not believe in competitive examinations. He says that it would be foolish to examine a porter in geography when mere strength and activity are required.

THE Duke of Buccleuch, the Premier Duke of Scotland, with 450,000 acres and a rental of $1,500,000, will soon celebrate his golden wedding. Mr. Gladstone is now contesting a Parliamentary election with him.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN is the first woman who has ever been elected to membership in the Imperial Royal Society of Austria. This honor was recently paid to her upon her return from long travel in the Caucasus and Persia.

MRS. MARY JOSEPHINE YOUNG, of Sacramento, was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California on the 13th ult. She passed the examination with credit, and is the first woman lawyer admitted to the Supreme Court in that State.

THE Duke of Devonshire has presented to the Derby Free Library his almost priceless collection of Derbyshire literature, which has been acquired at great expense and contains the collection of an eminent living Derbyshire antiquarian and historian.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has never been considered as a man whose religious beliefs could be classed with those of any denomination. The recent statement of Bronson Alcott, that Emerson is in the full sense of the word a Christian Theist, has raised a great row in Concord.

GEO. L. PERKINS, of Norwich, Conn., treasurer of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, is ninety years of age, and has acted as treasurer of that corporation from its commencement, about forty years. Previous to his appointment to this position he was paymaster in the army. He is probably the oldest railroad official in the United States, both in term of service and years.

ITALY is preparing to extend the suffrage to every citizen above twenty-one years of age who can read and write. Signor Salvatore Morelli, a member of the Italian Parliament, has proposed that women who fulfill the legal qualifications required of electors shall be admitted to the suffrage. Petitions in favor are receiving the signatures of a large number of women.

THE Society of Anthropology of Paris has received, at its last meeting, a letter from Felyx Denys-Raponiayabo a native King in the Gaboon, who, having been educated in the Catholic Mission, is a tolerably good French scholar. His negro Majesty is sending to the Anthropological Society the skeleton of a gorilla, and volunteers to send any scientific documents which may be required.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has formally presented to the authorities of St. Pancras a monument in the form of a magnificent dial, which she has caused to be erected, at a cost of about $2,000, in St. Pancras Gardens, in honor of the preservation, as a recreation-ground for the people, of the burial-ground which formerly occupied the site, and in memory of the dead who had been buried there.

THE Tribunal of Brunswick has decided that the late Duke of Brunswick, who left his fortune to the town of Geneva, had been legally deprived of the right to dispose of his fortune. The Tribunal has, therefore, concluded that his will is null and void. As Geneva has already spent a large sum on the monument to the late Duke and the Opera House, the town will be in a sad predicament if it has to restore the money.

KOSSUTH, the famous patriot, has just lost his rights as a Hungarian citizen. The Chamber of Deputies has adopted a Bill declaring that any native of the country who voluntarily resides abroad for an uninterrupted period of ten years shall lose his civil status. The Extreme Left violently opposed this measure, accusing the Government of leveling it directly at Kossuth, but it was finally carried by 141 votes to 52.

HON. GEORGE Y. GILBERT, of Gilbertsville, N. Y., recently addressed the members of the Farmers' Club, of Butternuts, on a subject of interest to every one—money. He gave a very pleasing history of our colonial and constitutional finances, and declared our present national banking system the finest in the world. His address was replete with facts, statistics and arguments, plainly stated, which gave evidences of a scholarly, well-filled mind.

M. BISCHOFFSHEIM is leaving for Nice with M. Garnier, the architect of the opera, and M. Lowy, the sub-director of the Paris Observatory, in order to inspect the site on which he intends to erect the new observatory, on which he is to spend a sum of $200,000, as we mentioned in our notes some months ago. Before determining on the details of his plan, M. Bischoffsheim and his scientific and artistic advisers are to visit the most celebrated observatories of Austria, Germany and England, during this Winter.

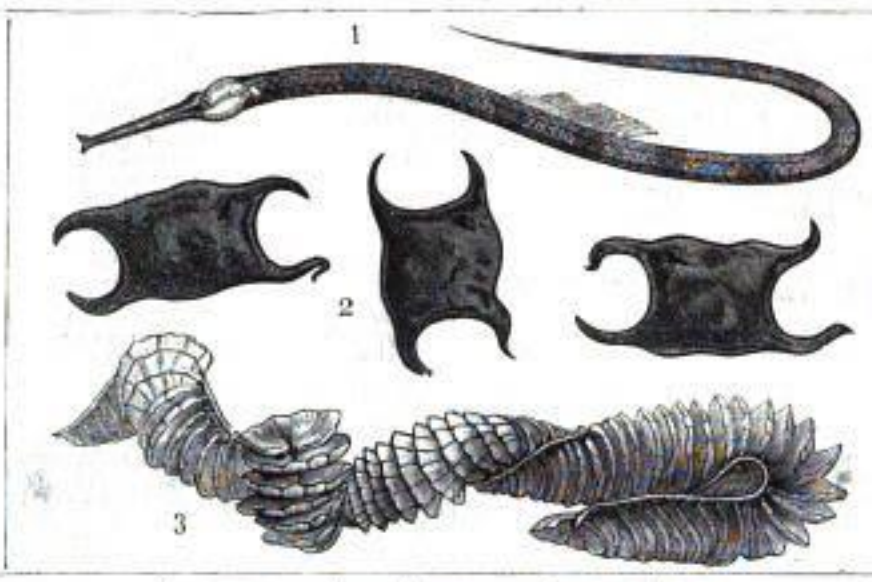
AMONG recent deaths we note those of Peter Goelet, a millionaire, of New York City, aged 79; the mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie, Mrs. Charles Dickens, John T. Delane, late editor of the London *Times*; Jules Noel, the French painter; Dr. F. J. Bumstead, President of the New York County Medical Society, formerly on the staff of surgeons at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, St. Luke's Hospital, and a professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons; M. Michel Chevalier, the French economist; Rev. Dr. Wm. Ives Boddington, of Brooklyn; Hon. John A. Roebuck, Liberal member of Parliament and well-known political writer, and Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, U. S. A.

GENERAL SHERMAN has shown his appreciation of the artists connected with Frank Leslie's establishment by purchasing Forbes's "Army Sketches" exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, all of which were made from original sketches by these artists; and, more agreeably still, by purchasing, more recently, two pictures of Mr. James E. Taylor, who has been connected with our artistic staff for a long period of years. General Sherman, in ordering the latter pictures, which have as their subjects the Custer fight in the Washita in 1868, and the Battle at Vermilion Bayou in 1863, says: "They are unusually good, spirited and well-executed, and I compliment you highly." This commendation is fully deserved!

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HAIRY CRAB.



1. PIPE-FISH. 2 SKATE'S EGGS. 3. PERIWINKLE'S EGGS.



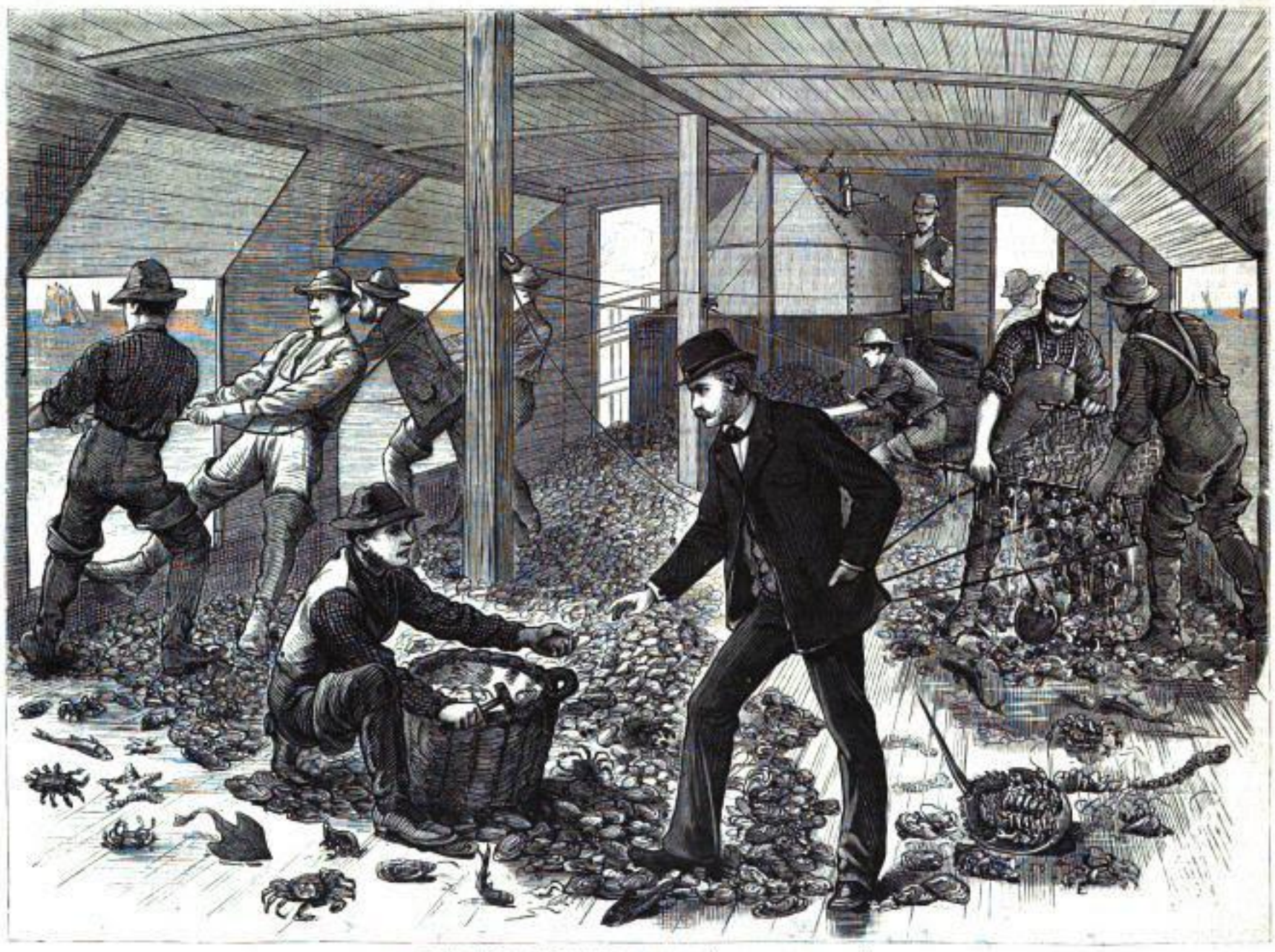
PERIWINKLE OUT OF SHELL.

A MILLIONAIRE'S MAJORITY.

ON the occasion of the coming of age of Caldwell Colt, only child and heir of the late Colonel Samuel Colt, his mother gave an unusually brilliant entertainment in the famous Colt mansion on Buckingham Street, Hartford, Conn., on Monday, November 24th. More than one thousand invitations were sent out, and guests were present from New York, Boston, and other centres. The young man, on his birthday, came into possession of great wealth, a moderate estimate placing it at two millions of dollars, to which in the future, if he lives, will be added further portions of the estate—now set apart for the life use of Mrs. Colt.

Upon entering the visitor was attracted by the coverings of the stairways and newel-posts with flowers and vines, and the scene presented in all the rooms was in keeping with this hall display. The parlors, drawing-room, library and other rooms were fragrant with the delightful odor of roses, mignonette, lilies, violets, camellias, and other choice flowers with which the doorways were arched and the mantles were banked. Graceful festoons of flowers and smilax also twined around the chandeliers, and almost transformed the rooms into bowers. To this was added the charm of the large conservatory opening into the hallway and brilliantly illuminated with crystal gas fixtures, the light from which was reflected in the sparkling fountain whose spray was scattered over the most luxuriant orchids and other rare plants. Many choice floral designs, sent by friends, adorned the rooms. One, from Mrs. Dr. Tait, was particularly noticeable, it being a colt of bronze, resting on a high bank of flowers, at the foot of which was the date and the years "1856—1879." Another was a large horseshoe of bronzeline rosebuds. Other designs bore appropriate inscriptions and words of "good luck." One band performed on the lower floor and in the picture gallery, where the dancing took place, and another band discoursed Strauss's waltzes elsewhere.

Two supper rooms were open during the evening, and near



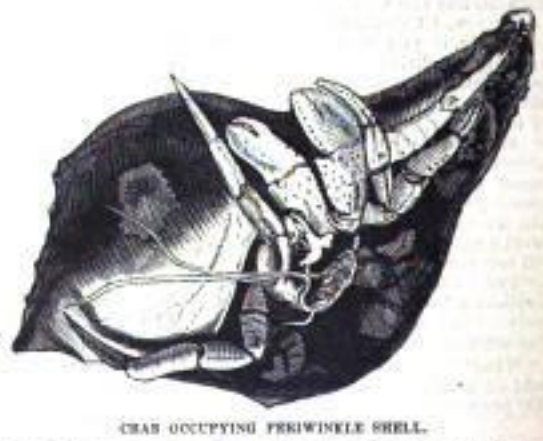
EMPTYING THE DREDGERS ON BOARD THE STEAMER "WILLIAM H. LOCKWOOD."



CLUSTER OF OYSTERS ON SPIDER CRAB.



PERIWINKLE DEVOURING OYSTER.



CRAB OCCUPYING PERIWINKLE SHELL.

CONNECTICUT—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—GATHERING OYSTERS BY STEAM IN NEW HAVEN HARBOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 267.

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CONNECTICUT.—CALDWELL COLT, SON AND HEIR OF THE LATE COLONEL SAMUEL COLT, WELCOMING THE GUESTS AT THE CELEBRATION OF HIS MAJORITY, AT HARTFORD, NOVEMBER 24TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

midnight a novel concert was given by a party of ladies and gentlemen, attired in fancy costumes, who danced a quadrille to melodies selected from "Mother Goose," using nursery rhymes, the words being sang by the dancers. It was long past midnight when the last of the guests departed.

THE FOREIGN BICYCLIST TEAM.

ON the 5th of November there was opened in Boston a four days' contest for the bicycle championship of the world, of which we gave an illustration. It constituted the first appearance in a public long-distance contest in this country of Messrs. Cann and Terront, the visiting foreign experts, and was fairly successful. Several American riders competed, to whom, in order to make the affair more interesting, big allowances were made. The score at the close of work, on the last day, was: Terront, 660 miles in 60 hours; Cann, 628 miles 5 laps in 59 hours; T. Harrison, 400 miles 1 lap in 39 hours; Rollinson, 321 miles 6 laps in 39 hours; G. Harrison, 440 miles 1 lap in 63 hours.

The team consists of Harry Etherington, promoter of many tournaments in England; Charles Terront, of France, a lad of twenty years, who, having easily beaten all French riders, crossed the Channel, and in a race for the championship of England, although handicapped by an inferior machine and several accidents, finished second in a field of eight, with the previously unheard-of record of 1,200 miles in six days of eighteen hours each; and W. Cann, ex-champion of England, who has a similar record of 1,172 miles. David Stanton, another ex-champion, was one of the pioneers in this sport, has won hundreds of races, and gave a series of exhibitions in this country in 1878. John Keen has been for a long time the acknowledged short-distance champion of England, and has in recent trials proved himself about as fast as the most skillful amateurs. Very liberal challenges have been extended to American bicyclists, and a series of competitions and exhibitions are in progress of arrangement in many of our large cities.

DESTRUCTION OF THE EIGHTH AVENUE STABLES.

THE immense stable of the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company, covering the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Avenues, and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, November 25th. In two hours and a half the fire had made a clean sweep from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth Street, leveling everything except a few jagged piles of masonry. The front of the depot was obliterated. The building which was swept away by the flames had a frontage of about 180 feet on Eighth Avenue and 500 feet in West Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, and was nearly 200 feet wide in the rear. Its erection was begun in 1851, and, as the prosperity of the line increased, additions were made to the small brick building which at first answered all the needs of the road, until a structure, almost a parallelogram in shape and four stories high, including the ground floor, had been reared. Of the company's buildings there only remained the blacksmith's shop, partly ruined, in the southwest corner, and the hospital for maimed and sick horses at the west end of the depot. This was saved by the intervention of a yard. All the snow-plows, 1,480 sets of harness, 130 horses and 30 cars were burned up, besides an immense quantity of grain, fodder and horse trappings.

Great difficulty was experienced in the endeavors to save the panic-stricken horses. They were released from their stalls as soon as the fire was discovered, and driven out of the stable. Some of them dashed about the streets among the firemen and spectators, but were afterwards found herded in groups not far from the depot. The employés of the company found droves of them from time to time, and picked them in the stables of the Ninth Avenue, Broadway and Sixth Avenue Railroad companies. Of the trained horses, not more than 2 per cent. were lost. Of the green horses, not more than 10 per cent. were saved, of which there were 130 on the third floor.

Of the losses the estimates are widely different. Fire Marshal Sheldon places the amount at $145,000; Monmouth B. Wilson, Superintendent of the Fire Insurance Patrol, at $150,000; the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company at $200,000.

The insurances of the company are said to aggregate $270,000. By the falling of the Fiftieth Street wall five firemen, including the Chief of the Battalion, were more or less severely wounded, two of them having to be taken to the hospital for treatment, where they are slowly recovering.

THE "ARIZONA" COLLISION.

IN its collision with the huge iceberg on the night of November 7th, the new Guion steamship *Arizona* struck head-on, while going at its fullest speed. The first blow stove in her bow, and bent, twisted and broke the heavy ironwork for a distance of fifteen feet, forcing the mass of *débris* inward, and leaving a fearful chasm to catch the waves. Many tons of ice were crushed upon the deck or thrust into this huge aperture. Quivering from end to end at the first blow, the steamship recoiled, and, before the engines could control her, advanced again, and struck a second time, but with comparatively harmless force. Our engraving, from a photograph taken immediately after the arrival of



CONNECTICUT.—THE COLT MANSION ON BUCKINGHAM STREET, HARTFORD.



HARRY ETHERINGTON, W. CANN, AND C. TERRONT, THE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE TEAM NOW VISITING THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, BOSTON.

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the *Arizona* at St. John's, Newfoundland, gives a clear idea of the effect of the collision, while the presence of the men seen on the decks through the opening serves to indicate the great proportions of the vessel.

The British Emigration Movement.

THE emigration movement in Great Britain is assuming unexpectedly large proportions. Statistics show that during the month of August vessels sailed from the Mersey with 13,558 passengers, of whom 8,436 were British, bound for the United States, British North America, Australia and the East and West Indies. When to these numbers are added the numbers sailing from London, Glasgow and other ports, some idea may be gained of the dimensions of the movement. The idea of curing the present distress by emigration was started in the North of England, where, at place after place, associations are being formed to encourage emigration to the States and elsewhere. The movement is also rapidly extending south and taking in all branches of trade. Under the rules of the associations any workman may join on condition of the payment of three, six, nine or twelve cents a fortnight, each one to have a chance in the ballot in proportion to his contribution. Each member entitled by ballot to contribution money will receive a grant of $30, if going to America, or $50 if going to New Zealand or Australia. The money, however, is to be paid by the society to the shipping agents, so as to prevent, of course, misappropriation. The results of this scheme cannot now, of course, be foreseen, but it is certain that it will have an important bearing upon the industrial and agricultural future of Great Britain.

FUN.

JOB has been marked down in history as the patient man. The fact is that at one time he was just boiling over.

WE know of a man, a victim to tobacco, who hasn't tasted food for forty-seven years. The tobacco killed him in 1813.

INDIANAPOLIS has a creamery and a crematory. One churns and the other burns. Both urn a livelihood. There is only the difference in hashes and ashes between the two industries.

WHILE wine was being passed around during the administration of the Sacrament at the Minneapolis, (Minn.) church the other Sunday, the congregation was electrified by the sudden exclamation of a little boy: "Ma, I'll take beer." A ripple of suppressed laughter disturbed the solemnity of the occasion.

WAGGS went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and, finding the seats all occupied, said, in a loud tone: "Why, this car isn't going?" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned. "You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggs, "but it is now."

A STORY is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of higher beings. It was a very profitable subject and one in which they took an uncommon interest. She told them the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked who came next and was readily answered by one boy, "Man," she felt encouraged to ask "what came next to man?" And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under defeat in the preceding question, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting out, "His undershirt, ma'am!"

THE other evening just before sundown a gentleman, who was sitting by his window on Twelfth street, casually remarked: "There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on." His wife, who was in the back room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby and ran like a quarter-horse to the window with: "Where? where? Tell me quick." "The one with the long cloak—just at the corner." Then the woman at the window said, in deep disgust: "Why, that's Brown's wife." "Yes, exactly," replied the brutal husband, quietly. Then the disappointed woman went back and got supper ready, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the entire evening.

ONCE there was a run on a bank in South Wales. Small farmers jostled each other in crowds to draw out their money. Things were at low-water, when the manager, in desperation, bethought him of a resource. By his directions a clerk, having heated some sovereigns in a frying-pan, paid them over the counter to an anxious applicant. "Why, they're quite hot!" said the latter, as he took them up. "Of course," was the reply, "they're only just out of the mold; we're coining them by hundreds as fast as we can." "Coining them?" thought the simple agriculturists. "Then there's no fear of their running short!" Their confidence revived, the panic abated, and the bank weathered the storm.

WHAT AN INTELLIGENT PHYSICIAN SAYS.

DR. R. C. STROTHER, of Monroe, La., who has been a medical practitioner for over twenty-five years, in a letter to the undersigned, says: "I have heard of your 'Compound Oxygen Treatment' for some length of time, in a casual, incidental way, but it is only within the last few months that I have had my attention particularly called to it in a way that has aroused my professional interest. I have watched its wonderful vitalizing power in two or three instances in which the patients were using the 'Home Treatment.' One of these patients was a sister, and her rapid improvement from a low condition of Nervous Debility and Muscular Prostration, resulting from severe acute disease, was almost miraculous. Your little work, 'THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT, ITS MODE OF ACTION AND RESULTS,' has fallen into my hands, and the therapeutical and pathological views therein inculcated being to a great extent in accord with what theory and experience have been impressing on me, I have read it with unusual care and interest. Indeed, I have read and reread it with a great deal of pleasure. I am sure you have found a curative agent of incalculable remedial and vitalizing power, and adapted to a *wide range of diseases*." The above-named treatise is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A DEAF mute used the new AUDIPHONE—"Can you pay me that five dollars?"—these were the first words he heard. "I prefer to remain in my original condition," he said, sternly, and threw the audiphone out of the window.—*Buffalo Express*.

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MANY reasons, not enumerated in official proclamations, exist for the national Thanksgiving festival. It will not, however, be many years before the product of our American vineyards will be deemed worthy of as honorable mention as any of the gifts of Nature for which we are officially exhorted to be thankful. Our leading dealers in American wines, like Messrs. A. WERNER & Co., 208 Broadway, who monopolize the well-known "America" Extra Dry Champagne, find a steadily increasing demand for our domestic goods, and by careful study of the popular taste, they are able to select and supply wines of American growth unexcelled by any in the world.

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COLLINS, N. Y., Feb. 23th, 1879.

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Yours, etc.,
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(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York, } ss.
City and County of New York, }

Sworn before me this 23d September, 1879.
J. B. NOSES, Notary Public,
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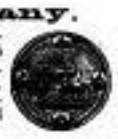
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As a newspaper, THE SUN believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the age with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the greatest number—that is the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which it is at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read THE SUN; and they all derive satisfaction of some sort from its columns, for they keep on buying and reading it.

In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser for two cents. It hates injustice and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools, and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which THE SUN will be conducted during the year to come.

The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and Acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent Administration intrenched at Washington. THE SUN did something towards dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

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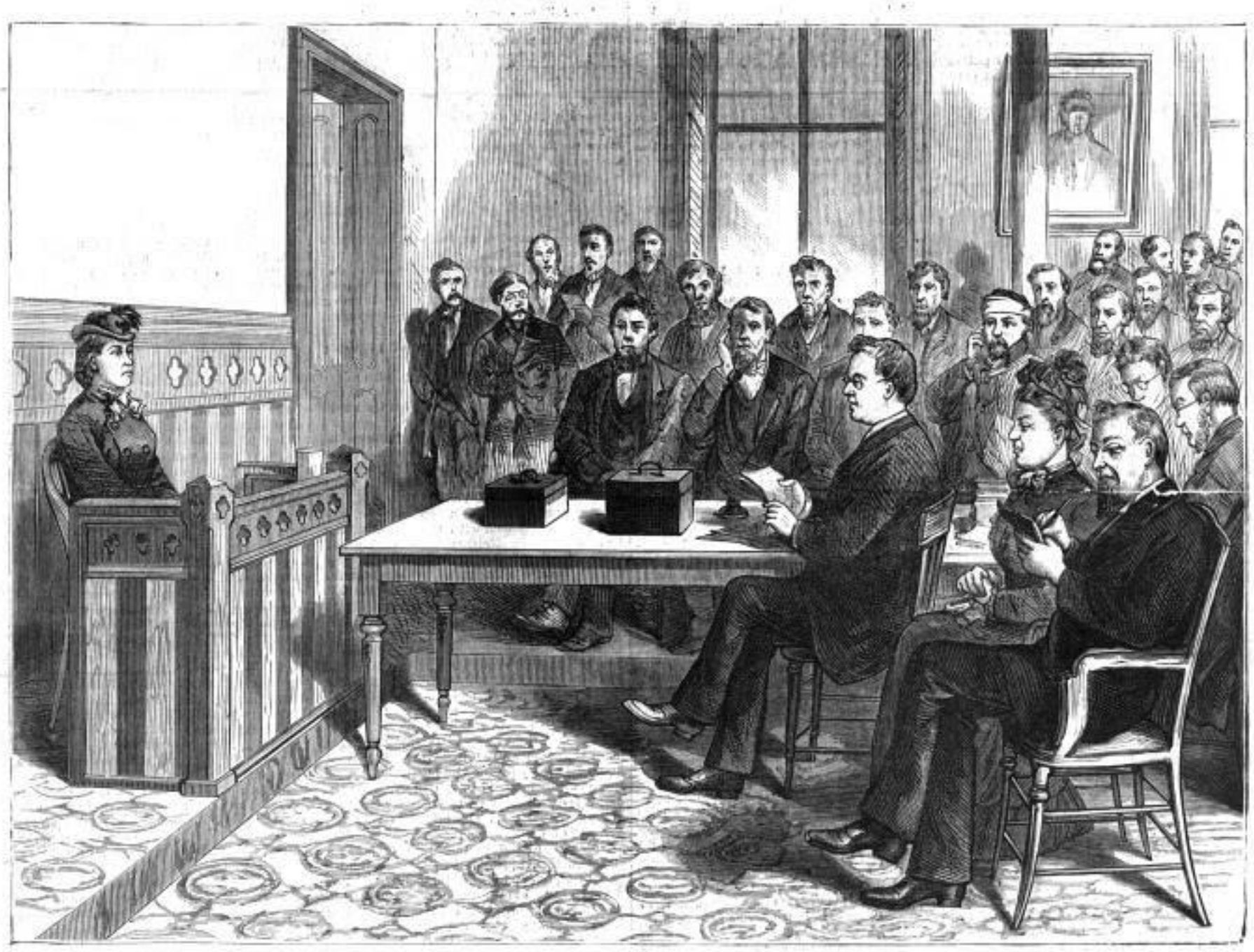
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MR. HAYDEN'S DWELLING AT ROCKLAND, AND THE BARN WHERE THE BOTTLE OF ARSENIC IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND.



SPOT ON THE ROADSIDE IN THE WOODS, NEAR THE SPRING AT ROCKLAND, WHERE MARY E. STANNARD'S BODY WAS FOUND.



SUSAN HAWLEY, HALF-SISTER OF MARY E. STANNARD, GIVING HER TESTIMONY, DECEMBER 3D. THE PRISONER TAKING NOTES.

CONNECTICUT.—TRIAL OF THE REV. HERBERT H. HAYDEN, AT NEW HAVEN, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MARY E. STANNARD, ON SEPTEMBER 3D, 1878.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 279.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

The Hon. Fernando Wood upon the Tariff Question forms the eighth of our series of illustrated interviews with eminent men. Mr. Wood's views on the tariff are explicitly set forth, his experience during his recent visit to Europe vividly portrayed, and his conclusions as to our powers of competition in the markets of the world against all comers deliberately propounded. This interview abounds in interest.

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THIS charming annual contains four elegant chromo-lithographs and eighty-two illustrations on wood, many of them gems of art. Besides accurate calendars and calculations for the coming year, with valuable statistics of all kinds, the Almanac illustrates all the great events of the world's history during the last year. Scenes at our Resorts, Picturesque America, Noted Personages, the Zulu War and the Prince Imperial, Madame Bonaparte, the Afghan War and the Ameer, the attempts on the lives of royal personages, the Chili-Bolivian War—exquisite Art Pictures—are alone worth more than the price of this cheap and attractive work.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAYS.

THE annual Message of President Hayes is a plain, practical and sensible document. Without possessing any of those extraordinary elements of character which give to his person or to his suggestions any remarkable ascendency over his contemporaries, the President seems to be gifted with rare moderation of judgment, clearness of perception and purity of purpose in the formation and statement of his political opinions. His serenity is undisturbed by the turbulence of the political atmosphere through which he is called to make his observations, and if he has none of the energizing forces which make and mark the great party leader or the political reformer, he has at least the virtues which make and mark the careful and conscientious Chief Magistrate, who, though he may not magnify his office, succeeds none the less in making it honorable.

It may be true that the President has little sympathy with those "stalwarts" of his party who could find a perpetual bone of contention in the alleged state of public opinion in the South, but he makes it very evident by the clear and emphatic declarations of his Message, that in every proper sense of the term he has *stalwart* views on questions of finance. There is no uncertain sound in his language on this subject. He urges the gradual retirement of the legal-tender notes, as "a step to be taken in our progress towards a safe and stable currency," and as a step which should be taken on grounds of policy and duty that concern the Government, and on considerations which relate to the interest and security of the people. As we have so constantly held a language of like tenor with this, we need do no more in the presence of such declarations than to express our gratification at their clear enunciation in the most dignified and important state paper of the Administration at Washington. And if this gratification is slightly diminished by finding that the President's Secretary of the Treasury is not in entire accord with the views of his official chief on this great matter of public concern, we are at least pleased to note some slight signs of progress in the financial opinions of Mr. Sherman. He favors the repeal of the legal-tender clause which gives a forced currency to the greenbacks irrespective of their "equivalency with coin," and would reduce their volume to $300,000,000. It is a small step in advance, but it is so far behind the President's recommendations as to disclose almost a schism between the Executive head in the White House and the Administration arm in the Treasury Department. President Jackson was fierce to insist in his day that his Cabinet should be a unit on all questions of public policy, and is even suspected on one occasion to have carried his demand for unity into the domain of social questions. President Hayes displays the lack of this Jacksonian vehemence and pertinacity in the mild toleration which he practices towards a subordinate officer who refuses to share his opinions in a matter which he deems of vital concern to the conduct of the Government and the prosperity of the people.

We are pleased to remark that both the President and the Secretary concur in the recommendation that the further coinage of the depreciated silver dollar should be suspended until such times as the United States, in conjunction with other nations, may agree on such a mint ratio between gold and silver coins as shall secure the equal circulation of each as a part of the national currency.

In many of his appointments to public place and office, the President has fallen so far below the theory projected for himself in his letter accepting the nomination of his party, and in the inaugural address with which he entered on the duties of the Presidency, that we had almost come to despair of looking to him for any further movement towards a permanent and thorough purification of the public service by a reform in the methods of appointment and an improvement in the tenure of office so far as regards subordinate employment. But the President makes this subject the burden of his Message, as if equally undismayed by his own shortcomings, by the shortcomings of some of his Cabinet, and by the avowed hostility of the "machine" politicians compressed in the ranks of the Republican party. Affirming that it has been his purpose to do what is within his power to advance such prudent and gradual measures of reform as will, in the end, bring about a radical change in the civil-service system of the country, he calls public attention to the fact that nothing adequate can be accomplished under this head "without the co-operation of Congress, and considerate and intelligent support among the people." In asking the co-operation of the present Congress, with a majority of both Houses in that body belonging to the President's opposition, and with a large minority in his own party notoriously hostile to the reform he advocates, the President, we fear, has laid down the burden of his Message at the feet of men who will be little inclined to move it with one of their fingers, much less to share with him the duty and privilege of bearing it on their shoulders. It therefore remains for the people of the country, without distinction of party, to say how earnestly they desire to secure the Civil Service Reform which the President sets before them as a high ideal equally indispensable to the purity and the efficiency of the civil administration. If they *want* it they can *have* it, but they can have it only by wanting it with that insistence which will take no denial from the professional politicians. In the meantime, let us be grateful to the President for rescuing this discussion from the Slough of Despond into which it had sunk along with the hopes of the too sanguine and not over-wise reformers into whose hands it had fallen.

To the "burning question" of the hour, as evinced by the smoke and flame of the late Autumnal elections, the President makes an allusion which is none the less significant for the mildness and moderation of the diction in which it is couched. "These elections afford," he says, "new and decisive evidence of the deep interest which the great body of citizens take in the progress of the country towards a general and complete establishment, at whatever cost, of universal security and freedom in the exercise of the elective franchise." But the President takes pains to emphasize the fact that for the attainment of this security and for the vindication of this freedom he prefers to rely on the forces of an enlightened public opinion and the avenging Nemesis of offended justice, rather than on the coercive measures of a central power dominating from Washington. While urging upon Congress to supply any defects in present legislation on this subject, such as experience may have shown, and as may be in its power to remedy, he does not formulate any specific recommendations under this head, but earnestly appeals "to the intelligence and patriotism of all good citizens, of every part of the country, however much they may be divided in opinions on other political subjects, to unite in compelling obedience to existing laws aimed at the protection of the right of suffrage."

And as if to indicate the true source from which a permanent pacification of the country can only come, so far as this question is concerned, he invokes for this purpose the co-operation of the Executive and Legislative authorities of the States, which are charged with chief jurisdiction on all matters of suffrage, except in the case of the few reservations contained on this point in the Constitution and its amendments.

On the whole, whether regard be had to the matter or the manner of the Message, to its specific recommendations or to the spirit in which they are conceived, it seems to us that the President has laid the country under obligations for right words spoken in the right season on the great leading topics of public concern.

LEGAL-TENDER.

UNDER our republican form of government we have swarms of public men, but unfortunately for the country and its interests, very few clear-headed and unselfish statesmen. Among the latter, however, we are pleased to recognize Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, United States Senator from the State of Delaware. Leaving out of view any political consideration or partisan connection, it may be said of him:

> "He is not of that strain of counsellors
> That, like a bolt of rushes in a brook,
> Bridge every way the current turns itself."

We have been led to speak thus kindly of Senator Bayard because of his steady adherence to great constitutional principles, and his broad and statesmanlike views with reference to financial questions—questions intimately allied with every interest calculated to promote the wealth, power and greatness of this growing republic.

Holding with the earlier statesmen of the country, Mr. Bayard has been an uncompromising opponent of the issue of credit money by the Government. On a certain occasion, from his place in the Senate, he said: "There have been periods in the history of the world in which the legitimate uses of credit, combined with the intrinsic values of money, have not been, perhaps, so well understood as they may be now. There is a high and a grand duty which credit can perform, and a money of credit can perform conjunctively with a money of intrinsic value; but it is not in the power of any man in this Chamber to exhibit to the Senate a case where money, having been divorced from intrinsic value, has been able to sustain itself from depreciation, and in the end has not been the ruin and bankruptcy of the community embarked upon it." Time has given proof of the correctness of the views then enunciated.

Consistent with his record, the Senator has now introduced the following joint resolution for the consideration of Congress: "That after the passage of this resolution Treasury notes of the United States shall be receivable for all dues to the United States excepting duties on imports, and shall not otherwise be legal-tender, and any notes hereafter reissued shall bear this superscription."

This resolution will stand approved by the superior judgment of the financial world, and the country will commend its passage by Congress. The resolution, as it now appears before the Senate, proposes to work no revolution in the outstanding volume of Government paper, but simply to reduce the legal-tenders to the status of Treasury notes, such as were issued before the Rebellion to serve the convenience or temporary necessities of the Government.

And why, we may ask, should this not be promptly done? In the issuance of the so-called greenbacks, the enactment of the legal-tender provision gave them no stability or superiority over notes issued by banking corporations. The notes of the United States issued under the legal-tender Act rose in value in the market as the success of the National arms gave evidence of the early termination of the war, and they fell in value whenever the Confederate forces triumphed. No legislation by Congress could prevent this. Men measured the value of the notes, not by Congressional declaration, which could not affect or alter the nature of things, but by the confidence reposed in their ultimate payment.

The legal-tender provision served no other purpose than to compel people to do that which they did not want to do, and which they at first repelled as being contrary to natural justice. So far as the Government desired to borrow money, or to obtain required supplies for the army and navy, the provision added nothing to the value of the notes. Without the legal-tender quality the notes would have circulated equally well and answered all the purposes of the Government. The legal-tender provision, in fact, served no purpose other than it enabled unscrupulous debtors to use them for the discharge of previous obligations.

Our readers of mature years all understand that the notes of State banks circulated without possessing legal-tender quality, and supplied a currency for the people just so long as the public had confidence in the ability of the banks to redeem. The notes issued by the national bank associations during the war by authority of Congress, amounting to more than $300,000,000, which were never made a legal-tender, circulated equally well with the notes of the United States. Neither their utility nor their circulation was diminished in any degree by the absence of a legal-tender quality. They rose and fell in the market under the same influences, and precisely to the same extent as the governmental notes, which possessed this quality.

In the introduction of this resolution, Senator Bayard simply seeks to bring the Government notes into harmony with the strict provisions of the Constitution. In this he is sustained by the opinion of Daniel Webster, the ablest and wisest of our Constitutional expounders. That great legal luminary and statesman said: "Most unquestionably there is no legal-tender, and there can be no legal-tender in this country under the authority of this Government or any other, but gold and silver—either the coinage of our own mints or foreign coins, at rates regulated by Congress. This is a Constitutional principle, perfectly plain, and of the very highest importance. The States are expressly prohibited from making anything but gold and silver a tender in payment of debts, and, although no such express prohibition is applied to Congress, yet as Congress has no power granted to it in this respect, but to coin money, and to regulate the value of foreign coins, it clearly has no power to substitute paper, or anything else, for coin, as a tender in payment of debts and in discharge of contracts. Congress has exercised this power fully in both its branches. It has coined money, and still coins it; it has regulated the value of foreign coins, and still regulates their value. The legal-tender, therefore, the constitutional standard of value, is established and cannot be overthrown. To overthrow it would shake the whole system."

In the Senate the joint resolution of Mr. Bayard is antagonized by resolutions introduced by Senators Ingalls and Carpenter, and in the House by similar resolutions offered by Mr. Fort, of Illinois, and Mr. Price, of Iowa. The resolution of Mr. Fort, which represents the spirit of the others, reads as follows:

> *Resolved*, That any attempt to withdraw or change the legal status and quality of any paper money issued by the United States, or reopen by legislation the Currency Question, settled by decision of the Supreme Court and universally adopted and approved by the people (?), would be injudicious and mischievous, and could only result in disturbing business and retarding prosperity, and this House is emphatically opposed to any such legislation.

With all due respect for the opinions of these several gentlemen, we still hope that Congress will have the good sense to pass the resolution of Senator Bayard.

OUR HARBOR APPROACHES.

THE report of General Newton, just given to the public, recalls attention to the vast engineering work which is in progress in the harbor of New York and its approaches, and which has, to some extent, been lost sight of since the great mine explosion, some four years ago, at Hallett's Point. The work, it appears, has been steadily, though unostentatiously, prosecuted, and the prospect now is that within a very few years the obstructions in Hell Gate will be effectually overcome. Since the final blast some fifty-seven thousand tons of rock have been removed. Twenty thousand tons have yet to be taken out. This done, it is expected that the work at Hallett's Point will be completed. Mining and blasting operations have still to be conducted at Diamond Reef and at Pot Rock; but no serious difficulties are anticipated. The original estimate for these improvements was $5,139,120. Of this, $2,538,200 has already been appropriated, and $2,084,711 actually expended. The estimate for the next fiscal year is $450,000. The amount required to complete the work of improvement in the neighborhood of Hell Gate, according to the calculations of General Newton, will be approximately $2,615,078. When the blasting shall have been completed, and the *débris* removed, vessels of the deepest draught will be able to seek the ocean through the Sound with as much safety as through the Narrows.

The report throws some light also on the work contemplated in the neighborhood of Harlem. By means of a cut or canal at that point it is proposed to connect the waters of the North and East Rivers, and so make the passage to and from the ocean by the Sound available for the commerce of both. In 1878 Congress appropriated for the construction of this ship canal $300,000; and at the end of the last session there was a further appropriation of $100,000. It is distinctly stipulated, however, that none of this money shall be expended until the right of way is secured to the United States free of expense. Lying at the very threshold of this undertaking were found some serious obstacles. It was expected that, because of the improvements and the rise in the value of the adjacent property which such improvements would occasion, the owners of the property would be willing to make a voluntary gift of the strip of land required for the bed of the canal. But this expectation was not realized. On the contrary, it was found difficult to acquire the necessary land, partly because of the immense price demanded and partly also because some of it was held in trust for minors. These difficulties, however, have been surmounted by an Act of the State Legislature, passed last May, which empowers the Supreme Court to make the necessary appraisements and assessments, the assessments being required to be sufficient to compensate the owners of the property taken, and to defray all the expenses of the proceedings. The estimated cost of the cut or canal is a little over two millions of dollars for a channel fifteen feet in depth. There is a fair prospect that the work will now go on, and that it will be carried to a successful conclusion.

In his report General Newton suggests the propriety of having breakwaters constructed in the neighborhood of Rockaway and Coney Island, so as to check the violence of the waves and to facilitate entrance into the harbor. He also suggests the importance of having harbors of refuge on the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island. The latter improvements will, no doubt, come in time. The works of immediate importance are those at Hell Gate and Harlem. When these are completed other and necessary works will doubtless be undertaken; and science coming to the aid of nature will give us what, in a cer-

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tain qualified sense, we have already, the most useful and the most magnificent harbor in the world.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CAMPAIGN.

THE present British Parliament came into being in the Spring of 1874. It is, therefore, about to enter upon its seventh and last session. Within a year from the present time a new general election must be held, and the people will be called upon to deliver their verdicts on the policy of the Beaconsfield administration, and to elect who shall direct the Empire in the succeeding years.

Soon, for the first time since his accession to power, Lord Beaconsfield must submit his political fate to the constituencies. It may be that he will yet dissolve Parliament before its full term expires, or he may wait for its natural demise. In view of the speedy approach, in any event, of a general election which is certain to equal, if not exceed, in excitement and bitterness, any which the present generation has witnessed, the chiefs of the two political hosts have already buckled on their armor, and the preliminary skirmish and strife have begun in dead earnest. Noble lords and honorable gentlemen are industriously wooing the constituencies for a renewal of their confidence and mandate; younger aspirants are making displays of their talents, lavishly dealing out profuse promises, and ingratiating themselves with the most humble voters.

Some time ago Mr. Gladstone, beyond all comparison the ablest and most prominent of English statesmen, and the most fervidly eloquent of English orators, consented to contest, in the Liberal interest, the historic Scottish county of Midlothian. It is an act of unusual daring on his part; an undertaking to engage in a most doubtful conflict and to challenge one of the most powerful of Tory houses in its northern stronghold, and in pitting himself against a scion of the semi-royal Scots, the Earl of Dalkeith, Mr. Gladstone provokes the most vigorous use of great patrician power and wealth to defeat him.

The famous statesman, however, has plunged into the fray, at the age of seventy, with all the fire and energy of his younger days. He has a great and to him a holy mission to perform—to bring back England to a policy of honor and justice, to rid her of a ruler who, according to his belief, is a "political juggler," and who jeopardizes the true interests of the Empire for the purpose of perpetuating his own power. Mr. Gladstone has always bitterly opposed the policy of his old rival. He has made no secret of his hostile opinion of Lord Beaconsfield as a man and as a statesman. He has for years accused him of dishonesty, trickery, unseemly histrionics, want alike of wisdom and of principle. He indignantly arraigns the whole foreign policy of the present Ministry. He pronounces a scathing judgment against the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, against the assumption by the Queen of the imperial title and dignity, against the Tory enmity towards and distrust of Russia, against the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, the occupation of Cyprus, the importation of Hindoo troops into the Mediterranean, the Anglo-Turkish convention, the dispatch of the fleet into Turkish waters, the assumption by England of responsibility for reform in Asia Minor, and the neglect of the interests of Greece. He impeaches the Zulu war, and can find no invective too bitter with which to characterize the invasion, occupation, and present English protectorate of Afghanistan.

Mr. Gladstone has chosen his ground fairly upon which to make his issue with Lord Beaconsfield. Though not nominally, he is really the chief of the Liberal masses; such an intellect and will as his cannot be relegated to a place in the party ranks. Should he win a triumph in closely-balanced Midlothian, its moral effect would be immense, no matter how the country in general pronounced. The verdict would be an unmistakable condemnation of the Beaconsfield policy. Mr. Gladstone's election would signify that, with the return of the Liberals to power, that policy would be, as far as possible, reversed; while the absolute engagements of the Government would be adhered to, every effort would be made by the new Ministers to diminish what they consider as the ruinous results of the course of their predecessors. The Christian subjects of Turkey, the young kingdom of Greece, would discover in them warm advocates and friends. Russia would be approached and be treated with more consideration. The Afghans would probably ere long find themselves left to themselves once more. In a word, a policy of conciliation, of non-interference with the affairs of other nations, and of far closer attention to long-delayed political and social reforms at home, would replace that of "Imperial interests" and "vigorous foreign policy," should a Liberal triumph, vastly emphasized by that of Mr. Gladstone, be the result of this electoral contest.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

THIS last attempt on the life of the Czar of all the Russias will lead to a bloody retaliation. The Government will now cast aside the scabbard and mercilessly use the sword. The Nihilists court destruction, and they are likely to receive grim satisfaction. The innocent will suffer alike with the guilty, and for every grain of powder fired in that infernal machine a human life may be destined to perish. "I have placed myself in the hands of Providence," exclaimed Alexander, at the ancient palace of the Kremlin, "but sedition *must* be extirpated." This "must" is pregnant with direful meaning. Accident saved the life of his Imperial Majesty. His railway journeys are usually made with two trains—one for himself and suite, and the other for the servants and baggage. The baggage usually clears the line. In this instance the Czar went first, and his *impedimenta* suffered while he escaped. He has received congratulatory telegrams from all his brother and sister sovereigns, as well he might. Who would be Czar of all the Russias, with this Nihilistic Damocleian sword hanging over one's head by so frayed a hair?

The ministerial crisis in France is over, and those who have her best interests at heart can afford to breathe a little more easily. The Government was not only interpellated but impeached. The ministerial shortcomings on the questions of judicature, gendarmerie and military schools were ingeniously raked up, while the *chevalde bataille* was the retention of certain officials avowedly hostile to the Republic. Of course, the Chamber was treated to an explosion on the part of the dynamitic Paul de Cassagnac, and Jules Ferry as usual got out of his depth. The honors of the day belong to a young and coming man, Deveze, who made a superb appeal to the patriotism of the Chamber, and concluded a most eloquent speech by moving a vote of unqualified confidence in the ministry. The Chamber divided and the motion was carried by a majority of 243. The Cabinet has now been placed on its feet, and it commands a working majority. Waddington wins.

The Turk is still troubling the British Cabinet, and as a result keeping European councils on the *qui vive*. We think the Beaconsfield policy has been founded on the absurd supposition that the "unspeakable Turk" could be reformed by "soft sawder," and that he could sustain himself as a great power in Europe. So far from facts according with this expectation, not a single symptom of improvement can be detected in any of the ways of the Sultan, or the tendencies of those about him. If one day the telegram brings an announcement which, if it could be relied upon, would look hopeful, the next day tells the old story of rottenness and corruption, a bankrupt exchequer, an army without pay, officials without honesty, and a people languishing for want of security of property and life. The Greek Boundary Commission has assumed a new phase. The French Ambassador to Turkey has received instructions to assume a more moderate attitude upon the rectification of the Turco-Hellenic frontier, as the Turk claims a certain line of frontier under the Peace with Honor Treaty. As this treaty is not worth the parchment it is inscribed upon, news of a startling character may be looked for from both Downing Street and the Palace on the Bosphorus.

The French Government has directed the Governor of Senegal, Western Africa, to send an expedition to explore the region lying between the Upper Senegal and the Niger Rivers, with a view to the feasibility of connecting the two rivers by rail. *Apropos* of Africa, King Amachree, of New Calabar, is about to see it out with one Will Braid, a powerful chieftain of that ilk. They have already fought a pitched battle, both sides claiming victory and both banqueting upon the slain. The English factories in that district are threatened, and Her Majesty's ironclad *Dido* threatens Amachree, Braid and King Ja-Ja. Ah-ma-Chree smacks of the Emerald Isle, Braid of the tight little island, and Ja-Ja speaks of Vaterland.

We are to have a visit from Mr. Parnell, M.P., and Mr. Finigan, M.P. It is announced that these gentlemen will leave Queenstown on the 17th. They come to us to seek subscriptions towards the fund for the defense, "to the foot of the throne," of Messrs. Davitt, Daly and Killen. The land agitation has lost none of its fervor, and meetings are being held from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. How is this to end? Is Ireland to have all landlords and no tenants, or no landlords and all tenants? *Does* tenant-right mean a lease for ever and no rent? The Government have prosecuted, under the especial advice of "Jimmy Lowther," the Chief Secretary; and if the prosecution fails, as many of the ablest lawyers in the Four Courts predict it will, English rule in Ireland will receive a crushing blow, while Home Rule may be looked forward to through this blunder of the English Irish official. Thomas Brennan, Secretary of the Land League, has been arrested at Dublin for uttering seditious language, and the Court of Queen's Bench has granted the application of the Crown that if the Grand Jury of Sligo found true bills against Messrs. Davitt, Daly and Killen, accused of sedition, the indictments should be removed for trial to Dublin.

The report on the Bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba has been read in the Senate at Madrid, and approved by the Cabinet Council. Great little Martinez Campos has promised the Cuban Deputies that he will shortly present to the Cortes Bills relative to economical reforms and reforms in the laws relative to the coasting trade of Cuba. The opinion in Havana seems to be that Campos will dissolve the Cortes rather than resign. One thing is pretty certain, no more Cuban campaigning for the important little premier.

The Archbishop of Malines has published a declaration, stating that no difference exists between the Holy See and the Belgian Episcopacy relative to the educational law.

CONGRESS AT WORK.

WITH the opening of the second session of the Forty-sixth Congress, on December 1st, Senators and Representatives appear to have settled down to the serious transaction of public business. Thus far the operation has progressed quite smoothly, the Republicans being happy and good-natured in view of their late victories, and the Democrats, far less aggressive than in the extra session. The contested election cases have been referred to sub-committees to expedite the labor of investigation, and will probably be reported upon at an early day. Senator Baldwin, who succeeds the late Mr. Chandler, has been given one of the vacant places on the Committee of Commerce. The proposed inter-oceanic canal received attention early in the week, Senator Gordon introducing a resolution for the encouragement of the project, and Representative Ellis a second in almost similar words; both were referred to the respective committees on Foreign Relations. Senator Burnside spoke on the joint resolutions presented by himself at the last session on the Darien project, holding it dangerous for the United States to permit a foreign Government to construct the canal on that route. Allusion was made to the Ute Indian outbreak by Senator Belford, of Colorado, who introduced a Bill which provides that all laws establishing a reservation for this tribe in that State shall be repealed; that a new reservation shall be selected by a commission in some of the Territories for them, and that the land constituting the present reservation shall become public domain. Two amendments to the Constitution were proposed in a joint resolution introduced by Representative White, one providing that general appropriation Bills shall contain nothing but appropriations, the other granting the President power to disapprove of any separate item of a Bill without thereby defeating the whole Bill. Financial matters claimed considerable attention in both Houses on Wednesday and Thursday. On the former day Senator Bayard offered a Bill making Treasury notes a legal-tender only, for all dues to the United States excepting duties on imports. Senator Beck a second Bill authorizing the payment of customs duties in legal-tender notes, and Representative Wood a third limiting the future rate of interest on bonds to 3½ per cent. On the following day Senator Carpenter introduced a resolution, which, after alluding to the general prosperity of the country, declared that any legislation during the present session of Congress changing the existing system of finance would be inexpedient; Representative Gillette offered another resolution declaring opposition to any reduction in the volume of legal-tender notes now outstanding and favoring the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes, as well as the unrestricted coinage of the 412½-grain silver dollar; and Representative Garfield presented a Bill to facilitate the refunding operations by authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to exchange the four per cent. bonds for any bonds bearing a higher rate of interest. In the line of inflation, Mr. Weaver offered a scheme in the House, to "restore to the soldiers and sailors who served in the late war equal rights with the holders of Government bonds," and calling for the issue of $500,000,000 in Treasury notes. A resolution by Mr. Goode for the appointment of a select committee to consider the expediency of carrying out the law of Congress adopted in 1781, providing for a memorial monument at Yorktown, Va., was adopted in the House. Mr. Morton offered a Bill in behalf of the New York Chamber of Commerce to facilitate the negotiation of bills of lading and other commercial documents, and to prevent fraud thereon. Both Houses adjourned on Thursday to Monday 8th.

THE United States Signal Corps, under charge of General Myers, has been complimented by the award of a grand diploma of honor by the jury of the Paris Exhibition.

IN order to save from a life of slavery the four young sons of Yakoob Beg, the executed Chinese rebel, President Gerry, of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has written to President Hayes, begging him to solicit of the Emperor of China a commutation of their sentence to banishment. If the Emperor consents to abate the rigors of an ancient law which inflicts upon the children a punishment for their father's crimes, Mr. Gerry promises that the society will take charge of these striplings and give them the best educational advantages.

A MOVE in the right direction has just been made by the managers of the Inman steamships, who, as an experiment, have furnished the *City of Berlin* with the electric light apparatus. Should this test of the utility of the light prove satisfactory, the remainder of the fleet will be similarly provided. This action meets our hearty approval. We have constantly urged the practicability of the light on shipboard, and feel sure that ocean travelers will unite with us in the hope that the other companies will follow the example of the Inman.

An important conference has been held by the Captain of the Port of New York with the superintendents of the ferry companies, with a view of adopting some means to prevent the frequent collisions in the East and North Rivers, particularly in dark and foggy weather. Now that the subject is under discussion by the parties best acquainted with its bearings, we would repeat a suggestion made by this paper on several occasions, viz., utilize the electric light. With even a single light at either terminus of the Fulton Ferry, that dangerous course could be kept almost clear as the noon-hour. Another at Whitehall would relieve that section of the present dangers, while for the boats plying between the city and the New Jersey shore, a light at Communipaw, Jersey City and Hoboken would effectually sweep those pathways, always crowded with sailing vessels.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

DURING November the public debt was decreased $700,822.

THE receipts on the Erie Canal this season were $36,838.19 less than those of last year.

SECRETARY OF WAR MCCRARY has been nominated for Justice of the Eighth Judicial District.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has asked for proposals to sell to the Government $1,000,000 of the six per cents.

THE trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Rev. De Witt Talmage, have decided to withdraw from the Presbyterian Church.

THE State election in Louisiana on December 2d resulted in a Democratic majority and the adoption of the new Constitution.

MR. and MRS. VOLKENNIS have been held for trial in New York for attempting to poison Mr. Blair for the purpose of robbery.

THE New York Board of Aldermen adopted a new cross-town railroad scheme on December 2d, which has created much surprise.

WILLIAM C. GILLMAN, the Wall Street forger, received a pardon from Governor Robinson in season to attend the funeral of his wife at Norwich, Conn., December 4th.

IN Maine the Secretary of State has been ordered by the Supreme Court to show cause for refusing to exhibit election returns. December 9th was designated for the hearing.

ON Friday, December 5th, the thirty-third day of the Hayden trial in New Haven, the prosecution closed, and the defense opened with the wife of the prisoner on the stand.

MR. JEWETT has been re-elected President of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company. More than $2,000,000 were expended last year for the improvement of the property.

GOVERNOR IRWIN has certified to the President and to Congress the vote of California on the Chinese question, accompanying it with the memorial required by the Act calling for the vote.

AT the execution of Andrew Tracey, at Smithport, Pa., on December 4th, the rope broke and the body lay quivering on the scaffold platform for ten minutes, when a new one was procured and the hanging was effected.

OWING to the great demand for bronze one cent pieces, the Philadelphia Mint turned out over 3,000,000 pieces of that denomination last month. This supply did not equal the demand by one or two million pieces, and the demand still continues.

THE sixty-mile bicycle race at Chicago was won by Terront, who beat Rolard and the Harmon brothers, each of whom had a stretch of twenty miles. The best mile of Terront was made in 3 min. 20 sec. He made fifty miles in 2 h. 55 min. 50 sec., and sixty miles in 3 h. 34 min. 36 sec.

THE General Assembly of Virginia met December 3d in its first biennial session. The work of organization went on quietly to the end, the Readjusters electing all the officers in both Houses, as nominated by them in caucus. The majorities by which officers of the House were elected ranged from 16 to 18, while in the Senate they ranged from 8 to 13, showing an average joint majority of 27 for the Readjusters.

GENERAL HATCH, of the Ute Commission, now in session at Los Pinos, says the hostiles are all coming in, and a favorable result of the work of the Commission is expected. Chief Jack has proved the most valuable witness yet examined, answering all questions promptly and keeping nothing back. He claims that the removal of the agency was the commencement of the trouble; that on an elevation of 8,700 feet, with frost every month in the year, farming was impossible; that he and his bands received no rations for a year, which he claims was a violation of the treaty of 1868, and that his engagement with the troops was a fair fight. It is believed that Colorow has surrendered himself.

Foreign.

ITALY has recognized the independence of Roumania.

SPAIN is about to send several small war vessels to Cuba.

NINE women have been elected members of the London School Board.

THOMAS BRENNAN, Secretary of the Land League, has been arrested at Dublin for uttering seditious language.

ALTHOUGH there is a confusion in the telegrams, it is believed that Egypt is making preparations for a war on Abyssinia.

LATE dispatches from Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres report victories both for the Chilians and the allied forces, but the accounts differ widely.

THE Archbishop of Malines has published a declaration, stating that no difference exists between the Holy See and the Belgian Episcopacy relative to the education law.

TWENTY villages in the Kindschali district of the Rhodope Mountains have risen in arms, and 500 of the insurgents have seized the local fund and made prisoners of the gendarmes.

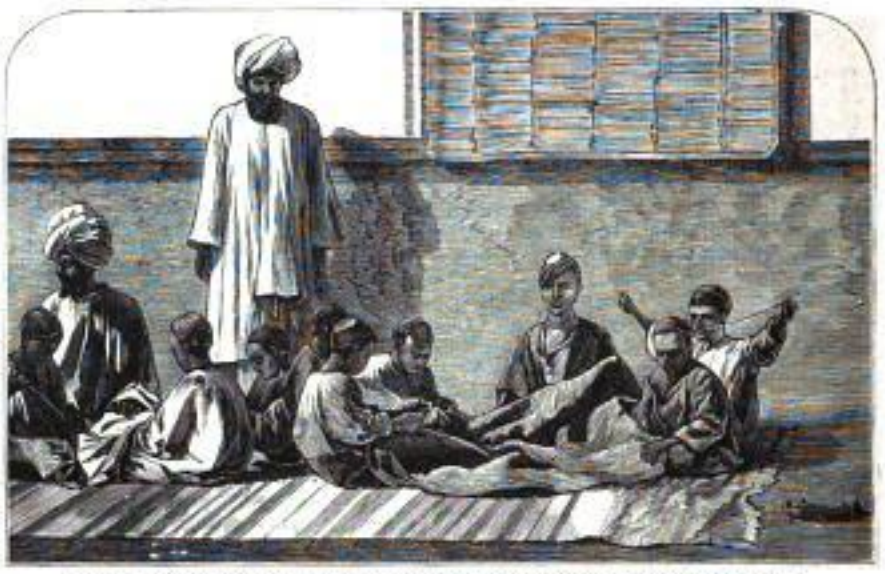
THE Court of Queen's Bench has granted the application of the Crown that if the Grand Jury of Sligo found true bills against Messrs. Davitt, Daly and Killen, accused of sedition, the indictments should be removed for trial to Dublin.

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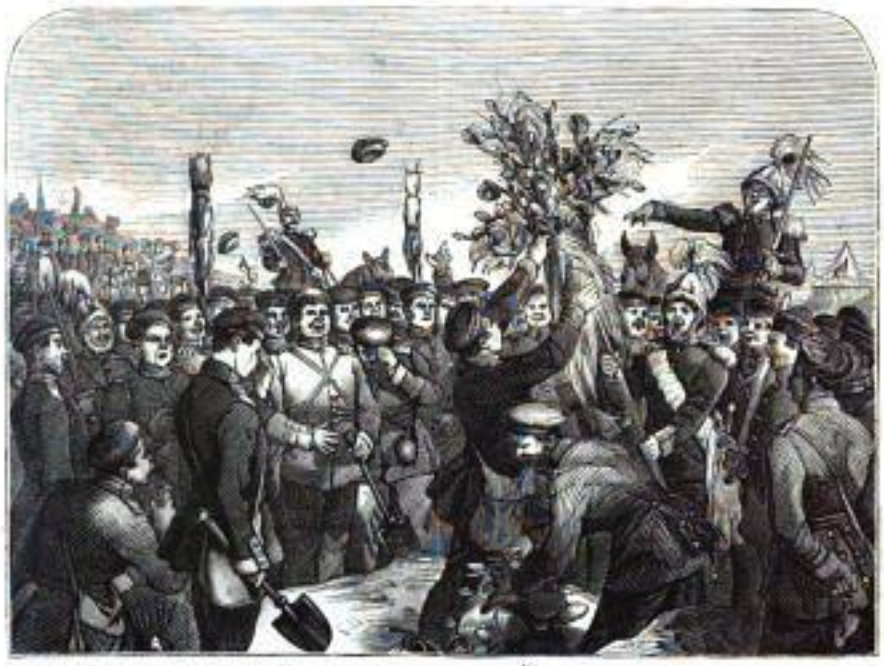
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 279



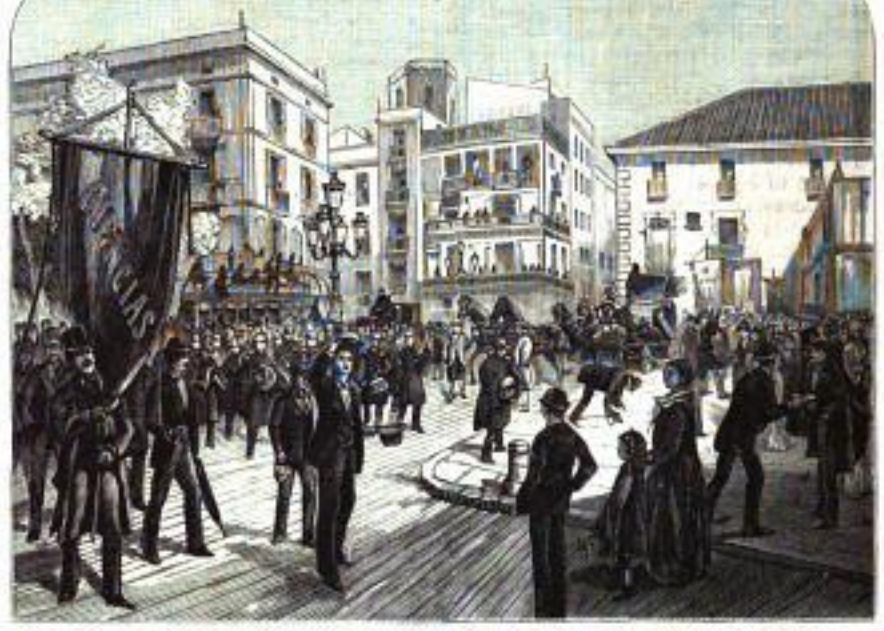
ENGLAND.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE REMAINS OF THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.



INDIA.—THE FAMINE IN CASHMERE—ORPHANS BEING TAUGHT TO SEW AT SRINUGGUR.



GERMANY.—BURYING THE SPOONS—A MILITARY CUSTOM AT THE CLOSE OF THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.



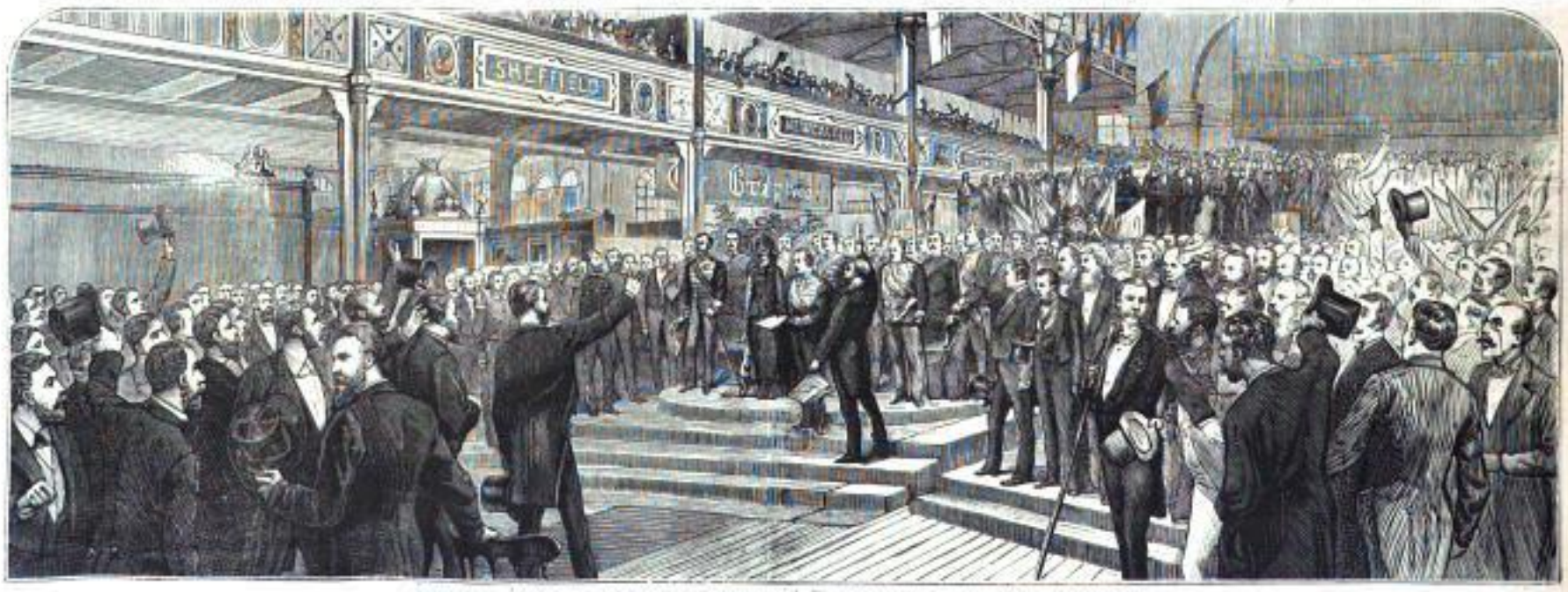
SPAIN.—JOURNALISTS AND STUDENTS COLLECTING MONEY FOR THE SUFFERERS BY THE FLOOD.



CYPRUS.—INTERIOR OF THE GREEK CHURCH AT THE MONASTERY OF ST. LAZARUS, LARNACA.

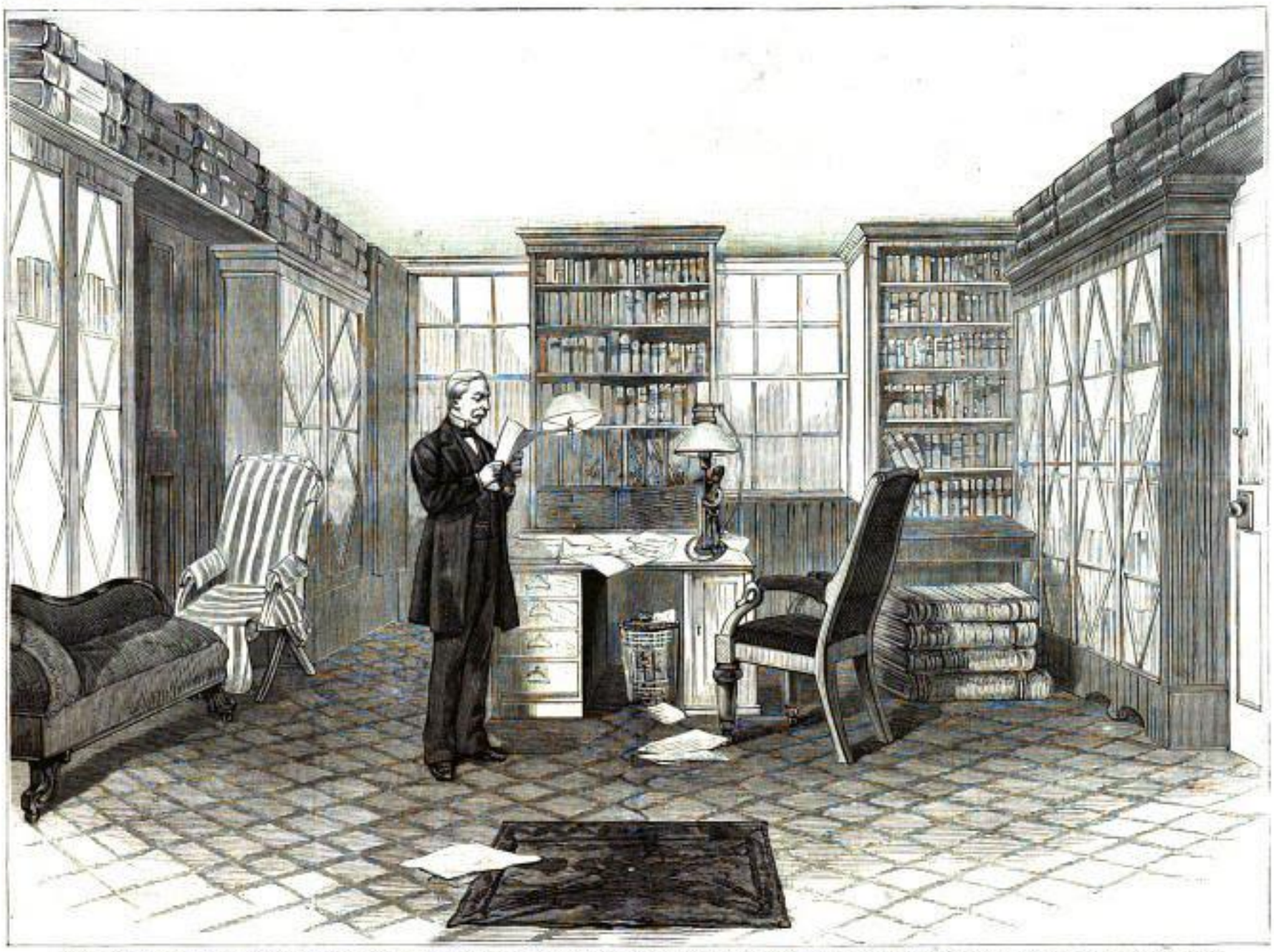


ENGLAND.—MEMORIAL SUN-DIAL ERECTED BY LADY COUTTS IN OLD ST. PANCRAS GARDENS.



AUSTRALIA.—LORD LOUTCH OPENING THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

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NO. 8.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH HON. FERNANDO WOOD ON THE TARIFF QUESTION—THE DISTINGUISHED CONGRESSMAN IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS NEW YORK RESIDENCE.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 8.—

FERNANDO WOOD AT HOME.

HE SEVERELY CONDEMNS THE TARIFF.

A Radical Reform Impossible Owing to Subtle and Powerful Counter-influence.

WE CAN COMPETE WITH FRANCE IN SILKS.

Free Trade an Absurdity.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY FULLY COMMITTED.

"THIS part or wing of my house was the headquarters for the English officers when Lord Howe held possession of New York. The Burnham mansion, his lordship's out-of-town residence, was a little to the north. I have preserved the farmhouse intact solely from its historical interest," observed the Hon. Fernando Wood, as he ushered me into a square, low-ceilinged apartment, walled with books, and cheered by a log fire that glowed in a pot-bellied grate beneath a mantelpiece of that monumental pattern so much in vogue when the redcoats mustered on Manhattan.

Mr. Wood's cozy dwelling stands on the Boulevard and Seventy-seventh Street, upon a grassy knoll overlooking the lordly Hudson and the rock-ribbed Palisades. The northern wing is modern; the southern, with its low stoop and gambreled roof, pure pre-revolutionary. Ivy clings to the eaves, and trees that might have shed their infant foliage to the sound of English artillery bend protectingly over the velvet grass. In the wide and airy hall is a genuine Vandyke, representing "Christ before the Doctors."

"This room is what I call my Municipal Library," said Mr. Wood, a type of a statesman militant, glancing around him. "I used it when I was Mayor. My library proper is at my residence in Washington."

The municipal library has two low windows giving upon the lawn. Between them is a table desk. The books—all bound in buff leather—are so uniform as to suggest dummies or secret panels. It is a room wherein to peruse "Sir Roger de Coverly" or the "Vicar of Wakefield," so quaint is it, and of an old fashion all so charming.

"You have devoted a great deal of attention to the subject of tariff reform, Mr. Wood," I said, "and I want you to tell me briefly wherein you consider the present system defective."

"Well," with a meaning smile, "if you were to ask me where the present system is a good one, I would say at once it would be doubtful to determine where it had any advantages at all. The present tariff of the United States was adopted at a time when the country was in an abnormal condition—at the beginning of the civil war—to provide a revenue and regulations for its collection applicable to the peculiar and unnatural condition of the country at that time. Whilst everything here has changed since, and been made gradually to conform to the peaceful and healthful development of our industries, the tariff has been continued and maintained, although it was but a temporary war measure. There are two difficulties which are aiding in preventing the



NEW YORK CITY.—RESIDENCE OF HON. FERNANDO WOOD, ON THE BOULEVARD.



COLONEL JOHN HAY, THE NEW ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF STATE.—FROM A PHOTO. BY RYDER. SEE PAGE 275.

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full development of the country—firstly, the tariff itself; secondly, the mode of administration by the Treasury Department. The commerce of the country, therefore, has to endure not only the enormous taxation imposed by our present high rate of duties, but also an illiberal and unfair construction and interpretation of the tariff by the officials who are clothed with that authority. It is evident," continued Mr. Wood, "that our power of production is very far in excess of our capacity of consumption, therefore, we produce much that we must dispose of to other countries. The large balance of trade that the last two or three years show in our favor has arisen from the large exportation of the excess of our productions. Now, if we would encourage and increase this advantage, we should remove the obstructions which our tariff has placed upon the production of other countries. If we would sell, we must buy. It is impossible to suppose that the difference between our imports and exports shall always be paid in coin as now. Five years ago there were more than $1,000,000,000 United States bonds held in Europe; at this time there are less than $150,000,000 United States bonds held in Europe."

"What has become of the $850,000,000 difference?"

"The difference has been withdrawn in payment for our breadstuffs and other articles of merchandise which we have sent to Europe—hence the large recent importation of gold, there being at present no other method by which the differences can be liquidated."

"What would be the result of a reduction of the rates of duty upon foreign goods?"

"Such a reduction would have the effect of supplying to the consumers of the United States the cheaper products of Europe, and thus lessen to the consumers here the cost of the like articles. To properly understand this question it must be remembered that the duty upon foreign goods, be it more or less, is added to the cost of the article, and hence becomes a tax upon those who use them to that extent. The $160,000,000 a year collected by imposts is added to the cost of the imported merchandise, and hence becomes a tax upon every individual in the country who consumes them. It is as much a tax upon a man's coat as if he was obliged to take the same amount out of his pocket and pay it directly into the Treasury. Nor is this all. The cost to the consumer of the domestic production is increased *pro rata* also, hence it enables the domestic producer to get just so much more for the article which he manufactures and sells. There is another important objection to the present system. It depresses our commerce; it has aided in driving from the ocean the American tonnage. The American ship-builders cannot compete with those of Europe so long as every article that enters into the manufacture of vessels is subjected to the present enormous rate of duty. England, that levies no duty upon the like articles, is thus enabled to build vessels at from twenty to thirty per cent. cheaper than we can possibly build them in the United States. During my recent trip to Europe I visited the principal seaports of the Continent, as well as of England, and I felt humiliated, as an American, to find every other flag floating from the shipping except that of my own country. I contrasted this significant fact with what I had seen in 1860 in the same ports, where two out of every three vessels floated the Star-spangled Banner. If it is true, as I have alleged, that the excessive production of this country must rely upon foreign purchasers, it is equally true that we must have commerce to carry it. Production and commerce must go hand-in-hand to secure material prosperity. They are twin sisters and cannot be separated. Therefore, we should adopt more liberal principles in dealing with other nations if we would have them purchase of us that which we have to spare and cannot use. We must encourage their commerce with ourselves, so that they will give to us in exchange that which we cannot produce and also must have. If we would have other nations adopt a more liberal policy towards the productions of the United States, we must not adopt a reverse policy, and lay an embargo upon their products on their admission into our own ports. The United States is a progressive nation. It has advanced rapidly in the arts, the sciences, in political and religious liberty, and, without assuming too much for our country, I am more than ever satisfied, having recently returned from Europe, that we are to-day the great leader in progressive civilization, and in the practical application of the true principle of genuine republicanism. Why should we not, therefore," added Mr. Wood, energetically, "apply the same principle to our commercial intercourse with foreign nations? The last quarter of a century has produced a remarkable similitude in the nations of the world. Old barriers have been broken down. The rapidity of intercommunication by telegraph has caused a unity of interests. The whole Christian people of the world of to-day are one family. We are in constant intercourse and have gradually assimilated in all our social and political modes of thought. No longer is restrictive policy maintained or encouraged even by the worst of European despotisms. It is well for us to realize this fact and to anticipate its effect and tendencies in our policy with reference to others. Therefore, I think, in answer to your original question, that the present tariff system is totally inadequate and inapplicable to the present condition of the country; that it is inconsistent with the progressive spirit of our people; that it is antagonistic to our best interests, and no way in keeping with our boasted superiority."

"How many articles in all are subject to tax under the tariff?"

"The general tariff enumerates over 2,000 articles, all of which are not dutiable. It is contradictory and constantly the subject of differences between importers and the Government as to what is really meant by the law. The tariff law itself is so vague and indefinite that it is almost impossible to tell on some things whether they are dutiable or not, and if dutiable, to what extent? Cases of this kind are perpetually arising. There are over 3,000 cases now on the docket of the United States Court in this district, growing out of questions relating to the interpretation of the tariff law, aside from the enormous protection to particular classes of American industries which the tariff provides for, thus favoring special classes at the expense of the whole people. The law is itself so clumsily framed, especially with reference to textile fabrics, that the most experienced experts are utterly at a loss to properly construe its intention."

"Upon what specific articles do you regard the present tariff as most onerous and severe?"

"In many instances we are dependent upon foreign countries for the raw material required by our manufacturers, and they have not only succeeded in placing the raw material upon the free list, but they have also succeeded in placing such a high duty upon foreign goods manufactured from the same raw material as to preclude those goods from coming into competition with our manufacturers' productions."

"Yes. Another evil of the tariff is, it offers encouragement to fraud. The high rate of duty, first, encourages smuggling outright. Secondly, the *ad valorem* principle encourages evasion by undervaluation of invoices, and, doubtless, many attempts have been made to get in foreign goods at a less rate of duty than it should be under the law in this way. But it will be recollected that the Government has taken every precaution to prevent these methods which have been adopted. For instance, all foreign invoices have to be presented to the American Consul at the port abroad, and sworn to, and examined and certified by him. Secondly, the importer is obliged to go to the Custom House and swear it is true as to its foreign value. Thirdly, the goods are taken to the Appraisers' Department and examined by experts, and the Government hold possession of the goods until they are satisfied that they are not undervalued. If a doubt arises the importer names a merchant appraiser, the Government names an appraiser, and the Government has the right to call in a third appraiser, who steps in between the merchant and the Government, and who also gives his opinion upon the value of the article in dispute. Therefore, it would seem as if every possible check was imposed to prevent any evasion by the importer of any duty imposed by the law."

"Do you think it would be wise to appoint a commission of experts to examine into the whole subject?"

"I do not. I think it would be a very absurd scheme, for the reason that it would be impossible to secure disinterested experts who could resist the influences which would operate to bias their judgments. My experience on the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives has convinced me that there are more differences of opinion on the same question by experts than by any other class of individuals, and that these differences could be traced very much to subtle influences which had biased their judgments."

"Would you recommend a gradual or sweeping scheme of reformation?"

"Four years ago I was satisfied that the evil was so radical that it required very radical treatment. I thought the whole revenue system of the country should be made to conform to the present condition of the country, and a more enlightened policy of the most intelligent nations of the world. I considered such a project and attempted to carry it out."

"With what result?"

"I discovered, sir, that I was too far in advance of the temper of the times, and that I hadn't appreciated fully the powerful influences which the pecuniary interests involved caused to stand in my way. I failed in the execution of this plan not from any defect it possessed, but from the private interests it antagonized and the cowardice of men who had not courage to maintain their convictions. Therefore, whilst I can say in answer to your question that I am in favor of the same scheme I then proposed, I do not deem it advisable to attempt it at this time, nor shall I do so. For the present, I think all that can be done will be a gradual modification of the tariff on particular articles. How far the Government may go will depend entirely upon the temper of Congress and upon the encouragement which the people and press of the country will give it."

"You have doubtless looked into the silk industry while in France, and from your knowledge of the subject, do you believe that we can, at Paterson and elsewhere in this country, successfully compete with France in the manufacture of silk goods?"

"Yes; and I think we have done so already in a certain class of silk fabrics. Except in that important department of the manufacture of the higher grade of silk, where the design is of great consequence, I am confident that American silk will very soon fully equal the best silk made at Lyons, and I state this from a personal inspection of the manufactories at Lyons and interviews with the manufacturers themselves. In France the remarkable talent of that people for all articles in which taste and fancy and artistic conception enter causes them to excel the world. It is not only applicable to the designs in the silk fashions, but it is also applicable to all the finer articles of luxury which their manufacturers so skilfully supply. In decoration, and that peculiar excellence and finish of that department of human production, they cannot possibly be equaled either in Europe or America. It is a significant fact, which I discovered at Lyons, that, whilst their manufactories are open to the visible inspection of foreigners, the designing process was never exhibited. They know their own secret and their own advantage, and they resolve to keep both as long as possible."

"Would you change the tariff as to articles entering into the manufacture of pottery, and could the New Jersey and Ohio pottery manufacturers successfully compete for the home market, under a reduced tariff, against goods of foreign manufacture?"

"I am not sufficiently posted in pottery to reply to your question satisfactorily."

"Would a tariff reduction injuriously affect our jewelry trade?"

"I think that the reduction of duty on jewelry, which is now twenty-five per cent., would introduce a large amount of foreign jewelry to the extent of the reduction made, and in proportion as jewelry is so much cheaper in Europe than it is in the United States."

"What is the present situation of the movement for a new commercial treaty with France, and is such a treaty desirable?"

"I do not at present feel myself at liberty to speak on this subject."

"How do wages of American operatives in factories compare with those of France, England, Switzerland and Germany, and would or would not a high tariff reduction temporarily affect them, and would it do so permanently?"

"I would prefer not to enter into the details of the subject, as it is before the Committee of Ways and Means, clothed with that power. Your question will be replied to as the facts come before the public officially."

"Would absolute free trade break down or sensibly impair any of our infant industries?"

"Absolute free trade is an absurdity. There is no such thing contemplated save by a few dreamers. In England it exists only for a few articles. Here it is impossible. We must have revenue for the tariff, and must impose duties. My doctrine is a revenue tariff on as few articles as possible. I believe that I can collect $150,000,000 on sixteen classes of articles. We have now 1,250 that are dutiable. I was in London when this free trade question was being discussed, and was referred to. I wrote my views to the London *Times*, as follows: Free trade in the United States is understood to mean the abolition of all duties, which would throw upon all the domestic industries the sole burden of taxation. This would not be popular. Until the late civil war all the revenues were raised by duties on importations. Internal taxes are not readily acquiesced in and are difficult to collect. Therefore, while, no doubt, our tariff will be continued, it is safe to predict that the rates will be so modified as to reduce it to that standard which will produce the most revenue. I am aware that one of the two political parties in the United States has sought to obtain the vote of the manufacturers by advocating the continuance of the present tariff, and in the districts where those interests prevail this scheme has been successful; but in the agricultural and trading districts, which comprise four-fifths of the whole population, an opposite policy has been adopted. It is a mistake to assume that protection is a doctrine universally acquiesced in by the Republican Party of the United States. The leading Republican newspapers are opposed to it, and the last Republican State Convention of Minnesota advocated a tariff for revenue only. In the Western States, where the balance of political power now exists, protection has little or no support, for the significant reason that the population is mainly agricultural and but little manufacturing. It is estimated that the census now being taken in the United States will show an aggregate population of nearly 50,000,000, of which less than 5,000,000 is employed in manufacturing. It is obvious that 45,000,000 people, so jealous of individual rights as Americans are apt to be, will not consent to be taxed for the benefit of 5,000,000. Further comment upon this pregnant fact is unnecessary."

"What would be the political effect of a committal of the Democratic party to a radical modification of the existing tariff?"

"The Democratic party is fully committed to the direction of a revenue tariff, with the exception of a few members from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The Democratic party in Congress vote solid for a revenue tariff."

In conclusion Mr. Wood observed: "There would be no loss of revenue under my system. A reduction of duty would largely increase the importations, and more than make up the revenue that would be lost on the reduction of the tariff."

PHEBE.

HER STORY, AS TOLD BY ONE OF HER NEIGHBORS.

LAWS! that's Phebe Carl! Hain't you never seed her? I've knowed Phebe sence she was a little thing no bigger'n Mis' Les's baby. She used to think she had a hard time, poor girl! Well, it *was* kind o' discouragin'. Ole man Carl he had a big family, and Mis' Carl she never had no health, and Phebe bein' the only gurl, the heft o' the work fell onto her. I've seed that there child, when she wasn't more'n ten year old, puttin' out as big a day's washin' as many a growed woman could do. Mis' Carl had the cancer, and she made a terrible sight o' washin', so she did. Then there was six hulkin' fellows, and menfolks' washin' ain't no light job, now I kin tell ye! Of course they wore calico shirts and overhalls, but they was careless boys, all exceptin' Jake. Now, Jake, he was the proudest feller, an' he must have his starched white shirt fer Sunday and his linen coats in Summer, fixed up fit to kill! Hit didn't do him no good fer to fix up so fine, so it didn't. He married the worthlessest gurl of any of the boys, and they didn't none of 'em git much fer to brag on.

Well, Phebe, she done fer all of 'em, and they lived in the shacklin'est cabin down on that cross road, t'other side of the ole sawmill. The roof hit was al'ays a-leakin' and spilin' the beds, and Phebe she'd have to move her mother round from one corner to the other to keep her in the dry, and them big boys loafin' round up at the store with their hands in their pockets. Sometimes they'd git a day's work to do, choppin' or haulin', but giner'ly they didn't do much but lay theirselves out to sun—and spit. Every one o' them boys an' the ole man chawed, and they didn't have no manners where they spit, and Phebe never could keep her floor nor her quilts clean. I've seed that girl put out a washin' o' quilts 'twould reach from here to the mill. She was awful industrious, and always a patchin' quilts, so she was. She made one snowball and one settin'-sun as perty as any quilts I ever laid my eyes on; then she had two log-cabins—one woolen and one cotton—and nine patches——Laws! there was no end to the quilts that girl didn't make! But they never done *her* no good. She never got none of them, fer, when Mis' Carl died, the ole man he married a'gin and jes' kept everything. He married the triflin'est ole thing in the country that nobody didn't think was scarcely decent; and fust thing she does is to up and order Phebe out of the house. And Phebe she went, and said she wouldn't go back there no more; and nobody didn't blame her.

Two of the boys got married before their mother died; and the rest of 'em they jes' hung 'round like they always done.

But Phebe, there wasn't no hang 'round in her. Jake told her she might come and make her home at his house, and she did, and, laws! if they didn't work her! Jake's woman she never lifted her finger if she could help it, and had her children reel fast; and it was Phebe this and Phebe that, year in and year out. The gurl never went nowheres, and she had less clothes than anybody I ever seed! Jake he never got her nothin' to wear, except a linen suit onc't that he bought at the store and brought home, and everybody thought he was goin to make her a present of it. But, lo and behold ye! when she left, he ups and makes her pay fer it! *I'd* a-told him, "Mister, I've done your work fer nothin', and you hain't furnished me nothin' but vittles, and now if you don't pay the storekeeper fer this, he kin sue you fer it." But she paid for it, and didn't say nothin' to nobody, out o' the five dollars Abe give her after she worked fer him five or six months.

You see Abe's woman was one o' the bed-fast kind, like the fust ole Mis' Carl. She was a reel pleasant woman when she wasn't ailin'; but I've knowed her to lay with the bone-airysip'lis a year and a half without never gittin' up out o' her bed.

They couldn't git no help, and Abe he couldn't a paid fer it of they had a got it—workin' by day's works, and not always havin' a job; and they had three children, so they had, and as sassy brats as ever went unwhipped. Abe's wife couldn't do nothin' with them; and there was the family to do fer, and nobody to do the work.

So Abe he ups and goes fer Phebe when his woman gits so bad she can't help herself no more. And nothin'll do but Phebe must come to his house. He made such a pitiful mouth that Phebe, poor thing, she couldn't say no. And that made Jake and *his* woman mad, now I tell ye! They'd been so used to have Phebe to their beck an' call, that it sot hard for anybody else to git the use of her. Jake he did behave scand'lous, so he did! He cussed and ripped around at her, and tole her she needn't look to him fer a home no more. She might go to the porehouse fer all o' him.

Pore Phebe, she felt mighty bad, but she tole him she guessed she wouldn't never go onto charity, fer she'd always been able to work. And his wife wouldn't say good-by to her, and he cussed and dam'd till she was out of sight. She didn't have no pleasure at Abe's house, now I tell ye! I never see sich sassy brats as them was, and all of 'em onto Phebe from mornin' to night. It nigh about tuck the life out o' her. But she tuck care o' Abe's woman and done a sight o' work, and things went on fer about six months; and then the pore girl was clean out o' everything to wear. She was jes' as nigh naked fer all kinds o' clothes as you ever see.

Phebe was awful keerful of her things or she'd never made her mother's old things last her so long. But old Mis' Carl didn't hev but a few calico-things herself. There was that girl nigh twenty-five year ole, and she'd never had a all-wool or alpacky dress in her life. She never had nothin' better to wear on her head than a sun-bonnet; and my girls thinkin' they couldn't stir out o' doors on Sunday without their Sunday hats, and all in the fashion. I've always worked hard, 'specially since my man died; it was over in Henry County we lived then, and he was sick a yeer and six months, pore man, that he never left his bed. But, thick or thin, my children has always appeared as well as anybody's. When they war little things, in their pap's lifetime, they had their calicoes and delaines and 'ginghams, and their whites; and, laws! it did seem so queer to the girls that pore Phebe never had nothin' but calico; and that hangin' nigh in threads on her, so it war. So she ups and tells Abe she don't want to leave him when he has sickness in the family, but somethin' to cover her she has got to have, and if he won't bear no ill-will agin her, she'll git a place among the farmers some'ers and work till she gits her some clothes. Abe, he growled around, but he knew it wouldn't never do to let Phebe go. He said it was derned hard fer a pore man like him to have to clothe sech a family as his'n and his sister besides; and then he pulled out and borrowed five dollars and give her. You never see nobody pleaseder than Phebe when she got that money. She went to the store and paid for the linen suit Jake had give her and had charged up to her, and got some muslin

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and calico, and my girls helped her do her sewin'. So Phebe, she come out in her new things and felt spruce. She bought a straw hat fer sixty-two cents, too, and my girls, they p'suaded her to go to meetin'.

Phebe hadn't gone among the young folks none around here; she never had no time, and then the boys they was so rough. They never had no manners, but would go whoopin' and yellin' round, and on Sundays they'd pitch horseshoes and play ball and jump all day long. Now, when Phebe got some clothes on her—made like the fashions is now—she wasn't a bad-lookin' girl. Some wimmen can look real perty in calico, and she was a good shaped girl, Phebe was, fer all she'd worked so hard and when she was so little. She was a big girl, but she had a good color, and her hair was as brown, so it was. And I went and staid with Abe's woman, so Phebe she could go to meetin' after her clothes was done, and the girls said they never seed a colt let loose fuller of play comin' and goin'.

That was the first time, too, that Irish John war at meetin', and I do 'low them two fell in love with each other then and there. The girls, a good many of them, was settin' their caps for John. He was a very orderly kind of feller, and 'tended right to his own business. He didn't go much with the other boys, though he didn't seem to feel himself above nobody, but it wasn't in him to go a jumpin' and a howlin' round. His place was stiddy with one o' the farmers all the year round. He lived at North's, and nigh about run the farm, fer ole man North he put all dependence in Irish John.

Some said he'd only been in this country a year, and some said he'd been over five year or better, and'd worked with a farmer up above Kokomo, or round about Alto some'ers, afore he come to North's. But he was a very quiet feller and didn't have much to say fer hisself, and some o' the girls kind o' took a shine to him. He was reel good-lookin', and straight as a Injun arry, fair-complected kind o', and he carried his shoulders back and didn't go hulkin' over like lots o' the fellers lookin' like their nose is hooked to their big toe, and their backs is bulgin' up to sprout.

Fust thing you know, him and Phebe Carl was goin' together; I thought it did beat all when I heard it, fer Phebe she never had no beau. Jake an' Abe and the rest had tied her down too clos't fer that. I thinks to myself: "Now, Phebe is a good girl, but she's never had no comp'ny, and most likely this feller'll turn her head, and we don't none of us know *all* about him. He 'pears stiddy and well-behaved; but he may have a wife in the old country, or even over here. And Jake and Abe, they're so all fer theirselves, they wouldn't keer what trouble Phebe might git into, and the other boys and the ole man is that ornry they won't never look out fer her none. So," says I, "I'll kind o' keep an eye on her courtin'."

I had a day's washin' to do at Mis' North's, and I inquired all about the feller. And Miss North she couldn't a thought more of him ef he was her own son. She praised him up to everything. And when he come in to his dinner, and I seed him at dinner-time so mannerly and perty, and kind o' like he thought well of hisself and thought he was a man, dog'd ef I didn't kind o' feel ef I was a girl I'd want to git him myself.

The boys they used to git into a row at the meetin'-house door and gawk at the girls when meetin' broke, and then foller 'em and ast for their comp'ny. But Irish John he'd jes' walk up to the seat Phebe was sittin' in and offer her his arm, and take her out through the crowd. It looked reel perty, so hit did, but some o' the rough ones they used to snicker and hoot, and say John was afeerd that somebody else 'ud git his doxy.

Well they didn't git much chance to court at Abe's house, 'cause there was Mis' Carl always down, and them childern yowlin' all over the house, and they didn't have only two rooms, the livin'-room and the shed where they cooked. I'd a shook the breath out o' that Sary Jane, so I would—that's the oldest one. "Humph!" says she to Phebe, after Abe had give Phebe the five dollars, "my pap don't owe you nothin', so he don't. He pays you fer your work." The owdacious little rip!

I goes over to Mis' Carl's when they fust begun goin' with one another, to see how Phebe liked her beau. And I give her a sly dig or two, and that satisfied me. There never was a changeder girl than she got to be. I b'lieve my soul she worshiped the ground that feller walked on. And if anybody'd speak about him her face'd git so red.

Him and her'd take their walks along the railroad Sunday afternoon, talkin' kind o' still and comf'terble together like old married folks. And that girl got reel perty, so she did. I used to run in and stay by Mis' Carl a good deal them times, so's Phebe could git out with her feller.

Jake and Abe, they done jes' as much agin it as ever they could. I low it made 'em mad to think Phebe might have a home of her own and not have to nigger fer them no more. They called him all the names they could lay their tongues to, and she'd go out where she couldn't hear, her eyes full and her face a-burnin'. Phebe's spirit was kind o' slow, but when it was up once, it was up. And one't when Abe was goin' on callin' John a dirty low bog trotter and an Irish beggar (and fer that matter Irish John could a bought *him* out, cash in hand then, fifty times over), she jes' took her bonnet and come over to our place. And Abe he had to cook the meals his-self, and 'tend to his woman and the young ones, nigh about a week, fore she'd go back. He came 'round and talked mighty mealy-mouth 'fore he could git her to go. So Abe he kind o' shut up after that. Only he acted like as if John was disgracin' the family by wantin' to marry into it.

Fer they got ingaged 'fore they'd went together long. They was desp't in love. It turned out that John he was ekally as bad struck as Phebe was. And I do 'low they'd a made an awful happy couple. But some folks is cut out fer trouble, and if they see satisfaction fer a little, 'pears like they ain't let to git no holt on to it.

Phebe used to come and tell me her troubles in them days, and I felt mighty sorry for the girl, so I did. But, laws! she war sectin' satisfaction, too, fer there never was a man nigher crazy over a girl than he was over her, and she thinkin' the world an' all of him. John wanted to git married right off. And that stood him in hand, fer he had two hundred dollars saved, and ole man North 'ud give him house-room on the place, and let him farm on shares, and jump at the chance.

But Abe's woman was gettin' worse all the time, and Phebe, she hated to leave 'em on that account, and she hadn't no way of gettin' nothin' to be married in, nohow. John, he offered her fifty dollars down to buy her things with. But, laws! she hung off, and I didn't blame her. If her own father and brothers wouldn't do nothin' fer her, after workin' her as hard as they done, she felt kinda too proud to go onto the man she hadn't married yit fer clothes to marry in. So John, when he's in Kokomo, he gits her as perty a cashmer dress pattern as you ever seed, and takes it to a dressmaker, and tells the dressmaker it's fer his wife; then back he comes and gits one o' my girls to measure Phebe on the sly, and sends the measure in a letter. John could both read and write, and they say he figgered. Perty soon here comes the dress all made, and directed to Mrs. John Cragin.

Phebe, she comes flying over to our place to show her dress and try it on; and, if you'll believe me, there wasn't a wrinkle in it, and you never seed anything so becomin'. She looked like a lady, so she did. The cashmer was so soft and fine, and made her look so slim and white-skinned. Only it was black.

"Oh, Phebe!" says my Mary, "he orter a got a black weddin' dress; it's unlucky."

"It's the pertiest thing I ever see," says Phebe, smoothin' it with her hand. And she war that tender 'bout John, I do b'lieve it hurt her fer Mary to say the dress he bought was unlucky.

Well, it wasn't but two days after that that a man come ridin' down from North's like he'd kill the horse, fer a doctor to come and see John Cragin. It was thrashin'-time, and he'd got throwed in among the machinery some way, and 'bout killed. I won't say whether it war the machinery or the horses; some says one way, some says another. I 'low it was done so quick and skeered them all so they didn't know what happened. Fer he was out before anybody could help him, and walked along a few steps white and laughin', and then he fell down and begin to bleed at the mouth.

One of our boys come runnin' from the store and told me, and I picks up my sun-bonnet and makes fer Abe Carl's, fer I knowed ef Phebe heard it unprepared, it 'ud nigh about kill her.

But, laws! ill news does travel fast. I 'low one of Abe's young uns had been as quick as cur'n. She was standin' in the middle of the floor bulgin' her eyes out at nothin', whiter than the dead. I don't think the girl had no sense left. She had the dish-rag in her hands, and she commenced wipin' her face with it, and that nasty little Sary Jane stood off and p'inted at her, and begun to yell and laugh.

"Shut up, you huzzy!" says I, givin' the young un a push; "you bustle 'round here and look after your mother. Your Aunt Phebe has got somebody else to look after now, besides sassy young uns."

I didn't know how Mrs. Carl 'ud take it, but I never thought about that till afterwards. Ef John was a-goin' to die, the quicker Phebe got to him the better. I changed her clothes and put her black dress onto her, pore soul! And, behold ye! as soon as she stepped foot out of house, there was North's buggy comin' fer her full tilt, fer John had sent fer her, and I 'lowed they'd need help, so I got in and went, too.

Phebe, she seemed sort o' crazy all the way, and didn't do nothin but wring her hands like she'd twist 'em off, and sort o' moan. "Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" like she'd die.

There wasn't no p'tendin' between them two. Some girls 'ud kind o' holt back from showin' they thought so much of a man they wasn't married to fer fear folks 'ud talk. But I don't think she thought of nobody in the world but John.

North's wasn't but a mil'd out o' town, and it 'peared like we got there in a minute. And the doctor and menfolks was round him workin' with him, and they wouldn't let Phebe go in. She kept on her feet and walked around jes' a twistin' her hands and sayin' "Oh, Lord!" and me and Mis' North, we tried like bubbies, and tried to pacify her, but it was like talkin' to a stone, so it was.

At last the doctor he come out, and told us we might take her in, but John mustn't be excited. And I ast the doctor, kind o' low, ef it was very bad, and he says there wasn't no hope; the man was hurt in'ardly and wouldn't live but a few hours.

I puts my arm 'round poor Phebe and goes into the room with her, to kind o' hold her back from makin' a noise. But, laws! she slips along as still as death, and, to my dyin' day, I'll never fergit the look them two give each other. He kind o' spread his hands and she slipped down and put her arms round him. Then they kissed each other, and two of the thrashers that stood by the window wiped their eyes on their shirt-sleeves, and kind o' crept out o' the room like they's shamed o' themselves; and, before the sun went down, John and Phebe they was man and wife! He was bound to marry her, and nothin' would've give her more satisfaction, unless 'twas dyin with him. He didn't suffer much, his body was kind o' numb, and we wouldn't thought he was so dangerous by the way he acted, fer he 'peared as clear and lively. It was a mercy to Phebe, fer every groan he give 'ud go through her like a knife.

One o' the thrashers gits onto a horse and goes fer a preacher and a license to Kokomo; and fer a lawyer, too. John said he wanted to make a will; and he did, and left her everythin' he had—'twas only about two hundred dollars, and how them Carl's did fuss and try to git that away from her!

The preacher he come and tied the knot. I never seed such a solemn weddin': Her kneelin' by the bed holdin' his hand—it was a sofy-bed that they'd fixed up quick in the settin' room for him—and her arm under his head, and them two a-lookin' in each other's eyes like they'd die fer each other, and the preacher stannin off an askin', in a feelin' kind of voice, ef they'd take one another fer man and wife; and I noticed he didn't say till death does you part, fer it looked like *they* was gittin' married for t'other life.

Ole man North and old Mis' North and me and the thrashers all stood by, and to save my soul I couldn't keep from crying; but it was the pertiest weddin' I ever seed, and we all stepped up and wished them much joy; and John he answers pleasant, and says he, "All of you be good to Mis' Cragin." And we called Phebe Mis' Cragin. She sot down on the floor beside of his head, and never left her place that night, and they talked in whispers and kissed one another till he kind of sunk into a trance or sampin, and laid that away all the after part of the night, and died about sun up. I staid up to help nuss him and look after her. We had to change cloths on his chist and give him drops to keep him quiet, and ole Mis' North she handled 'im like a mother. I don't think no one about the house ra'ly slept. He looked as perty as a child when he was layin' a corpse, and there sat Phebe, kissin' his hair and cooin' to him till we drawed her away. She didn't make no loud to-do like we 'lowed she would, but she never left that corpse from the time it was dressed till it was put under ground. It was a big funeral, so it was. Ole man North he had the undertaker out from Kokomo, and everything was done up nice, and Phebe, she walked along right next to the coffin to the grave, a-holdin' to ole man North's arm, and lookin' like she was in a trance, and I b'lieve in my soul she didn't have her right senses fer many a day.

Why, laws! she'd walk two mile to that graveyard and set there all the afternoon by that grave, kind o' talkin' to John. Me and Mary was comin' home from Kokomo one day—I'd ben doin' some tradin'—and we see Phebe layin' there with her arm over the grave, again' on like John and her was havin' a good talk. I do 'low she thought he could hear her, and mebbe he could. Laws! how do we know?

She tuck the money he left and had a big place fenced in all round his grave, and a gate put to the fence, and a t soddled. The graveyard was open-like, and the cows they tromped it. And she bought the pertiest monnyment you ever set your seein' eyes on; and his name and age, and time he died'n all, was put on to it, and a verse of Scripter that says sumpin' about "Entreat me not to leave thee"—and I fergit how the rest of it goes. But all so perty.

Laws! how mad it did make them Carl's fer Phebe to use her man's money that way. They called her all the fools they could lay their tongues to; and Abe said, after he'd kep' her as long as he had, he did 'low she might give *him* sumpin'; and Jake and his woman they cut up, and said now she was a widder woman she needn't come onto him fer support, and the ole man he didn't do nor say much of nothin' but jes' let her alone.

But, laws! how they have changed their tune. You know John he left her everything, and not long after his death there comes news that some kinsfolks of his'n in the old country had left him a big fortune of ten thousand dollars, and Phebe she got it, every cent. There wasn't no lawin' nor nothin' about it. And there was Phebe a rich woman fer marryin' Irish John.

The Carl's they didn't never say another word agin him. And they'd jes' lick Phebe's shoes now, so they would, fer they know she won't never marry agin, and they think their young uns'll come in for the property. Phebe she's good to 'em, but they've done drivin' her and tellin' her what she's got to do. And I think it always sticks in her craw the way they talked about John. She lives at Mis' North's jes' like an offn daughter, and has her money in a nice farm, and gits the rent, and sees to things herself, and comes and goes as she pleases. Many's the feller that would like to git her, but she won't change the name o' Cragin as long as *she* lives. Mis' North says she has John's ole room, and keeps his clothes and things a-hangin' there, and she's got a picter of him on the wall. And every Sunday of her life she's out by his grave, so she is. There never was a lovin'er soul drawed breath.

Well, this ain't gittin' my work done, settin' here and talkin' about Phebe Carl.

COLONEL JOHN HAY.

COLONEL HAY, who has succeeded Mr. Frederick Seward as Assistant Secretary of State, is a native of Salem, Indiana, where he was born in 1840. His father was a physician, who removed the family to Warsaw, Ill., when John was in his infancy. When fifteen years old he entered the University at Providence, graduating three years later with the Class poem. He then began the study of law at Springfield, and, while so engaged, became acquainted with President Lincoln, who took him to Washington as private secretary at the time of his first inauguration. In 1863, wishing to participate in field service, he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Hunter, then operating in South Carolina, and subsequently he joined the staff of General Gillmore as Assistant Adjutant General. While so serving, Mr. Lincoln recalled him to Washington, where he remained until after the assassination. After this he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and granted leave of absence to accept the position of Secretary of Legation in Paris, where he remained two years. Shortly after returning to the United States he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Madrid, under the Ministry of General Sickles. Since then he has been engaged purely in the literary field, writing, besides his "Castilian Days" and the stories in verse of "Bandy Tim" and "Little Breeches," many papers and editorials on Spanish affairs and politics. He is well qualified for his new position, and will adorn it gracefully.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—In Sweden a bride has her pockets filled with bread. It is supposed that every piece that she gives to the poor on her way to church averts some misfortune.

—The vineyards of Malaga, Spain, covering an area of 29,000 hectares, have been attacked by the phylloxera. The pest is increasing in Gerona and Catalonia.

—The Greek members of the Frontier Commission have threatened to leave Constantinople unless some energetic steps are taken to forward the business of the commission.

—The German officers who attended the French manœuvres two months ago have been decorated with the Legion of Honor. This is the first instance of military courtesy between the two countries since the war.

—Mr. Hunt, in charge of the United States Legation at Paris, in a dispatch to the Department of State, dated November 1st, 1879, reports that, after careful inquiry, he does not find any trace of Mormonism in France.

—The Anglican Church Missionary Society are desirous of establishing a mission on the West Coast of Africa. Mount Cameroons has been selected, and an exploring party has found a suitable site at an elevation of 7,500.

—There are to-day more than 242,000 Government pensioners. The amount of the year's pension to all pensioners is $25,493,020; but the actual payment is millions in excess, because the newly-admitted cases have arrears of pensions due.

—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Permanent Exhibition in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, a resolution was adopted offering the use of the Exhibition Building to the two great political parties of the country to hold their conventions in next year.

—Owing to the failure of the hop crop in England the price of American hops has advanced four hundred per cent. since July. Brewers of malt liquors will advance their prices. Over 20,000 bales have been shipped to Europe the past two months.

—Among other evidences of the reviving capacity of Europe to counteract the adverse trade balance with the United States are advices from Germany which show that 1,000,000 hundred-weights of steel blocks have been sold for shipment to America by Herr Krupp and others.

—The United States mints for November coined 301,933 gold pieces of $3,609,180 value, and including ten $3 pieces, ten quarter-eagles and ten dollars. There were also coined 2,499,000 standard silver dollars, 403 5 cent pieces, 600 3 cent pieces, and 3,120,400 1 cent pieces.

—The efforts of the English Wesleyans to raise a large special fund, begun a few months ago, have met with a wonderful success. Not less than $920,000 has been raised so far. The fund when completed is to be used for missions, education, new chapels, and other church interests.

—The position of the Chinese in Brazil is a peculiar one. The Government encourages their introduction with the view of more extensive tea and silk culture, while the people oppose Mongols on the ground that their immigration will prevent that of the more desirable Europeans.

—A citizens' committee of fifteen has adopted the report of the National Sanitary Commission, recently submitted in reference to sewers, etc., and decided that two per cent. tax is necessary to carry out the recommendations. Resolutions urging Governor Hoyt to call a special session of the Legislature were adopted.

—The Russian Military Court, before which the Nihilists charged with attempting the assassination of General Drenteln are on trial, has sentenced Mirsky to be hanged. Terkheff has been condemned to hard labor in the Siberian mines for thirteen years for omitting to conceal Mirsky. Six others were acquitted.

—The old church of San Salvatore in Venice has been reopened this Autumn after ten years and eight months spent in restoring it. The church contains two works by Titian—the great altar piece of the Transfiguration and an Annunciation, both works of his later years—as well as several other noteworthy pictures of the Venetian schools.

—The total contributions for foreign missions in Great Britain and Ireland for 1878 was $5,339,740. Of this amount, which is $140,000 less than in 1877, upwards of $2,500,000 was raised by the Church of England, $824,000 by joint Anglican and Nonconformist societies, and $2,122,225 by Nonconformist societies. The Roman Catholics raised for the same purpose, $67,445.

—The tide of immigration is strong again. For the year preceding the first of November, there was a total of 162,715 arrivals at New York, against 119,460 for the previous twelve months. Subtracting the sojourners and the citizens of the United States returning, there is a total of 124,615 genuine immigrants for the period in question, against 80,148 for the equal period just preceding.

—Hard times in Berlin have led to dog-stealing and dog-eating by the hungry poor. Many families are in mourning for their favorite pugs and terriers—the two varieties of dogs most affected as domestic companions by northern Germans—which have fallen victims to their too tempting obesity and appetizing sleekness. Plump terriers also, have mysteriously disappeared in considerable numbers.

—News has been received at Liverpool that a war has broken out between rival chiefs in New Calabar, West Africa, and that two hundred and nine persons have been slain and wounded, and the prisoners killed and eaten. The Europeans in New Calabar have requested a British naval officer to interfere. It is apprehended that the outbreak will spread from Opobo to Bonny.

—The corps of skaters, a force peculiar to the Norwegian army, has been lately reorganized, and consists now of five companies, each of 110 men, which in time of war can be reinforced by calling in 270 skaters belonging to the landwehr. The men of this corps are armed with rifles, and can be manœuvred upon ice or over the snow-fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry.

—A Greek paper states that the celebrated monastery at Mount Athos, in Macedonia, has lately been besieged by an immense number of applicants who were anxious to quit the world and its cankers and live in retirement. It was, however, soon discovered that all or nearly all, of these would be penitents were firemen, officers, and the Police, having been informed of the last expressed considerable surprise and some anxiety

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THE SOLITARY WOMAN VOTER OF WARD SEVEN, BOSTON.



WOMEN DEPOSITING THEIR BALLOTS



RETURNING FROM THE FIRST EXERCISE OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE, CAMBRIDGE.

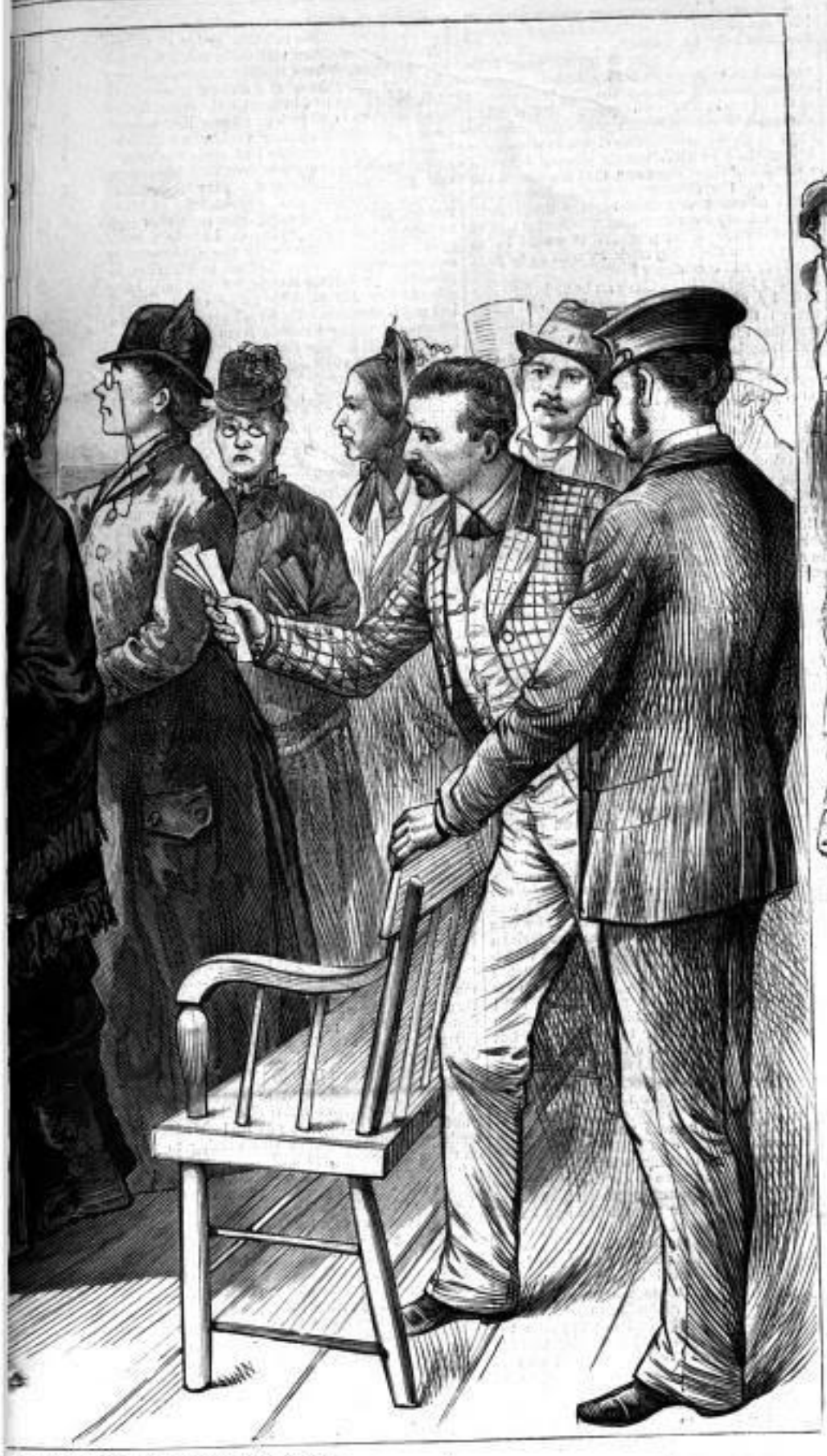


ARISTOCRATIC VOTERS AT THE MOUNT VERNON STREET POLLS, BOSTON.

MASSACHUSETTS.—WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE BAY STATE—SCENES AT THE POLLS IN CAMBRIDGE, DECEMBER 2D, AND BOST

FROM SKETCHES BY

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IE POLICE COURT POLLS, CAMBRIDGE.



A FAIR VOTER BESIEGED BY WARD CANVASSERS IN BOSTON.



AN INNOVATION AT THE POLLS—"NO SMOKING ALLOWED."



WOMEN CANVASSERS BESIEGING BEACON HILL VOTERS, BOSTON.

DECEMBER 9TH, DURING THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, WHEN WOMEN WERE PERMITTED TO VOTE FOR THE SCHOOL BOARDS.

GDEN.—SEE PAGE 273.

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CORONATION.

GOD took the moaning sapphire of the sea
In His omnipotent hand, mysteriously;
And from the virgin firmament on high,
Seized the immaculate turquoise of the sky!
The livid lightning lumed His passing Form,
Grasping the awful ebon of the storm!
And in the labyrinths of space, secrete,
He placed the topaz of the ripening wheat.
The broad expanse of forest and of field
Were called upon their emerald to yield;
And o'er the obedient Day its task had done
He plucked the flamant ruby from the sun!
And, from the darkness of the brooding night,
Ravished the jet that made its holy might.
For rose divine, that mortals may not know,
He tore the iris opal from the bow;
The coral from an angel's lips, and far,
In desolate space, the diamond of a star!
Then with this gorgeous wealth before Him set,
God made himself an awful coronet!

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF HERS."

CHAPTER XII.—A COMICAL SITUATION.

FELIX was wakened from pleasant dreams by the saddest sounds that can reach the human ear—the sobbing of a child. He turned over in bed so as to face the window, and there, all in white, in a chair near the head of his bed, sat the strange elf whose proceedings had been a source of such disquietude on the previous day. For a full moment he looked at her as if doubting the evidence of his senses. But there could be no mistake—there she sat crouching, her face in her hands, her splendid hair falling over her bowed shoulders like a vail. Was the child in reality a witch, how unless had she managed to enter his room? His dignity began at once to war with his keen sense of the ludicrous. Should he bid her vanish at once with the stern authority of his new position? A little pity, fortunately, mingled with his irresolution, for there was no doubt of the genuineness of the sorrow whatever it was for.

"To whom am I indebted for the pleasure of so unexpected a visit?" he asked, formally. The child started with a stifled scream.

"Oh, please forgive me, sir—please do forgive me."

"Be kind enough, young lady, first to inform me in what way you entered my room."

"Oh, there's a door just behind the head of the bed, and my room comes next, though it leads out of the other hall. Poor mamma had both these rooms, and yesterday when I was in here I unlocked it—that door I mean. Do you know what I was going to do?" She turned to him, the tears streaming down her cheeks, her great eyes shining like diamonds.

"Really, I'm afraid I must plead ignorance," he said.

"I meant to come in last night with a broom-stick dressed all in white, to make you think I was a ghost. I almost frightened a man to death once, and he had the whole hotel up, he screamed so."

"What a delightful neighbor you are," he observed, calmly.

"And I'd a-done it, only Mrs. Bimley told me you were the gentleman that had come for me, and were going to give me such a sweet home. And when I knew how dearly my mother loved you, it made me awful sorry. Oh, I hope, sir, you'll forgive me—all about the shoe-blacking, and the slap, and the dinner-table, and everything—I'm so mortified and so sorry," down went her head again. Flix felt a curious qualm, as, not knowing the ways of the innocents, he began to fancy that in some way he had done a wrong to the child. The little vixen after some intuitive fashion saw her advantage and followed it up smartly. She sobbed more convulsively than ever, mingling her grief with plantive cries of "Mamma! Oh, would her mamma come back for her poor wretched Sylve."

The farce bade fair to put on a tragic semblance, and Flix was mightily stirred. If it had not been for his strong sense of the ludicrous, he might have felt something like a tear stirring the sleepy lids of his eyes, for childish grief is contagious. But the whole picture—himself unrisen, unshaven, a reclining judge in his nightcap, and the forlorn child thus unwittingly defying the conventionalities—was so like some of those genre paintings of the old Dutch masters that deal with the ridiculous, that he was more overcome with the mirth of it than touched by the misery that appealed to him so strongly. And yet the little vixen had contrived to make herself of some consequence to him, inasmuch as she had made him think about her, and he could never forget that she had shed some tears on his account. Too much of a child to reason this out, she was sufficiently a woman to know it after some queer fashion of her sex.

But it was time something should be said, and the culprit sent about her business.

"Then it was you who upset my room generally while I was at dinner?" he said, looking seriously at her.

"Yes, sir. I hated you as hard as I could hate you, just then, but I didn't know who you was, and you seemed to think I was a baby or a monkey," she added with a little of the old spite. "But, oh, please, sir, I'm just as sorry as ever I can be."

"I dare say, Miss Sylve, and ready to practice the same tricks upon travelers again if they offend you."

"Oh, but I didn't know who you were," she said, flashing her dark, intelligent eyes in his face the wicked little hypocrite, there was not a tear in them, and he saw it. "I didn't know you were come to carry me to a nice home where I should have everything I want, and where, mayhe, somebody would love me."

"How did you know you would have everything you wanted?"

"Oh, because Mrs. Bimley told me so, and my dear mamma said I should find friends in plenty if I would only be good; and I promised her, and I *will* try, truly." Indeed, honest intentions did seem to underlie both speech and manner, and Flix was taken in all the more easily as he had begun to find a sort of charm in the child's exceptional character. For his own comfort he certainly would have preferred a more docile nature, and he thought, with a sigh, of gentle, beautiful Eve Lewin—and yet in his erring judgment the piquancy and latent wickedness of this strange little being excited and pleased him. He thought of her, perhaps, much the same as an ardent disciple of the turf thinks of the willful, disdainful, wild and beautiful colt that he is to break in to its work.

"I am quite willing to forgive," he said, at last," if you will promise me never to assume the character of a bootblack, or invade gentlemen's rooms before they are up. Now, if you will kindly make your exit, and allow me for the sake of convenience and safety to lock the door behind you, I shall be much obliged."

She looked at him for a moment a little wonderingly—perhaps at the formality of his speech and grave fatherliness of his manner. Then suddenly he felt the sensation of being choked, for she sprang upon the pillow, her willowy arms were about his neck, while she kissed him almost savagely, as you have seen children kiss a cat, and wondered whether they would not prefer to bite off its ears for the fun of the thing.

"There, you darling. Your whiskers don't look a bit horrid now, and your eyes are just lovely!" and with that strange speech she was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.—POSSESSED WITH A DEVIL.

A CRASH resounded through the hall and penetrated into the beautiful morning room where Mrs. Forester sat serenely reading. The lady started. The color forsook her cheek, but she only said, clasping her hands: "It is that evil spirit. Alas, what has happened now!" A servant came running into the room—she was paler than her mistress.

"Oh, madam, the great Egyptian vase!" she cried, and then collapsed into her apron.

"What! not broken!" Mrs. Forester threw her book hastily aside. Her face was white now, and her lips. She hurried forward. "Charlotte! if you have broken——"

The girl screamed and the blood rushed back into her cheeks.

"I broken it! Oh, Mrs. Forester, I that have never dared scarcely to go anear it, and always brushed it, arm's-length, with the feather duster."

"Then how came it oroken?" queried Mrs. Forester, her lips tightened till there was no crimson to be seen.

"Oh, madam, it was that missee——"

"Hush!" exclaimed the widow, sternly. "It's as much as your place is worth to call that child 'missee.' If she breaks everything in the house to atoms, she shall not have her way there; she is Miss Sylve—now, remember."

She marched straight to the handsome drawing-room. She was very angry, as the two spots of vivid crimson on her cheeks testified. When that soft, sea-shell-pink deepened, then beware! Into the room she went, upborne by a stern determination. That child would no doubt be the death of her, but she was bound to die with flying colors.

Yes, the lovely Egyptian vase—there was not, of course, another like it in all the world—laid on the floor, like bits of a rainbow, hopelessly shattered. Sylve stood in one of the recesses of the window, a dogged determination in her face.

"Oh, you dreadful child! What have you done?" cried Mrs. Forester, gazing almost in tears at the ruin at her feet. The old judge had prized that vase as the choicest of all his possessions, and the widow's heart was grieved to the core.

"Can't you get another?" was the sullen answer.

"Another! Why, there isn't another in the world! Do you know it was worth thousands and thousands of dollars?"

"I can get a prettier one than that for five dollars at Gautier's," was her cool reply.

"You terrible—cat! Yes, you are more like a cat, springing at everything, and destroying things of value."

"I'll not be called a cat!" shouted Sylve, her face full of red passion. "There! take that!" and quick as thought a fine porcelain shepherd, standing on a table near her destructive hand, toppled over and fell a wreck to the floor.

This was too much for even Mrs. Forester's ladylike endurance, and she seized the child by her shoulder, but before she could be secured, with a vicious twist Sylve had extricated herself, and fled from the room overturning everything that came in her way.

"Oh, mistress, you'll never be able to get along with her," said the maid, tearfully. "She's killing me, and I've been going to give warning for a month. Indeed, Mrs. Forester, I wish you could see my arms, all over black-and-blue spots, where she has hit and even bit me. If everything wasn't solid in the child's room, it would have been naked to day. All the pretty little ornaments you and Mr. Forester give her are gone long ago—thrown out of the window on people's heads. Indeed, it's a wonder she hasn't murdered somebody afore now. She would play post-office in that vase, and I was just coming to tell you when she broke it."

"I can not bear it any longer," murmured Mrs. Forester, looking almost tearfully at the débris at her feet. "It is impossible to conquer her either by severity or love. All I want now is to see Flix, and, thank heaven, he will be home to-night. If the creature was heiress to a million I wouldn't keep her."

Sylve had been an inmate of Mrs. Forester's home for nearly three months. After deciding to take Sylve, in a letter to his mother, Flix had narrated his experience which, given in his most picturesque style, had rather amused the little lady, his mother.

"I think I am willing to try the poor little motherless thing," she said. And, as a consequence, an early day saw the child introduced to the house in Maverick Square—that elegant, exceptional mansion that was interiorly the envy of all the aristocratic circle to which she belonged. The girl's beauty pleased her, and stirred all those emotions that lie within the range of the feminine fancy and capacity. What colors would best become those rich, dark, velvety eyes and that wonderful tint of the cheeks! What pleasure it would be to dress her in the latest mode, as well as to gain her love and confidence?

Sylve had not been there an hour before she had, by some strange, moral legerdemain, turned the house upside down. Whether it was that the novel sensation of having a home and friends who would really care for her had, in a measure unsettled her wits, or that her perceptions of right and wrong were naturally clouded, Mrs. Forester was not able to judge.

Patience and firmness and decisive action at the outset might have done wonders for this small and carelessly-tended plant, but her antics were not checked, and the amusement they naturally afforded was made all too apparent, and the gypsy or evil tendency, or whatever there was in her nature that made her an outlaw, was encouraged and cherished. In a very short time, therefore, Miss Sylve became mistress of the house, and, of course, unmanageable by either the servants or Mrs. Forester. The place she looked upon as her own, and from day to day would go about numbering and valuing her possessions. If any good was got out of her it was by making her extravagant promises. She was to have jewels of divers kind, including diamonds—indeed, they were often glad to buy her off at any price. Sometimes she was so demonstrative of her affection, that her coming would only be heralded by a spring and an embrace, very like that which a wild mastiff might give, and then, without being aware of having incurred her displeasure, she poured out her vials of wrath with language and gesture, that, to a sensitive and refined woman like Mrs. Forester, was simply disgusting. A dress that incurred her spite or dislike was promptly torn in pieces. A sash that did not have the stamp in color or design of her approval was forthwith cut into strips and shreds. She was very beautiful, and that was the last forlorn hope of the poor lady, who felt as if a whirlwind had been introduced among her delicate and fastidious surroundings. She wore a new and fashionable dress with great gusto until she fancied some other fashion or color, when nothing would induce her to look at it; but with shrill cries, that were almost demoniac, she made the very thought of it distasteful to all concerned.

The servants hated the sight of her face, and never tried to conciliate her imperial ladyship. Flix alone was patient for a time, but he was not made of adamant, and she having chosen an evening when he had several friends at his house to display her peculiar accomplishments, among which was turning somersaults in her night-dress and overturning everything that could be moved, tearing some choice photographs and burning the cards, he lost his patience, called her a little devil, and carried her shrieking and kicking to her own room, where he locked her in, and on her threatening to jump from the window he actually had the ill-grace to say, through the keyhole, that nothing would please him better, and that he would pick up the pieces with pleasure. After that performance, obliged to present himself with several objectionable marks on his face, he consigned the child to any place but a good one, and determined to wash his hands of her at once and for ever.

Business calling him away, he regretfully left the elf upon his mother's hands, but fortified her with the promise that he would speak a word to the guardians of the peace, and if she should set fire to the house or attempt to murder any of the inmates, they would attend to her interests in a way peculiar to their calling.

CHAPTER XIV.—SYLVE IS READY FOR SOCIETY.

IT was not long before arrangements were made to send Sylve to a school where the regulations were severe enough to keep in check even her rebellious tendencies. The teacher in charge was fully instructed with regard to her delinquencies, and assured that whatever compensation she considered an equivalent for the extra trouble should promptly be paid on demand. Sylve was like an enraged creature when she understood in what way she was to be disposed of, but all her entreaties and promises were unheeded. Go she must, and go she did. Fortunately, the person to whom she was consigned was a woman of iron nerve, and in that respect well calculated to be the matron of an insane asylum. Her will in that establishment was law, and few children were safer, as far as the firm discipline and moral control of the habits and disposition were concerned, than the children who were gathered together under her roof. Sylve she recognized as a heathen at once, and deciding upon the line of duty which her case required, it was promptly acted upon. Finding that the child had an aversion to cold weather and cold water, she used either one or the other as instruments of punishment.

It took months of this practical kind of hygiene to enforce and fix the idea that the girl was a subordinate and subject to discipline. During that time she destroyed many things of value which were, as a matter of course, promptly replaced or paid for. Her very vague ideas of responsibility were assisted by modes which, though they did not commend themselves to her judgment, made her amenable to the existing order of things, particularly as there was no help for it. Even her stern preceptress felt the movings of pity when she thought of the child's utter loneliness, but as she had begun so she was forced to go on to the end or lose all she had gained. So the girl spent all her vacations with Mrs. Sturm, for Mrs. Forester had gone to Europe, and Flix Forester seldom troubled himself to call upon her. Indeed, the very thought of his guardianship was distasteful to him, though he was pursuing the case that ultimately would make Sylve de Latude a very great heiress. Outwardly, the girl became subject to the powers that be, and learned to consider "Windmill Height," as she called the school, her home. She made some friends but more enemies. On Mrs. Forester's return after a six years' absence from home, and by her son's advice, she rode out one day, merely as a matter of curiosity, to see her ward. The splendid carriage, with its trappings and coachmen in livery, made a great sensation at Windmill Height, and when the inmates learned that Miss de Latude was sent for, all sorts of speculations were rife. Sylve herself felt flattered. She was at just that age when money, position and pleasure command the utmost admiration. For years she had been looking forward to the time when somebody should claim her, and she heard through others that she had expectations. Sometimes Mrs. Sturm had allowed her to read Flix Forester's letters, and though they generally sent the rebellious blood to her cheeks and forehead in great waves, they yet thrilled her with a certain sort of anticipation. Such sentences as, "The claim is progressing slowly;" or, "We have found a new clew towards the opening of the labyrinth, but the other side are fighting their hardest and their best," raised wild, vague hopes within her breast. Not a day passed, after the girl came into possession of the fact that a great lawsuit was pending whose result was likely to be favorable to her, that she did not ponder upon what she should do if ever she came into possession of her fortune. Hitherto money had not been sent in stinted sums. Not a girl in the school had such expensive dresses as Miss Sylve, or such extravagant tastes, either. It is to do her justice, she possessed the art of dressing well. She knew to a shade what colors and contrasts were becoming, and always had a war of words with her dressmaker upon points of style, and came off conqueror too. Hence the reason that she was quoted as the most elegant girl in the establishment. Laces was her foible—little or much they must be the best—and in choosing them her taste was almost faultless. As she stood before her mirror, to which she had flown when she saw the carriage turn into the driveway, her heart fluttered and her color rose as the pert maid handed her a card.

"It's the genteelest thing that ever come up to these doors, Miss Sylve," said the girl, "and, oh, my! ain't you got up! Whatever made you know anybody was coming to put on that plum-colored silk?"

"Never mind, tie the sash, Abbe, and pull out the skirt," said Sylve, who was never above talking to the domestics. "Did you see the lady? What sort of a looking person is she?"

"Oh, just like a duchess—a little one," answered the girl; "but, then, her ways are grand enough, and the silk was that thick it rattled like a board, miss. Please, if ye be going away, don't forget me, Miss Sylve; any old dress that you don't care for will do for me, you know."

"I won't forget—there—now do I look? When I go home, if I do go, I'll have my mother's diamonds." She turned and gave one more glance at the mirror with a sort of sweeping gesture and a smile that was half-scornful, as if bowing to a score of Mrs. Foresters, and disappeared.

Flix's mother was waiting in an ante-room. Mrs. Sturem was not at home, and one of the under-teachers had been taxing her wits to entertain her. Just as Sylve turned the corner and came regally up to the door, the teacher made the remark that Miss Sylve had grown into a rather pretty young lady.

"I should think so," Mrs. Forester said to herself, startled out of her elegant propriety, as the young lady became visible. No human beauty, she thought for a moment, could exceed the loveliness of that face. In fact, she was too much astonished for a second to speak. As for Sylve, a laugh lurked in her saucy eyes, though the lids fell, sweeping the cheek with lashes such as no Irish beauty could match—and her perfect lips curved and settled into demure and proper lines, despite the irresistible tendency they felt to turn up at the corners.

"Miss de Latude—I—I am really very much gratified to find you so well grown and I may as well say it so very, very pretty." A graceful curve of the beautiful figure was Sylve's acknowledgment.

"I have been changing a little every day for six years, I believe," she made response.

"Yes, and you know I have been abroad during that time." Now, Mrs. Forester had felt quite undecided as to the course she should take concerning Sylve. Flix had left it to her to settle the girl as she pleased, either to take her home or to place her with some careful friend as a boarder; but at the first glance at this charming face, she declared to herself that Miss Sylve should return with her and make one of the attractions of her house the coming season. She herself, though still handsome, was becoming *passée*, and the place needed a bright young face to freshen its solitary rooms, and attract those who made her society. She forgot all the bitterness she had till this moment harbored against the child in whom nothing good had seemed to dwell. Now she was fain to go into raptures over her *protégée*, and exalt her as far above her actual merits as she had before disparaged

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ber. And so she made answer as I have stated.

"'You know I have been abroad during that time, and really the years seem to have flown. I had nearly forgotten that our little ward must be quite a woman by now. How old are you, my dear?'

"'I am going on for seventeen,' Sylve answered.

Mrs. Forester looked her over without seeming to—laces, tags, buttons and bows.

"'And quite ready, I expect, to leave school and enter upon the toils and pleasures of society life. Well, my dear, we must give you a fair launch—you shall choose yourself what it shall be. I am very lonely at home, now that Flix is absent on that Western business, and should like to take you back with me. How soon could you be ready?'

"'Oh, any time—within an hour or two,' said Sylve, with heightened color and a delight she did not attempt to restrain. For the time—only for the time—she had forgotten the old bitterness, the almost hate, she had cherished towards the Foresters. She did not pretend to herself that she felt the least love towards this woman who had once called her a cat. Oh, no, with such a nature as hers that was impossible, but the silvery haze through which she was gazing with brilliant eyes, glorified the near future. She felt that she had made a decided impression upon this elegant, fastidious and traveled woman. For this she had studied and schemed, and the blessed height of her ambition was just before her.

"'I will not hurry you, my dear,' Mrs. Forester said; 'suppose I say at seven this evening? I will telegraph to town, and my carriage will be at the depot—the one I used in coming belongs to a friend with whom I have been stopping. Have you everything you need?'

"'Everything,' said Sylve, and mentally counted the trunks and boxes.

"'Then farewell till then; remember I will be here at sharp seven, with a porter for the boxes,' and, bending over, she left a kiss on Sylve's fair white forehead. If the girl shivered a little it was not perceptible. When Mrs. Forester had gone, she sprang up the stairs blythe as a lark. In less than an hour her room was besieged, for the news had flown all over the house that Sylve was going away.

With a little envy, some sorrow and a good deal of curiosity, the girls expressed their regrets. There would be no fun now, since Sylve was always at the head of all the secret mischief, such as supper at midnight, meetings with the college students and interchange of very trifling correspondence with a few inconsiderate dandies.

At last Sylve was packed, with the help of the maid who had always been her favorite, and who considered herself repaid by a present of something better than cast-off clothing—a small gold chain, which she had long coveted, and some money.

"'Now,' said that matter-of-fact person, as she seated herself upon a box, 'I'm going to cry. I've always liked you, Miss Sylve, better than all the other girls put together, because you've got grit. Oh, what's this? you've left it out,' and, quite forgetting her intention of weeping, she lifted a box from the table near and began to open it.

"'Give it to me,' Sylve said, in her imperious fashion, and snatched it from the girl's hand.

"'Oh, I saw—I saw! a boy's face, none o' them round here, either; oh, Miss Sylve, you sly one!'

"'Hold your tongue,' said Sylve, her cheeks crimson, for she would scarcely confess to herself how very dear the little picture, the only gift she had never destroyed, and that had been one of her childish treasures, was to her. Though she had hated Mrs. Forester, Flix had been the object of her secret idolatry, and this picture, taken in his miniature boyhood, she had always held sacred.

(*To be continued.*)

A SCIENTIFIC TRIAL FOR MURDER.

THE trial of the Rev. Herbert H. Hayden, charged with having murdered Miss Mary E. Stannard on the 3d of September, 1878, now in progress in New Haven, is one of the most extraordinary judicial investigations ever held in this country, from a variety of remarkable phases. At the arrest of the pastor it was alleged that the victim, whose dead body was found by the roadside in the woods at Rockland, Conn., had been killed with a knife-thrust to conceal another crime, by Mr. Hayden. After an investigation before a justice, Mr. Hayden was discharged. The State authorities, however, did not drop the matter, but procured an indictment against the minister, and pending trial had him locked up in jail.

On the 8th of October last, an exciting scene occurred in the court-room of the Common Pleas when action was taken on the indictment. It had been claimed that this document was defective and the question of amending it had occupied the attention of the Court and opposing counsel. On this occasion, counsel for the defense were willing that the amendment should be made, while representatives desired it in order to strengthen the case, Mr. Harrison giving a hint of the line of the prosecution, claiming that the State held that the defendant administered arsenic deliberately to the deceased with the intent of murdering her, and that the knife was used only because the poison was not quick enough. With the consent of the Chief Justice, a *nolle prosequi* was entered, Mr. Hayden was discharged, and for five minutes was a free man. Then he was rearrested on a bench warrant, and again committed without bail.

On Tuesday, 14th, he was brought into court, and, after pleading not guilty, a jury was obtained. The long trial fairly opened on the following day, when evidence was given as to the finding of the body, its condition and burial.

From that day to this the evidence has been simply enormous in quantity. For several days the court-room bore the appearance of a hall where an international congress of scientific gentlemen were discussing and illustrating the subject of arsenic in all its possible bearings. Technical testimony has never been so largely employed in any trial for murder, and the evidence of the experts on both sides would make an invaluable text-book on arsenical poisons. Indeed, the counsel have gone so deep into the scientific phase of the case that the public have become bewildered as to its early practicer, and only remember that Mary E. Stannard, a young woman of twenty-three, about to become a mother, was found dead near a spring in the woods, whither she had gone for water, her person disfigured with a knife, and that from evidence then deemed of a circumstantial character the Rev. Mr. Hayden was charged with her murder.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE BAY STATE.

FOR many years the friends of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts have been working upon the Legislatures to induce the successive bodies to grant them the privilege of the elective franchise; but it was not until last Winter that sufficient courage was mustered to carry the much-agitated measure. To be sure, the right to vote is a limited one, the women being permitted by the law to express their choice for members of the school boards only; still even this boon was considered a great victory. Coming down to the first practical test of the popularity of the new law, on the one side it was claimed that, as in the case of the grant of woman suffrage in Wyoming, but few availed themselves of the privilege, the number of women in Massachusetts would have little effect in the general results. On the other side it was asserted that there would be a demonstration of woman's political power and influence that professional politicians would be compelled to heed.

The first of the municipal elections occurred on Tuesday, December 2d. We find as results that in Cambridge the number of women voting was so small as to be scarcely alluded to in the daily press. The occasional figure of a woman forcing her way through the crowd to the ballot-box created, of course, a novel feature of the day. We read that in the First Ward "from one to six occupied a settee during most of the day and peddled votes to all while on their way to the box."

Of the five Members of the School Committee chosen for a term of three years, two are Mrs. Phœbe M. Kendall and Miss Sarah S. Jacobs. The third woman candidate, Sarah M. Burnham, would have been elected had not her election involved the sacrifice of Father O'Brien of the same ward, who has served faithfully during the past term, and as a Catholic is strongly opposed to the action of Father Scully.

In Newton the Rev. Thomas S. Sampson, Rev. Thomas Marcy, Rev. E. Frank Howe and Mrs. A. Amelia Smeed were elected Members of the School Committee by the usual vote. In Chelsea 106 women had registered, and it is believed that all voted. The School Committee was evenly divided as to sex, Mrs. Annie E. Holbrook and Mrs. Emeline A. Gilman being elected. At Somerville Mrs. Martha P. Lowe was defeated by only fifteen votes for the School Board. Reports state: "The experiment of women voting, which was tried for the first time, was watched with considerable interest, and is admitted to be entirely successful. The ladies cast their votes without molestation or remark, and appeared to exercise a wholesome influence over the crowds in the ward rooms."

Fall River polled the heaviest vote it has ever seen, but there is nothing to indicate how many women put in an appearance. For School Board three ladies, Mrs. Louisa Aldrich, Mrs. Harriet T. Healey and Leontine Lincoln were elected for three years, and one man, William G. Bennett, for one year.

In Gloucester, Haverhill, Taunton, Fitchburg and Springfield, all the elected members of the school boards are men.

In Boston proper much disappointment was felt by friends of the innovation at the small number of women who appeared to register and qualify themselves. At last accounts, instead of the 1,500 anticipated, the books showed that but a little over 900 had registered. At the present writing the record is not likely to show over 1,500 in the entire State, in place of the 3,500 or 4,000 who were expected to vote.

It is claimed as an excuse for this that the balloting was merely experimental, and asserted that if the results were satisfactory a large registration throughout the State would be certain next Fall. Then it is believed that the amount of poll-tax operated severely against a full test of the success of the measure. Having secured what they asked for, the leaders of the movement are dissatisfied with the price they have had to pay for it, and will demand of the Legislature that the poll-tax on women shall be reduced from the present rate of $2 to half that amount. They argue that if a man by paying $3 can enjoy the right to vote for National, State, and Municipal officers, a woman ought not to pay more than $1 to vote for School Committee merely, and in the country towns, where the "town meetings" are not held till March, women are generally delaying registration until they know whether the price of a ballot is to be reduced or not.

Let us take a glance at the enfranchised ones and their doings on this eventful day. Behold the solitary woman voter of Ward Seventh! Her importance is superlative. She is no longer an individual; she is a representative of a mighty principle—a lion, a Leviathan. Carefully guarded by a stalwart policeman from the vigorous onslaughts of fiery canvassers, she proudly passes into the polling place and deposits her vote—the grain of mustard-seed. If she is saved from the clutches of the eager canvassers, the fair voter, surrounded and brought to bay, is suffering somewhat in the flesh. In vain she declines, refuses, denounces. She is but so much prey for the howling pack yelping all around her, and she would, at this instant, gladly renounce her new-fledged right to be once more free. Mark the self-satisfied expression of the buxom dame who is depositing her voting paper. The eye scintillates over and above her spectacles, while a congratulatory "Ha!" escapes from her lips as the potent paper glides into its receptacle.

Returning from the first exercise of the elective franchise shows the abject dismay in the face of the *cara sposa*, while triumph reigns on the massive brow of the lady "who owns him." *He* considers that the giving of the franchise to women is—but we all know what *he* thinks in the matter. Beacon Hill is the Murray Hill of the Hub, and the Beacon Hillites mustered in dainty groupings during the ballot. The tenderest of lilac and lavender and primrose six-button gloves deposited their voting papers, while pugs and toy terriers shared the general excitement of the eventful day. The Beacon Hillites were besieged by women canvassers, the influence of the sterner sex being marked "doubtful." "No smoking allowed." Abuse, ladies! Mark the rueful faces of the menkind as their attention is called to this imperious notice. It is easy to imagine what they think of the whole business. The entrance to the polling-place at Mount Vernon was fairly besieged by all the rank and beauty of Boston. Carriages worthy of Boston Row or the Bois kept dashing up to deposit fair and anxious possessors of the franchise, while the merits of the respective candidates are minutely discussed by those who hold their fates in their dainty hands. December 3d and 9th were great days for the other sex in Massachusetts.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.

THE fair in the new armory of the Seventh Regiment closed on Saturday evening, December 6th, after three weeks of complete and most gratifying success. No similar event since the great sanitary fair during the war has been so largely attended and patronized, and the net receipts will amount to a large sum. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is predicted, will be the amount realized by the regiment for the armory after all the accounts are settled. Among the most interesting of the closing scenes were the award of valuable contributions voted for during the fair. The elegant gold-mounted Remington rifle, illustrated in this issue, was awarded to Colonel S. C. Ryder, of the Ninth Regiment; the sword to the most popular officer of the National Guard, Seventh Regiment excepted, to Major McAlpine of the Seventy-first; the sword to the most popular officer of the army or navy, to Commodore G. H. Cooper, and the sword to the most popular officer of the Seventh, to Captain Allison of the First Company. The name of the fortunate winner of the elegant and costly suite of furniture presented by the Brooklyn Furniture Company, and also illustrated in this paper, had not transpired at the close of the fair. The suite was valued at $600, and was one of the most desirable objects in the fair. Many articles presented were sold for a handsome advance on the offered price. Among others the elegant Turkish chair from John H. Horsfall, for $100, nearly fifty per cent. more than the price named. The success of the fair removes any financial obstacle to the speedy completion of the new armory, to which the regiment will remove in the Spring.

A Word for Dumb Animals.

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, the following appeal was ordered to be circulated:

"The Executive Committee of this society, looking back upon the official achievements of the institution for the past fourteen years, addresses itself with pride and confidence to the liberality of its patrons and friends for a share of that generosity which a return of the present season suggests.

"By the judicious and untiring efforts in the cause of humanity to that humble portion of animal creation which serves mankind so devotedly, its merciful example has spread itself over thirty-four States of this country, and now commands the respect and admiration of a large portion of the civilized world.

"These results, so remarkable and conspicuous, are mainly owing to the profound sympathy and practical support of the public, and it is hoped that the area of the good work may be extended through your appreciative generosity at this time."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Distributing the Remains of the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

The remains of the delicacies and viands left from the banquet of the Lord Mayors of London are each year given to the poor on the day following the installation and dinner of the new officer. This year there were 240 persons who received the remains, and as each one obtained from four to six pounds' weight, the gross bulk of fowls, tongues, game of all kinds, hams, joints, sausage, pies and all manner of sweet pastry, may be easily computed.

Missionary Relief in Cashmere.

The heavy rains of 1877 destroyed the crops in Cashmere, and then followed the fearful famine which has greatly decimated the province. Although the British Government did nothing officially to relieve the suffering, the missionaries and the Church Missionary Society, after much difficulty and opposition from the authorities, established a hospital and orphanage at Srinagger, where they have managed to keep alive some 2,000 people, and are, in fact, the supporters of the only philanthropic work in the country. The illustration shows a party of orphans being taught sewing in front of the Rev. T. A. Wade's bungalow.

Burying the Spoons.

It is customary for such soldiers as have served a term of three years in a Prussian Regiment of the "Garde" to have a sham parade on the day on which they are discharged for the "Reserve." All sorts of nonsense is practiced on the day, and even the officers of the regiment take part in the fun. The funniest of all is the burying of the lead spoons which have been used by the soldiers during their three years' service. After the spoons have been interred, the discharged Reservists and their friends spend the rest of the day in the next inn, where they amuse themselves with dancing and drinking beer, according to the customs of their forefathers.

Journalists' and Students' Collection at Barcelona.

Our illustration shows the attractive way they adopt in Spain to make a collection for a charitable object in Spain. A military band leads the procession, followed by students with their banners, collecting right and left as they move along; then a car, high on which is a basket, to which the money collected is transferred. This was followed by a second band, and the Press collectors with their car, on which contributions in kind were placed. The procession is passing into the Rambla, that long, noisy, charming promenade, where many always gather, and which this time was thronged. The success of the effort may be judged by the fact that they collected over $10,000.

Greek Monastery in Cyprus.

Among the ecclesiastical antiquities of the island, the seaport town of Larnaca contains one of more than usual interest. It is the Greek church attached to the Monastery of St. Lazarus, which stands in the centre of a large square, on one side of which is the burial-ground, and on the other three the cells formerly occupied by the monks. The cemetery is now a boys' playground, and the cells are converted into common lodgings. Greek religious tradition asserts that the church contains the tomb of Lazarus. Our illustration is in the vault beneath the altar, where tapers are kept burning and the huge stone basin filled with water of alleged miraculous properties.

Memorial Sun-dial in Old St. Pancras.

The spacious parish burial-ground surrounding the old Church of St. Pancras in Camden Town, London, is a place of much historical interest. The church being next to St. Paul's, is the most ancient foundation of a Christian place of worship in Middlesex. It was the last parish church in England where the bell tolled for Mass, and in which the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion were performed. For many years it was the custom of French and other foreign Catholics to bury their dead, who passed away in London, in St. Pancras's Churchyard. It was long ago decided to remove the remains and convert the yard into a public garden, and in June, 1877, the place was opened to the public in that form. Lady Burdett-Coutts has recently erected an ornamental sun-dial to commemorate the distinguished and notable persons formerly interred in this ground. The monument is thirty feet high, and, besides the dials on the main tablet, exhibits reliefs representing St. Pancras and St. Giles, also Night and Morning.

Opening the Sydney Exhibition.

As previously announced, the international exhibition at Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, was opened on September 17th last, by Lord Augustus Loftus, the new Governor, then just transferred from the mission to Russia. There was a lengthy procession of military and naval forces, various benefit societies and municipal corporations. The garden palace was filled with the elite of the colony, and all the children of the public schools were in attendance.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Shrinking of the water in Tulare Lake, Cal., has uncovered a prehistoric settlement, stone bulkheads, traces of canals once bordered with planted trees, and other evidences of occupation by an unknown race being clearly defined as the water subsides.

The Three Statues recently unearthed in Milo have been purchased by the Greek Government, and lodged in the Museum at Athens, at a cost of over 27,000 drachmas. The most perfect of the three is a figure of Poseidon, said to be in the highest style of Greek art.

In a Sterile Tract of Country between Dares-Selaam and Nyassanza the elephants attached to the Belgian elephant expedition marched uninterruptedly without food for forty-two hours and without water for thirty-five hours, each animal carrying at the time burdens weighing twelve hundred weight.

Professor Nordenskjold announces his intention, in a letter to M. Sibiriakof, the well-known Russian patron of Arctic research, of undertaking shortly a fresh journey of exploration to the Siberian Polar Sea. He will start on this occasion from the River Lena, and make the New Siberian Islands his base of operations.

The German Explorers at Olympia have resumed their excavations, and have already found some interesting pieces of sculpture, including the head of Titus, the head of a boy whose figure, in a kneeling posture, had been previously discovered on the eastern gable of the temple, and a statue of the Goddess Fortuna.

The British Authorities are going to try to burst the mate of the big gun that exploded on the *Thunderer*, for the purpose of finding out what the matter was. The Woolwich officers are said to be amused at the expensive performance, as, if the gun bursts, it may not be from the same cause that occasioned the disaster, and if it refuses to burst nothing will be proved.

According to the *Courrier de la Gironde*, the Chandernagor, which was dispatched by the Marquis de Rays some six weeks since, during the American War, to found an establishment in the islands of New Ireland and New Britain, is about to be followed to the same destination by the steamer *Géné*. This latter vessel will sail from Barcelona under the Spanish ensign, and is to carry two missionaries for the free colony of Port Breton in Oceanica.

Colonel Prejevalski, the indefatigable Russian explorer, is, according to his latest reports, progressing most favorably on his tour from Samsun over the Altai Mountains to Barkul and Chami. He hoped soon to reach Thibet. One of his companions, a Khirgis of the name of Mirsaas, whom he sent back with letters, confirms the statement that the Chinese authorities, after their first mistrust had vanished, treated the colonel and his party with marked consideration. He had followed him as far as Lake Oran-Kul.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in reply to some strictures, in the London *Telegraph*, on his opinion regarding the use of alcohol, says: "In the dispensary of the apothecary and in the laboratory of the chemist, alcohol is a good agent when it is used with scientific discretion by skilled men; beyond this I hold it to be a mischievous chemical, which destroys its tens of thousands a year, diffuses misery and vice in all directions, engenders a constitutional condition of body altogether unnatural, and does no mortal service in return for all the evils it originates, sustains, and transmits from one generation to another."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," was honored with a banquet in Boston on December 34, his seventieth birthday.

BAKER PASHA has started for his post, as the representative of the Sultan, to superintend the introduction of reforms throughout the whole of Asia Minor.

HENRY LAWA SELWYN, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and a son of a leading chief of the Yankton tribe, has been ordained pastor of the church at Yankton.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent to Major Chard a valuable diamond ring as a mark of her appreciation of his heroic conduct at Rorke's Drift.

CHALITE BEY has just been received with much ceremony by the Montenegrins. He is the first ambassador sent to their country by Turkey for five centuries.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT has accepted the invitation of the World's Fair Committee to preside at a public meeting to further that movement, to be held in New York City about December 20th.

On the recommendation of Sir Austen Layard, the British Ambassador to Turkey, Rostem Pasha has been appointed Governor of the Province of Erzeroum. This is an excellent appointment. Rostem Pasha for the last six or seven years governed Lebanon with remarkable capacity, firmness and impartiality.

A BRONZE statue of Colonel G. B. Armstrong, the originator and first general superintendent of the Railway Postal system, is to be placed in the Postal Department at Washington. Contributions are so rapidly accumulating that it is thought that the contract for the statue may be made by January 1st.

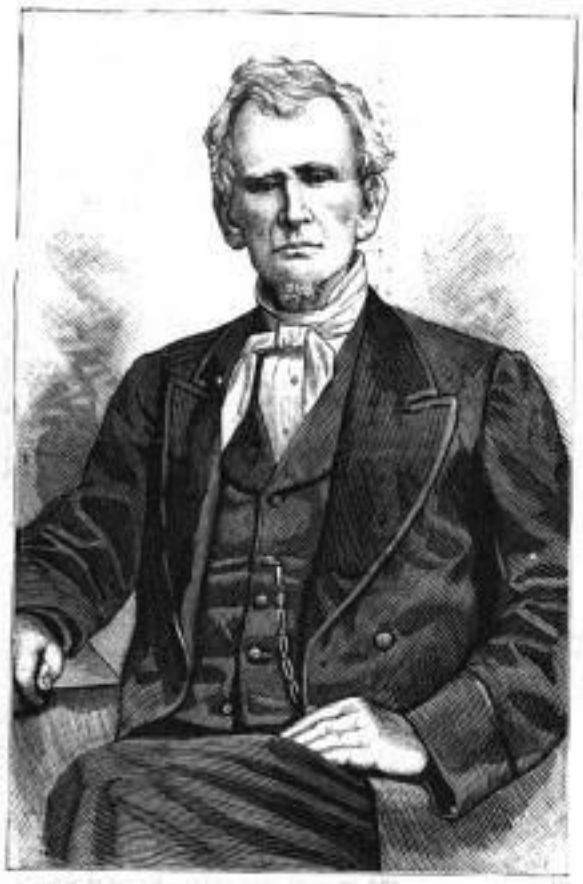
CHIEF-JUSTICE L. BRADFORD PRINCE, of New Mexico, was married, December 1st, at Grace Church, on the Heights, Brooklyn, to Miss Hattie A. E. Childs, daughter of Dr. S. Russell Childs, of New York. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Littlejohn, assisted by the Rev. J. Carpenter Smith, of Flushing.

PRINCE BISMARCK has written private letters to the leaders of the National Liberals, thanking them for the support given by that party to the Government on the railway question, and expressing the hope that the former friendly relations between himself and the National Liberals may be renewed. The Clericals are much dissatisfied with this turn of affairs.

A GRACEFUL courtesy was extended to Messrs. Albert Pell and Clare S. Read, the two members of the British Parliament, on their visit to the National Capitol at the opening of Congress. After appearing in the diplomatic gallery of the Senate, the company, with Sir Edward Thornton, went over to the House, where, under a suspension of the rules, they were invited to seats upon the floor.

BEFORE leaving Vienna for Madrid, the Archduchess Christina formally renounced all rights of succession for herself and her heirs to the Austrian Crown. The ceremony is thus described in a Vienna paper: "There were present the Emperor, the Archdukes, the Ministers, the Presidents of the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments, Cardinal Kutschka and the members of the Privy Council. The Emperor made a short speech, standing, in which he called on the assembly to witness the act. Then Baron Haymerle produced the Act of Renunciation, and the Archduchess Christina, after a low bow to the Emperor, advanced to a table on which stood a crucifix, placed two fingers of the right hand on a Bible held by the Cardinal, and read aloud the document. Afterwards she took it to another table and signed it. The Spanish Minister also affixed his signature in the name of King Alfonso. The Government Notary then put on the seal, and all the witnesses signed their names on another sheet of paper, which was attached to the chief document."

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THE LATE REV. LOVICK PEIRCE, D.D.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACKSHEAR.

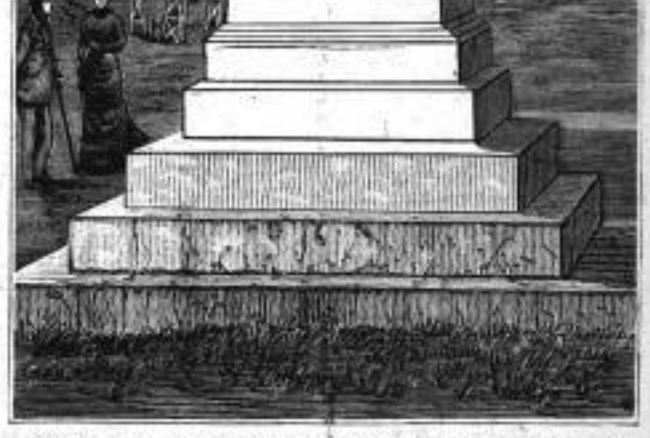
CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MACON, GEORGIA.

ON Friday, April 26th, 1878, the "Decoration Day" of the Southern States, the corner-stone of a monument to the Confederate dead was laid at the intersection of Mulberry and Second Streets, Macon, Ga. Governor Colquitt delivered the formal address, and a letter from Jefferson Davis, which excited much comment at the North, was read. The work was in charge of the Ladies' Memorial Association, who pushed it so thoroughly that the monument was in place ready for the services of dedication on the day assigned, Wednesday, October 29th last. The monument consists of a base of Stone Mountain granite, supporting a marble shaft twenty-three feet high, which is surmounted by a figure, ten feet in stature, of a Confederate soldier in the position "rest-on-arms." The city was greatly crowded on the day of dedication, both by civil and military visitors, and Governor Colquitt had a most appreciative audience while delivering his second oration on the subject. In the evening the local militia entertained their visiting comrades, and there were salutes, illuminations, dress-parades, banquets, music, and all the concomitants of a festal season.

THE LATE REV. LOVICK PEIRCE, D.D.

THE Rev. Lovick Peirce, D.D., the Nestor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South, died at his home in Sparta, Ga., on November 10th, after a long illness, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. He was born in Halifax County, N. C., and when quite a boy the family settled in Barnwell County, S. C., where his early life was spent on the farm. He began his ministry as a boy-preacher, being but nineteen when he went on his first circuit. After five years of this laborious work, he went to Green County, Ga., and, the war of 1812 being declared, he took the field as chaplain. At the close of the war he studied medicine, and for some time practiced in connection with preaching at Greensboro, N. C. He it was who established, about thirty-five years ago, the Wesleyan Female College at Macon, and in the face of great opposition advocated a higher standard of education for women. In 1873 he wrote of this college as follows: "I am the only living member of the original Board of Trustees; have been present in my place at every commencement thirty-five years in succession. The ladies long ago began to call me the Nestor. To have lived to win so proud a title is the pride of my life, and, if I deserve it, it will be the crown of my earthly glory when I am dead. My son, now Bishop Peirce, was its first president, and graduated its first class, ten in number—noble specimens of well-educated women." Dr. Peirce, before the college was established, labored two years in the lecture field, to combat, as he said, the prejudices of "many lords of the land who believed in the inferiority of the female mind compared with that of the male." The college was built by private contributions, and not a dime of State funds has ever been bestowed upon it.

In his life and preaching Dr. Peirce held the old-fashioned doctrines of primitive Methodism, and enforced them with an unflinching faithfulness. He was opposed to extravagance in dress and personal adornment. The growing tendency towards these things annoyed him, and he often pointedly rebuked it from the pulpit. While he was always extremely courteous, he could be severe in dealing out what he considered merited rebuke. Theologically, he leaned somewhat towards the doctrines of the "higher-life" wing of the Methodist Church. He was outspoken in his belief that true Christians are made holy by the sufficiency of the atonement of Christ. About two months ago, while in great bodily weakness, yet with an unclouded mind he wrote a long farewell letter to his brethren in the ministry. In this he declared his assurance of salvation, and told them that, without the positive love and desire of holiness, no man could have religion. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Dr. Peirce has been a powerful and eloquent preacher up to quite a recent time. Within the last few years he has preached with all the vigor of most men of fifty. His voice would reach to the furthest seat of a camp-meeting assembly, and his eloquence would hold large congregations where younger men would fail to keep weary ones awake. No leading man ever made fewer enemies. He has been universally revered and beloved.



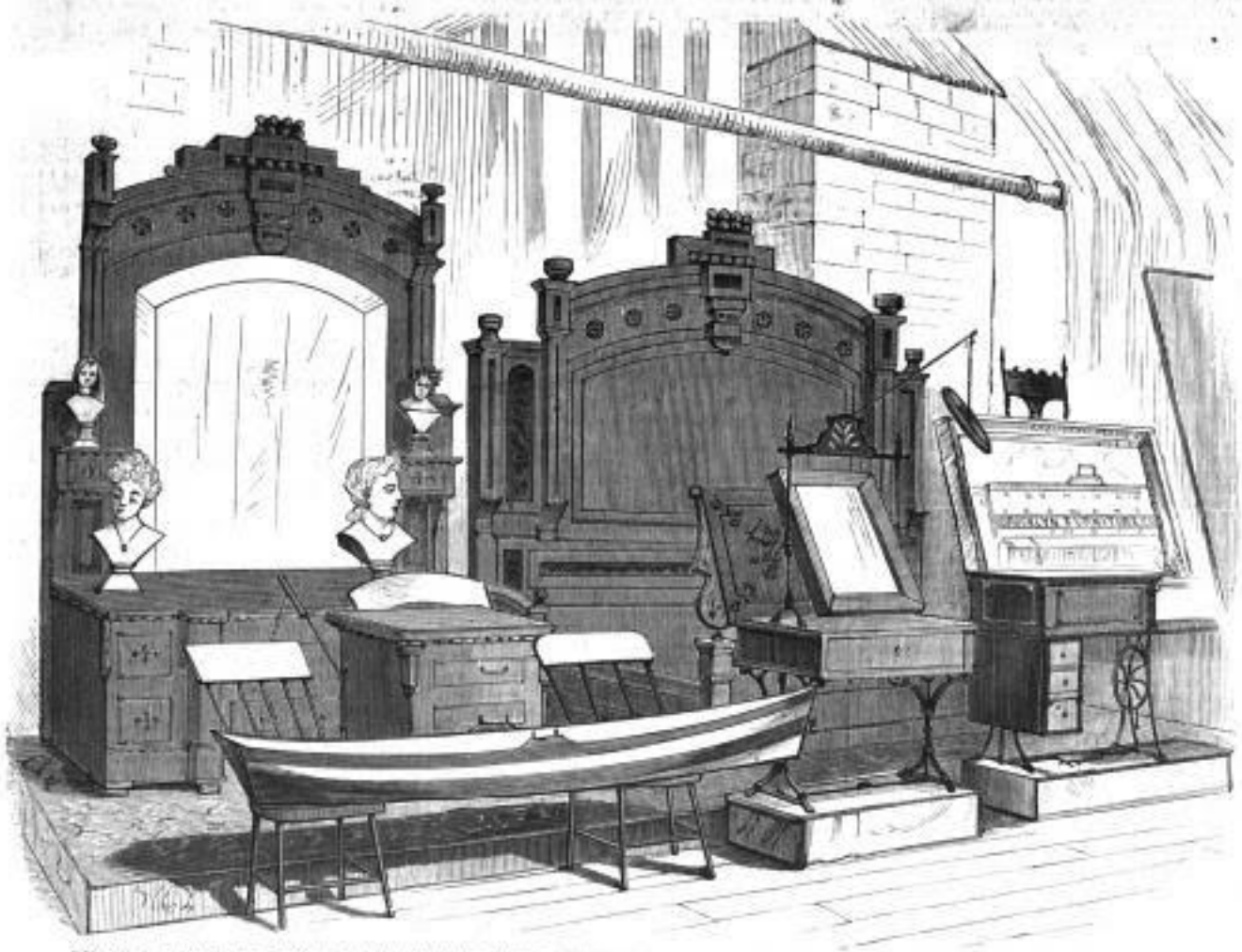
GEORGIA.—MONUMENT ERECTED AT MACON TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACKSHEAR.



ILLINOIS.—RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GRANT, AT GALENA.

GENERAL GRANT'S HOUSE AT GALENA.

THE house to which General Grant was conducted at Galena, Ill., after his overland trip is situated in the eastern part of the city, on Bouthiller Street. It is a two-story brick, square built and solid in appearance. On the west side there is a veranda, and from a flagstaff on the roof the Star-spangled Banner waves in pride. On the ground floor there are but four rooms—parlor, dining-room, library and kitchen, and on the upper floor there are five bedrooms. This residence was presented



NEW YORK CITY.—ATTRACTIONS AT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY FAIR.—CONTRIBUTION OF THE BROOKLYN FURNITURE CO., AWARDED BY POPULAR VOTES.—SEE PAGE 272.



SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY FAIR.—THE REMINGTON RIFLE, AWARDED TO THE MOST POPULAR OFFICER OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

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to General Grant, in 1865, on his return from the war. It was the gift of a few of his personal friends, and not of the citizens generally, as is currently believed. General Grant resided there from 1865 until a short time before his inauguration as President, and it is looked upon by the General and his family as "home." The house has been occupied for some time past by an old soldier and his wife.

The citizens of Galena made no attempt to do aught but give General Grant a hearty welcome. They reckoned that it would be more to his liking that he should be made to feel at home, and his reception was emphatically a home-coming. In every detail this point was kept in view, and in none more so than in the preparation of his home. A visitor only recognizes that this is the object of his search when he reads upon the door-plate the name, "U. S. Grant."

MISS EMMA THURSBY.

IN an apartment at the Everett House, an apartment proclaiming its *impresario* occupant at every turn, I found Mr. Maurice Strakosch.

"You want me to talk to you about Miss Emma Thursby—good," cheerily exclaimed the *impresario*. "I shall begin at the beginning. She was born in Brooklyn, November 17th, 1857, and she is the daughter, by the mother's side, of one of our old Knickerbocker families. Her father was an English manufacturer."

"Did she exhibit musical proclivities from an early age?"

"She began to sing almost before she began to talk, and the flexibility of her voice at six years of age was something marvelous. Her first instructor was Julius Meyer, and, after a little study with him, she was engaged in Dr. Porter's church as soprano. At thirteen years of age, after having had some tuition from Signor Errani, she received an engagement from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Church. After a time she went to Italy, where she resided for several months, studying hard all the time under Lamberti and San Giovanni, and returned to America to resume her studies with Errani. She took a concert tour with Gilmore's band, and then accepted an engagement as principal soprano at the church of the Rev. Thomas Taylor in New York, at the then unusually high salary of $3,000 per annum, with her hotel expenses in New York from Saturday night to Monday morning. After studying oratorias under Madame Rudersdorf—indeed, her vocal studies ended here—she revisited Europe, where she secured brilliant and phenomenal successes at the concerts of the London Philharmonic Society, the Crystal Palace, etc., and also in Paris at the concerts of Colonne and Pasdeloup. By-the-way, the orchestra of the Colonne concerts presented her with a costly bronze. She became a *lionne* in Parisian society. It is the custom for the "Circle des Artistes" to pay a uniform fee of 3.0 francs to professional artists who assist at the concerts of the club. In Miss Thursby's case a special exception was made, and 500 francs were forwarded to her with a most flattering eulogium. Miss Thursby instantly sent back the 500 francs as a contribution to the benevolent fund of the club, and in return received a charming letter of eulogium and of thanks, signed by Gounod, Ambrose Thomas and fifty other composers and authors of renown."

"Her recent successes have been very marked, have they not, Mr. Strakosch?"

"They have been immense. At the Albert Hall, Crystal Palace and Riviere's concerts—in fact, they are so vividly scored that it is unnecessary to refer to them."

"Her voice is soprano?"

"She has been endowed by nature with a soprano of remarkable compass, purity, sweetness and sympathetic quality. Her shake is exquisite, her intonation excellent, and her voice is of equally good quality throughout its extensive compass of more than two octaves and a half."

"What are what I might term her test songs?"

"Well, the facility with which she executes florid music has been attested by her renderings of the 'Queen of Night' song from 'Die Zauberflote,' Rodi's 'Air with Variations,' and the glittering vocal waltz expressly composed for her by Louis Engel, 'My Heart has its Love.'"

"You managed for Miss Thursby when she visited this country before, Mr. Strakosch?"

"Yes. To me the concert-going public is indebted for this bright particular star. It was I who persuaded her to leave her position in the church choir and to devote herself to the profession of a concert singer."

"What are your plans for her?"

"I have arranged for fifty concerts. She will sing in all the leading cities South as far as Richmond, and West as far as San Francisco. She appeared for the first time since her return from the brilliant tour of England and France at Steinway Hall, New York, on Monday evening, December 1st, in a concert in which her share consisted of the polonaise from 'Mignon,' a duet from Boito's 'Mephistofele,' and an aria from Meyerbeer's 'Etoile du Nord.' As an *encore* to her first selection, she sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' creating the wildest enthusiasm."

"Will she sing in opera?"

"No. She doesn't like opera. She would, I have no doubt, be a great success in opera."

"Then she will only sing in concerts and oratorios?"

"That's all. She will sing for charity, too, for she is a noble, good and pious woman."

"When will she return to Europe?"

"About May; and, under my management, and during the season of 1880-1, will make a tour beginning in England, where she is an immense favorite."

I may state that Miss Thursby is as pretty and *piquante* as ever, and that her slight *embonpoint* serves but to add to her general charms. Mr. Strakosch is very enthusiastic, and deservedly so, with reference to his *protégé*, speaking of her with an earnestness begotten of thorough conviction.

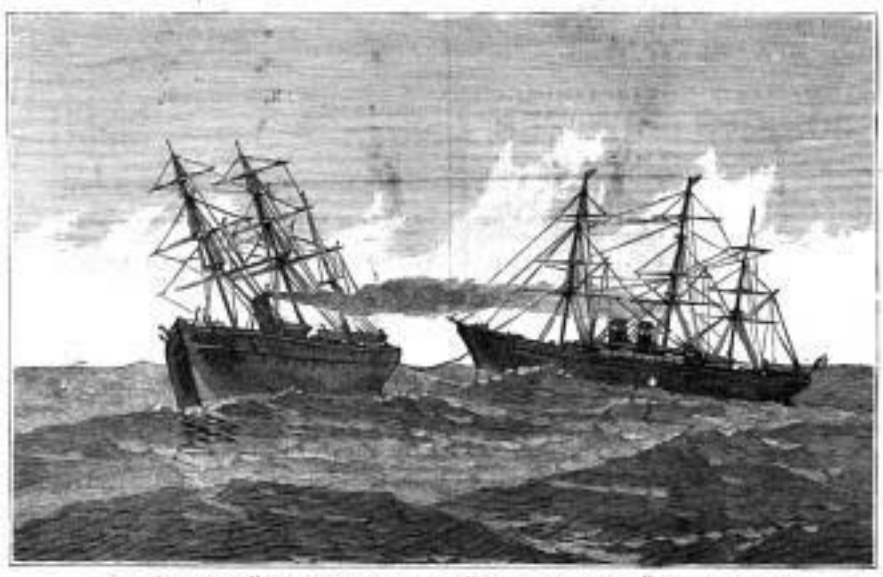


MISS EMMA THURSBY, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN SINGER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

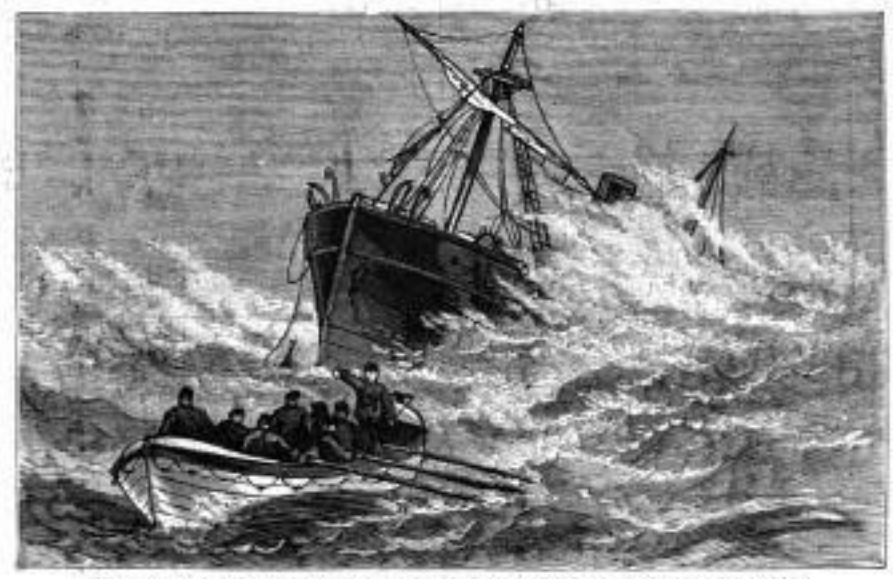
INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

THE winds and waves have been holding their usual semi-annual revel, to the destruction of poor humanity and the wreckage of stout-ribbed ships. Every day has brought to the "watchers by the deep" ghastly tales of death and suffering, of heroism and devotion, until the awful chronicle has reached an almost abnormal condition.

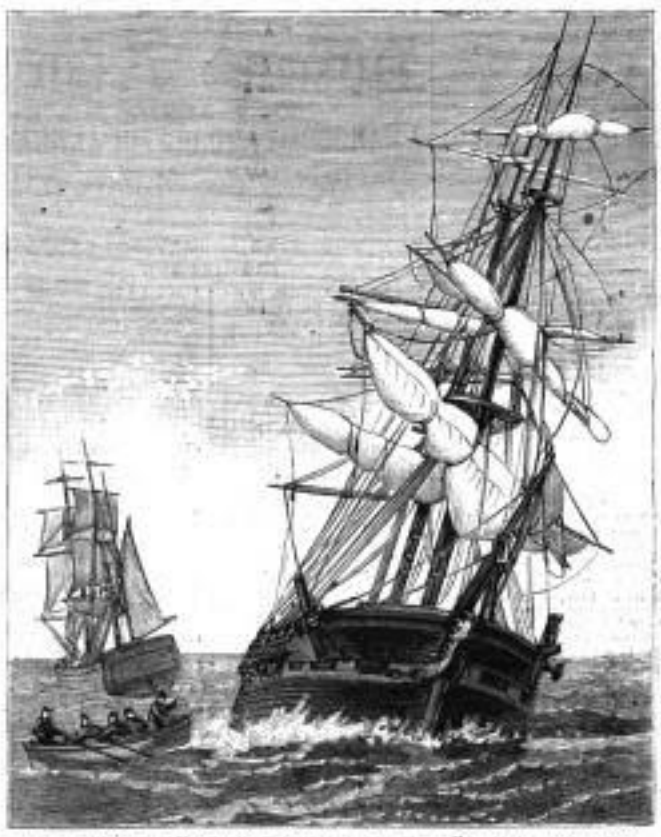
We illustrate the ship *Jeanie E. Wright*, laden with the hideous freight of dead men. Boarded by Captain Jacmel, of the brig *Westmoreland*, the sight that met his gaze chilled the very marrow in his bones. In the cabin lay the dead bodies of the master and his officers in various stages of decomposition, while the forecastle berths contained the decaying remains



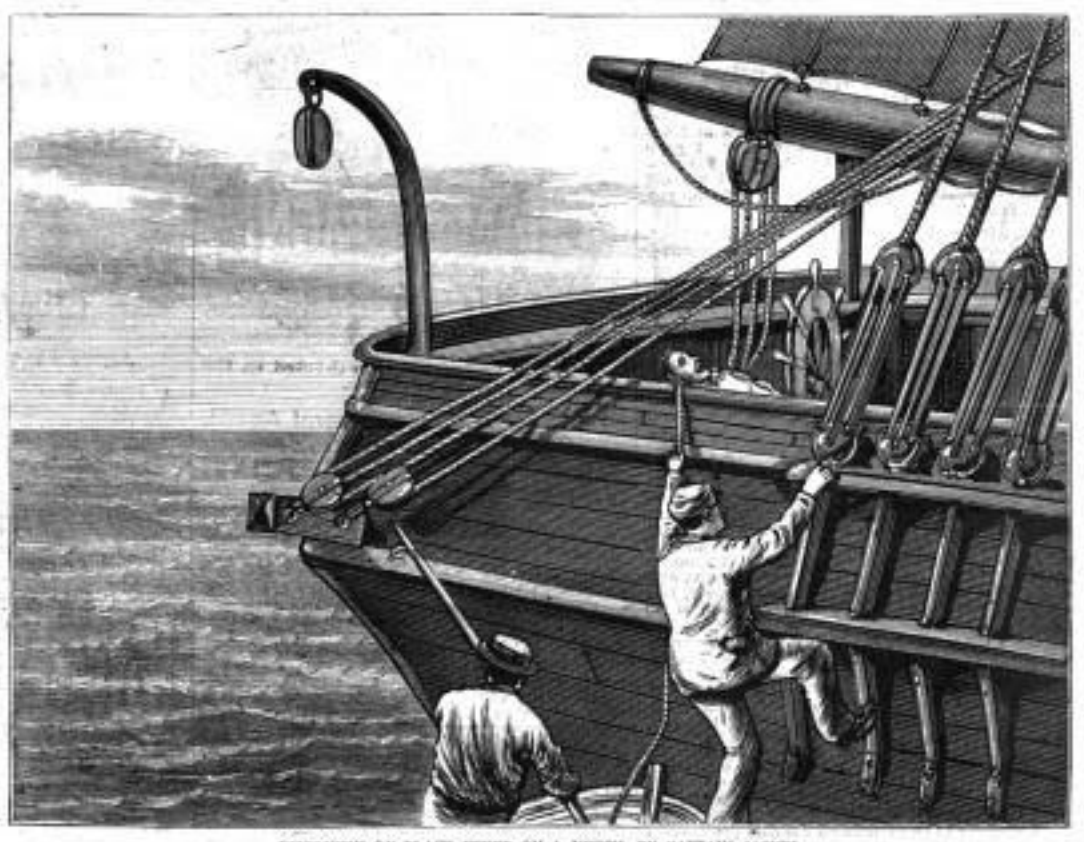
THE "CIRCASSIA" TOWING THE DISABLED "CITY OF RICHMOND" INTO HALIFAX.



WRECKING OF THE BRITISH MAIL STEAMER "ALBERT," ON THE MAGDALENA ISLANDS.



THE BARK "MARIA" TAKING THE "ROYAL CHARTER" INTO SOUTHAMPTON.



DISCOVERY OF BLACK FEVER ON A VESSEL BY CAPTAIN JACMEL.

DANGERS OF THE DEEP.—INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS OF THE PAST MONTH ON THE ATLANTIC.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

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of the sailors. All had been plague-stricken, and had apparently crawled together to die.

The *Royal Charter*, a twice-abandoned ship, has been safely brought into port by Captain Olsen, of the bark *Maria*, who, on November 6th, boarded and took possession of the derelict ship. The *Royal Charter* had been abandoned by her officers and crew on October 28th, and again abandoned by the captain of the bark *Glenara* on October 30th, who had, with several of his crew, boarded her with the intention of saving her if possible. They reported having found the pumps choked, and the steam from the damaged grain made it impossible for the crew to remain in the pump-well and they despaired of saving her. They returned to their vessel, intending to again board the *Royal Charter* and scuttle her to prevent her doing damage to other vessels. Six days later, during which time this valuable vessel and cargo had been drifting about the ocean, the bark *Maria*, from Cadiz for New York, discovered her. Captain Olsen sent his mate and a crew to board the abandoned ship, which they succeeded in doing by jumping into the rigging from their own boat. They found the *Royal Charter* in good order, and, after pumping her out returned to the *Maria*. Captain Olsen then went on board with five of his crew to navigate her to the nearest port (Southampton), which he has succeeded in doing.

The *City of Richmond* of the Inman line, from Queenstown to New York, having broken her shaft on the 21st of November, was taken in tow by the *Circassia* off Sable Island, 180 miles from Halifax—vide Illustration. She had on board 61 cabin and 517 steerage passengers. She is one of the finest vessels in the Atlantic service, her registered tonnage being 2,934. And yet another disaster to illustrate. The British mail steamer *Albert*, for Pictou, Nova Scotia, was totally wrecked on the Magdalena Islands. Happily, however, all on board were saved.

Mines of Soap.

A MINE of veritable soft soap was some time since discovered by a clergyman fifty miles from Prescott, Arizona, and is now being worked. California also has "rock soap," but it is not in general use. It is a capital detergent, and is superior to ordinary toilet soap in emollient effect on the skin. The objection is that it makes little lather. It is found in stratified rock formation, about the consistency of tallow. It hardens on exposure, and it has no oleaginous quality. It is a species of fuller's earth. The Arizona article, as described, is quite different. It is found in deposits, whitish and soft as dough, and what adheres to a stick shows exudation of oil. On adjacent hill land the same appears in ledge, indurated as soap, unctuous to the touch. It makes suds like soap. An old felt hat saturated with bacon grease was restored to pristine beauty. It softens the hardest water, and rough miners' hands become satiny as a child's. This unique material is being prepared for market by a process that frees it from grit and all extraneous matter, and then it is said to be highly saponaceous.

BOOK NOTICE.

A FOOL'S ERRAND. By One of the Fools. A Novel. New York: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.

This is a book not to be lightly read, albeit it is as full of fun as it is of pathos, but to be carefully studied by the light of past events, and its lessons placed away in the storehouse of the memory. It is a tale of life at the South since the late war, and is full of the racy humor of the country people, the rich and laughter-provoking characteristics of negro prayer-meetings, the dashing excitement of the hunt, the oddities of up-country mass-meetings, the social lines of caste, the fiery passions of politics, the dark and bloody doings of an enraged people and their startling logic of self-justification. It is a faithful picture drawn from life, and vividly portrayed.

FUN.

ANY actress can paint, but only a few can draw.

DON'T buy thermometers now. They'll be lower after a while.

HORSE doctors are all alike. Their liniments greatly resemble each other.

FATHER (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at table)—"Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." John—Yes, sir; and that is all you do leave."

THE judge at a court in Maine recently sentenced a culprit to twenty-five years in the State Prison. The fact was communicated to the prisoner's mother, who was struck at the magnitude of the sentence. "What did they do that for?" she exclaimed. "Twenty-five years! Why, he won't be contented there three weeks!"

THE Irish remains known as Con O'Neill's Castle, Castlereagh, were ordered by their proprietor to be inclosed with a wall built around the ruins. If ever there was a real Hibernian bull, the agent of the estate perpetrated one on this occasion, for he actually pulled down the ruins themselves to obtain stone for a wall to inclose them!

ELUCIDATION.—*Rector's Wife*—"How do you do, Mr. Wiggles? We have not seen you at church lately. Have you been away?" *Mr. Wiggles*—"Yes, mum. I've been a-visitin' my old 'aunts at Manchester, mum." *Rector's Wife*—"Really! I hope you found the old ladies quite well." *Mr. Wiggles*—"I didn't say the haunts, mum—I said my old 'aunts—revisitin' the 'aunts of my youth, you know, mum."

MACREADY was once victimized in "Virginius." The *Numitorius* couldn't remember his own name. "You will remember it, sir," said the tragedian, carefully pronouncing it for him, "by the association of ideas. Think of Numbers, the Book of Numbers." The *Numitorius* did think of it all day, and at night produced, through "the association of ideas," the following effect:

Numitorius—Where is Virginia? Wherefore do you hold that maiden's hand?

Claudius—Who asks the question?

Numitorius—I! her uncle—*Numerousness*.

A STORY is told of an old coachman who appeared before his employer one day to request that his next livery great-coat should be made with a single breast and fewer buttons. The request excited some astonishment. "Bless my heart!" exclaimed the gentleman, "what can that be for, George?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "when we dines at B——" (a neighboring squire's), "we be always forced to drink a horn of beer for every button we has, and there—I could do it well enough once, and glad to; but there, I be growing old now, sir, you know, and my poor old head won't stand it no longer."

SOME PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.—Miss Edgeworth tells us of an English baronet who proposed in the preamble of a Bill that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday (Tuesday excepted)." This needless exception was equaled, however, by an Act which, Lord Palmerston assures us, provided for the possibility of Good Friday happening to fall on a Sunday. Another Bill proposed to be introduced was one to repress suicide by making it a capital offense. An Irish member is said to have moved the addition, to a Bill for restricting the liberty of the press, of a clause to compel the names of the authors to be printed on the title pages of all anonymous works.

THE SUPPER ROOM.—A WINTER EVENING.

HUSBAND.—"Well, wife, this table looks tempting to a hungry man! What a delicious piece of beef you have to-night!"

Wife.—"Yes, it is very nice, indeed: and I have never yet been disappointed in opening a can of the fresh beef put up by the BOSTON BEEF PACKING CO. They say they put only the choice pieces in their cans, and it really must be so."

Husband.—"I wonder all housekeepers do not keep it on hand."

Wife.—"It is certainly just the thing to depend on in an emergency; and then there are many ways of serving it."

Master Harry.—"It's the 'boss' thing for sandwiches, I tell you!"

Wife.—"Hush, Henry!"

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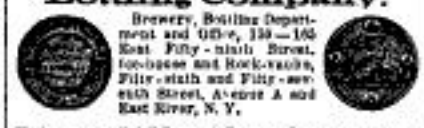
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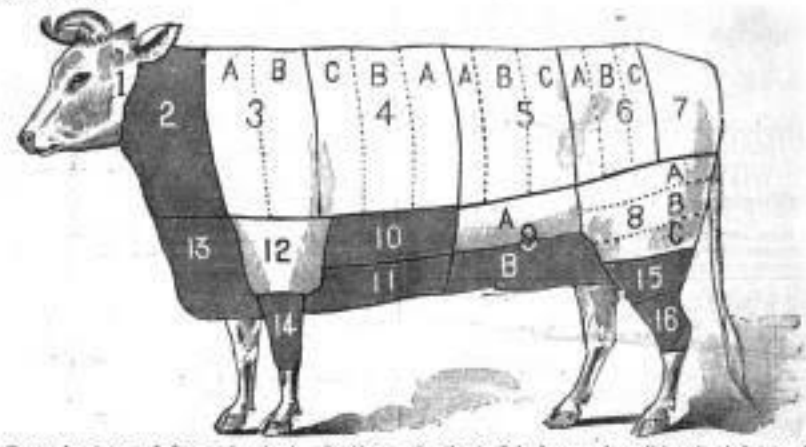
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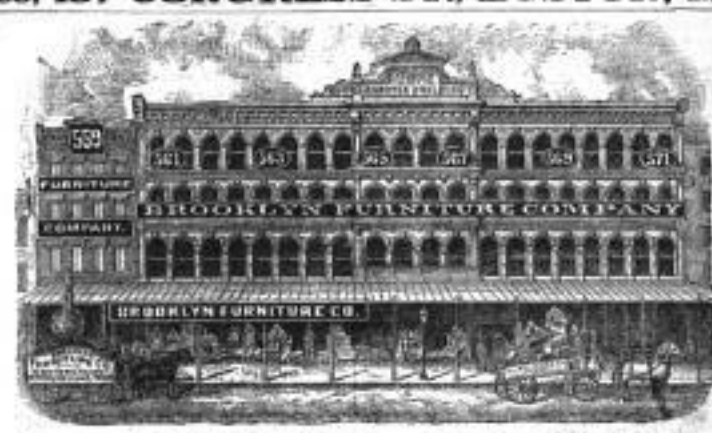
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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

OUR HOLIDAY DOUBLE NUMBER.

With our next issue will appear a Holiday Double Number which, from its artistic and literary merit, as well as from the care bestowed upon its compilation, is destined to prove one of the most signal of our many successes. The contents will be as varied as interesting, while the whole gamut of human passion will be rung both in song and story. Miss Ella W. Pierce contributes an intensely dramatic tale, entitled "At Christmas"; W. E. McCann, a thoroughly seasonable story, "A Deep Christmas Snow"; Amanda Douglas, an appealing narrative, "Left on a Doorstep," and N. Robinson, a ghost story, "A Ghastly Revelation." "Which of Them did He Marry?" by the author of "Don't ask Mamma," and "Uncle Charley's Christmas Party" are comical, bright and cheery, while Joaquin Miller's poem, "The Tramp of Shiloh"—written expressly for this Number—is one of the gifted poet's best efforts. The two splendid double-page engravings, "Old England in the Olden Time," and "New England in the Olden Time," so suggestive of Christmas revelry, form another special features in our Holiday Supplement. Price of double number, 32 pages, 15 cents.

In this paper, the Interview—being the ninth of the series—with General Joseph E. Johnston will be found vividly interesting, recalling, as it does, "daring deeds done in daring days," by one who has been so "stormed at by shot and shell."

THE Constitution of Atlanta, Ga., noticing the recent Interview with Hon. A. H. Stephens in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, asserts that "the entire sketch is excellent and strikingly natural," and reports a heavy increased sale of this paper in its vicinity.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX.

IN a recent issue the *Plaster and Granger*, of Atlanta, Ga., speaks thus of this standard child's publication:

"This pleasant little child's magazine is upon our table, brimful of piquant reading and taking illustrations for the little folks. Somehow we have a weakness for children's literature. The simple style necessary to reach the comprehension of the little ones is our ideal of writing. And the things that amuse the children have not lost all charm for us. Subscribe for the Chatterbox for the little ones."

THE VITAL QUESTION.

THE financial problem now pending before the people perplexes the political philosopher by its speculative difficulties, the statesman by the magnitude and complexity of its relations, the business man because he sees that his practical interests are involved in its wise solution, the politician because he knows that the fate of parties is quivering in the balances held by the men who aspire to be "President makers" at Washington.

The medley of motions made in this direction serves to reveal the chaos of opinion which prevails among the men who, by virtue of their position and office, ought to guide and enlighten the public judgment. What with motions to repeal the legal-tender clause in the Greenback Act, to overthrow and cancel the greenbacks, to withdraw them gradually, to leave the existing monetary status undisturbed, and to swell the volume of greenbacks with a fresh inflation, we see that the "assembled wisdom" at Washington is only little better than "confusion worse confounded."

Yet through this muddle of blended politics and finance there runs a hard and fast line of division and differentiation. It is the line which separates those who see the necessity of doing something in a right direction, and those who resolutely close their eyes against this necessity, either because they cannot see it or because they do not wish to see it. The President proposes to eliminate the evil and peril of the financial situation by a gradual cancellation of the greenback circulation, but the query has been raised whether it can be said of him that what he wishes under this head he wishes *strongly*, so strongly as to make it a matter of Executive pressure on the party of which he is the official head. We do not doubt for ourselves the earnestness or the sincerity with which the President entertains the policy he has recommended to Congress; but that he should bring his personal and political influence to bear on the legislative minds of his political friends is alien alike to the temperament, the habits and the conscientious convictions of Mr. Hayes.

Senator Carpenter straightway filed in the Senate a resolution directly antagonizing the financial views and recommendations contained in the recent message of the President. Senator Ingalls follows in a still more formal and detailed indictment of the President's propositions. And now it is announced that the Republican caucus of the Senate has decided to adopt the resolution of Mr. Carpenter as the "sense" of the Republican minority.

The Democratic majority are equally rent and torn with dissensions on this topic. At the very threshold of the session, Mr. Bayard introduced a joint resolution proposing to declare that "from and after the passage of this resolution the Treasury notes of the United States shall be receivable for all dues to the United States excepting duties on imports, and shall not be otherwise a legal-tender, and any of said notes hereafter reissued shall bear this superscription."

It was hoped at first that this resolution would receive the support of many who have heretofore figured in the Democratic ranks as the neophytes of paper money. It offered them a convenient stepping-block whereon to dismount from the "high horse," on which the Democratic Party has been careering to its ruin even in the States where the hapless steed was first born and put out to pasture. Democratic riders, however, still are found who seem quixotic enough to bestride the spavined Rosinante of paper money. And what exit they see from the *cul-de-sac* into which they are picking their way it passes all comprehension to perceive. The Republicans justify their expectant attitude on the ground that the Supreme Court, if they wait long enough, will come to their relief by deciding, in the Butler-Crittenden case, against the reissue of the greenbacks in a time of peace when they are more of a hindrance than help in the present financial state of the country. When that decision comes, if it shall be adverse to the reissue of the greenbacks, as is assumed, the Republican leaders expect to have the courage of the Court's opinions if they have not the courage of their own. They hope then to put themselves in the van of the forward movement for honest money.

It is not a bold and manly policy which the Republican managers set before their eyes, but it is an intelligible one in point of party strategy. They hope to make themselves masters of the political situation with the least possible risk from defection and straggling in the Republican ranks. But what do the Democrats expect from a policy of inaction? With a majority in both Houses of Congress they have the affirmation of the issue on all pending questions. On this most exigent of all pending questions, they cannot hope to escape the responsibility thrust upon them by their legislative supremacy. If they aspire to the Executive leadership of the nation, it is only fair that the country should judge of their capacity under this head by the signs of their capacity as national legislators. For the pending question is rather one of legislation than of administration. Mr. Bayard has opened a path by which the wayfaring Democrat may find his way again to the Hard Money ground of the Democratic fathers, but how many prodigals will return is something which the future alone can disclose. At present the prospect does not seem to be good either for the Democracy or for the country.

OUR COMMERCE AND SHIPS.

PRIOR to our late "sectional unpleasantness" the United States possessed an ocean marine second only to that of England in point of tonnage. In those days Americans were largely interested in sea-going vessels, and the great bulk of the exports from and imports to this country was carried in American bottoms. So late as 1857 more than seventy-five per cent. of the merchandise passing between Europe and this country went and came in vessels owned by our own citizens. The war swept away our splendid fleets of merchantmen as well as all accruing benefits.

The following table covering six fiscal years, each terminating on June 30th, and exhibiting the value of exports and imports carried by American and foreign vessels, will serve to show how rapidly the commerce of the country changed hands:

Years.	Imports, Exports and Re-exports.		
	Total Trade.	American vessels.	Foreign vessels.
1859	$[illegible]	$463,741,381	$220,816,211
1860	762,286,560	507,267,737	255,040,793
1861	530,168,412	350,927,256	179,242,156
1864	669,805,094	284,661,686	385,203,548
1865	871,133,290	396,967,245	474,164,045
1866	1,093,066,748	324,181,463	768,885,285

The advantages then lost have never been regained. The total of vessels entered at the seaboard ports, as we learn from Secretary Sherman's recent report, was 11,530,527 tons during the year ending June 30th, 1878, and 13,768,137 tons during the last fiscal year, showing an increase of 2,237,610 tons, or about nineteen per cent. The American tonnage entered exhibited an increase of only 40,306 tons, or one per cent., while the foreign showed an increase of 2,197,304 tons, or nearly twenty-six per cent. The tonnage in these cases is computed on the basis of the number of vessels entered, and is restricted to seaboard ports. Of the total amount of merchandise brought in at the seaboard, lake and river ports, during the last fiscal year, an amount of the value of $143,599,353 was imported in American vessels, and $310,499,599 in foreign. Of the exports, a value of $128,425,339 was shipped in American, and $900,769,633 in foreign, vessels. Of the combined imports and exports twenty-three per cent. only of the total value was conveyed in American vessels.

Ever since the close of the war a great deal of talk has been expended upon the necessity of restoring our merchant-marine and regaining our lost power upon the high seas. The action, however, has not corresponded with the declamation. Unable to build competitive ships at home, our merchants, unlike those of continental Europe, have not been permitted to go to the Tyne or the Clyde and purchase the required vessels. Antiquated navigation laws have been kept upon the statute-book to more and more paralyze the right arm of industry, by preventing the upbuilding of a mercantile navy. Almost every article entering into the building of ships, as well as articles required for their outfit and supply, have been burdened with taxes. The course pursued, in fact, has been such as to retard, if not actually prevent, the restoration of American commerce to American hands. To our disgrace be it spoken, among the many lines of ocean steamers now running to and from the port of New York, there is not one carrying the American flag.

Of the the carrying trade it may be said that "there's millions in it," and these millions go to enrich countries other than our own. If we are to regain that trade and earn these millions, our merchants must have the privilege of obtaining ships on an equality with the foreigner. If necessary to make the purchase abroad, the statutes must be so changed as to permit foreign-built ships to secure an American register. Secretary Sherman is right in saying that "the recovery of our old position in the carrying trade will more than counterbalance any disadvantage likely to ensue from a modification of restriction upon the right to purchase"; but we are not so certain that they should not—for a time, at least—come into the country duty free.

In this connection, we are pleased to note that a Bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Judge Buckner, of Missouri, to authorize the purchase of foreign-built ships by United States citizens for use in foreign trade. This is a move in the right direction, one which should have been made years ago. We trust that the importance of the measure may be appreciated by Congress, and that the result will be the restoration of our old-time supremacy on the ocean.

ABOUT POLITICAL PRIMARIES.

HOW to pack a primary meeting is one of the first lessons in American politics. The local politicians in the larger cities and towns know just what voters are likely to attend, what influences it will be necessary to secure, what agencies are to be used, and how far their personal weight must be supplemented by possible combinations and the offer of pecuniary rewards. There is no occult science in the study of means for controlling a primary meeting; it has long since been reduced to an accomplished art, to be practiced, mainly, by political gamblers, and turned to the account of corrupt and worthless candidates.

The reason for this condition of affairs, long since discovered and deplored, is found, of course, in the limited attendance of voters. Our people take no real interest in politics until the battle is well under way, and they begin to hear the roar of the heavy guns. Such a trifling affair as the preliminary steps to the contest is quite unworthy the attention of men immersed in business or devoted to pleasure; and so it has come to pass that we go out to battle badly officered, and our country is more than half governed by the worst qualified members of the community. The evil, too, is being aggravated from year to year. It is easier to pack a primary meeting now than it was twenty years ago, and it will be easier twenty years hence than it is to-day, if some steps are not taken to work a reformation.

But we ought not to be helpless in this deplorable situation. True, we have tried every argument and every means of persuasion. We have appealed to the patriotism of men, to their sense of public duty, and, when the tax-collector has been permitted to legally plunder the community, even to their pecuniary interests. But those means have all failed, and we must change our devices. It will not be wise to call spirits from the vasty deep when we have every evidence that they will not come at our bidding. Some other method of securing the apparition of a few good citizens at the primary meetings must be suggested; but it must be radical. It must be one that will, perhaps, startle an extreme advocate of personal liberty; but voters should be held to their duty under the penalty of disfranchisement. No person should be permitted to absent himself from the primary meetings of the party to which he adheres save for the best of reasons; for if it be absolutely essential to the purity of the Government and the well-being and prosperity of the community that good men only shall be placed in office, then we have a right to adopt measures to give potency to the best public opinion of the community at that source of all political power, the meeting held for the selection of delegates to nominating conventions.

The construction of a law to meet the emergency is not at all difficult. We compel a registration of voters previous to an election, to prevent frauds. Why not so fashion and administer the law that it shall also show if the voter has done his whole duty in the work of selecting the candidates who are competing for responsible offices? It will require no extraordinary ingenuity to transfer the place of registration to the primary meeting. The mere act of depositing the name and address of the voter on his entrance into the room would furnish the officers of registration nearly all the means necessary for completing the lists. But if this method be thought too loose, there is still another. Many hands make light work, and the entire labor of registration in a voting precinct could be completed in a few hours, leaving ample time for the more weighty business of the occasion. Lists so made out would require a revision to enable the few who were unavoidably absent to still secure their votes. But their excuses should be very good, indeed, to enable them, afterwards, to exercise a citizen's privilege on election day.

This suggestion has peculiar significance at this time, when one great party in New York has just thrown away the State because of dissatisfaction with the act of delegates sent to its nominating convention; and some of the adherents of the other party can almost, for a like cause, find it in their hearts to regret the victory thrust upon them, and to wish that they had been equally self-sacrificing with their opponents. No more unsatisfactory canvass was ever made in any State, and upon both sides the evil sprang from the same cause—packed primary meetings.

SILVER AS MONEY.

SO far from the position and rank of silver in our currency system having been settled by the legislation of 1873, it is now apparent that the question of what is to constitute our metallic money was never more unsettled than at the present time. Prior to that legislation the Government of the United States, in the course of eighty years, had coined silver to the extent of $145,141,884, of which sum only $8,045,838, or a little more than five per cent. of the whole, was in the shape of standard dollars. Down to and including the year 1805 the total issue of such dollars only made an aggregate of $1,439,517. Thirty years then elapsed during which the coinage of this particular class of money remained suspended, and it was not until 1836 that the national mint turned out one thousand of the now much venerated "dollars of the fathers." Thence onward to 1873 the Government minted, in all, 6,606,321 silver dollars, making the foregoing mentioned total of $8,045,838. In 1872 the price of silver per standard ounce, in the London market, ranged from 59½ to 61½ pence, and American dollars, rated in gold, commanded a premium. Under the coinage Act of February 12th, 1873, the coinage of such dollars were discontinued without manifestations of opposition from any quarter. Silver had not then become cheap and the fluctuating article that it has since proved to be. In 1872 the ratio of value between gold and silver was 1 to 15.63. In 1877 the relative value of silver was quite 18 to 1 of gold. Under this state of the case, the Bland-Allison Act reviving the coinage of silver dollars of 412½ grains was passed, and became a law, February 28th, 1878. Since then, as we learn from official sources, the coinage of such dollars has amounted to $45,206,200.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Treasury Department to put this coinage into circulation, it is quite evident that the country does not take kindly to the use of cheap silver dollars. Secretary Sherman, in his annual report, discouragingly says: "The total amount of silver dollars coined to November 1st, 1879, under the Act of February 28th, 1878, was $45,206,200, of which $13,002,662 was in circulation, and the remainder, $32,203,538, in the Treasury at that time." The Government, according to this exhibit, has been obliged to retain almost 71½ per cent. of this cheap coinage in its own vaults, and yet Congress, in face of the fact, coupled with the President's warning protest, manifests an insane

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disposition to continue the purchase of silver which, after coinage into dollars, must remain a dead weight upon the Treasury.

The simplest mind can understand that under the control of the living spirit the human body differs widely from the same body when the spirit has departed, but all men know that the living spirit does not emancipate the body from control of the physical laws pertaining to it as a body. So, too, with metal when coined into money under legislative enactment. Legislation imparts certain new attributes, but the old attributes remain unimpaired. Whether as coin or bullion it continues subject to the law of commerce, and its intrinsic value is governed by the operations of supply and demand. Although the Government stamp marks the money something more than merchandise, its character as merchandise remains indestructible in the markets of the world. A knowledge of these self-evident truths compels the opinion that Congressional legislation, as applied to metallic money, does not possess the attributes of omnipotence. It is the sheerest nonsense for our legislators to assume that they can control or suspend fixed financial laws, or that they can create values by enactment; or that they can exercise supreme jurisdiction over the realm of money. We admit that it is within the power of legislation to keep up the present nonsensical coinage of silver. We acknowledge that Congress may direct an unlimited issue of cheap silver dollars, and, as in the case of the greenbacks, make them legal-tender for all debts; but there its power ends. It can impart no value to such dollars. With standard silver selling at fifty-two pence, or thereabouts, per ounce, in London, the minted dollars of 412½ grains will have a corresponding value. The market price of silver bullion, despite the edicts of Congress, will govern the value and purchasing power of the dollars. It is scarcely necessary to add that gold, the standard of all values, measures the market value of the silver.

The silver dollar of 412½ grains was originally established under the Act of 1837, and represented silver at about fifty-nine pence per ounce. That metal is now selling in the London market at seven or eight pence less per ounce than the price of 1837, and yet the weight of the silver dollar remains unchanged. As a swindling operation it has no parallel, not even in the Credit Mobilier iniquity. And yet, within the past few days, Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, has had the effrontery to propose in the United States Senate a resolution looking to the free and unlimited coinage of these dishonest silver dollars. The plain intent of this resolution is to substitute a depreciated medium of exchange for a better money, and to enable the owners of bullion to pocket the difference between one hundred cents and whatever may be the market value of 412½ grains of standard silver. The Treasury now receives this difference, and thus far it has amounted to several millions of dollars.

We remark, by way of conclusion, that to legislatively decree that the proportion between silver and gold shall be and remain as 16 to 1, or 15½ to 1, or whatever figures Congress may choose to adopt, while the bullion value of silver in the commerce of the world is constantly fluctuating, would be like enacting a law that a river's tide should never rise above nor fall below a certain water-mark. Silver, we are free to admit, has a purpose to serve in our monetary system. It is the proper money for the small transactions of retail trade. It is, therefore, correct and judicious to use it in a subsidiary form and to make it a legal tender to a limited amount. It is not, however, the sort of money needed for the great transactions of modern commerce, nor is it the metal to serve as a standard of value in the conduct of those transactions.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE trade depression in France is assuming the ghastly proportions of famine. The Chamber of Deputies has taken up the question, and a grant of 5,000,000 francs has been voted, to be supplemented in the event of this sum being found insufficient. Unhappily, a political hue was sought to be given to the vote by suggesting that care should be taken to prevent the money from being applied to electioneering purposes. The vote was carried by 524 to 3 in the Chamber, and unanimously by the Senate. The severity of the Winter is making itself terribly felt, and the Seine is now completely frozen over, a circumstance which has not occurred since 1863. Marshal Canrobert would seem to be extremely desirous of hunting with the hare and running with the hounds. The Bonapartists have thrown him over on account of his non-attendance at the funeral of the Prince Imperial, denouncing him as the blackest of ingrates, and he now comes forward with a statement, in explaining the circumstances of his election to the Senate, that on the 2d of December, 1851, he was ignorant that a *coup d'état* was contemplated, and that he simply obeyed orders as a soldier. What a chance for newspaper pyrotechnic display!

Who is whispering into the ear of King John of Abyssinia? for most assuredly he is being egged on to war with Egypt by some power behind the throne. Could it be possible that that arch-scamp, who is now with his harem enjoying the climatic delights of southern Italy, the ex-Khédive, is egging on his quondam foe with a view to further Egyptian complications. King John's ultimatum means $150,000 or war. The Council of War in Cairo, on receiving this information, have lost no time in preparing for the inevitable struggle, and the disposition of the expeditionary forces is already made. Eighteen thousand men will be immediately dispatched to Massuwah; another column, 18,000 strong, will be pushed forward as far as Gallabat, and a third corps of 18,000 troops will be sent up the Blue Nile. The marshaling of such strong forces against the fierce ruler of Abyssinia shows that the Egyptian Government has no intention of risking another disaster like that of January, 1876, but purposes making effective work of King John and his dominions. An Egyptian defeat might bring the ex-Khédive again to the throne of the Ptolemies.

Germany is dealing iron-handed with her iron roads. The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the Railway Purchase Bill, while the Landtag has adopted the Railway Committee's resolutions prescribing the principles upon which the Government must administer the railways. The rules and regulations laid down by the Landtag will form a nut for other Governments to crack as well as that of Kaiser Wilhelm's. It is rumored that Prince Bismarck will resume the reins of the Government steeds before Christmas, and that all kicking over the traces must cease when the arch-Chancellor steps upon the box. A draft Bill, proposing certain changes in the German Constitution, has been introduced into the House—two propositions of which are likely to create fierce and fiery discussion, namely, the introduction of biennial sessions of Parliament, and the prolongation of the budget period.

Spain is agitated from Irun to the Rock of Gibraltar. Martinez Campos, the conqueror of the Carlistas and Cubans, has resigned the premiership. It was Campos who invented Alfonso, and it is not likely that the young King will throw him over, especially as the little general is a hard hitter and very popular down South. In the Basque Provinces his life wouldn't be worth one of Alfonso's bride's hairpins.

True bills having been found against the Irish prisoners, and Messrs. Davitt, Killen and Daly are to be treated to what Justice Denman termed, in O'Connell's trial, a "mockery, a delusion and a snare." It is probable that the Government will go no further with the matter, as puny martyrs don't count, and as yet Messrs. Parnell, Biggar and Coy have talked treason within their rights.

Famine and frost everywhere in Europe. Unwelcome guests at Yuletide. Nearly all the rivers and brooks in Transylvania have overflowed their banks, laying under water vast tracts of country and destroying bridges and houses, interrupting communication, and sweeping away farming utensils, cattle and grain. In some cases the inhabitants were for days on trees and roofs of houses, awaiting rescue. The overflowing of the Rivers Koros and Maros, in Hungary, has caused fearful destruction. The City of Arad, on the Maros, and several other towns, have been ruined and their inhabitants driven away. Fully 10,000 persons have been rendered homeless.—A Pesth dispatch states that six villages have been ruined by the flood near Arad. Many entire families who had found refuge in neighboring woods were frozen to death. Several hundred persons are missing.

Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, has narrowly escaped the fate of his predecessor, Lord Mayo. One fell by the knife of the assassin; the other has just experienced the sensation of hearing the whiz of a brace of bullets from the pistol aimed for the purpose of taking his life. The would-be vice-regicide was instantly arrested, and will, we presume, be restored to Allahabad Lunatic Asylum, from whence he has been recently discharged.

THE first exercise of woman suffrage in Massachusetts had a very desirable effect; it rendered the polling-places more quiet and orderly than they ever were before.

ARRAIGNING a woman before the law on a charge of being a witch seems like a transaction in Salem in 1692; yet this was done in New York City on December 8th, 1879.

THE record of the fishing-fleet of Gloucester, Mass., for the past year is a sad one. Although the catch for the season was very satisfactory, two hundred and forty lives and thirty vessels are counted among the losses.

IRRIGATION, which has made many a sterile spot blossom as the rose, is sorely needed in countless regions of our Western prairies. The want of running water is not only a serious check to the building up of cities and towns, but a positive hindrance to the proper agricultural development of sections otherwise rich and promising. The Bill, therefore, of Senator Hill, of Colorado, to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to bore a number of artesian wells on the Western Plains, for the purpose of ascertaining whether water can be obtained by this means in sufficient quantities to irrigate the land and supply cattle, is a most timely one.

A PRACTICAL safeguard against injury and death at fires by falling walls has been adopted by the Fire Commissioners of New York, who have ordered a detail of one fireman in each company whose sole duty at a fire shall be to watch the burning building and notify the chief of battalion at the first intimation of danger from its falling.

ENGLAND'S hopes as regards iron, as well as food, would seem to be centred in this Continent. At a recent meeting at Barnsley, Mr. Hanbury, M.P., in reference to the revival of trade, stated that he knew from authentic sources that 6,000 miles of railway were to be laid in the United States, and that the Americans would have to import five-sevenths of the rails so required. The importance of this statement to England will be better estimated when it is remembered that the total mileage of the United Kingdom does not quite reach 18,000 miles. Mr. Hanbury would seem to forget that Germany has already competed for our orders; and as our foundries are driven to their highest tension, and still unable to supply the demand upon them, both England and Germany may reasonably congratulate themselves upon a pretty brisk business.

"WHAT becomes of all these immigrants?" one is tempted to ask, as the daily papers note the large arrivals at our main ports. During the month of November the number of immigrants landed at the port of New York alone amounted to 15,295, while for the year ending November 30th the arrivals reached the large total of 134,058, against a total of 81,235 for the preceding year. As it is seldom we now hear of complaints, the supposition is strong that those strangers find little difficulty in obtaining employment upon their arrival. The fact is that invitations to new settlers are sent from the West in every conceivable form. Agents of the great trunk lines of railroad are scattered over Europe inducing emigration, and, to compete with them, several of the States have sent commissioners abroad, offering greater or less advantages to artisans and tillers of the soil. And now the Grangers are at work issuing addresses, extolling the richness of this or that section, wherever in foreign lands there is any marked depression in agricultural or industrial labor. The result of these efforts is that shortly after the arrival of the desirable class of immigrants, they are dispatched to new fields of labor.

CONGRESS AT WORK.

MONDAY, *December 8th.*—SENATE—Three Bills and resolutions providing for the removal of the Ute Indians from Colorado; a Bill authorizing the appointment of a special Labor Commission; a Bill to aid the education of colored people by an investment for them of the $250,000 unclaimed money of colored troops; and a resolution opposing the recommendations of the President and Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the legal tenders were introduced. HOUSE—An adjournment was taken on account of the death of A. M. Lay, of Missouri.

TUESDAY, *December 9th.*—SENATE—Resolution touching war claims discussed and amended. Vice-President submitted communications asking appropriation to cover deficiency in the Post Office Department; reporting upon advisability of abandoning the military stations controlling the equatter immigration to the Indian Territory; asking for appropriations to pay West Point Cadets, and petitioning, in the name of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, for a commission of inquiry concerning the liquor traffic. HOUSE—Two resolutions of sympathy with the Irish peasants, and a number of financial Bills and resolutions, were introduced. Mr. Cox's Immigration Bill was favorably reported, and a resolution for adjournment December 19th adopted. A joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution extending the official terms of President and Vice-President to six years, making such officers ineligible for more than one term consecutively, and limiting the terms of Members of Congress to three years, was introduced and referred.

WEDNESDAY, *December 10th.*—SENATE—The House adjournment and the war claims resolutions were passed. Senator Conkling introduced a Bill to prevent the unloading of garbage in the waters about the Port of New York. HOUSE—Bill providing for the publication of the Supreme Court reports was passed, and a discussion took place on the Political Contribution Bill. A joint resolution was introduced proposing an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting polygamy in the United States and places subject to its jurisdiction.

THURSDAY, *December 11th.*—SENATE—A Bill providing for the construction of new forts on the Mexican frontier was passed, and a resolution looking to the removal of the Utes from Colorado adopted. An adjournment was taken to the 15th. HOUSE—A resolution of inquiry into the colored exodus from the Southern States during the Summer was passed; the Bill relative to the unloading of foreign vessels was recommitted, and a Bill for the relief of distillers in certain cases was passed.

FRIDAY, *December 12th.*—HOUSE—The Fortifications Appropriation Bill, after being amended by a clause giving $50,000 for Galveston Harbor, was passed; and the Pension Bill appropriating $34,404,200 was passed without debate. A number of private Bills were passed, after which the House adjourned to the 15th.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A NATIONAL Agricultural Society was organized in New York City on the 10th.

COLONEL COURTENEY, the Independent candidate, has been elected Mayor of Charleston, S. C.

A CATHEDRAL of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Chicago was consecrated December 11th.

GENERAL GRANT received popular welcomes at Louisville, Ky., on December 10th, and Cincinnati, 11th.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has granted a reprieve to Greenfield, the convicted murderer, until January 30th.

AN International Dairy Fair was opened in the American Institute building, New York, December 8th.

ABOUT 1,000 women voted in Boston, on December 9th, for members of the school boards for the first time.

HON. GEORGE M. MCCRARY, ex-Secretary of War, has been commissioned Judge of the Eighth Judicial District.

AT its regular session in New York, the American Geographical Society discussed the Nicaraguan Canal project, December 8th.

THE total debt of Boston at the close of this year will be $42,359,816.23, being a decrease during the year of $9,120,624.

A PETITION in favor of the repeal of the legal-tender clause has received a great number of signatures of merchants and bankers in New York and Boston.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created in the Union League Club, of New York, by a motion to prohibit the further election of Democrats to membership.

THE United States Grand Jury at New York recommended the establishment of a National Prison and Reformatory, with graduations in the classes of convicts.

THE Readjusters of Virginia have nominated General William Mahone for United States Senator, to succeed Senator Withers, whose term expires on the 4th of March, 1881.

THE town of Red Rock, near Bradford, Pa., was set on fire, December 11th, by streams of burning oil from a 20,000 barrel tank, and all the business and private houses were destroyed.

THE hearing of the mandamus against the Secretary of State of Maine was opened at Augusta, on the 10th. On December 12th Judge Virgin dismissed the petition against the Secretary.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has been made defendant in the Equity branch of the United States Circuit Court in Louisiana to test the validity of the will of Mrs. Dorsey, who left all her property to him.

THE Committee on Technical Schools, of the State Board of Education, have appointed a sub-committee to visit similar schools in other States, and ascertain the steps to be taken in their establishment.

JUDGE HOVEY, in the Superior Court, has appointed Robert E. Day receiver of the Dime Savings Bank, of Hartford. This bank, which has been under an injunction for eighteen months, has 7,000 depositors, and holds about $600,000 of deposits.

A RULE to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel the Board of Assessment and Receiver of Taxes of the City of Elizabeth, N. J., to assess and levy a tax to meet the judgment obtained by the Goelet Brothers, of New York, has been granted.

THE Rev. Enoch C. Wines, D.D., founder of the National Prison Association, and delegate from the United States to the several sessions of the International Penitentiary Congress, died at Cambridge, Mass., December 16th, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

THE Police Commissioners of Cincinnati have voted to make no more arrests for giving theatrical shows on Sunday until the pending cases are determined, and also modified the order requiring collections shows to be suppressed, so as to allow the shows to go on, and the proprietors to be arrested and dealt with according to law.

THE recommendation of the National Board of Trade, urging Congressional legislation to regulate the charges of transportation of freights by railroads, is an endorsement of the Reagan Inter-State Commerce Bill, which passed the House at the last session of the Forty-fifth Congress, but failed in the Senate.

THE joint resolution reported Dec. 12th from the Committee on Naval Affairs of the appointment of a commission to select a site for the Naval Observatory will, it is believed, enable the commission to determine upon a proper place for the location of the observatory, so that the work may be begun without delay.

THE New York State Board of Canvassers declined, on December 12th, to go behind the returns, and at once declared the result of the late State election. A few changes only are made in the figures previously reported. Mr. Hoskins's plurality is increased to 290, General Carr's plurality is increased to 1,875, and Mr. Seymour's is reduced to 12,441.

Foreign.

FOR the first time since 1861, the river Seine, at Paris, was frozen over on December 11th.

THE German Landtag has adopted the Railroad Committee's resolutions prescribing principles on which the Government must administer the railways.

LORD LYTTON, Viceroy of India, on his arrival at Calcutta, on December 12th, from a tour in the provinces, was twice fired at by a drunken East Indian, but escaped injury. The would-be assassin has been arrested.

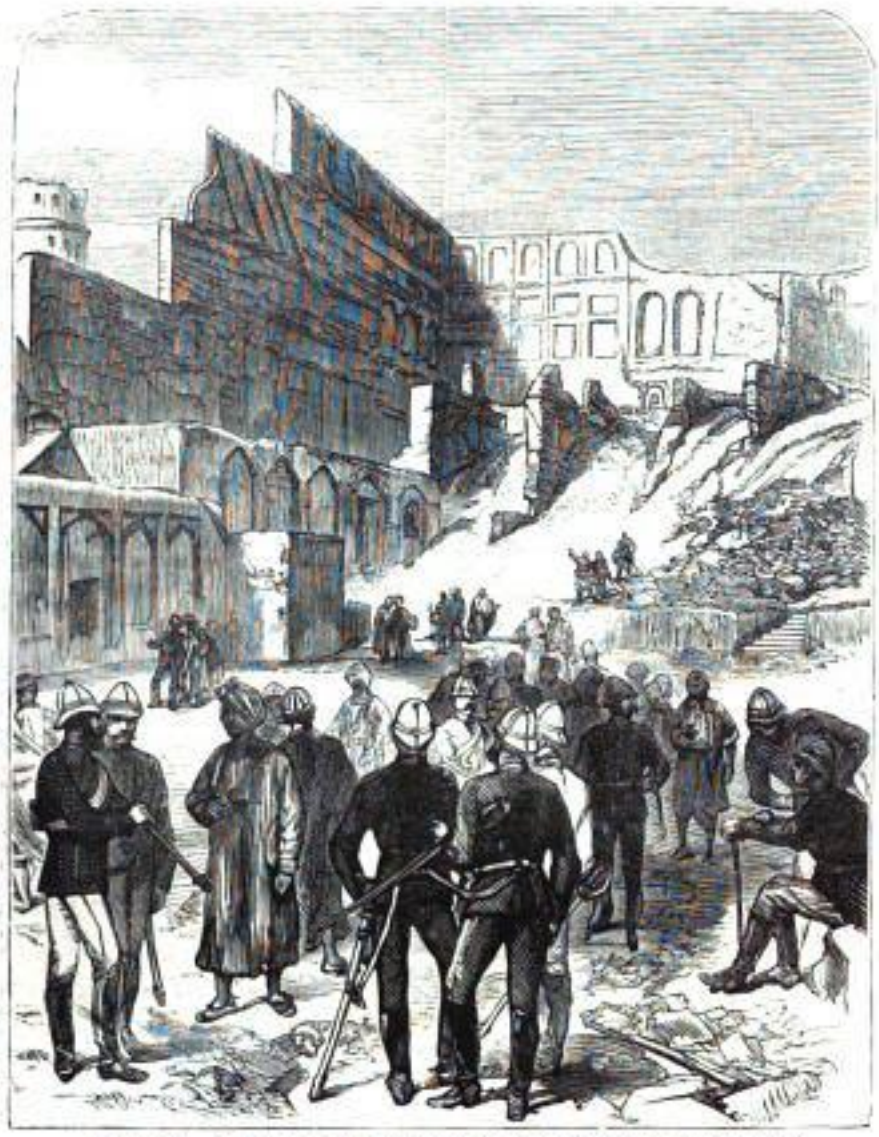
NEARLY all the rivers and brooks in Transylvania have overflowed their banks, laying under water vast tracts of country. In some cases the inhabitants were for days on trees and roofs of houses awaiting rescue.

IN the French Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of the Interior has received a grant of about one million of dollars to relieve the existing distress from the trade depression, and demanding the adoption of his action as an expression of confidence in the Government. It was adopted by a vote of 524 to 3.

THE official account of the engagement between General Stacy's command and the force under Mahmood Jans shows that General Macy, while attempting to intercept the enemy, was attacked by great numbers. His cavalry, before abandoning the field, overturned the guns and made repeated charges. The guns were not recovered until the arrival of General Macpherson's force. The enemy later attacked the British in the hills south of the Bala Hissar, but were beaten off with loss. General Roberts reports that the combination of the Afghan tribes against the British is considerable.

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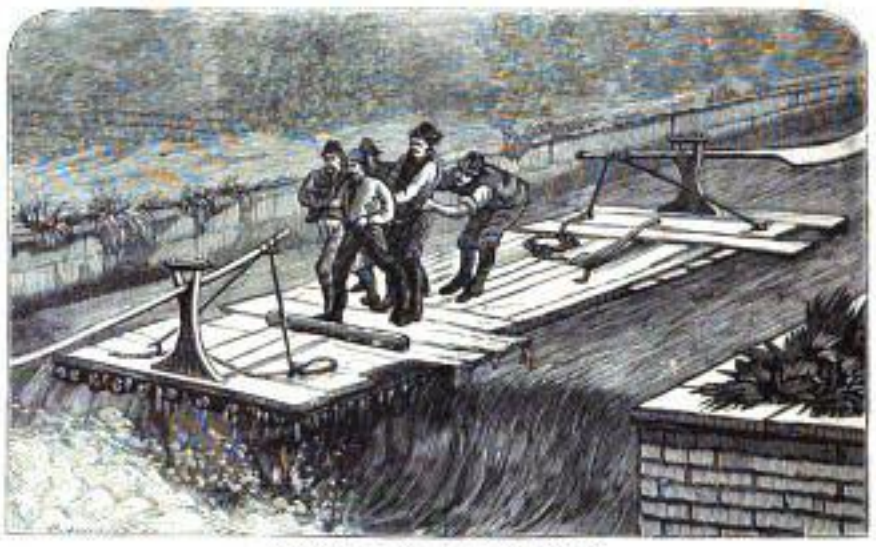
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 291.



AFGHANISTAN.—INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT CABUL AFTER THE MASSACRE.



ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF A SWORD OF HONOR TO MAJOR CHAND, DEFENDER OF ROKE'S DRIFT.



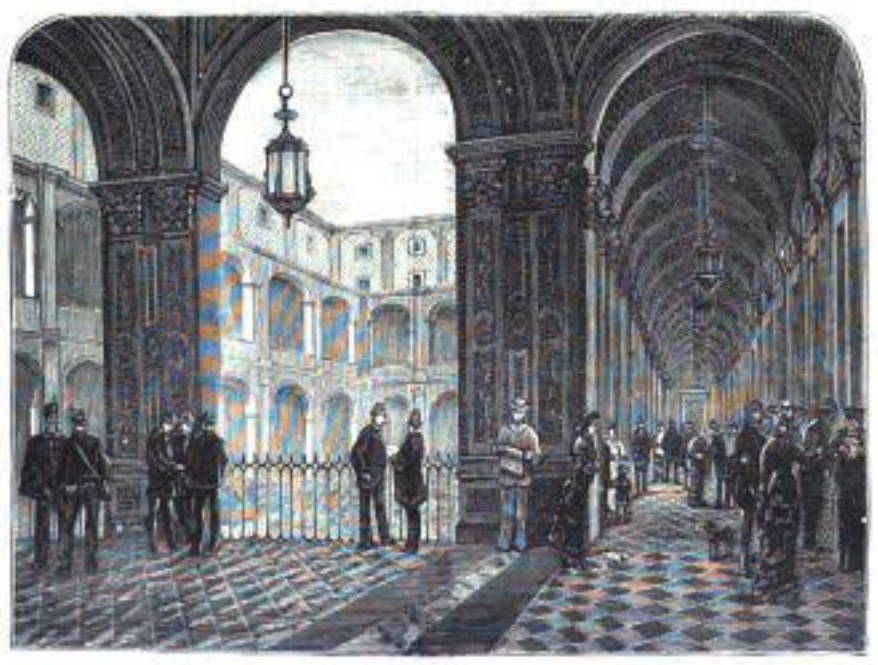
GERMANY.—A TIMBER SHOOT IN BAVARIA.



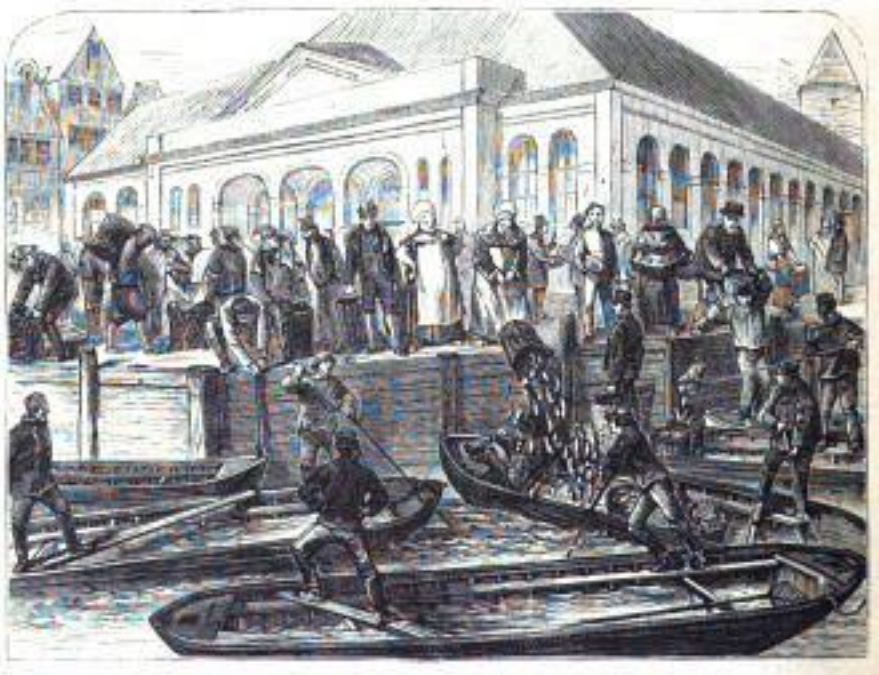
FRANCE.—RETURN OF THE CHAMBERS TO PARIS.—THE RESTORED HALL IN THE PALAIS-BOURBON.



DENMARK.—STUDENTS' PROCESSION ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF OEHLENSCHLAGER'S BIRTH.

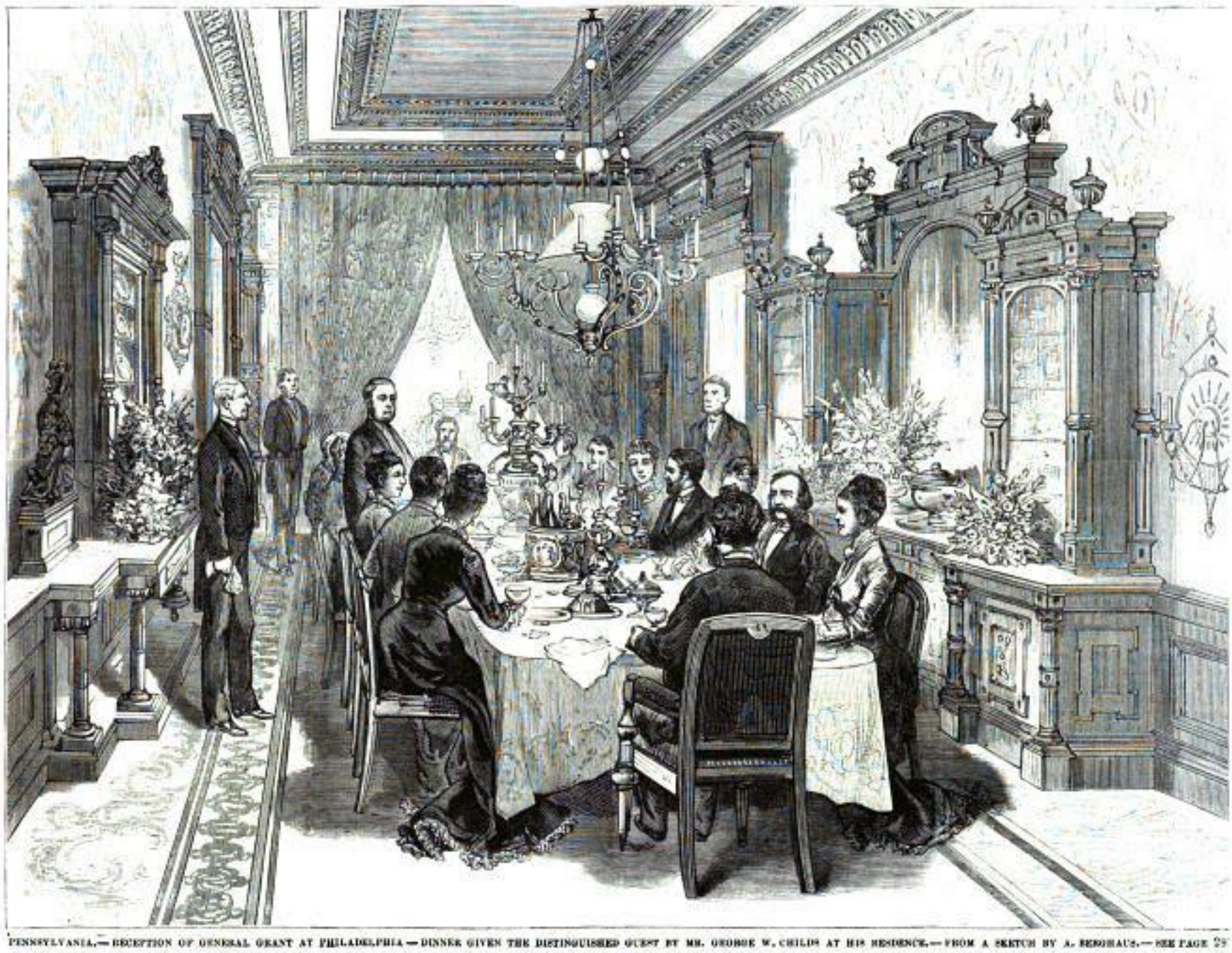


ITALY.—NEW BUILDING OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT AT ROME.



HOLLAND.—MORNING SCENE IN THE FISH-MARKET AT AMSTERDAM.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT PHILADELPHIA.—DINNER GIVEN THE DISTINGUISHED GUEST BY MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS AT HIS RESIDENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 29

A MONSTER FERRY-BOAT.

WHAT is confidently called the largest ferry-boat in the world was given a trial on Monday, December 1st, at San Francisco, and behaved satisfactorily in every respect. The *Solano* was built for the transportation of passenger and freight cars across the Straits of Carquinez from Port Costa to Benicia. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 424 feet; length on bottom (she has no keel), 406 feet; height of sides in centre, 18 feet 5 inches; height of sides on each end, from bottom of boat, 15 feet 10 inches; molded beam, 64 feet; extreme width over guards, 116 feet; width of guards at centre of boat, 25 feet 6 inches; reverse, sheer of deck, 2½ feet. She has two vertical-beam engines of 60-inch bore and 11-inch stroke, built at Wilmington, Del. The engines have a nominal power of 1,500 horses each, but are capable of being worked up to 2,000 horse-power each. Upon the deck of the *Solano* are four tracks extending her entire length, with a capacity for carrying forty-eight loaded freight cars, or twenty-four passenger coaches of the largest class. The rudders are worked by an hydraulic steering gear, operated by an independent steam pump. The rudders are connected with the ordinary steering gear, so that, in case of any disarrangement of the hydraulic apparatus, the vessel may be guided by it. The advantage of this improvement is that the immense craft can be handled with ease by one man, whereas, if the ordinary wheel and system of steering were used, six men would be required at the wheel.

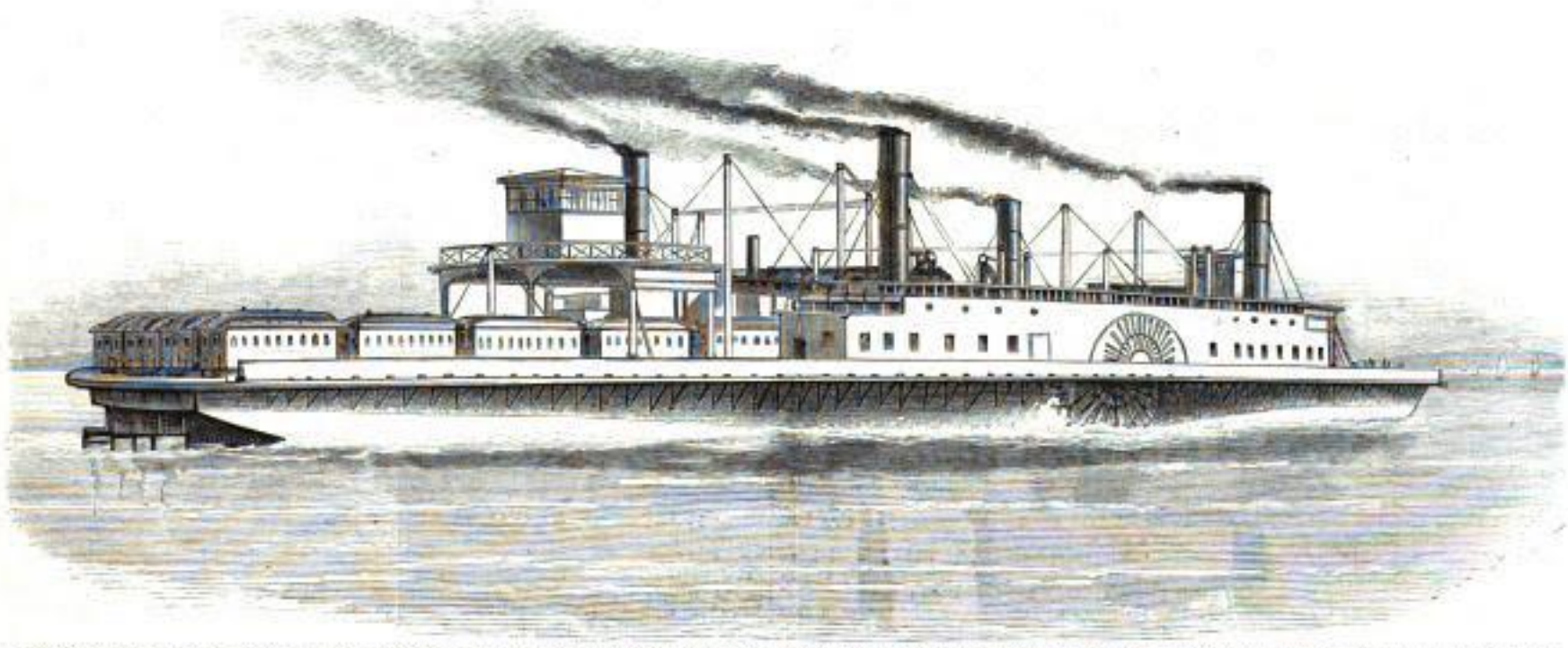
By the new route, on which she is to be run, the distance between San Francisco and Sacramento will be but 85 miles, instead of 140 miles, *via* Livermore, and 151 *via* San Pablo. It is expected upon her establishment on the ferry line the Va route will be practically abandoned, only business being done through it.



STERN VIEW OF THE "SOLANO," SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE FOUR RUDDERS.

DIOGENES' TUB A WINE-JAR.

ANOTHER harmless and familiar delusion been swept away by the restless broom scientific investigation. The tub of Diogenes graphically depicted by Busch in his inimit "Bilderbogan," has been relegated to the dis limbo of discredited myths. Diogenes, so we sternly informed by German archæologists, n lived in a tub at all. The illustrious stoic resi in a jar—a sort of overgrown earthenware pit without a handle. Careless translators, who h recklessly rendered the Greek word for "wine-j by the comparatively modern substantive "tu are responsible for the error in which humai has been unwittingly plunged for over so m hundreds of years. Pliny assures his read ancient and modern, that tubs are of Gallic ori Diogenes can have known nothing about th The Greeks kept their wine in jars, freque bottomless, and thrust into the soil of their ce floors, so that the liquor poured into them m not dribble out through inequalities in the lo rim of the amphora. It was in one of these bott ...se pitchers that Diogenes took up his ab Placed upon its side, he slept in it; set upright, walked about in it. There is monumental evide extant to the fact that he chose for his dwellin cracked and chipped jar, unfit for liquor-contain



CALIFORNIA.—THE LARGEST FERRY-BOAT IN THE WORLD.—SIDE VIEW OF THE "SOLANO," BUILT TO TRANSPORT PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT ACROSS SAN FRANCISCO BAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. CONKLIN.

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purposes, being prompted to this selection by his hatred of anything like luxury or wastefulness. In certain districts of Brazil, the aborigines formerly buried their dead in jars exactly similar to Diogenes' earthenware dwelling; and these quaint edifices are still not unfrequently found, containing mummified bodies of priests and warriors, with their ornaments and arms, under the giant trees on the banks of the Parauta, where abide the Carandes, a civilized Indian tribe.

THE STRANGE DOCTOR.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL. D.,
AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC., ETC.

"BY-the-way, what has become of Conant?" I asked of my college classmate, Luther Evans, the well-known in fact, celebrated, surgeon, whom I encountered by accident at the *Hôtel Bellevue du Lac*, at Zurich.

We had not met for five years, and here, on the shore of this beautiful lake, chance had thrown us together. We spent the evening in calling the roll of our classmates, and in comparing notes of information as to each one of them. Some of our companions were already in their graves; some who had started rich in promise had made shipwreck beyond any hope of recovery. There were others who had arrived at the happy haven which prosperity is supposed to afford; others still were struggling to reach it. The larger portion were married; a good many yet remained single. Sickness, misfortunes, and bad luck generally seemed constantly to have attended several; good fortune, firm health and unvaried success had been the lot of a few. It turned out, however, that the majority were recipients, in about equal proportions, of the ordinary good and ill which attend our poor humanity.

"By-the-way, what has become of Conant?"

"Ah, Conant—Prince Albert, as we used to call him. Well, he was a prince in nature and conduct. Have you heard nothing of him?" was my friend's reply

"Not for a long time. I saw him in Chicago six or eight years ago. His career appeared to be a brilliant one. Not long after, I was told he had left the place in an unexpected manner, and had gone no one knew whither. Ames spoke of a love affair, but I knew Conant too well to credit any such nonsense."

"Ames is a fool!" ejaculated Evans, with emphasis—"simply a fool; that is all."

"Then you don't know what has become of Conant?"

"I have not said that. In fact, I do know what has become of him," returned my classmate.

"Well?"

"I do know; no one else knows—no one else," muttered Evans, rapidly. "I know what has become of him. I shall tell you. It will be easier kept if you and I both know—easier kept. Your word to secrecy of course. I shall feel better satisfied after I have told you. Because, you know, I doubt sometimes the evidence of my own senses in this matter."

I confess I began to suspect some mellow wine we were drinking was having an undue effect on his senses; but I said nothing. I was soon undeceived. For Evans continued as quietly and methodically as if he were amputating a limb, quite in contrast with his nervous manner at the beginning.

"You remember, Albert Conant and I were room-mates for the whole four years. Of course you know it, and how we were called Damon and Pythias, and all that sort of thing. The only one who fully shared our friendship was yourself. How well you know that, too, else would I now be making this revelation? When we left college we still kept together. We attended one course in Philadelphia, one in New York. Then we went abroad. Conant devoted himself principally to medicine, and I to surgery. It was all the more agreeable, for we had a wide range of topics to talk about, and there were many branches which we pursued together, listening to the same lectures and walking the same hospitals. From Paris we went to Vienna; this was to please me, for there were special advantages there in my department. How enthusiastic we were! How truly ambitious of a career! I had abandoned medicine as a leading pursuit and gone over to surgery from a total lack of faith in the dispensatory. We were, all of us, so it seemed to me, groping in the dark, and, for my part, I was desirous to feel myself on firm ground. Not so Conant.

"'I admit,' he said, 'that medicine is not a science; but tell me, are we not making an advance?'

"'No doubt—no doubt,' I would say; 'but it is more experiment, after all. I am not willing to prescribe a medicine when I cannot predicate its effect upon my patient. A conscientious practice of medicine is mere expectancy, and that is no practice at all."

"'You talk nonsense,' Conant would answer. 'Progress in medicine comes as progress comes in all other things, by careful study, observation and experience, and the practical application of our experience. It shall be my ambition to do something before I die towards placing medicine in its proper position as a science.'

"Ah, he was very earnest, very sincere. I recollect, after we came back to Paris, that Magendie gave him a terrible shaking up at his opening lecture in the Autumn at the Hotel Dieu, of which Magendie was at the head. It was on the memorable occasion when that famous physician distinctly told the students not only that medicine was not a science, but almost in terms that the dispensatory was a humbug, asking derisively who could cure a headache? He went on to say that in one of his wards he divided his patients into three classes. The first he treated according to the dispensatory, to the second he gave bread pills and colored water, the third received nothing at all. The latter grumbled a good deal ('*les imbéciles*,' as the lecturer called them), but all got well. Every one in the second class also recovered. A few in the first class died. 'Nevertheless,' added Magendie, 'we are making progress, and I have hopes at the end of a hundred years that medicine will have become a science. Then, no doubt, phthisis will be cured.' I enjoyed the lecture hugely, and from time to time nudged Conant, as much as to say, 'What do you think of it?' for he was a great admirer of Magendie. As we left the lecture room after he had concluded, Conant took my arm, exclaiming: 'That is what I call a great man—a man who, with such a reputation, dares to say he does not know! What I have heard does not one whit discourage me; it does me good. I am quite content to spend all the years of my life in the attempt to advance the progress of the most interesting, most humane, and the most beneficent of studies.'

"We came home at last. I settled in New York. Conant went to Chicago, where certain advantages by way of acquaintances and introductions awaited him. It was not long before he became known. His career was rapid and brilliant. We saw each other very seldom. Twice in the course of ten years he visited New York for a day or two—he came expressly to see me—twice I was in Chicago, I may say literally for the purpose of seeing him. Those were days of the highest, truest enjoyment; memorable days never to be forgotten. I found Conant unsoiled by worldliness, selfishness or small ambition. The same lofty purpose which filled his breast when a student still inspired him. Meanwhile our correspondence never slacked, so that our friendship did not become an old memory, but was preserved fresh, increasing all the time. I had already married, and it was but natural that I should urge Conant to go and do likewise. I used even to add a bit of worldly wisdom to my suggestion, telling him how advantageous it was for a physician to be a married man. His reply would be: 'All in good time, my friend—all in good time, my friend; when the right person comes along I shall make haste to follow your excellent example: till then, *patience*, as the Spaniard says.'

"Well, a time came when Conant was engaged to be married. He announced it in his characteristic way, and instead of giving me particulars he said, 'Come and see for yourself.' This I had made up my mind to do and wrote him accordingly. His answer came without delay. It was a long letter, written in his happiest vein, with a smack of his old student habit, and brimfull of current incidents and topics: no allusion to his engagement, for that would not be like him, but I could see plainly that he was living in a paradise.

"I shall never forget that letter—it was the last I ever received from him. I answered it within ten days, and told Conant that I was going to give myself a long vacation, at least for me. I was to spend two weeks in the Adirondacks, and that he might look for me at furthest in three weeks from the date of my letter. Four days after, I left New York, disposed of the two weeks as I had planned, and was to take the train at the nearest station the next morning for my trip Westward.

"Late that afternoon our little mail arrived. Among my letters was one which struck a sudden terror into my soul. It was the letter I had addressed and mailed to Conant, returned to me with the indorsement, '*Not found*.' I felt a wretched, sickening, sinking sensation at my heart. I sat perfectly still, my eyes fixed on those two words, till the twilight began to gather about me. This brought me to my senses. 'Pshaw!' I exclaimed to myself, aloud, 'what is the matter with you? It is some odd blunder at the post-office. A mistake in reading the address,' but the superscription was painfully legible and the residence not to be mistaken. 'A blunder—a gross blunder, that is all. In forty-eight hours it will be all right. I will overhaul those post-office fellows for giving me such a start. I will make a special report of the case to the Postmaster general, that I will!'

"I started early the next morning. Notwithstanding all my reasoning, a dead weight hung at my heart the whole way. I reached Chicago on the morning of the second day, about half past seven. I drove directly to Conant's house. I ran up the steps and rang the bell nervously. I waited for a response, but none came. I rang again and again—no answer. A market-boy who was passing with his basket, stopped and looked at me.

"'There ain't no one living in that house, mister,' he said.

"'I thought Dr. Conant lived here.'

"'He's moved away.'

"'How long since?'

"'Oh, more than three weeks ago.'

"'Where has he moved to?'

"'Don't know;' and the boy trudged on.

"I felt relieved by this colloquy; there was some excuse for the return of my letter, though a flimsy one, since Conant was so well known. I was about driving to the house of a mutual friend where I might learn where he had removed to, when a gentleman, who lived in the house opposite, who evidently had been a witness of my dilemma crossed the street and addressed me.

"'You are looking for Dr. Conant, I presume?'

"'Yes.'

"'The doctor has left Chicago.'

"'Good God! you don't say that!' I exclaimed. 'How did it happen?'

"'A very sad affair, I assure you, sir. You are a friend of the doctor's?'

"'The most intimate friend he has. I have just arrived from New York expressly to pay him a visit. What does it all mean?'

"'If you will step into my house for a few moments,' said the gentleman, 'I will tell you the little there is known about it.'

"I was only too glad to accept his invitation. His narrative was brief.

"'You know,' he said, 'the doctor was soon to be married.' I assented. 'The young lady was one of the most charming in Chicago. She died, about four weeks ago, after an illness of a few hours—a most mysterious and inexplicable illness. Upon her death the doctor disposed of everything he had, including his medical library, in fact, everything to the most minute articles, and left the city. He told no one where he was going, not even his most intimate friends, and nobody knows where he has gone. No one has heard a word from him, the whole matter is enveloped in mystery from beginning to end.'

"Sadly I descended the steps, declining the worthy man's invitation to take breakfast with him, and drove to the house of the friend I have just mentioned. I really could get from him no information in addition to what I had already received. Some details were added about the rapidity with which Conant disposed of his effects. He would converse with no one, he entered into no explanations, and in this strange manner he quitted the place where his labors had been so brilliantly successful.

"That evening I took the train back to New York. I knew, after a while, I should hear from Conant. I knew it was impossible for him to abandon the friendship that existed between us. No doubt he was stunned by so swift and sudden a blow; after the first terrible shock should be over he would come and see me, or let me know where I could go to him. He never wrote, he never came, and for nearly seven years I was in ignorance of what had become of him."

Evans paused so long in his history at this point that it actually seemed as if he had brought it to a conclusion, although I had felt it had scarcely been begun. I had no disposition to break the silence, and at length he resumed.

"You must not suppose that in those seven years I made no effort to discover his whereabouts; you must not suppose I waited patiently for him to communicate with me. I employed every means which I could devise to reach him; nothing which my ingenuity could suggest was left unattempted. I visited Chicago again, hoping to gain some clew, however trifling, but I could find nothing which gave me the least assistance. I went to see his relations, but they knew less than I did. They were his cousins, for Conant's parents were dead, and he was an only child. After that, I commenced a system of advertising. I would cause notices to be inserted in the leading newspapers all over the country, and also in Europe—notices which no one would understand but Conant, but which he could not fail to understand. I kept this up year after year. I sent them to every principal city in the United States, to London, to Paris, to Amsterdam, to Berlin, to St. Petersburg, and other places. No token came from these efforts. As you will perceive, by-and-by, not one of all these notices ever reached him—could not have reached him.

"Last Summer I made an excursion into one of the most remote and unfrequented portions of our country. I had reached what seemed to me the extreme border of civilization—the last settlement in that direction. Two gentlemen, who had accompanied me, had given out about ten miles below, and were to wait for me till I had accomplished this little extra trip. I took a smart lad for a guide, and in this way comfortably reached the place I have indicated. A dozen families were scattered about in as many log-houses. They were engaged in felling timber—clearing the land, and, to some extent, cultivating the soil. A set of hardy, energetic pioneers, such as you meet on our northwestern frontier. I was made heartily welcome at the cabin of one of these, a 'shake-down' was promised me, and a seat at the table as long as I chose to stay. As to trout-fishing I could not go amiss; all the small streams which coursed from the mountains towards the river were full of trout. For game, anything from the fox-squirrel to the catamount and bear could be had without much extra search.

"I do not know why I should be going into these particulars," continued Evans, after another pause, "except that I dread to approach my subject. I tell you that Conant's disappearance had made such an impression on me that I preferred these solitary excursions to any other; they served, in a degree, to tranquilize my mind and—and—— I don't know exactly what I want to say, or, rather, how to express myself; but it always seemed to me I might meet him somewhere in some strange, out-of-the-way place. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"The second day I was following a small mountain stream filled with stones and occasional large rocks, which guarded deep pools of water, called by boys 'Trout holes,' where I had to fight my way against the thicket of branches which almost completely secluded it. I had dropped my line into one of these holes, to reach which I was obliged to stand upon two slippery stones. A splendid fellow had seized the bait, and, to secure him I made a sudden lurch to one side, heedless of where I was standing. The result was, in endeavoring to save my foothold, my ankle turned and I fell. I feared possibly that I had strained it seriously, and I had nothing to do but to hobble back to the cabin, which was, at least, a mile distant. It was slow work, and before I reached there I was suffering a good deal of pain. The people knew nothing of my profession, and the good housewife set to work in a practical way for my relief. One of the children was sent to pluck some wormwood which grew in the inclosure. It was bruised and mixed with spirits, and my ankle speedily bound up with it. I was greatly interested in the alacrity of the woman and the practical knowledge she displayed.

"'If it is not any better by morning,' she said, 'we must have the doctor look at it.'

"'The doctor?' I exclaimed. 'Do you mean to say that you have a doctor in this little settlement?'

"'Yes, indeed. He was here before any of us.'

"There flashed through my mind a premonition; then came a sharp, sudden pain, as if a knife had pierced me. It was with difficulty I caught my breath.

"The woman noticed it.

"'I fear you are getting ill, sir,' she exclaimed.

"'Yes, I feel very ill indeed,' I said. "Can't you get the doctor here right away?'

"'He lives a mile and a half off,' she answered, 'but I will go myself. He won't come unless a person is very sick. He is a strange man.'

"'Tell him,' I said, 'that I am very, very sick, and he must hasten.' I thought since I had begun to falsify I would not make any half-way work of it.

"'Oh, I hope you are not so bad as that,' said my hostess.

"'Yes, yes; I am,' I answered. 'Be quick, I beg of you. Stop one moment,' I exclaimed. 'What is the doctor's name?'

"'He don't appear to have any name, sir. At least, nobody ever heard it. I told you he was strange. We call him the "*Strange doctor*."'

"So saying, she started on her errand.

"I threw myself upon the bed and wrapped my cloak around me in a way that completely concealed my face. I knew who was coming—knew to a certainty.

"In about three-quarters of an hour I heard footsteps approaching. I peeped through a fold in the cloak, and saw, entering the cabin with the woman, a large, stout man, dressed in the coarsest materials, with long, flowing hair and unent beard. He wore upon his head a slouched hat. From underneath the broad brim shone eyes which, once seen, could never be mistaken.

"It was Conant.

"He came up to the bed, and in a quick, decisive tone he asked, 'What is the matter with you?'

"Not a soul was present in the room; the woman had gone to attend to her regular duties—not a soul was in the room save Conant and I.

"I threw back the cloak from my face and looked at him intently. He did not appear to recognize me.

"'Albert,' I said, 'I have come a long way to see you.'

"'To torment me,' he replied, without changing a muscle.

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'can this be you, Conant?'

"'No; it is not I. Does that satisfy you?' was his answer.

"'It does not satisfy me,' I said. 'I will not be satisfied till I hear from your own lips what all this means. My presence here is accidental. I did not know you were in the vicinity. Had I known it I should have come, of course. I have searched for you over the world these seven years—these seven long years, by every means that I could devise. Now, that I have found you, I *will* have an explanation. I will not quit the place till I get it, if I stay here the balance of my life.

"I had risen from the bed, thrown aside my cloak and stood confronting him. His agitation was fearful to witness. Large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead and rolled down his face. His breathing became difficult and his frame shook.

"'You are not ill?'

"He spoke at last and in a natural tone

"'A slight twist of the ankle not worth mentioning,' I said. 'Thank God, I hear your natural tone once more,' I continued. 'Conant, I will not intrude myself on you, except to hear how this has come about. That I must know.'

"'You shall have it,' he replied, after a pause. 'I cannot refuse as we stand face to face, but I would have traversed a thousand miles to have avoided it—to have avoided you.'

"'To have avoided me, Conant?' I said; 'Have you no memories of our past companionship, no thought of our old life together?'

"'Nothing, nothing whatever,' he replied, in a perfectly calm tone. If I exhibited emotion on seeing you it was not from such recollections, but—no matter. How shall we manage?' he continued, after a long pause. 'If you would hear what I have to say you must come with me; this is no place for it; but you cannot walk, and I have no means of transportation.'

"'I will walk,' I said, 'if every step is an agony.'

"I made the best preparations I could. The two hours' rest disclosed there was nothing serious after all, and taking Conant's arm we proceeded to his dwelling.

"You know there is a certain magnetism a something which produces a sense of genuine companionship, when we take the arm of a friend. Between Conant and me this was always experienced in the strongest degree. Now there was none of it, no more than if I were grasping an inanimate object for support.

"Not a word was spoken the entire distance. We reached the place at last; a plain, log cabin like those in the neighborhood, only smaller. The door was wide open and I went in. I found myself in a room which contained a small iron bedstead and bed, one chair, a small table and a chest of drawers, positively nothing else.

"'Will you lie down,' said Conant. I said that I was all right, and sat down upon the bed. Conant took a seat beside me.

"'It is a short story, and shall be quickly told.' He spoke, in a sharp, incisive manner. 'You may remember the last letter I wrote you in reply to your promise that you would soon visit me—a long letter, wasn't it? Is it not strange,' he added, abruptly, 'that we are

permitted no warning, no presentiment, no subtle, psychological premonition of what almost instantly is to happen to us, involving catastrophe and destruction. The letter, yes. I posted that letter with my own hands. It was already evening'—here Conant's voice grew hurried. 'On my way home I stopped to see Eleanor; we were to be married in three months, three months from that very day. Who Eleanor was and what she was to me—you used to know me and you may imagine.

"'I was in particularly high spirits when I entered the room. I found Eleanor quite in the same mood. She always enjoyed the perfection of health. We spent an hour together, then some friends came in, and in the course of our general badinage, one of her cousins remarked:

"'"I think it is too bad, doctor, that Eleanor has never given you an opportunity to show what a skillful physician you are. Can't you persuade her to be a little sick just for once?"

"'"No, indeed; not even for once," I said.

"'"On due consideration," exclaimed Eleanor, entering into the spirit of of the scene, "I believe I am a little ill this evening, and am sure I should feel all the better for one of your prescriptions."

"'The jest ran round, Eleanor from time to time describing imaginary symptoms of a decidedly nervous character, and insisting that for the last two nights she had not slept well at all.

"'When it came to the point, however, that I was actually pushed by the company for a prescription, I unequivocally declined to make one.

"'"Ah," said Eleanor, "you do have patients who imagine they are nervous, with whom there is nothing whatever the matter, and for whom you are forced to prescribe. I have heard you say so. Now, I insist upon such a prescription. Do you know," she added, turning to one of her friends, "I have never yet set eyes upon one of his prescriptions."

"'It seemed foolish to continue serious, so I took my tablet and wrote this.' Here Conant produced a small scrap of paper. It read:

"'R.

Tr. Humuli . . . Zi.
Sig.—One teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water on retiring. CONANT.

"This, you, of course, know," remarked Evans, interrupting his narrative, "was nothing more than the tincture of hops, utterly harmless. Neither narcotic nor anodyne, slightly sedative only.

"'"This will prove of the greatest service to you, madam," I observed, with a professional air. "In the morning I shall expect to find you entirely recovered." There was a general laugh as I made the announcement and quitted the room with solemn dignity.

"'I had several visits to make, so that I did not reach home until after eleven. The first object my eye rested on as I entered the hall was a favorite maid-servant of Eleanor's. She started up quickly on seeing me.

"'"Oh, doctor," she cried, "Miss Eleanor has been taken so sick. I have been waiting half an hour for you to come in. They said you might come in any minute."

"'Will you believe it, my first impression was that this was a ruse from the hilarious party I had left to bring me on the scene again. A second glance at the messenger undeceived me. "What is it?" I asked.

"'"I don't know, doctor. My young lady is dreadful. Won't you come right away?"

"'I was at the house in five minutes. When I went in, her mother met me.

"'"Doctor," she said, "what can be the matter with Eleanor? Almost immediately on taking your prescription she began to have the most fearful symptoms."

"'"Did Eleanor really carry out the joke and send for the medicine?"

"'"Certainly she did. Was there any harm in it?"

"'"No more harm than in a spoonful of milk; but I had no thought she would send for it."

"'"Why, immediately on taking it, her suffering commenced. After a few minutes I was alarmed; we sent for you. She grows worse every moment."

"'I went into Eleanor's chamber—her chamber. She was in bed, in agony—in a great and not to be controlled agony.'

"'"Albert," she cried, "I am so very, very ill! How long you have been in coming to me. You did not know how ill I was, did you, Albert? But you are so wise, you will relieve me; I know you will."

"'There she lay *in the thrall of death*. You will understand the symptoms: A pungent heat in the palate and fauces; a burning sensation in the stomach; a numbness over the limbs, even to the extremities. The action of the heart intermittent and weak, with violent retching, yet the head clear, and three-quarters of an hour lost. You know what that means. "Where is the medicine?" I asked. The vial was placed in my hands. It was the tincture of aconite which had been put up instead of my harmless preparation!

"'All the remedies my experience could suggest were employed. It was too late. I knew it beforehand.

"'"Eleanor," I said, "I have murdered you. A fatal liquid has been sent instead of what I ordered."

"'She essayed to put her arms about my neck and to impress a kiss on my forehead. She expired as she made the effort.

"'What more is there to tell? I rushed to the druggist's. They had sent to the first petty place which came in sight. I roused the principal and demanded the prescription. It was correct. It had been put up by a young man considered to be competent and having experience. He fled that very night. Flight was confession. I was content that the wretch escaped.

"'I saw Eleanor laid in her grave; then I quitted the accursed town and went into the wilderness, where, I scarcely know. After a season I came here. Now let me conduct you back to your house.'

"'One word, Conant,' I exclaimed. 'Have you really nothing to say to me, your old, tried, loving friend? Do you throw me off in this way without a thought?'

"'You misunderstand,' he answered. 'I do not throw you off. I have no feeling—none. No sensibility touching the past remains to me—only Eleanor. I live only with Eleanor.'

"'But,' continued I, 'you do interest yourself in something. The folks here call you "doctor," and you came to me as such, not knowing who I was.'

"Conant laughed an unnatural laugh. 'It is true I sometimes attend these innocent people. I prepare their medicines with my own hands. Bread pills and colored water from Magendie's dispensatory. It is my entire pharmacopœia—ha, ha, ha! Nobody dies.'

"'But, Conant, have you no thought of duty? You with your talents, your acquirements, the prospects that might still await you?'

"'Prospects! Talk you to me of prospects when her voice is hushed? Talk you to me of prospects who should call myself her slayer by making a jest of my profession? Prospects for me! Think you I could encourage a new ambition with that scene—a living scene—before me? Come, come!'

"He helped me back to the log-house and turned and left me."

* * * * * *

Just then a company of merry voices broke in on us—hearty, healthful, strong. These came from a party of English people who were rowing about in their boats.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly twelve o'clock.

"Evans," I said, "there is no sleep for me to-night. Let us go on the water."

"It is what I was about to say myself," he replied.

We quitted the room and engaged a sturdy fellow for the night. A full moon shone over the mountain peaks and across the green valleys and upon the smooth waters of the lake.

We talked of everything—everything except what had lately so intensely held us; chatted about trivial scenes and nonsensical matters; and, so strangely contradictory are our human attributes, we laughed and we jested over them.

In this way the night wore on—the night during which neither of us felt willing to land.

It was not till the sun had sent his first glance above the glacier, across the bosom of the lake, that we attempted to find rest in a brief slumber.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

PREPARING FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

WHAT a cheery, joyous sight is Washington Market in the holidays! How redolent of Christmas, its plenty, its revelry! How suggestive of groaning tables and aldermanic feasts! Laneways of beef, groves of mutton, skies of game! Assuredly the good old times have returned in this year of grace, and we shall find ready-roasted pigs running around the market, crying, "Who'll come and eat us?" Let us pause opposite a stall where Lucullus himself would have tarried for hours. Mr. Drohan, with his partner, Mr. Powell, so like the Lester Wallack of twenty years ago, in the "smock-frock" of trade, cheerily greet us. They are surrounded by deer, buffalo, moose, venison, wild turkey, wild geese, canvas-backs, red heads, quail, partridge, grouse, teal, pigeons, squabs, woodcock, pigs in rigging, possums, terrapin, tame fowl of all kinds, and other varieties of game too numerous to mention.

"Step in," says the lynx-eyed Drohan. "Take care of that bear," laughs Powell. "Look out for the buffalo." "Keep clear of the antlers of that buck." "Steer past those partridges." "Give the possum a wide berth." Amid friendly and timely warnings of a similar character, after having accidentally fallen foul of a grizzly, and become impaled in the antlers of a Minnesota buck; having run the gauntlet of a buffalo with a disinheriting countenance, the artist and I found ourselves in the sanctum of this the most extensive and most influential game firm in this or, indeed, any other known market.

"I never knew game so dear and so scarce," said Mr. Drohan. "We didn't send fifty pair of canvas-backs to Europe this year, and last year we forwarded 500 pair. There are no ducks at Havre de Grace, and the New Yorks are poor and uncertain. I sent twenty-five pair to an up-town hotel this morning, and I had to pick them out of two barrels, and each barrel holds thirty pair. The largest canvas-back I ever handled was seven and a half pounds. If I dumped him I could have made him eight pounds, but this I never do. Seven pounds is the average weight of a top canvas-back. The wild turkey has the flavor of a grouse and is all dark meat. It is greatly run on. We have no pigeons except what have been shot at matches—they are out of season. Quail are unusually dear. I never recollect them so dear. We get our bear from all quarters, principally from Maine. We got two last year from the Catskills; one of them wounded the man who killed him. The only venison we care to sell comes from Minnesota. The venison from this State is of no use to us. I sell it at a cent a pound, and it's only bought by the Germans. They kill venison on Long Island still. Two hundred pounds is a very fine buck, 150 pounds is a good average—225 is extra large. The heaviest turkey I ever handled was thirty-eight pounds. I had several honest turkeys at that weight last Thanksgiving."

Mr. Powell denounced the game law that precludes the selling of venison in New York State after the 1st of January.

"If I want to sell venison I have only to go over to New Jersey and get the buyer to meet me there," he indignantly exclaimed. "The Game Club have had a meeting relating to this venison question, and it was proposed to allow the season to remain open till 1st of February. All venison and game that does not come to New York goes to Europe or Massachusetts. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of game is sold between January 1st and March 1st, and another $100,000 worth would be sold if the law were amended. We must see to this in Congress, pay a good fee, and get a Bill passed that will suit the views of New York dealers in game."

How tempting are the stalls! How seductive the proprietors thereof! Was there ever such beef!—not even the loin that the Merry Monarch dubbed Sir Loin!—ever such mutton? Little Bo-Peep should be here, as the sheep have left their tails behind them. What fish, from the lordly salmon to the prickly sprat, from the gigantic halibut to the oleaginous sardine. What fruit! Oranges such as must have grown in the garden of Hesperides; apples to tempt not only Adam but St. Anthony; pears from California, grapes from everywhere, and then the bananas and plantains, and guavas and the thousand and one tropical fruits. Shall I not pay tribute to the peanut, as well as to the bumptious growth of cocoa? What dried fruit! What butter, and bacon, and cheese! What color-glory in vegetables, from the golden carrot to the primrose-hearted cabbage! What flowers, too, and trees and plants! How well-tempered and good-humored and cheery is every one. What nudging and elbowing and "By your leave there!" What bargaining and chaff and fun! There are many cheery sights at this cheery time, but the cheeriest of all is a walk through Washington Market.

GRAND RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.

EVEN in the season of her Centennial excitements Philadelphia was never more brilliant with decorations nor demonstrative with enthusiasm than on Tuesday, December 16th, when the first of the grand series of welcome festivities was extended to General Grant. A committee had journeyed to Harrisburg to meet him, and upon his arrival at the Broad Street intersection of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he was formally received by Mayor Stokley and the city authorities. While carriages were conveying the party from the station, the military were forming in line for the great procession. In addition to the local and State militia there were representatives of the National Guard of other States, and a good-sized division of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic from countless cities. The parade moved from the intersection down Broad Street to Market, down Market to Fourth, down Fourth to Chestnut, up Chestnut to Thirteenth, up Thirteenth to Vine, up Vine to Broad, down Broad to Passyunk Road, and countermarched on Broad Street so as to be reviewed by General Grant, Governor Hoyt and Mayor Stokley from the Union League Building.

A triumphal arch was erected directly in front of the main entrance to Independence Hall, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, which spanned Chestnut Street entirely. It was very large and richly decorated. In front of John Wanamaker's Chestnut Street store a magnificent structure was erected, spanning the street, and being covered with bunting, evergreen and appropriate mottoes. The firm also built a platform capable of seating several thousand persons in front of their depot on Market Street. Plumer's American House, one of the ancient landmarks of Philadelphia, opposite Independence Hall, was so elaborately decorated that it attracted general attention; and the building now occupied by the New Bound Brook House, between New York and Philadelphia, was also attractively and conspicuously dressed out for the occasion. The arch in front of the State House, and that of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Commercial Exchange, and, in fact, the greater portion of the decoration done by the city, were in the hands of Mr. J. G. Scheible, who showed much taste in his department. After the parade General Grant was driven to the residence of Mr. George W. Childs, on the corner of Twenty-second and Walnut Streets, where he was welcomed by a very distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen. The magnificent dwelling of the host was brilliant with flowers, evergreens, gas jets and lighted tapers. A princely banquet was served in the grand dining-room, at which Gessler's Blue Seal accompanied the choicest viands of the season. After the banquet, General Grant and wife received a number of personal friends; and in the evening they were honored with a serenade by the German singing societies of the city.

The programme for the remainder of his visit is a very full and interesting one. As near as the various committees have been able to decide, it embraces the following features: On Wednesday, December 17th, a reception occupying two or three hours, will be held at Independence Hall, and in the evening a reception at the residence of Mayor Stokley. Thursday, December 18th, a reception by the Grand Army of the Republic, and in the evening a Grand Army campfire at the Academy of Music, with speeches, music, etc. Friday, December 19th, a reception by the Commercial Exchange, Maritime Exchange and Board of Trade, and in the evening a reception at the residence of A. J. Drexel. Saturday, December 20th, a reception by the school-children and teachers at the Academy of Music, and in the evening a banquet and reception by the citizens at the Academy of Fine Arts. Monday, December 22d, a visit to Girard College and other public buildings. In the evening a reception at the residence of General Robert Patterson. Tuesday, the 23d, a reception by the Union League, for which extensive preparations are being made.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The British Residency at Cabul.

Our engraving shows the interior of the Residency buildings looking northwards, and the position where that little party of brave men, defending the Residency against five thousand armed barbarians and fanatical assassins, took refuge at the last hour of the protracted combat. The upper parapet, it will be seen, had been pierced with loopholes, hastily made by the besieged, for the purpose of firing through them upon the mob of assailants below. The walls, being constructed of dried mud or plaster laid over thin brickwork, are everywhere marked with bullet-holes, and so are the doors likewise. To the left of the view appears a small turret rising outside, which is that of the Kala Fenaghee, whence the Afghans were enabled to fire upon the roof of the Residency.

Major Chard's Sword of Honor.

On Monday, November 10th, Major Chard was presented with a sword of honor and a chronometer in recognition of his heroic defense of Rorke's Drift, Zululand, the ceremony taking place at the Plymouth Guildhall. The scabbard is ornamented with panels representing the Mission House at Rorke's Drift, the arms of Plymouth and England, Vulcan forging the arms of Achilles, a trophy of broken Zulu weapons, an allegoric device of a lion and an elephant, symbolizing the triumph of the British arms in South Africa, the Victoria Cross, the arms of Major Chard and the Royal Engineers, a trophy of Engineer's tools crowned with laurel, Britannia, and St. George and the Dragon.

A Timber-shoot in Bavaria.

The rivers in the flat parts of Bavaria are obstructed by weirs to keep the water always at a certain level, through which "shoots" are made, so that the rafts of timber which come down from the forests above may pass the barrier. The "shoot" in the present case was about 100 yards long by 7 or 8 wide, bordered at the bottom and sides, down which the water rushed from the higher to the lower level. Although considered very exciting in Bavaria, this method of timber-rafting is quite tame beside that in Nevada, of which we have given an illustration.

Return of the Deputies to Paris.

The French Chamber of Deputies took possession of the reserved quarters in the Palais-Bourbon at Paris, on November 26th, and for the first time since the eventful 4th of September, 1870, the business of the nation was transacted in Paris, the bewildering "Government of Versailles" now exists only in history.

The Fish Market, Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, the Holland parent of New York City, with its many canals and intercourse by water, has, of course, a great fish market, and travelers complain that it adds to the already excessive number of bad smells. The supply of fish is large and of good quality, and the inhabitants show that their food is good and thoroughly enjoyed in spite of a malarious country and the swarms of musquitoes. The sketch of this part of Amsterdam, though lively and humorous, is perfectly genuine, and presents actual types of the worthy citizens who would probably claim kinship with some of our Knickerbocker families.

Celebrating Oehlenschlager's Birth.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Adam Oehlenschlager, the Danish poet, was observed with much ceremony at Copenhagen on November 14th last. The students of the universities were very demonstrative, and after participating in the day services, formed, with torches, an immense procession at dark, and marched through the chief streets. Our engraving shows the crowd at the Museum of Thorwaldsen.

The New Post-office at Rome.

Pope Gregory XVI., in 1839, erected a post-office on the Palazzo Colonna, a fine building with a portico of sixteen columns, after plans by Camporesi, but during the French occupancy this building became their headquarters, and the post-office was removed to the part of the Madama Palace now occupied by the Senate. It returned subsequently to quarters in the Palazzo Colonna, till the present structure was ready. The Palazzo has been sharply criticised, and it is overloaded with decoration inappropriate on a great public building.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—KANSAS claims an increase of 144,097 in population in the past year, its recent census showing 849,978 inhabitants.

—THE University of the South is to be endowed with three memorial professorships in honor of Bishops Elliott, Polk and Otey.

—THE well-known Wesleyan Chapel, in City Road, London, founded by John Wesley, was nearly burned down on Sunday, December 7th.

—THE French Senate has restored the original figures of the estimate for the stipends of the bishops, which the Chamber of Deputies had reduced.

—IT is estimated that there are 150,000 persons suffering from famine in Upper Silesia. They are mostly Poles. The Government is working energetically for their relief.

—THE dissolution of the Bulgarian Assembly by Prince Alexander has produced the utmost astonishment among the Opposition members, who, being in the majority, expected to come into power.

—THE news of the appointment of General Ignatieff as Russian Ambassador to Rome has created quite a scare in Government circles at Vienna. Semi-official newspapers qualify it as a provocation to Austria.

—THE Luxembourg Palace has narrowly escaped destruction. A fire, which had been smouldering for some time, broke out under the flooring of the library, but was discovered and extinguished before it had extended.

—A COMPETITION has been opened for a monument typical of the siege of Paris, to be erected at Courbevoie, in the place of the statue of Napoleon I., which was pulled down and thrown into the Seine after the fall of the Second Empire.

—THE Philadelphia Mint is coining eagles and half-eagles at an average of $200,000 worth daily. The larger proportion of this amount is in eagles. It is anticipated that the coinage of this Mint during the present month will aggregate $10,000,000.

—THE Samoan Islands have been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about 40,000, some 35,000, or seven-eighths, are connected with Christian churches. The London Missionary Society reports 26,493, the Wesleyans 4,794, the Roman Catholics 2,852, and the Mormons 126.

—SEVERAL packages containing samples of money coined and assayed at the Mint at Osaka, Japan, during the last fiscal year, have been received by the Treasury Department, with a request from Japanese authorities that the coin be assayed at the United States Mint in order to verify its standard fineness.

—ON December 8th, Queen Victoria received the officers and men who distinguished themselves in the Zulu war. She conferred the Victoria Cross and other decorations on the corporal and three privates of the Rorke's Drift garrison. Generals Newdegate, Crealock and Pearson, and other South African commanders attended the ceremony.

—A DISPATCH from Pesth reports that the Korös River has risen rapidly in consequence of severe snow-storms, and has inundated the City of Grosswardein, Hungary. Thousands of the inhabitants are fugitives, in need of shelter. Many houses have been destroyed. The neighboring villages are threatened with destruction. The general distress in Hungary is increasing rapidly.

—THE Utica Cheese Board of Trade held its final meeting December 8th. According to Secretary Gilbert's report, the trade of the season of 1879 amounted to $1,488,000. The average price for the whole season was about 8¼ cents. The amount of cheese sold is only 21,000 boxes less than was sold last year, the entire amount being 301,000 boxes, or about 18,000,000 pounds.

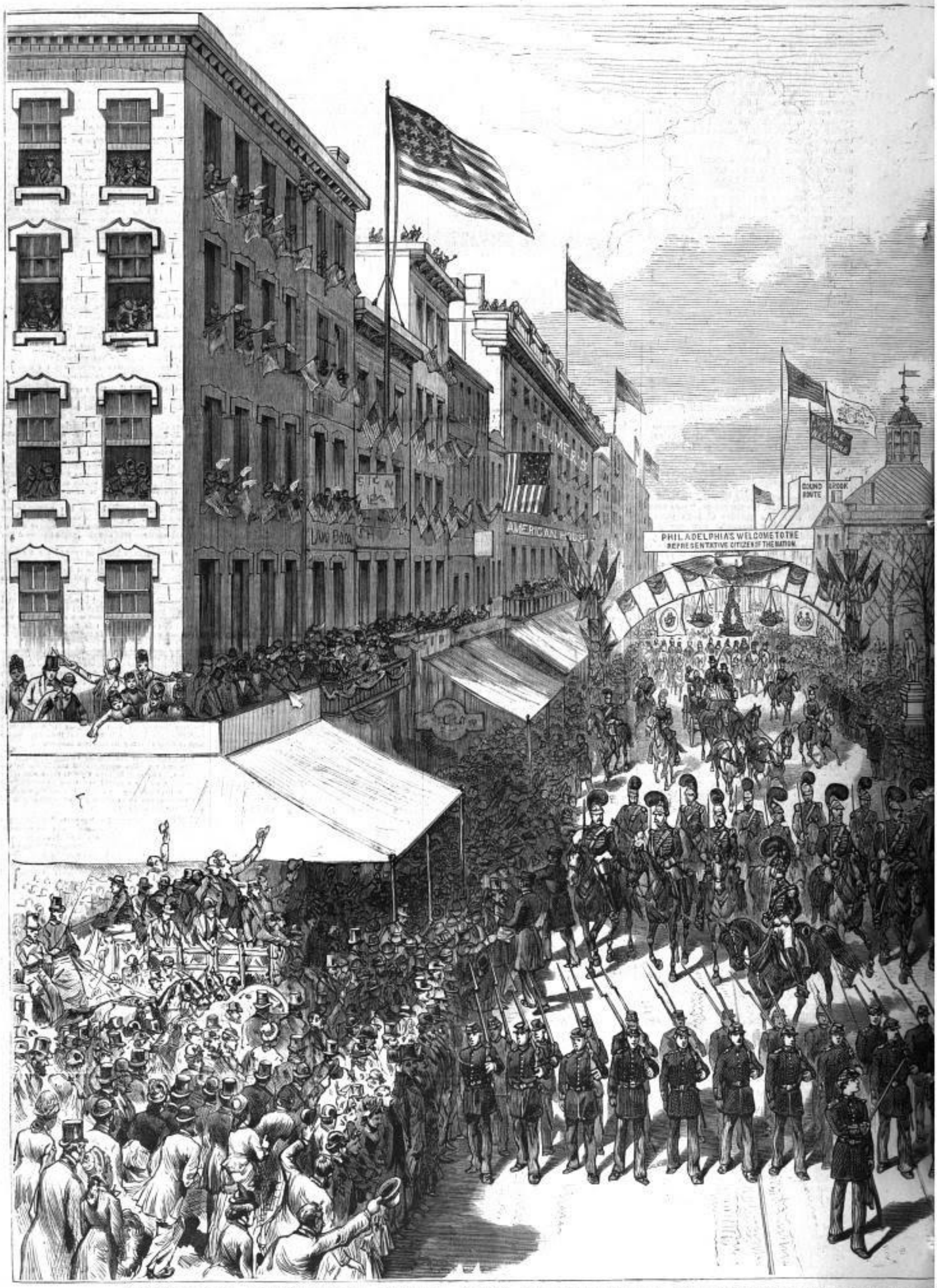
—INFORMATION from Massowah represents that King John is marching forward with the main body of the Abyssinian Army and forty guns. It is said that he is determined to occupy the districts of Semaar and Galabat in the Blue Nile Territory. He declares that European intervention will not prevent him from enforcing his just claims, including an indemnity for past Egyptian aggression.

—AN elaborate report has been submitted to the National Board of Health by the Havana Yellow Fever Commission. "Yellow fever," the report says, "habitually prevails in every place in Cuba from which reports were received, provided these places are of any size or commercial importance, and contains any considerable number of unacclimated persons to furnish food for the wide-spread poison."

—THE Committee of School Superintendents and Commissioners, who have just reported upon the school systems of this State, declare that the Legislature of the State of New York should revise and consolidate all school supervision and administration under a State Board of Education, and that this Board of Education should appoint the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who should serve at the pleasure of the Board, and be subject to its direction and instruction.

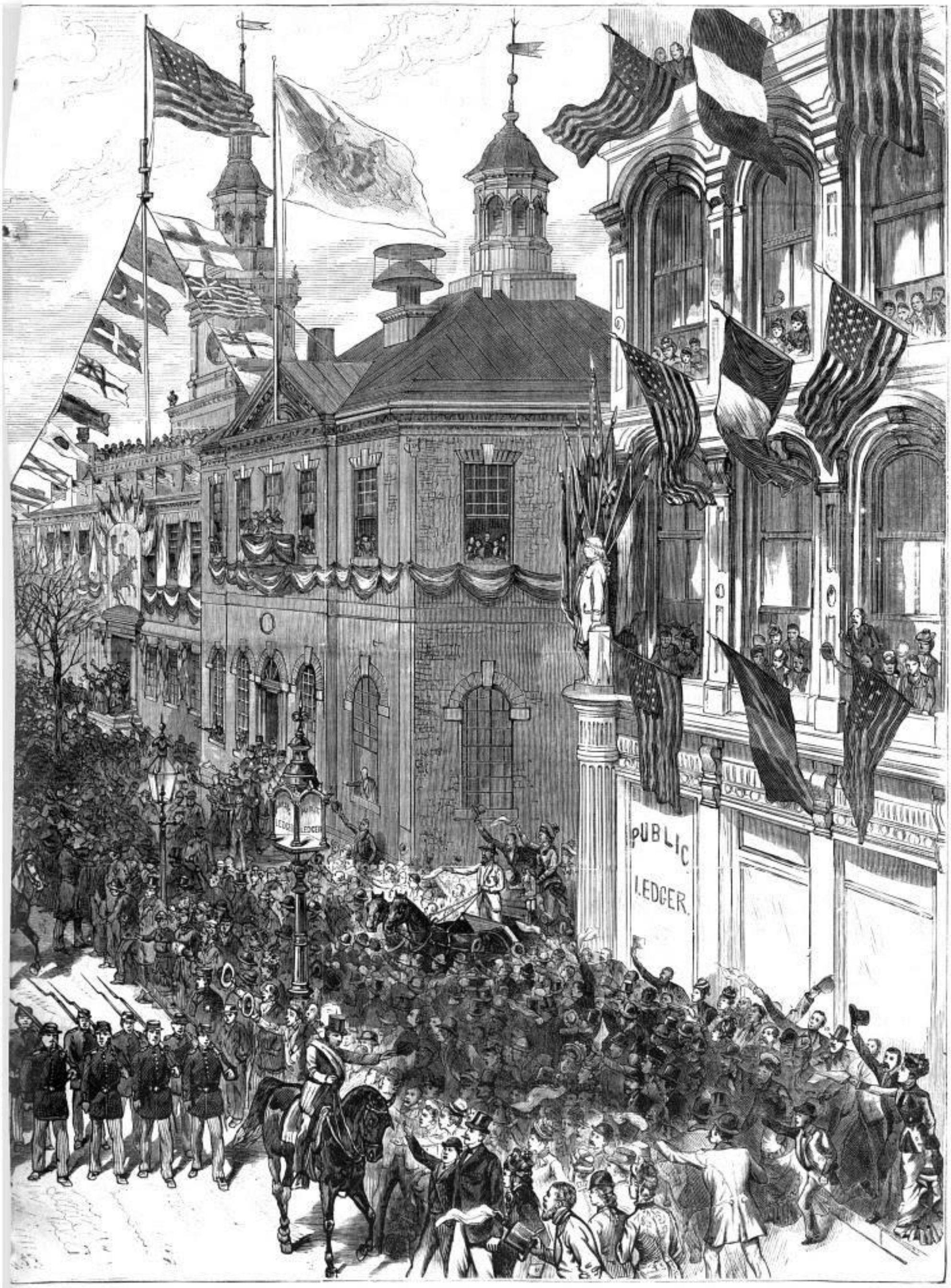
—MR. BINGHAM, United States Minister to Japan, in dispatches to the Department of State dated October last, says the exports to the United States now exceed those to all European states combined, and that the Japanese have introduced compulsory education. Mr. Bingham entertained the members of the Swedish expedition to the Northeast Passage. He says they have demonstrated that the Lena River, which rises in the interior of Siberia, can be reached from the Pacific, and that trade with that region may be promoted from our shores.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT PHILADELPHIA—THE GRAND PROCESSION PASSIN

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NDEPENDENCE SQUARE ON CHESTNUT STREET, DECEMBER 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 291.

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VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown;
And what is it all, when all is done?
Gen us of sombre or shining sand,
Sifting hour and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the sea,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze;
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide web never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XV.—FROM POVERTY TO LUXURY.

"SIR, may I see you in private a moment, after the play?"

The gentleman who spoke was seedy, threadbare and handsome, after a certain style. The features were small and delicately outlined. The hair was rich, abundant and silky, though much too long for the then prevailing fashion. He was a man whom women would find attractive, even in his poverty.

The scene was the auditorium of a theatre, and all the goods and splendors thereto appertaining. Romantic rocks and falls and shadows upon the stage, with a rustic bridge, and a woman in a wonderful costume, crossing it—fine dresses, dazzling jewels, and many beautiful faces congregated together, to shine, to smile and to weep over the fortunes of the heroine.

The man to whom the seedy young fellow spoke was, after his style, also a handsome man, though in the midst of his abundant locks a small circle on the crown of the head might be seen quite bald, and here and there a silvery thread made itself visible among the raven tresses. His eyes were prominent, large and well-shaped; his mouth was shaded by a heavy mustache, and his clothes were cut after a military fashion. He looked in the younger face for a full second, with a startled, perplexed air, before he answered his question.

"In need—a reporter," he said to himself; "and yet the face thrills me strangely." Then he spoke aloud.

"I will see you—anywhere—outside, as soon as the performance is over."

"Thanks," was the answer, and the young fellow leaned back satisfied. His look and manner haunted the other painfully, and he said again to himself, "I'll wager a dollar the fellow is hungry."

At last the curtain came down, and the two men moved out and gained the sidewalk.

"Do you know me?" asked the elder personage, as they paused for a moment under the gaslight.

"I have heard of you, sir. Your name is De Neale; you write the leaders for the *National*," was the answer, delivered with great modesty.

"Yes; I write the leaders for the *National*, and my name is De Neale, or supposed to be. But it is my habit to visit a restaurant after an evening at the theatre. You won't object to a few oysters, I suppose?"

The change that passed over the young man's face verified the suspicions of De Neale. Without doubt the stranger was hungry. They entered a neat saloon and sat down to one of the tables. De Neale ordered oysters, chicken, coffee and eggs. His voice had a curious burr in its tones, which most people noticed at once, and he lisped. The stranger did not take much note of these peculiarities, for, to tell the truth, he had fasted more than twelve hours, and as his host fell to with a seemingly keen appetite, so did he.

"And now to business," said De Neale, as they finished their coffee. "You have not yet told me your name."

"My name is Vintresse. I am of French extract," was the reply.

"Vintresse!" the other repeated, his face changing, and he passed his hand over his eyes twice. "And your father—was his name Emile?"

"It was, sir," replied the young man, with a look of surprise.

"Was your mother's name Eleanor?"

"My mother's name was Eleanor," said Vintresse.

De Neale leaned forward.

"Ah! that's what the likeness meant. Can it be possible that you are Eleanor's son?"

"That was my mother's name, sir—Eleanor," the other answered with some emotion.

"Was! Then she—is—dead."

"She has been dead, sir, five years."

"Dead—five—years! Young man, come to my office to-morrow—I can't talk now," said De Neale, visibly affected, "and for your present necessities—don't be squeamish," and he slipped a ten-dollar bill in his hand. "You shall find a friend in me."

On the following day De Neale was not surprised at an early call. He took young Vintresse into his box, as he called the small office where he wrote daily, and in the midst of the thunder of the press-work, and constant calls for copy, listened to his story.

Vintresse had lost both parents, his father at an early age, his mother when he was eighteen. The little patrimony that had been left him he had sunk in bad speculation, and at last he emigrated to California to try his luck as a miner. His success for a time was indifferent; but sickness overtook him, then want, and he had worked his way to the city, hoping to find some paper where he might earn his living as a reporter, having a natural aptitude for that profession.

Mr. de Neale listened patiently, scanning his features with a half pleased, half melancholy smile.

"Young man," he said, when the story was finished; "how old should you judge me to be?"

"I can scarcely decide," was the reply, "but you certainly are not yet forty."

"I am not yet fifty, but very near it. I knew your mother years before you had existence. She was then one of the loveliest creatures I ever saw. For years I worshiped her, and at one time my suit seemed likely to prosper. But your father crossed my path. If she had never seen him—well—no matter—the dream of what might have been came to an end, and the brightness of my hope went out with it. Your mother was the one love of my life, and though I married"—his lips worked—"I have never forgotten her. Judge whether I feel inclined to help her child—the son who bears her very features."

Young Vintresse was visibly affected. He stretched out his hand, it was cordially grasped; his voice trembled as he murmured his thanks.

"And now we will walk a little if you are ready," said De Neale; "there is plenty of manuscript on hand—come." The two went out together. Vintresse was ashamed of his clothes. He looked more than shabby beside the well-dressed and portly De Neale, and his undeniable beauty made the contrast more observable. He could not help lingering a little in the rear.

"In order to get such a position as you deserve, you must patronize the tailor," said De Neale, and led him into one of the most fashionable establishments in the city. Observing that an expression of pain passed over the sensitive features of Vintresse, the other said, laughingly:

"This is to be a debt, mind you. I'm not going to ruin myself for you. You can pay me whenever you please."

"Then it shall be the first money I earn," was the prompt reply.

"As you like; I will put you in the way speedily," said De Neale, and there was a pleasant meaning in the smile and glance. "You shall be my son, for Eleanor's sake." This sudden interest in a total stranger could never have been accounted for even by those who knew De Neale best. Towards his associates he was apt to be gruff and overbearing. Few people really liked him—those with whom he was thrown into business contact called him mean and narrow-minded. He had an unpleasant way of talking to himself, then suddenly starting and frowning, or looking about him like one lost. But he wrote powerful leaders, excelling in denunciation, and dealing out wrath without mercy to his political opponents. None knew his antecedents. He had made his appearance one morning in a shaggy suit of clothes, with beard and hair untrimmed, introduced himself to the editor of the *National*, a pale, nervous man, and left with him several specimens of his style in political writing. The editor had long been looking for a man of that stamp, and engaged him at once. Finding him a facile writer, he had held him by the tenure of a goodly salary, and would have given him any price within the bounds of reason sooner than have parted with his keen practical though withal bitter pen.

De Neale spent his money lavishly, but did not go much into society. He had a suite of rooms in a good hotel and lived like a prince—was very fond of the theatre and of cards, played sometimes for money and always won. Women he seemed to hold in detestation, and rarely condescended to notice them, though more than one managing mother in the hotel had sought to ingratiate herself in his good graces for the sake of some pretty daughter. The ladies called him the Bear, and the men voted him exclusive and intolerant. His rooms were large, lofty and well-furnished. He had a fancy for tables and stands and plenty of light. The stands and tables were all adorned with flowers, books or statuettes. There were plenty of lounging and reading-chairs, and an exquisite collection of paintings, which were his own property, adorned the walls. So very luxuriant were the belongings of the apartments, opening one into the other, that the curious denizens of the house sometimes bribed the chambermaids to let them have a sight, and the Bear little guessed that his private property had been properly valued and estimated, his books handled, his pictures admired, and himself docketed as a rare prize for that woman who should find favor in his eyes. When, therefore, he came to the *tête-à-tête* no longer alone, but accompanied by a young man of transcendent beauty—verdict of the ladies—glances were exchanged and a new interest felt by those to whom De Neale had become a matter-of-fact personage.

Young Vintresse thoroughly enjoyed his strange good fortune. He had been furnished a situation where the pay was good, lived on the fat of the land, occupied the rooms of his benefactor, to the manifest satisfaction of the latter, and enjoyed his confidence—or fancied he did. On his side De Neale stipulated for the sole possession of his friendship. He was to have no intimates or familiars, at least, none he would feel privileged to bring to his apartments while he remained with De Neale. When these restrictions became burdensome he was to leave and go where he thought proper. The partnership continued for two years, and the friendship of these men seemed likely to continue unbroken. It was privately rumored that Vintresse was the major's son—he allowed himself to be called by that title—and many were the guesses wasted on the subject, many the debates beginning and ending with wonder and with doubt. Vintresse bore his honors meekly, submitting to be admired passively, now and then joining the ladies in the public parlor, where he charmed them by his sweet voice, and turned the tide of prejudice, if any there were, by the delicate appreciation with which he favored the more than kind attentions of the pretty girls, who but wasted their sweetness when trying to charm him. The only fault they found with him was that he treated them all alike, whereas, had he singled out any particular one to whom to pay his devoirs, the rest would quite likely have been ready to tear her eyes out for vexation and envy. He had studied the major and knew many of his peculiarities. One of these was a fondness for light and a strange aversion to the dark. The gas never went out in his bedroom, day or night. As there was but one window in it, and that looking out into a passage of the hotel, it was sometimes quite necessary to use this precaution. Another habit of his was to rise about three in the morning, and either walk the floor or sit down to his writing. Many of his best leaders were written at this time, and Vintresse grew accustomed to the infliction, and finally slept through it.

They were enjoying the comfort and luxury of their quarters one stormy night. Each had a table and armchair of his own drawn before the large open coal fire. The windows rattled and the storm blasts beat against them, but six burners illuminated every nook and corner of the handsome parlor, and under their effulgence faces of marble beauty and groupings of rare design and finish made an alluring picture for the eye to rest upon in the pauses of reading. De Neale seemed to peruse the paper he held with interest. It was an Eastern publication. He never read his own leaders after they were published. Vintresse turned over the pictures of a very choice illustrated art volume, now and then expressing his admiration aloud.

"One wants to be rich," he said, at last, "when one looks at these things."

"Why, rich?" queried De Neale, without removing his eyes from the paper.

"Oh, one could indulge one's tastes without feeling that the expense was ruinous—that's all."

"And what would you care for such things after you got them?" queried De Neale, with a nod towards the engravings in question. "Much as some men care for a wife they have been at infinite pains and trouble to win, and after they win her," he snapped his fingers derisively.

"Still, one would like to marry some time," said Vintresse. De Neale looked over his paper at him, and a soft red color flushed the fair cheek of his *protégé*.

"Do you remember anything of your early home life?" he asked, after a pause. "Was it a happy home when your father was living?"

"I think it must have been. I remember at one time my mother was ill, and how tenderly, upon her convalescence, my father brought her down-stairs in his arms."

De Neale's dark cheek flushed deeply, and his brows knit.

"He did not live long enough to grow cold, I suspect," he said, after a longer pause.

"Pardon me—you do not seem—that is—I mean," floundered Vintresse, uncomfortably aware that he had touched upon delicate ground.

"I have queer notions of domestic bliss, perhaps you would say—well, I have, rather—if I were minded to tell you my experience you might think that I have good reasons to—and—did it ever occur to you how few women commit murder?"

Vintresse, shocked and startled and indignant all in one, laid his book upon the table, and looked at him as if he considered him a lunatic.

CHAPTER XVI.—DID HE SEE A GHOST.

"I MEAN murder *de facto*," added De Neale, quietly; "no doubt they can do the slower kind of work, without either poison or cold steel, simply by leading their husbands such a life that it becomes killing by slow torture. But we will change the subject. See here—here is something I have been reading that has interested me for years—but I am biding my time." He wheeled his chair nearer to Vintresse, and placed the paper where the latter could read an article which was outlined with black ink. Vintresse read silently.

"Forester!" he mused aloud, as he looked up, "my mother used to know a Mrs. Forester, the wife of a judge, quite an elderly man. She was young and beautiful, I remember, and there was a little boy about my own age. I wonder if this man is the son of the old judge?"

"Yes; I know he is," said the other, quietly, taking a cigar from a richly lined pearl box; "he has been at work on that case for several years."

"And he is likely to gain it?"

"Yes, in favor of the daughter of Anne de Roosevelt, who married a Lacy, and gave the property, then not considered of much value, to his daughter by will. Since then the land has been steadily increasing in value until now it is worth, as it stands, more than a hundred thousand dollars. I'm watching this thing with great interest—can you imagine why?"

"Of course I could scarcely be expected to know why," said Vintresse, smiling.

De Neale turned towards him, took the cigar from between his lips, and watched the gray-white spirals as they slowly ascended before he answered. Vintresse watched him narrowly, and, despite the love and respect he had cherished for this man, something in the expression of the eyes, nay, of the whole countenance, gave him a strange, sickening aversion which he overcame only by a strong effort of the will, so that his feelings might not betray themselves.

"I'll tell you why," said De Neale, lingering on every word, like one rolling a sweet morsel under his tongue. "I bought that land of Clare Teresa Lacy—queer fancy for odd names that family had—and I've got the conveyance of title, deed, and everything, snug and sure. More than that," he added, with slow, concentrated bitterness of word and gesture, "I *married* Clare Teresa Lacy; and if the land went by will to—our child, why, then I'm safe. It stands to reason, don't it?"

Addressing himself thus to Vintresse, he never looked round, but went on coolly smoking his cigar.

"But why haven't you moved in the affair before now? There need not have been a lawsuit," said Vintresse, much impressed by the subtle power of this man as betrayed in his speech.

"Well, circumstances controlled me; and then I'm constitutionally lazy. I thought I'd let them fight it out—the land increases in value every month, as the city stretches towards it. I bide my time. There would and will be some unpleasant things to rake up, and I don't care to stir them till the last moment, contenting myself with the knowledge that I shall not be a beggar in my old age. I was not very happy with Teresa; she was a sickly, moody creature."

The manner more than the words implying an utter lack of tenderness, chilled Vintresse. His dark eyes flashed with involuntary anger mingled with contempt.

"Then you have a child?" he said.

"Oh, yes." De Neale threw away the stump of his cigar and helped himself to another.

"Pity you don't smoke, Vintresse," he said. "It's the greatest luxury of my life. I long for dinner. Why? Because after dinner I smoke."

"Is your child a son?" asked Vintresse, nervously fingering the leaves of the book of which he had again possessed himself.

"No; a girl," was the brief answer.

"A girl!—without a mother's care. Her father——"

"Don't waste your sympathy, Vintresse," said De Neale, coolly. "I have kept track of the girl, who was put out of my hands, and most effectually," he added, with a curiously bitter laugh. "Well, no matter; she fell into good keeping, and waits for me to claim her, being in the meantime put through all the feminine paces, kept at a good school, taught good manners along with her sewing and dressing. You see, her mother and myself were always at variance. It wouldn't have been best for the child if she had lived. She died years ago—and what the deuce can a man do with a girl? No; it was the best thing that could be done—but I haven't relinquished her—no, by heaven!"

He took the cigar from his mouth, but this time the smoke went up in quick, angry puffs, while he laughed almost fiercely and at intervals to himself. "One must use diplomacy, you see, where so much money is at stake," he said, after sitting for some time in semi-silent reverie. "I shall outwit them all—ha! ha! ha! Not a soul of them knows that I am on the face of the earth."

"What! They consider you dead?" said Vintresse.

"Yes, dead as a door-nail; they'd as soon expect to hear the last trump as to hear from me. Vintresse," he turned squarely round now, and regarded his companion with a new expression of interest, "it isn't always safe to unfold one's plans, but I shall look to you for a little help by-and-by, and forewarned is forearmed. No child of mine could be so dear to me as you are. Now, this is not mere sentiment. I'm not one of the sort who make flowery speeches, and pretend that I'm chock full of love when my heart is as cold as chilled iron—passion is not my forte. What I was when I knew Eleanor, your mother, when she was a young girl, does not matter. As I said before, her marriage was almost a death-blow. Well, you are her son, and that is a sufficient passport to my affections—what there is left of them. No, I have a scheme, business and friendship combined; I don't pretend to say it is sheer disinterestedness, because if I did I should lie; but if my child, my little Sylve—another romantic name, you perceive—should fortunately have grown into a beautiful and interesting girl (let me see, she must be sixteen or more) if you could see her, and, seeing her, fall in love with her, why, the next best thing, according to novel-writers, would happen—you would fall into a fortune."

Vintresse had turned, and his face was partially in shadow. Perhaps it might not have betrayed the fact that the young man had also his secret, so the caution was quite superfluous. His thoughts could not be patent even to the keen-witted man beside him. But there are certain letters he has received, packed away in a large red-lidded book, where curious eyes cannot see them; and there are certain letters written—or have been—that are read in a humble little home, far away from this grand Pacific Coast, and wept over sometimes, and sometimes kissed, and sometimes placed on a pillow within the reach of pretty, fragrant lips. It was a great temptation to hold out before the wavering desires of a young man who had to make his way in the world. A beautiful and accomplished wife—a life of ease and luxury—and alas, luxury was becoming essential to his comfort. He had tasted the sybarite fare, and slept under her dainty coverlet, and trodden upon her rose leaves, and then, sometimes absence does not make the heart grow fonder, though I do not pretend to say that it was so in his case. Certainly there might be room for doubt. There was silence for a time, then De Neale spoke.

"What do you think of it?"

"You do me great honor; I certainly thank you—nothing could be kinder—I—I——" and there he stumbled and floundered.

"You can best tell when you see the young lady," the other said, laughing. "Well, of course, I exact no promise. That would be the act of a fool; but when the time comes that

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I claim my own, why, then, you shall have the first opportunity. I do not fear for her decision—let her but look in your face. And for you—yours is not a nature that thrives in poor soil—you were born to be a gentleman. Given money and position, and you could do anything, intellectually, that you should set your hand to. Given poverty—my God! I know what that is"—he passed his hand over his eyes with a gesture peculiar to him. "Yes, I know what it is to be tempted of the devil, with not a penny in my pocket to bless myself with. Oh, heaven! those torturing devils of memory!" He sprang from his seat, and took two or three turns about the room, threw open the window and thrust his head out, while the rain beat in, and a great swirl of damp air beat down the gas in all its sconces, till the room seemed filled with the darkness and the storm. Vintresse sprang to his feet, and looked anxiously towards him. He had never seen him in such a mood, and feared, he knew not why, that he would come to grief if it lasted; but the window was shut, quietly, and, as if with great care, the curtains brought into their decorous folds, and De Neale turned from the window, saying, "The storm must be hard upon the ships at sea," and resumed his seat taking a fresh cigar. Was it fancy? Vintresse thought that, in that moment of uncontrollable suffering, his hair had whitened perceptibly—that the face was paler and the mouth drawn and white.

(*To be continued.*)

ANTONIO FAENTINI GALASSI.

THE subject of this sketch was born in 1843, in the City of Loretto, the cradle of distinguished singers such as Salvatori, Capponi, Boccolini and the celebrated dramatic *prima donna* Marziali. In his early youth he showed a great disposition to become a singer, and under the able tuition of the renowned basso, Benedetto Paddei, made such progress in his musical studies that, at the age of twelve, on the occasion of the visit to Loretto of Pius the Ninth, he sang at a sacred concert in honor of the event with such marked success, that His Holiness complimented him with a gold medal and patted him on the shoulders, calling him a "Contraltuccio di primo cero." He continued his musical studies uninterruptedly, when an incident occurred which seriously threatened to mar his career. The war for Italian independence broke out and, although he was then a mere youth, patriotic zeal led him to join a volunteer corps in order to fight the battles of his country. After his term of enlistment he returned to his family, then residing in Faenza, and his means being scanty, he endeavored to commence afresh his interrupted studies under Maestro Ferroni, of Faenza, who, out of sympathy, offered his services for a mere trifle. His musical progress under this *maestro* was very marked, and, at a public concert given by the *maestro* with his pupils, he sang "La Sicilia Confidente," from Robaudi, and the air "Oh di verdi anni miei," from Verdi; his success was so decided that the following day a gentleman named Francesco Nessoli, generously offered him his influence and support by getting up a public subscription for the purpose of sending him to Bologna to complete his musical education there, under the able training of Angelo Bianchi, Professor of the Musical Lyceum. After one year's study, he made his *début* at the Municipal Theatre, of Lodi, in "La Straniera," from Bellini, and the result was a *fiasco*. His second theatrical venture was an engagement to play first and second-class *rôles* at the Imperial Theatres at Bahia and Pernambuco, Brazil. At Bahia, in the first half of the season, he played second-class *rôles*, and, at the beginning of the second half, he was given the *rôle* of Carlo Quinto in "Ernani." His success in the *rôle* was beyond all expectation, and his artistical and brilliant theatrical career can be said to date from that occasion.

At the end of the season the company went to Pernambuco, where the theatre was burned down. Such an unexpected catastrophe threw the whole company out of employment. Those members who had means returned to Italy, but the subject of this sketch was entirely penniless, and found himself at the tender mercies of the wide, wide world. In such emergency the president of a social club of Pernambuco got up a benefit concert for the purpose of providing the necessary funds to pay his passage and that of the basso to Bordeaux. On board the homeward-bound steamer Galassi narrated to the captain his misadventures while in Brazil, and the captain, taking great interest in his behalf, suggested a concert on board the ship. Many Catholic bishops from South America who were proceeding to attend the famous Ecumenical Council at Rome, together with the remainder of the passengers, contributed the amount necessary to pay the traveling expenses from Bordeaux to Italy. As soon as Galassi arrived in Milan, he called on Giuseppe Lamperti, the theatrical agent, son of the great *maestro*, and the latter having heard him, induced the son to engage his services for five years, and he was immediately sent to sing in Ancona during the carnival season of 1869-70, where he achieved great success in "Gemma di Vergy," "Puritani" and "Isabella d'Aragona." He sang in various cities of Italy and Spain until in the Spring of 1874 he was engaged by Colonel Mapleson for the term of five seasons to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre. In the carnival season of 1877-78 he sang at La Scala, and in the Spring of 1878 he sang at Her Majesty's, and in the following Fall he sang at Pisa. His engagement with Mapleson was going to expire December 31st, 1879, but it was renewed for three years longer. In the season of 1878-79 he sang at the Academy of Music in New York, and in the Spring of 1879 he sang at Her Majesty's. His varied *repertoire* consists of over forty operas. He is at home in the heroic as well as in the lyric art, and his matchless impersonations of great *rôles* stamp him at once a superb singer and a great actor.

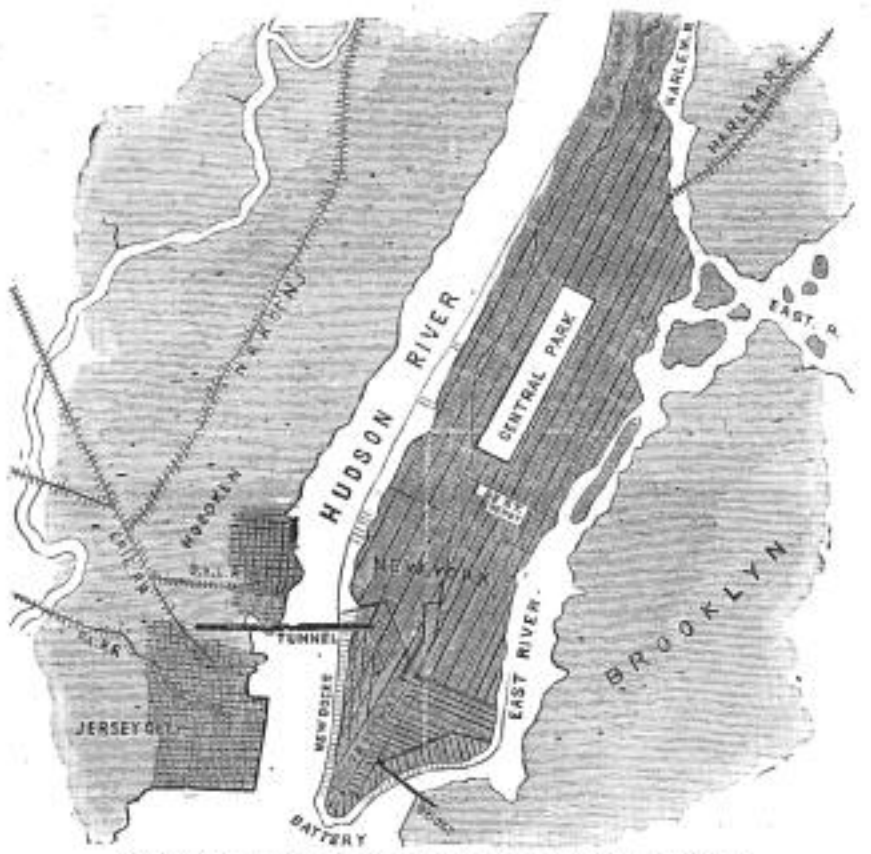
RUSSIA'S STRANGE WAR-SHIP.

A FIRM of shipbuilders on the Clyde has received an order from the Russian Government for a monster ironclad, which is to be practically invulnerable, and the subject is attracting considerable interest in English official circles. The vessel is to be an armored deck in shape like the back of a tortoise, with sharp edges all round, on which an iron ram may expend its force only to its own injury, or, at most, cut through a mere fringe into one of numberless watertight compartments. The surfaces above and below the water being of the same shape would offer no mark for an opponent's shot, which would glance off without doing the slightest injury, and only vertical fire, which is always unreliable, or battering from above at close quarters, which the monitor's own heavy guns might repel, could be used against such a foe. The old system of boarding might avail; but, as the ship is to be 330 feet in length by 100 feet broad, she would probably carry a great number of men, and boarding might not be easy. The torpedo alone she would have to dread, and against the torpedo she would have to take her chance with the rest. Her armament, according to conjecture, will consist of four or more 100-ton guns, mounted on the disappearing principle, together with appliances for projecting torpedoes; and it is intended to make her, for attack as well as defense, at least the equal of any other ship afloat. It is calculated that a vessel of such a build, though provided with 10,000 horse-power engines, cannot be of great speed, but this is regarded as of secondary consequence in a ship which is described as unassailable. The circular ironclads which the Russians already possess are regarded as failures because their perpendicular sides offer a ready target to the enemy, and Admiral Popoff, who has designed the new cycled, is understood to have adopted the idea propounded more than ten years since by a member of the firm to whom the execution of the work is now intrusted. The *Petropavlosk*, now building for the British navy, will be somewhat similar, in having a sloped deck of iron armor, but she will be small in comparison, and fight only with her ram and torpedoes, being unprovided with guns. The construction of the floating Malakoff is regarded as a serious fact in England, and proposals are being discussed for meeting the case and maintaining the pre-eminence of the British nation upon the seas.

THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

AFTER many delays, occasioned by injunctions and lawsuits, work on the great Hudson River Tunnel, between Jersey City and New York, is now progressing finely. The entrance to the tunnel on the Jersey side of the river will be from the corner of Jersey Avenue and Fifteenth Street, to extend thence to the Hudson River about 3,400 feet, thence under the river, curving five degrees northward to the New York bulkhead line, at or near the foot of Morton Street, about 5,400 feet; thence curving slightly southward about 3,000 feet to a point to be selected by the New York Board of Aldermen. The entire length of the tunnel and its approaches will be about 12,000 feet, or about one mile under the river and about three-fourths of a mile on each shore. The tunnel walls will be constructed of the best hard brick and cement, 3 feet in thickness, circular in form, 26 feet in width and 24 feet in height. It will be painted white inside and lighted with gas, with a double-track railway of heavy steel rails upon stone ballast, five feet from the bottom. More than four hundred trains will be able to pass through the tunnel daily. Freight and market trains will have transit at night, drawn by powerful engines made expressly for that purpose, to be run by signals, without bells or whistles, consuming their own steam and smoke, or run with compressed air.

Work was begun in Jersey City in 1874 on the circular working shaft, thirty feet in diameter, which is shown in our illustration. On resuming operations at the termination of the legal troubles, this shaft was sunk to a depth of sixty-five feet. A map of the proposed tunnel shows that it will pass through silt for 3,900 feet, thence through sand and silt to the New York shore. In the sand there is about 400 feet of rock to be tunnelled. The bottom of



MAP SHOWING THE DIRECTION AND TERMINI OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

the tunnel is to be from 58 to 102 feet below the surface of the river, and the top is to be nowhere less than fifteen feet below the bed of the river. The greatest depth of water in the river where the tunnel is to cross is a little over sixty feet.

This scheme is being carried on by the Hudson Tunnel Railroad Company, which was incorporated under the general railroad laws of the States of New York and New Jersey, with a capital stock of $10,000,000.

THE "ORGAN," IN LURAY CAVE.

THIS formation is one of the most curious in all this wonderful cavern. It has fifty-six pipes, great and small, and is crowned with an imposing cornice. Each of the pipes is capable of sustaining vibrations without injury, and, when struck by the knuckle or a light cane, emits its peculiar tone, either sharp or grave. In many instances the sounds are clear, resembling the tones of a bell, and being sustained for several seconds. The largest and continuous stalactites are from thirty to fifty feet in length. When the pipes are struck, one after another, a succession of tones like the chiming of silver bells is produced. As a little experimenting will enable a visitor to pick out a number of familiar pieces, it is not unlikely that if the pipes were tested and marked, a musician would be able to play almost any tune upon them. Near the organ is an arrangement of stalactites called "the Chimes," which, though fewer in number, are far more powerful, their bell-like and musical sounds being heard distinctly at a considerable distance.

The Romance of a Hair.

THE romance of a hair comes from Vienna. A poor girl with beautiful hair went to a barber to sell it. He tried to make a close bargain, saying hair was plentiful this year, and declared he could only give her eight florins. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks. Finally she threw herself into a chair and said: "Then take it quickly." The barber was about to cut off the tresses, when a gentlemen sitting in one of the chairs interrupted him, and spoke to the girl. "My child," said he, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?" "My mother has been nearly five months ill. I cannot work enough to support us. Everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house." "No, no, my child; if that is the case, I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it." He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand, he selected the longest hair, cut it off and put it carefully in his pocketbook, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. This charitable gentleman is mentioned as the head of a large industrial establishment in Vienna.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Oscar Lenz will shortly start on a tour to Morocco by order of the German African Society.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold a week's session at the Institute of Technology in Boston, beginning August 25th, 1880.

A Russian Officer has invented an ingenious system of night signals on vessels by lighting, by means of reflectors, the smoke of chimneys. A code explains the meaning of the divers colors.

After a Close and long examination of the various plans yet sent in for the Channel tunnel between England and France, the well known French engineer, M. Yerard de Sainte Anne, has declared, in the presence of many eminent engineers, that the proposal was quite possible and practicable.

Sheet-iron covered with gum of the euphorbiaceæ, common and luxuriant in tropical climates, was immersed in Chatham (England) dockyard, where everything rapidly becomes foul, and when taken out was found quite clean. The gum is intensely bitter and poisonous; hence marine animals avoid it.

The Astronomical Observatory on Mount Etna is almost completed, but the large quantity of snow which has already fallen will prevent the movable iron cupola and the telescope from being fixed till next Summer. The total cost, including a second building, capable of sheltering twenty persons, will be about £2,510. It is about 9 600 feet above the level of the sea.

A New System of cremation has been promulgated by M. Lissagarry, a Frenchman, who thinks he will be able to do away with the very intense temperatures necessary to reduce the body to ashes. The difficulty in cremation is to decompose and reduce to ashes tissues containing seventy-five per cent. of water; but M. Lissagarry overcomes this by exposing the body, first of all, to the action of superheated steam, which chars the tissues and enables them to burn easily in an ordinary simple furnace at a very much less cost of fuel and without the least unpleasantness.

On Saturday, October 25th, the five academies constituting the Institute of France had a solemn meeting to award the biennial prize granted every two years by one of the academies. The turn this year being that of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the prize was taken by M. Demolombe, Dean of the Faculté de Droit of Caen, author of a voluminous work on legislation.

The Process by Condensation, invented by Mr. George Woods, of Cambridgeport, Mass., the well-known organ and piano maker, is being last utilized in other branches of business than that of lumber, for which it was originally intended. It not only dries much quicker than the old methods and prevents lumber from warping and checking, but has been found to be most useful in the working of cotton and wool, the former particularly; causing it to wind and weave better. It is also a preventive against fire in the dry-room.

Archæological Finds in Asia Minor are reported. An Austrian man-of-war recently left Smyrna with artistic spoils of inestimable value. In the ruins of Pergamus an engineer has disinterred, at the instance of the German Government, about 200 statues and sculptured pedestals belonging, for the most part, to the best period of Greek art. A beautiful figure of Eros, a colossal Laocoon, richly-ornamented friezes, and many other fine pieces of Hellenic art have been dug up and sent to the Berlin Museum.

A Royal Commission has been investigating the sanitary condition of Dublin. Dr. Cameron, the senior Public Health Officer, gave evidence, stating that the high death-rate was distinctly traceable to several causes. These were the state of the Liffey, which was an open sewer; overcrowdings in the dwellings of the poor; universally defective drainage in all classes of houses; the existence of many private abattoirs in the city, and the natural dampness of the soil, which caused so much disease of the respiratory organs, and helped largely to swell the death-rate.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BISHOP ELDER of Natchez will be appointed coadjutor of Archbishop Purcell.

CHIEF-JUSTICE FISHER, of Wyoming Territory, has tendered his resignation to the President.

ALEXANDER DUMAS has gone to the south of France to devote his whole time to his forthcoming work on "Divorce."

THE Marseilles Municipality has voted 20,000 francs for the erection of a statue of M. Thiers on one of the open spaces of that town.

THE Federal Assembly of Switzerland has elected Dr. E. Welti, of the Canton of Aargau, President of the Confederation for the year 1880.

THE Bishop of Peterborough, who is to preside over the next Anglican Church Congress, has appointed September 28th as the time of meeting.

THE monument to be raised to the late General Colton, of California, is to cost $40,000, and is to be a small chapel in marble and granite, exquisitely carved.

THE Board of Regents of the University at Albany have secured the services of Hon. David Murray as superintendent of advanced collegiate examinations.

AT Washington they are expecting the Sultan of Turkey will have to recall his diplomatic representatives to this country for want of money to support them.

EX-SENATOR ALEXANDER RAMSEY, of Minnesota, has been appointed and confirmed Secretary of War in place of Hon. George McCrary, appointed Circuit Judge.

THE engagement is announced of Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr., to Miss Mann, of Troy, a sister of Mr. Francis N. Mann, Jr., who represented that city last year in the Assembly at Albany.

THE Rev. Samuel West, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died recently at Olive Branch, Ohio. He celebrated his hundredth anniversary February 14th, 1879.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHARLES P. DALY, President of the American Geographical Society, has just received notice of his election as a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin.

THE Presbyterian Synod of Mississippi has sustained the appeal of Rev. S. P. Linn, from the Presbytery of Louisiana, and ordered that body to restore him at once and fully to church and gospel ministry.

THE Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, a minister of the Baptist Church in Hartford, has announced his marriage engagement to Miss Ida Gatling, the only daughter of Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the gun which bears his name.

SOME of Dr. McCosh's New York friends have added $1,000 to his annual salary as an offset to the increased expenses of his new residence, known as "Prospect," and the finest residence of any college president in America.

MR. MORI, the former Japanese Minister at Washington, is, it is said, to be accredited to England in the same capacity. He knows English very well, has good ability, and is a man of excellent presence. His charming wife will accompany him to England.

THE Commission of the Free Church of Scotland has appointed Drs. Rainy, Wilson, Somerville, Kennedy, Mitchell and Blaikie, Professors Bruce and Binnie, and the Earl of Kintore, among others, as delegates to the Presbyterian Council to meet next year in Philadelphia.

THE uniform of the late Prince Louis Napoleon is stated to have been found at a kraal near Ulundi, the whole front of it having been pierced by assegais. The Zulu who actually inflicted the death-blow is said to have been Abango, who was subsequently killed at Ulundi.

THE Queen of Italy has gone to seek for health at Bordighera. The nervous shock she received on witnessing the attempt to assassinate King Humbert is the cause of her invalided condition. She has taken with her to Bordighera the Prince of Naples, whom she does not trust out of her sight.

THE Berlin papers describe a sleigh lately presented by the Prince of Hohenzollern to his bride, a princess of the house of Turn and Saks, as a marvel of costly beauty. The body is shaped like a cockleshell, and is of polished ebony inlaid with silver, and the cushions are of the richest purple velvet adorned with silver balls.

M. LÉON CHOTTEAU has had a private interview with President Grévy, and presented a memorial from inhabitants of New Orleans in favor of the establishment of a line of steamers between Havre and New Orleans. M. Chotteau also pointed out the advantages of a French line of steamers touching at Baltimore. The memorial will be submitted to a Cabinet Council.

THERE died at Pesth, a few weeks ago, Count Dominik Zichy de Vasonkeö, formerly Bishop of Kassau and Veszprim, and one of the wealthiest and highest of Hungarian magnates. He left a fortune of $4,500,000, and was a fair representative of the time when, in France and Germany, great bishoprics and rich benefices were looked upon as the natural privileges of noble families.

EXTENSIVE preparations are already being made in St. Petersburg to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne, which falls on the 24 of March next. The municipal authorities, among other things, have voted a considerable sum for the presentation to His Majesty of a work of art recording the chief architectural achievements, etc., of his reign.

BEFORE his departure from Japan, Professor Nordenskjöld received from the Tokio Geographical Society a handsome gold medal in honor of his achievement. The token bears inscriptions on either side in Japanese characters. One legend gives the name of the learned body presenting the gift; the other commemorates the voyage of the Vega and the Tokio banquet in honor of the Swedish savant and his staff.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES is likely to be removed from the chairmanship of the Crystal Palace Company in London, and Prince Teck will probably be his successor. The main objection to Mr. Hughes is that the Crystal Palace has deteriorated in his hands. It is further alleged that he has too many irons in the fire. He is a lawyer, a politician, an author, a journalist, a railway chairman, a gas company's chairman, a telegraph company's chairman, a coal company's chairman, and is on the board of a milk company, an agricultural company and a bank.

ON November 2d, a Japanese mission arrived in St. Petersburg, which has been sent to Europe to study the police and prison systems of the different States. The director is M. Sava, head of the cabinet, or the chief of police in Japan. They left Japan at the end of February, and have commenced by studying the police and prisons in Holland. They purpose passing three or four weeks in St. Petersburg and going thence to Berlin, then to Vienna, Florence and Rome; thence to Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal and England, whence they mean to return to Japan by way of America.

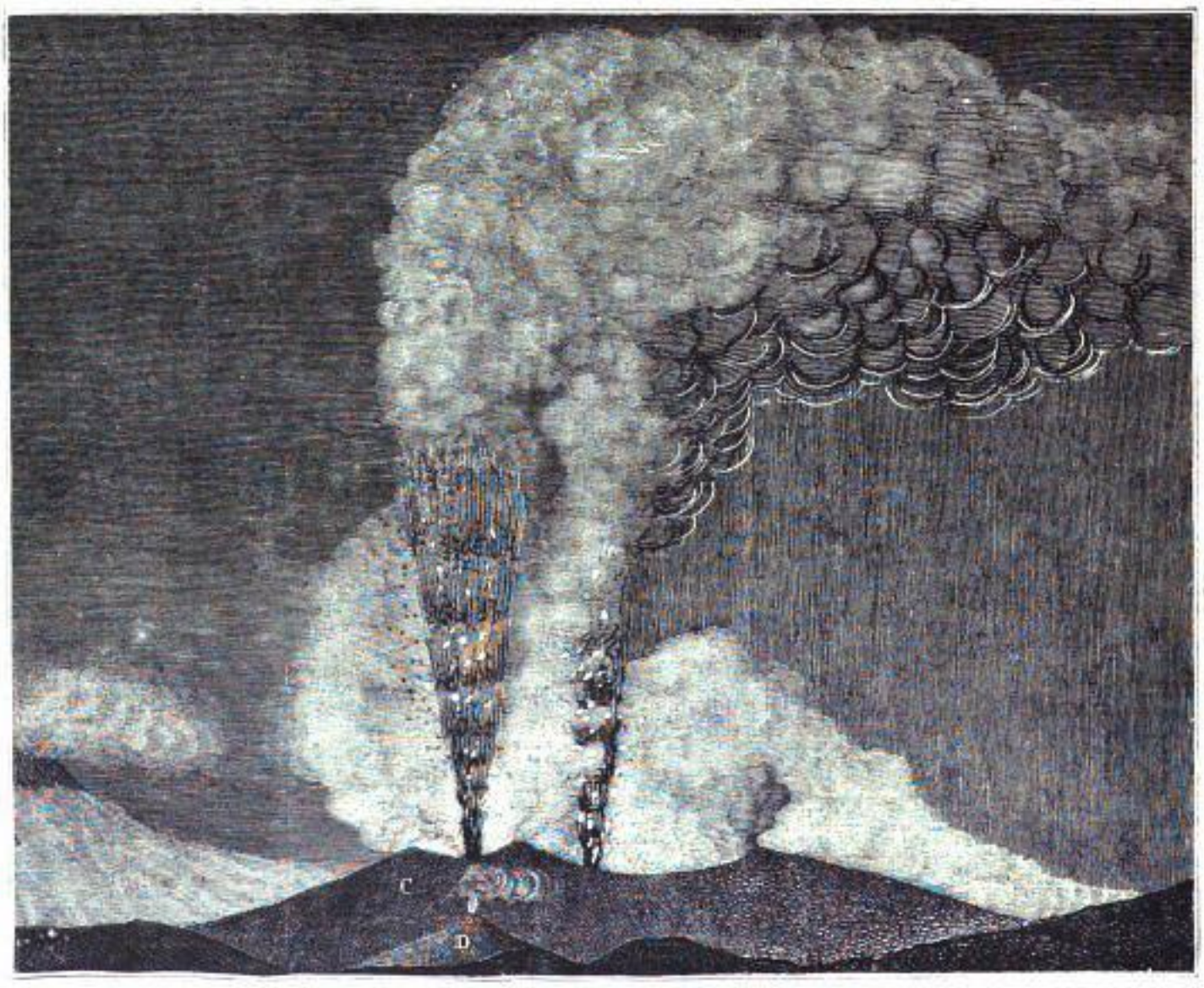
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VIRGINIA.—THE GRANDEST OF AMERICAN CAVERNS—THE "ORGAN" IN LURAY CAVE, PAGE COUNTY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 295.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORING VESSEL "RESOLUTE."

THE history of the *Resolute*, the famous Arctic exploring vessel, is full of interest and romance. Originally a merchant vessel, she was purchased by the British Government for Arctic service, and was one of the four vessels which, in May, 1854, Sir E. Belcher, who had been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, found himself compelled to abandon off Melville Island, the ship being so completely blocked in by the ice that it was deemed impossible for her ever again to be moved. The crew reached home safely with their companions from the other vessels, but the *Resolute* was looked upon as lost until, in the Summer of the following year, it was discovered off the coast of Labrador by an American whaling vessel, the *George Henry*, whose captain, Budington, took her to New London, where, the British Government having abandoned all claims to the vessel, she was bought by order of the American Congress, and, after being thoroughly repaired and equipped, was sent across the Atlantic as a present to Queen Victoria, who went to Southampton to receive the gift in person. It is in remembrance of this graceful act of international courtesy that it is now proposed to construct out of the timbers of the old Arctic ship some article of furniture to be presented to the President of the United States. The design for a secretaire, represented in our illustration, is the work of a working-joiner employed at the Dockyard at Chatham, England, where the *Resolute* is now being broken up. The top is to be covered with morocco, bordered and embossed. The front panels will contain carved medallion portraits of Her Majesty and the President of America; the side panels, Arctic subjects, also in relief; and the space at the back of the table corresponding with the front panels will be furnished with a set of six drawers on either side, the handles of which will be formed by two hands (male and female) grasping each other, symbolic of the good will existing between the heads of the two countries. The top corniers of the eight corner pedestals will be appropriated to carved representations of the Arctic and Antarctic circles and the American and English flags crossed, and busts of celebrated Arctic explorers will support the cornices.



ORIGIN OF THE NEW MOUNT HUMBERT-MARGUERITE, IN THE CENTRE OF MOUNT ETNA.

MOUNT HUMBERT-MARGUERITE, ON ETNA.

MOUNT ETNA, after having for long years been quiescent, has, within the last decade, resumed its activity, and great changes in the neighboring parts will not excite astonishment. The old volcano has given its notes of warning in terms too clear to be misunderstood. Minor eruptions from old craters, and the formation of new escapes for fire and lava, mud eruptions at the base, have already been recorded. At the present time great changes are taking place on the summit, which it is not even yet no dangerous to approach and scrutinize. Between the former openings a summit of immense size has already been formed, and is growing daily by the accumulation of ashes and scoria, either to be welded into a solid mass by the heat or to sink down after a brief existence. To this new summit the Italians have given the name of their present sovereigns, Humbert, and his queen, Marguerite. The sketch we engrave was made carefully on the spot, and shows the present condition of the top of Mount Etna, over which hangs now perpetually the ominous cloud of menace.

THE SWIFTEST SHIP.—A new British war-steamer called the *Mercury*, built of steel, has just been completed and successfully tried at Portsmouth, Eng. The vessel is 300 feet long, 46 feet beam, 16 feet 3 inches hold; displacement 3,750 tons. On her late trial-trip the engines developed 7,395 horse-power, and the speed attained was within a trifle of 22 miles an hour. These are remarkable results for a vessel of the dimensions given above.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENE IN THE "COMEDY OF ERRORS," AS PRESENTED BY ROBSON AND CRANE BEFORE GENERAL GRANT AT THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA — MUTUAL RECOGNITION OF THE "DROMIOS."

THE TWO "DROMIOS."

NOT the least attractive of all the varied sights which Ulysses S. Grant will have seen while girding "a girdle round the earth," is that of the "Comedy of Errors," as represented at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Mrs. John Drew, with Messrs. Robson and Crane in the respective rôles of *Dromio of Ephesus* and *Dromio of Syracuse*. The quaint waggery, the exquisite foolery, and the inimitable acting of these famous artists have rendered this masterful creation of Shakespeare familiar in the mouth as household words, while the marvelous resemblance between the *Dromios* is bewildering in its exact details. There is no need for the orchestra to strike up a merry tune in order to add zest to their welcome. When they have once shown their faces, underneath the quaint, conical hats, and the red hair, with each a mark on his cheek, and clad in jerkin and hose, the screaming laughter that greets them shows that half the work is over. It would seem almost impossible to tell which was which. Mr. Crane has succeeded in imitating Stuart Robson's voice and manner to perfection. Those who have seen the two in other pieces know that Mr. Robson's figure is altogether different from Mr. Crane's, yet they have so managed their make-up in face, limbs and height as to completely baffle identity with the ordinary spectator. The arrangement of the scene outside the house of *Antipholus of Ephesus* is uproariously funny, with the wrong *Dromio* inside the door squeaking his defiance to the right *Dromio* and his outraged master outside; and the scene on the mart, where the Ephesian master and man break away from the officers, and both the *Antipholi* and *Dromios* are pursued by the mob, is equally amusing — but, better than all, is the final meeting of the twins in the last act. The effect is electrical, and the laughter-stricken audience gives full vent to an applause which fairly shakes the house. We illustrate the scene at the end of the comedy where the *Dromios* confront each other.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

SIR FRANCIS TRUSCOTT, the Lord Mayor-elect of London, who was formally inducted into office November 10th, belongs to an ancient Cornish family, and was born at Truro in 1824, educated at King's College, London, and is the head of the business firm of James Truscott & Son. In 1858, after the death of his father, he was chosen to represent the Dowgate Ward in the Common Council, and in 1871 he became Alderman of that ward, and also Sheriff of London. Sir Francis, who was knighted in February, 1872 on the occasion of the national thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the recovery of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has filled many offices in connection with the administration of civic affairs, amongst others that of Chairman of the Police Committee, an appointment which he held for several years. He is a member of the Haberdashers' Company, a Warden of the Vintners', and Master of the Stationers' Company. He is Commissioner of Income Tax, and of Land and Assessed Taxes for the City of London, and represents the city at the Metropolitan Board of Works. In 1865 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament, contesting Dudley in the Conservative interest. The ceremony of "swearing in" was performed at the Guildhall, November 8th, and the "show" and banquet took place on Monday, the 10th inst., being marked by the usual public demonstrations on such occasions.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR FRANCIS TRUSCOTT, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

BENJAMIN TALBOT BABBITT.

BORN sixty-and-eight years ago, Mr. Babbitt is an admirable illustration of a man vigorous in frame and in mind, and an example of the maxim that age is but constitutional. Westmoreland, N.Y., gave him birth, and in the very teeth of adverse circumstances, he has cleared his way to name, position and fortune. Farming was his first occupation, to be exchanged for the anvil and hammer, but his keen mechanical instincts soon sought other grooves, and threshing-machines for a time exclusively occupied his attention. From the thresher came the first mowing-machine the world ever saw. In 1843 Mr. Babbitt next turned his attention towards saleratus, and he succeeded in effecting a complete revolution in its manufacture by inventing and perfecting a method for making it from soda-ash, instead of pearl-ash, the material previously employed, at eighty per cent. less cost.



BENJAMIN TALBOT BABBITT, INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER.

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Pressure on our space precludes a detailed description of Mr. Babbitt's gigantic soap works; suffice it to say that they occupy twenty three city lots measuring twenty-five by one hundred feet each, covered by eight brick buildings, averaging six stories in height, and that the aggregate floor space devoted to manufacturing purposes is upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand square feet. Not only has Mr. Babbitt devised such mechanical appliances in connection with soap-making as have given him marked advantages over his competitors, but his inventive genius has found expression in many other directions. With a view to carrying out his ideas in mechanical invention, he found it requisite to have machine-shops of his own, both for the construction of the steam engines and boilers, as well as for the general machinery, employed in his New York establishment, and as a consequence, erected the Whitestone Iron Works in the village of that name in Oneida County, N. Y. The factory premises are situated, with a view to transit, upon the line of the Erie Canal. The principal buildings constituting the works comprise two machine-shops—one of two stories in height, built of brick, and covering an area of seventy-five by four hundred feet; the other, of wood, fifty feet in width by three hundred and fifty in length; a foundry three hundred and fifty feet long, together with a number of buildings of lesser dimensions. The cost of this building is estimated at $600,000, and probably no machine-shop in the country contains so fine an assortment of planers, lathes, gear-cutters, and other iron working machines.

One of Mr. Babbitt's many triumphs is his steam canal-boat, upon the construction of which he has spent much time, thought and labor. The great difficulty hitherto encountered in the application of steam-power to canal navigation has been the washing away of the banks by the disturbance of the water occasioned by the rotary movement of the propeller, and in the minds of many engineers and scientific experts the effect of the use of steam-power has been regarded as an inseparable obstacle to the attainment of any increase of speed. Mr. Babbitt's boat is constructed with a square box which does not break the water into foam, but glides smoothly over the surface without the creation of a ripple that could sensibly impede its progress. The boat is built with a submerged chamber, or false bottom, in which, and near the bow, is placed a rotary pump of four hundred horse-power, having a suction capacity of ninety thousand cubic feet per minute. The effect of this arrangement is to destroy resistance at the bow of the boat by the creation of a vacuum into which the water rushes, and to produce a reactionary pressure at the stern, propelling the boat easily and rapidly along without any injurious commotion in the water. Mr. Babbitt has also invented a rotary steam-engine without piston, cylinder or valves. Another very important invention of our gifted countryman is Babbitt's Combined Steam Generator, Condenser and Steam Heater. This apparatus combines the functions of a steam-boiler supplying motive power to general machinery, with arrangements for the heating and ventilation of buildings of the largest dimensions, and may be used for both purposes simultaneously, or for either one separately, as may be desired. This last invention has been patented in the United States, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, etc. Without in the slightest degree relaxing the energetic promotion of business affairs—Mr. Babbitt is in his counting-house at 6.30 every morning, and opens and *reads* his own mail—he finds time to gratify the more refined tastes, and to this end has surrounded himself with all the elegancies which contribute so largely to the gratification of social life at its best. Mr. Babbitt has been the architect of his own fortune, and never once, throughout his long business career, has he ever permitted his allegiance to eventual success to waver.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES.

ALL the city streets and stores are full this week of Christmas shoppers making the purchases which are to gladden and lighten all the homes of the land. For the benefit of the out-of-town readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we give a few practical suggestions which may aid them in their holiday purchases, regretting only that our limited space compels us to the briefest mention of boundless and rich variety.

The attractions of A. T. STEWART & Co. were never displayed more profusely nor to greater advantage than at this season. All day long the carriages stand in columns around three sides of the block, while through the great store pour throngs of eager purchasers. Besides the vast stock of substantial and lasting goods which this house has always on hand, the present buyers find now the latest Paris and Vienna novelties, Japanese curios and antiques, and all the endless quaint and tasteful *recherche* gathered from the four quarters of world. Whether the search be for the useful or beautiful, or both combined, success will reward at STEWART'S the most exacting taste.

At LORD & TAYLOR'S, the display of fabrics of every description for personal and household use is exceedingly varied and complete. The markets and the mills of both continents have contributed to their stock, and in every department a high standard of excellence is maintained. The model catalogue which this firm issued this Fall has brought them much favor, and made many customers in all parts of the country, and for purchasers who cannot visit New York, no better substitute can be found than this, which is sent free to any address on request. With it the entire stock of the store is at the command of the purchaser, and even city customers are using the catalogue as a saving of time, labor and patience.

At MORRISON'S, 893 Broadway, may be found the finest assortment of novelties in fringes, gimps and trimmings in the city. In the line of these goods this house has long made a specialty, and its excellence is well-known and fully established.

TIFFANY'S, on Union square, now open evenings, presents an exceedingly brilliant spectacle, and one which none should omit to witness. Perhaps more of the wealth, fashion and culture of New York crosses the threshold of TIFFANY'S daily than of any other establishment. Everything made of gold, silver or precious stones, with a long catalogue of articles of *vertu*, may be found at TIFFANY'S, and purchasers need no better guarantee of the integrity of the goods than the name of the house. Many novelties are offered for the Christmas season, and those whose taste demands presents of lasting form and substantial value can there gratify it.

The stock of furs at GUNTHER'S has not diminished so rapidly as it might under a colder December; but the approach of Christmas has sent throngs of purchasers to this old and always leading house. Ranging the world for supplies, they are able to furnish any kind of fur known to trade, and to offer rare and choice goods obtainable nowhere else. Though the original owners of the furs retain the same styles from year to year, their example is not followed by the human wearers, to whom on all matters of fashion in furs the word of GUNTHER is law.

"The sense of being well-dressed gives a peace of mind which religion cannot afford," is reported to be the conclusion of a philosopher who is supposed to have tried both. Not deciding this point, it is certain that the patrons of BROOKS, PEET & Co. enjoy a rare satisfaction in their purchases. The trade of this house, covering the entire country, rests on the merits of its goods, and the fairness of its dealing. This season their new gift book, "Jack's Funny Friend," has had a great run, and thousands of youngsters in town and country will not soon forget the suit which brought them this welcome present.

Among the down-town clothiers for business men, FREEMAN & WOODRUFF have deservedly a liberal share of confidence and patronage. Removing in May last to a larger store, they are making the fullest use of their increased facilities, and getting also a large trade by mail throughout the country.

THE recent improvements in canning and packing goods enable MESSRS. THURBER to supply everything except the friends and guests for a Christmas dinner. From their bountiful store they can furnish forth everything which heart could wish, and place it on the table, no matter where that may be, in its fullest perfection. THURBER'S goods are a synonym for standard excellence.

Delicacies and the finest importations are a specialty of SMITH & VANDERBEEK. Through them, Epps' Cocoa and many other standard foreign goods have become household words in all parts of the country, and the extensive warehouse which the firm has lately opened in Chicago attests in the most effective manner, enterprise and the success which rewards it.

IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE "Grand Depot" of JOHN WANAMAKER, of Market and Thirteenth Streets, always one of the sights of Philadelphia, has been this week particularly notable for its fine decorations in honor of General Grant. An arch, forty nine feet high, spans Market Street at Thirteenth, and along the Market Street front was a gallery seating sixteen hundred persons, devoted exclusively to the accommodation of the employés of this mammoth establishment. Mr. Wanamaker's enterprises are always on the largest scale, and his patrons from every part of the country find in his stock something to gratify each individual taste.

In the beautiful store of BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE is one of the most complete and valuable assortments of precious stones ever collected. In diamonds, the stock is especially rich, and hundreds of persons, unable to purchase, have daily visited it for the satisfaction of the mere sight. The standing of this house has made its name a guarantee for excellence in everything which it excels.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have lately issued one of the most valuable of books, "Great Authors of all Ages," by Dr. Allibone, whose dictionary has made him so well-known; and, in Christmas gift books their stock is especially fine and varied. Thackeray's Ballads is an elegant quarto volume, beautifully illustrated, and comprises representative productions from early Teutonic, Italian and French masters. In holiday books, the Lippincott stock is especially rich and tasteful.

PORTER & COATES, since their removal to the southwest corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have largely increased their business, occupying one of the finest book stores in Philadelphia or in the country. In rare books and fine bindings this house is pre-eminent, and in the standard publications of their own they include such as the "Waverly Novels," Dickens's works, Macaulay's "England," Comte de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America," and the "Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry"—the latter one of the best collections of its kind ever published.

The legend of JOHN WANAMAKER & CO., of 818 to 822 Chestnut Street, as "the best place to buy the finest clothing," is fully justified by their performance of this season, a statement which means much, but is within the letter of truth. Mr. Samuel Wanamaker, junior partner, manages this house with great energy and tact, to which its success and prosperity are largely due.

As a security against the future, a life insurance policy is especially desirable, and care should be taken that this investment is in a sound and well-managed concern. Such is the PENN MUTUAL of Philadelphia, which has stood the severe tests of the past few years without suspicion and comes out unstained and stronger than ever.

The Philadelphia *Times* is now one of the foremost weeklies of the country, and its "Annals of the War," written by the principal participants, North and South, is meeting with large and appreciative sales. It is one of the most valuable and interesting of contemporaneous histories.

THOUSANDS MIGHT ANNUALLY BE SAVED.

IN Consumption, the "Compound Oxygen Treatment" has been remarkably successful. How few ever recover entirely from Pneumonia, and all for the want of a revitalizing agent such as COMPOUND OXYGEN will certainly furnish. Thousands might, by its use, be saved annually *from the grasp of that great destroyer*—CONSUMPTION. Some of the most brilliant cures which have already been made by this new treatment has been in Consumption. The amplest information will be found in our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE elegant carriage in which General Grant appeared in his recent reception at Chicago was manufactured expressly for the occasion by the STUDEBAKER BROS. MANUFACTURING COMPANY of that city and attracted universal attention. The Studebaker is the largest wagon and carriage manufacturing concern in the country.

HUMORS OF THE SCALP. LOSS OF HAIR.

Loss of hair in thousands of cases is due entirely to some form of scalp disease. Seventy-five per cent. of the number of bald heads might be covered with hair by a judicious use of CUTICURA, assisted by CUTICURA SOAP. It is the most agreeable as well as the most effective hair restorer ever produced by man. It is medicinal in the truest sense of the word. All others are some oleaginous mixture or poisonous dyes. None but CUTICURA possesses the specific medical properties that enable it to cure all itching and scaly diseases that inflame and irritate the scalp and hair glands and tubes, causing premature baldness. Medium doses of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT will purify the oil and sweat glands, the virus of scrofulous humors and insure a permanent cure, when taken in connection with the outward application of CUTICURA.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handsful, and has never failed to arrest its decay and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

BOILS, Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, eruptions, impure blood, HOP BITTERS cure.

THIS year's vintage in Champagne, France, was, both as regards quantity and quality, the worst on record. In some districts the grapes did not pay for gathering, and in others only red wine for the workmen can be made. On the contrary, the vintage in the Sonoma Valley, California, from which the famous "AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne is produced, has been unusually good, and Messrs. A. WERNER & CO., of this city, who control this well-known brand, are crowded with orders for it from all parts of the country.

AGUE, biliousness, drowsiness, jaundice and rheumatism, HOP BITTERS removes easily.

EVERETT'S HOTEL AND DINING ROOMS in Barclay and Vesey Streets, advertised in this paper, fully deserve their liberal patronage and general popularity. "Why do you come so far for lunch?" said one patron to another the other day. "Because I can get more for my money here than any place in New York," was the answer, which is daily ratified by thousands of others. Personal supervision is given constantly to every department by Mr. EVERETT and his efficient superintendent, Mr. J. EVERETT SCOTT.

RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in Tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exported for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where customers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

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THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL is first in the field with a very pretty card for ladies' albums, admirably engraved by the Kendall Bank Note Company, which represents the Obelisk of Alexandria as we trust it will appear ere long when it takes its place in history as the Obelisk of New York. Ladies may obtain the cards by addressing MR. WELCH, proprietor of the ST. NICHOLAS.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE, best relish in use. For family use preferable to all others.

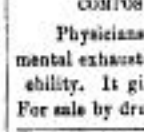
THE steam pipes, and boilers, etc., in the buildings of the New York *Tribune* and New York *Herald* are protected with H. W. Johns' ASBESTOS BOILER COVERINGS, H. W. Johns' Manufacturing Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, sole manufacturers of genuine ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING, &c.

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Clara Louise Kellogg, Lotta, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Fanny Davenport, and a host of others, recommend and use

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In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser for two cents. It hates injustice and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools, and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which THE SUN will be conducted during the year to come.

The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and Acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all tear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent Administration intrenched at Washington. THE SUN did something towards dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

Thus, with a habit of philosophical good humor in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors, THE SUN is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining history of 1880.

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TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 9.—

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

Considers Congress the Worst Banker in the World.

SATISFIED WITH THE SOUTHERN REPRESENTATION.

Atlanta as Impregnable as Gibraltar.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

The Mexicans Good Fighters.



GENERAL EDWARD HATCH, COLONEL OF THE NINTH U. S. CAVALRY, PRESIDENT OF THE 17TH INVESTIGATING COMMISSION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICE.—SEE PAGE 304.

"I EARNESTLY exhort you to observe faithfully the terms of the pacification agreed upon, and to discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens as well as you have performed the duties of thorough soldiers in the field." This from General Joseph Eccleston Johnston on April 26th, 1865, at Durham's Station, North Carolina, when he surrendered the forces under his command to General Sherman. A grave, unobtrusive, elderly gentleman he to day; neat from his carefully brushed hat to his scrupulously dusted gaiter-tops; straight as a lightning-rod, with a hawk's glance, and a mouth as if cut in steel.

The people of Eastern Virginia have a creditable practice of tracing family lineages to their earliest sources, and from one of the "first" families is lineally descended the subject of our present interview. Born in 1807, he graduated at West Point in 1829, and did garrison duty up to the Seminole war, during which he served as aid to General Scott. During the war with the Florida Indians he was brevetted captain for most distinguished gallantry. At one time, while closely pressed by Indians, he took shelter behind a small tree to rally his men. A shower of bullets swept by him, mostly aimed directly at himself, but, strange to say, while many struck the tree, for some time he was unhurt. At last a ball struck him immediately above the forehead, and ranged backwards, grazing the skull the whole distance, but not fracturing it. The injury was severe, so much so as to cause him to fall, but the troops had caught his spirit and repulsed the enemy, bearing off their wounded in safety to the boats. The uniform worn by Lieutenant Johnston on this occasion was long preserved by a friend as a curiosity, being perforated by thirty bullets. He served in the Topographical Bureau as engineer, and in 1843 on the survey of the boundaries between the United States and the British Provinces. From 1844 to 1846 he was engaged on the Coast Survey. He fought all through the Mexican war, leading the forlorn hope on the castle of Chapultepec, and was wounded on two occasions, winning successively his majority, lieutenant-colonelcy and colonelcy. His numerous wounds led General Scott afterwards to say of him, "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." From 1853 to 1855 we find him in charge of Western river improvements. In 1858 he was Acting Inspector-general in the Utah Expedition. In June, 1860, he became quartermaster-general with the rank of brigadier-general of staff. While the question of his appointment was still pending, General Scott was requested by the Secretary of War to recommend for so important a position and promotion an officer distinguished for talent and prominence in the army. General Scott declined to confine himself to a single name, but recommended for selection one of the following four: Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston and P. F. Smith. Johnston received the appointment, and was engaged in the responsible duties of quartermaster-general, when his native State seceded from the Union, and imposed upon him the duty of separating himself from a service for which he felt a strong affection. He resigned his commission on April 22d, 1861, entered the Confederate service, and commanded at the battle of Bull Run, and subsequently at Yorktown and Richmond. During the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31st, 1862, he was badly wounded, and was for some months disabled for service. After Bragg's defeat at Chattanooga, he took command of his army, occupying a position at Dalton, Ga., which was turned by Sherman early in May, 1864, whereupon Johnston fell back successively to Resaca, Altoona Pass, Kenesaw Mountain and Atlanta, fighting every inch of the road. So skillfully and orderly was his retreat, that Sherman exclaimed, "I have followed Johnston for hundreds of miles, and I never got so much after him as a cart-rung." Failing to satisfy the authorities at Richmond, he was ordered to turn over the command to General Hood. Near the close of February, 1865, Sherman having marched from "Atlanta to the sea," Johnston was directed to assume the command of the Army of Tennessee, and all troops in the department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and to "concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman." The force which he could concentrate was wholly inadequate, and, although he fought part of his army at Bentonsville, N. C., he was unable to check the march of the victorious army. Having learned that Lee had surrendered the Army of Virginia to Grant, Johnston, on April 26th, surrendered to Sherman.

"I had only 17,000 men," General Johnston said to me, "against Grant's 108,000, Sherman's 100,000, and Canby's 70,000; and my object in surrendering was to spare the blood of my gallant little army, to prevent further suffering of the people by the devastation and ruin inevitable from the marches of invading armies, and to avoid the crime of waging a hopeless war."

"I have a sovereign objection to talking," observed the General, whom I had the honor of interviewing in Raleigh, N. C. "Abraham Lincoln would never allow himself to be interviewed, alleging as a reason that he did not like to make a fool of himself. I wrote a book once," he added, with a light laugh, "and have regretted it ever since."

"What is your opinion as to the condition of the South?"

"As regards the general condition of the South, many persons take different views about it. I consider that its prosperity is but a result of the general prosperity of the country. When the North suffered the South suffered; as the North recovered so did the South. Their interests travel together. The people who have suffered most in the South are the planters. The small farmers do their own work, but the planters have to hire labor. If a planter requires an advance of money, he has to pay eleven and a half per cent. for the loan, and with this terrible incubus it is not easy to make a fortune."

"Eleven and a half per cent. seems a very usurious interest."

"Is it not? If a planter requires a loan he is compelled to deposit his title deeds and negotiate through an agent. The banks will not deal with him direct. The banks have no power to deal with a planter."

The General is in favor of calling in the greenbacks, and entertains but a poor opinion of the financial ability of Congress.

"I consider Congress the worst banker in the world," he laughed. "An amusing instance of Congressional banking occurred in Savannah. The bank in that city was provided with nothing but $500 notes, and it could not pay a check for $100. It could only certify that the check was good for $100."

"Are you satisfied with the Southern representation in Congress?"

"Perfectly so."

Passing from general topics to himself, he said:

"I have been in the saddle since I was a boy—my father taking me across country like a bird. I have never known bodily fatigue."

"What a physique!" I involuntarily exclaimed. "You must have been a good deal in the saddle during the war?"

"Eighteen hours a day, and often for many successive days."

"I have heard it said, General, that you always rode at a gallop."

"Except in camp, such is my custom."

"Can you sleep on horseback?"

"Yes. Very little sleep sufficed for me. All I required was to lose consciousness, and if that were only for the space of three minutes, I awoke just as refreshed as if had slept for hours. In fact, even now, I can awake with more vitality after five minutes than I could after two hours' sleep."

"I suppose you got very little sleep during a campaign?"

"I never got any at all at night, for my scouts were not experienced enough to determine what was important and what was not, so I had always to determine for myself."

"The Confederate troops must have suffered terribly?"

"Suffered! I can only compare the war to that of the Messinians and Spartans. I have ridden into camp in the pelting rain, and I have seen the poor fellows lying with nothing but their ordinary clothing upon them, and that, too, quite ragged, and with no prospect of change; lying, sir—you know what the shape of a fence-rail is, it is triangular—lying on the sharp side of the rail with their feet towards a fire, and sleeping as soundly as if they were in beds of down."

"They must have had cast-iron constitutions, General?"

"They had, sir; and by the time the war closed I had a few thousand of the finest men in the world; but," he added, an intense melancholy succeeding the ring of pride in his tone, "the hardship killed many, and no constitution, however strong, could stand that condition of existence for any length of time."

"How were they fed, General?"

"One half-pound of meat and a pound of bread per diem—the bone counting with the meat. I managed somehow or other to let my army have three-quarters of a pound of meat per diem, and, to show you what a boon this extra quarter of bone and meat was considered, when I retook command of the army, I was cheered as I rode into camp by the cry of, 'Boys, we're sure to be well fed *now!*'"

As the General recalled this reminiscence, a pleased smile stole over his handsome face.

"You were pretty generally outnumbered, General?"

"I should say so. Three to two was a luxury seldom accorded to me."

"On what occasion did you enjoy this luxury?"

"At the Seven Pines. I beat three of McClellan's divisions, and would have beaten the fourth if I had not been struck off my horse by a shell. My ribs were broken and bent inwards, thus"—folding his hands in a sort of gothic arch. "The serrated edges did not give so much trouble as the want of bellows-power. I was choking for a week. If my orders had been carried out, that battle might have ended the war. I ordered the men to sleep on the ground when they ceased firing, and to renew the engagement next morning."

General Johnston spoke enthusiastically of Lee, also of Stonewall Jackson, whom he considered "a superb lieutenant."

"Whom do you rank as the ablest General on the other side?" I asked.

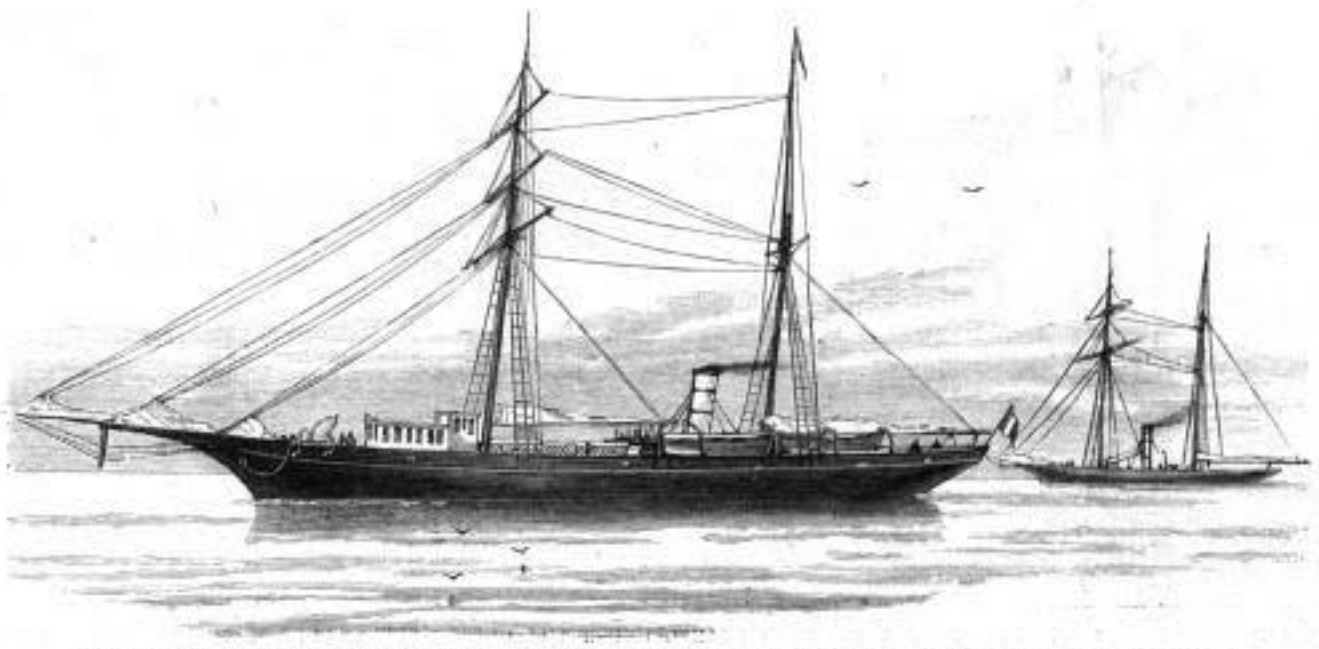
"McClellan, if he only had more confidence in himself."

Referring to the memorable preparations for the defense of Atlanta, General Johnston said:

"Atlanta was as impregnable as Gibraltar. I relied upon checking Sherman, and a check would have amounted to a defeat, for many of his men, whose time of service was on the eve of expiration, would have become dispirited and would have gone home."

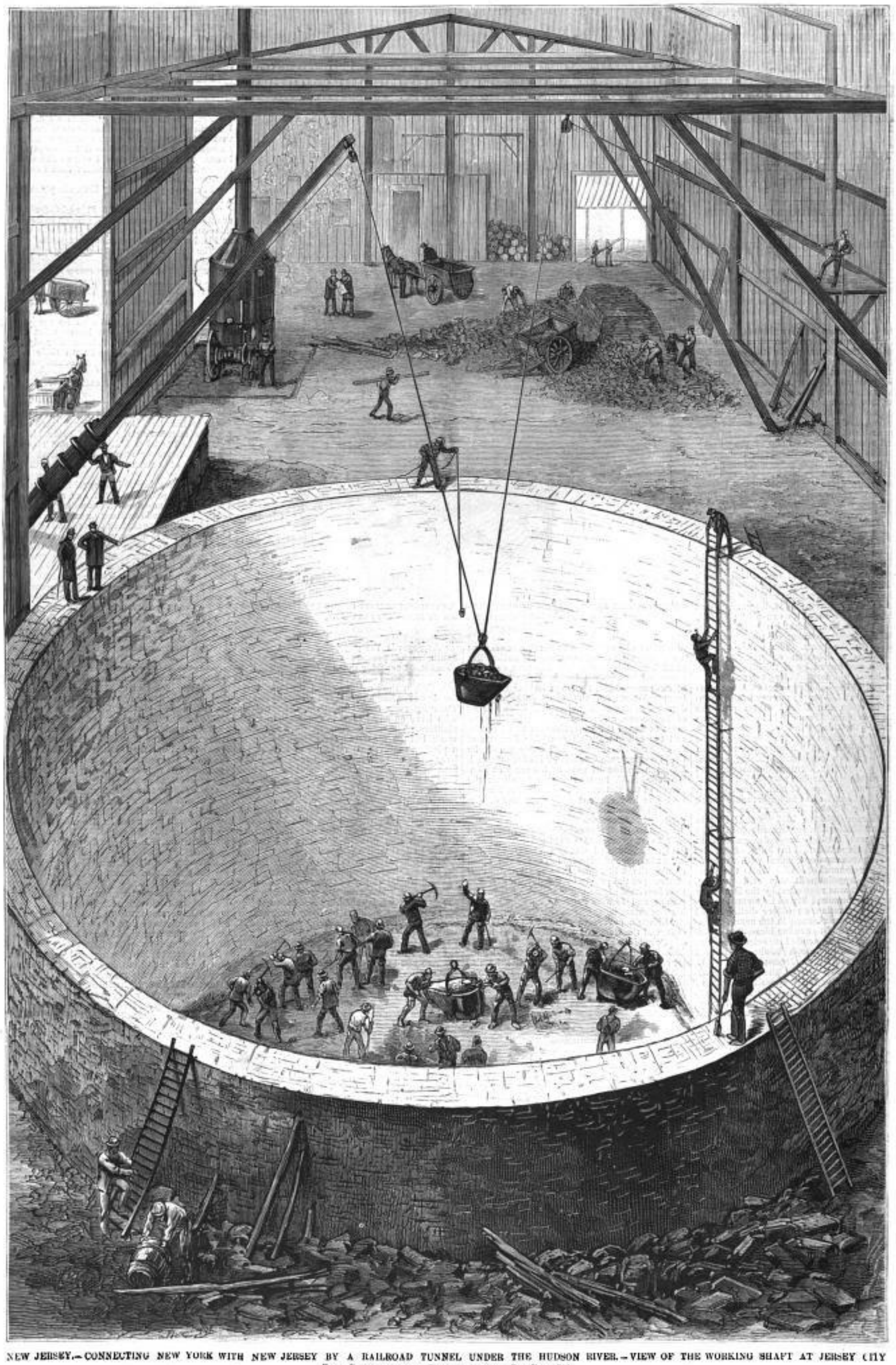
The retreat from Kenasaw and Lost Mountain across the Chattahoochee, in order to save Atlanta, is the masterpiece of General Johnston's career. He had brought along everything—every gun, every wagon, every camp-kettle. He devoted an active and laborious week to the defense of Atlanta. Seven of the heaviest rifle cannon had been obtained from Mobile and planted on the ramparts. His plan was: First, to attack the Federal army while crossing Peach-Tree Creek. If successful, great results might be hoped for, as the enemy would have both the creek and the river to intercept his retreat. Second, if unsuccessful, to keep back the enemy by intrenching, to give time for the assembling of the State troops promised by Governor Brown; to garrison Atlanta with these troops, and, when the Federal army approached the city, attack it on the most exposed flank with all the Confederate troops.

While engaged in giving instructions to his chief-engineer concerning the fortification of Atlanta



THE STEAM-YACHT "HENRIETTE," REFITTED FOR A PLEASURE CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD, WITH HER TENDER, "FOLLETT."—SEE PAGE 304.

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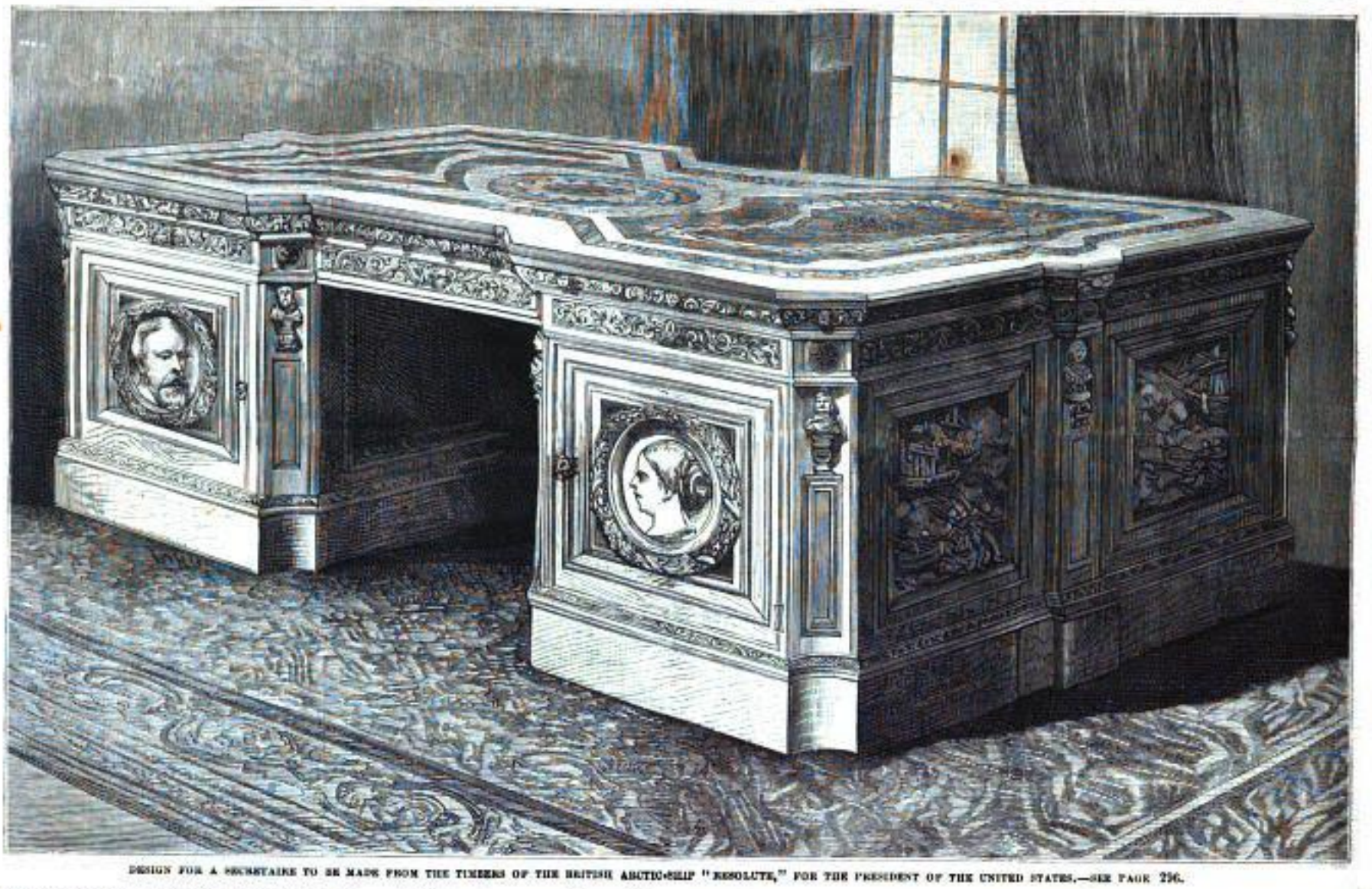
NEW JERSEY.—CONNECTING NEW YORK WITH NEW JERSEY BY A RAILROAD TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER.—VIEW OF THE WORKING SHAFT AT JERSEY CITY
From Sketches by our Special Artist.—See Page 295.

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NO. 9.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, OF VIRGINIA, ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.—A SEARCH OF THE DESTITUTEST SOLDIER AT HALIFAX, N. C.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 301.

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DESIGN FOR A SECRETAIRE TO BE MADE FROM THE TIMBERS OF THE BRITISH ARCTIC SHIP "RESOLUTE," FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—SEE PAGE 236.

General Johnston was handed the following dispatch:

RICHMOND, VA., July 17th, 1864.

TO GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON:

Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of General under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you, that, as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far into the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood.

S. COOPER, A. and I. General.

General Johnston immediately called for General Hood and communicated to him the plans he had been pursuing. His removal was cautiously communicated to the generals of the higher grade. They promptly united in a request to the Government for a revocation of the order, but General Johnston took leave of them at once. His dispatch, sent upon the following day to Richmond, which closed his services in the field until recalled to "concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman," speaks for itself:

NEAR ATLANTA, July 18th, 1864.

GENERAL S. COOPER:

Your dispatch of yesterday received and obeyed. Command of the Army and Department of Tennessee has been transferred to General Hood. As to the alleged cause of my removal, I assert that Sherman's army is much stronger, compared with that of Tennessee, than Grant's, compared with that of Northern Virginia; yet the enemy has been compelled to advance more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg, and has penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia. Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competency.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

As a result of General Johnston's retirement, it is asserted that Sherman no longer preserved his "extreme caution," but became bold and audacious.

General Johnston was the last to surrender.

"We of the South," said the General, "referred the question at issue between us and the United States to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision has been made, and it is against us. We must acquiesce in that decision, accept it as final, and recognize the fact that Virginia is again one of the United States. Our duties and our interests coincide. We shall consult the one and perform the other by doing all we can to promote the welfare of our neighbors, and to restore prosperity to the country."

Mexico came upon the *tapis*.

"You led the forlorn hope at Chapultepec, General?"

"I did."

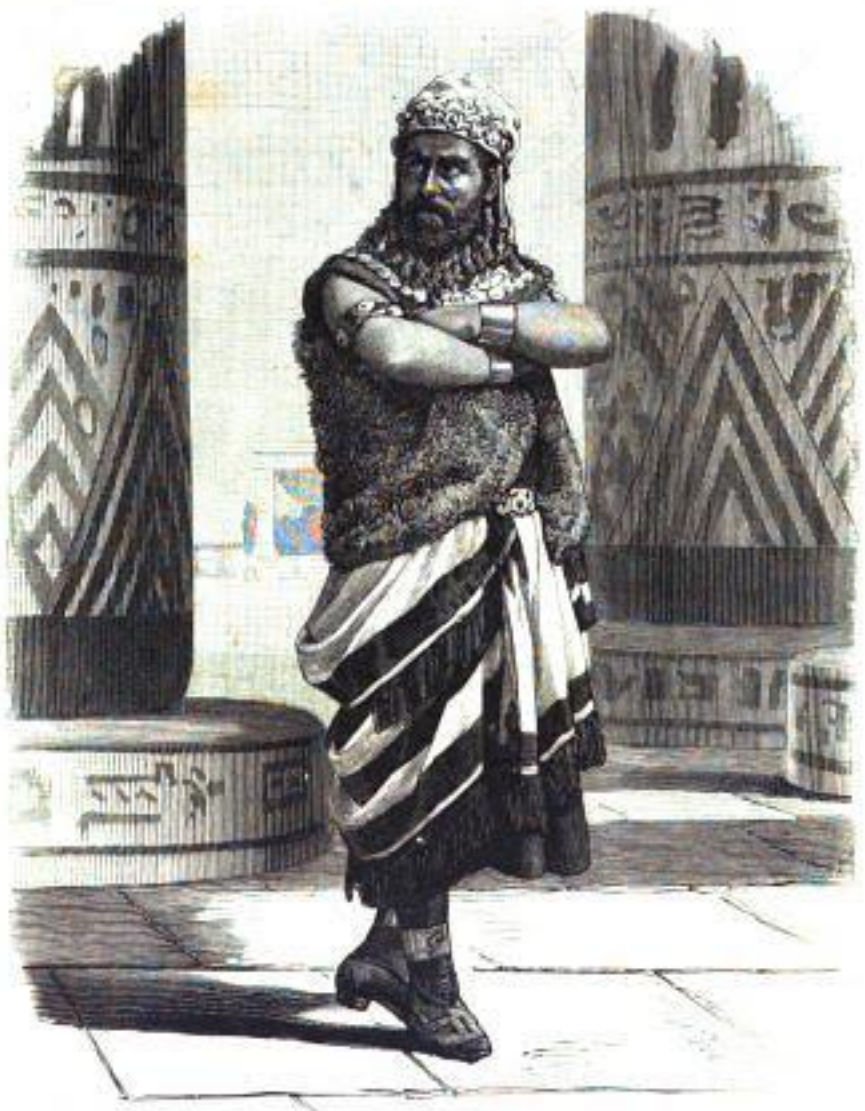
"Very few leaders of forlorn hopes live to tell the tale."

"Very few, and I escaped in this way. The Mexicans used very long cartridges, and very bumptious muskets—guns that kicked after discharge in a manner that punished those firing them rather severely, and to avoid this it was the custom of the Mexican soldiery, after biting off the end of a cartridge, to allow a quantity of the powder to drop out. During the excitement of battle they did not stop to measure their powder, and, as a consequence, their shot was sometimes harmless. Two bullets imbedded themselves in my leg, taking the cloth in with them, but by merely chucking at the cloth the bullets dropped out: they had never succeeded in cutting it."

"Are the Mexicans good fighters?"

"In line they are admirable."

General Johnston, the man who has so often stood in the imminent deadly breach, whose battle-cry caused a thousand hearts to leap, and whose presence in front ever boded trouble to the Federal Army, has laid aside the sword, and is now peacefully engaged in the insurance business. His hair is white, as are his whiskers, and closely-cropped beard. His forehead is massive and commanding. His voice is incisive, his manner sharp, and that of one accustomed to command, while a certain action of the forefinger, as though directing an aide to spur to a distant part of the field, or calling the attention of his staff to some manœuvres under execution, bespeaks the generalissimo. His language is precise and graceful. He is courteous and dignified, while his *sangfroid* and involuntarily betrays itself in every word and gesture. It has never been my good fortune to pass an hour more charmingly, or to pass it in such quiet, unostentatious and gentle companionship.



SIGNOR GALASSI, AS "AMONASRO," IN THE OPERA OF "AIDA."—FROM A PHOTO. BY MORA. SEE PAGE 235.

GENERAL HATCH, PRESIDENT OF THE UTE COMMISSION.

GENERAL EDWARD HATCH, Colonel of the Ninth United States Cavalry, and President of the Ute Commission now investigating the Ute outbreak and massacre, is a native of Maine, and received his appointment from Iowa, entering the army as captain in the Second Iowa Cavalry in September, 1861. He was promoted to major the same month, to lieutenant-colonel in December, colonel in June, 1862, brigadier-general, April, 1864, and major-general by brevet in December, the latter reward being for gallant and meritorious service in the battles before Nashville, Tenn. He was mustered out of the volunteer service in January, 1866, and in July following was commissioned Colonel of the Ninth United States Cavalry. For his services in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., he received promotion to the brevet ranks of brigadier-general, and major-general in March, 1867, and is now second on the lineal list of colonels in the regular army.

The appointment of General Hatch to the presidency of the special commission to investigate the Ute troubles was very judicious, as he is familiar with the tribe, their reservation and history.

The latest intelligence from the Commission, which is sitting at the Los Pinos Agency, is to the effect that a very stormy and threatening council was held on Saturday, December 6th, when General Hatch made his last demand for the surrender of the twelve men charged with the murder of Indian Agent Meeker and his employés. For a while it seemed as if the Indians would massacre the Commissioners. Each Indian laid hand on his knife or pistol. The whites did the same, and the two parties stood fronting and defying each other for some moments, each waiting for the other to make the forward move. There were but six white men, while there were twenty-five Indians in the room. Fifteen soldiers were in an adjoining room. Finally Ouray spoke: "We cannot deliver up to you these Indians, unless they are tried in Washington; they must not be tried in Colorado. Colorado people are all our enemies, and to give them up to be tried in this State would be to surrender them to be hanged. We will bring these twelve men here for you to see, and those whom you decide guilty shall be taken to Washington, and the President shall determine their guilt or innocence. Douglass will have to go. We know he was in the White River troubles, and you shall decide who else. Upon this condition, and not otherwise, will we surrender the guilty Indians."

General Hatch told him he would accept the proposition so far as bringing the participants in the massacre in, but as far as taking them to Washington, he had to telegraph for permission to Secretary Schurz.

Colorow and Jack were immediately dispatched to bring in the twelve named, including Douglass and Persune, saying, "Be back in five days."

In reply to the telegram, Mr. Schurz answered as follows:

"Receive the surrender of the Indians designated by your Commission, with the understanding that they will be guaranteed a fair trial by a military commission outside of Colorado and New Mexico. Inform Ouray that he will be received here with four or five Uncompahgre and three Southern Utes and three White River Utes. Take care that good and influential men be selected, especially from the White River Utes. It will probably be desirable to have Jack here. Take possession of the prisoners with a military guard and convey them in the first place to Fort Leavenworth."

One of the prisoners was surrendered by Ouray on December 9th, who promised to bring in the others as soon as captured.

THE STEAM-YACHT "HENRIETTE."

WITH the voyage of the *Sunbeam* in their eyes, and possibly a book, M. Henri Say, with Madame, his wife, his child, and a brave and sturdy crew, from skipper to pantry-boy, have started from New York on a little trip round the world. Their good ship is a steam-yacht, brigantine rigged, called the *Henriette*. She registers 581 tons, is 164 feet in length, 26 feet across her beam, and 12 feet deep. There are on board fresh provisions for two months, and a large bunker full of coal. She carries a supply of 30 tons of coal. Like Mr. Brassey, of the *Sunbeam*, M. Say—who, by the way, is a nephew of M. Leon Say, the French Minister of Finance—is passionately devoted to yachting, and can handle a boat in a ground-swell or a hurricane with equal *sangfroid*. The *Henriette* is palatially fitted up, the "dainty hand of woman" being noticeable almost everywhere in *objets de luxe*, as well as in comfort. A steam launch, the *Follette*, accompanies the *Henriette* as a tender. She is 114 feet long, and commanded by Le Capitaine Frequer, of the French Navy. The yacht will touch at Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, Havana, Kingston, St. Thomas, Trinidad, Martinique, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Callao, Panama, San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands; will visit Japan, China and India, and will go by the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean to Cherbourg. We wish Monsieur and Madame Say a hearty "*Bon voyage.*"

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